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Emigration.

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

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Office, 51 Chambers street.

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New-York, December 29, 1851.

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European News.

The Collins' Steamship, Atlantic, Capt. Oliver Eldridge, arrived at this port at 10½ o'clock, Wednesday (April 2d) morning. Liverpool dates to 19th ult.

The chief news was the birth of the King of Algeria, and the general impression that the Conferences at Paris would speedily be brought to a satisfactory close. It was stated, that Count Orloff had telegraphed to St. Petersburgh, that the "fifth point" had been definitely settled; and the official announcement of Peace was looked to with relieved anxiety. Prussia has been invited to join, and has sent her Minister of Foreign Affairs, Baron Manteuffel, who with Count Hatzfeldt, the Prussian Ambassador at Paris, will be her representative. The fact of Prussia being admitted is regarded as conclusive that Peace will shortly be declared. It is stated in a despatch from Kiel, that despatches from the English government have been received by Commodore Watson, instructing him not to commence hostilities in the Baltic. *The great European War is at an end.*

Nothing "particular" had transpired regarding American affairs. The *Standard* (London), of the 17th ult., says:

"Mr. James Buchanan had an audience, and delivered to her Majesty his letter of recall, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America. His Excellency was introduced by Viscount Palmerston, G. C. B., First Lord of the Treasury (officiating for the Earl of Clarendon, Secretary for Foreign Affairs), and conducted by Major-General the Hon. Sir Edward Cust, K. C. H., her Majesty's Master of the Ceremonies."

The new Ambassador, Mr. Dallas, accompanied by his wife, two daughters and suite, arrived in Liverpool on Thursday, 13th. His movements are duly chronicled by the Liverpool journals. Immediately after landing Mr. Dallas proceeded to the Adelphi Hotel, where apartments had been previously engaged for him by Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, American Consul at that port. On Friday, a deputation from the American Chamber of Commerce, accompanied by their President, Mr. Siller, waited upon Mr. Dallas at the Adelphi Hotel, in order to welcome him on his arrival in this country. In replying to their felicitations, his Excellency expressed his belief that the causes of difference between the two countries were capable of an amicable solution, and trusted that peace would be preserved, not only for the sake of humanity, but also for the interests of Commerce. Mr. Dallas, accompanied by his son, paid a visit to St. George's Hall, and was shown over the building by Mr. Alderman Parker, and a gentleman of the local press present at the time. "His Excellency expressed himself much pleased with both St. George's Hall and the new Concert Hall, and on his desiring to hear the grand organ, it was arranged that Mr. T. W. Best, the organist of the Hall, should perform on it at four o'clock. At the time appointed, the Ambassador, accompanied by his wife, daughters and son, again visited the hall, when the varied powers and qualities of the organ were displayed most advantageously and effectively by Mr. Best, to the evident satisfaction of the distinguished visitors. The pieces played by Mr. Best included the "Chorale," the Bacchanalian Chorus," and the air, "Nobles Seigneurs," from *Les Huguenots*, Molique's song, "When the moon is brightly shining," and a "Storm Fantasia," composed by himself.

Mr. Dallas departed for London the following morning.

Nothing has been heard of the Pacific. A letter was received on Saturday, 15th ult., from Messrs. Brown and Shipley, the agents at Liverpool, the particulars of which were immediately communicated to the underwriters' rooms, at Lloyds. It says:—

"We have to state that we do not consider the case of the Pacific hopeless, nor shall we give her up until we have had a fortnight's westerly winds. In case she broke down, it is quite impossible she could have made, under sail, any port in time to hear of her at last dates from America. The winds have been against her for some time, and the latest dates of sailing ships from New-York are February 2, and from Newfoundland, February 8. It is quite clear, unless a steamer had fallen in with her, that we could not by any possibility have heard of her yet."

The *Charivari*, which is really "about the best political journal now in Paris," observes, that the very same newspapers which throughout the war have been doing their utmost to promote Russian interests, are now trying to foment the differences between England and America, in the hope that a serious quarrel may come out of them. Till lately, no expressions in the vocabulary of vituperation were too strong for these journals, when speaking of the citizens of the United States. They were in the habit of calling them infamous know-nothings, ferocious demagogues, sordid shop-keepers, greedy higglers, and so forth. But now that they fancy there is a prospect of a war between the two great nations whose greatness is indissolubly associated with the practice of free institutions, these journals neglect nothing to insure the coming of a spectacle which would be so delightful in their eyes, as that of the peoples of Great Britain and the United States setting to cut one another's throats. Therefore it is, says the *Charivari*, that the Russian journals at Paris, which are always so astute, have every interest at this moment to represent the Americans as harmless sheep, and would fain devour, like wolves, and tigers, and crocodiles, as they are.

The Cotton market was dull and rather easier, especially for the lower qualities, but the quotations were not changed. The business of the three days amounted to 19,000 bales, including 3,500 on speculation, and 2,500 to exporters. Money was in steady demand at former rates. The Manchester market was quiet but firm.

FRANCE.

The Empress of the French gave birth to a prince shortly after 3 o'clock on the morning of the 16th ult. The bulletins published state that the health of her Majesty was satisfactory, and the infant was quoted as "plump and promising." The Prince was christened on Sunday. His Majesty presented the Prince to the Bishop, his First Almoner, clothed in white robes, with Mitre and Cross. The Bishop was assisted by the Curate of St. Germaine l'Auxerres, who took the vase of gold containing the baptismal water, and poured it upon the head of the Infant Prince, pronouncing the usual benediction, amidst the most devout attention on the part of the persons assembled. A Te Deum burst forth, which was taken up by the choristers of the Imperial chapel, accompanied by the organ and harp. While the Te Deum was being chanted the Bishop of Nancy remained standing at the foot of the altar. The Baptismal Register was then taken from under the table, placed in the middle of the chancel, and the Curate of St. Germaine l'Auxerres took the two registers in which were inscribed the act of baptism of Napoleon Eugenie Louis Jean Joseph, son of France. His Imperial Majesty then received it from the hands of the Curate, and signed his name in the two registers.

Immediately after his Majesty's name came his Highness Prince Murat, his Excellency Duke Alva, his Excellency Marshal Vaillant, Ex-Minister of War, his Excellency Monsieur Noplong, President of the Senate, and his Excellency Count de Morny, and the Legislative Corps.

The London correspondent of the *Herald* gives the following retrospective summary:—"In former days the imperial astrologer would have drawn the horoscope, consulted the stars, and predicted the future fame and glory of this young scion of the house of Napoleon. All that sensible men can say is, that this boy has a good chance, if he lives, and at all events as much chance and as much right to the throne as the other candidates. It is a curious fact that for the last 200 years, no son has succeeded his father on the throne of France. From the accession of Louis XIV. to the present time, not a single King or Governor of France, though none, with the exception of Louis XVIII., have been childless, has been succeeded at his demise by his son. Louis XIV. survived his son, his grandson, and several of his great grandchildren, and was succeeded at last by one of the younger children of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy. Louis XV. survived his son, and was succeeded by his grandson, Louis XVI. Louis XVI. left a son behind him, but that son perished in the filthy dungeon to which the cruelties of the terrorists had confined him. The King of Rome, to whom Napoleon fondly hoped to bequeath the boundless empire he had won, died a Colonel in the Austrian service. Louis XVIII. was, as we have said, childless. The Duke de Berri fell by the hand of an assassin in the lifetme of Charles X.; and his son, the Duke of Bordeaux, is in exile from the land which his ancestors regarded as their own estate. The eldest son of Louis Philippe perished by an untimely accident, and his grandson and heir does not sit upon the throne of his grandfather.

The life of a man is in itself a lottery, but when the chances of reigning depend upon the sovereign will of so fickle a people as the French, all that can be said is, that this new born imperial colt is the favorite for the imperial Derby.

On the 20th of March, 1811, there were similar rejoicings at Paris. One hundred and one guns on that day also announced to Paris that an heir had been born to Napoleon, and that child was called the King of Rome.

Since that day France has had again the legitimist dynasty, the heir of which is an exile, called the Duke of Bordeaux, by some Henry V.; the King of Rome is in his grave; the Orleanist dynasty, so firmly seated, to all appearance, on the throne of France, by the modern Ulysses—the crafty Louis Philippe—was blown away like chaff, in one day, and the Orleanist heir, the young Count of Paris, is an exile. The present Emperor, long a prisoner and an exile, has seated himself also, to all appearances, firmly on the French throne, after shooting down the sovereign people, and gagging the republic. But the life of man is but a span long, and should he die suddenly, who can say what would happen.

The Peace Conference.

The *London Post*, Lord Palmerston's organ, of March 15th, says: We are justified in supposing that the Conference has now succeeded in its mission, and has arranged the final terms of peace. The proof of this is that Prussia has at length been formally invited to the Conference, "not to negotiate a treaty, but to accept the result of the negotiations between the Powers which are interested in the matter." Prussia having assumed a strictly neutral position, it was impossible to allow her any part in the settlement of matters in which she refused to take an active interest; but an arrangement having now been brought about between the parties concerned, Prussia is admitted to sign that arrangement as a witness. Moreover, as one of the objects of the Conference is the revision of the treaties of 1840 and 1841, it has been thought expedient, just, and due to Prussia, to invite her to participate in the revision of acts to which she was a party. With the terms of the treaty which is about to be signed we shall soon be acquainted.

On the 18th, the same journal thus indulges in a "palaver" on Christian brotherhood and the subjugation of the human heart. The difficulties of War being overcome, Lord Palmerston issues his programme of Peace: "We have every confidence that we shall complete such a peace. We know, and all the nations of the world—those against whom we have been arrayed in battle, no less than those who have been mere spectators of the struggle—know that the allies have conquered the right to such a peace. And when it is concluded, there will be rejoicing among the victors no less than among the vanquished; for, although we have not quite arrived at that perfect state of fraternity which was prophesied as the immediate result of the Great Exhibition of 1851, yet true Christianity has so far made its way towards subduing the human heart, that we look at war in a very different light from that in which it was once upon a time regarded by the chivalry of France and England, and we embark in it with very different feelings and very much higher views. But at the same time we deem it our duty to warn the public not to form extravagant expectations of the effects which can immediately follow on a cessation of a state of war, nor to imagine that the task of England and France will have been completed when they obtain from Russia the ratification of the terms of peace which they have proposed. On the contrary, the state of things which peace will establish will impose upon us fresh labors, and an additional task more arduous, and requiring more care, attention, and sagacity than all the enterprises of war. The government of Lord Palmerston has conducted, in conjunction with our great ally, the Emperor of the French, a gigantic contest to an issue at once glorious to the two allied nations, and beneficial to the interests of humanity; and the conclusion of peace will put the finishing stroke to one portion of their task. But the greater and more important portion yet remains to be effected, and the first years of peace must be years of anxious care and watchfulness.

It will little avail to the future of Europe, and of the world beyond Europe, that by war we have stayed the onward march of the semi-barbarism of the races we have conquered, to erect a barrier against future aggression, of such a nature that every additional year of peace will add to its strength instead of spreading decay through its constitution. *We must, in a word, establish a social and political organization in those rich districts which the feebleness and corruption of Turkey tempted the Russian to grasp at*, so that she may eventuallydevelop herself into a Power capable of holding her position without foreign protectorates during peace, or the intervention of foreign fleets and armies during war, and able to vindicate that "independence and integrity" which we are so anxious to consolidate. The picture presented to us, in the papers lately published relating to the military affairs of Asiatic Turkey, of the utter disorganization of every civil, no less than of every military department of that hitherto most miserably constituted empire, must suffice to convince everybody, who has read those papers with ordinary care how absolutely impossible it is that Turkey should go on for any length of time as she is; while the evidence which is exhibited in every letter from our own authorities both at Constantinople and in Asia, of the corruption, the drunkenness, the ignorance, the dishonesty, and the cowardice which pervade the administration of Turkey throughout all grades—from ministers and commanders of armies down to collectors of revenue and drummers' boys—must satisfy all, that the Sultan of Turkey, were he ten times the man we take him to be, can never by himself clean out such an Augean stable, or, unaided, remove the incubus that prevents the development of the magnificent country which he in vain attempts to govern. Nor is this all that remains for the allies to accomplish. We have yet, be it remembered, to raise the principalities from the prostrate condition into which they have fallen, and to place them in such a position as shall secure them equally from being grasped by the aggression of Russia, upon the one side, or Germanized by the less ostensible though equally real advance of Austria on the other. These are great enterprises; and if we add to these the care, for some time to come, of the eastern shores of the Black Sea, the aggregate will constitute an undertaking which it will require all the sagacity, all the forbearance, and all the firmness, which the Emperor of the French and the government of Lord Palmerston have already exhibited, to conduct to a successful issue.

RUSSIA.

Russian Trade through Prussia.—Whatever proportion of the increase of the Zollverein revenues is due to the increased traffic at Memel and Pillau, or over the dry frontier at Tilsit, the whole increase, whatever it is, goes into the general treasury of the Zollverein, and Prussia derives only the same advantage from it as every other member of the Zollverein, by a fractional increase per head of the population, which constitutes the principle on which the revenues of the Zollverein are divided among its members. What the amount of advantage is that the Zollverein has obtained from Prussia's intervention between the commercial interests of the belligerent powers is to be measured by the fact of the eastern provinces showing an increase in transit dues amounting to 179,586 thalers; which, supposing that previous to the war they had no receipts at all from transit dues, would amount to an increase of revenue of £26,938 to be distributed throughout all the states of the Zollverein. The export duties in the eastern provinces, on the other hand, which are the measure of the real Prussian trade with Russia, show a diminution of 16,925 thalers out of 26,958, the whole amount of the diminished revenue from export dues.

Russian Intrigue.—A Paris letter says, "Russia calculates on the gradual loosening of the bonds which unite England and France, if she cannot cut the knot herself. She believes that two countries with a form of government so opposed, and with institutions so different, however they may unite for common safety in days of difficulty and peril, must be dissevered when the danger is gone by, and that there are a hundred chances, any one of which may be advantageously made use of for that end. Were the small extremity of the wedge to be inserted, Russia would answer for the speedy introduction of the whole. Indeed, Russia anticipates no small amount of confusion and quarreling after the peace. How is it possible, she asks, for the Emperor Napoleon to remain quiet? He is an absolute Sovereign, and the liberty he has put down in France he will not tolerate elsewhere. He cannot do so if he would; and Piedmont, Spain, and perhaps Belgium will soon have to look to themselves and their institutions. This reasoning is more specious than real. If Louis Napoleon Bonaparte be an absolute monarch, he is not absolute in the same sense as the Emperor of Russia or the Emperor of Austria; and if he has forced Russian Plenipotentiaries to come to Paris and sue for peace, he has done so by his union with England and Piedmont, two liberal countries; and supported by the sympathy, if not by the contingents, of Spain and Portugal. The scattered elements of real liberalism in Europe have aided, morally or materially, in the glorious cause of resistance to barbarous aggression."

Advices from Odessa of February 29th, say:—"A terrible complaint—the typhus—prevails in our city, and it is particularly violent among the troops. Above twenty thousand are now in the hospitals, and thousands have already died. Despite the greatest exertions, it is extremely difficult to find accommodation for so many patients. Hospitals have been established in the very midst of that part of the city which is inhabited by the better classes, and thousands of patients occupy them, but physicians and proper nurses are wanting. In one week twelve military physicians and four medical men in private practice died. *Among them were two Americans, who were about to return home.* The typhus had committed terrible ravages in the whole of Southern Russia, and particularly in those places which are near the theatre of war. Bakshiserai, Simpheropol, Kherson and Nicholaieff are almost empty. It is estimated that this pestilence has already carried off one hundred thousand men. It is gradually spreading over Bessarabia."

That most liberal millionaire, the Staatsrath Jakowleff, the proprietor of the Werch Isetz Mining and Smelting Works, who, on a former occasion, supplied one million silver roubles to make up for the defalcations and peculations committed in the funds of the *Invaliden*, has just signalized himself again by a patriotic gift of four million pounds of gun metal for the purposes of the army and fleet.

DENMARK.

A telegraphic despatch from Copenhagen announces that the Danish Minister, M. Scheele, had officially announced the prolongation of the treaty relative to the Sound Dues with the United States, for two months. The treaty would have expired on the 14th of April next. The proposition came from Washington.

By the Asia.

The arrival of the Asia, (Cunard Line,) Capt. Lott, on the 4th inst., brings intelligence up to the 22d ult. It was generally believed that the treaty of peace would be signed on Saturday, the 22d, or Monday, the 24th of March. In the event of delay occurring, the armistice would be extended to the 30th of April.

The London journals are already—before the terms of peace are known—beginning to grumble. The *Times* prepares the public for concessions; the other papers hint that England has been sold. A few more days and the text of the treaty will be before us. Till then, *aspettiamo.*

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Mr. Buchanan has introduced his successor, Mr. Dallas, to the diplomatic corps, and on Monday, the 17th ult., transferred to him the charge of the embassy. Mr. Buchanan will probably return home by the steamer leaving Liverpool on the 16th or 19th of April.

Additional forgeries by Sadlier have been discovered—among others, twenty-five thousand pounds on Mr. Dargan.

In France, the Empress of France and her child continue well. The papers are full of gratulatory addresses respecting the infant Bonaparte.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Daily Times*, says:—"The Imperial infant lies in State to receive visitors in a room entirely lined with wadded and quilted white satin, trimmed in blue and silver. The Prince receives in the cradle presented by the city of Paris. It has a very large head, which bears in its upper part the suspicion of Dutch origin which characterizes its father. It was a question at one period of her Majesty's *accouchement*, which was very laborious, of administering chloroform, but the forceps were used instead. Apropos of this circumstance, a government journal puts on record the overpowering fact that his Majesty was *profondement emu*—profoundly moved; which, it is safe to say, was the first time in his life that His Majesty was *profoundly* moved at the sufferings of another, except in the columns of the *Moniteur*. But I believe this was true, and therefore give him the benefit of the quotation. On the day of the reception of deputations, a committee of fish-women were admitted and conducted by the Emperor himself to the cradle of the young Prince—an honor which His Majesty does not even concede to the Legislative bodies. But the market women of Paris are tyrants in or out of the palace, and must be conciliated.

The Emperor (says the Paris *Moniteur*, March 21) has caused a return to be laid before him specifying the numbers and conditions of individuals still kept in Algeria, or abroad, in consequence of political measures. Through the events of June, 1848, 11,000 persons were condemned, under the republic, to be transported to Algeria; through the clemency of the the President, only 306 remain in Africa. In December, 1851, 11,201 individuals had to be transported or banished; the pardons granted by the Emperor have reduced the number of these to 1,058. On the occasion of the birth of the Imperial Prince, his Majesty has decided that leave to return to France should be granted to all those who shall declare that they loyally submit to the government which the nation has given to itself, and who shall engage their honor to respect its laws. This generous appeal was made at the inauguration of the empire; the Emperor has ordered its repitition. There will no longer remain aloof from their native soil any save these who shall obstinately persist in a refusal to recognise the national will and the monarchy it has founded.

In Spain, attempts were being made to form a *tercer partido*, or third political party. Senors Concha, Cortino and Cantero were at the head of the movement. Lord Howden had made some reclamations on the subject of English holders of Spanish bonds, but the government was indisposed to give any definite reply.

The Brussels *Independence*, of the 19th ultimo, asserts that Prince Frederick William, son of the heir to the crown of Prussia (now at Coblentz), has solemnly demanded of the King, his uncle, the consent indispensable to the projected alliance with the Princess Royal of England. This consent was granted in the presence of the whole court, and no doubt whatever exists as to the analogous disposition of the Queen of England.

The Armenians and Greeks have protested against the late toleration and reform decree of the Sultan. The Greek petition is especially directed against the articles relating to the clergy.

PEACE.

UNSATISFACTORY RESULT OF THE CONFERENCES.

Paris (March 20), Correspondence of the London Herald.

People are beginning to suspect that too much hurry and anxiety have been exhibited about peace, and there is an uneasy feeling, of the existence of which some proof is presented in the state of the public funds. The congress excited hopes which, it is feared, will *soon turn to bitter disappointment*, and whatever *prestige* France may have acquired by the glorious part she has taken in the war will hardly compensate her sensitive people for their sacrifices, if they find themselves made subjects for reproach by oppressed nations who looked to them for protection and support.

Poland will have her reproach to make, and Italy will refuse further confidence, and Hungary will think that if ever her constitution is to be restored it will not be through the aid of the Western Powers. In fact, the peoples of Europe will have to deplore that, when a mighty opportunity was afforded by their very oppressors for the inauguration of a grand and glorious policy, the greatest Powers of the earth, although combined in an irresistible league, wanted the heart to seize the victory which was touching their hands. It is whispered about that England is likely to feel dissatisfied, and that a coolness of relations may not improbably succeed an alliance which promised to be durable. Coolness with England would be felt to be a calamity. A greater evil is not impossible in the shape of an alliance with the Northern Powers. If there be not some serious misgivings in the public mind, how is it that two such mighty events, occurring simultaneously—the birth of an heir affording stability to the dynasty, and peace relieving the country from the burdens of war—should fail in giving elasticity to the funds? This dogged and pertinacious heaviness of the Bourse cannot be satisfactorily accounted for by local circumstances connected with the state of particular securities, but must come from a more general cause. We foresaw from the beginning the evil that would follow from making Paris the seat of the Congress. Such a resolution could have no other effect than to open to Russian emissaries opportunities for intrigues, of which they have amply availed themselves. Count Orloff has proved the most obsequious of flatterers to the Emperor. He has tried by all means to detach France from the alliance with England, and to bid for an understanding between France and Russia upon any conditions the former might dictate.

CONFERENCES ON COMMERCIAL POLICY.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* says:

"Letters from St. Petersburg announce that after the conclusion of peace, conferences will be held to examine and discuss plans of reform in commercial policy. The journey of the Emperor into Poland is postponed until after his coronation. There are indications of a bad feeling between Russia and Austria."

A Paris correspondent gives a gloomy picture of commercial affairs. A crisis is anticipated on the Corn Exchange. Failures of some importance have occurred in several of the chief provincial towns.

Important from India.

PARTICULARS OF THE ANNEXATION OF OUDE.

From the London Daily News.,

A territory the size of Scotland, and a third more populous, has been transferred from a native to the British Government, without bloodshed or a blow. Oude, the fairest province of Bengal, covers an area of 24,000 square miles, and contains a population of between three and five millions, with a revenue of nearly a million. The Resident, General Outram, having spent some time with Lord Dalhousie, at Calcutta, in January, left on the 25th of that month for Lucknow, to carry out the policy with the execution of which he was intrusted. He reached Cawnpore on the 28th, where a force of 12,000 men had been established, and a bridge of boats constructed to convey them across the river.

On the following day orders were issued for two brigades to proceed to Lucknow. The first, commanded by Colonel Wheeler, consisted of her Majesty's 52d, two batteries with guns, the 1st Light Cavalry, and 18th and 73d Native Infantry. The second, of the 5th Irregular Cavalry, a battery of Artillery, and the 22d and 41st Native Infantry. These having proceeded to the capital, were in readiness to overawe the malcontents, should any present themselves, or to put down disturbance should it threaten to appear. But the king, of his own accord, had on their approach dismantled his guns, disarmed the garrison, and shut up the palace.

General Outram's first interview with the sovereign occurred on the 4th of February, when, accompanied by Captain Hayes and Captain Weston, members of the mission, his Majesty was urged to sign a deed of abdication. This he positively refused, saying that he would appeal to England, and go in person to London. General Outram then issued the proclamation (given below) deposing his Majesty. The general then ordered the minister to bring to the residency all the chief officers of state. About mid-day the following attended: the Minister Ally Nucky Khan; The Revenue Minister, Rajah Bal Kissen; The Custom-House Darogah, Shurff-ood Dowlah; the City Cotwal; and all other officers of the different branches of administration. The Resident ordered the Revenue Minister to give in the whole accounts of amount of revenue and the details of Purgunnahs, which was at once commenced upon. The Cotwal was directed to furnish the list of Thannahs to Captain Weston, which he did. The Resident then placed guards from Captain Magness's regiment over the office of the Revenue Minister and custom-house, directing that all should be allowed to go on as usual, but that no money nor papers were to be taken away. The king has sent a circular to the zemindars and amils, informing them that the Company have taken charge of the kingdom, and directing them to pay all rent to the officer sent by the Resident to collect it, and ordering them to offer no opposition. The king has closed the palace gates, and declared that he would never sign the razenahah. An allowance has been appointed to him of £150,000 a year.

According to the Bombay *Times*, the future administration will be conducted under General Outram, as Chief Commissioner, with four Commissioners, Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Christian, of the civil service, and Colonel Goldney and Major Banks, of the Bengal army. Mr. Cooper, Deputy-Secretary to the Government, is to be Secretary to the Chief Commissioner, and Captain Hayes, Military Secretary. The following are spoken of as Deputy-Commissioners: Messrs. Dennison, Forbes, Simpson, Boileau, Martin, Benson, Pollock, J. B. Thornhill, C. W. Cunliffe, G Lawrence, Gonne and Block. The above, with Mr. M. R. Gubbins as financial, and Mr. Ommaney as judicial Commissioner, complete the list up to the present time.

A contingent of some 15,000 men is to be raised, 12,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry, and four companies of artillery; and this will take the place of an army larger than that of England itself in a peace establishment. The following officers are named as having been appointed to the contingent: Captain Gowan, Lieutenant Miles, and Lieutenant Hawes, of the Bengal army; and Captain Daly, and Lieutenants Black, Johnson, G Grant, and H. Johnstone, of the Bombay army.

Foreign Miscellany.

A great stir, says the Paris correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, has been excited in the fashionable world by a sermon preached at St. Sulpice, by the Abbe Cambalot, censuring in the most violent and unmeasured terms, the extravagance of feminine attire in the present day. The Abbe has gone so far as to apply a term seldom addressed to ears polite, to such of his fair parishioners as indulge to the full extent in the ruling mania. The Abbe Ratisbonne strove to soften somewhat the effect of "his brother's" vehemence. M. Cambalot's terms may be objected to, but no reasonable person can object to his subject. At no period has the insane rage for extravagance in toilet, been carried to such a height as at present. Women of less than moderate fortunes appear now attired in a style that double their means would but justify the cost of. Who pays for this, or who suffers by the non-payment, are questions that would reveal many painful and some disgraceful secrets. We doubt if Paris goes ahead much of New-York in this respect.

HEALTH OF PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on 16th ultimo, says:—"I have seen a letter from one of the household of Prince Jerome, which gives an authentic account of his condition. I translate the following extracts:—

"This sad illness up to the present moment, (Saturday, two o'clock,) is taking its course, alternating between a little better and a little worse. There is no reason to fear, up to the present moment, that the Prince will not be spared. He has a wonderful constitution, and bears the remedies applied amazingly well. He is perfectly sensible, and likes to see people about him, although he may not speak to them.

"Prince Napoleon is always by his bedside, and shows the most solicitous affection; indeed, his tenderness and anxiety is almost womanly. I can only repeat that there is every hope of the prince struggling through an illness which I need scarcely remind you is very dangerous at this period of life.

The King of Rome, son of Napoleon I., was born the 20th of March; the King of Algeria, son of Napoleon III., was born on the 16th ult. Paul Dubois was the *accoucheur* of Marie Louise; Paul Dubois, son, was the *accoucheur* of Eugenie. Paul Dubois, father, slept in a certain room and bed adjacent to the room of the Empress Marie Louise for two weeks before and two weeks after the birth of the King of Rome; Paul Dubois, son, is now sleeping in the same room and on the same bed as were occupied by his father forty years ago! Can imitation further go?

A decree in the Paris *Moniteur* of the 19th ult., promotes Generals Randon Canrobert and Bosquet to the rank of Marshal of France; Generals of brigade Walsin-Esterhazy, Gagnon, d'Hugues, Jusuf and L. J. Walsin Esterhazy to the rank of Generals of Division, and Colonels Louis Devilliers, Daulomieu-Beauchamp, de L Abadie d'Aydren, Edgard Ney and Fleury to that of Generals of Brigade. Also, by a decree in the *Moniteur*, M. A. Fould, Minister of State, and Admiral Hamelin, Minister of Marine, have been promoted to the rank of Grand Crosses of the Legion of Honor.

It is rumored that M. Dubois is to receive five hundred thousand francs, not only for his services, but to compensate him for the fearful anxiety of mind he underwent when it became inevitable that violent means must be resorted to in order to bring about the birth. It is held that twenty thousand pounds, (the relative dearness of the two epochs well-considered,) is no more than the equivalent, in 1856, for the ten thousand pounds awarded in 1811 to his father, for his attendance upon the Empress Marie Louise, at the birth of the King of Rome.

The Brussels *Herald* of March 17, says:—A company, composed of a great number of families of Brabant, and of not less than 150 individuals, passed through Brussels during the past week, on their way to Antwerp, in order to embark for Central America. Omer Pasha has arrived at Constantinople. There has been a heavy fall of snow in Turkey.

The great Beer Question occupies a prominent place again among subjects awaiting the attention of the Bavarian legislature. There are no less than eleven bills, motions, and resolutions before the Chamber of Deputies, at Munich, for improving the terms on which the subjects of King Max may drink their beer.

There has just been discovered between St. Valery-on-Caux and Veules a new oyster bank, which, according to the French papers had its origin in the foundering and breaking up of a vessel laden with oysters bound from Saint Vaast to Dieppe thirty years ago. The quality of these oysters is declared to be exceedingly fine.

The *Opinione* announces that the property of the Marquis Georgio Pallavino, lately under sequestration, has been restored to him by the Austrian government, in execution of the late decree revoking the sequestrations laid on the property of political refugees.

In the Crimea, General Luders had ordered all officers on furlough to return. A letter from Kertch says that the news of the armistice produced a profound sensation of joy along the shores of the Sea of Azoff, and business became suddenly active.

The imperial foundry, established on the left bank of the Don, has been closed, and this would seem to confirm the news of the intention manifested by the Court of Russia to abandon all its maritime establishments on the Black Sea.

When Judge Torrens entered the Crown Court, at Omagh, last month, he was loudly cheered by all present. His lordship repeatedly bowed, in acknowledgment of the cordial manner in which he had been received.

The line of the acqueduct running along the left bank of the Tchernaya is the limit of separation between the English and Russian armies.

The London *News* of 18th ult. says:—"General Prim arrived at Bayonne on the 13th, from Madrid, on his way to Paris, where he is about to marry a rich American lady."

On the 17th ult. all the ships and allied batteries at Constantinople fired a salute in honor of the birth of Napoleon's son.

Dr. Conneau, first physician to the Emperor, has been promoted to the rank of Commander in the Legion of Honor.

English and Scotch News.

In the House of Commons, on the 16th last month, Colonel French asked the First Lord of the Treasury whether any inquiry had taken place, or was to take place, as to the causes which led to the failure of the attack on the Great Redan, at Sebastopol, by her Majesty's troops, on the 8th of September last? He thought, if the same precautions had been taken by our army, which had been taken by the French, the attack on the Redan would have been as successful as that upon the Malakoff, and that not a single man of the Russian army would have escaped. In answer to which, Lord Palmerston said, I quite agree that, so far from looking upon that affair as creating a slur upon the British army, it was one honorable to the army, proving the valor of both officers and men. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) But I beg to remind my hon. and gallant friend, that the assault was the result of a joint arrangement between the French and the British; and if the British did not succeed in their undertaking, so also the French did not succeed in part of their undertaking. From which remark it might be reasonably inferred, that the old grudge and jealousy between the "Allies" is breaking out.

The capital engaged in the Scotch fishing trade is at least £2,730,000, and is expended amongst some of the poorest of the population; in boats, lines, and netting alone, the capital employed amounts to above £580,000. The fisheries employ 10,000 boats, and give direct employment to upwards of 65,000 persons, including 38,000 actually employed as fishers. The grand total quantity of herrings cured during the eight years, 1848 to 1855, amounted to 4,942,807½ barrels, of which 1,650,580½ were branded; and in the eight years, 1840 to 1847, to 4,292,691½ barrels, of which 1,267,258½ were branded. The grand total quantity exported from 1848 to 1855, was 2,528,319 barrels, and in the preceding octave of years, 2,108,424½ barrels.

A return has been issued of the convictions and sentences within the police districts of London during the years 1854 and 1855, under the Act 16 and 17 Vic., c. 30, for the better prevention and punishment of aggravated assaults upon women and children. At Bow street there were 41 convictions. In one case the detender was fined £15, which was paid. Clerkenwell, 134; Greenwich and Woolwichh, 76; one a fine of £20; Hammersmith, 47; Lambeth, 57; one fined £15, and another £20; Marlborough street, 70; Marylebone, 40; Southwark, 49; Thames, 118; Westminster, 48; and Worship street, 209; making the total convictions at all the metropolitan police court for the two years 889.

The Queen has sent to the Commander of the Forces, ten portable boxes of a library for the use of the troops. The books are trusted, by her Majesty's desire, to the honorable keeping of the soldiers, who will remember that loss or damage hurts their comrades and their own good name. They will be distributed, in turn, to each division.

The *Limerick Chronicle* has the following—The eldest daughter of the Queen of England is to be married to the only son of the King of Prussia.

Queen Victoria usurps the prerogatives of the prophet Elijah. Mr. Jardine, solicitor to the Treasury, accompanied by Sergeant Lockyer, of the detective police, left town for St. Alban's, for the purpose of inquiring into the conduct of Mr. C. Parker, of that town, who has recently addressed two letters to her Majesty, describing himself as the prophet Elijah, and asserting his right to the crown, and also requiring her Majesty to surrender her rights and dignities to him as the prophet Elijah, at the same time threatening her Majesty that, if she refused, he should command it by main force at the point of the bayonet, and she must take the consequences when he came to the throne. The prophet was appropriately committed by the magistrates of St. Alban's to Bethlehem Lunatic Asylum.

The Highlanders of Glenmore, Inverness-shire, feeling aggrieved and indignant at the scandalous charges brought by Mr. Macaulay against their predecessors, in his last volume of the "History of England," assembled together, and headed by a piper playing the "Rogue's March," proceeded to the Black Rock, near Glenmore House, and there burnt in effigy the distinguished historian! The assembled crowd gave three shouts of execration as the effigy was consuming. Macaulay, when in the Highlands, resided for a considerable time at Glenmore House.

A gorgeous ostensorium has this week been purchased for Stonyhurst College, at the great sale of effects at the mansion and two Roman Catholic Colleges of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Prior Park, near Bath. It was the most costly article in the sale. The entire work is nearly five feet in height. It was designed by Bernini, for the high altar of St. Peter's, at Rome; was executed by Sciletti and Gelpi, and is studded with upwards of 500 precious stones. This ostensorium is as gorgeous as it is tasteful; the cherub masks which adorn the shaft are admirably introduced, and a work in metal more beautiful, in every respect, can hardly be imagined. It was purchased for 500 guineas.

The sale by auction of the entire effects of the central mansion and of the two Catholic Colleges of St. Peter and St. Paul, having lasted for sixteen days, was brought to a conclusion on Tuesday evening. Financial embarrassments led to the breaking up of this celebrated establishment. Altogether the sale realized about £7,500, which, it is said, is more than £3,000 above the sum guaranteed by the auctioneers.

On the evening of Passion Sunday, a solemn dirge for the repose of the soul of his Grace Henry Charles, late Duke of Norfolk, was performed in St. Marie's Church, Sheffield. A magnificent catafalque, emblazoned with the arms of the deceased Duke, was erected in the nave, surrounded with six candelabras—four mutes holding banners displaying insignia of the house of Norfolk.

Some discussion arose at the Marylebone board, on Friday, as to whether Sisters of Charity should be admitted to the workhouse. Finally, the following resolution was carried:—"That ladies being members of the Roman Catholic Church be admitted into the workhouse, subject to the same terms and conditions as other ladies of various religious denominations."

Mr. F. French, on the 13th of last month, gave notice that on the motion for adjournment, he should ask the First Lord of the Treasury whether any inquiry had been ordered, or had taken place as to the failure of the attack by the British upon the Great Redan, on the 8th September.

The King of the Belgians arrived in London, at noon, on the 18th ult., and immediately afterwards proceeded to Windsor, on a visit to the Queen.

The War between Cost Rica and Nicaragua.

From the Central American, (Extra,) March 15.

War has been declared against Nicaragua by the government of Costa Rica, and three thousand five hundred troops are under way, headed by General Mora, the Commander-in-Chief. Baron Bulow is in the field with five hundred men.

On the part of Nicaragua, General Walker has despatched Major Schlessinger to meet the Costa Ricans.

The President of Costa Rica, Juan R. Mora, has issued a proclamation calling on his fellow-citizens to arm, and march on Nicaragua. He says—

"We do not go to contend for a piece of land—not to acquire ephemeral powers—not to follow up miserable conquest, nor much less for sacrilegious purposes.

"No! we go to struggle for the redemption of all our brethren from the most iniquitous tyranny; we go to help them in the fruitful work of their regeneration: we go to tell them, 'Brethren of Nicaragua—arise, annihilate your oppressors; we come here to fight by your side for your liberty, for your country! Union, Nicaraguans, Union! Your feuds bury in oblivion. No more partizanships, no more fratricidal discords. Peace, justice, and liberty for all! War only on fillibusters.

"To the conflict, then, Costa Ricans—I march at the head of the national army.

"All the loyal sons of Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras are in march upon that herd of bandits. Our cause is holy—triumph certain. God will give us victory, and with that the peace, concord, liberty and union of the great Central American family.

"San Jose, March 1, 1856. "JUAN R. MORA."

WALKER'S ACCEPTANCE OF THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

General Orders.—No. 55.

Headquarters of the Army,
Adjutant-General's Office,
Granada, March 13, 1856.

The supreme provisional government of the Republic of Nicaragua having formally declared war, by decree of March 11, 1856, against the State of Costa Rica, the army will be held in readiness to commence active operations.

By command of WILLIAM WALKER,
General Commanding-in-Chief.

PH. R. THOMSON, Adjutant-General, N. A.

GENERAL WALKER'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

From El Nicaraguese, March 15.

Invited to Nicaragua by the Democratic party of the Republic, the American force under my command has steadily struggled to carry out the principles for which the revolution of 1854 was undertaken. In order, however, to consolidate a general peace, we were willing to bury past differences and endeavor to amalgamate the two parties into one. For this purpose we have, since the treaty of October last, held in check our old friends the democrats, and have attempted to conciliate the men formerly attached to the government of Estrada.

With the same view the provisional government of Nicaragua, although differing in ideas and principles from the governments of the other States of Central America, attempted to establish frank and friendly relations with the neighboring republics. Our overtures of peace have been rejected. Our propositions of friendship have not only been disregarded, but treated with scorn and disdain. Contempt and contumely have been returned for the amicable messages we sent to the other governments. The only reason given for such conduct is the presence of American forces in the State of Nicaragua.

The self-styled legitimist party of Nicaragua has repulsed our efforts at conciliation. They have maintained communication with their fellow-serviles in the other States. They have, by all means in their power, attempted to weaken the present provisional government, and have given aid and encouragement to the enemies of Nicaragua outside of the republic.

In this condition of affairs, nothing is left for the Americans in Nicaragua but hostility to the surviles throughout Central America. A very large proportion of the so-called legitimists of this State are either open or secret enemies to our presence on this soil. They owe us for the protection they have had for their lives and property; they have paid us with ingratitude and treachery.

Against the servile parties and servile governments of Central America, the Americans in Nicaragua are bound by the common law of self-protection, to declare eternal enmity. Our proffered friendship has been rejected. We can only make them feel that our enmity may be as dangerous and destructive as our friendship is faithful and true.

The troops of the army of the Republic will assume and wear the red ribbon.

By command of WILLIAM WALKER,
General Commanding-in-Chief.

PH. R. THOMPSON, Adjutant General Nicaraguan Army.

On the 12th March, Gen. Walker and 350 American troops under command of Col. Schlessinger arrived at Virgin Bay. Immediately after their arrival, outposts were stationed at every point where it was possible to enter or leave the settlement, and strict orders given that no person should be allowed to pass out.

The commissary found it very difficult to provision the battelion, but the men seemed resolved to be satisfied. It was generally believed that the battalion would march on Costa Rica on the 16th.

The soldier were in excellent spirits, and resolved, if they got a chance, to make their first fight tell. There were four companies, all recently arrived, one from New York, under command of Captain Creighton, one from New Orleans, commanded by Lieut. Coleman, a German and French company. The Cushing Guards delivered up their arms to the regulars.

El Nicaraguense, March 15 says: The proclamation of the President Mora is a regular piece of Buncombe, and would do credit to a backwood's lawyer. He says a great many things he does not mean, and proposes feats he has no idea of accomplishing.

To Costa Rica, as a nation, we cannot calculate the consequences. On her rests the blame, and on her must fall the effects. This much we can say, however—that peadeful citizens may apprehend no evil. The soldiers of Nicaragua come to regenerate, not to destroy; and while an energetic war will be waged against the government of Costa Rica, private property will be held sacred, and personal liberty protected as inviolable.

It has been vaguely hinted that Americans captured in battle by the enemy, are to be summarily executed. The truth of the report we must disbelieve, but we assure the army that the General has determined on a fearful retribution, in the event so inhuman a proceeding should be attempted.

It is highly probable our army is to-day within the borders of Costa Rica, and in a few days we shall hear of the capture of Guanacoste.

PROMOTIONS IN THE ARMY.

Taken from General Orders.

Capt. J. C. O'Neal to be Major in the 2d Rifle Battalion.

Jas. S. Piper to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the First Light Infantry Battalion.

First Lieutenant H. Heuston to be Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain.

Second Lieutenant De Witt Clinton to be Assistant Adjutant General, with rank of Captain.

Wm. Rogers is appointed Second Lieutenant in the First Rifle Battalion.

A NEW RIFLE BATTALION IN THE WALKER ARMY.

By the following general order it will he seen that a second rifle battalion has been instituted in the army, and that Colonel Louis Schlessinger has been appointed to the command of it:—

General Orders—No. 54.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
Adjutant General's Office,
Granada, March 11, 1856.

1. Col. Louis Schlessinger is assigned to the command of the 2d Rifle Battalion, and will organize it from the troops recently arrived, on the same basis as the other battalions of the army.

2. The following promotions and appointments are made, to take effect from this date:—

Capt. J. C. O'Neal of the 1st Rifle Battalion to be Major of the 2d Rifle Battalion.

D. W. Thorpe, to be Captain, A company.
Fred. Prange, to be Captain, B company.
John Crighton, to be Captain, C company.
F. E. Lagray, to be Captain, E. Company.
J. T. Coleman, to be 1st Lieutenant, D company.
Anton Seldon, to be 1st Lieutenant, B company.
Ora. Paxton, to be 1st Lieutenant, C company.
M. E. Brady, to be 1st Lieutenant.
P. Coleman, to be 1st Lieutenant, A company.
C. T. Legroo, to be First Lieutenant, E. company.
W. E. Muir, to be Second Lieutenant, A company.
C. Bieber, to be Second Lieutenant, B company.
A. J. Higgins, to be Second Lieutenant, C company.
J. W. Anderson, to be Second Lieutenant, D company.
A. B. Watson, to be Second Lieutenant.
J. C. Richardson, to be Second Lieutenant C company.

Second Lieutenant R. A. Johnston, First Light Infantry, is transferred to the Second Rifle Battalion, and is promoted to First Lieutenant.

By command of WM. WALKER,
General Commanding-in-Chief.

PH. R. THOMPSON, Adjutant General, N. A.

THE ANGEL GABRIEL IN DEMARARA.—Advices of the 22d Feb. informs us that the noted street preacher, J. S. Orr, better known in New York, and other parts, as the Angel Gabriel, has created great excitement in Demarara, between the Portuguese and blacks, so that the authorities have dispatched to a number of islands for vessels of war to protect the place. No war vessels in port, and but few troops—mostly colored. They have taken about 600 or 700 rioters as prisoners. The negroes have pulled down, plundered and set fire to a good many Roman Catholic Churches and Portuguese ships. The Angel Gabriel is taken prisoner. The health of the ports is very good. Times rather dull, as all mercantile business is suspended, on account of the riot.

Havana letters of March 31st, informs us that the beautiful clipper ship Sea Witch lies a wreck upon the coast, about fifteen miles to the westward. She was from Hong Kong, having 500 Asiatic colonists on board, for the labor hands of Cuban cane fields. Eighty of these ignorant forced emigrants died on the passage.

The British Admiral Fanshawe is here, on board of the ship Boscawen, 74 guns. Still in port, the Powerful, 84 guns; screw-propulsion frigate Termagant, 20 guns; do. sloop-of-war Buzzard, 20 guns; and brig Arab, 15 guns. Six or seven more to come, when we shall know what for.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.—At a recent meeting of the members of the new Irish Regiment, a series of resolutions were passed, tendering their services to the general government, through General Cass. The application was formally made, and the following correspondence will explain itself:

WASHINGTON, Monday, March 17, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: It was not necessary to tell me who you are and what you are. I know you well for a true and disinterested friend; and what is better, for an active and devoted Democrat, never faltering in the cause. I have not yet wholly recovered from the effects of my accident, though I go to the Senate when the weather is good; yet I do not go anywhere else. I like the spirit and am pleased with your letter. The patriotic tender is worthy of you and of your associates. But before I can say anything, it will be necessary I should see the President, and I will do so as soon as it is in my power; I will lay your letter before him and say all the good words I can. Excuse my brevity, as I am in a good deal of pain.

Truly your friend, LEWIS CASS.

Lieutenant Colonel G. D. DOWLING.

WASHINGTON, Friday, March 28, 1856.

DEAR SIR: I have just seen the President, and shown him your letter. He appreciates the patriotic feeling that led to the offer; but there is at present no law which would justify his receiving a tender of services, and, therefore, he is compelled to decline the acceptance. I do not know that I can be of any further use to you or your colleagues in the matter. It will afford me pleasure at any time hereafter to render you a service.

I am, my dear sir, truly yours,

Col. G. D. DOWLING. LEWIS CASS.

A meeting of the members will take place on Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at No. 48 Bayard street, to complete the organizations of the companies, assign the officers their posts and put the men in active training. Members will attend and bring any that are willing to join, and the proposed names of the new officers and non-commissioned officers not already appointed. After the meeting referred to, a code of by-laws will be passed, which will regulate, in particular the mode of elections in the regiment.

GEORGE D. DOWLING, Lieutenant Colonel.

Excitement at Flushing, L. I.

TWO MANGLED BODIES DRIFTED ASHORE IN A FLOUR BARREL.

There was a great excitement on Sunday (6th), at College Point (the east side of Flushing Bay.) The cause may be gathered from the following statement of facts:

A German, named Wahndr, found a barrel washing ashore, knocked in the head, and discovered the remains of one or more human beings. He notified Justice Samuel Willett, of Flushing, who immediately got Coroner John Boyd, Constable Benj. Areson, and others, and proceeded to examine the barrel's contents.

On turning them out upon the sand, two human bodies were displayed—the arms and legs of each cut off, but present The second body was a smaller one—that of a short, stout man, about five feet two inches long; head large; arms and legs cut off, but present. Both bodies were otherwise mutilated. These remains were in a flour barrel, and nailed up with tenpenny nails. On the barrel was marked B. V., in large letters; also, the name "George H Fulton," and other marks indicating flour of a superior brand. The Coroner and his jury not being able to make out the meaning of all this, nor able at once to fathom the terrible mystery, re-packed the remains in a box, and removed them to Flushing for a more extended examination.

The news spread like wildfire. It was the talk of old and young. The public places were crowded, and the inhabitants stood around in little knots, discussing the theme. Copies of the *Daily Times*, of the 12th of March, were procured, and the description of the bodies foully murdered on board the Eudora Imogene were read carefully, and each point compared with the statements of those who had seen these bodies. Some points of resemblance between them and the missing bodies of the Eudora were evident, and what were not so clear were forgotten. The opinion generally prevailed that the Eudora bodies had at length been found.

One of the *Daily Times'* reporters, hearing of the stir, visited the spot at 10 o'clock on Sunday night, and, with the assistance of Drs. Vedder and Allin, obtained access to the remains and made a discovery which upsets at once the prevalent theory and renders it evident that the bodies were subjects of the dissectionists of some private or public school, the gashes were cut by the anatomists, and the fish-lines with which they were sewed up, the strong twine used by the boys after cutting down to inject the arteries and veins; or after trying the operation of tracheotomy upon the cadaver. The cuts upon the abdomen were not so very bungling after all. Indeed, the operation for hernia had been conducted very handsomely upon one; the wound on the head might easily enough have been made by a demonstrator prior to exhibiting the structure of the brain, and the other wounds were such as, with the greatest propriety, young surgeons who follow the excellent advice of all good old ones might make—with the laudable intent of studying Relative Anatomy. But, as if to make assurance doubly sure that the remains were not those of men foully murdered, but of some unclaimed relicts whom the law authorizes to be surrendered for the sake of science to decent people upon giving proper bonds for their Christian burial, a small card or label was found folded under the bend of the knee of one of the bodies. It read as follows:

A DR. DELAFIELD'S
COLLECTION, NO. 44.

From which it is clear that the relics have at one time or another been in the hands of the dissecters.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, March 15th, 1856.

There is not much news here! For a correspondent who has undertaken to be an active feature in your paper, that's a poor way to begin. But the times are to blame. They alone. My head, and heart, and hand are free of fault. And as it is fact, and not fiction, you wish to have, it follows necessarily, I must be next to silent, when events are scarce.

We have had his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, laying the first stone of a Museum of Natural History. The ceremony took place in the lawn of the Dublin Society, where Dargan's Crystal Palace stood. The day was delightful. Merrion Square, on which the lawn looks out, with its lofty lines of mansions, and tasteful grounds and clumps of ever-greens, was not only charming, but superb. The rich silver sunshine played upon and colored every thing.

A brilliant crowd of our Dublin ladies—the wittiest and handsomest in the world; the band of the Somersetshire Regiment of Militia, with escort and colors; all the Castle folk, aides-de-camp, chamberlains, and chaplains; a troop of the 16th Lancers; and, as usual, a body of policemen, in their glazed cooking-pot hats, were on the ground. His Excellency handled the trowel with astonishing skill, if we're to take the word of the amiable journalists present. He made a pretty speech, too, and wound up the business by proposing three cheers for Her Majesty! The ladies blossomed into ruby smiles, and waved their little scented flags of cambric; the band rolled out the British anthem; the Lancers pranced; the Militia-men presented arms; the Marquis of Kildare, and other notables, lifted their hats; half a dozen workmen gave a cheer; his Excellency covered his head, and so the picture vanished.

By-the-bye, do you know that it was to his Excellency, some years ago, when he was Lord Morpeth, the exclamation, "What a shocking bad hat!" was first addressed? His Lordship was always remarkable for the deplorable condition of his head-piece. Eight years ago, on the lobby of the House of Commons, I met him for the first time. On that occasion he sported an old white beaver, very much bulged.

But I'm not yet done with heads and hats. Here is a sparkling little yesterday episode which occurred in the Naas Court-house during the Kildare assizes:

While Mr. Hayes, Q.C., was, on Friday, addressing the jury in the case, he said that Mr. Ardill was shaking his head, and he begged of that gentleman to desist, as he did not like his dumb oratory.

Mr. Ardill—I did not shake my head.

Mr. Hayes—I object to this nodding commentary upon my speech.

Mr. Battersby—Why, Lord Burleigh himself shook his head; no harm is meant.

Chief Justice—I will tell you a story that will probably remove this objection about the shake of the head. When Sir Watkins Lewis was Lord Mayor of London, he wore a peculiar kind of hat, and somebody made a remark in reference to it, which led to the writing of the following distich:

When Sir Watkins was told what was said of his hat,
The knight shook his head—but there's nothing in that.

(Great laughter.)

The Coroner's Jury have returned their verdict in the case of Sadleir. It is this: The deceased died by his own hand whilst he was in a perfectly sane state. The Coroner gave permission for the interment of the body, late on the Sunday night after it was discovered. From the Workhouse at Hampstead, it was conveyed to the residence of the suicide in Gloucester Square, and the following Thursday it was covered up in Highgate cemetery, a few of his immediate relatives standing by. The London papers state that the burial service was performed by a Catholic Clergyman. I doubt it. The suicide, I have always been under the impression, forfeited in the Catholic Church the rites of Christian burial.

The *Times* has a slashing article on the fearful business. It states, that the prosperity of a whole province—that of Munster—has received a severe shock from the proceedings of the forger. By his connection, with the Tipperary Bank, it appears, he contrived to swindle the population of the south of Ireland to an amount already stated at £400,000. On Tuesday week, the Master of the Rolls, delivering judgment, on motion that the copartnership of the Bank should be dissolved and its affairs wound up, informed the public, that the late John Sadleir was permitted by his brother, the sole director and manager of the bank, to overdraw his account to the extent of £200,000, without the knowledge, consent, or privity of a single other contributor or creditor. The article concludes with this sentence:

"Provincial attorney, and then attorney in Dublin, political intriguer, Parliamentary agent, member of Parliament, Lord of the Treasury, railway chairman, and bank director—such were the steps of his career, until he concluded it as a speculator, swindler, and suicide."

And such are the men whom our people here have been wheedled into accepting as their political instructors, whilst they are taught to repudiate Emmett as a miscreant, and Smith O'Brien as a madman. But when a people have been deluded to the lowest depth, Heaven enlightens them by catastrophes.

Apropos to this, the London *Press* shows up William Keogh, the *Irish Attorney-General*, with the most damaging exposition of facts. I inclose the article, so that if you think it would do service, you can publish it.

Quite a number of Irish members waited a few days ago on Lord Palmerston, at his private residence in Piccadilly, with another memorial praying for the unconditional pardon of Smith O'Brien. Your old school-fellow, Tom Bellew, one of the Members of the County Galway, was present. The spokesman of the deputation was John Francis Maguire, Shiel's successor, in the representation of Dungarvan. He made a clear and forcible statement of the views entertained by the memorialists. Alluding to O'Brien's intense love of Ireland, he quoted a few words which occurred in a letter written to a friend by the noble fellow from Florence two or three weeks ago. Here they are:

"I would rather live in a jail in Ireland, than in the loveliest spot in Italy."

In penning these words, he has furnished the grandest suscription, which, whether he dies at home or abroad, could be put upon his tomb.

Lord Palmerston assured the deputation, that the subject should have his most anxious consideration, but respectfully craved their patience, for a few days, until he made up his mind. Judging from an article which appears in the *Times* upon the subject, I should be disposed to think that O'Brien will be permitted to return. I give you an extract. It tells you, I think, how the winds blow about Piccadilly:

"As far as we can express the public opinion, we may very truly say that everybody would be glad to hear that Mr. Smith O'Brien was restored to his country and his friends. We do not believe that there is any danger in such a step, whatever his future conduct may be; but, at the same time, we most fully believe that Mr. Smith O'Brien would, by his future conduct, show himself sensible of the leniency with which he had been treated. Only, if the favor be granted, let all be generously and gracefully done. Let the pardon be complete, and the past forgotten. That is the way to win back hearts."

Talking of Piccadilly reminds me of old Dan Callaghan, so many years senior member for Cork. Dan, you remember, used to wear white trousers half the year round, and white silk gloves at all times and then, he had a very white head, and very bushy white whiskers. A white hat in the summer months, completed the snowiness of his aspect. Dan was much addicted to Piccadilly. It was his favorite region for a luxurious stroll every fine afternoon. The last fifteen years previous to his death, he was known as *the White Bear of Piccadilly*. A sign-board, over the door of a public-house in the vicinity, suggested the idea.

The pending elections in Sligo and New Ross happen, just now, to be the principal topics of political gossip. For the former place, J. P. Somers is up again, the twentieth or thirtieth time in his life. He is an old man—a very old man—to be upon the hustings, with all the horrors of a contest, yells and dead cats, raging and flying about him. The poor old rake! He should be doing penance on his marrow-bones, in the Abbey of Moyne, instead of trying to bamboozle his political creditors, at the end of his days, and in the middle of the nineteenth century. *Sadleirism* is the new name now for all such public knaves as J. P. Somers. It is an expressive one. Just now it is a deadly cry. The *Nation* of this morning dismisses the subject of the Sligo election, with the ringing shout—*Down with Sadleirism, therefore, whatever name be written on the forehead of the beast!*

As for New Ross, Redington, the Catholic Aristocrat, is pushing his exquisite pretensions for that place again. First of all, according to the *Nation*, he sent a sort of pilot-balloon aloft, to indicate the popular current, previous to letting go his ropes, and trying a sail among the mutable elements himself. Who do you think was the precursor? Give a guess! A patriot risen from the dead—or what is all the same, from an official berth in Cape Coast Castle. Your old friend, James Fitzpatrick, has turned up miraculously. Everybody was under the delusion he was a corpse these five years. Tom Steele, with his tattered uniform and olive-branch, once more presiding in Conciliation Hall, would not have been a more startling apparition than James Fitzpatrick, with his potato-shaped nose and butcher-like face, mixing his punch, the other evening, in the coffee-room of Shannahan's Hotel, in the ancient rebel city of New Ross.

You know, when he received the big blue envelope, half a foot long, enclosing his appointment in September, 1847, to Cape Coast Castle, where he served as a sort of Minister of Justice to the natives of the neighborhood, he drove off straight to to the office of the Colonial Secretary, and inquired of the head clerk the amount of the retiring salary. "Oh! we cannot tell you that," said the clerk, "for no one has ever been there long enough to receive it."

The face of the *Minister of Justice* suddenly turned into a flabby heap of mouldy *blanc-mange*. The answer froze the blood in his heart. He thought he'd expire. But go to Cape Coast Castle he must, or had infinitely better, though he were to cast up his soul in a yellow sea the day after he landed. 'Twere better to test his vitality in that pestiferous region, than dry-rot into eternity, under the care of Joe Mullen, in the utterly unproductive region of the *Four Courts Marshalsea*. He sailed with the strong conviction he'd never sail back. In that opinion his friends unanimously concurred. Disappointed, however, they beheld him in the flesh once more, pouring forth to the electors of New Ross the patriotism which even the scorching sun of Southern Africa failed to evaporate. There are some patriots who never die. Tom Arkins, tailor to the Liberator and the Hierarchy of Ireland, as the golden letters on his green sign-board informed the public, still lives. So does John Reynolds, the immaculate financier, and grave debater. So does Dr. Nagle, the librarian of Conciliation Hall, who spent ten years in seconding resolutions.

They appear to be vey pleasant in this contest for New Ross. The correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* writes:

"There is a peculiarity in this contest worth mentioning, the antagonistic mobs cast fire balls at each other. If these balls (flax and turpentine) stick, there is danger of being burned alive. Several are in their beds from burns of these fire balls. The money spent by both parties of the mobs is enormous, and the debauchery that follows is proportionate."

Where is it you won't find an Irishman? The Paris correspondent of the *Times* mentions, that the stage coach plying between Pan and Dax was upset, the other day, within half a mile of Orthez. The carriage was smashed to pieces. Mr. Patrick O'Quin, on his way to Paris to take his seat in the Legislative body, was flung out of the *coupe* and dangerously wounded. In Melbourne, Australia, Catharine Hayes, on the eve of her departure, was presented with an address, magnificently signed, begging her to stay for some time longer. And in a little volume, just published by Bell & Daldy, London, entitled *Here and There in Portugal*, we light upon the following:

"Taking a boat one morning at the Caes de Sodre to go on board a vessel lying in the Tagus, I gave the sturdy boatman a silver piece of twelve vintems—just double his fare. He assailed me with a perfect storm of rude invectives, and held out his hand for a larger fee—an action that would have made his meaning clear, had I understood even less of his language, of which one opprobrious epithet, more than once applied, was sufficiently intelligible. Finding me deaf to Portuguese, and unable to reply, he changed his language to unmistakable Milesian, and vociferated, "Bad luck to ye for a poverthy-sthruck beggar. P'raps it's all ye've got." I answered him in his own rich brogue, and he bolted, laughing at having been caught off his guard.

I forgot to mention, that in the centre of the lawn where the National Museum is to stand, a statue of Thomas Moore will be erected. It is time he should have some honor done him in the land, the beauties and the sorrows, the hopes and legends of which his lyre has immortalized. But Ireland is a nation with memories only. She rears no monuments to her children, however nobly they have served her. It would be otherwise were she what Wolf Tone and Davis planned to have her.

Tenant-right meetings continue to be held. There was one in Rathkeale on the 2d of this month. It took place after last mass. Archdeacon Fitzgerald, the parish priest, delivered a strong speech. He said, among other things, that the province of Munster sent to Parliament, out of twenty-four members, but two tenant-justice men—"the eloquent member for Dungarvan, and that truly honest man, Meagher of Waterford." Though you are his son, I think you'd give a cheer for that. It is refreshing to find these truths thus boldly told the people:—

"What have those men of mighty name and transcendent powers, whom you sent to Parliament, those on whom you bestowed your love—your confidence—your money to a large amount, what did they effect for the masses? They could have got you tenant-right if they cared one farthing about the masses of the people. They got great things for the gentry. They made them members of parliament, high sheriffs, small governors, petty place men. But what is all that to the millions who were the victims of extermination? Two millions were hunted out and shipped in crazy hulks, filled with abomination, to America, of whom it is known that one-third perished within one year after landing. Another million were hunted into the grave. From your own Rathkeale Union workhouse, six thousand victims were conveyed to the promiscuous burying ground in Kiletnaun bog. How many hundreds went forth blinded by opthalmia? I went, said the Archdeacon, last week, through the parish of Ballingarry, to attend the funeral of Mr. Hall; the landlord ravage, the ruthless devastation of that parish was frightful."

If rebellion was not justifiable where such ravages occurred through the proved recklessness and blundering stupidity, not to say the criminal design and policy of the foreign English government, why no rebellion was ever justified. As for the Tenant-right agitation, it is a mere sickly pulsation of a great heart once full of red blood and the noblest aspirations. The people have no faith, or little, in it. They well know, that the settlement of the land question—the planting of their interest permanently and ineradicably in the soil—can never be effected through the eloquent statistics and "hear, hears!" of ever so many independent tenants of Parliament. Revolution—armed revolution—sweeping and implacable as a prairie fire—alone can settle that.

You will be pleased to learn, that our great Celtic scholar, John O'Donovan, the translator of the *Annals of the Four Masters*, and the author of the very best Irish Grammar extant, has been elected Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Berlin. The letter communicating this high compliment to O'Donovan came from Dr. Jacob Grimm, Prussian Minister of State. It informs him, that the Academy confers the membership "in recognition of the signal services he has rendered to the study of the Celtic languages," and is, moreover, much gratified at learning that "independently of his edition of the *Ancient Laws of Ireland*, he is engaged at an Irish Dictionary, which will no doubt throw all preceding ones into the shade."

Did you ever hear before, that Adam Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, and also Lord Chancellor of Ireland, who died in, in an original miniature, recently discovered, is represented with a short moustache and a flowing beard, both of them nearly white? This bit of gossip appears in *Notes and Queries*, lately published, and may serve as another argument, at least among religious gentlemen, in favor of the moustache.

Talking of the moustache revives an anecdote, in which Daniel O'Connell and Colonel Sibthorp—both, as all the word knows, in their graves to-day—figure finely. If I recollect rightly, it was in one of the annual debates on the Maynooth Grant, the circumstances occurred. The Colonel was a High Church Tory. When he told Sergeant Murphy he'd not only have his whiskers and beard shaved off, but his head too, rather than let a hair of the Established Church be touched, he didn't in the least exaggerate. He'd go to another block, besides the barber's before that sacrilege should take place. And when he expressed his willingness to lose his beard in the cause of the pampered Episcopacy of Great Britain, he displayed, in the strongest style, his devotion to that cause. For his beard, his whiskers, his

moustache, were the wealthiest in the House of Commons. Mr. Muntz, of Birmingham, alone excelled him. Grant, the author of the *Random Recollections*, says his face was so completely covered, that, were it not that he sometimes spoke, no one would have imagined he had either eyes or mouth.

On the occasion of this debate on the Maynooth Grant, he had, as usual, pitched furiously into the Irish. O'Connell rose after him, and observed, that the honorable and gallant member for Lincoln was the last man who should abuse the Irish, for, by act of parliament he was an Irishman himself. The House roared. So did the jovial old Colonel. "Would the gallant Colonel deny it?" asked O'Connell. "Prove it," exclaimed the Colonel. "That I shall," replied the Liberator. Forthwith the Liberator proceeds to the library, and returns with a ponderous volume of statutes. Opening it on the green baize-covered table, he solemnly put on his spectacles, gave his wig a twitch, and with the gravest intonation read out the statute of Elizabeth, which provides that no one should or shall wear any hair on his upper lip, under the penalty of being considered and dealt with as a *mere* Irishman.

Adam Loftus, the moustached Bishop, who reminded me of this anecdote, was an Englishman, and zealously endeavored to propagate the "reformation" in Ulster. Shane O'Neil swore he'd stop his doings—"for," said he, "his 'reformation' shall never blast the oaks of Columbkille!"

Being in the North, I might as well mention that the 'Prentice Boys of Derry held their annual Soiree in the Corporation Hall of that city, on Monday evening last. The *Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory*, as a matter of course, was drunk. Amongst the toasts were, "The shutting of the gates:" "The Earl of Enniskillen and the Orangemen of Ireland." *Saunder's News-Letter*, which Whiteside alluded to in the States-trials of '43 as "the frigid *Saunders*," prints the following pretty paragraph, in reference to this Soiree:

"Some men are like cats; you may stroke the fur the right way for years, and hear nothing but purring; but accidentally tread on the tail, and all memory of your kindness is obliterated."

I presume from this, that the pious and immortal Orangemen are as much out of sorts with the Earl of Carlisle as they used to be with the Marquis of Normunby. Should Mr. Fillmore be elected President, it might be prfitable for them to emigrate. The Nominee of the Nnow-Nothings, whose principles so thoroughly coincide with those of the Derry Boys, would, no doubt, sympathetically patronise them.

Just this moment I have been handed a *Limerick Chronicle* of yesterday. Under the head of "London Intelligence" it publishes this item:

"The Roman Catholic Clergyman who read the dead service over the remains of Mr. John Sadleir is under a ban by the Cardinal of London."

So, you perceive, I was not wrong in my impression concerning the usage of the Catholic Church relative to the bodies and burials of suicides. Enough, however, about that horrible business and that miserable man.

Some of your readers may be interested in knowing that in consideration of the services rendered by the Commissioners of Irish Fisheries in the artificial propogation and cultivation of salmon, and the models of fish weirs lately exhibited by that department at the Paris Exhibition, the Imperial Society Zoologique d'Acclimitation have conferred the degree of honorary member on the chairman and secretary of the board, Richard Griffith, Esq., and Edward Hornsby, Esq., both of the old sod. Thus Irishmen are winning laurels everywhere except at home. It has always been the case, and will be so as long as the Cromwellians hold the castle. I much fear it is a *strong* hold with them. This last year has proved it.

In this up-and-down, desultory, helter-skelter, free-and-easy way, you shall hear every week from your old friend,

KILMAINHAM.

Irish News.

LEINSTER.

An orator at New Ross, decrying the pretensions of Sir Thomas Redington to the representation of that borough, said, "Sadleir was worse than the devil, and the devil is better than renegade Redington."

The annual ceremony of relieving guard at the Castle took place on the 17th March in the presence of a vast crowd of spectators. The entire of the upper yard was crowded, save the open space in the centre set apart for the troops. Shortly before twelve o'clock his Excellency appeared on the balcony, when he was received with vehement cheering, which he acknowledged by bowing repeatedly. He was dressed in plain black, and wore a huge bunch of shamrocks on his breast.

One of the prize bells at the late Paris exhibition has been purchased from the founder, Mr. Murphy, of Dublin, for the Catholic chapel ot SS. Peter and Paul at Clonmel, at a cost of £230.

At Naas assizes, Mr. Henry Caldwell, architect, obtained a verdict of £100 damages against the late High Sheriff of Dublin, for false imprisonment.

In the town of Carlow the effect of the failure of the Tipperary Bank will be awful in the extreme, for, if all that we hear be true, it will affect a very large number of our fellow-townsmen, who, up to the last moment, placed the most unlimited confidence in its solvency and security, including those whose current bills are now in progress of collection. It is stated upon good authority that some very stupid forgeries have turned up—whence this description of paper emanated no one can even conjecture; but it is certain that payment has been applied for by the Secretary of the Bank of Ireland. They appear to be given as securities to the Bank of Ireland, and the parties who have received notice to pay the same have repudiated all connection with them. If such bills are so grossly fictitious as they are represented to be, the mystery will he unravelled before the Master But the public must abide the issue pending the investigation, which should be a very stringent.—*Carlow Sentinel.*

MUNSTER.

The *Waterford Mail* informs us that the war-frigate Gorgon, fired a *feu de joie* in honor of the birth of the son of the Emperor and Empress of the French. Fireworks were displayed, and the men were allowed to enjoy themselves beyond the usual hour.

The *Limerick Reporter* believes that Mr. James Sadleir intends to resign the representation of Tipperary County. His constituents, at all events, are in daily expectation of hearing of his resignation.

The novel and interesting pontifical ceremony of blessing a church bell was performed in all its solemn forms, on Palm-Sunday, at the chapel of Newtownsandes, in the north-east of Kerry, by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty. The bell, which was manufactured by Mr. John Murphy, of Dublin, is a very beautiful one. It was placed on the altar in the Sanctuary. It was the first ceremony of the kind performed in Kerry, since the Reformation—and the bell is the first church bell tolled in the parish of Murhus, since the same period.

Old Mrs. Sadleir, the mother of John Sadleir, has become almost a maniac. Her daughter has been for some time in a private lunatic asylum.

The works of the Irish Beet Sugar Company at Mountmellick have been resumed, and a considerable quantity of sugar turned out during the past few weeks. The concern is under new management, and we learn that there is a prospect of its being worked to some advantage. We have seen samples of the sugar, which is equal to the best of the former make.

The Clonmel *Chronicle* states that Capt. John O'Connell is about to vacate the representation of that borough.

The action for libel—Strange *vs.* the proprietor of the Waterford *Mail*—entered for trial at Kilkenny assizes, was arranged by the defendant paying damages of £20, with costs. The article complained of was inserted without the knowledge of the proprietor.

The retirement of Mr. Fagan from the representation of Cork is spoken of,

The Dublin *Evening Mail* intimates that Mr. Robt. Keating is about to retire from the representation of Waterford, and that a gallant Captain (Bonaparte Wyse), closely allied to the French Emperor, has been feeling his way with the electors on the Liberal interest.

The Rev. Hugh Huleatt, formerly curate of Nenagh, and now chaplain to the Light Cavalry Brigade of the British army in the Crimea, has arrived in Nenagh, having obtained a short respite from his duties.

Alexander M'Carthy, county of Cork, is about to apply to be relieved from his shrievalty in order to become a candidate for the county.

ULSTER.

A meeting of the creditors of Messrs. John Mackenzie & Co., eminent distillers in Belfast, was held on the 15th inst. The liabilities are £87,582.

Baron Pennefather and Justice Torrens, on entering their respective courts at the Donegal assizes, were loudly cheered by the bar, the grand juries and the entire court. The learned judges, in both cases, expressed their thanks and gratification at so enthusiastic a reception. These singular and unexampled scenes had reference to recent proceedings in the House of Commons.

The *Ulsterman* informs us that the upper end of Donegal street, in the city of Belfast, has been the scene of a grievous nuisance, and annoyance, frequently of late, at night. Drunken ruffians tramp up and down before the house in which the bishop and priests reside, close by St. Patrick's church, at the most unseasonable hours of the night, and indulge in the very christian and intellectual amusement of shouting, "To hell with the Pope."

We understand that the firm of John & Thomas Sinclair having offered to the Committee of the Belfast Seaman's Friend Society the munificent donation of £1,000, towards the erection of a Mariners' Church, the committee have resolved to take measures immediately for carrying out the design; and, in conformity with a general and earnest wish, they have resolved that the Church shall be erected as a memorial to the late John Sinclair, Esq., and bear his name.

Many of the Downpatrick people may remember old Rose Barra, or, more correctly, Doran, the old cockle-woman, who for 30 or 40 years supplied the lovers of that delicate shell-fish with the choicest and freshest specimens during the season. She lived to the age of 103 years, and died at Ballykinlar, on Monday last, having been able to walk about until the last four or five weeks, and up to the day of her death she could thread the finest needle. This is the second centenarian in that parish who has died within the last twelve months; a woman named Caul, who died in the Union Workhuose, being the other. We should also mention that another woman, also named Caul, died in Bailykinlar, about two years past, at the advanced age of 92.

The inhabitants of Monaghan have resolved to erect some suitable testimonial, to commemorate Colonel Dawson's fall, at the head of the Coldstream Guards, at the battle of Inkerman.

The Rev. E. M. Clarke, Local Inspector and Chaplain of Lifford Gaol, has published his usual table of the statistics of crime in the County Donegal, and it exhibits, in relation to the past year, a number of highly interesting results. With the exception of "illicit distillation"—in which class of offences there is an increase of thirty-seven cases over the returns of the year 1854—in most of the departments, a sensible diminution of crime has taken place during the last twelve months.

A Special Commission has been fixed for the trial of the persons charged with the murder of Miss Hinds, at Cavan, and commences the beginning of this month. Chief Justice Monahan and Mr. Justice Moore will be the presiding judges.

James Beatty, Esq., C. E., who has but recently returned to this country, from the Crimea, is at present very seriously ill. As Engineer-in-Chief of the Balaklava Railway, his name was very frequently and favorably mentioned by the late Lord Raglan, for his exertions. Mr. Beatty is an Enniskillener.

We understand that the Directors of the Belfast Steamship Company have declared a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum, free of income tax, on the half year, adding to the reserve fund the sum of £4,000. The steamer Telegraph, has been discharged from the service of the English Government, and is now in the Thames, for sale or re-charter. The Sea-Nymph is under charter to the French Government till May next.

CONNAUGHT.

A railway is to be constructed from Longford to Castlebar, upon guarantee of the Grand Jury to the Railway Company.

The result of the Sligo election is the return of the Right Hon. John Wynne, the Conservative candidate. The numbers at the close of the poll were—Wynne, 148; Somers, 108.

The Agricultural news from all parts of Ireland, up to the latest dates, is very cheering. The *Nenagh Guardian* informs us that Potato sowing is carried on through the country with great vigor, and that a large extent of land will be occupied with the valuable esculent this year. The *Waterford Chronicle* reports the weather very dry and fine; farming operations progressing rapidly, and everything promising well. According to the *Wexford Independent*, potatoes and spring oats are largely disposed of. The wheat crop, it appears from the *Kilkenny Journal*, promises a more luxuriant yield than has been witnessed for several seasons. The *Dundalk Democrat* confirms all these reports and expectations.

CATHOLICITY IN THE CAMP.

The following affecting letter, written by a military correspondent from Balaklava, appeared in the last number of the Dublin *Weekly Register*, just come to hand:

"It is my painful duty to have to announce to you to-day the death of Sister Mary Elizabeth Butler, one of the Sisters of Mercy, who departed this life on Saturday last, from the effects of a malignant fever, caught in the discharge of her duties. Her struggle was short, for her strength was already exhausted, and her health, on account of her excessive labors, had been more or less impaired. It was on this account that, as soon as any symptoms of fever had appeared, she at once fortified herself with the Bread of the Strong, and prepared herself to receive the last rites of the church. After having received all the consolations of our holy religion in a most edifying and Christian manner, her thoughts were henceforward directed solely towards Heaven, and her mind was entirely fixed upon her God. Like St. Paul her only desire was to be dissolved and to be with Christ. She had no desire to live any longer, except it were the holy will of God. On the contrary, she frequentty expressed a desire to die, and said on many occasions that she wished not to lose the present opportunity of going to her God. Although far advanced in years, and of a constitution naturally weak, she yet performed with a buoyant spirit and the greatest care all the painful duties of her calling—visiting the sick, waiting upon them day after day, procuring for them all the consolation in her power, then diffusing around her the sweet odor of Christ, and breathing that spirit of charity which alone is peculiar to the Christian religion. Neither rain, hail, nor snow prevented her from being amongst them. All was alike to her. She was never missed from her wards, no more than the youngest and strongest of her Sisters. Many a long and dreary winter's night she sat beside the bed of the dying man, tendering to him all the consolations which charity could suggest, or which it was in her power to afford. Her charity, too, like that of her Divine Master, knew no bounds or limit. It was not confined to any particular creed or class of persons. Neither the Protestant, nor the Presbyterian, nor the Musselman, nor any other whatever, were excluded from a participation in the benefits which she conferred. All experienced the same care, the same attention, the same soothing word of consolation. Such is the character of the Sister of Mercy out in the East. She does good to all, and consoles them. She recoils from no duty that is imposed upon her; she flies not even when death stares her in the face. For, when cholera raged, and fever prevailed, and dysentery swept off by hundreds her fellow-creatures, she shrank not from breathing the pestilential odor and corrupted air of an infected hospital; thus daily exposing herself to imminent danger. Yet she is ignored, and her services are passed over in silence, although it is she that has borne the 'heat of the day and the burden.' The funeral, which took place on Sunday, in the afternoon, was numerously attended; all seemed anxious to take part in offering this last tribute of gratitude to her. Long before the office began, persons were seen coming from all sides to pay this last tribute of respect to the mortal remains of the good Sister Elizabeth. All the Catholics of the 89th Regiment, stationed at Balaklava, to the number of near 500, were marched, by permission of the Colonel, to join the funeral procession. The office began at 3 o'clock, in the beautiful little Church of St. Vincent, which was hung in black for the occasion. The office was performed with all possible solemnity, at which all the priests in the camp attended. On leaving the church, after the office, the soldiers of the 89th fell into line, and the funeral procession moved slowly through a double file of soldiers, formed from the church to the place of interment. The procession was simple, but imposing. First came the cross bearer, the Rev. Mr. Unsworth; then followed Rev. Mr. Strickland, Rev. Mr. Duffy, Rev. Mr. Cuffe, Rev. Mr. Malony, Rev. Mr. O'Callaghan, and Rev. Mr. Gleeson, officiating clergyman. The coffin was carried by the faithful 89th, after which came the good Sisters, two-by-two, dressed in their choir habits, and bearing lighted torches. Six of the Sisters of Charity, from the Sardinian camp, took part also in the procession. Through respect, the moment the coffin appeared outside the church, all took off their caps and remained uncovered the entire time, even until the funeral service had been performed. The Crimea never witnessed such a real Catholic sight. It was a glorious triumph for Catholicity, and an honor to the holy church. The evening, too, was such as one would desire for the solemnity of the occasion. The sun shone forth brilliantly in all its splendor, and lit up the surrounding heights, as though it were a midsummer day; the vessels in the harbor lay calm and still, the sailor dropped his work, and gazed with admiration on the assembled multitude; not a breath disturbed the silent whispering of the angelic voices raised in holy prayer, as the funeral *cortege* moved slowly up the hill. A breathless silence was observed by all; no one daring to interrupt the fervent throbbings which ascended like incense for the departed soul. All nature appeared to join in our holy work; and heaven itself seemed to smile in approbation. Her mortal remains were deposited beside her sister in religion, on the hill which commands the harbor. A beautiful marble cross, which stands six feet high, has been just erected by the Catholic soldiers of the 89th, to the memory of Sister Winefred; and another similar one is going to be raised to Sister Elizabeth. The spirit of the Catholic soldiers in the East requires no stimulus in this way; they only look forward with anxiety to the time when some move will be made at home, in order to contribute largely to raise a lasting memorial to the zeal, the charity, and the indefatigable exertions of those good ladies. If, then, such a thing was once set on foot, I hesitate not in saying that a large sum may be realized—a sum sufficient to raise some memorial worthy of them; and not only would Catholics gladly contribute, but even their Protestant neighbors would, I am sure, be most liberal in their donations. What prevents, then, a step of this nature being undertaken? Let only some one begin it, and be assured the work will go on of itself. If I may make a suggestion, let it be that the monument embrace all the works in which they are engaged, according to the nature of the institute—a Convent, a School, a House of Mercy, an Hospital, in order that they may have full scope to extend the blessings of religion to all."

Answers to Correspondents.

Our readers, in consideration of this being the first number, must kindly overlook, or make the friendliest allowances for the imperfections of the press-work. It is much more—infinitely more difficult to launch a new paper cleanly before the public, than to launch even such a stupendous specimen of ship-craft, as the *Adriatic* of the Collins' line, to which with a warm Irish *Hurrah* we bid success! Next week we promise a decided improvement in our looks.

Arrangements are being perfected which will enable us, after a short time, to present our readers with regular monthly correspondence from California, Pernambuco and Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, Lima, Valparaiso, Tasmania, Sydney and Melbnurne. In South America, particularly in Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, there have been, for several generations, thousands of Irish. In the former city, the Irish population is computed at 6,000. The war of independence, all through the Spanish-American colonies, disclosed in brilliant light many an Irish name. Francis Burdett O'Connor, a brother of the late Feargus O'Connor, resides in the Republic of Bolivia, where he owns extensive salt mines, and where he has greatly distinguished himself, both in the field and cabinet. Besides holding the rank of General, he has been twice Secretary of War to the republic. Our visit to South America for a few weeks, in the Spring of 1852, and the circumstance of some of our nearest relatives having lived at Lima, Valparaiso, and Buenos Ayres, for several years, enable us to perfect the arrangements we have mentioned.

Our military friends must not take exception to the order in which the different companies or regiments may appear in our columns. We parade them without any order—without any regard to right of precedence—without any partiality or design; they take their place, just as they accidentally come to the ground. There are a few officers in command of military organizations in different parts of the Union, with whom we have not had the honor of being acquainted, and whose names and address we find it difficult to procure; they will confer a great favor by forwarding them, at their earliest convenience. Any and every communication sent to us from competent and responsible officers, will be promptly attended to. Our friends here at home, the officers and privates of the 9th, 69th, and 75th Regiments of the First Division, the Long Island Volunteers, the Jackson Horse-Guards, Montgomery Troop, Emmet Guard of the 10th Regiment, Captain James Brady's Company of the 11th Regiment, the Lancers, the Montgomeries of New Jersey, and all the other companies of this and the neighboring cities and towns, may rest satisfied that in the IRISH NEWS they have a journal, the space and services of which shall always be theirs.

Our Dublin correspondent, in his very agreeable and lively letter, so industriously puts together all the news items of interest he could pick up in any part of the country, that he has left us hardly more than a few scrapings of an exceedingly well picked bone, to lay before our guests. Besides these communications, we can promise from him several papers on Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, Tahiti, and the Sandwich Islands, to which places he has within the last three or four years, in the discharge of an important mission, paid the most interesting visits.

An intimate friend of ours in the National Guard of Paris, has undertaken to supply us every fortnight with French news, fresh from the beautiful capital of France.

Our Waterford friends in America will be glad to hear, that, twice a month, the IRISH NEWS will publish a letter from a correspondent in Waterford—a man of proved ability and patriotism. These letters will furnish our readers with interesting news, not only about Waterford, city and county, but Munster, generally.

An article on the National Academy of Design, is crowded out.

We are compelled from the press of editorial matter to withdraw our theatrical notices of this week. In the ensuing, and every succeeding number, they shall punctually appear. A gentleman of competent criticism and fine taste, has undertaken this department, and we confidently trust he will discharge his duties in a manner worthy of the reputation and genius of the New-York stage.

☞ Literary men and students of Irish History, will be delighted to read the advertisement in another column announcing the intended publication, by Haverty, of Keating's History of Ireland; translated from the original Irish by John O'Mahony, who brings to the task a profound knowledge of the Celtic tongue, a deep veneration for the historic memories shrouded in it, and a vast acquaintance with the various scholastic and antiquarian accessories to the work in hand. He is just the man to transfuse old Geoffrey into the language of the day, and to throw much light upon his allegorical pages.

"LOUGH DEARG."—You're quite right. No matter what his religion, every Irishman honors St. Patrick. In the broadest sense, the day is a national day—the only national day Irishmen have. Differences of creed, politics, descent, all blend and are lost that day in one grand sentiment of brotherhood. Catholic, Episcopalian, and Presbyterian; monarchist, republican, rebel, and loyalist, thoroughly unite in festivity on the occasion, pledging their cups and hearts to one matter and one memory. The Protestant Irish are just as devoted to the good Saint as the Catholics themselves. Some of them go so far as to declare he was a Protestant. Mr. Napier, one of the Members for the Dublin University, and Lord Bernard, the Member for Bandon, among the number. The famous Monks of the Screw—of which glorious convivial Club John Philpot Curran was the Prior or President, and of which Dean Kirwan, the great Protestant preacher, and Charles Kendal Bushe, and Henry Grattan, and Lord Avonmore, and such men, were members—installed St. Patrick as their patron; and the Prior wrote the charter song in his honor, and with the burden of his name, which song the entire brotherhood, at the opening of their gay chapters, enthusiastically sung. No one but a bigot will claim him otherwise than as the patron saint of Ireland, from top to bottom, including saints and sinners.

"DOWN-PATRICK."—You are right.

"The King of Oude
Was mighty proud,"

at least we have Charles O'Malley's word for it; but mean or mighty, poor or proud of spirit, his style, title, and royal dignity, have been swallowed up by the filibustering hunger of the progressive British Lion. It is said, that his majesty's dominions of Oude, had long been a "pattern of bad government, roguery and rascality," and the like; and that "civilisation," which means the British Empire, had such a paternal and pious regard for the morals of the earth, that it really could not stand by any longer to witness such Oriental contamination in the Eastern Hemisphere, and so took the matter thoroughly in hand, as the *Tribune* lately said, "to afford new ideas to the people by the better administration of justice, and the diffusion of European genius and philosophy."

In other words, it sanctimoniously "filibustered" a most beautiful and fertile country, annexed a new and productive farm to its manor-house of London; and chained the late "mighty proud" monarch with a pension of some $600,000 a year. The annexed territory contains about 23,788 square miles, is excessively fertile, watered by some of the chief tributaries of the affluent Ganges, and richly productive of barley, rice, wheat, indigo, sugar, and other "saleable commodities." The population is nearly three million. It is a good speculation. You must not press us to give a detailed account of British filibusterism. Go read the history of the country. The instances you mention are merely secondary in importance—the mere side-dishes to the substantialities prepared by English statesmen for the dinner-table of the "Lion."

SEEKER.—It is impossible we could answer your query in less than twenty years from this date; for, certainly, we would be as old as you are now were we to undertake to get through the mass of ill-written MS. you left at our office.

DECLINED.—"A New Song to an Old Tune." This is a mistake—the song is twice as aged as the air. Mordecai's "First Smile of Spring." (A perfect broad grin.) "E. L. P.," "Wesley," "Paradox," "Minus." (The less the better.) "A Vegetarian," (squash.) "An Earnest Man"—(You're surely joking.)

The Irish News.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1856.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

Chateaubriand, in his beautiful Memoirs, speaking of the foreign names to be found on the map of the United States, observes, that the oppressed of every country have brought hither their memories and affections.

Disagree as people may about it, the fact is so. Prohibit and condemn it, the fact to the conclusion of the chapter will be so. No nation forgets its past. In glory or tribulation, in captivity or freedom, the recollection of it survives—becomes the theme of triumphal ode or loving lamentation, the inspiration of revolution, monumental art, the romance of history or military daring.

Greece rises in the midst of her transcendant ruins, centuries after her fleet had rotted in the Ægean, and the phillipics of Demosthenes had been transferred to distant colleges, and the field of Marathon had been sold for a few piastres.

So, too, with Poland, the kingliest of kingdoms, with the sumptuous chivalry of her camp, and the inextinguishable piety of her altars. Sobeiski dies; Kosciusko dies. Yet when the worms have been busy with them for years, when Poland, they say, has stifled her last throb for freedom in the folds of her red winding-sheet; when all Europe is asleep; just then is heard, along the Carpathian base, and through the startled courts, senates, and streets of Europe, the cry of—Poland is in arms!

Thus with other nations. Thus with those who have suffered most—had most reason to bow their head and accept their fate in deep despair—or in their agony mutter contrite words to propitiate their crucifiers.

Is it strange, that to this grand lesson the Irish race should present no abject contrast? Strange, that even here, in the midst of plenty, in the full fruition of the largest liberty, with many blessings to soothe the quick promptings of revenge long baffled or of hope deceived, they should still think ardently of the land, from which, sorely pressed by poverty or scared by famine, they have fled, or striking for the rights and fame of which, they have been routed, proscribed, and driven?

It would argue poorly for their loyalty to the Commonwealth in which they have settled down, if the propitious change in their government and fortunes were to sap their first love, efface the pictures of home and the story of their fathers, leaving their memory a confused canvass, from which the grand impressions made by nature had been blotted out. The preservation of these memories and affections is not only natural, inevitable, full of good ness and full of beauty, but unequivocally compatible with all the duties and liabilities the oath of citizenship provides and sanctifies.

Especially of the Irish in America is this true, since the recollections most dearly treasured by our race, are those which intimately associate themselves with the resistance to the Stamp Act, the reverses and endurance of the Army of the Delaware' the guerillas of Marion, the funeral urn of Montgomery, the pure eloquence and compact logic of Calhoun, the stern words and fierce successes of old Jackson. Resistance to England, hatred of her intolerance, defiance of her power, these are recollections and virtues common to the citizens of America and the emigrants of Ireland. Would that with similar hopes and sufferings, they had equal victories to celebrate!

Nor does the perpetuation of the sentiments and reminiscences we bring from home concur merely with our good faith, duty, and devotion to the Republic. It deepens that devotion, and into a high ambition translates the sense of duty.

Be it in the workshop, at the press, in the pulpit, in the field of letters, administering great public trusts in the commercial world, confirming them in the halls of legislation, extending them in adventurous ships upon the sea, or with the sword defending them at the gates and highways of the Republic, the Irishman well knows, that his conduct will redound to the credit of, or reflect sneers and odium on, the land of his ancient home. For better or for worse, for panegyric or reproach, he is an Irishman, the world over, and will be spoken of as such.

This conviction stimulates his republican life. It transcends the oath of citizenship. Far more strongly than this oath, it impels him, truthfully and generously, to acquit himself to the Constitution, which, on the broadest scale, realizes the freedom that has been his fitful dream at home.

The world has heard of Patrick Sarsfield. Hardly a meeting of Irishmen takes place, where that name is not a thrilling invocation. He fought in Ireland, and after the capitulation of Limerick, left it for perpetual exile. Entering the service of Louis the Fourteenth—pledging him the soldier's oath—he fought through the siege of Namurs and the campaign of Flanders. Made a Marshal, he dies at Landen, heading his countrymen in the van of victory, as Davis tells us.

"His last thoughts were for his country. As he lay on the field, unhelmed and dying, he put his hand to his breast. When he took it away, it was full of blood. Looking at it sadly, with an eye in which victory shone a moment before, he said faintly—Oh! that this were for Ireland."

To perpetuate the memories which thus incite to a great career, and then crown it with a sublime prayer of filial love; and whilst all that is good and precious in the past is treasured and kept bright, to chronicle, so far as in us lies, the sayings and doings, the struggles and successes of the Irish in America, and elsewhere abroad—this is the dutiful and happy service to which we devote ourselves this day, and from this day out.

THE COUP D'ETAT OF NEW-YORK.

Such a war as the American papers seem to desire, and for which their statesmen are so anxious to find cause, would be quite as likely to affect the relations of American society as those of the English. It could hardly fail to hasten the inevitable day when the republic, like all new worlds, is to bloom into empire.

This sentence, taken from a recent number of the *London Times*, suggests some very amusing pictures. America blooming into an empire, would be a fertile subject for a delightful extravaganza by the author of the latest edition of Po-ca-hon-tas. New-York, we presume, would be the starting point of the imperialistic revolution. Our excellent friend, the General of the First Division, the St. Arnaud of the *coup d'etât*. On the Fourth of July, and the occasion of the Fall parade, he brilliantly entertains his Staff, and several of the field and regimental officers. Louis Napoleon laid the foundations for his throne in baskets of champagne, on the plain of Sartory. Here the analogy is striking, and the prediction of the *Times* has an alarming coincidence to start from.

What next? There's a new hotel, just opposite the desolate amphitheatre of the Hippodrome, distinguished by the name of the most aristocratic faubourg of Paris. Fifth Avenue is but a telescopic elongation of the Hotel St. Germain. The whole of that region, by birth and ancestry, have the strongest affinities with royalty. In Broadway, a little above Union Square, on the left hand side, there is the *Hotel de Finigan*. The revolutionary symptoms in favor of an empire are complete.

One of these mornings, the papers will announce, that during the previous night, several of the most conspicuous democrats were arrested in their beds by officers of the National Guard, by order of Major-General Sandford. We shall hear of George Sanders being sent to the top of the Latting tower, overlooking the Croton Reservoir and Crystal Palace, in charge of three sergeants of the Garde Lafayette. We shall hear of John Van Buren being arrested by Brigadier Spicer in person, and detained under the fire-bell, on the top of the City Hall, closely invested by a detachment of the City Grenadiers.

Horace Greeley will be the first victim. Brought down stairs instantly from the editorial attic, and placed with his back to his own bulletin-board, he is destined to be shot by a file of the Veterans of 1812, and bayoneted on the spot. Immediately after, his body will be thrown into the fountain in the Park, to be devoured by the gold-fish.

As for the Postmaster, the Collector of the Port, and Port Surveyor, the public will be informed, by an extra, or an official proclamation covering one of Barnum's cartoons, that, early in the morning, just at sunrise, they were conveyed on board the *North Carolina*, in the steam-tug *Pluto*, with their legs and arms tied behind their backs.

Then, of course, we shall have a detailed and picturesque account of the disposition of the troops. Tammany Hall in possession of Kerrigan's Dragoons, two companies of the German Hussars, and two companies of the 11th Regt., under Colonel Van Buren. The Tombs, bristling with cannon, will be represented as echoing with the shrieks of the Democratic General Committee, and the Delegates to the Cincinnati Convention. Whilst in the porch of Grace Church, Sexton Brown, holding the gilt eagle, and dressed in the costume of a Senator of the new empire, will figure in the plenitude of his white satin knee-breeches, carnation colored dinner coat, cocked hat and rapier. Radiantly gossipping with the officers and men of the old Butcher troop, he will be described as standing sentinel over two or three hundred charming old and young ladies, who inside in the aisles and round the registers, wait for the storm to clear off, before starting for the Academy of Music, where they are to be installed as Mistresses of the Bed-chamber, Maids of Honor, and Dowagers of the Nursery and Kitchen.

The "Four-sheets-a-penny" man will, no doubt, be the most successful candidate for the American purple.

Vive l'Empire! A bas la Republique!

IRISH PRESBYTERIANS.

One of the lastest mails from Europe furnishes a novelty in Irish agitation, which seems to be overlooked by the press of this country. The new movement, to be sure, may not offer at present a programme so extensive in scope, nor so decisive in its political aspects, as that towards which the energies of Irish and American sympathizers and organizers are directed; yet, from the peculiar character and historic antecedents of the parties engaged in it, it is one which cannot be regarded with silence. However sectional it may appear at the first glance, it contains an embryo power, quite capable, as the past history of Ireland shows, of being grown into stalwart dimensions.

The Presbyterians of Ireland, by whatever political shibboleth identified, have as a mass been at heart republicans, and whenever forced into agitation, have acted as a *body*, and consequently made themselves felt. Principally located in the north of Ireland, the most prosperous province of the country, they are industrious, educated, stubborn in the maintenance of their ideas, and rigid in the observance of a manly and decisive action.

When Ireland was rocked in a tempest of the fiercest intoler-

ance, in the last decade of the last century, their voice was heard above the storm. It rode on the whirlwind, and directed the energies of the people into a contentional attitude that broke the fury of the elements by which it was inspired.

When Theobald Wolfe Tone came upon the scene of action, about the year 1790, he found Ireland in the hands of a caucus of the Protestant Aristocracy, their heads bound to England by the coronets which surrounded them; the Presbyterians, chiefly of the mercantile and industrial classes, dissatisfied, and the Catholics, small farmers and peasants for the most part, without a voice at all. Understanding well the tolerant character of the Presbyterians, he appealed to them on behalf of the Catholics, united both, and sowed the seeds which eight years after broke out into such luxuriant "treason," and sustained a war which cost the English over thirty thousand men, and very nearly the possession of the island.

Then, as now, the Presbyterians commenced the agitation by demanding parliamentary reform. It soon grew into a revolution. The union which took place between the chief interests in Ireland at that period, though hugely invaded by various agitations in the intervening years, was still visible in the last decade,—waves of the agitation flashing over '48, and breaking on the shores of the following year. In this, as in the struggle of '98, many of the chief leaders were from that stubborn Northern province of Ireland.

With these antecedents, the action of the Presbyterians is certainly not less important than the movements of other bodies, however voluminous and more apparently attractive may be the indications of the latter.

Under these circumstances, we regard the address lately issued by the Presbyterian Society to their co-religionists in Ireland, as worthy of remark. The object of the society is to obtain for the Presbyterians of Ireland "what is already enjoyed by the other principal sections of the population—parliamentary representatives to uphold their principles and rights. The fact of their coming forward is conclusive evidence enough that they see the machinery of government is not sufficient, or too much, for their happiness. That the equality, which is a type of their religious and political belief is not.

The address calls on the Presbyterians to remember the struggles and trials of their "sainted sires, who so nobly illustrated their principles by their lives, and who, in many cases, still more nobly testified to them by their martyr death." It boasts that Presbyterianism has raised its favored locality, Ulster, to a state of intelligence and prosperity unsurpassed by any other province "of her Majesty's dominions; and as a proof thereof, that in one of the most Presbyterian counties, Derry, there are but two of that persuasion in jail; that taking Ulster entire, while one out of every 900 Episcopalians, and one Catholic out of every 1100, there is but one Presbyterian to every 3,700 of the population in the prisons; that the ratio of paupers to the respective populations in Derry is as follows:

Population.	Paupers.
50,000 Episcopalians,	800
101,000 R. Catholics,	1,600
31,000 Presbyterians,	450

The address continues:

"History affords many sad and significant evidences of the jealous vigilance with which presbyterians need to guard their rights and privileges against intolerant and oppressive legislation. We cannot so soon forget the Test and Corporation Acts, by which Presbyterians were excluded not only from municipal offices, but from all offices in the army, navy, magistracy, customs, excise, and courts of law; nor the fact, that ten out of twelve aldermen, and fourteen out of twenty-four burgesses, were turned out of office because Presbyterians, in the city of Derry—the very city which they had been mainly instrumental in defending in its memorable siege. * * * The recent assault on the validity of Presbyterian marriages, and others of a similar character, prove that our privileges are far from being secure."

With such intelligence and capacity for unity of action, it was their own fault if they suffered. They are nearly as numerous as the Episcopalians, yet the latter are represented by six ty-one seats in the house of Commons, the former by *one*. In the Lords, "of course," says the address, "no one ever dreamed of seeing an Irish Presbyterian; nor was a Presbyterian ever raised to the Irish Bench." Of magistrates there are two thousand Protestant, sixteen Presbyterians; of children attending the schools of the National Board of Education, there are sixty thousand of the latter persuasion and twenty-four thousand of the former, yet the former have six commissioners on the board, the latter but two. In the Queen's Colleges, the students are equally disproportionate against the Presbyterians; yet, on the Senate, there are ten Protestants to two of the others. Other "National" boards are instanced, which are entirely governed by Episcopalians. In fact, out of a population of 700,000, but *two* Presbyterians hold offices of any importance whatsoever, while a large portion of the wealth and prosperity is due to them. It is pleasant to hear these grim Dissenters complain at last.

"The Presbyterians of Ireland are little, if at all, inferior in number to Episcopalians, and although not including in their ranks many of the higher classes, they embrace a still smaller proportion of the lowest. They consist chiefly of that middle class, which is the strength of any country, and which is now peculiarly powerful in this. They possess, in a high degree, all the ordinary elements of influence—intelligence, energy, industry, and independence; and they enjoy moreover, by their peculiar position in Ireland, an extraordinary advantage, which, if rightly understood and efficiently used, would give them a preponderating weight."—*Address.*

The profligacy of Parliament called them into an angry attitude before. The dignity due to their position evokes decisive action at this moment. By their own presence in Parliament they seek redress. They are men of business, and demand the right to look after their own affairs. A few such men, who have real, living interests in the country, would fling some wholesome but distasteful common sense among the Irish members. We are glad to see the Presbyterians make any move. They have been asleep for half a century. It is time they were awake.

If the Irish will send men to an English parliament, and if men will continue to recognize their provincialism by attending there, then by all means let turbulent slaves be sent, who have bitter memories clouding their hearts—men, the principles of whose fathers made scaffolds as plenty in '98 as crosses in the Appian Way in ancient Rome.

Whatever these men may do, it is not likely they will sell the country for a mess of colonial pottage. "Reform," in the mouth of a Presbyterian, means some sort of a change, and any change in Ireland must be for the better.

CITIZEN-SOLDIERS.

We present our readers to-day with sketches, in rough pencilling, of three companies of the State Militia.

The Citizen-soldier deserves a prominent position in the public journals of the day. The examples he throbs to emulate; the memories he invokes, and sets in letters of gold upon his colors; the prompt generosity with which he completes his equipment, and to military practice devotes hours which might otherwise be given to less irksome pleasures, the duties of his home, or the necessities of his business; the love of freedom which animates him; the chivalrous alacrity with which he obeys, and when occasions require it, the steady strength with which he vindicates the laws; every thing entitles him to this position.

From these pages, his name shall be seldom, if ever, missed. There is a column specially assigned him, in which, we sincerely trust, he shall figure as respectably at least, if not as brilliantly, as he does in the column on parade, and, as in many instances, he has done in column in the field.

To ensure accuracy in our notices of the Militia, a systematized correspondence has been opened with the commanding officers of the different companies throughout the Union. Every incident, favorably and pleasurably connected with them, shall be put on record. The date of their formation; the regiment and division they belong to; the names and birth-places of the officers; uniforms, facings, plumes or pompous devices and mottoes on accoutrements and colors; the posts of honor they have held; escort duties they have performed; every circumstance and detail will be mentioned. The record shall be not only retrospective but contemporaneous. In a word, we design the *Irish News* to be, in connection with other interests, the military journal of the Irish in America.

DEATH OF A TRUE IRISHMAN.

Just as we are going to press, the news comes to us that our friend, Patrick Kerrigan, for several years Captain of the Irish Dragoons, is dead. His painful illness of some months' duration, terminated on Monday last.

Captain Kerrigan was an honest, true-hearted, gallant Irishman. His purse was ever open in the cause of Ireland; and whether it was patriotism or charity required it, his generosity was quick and cheerful. His strong arm would have been as active as his heart was generous, had there been a trumpet-call for it from Ireland.

MILITARY NEWS.

THE NAPPER TANDY LIGHT ARTILLERY.

This company was organized in 1851, by Captain John G. Fay, and other spirited young Irishmen, in the city of New York. After many preliminary meetings and drills, the company selected the following officers: for Captain, John G. Fay; first-lieutenant, Jeremiah Flynn; second-lieutenant, Daniel K. Rooney.

The uniform first worn by the company, was a green fatigue-jacket, with yellow braid; light blue pantaloons, with scarlet stripe; blue cap with yellow band braided on the top, and a tassel.

For the first six months, the progress of the company was comparatively slow, owing to opposition from quarters where it was least expected. But the perseverance of the officers and men, overcame every obstacle. In the beginning of 1852, a position was sought in the 70th regiment, 5th brigade, located in the city of Brooklyn, and at that time commanded by Philip S. Crooke, Esq., and charge of the battery, formerly in possession of Capt. Olney, of the City Guard, 13th regiment, consisting of four six-pound brass field pieces, with harness and other equipments complete, was assigned the company.

Shortly after, the company made its first parade, with the battery fully mounted, and upon that occasion the display elicited the highest praise. From that day the company began to grow strong. Many intelligent young Irishmen, with strong partialities for that arm of the service, desired to be enrolled, and, in a few weeks, the ranks of the young company were full and efficient.

Capt. Fay resigning the command of the company, for several weeks first-lieutenant Flynn held the command. Subsequently, a committee of the company waited on Mr. W. H. Hogan, of Brooklyn, who, after making the necessary inquiries, accepted, and was unanimously confirmed in the post. Capt. Hogan at once set to work to repair the severe loss the company received through the resignation of Capt. Fay, who was deservedly esteemed and respected by the members; for to him the credit is due of organizing the first Irish artillery company in this country.

The press of New York and Brooklyn bear ample testimony to the progress and action of the company; and the reputation it acquired with the military public, is the best evidence that it advanced rapidly, not only in numerical strength but in scientific acquirements. There are various incidents of interest connected with the rise and progress of the Napper Tandy Artillery, which it would be most pleasing to allude to, but our column will not admit of more than a general glance at them.

The first annual target excursion of the company took place in the fall of 1854, and the novelty of seeing cannon target practice, drew forth a large concourse of military and civic gentlemen and ladies. The ground selected was Coney Island, but owing to a tremendous storm, the firing could not be proceeded with.

The company boast the honor of firing the first gun on the arrival of Louis Kossuth and John Mitchel.

The company have adopted a By-Law, providing that, should any of the members die, they will defray all expenses of interment, if the family of the deceased consents. They have done so in two instances—the only ones that have occurred since its organization.

The company now wear the regular artillery United States uniform. It consists of forty-two effective men; but as the artillery practice requires intelligent, educated, young and active men, it is the determination of the officers to be careful in their selection, as they aim more at perfection in discipline and scientific knowledge than a crowd of men for the sake of show.

At their last target practice, last Fall, the company fired 44 six-pound balls, at a distance of nine hundred and sixty yards, out of which forty-two took effect on the target, and thirteen marked inside the *Black Ring*.

The officers are William H. Hogan, captain: formerly President of the Sarsfield Club, which met in Longford street, Dublin, and at that time proprietor of the *Irish Examiner* newspaper, which was suppressed by the government, for the part it took on the side of Ireland and Freedom.

The first-lieutenant is Mr. Thomas Byrne, formerly of Athlone, in the county of Roscommon; the second-lieutenant is Mr. Robert Smith, formerly of the north of Ireland; the third lieutenant is Mr. Charles O'Neil, also of the north of Ireland, and one of the Red-Hand tribe.

We should not omit to mention, that while the officers and men of this company cherish a warm love and veneration for the land of their birth, they are, to a man, true Democrats and loyal citizens of the Republic. They have always honored the birth-days of Washington, and the other illustrious soldiers and statesmen of America, with salutes from their battery, and the usual military demonstrations of gratitude and veneration.

THE MONTGOMERY GUARD, N. Y.

In 1836, in consequence of a resolution adopted by the New-York Cadets, prohibiting persons of foreign birth from joining the corps, ten members of Irish birth demanded their discharge, and received it. Immediately after, they commenced the organization of a new company, to be called the Montgomery Guard. Proceeding to the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, they made choice of the green coat, then worn by the United States Marines. If we are rightly informed, they are the only corps, at present in the first Division of N. Y. S. Militia, who still wear the same color they formed under.

Directly after their formation, they were attached to the Fifty-First Regt. N. Y. S. M., together with the old Tompkins Blues, now in the 12th Regt., and made their first parade on the 4th of July, 1837, proceeding to Jersey City by invitation of the Jersey Blues. The Montgomeries at present belong to the 11th Regt., 4th Brigade, 1st Division, N. Y. S. Militia. The Captaincy of the company has been successively filled by Mr. John Mahon, Wm. A. Wisdom, and John Munday. It is officered at present by the following gentlemen: Thomas S. Murphy, Captain; Thomas Clarke, First Lieut.; Patrick F. Begg, 2d Lieut; George Rice, Quartermaster. The adjutancy has been vacant for the last three weeks, in consequence of the death of Timothy Garrick, who occupied the post for a very long period, and was beloved by his comrades for his generous and truthful nature. He was an efficient officer, and warmly devoted to the company.

The uniform, full dress, consists of a light green coat, with buff facings; white shoulder-knots, with green crescent; dark mixed pants, with inch and a half buff stripe; bear-skin caps; black leather stock; black leather cross and body belts, with breast and body plates; priming wire and brush; knapsack and white pants for summer. In winter, the United States Regulation overcoat, with green facings, is worn. The fatigue dress consists of Navy blue jacket, trimmed with yellow; wings; blue cap, with peak and green band; mixed cloth pants for winter, and white duck for summer.

The company carries the American flag—a very costly and splendid one—presented, on the 4th of July, 1853, by Andrew Clarke, Esq., and a green standard, displaying a masterly likeness of Major-General Richard Montgomery, with the motto, in gold—"We emulate his virtues."

They were on duty two nights during the Macready riots, and had two men severely injured. They number at present eighty men, rank and file; and are the first and only American military corps that has visited and stood upon the spot where Montgomery fell.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE IRISH JESUITS—CLONGOWE'S WOOD COLLEGE.

After an absence of three years, I returned, on a visit of a few days, to the sweet old spot. It was just the same as I had left it. Not a stone had been touched. Not a tree had fallen. I doubt if a single cobweb, in the corners of the black rafters of the kitchen-roof, had been swept off.

As I drove in through the gates, on the west front of the college, there were the two admonitory birch-trees, fresh and bright and shining, and just as suggestive of tingling blood, as when I had gratefully looked upon them last. There was Nelly's ditch, with its scant supply of lazy water, full of frog's blankets, weeds, pinkeens, and dock-leaves—the same old dismal ditch it was some thirty years ago. Thirty years ago it received the name it bears. An old woman of the name of Nelly, being very blind and helpless, walked into it one winter's morning, on her way back from the chapel to the laundry, and remained there until it was useless to take her out.

It served as a fosse for one face of the castle, approaching which all pedestrians and vehicles, coming from the South, passed over it, through the gates flanked by those admonitory birch-trees.

As for the building itself, there was not the shadow of a change in that. The little evergreen oak which stood near it, at the end of the avenue leading up from the Dublin road, gracefully typified its immutability and strength. There it was—a solid square of grand dimensions, finished off with light angular towers on the west front, and with great round towers on the east—standing out boldly from the beautiful woods which form a lofty rampart round it.

Like Stonyhurst, architecturally considered, it is a curious compound. There are Gothic windows over the main door-way, and Norman towers to the right and left of that. The front looking out on the play-ground and the Dublin mountains, is illuminated with windows of the Elizabethan era, and connects the round towers we have mentioned. What era or order of architecture they belong to, it would be perplexing to determine. The old wind-mill at Newport reminds me of them More ornamental, however, and less ventilated than the latter, the analogy between these Irish and American enigmas of architecture is restricted to their bulk.

In this massive square of masonry, the private rooms of the Jesuits, their refectory, library, chapel, and the museum, are situated. Some of them sleep in the towers. The Father-Provincial, for instance, occupies during his visits to the college, a large chamber in the square tower, on the right of the principal entrance. From the spacious window of this chamber, he looks down the full length of the noble avenue of beech-trees, nearly half a mile in length, which in former days served as the highway to the castle. For Castle Browne it was called, more than a century ago, when it was little thought the disciples of Loyola would be one day lords of the domain. In the Cromwellian days it belonged to a family of the name of Eustace. Curry, in his History of the Wars in Ireland, makes sad mention of the ancient place. He tells us—

"The soldiers of Clongowe's wood, and Rathcoffy, yielding upon quarter, were conveyed to Dublin, and hanged there, and upwards of 150 women and children were found in the said places murdered. It is well known that the commons of that country were, for the most part destroyed and slaughtered by the English, in so much, that there were not so many left living as could gather the twentieth part of the harvest."

From the Eustaces it dropped into the possession of the Brownes, from whom it derived, and for many years held, the name of Castle Browne. Wogan Browne, the proprietor of the estate at the time, was implicated in the insurrection of 1798. Irish gentlemen of fortune and high social rank thought it no discredit then to be found in the rebel camp, entrenched and staked against the power of England. Not far from Wogan Browne, in his stately mansion of Rathcoffey, buried deep in the midst of the noblest old trees that ever made music with the wind, Hamilton Rowan lived, whose chivalrous love of Ireland would have made his name memorable, had not the eloquence of Curran rendered it immortal. Of him, however, and the grand old woods and mansion of Rathcoffey, there will be more to say. For the present I cannot stray from Clongowes Wood, though tempted by many a memory, whispering through the aged glories of the former scene, to do so.

The Brownes yielded possession to the Jesuits, in the summer of 1816. They restored to the estate the name of Clongowes Wood. An inscription, in the graceful Latin of which they are the incomparable masters, on the stone architrave of the great door-way, chronicles the fact.

The Castle, with all its sports and feastings, its hounds and steeds, its lords and mistresses, its equipages and gold and velvet liveries, has sobered into the College, with its tranquil government and discipline, its mute studies and solemn ceremonies, and the innocent festivities of imprisoned boyhood. Along the corridors and through the halls, the shrubberies, the fields, and gardens, where rustling hoops had sumptuously swept, or the daintiest sandals of red morocco had with the prettiest pertness tripped, the black gowns and caps of those who have renounced the world and all its pomps are seen. The drinking-cup, the hunting-horn, the snowy ruffles, the gay coat of velvet, stiff with embroidered gold, the crisp boot with its sparkling spur—these have all become, within those altered walls, the shadowy colors and visions of a feudal dream. I have sometimes, in our rambles through the country, spoken to some gray oracle of the people, and have heard poetic stories of the nights, when that great avenue of berch trees was lit up with colored lamps, hung in thousands, across from tree to tree. And through this dazzling highway, carriages, with footmen and outriders, all clad in the costliest cloth or velvet, rolled on for hours and hours—the carriages sinking with their weight of landed property and nobility, and their pounds of perfumed loveliness and painted wrinkles.

Of those gay grand times, there were memorials full of interest, still left within the college walls. The Jesuits' library, and the reception-room for strangers, still wear the rich paper, still display the fine cornices and carvings, still boast the spacious floors of polished oak, which helped the scenery and formed the stage for many a social pageant. A mile from the college, close to the Maynooth road, the spare, melancholy, spectral trees of the churchyard of Manheim rise up. They are clearly visible from the college. In regular lines, a few feet apart, they stand upon a rising ground of the blackest mold, and the rankest grass of the darkest green. The red sun of August, going down behind them, looks like a huge furnace, of which they are the iron grating. The ruins of a little church, the name and history of which has been buried in the dense ivy which impenetrably veils its very stones, lie behind those gaunt dismal trees, covered up forever, like the other dead around them. In a small chapel, not much larger than a family vault, close to these ruins, the ancient owners of the castle, the Eustaces and Brownes, sleep in their narrow beds of oak. The door-way was long ago walled up, but through the narrow openings in the walls one can, by squeezing hard, catch a dim glimpse of the huge slab, with its four huge iron rings, under which the coffins of the old masters of the old place rest.

Extending from the left of the main building, we have the kitchen; and then the refectory of the boys; and then the great corridors or galleries, flagged with brown sandstone, principally used for their in-door exercises and amusements; and branching off from these, their several class-rooms on one side, and the dispensary, music-room, and wash-room on the other.

Overhead are the dormitories for the boys—sleeping nooks, three hundred in number, partitioned off from each other by thin boards, six feet in height. The entrance to each nook is through an opening in the boards, covered by a curtain of coarse red stuff; which curtain, furnished with brass rings, playing on an iron rod, advances or recedes, expands or withers up, just as the case requires. Over each curtain, on a lozenge of black tin, appears in white figures the number assigned the young tenant the night he is first installed. This number is stamped upon the books handed him from the library, stamped upon the leather peak of his blue cloth cap, stamped, or chalked, upon the soles of his shoes and boots, stamped, or coarsely lettered, in herring-bone stitch with black linen thread, upon the lining of the collar of his jacket, or the inner side of the waistband of his green corduroy pantaloons or breeches. The officiating lay-brother of the dormitory, the librarian, the cobbler, and the tailor of the college, are never supposed to know a name, but impartially administer to a number. It is a military system. The individual subsides into an imperceptible unit of a compendious mechanism.

All over the world, the colleges of the Jesuits are precisely alike. I have spent six years in Clongowes, their Irish college. I have spent four years in Stonyhurst, their English college. I have visited their college in Brussels; visited their college in Namours; visited their college in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia; visited their college at Spring-hill, a few miles from Mobile, in the State of Alabama; visited their college in New Orleans, on the banks of the great republican river of the Mississippi; and in each and all, whether as an inmate or a visitor, the prevailing identity in each and all, no matter what the clime, what the government—the prevailing identity has been to me not only very perceptible, but singularly striking. Not only singularly striking, but, from the completeness of its identity, suggestive of a grand belief. The belief that there is, or can be, with all the strifes, vagaries, incongruities, or enmities of this world, a code of moral excellence, gentleness, and beauty, which may reconcile and blend the diversities and antipathies which our common nature, diseased by the fatal Fall, has thrown out and multiplied malignantly.

For the past two years, the *Atelier* of Mr. Kirwan, in Dublin, has been occupied in the construction of a magnificent and massive marble altar for the Catholic church at Ballinamore. In the "ages of faith," it was not unusual to construct altars and tabernacles from materials of the most precious nature—from the richest jaspers, and verd antique, and lapis lazuli, and plates of gold and silver—and even in our own age all that wealth can purchase of the richest productions of nature are not considered too costly for the sacred use to which they are consecrated in devoting them to this holy purpose; but in point of actual workmanship, says the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, we are not aware that the altar to which we are now directing attention is excelled by any other in the world. The style selected by the artist is the Gothic, with all the gorgeous richness of which it is susceptible. No technical enumeration of details could convey to the reader an accurate conception of the work itself. The altar, strictly so called, is composed of white veined Italian marble, with the exception of the shafts of the pillars, which are of rich Sienna (yellow) marble, and the bases, and capitals, and richly-carved entablature which are of statuary marble There are sixteen detached pillars supporting the altar, the front of which contains three open Gothic panels that are to receive as many bas-reliefs, the centre one of which will represent our Lord at the table of the Last Supper. There will be also sculptured panels at each end; and, besides the centre ones which we have mentioned, the other four will represent St. Peter, St. John, St. Paul, and St. Patrick. The capitals of the columns, which are richly foliated, and the carved moulding which surrounds the altar, covered with symbolical fruit and foliage, are all of exquisite workmanship. The tabernacle is entirely of the finest statuary marble of Carrara, and is more like a rare gem of art to be preserved under glass in a museum than a work to be exposed unprotected in an open church. Its form is octagonal; four opposite sides projecting beyond the others, and consisting of richly-worked and deeply-recessed Gothic arches, surrounded by pediments and finials; the centre arch in front forming the door of the tabernacle. Above these rises Gothic temple, formed of slender columns, panels of open work, ornamented cornice, &c., &c.; the whole surmounted by an octagonal dome carved in rich fret work, and terminating above in a globe, and beautifully-designed cross. It was designed by Mr. Ryan, the Irish architect.

REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIES.

MEN AND TIMES OF THE REVOLUTION; OR, MEMOIRS OF ELKANAH WATSON, *including Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from 1777 to 1842, with his correspondence with public men, and reminiscences and incidents of the Revolution: edited by his Son*, WINSLOW C. WATSON. *New-York; Dana & Co.*

If the memoirs and writings of such men as George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Ben. Franklin, and Paul Jones are, so to speak, the solid blocks by which the monumental history of the Revolution is raised before the eye of the world, the memoirs of such a man as Elkanah Watson may be accounted the mortar or cement that happily fills up the crevices, and thus becomes a most useful and necessary part and parcel of the structure.

At a period, such as that of the American Revolution, every man may be said to be public. When Revolution is awake, no man sleeps. When society trembles, like a city on the jaws of an earthquake, and when all thought is overrun by, or run into, the exigencies of the time, every mind is a microcosm of the public life, an index to the public trepidation, a beacon to the public hope. The individual memories of such a period are public property, and more fully daguerreotype the passions, purposes and movements of the populace than can, in general, be gleaned from the official documents which are too often the sole basis of history, and which, being dictated more to make than to reflect opinion, need the concurrent testimony of the streets and by-ways to endorse the camp and capitol; the griefs of private hearths, to substantiate the recital of public calamities; the devotion and struggles of the man, to more distinctly indicate the strength of the many. The drummer or private can fill up many a brilliant episode in the battle, which is but outlined in the General's dispatch—can supply many a magnanimous picture, which, like the thunder in the heavens, is born in clouds of battle smoke, and is only recognizable to the opposing forces that beget it.

For these reasons, the unofficial histories of great eras have an importance which cannot be too highly valued by the student, and possess a charm which at once commands the attention of those who read either for amusement or instruction.

Like Orlando, in "As You Like It," Elkanah Watson was "never schooled, and yet learned." Like him, in being "so full of noble device," and "so much in the heart of the world," his companionship is of rare interest, and his reminiscences teem with suggestiveness, that sends the blood flinging through us like sheet-lightning in the skies of Indian summer; and under the hearty and absorbing influences of which, we are favored with glimpses of men and movements, even the names of which are talismanic. From an early age up to his last days, Elkanah Watson was in the habit of recording his observations on men, occurrences and places, and not the least interesting portion of the volume before us is occupied with clear outlines of localities, which, while they furnish the future historian with the memorable scenes of the Revolution, as they were in the days thereof, afford the present generation a standard by which to measure the growth of many important places, and whereby to judge of the beneficial effects of the war of Independence.

Descended "in the sixth generation" from Edward Winslow a Puritan father, and third Governor of the Colony, Elkanah was born in the town of Plymouth, in the year 1758, within rifle-shot of the Rock on which his ancestors landed. His father and all his relatives, "with few exceptions," he states, were "zealous and active Whigs (which in those days meant rebels), aiding with their hands and purses the glorious struggle for Independence." He lived a long, eventful and useful life, took up the ploughshare in the post-meridian of it with as much enthusiasm as he had seized the sword in his boyhood—went to cultivating the fields in his ripe middle age that he had defended in his youth; and having educated a naturally vigorous mind by travel, keen observation and communion with many distinguished intellects of Europe, as well as with some of the best men of America, flung his hale intelligence and active frame into scuffles with the stubborn soil of New-England; directed his energies to the rearing and improving of live stock; founded Agricultural societies, and died at the patriarchal age of eighty-four years, at Port Kent, in the year 1842.

The portion of the present volume having chief attraction for us is that which embraces the author's services and observations during *the* period of Revolution. The first thunder over Lexington startled him to action. He heard the last echo of it dropping acknowledgment of Independent America, from the King's lips, in the British House of Lords. These scenes embrace the grand period. They are the prologue and epilogue of the immortal drama.

Before entering on them in detail, we shall look at the School exercises of young New-England in those days. Verily these school-masters taught the young idea how to shoot. Let us listen to Elkanah:

"The School was kept by Alexander Scammel and Peleg Wadsworth, both, afterwards, distinguished officers in the Revolutionary army. In common with the other patriotic spirits of the age, they evidently saw the approach of the coming tempest. I remember them as early as 1771, intently studying military tactics, and have often seen them engaged in a garden adjoining my father's, drilling each other. They formed the boys into a military company, and our school soon had the air of a miniature arsenal, with our wooden guns and tin bayonets suspended round the walls. At twelve o'clock, the word was given, 'to arms,' and each boy seized his gun; then, led by either Scammel or Wadsworth, we were taught military evolutions, and marched over hills, through swamps, often in the rain, in the performance of these embryo military tactics."

Wadsworth and Scammel were beloved by their pupils, as captains should be adored by their soldiery. In the midst of their School the masters were only bigger boys; and if they did not weigh the pupils down with learning and initiate their young shoulders into the "scholastic bend," they did what was much better, they instilled a chivalric love of truth into their minds—pushed their young muscles into a gallant hardihood—prepared them for those fields upon which, having exchanged their tin

bayonets for more relentless weapons, more than one-half of this little school-army gave up their lives, manfully fighting the battles of their boy-ideas. In a word, these schoolmasters taught their scholars to love Liberty, and how to defend it—taught them to die—taught them to be free!

As Paul Jones, a child, stood on the hill over Solway Frith, and yelled his boyish mandates to the vessels below; as Lord Edward Fitzgerald's boyhood revelled in an orangery, which he transformed into a mimic fortification, and sent the little thunder of his dwarfish cannon in joyous echoes over the Garonne,—so the Plymouth legion of urchins, in their school-house arsenal, or scampering in a retreat after, or rallying in a charge round the kind and lathy Scammel, (for he was as tall and thin as a flag-staff,) beheld, if they could have read, their future destiny in the boy-glory of the present.

Brave boys! brave masters! There should be a monument on the site of your old school-house, with grand entablatures and heroic *basso relievos* of your history. The spot would be but duly honored by a Military Academy, with Scammel and Wadsworth professorships. Have we a painter who will give us an interior at twelve o'clock, Scammel giving the word, "to arms." Wilkie would have chuckled over such a subject.

Leaving home at the age of fifteen, Young Elkanah was apprenticed to John Brown, of Providence, Rhode Island, then one of the foremost merchants in America. The following year, the pupil of Scammel had a real gun over his shoulder, and a scarlet coat, with yellow facings, enwrapping his body; for lo! under the wintry favor of a December night, a party of unknown men had flavored the disquiet appetite of the times, by emptying a cargo of tea—more famous than cargo ever was before or since, or may be in the future—more famous in its destruction than ever in decoction were the aromatic leaves of the delicatest products of the celestial shrubberries of Quang-Tong—into Boston harbor. No æsthetic tea party, where simple-minded blue-stockings of both sexes congregate to deify the transcendental blue-devils of either, was this, but a gallant party of defiant "Colonists," whose great glory was to do the deed; and whose greatest ambition was to remain unknown and allow the American *character* to take the credit of it.

The Revolution was ripening. The noon of Scammel's school-house had evidently spread, for the cry, "to arms," set the population of every community perambulating the streets, in soldier fashion. In Providence there were five companies, in one of which our young Elkanah was a worthy member.

The storm kept on thickening and lowering, until the blood of Lexington, like a streak of lightning, lit up the rebellious atmosphere. "Lexington and Concord have been soaked in blood, and the country is in a blaze," was heard everywhere along the road. The tocsin was sounded. The "dreadful note of preparation" travelled on the wings of fierce hope, or undecided trepidation. Time-strengthened age and robust youth, matron's prayers and maiden pallor bore the words far and wide. The response was instantaneous. Within ten minutes after he received the news, John Stark was in the saddle, making with all speed for Boston. The tidings reached Israel Putnam in his farm fields at Pomfret, the April sun shining blissfully on his quiet labor and weather-beaten face. In a moment, the old lion is aroused! Leaping on his best horse, in his laboring garments, he is off without even bidding adieu to his family. "Those who saw that rough form fly past, knew that wild work would soon be done."*

The "blood of Lexington" splashes in the streets of New-Haven. Benedict Arnold takes up the theme, and with that audacity which in time of need surpasses eloquence, invokes the multitude to war. They rally round him. He leads them to Boston. Varnam, with his Greenwich Volunteers, and the merry quaker, Nat. Greene, who had but a few years previous hammered the way from his blacksmith's forge into the General Assembly of the Colony, headed his Warwick Greens towards Lexington. All these men became great Generals; one, alas, a great traitor.

When the news reached Providence, on the afternoon of the day of Lexington, "our five Companies," says Elkanah Watson, 'flew to arms. The whole population was convulsed by the most vehement excitement." Their immediate march, however was deferred, as they were unprovided with cartridges. During that "agitated night," young Watson and his comrades were busy "running bullets and preparing ammunition." Early on the next morning they were on the road, in defiance of the proclamation of the royalist Governor, Wanton, threatening the penalty of open rebellion, against all those who crossed the colony line.

"We had advanced six miles," (says our auto-biographer,) "amid the cries and tears of women, every road we passed enveloped in a cloud of dust from the march of armed men, hastening onwards, when an express met us with the information that the regulars had been driven back into Boston."†

These "exhilarating, though tragic scenes," awoke the adventurous nature of Elkanah. He desired to join the army, as many of his comrades had done; but he appealed to his father and Mr. Brown in vain, to break his indenture to the latter. The spirit of the lad, however, was not unnoticed. At the beginning of July, 1775, Washington received the chief command of the forces besieging Boston. The "rebels" were very destitute of munitions of war, and were reduced to but four rounds of powder before the besieged city. At this moment a ship belonging to Brown (who, foreseeing the impending hostilities, directed his sea-captains to freight with powder on their return voyages,) arrived, bringing a ton-and-a-half of the immortal necessity. To Watson, not yet eighteen years old, was the charge of delivery given. The account of the mission is peculiarly interesting, and lets us into some secrets of rebel strength and artifice.

"I took with me six or eight recruits to guard it. I delivered my letter to Gen. Washington in person, and was deeply impressed with an awe I cannot describe, in contemplating that great man; his august person, his majestic mien, his dignified and commanding deportment, more conspicuous, perhaps, at that moment, from the fact that he was in the act of admonishing a militia colonel with some animation. He directed a young officer to accompany me and superintend the delivery of the powder at Mystic, two miles distant. Whilst delivering it at the powder-house, I observed to the officer, 'Sir, I am happy to see so many barrels of powder here.' He whispered a secret in my ear, with an indiscretion that marked the novice in military affairs: 'These barrels are filled with sand.' 'And wherefore,' I inquired. 'To deceive the enemy,' he replied, 'should any spy, by chance, look in.' Such was the wretched appointment of that army, upon which rested the hopes of American liberty."

So the American Revolution is initiated; and the "Mystic" powder is in a fair way of being magical.

It is seven years after, and Elkanah Watson is in London. During these seven years he has had many adventures; travelling from Massachusetts to South Carolina and Georgia, as the agent of Mr. Brown. The Revolution was at its height, and the danger was imminent. His track, the people he met, the towns he visited, the battle-fields he contemplated, the wrecks and ravages of war that came within his observation, are all clearly indicated in his reminiscences. Visiting Europe, in the same capacity, he was intrusted with despatches to Franklin, which fact, and an intimacy with John Adams and other Americans, opened the way for him into the best political and literary society of the day, in France and England. His notes on these people are acute and numerous. Mingling with the "great luminaries," he felt himself "occupying exalted and privileged ground."

Early on the ever-memorable 5th of December, 1782, the Earl of Ferrers conducted our hero to the door of the House of Lords, gave him a card of admission, and whispered, "Get as near the throne as you can—fear nothing." Elkanah, scarcely needing the hint, soon found himself elbowing my Lord Admiral Howe, exactly in front of the royal chair. The day was ominously dark and foggy. The Lords were in promiscuous and sullen groups. The antiquated, narrow and elevated windows but added to the gloom of the hall, for want of occupation. England's victory over the Spanish Armada, on the dark tapestry, was fitly almost obscured from recognition. Unuttered and unutterable discontent and dejection sat upon the visages of some American royalists present. Now was the winter of their discontent. The American painters, Benjamin West and Singleton Copley, escorting some ladies, were visible; but scarce dare talk American, for their studios were the "constant resort of the Royal family and the nobility."

For two hours, the gloom seemed growing deeper, the Spanish Armada more obscure, the windows more distant, the royalist Americans more dejected—when "a tremendous roar of Artillery" was heard; "a small door on the left of the throne" opened, and George III, the "simple maniac," as John Adams calls him,* "seated himself upon the chair of state, in a graceful attitude." But withal he was agitated. Watson watched "with intense interest, every tone of his voice, and every motion of his countenance." It was to him, he writes with pithy fervor, "a moment of thrilling and dignified exultation." The Commons being summoned, the King proceeded to read his speech, acknowledging the Independence of the States. Coming to the passage in which he, with the "powers" vested in him, "offered to declare them free," &c., "he paused," writes Watson, "and was in evident agitation; either embarrassed in reading his speech, by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very *natural emotion.*" Elkanah humorously italicizes the *natural emotion.* Of course it was a very natural emotion. No emotion could well be more natural. Could the emotional affections of "simple maniac," who, with "a Machiavelian maniac who had been his preceptor, conceived the design of enslaving these Colonies they pretended to favor,"* have more natural cause of agitation, than to see the red armies of England fall, like red sparks from an anvil, into black uselessness and death; the beloved Colonies swept clear of them, and the Declaration of Independence forced at the point of the bayonet across the surging Atlantic—into the House of Lords—forced, not to the foot of the throne, but upon it; and out of the mouth of a King who had despised it?

Ah! shade of Elkanah, it was, indeed, a very natural emotion. As you wrote at the time,—

"He was evidently embarrassed; he hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations, in the progress of this address; every artery beat high, and swelled with my proud American blood. It was impossible not to revert to the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and to review in my minds eye, the misery and woe I had myself witnessed in several stages of the contest, and the wide-spread desolation, resulting from the stubbornness of this very King, now so prostrate, but who had turned a deaf ear to our humble petitions for relief."

Watson went home to dine with Copley, who had finished a fine portrait of the former, saving the last touches to the back ground, in which a ship was depicted, bearing to America the news of its acknowledged Independence. The flag alone of the vessel was unfinished; Copley's prudence forbidding him to unfurl, until assurance was made doubly sure. On their return from the House of Lords, "he invited me," wrote Watson, "into his studio, and there, with a bold hand, a master's touch, and, I believe, an American heart, attached to the ship the *Stars and Stripes.* This was, I imagine, *the first American flag hoisted in Old England.*"

Mr. Winslow C. Watson has performed a highly commendable labor in arranging these interesting reminiscences for the press. He advises us that his materials are only touched on. We are glad to hear it. The portions illustrating the years of the Revolution are deeply interesting. They supply the commercial under-current, the ways and means of it; as Vincent Nolte's work exhibited the speculations and financial projects by which Napoleon was supplied, in many instances, with the sinews of war. The present work is admirably put through the press, and very creditable to the young publishing house from which it is issued.

* Letter from Adams to Elkanah Watson, printed at p. 379.—*Men and Times, &c.*

† John Adams' Letter, before quoted.

‡ *Washington and his Generals*: By J. T. Headley, vol. 1.

THE MESILLA VALLEY.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH SURGEON.

The first glimpse of the Mesilla Valley is sufficient to excite in the mind of the beholder feelings of surprise and admiration; and they are produced, it matters little from what quarter the traveller may come, whether from the gradually ascending plains of western Texas, or the rolling basaltic tableland of what was formerly northern Mexico, now an integral portion of this country, added on to the territory of New Mexico. For to the eyes of those accustomed to behold our more favored lands—blessed with abundant streams, perennially full, bringing constant life to a variety of vegetation, whether of grass, bush, or forest, and forming as it were the basis or ground, to use a technical phrase, upon which climate and season work out the different tints and tones constituting, as a whole, the beautiful landscapes so familiar to us—to such eyes, the western portions of Texas, and the plains beyond the Rio Grande, are unmitigated deserts, covered with grass only one third of the year. Scantily supplied with timber and water, they afford a precarious subsistence for the 150 miles over which the voyageur is necessitated to travel before he can reach the bed of the river. Nor does he see the latter from any distance; his eye is not gladdened, his heart not supported by the prospect, still enlarging by degrees at his approach. On the contrary, ascending as he nears the Rio Grande, which lies in a deep depression in the general elevated level, he gains no sight of the Valley until within a few miles of its actual bottom. But what a glorious prospect there is stretched out before him! Groves of cottonwoods, majestic in height and luxuriant in foliage, whose bright green tint contrasts vividly with the sombre brown of the hills in the background; immense areas of Indian corn, growing to a luxuriance hardly exceeded by California productiveness, tended with little care, and guarded from depredation with so little apparent caution, that the trail—for there is no high road in these parts, fencing off with jealous care what is peculiar from what is common—passes through the centre of such plantations (for fields they cannot be termed), leaving the large and ripened ears a ready prey to hungry man and beast that pass along; vineyards scattered here and there, and growing a profusion of finely-flavored grapes; orchards of quinces, peaches, pears, and apples—such are the prominent features caught at a *coup d'œil.*

So much has been talked in public, and so much has been written about the Mesilla Valley, of late years, that those unfamiliar with the locality may be apt to attribute too much importance to it, merely regarding its superficial extent. Considering its fertility, it cannot be too highly prized, but the area it occupies is small. The name is now applied to the very eastern portion of the Gadsden purchase, that portion which lies on the immediate banks of the Rio Grande. This river having its sources four hundred miles farther north, in the melting snows of the Sierra San Juan, and other ranges of what are called the Rocky Mountains, travels almost its whole course for 250 miles between two ranges, which narrow its bed by their proximity; further south they drop down and disappear, leaving, for the greater portion of its southern passage, the further direction of the stream to be determined by some lesser ranges of hills, which, lying more apart from its bed, allow a wider space for the valley of the river.

This widening commences at the village of Doña Anna, about latitude 32 deg. 20 min., and extends south to El Paso, a distance of nearly fifty-two miles, the breadth varying from half a mile to two miles, and is more generally not more than a mile in width. Within this extent are two military points of the United States, one at the lower end of the valley, opposite El Paso, termed Fort Bliss, the other 38 miles up the river, called Fort Fillmore. Between the latter place and Doña Ana, the Valley preserves its greatest width, and within these 14 miles lie the towns of Doña Ana, Las Cruces, and Mesilla. In the languge of the place, the Mesilla Valley is this strip of river bottom, 14 miles in extent, but in the understanding of all who speak of it geographically, the whole Valley to within a few miles of El Paso, is called by the same name; and as its population and productions are alike along its whole extent, we shall speak of the whole River Grande Valley, in the Gadsden treaty purchase, as the Mesilla Valley, the name being derived from the Spanish word signifying a "little table," applied to the low, flat topped, elevated land which bounds the sides of the river course. This same Gadsden purchase deserves a passing notice. Before the separation of Texas from Mexico, both sides of the Rio Grande, or Rio Bravo del Norte (as it is more properly termed), belonged to the latter power. By the boundary treaty, the Americans stipulated, much against Mexican will, that the left bank of the river should be the Texan boundary. Later still, on the acquisition of the territory of New Mexico, at the close of the Mexican war, the southern boundary of New Mexico was looked upon as the dividing line between this country and Mexico. The boundary commission were appointed to settle the dividing line, but some difficulty arising about the exact limit, Mr. Bartlett, the American commissioner, decided that the line should be struck at a point seven miles above El Paso. By a treaty with Santa Anna, made a few years back, Mr. Gadsden, on behalf of the United States, acquired the undisputed possession of a large portion of territory south of the river Gila, and at one time a portion of the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua, extending from the Colorado river on the west to the Rio Bravo eastward, occupying an extent of six million acres. Ten million of dollars was the sum agreed upon, of which the greater portion is already paid, and until full payment of which it was to remain subject to Mexican laws; but so little is this stipulation regarded, that in the town of Mesilla, the American candidate and ticket is put forward, and voting for members of the legislature of New Mexico is carried on as vigorously as if they were already integral parts of that district.

A dear purchase it would have been if every acre represented a dollar and half, but with the purchase there was also the wiping out of an old stipulation, constant in former treaties, viz., that the United States should protect the Mexican border from the incursions and depredations of Indians. Neglecting this,

the Mexicans claimed indemnity for their losses by Indian inroads, amounting to six millions of dollars. All this, both the indemnity and the old stipulation, was wiped out, and the whole Mesilla Valley became a part of New Mexico.

Of all the towns in the Valley, Mesilla is the most populous. It is built upon a sand-hill, elevated some feet above the general level of the Valley. A portion of the town looks well, the houses being built of mud, sun-baked bricks (adobes as such are termed in Spanish phrase), and many of them whitened or plastered on the outside. At one end of the town is the Plaza or public square, with the few shops and stores which supply this village of 3000 souls; at the other, in straggling disorder, are heaped the houses of the Indian and New Mexican inhabitants, some made of adobes, but the majority built in what is called the "Jacal" fashion, namely, erecting thin poles about a foot apart, inclosing a square, putting a light cover of brush for a roof, and covering the sides in either by mud, brush, or canvas. A light defence, this, from the weather, but the winter is short and not very severe, and shelter from the rain is more needed than from the cold. There are few American families in the village, not more than six; a small sprinkling of adventurers, many of them outcasts from society, unconvicted refugees from the laws of Arkansas, Texas, and other southwestern states; deserted or discharged soldiers, a motley group, ready for any occupation of the roughest and most daring kind, living for the time a life of lawless indolence, and deriving an existence by acts of cruelty and theft upon the weaker and more inoffensive New Mexican. The latter has all the traits of his Spanish descent. Fond of his horse, and indolent to a degree beyond belief, he is either lounging in the sun at his own door, or on horseback at a neighbor's; fond of gambling, he works but to live and obtain wherewithal to risk at the table, and so great is the infatuation, that not only money, but chattels, land, and even self is staked upon the success of the game. It has happened so frequently as to pass without remark, that a New Mexican may come to the table a freeman, and before he leaves it at night become a slave. The majority live by cultivating a portion of the Valley, and herding cattte and sheep upon the tablelands which lie at some elevation above on either side of the river, reaching upon the east to the base of the Organ Mountains, a distance nearly fourteen miles in a right line. A ready market is found for stock in the village population of the Valley, at El Paso, and more especially by the two military stations, and whatever government trains and outfits which may happen to be quartered in the Valley for the sake of recruiting the health of men and mules, previous to a journey across the country to either ocean.

The people of New Mexico, and those inhabiting this part of t especially, are paler in complexion than any other mixture of Spanish and Indian blood; they are of light make, with straight nose, small and frequently retiring chin, and black hair. Among the females there is a greater variety in form and color than among the men. In a crowd of the former, as on the occasion of a dance or *baile*, every shade of color and outline of profile can be traced, from the almost copper-colored Indian squaw to the delicately fair skin and well filled figure of European blood; but whether approximating to Indian or Spanish type, there is an ease of manner and grace of motion common to both, which constitutes the charm of female society there, and renders it so fascinating a spot to the youthful and passionate pleasure-seeker. Dances and fandangoes are improvised without notice or preparation, and it needs only the arrival of a few strangers, and the sending round word to the villagers that some cavaliers are desirous to be amused, to turn out one half of the female population, in their best gowns, and robed in their bright rebosos or shawls, which serve them alike for cloak, bonnet, and veil, as ready and willing, night after night, to undergo the constant whirl of the waltz or the more easy grace of the Spanish dance, as the daintiest belle of Newport or Saratoga.

Yet it would be wrong to class the whole female population among the votaries of Terpsichore, or as rushing in crowds to enjoy the society of strangers. Every village and town contains families, the females of which live as retired as those of China, and whose society is only to be obtained through the key of private friendship.

Nine miles above Mesilla town is the village of Doña Ana, situated on a flat terrace, perhaps twenty-five feet above the river level, on its east bank. This peculiarity of locating towns, not on the river side but on the terrace land or *mesa* above, is common to most villages on the Rio Grande, and arises from two causes: first, because it thus allows the whole fertile land of the river sides to be appropriated to tillage or cultivation, and secondly because the situation is much more healthy than if it were on the bottom, where in spring and autumn congestive fevers abound with remarkable fatality. Seated thus, overlooking the river, the towns are often one or two miles from the stream, and in order to supply themselves with this most necessary element, they draw off a channel or water-course from the river several miles up, where its level is that of the town to be supplied. These channels or *asequias* are tended with care, and their sides repaired to prevent their being broken and the supply of water to the town thus cut off. They are carried through the principal ways of the village, or sometimes around it, and in these they wash and bathe outside and below the town, taking their portable water from above. This arrangement is simple and economical of expense, but very rude and wasteful of so precious a liquid as water is in these latitudes. Not one half the quantity of rain which falls in the Atlantic states falls here in the year, and dropping on a heated and parched soil, it is greedily drank up and lost to the surface. The river itself, the Great River as it is called by excellence,—the Rio Grande,—in its serpentine course, soaks into the light clays and loose sands over which it rolls, saturating the whole Valley bottom, and producing thus that wondrous fertility; but in so doing has its volume so constantly diminished, that after travelling down 600 miles, and receiving several streams to mingle in its waters, it yet appears to gain no increase in volume, and where it rolls into the Gulf of Mexico it is not so large a stream as it is 400 miles above.

At Doña Ana it is about 60 yards wide and 4 feet deep, rising several feet during freshets. It lies nearly ten feet below the Valley level, with steep banks, which it corrodes and washes down by the frequent changes in its channel which the current yearly makes. On account of the water level being so much below the Valley, *asequias* are brought down from higher points to irrigate the fields, without which the soil would scarcely produce any thing. By this means, corn, wheat, onions, beans, grapes, tomatoes, &c., are raised in great abundance. This town, (Doña Ana), though small, containing hardly more than 400 people, is yet more wealthy than many larger places. When Mesilla was first raised into a village, a few years ago, it was peopled by most of the poorer New Mexicans from this place, and though the population of the town was diminished, yet little wealth was removed. The present inhabitants are of the old families of New Mexico, who own large tracts of land, and besides cultivating the ground raise stock. It is the oldest town in the Mesilla Valley, although it can scarcely date further back than 1836, when some settlers from El Paso, allured by the fertility of the place, settled it, and named it after the wife of Don Armijo, the Mexican governor of the territory. These settlers would speedily have become wealthy, were it not for the constant incursions of those brigands of the mountains the Apaches, who driving off horses and cattle, and "reaping what they have not sowed," cripple the resources and check the industry of a people not over-industrious.

"Conscience: or the Trials of May Brooke," (in two volumes) "The Hamiltons" and "Hours before the Altar" are the titles of four little books on our table, from Dunigan & Brother (James B. Kirker). The first is from the pen of a graceful writer, already favorably known by her labors in, and illustration of the field of American Catholicity. To our juvenile readers the work will be particularly acceptable. It will interest as well by the character of the tale as the principles upon which it is founded. "The Hamiltons," in the words of the author, is intended to illustrate "the strength, the beauty and the purity of a true Catholic heart.," and the irresistible influence it may acquire over those who come within its sphere. An idea of the tale may be furnished from the beautiful thought which inspires the writer, and which to her mind pictures Catholicity as "fully equal to all the emergencies of the most eventful life," in its child-like repose and tender purity. Of the "Hours" the Archbishop of Paris, in 1851, said—"The book is well adapted to aid pious souls to nourish in their heart's sentiments of a sweet and tender devotion." Kirker (brother and sucessor of Dunigan) is one of the most enterprising publishers in the States, who brings his taste and experience into the production of that specialty of the book publishing for which his house has been so long established.

THE MAGAZINES.—We are too late in the field this month to do more than acknowledge the receipt of the Monthlies. The spirited biographies of the men of the Revolution continue a prominent feature of *Harper*. The "All Fool's Day Sketches" are capital. We have read a very happy and appreciative paper on Erastus Palmer, the "Sculptor of Albany," in *Putnam*. The paper entitled "A Talk about Popular Songs" is clever, and though too sketchy, much to the point. It is interesting more for the power of talk than the reflection exhibited. The article on Browning's Poetry is the outpourings of one evidently deaf, blind and lame to everything else, save the poetry of the author of "Paracelsus." It is a *strong* weakness, and we must say we rather approve of it than otherwise. The old *Knickerbocker* and the young *Schoolfellow* conduct themselves as their respective years might suggest,—the latter being rather a better specimen, for his age, than is usual. *Household Words* convey many pleasant and interesting sentences, which naturally enough amalgamate into paragraphs, which associate into pages, which hold, in turn, a mass meeting, and turn out a book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Congressional Reports, from	*Hon. S. A. Douglas.*
Men and Times of the Revolution; or Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, &c., edited by his son, Winslow C. Watson.	*Dana & Co.*
'98 and '48, the Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland. By John Savage.	*Redfield.*
Charlemont, } By Gilmore Simms. Beauchampe, }	"
Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Vol. 4. Arthur Gordon Pym.	"
Miscellaneous Writings of Dr. Maginn, edited by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. Vol. 3. Shakspere Papers.	"
Sketches and Adventures in Madeira, Portugal, and the Andalusias of Spain. By the author of Daniel Webster and his Cotemporaries.	*Harper & Brothers.*
Physiology and Calisthenics, for Schools and Families. By Catharine E. Beecher.	"
The Rise of the Dutch Republic; a History. By John Lothrop Motley. 3 vols.	"
The Hamiltons; or Sunshine in Storm. By Cora Berkley.	*Dunigan & Brother. (James B. Kirker.)*
Hours before the Altar, by the Abbe de la Bouillerie	"
Conscience; an American Catholic Tale. By Mrs. A. H. Dorsey. 2 vols.	"
Putnam	*Dix & Edwards.*
Schoolfellow: for Boys and Girls	"
Household Words	"
Knickerbocker	*S. Houston.*
National Democatic Review; March; Washington.	*G. P. Bail.*
Brownson's Review. April.	

Literary and Artistic News.

The copyrights of several popular authors were lately sold by Hodgson, the book auctioneer of London. There was a full attendance of the most eminent publishers and booksellers, not only from all parts of the metropolis, but also from Manchester, Liverpool, and other small towns of the country, among whom there was a very active competition for the property. There were 757 lots, of which the following brought the prices attached: The works of Captain Maryatt; Madame de Stael's "Corinne," £21; Gleig's "Country Curate," 51 guineas; Manzoni's "Betrothed," 16 guineas; Lover's "Rory O'More," £140; Captain Chamier's "Ben Brace and Life of a Sailor," 190 guineas; Ingoldsby's "My Cousin Nicholas," 95 guineas; Banim's "Smuggler," £23 10s.; Captain Maxwell's "Stories of Waterloo," "The Bivouac," "Hector O'Halloran," and "Captain Blake," £550; six works of Theodore Hook, 456 guineas; Grattan's "Heiress of Bruges," "Jacqueline of Holland," "Legends of the Rhine," 108 guineas; Captain Trelawney's "Younger Son," £42; Lady Scott's "Trevelyan," £21; Edgeworth's "Helen," 105 guineas; Mrs. Trollope's "Vicar of Wrexhill," and "The Widow Barnaby," £104; Hood's "Tylvey Hall," 121 guineas; Whitehead's "Richard Savage," £14; Albert Smith's "Scattergood Family," "Adventures of Mr. Ledbury," and "The Marchioness Brinvillier's," £535; Landon's "Romance and Reality," £22; Leigh Hunt's "Experiences of a Jail Chaplain, 45 guineas, &c. The property realized above £11,000.

The controversy between the next of kin of the late Mr. Turner and the trustees of the National Gallery respecting the pictures bequeathed by that eminent artist has at length been adjusted, and a compromise of the contested claims has received the sanction of the Court of Chancery. All pictures, drawings, and sketches, either wholly or partially painted, sketched, or drawn by Mr. Turner (and whether finished or unfinished) are to be deemed the property of the trustees of the National Gallery for the benefit of the public; Sir C. Eastlake and Mr. Knight being the persons to make the selection of such pictures as, in their opininion, have been touched by the master. The trustees of the National Gallery are to be declared well entitled to the picture "Dido Building Carthage," and the pictures formerly in the Tabley collection, now in their possession. All other the drawings, sketches and pictures and all other the personal estate of the testator (excepting stock in the funds), are to be given over to the next of kin. The trustees of the Royal Academy, waiving all rights under the will, are to be declared entitled to £20,000 clear, free from legacy duty.

At the last meeting of the Artists' Provident Institution, Earl Stanhope stated that a portion of the papers left by the late Sir Robert Peel, under the care of himself and Mr. Cardwell, would be published in a few weeks. The publication would consist of a part of Sir Robert Peel's memoirs, written by that statesman himself, and related to the period in which the Roman Catholic relief bill was passed, and contained a full account of his own opinions and conduct in that transaction. The late Sir Robert Peel had directed his literary executors to apply the profits arising from the publication of any of his papers to the assistance of deserving men in need, who had followed the pursuits of art, literature, and science. In virtue, therefore, of the powers vested in them, he (Earl Stanhope) and Mr. Cardwell now offered to this institution the first fruits of the intended publication, and he begged to tender to the society a draft for one hundred guineas, which he trusted they would accept as another proof, if any other was wanting, of the good will that Sir Robert Peel ever felt and displayed towards art and artists.

A purely original conception of the Anunciation of the Virgin Mary, life size, has just been published by James Farrell, the sculptor, of Dublin. The artist selected that portion of Sacred History where the Virgin said—"Behold the handmaid of the Lord: be it done to me according to Thy word." The attitude of the figure (says the Dublin *Freeman*) is most graceful, the head slightly raised, with the eyes looking towards Heaven, expressive of intense love and devotion; the right hand elevated on the breast, while the other falls gracefully by the side, the hand holding a lily and a portion of the garment, which falls in artistically arranged folds. It was the intention of the artist not to circulate any casts of the figure until he had executed it in marble, but he has yielded to the solicitations of many friends, who are most anxious to have duplicates of it. We have no doubt but that many religious establishmeuts in this country, will be desirous to have copies of a figure so much and justly admired.

Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, has sent home from London an original portrait of John Hampden, the celebrated English patriot, who was one of the first to resist the encroachments of the Stuarts, and to assail the prerogatives of the Crown, in the great struggle for popular rights which led to the establishment of the English Commonwealth, and subsequently planted on this soil the republican germs which have grown up into a nation of thirty millions of freemen. This portrait belonged to Mr. John Maegregor, member of Parliament for Glasgow, and is presented by him, through Mr. Buchanan, to the Congress of the United States, who will undoubtedly give it a conspicuous place among the national pictures. It is one of the only two original portraits of Hampden now in existence.

Dr. Deakin, in a botanical book on this subject, says that 420 species of plants are found growing upon the Coliseum, including 253 genera, and illustrations of 66 of the natural orders of plants. There are 59 species of grasses, 47 of the syngenocious plants, and 41 of the pea tribe. This in an enclosed space of six acres of ground, a limit that does not include the walls and ruins. This space includes a great variety of soil and temperature. The lower or north side is damp, while the upper walls and accumulated mould are warm and dry; and the south side is still hotter and more Italian.

The following announcement, which appears in the number of the *Catholic University Gazette* just published, will afford much grtification to all who take an interest in Irish literature and antiquities:—We are gratified to be able to inform our readers that there is every ground to hope, through the liberality of the Father-General of the Franciscans, and of the Father Guardian of St. Isidore's at Rome, that the celebrated Irish MSS. deposted in that house, will soon be in the hands of the professor of Irish Literature in the Catholic University. It is well known what valuable materials those MSS. afford towards the elucidation of the history of the Irish church."

A Naples letter says:—"I have promised to invite your attention to a universal language invented by Sig. Valle and his brother, after fifteen years' devoted application to the subject. The peculiarity of it is this, that only seven letters are used, being consonants. Three of these are sufficient to describe any radical sound. The inventors contend that the system may be applied to telegraphic communication with a considerable saving of both time and money. I do not, of course, descend into details; but Sig. Valle is anxious to invite the attention of scientific men to the subject.

The magnificent paintings of M. Delaroche, at the Ecle des Beaux-Arts, which had been injured by fire some months back in the hall of meetings, are being cleaned. All the smoke and soot which had covered the paintings has been removed; the parts which had been cracked have been repaired; and the injury which had been inflicted by the heating of the wall has been completely removed. M. Delaroche will only have to give a few touches here and there, and one of his finest works will again appear in all its original perfection.

The English government has set three excellent antiquaries at work upon the state papers. Mr. Lemon, keeper of the state papers, takes the reign of Edward VI. (already advanced some stages) and the next three reigns. Mrs. Everett Green, author of "Lives of the Princesses of England," is laboring at the time of James I. Mr. John Bruce has undertaken the reign of Charles I. and the period of the commonwealth.

Dr. G. A. John, the astronomer of the University of Leipsic, has just published a pamphlet to prove that the comet expected to appear in the course of the present year is identical with that of 1266 and 1556. The latter is called in Germany Melancthon's comet, from the fact of that reformer having written several letters and dissertations about it, eleven of which are still extant.

The scientific world will learn with regret the death of the celebrated astronomer, Von Biela, which took place at Venice on the 18th of February. Wilhelm, Baron Von Biela, a major in the Austrian army, was born on his parental estate of Rossla, near Stolberg, in the Hartz mountains, on the 19th of March, 1782, and had consequently nearly completed his 74th year.

An admirable copy in chromo-lithograph, after one of Nicholl's happy and characteristic portraits of an Irish peasant, has just been published in Dublin. The artist is supposed to have made "the sketch," and to be in the act of submitting it for approval to the admiring subject, who, with his *dudheen* between his teeth, has let off a whiff to enjoy a hearty laugh of enjoyment.

The collection of paintings in the studio of Mr. J. F. Cropsey are soon to be offered at public sale. Mr. Cropsey is well known as one of the most distinguished landscape painters of America. For several years past he has resided in this city, but his health now requires him to go abroad, and his fine collection, the fruit of the labors of many years, is to be sold.

One of the oldest papers in Northern Europe is the official gazette of Sweden, the *Postoch Inrikes Tigning.* It was founded in 1644, during the reign of Queen Christina, the daughter of Gustavus Adolphus the Great; and the present year is, without interruption, its two hundred and eleventh anniversary.

Cambridge University has received from his Highness Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, "The Gospel of St. Matthew," translated into Lowland Scotch by H. P. Riddell; 8vo., Lond., 1856; a copy expressly struck off for this University, being one of a small limited number.

Dubufe has painted a character-portrait of M'lle Rosa Bonheur, which is exciting some attention in Paris. The lady-artist is represented as leaning, pencil in hand, on the neck of a favorite heifer—one of those fine young *bulls* (says an English paper) which she loves so well to paint.

Piccо, the "Sardinian minstrel," appeared, for the first time, last month, before a London audience. His performance on a shepherd's reed, not more than three inches long, was very extraordinary. The "Casta Diva" and the "Carnival of Venice" were very wonderful displays both of taste and skill.

A company is about to be started in London, under the auspices of Cramer, Beale & Co., with a view to erect a new music hall in the neighborhood of Regent street. The hall is to be large enough to accommodate between 3,000 and 4,000 persons, and the cost of the building is estimated at £40,000.

London Theatres Destroyed by Fire.—Drury-lane, 1762 and 1809: her Majesty's, 1789; Pantheon, 1792; Astley, 1794, 1803; and 1841; Surrey (circus), 1805; Covent-garden, 1808 and 1856; Royalty, 1826; English Opera-house, 1830; Argyle Rooms, 1830; Olympic, 1849; Pavilion, 1856.

It is said that Lord Lucan has a work of some bulk in the press, which will be forthwith published, and in which he goes into various important matters with respect to affairs in the Crimea, when he and Lord Cardigan were there, which have never before been touched upon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, "the Yankee and Irish comedians," sailed for England, on a professional tour, in the Persia. Mr. Florence, though an "Irish comedian," is an American born, and carried out despatches to the United States Legation at London.

Ary Scheffer has just finished a portrait of Dickens. It is said to be quite worthy of the painter and the subject. The likeness is considered a very happy one, the remarkable expression of the novelist being seized with a vigor and reality most striking.

Every body was astonished, a few days ago, at the announcement that a Russian geologist, M. Ostrogradski, had been elected unanimously to a vacant place in the French Academy of Sciences, section of geology.

Queen Victoria has intimated her wish that the engraving of Sir Robert M'Clue, discoverer of the north-west passage, should be dedicated to her.

Two editors of the *Figaro* were lately sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment and £20 fine each, and to £40 damages, for having libelled the well-known theatrical critic, Jules Janin.

Mr. Villemain has just written, for a new edition of the "Biographie Universelle," a life of Charles Fox, of which the *Debats* speaks in very high terms.

The Supreme Council of Denmark has decided on starting a journal to give short-hand reports of their proceedings, to which the public are to be admitted.

Gustavus Heine, the brother of Henry Heine, who lately died in Paris, is about to erect a monument to the memory of the latter, which will cost 10,000 francs.

The celebrated Bowyer Bible, in 45 folio volumes, and containing 6,000 engravings, was sold by auction, at Bolton, on Thursday, and bought by Robert Heywood, Esq., for £550.

The report that Mll'e Rachel was shortly to be married is contradicted by her friends in Paris. She will shortly re-appear at the Comedie Francaise, in "Louis XI."

The last volume of the first complete collective edition of the works of Gallileo has just been published in Florence.

Emerson lately delivered a series of lectures in Boston, on "English Civilization."

At the election for Vice President of the Royal Irish Academy, the numbers were: Rev. Dr. Todd, 111; Dr. Apjohn, 57.

New-York Over Sixty Years Ago.

When George Washington was elected first President of the United States, he moved to New-York and began looking around for a residence befitting his rank and station. At last he fixed upon the house No. 3 Cherry street, and soon after took up his abode therein. This, was in 1789, and great were the complaints that the President had fixed his residence so far out of town, way off on the road leading to the farm of Mr. Rutgers. The objections which would be urged now would be rather different. The house was situated at about the corner of Dover street.

The Vice-President lived up in Greenwich-road, (now Greenwich street,) on the other side of town, while the different officers of the government and the Senators and Representatives of the several States were scattered through the lower portions of the city. Thus, Oliver Ellsworth, the honorable Senator from Connecticut, was an inmate of the house, No. 193 Water street, near Fulton street, while Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the Senator from Maryland, lived in Smith street, as William street between Old-slip and Liberty street was then called. Robert Morris, the financier of the Revolution, and then Senator from Pennsylvania, lived at No. 39 Great Dock street—that is, in Pearl street below Hanover Square. Of the Representatives, two of the best known, Fisher Ames and Theodore Sedgwick, both of Massachusetts, lived together, at No. 15 Great Dock street. F. A. Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania, Speaker of the House, resided at Rev. Dr. Kunzie's, the pastor of the Lutheran Churches, No. 24 Chatham (now Park) row. Rhode Island had as yet neither Senators nor Representatives. Samuel A. Otis, of No. 5 Wal street, was Secretary of the Senate, and John Beckley, of No. 19 Maiden-lane, Clerk of the House.

Hon. James Duane, residence No. 17 Nassau street, then filled the chair which Mayor Wood now occupies, and Robert Benson, of Maiden-lane, filled the offices both of Mr. Valentine and of Richard B. Connolly, as "City and County Clerk." The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Hon. Richard Morris, lived at No. 27 Nassau street.

The Chamber of Commerce already existed, and John Broom, of No. 6 Hanover street, was its President. Merchants lived over their warehouses then, and their clerks and apprentices boarded with them. The "Society for Promoting the Manumission of Slaves" was active, Hon. John Jay, the revolutionary statesman, being its President. The St. Patrick's, St. Andrew's, St. George's, and the German Societies, had all been already founded, and Baron Frederick William Steuben was President of the latter. The "St. Tammany's Society, or Independent Order of Liberty," had recently been founded, and from the following statement of its aims, &c., seems to have been something of a Know-Nothing concern:

"This being a national society, consists of Americans born, who fill all offices, and Adopted Americans who are eligible to the honorary posts of warrior and hunter."

Wm. Mooney was then the Grand Sachem of this rather exclusive Society.

Coach hire was not as dear then as now. "To take up and set down one passenger within one mile, one shilling. Two passengers, two shillings. To the two-mile-stone, and round by Cumming's, (a tavern in Water street,) for a party, &c., six shillings. Horn's Tour, eight shillings; Lake's Tour, ten shillings; and for each hour the carriage may be detained on the above routes, two shillings. For waiting on company in the city, three shillings per hour."

In 1790, the Boston stage left Courtlandt street on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, leaving Boston on alternate days. To Albany, it went on Mondays and Thursdays. There were several routes to Philadelphia, the fare being three dollars, about the same as now.

We have gleaned the foregoing curious information mostly from a copy of the City Directory for 1789–90. In the Historical Library, there is one for 1786, but in the City Library we find them for every year since 1789. The Directory for 1786–7 was edited by "David Franks, Conveyancer," and published by "Stephen Kollock, corner of Wall street and Water street." From 1789 to '91, Robert Hodge, Thomas Allen and Samuel Campbell were the publishers. Then for four or five years Wm. Duncan edited and T. and J. Swords published it. From 1796 till 1819, David Longworth conducted it. In 1819 Jonathan Olmstead published it, but in 1820 Thomas Longworth compiled it and continued till the edition of 1841. After that, John Doggett, Jr., published it for 11 years, since when it has been in the hands of John F. Trow.—*N. Y. Times.*

State of New Jersey.—At the last meeting of the Geographical Society, a very interesting paper was read by Lieutenant Viele, on the topographical survey of New Jersey. After some introductory details defining his idea of topography, Mr. Viele gave some facts, which we condense:

Three-fourths of the State of New Jersey is unimproved. Three millions of acres of land in that State remain uncultivated. The first settlers always seek the alluvial bottom lands. The elevated portions of any country furnish the key to its topography. The Blue Mountains form the most elevated New Jersey range, having an entire length of thirty-five miles, forming part of the Blue Ridge which runs through Pennsylvania, and there reaching a height of 1,500 to 1,800 feet. The course of an intended railroad was pointed out on the map. Limestone, slate, and the old red sandstone compose this ridge.

The continuation of the highlands of New York from north-east to south-west, forms another great feature of New Jersey. This range is primitive rock, intersected with iron ore very abundantly.

The lower section of the State, down to Cape May, was described as a dense forest, and has probably been submerged and risen from the water frequently. Three successive deposits of marl are separated by layers of sand. Cedars have grown over layers of fallen cedars. Immense cedar logs are now extracted from the earth and sawn into sound shingles. The Atlantic coast about Cape May subsided about a foot in one hundred years, in a country where the people are actually mining for wood. They mistake the subsidence by saying that the tide rises much higher than formerly. Thousands of lives and millions of dollars are lost upon the low beach extending some distance from Cape May. The arrangement of sluggish water and swamp, as shown on a map of two inches to a mile, presents a most curious appearance. The general habits of the wreckers was described as good, and even kind, not deserving the name of Barnegat pirates. They attended to this business with much disinterestedness until the Government appropriation was made. (Here several gentlemen interposing, declared that humanity was the first feeling of the inhabitants of this district.) This flat part of the coast is not particularly insalubrious.

A vote of thanks being presented to the Lieutenant for his interesting conversational paper, it was hoped that the State of New York, at no distant day, would enter upon a topographical survey of her own State, similar to that conducted by Lieut. Viele in New Jersey.

Connecticut River.—Opening of Navigation.—The moist weather of the last two or three days has pretty effectually taken off the ice in the river. At the Narrows, near Middletown, it is still fast, but will probably move off during the next twenty-four hours. The water is rising steadily. The steamboats are to commence running between Hartford city and New York as soon as the river is clear. Business has already commenced in the loading of propellers and vessels.

The April term of the Court of Sessions commenced on the 7th inst., before Judge Capron. The following is the list of crimes on the April calendar:—

Murder	5	Abortion	1
Arson	1	Forgery	7
Burglary	36	False Pretence	2
Grand larceny	18	Kidnapping	1
Robbery	4	Bigamy	2
Embezzlement	1	Felonious assault	2
Stabbing	1	Bastardy	1
Perjury	1	Abandonment	4
Receiving Stolen Goods	4		
Total			91

The trial of the "Nicaraguan Filibusters" is set down for the present term of the United States District Court, which opens on Monday, 8th inst. Messrs. O'Keefe and Male were discharged from bail on their own recognizances to appear at trial. Mr. Creighton, under bail of 2,000, was paevented from returning from Nicaragua, whither he went three steamers since, by missing the last return steamer. A. J. Morrison and Wm. S. Lyster have, since their arrests been to Nicaragua, and now hold commissions in Gen. Walker's army. Those in New York waiting trial are George B. Hall, Addison Farnsworth, Charles Walters, and D. S. Dillingham, private secretary of Col. French. They have engaged as counsel Ogden Hoffman, Francis B. Cutting, Wm. West, Alfred A. Phillips, and Thos. Van Buren. Captain Tinklepaugh, at present of the Orizaba, and formerly of the Northern Light, together with Joseph L. White, Esq., counsel for the Accessory Transit Company, are also to be tried this term, on charge of having resisted the United States authorities, at the time of the detention of the Northern Light.

Launches.—The Adriatic was launched on Monday. If she does not surpass her noble cotemporaries in the beauty of her lines, she exceeds them in the magnitude of her proportions, which will be seen in the following table:

	Adriatic.	Niagara.	Vanderbilt.	Atlantic.
Length, -	354 feet.	345 feet.	335 feet.	287 feet.
Breadth, -	50 feet.	55 feet.	49 feet.	48 feet.
Depth, -	33 ft. 2 in.	31 feet.	33 feet.	31 feet.
Tonnage, -	5,900	5,200	5,100	3,000

The Adriatic has been built for the Collins' line of European steamships, by Messrs. J. & G. Steers. She will sail under the command of Capt. James West.

The splendid steamship Cuba, 1,000 tons burden, was launched on the same day, from the ship-yard of Wm. H. Webb, foot of Sixth street, East River. This vessel was built for B. Blanco, Esq., and is intended for the South American trade.

The steamships North Star and Ariel, of the Vanderbilt line to Havre, having been refitted, are now at the foot of Corlear street, E. R. The new steamship Vanderbilt, also of that line, is at the same wharf, receiving her machinery.

The Results of Riots.—The Louisville *Democrat* says that that city is in a happy condition—that "she is out of funds, has no Fire Department, no work to do, property ready for sale, but no bidders, plenty of room in vacant houses, with but few to occupy them. Multitudes of the foreign horde are gone, and Know Nothings gone after them, finding no work to do here."

Advices from New Mexico represent the Indians as desirous of Peace.

There is a report from the Crimea that two divisions of the British army, under Sir Colin Campbell, will immediately proceed to Canada.

Suicide of a Polish Exile.—A most melancholy affair occurred at the house of Mr. Fugh, in Drayton-street, yesterday afternoon. Mr. John F. Dembriski, a Pole, and one of the unfortunate exiles who have been driven from their own land by the political convulsions of late years, being destitute of means and employment, deliberately placed a pistol to his side and discharged its contents into his body. He died about half-past ten o'clock at night.

Mr. Dembrinski was a young man, some 24 or 25 years of age, was educated for the army at St Petersburgh, joined the Hungarians in the revolution of 1848, taken prisoner after a disastrous battle, and sent to St. Petersburgh. While on the way he made his escape from the guard, passed through Belgium, into England, and thence came to the United States. He arrived in this city about three weeks ago. The following note in the handwriting of the young man, was found in his room:

Savannah, April 2, 1856.

I am tired of life. I am here as a stranger. Could not find any employment, and my money was all gone, and so I resolved to commit suicide.

I fought in Europe against despotism, lost everything I possessed. No bullet could find me in the battles, and here in a Republican country I am obliged to shoot myself.

Dear Charles, you are my only friend. Farewell forever. If there is another world, there we will see one the other again.

J. F. W.

The cause that I don't sign my name is because I don't want my parents to know that I am dead. It would kill my mother. X. Arvery Rg. Pinsk, remember me.—*Savannah Republican.*

The investigation into the burning of the Philadelphia and Camden Ferry-boat, which occurred on the Delaware, on the 15th of March, has been brought to a close, and the Coroner's Jury have returned a verdict,—That the deceased (numbering thirty-two) came to their deaths by violence, to wit: by exposure to fire and drowning, in the burning and sinking of the steam ferry-boat New-Jersey, on the night of Saturday, March 15, 1856, between the hours of 8½ and 9½ o'clock, and by the inefficiency exhibited by Richard Fetters in the examination of the boilers of said boat, and by the negligence of John W. Mickle, president, E. A. Stevens, Benjamin Fish, John L. McKnight, Gideon V. Stevens, John C. Bullitt, Samuel Thompson, directors and managers, and A. B. Frasee, general superintendent of the said company in the employmeent of an unfit and unsafe boat for the transport of passengers, and their omission properly to man equip and supply with means of escape from the said ferry-boat.

A fearful conflagration took place at Galena, March 31, which destroyed some thirty-two buildings. The loss is estimated at $300,000. The Galena *Advertiser* says, the fire on Main, Washington, and Commerce streets, "like one mighty candle, lit up the whole heavens with a most terrific glare."

Nicaragua Emigrants.—The bark Emeka, chartered by the Nicaragua government, was to sail from New-Orleans on the 2d inst., with 400 passengers. A number of others are compelled to remain for want of conveyance. The N. O. *Delta* learns that a line of steamers will shortly be put on between that city and San Juan.

American News.

Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

WASHINGTON, April 1.

THE DIPLOMATIC AND CONSULAR SYSTEM.—Mr. Mason, of Va., from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a joint resolution amending the act of March, 1855, to remodel the diplomatic and consular system of the United States. He explained that the resolution proposed to change that feature of the act which seemed to make it mandatory on the President to elevate all our foreign Ministers resident to Ministers Plenipotentiary, and to affix the salary of each mission Congress has no power to commaud, but could only recommend this to the President. Adopted.—THE NAVAL RETIRING BOARD.—Mr. Clayton, of Del., resumed his remarks on the action of the Naval Board; and in order to prove that it was no disgrace to officers to be placed on the retired list, mentioned the fact that in England the heroes of the Nile and Trafalgar were relieved from active service, and received less pay than officers of the same grade on our retired list. He replied to Mr. Houston's attacks on Com. Pendergrast, Capt. Dupont, and other naval officers. Mr. Bell, of Tenn., sustained, in the main, the proceedings of the Board, and earnestly defended Lieut. Maury from charges made in Mr. Clayton's speech. Mr. Fitzpatrick asked Mr. Bell to give way for a motion to adjourn. Messrs. Clayton and Bell were equally excited at each other's insolence, and the Senate was adjourned while they were engaged in a lively colloquy.

April 2.

Mr. Seward, of N. Y., reported the House resolution for the enlargement of the Custom House, Post Office, and Federal court building at Buffalo. Passed. THE KANE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Mr. Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a joint resolution to permit Dr. Kane, and the officers associated with him in the expedition to the Arctic seas, to accept such tokens of acknowledgement therefor as the government of Great Britain may please to present, in accordance with its wishes on the subject. After a slight discussion the matter was postponed. THE THREE MILLION ARMAMENT BILL was then taken up. Mr. Fessenden, of Me., in allusion to the enlistment question, expressed the opinion that Mr. Crampton ought to be dismissed, because, after the publication of the official correspondence, it is impossible that he can receive that respect which should be entertained for the representative of a foreign Power. He censured Senators for taking so much pains to prove that Great Britain has no good title in Central America. Great Britain does not pretend to interfere with our rights, nor to do anything conflicting with our interests, and we should wait until she gives occasion before we interpose in Central American affairs. If we expel her in that quarter, not one foot of the territory will be ours. We have no claim to it. As to giving a year's notice to Britain to vacate, and in the meantime to prepare for war, he was opposed to it. Mr. Cass, of Mich, could see no use in continually protesting, unless some more definite action be taken. He did not suppose England would retract at all, and it was not probable she would declare war against us. Why should she, when she has got all she wants? The true question is, what ought we to do? Shall we continue to submit, or shall we take a decided stand that we will enforce and maintain our rights? Great Britain has changed her grounds three times in regard to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. As fast as she is driven from one untenable position, she takes refuge in another. Mr. Butler gave notice that he should discuss the bill as a war measure. Further consideration postponed. Mr. Bell, of Tenn., alluded to the rupture between himself and Senator Clayton, yesterday. He regretted the occurrence, as it resulted from a misapprehension on his part. Mr. Clayton tendered his hand with all his heart. Adjourned.

April 3.

The bill for the relief of the widows and orphans of the officers, seamen and marines of the sloop of war Albany, was passed. CHEROKEE PENSIONS.—The joint resolution declaring the manner in which pension laws for the benefit of the Cherokee Indians shall be executed, was adopted. KANSAS AFFAIRS.—Mr. Collamer argued to show that Congress never submitted the question of Freedom or Slavery to the people of the Territories, and insisted that Congress had the power to legislate them. He defended the Emigrant Aid Societies, and read from South Carolina papers to show that the South had adopted similar measures, thus entering into competition with the North, which was altogether proper.

April 4.

Mr. Seward gave notice of his intention to introduce a bill supplementary to the Copyright law of 1821. EXTRA PAY. The Senate then considered the bill to allow extra compensation to George P. Marsh for diplomatic services on his special mission to Greece. After debate the subject was postponed. THE INDIAN BILL PASSED.—The House bill appropriating £300,000 for restoring and maintaining the peaceable disposition of the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast, and £120,000 for gunpowder was passed. KANSAS AFFAIRS.—Mr. Collamer resumed his remarks on Kansas affairs, and contended that the Missourians went into the Territory to control the elections, fearing that the Free-State men would triumph unless they interposed. He believed that 5,000 illegal votes were cast, and that the inhabitants were driven from the polls, not being permitted to vote in some districts. Mr. Douglas replied, maintaining that the purpose of the Free-State men in Kansas was to resist the Federal Government, if their application as a State was rejected. They had given notice that unless they were admitted, they would resist to a bloody issue. Yet the Senator from Vermont omitted all these facts in his two-days speech. It was a remarkable fact that the first intimation that an election was to take place in Kansas on the 30th of March came by way of Boston, through the agents of the Emigrant Aid Society.

House of Representatives.

April 1.

Bills were reported establishing land districts in Kansas and Nebraska. THE CENTRAL AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE.—Ten thousand copies of the Central American correspondence, together with that between the United States and Great Britain on the arbitration and enlistment questions, were ordered printed, as were also the same number of copies of the document on the commercial relations of the United States with all foreign nations, statistics, comparative tariffs, &c. INDIAN APPROPRIATION BILL PASSED.—The bill appropriating 300,000 for restoring and maintining the peaceable disposition of the Indian tribes on the Pacific coast, and 120,000 for the purchase of gunpowder was passed. SLAVERY IN THE TERRITORIES.—The House then went into committee of the Whole on the President's annual message, and Mr. Warner, of Georgia, vindicated the rights of the South in the common territories of the United States. Mr. Allison, of Pa., spoke in opposition to the extension of Slavery.

April 2d.

The entire session was occupied in the consideration of the Senate's amendments to the West Point, Pension and Deficiency Appropriation bills, without coming to any conclusion thereon.

April 3.

Various reports were made by Standing Committees. The House then engaged in considering the Senate's amendments to the Deficiency appropriation bill.

April 4.

Mr. Evans introduced a bill to authorize and facilitate the construction of a Northern, Southern and Central Pacific Railroad and Magnetic Telegraph Line. Referred to Select Committee.—CHALLENGING JURORS. On motion of Mr. Underwood, the Committee on Judiciary were instructed to inquire into the Expediency of regulating, and making uniform, the right of challenging jurors in criminal cases before Federal Courts. THE DEFICIENCY BILL—SLAVERY. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency bill were taken up in Committee. Mr. Smith, of Tennessee argued that the South is more Conservative than the North—hence the accession of Slave States has a tendency to strengthen the Union. Mr. Granger argued that slavery is incompatible with the constitution of the United States, and therefore illegal. That instrument, he contended, repudiates Slavery.

New York Legislature.—Senate.

April 1.

Mr. Brooks presented a remonstrance from the citizens of New York against the construction of wet basins in the East River. Mr. Bradford reported in favor of purchasing the standard works of American authors for the use of schools, Mr. Nichols introduced a bil to provide that insurance companies shall pay the expenses of commissions examining into the condition of their affairs. Bills passed.—To incorporate the Metropolitan Medical College. Authorizing the construction of a bridge over the Hudson river at Albany, by ayes 18; nays 12.

April 2.

Mr. Sickles reported from the select committee, a bill to amend the charter of New York The bill proposes—1st. A change in the legislative branch of the city government, known as the Board of Councilmen, by changing the number of the Board from 60 to 15, to be elected by districts, according to the population. 2d. Proposes a change in the Executive Department by doing away with the election of heads of departments by the people—to have one responsible executive head, and make the other subordinate heads of departments subject to him for their appointment, and for their removal for misconduct—thus restoring the principle of the charter of 1830. 3d. Proposes to reform the selection of municipal officers, by changing the time for such election from the fall to the spring—making the charter election a separate election, thus concentrating public attention upon the candidates, and removing therefrom the influence of State and national elections. The bill does not interfere with the terms of office of any officer elected by the people, but provides for a chan e as vacancies occur. The bill was ordered to a third reading, under a suspension of the rules.

April 3.

A petition was introduced from B. Brandreth, for a charter to work the silver mines leased from the State. Variours reports were brought in by Messrs. Upham, Cuyler, Ferdon, Brooks and Patterson, that of the latter being in regard to the supplementary bill to reorganize the judicial districts, giving New York an additional justice of the Supreme Court. Read a third time and passed. Mr. Petty, introduced a bill in relation to the Police Department of New York, naming six Commissioners of Police—James S. Sibley, Wm. M. Vermilye, Wm. D. Andrews, Alex. Spaulding, Wm. N. McIntyre, and Isaac Dayton, with power to appoint the Chief and entire force; the Commissioners' term of office to commence on the 1st of June 1856, but the present Chief and members of the force to hold office until their successors are appointed. The Commissioners are to hold office as follows: the two first named for three years; the two next named for four years, and the two last named for five years, at salaries of $2,500 each per annum, with a clerk at $1,500. In 1859, and every year thereafter, two Commissioners to be elected by the people, to hold office three years. The law contains the usual provisions as to the qualifications and power of the Commissioners.

Also by Mr. Petty—To amend the law relative to landlord and tenant, so as to facilitate the recovery of the premises by the landlord in case of a breach of covenant.

Assembly.

April 1.

Robert Kelly accepted the office of Regent of the University. On motion of Mr. Odell, the amendment excluding the Albany Hospital from the appropriation was stricken out, and the amendment requiring hospitals receiving appropriations to provide an apartment for persons having infectious diseases retained. The bill was then ordered to a third reading. Under the general orders, the bill authorizing the continuance of the business of individual bankers by the legatee or heir-at-law, was ordered to a third reading; also the bill to amend the charter of Brooklyn. The bill to create the county of Kent was, after a long debate, recommitted to the committee to report complete.

April 2.

The bill to provide for the distribution of the Colonial History was passed. A remonstrance was presented against the Broadway Railroad, signed by residents and property holders on Broadway. Mr. B. Smith reported against the bill creating Jones Park, New York.—Agreed to. The bill to provide for the extension of the Genesee Valley canal was ordered to a third reading. The bill to authorize the construction of two additional State Lunatic Asylums, was referred to the committee to report complete. The bill to prevent intemperance and repealing the Prohibitory law was discussed, but the third reading was cut off by adjournment.

April 3.

The House was occupied in discussing the items of the Supply bill, the Committee of Ways and Means having cut down the appropriations far below ordinary years.

April 4.

Some fifteen reports were made. Mr. Duganne presented a report from the Tenement House Committee, with a resolution to extend the powers of the committee during recess.—Laid on the table. The Temperance bill coming up for third reading, Mr. Northop's amendment, to prevent the sale of liquor in stores where merchandise and groceries are kept, was adopted, by ayes, 63; nays, 53. Mr. Duganne moved a reconsideration of the above vote; and, in doing so, he made a violent attack upon the Republican party. He charged that they were dishonest in their professions of temperance, and were desirous of throwing over the bill that they might keep the agitation of the question still in existence. They were dishonest in all their professions—mere political tricksters, desirous of keeping a moral question to use as political capital. He moved the previous question. Immense excitement ensued upon this, members jumping to their feet and calling upon Mr. Duganne to withdraw his motion for the previous question. Mr. Duganne refused, when a dozen members strove to speak at once. Mr. Pendergrast replied to Mr. Duganne, denying the charge. A motion to reconsider then prevailed by ayes 60, nays 54. Mr. Northop's original amendment was then lost by ayes 55, nays 56. Subsequently Mr. Hampton, who voted in the affirmative, found his vote recorded in the negative. This changed the result of the vote. Mr. B. Bailey appealed from the decision; but the decision of the Chair was sustained by ayes 53, nays 42. The bill was therefore recommitted. Confusion prevailed upon the announcement of the result, and motions were made to reconsider.

The Mysteries of New-York.

The Committee on Tenement Houses in New-York city after a seven days' inspection have submitted a report (which we condense) to the Assembly. In the brief space of time allotted, the members could do little more than glance "at evils of such magnitude" as demand a "thorough scrutiny."

Partial returns, made up hurriedly by the Captains of Police for the use of the Committee, show that in 22 Districts there are over 1,200 tenement houses, of the lowest description, occupied by not less than ten families each. In some of these as many as 70 different families reside, and into a few over 100 families are crowded. A number of these dwellings were visited by the Committee. In one building 112 families were gathered, some of them numbering eight or ten members, occupying one close apartment, and others huddled indiscriminately in damp, foul cellars. Here, in their very worst aspect, are to be seen the horrors of such mode of living. Here are to be found drunken and diseased adults of both sexes, lying in the midst of their filth; idiotic and crippled children suffering from neglect and ill-treatment; girls just springing into womanhood, living indiscriminately in the same apartment with men of all ages and of all colors; babes left so destitute of care and nourishment as to be fitted only for a jail or hospital in after years, if they escape the blessing of an early grave. No language could faithfully depict the suffering and misery witnessed.

In the IXth District, out of 70 houses reported by the Captain of Police as being let in tenements to not less than 10 families, 40 are designated as unfit for human habitation, and all of these are occupied by from 16 to 35 families each, In the Xth District, out of 67 houses, several are occupied by as many as 70 distinct famil es, and are reported as in a filthy condition, without ventilation, and destitute of the accommodations necessary for the use of civilized beings. In the XIth District, in which are some seventy houses of a like description the report says: "Of all the tenement houses in the District, Folsom Barracks and the Cottages are the most wretched and filthy—alike disgraceful to the owners of the property and the city that tolerates such nuisances. It could not fail to be a matter of surprise that the occupants did not all die of pestilence generated by their unspeakable filth and dissolute habits of living."

In the Thirteenth Ward, in a building known as Manhattan place, there are 96 separate apartments. These are inhabited by 146 families—or more than 1½ family to each room—numbering in all 567 persons—or about 6 individuals to each single room. The report of the Health Warden, setting forth these facts, says: "These premises are three stories high, the cellars are in a bad condition, the sinks filthy, and the ventilation poor. In the summer season these premises are known to be very filthy, and not the least attention is paid to them whatever by either owner or agent—their sole aim apparently being to make money."

In many houses visited by the committee, whites and blacks were living indiscriminately together, negro men with white women, and white men with negro women. Young faces, haggard with want, and bearing that peculiar look of premature age imparted by early sin, peered at them from every corner; misery and vice, in most repulsive features, met them at every step. Scarcely an apartmeut was free from sickness and disease, and the blighting curse of drunkenness had fallen on almost every family. Here and there might be found, it is true, some attempt at cleanliness, some display of a love of home, some evidence of industry and sobriety, with the internal accompaniments of cheerfulness and good health. But these were in most instances families that had not long been inhabitants of the neighborhoods in which they lived. The demoralization and ruin apparent all round had not had time to do their work on them. It is to be feared that too soon the miasmal air will creep into their systems, undermining the sturdy constitution, and prostrating its victims on a bed of sickness.

Many of the buildings thus rented to the poor realize to their owners larger annual incomes than do the first class dwelling-houses in the best parts of the city. And yet they are estimated by the Assessors as almost valueless, and escape anything like a fair taxation, notwithstanding they are the principal cause of the heavy burdens imposed upon the citizens of New York for the support of the criminal and the poor. This is of itself a forcible argument in favor of some active legislation upon the subject of tenement houses. Every underground cellar in these tenement buildings that is not absolutely flooded by water and filth, is made a lodging-room for one or more wretched families. All of these are destitute of any species of ventilation. One of the provisions of a law regulating these matters should be directed against permitting an underground apartment of any description to be rented as a tenement. It would be unnecessary to present in detail the various suggestions made by practical builders, and by the police and health officers of New York, who appeared before the Committee, in reference to the best method of effecting the reform in the construction and management of tenement houses. It is sufficient to say, that they all concurred in recommending legislative action at the earliest possible moment, and that they were unanimous in the opinion that only through the passage of some law regulating the style of tenement buildings, and providing for their management, could the existing

evils be properly reached or remedied. In the views of these parties the entire New York press has concurred. From the foul atmosphere of the tenement houses spring the infectious diseases that so frequently spread through the city.

Hundreds upon hundreds of paupers pour into the hospitals, stricken by disease contracted in these hotbeds of pestilence. From them drunkenness mainly receives its victims; for what will sooner drive man to the intoxicating cup than an absence of all attraction and all comfort from his home? From them the brothels of the city are peopled; for there the female is early taught to forget all womanly feeling, and inured to a life of shame. From them the jails are supplied; for they are the natural haunts of felons. It is no idle assertion to say that a reform by which the condition of the homes of the poor could be improved would remove a large proportion of the criminals from our prisons and the paupers from our almshouses.

The practical results which the committee will endeavor to secure through legislative action are:

Ventilation and cleanliness in tenement houses, so thar the public health may be protected, the spread of infectious diseases checked, and the expenses of public hospitals and almshouses decreased.

An enactment against permitting the renting of underground apartments or cellars as tenements.

Regulations as to the building of halls and stairways in houses occupied by more than three families, so as to insure easy egress in case of fire.

The prevention of prostitution and incest, by providing that only a sufficient number of rooms, or a room properly divided into separate apartments, shall be rented to families, and by prohibiting sub-letting.

The prevention of drunkenness, by providing to every man a clean and comfortable home.

In conclusion, your committee would state that as they are all residents of New York, or its immediate neighborhood, the expenses attending their labors during the recess would be comparatively trifling, and they therefore beg respectfully to submit, for the consideration of the House, the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Special Committee appointed to examine into the condition of the tenement houses in New York and Brooklyn, have power to extend their operations, during the recess of the Legislature, so far as is necessary to enable them to perfect some plan of reform, and to prepare a bill for the consideration of the next House of Assembly; and that they be required to present their report and bill to the next Legislature some time during the first week of January, 1857.

JOHN M. REED, Chairman, WILLIAM J. SHEA,
A. J. H. DUGANNE, ELI CURTIS,
SAMUEL BREVOORT, Committee.

Albany, April 4.

City News.

Gideon A. Worth, President of the City Bank of this city died, on Thursday morning, of inflammation of the lungs, in the 73d year of his age. Mr. Worth was born in Hudson, and began life as a merchant's clerk, in that city; he then became clerk in the Bank of Hudson; afterwards cashier of the Mechanics' and Farmers' Bank of Albany; then cashier of the United States Branch Bank of Cincinnati; and afterwards held the same position in the Tradesmen's Bank of this city, from which he was transferred to the City Bank, with which institution he was connected as cashier and president for over thirty years. Mr. Worth was a man of marked financial ability, and was much esteemed amongst those who knew him best. He employed his leisure hours in literary compositions, though none of his productions, we believe, were ever published. Mr. Worth's ancestors came from Nantucket, and were among those who founded the city of Hudson. One of his sisters was the mother of John W. Edmonds, of this city, and another the mother of T. W. Olcott, of Albany. The deceased leaves four sons and two daughters.

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, on the 3d inst., the following resolutions, introduced by Mr. Caleb Barstow, were passed:

Resolved, That this Chamber learns with regret that the efforts to procure a modification of the usury laws have failed.

Resolved, That the opinion of the Chamber remains unchanged as to the great need of the relaxation asked for in these laws, and that the Chamber recommends a continuance of unremitting efforts to disseminate information as to the evil influence of stringent usury laws upon the great financial movements of this State.

Almost every night we hear of new cases of dresses injured by the malicious and stealthy operations of a villain, or gang of villains, who throw vitriol by night indiscriminately over the garments of ladies in our thoroughfares. Hitherto these wretches have been treated with leniency and regarded rather as maniacs than as criminals. It must be remembered, however, that all crime is a mania, and that the deeper and more malignant the injury and the less the temptation the more it approaches the madness of a demoniac nature. The great end is to exercise the fiendish propensity and dispel the perverse hallucination which makes evil its god. We hope that the wretches may be discovered and dealt with so that the propensity to this form of secret crime may be effectually nipped.—*Daily News.*

Mr. E. M. Hendrickson of Brooklyn has invented a lock designed for the doors of Safes and Banks, which materially differs from any thing of the kind ever before in use. The central portion of the lock is a cylinder, which revolves with the key. The key, instead of maintaining one fixed form, is made to contain a portion of the mechanism, and, when pressed into its place, extends three or four slender arms to touch as many levers. These levers catch in the side of the main bolt or bolts, and prevent the unlocking, unless they are all worked at the same moment.

A correspondent of the *Daily Times*, thinks that the present is an excellent opportunity for Judge Edmonds or any other spiritualist or prophet to show proof of his claims, by giving information of the Pacific. The writer reminds us that, "No sooner had the full details of the Arctic catastrophe been published and read by every one, than the public were favored with an account of Judge Edmonds' interview, on the evening succeeding that disaster, with the spirits of those who then perished."

A SINGULAR SUICIDE—MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER.—Cornelius C. McAuliffe, well-known as the proprietor of the news and periodical depot in the Rotunda of the Astor House, committed suicide on Friday night, at his boarding-house, No. 7 Varick street, by partaking of some of the oil of bitter almonds. Mr. McAuliffe was a man of winning manners and was much respected. He was 36 years of age, and a native of Ireland, where, for some years, he was engaged in commercial pursuits. The following letter from the deceased, addressed to his friend Coroner Connery, gives all that is known of the cause of the rash act:

NEW-YORK, Monday, March 3, 1856.

To Coroner Connery:

DEAR SIR: Believing that a man has the right of disposing of his own life as he may deem proper, he does so without injury to others, and when he has no one for whom he is bound to provide, I have determined to retire from this world, and this communication is to prevent any misapprehension as to the cause of my death. No one is aware of my intentions; he through whom I have procured the poison I have deceived—he is, therefore, altogether innocent. The reason of my determination is simply this, that some years ago I formed an attachment, unfortunately loving not wisely but too well. The object of my idolatry proved unworthy of my affections, but this could not alter me, nor weaken the spell that bound me to her. I have used every exertion in my power to obliterate her image, but in vain. I find, after change of scene, &c., nothing can effect the purpose, and it is altogether out of the question that I ever could love another woman. I am, indeed, desolate! No home, nor anything resembling it. The four walls of a bedroom, when I retire at night! What is there, then, to toil for? Fruitless, unproductive! what good am I to society and to myself? None; I am only in somebody's way, therefore I shall retire.

I well know how many worthy friends will be horrified at this step, as they will regard it in the light of "flying in the face of Providence"—going into the presence of God uncalled, unsent for. I respect their ideas, although I do not coincide with them. The great Creator of the Universe knows the secrets of all hearts, and

"Sees as equal Lord of all
A hero perish or a sparrow fall."

I desire to be buried in the plainest manner, and at as little cost as possible. I cannot conclude without expressing the deep sense of obligation I am under to Messrs. Coleman & Stetson, of the Astor House, for their great kindness to me; and my grateful acknowledgments are due also to their employees, from whom I have received nothing but kindness.

I have written a statement of my affairs addressed to Mr. Butler, but I do not wish it published, as it would only gratify idle curiosity, and I presume this letter will answer all the ends of public justice in reference to the cause of my death, &c.

In conclusion, I beg to say that I am at peace with all mankind, and if I have any enemies I freely forgive them, and hope I shall be forgiven by those I may have injured.

Wishing you every happiness, and asking nothing of the world but the charity of its silence,

I am, dear sir, respectfully,
CORNELIUS C. MCAULIFFE.

An inquest was held on the body on Saturday. The jury rendered a verdict of death by suicide.

The remains of the deceased were yesterday interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

The trial of the "Nicaraguan Filibusters" is set down for the present term of the United States District Court, which opened on Monday, 7th inst. Messrs. O'Keefe and Male were discharged from bail on their own recognizances to appear at trial. Mr. Creighton, under bail of $2,000, was prevented from returning from Nicaragua, whither he went three steamers since, by missing the last return steamer A. J. Morri on and Wm. S. Lyster have, since their arrests, been to Nicaragua, and now hold commissions in Gen. Walker's army. Those in New York waiting trial are George B. Hall, Addison Farnsworth, Charles Walters, and B. S. Dillingham, private secretary of Col. French. They have engaged as counsel Ogden Hoffman, Francis B. Cutting, William West, Alfred A. Phillips and Thomas Van Buren. Capt. Tinklepaugh, at present of the Orizaba, and formerly of the Northern Light, and Mr. Fowler, first engineer of the Northern Light, together with Joseph L. White, Esq., counsel for the Accessory Transit Company, are also to be tried this term on charges of having resisted the United States authorities at the time of the detention of the Northern Light.

Miscellany.

THE TENNESSEE VALLEY.—The railroad in progress from Gadsden to Guntersville, Alabama, is, as we learn from the Huntsville *Advocate*, in a more forward state than we were before aware of. The aid received from the State, by the appropriation of a portion of the two per cent. fund, will enable the company to grade the whole road. Eight miles of the grading are already completed, and eight more under contract. The *Advocate* thinks that the connection with the Selma and Tennessee Railroad will be effected in two years; and when this is accomplished, the long talked of and desired connection of the Mobile bay and Tennessee river will have been effected, and the cotton and other valuable produce of the Tennessee valley will doubtless be sent to Mobile and Charleston, instead of taking the circuitous route by the river to New Orleans. There is also, as we have before noticed, an effort on foot to build a railroad from West Point to connect with these roads, at Oxford, we believe. Should this last enterprise succeed (and the spirit manifested induces us to hope that it will,) our own facilities of communication with the Valley of the Tennessee will be greatly improved.—*Columbus Sun.*

A MODEL BANKER.—The Postmaster of Chicago, it is said, has been dabbling extensively in the whiskey trade and wild-cat banking business, being the principal owner of a saloon and wild-cat bank. But the charter election drew so heavily upon the latter, that it collapsed soon after, leaving his credulous depositors minus about $35,000. He and his friends have been engaged, for some days, in attempting to ascertain whether a "bank," like "truth," "when crushed to earth will rise again." They have determined, as we learn from the *Chicago Democrat*, to distribute its assets, *pro rata*, to the depositors and other creditors. It appears that $35,000 of its funds have been loaned to his saloon, upon his own endorsement, and $25,000 more to himself. The whole assets of the defunct bank, including this sum of $50,000, amount to $85,000. Its liabilities amount to $120,000. Only $85,000 have been accounted for, leaving a deficit of $35,000.

The Cooperstown *Journal* speaks of several failures in that and adjoining counties, of parties in the butter and cheese business, under circumstances which lead to the belief that fraud has been practiced.

FOREIGN COINS IN CLEVELAND.—By a notice given of all the banks and bankers of Cleveland, it will be seen that the following value is to be given to the foreign silver currency in that city:—On and after Tuesday, April 1, 1856, the following foreign coins will be received at rates annexed:—

The Spanish, Mexican and South American shilling, or real,	10 cents.
The Spanish sixpence,	5 do.
The Spanish pistareen,	15 do.
German guilder,	35 do.
German half guilders,	15 do.
French two franc pieces,	35 do.
French one franc pieces,	15 do.
French half franc pieces,	8 do.

DEATH OF COMMODORE MCKEEVER.—A telegraphic dispatch reached this city yesterday morning, from Norfolk, announcing the death of Commodore Isaac McKeever. Commodore McK. was born in the State of Pennsylvania, and entered the naval service from Louisiana, on the 1st of February, 1809. He received a captain's commission on the 8th of December, 1838. At the time of his death he stood fifth number eight on the list of captains.—*Union.*

Gov. Clark, on learning from the highest medical authority that Dr. Robert M. Graham, who was convicted, more than a year ago, of killing Mr. Loring in a personal rencontre at the St. Nicholas Hotel, is so ill that longer imprisonment would have resulted fatally, granted a pardon on the 4th inst.

The Germans of Elizabethtown, N. J., have organized a club for the purpose of instructing its members in the duties and obligations of American citizens, and in the rights and privileges secured to them by the Constitution. It is not intended to be a secret organization.

A LONG AND RAPID VOYAGE.—The ship Boston Light, Capt. Collagan, from Shanghae, which arrived here on the 26th ult., was absent for fourteen months and twenty-six days, and has sailed during that period, as per log, 46,320 miles, or about double the circumference of the earth, and, in addition, has received and discharged two cargoes.

The new license act in Pennsylvania, passed both Houses, will have the effect of reducing the number of taverns in Philadelphia to about 900, and restaurants to about 225. It will no doubt be signed by the Governor, and may therefore be considered a law.

A notorious convict, named Jack Simpson, succeeded in making his escape, on the 5th inst., from the State Prison at Sing Sing, where he had been confined on conviction of burglary.

The State Legislature of Kentucky has passed a law suppressing billiard and Jenny Lind tables and ten pin alleys. There is some excitement in Louisville about it, among those interested.

The Salem (Mass.) *Gazette* says, that the journeymen carpenters of that city having voted to raise their prices, and the employers not having agreed to the same, the journeymen are now on "a strike."

The American *Organ*, at Washington, announces that Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop, with other distinguished whigs whose names it gives, "are content with Fillmore and Donelson," and "will take the field under the American banner."

The Superintendent of Public Libraries in Indiana has ordered about a thousand copies of Holbrook's "Ten Years Among the Mailbags," to be placed in the various libraries in that State.

The Cleveland *Herald* hoists the name of Col. Fremont as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and endorses him in a leading column.

GERMAN EMIGRATION TO KANSAS.—The plan of the Turner-Bund, to found a German colony in the West, appears to meet with favor, and if we mistake not, a committee has already been appointed to locate the colony. We do not learn that any particular State or Territory has been decided upon. Why should not, just at this juncture, the Territory of Kansas be selected? Will not the Germans, and especially the robust and freedom-loving young men who compose the Turners, contribute their mite to secure the triumph of freedom in Kansas? Or do some still entertain the idea that in this country one must surround himself with a Chinese wall, to prevent the intrusion of other nationalities? We can scarcely believe that Germans of principle could feel happy in a colony observing a cloister-like seclusion from the world. Such a life they should leave to religious sects, like the Shakers, the Millerites and others. But freedom and her defenders must seek the light of day, must strive and struggle, and cannot live in seclusion. On the fruitful prairies of Kansas liberty is to be established, and it will be an honor to the Germans if they can say: "We too have done our duty."—*Illinois Staats Zeitung.*

The St. Louis *Democrat* of the 26th ult. says that a pioneer party, consisting of numerous members of the Vegetarian and Octagon Settlement Companies, after making considerable purchases in that city, are proceeding up the Missouri river to Kansas this week, with a view to commence a new settlement.

The "James H. Lucas" arrived yesterday from the Missouri river, crowded with passengers. Among them, we hear, was Col. Lane, elected as a Senator to Congress from the State of Kansas, by the sham Legislature which recently held a week's session at Topeka, and then adjourned to the 15th of July, to see what would "turn up." He is on his way to Washington. Gov. Charles Robinson, of State government notoriety, is a passenger on the "Omaha," with, it is presumed, an Eastern destination. Kansas was as quiet as any other section of the country up to Monday last. The District Court for the Territory of Kansas, it is stated, will meet at Lecompton on the first Monday of April. At that time the case of the members of the bogus Legislature, and of the mock Governor and other State officers, will be presented for the consideration of the Grand Jury. Under the laws of the Territory now in existence, it will be strange if all these men are not indicted. That their arrest will follow, if they do not make their escape from the Territory, is equally certain.—*St. Louis Republican, March 29.*

FROM NEW MEXICO.—Col. Savery, Mr. Bransford, Mr. Rees and several other gentlemen, have recently arrived in St. Louis, from New Mexico. They report the Indians as quiet, and a better prospect for peace among the hostile tribes, who have heretofore been a terror to the plains, than ever before. Indeed, the Indians may be said to be sueing for *peace* and *forgiveness.* There is news of any particular interest in New Mexico. The winter has been the hardest one ever experienced there, and the upon the plains have suffered quite severely. The Arkansas is reported to be frozen to the bottom. A number of merchants from New Mexico are already in our city, and others are expected, to lay in their stock of goods for the season. The purchases this season will be very heavy.

The *Post* is out in a formidable three-decker of an in every chase of the re-nomination of Franklin Pierce for the

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Special Notices.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE SIXTH VOLUME—NEW SERIES OF THE

UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW,

For 1856.

The United States Democratic Review, established in 1838, entered upon the Sixth Volume of its new series the first January, 1856.

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The urgent demand for something in its character, firm, uniform, and reliable, upon national questions, above the sectional squabbles of individuals, and always true to the great end of the party organization, viz., the dissemination and support of the pure principles of national Democracy—affords a wide field of usefulness; and we rely upon the Democracy of the Union for our support.

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POSTMASTERS ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED TO ACT AS AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

All communications to be addressed to Lloyd and Campbell, 252 Broadway, New York.

The friends of the late Richard Walsh, formerly Publisher of the *Honest Truth*, and subsequently Secretary to the New-York Irish Emigrant Aid Society, are requested to meet at the EAGLE DRILL ROOMS, cor. Christie and DeLancy streets, on NEXT MONDAY EVENING, at 8 o'clock, to make some provision for his destitute widow and family.

Catholic Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Settlements.—Office No. 8 Chamber street, (over East River Bank.) Open from 9 to 4.

J. G. MOYLAN, Sec., *pro tem.*

The New-York Young Men's Roman Catholic Benevolent Association.—At a meeting of this Association, held on Wednesday, 2d inst., the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted,

Whereas, it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from our midst, in a life of usefulness, ere he had arrived at the years of manhood, our late brother, Michael Phalen, thus depriving his widowed parent of her chief consolation in her declining years, his brother and sisters of his affection, and our society of one of its brightest ornaments, whose actions were always marked with a modest simplicity, yet with firmness; and whereas, in his removal we recognise the will of an all-wise Providence, and bow, with humble submission to his infinite decrees, therefore, be it

Resolved, That while we bow with patient resignation to our great loss, we extend to his bereaved relatives our heartfelt sympathies, and pray that the Almighty will endow them with grace to bear with resignation this, their great affliction.

JEREMIAH QUINLAN,
JOHN J. SCULLY,
DENNIS J. CONLEY, } Committee.

Post Office.—NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. Steamer ATLANTIC, will close at this office on *Saturday*, the 12th day of April, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

New-York Catholic Library Association.—A public meeting of the above named Association, will be held in the Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, on Tuesday Evening, April 15th, at 8 o'clock. Dr. O. A. Brownson, and J. A. McMasters, Esq., will be present and address the meeting.

D. QUINN, Cor. Sec.

The Catholic public are invited to attend.

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 8 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

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COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE, NEW YORK, April 4, 1856.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That on Monday, the 14th day of April, 1856, at 10 o'clock, A. M., I shall proceed to draw Panels of Jurors for the following Courts to be held in and for the City and County of New York, on the first Monday of May next, viz.:

A panel of one hundred jurors for a Supreme Court.

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VOL. I. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1856. NO. 2.

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COMPLETION OF THE SIXTH YEAR.

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FOR MAY.

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Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

April 7.—Mr. Mason, from Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a resolution to the effect that no further legislation is necessary in order to put an end to the treaty with Denmark, regulating the Sound Dues. The subject was made the special order for the 4th inst. Mr. Cass—I desire to present a memorial from persons composing the self-styled Legislature of Kansas, and move its reference to the Committee on Territories. Mr. Seward—Which of them? Mr. Cass—The Honorable Senator understands just as well as if I told him. After some further discussion, Mr. Seward withdrew his question. The subject was laid aside, and the Bounty Land bill taken up, which was also set aside, after an argument by Mr. Foot in favor of its passage.

Mr. Geyer addressed the Senate on Kansas affairs, saying that his position in the Senate, as the sole representative of the State of Missouri would not permit him to decline participation in the debate. He engaged in it as a work of necessity, rather than inclination. He proceeded to consider the constitutional aspect of the slavery question, contending that the power of Congress to make all needful rules and regulations in regard to the Territory and other property of the United States extends to the public domain only, and not to the domestic affairs or institutions of the Territory. Without concluding, Mr. Geyer gave way to a motion to adjourn.

April 8.—Mr. Pearce reported a bill to remit and refund duties on goods, wares, and merchandise destroyed by fire. Mr. Seward said the same was bill passed by the Senate last session, but failed in the House for want of time. Passed. Mr. Sumner introduced a bill supplementary to the act to limit the liabilities of ship-owners. Mr. Mason introduced a bill to make further provision for the satisfaction of Virginia land-warrants. Mr. Geyer on Kansas affairs expressed the opinion that, had it not been for the Emigrant Aid Societies, Kansas would be a Free State. But the South, having been stimulated by the attempt of the North to shape the destiny of that Territory, would in all probability maintain the present Southern ascendency therein. He quoted from the Massachusetts Personal Liberty bill, unfavorably contrasting some of its provisions with the laws of the Kansas Legislature, against which so much has been said by Senators on the other side.

April 9.—A number of bills from the Court of Claims making appropriations for certain claims, were passed. The question of printing the memorial of the Kansas Legislature, presented by Mr. Cass, was taken up. Mr. Butler opposed the motion. Mr. Mason moved it be laid on the table. Mr. Seward then addressed the Senate at considerable length. The *Tribune* correspondent says: "It was listened to with profound interest, especially by the pro-slavery members. The galleries were crowded, and the House was for a time without a quorum, so many members had come into the Senate Chamber to hear the speech."

April 10.—After a slight discussion as to the printing of the memorial from the members of the Free State Legislature of Kansas, Mr. Hamlin desired that the memorial might be printed for his own information, so he could act understandingly on the question of the admission of Kansas under the present State Constitution. He thought the striking parallel which could be found to the treatment Senators were inclined to bestow on this memorial, by laying it on the table or rejecting it, was the conduct of Lord North, when the petitions of the North American colonies were laid before the British Parliament. Mr. Butler replied that if the motion to print this Kansas memorial prevail, he should regard it as the greatest contempt ever offered to the South. Mr. Hale believed the refusal to admit Kansas as a State, would leave her a State out of the Union, and quoted the case of the admission of Missouri to prove that position. Mr. Douglas replied, saying this was not a parallel case. Congress had passed a law authorizing the people of Missouri to form a Constitution and a State Government, preparatory to admission into the Union. In the present instance the proceedings of the Topeka Convention were not only unauthorized by Congress, but were revolutionary and rebellious. He could not recognize Kansas as a State either in or out of the Union, in consequence of anything they had done without authority of law. Mr. Yulee said that under the rules of the Senate, the memorial could not be printed. The Chair decided that the motion to print must to go to the Committee on Printing. Mr. Butler was unwilling the memorial should take that course. Mr. Cass explained that, in presenting the memorial, he by no means endorsed its statements. He had always made it a principle to present every petition which he had been asked to present. Messrs. Trumbull and Bayard entered into the general question of Kansas matters.

April 11.—The Senate passed forty-eight private bills, including one for the relief of the officers and soldiers of the army who sustained losses by the San Francisco and Winfield Scott steamboat disasters.

House of Representatives.

April 7.—Mr. Bingham, from the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution declaring vacant the seat of the Eighth District of Illinois, claimed by Mr. P. B. Foulke; also, that Mr. S. S. Marshall, the sitting member from the Ninth District of the same State, was elected over Mr. L. J. B. Forney. Consideration of the Committee's report was postponed. Mr. Mace, by unanimous consent, presented the Constitution of Kansas, together with a memorial of the new Legislature of Kansas on the subject. Referred to the Committee on Territories. Mr. Mace's motion to print 10,000 copies, was referred to the Committee on Printing. In Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, the deficiency appropriation bill being in order, Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, made a speech on political affairs, calling on the democratic party and the conservatives of the North, to crush the aggressive spirit of fanaticism directed against the South. Mr. Millson spoke in favor of appropriating $1,000 for filling up and grading the grounds belonging to the Custom House building at Norfolk, Va. Mr. Pelton, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill authorizing the President to cause to be procured a suitable steamer to be stationed at New York as a revenue cutter to afford relief to distressed vessels. Referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. On motion of Mr. Humphrey Marshall, the Committee on Foreign Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of declaring the engagement of American vessels in the Chinese Coolie trade to be illegal, and a sufficient cause of forfeiture to the captors of the ship engaged therein. On motion of Mr. Pringle, it was resolved that the President be requested to communicate what information he may possess in regard to citizens of the United States being engaged in the slave trade, or in the transportation in American ships of coolies from China to Cuba and other countries, with the intention of placing or continuing them in a state of slavery or servitude, and whether such traffic is not, in his opinion, a violation of the spirit of existing treaties, rendering those engaged in it liable to indictment for piracy; and especially that he be requested to communicate to this House the facts and circumstances attending the shipment from China of some 500 coolies in the ship Sea Witch, of the city of New York, lately wrecked on the coast of Cuba. Some changes on Standing Committees having been made the House adjourned.

April 8.—The Deficiency Appropriation bill pending, Mr. Zollicoffer replied to his colleague, Mr. Smith, in justification of his vote for a new American platform in the Philadelphia Convention. Mr. Hugnaton argued against the extension of Slavery. Mr. Waldron earnestly condemned the violation of the Missouri restrictions, and expressed, as his opinion, that the rights of the people of Kansas had been usurped by invaders, and the government designed for their protection to be made an instrument for their oppression. Mr. Boyce argued that Great Britain had violated our neutrality laws, in the enlistment case. We should insist by negotiation for reparation, which will be forthcoming when a future British Administration attain power; for the present, one cannot make reparation without condemning itself. He objected to Great Britain's pretence to the Mosquito Protectorate and occupation of Ruatan. War was not a remedy for the settlement of the question, our policy being peace.

April 9.—The Deficiency Appropriation bill was taken up. Mr. Shorter contended that Massachusetts, by her conduct relative to the Fugitive Slave law, has placed herself outside of the pale of the Constitution, and ought not to be represented here. He said the South had been victimized every time she had compromised with the North. He hoped, therefore, that no further attempt of that kind would be made. If the Republican party should triumph in the next Presidential election, the Union would be destroyed. The Conservative Democracy alone could save us. The Senate's amendment appropriating nearly $50,000 for engravings, maps and drawings accompanying the report of the explorations and surveys to determine the route for a Pacific railroad, was discussed. The question of extravagance was dilated upon in this connection, one gentleman saying the printing and engraving of this will cost $1,000,000, while others thought such large outlays would have a tendency to prejudice the construction of the road. An ineffectual effort was made to confine the appropriation within proper limits, excluding illustrations fitted only to adorn books of travel and natural history.

April 10.—The resolution from the Committee on Elections, declaring P. B. Foulke to be not the duly elected member from the 8th Congressional District of Illinois, was taken up and discussed. The resolution was adopted, there being but nine votes in the negative. The resolution declaring Samuel S. Marshall, the sitting member from the 9th district of Illinois, elected over Mr. Turney, was also passed. Messrs. Foulke and Turney were allowed per diem and mileage to date. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Appropriation Bill were then further considered in committee. Without concluding, the committee rose, and the House adjourned.

April 11.—The bill to compensate ex-minister John S. Pendleton for extra diplomatic services, was passed, together with a number of other private bills.

Adjournment of the New-York Legislature.

From the Albany Argus, April 11.

The adjournment of the Legislature Wednesday night was a scene. Both houses had, some days previous, agreed to adjourn at 10 P. M. As the pressure seemed to require it, the Senate proposed to prolong the session till Friday—for twenty-four hours—even for six hours. The House not only refused, but consumed the time by wasteful debate on the subject. The Appropriation bill passing into the hands of the Assembly, they refused to relinquish it, though the Senate asked for it, for the purpose, it is said, of receding from their amendments. In that event, the bill would have gone to the Governor and become a law. But the House was determined to defeat the bill, and to force the necessity for an extra session. The Supply bill shared the same fate. Among the other bills lost were the Assembly Apportionment, Senate District, and Judicial District bills, the Canal Superintendent bill, the Temperance and License bills, the State Lunatic Asylum bill, the Stockbridge Indian bill, the Charles Watson Contract bill (for Sing Sing convict labor), the Railroad Commissioner Repeal bill, the New-York City Charter and Police bills, the State Arsenal bill, the New-York Park bill and City Hall bill, the Schuyler County bill, and Kent County, and all other new county projects. The Broadway bill was killed before the close of the session, as were some other projects, though these will undoubtedly be revived if there is an extra session; and it was the hope of this event that animated all those interested in defeated schemes, to bring about the crisis and its supposed necessity.

In the Senate, when the hour arrived for adjournment, Mr. Barr was speaking in behalf of his claim to a seat. His eloquence was cut off midway by the advent of the hour. So that plot has failed.

There were some 900 bills on the calendar of the Assembly, of which 400 had passed to a third reading. The people have escaped with only 200. They are fortunate in this.

The failure of the appropriation bills will affect only the fiscal year beginning October 1, 1856, until which time provision is made by the law of last year. From that date, until the Legislature takes further action, the State stops payment.

The Governor has refused to call an extra session, and will probably adhere to his determination. He has made a political point of it, and will probably not be disposed to relinquish the advantage.

The State officers will doubtless be embarrassed in the conduct of the government, by the refusal of the representative body to "vote the supplies." But the fault is not with their opponents. The Senate exceeded its duty in its desire to pass these necessary laws; and in the House, the Speaker, by an unprecedented stretch of courtesy, had given them the Committee of Ways and Means. The main questions of government were in their own hands.

Who is responsible for the untimely end of the Legislature? We do not know that any one need excuse himself from complicity in "its taking off," but we suppose it may be ascribed to a chance-medley. Members of all parties were busy with it, in its last hours, with evidently fatal intent.

It has terminated, and we congratulate the people on its end. It was an ill-constituted and irresponsible body, of whose action it was impossible to predict anything with any certainty, subject to combinations and intrigues, swayed by dictation, and showing vacillation of purpose of which there are few parallels.

It was, perhaps, necessary that the people should see exhibited thus publicly the weakness and folly of the political parties that now stand between them and the administration of State, before restoring the democratic rule. Certain it is, that this session is the prelude to a long reign of democracy in the councils of New-York.

From the Albany Journal, April 10.

The State Legislature adjourned at 10 o'clock last evening, pursuant to a concurrent resolution adopted four weeks since, leaving nearly all the public business, much general legislation, and most of the half-matured local bills, as unfinished business. The Canal Appropriation bills are the only measures of a public nature passed into laws. The Supply bill did not reach its third reading in the House. The Appropriation bill, having been amended in the Senate, was laid on the table in the Assembly, where the Apportionment bill, passed by the Senate, also lies. Scarcely more than two hundred laws were enacted. Last year's statute book contains over five hundred enactments.

In no former year in our history has the legislature failed to discharge its more important functions. Hitherto the public business has been either well or ill done. The State government has, for the first time, come to a stand still.

The responsibility for this condition of things rests with and upon the House of Assembly, the Senate having, during the whole session, kept its calendar, whether the business originated there or in the Assembly, clear.

The House was unfortunately constituted. With three political parties nearly equal in strength, three weeks were occupied in its organization. Another week was lost by a recess. All this time, however, would have been made up if the cause which delayed the organization had not delayed and embarrassed business. The House did not lack ability or industry; but it never got into working order.

The two houses adjourned without the usual interchange or messages between the Executive and themselves; nor was the usual committee to examine the treasury, bank department, &c., appointed by the Assembly.

Of the bills that have become laws the only ones of very great importance that now occur to us are the two Canal Appropriation bills, two bills amending the statutes relating to public instruction and the support of schools, the Albany Bridge bill, the New-York City Tax bill. Doubtless many other bills of considerable importance have become laws, but it is still true that most of them are local and unimportant enactments.

Presidential Prospects.

The American State Council of Wisconsin have thrown Fillmore overboard, and recommended Speaker Banks for the Presidency.

It is said that Speaker Banks declines being the "Republican" candidate for President. Hopes are still entertained, however, that Abby Kelly will consent to run.—*Daily News.*

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* says that Douglas' Kansas report should be adopted as the Democratic "text-book of the campaign."

The Goshen *Independent Republican*, reviewing the Presidential field, concludes thus:

But while we take encouragement for our cause, we look for consistent and genial counsels and decisions from the Democracy in State and National councils. With a standard bearer who has been loyal and bold as a politician and statesman, who by his career can link the memories of the past to his banner as a ground of confidence for future Democratic successes, the National Democracy have no political enemies whom they cannot, with a worthy zeal, meet and overcome.

A correspondent of the Washington *Union*, who subscribes himself "An Old Whig," says:

Let not the Whigs be humbled because their party has been swallowed. The whale swallowed Jonah; Jonah was heard of afterwards, the whale never.

Maj. Donelson is called "the greasy Tennessean." Greasy as he is, says the New Albany *Ledger*, a good many Know Nothings find it very hard to swallow him.

The *Pennsylvanian* and some other journals are classing Maryland—some for Mr. Buchanan and some for Mr. Pearce. The fact is, Maryland will go into the Cincinnati Convention unpledged to any one, prepared to sustain the nominee of that Convention, whether he shall be one of the distinguished gentlemen above named, or any other good Democrat. The intemperate zeal manifested by the friends of particular candidates is not favorable to the union and harmony of the party.—*Cecil Democrat.*

The Rochester *Union* (Soft) is fighting Mr. Buchanan, and quoting his Berks letter to prove him opposed to the Kansas principle.

The Chicago *Democrat*, edited by Hon. John Wentworth says: We are now satisfied that neither Mr. Pierce, Mr. Buchanan, nor Judge Douglas can get the nomination. They may all three get a majority of the convention on different ballots, but there will be one third that will be very likely to checkmate either of the three. There is every probability that the party will have to go into the woods again to pick out a new stick, and the chances are some Southern man will be nominated, and if slavery is to be the issue, it is right that a Southern man should be the standard bearer.

Union of New York and Kings County.—Senator C. P. Smith recently introduced a bill providing for the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn and County of Kings. He proposed it now, he said, for consideration, and, next session, will advocate it all in his power. His plan is as follows:

"The Corporation of New York to appoint ten freeholders, Corporation of Brooklyn four freeholders, and the towns in the County of Kings, by the Supervisors and the Justices of the Peace, to appoint one freeholder, who together shall constitute a Board of Commissioners. The Commissioners to mature a plan of consolidation of the several territories, to be called the City of New York—such plan to set forth the relative value of taxation; the general division into wards; the proposed method of government; election and appointment to officers; the terms on which the consolidation shall be made; having reference to a plan of retaining the present county of Kings as a recording district, (as to deeds, &c.,) probate district, collection district, (as to taxes and assessments,) fire departments, and the towns to remain as rural districts and liable to taxation for county purposes only, repair of roads, &c. At a general election the question of consolidation to be submitted to the legal voters."

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, the Democratic organ in that city, opposes consolidation with New York.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, March 22nd, 1856.

I hope it's not too late to send you a word for your second number. My first, of course, you have received, and published. I'm longing to see how I look in print, as a correspondent. You'll send me a bundle of the *News*, and, one of these days, I'll send you a budget of fun.

Since I last wrote to you, the most important event that has taken place in Ireland has been the expulsion of the *Nation*, the *Tablet*, and the *Telegraph*, from the Reading-room of the Catholic Young Men's Society of this city. The expulsion was by order of His Grace, the Most Rev. Paul Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin. The *Nation*, in a spunky leading article, entitled, *The Index in Ireland*, informs the public of the event, assigning as the only possible reason for the episcopal interdiction it has incurred, the fact of its having published the speech of Archdeacon Fitzgerald, delivered at a Tenant-right meeting, in Rathkeale, the other day. In this speech, alluding to Father Tom O'Shea, and some other priests, being forbidden by their Bishops to meddle any further in politics, the Archdeacon expressed himself very independently, giving the Bishops to understand that, in the sight of God, the poorest curate was as good as the lordliest of them. The Rev. Mr. Mulligan communicated his Grace's pleasure and displeasure to the Society, and the Society passed a vote accordingly. The *Telegraph*, it appears, was discontinued merely from an affectation on the part of this very dutiful Society to keep up an appearance of impartiality.

Next to this, the result of the Parliamentary contest in Ross is the most entertaining topic on the table. Reddington, I told you, was beaten. The excitement was furious. The Lords and Gentlemen of Dublin Castle ordered down a troop of Lancers, and 150 men of the 69th Regiment. Then there was a contingent of mounted Police, the uniform of which, by-the-by, I often said would set off a squadron or two of Irish national Hussars to the brightest advantage. The liberal papers exult over the defeat of the Knight of Kilcornan. The *Cork Examiner* says it is an event full of hope for the future. The *Limerick Reporter* strikes the same key, and with the loudest variations about the Treasury and Orangeism, prolongs the jubilee. The *Kilkenny Journal* gives an additional flourish, jumping with all its might and glee upon the prostrate body of the renegade; for that's what the *Journal* delicately calls the fugitive from the battle of the Barrow.

Now, isn't it miserable to see these enthusiastic writers lavishing their ink, and blunting all their goose-quills, upon such a barren triumph, if triumph it can be called, where the people saw their most hated enemy defeated, without being victorious themselves? Will they ever become inspired with common sense?

A delightful chapter of the *History of Dublin* appears in the *University Magazine* this month. It is written by J. T. Gilbert, Member of the Royal Irish Academy. "The history of cities," he writes, "is the history of nations. Thus Babylon, Thebes, Rome, Jerusalem, are words that express nations." It is a massive chain of golden sentences. For example:

"Statue and column, mausoleum and shrine, are trophies of a nation's triumphs or its tragedies. The young children, as they gaze on them, learn the story of the native heroes, poets, saints, and martyrs, leaders, and law-givers, who have flung their own glory as a regal mantle over their country. Spirits of the past, from the phantom-land, dwell in the midst of them. We feel their presence, and hear their words of inspiration, or warning, alike in the grandeur or decadence of an ancient city."

Then follow these mournful, solemn truths:

"Dublin differs from all other capitals, past or present, in this wise—that by its history we trace, not the progress of the native race, but the triumphs of its enemies; and that the concentrated will of Dublin has always been in antagonism to the feelings of a large portion of the nation. This being the position of a country and its capital, it is evident that no effort for national independence could gain nourishment in Dublin. Our metropolis is associated with no glorious moment of a nation's career, while in all the dark tragedies of our gloomy history its name and influence predominate. Dublin is connected with Irish patriotism only by the scaffold and the gallows. Statue and column do indeed rise there, but not to honor the sons of the soil. The public idols are foreign potentates and foreign heroes. Macaulay says eloquently, 'The Irish people are doomed to see in every place the monuments of their subjugation; before the senate-house, the statue of their conqueror; within, the walls tapestried with the defeats of their fathers.'

"No public statue of an illustrious Irishman has ever graced the Irish capital. No monument exists to which the gaze of the young Irish children can be directed, while their fathers tell them, 'This was to the glory of your countrymen.' Even the lustre Dublin borrowed from her great Norman colonists has passed away. Her nobility are remembered only as we note the desecration of their palaces; the most beautiful of all our metropolitan buildings but remind us that there the last remnant of political independence was sold; the stately Custom-house, that Dublin has no trade; the regal pile of Dublin Castle, that it was reared by foreign hands to 'curb and awe the city.'"

I send you the number of the *University* which contains this noble paper. You should certainly give it in full. Every Irishman should read it.

Patrick's day has been celebrated this year more jovially in England than in Ireland. That, however, is nothing new. With the exception of winding a sprig of shanrock in the hat-band, or sticking it in a button-hole, or pinning a *Patrick's Cross* on the breast or shoulder of an unconscius little vagrant, there never was, in my recollection, any popular celebration of the day in Ireland. I don't call the marching of the *Temperance Societies* a celebration, no more than I'd call a spade a spoon. Much less do I regard the mounting of an extra guard on Dublin Castle, on the morning of the blessed day, a national solemnity The life is fairly oozing out of Ireland.

For my part, the days of the great hurling-matches, andwakes, and weddings, and fairs and foot-balls, with all their riotousness, devilment and mischief, were to my thinking, infinitely brighter and better than those snivelling, shivering days, when, for the life of you, you can't knock a good shout out of the biggest parish from Lough Neagh to Knockmealdown, on the top of which, 4,000 feet above the Blackwater, that old County Waterford Major is buried, in conformity with his dying request, along with his pointer and double-barreled gun.

Drogheda is improving her water facilities. Four tons of slates were lately recovered from a schooner which sunk on the bar, a little below the town, some forty-six years ago; vessel and all were completely covered by a huge heap of sand, until very recently.

On looking over the list of evening amusements in this morning's *Saunders*, I see that old Gallagher, the ventriloquist, is still upon his spindles. He heads his advertisement with the inspiring legend, *Ireland for the Irish*, and proceeds respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and Public generally, that he will "unlock his Bureau of the Fancies and Follies of the Age" before his generous patrons in Dublin. He winds up magnificently:

"When the 'Hero of a Hundred Battles' was told by the Commissariat, previous to a terrible engagement, that there was no room for the cannon, 'Never mind,' replied the warrior, 'the cannon will make room for itself.' So it is with Gallahger; his cannon will penetrate through the opposition, and make room for itself; only with this difference, that Mr. G. neither loads with lead, nor fires blank cartridge, but touches the fair mark within the circle of fun, and on Irish affairs hits the bull's eye. Doors open at Half-past Seven o'clock—to commence at Eight."

Poor old Gallagher! It's now fifteen years since I last saw him, for the one hundred and twentieth time, in a little room above in the Royal Exchange, at the top of Parliament street, in this same beautiful metropolis, singing "The Groves of Blarney," and reading the letter which commenced thus: "*My dear infectious Richard.*" Will Gallagher ever die? That's the question I frequently propound to myself to-day. He has survived his fame—rather, I should say, his novelty. It's all the same old thing; the only difference is, his wardrobe is much the worse for the wear, and his voice indicative of permanent bronchitis.

The *Cork Reporter* mentions that a *feu de joie* was fired at the stores of Messrs. P. Murphy and Son, provision merchants, on the pleasant margin of the Lee, in honor of the baby King or Sultan of Algiers. The *tri-color*, also, was hoisted on the bacon-yard to commemorate the event. All this for the very suffieient reason, that the Messrs. Murphy have been declared contractors to a large extent for provisions by the French government. The circumstances remind me of what your friend Richard Shiel said, in explanation of the enthusiasm displayed upon a certain occasion, by one of the clerks or accountants in the O'Connell Brewery: "He's an excellent man, and patriot to a brewery."

Talking about a brewery, reminds me of beer; and beér irresistibly reminds me of an anecdote which I heard Shiel repeating with enchanting vivacity, one evening that I dined in his company. It was at the house of a parish priest, not many miles from Dungarvan. The priest was an excellent, social old soul. Shiel was his principal guest; the dinner was got up for him. There were two boiled legs of mutton, a pair of very large-limbed fowl, which even in death seemed to stand in sad need of a razor, and several large dishes, of all sizes and capacities, full of carrots, potatoes, and parsnips. Besides the beer, there was sherry, whisky, port, and champagne; the champagne was exquisite.

Throwing off a tall, slender glass of it, Shiel said: "By-the-bye, Father John, I'll tell you a capital story. The other day I was dining with my Lord Melbourne; taking a glass of Champagne with his Lordship, and a superb vintage it was, he says to me: 'Mr. Shiel, can you inform me how it comes to happen, that in your poor Catholic countres you have the very best wines, whereas in our quiet Protestant nations, we have nothing but damned home-brewed ale or porter?' Oh, my Lord, I replied, there's nothing wonderful in it. The fact merely illustrates the truth of the old saying, '*In vino veritas*'—orthodoxy in the bottle!" Shiel's beautiful black eyes sparkled with ecstacy, as he threw off this story, and finishing another slender, tall glass on the strength of it, leaped, as it were, on Father John, who was in hysterics of delight, and asked him, "wan't it capital—first-rate?"

You recollect having seen the Count Magawlay once or twice at Clongowes? Well, he lies now with the mark of the dagger in him, under his shroud, under the pavement of the Church of the Holy Trinity, at Parma. For several years past, he had resided at the family mansion of Temora, in the King's county. As a landlord, a magistrate, and a grand juror, he was greatly loved and honored. The family is one of remote antiquity. In the counties of Meath and Westmeath, they were styled the *Princes of Calry*, and until the reign of William and Mary, were proprietors of immense estates. Their loyalty to James II. proved a loss to them. The greater portion of those lands came within the grasp of the escheats. The deceased was a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. So was his father before him. But his father had been Envoy from Pius VII. to Napoleon, in 1812, and Regent of the Duchies of Parma and Placentia. In 1845, Valerio Magawlay, whose death I mention, returned to Italy, where the services of his family were remembered, and, in his person, were most honorably rewarded. All through '48, he held the position of Mayor of Parma, with the rank of Major in the army. He was afterwards appointed Chamberlain to the Archduchess Regent, and Director of the Central House of Detention. On the evening of the 4th of March, accompanied by his wife and sister, he was walking home from the theatre, when he was suddenly attacked by two young ruffians, armed with pointed files. The assassins have effected their escape. Political motives are ascribed to them.

I find the following little item in the *Leinster Express*:

"A very beautiful and chastely executed monument has been erected to the memory of this gallant soldier in the elegant little chapel of St. Stephen, Upper Mount street, Dublin. It is of white marble, and the inscription is as follows: 'Sacred to the memory of the late Captain Jackson Wray, of the 88th Connaught Rangers, who fell before Sebastopol on the night of the 7th of June, 1855, after the storming and while holding the Russian advanced works, well known as the Quarries. This Tablet is erected to his memory by his mourning and deeply afflicted parents."

Besides giving you little bits of news, as they chance to come across me, I shall, from time to time, send you, as well as I can pencil them off, sketches of the pristine localities of Dublin and its neighborhood—the vaults, for instance, where the Thearses lie—the house and room.

In Thomas street, where Lord Edward was surprised—the quarters from whence Robert Emmett issued the night of his insurrection, and which, in company with Dr. Madden the historian of the *United Irishmen*, I have visited more than once—the house in Christ Church Place, in which Wolfe Tone was waked—the churchyard of Bodenstown, near Sallins, on the Grand Canal, where he was laid to rest, and where Thomas Davis and his comrades placed the stone above him.

You shall hear, too, of the beautiful grounds where O'Connell and Curran sleep, and of the stately ancient edifice of St. Patrick's, within whose bannered chancel the bones of Swift have been shrouded and enshrined. Even sitting on our ruins, let us recount the joyful decades of the past. Thus shall sorrow be turned to gladness, and a wilderness become a garden. Vines and olive-trees spring from the lava of Vesuvius. Green and fruitful memories shall shadow and make beautiful the graves and wreck of Ireland.

KILMAINHAM.

European News.

By the arrival, on the night of the 12th inst., of the U. S. steamer Washington, Capt. Cavendy, from Bremen *via* Southampton, we have dates to 26th ult.

The probabilities of peace have, since our last intelligence from England, received a check. It was presumed that the meeting of the 22d ult. would have been the last; the discussion was not so amicable as had been anticipated. The London *Times* correspondent defines the cause to be a demand put forth by the Prussian Plenipotentiaries to be admitted to sign the treaty of peace on the same footing and in the same character as if Prussia had been a party to the alliance throughout—as if she had accepted all the obligations involved in it, had joined in the ultimatum, and declared that she would abide by all its consequences. It is also said that Russia supports Prussia in these pretensions.

Advices from St. Petersburgh say: "I can give you some details on the first visit of the Imperial family to the Grand Theatre since the death of the late Emperor. It was on the 5th of March, and the piece represented was 'Il Trovatore.' All the places were occupied by the higher classes, who were in brilliant toilettes; and the foreign ministers were to be seen in the boxes. The Queen Dowager of the Netherlands, the Grand Duke Nicholas and his bride, the Grand Duke Constantine and his Grand Duchess, the Grand Duke Michael, the Grand Duchess Mary, the Prince of Oldenburg and the Prince Augustus of Wurtemberg, accompanied their Majesties. On the arrival of the Emperor, loud cheers were raised, and they continued until the national hymn, 'Basche chrani Zara' (God protect the Czar), was struck up by the orchestra. When the hymn was terminated, the hurrahs re-commenced, and did not cease until after the rising of the curtain."

The Paris *Moniteur*, of 25th ult., publishing the following:

"A solemn *Te Deum* of thanksgiving for the happy delivery of the Empress and the birth of an Imperial prince, was chanted on Sunday, at one o'clock in the Church of Notre Dame, in presence of the ministers, marshals, Presidents and members of the Senate, of the Legislative body, and of the Council of State, of the courts and tribunals, of the Superior Council of Public Instruction, of the Institute, of the different administrations, and of the superior officers of the National Guard and of the army. After the *Te Deum* and the *Domine Salvum*, the Archbishop of Paris, surrounded by all the clergy of the metropolis, gave the Pontifical blessing."

A letter from Rome, of the 15th ult., says:

"It has been decided that a special delegate will be sent to Paris, in the month of June, to baptize the child whose birth is expected by the Emperor of the French. The person hitherto mentioned for that mission is the Cardinal Vicar Patrizi. The Roman Chancery, is at this moment negotiating an important affair, with the prospect of a favorable solution. It had asked to be allowed to appoint bishops to the principal vacant sees in Poland. The new Emperor replied that his Holiness was at liberty to name bishops to all the sees, the Russian government reserving to itself the right of presentation, and a few other privileges. I am informed that the Courts of St. Petersburgh and Rome are on the point of coming to an understanding highly advantageous to the interests of Poland."

Another meeting of the Conference was held on the 24th, but nothing had transpired with respect to the nature of the deliberations. The opinion that the Conference would ultimately resolve itself into a European Congress, was generally believed.

According to a correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, the minutes of the sittings of the Plenipotentiaries at Paris are lithographed, twenty-five copies being taken of each report. The process takes place at the Foreign Ministry, the two printers employed being under the rigid surveillance of a trustworthy and venerable employé.

Accounts from the Crimea state that the allies have commenced the demolition of the inclosure wall round Sebastopol.

The London *Times* correspondent, writing from the Crimea, says:

"The war party still cherishes hopes that the negotiations may break down. It may suit the French to make concessions, but it ought not to suit us. They doubtless consider that they have done enough for honor and glory, and to revenge the reverses of 1812. Moreover, they cannot afford war; England can; and their army, however numerous they may show it to be on paper, it dwindling sadly. Scurvy and fever are playing havoc in the ranks. The mortality in the French army is positively asserted to be one hundred and twenty a day, and generally more."

The *Austrian Gazette* announces the death and burial, at Warsaw, of Gen. Popoff, Hetman of the Don Cossacks.

Mr. Buchanan, ex-Minister of the United States to the Court of St. James, was to have left England, for New York, by the Arago, from Southampton, on the 9th of April. Mr. Buchanan, accompanied by Gen. Campbell, American Consul for London, and Col. J. R. Croskey, American Consul for Southampton, left London on the 20th ult., *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, for Paris, where it was his intention to pass a few days before visiting the Hague, previous to his departure for the United States.

A letter from Rome, in the Milan *Gazette*, says: "The Rome and Frascati Railway, which, as already stated, will be opened in May next, has its terminus just outside the Porto Maggiore. This line will become the main section of the Rome and Naples Railway, which is soon to be conceded. Both the Count de Montemolin and the family of Orleans are deeply interested in the matter."

The *Moniteur* publishes an Imperial decree withdrawing from circulation the old copper coin—namely, the pieces of one liard and two liards, and those of one centime, bearing the effigy of Liberty, on the 1st of July next; and pieces of one sou and two sous, and those of five and ten centimes, bearing the effigy of Liberty, on the 1st of October following.

The Paris *Monituer* of 25th ultimo announces that the state of her Majesty, the Empress, continuing to be excellent, no further bulletin of her Majesty's health will be issued. In the same publication it is stated that Prince Jerome Napoleon, being out of danger, and his state gradually improving, this bulletin will be the last.

The British Admiralty have, in accordance with an appeal addressed to them through the London *Times*, decided upon sending two steamers in search of the missing steamship Pacific. The ships are the Desperate and Tartarus, and were immediately despatched.

Intelligence from Paris states that the city of Parma and the surrounding country had again been laid under a state of seige, which arose from renewed attacks of assassination. The Auditor of the War Department had been stabbed in the back while walking with another officer.

Sir Henry Pottinger died at Malta on the 18th March. This officer had rendered great service in his administration of public affairs in India, China, and Africa.

Ishmael Pasha was said to be increasing the army of Anatolia. Gen. Mouravieff had received reinforcements by way of the Caspian Sea and Tiflis.

The government had become greatly alarmed at the cattle murrain, which was said to be spreading all over the continent.

Sir Hyde Parker, commander of the British naval forces in the East Indies, died at Davenport, on the 21st ult.

Australian News.

By the royal mail clipper Lightning, at Liverpool on 22d ultimo, advices have been received from Melbourne to the 28th of December. She brought 12,000 ounces of gold dust, the amount having been limited owing to a dispute with the surveyors.

The Legislative Council of New South Wales had been prorogued. The demand for money was not active. The grain and flour markets quiet; the price of flour was £30 for firsts, £28 for seconds. In Hobart Town, the decline in bread-stuffs was progressing. Price of gold £3 14s. 6d.

On the 16th and 17th a calamity not less destructive of life and property occurred in a heavy flood, of which the following is the newspaper account:

"On the evening of the former day, and again on the latter, a thunderstorm was followed by a tremendous shower of hail-stones as large as marbles and by a deluge of rain. The gullies were soon flooded by torrents, and the ordinary channels proved quite insufficient to carry off the water; houses and stores were carried away; the deep shafts sunk with much toil and at great expense were filled to the brim and had their works undermined, and piles of washing stuff were swept away. The destruction of property consequent upon this flood is estimated at £120,000. By this visitation, too, there was a lamentable loss of life, six persons having been drowned on the evening of the 16th. The severity of this calamity, it is stated, would have been much diminished had proper precautions been taken to provide for the unimpeded flow of the water by its natural channels. The necessity of the erection of Ballarat into a municipality is obvious from these two events. Measures might then be taken for mitigating the effect of such occurrences, if they could not be in a great measure prevented.

The British Enlistment Question.

The London *Times* of the 22d ult. thus reviews the position taken by Mr. Marcy on this subject. Comment is unnecessary.

"By an act of Congress it is forbidden 'to hire or retain another person to enlist or enter himself, or to go beyond the limits or jurisdiction of the United States with intent to be enlisted or entered in the service of any foreign prince.' That being the law, then, of the United States, the English government respected it, and gave strict instructions to its officials for the observance of it. But it was no violation of this law simply 'to make generally known' in the United States that the English government were ready to avail themselves of the services of volunteers. To make known such readiness on the part of the English government to receive volunteers was not 'to retain or to hire volunteers.' It was to communicate intelligence, and no more. If any person in the United States chose to avail himself of such intelligence, and go either to Quebec or Halifax, Liverpool or London, to enlist, he had a perfect right to do so, and no more transgressed a law of the United States than if, upon the sight of a mercantile advertisement in a New-York paper, he crossed the Channel to offer his services to a Bristol counting house. Neither the giver of such intelligence, then, nor the user of it, can be charged with a violation of law.

"Now, the answer of the United States to this statement is this—they as good as admit that there has been no violation on the part of the English government of any law of the United States, though they admit this grudgingly, and misrepresent while they admit it. 'For very obvious reasons,' says Mr. Marcy, 'the officers employed by her Majesty's government would be cautioned against exposing themselves to the penalties prescibed by our laws.' This is not a true statement of Lord Clarendon's instructions. The officials of the British government in the United States were not advised to elude the penalties for violation of the law, but told not to violate the law. However, the admission being made that there has been no violation on the part of the English government of the United States' law, Mr. Marcy falls back upon another much loftier but much more indefinite ground. 'We had a right,' he says, 'to expect that the government of Great Britain would regard the policy indicated by those laws, and respect our sovereign rights as an independent and friendly power.' And the English government is charged with 'having violated international law, and offered an affront to the sovereignty of the United States.' 'Had there been no acts of Congress on that subject, foreign governments are forbidden by that law to do anything which would in any manner put to hazard our position of neutrality in respect to belligerents.

"Now, there can he no doubt that laws ought to be obeyed, but when we are taken from the ground of law, and told that we were bound to attend to certain other vague and general considerations, the question becomes not so easy. What is meant, in the first place, by Mr. Marcy saying that the English government was bound to attend to the policy indicated by those laws? What is this policy? Who is to say what it is? Is Mr. Marcy to determine this point, and to be allowed to forbid generally anything to be done in the United States which is against his own ideas of a certain general design and intention of the United States' law? If he is, with all respect for the Marcian code, we defy any man living to tell what the law of the United States is. It is not written law, nothing so common and vulgar; it is *lex innubibus*. The more common sense view is, that the law of the United States declares its own policy and design by what it actually prohibits or allows. It is against the rights of a sovereign State to have actual engagements formed with a foreign power within its jurisdiction. But if the United States allows its citizens liberty to choose their line, calling, and occupation in life, there can be no encroachment on a government standing in so free a relation to its citizens in simply giving the latter information of military service, should they choose to enter it.

Again what is meant by "an affront to the sovereignty of the United States?" What sovereignty? Does the American government claim a sovereignty over the ingress and egress of its—Mr. Marcy will not object to the term—subjects, and prevent them from entering what military service they please? Certainly not. America boasts of freedom of her citizens. "The government of the United States," says Lord Clarendon, "has enacted no such law; it justly boasts of its complete freedom in this respect; '*civitas non carser est*.' All residents therein, whether foreigners or citizens, are perfectly free to leave its territory without the permission of the government, at their own absolute discretion, and to enter the service of any other state, when once within its frontier." Then, how is the sovereignty of the United States affected by its citizens being informed of such service, into which they may enter, in such other State?

But Mr. Marcy is afraid that such an act of a foreign Power "will put to hazard the United States position of neutrality in respect to belligerents," and he reminds us that "among the solemn duties imposed upon the President is that of vindicating before the world the good faith of the United States in sustaining neutral relations with other Powers." But how is the good faith of the American government hazarded by such a liberty as this being allowed to a foreign Power? It is a liberty which both sides may use. If the English can advertise their military service in the United States, the Russians can do so too.

Mr. Marcy then, appears to us to make a very poor claim out of his indefinite, unwritten, majestic law of American sovereignty, American Neutrality, and American policy, indicated by American law. Is there any law, we ask, of the United States which the English government has violated, or rather has not scrupulously respected, in this whole affair? If not, then the charge of Mr. Marcy against the English government, as distinguished from any charge against its officials, is disproved; and thus by far the largest and most important part of Mr. Marcy's argument is disposed of. He has rested upon a very weak ground for the principal part of his attack, and, that having given way, the rest of his attack is not formidable.

Again on the 25th—

We have not done justice to Mr. Marcy's argument—his argument, we mean, against the English government, and its presumptuous act of advertising its military service in the United States. He appeals to authority as well as to reason. Wolfius is on the side of Mr. Marcy. Wolfius says, "It is not permitted to raise soldiers on the territory of another without the consent of its sovereign." Now, if Wolfius is right, what then? The English government sent out no instructions to raise soldiers within the jurisdiction of the United States. It only sent out instructions to advertise its military service, leaving whoever choose to avail themselves of such information to repair the English territory to put their choice into effect by enlisting. So much for Wolfius. Vattel says, "The man who undertakes to enlist soldiers in a foreign country without the sovereign's permission violates one of the most sacred rights of the prince and nation." Vattel, then, only so far says what Wolfius says. But Vattal says that it is wrong to "entice away the subjects of another State." Does Vattel, by enticing, mean advertising giving intelligence? If he does, of that further on. Hautefeuille, "a modern French author of much repute, regards permission by a neutral Power to one belligerent, though extended to both, to raise recruits in its territories, to be an act of bad faith which compromits its neutrality." Well, but a man should really talk sense before he is considered an authority. How can a state possibly compromise its neutrality by allowing the same liberty to both belligerents? Our acquaintance with M. Hautefeuille being confined to this extract, we will not assert that he is not a writer of judgment or sagacity; but, if he is, this dictum does not represent him fairly.

The London *Chronicle* of 24th has the following on the subject:—

Lord Clarendon, we fear, stands self-convicted of having unworthily abused the privileges of diplomacy in this respect. He is accused of having violated the laws of the United States by encouraging the enlistment of American subjects in a foreign legion. His answer to the charge is a positive denial, and the points triumphantly to the letter of the American law as justifying his argument. Mr. Marcy, on the other hand, recalls him to a sense of somewhat better than a mere technical interpretation of the law, and points out, with great force, the impropriety of offering to American citizens under-hand temptations to violate their own laws. *We venture to say that the English nation will regard with a feeling of shame the exposure of artifices on the part of their Foreign Minister, opposed as they are to every principle of honor which ought to regulate the intercourse of States.* Lord Clarendon would not openly enlist Americans in the British service, because that would have been a manly and straightforward avowal of his purpose. But he does not think it beneath his own dignity, or that of his country, to provide across the American borders the means by whch such persons could enlist.

Interesting from Mexico.

SURRENDER OF THE PUEBLA REVOLUTIONISTS.

The Mexican brig Hercules, Capt. Purnarino, arrived at New Orleans on the 3rd from Vera Cruz. The Puebla revolutionists are reported to have surrendered to the Government forces on Saturday, the 22d ult., the day after Good Friday, and the day of the departure of the Texas from Vera Cruz. They are stated to have surrendered at discretion; but this is incompatible with a few details which a passenger on the Hercules says he saw given in some of the Vera Cruz papers. He says that it was therein reported that a parley had taken place between a General who announced himself in command of the revolutionists, and two officers in behalf of the Government, the result of which was an agreement that such of the revolutionists as chose should be allowed to join the army, and the rest be permitted to proceed to their homes unmolested. Neither Haroy Tamariz nor Castillo appeared in the matter, nor were they referred to in the conditions of surrender. These last, it is said, were published at full length in the Vera Cruz papers.

We hear with regret that those who are in a position to form a reliable judgment on the subject, consider the whole proceeding a mere compromise between the revolutionists and the Government, indicating that the latter found themselves really unable to overcome the former, while the revolutionists have adopted the step merely for the purpose of gaining time, and seizing a better opportunity for carrying out their object. It is said, too, that they are numerous and strong enough to ensure their eventual success.

For fuller and it is to be hoped more satisfactory particulars, we suppose we shall have to await the arrival of the Texas, due at New Orleans on the 11th inst.

THE PUEBLA REVOLUTION—CONDITIONS OF THE SURRENDER.

From the N. O. Picayune, April 5.

Since the account of the surrender of the Puebla revolutionists, published in yesterday morning's *Picayune*, we have been favored with the official account of the occurrence which we subjoin. It was published in a supplement or extra to the Vera Cruz *Progress*, of the 24th ult.

"The reaction which made Puebla its head-quarters," says the *Progress*, "has terminated in the surrender of the rebels who had promoted it! The only particulars that we have upon this important event, will be found by the reader in the following important documents, just received by his Excellency the Governor of this State. We omit all comment at present, in order not to delay the publication of this extra.

Private Correspondence of the President of the Rebublic.—To the Most Excellent Sr. D. Ignacio de la Llave, Vera Cruz.—Puebla, March 23, 1856, 3 o'clock A. M. My esteemed friend: After a previous day and night of great fatigue, I have scarcely time to inform you that this city is now in possession of the Supreme Government. I have agreed to a capitulation in the terms of which I send you a copy, in order to spare the city from greater miseries.

In accordance with this, and with the disposition to be made of the surrendering officers, some will have to leave the Republic; and I have to-day given to General D. Leonardo Marquez a passport for that purpose, of which I inform you, that being aware of the fact, you may keep him under surveillance from the time of his arrival at your port until his embarkation.

I do not desire to keep back this gratifying information from you, and, therefore, I send it to you by express, in confidence, until appropriate circulars, shall be issued.

I remain, &c., J. Comonfort.

Army of Operations on Puebla—General-in-Chief—Field Secretariat. Considering that civil war is the greatest of evils for a nation, especially at the moment when it is endeavoring to establish itself; that the power of the Government is reorganized by the State to which the insurgent forces have been confined; that these are ready to submit to obey the Government, by which the desired result is attained in the state of political affairs, while the misery and destruction to which the innocent inhabitants of this city would otherwise be reduced are avoided—the Most Excellent Senor, the President, General-in-Chief of the Army of Operations on Puebla has deemed it meet to agree to the following capitulation, through the M. E. Sr., the Governor of Guanajuata, D. Manuel Doblado, and Generals D. Vicente Rosas and Ramon, Iglesias, nominated by his Excellency, and Sr. Licenciado D. Pascual Almazan, and Generals D. Ignacio Ormachea and D. Miguel Andrade, nominated by Gen. D. Carlos Oronoz, on whom the command of the insurgent forces has fallen:

Art. 1. The troops in garrison in the Square of Puebla shall be at the disposition of the Supreme Government, and shall remain quartered at such points as the latter shall designate, under the strictest responsibility of their respective chiefs.

Art. 2. The wishes of the troops shall be consulted, and absolute freedom shall be at once granted to all privates who do not desire to continue to bear arms.

Art. 3. The Major-General of the army of operations against Puebla shall designate the places in which the artillery and the stores for the park shall be deposited, the delivery of both to be attested by the person or persons whom the Government shall appoint to receive and take charge of them.

Art. 4. The Generals, chiefs, and officers in the square, shall proceed to take up their residence at the points to be indicated by the Supreme Government, while the latter shall determine in what manner they are to remain in the army.

Art. 5. The property of private persons, which may have been taken for the defence or service of the place, and which may be in it on its being occupied by the besieging army, shall be restored to its owners on claim and identification.

Art. 6. The wounded of the place shall be considered and assisted the same as those of the Supreme Government.

Art. 7. The Government shall dictate such measures as it may deem proper, in order to provide for the security of the persons and property of the city.

Art. 8. As soon as this capitulation shall be signed, the M. E. Senor, the President, shall designate the hour and manner of occupying the place.

Puebla, March 22, 1856.—Manuel Doblado, Vincente Rosas, Ramon Iglesias, Pascual Almazan, Jose Ignacio Ormacheg Ernaiz, Miguel Andrade.

Copy.—Headquarters, in Carmeau, Puebla, March 22, 1856.

J. M. Campuzano, Secretary."

The British bark Alliance, which arrived on the 11th inst., reports that when in latitude 87 deg. 28 min., longitude 71 deg. 47 min., saw the top part of a steamship's paddle-box, painted black, with a new board in it.

The Ice moved out of Buffalo harbor on the 11th. In the Lake it is slowly breaking away.

Public Dinner of the Dramatic Fund Association.

The Eighth Anniversary of the institution of the New-York Dramatic Fund Association was celebrated on the 10th inst., under the auspices of the Association, at the Metropolitan Hotel, by a dinner and festival. Arrangements were made on the most liberal scale, with the view of surpassing, in all desirable respects, the celebrations of previous years. The tables were arranged for two hundred and twenty-five guests. Every seat was occupied. Dodworth's band was in attendance, and during the evening furnished some of their finest selections. The spacious dining hall was appropriately decorated. At the head of the hall were suspended the portraits of Washington, Shakespere and Garrick. On the walls at intervals were inscribed the names of those who had added lustre to the Drama by the pen or by filling the ranks of the profession.

The President of the Association, James T. Brady, presided. Ex-Judge Edmonds and Hiram Fuller, Vice-Presidents, were at the opposite ends of the tables. On the right the President was supported by Messrs. T. F. Meagher, W. R. Blake, of the Broadway, J. Stagg and others, and on the left by Judge Daly, J. Brooks and Mr. Wemyss. It was a matter of remark that few theatrical people were present, the most distinguished members being professionally engaged. Authors, journalists, and dramatic critics made a fair display, but young New-York was the most striking feature of the audience. Dr. Mackenzie, Chas. Gayler, Chas. F. Briggs, Chas. A. Dana, C. H. Burkhardt, E. J. Wilkins, Wm. J. Rose, and others represented the editorial fraternity on the occasion. Among the artists who assisted in the vocal exercises were Signora Vertiprade, Sigs. Badiali, Rovere, Messrs. Frazer, Allan Irving, and an excellent Glee Club, led by Mr. Walcot. After the removal of the cloth, "Non Nobis" was sung in such admirable style that it elicited a burst of applause which rather astonished the singers.

Before the company were summoned to the dining-room, Mr. W. R. Blake presented the President with a very handsome emblematical ornament attached to a collar of crimson silk, to be worn by him as a badge of office on all public occasions.

Mr. Jas. T. Brady, the President, arose, and after some introductory observations, said: The programme for this evening, so varied in character, admonishes me that I should detain you but a few moments from the enjoyment of the pleasures which it promises; but I should be wanting in justice to you and in justice to my own feelings if I did not thus early tender to you my sincere and grateful acknowledgments for the very great honor that has been done me by some gentlemen connected with this association, in selecting me as its president, and affording me the glorious opportunity to preside upon so brilliant an occasion as the present. [Applause] After paying a compliment to Mr. Stebbins, the late president, Mr. Brady said: Upon my word, gentlemen, I do not know upon what principle I have been selected as the successor of Mr. Stebbins, except to present the beautiful antithesis of perfect laziness opposed to efficient industry. I believe I recognize in this choice the gratifying assurance that the precepts of the sagacious Dogberry still continue to rule in the world. [Laughter and applause] I believe that his rules apply as well to the selection of more important functionaries as they do to to the nomination of a constable of the watch; for amongst all who might aspire to the dignity I enjoy, I will not permit myself to be contradicted when I insist that I am "the most desartless and fit man of them all." [Laughter and cheers.] Much as I admire, gentlemen, that distinguished sage for having promulgated a precept that has led to my occupying this place to-night, I shall not endanger your happiness by imitating all his examples; I will not bestow my tediousness upon you, for that "would be most tolerable and not to de endured." [Laughter and applause] If you cast your eye over this bill, you will observe that I am not one of the "stars" on this "benefit night." Amongst them you will find the Lelands, the purveyors and architects of this superb banquet which we have so nobly and so delightfully appreciated. [Applause.] You will find amongst those "stars" Dodworth's Band, to whose enlivening strains we always listen with such intense delight [Applause.] Amongst these stars are the glittering intellects whose fragrance will be shed before you ere this evening closes, and those artists who have come here with the harmonies of sound to furnish us with pleasing thoughts to soothe our senses and make us feel how great an acknowledgment is due to them for the skill and generosity with which they contribute to the great pleasures of the night. [Applause.] Nor, gentlemen, are these the only stars that deck the occasion; for, though I miss from the tables the fragrant and the beautiful offerings that the spring time might have sent here, I discover that the reason why your Committee and the Lelands have omitted them, is, that some gentlemen preferred to substitute their rivals in beauty, the stars which glitter round this table, and form a beautiful fringe and garlanding decoration for the hour. [Applause.] If I cannot play a star engagement, I can at least, for the first and last time, "on this occasion only," and not by "particular desire," represent the bouquet-man, and call your attention to these flowers of beauty. [Loud applause.]

A few words more. It is not entirely to appreciate loveliness—it is not entirely to gratify any tastes by which we are distinguished, that we assemble here to-night. Ours is no transitory and selfish festival. The gratifications which we enjoy here are not limited to this hour, nor to this place; but it is hoped and expected that the radiations of our pleasure will penetrate the gloom that hangs around many an humble tenement, in the future, and relieve the darkness that overshadows many a fond and faithful heart. It is our hope that the gladness which we share may be extended throughout our land, and far in the future come to cheer the widow and the orphan—come to assist the faltering steps of age—come to bestow itself upon the poor decayed actor in the decline of his life—and to spread comfort and contentment in the abodes where sorrow and privation may have obtained access, or may threaten an invasion. It is our hope and our expectation that when the lovely flowers of the time shall have departed, when the women who come here to smile upon us shall have returned to grace their homes, when the voice of the orator shall become silent, and the music which is to delight us shall be hushed, when all of us, after long lingering, have gone away and left "this banquet hall deserted," even out of the ashes of our feast there shall arise a spirit which shall go abroad upon a bright errand of mercy, of charity, and of benevolence, extending its progress and its beneficence far and wide, diffusing gentle and benign influences and shedding upon the hearts bowed down by sorrow the "gentle dews from Heaven upon places beneath." [Loud applause.] Without any formal preface I will now call your attention to the first regular toast. It will be repeated by Judge Edmonds, the first Vice-President:

The President of the United States.

The toasts which succeeded were well received.

Judge Daly responded to "Shakespere and the elder Drama." At considerable length the judge sided with those who had vindicated the character of the Bard of Avon from the imputations thrown on his education. The speaker argued that Shakspere was acquainted with Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, and Italian, and concluded an elaborate and eurudite speech with applause.

To the fourth toast, "Sheridan and the later Drama," Mr. Meagher responded as follows:

In this brilliant company, I know not to what merits I am indebted for the very flattering call that has just been made. Being myself only an humble worshipper in the temple of that noble art, whose charitable feast we this night solemnize, I could have wished silently to have sat and worshipped its high priests, so many of whom I see around me, dwell upon its beauties, and speak the glories of its gods. (Applause.) But as I have been called on, my heart would indeed be cold if it failed to catch some inspiration from the name which has been committed to my keeping, and which, with an inextinguishable splendor, is interwoven with that of Ireland. (Applause.) It is now some years, sir, since a circumstance occurred to me, the impression of which, though I have since seen many countries and experienced some troubles, still vividly remains. It was my first visit to London, and one of my first visits there was to Westminster Abbey—that beautiful palace of the dead, where sleep so many of Ireland's gifted sons, doomed to lavish, in swelling the renown of another people, that genius which belonged to their parent land.

I was looking on the pale, worn stones which mark the sleeping place of Burke and Grattan, when suddenly I observed a lady near me, whose presence at once fixed me with a strange attention. She was frank, noble, and bold in bearing. About her seemed to float, like the air circling the golden brow of the Sybil, the luminous intimations of genius. The portraits of Sheridan had been familiar to me, and in the classic face, the vivid eye, the rich lip, the proud nostril, I felt as if he had risen up before me. It was the grand-daughter of Sheridan—it was Caroline Norton—she, who with his beauty of person, and brilliancy of mind, inherited at the same time that which is too often the accompaniment of genius—the slander of the envious, sorrow and solitude of heart. As she stood over his grave, I could not help feeling how sad her reflections must have been. She had been, like him who slept there, once the charm of every circle. Every gift of his was hers. The same careless daring, the same Celtic buoyancy and reckless gaiety of spirit, and, to borrow an illustration from this profuse and sparkling social board, the same champagne of conversation, crested with a thousand sparkling bubbles of wit and fancy. Yes, the joy of the Club, the magnet of the stage, the lustre of the Senate, what a touching picture did his last hours give of the heartless desolation which, with very few exceptions, has been the invariable destiny of genius in those countries where rank and wealth are worshipped whilst they live, but genius only when death emancipated it from its rags, its drudgery, and chains. (Applause.)

In this land, would such a man be permitted to lie a lonely and deserted wreck, in a wretched chamber in a bye street, forsaken by all those to whose hours of leisure and pleasure he had ministered, and with the unquenchable love of one true woman only to relieve the eclipse of his fall? Would not hundreds of those whom I have seen, night after night, hang with delight upon those exquisite creations of his high genius, rush with impetuous sympathy to succor him while living, instead of handing him over to the painted pomps and melancholy masquerades of the undertaker? It is this which strikes the difference between an aristocratic and a republican land. The one pours out its thousands to meet Nicholas or Louis—potentates by slaughter or superstition. The other welcomes with ovations Rachel or Dickens, sovereigns of the world by the Divine right of sovereign intellect. It is touchingly told, that in Sheridan's closing hours, a countryman of his mentioned to him that Byron had said he had written "the best opera, the best farce, the best comedy, and the best oration which had ever been invented or spoken in England." When he heard this, his dim eye brightened—his wasted hand thrilled. He did not speak. But the eye sent an answer more eloquent than lips could give. There rolled from it one big tear. "I would rather," said Byron, "have won that tear than have spoken the Phillippics of Demosthenes or written the Illiad of Homer."

If these few words brought such joy to Sheridan, what would have been his rapture had he foreseen that, in a distant land, in the land for whose freedom he had spoken out in Parliament, in a land destined to gather in its grasp many kingdoms and races, and among an opulent and enlightened people, his name was to be treasured as a household word, and be assigned the place it has found in your homage this night, among the supreme spirits of the drama. Let it not be thought that I assign to Sheridan too conspicuous a niche in the temple of dramatic fame. Both poet and period were circumscribed. He was not, even at a distance, like Shakespere, the mirror of nature, as it is in all lands and all times. He was simply one of those bright spirits who stand at the gateway of centuries as they pass, and transfer to the imperishable page the laws and fashions of the time. (Applause.) What Farquhar was to the century previous, Sheridan is to ours. Both wrote what is called the comedy of manners. Both had high animal spirits, with hearts of deep sympathy, the daintiest discrimination of character, the most delicate instinct in avoiding all extravagance, and the happiest invention in situation and plot. Neither were architects of comedy, but Sheridan was something near one. He was a restorer, and under his renovating touch the picture always caught fresh colors. When he appeared, all save Farquhar had passed from the stage to the book-shelf.

For half a century, Wycherly had been voted impracticable. For years Congreve had only been revived at intervals, as a sort of historical specimen of old taste. Vanburgh clung to the boards merely on the strength of a comedy which Colley Cibber wrote for him, and which was reckoned what some managers understand to be a bore. The days of the first three Georges were dull days for the stage. They preferred a boiled leg of mutton and a farce to a cotellette and comedy. It was from the brilliant circle which, in his youth, George the Fourth drew round him, that the stage derived the inspiration by which it was redeemed. Of that circle Sheridan was the central and communicating light. Like many other artists, it is true that Sheridan plucked with unsparing recklessness every flower which touched his fancy in another's garden. But these pilfered flowers were wound and girded by a graceful clasp of genius, which gave them the look of having been gathered in a garden of his own. Indeed, in the production of his fine effects, he reminds me of another Irishman, whom, in profusion and delicacy of fancy, and exquisite elaboration, he much resembled—the late Richard Shiel, the author of Evadne.

When that brilliant orator was asked to explain the secret of those wonderful effects with which he delighted and enthralled an assembly so reluctant in its sympathies and so fastidious in its taste, his answer was—"Setting, sir; all setting. They are all old things. 'Tis the art of the jeweller." But then how exquisite that setting! Every sentence a diamond, and every diamond in its true place. Then, what a gallery of pictures does the School for Scandal and the Rivals open out—pictures so original, so varied, so freely drawn, so richly colored, and so full of telling truth. From the inimitable Fag to the pugnacious and polished Sir Anthony, every one is a study from nature, and one feels it a calamity to lose a single touch which ekes out the interest of the plot.

As far as the American stage is concerned, I would venture deferentially to say, that it has been already too crowded with tame translations, adaptations and emendations of a school which, being alien to the character and habits of the people, can only live in sufferance until such time as America produces and encourages men to write for the American stage, works racy of the soil. We are not without such, and I trust it may not be considered an excess of national vanity, if I feel proud that among the foremost of those is a countryman of Sheridan—one, however, who has had the better fortune to devote his talents to a country which warmly appreciates and will liberally reward them. Like Shakespere, he has sometimes violated, with a most shocking recklessness, the unities of art, and tortured history to gladden the winter season, to make Christmas the more merry, please his patrons, and suit his purpose. But he has committed his crimes with such malicious grace that I much question whether posterity will not prefer Brougham's version of Pocahontas to that of Bancroft. [Prolonged cheering.] I conclude with the sentiment:

"Edwin Forrest and James Wallack—The one an alien, the other a native—the genius of both contribute to the glory of the Republic—both names shall find the same place in the heart and homage of the future of America."

To the toast of "The Dramatic Fund," Mr. Blake, of the Broadway Theatre, in the absence of Ogden Hoffman, responded in a very effective speech. He gave a graphic history of the society, and dwelt pathetically on the benefits rising from it.

The report of the Secretary, Mr. Wemyss, exhibited the funds of the society to be in a very healthy and flourishing condition.

Mr. Brooks made an elegant response to "the Press," and Messrs. Fuller and Brougham, followed on the part of the ladies. Our space is the enemy of our inclination. We should like to publish the sayings and doings of the evening in extensio, but it is impossible.

Hiram Fuller, of the *Mirror*, responded happily to the toast of "The Ladies," in thorough homage to whom we must make room for some at least of the graceful allusions of the speaker, and are only sorry that we cannot give them *fuller*.

Since the time of Adam, who, instead of "popping the question" to his beautiful partner in paradise, went quietly to sleep a lonely bachelor and woke up a happy married man, to speak for *one* woman, has been considered rather an embarrassing effort for the bravest of us. How overwhelming then must be the feeling of diffidence to a man of moderate modesty who is called upon to speak for the entire sex!

But, Mr. President, the toast—the sentiment—(for "Woman" is all sentiment) to which I am called to respond is full of inspiration; and while it requires all the gems of Eloquence, and all the jewels of Poetry to do justice to this little word Woman—the dearest word in all the dictionary—which represents the fairer and the better half of creation—yet there is a silent homage of the heart, a mute eloquence of the eye, burning and beaming with the emotions "awakened by the inspiring theme," compared with which, the rhetoric of even the most gifted tongue could only make us more sensibly feel the utter poverty of speech.

I trust there has never lived a man so utterly unblessed and and desolate of soul, who has not at some period of his life met with some breathing, beautiful counterpart of his fairest ideal angel, to whom he could sing and drink with the poet:

"I fill this cup, to one made up
Of loveliness alone;
A being of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon,
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that like the air,
She's less of earth than heaven."

In all the relations of life, amidst all its troubled scenes, the presence and the love of Woman is like the music of David to the dark spirit of Saul. She lays her soft palms upon our troubled hearts, as the harper presses his hand upon his harp-strings, *not* to increase, but to still its vibrations.

Perhaps I should say something on this occasion, of the illustrious women created by the genius of the Dramatist, scarcely less real and beautiful than the works of God's own hand; and of the innumerable company of fair artistes, so brilliantly represented here to night, who have devoted their talents and their lives to the palpable reproduction of the dreams of the dramatic poets. The life of the artiste is a life of toil and temptation. If it lead to honor, fame, and fortune, it is up a steep and thorny path; and few who essay to climb it, ever reach the summit of their hopes. These fair and radiant heroines of the stage, whom we see nightly arrayed in robes of beauty, and floating through flowery realms of romance, often carry tragedy in their hearts, while comedy is laughing on their faces.

And, Mr. President, it is for this toiling sisterhood of artistes that your noble institution makes its most touching appeal to the universal heart of Charity. When sickness, or "Time's effacing fingers" have "sunk her beauties in decay," your generous Association invites the destitute sufferer to a comfortable bed; smooths her dying pillow; and, in the last act of the solemn tragedy of life, the heart of the dying artiste beats gratefully to the music of fraternal sympathy, as the curtain falls kindly upon the closing scene. It is expected, Mr. President, that I should give you a sentiment—it shall be:

"Woman, whom God created with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face."

The President Invested with the Jewel.—Previous to the dinner a very interesting ceremony took place in one of the parlors of the hotel, when Mr. W. R. Blake, in the name of the association, invested the President, James T. Brady, Esq., with the jewel, which is to be worn by that officer on all public occasions. The speech of Mr. Blake was brief and to the point; and Mr. Brady responded in a few neat and graceful remarks.

A writer in the Alexandria *Gazette* says that Mr. Washington will sell the Mount Vernon estate to the State of Virginia, but to none else. The *Gazette* expresses the belief that the writer states accurately Mr. Washington's views on the subject.

American News.

Paper Making from the Bark of Cotton Plants—An Important Discovery.—Specimens of the bark stripped from cotton stalks have been exhibited to paper manufacturers at the North, which is found to be of a fibrous character, and is considered to be well adapted for the manufacture of good paper. The importance of an abundant and cheap material as a substitute for rags from which good and cheap paper can be made, may be judged of from the fact that the United States consume as much as France and England combined. The magnitude of the paper business may be conceived when we take into consideration that there are 750 paper mills in the United States, employing 3,000 engines, and which produce annually at 10 cents per lb. $27,000,000 worth of paper. To manufacture this amount of paper requires 405,000,000 lbs. of rags, 1½ lbs. of rags being necessary to produce 1 lb. of paper. The value of the rags at the average of 4 cts. per lb. amounts to $16,000,000, to which, if the cost of making them into paper, including 1½ cents to each lb. of paper in labor, with wastage, chemicals, &c., be added, would swell the amount to $23,625,000 to produce $27,000,000 of paper, leaving nett profits on the total manufacture of $3,375,000. For the year ending the 30th June, 1855, we imported 40,013,516 lbs. of foreign rags from 26 different countries. Of this amount Tuscany, in Italy, supplied 14,000,000 lbs. Two Sicilys 6,000,000, Austria 4,000,000, Egypt 2,466,928, Turkey 2,466,928, England 2,591,178. The total value of the 40,013,516 lbs. imported was $1,225,150. The manufacture of paper has outstripped the supply of materials, and rope cuttings, hemp waste, and other articles have been resorted to, but the supplies of all have been insufficient to meet the demand, and prices have been steadily on the advance. It is possible that the cotton fields of the South may supply an almost inexhaustible supply of hemp, so as hereafter we will reach the great desideratum in modern civilization, an abundant and cheap supply of paper.

A Man on a Cake of Ice in the River.—There was a great excitement caused in the city this morning, says the Rochester *Union*, of the 8th, by a report that a man was on a cake of ice in the river near the Falls, beyond reach from the shore. He was on a small cake of ice grounded in the river, a short distance below the Falls, about one hundred feet from the shore. The water was rushing swiftly by him on either side towards the Rapids and Lower Falls, over which he would speedily pass, if the ice on which he stood should become dislodged. His perilous position, and the imminent danger of being carried away, caused intense excitement among the people upon shore. It was discovered that the unfortunate man had but one arm, which, of course, prevented him from swimming to the shore as a strong man might have done. Liberal sums were offered by citizens for a boat, or any person who would rescue the man. After an hour and a quarter of intense anxiety, the man was rescued by means of a rope which was carried to him from the shore by a plank pushed into the stream from the shore above. He was drawn ashore amidst the cheers of the multitude. He proved to be Jacob Suiter, who resides on North Clinton street. He says he was gathering drift wood, and stepped upon the ice beside the water to seize a stick, when the ice broke away and floated him into the stream.

Hung in Spite of a Reprieve.—We see in the papers an account of the execution of the convict, by the Sheriff of Franklin county, in this State, after the receipt by him of a respite from Gov. Winston. He is said to have pronounced the document a forgery.—*Montgomery, Alabama, Mail.*

Fire in Philadelphia—Loss 200,000.—The Artisan Building, back of Chestnut and Fourth streets, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 10th. It was five stories in hight, built in the form of a hollow square, and every portion occupied by workshops, the machinery being driven by an engine in the basement. The losses are estimated as follows: Hulings & Cowperthwaite, owners of building, $60,000, covered by insurance; Mr. Duval, lithographer, $100,000, insurance, $80,000; G. W. Simons & Brother, jewelers, $20,000, insurance, $8,000; C. & C. P. Warner, watchcase makers, $15,000, insurance $5,000; Messrs. Undyke & Heppard, jewelers, $15,000, insurance, $5,000; Moss & Brothers, blankbook, cloth and satinet printers, $30,000, insurance $10,000; J. A. Camp, lithographer, $8,000, insurance $2,000; Mr. Watts, silversmith, $3,000, no insurance; Cowperthwaite & Co., booksellers, had $12,000 worth of stock in the hands of printers in the building, and mostly covered by insurance.

The amount of loss sustained by the following named occupants is not yet known: Mr. Gaskill, bookbinder, loss very heavy; Mr. Samuel Eakins, electro-plater, partly insured; Mr. Williams, paper-stainer; Mr. Morgan, spectacles-maker; Messrs. Mehem & Thompson, printers; Mr. Ross, stair rod manufacturer; Messrs. Robb, Pile & McElroy, printers. The aggregate loss is supposed to be $200,000; Mr. Duval, lithographer, had forty steam presses, and an immense stock of stones. Among the stock in his establishment, were the lithographs for Commodore Perry's work on the Japan Expedition. The plates belonging to the Government—value about $6,000. They were all complete, and ready to be sent off. The fire spread so rapidly that scarcely anything was saved from the lower floors.

The United States Hotel, near the scene of conflagration, was slightly damaged by fire, but more by water. The boarders fled, and the house was flooded by the engines. Mrs. Margaret Christie, an invalid lady in a house adjoining the Hotel, died of fright. The roof of the old Masonic Hall, in Third street, ignited, but the damage is slight.

Corruption in the Election.—We were all along aware of the tremendous efforts of the Know Nothings and their allies, to defeat, at all hazards, the Democracy of the City, but were not prepared for the exhibition of recklessness which characterized their proceedings at the polls. New instances of their outrages on the purity of the ballot are constantly being brought to light, with the evidence of an organized band of illegal voters, ready and willing to aid them. Mr. Henry Wiltsie, *A Member of Assembly from New York*, was yesterday arrested on a complaint of illegal voting, in the Eastern Election District of the Ninth Ward. After examination of witnesses, before John O. Cole, Esq., Police Justice. Mr. Wiltsie waived an examination, and was held to bail in the sum of $1,000.

From the evidence at the Police Office, it appears that Mr. Wiltsie, previous to voting, was challenged, and took the oath administered by the inspectors.

He voted for Perry and the Know Nothing ticket, and is a "Hard" representative of the City of New York.—*Albany Atlas and Argus 10th.*

Abolition of the Neutrality Laws.—Hon. P. H. Bell, of Texas, in pursuance of the resolutions of the Texas Legislature on the subject of British interference at the Bay Islands in Central America, and with the Cazneau treaty at St. Domingo, is preparing to bring before Congress a bill providing for the suspension of the neutrality law of 1818, until that power shall have given satisfaction for past offences against the honor and security of American interests on American soil and in American waters, and shall give sufficient pledges of an intention to abstain for the future from the habits of dictation in American matters. What will the "*Tories of* '56" say to this novel assertion of national self-respect? In what way will they manage to assist Europe in opposing this necessary act of self-defence?—*Sun.*

Rice Planting.—We learn from planters that the recent freshets and cold weather have interfered materially with the planting of the rice crop on the Ogeechee and Altamaha rivers, especially on the upper and inland plantations. Thus far but a small proportion of the upper rice lands on the streams above-mentioned has been planted. We hear of some complaints on the Savannah, but not to the same extent. It is probable, though we have no information to that effect, that the same causes have conspired to retard the operations of the planters on the California rivers. We understand that there was ice at this place last week.—*Savannah Republican, April* 1.

The Ohio River at Wheeling rose rapidly all day on Friday, with about 16 1-2 feet of water in the channel at dark. The Wheeling *Intelligencer* says the mountain streams are very high, and the snow is melting freely. A heavy rain at this time would be disastrous, and even without it there may be more than an ordinary spring freshet.

The *Boston Traveller* is informed that milk is now adulterated in this country by a chemical, of French invention, of the consistence of tar, giving the milk a color and body of which it had been deprived by the free use of water, and adds that a person has lately visited that city from New York, offering to teach the milkmen, for a "consideration," how to use this new adulterer.

Reward for Live Indians.—We find the following announcement in the Tampa (Florida) *Peninsular*:—Captain Casey, the agent for Indian affairs in Florida, is authorized to offer a *per capita* reward or premium for Indians who may be captured or induced to come in for emigration to the West. The following rates will be paid by him for Indians delivered at Fort Brooke or Fort Myers, viz:—

For each warrior, from	£250 to £500
For each woman, from	150 to 200
For each boy over ten years, from	100 to 200

The highest rate, as above, will be paid for all except the infirm, bed-ridden and helpless, in which cases, the rate (not less than the minimum above) will be fixed by the agent of the board.

Advices from the Plains state that Gen. Harney had met all the representatives of the Indian tribes in the Sioux country, with the exception of two, and that definite terms of peace had been agreed upon.

The recent protest (in behalf of Col. Sloo) against payment to Messrs. Law, Roberts & Co., for carrying the mails across the Isthmus of Panama will have no effect on the transportation of mails by the usual mode of conveyance. The quarterly compensation has been paid as heretofore.

Dispatches from the American Minister at Naples mention in terms of high commendation the eminent services of Vincenzo d'Abundo and Capt. Gonzales in rescuing from shipwreck the American vessels Parana and Golden Rule. He suggests that small gold medals, with suitable inscriptions, be presented to them, and says that such testimonials will be valued by these officers beyond the decorations so commonly bestowed by royalty, and not only strengthen the relations of good understanding between the two countries, but, what is of more importance, might, by encouraging similar acts, prove the means of saving the lives and property of American citizens.

The New York *Sun* presents, in its columns, a wood engraving of the flag adopted by the Republic of Nicaragua—the banner under which Costa Rica is to be humbled. The following is the description of it: The flag consists of three stripes, two of blue, with one of white in the centre. The device in the centre is that of the Seal of the State, showing the sun rising over the five volcanoes, which give to Nicaragua the name of "The State of the Five Volcanoes." The words abbreviated in the device are, "*Republic de Nicaragua*," and the letter "W" underneath, is Gen. Walker's initial.

Noah's Ark in Illinois.—The Beardstown *Illinoisan* says: While visiting a friend in Sangamon Bottom, in this county, a short time since, we were called to examine a specimen of stone which he had lately taken from a neighboring quarry. The curiosity consisted of two sandstone rocks, which were found joining each other in contextural form, which, when separated, the face of one presented the appearance of having been a part of the side of a vessel near the gunwale. There seems to have been an over-lapping of the timbers, in the form of moulding, around the vessel.

Greenwood Cemetery.—The whole number of interments in this enclosure since it was laid out in 1840 was 47,223, up to April 9th, 1856. The first interment was the body of Mrs. Susan Hannah, which was removed from New York Sept. 5, 1840. The first funeral was over the body of Tobias M. Miller, Sept. 10, 1840. The number of interments since Sept 23d, 1854, have been 10,064.

New Wheat.—A clergyman of Hillsboro', Oregon Territory writing to the Commissioner of Patents, states that he has discovered a new kind of grain, resembling wheat, which, if it will not make bread, will make excellent food for cattle. The grain is said to be very heavy—the heads yielding a hundred fold each. Samples were received in Washington.

A fire broke out in the northwestern tower of the Louisiana State House at Baton Rouge, on the 30th ult., which was extinguished without doing any material damage to the main building. The tower was considerably burnt. The floor of the Hall of Representatives was flooded with water, and much damage was done to the furniture.

"Mr. Beecher pledged Plymouth Church for twenty-five Sharp's rifles."—*New Haven Paper.*

It has happened of old, for political jobs,
That churches were rifled by fanatic mobs;
But the tables are turned by the strangest of lurches,
And the mobs are now rifled by fanatic churches,
—*The Commissionaire.*

A man was recently taken out of his bed, in Canton, Miss., and tarred and feathered, on suspicion, or pretended suspicion of his being an abolitionist. The Canton *Citizen* speaks of him as having borne a good character, and as having, during the yellow fever of last year, deported himself as a truly benevolent man and a gentleman. It evidently disbelieves the charge against him.

The Iowa Know-Nothing State Convention met at Iowa City on the 5th to the number of *forty-five* delegates, *endorsed Fillmore and Donelson*, approved of Thorington, the Abolition Representative in Congress, endorsed the Maine law and *ratified the "Republican" State Ticket!*

The Lake Superior Fisheries.—The citizens of Superior have resolved upon organizing an association having for its object a more complete and extensive development of the fish trade on Lake Superior. She company goes under the name of "The Lake Superior White Fish, Salmon, Trout, Siscowitz and Herring Fishing Company," with a capital of $100,000.

Piermont is to become a great coal depot. The Erie Railroad has just contracted with a Pennsylvania mine to transport 300,000 tons during the coming season. It is supposed that this new source of supply will have a favorable effect on the market of Albany. It will doubtless add considerably to our barge and sloop business.

The Governor's proclamation for a fast was almost universally observed in Boston on the 10th, and in quite a variety of ways, the churches and theatres being open and many places of business closed. The houses of public worship were respectably attended, and the various places of amusement liberally patronized, both afternoon and evening.

A few days since, the *Mirror* says, a boy who had committed some act requiring punishment, was put in a cell with a crazy man, at Mount Holly, N. J. Soon after, a wild fit came upon the man, and he siezed the boy and killed him in a very short time—mangling him in a shocking manner.

Trumping the Elephant.—For the benefit of American readers, we may remark that Scinde was annexed during the Indian Administration of Lord Ellenborough, as Oude has been by Lord Dalhousie. For the rest, the first-named enjoyed the nick-name of the "Elephant."

"*Peccavi*—I've Scinde," wrote Lord Ellen, so proud.
More briefly Dalhousie wrote—"*Vovi*—I've Oude."

Fall of a Meteor.—At nine o'clock on the morning of the 11th, a large meteor fell south of Belfast (N.Y.) shaking the buildings in the vicinity, and being distinctly heard in Rockland and neighboring towns. The sound resembled the explosion of a powder mill. It is not known exactly where it fell.

The Riot Quelled at Demerara.—By the arrival of the bark Montezuma, we have news from Demerara to 22d March. We learn that the difficulty between the blacks and the Government has been quelled, and the Governor has appointed Commissioners to ascertain the damage done by the blacks.

A fire on Lewis wharf, Boston, on the 10th, destroyed four hundred bales of cotton and damaged several wooden buildings. The cotton was owned by Messrs. Goddard and Pritchard, whose loss is about $15,000.

A telegraph from New Orleans, dated April 10th, says: Two hundred recruits left here this morning on the steamship Charles Morgan, for San Juan, to join General Walker's forces. Gen. Hornsby was among the passengers.

The ladies of Greensburg, Ind., have voted to appoint a committee of one hundred, selecting of course, the prettiest, to visit the liquor shops in the town, and try by kindness and affection to influence sellers to quit the business.

Sing Sing and Middletown Silver Mines.

A bill has been introduced into the Senate, granting to Dr. Brandreth a charter to work a silver mine, located on the State Prison grounds, and also a lease of the same for a period of fifty years. He alleges that he has already expended $10,000 in clearing out the mine, and has no more ready money he cares about sinking there—the work to be successfully prosecuted requiring a large additional outlay. About two years since, the Sing Sing Silver Mine, which had remained undisturbed for three-quarters of a century, was re-opened by a company of citizens, but capital proved to be wanting, and a collapse was the result. Dr. Brandreth then purchased the concern and went on with the work all last Summer, and suspended operations upon the approach of Winter. He now proposes to start afresh the present Spring, and infuse new life into the metallic veins by a further liberal supply of aliment, probably through associating with him a number of gentlemen. This mine is situated a few rods north of the State Prison, the entrance being only a few feet from the Hudson, and on a level with the railroad. It consists of a perpendicular shaft 130 feet deep, having as many as nine chambers or galleries branching off in various directions, and severally of 30 to 100 feet in length. The traditional reminiscences of this mine possesses considerable interest.

About the year 1770, a fisherman found near the mouth of the present shaft what proved to be a lump of silver cropping out from a limestone rock. He subsequently tried to explore further by means of a powder blast, but, unfortunately, his hopes themselves were *blasted*, as the *report* spread, and the discovery soon became generally known. The poor fisherman received no other reward than what beneficent Nature kindly bestowed,

By *silvering o'er* his head with age.

The Colonial Government took hold of the matter, and in the end made a very handsome thing of it. About a quarter of a mile distant, by the side of a small stream known as the Kill, a stamping and smelting mill was erected, and turned out large quantities of the silver bullion, in the form of bars nine to twelve inches in length. It is stated that the troubles of the Revolutionary war alone put a stop to the working of this mine; but, from the fact that the doctor dug out very diminutive specimens of *argentum* last season, it would rather appear that the veins were long since exhausted.

In the town of Middletown, Conn., there is a silver and cobalt mine, which is now producing more tangible results. It seems, a French medical gentleman, formerly attached to the household of Louis Philippe, removed to this country a few years since, and settling at Middletown, learned the fact of the existence at that place of a mine which had been wrought a hundred years before, by a party of Germans. Being something of a mineralogist, he gave personal attention to the subject, and the consequence was the formation of a company, which has been successful far beyond expectation. Cobalt is the largest production, but considerable quantities of silver have been taken out, and the originator of the project has already realized a small fortune.—*Daily Times.*

Answers to Correspondents.

The cordial welcome given us by the members of the New-York Press, gratefully and deeply gratifies us. Exponents of various and conflicting views, oracles and champions of parties the most opposite, concur in the friendly greeting we acknowledge. Round this new-comer, for whose good conduct we are by parental ties responsible, the old and young of its Fraternity are kindly, generously, hopefully gathered. The Sunday papers—the *Times*, the *Courier*, the *Mercury*, the *Dispatch*, the *Leader*—the *Weekly Day-Book*, the *Home Journal*, the *Albion*, with a peculiar manliness and magnanimity; the *Daily News;* the *Mirror*, with its genial compliments and graceful comments; the *Journal of Commerce*, which so liberally devotes a large portion of its space to the sentiments with which we came before the public; the *Evening Post*, which does the same, and does it with so much good grace and heart; the *Courier and Enquirer;* the *Tribune*, ever kind and helpful to all strangers who stand in need; the *Times;* the *Herald*, with its good wishes, and wise counsel, and liberal recognition of all that indicates for us a successful effort; our generous and warm-hearted friend, the *Irish-American*, whose rival some people say we are, but whose coadjutor in the wide republican field of journalism we sincerely wish and aim to be, and whose continued success, mindful of incessant good services on his part in our behalf, we truthfully and earnestly desire and pray for; all and every one of them, and many others we cannot now enumerate, stand round our editorial table, and with brotherly cheers and brimful cups, invoke for us the fullest measure of fair fame and fortune. Happy and proud, indeed, we shall be, if our sayings and doings shall prove us worthy of the brotherhood by whom we have been so sumptuously welcomed.

Our military friends, the Hibernian Greens, of Philadelphia, and the Irish Volunteers, of Charleston, S. C., must forgive the accident which places them elsewhere than in a leading column. The editor designed the Memoirs of Military Companies for the editorial page, and the correspondence, relative to current events connected with the military, for another part of the paper. But this week the memoirs and correspondence are jumbled up and confused together, just as badly as the different English regiments in the storming of the Redan.

It is an ungracious thing to have to apologize for the defects of paper, press-work, &c., &c., since the apology reflects upon parties whom we would rather commend than find fault with. But we owe it to our readers to express our regret for the somewhat inartistic and impoverished appearance of our first number. The disappointment thereby occasioned to the public, great as it must have been, fell infinitely short of our vexation. We think, however, we have improved a little this week; and to the defects which are still perceptible, we reconcile ourselves with the certainty of a decided improvement in the third number.

Publishers who have sent us copies of new books, periodicals, &c., &c., may rest assured we shall in good time notice their valuable favors. In the meanwhile, we beg them to accept our friendliest acknowledgments.

"*A Claremun from Kilkee.*"—Did we know Tom Steele? What a question to put? We kew him as well as we did the Metal Man of Tramore, the Duncannon light-house, the Martello Tower of Dalkey Island, or Strongbow's burial-place in Christ's Church, Dublin. We first met him at O'Connell's house, in Merrion Square, one chill morning in the month of May, 1843. The next time, at Enniscorthy, where he commenced his speech—"Men of Wexford!" —Ye Sons of Thunder!" A few weeks after, in Waterford, on the hill of Ballybricken. Then, at the meeting outside Lismore. All through the State-trials we were intimate with him. We shook hands with him in the garden of Richmond prison. At the great Levee held by O'Connell, in the Rotunda, in the city of Dublin, 30th May, 1845, we bowed to him, at the head of the Waterford deputation, in our '82 uniform, and offered him our congratulations. We spoke, immediately after him, on the stage of the old, cob-webbed, salmon-colored, Galway theatre, during O'Flaherties contest for the representation of that borough against Monahan, the Solicitor General, and in denunciation of the Whigs. The last time we saw him, was in the month of May, 1847, at Haye's Hotel, Kingston, when, by the death of O'Connell, he had lost the great idol of his life, and was utterly spiritless and desolate. The Recollections we publish would not be complete without him. Our memory, heart, and conscience, shall do him justice.

"Kilbarry Boy."—What is the use of our repeating it? To be sure, we're fond of Waterford. We remember old Father Dignan, of Clongowes College, shuffling about the play-ground and galleries, with his saffron-colored walking-stick, perpetually quoting in reference to Waterford the saying of some venerable Jesuit of the Elizabethan era—*magnorum ingentorem fœcunda parvens.* Carew, the sculptor, Charles Kean, the son of the great Edmund; Father Kenny, the first Rector of Clongowes College, for several years Father Provincial of the Irish Jesuits, and the noblest orator that has in this century stood in the Irish pulpit; William Vincent Wallace, whom the World of Music knows, admires, and would crown with bays; Thomas Wyse, whose Scholarship and elegant literary attainments the most eminent statesmen—Guizot among the number—have with high applauses recognized; all these men were born and bred in Waterford. Have no fear. Our recollections of Waterford are not at all as yet exhausted. We have still to sketch the Great Chapel, for instance, with its glorious Corinthian pillars, broad aisles, and sweeping arches; the marble monuments to the good, and gracious, and gifted Bishops which it shadows, especially that dusty one, outside its walls, in memory of Dr. Hussey, the correspondent and friend of Edmund Burke; and the scenes we witnessed there, of which O'Connell was the colossal figure.

"Kildharra."—We give your "Innisfallen."

[The Island of Innisfallen is the largest, but one (Ross Island) of the many which dot the surface of the Lower Lake of Killarney. Spenser calls it "a chosen plot of fertile land, amongst wide waves, set like a little nest." Wright, Smith the historian of Kerry, Arthur Young, and others, speak enthusiastically of its luxurious and beautiful scenery. St. Finian the Leper founded an abbey here in the sixth century. It contains but twenty acres of land.]

Fair Isle of *Innisfaithlenn*, little jewel of the Lakes,
I never think about thee but this exiled bosom aches;
In green, to greet thy votaries, ere summer sun appears,
To *Eire's* genial climate true as Irish Volunteers.
I ask thee not—I know thou art as lovely to behold,
As thou wert twenty springs ago, when down thy banks I rolled.
If Heaven gave me Freedom, and that Eden-island farm,
Your prairies, wild and limitless, for me would have no charm.

Like Chieftain of the olden time, in *Con* or *Dathy's* reign,
No stranger should be turned away, nor beggar ask in vain,
And for the "good old cause," just won, and for my comrades dear,
The bog-oak finger-post would say, "*All true men welcome here.*"
Oh, then, the Usquebaugh would flow, and tears dim manly eyes,
"God speed the toilsome years we spent beneath the Western skies;"
"May Heaven light their path of life," some loving heart would say,
"Those friends we left may never see, in exile far away."

Old trees, ye're small, compared to those beneath whose cooling shade
St. Finian Lobhar built his church—where monk and layman prayed.
The creed he preached, and fathers heard, away before your birth,
Is rooted deeply in our hearts as ye in Irish earth.
Farewell, Killarney of the Lakes! Killarney of the Isles!
My spirit nightly visits thee, when slumber care beguiles;
But coming back at morning's dawn, she whispers in mine ear—
„ *You seek in vain, you'll never see an Innisfallen here.*"

The Irish News.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1856.

MEMORIES OF THE DAY.

April 19th.

If the voice of Edmund Burke made the nineteenth of April famous, the blood of Lexington and Concord made it immortal!

If the former failed to stay the thunders opening over the head of England, the latter gave the first light by which the clouds were dispelled from that of America.

Upon the ears of British Ministers, the eloquence of the one, as the valor of the others, broke with an indignant vehemence and a scornful warning, worthy alike to denounce and defy a despotism, or to indicate the transfiguration of a colony into a nation.

On the 19th of April, 1774, Burke delivered his famous speech on American Taxation, in the British Commons. On that day twelve-month, the Americans took up the theme at the point of the bayonet. Truly, Burke has said, "Terror is not always the effect of force; and an armament is not a victory." Lexington proved the first; the War succeeding it, illustrated the latter, to the English.

Burke's speech on the occasion has probably never been surpassed, if equalled, as a sustained effort. It is an unbroken stream—now rolling sonorously along, now descending with the force of unity, over mighty chasms—now doubly concentrated in the space allowed it—now expanding from the gorge, ever beautiful, and undivided. For effulgent energy, and pictorial sarcasm, the speech was admitted to be unequalled at the time. He shook out every plea of the Minister. He paraded the stupid policy that kept the tax on tea, by the importation of which, by America, the East Indies were to be kept from crushing England with their burden. The government he stigmatized as being without system, and inventing occasionally "some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties, into which they had proudly strutted." He reminded them that the previous year they were on the verge of bankruptcy, when, by the operation of the injudicious tax, ten million pounds of tea were rotting in the warehouses, the sale of which would have prevented the distress. Exposing the policy, he condemned the tax on other grounds, as "a tax of sophistry, a tax of pedantry, a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for any thing but benefit to the imposers, or satisfaction to the subject."

"What a man is this!" exclaimed Lord Townshend, "how could he acquire such transcendent powers?" And an American in the gallery said to an English friend, "you have a most wonderful man here, he understands more of America than the rest of your house put together."

A year had passed, Burke made another speech in favor of America, and while that voluminous moralist, Sam. Johnson, was replying to him in a pamphlet of ponderous puerilities, entitled "Taxation No Tyranny," the colonial policy of Lord North had driven the "provincials" to casting bullets, to the silent collecting of military stores, and such "treasonable practices."

The government officials scented out a store of artillery and ammunition at Concord; and eight hundred men, led by Major Pitcairn, were dispatched with great secrecy to destroy it. But the ears of rebellion, like the Indians, are tenacious, and hear footsteps through miles of earth. There is an attraction of repulsion that brings the stealthiest step and dullest ears of enemies together. As the royalists approached Lexington on the morning of April 19th, some seventy armed provincials stood in their path. Pitcairn valiantly charged the little band, which retreated, leaving eight dead, the first heroes of the War of Independence, on the field. Concord was reached by the royalists, but Concord had no peace for them. The alarm spreading, their work of demolition was interrupted. There were dead *people* in Lexington, their blood was on the hands in Concord. The indignant militia assembled—the army of Pitcairn was baffled, beaten, routed! and only saved from utter extermination by the arrival of Lord Percy with two companies of artillery, sixteen of infantry, and a corps of marines. Even with this aid the army barely effected a retreat to Charlestown, leaving in killed, wounded and prisoners, in the hands of the victorious people, two hundred and seventy-three. The "rebels" lost ninety men.

A nation without valor has no history. Literature may be the heart, Science the head, and Art the eye of a country; but Valor is its strong right arm. As it protects the others, it inspires them! As it inspires them, it gives them actual being. Their being is its history. It makes a history they live to chronicle. It makes a peace that gives them life. Thus, these memories must be ever present to us *all*. Not to cherish them is to be a Vandal. To forget them is to be a Suicide.

To Irish History the day is a necessity also. And on the records of eloquence it is marked with another name not less remarkable, and around which more imaginative splendors radiate than that of Edmund Burke.

On the 19th of April, 1780, Henry Grattan made his celebrated "Declaration of Irish Rights." It was, and is, famous in many respects. Famous for the infamous centuries of wrong it compressed into that day's glowing agony. Famous for the words which gave these wrongs an appalling inhumanity; and for the eloquence with which the Rights were invoked. Famous for the fresh blood it throbbed into Irish politics. And famous, above all, for the success which it initiated. It broke the clouds and let in a comparative burst of sunshine on the land. Any light would be sunshine for a people groping for centuries, now in uncertain gloom—now in unmistakeable darkness. Backed by the arms of the volunteers, the independence of the Irish parliament was guaranteed, such as the British government could guaranty, in 1782. The glory of it was Grattan's. But it was an illusion, like the Fata Morgana. In 1800 it was not. It was granted through fear, exercised with questionable faith, and revoked with unquestionable treachery.

To America, Ireland, and England, the date of this day is an important index. It initiated revolutions in the two former against the latter. That of America was a war of seven years. Ireland, by parading the volunteers, gained her parliament. The end of the latter was a concession which lasted eighteen years. The end of the former, Independence and a Republic which "still lives."

Who will say it was not worth the blood?

BONED TURKEY.

The news telegraphed from the *Cambria* informs us that the Conference at Paris is about to close with the most amicable solution of the European difficulties. The hesitation which the *Washington* announced, and which rendered the immediate prospects of peace uncertain, was ascribed to Lord Clarendon's indisposition to admit the claim of Prussia to sign the treaty on equal terms with the other Powers. The *Patrie*, with the nicest equanimity, tells us that the trifling difficulties, of which some foreign correspondents spoke, have not been attended with any important consequences. We presume that the *Patrie* meant to intimate that no unpleasant consequences were engendered by the insignificant impediments alluded to. For, surely, there have been results of some importance arrived at by the Conference, which, like a council of Olympian gods, nodded their majestic heads during the last few weeks in the Napoleonic capital.

As was instinctively predicted at the commencement of the war, even before the Coldstream Guards had left off drinking London Stout in Gallipoli, and long before the dainty young lords and gentlemen of England had felt the difference between barrack life in such luxurious quarters as those of Hyde Park and Dublin, and camp life, in mud and winter, on the Crimean steppes—as was predicted, Turkey is to pay the expenses of the fight.

After all, it was not Lord Clarendon's repugnance to the participation of Prussia in the conclusion of the cumbersome tragedy of the Crimea, which delayed the perfecting of the treaty, and caused the breath of the grinning Quilps of the Stock-exchange to stand still these last three weeks. Turkey was the bone of contention—the bone which stuck in the diplomatic throat in the *Hotel des Affaires Etrangeres*—and Turkey has been boned.

In vain did Djmil Bey—and when he fell ill, in vain did Ali Pasha—protest against the enlightened views of that conspiracy of peace-makers. In vain did they recall the noble professions with which England bid good-bye to her soldiers as they marched past the Queen's balcony, where they lifted their hats upon their bayonets to the gentle Hecuba of Great Britain. In vain did they remind them, that it was in the name of freedom, of the independence of nations, of the integrity of Turkey, that the broad pennant of the English Admiral flew up the Dardanelles. In vain did the swindled children of Mahomet appeal to the chivalry of France, to her romantic love of liberty, to the Oriental imagination and voluptuousness of her sons.

Louis Blanc, in his *Histoire des Dix Ans*, dates the decline of Turkey from the day on which she substituted the Fez cap for the Turban, and the French style of trowsers for the capacious drawers she used formerly to revel in. The day that shone upon the mingled flags of the Crescent, the Eagle, and the Lion, completed the extinction which the change of wardrobe had prepared.

The Principalities are to be "developed" and "ameliorated" just as another province, not much above one hundred miles from Liverpool, has been "developed" and "ameliorated"—developed into nothing and ameliorated to perdition. Then the entire of the internal administration is to be remodelled. The courts of justice, custom-houses, hospitals and bazaars, are to be purified on English principles and sanctified by France. Russia gains her point about the Christians. Austria gets another lease of her Hungarian spoil, and Prussia goes home merry.

The rubbish of the dock-yards of Sebastapol has been carted into the Mosque of St. Sophia. Turkey is no more.

And thus with all nations who put their faith in princes.

DANISH JEWS.

From time immemorial Denmark has "taken up a collection." She has been "time out of mind" an unfathomable poor-box; and no Jew has ever been more exacting.

In the earlier and barbarous ages of the world, circumstances gave her the power, if not the right, to exact; and now, when she has neither the power, nor the right, she continues the exaction, on the old European ground of hereditary exclusiveness.

The wealth of the Baltic fisheries, and especially of the waters between Zealand and Sweden, on the one hand; and the incursions of the Vikings, the sea robber-gods of the North on the other, freely drew from the fishers who dragged their nets in the former, a tax or due to the Dane for protection against the latter in ancient times. Thus commenced what has since grown into, and is now recognized as, the Sound Dues. Not alone money, but the best fish were yielded to the King of Denmark in lieu of protection and the privilege of fishing.

Herrings belonged to the fisherman, but the Grampus to the King; as also the Sturgeon, Whale, and all the aristocracy of the deep. From time to time improvements were made on the coast in shape of beacons, light-houses, &c., towards the sustainment of which all foreign vessels willingly paid tribute.

Commerce increasing in the Baltic, Denmark also extended its tolls, taxing in proportion as the commodity carried was necessitous to the population, until, by degrees, from being originally the paid sepoy of commerce, she has grown to be its dictator.

After many years of war with the Hanseatic League, Denmark, by conferring on the Netherlands—the rivals of the Hanse Towns—certain privileges of passage, had the right of toll acknowledged by the Dutch, who, for the first time, made mention of it at the treaty of Speyer, May 23d, 1554,

It would be impossible here to recount the numerous diplomatic dodges and alliances entered into by Denmark with rival commercial nations, who, eager to possess the "privileges" exercised by each other, utterly forgot the question of right, in the desire of temporary aggrandizement. Whatever nation wished to push its commerce in the Baltic, backed up the extortions of the Dane on the flags of every other nation, and thus entitled its own to be recognized as "privileged."

The question became one of individual selfishness, instead of universal right; and Denmark ably contriving, by its various alliances at one time or the other, to have its own position acknowledged, kept heightening its tolls, extorting tributes of cargoes as well as vessels, and creating a host of imposts, in the shape of pilot, custom-house, and other fees, the exorbitance of which is unparalleled.

In 1826 the United States entered into a treaty on the basis enjoyed by the "most favored nations." It was to remain in force for ten years, and until one year's (inclusive) notice to close it. Since 1841 the matter has been the subject of much discussion, and several diplomatic attempts for adjustment, all of which have failed. The year's notice was given by President Pierce in his annual message, Dec. 4, 1854, and by the American representative at the Court of Copenhagen on the 14th of April following. Thus, the year is up now, and, virtually, there is no treaty existing on the subject. Denmark has applied for two months to cogitate some amicable arrangement, which has been granted; and the question has been brought before the Senate by Mr. Mason, of the Committee on Foreign relations.

The commercial nations of Europe were startled into a self-protective action when the "year's notice" crossed the Atlantic. A sudden honesty agitated the "favored nations." The President's words, "We can claim exemption therefrom *as a matter of right*," were adopted and echoed from London to Lubeck. The question was not one of *rates* now, said the London *Times*, but of entire abrogation.

"These duties are a great and increasing burden on our trade. They cannot be claimed on any ground of abstract justice or equity. Denmark does not even claim the sovereignty of the Ore Sound, but divides it with Sweden. England might as well assert a right to tax all foreign vessels that sail through the Straits of Dover. In the recent correspondence between the American and Danish Governments, it is admitted by the latter that the Sound Duties cannot be justified on principle."

Such was the exuberant conclusiveness of the *Times*, on the immediate reception of the notice; but, within the past month, we find that it has changed its tone. It has suddenly discovered that the Dues are the staff of life to Denmark; or, rather, its abrogating enthusiasm has cooled down before the fact, that, as the London *Shipping Gazette* states in condemning the action of its contemporary, "a great part of the Danish foreign debt has been contracted in this country (England), and assigned to British bondholders.

"Some of the most eminent statesmen of America," writes the Copenhagen correspondent of the London *Times* of the 20th ult., "as Daniel Webster and the celebrated Henry Wheaton, formerly acknowledged the right of Denmark to levy the Sound Dues, as resting upon 'immemorial usage.'" Even if the writer's statements were exactly true, the conclusions are untenable. The *Times'* correspondent, no doubt refers to Mr. Webster's note to M. Steen Billé, Danish Charge d'Affaires, dated June 27, 1842, in which the former tendered the latter his "distinguished consideration." The first of the same month, however, Webster, as Secretary of State, transmitted a report to Congress in which he admitted that "the right of Denmark to levy Sound Dues *is asserted* on the ground of ancient usage, coming down from the period when that power had *possession of both shores* of the Belt and Sound," and also, that while it is recognized by various treaties, "its origin is uncertain, and its right questionable."

As to the other authority cited by the *Times* writer, a few lines will suffice. Speaking of the laws of nations as regards the Straits connecting two free Seas, Wheaton says:

"Even if such Strait be bounded on both sides by the territory of the same sovereign, and is at the same time so narrow as to be commanded by cannon-shot from both shores, the exclusive jurisdiction of that sovereign over such Strait is controlled by the right of other nations to communicate with the Seas thus connected."

As to the argument of others, that America should not question that which has satisfied Europe for centuries—it is simply to say, that Old Europe should dictate Young America's foreign policy. It is fitting time that the latter prove to the former the fact that three centuries' toleration of a wrong cannot sanctify it as a right.

THE AMERICAN FLAG IN MEXICO.

A very interesting report of the Military Committee of the Senate has just been handed us. From the letters appended to it, we have a minute and picturesque account of the planting of the American flags on the different approaches to the city of Mexico, and on the National Palace of the city itself.

At the base of the huge fortress of Chepultepec stood a five-gun battery, defended with desperate obstinacy by some of the best Mexican troops under General Bravo. It was gallantly carried by a party of stormers under the command of Major Levi Twiggs, who was killed in the attack. Captain Casey, with two hundred and fifty men and thirteen officers from General Twiggs' division, supported the Major, carrying a small stand of American colors, the property of General Twiggs, which Captain Roberts, of the Rifles, had received from his hands. No flag was planted on this battery—the troops sweeping over it the moment it was carried. As they swept by, Col. Geary, of the Second Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, mentions he saw General Shields, who was severely wounded at the battery, cheering them on to victory.

But there was the Garita de Belen, or gate of the city, defended by the citadel of Mexico, and other works, mounting altogether twenty-four pieces of artillery, and manned by a vast Mexican force. Three-quarters of a mile from the city, General Quitman reorganized his column, the Rifles and South Carolina regiments heading the attack. Soiled with dust and smoke, begrimed with blood, the officers on foot with the men, they moved on to the charge with banners furled, and no music but the roar of cannon, and the rattling roll of small arms.

The Garita was taken on a charge at full run. Immediately upon its capture, Quitman was seen waving a handkerchief, fastened to a rifle, from the parapet of the gate. After this, he called for colors, with the view to announce to the other portions of the Army, the capture of the city. General Persifer F. Smith pulled out his watch at the same time, coolly remarking they were now in Mexico, and mentioning the hour and the minute.

A Lieutenant of the Palmetto regiment brought forward his regimental flag, and with two of his men, and Lieut. Wilcox, of Quitman's staff, now one of the professors at West Point, clambered to the top of a little shed on the right of the captured gate, and there held it in the thick of a tremendous fire. There being no means to secure the flag, the General ordered it down. But before this could be done, the South Carolinian officer received a severe wound, and one of the two men, who had charge of it when this officer was wounded, was himself shot as he leaped from the shed, and fell, with the flag in his hand, by the side of General Quitman, who, in a very exposed position, was quietly smoking a cigar at the moment.

The South Carolina regiment being left at the Garita, and the Second Pennsylvanian in the Citadel, General Quitman, with the balance of his command, marched into the heart of the city, and took possession of the National Palace, the Rifles in advance. Halting in the Grand Plaza, the column wheeling into line, with officers to the front, the General directed Lieut. Lovell to have the American colors run up the flag-staff over the palace, saying to him, "let it be the national colors, the Stars and Stripes, not the particular colors of any regiment." On looking down the line, Lieut. Lovell could observe only two national flags, one of which was with the New-York regiment, the other with Capt Roberts' company of rifles. The latter was displayed by Capt. Roberts, accompanied by a file of men, in obedience to the order of the General. This was the flag which had floated over Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, while the little garrison were besieged there waiting the return of General Taylor.

Captain Charles Naylor, the Superintendent of the National Palace, finding the flag in a miserable state, nearly worn out, daily diminishing in length, and being obliged, as he plainly writes, to have its "rents sewed up" every night, applied for a new one, and received permission to procure one at his earliest convenience. On the 15th of October he writes the following letter to General Quitman:

"General: The new national flag is finished. It is of the largest size, 40 by 20 English feet, and its proportions are in exact conformity with the regulations of the United States upon the subject. It was made by Mrs. Louisa Baker, an American lady from the United States, now a resident in Mexico; and she has made it in the most substantial and beautiful manner. I propose raising it at once.

"With great respect, I am, very truly, your obedient servant,
"Charles Naylor,
"*Captain United States Army,*
"*Superintendent of National Palace.*"

Mrs. Louisa Baker assembled at her house all the American ladies of her acquaintance in Mexico, and would not, so it is stated in the report, allow a stitch to enter it but what was put there by the fingers of American women. Captains Davis, Lovell, and Naylor, cut out the stars, the Superintendent informs us, and pinned them in their appropriate places in the field.

The old flag, which had waved over Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Jalapa, and Puebla, was returned to General Worth, whose property it was, the 10th of October, 1847, on the firing of the thirtieth gun of the salute; and on the 12th of June, 1848, the new flag was lowered at sunrise, the entire population of Mexico being congregated in the great square, covering the roofs of the cathedral and neighboring houses.

MILITARY NEWS.

THE EMMET GUARD, NEW-YORK.

This company was founded in 1846, by a few patriotic members of the Montgomery Guard, who had seceded from that company, and entered into an organization, out of which sprung the Emmet Guard, Company E, First Division, of the Tenth Regiment of the New-York State Militia.

Among its early members, Messrs. McGrath, Culhane, Nickinson, Gavin, Smith, and Kelly were prominent, nearly all of whom held the post of Commissioned Officers, at intervals, to the present time.

Mr. James McGrath, its first Captain, was elected January 7th, 1847, and filled that post with marked ability and success, to his demise in 1854. Mr. McGrath was an enthusiastic Irishman, and an esteemed citizen, and will be long remembered by the citizens of New-York for his kindliness of disposition and urbanity of manners, which characterized the earlier Irish emigrants.

Mr. John Kelly, now member of Congress from this city, was the second Captain, and directed the Company with no less ability and no less success, until the duties of his present position caused his resignation in 1855. Warmly attached to the land of his fathers, and an uncompromising advocate of American interests, he was peculiarly adapted to fill the position left vacant by his able predecessor; and although removed from the position he honored, he still holds its interests among the cherished objects of his life, and is still dear to every member of the Company.

To Mr. Kelly succeeded Mr. John Kennedy, who directs the affairs of the Company, with all the ability and enthusiasm that distinguished his predecessor. He is an assiduous and intelligent officer, under whose command it will be able to support the character it has acquired, of being among the most efficient Companies of our City Militia. Captain Kennedy is ably supported by John Donohoe, First Lieutenant, an active and accomplished officer, and by Second Lieutenant James Gallager, an officer of untiring activity.

The present corps of Commissioned Officers are all of Irish birth; and all the men of the Company are Irish, by birth or parentage.

On important occasions, the Company could turn out seventy strong, and has a regular muster of about forty. It is likely to increase in numbers and efficiency under its present management and discipline.

The uniform consists of a blue coatee, with shoulder-knot and buff facings, blue trousers, with a light buff stripe, blue peaked cap, with yellow braiding, white pompon, tipped with green.

The equipments are cross and body-belts, with brass breast-plate, bearing for device the *Hands of Friendship*, a spread eagle on top; inscribed on a shield is the name of Company; musket, bayonet, cartouch-box, and knapsack, usually borne by infantry soldiers. The old flint muskets, used by the Company at present, are to be replaced by those with the percussion cap and spring bayonet.

The Company holds drill in the Eagle Drill Rooms, corner of Rivington and Delancey streets, on the Thursday evening of every week. Time, two hours, commencing at half-past seven o'clock P. M., in winter, and at eight o'clock P. M., during the summer season. The annual ball is held in January, and is among the most brilliant of the military balls of the city. The Emmet Guards have had their share of the honors conferred on the most favored companies of the city; and the confidence reposed in its firmness and forbearance is known from its being among the detachments selected by the Mayor for the suppression of the unfortunate Astor-House riot—an affair of saddening remembrance to our citizens. This was one of the most delicate duties that could be assigned to any body of our Militia, to be called on to suppress and calm the passions of citizens enjoying so large an amount of personal liberty as that awarded to them under our liberal State Government.

The members of the Emmet Guard are all industrious, respectable citizens, and many of them are among the most prosperous business men and mechanics of the city; all, or nearly all, are property owners to a considerable extent, and therefore have an interest in its order and good government.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

RICHARD SHIEL.

In the Library at Clongowes—the one devoted to the boys—there was a copy of Shiel's and O'Connell's speeches. It was a shabby-looking old book. Miserable paper, print, and binding. The leaves all torn and defaced with pencil-marks. The stitching exposed. The title-page depending on a shred for its connection with the preface.

Beggarly as it looked, to me it was beyond all price. It was my favorite book. I loved it. All the more so, because it was in rags. The very pleasantest hours I had in that old college of Clongowes, I spent with this indigent volume. A ricketty casket, full of bruises, and threatening every minute to fall to pieces, it contained for me a heap of the rarest emeralds, the lustre of which, even in the hardest frost, made my eyes melt and water.

Had I it in my power now, it should have a superb book-case for its own special use and benefit. A book-case of the soundest bog-oak—twelve feet high—fashioned like the round tower of Clonmacnoise, the most beautiful of them all. I should dress it up sumptuously in green velvet, and give it an inner vest of white watered silk, and stiffen its aged back with bars of gold.

In the round tower of bog-oak it should with impunity repose for ever, safe from all prying eyes, and the profane pencils of reckless annotators. All this it would well deserve, for the hours of ecstacy of which it was the exhaustless source.

The principal speeches of O'Connell and Shiel, delivered during the days of the great Catholic Association, from 1825 to 1829, were to be found in its disordered pages. The first inserted was one pronounced by O'Connell, in the summer of 1827, in the great chapel in the city of Waterford. In this speech he gives a richly humorous description of a parson of the Established Church; speaks of his coat being sleek and shining with the parish brush; of his wig being redolent with parish pomatum; of his charity beginning at home, but being of so domestic a nature, as never to go abroad. Of the architectural features of the parson's church, the great orator gives us an amusing enumeration. We have, he said, a big barn behind, with a sentry-box in front, and a candle-extinguisher on top.

In this speech I also found that beautiful passage—

"I look at-home, and I am not disheartened. I look abroad, and my spirit is exalted. From the coast of Labrador to where Cape Horn beholds two oceans commingle, Liberty is everywhere extending her dominion. Her voice comes to us across the Atlantic, is heard above the storm, and, like summer music in the heavens, gladdens the ear of seven millions of Irishmen."

And it was in this speech that he spoke of the example which America would be to the young generation springing up about him.

There were not more than a dozen of Shiel's speeches in the volume. All of them, brilliant and exciting to excess, drove the blood burning through my veins, and filled my mind, as by a violent enchantment, with the visions which were the inspiration of whatever strong words fell from me in later years.

There was the contrast—almost maddening, it was so impetuous—he drew between the conduct of the British Government towards Portugal and their conduct towards Ireland. It was immediately after Mr. Canning's memorable speech, in favor of the military interference of England, on behalf of the constitutional liberty of Portugal.

"Portugal is to be free!" he exclaimed, "old, palsied and decrepit Portugal is to be free! and Ireland—young, generous, ardent, enthusiastic Ireland—Ireland is—!"

Here he violently broke off, paused a moment, bowed his head, covered his face with his hands, and looked as if immersed in an agony of despair.

"No! no!" he violently resumed, "it must not be! If tears are to be shed, they should be the steam of burning hearts, and the hand which brushes them away should be clenched!"

Shiel's speeches, denunciatory of the Duke of York, appear also in this volume, as well as the magnificent discourse he delivered on the occasion of his death. The description of the royal funeral, solemnly winding through the aisles of St. George's Chapel of Windsor Castle, and the great officers and dignitaries of the empire descending amid the glare of torches, with their embalmed and coffined burden, into that vault "the silence of which the Archangel alone shall break,"—all this, in coloring and in grouping, is as striking as the grandest battle-scene of Horace Vernet.

"But," he says, "as I have thrust thorns into his pillow, I shall not sow thistles upon his grave;" and then he dismisses the subject with an impressive admonition to all princes and proud ones, who, with the impious pertinacity of the dead Duke, would still stand between them and their rights.

These speeches called forth the fiercest denunciations from the English and Orange press.

This however was of little consequence. Shiel had an imperturbable contempt for all such chastisements. There was something he felt more severely. Something which inconvenienced him much more painfully His phillipics against the Duke of York kept him out of office during the reign of William the Fourth. The King could never be induced to forgive the attack upon his brother. The intercessions even of Lord Melbourne proved unavailing.

It was not until the Reform King had been three or four years in his shroud, that the interdict was removed, and Shiel found the gold dust of the Treasury within an appreciable range. In the summer of 1840, he was appointed one of the Commissioners of Greenwich. Subsequently, Vice-President of the Board of Trade. Still later, Master of the Mint. Last of all, Ambassador to the Court of Tuscany. For some time after her accession to the throne, the Queen herself entertained a strong repugnance to his being invited to share in the royal patronage. To his being Judge Advocate, she peremptorily refused to assent, though his appointment to the post was earnestly urged by Lord Melbourne, the present Earl of Carlisle, and other eminent personages of the Whig party.

I had this from his own lips, as he pleasantly sat one day, in the month of July, 1843, at the table of his old friend, the Rev. John Sheehan, Parish Priest of St. Patrick's, Waterford, and rattled away with jokes, anecdotes, quotations, and epigrams, over the best Blackwater salmon, and the choicest Epernay to be found in any house, lay or clerical, from Innishowen to Hook tower.

At this hospitable house I met Shiel, for the first time in private. Twice before—and only twice—I had seen him in public. The first occasion was that of the great aggregate meeting of Catholics, convened in Dublin, about the middle of January, 1844, by the Lord Mayor—now Sir Timothy O'Brien, Bart., M. P. The object of the meeting was to protest against the exclusion of Catholics from the jury empannelled to try O'Connell and the other Repeal conspirators, as Mr. Ferrand, the Tory member for Knaseborough, boisterously styled them one night, pending the trial, amid tremendous uproar in the House of Commons.

In the Music Hall, in Lower Abbey street, the meeting took place, It was a time of intense excitement. Dublin was full. A formidable garrison—amongst which Lord Cardigan's Hussars, in their scarlet trousers and scarlet cap, with their close-fitting blue embroidered jacket, and devilish air of impudence, were most conspicuous—occupied the city. Not only were the permanent barracks stocked with soldiers, horse and foot, but several deserted mansions had been fitted up, and now echoed, from morning to night, with ringing ramrods, and clanking spurs, and challenges, and pass-words. Aldborough House, for instance, in one of the suburbs on the road to Clontarf, sheltered three or four companies of the 5th Fusileers, in which very dashing regiment an old school-fellow of mine—at present one of the Members for the County Galway—was Lieutenant.

The Earl of Aldborough, from whom the imposing edifice derived its name, had long been an absentee. The public were made aware, for several years running, that his Lordship resided in some villa, with a melifluous name, in the vicinity of Naples. In the illimitable advertisements of Parr's Pills, or the Poor Man's Plaster, or some other invention of fatuitous science, which, day after day, generation after generation, appeared in every paper in Ireland, the public were informed, under his own seal and signature, that his mythical Lordship had been rescued from the jaws of death by the providential use of the Plaster or Pills aforesaid.

Applying the Plaster, or swallowing the Pills, his Lordship had spent so much of his time abroad, that he had become a mere misty memory in Ireland, of which his abandoned house on the road to Clontarf was the only palpable vestige that remained. The spiders and the mice had been undisturbed tenants of it for many winters and summers, until the dashing Fifth Fusileers tramping in there one morning, early in the autumn of 1843, swept them in a panic to retreats, less spacious and illuminated.

Dublin swarmed with soldiers. Officers being plenty, there was a gay time expected. And so the landlords, titled and untitled, opulent and beggared, sent up, or brought up, their dowagers, dames, and pretty-birds to town, and the hotels were crammed. The State-trials were in progress. Splendid arguments and speeches were looked forward to, and so were many sharp and flashing passages of arms in the crimsoned arena of the Queen's Bench. And so there was a prodigious flood of lawyers and attorneys into the beautiful metropolis of Ireland. Every man, in fact, who could raise a wig and gown, or produce a certificate of practice in Petty Sessions, had left his home—in whatever part of Ireland that might be—and had more or less comfortably moored himself for this stormy season to either bank of the languid Liffey.

Many of the old agitators, too, who had achieved a larger or smaller measure of celebrity in the days of the Catholic Association, excited by this recent outrage on the body of which they had been the champions, and ambitious of proving their ancient spirit in a new campaign, had come once more upon the scene of their vigorous eloquence, manhood, and success.

There was Mr. Wyse, the historian of the struggle, as he had been one of the most accomplished actors in the movement, which eventuated in the emancipation of the Catholics. At present British minister at Athens, he resides in a city where the very stones must be dear to him, and where every breeze that ripples the Ægean must wake his congenial mind, already so impressed with the spirit of the past, into harmonies of subdued rapture and delight. There, also, was Sir Thomas Esmonde, one of the oldest, if not the oldest Baronet, in Ireland. A plain, good-natured, conscientious country-gentleman, who if able to say little, brought with his ancient Baronetcy no slight social weight to the meetings and petitions of his Catholic comrades, and, being independent in fortune, was above contempt, suspicion, or intrigue.

He was a patriot, however, with considerable reservations. He was a patriot in the wake of the Whigs, and though occasionally showing a little independent flag of his own—a pocket-handkerchief of home manufacture, with a spunky sentiment barely legible in one corner of it—never had the pluck or the good sense to get out of the track which their passage through politics ambiguously left. Nevertheless he was an excellent man, and a chivalrous Catholic.

Several others of the same rank had been attracted to Dublin; and Dublin, since the epoch of the Parliament and the Volunteers, had never, perhaps, been so crowded, so excited, so brilliant in its social aspect, nor so impressive in its political incidents and attitude.

In this condition of affairs, the great meeting of Catholics in the Music Hall, at which I saw Shiel for the first time, took place.

IRISH REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

FIRST ARTICLE—'98.

'98 and '48.—The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland: by John Savage. *Redfield; New-York.*

Behind the vast crowd which filled the Irish Revolutionary stage during the middle months of 1848, and at what, to the public eye seemed a considerable distance from the conspicuous personages of the scene, there stood a picturesque group of young and glowing spirits, who, if the opportunity had been given them, would have shone as radiantly in the fight for freedom as the students of the *Ecole Polytecnique* did in the Three Days of 1830, or in that nobler revolution which, eight years ago, served as the signal and inspiration of the European Rising. Cultivated, brave, and generous youths, they had come out from the studio, the lecture-hall, the hospital, the library of the University, the picture galleries of the Academy, to stake their fortunes with the people.

Prominent amongst them was the author of this bright volume. Gifted with a quick intellect, full of fancy, full of wit, full of heart, with a love for all that is beautiful in art, in nature, and the destiny of a people, he was one of the brightest of that brilliant brotherhood whose genius made them the poets, as their pure patriotism would have made them the martyrs or the heroes of a revolution. Late in the summer of '48 he might have been seen in the Commeraghs, an armed outlaw, banding the peasantry of Waterford and Tipperary against the foreign garrison who, by sheer force, held their soil; whilst the same season, the year previous, he might have been seen in the great hall of the Royal Dublin Society, in the presence of the most distinguished literary men and artists of the Irish capital, receiving from his Excellency, the Earl of Clarendon, the silver medal for the best painting in oil from nature. The painting contained studies of animals which were well known to the frequenters of the Zoological Garden in the Phœnix Park, and his Excellency, standing on the step of his gilt and scarlet throne, complimented the young artist on his performance, and the admirable likenesses he had made.

And now, with a pen which tells as truthfully, and colors as brightly as his pencil in the schools of the Dublin Society, he comes forward to vindicate the calumniated memories of two epochs, the most generous and chivalrous in the history of his country. His father was the son of a United Irishman of '98, and dedicating the book to his memory, he illustrates the honor and nobility of his parentage. Of Wolfe Tone, Russell, McCracken, McCabe Thomas Addis Emmet, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the other eminent republicans of that period, we have grand portraits and fitting eulogies. Now that Ireland appears insensible to the loftier suggestions of the past, it is truly gracious and useful to have these names revived, and the story of the gallant fight repeated, with the plot and incidents of which they are inseparably woven.

The loving care and industry with which he has done his duty to the republican dead of Ireland, may be inferred from the fact, that he has added the names of more than fifty of the leaders of the United Irishmen, which Dr. Madden, in his celebrated work upon the subject, has omitted. In some minute details he corrects Plowden, and other similar authorities. Indeed, considering that he has assiduously read and ransacked all the writings which heretofore threw any light upon the subject, and has added to their statements the results of his own searches, his travels through the country, his conversations with contemporaries of the United Irishmen, and with men of the generation immediately succeeding them, we consider it no exageration to say that it is the best book extant on the last great revolutionary era of the Irish race.

We say the last great revolutionary era. For the insurrectionary proceedings of '48 were too premature and brief to be designated so impressively. In a military point of view, this is strictly true. There was no campaign, like that of Wexford under Bagenal Harvey and the patriot priests; no great project which eventuated in the descent of the French fleet on Bantry, and the disembarkation of the French troops on the Mayo coast; no fierce fight like that which felled Lord Mountjoy at the Three Bullet Gate of Ross, and flung the royal flag of England, torn and riddled, into the red channel of the Barrow. The rebellion of '98, as it is usually called, deserves at least as grand a prominence in history as the rising of the Tyrol under Höfer, or that of Circassia under Scamyl, or that of the Sicilians against the King of the Lazzaroni.

The motives, the courage, the patriotism by which it was impelled and kindled vindicate themselves with strength and beauty, and great glory, in the presence of the best examples of the patriot-soldier which the past, or recent times, introduce to the applauses of the world. John Savage deeply feels the glowing truth of this, and animated by it, tells his story of the period with an eloquence and vigor worthy of the scenes it disclosed, and the spirits by which they were filled with light.

An extract or two will confirm these impressions. On the night of the 26th of May, 1798, the chapel of Boolavogue, the house of the curate, John Murphy, and the dwellings of about twenty farmers in the neighborhood, were burnt by the yeomen.

"Ah!" the young historian exclaims here, "it was not alone walls and rafters they set in flames. It was the fire of revolution they kindled; and such a flame, too, as is not yet extinguished in the rebellious Irish heart. The chapel-house of Boolavogue is still flaming—still crackling and flinging up its bright embers on the dark pages of that year's history."

On the morning of Whit-Sunday, the churchless priest, surrounded by his hunted flock, unsheathed his sword. What follows is well worth reading, word for word:

"In the American Revolution a scene took place which is peculiarly apposite. An eloquent pastor on the frontiers of Virginia gave notice that on a certain Sabbath he would preach his farewell sermon. The day came. The homely temple was crowded with hardy mountaineers. They over-filled the church and crowded the little burial-place. Every one was breathless.

That intuitive knowledge of coming events, which at times agitates the most sluggish intellects, guided by peculiar circumstances, excited the assemblage to a marvellous anxiety. The theme of the day was the subject of the sermon. Peace or war—Liberty or death? He was a plain vigorous speaker was this pastor. Every word fell on the audience like a mallet knocking off their chains He portrayed their sufferings, their wrongs, and dwelt on the sacred character of the War of Independence. 'Aye,' said he in conclusion, 'in the language of Holy Writ, there is a time for all things, a time to preach and a time to pray, but those times have passed away'—and then in a voice of thunder, 'there is also a time to fight. And *that* time has now come!' Pronouncing the benediction, he deliberately removed his gown, and an armed warrior stood before them. The soldier-priest was the Rev. Peter Muhlenberg, afterwards a Major-General in the Revolutionary Army.

Father John Murphy's last sermon was preached in Boolavogue; the time for preaching and praying was told out by the Orange incendiaries; and the time for fighting had come. 'Better,' said he, 'die courageously in the field, than be butchered in the houses.' Early on this morning, Hawtrey White with two troops left Gorey in search of the insurgents; and on the south side one hundred and ten picked men of the North Cork regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Foote and six officers, marched from Wexford. From opposite directions the royalists were advancing on the people. The rapid movement of the North Cork, now joined by sixteen mounted yeomen, who made a diversion on the side of the hill, for a moment flung indecision amongst the insurgents. A volley from the royalists drove them up the hill, whither they were followed by the North Cork. A rapid movement on the part of the insurgents—an ambuscade—up come the North Cork incited by Foote: the rebels have opened to receive them, and out sprang the pikemen from their ambush, while the great mass of the people, men, women, and children, stood looking on the top of the hill.

'We must conquer or perish,' cried Murphy. A deadly vengeance steadied every pike. Dying groans were in the men's ears, blazing homes had driven them to battle: one wild charge, and the royalist bandits rolled over, as if one monstrous corpse."

The entrance of the victorious peasantry, under Bagenal Harvey, into Wexford, is spiritedly told:

"The town surrendered; Wexford abandoned; officers, yeomen, magistrates, some flying to Duncannon—others crowding the ships, and some, ruffians who never spared a life, begging their own—flinging themselves on the magnanimity of the 'rebels.' Thank heaven, the 'rebels' could afford to be magnanimous!

The united forces entered. On the old walls and towers which silently chronicle the incursions of piratic Dane, and Anglo-Norman robber, the green flag is proudly reared—green ribbons and branches of trees decorate the windows of almost every house—the prisons are unbarred—and there Bagnal Harvey, giving protection to many who would a few hours before have dashed his brains out, is proclaimed, by the victorious 'rebels,' Commander-in-chief of the army of the people."

The description of Vinegar Hill is equally true, beautiful, and touching:

"Vinegar Hill is a beautiful eminence standing directly between Enniscorthy and the river Slaney, which winds round its base to the town. On the top of this hill stands a dilapidated stone building, indicating, as it were, in its shattered strength and ruined prominence, the fortunes of the day which has fixed its name and pictured its figure immortally on the pages of history. Here the forlorn hope of the Wexford Insurgents are collected; a great mass of men and women, with about two thousand arms, and, as Hay tells us, only two charges for cannon, of which they possessed a few disabled pieces.

Against them Lieutenant-General Lake has mustered twenty thousand regular troops.

As day broke, Lake disposed his attack in four regular columns; and with the dawn, bomb-shell and cannon opened on the desperate heroes on the hill. With a cheer of defiance they return the fire. Now streams of shell and grape poured on the four sides of the insurgent position; every volley, like a cataract roaring through the gorges of a mountain side, was answered by a wild mocking echo by the granite-souls it broke upon. Gradually and cautiously the troops advanced up the slopes—nearer and nearer, like a serpent tightening its coils upon its victim. The peasantry maintain their fire until the flint is useless from want of powder. But there is that in these men's souls which is ignited by an immortal spark. The leaders exhort the men, and with that greater eloquence of action, incite them with examples of daring and defiance. Closer and closer the English troops advance—now the women—wives, mothers, daughters, sisters, forgetful of all, save that inherent spirit of heroic guardianship over man, which is their gift from Heaven, and which is ever the purer when the danger is blackest—now these women dash through the insurgent ranks to the sides of those dear relatives whom they are to cheer to victory, or soothe in death.

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In a torrent of flame and smoke, men and women, the leaves and branches of the insurgent forest are swept down the ruthless currents of devastation and death."

A chapter entitled *"The Trail of the Menapii,"* is a thrilling lyric narrative of the intermittent struggle—now fierce, then faint, at times a whisper of discontent, and at other times a storm of vengeance—which, ever since they first set foot on the Wexford coast, has harassed the adventurers from England, their children, and their descendants, even to the latest hour noted in this book. A succession of gallant spirits leap up, here and there, from the broken outline of the narrative, like mountain pines along the rugged ridges of the Australian Alps, and sprightly anecdotes, like fresh wild flowers, bud from about their roots, and with a profusion of sweets and graces veil the ruggedness of their growth.

For instance, we find it pleasantly told of Kearns, one of the committee for the protection of the town of Wexford, and afterwards conspicuous for his chivalry in the defence of Enniscorthy, that he was actually "strung up" in Paris during the ascendancy of Robespierre; but being a large, heavy man, the lamp-iron from which he was suspended, gave way, till his toes reached the ground. In this state, he was cut down by a physician, under whose care he recovered, to die upon the surer scaffold of the Reign of Terror maintained by Castlereagh, Cornwallis, and Carhampton.

An accurate and graceful memoir is given of William Aylmer, who so ably conducted the campaign in Kildare. "His career at the head of his little army," the author prettily and justly observes, "was a *bijou* of valor and enterprise." Having been permitted to leave the country, shortly after the battle of Ovidstown, which he fought with singular skill and boldness, Aylmer entered the Austrian service. The distinction he won there secured for him the honor of escorting Maria Louisa, on her return from Paris to Vienna, on the downfall of Napoleon. Accompanying the Emperor of Austria, on the occasion of the visit of the Allied Sovereigns to London, in 1814, the Prince Regent requested him to remain in England, and instruct the British cavalry in the sword exercise. He did so, his immediate pupils being the 10th Hussars; and in token of his admirable services, received from the Prince the present of a handsome sword. All this flows on in a full and sparkling current through the earlier pages of this little history of two epochs of the national life of Ireland, both of which, inspired with the same ideas, differ from each other in their historic aspect—the first being boldly military in its tone, attitude, and action—the latter signalizing itself more by the poetry, rhetoric, and religion of revolution, than by its audacity, martyrdoms, and conflicts.

We have often seen the handsome sword which Aylmer received from his gracious enemy and patron, the Prince Regent. Painstown, the beautiful old home of the Aylmers, is little more than three miles from Clongowes College. The sword is there enshrined. The boys enacted plays at Clongowes every Christmas. The Prince Regent's sword was sent for, whenever any great potentate or brigand was in preparation for the stage. The last time we saw it was at the close of '35, when the "Merchant of Venice" was performed. Enoch Lewis Lowe, recently Governor of the noble little old State of Maryland, sustained the part of Bassanio, and along with a pair of pasteboard buskins, wore the sword in question.

Having thus rapidly glanced at the first epoch learnedly and lovingly treated in this volume, we reserve the second epoch, that of Forty-Eight, for the ensuing number of the *News*.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

NO. 1—LANDSCAPE.

The space to which the Academy is at present confined for exhibition purposes is at once a perfect God-send for the eyes of visitors, and an indirect means of reflecting more than the usual credit on the committee of selection. The want of a more spacious gallery has played the critic in a most judicious manner, and excluded, with a very reasonable excuse, many square yards of glare and ghastliness. The consequence is, that in the present exhibition the critical eye is comparatively safe from the rude assault of staring portraits, or the ruder dazzle of stiff, raw and gaudy "draperies," which, from their too usual characteristics of bad drawing, stony rigidity, and solid brick-dustiness of hue, might well be termed fabrics, in any but a dry-goods sense.

We say comparatively safe, for unhappily the eye is not entirely so. There are some as thoroughly execrable, stiff, raw, muddy and glaring combinations of color as ever spoiled canvas, in the present exhibition. Fortunately for both "artists" and visitors, the former (in most of those instances) were clearly not in good standing with the hanging committee, who consigned good and serviceable nails to an obscure altitude to support wretched apologies for art. If the smallness of the rooms is to be commended in having lacked accommodation for "more of the same sort," still an involuntary prayer rises for an extension of the galleries, so that these admitted horrors might be placed where even a telescopic vision could not encounter their agonizing surfaces.

It would be ungenerous to individualize; moreover, it would demand much more of our space to point out the horrors than to pay homage to the beautiful.

The chief failing, as is usual and to be expected, is in the figure school. As it is the highest branch of art, it is the most seldom reached; and too often we find that in the ratio of utter inability to perform, there exists the rampant desire to attempt. But more of the figure hereafter.

Let us for the present take refuge in what the landscape-painters have given us. They never, as a body, so outrage our sense of feeling or love of the beautiful as their less healthy-brained brethren. The landscape-painters generally, even for ever so short a period, once in twelve months seek the rural districts, and give us some reminiscence of the natural. The country air and exercise add to their strength, and clear their vision; and even if they do not sketch at all, they are becoming impressed with the necessities of their art. They see nature, they breathe freely; and dull indeed must the head and heart, and inverted the vision of the man be, whether landscape-painter or otherwise, upon whom the Hudson scenery leaves no life-long memories; whose nature, once shadowed by the Kaatskills, is not for ever enwrapped by the wooded glory of their glens, the rocky passion of their ravines and gorges, the sparkling buoyancy of their flashing cascades. Unfortunate must the wretch be, whose soul is beyond the admonishing influences of the Mohawk valley, the impressive beauty of the Susquehanna, or the eloquence of the Trenton falls.

The landscape-painter, if he but cross to Long-Island, spend a day on the hills between Gowanus and Flatbush, or in Westchester County, or even takes the ferry for Staten Island or Hoboken, finds much to revive his eye, and impress him with fresh lines of beauty, with the groupings of rocks and trees, with the endless exigencies of atmospheric effects. For this reason, we always find something to attract in any, however small, collection of landscapes.

In the present exhibition the landscapes have the chief charm for us. A few are really, to our mind, beautiful; and several very creditable, and full of promise. Kensett, Church, and Cropsey, are not so well represented as they have been in previous years; yet, there is always something to recommend in their works. William Hart has nothing to compare with his fine picture exhibited two years ago, called "Peace and Plenty;" nor Coleman anything so impressive as the "Curfew," exhibited (if we do not err) at the same time. Both, however, are very well represented. The latter, if not so impressive, has improved exceedingly in the handling, and there is a fine vein of poetry running through his productions. Shattuck is justly admired for his clear and truthful effects; and Durand still holds the position which his "June Shower" and "Forest Temple" gave him, in our mind.

Kensett, surely, must be a Hard Shell, if not politically, certainly pictorially—he so delights in both the study and appreciation of rocks. His "Franconia mountains" (125) exhibits his peculiarity in a very bold and characteristic manner. In many respects it is an excellent picture and at all points one that will attract attention. The masses of rock, especially in the light, to the left of the picture, portray a devoted study of the actual, which very actuality gives a character and a poetry to them in distinct condemnation of the popular and vulgar expression of "more poetry than truth," in anything one wishes to decry. The foliage is not so well painted as the rocks. It lacks the force and character of the latter—the study of which it would seem had somewhat stultified the buoyancy of touch so requisite to produce natural effects of the former.

"Landscape" (137), by F. E. Church, N. A., is like a dream. There is a self-satisfied, happy warmth over the scene that insinuates itself into or suffuses the vision of the beholder with a congenial, half-enchanted sensation of calm happiness, which, by degrees, induces a reverie at once anxious and resigned: resigned under the blissful resources of the scene, anxious lest we may not be able to fill at once the extent of peace and joy opened on this small and sunny canvas. We would like to nestle amid those wild-flowers and ferns in the shadow of the old stump and beneath the tangled tapestry of vines and creepers about it, and float on the Falernian pages of Horace—quaff the bubbling syllables of Anacreon, or, mayhap, con some of the crisp, short pastorals of the quaint English tongue, when it was some couple of hundred years younger than it now is. We could the better appreciate Keats, too, in such a nook, and Hood's plea for the Midsummer Fairies would read admirably here. Or, perchance, in the gorges of yon mountains bathed in glory, we might select some spot overlooking the valley; and there, with one of Shakspere's radiant comedies, feel more truthfully the beauty of the scene below us, and the exuberance of the characters *in hand*. There is some very delicate painting in, and a judicious effect over, this picture.

"Chenango River Scenery" (148), by J. F. Cropsey, N. A., has some fine bits of coloring, and exhibits a marked improvement in the clouds. They are less metalic and *more* cloudy than is usual with this painter. The land patches on the hill-slopes are good; the brushwood and shrubs in the fore ground admirable, showing evident pains-taking. The out lines of the trees in the fields that flank the river are hard, and their coloring is, if we may use the term, noisy. They hurt the eye from their *loud* effect; and, moreover, the tone of those which may be supposed at some four or five hundred yards distance is quite as high as that one to the right nearly in the immediate fore-ground. Probably, after the eye has dwelt for some time on the quiet effulgence of Church's landscape (137), the outlines and tints of this picture appear hard and less natural. It is quite possible that one cannot do full justice to either by looking at them alternately.

Cropsey's "Evening at Paestum" (77), has a classic beauty equal to a line of Virgil. The glorious ruins and the brooding marshes have a grand, solitary keeping, and a significant eloquence. All that remains of the Lucanian city of roses—of the city famous, as Virgil tells, for that the roses bloomed twice a year, *Biferique rosaria Pœsti*—now an expanse of stagnation, weeds, and ruins—this little gem conveys the mute chronicle of decay, in its rich, lonely and ravaged beauty. It is full of simple excellence and suggestiveness.

"The Brook at Idlewild" (113), by T. Addison Richards, has a pleasing effect, though, on examination, the coloring is not sufficiently decided.

No. 79, "Meadows at Glenmary," by the same artist, though but a sketch, is, to our mind, much better. There is a firmer and more artistic touch evident. It is unpretending and truthful.

"Near Squam Lake," New Hampshire (150), by David Johnson, is an elegant and effective picture. Reminding us somewhat of the effects produced by Cropsey, there is a more subdued feeling, and a more reliable sympathy with nature in the color. The picture embraces an expansive scene, in which the lines are very harmoniously disposed of. The handling is clean and artistic, and the general impression one of satisfaction.

"A Symbol" (43), by A. P. Durand, P. N. A., is accompanied, in the catalogue, with the lines from Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*:

> "As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale and midway cleaves the storm,
> Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

This picture, as we have stated, fully sustains the reputation which we feel proud in acknowledging as the merited trust of the President of the Academy. The scene, as may be imagined from the quoted lines, presents the stalwart brow of a mountain towering in sunny solitude above the mantling thunder-clouds about its breast. The landscape under the shadow of those clouds is seen in the lurid obscurity of the rain storm. De Burtin, in his admirable, though somewhat too trite treatise on pictures, says: "I do not condemn absolutely the effects which I call factitious, and of which nature offers no real example, but which the painter has imagined possible to be seen, just as he imagines fabulous beings. Nevertheless, I prefer always that he keep to nature herself, which furnishes him with subjects sufficiently striking." De Burtin, in both instances, would have reason to admire this picture; both as regards what we may term a factitious effect, and a thorough keeping with nature. Any pictorial representation of a storm, must, to a considerable extent, be a factitious effect, in so far as it would be impossible to paint it "from nature." It may be observed, studied—but the actuality cannot be daguerreotyped, as it were, like

a tree, a castle, or a group of rocks. The artist must read it as it runs. Mr. Durand has given us a glorious reminiscence of a storm, and a very truthful view of nature under its effects. The clouds, rounded with sunshine at the top, and rugged with thunder underneath; the lurid subjugation of the distant atmosphere; the agitation of the landscape beneath the wild and concentrated anger of the clouds; the character of the lake rippling its disturbed weakness to the shore; the feeling of the foliage in the distance; the resigned character of the valley; and the swaying of the trees in the left of the foreground (for we see and hear them croon and sway); their impotent expostulations, so to speak, elaborately fills up the sensations and necessities of such a moment as the artist has depicted. The few gleams of sunshine that, striding over the limits of the storm, strike upon the rocks in the foreground, gives them an animation which acute observers of nature will thoroughly appreciate. They speak to such as the harbingers of the cessation of the aeriel conflict. The entire feeling of the picture is that of combined grandeur, poetry and truth. There is an elevation of sentiment in it that fixes a lesson in the mind of the beholder, and which may be applied faithfully to the experiences of human existence. How many men, with sunshine on the brow, have the storm within. Mr. Durand has not only given a striking effect, but filled up the details with a deeply appreciative study of nature. There is an Ossianic grandeur in the cavalcade of clouds, proceeding with steps of thunder, that cannot be forgotten. We hear them roll, and tramp, and roar like the gathering of the sons of Fionn. It is really a noble picture.

We cannot praise too much the coloring of William Hart's "Rydal Water" (185)—it is so healthy and natural in tone. It is neither hard, on the one hand, nor as if painted on a blanket, on the other. It seems as though the artist did not attempt to test his powers in the coloring, but could not help being natural. There is a mellow force, a gracefulness of outline, a consistency of atmosphere, and hill, and tree, of lake, and cattle, that is ever paramount in nature.

"Midsummer" (184), by T. Coleman, would almost strike one as being by the painter of the preceding, but that it lacks the force of color. The handling is much alike.

No. 2, "Blossoming—Grass-time," by the same artist, illustrating the lines:

> "Girls, like waders in the surf
> Beyond the brook, waist deep
> In meadow sweet,"

is a glorious little picture; very careful, rich, elaborate, and perfectly Tennysonian in its feeling.

A "View in Wales" (15), by William G. Wall, of Dublin, is a spirited and bold effort. The old trees and broken ground are very effective; also, the mountains half-wooded, half-cultured, sustain the back-ground well.

The sale of Mr. J. F. Cropsey's Paintings took place on the morning of the 10th instant. We were, unfortunately, unable to attend, and owe the following facts of the sale to the *Daily Times:*

The room was opened at nine, but as the sale was not to commence untill eleven o'clock, the interval afforded an agreeable opportunity of examining the collection. The largest, and, with a few exceptions, the most attractive pictures were the "Coast of Genoa," the "Spirit of War," and the "Spirit of Peace;" "Niagara Falls," "Catskill Clove," "Recollections of Italy," and the "Nameless River." The admiration expressed of these and a number of sketches in oil, promised a spirited rivalry when they should be under the hammer of the auctioneer, and the promise was fulfilled. The first offering was a modest sketch entitled, "Black Mountains, Lake George," which was sold for $15. "Little Fall, Passaic River," went at $16, and was followed by "Oak Tree," a sketch, at $22 50. The next was a fine painting, 50 by 33, the "Nameless River." This had been a favorite before the sale began, and the bidding was spirited until $245 was reached, at which it was knocked down to Mr. ——. Several smaller pictures were next sold, among them a "Pine Tree" and a "Study of Rocks," which were bought by the Rev. Dr. Bellows, the first at $19 and the second at $30. "Cicero's Tomb," a very good pencil sketch, was sold for $8. The next picture was "Recollections of Italy," 64 by 43, and one of the very best in the collection. It was sold to Mr. Douglas at $370. "Chepstow Castle," 27 by 18, was sold to Mr. Bellows for $165; and "Lake Winnipiseogee—Moon rising," brought $140. "Clove —A Storm Scene in the Catskill Mountains," 48 by 60, went to Mr. Tibbitts, at $391. The next of special interest was "Niagara," 72 by 48, a very desirable painting. The view is taken from below, on the American side, looking down Niagara River, from which the Cave of the Winds is partly visible under the first sheet of water. The bidding for it was lively, and it was finally sold to Major Carney for $510. "Loch Achray and Benvenue" brought $225, and Dr. Bellows gave $39 for a very pretty Newport scene. He also purchased "Hon. Mark Spencer's House" for $28, "A Jewish Captive" for a smaller sum, and a "Scene at Pæstum" for $41. He obtained "Twilight" for $25, a "Study of Foliage in the Forest of Fontainebleau" for $75, a "Scene in Scotland" for $61, and, besides securing a number of others of less value, carried off the artist's pride, the "Coast of Genoa," 72 by 48, for $500, a sum generally esteemed much less than the real value of the painting. In fact, the Rev. Doctor had himself offered $600 for it before the auction sale began. The "Spirit of War" and the "Spirit of Peace," two paintings of rare excellence, were sold to Mr. John Rutherford for $600 each. They are large—67 by 43. The expression and picturesque incidents of the Feudal Times furnish the material for the "Spirit of War." A lurid morning dawns upon a baronial castle and sterile landscape. Beacon fires blaze from the summit of the mountains, announcing the approach of an enemy, and startling from their revelry the baron's vassals. War, which brings in its train unhappiness and carnage, finds an expression in the burning hamlet, the unhappy mother, the frightened flock, and the steel-girt men bent on deeds of blood. In the "Spirit of Peace," the incidents of war finds a place. Palm and olive trees spring up; and in their midst, overlooking all, stands the Temple of Peace; from its altar ascends incense. Commerce, drawing domestic and pastoral happiness, finds suitable expressions in the various figures, cultivated fields, and growing city. Some fifty others, of smaller size and less value, were sold rapidly, at from $10 to $100 each. As a whole, we presume the sale was satisfactory to the artists; for although some of the largest paintings did not sell for their value, many of the smaller ones brought a very good price. The drawings, sketches, and engravings in the portfolios, went at a great sacrifice; but notwithstanding this, about $8,000 was realized from the sales.

THE MESILLA VALLEY.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH SURGEON. NO. II.

The Apache Indians are a numerous tribe, capable of furnishing perhaps 4,000 warriors. They are divided up into various bands, who occupy separate districts, all, however, converging and centering in the mountain district known as the "Copper Mines," lying 40 miles west of the Rio Grande, and embracing the head waters of the Gila. There, in deep and fertile valleys, surrounded by mountains which receive and retain, during many months of the year, the winter snows, the Apaches proper have their head quarters. There they have erected their winter houses, keep their squaws and children, and rarely leave until the spring is well advanced. They plant corn, and raise watermelons, beans, frijoles, and a few simple vegetables. As soon as their labor of spring planting is over, they get them ready for forays, march down in bands southward into Mexico, or eastward into the fertile bottoms of the Rio Grande. The raids in Northern Mexico are annual, and more property is destroyed by them than is removed. A numerous band will enter a frontier town or village of Sonora and seize on all the horses and mules that can be caught, then a Mexican woman or two, and a few children. Corn and beans are the articles of food chosen, and whatever fine wearing apparel that may attract their eye. Whatever male inhabitants they can seize, they kill; but, indeed, few opportunities occur in that way, for, to do the Mexican justice, as soon as he sees an Apache, even a single one, he takes it for granted that a whole band is along, and immediate flight appears his only salvation. Rarely, indeed, is resistance offered, and still more rarely retaliation taken.

The women, taken occasionally, escape, but more usually become squaws; while the children are brought up as slaves, and afterwards sometimes incorporated into the tribe. The villages of Sonora, and indeed of all north Mexico, are of a mixed class, two-third Indian tribes domesticated or enslaved, and one-third Mexican, *i. e.*, mixed Spanish and Indian. The Papago Indians, who have several villages in Chihuahua, suffer considerably from the depredations of Texan and New Mexican tribes, especially from the Lipans and Camanches. It is rarely, indeed, that they suffer from the Apaches, for the Apaches and the State of Chihuahua have treaties of amity, and the inroads and robberies of the former are now confined to the State of Sonora. When committing their depredations they show some cunning, for they scarcely ever so utterly pillage a town as to leave it uninhabitable; nor so destroy every improvement as to check enterprise next year. They appear to take all the surplus produce, and leave the poor villagers to hope that next year they may be better off. The waste of property at times, however, is immense, for the Indians, not satisfied with running off horses and stealing what they want, kill and wound with their arrows, as many cattle as they can, to show their hatred and contempt for the Mexicans, for whom they show no sort of fear, and contemplate with pleasure every opportunity afforded for taking the life of a Mexican. This hatred is inherent and hereditary, and not easy to be accounted for. Old tradition hints, that when the Spanish Viceroys held sway in New Mexico they conquered the Apache tribes and brought the majority of them into servitude—a condition galling to them, inasmuch as they were scattered about among the villages on the Rio Bravo. After repeated revolts, they succeeded in gaining their freedom, and retreated into their mountain fastnesses, breathing eternal vengeance upon their ancient bond-masters. They cling with wonderful tenacity to the district of the Copper Mine Mountain. After the cession of New Mexico to this country, and the establishment of military posts on the Rio Grande, it was found necessary to check the Apache depredations, for which purpose Fort Webster was established in the very heart of their country. This kept them in awe for some years. The old copper mines, rich not only in copper, but, it is said, also in silver and gold, which were two hundred years ago worked by the Spaniards, were now re-opened by American enterprise, and for a while was an undertaking crowned by moderate profits, and would have been no doubt an ultimate source of wealth to the miners and the territory; but the alteration of military rulers in New Mexico, and the consequent removal of Fort Webster, nipped the undertaking in the bud. As soon as the troops occupying Fort Webster were removed, the Apaches took possession and demolished the buildings, lest the place might be re-occupied. They then intercepted the supplies of provisions destined for the mining district, and gave notice to those working the mines that they, the Indians, did not wish their territory to be occupied by Americans; told them they should leave, and gave them three weeks' time to close up the concern, at the end of which time they again notified them, and helped them to depart by lending them mules to carry away their goods and chattels. Since then the mines have been deserted and the region left to the undisturbed possession of the Indians.

In this incident we must admire the conduct and forbearance of the Indians towards intruders; no doubt the proximity of United States forts taught them the policy of humanity—a policy which no amount of experience has ever taught American adventurers: for, let the case be reversed—let the American be the occupant, and the Indian the intruder, and the rifle, without previous notice, or help to remove, would be the only remedy thought of. But little, however, can be said in favor of the Apache Indian. The love of freedom is his only virtue; in all else he is vicious and degraded. Cultivating the ground only as a necessity, and not from choice, the tribe is dependant mostly for support upon the number and extent of robberies they commit; their wars are wars of theft, when offensive; and in consequence of their thefts; when defensive. The horse is their great prize, to which every thing else is secondary. To obtain a horse, to sell a horse, and to eat horse, is about their sole occupation, and their whole livelihood and occupation may be summed up in the phrase, "they are a nation of horse thieves." The Ticarillo Apaches, the Mescalero Apaches, and the Tonto Apaches, are other branches of the main tribe. The Jicarillos living farther north, the Mesculerios about the Mesilla Valley and Western Texas, and the Tontos on the Gila and Salinas rivers.

The Mescaleros, so called from their living on the roots of the Mescal, a plant of the aloe family which grows in great abundance on the plains, and yields in early spring on its young stalk-bud a great amount of nutriment, having, when baked in the ashes, a taste somewhat resembling cabbage, and which also yields a saccharine juice, from which a coarse sugar is made. These Indians also congregate about villages when the crops begin to ripen, and at night-time may be found treading their silent and cautious way through the rows of corn, robbing the stalks of the finest ears; and, as they are intimidated by the presence of the forts in the valley, they no longer steal with violence, but only by craft. Having started from the valley to make an exploration of the mineral resources of the Organ Mountains, a range lying immediately east of the valley about 14 miles, and towering some 2,500 to 3,000 feet above the valley level, itself being over 4,000 feet above the sea, it was our fortune to encounter a large band of this tribe. It was August, and harvest time along the river; and these Indians had collected from the valleys and plains around, whither they had been on hunting and stealing expeditions, and had encamped at the mouth of a pass in the mountains known as Soldao Cañon. A stream of water and a broad patch of good grass at the mountain slope had determined their position. Returning home after an absence of a few days from our camp at Fort Filmore in the valley, as we debouched from the Cañon, we came suddenly on their watch-fire. Being observed, of course, we had to go onward, and as a treaty existed between the Mescaleros and the military of the Fort, we had little to fear; a couple of hundred yards brought our small party of three into the midst of them. Their camp numbered about 200 men, women and children; there were thirty lodges, or wigwams, spread out. Most of them made by stretching limbs of trees, ten to twelve feet long, upright in the ground, and bringing them together at the top; around the centre of these pillars was stretched, in most instances, a skin, leaving the top open, and, also, the poles bare within a foot of the ground. Instead of skins, some few had cotton or tent canvas, and a few were made of fresh boughs without any covering, the fresh leaves answering the purpose. In these tents were the squaws reclining, for it was in the afternoon and heat of the day. The children, male and female, were bathing promiscuously in the little stream. The younger braves were indulging in their favorite game of pitching the spear through a rolling hoop, and in this exercise they show wonderful expertness—the spear being thrown twenty to thirty-five yards underhand. The older men lounged in the sun. We were stopped and questioned in Spanish, by the Chief, as to where we came from, whither going, and what were about. This being answered satisfactorily, and learning we were returning to the Fort, we were enjoined to tell the "Señor Commandante," as the Colonel of the Fort was styled, that they were very good friends to the Americans, had not stolen, or done any wrong, and then left us to pursue our way. In a few days after a deputation from their camp was at the Fort, to receive the stipulated allowances of corn and pork, granted in consideration of the alliance. Some of these young men were beautiful specimens of physical health and strength—none of them very tall, nor thick set—but well proportioned and round-limbed. The only dress worn was the breech-cloth and the sandal, but few indulged in moccasins, and the blanket is never is never worn by the Indian at home. The features of the face are not good: the nose narrow and flat, the chin usually prominent, and the whole expression anxious and sinister. The hair thick, black, and generally cropped in front, leaving a band on each side to descend over the ears. The women, unless very young, are uglier than the men, and, as usual among Indian tribes, do all the work of the house and nearly all that of the farm.

We have already alluded to their love of the horse. Next to the Camanches, the Apaches are probably the best Indian horsemen of the continent. The native Californian is the best horseman in North America and probably in the world, and after him come these Indians; many of them ride without saddle or stirrup, a blanket answering for a seat, and they often guiding the beast by a single rein. Mexican bits are much used, which are strongly made, but the effect is cruel to the horse. The bow and arrow is their favorite weapon, although they occasionally use the rifle, and occasionally their services are called into play by our Government to subserve the ends of justice. In the summer of last year, one McElroy left Tucson and the villages of Northern Sonora, where he had been making a livelihood by gambling, and entered the Mesilla Valley, ostensibly to drive a trade in horse and mule purchase; he was accompanied by a couple of Indian youths, apparently of Cherokee descent. They moved about for several months from one town to another, and numberless thefts of mules and horses followed their arrivals at each place. Tired of this slow mode of enrichment, they thought of making a bold strike by robbing the Custom's department, which they had reason to know contained money. They broke into the office at night and cleared it out, taking nearly ten thousand dollars. They immediately "put out" for the West, where they came from. As soon as the theft was known, and their escape, a small detachment from Fort Fillmore was sent after them. Along with the detachment was sent also a small band of Apaches, to hunt up the trail of the robbers and guide them correctly. They overtook McElroy and his associates after three days journey at the small well called Ojo de Inez, a distance more than one hundred miles west of the Rio Grande. Having travelled thus far safely, they had stopped to recruit their animals, and deemed the hilly character of the country a sufficient protection against surprise.

In this they were deceived. The skill of the Indian in tracking a trail is deemed unerring, and in the evening they were surprised; not however sleeping nor wholly unprepared, for the pursued took to the hills which inclose the little glen in which

the spring lies. There it may be supposed that they thought to hide, among the numerous small hills and rocky eminences which rise up all round, until night would favor their escape; but hunted up by the Apaches, and knowing that death awaited them, even if taken alive, they resolved to fight it out, and they sold their lives dearly before they parted with them. Five Apaches were killed by their rifles before they fell, and as they resisted all overtures, they met their fate on the spot. Most of the plunder was recovered.

This McElroy was one of whom too many exist in those districts not yet fully civilized. Men of good education and fair manners, totally devoid of any principle—whose life is devoted to the acquisition of riches, without scruple or regard to any law human or divine. In the Mexican towns the love and practice of gambling is so strong that inducements are offered thus to such men to acquire enough to live indolently, yet comfortably; and the outcasts from California and Texas now find a retreat in the frontier towns of Chihuahua and Sonora, where by the stoppage of United States trooops and parties, much money is left among the natives, which speedily changes hands and is found in the pockets of these loafers. Always armed, they are ready for quarrel; and fandangos or dances are occasionally scenes of murder. They may be arrested by the Mexican authorities, but they generally manage to get off or escape, and are some time after found in a neighboring town, carrying on the old occupation.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Lady's Second Journey round the World. By Ida Pfeiffer. *Harper & Brothers.*
The Teacher. Moral Influences for the Instruction and Government of the Young. " "
Life of Napoleon III. By Edward Roth; Boston. *Donahoe.*
Democratic Review. April. *Lloyd & Campbell.*
Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of the King of Oude. *Redfield.*
The Day-Star of American Freedom; or, The Birth and Growth of Toleration in Maryland, &c. By George Lynn Lachlan Davis. *Scribner.*
Aspen Court: A Story of our own Time. By Shirley Brooks. *Stringer & Townsend.*
The Inventor. *Law, Haskell & Co.*

Literary and Artistic News.

There is now in possession of a gentleman residing at Cheviot, near Cincinnati, an English Bible printed in 1594. It is proably either the Geneva or Cranmer's version. It is a "breeches" Bible—so named from the translation of Gen. iii, 7, where the word in our version rendered "aprons" is translated "breeches." It is a polyglot, and is furnished with short notes. A psaltery is prefixed to the volume, and at the end is added a metrical version of the Psalms, with a few other hymns for particular occasions. It is embellished with several initial letters and quaint devices at the end of some of the books. The title-pages of both the Old and New Testaments are similarly bordered with curious figures of lions, scroll-work, flowers, &c., and that of the latter is pasted on.

The title-page of the former reads thus:—"The Bible, translated according to the Ebrew and Greeke, and conferred with the best translations in divers languages. With most profitable annotations upon all the hard places, and other things of great importance, as may appeare in the Epistle to the Reader. And also a most profitable Concordance for the readie finding out of anything in the same contained. [Then follows a text from Joshua i, 8.] Imprinted at London by the Deputies of Christopher Barker, Printer to the Queen," &c.

A correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser*, writing to the American artists of Dusseldorf, informs us, that Leutze has just finished a reduced copy of his great celebration of Milton, and is now engaged in studies for a picture of the battle of Bunker Hill. Mr. Washington—a grandson of a brother of the Pater Patriæ, Mr. Irving, of North Carolina—Mr. Philippe, of Brooklyn, Mr. Whitridge, a most successful landscape painter from Cincinnati, and three or four others, are there. Among the most promising pupils in sculpture is a step-son of Willis Hall. It is only fair to mention that Tioleman, a Swede, enjoys the first distinction among the European artists. He received one of the highest rewards for a celebrated historic painting, at the late Paris exhibition. The professors of the Academy are paid by the Prussian Government, and are held in high esteem. The artists live together, and their Club House, with its news, music, and refreshment rooms, is one of the most agreeable resorts in Germany.

The *Union Observer* says:—"The construction of the magnificent Hamilton College Telescope is nearly completed. It has been made under the charge and manipulation of Charles A. Spencer, of Canastota, who has already outstripped the world in the perfection of his microscopic glasses. This is Mr. Spencer's first attempt upon the enlarged surface of a thirteen-and-a-half-inch disc. England has no refractor mounted that equals it, nor is its equal to be found even in France, nor yet elsewhere in Europe, save only at Pulkova, in Russia. This latter telescope, and that at Cambridge, Mass., are its only superiors. "Twenty years ago," says Prof. Mitchell, "if it had been announced that a thirteen-and-a-half-inch glass was to be set up in America, it would have startled the whole scientific world."

Since Mr. Everet's speech acquired so large a hold upon the public mind, that gentleman has received a proposition from a rhetorician of some note to relieve him of the task of delivering it. This unassuming gentleman represented that he was perfect in his oratorical acquisitions—voice, gesture, intonation, "good emphasis and good discretion," and could impart to the eulogy that grace and effect in which he thought Mr. Everett was deficient. He only stipulated for one-half of the proceeds as a reward for his disinterested services, Mr. Everett to receive the other half, and the whole of the accumulating fame.

The Sultan has authorized the publication of a journal in the Arabic language, in order to supply the intellectual wants of the tribes inhabiting Syria, Egypt, and all that part of the empire where Arabic alone is spoken. This journal which is to be called *Mirat ul Ahval*, (the Mirror of the People,) will appear once a week, and will be conducted after the manner of the Turkish journal, *Djéridéi Havadis.*

Cornelius, the German artist, has completed a picture, "The Last Judgment," the total height of which is ninety-six feet, and that of the principal figures seventeen feet. The artist is said to have treated the subject with great skill, and has introduced 128 figures in every possible variety of grouping.

Wm. Gilmore Simms has been lecturing in Savannah on the "Ante-Colonial History of the South." He holds that a race whose origin was to be traced either to the Northmen, Irish, or Welsh, had inhabited Georgia and Carolina several centuries before the advent of Columbus.

The friends of Col. T. B. Thorpe, well known as the author of "The Bee Hunter," will regret to learn that he now lies dangerously ill at his residence in Brooklyn. The *Times* says, it is not probable that he will be able to leave his house in some time, even though he should recover from his illness.

The most noticeable article in the last *Blackwood* is one called "Biography Gone Mad," in which the recent Memoirs of Horace Greeley and James Gordon Bennett are reviewed with bitter personality.

A number of artists headed by Mr. Elliott, have tendered Mr. Keller—proprietor of the Tableaux Vivants—a complimentary benefit which will come off an Saturday.

Miss Bremer writes that her new work, "Hertha," will not be ready for publication until about the 1st of May. The American edition will be issued simultaneously with the English and Swedish editions.

Bibles printed in China will shortly reach Amoy, in the neighborhood of which they will be prudently disposed of by two native colporteurs employed by the Glasgow Bible Society.

In 1854, there were printed in Russia 861 works in Russian, and 451 in foreign languages. There are 85 printing offices; 45 of them in St. Petersburgh.

By request of the Synod of Illinois, Rev. Dr. Bergen, the oldest minister of the Synod, is now engaged in writing a history of the Presbyterian Church in that State.

Lamartine will presently be delivered of a new volume of Lyrics; also Victor Hugo of his "Contemplations."

Hepworth Dixon, the biographer of William Penn, has a life of Robert Blake in hand.

The English translation of Heinrich Heine's "Book of Song" is nearly ready.

Arago's Scientific Biographies are to be translated into English.

American Miscellany.

The New-York Post-Office.—When Mr. Postmaster Fowler came into office, about three years ago, there were but 43 city letter-carriers, and if the up-town resident got a letter from his down-town friend, in two days after it was posted, he was considered fortunate. Since that time the city post-office has been improving; although not so rapidly as the exigencies of the public required. Mr. Fowler is now about to inaugurate a new feature in the system, and to improve the business of letter collection and delivery in New York, very materially. At present there are four deliveries daily below Canal street; on and after the 15th of May there will be four deliveries and four collections daily to 54th street. At the same time, four Branch Post-Offices will be established, in the following locations: No. 129 Spring street, No. 439 Grand, No. 368 Eighth avenue, and No. 408 Third avenue. At these offices the carriers of the upper districts will assemble, receive their packages, and depart. Citizens may also there deposit letters for the mails of the city. Two express wagons will be employed to carry letters from the Office in Nassau street to the Branch Office, and to convey to the Main Office mail letters collected by the Branch Offices. The working force will be increased to 90 Letter Carriers and 20 Collectors, and 1,000 letter-boxes will be placed in safe and reliable places throughout the city. North of Maiden lane and Courtlandt street, the following rules are to be pasted upon each box:

NOTICE.

Letters deposited in this Box for the Mails, will be taken to the Post-Office without charge.

The Postage on Mail Letters to be delivered within the United States, must be pre-paid by stamps.

Letters for delivery in this city, south of 54th street, are charged TWO CENTS each, which includes the Carrier's fee, and may be pre-paid or not.

No Loose Money must be put in this Box. Money to pre-pay a Letter for city delivery, or for a foreign country, must be enclosed with the Letter in a sealed envelope and marked "Paid Letter."

This Box will be opened four times each day, viz:

Between 8½ and 10 A. M.	Between 1½ and 3 P. M.
Between 10½ and 12 A. M.	Between 7 and 8½ P. M.

And the Letters taken immediately to the Post-Office.

City Letters will be sent out by the Carriers which leave the Post-Office at 8 A. M., 1 P. M. and 4 P. M.

No Collection on Sundays. ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

South of Maiden lane and Courtlandt street, the same notice is affixed to the letter-boxes, with the exception that the hours of the last collection are "between 5 and 6 1-2 P. M." instead of "between 7 and 8 1-2." This difference in time is necessary from the fact that in this locality but few stores are open after those hours.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Mr. Joseph Curtis.—Another distingnished and venerable friend of education, Mr. Joseph Curtis, died on the 12th inst., aged 73 years 6 months and 7 days. He was a native of Newtown, Conn. He came to this city when 16 years old, and has resided here ever since. In 1820, he established the first Sabbath School ever instituted for free blacks; it was at Flatbush, Long Island. For twenty years of his prime he was an active fireman, and was the first to introduce the firemen's torch. He first introduced hose carriages to our city. He, too, first proposed and secured the use of our present ventilators for sewers.

For 33 years Mr. Curtis was a trustee of the Public School Society. Two years ago Mr. and Mrs. Curtis celebrated their golden wedding. Mrs. Curtis survives her partner. One of their daughters is the wife of Knickerbocker Clarke; another is the wife of Mr. Tellfair, of New Orleans. Another remains mains at home. Mr. Joseph Curtis, Jr., of Hyde Park, is his only son.

The Clay Festival Association celebrated on last Saturday night, in the Metropolitan Hotel, the eleventh of their annual *fetes*, and the seventy-eighth anniversary of the birth-day of Henry Clay. It was a brilliant affair. Hon. Erastus Brooks filled the chair. Among the invited guests seated on either side of him, were Ex-Governor Washington Hunt, Senator Putnam, Rev. E. H. Chapin, Henry Grinnell, Judge Greene, Joseph L. White, and several others.

A mass meeting of the citizens of New-Jersey has been held in Newark. The immediate object of the gathering was to effect a permanent State organization of the Republican Party. The attendance was large. The address and resolutions adopted declare that the people of New-Jersey will insist upon the admission of Kansas as a Free State. A State Convention for the election of Delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, is called to meet at Trentou on the 22d of May.

Almost a Duel.—The *Daily News* is responsible for the following story:—Some time since Mr. John McLeod Murphy became an applicant for the appointment of a United States Engineership from the General Government; and in order to procure the situation, he obtained letters of recommendation from most of the prominent "Softs" in this State. Thus armed he started for Washington, presented his credentials, and was on the eve of success, when Mr. Cochrane, Surveyor of the Port of New York, sent a telegraphic dispatch to the President, to the effect that: "Upon no consideration must Mr. Murphy be appointed until explanations could be made by mail." The next morning every member of the Cabinet received an autograph letter from Mr. Cochrane, making the strongest and most violent personal and political accusations against Mr. Murphy. This was followed up by a flying visit of the Surveyor to Washington, for the same purpose, it is supposed. Mr. Murphy, however, getting information of this attempt to "take the President in his arms," procured the assistance of a Southern friend, and wrote a note to Mr. Cochrane, in which he demanded that a "thorough and absolute retraction in *writing* should be made," or Mr. Cochrane must give that "*satisfaction which one gentleman demands of another!*" The Hon. John Kelly, from this city, as Mr. Cochrane's friend, took the letter of explanation to Mr. Murphy, in which every thing that reflected upon that gentleman was retracted. Subsequently, we understand, a similar letter was sent to every member of the Cabinet, also to the President; this it appears had the desired effect, and Mr. Murphy has received his appointment.

Mail Robberies in the West.—A regular system of mail robberies seem to have been planned and put into successful execution between this city and those of the Atlantic. We learn from Col. Armstrong, Postmaster at St. Louis, that the mail made up for Boston on the 26th January, the mail of the 27th of same month for Washington, and the mail of the 7th of March for Philadelphia, are all missing, and have fallen into the hands of robbers. The matter is one requiring instant investigation by the Post Office Department. These mails contained money and large amounts of drafts, and it seems strange that they should have been stolen without discovery by those having them in charge. From the moment that they leave the St. Louis Post Office they are in the charge of a mail agent. The agent from this city goes to Vincennes, where the mails are entrusted to another messenger, and so on until they reach their ultimate destination. These agents are employed for the special purpose of guarding and safely delivering the mails, and if the brass-lock bag, always containing the valuables and money, is missing, they ought to know what becomes of it. If they do not, the special agents appointed to watch over this department ought to set themselves to work to detect the depredators. These mails, all lost within the space of six weeks, shows a degree of negligence which is inexcusable. If the Department cannot rely upon either of these agents, we suggest the employment of some man who will find out the depredators. Our mails, ordinarily, pass from this city to Philadelphia and New York in three days, and the robbers, whoever they may be, must be pretty well posted up in order to accomplish their object so successfully.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Case of Wells.—In April, 1852, a man named Wells was convicted of murder in Washington city, and sentenced to be hanged. He was pardoned by President Fillmore, with the condition that he be imprisoned for life. A year ago an application was made to the Circuit Court for his discharge under a writ of *habeas corpus*, the prisoner's counsel, Charles L. Jones, Esq., assuming the broad ground that the pardon was absolute and the condition void. The Court refused the application and remanded Wells to the Penitentiary.

The case came before the Supreme Court on appeal. Justice Catron delivered an opinion sustaining the inferior Court, and saying the condition of the pardon was not the exercise of a new power, but merely the substitution of one punishment for another, and arguing that the pardoning power must be understood as it existed in England and in these Colonies prior to the formation of the Constitution.

Justice Curtis and Campbell concurring, were understood as assuming the writs of Error in criminal cases, not being permissible to the Supreme Court, it has no Jurisdiction in the premeses, and teerefore the case should be dismissed.

Justice M'Clean dissenting, argued that the example of England in matters of prerogative were not applicable to this country, the Executive being confined to positive law—in the absence of which, in this case, the conditional pardon was not sustainable.

Mr. S. M. Newson writes a letter to the N.Y. *Herald a-propos* of an article in the latter on Miunesota. He says: You give to Minnesota only 48,000 inhabitants, and place its property at $3,000,000. In this you are mistaken. Gov. Gorman, in his recent message, stated officially that the Territory contained 75,000 inhabitants, and that this information was derived from sources he knew to be correct. Eight months ago the census taken made a return of over 50,000, and since then there has been a rapid increase. Instead of putting down the amount of property in Minnesota at $3.000,000, it should be at least $8,000,000. In St. Paul alone, I doubt not, there is upwards of $3,000,000 of property.

Well Forgotten.—The Binghamton *Democrat* says:—"The London *Telegraph*, enumerating the American cities which the Britishers could take 'just as easy,' in case of war between the two countries, leaves out New Orleans altogether! We can't account for the omission, except on the ground that they took it in 1814, and do not think it necessary to take it over again.'

More About the Fruit.—The Peoria *Republican* of Saturday evening states that at the lowest calculation, one-third, and many think one-half, of the fruit trees in that section of the country, have been killed by the severe cold of the past winter.

A suit has been commenced at the St. Louis Common Pleas of Mrs. Mary A. Brand, widow, against Robert M. O'Blennis, for damage sustained by the murder of her husband, which she lays at 20,000.

The Ohio Legislature adjourned on the 11th, till the first Monday in January. The adjournment was to have taken place on the 9th, but was postponed in consequence of the press of business.

The County Poor-House and a number of barns and stables at Lancaster, Pa., were destroyed by fire on the 10th. Thirty-six horned cattle and four horses were consumed. The loss is heavy.

The Legislature of Ohio has just passed a law limiting the taxes levied by incorporated towns and cities for local purposes, to five mills on the dollar.

Flocks of wild geese are frequently noticed flying northward, showing that the climate at the south is getting too warm for them.

The New Orleans *Picayune*, giving a health report of the last week of March, says that the city continues excellently healthy,

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

PREFATORY.

"War," says a modern military writer, "is the condition of this world. From man, to the smallest insect, all are at strife; and the glory of arms, which cannot be obtained without the exercise of honor, fortitude, courage, obedience, modesty and temperance, excites the brave man's patriotism, and is a chastening corrective for the rich man's pride."

If these qualities enter into the composition of the true soldier, which of them can we dispense from our estimate of the good citizen? Epaminondas, the citizen, gracefully accepting the civic office of Chief Scavenger of his native city, conferred on him by enemies jealous of his fame, is the same Epaminondas, who as the first soldier of his country, had signalized her prowess in arms by a series of triumphs unparalleled in her history before or after his epoch. "It is not," said he, "the office which confers lustre on the man, but the man who confers dignity on the office." Almost every condition of life has its peculiar difficulties and trials, which challenge in him who would surmount them, elements of character nearly allied to those which conduct to success in the "tented field." Courage! modesty! intelligence! perseverance!—words to conjure by. If such qualities are inculcated in the "school of the soldier," are they not eminently required in the *school of the citizen* also?

Besides, we do not find that in this world of the vaunted Nineteenth century, the propensity of the strong to crush and absorb the feeble is much "ameliorated," notwithstanding the periodical platitudes of "Peace Congresses," the sordid logic of Cottonocracy, or, though last not least, the soothing doctrines of "Moral force." Wars of aggrandizement, of ambition, of fierce rivalry are still made, as in the days of imperial Rome. Only, a flimsy pretense of vindicating the "interests of civilization" is now put forward to conceal the real purpose. Thus the deadly rivals of centuries unite with generous promptitude to stay the march of Russian "barbarism" over the arts and sciences, which have had their genial home in Constantinople! So, too, one of these allied powers continues her "civilizing" career in the East, by ousting, the other day, the King of Oude from his hereditary dominions. That monarch had been abusing, as we are informed, the confidence of his subjects and the responsibilities of his position by a long continued aberration from the paths of virtue; until England, in the "interests of civilization," exacted from him a pledge that he would reform. But, of course, he violated his pledge—to that degree that the "pledgee," mortified and disgusted by his want of principle, found herself once more compelled to interfere, which she did by turning him adrift, and summarily "annexing" his territories. A warning to Eastern Kings generally—what there is left of them—to keep on their good behavior.

Here is epitomized the histories of Poland, Hungary, Italy, Ireland. These several nationalities were trampled down, plundered, bound and gagged, because such was the stern requirement of "Civilization!" At least, if the statements of the London press are to be believed. And the grim dungeons of Spielburg, and fever swamps of Cayenne, are a practical proof of the danger of contradicting their assertions—except at a safe distance. So, with foul murder at its heart, and a ghastly lie on its lips, the crowned Despotism of Europe wages immemorial war on Freedom. *Væ Victis!*

But here, in this Republic, we may despise its falsehood and defy its hostility; here, where the possession of arms is one of the privileges of every citizen. To cultivate their use is not only our privilege but our sacred duty, if we would worthily fulfil the destiny of the Republic, and perpetuate the advantages we enjoy:

"Rights, cheaply earned with blood."

Thus acting, we may gradually approximate to the highest standard of citizenship at home, and afford such "aid and comfort" to suffering brothers abroad as legitimate opportunities may admit.

To foster the noble spirit which would acquire a knowledge of arms by a self-sacrificing attention to the duties of the drill-room and the parade, will be our ambition. To this task we, the writer intrusted with this department, affectionately devote ourselves, aiming at the motto for our criticism—"nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

A brilliant feature, on the occasion of Mr. Meagher's lecture at the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 8th inst., was the appearance on the stage, in the rear of the proscenium, of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. Happening to arrive not more than half an hour before the time announced for the commencement of the lecture, we were enabled by great ingenuity and enterprise, to secure a couple of chairs and a nook in the second circle, which position being more elevated, commanded a better view of the scene than any which might be enjoyed from the dress-circle or parquette. Colonel Ryan and his officers had exerted themselves with commendable spirit to bring up the entire strength of the regiment; and although not more than four companies were fairly represented—Huston's, Corcoran's, Quinlan's, and the *Faughs*, under Lieut. Keating—their presence was creditable to the regiment as a body, and lent *eclât* to the occasion. Their band also—Shelton's—we must not omit to mention. Their performance of appropriate American and Irish national airs, during the evening, enhanced the interest of the scene.

There will be a battalion drill of this regiment on the 29th inst., at the city arsenal, to be conducted by the Colonel personally; the chief feature of which will be the *manual of arms.*

THE NINTH REGIMENT.

This regiment will receive due attention next week.

HIBERNIAN GREENS, PHILADELPHIA.

This company was organized in the early part of 1829, and made its first parade the following July, on the occasion of the Marquis Lafayette visiting the city. The company, at the time, was under the command of Capt. McKibbin, and contained fifty muskets. Messrs. Loughead, Gray, Mullin, Elsegood and Vandyke have successively held the captaincy. In the summer of 1838, they made their first excursion to Wilmington, Del.; where they were received by the Recorder and civic authorities. In the evening they were entertained in the City Hall, by the municipal government. The ensuing December, they were called into active service by the State, at Harrisburg, on the occasion of the buck-shot war, and composed part of the command of Major-General Patterson. In 1844, they were called out to suppress the riots occasioned by the burning of churches, and in 1849 assisted in quelling what were known as the Negro riots. The Hibernian Greens is the color company of the 2d Regt., 2d Brigade, First Division of the Pennsylvania Volunteers. The uniform of the company consists of a green coat, scarlet and gold facings, grenadier hats, sky-blue pantaloons, with red stripe. It is officered at present by Patrick O'Kean, Captain; David Walker, First Lieutenant; John Collins, Second Lieutenant. All of them have risen from the ranks. The company is in a very prosperous condition, and seems destined to attain an honorable old age.

IRISH VOLUNTEERS OF CHARLESTON, S. C.,

Celebrated their Seventy-Third anniversary on the 17th of March last. The precise time of incorporation we have not been able to discover, having frequently searched in vain their old statutes for that purpose, and no one now living being able to afford any satisfactory information. The company belongs to the 17th Regt. and 2d Division, S. C. Militia.

The names of the officers are—Edward Magrath, Captain, of Charleston, S. C.; William H. Ryan, First Lieutenant, ditto; James M. Mulvay, Second Lieutenant, of county Meath, Ireland; and Bernard O'Neill, Third Lieutenant.

The following is the uniform of the company: Black beaver hat, with two black patent-leather bands; harp in front; green willow feather in brass socket, with green cord; two green tresses on right, and one on left; black stock, blue cloth coat, with green breast, bound with white cassimere, with gold star thereon; three Palmetto buttons in centre of each skirt, bound with white cassimere; standing collar, slashed with gold lace, with Palmetto buttons thereon; green worsted epaulettes, with Palmetto buttons on shoulder, and a band of gold lace across epaulettes; three guilt Palmetto buttons on each arm, bound with white cassimere; white pants in summer; light blue satinet in winter, with white stripe down the side; black patent leather body-belt, with clasp in front. Corporal's dress, the same as privates, except that epaulettes are intermingled with gilt fringe. Sergeant's the same also, except the epaulettes, which are gilt with slender bullion. The company drill at least once a month, according to their rules; the Captain, however, having discretionary power to order drills when he sees proper, provided they do not exceed twice a week. The regular celebration days are—17th of March, the anniversary of the Company, the 8th of January, and excursions and maroons during the Spring.

The company did good service in the Indian war of '35–6, commonly called the Florida war; having volunteered their services as a Company, and conducted themselves most creditably during their term of service. Other service they must, from their length of standing, have rendered; but, unfortunately, we have not been able to learn it, either by "tale or history." Should we, however, learn, we shall publish the intelligence with much pleasure.

The Company's Colors.

Green with gold fringe. Device, mottoes, &c.:

Erin go Bragh.

Gentle when joked, fierce when provoked.

The wolf-dog.

Liberty on each side, supporting flag of United States, with harp between, surrounded by the shamrock.

Reverse:

Erin go Bragh,

American Eagle,

Holding in the beak a band, inscribed,

"Where Liberty dwells—there is my country;"

and connecting the arms and mottoes of South Carolina, with the harp between; the whole encircled with the shamrock.

THE REMAINS OF CAPTAIN KERRIGAN were borne on last Wednesday, the 9th instant, from his residence, corner of Thirty-sixth street and Sixth Avenue, with fitting obsequies, to their final resting-place in Calvary Cemetery. A large body of soldiery marched in the *cortege.* consisting principally of detachments from the Ninth Regiment, to which the deceased, as Captain of the Cavalry Troop known as Kerrigan's Dragoons, had been formerly attached; among which, we noticed the Irish Grenadiers, Captain Duffy; the Jackson Guard, Captain William O'Murphy, &c.; the whole under the command of Lieut.-Col. Kelly. The Sixty-Ninth were also represented by a strong detachment, under command of Major Robert Nugent. The Engineer Corps of the regiment, or at least a squad of them, were in advance, under command of Captain Lynch. We should not omit to mention the Emmet Guard, who were also in the line of march. The coffin containing the corpse, draped with the American flag, and surmounted with the sword and helmet of the deceased, lay in state in a beautiful hearse drawn by a pair of horses; after which his favorite mare was led in the procession, shrouded in black. Immediately surrounding the hearse, marched the members of his old troop, the Dragoons, (now attached to the Sixty-Ninth Regiment,) dismounted, and acting as pall-bearers; united with whom were the Guyon Cadets of the Ninth Regiment, under Captain Murphy, as the escort selected for that duty. Some few movements might not have been precisely in accordance with the regulations prescribed for such occasions—as, for instance, the position of the escort on the ground, and the manner of its reception of the corpse. The deceased was a captain, and the escort should have been formed in *two* ranks *opposite* to, and *fronting* his quarters, with shouldered arms and bayonets fixed. But the wretched condition of the streets in the vicinity, it is quite likely, disturbed the general regularity which characterized the proceedings. Among the military gentlemen present, we noticed Col. Halsey, of the Tenth, one of whose companies, under Capt. Kennedy, formed a part of the *cortege;* Lieut.-Col. Butler, of the Sixty-Ninth; Surgeon O'Donnell, Maj. Barry, Capt. Phelan, Capt. Corcoran, and others. The remarkable extent of the civic portion of the procession bore testimony to the popular respect for the memory of the deceased. On arriving at the Cemetery, the funeral service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hennessy. The coffin was then lowered into the grave, over which three rounds of musketry were fired with creditable precision by Captain Murphy's escort. Thus consigned to his narrow bed, with military pomp and ceremonial, the last honors were fittingly rendered to the deceased by his late companions in arms.

UNITED STATES ARMY.

The following sentences of courts-martial have been just published from the Adjutant-General's Office, Washington:—*William A. Newman*, military storekeeper at Watertown, Mass., to be dismissed the service for corruption in office.

John V. Dubois, Second-Lieutenant, Regiment Mounted Riflemen, to be suspended from rank and pay one month, and confined to the limits of his post, Carlisle Barracks, Penn., for the same time, for disobedience of orders.

Joseph Plaisted, private, company B, Regiment of Mounted Riflemen, near San Antonio, Texas, convicted of a violation of the ninth article of war, in striking a superior officer, sentenced to be shot; which sentence, by order of the President of the United States confirming the proceedings, dated April 2, 1856, is remitted, for reasons therein stated.

Advices to the 23d of February state that Lieut. Johnson, tried by court-martial, was acquitted, and that the case of Major Blake had been postponed. Lieuts. Clitz and Morrison, of the 3d Infantry, had arirved from the States with recruits. Col. Chandler was still at Fort Craig. Gen. Garland, Col. Grayson, and Major Blake returned to Santa Fe, on February 20, from Albuquerque, where they had been for a few days on official business. The Legislature of the Territory had adjourned.

We are enabled to state that all movements of U. S. troops and proceedings in connection with that branch of the service of sufficient interest, will find the earliest notice in our columns.

City News.

THE ARREST OF HAYDON.—The facts connected with the arrest of Haydon, who carried off over twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of jewelry, from the store of Ball, Black & Co., presents the police in a very efficient light. When these facts were made known to the police, telegraphic communications were sent at once to all points, and officer Robert W. Boyer at once started out to scour the city. Thinking the robber might have applied for passage on board the steamer Emeu, Mr. Boyer proceeded to the office of the Cunard line in Jersey City, and there learned that during the forenoon a young man answering the description of Haydon had applied for passage on board the steamer Emeu, but that he was not permitted to go on board of her. He appeared much agitated when told by the agent that the Emeu would not take any passengers on her present trip. He said that he *must* be in England at a certain time, and offered to give *any* sum if only permitted to go in the Emeu. The agent told him that he could arrive in Boston in time to leave by the steamer which sails from there to-day. With this assurance he seemed satisfied and left the office. The officer then proceeded to the office of the New Haven Railroad depot at Canal street, and from there to the one at 31st street, but without seeing anything of the fugitive. He then again returned to the depot in Canal street. While waiting there, and just before the afternoon cars started out, Haydon approached the ticket office. He was much disguised. His hair was cut short, his eyes were covered by a pair of spectacles, and he feigned to be very lame. He had no baggage with him but a carpet bag which he held in his hand. His disguise did not avail him. He was instantly recognized by one of Ball, Black & Co.'s clerks, who accompanied the officer in the pursuit. When tapped on the shoulder by the officer he tried to "play possum," but seeing that that would not aid him, he stood erect and walked to the office of the Chief of Police. The carpet-bag found with Haydon, contained the entire property which he had stolen. Bracelets, rings and all, were thrown together confusedly in the bottom of the bag, but none of the articles were found to be injured. Among the collection was one diamond necklace valued at $6,000. The prisoner was brought before the Mayor, and was by him committed for examination. Haydon is an Englishman, and has been in this country about five years. He drew all the wages due him—about $500—from Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., on Monday last. The wine with which he treated the persons in the store was drugged with laudanum. The clerks say they merely tasted it, because it tasted very bitter. The colored porter, however, was not so fastidious. He helped himself pretty freely. Haydon was confined in the Chief's office until evening, when he was locked up in the Fifth Ward Station-house. He says he had hoped his disguise would have enabled him to elude detection, as at one time during the day he had met and passed Mr. Ball in the street, without detection. The articles having been catalogued, were found to consist of—

97 diamond rings, valued at	$9,000
15 do brooches do	4,000
7 pairs diamond ear-rings	3,500
10 gentlemen's diamond breast pins, valued at	500
8 diamond necklaces, valued at	7,800
2 do crosses, valued at	800
3 diamond bracelets, valued at	1,400
4 pearl necklaces, valued at	600
2 pairs pearl ear-rings, valued at	80
Another article valued at	30
Total,	$27,710

This is the retail valuation. The wholesale value would not probably exceed $25,000. On his examination, the prisoner said he was 23 years old, and that his prime motive for acting as he did was the distress of his mother and family. My mother (he said,) wrote constantly to me for aid, and I was not able to give her the necessary assistance. There was another motive. I was devoted to a young lady, and all that separated us was my want of wealth. I had not sufficient either in the present or in the future. Those were my impelling motives. I state them because they are different from the motives of young men in general.

Nine of the crew of the packet ship Underwriter, were arrested on the 10th, on a charge of mutiny at sea. The names of the parties are Silas B. Phillips, Joseph Smith, James Reiley, John Richmond, Joseph Gilmer, Charles Lester, Michael Mahon, William Rich, and Heman Fisher. They had been kept in irons for some time, and presented a sorry and most emaciated and begrimmed spectacle. They plead in extenuation that the first and third mates of the Underwriter had subjected them to most barbarous and inhuman treatment on their voyage from Liverpool. For the slightest offence, they stated that they were unmercifully flogged; some of the crew, they averred, were whipped over the windlass, with the additional application

of the cat-o'nine-tails. Besides this, the stated water was not given them to drink, while four dogs belonging to the third mate received an unlimited supply. One of the crew, they charged, was so severely beaten that he died from the effects of the injuries he received. Upon these statements, combined with the bruises and lash cuts which they showed upon their bodies, warrants of arrest were issued yesterday against Wm. Welch, the first mate, and Thomas Keel, the third mate. The charge made against the former was brutal chastisement and general cruelty. The latter was charged with the murder of one of the crew, named Johnson. These parties were arrested on board the Underwriter, and committed to Eldridge street jail for examination.

Fires.—About 10 o'clock on the night of the 10th inst., a fire broke out in the large five-story brick building No. 40 Gold street, near Fulton, occupied by Messrs. Harnley, Lowry & Co. as a packing-box manufactory. The fire is said to have originated in the basement, but it had gained considerable headway before being discovered. The firemen of the 7th and 8th districts promptly responded to the alarm, but before they could get their apparatus in working order, the fire—owing to the large amount of light and combustible matter about the premises—had communicated to the various floors, and the flames were bursting forth with great fury from the front and rear windows. Notwithstanding the exertions of the firemen, No. 40, with its contents was almost entirely destroyed. The flames communicated to the adjoining building, No. 42, occupied by the same firm, and for the same business. The loss will probably exceed $50,000. We learned that the occupants were uninsured. Two or three of the members of Hose Co. No. 21, while proceeding to the fire, were badly injured in consequence of falling in the street, and a member of Hose Co. No. 25 had his arm broken. The injured firemen were properly cared for by their companions.

At half-past eleven o'clock on the same night, a fire was discovered in the large building No. 489 Broome street. The fire originated in the fifth story, in the workshop of Messrs. Falkner, Pollock & Co., manufacturers of jewelry. Being discovered at an early moment, the flames were extinguished by the insurance patrol, with a few buckets of water. Upon the alarm being given some foolish fellow ran into Wallack's Theatre during the performance and cried out "fire," upon which the audience rose in great haste and rushed toward the doors. The result was that the aisles between the seats were blocked up by the frightened people, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that egress was effected. Ladies and gentlemen, in their haste, leaped over the backs of the seats and jumped down whole flights of stairs. Many of the ladies fainted and had to be carried out. Fortunately, however, no one was seriously injured.

Barnum, writing to a creditor, says:—"I have got about a half bushel of writs and protests, and am compelled nearly every day to swear before some Court that I am not a swindler. It is enough to *make* any man 'swear,' without any injunction to that effect by legal mandate. All these things involve heavy costs, which creditors must pay, for I cannot do it, my property being taken from me, and being locked up in the hands of receivers, trustees, assignees, &c. If, however, you and the rest of the creditors, choose to take my property, you may 'divide the spoils' as you choose, without let or hindrance from me."

Captain C. Carroll Hicks, of General Walker's army, John Kingsley and J. C. Hemmichs, were seized on Tuesday on board the steamship Orizaba, as she was about sailing for San Juan, Nicaragua, charged with organizing a body of men to proceed to Nicaragua and there fight against Costa Rica.

On a late hour Wednesday evening a young woman named Sarah Connor, was crossing Tompkins square, on her way home, when she was assaulted by eight rowdies, who first stretched a rope before her, and then wound it around her person; after which they robbed her of $4, and some papers, and then fled. One of the rascals named John Sherlock, was arrested and committed for examination.

Jones' Wood, is to be occupied by buildings and streets. A. J. Bleecker & Co. sold ninety-seven lots on 71st, 73d and 74th streets and the 3d and 2d avenue railroads, at the Exchange, on Thursday last, 15th inst. The ground is high and well situated, and must increase rapidly in value with the growth of the city. The Central Park takes out *nearly* 800 *lots*, and leaves but a comparatively narrow strip on each side for dwellings.

The Chambers street Bank for Savings has been removed to the very fine new marble structure No. 67 Bleecker street, nearly opposite Crosby. The old granite banking-house is to come down, and be replaced by new and splendid stores, which will extend to the corner of Church street.

The Comptroller has issued a commission to Messrs. Wyckoff, Savage, and another gentleman, directing them to examine into the condition of every Fire Insurance Company in New-York, chartered by the Legislature of the State. This examination is made in response to the request of 54 of the Companies of the city. The Commissioners have proceeded as far as the letter B.

The annual catalogue of the University of the City of New-York is just published. The students connected with this institution are classified as follows:—Under-graduates, 96; Seniors, 18; Juniors, 20; Sophomores, 26; Freshmen, 32; Students in Medical College, 307; Arts of Design, 15; Civil Engineering, 7; Grammar School, 150—Total, 575.

The chapel of the Five Points Mission has been closed for the last five or six weeks, in consequence of alterations and repairs. The ladies now have a chapel after their own plan, different from any other in the city. It presents a neat and tasteful appearance, and will seat about 600 persons.

Joseph McKeen, LL.D., long and favorably known as one of our most energetic and efficient school superintendents, died at 8 o'clock on last Saturday morning, at his residence, in this city.

Last week ten Jurors were fined $25 each for non-attendance in the Court of Common Pleas.

NICARAGUA.

The *Herald*, of Sunday, publishes a delightfully written letter from its correspondent in Grenada. Describing what he saw so vividly, we "pick our way" with him "over the open beams of the new wharf," and brushing past the hotel-runners, mount and "patter away on our little cat-like horses" towards the town. We turn with him "up the beach into a leafy and umbrageous path," and, by-and-by, catch a glimpse of the city "a mile further on." Dismounting, we find ourselves—the magic of his pen is so complete—in "a drowsy, quaint old Spanish town, of narrow streets, and spacious tiled-roofed houses," over which, in every quarter, "lumbering cathedrals," gray with age, and crumbling, tower and "dominate." After breakfast—a right comfortable breakfast—at Manewill's Hotel, we climb up, on the heels of the *Herald* correspondent, the tower or one of those old edifices, and we behold the city sitting "in a broad plain, backed by a lofty range of noble mountains, towards the west."

Then comes a vigorous sentence descriptive of the breeze which gives "constant agitation to the grand lake which shares the title of the State, and gives refreshing breath and temperature" to the city of Grenada. We know well what this fresh and fierce breeze is. The first time we crossed the Lake of Nicaragua was on the last night of 1853. It was perfectly, sweetly calm all night. It was so at dawn of day, when the dense mist, slowly rising off the water, gradually disclosed to us the beautiful colossal islands of the Lake of Nicaragua and the dark-green outline, with a scant strip of glittering sand, along the lake to northwards. In about an hour, there came, as it were, from the deep throats of those volcanic islands, an impetuous blast, ripping up the dull waters, lashing them into foam, and, like a tumbling, countless pack of maddened hounds, whose forms were lost and turned to shadows in their speed and rage, beating against our boat, which, with all its might of planking and machinery, seemed with much violent straining to urge its way against them. With still greater difficulty we came to anchor, a mile or so off from the poor shaky wharf at Virgin Bay, and, in a tumult of surf and breakers, landed, by means of a huge iron scow, filled up with air-tight boxes, on that sacred spot.

The *Herald* correspondent says, that "looking down from where he stood, there was nothing in the town itself." Two features, however, relieve the monotony of tiles and adobes. He points his impatient finger to them so strikingly, we ourselves see them from the belfry in which he pencils down his brisk and flashing notes—"in the broad plaza in the centre, the Nicaraguan flag, near General Walker's quarters, and the brilliant folds of the beloved Stars and Stripes, which wave before the house of the American Minister."

The rattle of a drum brings up to the plaza, where "the entire body of the new recruits, brought by *La Virgin*, are mustered, in connection with most of the force already stationed in the city." It is an animated spectacle, and the correspondent whispers to us "it is much needed," for—

"The slackened emigration of the two previous steamers had given hope to the Chamoristas, or malcontents, and they had begun not only to persuade themselves that the cause of Walker was declining with his countrymen, but to entertain plans of of resistance and revolt. Accustomed to continual political changes, and the successive overthrow of government after government, these short-sighted people had almost persuaded themselves that the limit of American control had come, and they began to exhibit an insolence of manner to single soldiers passing through the streets, which gave a word of warning, and at the same time severely tested the good sense and patience of the troops. Now, however, everything is changed. The chop-fallen Chamoristas suddenly became pliantly civil, or suddenly respectful, and the glee passed from their faces to those of their brown brethren of the democratic faction."

And, again, it so happens that an Envoy from San Salvador arrives in town, with directions to demand "to what extent Nicaragua intends to increase her standing army." He stands on the Plaza, in the foreground of the crowd, and sees the first company of new recruits march in. But, before the rest take up their positions, he withdraws, shakes his head, and walks reflectively away. The correspondent, from whom we quote, tells us that, since the above spectacle, the Envoy has "so slackened his tone, and shown so much respect to General Walker and his power, that he is, perhaps, afraid to go back; for he has asked for a commission in Gen. Walker's army."

Speaking of Colonel Wheeler, whom he visited immediately after the review on the Plaza, this graphic and dashing writer says:—

"It is hardly necessary for me to say that I find him high in the estimation of the best people of all parties here, and possessed of an influence which renders him efficient, as well with all classes of the native population as with General Walker's government. It would be a fatal mistake for the United States government to remove him from his present useful position, for I am well persuaded that such an insult would not only widen the breach with Nicaragua, but deprive American citizens in this country of that protection which may become so necessary to all men with white faces, during the agitations which are now impending throughout Central America. I am also persuaded that were he removed, no other minister would be received here."

Of Gen. Walker, the correspondent gives us this clear and finely-colored picture:

"I found something in his face that I had not observed before, and I may add, that I never saw him look so well. There was the same genial smile, the same quiet cordiality of manner, the same mild, musical and even tone of voice, the same simple, unostentatious bearing; but his lower face, which had previously been full, had been reduced by thought, and the intellectual portion of the head loomed above it like a globe. His eye, too, which I had always recognized as fine, seemed to have expanded and strengthened under the new responsibilities of mind, and exhibited new grasp as well as the repose of con scious power. Pale blue in color—so pale as, with some, to pass for gray, it is full of limpid light and deep expression. Though penetrating, it cannot be called keen or sharp, but it makes it way to the observer's mind by the slow, steady pressure of unwavering volume. Altogether, for a man so utterly unstudied in display, I never saw one of more impressive presence, and it is difficult to conceive, even while looking at him, that he does not stand more than five feet six."

And here is a truth well worth recording at the bottom of the picture:

"I have learned, also, that while the imagination of an observer does undoubtedly find new graces in a thriving man, that there is really an advance of twenty-five per cent. in the good looks of any man of mark whom success helps to a knowledge of himself."

We close our extracts of this eloquent and delightful letter with this paragraph, to the grand hopes expressed in which we heartily cry out, Amen!

"The apartments which Walker occupies in the Government House are spacious, and the road to them is continually swarmed with young officers, in elegant new uniforms, which, despite the climate, they persist in wearing all the while. I say "young officers," but without necessity for such distinction, for there are no old ones here—the General's age, which is barely thirty-two, being much beyond the average, both of his council and his camp. Indeed, I do not think the average will exceed twenty-five; and yet this swarm of boys are equal to the sound foundation of an empire that will last for ages, and perhaps be the admiration of the world."

MARRIAGES.

John Downes, of Dublin, to Sarah, fourth daughter of Thomas Hall, Ballybeg, county Tyrone.

In Newtown-Forbes church, John Joseph, eldest son of John West, of Chicago, United States, to Francis Victoria, daughter of the Rev. George Beatty Moore, of Newtown-Forbes, county Longford.

In Belfast, William Andrews, to Martha, daughter of the late John Kennedy.

At Antrim church, William Brennan, to Mary, daughter of the late Robert Lennon, of Ballygowan.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, B. Baker, of Duke street, Adelphi, to Mary Ann, daughter of the Rev. T. Roberts, of Dublin.

In the Wesleyan church, Poole, Thomas Elliot of Weymouth, to Jane Hesther, eldest daughter of Frederick Stone, Collector of H. M. Customs, Poole.

In Calcutta, Lt. Col. Richard Baird Smith, Bengal Engineers, son of Richard Smith, Lasswade, to Florence Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas De Quincey, Mavis-bush, Lasswade.

At Monasterevan, J. Pitt Kennedy, of Lower Mount street, barrister-at-law to Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Charles Moore, Monasterevan.

At Monkstown, Edward W. Winder, of Upper Lesson street, to Mary Anne, third daughter of Thomas Evans, of Vesey place, Monkstown.

At St. Peter's Church, Arthur Oswald Richards, Captain in the 9th regiment, son of the Right Hon. Baron Richards, to Maria, eldest daughter of Edward Reeves, of Lower Fitzwilliam street.

At Newcastle, county Wicklow, Captain J. L. R. Stoll, of the Royal Navy, to Mary, second daughter of the late T. Abbott, of Upper Mount street.

At Newcastle, John Barron Stafford, eldest son of the late Pierce Barron Stafford, a magistrate of the county Waterford, to Julie Hill, second daughter of the late Hugh Massy, of Glenville, county Limerick.

At Ballybrood, Charles D. H. Webb, of Woodville, Templemore, county Tipperary, to Eliza Lucy, eldest daughter of the Rev. Michael Lloyd Apjohn, of Ballybrood rectory, county Limerick.

At Manorcunningham, Mr. Robert Porterfield, of Ardagh, to Margaret, fourth daughter of the late James Lewin, of Millview, county Galway, Captain in the 30th regiment.

At Liverpool, Edmond Murphy, of Donnemark Falls, Bantry, county Cork, and Mount Piper, Australia, to Annie, daughter of Robert Barry, of Frogmore Lodge, in the county Cork.

In London, Charles Raleigh Knight, only son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry Raleigh Knight, to Julia Sophia, relict of Robert Hickson, of Ballintaggert, county Kerry.

At Collumpton, Devonshire, Edward Russell Daunt, third son of Richard Daunt, of Knockahowlea, county Cork, to Harriet Georgina, second daughter of the late Captain John Mullen, of the 1st Royal regiment.

At Jersey, Captain Benjamin B. Herrick, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, third son of Captain Herrick, of the Royal Navy, Shippool, county Cork, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Henry Biggs, Captain in the 60th Royal Rifles.

At Calcutta, Richard F. Stack, barrister-at-law, to Mary, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Stack, of Omagh, county Tyrone.

At Heidelberg, Victoria, Hill John, eldest son of John Gillman, of Sandycove House, county Cork, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late W. P. Woodd, of Richmond, Surrey.

At Melbourne, Victoria, Thomas Kelly, late of Milford, county Cork, to Kate, daughter of the late J. Hunt, of Hunt's Grove, county Tipperary.

At Melbourne, Frederick, son of E. Johnson, of Guernsey, to Emily, fourth daughter of John Morton, of Whitefield, Tinnahely, county Wicklow.

At Kew, Melbourne, John, second son of the late J. M'Kean, of Edinburgh, to Louisa, fourth daughter of the late Francis Drew, of Frogmore, county Cork.

At Norfolk, New South Wales, Joseph Sikes Webb, of Sydney, to Eliza Jane, eldest daughter of John Skottowe Parker, formerly of Waterview, county Cork.

At Melbourne, J. Yabbicom, late of Totness, Devonshire, to Eliza Fanny, fourth daughter; and, at the same time, George John Hastedt, late of Hamburg, to Harriet Georgina, third daughter of the late Lieutenant Cuthbert of the 82d regiment, formerly of Gowran, county Kilkenny.

At Carrigtwohill, Cork, William Hana, M. D., of Tallow, to Jane Anne, second daughter of John Goggin, of Ballyrichard.

In Waterford, William Connolly, M. D., to Maria, only daughter of the late Martin Ryan.

At Bailieborough church, John A. Johnston, Esq., M. D., Tempo, Fermanagh, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Chambers.

At Croagh church, Limerick, Wellington Shegog, solicitor, son of Richard Shegog, late of Cottage, Drogheda, to Selina Harriet, daughter of the Rev. William Archer, A. M.

At Hatfield, Yorkshire, Septimus Redhead, late of Swansea, to Clara Georgiana, daughter of George Brown, formerly Major in the 3d Light Dragoons.

In London, A. W. Turner, Assistant Commissary General, to Mary Morgan, daughter of the Hon. Charles Dewey Day, senior Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, Montreal, Upper Canada.

In Liverpool, John A. Bostock, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, to Harriet Anne, daughter of the late Joseph Brooks Yates.

At Pentridge, Victoria, Alfred C. Harrison, C. E., to Isabel, daughter of James Langton, of Bruree House, county Limerick.

DEATHS.

In Lower Mount street, Richard, eldest son of E. White, of Fort Etna, county Limerick.

At his residence, 12 Heytesbury street, Denis O'Connor, aged 69 years.

In Belvidere place, aged 74 years, George Chomley, of Belcamp.

At Dundrum, Hannah, relict of Doctor Duggan, of Merrion square.

At his residence, 25 Marlborough street, William Bassil Brooke, youngest son of the late Gustavus Brooke, of Dublin.

In Talbot street, Dublin, Ellen, aged 21 years, eldest daughter of Philip Brady.

At 34 Henry street, Dublin, aged 76 years, Miss Anne Callaghan.

At 27 Talbot street, Dublin, the residence of Patrick Byrne, Mary, his dearly beloved wife.

In Upper Leeson street, the Rev. John K. Courtney, rector of Kellistown, county Carlow.

In Wellesley place, Dublin, Henry Tisdall, eldest son of the late Mark Anthony Tisdall.

In Dawson street, Dublin, the Rev. Wm. B. Forde, of Seaforde, county Down.

At Mountjoy place, Dublin, in the 76th year of her age, most sincerely and deservedly regretted, Anastatia, daughter of the late John Roche, of Limerick.

At Mallow, William Neilson, solicitor, of Belgrave avenue, Rathmines.

At Mountainstown, county Dublin, aged 88 years, Sir Francis Cox, Bart.

At Donnybrook, aged 84 years, Mary, relict of Coote Mulloy, of Hughstown, county Roscommon.

At Arranview, county Clare, Marcella, relict of ——— Macnamara.

At Lansdown House, near Limerick, Richard Ievers Wilson.

At Portarlington, aged 81 years, Louisa, relict of Joseph Minchin, of Woodville, county Tipperary.

At Summerhill, in the county Leitrim, William J. Peyton.

At Coolyhanan House, Ellen, daughter of the late Mathew Honan, of Limerick.

At Clonroad House, county Clare, Lucy, wife of William Adams Brew.

At Rathronan glebe, county Limerick, the Rev. W. Curtis, vicar of that parish.

In Limerick, Sarah, wife of Commander W. Ellis, of the Royal Navy.

At Gardenhill, near Tuam, Daniel Smyth, on half-pay of the City of Limerick Militia.

In Cavan, Maria, wife of William Smith.

In Athlone, after a short illness, Captain A. Coope, of the Royal Sherwood Foresters, seventh son of the late John Coope, of Great Cumberland place, London.

At Termoneeny rectory, in the county of Derry, Anna Matilda, third daughter of the Rev. Charles S. Foster.

At Torquay, Devonshire, Charles Fitzgerald John William, eldest surviving son of the Rev. Robert de Burgh, of Dromkeen, county Limerick.

At Glenavon, South Wales, Mrs. Uniacke, wife of Thomas S. Uniacke, and second daughter of the late G. H. Rochfort, Esq. M. P. for Westmeath.

At Crown Point, Norfolk, Lady Annetta Laura Maria Money, wife of Lieutenant Geaeral Money, and eldest daughter of John James, sixth Earl Waldegrave.

Killed at Sebastopol, by an accidental explosion, Major George Ranken, of the Royal Engineers.

At Kandy, Ceylon, aged 68 years, Margaret, relict of Major Garvock, Assistant Adjutant General at the Horse Guards, London.

In Liverpool, Mrs. Molineux.

At Nice, the Hon. Thomas Liddell, second son of the late Lord Ravensworth.

In Dublin, Ellen Teresa, wife of Dr. M'Swiney.

At Castlebar, aged 79 years, the Hon. Frederick Cavendish, son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Cavendish and Sarah, Baroness of Waterpark, proprietor of the Mayo Telegraph.

In Cork, Sarah Jane, daughter of Lieut. Col. Lionel Westropp, late of the 58th regiment.

At Enniscoffey House, Caroline, relict of M. A. Levinge, and daughter of the late John Lyons, of Ladiston, county Westmeath, aged 76 years.

William Parke, of Clogher, county Roscommon.

In Belfast, the wife of Alexander Maguire.

At Southampton, the wife of Capt. Drysdale, of the 42d Highlanders, in the Crimea.

At his residence in Great Britain street, Edward Murphy.

At Henry street, Anne, wife of George Faulkner.

At 62 Capel street, Miss Jane Murphy, in the 58th year of her age.

Stephen Mease, late of Rathmines, son of the late John Meade Thomas, of Limerick.

Julia, wife of David Donnelly, Cabra House; and in the Convent of Mercy, Kells, her daughter Julia—in religion, Sister Mary Agnes.

Mrs. Maryanne Haggarty, wife of Christopher Haggarty.

At Enniskillen, James Ingoldsby.

In Limerick, Hannah, relict of George Parris.

At Castledawson, aged 86 years, T. Henry.

In Belfast, George P. Wood.

In Castlebar, William Larminie, for many years actuary of the Mayo Savings' Bank.

In Waterford, Walter Pelham, Esq., solicitor.

At the Curragh Camp, Captain Lambert, of the 96th regiment.

At Turlough, county Mayo, Charles Semple.

In Limerick, Maurice Roche.

At Omagh, county Tyrone, Alexander Osborne, Esq., surgeon in the Royal Navy. He had resided for several years in Australia, and was a member of the Colonial Legislature.

In London, James Beatty, C. E., eldest son of the late James Beatty, M. D., of Enniskillen.

At Llanddulas, North Wales, aged 82 years, Hester, relict of Joseph Archer, formerly of Killymon, county Wicklow.

In London, J. Black, formerly Comptroller of Customs in Londonderry.

At Bordeaux, Gerard Galwey.

At the Chateau Hunadieres, near Le Mans, aged 75 years, J. Stanley Ireland, formerly of the 87th regiment, and many years resident magistrate for the county Galway.

Special Notices.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE SIXTH VOLUME—NEW SERIES OF THE

UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW,

FOR 1856.

THE United States Democratic Review, established in 1838, entered upon the Sixth Volume of its new series the first January, 1856.

In Politics, the Review will faithfully adhere to the principles recognized by Jefferson and Jackson, and as set forth, from time to time, by the Democratic National Conventions. At the same time, keeping pace with the progress of the age, it will advocate all those measures of public policy calculated to promote the best interests of our common country.

It will be the aim of the Editor to make it not only an efficient advocate of Democratic men and measures, but also

A WELCOME AND USEFUL FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Various causes combined to withdraw from the Review that powerful array of talent which so long placed it foremost amongst its cotemporaries. Those causes have ceased to operate. The most distinguished Statesmen and writers of the Democratic party will again contribute to its pages; and nothing will be omitted to make it worthy of the high vocation it aims at, viz., to be the organ of the United Democracy of the Union. The Democratic Review will be published in the same form as its preceding volumes, and is under the editorial charge of SPENCER W. CONE.

In addition to its political features, no exertions will be spared to make its Literary, Scientific, and Miscellaneous Departments worthy of the old days of its fame.

The urgent demand for something in its character, firm, uniform, and reliable, upon national questions, above the sectional squabbles of individuals, and always true to the great end of the party organization, viz., the dissemination and support of the pure principles of national Democracy—affords a wide field of usefulness; and we rely upon the Democracy of the Union for our support.

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☞ TO POSTMASTERS.

POSTMASTERS ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED TO ACT AS AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

All communications to be addressed to Lloyd and Campbell, 252 Broadway, New York.

MARRIED.

At the Cathedral, Franklin street, Boston, on the 10th inst., by the Rev. J. A. Healy, Patrick Brophy, Esq., formerly of St. John, New-Brunswick, to Ellen M., daughter of Mr. M. Coughlin, of Boston.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The MAILS FOR EUROPE, via Southampton and Bremen, per U. S. steamer WASHINGTON, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 19th day of April, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

The meeting held to provide assistance for the family of the late RICHARD WALSH, on last Monday evening at the Drill Room of the "*Edward Fitzgerald Guard*," (Eagle Rooms,) concluded to meet again at the same place, at 8 o'clock, P. M., to appoint a Treasurer and Collectors, and to receive subscriptions.

Dr. O. A. Brownson, will Lecture on the Relation of Government to Religion, for the benefit of the N. Y. CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, April 22d, at 8 o'clock.

Tickets, 25 cents; to be had at the door on the evening of the Lecture.

Catholic Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Settlements.—Office No. 3 Chamber street, (over East River Bank.) Open from 9 to 4.

3t J. G. MOYLAN, Sec., *pro tem.*

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

The Irish News—UP TOWN!—at ROBERT CODDINGTON'S Book Store, 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street, on Every Wednesday morning.

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THE undersigned have formed a Copartnership, under the name and firm of Fort, Cole & Co., for the transaction of the Paper Commission Business, at 32 Beekman street.

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Mr. H. C. Gordwin, has no further connection with us. ap19

REMOVAL.

McCorville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks, Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 36 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

To Military Companies and Civic Societies.

OLD MONTGOMERY HALL, 76 Prince Street.—The Subscriber, having taken a lease of the above well known popular concern, begs to inform the Members of Military Companies and Civic Trades Bodies, and Managers of Balls, that he is ready to treat for the letting of spacious and well-lighted rooms, suited for meetings, &c.

The Bar attached to the Hall is always supplied with the best imported and domestic Liquors, Brandys, Wines, Ales, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, and choicest brands of Havana Cigars. JOHN DOLAN.

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LEMON SYRUP AND CORDIAL REFINER, and Dealer in Foreign Liquors, and French Brandies of different brands, Hollands Gin, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Scotch Ale and Porter, and other Liquors, returns his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage he has already received, and hopes they will continue the same. No. 88 Cherry street, New-York. tf

JAMES AINSLIE,

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OFFERS for sale from U. S. Bonded Warehouses, of his own importation, Cognac Brandies, also Rochelle Brandies, in half, quarter, and eighth Pipes, pale and dark, of the well known brand of Arzac Seignette.

Gin—Sole importer of the superior Magnolia Brand; also, Cologne and Schnapps Gin.

Wines—Burgundy, Pure Juice, and old Port, Sherry, &c. Jamaica and St. Croix Rums; Stewart's Paisley Whiskey, &c. 3mos

COAL.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

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Business Directory.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

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THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 252 BROADWAY.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

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.. May 24, ..	.. May 14, ..
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New-York, December 29, 1851.

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N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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European News.

PEACE TREATY SIGNED.

The United States Mail Steamer Baltic, from Liverpool, 8 1-2 o'clock A. M. of Wednesday, April 2, arrived here at 12 o'clock on Thursday, the 17th. The Baltic brings the news that Peace was signed at Paris on Sunday, the 30th of March. The event was announced in Paris and London by salvos of artillery. Paris was illuminated, and in England the church bells were pealed. Three or four weeks must elapse ere ratifications of the treaty can be exchanged. Details of adjustment are referred to a Commission. The great event of Peace has swallowed up all minor subjects of news. For details we refer to the following extracts from our European dispatches and files:

SIGNING OF THE TREATY.

The London Times Paris correspondence says:—"A Council of Ministers was held at the Tuileries at 11 1-2 and remained sitting till 12 1-4. The Emperor presided, and gave his last instructions, and Count Walewski returned to his official residence to receive the Plenipotentiaries. They appeared in full uniform, and wore all their orders and decorations. They assembled in the Salle de Conferences before half-past twelve, and after the Treaty was read over proceeded to sign it in the same alphabetical order in which they have been wont to take their places during the Conferences. Crowds of people had been out from an early hour, as it was known that something important was to occur, and numerous groups of spectators gathered on the quays opposite and close to the Foreign Office to see the Plenipotentiaries pass. These were received, both on going and returning, with marks of great respect from the people. Everything took place as mentioned.

"The moment the signatures were completed the expected signal was given, and the cannon from the esplanade of the Invalides proclaimed the news before the Plenipotentiaries had quitted the hall. Soon after the following notice was posted up on the walls of Paris:

"'CONGRESS OF PARIS, March 30, 1856.

"'Peace has been signed this day at 1 o'clock, at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Plenipotentiaries of France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey, have affixed their signatures to the treaty which puts an end to the present war, and which, by settling the question of the East, establishes the repose of Europe on solid and durable bases.

"'PIETRE, Prefect of Police.'

"This notice was read by thousands with intense curiosity and with great satisfaction. Soon after appeared a supplement to the *Moniteur* containing the same announcement. The effect produced is of course all that could be imagined, and the feeling would very probably have been much more strongly expressed, had it not been that for two or three days past the conclusion was confidently expected for this day.

"The weather is fine, the sky serene, the sun warm and undimmed, and all the thoroughfares are thronged with people. Already preparations are made for the illumination of to-night, which, it is expected, will rival the display on the birth of the Imperial prince. I should not omit the coincidence that the Countess Walewski, wife of the Minister for Foreign Affairs and President of the Congress, was delivered of a girl this morning at 9 o'clock, only three or four hours before her husband affixed his signature to the treaty of peace.

"The Plenipotentiaries will continue to meet during the present week, as before, for the settlement of other matters not of a light or unimportant character, which have not yet been settled. They and the resident members of the diplomatic corps dine, in full uniform, with the Minister of Foreign Affairs tomorrow. The treaty will not be made public until the exchange of the ratifications, and, as Constantinople and St. Petersburg are distant from Paris, the Plenipotentiaries remain still bound by their obligation of silence for two or three weeks to come."

Le Nord says that the organization of the Principalities is one of these reserved subjects, and the *Debats* points out as another the special regulations necessary for assuring the free navigation of the Danube.

The *Moniteur* of April 1, announced that by especial decrees the award of Grand Cross of the Legion of HONOR is conferred on Count Walewski, and Baron de Bourqueney is raised to the dignity of a Senator. Official journals also announce the Emperor's decision that the soldiers of the class of 1848, who have been retained until this time under the military banners, shall be restored to their homes. Orders for the immediate execution of the will of the Emperor have already been issued by the Ministry of War. The ceremonial announcement of the conclusion of peace was made to the Senate and Corps Legislatif on Monday, in the words previously employed to announce the fact in the *Moniteur*. To this proclamation the Minister of State added:—"The Emperor has charged that on bringing the fact to your knowledge I should thank you for the patriotic support which you have always afforded him, and which, with the admirable devotion of the allied fleets and armies, have so powerfully contributed to the happy issue of the war."

Proclamation of the Peace in London.

On Monday, the 31st, the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the civic officers, appeared in citizen's costume on the portico of the Mansion-House, and read the following letter:

"HOME OFFICE, March 31, 1856.

"MY LORD MAYOR: I have the honor to acquaint you that a dispatch has this morning been received from the Earl of Clarendon, dated Paris, March 30, announcing that a definitive treaty for the restoration of peace, and for the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Power, was yesterday signed at Paris by the Plenipotentiaries of her Majesty, of the Emperor of the French, of the King of Sardinia, and of the Sultan, and also of the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, on the one part, and the Emperor of all the Russias, on the other. "(Signed) G. GREY."

After cheers for the Queen, Army, and Navy, and the Allies, the spectators dispersed.

At noon, a large crowd assembled at the Exchange, in expectation that the heralds would appear in full pageantry, as in days of old, to proclaim peace. No one appeared, however, except the Mayor, who again read the above letter. At one o'clock, the Tower and Park guns fired a salute of 101. Flags were generally displayed in the city, and from the shipping. In other cities, the same displays were made, quietly, and without enthusiasm.

Parliament re-assembled on Monday evening, March 31, and proceeded with ordinary routine business. After the lapse of some time,

Mr. French said it was without precedent that the war should be concluded without her Majesty's ministers condescending to inform the House of the fact.

Lord Palmerston replied: The House is perfectly aware from *The Gazette*, that yesterday, at two o'clock, a treaty of peace was signed at Paris (cheers). The House will have seen by the announcement in *The Gazette*, that it was determined by the Congress that the particular conditions of the treaty should not be made public until the ratifications had been exchanged. And that, indeed, is the usual course, for it is a mark of obvious deference to the Powers who are parties to the treaty. At the same time, without going into any details of the conditions, the main substance of which is already known to all the world, because it has been embodied in protocols, and published in every country of Europe, I may say at least, that my conviction is, that the treaty of peace will be deemed satisfactory by this country, and by Europe (cheers). Sir, it will be found that the objects for which the war was undertaken, have been fully accomplished. It will be found that by the stipulations of that treaty the integrity and independence of the Turkish Empire will be secured, as far as human arrangement can effect that purpose (cheers). It will be found that that treaty is honorable to all the powers who are contracting parties to it, and I trust that while, on the one hand, it has put an end to a war which every friend of humanity must naturally have wished to see concluded, on the other hand, it will lay the foundations of a peace which I trust at least, as regards the circumstances out of which the war began, will be lasting and enduring (hear, hear). Sir, during the negotiations which have led to this peace, I am happy to say that the same cordiality which has prevailed among the Allies in carrying on the war, has also mainly contributed to the conclusion of peace, and that we shall leave off at the conclusion of this war in a stricter and closer alliance with them—and in a more extended alliance—than existed during the continuance of the war; and that, therefore, the future permanence not only of a good understanding, but of an intimate connection of the great powers of Europe will have been cemented and strengthened by the communications that have taken place during the negotiations (hear, hear). Sir, I have nothing more to say, except that it must be gratifying to the country to know that nothing could exceed the ability with which the British negotiators have performed their arduous and difficult task during the negotiations, and that Lord Clarendon and Lord Cowley have not only maintained the honor, dignity, and interests of the country they represented, but by their conciliatory conduct have secured for themselves and their country the respect, esteem, and good-will of those with whom they had to do. The ratifications are to be exchanged as soon as they can be received at Constantinople and St. Petersburg. The limitation of time has been four weeks, but I should hope that within three weeks the ratifications will be exchanged at Paris (cheers).

England's Revenue.

There is a net increase on the returns for the quarter, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1855, of £1,477 625; and a net increase on returns for the year ended 31st March, 1856, as compared with those for the year ended 31st March, 1855, of £4,497,672. The returns for the quarter show an increase under every head of revenue, except Stamps and Post-Office; those for the year show a similar increase, except under the heads Stamps, Taxes, and Post-Offices. The increase in the Property Tax returns is attributable, no doubt, to the augmented percentage of that impost; that in the Customs and Excise must probably be ascribed mainly to the war taxes in those departments. It has also to be noted that in addition to the increased returns of ordinary revenue, Government have raised, during the quarter just ended, nearly three millions and a half by the issue of Exchequer Bills and Bonds, and have received a trifle more than three million and a half in instalments of the Loan of £5,000,000. There will also have to be issued, in the course of the quarter which has just commenced, Deficiency Bills to the amount of about two million and a half. This assuredly is no very alarming state of our financial affairs at the close of a two years' war. We cannot look for an immediate abatement in the rates of war taxation; there are outstanding bills still to be provided for, and our military and naval establishments cannot be reduced from a war footing in a day. But it is a striking exemplification of the power and resources of Great Britain, that a war which has exhausted Russia, and made even France stagger, appears likely to impose upon us burdens scarcely greater than we have ere now incurred to relieve an Irish famine—certainly less than we voluntarily imposed upon ourselves to put down the slave trade and emancipate the negroes in our colonies.

The London *Times* lately addressed itself to the French ministry of war to obtain the biographies of some of the principal French generals, the history of the campaigns of some of the African regiments, and some general information about the principal military institutions in France, with a view to a reform of the military system of Great Britain. This application was, it is said, supported by the English cabinet.

Important Reforms in Russian Poland.

Paris (March 20) Correspondent of the London Post.

I have received communications from St. Petersburgh dated the 19th. If my informant be correct, very important reforms are to take place in Russian Poland. The following, it is said, are the concessions about to be accorded:

1. A general amnesty for all political offences.
2. The introduction of the Polish language into the universities.
3. A new division of provinces and revision of frontier.
4. Permission to wear the Polish uniform.

It is thought by this means to attach all Poles to the cause of Russia, and forever obliterate the idea of independence. It remains to observe that reports like the above have frequently found circulation without meaning anything whatever. The police of Warsaw occasionally set such gossip going for ascertaining political opinion. But on the present occasion I am assured that the Russian Government is sincere, and the specified boons will be accorded.

SERFAGE IN RUSSIA.—The *Independence Belge* of the 30th March says: "A project for the abolition of slavery in Russia has been much talked of for the last few days. A St. Petersburg correspondent assures us that the plan has been submitted to the examination of the Emperor Alexander, and that before he left the capital for Finland, the Czar issued a ukase, by which, hereafter, the serfs will have the privilege of suing their masters for their freedom, before the tribunals of the realm. Former laws granted the serf this power, but it was almost always impossible for him to make a practical use of it. Henceforward the nobles can no longer transfer their serfs to another district, or incorporate them into the army, without being authorized to do so by the decision of a competent tribunal."

Spain.

A telegraphic dispatch foom Madrid of the 29th ult. announces that the financial project of M. Santa Cruz was adopted on the 28th by the Cortes by a mojority of 184 to 27. The solution of this question occurs very favorably for the Government; it prevents or postpones a conflict between the Constituent Cortes, the result of which might be disastrous to all parties.

Italy.

The latest accounts from Parma represent the state of siege as having been carried out with the utmost vigor. Everything was subjected to military dictation, and the Austrian General Greneville, appears as the real Governor of the city, issuing orders and notifications with all the confidence of constituted authority.

It was calculated that upward of three hundred persons had been arrested since martial law had been put in force; between twenty and thirty prisoners, condemned to various terms of punishment for political offenses had been removed from the jail of Parma to Mantuy under an Austrian escort; and fresh articles had been added to the provisions of the state of siege by the Military Commandant, making it more onerous and vexatious than ever. The Auditore Bordi, who was supposed at first to have been wounded beyond all hope of recovery, was still alive on the 22d, though with little chance of life.

Accounts from Genoa state that the enlistments for the Anglo-Italian legion had been suspended by official orders from England.

DREADFUL MORTALITY FROM CHOLERA AT ZANTE, IONIAN ISLANDS.—Recent advices from Zante, at the State Department, inform us that the cholera has ceased to rage at that place; but, while we are disposed to rejoice at this cheering news, we must not overlook the fact, that quite a large number of persons were carried off by this fatal disease. The statistical report exhibits the startling fact, that from the 8th of October to the 26th of December, 1855, out of a meagre population, there were 1,082 cases of cholera, and 611 deaths.—*Union.*

A memorial has just been presented to the Sultan, in which his ministers are accused of having sacrificed the national honor and the interests of religion, on the occasion of the late concessions made to his Christian subjects. They are accused of having granted to the Allies the same privileges which were demanded by Russia, and the withholding of which was one of the chief causes of the war. The memorial (the authors of which are said to be known,) was presented to the Sultan by his Grand Chamberlain, Jezzet Bey. As to the effect it produced upon the monarch, nothing is known further than the fact, that Jezzet Bey has just been dismissed from office, Nichet Bey, an inferior chamberlain, having been promoted to his post.

"Commandant Fave, the orderly officer to the Emperor," says the *Journal Du Havre*, "who was charged with the mission of announcing to the Municipal Commission of Paris the birth of the Prince Imperial, has been gratified with a pension for life of 10,000 francs a year."

THE MORAL ANGLO-SAXONS.—We do not forget that some time since the *Times* declared that of all the races under heaven, the Anglo-Saxon was the only one sustaining and recruiting the "Institution of Mormonism." We take the latest corroboration from the columns of the *Birmingham Journal:* "On Wednesday last, an extraordinary scene was witnessed at the New-street railway station, Birmingham. A fine ship, the "Enoch Trail," having been chartered to convey a cargo of Mormons to the United States, *en route* to their settlement in Utah territory, three hundred men and women, boys and girls, formed the contingent supplied by the Birmingham district. They left by the half-past ten train. All seemed to belong to the working classes, and the proportion of the sexes was about equal. Many hundreds of their relatives and fellow-saints assembled at the station to bid them farewell; and, in spite of the efforts of an instrumental band to cheer the spirit of the females, some very affecting scenes were witnessed. There were 900 on board."

India and China.

The steamer Bombay arrived at Trieste March 29th 1:45 a.m., in 139 hours from Alexandria, which port she left on the 23d of March. The India and China Mails were to leave Alexandria on the 24th of March, with advices from Calcutta of the 23d of February; Bombay the 6th of March; Hong-Kong, the 15th of February; Shanghae, the 7th of February; and Canton, the 13th of February.

The annexation of Oude had been continued without disturbance. Lord Canning reached Calcutta on the 29th of February, and was sworn in as Governor-General on the 1st of March. Lord Dalhousie was to have left Calcutta for Suez on the 6th of March. The Santal districts are quiet for the present. From the scarcity of rain, a scarcity is apprehended throughout India. At Bombay trade has improved. The Insurrection in China is subsiding.

THE CAVE OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM.—I slept last night in the Convent at Bethlehem, the guest of the Latin Monks, whom I had heard once or oftener during the night, chaunting the office. The Convent covers the cave, which is the supposed place of our Lord's nativity; and, this morning, a grave man, under the conduct of one of the monks, with a mortified air, as who would be otherwise on the site where mysteries higher than earth have been enacted? I went on a pilgrimage to the place. The cave, which is approached through the beautiful church built here by Helena, with its wide nave, four aisles, and more than forty marble columns, is a small chamber in the natural rock, not more than six yards square, now fitted up as a chapel, where numbers of silver lamps, suspended from the roof, make a dim, religious light. It has two altars—one over the nativity, the other over the place where the infant Redeemer lay in the manger, and over the altar is a good picture, in a silver frame. Under the altar of the manger is a rayed silver star let into the floor, upon which the pilgrims kneel and devoutly kiss. In the chapel, I met two missionaries from Damascus, both of whom I knew, but the place seemed too solemn for speech; not a word was spoken, and no useless doubt crossed our still thoughts whether this was the real scene of the Incarnation, but we gave ourselves up to the associations of the place, and came away solemnized and impressed with the affecting memories which hung around it.—*Beaumont's Diary of a Journey to the East.*

THE STATE OF PERSIA.—We read in a letter from St. Petersburg of the 12th: "Colonel Bartolomei, who was sent by General Mouravieff to the Shah of Persia, in company with the Ambassador charged to announce to the Persian Prince the accession of the Emperor to the throne, has returned here from Teheran, by Tiflis, where he stayed some time. He has been received by the Emperor. According to this officer, Persia is in such a state of disorganization that it cannot in any way be relied upon, and there only remains to urge it to the promptest possible reconciliation with England."

By the Africa.

The Cunard steamship Africa, Captain Shannon, from Liverpool, about 10 A. M. of Saturday, April 5, arrived on the 19th

Tho following from *Lloyd's List* may or may not have reference to the Pacific :

FIGUEIRA, March 24, 1856.

The Skipwith, Capt. Ryan, arrived here. In coming, off the Newfoundland coast, fell in with ice to the distance of two hundred miles from the land, and saw the lights of a steamer in the ice.

[The above vessel left St. Johns, Newfoundland, 13th of February.]

The Peace Plenipotentiaries have had one or two informal meetings to settle details.

The business in the British Parliament had been mostly of home interest. Papers were laid before the House of Lords on the subject of torture exercised in Madras to compel the payment of taxes.

Among the notices of motion was the following, by Lord Goderich :—To ask whether a document, which has recently appeared, purporting to be a despatch written by the British Minister at Washington to the Secretary of State of the United States, on the 27th of February last, with reference to the disputes between Great Britain and the United States on the subject of Central America, is authentic ?

The English Military Board of Inquiry into the allegations contained in the Report of the Crimean Commissioners, Sir John McNeil and Colonel Tulloch, against the Earls of Lucan, Cardigan, Gen. Airey and Col. Gordon, have held their first meeting in the hall of Chelsea Hospital. Preliminary formalities were gone through. The public were admitted. The next meeting was to be held on the 7th instant, when Lord Lucan would be put under examination.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Standard*, writing on April 4, says :

"Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador, had the honor of being received by the Emperor yesterday, and delivered to his Majesty the reply of his sovereign to the notification of the birth of the Prince Imperial. Count Buol Schauenstein, Austrian Plenipotentiary at the Congress, was also received by the Emperor, to deliver a similar reply, as well as a private and autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria. Baron de Manderstrom, the Swedish Minister, was afterwards honored with an audience, to present an autograph letter from his Sovereign, and one from the Prince Royal of Sweden."

The French army will, it seems, return from the Crimea in bodies of 20,000, with corresponding *materiel*. The Bretagne is capable of transporting 2,000 men at a time, and 150 guns by way of ballast. About six months will be occupied in the evacuation. It will begin in May, and last over October. The 2d, or Gen. Bosquet's corps, as having most suffered, will arrive first ; the 1st, or Gen. D'Autemarre's, next; and then the 3d, or General M'Mahon's. Sailing vessels will be employed for the *materiel*. A despatch had been received from Marshal Pelissier, which announces an improvement in the health of the army.

Accounts from Cronstadt assert that a squadron was ordered to be got ready for the middle of May, but for what purpose was not publicly known. It was rumored that the object was to convey the Emperor of Russia and one of his brothers on a visit to France and England. This report was strengthened by the fact that orders had been given to engage pilots well acquainted with the coasts of both these countries.

Advices from the Crimea state that the weather had become so intensely cold that the troops found it absolutely necessary to shut themselves up in their tents and huts.

Russia.

The Emperor Alexandria has issued ukases abolishing in several governments the exceptional administrations created with reference to a state of war, and has restored in those districts the ordinary system of government as established before the outbreak of hostilities.

A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 18th ult., in the *Debats*, says : "The Emperor has published a ukase which permits serfs to demand their liberty of their masters before the law courts. Previous laws endowed the serfs with this faculty, but it was almost impossible for them to make use of it. In future, nobles can no longer transfer their serfs into another district without being authorised at least by a civil tribunal. Up to this date, 387,325 silver roubles have been collected for the wounded soldiers of the Crimea. General de Brinn, who has been reprimanded, with other Generals, in the last order of the day, enjoyed hitherto the particular favor of the Emperor."

A letter from Odessa, of the 14th March, in the *Austrian Correspondence*, says: "The typhus fever continues its ravages here. Gen. Engelhardt has fallen a victim. It is affirmed that the disease is still more violent at Nicolaieff, and it is even said that the army of the South is losing 1,000 men a day, but this is most likely an exaggeration. Out of 300 sick militia men who were sent off to this place from Otchakoff, 20 died on the road, and 30 soon after their arrival."

TURKEY.—A dispatch dated Constantinople, the 25th ult., received *via* Marseilles, informs us that a *Te Deum* was chaunted in that city on the receipt of the gladsome intelligence of the birth of an Imperial Prince of France. On the same evening a grand banquet took place in honor of the event at the French embassy. Our Envoy at the Ottoman Porte, Sir Stratford de Redcliffe, was present, and delivered a speech bearing upon the subject which had created the hospitality. The quarters at Pera were brilliantly illuminated in honor of the occasion. Omar Pacha was about to proceed to the command of the army in Asia.

SPAIN.—In the sitting of the Cortes on Saturday, March 29, the bill on the receipts of the state, presented by the finance minister, was taken into consideration by a majority of 184 against 27. Thus the difficult question which threatened to produce a collision between the Government and the Cortes is happily solved.

Madrid, April 1.—The committee of 116 deputies of the pure progressista party has published its programme. It recognizes Marshal Espartero as chief, and expresses its sentiments in favor of the Queen and the present dynasty. The arming of the national guard throughout the country is advocated.

PORTUGAL.—We have seen accounts from Lisbon to the 29th ult. Ribiero has presented to the Portuguese Cortes, on the part of the Finance Committee, the report of that body on the Thornton contract, and on the authorization of the Government to negotiate the loan of three million in bonds, at three per cent., to be applied to the construction of railways and public works. The report was passed with some modifications in favor of Fontes, by a majority of seven to three. The discussion of these measures has not yet commenced ; a vigorous opposition to them is expected in the Chamber of Peers, from the reason that the proposed tax will chiefly affect members of that body. Bad weather still prevails in Portugal. Exchange on London 53 3-4.

PRUSSIA.—For their participation in the late Hinckledy duel, Herr Von Rochow and Herr Von der Marwitz, (as umpire,) are to be tried by court-martial, the Herrenhaus having assented thereto. The penalty affixed by the penal code of Prussia to the survivor of a duel which has ended fatally to one of the parties is imprisonment in a fortress for a term varying from two to twelve years. Hinckeldy's second, Herr Von Munchausen, has been suspended from his functions in the Ministry of the Interior.

News from India.

PROGRESS OF THE ANNEXATION OF OUDE—DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN ROHILLAS AND ARABS—MOVEMENTS OF DOST MAHOMMED.

Bombay (March 5,) Correspondence of the London Times.

There is every reason to believe that the annexation of Oude is proceeding quietly. The contrary, indeed, has been vehemently and repeatedly asserted by a portion of the Indian press, but a majority of the statements thus put forward are already proved to be unfounded. The King has abandoned, if he ever entertained, the idea of proceeding to England ; our Government is paying his troops ; the country is perfectly quiet ; and not a word has been heard of movements on the part of the Nepaulese. The country has been divided into four districts—Khyrabad, Lucknow, Gonda, Bareytch, and Fyzabad, each presided over by a commissioner, with three deputies. The military appointments are all filled up. Several officers of the army of this, his own presidency, will serve under General Outram in the new province. These are Captain Gell, who last year conducted the passage through Egypt of the cavalry for the Crimea ; Captain Daly, of the European Fusiliers, who has seen service and commanded irregulars in the Punjaub, Lieutenants Johnson (present with one of the regiments of the line at Alma and Inkermann,) Robert Hope Johnstone, and three others.

From the Nizam's country we have lately heard of something more than the usual amount of disorder. Gang robberies, attended with violence are reported to be frequent both in the city and camp of Hyderabad ; and those pests of the country, the Rohilla mercenaries, have again been giving trouble, though this time our soldiers have not been called on to interfere further than for the protection of their own cantonment. On the 23d of February, a party of Rohillas, closely pursued by some Arab horsemen, took refuge in the inclosure of a large tomb near the town of Jaulnah, and less than half a mile from the general bazaar of the station, from which it was separated by the river, now nearly dry, and a strip of open ground. It afterwards turned out that the Rohillas had been in the service of a neighboring Newab, one of the Nizam's feudatories, who had dismissed them two months before, without making good to them their arrears of pay. In their extremity, they betook themselves to plundering for their support, and levied contributions upon the towns and villages. The Newab dispatched his Arab horse to extirpate the body of men whom his injustice had made a band of robbers, and for two months had the chase continued, varied only by one slight skirmish, in which the Arabs were worsted. This time the pursuers had their revenge. When night fell the Rohillas broke from their covers, and were immediately set upon by the Arabs. The contending parties straggled across the river and the open ground, the Rohillas retreating towards the main street of the bazaar ; but here they found the passage barred by a party of the 2d Madras Cavalry, and being thus placed between two fires, they made a feeble attempt to get through the troopers, during which the officer in command was slightly wounded, and then dispersed in all directions. Thirteen of them were killed and many wounded, while one man only fell on the side of the Arabs. He was slain in a hand-to-hand fight with a Rohilla, who himself bore many marks of his adversary's skill. My informant—one of the officers of the station—like all who have witnessed the effects of similar affrays, in the Deccan and elsewhere in India, expresses himself as much surprised by the proofs of the exceeding sharpness of the swords and the dexterity of the hands that wield them. The next day the Arabs went away after the survivors. The dead were disposed of, the wounded tended, and the station resumed its wonted quiet. But there are always Robillas in the neighborhood ; and under the present feeble government petty outbreaks are continually to be anticipated. "Oude," continues my correspondent, "was not in a worse state than this wretched Hyderabad country."

The latest communications from Cabul chronicle at some length the events of Dost Mahomed's march to Candahar, and of his stay at that capital. Before he himself appeared on the scene, things had not gone on favorably for his cause. While he was yet one the march, one of his younger sons preceded him to Candahar, where his arrogance brought on a quarrel with the inhabitants, in the course of which he was driven out of the city, inflicting, however, more loss than he sustained. The Dost, on receiving a deputation from the city, complaining of his son's conduct, hastened to send for the young man, Shere Ali Khan by name, patched up a reconciliation between the parties, and dismissed them, himself following with all speed.

Within Candahar there was dissension between the Dost's brother and his nephew, Rahumdil Khan and Mahomed Sadeek, of which Shere Ali, encamped without the walls, took advantage to surprise and retain possession of one of the gates as soon as the near approach of the Ameer was announced. Mahomed Sadeek fled, and the Dost entered the city, and obtaining from his old and feeble brother, Bahumdil, all the property of the late chief, he became virtually, if not ostensibly, master of the place. Mahomed Sadeek, his nephew was still at large however, and to induce him to come in the Dost sent to him his son, Hyder Khan, (his envoy to us last year,) whom Mahomed eluded, first by excuses, and finally by precipitate flight to Persia. Though concerned that this member of his late brother's family should have escaped him, the Dost has not slackened in his arrangements for the portioning out and government of his new territory, which may probably be now considered as attached to Cabul, for the life at least of the present ruler.

China.

The following summary of intelligence is furnished by the Hong Kong correspondent of the *Times*, in a letter dated the 15th February :—"Mr. Chisholm Anstey arrived per Cadiz, and has been sworn in as her Majesty's Attorney-General for this colony. Political events have been unimportant.

Cape of Good Hope.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope show that the anticipated export of wool in the year 1855 (namely 10,000,000 pounds) had been exceeded from the port of Algoa Bay alone, whence, however nearly the whole of the wool produced in the colony is shipped. The excess over the previous year was 3,700,000 lb., nearly equal to the whole quantity shipped from that port in 1852. The total value was upwards of £500,000, and, supposing existing prices to be maintained and peace preserved, the estimate was that the value for the present year will not fall short of £750,000. Twenty years ago wool figured as a colonial export in the Custom-house returns. Wine was then the principal article, but it is now of minor importance. The accounts from Namaqualand as to copper mining are very discouraging.

Australia.

Accounts from Sydney have been received to the 6th January. The news is of minor interest. The news of the fall of Sebastopol had been celebrated in grand style.

Advices from Sydney, of the 15th February, state that the Australian markets are dull and provisions heavy. Flour is falling at Sydney ; stocks were very heavy. In Melbourne 8000 tons of flour and wheat had been stored for want of sales.

Sir Charles Hotham, Governor of Victoria, died at Toorak on the 13th December.

English News.

The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty in the British Parliament.

Lord Goderich wished to know whether a document which had recently appeared, purporting to be a dispatch written by the British Minister at Washington, to the Secretary of State of the United States, on the 27th of February last, with reference to the disputes between this country and the United States, had been received. The dispatch had reference to the arbitration of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Mr. Gladstone wished before the question was answered, to call the attention of the House to the position in which the Government was placed in reference to the Central American question. It appeared by the letters of Lord Clarendon to Mr. Buchanan, that on both sides the correspondence had ceased, and the noble lord had promised that the papers should be laid before the House in February last, but they had not yet been produced.

The reason given for the delay was that the Foreign office was occupied with other matters ; but he appealed to the House whether a mere mechanical obstacle should be allowed to interfere in so important a question. He did not wish to interfere with the discretion of the Government as to the production of the papers, or even to bind the noble lord to any pledge he had made on the subject ; but, as he understood the question to be settled, he held that they should be put in the possession of the facts of the case ; for there the responsibility of the Government ceased, and the responsibility of the House of Commons began.

Lord Palmerston charged Mr. Gladstone with speaking lightly of the important business with which the Foreign office was occupied, and repeated the reasons that had been before assigned in the production of the papers. With regard to the question put by Lord Goderich, he said that the papers on the American question would be laid on the table in a few days, and he believed the noble lord would therein find a satisfactory reply.

After some further conversation as to the course of proceedings on Thursday next, in reference to the resolutions of Lord John Russell, on education, and the amendment of Sir J. Packington, the motion for adjournment over Saturday was agreed to.

The total number of passengers who have sailed from Liverpool for the United States and the Australian colonies during the past month has been 6,618, a less number than in any corresponding month for the past four years—5,228 proceeded to the United States, in eleven ships, 16 of whom were cabin and 5,212 steerage passengers. Of these 1,600 were English, 269 Scotch, 3,119 Irish, and 224 natives of other countries, chiefly Germans. Only four ships of an aggregate tonnage of 5,777 have sailed for the Australian colonies carrying in all 1,390 passengers, of whom 22 were cabin and 1,368 steerage passengers ; 759 being English, 126 Scotch, 459 Irish and 24 natives of other countries. The names of the vessels proceeding to Australia, with destination and number of passengers were as follows :—"Champion of the Seas," Melbourne, 324 passengers ; "Shalimar," do., 244 ; "Atalanta [G]," do., 379 ; "Ben Nevis [G]," Sydney, 333 passengers.

The London evening paper the *Sun* was seized at the French post-office, in consequence of its appearing with a black border as a token of mourning for the peace, which it considers disastrous and disgraceful for England. The *Daily News* and *Morning Advertiser* were also seized.

A project for a submarine tunnel, from Birkenhead to Liverpool, under the river Mersey, has received encouragement, sufficient to induce the projector to bring the subject as early as possible more fully before the notice of the inhabitants of Liverpool and Birkenhead, for whose benefit particularly the project is intended, by affording a safe and easy communication from town to town, through a treble-arched tunnel beneath the Mersey ; one arch being for a double line of railway ; one arch for wagons, carts, and commercial carriages, and one arch for quick moving vehicles, equestrians and pedestrians.

The plan is a modification of the tunnel proposed by Mr. W. Austin for a passage under the sea from Dover to Calais. The Mersey tunnel would, as at present proposed and arranged, be about two miles in length, of which about three-quarters of a mile would be made under the river. The whole of the tunnel thoroughly dry, ventilated, lighted with gas, under surveillance, and easy of access at all times and seasons.

Considerable sensation was created on Monday, April 1, in the eastern district of Glasgow, in consequence of the suicide of a clergyman. The deceased conducted the services in the church on Sabbath forenoon in a very excited manner. At the conclusion of the forenoon service, he imtimated aloud, that "he who now addressed them would never address them again." When he reached home, he was very much excited. His landlady entering his bedroom, shortly after eight o'clock on Monday, discovered that he had hanged himself. Deceased's name is C. F. R. Smith.

Covent Garden Theatre stood in the parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden. The parish is a small one, and the theatre was very highly rated. The consequence is, the parochial rates have been increased upon the other inhabitants, and the new assessment is nearly double the old one. A host of small tradespeople, carpenters, machinists, semptresses, and others, have been thrown out of employment by the conflagration, and their distress increases the rates.

Thomas Needham was found guilty at Derby of attempting to blow up the spindle manufactory of Messrs. Ward and Kamm, at Dronfield. He was sentenced to four years' penal servitude,

A Metropolitan Milk and Butter Company, a Photographic Association, and a London Unadulterated Food League Company, all limited, are announced.

The *Forrest Gazette* states that on the farm of Easter Goldford, on the Cawdor estate, there was lately an ancient cairn or tumulus of stones raised over the graves of some aboriginal warriors. The cairn was 150 to 180 feet in circumference. In the centre were stone coffins containing bones and clay urns. In order to turn the place to some account for agricultural purposes, the whole of the stones have been removed, the boulders surrounding them blasted with gunpowder, and the ashes of the dead scattered like bone-dust on the field!

At the Liverpool assizes (being holden when the steamer left), the three presiding Judges were Irishmen—Baron Martin and Sir J. S. Willes in the Crown and Nisi Prius Courts, and Mr. Pollock in the County Court. The *Daily Post* remarks, that "this is reversing the old Repeal war-cry, and giving justice *from*, instead of *for*, Ireland."

It has been determined to appoint, under royal authority, a day of public thanksgiving for the conclusion of the peace.

Edward Darby, a tide-waiter in the Customs, has brought an action to recover from Thomas John Ouseley, editor, proprietor, and publisher of the *Liverpool Herald*, damages for a libel published in that paper of the 26th January. The first count charged the defendant with having published a libel in the newspaper, and the second count with having published a libel in the placard. The trial was exciting considerable interest.

Foreign Miscellany.

A Monster Canard.—The *Presse Grayloise* relates that a discovery of great scientific importance has just been made at Culmont Haute Marne). Some men employed in cutting a tunnel which is to unite the St. Dizier and Nancy railways, had just thrown down an enormous block of stone by means of gunpowder, and were in the act of breaking it in pieces, when from a cavity in it they suddenly saw emerge a living being of a monstrous form. This animal, which belongs to the class of animals hitherto considered to be extinct, has a very long neck, and a mouth filled with sharp teeth. It stands on four long legs, which are united together by two membranes, doubtless intended to support the animal in the air, and are armed with four claws terminated by long and crooked talons. Its general form resembles that of a bat, differing only in its size, which is that of a large goose. Its membranous wings, when spread out, measure from tip to tip 3 metres 22 centimetres (nearly 10 feet 7 inches). Its colour is a livid black; its skin is naked, thick, and oily; intestines only contained a colorless liquid, like clear water. On reaching the light this monster gave some slight signs of life, by shaking its wings, but soon after expired, uttering a hoarse cry. This strange creature, to which may be given the name of 'living fossil," has been brought to Gray, where a naturalist well versed in the study of paleontology immediately recognized it as belonging to the genus Pterodactylus anas, fossil remains of which have been found among the strata which geologists have designated by the name of lias. The rock in which this monster was discovered belongs precisely to that formation the deposit of which is so old that geologists date it more than a million of years back. The cavity in which the animal was lodged forms an exact hollow mould of its body, which indicates that it was completely enveloped with the sedimentary deposit.

Mr. Daniel Cameron, who was elected representative for the digging district of Woolshed, Australia, had the compliment paid to him by his supporters of having the horse he rode on at the time of the contest shod with shoes of solid gold. He was also presented with the sum of £1500.

The colony of New South Wales is about to be made a station for the royal regiment of artillery for the first time, and the first company for that service has now been placed under orders to hold themselves in readiness to embark for Sydney, New South Wales. The company ordered is Capt. Romer's, No. 3, of the 7th battalion, and will consist of one first captain, two second captains, three lieutenants, one medical officer, five sergeants, four corporals, four bombardiers, 100 gunners and drivers, and two trumpeters.

Intelligence had been received in England that the Thames sailed from Geelong on the 25th of January, with 41,788 ounces of gold, valued at £167,152. The Anglesey and the Red Jacket had also left Melbourne with considerable amounts.

It is said, in the correspondence from Constantinople, that Schamyl, the Circassian Chief, is about to transform himself into a simple vassal of the Czar. He is already in receipt of a pension from Russia, which commehced last September.

The *Corriere Mercantile*, of Genoa, states, on the faith of private correspondents, that 15 political arrests have just been made at Padua.

A Brussels journal says that the coronation of the Czar will take place about the 31st of August, and with great pomp.

An English church is to be built at Constantinople, by subscription, as a memorial of the British who perished in the war.

Le Nord denounces the annexation of Oude as an abominable spoliation attempted to be justified by "lying pretexts."

British and American Clippers.—The Boston *Atlas* alludes to the loss of the clipper ship *Schomberg*, intelligence of which disaster was brought by the *Africa*, and adds: "This vessel was built by one of the most eminent shipbuilders in Great Britain, and was designed to beat all the ships which had been built for the same owners by Mr. Donald McKay, of East Boston; but, the result, reckoning her passage up to the time she was wrecked, shows that she had been beaten by the *Lightning*, *Champion of the Seas*, *James Baines and Donald M'Kay*. All these, built by Mr. M'Kay, made their first passage inside of 80 days. The *James Baines* made it in 63 days."

News from Fort Laramie.

We are in receipt of advices from Fort Laramie to the 14th March. The intelligence is of a very gratifying character, and will do much to encourage trade during this season. General Harney has been heard from directly, and the news received that he has made peace with the Sioux Indians, excepting one band of the Sanctiona's, numbering 800 Lodges. That band ranges on the borders of the Scovonters and Mandans. The Pawnees and Sioux are to make peace immediately. The Cheyennes, Arrapahoes and Pawnees are also soon to smoke the pipe of peace. This will ensure a general pacification of almost all the tribes east of the mountains, and south of the Missouri.

Among the provisions in the treaty concluded by General Harney, is one which stipulates that the Indians shall keep off the road.—*Missouri Democrat.*

Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

April 13.—On the motion of Mr. Seward a resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Post-Offices to inquire into the expediency of establishing uniformity of postage throughout the United States. On the motion of Mr. Sumner a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Patents to consider the expediency of amending the Patent laws, to allow neighboring British Provinces to enjoy their benefits. The bill to authorize the Executive to facilitate the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Mississippi River to the Pacific was considered. Mr. Weller maintained that the Government has the constitutional power to construct military roads. Three hundred and forty thousand dollars, he said, had been expended to procure reports and surveys, which show that there are three or four practical railroad routes to the Pacific. He had no preference for either; his main desire was to obtain the construction of a road, from which branches would emanate as the necessities of commerce demanded. The Committee having the subject in charge propose that the Secretary of War, Secretary of the Interior and Postmaster-General shall advertise for bids, with authority, under direction of the President, to select the one most favorable. Sixteen private bills passed.

April 14.—Mr. Harlan presented an affidavit made by Colonel Lane in reference to the Kansas memorial, which was presented to the Senate by General Cass and returned by the Senate. He said that respect for the Senate called upon him to explain why he should present the second time the memorial of the members of the Provisional Legislature of Kansas. He alluded to the charge made on Monday last that the paper was a forgery, because the signatures were all in the same handwriting, and said that it was the same thing to him whether his name was attached to a paper by his authority or in his own handwriting. Again, if the paper is a copy of the orginal memorial, the establishment of that fact is proof of its authenticity. Mr. H. then proceeded to trace the character and career of Mr. Lane, and read the petition which says that the general Assembly of the provisional state of Kansas appointed a committee to draft a memorial asking Congress to admit Kansas into the Union with the Topeka constitution. The committee reported a rough draft, which unanimously passed each house, but, though correct in matter of fact it was deemed by members as crude and prolix in phraseology; and to remedy these defects it was referred to a committee with power to revise, modify and correct it, and to prepare three copies, one for each house of Congress, and one for the people of the United States. Such revision was accordingly made. Mr. Lane prays the Senate to receive the memorial, being the same as that heretofore submitted by Mr. Cass. Mr. Harlan concluded his remarks, in the course of which he alluded to Mr. Butler as being familiar with the names of Hector, Priam and Nestor—heroes of the Trojan war—but seemed more ignorant of heroes who had fought the battles of his own country. Mr. Butler replied that he had sometimes illustrated his remarks by allusions to the Iliad, and did not know but exploits at the battle of Buena Vista would yet be set to verse, and styled the Lane-iad. (Laughter.) Mr. Douglas said he had nothing to say to the Democracy of Colonel Lane, now that he had fallen from grace. Francis P. Blair and Andrew J. Donelson were democrats once. Nobody regarded them as such now, when one is a leader of the Black Republicans and the other the Know-Nothing Candidate for Vice-President. Mr. Wade replied to what he termed the pettifogging arguments of Mr. Douglas. Mr. Pugh said if the General Assembly of Kansas should adopt the report of the Committee of Supervision, and send the memorial prepared by them to the Senate properly signed and authenticated, it would be time enough to receive it. Mr. Hale said Colonel Lane had been accused of fraud, or forgery, and his character assailed by various senators. The question now is, shall a man who is accused be heard in his own defence? Mr. Wilson said Mr. Douglas had indulged in partisan catch-words unworthy of the Senate. The term Black Republicans had been applied to the friends of freedom, but between this and that of Border Ruffian democrat the Republicans were ready to take issue before the country. Mr. Douglas replied, explaining that he had used the word subdue as applicable to the traitors and rebels in Kansas. He had used the word "black" to designate the Republicans, because every clause in their platform relates to the negro question; he had used it also as a substitute for defunct National Republicans. What could be more appropriate. These principles are sectional, and not avowed in the slave states. Mr. Douglas trusted that whenever avowed they will be avowed as boldly and explicitly as in the North. Mr. Wilson alluding to remarks made by Mr. Douglas about amalgamation, said the charge usually comes from men with the odor of amalgamation on themselves. (Laughter.) He, Mr. Wilson, knew no reason why a man because he was feeble should be degraded by unjust and unequal laws. He did not disown the name of Abolitionist. At the instance of Mr. Stuart, the motion to receive Mr. Lane's petition was laid on the table by the following vote: Yeas, 29. Nays, 11.

April 15.—Ocean Steam Navigation.—Mr. Rusk, of Texas, from the Post Office Committee, to which was referred the memorials of Messrs Vanderbilt and Livingston, reported a bill to encourage new steam navigation lines to provide for the transportation of the mails by sea, and for other purposes. In consequence of the illness of Mr. Clay, who had the right to the floor on the bill to admit Kansas as a State, the subject was postponed, and the Senate went into executive session.

April 16.—The bill proposing to remove from circulation the smaller Mexican and Spanish coins, and establishing their value in receipt for government dues; also, providing for the coinage of a new description of cents was passed. Right of Property in Newly Discovered Islands.—Mr. Seward presented joint resolutions providing that uninhabited Islands, lying beyond the maritime jurisdiction of nations, which have been, or may hereafter be discovered and taken possession of by American citizens, whether in the public service or not, shall become part of the territory of the United States of America, whose jurisdiction over the same shall be asserted and maintained; but the right of property in deposits of guano or of any valuable natural products of such islands, and of embayed waters thereof shall be vested in the persons who shall have discovered and taken possession of the same (provided they shall be citizens of the United States, not engaged in the public service) their successors, administrators and assigns with the privilege of entering upon and occupying the grounds and waters for the purpose of preserving, disposing of, or taking away said deposites and productions. Referred to Committee on Foreign Relations. The Bounty Land Bill—The Kansas Question was debated, then laid aside, to enable Mr. Jones, of Iowa, to reply to the speech of Mr. Harlan on Kansas affairs. Mr. Jones addressed the Senate.

April 17.—The Coolie Trade.—Mr. Sumner, of Mass., made a motion that the Committee on Commerce be directed to inquire into the character of the commerce known as the Coolie trade, by which large numbers of the Chinese are transported from their native country in American ships, on alleged contracts for service in distant places. Also, to ascertain if the same is not conducted in violation of an existing treaty with China. The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Bounty Land Bill, but without disposing of it adjourned.

April 21.—Mr. Foot called up the Bounty Land Bill, which was briefly discussed, when the consideration of Mr. Douglas' bill for the admission of Kansas was announced as the special order. Mr. Clay replied to speeches of Messrs. Seward, Sumner, Wilson and Harlan on the bill for the admission of Kansas. He complimented the Executive for his course regarding Kansas matters, and for the firmness and consistency he had exhibited in maintaining the right of the entire country. The President, he said had been abused by Abolitionists and Southern Americans on exactly contrary ground. He had displeased the extemists of both sides by occupying middle ground and pursuing a course consistent with the rights of the North and South. As to the alleged aggressions of the slave power, he said that so far from there being any truth in the charges, the South had ever since the foundation of the Government been gradually yielding to the encroachments and usurpations of the North. He would, on some future occasion, vindicate the Northern and Southern Democrats from the charge of entertaining enmity against either section. The Senate adopted a resolution calling upon the Secretary of War to transmit copies of all the letters not heretofore communicated, which has been addressed to him during the present year by Governor Stephens, of Washington Territory, respecting the existing difficulties with the Indians, together with all correspondence relative to the hostilities in Washington and Oregon. The Naturalization Laws.—Mr. Toombs, from the Judiciary Committee, reported back the bill to amend the Naturalization laws, with the recommendation that it do not pass. On the motion of Mr. Adams the bill was made the special order for May 12. Adjourned.

House of Representatives.

April 13.—Mr. Haven submitted two letters addressed by the Secretary of the Navy to Mr. Benson, chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, in which he invites members of Congress to visit the war-steamer Merrimac, at Anapolis, saying that the President and himself expect to leave Washington for that city this afternoon, and will wait the arrival there of to-morrow morning's train before going to the steamer.

April 14.—The Committee on Elections were discharged from the further consideration of the memorial of Mr. Faber, of Louisiana, contesting the seat of Mr. Eustis. Mr. Cobb, (Ga.,) asked leave to submit a resolution closing the present session of Congress on the fourth of July, Mr. Washburn, (Me.,) said this movement was intended to smother the Kansas investigation. The House refused to suspend the rules for the purpose of receiving the resolution, by a vote of 85 against 57; two thirds being necessary to suspend the rules.

April 15.—Compensation for a Colored Soldier.—The House passed the Senate bill authorizing payment to Jacob Dobson for services as a volunteer from California in the Mexican war. Being a colored man, and the law not permitting him to enter the army, this special act is necessary for his relief The bill amendatory of the act of 1849, regulating the payment for horses and other property lost in the military service of the United States, was passed. The bill is intended to facilitate the means of obtaining proof in such cases. The deficiency appropriation bill being under consideration, the House rejected the Senate's appropriating $300,000 for continuing the Washington aqueduct, and without final action on the bill, adjourned.

April 16.—The bill allowing a pension of twenty dollors per month for the relief of a lady in South Carolina, who lost her husband and three sons in the Mexican war, was passed. The agricultural portion of the Patent Office was received. Mr. Tyson, of Penn., from the Library Committee, reported a joint resolution for the purchase of 15,000 copies, at $5 each, of Kane's narrative of the Arctic expedition, for distribution among members of Congress, and authorizing the Secretary of the Navy to have appropriate medals struck off and presented to Dr. Kane. his officers and men, expressive of the high esteem in which Congress holds their respective services. Passed under the operation of the previous question, by four majority. Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, moved a reconsideration. He said this system of book publishing was condemned by every intelligent man in the country. He did not want his friends who were in the majority to be responsible for such extravagance. In the Presidential election it would stick to them like the poisoned shirt of Nessus. He expected to arraign the administration, not only for the sins of the Nebraska act for Executive influence and bayonets for propogating slavery, but also for profligate expenditures. Mr. Walker, of Ala., eulogized Dr. Kane for the hardships he had so nobly endured, and for valuable contributions he had furnished to science. Mr. Keitt, of S. C., inquired what party Mr. Stanton represented when he introduced his bill of indictment against the administration. The gentleman from Ohio was a leading member of the Black Republican party. They came here boasting a majority, and elected their leader Speaker; rumor says they dare not now go before the country on those issues. No disreputable dodging, no bolstering up fraud; if the North is Abolitionised, make the issue boldly—no cowardly skulking. Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, appealed to the chivalry of Mr. Keitt to give him the floor. Mr. Keitts said he could not, having promised to renew the motion to lay on the table the motion to reconsider the vote. Clamorous cries for the question followed, and the question being put, was decided in the affirmative.

April 17—Financial Statements called for.—On motion of Mr. Pringle, of New York, the President was requested to have prepared statements showing the appropriations made during each session of the last three Congresses, particularly distinguishing those made on the recommendation of the President, heads of departments and chiefs of bureaus; likewise what expenditures were made during the same period, and whether defalcations have occurred, and if so, to what amount. The Senate's Fortification bill was then tabled by a large majority, on the ground that it improperly originated in that body. The consideration of the Deficiency bill was resumed and debated till the adjournment.

April 21.—Upon assembling the House immediately proceeded to vote upon the action of the committee of the Whole on the Senate's amendments to the appropriation bill. The amendment to appropriate $300,000 for continuing the work on the Washington Aqueduct, was rejected by 27 majority.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, March 29th, 1856.

A mail goes off to-morrow. I'm greatly tempted to begin with an excuse. But that's the way every letter begins, and as I wish to be original, I had better let the apology alone. Yet the woful dearth of news in the city, throughout the neighborhood, and the country generally, is most distressing. To one who has to make up an interesting letter, to be read by thousands, the calamity is bewildering.

There's the Tenant-right League, holding its meetings on Batchelor's walk, with Lieut. Colonel French in the chair, and a dozen or two inexhaustible patriots about him. But what comes of it? What good can they do? The whole movement is infinitely more flimsy than moonshine. I prefer to see Gallagher the ventriloquist.

An amusing story has been going the round of the papers, for the last fortnight or so, that a confidential person in the employment of Sir Thomas Wilson, Bart., the Lord of the Soil at Hampstead, where Mr. Sadlier drank his "cup of cold pison," has been visiting Caher Castle, the only property, free from incumbrances, which has been left by the miserable suicide. This is a comical invention. The old charter conveying the rights of the Crown to the Lord of the manor of Hampstead, only entitles Sir Thomas to the goods and chattels of the deceased found within the manor. The respectable Baronet, I am sure, would not set up a claim for the clothes, watch-chain, and stray shillings, of the dead swindler. That would be placing himself on an equality with the hangman, who appropriates the boots and breeches of his strangled prey.

The London and Parisian art-journals recently contained most brilliant notices of the great picture painted by Henry McManus, Master of the Government School of Design, illustrating the introduction of Christianity into Ireland. The picture represents St. Patrick, in the act of expounding to the King of Meath and his assembled court, the Druid priests and people, the truths of the Christian faith. The numerous figures are grouped in striking contrast of attitude and expression round the Great Apostle, who with the shamrock in his hand stands in the centre, and seems, as it were, to diffuse a spiritual glory all through the scene. You remember poor Duffy's beautiful house at Merton? You remember the cabinet-likenesses in oil, he had of the original members of the Young Ireland party—those of Davis, McNevin, Barry, Dillon, and John Pigot? McManus it was who painted them. Duffy dearly prized them. Besides being treasures on other accounts, they were treasurers of art. When, after his long imprisonment and harrassing trials, he had to dispose of most of his property—indeed nearly all that was valuable of it—he clung affectionately to these liknesses of his brothers, and the more so the denser the clouds of poverty closed round him.

By-the-bye, the *Nation* of this morning, in answer to Correspondents, in allusion to the expulsion of the paper from the news-room of the Catholic Young Men's Society by order of Archbishop Cullen, has the following sentence:

"It has been reserved for these stricter latitudes to attempt the application to the Catholic Press of a censorship far more severe than the Church ever contemplated or attempted even in Rome—and, we humbly submit, more suitable to the meridian of Siberia or Cayenne than to the gallant and generous Catholic heart of Ireland."

And then our friend Archdeacon Fitzgerald, the publication of whose speech at the Tenant-right meeting in Rathkeale, was the cause of the *Nation's* being expelled from the Catholic newsroom, comes out in a spirited letter, vindicates himself, and vindicates the excommunicated paper. He says:—

"The public press is the forum in which the rights of the masses are cared for, and all have a right to appear there. If bishops, who are of course, worthy of all honor elsewhere, descend into that arena, they must take the chances. If I were in the old times—Heaven save the mark!—a mitred abbot, I would, in the House of Lords, encounter, and if possible overthrow, with all the logic, and wisdom, and wit, and sarcasm I could master—though, perhaps, that would not be much—a bishop who was urging measures that I believed in my conscience to be wrong and fatal to my countrymen."

Before I put the *Nation* aside for the present, I might as well mention, that a very startling communication, headed *Historic doubts*, has appeared in its last number, the drift and point of which you will at once, and at a glance, fully discern from this bold paragraph:

"I do not hesitate deliberately to declare it my conviction, that *reasons* of a *solid, reliable* character existed for believing that Mr. John Sadleir has in reality not committed suicide at all, but has simply been playing us all the slippery trick so well known both in history and romance, of a pretended death, and a suppositious corpse; has, in fact, been merely capping the climax of his forgeries, by a dexterous forgery of himself."

The writer then enumerates several reasons, chiefly scientific, in sustainment of his view of the case, putting forward with telling strength this astounding circumstance:

"The body was not identified at the inquest by any individual whose *causa scientiæ* consisted in any knowledge of the body by marks or peculiarities of structure. Nay, extraordinary to relate, the sworn identification of the body as that of John Sadleir comes not from any relatives of John Sadleir, although several of them were in London, and appear at the adjourned inquest, but from a servant named Elwyn, who had been in Sadlier's employment but eighteen months. It is upon the evidence of this person, and this person only, that the body was identified for the jury."

But why should I be sickening your readers with speculations about this loathsome business? I often and often do my best to shut my eyes upon it. But it will come up—will float before me—will fill my nostrils with the miasma of the grave, and keep whirling in an inextricable eddy right before, and under me. I'll leap away from it, climb up high over to some other topic, get into purer air, and leave the foul remnant to its rottenness.

In almost every county in Ireland, the Judges have found their duties much lighter, and less arduous than they remember them to have been at any former period. Evidently this diminution of crime is to be attributed to the absence, just now, of that dire poverty which drives men, otherwise kind and warm hearted, to desperation.

Coupled with this, the agricultural prospects continue most cheering. The *Waterford News* says, that farming operations are being conducted with great vigor. The Roscommon *Messenger* announces, that the genial sunshine and warmth which has just set in, revives the highest hopes of the farmer. The Waterford *Mail* declares, that within the memory of the oldest inhabitant there never was a finer season than the present known or recollected. Meadows are far in advance of what they were at a corresponding date last year, according to the Newry *Examiner*, and a considerable breadth of ground is in preparation for green crops. The Armagh *Guardian* informs us their potato market is unusually large. The Cork *Reporter* has equal good tidings to communicate. Altogether, apart from politics, there is a pleasant and promising season to speak of. Suggestive of prosperity, it brings me congenially to a subject which discloses in the grandest light the prosperity of an old friend of your family, Charles Bianconi, of Clonmel.

As you have, no doubt, seen some time since, Bianconi has had a monument erected over the heart of O'Connell, in the Church of St. Agatha, at Rome. By all accounts, it is truly historic and beautiful. I give you, from a Roman journal, dedicated to the illustration of the Fine Arts, a description of it:

"Its height is seventeen feet by seven feet four inches wide, composed of pure carrara marble. It is truly beautiful, and in the style of the 16th century, which was the 'golden age' for the revived arts. It consists of three parts—a large base terminated by a freize and cornice, graceful yet simple, and contains a basso-relievo of fine statuary marble. From this arise two columns to support the cornice of the monument. In the middle, enclosed by these columns, is a niche containing figures in alto-relievo, also of pure statuary marble. A moulding in two light semicircular folds terminates the work, crowned by a cross, and in the middle is seen the crest of O'Connell, the shield of which is encircled with the sublime, and we may say prophetic inscription, in ancient Irish:

'O'Connell watches—Ireland is safe.'

"The basso-relievo represents the British House of Commons. The Chamber is divided across by two partitions united at the "bar," which is only raised for the entrance of the members. At the upper end, in the centre, the Speaker, robed in the costume of the 17th century, reposes in a lofty chair, over which rises the arms of England; before him is a table, on which rests the sceptre, to indicate that the majesty of the throne is inseparable from the representation of the people. On the left and right, on rows of seats, are seen the members of the House—on one side, conspicuous, are Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, Lords Elliott, Lincoln, and Sir James Graham; on the other, Lords Althorpe, Ducannon, Ebrington, and Morpeth, who have taken prominent parts in Irish debates. All appear intent on a scene which is taking place at the bar, at which O'Connell as a new-elected member is presented; but the Usher of the House denies him admittance unless he first swears to the oath taken by Protestant members, of which a printed form has been presented to him. What the reply of O'Connell may be, we can easily infer by his erect position—from his calm but resolute expression—from his solemn look. He promptly refuses to take the oath of heresy—he claims his rights, and demands to put them to proof. We feel indebted to the artist for having thus shown us O'Connell in his position—the most sublime of his life.

At that bar stood three centuries of slavery, trusting in the resolve and words of one man, opposed to the three centuries of oppression, defended by a thousand intellects and a thousand prejudices; but with that solitary man we know that God and right are arrayed. The conflict was terrible as that of Goliah, with the little shepherd of Terebinth. O'Connell's voice spanned the fatal chasm which divivided Catholics from their rights. Challenged to the trial, no one dares to oppose him, and he sits in Parliament, where, denouncing in a voice of thunder the violated treaty of Limerick, he made the descendant of the traitors blush for their ancestors, and so converted and subdued them, that the very ministry itself, hitherto relentless in its hatred of Catholic Ireland, was coerced to propose Catholic Emancipation—parliament to pass it—and George the IV. to ratify it."

The *Evening Post*, in a biographical notice of Sir Henry Pottinger, who died the other day, wakes up out of its stupid Whiggery, with the following sentences, which bristle and flash like bayonets in an Indian sun. Listen to the old spaniel how briskly he shakes off, in a sudden fit of patriotism, the golden chain and collar that has for half a century kept him fast to the English kennel, and tell me, has not his growl a touch of the Irish wolf-dog in it? One would think it was Davis that was writing. You can't have anything better in a paper which intends to chronicle instead of catechizing, so here it is in full:

"The simple truth is that some of our London contemporaries think that England has a distinct right to appropriate every illustrious Irishman, whilst rigidly banishing all industrous natives of this country—even those who had been settled there from infancy—the moment they are unable to support themselves by their own labor, and become chargeable to the poor-rate. In regard to military commanders, we cannot deny that England, all through the present war, has suffered deeply from the want of Irishmen. Many were her generals, but few of them indeed, were fit to command. One at least of the military chiefs, De Lacy Evans, a thorough Irishman, maintained, all through, the highest reputation, for his manly bearing, and soldier-like qualities; for he had left a bed of sickness to take his part in thick of the fight, and, with a noble generosity, he left the honor of the command, to which he was entitled, to his subordinate officer, another gallant Irishman, General Pennefather. During the present century, the great achievements of the British army have been carried on under Irish leaders, and the military renown of England has been established by Irish soldiers commanded by Irishmen. The Duke of Wellington, Sir C. Napier, of Scinde, Lord Gough, from Tipperay, Lord Keane, from the county of Waterford, and other successful commanders, have become famous in our annals, and have immortalized their names in connection with the victories won under their leadership."

And again, like a brave old Celt of exhausstless bottom, he continues, blow after blow, in this right and left, from head-to-heel fashion:

"We are far from wishing to detract from the high character for stubborn and unflinching courage, which the English soldier has won upon many a hard fought field. But there is a bold and light-hearted spirit to be found in the Irish character—the most dashing bravery united with fertility of expedient—which gives to soldiers confidence in their leaders, and renders them totally indifferent to all danger. It was this intrepid spirit that animated the legions led on to victory by Wellington, Napier, Keane, and Gough. Standing half way between the phlegmatic English soldier and the impetuous ardor of the French, the Irish have long since won in every part of Europe, the character of being the first soldiers in the world, for assault and every daring enterprise requiring the strong hand and the chivalrous spirit."

Having struck right through the foe, tearing down his falsehoods and pretensions, with head uncovered, and sword uplifted, he plants his foot fiercely on the bannered lies, and thus, standing victorious and erect, exclaims:

"In that very battle ground where De Lacy Evans, an Irishman advanced in years, lately displayed all the vigorous courage of youth, united with the skill and foresight of experience, his maternal ancestor, Marshal De Lacy, had long before asserted the supremacy of Irish military genius, by conquering the Crimea for Russia.

It is only necessary to mention such facts as these, illustrative of Irish valor, in order to administer a fitting rebuke to the arrogance of those English writers, who either through ignorance or disregard of truth, attempt to ignore the claims of Ireland to a military reputation unsurpassed by any other country on the face of the globe."

The last number of the Dublin *Telegraph* reiterates the lie about your being a colleague of Mazzini in his designs upon the Pope. Never mind the rascal. Heretofore, you have treated all such slanders with contempt.

Be silent still. These beggarly teazers would give anything—would pawn their last soapless shirt—their last dull clotted pen—the boards of their workhouse coffin—to wring a syllable, in revenge, palliation, or contrition, from you. Such a syllable would be the fortune of them. Fold your robe and pass them by. History has noted you. The Grave-digger, who shovels the wet earth upon you slanderers will go home, smoke his pipe, and have nothing to say of them.

As for the *Dublin Telegraph*, never degrade yourself to notice it. Supported by a swindler of the most appalling enormity that has ever clouded and cursed the world—paid by him—instructed by him—circulated on the products of his infernal forgeries, by which the thrift and industry of the country have been cruelly deceived, upset, and overwhelmed — they who write for it are worse than lepers in the public highway, and they who touch them, even with a pen, would be mortally diseased. Be silent still.

I see they have had a splendid meeting in Waterford, for the purpose of raising subscriptions to complete the public park, which has been some time in contemplation. The Mayor presided, and made a very interesting statement. The estimated expenses amount to $6,000. The Treasury contributes something less than one-half. Mr. Joseph Malcomson subscribes $500. On looking over the report of the meeting, I see that a crowd of your old friends were present—Sir Benjamin Morris, Sam. King, Alderman Cooke, W. Marchant Ardagh, Dick Sargent, William Loyd Johnson, Pierce Newport Barron, and so on. It is high time for Waterford to have something of the sort, and I am sure that you will be delighted to hear that a project, talked about for so many years, is at last on the eve of being carried out.

The Paris correspondent of the *Illustrated News*, speaking of the huge hooped dresses which are now worn, states that the clergy continue their attacks upon them with undiminished fervor. "One of them," he writes, "lately cited in the pulpit a phrase already celebrated as formerly employed under similar circumstances, "*that woman forgot, in loading themselves with such voluminous garments, that the gates of Heaven were narrow.*" There are some queer things told of the French pulpit. I remember Father Esmonde mentioning at a dinner party where I was present, that a distinguished French Jesuit of his acquaintance, undertook one time to preach in English before the congregation in Baker street, London. His text was, "*Without faith a man cannot be saved.*" The imperfect pronunciation of the Reverend gentleman made it be understood thus—"*without a face a man cannot be shaved.*"

Orders have been sent by the government to stop the issue of further clothing to the Irish militia. This indicates the proximate dissolution of that very gallant force. Captain John O'Connell will have to resume his patriotic labors on Burgh quay, and ceasing to be pay-master to the County Dublin Rifles, or whatever else they are called, will be under the necessity of becoming pay-master to himself in the holy and blessed cause of Repeal. Hurrah for Repeal! Ireland forever! and—

KILMAINHAM.

One of the most lamentable occurrences which have happened in Ireland, for many years, took place at an early hour on Sunday, the 30th of March, in the city of Cork. It appears that a large number of persons, fifty at the very least, assembled at a "wake" in a room on the second floor of a miserable house in Penrose square—a kind of lane or court off Duncan street, which forms a portion of that district of the city known as the "Marsh"—when of a sudden, and without any warning, save a slight sound of crackling timber, the floor, with all its living weight, fell with a crash, carrying away the lower floor with its occupants with it, and burying all, including those on the ground floor, in one mass of writhing and shrieking human beings, with dead and dying in awful proportion to the whole.

The Right. Rev. Dr. Delany, the respected Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork, has left for Dublin, *en route* for Rome. He is to be joined by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory, who will accompany his lordship to the Eternal City.

The total number of passengers who have sailed from Liverpool for the United States and the Australian colonies during the month of March, has been 6618, a less number than in any corresponding month for the past four years—5,228 proceeded to the United States, in eleven ships, 16 of whom were cabin, and 5,212 steerage passengers. Of these 1,600 were English, 269 Scotch, 3,119 Irish, and 224 natives of other conntries, chiefly Germans.

A hundred members of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Dublin have addressed a respectful remonstrance or protest to Archbishop Cullen, against the act of excluding, by his directions, the three Roman Catholic papers, the *Tablet*, *Nation*, and *Weekly Telegraph*, from the reading-room of their society.

Irish News.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has been pleased to exercise the prerogative of mercy in favor of the unfortunate man Conway, convicted at the Waterford Assizes of the murder of a care-taker named Edward Concannon.

A letter from Clonmel, dated the 23d inst., states that the excitement consequent upon the recent disastrous failure of the Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank has calmed down considerably in that neighborhood since the appointment of the official manager, and the depositors are anxiously looking out for the period at which they may expect the first dividend.

All the prisoners in the Irish convict prisons who are of good conduct, and near the time of their discharge, are sent to Smithfield Convict Prison, Dublin, which is kept exclusively for them. They are allowed many additional privileges, are permitted to communicate with any one who they think will give them employment on their liberation, and, among other advantages, have instructive letters delivered to them of an evening.

Letters have been received from Rome, appointing the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe as Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and the consecration will take place on the 30th inst.

A poor fisherman named Kilpatrick, residing at Killyleagh, county Down, has lately become heir to no less a sum than £16,000 by the death of an uncle in America.

Rumors again prevail in Dublin that a speedy dissolution of Parliament is in contemplation.

The harbor of Queenstown presents a crowded appearance. Nearly one hundred vessels, principally corn laden, being now in the bay.

The Diocesan Synod of Armagh will be celebrated in the parochial church of Armagh, with all becoming pomp and ceremony, on the 7th of May. The principal object of the Synod will be to promulgate with greater solemnity the decrees enacted in the Provincial Council of Drogheda. This will be the first assembly of the kind held in the diocese of Armagh for one hundred years.

We sincerely regret to announce the death of the Venerable Archdeacon MacHale, P. P. of Castlebar. This good man and pious priest was born in the parish of Keelogues in the year 1782. In 1806, he entered the College of Maynooth, where, as in after life, he was distinguished for his sound ability, solid scholarship, and sterling virtues.

The bazaar in aid of the Catholic Ragged Schools of Dublin took place on the 24th and 25th of last month, at the Rotundo. Not alone the Round Room, but also the other spacious apartments adjoining, were filled with a rich and varied array of rare and costly articles, including paintings by eminent artists, beautiful statuettes, and other gems of sculptural art; specimens of embroidery in velvet, satin, and wrought gold. The bazaar opened to the public shortly after mid-day, and in a very brief space of time the Round Room and the adjoining apartments were thronged with fashionables of both sexes. The fine band of the 15th Regiment was in attendance in the orchestra, under the direction of the bandmaster, Herr Koessl, and performed during the day a selection of brilliant pieces of music.

The anniversary ball in honor of the Patron Saint of Ireland took place on the evening of March 27, at Dublin Castle, it being postponed in consequence of the birthday of St. Patrick occurring in Passion Week.

The Foynes Railway from Limerick will open to Rathkeale on the 1st or 2d of May. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant will inaugurate the ceremony, which will be a gratifying indication of future prosperity, and an omen of the Shannon being selected as a Transatlantic packet station. So says the *Limerick Chronicle*.

On Tuesday, March 25th, the splendid American clipper ship Samuel Moxley, jun., under the command of Captain A. B. Parker, sailed from Belfast to New-York, with eighty passengers on board, belonging principally to Belfast.

Amongst the various works erected for the defence of the west coast, and particularly of the noble estuary of Bantry Bay, the most important are those on the Whiddy island. They consist of three circular redoubts crowning three separate eminences, each surrounded by a fosse thirty feet wide and thirty feet deep, with scarp and counterscarp walls, beyond which is a glacis running down to the sea. The only mode of reaching the redoubt, therefore, is by a portcullis and drawbridge. These redoubts are sufficiently large to afford barrack accommodation to to 500 men.

Cardinal Wiseman, having been invited to become a life member of the Waterford Mechanics' Institute, has declined the compliment, observing: "If I could make any exception to this rule, it would be in favor of Waterford, the city in which I learned the rudiments of the language in which I now write, and received my earliest education. This recollection of early years gives, at any rate, a warmer glow to the good wishes for success and prosperity, by which alone I regret that I can answer to the honorable mention of my name in your committee."

Some annoyance having been given, by the Donegal militia, to civilians, at Charlemont, Armagh, on Easter Monday, the latter retorted. The militia afterwards repaired to the barracks, and came out to the number of hundreds, with fixed bayonets, and pursued the civilians a mile into the country. Several persons were stabbed.

Intelligence was received in Dublin, on the 4th of April, of the death of Mr. Justice Torrens, which took place at his country seat near Londonderry. The event was rather sudden, as the venerable Judge had gone through the North West Circuit, apparently in good health, and his illness, after the circuit, was only of four days' duration. The local account mentions that he was in his 81st year. He had been called to the Bar in 1798, and was raised to the Bench, when one of the Sergeants-at-law, in 1823.

Free Flow of Liquor—The Ladies in the Fight.—A few days since, in Farmington, Fulton county, Illinois, there was a very marked demonstration of the ladies on the liquor shops in that place. One lady's husband was in the habit of visiting those places; she went to remonstrate with the keepers and was told to "go away and mind her own business." From this and other similar cases the whole female portion of the village became aroused. Some 25 or 30 ladies, headed by a Mrs. Moore, armed with hatchets, proceeded to the obnoxious shops, (four in number,) and in a cool and business-like manner cut the hoops from every cask that could be found, letting the liquor out upon the floor. The bottles were emptied, and a clean sweep made of the whole business. They were threatened by some of the owners, but were not to be thus deterred from effecting their object. A crowd of men and boys followed as spectators, but no one attempted to interfere.—*Rushville Repub*

MEXICAN NEWS:

By the arrival of the steamship Texas, Capt. Forbes, at New Orleans, on the 11th, news was brought of the defeat of the Puebla Volunteers. President Comonfort took Puebla by storm and entered it on the 3rd. It is thought expedient to represent the surrender as a capitulation on the part of the garrison. The Mexican correspondent of the *Herald* says:—"On examination it will be found that the terms of the convenio are all on one side. The fact is, he (Comonfort) had them surrounded and in his power, but to save the further effusion of blood, or rather the difficulty to decide what was to be done with so many prisoners when taken, induced him to dictate his measures in advance, in the form of a written agreement."

According to a recent *exposé* of the present able Minister of Finance, it is estimated that the current expenses of the government for this year will be $14,228,324 93. Nor is there in this any calculation for the extraordinary expenses of a revolution such as has just terminated. Consequently it is evident that the sum is too low for the state of things.

The Minister has not yet published his estimate of the probable receipts into the treasury for this year, but, if we may judge from times past, they will not yield more than seven millions of Dollars. Here, then, is a frightful deficit which can only be overcome by a resort to some measures not heretofore tried. The only source of supply now left to the government is to be found in the immense wealth of the church; and the only measure they can adopt is to seize the funds heretofore appropriated to religious purposes. Public opinion here is so nearly unanimous as to the justice and wisdom of this policy, that it cannot be said there is a party in its favor, The whole country demands it.

The correspondent of the *N.Y. Times* describes the entree of the victor:—"The President was received at a tent erected near the Almeda, by Deputies, Ministers, and the different civic and military bodies of the city. A platform was erected on which he received many of them, and addressed his cogratulations to the thousands around him for the restoration of peace to their country. At 3 o'clock, P. M., the procession commenced moving. In the lead were the school children of the city, with baskets filled with flowers, which they scattered as they passed along. Cargadors followed along with immense baskets of flowers to supply them. Fine bands preceded each of these detachments of children. Then came the Deputies, the students of the military school and several bodies of priests. The President's staff came next, preceded by a band, and with the staff walked the President surrounded by his ministry.

There were over seventeen thousand persons in the procession, and there was not a street near the one through which the procession moved that it was possible to pass through after 22 o'clock. The balconies were crowded with men, women and children. All seemed pleased with what was going on. The President passed on to the Palace, where he was surrounded by his tried friends in trouble.

The city was illuminated at night, and in the Grand Plaza was an extensive display of fireworks. At the theatre Iturbide there was a grand bill in honor of the President, at which he attended, and last night again at the National Theatre."

Northern Mexico.

FORTY LIPAN INDIANS KILLED—ONE HUNDRED TAKEN PRISONERS.

The San Antonio *Texan* of the 3d inst. publishes instructions from Gen. Vidaurri to the Mexican commanders on the Rio Grande frontier to take strenuous measures against the Lipan Indians in Mexico, to drive them into submission before new difficulties arise with the State of Texas, and also a communication from Gen. Vidaurri to Lieut.-Col. Ruggles, commanding officer at Fort McIntosh, Texas, covering the instructions, and expressing the hope that the friendly disposition evinced by Mexico will not be misunderstood by our government.

A letter dated Laredo, March 25, says: "I know to a certainty that Col. Juan Zuazua has left Lampozos with about 180 men, by the orders of Vidaurri, to pursue the party of the Lipan tribe who had some time since established themselves between the Rio Grand and the Salado, committing numberless depredations on both banks of the river. It is said that the whole force will amount to about 400 men."

The *Texan* also has the annexed important intelligence: "By favor of Mr. J. B. Riche, a merchant of San Fernando, just arrived in our city, we learn that the Mexican Col. Zuazua, with a force of 400 men, has surprised, at the break of day, a Lipan camp, and taken prisoners the whole party, amounting to about 160 persons of every sex and age. On his way to Monterey, the men having evinced some disposition to mutiny, 40 of them were shot on the spot."

It is assured that Vidaurri has ordered that the prisoners shall be kept in the fortress at Perote and in the castle of San Juan de Ulna.

The civil and military authorities on the frontier of the Rio Bravo have ordered out all the men able to mount on horseback, to watch the passes, and thus effect the extermination of the remains of the Lipan tribe.

"This intelligence," adds the New Orleans *Picayune*, "if gratifying, as giving evidence of a disposition on the part of the Mexican authorities to do whatever they can to avoid difficulties with us, growing out of Indian incursions from their territory on the peaceable settlers of the Texan frontier."

From Buenos Ayres.—By the arrival of the bark J. T. Hodge, on the 18th ult., we are put in possession of advices from Buenos Ayres to March 1.

The news is not important, politically or commercially. The *British Packet* says the aspect of public affairs still remains lowering. The dangers from the Pampa Indians and the difficulties with the Argentine Confederation seriously affect all interests, the disastrous consequences being increased by the jealousies and bickerings constantly going on among the citizens of Buenos Ayres.

The difficulties with the Argentine Confederation, arising out of the Invasion of the Territory of Santa Fe, have been aggravated by a warlike proclamation from the Buenos Ayrean General Urquiza.

Troops have been sent to punish Indian depredations on the southern and western frontiers.

Montevideo.—A very exciting Presidential contest is going on for the Presidency, and assumes some of the aspects of a canvass in the United States. It is generally believed Senor Pereyra will be successful. The election was to be held on the 1st of March. Nothing else of importance.

From Perambuco.—A letter from Perambuco, March 15, says: "Cholera is very prevalent in this city, and over 2,000 have died. The Brazilian steamer Marquis De Chinda was recently lost near Coriana, not far from where the ship Shooting Star went ashore. She is a new iron steamer, on her first voyage, and was built in England. She is supposed to be insured for £300,000 sterling."

A Rio de Janeiro letter (dated 26th Feb.,) to the Philadelphia *Exchange*, apprizes us of the "health and tranquillity of the city and province, and the whole empire. I regret to state that the accounts from our Southern neighbors are anything but satisfactory; disaffection and revolution are the present characteristics of those Southern climes, but hope that ere many years the progress of commerce, agriculture, and arts, coupled with the stability of a well-established government, which we enjoy here, may be imitated and cherished by those whom we heartily desire to grow, prosper, and become happy."

The Suspected Privateer America at Rio de Janeiro—Difficulty between Commodore Salter and a British Admiral—Right of Search Resisted.

The following account from the Washington *Organ*, of the difficulty at Rio between the English Admiral and American Commodore, at that port, in relation to the suspected privateer America, gives some particulars of interest:

"We have seen a letter from one of the officers of the United States ship Savannah, under date of Feb. 11, at Rio de Janeiro, addressed to a gentleman of this city, giving some important information on this subject. It seems that the English squadron, of which Sir Hope Johnson is Admiral, was lying in the harbor of Rio, and that the steamer America, Captain Hudson, belonging to and sailing from the United States, was there also. The English Admiral, on that morning, sent a lieutenant on board the Savannah to inform Commodore Salter that, from late information received, he believed the America to be a Russian Privateer, and that she was loaded with arms and ammunition for the Russian possessions in the Pacific, and that he felt it his duty to search her. To this message Commodore Salter returned answer, that under no condition should he allow an English officer to search a vessel bearing the American flag. Captain Hudson, of the America, came on board the Savannah and denied the charge. He was perfectly willing to be searched by the officers of the Savannah, or the custom-house officers of Rio; but he would not submit to anything of the kind from the English or French, and threatened, if they sent a searching party on board, to throw them overboard. On the morning of the 12th, another message was received from Admiral Johnson, who was not satisfied with Captain Hudson's denial of the charge, but still insisted on the right to search the America. Commodore Salter sent back a warm answer, which was met by a threat on the part of the Admiral to follow, overhaul and search the America at sea. This caused the Commodore to cease all communication with the English, and bend all his energies to prepare his vessel for sea and for action. A letter was sent him from the Admiral by a British lieutenant, but the letter was returned unopened. At the time of writing, the ship was ready for sea, her boats being all hoisted in, and the ship unmoored and riding at single anchor. The America was to sail the next morning, and tow the Savannah to sea with her—the Commodore declaring that, although the British force was treble his own, he would fire upon them at the first attempt to make a forcible search. The officers and crew of the Savannah were excited by the prospect of an engagement with such odds, but hopeful of victory. Such was the certainty of an engagement, that a number of the foreign residents of Rio had chartered a steamboat to accompany the two squadrons to sea, in order that they might witness the engagement. From advices from Rio de Janeiro, we learn that the reason that Admiral Johnson, of the British squadron, insisted on searching the steamship America, which touched at that port on her way from New-York *via* Pernambuco to San Francisco, was, that he had received an affidavit from Samuel Adams, late second mate of the America, giving intelligence that she had guns concealed in her coal, also ammunition; that she had two sets of papers, and that while she claimed to be an American vessel she was in fact a Russian privateer. Commodore Salter, of the American squadron, called Captain Hudson, of the America, on board the frigate Savannah, and questioned him as to this statement. The charge was strenuously denied, and accompanied with a request that a searching party should be sent on board. This request the Commodore granted. The result was, that Lieutenant Le Roy and boatswain Whitaker, who led the searching party, reported in writing that they had examined every part of the America possible, and that no vestige of the alleged ammunition was found. Captain Hudson was once connected with the United States Navy. The man Edwards was shipped at Rio as second mate of the America, but was discharged the same day as incapable of doing the duty of that office.

The Pitch Lake of Trinidad, W. I.

The United States Mining Journal, lately published the particulars of an attempt in London, under the management of the Earl of Dundonald, to get up a Joint Stock Company for the purpose of manufacturing a patent fuel fitted for steam and other purposes, from the pitch obtained from the Lake in the Island of Trinidad; according to the prospectus, a sum of £6,000, together with a permanent royalty of 2s. 6d. per ton, was to be paid to the proprietor of an estate adjoining the lake, by whom the requisite method had been discovered, and who has obtained from the local Government the exclusive privilege of the manufacture for 14 years. Since this announcement was publicly made, says the *Journal* of the 9th inst., the value of the patent has been questioned, it being asserted that the process has long been in common use, that there is no necessity for the payment of any royalty, and that no advantage is to be obtained from the privileges said to have been granted.

[Communicated.]

Obituary.

At Newark, New-Jersey, on the 9th inst., from the effects of erysipelas in the head, John D., the beloved only son of Mr. Wm. Sheehan, late a respected merchant in Dungarvan, County of Waterford, Ireland, departed this life and was attended to his grave by a numerous cortege of sorrowing friends, relatives and acquaintances, to whom his amiability and worth had fondly endeared him.

John D. Sheehan was one of those young men—true lovers of their poor old, beautiful native land!—who fell under the ban of the government authorities in '48. After some months confinement within the gray old walls of Kilmainham, he was released and emigrated to this country, where he was since employed in several highly respectable mercantile houses, amongst others in that of the Messrs. Donnelly, of Liberty street, who very highly appreciated his abundant merits.

Answers to Correspondents.

"COLOR-ESCORT."—You are correct in the views communicated in your note as to *etiquette* to be observed at military funerals. But to render discussions such as you refer to unnecessary, we give the following extract from *Cowper*, containing all that is pertinent to the subject:

[FUNERAL HONORS.]

The escort will be formed in two ranks opposite to the quarters or tent of the deceased, with shouldered arms and bayonets fixed; the artillery and cavalry on the right of the infantry.

On the appearance of the corpse, the officer commanding the escort will command—*Present arms;* when the honors due to the deceased will be paid by the drums and trumpets. The music will then play an appropriate air, and the coffin will be taken to the right where it will be halted. The commander will next order—*Shoulder arms. By company (or platoon) left wheel—march Column forward—guide, right march.*

The column will be marched in common time to appropriate music, and on reaching the grave, will take a direction so as that the guides shall be next to the grave. When the centre of the column is opposite the grave, the commander will order—*Column, halt. Right into line—wheel—march.*

The coffin is then brought along the front, and the commander then orders—*Present arms;* and when the coffin reaches the grave, he adds—*Shoulder arms. Order arms. Rest.*

After the funeral service is performed, and the coffin is lowered into the grave, the commander will order—*Attention. Shoulder arms. Load at will. Load*, when three rounds of small arms will be fired by the escort, taking care to elevate the pieces.

This being done, the commander will order—*By company (or platoon) right wheel, march. Column forward—guide left, quick march.*

The music will not begin to play until the escort is clear of the enclosure or burial ground.

The funeral escort of a *Major-General Commanding-in-Chief*, shall consist of a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and six pieces of artillery.

That of a *Major-General*, a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and four pieces of artillery.

That of a *Brigadier-General*, a regiment of infantry, one company of cavalry, and two pieces of artillery.

That of a *Colonel*, a regiment.

That of a *Lieutenant-Colonel*, six companies.

That of a *Major*, four companies.

That of a *Captain*, one company.

That of a *Subaltern*, half a company.

The funeral escort shall always be commanded by one of the same rank with the deceased; or if none such be present, by one of the next inferior grade.

The funeral escort of a Non-commissioned Staff Officer, shall consist of sixteen rank and file, commanded by a sergeant.

That of a Sergeant, of fourteen rank and file, commanded by a sergeant.

That of a Corporal, of twelve rank and file, commanded by a corporal; and

That of a Private, of eight rank and file, commanded by a corporal.

"POMPON."—No. Our intention was to give a sketch of the *Ninth*, collectively, before noticing any of the companies of which it is composed; but the lateness of the hour in which we procured the necessary statistical information, compels us to defer our notice of the regiment until next week. For the same reason, a notice of the *Erina Guard*, of this regiment, the *Carroll Guard*, of the 14th Regiment, Brooklyn; also, a notice of a battalion drill of the latter regiment, must stand over.

We pleasingly add the *Sunday Atlas*, *Express*, *Courier des Etats Unis*, and *Criterion*, to the lengthened list of generous friends who have so cordially welcomed us to the Press. The kind words of our French contemporary are specially gratifying to us, coming as they do from an accomplished mind, from whose political opinions we are forced to dissent. He writes in a bright and genial language peculiarly adapted for the expression of kindly sentiments and good wishes, and in his pages that language loses none of its natural vivacity, brilliancy, and gracefullness.

We have received a letter from Lieut. Green, attached to the Staff of the Ninth Regiment, stating that the old Troop, of which the late Patk. Kerrigan was Captain, is not attached to the Sixty-ninth Regiment, as mentioned in our account of the funeral of that officer.

CAPTAIN O'KEAN, Hibernian Greens, Philadelphia, calls our attention to a mistake which occurred in the Memoir of this old and distinguished company, published in last week's *News*. The company was organized in 1824, not in 1829, as incorrectly printed.

"MUNSTER."—Business is transacted in the publication office.

"LITTLE MARY" has evidently bound our correspondent's heart more effectually than did the walls of Newgate in '48. From one prison to another—from "the frying pan into the fire."

LITTLE MARY.

[A new song to an old tune—"Nora Creina."]

Miss Katey hath a glance of fire,
Inspiring love just when she pleases,
Mingling hope and sweet desire,
And all the other thoughts that tease us.
But Mary's eyes, so soft and sweet,
Tender, true, and so confiding,
That in their clear and dreamy depths,
You'd see two little cupids hiding.

Oh, my gentle, Mary dear!
My pretty, bashful little Mary,
To your bright eyes my heart replies,
I love you, dearest, dearest Mary!

My Mary's eyes, so sweet and bright,
With joy and love are always glancing,
While mirth sits laughing in their light,
Like sunbeams in the morning dancing.
And then her pretty little mouth,
Whose dimpled beauty so bewitches;
The fabled Nectar of the gods
Is far less sweet than Mary's kisses!

Oh, my gentle Mary dear,
My graceful, charming, loving Mary!
So full of melting tenderness,
None can compare with little Mary.

Baltimore. JAMES F. LALOR.

"JOHN QUIN, Philadelphia."—Your communication of the 16th inst., asks a question of deep historic interest. The names of the men who sat in the Irish Parliament, which voted the Act of Union, would occupy a considerable space in these short columns. We can't afford it; and those who voted for the Union don't deserve it. Any one desirous of the catalogue you mention, will find it in Sir Jonah Barrington's *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, commencing at page 461 and ending at page 472. An admirable edition of this invaluable book, published by D. & J. Sadlier, who take rank amongst the most enterprising and successful of the American publishers, can be had at 161 William street, New-York, and every popular Book-store throughout the country. We are very happy to receive such questions as Mr. Quinn submits to us, and shall feel equally happy in answering them as satisfactorily as possible. We place our desk, our pen, our few books, and our undivided time at the service of our race. Every letter, such as Mr. Quin's, shall be gladly received and promptly attended to.

We have received an invitation for Mrs. Luby's lecture on the "Dances of all Nations," which that lady will deliver at the Stuyvesant Institute on the 29th inst. There is every reason to expect that the lecturer will defend the "light fantastic toe" with congenial wit and grace. In her friendly note, Mrs. L. says: "It is, perhaps, no harm to show the glorious nation we live amongst, that Irish people are not only able to *dance*, but also to give sound reasons for so doing."

MR. MEAGHER,—In noticing the distinguished men born and bred in Waterford, in your last week's issue, (April 19th,) I notice you have omitted one whose name and fame is known all over the world. I mean Hogan, the sculptor. He was born and bred in a place called Cooleeshal, about two and a half miles from Lismore, in the county of Waterford. He afterwards moved to Tallow, (also in the same county,) where he lived for some time with his parents, and from there to Cork, where he showed the first signs of that genius which in after years developed itself, and which is the admiration and the delight of the whole world. LISMORE.

RECEIVED.—"Kildharra." "ENUL."—Next week.

DECLINED.—"L. S.," New Haven. (We would rather not publish your MS. The fact is, friend, privately, it is not worth it.) On Architecture, by a Regular Brick, notwithstanding you lay it on "with a trowel," your style needs a little mortar to hold the sense together. Your architecture is of no *order* in particular.

The Irish News.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1856.

JUSTICE FOR IRELAND.

When Pierce O'Hara, in the farce of *Galway Practice*, exclaims in answer to Meldon—*Justice, indeed! arrah what has law to do with justice?*—there are volumes of bitter truth announced in what at first sounds like a joke.

The appointment of Mr. William Keogh to one of the Judgeships of the Dublin Common Pleas, left vacant by the death of Judge Torrens, confirms the position laid down indirectly in the interrogatory of the Galway attorney. An appointment more strikingly corroborative of the idea that in Ireland law has little to do with justice, or with the interests of the people, could not have been made. It fully justifies the distrust and dread with which the Irish people have long regarded the dispensation of English law in Ireland, and which have been memorably illustrated in that anecdote of the poor Tipperary peasant, who, on being told by some Judge of Assize, not to be alarmed, for he should have ample justice done him, instinctively cried out—*"Faith then, my Lord, it's that same I'm afeerd off!"*

Heretofore there have been violent partisans on the Bench in Ireland. There have been men of fanaticism and cant, such as Crampton; of implacable bigotry, such as old Pennefather and Lefroy; of sanguinary natures, such as Norbury and Blackburne; and there have been men, such as Doherty, who, underneath a fine presence, a silver flow of words and courtly manners, nourished to the last the rank prejudices of their ambiguous birth and Brunswick catechism.

But all these men were men of erudition, matured judgment, impressive eloquence and address. In politics, most of them were men of proved consistency. In morals, most of them were men of unimpeached propriety. In many instances exciting against themselves the political and religious feeling of the country, they seldom failed to command the respect of the community, the applause of scholars, and, as oracles of the law, the confidence of its clients, where great political considerations did not interpose. If the enemies of the country, they were neither buffoons mimicking it in Parliament, nor loafers living on its simple piety and credulity at home.

Not so with Mr. Justice Keogh, whose public career, from the start to the finish, has been a fraud, a nuisance, a debauch.

Starting as a Repealer, at a dinner in Claremorris to Mr. Dillon Browne in 1840, where he enthusiastically eulogized O'Connell in 1843, he dedicates a pamphlet to Lord De Grey, the Lord Lieutenant, rancorously denunciative of the great progenitor of Repeal. In 1847, returned as Member for Athlone by the money of some English railroad speculators, who desired to have a few paid Members on hand there to push their projects through, he takes his seat in St. Stephen's as a Peelite.

A few days after his election, happening to meet him in Westmoreland street, Dublin, and expressing our surprise at his success, he replied—*"Oh, I persuaded them I'd make Athlone a seaport."* The reply was but a slight exaggeration of his fraudulent propensities and powers of deceit.

In 1852 he takes an oath, in presence of the Archbishop of Tuam and the leading political personages of that part of the country, to oppose every Ministry in whose programme the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and Tenant-Right were not distinctly inserted. In a few weeks after, he flings into the gutter the Gospel he had kissed, taking office, as a public prosecutor, under the noble author of the Bill he was sworn to war against, and becoming the accomplice of the mortal opponents of the Measure, he was, by the most sacred of invocations, irrevocably bound to promote.

D'Israeli has called him the Mirabeau of Connaught! However this may apply, one thing is true, he has the audacity of Danton, his faithlessness, and success. As Lamartine has written of the orator of the Jacobins, some future McGeoghan or Plowden may write of Judge Keogh—*he opened his mouth to have it stuffed with gold.*

But it is such men who generally succeed to high places in Ireland. England governs her Irish province by such caitiffs; encourages the breed; multiplies them; feeds them; pets them; makes them her lap-dogs and spaniels; ties the Blue ribbon round their necks; and then gives them a red cushion to lie on, when they have exhausted their faculties and conscience in indecency and mischief.

The election in this Republic of Judges by the people, is spoken of by philosophic strangers as dangerous to its stability. Intelligent citizens—some very eminent Democrats, if we mistake not—entertain a similar opinion, and have opposed the clause in the revised Constitution of this State which referred the Judiciary to the suffrage of the millions.

Whether these apprehensions are wise or otherwise, we shall not presume to say; nor is it at all necessary for us any further to allude to a question no longer before the public. But were the elective power of the people, in this instance of the Judiciary, to produce all the disorders which European statesmen, ignorant of the grand instincts and wisdom of a perfectly free Democracy, solemnly predict, no error more disastrous than that which the English government have committed, in the appointment of Judge Keogh, could possibly eventuate.

Such errors on the part of their rulers drive the tamest nations to rebellion, and make beggars of the proudest Kings.

A WORD ABOUT LEGISLATION.

"Corruptissima in republica plurimæ leges."

This one remark of Tacitus, "In the most corrupt State the laws are most numerous," is enough to establish his character for high political wisdom, and would almost justify his claim to a kind of prophetic inspiration. If there is one thing which a republican people should fear more than another, it is excessive legislation; for it is beyond dispute that a great, if not the greater, portion of the social and political evils with which constitutional governments have been afflicted, have sprung from that source.

Shallow foreign writers, with but little knowledge of the American character, sometimes delight or distress themselves, as the case may be, with a picture of an empire established on the ruins of this republic; at one time, drawing the materials for their fancy sketch from what they consider an encroachment of executive power; at another, from slight indications of a warlike spirit on the part of the people. Others, however, with more sagacity, have discovered the real cause of apprehension. It was De Tocqueville, we think, who noticed "the tyranny of majorities" as constituting an important defect in the character of American institutions. That tyranny naturally evinces itself in oppressive legislation. Among American writers, Jefferson seems to have entertained a sense of the same danger, when he expressed, with such force and justice, the sentiment of his first inaugural address, "That while the will of the majority ought to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable; that the minority possess equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate which, would be oppression."

The sentiments just quoted, though somewhat old, have the same truthfulness and vigor as when first uttered, and may with profit be read, conned, and inwardly digested by our modern legislators. The people already entertain a conviction of their truth and applicability. From that conviction springs the indifference of New York citizens to the long time wasted in Congress and in the State Assembly in wearisome attempts to elect a Speaker; it being a common remark at the time, in reference to both those bodies, that they might as well remain without a Speaker, as in that case they would be powerless for mischief.

To that conviction may be attributed the easy and comfortable feelings with which the public has received the announcement that the Legislature adjourned without passing the annual appropriation bills, and other similar measures, usually considered indispensable to grease the wheels of government. To the same conviction is to be ascribed the imperturbable calmness with which they hear the determination of the Governor not to call an extra session. Indeed, it has been rumored that several philanthropic capitalists have expressed their readiness to furnish the funds requisite to carry on the government until the meeting of the next Legislature, and thus avoid the necessity of an extra session.

The people have become tired of special legislation. They are awaking to a consciousness that they are governed too much. Not that this excessive legislation is always to be ascribed to unworthy or corrupt motives. On the contrary, it generally proceeds from an officious over-anxiety on the part of the legislators to do something to improve the condition of the people. To this spirit we owe the Maine liquor law and other similar measures. But it must be remembered—

"For virtue's self may too much zeal be had,
The worst of madmen is a point run mad."

Carlyle, sneering at the American form of governmeht, defines it in his peculiar style as "Anarchy, plus the street-constable." With some few reservations and explanations, the words might be accepted as a concise definition of a perfect government. But, had he noticed the attempt of the late Albany Legislature to meddle with the present police system of the city, Carlyle would probably, in his next edition of his writings, have altered the expression, to suit our prospective condition, and made it "Anarchy, *minus* the street-constable."

We are startled by no unreal apprehensions. The country is still safe, and will last long enough for our day, legislation or no legislation. Neither do we wish to be understood as including all the members of the late Legislature within the scope of our censure. Among them there are many honorable exceptions. But they, as well as all future Legislatures, may be assured of one fact, that if the people had the opportunity of expressing themselves directly on half of the measures concocted for their particular benefit, they would adopt language similar to that of the French merchants, when asked by their monarch what legislation they desired for the benefit of commerce, and would say: "Gentlemen, we thank you for your kind intentions; but, as you love us, let us alone."

There it much truth yet in the old maxim, rightly understood, "The best government is that which governs least."

An American citizen, whose family has been settled in this country for three generations, has written thus, and submits it to the public.

LIGHT AND SHADE—TWO PICTURES AFTER REMBRANDT.

Within the walls of a sumptuous mansion on the *Boulevard des Capucines* sits the Count Walewski, Minister of the Emperor Louis Napoleon for Foreign Affairs.

There's a costly banquet spread, and the Minister presides. The band of the Guides, in their ravishing uniforms, inspire the feast. On the right of the Count sits the representative of Russia. On his left, the head-servant of Windsor Castle. Indiscriminately disposed, appear the various Plenipotentiaries, members of the Diplomatic corps, members of the Imperial Cabinet, and other high functionaries of State. The Count Walewski, the dessert being laid, rises with pictorial gravity, and in the midst of all this golden light, this military music, this fragrant profusion of the vineyard and Hyperides, proposes to these dazzling notables and nobles, the durability of the peace they have just signed with the jewelled quill of the Eagle of the *Jardin des Plants*—the imprisoned bird of his Olympian master.

Bravo, Count Walewski!

Stealing through the city of Berlin in disguise, foot-worn and befouled, with blood-shot eyes roving everywhere like a suspected thief's, with ears erect, watching every syllable uttered in the streets through which, as instinct or genius prompts, he passes with quick or tardy pace, there is an outlawed man, dogged by the police of Monsieur de Manteuffel, the Matsell of the Prussian capital. A Polish rebel, up to his neck in treason, he journeys to Paris, as Ignacio Commonfort came hither, a few months ago, for the sinews of war and sympathy. He gets clear of Prussia; baffles the police of Monsieur de Manteuffel; runs other risks; extricates himself from all; throws off his rags and mask; leaps, with the agility of a Mazzaroni, into the renovated livery of the Empire, and sits there on the *Boulevard des Capucines*, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Count Walewski!

Yet on the police-sheets of Berlin, and many smaller towns from the Vistula to the Elbe, the written instructions of Monsieur de Manteuffel—to arrest "*an adventurer styling himself Walewski,*"—for these are the precise words—still remain.

Times change. In your old age, look out, Walewski, for the police of Berlin!

JOHN FROST.

We are much gratified that a call has been made on John Frost to deliver a lecture, and we are equally happy that he has consented. Even if Mr. Frost was not a man of force, capacity and eloquence, the simple story of his long years of suffering at the hands, or rather the paws, of the British Lion, would command an interest which could well supply the place of oratory. But in manner as well as matter, our readers, whom we advise to listen to him, will not be disappointed.

Mr. Frost has grown gray in his struggles to flood the breasts of his countrymen with some democratic light. Let us see how the democrats of this city will receive him.

From the peculiarity of Mr. Frost's endeavors in the cause of Freedom—in shaking up the spirit of Englishmen, and as it were bearding the Old Lion in his den, he is certainly entitled to as proud and warm—if, indeed, he does not merit a greater—reception than was accorded to any of us Irish exiles.

NICARAGUA.

Captain William Lyster of the Nicaraguan army, "a fine specimen of a six-footer," as the daily press reported him on his arrest—a man cut out by nature, if not by inclination for a "bold dragoon," will lecture on Nicaragua, at Hope Chapel, on the 28th inst. Since Capt. Lyster's arrest he has visited the theatre of his future fortune, and from his intimacy with the ablest men of the "fillibustering" movement, as well as his notes of what is doing in Nicaragua—the capacity of the country, and its evident destiny, will present such an array of facts as must—dressed in the diction of a forcible, educated and manly mind—prove excessively interesting. He has many things to talk about which should be listened to, and will say them in a manner that will insure their remembrance.

SMITH O'BRIEN'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

We have received private letters by the last mail, informing us it is the intention of our noble friend, whose name we have just written, to pay us a visit very shortly. This intelligence, we are confident, will delight his countrymen in America. Nor will the pleasure excited by it, and still more so by his presence, be confined to them. The purity of purpose, inflexible integrity, and loftiness of bearing, which have so eminently ennobled his public career, are fully estimated by the citizens of this Republic, and they will be prompt to congratulate him on his arrival in a country the freedom and greatness of which have so often inspired his labors and appeals in behalf of Ireland.

MILITARY MEMOIRS.

THE GUYON CADETS, NINTH REG'T N. Y.

Flashing through the smoke of the recent Hungarian struggle for independence, appeared the name of a soldier of fortune, whose exploits attracted a world-wide notice at the time, and won for him an enviable distinction, even among his comrades in the cause, "native and to the manor born." Entering the Hungarian service at an early age, as a subaltern, in 1830, we find him winning his way rapidly to preferment, until the breaking out of the Insurrection in '48 reveals him in his true position, a leader whose capacity and dauntless heroism were adequate to conquer Fortune, even in her most reluctant mood, had they not been foiled by the treachery of native counsels; and whose achievements did yet "light the gloom" of general disaster and defeat. This stalwart fighter in the cause of freedom had been contributed by Ireland to Hungary, her sister in misfortune; and his family name of Quin had been changed into Gahan or more generally GUYON "in the wars."

When the Hungarian cause had sunk irretrievably, Guyon, disdaining to yield to the minions of despotism, cleft his way with dashing intrepidity through the legions of Russia to the dominions of the Sultan, in whose army he now holds high rank, under the title of KURSCHID PACHA.

From this distinguished Irishman, the company whose memoir we enter on record takes its name. It was organized in November, 1849, under the command of Captain Michael Phelan. In connection with other companies composing the regiment, it was chartered on the 29th of May, 1850, by Governor Fish, and is now designated company D, in the Ninth regiment, of which it was the original nucleus.

It may not be out of place to state that, while yet in its infancy, this company had many difficulties to contend with, testing the forbearance of its commandant and the intelligence of its members. Had it not been "armed and equipped" with these qualities amongst others, there is reason to believe that there would be now one Irish-American company the less in the First Division.

Captain Phelan held command with credit to himself and great advantage to the company until some time in the year 1854. To him and to his command belongs the honor of being the first company that inaugurated the *military celebration of St. Patrick's Day*, on the 17th of March, 1851. The day was excessively inclement, even for that anniversary. But the Captain was not to be deterred. In answer to a remonstrance from one of his officers, against the parade, he replied, "I have paid the band, and will follow it if necessary alone." Considering the purely *national and republican spirit* of this demonstration, in contradistinction to the sectarian character theretofore associated with the day in the popular mind, this was an important pioneer movement, calculated to disabuse the American community of wrong impressions, and one, therefore, on which every man who bore a part in it may look back with satisfaction.

During his connection with the company, in April, 1851, Captain Phelan visited Ireland on business of moment, and previous to his departure was presented by his command with a splendid sword and belt, suitably engraved, in token of their esteem and affection. We may observe incidentally, that during his stay in that country he was considered a fit subject for the special *espionage* of her Majesty's detectives, and even of their ESCORT on one notable occasion; so much attention do their employers consider as due to an American citizen! On a later occasion, when starting for California in the year 1852, at a complimentary supper given by the officers of his command, and friends, he received as testimonials of friendship from these gentlemen, a pair of duelling pistols and a beautiful tobacco-box.

On the 22d of November, 1854, Orderly Sergeant Murphy was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Captain Phelan, then in California. The elegant medal which this officer now wears was presented to him by the company in 1852, as a mark of respect. It bears the inscription:—

"*His heart is in the right place!*"

It may not be uninteresting to mention, that in his father's house, in Dublin, it was that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was arrested by Sirr and his associate blood-hounds, after his fruitless attempt to free his native land.

On the 11th of April following, Captain Phelan, still residing in California, was unanimously elected an honorary member, being—if we are not misinformed—the only honorary member connected with any company in the regiment.

In this company have graduated several officers, now holding posts of distinction. Among others, Col. Ryan, of the 69th regiment, who, during Capt. Phelan's absence, assisted by request, in the drill, &c.; Captain Burke of the 75th, and others. It is officered at present by Capt. Thomas Murphy; 1st Lieutenant James Halpin. The other offices are vacant, awaiting an order for election from the Colonel. The uniform of the company is as follows:—Light green coat, with yellow facings; light blue pants, with one and-a-half inch buff stripe; green epaulettes with buff fringe; shako hat with brass plate, white cord braid and pompon, cartridge box, brass belt and body belt. The fatigue is a light green jacket with buff trimmings, artillery buttons, a light blue cloth cap with band and grenade. In winte a blue U. S. regulation overcoat is worn.

Among the marks of distinction conferred on this company was the presentation to it of a pair of guide colors, by the regiment, as the strongest company therein; which guide colors, together with a regimental color had been presented by the Corporation of the city of New-York to the Ninth regiment, on the previous 22d day of February, 1855, Washington's birth-day. On a late occasion, it was also selected as the escort to accompany the remains of Captain Kerrigan to Calvary Cemetery, and attracted considerable praise for the soldier-like steadiness of its fire.

ALBANY EMMET GUARDS.

Organized Feb. 22, 1844; belongs to 25th Regiment, 3rd Division. Company roll contains 74 names; 45 on an average at drill; all the members are of Irish birth but three, and these three are of Irish parentage.

P. H. Griffin, Capt.; John Evers, 1st Lieut.; Henry Mulholland, 2nd; James Swift, 3rd; John Gannon, Ensign. Staff—Major, Philip Dunn; Quarter-Master, P. Hanlon; Pay-Master, Richard Bulger; Surgeon, Michael Crummey; Adjutant, James McGinty; Engineer, Thomas O'Malley, who is also Regimental Sergeant-Major; Judge-Advocate, James Dunn; all born in Ireland.

Blue coat and pants, dress coat, red facings, gold lace trimming; bear-skin cap; brass eagle in front; green and red plume; do. worsted tassel; buff belts; large green and red worsted shoulder-knots; German-silver breast-plates, the American eagle surmounting an Irish harp raised thereon; body belt plate with "A. E. G." raised thereon; red stripe on pants; percussion muskets, newest pattern, with spring bayonets for parade; do. without spring bayonets for drill; 2 pieces of cannon, brass: fatigue dress, dark green jacket and pants; green cloth cap; patent leather knapsack, "A. E. G." in German text on the back. Officers' uniform is of the regulation pattern.

Drill every Wednesday night, commencing at half-past seven. Target excursion in September, no stated day. Annual drill for Company's medal, the Wednesday preceding 17th March. Election to fill vacancies for military and civil officers, the Monday preceding 22d February. Ball annually, on 8th January. Flank Company of Artillery; three Lieutenants have commissions. The gun squad of the company entitled to all the regimental firings.

Spent six weeks in Hudson, Columbia Co., N. Y., in the winter of 1844–5, during the Anti-rent riots. First Company in this State which volunteered for the Mexican war, and was accepted. Did not go, in consequence of the law under which they volunteered being changed.

GRATTAN GUARD, BANGOR, ME.

Organized, November 26th, 1853. Belongs to 1st Regiment, 1st Brigade, 9th Division of Volunteer Militia of the State of Maine; officered by Captain John Carroll; 1st Lieutenant, John Dowling; 2d Lieut., Michael Crowley; 3rd Lieut., James Fitzgerald; 4th Lieut., Richard Crowley; Orderly Serg't, Richard Sanders; Secretary, M. K. McGrath.

Uniform, gray broadcloth dress coat, white facings, green braid; white plume, tipped with green; white shoulder and waist belts. Colors, with white silk, gold fringe three inches deep; motto, *In hoc signo vinces*; on one side, likeness of Washington, with the inscription, *Presented by the citizens of Bangor to the Grattan Guard*; on the reverse, the Harp entwined with the Shamrock, and title of the Company. The men carry muskets. They drill every Thursday evening. Parade days, last Wednesday in May, and last ditto in October, on occasion of Regimental muster. The Company's flag, presented July 19th, 1854, in the City Hall, by the Hon. Samuel C. Blake. Arms and equipments furnished by the State. Number of members 40. Balls twice a year.

MONTGOMERY GUARD, JERSEY CITY.

Company organized August 6th, 1851; belongs to the 2d Regt., Hudson Brigade; officered by Capt. Farrell, of Co. Westmeath, Ireland; Lieut. McKeon, ditto; Lieut. McDermod, Co. Longford; Orderly Sergeant Smith, Co. Meath,

Unform, light green coat, buff facings and yellow braiding; epaulettes, green with white fringe; pantaloons, dark mixed, with inch and-a-half buff Stripe; regulation hat of U. S. Infantry, white plume tipped with green; cross and body belts as worn by U. S. Infantry; Company's colors, American flag, and green flag with likeness of Richard Montgomery.

Drill hours, from September to March, half-past 7 o'clock; rest of the year, at 8 o'clock, Ranks of this Company open to respectable men of every creed and country; Armory, Hudson House, Grand street, Jersey City.

SHIELD'S GUARDS, CHICAGO, ILL.

This splendid young company formed November 25, 1854, belongs to 60th regiment, State Militia. It is officered by Capt. Charles E. Moore, Ireland: 1st Lieutenant, James A. Mulligan, New-York; 2d Lieut., James Quirk, Ireland; 3rd Lieut., B. J. Dolan, Ireland; Ensign B. Quirk, Ireland. The Staff officers are, Surgeon M. Bray, M. D.; Paymaster J. J. O'Shannessy; Commissiariat, James Barry: Quarter-master, William Savoye, all from Ireland.

Uniform—coat, dark blue, trimmed with buff and gold lace; pants, light blue with buff stripe; black patent leather cross and body belts, with breast and body plates; knapsacks and bear-skin caps.

Drill—Thursday evenings, at half-past 7 o'clock. Civil meetings, Monday evenings at half-past 7; Annual Parade, 25th Nov.; Annual Target excursion, 22d May.

On the 22d Feb., 1854, Mr. Brian Warren presented to the company its first flag. And on the 25th Nov., 1855, those estimable ladies Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Quirk presented the company with a richly-wrought American flag, the one which the company now bear.

Annual ball 25th Nov., and Lecture courses during the winter.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

DAN CALLAGHAN—THE MEMBER FOR CORK.

Cork was in an uproar. O'Counell had arrived the day before from Dublin, escorted by thousands. Thy had met him at Riversdale, a few miles from Cork, on the Dublin road; and the kingly old Tribune, in the midst of fluttering flags, the gaudiest banners, and a moving forest of oak and laurel branches, and the tumult of two dozen Temperance bands, and troops of mounted farmers, and city merchants in handsome carriages, and hundreds of Catholic priests from far and near, had entered under triumphal arches spanning the lower Glanmire road, and King street to Patrick's bridge, the opulent and ancient city of St. Finbar.

How royal and colossal he looked there, on the box of his big travelling-coach, wrapped up in his large cloak, with his gold-laced cap drawn down tight about his ears, and the dark-brown sable round his neck, kissing hands gently and majestically to the swarming roofs and windows. What humor, what pride, what consciousness of popularity and strength, was in that gray luminous eye! How winningly, yet how exultingly, it seemed to ask—"Am I not the Man of the People?—show me a man to match me—was there ever a human being trusted and loved as I have been?"

His son, Maurice, sat beside him. He, too, wore a cap with a gold band. Tom Steele sat behind. In what a crimson blaze his face shone above the dusty pageant! In his tattered blue military frock, hooked and eyed to the neck; all the frogs and slashings dangling in dingy threads about the breast, and skirts, and sleeves; his big red hands protruding from the shirtless cuffs; the greasy peakless cap, slipping off his poor white locks behind! He was the very image of what Shiel, in his defence of John O'Connell, proclaimed him to be—"The knight-errant against oppression wherever it was to be found."

There were some of the celebrities of the Repeal movement immediately accompanying O'Connell. Insignificant in mind, spirit, and appearance, they were appropriately shut up from public notice in the inside of the big green coach. Dr. Nagle, a cadaverous druggist, librarian of Conciliation-Hall, and physician-in-ordinary to the door-keepers of that propitiatory edifice, was of the number. The Doctor clung to the fortunes of the Hall with a ravenous tenacity. Sitting close behind O'Connell every Monday, he did little more than adjust the cloak of the latter whenever it happened to be disarranged, or the orator resumed it at the conclusion of his "speech of the day." Occasionally, however—perhaps once in six months—the Doctor seconded a resolution, or handed in a remittance; and when this occurred, he invariably quoted Napoleon's speech about the Pyramids and the forty centimes, or recited a page or two from Tacitus. Sitting down intensely pale and exhausted one day, after a violent quotation from his favorite author, Smith O'Brien turns round to him, and in the pleasantest way said—"Doctor, at this rate of quotation, you'll leave nothing original for me."

The day of O'Connell's entering Cork as I have mentioned, was the first Sunday of June, 1845. A few days previous, he had, in the Rotunda of Dublin, in the loftiest state, received the congratulations and homage of the Irish people. The occasion was the first anniversary of his release from the imprisonment to which, on a charge of seditious conspiracy brought against him by the government of Sir Robert Peel, he had been sentenced by Chief Justice Pennefather. Of all the spectacles of popular enthusiasm I have witnessed, that of the 30th of May, 1845, was the most splendid and impressive. It inspired me with the idea of what Ireland could prove herself to be were she ever in the exercise of sovereign power. No haste, no senseless boasting, no excess; there was a composure, a thoughtfulness, a solid dignity in the event, which, in public manifestations, I never observed before nor since. The public mind appeared to have risen with the solemnity of the decision which had restored to freedom the champion of the country, and from a purer and nobler eminence it seemed to have proclaimed, with the voice of an army in order of battle, the triumph that had answered the invocation of the multitude.

With the glory of this incomparable homage fresh upon him, he had come down to Cork, to partake of a public dinner, and share in other festivities, prepared for him by the Mayor, the Common Council, the Trades, and the liberal citizens generally. I broke off from the procession at the foot of the Middle Glanmire Road. The dinner was not to take place until the following evening.

At the appointed hour, I was standing, with other invited guests, in the reading-room of the Imperial Hotel, waiting for O'Connell to arrive. I was talking to Richard Albert Fitzgerald, one of the Members for the County Tipperary. Two years from that time, he was in his grave. The clay never fell upon the coffin of a truer Irish gentleman. Sir Richard Musgrave, also, was one of our little group, and so was my dear noble young friend, Charles Murphy, of Belville. We were all in the best of humor. The aspect of public life was then most cheerful. The famine had not come; nor had a withered leaf yet given an intimation of the disease which was to ravage the food of an entire people, and end in their wholesale devastation. The Whigs were still in opposition. There was no Treasury gold in circulation to tempt the frail, seduce to treason, and breed dissension. Thomas Davis, with his exhaustless wealth of heart and genius, was still on earth, among his people, and hard at work.

The glass folding-doors of the reading-room slowly turned on their hinges. All eyes were fixed upon them. The conversation dropped. There was not a whisper. There was not a breath. O'Connell was surely coming! It was now some minutes past the dinner-hour. The doors still turned on their hinges. It must be him. An immense white waistcoat, a pair of white stockings and glazed pumps, a very white head, a pair of very bushy white whiskers, and a blazing red face appeared. It was old Dan Callaghan—the Member for Cork.

He had been invited to the dinner, and had come with the daintiest arrangement and most affluent abundance of fine linen and broadcloth, to do honor, as he remarked with an unctuous twinkle of the eye and a tightning of the lip, to his friend, the Liberator.

Dan was as jovial a rogue as Falstaff, and with his love of sack, and other still more expensive luxuries, inherited a considerable moiety of his bulk. The venerable gentleman had not seen the tips of his toes for five and twenty years. Standing at the corner of the Tuckey street Club, in the city of Cork, a few days after his election in '38, he was screwing and digging into his waistcoat pocket to get out some change for the carman who had driven him down from Lota. He succeeded. He paid the fare. The carman thanked him, wished him good-bye, and drove off. But as the worthy Member was replacing the rest of the change, he dropped a guinea.

It was out of the question for him to try to pick it up. He excused himself for not going to Mass on the ground that he couldn't kneel down. It was the fact, whatever became of the excuse. To stoop, or think of stooping, was an excess it was impossible for him to be guilty of. What was he to do? There was no one near him. He was utterly alone. He moved to where the guinea lay, put his foot upon it, and steadied himself with his yellow walking-cane. He looked about him. He called out, "waiter," in the direction of an open window of the Club, looking out upon the South Parade. There was no response. His predicament was painful, and his patience nearly exhausted. "Boy!" he cried out with his little voice and the most distinct articulation, seeing a bare-footed, dirty-faced little urchin cutting past him in the wake of a carriage, "boy!" The boy pulled up, and altering his track, made for the Member. "Boy!" said the Member withdrawing his foot, backing a little, and pointing to the gold piece with the ferule of his cane—"boy! hand me my guinea." Another time, he dropped his cane, and recoverd it as, in this instance, he recovered his cash.

He was hugely fat—so fat, you could hardly see his eyes; so fat, his nose was buried in his face, and might be taken for a dimple; so fat, he couldn't turn his head round without turning the rest of the body with it. He adored the gentler sex. He was an insatiable worshipper of beauty. Posting himself in Patrick's street, outside the Chamber of Commerce, every fine day he was in Cork, he gloated over every pretty or splendid face that passed him, frowning, flirting, or flashing as it might be. Some rebuked him for his carniverous glances; others, with sprightly spirits and forgiving hearts, smiled, tossed the head, and tripped away; others again, haughtily stiffened themselves, pursed up ther ruby lips, jerked their head in pert reproof, drew their shawls tight about them, looked at the old idolatar over the shoulder scornfully, and swept in a hurricane of indignation by. The true woman took no notice of him.

One afternoon he was standing at the end of Sackville street, near Carlisle Bridge, on what was called the fashionable side, entertaining himself with his favorite study of the beautiful. A very pretty girl whom he had looked at with special devotion, turned on him sharply, calling out: "Do you know what, sir?"

"Well, my little love," said Dan, benignly.

"I'll have you taken up before the Lord Mayor," the girl said.

"For what, my incomparable angel?" Dan asked the girl with the most delicious suavity imaginable.

"For being blown beef," she replied; and with this she tossed her head, flounced and fumed a moment, and shot off, her beady black eyes sparkling with delight and mischief.

Of the good things of this life Dan was fastidiously fond. He was a sumptuous epicure. He feasted with a costly discrimination, and was as sensitive about the boiling of a potato as he was about the preparation of a salad. One afternoon, in January '47, he was leaning on my arm, and we were walking down Oxford street. Every now and then he would pull up, and look into the window of some Italian warehouse. At first I said nothing. Indeed, I said nothing until he had made half a dozen stoppages in front of similar windows, and with the same rich oleagenous smack of the lips. In a very delicate way, I desired to know what he wanted. "I'm looking for something nice for breakfast," he replied, once again halting, and facing right about in front of a spacious window, the clean white space behind which was piled up with every variety of pickle, compound, and preserve.

That same evening, having accompanied him to the House of Commons, Mr Callaghan introduced me to Charles Phillips on the lobby of the House. The latter skook me warmly by the hand, and accompanied the cordial salute with a profusion of florid congratulations. I offered him my thanks, assuring him that the generation which followed him would be hopeless, indeed, if they did not, "in some measure," profit by "Phillips' specimens of Irish eloquence." At the same time, I couldn't help thinking of the advice given to him by the Edinburgh Reviewer—by Lord Brougham, I believe—to "pluck a few feathers out of the wings of his imagination, and stick them into the tail of his judgment."

The pleasantest recollection I have of Dan Callaghan, the member for Cork, is connected with Killarney. That lubberly, good-natured old gourmand—that helpless heap of lard and sensualism—blends in my memory with the fragrant groves of the arbutus, with the solemn overshadowing yew-tree of Mucruss Abbey, with the crags and mist, and eagle-haunted solitudes of the Reeks, with the very echoes, which are the imprisoned spirits of the mountains. It is not the White Horse of the ancient Lord of Ross Castle, which is to me, the Phantom of the Lakes. It is that white-headed, white-whiskered, punchy, plethoric, rotund, rubicund, jovial old gentleman, the Member for Cork. I never think of Finn's Hotel, close to the edge of the Lower Lake without thinking of him. I never think of Mangerton, that a vast white figure, with an expanding waistcoat of white cassimere and trowsers, does not emerge from the Devil's Punch Bowl on the top of it, and beckon me up to have a tumbler. If I look in at Inpisfallen, he is there, cutting his name in the tough dusty bark of one of the stumpy little crab-trees. If I put in from the middle Lake, to have a look at O'Sullivan's Cascade, he's sure to be talking to the black-haired, brown-cheeked, laughing, handsome girls, who, in bare feet, with red shawls about them, and the wind and the sun playing freely on them, stand at the bottom of the cascade, or on a ledge eighty feet above, with their bottles of potteen, and goat's milk, and cranberries.

It was in the autumn of 1845. A great Repeal meeting had taken place two days before, on the shore of the lower Lake. Twenty thousand of the Kerry-men had assembled to hear O'Connell, and demand with him the restoration of their Parliament. The fishermen of Kinsale, nearly a thousand strong, came upon the ground in compact column, four abreast, each man carrying an ash-pole twelve feet long, with a small red flag flying from it. From the platform, on which I was standing at the time, wheeling from the road into the field where the meeting was to be held, and partially concealed by some intervening trees and bushes, allowing the flags only to be distinctly seen, these fishermen looked like a squadron or two of dismounted Lancers. Altogether, it was a scene of the most varied, the most striking, and exciting beauty. The dark lake in front; the dark-green islands dotting it; the mountains beyond them, walling up to the clouds this dream-like picture of wood, and crumbling stone, and dark lustrous water; the vast gathering of mountaineers and farmers between us and the lake; the banners swaying above the crowd; and then O'Connell himself towering above them all, and pointing to the mountains, and saying, that beyond there his cradle was rocked, and there his grave should be; oh! it was a scene which I prayed that poor Davis, who had been borne to the vault a few weeks before, might be permitted to behold.

The day after the meeting, there was a great dinner. It came off in an immense tent, in a field just opposite to the new Cathedral, which, by-the-bye, happened to be one of Pugins' grandest achievements. Dennis Shine Lawlor presided. His speeches, introducing the different toasts, were very beautiful. Who could live within the magic circle of those glorious lakes and not be filled with poetry?

The morning after the dinner, a stag hunt in the Gag of Dunloe was announced to take place. It was a drenching morning. The rain fell full and black. The lakes, islands, mountains, all were massive shadows, broken here and there, and giving us, through those clefts and fissures, glimpses of pale sun and whitened waves. However, it was decided that the hunt should not defer to the weather. And so, about 8 o'clock, a.m., in the gravelled space before the hall-door of Finn's Victoria Hotel, on the north shore of the lower Lake, there stood two dozen Kerry ponies, saddled and bridled, for the sporting guests of that delightful hospitable house. The gear was ancient. The saddles were made for men of flint. The bridles did more damage to the hands than to the mouths which held them. As we mounted, and then with an uproarious cheer, flung up the gravel and dashed down the avenue to the gateway, and so on out upon the road leading to the Gap, it struck me it would have made a superb picture for Haverty or Maclise—Irish Guerillas on the start for a Raid!

But just one instant before we started, the white shutters of a window, immediately over the hall-door, were folded back, the blind drawn up, the window slowly raised. All eyes were turned in the direction of it. And slowly, inch by inch, there issued from under the ascending sash, the snowy head and crimson face, and ponderous pudding neck and shoulders of Dan Callaghan himself—the Member for Cork. He was in his shirt, and looked like Sir John when emptied from the basket of soiled linen. He was welcomed with a cheer. He kissed hands and smiled. He bid us good morning, and hoped we'd have a fine day. He'd attend to our dinner, and see it was right. Another cheer, and then the broad crimson face smiled benignantly, and the white head slowly and cautiously withdrew from under the crystal guillotine. The window went down, the blind descended, and the shutters closed.

Some other day I shall describe the hunt, or rather the hunt-meeting, in the Gap; John O'Connell, of Grena,, O'Connell's brother, coming up with his noble hounds; our break-neck gallop through the Gap; and then down the Black Valley to the head of the Upper Lake, where the six-oared boats with their crew, boatswains and buglers, were waiting for us.

Passing down the Upper Lake, through the Passage, the Lovers' Leap, under the Eagle's Nest, by Dinnis Island, where Charles Phillips, in one of his very best speeches, once proposed the health of Washington; and then touching at Innisfallen, where we had a brimmer, we swept in with flashing oars to the mooring-place, half a mile below the hotel. We were wet to the marrow. From the time we dashed off, it had been raining like fury. We had to scrub very hard, and then dry thoroughly, and then dress up before we thought of sitting down to dinner. Everything was ready at last, and down we went. On entering the dining-room, the first thing that struck me was a long table, richly laid out with plate and glass, ruby and golden decanters, silver-mounted *epergnes*, and all the brilliant and dainty accessories of a banquet. The next thing was Dan Callaghan, in full dress, at the head of the table, with an immense napkin stuck in under the lappet of his vast white waistcoat, sitting silent and motionless, with his hair a few feet back from the table looking as if completely suffocated, but smiling in his suffocation.

"Gentlemen, I've been waiting for you. Take your seats," said the small struggling voice above the napkin, and the Member for Cork drew his chair closer to the damasked table. Had it been adequately indented, he might have sat closer.

The company was large, and represented many nationalities. There were Belgians, Scotchmen, Swiss, Americans and English There was wit, gravity, eloquence, wordliness, romance, bound

less fun, all the varieties of social life blended at that board. Callaghan, as he presided, seemed to absorb them all. I sat long-side of him. He called for Hermitage, and stuck to it. As was usual with him on all occasions, he was pleasant and genial, and copiously social. His parliamentary anecdotes were fresh and plentiful. His recollections of the great commercial days of Cork—days preceding the peace of 1815—when his father built up his wealth—were deeply interesting and instructive. They were sparkling, too, and in many instances, finely colored. Nor were his descriptions of the election scenes, in which he prominently figured, less delightful and wine-provoking. This Falstaff almost refined and glowed into a Sheridan before me. If the Bacchus, he was also the Apollo of the feast.

Yet it was not until the cloth had been removed, and the bright mahogany reflected the broad-bottomed claret jugs, the steaming pitchers, and the fruits of the Azores and Malaga, that the jovial old gentleman expanded in full glory. Gansey, the renowned piper of the Lakes, was introduced with the whiskey, and handed to a chair immediately contiguous to the right elbow of the Member for Cork. Again it struck me, what a subject for Haverty! What a group for Maclise! Put on canvas by him, it would beat his *Actor's reception of the Author*, from Gil Blas, for which Sir Robert Peel gave him $5,000. The old blind piper, in his plenteous white rolling locks, with his broad, smooth, beautiful brow, his decent dress, and magnificent pipes mounted in ivory and silver, sitting so calmly and serenely there—a glorious type and relic of the lyric days of the island—and that Sirloin in napkin, ruffles, scent, and snowy whiskers, glistening beside him, breathing ponderously over his huge cups, and with them drinking in the frolic, and the music, the bubbling wit and gay uproar of the feast!

[To the story of this feast, up to midnight, and beyond it, we shall return another day.]

WIFE, OR NO WIFE?

A CHAPTER FROM THE BOOK OF KINGS.

Obstinate, implacable, and tenacious of what he called his *rights*, as a sovereign, (who can forget,

"The right divine of Kings to govern wrong,")

George III. never forgave the Irish for two things, namely, for having obtained national Independence, after a fashion, in 1782, and for having voted in 1789, that the Prince of Wales should be and was Regent, as a matter of *right*, during the insanity of his father. In the letters of George III. to Lord North, extending over a space of fifteen years, (and recently published by Lord Brougham,) the very last bearing date the 29th Nov., 1783, he emphatically declares, "By the sad measures we have adopted, Ireland is now, in fact, disunited from this kingdom. [England.]" His authority and the authority of the British Lords and Commons, over Ireland, had been properly and patriotically checked and limited, and "His most gracious Majesty" could not forgive the Irish. The question of the Regency was yet more annoying; for it wounded him *personally*. No doubt can exist that the contumacy of his Irish "subjects," in this latter matter, added to the "sad measures" of 1782, (when the Volunteers were "to the fore,") induced Pitt and his master to effect the consummation, obtained by promises and perjury, treachery and bribes, commonly known as the parchment Union of 1800, when the Irish Parliament committed an act of political *felo de se*.

A few sentences to show how Ireland incurred the enmity of George III. in 1789:

The divinity which, Shakespere says, doth hedge a king, has not prevented Royalty from suffering the ordinary penalties of mortality: not death alone, but care, anxiety, bodily ailments, and *mental weakness*. The present royal family of England have the misfortune to be afflicted with the great evil of hereditary insanity. This dreadful ailment literally runs in their blood, even to the present day—sometimes more, sometimes less apparent, *but always existing*. In some instances exhibiting itself in eccentricity, in some declining into weakness of intellect, and in some palpable in restlessness and constant desire for the excitement of travel and display; in some falling into an actual madness as ever Bedlamite was infuriated by. "His most gracious Majesty King George the Third," (who was prayed for in the Church liturgy, as "His *most sacred* Majesty," also,) was foolishly mad in 1764, was furiously mad in 1788–9, was melancholy mad from 1810 to 1820, when he died.

After prolonged debates, in 1788–9, the British Parliament determined to appoint George, Prince of Wales, ruler or Regent of Great Britain, during the continuance of his father's mental malady. The Whigs, led by Fox, asserted the Prince's *right* to take his father's place, with full authority. The Tories, headed by Pitt, insisted that the Prince, under the circumstances, had no more *right* to the Regency than any other person: it resting with Parliament to select a Viceroy, and limit his authority at pleasure. Weeks and months passed on in violent debates, but Pitt succeeded, and the Prince of Wales was about to become Regent, with limited semi-sovereign powers, when the King recovered his reason as rapidly as he had lost it.

Meanwhile, the Irish Parliament, impressed with little liking for the mad King, and hoping much for the reported friendship of the Prince of Wales for Ireland—an impression arising mainly out of the representations of Burke—had taken advantage of the opportunity to show their full independence of British legislation. At that time, no doubt, when the sovereign was incapacitated by insanity, from governing Ireland had a strictly legal right, under the concessions of 1782, to appoint whom they pleased as Regent. They had agreed to present an address to the Prince, requesting him to take upon himself the regency of Ireland, as his *right*. So rapid had been their action that the joint Committee of Irish Lords and Commons, arrived in London on the 25th April, 1789, before the English Regency bill had passed through its last formality, and just one day *after* the King's recovery had been officially announced.

George III., on recovering his senses, first applied himself to a careful perusal of the debates, in order to mark in his "black book," as personal enemies, every man who had voted for giving unlimited sovereign powers to the Regent. He marked them well, and the result was that the Whigs were on that account kept out of office for seventeen years longer; in fact, until the death of Pitt forced them up into power, for a short time.

On the Irish his "most gracious Majesty" had his revenge also *Their* offence was rank. In the Commons, the address to the Prince was voted without a division, and in the Lords by a majority of nineteen. Every Ministerial deserter was cashiered by the government, (it was said that by this wholesale punishment, Pitt had made more patriots in one day than patriotism had ever made in a year,) and from that hour Pitt and the King determined to annihilate the Irish Parliament—which they did, eleven years later.

THE COURTSHIP.

It may not be unprofitable to show what manner of man, in one phase, was George Prince of Wales, for whom Ireland was so enthusiastic, and through whom she lost so much. We shall take him in his private life, in the persuasion that a bad man in private cannot be a good man in public.

A certain woman named Mary Ann Smythe, grand-niece of a Baronet in Shropshire, was born in July, 1756; married to Mr. Weld, of Lulworth Castle, at the age of nineteen; widowed within a few months of this union; married again at the age of twenty-two, to Mr. Thomas Fitzherbert; and widowed a second time at the age of twenty-five. Mrs. Fitzherbert had an income of £2,000 a year, as dowry from her two marriages, and, on account of her family connexion, (she was cousin to Lord Stowton,) was received into the best society in London.

She lost her second husband in 1781, and having put off her widow's weeds in due season, as duly resumed her place in the fashionable world. She was well-educated, was graceful in manners, and, though not what one would call regularly beautiful, had a handsome face, with most intelligent expression and fascinating smile, and a fine, full person—somewhat resembling what Byron has spoken of as the "full, voluptuous, but not o'ergrown bulk," of her frolic Grace, the fair Duchess of Fitz-Fulke. Her character was unsullied, and she was much admired.

Born in 1762, six years later than this sprightly and handsome widow, was George Augustus Frederick, eldest son of George III. In 1785, when he was 23 years' old, and Mrs. Fitz-Herbert not yet 30, (and *not* "fat, fair, and forty," as has been alliteratively reported and remembered,) this young man, Prince of Wales and heir to the British crown, became acquainted with the lady. In later days, he was the—"Who is your fat friend?" of Beau Brummell; but, at this time, albeit one of your

"regular *Dei Gratia* blockheads,
Born with three kingdoms in their pockets,"

he was well-looking, agreeable, and, as Byron says—

"The prince of princes at the time,
With fascination on his very brow,
And full of promise, as the spring of time."

The Prince saw and admired the fair widow—admired her as much as he did the bottle, of which he was a constant votary. He paid her very marked attentions, which she endeavored to avoid. Of unbridled passions, he even went the whole extent of wooing her rather roughly—"as the lion woos his bride.' The cooler she was, the more ardent was he. To excite her pity, (Lord Holland says in his Memoirs) he would have himself bled by three surgeons during one night, in order that he might appear before her next morning, looking pale and interesting. One forenoon, two peers, a commoner, and a surgeon arrived, post-haste, at her residence in Richmond, near London—indeed she was the original "lass of Richmond Hill." They declared that her royal lover had stabbed himself, and that she alone could relieve him. Melted with pity, she consented to visit the bleeding swain, and took the Duchess of Devonshire with her to do propriety. At Carlton Palace, she found the Prince in bed—"pale, and covered with blood;" she also found a glass of brandy and water on the table by his side. It was quite a Mantilini scene, this dramatic, make-belief of attempted suicide. Her womanly nature was moved. Then the Prince told her that nothing could induce him to live, unless she promised to become his wife, and permitted him to put a ring round her finger. She allowed him to do so, and retired, leaving him to recover. Some of her friends doubted the reality of the stabbing; but the lady, albeit widow of two husbands, and now in her thirtieth year, gave full credence to it.

She was sharp enough, however, to know that the mere putting a ring round her finger was not a marriage. The Prince (who, truth to say, was not above any trick to gratify his passions,) vainly endeavored to persuade her that the ring made the marriage. She knew better by experience. The Prince had a protocol made, duly witnessed, recording how the ring had been used, as aforesaid, but the widow took alarm and took flight, declared that she had been cajoled, and sought safety on the Continent from her incontinent admirer. He pursued her—with letters. One of them ran to the lover-like length of thirty-seven pages!

All the original MSS. in Mozart's handwriting, of his works, are in the possession of the brothers Andre, of Offenbach; it is proposed that they should be purchased, and placed in the archives of Vienna. A gentleman of Magdeburg has an album, which he inherited from a musician, a relation of his, containing an unpublished fugue, composed by Mozart, and written by himself in this book, on the eve of his departure from Leipsic to Vienna. This is, perhaps, almost the only unpublished melody of the great master.

The Marquis of Trivalzio has just died at Milan. He has left one of the richest private libraries in Italy, and a magnificent collection of medals.

JOHN BULL, BORNEO, AND A BULL-FIGHT.

A Lady's Second Journey round the World, &c., &c., by Ida Pfeiffer, *authoress of "The Lady's Journey Round the World," &c., &. Harper & Brothers.*

Sketches and Adventures, *in Madeira, Portugal, and the Andalusias of Spain;* by *the author of "Daniel Webster and his Cotemporaries." Harper & Brothers.*

Both of the books, the titles of which head this article, are well worth perusal. If Mr. March's sketches have a more sunny tone and fuller expression, in thorough keeping with his subject, Madame Pfeiffer's notes have a universality, also in keeping with her extensively peripatetic character. Our fair friend goes round the world in a sort of literary jog-trot; and not altogether as good a story-teller as Mr. March, she is every whit as attractive from the variety of her outlines. The latter in comparison to the former is often as a tolerably well executed picture to a sketch; and the latter to the former as a very inquiring to a curious, yet satisfied mind.

Nothing less than the seven-league boots of the nursery fable will suit Madame Pfeiffer; while the author of the "Sketches and Adventures" would be well enough suited in a good pair of pegged boots, from Robert Peard's factory in Milford. Mr. March sits down to contemplate, enjoys himself as becomes one who loves to enjoy a few things well. Madame hears, sees, takes note, and hurries on, as one who remembers that she cannot live for ever, and will, with Heaven's aid, hear and see as much as she possibly can.

For over fourteen years of her existence has Madame Pfeiffer wandered—stalked through creation, like the Wandering Jew. Yesterday she stood in the amphitheatres of extinct volcanoes in the frigid regions of Iceland; this morning she is sweltering in the tropics; at noon she is unravelling the jargon of the untameable bipeds of Java and Sumatra, and in the evening is wide awake at Borneo, albeit she is surrounded with as much opium as might lawfully—for it is a matter of London law and Dutch justice—knit the eyelids of a nation full of Pfeiffers, male or female. In evidence that she is not asleep, we must give what she says. "Civilized" people who heed and believe all they hear of foreign missions, will do well to "give ear" to her plain meditation. She writes:—

"Wonderful enough is it to see European governments founding colonies, subjecting whole countries for the sake of diffusing civilization and christianity, and at the same time doing all in their power to encourage their subjects in vices by which every principle of Christianity or civilization is opposed. Why do they not discourage a practice which causes the destruction of thousands—nay, millions—of miserable, infatuated creatures in every country where it prevails? Why, but because of the miserable gain, because this vice is the most productive source of revenue! What shall we say to the war declared by the English against the Emperor of China, who was doing his best to guard his subjects from this poison, by prohibiting the importation of Opium.

"How can we ask uncivilized nations to respect our religion when we let them see that it does not restrain us from the most unprincipled and shameless grasping, and that a sufficient amount of profit will reconcile us to any proceeding, however flagitious?

Here is a group of opium smokers, a glimpse at which will probably form a striking contrast to the "heaven" in the minds of infatuated dreamers over, and listless readers of Coleridge and De Quincey. Madame is on a visit to the Sise houses in the Chinese quarter of Borneo:—

"The smokers sat or lay upon mats, and had at their side small lamps to light their pipes; and I could not help noticing how some, who seemed to have nothing else of sense or consciousness left, were careful to scrape the last atom of opium adhering to the leaf on which it had been placed. That horrible pictures are to be seen at these places, it is scarcely necessary to say. Here is a creature stupified and incapable of speech, making a faint attempt to rise and drag himself home, but sinking powerless on the threshold; another is already lying senseless and lifeless, stretched upon his mat, unconscious that he has any home. There sits one with hollow cheeks, fixed eyes, trembling in every limb, the very picture of misery, for he has now no more money with which to attain this enviable condition, and smoke himself into idiotcy.

Madame Pfeiffer only sketches—she leaves much of the picture to the imagination; still the outline is sufficiently bold to convey the figure in all its horrible reality. "They chatter and laugh under its influence," she says, "till they fall back exhausted." This sentence, like an asterisk, refers us to Dr. Madden's reminiscences of the Theriakis or opium eaters, so forcibly drawn in his "Travels in Turkey." Their frightful gestures, incoherent rhotomontade, flushed grimaces, unnatural and almost demonaic supineness of eye, general "horribly wild" expression and their terrible moral and physical debility, came vividly to mind. How the "civilized" world, including foreign missions, tract diffusers, temperance advocates, and Exeter Hall men could or, can in the very face of that Christianity they all so conjure and adore, allow the wholesale murder carried on under the style, title, and dignity of "Opium trade" to progress, without even raising as much as an indignation meeting, is a matter that will sorely puzzle the "coming man." We shall have to leave the settlement of the question to that individual, Madame Pfeiffer keeps on so, running round this third-rate planet.

We left her in the evening at Borneo; but bless you, while we were going asleep on opium, she has been tramping round the world like a footpad, and delivering every nook and cranny of a note at sight. To-day the good lady has breakfasted at the Cape of Good Hope, and by the way was highly troubled on her voyage thither by her fellow passenger, "an apparently quite uneducated young man, who passed his time in smoking, whistling and bawling, among the sailors, and found his chief recreation in going to see the poultry killed." By noon, our traveller is cooling off in the shadows of some sunless cave, and, after a slight rest, is preparing to ascend ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, to the crater of the volcanic Merape.

She is really a wonderful woman, yet a woman after all. After

numerous wanderings, she reaches San Francisco, in September, 1853. She was not so startled at that wonderful place as she ought to have been. The indecent exhibition of the women at the gambling-houses shocked her; the filthiness of the streets, filled with "old clothes, rags, crockery, boots, bottles, boxes, dead dogs and cats," rendered her peregrinations exceedingly dangerous; the rottenness of the docks sent a cold shiver through her; the "enormous rats," roaming with all the untamed liberty of ratocracy on the highways, induced a very natural disgust on the part of our inquisitive Viennoise. For the American gentlemen, however, on the other hand, be they old or young, only fifteen or fifty, she has but one word of gratitude for their courtesy, and one exuberant acknowledgment of their attention to those of the opposite sex. She felt dreadfully shocked at some using their fingers, "though they carried a pocket-handkerchief;" still, however "grievously short" they fell in this respect, "they maintained without any exception the character of gentlemen." Indeed, she compares the American boys of ten years to the old and schooled gentlemen of Europe, in their politeness to ladies.

While in California, Madame Pfeiffer visited Sacramento, which, she discovered, had "risen just as rapidly, and been just as often burned down, as San Francisco;" Marysville, where she was kindly received by General Sutter and family; Brown's Valley, the Yuba river, and the Indians in that and the Oregon Territory, in company with a German sailor. Her notes on the Indians are interesting, and exhibit her adventuresome nature.

How many ladies would put up with pounded acorns and dirty fish, surrounded with savages, who devoured her little stock of bread and cheese, and looked, mayhap, through very kindness, as if they would devour herself? How many ladies are there who would undergo all this, to say nothing of lying in the midst of a wigwam of the ugliest women on record, whose very snoring was enough to remind one of the end of time—making a reverberation like the opening of the seals in the visions of St. John? How many would suffer all this, just to see what the *Huna* and other Indians were like?

After inspecting the quiet silver mines at San José, the mines of the Temple of the Sun, at Cacamacha, penetrating to Lima, and stalking over Chimborazo to Quito, she returned to Guayaquil, thence to Panama—to New Orleans—up the Mississippi, visiting the chief cities on the way—pushed on to Canada, and ultimately to New-York. To criticise such a woman, who is more than a Mungo Park in petticoats, would be both ungallant and ungenerous. She is a capital *voyageur*. Nothing deters her; climates have no effect on her; she is a citizen of the world, and makes herself at home everywhere.

As we insinuated, Mr. March is a much better and pleasanter writer than our fair friend. He is picturesque in expression, grouping and effect. We feel thoroughly the atmosphere breathed by the author, whether it be in Madeira, that lazy, self-satisfied and unruffled refuge of those for whom "still waters" and "contentment without distinction" offer the necessities of existence, or gazing at the area of the bull-fight, the pretty little Dolores by his side, and before him that famous Matador, Cuchares, feeling the beauty of a thousand eyes sharpening his knife, and lighting it to the breast of the snorting fury before him.

Talking of bull-fights, we doubt whether if the Peninsula was a republic, the ring would not be the next step to the presidency. The matador is in the mouths of the many; is the beloved, the be-pictured of the people. Reader, do you know who Cuchares is? No. Well, our author has found out for your especial benefit who that mighty individual is:

"I had been but a few hours in Cadiz before I heard there was to be a bull-fight, a week from the next Sunday—and the question that governed all conversation was, if 'Cuchares' would be there. Who is 'Cuchares?' I asked a pretty muchacha of my acquaintance. 'Cuchares,' says she, 'is the greatest man *en todos las Espanas*.' 'Who is Cuchares?' I inquired of a grave cabalero, as we were smoking at a café. 'Cuchares,' he replied, 'has succeeded Montes, and in some respects is his superior.' 'Who is Cuchares?' I demanded of Juan. 'Cuchares is the greatest bull-fighter in all Spain. He is expected here next week.' If I asked a Spaniard of the lower class what he thought of Queen Christina, '*Puta*,' he replied; of Queen Isabella, '*Puta tambien*,' but speak to him of Cuchares, and no term of praise was stinted. Montes, the hero of one hundred bull-fights, had died, just before I entered Spain, in consequence of a wound received in one of these contests; and his death was lamented as a national calamity. He had lingered for some time after his wound; and the carriages of the highest nobility at Madrid were daily seen at his house, making inquiries of his condition; among which, it was said, was that of the Countess de Montejo, now Empress of the French. His portrait was stuck up in every barber's shop, café, and bookstore; and his deeds were in every body's mouth."

Although the author believes it is rather a fortunate circumstance that there are more sheep than men in Spain, inasmuch as the "former is the more useful animal of the two," still he gives us some very graphic views and characteristics of the latter. Another extract must suffice, though full justice may not be done to the spirited sketching and brilliant coloring of the author. The scene is in the arena in Seville, where the people were more crazy about the bull-fight and fighters than at Cadiz. The bull has compelled the tauridors to leap over the barrier, but an opposing picador spears the animal in the flank. "Banderillos! banderillos!" shout the multitude; and, amid the flourishing of trumpets, some half-dozen gaily-dressed, active fellows leap into the lists, bearing darts decorated with flowers, and containing fireworks, which they strike into the panting body of the brute, who thus goaded, darts wildly to and fro, "rushing at tauridor, picador, banderillo, and even at the barrier, in his tempestuous fury." Covered with ghastly wounds, his nostrils spirting blood, his lagging tongue black and swollen, he stands at bay—and now comes the matchless Cuchares on the scene:

"And now nothing could satisfy the excited crowd but the immediate death of their noble victim; and with another flourish of Saracenic music, Cuchares springs over the barrier into the arena. A shout arose as loud as, old Homer tells us, the God of War gave forth, when wounded on the plain of Troy, 'Cuchares, Cuchares!' issued from ten thousand throats in simultaneous cry. Acknowledging by a bow or smile the flattering clamor, he approached the Infanta's station, and bending gracefully on one knee, respectfully solicited (so Dolores afterward explained to me) permission to kill the animal, which, of course, the Infanta was graciously pleased to grant. Cuchares immediately sprang to his feet, and whirling his hat round his head in a number of rapid gyrations, threw it violently on the ground, and approached the infuriate beast. And now took place the crisis of the fight. Here superior strength encountered superior skill—ferocity, agility; and ungovernable rage, courageous nerve.

"Awhile, man and beast, as if both conscious this was a struggle for life, stood motionless within a few feet of each other, watching the moment of attack. There was no sound audible in that vast multitude; the breath of the whole crowd appeared suspended on the event.

"Cuchares stood before the bull, no otherwise armed than with a straight two-edged sword, holding in his left hand a scarf of glittering red. He commenced the final contest by shaking this before the face of the animal, who, thereby still more incensed, rushed upon his antagonist. The matador avoided the blow by a sudden spring to one side, and continued teasing, worrying, and exhausting the bull by a series of artistic feints, till the animal, in the act of rushing upon him, lowered his head too near the ground, when Cuchares seized the unguarded moment to thrust the blade two-thirds its length just where the vast neck mingles with the spine. The blood gushed out in streams from the nostrils and mouth of the bull; and after staggering a moment he fell amid the vehement and prolonged shouts, and died on touching the sand. The victor richly merited the applause he received; for he had achieved a feat most dangerous in the attempt, and attended rarely by success—the instantaneous death of the bull on the first thrust. Much indeed is required to form an accomplished matador. Dauntless courage, a vigorous arm, an accurate eye, and an ever active mind. These, with long experience, are absolutely essential. Montes possessed them all; but rash from continued success, he attempted unnecessary perils, and forfeited life."

MAN!

I saw him in his glory,
Bewildered in his bliss,
And every joy that earth could give
And every smile was his.
Mirth spread her wings on the balmy gale,
And laughter stifled the voice of wail;
But his heart still yearned for something more—
For a fairer land, for a happier shore.
Man was not made for this!

I saw him in the battle,
His hand was black with gore,
And his eye flashed fire as the bickern steel
Each beating bosom tore;
And in scenes of slaughter he revelled wild,
Like the frantic mother that's lost her child;
But that demon scowl and that bacchanal rage
Bring not one glow to the breast of the sage.
Man was not made for this!

I saw him court ambition,
I saw him mount her car,
And blast the earth with his noxious breath,
A solitary star.
And o'er vanquished worlds he ruled supreme,
Like the eagle that dares the day-star's beam;
But a mighty void still craved in his breast,
And wild dreams stole o'er his nightly rest.
Man was not made for this!

I saw him scan the Heaven
And pierce through nature's laws,
And read the secrets of the deep
And tell each hidden cause;
But his spirit beat 'gainst its mortal cage,
As eager to scan an ampler page;
And the brightness of each diadem star
Only told of a something lovelier far.
Man was not made for this!

I saw him at the altar,
In sadness and alone,
And his spirit beat
And his lips were moved
In humble orison;
And the thought of his frailties woke a sigh,
And the tears of repentance stole to his eye;
And he bowed him down to the holy sod,
To ask forgiveness of his God.
Oh, man was made for this!

I saw him on his death-bed,
No frantic fear was there;
But seraph hope was throned in his heart,
As he muttered a last fond prayer.
A crucifix was in his hand—
Redeeming pledge of a brighter land—
To clasp his dying Savior he tried,
And in that effort of love he died.
Oh, man was made for this!

A London correspondent of the Manchester *Advertiser* writes: "Thomas Carlyle is applying himself with vigor to terminate his long-promised biography of the great Frederick, which he more than once has abandoned or suspended. It will be published in four volumes next Christmas. There is some gossip afloat, too, about a new work by Charles Dickens, who, as you will have seen, has returned from Paris, and has been more than usually active of late at literary and dramatic public meetings. The origin of the talked-of work is an attack made upon the eminent novelist by Count Montalembert, the celebrated French writer and politician, who, in a recent publication, with more zeal than knowledge, accused Mr. Dickens of having excited the poor against the rich in his social fictions—in fact, of being an English Eugene Sue. Dickens, it is said, intends to publish a reply to the Count, which will appear simultaneously in French and English, in Paris and London."

POE'S WORKS.

THE WORKS OF THE LATE EDGAR ALLAN POE.—Vol. IV.—*Arthur Gordon Pym. Redfield.*

The publication of this volume completes the works of the distinguished author—of whose genius, ingenuity, versatility and remarkable style under every phase of inspiration, they remain so wondrous and unique a monument. The lengthiest of Poe's fictions fills nearly one-half of the present volume, the remainder being made up of some nineteen papers—fictitious, factitious, analytical, critical, satirical, quizzical and metaphysical; for no matter what the topic, Poe rarely touched it without deducing from it some addenda for his metaphysical repository, or insinuating into its treatment some reminiscences of the latter. Utterly unconventional, and sometimes outrageously original, his writings have a charm beyond the hour of reading; and in saying this to-day—when books fly from the steam press as quick and thick (if not altogether so pure,) as the snow of the past winter came from heaven—we mean to pay him as high an eulogium as this age will probably allow.

It is a peculiarity with this author, not usual with others, that his most trivial sketch, from the nature of his mind, either conveys palpable instruction, or incites the reader to its attainment. He puts the reader on a train of thinking, (whether for good or evil is with the thinker,) and by this means makes a friend of him to be remembered forever, or an enemy that cannot be forgotten. We say an enemy, for we have known persons under the demoniac delusions and illusions of Poe's horribly imaginative tales, to fling the book out of sight and get a cold shiver, or a swimming of the head, when the "Black Cat" was mentioned. Yet we have known the same individual to take up the book—fly from it—resume the megrims and cold shivers again, and yet again. Indeed, we have no doubt but that the said parties were the first purchasers (for luckily they are not editors,) of "the new volume of Edgar Poe." Of course every one who has ever read a paragraph of the distinguished author, must possess the present book.

LIFE OF ABULCHER BISCIARAH, the "Little Angel of the Copts." By Father Bresciani, author of the "Jew of Verona." Translated from the Italian; with an introduction by *Augustine Francis Hewit.* 2 vols. P. O'Shea.

These well-printed and neatly-gotten up volumes take their place in the New Catholic Library projected by the publisher. Many of our readers may not be aware that such a series of useful little books are being prepared for them. We, therefore, to some extent, reiterate the prospectus of the publisher, when we say, that the New Catholic Library has been devised to remedy a want in the Catholic literature of America—to wit, the collecting "of edifying narratives and tales, combining amusement and instruction—not above the capacity of the young, nor beneath the attention of the old, and furnishing a substitute for the pernicious novels and other light works of which the press is so prolific." The first and second of the series have been furnished by the translator of the volumes before us, who is a distinguished Redemptorist. Bisciarah is known in the Annals of the Church as the Egyptian Aloysius. He is esteemed a great saint. The subject, the author, and translator demand the attention of the Catholic reader.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. Vols. I and II.	*G. P. Putnam & Co.*
Confession; or, The Blind Heart. By Gilmore Simms.	*Redfield.*
Harper's Magazine. May.	
The Museum. No. 18 of Harper's Story Books.	
Woman and Her Diseases. By Ed. H. Dixon, M. D.	*Ramsey.*
Key to Johnson's Philosophical Charts for Schools and Academies.	"
The Life of Abulcher Bisciarah. From the Italian of Father Bresciani. By Augustine Francis Hewit. 2 vols.	*P. O'Shea.*

Literary and Artistic News.

Professor Stahr says:—"It is probable that the statue of the Apollo Belvidere belongs to the time of Nero. The spot where it was found was the favorite residence of this Emperor. Here he was born—here he made his magnificent entrance after his return from his artistic travel in Greece—here he remained during the tremendous conflagration, which laid two-thirds of Rome in ashes: and the Dying Gladiator, which was also found in the ruins of Antium, shows, no less than the Apollo, that the works of art adorned this imperial summer residence. It is a beautiful poetic thought of Fuerback's, that the Fury dispelling god stood in the house of the crowned Orestes, who had ventured with the guilt of matricide resting on his own soul, to act the part of Orestes on the stage. Not seldom, as his most confidential companions admitted, his disturbed senses were shaken by visions of the avenging deities with their whips and torches; and it is quite conceivable that his guilty conscience sought refuge under this image of the protecting god. But even if this was nothing more than an ingenious conjecture, one thing remains certain, namely, that in the expression of the Apollo's head lies the nobleness of that divine indignation which Tacitus felt in the contemplation of that age and its hideous crimes. And if it was really Nero who gave the commission to the artist of the Apollo, one can understand that the great soul of the master, who was capable of producing this work, stamped on the lofty god of light and purity that expression of scornful indignation which every noble heart must experience in the contemplation of a world full of the most debasing iniquity. For every great artist, in his best works, can only embody the mental state which is produced in him or suggested by the subject he undertakes to represent. Thus, Titian, when he was called on to paint the lovely blonde poisoner, Lucrezia Borgia with her husband, opposite to the Holy Family, expressed, in the famous picture in the Dresden Gallery, all the scornful reprobation of hypocritical vice which he felt in his own soul."

The *Independent*, speaking of the unfortunate failure of Bunce & Brother, book publishers, says: "They are men of high standing. An unfortunate connection with another house, as endorsers, is said to be the cause of the failure. They will undoubtedly soon resume, through the influence of strong friends." We sincerely hope they may.

The "boys" of the Boston *Post* office presented Mr. Shillaber (the original "Mrs. Partington") with a silver goblet, on the occasion of his retiring from that paper.

Among reprints, I notice as extraordinary five new editions of the celebrated Memoirs of the Duke de Saint Simon. The commencement of two of these editions is already on sale. One of them, in octavo form, good paper and clear type, will be completed in 20 volumes, and cost 80 francs; the other, by the same publisher, is in larger form, double-columned page, with 600 illustrations of some merit, and will cost, complete, but 20 francs. Another publisher advertises three editions as about to appear, ranging in price from 300 francs to 24, according to form, quality, and style of paper and print. Between these rival booksellers there is a curious quarrel. One of them, Hachette, claims the sole right to publish the Memoirs of St. Simon, because he has bought it of the present Duke St. Simon, who possesses the original manuscript of his ancestor. The other claims full right to publish, on the ground that the Memoirs are long since become common property, as is proved by the fact that eight separate editions of them have been printed between 1784 and 1840. Hachette calls upon the present Duke to maintain him in his right; the Duke commences a suit against the rival bookseller. The whole matter will soon come before the courts, whose decision on this case of literary property, a hundred years old, will be worth attending to. While a very cheap new edition of Rousseau's and Voltaire's whole works is in course of publication, an *expurgated* edition of the *Siecle de Louis XIV.*, and of *Charles XII.*, is published for the use of schools, under the patronage of Government!

The London *Athenœum* says: "We are about to enter another controversy. Mr. Hepworth Dixon announces, for next week, an 'Answer to Mr. Macaulay's charges against Penn.' Mr. Macaulay—so rumor has it—is employed upon a rejoinder to his various critics, particularly the *Times* and the *Athenœum*. Penn, Dryden, and Marlborough are the chief men whose reputations have been assailed by the historian; and his judgment on these personages stand in the highest need of explanation and defence. Mr. Dixon, we understand, replies upon the entire case as against Penn—Mr. Macaulay's accusations standing in the last edition as they did in the first. We shall be glad to see what Mr. Macaulay can urge in defence of the Taunton charge—of his assertion that Marlborough's letter caused the failure at Brest—that Dryden changed his religion for money—that Jeffreys is buried in the Tower, and Schomberg in Westminster—the two latter, blunders which the *Times* presses against. Literary controversy is always pleasant; and when conducted with courtesy, and with an earnest desire for the truth, as this controversy most assuredly will be, it is serviceable to history, as well as pleasant to readers."

The Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* gives some literary items, which we abridge:

Another volume of Michelet's History of France is out; also, *Les Guerres de la Religion*; the *Memoires et Journal de l' Abbe Ledieu*, on the Life and Works of Bossuet, published, for the first time, from Ledieu's manuscript, with notes, etc.; *Historie de mon Temps*, by Beaumont Vassy, ex-Diplomat and ex-Prefect [this history begins with 1830, and has reached, with the close of the second volume, the affair of Strasbourg; it is conservative, inclined toward the power that is, but totally impartial and interesting]; *L' Oiseau*, a little volume by Michelet, the historian.

A correspondent of the *Independence Belge* says: "Lamartine, after making great efforts to save the wreck of his shattered fortunes—efforts which have been feebly seconded by his countrymen—is about to assign all his property for the payment of his debts, and seek a home in the United States. The estate given to him several years ago, by the Sultan, has been taken from him by the Turkish government. It turned out to be one of those presents that bring ruin upon the recipient. Lamartine expected that a large subscription list to his Course of Literature would have averted the disaster; but it is asserted that that is not yet large enough to pay the expense of publication."

An "Australian Settler's" Diary of Travels in Three-quarters of the Globe, published in London, in two volumes, gives eloquent pictures of the condition of the Allied armies—the comparisons which the author draws between the English and French hospitals before Sebastopol being decidedly in disparagement of the former. The London journals copy largely, and commend the book.

The first volume of a new edition of *Vicomte de Launay* (the old ones are exhausted) is just published. *Vicomte de Launay* was the *nom de plume* of Madame de Girardin, which she signed to a series of "*Parisian Letters*" that appeared in the *feuilleton* of the *Presse* (her husband's paper) at irregular intervals from 1836 to 1848.

Commodore Perry's Expedition Narrative is compiled by Dr. Hawks, from the Commodore's original notes and journals, and will suffer but little delay in publication from the partial destruction of the plates at the late fire in the Philadelphia establishment, where they were in preparation.

The Bombay *Quarterly*, in an article on the Indian Civil Service, declares that at the late examination the candidates generally acquitted themselves badly in English history. The reason why they were not better posted is attributed to the defective nature of the text-books.

Eugene Pelletan, a disciple of Lamartine, and one of his most ardent admirers, sorrowfully reproaches Lamartine for his losing faith in the people, in the first of a series of articles in the *Presse*, which he entitles "Letters to a fallen man" (*Lettres à un homme tombé*).

Queen Victoria has, we understand, offered to head a subscription list for the re-building of Covent Garden Theatre, with a contribution of £1,000. It appears, however, not to be probable that any parties will be found to undertake the re-erection of the edifice.

M. Duchesne, one of the most celebrated miniature painters in France, and formerly attached in that capacity to the courts of France, England and Belgium, lately died at the advanced age of 85.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* says that Thackeray has realized, by his writings and lectures, a sum sufficient to "enrich half a dozen German satirists, and change them from literary vagabonds into steady citizens."

Mr. Edward Hayes, water color draftsman, and portrait painter, has been elected an associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

Amyot's elegant edition of the works of the most successful author of the day, Napoleon III., is now completed in four handsome volumes.

Wilkes' Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition is on the eve of publication in popular form—five volumes octavo.

Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D. D., of Oswego, has accepted an invitation to the Presidency of the Ingham Collegiate Institute at Le Roy, N. Y.

It is regorted that Mrs. Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, will soon put to press a work "illustrating the alleged degradation of the poor white population of the South."

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

"In Time of Peace Prepare for War" is an old maxim, recommended by the sound suggestions of judgment and experience. To-day the political firmament is clear; to-morrow it may be surcharged with the clouds of conflict. The nation, therefore, which lapses into a disuetude of arms, lulled into a fancied security, is a sentinel asleep at his post. And the penalty by which such error is expiated, for the nation as the individual, is the same in kind, though differing in degree. In the one case, *moral* death is the general consequence, while in the other, it is merely physical.

The policy indicated is further approved by the consideration that its present capacity to meet the contingencies of warfare, is the best guarantee which a nation can have for the continuance of peace. Its power will be understood and respected—its weakness will be scrutinized and despised. This readiness of a State does not imply the appendages of large standing armies, or costly naval armaments. These institutions of the old world are the essential elements of political systems in which the people have no part: the identical machinery by means of which the rights of the many are ignored and trampled on for the aggrandizement of the few. But it does imply a martial spirit in a people, which the State with a liberal foresight, will take care to encourage and develope by all means not inconsistent with constitutional restrictions or individual right. And it is in accordance with this policy that the various States of the Union have made provision for the enrollment and support of *National Militia*.

A soldiery thus constituted presents itself in admirable contrast with the mere mercenaries whose trade is war. Subject to no master, except such as it has selected of its own choice, its sense of self-respect is the bond of its dicipline. At the call of patriotism, it emerges from the peaceful avocations of civic life for the protection of those laws, in the enactment of which each individual member had a part. And having accomplished its mission—repressed anarchy, or repulsed invasion—it reverts quietly to the retirement whence it came, satisfied with no other reward than the thanks of the community and the proud consciousness of having done its duty.

Yet the Citizen-soldier has important duties to perform, more especially if he fill the post of a commissioned officer. Whatever may be his cares or requirements in the crowded avenues of business life, he must *abstract* from these considerations a certain amount of time and thought with systematic exactitude to meet the responsibilities of his military office; that is, if he does, or aims to do, his duty. A well conducted regiment, or even a company, is a nice piece of machinery, requiring constant attention to keep up its efficiency. This task devolves on its officers, and the exact measure of their fitness or unfitness will be the condition of the organizations they command. We will return to the subject.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 12th says:—We may expect a large number of these rebel officers soon to visit our city, as it is said some fifty of them have been exiled. It will certainly be a novelty to witness the advent of a band of exiles to our shores, banished from Mexico for religious intolerance and military despotism. They endeavored to triumph by invoking superstition, fanaticism, and the supremacy of the army. But they have signally failed, and they will have an opportunity in our country, we hope, to repent of their rashness and folly.

But the most important decree is that of the 31st of March, dated at Puebla, in which the clergy are accused of having taken part in the revolution, and the ecclesiastical property of that diocese, amounting to thirty or forty millions of dollars, is seized to pay the expenses and damages of the war, and to pension the widows, orphans, and wounded. This is the first blow struck directly at the church property, and as such, is one of the most important acts ever recorded in the history of Mexico. The different States of that Republic seem to be quiet at present. How long this repose may continue is uncertain. The only ripple upon the smooth current of events is the singular movement, amounting almost to a pronunciamento, in Sonora, where the Governor and Commandant-General, recently appointed, were rudely opposed and refused recognition. The Central Government in Mexico had appointed two gentlemen who held the same posts as in the time of Santa Anna, and who were noted for their laudation of that despot, and a blind obedience to his behests.

We have the following communication from our special correspondent: Mexico, Friday, April 4, 1856.

You will be surprised to learn that Haro y Tamariz has been defeated at the city of "Puebla of the Angels," by President Comonfort, with the Government troops. Although Haro and his soldiers were blessed by the priest, although his army consisted of nearly all the well-drilled men in the country, and although the wealth and influence of the church were at his disposal, still all did not avail him in opposition to the popular sentiment of the Republic. There has been, however, some very hard fighting in this affair, which made it imperative upon Comonfort to throw bombs into the Plaza, and even into the Cathedral. Think of the sacrilege of shelling the Cathedral!—which tradition, well authenticated, too, informs us was in part built by more than mortal hands; for in its erection it was discovered that in proportion as the workmen built its walls in the day time, in the same proportion did the angels build its walls in the night. Thus assisted, the job was finished in half the time it would otherwise have taken; and from this circumstance, the good city has received the name of "Puebla of the Angels."

In turning back to some former estimates of ministers, I find that Haro y Tamariz, the aforesaid, while bottle-holder to Santa Anna, calculated the annual expenses at $5,743,000, and the receipts at $15,383,000. But as Santa Anna has gone on his travels once more, and as Haro will soon have an opportunity to consult some foreign guide-books, I may here say, that if you were to reverse the debit and credit sides of these accounts, some approximation might be made to the truth. In fact, in Santa Anna's time, the regular annual receipts were about $8,000,000. It is officially stated that in the twenty-eight months of his last administration the expenses were $39,000,000, while the receipts in the same period, including $7,000,000 from the United, could not have exceeded $27,000,000. I give you these figures as aids to meditations on Mexican finances.

Some of the liberals here were not satisfied with the terms of the capitulation made at Puebla. The fourth article was considered too moderate towards the rebel officers, as it recognized them as belonging to the army. This article says: "The generals, chiefs, and officers who are in the Plaza shall proceed to reside at the places which shall be designated by the Supreme Government, while the same decides the manner in which they shall remain in the army." The practical interpretation which President Comonfort has given to this decree, however, will no doubt be satisfactory to those who are not friends to the military establishment. He has already sent forty of these officers to the South coast, and has prepared passports for as many more with which to leave the country.

The Gale in New-York.

The daily papers are filled with the ravages of the storm which began on Sunday, 20th, and continued through Monday. The items of devastation in all parts of the city and Brooklyn are innumerable. The most noticeable are as follows:

It blew the roof off Burton's Theatre, rolled it up like paper, and sent it off into the Park, a crumpled mass of ruin. It blew a large tree down in the Park, opposite the Hall of Records, snapped it off like a pipe-stem.

The new Congregational Church on Clinton avenue was damaged to the extent of about $1,000.

The roof of a house in the Ninth Ward, owned by James Wheeler, was blown off and carried a great distance. Damage, $1,000.

A very respectable sized house, belonging to Mr. Jas. Clark, on Nostrand avenue, was blown across the street on to another man's lot. Acres of close fence and miles of grape-vine trellises were prostrated.

A large building, three hundred feet long, on the Hunterfly Road, owned by John Schwanwedle, and occupied, the lower part as a stable and shed, and the upper part as a ball room is nearly all down.

An unoccupied five story brick factory, owned by James Weaver, in Dean street, near Vanderbilt avenue, formerly occupied as a top factory, is damaged to the extent of $1,000.

The car-house of the Brooklyn Railroad Company, alluded to above, was about 200 feet long by 40 feet wide, and cost in the vicinity of $1,200.

Several of the boats were torn from their fastenings by the force of the wind, and hurled into the stream in spite of their chains—still they made good time, and the public were not seriously incommoded.

Death of R. L. Stevens.—Robert L. Stevens died at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, at his late residence in River Terrace, Hoboken. He was in the 68th year of his age. He was a man of much inventive genius, and devoted the energies of his practical mind during nearly all of his life to inventions and improvements, mostly appertaining to navigation and to munitions of war.

Mr. Stevens was born in Hoboken, in 1788. His father, John Stevens, was at that time principal owner of the territory now comprised within the boundaries of Hoboken. Some months previous to the first exhibition of Robert Fulton's boat, the John Fitch, Robert L. Stevens and his father constructed and succeeded in driving a small paddle-wheel steamer called the Mary Ann, with which they navigated a large ditch on the upper side of Hoboken. Before James Rumsey and John Fitch succeeded in propelling boats by paddle-wheels or screw propeller, Mr. Stevens, in connection with his father, built a screw propeller with a stern wheel at Hoboken, which has been imitated by Ericsson in the construction of his propeller. He has built a number of steamboats, among others the North America, constructed about 25 years ago, which ran upon the Hudson River from New York to Albany, and was in her day the swiftest steamboat afloat.

Amusements.

TRIUMPH OF ART.

LOUIS KELLER has the honor to announce to the public that his Second Series of

Grand Tableau Soirees

will commence in this city on Monday Evening, April 28th, at EMPIRE HALL, 596 Broadway, two doors above the Metropolitan Hotel, which has been fitted up and beautifully embellished and decorated by him expressly for the purpose. M. Keller also intimates to the intellectual, the refined, and tasteful, as well as the fastidious in matters which refer exclusively to the appropriateness and careful direction of the place where his peculiar and distinctive performances are given, that he has yielded to general and friendly suggestions in his present arrangements, and believes that in all respects the wishes of the community will be met, and that the same approval with which his tableaux have been received by The Courts of Europe, and the enlightened of nearly all the world, will be accorded to the enterprise which he now embarks in here.

☞ Full particulars will be duly announced. ap26 1t

A Lecture will be delivered on Monday Evening, April 28, in Hope Chapel, by Captain Lyster, of the Nicaraguan Army, previous to his return. Subject—Nicaragua and General Walker, and the Future Prospects of Central America.

Tickets, 25 cents; may be had at Jollie's Music Store, Broadway; the St. Charles, corner of Leonard and Broadway; Thompson's Metropolis, next door to Laura Keene's Theatre; of Haverty, Bookseller, 110 Fulton street; and at the Hall on the evening of the Lecture.

Doors open at 7, Lecture at 8 o'clock, P. M.

ALL lovers of Dancing should attend Mrs. Luby's lecture on the Dances of All Nations, at the Stuyvesant Institute, 659 Broadway, on Tuesday Evening, April 29. Messrs. George Christy and Wood have in the kindest manner given the services of the celebrated Masters Eugene and Howard (pupils of George Christy). They will appear immediately after their performance at the Minstrels, 444 Broadway, and, with Mrs. Luby's pupils, perform several favorite national dances. Mr. Wallace's Cornet Band will attend. Tickets, 50 cents—to be had at the Music stores, at Mrs. Luby's Dancing Academy, 275 Bleecker street, or at the door of the Institute. Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. ap26 1t

P. HUGHES,

LEMON SYRUP AND CORDIAL REFINER, and Dealer in Foreign Liquors, and French Brandies of different brands, Hollands Gin, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Scotch Ale and Porter, and other Liquors, returns his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage he has already received, and hopes they will continue the same. No. 88 Cherry street, New-York. tf

JAMES AINSLIE,

NO. 93 BEAVER STREET,

OFFERS for sale from U. S. Bonded Warehouses, of his own importation, Cognac Brandies, also Rochelle Brandies, in half, quarter, and eighth Pipes, pale and dark, of the well known brand of Arzac Seignette.

Gin—Sole importer of the superior Magnolia Brand; also, Cologne and Schnapps Gin.

Wines—Burgundy, Pure Juice, and old Port, Sherry, &c. Jamaica and St. Croix Rums; Stewart's Paisley Whiskey, &c. 3mos

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE undersigned have formed a Copartnership, under the name and firm of Foot, Cole & Co., for the transaction of the Paper Commission Business, at 82 Beekman street.

FOOT, COLE & CO.

Joel W. Foot, | O. D. Harman,
Chas. Cole, | Carlton Le Sage.

Mr. H. C. Goodwin, has no further connection with us. ap19

American News.

Governor Wise of Virginia has written a letter in which he "goes in" for James Buchanan for the Presidency. He says:

Pennsylvania has always stood by Virginia, from the days of Simon Snyder and Thos. Jefferson down to this day; she is one of the largest and oldest and best of the old thirteen States, and she has claim to give a candidate, and she has a son worthy of a nomination, who is a representative, man and name, of his State's democracy; and if Virginia again prefers him, as she did in 1652, I will go for his nomination might and main.

Virginia offers no candidate, and will not likely vote for any son of her own unless her sister States shall call upon her to prevent her preference to the Convention. If she presents no son of her own in the first instance, my belief is that on the first ballotings in convention her vote will be cast for Mr. Buchanan with an earnest, honest desire to have him nominated. If his name falls, then Virginia will expect Pennsylvania to go along with her for her preference. And I say this without rejecting other States or candidates, for whoever is nominated by the Convintion at Cincinnati, on a sound democratic platform, will be supported by Virginia, and she desires to exclude no candidate from having his name proposed. She will heartily go for Mr. Pierce, Mr. Douglas, or any other sound man of the North, and sets up equal pretensions only for a son of her own or the South. She would, doubtless, looking to men alone, prefer one of her own sons—for, example, Mr. Hunter, of the Senate, or some other; but the proposal of the name of one of her sons she would defer to her sister States, and to none more especially than to Pennsylvania.

The New Mormon State.—On the 18th of January a District Convention was held at Covo, in Beaver County, Utah, to take into consideration the Propriety of a General Convention some time during the Spring to form a constitution and plan of State Government for the Territory. Delegates were present from several counties, some of them having come one hundred and fifty miles. They met in a grove near by. Col. W. H. Dame presided.

The Hon. G. A. Smith spoke strongly in favor of the proposed Convention. He alluded to the immense change which had been effected in the condition of the coontry since its colonization and said that Judge W. W. Drummond estimated the population of the territory at 100,000. Nowhere else was there to be found a population who understood so well the principles of self-government, or made better laws.

The Hon. Jesse N. Smith of Parowan City coincided in the remarks of Mr. Smith.

Judge Lee, of Washington County, as one of the pioneers of civilization in the Southern portion of the Territory, was deeply sensible of their present position. Many cases were continually arising from their intercourse with the Savages which required the speedy and effective arm of a State Government.

Messrs. Philip R. Smith, T. Lewis of Iron, W. Bateman of Cedar, C. W. Dilton of Harmony, J. Hatch of Santa Clara, Carlos Shirts of Hanarrah, James McGuffe of Parowan, Hon. J. C. Haight of Cedar, and several citizens of Beaver County addressed the meeting to the same purpose.

The following resolution will give some idea of the estimation in which Federal officers are held in Utah:

"*Resolved*, That we, as a people, appreciate the inconveniencies arising from the appointment of Federal officers by the General Government, who generally have no interest in the country, and whose only recommendation is the fact of their having performed some degrading political service or party trickery in some other country, and whose only anxiety is to fill their own pockets, promote their own ease and comfort, regardless of the results of their own official blunders, or criminal neglect to the inhabitants of the Territory."

The Convention closed with a Ball.

Progress of Population.—The following table shows the aggregate result of the Census of 1855 in the States named, and a comparison of the same with the population of 1850:

States.	*Pop.* 1850.	*Pop.* 1855.	*Inc. in 5 years.*
Alabama,	771,623	835,192	8.24 per cent.
Arkansas,	209,897	253,117	20.51 per cent.
Florida,	87,445	110,725	26.62 per cent.
Georgia,	906,185	935,090	3.19 per cent.
Illinois,	851,470	1,242,917	45.97 per cent.
Iowa,	192,214	325,014	69.09 per cent.
Massachusetts,	994,514	1,133,123	13.97 per cent.
Michigan,	397,654	509,374	28.09 per cent.
New-Jersey,	489,555	569,499	16.33 per cent.
New-York,	3,097,394	3,479,059	12.03 per cent.
Wisconsin,	305,301	552,109	80.80 per cent.
Total 11 States,	8,303,842	9,936,129	Av. 19.66 per cent.

Beside the above, the States of California, Ohio, and Virginia, had each a census in 1855; but of these no returns have come to hand. The population of Kansas in 1855 was 8,521, and of Nebraska 4,565. Oregon will take a census immediately, and previous to its applying for admission into the Union; it is supposed to have 60,000 inhabitants.

An attempt is being made to raise a sum of $150,000 for the further advancement of Yale College. The $100,000 necessary to bind the subscriptions have already been secured, and about $15,000 in addition. Rev. William J. Breed, of New-Haven, is still engaged in endeavoring to raise the balance of the contemplated fund. Connecticut has given $56,010—of which New-Haven furnished $40,500; Waterbury, $7,615; Norwich, $2,225; Hartford, $1,210; North Britain, $1,110; Watertown, $1,000; Kent, $750; New-London, $750; Middletown, $700; Lyme, $100; Jewett City, $50. New-York has given $38,240, of which the cities of New York and Brooklyn gave $37,240, and Poughkeepsie gave $1,000. Massachusetts has given $3,300, of which Boston gave $2,800, and the town of Enfield $500. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has given $600. Newark, New Jersey, $500. In Paris, France, $1,000 was subscribed, and also $1,000 in Canton, China. The total amount of these donations is $100,640, more than one-half of which has been given in the State of Connecticut, and more than one-third in the cities of New-York and Brooklyn. Twenty-three years ago a similar appeal was made to the graduates and friends of Yale College, which was answered by a contribution of $100,000 to its permanent funds.

Murder in the Family of Mr. Rust, M. C.—On the 17th ult. a difficulty occurred in Camden, Ark., between Mr. Jones, editor of *The Ouachita Herald*, and Mr. Carrington, editor of *The El Dorado Union*, in the course of which the latter was shot dead by a friend of the former. The unfortunate man was a brother-in-law of Congressman Rust. At last accounts the friends of the parties were arming for a general row.

Settlement of the Seat of Government Question in Canada.—This long vexed question was settled yesterday: but whether the city chosen to be the final seat of government was Quebec or Toronto appears to be a matter of doubt. The idea of an itinerant government was absurd, costly and ridiculous. The last we heard of the Canadian Parliament was that when the news of the birth of the King of Algeria reached them, champagne was brought into the House of Assembly and the English members sang "God Save the Queen," and the French, "Partant pour la Syrie," the Speaker leading off with his bass, alternately in the two languages; which must have been a very lively and unique scene to witness. However, drunk or sober, singing or talking, these gentlemen had better be fixtures; so we may congratulate the Province on the late decision.—*Herald, 19th.*

The Hartford *Times* of the 16th inst. says: "The Rev. Mr. Duffy, a pastor of St. Patrick's Church of this city, received a letter to-day, per the "Cambria," from the brother of Bishop O'Reilly in Ireland, dated March 27, stating that Bishop O'Reilly sailed on board of the "Pacific," and of course his fate is involved in that of the steamer. The Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, reported as a passenger in the "Cambria," is a nephew of the late Father Brady. He was expected by this steamer. Of course, then, the report that it was the Right Rev. Bishop O'Reilly who had arrived, is not correct.

California Olives.—It is said that the olive tree will flourish in all but the mountainous parts of California, as well as the oak. At Lan Louis Obispe, there are some very large olive-trees growing upon the old Mission-grounds. The value of the olive crop in Italy, Spain, Palestine, and other Mediterranean countries, is enormous, and the importations into this country of the fruit and oil is so large, that it should estimate California farmers to obtain a share of the trade of an article that that be so easily produced upon the singularly productive soil of that State.

In Milwaukee, the Democracy have lately achieved a triumph in the election of their whole city ticket. They have done the same in Davenport, Iowa, and in Kenosha, Wis.

In the Massachusetts Legislatnre the Senate Committee on the Prohibitory law have reported that it is inexpedient to alter or modify the existing law.

An attempt was made on the 18th to throw the Boston express train from the track near Port Chester, on the New York and New Haven Railroad, by removing the pilot from the engine.

Its loss was discovered in time to prevent a serious catastrophe.

City News.

The Introduction of Water into Brooklyn.—Various efforts have been made to introduce water to Brooklyn from the streams of Long Island on a plan somewhat similar to the Croton acqueduct, but heretofore without success. The law authorizing its introduction by the city government contains a clause directing that the plan, when agreed upon, shall be submitted to a popular vote, and two plans so brought forward were voted down. A company started some years ago to introduce water, but on opening their subscription books nobody would take the stock Recently a new company was organized called the Nassau Company. The Common Council agreed to subscribe one million of dollars, the Company to raise two millions, and the works to be managed by a joint direction appointed by the company and the city in proportion to the respective amounts of capital invested. Some of the leading property owners not liking this arrangement, held a meeting and appointed a Committee to confer with the Water Committee of the Common Council. The joint committee have made arrangements with the Water Company by which the latter agrees to transfer its charter to the city; and it is probable that the Corporation will now proceed to have the improvement perfected. It is understood that six water commissioners are to be appointed to manage the business, and an engineer appointed to superintend the construction of the works. The Commissioners are to serve without pay. It is expected that a contract can be entered into for completing the entire work at an expense of $4,000,000.—*Tribune.*

The Fillibusters' Witnesses—Locked Up—Wanting—Sloped.—The trial of the indicted Fillibusters arrested on the Northern Light, set down for the 16th, in the United States District Court. The prolongation of the George Law and Sloo suit, was postponed in consequence of William H. Allen, upon whose affidavit the arrests were effected, having gone to Demerara. Colonel Mace, arrested as a fillibuster, but held as a witness, and dismissed on his own recognizance to appear, has sloped. The last that was seen of him he was drilling recruits in Nicaragua. William Macy, also held as a witness, does not turn up. Lastly, Capt. William Kneass, the leading witness before the Grand Jury, and whose evidence led principally to finding the indictments, is nowhere to be hit upon.

A remonstrance signed by several of the Chinese who are now in the city, indignantly protests against the conduct of their mendicant fellow-countrymen, who crouch in miserable attitudes on the sidewalks. The remonstrants desire most earnestly that the good people of New-York should not form their opinions of the Celestial nation from the beggars now in the city, or take them to be representatives even of the Chinese of their own station in life.

Wall and Nassau streets have recently become a mart for the sale of horses. Almost daily at 1 o'clock horses and carriages intended for sale are driven up and down these crowded streets, with notices of the auction placarded on the flanks of the quadrupeds.

Mr. Hackett, the American Comedian.

While a guest at a splendid entertainment given him some years ago in England, whither he had carried a number of letters of introduction from several of our most distinguished statesmen to various English noblemen and wealthy commoners, in the course of conversation, another guest, a retired merchant of eminence, perhaps somewhat envious of the attention shown to Hackett, while he himself was notorious for the ambition of hanging upon the skirts of the aristocracy, thus addressed him:—

"By the way, Mr. Hackett, is what I read lately in the *Court Journal*, respecting yourself, true—that by the death, recently, at New Orleans, of the Baron of Hackettstown, Mr. Hackett, the American comedian, succeeds to that title?"

"It is true," replied Mr. Hacket, "that my cousin, Baron Hackett, has died lately, leaving no issue, and that I have become of my name and generation the last."

"Why, then, do you not take up the title."

"Because," was the reply, "it is now merely an honorary one. Though originally derived from Hackett, known as one of the great Norman barons who shared richly with William the First in the conquest of England, according to the roll at Battell Abbey and the Annals of British heraldry, the title is now extinct, and is only recognised by having, through many centuries, lastly and properly belonged to the peerage of a bygone and since disintegrated Irish Parliament. The Lords Hackett shared the misfortunes of their near kinsman, the unhappy Earl of Desmond; their forfeited estates reverted to the crown of England, under which they had been held *in capite;* and the once formidable castle of those feudal barons, in Ireland, is now only a mound of earth. Hence the title is but the shadow of a departed dignity, and one which could offer no temptation to a native New-Yorker and a republican to parade, either here or there, as an appendage to his name."

"Do you place no value, then, upon the fact that you are thus descended," pursued the Englishman.

"Though it has been affirmed, that 'none were ever known to despise the pride of ancestry excepting such as had no claim to any themselves,' yet, perhaps, I may be allowed here," replied Mr. Hackett, "to observe, that if deeds of chivalry, done by one's ancestors so many years ago, and which gained for them renown and vast estates, and maintained their aristocratic rank through many successive and remote ages, may, at this modern time, found a pretension to any hereditary honor, I suppose I may reasonably claim that of having descended from 'an ancient and honorable family.' But, born as I was, and am proud to have been, under republican institutions, I have taught myself to regard the son of the poorest peasant, or the most humble mechanic, as my equal, in every respect, of birth; and I hold that the chief distinction among my fellow men to which I, or any one, have a right to aspire, is that of achieving a just reputation, as an honest and well-bred man, and to be worthy of associating with educated men of genius and talent, wherever, throughout the world, I may chance to meet them."

"Ah, ay!" rejoined the other, "as a nation, you Americans have claims upon our respect; and when certain of your countrymen have come over here, and as foreigners of distinction, have been taken by the hand by some of our nobility, they have always been admitted, by courtesy, into our best society. But, Mr. Hackett, perhaps you are not aware that, with your attested pedigree, derived from one of the Norman barons, you might claim, by right of direct descent, an equality with our oldest and highest aristocracy."

"The title of baron would tend rather to degrade than elevate me, at home," replied Hackett.

"Indeed! How so?" exclaimed the Englishman, with surprise.

"Because," was the immediate response, "in my country—the United States—I am admitted to be a gentleman, and that is the highest rank acknowledged in society there; whereas a British baron is only the third grade of your nobility, and so ranks, relatively, below our gentleman, whose essential qualification for that title are honesty and good breeding, without reference to his vocation; for, as one of your poets has truly said—

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,"

and are quite irrespective of the accidental possession of high birth, fortune, or ancestry. In fact, a gentleman in America is allowed a social parity with our nation's president, the compeer of your sovereign. At the same time, so far as manners may make a gentleman, I have often remarked, and in candor now repeat, that I can conceive of no better specimens of social courtesy, good breading, and hospitality, than I have noticed in my intercourse with some of your nobility and gentry."

One of the party, it seems, ventured to commend Mr. Hackett's national pride, republican principles, and logical ingenuity; but such a levelling analogy between the constitutional representative of the sovereign people of the United States and the British people's sovereign, was evidently an overdose of democracy for aristocratic stomachs. At any rate, the conversation was dropped raiher abruptly at this particular point.

Character of Napoleon III.

New-York, April 4, 1856.

To the Editors of the National Intelligencer:

Gentlemen:—My attention has been called to an article in your journal of the 28th ult., in which my name is introduced in connection with the sojourn, in this city, in 1837, of the present Emperor of the French, and statements and opinions of of mine in regard to the character he sustained here placed in antagonism to a prevailing impression on the subject. The publicity thus given to me as a defender of the reputation of this gentleman at that period must be my apology for this communication, and for the request that, in justice to the personage most concerned, the *National Intelligencer* may become the channel of a brief rehearsal of the opportunities I had of correct knowledge in the case, and of the belief, based upon them, which I entertain.

Louis Napoleon, after having been a prisoner of State for some months on board a French man-of-war, was set at liberty on our shores at Norfolk, in the early spring of 1837. He came immediately to New York, as the point at which he could be put most speedily in communication with his friends in Europe. Either on the day or the day but one after his arrival I was led to call upon him, not as the bearer of an illustrious name, or the inheritor of an imperial title, but as a stranger and an exile without a personal friend in the country or a letter of introduction. I was the more readily induced to this from representations made to me by a near relative, in whose family he had already passed an evening, of the deep interest his appearance and whole manner had excited in those who then met him. The call was reciprocated with a promptness and cordiality I had not anticipated, and in a very brief period led to an intercourse which was almost daily for some two months, and which ended only when we parted from each other off Sandy Hook, on board the packet which returned him to Europe.

The association was not that of hours only, but of days, and on one occasion at least of days in succession, and was characterized by a freedom of conversation on a great variety of topics that could scarce fail, under the ingenuousness and frankness of his manner, to put me in possession of his views, principles, and feelings upon most points that give insight to character. I never heard a sentiment from him and never witnessed a feeling that could detract from his honor and purity as a man or his dignity as a prince; on the contrary, I often had occasion to admire the lofty thoughts and exalted conceptions which seemed most to occupy his mind.

His favorite topics, when we were alone, were his uncle, the Emperor, his mother, and others of his immediate family, in whom he had been deeply interested; his own relations to France by birth and imperial registry; the inducements which led to

the attempted revolution at Strasbourgh, the causes of its failure, and his chief support under the mortification of the result: "The will of God," to use his own words, "through a direct interposition of his Providence; the time had not yet come."

He seemed ever to feel that his personal destiny was indissolubly linked with France; or, as his mother, Hortense, expressed it in her will, "to know his position;" and the enthusiasm with which at times he gave utterance to his aspirations for the prosperity, the happiness, and the honor of his country, and to the high purposes which he designed to accomplish for her as a ruler, amounted, in words, voice, and manner, to positive eloquence. Had I taken notes of some of these conversations they would be considered now, when his visions of power and earthly glory are realized, scarcely less epigrammatic and elevated in thought, or, as related to himself, less prophetic than many which have been recorded from the lips of the exile of St. Helena.

He was winning in the invariableness of his amiability, often playful in spirits and manner, and warm in his affections. He was a most fondly attached son, and seemed to idolize his mother. When speaking of her the intonations of his voice and his whole manner were often as gentle and feminine as those of a woman. It had been his purpose to spend a year in making a tour of the United States, that he might have a better knowledge of our institutions, and observe for himself the practical workings of our political system. With this expectation, he consulted me and others as to the arrangement of the route of travel, so as to visit the different sections of the Union at the most desirable seasons. But his plans were suddenly changed by intelligence of the serious illness of Queen Hortense, or, as then styled, the Duchess of St. Leu, at her castle in Switzerland. I was dining with him the day the letter conveying this information was received. Recognizing the writing on the envelope as it was handed to him at table, he hastily broke the seal, and scarce glanced over half a page before he exclaimed, "My mother is ill; I must see her. Instead of a tour of the States, I shall take the next packet for England. I will apply for passports to the continent at every embassy in London, and, if unsuccessful, will make my way to her without them." This he did, and reached Arnenberg in time to console by his presence the dying hours of the ex-Queen, and to receive in his bosom her last sigh.

After such opportunities of knowing much of the mind and heart and general character of Louis Napoleon, it was with great surprise that I for the first time read, in a distant part of the world, when he had become an Emperor, representations in the public journals of his life in New-York, [and New-Orleans, too, though he was never there,] which would induce a belief that he had been when here little better than a vagabond—low in his associations, intemperate in his indulgences and dissipated in his habits. In both eating and drinking he was, so far as I observed, abstemious rather than self-indulgent. I repeatedly breakfasted, dined and supped in his company, and never knew him to partake of anything stronger in drink than the light wines of France and Germany, and of these in great moderation. I have been with him early and late, unexpectedly as well as by appointment, and never saw reason for the slightest suspicion of any irregularity in his habits.

It has been said, notwithstanding, that his character was so notorious that he was not received in society and made no respectable acquaintances. If during his brief stay in the city, at a period of the year when general entertainments are not usual, he was not met in the self-constituted *beau monde* of the metropolis, it was from his own choice. Within the week of his arrival cards and invitations were left for him at his hotel. As a reason for his declining to accept the last, he told me he had no wish to appear in what is called society, but added:—

"There are, however, individuals resident in New-York whose acquaintance I should be happy to make. Mr. Washington Irving is one. I have read his works, and admire him both as a writer and a man, and would take great pleasure in meeting him. Chancellor Kent is another. I have studied his Commentaries, think highly of them, and regard him as the first of your jurists. I should be happy to know him personally."

He did make the acquaintance of both Mr. Irving and the Chancellor, and enjoyed the hospitality of the one at Sunnyside and of the other at his residence in town. He saw some of the best French society of the city, and, familiar with the historic names of New-York, availed himself of the proffered civilities of such families as the Hamiltons, the Clintons, the Livingstons, and others of like position. It is not true, therefore, that he was not received in society and had no acquaintances of respectability. He visited some of our first families in social position, and was entertained by some of our most distinguished citizens.

It is said that he was without means and lived on loans which he never repaid. This is simply absurd. I am under the impression that his private fortune was then unimpaired, and beyond the reach of the French government; but, if this were not the case, his mother's wealth was ample, and his drafts upon her for any amount would have been promptly honored. I doubt not that funds were waiting his arrival, or, if not, were readily at his command

Louis Napoleon may have had some associations in New-York of which I was ignorant; and he, like Dickens and other distinguished foreigners, may have carried his observations under the protection of the police to scenes in which I would not have accompanied him. If he did, I never heard of it and have now no reason to suppose such was the fact. But that he was an habitue, as has been publicly reported, of drinking saloons and oyster cellars, gambling houses and places of worse repute, I do not believe; I can recall to my recollection no young man of the world whom I have ever met, who, in what seemed an habitual elevation of mind and an invariable dignity of bearing, would have been less at home than he in such associations.

There was, however, in New-York, at the same time and for about the same period, a Prince Bonaparte who was, I have reason to think of a very different character. His antecedents in Europe had not been favorable, and his reputation here was not good. He, too, was in exile, but not for a political offence. He may not have been received in society, and may have had low associations. I met him, but, from this impression, formed no acquaintance with him. For the same reason the intercourse between him and his cousin was infrequent and formal. All that has been said and published of the one may be true of the other; and in search for reminiscences of the sojourn in New-York of Louis Napoleon, on his elevation to a throne fifteen years afterwards, it is not difficult to believe that those ignorant of the presence here at the same time of two persons of the same name and same title may have confounded the acts and character of the one with the other. This, I doubt not, is the fact, and that however general and firmly established the impression to the contrary may be, the reproach of a disreputable life here does not justly attach itself to him, who is now confessedly the most able, the most fortunate, and the most remarkable sovereign in Europe. C. S. STEWART, U. S. Navy.

BIRTHS.

At North King street, Dublin, the wife of John Caffrey, of a daughter.
At 54, Middle Abbey street, Dublin, the wife of Thomas Lockhart, of a son.
At the Grange, county Meath, the wife of James George Murphy, of a daughter.
At Lower Harstonange street, Limerick, the wife of William Goulding, of a son.
At Blackrock, county Dublin, the wife of James B. Pratt, of a son.
At Martello terrace, Holywood, the wife of George A. Carruthers, of a son.
At College square, Belfast, the wife of J. Seaton Reid, M. D., of a son.
At the Mall, Sligo, the wife of Edward Pollock, of a daughter.
At Mullingar, the wife of Dr. Middleton, of a daughter.
At Gleneske, Sligo, the wife of John Taaffe, county Sligo, of a son.
At Tramore, the wife of Richard Ussher, of Rathborough, county Wexford, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Paul's Church, Auckland, New-Zealand, James Hobb, Eden Crescent, to Elizabeth Eden, daughter of William Connell, of Auckland, formerly of Cork.
At the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea, Irishtown, Luke Hayden, Pembroke quay, to Martha Josephine, daughter of Samuel Reddy, of Donnybrook.
At the Cathedral, Manchester, by the Rev. G. Huntingdon, Frances Sarah, daughter of John W. Barton, of Manchester, to Joseph B. Fisher, of Dublin.
At St. Thomas's Church, George Ryall, of Knockinglass, county Tipperary, to Adelaide Caroline, daughter of Henry Lahiff, of Cloonmore, county Galway.
At St. Peter's Church, Dillon R. Macnamara, of York street, to Sarah Jane, daughter of Robert Lovely, of Claremont, Sandymount.
At Randalstown, county Antrim, James M'Kee, M. D., to Anne Jane, daughter of the late J. Craig, Randalstown.
At Stoke Newington, Frederic York, son of Robert St. Leger, formerly of Glenview, Limerick, to Christian Emma, daughter of J. Muddell, of Shirley, Hampshire.
At Colombo, William J. Gorman, Lieutenant in the Ceylon Rifle regiment, to Matilda, daughter of Lieutenant Colonel William T. Layard, of the same corps.
At Limerick, William Ellis Burns, of Kilkee, to Sarah Carman, sister-in-law to Mr. M'Clare, Clare street.

DEATHS.

At his residence, Claremorris, Mayo, at an advanced age, widely and deservedly regretted by all who knew him, John Gray, father of Dr. Gray, the much esteemed and respected proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal*.
At his residence, Leeson street, Thomas Kearney, Assistant Commissary General.
At Waterloo road, Annabella Mary, daughter of the late Rev. Charles George, of Glasnevin.
William M'Kenna, son of the late Arthur M'Kenna, of Dublin.
At Seville-place, aged 85 years, Eliza, relict of the Rev. Andrew O'Callaghan.
At her residence, North Circular Road, Phibsborough, Mrs. Mary Taaffe, aged 70 years.
At the Pigeon House, Lieut. Henry Monck Mason, of the Royal Dublin Artillery, son of Henry Joseph Monck Mason, LL. D., Dargle Cottage, Wicklow.
At Dublin, Charles H. R. M'Clintock, son of the late Captain James M'Clintock, of the 88th Connaught Rangers, and for many years Adjutant of the Londonderry Militia.
At her residence, 42 Lower Stephen street, Catherine, wife of J. Collis.
At Dublin, Mary Anne, wife of Patrick O'Keeffe, No. 4 New Church street.
At Williamstown, Thomas Maguire, late of Eden quay, son of the late Owen Maguire, of Suffolk street.
At Carrickmacross, Frances, relict of the Rev. T. O'Flaherty, of Essexford glebe.
At London, Lady Inglis Cochrane, relict of Admiral the Hon. Sir Alexander Inglis Cochrane.
At the Presentation Convent, Doneraile, Sister Mary F. Borgia, daughter of Richard Laffan, of Eyon House, county Limerick.
At Tabrid House, near Caher, county Tipperary, Mary, wife of Laurence Walsh, and niece to the Rev. Eugene Condon, parish priest of Tallow.
At London, Alicia Maria, daughter of the late Charles Edward Leslie, of Glasslough, in the county Monaghan.
At Southend, Essex, Sarah, widow of Rear Admiral Bingham, and daughter of the late Vice Admiral Sir Willam Parker, Bart.
At Ardalough, the Ven. Archdeacon MacHale, aged 74 years.
At Newton, Margaret Sarah, wife of John C. Walshe, merchant, Waterford.
At Penzance, aged 47 years, Charles Hunt, of Ravenhead Copper Works, near Liverpool.
At Valetta, Malta, Lieutenant General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart., G. C. B., in the 67th year of his age.

Special Notices.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE SIXTH VOLUME—NEW SERIES OF THE

UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW,

FOR 1856.

THE United States Democratic Review, established in 1838, entered upon the Sixth Volume of its new series the first January, 1856.

In Politics, the Review will faithfully adhere to the principles recognized by Jefferson and Jackson, and as set forth, from time to time, by the Democratic National Conventions. At the same time, keeping pace with the progress of the age, it will advocate all those measures of public policy calculated to promote the best interests of our common country.

It will be the aim of the Editor to make it not only an efficient advocate of Democratic men and measures, but also

A WELCOME AND USEFUL FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Various causes combined to withdraw from the Review that powerful array of talent which so long placed it foremost amongst its cotemporaries. Those causes have ceased to operate. The most distinguished Statesmen and writers of the Democratic party will again contribute to its pages; and nothing will be omitted to make it worthy of the high vocation it aims at, viz., to be the organ of the United Democracy of the Union. The Democratic Review will be published in the same form as its preceding volumes, and is under the editorial charge of SPENCER W. CONE.

In addition to its political features, no exertions will be spared to make its Literary, Scientific, and Miscellaneous Departments worthy of the old days of its fame.

The urgent demand for something in its character, firm, uniform, and reliable, upon national questions, above the sectional squabbles of individuals, and always true to the great end of the party organization, viz., the dissemination and support of the pure principles of national Democracy—affords a wide field of usefulness; and we rely upon the Democracy of the Union for our support.

TERMS—$5 PER ANNUM, OR $3 STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO FORM CLUBS.

PREMIUMS.

Any person sending $13 will receive Five copies of the Review for one year, and either of the following works: "Longfellow's Hiawatha," "Songs of the Revolution," "Widow Bedott Papers," "Bayard Taylor's Travels in China and Japan," or "Life of Daniel Boone." Price, $1.25 each.

Any person sending $25 will receive Ten Copies of the Review, and either the whole of the Works above named, or "Dr. Kane's Arctic Explorations," beautifully illustrated. Price, $5.

Any person sending $40 will receive Twenty Copies of the Review, and "Irving's Life of Washington," in three large vols. Price, $6.

Any person sending Five prepaid subscriptions, at $3 each, will receive "Irving's Life of Washington. Price, $6."

Any person sending Ten prepaid subscriptions, at $3 each, will receive "Calhoun's Works," by Kralle, in four large vols. Price, $8; and "Van Santvoord's Lives of the Chief Justices of the United States." Price $2.25.

Any person sending Twenty prepaid subscriptions, at $3 each, will receive "Jefferson's Complete Works," in nine large vols., published, by order of Congress, from original manuscripts. Edited by A. H. Washington. Price, $25.

☞ The books above named are all handsomely bound, and recently published.

Specimen Numbers of the Review will be sent gratis when requested.

☞ TO POSTMASTERS.

POSTMASTERS ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED TO ACT AS AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

All communications to be addressed to Lloyd and Campbell, 252 Broadway, New York.

Genin's Styles for Children—Straw Hats for Spring AND SUMMER.—To-day, will be opened, at GENIN'S Lower Store, No. 214 Broadway, the largest and most beautiful assortment of Straw Hats, Caps, and Flats, for Children and Misses, ever offered at that establishment. The stock consists of more than twenty varieties of Paris Hats, and a still greater number of home designs and manufacture, suitable for children of both sexes and of all ages, from the infant in arms to the young lady of 16 or 17 years of age.

The French artists in straw have produced this season a number of new braids, and have displayed extraordinary taste in the novel and becoming shapes into which they have moulded these delicate materials. The designers employed in the GENIN factory, have also surpassed all their former efforts in the same departments, and it may be confidently asserted that so great a diversity of fabrics and style in Straw Head-gear for Children has never before been introduced in New-York. All these novelties are exhibited for the first time, THIS DAY, at

ap262t **Genin's,** No. 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

City Ladies and Ladies visiting the city can find GAITER and BUTTON BOOTS, from 12s. to 20s.; SLIPPER TIES and BUSKINS, from 6s. to 10s. per pair; INDIA RUBBER SHOES in great variety, with Boys, Misses' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES of all kinds and prices, at

ap264t J. B. MILLER & CO.'S, No. 134 Canal street.

Will Close.—National Academy of Design.—The 31st ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Original Works, by Living Artists, now open daily, at 548 Broadway, will close on Saturday night, May 10th.

By order of the Council.

ap262t **T. Addison Richards,** Cor. Sec'y., N. A.

Special Notices.

PROSPECTUS.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC REVIEW is now firmly established in Washington City. Every great question before the present Congress will be elaborately discussed in its columns.

Such subscribers to the "Western Democratic Review," as have overpaid, will be furnished with the "National Democratic Review," which, it is believed, will prove a work of vastly superior merit.

A considerable portion of each number of the REVIEW will be devoted to Literary and Scientific subjects. Several, among the most accomplished scholars and distinguished politicians in the country, will be regular contributors to its columns.

In answer to numerous inquiries of old and new friends, we deem it proper to say, THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC REVIEW will be printed and published at Washington City; is totally unconnected with any political Magazine in the country; is devoted, not to the support of any politician, but to the interests of the National Democracy—that democracy which will ever "carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

The REVIEW is published in pamphlet form, upon beautiful white paper, in solid long primer, 96 pages per month—making two volumes per year, of 576 pages each.

TERMS.—$3 per year, payable invariably in advance.

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.—Five copies for one year—$10; twelve copies for one year—$20. Booksellers ordering the work, will be furnished at the usual magazine rates.

Members of Congress, and postmaters in every part of the Union, are hereby authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the REVIEW.

All moneys may be transmitted by mail at the risk of the editor.

Copies of the REVIEW will be found for sale at the Bookstore of Franck Taylor, 402 Pennsylvania Avenue, and at the office of publication 468 10th street, between D and E.

All communications to be addressed to

GEO. P. BUELL,
Editor National Democratic Review.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The MAILS FOR EUROPE, per U. S. steamer BALTIC, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 26th day of April, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

John Frost, Esq.—In reply to a numerously signed requisition, John Frost, the British Exile, will deliver a Lecture on the Incidents in Convict Life, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Monday, April 28, at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Admittance, 25 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents. Tickets to be had at the door on the evening of the Lecture.

Catholic Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Settlements.—Office No. 8 Chamber street, (over East River Bank. Open from 9 to 4.

8t J. G. MOYLAN, Sec., *pro tem.*

Life Illustrated; A First-class Family Paper, devoted to ENTERTAINMENT, IMPROVEMENT, AND PROGRESS. Weekly, $2 a year.

The Water-Cure Journal; HYDROPATHY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH, $1.

The Phrenological Journal; For the Improvement of Mankind. Illustrated. $1 a year.

FOR THREE DOLLARS—all three will be sent a year. Address
ap262t FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New-York.

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

The Irish News—UP TOWN!—at ROBERT CODDINGTON'S Book Store, 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street, on Every Wednesday morning.

N. B. Papers put up in Wrappers and Mailed at this establishment, *free of charge.* ap194t

REMOVAL.

McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks, Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 36 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

To Military Companies and Civic Societies.

OLD MONTGOMERY HALL, 76 Prince Street.—The Subscriber, having taken a lease of the above well known popular concern, begs to inform the Members of Military Companies and Civic Trades Bodies, and Managers of Balls, that he is ready to treat for the letting of spacious and well-lighted rooms, suited for meetings, &c.

The Bar attached to the Hall is always supplied with the best imported and domestic Liquors, Brandys, Wines, Ales, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, and choicest brands of Havana Cigars. JOHN DOLAN.

TO PRINTERS.

COPPER FACED TYPE.—CORTELYOU'S NEW-YORK TYPE FOUNDRY, and PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE, established in 1823, 29 *Spruce street*, four doors below William street.

The subscriber is prepared to furnish his well-known and superior Book and Newspaper Printing Types, in fonts to suit purchasers. Also, German and Ornamental Types, Greek, Hebrew, Ornaments, Music, Brass Rules, &c., manufactured of metals equal to any in this country, and finished in the most accurate manner. He also furnishes Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Stands, Cases, Furniture, Ink, &c.

WOOD AND METAL TYPES,

from other Foundries, and every article required in a Printing Office, at the lowest prices, for cash or approved paper. Type, copper-faced by the Newton Company, furnished to order. Old Type received at 9 cents per pound in exchange for new. Estimates for Printing Establishments furnished on application.

☞ Printers of newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times before January 1, 1857, sending me one of the papers, will be paid in printing types, when purchasing four times the amount of the bill.

PETER C. CORTELYOU.

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

THE largest assortment of *Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,* and *Musical Merchandise* of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

HORACE WATERS' MODERN IMPROVED PIANOS, with or without Iron Frames, possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale, power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

HORACE WATERS' MELODEONS, superior instruments in tone, touch and durability of make. (Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

MARTIN'S GUITARS, BROWN'S HARPS, FLUTES, FLUTINAS, ACCORDEONS, VIOLINS, and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds, at lower prices than ever before offered to the public. A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.—One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* **1856.**

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest*.

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap193m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

SMITH, BROTHERS,

ONE PRICE

CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,

122 AND 140 FULTON ST., N. Y.

The PRICE is marked on all the goods in

PLAIN FIGURES.

We have now on hand a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, together with our new styles of Spring

RAGLANS,

PELISSIERS,

AND CANROBERTS—

OR, SUMMER OVER-COATS.

ap263m SMITH, BROTHERS, 122 AND 140 FULTON ST.

IRISH, ENGLISH, AND SCOTCH LINEN GOODS.

THE subscribers who are exclusive dealers in LINEN GOODS, would invite the attention of housekeepers and others to their complete stock of

Shirting Linens,	Towelings,
Sheeting Linens,	Diapers,
Pillow-case Linens,	Lawns,
Table Linens,	Linen C. Handkerchiefs;

or, Linen goods of any description, which they offer for sale at very low prices.

J. C. Milliken & Co., 748 Broadway,
ap26 above Astor place.

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap263m

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REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto is ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap263mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

DR. J. ALLEN, (late Professor in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery,) invites attention to his improved method of constructing Artificial Dentistry, which combine the following advantages:

1st,—There are no seams or crevices for the lodgement of food, to vitiate the saliva, or infect the breath. The interstices are all filled with a silicious compound, which is so applied as to form an artificial gum; this is fused at a high heat, which unites the Teeth firmly to each other, and to the plate upon which tney are set, thus imparting great strength and lifelike appearance to the denture.

2d,—The Teeth for this style of work are made perfectly natural in form and shade, and when properly set with the artificial gum as above, exhibits that harmony with the other features which characterize the natural organs.

3d,—The original form and expression of the mouth and face can be restored. This is done by having the denture so constructed as to bring out the sunken portions and sustain them in their proper position; this is an important feature in this style of work, to which the author devotes special attention.

4th,—A clear and distinct articulation of speech is restored. This is effected by having the inside of the teeth, and artificial gum, of a natural form, to which the tongue is readily adapted; this prevents the hissing or muffled sounds so often observed in speaking or singing, in persons wearing artificial teeth.

The Rooms are at No. 30 BOND STREET, New-York. A Pamphlet containing more full particulars, sent free, to those who desire it. ap261t

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P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of *HAVANA SEGARS*, &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 121 PEARL STREET, New-York.

N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap261y

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NICHOLAS WALSH.

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER.

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY,

EGAN & CO.,

THE proprietors take leave to inform their customers and the public, that they have moved their entire stock of Linen Goods to the above store, where they will from this time forward continue the wholesale together with the retail, of

Linens and Dry Goods,

of all kinds, at the lowest cash price. They are all of their own importation, and in order to make a permanent trade, they will retail them at the importer's prices. Their stock consists of Linen Sheeting, all widths and qualities; Damask Table Cloths, white and brown; Damask Table Linens, Diapers, Hucks, Back Towelings, Napkins, D'Oylies, White and Brown Drills, Checks and Stripes, all warranted pure linen, together with a large lot of

New Silks,

from 4s. to 12s. per yard; Stripes and Plaids, a splendid lot of Black Silks.

There are no damaged or bankrupt's goods included in this list, and they will sell lower than any other house having the same articles. Having a buyer always in Ireland, they are in a position and determined to sell low, and establish their house on the same principle as the "Old Linen Hall," in Dublin. Ladies are respectfully requested to examine the above stock, as affording a large assortment in variety and value. Amongst them will be found a splendid lot of 5-8 Damask and Snowdrop Napkins, from $1 to $1.50 per dozen, tickings and bleached muslins, cheap by the piece.

Striped Poplins,

A large assortment, from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per yard, with all other kinds of Dry Goods, to meet the wants of Spring and Summer purchasers.

ap261m EGAN & CO., Linen Hall, 332 Bowery.

Business Directory.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 252 BROADWAY.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

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JAMES HARLIN,

WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months.

JOHN KENNEDY'S

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

M. J. CONNELL,

METROPOITAN BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTER,

NO. 39 BEEKMAN STREET, 1 DOOR EAST OF WILLIAM, NEW-YORK, AND 73 GRAND STREET, WILLIAMSBURGH.

All orders intrusted to me will be promptly attended to, and executed with unparalleled dispatch. tf

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KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 AND 89 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

☞ Desks, Chairs, Cushions, Book-Cases, Lounges, Stools, and every article suitable for counting-rooms, Banks, and Insurance offices.

Desks of every description made to order on short notice.

CABINET FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY.

Established in 1827.

THE largest and cheapest assortment in the State of New-York. Every thing, from a Broom to the richest article, may be found, including Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattrasses, Beds, &c., &c., at

1yr R. J. TODD'S, 88 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c.

THE subscriber has constantly for sale, of the best quality, and at the lowest prices, an assortment of the following articles: Tea-Trays, Cooking Utensils, Britannia and Plated Goods, Stair Rods, Table Cutlery, Tin Ware, Wooden Ware, Brushes, Brooms, &c.

Mechanics' Tools.

Also a full supply of Saws, Planes, Braces and Bits, Edge-Tools, Files, Hammers, Squares, Augers, Rules, Bevels, &c.

4t JOHN W. SULLIVAN, 74 Sixth Avenue, corner of Waverley Place.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.

ap193m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS.

53 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

WILLARD, FELT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

WISE'S IRISH MALT WHISKEY.

IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan,** Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Vanbrunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of WISE'S CORK MALT WHISKEY, which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm who import the same in New-York. ap261y

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THE EYE AND EAR!

DR. BIRGE, invites the attention of the afflicted to his practice in treating the Eye and Ear. He has cured more than five hundred persons who were pronounced incurable by other Oculists. He has also restored to sight seventeen persons born blind, and he pledges himself to cure every case that may be presented. That no one need be imposed upon, he warrants a cure in every case.

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VOL. I. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856. NO. 4.

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.. May 24, ..	.. May 14, ..
	.. May 28, ..
	.. June 11, ..

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Emigration.

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Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

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William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
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NATURALIZATION—IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE subscriber respectfully informs the Foreign Population of New-England that he still attends to the business of preparing first and second papers for those who wish to become citizens of the United States, on very moderate terms, at his old stand, 129 Federal street, Boston.

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☞ To prevent loss, every Draft is registered here, and a copy of the register forwarded to the Bank by every mail steamer.

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The Society will be thankful for all circumstantial and early information of any fraud, imposition or outrage committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, ARTHUR M'AVOY, } Vice Presidents.

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JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Secretary.
WILLIAM HICKEY, Treasurer.

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William Keating,	Christopher Plunkett,
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Special Notices.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

COMPANY B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

NINTH REGIMENT.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Brookes' Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each second Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. WM. MALONE, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White street. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (—— ——) drill each —— at ——. —— NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Edward Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." MICH'L. FLOOD NAGLE, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE SIXTH VOLUME—NEW SERIES OF THE

UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW,

FOR 1856.

THE United States Democratic Review, established in 1838, entered upon the Sixth Volume of its new series the first January, 1856.

In Politics, the Review will faithfully adhere to the principles recognized by Jefferson and Jackson, and as set forth, from time to time, by the Democratic National Conventions. At the same time, keeping pace with the progress of the age, it will advocate all those measures of public policy calculated to promote the best interests of our common country.

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☞ TO POSTMASTERS.

POSTMASTERS ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED TO ACT AS AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

All communications to be addressed to Lloyd and Campbell, 252 Broadway, New York.

European News.

The U. S. mail steamer Arago, Capt. Lewis, arrived at New York, from Havre and Southampton, with English dates to 9th inst.

The English mail steamer Arabia, Capt. Stone, arrived at Halifax, 23d, with dates to 12th.

The proceedings of the Peace Congress were continuing. It was said that the persistence of Austria in refusing to fix a term for the evacuation of the Principalities was giving some trouble, and if persevered in would be the cause of much more A correspondent of the English journals says, that the pretence of Austria was the necessity of protecting the country against disorder until a regular administration was established. This pretext is flimsy. Austria is bound by treaty to quit the Ottoman territory on the conclusion of peace; and though the ratification of the Treaty of Peace was not known, yet, as it was certain that the war was for the present at an end, her conduct would not only justify doubts as to her good faith, but would establish the necessity of the occupation of the Bosphorus by the Allies until after the complete evacuation of Moldo Wallachia. Russia is of course adverse to the Austrian occupation of the Principalities, and the question affords her ample occasion for opposition to a Power she now cordially detests. Later intelligence states that the Austrian army had commenced leaving the Principalities.

A British Order in Council raises the blockade of the Russian ports, and permits the free resumption of commerce in all articles.

The grand naval review by Queen Victoria of all the ships that can be collected together, is postponed to the 22d or 23d inst., by which time the Treaty of Peace will have been signed.

The Crimean Inquiry Commission continues its sittings. Lord Lucan was on trial.

Steamers are being fitted out to bring home the army from the Crimea.

France.

Expeditions against Madagascar and the Kabyles are decided upon. Permission will be sought to send troops through Egypt to the former, and the latter will serve as a cause of the Emperor's visit to Algeria, although he will not himself command the army.

There is some speculation as to who will be sent as Minister to St. Petersburgh. Marshall Vaillant is spoken of for France, also Generals Canrobert and Bosquet, and General Marmora for Sardinia.

The *Moniteur* contains the following: "In consequence of the unfavorable accounts from Paraguay, relative to the treatment of emigrants, the French Government has suspended the granting of passports thereto, and colonists are recommended to wait until the situation of the foreigners there shall be placed under better regulation."

A considerabe reduction of the French army, as soon as all matters are arranged, is contemplated. There were still in the possession of France 610,000 effective men; this number will be brought down to 400,000 directly the treaty of peace is ratified.

The Paris correspondent of the *N. Y. Times* says: "A Crimean correspondent of a Paris journal, giving an account of the rejoicings which took place between the French and Russians, on the banks of the Chernaya, when the news of the armistice arrived, says: 'At last they separated, promising each other to meet again. 'Good bye, till we meet in Paris!' were the words they hallooed to each other with enthusaism, as they retired."

Within the last few years the Russian has taken the place of the English milord in Paris, and the famous guineas of 1815 are transformed into roubles. But for two years not a Russian has promenaded the Boulevards des Italiens. Two Winters without a veritable Cossack! Two Winters without these fertile agents of damnation!

The Conferences.

The Italian Question — Moldo-Wallachian Government.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Post* says the telegraph is constantly employed on the Italian question between Rome, Naples, Vienna, and Paris. Count Cavour's propositions having been referred to those Courts, and an answer received, France and England will make a decision.

Le Nord believes that the exchange of ratifications will be effected by the 20th. The Commission of Austrian and Russian officers to rectify the Moldavian frontier are in Paris, awaiting orders.

It is said that the Russian Plenipotentiaries proposed that Count Buol, Ali Pacha, and M. Bourquenay should compose the Commission to definitely arrange the Moldo-Wallachian Government, but the proposal was rejected, and persons who have not taken an active part in the conference will be selected.

Russia.

Advices from St. Petersburgh state that the prohibition of the export of Russian produce from Russia was repealed.

A Ukase has been issued by the Czar, to the effect that the two fleets hitherto maintained by Russia in the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, are not to be reinstated. The whole naval administration for that quarter seemed to be suppressed.

The Russian Minister of Finance notified on the 5th inst., at St. Petersburgh, that a Treaty of Peace having been signed, the merchant vessels of the Western Powers will be admitted to Russian ports. The blockade of the Russian ports has been raised.

An article in the Russian *Northern Bee* had created a sensation at Berlin, in consequence of its virulence against England. "Albion," it says, "has lost its prestige, but Russia is the most vigorous of all empires. Simply its productive powers are not sufficiently developed, and that makes it poorer than other countries."

The new levy in Poland for the Russian army was stopped at the last moment. A telegraph despatch from St. Petersburg announced it as the first benefit conferred by peace.

The naval armistice was officially published at St. Petersburg, April 7. After rectification, all ships seized will be released.

The energies of the Russian Government are said to be now devoted to three objects, namely: Firstly, alliance with France, secondly, completion of the great railways; thirdly, the manufacture of Russian feelings on the continent, especially in Germany.

It was believed that Russia would send an ambassador to Turin as soon as the ratifications of peace were exchanged. As Russia always looked, or professed to look, upon the active participation of Sardinia in the war as a wanton outrage, this fact was thought to evince a cordial acceptance of the peace.

Turkey.

The dates received from Constantinople are to March 31. The Russian palace there, at present occupied as a French Hospital, was being cleared for the return of the Embassy. The health of the French troops, both in the hospital and the Crimea, had improved.

It is now said that Austria, which has hitherto shown reluctance to evacuate the Principalities, has yielded to the remonstrance of the Congress.

The Turkish Government expresses its anxiety to be relieved of the presence of the Allies, and says it is quite able to maintain internal order and the defences of the frontier, without the aid of foreign troops. The Divan is planning for the erection of permanent garrisons at important points of the Empire.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe will continue as the British Minister at Constantinople. Omar Pacha is restored to favor, and resumes the command of the army in Anatolia.

Austria.—A grand Council of Bishops will assemble in a few days to discuss the Concordat. The Council represents 29,000,000 of Catholics—Latin, Greek, and Armenian. The principal object of the Council is to restore the Clerical Marriage Courts according to the Canon law, and to reorganize the whole body of the clergy on fundamental church principles. The Concordat abrogates the lower clergy's right of appeal from the Bishop to the Emperor; and hence it is not popular with the inferior priesthood.

Denmark.—Copenhagen advices state that the English Cabinet have officially notified to the Danish Government their refusal to agree to the capitalization of the Sound Dues, and the determination of Great Britain to await other and more acceptable propositions. Russia and Oldenberg set the example a few weeks since. The question of the settlement makes no progress, and will probably stand over till it is seen what action the United States will take.

It was believed at Berlin that at a Cabinet Council held about the middle of last month, the English Government decided on rejecting the proposition for capitalizing the Sound Dues on the terms offered by the Danish Government. England would, however, make a proposition of her own.

Spain.—Disturbances had occurred in Valencia respecting the conscription, and the city and province in consequence had been placed under martial law.

Belgium.—The breadstuffs markets were generally declining.

Italy.—The Sardinian and Piedmontese corn markets generally were lower.

Prussia.—Rumors of Ministerial changes continue.

English News.

The two English Government steamers, the Tartar and Desperate, which were dispatched in search of the Pacific, had returned after a cruise of nine days, without discovering any traces of the missing ship. Captain Dunlop, of the Tartar, had furnished a detailed account of his cruise to the Admiralty. His search was principally directed to the space between the fifty-fifth degree of North latitude and 10° 20′ longitude. The two steamers searched separately. The Tartar having a strong Southeast gale in her favor proceeded as far West as 25° longitude on the parallel of 55°. Guns were fired every two hours during the night, and a vigilant look-out was kept during the day. Unfortunately the search was totally unsuccessful. Nothing whatever was seen or heard of the Pacific. The Tartar passed many outward and homeward bound vessels and spoke two. Capt. Dunlop is confident that the Pacific cannot be South of the latitude of 55° or else she must have been fallen in with. March 29, the Tartar spoke the American ship Jacob Badger, from Calcutta for London, leaking badly. He pumped her out and lent a Midshipman and eight men to navigate her into port. The Tartar has again put to sea to continue the search. The steamers Ericsson and Persia reported nothing of the Pacific.

Desperate Affray with Poachers.—At an early hour on Saturday morning a sanguinary encounter took place on the Estates of the Earl of Ellesmere, near Manchester, between his lordship's gamekeepers and some poachers. Five keepers were in ambush in a preserve, when eight poachers stumbled upon their place of concealment, and a conflict of a most desperate character at once ensued. The keepers were armed with swords, and the poachers with heavy sticks. Four of the poachers were made prisoners, and four escaped. The prisoners were brought for an examination before a magistrate of the county. Three of the prisoners had received wounds on the left temple. They had, besides, cuts and bruises about the crowns and back parts of their heads. Three of the keepers appeared to have suffered severely from blows about the face and head, and blood had flowed freely from their wounds, but the injuries they had received were necessarily of a more superficial character than those of the prisoners. They were committed for trial.

A Court of inquiry into the conduct of Lords Lucan and Cardigan in the Crimean campaign, is at present sitting in the Chelsea Hospital, an asylum for old soldiers, pleasantly placed on the Thames, some seven or eight miles from London. These two Earls are brothers-in-law, the Earl of Lucan having, when as Lord Bingham he commanded the 17th Lancers, married the sister of Lord Cardigan. Though so nearly related, they bear each other a mortal aversion and have not spoken for years. They were both detested in their regiments, being tyrannical, arrogant, and even mean. The case at present is going strongly against them.

Mr. Charlier, a clerk in the Board of Ordnance, Portsmouth, absconded with £1,330 given him to pay weekly wages to clerks and workmen at the Gun Wharf. A pursuit immediately took place, and the prisoner was captured by Superintendent Laggatt, in London, dressed as a widow in "weeds," accompanied by a woman named Jones. £1,100 was found upon the prisoner. He is lodged in Portsmouth goal. He was a married man, and had two children. It appears that Mrs. Charlier had an income in her own right of £130 per annum.

Wool and Woolen Goods.—The total quantity of sheeps' wool imported and retained for home consumption, in 1855, amounted to 69,846,970lbs., of which 24,687,223lbs., came from foreign States, and 74,613, 223lbs., from British possessions. The quantity of goats' hair or wool imported and retained was 2,723,745lbs. The declared value of British woolen manufactures exported in 1855 amounted to £7,712,481, and that of woolen yarn to £2,026,095, making a total of £9,738,576.

Board of Trade Returns.—The Board of Trade returns for February were published on Wednesday. The value of British produce exported in February was as follows during the last three years:—1854, £7,502,912, 1855, £5,032,460; 1856, £7,725,947. The first two months of the three years the returns were as under:—In the year 1854, £14,195,455; in the year 1855, £11,497,212; in the year 1856, £15, 700, 543.

A return has been laid before Parliament, on the motion of Mr. Pallatt, of all persons confined for debt or contempt of court in the prisons of England and Wales. The melancholy list occupies a space of no less than 40 pages, and suggests, in the course of its perusal, many painful reflections. Thus, a man aged 70, has been incarcerated in Chester County Jail nearly five years for the paltry debt of £41 4s. 6d. and £17 14s. 8d. costs; and two others, aged 77 and 75, are immured in the same Jail for debts of £27 and £80.

Some serious affrays have taken place at the Camp near Colchester, between the militia and the line; the most prominent in the affair are the Connaught Rangers; true to their old character, they must have a share in any fighting that's going, and as they cannot call on the Russians now to *faugh-a-ballagh*, they make up for it by pitching into the men from Essex, who have come off but second best in the rencontre.—*Waterford Mail.*

The *Glasgow Herald* announces the death of John Murdoch, the Glasgow hangman. For a period of twenty years he was seen the presiding genius at every scaffold which was erected throughout Scotland, and not a few in the North of England. Murdoch was a baker by trade.

An omnibus company is about starting at Liverpool, similar to those of London and Paris, to consist of a thousand shares of £10 each.

Mr. Bright, M. P., who has been ill, and obliged for a time to suspend attendance on his Parliamentary duties, is rapidly recovering.

Another naval engagement has taken place in the House of Commons, between Sir James Graham and Sir Charles Napier, which has ended in blowing up the Admiral's Acre reputation along with that of the Baltic.

Robert Coombes, the celebrated rower who won the Champion Belt of the Thames, is dead. He trained for many years the Cambridge University crew, in the great eight-oar annual race against Oxford.

Orders have been issued to discharge all men who have completed their 21 years' service in the Infantry, and 24 years' in the Cavalry.

The *Daily News* says that one of the vacant Garters will be conferred on Lord Palmerston, and that the Earl of Clarendon will be raised to the rank of Marquis.

A new college is to be erected at Landaff, for female orphans of the clergy, at a cost of £30,000.

It is reported that her Majesty will proceed to Portsmouth on the 16th, to review the fleet, and that the Plenipotentiaries now at Paris will be present. There were 111 sail of the fleet to be reviewed already.

Reception of the Peace News at St. Petersburgh.

A letter from St. Petersburg, under date the 31st of March, says as follows:—"A telegraphic dispatch from Paris, received at 11 o'clock last night at the Imperial Chancellerie, brought us the pleasing tidings of the conclusion of peace. The *Journal de St. Petersburg* published about midnight an extraordinary supplement to this effect: 'A telegraphic dispatch from the Aid-de-Camp General Count Orloff has announced to the Emperor that a treaty of peace was signed at Paris, the 18th (30th) March, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon.'" The clubs, the *cafés*, the public thoroughfares, were during the whole of the day encumbered by an immense crowd, all anxious to learn particulars. The sensation is immense and profound. All the journals of this morning has published the news in large letters at the head of their columns. At mid-day I assisted at one of the finest military spectacles that could be given to the public. A grand review took place of the whole of the reserve corps and the Guard, the crews of the fleet, and the active divisions of St. Petersburg, to which were added the cadets and the militia. The Emperor arrived on the ground, accompanied by the Grand Dukes, his brothers, and rode slowly along the line of the troops, who amounted to at least 75,000 men. The guns of the fortress and the bells of the churches hailed the official announcement of the treaty of peace. His Majesty and the Grand Dukes were received with real enthusiasm, and when the *cortege* returned to the Palace the soldiers had much difficulty in keeping back the crowds that gave expression to their joy and gratitude by the loudest cries. This evening there is a reception at the Winter Palace, and to-morrow a *Te Deum* will be executed in the chapel. You will see then that peace has been hailed by the people of St. Petersburg with great demonstrations of joy."

News from Australia.

Advices from Melbourne to the 12th of January had been received in England, but the news is unimportant, being only five days later. In regard to the political news the *Argus* in its summary says:—"Although but a very short time has elapsed since the date of our last summary, the political confusion which subsisted then has been worse confounded by the death of our late governor, Sir Charles Hotham: 'We as yet possess but little experience of Sir William Molesworth's appointments, but judging him by his antecedents, we would rather leave the choice of our new Governor to him than to any Colonial Minister who has held office within the scope of our memory. The Council met yesterday, and an explanation was expected. Mr. Haines, however, having moved the appointment of a select committee to prepare an address of condolence to Lady Hotham, moved further, that no other business should be proceeded with till this melancholy duty had been done, and the House adjourned almost immediately, without a word of explanation being given. We believe the most prevalent opinion to be, that Mr. Haines's Ministry will retain office, but this opinion we do not share. At the moment we write we hear that a requisition to the Mayor of Melbourne, to call a meeting to consider the propriety of addressing Her Majesty, praying her to extend to the colonists the privilege of choosing their Governor, has been signed by many influential citizens.'"

From the Cape of Good Hope.

By the arrival of the whaling bark Ellen, at Edgartown, we have a file of the Cape Town *Advertiser* from February 2 to 16, inclusive, seven numbers. The state of feeling in Caffer-land has caused some uneasiness on the eastern frontier, and it is stated, apparently on good authority, that a considerable number of Caffers who were engaged in the service of the colonists in Albany, Somerset, and Graaff-Reinet, have left their employers and returned to their tribes, without assigning any reasonable cause.—*Boston Post.*

Correspondence.

Letter From Waterford.

WATERFORD, April 3, 1856.

I fear I can send you very little from Waterford that may interest your American friends, there is so little here in which we seem to take any great interest ourselves. We are, you know, a plain modest people, your native city is such a quiet, homely place, the sayings and doings are really such matter of fact sayings and doings, and all the little ways of place are truly such very little ways, that it is scarcely worth one's while to raise them to that conspicuous position which they necessarily must occupy by getting inserted in your journal.

You have well said that Waterford never changes. The man who came up our river to-day would observe the same objects he should have done had he visited us twenty years ago; and, fifty chances to one, but it will wear the same old happy face twenty years hence. Yet, after all, Waterford has changed, or rather has added some new and important features to the old picture; and it is only the superficial observer who can come amongst us and not perceive these new features.

Probably I cannot better preface the series of letters which I intend sending to the "Irish News" than by giving a hurried outline of what has been done in our good city since 1848, or rather, by drawing a slight sketch of our position to-day, and leaving our exiled friends to compare it with what they knew of us previous to the date of their expatriation.

Come then, old friend, let us ascend "Mount Misery"—"Mount Misery!" Was ever so great a misnomer? That beautiful spot, from which the eye collects into one vast picture such everlasting scenes of loveliness and peace. Far away to the west winds the beautiful Suir, circling like a band of silver the "Golden Vale of Munster," and looking down on which, in the blue distance, the gray giant of the Comeraghs is seen, with the clouds of heaven for his crown and the turretted summit of Clonegam for his footstool. "Mount Misery!" Town and tower, dark groves and distant spires, rich meadows and ripe corn-fields surround thee on every side. Seated on thy bald brow, of a summer evening, with the red sun setting like a globe of gold over Slievenamon, and the quiet moon rising, like a vestal with her silver lamp, over Cromwell's Fort, the music of the vesper-thrush echoing through the groves of Belmont or Newpark, and the mild cuekoo speaking her summer-note from the distant woods of Kilaspy,—miserable must the man be, indeed, who, gazing on those charming scenes, listening to that soft music, and feeling the calm gray mantle of evening stealing its quiet robe round the mild form of nature, would not kneel on that rugged peak, as if on Mount Tabor, and drinking the joy and peace by which he is surrounded, feel the chain of sorrow drop from his heart, the cloud of care fly from his brow, and forgetting earth, imagine the scenes by which he is surrounded to be visions of celestial bliss, and the glory and grandeur of a heavenly world.

From the summit of Mount Misery I can show you many of the innovations of that modern vandal "Progress." Just below us, and facing Bilberry rock, is the terminus of the Limerick and the Kilkenny Railways, looking, for all the world, like a huge double-barrelled gun, or two tubular steam boilers placed side by side. This building is composed of two of the halls of the great Dublin Exhibition, and forms a very grotesque specimen of modern architecture, a science, by-the-bye, most deplorably degenerate. Far away by the river side, and sweeping around and over the "Pill," by great wooden viaducts, is the railway itself, branching off immediately behind the beautiful demesne of Mullabro' to its respective termini at Kilkenny and Limerick. At the other side of our view is the dock-yard of our excellent fellow citizen, Albert White. You know White's dock-yard, where rakish little schooners and clipper brigs were cradled into existence. A huge leviathan is now assuming its ponderous form, and in a few weeks more the gentle Suir will clasp in her embraces the largest vessel ever built in Ireland—two thousand five hundred tons burthen. A little further down, immediately under "Grubb's Mill," is another dock-yard. This is a new concern, and has sent away to-day a splendid vessel to the Mediterranean. She is her first-born. But where is Grubb's Mill, so feelingly alluded to in your "Recollections?" It was a handsome building, looking out on the river with its hundred windows, its white face reflecting back the summer moonbeams, and the hum of its ponderous machinery making the pleasant music of honest industry resound on every side. A terrible fire devoured it on the night of the first of March; it is now a mass of rubbish! On the city side of the river, directly opposite Cromwell's Rock, is the Iron ship building yard of the Messrs. Malsomson, and here a great mountain of iron attracts our attention. The limbs and ligatures of an immense iron steamer is on the stocks, and the rattle, rattle, rattle, crack and crash of the riveters assure us that she is fast assuming bone and form. This vessel is, I understand, one of the line which our spirited fellow citizen intends to run between London and New-York. The first vessel has, I believe, already started.

Not far from the Iron works is the new Court-house, a mass of granite of tolerable construction, but without much pretension to architectural beauty. It is surmounted by a very grim stone Lion and Unicorn, and is situated in a field where an apple orchard existed a few years ago, in Catherine street. Opposite the Court-house, on a slope of the high fields facing the Fever Hospital, is the far-famed model school, erected by the Commissioners of National Education. This is a handsome edifice of blue limestone, with the quoins and parapets of white granite. It is built in what is termed the Elizabethan style—a collection of gables with a monster vinegar bottle on the top of them. The grounds are elegantly arranged. The ascent is cut into terraces, and the slopes planted with valuable pines and rare shrubs. On the whole, this is a very great improvement and forms a very beautiful feature in the outskirts of the city. A most singular and violent controversy arose here when the question of this school was first started. It originated with the committee of the Mechanics' Institute. The clergy of both denominations were nearly unanimous in opposing it. Some few laymen took the other side, amongst whom our present Mayor took a leading position. He was well backed up by others, among the rest, an old friend of yours. Each party had a newspaper, and such a conflict—fierce and fearless—I never witnessed, as was kept up for nearly six months. The result was, the school has been built; ten or twelve thousand pounds have been expended in Waterford, and an institution calculated to do a great amount of practical good is established in our city.

A slight curve will now bring us to the Tramore Railway, that long gridiron that supersedes poor "Larry Dooly and his Irish jaunting-car." The terminus is situated to the rear of the dwelling of your venerable friend, "Old Bell," who, I am glad to say, is still alive. This Railway is a very pleasant thing, although managed by a set of very impudent officials, and in summer time, it bears many a goodly freight of lovely forms and bright eyes to the Doneraile walks and the far-famed strand of *Traigh-mor*. Tramore, too, is rapidly advancing; each year adds a series of nice nestling cottages. Several very fine houses have been built there lately, and yet very insufficient accomodation can be afforded to the multitudes who visit there in summer time.

You know the Savings Bank, in King street, the handsomest little structure in our city. In the very fine room over the offices of the Bank is our pet institution—our School of Design. We take great and just pride in this School. The idea of establishing it originated altogether with our present Mayor, to carry out which he was ably assisted by the Protestant Dean Hoare, the worthy successor of your ancient friend, Dean Lee. The English government gave a small grant, which they withdrew after the first year. The trustees of the Bank gave the rooms, the citizens subscribed, and that excellent body of men and women, the Society of Friends, patronized it most munificently, and the result is its thorough success. The pupils have already signalized themselves by taking some of the best prizes at the parent institution, Somerset House, London; and some of the drawings have been so highly prized as to be purchased by the Society of Arts; but I regret exceedingly that our artisans do not avail themselves of it much more than they do. The fees are nothing, and the very young mechanics who have attended there proved themselves very quickly to be possessed of capabilities second to no order of the community. I regret, also, that the Catholic clergy show no sympathy with this school. Why, I cannot say, unless it be on the same principle which compelled the students at Stonyhurst to shut their eyes when passing the statue of the Venus de Medicis.

As I wish always to look only on the bright side of the picture, I must now bid you farewell, lest by conducting you farther, that necessity which is the mother of invention, shou'd force me into those shafts and passages which lead to the darker strata of life. I love to visit my friends in sunny nooks, where flowers bloom and waters play. The exile's lot is hard enough to bear without my picturing the sores and sorrows of his cradle home. Let us keep above ground then. The firmament is over us, and though showers may fall, the sun shines through them, and rainbows shed their hopeful light around our path. The bloom of youth has passed and we have done little; manhood may wane, and gray hairs may come, and the doom of Ireland be still the same. Let us hope solemn duties are ours; let us perform them. A wise intelligence directs all; and even should our last hours find our life unprofitable, yet even then, though shorn of all the world's goods, though poverty tore our robes and hunger gnawed our vitals, and though a pallet of straw were our last sad couch, we have still a legacy to leave—rich in its hopes, sacred in its duties, glorious in its consummation—Love for Ireland!

THE METAL MAN.

Irish News.

RIOT AT THE TEMPLEMORE RACES—COLLISION BETWEEN THE MILITARY AND THE PEOPLE.

The races of this town came off on the 8th ult., on a farm of John Lanegan, Esq., J. P., at Aughall, about a mile from the town. All agricultural operations were suspended; and the day being very fine, there was a large assembly of the people. Nearly all the soldiers in garrison not on duty were allowed a holiday and permitted to go the races. The battalion at Templemore is comprised of the depots of four regiments, and our garrison contains on an average 1,300 men. The race-course consisted of three very large fields. In the centre field, and parallel with the ditch, on the top of which was a row of trees, ran a long line of tents, and one side of the race-course was bounded by the Great Southern and Western Railway and the river Suir. The sports went off admirably but I regret to say that a formidable riot between the soldiers and the people took place towards the close of the day. There were several versions of the origin of the riot, but all agree that the military were the agressors. For some time the fighting was confined to a few persons, but a large crowd gradually collected, and as the soldiers arrived on the spot, many of them joined the combatants; and taking off their belts began to strlke the people indiscriminately. For a few minutes the military and the people looked sullenly on each other, and the soldiers distributed themselves in knots of 10 and 20; the people on the other side arranged themselves in like manner. It is stated, at this particular time, a man called the attention of some of the officers to the scene, and the answer he met was, "Let them fight away, we would like to see a Tipperary row." Whether this statement be true or not, I cannot say, but suddenly a body of twenty soldiers rushed upon a knot of men, knocked down several and trampled on them. Before they could retreat, a body of peasantry bounded forward, got between them and the main body of the military, and beat them with sticks, knocking down nearly all.

The field on which the fighting was going on was a new grass field, off which the stones were not picked, and a recourse was now had to stones, which began to fly in all directions. A terrific cry of "murder, murder," was raised by the non-combatants and the excitement became intense. A picquet, having their bayonets, and who were on the field all day, to preserve order, rushed up, and the police, under the command of Sub-Inspector Nolan, came to the ground; the combatants separated, the people scattering away through fear of being identified by the police, and some of the officers coming up seized several of the soldiers and gave them up to the picquet. The soldiers now clustered around the picquet and were formed into a line of two deep for the purpose, it was thought, of being marched home. Mr. Lanigan called on the people to go home, and it is said also called on the officers to march home the soldiers. While the soldiers were forming in and waiting for stragglers, a young man, a civilian, walked up to the military to make a complaint against some of the soldiers, thinking that he could now do so in safety. Five or six of the soldiers broke from the line and beat him severely, knocking him down. A savage yell proceeded from the military, and they all burst from their position. The people, seeing the young man knocked down, and the soldiers bursting from their ranks, let fly a shower of stones at the military, which took dreadful effect. Mr. Lanigan, who all through was exerting himself to the utmost to preserve peace, rode into the people and desired them to cease, when the people ran away and the soldiers ran after them, beating all they could reach. The people kept running away, and instead of taking the Templemore road rushed to the left, up the railway bridge. The military instead of going home rushed up the railway bridge after the people, who, still determined not to fight, if possible, rushed on over the bridge. The people were so crushed together that they could not possibly be out of the way; and as the soldiers came up they were met by the crowd, who very naturally turned to defend themselves. The people seemed bent on acting only on the defensive, and left the soldiers in possession of the railway and Suir bridges. The military, not satisfied, followed them beyond the bridge, shouting that they conquered Tipperary. The people at length could forbear no longer; they became greatly enraged and excited. "Tipperary, Tipperary" was the general cry, "spare no man—not even the officers!" and the people rushed on the military.

The fighting here was terrific, but the military had to give way, though slowly; yet the people beat them over the two bridges, and when they came upon the level, the police, who were standing on one side but could do nothing, rushed between the combatants, and presented a line of fixed bayonets at the crowd. Mr. Lanigan was also on the spot. The people, on seeing the police face them with fixed bayonets, imagined they were going to attack them, and the cry was raised to defend themselves from the police. Mr. Lanigan roared at the top of his voice to the people to desist—that the police dare not touch any one of them against his orders. This calmed them. Mr. Lanigan then addressed the excited crowd, over whom he had great influence, and the people remained back more through his influence than through fear of the bayonets of the police. The soldiers returned home, and at a cross road about three quarters of a mile from the town a large body of the peasantry assembled, and as the soldiers came up they fell upon them, beat and trampled upon them. The police could render no assistance, as they were detained at the bridge keeping back the crowd on that side. Two of the officers were dangerously wounded—one of them while passing the cross road received a blow from a stone on the side of the head which knocked him down, and he lay prostrate for ten minutes until he was mercifully taken up by two civilians. Mr. Kenneally, of the Tipperary *Leader*, had a narrow escape—he rushed forward to save a soldier, who might have been murdered but for him, and succeeded. The fellows, not recognising him, took him for an officer and rushed at him. Mr. Kenneally cried out, "I am no officer—I am the editor of the Tipperary *Leader*." This satisfied them, and Mr. Kenneally passed on. The military hospital here is crowded with the beaten men. Several of the people are in custody, and will be brought up before the magistrates at Petty Sessions on Wednesday. The town is since quiet, the soldiers for the most part are confined to barracks, and it is admitted by all parties that the soldiers commenced the riot. One officer had his arm broken, another is in danger of losing his eye, and it is stated that the lives of three men in barracks are in danger.—*Correspondent of the Dublin Freeman.*

SHAM SORCERY IN THE COUNTY DOWN.—The Belfast *News-Letter* says: A few days ago, a woman called at the house of a poor old man, upwards of seventy years of age, whose name is Richard Austin, and who ekes out a living by the sale of herrings through the district of Moneyrea in the county Down. She solicited a night's lodging, which was granted, and next morning she told Austin and his sister, who lived with him, that there was a crock full of gold hidden beneath the floor of their dwelling, and that if she had thirty-two shillings in silver, with some mould out of a grave, she could raise the crock, and make them and theirs rich for the rest of their lives. The old fool, believing her story, went to a neighboring publican and borrowed from him £1, which with 5 shillings and 6 pence of his own money, he gave to the spae-woman. She demanded 6s and 6d more, which he also obtained for her. He then told her she could get the earth from the Presbyterian graveyard at Moneyrea, but she replied that the clay from a Presbyterian churchyard would not work the charm, and insisted on obtaining it from another at Ballylesson, The old fool accompanied her thither, where she collected some of the mould from a grave. He then gave her the money, which she pretended to tie up in a white cloth, with a long lock of hair, given to her for the purpose by Austin's sister. She tied the clay up in another cloth, and charged him to preserve both packages, without opening them, until they returned to his house. The dupe, being nearly blind, was conducted by the old witch to Belfast, he wondering all the while at the length of his journey, and she then made off with his money in her possession.

THE LATE JUDGE TORRENS.—Judge Torrens was called to the bar in Michaelmas Term, 1798, and raised to the bench in 1823. Thus he had been for fifty-eight years a member of the bar, and thirty-three a judge. He never filled any of the higher offices of the law, having attained only the rank of sergeant; but, by the influence of his brother, Sir Henry Torrens, who occupied a distinguished position in the army, and was deep in the confidence of George IV., when Prince Regent, he secured the elevation of his brother to the bench. Judge Torrens had far inferior claims to many who had been passed over; but in those days, as indeed in succeeding times, party and interest determined judicial promotions, instead of experience, ability, and judicial fitness. His lordship, however, was a judge of average merit, and made up on the bench for the deficiencies arising from professional inexperience while at the bar. His intellect was clear, though not very comprehensive. He took common sense views of questions, and rarely ventured beyond his depth. In the administration of criminal justice, he was somewhat se-

vere, particularly during his first years on the bench, when the disturbed state of the country, with overflowing assizes and constant commissions, afforded scope for a rigor not always within the law. In his later years, however, the tendency was corrected, and he tried most cases involving life with a tenderness which Mr. Justice Perrin might admire.—*Dublin Freeman.*

The *Waterford News* says, that landlordism in Ireland has, perhaps, exhibited few cases so sweeping as the gigantic proceedings which a Mr. Pollock has undertaken in the county Galway. This gentleman some time since purchased a large portion known as the Cregg estate, in the Encumbered Estates Court, and he at once proceeded to exercise his right over the land, and served several hundreds of notices to quit upon the tenantry. These notices were followed up by ejectments, which came on for trial at the ensuing assizes—the summer of 1854, we believe. The tenants, determined to cling, with that tenacity peculiar to their nature, to their homes and the homes of their forefathers, resisted the ejectments, and the result was that Mr. Pollock was then defeated by a legal flaw, an informality in serving the ejectments having been proved. Notwithstanding the hopes entertained to the contrary, Mr. Pollock determined to continue the work he had commenced, and in due course, the *Freeman* states, five hundred notices, involving the fate of 2,700 individuals, were served a second time, and came on for trial at the present Galway assizes, when the tenants again successfully resisted the sweeping measure—another informality having been discovered, the case failed, and the despondency of 2,700 people whose fate depended upon the issne, was changed into exultation.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says, that vast improvements have been made and are in progress in that city, viz: that the new docks; the new patent slip; the national schools; the agricultural school at Mungret; the extensive Munster fair-greer, equal to that of Ballinasloe; the capacious additional barrack accommodation for cavalry and infantry; markets; the Protestant Hall; Athenæum; St. John's Chapel; Leamy's music and scientific hall; Monument to O'Connell; Mechanics' Institute; eight fountains for the use of the public; Roche's garden added to the institution; a steamship company from Liverpool to London; a magnificent promenade round King's Island; a monument to Lord Fitzgibbon; the projected railways to Foynes, in the county Limerick, and Ennis, in the county Clare; and we hope to add before the year expires, the opening of a Park for the enjoyment of the citizens, and demolition of the old houses on Merchant's-quay, which will give the public a fine view of the venerable Cathedral.

The Galway papers complain that notwithstanding the "disgraceful and ungrateful" treatment, the result of the machinations of the Know-Nothing party, which Irish emigrants have met of late at the hands of the Americans, emigration from the western province still continues, not in such numbers as heretofore, but still to an extent that may eventually militate very much against the agricultural interests of Ireland. Speaking of the emigration from Ireland, a Galway paper says:—"A stop had been put, as we conceived, to this fearful drain of the most useful of our countrymen; but within the last few weeks the drain has commenced again, and every day almost witnesses crowds of decently-dressed and comfortable-looking emigrants proceeding to what was once regarded, and truly was, the land of freedom and of kindness, to Irishmen in particular. Crowds of these self-banishing, or 'law-exiled' wanderers proceed by train to Liverpool, and the Clarence is about to sail from this port with a full complement for the shores—the once hospitable, but, we fear, now inhospitable shores of America."

The Mayo *Constitution* says:—"The weather for the past six weeks has been most advantageously employed by the farmers in preparing for and sowing the grain crops. A large proportion of the oats tillage has taken place, and a vast area of land has been sown with potatoes. We think that this crop will be more extensively planted this year than in any since 1844. The recent harsh winds has checked early sowings, but, although accompanied by frost, no perceptible injury has been inflicted. Grass lands are backward, and cattle are much dependent upon artificial feeding."

Murder of Mrs. Sarah Kelly.—On the evening ot the 8th ultimo, Mrs. Sarah Kelly, lately distinguished as the successful suitor in the cause of Kelly *vs.* Thewles (in which a very large amount of property was litigated), was murdered whilst walking on her grounds, near Moate, in company with her nephew; two men with blackened faces approached, and, desiring the nephew to stand aside, they discharged pistols and shot the unfortunate lady through the head. Her death was instantaneous.

Another report states that the men were dressed in women's clothes, and that some persons holding a respectable position in society have been arrested on suspicion.

There are strong grounds for believing this translation is connected not with agrarian but money matters. All reports of the affair, even the earliest, go to say that the murder is not to be charged on the peasantry, but on persons of a higher rank, influenced by viler motives. Yet, the *Evening Packet* hysterically shrieks to the Castle, and declaims about agrarian outrage, and the spread of Ribbonism! Thus is every opportunity seized on in our own country to blacken and misrepresent the character of our people. With cause or without it, rightly or wrongfully—no matter—the howl must be kept up.

A forged deed for £2,000 (on which the money had been paid) has been discovered in Cork, and the forger, who is not yet arrested, is a man who held a high position in society. Although the deed came over here from London, the forgery was committed in Dublin, and it bears an Irish stamp. However, those frauds had no connection with the late John Sadleir.—*Cork Examiner.*

The Belfast spirit-dealers have been all again on the alert to have the foreway of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—one house alone having, during the last two days, paid £10,000 on whiskey, in anticipation of an equalization of the duty between this country and England.—*Belfast paper.*

At a meeting of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, Mr. T. Chapman was elected a director, in the room of Mr. J. P. Muspratt, deceased. It was stated that the progress of business is satisfactory, and that two new branches have been opened—one at Templemore, the other at Nenagh.

The Redemptorists Fathers in Limerick are about to commence the erection of their new convent and church on Mount St. Alphonsus, the site of their present temporary chapel. The convent will cost £5,000.

A serious conflict took place at Templemore races between the military and the peasantry. The origin of the riot was the rescue from arrest of a female pickpocket. Two soldiers are stated to have died this morning. The bridewell is full of prisoners.

Solicitor-General for Ireland.—Mr. John Christian, Q. C., is appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland, in the room of Mr. John D. Fitzgerald, now Irish Attorney-General.

Mountsandel Woods, Coleraine, have been made another Glen-Tilt or Cave-Hill case, the inhabitants being now precluded from passing through the walk there, which they had frequented, till lately, as long as any of them remembers.

There was a larger market in Roscrea, this week, ending 5th inst., of oats and potatoes than has been for the last five years; oats from 9d. to 13d., and potatoes from 3 1-2d. to 5d. per stone.

The *Dublin Freeman* last to hand informs us, that John Ennis, Esq., D. L., Governor of the Bank of Ireland, is about to offer himself as a candidate for the borough of Athlone on liberal and independent principles.

Dublin District.—A battery is to be erected on East Pier Head for the better protection of Kingstown Harbor, Dublin Bay, and mouth of the river Liffey.

The Lord Lieutenant has decided upon the establishment of libraries for the benefit of the constabulary force in Ireland.

Additional English News.

Meeting of "Swell Mobsmen."—A meeting was held on Monday evening last at the White Lion Tavern, Fashion street, Brick lane, Spitalfields, where there was an attendance of about 100 persons, principally belonging to the class known as "Swell Mobsmen." The meeting was convened for the purpose of taking the opinion of such characters with respect to the working of an institution which is intended to lend a helping hand to those offenders who may be disposed to "square accounts" with society and to lead an honest life. The room in which the meeting was held was well-lighted and comfortable. A free and easy manner prevailed, but everything was carried on decently, and the cries of "order" and "chair" being immediately followed by attentive silence. A stranger would have had no suspicion that the men there assembled were at war with society. They one and all appeared well fed, well clad, and at ease with themselves. In the course of the evening several showily-dressed youths, who were evidently the "aristocracy" of the class, walked into the room. These were mostly habited as clerks or young men in offices, some wearing gold guard-chains, others with pistol keys dangling from their waistcoat pockets, and having diamond pins in their cravats. They were, however, all "mobsmen," as they are called—men who, in some instances, we are assured, are gaining their £10, or even £20 a week, by light-fingered operations. Indeed several present were pointed out as "tip-top sawyers," "moving in the best society, and doing a heavy business." Besides these there were a few notorious "cracksmen," (housebreakers), and one or two "fences," (receivers of stolen goods), who were said to be worth their weight in gold. On the entry of one who was unknown to the rest, a cry was raised of "Only 'kenobes' there!" "No square men in the room!" which being interpreted meant only "nobs," or first-class thieves—none who are following an honest course of life are to be present; whereupon it was represented to the stranger that the meeting was a private one. At the conclusion a good-looking boy was introduced, who was in the habit of gaining a few pence by reciting scenes from Shakespere in public-house parlors. The men said it was a pity something could not be done for the poor lad, as they believed him to be honest and clever, and they feared, if not rescued from his present courses, he would sooner or later become one of them.

The Prisons in England.—The 17th and 18th reports of the inspectors of prisons for the home district has just been published. The first refers to the year 1851, and shows that the prisoners for trial amounted to 27,914, showing an increase of 5·4 per cent. over 1850; that the summary convictions were 83,052, against 80,608 in 1850; that the number of juvenile offenders for trial was 2,323, against 2,450 in 1850; and the number of those summarily convicted 9.969, against 8,826 in 1850. The recommittals in 1851 showed a decrease of 1·6 per cent. The number of deaths amounted to 161, and the cases of lunacy to 101. The expenditure for maintaining prisoners in 1851 was £428,836, against £408,320 in 1850. The 18th report for 1852 exhibits a considerable decrease in nearly every class of criminals; but the state of educational knowledge does not show any feature of a new or striking character. The general centesimal proportions have already been given in former returns.

The proprietors of the *Northern Daily Express* have threatened an action for damages against the Electric Telegraph Company, on account of one of the clerks having overslept himself, and failed to give to the messenger of the paper the news of the signing of the treaty of peace.

The Central Association in aid of the Widows and families of soldiers have received £121,704, and disbursed upwards of £90,000; 6,562 wives of soldiers, 8,984 children, and 232 widows whose sons have served in the East, have been aided.

According to an official return just issued, 145,048 judgments have been registered in the county courts during the last four years. The number of petitions for protection from process, registered in part of 1854, and the whole of 1855, was 2,060.

There are 48 banks in the provinces which have ceased to issue their own notes since the Act 7th and 8th of Victoria, chap. 32, and the aggregate amount of their circulation was £735,409.

From a return to Parliament it appears that last year there were 3,840,691 gallons of British spirits exported; whilst in the previous year there were only 680,564 gallons.

Additional European News.

The king of the Netherlands has just authorized the establishment of a gigantic banking institution, with a cash capital of 40,000,000 francs, to be called the *Banque Internationale.* It will issue eighty millions of paper money, or double the amount of its capital, with the privilege of increasing the amount to one hundred millions. By a new and ingenious contrivance these bills may be issued at the same time, and, as necessity may require, in francs, Prussian thalers, double florins and Low Country florins, so that the circulation of the bank's bills, in the countries where these different kinds of money are in use, would be greatly facilitated. The bank will establish agencies in France, Germany, Belgium, and the Low Countries.

The Hamburg correspondent of the *Independence Belge,* writing under date of March 20, states that numbers of English merchants are daily passing through that city, on their way to Russia, to establish trading posts, and that an Anglo-Russian-Stock Company, with a large capital, is about to solicit from the imperial government the privilege of developing, on a vast scale, the mineral and other resources of the Russian empire.

The soldier who placed the French flag on the tower of the Malakoff is a native of Averna, near Naples. He has been raised to the rank of captain, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor and the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus, and has received his captaincy.

Lord John Russell's mission to Vienna cost the country £2,382 16s. 4d., and the country has to pay £479 13s. 4d. for decorating Louis Napoleon with the "garter" at Windsor.

Letters from Switzerland state that the weather is extraordinarily fine. The mountains are entirely free from snow, and the passage of the Alps, which, last year, were difficult, even as late as July, are already practicable.

A letter in the *Constitutionnel* says that on the 30th of March there was a rumor in St. Petersburg of a third State loan for a sum of 50,000,000 of roubles.

A letter from Berlin, of the 4th, in the *Bourse Gazette,* says: "We learn from a good source that negotiations are already commeaced in Vienna and Berlin for the suppression, or a considerable modification, of the prohibitive system of Russia."

The Spanish Government has conferred the Order of the Golden Fleece on the Imperial Prince of France.

It is believed in Paris that a month will be taken up by the plenipotentiaries in the settlement of different minor points.

The editor of *Le Nord,* M. Cappelmans, has petitioned the French Government for leave to have his journal circulated in France. There is a chance of this request being granted, as the paper has sensibly modified its politics since the signature of peace.

It is said that all the *cafes chantants* in Paris have received orders to suppress the anti-Russian songs that they have lately been in the habit of giving.

The Empress Eugenie is entertained every day in her chamber by a concert of the choicest description.

During the month of March, 145 vessels were wrecked. In the month of January, the number was 265, and in February, 174; making a total, in the past three months, of 584.

An article in the *Abeille du Nord,* preaching up the emancipation of Russian civilization from foreign influence, and violently attacking England, has produced a great sensation in the Russian capital.

The *Univers* asserts that the question of the Holy Places, the first apparent cause of the war, has not been touched by the Conferences, but will be amicably settled between France and Turkey.

There are said to be 122,000 French soldiers in the Crimea, and upwards of 20,000 at Constantinople.

The regular steampacket communication between Stettin and Sweden will re-open on the 17th inst.

The subscriptions to the Nightingale fund are now about £25,000.

The Patriotic Fund subscriptions now amount to upwards of £1,400,000.

American Citizenship Abroad.

The following extracts from a letter addressed by Wm. Fay, United States Minister to Switzerland to Mr. Anthony Pfund, will explain themselves:

United States Legation, Berne, Dec. 11, 1855.

Sir: I hasten to inform you that, immediately on learning your expulsion from Basle, on the 25th September last, I addressed a note to the Federal Government of Switzerland, communicating your complaint, that you had been expelled without just grounds, although undoubtedly a naturalized American citizen; and requesting that you might be permitted to reside there unless reason could be shown to the contrary.

By a note from the Federal Council, just received, I am informed that, after due examination, permission is granted you to remain, on condition, however, of a close surveillance, and of future expulsion, should you hereafter give just grounds. Upon your direct application to the Government on Basle-Ville, you will receive a *permis de sejour* in that quarter.

I regret the two conditions annexed to the permission; but it is not for me to dictate to a foreign government, to which I am accredited, terms on which it must allow a stranger to reside within its territory. The American Government may make any law it pleases without consulting that of Switzerland. The right of a State to say who shall and who shall not reside within its limits cannot be disputed.

The report of the Government of the Canton of Basle-Ville upon your affair has been officially communicated to me, and by me to the United States Government. It states that you were not expelled rudely, as the public journals have declared; you were simply informed that, according to existing obligations with regard to the political refugees, entered into between Switzerland and neighboring countries, the police of Basle-Ville was not authorized to grant you a *permis de sejour,* and that you must address your application either to the Government of the Canton or to the Federal Council. This you omitted to do, but sought redress through the American Consul at Zurich, declaring that you had nothing to do with any other authority.

The conditions of the permission of residence result from the the fact that you were engaged, although not seriously, in the revolution of Baden. Had you been prominently engaged, it is not probable you could have obtained permission at all. You will render a service to those political refugees in America who in 1848, and at other periods, strove in vain to procure for the nations of Europe the rights enjoyed by the people of the United States, by acquainting them with this circumstance, and what the real question is which has been described in your affair. It is not whether Switzerland is a land of liberty. It is not whether she possesses the right to enter into such obligations, which the surrounding countries, as in her wisdom and independence she may deem proper for the perservation of those free institutions which she has founded, and to which she is giving a successful development. No one can justly contest this right. The real question is whether a political refugee, who would not be permitted to reside in Switzerland, if not an American, can acquire that right by being naturalized as a citizen of the United States. Every American statesman will assure you he cannot.

The Swiss nation is fully in possession of its rights. It has established a poor Democratic Republic at the very gates of the most powerful military Governments in the world. Its territory is about as large as a third of the State of New York. It is governed by statesmen who have shown themselves equally brave and prudent, and who are the best judges of the course required under existing circumstances. Their citizens enjoy as large a liberty as those of the United States. There is universal suffrage and an absolutely free press. But there is a condition to the security of Switzerland. Some may dispute the right, but not one will dispute the power of the adjoining Governments to require from her an assurance that certain political refugees, deemed dangerous, and therefore banished from their limits, shall not be permitted to reside within hers upon this frontier.

A political refugee, considered dangerous by France, Austria, or the German Provinces, who demands from her to be, notwithstanding, received upon her soil and protected there, asks her to accept great inconveniences—asks her in fact to declare war against the five great powers.

American News.

Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

April 22.—The bill to alter and amend the Act establishing the Circuit Court of the United States in California, was passed. Bounty Land.—The House bill amendatory of the Bounty-Land Law of 1855, was passed. The object of the bill is to provide for the admission of parole testimony in all cases where no records of evidence exist, and to allow the time occupied in travelling to and from the place of muster to be included in the period of service.

April 23.—Mr. Mallory communicated the invitation of the Secretary of the Navy for the members of the Senate to visit the steamer Merrimac at Annapolis. The $3,000,000 armament bill being under discussion, Mr. Bell of Tenn., expressed doubts as to whether this large amount could be properly expended within the present year. Mr. Weller showed that the whole sum ought to be appropriated forthwith in order to be used advantageously. Mr. Hale opposed the bill. Mr. Cass said the administration ought not to be held responsible for large appropriations; Congress had sometimes made them in opposition to the recommendations of the Executive. Mr. Hale replied that, if the Democratic party had not controlled Congress pretty generally, particularly the Senator, for a good many years past, they were not to be held responsible. These large expenditures—$70,000,000 or $80,000,000 annually—ought to arrest the attention of the people, for they were made at a time when the people were suffering from hard times from one end of the country to the other. Further discussion of the bill was postponed, and the subject of the Naval Board was taken up. Mr. Crittenden stated that Capt. Stribling had claimed the honor of capturing a piratical vessel in 1812, which exploit was, in reality performed by Lieutenant Watson, and upon a correction of the matter being brought to the notice of Capt. Stribling, the latter acknowledged that he had mistaken the name of the vessel, being engaged in a similar capture during the same summer. Mr. Jones, of Tenn., vindicated the character of Lieut. Bartlett, assailed on a former occasion by Mr. Slidell. Mr. Houston made a reply to speeches of Messrs. Clayton and Bayard, in which he referred to the character of Capt. Du Pont and other naval officers in not very complimentary terms. He severely censured the Navy Board, and illustrated his remarks with humorous anecdotes.

April 24.—On motion of Mr. Benton, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of State for information, relative to the extent to which the transportation of laborers is now being carried on from the continent of Asia or any Asiatic Islands to America, whether such laborers be bound laborers, Coolies, or apprentices; also to show the manner in which they are treated on the passage, and after their arrival, together with any statistics he may possess, showing a sacrifice of human life attending this traffic. The three million armament bill was then taken up. Mr. Hale stated that the expenses of the Government, now in a time of profound peace, is $10,000,000 more than during any year of the Mexican war. While it required but two (2) millions annually to keep Washington's Administration, $60,000,000 are necessary to sustain that of Mr. Pierce. He did not know but he was doing wrong to state these facts, as it might encourage the President to go into another war, thinking it might be more economical. [Laughter.] The bill was laid aside, and, Mr. Houston resumed his remarks condemnatory of the action of the Naval Board.

April 25.—On motion of Mr. Toombs a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of repealing the act of June, 1848, amending the Naturalization Act of 1813. The bill for the relief of Geo. P. Marsh was taken up. Mr. Foot advocated the bill and Mr. Broadhead opposed it. The bill was passed, together with several bills relating to the District of Columbia. Adjourned till Monday.

House of Representatives.

April 22.—Mr. Wheeler presented the memorial of Capt. John Graham and others, for relief in consequence of the injuries resulting from the detention of the steamer *United States*, charged with being fitted out for the Kinney expedition. The Deficiency appropriation bill was considered, and the greater portion of the Senate's amendments thereto rejected. Among the Amendments adopted was the one appropriating $3000 for the purchase of seeds and cuttings to be distributed throughout the country by the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office. The House passed a joint resolution turning over to Wisconsin the remaining part of the $10,000 heretofore appropriated for the improvement of the Harbor of Sheboygan. Messrs. Washburne (Ill.) and Wade, from the Committees to which the subjects were referred, reported about fifty bills for the improvement of various rivers and harbors, also for Post-Office and Custom-House purposes at Perth Amboy, Toledo, Ogdensburgh and Cleveland. The bills were referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. Messrs. Florence and Tyson presented memorials from citizens of Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, praying, in view of the recent calamity on the Delaware, that the provisions of the steamboat law be extended to Ferry boats. Referred to the Committee on Commerce.

April 23.—Mr. Thurston moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the Senate's amendment to the Deficiency bill was adopted. Mr. Haven said that unless this amendment was adhered to, from $20,000 to $100,000 would be annually taken from the treasury for the benefit of the printer. Mr. Cobb, of Ga., defended the votes of the democrats, saying Mr. Haven sought to create an impression on the public mind that the Democrats are in favor of the extra allowance, when he had not an iota of ground to stand upon. Mr. Washburne, of Ill., said the record showed that thirty-eight Republicans, voted for the Senate's amendment, while only twenty-four of that party voted against it. Mr. Giddings remarked that now the European war was over he rejoiced to see the Republican Party taken under the care of gentlemen all around. This was cheering to his heart. Mr. Clingman had no friendship for that party, but in a good cause would rather have the Devil as an ally, than to have no aid at all. (Laughter.) Mr. Giddings: Old friends should never be separated. (Renewed merriment.) At the instance of Humphrey Marshall, Mr. Thurston's motion was reconsidered and tabled by 17 majority. The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up, and Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, in reply to the remarks of Mr. Keitt, continued to speak, at length, in vindication of the position of the Republicans.

April 24.—The House passed the bill creating Columbus, Ky., a port of delivery. Mr. Pelton, from the Committee on Commerce, reported, without amendment, the Senate bill remitting or refunding the duties paid on all goods, wares, or merchandise, in original packages, destroyed by fire. After an ineffectual effort to pass it, the bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. The Indian Appropriation bill was considered, and Mr. Ritchie argued the constitutional right of Congress to legislate concerning the Territories, on the subject of slavery, as well as other matters, and that Congress might reject as well as admit new States into the Union.

April 25.—Yesterday, while the bill to remit or refund the duties on all goods or merchandise in original packages destroyed by fire, was before the House, a question was raised, as the bill provided that the Commissioners to settle these claims should issue certificates which should be cashed by the Secretary of the Treasury—that it must necessarily be committed under the rule requiring that all measures making appropriations shall receive their first consideration in Committee of the Whole. The Speaker decided that, as further legislation would be necessary before money could be paid under the bill, the rule did not apply in this case. This decision was overruled by 11 majority. Mr. Watson moved a reconsideration of that vote. Debate followed. Mr. Phelps condemned the hot haste exhibited to pass the bill. Mr. Pelton explained, that, from the most reliable information, the amount of duties to be refunded would not exceed $300,000, or, at the utmost extent, $500,000. Mr. Phelps thought that, including San Francisco, with all other fires for the sixteen years covered by the bill, the amount would be far greater. The New York fire of 1845 involved $350,000. He contended that the bill directed the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the money—being in effect an appropriation for that purpose. Mr. Pelton said the bill was based on a similar act passed in 1838, and was intended to fill the hiatus from that time to 1855, making a continuous law. It would answer the New York merchants to confine its operation to 1845. Mr. Haven thought the decision of the Speaker yesterday was right. The vote overruling the decision was reconsidered—74 to 71. After further debate involving the principle of appropriations and the propriety of the Speaker's decision, the House adjourned till Monday, 28th.

Church Property Confiscated by the State of Connecticut.—Since the fact has been well settled that the Right Rev. Bishop O'Reilly was on board the Pacific, and that he is probably lost, a question of much interest concerning the property of the Roman Catholic Churches in Connecticut, has arisen. He was the Bishop of the Hartford Diocese, and the Roman Catholic Church property in this city, and probably in thisState, stood in his individual name.

At the last session of the Legislature of this State a law was passed, (see pages 71 and 72 of the new pamphlet acts, 1855,) providing that no devise, lease, grant, or conveyance, to or for any person in any ecclesiastical office, shall vest any estate or interest in his successor; that no property appropriated to purposes of religious worship, or for burial, shall vest in any person or persons, unless they be incorporated in accordance with a law of this State; that any church property heretofore devised or conveyed to any individual shall be deemed to be held in trust for the benefit of the society or congregation using the same, and shall, upon the death of such individual, vest in the religious corporation formed by such society, provided such corporation, organized in accordance with the laws of this State, is in existence at the time of the death of such individual. But in case the property is held by an individual, and there be no such corporate body, then it is enacted:

"Section 4. In the event of such congregation or society shall not be incorporated as aforesaid, then, and in that case, *the title of such real estate shall vest in the State of Connecticut*, in the same manner and with the same effect as if the person holding the title thereto had died intestate, and without heirs capable of inheriting such real estate."

The next section provides that the treasurer shall deed said property to a corporation of such congregation, when it shall be formed in accordance with the laws of Connecticut.

It is now probable that Bishop O'Reilly is dead. He held several churches and other real estate for the use of Roman Catholic congregations; they were not organized into corporate bodies, and this remarkable law confiscates the entire property. —*Hartford Times, April* 21.

A Woman Married to a Woman.—A person was brought up before the Police Court at Syracuse on Tuesday, on charge of wearing male apparel while being a female, of making love to the Syracuse belles, and marrying a woman, &c, There is no doubt of her feminity, though her counterfeit of a man is said to have been perfect. She is English, is supposed to be about forty years of age, went under the name of Alfred Guelph, and received remittances from England, part of which goes to the support of a sister in Syracuse. In reply to the question, "Are you a male or female?" she answered, "Your officers can tell you," or "have told you." She refused to give any more direct answer to the inquiry in relation to her sex, and was committed for further examination.

The *Standard* says that a few weeks since she assumed the garb of a man, and made the acquaintance of a young lady named Miss Lewis. After a brief courtship they were married by Rev. Mr. Gregory, of the Episcopal Church, and the parties have since resided together as husband and wife. The marriage ceremony was performed about three weeks since, and the bride's father suspecting there was something wrong about his new son-in-law, obtained a private interview, and informed her of his suspicions that she was not what she pretended to be. At first she claimed that she was a man, but, on closer questioning, finally admitted that she was a female. A partial examination was made at this time by the father-in-law, and he immediately arrested her and placed her in the watch-house, where she has remained since Saturday evening last.

We have not learned the proper name of this singular woman. She is about forty years of age, with marked features, prominent nose, high cheek bones, black hair, worn long, (for a man) and curling at the end, and apparently brushed and oiled with care. She wears a glazed cap, blue coat, blue shirt, dark vest, snuff-colored pants and gaiter boots, and a shawl over her shoulders; speaks with considerable confidence, but is not very communicative.

It is understood that when this eccentric woman first came to the house of the bride's father she was attired in female apparel, and her clothing was changed to man's attire, with the knowledge of the family. The probability is, that the family supposed her woman's dress was a disguise, and that she was assuming the proper habiliments of her sex.

The lady's father was averse to the match, but the bride still clings to her woman husband, and claims that the arrest is a conspiracy against them. They were allowed to meet in one of the ante-rooms of the police office, and embraced each other with the greatest marks of affection.

The Justice, as we have already remarked, remanded her for further examination, as it is understood that other charges will probably be brought against her.

The Baltimore Patriot says: By private letters from fort Laramie of the 16th of March, we learn that an express had just arrived from Fort Pierre with the news that General Harney had concluded a treaty of peace with all the Sioux except three bands. The Minnecouges will be included as soon as they fulfil their promise to deliver up the murderers of young Gibson. The Ogalallies, by their chief, "the man who is afraid of his horses," were not represented at the council, but the band is very anxious for peace; nor were the Yanctou Sioux, who occupy the extreme northwest, and who must either accept the treaty or be subdued, as General Harney has orderep four companies of the 6th infantry from Fort Pierre into their country.

Townsend, the mail robber, who was shot and severely wounded while attempting to escape from Newcastle jail, a few days since, succeeded in scaling the wall on the night of the 22d, but he ran only three miles, when he fell from exhaustion, and was retaken to prison. His escape was discovered about 1 A. M., and his course easily followed by the blood from his wounds, which re-opened in the efforts he made to scale the wall. The physicians dressed his wounds but a few hours previous to his escape.

When M. Boileau, the French Charge d'Affaires, waited upon Mr. Marcy, to notify him officially of the birth of a son to Louis Napoleon, he was received with the Premier's wonted courtesy, and his communication was listened to with all due official respect, but, after it was all over, it is said that Mr. Marcy could not help adding, in a friendly way, "You may think a great deal of importance attaches to this ceremony, sir, but really we don't."

Birth in a Theatre.—On Thursday evening of last week the National Theatre was crowded to excess, and the press, upon opening the door, was very great. In the crowd was a woman somewhat advanced in pregnancy. The jam and squeeze to which she was subjected, while passing from the lower vestibule up the box stairs, produced an instantaneous premature delivery the moment she reached the topmost stairs.—*Boston Gazette.*

Passengers who arrived at St. Pauls, Minnesota, last week, report the murder of an entire family named Julien, who lived at Travers, a settlement near Lake Travers, 120 miles northwest of St. Pauls. The family consisted of father, mother, and two children; and from the position in which the bodies were found, it is surmised that the father first murdered his family, and then shot himself. It is possible, however, that the deed may have been committed by robbers.

Photography by Lamplight.—Dr. Lover, the eminent lecturer on Natural Philosophy, states that the Oxydate Lamp, invented by Mr. Nibbs, of Bakewell, gives forth such a pure and steady light, from a very thin and perfectly white sheet of flame, that it is applicable to the copying of collodion photographs by night, and is also well suited to the microscope. This is an entirely new feature in the history of artificial light.

A large manufacturer of tobacco in Danville, Va., states that his hands, numbering three hundred, are unemployed now, it being impossible to get tobacco for them, in consequence of the dryness of the season. The Richmond *Dispatch* says that the amount of tobacco brought to that city is unusually small, owing to this fact.

H. H. Robinson, United States Marshal of Cincinnati, who was committed by Judge Burgoyne for contempt, in refusing to obey an order to bring up the Gaines slaves, and was subsequently brought before Judge Leavitt, of the United States Court, on a writ of *habeas corpus*, has been discharged by Judge Leavitt.

The extensive Iron Works of the Rochester Novelty Company were destroyed by fire on the 25th. The machinery and a large amount of stock and finished articles were destroyed. The loss on the stock is about $30,000, and on the building about $15,000.

Another large manufactory of starch from Indian corn is about to be established in the Sciota valley. A company at Columbus, Ohio, it is reported, are about to put up buildings and machinery sufficient to work up six hundred bushels of corn a day.

In Rochester, lately, two or three instances of the murder of children by their parents have come to light. In one instance, a child died at 6 P. M., was buried at 7, and the parents started East at 8 o'clock the same night, and have not since been heard of.

Another revolving pistol has been invented. It has a magazine in two sections, each capable of containing seven cartridges, so that the pistol may be fired 14 times. The cartridges are thrown into a revolving block by means of a spiral spring. The pistol is self-capping. It is an Albany invention.

The Mayor of Baltimore has arrested a woman who gives her name as Mrs. Green, on suspicion of having stolen a child from Brooklyn, four years of age, named Charles Wallingford. Further information can be obtained of Mayor Hall of Brooklyn.

The Boston Traveller states that a number of gentlemen in that city, some of whom have before been prominent in the American party, met at Redmond Hall, a few nights ago, and formed an organization which they named the American Republican Association.

A new daily paper has been started in Albany, called the *Albany Morning Times*. The proprietors are Alfred Stone, David M. Barnes, and Edward H. Boyd. It is "independent" in political matters.

The Boston *Daily Mail* announces that on Monday next that paper will be discontinued, and be merged in the *Evening Ledger*, a new penny paper, which will then make its appearance.

The Huntington (Va.) Democrat says the loss to the farming community in that part of the state, from the extensive fires in the woods, is estimated at $100,000.

Ex-President Tyler is about to deliver a lecture at Petersburg, on the "Dead of my Cabinet"—Webster, Calhoun, Upshur, Gilmer, and Legare.

It is said that an effort will soon be made to abolish the Court of Claims—Mr. Greenwood, of the House, having prepared a bill for that purpose.

Attack and Defeat of the Indians in Florida.

The Jacksonville (Florida) correspondent of the Charleston *Courier*, writing on the 16th inst., gives an account of the pursuit, by a party of volunteers, of the Indians who attacked Dr. Braden's residence on the Manatee. Capt. Addison, with seven men, comprised the attacking party.

When the Indians were discovered, a portion of the men crossed the creek and charged the Indians in the rear, while the remainder halted on the opposite side, thus completely surrounding the enemy. Three Indians did not escape, as before stated; all of the seven, save the two who were shot at the first fire on the party, threw themselves into the creek, and are supposed to have been drowned. The water was reddened for some distance below the place of attack, by the blood oozing from the wounded Indians.

One of the Indians, who was scalped, was not instantly killed, but mortally wounded. He could talk very good English, desired to be taken to a doctor, said that Okchau, the sub-chief who led the attack on the 18th of January, near Fort Denand, met them there; that the Indian pony captured belonged to Okchau, and that he jumped into the creek. He also said that Billy Bowlegs had as many warriors as he wanted—that he (Billy) had sent him to Manatee to capture the negroes.

After sounding the creek—the bottom of which could not be reached with a "ten foot pole"—and burying the Indian baggage, which would have loaded a wagon, the party started for Manatee with the negroes, mules, and wounded Indian. They had not proceeded many paces, however, when the Indian fell, and was unable to proceed further. He was then ordered to be shot, which order was obeyed.

It is mentioned that about forty citizens of Manatee were last week mustered into the service of the State by General Jesse Carter, under command of Capt. John Addison.

Companies are being mustered into the State's service, by which they are not necessarily received into the United States' service at once.

From Nicaragua.

The arrival of the Charles Morgan at New Orleans on the 22d, with San Juan dates to the 16th inst., confirmed the report of Col. Schlessinger's defeat. Fifty men were killed in the engagement. The cause is attributed solely to the gross neglect of Schlessinger. The remnant of his party had arrived at Rivas. Schlessinger had not taken a single usual precaution against surprise, although within the heart of the enemy's country; and on the field his conduct was so cowardly that Captain Thorpe was obliged to face him with pistols and threaten to blow his brains out, but it was all useless. His cowardice had created a panic, and the men could not be reinspirited. The curses vented against Schlessinger by the returned force are loud and deep.

Captain Thorpe is a passenger by the Charles Morgan. He reports that Walker is in a good position and prosperous, receiving large accessions to his force.

Another battle had taken place at Arcopoka, between fourteen of Walker's men, under Captain Baldwin, and two hundred Costa Ricans, in which the latter were defeated, with a loss of thirty killed. Baldwin lost two killed.

Such is the account furnished by the telegraph from New Orleans.

A further telegraph from New Orleans, dated April 22, says that Col. French has left San Juan for Aspinwall, owing to a quarrel with Walker. It is reported that Walker had 700 men marching to meet the Costa Ricans, who were expected to invade Nicaragua. The accounts are meagre and unreliable.

Col. Schlessinger has been court-martialed, on charges of treason and cowardice.

St. George's Day.

The St. George's Society partook of their annual dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel, on the evening of the 23d. The dinner is quoted as having been "more than excellent," and the company as respectable and intellectual. After the usual toasts were drank, the President proposed "the health and happiness of the distinguished Novelist, William M. Thackeray."

Mr. Thackeray arose amid deafening cheers, and when order had been restored, said he could not recollect from which of "Mr. Thackeray's" Works Mr. Fowler had borrowed the sentiment with reference to vanity. He had no recollection of having written such a sentiment, and at any rate it was not "Vanity Fair" for the President to hold him responsible for it on that particular occasion (laughter), nevertheless, he was perfectly prepared either to contradict it or to prove it to be true. [Applause.] But he liked the words of the song which had just been sung much better. The good lasses of England and America, God bless them. He saw some of the latter looking modestly in at the door, and it was two of the former that induced him to come over here. He thanked God that he had come, for here he had found many honest, good and true people.

The lecture which he would deliver—[laughter]—he begged pardon for his mistake. He had left the lecture in his hat down stairs, but he had the heads of a little lecture before him, and he promised it should not detain them for more than two hours. [Laughter and applause.] The subject would be the toasts and speeches of the evening. He was gratified to hear the President say, when about to present the first toast, that there was to be nothing said on politics, because his friend, Mr. Young, had told him that his own were repudiated by some of his countrymen here. He had not the most favorable opinion of some of the old Kings of the House of Hanover, but with respect to the blind, brave old man, no English heart could contemplate his sad fate without sorrow. And of his grand-daughter—how could any man speak of her except with honor and profound admiration? Concerning her, he wished to recall some words written in his lectures, (his description of the Queen) which had been received with applause wherever he had travelled, and he knew they would not have been so received if they had not been true. Whatever he might think of some of the old Kings of England, he would yield to none in admiration for the present Queen. The second sentiment was the health of the President, and he had drunk to it with great pleasure, from personal feelings; because when he was in this country the first time, the President attended one of his lectures. [Laughter and applause.] The next was to the Emperor of the French, and he had heard that with pleasure, because the Emperor of the French wears the badge of St. George. [Applause.] The next was to the sister societies, at which all the Knights of Christendom started up before the company. There was St. Andrews, St. Nicholas, and the others, and he was pleased to hear them all—particularly Jonathan, who was not so old as some of them. With reference to St. George, he had seen an account in one of the morning papers, casting some doubts upon him. But had they not worn his badges; had they not seen him represented as when he slew the dragon, with hardly any dress upon him, but his sword, and was that not enough to establish his identity. [Laughter and cheers.]

St. Dennis, of France, and St. George, of England, had for a long time been engaged with a great and powerful Dragon, [applause,] and St. George had not, perhaps, so completely smashed that dragon as some of his sons could have wished. They were in the habit of expecting wonders, and they were given to bragging of their deeds. In this they differed materially from Brother Jonathan, [laughter,] who never considers himself very strong beer. But at Inkermann they gave the dragon some terrible lance-thrusts; and at Balaklava they rode in and out of his very jaws. [Cheers.] At the Redan, if they received such a bite as caused them to retire and prepare for another round, it was not surprising. He was glad the second round never came off. His feelings, like his name, were for peace; and while he was proud of the gallantry and bravery of the troops, he was glad that peace had been declared. [Applause.] St. George is the patron of more than Englishmen. He is the patron saint of the Russians; and Mr. Thackeray thought it must have been a difficult thing for him to decide which of his sons to favor, when they met in opposition on the battle-field. But with peace between them, he would be prepared to wish prosperity to both. [Applause.] In England there are only two women who wear the badge of St. George—the Queen, who confers it upon knights and distinguished men, such as the Emperor of the French,—and Florence Nightingale, [enthusiastic applauge. As it appeared to be the custom to close with a sentiment, he would ask them to drink to the health and happiness of that saintly young woman. They would remember that it was the duty of all knights and gallants—the sons of St. George, besides bravery in battle, to succor the wounded and soothe the oppressed.

He proposed—

The Health of Miss Florence Nightingale—

Which was drunk with three times three, amid waving of handkerchiefs and other enthusiastic demonstrations.

Several volunteer toast were given subsequently and responded to, and at a late hour the company separated.

The Question of the Principalities.

From the Paris Debats, April 7.

The treaty of the 30th of March is nothing more than a reproduction of Art. 1 of the conditions, completed by developments that will better carry out the spirit and the aim of that condition. The treaty announces the suppression of the Russian protectorate, and defines the general principles on which the future organization of the Principalities is to repose. The details are said to have been added to the rules already drawn up, but which will not be signed until all the necessary documents have been collected. The Conference hesitates, it is said, between the different systems of political and administrative organization proposed to it; and its hesitation is natural, for nothing can be more difficult than to carry out the entire programme projected at Vienna, which is thus expressed: "The Danubian principalities will receive an organization in conformity with their wishes, their wants, and their interests; and this new organization, on which the population will be consulted, will be acknowledged by the contracting powers, and sanctioned by the Sultan as emanating from his Sovereign initiation."

The Conference has the intention, it is said, of selecting three Commissioners from its body, who will be sent to the spot to make inquiries, and report to Paris the result of their information and their personal impressions. Such a mission will demand much time, and may delay the termination of the labors of the Congress. That would be only a light inconvenience. A far more serious one would be for the faith of the Commissioners to be shaken, their conclusions to be denied, or the authority of the decisions of the Conferences to be disturbed by new and unexpected events. This has often been the case. The Congress of Vienna committed more than one error, decreed more than one measure which was never executed, more than one law which nations either disdained or abrogated. The Conference has not yet chosen its Commissioners, and their choice appears to be another source of hesitation; for it will be necessary that the three persons chosen should inspire an equal confidence in all classes of the Moldavian and Wallachian populations. The Plenipotentiaries of Austria, Russia, and Turkey are probably those who are best acquainted with the state of the Provinces, "their wishes, wants and interests;" but could it be asked of them to inquire and report on the civil and military acts of administration which have emanated from the governments they represent? Would it not be to ask them in a certain manner to report against themselves? We have done nothing more than indicate the difficulties of the question. The continued occupation of the Principalities by Austria will give rise to the just protest of Russia, and it is necessary to avoid giving birth to new subjects of quarrel in that part of Europe. It is certain that all these questions have not been solved by the treaty of peace, and have not ceased to be the objects of the deliberation of the Conference.

THE EVACUATION OF THE PRINCIPALITIES YIELDED BY AUSTRIA—PROPOSED ADJOURNMENT OF THE CONGRESS.

Paris (April 8) Correspondence of the London Times.

The Congress held a sitting to-day. The same reserve is maintained on its deliberations, but I am informed that the question of Italy was the one proposed to be treated, and that an animated discussion was anticipated. It appears that Austria, who had shown much disinclination to evacuate the Danubian Principalities, *has yielded on that point.*

It is generally believed that the Congress will be able to bring its labors to a conclusion this week, or the beginning of next.

THE FIFTH POINT—FURTHER REVELATIONS OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CONFERENCES.

The *Debats* undertakes to unveil the transactions of the Conference with reference to the fifth article of the well known Esterhazy conditions—that by which the Allies reserved the right to produce ulterior conditions in a European interest.

The Russian Plenipotentiaries, it is said, did not defend either the military arsenal of Nicolaieff, or their naval establishments in the Black Sea, or upon the shores of the Black Sea, in the Sea of Azoff, or upon the shores of the Sea of Azoff. The treaty of peace proclaims in the widest and most absolute sense the principle of the neutralization of these two seas. Sebastopol will not be rebuilt. The Russian ports and cities will be accessible to all Governments, who will be free to exercise an active surveillance by means of consular agents. All the Russian forts which have been constructed upon the Eastern coast of the Black Sea, along the Caucasus to the extremity of the Russian Territory, not far from Batoum, will be destroyed, and cannot be replaced.

The *Debats* intimates that the demolition of the line of forts extending to the south of the Caucasus, between the Black and Caspian Seas, was demanded of Russia, and that the demand was refused, on the ground that the forts were necessary to the security of the frontier, that no European interest calls for their destruction, and that they cannot be brought within the scope of the 5th article. The Allies, it is said, gave way; but it was agreed that the Russo-Turkish frontier on that side should be defined, so as to avoid future conflicts, the Russians meanwhile retiring from the Turkish territory.

It is also affirmed that the Turkish plenipotentiaries demanded of Russia an indemnity for the expenses of the war, and for damages sustained through repeated invasions of the Principalities by Russia. These latter damages, it is said, have been frequently admitted by the Russian government, which has promised reparation, but hitherto has not kept its word. This demand the Russian plenipotentiaries rejected.

The treaty forbids the Russians—so the *Débats* is assured—the fortification of the isles of Aland. The prohibition is absolute, and admits neither fortified barracks nor entrenched posts.

Studies from the Life.

"Malakoff," the Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Daily Times*, gives a very clever picture of the Ball given by Mrs. Mason at the American embassy, which we condense:

About half of the company, on this occasion, was American; the rest were for the most part diplomatic and court people. On entering and passing the compliments of the evening with Mr. Mason, who seemed in excellent health and spirits, my eye first fell on the forms of two tall white-haired men, standing by the chimney in close conversation, whom it was not difficult to recognize at once as Mr. Buchanan and Lord Clarendon. Were they talking about Central America, or the enlistments, or the treaty of peace? That is none of my business; but this much I do know, that the best feeling exists between these two gentlemen. The difference in the personal appearance of these men is very striking. Mr. Buchanan has a large frame, a monstrous head and face, and a pair of English whiskers which give a rough and unfinished cast to his features. He looks like a statesman however, and would pass any where for a man hard to head. Lord Clarendon, on the contrary, is a thin, genteel, polished man, with a handsome face, and frank pleasing manners. He laughs gaily in conversation, but when not occupied looks grave and careworn, as the man must necessarily be who supports at this moment the cares of the English foreign office.

And there comes little Baron Manteuffel, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Prussia, who engages quietly in conversation with Lord Clarendon, while Mr. Buchanan seeks other company. Manteuffel is a small straight man, with light complexion, smooth face, a round bullet head, and a shrewd, self-possessed German expression. He wears his hair cut close, and carries gold spectacles. His appearance rather adds to than takes from his reputation as a statesman. There seems more coldness, more reserve in the conversation with Lord Clarendon, than between the latter and Mr. Buchanan. There is cause.

And there goes the Count de Cavour, a good-looking man. On his arm leans the Countess of Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugenie, a tall and now thin lady of fifty, who yet bears many traces of the queenly beauty which marked her youth, and who seems delighted to talk English to her American acquaintances, and for the general attention which is paid her.

There, standing in the dooor, looking quietly at the dancers, with his eye-glass, is the Prefect of the Seine, Baron Haussemann, the highest executive officer in France, after the Emperor. He is a very tall, large, grave-looking man, who never smiles, and seldom enters into conversation with any one; but his lady, the Baroness, over in the corner, keeps up a constant chatter with a bevy of lady acquaintances, amongst whom you will notice Mrs Lesieur, of the Chausee d'Antin. It is an honor to any host to receive in his house M. Hausseman, for if there is one man more than any other to whom France is indebted at this moment for valuable public services, it is certainly he. I always look upon M. Hausseman with a mind full of respect, for I know that he does not serve his country because it is an Empire, or that Louis Napoleon is the chief of State—but because he is a Frenchman. He will leave a name behind him that will live when those of the courtiers of his Majesty shall have been long dead.

Standing at the *buffet* you will see the Baron Hubner, Minister of Austria at Paris, and the Count Hatzfeldt, Minister of Prussia at Paris, both members of the Peace Conference, and both unusually peaceable looking individuals. The Austrian Minister is a thin young man, with smooth face and fair complexion, who looks more like a Yankee schoolmaster than a leading member of the great Austrian school of diplomacy. But he has thought and work in his face, and although he appears gay and light-hearted under the protection of the stars and stripes of America, there is an air of restlessness in his movements which shows the man of ambition. The Count Hatzfeldt is a more pretentious looking man, with bald head, black moustache, and his coat buttoned up tight to the throat, so as to expose to greater advantage the two stars set in diamonds which glitter on his breast. The Countess de Hatzfeldt passes for a beauty in Berlin, and is certainly a fine type of the elegant, well-bred German lady.

That tall, demure-looking man, who speaks to nobody, is the Duke de Cambaceres, Grand Master of Ceremonies at the Palace. The short, heavy man at the chimney, with profuse decorations and *neglige* dress, is M. Feuillet de Conches, Chief of the Bureau of Protocols at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and Introducers of Ambassadors at the Palace. A few years ago, M. Feuillet de Conches was a *feuilletonist* of one of the Paris journals—now he is a pet at the Court. As he stands there talking to the Baron Seebach and Count Sartiges, you hear him making a noise in imitation of some animal which puts one's knowledge of natural history at fault, but which is, no doubt, a *souvenir* of his late visit to the Garden of Plants after the eagle feather. He is an important, fussy individual, and his political fortune is made.

In the dancing room you see a collection of as beautiful ladies and of as unexceptionable toilettes as it is possible to meet. The youthful, charming, and, for this evening, busy Misses Mason; the Misses Hutton, Corbyn, Parnell, Yorke, Barton, and Bigelow, and the queenly Creole beauty from New Orleans, Madame Pilie, make a bouquet of American beauty in which each is a rare flower, and which draw from the assembled male sex whole columns of admiration.

Answers to Correspondents.

We give our first letter from Waterford—our dear old birth-place, to-day. The writer is T. W. Condon, one of the most gifted and intrepid of the Young Nationalists whom the Mechanics and Tradesmen of the cities and towns contributed to the Irish revolutionary ranks of '48. An imprisonment, by order of the Lord Lieutenant for some months of that memorable year, stamped with an official displeasure his devotion to the country. He is now happy, thriving, and honored by all classes of society, and all political parties in his native city; and that he may continue to be so for many golden years, is the sincere and warm prayer of his old friend, comrade and townsman,

T. F. M.

Slang of Critics.—A correspondent who is anxious to defend us against the "faint praise" of a literary weekly we never heard of before, gives us a sharp criticism on criticisms. We omit its allusion to the paper. It has a right to its opinion, the *copyright* may be, which it need not fear ever will be invaded,—insipidity is a better protection than the "Clerk's Office of the Southern District." Our correspondent writes: "Criticism, at its best, should know its place, as the handmaid and servant of genius in everything. But, in its common trading jargon, it is contemptible—standing up for its little rules, amenities and platitudes," "content to dwell in decencies for ever," and observing the tone and manner of things with the solicitude and reverence of the flunkey-kind. The folks who manage it are regular clogs upon the march of intellect. Anything like feeling or passion—things without which literature is not worth a pinch of snuff—gives them visible offence. They are "struck with the earache by all stronger *tones*," and cry out against them, counselling the sensible jog-trot way in all things. They also say anything like originality or genius is the last thing one needs in a literary project, and lay this belief like an unction or warming-plaster to the pit of their stomachs. Curious that such an idea should be entirely Anglo-Saxon. In France, Germany, Italy and other places, literary power is respected, and good things are expected from it—the people there loving it for its own sake, and the pleasure they take in it. But the thing is a fallacy, after all. The stupid of the world fall oftener than the men of talent. Altogether, this foolish dislike of everything out of the routine mode, and this very stolid protest against intellectual vivacity, are bad signs of our literature—which labors under a servility of idea not at all becoming in a nation like this, with all its mental and material boasts about it—a servility to the imported modes and models of England which emasculates the mind of the thinking community. It is ridiculous to hear our critics talk of poetry and all that, when they are just the chaps to sneer down the fervor and strong feeling without which they never can have a taste of it—of the real, genuine sort, I mean That some strong feeling, of whatever kind, has all the elements of power and the hope of good things in it. But your chill, timid criticism, has upon it the curse of the barren fig-tree, to the end of the chapter. We are too much given to literary encoring and the slang of superficial criticism—which, wherever they prevail, are sure signs of debility, and a running to seed of the national intellect. I really think one who wishes for a manly style of thinking hereabouts, should welcome whatever would tend to break the mental monotonies and give newspapers and every other sort of literature a little diversity—if nothing else—seeing that these diggings are not "little Pedlington's," after all. But of one thing I am sure—that genius and strong feeling never spoke in any way, in any age of man's mind, never suggested or published anything whatever, without offending, harrowing, or scandalizing the regular and the humdrum, in some respect or other—as Burke, Barry, Fulton and the rest of those "high-falutin," (faugh,—what a vile phrase,) fellows knew to their cost. I hope such offences will never be wanting in the world, and I believe our literary projects really want nothing so much as literary strength and originality. Paddy Whack.

Correction.—The name of James Halpin appeared by mistake in our Memoir of the *Guyon Cadets*, for Peter Halpin, First Lieutenant of the company.

In the notice of the Erina Guard, of the Ninth Regt., after the words John Casey, Third Lieutenant, please insert: First Sergeant, vacant; Second do., John Murtogh; Third do., John Quin; Fourth do., Patrick O'Farrell. Color Sergeant, Terence McKenna; Paymaster, Joseph Kiernan. First Corporal, David Redmond; Second do., James Riley; Third do., Francis Sally; Fourth do., Peter Kelly; Color Corporal, Bernard Nolan.

Lieut. O'Connor, Irish Dragoons, contradicts the statement which appeared in our last from Lieut. Green, attached to the staff of the 9th Regiment.

Apropos of the season we have the following from a Southern correspondent:

SPRING.

Beautiful Spring! thou art come at last,
With thine azure-tinted eyes,
Thou art come with thy violet-perfumed breath,
Dissolving in gentlest sighs.
Thou comest with light around thy path,
And garlands in thy hair,
Flinging their sweetest odors round
On the bright and joyous air.
Smiling, and sweeping, yet if perchance
Thine eyes should dim awhile,
'Tis only that through the crystal tears
More brightly thy lips may smile.
Beautiful Spring! I love thee more
Than thy passionate sister, June;
More love I thy violets' modest hue
Than her roses that fade so soon.
The passing clouds that may sweep thy brow,
And the smiles that light thine eye,
Far more I love than the fire than burns
In the bosom of hot July!
'Tis thus that a maiden should ever be,
Gentle, and fond, and true;
Joy in her heart, and light on her brow,
And Love in her eye of blue.
Not full of the passionate warmth of June,
Whose fiery glances burn,
And wither whate'er they look upon,
Whenever her glances turn.
Nor cold and repelling as ever when
The summer's warmth departs,
And frigid December throws his chains
Of ice around our hearts.
Not cold as the winter, nor even full
Of the passion that summer may bring;
But ever modest and loving she,
And blooming and joyous as Spring,
Now transient tears, and now sunny smiles,
That chase the tears away;
But whether she smile, or whether she weep,
Lovely as April or May!

The writer of the letter from St. Louis will accept our friendliest thanks. Such letters are truly valuable, and we trust we shall frequently hear from the "Cosmopolite."

A Brooklyn correspondent who takes up the side of the pen, in a debate on the relative merits of that weapon and the sword, and who otherwise desires notice therwith, is, we fear, a manufacturer of Steel Pens, and thinks to smuggle an advertisement of his wares into our columns without paying for it. The accomplishment of such would, no doubt, be satisfactory as to the omnipotence of the pen. Talking on the subject reminds us of the just anger of a down-cast sub-editor, who thought that Richelieu, who said that the pen was mightier than the sword, might have thrown in a good word for the scissors.

"J. Buckley, Poughkeepsie."—We are extremely obliged by your information, and shall with much pleasure, very soon, make use of it.

"Mickey Free" (who greatly admires the Irish News) is desirous that we should give a few illustrations every week. Michael, the heads of too many Irishmen have been brought to the block already.

"Metropolitan Insurance Company."—We regret to learn that you have received annoyance from a party representing himself as our advertising agent. We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

For the conduct of unauthorised canvassers you, and the public will we trust, kindly excuse our assuming any responsibility.

"James's" Heart-Longings are very unequal and exhibit the numberless deficiencies that accrue from an unmusical ear. What does he mean when he sings—

"I've wandered afar o'er the wide-world's pave."

Or when he pictures the

"Golden Light,
O'er *shadowing* the trees with a *radiant glow*."

"Kenmare."—For an authorized answer to your letter, we refer you to the official organ of the Arch-diocese.

The second chapter of our notice of John Savage's book will appear next week, though it is with no little diffidence we approach a subject—that of Ireland in '48—on which it is difficult for us to speak with the impartiality of a true historian, or as a correct commentator on one. Having been an eye-witness of, and a participator in, the scenes which the author of "*The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland*," in the latter half of his work, describes. We may, however, despite of all our partialities, succeed in doing justice to the characters and transactions of which that volume is the richly-carved and frescoed picture-gallery.

Apropos to this subject, we refer a "Subscriber," who begs us to inform him of the cause and exact period of the split between the Old and Young Ireland parties, to Mr. Savage's book. The fullest information about the cause and period enquired for by a "Subscriber" will there be found.

Next week, the *Sixty-ninth Regiment, N. Y. S. M.*, will advance its standard in our columns and pass in review.

Declined.—"O. H."—A madman's thought—not a doubt of it. The intentions of J. R. M. S., are evidently of the best kind, and his patriotism not to be doubted. For a first attempt his "Exile," is not execrable. We give a stanza:

"Too long, my country, hast thou wore the chain,
Too long, submitted to the British yoke;
But thy brave son's, when they arise again,
Shall never rest, until thy chains are broke."

MR. TIMOTHY EDWARD HUGHES, has received our written authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "Irish News," throughout the New-England States.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

The Irish News.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1856.

ANOTHER DAY.

The war is over. The guns of the *Invalides* have proclaimed peace. The guns of London Tower authenticate the news. The jewelled quill of the Conference at Paris has wrought wonders such as the magic pen of the Ravels in *Asphodel* never accomplished before the foot-lights at Niblo's.

The Seine is illuminated. The Thames is on fire. Since the battle of Waterloo, there never has been such tempestuous rejoicing.

And for what? That's the question!

Retiring into darkness from the glare; retiring into silence from the uproar; retiring from the ringing of glasses in tent and palace; retiring from Thanksgivings in St. Paul's and Notre Dame; let the people, in their coal-mines, work-shops, fields, bolted dungeons and garrets, ask the question—and for what?

Peace is voted. The eagle's quill records it. The harnessed guns and slaves of imperial power proclaim it. Nay, the managers of the European scene declares that Providence distinctly fixed the day, since in the Gospel of the Sunday on which the deed of settlement was signed, there occurs this text—"*And Jesus came, and, standing in the midst of his disciples, said, Peace be with you.*"

Letters from Paris—for instance those to the *Manchester Guardian*—announce this singular coincidence, with text and fact. And, as with many other facts, there is applause, and recognition, and submission, more or less truthful, to it.

But what have the People gained? That's the question!

Drop the jewelled Pen. Tear up your Treaty. Stuff and suffocate your exulting guns with Polish and Hungarian protests, the agonizing prayers that break from Speilberg, the death-bills sent to you from the Carribean Sea, the letters which flash about the world from Louis Kossuth and Victor Hugo, the murmurs which still roll out, from underneath the Rebel's Rath, and turf, and tombstone, from Cashel-ruins, and Clontarf-plains, where Celtic sword and Christian cross crowned in centuries long gone by, the struggle of our race; do this, and what remains?

Listen to it. Europe is, as she was in 1848; as she was when New York lit up her lamps for her; when Vauxhall Gardens were thronged and throbbed on her account. Europe is to-day, in the presence of America, just as she was when the Republic was proclaimed in Paris, and Hungary was in arms. Whatever pageants take place, the Democracy in Europe remains just as it was when Louis Napoleon was a forlorn hope in London, and the Coldstream Guards were at rest upon their arms in Knightsbridge Barracks.

There is rest for the Princes; rest for the Queen of Windsor Castle; rest for the huge Pelissier, with his red breeches and turtle chops; rest for the scouts of the Danube. But what of it? Thrones; knee-breeches; stars; diamonds; eagle-quills; gas; a Pyramid of skulls and cross-bones, marked with "*as all things were*"—behold the grand result!

For the present, and for this day. For another has yet to come.

TWO OR THREE WORDS ABOUT THE NEW NEW-YORK POLICE BILL.

The bill supersedes the present Board of Commissioners, consisting of the Mayor, Recorder, and City Judge, and vests the appointment of Policemen and the power to try them for offences, in a board of six Commissioners.

The Commissioners are named in the bill—appointed by the Legislature. Their successors are to be elected by the people.

The present Board perform the duties of Commissioners *ex officio*, and receive no compensation beyond the fixed salaries of their respective offices.

The Board, proposed to be created, get salaries of $2,500 each besides clerk hire, &c., &c.

The police force of the city numbers eleven hundred and fifty. They hold office during good behavior. This new bill makes their term of office expire 1st June next, and authorizes the new Board to appoint their successors.

It authorizes the Mayor to suspend any officer; but he must be tried by the Board, of which the Mayor is not a member.

It was introduced on the 94th day of the Session, which is limited to 100 days.

A similar project was introduced last year, about the same period of the session—perhaps a few days earlier; among other remonstrances against it was one signed by 13,000 of our best citizens.

No petition was presented, either last year or this, asking any change, or complaining of any defect of system or management by the Board of Commissioners.

The bill was introduced by Mr. Petty, of New-York, Know-Nothing. He and Mr. Brooks, K. N., were its chief apologists. The only ground upon which they justified its introduction was the allegation that the Mayor controlled the Board, and he did not divide the appointments equally among the political parties—the K. N.'s did not get their share.

The official record of appointments was produced by Senator Sickles, proving that out of 375 appointments made since 1st January, 1855, when the present Mayor took office, the Democrats had only received eleven more appointments than the opposition.

Judge Capron, the opposition member of the Board, admitted, on the authority of the *Courier and Enquirer*, that he had received his full share of appointments.

The bill, at every stage of its progress in the Senate, received the combined vote of the Republicans and Know-Nothings—the Democrats alone, four in number, opposing it.

No complaint was made that improper appointments had been made. It was admitted that the department was never in so efficient a condition as now. Senator Brooks complained bitterly that there were Irishmen appointed; this was the burden of his complaint.

Before the present Board was constituted, policemen were nominated to the Mayor by the Aldermen and Assistant-Aldermen of the respective Wards, and held office for two and, afterwards, for four years.

It was understood that the bill was drawn up by Lieut.-Gov. Raymond; that it originated in a coalition between the Republicans and Know-Nothings, to divide between themselves the *patronage* of the department, and its *power* and *influence*, to the exclusion of the Democrats. There were two nominal Democrats named among the Commissioners, but they were *selected* by the friends of the bill, and, of course, in their interest.

After a struggle of four days, the bill was recommitted to a committee of the whole Senate—its grave, at this period of the session.

TWO FACES UNDER A HOOD.

At a recent meeting of the Dublin Corporation, Alderman Roe, a distinguished distiller, moved an address to the Emperor of the French, congratulating him on the birth of an heir to the throne. The discussion which followed had its interesting incidents. The whole affair suggests a striking contrast.

Aldermen Boyce and Wheelan, in their scarlet gowns, like a brace of old women on a race-course, stumbling for tobacco in sacks, contested vigorously the honor of seconding the motion. But the latter, it appears, got the best leg foremost. "His voice," writes the reporter of the *Nation*, "was the more audible of the two," and succeeded in giving to the winds a voluminous speech.

The speech over, Alderman Boyce insisted that he was the seconder. Alderman Wheelan laughed derisively, appealing against his brother to all around him. Town-councillor Maunsell, interposed, hitting the nail upon the head. He thought it was only a question between the two Aldermen which of them should get the *Legion of Honor*.

Here there was loud merriment from the grave Fathers of the City, innumerable sly winks, and a profusion of by-play. It was finally decided, however, that Boyce was the man who had seconded the motion. Whelan was dropped. His speech went for nothing.

In the *Old Curiosity Shop*, Codling, the Punch-and-Judy exhibitor, reminds Little Nell, that Codling's the man. On this point Codling was emphatic with the child, having taken it into his head she was the daughter of some great folk, and would one day possess a large fortune. Alderman Boyce, no doubt, has been moved by similar conjectures and foresight, in his contest with Alderman Whelan. From the floor of a shop, just as old and as curious as that pictured by Dickens, in the second story of the Royal Exchange, Dublin, the kind Alderman calls out to the little King of Algiers—Boyce is the man!

The King of Algiers, no doubt, will remember Alderman Boyce, when he comes in for his property.

On the 7th of March, 1848, this same consistent Corporation adopted, almost unanimously, the following resolution :—

"That a congratulatory address be presented to the people of France for the glorious and triumphant assertion of liberty and reform over tyranny and despotism.

But times have changed. The purple hand is uppermost. The Special-constable of London is High-constable of France. The *Cent Gardes* have trampled under their hoofs the *blouses* of *Gards Mobile*. It is now as it was in days of the elder Napoleon, of which Henry Grattan has said :—

"Nothing can equal the shouts of the army, except the silence of the people ; the nation cannot rise upon the army, her mind as well as her constitution is conquered ; in fact, there is no nation ; everything is army, and everything is conquest ; and now she lies exhausted, for captain or cornet who should put the brand of his name upon her government, calling it his dynasty, and under this stamp of dishonor pass her on to futurity."

But even so, and even still, there is truth in the world, and hope for the brightness of the future. There are some men who will not be sycophants to power. Some men who still cling to the prostrate form of Freedom, on whose beautiful neck this Military Tragedian of St. Cloud, has set his foot. Even in that dull Council-room of Dublin, there are strong voices found to protest against the apostacy of the time. An honest, brave citizen, one John Plunkett, of James' street, tells these wrangling parasites, that for one, he

"should object to the proposed address, for he did not forget how the Emperor succeeded to power. He enslaved the liberties of France, and let loose his soldiers on them, and spilt the blood of some of the best men, and drove others into exile. He would feel greater pleasure in voting an address to the people of France if they some morning sent him about his business."

Even so do Lamoriciere and Cavaignac deny themselves laurels, rather than disown the republican faith. Even so does the noble old Beranger refuse to sing—

Le soldat bien brossé qui nous guette,
Qui nous tuerait pour passer officer.

MILITARY MEMOIRS.

MONTGOMERY GUARD, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Organized May, 1850, with 45 members, and now numbering 78 men, rank and file. Belongs to First Regiment Virginia Volunteers, commanded by Col. Thos. P. August, First Division and Second Brigade Virginia Militia; officered by P. Theo. Moore, Capt. Galway, Ireland; John Dooley, Senior first-lieutenant, Limerick; M. Seagers, Junior first-lieutenant, Cork; Philip Dornin, Senior second-lieutenant, Loughrea, Co. Galway; John McDonald, Orderly Sergeant, Dublin; Theo. P. Mayo, Surgeon, Richmond, Va.

Uniform coat green cloth, single breasted, with three rows of yellow convex buttons, bearing the arms of Virginia on the breast, ten buttons in each row, with two rows of narrow gold braid running from button and hole on edge to corresponding button in outer row; standing collar of buff cassimere with two gold lace holes, four and a half inches long on each end, with a button on each hole, of the same description as those on the breast; buff cassimere turn backs and sword flaps on skirt and slash on sleeve; the flap and sleeve have on each three lace holes and buttons, two buttons at the hips, and stars at the points of the turnbacks. The coats of the commissioned officers conform to the above except as follows:—Narrow gold lace on breast, four lace holes on flaps and sleeves, collar edged with lace, and the usual ornaments on sleeves. PANTALOONS.—*For Winter*—Sky blue cloth or cassimere, with buff stripe, one and a half inches wide, down the outer seam. *For Summer*.—Plain white drillings. WINGS.—Green worsted with buff fringe and cord. Stock or Cravat, black; Gloves, white cotton; Boots or half Boots, black, worn under the pantaloons. ACCOUTREMENTS.—Waist belt of white patent leather, fastened in front by a gilt clasp, having on it the letters M. G. holding on the left side a cap, green cloth army pattern, with buff band; eagle on front. Pompon, green and buff. Drill Monday and Friday evenings every week. Parade monthly. Flag presented by ladies of Richmond, March 17th, 1851.

MEAGHER GUARD, CHARLESTON, S. C.

This company was formed for its first parade on the 23d of June, 1853, on which occasion it mustered forty privates. The second parade took place on the 4th of July, 1853, on which occasion the company was tendered the right of the 4th Brigade, S. C. M., through the courtesy of Colonel J. Charles Blum, of the 16th Regt. On the 2d of July, the arms of the State were given to the company, by the order of the Commander-in-Chief, Gov. Manning; being the first instance on record, in the State of South Carolina, where the State arms were entrusted to a company previous to its officers being commissioned. The officers received their commissions from Col. James Simons, of the 1st Regt. Artillery, S. C. M.; there being no room in the infantry regiments at that time. In November, 1854, the South Carolina Legislature passed a special Act for the purpose of forming a Rifle Battalion, composed of the following companies: German Riflemen, Meagher Guards, Washington Light Infantry, and Moultrie Guard.

The Meagher Guard belongs to the Rifle Battalion attached to the 16th Regt., 4th Brigade, Lower Division, S. C. M. It is officered by Capt. Sergeant, of Armagh city, Ireland, to whose indefatigable exertions is chiefly due the present prosperous condition of the company. The company elected him to his present honorable post at its organization. First Lieutenant, Edward Daly, of county Wexford, Ireland, who was also elected to his present office at the formation of the company, and contributed largely toward its present prosperity. Second Lieutenant, Michael P. Parker, of the city of Dublin, Ireland, who was elected to his present position at the organization of the company. Ensign Kennett, of Benburb, county Armagh, Ireland, who was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Ensign W. M. White, of New Ross, county Wexford, Ireland, Non-commissioned officers: First Sergeant, B. O'Connor, city of Dublin, Ireland. Second Sergeant, B. Slattery, county Cork. Third Sergeant, John Hargrave, of the city of Dublin, Ireland, who took an active part in the insurrectionary movement of 1848. He was a sterling Confederate, and a member of the Grattan Club, in Dublin. Fourth Sergeant, George White, of New Ross, county Wexford, Ireland. Corporals: First Corporal, James Devereux, county Wexford, Ireland. Second Corporal, Alexander Belford, Ireland. Third Corporal, John Hogan, city of Dublin. Fourth Corporal, Michael Dunne, Ireland.

The company uniform consists of a blue frock coat, green facings, slashed across the breast with green braiding. Commissioned officers wear plume—green cock feathers. Privates, red, with green above; equipments, black belt, bayonet scabbard, powder-horn and pouch. The company's color is a green silk flag, trimmed with deep gold bullion fringe. On the one side is emblazoned the *Sunburst;* on the foreground is beautifully interwoven the motto, "*Independentia aut. Mors;*" encircling the sun's rays is the name of the company in gilt letters. On the reverse are the arms and motto of the State of South Carolina, over which is worked the name of the company. The company's device is a spread eagle, over which appears the legend, "*Independence or Death.*" Arms are a rifle and bayonet; epaulettes, gold bullion; pantaloons, sky-blue, with gold stripe.

The regular monthly drill of the company is held on the night of the second Thursday of every month, and a meeting on the 13th of the month, besides which the company holds a drill meeting previous to each of its parades and excursions. The commissioned and non-commissioned officers, with those of the other three companies forming the Rifle Battalion, are drilled twice in the month, by Major McCready.

The regular excursion days of the company are its anniversary, the 13th of January, 17th of March, 1st of May, 4th of July; besides which there is one regimental parade, one battalion parade, four other parades of no fixed dates, and the relief of Fire Guard, which occurs once in the year for each company —four companies going on, relieving the four companies who have been on fire duty. The fire duty lasts three months. In all, the company generally makes twelve parades in the year.

The flag was presented to the company, and appropriate speeches made on its presentation and reception. The company, in conjunction with the Ladies Calhoun Monument Association, invited T. F. Meagher, Esq., to deliver a lecture in Charleston, in behalf of the fund of the S. C. M. A., which was delivered before one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Charleston.

The proceeds of the lecture formed the largest item of contribution ever offered to the S. C. M. A. On St. Patrick's Day last, the company was invited to escort the St. Patrick's Benevolent Society to the Cathedral, where an eloquent panegyric was delivered, after which the company proceeded to Mount Pleasant, and, on its return, was escorted by the German Riflemen.

NATIONAL GUARD OF ST. LOUIS.

Organized July 29th, 1852. Formed under Robt. M. Renick, Colonel of 1st Regt. St. Louis Legion. Now numbers 90 active members. Officered by Captain John N. Pritchard, New-York. Graduated under William M. McArdel, one of the original founders of the Pulaski Cadets, afterwards City Guards, of New-York. First Lieutenant, Edward S. Wheaton, graduate of Westpoint Academy. Second Lieutenant, J. B. McKellops, of New York, Captain of Company F, St. Louis Legion, in Mexico. First Sergeant, Geo. W. West, Baltimore, Md., First Lieuteuant and Acting Adjutant St. Louis Legion, Mexico. Uniform simi lar to that of the Light Guard of New York, when their uniform was red, red cord in pants instead of stripe. Full dress uniform—scarlet coat, blue facings, blue pants, bear skin cap, white cross and body belts, with breast and body plates, and knapsack; white pants for summer. Fatigue dress, regimental uniform of U. S. A. Colors, U. S., with State arms on reverse. In winter the U. S. regulation overcoat is worn.

Drill on Monday evenings.

First ball, December, 1853; second, December, 1854. Elaborate service of plate presented by the company to Capt. John N. Pritchard, December, 1854; and flag presented by the ladies of St. Louis to the company at the Varieties Theatre, September, 1855. Visited Cincinnati, by invitation, on February 22, 1856, mustering 52 muskets, 5 officers, and 16 musicians, on this occasion ; when Chicago, Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Cumberland, &c., were represented, and a company of Regulars, from Covington, in the parade; the St. Louis National Guard were universally admitted to bear away the palm for discipline and appearance.

They were called out, and on duty, on three occasions of riot in St. Louis.

THE NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

The enthusiasm with which the news of the popular outburst against tyranny, in Europe, in '48 and '49, was received on this side of the Atlantic, took the direction among the Irish-American portion of the community of *military organization*. The reaction against the policy of "moral force," even then perceptible in the minds of our countrymen, had the effect of stimulating the dormant national *instinct*, which not centuries of misrule has been able to eradicate in the race—THE LOVE OF ARMS—into active development. This movement, spasmodic and impulsive at first, acquired finally "a local habitation and a name" in the present Ninth Regiment.

This regiment dates its existence from '49, as an organization. Looking back to the events of that period, we find an Irish-American company, under command of Capt. James F. Markey, appearing at the monster meeting convened in the Park, to give expression to the sympathy with which America watched the struggle for liberty in Europe, and acting on the occasion as a guard of honor to the Hungarian republican flag. This company called themselves the Irish Fusileers, and were undoubtedly, as well as we can ascertain, one of the *nebulæ* of the regiment, although their existence was about coeval with the excitement of the times.

The regiment was chartered in 1850, under the command of Col. Ferris, of the old Ninth. This officer took a deep interest in the efficiency and prosperity of his command during the term he remained in office. And when, about a year ago, he left this country for the Crimean peninsula, for the purpose of observing more minutely the operations of war when conducted on the grandest scale, he took with him the sincere regret and regard of his regiment.

The Ninth, after the departure of Colonel Ferris, remained under the command of Lieut.-Col. P. D. Kelly, who was elected to that office on the 29th of August, 1854, until the 29th of June, 1855, when its present Commandant, Col. Lucius Pitkin, received his appointment, and assumed the command.

Col. Pitkin is a graduate of West Point, and is highly spoken of as a competent and attentive officer, and the best hopes are entertained that, under his guidance, the regiment may attain a high degree of efficiency. The remaining field officer is Major Richard Barry, who was elected on the 29th of August, 1854.

The regiment consists at present of eight companies, for information concerning which we refer to the Military Directory, to be found elsewhere in our columns. A description of the uniform has already appeared in the Memoir of the Guyon Cadets, April 26, who belong to the regiment. This subject of uniform we understand to be a topic of much interest at present. The State law recently enacted, prescribing a regulation uniform to be worn by all regiments organized after its enactment, could not, of course, affect the Ninth, inasmuch as the law does not operate retrospectively. But the earnest advocacy of this regulation uniform by the Colonel, prompted not by any feelings of prejudice against the Green, or in favor of any other color, as such, as we are informed, but by a conviction of the superior advantage of a uniform recommended by the State, has introduced a question as to the expediency of a change in this respect among the men. This, however, is foreign to our subject.

The Ninth, in connection with the Seventh, Eighth, and a new regiment called the Fifty-fifth, forms the Third Brigade, under Brigadier-General Hall. It complies with the law fixing the number of battalion drills through the year, and has five instruction evening drills through the winter.

[Obituary.]

PAT. LALOR, of Tinakill.

The green sod has been laid over this honest Irishman. The last advices from Ireland brought us that intelligence. It is mentioned in all the papers there, with special words of sorrow and respect. Here it will be received, amongst our countrymen, with feelings no less subdued and mournful. For this Irish gentleman, whose death we chronicle, for many years has been known, at home and abroad, as the staunch friend of the Irish peasant. His sympathies for the latter were ever deep and fresh, whilst his vigorous, plain intellect enabled him to push the question of their grievances and rights irresistibly upon the public mind, in Parliament and before the people. Entering the former with Daniel O'Connell, in 1833, he took his seat in his frieze coat and corduroy breeches, and, in that loose and dainty assemblage, distinguished himself not only by the brave simplicity of his dress, but by his inflexible truth, purpose, and conduct. "Pat Lalor's honesty" was a notorious fact and phrase wherever public men in the three kingdoms were spoken of. Starting with O'Connell almost at the beginning of his career, he never once swerved from him. His speeches on the Repeal of the Union attracted the haughtiest of its enemies by the sound wealth of information—especially on the agricultural interest—they contained, and by the rude, but powerful logic, with which he applied his facts.

Nor was he less distinguished by his own merits, than by the merits of his eldest son. He was the father of James Finton Lalor, whose genius, whose fierce earnestness, and broad republican doctrine are widely recognized, and who, in one of those famous letters of his on the Land Question in '48, for us, and all generations of Irishmen who desire to see their country what nature has qualified it to be, has laid down this eternal truth—*that it is not the Union, but the Conquest, which must be repealed.*

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH—GLIMPSES OF THE IRISH PROVINCES AND CITIES.

On this day, the Irishman, wherever he may be, goes home. It may be to Connaught. P'raps he's the man for Galway. He renews his acquaintance with that picturesque old town, with its massive Spanish mansions, all fraught with stories and vestiges of a splendid commerce—a commerce, which, as it appears in a letter from Henry Cromwell and the Irish Privy Council, in 1657, extended to Spain, the Straits, and the West Indies—a commerce, according to this letter, eclipsing that of every other place, town, or port in the three nations, London alone excepted. And having looked in at that antique house, with the death's head and cross-bones over the door-way, where Lynch Fitzstephen, the wealthy Irish merchant, becoming the executioner of his own son for murder, divided with the first citizen of Rome the stern grandeur which the sacrifice of paternal love to patriotism confers; and having mingled with the red petticoats and the rough jackets of the Claddagh, and wished the latter a powerful take of hake, and cod, and turbot, the next time they put out to sea; I bet my life he doesn't come back without satisfying himself, with a dozen or two, that the Poldoody oyster is a superior fish to the East River, much as may be said in print about the latter.

If he's not from Connaught, may be he's from Innishowen, and before he leaves Donnegal, will hunt out the spot where Richard Montgomery drew the milk which gave him sinew for Quebec. Or I wrong him. He's lower down in Ulster. If so, he'll ask the neighbors to show him where James Shields was born—the brave Irish lad whose blood spouted in torrents on the field, which, stony as it was, fetilized by the generous flood, blossomed for America into the crimson flowers of victory.

There is Dublin—the beautiful silent capital of a sceptreless and defrauded people—with its public buildings, all so solid, graceful and impressive; the Custom House with its glorious sea-green dome, and massive granite work from base to parapet, and bold array of statues crowning the sumptuous architrave and cornice; the Rotundo, within which a princely and ambitious Bishop, John, Earl of Bristol, sat at the head of an armed convention, and gave to the Democracy of the island the lustre of a mitre and all the pomp and consequence of an imperial peerage; the vaults of St. Michan's, in which the headless trunks of the Shearses lie, and where, as though they had been embalmed with spices of the rarest virtue, they have been preserved—imperishable as the spirit which inspired them—from the worm, and the foul deterioration of death itself.

And there is Trinity College, endowed by a Queen of fabulous virginity, memorable for its having been the nursery of such intellects as those of Swift and Usher, Goldsmith and Berkley, Burke and Curran. And there is the old Parliament House, with its Ionic colonades and gateways, through which the Lords and Commons used to enter. There it is, with its great court-yard facing College-Green, the pavement of which rumbled on the 19th of April, 1782, the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, with the field-pieces of the Volunteers. Beneath those domes are the tapestried and frescoed halls where Harry Flood, and Bushe, and Yelverton, and Grattan—the inspired apostlehood of a transcendent era—poured forth the golden numbers, and woke the thunders, and winged the lightnings, in the midst of which the divine commandment of freedom was announced. And last of all there is the Post-Office, with its stately Corinthian portico, with the three statues of Mercury, Hibernia, and Justice topping it, and Nelson's Pillar, right in front of it, blocking up the finest street in Europe—an audacious pile of granite, most fortunately misplaced there, since it conspicuously symbolizes the intolerance of England, which always stands in the way of Irish business.

As for the three statues on the top of the Post-office, we all know the story about them. An English gentleman arrived in Dublin early one morning. It was a very wet morning. It was raining in earnest. The gentleman took an outside jaunting car.

"Where to, Captain?" asked the jarvey.

"Gresham's Hotel," replied the Englishman.

"You'll be there in a minute," said the jarvey.

And away went the jarvey with his fare, and several trunks and hat-cases, umbrellas and walking-sticks. You always know an Englishman by the baggage about him. Rattling up Sackville street, the Englishman sticks his glass in his eye, and takes a squint over the well of the car, at the Post-office.

"Who are those above there?" says he, pointing to the statues on the top of the building.

"Them," says the jarvey, "them's the Twelve Apostles."

"Twelve Apostles!" exclaims the Englishman, and he wipes his glass with his handkerchief, and screws it tighter into his eye. "Twelve!" he exclaims, "why I only see three of them there."

"Arrah!" said the jarvey, turning round to the foreigner, "What the devil would bring the rest of them out in this weather?"

And now can we forget Munster? On St. Patrick's Day she surely is not forgotten. The Corkman on that day speeds back to the city of St. Finbar, and with the devotion of the Campanaro, listens once more to the sweet bells of Shandon,

> Whose sounds so wild, would in days of childhood,
> Fling o'er his cradle their magic spells.
> On this we ponder, where'er we wander,
> And thus grow fonder
> Sweet Cork of thee!
> With thy bells of Shandon,
> That sound so grand, on
> The pleasant waters of the River Lee!

Very probably, he takes a drive out in the direction of Blarney, to that Castle of Lady Jeffries, where, according to Milliken's ballad, Julius Cæsar and Nebuchadnezzar stand naked in the open air, and where a certain unapproachable stone, if kissed, is supposed to inoculate the tongue with a mellifluous civility of the most suspicious fascination.

The Kerry-man, with the help of Sir Edward Courtney, trudges up the flank of Mangerton, and from the rim of the Devil's Punch-bowl—iced punch it must be, for no one can swim in it, who doesn't get the cramp—he looks down with a heart throbbing with love, and eyes bright with pride, on and all over the loveliest lakes that ever were fanned to sleep by the rustling glories of the summer, or were swept into tumult by the white wind of the winter. From thence, looking a little to the south, he can see the bold headlands of the bay, into which Wolfe Tone steered the remnant of the squadron under Hoche, and where, with the recollection of the tri-color—true to the soil as the wooded rocks of Glengariff—fresh as the rushing waters of lone Gougane Barra—the hope of a brighter day still lives. From thence, too, looking towards America, he will behold the summits of the mountains which overlook the Abbey of Derrynane; mountains among which, with his gold-laced cap and tough hunting-pole in hand, O'Connell has many a time woke the echoes with his beagles; mountains, standing on the topmost peak of which, and leaning on his son, Shiel has with his quivering hand and ringing voice, pointed out the Liberator of Ireland, listening to the wave from Labrador breaking against his native coast, or looking far and wide into the island whose history shall forever be associated with his name.

The Clare-man has the gigantic caves of Kilkee to visit. Or, if he prefers a little diversion to the contemplation of the sublime, he will look in at the Abbey of Corcumroe, where Donagh O'Brien, King of Thomand, is represented in a recumbent posture, on the broad of his back, in full armor, with a short pipe in his mouth.

But there is Tipperary, with the Galties, and the Valley of the Suir, and the Rock of Cashel, crowned with tower, and chapel, and cathedral—the ruined regalia of Celtic kings—Tipperary, once the fertile country of a peasantry, swift and sure and stalwart as the nimblest and the boldest that ever started the chamois along the chasms of the Swiss Alps, or scared the eagle from his Pyrenean throne. Many an emigrant from the foot of Keeper, or the Golden Vale, or the neighborhood of Holycross, from the four quarters of the earth, tramps back to Tipperary on the day sacred to the shamrock.

Last of all, there is Limerick! Remember Limerick!—old and young—you who can but pray, and you who pant to strike! Remember Limerick! Daughters of the old land—sisters, wives, mothers of republicans—you who rejoice in an inheritance of honor bequeathed by those who, with arms made to fondle children, and breasts to nourish heroes, stood in the deadly breach, and with such rude weapons as the crumbling ruins gave, maintained it fiercely against the foe. Daughters of the Old Land, remember Limerick! Soldiers! you who wear the green—you who have pledged your bayonets to the cause of freedom and republicanism—you who, by reason of the very disaffection to the foreign government which expelled you from your own land, all the more loyally serve the government whose ensign is in your custody, and whose arms you bear; you who have been organized, sworn, and commissioned to vindicate the laws, preserve the public peace, and repel invasion—in these days, soldiers, remember Limerick!

WIFE, OR NO WIFE?

THE MARRIAGE AND DESERTION.

After an absence of many months, Mrs. Fitzherbert returned to England in December, 1785. The Prince resumed his visits to her. It grew into a public report—almost into a public belief—that they were married. Charles Fox was aware of the Prince's passion—knew that he used to go into all sorts of extravagances, tearing his hair, vowing that he would abandon the country, forfeit the crown, sell off all he possessed, and retreat with the object of his affections to America. Fox, in a letter dated December 10, 1785, earnestly impressed on the Prince the extreme folly of even thinking of marrying Mrs. F.; first, because, by the Bill of Rights and Act of Settlement, (*temp.* William and Mary,) his marriage with a Catholic would forfeit and throw him out of the succession of the Crown; and next, because, independent of religion, the Royal Marriage Act rendered absolutely null and void any marriage contracted by a member of the Royal Family without the Sovereign's consent.

The reply to this remonstrance was a solemn written announcement by the Prince, that there not only was not then, "but never was [*sic in orig.*] any grounds" for the reports of the marriage. This denial, on the word and honor of a Prince, is dated December 11, 1785.

Exactly ten days after—to wit, on the 21st of December, the Prince married the widow!

The marriage took place in presence of Mr. Errington, her uncle, and Mr. Smythe, her brother. For a very long time it was believed that the ceremony was performed by a Catholic clergyman, to ease the scruples of the lady, herself a Catholic. But it appears, by the marriage certificate, *which is still in existence*, that a *Protestant* clergyman officiated. The marriage certificate bears his signature, and was also signed by the Prince and his wife, as well as by Messrs. Errington and Smythe. The two last signatures were cut off by Mrs. F., at a time when it was thought likely that proof of the writers' complicity would be sought to punish them.

Why did the lady, a Catholic, consent to this *Protestant* marriage? In the hope that it would be binding on the Prince, her husband, and because she knew that, according to the doctrines of her Church, such an union (to quote the words of an eminent Catholic bishop) was "valid as a contract, and as a sacrament, and neither the Pope nor the Church could have annulled it."

The marriage solemnized, the lady and her husband lived together. She was tacitly acknowledged as his wife. The royal family were intimate with and friendly to her; the Duke of York, her brother-in-law, continued her friend and correspondent for forty years—until he died, in fact. Queen Charlotte, her husband's mother, received her at Court—a distinction which she certainly would not have accorded to her son's *mistress.*

The Prince got heavily in debt, by extravagance, and Parliament was applied to, to pay off his involvements, early in 1787. In the Commons, Mr. Rolle directly put the question—was the Prince married to a Catholic lady? The next day, Fox, *who had his instructions from the Prince*, solemnly assured Parliament that the report was "a miserable calumny, a low, malicious falsehood." He went further, and declared, *on authority*, that in fact, as well in law, no such marriage had taken place.

From that hour, Mrs. Fitzherbert never spoke to Fox—never forgave him. The Prince endeavored to persuade her that Fox had spoken without his knowledge. It is not likely that she believed him. But he had certainly assured Grey, as well as Fox, "upon his sacred honor as a Prince," that he was *not* married. The falsehood was told in a princely manner, to secure a grant of the people's money from Parliament. For this, "the first gentleman of Europe," as his flatterers called him, was content to brand his wife as his paramour. He had persuaded her that their marriage was lawful and binding. She trusted him—she was deceived. As Lord Brougham strongly says: "While he pretended that he was making her his wife, and made her believe she was such, he was only making her the victim of his passions, and the accomplice of his crimes."

In 1795, in order to obtain payment of his debts a second time, he consented to marry his cousin, Caroline of Brunswick. His own mother, who knew of his previous marriage, told him that he knew best whether he could contract the threatened alliance, or not. Before this he had literally turned Mrs. Fitzherbert away, in order that he might devote himself to Lady Jersey, a married woman. He espoused Caroline of Brunswick, and we all know how he treated her. After a time, on the solicitation of several of the royal family, male and female, Mrs. F. resumed her intimate connection with the Prince, after having obtained a brief from Rome declaring that her marriage was lawful. Her husband's relatives knew that, in her society, he was less vicious than out of it, and, therefore, desired the reconciliation. For eight years after this they lived together, happily enough, as man and wife, until the Prince fell in love with Lady Hertford; and, in his own house, at Brighton, gave "the cut direct" to Mrs. F. They met again, several years after this, but never as man and wife. At her earnest solicitation, he treated her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, with kindness. Soon after he became Regent, he consulted her on the subject of her breaking with his old friends, the Whigs, and he would have saved his honor had he followed her advice. After the death of Queen Caroline, in 1821 (when he was at the ripe age of 60), he had the cool audacity to tell Mrs. Fitzherbert—his real wife—that he should marry again! On his death-bed, this ill-used, repudiated woman wrote to him as a wife offering her services to a sick husband, but he declined them. To the last, however, he wore her miniature, suspended to a silver chain, around his neck, and it was buried with him. After all, she was the only woman, perhaps, that he really cared for.

All his family respected and regarded her. Queen Charlotte, the Prince's mother, in conjunction with the Duke of York, her brother-in-law, obtained for her an annuity of £6,000, secured by a mortgage deed on the Pavilion at Brighton. On the death of George IV., she was visited by his brother, William IV., to whom she submitted the proofs of her marriage; and he offered, as some recompense, to create her a Duchess. She declined the honor, and he then commanded her to wear widow's mourning for George IV., and to put her servants into the royal livery. He received her in his family circle, paying her the attention she was entitled to as his sister-in-law. This was in 1830. When she went to Paris, in 1833, she was received with all distinction at the Tuilleries, by Louis Phillippe and his family.

In April, 1837, Mrs. Fitzherbert died, aged 81. The monument above her remains represents her with *three* rings on the third finger of her left hand. No one can doubt that she was the wife of George IV.

To vindicate her character, and with the concurrence of the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Kingston, executors of George IV., certain papers were deposited, after his death, in Coutt's Bank, in the names of Lords Albemarle and Stowton. These are—the mortgages on the Pavilion at Brighton; the certificate of her marriage with George IV.; a letter from that Prince relating to such marriage; a will written by him in her favor; and a letter written by the clergyman who married them, endorsed by Mrs. Fitzherbert, to the effect that there were no children by the marriage. This last was necessary, as an impostor had turned up, claiming to be lawful issue of such union.

We have said enough to show that

> "Hal was the rascaliest, sweetest young Prince,"

and have but to add, that, with her usual confiding weakness, this was the man whom Ireland invited to assume sovereign dominion over her, during his father's mental incapacity. For *him* was incurred the enmity of George III., which ended in the annihilation of Ireland's chance of becoming as independent as her subjection to England would have permitted. He professed to have the most lively regard for Ireland, her sons, her interests. He betrayed them all, when he had the opportunity; and it is a well ascertained fact that he reluctantly consented, moved even to a paroxysm of tears, to the Wellington and Peel measure of Catholic emancipation, in 1829.

The Honorable Charles Langdale, cousin to Mrs. Fitzherbert, has published the Memoirs of that injured woman, from which we have gleaned a portion of this article. He affirms—and there is no doubt—that the marriage certificate of the Prince of Wales and Mrs. Fitzherbert is deposited at Coutts's Bank, London. It is a question (such evidence existing of the Prince's forfeiture of his royal rights by such a marriage) whether one single public act during the Regency and reign of George IV., a period of twenty years, is not *de facto* and *de jure* null and void. If he had no right to reign, the acts of his government are all annullable.

THE MESILLA VALLEY.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH SURGEON. NO. III.

GRAPES AND GRAIN.

The rainy season in Southern New Mexico commences in the first or second week of July, and continues until the last week of October, or beginning of November. During this time scarcely a week passes without some rain falling, generally accompanied by thunder-storms, which, gathering in a few hours, break over the place, and discharge a heavy fall of rain, which rolls in torrents with nearly irresistible energy, cutting out new channels for itself in the dry and plaster clays. The adobe house on the Mesa is often a poor protection against the torrent, which undermines it, and, washing out the whole underpinning of the building, leaves it a heap of mud and ruins. The shower may last for one or two hours, and then the clouds part, the sun appears, the arid soil drinks in the superficial pools, and all is dry again. Then, rain and lightning storms may come on for a few days in succession, and then dry weather for seven or nine days, when the daily rains come on again. Such is the nature of the rainy season which, in these latitudes, occurs in summer time. Slight rains fall in the spring months, sufficient to refresh the earth and allow the ground to be opened for planting corn and roots. These, with grapes, constitute the staple vegetable productions of the river-bottoms. These bottoms, where not occupied with the splendid groves of cottonwood trees, whose deep green tint of leaf constitutes them one of the most beautiful objects which the eye can rest upon, are, in the neighborhood of the small towns on the Rio Grande, covered over, in harvest time, by a magnificent growth of Indian corn, rising eight and even ten feet high, and bearing luxuriantly. Owing to the distance of the Rio Grande towns from any populous district in other States, the inhabitants are dependant for the cereal plants upon the supply from their own fields, which is never too abundant, as the New Mexican is too indolent to do more than is absolutely necessary to sustain existence; and farmers there, as well as elsewhere, have learned that it is more profitable to them to cultivate little and get a high price for it, than to raise much and sell cheap. Expensive, indeed, would the breadstuffs be, if the ordinary laws of demand and supply were, in New Mexico, to regulate the price of corns as it does elsewhere.

Strangely enough, the price of such food is regulated on the river, by the *dictum* of the Quartermaster of the United States forts. He calculates the cost of receiving such stuffs from Texas, or Independence, and then offers a certain price—so much for every *fanega* (two bushels and a half). Inasmuch as three-fourths of the whole produce raised in the Valley is consumed by the troops, this proposal may not meet the expectations of the growers. They hold back for awhile, but, in time, submit, lest the supply would be brought overland, and the market be thus completely lost to them. Five dollars a *fanega* is the usual price for corn, wheat two dollars a bushel, eggs twenty-five cents per dozen, and butter seventy-five cents a pound; frijoles, or Mexican beans, bring four dollars a *fanega* —a sum which is also the equivalent of a sheep. When the first emigrants to California passed through the Territory, the value of sheep was small, and 50 cents a head the usual price; for the last five years it has been steadily rising, until it has reached eight times its original amount. All the corn and wheat used by the American population along the river, is ground at the grist-mill within a few miles of El Paso. The Rio Grande, there, in cutting its way through the termination of the Organ Mountains, flows over a rugged ledge of limestone rock, producing a slight fall, or rather rapids—the river dropping not quite twelve feet in half a mile. Mr. Simeon Hart has taken advantage of this fall to establish his flouring mill, and has economized the head of water by using the horizontal water-wheel, or tourbine. He has fitted up the whole with admirable skill, and beautiful machinery, all of which, both the parts of wood as well as of iron, came from Philadelphia. When it is considered, the long overland travel from St. Louis to Albuquerque, and thence down the river, a distance nearly of one thousand miles, by the slow travel of mules and wagons, some idea may be formed of the expense of fitting up the mill. It is in full and constant operation now, and is the only one of the kind in the Territory. Mr. Hart has thrown a dam across the river, above the falls, which he is at no cost to repair, the Mexican authorities of El Paso taking the care and repair of it on themselves, lest that if left to the mill-owner, he might deprive the town of a fair share of water for their asequias, or open streams, which carry the water for town purposes and for the irrigation of the ground. The poorer New Mexicans grind their own corn in the usual Indian way, with stone pestles on slabs of stone, or in stone mortars, resembling Irish queen stones. This work is usually performed by the women.

In the moist and warm soil of the valleys the grape thrives with wonderful luxuriance. Two varieties of grape are cultivated, one a purple grape resembling the Isabella the other a green Muscatel grape. The latter from its plumpness and sweetness of flavor is a delicious fruit, and often bears the second year very plentifully. There is no fixed price for grapes as every body cultivates, but generally six cents a pound would represent their value. Onions, water-melons, a variety of sweet potato, tomatoes, chiles and beet constitute the other growths, which, except the onions and red pepper, are sparingly grown except for the Americans. Both white and red beet grow to a large size and give great yields, and a large opening exists for the making of extensive fortunes in that country by the cultivation of beet-root for the manufacture of sugar. All the sugar consumed, comes at present either from Texas or over the plains, several hundred miles by land carriage; the consequence of which is its excessively high price, the poorest unrefined costing 50 cents, and the more refined article 74 cents and over a dollar a pound. The Winter is too severe for the cultivation of the sugar cane, and hence the manufacture of sugar from beet will, at some period not very distant, form a staple manufacture of the Territory. Such a manufacture would not only have the supply of the Territory of New Mexico but also that of the whole Northern part of Mexico down to the City of Chihuahua. The only sugar at present used there being that extracted from the *Mescal* one of the varieties of the Agave, a plant resembling the Indian Aloe shrub. The highest table lands of Southern New Mexico considerably modifies the climate which in that latitude would otherwise approach an intertropical temperature. Situated between four and five thousand feet above the ocean level, they are exposed to the winds from whatever quarter they may come, and in winter months the summits of the mountains, which in many ranges are two thousand feet above the plains, are covered with deep snows. On the table lands occasional winter snows fall, but rarely accumulate or lie on the ground. South of latitude 35° light rain and night frosts are the usual winter climate. The summers have the same mean warmth as those of Virginia, with less of the variability, and hence it is a climate admirably adapted for health. Next to Cailfornia it is probably the most agreeable climate within our country's limits, and from being reached in less time, and being less occupied, it offers some inducements to Emigrants and Settlers. The heat is not so excessive or so enervating as that of Southern Texas and the Gulf States, nor can rice, coffee or sugar be raised; and therefore, it is unlikely to be a slave-holding territory, while the luxuriant yields of the bottom lands and the extensive grazing plains on each side of the rivers, fit only for the raising of stock which roam in thousands in search of the bunch and buffalo grass, scattered in clumps apart, and yielding abundant nutriment equal to the prairie grasses of the Mississippi Valley. In this climate where the spring rains are wanting, the prairie grasses cannot spring up, and their place is supplied by the coarser herbage indigenous to a drier soil and estival moisture. These, not perishing in the drier winters, become a natural hay in the following spring, forming the chief sustenance of the animals who journey this overland route in seasons before the appearance of the young grass. Owing to the want of steady water courses and uncertain height of rivers, manufactures cannot be extensively carried on. Coal may be found yet in some of the ranges lying along the Rio Grande, as these valleys are of the same conformation as coal basins generally are. Timber, however, is very scarce throughout the whole country. Forest trees are never found on the plains, nor below an elevation of five thousand feet, they are thus confined to the summits and elevated flanks of the mountains, where the cypress, the oak pines, and cedar flourish. The cutting and hauling of these in the cumbrous carretas or Mexican wagons over the primitive roads, to twenty and even forty miles distance, renders wood a very expensive article. Such a thing as a frame house could not be thought of, the doors, jambs and windows, with occasional flooring, being the only parts into which wood-work enters. The houses, made of adobes or sun-dried bricks, sometimes with and oftener without straw, are all of one story, and the roofing is generally of brush, the ceiling being made of slender beams of the cottonwood or poplar growing in the bottom, stretched along the length of the room, while rushes are woven across between the timbers, and form a species of wicker ceiling which looks more artistical than a plastered roof. The cottonwood, though like other varieties of poplar species, too loose a grained wood for carpentry purposes, is yet well adapted for the purposes of roofing and fencing, and is a very fast growing tree, rising as high as sixty feet frequently in its seventh year. It is a species which has a great range in this country, being found growing in the coast ranges of California, along every river and water course in the great Basin, the infallible signs of springs and underground water in New Mexico—and flourishing as far East as the Mississippi—East of which it gradually declines and disappears.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LECTURING.

A stranger, fresh from the aristocratic nurseries of learning, be it from Oxford, the City of Towers, or the Academic halls of Gottingen, or the dust of old Trinity, of Dublin, must naturally feel not a little surprised at the contrast presented by the system of lecturing on this side of the Atlantic. There, a dainty D. D., or an obese Professor; here, a dashing, go-a-head parson, or a brilliant young *literateur*, or traveller. There, aspirants for knowledge, whose ancestors did not happen to rob on the highway or cheat on change, and who cannot boast of either the abstract prestiges of gentle family connection, or concrete influence of hard cash, must go as best they can without knowledge. Here, the land abounds with cheap Lyceums, open to each and all, without regard to accident of birth or wealth, and then we have the growing demand for really competent, and the growing impatience with, second-rate lecturers.

These and similar reflections fill the stranger's mind. They are, of course, colored by the freshness of his impressions, and in his enthusiasm he may give us here more credit for the intellectual passion for lecturing than we actually possess. But undoubtedly it is that intellectual life, fostered by free schools and free institutions, which has given to our lecture system a character of its own, as purely American as Niagara, camp meetings, and prairie-fires. As different from the times of antiquity as a keen, sharp, matter-of-fact Carlyleian scholar of Boston is from a polished, esthetical, sophistical Retorician of Athens—as different from cotemporary European lectures, as was Daniel Webster, as a statesman, from Lord John Russell, or the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher from Rev. Baptist Noel. As a general thing, European lecturers lack directness and reality. The cloven foot—political bondage, and social prejudice—leaves its mark even on the highest order of European minds. Hence their proclivity to view every topic as a matter of speciality, because the mind lacks breadth to take it up from a great central point of view of humanity.

We are well aware, that, in many instances, audiences are more stimulated by curiosity to see how a lecturer of celebrity looks, than by an anxiety to hear what he has to say. Yet they generally go through the whole sitting with exemplary patience, and gulp the pills of instruction, even when clumsily prepared, with a good grace.

In a large city like New York, with an enormous permanent and floating European population, this intellectual propensity may be to some extent overshadowed by a more frivolous passion for theatres, but in the interior and Western counties, where there are but few theatres — in such places as Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, and especially through the length and breadth of Massachusetts, the popular mind has a wondrous taste for the intellectual luxury afforded by an accomplished lecturer. The amount of learning and useful information, thus quickly and cheaply circulated among the people, is immense. This go-a-head method of instruction may here and there certainly open a door to superficiality, but, for one person who, going to a theatre, would read or think less, there are thousands who would only be encouraged to read or think more; and we are delighted to see some of the best minds of the country, instead of vegetating in the already overcrowded avenues of the bar, or drudging in the precarious calling of the pulpit, devoting their energies to this new American educational institution of lecturing.

What to us seemed always most characteristic of our American lecturers, compared to those of European countries, is, that however high their claims for superiority, or however distinguished the services they may have already rendered their country, through the press, literature, or the forum, their bearing is always that of an unassuming modesty. They address their audience as fellow men. The lecturer may be a scholar, a satirist, a politician, an editor, or a clergyman, but he addresses his audience as men, and thus a link of equality, and consequently of humanity, is produced between him and his audience, which bespeaks attention and sympathy, and removes indifference and coldness. Hence that earnest, genial, hearty encouragement, which the lecturers receive at the hands of audiences here, by a sincere, well-sustained attention, while in Europe, though the applause may be here and there louder, the intellectual zest is far more subdued.

These and similar reflections presented themselves to our mind, on reading the accounts of two lectures recently delivered and published in England. One by Mr. Gladstone, on the Colonial system, on which we shall not now expatiate. The other by Lord John Russell, on the obstacles to moral and political progress.

Lord John closes with a glowing allusion to the United States:—"After not many years," said he, "the United States and England will present sixty, seventy, nay, eighty millions of freemen of the same race and language, reading Milton and Shakespere, and going hand in hand in peaceable conquest and bloodless victory." We should be extremely sorry to distrust Lord John's benevolent and holy aspirations; yet we must say, that we find already, in the very striking contrast of thought presented between his lectures and what would have been an American's, that in spite of the mutual love for Milton and Shakespere, and the common language, great differences of character have already been established by difference of climate and institutions, and are likely to open still a wider schism, if the many other foreign races are taken into account, which have already contributed so much to un-Anglicize, or, in other words, to Americanize the national character.

Lord John Russell's lecture, however, which, if delivered here, would be deemed unworthy of a fourth-rate clergyman, is a great effort for a second-rate statesman in England. Not that the lecture is statesmanlike, but the lecturer enjoys the prestige of a statesman, and words which would only start a yawn from unofficial lips, are received with great awe and respect, if the speaker happens to be one of the privileged order. Of course, if Lord John Russell speaks of obstacles to political progress, what he really means are the obstacles to his re-ascendancy to office. He, if in office, would of course bring in a new Reform bill, or a new Jew bill. At least this is the inference which he wishes to have drawn from his vehement deprecation of "obstacles," while, at the same time, it is amusing to see what a clever use he makes of Christianity, as that restraining influence, which he advocates as its leading principle, is nothing else but a circumstantial plea for the perpetuity of the dynasty of Bedford and Co.

Lord John Russell points to the necessity of progressive reform by showing from a reference to Wm. Porter's statistics for 1856, that not less than £57,000,000 of pounds are yearly spent for spirits, beer and tobacco. This is pretty well for the lower classes. But of the higher classes, as a body, Lord John Russell draws a picture far darker than any we have ever drawn of the worst individuals belonging to it, asserting that selfishness, luxury and sensuality have made into it still deeper inroads. At the same time, as he dwells on the utter neglect of education, we expected he would, as a natural sequence, come out with an advocacy of the Maine laws, a project for free schools, and with such alteration in the laws of entail and primogeniture, as by diffusing property more equally, would remove the vices engendered by the excess of wealth on one hand, and those crimes produced by excess of poverty on the other. But Lord John simply points to the evil, and then to Christianity as its cure. Christianity has existed for eighteen centuries, and what story does Lord John Russell and his picture tell? The question is, how has Christianity been put into action by human laws?

Now, we give the English people credit for a vast deal of piety and Christian resignation and meekness. If they had less of it, they would perhaps have shown more opposition to their unchristian rulers. But Lord John forgets that there are men who use Christianity not as he does, in favor of Russellism, but of Humanitarianism; not in favor of one or other Lord of the House of Bedford, but in favor of the same law in the great temple of Nature. Cromwell was one of these unconstitutional, odd, out-of-the-way followers of Christ. Is it because their advent was advancing, if we read times aright, that Lord John

hurries off from the forum to the lyceum, and strives to earn as a philosopher that fame he could not secure as a statesman? Perhaps Lord John has a keen vision. Perhaps his move is premature. Unfortunately, however, he is not likely to gain a very brilliant reputation as a lecturer by this last effort in Exeter Hall. He does not speak like a man to his fellow-men, but like a man who stands on a higher pedestal, and condescends to look down on them, and, with temporary humility, exclaim, "Be of good cheer, boys; great are the evils under which we groan, but Allah is great, great is Allah!" This is the long and the short of the little Lord John Russell.

Yet, with all the lack of positive humanity, and all the drawbacks of negative philanthropy, we think it speaks well for England to see, at such a crisis in her history, her statesmen coquetting so pleasantly with social ethics and moral reforms. It speaks well for Lord John, too, to see him, after all his disasters at Westminster and Schonbrunn, summon up mettle enough to make a decent appearance before the old ladies and young misses of Exeter Hall. But, above all, we rejoice to see England introducing into her Courts this great institution of lecturing which has found birth in this country. Hitherto, lectures in England were mostly confined to scientific or purely literary matters, not as with us extending to miscellaneous subjects. The lack of liberality in the Church of England, and the fastidious temper of her clergy, will not bring as many accomplished pulpit-men into the lyceum as with us, where so many and so much more liberal sects contribute to expand the parsonic mind and soften the parsonic stiffness; bnt, on the whole, an example set by such men as Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell will not be lost. And though, from the causes pointed out, English lectures cannot compete with American, as far as influences on great masses are concerned, yet they may to some extent dispel the "crass ignorance"—to use a famous phrase of Lord Brougham—which at present prevails among the masses of Great Britain.

EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

Of the two hundred and eighty-six contributions to the walls of the exhibition-rooms, there are probably some forty noticeable works of arts, and some twenty really good pictures; commendable, some for color, some for drawing, and some few for both.

In a former paper, we drew the attention of our readers to some dozen pictures of various merit. In the present issue, we purpose merely to arrange the marginal and fly-leaf notes made on our catalogue during subsequent visits to the Academy.

"Forest Scenery: near Frankfort, Germany." (23) By J. Volmering, A., attracts more than passing attention, as well from the obtrusiveness of the trunks of the trees as from the character, or rather the want of character, of the foliage. The broken earth, tangled brushwood, and weeds in the foreground are effective. The trunks are admirable, and evidently have been the subject of much careful study and elaboration; but the foliage is decidedly done brown. The leaves have no life, neither have they that distinct, but not necessarily offensive arrangement which, to the eye of the great landscape artist, is visible throughout nature.

"From North Conway," (152) by James A. Suydam, "Glen of the Downs, Ireland," (13) by Eliza Greatorex, Casilear's "Sunset," (165), and "The Ford," (174) by A. D. Shattuck, are worthy of notice. Also a little landscape (though excessively green) by George Inness, A.

Of the pictures devoted to the "human form divine," we have many sacrilegious specimens. It is a matter of serious anxiety to us, to know if the sundry portraits of gentlemen and ladies usual at such exhibitions, are sent by the individuals presumed to be represented, or by the artists, who, for a consideration, have either outraged humanity on the one hand, or canvas on the other. The vanity which inspires a sitter to be hanged in the Academy may be commendable in a beauty, or excusable in a fop, but in general is extremely obnoxious to the visitor. We say, in general, for portraiture is a branch of the fine arts for which few painters have the necessary capacity. If the artist sent the picture—such a one, for instance, as No.——(but we will not name it, nor many other of the same sort) we can only pity his stupidity in believing it worth exhibition or marvel at his audacity in pushing his tawdry inanity into public view. We think he would be glad to have benefitted by Captain Cuttle's advice to Dombey anent the spoons—to put the money in his pocket and "said nothing to nobody" about the picture. Some of these are as blue as the specimen ultramarine panels at a paint-shop, others as red as a chain of boiled lobsters at a fishmongers; again we have them as yellow as the flag at the quarantine, very often as stiff and brown as a stone front in the Fifth avenue, and, not seldom, all these varieties in most inharmonious obstreperousness, are to be met on the one canvas.

When we speak thus of portraits—when we are electrified and shaken into such voluminous anger, and cannot retreat without letting it out, every one at a glance will know and understand that we do not underrate that noble branch of art from which Titian, Vandyke, Velasques, Kneller, Lawrence, and Reynolds have received their laurels—which others greater have wandered under, and which to-day shelters the labors of a few fine artists.

There are between eighty and ninety "portraits" in the present exhibition, the greater number of which may well be left unnoticed. Elliott's head of Col. McKenny sustains the artist's reputation. It exhibits the boldness, as well as delicacy of color, the free treatment of the hair, and manliness of feeling which are striking characteristics of Mr. Elliott's manner. We have seen fletter portraits from his easel, but must be satisfied that he does not fall below himself in his general effects, which is sufficient praise for Elliott.

Blondell's "Portrait of a Lady" (136) is a deservedly attractive picture. The portraits by the ablest painters who devoted themselves to this specialty are no less pictures than portraits, and for this reason are as acceptable to the galleries and cabinets of connoiseurs and men of taste, as to the walls of the family mansions for which they were originally painted. We think less of the person painted than the style of painting, and the excellence of the latter will overcome any antipathy to the original; as, for instance, Titian's "Cæsar Borgia," Vandyke's "Charles I." (who well deserved the block), and others. Mr. Blondell was fortunate in having such a sitter, and has been equally fortunate in the pictorial treatment. The chief power of the picture is the impression of elegance it leaves in the mind, which is the great need we generally look for in vain in female portraits. We will not be so ungallant as to say, that the fair sitters are not gifted with that subduing necessity; but we will say (and many portraits here will bear us out), that the artists are so wrapt up in striving after some striking effect—something unknown in nature, but thought inexpressively necersary in getting up what they call an "an exhibition picture"—that they utterly fail to convey it. Mr. Blondell has *apparently* subdued Art in looking after Nature. There is no obtrusive seeking for effect, and an exceedingly happy one is produced. To parade his resources in color has evidently been secondary to an exhibition of truth, and therefore we have a really admirable picture. The end overshadows the means. The tone of the accessories tend judiciously to aid the natural illumination of the face, which is made the chief point of attraction at the same time that the dress is capitally handled, and cannot fail to recommend the dexterity of the artist.

"A Head" (76), by E. D. E. Greene, A., is elaborately and exquisitely painted, though in the elaboration the effect is somewhat lost. We *must* think of the *painter;* still, the flesh is so delicately tinted, and the feeling of such purity, that the painting cannot ensily be forgotten.

Mr. Baker, whose female heads are so beautiful, so chaste in feeling, so clear, mellow, and natural in tone, is well represented. And in the crayon way, 253 and 254, by Samuel Laurance, are very beautiful. The former, a portrait of Henry W. Longfellow well conveys the calm, thoughtful expression and liquid abstraction of the eyes of the poet.

Paul Duggan's "Capt. Ericsson" (251), is less delicate in handling, but the artist is not to be judged by it.

Of the more ambitious works of the figure painters there are none which need much lengthened remark. Mr. Kaufman's "Luther nailing his colors to the mast—we beg pardon—his protestation to the church door" (6), and "Galileo" (179), exhibit some boldness and good coloring; but they are not historical pictures.

"Galileo" fails in toto to give us an idea of the moment indicated by the catalogue. The old man with the globe under his arm looks as if he were coming down the steps of a bowling saloon to roll for a wager.

"Martha Reproved," St. Luke, chap. xi. (142), by D. Huntingdon, N. A., is a well painted group. There is nothing new in it, either in expression of treatment. It has a mellowness consequent upon age.

"Last Scene in Lear" (7), by P. F. Rothermel, is too Kenny-Meadow-ish in the figure drawing, and too sketchy in color. Though completely theatrical as a whole, one or two clever pictures might be cut out of it. As it is, with the failings noted, there is too much of a sameness of expression in the heads.

Mr. Hicks' "Bayard Taylor enjoying a morning in Damascus" (67), is as hard and stiff as the knave of diamonds. We cannot, however, but admire the courage of the painter in exhibiting a native born citizen in foreign costume. Mr. Hicks' "Sketch in color" (3), somewhat overbalances the impression left by 67.

"The Card-Players" (60), by E. Johnson, conveys more observation of human nature than any picture in the Exhibition, as well as ability to put it on canvas. It is admirably drawn, as admirably painted, and the heads full of character. Mr. Ehninger's "Gambler and Death" (183) is, also, full of meaning and force; it is a bad specimen of the artist's usual manner, but we think one more consonant with a true feeling for Art. "The Fortune-Teller" (30), by Wm. M. Hunt, is full of talent, which would be better appreciated if it were not painted on a blanket, as it evidently is.

M. Edwin White's "Visit of Consolation," and Mr. Peele's "Wreath of Wild Flowers" are a happy contrast in the style as well as subject. Both are good.

Mrs. Lilly Spence's "Young Husband" and "Young Wife" (94), though badly drawn, are destined to be very popular. The expression of the latter is capital; and the still life in both very well and minutely painted.

"Sundown" (140) by George C. Lambdin, a young girl by a window, deeply interested in reading, evidently just at the "happy scene," and the sun threatening to leave the world to darkness and to her—is a delicious gem. We see it was "for sale." He is to be envied who possesses it, for of course it must be purchased before this.

On leaving the rooms we thought it but fair and reasonable to make one suggestion for future catalogues. Certainly over two-thirds of the works of art exhibited were picture frames; yet the names of the worthy artificers of the same were not to be found. This ought to be remedied. Either they should be mentioned, when their work form so great an attraction, or the latter should not not be admitted, for the same reason.

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.—A codex of Pliny the elder, containing about the seventh part of the "Natural History," has been discovered by Dr. Fredegar Mone, of the University of Heidelberg, in the Convent of St. Paul's Corinthia.

A letter has been received in Philadelphia city, stating that Charles Bocsha, the distinguished harpist, died in Australia, Jan. 7. He was travelling with Madame Anna Bishop.

A CHURCH SCENE ON GOOD-FRIDAY.

Up the dim aisles winding slow,
The crowds unto the altar go.
Men and women, earnest faces,
On and on with softened paces,
Like the climbing waves that sweep
Furrowed circles from the deep;
'Gainst the dark shore breaking low,
Round the Sacred Cross they go.
Who are they that hither come,
In thought unto the Saviour's tomb—
Where He sleeps unrisen yet—
Where the armed guards are set—
Where the light lies gray and chill,
Over Zion's saddened hill?
Guests from out life's festal halls!
Where the long illumined walls
Echo but the dance and song,
Where the masqued and shining throng
Drown amid their gayest measures
The sounding wheels of time with pleasures;
Come they thus, the young and fair!
Life's purple robes of state that wear;
Upon whose wealth of braided tresses
Light the jeweled cincture presses.
Does Genius bow its haughty head,
And shower its perfumes round the dead,
And Wealth with rustling garments kneel
Beside the Roman's lifted steel?
Not so, they drift from squalid streets,
Where every wandering sunbeam beats
Upon the houses grim and high,
Blackly shutting out the sky
Where pent in every narrow room,
E'en careless childhood will not bloom,
Save with a wan and sickly light,
Like the pale ears that in their blight
The reaper's hand flings carelesss down,
From out the autumn's golden crown;
Or like the plants that far between,
Show their shrunk leaves of dusky green,
Amid those dreary window rows,
'Neath smoky tiles and flapping clothes
Hung out like banners of distress,
Upon those halls of wretchedness.
Ah! ne'er hath mortal pencil wrought
From out the fairy realms of thought
Such wild fantastic groups as throng
That silent chapel-aisle along;
Faces brown, bizarre, and stained,
On which the storms of time have rained;
Faces furrowed, seamed and wrought,
With many an anxious hour of thought.
No carpet knights of life are they;
The signs of trial and of fray
Are on their faces—dinted scars
They won from out life's noteless wars.
The ceaseless fight that hath no name,
The hero deeds unknown to fame,
The noble life, the martyr death,
The wasted youth, the fevered breath—
Their barque of life hath not swept on
With gilded pennons in the sun;
But worn and tossed by every shock,
The meeting wave, the jagged rock;
The dashing spray that sweeps them back,
The storm-winds whistling o'er their track.
Waves of black and tangled hair,
O'er young foreheads marked with care—
Lines about the lips compressed
That speak of struggles in the breast;
And, in the deep, unquiet eye,
A light we fear—we know not why.
Heads as white as Alpine snows,
And by them girlhood's opening rose;
Pale girls that in their beauty are
But captives fettered to the car
Of life, that sweeps them, bound and slight,
Amid the thunders of its flight;
Groups of children, wild and tanned,
With matted hair and roughened hand,
Still pressing on, unknowing they,
Young pilgrims early on the way;
Faces dark and marked, that show
That Fate, not Time, has been their foe;
That, 'neath their locks of iron-gray,
Teem like some gusty autumn's day
Across whose noon the driving rack
Of stormy clouds is streaming black,
With here and there a crimson streak,
As forth some straggling rays may break
From out the red, obscured sun—
Cloud-shrouded ere his day is done!
And thus, as picturesque and slow,
Along the soundless aisles they go,
Across the musing mind they threw
A vivid vision, strange and new,
Of how life's last procession long
Into the shadowy vale shall throng,
While redly sinks their latest sun,
Their temples rent—their palace gone.
Forth issuing from its blazing gates
To meet their near and closing fates,
The sons of every age and clime—
The first and latest born of time.
They that possessed the green earth first—
Beside the gentle waters nurst;
The quivered hunters of the woods,
Brown children of the solitudes;
Assyrian, Roman, Greek, and Frank,
The shadowy cohorts, rank on rank,
Still filing on, the buried Past
Arisen up sublime at last,
With all its wrappings cast away—
Revealed unto the living day!

ENUL.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON III., EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. By *Edward Roth.* Boston: P. Donahoe.

We will not review this work, for obvious reasons. We will not recount what Louis Napoleon has, or has not done. His recent acts and his antecedents are vividly before the mind, glittering, as both are, with a persistency almost marvellous, an ambition politically uncontrolable and personally unsleeping, and with blood that cannot be washed out Whether posterity will receive Victor Hugo's character of him or otherwise is a matter to test the humanity and common sense of that posterity. Mr. Roth's work is a careful compilation of the details of a remarkable career. Some will read it as if the life of a saint,

others as that of a vagabond, and all with considerable interest. For both it will supply the place of a book of reference until a better one is produced. While the author disclaims any philosophical learning in this production, and advises his readers that it is with dry facts alone he deals, still, it is not difficult to perceive in what light Mr. Roth views his hero. It could not well be otherwise; nor could we reasonably expect it. Much nonsense is talked about the partiality or impartiality with which a writer should treat his subject. Now, every man has an opinion—whether of little or much value is an after consideration—and he must indeed be a cowardly knave, or a hyfalutin hypocrite, who, writing a book, does not put his opinions into it, and let them fight for their mission, be decently and gallantly killed, waked, and buried, or live against all antagonism.

The book is handsomely printed.

The Sportsman's Vade Mecum. By "Dinks," containing full instructions in all that relates to the Breeding, Rearing, Breaking, Kennelling, and Conditioning of Dogs, together with numerous valuable receipts for the treatment of the various diseases to which the canine race is subject. As also a few remarks on Guns—their loading and carriage. Designed expressly for the Young Sportsman. New Revised Edition. And Dogs: Their Management. Being a new plan of treating the animal, based upon a consideration of his Natural Temperament, &c. By Edward Mayhew, M.R.C.V.S. Edited by Frank Forrester, author of "Field Sports." Illustrated. Stringer & Townsend.

This very luminous, as well as voluminous title page, will at once relieve our pseudo-fashionable readers from the fear that the above is a new work on puppies, and saves us any particular notification of the matter encompassed by the very handsome binding of the volume. We may as well, however, state that the original "Dinks," having been forced by the publishers so, as he says himself, by adding "a work on Dogs in General, to thicken his original and well-known work on dogs, has done from the hands of a most experienced veterinarian, whose opportunities are far more extensive than his own (the modest "Dinks") for the study of Canine Pathology." Frank Forrester adds his testimony to the usefulness of the book, and considers it unequalled by any on sportsmanship. Strong praise from a good authority on such matters. The illustrations are very good.

"The Teacher," by *Jacob Abbott*, is the title of a useful and exceedingly interesting work, which is devised with the laudable purpose of detailing, in a practical manner, the experience of practised teachers, for the benefit of those entering upon that arduous profession. The work is needed. The author does not ambition to bring forward any new theories or plans, but simply to make it useful, by bringing within a comprehensive routine, an embodiment of what has been approved of by the most experienced teachers. The book is enlivened and rendered of more than usual interest, for one of its class, by the judicious use of anecdotes, in illustration of certain points under consideration. The illustrations are also admirable. *Harpers.*

Key to Johnson's Philosophical Charts is a useful treatise which suggested itself to the author by its very necessity, and the great disadvantage he labored under as a teacher, in not having such an assistant as he now offers to others. *Ranney.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. 2 vols.	*Harper & Brothers.*
The Tragedies of Æschuyius. Literally Translated with Notes, by Theo. Alois Buckley, B. A. Appendix containing th New Reading of Hermann's Posthumous Edition, translated and considered by George Burges, A. M.	*Harper & Brothers.*
The Sportsman's Vade Mecum. By "Dinks." New Revised Edition; and Dogs: their Management, &c. By Edward Mayhew, M. R. C. V. S.	*Stringer & Townsend.*
Eutaw: A Sequel to the Forayers. A Tale of the Revolution. By W. Gilmore Simms.	*Redfield.*
Legion; or, Feigned Excuses. By the author of "A Letter to a Member of a Church Choir."	*Dana & Co.*
Knickerbocker. For May.	*S. Hueston.*
Legislative Documents.	From Hon. *D. E. Sickles.*

The Rome correspondent of the *Herald* gives us some items of Art and American Artists, which we condense. All the American artists have orders from "home." Mr. Bartholomew has received orders for seven copies of his bust of Mr. Fillmore, from different cities—New York, Buffalo, Baltimore, Washington, &c.

Mr. Chapman, landscape painter, has orders that will occupy him till June, 1357; Mr. Page, historical painter, and the American Titian, (for he seems to understand coloring better than any living artist, and the productions of his brush have actually, on one occasion, been seized by the Roman Custom House, the officers of which took them for old originals of the great masters,) is occupied for years ahead. His Venus rising from the ocean before sunrise (mezzotint) is probably the best modern picture of the kind in the world. Mr. Mozier's very handsome marble figure, representing Silence, has been ordered by Mr. Lawler, of Cincinnati, now in Rome, for the Chamber of Commerce in that city; and Beatrice Cenci, by the young master hand of Miss Hosmer, goes to St. Louis. Mr. Freeman is a dashing artist, who understands how to breathe ideas on canvas, sketching thoughts with a masterly hand, suggestive to the beholder, without fatiguing him with too great an elaboration of details. Miss Clark, of Boston, is quite a circle of attraction herself, her landscapes showing a sympathetic study of Claude, Salvator Rosa, Orrizante, and Zucarelli. Mr. Crawford's monument of Washington, for Richmond, Virginia, is cast in bronze, in Munich, and will, no doubt, immortalize its author; but I believe, nevertheless, that the heroic predominates too much in the whole conception, and that there is not enough of repose in the statue of Washington to represent faithfully the character of the Father of his Country. I am, however, but a layman in the arts, and venture on any sort of criticism only with extreme diffidence.

It is stated, that in digging foundations for the new Cathedral at Marseilles, the workmen came on the ruins of a temple of Diana.

Literary and Artistic News.

War Historians.—Books relating to the war are finding publishers at St. Petersburg. A work now making some sensation in the capital is entitled "An Historical Review of the Crimean Campaign," and is from the pen of M. Anitchkof, Captain of the Staff attached to the Chancellery of the Ministry of War. The first volume is embellished with three splendid plans of the battles of the Alma, of Balaklava, and Inkermann. Documents in the hands of the Government, and recitals of eye-witnesses, form the chief portion of the book. The second volume enters into a narrative of the defence of Sebastopol. At Tiflis a sketch of the Russian campaign in Asia, and of the siege of Kars, has appeared.

We learn from the *Evening Post* that Edwin White is putting the finishing touches to a historical painting of great merit, which he styles "The Signing of the Compact on Board the Mayflower." The painting is a large one, comprising eight or ten figures of some of the most distinguished characters that graced the annals of our early colonial history—Carver, Winslow, Bradford, Brewster, Miles Standish, &c. &c. The Post thinks that Mr. White has been eminently happy in the choice, no less than in the treatment of his subject.

The Museum of Natural History in Paris has just received fifty-four cases of geological specimens, dug up from the ruins of Athens. Among these is a complete collection of the fossil remains of almost all the animals that existed in ancient Greece, some of which are said to be remarkably like those found at the present day in Africa.

The four colossal allegorical statues intended for the middle roof of the new Museum at Berlin, and representing Art, Peace, Fortune, and Prussia, have just been cast in zinc at different Berlin foundries. They will be covered with a sandstone-colored paint, and then be erected at once. The relievo for the frontispiece, modelled by Professor Kiss, will soon be finished.

An attempt to dramatize the "Paradise Lost" of Milton has been made at the Ambigu Comique, but continuing the History of the Creation until the Deluge. As a drama, of course (says *Galignani*) the thing is absurd, but the variety and beauty of the scenery and getting-up will probably secure it a certain run.

E. A. Brackett, the sculptor, is engaged upon a colossal marble statue of the Rev. Hosea Ballou, to be erected over the remains of the well-known religious author and theologian, which now repose in Mount Auburn. This classic token of regard is reared by the Universalist denomination at large.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is about to visit California, Australia, and England, and takes with her Mr. Charles Pope, of New Orleans, as her professional *attaché*. They will leave New York about the 25th of May.

A booksller of Southampton, England, was lately fined five shillings for selling a newspaper on the Sabbath. The magistrate, in pronouncing sentence remarked, that by the terms of the English law (Stat. Charles II. and William III.,) nothing could be sold on the Sabbath but milk and mackerels.

Three thousand five hundred dollars have been offered for one share of the *New York Tribune.* This would make the one hundred shares, into which that establishment was divided a few years ago, worth 350,000 dollars. The par value of each share is $1,000.

There were printed, in Belgium, during the past year, one thousand and three different works in the French language, two hundred and twenty-four in Flemish, twenty-two in Latin, nine in German, and only two in English.

A new *feuilleton* in the *"Presse,"* by M. Eugene Sue, called "La Femme de Lettres," of which only three numbers have appeared, has been suppressed by authority, the work being considered of a Socialist tendency.

OUT WEST CORRESPONDENCE.

St. Louis, April 20th, 1856.

An "out western" correspondent being geographically liable for Indian news, it is as well to commence by recording the ratification of a treaty between the President and certain hitherto contumacious tribes, whose names alone will be a "sweet morsel" to the admirers of Hiawatha. The meeting or council was held at Fort Pierre, and lasted from the 1st to the 5th of March, with Gen. Harney on the one side and bands of the Yauktounais, Ough-pa-pas, Blackfeet, Sioux, Minnecoujous, Saus-arcs, Two-Kettle, Yauctow, and Brules, on the other. Gen. Harney delivered to "Little Thunder," as a seal, the prisoners held in Forts Pierre, Kearney, and Laramie; and so, the hatchet is buried definitely *—for the present.* Two tribes were absent—the O-Gal-lal-las and the Wah-re-kouters under "Big-head," but their adoption of the proposed terms is beyond a doubt, as Harney in his late vigorous and severe campaign has taught them a lesson not likely to be forgotten. One of the most just measures adopted is, that the traders will henceforth be under the the control of the posts, and will have to reside in them—thus preventing, in a great measure, the impositions practiced on the Indian, and the "outrages" made by him in reprisal or retaliation.

On the principle of contrast, here is an extract from an estimate of the trade of this city, recently compiled, showing how rapidly the merchant is pushing his calling into the domain of "the hunter." Within a generation, this was little more than an Indian trading port, while in 1856, there were Eighty-seven millions, thirty-three thousand six hundred and ninety-seven dollars worth of goods sold in the city of St. Louis, while the trade of the present year will be at least fifty per cent larger, and still the tide of emigration continues towards the setting sun, and city, town, village, settlement and clearing alternate in unceasing progression towards the shores of the Pacific.

We had on yesterday a deputation from the military companies of Chicago, relative to our Militia being represented at the grand Military Encampment at that city, on the 4th of July where I doubt not your City Guard will find it difficult to carry off the prize, for appearance or discipline, from some of our Western companies.

The recent and conclusive majority of the Democrats here in election of city officers, which was in reality a contest between what is called the *native* and *foreign* elements, shows that the test of accidental nationality is fast approaching its senility—an event which every true republican and lover of liberty hails with gladness, and which originating as it did in petty political motives, must eventually be overcome and obliterated by the broad, comprehensive, healthy human feeling of fraternity, founded on individual worth.

As to Kansas, it will be satisfactory to your readers to know that "wars and rumors of wars" are at present confined to Mas, sachusetts committees and "special correspondents" of the *Tribune* &c., &c. On yesterday, at Barnum's Hotel, a six-footer South Georgian, "half hoss half alligator," en route for Kansas, introduced himself unceremoniously by inquiring my opinions on the Kansas question, which having been given, I inquired if he was going up? Well, he was! Had he a Sharpe's rifle? "No, he hadn't, 'cause he didn't want to shoot any one if he could help it; but he had a revolver, and if any rantankerous Yankee wanted to shoot, why he'd bet his plantation he'd take down the smallest kind of an Abolitionist every clip, at a hundred yards, with that revolver." Although not seeming to endorse the Rev. Mr. Beecher's opinion of Sharpe's rifles, he to all appearance agreed with his reverence as to admixing the Mississippi water, before drinking, with "Schiedam Schnapps," or "Otard" as a substitute. The up river boats are coming to our levee loaded to the guards, while the northern and western ones go slowly on their way, alive with human beings, and groaning under freight from hold to hurricane-deck. Our weather is at present beautiful. All kinds of business at high pressure, and Hope, in the shape of a sun-browned farmer—plough in hand—smiling on the future and promising an overflowing abundance. "Cosmopolite."

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

FUNERAL OF CAPT. MC ARDLE.

About half-past 12 o'clock, on Wednesday, 24th ult., the funeral procession of Capt. McArdle moved down Broadway, every available point of sight near the church and along the route being crowded with spectators. The following companies were in the line: The New-York Light Guard, Captain Vincent; the National Greys, Captain Raynor; four companies of the Garde Lafayette, Captain Leclerc; the Independence Guard, Captain Boyle; the Tompkins Blues, the Brooklyn Light Guard, and the Brooklyn City Guard. The pall bearers were Major Fritz, of Philadelphia; Captain Henshaw, of the New England Guard, of Boston; Gen. Hagadorn, of Staten Island; Dr. Quackenboss, of Gen. Hall's staff; Captain Raynor, of the National Greys; and Capt. Vincent, of the Light Guard.

Capt. Ferris was Marshal of the day. The procession moved slowly down Broadway to the Hamilton avenue ferry, and thence to Greenwood Cemetery, where the deceased was interred in his family lot; the City Guard firing three volleys over his grave. A number of military officers from other cities attended his funeral, the pomp of which was greater than the city has for some time witnessed.

SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

An election was held in Company G (Mechanic Guard), of this regiment, at the City Armory, 20th ult., at which John B. Madden, Esq., was elected Captain, vice Greene, resigned; Second Lieutenant Malone was promoted to the First Lieutenancy, vice Martin, resigned; and Sergeant Coonan was promoted to the Second Lieutenancy, vice Malone, elected First Lieutenant.

THE LEFT WING OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT,

Had a battalion drill on Thursday evening the 24th of April, at the City Arsenal, which, as the last for this year, attracted a large crowd of *amateurs*, especially that portion of them consisting of the fair sex, who attended on the occasion in numbers, undeterred by the rain. They were provided with seats—the ladies were—by the courteous and gentlemanly janitor, Mr. Mawby, on the side platforms. The first feature of the drill that impressed itself on the spectator, was the good order that was observed during its continuance. *There was no talking in the ranks.* And the mass of outsiders and lookers on were careful not to interrupt the silence there observed, except when some well-executed maneuvre elicited their applause.

The left wing consists of four Companies, viz.: the 3d company, Capt. Price; 5th, Capt. Speaight; 6th, Capt. Nevers; 7th, Capt. Monroe. The chief part of their exercise was the *manual of arms.* The various movements were executed as by one man. The firings were also excellent, more particularly the file firings, which were regular as the ticks of a clock, and which were continued five minutes without cessation. In marching, we noticed that in changing from common to quick time, and the reverse, the movement was executed with remarkable accuracy. Of the drill as a whole we have only to say, that it was worthy of the reputation of the regiment.

Col. Duryea is admitted to be a clever officer, but we do not think we do him injustice in attributing much of the efficiency of his command to the industry of his company officers, and the attention and zealousness of his men. Here was a practical illustration of our remarks in our last issue, touching the indispensable necessity of good line officers, if a command is to establish an enviable character. When we say good line officers, we mean officers that understand their business and do it. This is a mere matter of *will*, which can be easily accomplished by those who desire to do so. This command offers an example to Irish-American troops, worthy of imitation. They may attain the same excellence by perseverance. Indeed, the 5th company of this regiment is mainly Irish in its composition.

N. Y. Catholic Library Association.

At the Annual Meeting of the above association held on the 21st inst., the following persons were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz.:—

President, Mr. J. Cozans; Vice President, J. McQuire; Treasurer, John Russell; Corresponding Secretary, D. Quinn; Recording Secretary, J. Fabb—Librarian, J. S. Haughey.

Directors:

R. T. Kelly, J. J. Mullen,
M. B. Lynch, L. F. Cozans.
P. J. McQuire.

City News.

DR. CARNOCHAN—WARD'S ISLAND.—The editor of the Washington *Sentinel* writes the following account of a visit to Ward's Island, in company with the justly eminent surgeon connected with the Emigrant Hospital:

"We followed our friend, the Doctor, through all the wards, not, however, without some misgivings of our nerves at the sight of so much and such horrid human suffering. Hundreds of poor creatures stretched upon their sick beds, and yet all so cleanly and well cared for! It was a gratifying vindication of New York, in this respect, from the poet's aspersion, that 'man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.'

"But now came the trying time for us. We were invited into the operating theatre to witness an amputation of the thigh. Also, an operation for malignant cancer of the lower jaw. We rather shrunk from this double proposition, but what could we do? A large number of students and physicians were in attendance to witness the operations, and we were not willing to be the only *chicken-heart* in the party. After being in the room some minutes, and with a most eligible position awarded us by the kindness of the young gentlemen, the first patient was brought in, moaning most piteously. This was a case of diseased knee-joint, occasioned by a railroad accident, and when amputation was deemed necessary. Upon the entrance of Dr. Carnochan, the students in attendance gave him a round of applause, which reminded us of our college days. His fine appearance, his soft and quiet manners, united to the high appreciation of his professional skill, seemed to have endeared him to all within and without his profession. Not even the shaft of rivalry seems to have been directed at him, for all his brethren whom we have seen, with one accord, and unreluctantly, gave him the high compliment of the *first Surgeon in the State of New York.* The clinical lecture he delivered upon the case, though brief, was clear and pertinent, and clothed in graceful and happy language. Chloroform being administered, (that most blessed of all discoveries,) and the exposition of all the terrible-looking paraphernalia, comprising knives, saws, &c., gave notice the work was about to begin. All things being ready, the Doctor took his position, holding his long, keen knife in his hand, while opposite stood his associate with a *beautiful* little saw, the handle turned towards the distinguished operator. The incision with the knife was so dexterously and quickly made, that we scarcely saw it before it had finished its work, and the little saw had commenced and ended the operation in, to us, and all who witnessed it, a most incredible short time.

Next came the cancer patient; and here let us say, we saw a hero! He was willing to stand the operation, *which lasted over an hour*, without chloroform. Indeed, we were afterwards told by the Doctor, that it was, in this case, important to have the will and aid of the patient, in consequence of the delicate regions of the *jugular* and *carotid* arteries, around which the knife had to seek the affected parts. We are not of the faculty, and therefore are not competent to describe this seemingly difficult and dangerous operation. Suffice it to say, it embraced the taking out of the whole of one side of the lower jaw, and the removal from the throat, as far down as the windpipe, of the diseased portions. Through the whole, severe as the labor was, the Doctor maintained not only his quiet self-possession, but the most excellent good temper and patience, for which we hear he is so distinguished. This brought us to sunset, and after making his patients as comfortable as possible, and certainly greatly improving the personal pulchritude of the cancer man, we turned our face homewards. We were gratified most highly at what we had seen, and thinking that though the duties of a surgeon were not the most pleasant in the world, yet he must find much comfort and satisfaction in the reflection, that it is often in his power to relieve the suffering, and bid the wretched live.

Dr. Carnochan is confessedly at the head of the profession in that city—has a large and lucrative practice in the branch to which he devotes himself chiefly—and, withal, is a most agreeable and cultivated gentleman."

Hon. James Buchanan arrived in the Arago'on the 23d inst., which was the anniversary of the birthday of the distinguished gentleman. This fact, combined with the enthusiasm of his reception, is looked upon by his political friends as auspicious. The city had resolved to invite the ex-minister to be its guest, and immediately on the arrival of the steamer, Alderman Ely, as spokesman (in the absence of his Honor the Mayor,) of the Committee of the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen, welcomed Mr. Buchanan in a brief speech. He alluded to the universal joy which was felt at his safe return from a residence abroad, during which he had rendered so great services to his country, and by his eminently wise and judicious course, preserved the blessings of peace to two great nations. The American people honored him for these services as it did also for his private virtues. Mr. Buchanan replied in a very few words. He accepted with pleasure the hospitalities of the city, the metropolis of the Western Continent. He was glad, as he sailed up the beautiful bay, once more to return to this land of liberty, after his sojourn of several years among strangers. If he had done anything for the peace or the tranquillity of the nation, it had only been in the range of his duties both as a private citizen and a public officer. Now, however, he returned merely in his private capacity, and, as the city had so kindly invited him, he was at the disposal of the committee. Alderman Ely escorted Mr. Buchanan to an open barouche, in which they both took seats. The carriage was then driven off the docks through a dense crowd, and then to the Everett House, at the corner of Fourth avenue and Seventeenth street, where a fine suite of rooms fronting on Union square, were allotted to Mr. Buchanan. The other members of the committee, together with several other well-known persons, followed in carriages. Several gentlemen of the committee remained with Mr. Buchanan during the day. Mr. Buchanan left the city on the morning of the 18th.

The body of young Pierce, who so mysteriously disappeared on the 1st of February last, was found on Tuesday, 22d ult., and identified by his father, on the ocean beach at Rockaway. Valuables found upon his person—which were brought to the city last night, and recognized by many who knew the missing man—and the lack of any marks of violence upon the body, show quite conclusively that the theory of his robbery and murder was not correct. But how the death happened, or where, is as much a mystery as before.

The Post-office Department has concluded to allow $18,000 to the Panama Company for back pay, being the difference between eighteen cents a pound paid by Mr. Campbell, and twenty-two cents under the former contract, for transporting the mails across the Isthmus.

Manuscript Historical Documents Wanted.

Mr. Clayton, in the Senate, has recently called attention to the important collection of manuscript documents relating to our country's history, now in the State Paper office in London. A letter from Mr. H. G. Somerby states that there are upwards of two thousand folio volumes of manuscripts in the archives of the British government, containing original yet almost unavailable materials in the history of the founding and progress of the original states of the Union, illustrating almost every possible interest, public and private, during our dependency on the mother country; that they show the origin, character, and position of the individual colonists; the physical, moral, and religious history of the founders of the nation, the men who determined its character, and whose history is that of the nation; the periods and amount of emigration; the products of the country; the course and changes of trade; the amount and increase of navigation from time to time; the revenue laws and their operation; that they throw light on the history of the aborigines, and the mutual relations of the Indians and colonists; that they contain copies, and in many instances the original records, of the legislative assemblies of the colonies, occasionally supplying a hiatus in our own records—the private and official correspondence of the Royal Governors and subordinate officers of the crown; the reports and *res gestæ* of cases appealed from the Colonies to the higher judicial tribunal at home; these often involved the titles and boundaries of large tracts of territory—occasionally of towns, counties, or even of colonies; original charts and surveys; that, though these documents pertain to the British government, they historically belong especially to our own country and government; and historical justice and good faith to ourselves manifestly require that copies of them should be preserved at the seat of the National Government, where the statistician, the historian, and the general student may consult them at the smallest possible expense of time and money; that, of a large proportion of these papers there are no duplicates, and the originals are constantly exposed to loss and destruction by accident and decay; and this is suggested as a sufficient reason for the prompt and efficient action of the Government.

UNITED STATES SENATE.—On the 4th of March, 1857, the senatorial terms of the following gentlemen will expire: John B. Weller, of California; Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut; H. Hamblin, of Maine; J. D. Bright, of Indiana; Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts; Lewis Cass, of Michigan; John R. Thompson, of New Jersey; Hamilton Fish, of New York; Richard Brodhead, of Pennsylvania; Charles T. James, of Rhode Island; Solomon Foote, of Vermont; Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin. Of these only four voted against the repeal of the Missouri Proviso.

SURVEYS ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—Instructions have been issued by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, for the survey of the lands ceded to the United States by the Chippewa Indians, under the treaty of the 30th September, 1854, situated north of the St. Louis river, and along the north shore of Lake Superior. The work is to be commenced early next month.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Ann's Church, Dublin, Charles Armstrong, J. P., of Mount Heaton, King's county, to Georgina Maria, eldest daughter of Richard John Stacpoole, J. P., D. L., of Edenvale, county Clare.

At St. Thomas's Church, Manchester, Alexander Davidson, of Quebec, Canada, to Kate Gordon, daughter of Captain Cleather, late of the Royal Staff Corps.

William E. Burns, of Kilkee, to Miss Sarah Carman, sister-in-law of Mr. M'Clure, of Clare street, Limerick.

John Ffolliot, Major of the Sligo Rifles, son of John Ffolliot, of Hollybrook, county Sligo, to Grace, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant Colonel Philips, of Rhual, Flintshire.

At Tralee church, Richard Magrath Fitzgerald, to Letitia, daughter of the late John Hurley.

Richard Griffith, of the 2nd Madras Native Infantry, to Fannie Kathleen, daughter of John H. Linde, of Eyrefield Lodge, county Kildare.

At St. Mary's Church, Stoke Newington, Charles Friend, son of John Hardy, of Highbury Crescent, to Harriet Elizabeth, daughter of the late Thomas Charlesworth.

At Melbourne, Australia, David Horne, of Melbourne, to Kate Susan, only daughter of Thomas Finnamore, of Allenvale, Victoria, late of Derrymore, King's county.

At St. Mary's Church, Clonmel, Frederick William Hoysted, of Kilboggan House, county Kildare, to Louisa Anne, widow of John B. Keane, and daughter of the late Boyle Minchin, of Wilton.

At Paris, Richard Kerr, Attache to Her Majesty's Embassy at Madrid, to Rose Jane, eldest daughter of Nicholson Calvert, of Quintin Castle, county Down.

At St. Mary's Church, Poona, Malcolm Monro Mackenzie, Civil Surgeon, Dhoolia, to Adela Jane, daughter of Charles Whyte, Deputy Inspector of H. M's. Hospitals, Bombay.

At Bagnalstown, Patrick R. Norton, of Lower Dominick street, Dublin, to Clare Mary, only daughter of John Casey, of Clareville, county Carlow.

At Londonderry, Constable J. O'Flynn, of the Grouse Hall Constabulary, to Jane, daughter of the late James O'Doherty, Strand, Londonderry.

Edward Latham Ormerod, M. D., of Brighton, to Maria, daughter of Frederic Millett, of Woodhill, Surrey.

At Greenwich, Garrat Wellesley, son of the late Garrat Parkinson, M. D., of Cahircalla, county Clare, to Harriet Jane, daughter of Lieutenant Colonel Lindsay, late commanding 1st Argyleshire Regiment.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, Alonzo Augustus Wildbore, of 78 Old street, St. Luke's, Louisa Barbara, third daughter of the late William Loudon.

Stephen M. Yeates, of Dublin, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late William Parks, also of Dublin.

DEATHS.

At Woodville, Upper Leeson street, Dublin, in the 64th year of her age, Mary, relict of Thomas Beale, M. D., of Cahir, county Tipperary.

At Springfield, James Cooney, late of Dallynagee, aged 80 years.

At the house of his father-in-law, J. S. Saunders, 15 Richmond terrace, Clapham road, aged 32 years, Edwin Cooper, B. A., Trinity College, Dublin, one of the Masters in the Classical Department of Cheltenham College.

In Hardwicke street, Liverpool, Charlotte Rothe, wife of William Craig, and daughter of Thomas Christian, of Dublin, solicitor.

At his residence in Main street, Bandon, James Dawson, aged 67 years.

At Elsinore, Benford, son of James Deacon.

At Putney, Sir Rupert Dennis George, Bart., C. B., born 9th October, 1796, late Secretary of the Province of Nova Scotia.

At Elizabeth terrace, Paddington, Elizabeth Best, daughter of the late William Griffith, barrister-at-law, proprietor of Windsor and Frenches Estates, Barbadoes.

At Kilcoltrim House, county Carlow, the residence of Edmund Hagerty, J. P., Miss Mary Hagarty.

At Andres En Calais, William Hanna, late Quarter-master of the 4th Foot.

At the Mall, Kinsale, Anne Harris, relict of Capt. Harris, R. N.

Mr. Robert Heffernan, 59 Great Britain street.

At Bryansford, William S. Hill, J. P., formerly of Streamstown, county Westmeath.

At Hermitage, near Ennis, Elizabeth Matilda, daughter of Francis N. Keane, J. P.

At High street, Waterford, Mrs. Elizabeth Kenny.

At 4 Marlborough Cottages, Old Kent road, Thomas Leach, formerly of the Tax Office, Somerset House.

At Newgrove avenue, Sandymount, the wife of Michael Logan, C. E.

At Abbotsford place, York street, Belfast, William Maclurcan.

At Woolwich, Anne, relict of Wm. MacNaughton, in the 78th year of her age.

Charlotte, wife of John Marshall, Tullymurry House, Donaghmore.

At Dublin street, Monaghan, Mr. George Murdock, merchant.

At Castlebar, Mrs. Kate O'Dowd, wife of Roger O'Dowd, in the 75th year of her age.

At Dundalk, the residence of his son, the Rev. Somerset I. C. Townsend, D. D., Thomas Townsend, LL. D., father of the late Bishop of Meath. This gentleman was one of the few now remaining members of the Irish Parliament, and was a decided anti-unionist.

Mary Martha, daughter of Richard Trotter, of Tandragee.

In camp before Sebastopol, Orimea, of aneurism of the heart, Henry Whichcote Turner, Captain 1st Royal Regiment, aged 26 year.

At Cork, Captain Edward Verling, aged 93 years.

At Melbourne, on the 4th December last, Patrick Wallis, formerly of William street, Limerick, aged 52 years, brother-in-law to the respected parish priest of Glin, Rev. Mr. Bunton.

At Carrigeen, Boulavogue, Miss Anastasia Walsh.

At Abbeyleix, the Hon. Mrs. Wm. Wingfield.

Special Notices.

A CIRCULAR.

TO those engaged in Mercantile pursuits, any invention that will facilitate their labors is highly worthy of notice as well as extensive patronage. One of the most important inventions of the present age is that of a pen which possesses the necessary qualities of fineness in mark and durability in use. Those of John Foley, manufacturer Gold Pens and Pencils, 167 Broadway, New-York, stand pre-eminent. Their superior value is tested by the long time he has been engaged in our city in their manufacture.

We, the subscribers who know the value of these pens, from long use of them, cheerfully recommend them to those who wish for the most convenient article in the counting room. Signed by the following and many other parties:

Geo. S. Coe, Vice-President American Exchange Bank.
B. Murray, Assistant Cashier do. do. do.
J. Seymour, Cashier Bank of North America.
F. A. Platt, Cashier Corn Exchange Bank.
B. T. Hoogland, Cashier National Bank.
W. T. Hooker, President Continental Bank.
James McCall, President Metropolitan Bank.
H. Meigs, Jr., Cashier do do.
J. C. Beach, Cashier Marine Bank.
G. R. Conover, Cashier Importers' and Traders' Bank.
R. H. Lowery, Cashier Bank of the Republic.
W. B. Meeker, Assistant Cashier Bank of New-York.
T. D. Meiggs, Teller Bank of America.
Charles Windsor, Teller Mereantile Bank.
D. Randall, do. do. do.
J. M. Crane, Teller Shoe and Leather Bank.
J. E. Southwick, President Atlantic Bank.
George D. Arthur, Cashier do. do.
P. S. Henderson, Cashier Brooklyn Bank.
Constant W. Brown, Merchants' Bank.
Joseph W. Corlies, President St. Nicholas Bank.
George Ellis, Cashier Bank of the Commonwealth.
R. A. Tooker, Cashier Nassau Bank.
Samuel B. White, Cashier Grocers' Bank.
Edwin Ludlow, Cashier Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Co.
H. W. Cheeseman, Teller Market Bank.
Samuel H. Kissam, Teller Bank of Commerce.
William F. Brown, do. do. do.
S. K. Raymond, Teller Mechanics' Bank.
George D. Lyman, Manager New-York Clearing House.
Charles Dennis, Vice-President Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.
A. B. Neilson, President Sun Mutual Insurance Co.
Elwood Walter, President Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co.
E. Russell Hinckley, President Atlas Mutual Insurance Co.
Daniel Drake Smith, President Commercial Mutual Insurance Co.
John P. Paulison, Vice-President Astor Mutual Insurance Co.
J. F. Cox, Vice-President Great Western Insurance Co.
William Le Coney, Vice-President Pacific Mutual Insurance Co.
William K. Ackerman, Secretary Illinois Central Railroad Co.
Wm. Bement, Treasurer New-York and New-Haven Railroad Co.
E. B. Litchfield, Treasurer Cleveland and Toledo Railroad Co.
R. B. Turner, Register do. do. do.
J. M. Hopkins, Sec'y. Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana R. R. Co.
G. H. Ford, Dep. Treas. do. do. do.
J. F. Davenport, Treasurer Hudson River Railroad Co.
Edward Thompson, Agent Long Island Railroad Co.
James Rowe, Cashier New-York Herald.
A. Gordon, Bookkeeper New-York Herald.
Henry L. Meech, Cashier Daily Times.
Richard B. Connelly, County Clerk.
T. M. Wigham, of Jacob Little & Co.
J. H. Stebbins, of N. R. Cobb & Co.
Jesse Payne, of Wells, Fargo & Co.

Winslow, Lanter & Co.	E. W. Tiers & Co.
R. W. Clarke, Dodge & Co.	Brown & De Rosset.
Carpenter & Vermilye.	Coolidge & Young.
Meigs and Greenleaf.	Shepard & Nelson.
H. T. Morgan & Co.	Spies, Christ & Jay.
Condit, Jenkins & Co.	H. M. Schieffelin & Fowler.
Quick L'Hommedieu.	Fairchild & Fanshawe.
Atwood & Co.	Beale, Melick & De Witt.
G. S. Robbins & Co.	Carhart, Bacon, Clark & Co.
T. Ketcham & Co.	Brewer & Caldwell.
Drake & Bradford.	American Express Co.
E. S. Munro & Co.	Hall, Dana & Co.
Wetmore & Robert.	Gage, Sloans & Dater.
Stevens, Wallace & Morris.	Afwater, Knapp & Woodruff.
Wells, Butterfield & Co.	Richards & McHarg.
S. B. Chittenden & Co.	Johnson & Higgins.
W. Carpenter, Ide & Co.	James & Henry McBride.
C. E. & W. J. Babcock.	Moody and Telfair.
Sheldon, Hoyt & Co.	L. Roberts & Co.
Bird & Neilson.	Waldo, Barey & Co.
Barclay & Livingston.	Jewell, Harrison & Co.

These Pens vary in size and price, viz., $1, $1 25, $2, $3 and $4 each, with complete silver extension cases, new style pencil, &c., attached are $2, $2 50, $3, $3 50, and $4 each. The undersigned is manufacturer of the celebrated "John Foley's bank pen," price $3 and $4 for the large size, including holder. All pens of my manufacture are made of fine gold, finished in the best manner; points warranted not to come off, and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction; if not, will exchange them or return the money. Any of the above pens will be sent by mail on receipt of the price. Pens and cases made to order for trade, on the most advantageous terms.

JOHN FOLEY, Gold Pen Manufacturer,
1mo 167 Broadway, New-York.

TRIUMPH OF ART.

LOUIS KELLER has the honor to announce to the public that his Second Series of

Grand Tableau Soirees

will commence in this city on MONDAY EVENING, April 28th, at EMPIRE HALL, 596 Broadway, two doors above the Metropolitan Hotel, which has been fitted up and beautifully embellished and decorated by him expressly for the purpose. M. Keller also intimates to the intellectual, the refined, and tasteful, as well as the fastidious in matters which refer exclusively to the appropriateness and careful direction of the PLACE where his peculiar and distinctive performances are given, that he has yielded to general and friendly suggestions in his present arrangements, and believes that in all respects the wishes of the community will be met, and that the same approval with which his tableaux have been received by THE COURTS OF EUROPE, and the enlightened of nearly all the world, will be accorded to the enterprise which he now embarks in here.

☞ Full particulars will be duly announced. ap261t

THE EYE AND EAR!

DR. BIRGE, invites the attention of the afflicted to his practice in treating the Eye and Ear. He has cured more than five hundred persons who were pronounced incurable by other Occulists. He has also restored to sight seventeen persons born blind, and he pledges himself to cure every case that may be presented. That no one need be imposed upon, he warrants a cure in every case.

AMAUROSIS.—This obstinate disease he treats with astonishing success.

CATARACT.—This delicate and important operation, I warrant sight in every case.

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted perfectly to imitate the Natural Eye.

DEAFNESS.—My treatment for this difficulty I offer as the most successful that has ever been in practice. I have restored to their hearing a large number who had been perfectly deaf more than twenty years.

Letters of inquiry for advice will be promptly attended to. Office 430 Broadway, New-York City. ap263m

IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

DR. J. ALLEN, (late Professor in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery,) invites attention to his improved method of constructing Artificial Dentistry, which combine the following advantages:

1st,—There are no seams or crevices for the lodgement of food, to vitiate the saliva, or infect the breath. The interstices are all filled with a silicious compound, which is so applied as to form an artificial gum; this is fused at a high heat, which unites the Teeth firmly to each other, and to the plate upon which tney are set, thus imparting great strength and lifelike appearance to the denture.

2d,—The Teeth for this style of work are made perfectly natural in form and shade, and when properly set with the artificial gum as above, exhibits that harmony with the other features which characterize the natural organs.

3d,—The original form and expression of the mouth and face can be restored. This is done by having the denture so constructed as to bring out the sunken portions and sustain them in their proper position; this is an important feature in this style of work, to which the author devotes special attention.

4th,—A clear and distinct articulation of speech is restored. This is effected by having the inside of the teeth, and artificial gum, of a natural form, to which the tongue is readily adapted; this prevents the hissing or muffled sounds so often observed in speaking or singing, in persons wearing artificial teeth.

The Rooms are at No. 30 BOND STREET, New-York. A Pamphlet containing more full particulars, sent free, to those who desire it. ap268m

Notices of the American Press.

From the "New-York Sunday Times."

THE IRISH NEWS.—Mr. T. F. Meagher is about to issue a new weekly paper with this title. Mr. M. is a gentleman of unquestionable talent, and handles an eloquent pen. So far, his course in this country has been marked with a modesty and good taste in marked contradistinction to the forwardness and poverty of judgment exhibited by some of his compatriots. If he govern the columns of the *Irish News* with the same wisdom, we shall be happy to witness his success, and greet with candid cordiality his honest opinions.

From the "New-York Sunday Mercury."

MR. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, the distinguished expatriated Irishman, will commence on the 12th of April, the publication of a weekly paper in this city, entitled, the *Irish News*. Mr. Meagher is a scholar, a ripe and good one; and a gentleman. His talents are of the highest order, and his ability to edit a brilliant and popular paper is unquestioned. We pray him all possible success.

From the "New-York Dispatch."

ANOTHER IRISH PAPER.—We see that our talented Irish friend, Thomas Francis Meagher, has resolved to try his hand at newspaper making. On the 12th of next month he will issue the first number of the *Irish News*, of which he will be editor and proprietor, and which will be "dedicated to the service of the Irish people, at home and abroad." There is room for a sterling paper of the character indicated by the prospectus of the *News*, and we know of no man better calculated to get up such a weekly than Mr. Meagher.

From the "New-York Daily News."

THE NEW IRISH PAPER.—Mr. Meagher, the most moderate of our Irish patriots, has advertised a new paper devoted to the interests of his countrymen. There is an excellent opening for a moderate paper, and as Mr. M. is an eloquent and brilliant writer, the admirers of finished journalism will be equally gratified with the friends of Irish nationality and independence.

From the "Savannah Georgian."

THE IRISH NEWS.—This is the title of a weekly newspaper, the first number of which will appear on Saturday, the 12th of April, under the editorship of Thomas Francis Meagher, at New-York. The *Irish News* is "dedicated to the service of the Irish people at home and abroad," and the ability and singleness of purpose of its editor and proprietor are assurances that this end will be secured.

"From the "Home Journal."

The English, in this city, have their "Albion," the French their "*Courrier des Etats Unis*," the Germans their "*Zeitung*"—all of them able journals—and now the Irish are about to have an organ which will, probably, be inferior to none of the above. Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher will carry into the editorial department of the *Irish News* learning and facility of composition; and we hope his paper may meet with abundant success.

From the "N. Y. Evening Post," April 9.

THE IRISH NEWS.—The first number of Mr. Meagher's new paper has appeared. It is published in a quarto form, on sixteen pages, at the rate of three dollars per annum. For a first number, it presents an unusual variety of matter, and throughout bears evidence of the taste, culture and experience of its editor. Among its contents we notice a graphic Irish letter, some interesting personal recollections of the Irish Jesuits by the editor, besides a variety of editorial matter. From the latter we select the following, which may be looked upon as the editor's salutatory:

"THE IRISH IN AMERICA."

We do not doubt that the *Irish News* will prove a credit to American journalism; and we feel prepared to assure our readers that they will find in it the best digest of Irish news, and the fairest representation of Irish opinions and interests, that is published in the country.

From the "Tribune," April 10.

Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher's new paper, the *Irish News*, appeared yesterday. It is a sheet of sixteeen pages, filled with an unusual variety of interesting matter. The leading articles are marked by liberality, breadth of view, spirit, and common sense. If the *Irish News* does not meet with ample encouragement, those for whom it is particularly intended will deserve never to have a good paper.

From the "Times," April 10.

Mr. T. F. Meagher's *Irish News* has made its appearance. It is a handsome octavo of large size, and promises to be a creditable addition to our list of weeklies. It seems to have made arrangements for a very extensive correspondence, and each other of its departments appears to be well manned.

From the "Sun," April 10.

The *Irish News*, a new weekly paper, edited by Thomas Francis Meagher, made its appearance yesterday. Making due allowances for the disadvantages necessarily attending a new enterprise, the first number promises well. The tone and spirit of the articles are excellent, and we have confidence that Mr. Meagher will judiciously avoid the rhodomontade and clap-trap which have been the predominant features of Irish journalism in this city, and aim to teach his countrymen of all creeds that patriotism has a more earnest purpose than to exhaust itself in senseless verbiage and the perpetuation of narrow bigotries.

From the "Mirror," April 10.

THE IRISH NEWS.—Such is the title of the new weekly journal of our eloquent friend, Thomas F. Meagher, the first number of which is before us. It is a handsome sheet, of sixteen pages, wanting only a little better paper to make its types as radiant as the editorial thoughts they embody are brilliant. But a a newspaper should not be mechanically judged by its first issue. Like the newly lighted torch, it must flame awhile and be trimmed, before it will give its perfect light. Mr. Meagher dedicates his paper to the "Irish People, at Home and Abroad;" and taking his position modestly in the ranks, reserves the trumpet-blasts of his eloquence and genius, till he shall have fixed himself firmly on the watch-tower. He promises little, save that he has taken up a vocation to live it out; but the public may expect much from his fruitful and versatile pen. Truth, right, justice, and freedom cry welcome, when such souls as Meagher, pen-armed, enter the battle-ranks of an aspiring age.

From the "New-York Herald," April 11th.

THE IRISH NEWS.—A new Irish paper here, just started by Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher, some time a political exile in Australia, more recently a resident of the United States, and public lecturer. Mr. Meagher brings peculiar qualifications to bear upon his new business. He possesses literary and oratorical talent of a high order; and—without reference to his political career before he arrived in the United States—appears to have more judgment and discretion than have usually been found in his political associates. He enjoys already an extensive popularity among the people of his own class, and is so favorably regarded by all parties that no objection was made when, the other day, the courts admitted him to the bar before his naturalization. Under these circumstances it is fair to presume that Mr. Meagher will produce a journal superior to the average run of Irish papers.

From the "Journal of Commerce," April 11.

THE IRISH NEWS.—We have before us the first number of a weekly paper under the above title, edited by Thomas Francis Meagher. It contains 16 pages quarto, is well got up typographically, and its principal editorials are written in a tone which cannot fail to be useful to the Irish population among us. While they are thoroughly Irish, they yet evince a high appreciation of the privileges enjoyed by these people in the home of their adoption, and in short, are well adapted to promote a brotherly feeling between them and the native population, which it is clearly for the interests of both classes to cherish. The introductory article is so spirited and so beautiful, that we make no apology for transferring it to our columns.

From the "Albion," April 12.

A NEW IRISH NEWSPAPER.—Mr. Thomas Francis Meagher has just commenced the publication of a new weekly journal, under the title of the *Irish News*, and we cannot pass by the graceful custom of welcoming a new comer into the editorial ranks, however widely our course may differ from that which he chalks out for himself. Indeed it is satisfactory to know that this distance is so immeasurable, that no approximation can take place. Still, the world is wide enough, and in this country men may hold impracticable views, without seriously injuring themselves or other parties. Mr. Meagher has in his favor, for the general duties of his new profession, youth, zeal, talent, and a wide experience of life. Apart from his home politics, we are sure that he will work this mine creditably, and we trust most profitably to himself.

From the "Examiner," Columbia, S. C., April 12.

THE IRISH NEWS.—We publish in to-day's *Examiner* the prospectus of this paper, the first number of which appears to-day in New York. Mr. Meagher is a gifted writer as well an eloquent orator, and we have no doubt but the *News* will take its rank at once as a first-class journal.

From the "*Courrier des Etats Unis*," April 12.

THE IRISH NEWS.—Tel est le titre d'un nouveau journal hebdomadaire, auquel nous devons une double bien veune. D'une part, en effet, le *Irish News* arbore dans les sangs de la presse Americaine un drapeau de tout point semblable au nôtre: celui d'une nationalite lointaine, profondement originale et de tout point sympathique á la France. D'un autre côté, le nom dont il est signe est de ceux qui commandent le respect et l'admiration. M. Thomas Francis Meagher a eu le mérite plus rare et plus difficile qu'on ne le croirait, de grandir par l'exil, nonseulement aux yeux de ses compatriotes, mais aux yeux du monde entier. C'est un grand caractère, uni á un beau talent. Aussi, le succès de l'œuvre qu'il entreprend est-il assure d'avance. Les hommes de cette trempe sont précisément ceux dont la voix sait acquérir le plus d'autorite et l'exercer le plus dignement quand ils l'ont acquise.

From the "Sunday Atlas," April 13.

THE IRISH NEWS.—Thomas Francis Meagher made his editorial bow to the American public, in the columns of a new paper having the above title. We have read it carefully, and are exceedingly pleased with it. It is independent, bold, and well written, and will prove itself eminently worthy the support of the public, particularly that portion of it composed of his own countrymen. It is a quarto sheet of sixteen pages, handsomely printed, and will be issued weekly, from 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau, at three dollars a year.

From the "Boston Bee," April 14.

THE IRISH NEWS.—We have received from Wm. Hickey, agent, 128 Federal street, the first number of the *Irish News*, just started in New York, by T. F. Meagher, Esq. It contains for a salutatory one of Meagher's characteristic and brilliant articles. The paper is well printed, and contains an excellent and intelligent digest of general news.

From the "Evening Express," April 17.

THE IRISH NEWS.—We have the 1st and 2d numbers of this paper before us. Mr. Meagher, Editor: and, what is very remarkable in an Irish paper, the name of the *Irish News* well tells the character of the paper. It manfully defends and advocates Ireland—but lets American politics alone. It sees enough of Irish affairs, and Irishmen, to make a good paper of, without undertaking to lead and guide the United States.

From the "Irish American," April 19.

THE IRISH NEWS.—We have received and read the first number of the *Irish News*, owned and edited by Thomas F. Meagher. We bid our brother welcome to the field of journalism, and wish him and his project the largest success. With Meagher's rare eloquence, ready wit, quick and copious imagination, and accomplished scholarship, he cannot fail to make a mark in his new profession.

From the "American Banner and National Defender," April 19.

While we condemn Mr. Meagher for his attempt to establish a purely Irish paper, we honor him for his honesty in announcing, through its name, the *Irish News*, his intention to depend upon his national cognomen for all the respectability he needs in the premises.

From the "Observer," Utica.

THE IRISH NEWS.—The first number of this new weekly journal, published and edited by Thomas Francis Meagher, the eloquent Irish exile, is received. The sheet is "dedicated to the service of the Irish people at home and abroad." Then have the Irish people and the cause of Irish emancipation a most eloquent and devoted advocate and champion. The editorials are marked for their brilliancy and elegance, not less than for their genuine Irish enthusiasm and hopefulness.

From the "New-York Commercial Register."

We have received the first No. of the *Irish News*, a Weekly, Edited by Thomas Francis Meagher. If Mr. Meagher will conduct his paper with the same energy and talent as he has heretofore exhibited in all he has undertaken, he cannot fail of permanent success.

From the "Sun," Cincinnati, Ohio, April 23.

"THE IRISH NEWS."—We have received the second number of the *Irish News*, edited by Thomas Francis Meagher. It is well turned out, and may take its position in the list of the most respectable newspapers published in the country. We trust it will receive the support it merits, and that those for whose benefit the proprietor and editor promises to labor so seduously, will as zealously sustain him. The tone and temper of the editorials are significant to us of a fact suggestive of reflections, that at some future time we may make known to "all whom it may concern." We tender our gifted friend our warmest wishes for his success, and hope he may find journalism both pleasant and profitable.

From the "New-York Tribune," April 19.

THE IRISH NEWS, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, has already attained a solid circulation, we understand, of 20,000 copies. A much larger number of the first issue was required for specimens. The ability and dignity with which it is conducted amply justify the favor with which it is received.

Special Notices.

Genin's Styles for Children—Straw Hats for Spring AND SUMMER.—To-day, will be opened, at GENIN'S Lower Store, No. 214 Broadway, the largest and most beautiful assortment of Straw Hats, Caps, and Flats, for Children and Misses, ever offered at that establishment. The stock consists of more than twenty varieties of Paris Hats, and a still greater number of home designs and manufacture, suitable for children of both sexes and of all ages, from the infant in arms to the young lady of 16 or 17 years of age.

The French artists in straw have produced this season a number of new braids, and have displayed extraordinary taste in the novel and becoming shapes into which they have moulded these delicate materials. The designers employed in the GENIN factory, have also surpassed all their former efforts in the same departments, and it may be confidently asserted that so great a diversity of fabrics and style in Straw Head-gear for Children has never before been introduced in New-York. All these novelties are exhibited for the first time, THIS DAY, at

ap262t **Genin's,** No. 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

City Ladies and Ladies visiting the city can find GAITER and BUTTON BOOTS, from 12s. to 20s.; SLIPPER TIES and BUSKINS, from 6s. to 10s. per pair; INDIA RUBBER SHOES in great variety, with Boys, Misses' and Children's BOOTS and SHOES of all kinds and prices, at

ap264t J. B. MILLER & CO.'S, No. 134 Canal street.

Will Close.—National Academy of Design.—The 31st ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Original Works, by Living Artists, now open daily, at 548 Broadway, will close on Saturday night, May 10th.

By order of the Council.

ap262t **T. Addison Richards,** Cor. Sec'y., N. A.

The Irish News—UP TOWN!—at ROBERT CODDINGTON'S Book Store, 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street, on Every Wednesday morning.

N. B. Papers put up in Wrappers and Mailed at this establishment, *free of charge.* ap194t

Dr. Allcock's Plasters, from their peculiar qualities and mechanical arrangement of ingredients, produce a genial warmth on the parts to which they are applied, often giving relief at once. In asthma, in pains and tightness of the chest they are unrivalled. In lumbago and chronic rheumatism they give ease when all other local applications have failed. In sprains, bruises, and affections of the kidneys they are beyond all praise. Recommended by all physicians who are acquainted with their warming, flexible and porous qualities. Sold at 25 cents each by T. ALLCOCK & CO., Brandreth Building; at Burnton's bookstores, 296 Bowery and 241 Hudson street; by Mrs. Hayes, 175 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and by all druggists in the city.

my22t

Brandreth's Pills, in their nature, are similar to the vegetables used by man for food, subject to the same digestion in passing from the stomach to the intestines. Incorporated into the circulation, they impart to the blood new vitality, which occasions it to throw out any impurities into the bowels, which organ expels them. How simple, yet how wise, are all the laws of our being? Acting in unison with these laws, a few grains of vegetable extracts remove the most terrible and fatal maladies, curing alike the most subtle virus or the sick headache, and in so mild a manner that they every day give ease and pleasure. Brandreth's Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, at No. 43 Canal street, Brandreth Buildings; No. 241 Hudson street, and No. 296 Bowery; also by Mrs. HAYS, No. 175 Fulton street, Brooklyn; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia, and by all respectable druggists and medicine venders in the Union. my31t

Dropsies are Cured by Brandreth's Pills.—This form of disease is occasioned by the exhalent arteries throwing out a greater quantity of fluid than the absorbents take up. Brandreth's Pills convey by magic, as it were, an impulse to the remote extremities, arousing their absorbents to action; and in case of swelling, or watery deposits there, awakening the sleeping energies of those vessels, which, like millions of pumps at work, transmit the morbid fluid to the intestines and urinary passages, effecting a reduction of the dropsical limbs, sometimes in a few hours, and thus affording a striking illustration of the sympathetic action of Brandreth's Pills. Thus, in dropsies of the stomach, and in all dropsies, or continued enlargements of the joints or limbs, there is nothing in the world to be compared to the effect Brandreth's Pills produce. In chronic cases, perseverance, with full doses, is required. Some of the best men in the Union can be referred to, in proof of the above. Brandreth's Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, at No. 43 Canal street, Brandreth Buildings; No. 241 Hudson street, and No. 296 Bowery; also, by Mrs. HAYES, No. 175 Fulton street, Brooklyn; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia, and by all respectable druggists and medicine venders in the Union. my32t

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.

Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my3 3m

WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING.

FOSTER, DIXON & CO., give Lessons in Writing, Arithmetic, and Book-keeping, at 346 Broadway, where gentlemen are qualified for Mercantile situations, in an expeditious and superior manner.

The "New-York School of Writing and Accounts," is admitted to be the best organized institution of the kind in the United States. The course of instruction is practical, thorough and complete; the terms moderate; the hours of attendance 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., at the student's convenience; and every facility is afforded for the attainment of elegance in PENMANSHIP, expertness in ARITHMETIC, and skill in Book-keeping. 4t*

From the Dublin Tablet.

"Having experienced the benefits which Mr. Foster has bestowed upon the rising generation by his '*Pencilled Copy Books*,' we were prepared to expect in his 'Double Entry Elucidated' a just theory, clearly and forcibly expressed. We are glad to see that the press has done the work justice—that Hood found it '*philosophical*;' Friend of India '*scientific*;' the Economist considers it the '*perfection of principle*;' the Express recommends it for its '*simplicity*;' and the London Times speaks of it as '*an excellent manual of business.*' In all this we have only to add our full agreement. It removes a reproach which has hitherto fallen heavily upon our commercial education. It teaches a *science.*"

Special Notices.

PROSPECTUS.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC REVIEW is now firmly established in Washington City. Every great question before the present Congress will be elaborately discussed in its columns.

Such subscribers to the "Western Democratic Review," as have overpaid, will be furnished with the "National Democratic Review," which, it is believed, will prove a work of vastly superior merit.

A considerable portion of each number of the REVIEW will be devoted to Literary and Scientific subjects. Several, among the most accomplished scholars and distinguished politicians in the country, will be regular contributors to its columns.

In answer to numerous inquiries of old and new friends, we deem it proper to say, THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC REVIEW will be printed and published at Washington City; is totally unconnected with any political Magazine in the country; is devoted, not to the support of any politician, but to the interests of the National Democracy—that democracy which will ever "carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

The REVIEW is published in pamphlet form, upon beautiful white paper, in solid long primer, 96 pages per month—making two volumes per year, of 576 pages each.

TERMS.—$3 per year, payable invariably in advance.

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.—Five copies for one year—$10; twelve copies for one year—$20. Booksellers ordering the work, will be furnished at the usual magazine rates.

Members of Congress, and postmaters in every part of the Union, are hereby authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the REVIEW.

All moneys may be transmitted by mail at the risk of the editor.

Copies of the REVIEW will be found for sale at the Bookstore of Franck Taylor, 402 Pennsylvania Avenue, and at the office of publication 468 10th street, between D and E.

All communications to be addressed to

GEO. P. BUELL,
Editor National Democratic Review.

Catholic Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Settlements.—Office No. 8 Chamber street, (over East River Bank.) Open from 9 to 4.

8t J. G. MOYLAN, Sec., *pro tem.*

Life Illustrated; A First-class Family Paper, devoted to ENTERTAINMENT, IMPROVEMENT, AND PROGRESS. Weekly, $2 a year.

The Water-Cure Journal; HYDROPATHY, PHYSIOLOGY, AND LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH, $1.

The Phrenological Journal; For the Improvement of Mankind. Illustrated. $1 a year.

FOR THREE DOLLARS—all three will be sent a year. Address

ap262t FOWLER AND WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, New-York.

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

REMOVAL.

McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks, Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 36 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

To Military Companies and Civic Societies.

OLD MONTGOMERY HALL, 76 Prince Street.—The Subscriber, having taken a lease of the above well known popular concern, begs to inform the Members of Military Companies and Civic Trades Bodies, and Managers of Balls, that he is ready to treat for the letting of spacious and well-lighted rooms, suited for meetings, &c.

The Bar attached to the Hall is always supplied with the best imported and domestic Liquors, Brandys, Wines, Ales, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, and choicest brands of Havana Cigars. JOHN DOLAN.

TO PRINTERS.

COPPER FACED TYPE.—CORTELYOU'S NEW-YORK TYPE FOUNDRY, and PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE, established in 1823, 29 *Spruce street*, four doors below William street.

The subscriber is prepared to furnish his well-known and superior Book and Newspaper Printing Types, in fonts to suit purchasers. Also, German and Ornamental Types, Greek, Hebrew, Ornaments, Music, Brass Rules, &c., manufactured of metals equal to any in this country, and finished in the most accurate manner. He also furnishes Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Stands, Cases, Furniture, Ink, &c.

WOOD AND METAL TYPES,

from other Foundries, and every article required in a Printing Office, at the lowest prices, for cash or approved paper. Type, copper-faced by the Newton Company, furnished to order. Old Type received at 9 cents per pound in exchange for new. Estimates for Printing Establishments furnished on application.

☞ Printers of newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times before January 1, 1857, sending me one of the papers, will be paid in printing types, when purchasing four times the amount of the bill.

PETER C. CORTELYOU.

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale, power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Fluthas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durab le quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS,

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap198m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

SMITH, BROTHERS,

ONE PRICE

CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,

122 AND 140 FULTON ST., N. Y.

The PRICE is marked on all the goods in

PLAIN FIGURES.

We have now on hand a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, together with our new styles of Spring

RAGLANS,

PELISSIERS,

AND CANROBERTS—

OR, SUMMER OVER-COATS.

ap263m SMITH, BROTHERS, 122 AND 140 FULTON ST.

IRISH, ENGLISH, AND SCOTCH LINEN GOODS.

THE subscribers who are exclusive dealers in LINEN GOODS, would invite the attention of housekeepers and others to their complete stock of

Shirting Linens,	Towelings,
Sheeting Linens,	Diapers,
Pillow-case Linens,	Lawns,
Table Linens,	Linen C. Handkerchiefs;

or, Linen goods of any description, which they offer for sale at very low prices.

J. C. Milliken & Co., 748 Broadway,
ap26 above Astor place.

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap268m

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REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto is ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap268mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY,

EGAN & CO.,

THE proprietors take leave to inform their customers and the public, that they have moved their entire stock of Linen Goods to the above store, where they will from this time forward continue the wholesale together with the retail, of

Linens and Dry Goods,

of all kinds, at the lowest cash price. They are all of their own importation, and in order to make a permanent trade, they will retail them at the importer's prices. Their stock consists of Linen Sheeting, all widths and qualities; Damask Table Cloths, white and brown; Damask Table Linens, Diapers, Hucks, Back Towelings, Napkins, D'Oylies, White and Brown Drills, Checks and Stripes, all warranted pure linen, together with a large lot of

New Silks,

from 4s. to 12s. per yard; Stripes and Plaids, a splendid lot of Black Silks.

There are no damaged or bankrupt's goods included in this list, and they will sell lower than any other house having the same articles. Having a buyer always in Ireland, they are in a position and determined to sell low, and establish their house on the same principle as the "Old Linen Hall," in Dublin. Ladies are respectfully requested to examine the above stock, as affording a large assortment in variety and value. Amongst them will be found a splendid lot of 5-8 Damask and Snowdrop Napkins, from $1 to $1.50 per dozen, tickings and bleached muslins, cheap by the piece.

Striped Poplins,

A large assortment, from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per yard, with all other kinds of Dry Goods, to meet the wants of Spring and Summer purchasers.
ap261m EGAN & CO., Linen Hall, 332 Bowery.

THE METROPOLITAN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 108 *BROADWAY,*

(Cor. Pine Street.)

CASH CAPITAL $300,000.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my31y

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 *FULTON STREET,*

(HERALD BUILDING,) New-York.
my31y

STATEN ISLAND

FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 8 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dyed and re-finished with great success.

Also ladies and gentlemens Garments, Shawls, &c., &c.

BARRETT, NEPHEW & CO.,
3mos 8, John st., (2 doors from Broadway,) N. Y.

NICHOLAS WALSH.

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER.

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 252 BROADWAY.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

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JOHN A. McSORLEY,

CUSTOM HOUSE AND SHIP BROKER, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

7 BROAD STREET,

Clergymen, importing Vestments, Church Ornaments, &c., will be liberally treated with by calling on the subscriber.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Thos. McClune & Co.,	Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
C. Meletta,	James Cook & Co. 6m

JAMES HARLIN,

WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months.

JOHN KENNEDY'S

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

M. J. CONNELL,

METROPOITAN BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTER,

NO. 39 BEEKMAN STREET, 1 DOOR EAST OF WILLIAM, NEW-YORK, AND 73 GRAND STREET, WILLIAMSBURGH.

All orders intrusted to me will be promptly attended to, and executed with unparalleled dispatch. tf

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HARDWARE, CUTLERY, MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c.

THE subscriber has constantly for sale, of the best quality, and at the lowest prices, an assortment of the following articles: Tea-Trays, Cooking Utensils, Britannia and Plated Goods, Stair Rods, Table Cutlery, Tin Ware, Wooden Ware, Brushes, Brooms, &c.

Mechanics' Tools.

Also a full supply of Saws, Planes, Braces and Bits, Edge-Tools, Files, Hammers, Squares, Augers, Rules, Bevels, &c.

4t JOHN W. SULLIVAN, 74 Sixth Avenue, corner of Waverley Place.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.

ap193m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE undersigned have formed a Copartnership, under the name and firm of Foot, Cole & Co., for the transaction of the Paper Commission Business, at 82 Beekman street.

FOOT, COLE & CO.

JOEL W. FOOT,	C. D. HARMAN,
CHAS. COLE,	CARLTON LE SAGE.

Mr. H. C. Goodwin, has no further connection with us. ap19

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stiles, Fosters, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st, Boston.

P. H. McGINN,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

No. 198 WEST 42d STREET,

Adjoining the Church of the Holy Cross, New-York.

INTERMENTS procured in any Burial Ground or Cemetery in the vicinity of New-York or elsewhere. All articles for Funerals, furnished on the most reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

☞ **All Orders promptly attended to, at all hours, day or night.** ap193m

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GEORGE B. COOK,

IMPROVED STEAM CYLINDER AND ADAMS PRESSES,

JENKIN'S BUILDING, Nos. 22 AND 24 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW-YORK. tf

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MRS. J. McCARTHY,

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE,

44 THIRD AVENUE,

Third door from 10th Street, New-York.

Cheap Straw Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Ladies' Straw Goods.

Straw Bonnets cleaned and altered to the newest fashions.

LADIES' OWN MATERIALS MADE UP TO THE LATEST STYLES. tf

MATTHEW WALLACE,

25 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, &c.

☞ **"The Irish News,"** on hand, by the earliest moment, each week. tf

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McLOUGHLIN, McSHANE, & CO.,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*

M. C. McLOUGHLIN, ANDREW McSHANE, JAMES DOWLING. } NEW-YORK.

8m

WILLARD, FELT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

8mos (near Broadway.)

JOHN J. STAFF'S.

WINES, LIQUORS, SEGARS,
LONDON, DUBLIN, PHILADELPHIA,
PORTER and ALE,
SCOTCH, BURTON, and EAST INDIA ALES,
CHAMPAGNE CIDER, in quantities to suit purchasers,
at 333 Broadway,
tf corner of Anthony street, New-York.

J. MURPHY & SON,

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REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

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John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
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The Society will be thankful for all circumstantial and early information of any fraud, imposition or outrage committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, ARTHUR M'AVOY, } Vice Presidents.

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GEORGE McBRIDE, Jr., No. 14 Broadway, continues to transmit money, in sums large or small, to persons residing in any part of Ireland, in the same manner as he and his predecessor in business have done for the last thirty years, and more; also to any part of England or Scotland.

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Special Notices.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Brookes' Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Stats Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (—— ——) drill each —— at ——. —— NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Edward Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." MICH'L. FLOOD NAGLE, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 104 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. PATRICK O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

Republican Executive Committee.—The Committee appointed by the Tabernacle Meeting met at their Rooms' Clinton Hall, Astor place, May 2, 1856, ISAAC SHERMAN, Esq., Chairman, and C. W. ELLIOTT, Secretary. The following resolutions were adopted and were directed to be published:

Resolved, That the Republican Committees or Associations of the several Wards, now formed, or which may hereafter be formed, be requested to report to this Committee the names and residences of their officers, with their places of meeting and their system of organization, as soon as possible.

Resolved, That each Republican Ward Committee or Association be requested to nominate two Representatives from the Ward to meet this Committee in Convention at its Committee Room in Clinton Hall, Astor place, on the 15th day of May inst., at 8 o'clock, P. M., for the election of Delegates to the Republican State Convention to be held at Syracuse on the 28th day of May next.

Resolved, That these resolutions be communicated to the Central Republican Committee appointed by the several Wards, and that such Committee be requested to aid in carrying the same into effect.

On motion, adjourned.

ISAAC SHERMAN, Esq., Chairman.
CHAS. W. ELLIOTT, Secretary. my10 1t

Notice.—The members of the "*Cosmopolitan Literary Club*," are hereby notified that an Election for Officers will take place on Friday Evening May 9. Punctual attendance is requested.

By order. JOHN F. HENNE[illegible] Sec'y.

P. S. The Club meet at 8 o'clock on every Friday Evening in *T. Coleman's School Room*, corner of Little and Water streets, Brooklyn. All young men ambitious of literary attainments, can become members by applying to any of the officers. Citizens generally are respectfully invited to attend. my10 1t

Mrs. Luby's Classes for Dancing, Calisthenics, &c., Greenwich Hall, 275 Bleecker street, open until the 1st June. The last assembly for the season will come off on Wednesday evening, May 14. Admission 50 cents. Mrs. Luby gives lessons on the Pianoforte on Wednesdays and Saturdays. my10 2t

Central American News.

ENGLISH INTRIGUE—GREAT BATTLE AT RIVAS.

The arrival of the Orizaba, Capt. Tinklepaugh, on the 29th, and the Empire City, Capt. Wendle, on the 30th, brings news of a deeply interesting and exciting nature from Central America. The news of Schlessenger's defeat at Santa Rosa is not only confirmed, but rumors (apparently authentic) of his having sold the battle to the Costa Ricans. He has, at all events, deserted while on parole, during his trial by court-martial.

The most exciting intelligence is the news of a second battle at Rivas between General Walker and the Costa Ricans, on the 11th inst., and, not less in importance, some intercepted correspondence showing that the British Government has secretly encouraged and aided Costa Rica in its movement against Nicaragua. As these letters tend to lift the difficulty out of Central America and give it a wider character, they are of the first importance, and demand instant attention. The following are the published portions :—

ENGLISH INTRIGUE.

Foreign Office, Feb. 9, 1856.

"I am directed by the Earl of Clarendon to acquaint you that, having referred to the War Department your letter of the 12th ult., requesting that a small supply of arms may be furnished to the government of Costa Rica, his lordship has been informed by that department in reply, that 2,000 smooth bore muskets, (nittons) which are not so highly finished as the line pattern muskets of 1842, can be supplied for this service at £1 3s. each, or, if it should be preferred, 2,000 of the line pattern muskets of 1852, can be furnished at 56s. 8d. each.

"As soon as Lord Clarendon is informed by you of the species of arms which you decide upon, he will communicate further with the War Department, and request that the arms may be placed at your disposal. I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient and humble servant, E. HAMMOND.

To E. Wallerstein, Esq., etc., etc., etc.

[Translated from the original.]

No. 10. *London, Feb.* 10, 1856.

SIR—In reference to my note of the 16th of last month, marked No. 4., in which I communicated to your Excellency that in the interview with Lord Clarendon, I had begged of him to favor our government with a loan of 2,000 muskets, I now take great pleasure to inform your Excellency that on the 8th inst., I was advised by the Secretary of Foreign Relations that Lord Clarendon having consulted with the Minister of War in regard to my request, I received the information that 2,000 muskets could be obtained at the price of 23s., or 2,000 at 56s. 6d. for that service, as soon as I informed his lordship which of the two kinds would suit me. He will give orders that the 2,000 may be placed at my disposal for the use of the republic of Costa Rica. I have not yet replied to that communication, but I have written a private letter to said Secretary, entreating him to send me an order to examine the two kinds of arms. After seeing them I will still consider if it is convenient to take them without positive instructions from his Excellency the President; but in the mean time I am persuaded his excellency will see the promptness with which the government of her Britannic Majesty has complied with my request is a very strong demonstration of her sympathy and good will towards that republic. Nothing is said, it is true, in the Minister's letter about the time the money should be paid; it shows that this is left for the republic to determine. I inclose therein a copy of the letter mentioned, and I take this opportunity to repeat myself your Excellency's most obedient servant,

E. WALLERSTEIN.

To his Excellency Ser Don BORNARDO CASTRE, Minister of Relation of the Republic of Costa Rica, San Jose.

[Translated from the original]

London, Feb. 16, 1856.

Ser don JUAN RAFAEL MORA, San Jose de Costa Rica.

Much esteemed Sir and friend—The mail which brings the correspondence of January 1st., from Costa Rica, has not arrived, and in consequence I have nothing to say to you in regard to mercantile business. As to public matters, you will please to refer to my communications, of to-day, to the Minister. By this you will see that this government is willing to put 2,000 muskets at my disposal for the service of the republic at Costa Rica. Nothing is said in the note about the time of payment. However, I have not made up my mind to take them previous to receiving instructions from you, or which of the two kinds of arms to take. In case I should take them previous to your being able to write upon the subject, I will send them in the month of March, if a vessel sails for Punta Arenas without further orders from you. I have not yet replied officially to Lord Clarendon to offer him my most sincere thanks in my own name and that of the republic, for his manifestation of sympathy and friendship for Costa Rica; and though the affable manner in which Lord Clarendon spoke to me when I bid him farewell, almost induced me to believe he would not refuse the muskets, I will not deny the pleasure I felt on receipt of Mr. Hammond's letter. I could not sleep at all that night for joy. I sent him a note on the following day, stating I would address an official note to Lord Clarendon, conveying my thanks, and that in the meantime I entreated him to send me permission from the War Department to examine the two kinds of muskets, so as to ascertain which I should take for the republic. All this is very good, but I don't like the intelligence from Nicaragua, where it seems Walker is establishing himself, firmer and firmer every day. I cannot understand how the other States did not unite themselves from the beginning to expel him from Nicaragua. I have letters from Guatemala and San Salvador, requiring me to request from this government help and succor; but what can be done for republics or people who do not make an exertion to help themselves. When I was telling Lord Clarendon that Costa Rica already had an army of 800 men on the frontier of Nicaragua, he was much pleased, and said "that was a right step," and I am persuaded that my having made that insinuation is one of the reasons for giving us the muskets. The questions pending between this country and the United States are very complicated, but there will be no war, for this reason, that the gentlemen in the great republic observe that although the British nation do not boast or say much on the subject, they are determined to punish the Yankees very severely for the least insult to the national honor. To the eyes of the whole world—of this country in particular—a war between the two nations would be one of the worst of evils; but to Central America the case would be very different, as Walker and his associates would soon be kicked out of Nicaragua.

I send to the government a copy of the *Times*, in which is found a letter from Mr. Marcy to the American Minister to Nicaragua. Though this letter appears to censure the Minister, and holds out a threat to Walker, the true sense is, that in a short time the government of the United States will recognize Walker's government. May God help us. Yours, &c.

E. WALLERSTEIN.

Two other letters accompanied this correspondence, one of which was from Mr. Moliny, the Costa Rican Minister at Washington, informing his government of recent letters received from the governments of Great Britain and France, in which great sympathy is felt for the Central American States in general. The other informs the government of Costa Rica that an English fleet will be immediately sent to the Pacific coast of Costa Rica.

Will not these letters open the eyes of the government and people of the United States to the movements of Great Britain in Central America? And will it not stimulate them to sufficient energy to immediately place a squadron of vessels both on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of Central America? At present the British flag reigns supreme at San Juan del Norte, and vessels sailing under the American flag are held to a strict account. Communication is prohibited with the shore by the officers of the English frigate now lying in the harbor of San Juan, especially to all persons who come from Nicaragua, and a strict guard is kept around our steamers by the boats of this same frigate. The officers interfered on the arrival of the steamers Chas. Morgan from New-York, and orders were given that all passengers for Nicaragua should be taken back on the steamers, as they would not be permitted to proceed further. As no one had taken passage for Nicaragua, there was no evidence that any of the passengers on board were destined for that republic. Captain Carlton, of the British frigate, was undecided how to act in the matter, and the river steamer departed with 800 passengers, 300 of which were for Granada, to join Walker. It was the intention of Captain Tinklepaugh of the Orizaba, to give up his ship, in case the order of Captain Carlton, of the British frigate, had been carried out.

El Nicaraguense of the 12th ult. contains a long and spirited account of the details of the engagement of the 11th. Walker's army fought with great courage, and met with a stout resistance from the foe.

SECOND BATTLE OF RIVAS.

On the 7th ult. the Costa Ricans took possession of Rivas with 2,000 men. On the 11th, Gen. Walker, with 600 men, attacked them. After a fight of 17½ hours, he drove them out, but was obliged to abandon the city, from want of ammunition, leaving 600 Costa Ricans dead on the field, and a large number wounded. His loss in killed, wounded and missing is reported about 100.

An interesting feature in the battle of Rivas was the presence of some of those gallant spirits who adventured at that place the experiment of battle under the dubious auspices only of 56 men. Of the original number that embarked in the Vesta, and first met the enemy on the disastrous field of Rivas, there were 16 who participated in the recent engagement. These were Major J. B. Markham, Capt. Frank Anderson, Capt. D. K. Bayley, Capt. Peter Veeder, Lieut. L. G. Gay, Lieut. S. M. Leonard, Lieut. G. Gist, Sergeant Wm. Sarsfield, and privates Moses Anderson, J. Blanch, J. Colmers, H. Lyons, Dr. Matthews, Jake Norris and C. Travella. These men, without exception, behaved with a gallantry meriting the highest admiration and applause. They were proudly conspicuous through the whole conflict, seeming to feel and act as though Rivas was indebted to them an ovation of blood.

Of this number Lieuts. Stoll and Gay were killed, and Major Markham, Captains Anderson and Bayley, Lieuts. Leonard and Gist and Sergeant Sarsfield were wounded. Lieut. Stoll, the aid of Col. Don Bruno Natzmer, did most efficient service. It is authentically said that not less than 13 of the enemy fell by his single hand before he paid by his death the penalty of his gallantry. Lieut. Gay fell in a charge which he himself projected, and which required a courage of the most desperate character to prosecute. Than Capt. P. Veeder there was no man who displayed more heroic valor. It is with pride and pleasure that we commend the gallant action of Colonel O. J. McDonald, Captains Cook and Bradley and Drinker, of the Quartermaster Department; Major W. R. Rodgers and Capt. Mahon, John Pellicer, of the Commissary Department; Major Webber, a citizen volunteer; Lieut. J. S. Lyons, formerly attached to Major Brewster's command; J. Armstrong and J. Finney, of the Paymaster's Department; and Michael McCarty, volunteer Orderly to Gen. Walker. The reckless exposure of himself to peril stamped McCarty as a man without fear. All exhibited a brilliant and dashing courage, and are entitled to a similar encomium. Of this number, Armstrong was killed, and Cook and Bradley and Lyons and Finney were severely wounded. McDonald and Webber are missing, and the apprehension is felt that they have not escaped the disaster of battle.

As the details in the *Nicaraguense* contain all the important facts in regard to the battle, it is only necessary to state, that subsequent accounts confirm the reported loss of the Costa Ricans.

AFTER THE BATTLE.—COSTA RICANS' BRUTALITY.

The brutality of the Costa Ricans after the battle has never been surpassed in modern warfare. Gen. Walker, on his departure from Rivas, was compelled to leave a portion of his wounded (they had been declared mortally wounded by one of the surgeons,) in one of the churches. These men were butchered by the Costa Ricans in the most cold blooded manner. The Costa Ricans admit 450 killed and 250 wounded in battle. On the 18th ult., a courier reached Granada from Rivas, who stated that the enemy had thrown many of the dead bodies into wells, but were not able to dispose of one-third killed in the battle, and that the atmosphere had become so infected from their decomposition, that the cholera broke out on the 15th ult., in its most violent character. Many of the Costa Ricans had died, others were suffering from the disease, and the troops were leaving the city, terror stricken. Gen. Mora, it was reported, was one of the victims of cholera. We do not place full reliance in this statement, as on the 19th information was obtained from a native at the island of Ametepec, 14 miles distant from Rivas, that the Costa Ricans had not abandoned Rivas, but were fortifying it on the 17th, "anticipating another attack from General Walker."

THE UNITED STATES AND COSTA RICA—MURDER OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.

The Costa Ricans, in their attack upon Virgin Bay, murdered indiscriminately a number of American citizens who were unarmed, and who had never borne arms in Walker's government. Most of them were, or had been, employed on the Transit route, but they fell victims to the war-cry of the Costa Ricans :—"Death to all Americans in Central America." The following affidavits were taken before Col. Wheeler, U. S. Minister, on the 15th ult., and despatched forthwith to the United States government without delay.

REPUBLIC OF NICARAGUA, GRANADA, April 15, 1856.—This day came before me Charles Mahoney, a native and citizen of the State of Pennsylvania, aged 33 years, who being duly sworn, saith :—That he has been for the last 4 years in the employ of the Transit Company, on the Isthmus, as an engineer, and as such was employed as superintendent for building the wharf at Virgin Bay; that on Monday morning, the 7th day of April, 1856, the army of Costa Rica, headed by John R. Mora, the President of Costa Rica, entered said Virgin Bay. The deponent was standing in front of the office of the Transit Company, in company with Aaron B. Cooley and John Brown, employees of said Transit Company also. The troops of Costa Rica immediately surrounded the office, and an order to fire was given by the officer in command, when at least one hundred shots were fired; three of the balls struck this deponent, but not wounding him severely, and killed Peter Malone, a citizen of New-York, a stone quarrier, in service of the Transit Company, aged about 60 years.

2. Michael Long, also a citizen of New-York, and in the service of the Transit Company, aged about 22.

3. Thomas Walsh, also a citizen of New-York, and in the service of the Transit Company, aged 22 years.

4. —— Wilson, a native of Easton, Pa., and in the service of the hotel of John Mylard, a carpenter by trade, aged 26 years.

5. A lad, native of New-York, aged about 16, (name not known).

6. Thomas Mannegan, a native of New-York, in the service of the Transit Company, aged 17.

7. Thomas Loyd, a citizen of New-York, in the service of the Transit Company, aged 40 years.

8. A Lad, citizen of California, owner of saw mill, aged 45.

9. —— Kenan, citizen of Pennsylvania, aged 30.

All of whom died immediately, (except Long, who lived eight or ten hours,) from the effects of said shots. Also, Michael Katchfield, a citizen of Jersey City, was wounded, and another man, unknown to this deponent, attached to Mr. Lad's saw mill. None of those persons killed or wounded had any arms, or made any resistance of any kind whatever.

The forces then broke open the doors of the store, broke open trunks and robbed the dead persons and others of money and valuables, watches and jewelry. On the following morning the steamer Virgin came into harbor, and this deponent was sent by an officer to request the captain to come ashore. He went aboard, and remained on board, leaving the forces of Costa Rica in Virgin Bay, and came with the steamer to this place.

The conduct of the Costa Rica troops was barbarous and savage; for after the unarmed persons were shot and lay gasping for life on the ground, they brutally stabbed the wounded through and through, many times, with bayonets and swords.

This deponent has heard since he left Virgin Bay that all the American citizens left resident in Virgin Bay, including four ladies and one infant, have been murdered also by the Costa Rican troops; but as there has been no communication since, he cannot testify to its correctness, and he verily believes that the lives and property of all American citizens are in imminent peril, and imperiously demand the protection of the United States. He further states that he does not believe the life of the American Minister is safe at this time. CHARLES MAHONEY.

Signed and sworn to before me this 15th day of April, 1856.

JOHN A. WHEELER.

I, Aaron B. Cooley, native and citizen of New-Jersey, aged 38 years, was present with Mr. Mahoney, at the attack on the American citizens at Virgin Bay, and have read over the above statement, and I solemnly swear that my own knowledge confirms the facts of said statement in every particular.

AARON B. COOLEY.

Signed and sworn to before me this 15th April, 1854.

JOHN H. WHEELER.

REPUBLIC OF NICARAGUA, GRANADA, April 15.—In addition to his former testimony, made this day, Charles Mahoney appeared before me and testified, that in addition to the murder and robbery by the troops of Costa Rica, at Virgin Bay, on the 7th inst., they set fire to a wharf built by the Transit Company, of which said Mahoney was engineer, erected at an expense of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and it was completely destroyed by them. The forces of Costa Rica have now the possession of the transit route on this Isthmus, and the officers have declared that they are determined to exterminate every American now in the country, and in this intention they were sustained by the authorities of England and France, from whence they could procure, and had procured, material aid, as to guns and ammunition. CHARLES MAHONEY.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this 15th April, 1856.

JOHN H. WHEELER.

REPUBLIC OF NICARAGUA, GRANADA, April 15, 1856.—I do hereby certify that I have been long and well acquainted with Charles Mahoney and Aaron B. Cooley, who have made the foregoing affidavits, and their characters for veracity are beyond all question—more efficient, industrious, and useful men cannot be found in any country, and full confidence may be given to any statement they may make.

Given under my hand this 15th April, 1856, C. CUSHING,
Late Agent of the Accessory Transit Co.

Col. Wheeler subsequently addressed the following despatch to President Moro :

LEGATION OF U. S. A., NEAR REP. OF NICARAGUA,
GRANADA, April 15, 1856.

The inclosed statement shows me a state of facts which you are already aware of; that on the 7th inst. unarmed and inoffensive citizens of the United States were cruelly butchered at Virgin Bay by the troops under your immediate command.

I have also seen your proclamation, that all persons taken with arms in their hands shall be immediately shot, and another that all American citizens shall be immediately driven out of Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

To prove the sincerity of your first proclamation you append a list of persons who were taken prisoners at Santa Rosa and shot on the 25th ult. Among them I find the names of Isaac A. Rose and John J. Gidin, natives of the United States. I have no right, and certainly no disposition to interfere in any way with the unhappy war now raging between the two sister republics.

But it is my right, as well as my duty, to inform you, as the the chief magistrate of Costa Rica, that the acts of murdering, in cold blood, unarmed American citizens, who are no wise con-

nected with any belligerent act or party, is an offence against the law of God, of humanity and nations.

This offence is no less aggravated by the fact that those who committed so wanton an outrage were under your immediate command, that you were on the ground and did not prevent it, as it was in your power to do.

I would remind you of the letter of Mr. Molina, the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of your government, near the government of the United States, dated Washington city, 13th December, 1854, to the Secretary of State of the United States, wherein he states that "the laws of Costa Rica are exceedingly liberal (on the subject of granting lands) and afford great facilities to emigrants who would come to Costa Rica and fix their residence there."

The treaty between the United States and Costa Rica, made in 1851, in the 12th article guarantees to citizens of the United States residing in Costa Rica in their persons and property the protection of your government.

Under these inducements and guarantees citizens of the United States have come and settled. What excuse can be offered, or how will you appear in the eyes of the world, when you publish a proclamation expelling these same persons without being guilty of any crime, and murdering them without any mercy?

In the name of the people of the United States and of the government thereof, I protest against such infamous conduct; and be assured, sir, that the government of the United States, aided as you may be by insidious and powerful allies, will inquire into such acts of lawless violence, and if unexplained and unatoned for, will take decided measures to protect the lives of our citizens and vindicate the honor of the nation.

Rumors have also reached me that some fourteen or eighteen American citizens, four ladies (one with an infant), were recently murdered by your troops at Virgin Bay. I am slow to believe so diabolical an outrage.

John B. Lawless, Esq., the bearer of this, is instructed to inquire, in the name of the United States for this Legation, into the facts touching this rumor.

I send him with my flag with this depatch, and I pray that you give him a conduct through your lines, and a prompt reply to your obedient servant, J. H. WHEELER,
Minister of United States of America.

To his Excellency John R. Mora, President of the Republic of Costa Rica, in camp at Rivas, Nicaragua.

The proclamation to which Col. Wheeler refers was printed in Spanish, French, German, and English, and was posted on all the outposts of the army before the departure of Gen. Walker for Rivas. It is as follows:

John R. Mora, President of the Republic of Costa Rica, General-in-Chief of the Army of Nicaragua:

All the filibusters taken with arms in hand will be subject to all the rigor of the law, which in this is death.

But all the filibusters who have not used their arms against this republic, and give up out of free will their arms and persons to officers of the Costa Rica army, shall be pardoned. JOHN R. MORA.
Rafael S. Escalante, Sub. Sec. of Department of War.

Appended to this was the following list of persons taken prisoners at Santa Rosa, and subsequently shot on the 25th of March: James Salamon, Ireland; John Perkin, Italy; Andrew Constantine, Samos; Manuel Grego, Corfu; Theodore Lidecker, American; Henry Dunn, Ireland; Isaac A. Rose, American; Henry Johsierder, Germany; Peter Pyme, Ireland; Philip Johmit, Germany; Peter Connan, Ireland; James Hollin, Ireland; Antoine Pornu, France; David Koch, Germany; Wm. West, Prussia; Francis Narvaez, Panama; and Theodore Heining, Prussia.

Philip Egan Toothy was also taken prisoner, and condemned at the same time, but his punishment was changed to imprisonment, because he was the correspondent of the New Orleans *Crescent*.

This will bring up a new question in the United States for the action of our people and their government. It is, whether they will permit any foreign nation to raise the war cry of "death to all Americans" who may accept service in Central America.

Colonel Wheeler published the letter to insure its reception by Senor Mora, as it is considered wholly uncertain if any messenger he might despatch, although protected by the American flag, would not be massacred in cold blood.

THE MOVEMENTS OF WALKER.

On the 18th ult., 700 native troops were on the march, *en route* for Granada; and, with the 300 Americans who came out from New Orleans on the Charles Morgan—who were at Castillo Rapids on the 20th ult., and would be in Granada on the morning of the 21st—Walker will have under his command, in Granada, 1,000 Americans, and about 900 natives. In a few days he will divide his forces, by sending a part of them, by the steamers, to land near Virgin Bay and Rivas, and the others he will march by the land route, so as to attack the Costa Rica force from all positions, and cut off their retreat in every way possible. As to the result, no one doubts of his success, and the accounts by the next steamer will confirm this impression.

The army of Costa Rica at Rivas at the beginning of the battle no doubt numbered 2,000, which was afterwards reinforced by 250 from Virgin Bay. This is authenticated from various sources, and their whole number on the Isthmus was 3,000, namely, 2,000 at Rivas, 500 at Virgin Bay, and 500 at San Juan del Sur. Their days on the Isthmus are numbered, for in two weeks from this time not one living Costa Rican will be found within the borders of Nicaragua.

THE COSTA RICANS DISHEARTENED.

From some accounts it appears that the Costa Ricans are very much disheartened. They assert that they had promises from the Nicaraguans to rise *en masse* as soon as they crossed the Costa Rican frontier, but that all the aid they received was from a few of the old Chamorra party. So far as Nicaragua is concerned, there is very little disaffection within her own borders. What does exist is either the Chamorras, who have heretofore ruled with an iron rod in the department of Granada. They are recognized as the aristocratic party. They have lost all power now, and the whole of the Central American States combined cannot restore it to them.

Honduras, San Salvador and Guatemala are said to be in favor of peace, and will not invade Nicaragua. They received the Commissioners of Nicaragua in a friendly manner, and have discountenanced the enlistment of troops and even disbanded some of the new levies. The intercepted correspondence between the British Government and Costa Rica, in which the former agrees to contribute 2,000 stand of arms to the latter, has caused great excitement among the Americans in Nicaragua. Quite a number of Minie rifles were taken from the Costa Ricans at Rivas. There were also several Englishmen and Frenchmen seen in their army.

Massacre at Panama.

A terrible affray occurred on the 15th of April, at Panama, between the American Transit passengers and the natives, in which the former had thirty killed and forty wounded.

It appears that on the arrival of the passengers from New-York by the steamer Illinois, on the 15th inst., a trifling row was created between an American and a native negro, about a dime's worth of fruit, which appears to have been a preconcerted plan to lead to the terrible scene that followed—for hundreds of natives were immediately on the spot, armed with pistols, guns, machetes and knives. In five minutes after, the bells of Santa Anna Church were tolling the fire alarm, as a signal to collect the negroes together, and in less than ten minutes more a most fearful onslaught was made on the passengers landing from the train, and the awful attack of murder had commenced.

The Governor was immediately sent for by the Railroad authorities, and with the greatest difficulty induced to show himself.

The helpless passengers, most of whom were perfectly unarmed, took refuge in the hotels in the neighborhood of the terminus and in the Railroad Station, and the police and National Guard soon made their appearance, not to afford peace and protection to the passengers, but mixing up with their colored countrymen, and, headed by the Police Captain, pouring volley after volley of musket balls into the unprotected crowd of passengers outside, and into the Railroad Depot, which was crowded with women and children. The negroes, finding themselves supported by the police and National Guard, and countenanced by the Governor, who first gave the order to fire upon the station, now became perfectly reckless, broke open the hotels and the station, and cut down every foreigner in their way. The hotels were ransacked of everything they possessed, and their furniture broken up and destroyed, as was also the office of the Railroad Company—every book and paper therein being literally torn to atoms. Men and women were forced to kneel down and submit to be robbed even of their rings and trinkets, and the killed and wounded had their clothes torn off them in the search for plunder. Every trunk and bag that could be found was torn open and destroyed. "Terrible, indeed," says a correspondent of the *Times*, "was it to witness fourteen Americans lying dead side by side, pierced through and through by the bullets of the police, and mangled beyond recognition by the machetes of the natives, and still more terrible was it to witness more than twice that number wounded, many of them beyond hope of recovery, as they lay there exhibiting the most fearful spectacle that can possibly be imagined, it appearing impossible that man could be so mutilated and yet survive. As far as ascertained about sixty Americans have been killed and wounded, fifteen of whom have already died, and a dozen who will probably be unable to survive beyond a few days. And as a proof that the attack was most unprovoked, and that the massacre was most wilful and premeditated on the part of the natives, I may state that but *one* native is reported to have been killed, which is yet doubtful, and a very few, if any, wounded."

The Empire City brought three of the wounded.

Among the killed were Michael Bettern, of Orleans county, Vermont; R. W. Marks, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Dubois, of Louisiana, and Mr. Stokes, an officer of Gen. Walker's army. It is impossible to ascertain all the names of the killed. Out of fourteen bodies at the railroad freight house, only one, the Mr. Stokes before mentioned, had been recognized.

Among the wounded were Wm. H. Hunter, Theodore De Sabla, Secretary to the American Consul at Panama, and Mr. Palmer, an employee of the Railroad Company. The above are all residents of the Isthmus. Also George O'Freed, of New-York, and the Rev. John Selwood, late of Grahamville, S. C., were wounded.

The sufferers were all sedulously attended to by the steamer and Isthmus physicians.

The passengers upon whom the assault was made by the natives, were those which left San Fransisco on the 20th March, by the steamer Cortez, for San Juan. They landed at Panama, instead of San Juan, in consequence of the Walker troubles in Nicaragua.

The Express matter of Wells, Fargo & Co., coming by the Illinois, was not carried over the Panama Railroad with the passengers, but started on the train in the evening. The robbers at Panama were aware of this, and awaited its arrival, expecting it to run off the track, torn up by them, and thus become an easy prey. Just before the arrival at Panama, one passenger car conductor, named Williams, was taken by the natives while watching the arrival of the train, and threatened with instant death unless he would go to meet the train and bring it in, which he agreed to do.

They swore they would kill every man on the train. He ran and met it just before it came to the broken track, waved his handkerchief as a signal to stop, and jumping on the engine, begged the engineer to go back.

It was instantly done, while the negroes approached within a few rods. The train ran back to Aspinwall, and was thereby saved.

European News.

The Cunard mail steamship Persia, Capt. Judkins, arrived at half-past six o'clock on the morning of the 29th ult. She sailed from Liverpool at half-past ten o'clock on Saturday, the 19th inst.

The steamship Ericsson sailed from Liverpool at 9 o'clock on Wednesday morning the 16th, with ten passengers.

The news conveyed by the Ericsson was not of importance, its chief feature having been the postponement of the debate on American affairs, until the return of Lord Clarendon from Paris. The Persia brings accounts of the close of the Conferences; of a civic banquet given in London to the American Minister; of Panmure's explanation why troops are being sent to Canada; of a small defeat given to the government by Mr. Spooner's vote against the grant to Maynooth, and of rumors that have gained strength thereby to the effect that Parliament will be speedily dissolved.

The Madrid *Gazette* of the 16th of April publishes a despatch from Valencia, dated the previous day, 12 o'clock, announcing that Valencia continued tranquil. The Captain-General of the Phillipine Islands had reported, under date the 8th February, that tranquillity continued.

On Monday, the 14th of April, at Vienna, the shares of the Lombard-Venetian Railroad were at 29 per cent. premium. A great Vienna banker received orders on Friday to buy 2,000 shares for Paris houses at 20 per cent., and on Saturday the premium was as high as 32 per cent.

The *Courier de Marseilles* states that the municipality of that city have resolved on giving a grand banquet to Marshal Pelissier and his staff, whose arrival there is expected about the end of this month.

Some apprehension is felt that the French Senate may, for the first time, turn restive and put a veto upon the bill imposing a tax upon carriages. They can only do this, according to the constitution, upon the ground that the bill is unconstitutional; but, on the other hand, if they choose to call it unconstitutional, there is no appeal from their verdict. Many of the Senators who were stimulated—nay almost ordered—by government to set up their carriages in order to give employment to the working classes, feel deeply aggrieved that they are now to be called upon to suffer a novel description of taxation.

Advices from Warsaw, of the 4th instant, say—Prince Gortschakoff has informed the principal capitalists that vast enterprises are projected in Poland and Russia, and that they will act in their own interest, and at the same time give proofs of patriotism, in arranging matters so that money will not be wanting when required. He mentioned, at the same time, that the Emperor wished that the manufactories of Russia should be no longer worked by foreigners, and that his majesty desired to bring into play the abundant resources of the country.

Advices from Alexandria of the 5th of April state that an accident had occurred on the railroad. No life was lost, but 600 bales of cotton had been destroyed. Solyman Pasha (the French Colonel Selves,) had resigned the command of the Egyptian army. A special commissioner from the Sultan had arrived at Alexandria.

The intelligence from Constantinople is to the 7th ult. It announces that grave disturbances have taken place in the province of Caramania, on account of the hattihumaioun. The Turks pillaged several houses, and all the inhabitants who were not Mussulmans were obliged to fly. An English company has obtained the concession of the railway from the Turkish capital to Adrianople.

A letter from Berlin of the 13th of April, says:—"The great dinner which the Minister of Commerce, M. Von der Heydi, gave in honor of peace, was very brilliant. The Ambassador of Russia proposed in very eloquent and hearty terms a toast to the Queen of England, the Emperor of the French, and the King of Prussia. The propositions made by Russia relative to the extension of the commercial and customs treaties of 1818 and 1825, have reached the government; but the concessions of Russia are much less important than had been expected."

Spain.

THE INSURRECTION AT VALENCIA.

The Madrid journals of the 9th and 10th of April, contain details of the insurrection at Valencia.

On the morning of the 6th, whilst the municipality was proceeding to draw for the conscription, a numerous body of insurgents rushed in, crying: "Down with the authorities! No conscription!" and, amidst threats of death to the members of the municipality, proceeded to break the urns. The insurgents were headed by firemen and National Guards, but were for the most part laborers from the railway. After expelling the Mayor and his colleagues from the building, the insurgents proceeded to the Plaza San Francisco.

The Captain-General marched against the insurgents at the head of a column of 200 infantry, 50 cavalry, and 4 pieces of artillery. The insurgents, who were in the balconies and the windows, received him with a sharp fire, which caused him some loss, and he fired cannon against them; but the insurgents resisted desperately, and bands of them spread over the city and attacked several guard-houses. After three hours' combat, in which the cavalry took part, the insurgents were dislodged from the houses, and wore compelled to retreat. The number of killed and wounded on both sides was about 40; and it is now said that amongst the slain were six soldiers and a lieutenant.

A Barcelona paper, the *Progresso*, of the 10th, says that the insurgents erected a barricade in the Call de Carnieeres, and that 300 of them defended it with such energy that it was not carried without "great loss," both among them and the troops. It says also, that their rallying cry was "Vive Espartero? Vive Liberty!" 130 insurgents were arrested on the 8th. Troops arrived in the city from Barcelona on the 9th, and others had been despatched from Madrid.

Gen. Villalonga was removed from the Captaincy-General of Valencia, and Gen. de Zabala, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is appointed to the post. Marshal O'Donnell, Minister of War, is charged with the administration of the foreign department during his absence. A report was current in the capital that the troops of the garrison of Madrid had been kept in their barracks owing to the fear of disturbances; but the *Epoca* says that it was not true. A grand review of about 30,000 of the garrison and National Guard of Madrid had been ordered.

The *Epoca* says that the movement of Valencia had ramifications at Murcio, Carthagena, and Barcelona.

A report has been circulated by a Tory London journal, that Lord Palmerston and M. Labouchere are about to retire from the cabinet, and Sidney Herbert and Sir James Graham to take the government.

It is reported at Paris that diplomatic movements of importance are on foot with respect to Italy.

An Austrian ambassador is to go immediately to Rome on a special mission.

It is rumored that this mission refers to the concordat, but the Italian journals say it relates to the general state of Italy.

Count Orloff goes to Naples immediately after the exchange of the ratifications, to see his son, who was wounded in the Crimea.

TRAFFIC IN WHITE GIRLS.—"The traffic in girls between England and the Continent has of late been carried on, if not upon so large a scale or so openly as that of Circassia and Constantinople, at least in a far more shameful manner, without our boasted civilization interposing any remedy. The Hessian broom-girls—those poor little flaxen-haired creatures who are purchased or stolen from Hesse to be employed by their thieving masters as beggars in the streets of London—are, Heaven be praised, less and less frequently seen here, but in their place we notice among the cyprians, swarming more and more, German women. These are enticed hither with specious pretences from Hamburgh, Bremen and the Rhine countries; taken in charge by procuresses, reduced to abject destitution, and at last turned out upon the streets. On the other hand, the German and especially the Hamburgh brothels have their regular agents here by whom English girls are, through a thousand villainous arts, allured on board ship and carried off to the Continent. Not long since, one of these cases was brought before the city magistracy. A young girl had been taken away from her father's house almost by force. In the deepest distress he applied to Sir Robert Carden for aid in recovering his child, and fortunately in time to obtain it. Sir Robert telegraphed the Hamburgh Police

to arrest the kidnappers and at once sent over two trusty agents to release the girl. Smith and Munger—the agents employed—state that they succeeded in this, only after much effort; that the procuress who took the girl had reported her as a thief, and that they had reason to suspect that said procuress was on excellent terms with the Police, who raised all sorts of obstacles in their way; that many other English girls were kept in Hamburgh upon various pretexts; that the traffic was thoroughly organized; that the British Consul was aware of the facts, but could do absolutely nothing unless Lord Clarendon should see fit to take decisive measures, and finally, the wretched condition of these unfortunate victims was heart-rending."—*German Paper.*

The American Question in Parliament.

In reply to a question put by Mr. Bailie, in the House of Commons, on the 14th April, touching the papers relating to recruiting in the United States, Lord Palmerston said:

The documents which must naturally form the groundwork of the reply of her Majesty's government to the last communication from the government of the United States were only received a short time ago, and they contain a good deal of detail. My noble friend Lord Clarendon, as is well known, is now at Paris, engaged in negotiations of a very important character, which occupy a great portion of his attention every day. My noble friend's powers of work are, however, very remarkable, and, although absent from this country, he is transacting the business of the Foreign Office with only that delay which is necessarily incident to the distance between Paris and the Foreign Office. The answer to be made to the United States government necessarily requires very careful preparation—that, on the one hand it may contain nothing which can at all envenom *the discusssion that unfortunately has already gone too far;* while on the other hand, nothing may be omitted essential to the case of the British government. The absence of my noble friend, the necessity of communication with him, and the small portion of time he has been enabled to bestow upon a matter which requires a great deal of consideration, have been the causes which have hitherto prevented the completion of the answer of the British government. The answer is in preparation, and we are in communication with my noble friend on the subject. I will not undertake to say that in the course of this week the answer can be so entirely agreed upon as to be communicated to Mr. Dallas. My noble friend may probably return to this country at the end of this week, and I think I may venture to say that at an early period of next weeek we shall be in a position to submit to the house the whole of the correspondence. [Hear, hear.]

Sir B. Lytton observed that he had given notice of a motion with reference to the dispute between Her Majesty's government and the government of the United States respecting the affairs of Central America. He could not bring forward that question until certain papers for which he had asked, and which he was told would be laid on the table in a few days, had been produced.

Congressional.

Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

April 28.—Another Pacific Railroad Bill.—Mr. Hamlin introduced a bill to incorporate the Atlantic and Pacific National Union Railroad Company. He said the bill had been sent to him by an individual whom he did not know, with the request that it should be offered as a substitute for all other Pacific Railroad bills. He read some extracts from a letter accompanying the bill, in which its author says it is the most important bill ever presented in Congress since the adoption of the American Constitution, and whatever party shall first adopt it will be sure to succeed in the Presidential campaign. The reading of the extracts occasioned much laughter. Kansas.—Mr. Brown spoke on the Kansas question. He argued that the right of sovereignty over the Territories had not been delegated to Congress. He said he should always vote for the admission of any State with sufficient population to entitle it to one representative in Congress, without inquiring whether its Constitution permitted or excluded Slavery. Mr. Stuart moved to take up the River and Harbor bills. Rejected. The Naval Board.—Mr. Bell, of Tenn., defended Lieut. Maury from the derogation implied by the action of the Naval Board.

April 29.—After some debate, the Senate refused to print 10,000 copies of Capt. Maury's report of the exploration of the sources of the Brasos and Witchitan rivers—Messrs. Brown and others contending that the Senate published too many books. The bill making appropriations for new fortifications was taken up, considered, and set aside, without action. Mr. Stuart introduced a bill providing a punishment for forging or counterfeiting land warrants, or certificates. Referred to Judiciary Committee. Several private bills were passed.

April 30.—The House bills relative to appropriations for the improvement of the harbor of Sheboygan, and creating Columbus, Ky., a port of delivery, passed. On motion of Mr. Sumner, of Mass., a resolution was adopted directing the Finance Committee to consider the expediency of providing, by law, all articles of foreign manufacture obtained exclusively from submerged and derelict wrecks, whether sunk in our own or foreign waters, may be admitted free of duty.

May 1.—Mr. Weller submitted a resolution, calling on the President for any correspondence which our Minister to Nicaragua (not heretofore communicated) regarding the recognition of the new Nicaraguan Government. Mr. Weller defended Gen. Walker. He said he was in the constant receipt of letters inquiring whether he sustained the policy of this nation in regard to the Nicaraguan Government. He now took occasion to remark that he entirely disagreed with that policy. If the Executive thought it expedient to reject Col. French on personal grounds, he thought the Nicaraguan Government should have been notified of that fact, and been officially recognized. The usual practice of this Government has been to recognize the South American Governments, whosoever was in power there. Those which lie on the route of the Pacific, especially, ought to be treated with courtesy and friendship. He did not desire to see Central America annexed to this Republic, but wanted a stable Government there, and this was only to be accomplished by the diffusion of Anglo Saxon blood—he, therefore, thought that emigration to that country should be encouraged rather than discountenanced. He said that no man had been more shamefully misrepresented than Gen. Walker. He was not a freebooter, but a man of the purest motives. Mr. Weller read a letter from Gen. Walker, in which it is asserted that the British Government have interfered in the present struggle between Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and have furnished the Costa Ricans with arms. A state of war now exists between these two Governments. Costa Rica invaded Nicaragua, though she did not declare war against her, but against the Americans who aided the present party in power to subvert the old Government. Mr. Weller, in allusion to the recent riot at Panama, said the best of feeling existed between this Government and the Government of New-Granada, and he had no doubt the whole power of the latter would be exercised to bring the offenders to justice. Mr. Seward had called some weeks ago, for information on this subject. He however thought it was important that the President should be left free to exercise his discretion in this delicate matter. Mr. Douglas believed that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was being violated every day by Great Britain, and thought something ought to be done about it. He regarded the present Government of Nicaragua legitimate; as much so as the other existing Governments of Central America. It was the firmest and most stable Government there had been there since the throwing off of the Spanish yoke, and, so far as he knew, justice was more impartially administered, and the rights of man and property more sacredly guarded and protected under the existing Government than under any previous one. Nor was it any objection in his mind that an American by birth was in command of the Nicaraguan army. Nicaragua has as much right to become the asylum of emigrants from this country as we have to receive European emigrants. She had as much right to naturalize Gen. Walker as we had to do the same thing by Gen. Shields. Further, Nicaragua had as much right to send an American by birth Minister to this country as we had to send a man of foreign birth to represent us in the Courts of Spain, Italy or Holland. He believed we ought to enforce our neutrality laws, but not go a hair's breadth beyond the line of strict duty. Mr. Butler thought we ought to be careful not to involve ourselves in a war with any nation through the acts of intermeddling adventurers. Mr. Weller withdrew the resolution. The Retiring Board.—Mr. Toombs spoke in opposition to the action of the Naval Board, contending that the law was not properly executed, therefore the proceedings under it are void.

May 2.—Mr. Benjamin made a speech on matters growing out of the Slavery question, in which he declared it to be his intention to join the Democratic party. Mr. Cass obtained the floor for Thursday next, when he will address the Senate on "Squatter Sovereignty," in reply to Mr. Brown of Mississippi. Mr. Seward replied to that portion of Mr. Benjamin's speech which respected himself. Mr. Hale, alluding to Mr. Clay's recent speech, remarked that he had but one word to submit in reply, that it will take something besides malignity to redeem imbecility from contempt. Mr. Clay, (springing to his feet greatly excited,) I defy the Senator's malice as much as I contemn his baseness. If he were animated by those heroic feelings which he professes, he would not come upon this floor, and under the protection of its rules, seek immunity for his insolence. I know he is pleased by this attention. There are those of his class, who, like the London Attorney, Mark Meddle in the play, are ambitious of a kick. [Sensation.] Mr. Clay concluded by remarking that he had nothing more to say to that Senator, having twice declined his acquaintance. Mr. Hale said he had never sought an introduction to Mr. Clay but once, and that was on business for the benefit of a citizen of Alabama. Mr. Clay said he did not think his reputation for veracity would suffer by comparison with one who had repeatedly eaten his own words. Mr. Hale replied, that if he did eat his own words, he would have a more palatable meal than the Senator from Alabama if he should undertake to eat his. [Laughter.]

House of Representatives.

April 28.—Mr. Nichols made a personal explanation respecting his vote for Mr. Banks as Speaker. He denied that the printing and binding question influenced his vote against his colleague and for Mr. Banks. Mr. Campbell disavowed having intended to cast the least imputation on Mr. Nichols' integrity, but at the same time he believed the printing question delayed the organization of the House. Mr. Ready asked questions of Mr. Campbell in reference to what the latter had said in connection with the Speakership. Mr. Campbell replied that no formal proposition was made by members of that party. Mr. Morgan objected to further explanations, and the Senate's bill to remit duties on goods, wares and merchandise destroyed by fire, was taken up. After an unsuccessful motion to make the bill a special order, it was sent to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. The Senate bill, amendatory of the act, establishing the Circuit Court of California, passed.

April 29.—The House passed a joint resolution for enlarging the Custom House, Post Office, and U. S. Court-house building at Cleveland. On the motion of Mr. Cox, the Committee on Commerce was instructed to inquire into the expediency of exempting steamboats of 150 tons burden, or less, from the operation of the law for the better security of passengers on vessels propelled in whole or part by steam. The Nebraska contested election case was postponed three weeks. A resolution was unanimously reported from the Committee of Elections, declaring Mr. Fuller rightfully entitled to represent the 6th district of Maine. Adopted. Also to allow Mr. Milliken, contestant of Mr. Fuller, mileage and per diem. Mr. Quitman advocated the repeal of the neutrality laws, which he considered a violation of the Constitution and a stigma on American intelligence.

April 30.—Mr. Washburn, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill establishing collection districts, designating ports of entry and delivery, and modifying the revenue laws. He did not wish it to go to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, for that would be the end of it. Mr. Jones of Tenn., said the bill comprised 350 pages, the largest ever presented in Congress; time should be afforded for examination.

Mr. Fuller of Me., remarked that the bill was as perfect as it could be. It was principally a codification of existing laws, which are now spread over four hundred acts, commencing with the adoption of the constitution.

May 1.—The House passed the Indian Appropriation Bill and the bill reviving the Act of 1853, relative to suspended entries of public lands, and the Act of 1846, concerning suspended preëmption land claims. On motion of Mr. Phelps, the petition from the members of the Pittsburg Bar, against the official conduct of Judge Irvin was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Maxwell spoke on the Southern side of the Slavery question, and Mr. Perry against the extension of Slavery. Mr. Quitman introduced a bill to repeal certain sections of the neutrality laws. Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

May 2.—Mr. Ritchie presented the memorial of Judge Irvin, of Pennsylvania, in response to the charges of the Pittsburg Bar against his official conduct, and asking a full investigation. Referred to Committee on the Judiciary. Thirteen private bills were passed.

Presidential Facts and Rumors.

Gen. Gideon J. Pillow has written a letter withdrawing his name from the Cincinnati Democratic National Convention and recommends President Pierce to do the same. He favors Buchanan or Douglas, and says that both are sound National Democrats, and that either of them will unite the party.

The Washington *Sentinel* is of the same opinion, at least as regards Buchanan. It gives its reasons for backing him in these words:—

"With the South as a unit, thirty-four Northern votes will elect the Democratic candidate. Mr. Buchanan holds that number in Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, and therefore his selection (without reference to other States in which he has equal chances and with any other candidate) will secure the triumph of the Democratic party and vindicate the rights of the South. What more can any man do? Who so surely can do that? But, in addition, Mr. Buchanan possesses in as high a degree as any man the confidence of the 'solid men' of the country of all parties, to that degree that demagogues could not mislead them with false statements."

The Albany *Knickerbocker* speculates as follows:—"The chances that Hunter of Virginia will get the nomination at the Cincinnati Convention are on the increase. The reception given to Buchanan in Philadelphia was so mixed with 'wet blankets' and disrespect, that the prospects of Hunter and other outsiders have largely increased. Should Hunter fail, it is said that his friends intend to rally around Daniel S. Dickinson, of New-York. How about that? What says the *Atlas* and *Argus*? Can it swallow Dickinson?

The Lowell *Courier* to-day, says the Lowell *Advertiser* of the 29th ult., is neither Whig nor Know-Nothing, but Independent, and goes for Sam Houston. On Friday the *Courier* was Whig; yesterday it was K. N., to-day Independent; tomorrow it will be something else.

A dispatch has been received by a gentleman of Washington, that North Carolina has instructed her delegates to the Cincinnati Convention, to vote for Gen. Pierce for President, and Mr. Dobbin for Vice-President.

The Baton Rouge *Advocate* says, Col. Benton, in his late letter on the Presidency, had in his eye, not Col. Fremont, but some such man as Justice Wayne of Georgia, as the man unconnected with the slavery contest, who ought to be taken up by the people for the Presidency.

The Feliciana *Democrat* comes to us with the name of Stephen A. Douglas at its head for President. This is the *Democrat's* choice, but it will support any other sound man nominated by the Cincinnati Convention.

A New-Hampshire Democrat writes, that Pierce will be defeated in that State by 5,000 majority.

The Columbia (S. C.) *Banner* supports Mr. Pierce, believing that "he has done more than any other man in his position could have done." "We have," it says, "advocated his re-nomination under all circumstances, and independently counselled that on our own principles of conservatism, we should adhere to him against all other candidates. We have always held it a good rule in life to give assistance to a friend when he needed it, as the best evidence of an earnest interest in his behalf—and by solid acts and not by words.

The Taunton [Mass.] *Gazette* waxes witty over Mr. Fillmore's prospects. It says:—Mr. Fillmore was informed of his nomination when in Rome. Strange to say, he did not appear to attach much importance to the matter. The reports say it had no influence upon him. It hasn't on anybody else.

It is generally believed that Mr. Fillmore has accepted the nomination, but we find the following paragraph going the rounds:—

"The rumor now is that Fillmore will decline the nomination. It is said that he has written to his friends in New-York that he is not a Know-Nothing. George Law is to trot out in his stead."

The *Northern Budget* sums up thus:—For the Vice-Presidency, Howell Cobb is said to be the most prominent. All who are for either Pierce or Douglas for President, are inflexibly against Buchanan. Buchanan has the support of Pennsylvania, New-Jersey, and Maryland, with strength in Michigan and New-York. New-England is mostly for Pierce, and the South mainly for either Douglas or Pierce. Prominent Democrats, who have not resigned the principle of availability, and who, at this early period look to compromise, in case of bitter conflicts regarding Northern candidates, have in reserve Gen. Rusk of Texas. There is a strong impression in well-informed circles that Mr. Buchanan's prominent friends are by their indiscreet zeal likely to induce a combination against him powerful enough to prevent his nomination under any circumstances.

Famine in Cape Verde Islands.

Wash. A. Bartlett, late of the U. N. Navy, writes to the *National Intelligencer:*

I was at the Cape Verde Islands as late as the 29th October last, and an eye-witness of the desolate condition of at least two of the islands. On my leaving, Com. Crabbe, commanding the United States squadron, charged me with documents, which were published in yours and other journals on my arrival home on the 1st of December, with some general remarks of mine that unless relief could be sent to these unforunate people from some quarter, they must perish to the number of perhaps thirty thousand in this year of 1856.

Unfortunately for the appeal then made, being at a time when such heavy drafts had been required on the public sympathy and charity for the sufferers of our own land at Norfolk and Portsmouth, and the commencement of the winter season, when all our benevolence is needed for our own suffering poor, it was not a time when an appeal could be made effectually here; but I had made appeals elsewhere which were responded to.

And now that the additional testimony which you have published shows the *continuance of the famine*, and that there is yet time for us as a people to do something for these distressed sufferers, I trust the appeal will be heard, and that out of our abundant stores and promising harvest we shall send generous aid to this famishing people. The fact is certain, that 50,000 people are, as it were, *shipwrecked at sea*, on desolate islands, and they must have corn to sustain them alive till Providence shall give them rain and a crop. And as you have asked that some one shall take the initiative in the matter, I hereby offer to commence a subscription with *one hundred bushels of corn*, and to take charge of the vessel that may be loaded with the bounty of our people, and at my own cost and charge to find the means to *man* and navigate her to the Cape Verde Islands, and to sail the moment such a vessel can be loaded.

Correspondence.

Dublin, April 19th, 1856.

Your friend, Sir Colman O'Loghlen, has been appointed assistant-barrister for the county Carlow; he presided, for the first time, on Monday last. All parties hailed his presence in the court-house with delight. But, it seems to me, this appointment is a very inadequate recognition of his forensic talents and attainments. Perhaps, if he were a presumptuous rogue, like Judge Keogh, his promotion might have been higher. Heigho! the wicked prosper here on earth—especially in Ireland.

Father Maher, of Carlow Craigue, and Cashel Hoey, editor of the *Nation*, have been pitching beautifully into each other these last two weeks. Father Maher calls the editor an "infidel," and the editor speaks of the "brazen recklessness" of the belligerent priest, whom he commiserates as a "lugubrious, poor old gentleman." The whole of this comes from the expulsion of the *Nation* from the "Catholic Young Men's Society," by order of Archbishop Cullen. There is, in fact, a delightful row all around. George Henry Moore, one of the members of Mayo, is into it dashingly. He lets fly six columns at the pastor of Craigue, and in the handsomest manner invites his reverence to meet him—"angrily, if you please," he says, "but fairly, if you dare!"

Another Tory is in for Athlone. Capt. Handcock, son of Lord Castlemaine, succeeds William Keogh. The *Dublin Telegraph* blots its morose pages with big tears, over the loss of another patron in Parliament. New Ross, Sligo, and, last of all, Athlone, have fallen into the hands of the enemies of Sadleirism. John Reynolds turned up on the hustings. A seedy old pawnbroker, one Martin Carroll, proposed him as a candidate, to give him the privilege of disemboguing a speech. In doing so, the man of the three golden balls declared that Reynolds "loved Ireland and the cause of Ireland," and they wanted a man like him "to shield their altars from desecration and preserve their virgins, dedicated to the living God, from insult."

Reynold's speech was, for all the world, like a pawn-broker's shop. All the old odds and ends of the deceased oratory of years were piled up in it, and, with all the dull jokes and Joe Millerisms of a dozen bankrupt agitations, made up the dingiest miscellany of scurrility, clap-trap, and slang.

Capt. Handcock said he was no place-hunter. Alderman Reynolds avowed it reminded him of the song about Miss Judy Baxter, "who refused a husband before he had asked her." He repudiated the liberal professions of the gallant young captain, as "sham, humbug, and base coin." Then he told the story which O'Connell, and every Repeal orator from him down to Tom Arkins, has ten thousand times told, about the corporal of the Donegal militia.

"Where's the Donegal militia?" asked the Brigadier-general.

"Here I am!" said the corporal.

Turning from Handcock, he had a set-to with Ennis, another of the candidates. He congratulated that gentleman on his declaring himself a democrat. He was glad to find, by his own admission, he was "crockery-ware, and not china; delf, and not porcelain." Warming, as he gives it right and left to all against him, he thrusts his knotted fist into Dr. Gray's stomach with all the brute force of a coal-porter.

"I know," he says, "that precious lad of the *Freeman's Journal*. He commenced his career at Claremorris and Achil Island, distributing insulting No-popery tracts against the Catholic religion. He is a rascally Orange dodger."

Becoming suddenly pleasant, the next minute, he tells the mob his mother was a Tipperary man, and sits down amid tremendous cheers, imploring them not to realize the truthfulness of Moore's sad lines—

"Unprized are her sons till they've learned to betray,
Undistinguished they live if they shame not their sires."

All through his performance, this audacious demagogue was boisterously cheered, whilst his foul insolence and indecency of tongue were received with shouts of laughter, and a loathsome exuberance of mirth. Where on earth is Ireland, like a drunken helot, reeling to? Men notorious for being utterly eaten up with political corruption—men who have for years and years, until their knavish heads grew gray with their debaucheries, thrived upon the swindled credulity of the people, and who walk the public thoroughfares with the sign of the thief and the leper across their foreheads—these men are still cheered, and blessed, and trusted. Heavens! what a spectacle.

At the close of the Cavan Special Commission, Thomas Dunne was convicted of the murder of Miss Hinds, and was sentenced by Chief Justice Monahan to be hanged on the 16th of May. The culprit heard the sentence unmoved, asking his Lordship, when he had done, to allow his body "to be given to his people." His Lordship intimated to him his humble petition was graciously granted.

By-the-bye, in your "Recollections" you oughtn't to forget Monahan, the Chief Justice. You met him, as an enemy, on more than one occasion. You helped to beat him out of Galway in 1847. He helped to ship you out of Ireland in 1849. What an ungrammatical, slovenly, slip-shod limb of the law he was! Keogh and he are well matched on the same bench. However, Monahan is a lawyer, which Keogh never was. Rascality prospers in Ireland. I say it again. King Lear has method in his madness—there is Gospel-truth in his wild ravings on Dover heath:—

"Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all."

Your Stonyhurst school-fellow, Lord Castle-Rosse, has made his maiden speech in Parliament. The occasion was that of old Spoony Spooner's motion to rescind the Maynooth grant. It was a very creditable display; so every one says. Your father, also, spoke upon the occasion. John Esmonde, his colleague, is a huge mute—as fat as Pelissier. The idea of his being in Parliament!

"Fat paunches have lean pates."

Shakespere gives the text, and Esmonde furnishes the comment. Out with him! Pexton, our old cobbler at Clongowes, with his miserable slim legs, protruding ribs, perforating elbows, and sharp, accidulated nose, would have been an infinitely better man for St. Stephen's than this inarticulate porpoise of Pembrokestown. Pexton against Esmonde, any day! Come, thou "lean and hungry Cassius," off with your apron, down with your last, and out with your programme—there's nothing like leather!

The *Cork Examiner* renews the report that Mr. John O'Connell will retire, ere long, from the representation of Clonmel, owing to an appointment to some place under government, suited to the practical talents and business habits of the sitting member; and Mr. Patrick Joseph Murray is named as his successor. "Mr. Murray is a native of Tipperary, possessed of independent means, an excellent landlord, a member of the bar, and well known in literary circles as a writer of considerable ability and versatility."

Mr. Murray's earliest effusions sparkled like ginger-beer, in the columns of the *Tipperary Vindicator*, and were supposed to be satires on Young Ireland, on public honesty he had not the pluck to imitate, and literature which his stingy little brain was incompetent even to plagiarize. By all means, Dr. Burke and his parishioners must return him for that beautiful borrough which Captain O'Connell has so chivalrously represented on the Curragh of Kildare, and the barrack-square of Waterford. Such men as Murray are wanted in Parliament. The Whig whippers-in want them to make up their pack.

A great scene occurred in the Court of Common Pleas, the day that Mr. Justice Keogh took his seat, for the first time, on the Bench. The reporter of the *Evening Post* pencils it off in this style:—

"The Judges did not sit until half past one o'clock; but long before that hour the court was densely crowded in every part. The spacious gallery was literally packed; the jury boxes and the benches being occupied by motley groups, some in bar costume and some in ordinary dress, amongst whom the gay and fashionable dresses of the fair sex, in every variety of shade and ornament, formed an agreeable contrast, and presented a cheerful and animated *coup d'œil*. Expectation was on tiptoe, as the preparation for the entering of the Judges, preceded by the tipstaffs coming on the bench with the portfolios of the learned personages, and those preliminaries being completed, the learned occupants of the bench advanced from chamber, the junior Judge leading, followed by Mr. Justice Jackson, Chief Justice Monahan, and Mr. Justice Ball, the senior of the puisne Judges. On Mr. Justice Keogh ascending the steps leading to the judgment seat, the right honorable and learned judge was greeted with a hearty round of applause from every quarter of the bench. The new Judge acknowledged the reception he met with on this, the first day of his appearance in his judicial capacity, by bowing graciously to the bar and the general assemblage. He looked remarkably well."

He looked remarkably well! Fancy Keogh in a red petticoat, as poor Devin Reilly irreverently called it, and a broad-bottomed wig! How the jovial knave must have laughed under it, at the thought of being there. As for all that crowding and cheering, and waving of scented handkerchiefs by fair hands, and applause from the members of the bar, it was all got up. "The spacious gallery was *literally* packed." Packed, as John Mitchel's jury was, and Smith O'Brien's, and the Dublin theatre, on "Command" nights in '48, when Lord Clarendon had his valets, and shoe-blacks, and grooms, and scullions, distributed through the Pit, and every other part of the building, to greet him vociferously when he made his appearance in the Vice-regal box. You remember, too, when the Earl of Besborough opened his model soup-kitchen, on Easter Monday, 1847, in the parade-ground, opposite the Royal Barracks, a shivering squad of invalids and cripples from the Mendicity Institute, gave what the reporters next day called "a hearty cheer," when his amiable Lordship tasted the soup. Such demonstrations as that which signalized Mr. Keogh's accession to the Bench, are easily invented. Half-a-crown a head will do it. As for the ladies, they used to throng the Queen's Bench, and even squeeze up old Blackburne and Moore, and make them uncomfortably hot, during the State-trials. Whatever is doing, they're ever on hand, the darlings!

Should Lord Palmerston be hauled over the coals for the appointment in the House of Commons—as very probably he will be, by Mr. Disraeli—how triumphantly he'll point to that scene in the Common Pleas as a public sanction, by the Bench, the Bar, the Public, and above all, by the ladies of Ireland, of the appointment of Judge Keogh. Judge Ball, his red-nosed, jolly-nosed, dry-witted brother, must have been deliciously amused to see such a scamp bowing in his new wig to the beadles and bailiffs, and all the other floating population of the court. Judge Ball is full of fun, and much addicted to good living, so much so, that in the Four Courts, and on Circuit, and indeed in Parliament, when he was there as Member for Clonmel, he was known as "Ball and Supper," as poor Maginn was known as *My gin-and-water*. Judge Keogh may not highly enlighten his Lordship on the Bench, but he'll greatly assist him in convivial consultations over claret and broiled kidneys.

Pat Costello is much pleased with the appointment, though he doesn't see why he shouldn't be dressed up in a big wig and bloody gown, just as well as his friend, Keogh. Nor I neither. Pat is just as well entitled as the latter to the judicial disguise. When I look at him now, strolling through the hall of the Four Courts, with that snuff-colored, gold-headed walking-stick, with that roguish humorsome nose and mouth of his, I can hardly fancy that eight years have gone by, since on your return from Paris, after presenting the address to the Provisional Government, and we were walking together down Sackville street, Pat met us at the corner of Earl street, and with a sly twinkle of his greenish damp eye, asked you if you hadn't been "fraternizing in France?"

Oh, by-the-bye, and by all that's beautiful! you mustn't forget Pat, neither, in your Recollections of Ireland. You have heaps of stories about him. You don't forget his meeting you one day on the strand of Tramore, just a week or two after the Secession, and talking to you about Smith O'Brien. "He's crotchety, Meagher, crotchety," says Pat, with his unmusical hard brogue, "he's always breaking away from his leaders. I believe, if he ever got into Heaven, he wouldn't be a day there without kicking up another *Paradise Lost!*"

But the best story about Pat is his meeting the late Sir Michael O'Loughlen, in Brussels, immediately after the latter had been created a Baronet. O'Loghlen and Costello had been for many years the most intimate friends. It was "Mick and Pat" between them. On the occasion I speak of, Pat was sauntering through the Place Royale, just opposite the church of St. Jacques, whistling a tune, swinging his snuff-colored stick, with his hat on one side of his head, when he sees Sir Michael coming towards him from the Hotel de l'Europe. "Be all that's lovely," says Pat, "but here's the Masther of the Rolls!"

Pat quickened his pace, stepped out like a "soger," shouldered his stick, gave his hat an additional cock, and cries out—"How're you Mick?"

"How do you do, Mr. Costello," says the Master of the Rolls, with great decorum and dignity, barely smiling, and perfectly calm.

Pat steadies his hat on his head, buttons his coat, brings his stick prompt with the point to the ground, straightens himself up a bit, looks at the Baronet, nods his head knowingly—

"Why, then," says he, "one would imagine it was I was promoted!"

The *Carlow Sentinel* mentions the death of Ebenezer Shakleton, of Balitore, in that county. Ebenezer died in his seventy-third year. The descendant of an ancient Yorkshire family—members of the Society of Friends—which settled in that same quiet nook of Balitore, in the reign of Queen Anne, he was distinguished as well by the historic recollections connected with his name, as by the goodness, usefulness, and purity of his life. It was at the grammar-school founded by his great-grandfather, that Edmund Burke received his preparatory education for Trinity College. The love which the great Irish Statesman ever cherished for this school, and the beautiful valley in which it stood, and the venerable preceptor under whose care his young mind expanded and grew strong, and produced such immortal fruit, is delightfully evident in his correspondence with Mrs. Leadbeater. The Shakleton whose death I mention, was a truly good man, widely known and greatly loved. In politics, he belonged to James Haughton's school. For upwards of fifty years he kept the hotel on the Dublin road, a little above the village. Breakfasting one morning there with my father, on my way up from Carlow, we were told by the waiter that we couldn't have any chops, as the butcher had disappointed them. "Thirty years ago," said my father, "I came this way, just at the same hour as I've done this morning, and having ordered chops for breakfast, after ten minutes' delay, got the same excuse."

The *Catholic Telegraph* has a paragraph this morning, announcing that—here are the words—"ten thousand dollars have been subscribed by nine gentlemen in New-York and one in Charleston, towards establishing a College for American youth at Rome." If this be true, what will your Know-Nothings say? If Rome doesn't go to America, America will go to Rome, and what becomes then of the Constitution and Bunker Hill monument? The Know-Nothings should, at once, run a bill through Congress, prohibitory of emigration to Rome for such purposes as the *Telegraph* announces in the foregoing paragraph. That would be the best way (besides letting no one into America) to give effect to their Japannese constipating policy.

Dr. Cahill is writing immeasurable letters to Lord Carlisle, the Lord Lieutenant, in this same indecent old *Telegraph*. What they're about, it would be difficult to say. Now, here's a passage from his last production, dated Belfast, April 16th:

"Examine the history of Cyrus, of Philip, of Alexander: study the biography of the prosecuting Roman Emperors: read the career of Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Dioclesian: follow the desolating track of Attila, the ferocious Northern barbarian; and I know, my Lord, I am addressing a finished scholar and historian when I assert, that neither the Paganism of the ancient Eastern Empires, nor the inhumanity of the Roman Emperors, nor the cruel barbarism of the Northern Invaders, can bear any comparison in point of unmitigated persecution and unfeeling atrocity with the insane fanatical horrors of the early Protestant Christian Kings of England."

What on earth all this has to do with the present condition of Ireland, with John Sadleir's forgeries, Keogh's new wig, the disbanding of the Militia, the Athlone election, or anything else which at present affects or interests the Irish public, I'm at a yawning loss to conjecture. Dr. Cahill's pen is like Mynheer Von Flamm's steam-leg, which never ceased going, even when its owner was dead. I knew an old parish-priest in the county Kilkenny, a few years ago, who never let a Sunday go by without having a thundering attack from the altar on "Harry the Eighth and his half dozen of wives." The topics of Doctor Cahill's letter to the Earl of Carlisle—indeed, to every one else—are just as original and appropriate. He is an admirable, a graceful, and impressive lecturer; a good priest; a delightful companion; a picturesque preacher; but, as a public letter-writer, he is relentless and oppressive. I close, lest you say the same of yours,

KILMAINHAM.

P. S.—By-the-bye, I understand that Spooner, the Member for North Warwickshire, is preparing a bill compelling all letters, for publication in newspapers, to pay an equivalent for the post-office charge they at present evade, his immediate object being the total suppression of Dr. Cahill, the Rev. gentleman's inability to pay for such a mountain of letters, as he throws up in a year, being a matter of mournful notoriety.

Letters from Cairo announce that the disturbances at Mecca and Djeddah have increased, and that both places are in full insurrection. The inhabitants have refused to recognize the authority of the new governor appointed at Constantinople, and it is said that 60,000 men are in arms.

Irish News.

Spirit of the Irish Press.

The Dundalk *Democrat* is justly excited at Keogh's appointment to the Bench. It says:—"He will laugh and grow fat' on the salary which his treason to Ireland has won him. What cares he for the taunts of patriots, the jibes of wits, the frowns of honest men. His brazen brow will meet and brave it all. Always bloated and blowing and puffing like an over-fed ox, no blush of shame will mantle his face; for William Keogh thinks it a famous thing to have a country to sell. And he has sold Ireland wholesale. In one huge transaction he disposed of the tenant-right of the farmer's from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, and behold the reward he has got, a seat on the Bench of Justice!

And yet, disgraceful and humiliating as this appointment is, we thank thee, Palmerston for making it! It has given the last confirmation, if such were necessary, to his hatred of this country, and his hostility to the rights of the tenant farmers. He has rewarded the suicide's partner in political guilt. He has raised up the pledge-breaker to a position, where none but the pure-minded, the virtuous and noble-hearted should sit. It is the boon of Whiggery to Ireland in 1856, and we believe its reply to the defiance of Sligo and New-Ross.

Well, be it so. Let the country look to it. Let the honest men take up the gauntlet thus cast down. A general election is approaching. This disgraceful appointment sounds the note of preparation for the people. It proclaims for them undying and eternal hostility to the Whigs. This base party starved and banished millions. They gave a license to the landlords to level houses in tens of thousands with the earth. They passed their iniquitous Titles' Bill, and handed the Catholic Hierarchy over to the common informer. They bought the traitors of the Irish Parliamentary party. They called on their dupes to resist Lord George Bentinck's motion for granting £16,000,000 to our famishing people. They have again and again passed their gagging bills, coercion bills; transported O'Brien, Meagher, Martin, and Mitchel; imposed an income tax on a country recovering slowly from eight years of dreadful famine; but all these insults, wrongs, outrages and tyrannies are nothing, worth nothing, when compared with the crowning insult they have offered the country by placing this man, William Keogh, on the judicial bench."

"THE PEACE" IN IRELAND.

Immediately on the news of the signing of peace being made known in our city, say the Waterford *Chronicle*, the "joy-bells" of the Protestant Cathedral rang out a merry peal, which was continued at intervals during the evening. A general feeling of joy pervaded all classes of our citizens at the welcome tidings; and the only hope now is that nothing untoward may happen to render it abortive.

The Czar having submitted, says the *Leinster Express*, to conditions which his father rejected with scorn—having substantially consented to all that was demanded of him, England and France had no option but to conclude peace. They have done so in an honorable and dignified manner, and it is no small commendation to the firmness of the British plenipotentaries, that the Emperor of the French has acknowledged that it was to them that the advantageous terms obtained were principally due.

If the war now ended has been beneficial to the cause of justice in Europe—if it has freed one state from usurpation, and curtailed the dangerous ambition of another—if it has added to the fame of France and England, and strengthened British dominion in the East—it has not been without advantages of different kinds. It has shown us the faults of our military system, and given the most vital caution against permitting their continuance. Whilst it has increased our power, it has checked our national vanity, and told us that even with the greatest courage, and the greatest will, at the eleventh hour, to do well, there is no royal road to military skill.

On the same subject the Dundalk *Democrat* talks somewhat differently:

It is well. Well for France—well, perhaps, for England. What have they gained by the two years' slaughter? Nothing for humanity, nothing for liberty, nothing for the millions who groan and pine beneath the feet of despotism. It was a foolish, ridiculous war. We have always said so. We now repeat what we have so often stated. The Emperor of France may talk of glory—and his is the only glory achieved on the side of the allies—and England may bluster, boast, and proclaim what she is now able to do in the art of slaying men, and burning and battering towns and citadels; but we ask, what have the Western Powers accomplished against Russia? The answer, in truth and equity, is—nothing.

Well, it is a hard thing for two of the most powerful nations in Europe to have been doing their utmost for two years against a solitary enemy, without inflicting more injury upon him than is meant by nothing! But so it is. They have done their utmost by land and sea, and the result turns out to be that they have left Russia stronger than when they commenced.

Again and again, during the progress of the unforunate and foolish war, we said the French and English should endeavor to make peace at any price. Had they made it twelve months since, when England's army was melting away before the effects of famine and cold, like snow before the sun, it would have been far better. But they felt then that disgrace would attach to their names, should they yield and retire. And what have they done since? France, by a fortunate stroke, gained the Malakoff, and England was twice soundly thrashed at the Redan. The Russians, after deeds of heroism never before surpassed, then commenced their wonderful retreat across the harbor of Sebastopol, leaving the south side a heap of blood-stained ruins. The Allies gained some old houses and barracks at an expense of 200,000 men, and £200,000,000 of money, treasures which would build, arm, and make impregnable thirty Sebastopols.

That was what they gained.

The *Tablet*, taking into consideration the probability of a general election before autumn, calls the attention of its readers to the unreliable state of the Catholic constituencies:—

Some of the best friends of the cause have been so disheartened and disgusted by the corrupt treacheries of so many representatives of Catholic constituencies, and by worse still, the low state of political morality which made such treacherous baseness possible and profitable, that they have lost all faith in parliamentary action, and all hope of benefit from constitutional exertions. Upon the timely preparation which shall be made, the result of the general election will in a great degree depend. The responsibility must be brought home to the constituencies. They must select their own candidates in time, and not wait for the last moment, and then go begging about for candidates, to take the first that comes to hand, no matter how incompetent or suspected. And again, candidates who aspire to represent independent constituencies should come forward now with a declaration of their principles. Converts to popular principles, made on the eve of a general election, are to be vehemently distrusted, though in a few instances they may prove sincere. A man who declines to belong to the independent party before the election, is not likely to adhere to it very firmly or faithfully after he has taken out his lease of parliamentary life. Of course it is for the constituencies themselves and the leading men amongst them to consider these things and to act accordingly. The principles and the character of any man who aspires to join the ranks of the independent party in parliament cannot be too well known or too anxiously sifted.

PAPERS *vs.* THE PRIESTHOOD.

The discussion arising from the expulsion of the *Nation* and *Tablet* from the Young Men's Catholic Society of Dublin, has called forth a letter from the editor of the *Nation*, a specimen of which is as follows:

I have the honor of being assailed, in this day's *Freeman*, by the Rev. James Maher, in one of the most truculent and unwholesome tirades, I will venture to say, to which his Reverence's name has ever been subscribed. I guess his object in requesting the obliging editor of the *Freeman* to be sure to insert this fine piece of vituperation upon *Friday morning*—but I happen to have time enough before the publication of the *Nation* is completed, to tell the Reverend gentleman and the public, why it is I entertain so bad an opinion of him—and why it is that I cannot regard him in any controversy of this kind as a gentleman and a priest, pleading his opinions boldly, truthfully, and honestly, at the bar of public opinion, but as a brawling firebrand, unscrupulous in his assertions, uncharitable in his accusations, and as little under the influence of his right reason as a Malay running a-muck.

The Reverend gentleman has been a long time, and very often, before the public. I doubt if there is a priest in this country, or any other, whose appearances in print have been so intensely discreditable to his order. The business of his biographer, if he ever have one, will be like the business of a scavenger. He will hunt the back slums of journals whose corruption, actual or proximate, was infallibly marked by his appearance in their columns; and find stretching through many years, a constant succession of series of attacks—always ferocious, almost always foul with the very odor of Billingsgate—against the purest, the most pious, and patriotic characters of his time. He will present him for the verdict of posterity with as many anonymous *aliases* to his tail, as figure after some hardened offender's name in the *Hue and Cry*—for it is the Reverend gentleman's custom, unless where he attacks the dead, or some person so insignificant as myself, to wear the mask while he wields the stiletto.

Before he lampoons me again for commenting with irreverent freedom upon the conduct of his nephew the Archbishop, and the Bishops of Elphin and Ossory, and others of the Sadleirite school, let me remind him of the style of some of his own reflections upon two Archbisaops, not very many years ago.

One of them was the late Primate Crolly—a Prelate remembered by all who knew him with affectionate veneration; and the sanctity of whose long and laborious life was crowned by a holy and a happy death. He was hardly cold in his grave when the Rev. James Maher wrote of him that his "laxity of opinion" was a "breaking down of all the fences of Christianity," and of that kind which "inundated Christian lands with scepticism."

He has written on a great many sides of a great many subjects, and on all with unseemly violence. He has argued for and against the same subject, Mixed Education, for instance, with arrogant and ruthless intolerance, which would one day consign to damnation his own opinions of the next. On most of the open questions of the day, between ten and twenty years ago, Dr. Crolly and Dr. MacHale were totally opposed. Father Maher assailed each in turn with impartial ferocity—varying his task once or twice by such fulsome praise of Dr. Murray, as we cannot reconcile with his antipathy to the two other Archbishops, or yet with his patronizing veneration of a third, his nephew, Doctor Cullen; whose policy was not believed, until of late, to have squared with that of his predecessor in this See, or in the See of Armagh. Of Dr. MacHale, in these days, his Reverence gave the following character:—His Grace was "one of those weak mortals" by whose "vanities and jealousies the Church of God is desecrated." His Grace had published "taunts," "ungenerous attacks," "groundless insinuations," in "*miscalled* pastorals"—full of "reckless charges"—and which exhibited "the boiling and bubbling over of a fretted and perturbed spirit." At one time, he is accused of having been guilty of "incomparable folly and puerility"—at another, he is compared to the "false brother" who "formed the climax of Paul's suffering." He is told that his only resource is "the resource of weak minds, noisy, angry, personal invective"—"against the advocates of truth"—whom he assails "by angry declamations," and "a precipitate course of vituperation;" so that his Grace's "angry epistles would irretrievably ruin a character of ten times his worth."

I might still further shock and disgust the reader by specimens of the "precipitate course of vituperation" to which Father Maher is so peculiarly prone; but I hope I have done enough to discredit his indignant diatribe against me, and against better men.

The Tipperary Bank continues a leading subject of discussion. "Since we called attention," says the Leinster *Express*, "to the relation of the Bank of Ireland to the Tipperary Bank, some remarkable statements on the same subjects have been made. According to the *Munster News*, the latter was actually originated and brought into existence by the Bank of Ireland, and with the laudable object of damaging or ruining a rival. In answer to this and other attacks on it, the Bank of Ireland has said nothing; but we greatly err if the public will allow themselves to be put off with this assumed apathy. Concerning the the part played by our College-Green friends, in this lamentable insolvency, nothing ought to satisfy the sufferers short of a parliamentary investigation.

The London and County Bank, says the Dublin *Freeman*, has got no less than twenty assignments of Irish property purchased by Mr. John Sadleir, no doubt mostly by the monies advanced by his brother, Mr. James Sadleir, out of the coffers of the Tipperary Bank; but, so far as we can gather from the facts elicited at the Master's office, the shareholders of the Tipperary Bank have received no security of any kind against the lands purchased in the Irish court, and are shut out from all claim on them by the Lodnon and County Bank.

The exact nature and extent of Mr. Sadleir's land speculations cannot be ascertained till Messrs Morrogh and Kennedy furnish the lists which they undertook to present to the official manager and his solicitor.

We must admit that the purchases made by Mr. James Sadleir seem to require as much explanation as those made by his late brother, and that gentleman will have, in defence of his own reputation, to disclose with great minuteness the circumstances which caused him to make purchases in the name of another party, and to have the property legally vested in that other party, at a time when no pecuniary transactions with the fictitious buyer, and no family arrangements seem to have required that concealment.

Incidents in Convict Life.

LECTURE BY JOHN FROST, THE ENGLISH CHARTIST.

In pursuance of a requisition numerously and respectably signed, Mr. Frost, the English political exile, delivered a lecture in the Tabernacle, on his experience as a convict in the English penal settlement in Van Dieman's Land. The audience was quite meagre, but intelligent and respectable.

Mr. Frost began by making some observations on the duties of those in power, the evil of unrestricted authority and the social privileges of the citizen, in the abstract. He subsequently spoke of the companions whom he met on his voyage in a convict ship to Australia, and of the causes which had led many of them into crime. He attributed the fall of most to the evil example or neglect of employers and vicious companionship into which they had weakly suffered themselves to be led. From this he diverged to the brutalities exercised by the authorities on shipboard and in the colony, which he illustrated by narrating a number of harrowing facts coming under his own knowledge. In Port Arthur, he said, the flogger was the strongest man to be found, and, like his masters, delights in human suffering. The "cat" previous to use, was steeped in salt and water, then exposed to the sun to dry, by which the thongs were made as hard as wire. This instrument, with its eighty-one knots, applied with fearful vigor to the naked back of the victim, cut it up like a saw, The exacting cruelty of the magistrates, the strictness with which they required the most humiliating exhibitions of respect, and the severity with which they punished any apparent or fancied neglect of it, were next dwelt on at length. He (the lecturer) had been raised to the honorable position of overseer of a gang of road-makers on Tasman's peninsula. One day he observed the magistrate at a distance; he shouted to his men "attention!" ordered them to fall into line as the functionary approached, and received him with hat in hand. This so pleased the official that he complimented the superintendent as a second MACADAM, and sent him next day a pound of tea and four pounds of sugar, which, however, with other good things, were one day stolen from his (Mr. FROST'S) hut by two convicts who left the church and broke in through the back window of his apartment. The lecturer next referred to the manner in which justice, so-called, is administered in the penal colonies. This, he said, was not regulated by the guilt or innocence of those accused, but by the whim or villainy of those to whom its administration has been assigned. The Government officers are generally men of the vilest disposition and most vulgar breeding. The convict who was more intelligent than themselves was a special object of their hatred and the most frequent recipient of their persecutions. The prejudice against color is pretty strong in this country, but it falls short of equaling the hatred evinced by the officials towards the convicts. An Irish soldier who had been transported for some breach of military duty, and who was a man of decided character and warm temper, was one day brought before Sir Maurice Booth, the Commandant, for some trifling disregard of the regulations. Booth sentenced him to 100 lashes—Port Arthur lashes—fifty of them to be administered on the breech. "What," said the prisoner, "you surely do not mean that. I am an ill used man; I have been a British soldier; I have served my country faithfully, and am unjustly sentenced to transportation. If you mean to punish me, punish me like a man, not like a school-boy." "By heavens," shouted the Commandant, "you must undergo the punishment as I have announced it."

The prisoner was removed, the lashes were administered as ordered, and brought back to the magistrate in a condition which would excite the pity from any man with a heart. Grief and pain seemed struggling with him for the mastery. He was now charged with insolence to the Commandant in saying that he (the Commandant) did not mean to punish him as he had threatened, and, in that condition, sentenced therefor by Booth to 14 days close confinement on bread and water. Subsequently this convict was brought up for striking a man, in a moment of excitement, with a hammer, be supposed he was about informing the authorities of his intention to escape. The injured person died of his wounds, and the convict was hung. Thus two lives were lost in consequence of an iniquitous system. But this was not all. Capital punishment was far preferable to a life in an Australian penal colony. There were circumstances in which young men might be placed, compared with which life-taking would be a mercy. And such were the iniquities of the Australian convict life—a system prolific in villainies, and for which the British Government alone was responsible.

Captain Oliver Byrne took the platform to second a vote of thanks to Mr. Frost, and in the course of his address dealt with the British Government and the Union Jack in terms the reverse of complimentary. He asserted that he had held the office of General in the British army, and resigned rather than yield to the infamous advances made to him by those in power to become a poisoner and an assassin. The vote of thanks to the lecturer was carried with vociferous cheers.

Interesting trom Rio de Janeiro.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Wednesday, March 5, 1856.

The excitement in regard to the America passed away in a day or two. She went to sea on the 13th of February, taking in tow the Savannah flag-ship of the Brazil squadron. Why the Savannah went to sea under the circumstances, is a mystery hidden in such profound depths of wisdom that your correspondent will not try to fish it up. Commodore Salter made a sure thing of it that neither the English nor French ships-of-war would interfere with the America, and then gallantly went forth to encounter——the winds and waves. The French and English frigates went to sea two or three days after the America left, a cruise having been arranged prior to the excitement in relation to the suspected Russian privateer. The Savannah returned into port, Sunday, Feb. 24, without the loss of a life or a spar, though we understand something split one of her sails. Thus ended this terrific affair between Brother Jonathan and J. Bull and J. Crapo, Esqrs.

Answers to Correspondents.

An American friend, whose great-grandfather was driving his carriage on this island when George the Third was in his cradle, puts this question to us: Why are we Americans always to be called Anglo-Saxons? and answers it thus: Truly, that is another name for English people—the only one of the numerous stocks from which Americans are sprung that have warred with us, insulted us, and with enmity and jealousy sneered at us from the very beginning. Are we to be confounded with the English, when I and plenty of my neighbors are proud of the old Dutch blood that runs in our veins? Our very mothers' maiden names were handed down to them by Huguenot ancestors, that came to the country seven or eight generations back; while the name of our first cousins on one side begin with the undeniable German Sch, and next door we are related to a family with the explanatory O before two Celtic syllables. We speak the English tongue, not because so many are of English parentage, but because we were so long under English rule. We make use of their language and literature, for which, from the other side, we are forever hearing of our obligation; but history makes it appear that the great works in any tongue are not for one time, or for one people. We have adopted much of the English law, but that is because it suits the Yankee character to take that which is handiest; and the English had lived a constitutional history, and gleaned and borrowed from all nations. But we do not want to identify ourselves with their sins or their spirit, or to be called by their name, and hear our people, through carelessness or habit, adopt the misnomer. We protest that it is unfair—aye, more—that it is as unpleasant as untrue. Are we, of Dutch, French, Irish, or German extraction, less American than the one man out of a hundred you will meet among us who reminds you of an Englishman? In truth, as a nation, we differ in temperament, opinions and appearance, more from the English than from any of the other peoples from whom we are descended. It is from this cross of the various nations that our strength comes. Every nation has engrafted upon this wide-spreading tree its most vigorous scions. Their hardiest, boldest, brightest youth have, from time to time, settled here, bringing ideas and usages from every land to contribute to the general stock. Hence the intellectual and physical activity which marks the American character, individualizes it, and makes us as distinctly a nation as if we were descended but from one race—Goth or Arab. The blending has been perfect. You can recognize an American, as such, anywhere; but you cannot tell, without the assistance of his name, his probable descent. We, of the United States, have a perfect right to the name—Americans. We have won it by making it known and respected, the name of a first-class power—aye, and associated with principles and practices of our own—the people's name—and acknowledged ones in the Eastern and Western world. It is well understood as claimed by, and belonging to us. The Canadians, and Mexicans, and other Powers of the Continent, have adopted names sufficient to prevent all confusion. Should we identify ourselves with a nation always our rival? When the English wish to conciliate us, we are their cousins, of the Anglo-Saxon race. Why swallow the smooth flattery, which will be followed by a sarcastic slur equally false?

Though the character of the following lines are as sweetly feminine as the signature, still the penmanship, however delicate, indicates a more manly hand. There is much promise here.

"THE MONTH OF MARY."

'Tis the sweet "Month of Mary," the young flowers are lending
Their beauty and fragrance to deck her loved shrine,
While innocent hands, near the hallowed spot tending,
Are weaving fair chaplets her brow to entwine.
No longer bright May, is thy bloom desecrated
By off'rings to Venus the Goddess of Love—
By Piety's children thou'rt now dedicated
To the pure "Queen of Virgins," our Mother above.

'Tis a soothing devotion, for oh! when we're kneeling
Round the dear little altar, to breathe a low prayer,
What sad, pleasing mem'ries come over us stealing,
Of childhood's first hours, ere we knew sin or care;
When we lisped our first Aves, while on our souls beaming
Were visions of heaven, we may ne'er know again—
Ah, then down the cheek come the contrite tears streaming,
That we're now not so pure, or so fervent as then.

Oh! ye who are weary of chasing earth's pleasures,
Who feel in your hearts a void nothing may fill,
Or who having grasp'd its frail perishing treasures,
Feel the thorn in your bosoms there rankling still,
Oh come in the sweet "Month of Mary," there praying—
From the Earth's sinful pleasures the gay mask shall fall,
And whispering angels will soothe the soul, saying,
One moment in prayer is indeed worth them all!

ANNIE.

"A Poor Scholar" wants to know if we ever met Carleton, the Irish novelist. We had that pleasure often. Two or three days after the Secession, a large party of Young Irelanders made an excursion to Powers-Court Waterfall, a few miles, on the Wicklow side, beyond Dublin. Carleton was of the number. The previous part of the week there had been a heavy fall of rain. The cascade was full and turbid, and fell with bewildering force and tumult from the beetling cliff, a hundred feet above. The mud and bog it had loosened on its way to the brink of the precipice, came furiously splashing down with it, and deluging with a discolored flood, the rocks and trees and green banks at the bottom. Close by, trickling out of a crevice in the rocks, three or four feet above the level of the stream, in the cool shadow of some beautiful laurels and white-briar, a little bright stream sparkled. It was as clear as a diamond, too. "There," said Carleton, looking up to the great thundering water-fall, "is Owld Ireland, sthrong and muddy, and there" (pointing to the little stream,) "is Young Ireland, pure and weak."

"Cahirciveen" asks us how many of the O'Connells are now in Parliament. Only two—John and Dan—sons of old Dan. John is member for Clonmel. Dan sits for Tralee. Maurice is dead these three years. Morgan holds a patent office in the Four Courts, with a handsome salary of $15,000 a year. Maurice was, far away, the most gifted of the sons. He was generous and gallant, too, and decidedly more national in his tone and nature than any of his brothers. His lines on the death of Davis show this. Morgan accompanied General Devereux to Venezuela, and there won the admiration of Bolivar, by the gallantry of his address and his soldier-like conduct.

An "Irish Youth" asks us a question, which it would take at least half a column to answer. Davis used to say, that McGeoghegan's History of Ireland, so far as it went, was the best to be had; and as for the local histories, there's Hardiman's Galway; Smith's Kerry; Ryland's Waterford, and Dalton's Dublin, which furnish minute information of the most reliable soundness. But as for our friend's trying to get "everything connected with Ireland and the Irish," &c., it would take the fortune of Crœsus, and the longevity of Methusalah, to accumulate and digest the learned pile.

"Malden, Mass."—We have not received the package or book alluded to in our correspondent's letter of the 28th ult.

Our friends of the "*Meagher Club*" of Lowell, and Mr. Peter Flynn of Narrowsburg, we sincerely regret to hear, did not receive No. 8, of the News, which was duly sent to them.

MR. TIMOTHY EDWARD HUGHES, has received our written authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "Irish News," throughout the New-England States.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1856.

NICARAGUA.

General Walker has addressed a letter of grave importance to Senator Weller, of California. The letter was read, last week, in the Senate. Throwing the clearest light on the present affairs of Nicaragua, and furnishing information of a serious aspect, suggestive of one or two questions vitally affecting the rights of nations, and in an especial manner the future interests of this country, we give such portions of it as illustrate the value it possesses.

General Walker refers to the fact, that notwithstanding the overtures of peace and good will which have been made by Nicaragua to the neighboring republics, from the time of the overthrow of the aristocratic faction until the declaration of war by Costa Rica, these republics have showed themselves, if not positively, at least negatively hostile to Nicaragua. This fact could only be accounted for, on the supposition that French and English agents were secretly at work, perpetuating the instability and disorder which the American sympathizers, under Walker, had with such gallantry done so much to correct. Tangible facts, however, were wanting to realize and with an indisputable distinctness, substantiate the supposition.

The intercepted letters of Wallerstein, the Costa Rican agent, resident in London, and those of Mr. Hammond, on behalf of Lord Clarendon, at last supplied the proofs that had been so long withheld. We publish the letters in another column. We learn from them that England is furnishing arms to Costa Rica, to enable her to invade and lay waste a country where, after years of fearful strife and havoc, with the brave brotherly help of a handful of Americans, order has been restored, life secured, property made sacred, and industry evoked. Two thousand muskets are sold to Costa Rica, through the direct agency of the Foreign Office in London, whilst, as General Walker informs Senator Weller, the whole of the British West India squadron is sent to San Juan del Norte, and cruisers from the Pacific station are detached to Punta Arenas, to keep that coast clear of all buccaneering flags, save the *Union Jack*.

The Dutch Costa Rican, Wallerstein, writing from his back-parlor in Harrow Road, London, acknowledges—we quote his words—"on the part of the government of Costa Rica, the receipt of the gratifying compliance with the application, made by him to Lord Clarendon for arms, and reminds his lordship that "the interests of Costa Rica are closely connected with the interests of British subjects in that quarter."

That England is at the bottom of all this mischief and bloodshed—that the statement of the *Nicaraguense* of the 19th of April, that "England is the real enemy in the field against Nicaragua"—that "England has long had her hand upon these States, making of this, or of that party, the tool with which she has turned and overturned the Central American Governments, until poverty and desolation reign, where prosperity and riches ought to shine on every hand"—that such is the fact, is now very plain and positive.

In addition to the evidence furnished by the letters intercepted at the mouth of the Seripique, General Walker adduces the fact, that until now, Costa Rica never declared war against Nicaragua, although there have been reasons, heretofore, for her doing so, and, on the score of arresting the reign of ruin and inhumanity, a justifying and ennobling incentive.

Not a doubt of it. England is there—a deadly serpent in the *chaparral* of that rich and beauteous region—and it will be her's, unless driven from it by such a volley as made her reel at the Bayou Bienvenue, and sent her home a cripple from New Orleans.

The question seems to us to have simply come to this—who will have the supreme right of way between the Atlantic and Pacific? The United States and England have been, and still are, the contending parties. Will the United States give way, leaving England to put up a toll-gate at the Castello Rapids, and plant her Red Cross there on the old fort above the river, in token of her ownership of the road?

Will America consent to pay the toll, struck by the Parliament whose Stamp-Act she cut to pieces and flung in the foolish face of old King George, and without a murmur, and with perfect good grace and ease of heart, consent to pass from one part of her domain to another, through a double file of sneering Red coats?

That's *the* question, from out a group of others not less vital.

MOVEMENTS OF REBELS.

The Canadian Ministry were defeated on the 29th ult., on a motion offered by Mr. Lyon Mackenzie, well known and distinguished as a "rebel" in the Canadian disturbances of 1837. At the time there was a reward of a thousand dollars offered for him, and it was not until years after the other "rebels" of the period were allowed to return, that Mackenzie's head was acknowledged to be his own. The motion was for a petition to the Queen for the *unconditional* pardon of "Smith O'Brien, the Irish Patriot, and John Frost, the English Chartist." The motion was carried againt the Government by a vote of 40 to 38.

STANDING ARMIES.

Now that the "Peace Conference" has triumphed, and the King of Algiers in his cradle, like the infant Hercules, has strangled the serpents of war; and there is breathing time—time, under the mark of "distinguished consideration" and "renewed assurances"—for Europe to gird up its loins and re-whet its steel for the greater struggle which must inevitably take place, and which will inaugurate new alliances to glut the jealousies and diplomatically varnished hates of old ones—we may take a glance over the barracks of Europe.

They are the springs by the adjustment of which "power" is "balanced" on the one hand, and the taxes crushed out of the people on the other.

In this view we take into account the returns of the armies in times of peace—if peace can ever be said to exist where there are but soldiers and tax-gatherers on the one hand, and a people who cannot demur on the other.

Count De Gurowski gives the whole bulk of the Russian army as consisting of 17 corps, with 4,900 companies of infantry, and 1,469 squadrons of cavalry, and 330 batteries of heavy or light artillery. This would give an aggregate of some 850,000 men, but as the above writer states, that more than a third of this amount ought to be deducted in regard to incompleteness of battalions, companies and squadrons, and other causes; the figures given in the European statistics of Thom's official Directory are no doubt as correct as can possibly be. Here the standing army of Russia is figured at 603,000, which is one soldier for every 100 of the population, or one soldier to every three and-a-half square miles.

France has a standing army of 404,500, which is one soldier to every eighty-eight inhabitants, and about two soldiers to the square mile.

Great Britain has a standing army of 128,864, which is one soldier to every 215 1-4 of the inhabitants, and 1 1-20 of the population of every square mile in the British isles.

The United States has a standing army, which may be set down at about 11,000, which is one regular to 2,304 1-3 of the population, or one regular to every 296 2-5 square miles. This army can never increase to any alarming extent. The acquisition of new territory, or the sentinelling the frontier against Indian encroachments, may add a few hundreds to it; but here its increase ends. The nature of American institutions are opposed to a standing army. The diffusion of military knowledge through our citizen soldiery is, as it well may be, the sure reliance and guardian of the commonwealth. Ostensibly the militia of the United States is composed of every able-bodied white male citizen between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, subject to many exceptions which are sufficiently well understood. At present the enrolled militia of the States is close upon, if it does not exceed, two million. The States of Pennsylvania, New-York, Ohio, and Virginia, in the order of their names, presenting the strongest muster-rolls of citizen-soldiers. In the aggregate, one out of every twelve in the population is a militia-man.

Austria has a standing army of 414,900, being one-ninetieth of the entire population, and 1 3-5 of the population to the square mile.

Prussia has a standing army of 225,550 which is one soldier to every 72 1-2 of the population, and over two to the square mile.

The little bee-hive kingdoms of Bavaria, Belgium, and Holland, though not among the first class powers, are noticeable from the vitality within them. The first has an army of 70,311, or one soldier to every sixty-four inhabitants; being more than 2 1-2 to the square mile. The second has 90,000 soldiers, being one to every forty-nine inhabitants, or eight soldiers to the square mile. And the third sustains an army of 43,000; being one soldier to 70 1-2 of the population, or 3 1-2 to the square mile.

So much for monarchical institutions. In the case of Russia, France and England, we give the figures as they stand in time of peace. In war, they can nearly double their forces. In 1815, the army of England was 300,000.

On a comparison of these figures we have good reason to congratulate ourselves. The ever-recurring taxations, to support the pomp and dignity of monarchy, harass the people to feed and clothe lazy and intolerant legions on the land. Just think of it. A little scrap of land, like Belgium, not larger than New-Hampshire and Rhode Island, having a revenue of some $23,000,000, supporting an army of 90,000, and running itself in debt to the amount of some $123,000,000.

No wonder they have revolutions in Europe.

Here, under every circumstance, we are better governed. The working classes have such necessities towards living as many populations of Europe would deem luxuries; and America regulates her fighting as brokers or merchants do their Wall street affairs, like clock-work. War is declared; an army springs up, armed cap-a-pie—Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. We fight, conquer, and come home to our writing-desks, our law-courts, our

work-benches, our market-carts. After scrubbing off the enemy, we turn to scrub up an existence for ourselves. We get paid, to be sure, while we are fighting, as we would for holding the plough, or measuring out tape. We get a grant of some one hundred and sixty acres of wild land when we are done, and their our expense to the State ends. And all this, because we are fighting for ourselves who form the State, while in Europe they fight for the State, which is not the People.

ENGLISH SAINTS AND MORMON SINNERS.

That one step which is said to lead downwards from the sublime to the ridiculous, may find a counterpart in the action which brings liberty to the level of licentiousness.

Political and personal freedom is the guardian of the republican state, and must be characterized by a comprehensive and considerate respect for the individuals of which that state is composed; inasmuch as every single person in the community lives, moves, and has a being—enjoys peace, security, and position, by the relation he bears to the entire family. The *use* of this family relationship is liberty—the *abuse*, licentiousness; whether applied to morals or politics. The latter, even though gilded by whatsoever pseudo-philosophical name, is easily and quickly seen through by all clear-headed and sound-thinking people; and society, in its own way, outlaws that action or intention which has already degraded and divided itself from the interests, moral purposes, and family ties which unite and dignify the Christian community.

Some of these days there will be hard words between Uncle Sam and his Anglo-American relative who has been living a latter-day saintly existence and keeping a harem out in Utah. The rest of the family will, no doubt, condemn the life he has been leading, considering his example not exactly of that nature they could wish their wives and children to follow.

That great tie under the blessings of which man receives his chief comforts—which awakes his energy and inspires his intellect—which makes him strong, good, and a reliable member of the State—that great blessing which actuates all our hopes and surrounds all our achievements—which calms our excitements, cheers our gloom, and crowns our glory—that simple but sublime matrimonial compact, which is the saviour of youth and support of old age—is not, in the opinion of the best and wisest children of the republic, to be dishonored by any mistaken religious zeal, or any unmistakable sensuality.

Utah may become to America what Turkey is to Europe—the resource by which youth will wrap sensuality with romance, or the dream-land of confirmed debauch. It may be a recognized nation, and preserve its manners, customs, and unsocial socialism intact; but the influence of American mothers will prevent the introduction of its faith to any other State of the Union, and jealously overawe the expression of any such deteriorating doctrines within their domain.

The women of America will preserve the other sex from Mormonism, or any other gross combination of English Socialism, Mohammedan licentiousness, and the transcendental pruriency of many old and young "philosophers." This they shall effect, too, in their homes, by the domestic hearth, among their friends and children; and not by the neglect of both, in the preparation of strong-minded philippics, or in the delivery of the same. Thus at present the women of America force the Mormon missionary to seek in Europe that extensive field of proselytism which he cannot attain here. It is a remarkable fact, and worth noting, that notwithstanding the moral delinquencies so often spoken of as existing in our midst, the Mormon Paradise is chiefly sustained by the fallen angels from the other side of the Atlantic.

A remarkable case of infatuation is at present attracting some attention in the papers. The facts convey the moral. They are these: One Joseph Hodgetts lived in Worcestershire, England; he was a coal-dealer, and by honest industry, backed by the economy and management of an equally-industrious wife, had amassed a comfortable property, and reared a large and well-favored family. Their hearth was bright—their home happy; peace and good-will, like bountiful guardians, held them in charge; when, alas, a Mormon apostle charmed the ear of the eldest son, and he went to Utah. Soon with others, "approved apostles," he returned on a recruiting tour. He won his mother and sisters to the immoral immortality of Joe Smithism; and, while the father was absent on a business excursion, carried all the rest of his family off; having collected the debts due by customers, drawing £314 from the Bank, and appropriating every portable article, even to the bed-linen, from the house. Hodgett's agony on his return may be judged. It was on a Saturday. With a superintendent of police he started for Liverpool, reached there about three next morning, and, after some hours of fruitless search, chartered the tug-boat Great Conquest to chase the Enoch Train, which had started for Boston with a cargo of Mormons. After some three hours they reached the object of their search; but in their hurry they had overlooked the getting of warrants. The Captain, however, not being a Mormon, was willing to aid the distracted husband; but the opposition of the Mormons would probably have rendered his aid futile, had not Mr. Chipp (the superintendent) firmly declared, that rather than fail in his mission, he would accompany the vessel to Boston, and denounce the whole party to the British authorities there. Not till then was the wife allowed to see her husband.

"The upshot of the matter was," says the Worcestershire *Chronicle*, "that the wife and youngest child were first of all handed into the tug, and when the husband still knelt on the bulwarks, the very picture of paternal distress, praying that yet more of his offspring might be restored to him, even the emigrants themselves began to murmur, and say that it was a shame to part a father and his children. The Mormon elders hereupon peremptorily ordered their insubordinate victims to go below; but the captain, finding now that he could do so safely, ordered the other two children, girls about seven years of age, to be handed to their delighted parent, and the tug then cast herself loose to return to Liverpool. The two eldest daughters, aged 16 and 18, the latter a very fine young woman, obstinately refused to go back, and we shudder to think of the fate that is in store for them."

There were nine hundred on board the Enoch Train, of which, says the London *Chronicle*, three hundred men and women, boys and girls, formed the contingent supplied by the Birmingham district alone to the future population of Utah.

Mormon emigration is steadily and quietly increasing. Occasionally some incident like the above brings public attention to it, but the fact that it is chiefly from England the great body of saints are wafted to this shore is overlooked. And, moreover, it is from that class of Englishmen among whom the public sale and purchase of each other's wives is a matter of not uncommon occurrence, as the papers duly inform us, and to which Dickens, Eliza Cook, and others have directed attention. The official Mormon Emigration Report shows that from November 27, 1854, to April 26, 1855, there landed

At	New-York,	874
"	Philadelphia,	1,450
"	New-Orleans,	1,302
	Total	3,626

The nationalities of this number are given thus:

English	2,231	Norwegian	53
Danes	409	Irish	28
Scotch	401	Swiss	15
Welsh	287	Piedmontese	15
French	75	German	13
Swedes	71	Prussian	1

These figures speak for themselves. It is the sheerest folly, to believe that anything approaching a majority are actuated by the slightest idea of "religion." It is noticeable that, in these five months, the English emigration was almost two-thirds of the whole. The missionaries have increased in activity since. Emigration has also increased; and it is beyond doubt, that, were the complete statistics at hand, Mormonism would appear more clearly an English institution, and Utah much more an English colony than an American one.

What the Five Points have been to the city of New-York, Utah is fast becoming to the Union.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Exactly one year ago, the *Democratic Review* commencen an article with the inquiry—"Can any body tell what has become of Sultan Abdul Medjid, in whose behalf the great Christian crusade of the Anglo-French Alliance was undertaken?" and concluded the same article with the words of philosophic Jefferson thus—"wretched is that country in whose internal affairs foreign *nations* are permitted to meddle."

This opening and this ending is the best history of the eastern war given yet. It struck us particularly at the period; and its value has been only heightened by succeeding events. If indeed Jefferson's conclusion had been stated first, the opening question would have come naturally to mind, the "wretched" position of Turkey being more than demonstrated, in the fact, that "foreign nations" had meddled in its internal affairs.

It is something worth remembering that, at the first blush of hostilities, the whole civilized world was in favor of Turkey and against Russia, regarding the latter as *the* despot, *par excellence*, of the two engaged; but no sooner had England joined the former than the aforesaid civilized world was in favor of Russia; seeing in England only a more insidious, because a less open and less blunt oppressive representative of that monarchic deification which Russia, more honestly—if with less policy—had inaugurated.

The question then became, not one of rights or encroachments between Turkey and Russia, but one between two powerful thrones, and between which there was alone the characteristics of despotism to be considered. The one ruled with an open and undisguised strong arm, and avowed its purposes, the other ruled with an arm of iron covered with velvet—smooth on the outside, but relentless, cold, and hypocritical in fact.

In the struggle Turkey was lost sight of. Omar Pasha, who exhibited more skill and bravery than the Generals of the Alliance, was given a subordinate position—placed "under the surveillance of his dry-nurses, General Simmons and Colonel Dieu,"—and even one of the leading commercial organs of England acknowledged, in denying the statement of Mr. Bright, who said the war was for the support of a filthy despotism—that England was *not* fighting for Turkey, but *against* Russia.

Turkey was disgraced by her friends. Both the army and navy of England are behind the glory of France. Austria has shirked the question. Denmark and Sweden pretended to keep moving—Russia has fought well—Clarendon, Palmerston, Buol, Manteuffel, Walewski, Orloff, *et id genus omne*, have bowed and palavered each other—a feather has been plucked from the wing of an eagle, to be stuck in the tail of an alliance—a peace is made—and where is Abdul Medjid? Where?

"Can any body tell what has become of him?"—that's the question.

MILITARY MEMOIRS.

COMPANY E. (CARROLL GUARDS,) FOURTEENTH REG'T, FIFTH BRIGADE, N. Y. S. M.

This company was organized on the the 13th of May, 1843, being the first Irish-American company organized on Long Island, and being called originally, the Irish Volunteers. It was officered by Captain Patrick M. Short; 1st Lieut., Henry Mc Cadden; 2d Lieut., Richard Walsh. The Lieutenants succeeded the Captain in the command according to their rank. About four years ago, George B. Magrath, the present Captain, took the command. This officer had served his time in the Governor's Guard, then 2d regiment, N. Y., and had acted as orderly-sergeant in the Erina Guard, 9th regiment. He was elected about four years ago, and at his suggestion the company took its present name. He was born in Bath, England. His father left Limerick at the time of Emmet's rising. The other officers, at present, are, 1st Lieut., Thomas Maloney; 2d, John Malone.

The uniform is a blue frock (regulation) and pants; white trimmings, cross-belts, and regulation cap. The company drill is held Tuesday night, at the Adelphi.

In the summer of 1854, this company was ordered out with its regiment, the 14th, one Sunday, and was stationed at the City Hall, Brooklyn, for the purpose of suppressing the riots, occasioned by the preaching of the "Angel Gabriel."

The regiment was hurried down, about six o'clock in the evening, to the South Ferry, whence a report had come that a fight was raging, but on the appearance of the military the mob dispersed.

COMPANY H, ERINA GUARD, NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

This company was organized February 22d, 1850, Washington's birthday. Officered as follows:—Robert Coddington, Captain (promoted); Thomas Murphy, 1st Lieutenant; John Doyle, 2d Lieutenant; John Casey, 3rd Lieutenant. First Sergeant, vacant; Second do., John Murtogh; Third do., John Quin; Fourth do., Patrick O'Farrell. Color Sergeant, Terence McKenna; Paymaster, Joseph Kierman; First Corporal, David Redmond; Second do., James Reilly; Third do., Francis Sally; Fourth do., Peter Kelly; Color Corporal, Bernard Nolan. The Captain and 1st Lieutenant are natives of Dublin. The uniform of the company is that of the 9th regiment. Drill, every Thursday evening, at Military Hall, 193 Bowery. No person admitted as a member unless he be a citizen, or have declared his intention to that effect. Since its organization, several members have been promoted from this company, as commissioned officers, to other companies. Captain Coddington was out as a member of the 6th regiment during the Macready riots.

MONTGOMERY GUARDS, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

The Montgomery Guards of Bridgeport, known as Co. B, 8th Regt., 2nd Brig., Conn. Militia. Organized March 16, 1853, when the following officers were elected and commissioned by Gov. Seymour, now minister to Russia:—Captain Thomas B. Coats, born in Limerick; 1st Lieut., Michael O'Connell, born in Cork; 2nd Lieut., John Fox, born in Kildare; 3d Lieut., Edward N. Goodwin, born in Dublin.

This was the first company in the regiment that conformed to the Militia law of the State—requiring that every company organized should procure a dark blue frock coat and pants, white stripe on pants; white epaulettes; any pattern hat, pompon, &c. In consequence of Capt. Coats leaving town, there was an order for election, May 2nd, 1854, to fill vacancy, when the following change took place:—Captain, Michael O'Connell; 1st Lieut., John Fox; 2d Lieut., Ed. N. Goodwin; 3d Lieut., Richard Sewell.

The Company have paraded according to the law of the State, three times annually in May, as company, and three times in September with regiment; have made ten independent parades, on one of which they visited Derby, and were received in the most hospitable manner by the Smith O'Brien Rifles, commanded by Captain Harly.

Company B were disbanded by Gov. Minor, September 25th, 1855, for being Irish adopted citizens. The company are now independent, and have procured arms and equipments, consisting of percussion muskets, black patent leather belts and cartridge boxes; ornaments on hat, eagle, harp, and bugle on silver-breast-plate brass, eagle and harp in silver; waist-plate, brass, with letters M. G. in Silver: M. G. on cartridge-box in silver—the expense of which accoutrements was partly defrayed by the native and adopted citizens of Bridgeport. The following change has been made in uniform: sky blue pants with buff stripe; buff collar and cuffs on the coat; a plume for hat, the upper part of which is white, while the lower part is green. Company drill every Monday evening, from 7 to 10 o'clock; number of men 50.

Captain Oliver Byrne lectured once before the company, on Military Art and Science. Annual Ball held on the 26th Dec.

The present officers are as follows:—Capt., Michael O'Connell; 1st Lieut., Edward N. Goodwin; 2nd Lieut., Patrick Curley; 3d Lieut., Robert T. Hurley; Orderly Sergeant, Joseph O'Connor.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

DAN CALLAGHAN AND GANSEY—THE KILLARNEY PIPER AND THE MEMBER FOR CORK.

Two weeks ago, we left the Member for Cork sitting at that jovial table in Finn's Hotel, Killarney, with Gansey, the blind *chanthur*, close to his elbow. The cloth had been removed; the fruit laid; the Port and Claret circulated; the mellow, genial old Whiskey—Wyse's oldest—had been passed from hand to hand, and under another combination, from mouth to mouth. Cigars, too, had been lit. The dining-room was full of aromatic smoke and exhilarating steam. The festive sea was at its highest tide. Not a bare or barren spot could be descried. The sparkling, bounding waves rolled over the broad space; swept the brown glistening strand from end to end; dashed up to the sulkiest rocks that thought to frown or look stiff upon them; broke in flashes though many a lowering crevice; and flinging up pearls, and shells, and flowers of daintiest fibre and countless shapes and hues, while many a white-winged wild-bird swept down to and up from them, made earth, if not Heaven, rejoice.

And if there were Naiads and Tritons gamboling in that flashing sea, there was a white-beard Neptune presiding there, and with a potent silver ladle, instead of Trident, ruling the revelry, and benignly keeping down its storms. This was easy for him. Æolus, with the winds in his leather cave, being close to the elbow, and under the thumb, of the aqueous old god.

There was a pause in the tinkling of glasses, the shoving of sugar-bowls, the hubbub of voices. The Member for Cork had finished his fifth glass of Port with a smack. He had straightened himself in his chair and bent forward a little. His fishy little eyes gleamed out like glow-worms, on the eve of exhaustion, from the depths of their caverns. The faint speck of light had to pierce its way through a bog of soft flesh before it could flicker on the moist surface; and when it succeeded, it gave signs of the struggle. It was a gelatinous lustre. It could not have illuminated a globe the girth of a pea.

Drawing the napkin across his lips, smiling with ponderous composure, revolving his head a little to one side, then nudging the Piper with the broad tip of his elbow, his slim, half-suffocated little voice squeaked out—"Now for it, Gansey!"

What a cheer! What a ringing *hear, hear!* What a furious *tatoo* of spoons and nut-crackers down both sides of the table! What a lifting, and clanking, and draining of glasses! How rapturously and wildly they sprang to their legs, and waving decanters, and tumblers, and candlesticks, and dessert-knives, and finger-bowls, above their heads, and across the table, gave *three-times-three* for the glorious blind Minstrel of the Lakes! Callaghan, all the while, during all the tumult, in the fiercest of it, sitting with a radiant complacency in his cushioned chair, his napkin replaced, his small eyes voluptuously glistening, his snowy waistcoat dilating with the glowing atmosphere of the scene, his old face reddening and cracking and oozing, like a leg of mutton upon the spit,—his elbow working impatiently at the Piper, and the small, half-stifled voice still squeaking—"Now, Gansey, now for it!"

"Very well, your Honor," says Gansey, and he turns his aged noble head slightly towards the master of the feast. Then throwing himself back a little; turning up the left leg across the right, so that the ancle of the former might rest the least bit above the bent knee of the latter; fixing the bag under one arm and the bellows under the other; fixing them nice and tidy, so that not a breath might be lost, nor a note of the smallest dimensions escape; and then hurriedly patting the keys up and down, behind and before, to make sure they were there and good for the night, the glorious old fellow bent himself to it, and with all its wild witchery, gave us the *Fox-hunter's Jig*.

When I forget Ireland, I shall forget that scene. It is before me now, as distinct, as glowing, as full of life, as though I came away from it last night only, and I were still within speaking distance of the echoes of Dunloe. The long, bright table, so richly furnished with fruit and wines; the few wax-lights, placed at long intervals apart, throwing over the principal figures and features of the picture a faint, lemon-hued, delicately mellowed gilding, and leaving the entire room, except where that narrow isthmus of wine-flowing and fruit-bearing mahogany extended, in deep darkness; the multitude of faces, all animated, most of them gay, none serious, many flashing with fun; here and there an odd one clouding up suddenly, and as suddenly breaking into lightnings, as that quaint, grand music woke memories of the martial days of the island; and all turned with an earnestness, more or less vivid—more or less marked by the eye, the mouth, the protruding chin, the elbow on the table, and the arm with clenched hand pressed against the head—all turned towards old Gansey, watching with an intent delight and wonder the ecstatic movements of his fingers, thumbs, arms, backbone, sole of the foot and knee-joint. But it was the outward play of the soul on the blind features—the sunshine, the storm, the rush of the red leaves before the wind, the scudding clouds above the sleeping lake, the starlight in the Black Valley—it was this which made him glorious. It was this which perfected the magic of that wild minstrelsy. It was this which gave to it the cry of the hounds, the scream of the startled eagle, the echoes of the mountains, the splash and gurgle of the brook, the moan of the woods in the midnight, the tramp of the chasing hoofs, the rapture of the sport!

As the last note died with a gasp in those glorious pipes, and the old man loosened his limbs, lifted his noble gray head, and took a breath of fresh air higher up, he was greeted as he commenced. Again the revellers rose; again flashed cup, and bowl, and silvered knife amongst the fragrant clouds; again broke out the *hip-hip hurrah*; again the windows rattled; again the loud jovial peals went rolling through stone wall and oaken door, up stairs, along the slumbering corridors, to the rafters of the garret, and through the skylights out upon the lake. Gansey rose from his seat in the midst of it, sweetly smiled, bowed, and sat down.

Unruffled in the midst of it, Callaghan remained enthroned on his green cushion, the napkin still flowing from beneath his waistcoat, his little eyes still winking and glistening through the chinks still left them in their dungeon-depths of fat, his white head looking whiter through the smoke than ever, his old face exuberantly blossoming and blazing with unctuous delight and the best of whiskey.

The cheers subsided. Every one sat down. Every one filled up.

"Gansey, what will you have?" said the Member for Cork to the Piper, turning his head almost imperceptibly in the direction of the latter, at the same time giving him a social wink, as it were, with the tip of his elbow.

"Your honor, there's nothing better than the owld stuff," says Gansey.

"Right, Gansey," says Callaghan, "devilishly right."

"How will you have it, Gansey—hot or cold, Gansey—which, Gansey, will you have?"

"I have a preference for the cowld, your honor," says Gansey.

"Right again, Gansey," says Callaghan, "devilishly right."

With which confirmatory words, the Member for Cork fills up a large tumbler of grog for the Minstrel of the Lakes, which the latter takes at a breath, handing the vacant tumbler back to the Member, who, delighted with the exploit, fills himself one, smiles, winks, gives Gansey a nudge, and absorbs the whole.

Then the performance begins again. Gansey braces himself up for a second achievement. Tightens the bag again under his left arm. Tightens the bellows again under his right. Crosses one leg over the other. Slips his fingers, up and down, over the keys. Bends to it lovingly, and gives us the *Devil's Gallop round the Hob*. And again there's the same quaint, wild, rude, grand, descriptive music; again does the old man's bleak face light up and flash, and show like a landscape in a changeful season of rain and sunbeam; and again does the cheer break out, and the glasses ring, and the delighted faces flash their grateful joyousness upon the blind musician; and again does the Member for the beautiful city of Cork sit there, in snowy vastness of waistcoat, napkin, head, and whiskers, with corpulent complacency drinking in the mirth of the music, the enthusiasm, and something yet more grateful to his unfathomable soul, silent, smiling, radiant, massive, and immutable. A Neptune, if you will, among the Naiads and the Tritons—but a Neptune with the leer and paunch of Bacchus.

As the last note dies, for the second time, with a gasp in those glorious pipes, and the old man loosens himself, lifts his gray head, and takes a breath of fresh air higher up, Dan Callaghan motioning his head in the direction of the pipes, finishing his own tumbler, faintly smacking his lips, and trying to give Gansey a nudge, says:

"Gansey, what will you have—brandy or spirits, Gansey—which will you have?"

"Your honor, we'd better stick to the owld thing, we're not tired with it yet."

"Right, Gansey," says Callaghan, "dev'lishly right, and devilishly good."

"How will you have it—hot or cold—Gansey, how will you have it?"

"My preference," says Gansey, "is for the cowld—it warms one better than the hot."

"Right!" exclaims Callaghan, trying to slap his thigh with his fin, for he was built like a turtle; "right, Gansey, dev'lishly right!"

Close upon which there was another, and, for the fifth time, a tremendous cheer, amid the ringing of glasses, the battering of spoons, the shaking of windows, the flashing of fruit-knives, and countless other expressions of convivial enthusiasm.

Until long past midnight did this continue. Until long past midnight did this feasting, drinking, cheering, carousing, music, wild merriment, enthusiasm, uproar, roll on and roar. For the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth, and the seventh, and the eighth, and the ninth time, did Gansey tighten and bend to the tune; did the *Hip-hip-Hurrah* ring out; did the pipes carry us to a hunt, or a charge, the camp, or a wake; did the pipes gasp out their last hoarse note; did the tumult of thanks break out; did the gray head bow in kindly acknowledgement, the old man rising and sweetly smiling, as most blind people do; and for the third, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth time, did Dan Callaghan, immovable in that capacious chair, turn almost imperceptibly in the direction of the pipes, and ask—

"Gansey, what will you have—brandy or spirits, Gansey—which will you have?"

And each and every time did Gansey meekly but incorrigibly reply—

"Your honor, we'd better stick to the owld thing."

And every time that Gansey made this answer, did Callaghan, more or less vivaciously, exclaim—

"Right, Gansey, dev'lishly right!"

Coming on close to two o'clock in the morning, I left the room. I was the last to leave it with the exception of Callaghan and Gansey. They were still sitting, just as they had been sitting eight hours before, when I closed the door of the dining-room upon them. As I went up stairs, with my bed-chamber light in hand, and as I reached the second landing-place and paused for a moment, I could hear the words—faintly, it is true—but distinctly enough:

"Gansey, what will you have?"

Then there was a mumbling, a shuffling of glasses, a very short dry laugh, and these words:

"Right, Gansey; dev'lishly right!"

On getting to my room, I found they had forgotten to make the bed. I pulled the bell. In a few minutes one of the servants came up. Having told her what I wanted, I thought I might as well return to the dining-room whilst she was putting the things in order. There was a fire there when I was leaving. I had taken cold on the Lake, coming down from the Gap, passing through which we had been drenched to the skin, and I thought it would be as well to take a heat at the coals preparatory to a bake in the blankets.

Down I went, candlestick in hand. Down I went, and into the dining-room I walked. Close to me was a dense mass of shadow—a little beyond me, a misty stream or streak of light—beyond that again, another bank of cloud. In one spot, up at the head of the misty stream or streak of light, after some intent and quiet gazing, there appeared to me to be a circle of peculiar brightness, and something like huge phantoms looming up within it.

I advanced a little further. I was in the same room I had dined in. Sepulchral as it looked, it was our uproarious banquet-hall. I recognized the fire-place, the bell-ropes, the hangings of the windows, the very cracks in the yellowish smoked ceiling, and the parochial attempts at plastic art upon what the waiters called the "cornish."

I advanced still further, still holding the candlestick, which held the mould candle, in my hand. I looked down. There was the very table at which I had sat, and no mistake about it. There was the bright, brown mahogany, in which I had seen reflected so many jovial faces, and those golden and ruby-colored glasses, and the fruits of the Azores and Malaga. There it was, strewed with the remnants and vestiges of the feast—broken tumblers, decanter-stoppers, finger-bowls turned up like bee-hives, raisin stalks, orange peels, the husks of walnut and hazel nuts—sprawling nut-crackers, strained sugar-tongs, the melancholy roots of cigars, a water jug with a hare-lip, another without a handle—a profusion of ruins, over which, and through which, a sickly blueish light went to and fro—there it was, the wreck of the board at which I had sat.

I advanced still further yet; I looked up—up to the head of the table—up to where the huge phantoms appeared to me to be cowering.

There were two silver candlesticks there. The candles in them were burnt down to within three inches of the sockets, whilst the black wick, with a great red fiery bulb at the end of it, hung over full two inches, and like a scorpion was eating its way into its own body with a suicidal malignity. It was a deadly description of light these candles threw out. But within it I saw the white napkin, and whiskers, and the bagpipes. Callaghan and Gansey were still at it.

I retired to the fire-place, and stood with my back to it. Neither of them had remarked me. They had seen nothing—heard nothing. They were alone in the world, and as happy as a couple of old Irish kings.

"What will you have, Gansey?"

"No use of changing at this time of day—the owld thing, your honor."

"Right, Gansey, right—dev'lishly right."

"Hot or cold, Gansey—which will you have?"

"The hot gives me cowld, and the cowld makes me hot," says the Piper.

"Right," says the Member, "dev'lishly right, and dev'lishly good."

Something put it into my head to go over to them. I did so. Gansey, of course, couldn't see anything. He heard something, and spread his ear. Callaghan saw very little more than his neighbor, and was no better for hearing. He sat there without a stir, without a wink, without a breath hardly, as if a carved or stuffed continuation of the velvet cushioned chair. He looked neither to the right nor the left, nor up, nor down. Gansey looked as if there were an evil spirit near him.

"Good night, Mr. Callaghan," I said.

"Who the devil are you—good night," he said.

"I suppose, sir," I said, "we shall not have the pleasure of your company to Cork to-morrow?"

"I don't care a damn," says he, trying to look up, but kept down by a night-mare, "I don't care a damn if I never moved out of this. Gansey, what will you have?"

And so I left them both.

IRISH REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY.

SECOND ARTICLE—YOUNG IRELAND AND '48.

'98 and '48.—The Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland: by John Savage. *Redfield: New-York.*

Standing in the Great Chapel of Waterford, in the summer of 1826, Daniel O'Connell uttered these words:—

"The rising youth of Ireland appear to have their pulses beating with better blood, and I have remarked more than once that while I, myself, was tranquil, the eye of youth, scarce reached beyond childhood, was glistening with indignation at the history of six centuries of mis-government which this country has endured. This fiery youth, with hotter blood boiling in their veins, are accumulating fast around us."

The magnificent proportions of the temple within which these words were uttered; the lofty Corinthian columns; the bold arches; the sculptured monuments beneath them; the excited thousands with which the church was on that day peopled; the magnitude of the wrongs, the rights, the hopes which gathered them to the spot; the sanctity of the place; the presence of the Cross; every circumstance concurred to stamp these words with a rare solemnity. Thomas Wyse, in his *History of the Catholic Association*, referring to this scene, declares it to have been the grandest picture he had till then beheld. "It was," he writes, "a thrilling sight, this great man throwing himself upon his knees between the government of England and the impetuous generation which threatened it in the future."

Five years before he died, O'Connell saw this fiery youth in the flesh about him. The day he spoke of them in those majestic sacred aisles of Waterford, they were but a red speck in the remote sky. But as he journeyed on, they grew to be a reality of blood, and brain, and muscle, in the stormy life of which he

was the ruler. In the Committee-room of the Repeal Association; at the public meetings of that body; in the '82 Club, of which they were the originators; on the Rath of Mullaghmast; in prison with him in Richmond Bridewell; at the Rotunda Levee, where he might have been crowned with gold or clad in the *toga palmata* as King or Consul, had he so wished; everywhere he met the fiery youth he had in that stately Church foretold.

The debates upon the Provincial Colleges; the debates upon the Resolutions of July, '46; the Secession; these, and other events, bring the prediction and the prophet face to face. O'Connell fancied his grave would interpose between his generation, born in shackles, and the bolder one, born with free limbs, with whose advent he had menaced the government of the day. They came ten years sooner than he expected. His grave was a rampart from which they beckoned the people to a loftier height. They had been in the dust and sweat of the rough fight, for a period twice as long as the Crimean quarrel, when they laid him amongst the flowers, under the sweet sod, in that beautiful garden of the dead, they call Glassnevin.

The last half, or nearly so, of Mr. Savage's book contains a narrative of the sayings and doings of this predicted generation —"this fiery youth with hotter blood boiling in their veins"— and presents in rapid succession the portraits of the celebrities of Young Ireland. The narrative is compactly built on heaps of facts, and finished off with a profusion of graceful foliage, and other ornaments. The portraits are drawn as clearly, beautifully, and boldly as Daniel Maclise, in his illustrations of Moore's Melodies, has thrown off that grand group ringing out in chorus—

"One bumper at parting, tho' many
Have circled the board since we met."

But before we enter this portrait gallery, which the young artist of the Dublin Society has so industriously put together and so generously embellished, we feel it seriously due to the affections of a nation, and the grandeur of its history, to dissent from the depreciatory estimate he has formed, not so much of O'Connell himself—"for," he says, "I do not speak against him, but of him, through historical facts, which are common property"— as of his labors and achievements. John Savage underrates both one and the other. Measured by his intense republicanism, everything short of the project and patriotism of Wolfe Tone, is insignificant and vulgar. Catholic Emancipation, assuredly, was a narrower measure than that for which Hoche set sail, and Humbert landed in Connemara with his grenadiers. But it was just, and needful, and ennobling.

What was the condition of the Irish Catholics which O'Connell, so far as the law was concerned, cancelled and reversed? Take up the speeches of Richard Sheil, and learn it from this one passage;—

"The Catholic aristocrat was made to feel that his ancient blood, which slavery had made stagnant in his veins, was of no avail—the Catholic merchant was taught that his coffers, filled with gold, could not impart to him any substantial importance, when every needy corporator looked down upon him from the pedestal of his aristocratic religion—the Catholic priest was informed that he had much occasion to put the lessons of humility inculcated by the gospel, into practice, when every coxcomb minister of the Establishment could, with impunity, put some sacerdotal affront upon him—the very humblest peasant in the land was desired to look at his Protestant neighbor, and compare his condition with his own. In short, from the proudest nobleman down to the meanest serf, the whole body of the Roman Catholics were rendered sensible of their inferior posture in the State."

That Emancipation reversed all this, so far as the statute-book could operate, neither the most querulous critic nor the most rancorous enemy can question. And to whom but to O'Connell was this great restitution owing? Lord John Russell, in the debate on Lord Stanley's Registration Bill, in 1841, vindicating the devotion of the Irish people to O'Connell, and addressing himself to the gentlemen who rebuked them, asked them—

"Did they not see, that the parties who had so long and so obstinately refused submission to the claims of that people, yield at length, and reluctantly, not to the wisdom of Burke, not to the eloquence of Sheridan, or Fox, or Tierney, or Wyndham, or Brougham, who had year after year exerted themselves, and put forth their wonderful powers in that House in favor of those rights, but to the influence and power of the Hon. Member for Dublin."

But we have merely taken a passing exception to what we conceive to be a dwarfed and distorted portraiture of a colossal man, whose life occupies a vast space in the less romantic, but not less interesting history, of these latter days. It is unnecessary for us to say more.

Of Thomas Davis, the founder of the Young Ireland party, we have hardly more than a glimpse. But it is a glimpse through a net-work of gold. His death is thus truthfully and most beautifully told:—

"Mozart died finishing the *requiem* that was first destined to chant over its creator, and then to enchant creation. De Lisle wrote the chant that conducted him to the scaffold; and which then became and since remained the war-cry of his nation—the *Marseillaise*. Tasso lived long, yet died only when appreciated; the blithe notes of Fame singing him out of the world, with the laurels on his brow for a death-chaplet. And Thomas Davis fled from the earth when he had created a spirit and fostered an appreciation that could weep tears of blood for his loss."

The events of 1846—the defection of the Protectionists, under Lord George Bentinck and D'Israeli—the return of the Whigs to office—the Dungarvan election—the Secession of Young Ireland from O'Connell—these events strike us in a rushing enumeration, as graphic as it is copious. We lose nothing—not a solitary plank with a name or a date on it—with all the rapidity of the current. We have Tom Steele as vividly before us as when we heard him, in a delirium of indignant rhetoric, allude to the Earl de Grey, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir James Graham, as "Lentulus, Cethegus, and Cataline, confederated over their bowl of blood." We have the first meeting of the Irish Confederation, January 13th, 1847, given back to us upon a glowing page, and in reference to it, this startling fact:—

"It is known but to few, that about this period one of the most eminent and distinguished barristers in Dublin waited on O'Connell to impress on him the necessity of reconciliation and union with 'Young Ireland.' The 'old man' had great esteem for the character and ability, as well as confidence in the aid, of the gentleman in question. He felt the full force of his remarks and agreed with him. His son John, however, who was present, flew into a passion, and expressed a determination to leave the country for ever, if his father 'received' the seceders; it would be a personal slight to him (John). 'You see how I am placed,' said O'Connell, and he went away to die."

That eminent and distinguished barrister told the story, there recited, to the writer of this notice. Overlooking the Grand Canal and the house in which Robert Emmet was taken, a little rampart, flanked by two guard-houses, springs from the wall, hemming in the buildings of Richmond Prison. A stone stairs leads up to it from the inner yard of the prison. Our friend had come to wish us good-bye. The *Swift* had been signalled. We mounted to the little rampart, and as we leaned over it, he disclosed the secret, which, for the first time, the public learns from this frank volume.

Of John Mitchel we have a memoir such as Davis might have written; and a likeness, not too spiritualized, such as John Hogan might have chiselled. He shows him to us in the Irish Council, the stated objects of which were:

"The combination of Irishmen of all grades and opinions, the guardianship and assertion of the rights and interests 'of our common country,' and the reflection of its wants and wishes."

Mitchel, he says, beheld this Council with the fondest anticipation, and labored zealously to raise it to the height his glowing brain desired:—

"The great object of his heart was a combination of the classes, and in the Irish Council he fondly hoped to find a fearless exponent, as it apparently was a faithful admixture, of all classes. His energies were unceasing, and his active and laborious intellect reviewed and analyzed every question, illustrated every resource, and suggested every means capable of contributing to, or accomplishing, the great end. He entered into and shed a clearer light upon every topic of discussion, and was especially prominent in the advocacy of Tenant-Right."

He labored earnestly, but in vain. "The Council," says Savage, "was more the critic of the English Parliament, than the advocate of an Irish one."

Turning over the bright pages of this little history of a sad great epoch, how freshly do our old friends and comrades shine in upon us in this dull corner of Ann and Nassau! Here comes John Martin, "the pure and estimable, who, combining with his persistent republicanism a chivalrous friendship, settled up his worldly accounts, and staked the proceeds and his person in the columns of a journal, that Mitchel might not lie when he had pronounced for him in the dock." Here comes Kevin O'Doherty, "young, promising, and gifted with those superior talents that give iron strength to a conclusion in the mind of an enthusiast." After him, his loving friend Williams, who was "as pious as he was patriotic;" whose two weapons in '48 were "a prayer-book and rifle;" who considered "the crack of the rifle a necessary *Amen* to his morning prayer;" and who, born in Tipperary, had his soul "charmed into the flashing wit of its mountain rills, the quiet humor of its whispering streams, the immovable patriotism of its hills, the broad gushing passion of its potent rivers."

Just prominence, however, is not given to Gavan Duffy, one of the projectors of the *Nation* newspaper, and for more than ten years its wise and able editor. Through all the labors, successes, penalties, and perils, which marked the career of Young Ireland, he was our steadfast friend, confidant, and companion, and however his rude slander on the honor of John Mitchel may have snapped the private ties which bound him to us, we can never forget the strength and beauty of his intellect, his earnestness, his sleepless solicitude, activity, and toil, at the press, in the Council-room, and Parliament; nor can we hear of his arrival in a distant land, to which he has mournfully exiled himself, without deep sympathy for the disappointments which made his days dark in the old land, and a truthful prayer for his full happiness, and all honor, in his new home.

A noble chronicle and picture of Smith O'Brien bears this inscription, as it were in emeralds, upon its margin:

"Of a noble family, his sympathies were ever with the people; and the advocate of their rights, he never disgraced them by demagoguism. He neither kissed the blarney-stone, nor touched the purse, which is so prominent an institution, and so prolific a fountain, in Irish politics. In the Parliament—he towered above the Irish hacks there, as an Irish Round tower, full of historic memories, ascends to heaven amid the modern hovels by which it is surrounded. As a Senator he was dignified, and as a rebel only too chivalrous."

Then we have McManus, with his "soldier heart and manly nature;" James Fenton Lalor, with his "deformed person, fierce logic, pure style, and relentness republicanism;" John Dillon, with his "sombre Spanish visage and heart of Milesian heat," his gentle wisdom and silent courage; O'Gorman, with his military look, deep musical voice, and prompt eloquence; Doheny, with his vigorous arm, true heart, and teeming brain, ploughing his way from the furrow to the Forum, and standing there from '43 to '46, as a popular orator, second only to O'Connell.

We come down a few miles from Cashel, and find ourselves on the banks of the Suir, at a place called Mullough, where lives one John O'Mahony:

"A gentleman farmer, of ample means and thorough education, of unassuming manners and devoted patriotism, in whose warm Southern nature a deep knowledge of the ancient Celtic tongue and misfortunes brooded, and tinctured with a silent but lofty veneration and enthusiasm, the hopes and aspirations which at the period manifested themselves in the Young Ireland party—who, in a word, was a 'rebel'—a pure-souled, high-hearted, courageous, and in his district—which encompassed the counties of Tipperary, Waterford, and Kilkenny—most powerful rebel."

Not a doubt of it, he is

"One of the greatest enthusiasts that ever drank music from a moth-eaten manuscript in the Celtic tongue, and as resolute a guerilla as ever inspired or mastered a multitude of like resolute souls."

Of Dr. Antisell we have this pleasant little fragment of a memoir:—

"At the time he joined with the students on their appearance in the political arena, he was already distinguished as a geologist and chemist, to the archives of which sciences he has contributed some valuable treatises. He was a pupil of Sir Robert Kane, and regarded as second only to that celebrated chemist and successful scientific experimentalist. In America he has found a prolific field of investigation, and has fully sustained and enlarged the reputation for which he received credit. He has lately been engaged on a scientific mission by the United States government in California."

Some loving and glowing touches bring before us, from the far South, our genial, lyrical, generous, truthful friend, Joe Brenan, with his wealth of eloquent words and fancies, and all the storms, calamities, sorrows, and conquered honors of his dawning manhood. May he long preserve and multiply these latter!

A biography of poor Devin Reilly closes the book; and from it the world here may learn how much of heart, and power, and genius the coffin closed upon that 6th day of March, 1854, in the city of Washington. On his early grave, and on that of Davis and McNevin, we lay a copy of this book. It tells their story, and that of the young school and generation of which, in life, they were the lights, and are now in death the treasured memories.

THE MESILLA VALLEY.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF AN IRISH SURGEON. NO. IV.

SILVER MINES AND SLAVES.

New Mexico has other sources, of national riches, besides her fertile valleys. Almost every one of her mountain ranges are sources of general wealth. Allusion has already been made to the copper mine mountains now held by the Apaches farther North; the mountains East of Santa Fe have gold placers on their sides, which were under Spanish domination worked by the Indians for the conquerors. In the Jemez range West of Santa Fe are veins of copper and auriferous quartz; but the chief mineral of New Mexico is the silver lead ore which occurs in veins in the Organ mountains and the chains to the East, the Sacramento and Guadaloupe ranges. In the Organ mountains along the Mesilla valley, these ores are worked by one Stevensons, who has his furnaces erected upon the river edge near the village of Las Cruces, fifteen miles distant from his mine. The smelting of the ore is carried on in clay furnaces according to the ancient Mexican modes, by which much of the silver is lost during the extraction, for the furnaces frequently break from the weight of the charge, or burn into holes, when the whole mass drops into the fire and is lost. Notwithstanding such occasional accidents the profit of working the ore and mine is very great, and under proper management would be much more so. The veins of silver-lead ore are very constant being found extending sixty miles in length along the same range as far South along the river as the town of El Paso. The silver obtained generally goes down to Chihuahua, where it is run into molds for coin, and not stamped as by European and American mints. Other minerals as lime, gypsum and salt exist also in great quantities. The salt is obtained from the evaporation of fresh water basins formed by the rains which under the summer sun dry up and leave an efflorescence of salt from one to four inches thick on the surface of the ground. The flat plains between the mountain ranges of the country East of the Rio Grande (for there are no true valleys there) furnish all the salt. These plains have no rivers running along them, and the drainage of the hills and the surface waters collect into pools, and by lying on the surface of the soil for so many weeks absorb its saline matter and thus yields the fine incrustations of a rather pure salt, which did formerly, and to a large extent does still form a staple article of exchange with Northern Mexico. Between the Sacramento and Guadaloupe ranges is a plain which is the chief depot of the salt trade for that country.

The labor used on all such pursuits is not free, but of the kind known as Peonage. A Peon is a voluntary slave, and is generally one who, unable to extricate himself from debts, becomes the slave of the creditor until the debt be discharged: during his slavery he is paid for his labor, but at so small a rate that he never can apply any of his money to the repayment of the principal: four to six dollars per month is the wages of a peon, which is never paid in coin, but by order, or by the master supplying from his own store the wants of the slave, which is done at prices far above what money could procure—all articles of dress are so supplied. Thus, when a man once becomes a Peon he rarely ever again gains his freedom, for even should he obtain from a third party the sum to purchase his liberty from his master, he by that act becomes the slave of the lender, and exchanges are often made in that way: it is one of the redeeming features of peonage that a slave may change his master: if the peon can find any one willing to advance the original amount to pay the master back his purchase money, he obtains his freedom from the old master, only to become the slave of the new one. This liberty to change, however, considerably ameliorates the lot of the peon. Theoretically for any debt unpaid and proved peonage may be inflicted on the defendant; yet practically very few in New Mexico become peons for sums under seventy dollars, and for this amount it is generally women who are sold. The writer of this article is cognizant of a case where for that sum a New Mexican woman passed from the condition of freedom into peonage. She possessed a little cabin in a small village, and lived by small chores. Easter approaching and with it new excitements at the gaming tables to which she was devoted, she went to an American resident and told him that she was very desirous to gamble, but had no money—that if he would advance her seventy dollars, she would repay him if she won, and if not she was willing to become his slave. Satisfied with the agreement he loaned the money, which lasted the unfortunate nearly four days. At the end of which time she collected her little house furniture together, fastened up the door of her cabin and presented herself to her new master, who transferred

her to his kitchen, as she was a good cook, after the Mexican fashion. The children of peons are not legally or necessarily peons, but often incidentally become so. It may be seen that peonage has some advantage over African slavery, because first it is to a great extent voluntary, and second it is not hereditary; and the option of changing masters lies with the slave: he can also demand his freedom whenever he presents the sum for which he was bought. Peonage was introduced into this continent by the Spaniards, upon whom it was forced in Old Spain by the Moors, when they subjugated that country; it exists through all Mexico and California, as well as New Mexico. The Californian peon is the native Indian, and is a much more degraded being than the Mexican, who is a half-breed of some kind or other. From this outline of peonage it may be at once understood how it may happen that slavery cannot obtain any strong hold wherever peonage exists; for the master has no responsibility for his peon—he only feeds him; he neither clothes him, nor cares for him when sick: and should he die or become disabled, his loss is little felt, as but little comparatively was paid to obtain him. The race is hardy and capable of great endurance, and are chiefly occupied in the labors of the farm and in herding cattle on the plains. In this case they receive some corn in a bag, sufficient for sustenance for ten to fourteen days absence, and armed with bow and arrow for defence and to kill what game they can, drive the flock of sheep and cattle out into the plains forty, fifty, and even a hundred miles away from the town, and sleep out until the provision gets exhausted, when they drive the cattle homeward again if not relieved. Many of these herders are caught and killed by the Indians, who, emboldened by the distance, attack the herd. On such an occasion the peon never resists an attack, but always flies and escapes if he can; his duty being only to protect the flock from loss by wild beasts or accident, as by fight or falls.

Peonage is probably a necessary condition of society, as it exists in a mixed population, whose habits and education are of so low a standard, and is devoid of many of the drawbacks attending the servitude of the colored race.

MAGAZINES FOR MAY.

Harper has many interesting and instructive papers this month. Recent occurrences and present want of popular information on the subjects will render "A Visit to the Silver Mines of South America," and "Commodore Perry's Expedition to Japan" very acceptable. Both are agreeably written and profusely illustrated. "The Gnawers" gives us pen and ink portraits and reminiscences of the natural history of the beaver, porcupine, squirrel, jerboa, hare and rabbit tribe of animals. Of "Little Dorrit" we have four chapters. The essence of Sam Rogers' Table-Talk is given in a gossipy anecdotal article, the writer of which cannot take refuge in the anonymous. If the reader cannot discover him, he is not worth the information. He makes a pleasant bouquet after considerable trouble, for Sam Rogers was rich in everything, save his poetry and puns. A paper on Motley's "Dutch Republic" is a really capital outline of the first two parts —embracing the first, and a portion of the second, volume of that exceedingly interesting history—and of which, by the way, we have a lengthy review in hand, and will publish soon. Standing on the "Editor's Table," and with the aid of the pile of books thrown thereon, we have a peep—if not a full view—into the "The American Pulpit." The gentleman at the table tells us that preaching in America is not what it used to be thirty years ago (likely enough), and thus daguerreotypes this "generation of preachers." "One—he says—calls the champions of 'Natural Vestiges of Creation' into the field, and enjoys the luxury of an unresisting fight. Another leaps full-armed into a museum of Megateria and fossils, and scatters bones right and left in terrible dismay. A third is profound on Ontology; a fourth spices his sermons with Fichte, Carlyle, and Strauss; a fifth honors the Bible by taking a text, and supplies the rest from the Westminster Review." We are not informed as to the whereabouts of these divers and diverse reverends, which is amiss. For instance, we should not like seeking for No. 5, to happen on No. 2, and instead of being put to sleep on the "soft sawder" of the *Review*, to knock our nose against a fossil, and be kept awake with the scattering of bones in terrible dismay.

Putnam is up to the time with a vivid, graphic paper on the Kane Artic Expedition. There are many pleasant glimpses at Esquimaux intelligence in it. We have a very appreciative review of Kingsley as a poet. The writer considers his volume worthy to make a fourth with Tennyson's "Maud," Browning's "Men and Women," and Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and *apropos* to the fact of it being necessary to defend Kingsley, a clergyman, for having written a drama, the writer remarks truly:— "It only shows how far gone in formalism England is, in every direction. It sends old women to command in the Crimea, and requires that a poet should be justified for writing poetry." That wild, wayward, brusque, brilliant, broadly-gifted, often narrow-seeing, clear and cloudy, decided without being distinct (and sometimes *vice-versa*), conceited and consummate writer on Art, Mr. John Ruskin, is the subject of a clever article, well written, with some sensible and good points.

The historical paper on "Nathan Hale, the martyr spy of the Revolution," and the review of the private Correspondence of Napoleon will attract—the former from its national character, the latter from the intrinsic ability contained therein. The "Editorial Notes" are in good spirit, and, for politicians, the article on "Our relations with England," referring to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and the late correspondence thereon, will complete this issue very favorably. Putnam is an institution.

The Knickerbocker, like every thing human, earthly, and domestic, is moving—moving to laughter, to radiant smiles, and jocose titillations of the facial fibres. It is a full and hearty number, tolerably well varied both in prose and verse—having a fair sprinkling of appreciative literary notices, a chatty letter from Niagara, by the "Up the River Correspondent," and the editor's usual enlivening table, which, however juicy, does not (as the reporters say of the "spiced" at the opening of a new hotel) groan under, but sniggers immoderately with, the burden of all the "delicacies of the season." *S. Hueston.*

Household Words has the first three chapters of "A Rogue's Life," which, we notice, is getting quite popular. Honesty is evidently not the best policy. The very spicy paper, "The Great Hotel Question," is concluded; and "Gibbet street," a few pages from "The Roving Englishman" at Messina, and some verses, will attract the reader. *Dix & Edwards.*

The School-Fellow is a delightful periodical for our juvenile friends—indeed many of maturer growth might read its elegant pages with serious benefit to themselves. The illustrations are in thorough keeping with the fine paper and printing. *Dix & Edwards*

Literary and Artistic News.

A rather bitter war, is at present, waging between M. Wilson Croker and Mr. Hayward, with respect to the correctness of a translation of Mons. Montalembert's recent work on England, executed by an unknown lady, who appears as H. B., and recommended to Mr. Murray, the celebrated publisher, by Mr. Croker. The translation appears to be, in several portions, incorrect, and was published without the authority or inspection of the author. Both the combattants wield a bitter lance. Mr. Croker, who is now near 90 years of age, was celebrated as a Tory of the old Eldon school, and served as Secretary of the Admiralty under various administrations. He has since, for some years, been editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and is still an occasional contributor. The articles on *Macaulay's History* are from his pen. Mr. Hayward is a barrister, a writer in the *Edinburgh*, and was for some years a writer on the *Morning Chronicle*. About a year since, he was appointed Secretary to the Poor Law Board, by Lord Aberdeen, of whose party he has been a constant supporter. He is author of the celebrated satirical pamphlet on Disraeli, and is the most brilliant conversationist in England.

Cork School of Art.—We find that there are thirty engineers on the books, eight carpenters, four cabinet-makers; besides carvers, gilders, modellers, photographers, lithographers, japanners, decorators, house painters, &c. There are then four architects, six builders, and ten female teachers. All these rendering themselves more expert in a trade, or qualifying themselves for a profession. We find then about 75, out of 156, to whom the knowledge taught in the school is a matter of the very first moment, as a means of self-elevation and progress.

At the sale of a valuable collection of paintings, belonging to Joseph Burnett, of Boston, the Banishment of Coriolanus, by Washington Allston, sold for $107 50; Exterior and figures, by Schaefels, of Antwerp, sold for $139; Italy, landscape and figures, by Ames, sold for $210; Interior of Cathedral, by Allston, a beautiful picture, sold for $252 50; The Crucifixion, a copy from the famous picture by Guido, which was held by the administrators of Dr. Jarvis, from whose collection it was selected at $1,000, sold for $500.

Dr. Kleipstein, says the Charleston *Courier*, whose plantation is within a few miles of Mount Pleasant, in the parish of Christ Church, has lately discovered the remains of a Mastodon embedded in alluvium. A beautiful specimen of one of its huge grinders has been presented by the Doctor to Professor Holmes, of the College of Charleston, and has been placed in the Museum of Natural History of that institution.

The editor of the *Evening Mirror* says: "We have just been shown an admirable daguerreotype of 'Marion Harland' at Derby's, which represents her as a young lady with a full brow and a fine eye (an excellent thing in a woman), with a serene, contemplative face—'a being breathing thoughtful breath;' and altogether a very winsome, comely picture. Will neighbor Derby have the goodness to duplicate the portrait and send us an 'editor's copy?"

So say we all of us.

The total number of publishers in the United States, comprising, however, only those who publish books, not periodicals, is, in round ndmbers, three hundred. About three-fourths of them are to be found in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Dr. R. Traverse, of Marsh's Library, is preparing for the press all the Latin lives of the Irish Saints not yet edited by Colgan, or others, in the original language, with learned notes, after the manner of Colgan. St. Brendan, the navigator, will be one of the first series. It is believed that the Irish Saint and his companions were the first discovers of America.

Alpheus Durr, a noted Leipsic publisher, is about to include the works of Marion Harland (Mary Virginia Hawes) in his series of American authors.

Mr. John G. Palfrey is now in England employed in the collection of materials for a "History of New England," which he is about to write.

The Museum of the Louvre has just bought a MS. volume written by Leonardo de Vinci, and illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings by the same author. The price paid for it was 35,000 zwanzigers.

It is denied by the children of the late Mrs. Caroline Lee Hents, that the work entitled "Courtship and Marriage, &c.," was from the pen of that lady.

Mr. Schentz, of Stockholm, has invented a calculating machine, which is exciting the attention of the learned and curious.

Christopher Moore's beautiful marble statue of the poet Tom Moore will soon be erected and inaugurated in Dublin.

A complete edition of the works of Mr. G. W. Curtis is soon to be brought out by Messrs. Dix & Edwards, of this city.

According to Professor Agassiz, no fossils of the rose have yet been discovered by geologists. He thinks the creation of the plant was coeval with that of man.

Miss Peggy Land, a young woman of Pickens county, South Carolina, about 24 years of age, after seeking womanly employment without pecuniary success, went to farming last year, and made cotton which netted her $100; her corn crop was two hundred and fifty bushels, worth 60 cents per bushel, and she raised 35 bushels of wheat, worth $1,50 per bushel! She accomplished this herself, without assistance of hiring. She plowed, drove the cart, cut her wheat, and cribbed her corn.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

The Sixty-Ninth Regiment had a battalion drill on the evening of the 29th ult., at the City Arsenal. The muster of several companies was respectable, while that of others was slim; which might have been owing to the close neighborhood of the first of May. In the same way, there was much unevenness in the drill; some companies doing as if they had officers who looked after their discipline in the company drills, and presenting in this respect a marked contrast with others, apparently not so fortunate. The companies that seemed especially to come under this latter category, succeeded in marring the symmetry of the general movements. But, as we understand, they have been unfortunately situated in respect to their command, for some time back—we decline to particularize for the present. The firing by battalion and by division was very good—that by company, from the causes mentioned, was indifferent. In the marching in common time, we beg to suggest to some of the officers that they should avoid precipitating the movement—a fault of frequent recurrence during the evening, and by which the efforts of other officers to take wheeling distance were continually defeated. The least attention to this fault will correct it. A word in conclusion, on *punctuality*. A compliance with the order fixing the commencement of the drill at 8 o'clock, would enable the commandant to dismiss before 11, and not injure the regiment.

Military Matters in Brooklyn, E. D.

On Tuesday evening, the 29th ult., pursuant to orders issued by Col. J. C. Smith, a regimental drill of the officers, commissioned and non commissioned, and three companies of the Fourteenth regiment—the "Rifles," Captain Beadell; "Washington Guards," Captain Martz, and the "Carroll Guards," Captain Magrath,—took place at the Adelphi, in the Eastern District. Considering the utter want of accommodation for military exercise of any kind in this district, and the consequent want of practice under which this portion of the 14th have to labor, their essay on the occasion was creditable, and evinced a laudable determination not to succumb to difficulties.

In respect to opportunities for improvement, the military of the Western District have much the advantage; even the old Armory at the corner of Henry and Cranberry streets being greatly better than nothing. We were under the impression that the project of establishing an armory, worthy of the name, in Brooklyn had received the sanction of the Legislature some time ago, and that a new building, adequate to the requirements of our military friends in that section, would have ere this reared its front, affording "ample scope and verge enough" for military evolutions and practice, including those of Captain Hogan's artillery. Or, if this could not have been accomplished—that is, if a building could not have been located in a sufficiently central position to suit the views of both districts—that a gun-house or branch armory would have been built in the Eastern district sufficiently capacious for the purposes of military improvement. Why has not one or other of these projects been accomplished? Has the Brigadier's injunction put the whole subject eternally to sleep?

Poughkeepsie, April 14, 1856.

Having a taste for Military matters, and a little experience also, and seeing in your journal a "Directory" devoted to the military of the Union, I transmit to you the names of the only corps of Irish-American soldiery between this city and Albany. They are as follows, the oldest organizations first:—

"Jackson Rifles," 20th regiment., N. Y. S. M., —— brigade, 2nd division, located at Rondout, Ulster county, N. Y.

James Diamond, Capt.

"Jackson Republican Guards," 21st regiment, N. Y. S. M., 9th brigade, 3d division, located at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess county, N. Y. H. Dimond, Capt.

"City Volunteers" 22nd regiment, N. Y. S. M., located at Hudson, Columbia county, N. Y. W. J. McNulty, Capt.

The "J. R. G." I have the pleasure to state (although our K. N. friends think otherwise), was organized by myself, under the most embarrassing circumstances, and if you wish, I will transmit to you a sketch of its organization for publication.

Yours truly, J. Buckley.

We have received from our military correspondent at Washington the following U. S. army intelligence, just promulgated from the War Department:—

Washington, April 21, 1856.

Special Orders, No. 41.

The following assignments of officers (Adjutant-General's Department) have been directed by the Secretary of War:—

Brevet-Major W. W. Mackall to the department of the Pacific. Head-Quarters Benicia, California.

Brevet-Major George Dease, to the department of the West. Head-Quarters, St. Louis, Mo.

Brevet-Major J. McDowell, to the department of Texas. Head-Quarters, San Antonio.

Brevet-Major F. A. Page, to the department of Florida. Head-Quarters, Pensacola.

Brevet-Major D. C. Buell, to the department of the East. Head-Quarters, Baltimore, Md.

Big Salaries.—W. Lyon Mackenzie, member of the Canadian Legislature for the County of Haldimand, in presenting to the Upper Canadians reasons why they should dissolve their union with those of the Lower Province, has occasion to speak of the large salaries paid to officials in Canada. The Governor, Sir E. Head, gets $31,000 a year, his house rent and servant hire. The ten Ministers get each $6,000 a year, $6 a day during the sessions of Parliament, mileage and "immense patronage." The Engineer of the Grand Trunk Railway has a salary of $13,000 a year. Sir Cusac Roney, "agent for that work gets the same. Chief Justice Robinson has $6,666 per annum, $500 for traveling expenses, and a pension of $4,444 when he shall see fit to resign. The Register of Hamilton, Dundas and Wentworth, (he is a Minister also) gets $6,500 a year. The Register of Toronto and York gets $12,000 a year. The Governor has a Secretary to whom the Canadians pay $3,000 annually, for the pretence of quill driving.

American News.

An interesting case was tried by the Court of Claims on the 29th. The 9th article of the Florida Treaty provided satisfaction for injuries to the Spanish inhabitants of that territory who had suffered by the operations of the American Army in 1812–13. The acts of Congress to fulfil the obligation embraced claims to the amount of nearly $3,000,000, with more than $1,500,000 interest, which latter has not been paid. A petition having been filed for interest on a $4,000 claim, heretofore allowed, the Court of Claims hold that the Florida Judges were not authorised to act as an ordinary court, but as commissioners merely, their awards, together with the vouchers, to be approved by the Secretary of the Treasury. That this arrangement could not be disturbed without the authority of Congress, which established this mode of complying with the treaty of stipulation. That the question of interest must come under the review of the Secretary of the Treasury, from whose decision there can be no appeal. Judge Scarboro considered that the hundreds of thousands of dollars involved sunk into insignificance in comparison with the important principle presented. He delivered an elaborate opinion, differing from Messrs. Gilchrist and Blackford. A re-hearing was granted.

Every day witnesses, says the Richmond *Examiner* of the 28th ult., some new indignity to the fallen majesty of Know-Nothingism. Twelve months ago, Sam's word might have stood against a world of parties and politicians; now, there are few so poor as to do him reverence. Then, he boasted the power to crush out and annihilate all the "old and corrupt" political parties in the land; now, his liegemen cuff and kick him as a clown, and make him the butt of every expression of their contumely and contempt. His "progress" from the parlor to the kitchen of the old Whig aristocrat, and out of the kitchen into the back alley like a scalded dog, deserves to be perpetuated by the pencil of a modern Hogarth. We record to-day the tardy but appropriate verdict of the sober second thought of the old line Whigs of Kentucky against the adventurer and imposter; not that it puts any worse phase upon his hopeless fortunes than they already wore, but merely as rendering conspicuous one of those outward evidences of a fact universally known and conceded by the living generation which should be erected as useful landmarks for history.

The Louisville *Democrat* persists in asserting that Louisville is declining. The *Journal* asserted the other day that there were only 57 vacant tenements in the city; this the *Democrat* denies, and says there are 55 vacant tenements on Main street alone, giving the items to prove it. The merchants of that city have passed a resolution to the effect, that the public prints of our city be requested to discontinue the discussion of the prosperity of this city. The papers will not comply. The decline of the city is laid to the account of K. N. victories. "Men," adds the Albany *Knickerbocker*, "will not live in a city where women and children are murdered in cold blood, for the insane doings of a drunkard."

Of the wheat crop in Virginia, the Staunton *American* says, that the prospect for an abundant wheat crop in that region is not very flattering, and that the chinch bug has already given indications that it will again infest the fields. The editor of the Lewisburg *Chronicle*, on a trip to the south-western part of the State, never saw a poorer prospect for a good crop, and in many places it was difficult to see wheat above ground. The graziers of that section are getting short of feed in consequence of the dryness of the weather. On the other hand, the Staunton *Vindicator* says, that the wheat crop of Albemarle, with that on the Valley Road from Staunton to Harper's ferry, is decidedly better than it ever saw it before.

Of the growing crops of Maryland, the Princess Anne *Union* states, that the cherry and peach trees in that county are in bloom. Many of the peach trees, however, were killed by the severe winter. The Catoctin *Whig* gives a cheering account of the wheat in Frederick county, while the St. Mary's *Beacon* reports a gloomy prospect for the grain crop in that region, and in several of the lower counties, on account of late seeding. In Prince George's county, the tobacco plants are said to be nearly ruined by the drought.

The Richmond *Enquirer* says that the collections made by, and contributions made to, the Mount Vernon Association are large, and it adds, that "at the proper time measures will be taken to open negotiations with Mr. Washington, and, on a full review of the whole field, we entertain no doubt that a contract will be made by the Governor with Mr. W., and that, on the payment of the $200,000 within five years, as provided by the late law, the latter will make a deed for the Mount Vernon Estate to the State of Virginia.

On the night of the 30th ult., a great conflagration took place in Philadelphia. The wind was blowing freshly from the north-east, and spread the flames with fearful rapidity. One fireman, John R. Graff, (a returned volunteer in the Mexican War,) was killed. A row took place between two fire companies, in which James Bartley was stabbed in the breast. There are little hopes of his recovery. The loss is roughly estimated as over one million.

Those persons who resided in this vicinity fifty years ago, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, recollect that the forests in the valleys of Millcreek, the Great and Little Miami and Whitewater, were enlivened with the gay plumage of flocks of paroquets. Like the aborigines, these birds seem destined to disappear before the improvements of the white man. We learn that flocks of twenty, or more, were recently seen in Decatur county, Iowa.

The *Rock Islander* states that about seven years ago a father and son landed at Port Byron, in Rock Island county. After paying the freight on their few household goods, they had but seven dollars. They went to work industriously, bought a small piece of land, and added to it from time to time as they were able. A few days ago, they were offered *twenty-one thousand dollars in cash* for their farm, which they refused.

On the 1st May a registration system of letters, between the United States and Great Britain, went into effect. The registration fee on letters to Great Britain is 5 cents, the same as on registered letters from one point to another within the United States; therefore, on a single letter to Great Britain the postage and registration fee combined will be 29 cents. Prepayment is required.

The colored Know-Nothings of Ohio, have called a State Convention, to be held at Columbus, on the 29th. Their white brethren, not to be outdone in patriotic labors, have called theirs for the 27th of May—two days in advance. They appear to be busily at work to circumvent each other.

Official advices have been received from Commodore Salter, of the Brazil Squadron, stating that he had returned to Rio from escorting out to sea the steamer America, which it was supposed was fitted out at New-York as a Russian privateer, and that she had not been molested by the British Admiral, as previously threatened.

The woman arrested in Baltimore on suspicion of having stolen a child four years old from Brooklyn, proves to be a respectable person who formerly resided in Brooklyn, and when arrested, was on her way to Cleveland, Ohio. Arriving in Baltimore, she got out of funds and changed her name to solicit aid. The child is her own.

The steamboats and tow boats never were so crowded with up freights as this spring. The railroad freight houses are all blocked up, there not being car convenience to carry off the immense piles destined for the west, north and east. The signs indicate a prosperous spring and summer business.—*Alb. Knick.*

Joseph Brennan, Esq., of the *Delta*, has been invited, says the Baton Rouge *Advocate*, to deliver a lecture for the benefit of the widow and children of the murdered policemen, Algeo. He has, with characteristic generosity, consented to do so.

Snow fell in some parts of the Valley of Virginia last week, to the depth of seven or eight inches. The growing wheat in Clarke and some of the adjacent counties, is said to be looking finely, and a large crop is anticipated.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Express* is of opinion that the French emigration to America, this year, will be immense. The provincial French are a sober and industrious people.

The Havana fruit trade this season is said to be greater than it has been for fifteen years. It is estimated at $100,000. From the Mediteranean the supply is much larger, the total value of the importations being $500,000.

The *Christian Register* says: "It is calculated that the clergy cost the United States six millions of dollars annually, the criminals nineteen, the lawyers thirty-five, tobacco forty, and rum one hundred millions.

The female husband in Syracuse has been discharged from prison—her sentence having been illegal; the statute only authorizing a sentence of sixty days for vagrancy, whilst she was sent for ninety. She promises to make some rich revelations.

Mr. John Sheldon, of Globe Village, Massachusetts, drowned himself in the river of that place. He was 81 years old, and universally respected. Grief for the death of his wife, with whom he had enjoyed fifty years of happiness, was the cause.

A saw log lying on a hillside at Tiltonsville, Ohio, rolled over three children playing near it. Two of them were killed, but the youngest, but a babe, was uninjured, a providential knot in the log lifting it above the little innocent's bulk.

An old woman lately arrived in Chicago, on her way to Urbano, Illinois, with a bed, a box, three dogs, a cat, a black hen, a basket containing five kittens, and a pup with its eyes not open.

Mr. A. E. Dietz, of Addison, Michigan, has a calf of his own raising, which weighed, at a year old, 1,002 pounds. The length of this "cow-baby" is 7 feet 4 inches; girth, 6 feet 4 inches; height, 4 feet 3 inches.

Albany is the most favored city in the Union. We havn't, says the *Knickerbocker*, had a fire in six months that destroyed more than $10 worth of property. The insurance companies' dividends must be large the coming half year.

Oregon is taking measures to be admitted into the Union, the population now amounts to fifty thousand, with more "wealth than any other community of fifty thousand on the face of the globe."

On board the Empire State, arrived at New-York on the 28th from Liverpool, with a load of emigrants, eight died with small pox on the passage, and 29 with the disease were taken off at Quarantine!

G. P. R. James, the British Consul at Norfolk, Va., has received instructions from Lord Clarendon to distribute £1,000 for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who died during the epidemic last autumn.

Mr. Wm. Hite, one of the proprietors of the New-Orleans Dry Docks, was badly stabbed a short time ago in the Ponchartrain cars by a person named Harvey Brooks, who was subsequently arrested and locked in prison.

There are twenty women in the employment of the United States, at various points, as keepers of light-houses, beacon-lights, &c. Three or four have the prefix of "Miss" before their names, in their reports to the government.

The revenue of Virginia, under the new tax bill, will amount, according to some authorities, to $3,600,000; according to others, to $4,000,000, sufficient to absorb her floating debt, and furnish a supply for other purposes.

The mania for shooting in Cincinnati, says the *Sun* of that city, is on the increase. It requires an immediate check, or it will come to pass that every man, for his own protection, will have to carry concealed weapons.

The largest fruit grower in Northern Ohio, who reports to the Cleveland *Plaindealer* in brief as follows:—Peaches, none; Apples, good; Grapes, fair; Cherries, fair. All other fruits good.

Yesterday, says the St. Louis *Democrat* of the 26th ult., in the Circuit Court, John Bell emancipated his slave Cynthia, 24 years old, and her daughter named Dora, aged about 2 years.

Ripe strawberries are in the market at Savannah, Georgia, and Charleston, South Carolina, and figs and peaches in New-Orleans, Louisiana.

Watson Abrams, a young fisherman, of Fishkill, New-York, stole away the daughter of Abram Wood, and killed the father for pursuing them. He then escaped in the cars.

A Spaniard named Mateo Gurderez, cut his wife's throat in a crazy fit, on Monday last, in New-Orleans, and afterwards killed himself. He was aged 33, she 25.

The largest cow in the United States was recently sold in Manchester, N. H. She girts 9 feet, and weighs 2,700 pounds. She sold for $500.

The population of Pittsburg and the seven or eight boroughs which surround it, is set down at the present time at 126,620, being an increase of 55 per cent. in less than six years.

The woman who neglects her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom.

The amount of forged land warrants already discovered exceeds 1,000,000 acres. The investigation is still in progress, and additional frauds are coming to light.

A long correspondence is in progress between the Postmaster-General and the Panama Railroad Company, relative to the compensation for carrying mails across the Isthmus.

The fare on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad between St. Louis and Cincinnati has been reduced. The price of passage now is the same as by the river.

A Mormon paper, with the title of the *Western Standard*, has lately appeared in San Francisco. It advocates all the Mormon ultra doctrines—plurality of wives among the rest.

The Hard-shell Democratic State Committee met at Syracuse on the 29th ult., and, after some formal business, adjourned *sine die*.

The Weston *Herald* states that a little son of Mr. Adam Aitchison of that place, came to an untimely death last week, from drinking a quantity of strong ley.

The total value of exports for Savannah for 1854–5 was $20,129,230. The exports of cotton in 1855 exceeded those of 1854 by 70,904 bales, or over 22 per cent.

One man in Philadelphia holds a million of dollars of the Texas bonds soon to be paid, which he bought from the U. S. Bank at the rate of fifteen cents to the dollar.

The United States Treasurer reports the amount on hand, subject to draft on the 24th ult., as $24,885,000.

They are giving Ice Cream and Strawberry parties in Mobile.

The village of Towanda, Cattaraugus county, New-York, was almost wholly destroyed by fire on the 30th ult.

The Methodists are about erecting a College on a grand scale at Danville, Pa.

The total amount of coal brought from the Maryland coal region this year is 82,130 tons.

The total value of property belonging to the city of Hoboken is $174,655 40.

A Boston doctor reports a case of gout in a boy eleven years old.

Martin Koszta, the Hungarian, has purchased a farm on the Median River, Texas, for which he paid $9,000.

Specimens of fish with four legs have been received by Prof Agassiz, from Port Defiance, in New-Mexico.

Chicago has eight dailies, five tri-weeklies, and not less than twenty-eight weeklies.

The travel west has set in with a rush equal to Niagara Falls.

The wheat crop of Virginia is said to look very thrifty, and stands well upon the ground.

Special Notices.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, per steamer Arabia, will close at this office on Wednesday, the 7th day of May, at 10½ o'clock, A. M. **E. C. Bailley,** Postmaster, Boston.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer Ericsson, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 10th day of May, at 10½ o'clock, A. M. [my10 1t] **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster.

Gentlemen's Hats in Quarterly Patterns.—The established excellence and style of our peculiar fabric for Gentlemen's wear, renders it needful for us only to announce the quarterly issue for March, 1856. LEARY & CO., Leaders and Introducers of Fashions for Gents. Hats, Astor House, Broadway. my10t2

Good Servants.—Employment Office, No. 129 Waverley place, two doors from Sixth avenue, and one block from Washington park. The proprietor having had three years' experience in the business, has been induced, at the request of a large number of wealthy and influential citizens, to open an office in the above location. It will be his earnest endeavor to obtain servants who entertain a just idea of the value attached to the faithful performance of their duties, to pay prompt attention to orders, and impartially consider the interests of their employers. Honorable dealing, he hopes, will distinguish every transaction connected with his office, and a prompt attention to the wants of employers will be strictly adhered to. He would particularly call attention to the location of his office, it being the most central and respectable in the city. It will be his study to sustain its reputation and ensure the confidence of his patrons. [my10t1] WM. O'BRIEN.

GEO. McDONNELL,

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

32 PARK ROW, NEXT DOOR TO LOVEJOY'S HOTEL, NEW-YORK.

☞ Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters of the best quality made to order.

3m.my10 **Geo. McDonnell.**

WILLIAM M. SMITH,

The Public Favorite, and only American Opposition

BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED IN THE BUSINESS.

Work done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than any other poster in the city. Work done either in New-York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts, or any kind of work.

Office, 28 Spruce street, New-York,

ap26tf (Between William and Gold streets.)

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

Cowhy's Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell a Superior Hat at a very Moderate Price.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my8 1y

BOOTS, SHOES AND GAITERS,

Wholesale and Retail,

MADE TO ORDER BY

LORIN BROOKS,

188 *Fulton street*, New-York, opposite Church street, West of Broadway. my10 1m

WRITING INKS.

We ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

Thaddeus Davids & Co.,

ap19 6m Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

DRY GOODS AND EMBROIDERIES.

H. **MAGEE,** has removed to 140 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, where he has opened a large stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which he will sell at very low prices. my3 1m

City News.

A disastrous fire broke out on the morning of the 2d inst., in the depot of the Harlem and New Haven Railroad, extending from Elm to Centre, and from Leonard to Franklin streets.

The upper portion of the building was rented by Edward Anthony, and by him rented to sub-tenants. Mr. Anthony occupied a portion of the building in the daguerreotype manufacturing business, in which he employed a large number of hands. His loss is about $24,000, fully covered by insurance.

The entire loss is over $100,000. About eight hundred hands are thrown out of employment. The Harlem Company was insured for $20,000, which covers their loss. The New Haven Co. owned the south part of the building, and their loss is much greater than that of the Harlem Company.

In consequence of the illness of a juror (Mr. Fox), the "Stanwix Hall tragedy" case has been adjourned to the 1st June.

The *Sunday Times* says: "We perceive that Phelan's model billiard tables and combination cushions are coming greatly into vogue. The Everett House has them, so has the Hotel St. Germain, while at the billiard arena of the St. Nicholas they have taken the place of other tables. Keefe, the celebrated restaurant keeper under the Metropolitan, has just ordered fifteen of these superior articles for one room in his establishment. In fact, they seem to be the only article of the kind now in which good players have confidence."

Messrs. William Brady & Co. submitted a communication to the Brooklyn Common Council, proposing to furnish the city with water for the sum of $3,500,000. They take as a basis of their estimate the plans and specifications heretofore adopted by the Common Council, and propose to add to said plans, and build an additional reservoir on Prospect Hill, of a capacity to hold twenty million gallons of water, with the necessary grounds, engine, machinery, and means for its supply, with 150 miles of pipe, and also, to erect 1,000 hydrants. They also agree to pay for all the land, streams and reservoir sites, except such as may belong to the city, and to pay the land damages, &c., &c., and to deliver twenty million gallons of water per day. Referred to the Water Committee.

Mr. James Jones, formerly of the exceedingly enterprising firm of Ross, Jones & Tousey, has become connected with the New-York *Clipper*. As might be expected from Mr. Jones' rare business capacity and unceasing industry, the *Clipper* has since then visibly improved. Mr. Jones' former polite and gentlemanly partners continue to drive their immense business with true Young-American energy and consequent success.

Death of Ogden Hoffman.—The death of this distinguished and brilliant gentleman—which took place on the 1st inst., at his residence in 9th street—produced a sensation of deep grief, not alone among his friends, but on the public to whom he was so favorably known for many years. Mr. Hoffman was the eldest son of the late Judge Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and half-brother of Charles Fenno Hoffman, the novelist and poet. His son, Ogden Hoffman, Jr., is United States District Judge in California. Mr. Hoffman entered the Navy at an earl age as a midshipman, and was on board the President frigate at the time of her chase by a British squadron. He afterwards went to the Mediterranean, but retired from the Navy soon after the close of the war, and was admitted to the bar. He commenced practice in Orange County, which sent him to the Legislature, and was appointed District-Attorney; but he removed to this City about the year 1826, and became a partner of Hugh Maxwell, at that time District-Attorney, and distinguished himself in assisting the prosecution of the famous conspiracy cases, when Henry Eckford, Jacob Barker, General Swift, Lawton, Mowatt and others were indicted for conspiring to defraud the public. In 1828 he was in the Legislature for the city. He was then a member of the Jackson party, but afterwards joined the Whigs, at the same time that Moses H. Grinnell, Dudley Selden, and other prominent members of the Democratic party abandoned Tammany Hall. He was District-Attorney from 1829 to 1835, and was appointed United States District-Attorney by General Harrison. In 1838 he was sent to Congress, and was again elected in 1848. In 1854–5 he was Attorney-General of the State. During the past twenty-five years he was engaged on every important criminal trial in this city, and it was by his ability and surpassing eloquence that Robinson, who was tried for the murder of Ellen Jewett, obtained a verdict of acquittal. He was twice married; the last time to a daughter of the Hon. Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey. In his death a brilliant light has been extinguished, and a void created which will not be easily filled.

The Late Robert Kelly.

Mr. Kelly graduated at Columbia College in 1827, with the highest honors of his class, and immediately went into commercial business, to which he devoted himself till 1836, when he retired with a large fortune and the reputation, of being a merchant of rare sagacity and judgment. During this period he made himself master of eight languages, with all of which he preserved a familiar acquaintance up to his last illness.

"On retiring from business," says the *Evening Post*, "Mr. Kelly became connected with several benevolent institutions; in 1842 he married, and spent the succeeding two years travelling in Europe. Upon his return he devoted himself with his accustomed energy to various pursuits, both public and private, and especially to the cause of public education. He was for many years an active trustee of the New-York University and of the Madison and Rochester Universities. He was the second President of the Board of Education of this city, and was the principal author of the plan of education adopted and still in use at the Free Academy. He was also the author of the plan of study (novel in some particulars) adopted by the Rochester University, which still bears practical evidence of the wisdom which projected it. About three years since, he received from this institution the degree of Doctor of Laws, now-a-days rarely so worthily disposed, and at the last session of the Legislature he was elected a Regent of the State University. He was also elected President of the Alumni of Columbia College upon the occasion of their recent organization, and has also been President of the Board of Trustees of the House of Refuge for seven years past.

The following are some of the offices which he filled at the time of his decease—and when the ability, promptness and energy which distinguished him are remembered—for he would not accept any office without performing all the duties which pertained to it—it will be apparent that his time was fully engrossed, and thus, though what is usually termed a man of leisure, few men had less practical experience of it:—Regent of the University of the State of New-York; Chamberlain of the City of New-York; President of the House of Refuge; Vice-President of Merchants' Clerks' Savings Bank; Director Mechanics' Bank; Director United States Trust Company; Trustee Clinton Hall Association; Trustee New-York Society Library.

In politics Mr. Kelly was a Democrat, and during the later years of his life manifested an increasing interest in political matters. He was the candidate of the Democratic party of the State for Comptroller at the last election but one, we believe, and at the time of his decease was chairman of the Democratic General Committee of this city, member of the Democratic State Central Committee, and one of the delegates at large to the Democratic National Convention that is to assemble in June next at Cincinnati.

Mr. Kelly has been a diligent student throughout his life, and his library, in which he spent most of his leisure, is one of the best private collections of books in the city. He was a polished writer, and had he lived a few years longer, would have, probably, left some more permament memorial of his literary accomplishments. He leaves a wife and three children and a brother, the Hon. Wm. Kelly, who now represents the counties of Dutchess and Columbia, in the State Senate. He died at 11 o'clock on the night of the 27th ult. His disease was congestion of the brain.

The Florida Indians.

A BATTLE IN THE BIG CYPRESS—INDIAN DEPREDATIONS—STIRRING TIMES.

The Tampa *Peninsular* has issued extras, containing details of a battle between the Indians and Major Arnold's command:

"Whilst scouting in the Big Cypress, with the available force of his command, composed of Capt. Dawson, Second-Lieuts. Langdon and Gardner, Assistant-Surgeon Moore, and 108 enlisted men, Maj. Arnold was attacked on the 8th ult. by Indians, estimated from 80 to 100, who were lying in wait in a thick cypress swamp, (water two feet deep,) about half a mile from 'Billy's Town.' The first indication of their presence was a fire from them on the advanced guard, which was soon followed by a full volley on the column. Company C, commanded by Lieut. Gardner, leading off, which at that time was not far in rear of the advance guard.

After exchanging some three hundred shots on both sides, a charge in front was ordered. At least 54 Indians ran towards 'Billy's Town,' and a number took to a dense Cypress on the right. The fight and pursuit lasted about six hours.

The loss was private John Simms, Company L, 2d Artillery, mortally wounded, (survived about 15 minutes); Corporal Joseph Corson, privates John Muller, John Strobell, Company C, 2d Artillery; and Thomas Newton, Company L, 1st Artillery, severely wounded, and privates Silas M. Watkins and William Abbott, Company C, 2d Artillery, slightly wounded. Several received shots in their clothing and haversacks. What loss or injury the Indians sustained is not known, further than that blood was discovered on the bushes through which they retreated.

On the 18th ult. a squad of Indians fired the house of Asa J. Goddard, located near the head waters of Manatee and within two miles of Capt. Addison's Fort. The house had been previously abandoned by Mr. Goddard and family, but contained nearly all his effects. After the complete desolation of Mr. Goddard's place, the Indians went to the house of John Creig, within half a mile of the above mentioned Fort, and plundered it of everything it contained."

From the Ocala Companion, Extra, of April 17.

Mr. Enoch Daniels, a citizen of Levy county, left his home in search of hogs, and after proceeding about three miles, his dog, which was running ahead, stopped at a clump of palmettoes, barked a few times and ran back considerably frightened.

At that moment Mr. Daniels saw an Indian rise up from the palmettoes to fire upon him, and as the Indian fired he turned his horse toward home. Just then nine Indians sprang from their hiding place, and uttering the most horrid yells, fired and rushed upon him. His coat was pierced by bullets, and the stock of his gun considerably shattered, but he was unhurt.

After he had gone three or four hundred yards he turned and saw two Indians very near him. One of them dodged to a small tree and commenced loading. Believing that all their guns were empty, Mr. Daniels fired upon the Indian, who fell, and the surviver going to the assistance of the one who was shot, the chase was given over.

The next morning a scouting party, twenty in number, among whom was our informer, started in pursuit. They found the spot as described by Mr. Daniels, a pool of blood by the tree where the Indian was shot, and saw blood a long distance on their trail. The party followed several miles; but upon going some distance into the Gulf Hammock, whither they had traced the Indians, they were compelled to turn back.

From Texas.

Texas dates to the 19th inst. bring nothing very important. The Galveston papers report that vegetation is suffering all over the country, from drought.

Capt. Callahan, the well known frontiersman, was shot by a person named William Blassengave, with whom he had some difficulty.

The Indianola *Bulletin*, extra, of the 19th, furnishes the following intelligence:

We have just learned, from the most undoubted and authentic source, that the railroad terminus of the San Antonia and Mexican Gulf Railroad has been located at Indianola. Powderhorn, the lower part of the city, will be the locality for the depot. Col. Osgood has taken the contract from Indianola and Victoria, at the rate of $19,250 per mile.

California Trade with the Russian Possessions.—Quite a trade has sprung up between this city and the Russian possessions. The Cyane sailed on the morning of the 26th, with a large cargo of assorted merchandise, suited to the wants of the residents of those ice bound regions. During the past year we have occasionally sent—very quietly, of course—a ship-load of merchandise to the Russians at the mouth of Amoor river. As it is understood that a sort of Sebastopol stronghold is being constructed there, where several thousand men are to be stationed, it is not improbable that after peace is established in Europe a regular communication may be kept up with this port.—*San Francisco Alta*, April 5.

Later from Lower California.—By the arrival of the brig Judson, Vincent, twenty-five days from Lower California, we learn that the Apaches had done much damage to the stock this season, and have been within fifteen miles of Guyamas. They have also done much mischief to the caravans on their way to the upper country. The caravans of about 400 mules left Hormosil in the latter part of February for California. The government in Mexico recently appointed a new Governor to Sonora; he came about the last of February, but had to leave again as the whole population was opposed to him. All the troops were called from Guyamas to Hermosil. Gov. Gandaros was still in office when the Judson left.—*San Francisco Alta*, April 5.

From Oregon and Washington Territories.—Advices have been received from Portland, Oregon Territory, up to March 29. The Indians had attacked the settlement at the Cascades, destroying the town and killing some twenty persons. They have also captured and destroyed the steamer Mary. Altogether, Indian affairs in Oregon look exceedingly gloomy, and it is evident that the Territory needs assistance.

In Washington Territory there has been but little change in the state of affairs since the departure of the last steamer. The inhabitants are still in fear of an attack.

Laying the Foundation Stone of the new Catholic Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Liverpool.

On Tuesday, 8th ult., the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the new Catholic Church of St. Vincent de Paul was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss, Catholic Bishop of Liverpool, assisted by about forty clergymen. The site of the new church is in St. James street, and was purchased from the corporation for the sum of £6,000. The design for the new church is by Mr. Pugin, son of the late celebrated Mr. Pugin. The plan is of an oblong form, to suit the requirements of the ground, and is composed of a chancel 27 feet by 24 feet deep, two side chapels 24 feet long, 12 wide, which will eventually be separated from the chancel by an open metal screen. The above are divided from the nave by three Painswick-stone arches. The nave is composed of six bays, and measures 96 feet in length by 60 feet in width, and 62 feet in height. On the right-hand side are two sacristies, one for the clergy and the other for the servers, behind which come four confessionals of convenient dimensions. The church will eventually be entered by four doors, namely, the grand west entrance door, one at the east end for the clergy, and two at the side, only one of which will at present be erected, the site of the others, together with that of the baptistry, being at present occupied with other buildings. At the east end corner will be the presbytery, with accommodations for three or four priests. The style of the building is early decorated, and the materials to be used in its construction are as follows:—The whole of the external wrought work is picked out of the Stourton-hill quarry; the walling stone is from Upholland, which has an extremely good effect when set. The whole of the internal masonry is executed in Painswick and Caen stone. The church will seat 1,000 souls, with standing room for 500 more. The house will be built of best Bolton pressed bricks, with dressed stone openings. The contract is undertaken by Messrs. Haigh & Sale, and amounts to £5,700. The church has been designed by E. Welby Pugin, and Mr. Eyre is engaged under him to superintend and direct its execution. The usual service appointed by the Church to be read on the occasion of laying a foundation stone having been intoned by the bishops and priests, Dr. Goss performed the ceremony of laying the foundation stone in the ordinary manner. The bishop and the priests having been passed in procession around the ground upon which the church is to stand, returned again to the spot where the stone had been laid, after which the bishop addressed the meeting at some length.

Sir Robert M'Clure has been reimbursed in the fees (£104 0s. 2d.) paid by him on receiving the honor of knighthood. The fees payable on making the Emperor Napoleon III. a knight of the Garter amounts to £479 13s. 4d. They were defrayed out of the public funds. The expenses of Lord John Russell's special mission to Vienna last year amounted to £2,332 16s. 4d.

Mrs. Crowe, a respectable lady, was lately garroted by two ruffians, in Liverpool, and robbed of a gold watch, gold chain, locket, and seals. The ruffians were captured after a run of three miles.

An influential deputation has waited upon Lord Palmerston, on the subject of the reduction of the wine duties. Lord Palmerston promised that as soon as the Government could improve our commercial relations with France without endangering the revenue, the matter should be considered.

John Macdonald, head-gardener to the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle, is in custody charged with stealing a cash-box containing £128.

MARRIAGES.

At Sona Chapel, by the Rev. Mr. Mullen, Simon Fitzgerald, of Mullingar, to Catherine, daughter of the late John M'Cormick, of Kill House, Westmeath.

At London, William Delany Finch, of Tullamore Park, Tipperary, to Mary Sophia, daughter of Thomas W. Roake, of Moulsey, Surrey.

At St. Thomas's Church, Captain Ernest Randolph Mackesy, of the 97th regiment, to Fanny Johnston, daughter of the late David Bell, of Dublin.

At St. Peter's Church, the Rev. Benjamin Dickson, F. T. C. D., to Margaret Frances, relict of Francis C. Hassard, and daughter of Richard Hudson, of Spring Farm, Wicklow.

At Monkstown, George B. Johnston, of Glynn, Antrim, to Jane Waring, daughter of Thomas Kelly Evans.

At Saggard Catholic Church, N. Crinion, Pill lane, Dublin, to Maria M., daughter of James Sheil, Rathcoole House, Rathcoole, Dublin.

At Passdava, Ceylon, Thomas, son of John Gray, Vice Consul for Belgium, &c., Kingstown, Dublin, to Mary, daughter of Alexander Swan, of Hythe, Kent.

At Carrigtwohill, Francis H. Woodley, of Haymount House, Cork, to Annie, daughter of the late James Ross, of Parkside.

At Fermoy, William H. Thompson, Paymaster of the 59th regiment, to Ellen, daughter of the Rev. Henry D. Freeman.

At Kilpeacon, Limerick, Edmond Morony, of Ballyclough House, to Julia, daughter of the late William J. Westropp.

At Ballygar, William D. Kelly, of Kilronan, Galway, son of Owen Daly, late of Mornington, Westmeath, to Anna Letitia Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Digby.

At Belfast, John Smith, of Cavan, to Fanny Eliza, relict of G. Quin, Esq., M. D., of Belfast.

At London, the Hon. Charles Stewart Hardinge, M. P., son of Field-Marshal Viscount Hardinge, to Lady Lavinia Bingham, daughter of the Earl of Lucan.

At London, Viscount Somerton, eldest son of the Earl of Normanton, to Caroline, daughter of Viscount Barrington.

At St. Rilda Church, Melbourne, Thomas S. Martin, merchant, to Emma, daughter of Christopher Robinson Rutledge, of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

At Leamington, Colonel W. Henry Vicars, late of the 61st regiment, to Jane, widow of Pierce K. Mahony, of Kilmeany, Kerry, and daughter of Robert Gun Cunninghame, of Newtown-Mount-Kennedy, Wicklow.

At Liverpool, Silas Danby, C. E., to Margaret Rosina, daughter of the late William Moore Connell, of Cork.

At Cheltenham, Charles Henry Crookes, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, to Maria Eliza, daughter of the late Richard Morris, of Ballycanvan House, in the county Waterford.

DEATHS.

Of a lingering and painful disease of the heart, which he bore with Christian fortitude for upwards of four years, Luke Tully, second son of Luke Tully, formerly of the *Correspondent* newspaper, a state prisoner of 1848, sincerely and deservedly regretted by all who knew him, in the 33rd year of his age.

At St. Margaret's, Stillorgan, Edward T. Corcoran.
At Ballieboro, Frances, wife of Thomas Chambers.
At Dublin, Thomas Church, son of George Church, Carrick-on-Shannon.
At the Presentation Convent, Richmond, in the 69th year of her age, Sister Mary Francis Brett.
At Queen's square, Henry Wood, leader and director of music at the Queen's Royal Theatre.
At 7 Bessborough parade, Rathmines, aged 84 years, Ellen, relict of Peter Eggleso, of Stafford street, and Clontarf.
At Millmount, Dublin, Anna, daughter of the late Richard O'Callaghan, of Smithstown, Meath.
At Newcomen Terrace, Rev. John Joseph Donovan, O. S. F., Franciscan Convent, Athlone.
At Drummartin, John Sexton.
At Cabra, Michael Donnelly.
At Ballymorres, Bray, Henrietta, relict of the Rev. Jason Crawford, formerly of Oakley Park, Meath.
At Blackrock, aged 80 years, George Irwin, late of Plantation House, Meath.
At Woodford, Dromara, Down, aged 82 years, Henderson Black.
At Lawrencetown House, Down, Annabella Harriet, wife of Captain George Bowen, of the Royal Navy.
Grace, wife of Thomas Parks, of Ballug Castle, Carlingford, and daughter of the Rev. John Kinahan, of Feakle, Clare.
In Cork, aged 81 years, Anne, relict of J. Harding, of Hanover Hall, in that county.
At Rockfort, near Nenagh, Arthur Wolfe.
At Garranboy, Clare, aged 82 years, Mr. J. Scanlan, father of the Rev. Michael Scanlan, P. P., Cloughjordan.
At Beaumont le Roger, Eure, France, Margaret, relict of Patrick O'Keefe, formerly of Abbeville, Waterford.
At Frenchay, near Bristol, aged 75 years, General J. Greenstreet, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.
At Southampton, Col. F. Farquharson, formerly of the 7th Royal Fusileers.
At George Town, Demerara, Thomas, son of Thomas Towers, of Bushy Park, Borrisokane.

Special Notices.

A CIRCULAR.

TO those engaged in Mercantile pursuits, any invention that will facilitate their labors is highly worthy of notice as well as extensive patronage. One of the most important inventions of the present age is that of a pen which possesses the necessary qualities of fineness in mark and durability in use. Those of John Foley, manufacturer Gold Pens and Pencils, 167 Broadway, New-York, stand pre-eminent. Their superior value is tested by the long time he has been engaged in our city in their manufacture.

We, the subscribers who know the value of these pens, from long use of them, cheerfully recommend them to those who wish for the most convenient article in the counting room. Signed by the following and many other parties:

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James McCall, President Metropolitan Bank.
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R. H. Lowery, Cashier Bank of the Republic.
W. B. Meeker, Assistant Cashier Bank of New-York.
T. D. Meiggs, Teller Bank of America.
Charles Windsor, Teller Mereantile Bank.
D. Randall, do. do. do.
J. M. Crane, Teller Shoe and Leather Bank.
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George D. Arthur, Cashier do. do.
P. S. Henderson, Cashier Brooklyn Bank.
Constant W. Brown, Merchants' Bank.
Joseph W. Corlies, President St. Nicholas Bank.
George Ellis, Cashier Bank of the Commonwealth.
R. A. Tooker, Cashier Nassau Bank.
Samuel B. White, Cashier Grocers' Bank.
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Special Notices.

PROSPECTUS

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UNITED STATES DEMOCRATIC REVIEW,

FOR 1856.

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In Politics, the Review will faithfully adhere to the principles recognized by Jefferson and Jackson, and as set forth, from time to time, by the Democratic National Conventions. At the same time, keeping pace with the progress of the age, it will advocate all those measures of public policy calculated to promote the best interests of our common country.

It will be the aim of the Editor to make it not only an efficient advocate of Democratic men and measures, but also

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By order of the Council.
ap262t **T. Addison Richards,** Cor. Sec'y., N. A.

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THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

STATEN ISLAND

FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 3 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dyed and re-finished with great success.
Also ladies and gents, Shawls, &c., &c.
BARRETT, NEWTON & CO.,
3mos at st., (2 doors from Broadway,) N. Y.

Special Notices.

PROSPECTUS.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC REVIEW is now firmly established in Washington City. Every great question before the present Congress will be elaborately discussed in its columns.

Such subscribers to the "Western Democratic Review," as have overpaid, will be furnished with the "National Democratic Review," which, it is believed, will prove a work of vastly superior merit.

A considerable portion of each number of the REVIEW will be devoted to Literary and Scientific subjects. Several, among the most accomplished scholars and distinguished politicians in the country, will be regular contributors to its columns.

In answer to numerous inquiries of old and new friends, we deem it proper to say, THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC REVIEW will be printed and published at Washington City; is totally unconnected with any political Magazine in the country; is devoted, not to the support of any politician, but to the interests of the National Democracy—that democracy which will ever "carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

The REVIEW is published in pamphlet form, upon beautiful white paper, in solid long primer, 96 pages per month—making two volumes per year, of 576 pages each.

TERMS.—$3 per year, payable invariably in advance.

INDUCEMENTS TO CLUBS.—Five copies for one year—$10; twelve copies for one year—$20. Booksellers ordering the work, will be furnished at the usual magazine rates.

Members of Congress, and postmaters in every part of the Union, are hereby authorized to receive and receipt for subscriptions to the REVIEW.

All moneys may be transmitted by mail at the risk of the editor.

Copies of the REVIEW will be found for sale at the Bookstore of Franck Taylor, 402 Pennsylvania Avenue, and at the office of publication 463 10th street, between D and E.

All communications to be addressed to

GEO. P. BUELL,
Editor National Democratic Review.

Catholic Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Settlements.—Office No. 8 Chamber street, (over East River Bank. Open from 9 to 4.
3t J. G. MOYLAN, Sec., *pro tem.*

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

REMOVAL.

McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 36 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

To Military Companies and Civic Societies.

OLD MONTGOMERY HALL, 76 Prince Street.—The Subscriber, having taken a lease of the above well known popular concern, begs to inform the Members of Military Companies and Civic Trades Bodies, and Managers of Balls, that he is ready to treat for the letting of spacious and well-lighted rooms, suited for meetings, &c.

The Bar attached to the Hall is always supplied with the best imported and domestic Liquors, Brandys, Wines, Ales, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, and choicest brands of Havana Cigars. JOHN DOLAN.

TO PRINTERS.

COPPER FACED TYPE.—CORTELYOU'S NEW-YORK TYPE FOUNDRY, and PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE, established in 1823, 29 *Spruce street*, four doors below William street.

The subscriber is prepared to furnish his well-known and superior Book and Newspaper Printing Types, in fonts to suit purchasers. Also, German and Ornamental Types, Greek, Hebrew, Ornaments, Music, Brass Rules, &c., manufactured of metals equal to any in this country, and finished in the most accurate manner. He also furnishes Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Stands, Cases, Furniture, Ink, &c.

WOOD AND METAL TYPES,

from other Foundries, and every article required in a Printing Office, at the lowest prices, for cash or approved paper. Type, copper-faced by the Newton Company, furnished to order. Old Type received at 9 cents per pound in exchange for new. Estimates for Printing Establishments furnished on application.

☞ Printers of newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times before January 1, 1857, sending me one of the papers, will be paid in printing types, when purchasing four times the amount of the bill.

PETER C. CORTELYOU.

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale, power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durabl quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Information is wanted of Henry Murray and Margaret his wife,—before her marriage, Margaret Donegan,—of Ireland, they can hear of something very greatly to their advantage on addressing, (post paid,) ALEXANDER P. GARESCHE, St. Louis, Mo. my10 3t

A Retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescriptions used. Direct to
Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL,
my10 3m No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap198m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

SMITH, BROTHERS,

ONE PRICE

CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,

122 AND 140 FULTON ST., N. Y.

The PRICE is marked on all the goods in

PLAIN FIGURES.

We have now on hand a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, together with our new styles of Spring

RAGLANS,

PELISSIERS,

AND CANROBERTS—

OR, SUMMER OVER-COATS.

ap268m SMITH, BROTHERS, 122 AND 140 FULTON ST.

IRISH, ENGLISH, AND SCOTCH LINEN GOODS.

THE subscribers who are exclusive dealers in LINEN GOODS, would invite the attention of housekeepers and others to their complete stock of

Shirting Linens,	Towelings,
Sheeting Linens,	Diapers,
Pillow-case Linens,	Lawns,
Table Linens,	Linen C. Handkerchiefs;

or, Linen goods of any description, which they offer for sale at very low prices.

J. C. Milliken & Co., 748 Broadway,
ap26 above Astor place.

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap263m

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LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY,

EGAN & CO.,

THE proprietors take leave to inform their customers and the public, that they have moved their entire stock of Linen Goods to the above store, where they will from this time forward continue the wholesale together with the retail, of

Linens and Dry Goods,

of all kinds, at the lowest cash price. They are all of their own importation, and in order to make a permanent trade, they will retail them at the importer's prices. Their stock consists of Linen Sheeting, all widths and qualities; Damask Table Cloths, white and brown; Damask Table Linens, Diapers, Hucks, Back Towelings, Napkins, D'Oylies, White and Brown Drills, Checks and Stripes, all warranted pure linen, together with a large lot of

New Silks,

from 4s. to 12s. per yard; Stripes and Plaids, a splendid lot of Black Silks.

There are no damaged or bankrupt's goods included in this list, and they will sell lower than any other house having the same articles. Having a buyer always in Ireland, they are in a position and determined to sell low, and establish their house on the same principle as the "Old Linen Hall," in Dublin. Ladies are respectfully requested to examine the above stock, as affording a large assortment in variety and value. Amongst them will be found a splendid lot of 5-8 Damask and Snowdrop Napkins, from $1 to $1.50 per dozen, tickings and bleached muslins, cheap by the piece.

Striped Poplins,

A large assortment, from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per yard, with all other kinds of Dry Goods, to meet the wants of Spring and Summer purchasers.

ap261m EGAN & CO., Linen Hall, 332 Bowery.

THE EYE AND EAR!

DR. BIRGE, invites the attention of the afflicted to his practice in treating the Eye and Ear. He has cured more than five hundred persons who were pronounced incurable by other Occulists. He has also restored to sight seventeen persons born blind, and he pledges himself to cure every case that may be presented. That no one need be imposed upon, he warrants a cure in every case.

AMAUROSIS.—This obstinate disease he treats with astonishing success.

CATARACT.—This delicate and important operation, I warrant sight in every case.

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted perfectly to imitate the Natural Eye.

DEAFNESS.—My treatment for this difficulty I offer as the most successful that has ever been in practice. I have restored to their hearing a large number who had been perfectly deaf more than twenty years.

Letters of inquiry for advice will be promptly attended to. Office 430 Broadway, New-York City. ap268m

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COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.

ap198m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 682 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE undersigned have formed a Copartnership, under the name and firm of Foot, Cole & Co., for the transaction of the Paper Commission Business, at 32 Beekman street.

FOOT, COLE & CO.

JOEL W. FOOT,	C. D. HARMAN,
CHAS. COLE,	CARLTON LE SAGE.

Mr. H. C. Goodwin, has no further connection with us. ap19

P. H. McGINN,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

No. 198 WEST 42d STREET,

Adjoining the Church of the Holy Cross, New-York.

INTERMENTS procured in any Burial Ground or Cemetery in the vicinity of New-York or elsewhere. All articles for Funerals, furnished on the most reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

☞ All Orders promptly attended to, at all hours, day or night. ap198m

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Business Directory.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 252 BROADWAY.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

---

JOHN A. McSORLEY,

CUSTOM HOUSE AND SHIP BROKER, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

7 BROAD STREET,

Clergymen, importing Vestments, Church Ornaments, &c., will be liberally treated with by calling on the subscriber.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Thos. McClune & Co.,	Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
C. Meletta,	James Cook & Co. 6m

JAMES HARLIN,

WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months.

JOHN KENNEDY'S

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

M. J. CONNELL,

METROPOITAN BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTER,

NO. 39 BEEKMAN STREET, 1 DOOR EAST OF WILLIAM, NEW-YORK, AND 73 GRAND STREET, WILLIAMSBURGH.

All orders intrusted to me will be promptly attended to, and executed with unparalleled dispatch. tf

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JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 FULTON STREET,

(HERALD BUILDING,) **New-York.**
my31y

NICHOLAS WALSH.

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER.

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

ROBERT IRWIN,

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

my10 156 *Chatham street,* opposite James' st., New-York. 3m

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, MECHANICS' TOOLS, &c.

THE subscriber has constantly for sale, of the best quality, and at the lowest prices, an assortment of the following articles: Tea-Trays, Cooking Utensils, Britannia and Plated Goods, Stair Rods, Table Cutlery, Tin Ware, Wooden Ware, Brushes, Brooms, &c.

Mechanics' Tools.

Also a full supply of Saws, Planes, Braces and Bits, Edge-Tools, Files, Hammers, Squares, Augers, Rules, Bevels, &c.

4t JOHN W. SULLIVAN, 74 Sixth Avenue, corner of Waverley Place.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto is ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap268mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

Business Directory.

GEORGE B. COOK,

IMPROVED STEAM CYLINDER AND ADAMS PRESSES,

JENKIN'S BUILDING, Nos. 22 AND 24 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW-YORK. tf

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MRS. J. McCARTHY,

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE,

44 THIRD AVENUE,

Third door from 10th Street, NEW-YORK.

Cheap Straw Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Ladies' Straw Goods.

Straw Bonnets cleaned and altered to the newest fashions.

LADIES' OWN MATERIALS MADE UP TO THE LATEST STYLES. tf

MATTHEW WALLACE,

25 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, &c.

☞ **"The Irish News,"** on hand, by the earliest moment, each week. tf

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McLOUGHLIN, McSHANE, & CO.,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*

M. C. McLOUGHLIN, ANDREW McSHANE, JAMES DOWLING. } NEW-YORK. 3m

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WILLARD, FELT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

JOHN J. STAFF'S.

WINES, LIQUORS, SEGARS,
LONDON, DUBLIN, PHILADELPHIA,
PORTER and ALE,
SCOTCH, BURTON, and EAST INDIA ALES,
CHAMPAGNE CIDER, in quantities to suit purchasers,

at 333 Broadway,

tf corner of Anthony street, New-York.

J. MURPHY & SON,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

BRANDIES, WINES, GIN, RUM, IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEY, SEGARS, ALE AND PORTER, CORDIALS, &c.

J. M. & SON would call the attention of City and Country Dealers to their EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LIQUORS AND SEGARS under CUSTOM HOUSE LOCK and in STORE.

☞ We do not claim any superiority for our goods over those of any other House, but customers may rely upon being honorably and fairly dealt with, and all Liquors warranted as represented.

J. M. & SON are SOLE AGENTS for this City of MESSRS. BUNCHARD & HARRISON'S superior Creaming and Sparkling DOMESTIC CHAMPAGNE, which possesses the same qualities as Imported Wine, and is more agreeable to the palate. It can be sold as low as $7 the basket.

A Superior Quality of IMPORTED ST. JULIAN CLARET, in cases, at $2 50.

Orders from Country Merchants solicited, and shipped with dispatch, at 150 Pearl, and 118 Water streets.

☞ Office 138 Pearl street.

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of *HAVANA SEGARS,* &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 121 PEARL STREET, New-York.

N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap261y

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McLOUGHLIN & EVERARD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS,

Keep constantly on hand a select assortment of

GROCERIES, WINES, BRANDIES, TEAS, COFFEES, &c., &c.,

AT THE OLD ESTABLISHED STAND,

ap263m 44 FULTON, between Pearl and Cliff streets, New York.

WISE'S IRISH MALT WHISKEY.

IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan,** Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Vanbrunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of WISE'S CORK MALT WHISKEY, which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm who import the same in New-York. ap261y

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BURKE & MYLER,

IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS,

No. 42 SPRING STREET, NEW-YORK,

ap268m between Mulberry and Mott streets.

JAMES AINSLIE,

NO. 93 BEAVER STREET,

OFFERS for sale from U. S. Bonded Warehouses, of his own importation, Cognac Brandies, also Rochelle Brandies, in half, quarter, and eighth Pipes, pale and dark, of the well known brand of Arzac Seignette.

Gin—Sole importer of the superior Magnolia Brand; also, Cologne and Schnapps Gin.

Wines—Burgundy, Pure Juice, and old Port, Sherry, &c. Jamaica and St Croix Rums; Stewart's Paisley Whiskey, &c. 3mos

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P. HUGHES,

LEMON SYRUP AND CORDIAL REFINER, and Dealer in Foreign Liquors, and French Brandies of different brands, Hollands Gin, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Scotch Ale and Porter, and other Liquors, returns his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage he has already received, and hopes they will continue the same. No. 88 Cherry street, New-York. tf

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O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS.

53 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND CUSHIONS.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

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For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remitcance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

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Special Notices.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each —— evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Brookes' Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (—— ——) drill each —— at ——. —— NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Edward Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." MICH'L. FLOOD NAGLE, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 104 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. PATRICK O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

Mrs. Luby's Classes for Dancing, Calisthenics, &c., Greenwich Hall, 275 Bleecker street, open until the 1st June. The last assembly for the season will come off on Wednesday evening, May 14. Admission 50 cents. Mrs. Luby gives lessons on the Pianoforte on Wednesdays and Saturdays. my10 2t

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European News.

GENERAL SUMMARY BY THE HERMANN.

The United States Mail Steamer "Hermann," Capt. Higgins, with the German, French and English mails, passengers and usual cargo, from Southampton to the 23d ult., arrived on the 8th inst.

An imperial decree announces that the Russian army is to be reduced to a peace establishment. The force in the South of Russia and the Crimea is henceforth to be divided into two armies—one under the orders of Prince Gortschakoff, the other under General Luders.

News has been received at Berlin from St. Petersburg that the Count de Nesselrode had absolutely resigned his office as Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Prince Alexander Gortschakoff, now Russian Ambassador Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, at Vienna, will succeed him. The Count de Nesselrode retains the Chancellorship of the Empire which he held with the Foreign Ministry but would immediately leave for Kissengen for the benefit of his health.

The *Presse d'Orient* affirms that the Hatti-Humayoun, relative to the Christians, is not inserted in the Treaty of Peace. The Plenipotentiaries, says that journal, confine themselves to mentioning the importance of that act. It adds that the cessation of occupation is formally stipulated. Ten ships of the line and six frigates had been sent to Kamiesh, and the Russians were making large purchases.

More disturbances had taken place at Kutaya and Tokat, attributed to the newly introduced reforms.

The Emperor of Russia had arrived at Moscow, accompanied by the Grand Dukes Constantine, Michael and Nicholas, and a numerous staff. The Emperor gave audience to Count Kakrewski, the military Governor. Deputations from the nobles and from the civil and military authorities accompanied him.

The Ministers of the Interior and Finance have received formal orders from his Majesty to do away with all obstructions in the way of commerce. The frontier traffic was open, and vessels were arriving at all the ports. The exports of precious metals was alone suspended, in consequence of the scarcity of gold and silver in the public treasury.

A telegraph from Berlin says that the coronation of the Czar will take place at Moscow, on the 31st August, the *fete* of his patron saint. The expense is estimated at about half a million sterling.

The position of matters in the Italian duchies is so critical that it was understood the French government was perfectly satisfied of the necessity for concentrating Austrian troops in that quarter. The Sardinian government was also believed to have received full satisfaction on the same point.

A rumor had reached Paris from Italy that a conference was to be opened in some principal city there, to take into consideration the affairs of the Peninsula. A visit of Baron de Stiglite to Paris was understood to have relation to various plans for assisting commercial enterprises entertained by the Russian government.

The latest mail from the East states that the insurgents against the Porte, in Arabia, have suffered so much from cholera as almost to put down the insurrection. The report affirms that 13,000 have died out of an insurgent tribe of 45,000.

Just at the time the "Hermann" was leaving Southampton for New-York, the grand naval spectacle at Spithead was being enacted. Thousands of persons from various parts had flocked to witness the scene, and the towns of Portsmouth and Southampton were literally besieged with visitors. The immense mercantile marine of the latter port was almost to a vessel brought into requisition, and, including the gigantic steamers of the Royal Mail and Peninsular and Oriental Company, upwards of fifty vessels left during the morning of the 23d for Spithead. The members of the Houses of Lords and Commons, the foreign Ambassadors, the heads of the public departments, and other government representatives, together with the entire of the shareholders and friends of the great Mail companies of Southampton embarked at that port. The naval fleet was the largest ever assembled on the waters of the Solent, and composed 240 vessels of various descriptions, viz: 24 ships of line, 19 screw frigates and corvettes, 18 paddle-wheel vessels, 4 floating batteries, 120 screw vessels and gun-boats, 1 sailing frigate, 2 powder and shell depots, 1 hospital ship and one floating battery, and 59 mortar vessels and mortar floats. The manœuvres were proceeding satisfactorily as the "Herman" touched off Spithead.

Interesting from Russia.

ARRIVAL OF THE CZAR AT MOSCOW—RECEPTION—SPEECH ON THE RESTORATION OF PEACE.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes a long letter from Moscow, dated the 11th of April. We extract the following:

The Emperor has arrived quite unexpectedly at our city, accompanied by the Grand Dukes Constantine, Michael and Nicholas, and a numerous staff. Their reception was most enthusiastic. This morning the Emperor gave audience to Count Zakrewski, the military governor. Deputations from the nobles and from the civil and military authorities accompanied him. When all these persons had formed a circle round him, the Emperor addressed them as follows:

Gentlemen: The war is over; for I ratified the treaty of peace which had been signed at Paris before I left St. Petersburg. I am happy to be able to announce the news to you officially, and to repeat to the nobility of Moscow the words which I addressed to my people in my last manifesto. Russia was able to defend herself for many years to come, and I believe that, no matter what forces were brought against her, she was in vulnerable on her own territory. But I felt that it was my duty, in the real interests of the country, to lend an ear to proposals compatible with the national honor. War is an abnormal state, and the greatest successes obtained by it scarcely compensate for the evils it occasions. It had caused an interruption of the commercial relations of the empire with most of the States of Europe. I should certainly have carried it on had not the voice of neighboring States pronounced itself against the policy of late years. My father, of imperishable memory, had his reasons for acting as he did. I knew his views, and I adhere to them from my very soul; but the treaty of Paris has obtained the object which it was his ambition to obtain, and I prefer this means to war.

Many of you, I am aware, regret that I should have so readily accepted the propositions made to me. It was my duty as a man, and as the head of a great empire, either to reject or accept them frankly; I have honorably and conscientiously fulfilled that duty; I am sure that allowances will be made for the difficult position in which I was placed, and that shortly every devoted friend of Russia will render justice to my views and intentions for the welfare of the country.

Supposing the fate of arms should have remained constantly favorable to us, as it has been in Asia, the empire would have exhausted its resources in keeping up large armies on different points, the soldiers of which would, in a great measure, be taken from agriculture and labor. In the Government of Moscow itself many manufactories have been compelled to close. I prefer the real prosperity of the arts of peace to the vain glory of combats.

I have thrown open the ports of Russia to the commerce of the world, the frontiers to the free circulation of foreign produce. I wish, henceforth, that the greatest facility shall be afforded in our markets for the exchange of ware of every origin, and of the raw materials and manufactures of our soils. Various projects will shortly be commmunicated to you, the objects of which will be to give an impulse to home industry, and in which, I trust, every noble man will take a share.

The Emperor, who spoke at considerable length, and with some emotion, was listened to in religious silence. His Majesty omitted nothing—neither the plans for projected railways, nor for the river navigation, nor for the roads, nor for Custom House reforms. The Ministers of the Interior and of Finance have received formal orders from his Majesty to do away with all obstructions in the way of commerce. The frontier traffic is already open, and vessels are arriving at all our ports. The export of precious metals is alone still suspended, and this is explained by the scarcity of gold and silver in the public Treasury.

The Emperor was everywhere received with the most profound respect. A grand review was held at Moscow. His Majesty visited various manufactories, and gave orders respecting his coronation, which will probably take place on 30th August next, the *fete* day of St. Alexander.

The Evacuation of Turkey by the Allies.

Paris (April 21) Correspondence of the London Times.

I omitted to mention yesterday that the Treaty of Peace with Russia contains a clause to the effect that the Allies shall evacuate the Ottoman Territory on the exchange of the ratifications. It is meant, no doubt, that the order shall be then formally given and that the evacuation shall take place as soon after as possible. It ought not to be forgotten that, with the best intention and the sincerest desire to execute the treaty, France and England are not in the same position in this respect as Austria. The distance we are from our encampments, and the vast amount of *materiel* we have to transport, independently of any unforeseen difficulties, will render the operation laborious and slow. The Austrian troops, who have gone through so harmless a campaign in the Principalities, have no such reasons for delaying their departure, and the Vienna Cabinet is quite capable of maintaining that the retreat of the Austrian heroes of Bucharest and Jassy shall be effected *pari passu* with the French and English from before Sebastopol.

The Austrian Encroachments on Parma.

The Vienna papers question the accuracy of the statement recently made by the *Times*, relative to the military occupation by the Austrians of the frontiers of Parma toward Sardinia, but it is acknowledged in official circles that the news is correct. The reason here given for the measure is, that Sardinian troops had previously advanced to the frontier, but you are not expected to believe that it is the true one. The Austrians believe that the revolutionary party in Parma receive reinforcements from Sardinia, and the *Oesterreichische Zeitung* does not scruple to aver that this government has a right to establish a political cordon between the Duchy of Parma and Piedmont. Timid politicians affect to believe that the Austrian occupation of the frontiers of Parma was settled between the representatives of the great powers at Paris, but bolder spirits declare that Austria did not consider it necessary to consult France and England on a question which concerned the Duchess Regent Louisa alone. It is possible that Count Buol announced the intention of his court to Count Walewski and the Earl of Clarendon, but the probability is that the supreme military authorities acted without having previously consulted the Minister for Foreign Affairs or the Under Secretary of State, who officiates during his absence. It is much feared here that the return of the Sardinian army may increase the general ferment in Italy, and Austria is evidently resolved to be prepared for all emergencies. It is well known that the Duchess Louisa demanded the assistance of this government against the revolutionary party assembled in her capital, but it is doubtful whether she wished to see Austrian troops spread over the whole Duchy. General Count Crenneville, the Austrian commander, has as great an objection to hirsute patriots as General Brown had to bearded soldiers, and the services of the Parmesan barbers are said to be in continual requisition.

Marshal Pelissier's Announcement of Peace to the Army.

The conclusion of peace was pronounced to the French army by Marshal Pelissier in the following proclamation:

Soldiers: The Emperor lately said to your brethren, "You have well deserved of the country." You will successively hear in your turn the same expressions from the august lips of his Majesty.

Soldiers: By your energy, by your resolution, your heroic constancy, your indomitable courage, you have achieved, with our brave and faithful allies, the peace of the world.

I have a right to say it, at the sight of so many fields of battle sprinkled with your blood, witnesses of your calm self-denial, and from which each time your glory rose more radiant and noble, and crowned your sublime efforts. You will shortly see again your country, happy at your return, happy at a glorious peace, a peace signed at the cradle of an Imperial infant. Let us all be impressed with that augury, let us find in it a new sign of Divine protection, and, if necessary, an additional inducement to accomplish all our duties towards the Emperor and the country.

The Marshal Commander-in-Chief, A. PELISSIER.
Head-quarters at Sebastopol, on the 2d April, 1856.

FURTHER NEWS.

By the arrival of the America, Captain Wickham, at Halifax, we have obtained four days' later news—up to April 27. The news is not remarkable. The naval review is the great topic. In France an Imperial decree orders a further reduction of the army. Count Morny goes as Minister to Russia, to attend the coronation of the Emperor Alexander. The army is also being reduced in Russia. From Turkey we learn that the French have evacuated Kinburn.

The Treaty.

The London Daily News has succeeded in obtaining a copy of the text of the Peace document, which is considered authentic. It contains thirty-four articles:

1. Restores perpetual friendship between Great Britain, Sardinia, Turkey, France and Russia.
2. All territories conquered or occupied during the war shall be reciprocally evacuated as soon as possible.
3. Russia restores to Turkey Kars and all other parts of the Ottoman territory.
4. The allies restore to Russia the towns and port of Sebastopol, Balaklava, Kamiesch, Eupatoria, and Kertsch. [Articles 5, 6, 7, 8 are wanting.]
9. The Sultan communicates to the powers his firman, granting equality to Christians, which the contracting powers must approve of, but divest themselves of all right thereby to interfere in the internal administration of the government of the Ottoman Empire.
10. The Convention of 13th July 1841, closing the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, is re-affirmed.
11. The Black Sea is neutralized, and forever forbidden to all ships of war, of every power adjoining or distant, with the exceptions specified in Articles 14 and 19.
12. Trade shall be free in the waters and ports of the Black Sea, subject only to police regulations, Russia and Turkey admitting consuls to all ports on its shores.
13. The Black Sea being neutralized, strongholds become useless—consequently Turkey and Russia agree neither to construct nor preserve any military maritime arsenals on the coast.
14. The Convention regulating the force of ships for coast-service is concluded individually between Turkey and Russia, but is appended to this treaty, and cannot be altered without general assent.
15 The act of the Congress of Vienna relative to river navigation is applied to the Danube and its mouths, and its freedom becomes a part of the law of the Empire.
16 To carry into effect Article 15, France, Austria, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and Turkey, appoint each a delegate to put the River in a navigable state, from Isatcha to Tza.
17. Austria, Bavaria, Turkey and Wurtemburg, each add a delegate to the Commission of the Principalities, to form a permanent commission for the purpose of keeping the river navigable, and to superintend its police.
18. The General Commission will be dissolved in two years, and the permanent commission take its place.
19. Each of the contracting powers may station two small ships at the mouth of the Danube.
20. Russia assents to the rectification of the Bessarabia frontier. The new frontier starts from the Black Sea, one mile east of Lake Bourna Sola to the Akermann Road, along which it extends to the valley of Trajan, passing South of Belgrade, and reascending the River Yalpack to Savatsika, and terminates at Karmari on the River Pruth. Elsewere it is unchanged.
21. The ceded territory is annexed to Moldavia.
22. Moldavia and Wallachia continue under the sovereignty of Turkey, with the guarantee of all the contracting Powers that no Power shall claim the individual right of interference.
23. The Porte guarantees to the said Principalities the continuance of the freedom of religion and commerce. The contracting Powers appoint a Commission to meet immediately at Bucharest, to report on the present condition and wants of the Principalities.
24. The Porte will immediately convoke a Divan in each Principality to learn the wishes of the people as to their definite organization.
25. Minutes thereof shall be sent to Paris, where the Constitution shall be framed, which the Porte shall promulgate.
26. The Principalities shall maintain a militia, and may construct works of defence approved by the Porte.
27. If the internal tranquillity of the Principalities be disturbed, the Porte must consult the contracting Powers, and cannot employ armed intervention without their consent.
28. Servia continues a dependency of the Porte, under the guarantee of the Powers, and retains its national administration, and freedom of religion and trade.
29. The right of garrison in Servia is reserved to the Porte, but no armed intervention is permitted without the consent of the Porte.
30. Russia and Turkey retain their possessions in Asia precisely as before the war, but their frontiers are to be marked out by survey.
31. The evacuation of Turkey by the Allied and Austrian forces shall take place as soon as convenient. The time and manner of such evacuation shall be the subject of private arrangement between each of the Powers and Turkey.
32. Until new arrangements shall be made, trade shall go on as before the war.
33. A convention (contents secret) concluded between France, England, and Russia, respecting the Aland Isles, shall be appended to this treaty.
34. The ratification shall be exchanged at Paris within four weeks.

The London *Sun* prints the above with a mourning border, and heads an editorial respecting the fleet, "Our Glory and our Shame," exciting thereby much indignation among contemporaries.

The Central American Question.

The London *Morning Star*, an organ of the Manchester party, says: "We are told that at the meeting of the Cabinet on Tuesday, the 22d, at which Lord Clarendon was present for the first time since his return from Paris, the answer to the United States was agreed upon. On some of the points connected with the Central American question, the British Government are prepared to give way; but they will not recall Mr. Crampton, and they are prepared to communicate to the United States that they are unanimous in their determination to continue him in his present position as Minister at Washington.

Lord Clarendon laid on the table of the House of Lords, and Palmerston on that of the Commons, the correspondence relating to Central America, and stated that the enlistment papers would be ready in a few days.

Lord Lyndhurst has given notice of a motion to inquire into the condition of Italy; and Lord Malmesbury for a vote of censure on the government for the fall of Kars.

The London correspondent of the Toronto (Canada) *Globe* states that a report is quite current in England to the effect that the Queen has some thought of paying a visit during the coming summer, to her royal province of Canada.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, *April* 26th, 1856.

Charles Matthews is here. The night before last he played the *Citizen Sangfroid* in the comic drama of *Delicate Ground.* Old Hawkins' was crowded. The fashionables of Fitzwilliam and Merrion Squares bloomed in abundance all along the front of the dress circle. The Castle snobs were as thick as the graves in Mount Jerome. The 16th Lancers are in garrison here, and we had a pretty rich sprinkling of the officers. One of the most glowing faces was that of Francis M'Donough, the Queen's Counsel. He sat close to the Vice-regal box, with ever so many children about him, and his famous shirt-collars, like newly white-washed prison walls, shutting up three-fourths of his head. You've heard what old Bob Holmes said to him one day coming out of the Queen's Bench.

"M'Donough," says he, "it's a wonder you never catch cold in the legs."

"Why so, Mr. Holmes?"

"Faith, you've so much linen above, you can't have any below;" and old Bob, without changing a muscle, shuffled off to the Wig-room.

The great political event in Dublin, since I wrote to you last, is the attempt of the *Dublin Telegraph* party—Sadleir's and Keogh's precious clique—to lengthen the life of their virulent sheet. So foul had it grown to be—so deep was the loathing it caused—that not even the implied patronage of Dr. Cullen, the Arch-bishop, could save it from death. Every one looked on it as Sadleir's shroud. The very types with which it was printed seemed as if they had been smeared with the putrid grease of his grave. People came, almost instantaneously, to shun it, as if it had been the covering and rag of a leper. Consequently, the owners send round the following circular:—

"7, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin,
April 11th, 1856.

"SIR—I am desired by the present proprietor of this paper to direct your attention to the enclosed articles, from the pen of the Editor.

"These articles will show you that all that is now required to effect the change of the newspaper, the *Weekly Telegraph* to that which henceforth will be '*The Catholic Telegraph and Irish Sun,*' is a compliance with the requisitions of the Stamp Office.

When these conditions are fulfilled, then the new paper will appear; and with '*The Catholic Telegraph and Irish Sun*' will, it is hoped, be forgotten all differences of opinion that may have existed as to that paper whose place it is about to occupy. I am Sir, your obedient servant,

J. W. M'DONNELL, Publisher."

The *Dundalk Democrat*, in a manly, bold, eloquent article, spurns the beggar who thus, with a lie and a limp, crawls to him from the empty chest of the swindler. The *Democrat* writes:—

"Changing the name of a wolf, Mr. M'Donnell, will not change the savage propensities of the brute; for should you call it a lamb, that would not have the effect of keeping it from assaulting the sheep-fold. So it is with the characters who hired themselves, some four years since, to do the filthy toil of John Sadleir. They received his money, and executed his orders; they took his gold—the gold of a political swindler—and defended his treason and treachery. You cannot convince me that men who did this can be honest, or converted to an honest course of action. You cannot convince me that the creatures who executed John Sadleir's orders can ever be won to the side of patriotism or common honesty. They may feign to be honest, and endeavor to make the public believe them so, but I would place no confidence whatever in them. I would as soon confide in the honor of a common informer, as in the promises of any one connected with a Sadleirite newspaper."

Then, having reminded this Wolf in lamb's clothing of Sadleir's own written declaration, that he was "a villain of the deepest dye," and had committed "crimes which involved the ruin of hundreds," the *Democrat* says:—

"It was this villain who established the *Weekly Telegraph.* He established it to aid him in his political villainy. It is the truculent enemy of Ireland. I shall do my utmost to root it out of this part of the kingdom."

But the staunch Northern editor is not done with the miserable dog yet. He gives him another shake, and then flings him off on a dung-heap, muttering to him between his set teeth—

"This, Mr. M'Donnell, is my message in reply to your flag of truce. I am not going to desert my post. I would be worse than Sadleir, worse than Keogh, worse than the clan MacCabe, if I should do that."

The *Wexford People* replies to the fawning hypocrite in the same fresh style. He tells him the world has heard "of what fruitless labor it was to scrub the blackamoor white," and that it is just as useless to expect Mr. MacCabe to be decent.

Our object in writing thus, says the *People,* is to shun what may be expected when

"The old sign-board at the *Telegraph* office shall be taken down, and a new one put up. The same goods will still be on sale, the same unscrupulous dealer will still be doing business behind the counter, and the public, though paying a higher price, shall get no better value for their money than before."

The article I quote from ends with a warning prediction, which, if the soul of the impostor, McCabe, be not made of leather, must bring him on his knees to repentance.

The *Wexford Guardian* follows up the attack with the same pluck. Dr. Cahill has been publishing miles upon miles of letters in this hideous old *Telegraph.* The *Telegraph* exultingly alludes to the fact. "We have won this distinguished writer to our side," it exclaims. "Of course you have," says the *Guardian,* "for the Doctor is a sort of geologist, who knows by the aid of a divining rod, where mines are to be found." Turning from Cahill to McCabe, the *Guardian* flings the latter into the Slaney in this fashion—

"Barny MacCabe will be Barny MacCabe until he follows his master. He was the janissary of Sadleir, and hesitated not at any crime which man could accomplish. This *Irish Sun,* which now rises upon the ashes of the *Telegraph,* unlike that sun which rose upon the corse of Sadleir, comes not to lay bare the foul deeds which were done when it shone not, but to throw a kind of halo over them, that the public vision may be blinded, and the participators in the political crimes of Sadleir escape."

All this is first-rate. It sounds well. It tells us there is some sound life yet left in the country. Since '48 I've read or seen nothing which cheered me so much. This haughty, vigorous, wrathful spurning of a wretch who sold his rancorous theology for three pence a week, is enough to lift an honest man from his death-bed, and set him fairly on his legs again. As for myself, laying down these papers, I feel as if I had just come in from a bracing walk to the top of Killiney.

Beranger, in a letter dated April 3d, addressed to your friend Leonard, of the National Guard, Paris, denies the authorship of the ballad that has been recently going the round of the papers. Leonard's and Berranger's letters appear in the *Nation* of this morning. I send you copies of both. Leonard writes of Beranger—

"He was ever deeply interested in the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland, and kind to her exiled patriots. In gratitude and justice, we should not join in calumniating the greatest poet and the warmest patriot living. Had Moore loved his country as Beranger loved his, he would have done more good to it by the songs he would have written for the people, than all the lawyers and speech-makers that promised to liberate her."

A truly delightful event occurred last week in the county Cork. The Leemount estates, belonging to the Coppinger family, were forfeited by them, in consequence of the penal laws, in 1787. Thomas Stephen Coppinger, grandson of the last owner of the property, purchased it back in the Incumbered Estates Court, about ten days ago, and the evening after, the village of Coachford, and the country for miles round, echoed with the songs and shouts of the people. From the Bogra mountains to the banks of the Lee, there ran a chain of bon-fires, and the pipers were out, and crowds of the boys and girls along with them. One of the "owld stock" was back in the "owld place" once more, and the heart of the country beat to the tune of "The King shall have his ain again." The *Cork Examiner* has a full account of it all.

Do you care to know that a deputation on Irish Drainage, having something to say about drainage works executed in the Killimor district, barony of Longford, county of Galway, called on the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at his office in Downing street, some Sunday last week? The Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Clonbrock, Sir Thomas Burke, Sir Thomas Redington, and Alderman John Reynolds, made up the deputation. The *Evening Mail,* in graceful allusion to the last named gentleman and patriot, says: "It is not easy to imagine why his brazen face was allowed to appear amongst a deputation of noblemen and gentlemen from Galway." Perhaps for the same reason that the raw recruit from Killebeggan asked the Sergeant to locate him in the 61st Regiment—"for if you do, Sergeant," says he, "I'll be next to my brother, who has been these three year in the 62d, you know."

Although not exactly an item of Irish news, still, as I am sure it will greatly amuse many of your readers, I insert here an extract from the last number of D'Israeli's paper, the *Press:*—

"All parties being now actively engaged in preparing for the approaching illuminations, any information upon the subject has general interest, and we are happy to be able to subjoin a list of some of the devices which will be exhibited by distinguished individuals:

The Chancellor of the Exchequer—A Budget in gas, with the inscription *Tax, Vobiscum.*

Sir Benjamin Hall—A Baronet's "Hand," in red lamps, with the motto, *Excelsior.*

Mr. James Wilson—A transparency, representing a Hat with the legend, "All round my Hat I wear this week's *Economist.*"

Sir Joshua Walmsley—A device, showing a farthing candle, extinguished.

Mr. W. Williams—A view of Hampton Court Palace, with a Lambeth jackass kicking his heels against a lady's door.

Mr. Labouchere—A very elegant transparency of the Sun that will not set upon the Right Hon. gentleman's dominions, and of the colonies that will not stand his interference.

Mr. Ewart—A device of new patent Gallows, for the reformation of criminals, instead of their execution; the culprit is hung by the waist, instead of the neck, while a lecture is delivered to him.

Mr. V. Smith—A Coronet and the motto, *Ver-non semper viret.* (Vernon will be always rather green.)

Mr. F. Peel—A remarkable Tapeworm in red lamps.

Isn't it rich?

The fourth annual report of the Irish poor-law commissioners, under the Medical Charities Act, which has just been presented to Parliament, states that the expense incurred in medical charities during the year ending September 29, 1855, amounted to £89,388; while the number of cases in which relief was afforded was 732,563. The commissioners recommend the extension to Ireland of the provisions of the amended sanitary laws which were passed for England in the session of 1855.

After that sober statement, I might as well mention something betwixt-and-between — something half sober — half queer. The provincial papers have been, for the last fortnight, detailing how an Irishman having an ailing child, appealed not to the physician, but "the fairy doctor." The cure adopted was that the doctor dragged the child about the house-yard, "to take him from the good people," and the child was injured to such an extent that it soon died. A coronor's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, and the fairy doctor fled. He was arrested in Liverpool on board ship, on the 21st of last month, having taken passage for America.

The agitation against the Irish church establishment begins to show symptoms of revival through the country. A special meeting of the Limerick Corporation is to be held next week, to petition "for the appropriation of the revenue of the church of England and Ireland to secular puposes, namely—the relief of the poor, the payment of grand-jury cess, and the education of the people;" and indications of a similar movement are to be observed generally throughout the country.

The Tenant-right agitation, too, is still to the good. There have been several "humble petitions" forwarded of late from the Catholic clergy of the diocese of Tuam, and other bodies and places, praying "the Honorable House to take the measure into their consideration." Following up these petitions, a bill has been brought in by Mr. Moore and Mr. Maguire—

"To provide for the better securing of and regulating the custom of Tenant-right, as practised in the province of Ulster, and to secure compensation to improving tenants, who may not make claim under the said custom, and to limit the power of eviction in certain cases." All buildings and improvements producing increased value, and made at the tenant's cost, are declared to be the tenant's property, and no tenant can be evicted without being paid for his tenant-right (where the custom exists) or the value of the improvements. The claimant must prove the increased value created. Disputes may be settled by arbitration, or else referred to the assistant-barrister at quarter-sessions (with respect to claims not exceeding £100). Where the claims exceed £100 the referee will be the judge of assize. Sundry other provisions follow.

In my last letter I mentioned an incident that took place on the occasion of Chief Justice Monahan sentencing Murphy and Dunne to be hanged, for the murder of Miss Hinds, in the County Cavan. Murphy's fate is fixed. Dunne, however, has a chance of escaping the halter. An application will probably be made, in the course of a few days, to the Court of Criminal Appeal, to quash the conviction of Dunne. It is alleged that a mis-trial took place in the case of Dunne; the ground of error being this circumstance, reported fully at the time, that after the jury were sworn, and the case stated, one of them, having fallen ill, was removed, and another juror was taken from the panel and substituted for him. It is stated that the prisoner should then have been directed to look to his challenges, but that this was not done; and that the substituted juror was added without any right of challenge being given to the prisoner. Another objection is reported to be, that when the substituted juror was sworn, the Attorney-General should have re-stated the case, but that he merely asked if the juror had been in court, and heard him open the case; and on being answered in the affirmative, then proceeded to produce evidence.

The murder at Rookwood is still the copious theme of newspaper articles.

The verdict of the Coroner's jury in the case of the murder of Mrs. Sarah Kelly having been an open one, and consequently not conclusive against any of the four parties now in custody for suspected participation in the crime, namely, Mr. George Strevan, and the men Kinahan, Walters, and Baron, a magisterial investigation was held on Monday, the 21st, in Moate, to inquire into the circumstances. Professional gentlemen were in attendance to watch the proceedings on the part of the representatives of the deceased lady and of Mr. Strevan, but the inquiry was held within closed doors, the reporters having been excluded. It is understood that only two witnesses were examined, one of these being Mr. Campion, for many years the law Mrs. Kelly's confidential solicitor, and who, it is stated, becomes now the owner of the Ballinderry property, where the murder was committed. After sitting a considerable time, the magistrates adjourned the inquiry until Thursday, until which day the prisoners are to be detained in custody. Notwithstanding all the efforts made to obtain information, the murder still continues involved in considerable mystery; but Dr. Baily, a gentleman related to the late Mrs. Kelly, and to whom she has, it is said, left the estates and mansion of Rookwood, in the county of Roscommon, and £100,000, besides appointing him residuary legatee, has offered a reward of £500 for such information as will lead to the arrest of the murderers. The Lord Lieutenant has also offered a reward of £100, making a total of £600. The earth around where the uufortunate lady met her death was examined again on Monday morning by the police, and a second bullet was found.

Your old friend, Barnaby Murphy, has been appointed Consul at Bilboa; these last five years he has held the same appointment at Alexandretta.

The agricultural news couldn't be better. The *Mayo Constitution* says, that "even in Mayo the agricultural improvement is wonderful." From the *Northern Standard* we learn that "oats stand foremost in extent, considerably above last year's sowing, and potatoes in like manner." After speaking of the "genial warmth which counterbalanced the harsh winds that prevailed for the last week," the *Waterford Chronicle* congratulates the farmer, that ample opportunity has been afforded him to carry on his preparations, and that everywhere through the country the land has been put in order for green-cropping. The *Western Star* is particularly bright. "Throughout the counties of Galway and Roscommon," we understand from it, "the peasantry are still extremely busy, planting potatoes, of which," it assures us, "a very large breadth will be got down." The *Star* declares in conclusion, they "have seldom experienced a season so favorable to the husbandman." The extraordinary demand for guano throws the *Galway Vindicator* into prolific delight.

But all this is in strange contrast with the following paragraph or two from the *Tuam Herald,* which I give you in full:

"Though there is a reflux in the tide of emigration, it is small as compared with the current of the outward tide which is carrying on to transatlantic parts groups of our fellow-countrymen. The number of emigrants to the States is materially lessened, but still scarcely a week elapses without our witnessing batches pass through this town, bound for America or Australia. It is so difficult to procure land at home on any terms, that men with capital sufficient to till the soil with profit to themselves and the landlord, are compelled to leave the country. The competition for land scarcely ever reached a higher pitch than at this moment. Along with high rents, high prices are also offered. Hitherto the owners of land have been reluctant to give accommodation to tillage tenants, both because grazing has been so remunerative, and because of the dread of a redundant population."

I must close to be in time for the *America.* God prosper it of her name!

KILMAINHAM.

Protection of American Citizens at Panama and Aspinwall.

We are informed that Mr. Dobbin has satisfactory reasons to believe that the sloop-of-war St. Mary's is now at Panama. Orders have been issued, we learn to the officer in command of that vessel to remain in that port so long as he may deem it necessary for the protection of American citizens. A vessel of the home squadron will touch at Aspinwall, also. The hope is indulged that the presence of a man-of-war at Panama will check any attempt at further outrages on our countrymen.

Irish News.

Spirit of the Irish Press.

The *Tipperary Leader* exclaims:

"Well, royalty *is* an expensive business, after all, and though the British constitution is the model of a political fabric, it must be admitted that it weighs rather heavily upon this poor little island. Illustrations are never wanting. There is the knighthood of Sir Robert McClure, for example. The fees for the ceremony amounted to £104 0s 2d., which was defrayed out of the public funds. It appears, that the fees payable for making Napoleon the Third a Knight of the Garter, amount to £479 13s 4d.! But this is not the worst. Do our readers know what it cost to send Lord John Russell as Great British Plenipotentiary to Vienna last year? *Only* £2,332 16s 4d.! Fancy that. Nearly three thousand pounds for a mission, the result of which every man of spirit in England resented as a personal dishonor! Then, we are to give a trifle of £70,000 a year to the Prince of Prussia for marrying the Princess Royal! Of course, we are; and there are slavish idiots and sycophants in Ireland, who will pronounce even this a benefit to the country.

Speaking of the reluctance of England to conclude peace, the *Catholic Telegraph* says England would the more willingly carry on the war in the hope she might injure Austria, which, combined with France, forced upon her a peace that leaves her the least and the lowest of the great powers of Europe.

Alluding to the recent elections in Ireland, the same paper regrets, that "the spirit of religion—the spirit of charity—was not in these proceedings. We can discern (it says) in the elections of Sligo, New Ross, and Athlone, nothing else but the spirit of unrelenting hatreds, malignant animosities—the diabolical, self-destructive spirit of infuriated, disappointed faction."

With regard to emigration, the *Galway Mercury* states, that "notwithstanding the disgraceful, cruel, and, we must add, ungrateful treatment which, owing to the machinations of the Know Nothings, Irish emigrants have of late met at the hands of the Americans, yet does emigration from this province continue, not in such numbers as heretofore to be sure, but yet in numbers such as will eventually militate very much against the agricultural interests of Ireland."

Condemning the breaking up of the militia, the *Waterford Chronicle* informs us that "the Scotch and Irish militia have been embodied little more than a year, and yet it is intended the latter shall be disbanded first. Of course, when an act of injustice is about to be perpetrated, it is usually decided that this nation shall be the first to suffer. Irish regiments of the line have been the first to sustain the credit of the British arms during what must now, we suppose, be called the late war—and Irish Militia Regiments have been among the first to contribute ample contingents to the regular service as its ranks became thinned by lead, powder, and cold steel. In every position and situation where danger was to be met and glory to be won, the Irish soldier has, we say, been first at the post of duty, and by the same rule it is, we suppose, that as our gallant countrymen have been first in everything else, they shall also be the *first* to feel this scandalous infliction.

The *Dundalk Democrat* pitches into the *Catholic Telegraph*:—We now ask the public what is their opinion of this organ of the Sadleir school, the foul and debased *Weekly Telegraph*, which pretends to be a most wonderful Catholic newspaper, but the labors of which tend to bring the national church into disgrace, to empty our chapels, reduce our population still lower than it is, and thwart and defeat the efforts of the honest men of Ireland on behalf of the rights of the tenant farmers? It was publicly burned in the streets of Kells, by some honest Meath man; and what Meath condemns must be dishonest, and deserve denunciation and reprobation.

The *Democrat*, however, views the European peace from the same point as the *Telegraph*, and speaking of England, expresses itself in this style: Not so, however, with England. Her plenipotentiaries were sulky and sullen. England had been disgraced; her naval and military forces humiliated; her boasting for nearly a century, put an end to; her prestige, with which she frightened the world, has vanished before the prowess of the Russian arms, and she wished for an opportunity to retrieve, if possible, her lost fame. That however, she never could accomplish, before a Russian foe, for, Russia is a military nation, with generals of genius over her armies, and statesmen of consummate ability around her throne. It was with reluctance to conclude a peace, except one dishonourable to Russia, that her plenipotentiaries crossed the threshold of the conference chamber.

Mr. James Doyle, (if we mistake not, connected with the Nation since '48) has assumed the editorship of the Kilkenny Journal, and in his salutatory gives the following historic sketch of that newspaper:

The first number of our journal was published on the 24th of January 1767, in St. Mary's Churchyard, under the title of the *Leinster Journal*. Before Grattan and his Volunteers had obtained the Constitution of '82—before the subtle genius of Castlereagh had accomplished the Union—half a century before Emancipation had been carried by O'Connell—the Leinster Journal was published in the "Faire Citie" of Kilkenny. On a fly-leaf in the first volume, now lying before me, there is a marginal note, stating that "the first proprietor, Mr. Edmund Finn, was succeeded by his widow, Mrs. Catharine Finn, who was succeeded by Mr. Patrick Kearney, who was succeeded by Mr. Andrew Henderson, who was succeeded by its present proprietors on the 17th of March 1830." The late Mr. Cornelius Maxwell, conferred upon it the title of the "Kilkenny Journal and Leinster Commercial and Literary Advertiser." During the first days of its existence it seems to have been little more than a summary of passing events, with scarcely any bias of politics or religion, gradually merging however into the expression of Liberal and Catholic opinions. Since 1830, at all events—a period of exactly 26 years on next Monday—it has been the able and consistent advocate of Catholic Rights, and the social and political Independence of the Irish people. It shall be a true labor of love to me to preserve it in this course, without waver or compromise.

The Tennessee papers announce the death of the venerable Major Marr, formerly a member of Congress, from that State.

Congressional.

Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

May 5.—Mr. Pugh presented a resolution of the Legislature of Ohio, in favor of the admission of Kansas with the Topeka Constitution. On motion of Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State was requested to transmit to the Senate the original journal of the proceedings of the Board of American Commissioners convened at Paris to liquidate and audit the claims of our citizens for French spoliations. Mr. Bayard advocated the adoption of his substitute for the bill reported by the Naval Committee amendatory of the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy. The substitute proposes to restore all officers who have been placed on the reserve list, and investigate by Courts of Inquiry the capacity and fitness of all those dropped who so desire.

May 6.—The morning hour was chiefly occupied in a discussion relative to the proper location for the District of Columbia Armory. The bill making appropriation for the construction of harbor works at Marguette, on Lake Superior, Northern Michigan, was considered. Mr. Cass said it was a dangerous coast, and that the sudden storms rendered a harbor's refuge extremely necessary. It was only proposed to construct two of these works for 500 miles of coast. Mr. Stuart remarked that the bill appropriated but $25,000. There were eleven bills for harbors on the lakes surrounding the State of Michigan, but each called for only a small amount—in the aggregate less than the single appropriation for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi. After further debate, in which the propriety of embracing all such measures in one bill was advocated, the Senate adjourned.

May 7.—The Senate appointed a third Conference Committee on the Deficiency Appropriation bill, the two former committees being unable to agree. Mr. Bayard concluded his speech, commenced on the 5th, on the best means of promoting the efficiency of the Navy.

May 8.—On motion of Mr. Mason, the Senate took up the resolution reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations, declaring the notice which has been given by the President to Denmark, to terminate the treaty with that government regulating the payment of the Sound Dues, sufficient; and that no other or further act of legislation is necessary to put an end to the said treaty as a part of the law of the land. Mr. Sumner urged that the treaty abrogating power was kindred in character to the war making power, which was expressly lodged in Congress. The abrogation of a treaty might be a prelude to war. Former usage was in favor of the termination of treaties by the joint action of the two houses. Mr. Stuart said that when the resolution was adopted authorizing the President to give notice to Denmark, it was done, as business is usually done in executive session, without much consideration. Mr. Seward sustained Mr. Sumner's views. Mr. Clayton sustained the action of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., desired to know if the President could not, by his own act, terminate the treaty, and if the Senate had given him authority to terminate it at a specified time, how could he, by his his own act, extend the time, after the treaty had come to an end by its own limitation? What authority had the President alone to revive it?

May 9.—The bill granting 1,500,000 acres of land to Iowa, for the construction of three railroads across that State, was passed, yeas 31, nays 9. Some private bills were passed, and an act was reported to amend the Patent Laws. Adjourned to Monday.

House of Representatives.

May 5.—At the instance of Mr. Haven, the House took up the Senate bill appropriating $45,000 for deepening the channel over the St. Clair Flats, Michigan. Passed. The House passed, by 74 majority, the bill specifically defining the objects for which the balance of the appropriation for the improvement of Savannah river shall be expended. The bill to give the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railroad Company the right of way through lands occupied by Jefferson barracks passed. Mr. Clingman asked leave to submit the following joint resolution: That for the better protection of the persons and property of American citizens under the law of nations, and as secured by existing treaty stipulations with reference to the thoroughfares or lines of travel between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, the President be and is hereby authorized to employ any part of the land or naval forces of the country, and call for and use any number of volunteers that may be necessary to provide for the safety of passengers and others of our citizens in these localities, and such forces may be used by him in aid of the local authorities or otherwise, to insure the observance of such rights as the Government of the United States and citizens may be entitled to enjoy. Objected to. Mr. Clingman moved a suspension of the rules. Mr. Stephens inquired what disposition was to be made of the resolution? Mr. Clingman thought it ought to pass. Mr. Jones (Tenn.) understood that the resolution authorized the President to take possession of Central America. [Laughter.] He didn't want it now. Several voices—"We do," "Let's take it." Mr. Campbell (Ohio) said he should like to amend the resolution looking to the annexation of the British Provinces. Mr. Clingman—I shall make no motion cutting off such an amendment. Mr. Jones (Tenn.), in order to see the resolution in print, moved an adjournment.

May 6.—The House passed the bill making appropriations for Consular and Diplomatic expenses. Mr. Bennett (New-York), from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill granting alternate sections of lands to Iowa in aid of railroads now in process of construction. Mr. Stephens made an ineffectual effort to offer an amendment extending all the rights, privileges and liabilities heretofore conferred on Iowa to Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas, for the purpose of aiding the construction of a railroad from Vicksburg to Lecompton, and granting public lands to the same extent, on the same terms, and with the same restrictions. Mr. Bennett said thus adding 1,600 miles of railroad would break down his bill. Mr. Jones (Tenn.) moved to lay the subject on the table. Lost—45 against 95. A substitute for the original bill, recommended by the Committee on Public Lands for the same objects, was then adopted, but the morning hour expired before final action.

May 7.—The entire session was spent in debate on the Deficiency Appropriation bill, growing out of the failure of the Committees of Conference to agree. The principal difficulties were stated to be relative to the Senate's amendments appropriating $1,800,000 for the Army, and $300,000 for the Washington water works. No final action was had.

May 8.—The Bounty Land Law of 1855.—The House, as well as the Senate, adopted the report of the Joint Committee of Conference on the bill amendatory of the Bounty Law of 1855. On the motion of Mr. Pennington, it was resolved that the President communicate such information as may be in his possession touching the recent disturbances at Panama, and the interruption on either of the routes on foreign territory, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and what measures have been taken for the protection of American interests relative to the same. The House resumed consideration of its disagreement to the Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Appropriation bill. Mr. Giddings warmly condemning the appropriation of money to discharge arrearages contracted for returning fugitive slaves to Kentucky, suddenly fainted and fell to the floor. Several members immediately conveyed him to a sofa near an open window. A profound sensation was occasioned by the incident. Mr. Giddings soon returned to consciousness and was conducted to his residence. Mr. Campbell, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported the Post Office and Ocean Mail Steamer appropriation bills. The bill granting upwards of 1,500,000 acres of land to Iowa to aid railroads in that State, was passed by 79 to 59.

May 9.—Nothing was done except to vote a third Committee of Conference on the Deficiency bill. Adjourned.

May 10.—This was the first Saturday session since the organization of the House. The roll call showed but 137 members in attendance; but more afterwards came in, and an unsuccessful move was made to adjourn. Mr. Fuller, of Pa., defined his position, past and present, on the slavery question, avowing broad national principles, and stigmatizing as forgeries certain publications attributing to him extreme northern views. Mr. Jones, of Pa., gave notice of his intention to reply to the speech of Mr. Fuller.

Presidential Facts and Rumors.

Albert Pike has issued the pronunciamento of a new party. This party is to be called the "Democratic American party"—its motto, "Americanism, Toleration, and Reform"—and its candidates Daniel S. Dickinson, of New-York, for President, and William C. Dawson, of Georgia, for Vice-President. The *Tribune* adds: "Albert was a vehement Whig, until he turned up a conspicuous Know-Nothing. As that last speculation is not promising, he appears now to be intent on getting up a party of his own. Perhaps he may grow it sufficiently to get sent to Congress by it, but the prospect is not flattering."

The Albany *Journal* says "there is no State in the Union more certain than Michigan to give its vote for the Republican candidate for the Presidency." "Probably not," say the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser*, "and yet the odds are at least two to one that Michigan votes against him." To which the Detroit *Free Press* says, "The odds are greater than that. If there is no State in the Union more certain than Michigan to give its vote for the Republican candidate, then that candidate for the Presidency will have no votes in the electoral college. He will be beaten worse than Gen. Scott was beaten in 1852."

The *Statesman* says: "It is amusing to witness the anti-Democratic papers just at this time. They one day think President Pierce may be nominated at Cincinnati, and they fall upon him as with a tiger's ferocity. The next day they think they see chances for Judge Douglas, and then the hyena shows itself terrifically. The third day they persuade themselves that after all, perhaps, the lot may fall to Mr. Buchanan, and they turn upon him with the accumulated wrath of half a century!"

The following is from the Rochester *Advertiser*: "George Law will be the June Convention American candidate. Fillmore will decline the nomination of the party given to him at Philadelphia. He will decline because he is not an 'American' in the party sense in which that word is now used by the Know-Nothings. Information has been received from Mr. Fillmore, within a few days, to that effect."

The Evening Traveller of the 5th publishes a letter from the Hon. S. G. Haven, formerly law partner of Mr. Fillmore, and now member of Congress, dated April 13, in which he states that no ground exists for the report that Mr. Fillmore will decline the American nomination. On the contrary, Mr. Haven shows from the correspodence of Mr. Fillmore, that he is disposed to accept the nomination; and Mr. H. gives it as his opinion that he will do so.

The Pittsburg *Gazette* urges the nomination of Chase for the Presidency by the Black Republican party; on which the Cincinnati *Enquirer* remarks, "The signs are not so favorable as to make such nomination desirable by the ambitious Governor, who will find it a hard thing to again unite his scattered forces in this State; and out of it appearances are certainly anything but encouraging."

At the N. Y. Anniversary of the American Anti-slavery society, Theodore Parker concluded his lecture with a reference to the prospects for the next Presidency, during which he spoke favorably of Mr. Fremont, and of the successful opposition of his wife to the introduction of Slavery into California.

The "*True Democrat*," at New-Orleans, is the name of a new and well got up semi-weekly newspaper, by Dillard and Farris, $5 a year. It floats at its editorial head the Democratic ticket of James Buchanan, for President, and John Slidell for Vice-President of the United States.

Senator Bright, of Ind., has withdrawn the of use his name in connection with the Presidency, from before the Cincinnati Convention. As the second choice of the people of that State, the delegates will doubtless support Senator Douglas.

Colonel John Charles Fremont is not a Catholic, nor a slaveholder, but is a member of the Protestant Episcopal church, and is "intensely opposed to the further extension of slavery." So says C. C. Chaffee, member of Congress from Massachusetts.

The Democrats of New-Jersey and South Carolina, on the 6th, chose their delegates to the Cincinnati Convention; those from the former are in favor of Buchanan, and the latter of Pierce.

The Maine Republican Jounrnal (Buchanan) thinks Mr. Dickinson of this State, would be "an available candidate and an excellent President." That's so, adds the N. Y. *Daily News*.

The Tribune says, Cassius M. Clay is suggested for President by a correspondent in North-Eastern Pennsylvania, who believes he could carry that State.

The Boston *Traveller* recommends Hon. Caleb Cushing as a Presidential candidate.

It is now stated that Sam Houston will be an independent candidate for President.

BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The report of the "Joint Special Committee on the last Census," has recently been published, together with analytical and sanitary observations thereon, by Josiah Curtis, M. D. This is a document of a most important nature, containing a vast amount of statistical and sanitary information, which it would be well if all our countrymen, resident not only here but throughout Massachusetts, would study, and observe the moral lesson it inculcates. I propose to make a few extracts from this document, and from the report of the "Census of 1855," taken by George Adams, and through your columns ask the attention of our fellow countrymen to the facts here presented.

The entire population of Boston on the 1st May, 1850, was 138,788; of this number, 52,923 were of Irish birth; 2,666 of German birth, and 7,877 of other foreign countries; making the entire number of the "foreign population" in that year, 63,466; of these only 1,549 were voters.

From the Census of Boston for 1855 we learn, that the population of this city, on the 1st May in that year, was 161,429, showing an increase in numbers, in five years, of 22,641; of this number 77,567 are males, and 83,862 females. The Irish population is 68,611, showing an increase during the preceding five years of 15,688. The German population is 4,587, showing an increase in the same period among the Germans of 1,911, while the number of "other foreigners" is 12,309, showing an increase since 1850, under this head, of 4,432. The increase in the whole foreign population since 1850, is 22,041. Taking the "foreigners" from the "natives" it appears that the latter number only 75,922, while the former are 85,507. The very important fact is thus arrived at, that the "foreign population" of this city exceeds that of the native by 9,585. The Irish population alone being only 7,311 less than the native. Now, will it be believed that only 4,564 foreigners possess the elective franchise?—the remainder having no voice whatever in making the laws by which they are governed!

Here, then, is a city, containing a large majority of inhabitants who, in the prevalent cant of the day, are what are called "foreigners," with strength and intelligence sufficient to guide and control the government of the city, and thus give a tone to the legislation of the State; yet we have not, in city or State, a single individual of foreign birth holding office of any kind, and are destitute of the influence sufficient to elect even the Keeper of a Pound!

We have seen that, during a period of five years, the population of this city has increased 22,641. Of this number, 22,041 are foreigners, and 600 only natives. Thus, had it not been for the "foreign" element, the Census would exhibit an increase of only 600 persons; and, if men "constitute a State," then it appears that Boston has need to be thankful to the poor despised foreigners, who have prevented the "modern Athens" from remaining stationary, if not from going to decay.

The births in this city, during the past five years, keep up the character of our ancient race for productiveness, and fully prove that we are as fruitful as ever. It appears that foreign parents have given birth to more than twice the number of children belonging to parents of native birth; while it would also seem that our Yankee boys and girls have discovered the value of "amalgamation," as larger numbers than in previous years have intermarried among our country people. These reports present many other interesting facts, which, with your permission, I shall, at some future time, place before your readers.

Since the fine weather set in, large numbers of our people are going West. Every day witnesses the departure of bodies of the best and most thrifty citizens of Irish birth. The agitation excited by the emissaries of a foreign government, has created a strong social persecution to which no man can submit. Respectable young Irishmen, highly educated, who have arrived here during the last seven years, are being discharged from places of trust, because they inherit the curse of Swift; and as soon as it is discovered they are Irish, others refuse to employ them. Families, who for years have employed no domestics but Irish Catholics, now refuse to have any in their houses, believing that our poor but noble and pure country-women are "Jesuits in disguise."

In every class of society we are met with the sneers and contempt of a people who would not have a nationality to boast of, were it not for the assistance received from foreigners. It has become unbearable, and I rejoice to say that this year will reduce the population of Boston more than the past five years has increased it.

I know of several parties who have gone West within the last fourteen days, amounting to some 200 persons in all. Among them were men who have resided here for twenty years and upwards.

They fondly hoped they had made themselves a home, and expected to end their days here, and place their bones in the same graves with their little ones born upon this soil. But, alas! Massachusetts is no home for them; and now, when in the "sear and yellow leaf," they must begin their pilgrimage anew, and seek for some place where they can worship God, as their father's did of old, without fear of being deprived of the rights of citizenship for clinging to the ancient faith.

Of the 200 persons above alluded to, one of them carries with him $75,000, and another about $40,000, while the smallest sum possessed by the poorest of the immigrants is not less than $800.

It is said that the Irish population of this State have sixteen millions of dollars in the Banks. A large proportion of this sum will this year be withdrawn and vested in Western lands. In twelve months hence, it is propable, the whole, or nearly the whole, of this vast sum will be taken out of this State, and placed where it will be more productive to its owners. A sudden withdrawal of this money would plunge the State into bankruptcy. Let our Hindoo revilers and persecutors beware!

Boston, May 3, 1856. FIN MCCOUL.

Hon. George Bancroft has been invited to deliver an oration in Worcester on the Fourth of July next.

American News.

The Carlisle *Democrat* notices the death, in that place, on Thursday of last week, of Sergeant John L. Hays, an old resident of Carlisle, and a soldier of the war of 1812. Sergeant Hays was born on the day of the battle of Lexington, and was, consequently, eighty-five years of age. He was the son of the celebrated Molly Pitcher, who distinguished herself at the battle of Monmouth, and of whom Headley, in his "Life of Washington," gives the following account:

"It was during this part of the battle (when Gen. Lee was struggling nobly against the overwhelming numbers that pressed on him) that an Irishman, while serving his gun, was shot down. His wife, named Molly, only twenty-two years of age, employed herself, while he loaded and fired his piece, in bringing water from a spring near by. While returning with a supply she saw him fall, and heard the officer in command order the gun to be taken to the rear. She immediately ran forward, seized the rammer, declaring that she would avenge his death. She fought her piece like a hero to the last. The next morning, Greene, who had been struck with her bravery, presented her to Washington, who immediately promoted her to a sergeant, and afterwards put her name on the half-pay list for life. Previous to this she fired the last gun when the Americans were driven from Fort Montgomery."

At the close of the Revolution, Molly Pitcher took up her residence in Carlisle, where she was known as Molly McCanley. She lived to an advanced age, much respected by all, and was buried with military honors.

The anuual list of the persons, copartners and corporations of Boston, who are taxed for six thousand dollars and upward, has been published. It has now become the largest document issued by the city, occupying one hundred and seventy-five pages. The tax of Ebenezer Francis is the largest, viz.: $13,421 26, on $1,743,800, of which a million and a half is personal. The estate of the late Abbott Lawrence comes next, $10,325 70, on $866,000 of real and $475,000 of personal property. Those who are taxed for a half million and upward, excluding corporations, are as follows: Nathan Appleton, $572,000; William Appleton, $636,000; J. M. Beebe & Co., $563,300; John Bryant, $668,000; Abbott S. Lawrence and W. W. Stone, trustees, $586,000; Josiah Quincy, $565,000; Samuel Sanford (since deceased), $594,100, all on real estate; David Sears, $963,300; John Welles, $637,000; Thomas Wigglesworth, $605,500, all in real estate; Moses Williams, $566,500; heirs of John D. Williams, $927,800. Though the number of persons in the city worth $50,000 and upward increase from year to year, the number of colossal fortunes is smaller than it was a quarter of a century since.

There was a terrible affair at Islesboro', Maine, last week. Joseph G. Brown, owner of a small craft, returned to his home as his family were at breakfast. When his wife saw his countenance, she exclaimed, "I am afraid of you." He immediately caught up a knife, and pursued her to a corner of the room, and cut her throat, severing both her windpipe and carotid artery. Their daughter, 11 years old, in attempting to aid her mother, seized the knife, which Brown drew through her fingers, cutting them severely. The monster fled, and undertook to escape to sea in a boat, but was overtaken by Capt. Benjamin A. Warren and three others. He threw him, self overboard, with a rock tied to his neck, saying, "Warren-you know what I have done; I have killed my wife, but she killed me first,—take care of my children—I commit myself to the waves,"—but the water being shallow he was fished up, and committed to Belfast jail. He is 35 years old, and his wife was about 30, a small woman, inoffensive, and prepossessing in appearance.

The suspension bridge over the Montmorenci Falls (Canada) gave way on the 30th ult. The Quebec *Gazette* of the 1st says: "Yesterday morning, while a man and a woman were crossing in a cart, about 8 or 8½ in the morning, and a lad 16 years of age, were crossing on foot, the chain plates attached to the anchors on the south side of the Montmorenci snapped asunder, the bridge dropped down, throwing all upon it over and down the Falls into the pool, 300 feet below, and which is 36 feet deep, swung itself round over the cataract, and there it hangs now like a ribbon from the towers on the north side. The roar, when the bridge gave way, was terrific. The clanking of the iron reverberated like thunder. A Mr. Giroux, who lives a mile off, distinctly heard the noise. The names of the sufferers are, Ignatius Cote, farmer, of St. Ignace, and his wife, Angelique Drouin, and Louis Vezina. Cote and his wife were going to market. The boy Vezini had been sent for bread, and was returning to Ange Gardien. The bridge cost £9,000."

Emigration to the West, says the St. Louis *Daily Democrat*, is now attracting a larger share of public attention than at any former period of our history. In all sections, and throughout all circles, we find various social schemes in progress of development for the planting of colonies and the formation of settlements throughout the beautiful regions of the West. In these plans, too, we find every phase of opinion represented, while almost every motive that can influence enterprise is brought to bear upon the masses of the people who throng and suffer and die away in the densely crowded cities of the Union. From the Fourierite association in Iowa to the Socialist phalanx in Texas and the Octagon establishment in the south of Kansas, all seem to look forward to the Western wilds for a realization of the dreams that have floated through the philosophies of all ages, and which appear only now about to meet with an accomplishment.

Died, at Ann Arbor, Michigan, on the 5th of April, Mr. David Page, in the 90th year of his age. Mr. Page was born at Bedford, Massachusetts, February 7th, 1767—the same year with John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson. He was in his 9th year at the time of the memorable march to Concord—heard the first gun fired, and the stirring events that followed were deeply impressed upon his mind, for his immediate family and friends participated in the skirmish, and of the 8 killed and 8 wounded at Lexington, one of the former was a near neighbor. Even in extreme age, when the ear was dull to external sounds, and present occurrences could awaken no interest, the old man became eloquent on the past, and never failed, as year after year brought about the 19th of April, to mention it as the anniversary of the battle of Lexington.

A German who lives in Cincinnati lost two of his cows recently, and believed that an old woman in his neighborhood bewitched them. He obtained a warrant against her on a charge of witchcraft, but the Judge decided, after hearing, that the charge was not sustained.

In Jersey City, a few days since, a bold attempt was made at robbery. About midnight the lady of the house woke up, and seeing the burglar, demanded the cause of his intrusion, when he stepped to her bedside, and raising his clenched fist, said, "Lie still, or I'll take your life." "Take my life, ha!" responded our undaunted heroine, "take care that you don't have your own taken;" and, suiting the action to the word, she said, "John, hand me that pistol!" Now, although there was no John in the room (the heroic lady being all alone) but her Spartan courage had the desired effect, and the burglar, with several of his accomplices, fled from the premises without carrying off any booty.

George M. Troup, formerly Governor of Georgia, died on the 3d inst., of hemorrhage of the lungs. Mr. Troup was elected to Congress as a Representative from Georgia, in 1807, and remained in the House until 1815. He was elected to the U. S. Senate in 1846, but resigned two years afterward. In 1823 he was elected Governor by the Legislature, and in 1825 re-elected by the people. He went out of office in 1827, but in 1829 he was sent again to the United States Senate, where he remained until 1834. Gov. Troup was ardently devoted to the interests of his State, and was for many years the most popular man within her borders. Since 1834 he had altogether abstained from any prominent position in public life.

THE CANALS.—The State Canals were opened for navigation on the 5th inst. During the following years the Canals have been opened at the dates stated:—

1846	April 16	1852	April 20
1847	May 1	1853	April 20
1848	May 1	1854	May 1
1849	May 1	1855	May 1
1850	April 22	1856	May 5
1851	April 15		

The *Pennsylvanian* is handing down to an "immortality of infamy," the names of the Philadelphia Councilmen who refused the use of Independence Hall to Mr. Buchanan and his friends, on the occasion of his late visit to that city. The names of the "immortals" are all published in the *Pennsylvanian* of Tuesday, in which journal their conduct is strongly contrasted with that of the Councils of New York and Baltimore, both of those cities having extended an honorable courtesy to Mr. Buchanan, although politically opposed to him.

The Inspectors of the Eastern State Penitentiary, in Penn., for 1845, in their annual report, give a record of the religious training under which the convicts were trained, as follows:—Methodist, 110; Roman Catholic 90; German Lutheran, 65; Presbyterian, 50; Episcopalian, 21; German Reformed, 14; Baptist, 12; Friend, 6; Christian, 4; Disciple, 2; French Protestant, 2; Dutch Reformed, 2; United Brethren, 2; Ranter, 1; Menonist, 1; Universalist, 1; Israelite, 1; Non Professors, 32; Total, 416.

The Washington (Texas) *American* says that "Black Cat," the only living child of the famous Indian warrior Tecumseh, with a few of his followers, is encamped in that neighborhood. He wishes to start a trade between Washington and the Indians on the Reservation. The *American* says he is an intelligent fellow, speaks English intelligibly, and prides himself on his integrity.

We will venture the assertion, says the Oshkosh, Winnebago county, (Wis.) *Courier*, that within the past month the sales of real estate in that city, both in extent and amount, have exceeded by 50 per cent. those of any other place in Wisconsin of the same number of inhabitants. A large portion of these sales have been made to new comers from the East.

"A Know Nothing editor in Springfield, Mass., taking the 17th verse of Revelations as his basis, goes into an estimate to prove that if the earth should stand 400,000 years, there will still be abundance of room in Heaven. Suppose there will; how can the fact affect him?" "Good for a girl," says the Madison *Argus and Democrat*.

The whole number of surviving Revolutionary Soldiers in the United States, whose names were on the Pension Rolls on the 30th day of June, 1855, was only 726, of whom 177 reside in the State of New York. It is estimated that over one-half of the number have since died. The whole number of widows of Revolutionary Soldiers on the Rolls, at the same date, was 5,552.

A general law of the Wisconsin Legislature raises the per diem pay of supervisors, assessors, town clerks, and superintendents, to $1 50. The law took effect on the 1st inst. Also, every male inhabitant, Indians and negroes excepted, have to pay $1 poll tax.

Henry Taylor, one of the pioneers of Kentucky, and an Indian spy more than sixty years ago, died in Kentucky, in the 88th year of his age. He was a soldier in Wayne's campaign in 1784, and was at the battle of the Fallen Timber, on the 20th of August, in that year.

The Galveston *News* reports that vegetation was suffering all over Texas in consequence of drouth. The Indianola *Bulletin* of the 25th ult., however, says:—The crops in the interior, where stands have been procured, are looking well, although there has been no rain for a month.

Mrs. Sarah Coupson has eloped from her husband and child, at West Milford, N. J., with David White. She has eloped two or three times before, aud has five sisters, who have all run away from their husbands with other men. Ryerson is the family name of these remarkable sisters.

A grand buffalo hunt and expedition to the salt springs of Minnesota, to be absent about four weeks, has been projected at St. Anthony, and is expected to leave immediately after the adjournment of the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati.

The *Day Book* says three quarters of the hands employed on the N. Y. *Express* are Irish. Its reporters are Irish, its mail boys are Irish, its press-man is Irish, two of its editors are foreigners, and the whole crowd of agents and newsboys that scatter it about the city are Irish.

The *National Intelligencer* says: "The whole number of claims presented for 'land warrants' amounts to 240,000. Examined, 170,000; issued, 54,000; leaving only 70,000 to be examined; consequently the supply for the present year cannot equal the last.

In old times, the bills of lading commenced as follows; "Shipped, by the grace of God, in good condition," &c. Dr. Franklin used to print and sell bills of lading, and some pious persons objecting to the usual heading, he advertised that he sold bills of lading "with or without the grace of God."

A projected duel, at Ligonier, Westmoreland county, Pa., last week, was put an end to by one of the pistols exploding prematurely, in the hands of a young man acting as second to one of the parties, the ramrod passing through and badly lacerating his hand. Blood having been shed, "honor" was thereby healed, and the matter in dispute was considered as settled.

"The newspapers," says the Northern Budget, "west of Troy, Albany papers included, are cut off from telegraphic reports, except those they pay for at private rates. There appears to be some misunderstanding between Mr. Craig, the newspaper agent, and the telegraph company.

The statistical returns of Providence, R. I., show that the two patent medicine establishments in that city render the enormous product of 1,000 barrels and 332,000 bottles of medicine to the amount of $700,000.

Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Norfolk, Va., in his book entitled "The Summer of the Pestilence," inclines to the opinion that the fever of last summer is a travelling epidemic, and that, when it once reaches a place, there is no security but in flight.

There are five thousand colored people in Cincinnati. Five are physicians, one of them has an extensive practice among both blacks and whites. Among this class is Henry Boyd, cabinet manufacturer, worth $40,000.

The Cincinnati *Daily Enquirer*, comes to us in a very handsome shape. It is in size and getting up somewhat similar to the New-York *Times*. It is full of news, selected and original manuscript, and is well printed.

Dr. John C. Warren, an eminent physician and surgeon of Boston, died on the 4th inst. of a disease of the digestive organs. He had reached the advanced age of 78. He was a nephew of Maj.-Gen. Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill.

The rose of Florida, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the birds of Paradise, the most beautiful of birds, give no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit.

Fourteen persons confined in the County Jail, Cincinnati, being unable to pay the fines or costs charged against them, were released yesterday upon order of the County Commissioners.

When lovely woman veils her bosom
With muslin fashionably thin,
What man with eyes could e'er refuse 'en
From casually peeping in?

The annual manufactures of Boston and vicinity, and the other principal towns of Massachusetts, reach the enormous amount of three hundred millions of dollars, or one million for every working day in the year.

It is rumored that Mrs. Robinson, the "veiled murderess," has been transferred from the New-York state prison to the lunatic asylum, preparatory to her transfer to freedom. She has yet quite a capital of youth and beauty.

A young lady sends the following paragraph to the Florence *Gazette;* the editor says, "We would give her name, but refrain, because we don't want everybody to know what a *tease* she is :"

A paragraph is going the rounds, to the effect that Colonel J. C. Fremont was born in France, in January, 1813. His father was an emigrant from France, and his mother a native of Virginia.

The legislature, in joint meeting, re-elected Mr. Minor Governor of Connecticut, on the 8th. The whole number of votes cast was 251, of which Mr. Minor received 135, and Mr. Ingham 116.

Eighty thousand dollars have been subscribed in Charleston towards building a new steamer to run between that port and New York, in conjunction with the line already in operation.

An individual in St. Louis has sold for $24,875, a site in St. Paul, that he purchased six years before for $600. This is "taking a sight" to some purpose.

There is a man named Nathan Brown in jail in Butler county, Ohio, who had nine living wives. He is jugged *this time* on complaint of the *Seventh*.

On the 7th the engine boiler of the train from Elsinore, on the Catawissa Railroad exploded. The fireman and brakeman were killed, and the baggage master fatally injured.

The Post Office department has caused to be prepared a new stamp with the head of Jefferson, of the value of 5 cents, expressly to prepay postage on foreign letters.

ALBANY, MAY 8.—The boiler-head of the steam-tug Washington Hunt., burst, scalding the engineer, fireman and cook, the latter severely.

A monument to the memory of Col. Morgan will be inaugurated on the 4th of July next, in Winchester, Va., where the hero died.

A duel took place on the 3d, near the North Carolina State line, between Dr. Wilkins and Mr Flanner, of Wilmington. Mr. Wilkins was killed at the third fire.

There are five persons in the Cincinnati County Jail charged with murder in the 1st degree, viz.: Summons, Arrison, Bailey, Kain and Harrington. These five murdered seven persons.

The Boston Post says, that within the twenty-four hours ending Saturday noon, *nineteen thousand bushels of potatoes* had arrived at that port from Nova Scotia.

An individual in St. Louis has sold for $24,875, a site in St. Paul that he purchased six years before for $600. This is "taking a sight" to some purpose.

During the past four months nearly two hundred seamen have been shipped into the United States service at the Norfolk rendezvous.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives refused to reconsider the vote by which it rejected the bill to establish a Nautical School.

Wm. F. Rives, Esq., who served in the Mexican war, and has ever since been an invalid, has died in Prince George County, Va.

A little school girl in East Boston jumped the rope two hundred times in succession without stopping, and died from excess of exertion.

The Iowa Sentinel says the spring elections in that state indicate a democratic majority of about three thousand.

A man is walking for a wager in New Orleans. He is to walk 338 half hours, on a bet of $1500.

The Milwaukee papers boast that there is in that city more than twice as much wheat and nearly three times as much flour in store and ready for shipment as there is in Chicago.

Garland, the $200,000 defaulting treasurer in New Orleans, has been admitted to bail in the sum of forty thousand dollars.

Major Brown, Prosecuting Attorney of the Police Court, Cincinnati, was, on the 6th, presented with a magnificent sword.

The ladies of Charleston, S. C., have raised $16,500 for the purpose of erecting a monument to John C. Calhoun.

Within a week over one hundred persons have emigrated from Washington County, Md.; many going to Kansas.

The number of convictions at the Police court in Albany from the 1st of January to the 1st of May, was 59.

The Natchez, Miss., papers notice the fall of heavy rains between there and Vicksburg in the last week.

Mr. Harmon Gilbert, of Wilton, lately slaughtered 28 black snakes, all measuring over four feet in length.

Much sickness is said to prevail among the cattle and horses of Clinton, Iowa, and the neighborhood.

Gen. John Rayburn, a prominent democratic politician of Mississippi, died a few days since.

The city of St. Paul has offered a prize of $500, in wharfage, to the first boat at that city.

It is thought that the navigation of the Oswego canal cannot be resumed before the 20th.

The sales of 444 of the principal firms of St. Louis for 1855, amounted to $87,033,697.

The Newburyport jail has now but one tenant, and he has been there 18 years.

The new dome of the capitol at Washington will cost about a million of dollars.

More than 1,000 barrels of eggs are daily received at New York.

The Georgia Know Nothings have disbanded.

Canadian Parliament Debate.—Smith O'Brien and John Frost.

In moving for an address to the Queen for an unconditional pardon to Smith O'Brien and John Frost, Mr. Lyon Mackenzie stated his main object to be that the Canadian Parliament might publicly express its sympathy in the cause of freedom in Ireland and England. In addressing the House to justify the motion, he said that the former gentleman deserved the sympathy of this country, as he was always for liberal measures and reform, and had formerly viewed this country with feelings of affection. In support of this motion he adduced the fact of several petitions having been presented to the Provincial Legislature, and to the Imperial Parliament for the same object. And he was not a violent man in his language, as was evident from that used by him upon a certain occasion in Van Dieman's Land, when he spoke in the most kind manner of those who had punished him, and in the most respectful terms of her Majesty. The former of these exiles, he also urged, had, while a member of the House of Commons, always befriended the cause of Canadian emancipation from the thraldom of Downing street, and therefore, in gratitude, the Colonial Assembly should have a feeling of sympathy for their political benefactor. As to the latter individual (Frost,) he had fully expatiated the trivial offence for which he has suffered banishment, and is now too advanced in years to be a dangerous subject. All men were liable to go wrong; and here we found the case of a member of Parliament brought down to the most abject position, merely because he had tried to do what he could for his fellow-creatures. Had not Quebec memorialized this Legislature to interfere in the matter—and had not the Mayor of that city asked the same? Petitions had come from all parts to seek its interference on behalf of these gentlemen, and 150 members of Parliament in England had memorialized Lord Palmerston for their pardon. The honorable gentleman then alluded to the circumstances of their conviction, and the difficulty that existed with the Court in getting a verdict upon Frost's case. Frost was between 70 and 80 years of age; and surely, with his white locks of hair, the English Government need not be afraid of allowing him to return to see his wife, children, and grandchildren. If they thought there was any great danger in doing so, the Government must be in a very weak state there. The British residents in New-York had, at a meeting at the Astor House, adopted a petition to the Home Government for his release—he being present at the meeting. From what he had heard, he was a very excellent man; and he had a letter from him the other day, most cordial in its terms,—but in order to save time, he would not read it. He would conclude by putting his motion into the Speaker's hands.

Hon. Mr. Drummond, Attorney General of Lower Canada, deeply sympathized with men of noble birth (hear, hear), Mr. Mackenzie had paid a just tribute to the genius and heart-qualities of Smith O'Brien. He (Mr. D.) desired to see the latter restored to his family, but, notwithstanding all that, he would vote against the motion. He thought Smith O'Brien amply punished, but did not think the Canadian Legislature should interfere in the matter. He trusted to get a majority in the House to vote against the motion.

Mr. Bowes seconded Mackenzie's motion. Mr. Turcotte believed that Canada should not interfere. Mr. O'Farrell made a fool of himself. Mr. Robinson did not see why they should ask for the pardon of Smith O'Brien, when it was known that if he had chosen to ask for a pardon himself he might have had it. Mr. Foley could not agree with the Attorney General. Mr. Brown did agree with that official. Mr. Stevenson beheld nothing to excite the sympathy of Canada.

Mr. Mackenzie remarked that the Hon. member for Lambton (Brown) had made a parade of his feelings of sympathy with the exiles, but notwithstanding all his sympathy, he could not be induced to vote for an address praying their recall. Now he (Mr. Mackenzie) expected very little sympathy from that Hon. gentleman, in this way or any other matter. He remembered too well the way that Hon. gentleman pounced upon him when in exile, and would have kept him there if he could. He remembered too well that, through his organ the *Globe*, that Hon. gentleman said: "Never let Mackenzie come back. If you allow him to return he will ruin your credit." But that Hon. gentleman failed then, as he hoped he would fail now. He would say, too, that if the Hon. member for Lambton, or any other Hon. member in that House, never did anything worse than vote for the return to their homes of two of the most noble and kind-hearted men, their political career would be a proud one indeed. The Hon. member from Lambton was always very harsh on any poor people that happened to get into the wrong box.

Mr. Brown denied that he had ever opposed Mr. Mackenzie's return. He thought that it was very bad policy to place any gentleman in the position of a martyr.

After a few words from Mr. DeWitt, in favor of the motion, it was put and carried. Ayes 40, nays 38.

THE IRISH NIGHT—CANADA SYMPATHIZES WITH IRELAND.

Last Monday night, the 28th of April, was pre-eminently an Irish, or rather a Celtic night. Mr. Mackenzie, who is sometimes rather obnoxious to the other members of the House, moved a resolution for an address to the Queen, soliciting the recall of Wm. Smith O'Brien and John Frost, Mayor of Newport, in Wales, and despite of the unpopularity of the mover, and the most earnest opposition on the part of the Government, given on constitutional grounds, the motion was carried by a vote of 40 to 38, the ministry sustaining a most vexatious defeat, in their efforts to prevent the Canadian Parliament from expressing its sympathy with the suffering Celts of fatherland. We hail this as a great national triumph—as an indication that the representatives of the people of Canada do not fear to say Ireland has unjustly suffered, or that the men who sought to free her from the gall and wormwood of England's constitutional tyranny, should tread once again the soil which their sufferings have hallowed. Many of the old Reform party on this occasion broke free from the trammels of faction which recent politico-religious excitement has imposed upon them, and spoke of Ireland and Irishmen, and the cause of Irish freedom, as their hearts dictated, and as they were used to do of old, when they and we fought hand to hand, year after year, for the great principle of Responsible Government.

The passage of the resolutions for an address for the recall of our illustrious countryman is not only important in so far as it holds out a hope of a future union of the Reform party, but also in relation to its effects upon the interests of our friends and kinsmen in Ireland. Canada has heretofore existed in their minds as a wild, distant, and inhospitable region; but after the passage of the resolutions of Monday night this feeling can exist no longer. The Irish people will know, AS WE SHALL TAKE CARE THEY SHALL, that their countrymen have a strong foothold in the Canadas. Petitions, memorials, letters from particulars, and occasionally from corporations, have been hitherto the only weapons available for fighting their battles—but a new precedent is here established. England must feel hereafter that the eyes of the representatives of three millions of Canadians are upon her, and Ireland that they behold and sympathize with her in her struggles for freedom. What a spectacle is here represented to the "winking premier" of Britain! (as the *Nation* calls him.) The Parliament of a Celtic people, 3,000 miles away from the scene of their labors, condemning in the most emphatic terms, the barbarous and iniquitous sentence which drove the warmest, if not the wisest, patriots Ireland has ever nurtured into exile and disgrace! A government, one of the strongest in parliamentary strength we have ever had, endeavoring to defeat the motion, at the suggestion no doubt of its viceregal master, being compelled to raise a side issue, and to oppose it on the ground that Canada had no right to interfere in Imperial affairs. Every possible tribute was paid by Mr. Attorney-General Drummond to Smith O'Brien, and the cause he advocated, but the members were most humbly besought that they would not employ the dread power of parliament on behalf of an Irish "rebel." It was a something so startling to the hon. gentleman, that in the presence of the mace—that under the very nose of the brazen lion frowning so redoubtably from over the Speaker's chair, the Commons of Canada should pass an address to the Queen condemning, however indirectly, the policy which drove Ireland in '48 into the vortex of revolution, that he trusted the House would never, sanction it. But the House *did* sanction it.—*Toronto Mirror.*

Two full-sized and two smaller specimens of steam fire engines were officially entered in the competition for prizes of $500 and $300 in the Park.

The fires were lighted in the three furnaces at 10 3-4 o'clock. The competing machines were as as follows :

First : A small model by James Smith, fire-engine builder. The boiler upright tubular, the engine and pump directly, connected, and throwing the valve by a lever.

Second : A full-sized machine, by W. C. & J. S. Burnham. Boiler also upright tubular, with two engines, each connected directly to one of their much approved patent pumps, and also to a cranked shaft. Valves worked by eccentrics. The carriage of this machine was of sufficient size to carry wood for fuel.

Third : A full-sized machine, by Wellington Lee and J. G. E. Larned; boiler, Larned patent (upright double tubes, with fire both inside and out), two oscillating engines (Reed's patent), connected to one rotary pump (Cary's patent.)

Fourth : A small cylinder and pump attached to the last, and working by the aid of steam from the same boiler.

All the machines were made in this city; all operated with wood fuel; the steam in all followed the piston throughout the full stroke; and all worked without serious difficulty for about an hour, after which Smith's broke at some point and the fire was drawn. Smith's played through twenty feet of hose, and threw a quarter-inch stream about 65 feet; Burnham's played through fifty feet hose, and threw a three-quarter inch stream about 130 feet; Larned's played through fifty feet of hose, and threw an inch and a quarter stream about 185 feet. For a long time this engine threw two streams, one an inch and one-sixteenth and the other one inch in diameter, directing the latter back into the cistern to economize the water, which was not supplied fast enough by hose from three hydrants. During a short period both streams were played into the air, each exhibiting nearly all the force observed when played alone. Lee & Larned's machine complete weighs 6,600 lbs., Burnham's weighs 4,000. Smith's was never weighed. The committee to award the prizes is the Standing Committee of the Board of Councilmen on Fire Department.

Mr. Henry Grinnell, of New-York, has received a letter from Lady Franklin, in which she expresses a desire that Dr. Kane should visit England for the purpose of taking charge of another Arctic expedition. She still hopes that some survivor of Sir John Frandlin's party may be found living among the Esquimaux, from whom might be obtained the particulars of her husband's fate. She proposes to fit out a propellor at her own expense, and give the command to Dr. Kane.

Answers to Correspondents.

The *Criterion* is a graceful and learned paper. But it sometimes falls into errors. A recent number contained a long review of Mr. Savage's book. Half of it purported to be a sagacious political argument, through which an earnest sympathy with Ireland prevailed. Speaking of O'Connell's favorite project of the Repeal of the Legislative Union, the *Criterion* writes:

"To our mind the brilliant antithesis of one of Ireland's own most gifted sons, Richard Lalor Sheil, comprehends and settles the whole question. Deriding the project for the Repeal of the Legislative Union, he said, "Repeal the Union—restore the Heptarchy."

Mr. Sheil gets credit from the *Criterion* for a phrase he never made use of. Sir Robert Peel, in the debate on O'Connell's motion for Repeal, in 1834, spoke thus: "When Dr. Johnson was asked to refute the arguments for the non-existence of matter, he stamped his foot upon the ground, and exclaimed, 'I refute them thus.' When Mr. Canning heard the first whisper in this House of a Repeal of the Union, this was all the answer he vouchsafed—"Repeal the Union—restore the Heptarchy." So far, indeed, from making use of this "brilliant antithesis," or speaking at all in the spirit of it, Mr. Sheil, on the occasion alluded to by the *Criterion*, delivered one of his most telling speeches in favor of Repeal; and, illustrating the perfect feasibility of the project, cited the existence of Sweden and Norway:

"Sweden and Norway have one King and two parliaments. Since the year 1815, there has been no quarrel between the Legislatures."

And then he turns to another example:

"You were instrumental in effecting the Union of Belgium and Holland. Lord Castlereagh, who carried the Irish Union, represented you at the Congress in which the different arrangements with respect to Belgium and Holland were made. You have yourselves recently been parties to that separation which Belgium demanded, and you assented to the grounds on which it was required."

But we are not arguing Repeal. It is a gracious service, we conceive to remedy the mistake of a writer who devotes himself to the inculcation of the art of correct composition, and, having done so, we leave Repeal where O'Connell found it.

PRESIDENTIAL.—We have received the following document marked "official," and stop the press to give it the instant and immediate benefit of our circulation. We need not dwell on the character of the writer, or his important *pronunciamento*. We do not envy the feelings of the man, native born or "foreign," who is not moved by it. We break no confidence in saying that it is whispered about that the "great American traveller" is preparing notes of his vast wanderings—the author was six times in Washington—for Bayard Taylor's forthcoming "Cyclopedia of Modern Travel." All other travellers stand still until they hear of Pratt's peregrinations.

The Rise And Progress of America. The power and influence of America, consists, in Emigrants setling, building up, and enriching America, it is attributable to the Intelligence of the laboring classes, the Military, the Navy, the Literature, the Press. Let universal sufferage be tolerated in this country, that is, let every intelligent legal voter who respects the American Flag, have the priviledge of voting at the city, State and united states Elections. The Irish Nation unquestionably are characterized by her inhabitants. If it had not been for the Ireishmen, we should not had our canals, our Rail Roads, our Telegraphs. The Ireish men are noted for Strength, for ardious labor, whit, and strong attatchment to association and their Nationality. America is composed of all Nations, kindreds, and Toungs, and they demand a man for the Next Presidency, one who is able to take an average of all the Parties, and go in for the good for all. The attatchment of the Ireishmen towards each other is very commendable trait in their character. Their is no way to benefit any man until you first secure his confidence that you are his Friend. I am for taking an average of all the parties and go for the union of States, which form our great and growing confederacy. I am an Editor, Author and Publisher and Honorary Member of the Military. Danial Pratt, Jr., of Boston, the Great American Traveller, and the Independent candidate for the Presidency of the U. S. A.

We learn that Mrs. Luby will repeat her clever lecture on "The Dances of all Nations," on June 2, at her Academy, and will be assisted by Mdlle. Eliza Valentini, who is favorably known as a talented *artiste* and composer. The exercises of the pupils of both ladies will add to the interest of the occasion.

We devote a page to-day to the most interesting facts and statistics furnished by the anniversary meetings of the various societies held in New-York. To our out-of-town readers they will be interesting, and to all useful for reference. We shall conclude them next week.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1856.

GENERAL WALKER.

A strong feeling has, for many weeks past, prevailed here in favor of this brave soldier of republicanism. Heretofore, somewhat subdued in its expression, the Executive and Congress were allowed full leisure to take the initiative which the interests of America, and the great principles underlying its constitution, suggested. Wearied of delay, impatient of the restraints thrown in the way of their generous action, fearful of fresh difficulties thickening round their countrymen in Nicaragua, the citizens of New-York have broken through their silence.

The meeting at the National Hall, last week, attests the sympathy of the mass of the people for the Democratic army of Granada. The Red Ribbon was displayed. The flag of the Five Volcanoes, unfurled above the chair, received the enthusiastic recognition of men of all parties. The speeches were hearty and instructive. In their conclusions they were not only inspiriting, but practical. Not cheers, not resolutions, not men even, but arms and money—the sinews of war—do the democrats in Nicaragua require; and these they shall have. Such was the decision of the meeting. To give prompt effect to it, a Committee was named to collect subscriptions, and forward them.

With all this we are thoroughly delighted. The noble work has our heartiest good wishes, and whatever service it is in our power to render.

On subjects of an interest exclusively American—on those, rather, which divide the Commonwealth into great parties, and give rise to contests at the Polls, in Senates, and Conventions—we reserve our opinion, until, with the privileges, the obligations of citizenship justify its utterance. Not so with those questions which rise above the debates of mere political parties, swell beyond the frontiers of the country, attract with their glowing magnitude the sympathies of all men, and the consequences of which will spread and deepen, like great rivers, through the future.

Such are the revolutions of Europe; the labors in the white Arctic fields; the breaking of that antique seal, which has till now shut out the world from Japan; the tunnelling of the Alps, or any of the other great actions of human genius, bringing sterility, disorder, decay or tyranny, into fruitfulness, harmony, life and liberty.

Such, too, is the question now debated with fire and sword upon the Isthmus of Nicaragua; a question of infinite interest, and if men would only look upon it with honest eyes, and from a clear, bold height, instead of from a cobwebbed corner, a question of the grandest aspect. Not since Columbus set his foot on the sands of San Salvador—not since that prophetic bell of Philadelphia proclaimed liberty to the ends of earth—has a question of grander import announced itself in thunder to mankind.

But were the events now occurring in Nicaragua to be limited with their issues to that country; were they never to affect the commerce and sovereignty of the United States; never to proclaim themselves as that tocsin of the Declaration has for all ages done; yet must they deeply excite the sympathies of all who desire to see a country in the fruition of peace, prosperity, and freedom.

The cause in which General Walker has staked his life, is just, generous, and glorious. Invited by the Democrats of Nicaragua, who are to that country what the Whigs of the Revolution were to the old Thirteen States and their struggle, he sets sail for Rejealo, and with a handful of intrepid followers, strikes down the Aristocrats, who in that quarter perpetuate the instincts and example of the Tories of the old colonial days.

No one disputes this. No one ventures a breath in defence of the Serviles of Granada. But General Walker, it seems, had no right to interfere! The cause he has chivalrously helped must be suffered to perish, until some text from Grotius is found to justify his promptitude to succor the oppressed. That's the argument. That's the argument of those who in cold blood stand by to see the Serviles of Nicaragua once more with their grasp upon the throat of the people, the Costa Ricans in possession of the route to California, the English with a lease of it for 999 years, in payment of the services of the *Euridice* at the mouth of the San Juan, and other value less publicly bestowed.

The world has not thrust its arms elbow-deep into its breeches pockets, put on its spectacles, hemmed and hawed solemnly, turned over Grotius, Burlemachi, Vattal—a page every half hour—to justify Lord Cochrane in Callao, Humbert in the bay of Killala, Devereux in Venezuela, Byron in Greece, Dembinski in Hungary, Lafayette at Brandywine. There are some events, the loftiest planted in history, which—as Grattan said of the Irish Volunteers—contain in themselves both principle and precedent.

On the 1st day of January, 1796, in reply to the Minister of the French Republic, on the latter presenting the colors of France to the United States, George Washington pronounced these noble words:

Born, Sir, in a land of liberty; having early learned its value; having engaged in a perilous conflict to defend it; having, in a word, devoted the best years of my life to secure its permanent establishment in my own country,—my anxious recollections, my sympathetic feelings, and my best wishes, are irresistibly excited, whensoever, in any country, I see an oppressed nation unfurl the banners of freedom.

In the spirit of these sentiments, New-York has spoken out. New-Orleans has done the same. Nicaragua shall be free! The Democracy of America decrees it.

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

The Danish Sound Dues Question is to all appearances to be left as it has been, or very nearly so. The agitation of it has awakened the researches of some historical and statistical students—has rippled in noisy figures, flashed in some angry, and floated in other philosophic paragraphs through the editorial columns of American and European journals, but farther than that, apparently, the result has been, and will be, nothing.

That the collection of these Dues is a swindle, has been very generally admitted by those who have given the subject any study; and that it should be annulled, was as generally howled from one end of Europe to the other, when the American notice to that effect was wafted to Europe some sixteen months ago. This commotion on the part of philanthropic Europe was in no wise lessened by a knowledge of the fact that Denmark was poor, and that the Dues and Tolls formed one of her three chief resources of revenue.

"Live and let live" is a good and manly maxim; but the means of so doing must be guaranteed by some slight allusion to the existence of reciprocal honesty.

If the audacity of a "Confidence Man" carried him successfully through an "immemorial usage"—as the Dane says—of his neighbors' gullibility and quiescence, we doubt if the plea of "custom" would much affect the decision of the court, were he at last clearly arraigned at the bar of public justice. Denmark has played such a game, and with a "distinguished consideration" not noticeable otherwise in the business, gave the implicative and euphonious name of "Due" to what is more truly characterized by the grating and irritating monosyllable "Tax." It is in every sense an *imposing* relic of the feudal times. The commercial nations have had to render to the Dane, as the serfs did to the barons, a portion of their toil and care and industry; and from the extensive character of the tariff, there is scarcely a product of the earth but pays this tribute. Were these taxes confined to commodities landed in Denmark, on the home-industry-protection system, nothing could be said; but it is quite the contrary, the tax being demanded at the mouth of the cannon, for passing by the country, as vessels pass England and France, going through the Straits of Dover.

The notice of America, and the agitation of the matter in Europe drove Denmark to a "Conference" with the interested powers; America alone, reclining on its right and not on the chances of being swamped among the balancers of power, refusing to send a representative. After some time, the Danish Commissary, Mr. Bluhme, submitted a proposal of capitalization—in effect that for the abolition of the tolls Denmark should receive thirty-five milllions Danish rix dollars; the mere consideration of which appears to us as tantamount to an acknowledgment of the right of collection. Mr. Bluhme offered the following conditions:

That all the powers interested in the Baltic trade and navigation participate in the payment, and that it shall be agreed to by the powers represented in the Conferences, Denmark reserving to herself to treat separately with the powers not represented as to their quota share.

That a sum of 2,335,088 rix dollars shall be considered as an indemnity for the lighthouse dues, and 32,664,912 rix dollars as compensation for the duties upon goods.

That the payment of the quota share of each of the represented powers, shall be guaranteed to Denmark in a satisfactory manner.

He also declared the sum stated to be the *minimum* of "indemnity which Denmark had the right to claim;" the divisions of which among the nations interested is estimated respectively at: Great Britain 10,000,000 Danish money (or about £1,200,000), the share of Russia about the same, that of Prussia about 4,500,000 Danish, that of Sweden and Norway about 2,000,000, that of Netherlands 4,500,000, that of France 1,250,000, that of Belgium 3,000,000, that of Spain 1,000,000, and so on in proportion to the yearly average amount of dues each State has paid in later years.

England—which through its leading journals so decidedly backed up the intentions of the United States—has, as we stated in a previous article, changed her tone, the Danish foreign debt being chiefly held by British bondholders. She has rejected the proposal of Denmark, and it is rumored proposes instead that a period of fourteen years be conceded to Denmark to continue the tax, after which it shall expire of itself—or that the Baltic states alone should pay the capitalization. Another statement, however, is afloat, said to be confirmed by authority in Copenhagen as the real proposition of the English Government, to wit: "That the Sound Dues are to be retained, but their amount shall in future be levied in the Baltic ports instead of at Elsinore," which in the eyes of some Englishmen is wholesome, and "in conformity with English interests," as it proposes to prolong the revenue which serves as security to the Anglo-Danish loan.

So, the Taxes will be prolonged that England be guaranteed her loan.

The *Shipping Gazette*, which has the pockets of its patrons at heart, raises another and very sensible point, which is not easily out-argued:

Has our contemporary (the *Times*) taken the trouble to ascertain whether Denmark is entitled to levy these tolls at all? We are told that if the 35,000,000 rix dollars demanded by Denmark for the capitalization of the dues be paid, British shipping will benefit, in English money, in the proportion of between £70,000, the present sum paid by this country in the shape of Sound Dues, and £45,000, the interest of the sum which it is proposed England shall pay by way of capitalization. But who is to pay the £45,000? Not the shipping interest, surely? *Upon what principle can Government justify the bill which they have just passed for the abolition of passing tolls, levied in this country on shipping, if they should be induced to determine that, with respect to foreign passing tolls, not only compensation shall be paid, but be paid by the shipping interest.* We believe, as we have affirmed on every occasion since the subject has been under discussion, that Denmark had never any right, except by treaty, to levy these obnoxious tolls, and that, at the expiration of the treaty now in existence, British ships would have a right to pass into the Baltic without leave of Denmark, and, of course, without submitting to be taxed by that State. Are the United States going to pay their share of the sum demanded for the capitalization of the Dues; or, when Denmark has exacted all she can from European commerce, are American ships to ride through the Sounds free from the exactions from which other maritime countries have had to purchase exemption? This is a question which must be answered before the subject of compensation can be permitted to be opened in this country. Whatever the issue may be, it must be perfectly understood that British ships will no longer submit to pay these passing tolls to foreign States, nor will the shipping interest consent to be saddled with the cost of compensation to foreign powers, for the abolition of such imposts as our government has admitted, in the present season, to be iniquitous and unjustifiable, as regards the passing tolls on ships levied at our own ports.

The question of poverty which seems to claim attention in behalf of Denmark is somewhat absurd. If a nation with some two and a half millions of a population, and a revenue of about fourteen millions of dollars (American) chooses to run in debt to the extent of sixty millions, and otherwise beggars it-

self by sustaining, or trying to sustain, a royal style, title, and dignity, besides a standing army of twenty-five thousand soldiers; it is scarcely a republican duty to throw aside a question of national right, merely to allow the little old prodigal to keep up appearances.

The question is not of the poverty of any party, but of money claimed where it is not due.

THE DOOMS-DAY BOOK.

An article in the London *Times* has lately told the truth about Ireland, with a terrible emphasis. We learn from it, that in March, 1851, the number of men and women in Ireland was reduced to 6,550,000, from 8,175,000, their number in June, 1841. So that, the Irish population, in ten years, has decreased by more than 1,500,000. This the *Times* observes, with a superb complacency, was, of course, the effect of the famine, and its concomitant pest:

"No extent of emigration, such as was possible for Ireland, could explain it. Emigration at the very utmost could only have kept the numbers of the population at or near the same level; it is entirely contrary to experience to suppose that it could have neutralized the average annual excess of births, and then reduced that level so signally. Emigration has undoubtedly contributed its own effect; but, after making all possible allowance for this; a very large proportion remains to be accounted for, and nothing else will account for it but the famine and the plague."

Having thus calmly explained the decrease in the population, the philosopher exclaims:

"What an idea of their intensity is impressed on us by the multitude of their victims! More than a million human beings stricken down in less than three years by hunger and disease!—a population nearly equal to half of Scotland—more than half that of London proper—fully equal to that of four first-rate English cities—larger than that of one of the Canadas, and exceeding that of some half-dozen other not unimportant English colonies! Men talk of war as if it were the great destroyer of life. But what have two years of this war, with all the means and appliances of the destructive art, and—more deadly still—with all the combined horrors of disease without remedies, and climate without protection—of tents and clothing that exposed men, already prostrate under typhus or dysentery, to the piercing blasts and cutting sleet of the Crimea—what have they done in comparison with the pest which slew its countless victims in the stillness of a two years' unbroken peace? Even if the loss on the side of our enemy be allowed to include the mortality among the inhabitants of the Crimea, or the motley band which may have accompanied the Russian armies without sharing the dangers in the field—the total amount of those who have perished on their side and that of the allies will not equal the victims of the Irish famine."

And to what was that famine owing, will the lordly *Times* tell the world? Will it tell the world, that whilst this havoc was spreading, Ireland was exporting to England food to the value of fifteen million pounds sterling, and had on her own soil ample provision for double her population? Will it deny what John Mitchel has put in black and white—that during the four famine years—'46, '47, '48—Ireland exported four quarters of grain for every quarter she imported, besides cattle; and of the grain imported, the greater part had been exported before, and came back laden with two freights and speculators' profits, to the helpless consumers?

EUROPEAN NEWS BY THE ATLANTIC.

The chief feature of the news by the Atlantic (which arrived on last Monday, with dates to 30th ult.), is the official publication of the Treaty which we publish elsewhere. The missing articles, numbers 5, 6, 7 and 8, are given. 5 and 6 provide for a general amnesty and exchange of prisoners. 7 and 8 admit Turkey to the public law and political system of Europe. By these we are informed "her independence and territorial integrity" are secured, as also an engagement which binds the contracting powers, should a misunderstanding arise with the Porte, not to use physical force, without giving notice to the other parties to the contract; not, of course, that they would stop them—oh, no, but merely that an opportunity for mediation might be made.

Peace was formally proclaimed in London on the 29th ult. with all the pomp, pageantry and histrionic scene-shifting, banner-bearing and mock dignity of mediæval processions. The British Crimean inquiry commission draws to a close. Colonel Tulloch has summed up and Lord Lucan has made his reply.

The King of Algiers is not alone in arms, but is "eager for the fray," and makes his appearance on the muster-roll of the first regiment of the Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard as *Enfant de Troupe.*

The "churching" of the Empress Eugenie took place on the 30th, and she would make her first appearance in public at the Odeon theatre.

The Court of Rome is sedulously endeavoring to obtain from the government of Tuscany privileges similar to that lately granted by Austria.

Sunday, the 4th of May, was appointed as a day of thanksgiving, for the restoration of peace in England. Parliament would adjourn from Friday the 9th to the 16th May. Lord Palmerston and Earl Fortescue are to have the two vacant orders of the English garter.

From India we learn that the "Santhal rebellion" was completely subdued; that Oude was quiet, the "King" of the latter having left on his visit to England.

The Chinese imperial troops have sustained a defeat, and the insurrection is active at Kiangi.

LITERARY CLUBS.

Elsewhere in our columns may be found the advertisement of the "Cosmopolitan Literary Club," a debating Society, established in Brooklyn. Societies of this character have been generally considered as conducive to mental improvement; and from what we can learn of the plan and objects of this society, it seems to us not only to deserve success, but quite likely to attain it.

MILITARY MEMOIRS.

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Three years of actual service in the field are necessary, according to good authority, to complete the education of the soldier. And although the proposition was originally predicated on an experience of British troops, the general truth it expresses may fairly entitle it to a wider application. Some service would seem to be necessary. For until his discipline has been indurated in the shocks and trials of battle—tempered as if by the ordeal of fire—it is, at best, but preparatory, and may cut a far other figure in the field from what it did in the drill-room. Such discrepancies in the conduct of even brave men, on their military debut, are not wanting to the page of history.

"There have been and are heroes who begun
With something not much better or as bad;
Frederick the Great from Molwitz dared to run
For the first and last time."

And small blame to lesser heroes if, in similar circumstances, their nerves should be disturbed. For, in truth, there is considerable difference between performing evolutions in a placid and serene consciousness of entire security (except in so far as you may be enfiladed by bright eyes), and going through the same exercises in the face of an enemy, pounded by his cannon and seeing comrades drop on every side; or, between marching through admiring thoroughfares in sunny weather, and against a foe whose glistening bayonets rush to the charge. One is the holiday aspect of war; the other its unadorned reality, in whose unsparing glare shams and pretences of all kinds meet exposure and discomfiture, as inexorable as happened to our "Anglo-Saxon relatives" in their late Crimean campaign. The "moral" of all of which is, that it is well that war is not often visible in its true phase; else, it may be doubted whether so many would swell its "pomp and circumstance" as are now lured by its fascinations, and whether the pretentiousness of some who never smelled powder "fired in anger" —never stood "in the imminent deadly breach," or rolled back the adverse tide of battle—would not assume a more modest tone on a closer acquaintance with a game involving the *grave* issue of life and death.

Of this class, the rank and file of the regiment whose name heads this memoir is not composed, but of men who present a remarkable and cheering contrast. An honorable ambition to establish a regiment, that might compare creditably with kindred organizations, was the impulse that prompted its formation, and has continued to be the inspiration of its command. From its incipiency, it has had to contend with its full share of difficulties, but it has never asked more than "a clear stage and no favor." Thus, born amid clashing rivalry, it is animated by a keen but generous *esprit de corps.*

By reference to the files of the *Irish-American* (kindly placed at our disposal by the proprietors), we find an account of an incident in the early history of the organization, viz.: an excursion in September, 1851, of the several companies then enrolled, to Staten Island, where they were presented with the beautiful green flag now belonging to and borne by the regiment. This presentation was made by Mrs. Col. Doheny, on behalf of a committee of ladies, including Mrs. G. D. Dowling, in an elegant address, which was appropriately responded to by Captain McGrath, the then Acting Colonel. In connection with this affair, which passed off most pleasantly, affording happy augury of future success, it may not be out of place to render a passing tribute to the memory of that officer. In him the infant organization found a fast and efficient friend, whose sagacious counsel and helping hand were an unfailing support in its early struggles; and whose solicitude relaxed not until it left the object of his care competent to fight its own way through a rough world.

The regiment was organized in '51, but it was close on the 1st of January, 1852, before it received its first Colonel. By an order of Brigadier Ewen, dated Dec. 26, 1851, it was announced that Charles S. Roe was duly elected and commissioned as Colonel of the 69th, and in that capacity would assume the command. By a regimental order of the same date, Col. Roe informed the officers of the regiment of his commission, and invited them to meet him at Military Hall, Bowery, on the evening of the 29th Dec., 1851. At that meeting, he pledged himself to discharge his duty to the regiment without partiality, and to the best of his ability; a pledge, which it is but bare justice to state, he did, during his continuance in command, strictly and honorably fulfill. The first Lieu't-colonel of the regiment was Michael Doheny, who held command until Nov., 1853, when he resigned.

The Regiment attended at Metropolitan Hall on occasion of a lecture given by Mr. Meagher, for the benefit of the New-York Volunteers, on the 4th of June, 1853; as it also did at his last lecture at the Academy of Music, given for the benefit of the orphans, on the evening of the 8th of April last. And on both occasions its presence and band handsomely contributed to the effect and object of the lecture.

On the 3d October, 1854, Col. Ryan, the present commandant, their captain, was elected to the post of Lieutenant-Colonel, vacant by the resignation of Lieut.-Col. Doheny. Captain Robert Nugent was elected at the same time to the post of Major, *vice* McBirney resigned. Lieut. John McCartan having resigned his commission of Lieutenant, and having been honorably discharged from the duties of such office, was, at the same time, appointed and commissioned as Adjutant of the regiment; thereby relieving Pay-Master White, who had been discharging, *pro tem.*, the duties of that office. On the 2d of February, 1855, Colonel Roe, much to the regret of the regiment, resigned his command induced thereto by failing health; and Colonel Ryan shortly thereafter, was elected thereto, and now holds the same. On the 3d of March, 1856, the post of Lieut.-Col., vacant by the promotion of Col. Ryan, was filled by the election of Captain Butler, of the Irish Rifles to the same; who made his first parade as Lieut.-Col. with the regiment, on the last 17th of March.

Apropos of this last anniversary, it may not be amiss to state that this regiment parades on *St. Patrick's Day.* A custom which is in no way affected by the mutations of the weather.

The following list comprises the staff of the regiment:

STAFF.

John McCartan,	Adjutant,	Re-appointed.
Wm. M. Giles,	Surgeon,	Vacancy.
Louis D'Homergue,	Assistant Surgeon,	Vice Giles promoted.
Wm. H. White,	Paymaster,	Re-appointed.
Matthew O'Connor,	Quartermaster,	Vice Conway resigned.
James Bagley,	Chaplain,	Vacancy.
John McLoughlin,	—	—

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

John O'Dwyer,	Sergeant Major,	Re-appointed.
C. D. O'Sullivan,	Quar. Sergeant,	"
Arthur Tracy,	1st Color Sergt.,	"
Patrick Smith,	2nd " "	Vice Bradley removed.
Thomas Dolan,	Right Gen. Guide,	Vice Smith promoted.
Edward Fagan,	Left Gen. Guide	Dolan ap't'd. R. G. Guide.
Graffula,	Leader of the Band.	

This last gentleman, in his most useful capacity of band-master, has rendered himself highly popular in the regiment.

The uniform of the regiment is dark green, slashed with gold lace, and piped with scarlet cloth; trowsers of sky-blue cloth, with a stripe of scarlet. Uniform of non-commissioned officers and privates the same, but slashed with yellow worsted binding. The staff wear chapeaus. The Directory will furnish a list of the companies, with their respective nights of drill.

Thus, having endeavored to sketch—we fear imperfectly—a Memoir of the 69th, we cannot dismiss the subject without a word on the character and composition of the regiment. It is composed mostly of adopted citizens, who "wear the Green," but in the ranks may be found men of different climes, united as well in the bonds of discipline as in sympathy with the oppressed of all lands, and in fealty to the land of their adoption. The subaltern officers comprise a band of young men, whose generous rivalry it is to discharge their respective duties intelligently and faithfully, and thereby retain their "friendly relations" with the commandant. For the latter is a vigilant officer, whose glance is quick to detect, and whose disapprobation is sure to follow misconduct. Assiduous in his attention to his command, and ably assisted by his Lieut.-Col., it is reasonable to suppose he will eventually accomplish for his regiment a first class rank in the militia of the State.

EMMET LIFE GUARD, ENGINEER CORPS, SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

On the 9th August, 1855, at the request of a few patriotic Irish gentlemen, Thos. Lynch, Esq., called a special meeting of the friends of Ireland, at the late Capt. Kerrigan's, to devise the best method of forming a military company, having for its object the elevation of the Irish character in this country; and, by inculcating in the minds of young Irishmen, the necessity of being competent soldiers, that when their services are required here to defend this Republic, they may honorably acquit themselves. At first the members proposed forming an independent corps, but owing to some opposition, the Company made but very little progress. Finally, the members resolved that they should attach themselves to a militia regiment, and at the instance of that sterling Irishman, Lieut. Col. Butler, they obtained a position as Engineers in the 69th regiment, under command of Col. Ryan, 4th Brigade, 1st Division, N. Y. S. M. On the 17th March, (St. Patrick's Day,) 1856, they made their first parade in full uniform, at the head of the 69th regiment. Since their first parade they have recruited strongly, and now intend forming another Company—Grenadiers—with the same uniform. As they are now organized as Engineers, they are allowed by law to have 1 captain, 1 sergeant, and 2 corporals. The Company has selected for Captain, T. Lynch, Esq., a native of the County Cavan, Ireland; for Sergeant, P. T. Murtha, Co. West Meath, Ireland; the two Corporals are John H. O'Brien, of Limerick, and T. Keogh, of Dublin, Ireland. The uniform worn by this Company is the same as that worn by Robert Emmet on the memorable 17th July, 1803, at the head of the insurrectionists in Thomas street, Dublin; it consists of a single breasted green coat, with scarlet facings; buff knee breeches, falling 7 inches below the knee; military boots, coming 1 1-2 inches over the knee cap, with buff tassels, two cross belts, body belt and cross belt. On the latter, a brass plate with a silver American shield, surrounded by a wreath of shamrocks. The epaulettes are of scarlet worsted and green cloth; the hat is the same as the U. S. army regulation hat, bearing the N. Y. State arms and a castle; the plume and pompon is green, red and white. They carry muskatoons, with swords. They drill on every Monday evening at half-past 7 o'clock, at Worth's Military Headquarters, 22 White street. The members of this Company are all young men, (between 18 and 30 years of age,) of Irish birth, who bear a warm love for their native land. The Company is now in the hands of gentlemen who will leave nothing undone to perfect its success.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

MORE ABOUT CLONGOWES—OLD SCENES AND FACES.

The dear old college stood very nearly in the centre of a circle of ancient towns. There was Clane, something like two miles off; Kilcock, between five and six, Celbridge, pretty much the same; Naas, not a perch further; Prosperous, within four; Maynooth, in the opposite quarter, about the same distance. Very old and ragged, with very little life stirring in them, they seemed to have gone asleep many years ago, and to have at last waked up, half suffocated, shivering, and robbed of the best of their clothes. In the brightest day of the summer, they impressed one with this notion. In the drenching black rain of December, their miserable appearance chilled the blood of the fattest stranger who chanced to pass through them, and to the imaginative mind suggested the ruins of Baelbec. In short, there wasn't a decent town in Kildare, nor on the Kildare borders of Dublin.

Clane was one street. The street numbered a hundred houses, more or less. Every second one was a shebeen, or tavern, dedicated, as the sign-board intimated, to the entertainment of Man and Beast. I recollect that on one sign-board, next to the post-office, the Cat and Bagpipes rampantly figured; whilst on another, a red coffin, with three long clay pipes crossed upon the lid, and a foaming pot of porter pressing down the pipes at the point of intersection, gave the public to understand that the wakes of the neighborhood would be "convaniently" supplied. There was a police-barrack, of course, with a policeman perpetually chewing a straw outside on the door-step, rubbing his shoulder against the whitewash of the door-post, and winking and spitting all the day long. There was a Protestant church—and that, too, of course, right opposite the police-barrack—with its gaunt angular dimensions, fat tower in front, sheet-iron spire, and gilt weather-cock on top. There was a low-sized, most modest, low-roofed little Catholic chapel, back from the street a few yards, with a convent, sheltering three Sisters of Mercy, on the right hand side coming down from Dublin, and on towards the South.

At the southern end of the street, a quarter of a mile from where the houses dropped off, the beautiful brown Liffey, deepening into gurgling pools, spreading thinly and sparklingly over beds of sand and pebbles, threw itself under the arches of the quaintest, queerest, crookedest, most broken-backed bridge, that ever flung shadows on the flashing path of the speckled trout and red salmon, rushing away, with many a round of caprice and turmoil, through green rushes, sandbanks alive with martins, sedges rustling with otters, into the copper-hued darkness of Irishtown wood.

Oh! what a river is that exquisite wild Liffey! How it tumbles; glides away; buries itself darkly in pools of fabulous depth; leaps over rocks; deepens, as it were, thoughtfully, under ruins and raths; plunges down into valleys; ripples and whispers under willows, the close leaves of the strawberry, and the purple-ivied basements of church-tower, country-mansion, and castle; running the wildest, most ruinous, and grandest frolic imaginable, until it frowns and grows sulkey a little above the King's Bridge, of Dublin, and in a turbid thick stream washes the granite walls of the quays, over which the Four Courts and Custom House rear their stately porticoes and domes.

In a yellowish, dry, worm-eaten manuscript, in the Arundelian Library of Stonyhurst, I glanced one day on a passage glowingly eulogistic of Clane. The manuscript contains an account of the Synods held, at different periods, in Ireland. This poor dribbling village of Clane was the favored scene of one of them, six hundred years back; and, *apropos* to it, the chronicler, whoever he was, styled it the *hortus angelorum*—the Garden of Angels. It is now a paradise in ruins. The broken walls of an abbey, matted with ivy, shadowing a confused crowd of tombstones and tablets, the inscriptions of which no casual eye can decipher, alone remain to bear out the panegyric put on parchment recording its saintliness and glory.

One tomb especially, within those broken gray walls, ever attracted me, bringing me close to it, and urging me with a silent impulse back into the dim paths of the past. It was that of a Crusader. So I thought. So every one who visited it thought. So the whole neighborhood, for miles round, and for generations, decided. Within the last week, I have been looking over one of the beautiful Tracts of the Celtic Union, entitled "The Traces of the Crusaders in Ireland," and whilst I find in its bright pages vestiges of this chivalrous Knighthood near Clonegall, in Carlow, and on the Mourne, three miles south of Mallow, and at Toomavara, near the ruins of Knockbane, and in the parish of Temple-Michael, in the barony of Clashmore and Cashbride, and at Ballyhack, close to the estuary of the Suir, I am cast adrift from Clane, where the chain-clothed legs and turtle-breasted body of a Templar, burst out, as if with an incompressible leprosy, from the dock-weeds, the nettles, the rank grass, the daffodils, the nightshade, and blackberry bushes with which it is hemmed in, over-shadowed, and most dismally margined.

That's the fault I find with Clongowes. They talked to us about Mount Olympus and the Vale of Tempe; they birched us into a flippant acquaintance with the disreputable Gods and Goddesses of the golden and heroic ages; they entangled us in Euclid; turned our brains with the terrestrial globe; chilled our blood in dizzy excursions through the Milky Way; paralyzed our Lilliputian loins with the shaggy spoils of Hercules; bewildered us with the Battle of the Frogs and Mice; pitched us precipitately into England, amongst the impetuous Normans and stupid Saxons; gave us a look, through an interminable telescope, at what was doing in the New World; but, as far as Ireland was concerned, they left us, like blind and crippled children, in the dark.

They never spoke of Ireland. Never gave us, even what is left of it, her history to read. Never quickened the young bright life they controlled, into lofty conceptions and prayers by a reference to the martyrdoms, the wrongs, the soldiership, the statesmanship, the magnificent memories, and illuminating hopes of the poor old land.

All this was then to me a cloud. Now I look back to it, shake my hand against it, and say it was a curse.

The fact, I have stated. The reason of it—at least what appears to me to be the reason of it—I may, in a little time, explain.

What true scholars and patriots they might have made, those old Jesuits of Clongowes, had they taken their pupils to the battle-fields of William Aylmer's army—skirting the bog of Allen—or to the Geraldine ruins of Maynooth, or the grave of Wolfe Tone in Bodenstown churchyard, or to the town of Prosperous, where Dr. Esmonde buried the Red Cross under the hot ashes of his insurgent torch, or to the woods and mansion of Rath-Coffey, where Hamilton Rowan once lived—where the bay of his famous blood-hounds still echoed in my time, and where an old man—lean, shrivelled, skinny, with wiry, thin locks—still mumbled and shuffled along the decayed avenue, showing the worn pike, at the end of his staff, which he had charged with against the North Cork in Maynooth;—what true scholars and patriots, Irishmen in nerve and soul, might they have made us, had they taken us to these sites, instead of keeping us within the pillars of the Parthenon, or the forum and shambles of the Tiber?

I write this, not that they kept us aloof from these places of national interest; not that they actually imprisoned us within the routine range of the classics, and shut the gates on us, as if there were no chastity or illumination without; but that we wandered with them, day after day, miles upon miles, over these fields and localities, without a finger to mark them on our memories, or a syllable to mingle them with our joyousness, our poetry, and rhetoric. Ireland was the last nation we were taught to think of, to respect, to love and remember.

It is an odd fiction which represents the Irish Jesuits as conspirators against the stability of the English empire in Ireland. With two or three exceptions, they were not O'Connellites even. In that beautiful, grand castle of theirs, circled by their fruitful gardens and grain-fields, walled in by their stately dense woods of beech-trees, walnut, and firs, they lived and taught—so it seems to me now—rather as hostages and aliens, than freemen and citizens.

But, I can't bear to say anything against Clongowes. It is to me a dear old spot. Long may that old tree, on which I've carved my name, put forth its fragrant blossoms, multiply its fruit, lift its aged head to Heaven, and receive thereon the dews which fertilize, and the golden beams that propagate!

Midway between Clane and Maynooth—just off the road skirting the domain of the College—lived one Father Kearney, the parish-priest of the united parishes of Clane and Rath-Coffey. He was a great friend of the College; was always on hand there, whatever ceremony or pastime, high-mass or funeral, academical exercise or collegiate symposium, was to take place. With short black trowsers, tight black gaiters, skimpy black dress-coat, rumpled white cravat, sandy scant hair—at the tail of the plough, in the pulpit, abreast of the altar, in the chair of the study-hall, examining the boys, or mixing his punch—he was ever the same, grotesque, unique, and attractive.

He had nothing to do with the college, but somehow or other, the old gentleman was constantly there. The Jesuits had a gala-day once a month. The boys had foot-ball or handball, fishing or skating. They had an extra allowance of meat, whatever it was, and tart, varying from apple to rhubarb, and from rhubarb to gooseberry, as the season permitted. The Jesuits had a choice banquet in one of those frescoed halls I have already described.

To this banquet came all the neighbors. The Aylmers, Gerald and William, nephews of the noble old rebel I have mentioned, were never missed from this monthly feast, during my time, and for fifteen or twenty years before it. They did right. Were I living near old Clongowes—close to it as they were—I'd dine there, not only every month, as they did, but every day, if possible.

From this monthly table, too, Father Kearney was never absent. The boys used to say—though his cottage was two miles off—he smelt the dinner, and, in dressing himself, timed his toilette by the perfume, which came to him from the chimney-top of the college kitchen, across the woods, the fields, and marshy bottoms. For upwards of thirty years, Father Kearney, in his short breeches, tight black gaiters, clumsy rumpled cravat, and carroty scant hair, was at that feast. On the Academical or Commencement day, year after year, he examined a certain class in the Third Book of Cæsar, asked the same questions, and found the same faults. In Christmas week he visited the theatre, sat longside of the President, snuffed himself plenteously, hemmed and hawed mightily, perpetually pulled his nose and his waistcoat, brushed his breeches over his knees, and sat there, snuffing and puffing, the venerable Sphynx of the scene.

His cottage was known by the name of Snipe Lodge. It was a thatched cottage, with a clay floor, naked rafters, and four panes of green glass—each of them with an enormous bull's eye—to let the light through. He had a housekeeper, named Biddy, and a butler, named Jim. Between Biddy and Jim, it was hard to keep the place clean. The calf was forever opening his Reverence's door, upsetting the chairs, and the turf in the corner. There were a blackguard parcel of dogs incessantly scampering about, biting the legs of the poor who came with their sores and their crutches for alms, and frightening the hens from their roost.

As for the hens, they had, at last, to take refuge on the smoked rafters, under the roof. Elsewhere, they had neither immunity nor peace. There, night and day, they used to crowd up, shake their wings, shut and open their eyes, and make themselves comfortable. Below, was the hard floor of black clay, mixed with lime. All round, on four sides, were the walls, built thickly of mud, and whitewashed within. Overhead were the black rafters, crowded with hens, flapping their wings, pecking their leggings and breasts, and making themselves indecently at home.

A few weeks after the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Nolan, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, Father Kearney gave a grand dinner in the one room of Snipe Lodge. It was the great event of Biddy's existence. She never had anything but a few eggs and a cut of bacon to fry, before this. Now she had a pair of chickens to roast, and another pair to boil, and a beautiful ham to dress and serve up with young cabbage, besides having the biggest potfull of potatoes (pink eyes) to look after, and a cupfull of fresh mustard to mix. It was a great day with Jim, by the same token. He had to lay a clean cloth, scrub the year's rust out of the knives and forks, borrow three or four chairs from the neighbors all round, and keep the hens off the rafters, and the table immediately under them. This was the worst trouble of all. For though Jim, now and then, took the sweeping brush to them, and occasionally his Reverence's blue cotton umbrella—opening and shutting it suddenly, to frighten the birds from their roost—and though in these efforts he was assisted by Biddy, who took the basting-spoon to help the umbrella, it was all to no purpose. The hens would keep to the rafters, flapping their wings, dropping their spare feathers, and, whenever Jim turned his back, and Biddy was bent over the pot on the fire, popping down straight on his Reverence's clean table-cloth, to have a crumb or two from the loaf which lay there, on a blue-rimmed dinner-plate, waiting for the chicken, potatoes, and bacon to come on. Father Kearney himself used sometimes to look in, and whisk his yellow silk pocket handkerchief at the obstinate fowls which overlooked the scene of his feast. But the fowls didn't mind him. As Biddy observed, they didn't care a straw for his Reverence, and she wouldn't be surprised if they misbehaved before the Bishop himself!

"You might as well," Biddy used to say to her master, turning round from giving the roasting chickens a turn, her face and hands pouring over with gravy, "you might as well lave them alone, for the divil's in them to-day."

The company arrived. Father O'Conner, the Procurator of Clongowes, was the first on the ground. Next came the Aylmers, William and Bob, the latter the best horseman that ever crossed a ditch from the Boyne to the Barrow. Then came Father Kearney's curate from Clane, and Father Dignan, of Clongowes, and Dr. Walsh, all the way from Naas, and the parish priest of Prosperous, and two Professors from Maynooth, and Dr. O'Flannigan, the comfortably-fed druggist and doctor from Celbridge.

O'Flannigan, by-the-bye, was the physician in ordinary to the college of Clongowes. He visited it once a week—every Tuesday, if I recollect rightly—walked through the Infirmary, felt pulses, knocked against chests, fixed his castor-oil eyes upon tongues, muttered monosyllabically to Judy, the head nurse and matron of the Infirmary, wrote something in a book which Judy kept in her cupboard, along with her tea, sugar, prayer-books, and two or three withered, inflexible lemons.

His invariable prescription was senna and salts. The boys called it "black draught." It made no difference what ailed you, that dose was prescribed. Toothache, neuralgia, constipation, scarletina, pleurisy, lumbago, ringworm, lockjaw, or softening of the brain, for everything, the most trivial or most desperate, that "black draught" was Dr. O'Flannigan's corrective. It was with him that same "sweet oblivious antidote" which cleansed "the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart," and purged it to "a sound and pristine health."

His assistant was a lay-brother of the College, one Phillip O'Reilly, of whom I purpose to write more fully in the course of these grateful recollections. Judy always administered the dose. She mixed it, stirred it with a teaspoon, forced it inexorably on the patient, piously ejaculating—"Take it now, for the poor sowls in Purgatory!" When it was swallowed, she gave the patient the quarter of a dry apple, recommending him just to take the taste off his mouth, and not eat it all.

Close upon the heels of Surgeon O'Flannigan, Major Rind, a Protestant neighbor, came in. Then somebody from near Bishop's Court, Lord Ponsonby's place, where O'Connell tumbled D'Esterre. The Bishop came last.

The dinner was laid. The roast chickens were put at the foot, and the boiled at the head, and the ham at the side, right under Bob Aylmer's magnificent scimetar-shaped nose, and the potatoes everywhere round. Father Kearney carved the boiled chickens, with the Bishop on his right, and Major Rind on his left. Jim bustled about with a new apron, and a clean napkin under his arm, doing everything wrong, with Biddy, as red as a poppy and as hot as a hob, standing at the kitchen door—it opened into the parlor—and ordering him to do this, and do that, and bewildering him wholly.

"Sure I can't, if you tell me," he used to cry out, turning upon Biddy, with a plate full of fowl, or a cut of the loaf on the top of a knife.

By-the-bye, Jim had an idea that, for everything, the plates should be warm. If Dr. O'Flannigan asked for a little bread, Jim ran into the kitchen, snatched a plate from the plate-warmer, cut a slice of the loaf, and handed it on the hot plate to the Doctor. If Father O'Connor, the huge Procurator, asked for the mustard, Jim pushed Biddy aside, snatched up another blazing hot plate, and planting the mustard-pot on it, ran it into the Procurator. Old Bob Aylmer asked him one time for a cork-screw. Jim brought it to him on a hot plate. The hot plate was his absorbing idea.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

The dinner was pleasant—indeed, it was jovial. The company forgot the clay floor they were sitting on, and the black rafters overhead, where the Harpies were roosting. The Sherry had gone round half a dozen times at the least. The Port, too, had more than once circled the board.

"Let's have the champagne," said Father Kearney. "Jim, hand round the champagne."

Jim made a dart for the kitchen for a hot plate. Biddy stopped him, however, spreading her check apron before him, and so bringing him quick to a halt, like the Roman race-horses pulling up in a sheet on the Corso.

"You omadhawn," says she, "what do you want?"

"A warm plate, Biddy," says he.

"The divil warm ye," says she, "can't ye have betther manners before his blessed lordship, the Bishop?"

With this reproof, Jim came to his senses, and twisted the wire off a silver-crowned bottle. Then he drew a carving knife across the veins of the throat, and up went the crowned head—neck and all,—with a flash. At the same instant, frightened out of their wits by the report, and one of them being hit by the cork in the wing, down came the Harpies with a rush, and a flap, and a spatter—three of them straight on the table—one of them into the potato dish—another on Dr. O'Flannigan's wig—another into the good Bishop's lap—whilst the cock made for the one pane of glass behind his lordship, and darting through it, went fluttering and splashiag, all fuss and feathers down the dirty boreen which led from Snipe Lodge to the high-road. It was some time before order was restored. It was some time before Biddy and Jim succeeded in dislodging the Harpies. It was a very long time before Dr. O'Flannigan, of Celbridge, composed his offended feelings, and straightened his wig.

"Gerald," Father Kearney calls out to Bob Aylmer's brother, "stick your hat through the window, and keep the cowld from back of the Bishop."

Father Kearney, of Snipe Lodge, never entertained after that day. Biddy, I believe, died of a rush of blood to the head. Jim, disgusted with the world, went to Mount Mellary, and was there clothed with the gown and cowl of La Trappe. Poor old Bob Aylmer has shouted his last *tally-ho*. Dr. O'Flannigan still dispenses senna and salts, though Judy, his beautiful Ganymede, has returned to dust. The guest of the feast sleeps beneath the pavement of Carlow Cathedral, and the host is troubled no more with obstreperous fowl and the affairs of Snipe Lodge.

He put together a large sum of money. His will broke it up and distributed it amongst the sweetest and noblest charities of the country. Two months after his death, it was all found in a tin box, under the thatch, over the front door of Snipe Lodge.

THE SYBIL OF THE SHANNON.

Suggested by my expectation previous to, and delight after hearing Catharine Hayes sing the melodies of her country.

I. Expectation.

My heart was throbless, in its depth of hope—
Aye, in its deep expectancy lay still,
As some shy mountain lake
Looking to Heaven its lone guise to take;
Its joy, when Phœbus smiles noon down the slope,
Or gloom, when sunset purple-robes the hill,
And spreads across the dreamy lakelet's breast
Its shadow, like a lullaby of rest.

Hope had so conquered all my thinking art,
I sat a dreamer, waiting to be woke
Into more vast expansion of my heart,
Or chill'd to misery by the enthusiast yoke.

I felt a mute, electric sympathy—
Such as in nature binds the plant and tree,
The shrub and soil,
And stellar systems toil—
Bind my still being to a hoped-for voice;
And, in my faith elate,
I did anticipate
The lyric grandeur of the coming hours.
My muteness did rejoice
As silent nature o'er the seeds of flowers!

I doubt not but that I that moment longed—
Then, when the glories of my fancy thronged
To make a voice, and made it for my soul—
That I might sink beneath the wild control
Of my own brain,
Through fear the longed-for strain
Might not, superior, with my ear condole.

II.—Realization.

The graceful girl appears
Against the volumed cheers,
As, fronting Earth's *plaudite*, the dawn his standard rears:
Then, all was silent as a widow spent in tears.

She sang, and all around
Seemed panting with the weight of tenderness conferred;
And eyes seemed straining e'en to catch the sound,
To ease, by seeing, the unseen power all heard.
As one in mist,
Frights and conjectures on a sound aside;
But feels not lone, if through the foggy tryst,
He could but see his shadow for a guide.

Her voice made all my heart-strings musical,
And my brain seemed many flutes,
And clarions rich, and hautboys mellow,
And reeded ministers to her vocal thrall,
Which, in their vigor, had grown dumb as mutes
For utterance of thought; for the dense air—
Dense in the fervor of melodious prayer,
Which had a thousand messengers of bliss—
Captured my brain, and hushed it with a kiss;
Giving and taking, with a jealous breath,
Souud which might kill with joy, or dead might wake
from death!

And so the singing air
Hallow'd to silence my congenial brow;
As, in the summer fair,
The atmosphere of gold
Doth a rich halo fold
Around the stainëd leaves of every flower and bough.

Her voice rose like the moon beyond a western hill,
And rising to meridian of the midnight silent,
Cast its beam'd cadence on the æriel ocean still,
And left it rippling lucent melodies!
And fancy we each cone a starry island;
We might imagine us in angel skies,
Where song is light, and life to erst world-eyes.

Oh! how it filled the crannies of my soul,
Laving the barren margins of its sorrow,
And made all fertile of delight the while
As to its banks the fruit-inspiring Nile.
God! how her voice did all my senses roll
Into one sense of song! And could I borrow
The pulse of each in that awed, list'ning throng,
I'd crave transfiguration,
By the thousand-soul'd oblation,
On the lyric mount of glory, with the dreamy Queen of
Song!

III.—Visions.

I travelled into dreamland 'neath the spell.
There, mystic Ossian hoary,
With his white locks, like a glory,
Floating round that womb of heros, the bard-chief's
cloudy brow—
On a throne of massive mist,
In a robe, tinct amethyst,
Which the lazy sun-clouds kissed,
Sat right regally, I trow.

And a million sunsets glowed
In the rear—through which he trode—
And wove a golden tangle where the air had loosed his locks;
And a million crispy, chill,
And mysty dawns stood still—
Which he had used at will—
And he sat 'mid his immortal years, like shepherd 'mid his
flocks!

All ages for his courtiers,
All nations for his flock,
The ærial rebels waste them,
As the sea-foam round a rock;
The light'ning for a sceptre,
The thunder at command,
He rules the cloud-capp'd realm
Of the gorgeous bardic land!

Round him his offspring warriors stand,
And maids, at either hand;
And, interplaced amid the hero groups
Are virgins, waving garland troops
Of shamrocks, dight with dewy di'mond—
Gathered o'er night, are spectre bards,
Vet'rans of song and rhyme, and
Pious rivals for the bard's rewards—
The nearest seat to him upon the throne!
The wires are eloquent with mystic tone,
Echo pillows on the clouds its dreams,
While all the air is springing lyric streams!

* * * * *

That trill! ah soul, and I've been dreaming, too!
Borne on the echo of a maiden's voice;
Ah, blessed voice! thou'st woke my pride anew,
And in thy triumph doth my heart rejoice.

October 5th, 1851. John Savage.

OUDE-ACITY.

The Private Life of an Eastern King. By a Member of the Household of his late Majesty Mussur-u-deen, King of Oude. *Redfield.*

Although the author of this book sets out with stating that Oude is "a mere trifle about which a great deal too much has already been said," he nevertheless proceeds to add a little to the "general stock of information," as booksellers' advertisements not seldom announce literary hacks' jog-trot over some well-worn path of literary labor. Oude was not always such "a mere trifle." It was once the seat of a powerful empire, and a great province north of the Ganges. Plenteously watered, generally level, and well cultivated—encompassing an area of over seventeen millions of acres, only one-tenth of which is forest and jungle, and having a revenue, as stated in Montgomery Martin's *History of the British Colonies*, of £1,813,562, or over nine million dollars; it presented a too tempting field for the filibustering movements inaugurated by the British Government under the name of "Civilization" and "Spread of the Gospel." The Nabob of Oude backed up the Great Mogul against the English under Lord Clive, in 1760; but the English, after dividing the native princes and making them, to a considerable extent, perform their work in murdering each other, effected a treaty with Oude in 1764, nine years after which the gallant Nabob was reduced to the position of nominal stipendiary, or monarch at will of his own dominions. Oude, of course, was recognized as a "most faithful ally of Great Britain;" was humbugged into a very important position in its own eyes; and the King paid for being a State pensioner. He was, however, in the "eyes of the world," and the compilers of government reports and grim statistics, a "faithful ally." No one had a greater affection for him than Lord Wellesley, when he went to India; and, in recognition of his services, "rewarded his fidelity," adds the author of the present work, with a delicious self-complacent humor, "rewarded his fidelity by annexing half of Oude to the Bengal Presidency. He could not find (benevolent Lord) any better way of recompensing the people for the good faith of their rulers, than by putting them under his own government."

Our author continues with keen jest to tell us that "the Marquis of Hastings *borrowed* two crores of rupees from Ghazi-u-deen—that is, two millions of pounds sterlings, and in lieu thereof, gave the Nabob a barren tract of land at the foot of the Himalayas, conferring with it also, the title of King—his *Highness*. The Nabob was changed to his *Majesty* the King, which of course, was more than an equivalent for a couple of millions of pounds sterling. Poor Ghazi "was fain to be content, or at all events to appear so." Hastings rifled two of the female members of the Nabob's family, and tortured their eunuchs to extort treasures from them; which facts gave a thunder to the voice of Edmund Burke, and a devastating lightning to the tongue of Brinsley Sheridan, which yet roll and fork and play over the Parliamentary history of England. Such conduct also—the "rapacity pursued by the authorities in the case of two women of exalted rank"—drove young Thomas Russell from the ranks of the army in India, shocked, disgusted and discontented, to seek, in coalition with Tone and Emmet, a panacea for the ills that, not less than India pertained to Ireland, and to share with them the penalty of rebellion.

Oude has hung on since to the Lion's lip; but ultimately has been swallowed by that very rapacious and religiously inclined quadruped.

At the present time this book is interesting, giving in full detail the social habits, customs, sayings, and doings of the Court of Lucknow, where Mussur-u-deen was "protected" as King of Oude. The work is very pleasantly written, having all the piquancy which well cultivated English audacity gives to personality, with an unintentional political ripple, which, of *course*, the author did not mean to introduce. He would merely say, however, "that Oude is one of the most miserably-governed countries under Heaven"—and that "it would be a blessing (British blessing) to its numerous inhabitants, were the Indian government to do for it what has been so well done for the Punjab!"

Done for the Punjab! *La Allah hu!* Desiring to appropriate the territories on the Bombay side of the Sutlej, they instigated the Sikhs to what the Earl of Ripon had the Oude-dacity to call an "unprovoked invasion of the British territory"—to put down which they concentrated some fifty-two thousand soldiers, under Sir Henry Hardinge, on the frontier, which were gallantly met and fought by the Sikhs, under Mewa Singh, Goolab Singh, and the Dhera Sahib. Dreadful was the carnage on both sides; the Sikhs lost their cannon; and with the acquisition of the Punjab the English arms lost its prestige, which even a Parliamentary vote of thanks could not restore.

Oude, as well as the Punjab, has been done for, but on somewhat more "peaceful and moral," and truly religious principles.

TOLERATION.

The Day Star of American Freedom; or the birth and early growth of Toleration in the province of Maryland, &c., &c. By George Lynn-Lachlan Davis, of the bar of Baltimore: C. Scribner, New-York: Murphy, Baltimore.

"Nothing dies so hard, and rallies so often as intolerance," says Sydney Smith.

This is peculiarly and strangely illustrated in the early history of the Colonies; and while its effects—in scattering the population outside the boundaries where intolerance "in the name of God" made a hell for freedom of opinion, and in forcing into being and activity new communities, which were the basis of new States,—may, in this day afford some consolation to the philosophic mind; in so much, that the means taken, defeated the end sought; still, reviewing the past, one cannot well comprehend, cannot well excuse the malignity, sacrilegious zeal and relentless rigor which characterized the early settlers of New-England.

Providence, it would seem, marked those men out as the indirect means of laying the foundation of a mighty commonwealth, which would remain the direct monument at once of their misfortunes, and of their own intolerance when they had escaped that of others.

Never did such a creed of nationality as that of the American republic spring from the tenets of so narrow-minded a group of men as settled on the eastern seaboard of the continent. Every one of them looked at Heaven with one eye shut, or beheld the Creator, as it were, through an inverted telescope. Yet, with all their blinking at Providence, and their understanding brotherly love no further than an agreement in identical modes of worship, they had other qualities in common which ultimately tended to the common good.

They had a wilfulness and a doggedness of action, that at times gives a greater strength than justness; an enthusiasm that kept the fires of their separated communities burning brightly; and a stubborn persistence that carved the barren soil into submission—that tamed it into productiveness, and flecked it with smiling farms and hot hearths, by the light of which the angel of Destiny might have deciphered a red struggle without parallel, and a history without compeer.

"Industrious husbandmen, rigid moralists, and bigotted theologians," as Sanderson (*Introduction to Lives of Signers*") truly

calls them; their history is not more startlingly inconsistent with the past than it is significant at present and for the future.

The ordeal of intolerance through which they passed did not purify them. The Freedom of Opinion for which they had sacrificed every hope in Europe, and overcame every feeling of patriotism, family and fortune in leaving it—which flung them to the wild ravings of the wintry ocean to escape the more condensed virulence that bowed them on the land—those impulses that gave dignity and grandeur to their exile, had no lesson for them as Colonists, no inspiration for them as Christians.

Flying from religious persecution, they adopted its worst attributes with a sanctimonious blood-thirstiness equal to Oliver Cromwell, and a vindictiveness worthy of James the Second. As persecution in the first instance led to the colonization of Massachusetts, so the persecution of the Colonists induced the settlement of Connecticut, Rhode Island, New-Hampshire, and added to the strength of Maryland.

At the first remarkable flood of Emigration in 1630, when some fifteen hundred persons sailed for Massachusetts, and laid the foundation of Boston, Charlestown Dorchester, Roxbury and other towns, the emigrants held their first general Court on board the ship "Arabella," at Charlestown, and passed a law which was the germ from which much inhuman persecution and intolerance first sprung. The law declared that none should be admitted as freemen, or entitled to any share in the government of the colony, or even enjoy the right of jurymen, excepting those who were received members of the Church; by which measure, says the only authority at hand,* "every person whose mind was not of a peculiar structure, or accidentally impressed with peculiar ideas, was at once cast out of society, and stripped of his civic rights."

As horticulturists cut the chief stem of a tree that the branches may spread, so this law prevented the upward growth of Massachusetts, and sent much vigorous sap and life into the surrounding settlements. Soon that eloquent, turbulent and eccentric man, Roger Williams, who had "the bump of combativeness largely developed, and was ever ready to enter into disputation,"† came under the religious ban, and was banished from Salem. Followed by many of his adherents, he founded Providence. Some two years subsequent, Coddington, a wealthy merchant, and seventy-six others, who favored the opinions of Ann Hutchinson, and held "eighty erroneous opinions," were banished, and, having purchased the island of Aquetneck of the Indians, named it Rhode Island, and with Williams' community laid the foundation of the State. Yet the persecution which exiled both Williams and Coddington, gave them no lesson in brotherly love. The first, in turn persecuted the Quakers, and the second abused the first as "a mere weathercock, constant only in inconsistancy—the author of a lying and scandalous book; a poor man that doth not know what should become of his soul, if this night it should be taken from him."‡

These men received a charter from Charles the First, which was confirmed by his successor, and by which it was guaranteed that —"None were ever to be molested for any difference of opinion in religious matters;" yet, in the first assembly held under the charter, Roman Catholics were denied the right of voting, and excluded from every office. A century had rolled over, and still Cotton Mather had reason to say that "Rhode Island was occupied by Antinomians, Anabaptists, Quakers, Ranters, and every thing else but Roman Catholics and christians, and if any man has lost his religion he may find it in this general muster of opinions—in this Gawzzim of New-England, this receptacle of the convicts of Jerusalem, and the outcasts of the land." The Rev. Mr. Peterson, who is not very choice himself betimes, draws attention to this "intolerant and abusive language from a professed believ er in Christ," but adds that the age in which it was written is apology for the writer.

In like manner Connecticut owes its origin as a State to the expulsion of Hooker, who, accompanied by some one hundred people, toiled through untracked swamps, and tangled forests, to the banks of the Connecticut river, and founded Hartford, Springfield, and other places. It would seem however that suffering but hardened their souls, as well as their bodies. Their laws became notoriously odious, and in their treatment of the Quakers, they were but *little less* relentless than their pious brethren of Massachusetts. For the fourth breach of the law made against him the offending Quaker was imprisoned, kept to hard labor, and his tongue bored with a red-hot iron.

New-Hampshire, though planted by companies of merchants from London, Bristol, Exeter, Plymouth and other English towns, for the establishment of fisheries, would have proved an utter failure, but that the vigor of Massachusetts piety hunted out Wheelwright, a preacher of note, who founded the town of Exeter. Still the settlement was weak and under the control of the parent colony; but in the beginning of the eighteenth century it received wholesome increase, by the addition of over one hundred families from the north of Ireland. "These industrious people," says Grimshaw, "introduced the manufacture of linen, and excited much curiosity by their spinning wheels; as the species which they brought over, being set in motion by the foot, was a novelty amongst the colonists. They also taught the cultivation of the potato; a vegetable well-known to have been carried to Ireland from Mexico, about the middle of the sixteenth century."

Even after the alliance had been formed between the New-England colonies, (excepting Rhode Island, it being opposed by Massachusetts as utterly godless and heretical,) for mutual defence against the Indians and Dutch of New-York, the political brotherhood that circumstances forced upon them, in no ways tended to impart a fraternal warmth to their "religious" feelings. The opposition which drove the Quakers from England, met them on the shores of America; notwithstanding that the Colonies had from their government, offered an asylum—"hospitality and succor to all Christian strangers flying from wars, famine, or the tyranny of persecution." Thus, religious despotism hanged men from the flagstaff of liberty, and done people to death in the name of the living God.

As the New-England colonies hanged and tortured all who were not Puritans, Virginia, under the plea of creating a uniformity of religion, harassed every one not belonging to the Church of England; and this so continued, with more or less variation, until 1776, when Jefferson introduced to the Virginia Legislature his Bill for the Revision of the Laws of that State, by which he established religious freedom there; and, in the words of the code, declared that "coercion is a departure from the plan of the Holy Author of our religion."*

Mr. Davis's work naturally suggested the historical reminiscences and references which we have outlined. To appreciate his labors, these facts should be within our view; and to pass opinion on the truthfulness of his conclusions, one must be at least somewhat familiar with the relative position of Maryland to the other States.

Founded in 1634, it also owed its origin to the illiberal policy of Britain; but the principles of the founders were totally different from those of Massachusetts. The first expedition to Maryland consisted of about two hundred Roman Catholics. "The charter was a compact between a member of the English, and a disciple of the Roman Church; between an Anglo-Catholic king, and a Roman Catholic prince; between Charles the First of England, and Cecilius, the second Baron of Baltimore, and the first Lord Proprietary of Maryland. To the confessors of each faith it was the pledge of religious freedom;" and well and truthfully was the compact executed by Cecilius. Freedom to Protestant and Catholic was not only allowed, but exacted.

"A freedom, however, of a wider sort springs forth at the birth of the colony—not demanded by that instrument, but permitted by it—not graven upon the tables of stone, or written upon the pages of the statute-book—but conceived in the very bosom of the proprietary, and of the original Pilgrims—not a formal or constructive, but a living freedom—a freedom of the most practical sort. It is the freedom, which it remained for them, and for them alone, either to grant or to deny—a freedom embracing within its range, and protecting under its banner, all those who were in Jesus Christ. And the grant of this freedom is that which has placed the proprietary among the first law-reformers of the world, and Maryland in advance of every State upon the continent."

Their own sufferings but taught the Maryland colonists to revere the sacred privileges which their exile presented, and they were even so tenacious of guarding the feelings of those who differed from them, that a "contumelious expression against o ther denominations was expressly forbidden by the laws." It is interesting to know, that while they were hanging those who differed with them in Massachusetts, the records of Maryland show that, even under the administration of the first Governor, no single case of persecution occurred in the colony. The policy of Leonard Calvert "included the humblest as well as the most exalted; and his maxim was, 'Peace to all—proscription to none;' religious liberty was a vital part of the earliest common-law of the province."

The Puritan, hunted from Virginia the Dutchman from the banks of the Delaware, the Quaker and Free-Thinker from Massachusetts and Connecticut, found refuge in Maryland; which, in a word, then became to the American colonies, what the Republic has since become to the world.

Any faults of Mr. Davis's style are more than overbalanced by the intrinsic value of his researches, and their compression into this comprehensive volume.

* Vide Grimshaw's Hist. of America, &c., a very useful compendium. Also, Am. Quarterly Review, 1835.

† Hist. of Rhode Island. Peterson. We notice that this author quotes whole paragraphs from Grimshaw without giving any more credit than "a judicious writer says," &c.

‡ Letter from Coddington to George Fox, the Quaker, quoted in Hist. of Rhode Island.

* "It met with opposition; but, with some mutilations in the preamble, it was finally passed; and a singular proposition proved that its *protection of opinions was meant to be universal.* Where the preamble declares, that *coercion is a departure from the plan of the holy author of our religion*, an amendment was proposed, by inserting the words 'Jesus Christ;' so that it should read, 'A departure from the plan of Jesus Christ, the holy author of our religion; the insertion was rejected by a great majority, in proof that they meant to comprehend within the mantle of its protection, the Jew and the Gentile, the Christian and Mahommetan, the Hindoo, and infidel of every denomination."—*Life of Jefferson.*

United States Democratic Review (May,) contains several articles of interest, of which the chiefest in interest are Great Britain and the United States; Our Ocean Marine; the continuation of a paper on William Wordsworth, and some dozen pages made up from Lieut. Brewerton's stirring "War in Kansas." In the poetic line, Mr. Cone's "Be up and Doing," and Mr. Rosenberg's "Doubts," are commendable, which didactic poems seldom are. We take a "brick" from each. From the first this:—

Are you rich? forget your money,
And for something nobler strive;
Storing up a sweeter honey
In the busy human hive.

* * * *

Craftsman's son and homeless stranger
Love Incarnate had to be,
From his cradle in the manger
To his death upon the tree!

And from the second this:—

Never ask what others think:
Wouldst thou buffet with the wave?
Only trust in self can save;
Doubt to swim is lead to sink.

Wouldst thou lift thee to the sky?
Never look how others rise;
Borrowed craft is never wise;
Bold of wing is strength to fly.

The Scalpel is quite as keen and brilliant as the name indicates. There is a heartiness about Dr. Dixon's writings thoroughly refreshing; and even an unprofessional who dips into his pages, must recur to them again. They shake one up. The work is printed by Mr. J. C. Watters, 47 Ann st., and is a fine specimen of typography—quite as clean as a scalpel ought to be. *Sherman & Co., Astor House.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Public Documents from	*Hon. J. Kelly, M. C.*
The Bunsby Papers, (second series,) Irish Echoes. By John Brougham.	*Derby & Jackson.*
The Lady's Guide to perfect Gentility, &c. By Emily Thornwell.	"
The Sparrow-Grass Papers. By Frederic S. Cozzens.	" "
Memoirs of Henry the Eighth of England; with the fortunes, fates, and characters of his six wives. By Henry W. Herbert.	*Miller, Orton & Mulligan.*
Memoirs of the Court and Reign of Catherine the Second, with a brief survey of the Romanoff dynasty. By Saml. M. Smucker, A.M.	"
Brougham's Dramatic Works, Vol. 1, with Memoir by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie.	*S. French.*
National Democratic Review, April: Washington.	*Buell.*
Philly and Kit, or Life and Raiment. By Caroline Chesebro: author of "Isa," a "Pilgrimage," &c.	*Redfield.*
The Ballads of Ireland: collected and edited by Edward Hayes. 2 Vols. Boston.	*Donahoe.*
United States Democratic Review. May.	*Lloyd & Campbell.*
History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon to the accession of Louis Napoleon. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart.	*Harper & Brothers.*
Select Orations of M. T. Cicero. Translated by C. D. Yonge.	"
Vagabond Life in Mexico. By Gabriel Ferry.	"
Treatise on Arithmetic, Theoretical and Practical. By Elias Loomis, L.L.D.	"
Public Documents from	*Hon. S. A. Douglas.*
The Scalpel. Edited by E. H. Dixon, M. D.	*Sherman & Co.*

Literary and Artistic News.

The *Presse*, the journal of Emile de Girardin, publishes, says the *Tribune*, by way of advertisement, a statement of its circulation in each year of its existence. In 1836, six months after it was started, it reached a sale of 9,331, and in 1837 attained the figure of 13,200. The next year, in a struggle with the coalition which united Thiers, Guizot, Berryer, and Ledru Rollin, it came near receiving its death-blow; its circulation fell to 2,300. Still, under the ban of this coalition, it rose, in 1839, to 9,550, and from that time steadily increased to 16,895 in 1844. The enlargement of the sheet, the next year, raised its circulation to 22,971. There was an increase of nearly 3,000 the next year, and the popularity of its opposition to Guizot, the year after, gave it 7,000 more. But it was not till after the Revolution of February, with its abolition of the stamp tax, and the great increase in the circulation of all the journals which followed, that the *Presse* reached its maximum; its number of subscribers and purchasers then rose from 32,300 in 1847 to 63,869. In 1849, when Cavaignac suppressed it for a time, it declined again to 34,779; and in 1850 it fell to 31,479. The *coup d'état* reduced it in 1851 to 21,236, and in 1852 to less than 19,000. The revival of commercial prosperity in France raised it, in 1853, to 22,782, and the excitement consequent on the war in the East and the Paris Exhibition increased it in 1854 to 34,775. During that year the whole paper was daily set up five times, and printed in two hours on five four-cylinder presses. During the year 1855 its circulation was 42,646, and the whole number of sheets printed was 15,352,498, on which a duty of 1,226,805fr. was paid.

In announcing the publication (in England) of some hitherto unprinted letters of Macklin, the famous actor and author, the *Daily Times* takes occasion to awaken some reminiscences of Quick, another actor, to whom the letters were addressed. He it was, be it remembered, who first clothed *Macbeth* in the Highland costume; for the chief, until then, had been played by Garrick in a full-dress military uniform and the wig. Quick was a little, lively sprat man, the original of *Tony Lumpkin*, *Isaac Mendoza*, and *Beau Mordecai*, in "Love a-la-Mode," Macklin's successful comedy. He was a great favorite of that old pighead, George III., who used to open his great German mouth and bellow when he came on the stage. He was full of gibe and merriment. On one occasion he played *Richard the Third* before the King, for his benefit, and though he performed it with rare excellence, the audience would insist on laughing at every line, as is the case often with another great actor on our own boards. Quick, with the best tragic intentions, thought it best to give them their way, and humor them; so when he came to the scene,

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse,"

by way of putting a finishing stroke to the fun, he extemporized, "And if you can't get a horse, bring a jackass!"

The Lord Lieutenant and suite lately visited the office of the Brehon Law Commissioners in Trinity College, Dublin. From Dr. Graves, Dr. O'Donovan, and Mr. Curry, he received all information as to the contents of the laws and the language in which they are written. Seventeen volumes of the transcripts, made from the manuscripts in the libraries of Trinity College, the Royal Irish Academy, the British Museum, and the Bodleian Library, Oxford, were submitted for inspection. These manuscripts have been multiplied by the application of the anastatic process of printing, so as to produce a considerable number of *fac simile* copies, available in the process of preparing the work for the press. A copious glossary of difficult works has been collected, occupying three large quarto volumes, and a complete index made of all the headings of paragraphs for the purpose of collation.

Mr. James Doyle—formerly of the *Nation* (we believe), and at present editor of the Kilkenny *Journal*, is about to collect the poetry of Young Ireland, in the Celtic Union series. It will be a worthy contribution to the literature of the time, embracing, as it must, the most vigorous and vivid effusions of many poets not included in the "Spirit of the Nation"—the writings of *Speranza*, *Mary* Eva, Martin MacDermott, John Savage, Joseph Brenan, in the *Irishman* of '49, &c. Besides, it must collect for the future generation some of the best words of the olden bards —Mangan, Williams, De Jean, F. Davis (the Belfast man), McCarthy, Barry, Duffy, and others, who filled with a lyric bounty the years from '43 to the scattering of the confederates.

Ticknor & Fields, Boston, have in press an edition of Browning's Poems, more full than any yet published, but not complete. —"Sordello" and some other of his least satisfactory productions being omitted. By the way, Browning recently remarked to a friend that "Sordello" was an experiment on his part—*every alternate line of the poem as written being omitted from the printed book!* The experiment, he gravely added, did not prove successful—many readers finding the work incomprehensible. Quite likely! says the *Tribune.*

The London *Athenæum* quotes, from a letter written at Florence, a very favorable notice of a picture just sold to Mr. Alfred Skerry, of London, by Mr. Gowld, an American artist. The subject is a Turkish girl who has just quitted the bath, and we are told, first, that "the artist has travelled much in the East, and his Turkish girl is really Turkish, and not Parisian," and next, that the picture (which is about 24 by 18 inches) "might hang on the wall of any drawing-room in England."

McVicker, the comedian, has achieved a great success in Chicago and St. Louis, with Charles Gayler's comedy of "Taking the Chances."

A young lady near Boston, says the *Times*, not quite sixteen years of age, being under the influence of the Spirit of Bethoven, is engaged in writing an opera. It is further declared that she has never been instructed in music. Being under age, of course all the music will be in a minor key, and in spite of the assertion that the fair composer never took any lessons upon a musical instrument, we nevertheless think that she must be a pretty good performer on the lyre.

Joseph Muller, the celebrated Orientalist, is about to make a scientific journey to Spain, at the private expense of the King of Bavaria. His principal object will be to examine the collection of Arab manuscripts in the Escurial, which was commenced under Philip II.

Macaulay received over $60,000 for the first two volumes of his "History of England." For the third and fourth, thus far, $80,000 more, making the snug little sum of $200,000 for the five volumes up to the present time.

We see by an advertisement, that Mr. Lewis, Lithographic Artist, of Buffalo, has just completed a portrait of John Mitchel. It is large, on superior paper, and said to be an admirable likeness.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

SECOND REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

We attended a battalion drill of the Second Regiment, Col. Bogert, on Wednesday evening, the 7th inst., at the City Arsenal. It was conducted by the Colonel in person, Captain Darrow acting as Adjutant, in the absence of Adjutant Clarke, confined to his house by sickness, and consisted of some battalion movements and the manual of arms. The muster was slim, which we were informed it was owing to a want of due notice; several companies whose muster-rolls are respectable, turning out in comparatively skeleton proportions. The drill itself was of average merit; the movements, especially the battalion movements, wanting the ease and uniformity conferred by practice. The manual was better. Col. Bogert seemed to handle his regiment with facility, and under more favorable circumstances would have done better. The breaking into column by companies, marching by the flank and in column, were the chief movements executed.

We were glad to learn from Quarter-master Moore, that the prospects of the regiment are brightening. The regiment consists at present of the following companies:—Washington Continentals, Captain Darrow; Caledonian Fusileers, Lieut. Maguffie; City Grenadiers, Captain Irwin; State Grenadiers, Lieut. Regan; Highland Guard, Captain Manson; Swiss Rifles, Captain Robert; Columbian Rifles, Captain Weinburger; Lafayette Rifles, Capt. Simon.

The "bill of dress" of these companies is strangely diversified, each selecting and adhering to the uniform typical, apparently, of national tastes and feelings. Thus, of the two Scotch companies, one rejoices in the "kilt," the other still retains the "bonnet;" and so with the other companies. This diversity gives quite a fanciful appearance to the regiment on a parade; but is attended with what we would suppose to be, at least, a countervailing disadvantage—the difficulty it must present to the due equalization of companies. Lieu't-Col. Robinson and Major McIlveen are officers whose promotion to the posts they respectively hold, has been evidently "the reward of merit."

KINGS COUNTY MILITIA.

From a peep at a leaf in the Colonel's book, we learn that the Seventieth Regiment, Col. Graham, will make their first parade for the season on the 12th of June next. This regiment is composed of cavalry and artillery, and the display of guns on the occasion will be greater, as we are informed, than ever before made by any single regiment in the State. There will be a sham fight. The route is to be through the Eastern District, and the scene of action to be determined by the officers resident in that quarter. Hogan's artillery (the Napper Tandy,) is attached to this command; as are also Taafe's Lancers.

AUGUSTA, GEO., MAY 6, 1855.

To the Editor of the Irish News:

Availing myself of the special privilege which you so generously extend to military officers, I beg the use of your columns for a few brief remarks, concerning the "Irish Volunteers" of Augusta. This company was organized about five years ago under favorable auspices, which continue up to the present time. In numerical strength we cannot compare with other cities having a larger Irish population. It at present consists of 35 effective men, all of whom are proud to carry the arms of their adopted country, and would be equally proud to use them effectually against her enemies, within or without, if need be.

One of the most pleasing incidents since its organization was the presentation of a beautiful Flag, on 3d November last to the corps by an accomplished young lady of this city, who delivered on the occasion an eloquent address. The flag is greatly admired, as much for its happy conception of style as for its beautiful execution. It is about two yards square of double green silk; on one side are the arms of the State of Georgia, painted by Mr. Sharp, a talented artist of this city. On the other side is the Harp of Erin, surmounted by the American Eagle and an array of Stars, worked in rich gold bullion, and underneath, in a scroll, is the legend—"Erin-go-Bragh." The flag is trimmed with costly gold tassellings, and an embellished pike surmounts the staff. St. Patrick's Day is the anniversary of the corps, which is usually celebrated by a target excursion.

The City Council in its benevolence has appropriated the sum of $200 annually towards the defraying the contingent expenses of the corps, in common with the different volunteer companies of the city, which, to us all, is a very desirable boon.

The officers are, Edward J. Walker, captain, deservedly respected and esteemed by the members. He is a son of South Carolina, of distinguished abilities as a lawyer, and a fearless Democrat in politics. The first lieutenant is Thomas Whyte of the North of Ireland, and one of the Young Ireland School. The second lieutenant is Nicholas Daly, an efficient soldier and a worthy Irishman, from Wexford. The third lieutenant is Thomas Phibbs, from Sligo.

Contemplating some modification in the present uniform worn by the company, I withhold any further remarks until such change is complete.

Very sincerely, THOMAS WHYTE.

U. S. Army Intelligence.

(*From our Washington Correspondent.*)

The following assignments of officers are directed by the Secretary of War, viz.:—

COMMISSARY DEPARTMENT:

Brevet-Col., J. P. Taylor, to duty at St. Louis, Mo.
Brevet-Major, G. G. Waggaman, to duty at Baltimore, Md.
Captain A. E. Shiras, to duty at San Antonio, Texas.
Captain W. B. Blair, to be relieved, and await further orders.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT:

Ass't-Surgeon, R. H. Coolidge, to be relieved; his new station to be designated hereafter.

PAY DEPARTMENT:

Major T. J. Leslie, to duty in the city of Washington.
Major St. Clair Denny, to duty at St. Louis, Mo.
Major David Hunter, to duty at Fort Leavenworth.
Major H. Hill, to duty in the city of New-York.
Major F. A. Cunningham, to duty, Department of Texas.
Major J. R. Hagner, to be relieved, and wait further orders.
Major Henry Prince, to duty, Department of Texas.

CORPS OF ENGINEERS:

Brevet-Major J. Saunders, to New-Orleans, La.
Brevet-Major P. G. T. Beauregard, to duty at Fort Delaware.
Lieut. William P. Trowbridge, to duty in Louisiana and Texas.
Lieut. W. H. Stevens, to duty on Coast Surveys.

CORPS OF TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS:

Lieu't-Col. J. Kearney, to duty on the Surveys.
Captain A. A. Humphreys, to duty as a member in the Light House Board, Washington.
Captain S. N. Macomb to duty, Department of New-Mexico.
Captain J. H. Simpson, to duty on Coast Survey.
Captain W. R. Palmer, to duty, Department of Texas.
Captain G. Thom, to duty on the military road now in construction in Minnesota Territory.
Brevet-Capt. G. Meade, to duty on the Surveys of the Lakes.
Lieut. J. W. Abert, to duty, Department of Florida.
Brevet-Capt. A. L. H. Hardcastle, to duty at Louisville, Ky.
Lieut. G. H. Derby, to duty on Coast Surveys.
Lieut. J. G. Parke, to duty on Pacific R. R. Surveys.

ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT:

Major John Symington, to duty at Alleghany Arsenal.
Capt. C. P. Stone, to duty at Alleghany Arsenal.

RESIGNATIONS:

Brevet-Capt. Hardcastle, Top. Eng'rs.
2nd Lieut. Jones, 1st Cavalry.

City News.

The subscribers of the Corn Exchange held a meeting at their rooms on the 8th, to take measures for the relief of the sufferers at the Cape Verde Islands. Mr. John L. Buckley was chosen President; N. J. Hibbard and Joseph Ketchum Vice-Presidents, and Theodore Perry, Secretary,

Suitable resolutions were passed and the following committee of twenty-five appointed to receive contributions, &c.:—Thomas Dunham, William H. Newman, Stephen Valentine, Isaac T. Frost, Francis McDonald, James Doherty, Samuel Nimmons (of Thos. Richardson & Co.), N. H. Wolfe, H. W. Smith (of Jesse Hoyt & Co.), J. M. Fiske, Lewis Roberts, Thomas Rigney, George Wotherspoon, John O. Woodruff, Edward Hincken, Smith J. Eastman (of Brush & Co.), John W. Lewis, William Mangam, George W. Edwards, Peter Rice, Isaac H. Reed, P. P. Rodocanachi, David Dows, Cornelius Grinnell, Herman Stutzer.

William S. Rowland, Esq., who, for about three years past, has boarded at No. 39 Ninth street, committed suicide on the 5th, in his room, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol, causing almost instant death. He was a single man, supposed to be in affluent circumstances, and as far as known had no pecuniary embarrassments to contend with. The deceased was a brother to the Rev. Mr. Rowland, a divine of this city. He was 37 years of age and a native of Connecticut.

A new line of stages is proposed to run from Coenties slip up South street to Gouverneur; through Gouverneur, Madison and Goerick streets to Third street; through Third street and Avenue D to Greenpoint ferry. It is intended to run fourteen stages. The subject is before a committee of the Board of Aldermen.

The Water Committee of the Brooklyn Common Council have reported in favor of the Nassau Water Works Company introducing water into the City of Brooklyn, and in favor of taking $1,300,000 of the stock. This Company propose to furnish twenty millions of gallons a-day, and the whole cost not to exceed $4,200,000, and to be completed within three years.

The Stockholders of the Accessory Transit Company met on the 5th, and elected a President and Board of Directors as follows: President—Cornelius Vanderbilt; Directors—Peleg Hall, Joseph L. White, Frank Work, Chauncey St. John, W. Whiteright, Jr., Richard Schell.

The Board of Councilmen on the 7th inst., raised the salary of Mayor Wood to $6,000. At the same time, the salary of Comptroller Flagg, and of Mr. Taylor, Street Commissioner, were raised to $5,000 each, and the salary of the Deputy Commissioner to $2500.

Joseph R. Male, editor of *El Nicaraguense*, who was arrested here last fall, on a charge of vioalting the neutrality laws as related to Nicaragua, but permitted to depart on account of ill health, died recently, it is said, at the scene of his labors.

The skeleton of a man was dug up, in President, near Clinton street, Brooklyn, on Friday, while some workmen were engaged in digging a cellar. It is perfect in all its parts.

Dr. Cheeseman, after 36 years faithful service in the New-York Hospital, has resigned his situation as surgeon to that institution.

MARRIAGES.

At Queenstown, John Roche, of Cork, to Mary Anne, daughter of Jeremiah Scully, Queenstown.
At Kinsale, Michael Fleming, merchant, to Mary Anne, daughter of Captain Jeremiah M'Carty, Harbor View, Kinsale.
At Limerick, August Mollard, late of France, to Ellen Lahiff, daughter of the late James Lahiff.
At St. Anne's church, Dublin, Denis M'Carthy, to Charlotte, daughter of Wm. Harvey, of Queenstown.
At St. Andoen's church, Thomas William Higgins, barrister-at-law, New-York, to Isabella, second daughter of Samuel Wade, Ussher's Island, and niece of the late Gen. Collins.
At Fiddown, Wm. Murray Drummond, late 89th Regt., to Eliza Thomasina, daughter of Wm. Briscoe, of Garneragh, Kilkenny.
At Kilteevan, J. J. Blake, Sub-Inspector of Constabulary, to Ellen, daughter of the late Charles O'Connor, of Cloontuskert, Galway.
At St. Peter's, Pimlico, John Pitt Kennedy, Roughnish House, Tyrone, and Manchester street, London, to Augusta Lewis, daughter of Robt. George Smith, Pimlico.
April 17, in St. Thomas's church, William L. Victor, Esq., fourth son of the late John George Victor, Esq., of Belfast, to Helena, third daughter of the late Robert Usher, Esq., of Rock Abbey, Cashel, county Tipperary.
At Dublin, Wm. Liddell, of Manchester, to Jane Maria, daughter of the late Francis Reynolds, of Sackville street.
In St. Mary's church, Dublin, Wm. H. James, Assistant-Surgeon of the Bengal Army, to Sarah Frances, daughter of the late Wm. West, M. D.
At St. Peter's church, Dublin, William Gibson, of Merrion square, and Rockforrest, Tipperary, to Charlotte, daughter of John Hare, Dublin, and the Deer Park, Cashel.
At Clondalkin, John Fagan, merchant, Edinburgh, to Maryanne, daughter of Thomas Seery, Sallypark, Clondalkin.
At Monkstown church, Chaworth J. Ferguson, only son of Joseph Ferguson, of Prospect, Westmeath, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. T. Smyth, of Vesey place, Monkstown.
At Johnstown Castle, the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Esmonde, Bart., of Ballynastragh, county Wexford, to Sophia Maria, widow of Hamilton Knox Grogan Morgan.
At Moneymore, George Vesey Stewart, son of Mervyn Stewart, of Martray House, to Margaret Torrens, daughter of John Rowley Miller, of Moneymore.
At Portnashangan church, Edward Wm. Ring, late of Belmont avenue, to Esther Christiana Doyle, of Charleville.
At Sligo. John Burns, grocer and spirit merchant, to Catherine, daughter of Denis O'Connor, of Corsella, and niece to Charles O'Connor, of Roadstown House, Sligo.

DEATHS.

At Castleview, Cork, Margaret, wife of Richard W. Long, aged 89.
At Blackrock, Margaret, wife of Cornelius Curtin.
On board H. M. S. Nerbudda, supposed to have been lost off the Cape of Good Hope, aged 18, Burdett H. Browne, son of John Denis Browne, of Mount Browne, Mayo (formerly M. P. for that county.)
At Waterford, at the patriarchal age of 90, Daniel Hogan, architect, a worthy and respected citizen, a considerate and kind employer.
On the 15th ult., Denis Keeffe. J. P., of Dungarvan and Mountain Castle, aged 65 years.
At Tramore, Mrs. Hayes, aged 70 years, relict of the late Thomas Hayes.
At Newtown, near Waterford, Mrs. Randal Penrose.
At 30 Eccles street, Dublin, Francis Pilsworth, aged 77.
At 40 Lower Baggot street, Dublin, Mr. Davis, aged 74.
At 6 Wellington street, Dublin, the wife of M. G. Harrington, and daughter of the late John Alexander, of Maryville House.
At Hollyfort, county Wexford, Sophia, wife of the Rev. Mathew W. Palliser.
At Glen House, Cardonagh, Michael Doherty, aged 78 years.
At Mahonstown, county Meath, aged 76, Jane, last surviving daufihter of of the late Caleb Barnes.
Aged 80 years, Eleanor, relict of Richard Senior, of Balrinrally, Queen's county.
At Lisbon, Pierce, son of Thomas Griffith, of Ballyporeen, Tipperary.
At London, aged 88 years, Anne, widow of John Boyle, of Belfast.
At 14 Queen street, Dublin, Margaret, wife of Michael Donohoe.
At Naas, in his 68th year, Patrick Farrell.
At Finner, county Rosoommon, aged 63 years, Mrs. Mary Barrett, mother of Rev. Mr. Barrett, R. C. C., Croghan.

Special Notices.

KELLER'S EMPIRE HALL,

NO. 596 BROADWAY, TWO DOORS ABOVE THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.—TRIUMPH OF ART!—THE THIRD SERIES OF THE

GRAND TABLEAUX AND MUSICAL SOIREES,

For which, in addition to the already approved and attractive programme, will be added the talent of the celebrated vocalist,

MADAME LOVARNY,

And the popular GERMANIA QUARTETTE CLUB.

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, May 12, 13, and 14, 1856.

The following diversified and brilliant order of performances will be given

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS.

PART I.

First Tableau—Time and Poetry.....by Keller
Quartette—Land of Light (Spohr).....Quartette Club
Solo—Trumpet.....Mr. Weiss
Second Tableaux—Diana and Acteon.....Mad. Keller
Solo—celebrated Lute Song, from "Anna Boleyn,".....Bellini
Madame Lovarny, (her first appearance in two years.)
Third Tableau—Famine (by desire).....L. Keller
Quartette—Sleep My Dear Maiden (Kucken).....Quartette Club
Fourth Tableau—Shower of Gold.....L. Keller

Intermission of ten minutes.

PART II.

First Tableau—Banks of Amazons.....L. Keller
Ballad—The Merry Swiss Girl, composed expressly by Lindley, for Madame Lovarny's voice, and sung by her with rapturous applause at Jullien's concerts in London and the United States.
Second Tableau—"Olympia"—The Banquet of the Gods.....L. Keller
Quartette—Schneiderlied, or Tailor's Song.....Storch
By the Quartette club.
Third Tableau—Faith, Hope and Charity.....Mme. Keller
Scotch Ballad—Comin' thro' the Rye.....Mme. Lovarny
Quartette—The Hunter's Song.....Quartette club
Last Tableau—Washington crossing the Delaware, (from the great national picture by Leutze.)

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Commence at 8 o'clock. Private Boxes, $5. Single seats to Private Boxes, $1. my17 1t

The Best Hair Dye.—DR. O. M. BALLARD'S new article received the highest premium at the World's Fair and American Institute, where it was examined by the distinguished Chemists, Dr. Chilton, and Prof. John Torrey, and pronounced the best. For sale by the best Druggists. Principal office and store, 498 Broadway, New-York. my17 3m

MAPS OF NICARAGUA,

(From the Latest Surveys,)

NORTH and Central America, containing distances, population, Transit Company's route through Nicaragua, description of the country, and effects of thirty year's civil war, &c., vessels in the United States navy, portraits of Walker, Kinney, and French. Size of the map, 26x32 inches. Price 25 cents. Improved second edition. Agents wanted.

my17 2t **J. Haven,** 115 and 117 Nassau street, up stairs.

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

A REMEDY WHICH CURES IN FIVE MINUTES.—M. LEROUX'S FRENCH CHOLERA COGNAC BITTERS.—This wonderful and scientific compound is recommended by the most eminent and learned physicians of all Europe and America, and enjoys the best reputation of anything similar ever offered. It is without doubt the best, most efficient and generally acknowledged remedy against Cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, and complaints of the stomach in general. The numerous patients who have tried it according to directions, have invariably found relief in a very short time, and the best proof of it is, that since this standard remedy was introducee in the armies of the allies in the Crimea, the mortality of the soldiers from Cholera and similar diseases was reduced by over 75 per cent.; in consideration of which, the inventor was presented by the French and English governments with a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Hail! M. LEROUX, the great Chemist and inventor, by whose knowledge our armies are preserved from Cholera."

This invaluable preparation is also a remedy for biliousness, indigestion, weakness, and general derangement of the stomach. Upon being taken, it creates appetite, and prevents the heaviness attendant upon eating, by persons who are dyspeptic.

In this city, also, this remedy has been tried with the most undoubted success, and the undersigned can produce the best testimonials of our most celebrated physicians, as to its immediate and complete success, which he will be happy at any time to show to any that may wish to see them. S. STEINFELD, sole agent for the United States, No. 70 Nassau street, corner of John.

P. S.—Those not having money to pay, may call at my place from 8 to 5 P. M. and receive this remedy gratis. my17 3m

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The MAILS FOR EUROPE, per British Mail steamer PERSIA, close at this office on WEDNESDAY, the 14th day of May, at 10½ o'clock, A. M. **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster.

Post-Office Notice.—THE MAILS FOR CALIFORNIA, per steamer GEORGE LAW, will close at this office on TUESDAY, May 20th, at 10 o'clock, P. M my17 1t **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster.

ANNIVERSARIES.

May 4.

American Female Guardian Society.—The twenty-second annual meeting of the American Female Guardian Society was held at the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Church, corner of Twenty-ninth street and Fifth avenue. The edifice was greatly crowded.

From the Treasurer's report, it appears that the income and expenditure of the society, including both the publishing department and Home for the Friendless, amounted to $27,925 77. The present liabilities of the society are $2,500 due upon a lot recently purchased, on which a new and much-needed building is in process of erection connected with the Home for the Friendless.

From the press have been issued an average of 23,000 copies of the *Advocate and Guardian*, semi-monthly, of 184,000 folio pages; 5,000 Annual Reports; 1,000 copies of Letters to a Young Christian; present issue of the *Advocate*, semi-monthly, 26,000. The number of letters registered, received through this department, is 3,500. The number of new subscribers received since last report, about 3,200. The number of tracts, papers, &c., contributed gratuitously the past year amount to some 300,000 pages.

The number of life members received is 253. Whole number, 2,000. The Home for the Friendless, founded by this society some eight years since, has sheltered, fed and clothed over 6,000 inmates, and sustained an average family of between one and two hundred from year to year, near 2,000 of whom have been friendless and homeless children.

New York Bible Soiety.—The annual sermon before this society was delivered before a large audience at the Dutch Reformed Church, Washington square, by Rev. Dr. Cheever, from the following text: "And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and his name is called the Word of God." (Rev. 19th chap., 13th verse.)

The Bible has just been translated into 260 languages and dialects, and is ready to be presented to 600,000,000 of the inhabitants of the earth. Only 190,000,000 have as yet received it. It has, therefore much yet to do.

Presbyterian Church—Board of Foreign Missions.—The nineteenth anniversary of the above-named society was held at the Rev. Dr. Potts' Church, University place. The audience was not large.

The receipts from all sources (including a balance of last year of $87 07, and also an unexpended balance from the sales of the Omaha reservation of $8,282,)	$201,933 61
Expenditure	201,908 75
Leaving a balance of	$24 86

The advance in the receipts of the treasury, from all sources, over those of the last year, has been something more than $10,000, the greater part of which is from the ordinary contributions of the Church, and which is regarded by the Board as an encouraging feature in the missionary work.

The publications of the Board have been the same as those of the previous year.

Eighteen missionaries (five of whom have been in this country on a visit), and thirty male and female assistant missionaries, making forty-eight in all, have been sent out during the year. This is a much larger number of missionary laborers than has ever been sent out in any previous year.

There are nine missionaries among the various Indian tribes of our own country, connected with which there are thirteen principal stations and out-stations, twelve ordained missionaries, sixty assistant missionaries, ten churches, three hundred and twenty-three church members, ten schools, and more than five hundred pupils in the various stages of their education.

There are two missions in Western Africa, one in Liberia, and the other on the Island of Corsica. There are two missions in India, three of them having been consolidated in one during the year. In Siam there is one mission at Bongkork, connected with which there are three ordained missionaries, three female assistant missionaries, one Chinese assistant, and one boarding-school, numbering twenty-eight pupils. There are three missions in China: at Canton, Ningpo, and Shanghai. The mission to the Chinese in California is still continued under the care of Rev. Wm. Speer, whose labors have been of great service to the Chinese in various ways.

There are two missions under the care of the Board in South America, one at Buenos Ayres and the other at Bogota, in New Granada. The one at Buenos Ayres has been of two years' continuance; the other has but just commenced. Funds have been remitted to the Evangelical missionary societies of Belgium, Paris, Geneva, and the Waldenses Synod, to the amount of $6,000.

Two missionaries are laboring in this city for the benefit of the Jews; and though no very marked results have as yet attended their labors, they report from time to time encouraging facts in connection with their labors.

May 5.

American Seamen's Friend Society.—The Twenty-eighth Anniversary of this Society was celebrated at the Broadway Tabernacle, P. Peritt, Esq., President, in the chair. The Rev. H. Loomis, one of the Secretaries, then read an abstract of the annual report, which is as follows:—In the year 1830 the tonnage of American vessels was 1,191,776 tons; the number of seamen and watermen under the American flag, including those in the navy, a little over *ninety thousand*. In 1855, only 25 years afterward, the tonnage had increased to 5,212,000 tons, and the number of seamen to nearly *four hundred thousand*, not having more than quadrupled in one-fourth of a century. In 1814 the tonnage of the British Commercial Marine was 2,616,965 tons, employing 172,786 men and boys. In 1854, forty years afterward, the tonnage had increased to 5,043,270, and her seamen, including the 63,000 in her navy, to nearly 400,000, both having doubled in less than half a century. The commerce, tonnage and seamen of the world have much more than doubled during the last forty years. Every thing indicates a more rapid increase in the future. This century shall not end, ere the 150,000 vessels of the civilized world shall have become 300,000, with swifter wings and stronger power to do the biddings of commerce; and their fifteen million of tonnage shall have become thirty million, and their million and a half of seamen shall have become three million; a number of men larger than this whole nation three-quarters of a century since—larger than the whole Anglo-Saxon race two centuries ago. A nation dwelling on the sea, drawn from every other, uniting every other, diffusing its life, and spirit, and energy, through every other; yet peculiar to itself, a unit in itself, separate from all the rest, dwelling alone on the sea. The Foreign Chaplaincies of the Societies are, in New-Granada—Aspinwall and Panama; in the Sandwich Islands—Honolulu and Lahaina; in Peru—Callao and the Chincha Islands; in Chili—Valparaiso; in China—Canton; in France—Havre and Marseilles; in Sweden—Gottland; in Denmark—Copenhagen; in New-Brunswick—St. Johns. The Society also sustains the Bethel in Mobile Bay, and the Sailors' Home in New-York, and aids the Bethel in Portland, Maine, and the Mariner's Church in New-York. In the Seamen's Saving Bank, in New-York, seamen alone have deposited nearly one-third of a million of dollars the past year. Over two and a half millions in that Bank belong to seamen.

Sailors' Home.—The number of boarders during the year ending May 1, was 3,300, who deposited in the Bank about $12,000, and carried away or sent to friends about $60,000. The number of boarders during the last 14 years, 47,156.

Finances.—The receipts of the Society have been $22,283.43. Expenditures during the year, $21,648.73. This amount does not include the receipts and expenditures of auxiliaries, and local societies on our seaboard and on our Western waters. The whole would amount to nearly $100,000.

The New-York Institution for the Blind.—The anniversary exhibition of the New-York Institution for the Blind, was held in the Tabernacle. The annual report says that it is now more than a quarter of a century since this Institution was founded. Beginning with three blind children, who had lost their sight by opthalmia in the Alms House, it now numbers 163 pupils and is daily increasing in usefulness. The instructors of the school are now, with one exception, blind graduates of the institution. The institution has raised $7,000, which, together with the same amount from the Legislature, has relieved them from the embarrassment caused mainly by the debt incurred in the manufacturing department. During the past year the institution has been blessed with remarkable good health; there has not been a death for the last eighteen months. The amount received during the year from various sources, is $61,045, leaving a balance in the Treasury of $6,645.80, but the outstanding debts are more than enough to absorb this.

May 6.

Colonization Society.—The twenty-fourth anniversary of the New-York State Colonization Society was held at the Dutch Reformed Church, Lafayette place. Anson G. Phelps, Esq., presided. The Treasurer's Report, and also the Annual Report, were read. The report states that information obtained by the Rev. J. B. Pinney, on a visit to Liberia, showed that while the condition of the Republic was insufficiently favorable to encourage the Society to perseverance, yet some improvement was necessary in the care of emigrants, both on their passage and after arrival. As to the funds, the season was one of general pecuniary pressure, but individual generosity has compensated for the loss in general collections, so that the year compares favorably with other years in the general result. There has been a decrease, compared with 1855, of $2,780 in legacies, but an increase in donations and from agencies. There has been an increase of over $3,000 in the permanent school fund, being a portion of the legacy of Mr. Bloomfield, of Rome, N. Y. The legacy left by Mr. Howland, of $10,000, for the emancipation of slaves, has been deposited in one of the Trust Companies to the credit of the American Colonization Society, but the New-York Society to be consulted before any of the fund can be used. The American Colonization Society has been enabled to get its funds into better order than in the beginning of 1855. The applications for emigration, if all accepted, would require at least $50,000, to which the erection of the necessary buildings and acclimating, for experiment, some emigrants on the mountains, will require $100,000. That Society is about sending a large company of emigrants from the South to Liberia. The slave trade, although chiefly suppressed along the West coast of Africa, is still carried on from several points. From the vicinity of Lagos it is reported that about 2,000 or 3,000 were exported in 1855. The report recommends the employment of small steamers instead of sailing vessels, for its suppression.

The New-York Sunday School Union celebrated their Anniversary yesterday afternoon. The different schools assembled in the following churches:—Broadway Tabernacle; Baptist church, Oliver street; Central Presbyterian church, Broome street; Seventh Presbyterian church, corner of Broome and Ridge streets; Baptist Tabernacle, Second avenue; Dr. Adams' church, Madison Square; Thirteenth-street Presbyterian church; Dr. Hutton's church, University place; Reformed Dutch church, corner Twenty-first-street and Fifth avenue; Forty-second-street Presbyterian church. There were altogether about 120 scholars, averaging 12 to each church. The average number of attendants of each school being estimated at 150, which is quite low, would make the number of children participating in the celebration, about 17,000. The fortieth annual report briefly reviews the course of the Society, and expresses gratitude that out of the 120,000 children, estimated to be in the city, nearly one-half have attended the Sabbath schools, and one-third are on the register. 4,444 families have been visited in search of pupils, and 4,663 children have been thus induced to attend. Yet, besides the children who attend other schools there are full 60,000 children in the city not having the benefits of this system of christian education. The whole number of schools of the Union is 200. The whole number of different scholars during the year was 56,044. The whole number now on register, is 38,152. The number of superintendents is 244. Male teachers, 1,970; female teachers, 2,110. The number of colored pupils is 644. The increase of scholars over last year was 5,132. The whole number of volumes in school libraries is 78,328. The amount of the contributions for various benevolent objects, was $9,899. The report closed with a brief, though feeling allusion to the death of Messrs. Brinsmade, McKeen, and Purser.

A General Anti-Slavery Meeting was held at the Shiloh church in Prince st. The house was quite filled, the audience being composed about equally of white and colored persons. Lemuel Tappan presided, and the meeting was addressed by Henry Highland, Mr. Lamor, Wm. Welles Bonner, and Hon. Mr. Goodall. The speakers were much interrupted by Mr. Joseph Howland, who advocated the cause of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which, on account of the disunion principles of its members, did not seem to be in the favor of the meeting.

May 7.

American and Foreign Bible Society.—Held in the Baptist Church, Oliver street, Rev. B. T. Welsh, D.D., in the chair. The Treasurer, read an abstract of his report, by which it appeared that the receipts from all sources for the past year amounted to $105,618 10; disbursements, $108,409 56, exceeding the receipts by $1,791 46.

American Home Missionary Society.—This society is thirty years old, and is brisk and prosperous. It celebrated at the Tabernacle. It has received during the last year $193,548; payments have amounted to $186,611, and there are $9,551 due to missionaries; with a balance in the Treasury of $23,942, received chiefly in legacies towards the close of 1855. The receipts exceeded those of 1854 by $13,000. There are 986 laborers in active service; 10 missionaries have preached to colored congregations, and the pupils in Sunday Schools count up to 60,000. There have been added to the missionary churches 2,502 persons, and 50 new churches have been organized within the year, and 48 houses of worship were completed.

The Five Points' House of Industry.—The meeting of the children and patrons of the Five Points' House of Industry (Mr. Pease's) took place at the Tabernacle. The building was filled, chiefly with ladies, not more than one hundred gentlemen being present. The children, to the number of 260, were seated in the organ gallery.

Archibald Russell, the President, read the second annual report of the Trustees.

In relation to the new building recently erected, the report states that the exact cost of the structure cannot now be stated, but it will not vary much from $25,000, in addition to the cost of ground, which was $11,000. $17,031 09 has already been paid on the building. The trustees have made arrangements to borrow on mortgage $16,000, which leaves about $3,000 to be provided for immediately.

The whole number of inmates the past year has been 1,005, accounted for as follows:

Remaining March 1, 1855	242	Sent to situations	628
Since received, men	77	Returned to their friends	119
Women	371	Sent to other institutions	43
Children	315	Expelled	50
		Left voluntarily	50
		Remaining March 1, 1856	115
Total.	1,005	Total	1,005

From the Treasurer's report we glean the following facts:

Cash on hand March 1, 1855	$3,201 89	Payments: Rent	$2,696 00
Work	1,801 37	Furniture	224 23
Board	2,092 86	Provisions	7,459 21
Donations for current expenses	12,917 74	Work	1,008 98
Donations for building	14,085 80	Clothing	1,126 91
		Incidental, travelling, transportation, medicines, funerals, &c.	824 68
		Superintendent and assistants	1,814 95
		Out-door poor	477 70
		Building	17,031 09
		Balance	1,435 41
Total	$34,099 16	Total	$34,099 16

The Alumni of Union Theological Seminary met in the chapel of that building. The meeting was largely attended. Representatives from the different graduated classes made statements of their personal affairs. After the election of officers for the ensuing year, the meeting adjourned until Wednesday of the Anniversary week in 1857.

The Third Anniversary of the American Congregational Union was celebrated in the Church of the Puritans, Union square. The audience, which was mostly composed of ladies, was, says the *Times* report, very meagre.

American Anti-Slavery Society.—The first meeting of the Twenty-second Anniversary Session of the American Anti-Slavery Society took place in the City Assembly-Rooms which were crowded to excess. Afternoon Session was held at 3 P. M., and the Evening Session at 7½. The speakers were—Messrs. Garrison, Redmond, Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell, Theodore Parker, C. C. Burleigh, Hawell, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, S. P. Andrews.

American Tract Society—Receipts of the Past Year.—Notwithstanding the hostilities that have obstructed the operations of the Society during the past year, it appears that the voluntary donations made for the year ending April 1, 1856, exceed those of any previous year, by $2,401 60.

Donations from Branches and Auxiliaries	$17,595 90
Donations to constitute Life Directors	6,000 91
Donations to constitute Life Members	22,080 11
Donations from Churches and Individuals	86,336 99
Donations in Legacies	26,421 17
Total amount of Donations	$158,435 08

The receipts from sales of publications the past year amount to $257,171 51, of which $50,128 75 were from sales of the American and German *Messenger and Child's Paper*, $149,102 from sales of publications by agents and colporteurs, and $57,940 53 from sales by booksellers, missionaries, and individuals. The total receipts of the Society for the year were $415,606 59.

May 8.

American Bible Society.—The Fourteenth Anniversary of the American Bible Society was held at the Broadway Tabernacle. The President, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, in the chair. The Treasurer's Report was read by Henry Fisher, Esq., Assistant Treasurer. The managers' report was also read. Of life directors, 105 have been made during the year, and of life members, 1,678. The receipts of the year amount to $393,167 25, being an increase of $46,355 68 over the former year. Of this amount $161,060 48 are gratuitous, and $232,106 77 from sale of bibles and testaments. The number of volumes issued is 668,225—since the organization of the society 11,321,912. Many more than formerly of the larger and better bound books have been issued.

Grants of Money.—The embarrassments of the former year have not admitted as many foreign grants as the Board desired to make. To publish the scriptures in France $1,000 have been paid; for the same purpose at Constantinople about $4,000; for Syria, $500; for Oroomiah $2,500; Northern India, $2,000; for Germany $1,000.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of Emigration held on the 7th, Mr. Kennedy made the following quarterly report:—

Months,	Vessels,	Bond Pas.	Not Bond.	Means.	Per Head.
Jan.	7	1,015	42	$38,126 19	31.10
Feb.	20	2,082	164	97,343 11	39.77
March	45	5,279	433	247,917 86	43.40
April	34	6,652	381	509,134 81	72.39
Total,	106	15,028	1,020	$892,552 27	55.61

During the first week in May, 17 ships and 5,803 passengers.

From this table it will be seen that the emigration is steadily increasing, and that a better class are landing.

The debt of the Commissioners has decreased slightly. It is now $89,629 28.

Special Notices.

A CIRCULAR.

TO those engaged in Mercantile pursuits, any invention that will facilitate their labors is highly worthy of notice as well as extensive patronage. One of the most important inventions of the present age is that of a pen which possesses the necessary qualities of fineness in mark and durability in use. Those of John Foley, manufacturer Gold Pens and Pencils, 167 Broadway, New-York, stand pre-eminent. Their superior value is tested by the long time he has been engaged in our city in their manufacture.

We, the subscribers who know the value of these pens, from long use of them, cheerfully recommend them to those who wish for the most convenient article in the counting room. Signed by the following and many other parties:

Geo. S. Coe, Vice-President American Exchange Bank.
B. Murray, Assistant Cashier do. do. do.
J. Seymour, Cashier Bank of North America.
F. A. Platt, Cashier Corn Exchange Bank.
B. T. Hoogland, Cashier National Bank.
W. T. Hooker, President Continental Bank.
James McCall, President Metropolitan Bank.
H. Meigs, Jr., Cashier do do.
J. C. Beach, Cashier Marine Bank.
G. R. Conover, Cashier Importers' and Traders' Bank.
R. H. Lowery, Cashier Bank of the Republic.
W. B. Meeker, Assistant Cashier Bank of New-York.
T. D. Meiggs, Teller Bank of America.
Charles Windsor, Teller Mereantile Bank.
D. Randall, do. do. do.
J. M. Crane, Teller Shoe and Leather Bank.
J. E. Southwick, President Atlantic Bank.
George D. Arthur, Cashier do. do.
P. S. Henderson, Cashier Brooklyn Bank.
Constant W. Brown, Merchants' Bank.
Joseph W. Corlies, President St. Nicholas Bank.
George Ellis, Cashier Bank of the Commonwealth.
R. A. Tooker, Cashier Nassau Bank.
Samuel B. White, Cashier Grocers' Bank.
Edwin Ludlow, Cashier Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Co.
H. W. Cheeseman, Teller Market Bank.
Samuel H. Kissam, Teller Bank of Commerce.
William F. Brown, do. do. do.
S. K. Raymond, Teller Mechanics' Bank.
George D. Lyman, Manager New-York Clearing House.
Charles Dennis, Vice-President Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.
A. B. Neilson, President Sun Mutual Insurance Co.
Elwood Walter, President Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co.
E. Russell Hinckley, President Atlas Mutual Insurance Co.
Daniel Drake Smith, President Commercial Mutual Insurance Co.
John P. Paulison, Vice-President Astor Mutual Insurance Co.
J. F. Cox, Vice-President Great Western Insurance Co.
William Le Coney, Vice-President Pacific Mutual Insurance Co.
William K. Ackerman, Secretary Illinois Central Railroad Co.
Wm. Bement, Treasurer New-York and New-Haven Railroad Co.
E. B. Litchfield, Treasurer Cleveland and Toledo Railroad Co.
R. B. Turner, Register do. do. do.
J. M. Hopkins, Sec'y. Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana R. R. Co.
G. H. Ford, Dep. Treas. do. do. do.
J. F. Davenport, Treasurer Hudson River Railroad Co.
Edward Thompson, Agent Long Island Railroad Co.
James Rowe, Cashier New-York Herald.
A. Gordon, Bookkeeper New-York Herald.
Henry L. Meech, Cashier Daily Times.
Richard B. Connelly, County Clerk.
T. M. Wigham, of Jacob Little & Co.
J. H. Stebbins, of N. R. Cobb & Co.
Jesse Payne, of Wells, Fargo & Co.

Winslow, Lanter & Co.	E. W. Tiers & Co.
R. W. Clarke, Dodge & Co.	Brown & De Rosset.
Carpenter & Vermilye.	Coolidge & Young.
Meigs and Greenleaf.	Shepard & Nelson.
H. T. Morgan & Co.	Spies, Christ & Jay.
Condit, Jenkins & Co.	H. M. Schieffelin & Fowler.
Quick L'Hommedieu.	Fairchild & Fanshawe.
Atwood & Co.	Beale, Melick & De Witt.
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T. Ketcham & Co.	Brewer & Caldwell.
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E. S. Munro & Co.	Hall, Dana & Co.
Wetmore & Robert.	Gage, Sloans & Dater.
Stevens, Wallace & Morris.	Afwater, Knapp & Woodruff.
Wells, Butterfield & Co.	Richards & McHarg.
S. B. Chittenden & Co.	Johnson & Higgins.
W. Carpenter, Ide & Co.	James & Henry McBride.
C. E. & W. J. Babcock.	Moody and Telfair.
Sheldon, Hoyt & Co.	L. Roberts & Co.
Bird & Neilson.	Waldo, Barey & Co.
Barclay & Livingston.	Jewell, Harrison & Co.

These Pens vary in size and price, viz., $1, $1 25, $2, $3 and $4 each, with complete silver extension cases, new style pencil, &c., attached are $2, $2 50, $3, $3 50, and $4 each. The undersigned is manufacturer of the celebrated "John Foley's bank pen," price $3 and $4 for the large size, including holder. All pens of my manufacture are made of fine gold, finished in the best manner; points warranted not to come off, and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction; if not, will exchange them or return the money. Any of the above pens will be sent by mail on receipt of the price. Pens and cases made to order for trade, on the most advantageous terms.

JOHN FOLEY, Gold Pen Manufacturer,
1mo 167 Broadway, New-York.

GREENWOOD LAKE HOTEL,

Orange Co., (near Chester,) State of New-York.

THE proprietor of the Parquette Saloon, under the Broadway Theatre, respectfully informs the public that he has leased the above fashionable watering place which has been carried on for years by Col. Felter, and trusts from the manner in which he has treated his city friends to the best the market could afford, to merit the continuance of their favors during the Summer months. The Hotel has all the advantages necessary for a summer residence—a copious lake furnishing sport for gentlemen addicted to piscatorial pursuits; carriages suitable for invalids; woods and shady groves for lovers—in fact, everything conducing to pleasure and health during the warm days now approaching. The Hotel is easy of access, Stages meeting each train of the New-York and Erie Railroad at Chester.

All applications for Rooms, to be addressed to
my3 8m **George Mellon,** 326 Broadway, N. Y.

Gentlemen's Hats in Quarterly Patterns.—The established excellence and style of our peculiar fabric for Gentlemen's wear, renders it needful for us only to announce the quarterly issue for March, 1856. LEARY & CO., Leaders and Introducers of Fashions for Gents. Hats, Astor House, Broadway. my10t2

STATEN ISLAND

FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 3 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dy and re-finished with great success.

Also ladies and ge ents, Shawls, &c., &c.
BARRETT, NE**W & CO.,
3mos st., (2 doors from adway,) N. Y.

DRY GOODS AND EMBROIDERIES.

H. **MAGEE,** has removed to 140 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, where he has opened a large stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, which he will sell at very low prices. my3 1m

Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE for Servants, 129 Waverley Place, two doors from Sixth avenue, New-York.—A large number of competent help can be suited with good situations, in city and country, without delay. Employers in the city and country supplied with the best of female help. [my17 3m] WM. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

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OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

Special Notices.

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.

Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my3 3m

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PLAIN and Ornamental. Drain Pipes of all sizes, superior manufacture, lowest rates. LONG ISLAND POTTERY. Depot, 82 Nassau street, New-York. my10 3m

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PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

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JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

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Medical.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

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"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns*, *Piles*, *Boils*, *Corns*, *Felons*, *Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores*, *Ulcers*, *Itch*, *Scald Head*, *Nettle Rash*, *Bunions*, *Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows*, *Sties*, *Festers*, *Flea Bites*, *Spider Stings*, *Frozen Limbs*, *Salt Rheum*, *Scurvy*, *Sore* and *Cracked Lips*, *Sore Nose*, *Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

A Retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescriptions used. Direct to
Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL,
my10 3m No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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DR. **BIRGE,** invites the attention of the afflicted to his practice in treating the Eye and Ear. He has cured more than five hundred persons who were pronounced incurable by other Occulists. He has also restored to sight seventeen persons born blind, and he pledges himself to cure every case that may be presented. That no one need be imposed upon, he warrants a cure in every case.

AMAUROSIS.—This obstinate disease he treats with astonishing success.

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DEAFNESS.—My treatment for this difficulty I offer as the most successful that has ever been in practice. I have restored to their hearing a large number who had been perfectly deaf more than twenty years.

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IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

DR. **J. ALLEN,** (late Professor in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery,) invites attention to his improved method of constructing Artificial Dentistry, which combine the following advantages:

1st,—There are no seams or crevices for the lodgement of food, to vitiate the saliva, or infect the breath. The interstices are all filled with a silicious compound, which is so applied as to form an artificial gum; this is fused at a high heat, which unites the Teeth firmly to each other, and to the plate upon which tney are set, thus imparting great strength and lifelike appearance to the denture.

2d,—The Teeth for this style of work are made perfectly natural in form and shade, and when properly set with the artificial gum as above, exhibits that harmony with the other features which characterize the natural organs.

3d,—The original form and expression of the mouth and face can be restored. This is done by having the denture so constructed as to bring out the sunken portions and sustain them in their proper position; this is an important feature in this style of work, to which the author devotes special attention.

4th,—A clear and distinct articulation of speech is restored. This is effected by having the inside of the teeth, and artificial gum, of a natural form, to which the tongue is readily adapted; this prevents the hissing or muffled sounds so often observed in speaking or singing, in persons wearing artificial teeth.

The Rooms are at No. 30 BOND STREET, New-York. A Pamphlet containing more full particulars, sent free, to those who desire it. ap26 3m

H. G. LUTHER,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

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HAVING enjoyed an extensive practice during the last twelve years, feels confident of his ability to give perfect satisfaction to all who may honor him with their preference. He is prepared to perform all operations connected with his profession, in the most faithful manner, and in strict accordance with scientific principles, embracing all the recent improvements of the day.

References of the most respectable character given if desired. Patronage respectfully solicited.

☞ N. B. Teeth extracted without pain. my17 3m

Special Notices.

PROSPECTUS.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC REVIEW is now firmly established in Washington City. Every great question before the present Congress will be elaborately discussed in its columns.

Such subscribers to the "Western Democratic Review," as have overpaid, will be furnished with the "National Democratic Review," which, it is believed, will prove a work of vastly superior merit.

A considerable portion of each number of the REVIEW will be devoted to Literary and Scientific subjects. Several, among the most accomplished scholars and distinguished politicians in the country, will be regular contributors to its columns.

In answer to numerous inquiries of old and new friends, we deem it proper to say, THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC REVIEW will be printed and published at Washington City; is totally unconnected with any political Magazine in the country; is devoted, not to the support of any politician, but to the interests of the National Democracy—that democracy which will ever "carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

The REVIEW is published in pamphlet form, upon beautiful white paper, in solid long primer, 96 pages per month—making two volumes per year, of 576 pages each.

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Copies of the REVIEW will be found for sale at the Bookstore of Franck Taylor, 402 Pennsylvania Avenue, and at the office of publication 468 10th street, between D and E.

All communications to be addressed to
GEO. P. BUELL,
Editor National Democratic Review.

Catholic Society for the Promotion of Agricultural Settlements.—Office No. 3 Chamber street, (over East River Bank. Open from 9 to 4.

3t J. G. MOYLAN, Sec., *pro tem.*

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

REMOVAL.

McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 36 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

To Military Companies and Civic Societies.

OLD MONTGOMERY HALL, 76 Prince Street.—The Subscriber, having taken a lease of the above well known popular concern, begs to inform the Members of Military Companies and Civic Trades Bodies, and Managers of Balls, that he is ready to treat for the letting of spacious and well-lighted rooms, suited for meetings, &c.

The Bar attached to the Hall is always supplied with the best imported an domestic Liquors, Brandys, Wines, Ales, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, a choicest brands of Havana Cigars. JOHN DOLAN.

TO PRINTERS.

COPPER FACED TYPE.—CORTELYOU'S NEW-YORK TYPE FOUNDRY, and PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE, established in 1823, 29 *Spruce street*, four doors below William street.

The subscriber is prepared to furnish his well-know nd superior Book and Newspaper Printing Types, in fonts to suit purchasers. Also, German and Ornamental Types, Greek, Hebrew, Ornaments, Music, Brass Rules, &c., manufactured of metals equal to any in this country, and finished in the most accurate manner. He also furnishes Presses, Chases, Composing Sticks, Stands, Cases, Furniture, Ink, &c.

WOOD AND METAL TYPES,

from other Foundries, and every article required in a Printing Office, at the lowest prices, for cash or approved paper. Type, copper-faced by the Newton Company, furnished to order. Old Type received at 9 cents per pound in exchange for new. Estimates for Printing Establishments furnished on application.

☞ Printers of newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times before January 1, 1857, sending me one of the papers, will be paid in printing types, when purchasing four times the amount of the bill.

PETER C. CORTELYOU.

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,
No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their exeellent tone and durabl quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Information is wanted of Henry Murray and Margaret his wife,—before her marriage, Margaret Donegan,—of Ireland, they can hear o something very greatly to their advantage on addressing, (post paid,) ALEXANDER P. GARESCHE, St. Louis, Mo. my10 3t

Information Wanted—Of RICHARD, MICHAEL, and JAMES HEALY, formerly of Mountmellery, county of Waterford, Ireland, by their mother, the Widow HEALY, at E. CONNOLLY'S, 229 West 39th street, N. Y. my17 1t

Wanted.—Good hands to embroider on linen. Apply at GENIN'S Bazaar, (under St. Nicholas Hotel,) 513 Broadway. my17 3m

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap193m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

SMITH, BROTHERS,

[ONE PRICE]

CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,

122 AND 140 FULTON ST., N. Y.

The PRICE is marked on all the goods in

PLAIN FIGURES.

We have now on hand a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, together with our new styles of Spring

RAGLANS,

PELISSIERS,

AND CANROBERTS—

OR, SUMMER OVER-COATS.

ap268m SMITH, BROTHERS, 122 AND 140 FULTON ST.

IRISH, ENGLISH, AND SCOTCH LINEN GOODS.

THE subscribers who are exclusive dealers in LINEN GOODS, would invite the attention of housekeepers and others to their complete stock of

Shirting Linens,	Towelings,
Sheeting Linens,	Diapers,
Pillow-case Linens,	Lawns,
Table Linens,	Linen C. Handkerchiefs;

or, Linen goods of any description, which they offer for sale at very low prices.

J. C. Milliken & Co., 748 Broadway,
ap26 above Astor place.

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap263m

---

LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY,

EGAN & CO.,

THE proprietors take leave to inform their customers and the public, that they have moved their entire stock of Linen Goods to the above store, where they will from this time forward continue the wholesale together with the retail, of

Linens and Dry Goods,

of all kinds, at the lowest cash price. They are all of their own importation, and in order to make a permanent trade, they will retail them at the importer's prices. Their stock consists of Linen Sheeting, all widths and qualities; Damask Table Cloths, white and brown; Damask Table Linens, Diapers, Hucks, Back Towelings, Napkins, D'Oylies, White and Brown Drills, Checks and Stripes, all warranted pure linen, together with a large lot of

New Silks,

from 4s. to 12s. per yard; Stripes and Plaids, a splendid lot of Black Silks.

There are no damaged or bankrupt's goods included in this list, and they will sell lower than any other house having the same articles. Having a buyer always in Ireland, they are in a position and determined to sell low, and establish their house on the same principle as the "Old Linen Hall," in Dublin. Ladies are respectfully requested to examine the above stock, as affording a large assortment in variety and value. Amongst them will be found a splendid lot of 5-8 Damask and Snowdrop Napkins, from $1 to $1.50 per dozen, tickings and bleached muslins, cheap by the piece.

Striped Poplins,

A large assortment, from 8s. to 3s. 6d. per yard, with all other kinds of Dry Goods, to meet the wants of Spring and Summer purchasers.

ap261m EGAN & CO., Linen Hall, 332 Bowery.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9ih Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.

ap193m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE undersigned have formed a Copartnership, under the name and firm of Foot, Cole & Co., for the transaction of the Paper Commission Business, at 32 Beekman street.

FOOT, COLE & CO.

JOEL W. FOOT,	C. D. HARMAN,
CHAS. COLE,	CARLTON LE SAGE.

Mr. H. C. Goodwin, has no further connection with us. ap19

P. H. McGINN,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

No. 198 WEST 42d STREET,

Adjoining the Church of the Holy Cross, New-York.

INTERMENTS procured in any Burial Ground or Cemetery in the vicinity of New-York or elsewhere. All articles for Funerals, furnished on the most reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

☞ All Orders promptly attended to, at all hours, day or night. ap198m

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WRITING INKS.

WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

Thaddeus Davids & Co.,

ap196m Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 252 BROADWAY.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

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JOHN A. McSORLEY,

CUSTOM HOUSE AND SHIP BROKER, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

7 BROAD STREET,

Clergymen, importing Vestments, Church Ornaments, &c., will be liberally treated with by calling on the subscriber.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Thos. McClune & Co.,	Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co.,
C. Meletta,	James Cook & Co. 6m

JAMES HARLIN,

WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months. *

JOHN KENNEDY'S

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. *

M. J. CONNELL,

METROPOITAN BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTER,

NO. 39 BEEKMAN STREET, 1 DOOR EAST OF WILLIAM, NEW-YORK, AND 73 GRAND STREET, WILLIAMSBURGH.

All orders intrusted to me will be promptly attended to, and executed with unparalleled dispatch. tf

---

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. **129** *FULTON STREET,*

(HERALD BUILDING,) **New-York.**
my31y

NICHOLAS WALSH.

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER.

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

ROBERT IRWIN,

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

my10 156 *Chatham street,* opposite James' st., New-York. 3m

R. HOGAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL MANUFACTURER,

374 BOWERY, NEAR FOURTH STREET.

Repairing neatly executed. my17 3m*

SAMUEL YATES,

GENERAL NEWS AGENT,

Foreign and Domestic Newspapers supplied to the Trade.

No. 22 Beekman Street.

WILLIAM M. SMITH,

The Public Favorite, and only American Opposition

BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED IN THE BUSINESS.

Work done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than any other poster in the city. Work done either in New-York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts, or any kind of work.

OFFICE, 23½ SPRUCE STREET, NEW-YORK,
ap26tf (Between William and Gold streets.)

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish.* Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my31y

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REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto is ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap268mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

GEORGE B. COOK,

IMPROVED STEAM CYLINDER AND ADAMS PRESSES,

JENKIN'S BUILDING, Nos. 22 AND 24 FRANKFORT STREET, NEW-YORK. tf

---

MRS. J. McCARTHY,

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE,

44 THIRD AVENUE,

Third door from 10th Street, NEW-YORK.

Cheap Straw Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Ladies' Straw Goods.

Straw Bonnets cleaned and altered to the newest fashions.

LADIES' OWN MATERIALS MADE UP TO THE LATEST STYLES. tf

MATTHEW WALLACE,

25 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, &c.

☞ **"The Irish News,"** on hand, by the earliest moment, each week. tf

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McLOUGHLIN, McSHANE, & CO.,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*

M. C. McLOUGHLIN, ANDREW McSHANE, JAMES DOWLING. } NEW-YORK. 3m

---

WILLARD, FELT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

JOHN J. STAFF'S.

WINES, LIQUORS, SEGARS,
LONDON, DUBLIN, PHILADELPHIA,
PORTER and ALE,
SCOTCH, BURTON, and EAST INDIA ALES,
CHAMPAGNE CIDER, in quantities to suit purchasers,
at 333 Broadway,
tf corner of Anthony street, New-York.

J. MURPHY & SON,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

BRANDIES, WINES, GIN, RUM, IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEY, SEGARS, ALE AND PORTER, CORDIALS, &c.

J. M. & SON would call the attention of City and Country Dealers to their EXTENSIVE STOCK OF LIQUORS AND SEGARS under CUSTOM HOUSE LOCK and in STORE.

☞ We do not claim any superiority for our goods over those of any other House, but customers may rely upon being honorably and fairly dealt with, and all Liquors warranted as represented.

J. M. & SON are SOLE AGENTS for this City of Messrs. BUNCHARD & HARRISON'S superior Creaming and Sparkling DOMESTIC CHAMPAGNE, which possesses the same qualities as Imported Wine, and is more agreeable to the palate. It can be sold as low as $7 the basket.

A Superior Quality of IMPORTED ST. JULIAN CLARET, in cases, at $2 50.

Orders from Country Merchants solicited, and shipped with dispatch, at 150 Pearl, and 113 Water streets.

☞ Office 133 Pearl street.

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of *HAVANA SEGARS,* &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 121 PEARL STREET, New-York.

N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap261y

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McLOUGHLIN & EVERARD,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL GROCERS,

Keep constantly on hand a select assortment of

GROCERIES, WINES, BRANDIES, TEAS, COFFEES, &c., &c.,

AT THE OLD ESTABLISHED STAND,

ap268m 44 FULTON, between Pearl and Cliff streets, New York.

WISE'S IRISH MALT WHISKEY.

IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan,** Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Vanbrunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of WISE'S CORK MALT WHISKEY, which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm who import the same in New-York. ap261y

---

BURKE & MYLER,

IMPORTED WINES, LIQUORS AND SEGARS,

No. 42 SPRING STREET, NEW-YORK,

ap268m between Mulberry and Mott streets.

JAMES AINSLIE,

NO. 98 BEAVER STREET,

OFFERS for sale from U. S. Bonded Warehouses, of his own importation, Cognac Brandies, also Rochelle Brandies, in half, quarter, and eighth Pipes, pale and dark, of the well known brand of Arsac Seignette.

Gin—Sole importer of the superior Magnolia Brand; also, Cologne and Schnapps Gin.

Wines—Burgundy, Pure Juice, and old Port, Sherry, &c. Jamaica and St Croix Rums; Stewart's Paisley Whiskey, &c. 3mos

---

P. HUGHES,

LEMON SYRUP AND CORDIAL REFINER, and Dealer in Foreign Liquors, and French Brandies of different brands, Hollands Gin, Irish and Scotch Whiskey, Scotch Ale and Porter, and other Liquors, returns his sincere thanks to the public for the patronage he has already received, and hopes they will continue the same. No. 88 Cherry street, New-York. tf

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O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS.

53 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND CUSHIONS.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

CABINET FURNITURE AND UPHOLSTERY.

Established in 1827.

THE largest and cheapest assortment in the State of New-York. Every thing, from a Broom to the richest article, may be found, including Carpets, Oil Cloths, Mattrasses, Beds, &c., &c., at

1yr R. J. TODD'S, 88 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 AND 89 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

☞ Desks, Chairs, Cushions, Book-Cases, Lounges, Stools, and every article suitable for counting-rooms, Banks, and Insurance offices.

Desks of every description made to order on short notice.

The Irish News.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS
Publication Office, 29 Ann St., cor. of Nassau.

VOL. I. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1856. NO. 7.

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THE IRISH NEWS,

EDITED BY THE PROPRIETOR,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE

IRISH PEOPLE,

AT HOME AND ABROAD,

Will be published every Saturday, on and after the 12th of April, at 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau, New-York.

TERMS.

For subscribers, $3 per annum: 6 cents a copy.
For retailers and carriers, $4 per hundred.
For Clubs, 4 copies to one address, per annum, $10.
" 7 " " " " $17.
" 10 " " " " $20.

For advertising.—Each square of eight lines,

Transient	$1
Monthly	$2
Quarterly	$5
Yearly	$16

N. B. Four lines, or under, constitute half a square.

Agents or Postmasters who interest themselves in procuring and remitting subscriptions, may retain 50 cents out of each annual subscription of $3.

☞ Subscribers, Agents, and Advertisers will please send in their orders early, and observe that our terms are invariably, payments in advance.

Communications of a PRIVATE nature should always be marked so. Those connected with the editorial department are to be addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, and those on business to Richard J. Lalor, Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau.

☞ Subscribers, residing in New-York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, who pay in advance, will have their papers neatly enveloped, addressed, and delivered on each Wednesday through Boyd's Express or some similar medium.

Wholesale Dealers.

DEXTER & BROTHERS, 14 Ann Street, New-York.
ROSS & TOUSEY, 108 Nassau Street, New-York.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman Street, New-York.
MIKE MADDEN, 22 Ann Street, New-York.
HAMILTON & JOHNSON, 30 Ann Street, New-York.
DE WITT & DAVENPORT, 160 & 162 Nassau Street, New-York.
HENRY TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
FEDERHEN & CO., 13 Court Street, Boston.
WM. HICKEY, 128 Federal Street, Boston.
REDDING & CO., 8 Court Street, Boston.
THOS. McLOUGHLIN, 42 South 4th Street, Philadelphia.
T. R. CALLENDER, 88 South-Third Street, Philadelphia.
DROVIN & CO., Philadelphia.
A. WINCH, 116 Chestnut street.
J. M. CRAWFORD, 30 and 32 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.
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J. P. WALSH, Cincinnati, Ohio.
—— COURTNEY, Charleston, South Carolina.
BRICE, 100 Exchange Place, New Orleans.
JOHN PLASTO, 144 Upper Abbey street, Dublin.

Retail Dealers.

NAGLE, Bangor, Me. — ADAMSON, Washington, D. C.
O'CONNELL, Cincinnati, O. — DOWNS, New-Haven, Conn.
HASTINGS, Albany, N. Y. — MORRISEY, " "
McGOWANS, Portland, Me. — DONOHUE, Newark, N. J.
JOHN H. TYSON, 89 Washington street, Hoboken, N. J.

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DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each —— evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Brookes' Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (—— ——) drill each —— at ——. —— NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Edward Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." MICH'L. FLOOD NAGLE, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 104 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. PATRICK O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

Mrs. Luby's Classes for Dancing, Calisthenics, &c., Greenwich Hall, 275 Bleecker street, open until the 1st June. Admission 50 cents. Mrs. Luby gives lessons on the Pianoforte on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

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European News.

The royal mail steamship Asia, Capt. Lott, which left Liverpool May 3, arrived off Sandy Hook on the 15th.

The news is three days later than that received by the Atlantic, but presents no feature of decided importance.

In the British Parliament the adjourned debate on Mr. Whiteside's motion for a vote of censure on the government for the fall of Kars, had been pressed to a division, when the motion was lost by a majority of one hundred and twenty-seven against it.

The official report of the proceedings of the Peace Congress had been published, but are little more than a reproduction of the treaty and protocols already made known.

It appears that the advance copy of the treaty of peace, which eventually appeared in the London *News*, was handed about among the London press, but not one of those enterprising papers would pay for it the price demanded—1,000 francs, about $200.

The *Presse d'Orient* announces that the majority of the inhabitants of Eupatoria are emigrating, through fear of being imprisoned, and similar movements are taking place in Abasia and in Mulgravia.

A private letter from Constantinople, emanating from a respectable source, confirms the fact of Safet Effendi, Mustachar or Councillor to the Grand Vizier, being named Turkish Commissioner to the Danubian Principalities. It is believed that he takes with him to Bucharest the firmans superseding the present hospodars, Prince Stirbey and Prince Ghika. It is more than surmised that the Porte has resolved to abrogate the institution of the Hospodars, as settled by the treaty of Balter Liman, and to restore the ancient custom of nomination for life. Safet Eeffendi also takes with him the firmans convoking the divans, *ad hoc*, who are to act in concert with the mixed commission, in ascertaining the wishes and requirements of the Moldo-Wallachian population, and which will be embodied in the report to be addressed to the Plenipotentiaries. The commissioner for the French government will probably be Baron Talleyrand, formerly *attache* to the French embassy at Madrid, the Minister at Wiemar, and recently at Carlsruhe. M. Baudin, Secretary of Embassy at London, was the person at first intended. It was stated some time ago, that the Porte intended appointing a provisional government in the Principalities, until the new reforms are arranged. The person to be placed at the head of this government, will probably be Theodore Balche, or Constantine Negri.

A letter from Berlin, in the *Bourse Gazette*, of Vienna, says: "The proposals made by England to capitalize the Sound Dues, and to extinguish the capital by gradual payments, will not be accepted by Denmark, which has addressed a circular to that effect to its agents at the foreign courts interested in the question. The States bordering on the Baltic have not yet replied to the proposals of England. The negotiations which had commenced at Copenhagen, and were interrupted in March last, will probably be resumed.

A telegraphic dispatch from Copenhagen, of the 27th of April, states, that by an unexpected turn the exclusive Danish party presented in the sitting of the general Diet, on the 26th, by its organ, Bishop Mourad, a proposition tending to revise the common constitution throughout.

There was a commercial crisis at Brunn, which is the principal manufacturing town in Austria, and the credit of some houses is much shaken. Many of the Brunn merchants are concerned in the construction of a tramroad from their city to Rossitz, where there are excellent coal mines; but not having sufficient capital to complete it, they have raised money at 15, 18, and even 20 per cent. interest. One of the directors of the Credit Bank went to Brunn to see how things stood, and his report is said not to have been favorable.

Advices from Rome of 24th of April, say that the high ecclesiastical circles are panic-struck at the Sardinian programme of Italian reform, and irritated with the strong language made use of respecting the maladministration of the Pope's government. The sudden departure from Paris, of Monsignor Berardi, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, is attributed to the consternation of the Court at the bare mention of a question of such vital importance as a limit to the Pope's temporal sovereignty, and the consequent desire to have a negotiator of sagacity and devotedness on the spot, to assist the Nuncio in his remonstrances and counteract the suggestions of the Plenipotentiaries.

The stations to which French consuls or agents will be sent in the Black Sea; are said to be Kertch, Cherson, Bakshiserai, or Simpheropol, Nicolaieff and Taganrog, with as before, a consul at Odessa.

It is stated that two French divisions, and also English troops, will remain some time at Constantinople after the evacuation of the Crimea, perhaps with a view to the repression of a rising against the Christians.

On Tuesday, April 29, Count Orloff, in a state carriage, proceeded to the Tuileries and officially notified to the Emperor Napoleon the death of Nicholas and the accession to the throne of Alexander.

Accounts from Jaffa of the 16th of April states that the day before another sanguinary fight had taken place at Naplause; the Governor had finally beaten the rebels. Assistance had been demanded from Jerusalem but the Pacha of that city kept for himself his troops and cannon in the anticipation of disorders which might break out. At Jerusalem, moreover, the energetic attitude of the Pacha and the consuls promised to conjure away all danger. In the disturbance of the 4th ultimo, at Naplouse, the consular flags were pulled down, but the houses of the English agents were alone burnt down. It is the father of the Prussian consul, and not the consul, who has been killed. The Greek church and the English chapel have been abandoned, but no consul has perished.

Queen Victoria gave a concert on the evening of April 30th, at Buckingham Palace, at which the following *artistes* assisted, viz., Mesdames Novello, Viardot, Bosio, and Didiee, Signori Gardoni and Ronconi, Mr. Sims Reeves and Herr Formes. The foreign Ministers and a party of the nobility and gentry were invited, to the number of about 370. Mr. and Mrs. Dallas attended by royal invitation.

The Neapolitans are much gratified by a fact recently brought to light. Guilio Bianconi, a shoemaker, of Aversa, near Naples, was the man, it appears, who planted the French flag on the Malakoff Tower. He left his country some years ago for Algiers, where he entered a company of Zouaves. With them he embarked for the Crimea, and there he performed that act which has procured him his captaincy, the cross of the Legion of Honor, and the order of St. Maurice and of Lazzaro.

Spain.

A private letter from Madrid speaks of a desire existing on the part of the Government for making an expedition against Nicaragua, combined with France and England, under the apprehension that if the Americans succeed there the same filibusters may pass on next to Cuba. There are persons, however, who are of opinion that Spain had better keep her flag out of any collision with the "stripes and stars," for that the United States would in all likelihood make "a mighty pretty quarrel" out of anything of the sort, and that neither England nor France might think it expedient to extricate Spain from her embarrassment.

Twenty-one companies of the Valencia National Guard were on the 17th disarmed without resistance. The military commission was actively pursuing its endeavors to discover the principal criminals of the 6th of April, who will be punished with the utmost severity of the law. The town continues in an excellent state.

A report is in circulation that an insurrection had broken out at Granada, on the occasion of the drawing for the conscription, produced in the capital a slight alarm, which was soon dissipated. The committee of the congress appointed to examine into the conduct of the ex-ministers have determined on impeaching M. Sartorius.

The review of the National Guard of the province and city of Madrid, as well as the garrison of the capital, took place at Madrid, on the 20th. The army and the National Guard cordially fraternized. They both cried warmly—"Vive la Reine! Vive la Constitution! Vive Espartero!" Everything passed off with the most perfect order, and there was no accident to be regretted.

Portugal.

Last accounts from Lisbon present the Deputies still talking about the proposed adjournment of the discussion on the financial measures, and it is probable that the motion of Sr. Miguel de Canto will be carried. The other day a deputy very justly remarked that more time has already been lost in this matter than was consumed by the Paris Congress in settling the peace of Europe.

There is some probability that a statue to the great navigator Vasco de Gama will be erected near the Jeronymite Convent, whilst another to Camoens will be set up in Belem square, and a third, of the discoverer of Brazil, Nyno Alves Cabral, will be erected in the Rocio square.

The weather still continues somewhat unsettled, and the almanacs predict rain for two months to come.

News from China, India and Persia.

Hong-Kong dates are to March 15.

Sir John Bowring was about to proceed to Japan, to endeavor to obtain further treaty concessions, similar to what Russia obtained before the breaking out of the war. Sir John will also proceed to Cochin China to persuade the sovereign of that country to enter into a treaty similar to the one his Excellency negociated with Siam.

The arrival of the mail has had the effect of closing one of the great American houses at Canton—Nye, Brothers & Co. For some time past the credit of the firm has been sinking. The mail brought £15,000 returned bills drawn on F. Hush & Co., and a like sum returned from other quarters. The liabilities of the firm are estimated at one million and a half dollars. The cause of the failure (overtrading) will probably reach one or two other firms of Canton and Shanghai.

The American ship *Mermaid*, a splendid clipper vessel belonging to E. Gassett & Co., of Boston, was totally lost on the Pratas Shoal on the night of the 2d of March. Crew saved; cargo, cotton from Bombay.

We learn, from the *New China Herald*, with regard to the rebellion, that the Imperialists had of late been getting the worst of it; that they had sustained a defeat at Chin-kiang-fou, which they were besieging, and had fallen back on Tantoo, where they had formerly a military camp. At Whoo-hoo, on the banks of the Yang-tsze-keang, upwards of a hundred Imperialists had been killed, amongst whom were some Shanghai people, whose friends had received the intelligence of their death. It is reported that the people on the banks of the Yang-tsze-keang allow their hair to grow, for fear of being killed by the rebels, and that the mandarins had ceased decapitating them for this crime, as the numbers were so great that it was feared the whole country would rise in their defence. The *Herald* says the rebellion is now most active in Keang-se, to the south of the Poyang lake. It is reported that in the prefecture of Tseu-chou, between the Yang-tsze-keang and the Yellow rivers, seven cities have been taken by a set of rebels distinct from those of Nankin.

India, the Santhal Insurrection—Oude.—We take the following as the only items of interest from the Bombay correspondence of the London *Daily News*, dated April 2nd:

The Santhal insurrection is not only completely quieted, but malcontents, lately spreading terror through the districts, are quietly and of their own free will, earning their bread as railway laborers, improving the country they lately ravaged.

Oude continues as tranquil and orderly as any of the oldest provinces of the empire, and the organization for the new administration of affairs is all but completed. From the characters of many of the new employees, an impression has got abroad that more weight has been given to hints and recommendations from home in filling up vacancies than to the views of the chief Commissioner. If Sir James Outram is to be held responsible for the good government of the province, the absolute nomination of his employees is indispensable. The late king has got as far as Cawnpore, on his way, it is said to England.

Recent Annexations in India.—A return obtained by Sir Erskine Perry, and just printed, shows that the following annexations have taken place in India since the close of the Punjab war:—1849: Jeitpore (Bundelpund) 165 square miles, 16,000 population; 64,130 rupees gross revenue. Sumbulpore (southwest frontier, Bengal,) 4,693 square miles, 274,000 population; 73,000 rupees gross revenue.—1850: Burgat (Cis-Sujlet Hill states), 30 square miles, 3,420 population, 7,000 rupees gross revenue. The reason for annexation in each of these cases is, "failure of heirs." Part of the Sikkim (North-eastern India), 1,670 square miles, 61,766 population, 32,037 rupees gross revenue; "insult to the British Government, in seizing the persons of its representatives."—1852: Oodeypore (south-west frontier of Bengal), 2,306 square miles, 133,000 population, 16,480 rupees gross revenue; "failure of heirs;" Pegu, 20,000 square miles, one million population, revenue not known; "conquered from the Burmese during the last war." Territory resumed from Meer Ali Morad, one of the ameers of Sind, 5,412 square miles, population not known, 483,658 rupees gross and 261,043 net revenue; "forgery of a treaty, whereby he acquired certain districts which belong to the British Government."—1853: County of Tularam Sonaputtee, in northern Cachar, 2,160 square miles, 5,015 population, 1,208 rupees gross and 1,017 net revenue; "misconduct and breach of engagements with the British Government."—1854: Nagpore territory, 80,000 square miles, four million population, 400,000 rupees gross revenue; Jhansi (Bundelcund), 2,532 square miles, 200,000 population, 612,889 rupees gross revenue.—1855: Boodawul, 910 population, 2,727 rupees gross revenue. The last three annexations have been made on the ground of "failure of heirs." This shows that during the period of 1849–55, the territories annexed comprise 118,968 square miles, and 5,694,111 population, exclusive of the population of "territory resumed from Meer Ali Morad," which is not returned. There are four "cases in which annexation has been proposed by the government in India."—1852: Kerowiee, (Rajpootana); recommendation, withdrawn.—1855: Adjyghur (Bundelcund); to be reconsidered.—1856: Inchulkurunjee (Colapore); under consideration. Tanjore fort and ground adjacent; decision of the court of directors not communicated.

Persia,—Difficulty with Great Britain.—During the past fortnight (says the Bombay *Times*, of April 2d,) we have had three arrivals from the Persian Gulf, the latest being the *Victoria* steamer from Bushire, on the 20th of March. Everything was quiet and peaceable, the English residents being treated with the most marked respect by Government. It was rumored that the Ambassador's flag had, under some provisional arrangement with the Consul, been re-hoisted at Teheran, and that Mr. Mukray might very possibly be requested by the Shah to return. In place of proceeding to Mussool, near Bagdad, in Turkish Arabia, as originally proposed, he had gone north-westward, to Tabreez, remaining within the Persian dominions, encountering severe weather, intense cold and heavy snow on the way.

Everything continues uncertain in reference to the occupation of Herat and the state of matters in Affghanistan. The treaties of 1954, which have been published, show that we are in no way bound to assist Dost Mahomed, unless in so far as it meets our convenience.

It is quite apparent that the movements in Central Asia are spoken of in terms of the wildest exaggeration, and that they are not such as to occasion any rational man the slightest anxiety or alarm.

Foreign Miscellany.

Said Pacha has, during the last few days, been rushing about the country in the most fanciful manner. His Highness first started from Alexandria at the utmost speed of the railway to look at his new toy, a palace on the banks of the Nile, which he has purchased from one of his nephews for £100,000 sterling; thence he proceeded to the barrage of the Nile, where he is erecting extensive fortifications, which can never be of any use; then he came down the Nile to Cafr-el-Ais, whence he summoned by electric telegraph from Alexandria an accession of troops to the 2,000 cavalry and infantry he always takes about with him. At Cafr-el-Ais he expressed his intention of going to the great fair of Tantah in the Delta, which was then taking place, but changed his mind, and went down the Nile to Atfeh, where some measures are finally to be taken for the deepening of the canal. From Atfeh he returned to Cafr-el-Ais, and went to Tantah, where he spent a couple of days, and had the dancing girls to perform in his presence. Suddenly he gave order to take down all the tents, and mounting on horseback, he started in the direction of the railway station, where preparations were hurriedly made to receive his Highness, but he said he was not going by the railway, and proceeded down the line. The train started and soon overtook his Highness, who immediately called out to the engine driver to stop. The Viceroy dismounted, and on the plea of unwillingness to disturb the passengers, he gets on the locomotive, sits on the coke, and is now in Alexandria.—*Letter from Alexandria* (*April* 5.)

The Tribunal of Correctional Police at Paris have sentenced by default a man named Oppenheim to five years' imprisonment and 500f. fine, for having, by falsely pretending to be the eminent banker of that name, got a contractor for public works, named Buquoi, to give him 10,000f., in money and bills for 15,000f., on the promise of advancing him 500,000f. to enable him to execute the Civita Vecchia Railway, after which he took to flight. The man was also condemned to restore the money and bills.

The *Precis Historiques* says:—"The Sisters of Charity are rapidly increasing their establishments in Germany. The Protestants themselves encourage them in some towns. At Ulm the great esteem in which they are held is such that a committee composed of Protestants has been formed to collect and receive subscriptions and watch over the entertainment of some Sisters whose continuance in the hospital of that city was jeopardized.

There is in existence a treaty between the great powers of Europe, (except England and France,) signed in 1852, in which it is stipulated that no descendant of Louis Napoleon should be regarded as the heir apparent to the French crown; when he died, Russia, Austria and Prussia pledged their word to each other "to restore the legitimate heir of the throne." So the trouble in Europe may not be ended yet.

An advertisement appears in a Salzburg newspaper for a maid-servant. She is to live in the country, receive twenty-four florins (about ten dollars) a year, with board and lodging; be a good singer; be capable of taking her part in Koller's and Buhler's wasses, and understand the ringing of the church-bells.

A Berlin tailor, a lively speculator, exhibits a full Paris congress costume for fashionable attraction. It consists of an Orloff great coat, a Walewski evening frock, a Cavour waistcoat, Clarendon small clothes, and Manteuffel cravat, with Ali Pasha shirt front and Buol claque.

The French senate has just lost one of its members, in the person of the Count de Barral, who died in Paris a few days ago, aged 68. He held the post of page to the Emperor Napoleon I., and was present with him at the battle of Austerlitz.

A despatch from Stockholm announces that Prince Oscar, the second son of the King of Sweden, leaves Stockholm for London, in the middle of May, for his betrothal with the Princess Mary, of Cambridge.

One of the most celebrated pulpit orators of Paris, the Abbe de Deguerry, said in a sermon during Lent: "Woman, now-a-days, forget in the astonishing amplitude of their dresses, that the gates of Heaven are very narrow."

The Russian ladies have pledged themselves to wear dresses of domestic manufacture only.

There now remains in India but one native state of any considerable magnitude—that of Hyderbad, in the Deccan.

Since the abolition of the newspaper stamp in England, several of the old papers have stopped.

The Central American Question.

PUBLICATION OF FURTHER DISPATCHES—IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LORD CLARENDON AND MR. CRAMPTON.

A Blue Book of more than 300 pages has been presented to both houses of Parliament, containing the correspondence on the Central American question. A large proportion of these documents, and all that is necessary for the thorough comprehension of the question, were published in the American papers in January.

The Blue Book now submitted to Parliament contains some additional correspondence on this subject, and we give below some late and important dispatches that have passed between Lord Clarendon and Mr. Crampton in relation to this alleged proposal of arbitration:

The Earl of Clarendon to Mr. Crampton.

FOREIGN OFFICE, Feb. 8, 1856.

SIR: Mr. Buchanan called here two days ago, and with reference to a statement of mine in the House of Lords on the 31 ultimo, that Her Majesty's Government had offered to the United States Government to refer to arbitration the interpretation of the treaty of 1850, *said he had not understood that any such offer had been officially and formally made to him*, although he admitted that it had frequently been mentioned by me.

I told Mr. Buchanan that I received this communication with the utmost surprise, and that I really was at a loss to understand it, as the offer had been made by me in the most formal manner by direction of the Cabinet; that he had discussed with me the objections to the course and the difficulty of selecting any power whom both parties would regard as impartial; that in fact we had hardly ever discussed the Central American question together, without my saying that arbitration would be the fairest way of settling the matter, and that nearly three months ago I had again called his attention to the offer of her Majesty's Government, which he had promised to report to his Government. I then read to Mr. Buchanan my dispatch to you, dated Nov. 10, the correctness of which he did not dispute, and I said I had thought it right, in the event of any correspondence being laid before Congress, that the proposal of her Majesty's Government should be made known officially to Mr. Marcy through you, otherwise I had not been in the habit of addressing public dispatches to you on the subject, as I found that Mr. Marcy considered that the question was entirely in Mr. Buchanan's hands. Indeed, I had, as much as possible, avoided writing upon the matter, and had, therefore, not answered Mr. Buchanan's last note, although there was much in it that merited reply, because I wished to avoid all cause of irritation, and saw reason to think that this correspondence might assume a polemical and angry tone. I had given him, therefore, the advantage of the last word, and my communications had all been verbal, but it was a great satisfaction to me to reflect that neither upon that, nor upon any other subject, in the course of two years, had a hasty word passed between us, or anything that would not tend to promote kindly feelings between our respective countries.

Mr. Buchanan cordially concurred as to the friendly character of our relations and said that, although he had not considered the offer of arbitration to have been made in a formal manner, yet that he had invariably reported to his Government every thing that had fallen from me on the subject.

In answer to an inquiry from me, Mr. Buchanan added that no notice had been taken of the offer of arbitration by his Government. I am, &.,

(Signed) CLARENDON.

Mr. Crampton to the Earl of Clarendon—(*Received March* 18.)

Washington, March 4, 1856.

My Lord: With reference to your lordship's dispatch of the 8th ult., informing me that, to your lordship's great surprise, Mr. Buchanan has stated to you that he had not understood your lordship as having proposed formally to submit to arbitration the points in dispute between the two Governments in respect to the interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, I learnt with equal surprise, a few days since, before the receipt of your lordship's dispatch, that the Government of the United States were under the same impression, and that the President intended, in answer to an inquiry on the part of the Senate, to send a message to that body, in which it would be stated that no such offer had ever been understood to have been made.

Your lordship has on so many occasions, in your unofficial as well as in your official correspondence with me, alluded to this proposal having been made by you to Mr. Buchanan, that it did not occur to me as possible that he had not conveyed it to his Government; and as the subject of the Central American question, the negotiation of which Mr. Marcy had on several occasions informed me he considered to have been, on the part of the American Government, confined exclusively to Mr. Buchanan's hands, had not, consequently, come under discussion between Mr. Marcy and myself, *I did not conceive it to be necessary or desirable that I should originate any conversation on that topic*, or make him a formal communication of the information conveyed to me by your lordship's dispatch of the 10th November last.

On receiving the above information of the misapprehension of the United States Government, I referred to that dispatch, and finding that it contained an instruction to me to communicate it to Mr. Marcy, I immediately did so, with a short explanatory note.

I must certainly take blame to myself for not having executed the instruction at an earlier period; but I confess that the passage of the dispatch conveying it to me had escaped my attention, and I had looked on the dispatch as intended to apprise me of what was going forward, rather than as an instruction to make a formal offer of arbitration to the United States Government.

Under this impression I thought it would be better for me to defer speaking to Mr. Marcy on the subject of the proposed arbitration until he should allude to it, for I apprehended that my interference in the matter might be taken as an undue intermeddling in a negotiation not under my charge, and as evincing a precauton which might not be well received, intended to guard against some presumed negligence of Mr. Buchanan's Government.

In the meantime I lost no opportunity of stating to leading Senators and other persons that such an offer had been made by her Majesty's Government.

Congress is now, however, in possession of the fact, and although certain Senators and certain newspapers have thought proper to attribute to Her Majesty's Government and myself the most extraordinary motives for what they consider to be your Lordship's negligence and not Mr. Buchanan's misapprehension, I am quite at a loss to conceive what object they can possibly imagine Her Majesty's Government could have in misleading the Government of the United States, and thus defeating for a time the object which her Majesty's Government themselves had in view.

I have only to repeat to your Lordship the regret that an oversight of my own may have in any sort contributed to prolong the erroneous impression produced by Mr. Buchanan's mistake of your Lordship's meaning.

I have the honor to inclose copies of the correspondence laid before Congress upon this subject. I have, &c.

[Signed] JOHN F. CRAMPTON.

Here follows the second letter from Mr. Crampton to Mr. Marcy, dated Washington, Feb. 27th, 1856, in which the former states that he overlooked Lord Clarendon's instructions to submit his proposal of arbitration to the United States Government. Published in the Daily Times, March 1st.

The Earl of Clarendon to Mr. Crampton.

FOREIGN OFFICE, March 26, 1856.

SIR:—I have received your dispatch of the 4th instant, explaining your omission to acquaint Mr. Marcy of the desire of her Majesty's Government to submit to arbitration their differences with the Government of the United States respecting the interpretation of the treaty of the 19th of April, 1850, which, by my dispatch of the 10th of November, you were instructed to do.

The Government of the United States cannot, however, found on your omission any allegation that they were thereby left in ignorance of any such offer having been made by her Majesty's Government; for, as I informed you in my despatch of the 8th of February, giving an account of Mr. Buchanan's statement that the offer of arbitration had not been formally made. Mr. Buchanan distinctly told me that whatever I had said to him upon the subject had been reported to his Government.

I cannot, however, but regret that you did not act upon the instruction conveyed in my dispatch of the 10th of November last, as it turns out your doing so would have made misunderstanding impossible; but, at the same time, it is right to add that you had repeatedly informed me that Mr. Marcy declined entering upon a question which was confided entirely to Mr. Buchanan, and such being the case, it certainly never occurred to me that the United States Government could have been ignorant of the offer of arbitration, which had been repeatedly made, and strongly recommended by me as the only mode of settling, in an honorable and satisfactory manner, a difference of opinion respecting the interpretation of a treaty. I am, &c.,

(Signed) CLARENDON.

[Extract.]

WASHINGTON, March 31, 1856.

It will be within your Lordship's recollection that Mr. Clayton was informed, by Sir Henry Bulwer, before the Treaty of 1856 was signed, that Ruatan was *de jure* and *de facto* a British possession; and Mr. Clayton has, on various occasions since, in conversation with me, stated that he considered Ruatan as much a British possession as Jamaica, or any other British West Indian island.

THE PROPOSED ARBITRATION ON THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.

From the London Post (Official).

The correspondence with the United States respecting Central America is now published in the form of a Blue Book of considerable size, containing documents ranging in date from September, 1849—the period immediately antecedent to the negotiations relative to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty—up to the present time. The first questions which public impatience not unnaturally asks are, what are the positive subjects of dispute between Great Britain and the United States, and at what stage has that dispute arrived? To answer the last question first; it appears Lord Clarendon has repeatedly offered to refer to arbitration our differences with the Government of Washington concerning the true interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. This offer has never been accepted, and has hardly been acknowledged. There is an incidental question, of little moment, as to the conduct of Mr. Crampton in not communicating a dispatch of Lord Clarendon's to Mr. Marcy, in which his Lordship informs Mr. Crampton of his offers of arbitration made to Mr, Buchanan, and desires him to make known the dispatch to Mr. Marcy.

Mr. Crampton regrets this omission on his part, but for all practical purposes the American Government, in conversations between Mr. Buchanan and Lord Clarendon, in whose hands the chief conduct of the negotiation has of late rested, were repeatedly invited to refer the matter to arbitration. Extracts of Mr. Buchanan's letters to his Government are given, in which he distinctly informs them of Lord Clarendon's proposal to refer the question to a third power. Mr. Buchanan, in an early part of the negotiation, represents himself as having "jocularly" replied to this proposal, that "the Emperor of Russia was the only power sufficiently independent to act as an impartial umpire in the case, and they had gone to war with him." On another like occasion, he says he "playfully" observed that "they had gone to war with our arbitrator." The upshot is, that up to the present moment the United States show themselves unwilling to submit to any arbitration. At this stage, then, the dispute has arrived. The Cabinet of Washington persists in its views, and the English Government resolutely maintains its own. * * * *

The Americans now wish to put such an interpretation upon the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as to involve our retiring altogether from the position which we hold in that part of the world. The Americans assert that our protectorate of Mosquito, our possession of Ruatan, and our occupation of the Territory between the rivers Sibun and Sarstoon, are alike indefensible according to the treaty. *We wholly deny this.* With respect to the Mosquito protectorate, it has been exercised *ab antiquo*, and the very words of the treaty—"protection which either affords or may afford"—prove that the intention of the contracting parties was not to prohibit or abolish the protectorate, but to prevent its being used for purposes of occupation or colonization. Lord Clarendon admirably states the arguments which bear out this proposition to complete demonstration. The case is clear regarding the Islands of Ruatan and Bonacca, now called the "Bay Islands," and the Territory between the rivers Sibun and Sarstoon, for they form no part of Central America, which comprise the States that formed the Republic formerly known by that name, viz.: Guatemala, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Salvador and Honduras.

On this point Mr. Clayton's own words are perfectly satisfactory. He says on July 4, 1850:

"To the settlement, commonly called British Honduras, as distinct from the State of Honduras and the small islands in the neighborhood, which may be known as its dependencies, the treaty we negotiated was not intended by either of us to apply."

He is equally explicit as regards Ruatan, for Mr. Crampton says that Mr. Clayton had repeatedly stated to him in conversation, that he considered Ruatan as much a British possession as Jamaica, or any other British West Indian Island. From these facts Mr. Marcy and Mr. Buchanan in vain try to escape. Our case is so plain, and the conduct of our Government so straightforward and conciliatory, that we cannot but hope it will be impossible for any serious quarrel to arise between the two countries concerning this matter.

Congressional.

Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

May 13.—On the motion of Mr. Fish, the Secretary of War was directed to report to the Senate an estimate for the removal of the rocks at Hell Gate, New-York, so as to admit of the passage of vessels of war, and the largest class merchantmen, and such other aids to navigation as to render this passage safe. He gave notice that he should take early opportunity to introduce a bill providing for carrying out the above object. The Senate agreed to the report of the Committee of Conference on the Deficiency Bill. Mr. Cass concluded his remarks commenced yesterday, saying with regard to Kansas, that the recent troubles in that Territory had not in the least weakened his faith in the great doctrine of the right of man to govern himself. He condemned the everlasting discussion of the slavery question, which was quadrennially renewed with increased virulence on the eve of each Presidential election. The South does not meddle with the social system of the North, and if the North would follow its example, we should be the happiest and most contented, as we are to-day the finest, nation on the face of the globe. Mr. Clayton, speaking on the question of the Sound Dues, contended that this country ought no longer to submit to such an exaction. The treaty with Denmark had been abrogated, and nothing that could now be said or done would restore it.

May 14.—Mr. Clayton, of Del., said he had seen in the morning newspapers what purported to be an extract from a letter from the British Minister at Washington, dated March 31, 1856, in which Mr. Crampton says:

It will be within your Lordship's recollection that Mr. Clayton was informed by Sir Henry Bulwer, before the treaty of 1850 was signed, that Ruatan was *de jure* and *de facto* a British possession, and Mr. Clayton has, on various occasions since, in conversation with me, stated that he considered Ruatan a British possession as much as Jamaica or any other West India Island.

Mr. Clayton branded this statement as utterly untrue in every particular. The British minister must have labored under an hallucination as strange as ever entered the brain of any man, to make such a declaration. Nothing like it had ever escaped him in conversation with Mr. Crampton or any one else. Fortunately the fact did not rest merely upon the statements of Mr. Crampton and himself. He had a living witness. And first he would call attention to a letter written by Mr. Crampton, and read in the Senate on the 12th of January 1854, in which he (Mr. Crampton) attempted to prove that Ruatan was not a dependency of Belize, and was not exempted from the provisions of the treaty of 1850. He then had Mr. Crampton's testimony on the subject, and read it to the Senate. He would now read it again, to contradict Mr. Crampton's statement, which was made known to him for the first time this morning, and of which he had not the most remote conception. In this letter Mr. Crampton said—"The dependencies of British Honduras are in my opinion distinctly enumerated in the treaty of 1786." He had made this statement deliberately, and the irresistible conclusion was that Ruatan was not included in those dependencies. Mr. Clayton said, while he was detained at his lodging by sickness in February or March last, he was called on by Mr. Crittenden, and while they were engaged in conversation on this subject, Mr. Crampton came in to invite him (Clayton) to dine with him. He was too sick to accept of the invitation, but took occasion to ask Mr. Crampton if he knew anything of the charge that he (Clayton) had ever admitted that Ruatan was exempted from the operation of the treaty, and Mr. Crampton, in most unqualified terms, acknowledged that there was no truth in the report that he (Clayton) had ever made any such intimation to him. Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., corroborated Mr. Clayton's statement. Mr. Cass thought it very certain that Mr. Clayton, unless in some fit of insanity, could never have said to Mr. Crampton what was attributed to him. Mr. Pratt, of Ia., inquired what evidence there was that this letter was authentic. He thought there must be some mistake. Mr. Clayton had no knowledge as to its authenticity. No matter by whom made, it was false. If Mr. Crampton did not make the statement, he was not injured by these remarks; if he did make it, it was for Mr. Crampton to explain. Mr. Fish said, that in the course of two interviews with Mr. Crampton, the latter had stated that Mr. Clayton always denied that Ruatan was a British possession. He thought there must be some mistake in the copy of the letter. Mr. Cass said, that Great Britain being repeatedly driven from one point of defence, had invariably taken refuge at another, and recent events had shown this more strongly than ever. THE IOWA LAND BILL.—The Senate, after debating the motion to reconsider the vote by which the Iowa Land Bill was passed, refused to reconsider and adjourned.

May 15.—CENTRAL AMERICAN AFFAIRS—MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT.—A Message was received from the President, inclosing reports from the Secretary of State, Secretary of the Navy, and the Attorney-General, in reply to a resolution of the Senate in March last, also a resolution of the House adopted May 8, both having reference to routes of transit between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, through the Republics of New-Granada and Nicaragua, and to the condition of our affairs with Central America. The documents accompanying the report are very voluminous. Those from the Attorney-General comprise instructions to prevent the fitting out of expeditions, military or naval, for invading the territory of any Foreign powers. The report of the Secretary of the Navy embraces various orders to the Commanders of the Susquehanna, Potomac, Fulton, and St. Mary's. To Commodore Paulding the Secretary incloses a copy of the statement of Capt. Tinklepaugh, of the Orizaba, saying that it presents a case which makes it manifest that our flag be shown at San Juan de Nicaragua. In consideration of these circumstances, he is directed to proceed there with the frigate Potomac, and in distributing the vessels of the Home Squadron, the Secretary gave particular instructions to each Commander to touch at Panama, Aspinwall and San Juan, as often as consistent with a due regard to the interests of our country in those parts—the sloop St. Mary's to remain at Panama as long as she is needed. The documents contain full particulars of the outrages at Panama. Also, a letter from President Rivas, dated April 17, addressed to the President of the United States as "Great and good friend." He says he is

desirous of cultivating friendly relations, and has thought fit to accredit Padre Vijil, as Minister to the United States, a reliable person, on account of his knowledge of public affairs and his patriotic feelings, to the end, with that character, he may enter into treaties of alliance. He asks this Government to treat him kindly.

INTERESTING DEBATE.

Mr. Mason moved to refer the message to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and to print it. Mr. Crittenden had seldom, if ever listened to a message from the Executive which was fraught with more absorbing interest, or which might lead to more serious consequences. In one week's time the country would be agitated from one end to the other on this subject, and it might result in our being involved in war. If we were to have a war, however, he wanted it to be accepted or denounced by Senators in an open, manly manner, and not have a course of policy pursued by which we should go on, step by step, blindly until we fell into the pit. The Government of Nicaragua, which the President has officially recognized, was a thing of yesterday, as it were. At any rate the shoes were not yet worn out upon the feet of those who had wrought this new revolution, and already the Executive had become satisfied of its permanency and its capacity to discharge its duties as a nation in the great family of nations. This seemed to him a very hasty conclusion to arrive at in a matter of so much consequence, the revolution having been effected too, as the President admits, by the co-operation of our own countrymen who went there contrary to the laws of this country. Was this the national prudence which had hitherto guided our course? What said General Jackson when Texas long stood knocking for admittance into the Union, even after we were assured of her ability to govern herself, and when she had by repeated victories established her title to be considered one of the communities of the world? General Jackson's message gave a thorough, profound, and patriotic rebuke to every principle of the present message.

Mr. Mason could see no objection to the reference. The documents merely informed the Senate of the actual condition of the country in which we take a great deal of interest. The President had learned that a change had taken place in the Government of Nicaragua, which simply amounted to the fact that they had one set of law-makers in lieu of another, and being satisfied the new Government was a Government *de facto*, and had sufficient ability to conduct the affairs of the country, the President felt himself called upon to receive its minister. That was all. The argument of the Senator from Kentucky, in the case of Texas, would not apply here. That was a new nation in the family of nations, but Nicaragua has been recognized as a political community ever since 1824—at one time in confederation with other States, and afterwards as a separate State. When they change their Government all we have a right to inquire, is it a real Government, and have they shown sufficient stability to entitle us to receive them as such. We have had a minister resident there for several years, and she has had one here. We have been on terms of political intercourse with Nicaragua for a series of years, as we have with other Governments, and the President must, by virtue of his office, regulate our diplomatic intercourse with foreign Ministers. This existing Government of Nicaragua has been established six or eight months, and so far as we are informed, it is a government of greater stability than has existed in that unfortunate country for many years. The Senator had spoken of war. Who are we to go to war with? Whence is the cloud to arise? Does he allude to a foreign transatlantic Government that has more than once intermeddled as we have never done, but have always refrained from doing, with the domestic as well as political affairs of Nicaragua? Are we to be deterred by that from acknowledging that Government? Mr. Mason said, if he thought the recognition of the Government of Nicaragua would bring to an issue the question pending between us and any foreign power, in which we are in the right, he would not hesitate to do it. We had not refused to recognize the existing Governments of France when they had passed through the various stages of monarchy, anarchy, military despotism, a republic, and at last an autocracy.

Mr. Pratt said the Government of Nicaragua, being recognized, our citizens would have the right to go there, and could make that a stable Government, which was not so now. He thought that nineteen-twentieths of those who had established the Government were Americans, who had gone there in violation of the neutrality laws.

Mr. Mason said the recognition would not affect our neutrality laws in the slightest degree. Our citizens are at liberty to go where they please, and after they have reached a foreign country they could engage in any pursuit they pleased.

Mr. Weeler gave a history of the struggle between Chomorro and Castillon, saying that Walker went there by invitation of the latter, after he had succeeded in establishing himself at the head of the Nicaraguan army. The present Government of Nicaragua was established by the aid of North Americans, at the request of the natives, and during the six months it has been in operation there has been no civil war, and he knew of no party in Nicaragua who were trying to upset the existing Government. There was no other pretended Government there. He alluded to British interference in behalf of Costa Rica, and said the British Government had, during the last eight years, annexed 200,000 square miles, being more territory that all the Central American States combined. Our Central American affairs are fast coming to a head. It may be, we shall be precipitated into a war, but if so we may just as well settle this matter now as at any other time. I desire war with no country. I represent a constituency upon whom will fall the full weight of the first blow that shall be struck; but if we are to have war, let it be on this great principle: We are on the right side, and the God of our fathers will go with us and give us the victory; thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just.

The documents were ordered to be printed, and without taking the question on the reference, the Senate adjourned.

House of Representatives.

May 13.—Mr. Jones, (Pa.) in reply to his colleague, Mr. Fuller, denied, on unquestionable authority, that Mr. Buchanan was Chairman of the Committee which framed and reported to the meeting at Lancaster, resolutions denunciatory of the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Buchanan did not see them till they appeared in print. During Mr. Polk's admininistration, Mr. Buchanan proposed to extend the Missouri line to the Pacific, but in 1850 he declared that the Compromise measures superseded that line, which construction led inevitably to the adoption of the principles embodied in the Kansas Nebraska bill. Mr. Jones pointed with pride to the long public life of Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Fuller, of Pa., gave the Democratic journal of that State as the authority for his assertion, that Buchanan had reported the Lancaster resolutions denunciatory of the Missouri Compromise—it was published in 1852. The House adopted the report of the Committee of Conference on the Deficiency bill, from which had been stricken an appropriation of $300,000 for the continuation of the Washington aqueduct. Two hundred and ten thousand copies of the agricultural portion of the patent office report was ordered to be printed. Mr. Evans depicted the fatal consequences to our nationality which must result from the continued agitation of the Slavery question, and invoked the South to stand firm in an unbroken phalanx against the invaders of their constitutional rights.

May 14.—A bill was reported granting to Florida a million acres of land for railroad purposes. The Public Lands Committee intend to report similar bills for Michigan, Louisiana, Mississippi and Wisconsin, requiring in all about six million acres. The Florida bill passed—84 to 57.

May 15.—Mr. Knowlton offered a resolution that the judiciary Committee be directed to look into the late homicide case, and report whether Mr. Herbert should be held amenable to the House, under the power to punish or expel members for disorderly behavior. This motion was laid on the table by a vote of 79 against 70. The Washington City Municipal Elections Bill was passed. Adjourned.

May 16.—Nothing of importance transacted in either House. Both adjourned to Monday 19th.

Sketches from Life.

A pen and ink sketcher in the *Daily Times*, under the head of foreign gossip, gives some sketches of which we retain the outline, with just sufficient color to add to the effect.

Mr. Chisholm Anstey, M. P. for the Borough of Youghal, Ireland, has arrived at Hong Kong, over which important colony he has been appointed Attorney-General. Mr. Anstey is a strange ourang-outang looking creature. Being bald, he labors under a delusion common to artificially high-foreheaded gentlemen, that he looks like Shakespere, of which supposed resemblance he is singularly proud. He was born in Van Dieman's Land, in which pleasant dominion his father holds large property. On coming to England, he started as a barrister and champion of the English Roman Catholics, and was for some time associated with the late Mr. Lucas in the conduct of the *Tablet* newspaper. For his zeal in the cause of the Roman Catholics, of which he was a devoted bayard, he was made, by his Holiness the Pope, a Knight of the Gold Spur. He did not, however, get on much the faster for this addition to his heel, but soon, from restless ambition, became dissatisfied, and quarrelled with most of the leading Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, including the present Cardinal Wiseman. At the election of 1847 he started for the borough of Youghal, and on Repeal and ultra Roman Catholic principles, and was returned. Mr. Urquhart, of Eastern notoriety, contributing the necessary funds. Mr. Anstey justified his patron by accusing Lord Palmerston of every crime committed beneath the sun. When he had concluded, Mr. Shiel, M. P. for Dungarvan, the Irish orator, arose, and premising "that the geographical propinquity of Dungarvan to Youghal must be my excuse for following the honorable gentleman," disposed in seven minutes of his seven hours' oration, amid the cheers and laughter of the House. A few days afterwards, as Mr. Anstey was sitting on a bench behind Lord Palmerston, the wily diplomat, with that gallant ease that sits so lightly on him, turned round and making some familiar remark, took the Commoner's arm, and, to his delight and confusion, walked with him out of the house. A few evenings after, a small scented card, "Lady Palmerston at home Saturday evening," displayed itself in the corner of Mr. Anstey's pier glass, in a fourth-floor chamber, in the Temple, and in Lady Palmerston's saloons Mr. Anstey, was, henceforward, found in spotless white tie and waistcoat, a favored guest. If he had got a good price, exclaimed the forsaken Urquhart, I might have forgiven him, but, oh! horrible to sell me for *an ice*. Mr. Spooner, who introduced the bill for the withdrawal of the grant to Maynooth, is a most lugubrious-looking individual, with long lantern jaws always in trim for a psalm. He repeats every year the same speech and same arguments. A few days since, Mr. Osborne, the witty member for Middlesex, had a copy of his last year's speech in his lap, and, as he proceeded, called out, with his usual gay audacity, as he went on: "Now, old boy, for Bellarmine, now Bailey," and so on, to the intense delight of the House. Mr. Spooner is usually seconded by Mr. Newdegate, his colleague, another solemn swell, and their character was well epitomized by Sergeant Murphy, the member for Cork, and *par excellence* wit of the House. "There are three degrees of spooneyism," exclaimed the Sergeant, "Spoon, Spooner, Newdegate."

Mr. Meagher, the member for Waterford city, and father of Mr. T. F. Meagher, made his maiden speech in opposition to Mr. Spooner's bill. Mr. Meagher, though not a speaker, is regarded with more respect than perhaps any of the Irish members both in the country and the House of Commons. He is alike insensible to favors, flattery, or fashion, perhaps the most powerful seducer of all three; and it may be said of him, as of FABRICIUS of old, as well might you turn the sun from his path as him from the road of rectitude. He is a Roman Catholic of the severest intensity, both in practice and belief, and in politics inclined to what is for the time termed "the Independent Opposition;" but he is generous and tolerant in opinion, and with a spirit worthy of imitation among Irishmen, while sternly adhering to what he deemed right, did not, like so many of his countrymen, think necessary to denounce all who differed from him as spies, traitors, perjurers and thieves. Mr. Meagher is a man of large fortune, which he employs with a beneficent generosity in doing good, and, though he has never shared in the enthusiastic national aspirations of his son, probably from a disbelief in the possibility of their realization, is intensely proud of his heroism and genius. The representation of his native city was *forced* on both occasions upon Mr. Meagher, entirely against his wish, his tastes and habits being unsuited to the turmoil of Parliamentary life, and as long as he desires he may retain it.

Sir Robert Peel has returned with his beautiful bride from passing the honeymoon in Italy. Sir Robert is a noble gallant fellow, with a heart and hand open as day; and like all such characters, full of noble virtues and soft weaknesses. In his youth he was wild, kept Lola Montez, fought with the Jesuits, gambled in all the hells, and did all manner of dangerous and daring things. In person he is of splendid proportion, and with features which, if not delicately defined, are manly and full of fire. He wears, contrary to the usual custom in England, an imperial and moustache, and his hair, like his father's, is a slightly subdued red. But he has none of the cold caution which characterizes the decorous Bob, and that chip of the old block, his brother Frederick.

Padre Vijil.

The New Orleans *Delta* gives a somewhat romantic sketch of the life and antecedents of Padre Vijil, the new Minister from Nicaragua. The Padre has the character of possessing the energy, experience and capacity to qualify him for the post to which he has been appointed. Indeed, the *Delta* regards him as a remarkable man, who enjoys a greater reputation, as a thinker and a scholar, than most of his countrymen. He is now in the maturity of life, being about fifty years of age; of a pleasing person, and agreeable manners. He has travelled extensively, and been a keen observer of men and things. In many respects, his career has been an adventurous and romantic one.

The Padre was at one time a lawyer, and enjoyed a high reputation in his profession. He became involved in the political movements which have periodically agitated Nicaragua and the neighboring states, and his zeal carried him into difficulties the consequence of which was death or exile. Chosing the latter alternative, he left Central America, and as he was prohibited from returning in the character either of lawyer, soldier, or politician, he resolved to become a priest, so that he might again reside in his native land, under the protection of the church.

In his new capacity (says the *Delta*) the Padre won many friends and rapidly rose to distinction in the ecclesiastical world, securing universal respect by his charity, his talents, and his unquestionable virtues. There is no safer profession than that of a priest, and, as far as our experience goes, none so profitable. So the Padre found that he was secure under his surplice, and that one who cannot love his country as a lawyer with impunity, can afford to worship her as a priest. In diplomacy he soon distinguished himself as much as in theology, and we see the practical result of his sagacity and energy in the recent appointment which he has received from the revolutionary government of Nicaragua.

Personally the Padre is a very accomplished individual, with splendid physical as well as mental organization. He is said to be one of the handsomest men in Nicaragua. With his fine, well-balanced head, his stately bearing, his polished manners, his insinuating eloquence, he is likely to overtop by a head (if we may use the significant phrase of old Homer) all the diplomatists, foreign and domestic, assembled at Washington.

From California, Oregon and Washington Territories.

By the arrival of the Empire City at New-Orleans, we have San Francisco dates to the 21st of April. The California news is not important.

The Oregon war continued. A body of Regulars had been defeated by the Indians at Rogue River, with a loss of twenty-eight killed. The capture and destruction of Cascades by the Indians is confirmed. Several whites had been massacred at that place. It was reported that 1,000 Indians were approaching Dallas from the North. Several other fights are reported, the whites being generally victorious.

In Washington Territory the Indians were attacking the settlements in every direction. Col. Buchanan had defeated the Indians along the banks of the Rogue River, thus relieving the citizens in that vicinity. The Central American papers are filled with the official correspondence between the dignitaries of State and the Commander of the United States sloop-of-war St. Marys and others, relative to the riot at Panama. There is nothing from Nicaragua, except a report that Col. Schlesinger had been recaptured by the Walker party, and condemned to be shot.

SIXTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival (16th) of the George Law, W. L. Herndon, U. S. N. Commander, which left Aspinwall on the 7th, we have news of a frightful accident on the Havana railroad. The train with the passengers from the George Law for San Francisco ran off the track between Aspinwall and Panama, and was made a complete wreck.

Up to the time of leaving Aspinwall a correct account could not be obtained of the number killed and wounded, but rumors stated the number large.

Peace and quietness prevailed in Panama, and there were no signs of further disturbance.

The sloop-of-war St. Mary was in the harbor, where she would remain awaiting orders.

Died, on board the George Law, on the 13th of May, L. H. Willis, of fever. On the same day, Dr. T. J. Houpt, of consumption.

The George Law brought $1,687,816 in specie.

We have accounts of terrible freshets in Tennessee. In Giles county the damage is immense. Richland creek and its tributaries swept away stock of all kind, hogs, cattle, and sheep, with the greatest force. One man lost two hundred sheep. Nearly every small bridge, from Columbia to Elkton, has been carried away. But the most melancholy result, says the Nashville *Banner*, occurred at Lynnville, situated on the turnpike road, about fourteen miles north of Pulaski.

Lynn Creek, running through the town, rose to such a height on Tuesday morning, and so suddenly, as to destroy almost without warning a house occupied by a man named Richardson, situated in the lower part of the village, within some twenty feet of the main road. The building was crushed in a few moments, the father and mother finding themselves, with an infant, drifting down the angry torrent, two other children having perished in bed, at the time the house fell. After floating with the wreck about three quarters of a mile, the whole family lodged against a tree, the father severely injured, the three children dead, and the mother so jammed among the drift, as with the best efforts of the husband barely able to keep her head above the roaring waters.

In this condition they were discovered a little after daylight, and heroically rescued by a young man named Isaac Bearden, who swam his horse to the spot, declaring his intention to "save them or perish in the attempt." Others finally aided him in the generous endeavor. Such noble conduct needs no eulogy; it is an honor to human nature.

It is reported that an overseer and a negro man have perished in the same neighborhood. Altogether, the visitation has no parallel in the history of that region since its settlement.

Yesterday, says the Philadelphia *Journal* of the 15th, in the Sixth Ward, a young man, who had paid his addresses to a young woman and wronged her, was arrested at the suit of the mother of the injured one, in order to compel him to make reparation. Hearing that her faithless lover was in the hands of the police, and at the magistrate's office, with the prospect of going to prison, the disconsolate fair one attempted to put an end to her existence by hanging herself. She was fortunately discovered and cut down. As soon as the lover heard of this turn of affairs, he was so overpowered that he at once resolved to act nobly, and straightway made the unhappy lady his wife.

Irish News.

Debate in the Commons on the Irish Presbyterian Grant.

On the grant of £39,000 for the Protestant non-conforming ministers in Ireland being proposed,

Mr. A. Pellatt objected to the vote. The sum had been gradually increased, and he was not aware of any grounds to justify parliament passing such a grant. He moved that it be reduced by the sum of £37,639. In Ireland, where there was a state payment to the Presbyterian clergy of £35 each, there was the greatest difficulty in raising the income any higher by voluntary contributions; whereas the congregations of the same class of ministers in the Free Church of Scotland raised £100 a-year without any difficulty; the fair inference from which was, that the state payment had the effect of pauperising the Irish Presbyterian clergyman. It was an avowed political payment; and he called upon the Roman Catholic members of the house, placed as they were in the position of compulsorily paying for the support of the Established Church in that country, to join with him in wiping out the payment to the Presbyterian ministers in Ireland. The hon. gentleman concluded by moving the reduction of the vote by £37,639 14s. 8d. for forty-four ministers (first class), and 485 ministers (second class).

Mr. Kirk supported the vote, which had been granted in lieu of tithes, of which those clergymen had been unjustly deprived. The whole sum granted was only one-seventh of the whole amount of which the Presbyterian clergy of Ulster had been so deprived. That sum was about £9,000 a-year, while the grant was only £1,200. He defended the Presbyterian Church of Ireland from the imputation that the grant had been made to them for the purchase of loyalty; and denied that the Presbyterian congregations of Ulster were rich—were other, in fact, than what was called tenant farmers there, but who would be called cottiers in Scotland or England. If the grant were withdrawn, religious worship would inevitably cease in some districts, because the congregations would be too poor to support a clergyman from their own resources. The wealthier classes of Presbyterians had subscribed a sum of £25,000 to build manses and improve livings to the fullest extent of their means. The success of the scheme of the hon. gentleman would be a failure in Ireland, if the results were to be judged by what had taken place in England, where 274 chapels were vacant for want of funds to pay the clergymen, while there were no fewer than 290 ministers in England without charges. In Wales there were 75 chapels vacant. If that was the case in this wealthy country, what might be expected to pass in such a poor country as Ireland? Still many of the poorer parishes of Ireland contributed even beyond their means.

Sir J. Fitzgerald supported the amendment, on the ground that the vote to Maynooth had been refused.

Mr. Hadfield also supported the amendment.

The committee then divided—Ayes, 60; Noes, 230; Majority against Mr. Pellatt's amendment, 170.

Mr. Hadfield said their cause was growing, and he hoped they would by-and-by put an end to these extinctions. The *Regium Donum* to a great extent owed its support to the Catholics, and that, too, notwithstanding the bitter hostility of Protestants to a vote for the support of the education of the priests. The hon. gentleman, after some further remarks, and stating that the vote was in itself a piece of bold effrontery, proposed to reduce it by £3.097. For the amendment, 39; Against it, 214; Majority, 175.

Mr. Kershaw moved that the sum of £500 for ages, salaries, and allowances be struck out of the vote, and also a sum of £151 15s. 8d. for the payments of clerks and synods. He said that a considerable number of Presbyterians in Ireland were anxious that this grant should be done away with (cries of "no, no"). He might be mistaken with regard to a considerable number; but, at all events, he was not mistaken with regard to several Presbyterians. He thought it was an injustice and a hardship upon the poor Nonconformists of England, who were content to live upon 10s. or 14s. a-week, that the Government should come down here, year after year, and for this grant of money. He himself heard the other day the hon. member for Sheffield (Mr. Hadfield) offer to him £5,000 to build fifty chapels in the county of Lancaster, which was an example he should like to see followed by others (hear, hear.)

Mr. Hadfield supported the amendment for reducing the vote.

The committee divided. For the amendment, 40; Against it, 198; Majority, 158.

The Chairman then put the original motion.

Mr. F. Crossley objected to it, as involving a new principle, and, to give hon. members an opportunity of speaking on it, moved, as an amendment, that the Chairman report progress.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer hoped the hon. member would withdraw his amendment, considering that important business had prevented the house going into committee of supply until a late hour.

The committee then divided. For the amendment, 16; against it, 211; Majority, 195.

Mr. Barnes moved, amid loud cries of "divide," that the vote be reduced by £346 3s. 4d., the allowance for the ministers for new congregations.

After a few words from Mr. Kirk and Mr. Hadfield, the votes were agreed to without a division.

The vote for £6,062 for charitable allowances in Ireland was also agreed to.

The opening of the Foynes railway will not take place till June, instead of May, as was generally expected.

The Tipperary *Free Press* (by last mail) says, there was 1,001 paupers in the Cashel union, being a decrease of 356 from the same period last year. At the last meeting of the Clogheen union, there were 505 paupers in the house, being a decrease of 168 from the same period last year.

A petition from Queenstown in favor of the tenant bill, having 1,400 signatures attached, has been forwarded by the Rev. Mr. Cullinan, R. C. A., to Mr. Maguire, for presentation.

On the 6th instant, says the Liverpool *Daily Times*, a case of gross superstition, which resulted in the death of a boy, took place in Kilkenny. The facts were these:—A boy, about ten years of age, named Patrick Kirans, who resided with his parents, near Kilkenny, was attacked with illness, but the nature of the disease is not stated. Some of the neighbors persuaded the parents of the boy that he was "fairy struck!" In consequence, a "fairy man" was sought, and found in the person of one Michael Donovan, an ignorant fellow about twenty-one years of age. He was sent for, and on arriving at the house he was shown the poor lad, who was at the time in *articulo mortis*. Donovan dragged the boy out of bed, and gave him a jug full of cold water to drink. The boy rejected this, being at the moment in the last pangs of existence. Donovan then declared that the fairies would not be put out of the boy in this manner, and in order to show his power over the "wee people," he pulled the boy violently by the ears, beating him about the head, and kicked him severely on parts of the body. The boy died, and there was no more about the matter until the priest of the neighborhood heard of the transaction, and he at once informed the coroner, who held an inquest on the body, and the jury found a verdict of wilful murder against Donovan. The "fairy man" had in the meantime absconded, and a reward was issued for his apprehension. On 21st ult., Head-constable Richard M'Hale, of the Irish constabulary, arrested Donovan on board the ship Bridgewater, now in the river Mersey, and bound for America. He had a sum of £1 4s. in money, and a good store of clothes and provisions on board. The accused at first denied that he was the person charged, and said he was from Tipperary, but ultimately he confessed he was the man. Mr. M'Hale brought him on shore. He was transmitted to Ireland to answer the charge.

The Waterford *Mail* learns with pleasure that very satisfactory tenders for steam service between South Wales and Waterford have been received by the Directors of the South Wales Railway, who naturally say that having expended a large sum in bringing the Railway to the water's edge at Milford, they cannot allow it to stop there. We understand one of the largest steamboat proprietors in the south of Ireland has gone to London to try and obtain the contract, and we hope he may be successful.

Sergeant Berwick intends to offer himself as candidate for the representation of Dungarvan. From an Irish exchange we learn, that Mr. Maguire, the present representative will not seek to be re-elected, as he intends to stand for Cork.

A poor fisherman, of the name of Kilpatrick, of the county Down, Ireland, by the death of an uncle in this country, lately became heir to the nice little sum of $80,000. An excellent haul, and better than Killyleagh bay ever furnished.

It is said that the new iron ship now building at the Neptune Foundry, will be as large as the *Great Britain*.

There are 255 paupers less in the Waterford union than shown by the returns for the year previous.

The following evidence of "how to save a ledger" appeared before Commissioner Hatchell, of the Insolvent Court, last month. The Insolvent (named Atchison) being questioned as to how and from what books he got certain dates which he had been using, made answer—

Insolvent—My books and papers were all destroyed by the great storm of Christmas, 1852, with the exception of my ledger. My house was blown down but I saved the ledger.

Commissioner—How did the ledger escape?

Insolvent—Oh! my lord, all respectable mercantile men keep their ledger in a place of safety, away from the other books. They generally have a place excavated in the earth and a large flag over it, and they put the ledger there.

Commissioner—I see; was that your way of keeping it?

Insolvent—Oh! yes—with a large flag upon the place, there was just room for the ledger and a thin book.

Commissioner—How often did you take it out of the tomb? Every night?

Insolvent—Oh! no, my lord, about once a week.

Court—Did anybody ever see the ceremony, or assist in the operation of burying the ledger, but yourself? Were you the sole mourner?

Insolvent—No one but myself! I kept it there for fear of theft, but I kept my money in a desk, it was by that means I saved the ledger.

The Commissioner said this extraordinary romance was of a piece with the Insolvent's whole conduct, and with the way in which the books were kept. He would let the case stand over.

It seems that the expectations respecting the employment of the Irish militia for another year on active service are not to be realised. The Dublin *Mail* now announces that a correspondence upon the subject has taken place between the War-office and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. His Excellency was informed that the Government had resolved upon disbanding the English and Scotch regiments of militia, and Lord Carlisle was asked whether there was, in his opinion, any valid objection to taking a similar course with respect to the Irish militia, and, as the reply is to the effect that the Irish Government sees no objection, the Irish militia will, no doubt, be disembodied. It is generally supposed that the medical officers will receive compensation.

From Loughrea, county Galway, under date April 26, we have the following: This morning the sub sheriff of the county, accompanied by 100 police and three officers, proceeded to the lands of Dartfield, to put in execution seven ejectment decrees obtained at the last Galway assizes; and six ejectment decrees, had at the last quarter sessions of Ballinasloe, against the tenants on the property of Mrs. Maria Louisa Blake. On arriving at the houses where the conflict took place on the 23d of November last, they found them deserted, so that there was nothing left for the sheriff to do but to give possession. Eight men were then procured, who, being provided with crowbars, proceeded to level the houses, seven of which were razed to the ground, and the doors and windows of the others stopped up with stones, the roof of each being first tumbled in.

The Dublin papers inform us that the zealous intervention of one of the city of Dublin members in procuring a share of the public money to be expended on fire-works for the amusement of his constituents had been promptly followed by the Earl of Carlisle, who had already issued orders for a brilliant illumination in all the public offices on the ratification of the treaty of peace by the several Sovereigns. Arrangements will be also made for a display of fireworks on a large and magnificent scale. The place selected for the principal display was the Phœnix Park, and the spot "his Excellency" has pointed out as the most suitable for the purpose is the mound on which the Wellington Testimonial stands, as being a position which will enable the greatest number of persons to witness the fireworks, and as the best adapted to afford those at a distance an opportunity of seeing their effect.

The magisterial investigation relative to the murder of Mrs. Sarah Kelly was resumed on the 24th, at Moate, the procedings, as previously, being private. The steward of the deceased, and two other witnesses were examined, but it is understood that nothing of importance was elicited. The Crown Solicitor conducted the enquiry, and professional men attended on the part of the representatives of the deceased and of her nephew, Mr. Strevans, who continues in custody, The magistrates decided on remanding all the prisoners, and a further reward of £200 has been offered for private information relative to the murder, making the amount of reward already offered £800. A local paper has the following misty revelations respecting the assassins of Mrs. Kelly: "We are enabled to state from private sources that many facts have been elicited tending to create a belief that the assassination of the unfortunate Mrs. Kelly was the result of a widely-extended conspiracy, and that the impunity with which the murderers were permitted to escape was not by any means accidental. Further it would not at this stage of the proceedings become us to state; probably a very short time will develope the foul machinations which led to the sanguinary deed." Mr. Strevans, nephew of Mrs. Kelly, and James Bannon were on Thursday committed for trial at the assizes.

The important business of settling the list of parties liable for the debts of the Tipperary Bank, was commenced on the 28th, by Master Murphy, in the Nisi Prius Court, Dublin. Nothing was done with the list. One might suppose (says the Dublin correspondent of the *Morning Herald*) that every name on the list was disputed, or charged with being erroneously there. One counsel represented no fewer than 53 English shareholders, who one and all repudiate any liability to the concern; and he promised that affidavits from each would be forthcoming at the next meeting. One of these repudiators is a governess, and her name stands on the list for 400 shares. The main business had reference to Messrs. Vincent, Frank, and J. Scully, Mr. W. Kennedy, and Mr. Keating, M.P. Counsel on behalf of Mr. V. Scully showed that he parted with his shares in April, 1855, because he ceased to have any confidence in the concern. Althongh a director, he knew nothing at all about it. There was no audit of the accounts, and he was kept completely in the dark. The Master postponed his judgment as to whether he should be held liable in the first or second instance. Mr. Keating represents himself as merely the trustee of Mr. John Sadlier, and seeks exemption on this ground. In short, no one admits he is liable in the first degree, and implies he should go scot free. One thing is quite clear—that the late John Sadleir and his brother, Mr. James Sadlier, managed to get possession of the entire property of the Bank, the funds of the shareholders, and the lodgments of the depositors, while they managed to keep the other directors in utter ignorance of their doings.

After the close of the ceremonies on Low Sunday, a rather important meeting took place in the parish chapel, Loughrea, to take preliminary steps, and get subscriptions for the purpose of building a new cathedral in this town. The Bishop concluded a most eloquent address by putting down his name for a subscription of £100, which was followed by Mr. Smyth for a similar sum of £100. Several other subscriptions were at once handed in, and before the proceedings terminated nearly £1,000 had been subscribed.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mr. Murland, chairman of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway Company, to make a special inspection of the estates under the management of the Commissioners of Education in Ireland, the Governors of Erasmus Smith's Schools, the Incorporated Society, and of other estates belonging to endowed schools in Ireland.

The first company in Ireland under the Limited Liability Act, has been announced in Cork, for the sale of wool, the growth of which has increased in that country, since 1851, from 10,610,640 lbs to 17,974,355lbs in 1855. The export of British and Irish wool to the continent it is stated by the promoters of the company, has increased, since 1853, from 6,060,674lbs to 15,493,616 lbs.

The amount expended during the year ended September 29, 1854 in the relief of paupers in 51 unions in Ireland was 27,120 at an expense of about £81,000; while during the year ended September, 1855, the number was 30,692, and cost about £80,000.

There is a split in the Orange camp, according to the *Banner of Ulster*, which says:—"The *Downshire Protestant* and *Newry Telegraph* have been for the past three or four weeks waging a most unseemly contest in reference to the principles and practices of Orangeism. Personalities are freely indulged in, and charges of the most disreputable descriptions applied to the conduct of the proprietors and managers of each are freely exchanged. The poor Orangemen seem to be in a ridiculous position and in sorry hands. The *Downshire Protestant* is also at loggerheads with the pseudo Orange *Downpatrick Recorder*, and we now learn that Ainsworth Pilson, Esq., the proprietor of the latter, has withdrawn from the Down Protestant Association. The tricksters are evidently being found out by their own friends."

In the Incumbered Estates Court a petition has been filed on behalf of the Right Hon. George Arthur Hastings, Earl of Granard, owner and petitioner, for the sale of his estates in the county Longford. Net rental, £5,819 3s. 10d.

Once more emigration is on the increase, and peasantry are leaving the country in large numbers. From Dublin the departures are considerable.

The lambing season, which is always looked to with interest by flockmasters, has now commenced very generally in the northern counties of Ireland; and dry weather being so suitable, it has hitherto been attended with great success. The lambs are remarkably healthy and strong. The year bids fair to be a prolific one, for the greater portion of the ewes have brought forth doubles.

On the 19th ult. Mr. William Sheil, Supervisor of Inland Revenue, accompanied by Messrs. Nixon and Sessions, officers, searched the house of David Holmes, in Alexander street, Belfast, where they discovered, concealed, the head and worm of a still; and having proceeded to another part of the town they found the distillery, containing a large still and all other utensils necessary for carrying on illicit distillation on an extensive scale, the whole of which was conveyed to the seizure store. This is the second seizure of the kind made in Belfast by the above-named supervisor and officers.

The camp at Aldershot has been enlivened by something more stirring than diurnal drill; it has been the scene of an engagement as like to an actual battle as the warlike may hope to see in a country, in which, as Sydney Smith says, "a pig has not been killed in fair fight for centuries." Amongst the regiments that were stationed at Aldershot, were the Hertfordshire militia, and the Galway militia; the English regiment being about 900 strong, the Irish less than half. What was the origin of the ill-feeling which sprung up between the regiments, is not, as yet, clearly known; but it is presumed that the English had indulged their playful disposition in such compliments as "bloody Hirish," which Pat did not stomach. Whatever doubt as to the cause of the fray, there is none whatever as to its result; for the 400 Celts bestowed a tremendous *leathering* on the 900 Saxons.

The Waterford *Mail* brings us news of another militia riot, thus:—"A drunken brawl occurred in Broad-street and the Square on Sunday evening, 20th ult., in which some of the Co. Dublin militia were opposed to some of the persons residing in that locality. The militiamen used their belts freely on their antagonists, but nothing very serious resulted. The police were

early on the spot endeavoring to separate the combatants, in which duty they received a good deal of rough usage. They were aided by strong pickets of the regiment, and up to a late hour the pickets both of militia and constabulary paraded the scene of the encounter."

M-. Pollock, says the Enropean *Times*, the wealthy Glasgow merchant, who has receutly become an extensive landowner in the west of Ireland, has brought with him peculiar notions of the rights of property, which, strange to say, find but little encouragement or sympathy on the part of the Irish press, whether devoted to the landlord or popular interest. Indeed, it may be said that, rightly or wrongly, almost every man's hand is raised against him, as far as regards some recent proceedings taken by him for the better clearance of his estates in Galway.

The Limerick *Observer* contains the following paragraph :—The pistols which O'Connell used on the occasion of his celebrated duel with D'Esterre, in days when duelling was a practice which the laws of society enforced upon gentlemed under the penalty of loss of caste and honor, were sold by auction in this city on the 24th, by Mr. Coleman at his auction mart, to Mr. Gleeson, P. L. G., for 27s. the pair. This case of pistols was purchased previously at the Cahercon auction, by a person present, and were subsequently pawned in Limerick.

It is stated that the Crown has taken some steps, in the Court of the Archbishop of Canterbery, preparatory to the appointment of an agent to administer the affairs of the late John Sadleir, in the hope that some benefit may result to the creditors—those numerous victims of his unprecedented and enormous frauds.

A policeman in Limerick, who had lost all his savings in the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank, and whose father-in-law lost all he had possessed in the same ill-fated concern, was prevented by a comrade from blowing his brains out this week in a room to which he had gone for the purpose. He is now an inmate of the District Lunatic Asylum.

The valuable office of Deputy Keeper of the Rolls, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Robert Wogan, has been conferred on Mr. John Reilly, son-in-law of Lord St. Leonard's, and Secretary to the Master of the Rolls. The latter appointment has been given to Mr. W. R. C. Smith, son of the Master.

Archbishop Cullen has issued a a pastoral on the peace. He points attention to the conduct of our "brave Catholic fellow-countrymen and our poor Catholic allies." He then refers with indignation to the Protestant attacks on Maynooth and the efforts at proselytism.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has granted a reprieve to Agnes Byrne, who was convicted at the late Downshire assizes of the murder at Saintfield. His Excellency yielded to the memorial got up by the local Presbyterian clergy.

There are accounts from Westmeath, that the county begins to assume an alarming aspect, one "ruffianly offence" succeeding another with fearful rapidity. Some burglars have been using fire-arms in their attacks.

An order has been issued by Lord Panmure to the county of Dublin Militia to resume the recruiting. This appears to signify that the Militia force will not be disbanded for some time to come.

Two French vessels of war, carrying twenty-four and twelve guns respectively, arrived in Kingstown harbor on the 25th, and saluted ; they are on a cruise from Cherbourg.

Miss Vandenhoff is at present fulfilling a series of engagements in the Irish provinces. At Limerick, last week, her success was most unequivocal.

A line of powerful screw propellers is shortly to commence running between New-York and Cork. Some wag says it is to be called the Cork-screw Line.

Mr. R. M. Fox, one of the representatives in Parliament for the county of Longford, is dead.

The expenses of the Encumbered Estates Commission are set down for the current year at £15,529.

English News.

The *Globe* confirms the report of her Majesty having signified her wish to confer a marquisite upon the Earl of Clarendon, who, however, begged her Majesty's permission to decline the honor.

Lord Elgin, as was anticipated, has declined the offer of the governorship of Victoria. The appointment, says the London *Morning Star*, has also been offered to Lord Marcus Hill, and declined by his Lordship on domestic considerations.

An "early rising association" has been formed, says the *Sunderland Herald*, in the thriving and populous town of Middlesbro. All the members are bound under penalties, not to be in bed after half-past 5 o'clock, A. M.

According to the return from the Bank of England for the week ending April 12th, the stock of bullion in both departments is £10,098,667, showing an increase of £41,562, when compared with preceding term.

A proposition has been started at Liverpool for building a cathedral in that town, at a cost of £40,000. One gentleman has offered to give £5,000 towards the object.

The *Leicester Mercury* says that a man nearly 80 years old lately applied for parochial relief, his wife having just presented him with twins.

The annual cost of coroners' inquests to the county of Middlesex is £10,000.

An English Exchange gives us the following glimpse at the Berkshire Jack Sheppard. The subject of it is so nimble that we must run as we read.

The capture of the convict Thomas Hirons—whose escape from Portsmouth in a suit of clothes he had manufactured out of his rough sheets, was lately reported—has been effected under circumstances of great interest. On the night of his escape from Portsmouth he committed a burglary in that neighborhood, carrying off eatables and £6 in money. He took the rails to Oxfordshire, and on Sunday last he rummaged the workshops of two carpenters, at Great Barford, and stole a saw; with that he cut out the window frame, secured with iron bars, of Mr. Woolgrove, a grocer, and carried off clothes and money. His next exploit was on his old friend, Mr. Timms, of Little Barford, stable, but failing in his search, he broke open Mr. Austen's, where he found a horse, halter, and sack, with them he rode away to Rathby, where he turned the horse adrift. The local police traced him to Wellesbourne, and the services of the Warwickshire police were enlisted, but without success. On Monday night a number of people were keeping "Saint Monday" at the New Inn, Hatton, when they were astonished at the breaking of some panes of glass in the window of the room by a man's leg. They hastened outside, and gave chase to the offender, but he was too swift for them; and it appears that Hiron had ransacked the bedroom, and in descending outside the windows his foot struck against the glass. About a quarter of a mile from the New Inn he, the same night committed a burglary at Mr. Smith's, farmer, where he regaled himself heartily. The police, suspecting that he would take rest after such a repast, raised the "hue and cry" and several impromptu detectives were got together, and commenced a vigorous search, which resulted in the surprising Hiron, about 2 o'clock on Tuesday, in a barn, in the Old Park, Warwick. He gave "leg bail," and outstripped his pursuers ; but a horse being procured, he was, after a chase of three miles, run down, and consigned to Warwick lock-up. Nearly all the stolen property was found upon him, and he declares that no prison can hold him, glorying in his many attempts to escape from them hitherto.

One day last week a baby was left by its mother, who resides at Pembroke, fast asleep in bed, while she proceeded with her domestic duties in another part of the house. In a short time after the child was heard crying, which pitiful noise arrested the attention of the parent, who at once went towards the spot where the infant lay; on approaching the bed, she discovered a rat, of a large size, in the act of devouring the face of her little one, which was now bleeding profusely, and the bedclothes were stained with blood. The rat when it saw the mother, turned upon her, and, for a moment, hissed defiance, but ultimately departed, leaping in an adjoining bed, where lay two other children asleep. From this place the rat could not be dislodged until two men came, when the rat was killed. The child was taken to a chemist to be dressed, and is progressing satisfactorily.—*Haverfordwest Telegraph.*

The Russian prisoners of war, in number 326, who have been confined in the Lewes war prison, have left that town for Portsmouth, for embarkation on board the Imperatrice. The station was crowded with townspeople to bid farewell to the prisoners, who were escorted to the train by the town band. The Russian officers have addressed a letter to the authorities at Lewes, thanking the people for their kindness and hospitality.

The London *Economist* makes a statement which is of considerable importance, with reference to financial prospects. It is, that the balance from various sources of revenue, up to the 21st of March, suffices to cover the balance of expenditure, namely, £22,000,000. From the relation of the *Economist* to the Government, says the Cork *Examiner*, this may be considered an official intimation ; and as such it differs from the statement recently circulated as to the deficit being so large as to require a continuance of the increased Income Tax for another year. Should the statement be correct, the public may be saved a renewel of this infliction.

The builder states that the Houses of Parliament, Sir Charles Barry's great work, are approaching completion. The whole outline of the clock tower is now seen, and the Victoria Tower is finished to the top of the parapet and foot of the turrets. These latter, however, will be 70 feet in height, and there will, further, be a flagstaff of great elevation to bear aloft the banner of England, when the monarch is present.

A paragraph has been circulated by several journals, says D'Israeli's organ, the *Press*, stating that Sir James Graham and Mr. Sidney Herbert were about to join the present ministry, in the course of a few days. The rumor is entirely without foundation. Sir James Graham is far too clever a man to commit himself so egregiously, and though Mr. Sidney Herbert is a most benevolent character, it would be carrying sentimentalism too far if we were to embark in a sinking vessel.

Mr. Jacob Herbert has retired from the Secretaryship of the Trinity House, after a servitude of 32 years in that office, and upwards of 50 years in the establishment. He is succeeded by the Assistant-Secretary, Mr. Peter Henry Berthon, who has been more than 30 years in the active service of the corporation.

The Queen has conferred the honor of knighthood upon William Henry Holmes, Esq., of the Civil Service, British Guiana.

The Eighty-second Anniversary of the Royal Human Society has been celebrated at the Freemason's Tavern, the Duke of Wellington in the chair.

Medals and testimonials were presented to the following : Rev. Waltar Thursby ; Mr. Francis Robert Ransome ; George Guest, a member of the Irish constabulary force stationed at Cork, whose gallantry deserved special commendation ; Alderman Hill, of Tamworth ; Mr. Robert Mason, jr., of Guilford ; Capt. Pengelley, R.N., and Mr. C. N. P. Portman, of H.M.S. Colossus ; Mr. W. H. Wilkes, jr., of Worcester ; Commander J. R. Woodruff, Admiralty Agent at Gibraltar ; and Mr. John C. W. Ellis, all of whom had been instrumental, under circumstances of great personal peril, in saving the lives of several fellow creatures. The case of George Guest, who in one day had rescued no less than three persons from watery graves, excited considerable interest. The Duke of Wellington complimented him on his bravery, and said that it was only equalled by the modesty and great propriety of demeanor which he that evening exhibited.

Alfred Howard, *alias* Allen, stated in the English papers to be "an American swell mobsman," was arrested at Liverpool just previous to the sailing of the Persia, on board that vessel. Telegraphic information was sent from London of the robbing of two gentlemen at the Great Western Hotel. Howard suited the description given. Having satisfied himself of the identity of this Mr. Alfred Scott, *alias* Mr. Allen, Inspector Scott approached him, and asked him if he was a passenger per the Persia, and, of course, was answered in the affirmative. Then attributing some complication of the luggage, he induced Alfred Howard to his cabin, when, having discovered where all his luggage was, he at once arrested him. Upon searching him Inspector Scott found upon his person a first-class ticket to New-York, and the following sums in cash—viz., 115½ sovereigns, 78 gold pieces of $20 each, 32 of $10, 34 of $5, and 2 of $2 1-2 each, all gold, $45 silver pieces, two quarter dollars, and 4s. in silver. In addition he had a large quantity of luggage on board.

Florence Nightingale has been gazetted as Directress-general of all hospitals in the British dominions. No nurses can for the future be appointed in any public hospital without her sanction.

The entire wealth of England is estimated at £3,700,000,000.

Three million five hundred thousand tons of iron are made in Great Britain every year, and 2,000,000 tons are exported.

A correspondent in Peel, Isle of Man, writes :—"A man named Thomas Megrattin died on the 11th of April at the house of a man named Johnston, who went to the clergyman and clerk of the church here, to pay for the loan of a bier to carry the remains to the Castle, the burial-place of the Catholic people. The bier was refused ; and I know no objection except the deceased being a Catholic. The widow, Elizabeth Megrattin, now left with five children, knew no one, I understand, in Peel, but Mr. Johnston ; and her eldest son now serving in the Crimea, she had no one to depend upon to see after the burial of her poor husband but this honest Irishman."

Mdlle. Rosalie, the famous equestrian, has died in Cheltenham, from the effects of a fall whilst performing.

Mr. Guthrie, one of the most eminent surgeons in Europe, died rather suddenly in London on May 1. He was seventy-one years of age.

The house which Palmer, the poisoner, occupied at Rugely, England, is to be opened as a tavern, with the sign of the "Strychnine Arms."

A shoemaker at Lowestoff, England, suddenly dropped down dead, from the excitement at unexpectedly meeting his son in the street, after his return from the Crimea.

A petition has been presented by the English convocation of clergy to the Queen, urging the necessity of more righteous laws against clergymen convicted of drunkenness and similar offences.

Presidential Facts and Rumors.

A new Democratic paper is announced in Boston. Its name is *The Constitution*, and the prospectus is backed up by a certificate from J. W. Beard, assistant-treasurer U. S., Boston. It professes to be Washingtonian, Jeffersonian, and Jacksonian, and in the following paragraphs sufficiently indicates its presidential leanings :—"Believing, as we do, that no man has more earnestly endeavored to carry out the principles, or maintain with greater fidelity and firmness, the doctrines of the fathers of democracy, than the present Executive of the Union, we should be happy if the claims of Franklin Pierce for re-nomination for election to the position he now fills, with so much honor to himself and advantage to the best interests of the country, are recognized by the Democratic Convention which meets in June next, but the nomination of that Convention shall receive our concurrence and hearty support. With Know-Nothingism we shall maintain constant war. The principles of that party, if carried out, would be destructive of our national prosperity, and make our country a bye-word and a reproach."

At the afternoon session of the Pennsylvania Native Americans, at Harrisburg, General William F. Small presented a series of resolutions ratifying the nomination of Fillmore and Donelson as President and Vice-President, denouncing the Administration for repealing the Compromise of 1850 and the Missouri Compromise, and condemning the Kansas-Nebraska act as a breach of faith and an outrage on the people. Gov. Johnston offered a substitute, approving of the action of the delegates who retired from the Philadelphia National Convention, and calling a convention to be held in New-York on the 12th of June. Considerable debate ensued, when R. C. Smith called the previous question, which was sustained, yeas 33, nays 22. The substitute was then rejected and the original resolutions adopted.

The Madison (Wis.) *Argus and Democrat* is strongly in favor of Douglas, and "shall be surprised if he is not nominated at Cincinnati. If," it continues, "another man, aside from Douglas, would suit the Democracy as well, we would be suited too. We think they would like Buchanan pretty well. He is a brave, noble old man. He "likes the noise of the Democracy." The Democracy would like him. Four weeks ago, had the Democratic National Convention then transpired, he would doubtless have been nominated.

But the commonest observer must be aware that the current, within that time, has turned strongly in favor of Mr. Douglas. His giant speech in the Senate, in defense of his Kansas policy, the gradual conviction which is taking possession of the public mind that it was the true policy of the country, and that by falsehood only has it been assailed, are rapidly making him the prominent Democratic candidate, whether politicians will it so or not."

The *Wisconsin* says, however, that the *Argus and Democrat* has "two first choices" for President. To which the latter replies that "t he *Wisconsin* is not so limited. It has as many as you please, gentlemen, but one at a time."

We received a letter to-day, says the editor of the *Mirror*, from Buzzard's Roost, Alabama, in which the writer proposes to subscribe to the *Weekly Mirror*, provided we will advocate the claims of Fillmore for the Presidency. O that Almighty Dollar! It tempts us sorely. But, perhaps, if we wait until all the candidates are in the field some generous patriot will offer to subscribe for two copies as a bribe on the other side of Mason & Dixon's Line. *Nous verrons.*

The casual memorials, says the *Evening Post*, which Mr. Buchanan drops along the way, in the progress of his pilgrimage to Washington, are worth examining. They show what kind of expectations, phantasies, and dreams he is feeding upon, and to a careful student they reveal the general condition of his political system. In his late speech at Baltimore, he has been rather more demonstrative than usual.

His compliments to Lord Baltimore show that he does not share Mr. Fillmore's intolerance of Roman Catholics or of adopted citizens,

Albert Pike, late a leading Know Nothing of Arkansas, says in his letter of withdrawal that, "under present circumstances, Millard Fillmore will not be able to carry a single county in the South."

The New Hampshire Know Nothing State Council met and passed resolutions repudiating Fillmore and Donelson, which were unanimously adopted.

The Massachusetts Know Nothing State Council met at Boston and, after organizing, split upon a resolution repudiating Fillmore and Donelson.

The State Convention of Maryland instructed their delegates by a vote of 81 to 9, to support Buchanan in the Cincinnati Convention.

Delegates favorable to Buchanan have been elected from New-Jersey.

The "Old South State" has concluded to send delegates to Cincinnati. Pierce men were elected.

The steam frigate Susquehanna sailed on the 15th from Philadelphia for San Juan del Norte. Capt. Sands commanns her, and carries out important despatches to Col. Wheeler, our Minister at Granada. In the course of a fortnight there will be in the harbor of San Juan the steamers Susquehanna, Fulton and Merrimac, and the frigate Potomac. The sloop-of-war St. Mary's, now at Panama, will remain there as long as her presence is deemed necessary for our interests in that quarter.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mr. Meagher takes this, the earliest opportunity, to express his very grateful and most cordial acknowledgments to the Rev. Mr. Sheridan, of St. Paul's, Philadelphia, to his many Reverend friends of that city and neighborhood, to Charles McDonough, Esq., of South street, and the gentlemen of the Lecture Committee, of which Mr. McDonough was Chairman, for their genial and generous hospitality, of which, during the last week, he had the honor and happiness to partake. The brightness of the season, the object of the Lecture, the gay, familiar interchange of friendly sentiments at the social board, the beautiful points of interest which were so pleasantly visited—everything concurred to render his reeent experience of Philadelphia, and the good and true men who have their homes there, delightful in the extreme, and to stamp it in glowing colors on his memory.

Such episodes sweetly and brilliantly intervene in the rude, dusty, worrying battle of life. Reviving many fond hopes, many good and holy feelings, many memories full of music, flowers, and sunshine, they come to recompense us for a world of bitter or dark adversities, and re-invigorate us for better and stronger efforts in the opening grand future. Our day with Robert Tyler was singularly pleasant, and will forever associate his name in our mind with household scenes of exquisite goodness, worth, and beauty. Long known to us in public life, he is now known to us by those features which the glare of a political career invariably eclipse, and sometimes—but not in his case—injure. With a hand and a heart warmed with the recollection of the visit we allude to, we shall look forward earnestly to the time we can, in person, pledge our truth to these written thanks, acknowledgments, and remembrances.

Part 2nd of the Lecture for the Catholic orphans will be published next week. The Personal Recollections will then be resumed, and continued without intermission.

The lecture on St. Patrick's Day (the first part of which we publish today) was first delivered at the Academy of Music, for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphans of New-York, and then at Yorkville, in aid of the funds of the Society of St. Lawrence O'Toole, and, last of all, last Wednesday night, in the National Hall, Philadelphia, for the benefit of the parochial schools of St. Paul's. The second part (as we elsewhere said) appears in our next. Immediately after which it will be published in pamphlet form, dedicated to Robert Tyler, and all the copies placed in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Sheridan, of St. Paul's, for the benefit of his schools, or for any other object he thinks fit.

Capt. Markey, of the Ninth Regt., N. Y. S. M., sent us a communication two or three weeks ago, correcting a statement which appeared in our Memoir of that Regiment. We sincerely regret that the pressure of many claims upon our time compelled us to postpone this acknowledgment. Capt. Markey, we trust, will kindly forgive any apparent want of courtesy our delay may have occasioned. It is impossible for us, however, to insert the numerous communications with which, on this subject of military organization, we are continually favored. And as for giving all the corrections sent to us, were we to do so, nothing would be right.

Just as we are going to press, we learn that Dr. E. D. Connery and others on a committee representing many highly respectable gentlemen, have tendered a public dinner to Joseph Purcell, Esq., on his return from Ireland. Next week it will gratify us to publish the correspondence, which is alike worthy of all the parties.

An important communication from Colonel Oliver Byrne appears in our next. We insert it with great pleasure, and beg the gallant Colonel to accept our friendliest acknowledgments of the honor he does us, in selecting our columns for "his first and last communication to any newspaper." All military men—especially all those bound for Nicaragua, or any other country where the fight for Freedom is on foot—will, we are sure, be deeply interested and greatly served by Colonel Byrne's letter.

We have in type a long letter from our *Dublin Correspondent*. It appears in our next.

Correspondents addressing us on mere personal matters, and desiring to see their sentiments in print, must put their own proper names to the communications, or else they go, as some of them have already gone, in to the oblivious depth of our waste basket. Gentlemen reflecting on others, must come out and show themselves, and manfully take the consequences of their strong language, or else be delivered (their precious productions we mean) to the rag-picker.

Our absence, the whole of last week in Philadelphia, will account for the absence of a chapter of the Personal Recollections, and other original matter.

"J. B." (Pittsfield), sends us the following stanza, which, if rough and ready, has the ring of the sterling metal about it:

To divide or enslave us let England come o'er,
With France as her ally, to land on our shore;
She'll find that the freedom we fought for of yore
We'll fight for, and die for, and bleed for once more!
Then hurrah for each man that is truthful and true—
The native, the German, the Irishman, too;
Where'er be his country—whate'er be his creed
We care not—for Freedom he's willing to bleed!

"A Leighlan lad."—Dr. Cahill is a man of noble appearance. Handsome, tall, largely built, with an abundance of flowing black hair, and a voice of the most musical power, he has all the natural advantages which a popular orator, to be thoroughly effective, should possess. As a lecturer, his success is incomparable. He far surpasses such men as Lover (Sam's brother), Sir Robert Kane, and many others of equal note. As to his politics, we do not consider them very reliable or elevated. All through the Repeal agitation, he stood aloof. Indeed, he criticized the agitation rather scornfully, and in private expressed no very warm devotion to O'Connell. For this, however, we heard him assign a pretty sufficient excuse. It was at dinner, at Dr. Foran's, the Catholic Bishop of Waterford, one day in January, '45. He said he had witnessed, over and over again, the cruel vengeance with which the tenants, and especially the Forty-shilling freeholders, had been visited by the Tory landlords, in consequence of the former voting at the bidding of O'Connell, for Repeal and other candidates. His heart fairly bled, he said, at the thought of all he had seen the people suffer, and he would never be a party to a recurrence of what they had endured. As a scholar, he is richly accomplished. In history and science, he is truly opulent and glowing. In social life, he is positively delightful. His anecdotes are exhaustless. He pours them out with the most copious fluency, and strews them with the rarest flowers of wit, eloquence, and mirth. His letters, however, to my Lord This and my Lord That, are perfectly appalling.

"Neutral."—The foreign enlistment question has not been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. You will find a compendious statement of the whole affair in the April and May numbers of the *U. S. Democratic Review*. The conclusion in this month's issue is very seriously satirical and bitterly truthful. The writer regards Mr. Crampton as the English Viceroy resident at Washington, for the purpose of administering English affairs in America independently of the Government of the United States. Lord Clarendon, the writer adds, takes particular care that there should be no possibility of mistake or misapprehension in the matter, and "therefore transmit her Majesty's full endorsement and commission to Mr. Crampton, as her Majesty's Viceroy and Lieutenant-General in her revolted colonies of North America." I entirely approve, says Lord C. to the Viceroy, of your proceedings "with respect to the proposed enlistment, in the Queen's service, of foreigners and British subjects in the United States. The *Review* concludes its able article with the conviction "that the American Administration, which rests satisfied with anything short of a complete atonement for the past, and guarantee for the future, will fail to secure either the confidence or approbation of the American people."

"T. A."—Wright's History of Ireland is altogether wrong. The name of the author is a mere libel on truthfulness. People should not be led to purchase it because it has pictures. A blank book is of much more value than Mr. Wright's wretched compilation.

Our correspondents, especially our irritable poetic friends, must bear with us. We have marked for early consideration, "Home Thoughts," by B., "Dear Cahermone," by F. O'R.

Declined.—"The Declaration," from the French. We agree with our correspondent that the author was "a very fit candidate for a Bedlam House." "J. T. K." (Watertown). Too redundant; the same thing is said over and over without any visible improvement. "James" has taken our criticism on a former favor in good spirit. That is well; the emendations he has sent us, however, are not so well. "T. C.'s" (Syracuse) "Impromptu" looks rather premeditated.

MR. TIMOTHY EDWARD HUGHES, has received our written authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "Irish News," throughout the New-England States.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

☞ We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1856.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Message of President Pierce, transmitted to both houses of Congress on the 15th inst., has thrown a fresh element of agitation into the troublous political waters—Presidential, Central American, British—that lash, and fret, and foam about the Capitol.

Its appearance, all the more remarkable from the antecedents which led to it; and its effect the greater, from the general belief that on the subject the President had so cornered himself as to preclude the possibility, even if the attempt was thought probable, of taking or creating any popular or expansive position.

But this is an age of startling effects; and the Message is a brilliant antithesis to the bowing out of Col. French and the activity of District Attorney McKeon. With the antagonistic movements of both gentlemen, however, in their respective relations to the Executive, a very constitutional compatibility is argued in and for the Message.

After the dismissal of Col. French, the recognition of Padre Vijil was not anticipated; but the President explains why it should have been *expected*.

After the seizure and serious discomfitures of the gallant "filibusteros," the recognition of the government made by their party—for there was no government at the time in Nicaragua until General Walker gave it one—could not enter into the dreams of the most hopeful; but President Pierce forcibly reconciles both, shows that the prestige of the United States as a Republic—which does not care a whit about the direct line, nor peep into executive bed-chambers to watch over the legitimate inception of governments—demanded such recognition; that, in fact, the "established policy of the United States" could allow of no other action.

Between the inconsistencies which readily suggest themselves, of the President's past and present conduct, he apparently swings in an unsatisfactory manner; but on this head he clears himself from bidding Signor Marcoleta adieu, and receiving Col. French, by stating that the latter would have been welcome but that he was "of that class of persons" known through the reporters as "filibusters;" which incited a doubt as to the information he brought concerning the Government of Nicaragua. A "special exigency"—which shall be hereafter alluded to, in conjunction with and apparently superseding the established policy of the United States, induces the present recognition of the Walker-Rivas government of Nicaragua.

Having said so much by way of preface, we devote our leading columns to a consideration of this document, which will manage to revivify an excitement it (of course) designed somewhat to quell.

Opening with a reference to the importance of Central America to all maritime nations, and especially to the United States since the accession of California and the settlement of the Washington and Oregon Territories,—the Message alludes to the measures taken to insure suitable means of commercial transit by canal, railway, or otherwise, across the Isthmus.

Notwithstanding the paramount interest of the United States over any European Government, in the security and freedom of the projected lines of travel by the way of Nicaragua and Honduras, still, the American Executive did not, through any desire of "territorial aggrandizement," or even of "exclusive advantage, either of communication or commerce," yield to opportunities which presented themselves for the attainment of such advantages, "by peaceful means and with full and free assent of those who alone had any legitimate authority in the matter." Upon considerations of domestic and foreign policy those opportunities were unrecognized.

The old enemy of the Republic, however, did not exhibit so disinterested a front. Its recognition of the rights of others was less balmy than that of Uncle Samuel, which surprised (as it should not) the well-intentioned trustees of that old gentleman's property and character.

"It was with surprise and regret, therefore," says the President, "that the United States learned, a few days after the conclusion of the treaty of Gaudaloupe Hidalgo, by which the United States became, with the consent of the Mexican Republic, the rightful owners of California, and thus invested with augmented special interest in the political condition of Central America, that a military expedition under the authority of the British Government had landed at San Juan del Norte, in the State of Nicaragua, and taken forcible possession of that port, the necessary terminus of any canal or railway across the Isthmus within the Territories of Nicaragua. It did not diminish the unwelcomeness to us of this act on the part of Great Britain, to find that she assumed to justify it on the ground of an alleged protectorship of a small and obscure band of uncivilized Indians, whose proper name even had become lost to history—who did not constitute a State capable of Territorial sovereignty, either in fact or in right, and all political interest in whom and in the territory they occupied, Great Britain had previously renounced, by successive treaties with Spain, when Spain was sovereign of the country, and subsequently with independent Spanish America.

Still, these facts could not wipe out the "many and powerful *ties and mutual interests* by which Great Britain and the United States are associated;" and the latter, with a beautiful elongation of benevolence, "proceeded in earnest good faith" to strengthen the "bonds of peace" between them, by negotiating a convention, to the correct reading of which six years of "fruitless efforts" have been devoted already, without arriving at a mutual understanding as to its intents and purposes.

Touching the unsettled condition of the Spanish American Republics, and the chances they afford to speculative or hungry nations, the President refers to the ease with which we could annex and absorb them, as England and France "colonize" and "civilize" Asia and Africa. Justified, as such annexation could be, by the stability insured to the territories annexed, the President, with evident pride, looks upon the opposite action of the United States as a memorable instance of self-denial, for the sake of keeping up a gentlemanly character before the European powers.

Under these circumstances, the President "has never failed to exert all the authority in him vested to repress such enterprises," and if he has been "successfully evaded," it was not his fault.

With such preliminary remarks touching the past of our relations with Nicaragua, the Message comes to the more immediate necessities of the case.

Nicaragua derives its present prominent importance from geographical position. A regular inter-oceanic transit route has been established by the American citizens in it, and the principal drawback on its prosperity arises from the occupation of its only Atlantic port, San Juan, by the British, and the "disturbing authority, set up and sustained by the same Power, in a portion of its territory." By this Protectorship, the domestic sovereignty of the territory is rendered but the enacting of a drunken farce, its port robbed of revenue, and its unsettled land made the prey of their own wild luxuriance.

"In these circumstances of the political debility of the Republic of Nicaragua, and when its inhabitants were exhausted by long continued civil war between parties, neither of them strong enough to overcome the other, or permanently maintain internal tranquillity, one of the contending factions of the Republic *invited the assistance and co-operation of a small body of citizens of the United States from the State of California, whose presence, as it appears, put an end at once to civil war, and restored apparent order throughout the Territory of Nicaragua*, with a new administration, having at its head a distinguished individual, by birth a citizen of the Republic, D. Patricio Rivas, as its provisional President."

"It is the established policy of the United States to recognize all governments without question of their source or organization. * * * We do not go behind the fact of a foreign government exercising actual power, to investigate questions of legitimacy. We do not inquire into the causes which may have led to a change of government. To us it is indifferent whether a successful revolution has been aided by foreign intervention or not. * * * All these matters we leave to the people and public authorities of the particular country to determine; and their determination, whether it be by positive action or by ascertained acquiescence, is to us a sufficient warranty of the legitimacy of the new government. * * * It is the more imperatively necessary to apply this rule to the Spanish-American Republics, in consideration of the frequent and not seldom anomalous changes of organization or administration which they undergo, and the revolutionary nature of most of these changes, of which the recent series of revolutions in the Mexican Republic is an example, where five revolutionary governments have made their appearance in the course of a few months, and been recognized successively, each as the political power of that country, by the United States. When, therefore, some time since, a new minister from the Republic of Nicaragua presented himself, bearing the commission of President Rivas, he must and would have been received as such, unless he was found, on inquiry, subject to personal exception, but for the absence of satisfactory information upon the question whether President Rivas was in fact the head of an established government of the Republic of Nicuragua, doubt as to which arose, not only from the circumstances of his avowed association with armed emigrants recently from the United States, but that the proposed minister himself was of that class of persons, and not otherwise or previously a citizen of Nicaragua."

Colonel French's citizenship appears indisputable. The message admits that a party of Americans "were invited" to uphold one of the rival parties, and by their aid—and in fact by them alone, as is well known—the Americans were left to bear the brunt of the first and most momentous movements. Peace was restored, and an administration formed by the junc-

tion of both parties. Of this administration Col. French was a member, being "Minister of the Hacienda;" which fact appears sufficient guaranty of citizenship to him, even as to Gen. Walker who made it; or Rivas, the choice of whom was at their option.

To resume:

"Another minister from the Republic of Nicaragua has now presented himself, and has been received as such, satisfactory evidence appearing that he represents the government *de facto*, and, so far as such exists, the government *de jure* of that Republic. That reception, while in accordance with the established policy of the United States, was likewise called for by most imperative special exigencies, which require that this government shall enter at once into diplomatic arrangements with that of Nicaragua. *In the first place a difference has occurred between the government of President Rivas and the Nicaragua Transit Company, which involves the necessity of inquiry into the rights of citizens of the United States;* who allege that they have been aggrieved by the acts of the former, and claim protection and redress at the hands of their government. In the second place, the inter-oceanic communication by the way of Nicaragua is effectually interrupted, and the persons and property of unoffending private citizens of the United States in that country require the attention of their government. Neither of these objects can receive due consideration without resumption of diplomatic intercourse with the government of Nicaragua."

This "exigency," then, it would seem is the real warrant for the recognition of the Walker-Rivas government; which is rather humiliating, as it is an avowal that what the "established policy of the United States" could not recommend, the astuteness, or boldness, or both, of the Nicaraguan government has forced upon the American Executive. The late disturbances at Panama, which have obstructed the New Granada route, rendered this decision of immediate necessity.

The Message will make its mark; and, all minor considerations out of the question is clear, and "better late than never." Its appearance has been as a bombshell among the politicians. It touches more or less all available topics of international interest. Some parties credit the Message entirely to the reception of Mr. Buchanan since his return. Others think that Senator Douglas's defence of Gen. Walker inspired the President to a more official effort; while others, yet, look upon it as a bold attempt to "take the wind out of" Gen Cass. All of those surmises and rumors bear upon the Presidential contest. We do not adopt any of them. We welcome the Message, as we believe it will tend to sustain brave men and republican stability in that glorious spot of earth, which only needs an admixture of American faith and energy to be what old Peter Huylin called it, "The Paradise of Mahomet."

THE MURDER AT WILLARD'S.

We have purposely refrained until now from alluding to this horrible event. Strongly as we felt, we thought it better not to anticipate the opinion of the press at large. That opinion has been fully and boldly expressed. From one end of the country to the other, an indignant denunciation of the brutal perpetrator of the crime has broken out. Everywhere, there is the deepest sympathy for Keating. Everywhere, we find execrations heaped upon the head of Herbert. The American press has in the noblest manner proved itself the champion of the innocent and the chastiser of the guilty.

So loud and coarse have been the opprobrious words and slanders flung, these two years past, upon the Irish in America; with so bitter an ingratitude have they been pronounced unworthy to share the privileges and honors of the republic; so fiercely have they been threatened with proscription; that we were somewhat fearful lest, in this case, justice would not be done between the parties. We confess ourselves grievously mistaken. Justice has been done. Prompt, rigorous justice has been done.

Poor Keating lies there in his red grave, and thousands of manly voices all over the country bewail his fate. Herbert hangs upon a gibbet at the gate of the Capitol, amid the hootings of the people.

The event teaches two great lessons. It warns the arrogant and brutal, that the poor man to whom God has assigned an humble lot in the community, is not to be struck down by the murderer with impunity. It warns them that the spirit of the Republic watches over the lowliest of her children, and for every wrong done them that a terrible retribution shall be exacted.

On the other hand, the public expressions which have followed full and fast upon the murder, should satisfy, even the most timid or suspicious of our countrymen, that, though factionists may rail at them, deriding their creed, race, and poverty, there is no true reason for them to be alarmed. On the contrary, they should rest convinced that the laws, the constitution, and above all, the chivalrous and generous spirit of the people of the United States, will see them protected, honored, and avenged.

Herbert may not die by the hand of the Sheriff. But he lives to walk the streets, and journey by boat and cars, and sit at the public table of the hotel, with the damning brand of Cain upon his forehead. The public opinion of America, expressed through her press, has marked him with the blood of Thomas Keating. The brow on which it has been stamped shall never be white again upon this earth.

SOMETHING IN THE WIND.

The recognition of the Nicaraguan Minister, the Padre Vijil, by the government at Washington is a happy event. It places the independence of one of the most beautiful countries in the world beyond all further dispute. It insures to the intrigue and covetousness of England, in that quarter, a prompt arrest.

The sailing of the *Susquehanna* to San Juan, is another event of an aspect equally agreeable. It will accelerate the results which the former event clearly guarantees.

That it was full time for the Federal executive to interfere, no one honestly questions. The overhauling of the *Orizaba* by the Captain of the *Euridice*, and the other proceedings of the British officers at the mouth of the San Juan, called for the speediest and boldest action on the part of the United States' authorities.

The affair of the Bay Islands—the hot denial given last week in the Capitol, by Senator Clayton, to an alleged statement of Mr. Crampton, in reference to Ruatan—the refusal to withdraw Mr. Crampton—the intercepted letters at the mouth of the Seripiqui—the reported landing of several hundred muskets from Jamaica at Aspinwall, and the strong suspicion that the English authorities in Jamaica have secretly expressed their sympathy with those of New Granada, concerning the recent infernal massacre at Panama—a crowd of circumstances at this moment conspire to render the relations of America and Great Britain most precarious. There's something in the wind!

GAVAN DUFFY IN AUSTRALIA.

Our *Dublin Correspondent* sends us full particulars of Mr. Duffy's reception in Melbourne. They shall appear in our next. A subscription was commenced immediately on his landing, in order to purchase him a splendid estate; a public dinner was given him, and addresses from Sydney and other places presented. An ovation such as this must surely more than recompense him for all the vexations, worrying, and bitter disappointments of his political life in Ireland. Under the genial, sweet skies of Australia, may he find, and long enjoy, the happiness denied him at home.

MINISTERIAL MISERIES.

There is a humor in impudence when well carried out, that even the most stolid must admire. If one cannot respect the vehicle, we must certainly stop and commend the audacity that drives it. In our day audacity is one of the fine arts, subject to much cultivation; and no better proof of the attention paid to its development could be instanced, than that furnished by the pith of a Washington dispatch to one of our city cotemporaries, which states that "all the foreign legations have determined not to recognise Padre Vijil socially or officially."

The fun of the thing must not overcome us. We must retain a little vitality to look earnestly at it.

That the report is founded on fact we do not question. Unmistakeable evidences—inuendoes and "devilish sly" hints—flood the papers like note-marks—stars and daggers—all of which *refer* to Padre Vijil. Printed whispers, audible "asides," they are, which inform us that the Nicaraguan Padre has been "cold-shouldered already"—"put in Coventry"—that "foreign legations" will have the courage to look every where but at him when he approaches; that in fact they know what is good for this country better than its Government; and are determined to make a "telling display."

The American Executive has received Padre Vijil—good! Does this ministerial clique mean to usurp the place of the Cabinet, and throw the influence of that toleration which guarantees them as gentlemen to society at Washington into the scale against the Executive, to prove themselves the opposite of that which their residence near the seat of the United States Government recommends them as being?

They must have an audacity that Guiseppe Balsamo—"thaumaturgic moralist and swindler," as Carlyle states him to have been, would have worshipped, or that might have saved Barnum. It is refreshing really to behold such European assumption bursting forth in this bright and promising spring-time.

In the midst of all that is beautiful, the warm grasp of nature is not niggard. Its sun hides not from the weeds no more than from the flowers, but the former, like their human brethren, encouraged by recognition, leap up with vulgar forwardness, until they actually appear gigantic beside the delicate and highly favored offspring of Heaven's tenderest emotions. But rudeness is always gigantic.

We understand that the "foreign legation" taciturnity is incited in the first place by Mr. Crampton, who is ambitious to add the vice-royalty of the United States to his protectorship of Mosquito; and carried out under his instruction by Mr. Marcoleta.

Now it would be well for both of those patriots not to add an obliviousness of the position they at present occupy, to the forgetfulness of the respect due to a minister accredited to and received by the United States. Probably they think it time to forget themselves when the people of this country remember them so well to their disadvantage.

The "English Minister has been convicted of the most decided prevarication—of direct falsehood, as the *Democratic Review* states, and as Mr. Clayton in the Senate has distinctly charged. Using his position to deteriorate and outrage international good faith, he is broadly accused of having taken advantage of his friendly intimacy with the Secretary of State to deceive that official as to his participation in the foreign enlistment business; and not having been able to clear himself, is on the eve of a dignified though ignominious dismissal.

Certainly Padre Vijil is in good fortune to escape the attention of the head and front of the "foreign legations."

As for poor Mr. Marcoleta, his excitement may be somhwhat excused; though his giving the "cold shoulder" is rather ludicrous. Why, it is himself who has received it! And apparently it was time. He should remember that he has been receiving "distinguished consideration," and other diplomatic perquisites, on false pretences for some time. He has been a minister without a ministry. He has represented no government, for the administration that sent him is now as unknown as the builders of the pyramids. The President's Message settles the point. It clearly states that Walker made peace and a government, which it was the policy of the United States to recognise: and Mr. Marcoleta has taken great pains to show that he was not sent by Walker's government. Well, then, what has he represented, besides himself, these six months? What?

These "foreign legationists" would do well to keep their temper. Nothing so becomes such men "as mild behavior and and humility." Their hungry antipathy to Padre Vijil reminds us of the twenty wasps that visited the cage of Gulliver in Brobdingnag. They came flying about him, buzzing louder than the drones of as many bagpipes, batting him about the head, confounding him with their noise, and giving him great terror. He took courage however, slew a few of them, and the others decamped. He took out the stings of his victims, and ultimately carried them home as trophies and curiosities, which Padre Vijil may well do with the stings of the "foreign legations;" for certainly their abuse and non-recognition is a trophy to him, as it is something curious to the "rest of mankind."

MILITARY MEMOIRS.

THE MONTGOMERY RIFLEMEN, PATERSON, N. J.

This company was organized in March, 1850, by a few young patriotic citizens, in the city of Paterson. After a great many meetings they came together and elected the following officers: Captain, S. H. Wall; 1st Lieutenant, John Jordan; 2d Lieutenant, Richard Burke; 3d Lieutenant, James Turner.

The company at this time numbered about 40 good men. After the election of officers they wrote to Trenton to secure their arms and equipments; the Quarter-Master General answered that before he could send arms, it would be necessary for the officers to be regularly commissioned, which gave the company considerable trouble (as there were no staff officers in Passaic county,) and in their absence there was no person qualified to hold an election. It was necessary, therefore, to wait until the Legislature met, in order to get a bill passed authorizing the Governor in the absence of field officers to appoint a suitable person to hold elections and send a warrant to that effect to the commander-in-chief, and have the officers commissioned according to law; all of which was done by this company, after considerable preliminary meetings, trips to head-quarters and petitioning for the passage of such a law. Having waited about six months, they succeeded in getting the arms and equipments and having their officers duly commissioned according to law—(the only commissioned company at that time in the whole brigade.) During the several months spent in getting the officers commissioned, many of the members of the company left it, as well as some of the officers, so that it became necessary to hold an election for Lieutenants, which they did immediately and succeeded in the promotion of privates C. H. O'Neill as 1st Lieutenant, F. Donnelly 2nd Lieutenant, W. Archdeacon 3d Lieutenant. The officers and the privates then went to work with a good will, and in the short space of two months, after receiving their arms and equipments, paraded on the 4th of July, with 30 men in full uniform, which consisted of dark green frock coat, dark blue pants with buff stripe, U. S. belt and plates, with large felt hats trimmed with buff cord and tassel and black plume, green epaulettes with brass crescent.

The company were composed of young, manly mechanics, all American citizens, principally Irish. They received great praise for their grand military appearance, soldier-like conduct, &c., &c. They made but three parades, and they were all in the first four months, under their first Captain.

The ladies of Paterson presented the company with a magnificent silk American flag, which the company bear to this day. They have made several parades under the new command, and have on all occasions received marked praise for their drilling, discipline, unanimity of good, feeling on duty and off. In street finery they are considered the best company in the State, and equal to any in the school of the soldier, company or battalion. They number about 45, and are all young, smart, active, intelligent and temperate men. They met with a loss a few weeks since, in consequence of their Capt., C. H. O'Neill, commencing business in Jersey City. It was necessary for him to remove there, which leaves the office vacant. The names of the officers are—1st Lieut., J. Agnew; 2nd Lieut., F. McClary; 3d Lieut., P. Chapman, either of whom are qualified to fill the office of Captain, and either of whom would reflect honor and credit on their command. The company is now in good condition, and is held in high esteem by the public. Number 40 men.

Literature.

An Address Delivered for the Benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphans of New-York.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—IRISH MEMORIES—THEIR SIGNIFICANCE AND BEAUTY—THEIR HARMONY WITH THE REPUBLIC. PART I.

Near the city of Florence, in the shadow of the mountains of Else, there lived, many generations back, a young workman who was known in the valley of the Arno as Paolo, the Young Campanero. His craft was beautiful and most noble. He cast bells for the towers of church and convent, and made the air of Italy, from Etruria to the Alps, musical with the harmonies he had wrought. But there were eight with silver tongues which surpassed in purity and depth of tone all the others he had fashioned. These he dedicated to the Church of our Lady, which, on a cliff, in the midst of myrtles, olive-trees, and vines, overlooked the valley in which he lived, and loved, and worked. Divine almost were the raptures which the sound of these bells ever woke within him. Night and day, in breathless ecstacy, he drank in their music, until all about him there came the fragrance and the visions of a land brighter even than that of his dear Italy.

Years pass. The church on the cliff is in ruins. The vines have been trampled. The white blossoms of the myrtle have been made red. There is no cottage now in the valley of the Arno, in the shadow of the mountains of Else. Sunrise, noon, and sunset, the birds in the desolate valley miss the grand voices of the eight sisters in the tower. War has passed through it in his chariot of fire, and with dripping hoofs his steeds have torn through and laid waste the corn-fields and gardens in the valley of the silver bells, and the robber has seized upon the bells, and, as the jewels of the slain, he has borne them away.

The Campanero, grown old, stands amid the wreck. His wife, the children of his loins, home, workshop, the glorious children of his handicraft, are gone. But the latter are not dead. Captives in a strange land, they are still somewhere resonant on earth. He will seek them out. With way-worn foot, and breaking heart, he will journey till he finds them.

Now he is on the shore of the Adriatic, listening for them there. Now, in the heart of Rome, worried with the tumultuous clangor of a thousand tongues, he watches for the tones which were the pride of his youth. Then, through the cities of Castile he wends his weary way, staying his steps wherever a tower or belfry renews his hope or exhilarates his search. So, too, through the ancient streets of the Flemish towns, from the cathedral where Rubens, in the glory of his achievements, sleeps, to that vault where the crown of Charlemagne still presses the fleshless brow, within which the dream of empire has been extinguished.

One evening he comes to anchor in the Shannon. It is an evening in spring. Not a ripple on the water—not a speck above. The noble river is at rest. The sweetest slumber that visits the soul of childhood could not be more calm So calm, so grand, so serene the picture, the old man dreams that it is Italy.

From out the smoke and mist of the old town of Limerick, the brown battlements of St. Mary's, the cathedral church, emerge. They expand. And as they expand, they grow more and more distinct. They seem to move nearer to the silent ship of the Campanero. His gray head is sunk upon his breast. He is in a trance, and Italy is his vision. Suddenly, from those brown battlements there bursts a tumult of the richest melody through the heavens! The old man starts, looks up with flashing eyes, claps his hands in a delirium of joy, gasps a prayer, and then falls back! The sailors run to him. He is dead! But his eyes are still fixed upon the brown battlements, from which came forth that glorious peal. He is dead—dead on the breast of an Irish river—and the bells he had wrought in the valley of the Arno, for the Church of our Lady on the cliff, announce that the workman of Florence has gone to clasp his wife and children to his heart in a land far brighter even than his loved Italy!

Of the deep emotional power, excited by sounds or scenes that have been familiar to us in our early days, we have recited to us, in that exquisite story of the Campanero, evidence the most touching. Elaborate essays, speeches the most impassioned, histories quickened with the spirit of the philosopher and colored with the genius of the painter, would fail to convey the impressions which that gentle story vividly imparts. Not less thrillingly than the song of the Lesbian lyre—not less sweetly than the rippling of the river of laurels, in the vale of Tempé—not less solemnly than a funeral chorus in the camp of the Arghives, does that story tell us, that love of home, love of all that belongs to home, love of all that makes the home of our childhood beautiful or dark, sad or happy, poor or prosperous, is the supreme passion, inexhaustible, invincible. Wealth cannot stifle; with all its excesses of vanity, fashion cannot dissipate; the inexorable appetite for per-centages and stocks fails to disease; poverty but deepens, spiritualizes, and renders still more intense, this imperishable love.

From its humanizing and holy influence, no condition of life is too lowly or too proud, too turbulent or too tame, too wretched or too opulent, to be exempt. In some it feebly stirs. In others it impetuously beats. In some it is a lingering sentiment. In others it is an unappeasible enthusiasm. Here it dwindles into a genteel respect for certain duties and observances. There it bursts into a boundless ecstacy, and divinely kindling arm, heart, and brain, instigates to victories the most splendid, or sacrifices the most sublime. In a word, everywhere on this earth it is the ruling passion, strong in death!

With almost every race, there is a day traditionally and impressively set apart for festivities and ceremonies in attestation of this love.

There is the American! What of him? What of his day? The sun rises from out those deep blue waters in which the Madeira and Azores—those warm islands of the orange and the grape—are rocked in sleep; and slowly coming on, and widening, and mounting higher—like an eternal truth spoken in obscurity at first, and then spreading itself among the people—lights up an empire whose frontiers are girt, whose highways are tracked, whose cities are signalled by stately shafts—pillars of pine—from which flies out the flag we stand and swear by—the Stars and Stripes—these symbolizing the red gashes taken in the war for freedom—the former being the inextinguishable indications of the Power above which blessed the struggle.

It is a brighter Sun than that of Austerlitz which comes up that morning. It is the Sun of Liberty which breaks upon the Fourth morning of July!

And there is Ireland! On what day does she rejoice? On what day does she proclaim herself in robes and wreaths of joy, with the golden cup glittering in her white hand, and her ancient name set in emeralds along her cincture, an elder sister among the nations? On what day do her children, wherever they may be, turn their faces towards her, and bow the head, and bend the knee, and then rise up, and in a chorus which clasps the earth invoke upon her the benediction of Him, whose cross, through ages of temptations, buffetings, and agonies, she has borne? In this mighty audience, where, as audible as the booming of the sea on the rocks where stands the Tower of Hook on the Wexford coast, I hear the great Irish heart pulsate, it is an idle use of words to put the question. You know—the city knows—America to where the Monroe doctrine throws its irrevocable veto and interdiction—Europe, through all its libraries, coffee-houses, colleges, senates, camps and palaces—India, wherever a white foot has been planted, or an English bayonet gleams—Australia, which out of a mist looms up one of the republican sovereignties of the future, and comes into the world with a sceptre of pure gold to strike down with the power of Democracy the palsied pretences of the Old World—all know, from the rising to the setting of the sun—all know that the Seventeenth day of March is the day of all days in the calendar of Ireland!

On that day, if one could look out upon the world from a height which would enable him to do so, what would he behold? He would behold the spectacle of a people, originally divided by feudalism as the rest of Europe were; then by the intrusion of royal plunderers, in the name of order and religion, a profane hypocrisy which still obtains; then by the malignant sagacity of Lord-deputies, Chief-secretaries, and others, setting county against county, family against family, house against house, and—worst of all! most ruinous of all! most execrable of all!—creed against creed, until it came to this, that between two altars, as between two camps faced with batteries, the country reeled to, rocked over, and then went down; stationed on a height commanding the circle of the world, this spectator would behold a people thus divided, thus broken, thus dispersed, rising from every isle, however lone—from every forest, however dense—from every swamp, however poisonous—from every city, whether Pontiff, Sultan, King, or People ruled it—he would behold the people, thus divided, thus broken, thus dispersed, with an electric sympathy uniting, in the same reminiscences rejoicing, in the same prayers conforming, in the same hopes exulting; and thus, though divided, though broken, though dispersed—as if convoked by the trumpet of the Archangel—re-appearing in an incalculable aggregate, which, it would seem, some great genius might localize, consolidate, and from an eternal rock perpetuate.

Who finds fault with this? Am I here, in this noble county, where everything is generous, and great and free, to vindicate that love, of which in the story mentioned to you at the commencement of these remarks, you have had an exemplification so impressive, and without which this world would be a heap of ignoble ashes, and history a shrivelled almanac? Am I here—here in this magnificent temple, dedicated to the Muse of Song, to vindicate that love, which—especially in Ireland whose melodies are immortal—finds through song its noblest utterance?

Is the the almighty dollarism of the day—insipid, sapless, crabbed, sordid, soulless—to eradicate this love, disperse its blossoms, and arrest its growth? They who would decry these beautiful memories and festivities, with their ejaculations of nonsense! trash! nuisance!—these bloodless and Godless levellers would, if they had the power, convert the Jerusalem of St. John into a railway station, without benches, and no smoking allowed; or feeling it against their grain to let so much desirable real estate run innocently to waste, would sink a shaft in Gethsemane for coal, or dig in Paradise for gold.

But we hear it said, by gentlemen who pride themselves on taking practical views, and inculcating common sense, and who sedulously affect an English tone in their very learned, polite, and dainty disquisitions, we hear it said, that Ireland is not worth remembering. We hear it said, with a compassionate suavity which might be endurable but for the sneaking docility to English opinions which accompanies it; we hear it said, that Ireland has had nothing in the past for her children to point to, and with pride enumerate. We hear it said, that she has had Fairies, and Leperchauns, and Banshees, but no scientific rotation of crops, no sarsaparilla, no Russ pavement which in all weather keeps horses from slipping, no cockroach and rat exterminator, no Paphian lotion, no cough candy, no wooden clocks, hams and nutmegs, no rocking-chairs or fire-annihilators. We hear it said, that it is only now she is beginning to think of thinking to set about to try to do something; only now putting forth the energies which realize riches and consolidate prosperity; only now exhibiting the intellect which is the life of a nation, and in history encircles its gray head with an inextinguishable splendor.

Ireland not worth remembering? No great names? No great achievements? No splendors that endure? Is that the fact—the visitation—the decree? What said Dr. Johnson—the great Samuel—the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick, Hogarth, Mackintosh, and the infallible oracle of them all? Writing to Charles O'Connor, of Ballinagar, the distinguished Irish antiquarian, he says: "I have long wished that Irish literature should be cultivated, for it would be most acceptable to those who are most curious, either in the origin of nations or the affinities of languages, to be informed of a people so ancient, and once so illustrious."

Ireland not worth remembering? No great names? No great achievements? No splendors that endure? Is that the fact—the visitation—the decree?

What of Barry, of whose paintings the author of the Pleasures of Hope has said that Michael Angelo himself would not have been ashamed, and of whose Archangel at the gates of Paradise, Canova declared, that Rome—Rome! possessed nothing superior of its kind. What of Maclise—with a pencil true as a sunbeam—the grandest painter of the human form? What of Burton, whose Helen Fawcit, in the Antigone of Sophocles, even when unfinished, was so beautiful, that Davis, with an exquisite sensitiveness, begged it should be left so, lest a touch should obliterate some excellence. What of Samuel Forde, who was to Ireland what Murillo was to Spain?

Ireland not worth remembering! No great names? No great achievements? No splendors that endure? Is that the fact—the visitation—the decree?

Go to the Cathedral of Carlow, and in the lofty aisle you will behold the figure of a great Bishop in his robes—erect, majestic, calm—standing firmly on the earth, and with his right arm uplifted, pointing with a sublime confidence to Heaven. His left arm gently presses the neck of a beautiful, sorrow-stricken, heart-broken woman, who, with head bowed down, and big tears bubbling from her large spiritual eyes, kneels on one knee beside him. She leans upon a harp, the strings of which are broken. A mural crown presses the mournful head, and on the zone, in gilt letters, you read the name of *Erin*. It is the name of the great Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. The artist is John Hogan, whose Dead Christ is a mystery of Art—who has thrown the human figure into positions unknown to the ancient sculptors—and who, honored as no native of the British isles ever was before or since, was invested with the insignia of Raphael by the Virtuosi of the Pantheon.

Ireland not worth remembering? No great names? No great achievements? No splendors that endure? Is that the fact—the visitation—the decree?

What of the resplendent line of writers, in every variety of literature and science, from which the names of Swift and Maturin, Hamilton and Kane, Mangan and Maginn, Griffin, Banim Lover, with an irrepressible brilliancy irradiate? What of, Goldsmith, of whose Vicar of Wakefield a German critic wrote, that if you woke up a thousand years hence, you would find the Vicar still alive! What of Moore, the vibrations of whose lyre shall never cease whilst the human heart has sympathies for the oppressed, love for the beautiful, gratitude for the generous, homage for the heroic, a genial impulse, a gay susceptibility of wit, aspirations for liberty, and for those who strike, or win, or fall in her holy cause, the enthusiastic prayer, the blessing, and the tear?

Ireland not worth remembering? No great names? Nothing worth preserving? No imperishable realities? Nothing but fairies and leperchauns; dreams and fables? Again I say—Is that the fact—the visitation—the decree?

What of Edmund Burke; a superb model of rhetoric, and of statesmanship; an immutable authority with the statesmen of Great Britain? What of George Canning, who out of the obscurity of his orphaned childhood in Kerry, rose, with all the graces of his cultivated eloquence and wit, to replenish the void caused by the death of Tierney, Fox and Wyndham? What of Henry Grattan? What of him, who with own hand broke the chains of a century, gave to his country a free constitution, free trade, and opened all her harbors; of whom Lord Brougham said, that in the easy and copious flow of most profound, sagacious, and original principles, enunciated in terse and striking, but appropriate language, no orator of any age was his equal; and whose remains the most eminent of the Commons of England petitioned from his sons, "that so," as the prayer expressed the wish, "they might repose in the sacred edifice where great men have been for ages interred!" What of Sheil, who made his footing sure in that arena where Flood had failed, and Grattan himself had faltered; of whose speech on Pennenden Heath old Jeremy Bentham said, that it was "the most masterly union of logic and rhetoric he had ever laid his eyes upon;" of whom the Duke de Montebello, writing from Ireland in 1826, said, he was "a combination of Juvenal, Pindar, and Mirabeau;" and of whom, after one of those ebullitions of eloquence which used to overwhelm the most reluctant audience in the world, Sir Robert Peel rose from his seat and declared that "his eloquence invested all he uttered with an irresistible charm, and that Ireland should be proud of his genius." And there is Sheridan! What of him? What more could be said of him than was said by his great compeer, Edmund Burke—than was said by his great eulogist, Lord Byron—then was said by his great antagonist, William Pitt? Enter Westminster Hall, when the peers and peeresses in their robes and jewels, with the ambassadors of foreign countries, and the high judges, and the great officers and statesmen of the kingdom are seated there—the grandest judgment-scene ever presented to the world—see Guilt bursting, in letters of red flame, from the forehead of the criminal who had laid waste the gorgeous regions of the Ganges, and, on the most sumptuous scale, had perpetrated the deadliest sins against humanity; and when above that crouching culprit, struck to earth with the consciousness of his guilt, there rises up the beautiful figure of India—"dusky as the night, but night with all her stars"—and she blesses the voice that has spoken out triumphantly in her behalf; exult!—you who have no country worth remembering—no memories worth preserving—no splendors that endure—for it is the voice of Sheridan the avenged and victorious victim blesses—'tis Irish eloquence—and the glory of that voice is all your own!

Oh! you who from the sunrise to the sunset are doomed to drudgery, and by the sweat of your aching brows earn the

scanty bread you eat; you who carry the hod, and, helping to build the rich man's house, contribute a monument to the industry or cunning which, out of an obscurity deeper than your own, disguises its primitive plebeianism in an aristocracy of brown stone; you who sweep the streets at midnight, that so the dainty foot of some splendid fortune may not be soiled in crossing on the morrow, nor the crested carriage of the patrician, superbly oblivious of the meat or milk cart out of which the carriage sprung, may not be splashed, nor the hammercloth, once a butcher's apron or a potato bag, may not be porcupined with flying straws, nor peppered with the dust; you who dig the canal and lay the railroad; you who fell the trees out West, and clear the road on which commerce travels, and the arts supplant the savageness of nature; toilers as you are; drudges as you are; reviled for the labor which Providence assigns you; by an arrogant faction proscribed for that you are in rags, and havn't been to school, and have rough hands, and wear no gloves; slaves!—as they would make you, but, by the Republic! never shall—remember that you are of the same land which gave birth to the men whose names I have recounted; that you are blood of their blood; direct inheritors of their fame—a fame which illuminates the world—and with this consciousness stand your ground, hold up the head, proudly show your honest hands though scarred and foul with toil, and in your deepest drudgery exult!

[The author of "Spring," in our third issue, sends us the following graceful effusion.]

DREAMING.

"I am haunted by a spirit,
Every where I go;
That I'm near it—yet not near it,
I too sadly know.
When I'm hushed and sorrow-laden,
'Tis a solace there;
When my heart would clasp its maiden
Figure—it is air!"

By a streamlet, bright and glancing
On a summer eve I lay,
Just as starry night advancing
To her bosom clasped the day.
Peace was in the air around me,
In the streamlet gliding by,
Quickly slumber's chain had bound me—
All was dreaming—so was I.

As I looked upon the water,
Rose a form from out the stream;
Fair, Oh, fairer far I found her
Than the spirit of a dream.
More of beauty, fabled story
Ne'er to Aphrodite gave,
As she rose in radiant glory
From the bosom of the wave.

First retreats she, then advances,
Nearer, nearer comes she now;
Love-light sparkled in her glances,
Love was pictured on her brow.
Garments white, but ill concealing
From the eye her breast of snow,
Floated round her, half revealing
All the heart would wish to know.

Nearer came she, till before me
Shone the love-light in her eyes;
Nearer still, till bending o'er me,
I could hear her gentle sighs.
In her hair bright dew-drops glistened,
As it swept along my cheek;
Hark! a murmur—how I listened
For the accents she might speak.

Then I thought that I would clasp her
Fondly to my beating heart;
Forth I stretched my hand to grasp her
Ere she might again depart;
O what sorrow, O what sorrow,
On that summer eve was there,
Joy from hope I sought to borrow,
And I clasped the empty air.

Thus the promises of gladness,
Which we cherish in the mind,
Ere fulfilment, turn to sadness,
Leaving nought but care behind.
All our hopes and joys Elysian,
Howsoever real they seem,
Vanish like the fading vision,
Of this unsubstantial dream.

PONTCHARTRAIN.

Loomis's "Treatise on Arithmetic" is, as far as we are able to judge, a very full and desirable work. While aiming to be theoretical, he believes in the best sense of the word, his design to embrace the best practical resources. The style is clear.—(*Harper & Brothers.*)

The author of a tragedy called the "Gladiator of Ravenna," which has excited much enthusiasm in Germany from its first appearance, some eighteen months since, still remains unknown. This is the more extraordinary, as the tragedy, which gains steadily on public favor, has already laid up on the author's percentage 10,000 thalers (over $6000), which sum still remains to his credit in the treasuries of the theatres. Neither the success of his piece nor his pecuniary gain have, however, induced him to break his *incognito*. A unique fact in the annals of theatrical literature.

The last Melbourne papers mention that Miss Catherine Hayes, after fulfilling a short engagement at the Bendigo diggings, would sing a few nights at Sydney, and then return to the Old World for "good and all." The *Limerick Chroniele* says: "Late advices from Melbourne state that the mayor of that city entertained a distinguished party, including Miss Catherine Hayes and her mother, and many other ladies and gentlemen; and that the Irish Nightingale looked exceedingly well."

DEATH OF JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Doctor Percival, if he has not chiselled his name as high up, or so conspicuously on the literary monument of the republic as Bryant, Longfellow, and Halleck, has left memories which entitle him to the esteem and respect of those who worship at the shrine of intellect, of energy, of taste, and profitable scholarship. If he was not a great poet, he was in every sense a good one; and if he did not startle by the originality of his views or ideas, has done sufficient to recommend his varied rhythms and harmonious exercises to those who delight to watch the growth of a nation's literature, and behold with anxiety the best offshoots of other elements and countries engrafted artistically and fruitfully upon it.

James Gates Percival was born in Berlin, State of Connecticut on the 15th September, 1795. While yet but twelve years old his father died, leaving the boy to the care of a guardian. Between fifteen and sixteen he entered Yale College, and graduated in 1815, with more than the usual honors. His father having been a physician of eminence, the son ambitioned to walk in his footsteps; and with this honorable desire pursued the necessary studies for five years in the Yale Medical College, at the end of which period he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine.

While a student he had a poetical reputation among his fellows, having as early as 1809 written for a "Commencement Exercise" a tragedy entitled "Zamor," which he subsequently revised, enlarged, and published. In 1821 his first work was given to the world. With other things, the volume included the first part of the author's "Prometheus." The Spensorian stanza was the one chosen by our poet, and he was so far successful as to draw from Edward Everett, in the *North American Review*, favorable recognition. The following year, while in Charleston practicing his profession, he published a volume entitled "Clio," which was succeeded by another at New-Haven. The fecundity of his genius is spoken of as remarkable, "for in the same year he brought out the second part of his 'Prometheus' and an elaborate historical essay."

In 1824, receiving a commission as assistant surgeon in the army, we find him lecturing on Chemistry at the West Point Academy; but distracting his mind from the literary pursuits which then seduced him, he gave up his professorship and took refuge in poetry. In Boston, the following year, a complete edition of his poems appeared; and in 1827 the third part of "Clio" went through the press at New-York. The succeeding two years Dr. Percival was engaged in assisting the preparation of the first quarto edition of Webster's Dictionary; which laborious task was followed by another scarcely less so, though more interesting—the translation of Malte Brun's Geography, the entire publication of which was not concluded until 1843.

In the meantime he was otherwise busily engaged. Indeed, his industry was proverbial. In 1835, at the request of the Legislature of Connecticut, he made a geological survey of the State, and published the results of his explorations in an elaborate report, which appeared in 1842. As an evidence of the assiduity with which he went to work, it is said that he walked over almost every field in the State, that his report might be as perfect as possible, basing all his conclusions and statements upon actual observations and experiments.

In 1843 his last volume of poems was published. In the preface he says, "In the long interval which has elapsed since the publication of my last volume of poems (sixteen years), I have been engaged in pursuits which have little or no relation to poetical studies." He offered his book, "not as the fruits of a continued and regular study of the art," but as containing the occasional exercises of his muse.

Dr. Percival's knowledge of the various dialects of European languages induced him to the somewhat thankless, if tedious, task of giving specimens of their poetry; thus, his last volume is nearly taken up entirely with paraphrases or imitations of more than one hundred and fifty different forms or modifications of verses. Their merit to us seems almost as various as the metres. They lack the fire which will guarantee to them a lasting importance. They are not without much grace, frequent happiness of illustration, and a copiousness of diction; but they are also redundant, and rarely leave that lasting impression which those who read to be delighted, seek.

Numerous poems are given to illustrate phases of nationalities in Europe; but without success, in our opinion. There are, however, scattered through them, striking and pretty passages as—

"Near Moskva's stream, through heath and forest gliding,
Deep in a river vale by meadow green,
Embowered in beech, a lonely church is seen,
Like timid fawn in dewy thicket hiding.

"Above its roof, a Grecian crosslet, shining,
Points to the pious serf his heavenward way;
Around it spreads, bestrown with blossoms gay,
The field, where wearied hearts are safe reclining.

"O'er swelling graves the bounding rabbit plays;
All breathes of peace and gentleness around;
Light steals the maiden by; subdued each sound;
Even fainter glances there the evening blaze.
There, nestling side by side, at evening's close,
Soft coo the billing doves, and then repose.

Another sonnet on Bohemia has a touching and happy simile running through the opening:

The rose now blooms—with love my bosom heaves;
It fades and withers—sorrow chills my heart:
The cold rains trickle o'er the faded leaves—
Tears from their secret fount unbidden start.

The dewy morning rises fresh and fair—
Hope comes again to wake my love anew:
With blooms of May the maiden wreaths her hair;
Joy swells my heart, as swells the rose with dew.

Thus flows the Cheskian song—the song thus flows,
In Servia's vales, on Russia's boundless plains,
By Visla's banks, unfettered or in chains,
Where the poor Slavonian spirit glows.
Ages have flown away, yet still remain
The seeds, that time and force have crushed in vain.

The German Emigrant's Song, which is evidently in imitation of the "Fatherland," is not to be compared to Clarence Mangan's fine version of the same subject. We give a stanza from Percival to indicate the poem:

Oh! Deutschland, our good Fatherland,
Where grows the vine, along the Rhine;
Where far the Alpine summits stand,
And o'er the free-born Switzer shine;
Where bright thy southern summer glows,
Thy northern winter sleeps in snows:
Thy pine-clad hills, thy heaths of sand,
All linked by Union's golden band,
Thou art our Fathers' Fatherland!

Among the national paraphrases are a couple founded on the Irish melodies, which though not very successful, (coming after Tom Moore), are commendable for a diffusion of the good spirit which breaks out in the last stanza of the following:

THE HARPER.

The Harper once in Tara's halls
Rung loud the martial strain;
Nor were these full and stirring notes
Struck by his hand in vain.
They roused the sons of Erin, far
To drive the invading foe;
They fired the heart, and nerved the hand,
To deal the avenging blow.

In vest of green, the harper sat
Beside the royal throne;
The golden chain, that slung his harp,
In pride around him thrown.
Wide through the halls his music rang,
And warriors leaped to hear;
Drew the bright sword, and shook it high,
And tossed the beamy spear.

But Tara's halls are seen no more;
In ruin low they lie:
The green turf o'er them weaves it sod;
The weeds there mantle high—
And Erin's sons no longer leap
To hear the harp's wild tone;
The light that o'er their country shed
Its beams from heaven, has flown.

And sadly now the harper wends
To other realms his way:
He seeks a freer, happier land,
Where Britons bear no sway.
Then welcome here, with generous cheer,
The minstrel, wandering lone;
And let us ever hold him dear,
And prize him as our own.

Some two years ago, Dr. Percival was appointed Geologist to the state of Wisconsin, where he has since resided. He died on the 2d instant, at Chicago.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By Thomas Moore. New-York: P. M. Haverty.

Arthur O'Conner said that Fitzgerald was not only free from a vice, but a defect. He *was*, indeed, a pure, noble-minded, chivalrous soul; one for whom conviction was the tocsin of action, and whose natural enthusiasm, guided by all that was manly, led him into a front rank with those patriots who, in 1798, raised the republican standard in Ireland. The poet says "the child is father of the man." Military science was a passion with Fitzgerald from his boyhood. His playthings were cannon, and his nursery the fields overlooking the Garonne, in France, where he built mimic fortifications. He entered the army young, performed some striking manœuvres in the American war, under Lord Rawdon, in the South, was wounded, and, after serving on the staff of General O'Hara, at the West Indies, returned to Ireland. He was so possessed with the love of action, that he writes to his mother, in 1783, "I have made fifty attempts to write to you, but have as often failed, from want of subject." * * * "If you insist on letters, I must write you an account of my American campaigns once again, as that is the only thing I remember."

He entered the Irish Parliament, but, as may readily be imagined, he was ill at ease amidst that scene of disquiet, slavishness, and Anglo-Irishism. It was not long before his impetuous truthfulness flung him forward in the opposition, and made him a man of mark. Having fallen in love, however, without success, he started for North America; and here, among the Indians, the first decided change in his opinions of society took place. He was charmed with the equality that surrounded him. He says himself that he was "obliged to *think*." Contrasting the mode of his life with that amidst which he was reared, he says:—

"To bring things home to oneself, if *we* had been Indians, instead of its being my duty to be separated from all of you, it would, on the contrary, be my duty to be with you, to make you comfortable, and to hunt and fish for you. Instead of Lord ——'s being violent against letting me marry G——, he would be glad to give her to me, that I might maintain and feed her. There would be then no cases of looking forward to the fortune for children—of thinking how you are to live; no separations in families, one in Ireland and one in England; no devilish politics, no fashions, customs, duties, or appearance to the world, to interfere with one's happiness. Instead of being served and supported by servants, everything here is done by one's relations—by the people one loves; and the mutual obligations you must be under increase your love for each other."

This romance of savage happiness was, says Moore, but one of the various forms which the passion now predominant over all his thoughts assumed. The principle, however, retained its footing in his mind, after the reveries through which it had first found its way thither had vanished.

A visit to France, during the revolution, confirmed the republicanism of the forest in his mind, which was thus quickly rendered sensitive to those affairs in his native country which were foreing the people—chiefly under the inspiration of Tone and the Northern United Irishmen—to an armed attitude. Publicly, at Paris, he flung off his title, and at a public dinner drank to "the speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions."

He became a United Irishman, was placed on the Dublin Di-

rectory, sent to France as Envoy from the Society, returned with promises of aid—though he was opposed to the principle of taking any—and, after the treachery of Reynolds, was arrested at Murphy's, the feather merchant, in Thomas street, Dublin. He made a desperate fight, but was eventually captured and lodged in Newgate, where he died of his wounds on the 3d of June.

Such is a brief outline of the life which Moore has "taken" in this volume—which is by no means a good biography. It is more a soothing palliation for the sake of the surviving family, than a glorious, dignified defence of the noble rebel's career. Contemporaneous events, during Fitzgerald's connection with the United Irishmen, are barely indicated; and the only value of the book is the collection of letters, which might have been satisfactorily abridged, for general readers, into one half the space. Mr. Haverty's edition, however, is a great improvement on the English one, inasmuch as two little volumes are conveniently printed in one, and more especially because there is a considerable and useful addition to the text, in the shape of notes referring to events which Moore scarcely hints at. These notes are taken from the best historical and biographical memoirs of the men of the period. We learn, with much pleasure, that the present volume will be followed by Madden's Life of Robert Emmet, and Haine's Life of Thomas Addis Emmet. Much new matter will be added to the latter, and both memoirs furnished with judicious notes, after the manner of the present publication.

Literary and Artistic News.

Messrs. Hodges, Smith & Co., of Dublin, announce a new edition of the "Annals of Ireland," by John O'Donovan, M.R.I.A. The very large price they were of necessity compelled to place on the the first edition published in 1850, namely, 14 guineas, confined the sale chiefly to public institutions and to men of large fortunes. With the concurrence of many distinguished persons, they now announce a reprint of the work, to be in every way as beautiful as the fourteen guinea edition, with the exception of the paper, which will not be so fine; but in extent, type, and subject matter it will be the same. In the event of four hundred copies being immediately subscribed for, they purpose re-issuing the seven volumes within twelve months, at the moderate cost of three dollars per volume; and as a guarantee, if such be necessary, for fulfilling their engagement with the subscribers, *they will not require payment* until the entire work is finished. The work of the "Four Masters" is now so well known, that it may seem unnecessary to say that there is scarcely an Irish family of any note of which mention is not made, and the full history of nearly every family is given, their origin traced, their different branches, and the localities where they resided, the great chieftains and learned men belonging to each, and every other circumstance of importance that it has been possible to glean connected with them. The antiquarian, the topographer, or the historian can identify every locality in which an important event, a battle, or the death of a great man took place. By an admirable alphabetical index, reference can be made with the greatest facility to the names either of men or of places mentioned in the work.

On Sunday night the premises of Messrs. Naybour & Co., 144 Oxford street, London, were robbed of pictures valued at nearly ten thousand dollars. Pictures of some of the most celebrated masters have been stolen, including works of Rubens, Carlo Dolci, Cuyp, Ostade, Hogarth, Morland, Teniers, Smirke, Vandyke, Murillo, A. Vandervelde, Wattean, Poelemberg, and others, some of which were purchased at Col. Sibthorp's sale. The burglars divested these pictures of their frames. On information being given to the proprietor, it was ascertained that 69 pictures had been taken, principally of a small size, none above 30 inches by 25; also, some bronzes and books. On the proprietor entering the premises on Monday morning, a new dark lantern, well stocked with tapers apparently only used once, a pair of pincers and a gimlet were found, the latter having been used for the purpose of fastening the door while the burglars were engaged in the work of plunder. The stolen property would fill two or three cabs, and take from ten to twenty minutes to remove, which was effected about ten o'clock at night. It appears extraordinary that such a bulk of property could be removed in a thoroughfare so public as that part of Oxford street (between Vere and Old Cavendish streets) without detection by the police. In a merely commercial point of view this loss of property is heavy. The principal proprietor is stated to be a gentleman of well-known property.

A Paris letter gives us a glimpse into an editorial sanctum, thus:—"In a large velvet arm chair, with a table before him, sits the editor himself, enveloped in a plain, dark dressing gown. He is not immersed in any profound thought, or he may be meditating, for aught we know; but his head rests on the back of the chair, whilst he inhales oblivion from all care thro' the amber tube of a perfumed narghile, standing beside him. What have we on the table? A large vase full of flowers—a pile of tiny oyster-shells—an empty bottle of chablis—a china dish with pears and oranges—the remains of an omelette souffle—a silver coffee-pot, thick, hot cream, and—could he have forseen our visit, and intended to invite us to breakfast? The table certainly is laid for two; and that delicious, easy, low chair, with its soft satin, wadded back, is actually placed ready for us. How charmingly considerate! But soft! the guest is evidently not ourselves, but, whoever it was, has been and gone. Here are vestiges of another presence—a handkerchief, so fine, snowy, and gossamer, lies under the table: and as we pick it up, our eyes, however discreet, could not help seeing, in florid and filagree letters, the word 'Nathalie' embroidered in the corner."

The Artists' annual festival, at Rome, took place on the 14th ult., at the customary picturesque locality of Castel Guibileo, and the abandoned solitudes of the ancient Fidenæ once more rang with the tumult of revelry in every continental and artistical tongue. The motley crowds were coerced by the sceptre of President Haag, whose state car, drawn by four oxen with crimson trappings, and escorted by Moors, templars, and demons on horseback, excited no small astonishment and admiration among the early peasants bringing their produce to market. A decidedly bacchanalian tone prevailed amongst the masqueraders as the day advanced, until a perfect tornado of wind, dust, and rain closed the proceedings, and drove the way and wine worn stragglers home.

Not the least curious among the literary items of the day, says the *Publisher's Circular*, is the rapid increase of that class of publications known as "Spiritual Literature." This has grown into an important branch of the bookselling business. It occupies the attention of two or three establishments in this city, and of others in Boston, Philadelphia, and the western cities. Spiritual books are regularly announced, and a Spiritual newspaper is published here weekly.

A new journal, (non-political) to be called the *Gazette de Paris*, is announced in Paris. Among the numerous staff of redactuers announced in the programme, are the names of Alexander Dumas, Jules Janin, Arsene Houssaye, Louis Lurine, E. Texier, Roger de Beauvoir, Felix Mornaud, Th. Pelloquet, A. Husson, Alex. Weill, Nadar, Jules Lovy and Louis Bellett.

The Life of Col. Daniel Morgan, of the Continental Army, has been prepared from his unpublished letters and papers by his grandson, James Graham, Esq., of New Orleans, and will soon be issued by Derby & Jackson. No life of the gallant and popular hero of the Cowpens has yet been published.

The *Journal de Frankfort* says that Staudigl, the celebrated bass singer, has gone out of his mind. His intellect had been failing for a long time, and he has lately been removed to a lunatic asylum.

The amount required for a copy, in bronze, of Chanrey's statue of James Watt, to be placed in front of the Manchester Infirmary, is about £1,100; £800 has been subscribed in Manchester.

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne had a most magnificent and well-deserved farewell benefit at Niblo,s, last Saturday. Her preeminence as the favorite of New-York, was manifested by a crowded and appreciating audience. We learn that nearly three thousand tickets were sold; one thousand dollars were taken at the doors, and not an inch of standing room in the capacious theatre was left unoccupied. The play was Mrs. Hayne's adaptation of "Camille," and her performance sustained the eulogistic notices of the Southern press. At the end of the play Mrs. Hayne was called out, and addressed the audience as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen—It is with no ordinary emotions that I appear before you to acknowledge and thank you for the very flattering evidence of your approval of this, my farewell appearance before a New-York audience. When I think of the numerous occasions on which the same kindness has been extended to my efforts, my sense of obligation becomes doubly great, and as I attempt to express the deep feelings of my heart, I but too deeply feel how inadequate my words are to convey what I would wish to say. I am about to bid you a long farewell; but I trust the time will one day come when I may renew an acquaintance which has so many pleasant recollections connected with it. Wherever I may go, and in however distant a land my future lot may carry me, you may rest assured that the recollection of this parting hour will ever be cherished by me as one of the brightest spots in the memory of the past. With these feelings I bid you an affectionate farewell.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

MILITARY PRESENTATION.

On the evening of the 12th inst. we attended by invitation a social meeting of the members of Company K., 69th Regiment, at their Drill-room, in Delancy street, convened for the purpose of presenting to their Captain, Mr. James Huston, certain testimonials of the regard entertained for him by his military friends. These articles consisted of a very elegant rapier and sword, and their belts, with a superb pair of epaulettes. The presentation was made by Lieut. Lyons, on behalf of the company, in a neat address; and the reply of Captain Huston, thanking his friends for the marks of favor conferred on him, was to the purpose; closely resembling the point of the beautiful gifts he had received. A number of gentlemen were present as guests—among whom we noticed Colonel Ryan, who presided by request, Captain Phelan, Captain Lyons, Adjutant McCartan, Paymaster White, Lieut. O'Rourke, Messrs. Soria, and a number of others, all of whom seemed to do justice to the ample hospitalities of Company K. Several sentiments were proposed and speeches made, and some very good songs were sung through the evening, which passed off most pleasantly to all concerned.

Almost all the gentlemen whose names we have mentioned, were called on to speak during the evening, and the appearance of some of them seemed to be a signal for a more than ordinary display of enthusiastic feeling. Our limits, however, preclude our giving the remarks of *all* the speakers, and we, therefore, decline to give *any*—a decision which we dare to say none of them will much regret.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, AT EAST NEW-YORK.

Tempted by the fineness of the day, and by the rumor which had somehow got abroad, that the Third Brigade would manœuvre at East New-York, we started with a friend for that part of Long Island on Monday, the 12th inst.; not grieved to have any reasonable excuse for a brief respite from city turmoil. On the road we encountered several military gentlemen of our acquaintance, all of them making a "bee line," as fast as the speed of their respective steeds would permit, for the scene of action. On the ground, however, their expectation was disappointed considerably, when they learned that the military present comprised only the Seventh regiment, Col. Duryee; consisting of about 300 men, officers, musicians and privates, all told.

The ground at East New-York is well suited for military display on an extended scale. For any manœuvres, however, possible to a single regiment, we think it rather inferior to Hoboken or Elm Park; inasmuch as, these grounds being more contracted, do not dwarf a regiment, and explorers state that they are equally rich in "Lager" and other staples.

The forenoon was occupied in isolated company movements; each company drilling by itself, and practicing the programme of the regimental drill to take place in the afternoon. A judicious method of initiating the new recruits. The plain, dotted with these military groups, some firing, others practicing Hardee's light infantry drill, presented an animated appearance. During the continuance of these exercises, the proficiency of the 2nd and 3d companies seemed conspicuous. One by one, however, they were dismissed about noon, stacked arms, and applied themselves to their commissariat department for "aid and comfort" to withstand the labors that were to follow. We have to acknowledge the hospitalities of the 5th company, Capt. Speaight, whose company drill we did not have an opportunity to observe. The regimental line was to have been formed at a quarter past two in the afternoon, but it was near three before the formation of the regiment. The first formation was slow; the second better We noticed that the Drum-major saluted the Colonel when beating off; by what authority? After some orders in the manual of arms, orders were given to spring rammers, a proper precaution, the timely observance of which will, generally, preclude accidents.

The firing commenced by *company*, which was, however, promptly checked, to re-commence by wing. The first wing's fire was bad, equalled only by the first fire by battalion. The fire of the second wing was well delivered. The firing by battalion was *bad*. That by file in the successive formations was very good. Change front forward on first company—fire by file—good. The advance in line commenced badly and ended not much better. By the right of companies to the rear into column. Forward into line. Well done. By the right of divisions to, the rear into column. Left into line—wheel. Very well. (Why do the guides reverse the butt of the musket?) Advance in line—not good—too much space between files. Passing in review, the drums did not beat until the reviewing officer got to the right, and remained on the right. Adjutant posted no markers. The orders were given too quick—but we pause, lest our free criticism get us into trouble.

The Seventh did not justify its reputation on this occasion, which is, no doubt, well deserved, so far as the *materiel* of the regiment is concerned. But, "piled up" on the drill, it is sometimes a distressing load to bear.

Gen. Hall was the reviewing officer on this parade, at which also, we noticed several military gentlemen; among others, Major Barry and Captain Murphy, of the Ninth, and Major Nugent and Capt. Corcoran, of the Sixty-ninth. A number of spectators, and carriages with ladies, were also present.

U. S. Army Intelligence.

GENERAL ORDERS, No. 4.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, *New-York, May* 9, 1856.

I. The following movements of troops have been indicated by the War Department, and will be carried into effect as hereinafter directed:

1. The four Companies of the 2d Infantry to join the Head-quarters of the Regiment on the Upper Missouri.

2. The 10th Infantry to be distributed as follows:

The Head-quarters of the Regiment and four Companies at Fort Ridgely. Two Companies to establish a post at some eligible point at or near the Red River of the North and near the Northern boundary of Minnesota; its precise location to be determined by the commanding officer, after an examination of the country and its resources. Two Companies to take post at Fort Ripley, and one Company at Fort Snelling. The Company now serving with the Sioux Expedition to take post at Fort Snelling when its services can be dispensed with by General Harney.

II. The Company of the 2d infantry now at Fort Ripley, will, as soon as practicable, move to Fort Ridgely, and the four Companies of that Regiment will then, as soon as practicable after being relieved by the Companies of the 10th, march across the country to Fort Pierre.

The Companies of the 10th Infantry will be assigned to the stations above indicated, by the Colonel, who will give such instructions and orders as as shall be necessary to place them in position.

The Lieutenant-Colonel and junior Major of the 10th will take post at Fort Ripley, and the new post on or near the Red River of the North, to be assigned by the Colonel.

As soon as he can dispense with its services, the General commanding the Sioux Expedition will order Company E, 10th Infantry, to Fort Snelling, either by way of the Missouri and Mississippi rivers, or across the country and down the Minnesota river, as shall be most convenient for the service.

By command of Brevet Lieutenant-General Scott,

Irwin McDowell, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

American News.

A steam-boiler in Edson's distillery, Albany, exploded on the 15th, instantly killing Cyrus Edson, one of the firm, Mr. Henderson, the engineer, and Mr. Donovan, the fireman. One or two other employees were badly injured. The boiler was new, and the engineer was engaged in testing it when the explosion occurred. The bodies were horribly mutilated, Mr. Edson's head being completely torn from his body, and so much disfigured that he could be recognized only by his pocket-handkerchief and finger-rings. Mr. Henderson's head and legs were torn from the trunk. Mr. Edson leaves a wife and three children. He was highly respected. The Board of Trade adjourned immediately on the announcement of his death. Mr. Henderson, the engineer, also leaves a wife and three children. Donovan, the fireman, was a single man, but an aged father and several sisters depended on him for support. Daniel Boyle, a plumber, in the employ of Peter Smith & Sons, was badly scalded, blown into the river, but was rescued from drowning. His arm was broke. The *Evening Journal* learns, from Dr. Cox, that Boyle appears to be in a fair way of recovering. His back is injured, ribs broken and is slightly burned. Phelix McCaffrey was, also, badly scalded.

Thomas Powell, of Newburgh, Orange Co., died in that place on the 12th, at the advanced age of 87 years. Mr Powell was one of the oldest residents of the county, and had the reputation of being the wealthiest man in that section. The *Daily Times* says:—"He was a native of Ireland, came early to this country, began life with fair prospects but little money, worked hard, early and late, and by his indomitable enterprise and business energy made himself a name which will not soon be forgotten in Newburgh. The steamboat and freighting business in that place owes much of its present prosperity to him. He was concerned in many financial enterprises, was a leading stockholder in the Erie Company, founded the Powell Bank in Newburgh, and until within a few days of his death, was still engaged in active pursuits. His partner in business, Homer Ramsdell, Esq., President of the Erie Railroad Company, was also his son-in-law.

William Mitchell, who for many years was manager of the Olympic Theatre in Broadway, died on the 12th, in the 57th year of his age. Mr. Mitchell came to New-York from England nearly twenty years ago, and was a member of the National Theatre in Church street, under the management of James Wallack. He was an eccentric comedian, of decided talent, and managed the Olympic Theatre with great success. He has been suffering from paralysis the past 6 or 7 years, and, though at one time in independent circumstances, he has latterly fallen into poverty, and at the time of his death his friends were making arrangements to give him a benefit. He leaves a widow.

The St. Anthony *Express* gives the following estimate of the number of feet of logs that will probably be floated down from the pineries during the present Spring :

	Feet.
From Rum River	120,000,000
From the Mississippi	40,000,000
From the St. Croix	160,000,000
From Chippewa	75,000,000
Total	395,000,000

Our merchants, says the Indianola (Texas) *Bulletin* of the 2d inst., are doing a brisk business. Cotton wool, hides, &c., come in lively, and wagons are hauling large quantities of freight up the country. The same authority says—a large train of new wagons left Powderhorn last Wednesday for El Paso. They were all loaded heavily with merchandize, which is on private account. This will, without doubt, be the centre of the Santa Fe and El Paso trade.

The accommodation train from Albany while entering Boston, on the evening of the 15th, came in collision with a carriage, in which were Mr. McFarland, his wife and Miss Heustis. The two ladies were instantly killed, and Mr. McFarland, is dangerously if not fatally injured. He is a resident of Newton. On the same day, John Buchan, an engineer, was run over by a baggage-car in the Hudson River depot and instantly killed.

A company have recently purchased one hundred and fifty acres of land, at $4000 per acre, at Chicago, through which will be constructed seven canals, 100 feet in width, with a street through the same eighty feet wide, with the privilege of putting down a railroad track in each street. This improvement is looked upon as of great importance to the city, as the water front will be increased to the length of the canals.

The Palmyra Whig of the 8th, says : The spring thus far is backward, the weather being favorable to the growth of the wheat and grass crops. But little planting of corn or hemp so far, owing to the perfectly saturated condition of the ground. The smaller streams are very much swollen, and the Mississippi, for the past few days, has been entirely out of its banks, and is still rising.

The commissioners appointed to select a site for the future capital of Iowa, have selected "a beautiful hill on the east side of the Des Moines river." It is "within the two mile radius of the junction of the Raccoon and Des Moines rivers." There has been a donation to the state of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars in lots and lands to secure the present location.

Padre Vijil presented his credentials, and was received by the President as Minister from the Walker Government in Nicaragua. The usual courteous speeches were interchanged. The President, in his remarks, significantly said he would enforce the Neutrality Laws. Senor Marcoleta is greatly disgusted. Secretary Marcy acquiesces in the result.

The Comptroller of Syracuse reports the floating debt of that city reaches the aggregate of $40,000 ; to offset which there are less than $20,000 of assets. To meet this deficiency, he recommends a temporary loan, to be paid out of the fund of $53,000, which the charter authorizes the Common Council to raise for general purposes.

The Erie Railroad, judging from the mammoth passenger and freight trains that pass through here, must be doing an unprecedented heavy business this Spring. A train containing 700 passengers, emigrants for the Great Salt Lake City, passed through here, says the Goshen *Democrat*, on Monday morning last.

Miss Julia J. Field, of Charlestown, aged 20 years, a beautiful young lady, says the Boston *Transcript*, has suddenly disappeared, under very mysterious circumstances. It is supposed that she committed suicide by drowning. She had lately complained of meeting with several disappointments.

The Boston *Advertiser* is correcting the inelegant expressions that vulgar people employ ; the last ban is laid upon the use of the phrase "our midst," to express the idea of a company of persons. The *Advertiser* says it is dreadfully low—positively shocking—and is in no well-bred mouth.

On hearing of the death of Claisborne Rorer, who was killed at the battle of Rivas, in Nicaragua, the members of the Burlington Bar, Ia., called a meeting and passed resolutions of sympathy with Judge Rorer and family who reside in that city.

Two hooped young ladies came in collision on Washington street, Boston, Tuesday, and from hard words they went to blows, scratches, tears and torn bonnets. Many and great are the perils of the hoop.

The Tallahassee *Sentinel* of the 29th ult., states that Gov. Brooke, since his return from the seat of the general government, has fully committed himself to the removal of the Indians by force.

An editor describing a lecture to the fair sex, exclaims with enthusiasm. "Three thousand ladies hanging on the lips of one man!" This is rather too much of a very good thing.

Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, has been appointed President of the American Temperance Union, in place of Chief Justice Savage, and has accepted the appointment.

Dr. Graham, recently pardoned out of State Prison, by Gov. Cark, on the representation that he was about to die of consumption, has resumed practice in New Orleans.

A set of silver instruments, costing $1200, has been completed for the brass band, in Lawrence, Mass. It is suggested that they call themselves the Lawrence Silver Band.

It appears from the message of Gov. Minor, of Connecticut, that, in one year of know-nothing rule in that State, the expenses have exceeded the income $41,000.

An Express Company has suffered to the tune of $2,700 in Providence, because one of its wagons injured the mental faculties of a girl by breaking her head.

Dr. Orville Dewey has donated the earnings of his last Winters lectures to his native village, to be expended in planting shade trees along the streets.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* states that the whole expense of the Gaines Slave Case, to the people of the United States, is thirty to forty thousand dollars.

The City Hospital of St. Louis was destroyed by fire on the 15th, several of the inmates were burned to death, and others seriously injured.

Ale is much loved in Boston : the *Post* notices the arrival of four schooners, with upwards of 3,000 barrels of "prime Albany" on board.

Dr. Porcher of Charleston, S. C., has cut a horn seven inches long and like to a ram's horn, from the head of a good looking negress.

The catalogue of Randolph Macon College, for the collegiate year, 1855-56, shows a total of one hundred and thirty-four students.

Common schools are rapidly increasing in North Carolina, and were attended last year by 120,000 scholars, against 19,000 in 1840.

At a recent town meeting in Somerville, (Mass.) the office of Superintendent of Public Schools was established at a salary of $500.

The Kentucky *American* says "the whiskey crop" will be greater the coming season than it has been for years in Kentucky.

In Boston there are 3,200 grogshops, and in the County in which Boston is (Suffolk) there are 1,003 Justices of the Peace.

General G. Sargent, of Davenport, Iowa, has donated $500 to the Young Men's Library Association of that city.

James Walker, the father of Gen. Walker, of Nicaraguan notoriety, is a resident of Nashville.

Four of Dupont's Powder Mills, at Wilmington, were blown up on the 15th and three men killed.

Counterfeit two-dollar bills on the Manufacturers' Bank of Providence are in circulation.

The small-pox has broken out in Nashville, though not in a very malignant form.

A young men's Christian Association has been incorporated at Burlington Iowa.

The Straits of Mackinaw are open, and commerce on the great Lakes has begun.

ANNIVERSARIES.

The Destitute Children of Seamen.—The tenth anniversary of the Institution on Staten Island, near the Seamen's Home, established for the purpose of affording relief and protection to the destitute children of seamen in the city of New-York and vicinity, took place to-day. The Chairman read the annual report of Miss Julia Cuthbertson, the treasurer. The payments during the year amount to $4,437.87 ; salaries and wages to $923.87. The receipts are as follows :—

By balance forward	$20 04
Donations	3,936 05
Annual Subscriptions	732 50
Board money from relatives of children	289 50
Interest on $5,000 Bonds Harlem Railroad	350 00
Interest 12 months on $2,000 Fresel Fund	140 00
Proportion of Orphan's Fund from Comptroller's Fund, Albany	1,875 70
Total	$7,343 86
By Balance	$1,982 12

As a set-off to this balance the Chairman stated that up to this date the Institution owes, in the shape of interest and ground rent, $2,525. The expenditure of the past year had been $800 less than that of the previous one. During the year there have been 82 children admitted, 60 of whom have left and 2 died, leaving 111 pupils in it at present.

Central American Education Society.—The Thirty-eighth Anniversary of the above Society was celebrated in the Church of the Puritans, Union Square. During the past year this Society has rendered aid to 101 young men, who are engaged in a course of study preparatory to their entering upon the work of the Ministry of the Gospel. The number under patronage at the close of the Society's year, April 30, 1856, was 72, and they are pursuing their studies in eight different Institutions, and in all the stages of their preparatory course. The amounts of money which have been received into the Treasury during the year have been as follows ;

From collections in the churches	$4,541,20
From donations by individuals	685,00
From loans to former beneficiaries, returned	173,00
From legacies	3,362,85
Total receipts	$8,762,05

Which is about double the amount received during the preceding year. The amount expended in appropriations to the young men under the patronage of the Society has been $7,005. The church relations of the 101 beneficiaries reported is as follows : 57 Presbyterians, 37 Congregationalists, 4 Old School Presbyterians, 2 Reformed Presbyterians, and 1 Lutheran.

American Women's Educational Association—The Anniversary of this Association was celebrated on Saturday at the residence of Prof. Webster, No. 14 Lexington avenue. There was a good attendance on the occasion. The chair was occupied by B. W. Bonney. The Treasurer's Report showed a balance on hand of $1,350, and subscriptions to the amount of $5,100. The report of the Corresponding Secretary was read. It represented the following facts : That there is a calling for woman as an educator worthy to be dignified with the title of a profession, and to take rank with the highest and most commanding professions of the other sex. This institution is not designed to depart from the true idea and work of female education, but shall do that work better than it has been wont to be done.

American Baptist Missionary Union.—The Board of the American Baptist Union convened in the Oliver-street Church, on the 13th inst. Hon. Anthony Colby, of New-Hampshire, presiding. The business of the first day was chiefly of a routine character. Yesterday, the attention of all the members was greatly impressed by a report, submitted by Rev. Dr. Bailey, of Indiana, from a Committee of Reference, appointed last year to inquire into matters of difference between the Executive Committee at Boston and certain missionaries, which have caused considerable agitation since the return of a Deputation to the missions some two years since, and growing out of the transference of missionaries to new stations, restrictions concerning schools, and especially a council called in the case of Rev. Mr. Vinton. The Committee, in their report, on the whole, and after some 27 sittings, vindicated the course of the Committee and the Deputation, except in the matter of the council named. Rev. Dr. Brown, from Assam, protested against some of its statements. Rev. Dr. Wayland desired to know whether new rules had been adopted. Dr. Brown, in reply, stated the missionaries did not dispute the right of the Committee to make appropriations as they pleased. A long discussion ensued in which Dr. Hague offered a brilliant defence in favor of the Missionaries.

American Baptist Home Mission Society.—The twenty-fourth anniversary of the above society was continued at the Oliver street Baptist Church.

The annual report shows the following to be the state of the Treasury, and the progress of the society during the year :

Balance from last year's account	$140 48
Receipts from all other resources	51,401 40
Total amount of receipts during the year ending March 31, 1856	$51,541 88
Total amount disbursed same period	50,948 95
Balance in the Treasury March 31	$592 93
Add Brooklyn City Bond	500 00
Total amount of resources April 1, 1856	$1,092 93
The amount due Missionaries April 1, 1856, and liable to immediate demand	$4,874 17
Deduct amount of resources above	1,092 92
Shows a deficiency of	$3,781 24
Amount of available resources less than last year.	5,204 45
Amount of contributions and legacy only, less than last year, not including the legacies of G. N. Bleecker in 1854, which was for a special purpose	$1,616 86

Of the amount contributed, $6,809 90 did not reach the treasury until the last week in March, which occasioned very serious delay.

The number of missionaries employed by the Society for a part or the whole of the year is 113. Of this number 109 were under appointment on the 1st of April, 1855. A few new appointments were made in the course of the year, but only four became permanent arrangements, and only 52 missionaries remained in commission at the close of the year. Nine collecting agents have also been employed.

The missionaries were distributed as follows : in Canada East, 7 ; Canada West, 1 ; New-York, 2 ; Pennsylvania, 4 ; Ohio, 8 ; Michigan 5 ; Indiana, 10 ; Illinois, 17 ; Wisconsin, 25 ; Iowa, 12 ; Minnesota, 7 ; Oregon, 3 ; California 4 ; New Mexico, 5 ; Kansas, 2 ; and New Granada, 1. Making the number of States and Territories occupied, 15

Of the number of missionaries employed, 19 have preached the Gospel in foreign languages, viz.: German, Swedish, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch, French, Spanish, Pueblo and Navajo Indian. Nearly all of the 19 are of themselves of foreign nativity.

It appears from the reports received from missionaries, that 196 stations and out stations have been supplied, and the aggregate of time bestowed upon the field is equal to that of one man for 87 years. The missionaries report also the baptism of 542 persons, the hopeful conversion of 194 others, the organization of 21 churches, the ordination of 15 ministers, the completion of 9 church edifices ; progress in building 4 others.

The missionares also report the following : sermons preached, 11,269 ; lectures and addresses, 848 ; pastoral visits, 24,060 ; prayer and other meetings attended, 6,403 ; miles traveled in discharge of duty, 137,220 ; schools visited, 311 ; Sunday Schools in the churches, 145 ; Bible classes, 86 ; number of teachers, 929 ; number of scholars, 6,817 ; volumes in Sunday School libraries, 20,003 ; stations where prayer is observed, 56 ; preparing for the ministry, 16.

The churches, aided by the Society, contributed during the year, to the usual objects of Christian benevolence, $3,361,87, besides about $14,000 for the support of the cause of Christ among themselves.

Eighteen churches, recently aided by the Society, have determined to sustain their pastors hereafter without further drafts upon the treasury.

Mercantile Library Association.—This Association held its annual meeting at Clinton Hall, Astor place, Wilson G. Hunt, Esq., in the chair. From the Treasurer's Report, it appears that the receipts have been $17,007 27, and the expenditures about the same. The Report of the Board of Managers makes the following statement :—

The number of volumes in the Library on the 1st of January, 1855, was	42,795
Since added by purchase	3,004
Since added by donation	584
Total number, 1st May, 1856	46,383

To this should be added about 400 volumes ordered from London, and not yet received, and for which $400 has been remitted. The additional number of volumes may be classified as follows :—Theology, 104 ; Mental and Moral Philosophy, 810 ; Political Science, Law, &c., 487 ; History, Biography and Travels, 780 ; Mathematics, 10 ; Natural Sciences, 88 ; Medicine, 39 ; Technology, 126 ; Encyclopedia, 30 ; Fiction, 1,134.

Of which 201 are folios and quartos, 1,425 octavos, and 1,962 duodecimos. There have been 147,980 visitors to the reading-room, and 160,274 volumes given out.

Number of members, 1st May, 1856	4,925
To which add stockholders of Clinton Hall Association	1,005
Honorary members	105
Life members	9
Subscribers to Reading Room	20
Total number of persons entitled to privileges of the Library, April 30, 1856	6,064
Of these there are members paying annually $2	4,444
Subscribers paying annually $5	481—4,925

MARRIED,

On Monday evening, May 12, at the residence of the bride's father, 113 Avenue B, by the Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, of New Rochelle, brother to the groom, John McLoughlin to Mary F. McSweeney, second daughter of Callaghan McSweeney, all of this city.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish ; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. [my 24, 3 mos.] ISAAC E. TATE.

City News.

A meeting of the Homeless Newsboys who have voluntarily placed themselves under the care and instruction of Mr. Tracy, the Superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodging House, was lately held at the North Dutch Church. About fifty newsboys were present in the front seats, while the rest of the church was filled with a highly respectable congregation. Mr. Tracy gave a history of the rise and progress of the Newsboys' Lodging House. It was opened in March, 1854. During the winter they accommodate about 35 boys a night—during summer, about 20 boys. About 400 boys are annually under their care. Many boys had been sent away to learn trades, or live with farmers, and they had prospered well. A collection was taken up which amounted to $55. The direct object of the meeting was to procure funds for the purchase of a melodeon for the Lodging House, for the use of the boys in learning to sing.

An encounter took place on the 12th, between Hon. Thomas J. Munday and Mr. Theodore S. Nims, at Keefe's Saloon, in Broadway. The quarrel was afterwards continued on the side-walk, and Munday struck Nims a blow in the face; whereupon Nims drew a pistol upon his opponent, but was prevented from doing any harm by the bystanders. The whole affair grew out of an investigation before a Special Committee of the Board of Councilmen relative to the alleged attempt at bribery, in connection with the opening of Reade street.

The society for the aid of the Cape de Verde sufferers have appointed—President, George W. Edwards; Treasurer, H. W. Smith; Secretary, Peter Rice. Only seven of the committee reported progress at the meeting on the 15th, and their united collections amounted to nearly four thousand dollars. Lieut. Bartlett announced that Archbishop Hughes had subscribed fifty dollars towards the fund now being collected to purchase food and promptly ship it to the famishing islanders.

Lieut. G. L. Willard, U. S. A., in whose case a Court of Inquiry sat about a month since in this city to examine into charges of alienation of the public funds, preferred against him by Mr. Horace Haldeman, has been honorably acquitted by the Court, and the Department of War has confirmed the finding.

A new Club, called "The Knickerbocker Club," was inaugurated, on the evening of the 15th inst., at 620 Broadway. President, Junius T. Stagg; Vice-President, John Brougham; Secretary and Proprietor, George H. Andrews.

The Commissioners of Emigration held their regular meeting on the 14th. The number of emigrants that arrived for the week, was 3,162—total for the year 24,901. To the same period last year the number was 37,100. There were remaining in the institution last week 1,647.

Daniel Burgess, Esq., of the well-known publishing house of Daniel Burgess & Co., died very suddenly on the evening of the 13th, of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Burgess was an estimable and useful man.

John Foley, the manufacturer of those celebrated gold pens so highly praised by the extensive list of competent judges subscribed to the circular to be found in our advertising columns, has removed from his rooms 167 Broadway, and elegantly fitted up a store two doors lower down town.

The Turnverein Festival.

The Turners of our city celebrated their Maifest, or Spring Festival, on the 12th. The Turners, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, are a company of German gymnasts—not professionals, but amateurs, and the word *Turnverein* means simply the Turner's Association. For years past they have celebrated their national custom of holding a Spring Festival in one of the suburbs of the city. The day usually chosen is the second day of Pentecost, called Whitmonday, and accordingly, the weather being fine, and yesterday being Whitmonday, the Festival was held, and the Turners and their friends were out in full force. Women included, there could not have been less than ten thousand holiday makers among the German population of this and the neighboring cities, in Harlem Garden.

The Saengerbunde of New-York, numbering 500 members, with about 300 Saengers, not included in the Bunde, were the invited guests of the Turners. So were the Turners of Brooklyn, Staten Island, Morrisania, Newark, and Paterson. We condense the day's doings from the report in the *Times*:—"At Harlem they were met by the Turners of Morrisania, and the procession being re-formed, they at once proceeded to the Garden. The procession was in the following order: First, 100 policemen, to preserve order and quell a disturbance if there should be any, as there was five years ago at Hoboken. Next, the Committee of Arrangements; then a band of music; afterwards two Companies of the Tenth Regiment, commanded by Captains Fauth and Nickel; then, the New-York Saengerbunde, and six Societies of Saengers not included in the Bunde; after another band came the invited Turners from other cities; then a Rifle Company, commanded by Captain Pratz; then the New-York Turnverein and their band, followed by the 11th Regiment, commanded by Captain Sanger, and a German company of Artillery, commanded by Captain Diehl. A salute of 24 guns was fired on their arrival on the ground, and at intervals throughout the day, and on their departure the cannonading was resumed. The Marshals of the day were Gen. Siegel and Ludwig Semler. Messrs. Fritz and Wetzel were the Adjutants.

To be admitted within the garden a ticket was necessary, for which 25 cents were charged. At least eight thousand persons availed themselves of these tickets, while from fifteen hundred to two thousand remained outside. That there was lager bier in abundance, enough to drown in, enough to swim in, a perfect Hellespont of it, will not be doubted by those who know how necessary that beverage is to the existence of our Teutonic friends. It was sold out of carts and wagons, out of buggies, at stalls, in booths. Barrels were mounted in the forked branches of stumpy trees, and there yielded the cooling, yeasty fluid, that not only whiskered men, but their wives, their children, and even their infants drank. They drank it out of glasses, and out of horns, long horns, big as the cornuted ornaments of the heads of buffaloes, mounted with silver and adorned with brilliant cords and tassels. The polite invitation to 'take a horn' was no metaphor, only there was a difficulty in 'taking the horn' gracefully, if one was a novice. Unless you knew how to graduate the convolutions of it, you got the beer in your bosom instead of in your mouth. We heard it said that nearly six hundred barrels of lager bier were emptied, and still the cry was for more, when, alas, no more was to be had. In revenge for the disappointment, the excursionists filled the lager bier houses on their return to the city in the evening. The gardens, during the whole festival, presented a brilliant spectacle. From the numerous shade trees, overhanging the pond, in which disported countless gold fish, the various silk banners of the Saengerbunde were suspended. The lower boughs were drooping with the variegated bonnets of the ladies. The turf beneath, moist from the late rains, and strongly suggestive of ague and rheumatism, was almost hidden by the ladies themselves—seated, recumbent, or crumpled up. These were nourishing the inner woman on viands brought from home. Their husbands or sweethearts cheered them with lager-bier. The Saengers gathered into parties and sang beautiful songs, which were totally unintelligible to the policemen gathered around; who, however, consoled themselves with apple-cakes, sausages, head-cheese, and hard-boiled eggs. Processions were formed with the parapharnalia of flags and banners, and the accessories of music and guns and bayonets, and marched round the grounds. Gymnasts achieved wonderful feats at the swing and climbing poles. Men stood on each others shoulders in pyramids. When the enjoyment was at its height, Isaac C. Barker, the acting Mayor, and George W. Matsell arrived in a carriage and drove round the grounds. They afterwards alighted and talked freely with the Turners. At 6 o'clock the immense assemblage left the garden and returned to the city by the Harlem Railroad, and by the Second and Third avenue cars. Owing to the vast number requiring conveyance, many could not find standing-room in the cars, and it was at a very late hour that many families reached their homes."

News from Buenos Ayres.

We have dates from Buenos Ayres to the 20th of March. There is little news of interest to report.

A band of military emigrants, under the command of Colonel Olivieri, had started to colonize Patagonia. News had been received of their arrival at Bahia Blanca, and they had encountered some difficulties. Change of climate, diet and habit, resulted in a bowel distemper, that commenced during their short passage, and, strange to say, after their landing extended even to the resident population. Several deaths had taken place, which naturally cast a gloom over the enterprise. It appears also, that there had been some symptoms of mutiny and insubordination, that were energetically suppressed.

There is not much intelligence concerning the expedition against the Indians on the Southern frontier. According to the latest reports the Governor was residing in the town of Azul, and General Hornos encamped with his force at the distance of about half a league. Of the movements of the Indians nothing was positively known.

It was rumored in Buenos Ayres that there were better hopes of an understanding with the Indians. Despite of this the money market has shown a slight upward tendency—the cause or causes of which we are unable to assign.

The Governor was supposed to have under his command about 200 militia men and about 1,200 horses.

The *British Packet*, of the 15th of March, says: President Urquiza has returned to the Parana and resumed the reins of Government on the 23d ultimo. No other news of general interest.

Of affairs in Montevideo, the *British Packet* says, that "the measures of the new President (Pereyra) continue to give increased satisfaction to all parties. All political emigrants are not only invited to return, but a public subscription has been raised, to aid those whose means are deficient. This is sound policy and genuine patriotism, and gives a hope of brighter days for the republic. The President, it is said, is engaged in an important administrative reform. A Council of State has been appointed, and the members selected are admitted to be good men and true, without any indication of party bias.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary's Church, Dublin, Francis Frederick Collins, 16th Queen's Lancers, to Miss Anna Maria Brophy.

At the Church of SS Michael and John, Hugh, son of the late Sylvester Coolahan, to Jane, relict of Thomas Moylan, Dublin.

At Henley-on-Thames, Valentine Dudley Henry Cary Elwes, to Henrietta Catharine, second daughter of Charles Lane, of Dudgmore, Co. Oxford.

At Limerick, Frederick, son of the late Samuel Evans, of South-hill, to Anna, daughter of the late William Dodd, of Annefield, Co. Clare.

At New-Zealand, William J. Warburton Hamilton, Comptroller of Customs, grandnephew of the Right Hon. Anthony Malone, to Teresa, daughter of J. Townsend, of New-Zealand.

At St. Bride's Church, Liverpool, Wm. Milward Jones, second son of Philip Jones, Bolton Hall, Co. Dublin, to Margaret, daughter of the late John Walton, of Algburth, Liverpool.

At Gonville, Jersey, Capt. Astley Cooper Key, R. N., C. B., of H. M. S. Sanspareil, son of the late Aston Key, to Charlotte Lavinia, daughter of Edmund A. McNeill, of Cushendun, Antrim.

At Clonmel, Samuel Malcolmson, of Belfast, to Margaret, daughter of the late dohn M. Murphy, of Clonmel.

At Hillsborough Church, Thomas M'Seavey, Fruit-hill, Ballinderry, to Jane, daughter of Thomas Scandrett, of Lisadian House, Hillsborough.

At Carrigaline, Richard W. Roberts, of Ardmore, Co. Cork, to Henrietta Sarah Dorman, daughter of R. Hedges Eyre White, of Glengarriffe Castle.

At Melbourne, Victoria, Jan. 9, Richard, son of the late John Snow, of Larkfield, Kilkenny, to Lucinda, daughter of the late John Alcock Dixon, of Burnley, Lancashire.

At St. Thomas's Church, by the Rev. Henry Halpin, Frederick Willington, late 18th Regiment Royal Irish, to Catharine Cambie, only daughter of Mrs. Berry, Lisduane House, Limerick.

DEATHS.

At 29 Westmoreland street, Martisa, wife of William Andrews, aged 19, and their infant daughter.

At Kilmore, P. Boyle, father of the Rev. P. Boyle, parish priest of Sligo.

At Balla, James Brown, M. D.

At Liverpool, Charles Burke, son of the late T. Burke, Esq., of Milltown, Roscommon.

At Newbermingham, aged 75, Mrs. Cashin, relict of Laurence Cashin.

At Torquay, Devonshire, John H. Clutterbuck, Esq., brother of the late Lorenzo Clutterbuck, of Killenly, Tipperary.

At Woodford Cottage, Killarney, Catherine, relict of Daniel Courtayne.

At Queen street, Derry, Mary Anne, relict of William Crawford, of Ballyarnett.

At the Rectory, Kells, county Kilkenny, Jonathan Darby, barrister-at-law.

Suddenly, Mrs. Dawson, of 27 Mountjoy square, aged 57 years.

At Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh, Lady Dundas, of Dunira.

At Eyrecourt, county Galway, Maria, relict of Capt. Robert Eyre.

At Brighton Barracks, Michael Fogarty, late master bootmaker 17th Lancers.

At St. Leonard's-on-Seo, Richard Maxwell Fox, M. P. for the county of Longford, aged 40.

April 30, at 27 Grenville street, Dublin, Ellen, wife of Wm. Hanrick.

At Douglas, Isle of Man, Frederick Wm. Hutton, aged 40.

At Oscott College, James, son of P. J. Kearney, of Milltown House, Meath.

At Chatham row, Dublin, Maurice Kelly.

At Pearmount, Donnycarney, Miss Elizabeth B. M'Aulay, aged 82.

At Mosside, Charlotte Whiteside M'Cay, relict of John M'Cay.

At Ashgrove Lodge, Kingstown, on the 29th ultimo, Bargemy M'Cullagh.

Harriette, daughter of T. M'Donald, Figginstown, Kildare.

At Clonhela, in the King's county, D. Molloy.

At Kells, Mrs. Nelson, at the advanoed age of 100 years.

April 26, at Carlow, Eliza, daughter of the late David Scott.

At Prospect Hill, Reading, Mrs. Stephens, relict of Wm. Stephens.

Elizabeth, relict of Charles Tarrant, late of Rathmines.

At Torquay, Devonshire, Benj. J. Telford, of Dublin.

At Pau, Basses, Pyrenees, Thomas Vance, barrister-at-law.

At 46 Lower Mount street, Wm. Webb.

In London, aged 78 years, Dowager Lady Wharncliffe, and mother of the Marchioness of Drogheda.

Catherine, the beloved wife of M. E. White, M. D., J. P., of Carlow, and of Ashford, county Wicklow.

At 44 Lower Mount street, Dublin, Margaret, wife of Wm. Whitsitt.

At 16 Windsor terrace, Kingstown, Winifred, wife of George Wyse, brother to the Right. Hon. Thomas Wyse, H. M.'s Minister at Athens.

Special Notices.

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Special Notices.

A CIRCULAR.

TO those engaged in Mercantile pursuits, any invention that will facilitate their labors is highly worthy of notice as well as extensive patronage. One of the most important inventions of the present age is that of a pen which possesses the necessary qualities of fineness in mark and durability in use. Those of John Foley, manufacturer Gold Pens and Pencils, 168 Broadway, New-York, stand pre-eminent. Their superior value is tested by the long time he has been engaged in our city in their manufacture.

We, the subscribers who know the value of these pens, from long use of them, cheerfully recommend them to those who wish for the most convenient article in the counting room. Signed by the following and many other parties:

Geo. S. Coe, Vice-President American Exchange Bank.
B. Murray, Assistant Cashier do. do. do.
J. Seymour, Cashier Bank of North America.
F. A. Platt, Cashier Corn Exchange Bank.
B. T. Hoogland, Cashier National Bank.
W. T. Hooker, President Continental Bank.
James McCall, President Metropolitan Bank.
H. Meigs, Jr., Cashier do do.
J. C. Beach, Cashier Marine Bank.
G. R. Conover, Cashier Importers' and Traders' Bank.
R. H. Lowery, Cashier Bank of the Republic.
W. B. Meeker, Assistant Cashier Bank of New-York.
T. D. Meiggs, Teller Bank of America.
Charles Windsor, Teller Mereantile Bank.
D. Randall, do. do. do.
J. M. Crane, Teller Shoe and Leather Bank.
J. E. Southwick, President Atlantic Bank.
George D. Arthur, Cashier do. do.
P. S. Henderson, Cashier Brooklyn Bank.
Constant W. Brown, Merchants' Bank.
Joseph W. Corlies, President St. Nicholas Bank.
George Ellis, Cashier Bank of the Commonwealth.
R. A. Tooker, Cashier Nassau Bank.
Samuel B. White, Cashier Grocers' Bank.
Edwin Ludlow, Cashier Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Co.
H. W. Cheeseman, Teller Market Bank.
Samuel H. Kissam, Teller Bank of Commerce.
William F. Brown, do. do. do.
S. K. Raymond, Teller Mechanics' Bank.
George D. Lyman, Manager New-York Clearing House.
Charles Dennis, Vice-President Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.
A. B. Neilson, President Sun Mutual Insurance Co.
Elwood Walter, President Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co.
E. Russell Hinckley, President Atlas Mutual Insurance Co.
Daniel Drake Smith, President Commercial Mutual Insurance Co.
John P. Paulison, Vice-President Astor Mutual Insurance Co.
J. F. Cox, Vice-President Great Western Insurance Co.
William Le Coney, Vice-President Pacific Mutual Insurance Co.
William K. Ackerman, Secretary Illinois Central Railroad Co.
Wm. Bement, Treasurer New-York and New-Haven Railroad Co.
E. B. Litchfield, Treasurer Cleveland and Toledo Railroad Co.
R. B. Turner, Register do. do. do.
J. M. Hopkins, Sec'y. Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana R. R. Co.
G. H. Ford, Dep. Treas. do. do. do.
J. F. Davenport, Treasurer Hudson River Railroad Co.
Edward Thompson, Agent Long Island Railroad Co.
James Rowe, Cashier New-York Herald.
A. Gordon, Bookkeeper New-York Herald.
Henry L. Meech, Cashier Daily Times.
Richard B. Connelly, County Clerk.
T. M. Wigham, of Jacob Little & Co.
J. H. Stebbins, of N. R. Cobb & Co.
Jesse Payne, of Wells, Fargo & Co.
Winslow, Lanter & Co.
R. W. Clarke, Dodge & Co.
Carpenter & Vermilye.
Meigs and Greenleaf.
H. T. Morgan & Co.
Condit, Jenkins & Co.
Quick L'Hommedieu.
Atwood & Co.
G. S. Robbins & Co.
T. Ketcham & Co.
Drake & Bradford.
E. S. Munro & Co.
Wetmore & Robert.
Stevens, Wallace & Morris.
Wells, Butterfield & Co.
S. B. Chittenden & Co.
W. Carpenter, Ide & Co.
C. E. & W. J. Babcock.
Sheldon, Hoyt & Co.
Bird & Neilson.
Barclay & Livingston.
E. W. Tiers & Co.
Brown & De Rosset.
Coolidge & Young.
Shepard & Nelson.
Spies, Christ & Jay.
H. M. Schieffelin & Fowler.
Fairchild & Fanshawe.
Beale, Melick & De Witt.
Carhart, Bacon, Clark & Co.
Brewer & Caldwell.
American Express Co.
Hall, Dana & Co.
Gage, Sloans & Dater.
Afwater, Knapp & Woodruff.
Richards & McHarg.
Johnson & Higgins.
James & Henry McBride.
Moody and Telfair.
L. Roberts & Co.
Waldo, Barey & Co.
Jewell, Harrison & Co.

These Pens vary in size and price, viz., $1, $1 25, $2, $3 and $4 each, with complete silver extension cases, new style pencil, &c., attached are $2, $2 50, $3, $3 50, and $4 each. The undersigned is manufacturer of the celebrated "John Foley's bank pen," price $3 and $4 for the large size, including holder. All pens of my manufacture are made of fine gold, finished in the best manner; points warranted not to come off, and guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction; if not, will exchange them or return the money. Any of the above pens will be sent by mail on receipt of the price. Pens and cases made to order for trade, on the most advantageous terms.

JOHN FOLEY, Gold Pen Manufacturer,
1mo 168 Broadway, New-York.

GREENWOOD LAKE HOTEL,

Orange Co., (near Chester,) State of New-York.

THE proprietor of the Parquette Saloon, under the Broadway Theatre, respectfully informs the public that he has leased the above fashionable watering place which has been carried on for years by Col. Felter, and trusts from the manner in which he has treated his city friends to the best the market could afford, to merit the continuance of their favors during the Summer months. The Hotel has all the advantages necessary for a summer residence—a copious lake furnishing sport for gentlemen addicted to piscatorial pursuits; carriages suitable for invalids; woods and shady groves for lovers—in fact, everything conducing to pleasure and health during the warm weather now approaching. The Hotel is easy of access, Stages meeting each train of the New-York and Erie Railroad at Chester.

All applications for Rooms, to be addressed to **George Mellon,** as above, or at 826 Broadway, N. Y.
Reference—S. Cauldwell, 5 and 7 Dey street. my8 3m

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 3 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dy and re-finished with great success.

Also ladies and gentlemen's garments, Shawls, &c., &c.
BARRETT, NEPHEW & CO.,
3mos 3 John st., (2 doors from Broadway,) N. Y.

DRY GOODS AND EMBROIDERIES.

H. MAGEE, has removed to 140 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, where he has opened a large stock of Spring and Summer Goods, which he will sell at very low prices. my8 1m

Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale at their yard foot of thirtieth-street, North River, a general assortment of Lumber and Timber, suitable for export and the city trade. Shippers And Builders will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. Pickard, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE for Servants, 129 Waverley Place, two doors from Sixth avenue, New-York.—A large number of competent help can be suited with good situations, in city and country, without delay. Employers in the city and country supplied with the best of female help. [my17 3m] WM. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

KNOX'S
OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 Beekman street, Up Stairs.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room Desks, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

REMOVAL.

McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 36 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

Special Notices.

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.
Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my3 3m

"TERRA COTTA"
CHIMNEY TOPS,

PLAIN and Ornamental. Drain Pipes of all sizes, superior manufacture, lowest rates. Long Island Pottery. Depot, 82 Nassau street, New-York. my10 3m

HERRING'S
PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as Bonds, Mortgages, Deeds, Notes, and Books of Account than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded Medals as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
Green Block, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,
No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6¼ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $80 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

Pianos and Music.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durab quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Information is wanted of Henry Murray and Margaret his wife,—before her marriage, Margaret Donegan,—of Ireland, they can hear of something very greatly to their advantage on addressing, (post paid,) Alexander P. Garesche, St. Louis, Mo. my10 3t

Information Wanted—Of Richard, Michael, and James Healy, formerly of Mountmellery, county of Waterford, Ireland, by their mother, the Widow Healy, at E. Connolly's, 229 West 39th street, N. Y. my17 1t

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

A REMEDY WHICH CURES IN FIVE MINUTES.—M. LEROUX'S French Cholera Cognac Bitters.—This wonderful and scientific compound is recommended by the most eminent and learned physicians of all Europe and America, and enjoys the best reputation of anything similar ever offered. It is without doubt the best, most efficient and generally acknowledged remedy against Cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, and complaints of the stomach in general. The numerous patients who have tried it according to directions, have invariably found relief in a very short time, and the best proof of it is, that since this standard remedy was introducee in the armies of the allies in the Crimea, the mortality of the soldiers from Cholera and similar diseases was reduced by over 75 per cent.; in consideration of which, the inventor was presented by the French and English governments with a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Hail! M. Leroux, the great Chemist and inventor, by whose knowledge our armies are preserved from Cholera."

This invaluable preparation is also a remedy for biliousness, indigestion, weakness, and general derangement of the stomach. Upon being taken, it creates appetite, and prevents the heaviness attendant upon eating, by persons who are dyspeptic.

In this city, also, this remedy has been tried with the most undoubted success, and the undersigned can produce the best testimonials of our most celebrated physicians, as to its immediate and complete success, which he will be happy at any time to show to any that may wish to see them. S. Steinfeld, sole agent for the United States, No. 70 Nassau street, corner of John.

P. S.—Those not having money to pay, may call at my place from 8 to 5 P. M. and receive this remedy gratis. my17 3m

Medical.

DRS. GILBERT AND KENNEDY,

TREAT

CANCERS, TUMORS, ULCERS, &c.,

WITHOUT SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

Office 746 Broadway, cor. Astor Place, N. Y.

CERTIFICATES FROM

Ex. Gov. T. M. Tucker.	Hon. T. Butler King.	Judge Alex. Walker.
Judge F. W. Hugling.	Gen. Narcisso Lopez.	Col. Maunsel White.
Capt. Isaiah Sellers.	Capt. Wm. Leathers.	Thos. E. Bond, M. D.
A. S. Baldwin, M. D.	W. P. Allison, M. D.	J. S. Peacocke, M. D.

PERMISSION TO REFER TO

Ex. Gov. Jas. C. Jones. Hon. Fred. B. Stanton.
B. F. Palmer, Inventor of "Palmer's Artificial Leg."
Francis Grice, Naval Constructor, Navy Yard, Phila.
Proprietors of the Girard House, Philadelphia. my24 1m

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

Redding's Russian Salve is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

"Eye and Ear."—Doctor Henderson, Oculist and Aurist, 419 Broadway, corner of Canal street, treats all diseases of the eye and ear, without cupping, leeching, blistering or the use of calomel. Within the past two years upwards of thirty cases of blindness from inflamation have been restored to sight, to whom reference can be given, (hundreds of which can be seen in my circular,) by inclosing three postage stamps. Electro-chemical Medicated Vapor and Sulphur, hot and cold water baths. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings by appointment. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal st., New-York. my17 3m

IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

DR. J. ALLEN, (late Professor in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery,) invites attention to his improved method of constructing Artificial Dentistry, which combine the following advantages:

1st,—There are no seams or crevices for the lodgement of food, to vitiate the saliva, or infect the breath. The interstices are all filled with a silicious compound, which is so applied as to form an artificial gum; this is fused at a high heat, which unites the Teeth firmly to each other, and to the plate upon which tney are set, thus imparting great strength and lifelike appearance to the denture.

2d,—The Teeth for this style of work are made perfectly natural in form and shade, and when properly set with the artificial gum as above, exhibits that harmony with the other features which characterize the natural organs.

3d,—The original form and expression of the mouth and face can be restored. This is done by having the denture so constructed as to bring out the sunken portions and sustain them in their proper position; this is an important feature in this style of work, to which the author devotes special attention.

4th,—A clear and distinct articulation of speech is restored. This is effected by having the inside of the teeth, and artificial gum, of a natural form, to which the tongue is readily adapted; this prevents the hissing or muffled sounds so often observed in speaking or singing, in persons wearing artificial teeth.

The Rooms are at No. 30 Bond Street, New-York. A Pamphlet containing more full particulars, sent free, to those who desire it. ap26 3m

H. G. LUTHER,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

No. 698 Broadway, Second House above Fourth st.

HAVING enjoyed an extensive practice during the last twelve years, feels confident of his ability to give perfect satisfaction to all who may honor him with their preference. He is prepared to perform all operations connected with his profession, in the most faithful manner, and in strict accordance with scientific principles, embracing all the recent improvements of the day.

References of the most respectable character given if desired. Patronage respectfully solicited.

☞ N. B. Teeth extracted without pain. my17 3m

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy, the last unfolding of the art of healing. Before any disease can be treated successfully, its effect upon every part of the body—either directly or sympathetically—its character and the cause of its presence in the system must be perfectly understood. But this can be truly done only by the power of the internal vision. By it the Psychical Physician has at command an instrument compounding the perfected microscope and telescope, by which he can, on one side, not only resolve the pretended simple atom of the chemist, but those of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc., and on the other, see those atoms at thousands of miles. He can, therefore, at any distance, dissect each particle of your being, with unerring glance. With equal facility and clearness he can select the remedies, and apply them in the manner best suited to your state and condition.

I frequently find, in examining patients who suppose themselves far gone in consumption, or hopelessly affected with heart disease, that no such disease existed, or if either of the organs be deranged, that the difficulty is slight and easy to be removed, but that their fears have magnified a trifling disturbance into a fatal malady. Again, there are those whose life hangs upon a thread, and they scarcely feel that they need help. This comes from the fact that their vitality is so far exhausted that they have not the power to feel that they are rapidly passing away, and that unless a speedy change is wrought, their days are numbered.

It is particularly designed that all supposed hopeless cases should try this new method of cure. It is very easy, the medicines purely vegetable, and very palatable. When electricity or magnetism is used, it is done in the mildest way. No one can fail to be relieved if (as in some cases) it is not possible to effect a cure. Generally, the sufferer of years' standing is relieved in a few hours, and cured in a few weeks.

For the nervously debilitated female, this practice is a boon not to be hastily thrown aside. Thousands may be made well and happy who have long since despaired of health and life.

Diseases of the Lungs, in their varied forms and most advanced states, Heart, Liver, and Kidney diseases, with the worst cases of Dyspepsia and Cancerous affections of the Stomach, are all curable.

Dropsy, Paralysis, Palsy, Spinal affections, and Fits, speedily relieved and almost always cured.

The worst cases of Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Small-pox cured in a few hours. Mrs. M. J. MABIN, M.D.,
37 Lafayette Place, (first st. east of Broadway, bet. 4th and 8th sts.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for ladies, and from 2 to 5 P. M. for gentlemen—Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment.

Persons applying by letter must state the name, sex, and age of the patient, together with the leading features of the case.

Terms:—For first examination and prescription, $5, if the patient is present, and $10 if absent. All subsequent examinations, $5.

Sunday for the poor, without charge. my24,1t

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

A Retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescriptions used. Direct to
Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL,
my10 3m No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

All eye-diseases cured by Dr. C. W. Upham, Oculist, Successor to Dr. Roehrig, 334 Fourth street, near Broadway. No cupping, bleeding, or salivating. Cataract cured in many cases without operating. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. References given. Persons residing in any part of the country, can be treated by correspondence. my17 4t

Wanted.—Good hands to embroider on linen. Apply at Gehin's Bazaar (under St. Nicholas Hotel,) 513 Broadway. my17 3m

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

☞ Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap198m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

SMITH, BROTHERS,

ONE PRICE

CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,

122 AND 140 FULTON ST., N. Y.

The PRICE is marked on all the goods in

PLAIN FIGURES.

We have now on hand a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, together with our new styles of Spring

RAGLANS,

PELISSIERS,

AND CANROBERTS—

OR, SUMMER OVER-COATS.

ap263m SMITH, BROTHERS, 122 AND 140 FULTON ST.

IRISH, ENGLISH, AND SCOTCH LINEN GOODS.

THE subscribers who are exclusive dealers in LINEN GOODS, would invite the attention of housekeepers and others to their complete stock of

Shirting Linens,	Towelings,
Sheeting Linens,	Diapers,
Pillow-case Linens,	Lawns,
Table Linens,	Linen C. Handkerchiefs;

or, Linen goods of any description, which they offer for sale at very low prices.

J. C. Milliken & Co., 748 Broadway,
ap26 above Astor place.

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap263m

---

LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY,

EGAN & CO.,

THE proprietors take leave to inform their customers and the public, that they have moved their entire stock of Linen Goods to the above store, where they will from this time forward continue the wholesale together with the retail, of

Linens and Dry Goods,

of all kinds, at the lowest cash price. They are all of their own importation, and in order to make a permanent trade, they will retail them at the importer's prices. Their stock consists of Linen Sheeting, all widths and qualities; Damask Table Cloths, white and brown; Damask Table Linens, Diapers, Hucks, Back Towelings, Napkins, D'Oylies, White and Brown Drills, Checks and Stripes, all warranted pure linen, together with a large lot of

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European News.

BY THE CANADA AND FULTON.

The English steamship Canada, Capt. Long, from Liverpool, May 10, arrived at Halifax 20th inst. The United States steamship, Fulton, Capt. Wotten, from Havre, via Southampton, 7th inst., arrived at this port 21st.

The most important feature in the news is the appearance in the London papers of Lord Clarendon's latest dispatch on the Enlistment question, embodying the views of the British Government.

The Peace was absorbing all attention. The treaty has been discussed in the English Houses of Parliament. Both Houses voted a congatulatory address to the Crown, but not without opposition. An adjournment of the debate took place in the Commons, but the address was voted without a division.

The Queen held a court at Buckingham Palace, on Thursday, the 7th inst., for the purpose of receiving the addresses on the peace from the House of Lords, the House of Commons and the city of London. The deputations came in great state and numbered nearly a hundred persons. The Queen briefly acknowledged the addresses, and expressed her satisfaction that peace was re-established on a basis that affords security for its permanence.

Both Houses of Parliament have recorded a vote of thanks to the army and navy. Lord Panmure moved the resolution and was seconded by Earl Derby in the Lords. In the Commons, Lord Palmerston made the motion and Mr. Disraeli seconded it.

A pension of £1,000 sterling for life is to be settled on Gen. Williams, who is also created a Baronet, by the title of Sir William F. Williams of Kars.

Lord Elgin postponed his motion of inquiry respecting the troops ordered to North America until after the holidays.

Lord Colchester gave notice of a motion requiring Parliament to express its approval of the policy of abandoning the maritime rights so long held, as the Congress of Paris had pledged Great Britain to do.

To celebrate the peace, the Queen has granted amnesty to all political offenders; consequently Smith O'Brien, Frost, Jones, and others, may return home. Special exception, however, is made against those who escaped to the United States.

The Lord Mayor of London had given the usual banquet to the Ministry. The whole tone of the speeches on the occasion was congratulatory respecting the peace. Count Persigny, the French Ambassador, said nothing could sever the alliance between France and England. Lord Palmerston replied, reciprocating the sentiment and complimenting the Ministers present of Sardinia and Turkey. Lord Clarendon then spoke, glorifying the peace and complimenting Russia. The usual toasts followed, and the company separated early. The American Minister was not present, being engaged at the annual dinner of the Literary Fund, where he made a speech.

Mr. Dallas, with his family and Secretaries of Legation, also assisted at the Queen's state ball and levee.

The Crimean Board of Inquiry continues its sessions, but they have lost all their interest, Col. Tulloch being sick.

May 29th is to be a holiday throughout Great Britain to celebrate the Peace.

A regiment of the German yagers, at Plymouth, had mutinied. The ringleaders were arrested. They complained that the drill was too severe, and that the only enlisted till the end of the war.

France.

A bill was introduced into the Legislature granting 400,000f. for the baptism of the Imperial Prince in June. The *Moniteur* publishes the monthly account of the Bank of France, and the balance was satisfactory.

A son of the King of Sweden, the King of Wurtemberg, and Maximillian, brother of the Emperor of Austria, are visiting Louis Napoleon.

Count Edgar Ney is to be the bearer of Napoleon's letter in reply to the Czar's notification of his accession to the throne of Russia.

Count Morny has been appointed Minister to St. Petersburg, and Count Orloff has taken for him the Woronzoff Palace on a three year's lease.

Speculation on the Paris Bourse had reached a great height, and English commercial papers were warning British capitalists against it.

The weather in France for several days previous to the sailing of the steamer had been very severe.

Russia.

Advices from St. Petersburg state that a circular has been issued by the Minister of the Interior, exhorting the serfs to obedience to their owners under penalty of the Emperor's displeasure and a severe punishment.

The Minister of the Interior has also addressed a circular to the Marshals of the various Governments and provincial colleges of nobility, invoking their patriotism and calling upon them to assist the Emperor and his Government in healing the wounds that the war has inflicted, by increasing the general welfare of the people.

A reduction of the Russian fleet has been effected. Three divisions will be stationed in the Baltic. The Pontus fleet will resume the denomination of the fleet of the Black Sea.

The Russians had commenced the evacuation of the fortresses of Reine and Ismail. The journals of St. Petersburg publish a circular addressed to the Heads of Governments, and to the marshals of the nobility, recommending them to seek out new branches of industry, at the same time that they maintain the serfs in obedience to the nobles.

The treaty of peace had been published at St. Petersburg. Gen. Soakhozanet has been gazetted Minister of War, and Prince Gorchakoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, with M. Tolstoi as his adjoint. An Imperial Manifesto announces that the coronation of the Emperor will take place at Moscow in August.

Prussia.

The Prussian Chambers were closed on the 3d inst. by the King in person. In the course of his speech His Majesty said:

"When, five months back, I bid you welcome from this place, European relations were still involved in the gravest complications. Their issue was still involved in the obscurity of the future; and it was not impossible that dangers and sacrifices, which the gracious providence of God had till then averted from our country, might have been in store for us. Since then, in consequence of the wise moderation of the belligerent Powers, the long-desired work of peace has been happily brought to a conclusion, with the co-operation and common consent of my Government."

The Prussian army is to be reduced to 114,402 men, from 227,212, its strength on the war footing.

The following is the published account of the evacuation of the French in the Crimea, as regulated by Marshal Pelissier: 1. The Zouaves, who are going to Africa. 2. The second corps, under the orders of Gen. Bosquet, and the divisions of Generals Know, Camus, Espinasse, and Mottrionjes. 3. The first corps, commanded by Gen. Salles, consisting of Autemarre's, Levaillant's, Pate's, and Banat's divisions. 4. The third corps, commanded by Gen. Macmahon, consisting of Herbillon's, Aurelle's, and Chapeloup-Leubat's divisions. The cavalry will return in the following order: 5. The Kamiesch troops, Sol's brigade. 6. The Constantinople troops, Bosquet's brigade.

The Evening *Express* says:—"We learn that the Governments of England and France have resolved to lay such representations before the King of Naples as will, it is confidently expected, lead to an amnesty for all political offences, and liberate from their loathsome dungeons the long-tortured victims of his vindictive wrath, and restore to their homes and families hundreds of exiles whose only fault has been loving and daring to serve their country. This determination on the part of France and England has roused Austrian intervention, not, however, this time, to prolong or exasperate the state of cruelty and repression against which the Allied Cabinets are prepared to raise their voices, but, if possible, to render their interference in the affairs of Naples unnecessary. The Cabinet of Vienna has, in short, determined, if we are correctly informed, to urge King Ferdinand at once to grant an amnesty, and thus avoid the appearance of yielding to the pressure of England and France."

Advices from Spain state that Valencia was tranquil, and at Malaga, where disturbances were apprehended, the drawing of the conscription took place with perfect order.

There was a report at Berlin that Austria intended to ask a pecuniary grant from the Germanic Diet, towards the expense of its army of occupation in the Danubian Principalities. The plea will be that the occupation was mainly with a view to the safety and tranquillity of Germany.

By a telegraphic message from Berlin, there appeared to be a probability of Queen Victoria paying that city a visit. It was said that Prince Frederick William would carry a pressing invitation to Her Majesty to be present at the marriage of the Princess Louisa with the Prince Regent of Baden in September next.

M. Von Richthofen, the Prussian Minister to Mexico, is now at Berlin on leave, has been appointed to represent Prussia in the Commission on the affairs of the Danubian Principalities.

Belgium.

The Senate was convocated for Wednesday, the 14th inst. Count Walewski's demand to muzzle the press of Belgium created intense excitement.

A dispatch from Brussels says: "In the Chambers on Wednesday the Foreigh Minister in answering an interrogatory in regard to the speech of Count Walewski on the press of Belgium, replied that that speech had not been officially communicated to Government. When that communication should be made the answer would be ready and would be communicated to all the Governments, and would formally maintain the rights of a constitutional and independent country."

It was asked further whether any power had asked for any modification of the laws relating to the Press in Belgium. The Minister said he would answer in one word—"Never." The meeting broke up amid immense cheering and enthusiasm.

Sardinia.

Questions relative to the Conferences have been put to the Count Cavour in the Sardinian Chambers, He replied that; pending the negotiations concerning Italy, he could not speak fully. With respect to the treaty of peace, he believed it would insure great moral and material advantages.

The Sardinian view of the Italian question was adopted, while that of Austria was rejected—hence the questihn of Italy is and must continue to be an European matter. He added that the relations of Austria and Piedmont are not ameliorated by any thing that has occurred, and that the Sardinian government may rely on the people to meet every contingency.

A later dispatch from Turin says the memorandum presented by Count de Cavour and the Marquis of Willimarina to the Chambers, shows that Austria, having at the Conference refused to discuss the condition of Italy, Sardinia is the only state which offers a barrier to revolution, and demands the cooperation of England and France in carrying out reforms. It shows that the Austrian occupation is opposed to the interest of Italy and Europe, and contrary to the treaty, to humanity and justice. Finally, the memorandum calls on England and France to unite with Sardinia in the application of an efficacious remedy.

Turkey.

Disturbances continued in Turkish Asiatic territory, and there had been some excesses near Sumatra. There is nothing additional as to the troubles at Nazareth.

Accounts from Constantinople to the 24th ult, state that the Sheriff of Mecca, having been recalled, refused to give up his post. Fifty thousand Arabs in arms sustained his resistance, and are said to have refused to permit the pilgrims to enter the city, under the pretext that the Ottoman Empire was defiled. The Porte was preparing to send troops to abate this rebellion.

The Crimea.

The correspondence from the Crimea is up to April 26. It merely records the preparations for the departure, with the drilling and the furnishing of the men with clothes to make a good appearance on their return. Two regiments of English cavalry have already embarked at Scutari for home.

The other Nations.

ITALY.—It is said that a collective note of the Powers that signed the treaty of peace, is about ready to be forwarded to the Governments of Rome and Naples, recommending the reforms by Italian people. It is also said that the Pope's Legatee at Paris, has formally protested against Count Walewski's language in the Congress, and that the Papal Government is preparing a detailed reply there to. It is still further rumored that Naples will anticipate the Power's remonstrance, by granting an amnesty on an extensive scale.

HOLLAND.—A treaty of commerce and navigation, based on the principle of reciprocity, has been concluded between Austria and Holland.

DENMARK.—The Hanse Towns have refused to adhere to the capitalization forced by Denmark in the question of the Dues. Considerable excitement was caused by an announcement that an American fleet was on the way to Copenhagen.

AUSTRIA.—The Synod of Austrian Bishops, held at Vienna, is about adjourning without having accomplished its objects.

SPAIN.—Arrests of suspected persons continued at Barcelona. The conscription had passed off quietly throughout the country.

A letter from Brussels says: "The colony of Russians who have passed the last two winters here about to disperse. A great number of them will leave for Paris, where their strength will be increased by reinforcements direct from Russia."

Notwithstanding the general return of the inhabitants to the city of Odessa, the present population does not exceed 70,000, or about the half of that which existed there at the commencement of the war.

Central American Affairs in Parliament.

In the House of Commons, May 5,

Sir E. B. Lytton said he had already given notice of a motion with respect to the correspondence recently laid before the House, connected with Central America. Before, however, he moved the resolution on this subject which was at present on the paper, he would ask the noble lord at the head of the government, first, whether any answer had been received to the proposal of arbitration submitted to the government of the United States; and, secondly, if that answer had not been received, whether the noble lord was of opinion that the discussion of the question next Friday night be premature, or in any way prejudicial to the progress of negotiations. (Hear, hear.) It would depend upon the answer of the noble lord whether he would go on with his motion on Friday, or, in order to give greater time for the reply of the United States government, postpone the discussion until after Whitsuntide.

Lord Palmerston said, in reply—Her Majesty's government have not received any reply to the proposal made to the United States government, that the questions connected with Central America should be referred to arbitration, though I should hope that an answer will very shortly be received, of her consenting, or giving reasons for declining that proposal. Of course, it is not for me to presume to throw out any suggestions in order to influence honorable members in the performance of their Parliamentary duty; but still, as the honorable baronet has had the goodness to submit his views, I am bound to say that I think, with a view to national interests in a question pending between this country and the government of another country, that while a proposition, such as that of referring the dispute to arbitration is yet unanswered, those national interests will be best consulted if this House abstains from entering into a discussion of a question of this delicate nature until the answer of the United States government one way or the other has been received. If, therefore, the honorable baronet, in the exercise of his discretion, should postpone his motion to a later period after the holidays, I confess I think he would be exercising a sound judgment in the matter. (Cheers.)

Sir E. B. Lytton then said that after the observations of the noble lord, he should postpone his motion until after the Whitsuntide holidays, but he earnestly hoped that no very great delay would take place in the discussion of the question.

Return of the Nuns from the Crimea.

[From the Special Correspondent of the *Lamp*.]

The following most important letter has reached us [*Lamp*] from our watchful correspondent in the Crimea. If the reports which we receive be correct, the good nuns have been badly treated by Miss Nightingale, whose greatest glory consists in being their imitator. At present we cannot publish all the facts, but we will do our best to aid towards justice being rendered to the good nuns, no matter what popular idol we may help deprive of admiration, which (if what we hear be correct) is undeserved:

"CAMP, near Sebastopol, April 5th, 1856.

"I have to report the intended immediate departure from the Crimea of the Nuns, who have been so laudably and usefully employed at the General Hospital, Balaklava. This step, which I regret to say has been rendered imperative, owing to what has occurred here, may be truly deemed a great calamity to the poor soldiers of this army, whose prayers and blessings they have well earned. The retirement from the scene of their useful and angelic labors of these ladies, has caused quite a sensation here amongst all classes and creeds, and the question naturally arises, why is it that they leave a position where, according to the unanimous, concurrent testimony of all ranks and persuasions, their usefulness was so distinguished? The circumstances connected with the whole affair are painful (not as regards the nuns, who are blameless), and will, no doubt, come before the public at an early period. It is, I am sure, superfluous to say that these estimable ladies would not have given up their sacred charge had they not been compelled to do so by a sense of what they owe to religion, to their vows, and to themselves. The readers of the *Lamp* need not be assured that these good nuns have only consented to leave the Crimea because they have found their remaining in it, under the circumstances, incompatible with their profession as *religieuses*. Willing and ready to obey the lawful order of the principal medical officers here, these ladies cannot consistently consent to the dictation of any lay lady, however she may be supported by worldly authority, or however extolled by popular opinion in England. The system of nursing, too, practiced by the nuns, differs essentially (and for the better) from that of the lady placed at the head of the nursing department in this army, and the two systems clash. The system of the nuns is nursing in the true sense of the word, and leaves nothing to be desired. They have earned the warmest commendations of the medical officers of the army, and Sir J Hall's sentiments (favorable in the extreme to them) are well known. It is said that Sir J. Hall has forwarded home to the Minister at War his strong sense of the services done those by ladies, and expressed himself entirely satisfied with their system of nursing, &c. The nuns leave the Crimea bearing with them the respect and admiration of officers of all ranks of the army, and with the affectionate regards and cordial blessings of the poor soldiers, both Catholic and Protestant. In the departure of Mrs. Bridgman and her sisters, they have indeed sustained an irreparable loss. More of this subject again.

"*Apropos* to the General Hospital at Balaklava, the Catholic chapel there is indeed a gem. It is easy to see that the hands of the good nuns have been busy in in its adornment. The *coup d'œil* of the altar, &c., is really beautiful, and the entire is *characterised* by exquisite taste, and a true perception of the graceful and the *picturesque*. The Rev. Mr. Gleeson, as your readers are aware, is the officiating chaplain. The Rev. Father Woollett, S.J., is now fairly convalescent from his very dangerous attack of illness, and proceeds to England immediately, for the restoration of his health. He leaves the Crimea after a long and useful service in this mission, amidst the affectionate regrets and cordial good wishes of all for his temporal and eternal happiness. The Rev. Mr. Morgan, Catholic chaplain, joined the staff of the army at Scutari on the 25th ult."

Foreign Miscellany.

The *Moniteur* contains the monthly return of trade and navigation for the month ending 31st March. The total of customs duties paid during the month of March, of the present year, is 14,382,224f. against 15,149,671f. paid during March, 1855. The total paid during the first quarter of the present year is 38,518,400f. against 38,358,628f. paid during the first quarter of 1855. In the course of the first quarter of the present year, 4,950 vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 796,356, were entered inwards in the French ports; the number entered inwards in the corresponding quarter of 1855, was 4,307 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 655,342. The number entered outwards during the first quarter of the present year, was 3,193 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 537,966; the number entered outwards in the corresponding quarter of 1855, was 2,778 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 428,524.

A sad affair occurred in Paris on the 28th ult. A speculator on the Bourse, named Pelot, having become embarrassed, called on his brother-in-law, a M. Niquet, living in the Rue Laffette, just opposite Rothschild's Bank, to advance him funds; M. Niquet thought fit to refuse in very decided terms. Pelot having a pistol in his pocket, said that he would shoot him if he would not comply. Niquet again refused, and Pelot, true to his word, discharged his pistol at Niquet's head, causing instant death. The wretched murderer then discharged a pistol at his own head, and injured himself dreadfully, if not mortally. The terrible event was the general topic of conversation at the Bourse, and naturally caused a most painful impression.

A dispatch from Odessa mentions that the arrival of foreign vessels has solved in a practical manner the question of the removal of the blockade. First arrived an Austrian vessel, which was received with extraordinary joy by the merchants. It was soon followed by two other vessels, but it is not probable that they will be able to obtain a cargo beyond 20,000 tchetwerts of corn, which are on forage account. Odessa contains no stock on hand, and the price is likely to be high. It is probable, however, that the exportations will be very large from the ports of the Sea of Azoff, which possess important supplies.

The English papers are very severe on the Imperial edict, which refuses the Normandy nurse, a healthy peasant woman, the right to kiss Louis Napoleon's child, though she is paid to suckle it. Douglas Jerrold says that the same rule is adopted in the case of France herself—the wet-nurse of Louis Napoleon—because, though she was a soft-bosomed nurse to his ambition, she is forbidden all familiarity, and dare not touch him with a loving kiss. She may give him the milk from which power and greatness spring, but she must not kiss him!

A grand feast of horse flesh took place lately at Vervins, (Aisne), and, as at Alfort, Lyons, Toulouse, Perigeux, &c., proved quite successful. In order to be prepared for any delicate stomachs which might not find the staple commodity of the repast to their taste, a second service was prepared with game, truffled fowls, and other dainties: but it is asserted not a single article so made ready was touched by the guests.

It is the law in France, that men drawn for the military service, must either serve themselves, procure a substitute, or pay a certain amount to the government. The sum paid into the treasury in this way amounted during the continuance of the late war, to 62,400,000 francs, representing 22,285 substitutes.

A correspondent of the *Bengal Hurkaru* states that a Suttee has occurred in the Sontal Pergunnahs. The pile was prepared by the wretched woman herself, apparently without assistance, and the body was discovered only half burnt. The Deputy Commissioner had commenced an investigation.

The Countess de Montijo, mother of the Empress of the French, and the Duke and Duchess d'Alba, her brother-in-law and sister, are expected at Madrid in the beginning of May. The latter intends to give a series of banquets, balls, concerts, *fetès champétres*, and theatrical performances.

The *Universal German Gazette* states from Vienna—"It is affirmed that Russia has the intention of founding journals in the different capitals of Europe for the purpose of defending her interests, and enabling her to obtain the prestige which the late war in great part took from her."

The *Debats* says that Sardinia has addressed to the Cabinets of Paris and London a note exposing the condition of Italy, and inviting France and Sardinia to consult with Sardinia as to the means of providing an efficacious remedy for the evils at present existing in that country.

The *Trieste Journal* says that the new fast steamers put on between that place and Constantinople, will, it is expected, run the distance in less than six days, and thence materially shorten the time of communication, when compared with the Marseilles route.

We learn from Heligoland that the Anglo-German Legion, which was still in that island, had received orders to embark, it was thought for England. Only 72 quitted, it is said, the island spontaneously.

An important commercial house, Reinhardt, at Mannheim, has just suspended payment. Its liabilities amount to 2,000,000 francs; its losses have been principally caused by speculation in corn.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who is now at Naples, purposes visiting the Pope, to consult with his Holiness on the present prospects of Italian rulers.

Count Morny's suite at Moscow will be exceedingly numerous, the sum of a million having, it is said, been placed at his disposal to defray the expense.

There was a report at Berlin on the 23d ult. that the Council of War had condemned M. De Rochow to three years' imprisonment in a fortress.

The Court of Rome is sedulously endeavoring to obtain from the government of Tuscany a concordat similar to that lately granted by Austria.

An ultramontane journal of Vienna has been confiscated for abusing the Bureaucracy and accusing it of lukewarmness in religious matters.

It is said that Turkey will be represented at the approaching coronation of the Emperor Alexander, by Reschid Pacha.

None of the copper money of France stamped with the head of Liberty will be legal tender after the first of October.

Out of the 89 deputies just elected to the Grand Council of Neufchatel, 68 are defenders of the republican principle.

The late speech attributed to the Czar at Moscow, is stated by the *Presse* to have been of fraudulent manufacture.

The Sultan Abdul Medjid has just entered on his 34th year, having been born on the 23rd April, 1823.

Kuplesty Mehemed is spoken of as likely to be sent as ambassador from Turkey to St. Petersburg.

The general appearance of the crops throughout France is described as most promising.

Gavan Duffy at Melbourne.

The *Ocean Chief*, after a voyage of eighty days, reached its destination on the 26th of January, with Mr. Duffy safe and well on board. Mrs Duffy and her children also reached the new country in perfect health. Wilson Gray, who sailed in the same ship, also reached Melbourne in safety and in good health and spirits.

The Melbourne papers all contain liberal reports of Mr. Duffy's reception, which was most enthusiatic. Preparations had been already made on a magnificent scale to receive him in both the Australian colonies. Addresses and Deputations had been organized on behalf of the citizens, both of Melbourne and Sydney—in which the principal citizens, as well of Australian, English, American, and Scotch, as of Irish birth, united. The Deputations were headed by John O'Shanassy, Esq., Member of the Legislative Council for the city of Melbourne, and Leader of the Opposition in that assembly, and the Address is signed by the other Members. Immediately on the ship dropping anchor to offer him a welcome and present addresses of congratulation from Melbourne and Sydney. The deputation was very numerous, consisting of about eighty gentlemen.

The deputation were introduced to the saloon, but as it was found too small to contain them they adjourned to the quarter deck, where Mr. O'Shanassy, M L C, introduced them individually to Mr. Duffy.

Mr. O'Shanassy then said that he had been honored with the task of presenting an address from his fellow-colonists to Mr. Duffy, which would, he had no doubt, be the more aceeptable that it came from a mixed community, who united in bidding him welcome to their shores.

After handing the document to Mr. Duffy, Mr. O'Shanassy said he had received an address from Sydney also, and he felt bound to state that it was the first adopted, so that his friends in that city were entitled to the credit of being the first to welcome him.

Mr. Gavan Duffy, after the applause which followed the reading of the addresses had terminated, said he feared he could not honestly plead inexperience in public speaking or public affairs; but though, for the last twenty years, he had stood in some memorable and critical positions, he did not think there was any event of his life which would dwell longer or more pleasantly in his memory than this generous welcome, which, not content to grasp his hand when he came and proffered it, sprang forward to meet him before he set foot upon their shores. It gave a keen relish and piquancy to this pleasure to see among those who surrounded him, not only some old familiar faces, with which he had made acquaintance in his own land, but so many new ones on whom he had no claims of friendship, or even, as he understood, in many instances, of race or country. And first, among the new friends, he rejoiced to stand face to face with the best and most gifted Irishman in the new world, John O'Shanassy. If Irishmen were denied a career in Ireland, it was a satisfaction to know, that in almost every other civilized country they had been among the most useful, faithful, and honored servants of the State. The histories of France, Spain, Austria, Prussia, Belgium and the United States were illuminated with great Irish names. Even at this hour look at the place they held. In the European commotion of '48 many distinguished names had arisen above the horizon; the greatest in compass and magnitude was that of Cavaignac. And who is he? A grandson of one of the Cavanaghs of Leinster. In proud, jealous Spain who held the foremost place? One of the old race of Tyrconnell; a man not only Irish in blood, name, and sympathies, but who had the advantage, he feared, over many of the most Irish of his present audience in an intimate familiarity with the old tongue of the Gael. Who led the army of France in the Crimea? The second in command, and not the second in renown, was a scion of the M'Mahons, of his (Mr. Duffy's) native county of Monaghan. In Belgium the statesman most potent in councils of King Leopold was an Irishman, one generation in exile. In the United States the senator who till recently was Chairman of the Committee of Military Affairs, equivalent to the position of an English peer who is Minister of War, was General Shields, one of the old clan of Donegal, and born in the old land. In Canada, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, Irishmen had won high position and performed distinguished services, and he rejoiced that Australia Felix was entitled to claim a place on the roll. He believed no race upon earth were more faithful to the laws, institutions, and interests of their adopted country than his countrymen. And long might it be a point of honor with them to love, honor and obey the laws which gave them protection, and the land which gave them a home. In the generous address which Mr. O'Shanassy had read he was welcome without the preliminary question, which they had a right to put to him—Why was he here instead of being in Ireland? A little while ago if he had been told that the Rock of Cashel would make a journey to Australia it would not have appeared more incredible than that he should do so. But there were reverses which none could withstand; and there were positions from which it became an imperative duty to retire, where there was responsibility without power, and ends without means.

When Mr. Duffy had concluded the deputation greeted him with long and repeated cheers.

The mail sailed upon the 29th of January, a few days after Mr. Duffy's landing, during which his reception continued to excite the greatest enthusiasm; and he had been waited upon by the principal public characters of the colony, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Melbourne, and the Roman Catholic Clergy, and the chief citizens of the capital of Western Australia.

Presidential Facts and Rumors.

The N. Y. *Daily News* is opposed to having a double presidential term, by electing the same incumbent for two consecutive terms. It believes that the efforts made by Mr. Pierce to secure the nomination of the Democratic party, "have so far lowered us in the sight of the world as to expose us to the accusation, that the Administration is willing to adopt the most miserable expedients, merely to give Mr. Pierce a better chance for the Presidential nomination.

"We have, however, far graver evidence of the demoralizing effects of this unprincipled lust for power upon our public men, more especially upon those of the *calibre* of Pierce, Marcy and Cushing. We have witnessed for the last three years that the legitimate business of the Government has been neglected in the one absorbing pursuit of their unhallowed thirst for place. We have seen the Central American, the Cuban, the foreign enlistment questions treated with the most culpable negligence, or what is still worse, the deliberate postponement of their settlement in order to suit the exigencies of the Presidential campaign—thus sacrificing the interests of humanity as well as those of the Republic to the baneful ambition of a selfish incumbent."

Hon. Jerry Clemens of Alabama writes a letter to say that in the opinion of the said Jerry, no one of the prominent candidates before the Cincinnati National Convention can be trusted on the slavery question by the South five minutes after the votes of the South are given to him. "Sagacious Jerry," writes the *Daily News*. "What would have been his opinion had the name of Mr. Dickinson been proposed to him as the Cincinnati nominee? We think even Jerry would have been compelled to confess a confidence in *him*."

The Portsmouth (New Hampshire) *Ballot* states that in all parts of the State the opponents of the administration are almost unanimously in favor of Col. Fremont as the candidate for the Presidency. At the State Council at Plymouth, all the speakers expressed their preference for him, and the opinion that his nomination would be the most popular with the people, of any that could be made. All the delegates to the New-York Convention elected by the Council, will give their influence and votes in his behalf.

James A. Seddon, of Powhatan, formerly member of Congress from Richmond, Va., and Henry L. Hopkins, of Chesterfield, have been appointed delegates to Cincinnati. Seddon is for the Hunter, and Hopkins for the Buchanan convention.

A despatch to the *New York Evening Post* from Columbus says: Ohio is undoubtedly in favor of Chase as the most available candidate for President.

Ex-Governor Lumpkin of Georgia writes a letter in favor of Mr. Pierce's re-nomination. It is now thought that Pierce will get the vote of Georgia.

Gov. Wise writes that two-thirds of the Virginia delegation is secured for Mr. Buchanan.

Kansas Intelligence.

A telegraph, dated, St. Louis, May 23d, states that a dispatch from Westport of the 20th gave an account of an encounter on the road between Lecompton and Franklin. It says:—Mr. Cosgrove and Dr. Branson while going from Lecompton to Franklin, were hailed by a party of free State men, who demanded their names and destination. Being answered, the commander of the party turned to his men, asking their motto. They replied "Sharpe's Rifles," and immediately fired on Cosgrove and Branson. Branson was wounded, when Cosgrove shot the leader of the party through the head, and the remainder fled. A free State man was shot at Blanton's Bridge on the 19th. Particulars not given. It was reported at Kansas City that the inhabitants of Lawrence were preparing to evacuate the place, and had called upon Col. Sumner to protect their property. The towns of Kickapoo, Leavenworth, Doniphan and Atchison were almost deserted. A gentleman who arrived from Jefferson city yesterday, informs the editor of the St. Louis *Democrat* that a despatch had been received from Lawrence stating that a battle had been fought at Lawrence, and a number of persons killed on both sides.

The *Democrat* has further information from Kickapoo, stating that a meeting had been held there, at which it was resolved to sack the Kansas hotel at Kansas City. It was understood to be owned by Massachusetts men. The citizens of Kickapoo have offered a reward of $200 for the arrest of Gen. Pomeroy, and parties have gone in seach of him.

Mr F. Conway, a writer for the *Democrat*, and Gen. Schuyler, while *en route* for St. Louis from Leavenworth, were arrested at Parkville, Mo., on the charge of being fugitives. They were detained until information could be received from Lecompton. Governor Shannon had been notified of their arrest, but at last accounts no reply had been received from him. The arrest was made on the 8th inst.

ST. LOUIS, May 24, 1856.

A despatch from Boonville to the *Republican* says:—Lawrence was destroyed on Wednesday. *The hotel and printing office in Kansas City were also demolished;* but *few lives were lost.*

The correspondent of the *Democrat*, at Leavenworth, writes:—Since Messrs. Robinson, Reeder, Lane and other leaders are absent, the Committee of Public Safety at Lawrence have determined to offer no assistance to the United States Marshal entering the city. Immediate measures were taken to hide all the arms and ammunition in the town; as soon as this determination was made known, the crowds of people commenced leaving. It is said the free State men are gathering at Topeka, and will attack the invaders if they dare to execute their threats on Lawrence. Settlers at Van Bonsa, recently from New Haven, will send one hundred men to aid them, and Manhattan about the same number.

WASHINGTON, May 24, 1856.

A telegraphic despatch was received here to-day which states that a collision had taken place between the United States authorities and the free State men, by which *the town of Lawrence was destroyed and a number of persons killed.* It has caused the most intense excitement.

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1856.

There is a rumor here that Lawrence and Kansas City have been destroyed, and several hundred lives lost, but it is not believed. President Pierce had received no despatch on the subject. Rumor gives no particulars.

On last Saturday evening, several members of the Police Department assembled at Delmonico's Hotel for the purpose of presenting Senator Sickles with a service of plate, in acknowledgment of his action in the State Senate in regard to the Police Bill, about a hundred individuals sat down to an excellent dinner, His Honor the Mayor presiding, supported on the right by Mr. Sickles, the guest of the evening, and ex-Recorder Tillou, and on the left by Capt. Leonard, and Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. The service of plate, which cost $1,300, consisted of a tea urn, tea pot, coffee pot, cream jug, sugar basin and bowl, pitcher and tray; each piece of which bore a suitable inscription. They were presented by the Mayor in a neat speech Mr. Sickles responded and proposed a toast to the press. The health of George W. Matsell, Ex-Recorder Tillou, T. F. Meagher, Recorder Smith, Judge Capron, the Captains of Police, the Lieutenants, the Medical staff, and the privates followed in rapid succession, and were duly responded to. Dr. Bradford then, in a speech overflowing with gallantry and enthusiasm, proposed the health of Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher, to which Dr. Shelton McKenzie responded on behalf of that lady. This closed the proceedings, and the party separated in great harmony.

The last Sermon in the Brick Church was preached on Sunday, By Rev. Dr. Spring, who has for nearly fifty years been pastor of the Parish. The occasion was very interesting and attracted a large congregation.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, *April* 30th, 1856.

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You remember Tom Reynolds, John's eloquent brother? You remember him occasionally on a Monday, in Conciliation Hall, in his brown breeches—the pair which had been in a hundred political campaigns—standing in the little niche on the right of the chair? You remember him on the day of O'Connell's Levee, in the Rotunda, mounted on a big bay brewer's horse, in his polished jack-boots, white doeskin breeches, blue military frock, cocked hat and truncheon, as Marshal of the City, prancing about, backing into carriages, rearing in front of the tall iron railings of the Lying-in Hospital, shouting and sweating, doing his best to keep order—you remember all this? Well, he's been in his jack-boots and doeskin breeches again.

The day the Peace was proclaimed, my bould Tom was in the saddle as usual. Paul Rooney, among the Cossacks, singing the "Cruiskeen Lawn" in presence of Marshal Blucher, the Emperor Alexander, and the rest of the allied snobs in the Hotel de Kilmainham, wasn't a lovelier sight. It would have been well worth to you a trip over in the *Persia*, to have seen the Marshal shying, and balking, and plunging down Dawson street, Nassau street, Grafton street, into College Green, and then up to the Castle, with Lancers, and heavy Dragoons before and behind him, and he himself at the head of the Kettle Drums and Trumpets, trying to keep aisy in his seat, but getting the devil's own shaking in his attempts to be be quiet. 'Twas a beautiful sight, and a proud one for Ireland.

He may thank O'Connell for his ride. 'Twas ould Dan, the first year he was Lord Mayor, got him the jack-boots and white leather breeches. The next Monday after his appointment as Marshal of the City, he went down, with his hat on the side of his head, to the usual weekly Repeal meeting at the Corn Exchange. Two hundred coal-porters greeted their old friend in his new capacity with a hurricane of cheers.

"I move that Marshal Reynolds," solemnly exclaimed the Liberator, "do take the chair—Marshal Saxe was a joke to him!"

That was the last time Tom took the chair at a public meeting. He retired with his laurels, and has lived ever since on the joke.

Prince Napoleon—formerly Prince of the Mountain—and famous in the war-bulletins for his cholic in the Crimea—is to visit us shortly. A number of French gentlemen and noblemen, among whom are mentioned, Bixio, Arago, Barthelemy St. Hilaire, and Dr. Yoan, will accompany him. So there's another great day in store for Ireland. Besides that, we're to have fireworks.

A letter, which has been going the rounds of the papers informs us, that "it appears to be decided on, that Cardinal Patricci will proceed immediately from Rome for the baptism of the Prince Imperial, the King of Algiers." People say here, the Cardinal must be an Irishman. His name is half Irish, and that's quite enough to satisfy a nation who say that Pelissier is one of the Palassers, from the county Waterford, and Odillon Barrôt a naturalized Frenchman, from the neighborhood of Ballina.

J. F. Eyre Fitzgerald, of Glin Castle, county Limerick, better known as the Knight of Glin, figures in the Insolvent list. More's the pity, for the Knight was one of the ould stock, and as dacent a gintleman as St. Patrick himself.

The *Artemise* and *Agile*, French ships of war, the former mounting 24 guns, and the last named, 12, are now lying in Kingstown Harbor. Thousands are running out to see them. The little railroad between Westland Row and the Harbor, is shovelling up piles of silver, as quick as steam can work. Archbishop Cullen, in the full dress of a Roman Prelate, accompanied by the Rev. Drs. Ennis, Gaffney, and Forde, paid them a visit a few days ago. Conducted by the chaplain of the *Artemise*, his Grace took his seat in a fully-manned barge, bearing the French flag at the prow, under the command of one of the lieutenants of the corvette. The *Freeman's Journal* thus minutely describes the visit:

On arriving at the ship, the boatwain's whistle and the trumpets sounded the men to quarters; his Grace was received most courteously by the commander, and conducted with the naval and military honors usual on such occasions to the quarter-deck, where the Archbishop presented severally to the commander the clergymen who accompanied his grace. The naval chapel, neatly constructed at the extremity of the 'tween decks, near the entrance to the commander's cabin, was first visited. Here the entire ships equipage was paraded, and received on bended knees the archiepiscopal benediction pronounced from the altar. In the commander's cabin, to which the Archbishop was the conducted, the company partook of some refreshments, and the toast of their imperial majesties and the prince was duly honored. On ascending to the deck, the marine guard was again paraded, arms presented to the sound of drum, and his Grace, having thanked the excellent commander for the cordiality and urbanity of his reception, and expressed his pleasure in having an opportunity of testifying his respect for the French navy, was again conducted to the gangway, blessed the men, and taking his place in the barge, retired under a salute of thirteen guns.

After that, we may all sing—

The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan van vocht.

The opening of the new church of the Catholic University, Stephen's Green, took place the day after. It is a most beautiful little structure. The ceremony attracted thousands. The place was crowded to suffocation. The Lord Mayor was there, on his velvet-bottomed chair, with his gold chain-cable round his neck. The Archbishop sat on a purple throne, under a superb canopy, on the right of the altar. Eight or ten other Bishops were present, and no end of Doctors of Divinity, Parish-Priests, and Curates. The Very Rev. Dr. Newman, the Lord Rector of the University, occupied his official seat. The secretary and professors attended in academic costume, and the students in their collegiate gowns, filled a large portion of the church. The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, coadjutor Bishop of the Diocese of Dromore, the high-mass being concluded, delivered a most eloquent and national sermon.

The cry for Tenant-right is still upon the wind. My impression is, 'twill remain there. It's all nonsense and rottenness, this petitioning, and chair-taking, and resolution-moving, and separating with three cheers.

"My brudders," said a colored preacher one day to his congregation, "in all infliction, dar is one place you can always find sympathy."

"Whar—whar?" shouted the congregation.

"In de dictionary, my brudders," the holy man replied rolling his eyes to the roof.

Tenant-right is to be found in the same place. Or rather, I should say, it's not to be found even there, but only in newspapers. The people have some time since become convinced, of this fact, and no longer lose their time, their money, and their reputation for plain straight-forward common sense, by crowding up to ricketty platforms, where the grievances of Ireland are hammered upon by perspiring spouters, like old women battering clothes in a stream, until the're only fit to be mangled.

A correspondent of the *Telegraph* suggests, that it would be advisable for that newspaper to adorn its first page with a *Sunburst*. "This picture," writes the poetical donkey, "emblazoned the national flag of ancient Ireland when she held a place among the nations, and was Catholic, united and respected." A mighty lot he knows about the *Sunburst!* One thing sure enough, he hasn't much reverence for it when he'd plaster it in printers ink on the head and front of that windy nuisance, than which, to all men of decency, truth, and patriotism, nothing could be more foul. The heavy smelling Averrus was eau de Cologne to it.

The hangman who choked the life out of Robert Emmet in Thomas street, and gave his gallant blood to the dogs, might as well stick a shamrock in his hat, as for that truculent *Telegraph* to have its sheets spread before the public with the magnificent crest of a martial race, with a sickening profanation stamped upon it.

And then, again, a queer chap, who signs himself *Daniel O'Neill*, and purports to write from Belfast, enthusiastically proposes the revival of the Repeal agitation. He, too, enumerates the grievances of Ireland, with the drone of a patched bag-pipe. Foremost among them, he alleges the overwhelming fact, that there's not a Catholic carpenter in the the ship-yard!

"And as for myself," says Daniel, "I have borne a deal of oppression these forty years from an Orange confederacy, encouraged by men in high places, and receiving large emoluments."

Then Daniel proposes for all these grievances a beautiful remedy, never thought of before:—

"What think you," says he, "of Dr. Cahill, and other patriots meeting once a week in Dublin? Dr. Grattan, and many others, are calling for what is right—for all Irishmen to be unanimous, and pull together, to meet weekly in Dublin to agitate, as our lamented Liberator said—to have 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether'—which being done, there will be no doubt of obtaining the desired end. That end should be to seek a Repeal of 'the Act of Union,' so falsely named."

Wouldn't there be a resurrection of the dead, if the hat was sent round again? That's just the thing. Another Daniel come to judgment!

Fox, the Member for Longford, is dead. His blood is hardly cold in his veins, before there's a rush for his seat in the Commons. Harman King, a wealthy Conservative, Hughes, the Queen's Counsel, a prudent and prosperous Catholic, are pelting away as hard as they can for it. There's a third, too. Who do you think? A new man—some one no one ever heard of before—an elegant gentleman, one John Reynolds, from Dublin. Yes, it's a fact. Beaten a hundred times—the hero of a hundred fights and failures—the veteran of more kicks tnan half-pence—the humorsome old rascal is up to the mark for another battle with the tongue. And what a tongue he has! I'll never forget seeing him the day of Lord Besborough's funeral. It was a few days after this well-conducted, benevolent Earl had tasted Soyer's mysterious soup—that panacea for Ireland's wrongs—in the model kitchen in the parade-ground of the Royal Barracks. His Lordship caught cold there, drove back to the Castle, and never left it alive. The day he was buried, I had a chair in one of the drawing-room windows of Luke Dillon's, the patriotic dealer in Irish broad-cloth and vestings. The procession, with the corpse wrapped up in velvet and satin, passed by. Just at the tail of it, in a yellow chaise, worked by a pair of rheumatic white horses, sat Alderman Reynolds, with his red gown about him, and his hard copper face fringed with the dingiest gray whiskers.

The very Rev. Dr. Flanagan, parish priest of St. Nicholas, Dublin, is gone. On Monday last, he was laid to rest in the parochial church of Francis street. His death is deeply and widely felt. A pious, arduous, eloquent priest—a gentleman of the finest nature, manner, and attainments—a patriot of sterling metal and practical capacity—in every sense he was a good and valuable citizen. His long-continued exertions at the Irish Board of Trade, to have native manufactures substituted for foreign, will not, for many years to come, be forgotten. To the erection of the splendid Church of St. Nicholas he contributed, out of his private means, the sum of £1,000; at an expense of £800, he built the great bell-tower which surmounts it; whilst he headed the subscription for the Catholic University with £100, and has, as his last act, bequeathed to it his noble library.

The *Tablet* is acting with a miserable cowardice towards Mr. Moore, the Member for Mayo. Moore came out gallantly and brilliantly in defence of the *Tablet*, and the rest of the supporters of Frederick Lucas' independent, bold policy. The *Tablet* thinks him too strong, and, with the most abject poltroonery, takes exception to a batch of his phrases. All to recover lost ground with Dr. Cullen, and the other Anglo-Irish dignitaries of the Irish national Church. All to look orthodox, devout, and Christianly correct. Pah! The poor imbecile who now sits at the desk of that dead sturdy Saxon—the brave Frederick Lucas—has neither his heart, nor his brain, nor his arm, though he may handle his pen. Handle it, indeed! I have seen a dwarf of an old woman—nothing but parched skin and the brittlest of bone—with a squeak instead of a voice—at the keep of Warwick Castle, take down the two-handed sword, with which the glorious tradition of the place represents the great Guy, Earl of Warwick, to have slain the portentous Dun cow. What that speck of a dwarf, fumbling with that sword, was to the huge Earl, the present editor of the *Tablet* is to his predecessor. Give us a Runnemyde Baron to battle for the right, not some milk-and-water Bob Acres, whose ink oozes out in cold sweat at his fingers' ends.

A very amusing paragraph has been flying about from newspaper to newspaper, the last three weeks. I hate to be perpetually talking about *Tablets* and *Telegraphs*, Tenant-right phantoms, and the rest of the political wreck and disorder of Ireland. So I give you—by way of a sniff at a smelling-bottle—the following well-peppered bit:

"A quantity of Russian shot and shell was being landed at Marseilles, the other day, when one of the latter exploded, wounding several persons very severely."

We sometimes hear people saying—"It's as cold as blazes." That anecdote suggests a comparison equally appropriate. It reminds me of a Winter's Tale. Baron Munchausen one day travelling to Moscow, his postillion blew the horn. Not a note came from it. Every note was frozen up before it came to the bell. Having arrived at the next stage, and stopping there for supper, the postillion hung up the horn on a wooden peg close to the kitchen fire. In an hour and a half after, out came the flourish which was frozen up on the road.

Your readers, especially the very patriotic ones, will ask—what on earth has this to do with Irish news? Just as much, I'll answer, as a bit of cloth had to do with music, when the blind man being asked—

"What does this scarlet thing look like?"

"Like a trumpet," says he.

The seventh and eighth volumes of Tommy Moore's diary, edited by Lord John Russell, are out. The *Nation* has a sparkling and searching review of them. Alluding to the fact, that not a word relative to Irish affairs of late years—to the famine, &c.—appears, the writer of the review gives vent to his suspicion that Lord John has been robbing the dead of some jewels:

"For more than ten years before his death, every single syllable touching Irish politics is expunged. It is not likely that Moore, who, throughout his day continually refers, from time to time, to the state of affairs in his country, would have been constantly silent during the great national revival which was at its height in 1843, and of which many of his melodies contained the prediction. Here, however, the Journal is expurgated by his Lordship, of any trace of an Irish sentiment; and we are expected to suppose that Moore never once thought of the Irish cause during the Repeal agitation, or the Famine, or in '48. Which is simply incredible."

Mean dogs, these Whigs are!

The portions which give us Moore's opinions about O'Connell will be specially interesting to the readers of the *News*. Here are two or three sentences which all Irishmen, conscientiously estimating the political worth of O'Connell would do well to read slowly, and slowly meditate upon—

"In a great degree by the predominance of his talents, but, at least, in an equal degree by other qualities, he has cleared away from around him all independent and really public spirited co-operators, and stands alone, the mighty Unit of a Legion of Cyphers; as, without meaning any offence to him, I must consider the great majority of those who now support him in Parliament. This alone is in itself sufficient to lower the standard of public men in Ireland."

Is there not a volume of very serious truth in these few lines? The question, suggested by them, forces itself sternly on us—but for this huge preponderance of O'Connell—but for the enormous monopoly of political influence he possessed, and which none dared dispute with him—would there have been now such a dearth of gifted true men, or rather such a heap of rank rubbish which people now-a-days mistake for the Hill of Tara?

The work I quote is very expensive, and wholly beyond the reach of those it might peculiarly delight and instruct. But why not take the best parts out of it, set them in order, and get Haverty, who has plenty of brain and pluck for the enterprise, to circulate them in clear type and stout binding? Just think the matter over, like a good fellow, and gratify,

KILMAINHAM.

THE MURDERER HERBERT.

The Willards, of Washington, have employed Reverdy Johnson, formerly Attorney-General of the United States, and Chas. May, of Baltimore, an eminent criminal lawyer, to prosecute Philomen T. Herbert for the murder of Keating. The boarders of the hotel have made up $500, which they presented to the widow, and $5000 could be raised in a week if necessary; but no present action to that effect has taken place. The District Attorney, Mr. Key, we learn from a most reliable source, will leave nothing undone to satisfy in this case the ends of justice. Pending the trial we withhold further observations upon the matter.

We have this moment been handed the above, from our true-hearted friend, Patrick Lynch, of the *Irish American*. We heartily thank him for his thoughtful good kindness in bringing it to us, and we pledge ourselves, hand and heart, to support the prosecution against Herbert, the murderer of our poor countryman. Whilst we live, no Irish blood shall be spilled here without a sharp question, and, if God wills it, without the severest vengeance.

Irish News.

Evictions in Ireland.—"Rights of Property."

House of Commons—*Tuesday, April* 29.—Mr. M'Mahon rose to call the attention of the house to the subject matter of a petition from certain inhabitants of the parishes of Kilbegnet and Ballynakill, in the county of Galway, presented on the 26th of March last year, and to move for the appointment of a select committee to investigate the allegations of such petition, and to consider the means of avoiding the wholesale depopulation of rural districts in Ireland. It was not his wish to cause any delay in proceeding to the adjourned debate, with regard to which so much interest existed, and he trusted that the government would consent either to the appointment of a committee, or would give him another day for bringing on the motion. (hear, hear.) The facts were these :—On the 26th of March last year he presented a petition from the inhabitants of Kilbegnet and Ballynakill, in the county of Galway, signed by 1,400 persons, which stated that a Mr. Aaron Pollock and Margaret, his wife, had purchased in the Incumbered Estates Court a property of the extent of 7,414 statute acres, on which were 500 tenants, and about 2,500 souls ; that although the tenants did not owe a penny for rent, and were prepared to lodge their rent in advance in some bank, and although in conversation Mr. Pollock had promised not to evict a single man, Mr. Pollock had suddenly proceeded to eject the whole 500 tenants and their families ; that no district was more free from outrage of every description, yet the constabulary had been increased and appeared to be under the control and direction of one of the sons of Mr. Pollock ; that on the 12th of February a large police force marched upon the property, and a process-officer served indiscriminately notices of ejectment, in some instances by nailing them to the doors of the houses. The petitioners prayed the House to take the matter into consideration, and save from ruin and certain death so many inoffensive and loyal subjects. There was no gentleman in the west of Ireland who did not regard with abhorrence these proceedings of Mr. Pollock, as tending to depreciate the general character of Irish landlords, to disturb the peace, and to depopulate the country, (hear, hear.) The statements in the petition were substantially confessed, and a brother or friend of Mr. Pollock defended his conduct upon vague grounds of political economy—that he desired to have tenants possessed of capital, who would improve the property and do good to themselves as well as to the owner. Such conduct was altogether indefensible, and he asked the House to grant a committee to consider whether some means ought not to be adopted for the suppression of proceedings of this kind. There were few members on either side of the House who had not condemned the practice of wholesale eviction. During a discussion upon the crime and outrage bill of 1847, Mr. Horsman was reported to have said that if a hundredth part of such injustice were done in this country he did not believe that England would be governable for a week, (hear.) Again, in 1850, upon a motion for a special commission to inquire into the state of the Kilrush Union, the Right Honorable gentleman said—

"He had visited the union during the recess, and he believed that if any person had travelled through Europe during his whole lifetime, he would never have witnessed so much misery arising from the same cause as he saw concentrated there in the course of a single week. . . . . It was all very well to speak of the 'rights of property,' but were there no rights of humanity or rights of life? If they went to first principles, who would deny that property was for the benefit of all, not the few? There was no law which told human beings they should die in hundreds. Under the circumstances in which they were placed, then, he thought they were justified in asking whether the cause of such misery as was described should not be traced." (Hear.) When, therefore, the right hon. gentleman was on the Opposition side of the House it was his opinion that these extraordinary circumstances ought to be made the subject of investigation. He would also refer to the authority of the Devon Commissioners in support of his proposition. When a gentleman purchased property in the Incumbered Estates Court, and found that a few tenants were unable to pay rent, no doubt he was entitled to exercise the usual rights of property in dealing with them ; but he had no right to depopulate whole districts—to clear away thousands of her Majesty's subjects (hear, hear.) But this gentleman had already evicted about 5,000 people, and he now intended to depopulate upwards of 7,000 acres. In the reign of Henry VII. an act was passed against eviction, which was then being carried to as great extent in England as at the present time in Ireland, and it was followed by other statutes to the same effect in the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Edward VI. All those statutes had however been repealed, except that of the 4th of Henry VII., which was, therefore, still applicable to Ireland. It had for centuries been part of the general policy of the country that landlords could not clear off the population for their own special benefit. Sir Matthew Hale declared that diminishing the subjects of the crown was a capital felony, and the same view was taken by Sir Edward Coke. In 1635, when the judges were going circuit, the Chancellor recommended that the offence of depopulation should be brought under the notice of the grand juries, and that the penalties provided by the law should be strictly enforced. But the system was checked in England when the law of settlement was adopted. In the reign of Charles II., if a landlord cleared off his tenantry, the law of settlement obliged him to maintain them at his own expense ; and from that time to the present there had been in England no such system of extermination as that which now existed in Ireland. He had no doubt that means might easily be devised to put an end to the practice in Ireland as well as in England. If the English law of settlement were extended to Ireland, and gentlemen like Mr. Allen Pollock compelled to provide, by means of a poor-rate, for the maintenance of their evicted tenantry, they would hesitate before resorting to so harsh and cruel a measure. At present, when a district was laid waste, the inhabitants were driven into a distant workhouse, and the evictor did not pay a sixpence of poor-rate ; but he could not so escape if some provision were made that a poor-rate should be levied upon the wasted district, whether it contained inhabitants or not, or whether the person who pretended to be the owner was the real proprietor or not. There was another mode in which the system of extermination might be checked. In England, if a manufacturer required a number of policemen to protect his property, he was obliged to pay and clothe them at his own expense ; but in Ireland the police was a military force, maintained out of the national revenue. Why should gentlemen like Mr. Allen Pollock not be placed in the same situation as the English manufacturer? Various other means might be devised for putting a stop to evictions, and therefore he hoped the government would not object to the institution of an inquiry. He concluded by moving for a sect committee to investigate the allegations of such petitions, and to consider the expediency of devising means for restraining the wholesale depopulation of rural districts in Ireland.

Mr. Bellew, in rising to second the motion, said he was induced to do so partly because the petition to which allusion had been made proceeded from a portion of his constituents, and partly because, as an Irish landlord, he was anxious to state the opinions and feelings of the greater number, if not the whole, of his brother proprietors. He rose as much to vindicate the cause of the Irish landlords as to advocate that of the Irish people ; because he did not believe that as a rule the landlords acted from any ill-feeling or want of consideration towards the people ; but rather from some misconception or other which it was difficult to explain. In the county of Galway one lady, for example, evicted a large number of tenants because she believed them to be guilty of rank ribbonism. These tenants having been evicted, again took forcible possession, and they were sent for trial at the assizes ; when the lady declared, owing to the mode in which the proceedings were conducted, that the law officers of the Crown were conniving at ribbonism. Now, if this lady allowed her mind to be so warped with respect to the law officers of the Crown, she might be in equal error with regard to her tenantry (hear). Then, again, as to Mr. Pollock, he believed that that gentleman was not so much an ill-conditioned, hard-hearted man as he was the the victim, so to speak, of a misconceived passion for evictions, for Mr. Pollock evicted all alike, rich and poor, and not only allowed them the full value of everything upon the land, even to the poultry, but gave them something additional upon quitting. Still he (Mr. Bellew) thought that the system of evictions could be supported by none but such as were ignorant of the resources of the country. All experience was decidedly opposed to it, and in Greece, Rome, and England, in former days, it had been deemed to be not only prejudicial in the highest degree to the well-being of the country, but also strongly provocative of crime. He hoped that there would proceed from both sides of the house such an expression of opinion as would induce the government to grant the committee which was asked for (hear, hear) He could not forget the anxious faces of wives and mothers, who had walked twenty or thirty miles to the assize to obtain a few hours' earlier possession of the fact—whether they were destitute before Heaven, or for six months longer had a roof to cover them. In the name of humanity he appealed to the House and to the government to grant this inquiry (hear).

Lord Palmerston said he would not enter into the detailed arguments why, if the motion was persisted in, he should feel it his duty not to consent to the appointment of the committee. But he would shortly state that he thought it neither consistent with the usual practice of parliament, nor with expediency, that the House should appoint committees of inquiry into matters of this nature (hear, hear). He begged, however, not to be understood as, in any degree, differing from the opinions expressed by hon. gentlemen as to the class affected by this motion. He hoped the hon. gentlemen who made and seconded the motion would not think him wanting in courtesy, or underrating the interest of the question they had brought before the house, if he moved that the house pass to the orders of the day.

The amendment having been put,

Mr. G. H. Moore said that, after the expression of opinion which they had just heard from the noble lord, it would be unnecessary for him to make the speech which he had intended to make (hear, hear). He would suggest that the following amendment be substituted and agreed to by the House of Commons : "That in the opinion of the house the system of wholesale evictions, without cause or necessity, alleged to be attempted in some parts of Ireland, was inconsistent with the best interests of society, and to be deprecated by that house."

Mr. E. Ellice regretted that the gentleman whose name had been prominently brought before the house as promoting this system of eviction was a Scotchman, and further that that system had long been known in Scotland, and was a curse to the country. He hoped that the members for those remote parts of Ireland, in which alone they were likely to take place, would not hesitate on every occasion to denounce in that house by name the authors of such atrocious measures (hear, hear).

After some further discussion, the amendment of the "noble lord" was agreed to, and the house proceeded "to the orders of the day."

The protracted investigation relating to the Murder of Mrs. Kelly has been resumed. Mrs. Kelly's maid, and coachman, Ellen Bryan, one of the girls in the field at the time of the murder, and who was examined at the coroner's inquest, and one of the constabulary who had searched and found articles supposed to be part of the disguise of the murderers, were examined at considerable length. The only evidence material was that the girl Bryan proved that the veils which the murderers wore were brown, and that the veil which was found in the house of one of the parties accused did not resemble that which the murderers wore. It was produced and was black. Two pieces of earth with the impression of knees and stocking marks were produced to the bench. The magistrate, at a quarter to seven o'clock, decided upon discharging from custody Owen Waters, the brother of Biddy Dolan, whose name has been mentioned in the progress of the inquiry, remanding Kinahan for eight days, and committing for trial Mr. George Stevens and James Bannon, leaving the parties to apply for bail to the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. Heron intimated his intention of applying to the Court of Queen's Bench at once for Mr. Stevens's discharge on bail.

An appendix to the second report of the Postmaster-General, gives the amount of postage, &c., collected (including stamps sold by the department, and by the inland revenue office and its agents,) in thirty-nine cities and towns of the United Kingdom, —twenty-six in England, seven in Ireland, and six in Scotland. The return is for 1854 and 1855. Excluding the metropolis, there are seven places where the receipts exceed $20,000, viz. :

	1854.	1855.
Dublin	£53,676	£48,499
Birmingham	36,812	35,695
Bristol	29,479	28,510
Liverpool	91,909	92,842
Manchester	74,736	78,121
Edinburgh	41,612	41,922
Glasgow	58,136	57,788

In four of these places there was a decrease, and in three increase last year—the largest increase (£3,385) being in Manchester, and the largest decrease (£5,177) in Dublin. The amounts received in the metropolis were £822,985, in 1854, and £817,338 in 1855—including £173,451 and £159,906 for "postage charged to government departments."

On 21st ult., an Act of Parliament was passed, by which the office of the Poor Law Secretary in Ireland is abolished.

As with everything Irish, says the *Waterford Chronicle*, we find that we are going to be done a further injustice, in the disbandment of our Militia. Having been called together for five years—its Officers going to large expense in outfit, School, Band, &c.—they are now, after being but a short time enrolled, about to be dispersed and sent to their homes. It may be said that having Peace, we do not require the Militia ; but it would be far better to keep it up yet for a time, than send fifteen or twenty thousand adrift on the Country, having no particular aim before them, and having no employment to keep them from crime. If the government really desire to keep crime and rioting from amongst us, they will be slow in disbanding the Militia. In justice to the Body itself, they should, until the time expires, refrain from doing so—and for the sake of the Country, they should hesitate being the instruments of again throwing it into pauperism and misery.

The steam company of Limerick have started one of their vessels from that city to Liverpool, and they are preparing another to sail regularly from Limerick to Glasgow. The freights are low. These boats will not serve the Waterford boats ; neither will they serve the railway. With opposition in Limerick, and daily as well as cheap accommodation from Dublin, we are not surprised that our quays are so scantily supplied this year with goods and passengers. Mr. Malcomson will want to bestir himself a little ; for if not, his own port of Waterford will suffer in her trade and commerce, and when once trade leaves a place it is no eary matter to get it back again. Dublin, Limerick, Cork and Wexford, are now vieing hard with Waterford. Malcomson is well able to combat each and all of them if he but once prepared himself for the struggle. Has not Waterford a prior claim upon him, and should he not therefore extend to it all the facilities and accommodation within his reach?

The abolition of ministers' money being agitated in various parts of Ireland, a circular, says the Waterford *News*, with a form of petition adopted and signed by the citizens and town council, has been forwarded by the Mayor of this city to the several chief magistrates and chairmen of boards of guardians of the cities and towns subject to "ministers' money tax," urging their adoption of the petition, or a similar one, before the 6th of May, in favor of the passing of Mr. Fagan's resolutions against the continuance of the tax in the eight towns subject to it. The circular from his Worship thus concludes :

"Under all circumstances, however, I feel that I can venture to guarantee that the body whom I have the honor to represent will never suffer themselves, cost what it may, to be made the instruments of enforcing it (the ministers' money tax) ; and I think I may add with equal confidence, that the very great majority of those of the inhabitants subject to it will evince equal determination, even at considerable sacrifice, in resisting the payment by every legitimate means, should it unfortunately be sought to be enforced."

Mr. John O'Connell presented a petition in the Commons from the Clonmel corporation against ministers' money.

The Derry *Standard* gives the following as an instance of Crimean economy in the militia : "The Derry militia, we understand, have been ordered to remove from Enniskillen to Belfast, and on this order being made known, the managers of the railway company agreed to take the men to Belfast in a single day at six shillings per head. This offer was not accepted, and the plan adopted instead is to march on foot from Enniskillen to Armagh—a journey occupying three days—and from Armagh to Belfast by rail ; the charge is 2s. 6d. per man! This, on a small scale, is a sample of economy not unworthy of Crimean fame. Besides the fatigue occasioned to the men, the expense of three days' march will surely amount to more than the money difference above stated, while, in regard to the modes of travelling, no comparison can be instituted.

We have just heard with deep regret, says the Dublin *Freeman*, of the death of Mr. Fox, member for Longford. The death of Mr. Fox creates a vacancy in the representation of the county, and already three names are mentioned as candidates : Mr. Harman King, as the Conservative candidate ; Mr. John Reynolds, as the Sadleirite candidate ; and Mr. Hughes, Q.C., as the Whig candidate. The electors may find a candidate more suited to their views and tastes than the Orange, the Sadleir-Whig, or the Whig Q.C. ; and the local men of the popular party will doubtless look out for such a man. Mr. Sadleir's principles are not very acceptable to the people of Longford, and the public voice of the country will sustain them in repudiating all identification with his political representative.

Of the late Mr. John Sadleir's "Doings" with the Royal Swedish Railway Company.—The report of the committee of investigation which has just been published, states that the forged shares amount to £20,000, which will, of course, be withheld from circulation. The shares wrongfully issued in duplicate are stated to be 19,700, the over-issued obligations amount to $12,263 ; but of these latter a large proportion is held in deposit merely. The nominal value of the shares originally, and duplicates over-issued by Mr. Sadleir, is £275,591, for which the company did not receive any consideration. The gross total of Mr. J. Sadleir's liabilities to the company are estimated at the enormous sum of £346,413.

The London *Press* (D'Israeli's paper) gives the following names as those "of the bright, if not the particular stars of the Radical list," the "choice dozen who came down to remodel the constitution :"—Mr. Apsley Pellatt!! Captain Scobell! Mr. William Williams!! Mr. James Kershaw! Mr. Thomas Meagher! Mr. W. A. Wilkinson!! Mr. George Hadfield!! Mr. J. Maguire! Mr. William Ewart! Mr. J. Brotherton! Mr. Henry Berkeley!! Sir Joshua Walmsley!!!

During the year from the 10th of October, 1854, to the 30th of September, 1855, 4,513,718 quarters of malt were made, and 3,843,941 quarters used by brewers and retail dealers in beer. Of this quantity 3,464,160 quarters were sold to brewers and victuallers, 379,771 quarters by retail brewers. 3,557,074 qrs. of malt were used in England, 114,839 quarters in Scotland, and 172,018 quarters in Ireland.

In passing through Rutland square, says the Dublin *Telegraph*, we observed with surprise, opposite No. 15, the office of the Irish Church Mission Society, a placard to the following effect :

"Under the Patronage of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant!—*Bazaar for the four Ragged Schools!!!*"

Surely there must be some imposture or mistake in this announcement. It cannot be possible that her Majesty's representative would insult the feelings of six millions of Catholics by patronising schools instituted for the purpose of robbing their children of the true faith.

The party of Revenue Police under Lieut. Irvine, stationed at Malin, county Donegal, seized within the past week, in the neighborhood of Malinhead, three distilleries, four tin stills, three tin heads, two copper worms, twenty-eight vessels, fifty bushels of malt, twelve gallons of singlings, 325 gallons of pot ale, and one prisoner.

Four women are now lying under sentence of death for infanticide. One is awaiting her confinement before she is led out to execution, according to that strange legal mercy which will not destroy the unborn child; the rest wait only on time. One of these four women, Emma Musset, was a married woman, who destroyed her new-born infant, without any other assignable cause than that of madness.

Mr. Tottenham, Member for New Ross, in reference to the divisions on the Maynooth grant, says, in a letter to the *Wexford Guardian*, that he voted twice *for* the grant and once *against* it; the latter occurring through a mistake, from his ignorance of the forms of the House, which led him to cross into a wrong gallery. Mr. Tottenham's explanation must be felt as perfectly satisfactory on that point. In conclusion, he says:

"On the 7th of May, when Spooner's bill comes on again, I can answer for it, as far as I am concerned, there will not be any mistake."

We regret to state, says the *Democrat* of the 3d, that one of the Dundalk pilots, named James Townley, an old man 80 years of age, was drowned this morning, after leaving a vessel called the *Ellen* over the bar. He leaves a large family to deplore his loss. We wonder the Harbor Commissioners would keep pilots so old in their service. This poor man should have got a retiring pension long since.

A foot-race, distance 100 yards, came off at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, in the new barrack yard, between Ensign Newbigging, 89th Regiment, and private T. O'Conner, of the some corps. O'Connor cut out the work at a slashing pace, and won a most exciting struggle by a couple of yards. A considerable sum changed hands on the occasion.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

The Mars steamer, says the Waterford *Chronicle*, sailed on Friday, 25th ult, from our quay to Liverpool, bearing a large cargo of provisions and cattle, as well as 150 of the bone and sinew of our country and towns' population, bound to the United States. Many of them seemed to be able to live respectably at home, had they been inclined.

The Waterford *Mail* prints a note from John Francis Maguire correcting a statement which appeared in that paper. Mr. Maguire has no intentions (as stated) to give up the representation of Dungarvan and that of Cork.

Miss Victoria Fowler, daughter of Mr. Fowler, of Newry, has been appointed by the Commissioners of the National Board of Education, Dublin, to take charge of the National School at Melbourne, at a salary of £250 a year.

The amount of duty paid at the Belfast Custom-house, for the week ending April 21, was £6,229 2s. 5d., against £7,362 18s. 6d. the previous week, and £11,278 9s. 1d. the corresponding period of last year.

J. F. Eyre Fitzgerald, of Glin Castle, in the county of Limerick, better known as the Knight of Glin, figures in the Irish insolvent list; his petition is to be heard at Limerick on the 7th of June.

Had there been at the great Munster Fairs twice the quantity of stock on sale, all would have been bought up, so numerous were the purchasers.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

An Irish corn merchant, largely concerned in forestalling of bread-stuffs, is stated to be a loser by £2,000, owing to the change from war to peace.

There are about 50 prisoners of all classes in Dundalk goal, only one or two of whom are committed for trial at the next quarter sessions.

The Kilkenny *Journal* states that Mrs. Lloyd, wife of Henry Lloyd, Esq., late of this city, and mother to Lady Rossmore, has been received into the Catholic Church.

Sir John Sutton, son of the late Sir Richard Sutton, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church.

Spirit of the Irish Press.

Speaking of the recent proceedings in Paris, the Waterford *Chronicle* has the following:

The Conferences have terminated their labors, and we are now beginning to taste—as we are informed—the blessings of Peace. We only know that the War has ceased, and that no longer are we to call Russia our enemy. But then comes the consideration—how can we satisfy ourselves we have a Peace that will be lasting!

If we look to Italy, we see the insecure state of parties there—we find Austria pushing herself everywhere she can—we find Sardinia pushing herself in opposition to her wherever she can make a resting place. England, guided by France, would despise and thwart Austria, if she dared, but from her unhappy state of mismanagement she is forced to "play second fiddle," and she must now follow, where hitherto she has lead.

Looking at this state of things, and seeing a war only recently ended, the whole of Europe in an unsettled state, we cannot flatter ourselves that the Congress have ended their labors with permanent results.

The same paper, writing of the Tenant League, says:

That in noticing this body, we have to say, that the longer it is in existence, the more is it getting itself into disfavor, and the more is it exhibiting its utter inutility for any practical purposes. No doubt that there are intellectual men it—men really desirous to serve their country—but they are taking the wrong policy. Whether they feel so, or not, we do not know; but the effect of their present conduct is, not to advance the great cause for which they joined themselves together, but to hold up to ridicule our Holy Church, and to give our enemies a fruitful source of invective against its revered ministers.

With reference to the Tipperary Bank, the Leinster *Express* observes:

Some recent proceedings in one of the law courts have called prominent attention to Mr. Sadleir's connection with the London and County Bank; and from other circumstances it is tolerably certain that Mr. Sadleir made up his liabilities to that establishment at the expense of the Irish concern. His position as chairman of the two companies, at one and the same time, has raised the point as to whether the London and County Bank cannot be compelled to disgorge certain securities which it became possessed of at the eleventh hour, and which were ostensibly purchased for the Tipperary Bank, and with its cash.

The Dublin *Evening Mail* favors us with a spirited and useful *exposé* of the Peace Rejoicings in Dublin:

On Friday last an experiment of a novel kind was tried in our city, and the result was, we are happy to say—although somewhat mortifying to the experimenters—highly gratifying to every independent and right-minded citizen. The problem to be solved was the following:—Whether it was possible to get up an official and governmental peace-rejoicing in Dublin or not, quite irrespective of the opinions and wishes of the citizens. The trial had been previously made in London, and proved an utter failure; the unleavened mass which insists on thinking and judging for itself in that great capital was too vast to yield to the stimulus of a few red coats and discordant militia bands, and consequently the peace demonstration in England's capital was unsuccessful; the Frenchman's peace was deservedly unpopular, and the good citizens of London refused to lend tawdry show, got up in honor of it, their approbation and sanction. On the well-known principle, *experimentum fiat corpore vili*, it was considered by the authorities that Dublin might prove a fitter field for the exercise of their skill. The long continued and systematic corruption of all classes of society in the Irish capital, by Castle jobbing and underhand influence, and the large and powerful body of place-hunters and waiters upon Providence, gave the Irish Executive a hope that a peace-rejoicing in Dublin might prove more attractive than in London. Accordingly the troops in garrison, amounting to 7,000 men, the police force, the militia bands, the French sea captains, the illustrious City Marshal, and the authorities of Trinity College, were invited to be at their respective posts at or before eleven in the forenoon. It was confidently expected that the spectators would be surprised into some outward expressions of joy at the sight of such an imposing array, and would give vent to their feelings in loud and long continued cheering, to signify their approbation of the paternal authors of this ill-omened peace. Such expectations were doomed to disappointment; the cheering and hilarity, such as they were, were not directed to the objects laid down in the official programme; the grunts and howls that were elicited in the Castle-yard from the idle spectators of the show, by the oft repeated demand of three cheers for the peace, were highly unsatisfactory to official ears, and proved to demonstration that even a Dublin mob cannot be made to rejoice without knowing the reason why, nor be dragooned into the expression of joy they do not feel. Quite different were the hearty gratulations that saluted their own City Marshal, as he advanced proudly on his roan gelding, with Field Marshal's baton in hand, into Sackville-street. The cheers that greeted him were from the heart. It is not to be wondered at, that from his cocked hat, white feather, and martial aspect, he was mistaken for H. R. H. P. A., and supposed to command the troops he was only competent to look at. The scene that presented itself as the cavalcade emerged from Crafton-street into College green was more curious than edifying. In obedience to the Viceregal command, it was thought fit by the College authorities to get up a classical imitation of the closing of the gates of the temple of Janus, represented on this occasion by the old iron door that swings in front of the Irish Alma Mater. The part of Janitor was undertaken, for this occasion only, by a complaisant and expectant divine, high in office, who performed his task to admiration, and closed the rusty gates with a bang which resounded loud above the cheers of the silent populace. At this juncture a rush of boys and College skips took place, and the view of the cavalcade was obstructed by the masses which clustered like bees upon the iron railings. To remedy the pressing danger of losing sight of the procession, and the greater danger of having their services unrecognised by a Viceregal smile, the learned divines betook themselves to a kitchen table, upon which they were mounted with much difficulty and some loss of leather, in time to receive the gracious bow, which more than recompensed their precious trials. When the last horseman of the peace procession had passed, the College authorities retired from their anomalous position and betook themselves, refreshed and edified, to the renewed instruction of their India classes.

On the whole, Dublin enjoyed a holiday, cheered cordially the French naval officers and the Tipperary Artillery, but did not bestow a thought, save of regret and shame, on the peace her citizens were ordered to rejoice in. The experiment was a failure, although tried in a city which presented more chances of success than any other in the kingdom.

Of the "improved condition" of Ireland, the Wexford *Independent* furnishes us with the subjoined evidence, and on a subject lately of so much fictitious congratulation in Parliament, offers some sensible and feeling comments:

The wholesale eviction of 2,500 human beings from the homes of their childhood, in the county of Galway, by a Scotch merchant, named Pollock, was brought under the notice of the House of Commons on Tuesday, by Mr. McMahon. The propery, which was lately purchased in the Incumbered Estates Court, exceeded 7,000 acres, and was occupied by about five hundred tenants, not one of whom owed a shilling rent; yet all have been indiscriminately served with notice to quit. It was well expressed by several of the speakers, that although Mr. Pollock was a stranger in the land, and unacquainted with the feelings, sympathies, and habits of our people, his conduct was calculated to bring disgrace on the character of landlords generally, as well as ruin on the numerous victims of his caprice and cruelty; that such men should be made pay out of their own pockets the expenses of the additional Constabulary force necessary to preserve the peace where such violations of the laws of humanity and conventional rule were perpetrated. Mr. D'Israeli well observed, that it was not an Irish landlord, or one of the native gentry, but a chance new resident proprietor, that perpetrated the outrages so justly complained of; and the Prime Minister added, that such conduct was ill-calculated to advance the prosperity of the country, or the welfare of the people. Notwithstanding this strong expression of the prevailing indignation, there must be some special legislation on the subject, to preserve our fellow-creatures from the repetition of the Pollock savagery, now and for all time to come.

The Kilkenny *Journal* declares it's

Amusing to observe with what reluctance the enlightened Great Briton resigns himself to the conviction that he has really been the witness of a great historical incident, and that it is necessary for him to fall into exstacies upon so memorable an occasion. The most real of his impressions, however, is an intense conviction that Louis Napoleon is chuckling joyously over all his mishaps. It is impossible to conceal this very well, by any amount of official affectation; for accident is perpetually revealing the hereditary feud between the two nations.

And in illustration of this delightful propensity, the *Journal* quotes a paragraph from the *Presse d'Orient*:

The day before the *Thabor* left the Crimea, an unfortunate circumstance occurred at the point of the bay where there was a closed barrier guarded by a French post of four men and a corporal. Some Englishmen introduced themselves into the battery to steal some fowls, according to the account of the sentinel, but according to their own account to kill rats. The sentinel ordered them off, and threatened to fire if they did not obey. They went away, but in a quarter of an hour returned with a reinforcement and seemed inclined to force an entrance. The sentinel fired, but in a manner so as not to injure them. They decamped, and the post thought they had finally departed, when some time after about thirty English, some of them on horseback, returned, when the French fired and knocked over two of the party.

The sisters of the late Lieut. Bellot have just received with gratitude, the last instalment of the sum of £1,050, collected in England, as a tribute to the memory of the gallant dedeased,

English News.

The peasants of Huntingdonshire are proverbial for their boorishness. One day a lady riding through the grounds of a friend to whom she was on a visit, found the gate closed which was the outlet from the fields to the high road; a peasant boy stepped forward and bowing, opened the gate that she might pass. "What is your name?" asked the lady. "Tummas," said the boy (with another bow.) "Ah!" said the lady, giving him a shilling, "I see you are not a Huntingdonshire boy—you are so civil;" to which the urchin rejoined—"Thee'rt a liar, I be."

The Plymouth Journal says:—At Bodmin, on the 10th ult., Mr. Edward Cocks was married to Miss Maria Lord. During the day one of the gentlemen of the wedding party kissed the bride; an event which caused some unpleasantness and jealousy to the bridegroom. At length a quarrel ensued, and the bride in the height of passion, took off her wedding ring, threw it at the bridegroom, and then left him; and up to this time they have not met.

A parliamentary return shows that the gross amount received by the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt on account of Saving's banks and friendly Societies, from their appointment on August 6th, 1817, to Nov. 20, 1855, was £62,689,404 2s., while they paid, including interest, £36,238,363 2s. The amount received on account of the military savings, banks fund, from Sept. 19, 1844, to January 5, 1856, was £216,668.

A poor man passing through a field at Montpelier, Bristol, picked up a pocketbook containing £95 in gold, notes and banker's drafts. He discovered on some of the memoranda the name of the owner, and immediately hastened to restore the lost property to him. This person who had the same morning lost the pocketbook, received it and its contents with joy, and rewarded the finder's honesty with—three pence!

At the Court of Appeal, London, on the 28th ult., the Lords Justices decided that Palmer, the Rugely surgeon, was liable to the bankrupt laws, and had been, though lying in prison, guilty of an act of bankruptcy. The matter will be accordingly remitted to the Commissioner of bankruptcy, who had previously, in doubt of his jurisdiction, declined to adjudicate.

It is reported that the Committee of the House of Lords on Judicial Appeals will recommend the establishment of a Court of Appeal, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, and four law peers, who are to be peers for life. There will be no mention of Scotch judges being raised to that dignity, the constitution of the Court being left an open one.

A correspondent of the Bristol Times states that on his withdrawal from the Mormon body he was publicly anathemised in the following language:—"May his eyes sink in their sockets; his flesh rot and fall from his bones; may he wish to die but not be able; may his right arm wither; may he beg his bread, but none be given him."

At the Darlington Court, Dr. Jackson obtained a verdict for £16 2s. 6d. against Mr. Wooler. On hearing the verdict, Mr. Wooler declared he would not pay a farthing—it was his wife's blood-money. Mr. Jackson was drawn home in a carriage by a multitude, amidst shouts of triumph.

The *Bury Post* states that the report of the firing of the mighty engines of war at the naval review at Spithead was distinctly heard in the neighborhood of Newmarket, causing slight but palpable tremor of the earth, and many fancied it was distant thunder.

Among other contributions forwarded for the intended bazaar in aid of the building fund of the Royal Naval Female School, an officer has sent a lock of hair from the head of the hero of Trafalgar, enclosed in a frame of wood taken from the Victory.

The Queen will lay the foundation stone of the military hospital about to be erected between the Netley Abbey and Hamble Cliff, on the north side of Southampton Water. The buildings will cost nearly a quarter of a million of money.

Several new iron works are about to be commenced in Derbyshire. A number of gentlemen in Lancashire have formed themselves ino a company for the purpose of obtaining the ore and smelting it on a large scale.

On Sunday, Mrs Phin, wife of Edward Phin, a guard in the service of the North Western Company, Birmingham, was safely delivered of five children—three boys born alive and doing well, and two girls born dead.

General Vivian, of the Madras army, lately in command of the Anglo-Turkish contingent, has been nominated by government a Director of the East India Company, in room of Mr. Leslie Melville, deceased.

Four hundred men, employed in the carriage department at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, have received the usual notice to leave. This will make the reduction since the Peace about 900.

The Queen has appointed Mr. James Clerk Maxwell, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to be Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Marischal College, Aberdeen.

The ship-painters of Liverpool have been on strke since the 7th inst., claiming the wages at 5 shillings instead of 4s. 4d. a-day. Some of the masters have given the advance.

The operative stone-masons of York have struck for an advance of wages, demanding 27s. per week, instead of 22s. The master masons are determined to resist the advance.

In the county of Durham, the number of miners is nearly double that of the laborers employed in the cultivation of the surface.

The *Presse d'Orient* contains the following paragraph:—"The day before the Thabor left the Crimea, an unfortunate circumstance occurred at the point of the bay where there was a closed battery guarded by a French post of four men and a corporal. Some Englishmen introduced themselves into the battery to steal some fowls, according to the account of the sentinel, but according to their own account to kill rats. The sentinel ordered them off, and threatened to fire if they did not obey. They went away, but in a quarter of an hour they returned with a reinforcement, and seemed inclined to force an entrance. The sentinel fired, but in a manner so as not to injure them. They decamped, and the post thought they had finally departed, when some time after about thirty English, some of them on horseback, returned, when the French fired and knocked over two of the party. Fortunately an officer of the Didon came down to the spot with some men, and persuaded the English, who said they had only come to explain matters to the sentinel, to retire."

The Paris papers, in briefly noticing the naval review at Spithead, are delighted with the attention and respect paid by the chief officers of the fleet to Admiral de la Graviere, of the French navy, who was present on that occasion.

Answers to Correspondents.

From our friend, R. D. Williams—so long known as the "*Shamrock*" of the *Dublin Nation*—we have this morning received a delightful letter. It is dated Jackson, Mississippi, and accompanies a racy and sparkling, though most grotesque contribution, which shall, without fail, appear in our next. *Shamrock* purposes writing frequently to the *News*. Before very long we expect to have most of the old hands of the *Nation*, *United Irishman*, and *Tribune*, clustered round our desk, and heaping it with treasures. *Shamrock*, as all the world knows, was the author of the famous *Misadventures of a Medical Student*. But his *Sister of Charity* alone would have crowned him with imperishable bays. Read on his trial for sedition, by Sam Ferguson, his counsel, it saved him from transportation.

A Monaghan Man asks us about our gallant friend McManus. McManus is still in California. The last letter we had from him is dated March 19th. He had just returned from a long trip up the Sacramento valley, through Marysville, Rough and Ready, and Grass Valley, to Nevada. His spirits are as fresh and high as ever, and he concludes with this truly agreeable promise: "Be good enough to present my warmest regards to ——, and say that I hope to have the pleasure of paying him my personal respects at New-York within a year from this date." Hundreds on hundreds will be delighted to hear this, for McManus is a brave generous fellow, and every one who has known him, loves him.

The following is the correspondence we promised in our last. It gives us sincere pleasure to insert it. The crowded state of our columns compels us to enshrine it in the Poet's corner:—

New-York, May 16, 1856.

Dear Sir,—Your many friends in this city have learned with pleasure, of your return from a visit to your native land, and of your complete recovery from the indisposition which (together with the natural desire to visit well-remembered scenes and renew old associations) induced you to undertake it. They have also been deeply gratified at the reception which you met, and the many manifestations of prolonged friendship which you experienced from your former associates in business and companions in the social circle. These expressions of appreciation give them more satisfaction than is usually felt on hearing that worth has received its merit—they feel that the high estimation in which they hold your quality of head and heart, has been approved by the best and most accurate mint-masters in the world—a business man's early friends, in the most appropriate of all places—that of his birth; and in the scenes of his first struggles to gain confidence, and of his first efforts to amass the noble capital of golden opinions.

As an earnest that your friends in this city do not wish to be outdone in giving testimony to your virtues, of their joy at your safe return and complete convalescence, they have desired us to request the favor of your presence at a public dinner which they respectfully tender to you—the day to be named by you in your reply, which we shall expect at your very earliest convenience.

Respectfully,
Edward Downes Connery, M. D.,
Michael Peppard,
James Dowling,
John C. Byrne,
Jas. McCormick.
} *Committee.*

181 Madison Street, New-York, 16th May, 1856.

To Messrs. E. D. Connery, M. D.; Michael Peppard, James Dowling, J. C. Byrne, and Jas. McCormick.

Gentlemen,—I received your note of yesterday "inviting me to a public dinner." To decline a compliment tendered in such warm and friendly terms, gives me pain; but I know that you will appreciate my feelings when I inform you that no entertainment could be more acceptable than the expression of your friendship—nothing more grateful to my heart than the welcome received from each of you. If I fail in expressing a proper sense of your kindness, think at least that I shall never forget your generous purpose; and when we meet at our own firesides, "Auld Lang Syne" will keep bright the chain of our friendship. I remain, with the sincerest respect, your most ob't.

Joseph Purcell.

An individual, signing himself "Mister Blake," sends a long rigmarole, of which the two following are the opening stanzas. We object, as critics of poetry, to the use of the metre in a production of as great length as the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." It would be impossible to read much more to sing it, at the one sitting. Moreover, we abjure personality, and only give the following as a specimen of the indefatigability of Blake's muse:

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

[Air—"The Bowld Soldier Boy."]

I.

"Och! there's not a trade that's going
Like that from glory growing!"
Said Clarendon, so knowing,
To his bowld Cramp-ton.

"Between you and me, avick,
We are getting it right slick,
Thick and quick from this ould Nick.
So, my dear Cramp-ton,

"I want, in your meridian,
To 'scare up' a foreign legion,
To save us in that region,
For you know, my dear Cramp-ton,

"That as for us, we're in the 'muss,'
And can't let France get all the chance,
And volunteers *ain't* plenty;
'Make a raise,' Cramp-ton."

II.

"Och, though Sam is mighty cute,
I'll be bound I'll recruit,
And—humbug him to boot,"
Says the bowld Crampton.

"It is then owld Marcy may,
Scratch his head, night and day,
'Till his nails or skull gives way—
Says the dear Cramp-ton:

"Sure, Pierce I'll toady greatly,
And Marcy flatter nately—
Jeff. Davis blind complately—
Says the cunning dog Cramp-ton:

"In all the land, none can withstand
A wholesome drink—troth, so I think,
Besides, ain't they 'our cousins!'"—
Laughed the sly Cramp-ton.

We must, with all due respect to Mr. Blake's Irish-Americanism, cut out his thorough annihilation of the "bowld Crampton;" his dissection of Lord Clarendon, (Dr. Carnochan couldn't do up a "subject" better,) his expansive view of the flight of the American Eagle, and his magnificent apostrophe to the "Big Gun," with which he appropriately concludes: it may

"Thundher through the elms
Of the Park, like little realms
When its lightning over-whelms
The crown of owlder worlds."

It may blaze away—its noise is a little too much for the placidity of our sanctum. The remainder of Mr. Blake's MS. is at our office. We break our rule in this one instance in consideration of his industry in making so much waste paper.

MR. TIMOTHY EDWARD HUGHES, has received our written authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "Irish News," throughout the New-England States.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1856.

SMITH O'BRIEN.

It is now close on seven years—it wants but eight weeks of it—since her Brunswick Majesty's sloop-of-war, the *Swift*, lifted anchor in Kingstown harbor, with this gallant Irish gentleman on board. After twelve months' confinement in the prisons of Kilmainham, Clonmel, and Richmond, under strong military guard, the wise men of Downing street thought fit to remove him sixteen thousand miles off, from the land he had risked his life to liberate.

A wearying and sickening voyage, relieved only by the occasional courtesies of the officers of the ship, ended in a stupefying imprisonment upon a small island, peopled exclusively by the saddest miscreants and their overseers. Released from this torture, he was sent with a Queen's passport to the mainland, there to meditate, in a solitary nook, miles away from his family, upon the sacrilege of disputing the rule of England in Ireland, and the profitless insanity of patriotism.

For five years, did the snow on the summit of Mount Wellington deepen and then melt off—did the brown hues of the Tasmanian forest-lands grow browner, and then light up afresh—and still by the lonely banks of the Derwent, or those of the South Esk, in the shadow of St. Paul's, did this noble exile, with a kinglier pedigree than that of the Queen who banished him, wear out his days, sorrowful and desolate, companionless and homeless. What, besides this sterile weariness and solitude, he had in that dull and downcast captivity to endure, now that he is on his way home again, we shall not soil the bright beauty of the picture to introduce. The annoyances and cruelties with which, time upon time, day after day, he was harrowed and wounded—the vermin who beset his path, coiled themselves about him day and night, wormed themselves into his books, his purse, and letters, and made his very life a plague, these we leave to the obscurity in which they were basely born.

Not a sentiment of resentfulness ever mingled, we deeply believe, in the chivalrous, pure nature of our friend, and to the chastisement that has overtaken and overwhelmed the deadliest of his enemies, now, surely, with the gates of his old domain opening to receive him, and the trees of Chairmoyle waving their aged arms in joy for his return, he must be indifferent. But to us, and all his friends, and his race and people, it is a glad event, flashing with the most scathing vengeance, that the foul goaler—Hampton, the Comptroller-General of Convicts—he who left no thorn unplucked with which he could vex his prisoner—he who pursued, dogged, and worried him until on Maria Island he brought him, with a stifled heart, to the very edge of the grave he had there shovelled out for him—is now a branded fugitive, a convicted swindler, leaving behind him in his dastard flight, a name which, even the vilest criminal he scourged, spits upon with loathing.

Nor shall we here set forth the insolent and cowardly aspersions, with which, when his brave hands were tied, the London press, and notorious men in Parliament, sought to disparage his grand character, career, and sacrifice. His intrepid, uncompromising, relentless honesty was too much for these diplomatists and dodgers, these splendid schemers and blasphemous believers in duplicity and lies, to tolerate. They hated him, for he was a Christian. They ostracized him, for he was more than an Aristides. They gibbetted his name, and lolled their noisome tongues against it, and spattered it with the garbage and offal of their market-places, when his neck was beyond their reach, and his spotless memory, shining forth, a mirror of purity in the darkened sky, recalled their ebbing consciences, and shamed them with the reflection of their dwarfishnes and guilt.

It is always the way with that British press, and the lordliest and loudest of their orators and pamphleteers, in and out of the Gothic crypts and galleries of Westminster. Ever prompt to pounce upon those, the proudest prey, whom Fate has crippled, or stripped off any of their branching honors, they are just as eager and impatient, impetuous and tumultuous, in their riotous recognition of success, no matter what crimes may have swelled the purple tide. It was so when Hungary—when the black Eagle of Austria was down in Buda-Pesth, and the cuirassiers of Windisgratz broke like glass under the sabre blows of Klapka at Kompolt, and our dashing countryman, Guyon, cut his way with a squadron of hussars through a forest of grenadiers and artillery to the relief of Comorn, and the noble ladies, who invoke St. Stephen, and wear his relics and call their children after him, with their soft white hands threw up—rough, huge soldiers aiding them—intrenchments at Raab, in the depth of frost and sleet, against that young lily-livered Xerxes of Vienna, and his countless Hosts. Then, all through England, there were the lustiest cheers for Hungary; and the Lord Mayor of London, at one of the sumptuous spreads in the Guildhall sat Pulzky in a gilt chair beside him; and when Kossuth landed at Southampton, the town went frantic, and, lighting the first candle of the illumination which all through England, from the Chops of the Channel to the Chimneys of Birmingham, welcomed him to the land of Magna Charta, Cromwell, and the Four Georges.

How quickly this illumination darkened and went out, the World knows. Kossuth is now the loneliest of outcasts in the suburbs of that superb city, which once, when his star was high and radiant in the firmament, in its Egyptian Hall, feasted his representative. Circled and clogged by spies, he lives the life of a noble victim, driven to bay, shut out from pure air in the narrowest and blackest crevice of the cavern which England generously leases him as a home, he moves not, hardly breathes, under the glare and hissings of the snakes that watch him in the wilderness. Not a word for him, when a word would have been to him resurrection, liberty and glory to him. Not a word for him, when that word would have been, a flood of light to the darkness of his dungeon, the strength of armies to his weaponless arm, and the lightnings of Sinai to his commandment of freedom.

An Englishman never strikes a man when he's down. That's the phrase they dash out, from day to day, in Parliament, amid uproarious cheers. The Devil quotes Scripture for his purpose. An Englishman ever and always strikes those who are down, and are too far off, or too disabled, to return the blow. On this earth, there is not a meaner, more sensual worshipper of success than this corpulent nation, which wears the Union Jack for its waistcoat. On this earth, there is not a more truculent satirist and spurner of misfortune—not a more brutal giber and scoffer at the imprisoned, crucified, or beggared nobilities of this shifting, struggling, sacrificing world—than this same full-blooded, beef-eating, fog-brained nation, whose Generals have neither the vitality nor the solemnity of gray-haired women, and retires from a contest into which it threw, into the stony bed of the Alma, the red bright flower of its army, with an irrecoverable result—a splintered shield and a trampled crest.

As with Hungary, so it was with France. When Paris was startled from its slumbers; when grim savages in cocked hats pointed their pistols to Lamoriciere, Cavaignac, and others; when, all along the beautiful Boulevards, came Lancers and Carbineers, in white cloaks, carrying loaded pistols with the finger on the trigger; when from the Porte St. Denis to the Place Vendome, there flew a storm of musket balls and grape-shots, and the Republic reeled under the murderous volley, shook its hand above the crimson flood, and sunk with a shriek, prophesying that it would one day appear—then had we sweeping adjectives against Napoleon, the perjurer, the cut-throat, and usurper.

The *Times*, with its ponderous magnificence of diction assaulted him. The *Morning Post*, as a velvet-breeched footman might do, scrutinized his cards, lifted up his linen, and looked to his finger-nails, the test of true gentility. And then did *Punch*, who assumes to be a noble fellow, but is a very mean old crabbed chap, with all his heart upon his back, come out, and in his rich, coarse cartoons lampoon the Herod of December—the Slaughterer of the *Enfants de Paris*—the Grisettes, innocent loafers, ball-goers, Chiffoniers and Literati of the columned and fort-girthed city of the Seine. So they wrote, and so they pencilled, whilst villainy was in the balance. So they wrote, and so they pencilled, so they moralized, and so they satirized, until Republicanism was fairly choked—until the bayonet was into every heart which had a throb for freedom—until the Truth was crucified, or manacled, or swamped, and the Pilate of the *Coup d'Etat* called for a golden basin, and washed his hands of the murder he had deliberately done.

But when this had come to pass—when Napoleon by the grace of Beelzebub, had proved himself a terrestrial power—we beheld an instantaneous change.

Newspapers can't afford to give history consecutively. We must leap over great spaces. Here we pass from the bivouac of the *Zouaves*, and other favorite corps in red breeches on the steps of the rifled Assembly, gulping cheap brandy over the body of the people, till we come to the Castle of Windsor, where, a few months ago, Napoleon the Third dictated a message to his Army. These two great facts realize and precipitate themselves upon the world. The pale head, under the pavement of the Invalides, receives back the crown that was betrayed, forfeited, and crushed upon the red mud of Waterloo. The spirit of Republicanism has the weight of two hundred sceptres thrust across and locked upon her breast. All know how this man, Napoleon, was there received, in London. All know how the *Times*, and *Post*, and *Punch*, lifted up their voices, clapped their hands, waved their hats, and flourished their pens, to do him honor. All know how he that was most lowly was exalted, and how Barabbas was preferred. Even coal-porters cried—*Vive l'Empereur!*

And so it was with William Smith O'Brien. When he was down, they kicked him When he was close within their grim walls, and could return no answer, they poured out their ribaldry, their contemptuous pity, their jeers, their jokes, their cockney fables about cabbage-gardens—that's what they laughed, and drank, and turned many a bright penny on for weeks and months—and even when the sharp claw of death was on him, there came to us, across those miles of sea, reaching and strik-

ing us like arrows, in the deep lonely forests where we built our rough home of bark and spars—derisions the most ribald—and gibes and jeers such as fat fiends alone, one would imagine, would have the obscene malignity to utter.

Yet the world has turned over. Napoleon, from being a beggared gentleman-on-town in London, keeps sumptuous house in the Tuilleries, dictates war messages from Windsor, initiates a Conference which, for the present, regulates the affairs of Europe, gives liberty, like an Olympian God, to the slaves of Cayenne; and England—utterly powerless without him—following, like a headless rabble, in the glare of his victories—obedient to him in the Camp and Council-room—through the lips of two Roués—Palmerston and Duncombe—the latter conspicuously known as the stipendiary bed-fellow of Madame Vestris, when George the Fourth had flung her off upon her purple velvet couch, the sapless, parched, and painted weed of his polluted Regent Widowhood.

But, as we have said, it is the beautiful bright features of Smith O'Brien's return to Ireland—his noble old native country—which invites our sympathies and congratulations at this moment, and as that event opens out to us a wide field of memories and hopes—hopes the more distinctly evoked by the defiant warning, and warlike attitude and tone of the kingless and reckless Democracy of America—we here, in a current sweeping us forcibly along, pull up, throw a line ashore, fasten ourselves for a week, and with—*three cheers for Smith O'Brien and Ireland*—lie by, to congratulate him, and the land he returns to vitalize and ennoble by his presence, upon his proud appearance.

He left that land haughtily—in the *Swift*—an Irish Rebel against the English Crown. He returns to it the same. Truth is eternal. There is hope for Ireland yet.

NICARAGUA—GENERAL CASS.

Ten thousand citizens in the Park—the Congress of New-York Democracy—have ratified the progress of Republican faith and courage by rendering an unqualified, though discriminating, approval of General Walker's conduct in Nicaragua; and as it were by putting the popular seal to the more official and documentary recognition of the representative of the Central American Republic at present in our city.

The people are always the best judges of a people's faith. They understand it, and are fraternal. They behold its sufferings, and are generous. Manliness, courage and vitality, are the truest keys to a nation's welfare; they are also the surest means to its heart. Thus the Nicaraguan patriots, struggling manfully, fighting heroically—aspiring much and proving worthy to aspire; enduring much and showing the world how endurance can lead to victory; have inspired an enthusiasm in their behalf in the United States, that at present supersedes all other foreign events and even tinges with its influence the necessities expected within the heart and brain of the embryo president to be nominated at Cincinnati.

The meeting at the Park was significant, not only as regards the recognition of Nicaragua, under the Walker-Rivas achievements, but was a telling, timely, and unequivocal ebullition of the insulted pride and outraged individuality of American nationality and right, that levelled the British flag at Saratoga, and smothered it beneath the cotton bales of New-Orleans.

The so-called "Fillibuster" character of Central American affairs is beheld alone, and rightfully so, in the interference of the British flag; and the voice of the stalwart and the invincible army that acknowledged the blue and white stripes waving from the hickory staff in the Park, thundered an undeniable warning to the leprosied old standard that from Oude to San Juan—from Ireland to New-Zealand, shakes its heavy folds as though bowed with the weight of chains that fringe its gaudy quarterings.

This feeling of the multitude is not less than the sympathy with Nicaragua which called them together. It is important.

Every speaker dwelt with bitter emphasis upon it. Every statesman who could not attend, wrote and characterized it with words of fire. The resolutions passed at the meeting, in view of this British interference, called for a repeal, "at least, of some portions of the neutrality laws, and the full and practical enforcement of the Monroe doctrine." The presiding officer declared that he should "not care for the neutrality laws, for they have been broken by the English government, and are no longer binding upon us," and the words were echoed through the multitudes. Senator Cass, in the same spirit, believed that were we true to ourselves and Nicaragua, "we and it would soon be free from all European interference, and have a security against the ambitious designs of England far better than Clayton-Bulwer treaties."

Ex-Governor Smith, of Virginia, convinced of the British influence, which has been creeping stealthily over Central America, hailed the meeting as of the greatest importance, as a means of counteracting it, "especially as Britain has refused to observe her treaty with us." Governor Price, of New Jersey, believed in England's antagonism to General Walker; an enmity and trepidation growing from the thought that he was going to produce the American results of a democratic government. Gen. Cazneau, Minister of War in the Texan Republic, and lately American Agent at St. Domingo, knew well, from experience, of the "double-faced intrigues and bold deceits practised by England" to defeat the progress of America. The other speakers were equally bold, true, and decisive. Major Heiss' spirited letter is almost entirely directed against the audacious encroachments and "religious" investments of John Bull wherever he can throw down a Bible or load a rifle. After peace was established in Nicaragua, American capital was there to give it life, vigor, and stability; but it was checked by Costa Rica, as Major Heiss states, "through the intrigues of the British government, and the unfortunate delay of our own government in recognizing Nicaragua."

Every word uttered in speech or letter by those gentlemen, representing, as they do, every phase of American society and influence—is thoroughly true. They are uncontroverted and incontrovertible. They speak more eloquently than any remarks could do, so we shall conclude this article with the letter in full from the venerable and able Senator from Michigan.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday Evening, May 21, 1856.

Sir: Your telegraphic dispatch inviting me to attend the meeting in the Park on Friday evening, has just reached me. I cannot be there in person, but my feelings and sympathies are with you in this demonstration of public satisfaction at the wise and just measure of the Administration, by which the existing Government of Nicaragua is recognized and will be encouraged to go on with its good work. I trust it will meet the cordial approbation of the American people. It cannot fail to do so if they are true to the faith of their fathers. Since the commencement of our National existence it has been our principle to consider every foreign Government a legitimate one which is received as such in its own country. This is the condition of the present rulers of Nicaragua, and it is no less our duty than it ought to be our desire, to lend them the moral support they can derive from our recognition. I am free to confess that the heroic effort of our countrymen in Nicaragua excites my admiration while it engages all my solicitude. I am not to be deterred from the expression of these feelings by sneers, or reproaches, or hard words. He who doesn't sympathize with such an enterprise has little in common with me.

The difficulties which General Walker has encountered and overcome will place his name high on the roll of the distinguished men of his age. He has conciliated the people he went to aid, the Government of which he makes part is performing its functions without opposition, and internal tranquility marks the wisdom of its policy. That magnificent region, for which God has done so much and man so little, needed some renovating process, some transfusion by which new life may be imparted to it. Our countrymen will plant there the seeds of our institutions, and God grant they may grow up into an abundant harvest of industry, enterprise and prosperity. A new day, I hope, is opening upon the States of Central America. If we are true to our duty they will soon be freed from all danger of European interference, and will have a security in their own power against the ambitious designs of England far better than Clayton-Bulwer treaties, or any other diplomatic machinery by which a spirit of aggression is sought to be concealed till circumstances are ready for active operation.

I am, Sir, respectfully, your obedient servant.

LEWIS CASS.

THE IRISH REPRESENTATIVES—PAST AND PRESENT.

A distinguished American visiting Europe some few years since, in speaking on an occasion half public, half private, told with a touching effect, as a proof of the deep love which Irishmen, however distant, bear their father country—that he had watched one evening, a band of immigrants returning from a day's labor, in the West, and as they broke into one of those wild, melancholy songs, which belong to the national music, never, though he had travelled in many regions, had the softest strains that floated round the revels of the East, thrilled the heart with such mingled agony and rapture, as did that simple song—a memento, perhaps, of want and poverty and toil, and of a land so poor as to drive away her children, but still a memento of their native land!

And so it is. Though driven from the native forest, and scattered to pasture over every portion of the earth, the deer ever turn to the fountain from which they first drank, and catch every echo that comes from the old places, softened and sweetened by the distance. It is this feeling which prompts us from time to time to present on our page a reflection of things in our own dear land, as they pass.

Both Bacon and Talleyrand, wise men in their way, have a maxim that—the friend who is faithfully fast to his first friend, may be relied on by his second. Irishmen will not love America the less that they love Ireland more. It is well, too, that Irishmen should really understand how politics at home, clouded from clear vision by the dust which personal and party prejudice and conflict have thrown up—really stand. With this view, we purpose to present, by way of opening, a series of pictures of the present representation of Ireland, which—drawn by a hand cunning in the subject and unsteadied by a quiver of personal or party predilection, may be relied on—as, if not glowing, at least truthful photographs.

Those who have visited the beautiful churches abroad, in an hour when the sacred Host is absent, and the ever wakeful lamp which stands its sentinel is extinguished, must have marked the lonely and melancholy air that hangs around the place. The rapture of adoration, the consolation of sorrow which its inspiring presence imparts, is lost—and a dreary, chilling coldness is over all. So is Ireland, with that Parliament, which gave her life, and from whose presence her children gathered inspiration, borne to another land. It would need, indeed, a cold heart to look without emotion on that spot where Grattan stood and Curran spoke, and Plunkett threw his thunders with a giant arm. Money-changers now violate a nation's temple, and the deserted city of Bruges, with its nobles fled—its trade gone—its streets dripping and mouldy, presents not a more cheerless look than the wasted city which whines and cowers around that temple. Ireland's glories are those of the past, and its beauty that of a monument. Its occasional wretched fits of gaiety sound like convivial enjoyments in a poor-house or a sepulchre.

In the absence of that which in every country gives it sustenance, Irish Parliamentary eloquence has been gradually growing dimmer, until it may now be said to be wholly extinguished. With the elevation of Mr. Keogh to the Bench, and the departure of Mr. Duffy, who, though not an orator, had a national love and enthusiasm which supplied its place, the last scintillations which had even the material of growing into a light, have gone out. The ablest Parliamentary speaker of the Irish representatives now in the House of Commons is Mr. Cairns, of Belfast, and he is an English lawyer, with English legal aspirations, and more remarkable for his compact accumulation of facts and closeness and vigor of their application, than for any more shining order of eloquence.

For some time after the plunder of the Irish Parliament, Plunket and Grattan sustained in the British House the Irish reputation for eloquence; but no effort of theirs, in the soil to which they were transplanted, was equal to those which sprung from them on the parent earth. The trees still stood proudly alongside their tallest fellows in the forest to which they were conveyed, but they lacked, once uprooted, that sap and vigor which gave strength to their trunk, and beauty to their bough. The wild, dishevelled glory of Grattan, and the prophet-like air and attitude with which he threw forth his inspirations the first time he stood in the British Parliament, are most graphically pictured by Pitt, upon whom his eloquence produced an electrifying impresion. And Plunket's speech on Catholic Emancipation, in reply to Peel, with its sentence upon sentence sweeping over the ground, close and crushing as a rush of cannon balls, was a giant piece of Parliamentary artillery. But neither of these efforts were equal to the splendid struggle of both for the life of that parent, upon whose bosom they had drank the inspiring theme. The one died broken and dejected; the other, like so many anti-English Hannibals, found a Capua in the British treasury, and subdued his sinew in soft recline upon the rosy cushion of the Bench.

Scarcely had these two lights been extinguished, when there arose above the Parliamentary horizon two other Irish luminaries of scarce lesser brilliancy, though of different order, who claim a column in this brief preliminary sketch of the decline and fall of the Irish representation to its present stricken state.

MILITARY MEMOIRS.

MEAGHER GUARDS, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

The First Company of Meagher Guard, attached to the Second Regiment and Second Brigade 1st Division of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, was organized on the 28th of January, 1853, was commanded by Lieut. A. C. McManns until the September of the same year, when Edward W. Power was elected Captain, and held his commission until the 1st of April of the present year, and then resigned. The Company is at present commanded by Patrick O'Connor, 2d Lieut., which leaves a vacancy for Captain and First Lieutenant. Uniform: coat, dark green cloth dress coat, single-breasted, with two slashes of gold lace on each end of the collar, three slashes of gold lace on the end of each sleeve, and three slashes of gold lace on each skirt, with buff facings. Pantaloons, dark blue cloth, with gold lace stripe two inches in width, down the side. Cap, black silk body with gold mounting, black patent leather peak, with a gold cord dropping from the centre of the cap at each side of the front, two gold tassels dropping to the left side; the harp and the shamrock on the front of the cap, with a white plume tipped with green on the top.

Black patent leather cartridge-box, with M. G. in brass letters on the centre; black patent leather bayonet-scabbard and body-belt, with a brass body-plate.

The Company have on their muster-roll 47 active members, and parade 32 muskets; drill from 20 to 25 men each Tuesday evening at their Armory, 404 Market. Target, 9th of October. Their annual Ball takes place about the latter part of November. Their ranks are now opened to all respectable young men.

ST. LOUIS WASHINGTON GUARDS.

This fine and exclusively Irish regiment was formed under Captain D. M. Frost, graduate of West Point academy, in August, 1853. It at present numbers 95 muskets, with a cornet band of 12 performers, and some 50 honorary members. Captain Frost served as lieutenant during the Mexican campaign with distinction. It is the first regiment of the St. Louis legion, under command of Colonel Renick. Officered by Capt. D. M. Frost; 1st Lieut., Patrick Gorman, Tipperary; 2nd Lieut. and acting Adjutant, Joseph Kelly, Cavan; 3d Lieut., Francis P. Burke, Kings County; 4th Lieut., Patrick O'Connor, Kerry; 1st Sergeant, Thos. Wall, Kilkenny; 2nd Sergeant and Color bearer, Richard King, Dundrum, Co. Down; 3d Sergeant, Michael Somers, Kilkenny.

Uniform—blue dress coat, buff facings, gold lace; cap device, a harp surmounted by an eagle; plume, white tipped with green, (occasionally wear a cylindrical pompon of same colors,) sky blue pants, with buff stripe; epaulettes buff; white pants in summer. Fatigue dress—U. S. frock and regular uniform pants; cloth cap, oil-skin cover, letters W. G. in front; cross and waist belt, letters W. G. on waist belt. Colors of the regiment—blue ground, fringed with gold; on one side old Irish harp surmounted by American eagle, and resting in a wreath of laurel and shamrock, and on an open music book on the right page of which is "Patrick's Day," and on the left "Hail Columbia." Motto on scroll, "FREEDOM IS HARMONY." On the reverse is a bust of Washington enwreathed by shamrocks. Drill, 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday evening. Flag presented by the ladies of St. Louis, at Varieties Theatre, February 22nd, 1853. Annual ball, February 22nd.

In appearance, and evolution on parade, this regiment will compare favorably with any in the Union, and the "esprit du corps" existing among the members promise to make it one of our largest regiments.

Literature.

An Address Delivered for the Benefit of the Roman Catholic Orphans of New-York.

St. Patrick's Day—Irish Memories—Their Significance and Beauty—Their Harmony with the Republic. Part II.

I might here stop to inquire—if a respectful consideration for my audience did not prompt me to conclude—I might here stop to inquire, if these anniversaries and memories were incompatible with the integrity of the Republic? Some grave gentlemen say they are. But these gentlemen—flying away from the sight of a green coat—ignorant of the fact, that, a few years ago, so late as 1836, it happened to be the uniform of the United States marines—scared at a shamrock, as if it were a thistle—yelling with fright if Shelton or Dodworth strikes up Garryowen—and rushing along a plank-road of Live Oak into a Philadelphia nomination, crying out that the Republic is about to fall upon them—these men remind me of the story told of one of the O'Grady's of Limerick. In the neighborhood of Castle-Connell, just above the town, there are the ruins of an old castle, which a tradition amongst the peasantry predicts will fall upon the wisest person who passes under them. The O'Grady I speak of fancied he was the doomed one, and, as often as he could, contrived to keep out of the way. But business sometimes compelled him to go by the road running close to the ruins, and whenever this happened, as he approached them, he put spurs to his horse, and passing them at a thundering gallop, never pulled bridle until a mile or two past them.

This levity may be inconsiderate where such terror is expressed. But to me, the terror arising in the minds of these wise men who fancy the Republic, loosened by these Irish memories, is about to precipitate itself upon them; to me this terror resembles that of the galloping O'Grady too strongly, for me to do otherwise than regard it as a joke. If, however, a more serious treatment conduces to their sanity, I would ask them if that monument to Kosciusko spoils the scenery of the Hudson? I would ask them, if that commemorative stone casts a treasonable shadow—something in the shape of Arnold—on the waters which in the rich sunshine of each August, reflect from the cliffs of West Point the bayonets and white canvas of the youth of the Republic—they who are the perpetual flower of the armies of America? And yet, who that gazes on it does not think of Warsaw, and Cracow, and the wrongs, the martyrdoms, and hopes of Poland?

Beneath the portico of St. Pauls', in Broadway, there is a funeral urn in white marble. On the slab immediately below the urn is this inscription:—

THIS MONUMENT is erected by the order of Congress 25th Jan. 1776 to transmit to Posterity a grateful remembrance of the Patriotism conduct Enterprise and Perseverance of MAJOR GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY, who after a series of successes, amidst the most discouraging Difficulties Fell in the attack on Quebec 31 Decr. 1775. Aged 37 years

On a lower slab we read these words:—

The State of New York caused the Remains of MAJOR GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY to be conveyed from Quebec and Deposited beneath this Monument the 8th day of July 1818.

In this inscription, is there a programme of revolt—a dissolution of the Union? In that urn, are there ashes which may yet explode into a calamitous vitality? And yet, does not both urn and inscription remind us of the young soldier, to whom I have before alluded, who, nursed by an Irish mother in the wilds of Donnegal, died with his feet to the foe, on the threshold of the strongest citadel he held? And with this memory, evoked by the sculptured evidence of the piety of this City and the gratitude of Congress, does not a crowd of memories, of kindred brilliancy, arise?

Do we not see on the walls of the *Salle des Victoires* at Versailles, in letters of gold, the names of Patrick Sarsfield, and O'Brien, Earl of Clare? And as these names strike us, are we not reminded, that as the thunders died away, as the lightnings ceased to flash, as the storm cleared off, as the curses of the conflict gave way to the cheers of victory—above the wounded, above the dying, above the dead—above the piles of dismounted cannon—above the dismantled earth-works—high above the sea, the plain, the steppes—on the summit of the huge tower, which in the blaze of triumph seemed to lift itself higher and grow vaster still—on the summit of this huge tower, which it took tons of treasure and cataracts of blood to capture—the exulting armies of France, the baffled brigades of England, the retreating legions of Russia, the allied navies in the sea below, the last war-ship of Sebastopol sinking in the harbor—Europe, America, the World—beheld the Tricolor, and, beside it, with his lifted sword announcing victory, the son of the Irish Rebel who had planted it on the topmost stone of the humbled Malakoff!

Do the gentlemen who reprobate these memories require further satisfaction, or have they had enough? The illustrious soldier who conducted the young battalions of the American republic over the same road, to the same gates, but to meet an enemy far more formidable than Cortes had to face, strict a disciplinarian as he is, unimpassioned, matured, and conservative as his nature is, felt no reluctance in speaking as we ourselves might do.

In answer to an invitation addressed to him by Robert Tyler, of Phladelphia, requesting the honor of his presence at a dinner in celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the illustrious soldier to whom I have alluded, wrote this letter:—

Washington, March 17, 1852.

Gentlemen:—I have received your note, inviting me to join you at Philadelphia in the celebration at the approaching St. Patrick's Day—an honor which I regret the press of business obliges me to decline.

You do me but justice in supposing me to feel a lively interest in Ireland and her sons. Perhaps no man, certainly no American, owes so much to the valor and blood of Irishmen as myself. Many of them marched and fought under my command in the war of 1812—15, and many more thousands in the recent war with Mexico—not one of whom was ever known to turn his back upon an enemy or friend.

I salute you, gentlemen, with my cordial respects.

Winfield Scott.

To Robert Tyler, Esq., and others of the committee.

To my friend, the editor of the *Irish-American*, I am indebted for the following facts:—

In 1771, in the city of Philadelphia, a social and convivial club was formed, called 'the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick,' composed of Irish-born and the sons of Irishmen. By a rule of the association, ten honorary members, without the qualification of Irish descent, were received. To that figure the number was limited.

When the Revolutionary struggle intervened, the majority of the Society took up arms in the cause of liberty; and they not only gave their personal services as volunteer soldiers, but their property, to sustain the conflict for independence. Six years afterwards—in 1777—they were honorably discharged from further duty. The Commander-in-chief—Washington—on that interesting occasion, returned thanks for the many essential services they had rendered to the country, and to himself personally during the course of that severe campaign. Tho' composed (he said) of gentlemen of fortune, they had exhibited a noble example of discipline and subordination which would ever do them honor, and would ever be gratefully remembered by him.

The bye-laws of the Friendly Sons being observed with strictness, and the number of ten having been previously filled, the Body resolved, that as they (Irishmen) had become adopted citizens of America, it was plainly open to them, and a most agreeable duty, to make George Washington an Irishman by adoption.

And the Father of his country was accordingly "adopted" with peals of acclamation, and duly christened an "Irishman." This baptism took place on the 16th December, 1781. The Resolution was presented in due form by the President of the Society, George Campbell, Esq. The illustrious hero of the Republic replied to the address (in which the resolution was conveyed) most graciously. He said he "accepted, with singular pleasure, the ensign of so worthy a fraternity as that of the Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia—a Society distinguished for the firm adherence of its members to the glorious cause in which he and they were alike embarked."

He was entertained at a splendid dinner on the occasion, and gave a banquet in return to his "Brother Irishmen" at the City Tavern. He frequently, afterwards, met his "fellow-countrymen," and more than once dined with them at their anniversary celebrations, always wearing the medal of the Society.

Much more I shall not add. In the presence of the mighty shade that name evokes, and which in its sublimity now fills this temple and captivates all hearts, it becomes me to retire respectfully from the scene. I do so, repeating what I have advanced. These memories, these festivities, these anniversaries, such as that of the 17th of March, are natural, and just beautiful and sacred. Irrepressible, they do not conflict, but harmonize, with our obligations to the commonwealth, its spirit, its institutions, the opinions of its elder statesmen, and the genius of its origin.

They not only thus concur with the loyalty which citizenship inspires, but, permit me to add, they contribute to the intellectual life and historic opulence of the country. The stateliest house which the wealthiest merchant in this city of countless private palaces may erect, with all the modern improvements, will not be impaired, but improved and enriched a little, by a few pictures from the old masters. Or to use an illustration more commensurate with the grandeur of the subject, let me cite a word from the noblest student of God's great works that as yet has walked the earth and been the chronicler of its glories. In the Andes of Quito, Humboldt says, mankind have the privilege of contemplating all the varieties of vegetable life, and of seeing all the stars in the firmament at once. There, he says, the fruitful bosom of the earth, and both hemispheres of the heavens, display at once the whole stores of their phenomena, their endless variety of forms and features. There are all the climates of the globe, and all the vegetable zones they severally determine. What the Andes of Quito are to the material world, this Republic is to the political. Here may be seen all the varieties of social life, all the varieties of race, temperament, religion, adaptability, and intelligence, which separately parceled off, remain so, in different portions of the old world, but here congregate, and in a spacious sphere adapted for them all, harmonize and propagate. Exhibiting endless individualizations of heart, memory, susceptibility, and genius, they thrive in different pursuits, attain to different elevations, put forth different hues, but from their diversities a magnificent aggregate emerges, expands, and towers, which, like the Andes of Quito, until the moon turns to blood, no storm storm shall overthrow!

A lady thus sketches Alice Carey, the poetess of America:—"To my partial eyes, in all this brilliant company, no woman looked better than Alice Carey. She wore no flowers in her hair, no jewels on her arms; but a pale, gray, lustrous satin dress, the sleeves and skirt of which were trimmed with broad folds of crimson velvet. I believe that the habitual colors which a person wears are indicative of the character; and I thought that this dress of Alice Carey's was like her heart, with its pale, sad ground, and a brilliant bordering of gorgeous dreams. Her portraits do her no manner of justice. She is not old and homely, as they would make us believe. She has one of those sad, sweet faces at which I love to look. Her face is a history, not a prophecy. There I read the records of suffering—there I behold the lingering light of many a departing dream. Sorrow's touch has not frosted her waiving hair; and though its shadow lingers in her clear, brown eyes, they still are lustrous with all a poet's inspiration. All literary women are not frights; all are not pedants; all are not bores—although these charming characteristics are often ascribed to them as a class. Any one who knows Alice Carey will never again dislike a literary woman simply because she is literary."

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have nearly ready for publication the late Professor Channing's Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory, read before the Seniors in Harvard College, with a Biography of the Author by Richard H. Dana, Jr., Esq.; Washington Allston's fine story of Monaldi; a beautiful pocket volume containing the whole of Tennyson's Poems, a delightful book for summer travellers; the Espousals, by the author of the "Angel in the House;" Charles Reade's new novel; Matthew Arnold's Poems; the Life and Explorations of Colonel Fremont, by Upham; and a Physician's Vacation, by Dr. Walter Channing.

SPANISH CONQUEST IN AMERICA.

The Spanish Conquest in America, and its relation to the History of Slavery, and to the Government of Colonies. By Arthur Helps. 2 vols. *Harper & Brothers.*

The present work is an elongation of a previous one—"The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen," by the same author, published some seven years ago. It is the same subject, on larger canvas; some new accessories—in the shape of disquisition—forcing themselves in, naturally enough, to fill up the spaces; for as the principal characters are not much enlarged, there consequently arose with the necessity which appeared in the author's mind for the re-casting of his composition, in this day of India-rubber, also the necessity of filling-in with whatever colors the canvas which the portraiture of his chief men men and scenes did not originally cover.

Transplanting his figures thus, Mr. Helps needed suitable background to throw them out in the relief his mind desired. Some earthly, or elementary accessories were necessary, and both have been used freely, and sometimes with strange admixture, by our author. His earthly illustrations of the subject are in general more grateful to the eye, more useful, than the aërial; inasmuch as from a man of Mr. Helps' caste of mind, however benevolent and sincere, the relation of an historical fact, or something actually done, is much more acceptable than any pseudo-philosophical speculation, or any wearisome wandering or pondering through realms which have no end; being of the clouds, cloudy.

That an historian, in the widest sense of the term, should be a philosopher, one will readily admit; but that one should write history in the belief that he is a philosopher, is a different affair; and in view of which we are inclined to say of this work what Talleyrand said to a young author, who requested an opinion on his manuscript: "There is much that is good, and much that is new in it," said the Frenchman; whereat the poor young devil of a scribe was near choked with vain delight; "But," quoth his disgustingly-candid critic, "what is good is not new, what is new is not good."

In point of fact, Mr. Helps has helped his readers to two distinct works—the one good, the other new. The one, which gives its name to both, is a history of the discoveries of the Spanish and Portuguese adventurers, their subsequent conquests, to the fall of Mexico into the hands of Spain. The other is a discursive disquisition, wherein Mr. Helps' philosophical strong points, or weaknesses, if you please, metaphysical and ethical, are as prominent as the doings of Ovando or Cortez, and plead as assiduously as did Columbus to the monarchs of Spain and the junta of old fogy cosmographers who "sat" upon his great idea.

There are plenty of readers who would delight to read either, or probably both of Mr. Helps' works separately; but as they are at present interwoven, one cannot attempt either without making up his mind to fight through both. Like Colman's two single gentleman, they are rolled into one.

With the author's avowed motive for writing such a book, the *modus operandi* adopted was perhaps the best he could have used; but for the desire and patience of every-day readers, all but the worst.

A truce, however, to fault-finding. We are aware that in reading, as in writing and everything else, there is sectionality. Some readers devour history as some smokers inhale the full broad flavor of "the thought-inspiring weed," by means of a heavily-laden pipe-bowl; other "readers" think history heavy, and dawdle over a new novel, as some "smokers," having a genteel horror of the pipe, "make believe" enjoyment over a flimsy cigarette. For such sectionalists—for those who always need a particular dish for dinner, a particular wine at it, and a particular speech after it—who, winter and summer, want bouquets made of a particular set of flowers—for those who, like Gradgrind, only breathe facts, or, like Micawber, live on a fiction—for those, and they are numerous, who desire all mankind to be black, and those, also numerous, who are insane on the superiority of white, as a humanitarian hue—for all such sectionalists our remarks were made. To those, however, who are not so dogmatic in their dinners, or conventional as to color; who can eat all they can get, and admire all they can see; who can read and think—we say, read this book by all means. It is interesting from the facts which form the basis of it; and will aid to refresh the memory on topics which, either as students or Americans, as deeply command our respect and attention, as our temporary wonder.

The struggles of a great idea, incarnate in a great man, must for ever shake us up to thoughtful though startled admiration: even as the effect of that man's idea—the America of to-day!—shakes up the thinking portion of the world. The expeditions, the adventures that followed in the wake of that idea, as stars in the tail of a comet, at once evidence the greatness of the path laid open and illustrate it.

Robed in the chivalry and proud savagery of the period—standing out as gorgeous idol-worshippers, and knightly iconoclasts, fighting as stone-worshippers and filibustiero Christians, as sun-templars and monks, the rival actors in the romantic and bloody drama, hold not alone the reasoning faculties that throb after the progress of *the* idea; but capture the imagination by a hundred links, born of the manners, customs, and history of the era, the new region into which the old-world cavaliers were thrown, the modes of warfare indicated by their necessities, and the haughty valor by which they were met. Every incident of such a life and enterprise suggests a history; and every victim gives a victory.

In the narrative, the author of the present work is copious; and not seldom usefully, as well as graphically, so; leading the reader with a vigorous will and an eye for the picturesque, which is always appreciable, if not always appreciated. The second volume, to a great extent, is the most interesting. The tenth book is devoted to a most graphic and stirring recital of the deeds and

adventures of Hernando Cortez, the hero and cavalier *par excellence* of the South American conquest.

His black banner, with the colored cross on it, and the blue and white flames folding about it, vividly indicates the career of the man who bore it. It was a programme of the work he laid out for himself, and remains the significant symbol of the manner in which he performed it. It is the key to his history.

Ojeda, the companion of Columbus, who, under the patronage of the Bishops of Burgos, had added some laurels to his brow as a discoverer in Terra Firma, had died in obscurity. The coadjutor of his latter and more disastrous expedition, Nicuesa, also perished "miserably." Bachiller Enciso had brought out Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who, taking refuge from his creditors in the hold of a vessel, became a noted pioneer in the path of empire, discovering the South Sea, beholding a superior savage civilization near Darien; and hearing, for the first time, tempting whispers of the dazzling Peruvian country. In time he falls before the enmity of powerful rivals, and is superseded. Pedrarias, with "the most splendid and well-equipped armament that had left Spain," takes his place and does nothing. His cavaliers and soldiers, tired of idleness, beg off, and are received in a friendly way by Velasquez, the Governor of Cuba, who promised to give them *encomiendas* of Indians whenever there should be vacancies. The patience of the Spaniards was tested, however, for "as these vacancies would only occur from the death of the proprietors, or the confiscation of their property (for the island of Cuba was already pacified, to use the phrase of that day), *encomiendas* of Indians fell vacant but slowly.'

Three wretched years of incertitude and expectation rolled over since the gallant and gorgeous pageant left Spain. The Soldiers were hungry for spoils and the persistently healthy Indians would not die. Disease and disaster, quietness and discontent preyed on the adventurers, until at last, putting the wealthy Francisco Hernandez de Cordova at their head, and being aided by Velasquez, they determined to go and discover some Eldorado for themselves. An expedition consisting of one hundred and ten men was projected, and Anton Alaminos, who as a boy had sailed with the great Columbus, took the helm. They found land at Cotoche, at the north of Yucatan, saw great towns and "buildings made of stone and mortar," and were puzzled, as their descendants have continued to be, at the signs and relics of a past civilization abounding in the locality. They were soon at war with the Indians, whom some ingenious minds were ready to declare "must be the descendants of those Jews whom Titus and Vespasian had driven into exile," and after undergoing many hardships, returned to Havana.

The fame of De Cordova spread, and another expedition under the leadership of Juan de Grijalva was formed, Pedro de Alvarado command ed one of the vessels; Alaminos again was chief pilot, and with them went Bernal Diaz del Castillo, who was a "simple soldier," and the author of a "narrative of considerable authority."

Grijalva discovered New Spain, and sent home Alvarado with the sick and wounded, and—what Velasquez liked better—gold! Grijalva, however, not returning himself as soon as his relative, the Governor, expected, and the latter being anxious that his share of the plunder should be accounted for, prepared a larger fleet than before, and placed Hernando Cortez at the head of it, with the intention of sending him in search of Grijalva, when lo! the latter returned.

Great news of gold was brought, and the Governor was rather fearful of allowing Cortez to head the expedition, for already Hernando was whispered to be "an Estremaduran full of high, crafty and ambitious thoughts." But these crafty thoughts were well able to take care of their master. He was determined to go. The sneers of his rivals were distanced by more defiant sneers. He had pledged his means, credit and all that he was possessed of, to add a picturesqe importance to his new position. He altered his dress, and for the first time donned a plume of feathers, which added a romantic effect to his handsome face and the carriage of his head. He was not going to take down his plume, even though it brushed the daylight out of the eyes of more niggardly rivals. At all events, Cortez was confirmed in his appointment, at least he led the expedition—tradition, the truth of which, however, Mr. Helps seems to doubt, telling us that as the Governor became uncertain, the Estremaduran devoted all his energies to get his fleet equipped, and having done so, slipped away by night.

"There is a story," says Mr. Helps, "which doubtless is true, as Las Casas had it from the mouth of Cortez himself, that he laid hold of all the cattle which a certain butcher had in his possession, who was bound under penalty to supply the town of Santiago, and that Cortez paid for what he seized by a gold chain, which he took off of his own neck and gave to the butcher."

Thus was Cortez fairly afloat. To follow him, the reader must seek the book itself, from which we take leave with this vivid miniature of the conqueror of Montezuma. He was—

"A thorough adventurer, a very politic statesman, and an admirable soldier. He was cruel at times in conduct, but not in disposition; he was sincerely religious, profoundly dissembling, courteous, liberal, amorous, decisive. There was a certain grandeur in all his proceedings. He was very fertile in resources, and while he loooked far forward, he was at the same time almost madly audacious in his enterprises. This strange mixture of valor, religion, policy, and craft, was a peculiar product of that century"

Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of London, have just executed for the Earl of Stamford and Warrington a superb piece of ornamental plate. The design consists of a group of deer, ten in number, surrounding two stags joined in combat. Rocks, trees, and shrubs are interspersed amongst the animals, the combatants occupying the centre and most elevated portion of the composition. The plate weighs nearly 2000 ounces, and the composition measures about 3 feet in height.

"The Waterford Mechanic's Institute has just purchased an excellent library of over 1,000 volumes, to be added to their library."

Notes from Elkanah Watson's Diary.

The Dunkers—Not even a Fig-leaf—The First Canal—Dr. Williamson—Virginia Elections, "King's Curse"—Specimen Farmers—The French Theatre—French Wedding Frolic.

On the 4th October, 1777, Elkanah was in Euphrates, Pennsylvania, within sound of the thunder of Washington's artillery at Germantown, and there made note of an eccentric sect of fanatics, named Dunkers, who had, some forty years previous, founded the village. They numbered about one hundred, and "professed abstraction from the rest of the human family," and "moved among etherial spirits:"

"They dressed in long tunics, reaching to the heels, girded with a sash, and with woollen caps falling over their shoulders. They baptized by immersion. They believed in a future state, and that salvation is attained only by penance and the mortification of the flesh. They never shave. The sexes have no intercourse, living in separate habitations, and even occupying different places of public worship. They sleep in apartments of only sufficient size to hold them, occupied by a wooden bench, a little inclining, on which they sleep. In the place of pillows, they rest the head on wooden blocks, so prepared as to receive it up to the ears. They carry on quite important manufactures, and amuse themselves in rudely painting scripture scenes, which are suspended in their chapel. They subsist exclusively on vegetables and roots, except at their occasional love-feasts. Rumor with her thousand tongues, is, of course, not sparing of their reputation. As we were taking our departure, we heard the brethren chaunting their melodious hymns in plaintive notes that thrilled our souls."

On entering Virginia a couple of days afterwards, Elkanah was highly shocked at seeing, in a "respectable house, young negroes, of both sexes, from twelve even to fifteen years old, not only running about the house, but absolutely tending table, as naked as they came into the world; not having even the poor apology of a fig-leaf to save modesty a blush." "I find, adds the philosophic youth, "custom will almost reconcile us to everything."

At Williamsburgh—which then consisted of "three hundred and twenty dwelling-houses," chiefly of wood—he learned that the "first canal commenced in America was then constructing from Waltham to Richmond, a distance of seven miles."

In North Carolina he availed himself "of that hospitality so characteristic of Southern manners," and at Edenton met the celebrated Dr. Williamson, who, the Editor informs us, was the identical person that obtained possession of the celebrated letters of Governor Hutchinson to the British ministry:

"Dr. Williamson, having heard that letters were deposited in London, at a place different from that in which they ought regularly to have been filed, and having understood that there was little exactness in the business of that office, he repaired to it, and stated that he had come for the last letters received from Governor Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver; mentioning, at the same time, the office in which they should have been placed. The letters were delivered to him, which he carried to Dr. Franklin, and left the next day for Holland. These treacherous and malignant letters were the approximate cause of the Revolution. They instigated the British government to adopt those harsh measures, which goaded a brave people to a resistance which resulted in their independence. The publication of the letters in Boston was a torch applied to the revolutionary train."

Here is an election scene in Virginia, during the time that tried men's souls. It is graphic:

"In passing Hanover Court-house, Virginia, we found the whole county assembled at an election. The moment I alighted, a wretched, pug-nosed fellow assailed me to swap watches. I had hardly shaken him off, when I was attacked by a wild Irishman, who insisted on my 'swapping horses' with him, and in a minute ran up the pedigree of his horse to the grand-dam. Treating his importunity with little respect, I became near involved in a boxing-match, the Irishman swearing that I did not 'trate him like a gintleman.' I had hardly escaped this dilemma when my attention was attracted by a fight between two very unwieldy fat men, until one succeeded in twisting a forefinger in a side-lock of the other's hair, and in the act of thrusting, by this purchase, his thumb into the latter's eye, he bawled out 'King's cruse,' equivalent in technical language to 'enough.'"

Here is a sketch of a "specimen" Pennsylvania farmer of those days;—

"On our journey to Valley Forge, a heavy storm and roads almost impassable compelled us to seek shelter at the house of an opulent farmer. Here we were received with the kindest hospitality, and found our host an intelligent, sensible man. He had a fine library, and was well informed on most subjects. His house was spacious and neat, and well supplied with the comforts and substantials of life. Independence, wealth and contentment were conspicuous in everything, within and without the house. This man was but a specimen of his class—virtuous, affluent and intelligent republican freemen."

Watson's notes in Europe are excessively picturesque; the effect being entirely produced by the clearness with which he jots down the observations of an inquiring mind and a restless eye. He was enraptured "with the ease and freedom exhibited in the table intercourse in France," which formed a great contrast to "the cold ceremony and formal compliments, to which he was accustomed." He adds:—"I trust that an alliance and intercourse with France may enable us, as a nation, to shake off the leading strings of Britain." He visited the theatre, for the first time, in Paris.

"Doctor Franklin, however, (he says) assured me that the English excel in tragedy, whilst the French surpass them in opera, comedy, farce, and pantomime. * * * When I had become able to observe and understand the gross double *entendre* and shameful indecencies, which characterized their performances, I confess they shocked my American modesty."

"Custom," however, came again to reconcile him. He again sighed, and said it "disguises and tolerates all things." The Palais Royal he found to be "a mass of moral corruption." With a "good Abbé friend" he went to a country wedding at Anciens:

"We entered the cottage at the verge of evening, and joined the wooden-shoe gentry collected, and merrily dancing, and singing as a substitute for the violin, with light hearts and heavy heels. The Abbé and myself soon figured in the dancing circle, composed of old and young, indiscriminately mixed. Madame bride, in sabots or wooden shoes, was only distinguished by a bouquet, which her swain in great gallantry placed over her heart. Their manner of dancing is much like that of the Indians of America, but more animated. We stamped around, hand in hand, all singing a dancing tune, advancing and retiring, and at the close of every cadence giving a general yell, their wooden shoes clattering the while in concert."

Such pleasant and well-told pictures of life, high and low, meet us at almost every page—but we must bring our marginal memoranda to a close.

An Apology for the People.

[The following letter has been sent us from French Creek, Iowa. We gladly publish it; for it evidently comes from a truthful and well-furnished mind, and, whilst it contains some things in which we do not concur, it throws out much matter for reflection. The quotation from Mackintosh is excellent.]

"Was it not written in water? Oblivion has become, as it were, a national compact:—

> 'Who put in popularity their trust,
> But write in water and but limn the dust.'

Indeed, every trace of him seems to have been studiously obliterated. Even his library, the favorite volumes with his autograph annotations, which, it might be presumed, Roman Catholic gratitude would have prized as so many relics, were depreciated and dispersed."—*Curran and his Contemporaries*, by Phillips.

The above is said in allusion to O'Connell, the once all but crowned King of the Irish people, and of whom Phillips said, not five pages from where the foregoing remark is made, that, "In 1829 he reached the summit of his glory. Every subsequent step was downward. Having obtained the Emancipation Act, "he should have died."

Though I admire O'Connell, and always shall continue to do so, yet I see nothing very odd in the fact that a starving nation, with what remnant of love they still bore him, in its sullen despair, was indifferent to the memory of one who, at one time, possessed all their confidence; nay more, who were ready to rise at his bidding, and assert the right which all nations have to govern themselves and throw off the yoke of oppression—which they had expected, under his guidance, to do—when their hopes in him, and their faith in their cause, were so high! Nay, contrary to the belief of nations and the results of experience from the time of Adam to the present, he promulgated the doctrine that wonders could be worked without the sword; in fact, that Ireland could have her own Parliament in spite of England and Scotland—two to one, at best; that trade, industry, and commerce, would flourish as it had done in the palmy days before the Union. Such a desirable, easy way of getting liberty, pleased some, but could not convince what may be termed the majority of the people. After O'Connell's new and pleasing doctrine began to be understood by the Irish people, those who had believed him sincere in what he said, began to lose confidence in him. They above all people, had known too well the fable of "the old man, the boys, and the apple-tree," both by precept and sad experience. And to crown all, as if fate were not satisfied, in his lifetime they drained the bitter cup of experience to the dregs! Starvation came and swept them off by the million!—a twentieth part of whom would have freed Ireland and made her a nation among nations, instead of a laughing-stock and a reproach for the unfeeling, and, what is still worse, to themselves a starving, unthrifty home—a home which is emphatically no home!

Surely, if our patriots have suffered from neglect or fickleness, as some will have it, the people have suffered with a vengeance from a good-natured, credulous temper. What a blasphemy must it have been to those who were starving "that all the liberty in the world, was" said not to be—"worth one drop of human blood?"

With regard to what confidence he could place in the Reformers and Tories of Great Britain, hear what he says in his "Memoir Native and Saxon." "It is admitted that without the aid of the Irish members, Reform could not have been carried. Even the most malignant of our enemies, Stanley, has admitted that fact. To the Irish, therefore, a deep debt of gratitude was due from the British Reformers. But how have we been requited?

1st. That the Irish Representatives turned the scale of victory and carried the English Parliamentary Reform Bill. 2nd. They equally, and by the same act, carried the Scotch Reform Bill. 3d. They equally and by inevitable consequence, carried the English Reform Bill. 4th. They equally carried the Scotch Municipal Reform Bill."

Indeed, the most that Irishmen need expect from that quarter is, that the best natured and most philanthropic among them will remain silent with regard to Ireland. Thackeray, whom critics say has a deep vein of observation and satire, and whom I take to be a good-natured man, asks that, even if England does oppress Ireland, does she say that they are to be so dirty, and if England is to be expected to send over charwomen to wash out the dirty halls of Maynooth? As well might he ask why Ireland did not produce more wool in the days when they were not allowed either to sell it in a foreign market, or even to manufacture it for Irish consumption. "They have large quantities of excellent wool, which is not of so great advantage to them as it would be if they were allowed to manufacture it; however, by a late Act of Parliament, they are permitted to send their woolen-yarn into England; but it is to be feared that will not prevent them from selling their wool to the French in time of peace, as they have done hitherto, which enables them to sell their woolen manufactures cheaper than us in the foreign markets."* As reasonably might he ask why the Irish Catholic people were not so well educated when English penal laws prohibited it!—as the Scotch, who had a national school establishment. Or why John was a dull boy?—or some such entertaining question.

There is a good time coming, but not while the British Lion keeps watch and ward over Irish thrift, industry, frugality, and cleanliness, which is crushed out by every means possible the Lion can bring to bear upon it. Fielding says, in his time—"No

* See Article "Ireland," *General Gazetteer*, edited and compiled by Brooks, Guthrie, and Jones.

nation produces so many drunken quarrels, especially among the lower people, as England." According to Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, the Spanish Ministers speak of the dirt and want of cleanliness among the English. From all this England has arisen, and she is tolerably clean and passingly fraternal. And so, too, will the Irish, with such a notable example next door. But never while the beast of prey is her gaoler.

Indeed, to go back to the theme from whence I started, O'Connell put more faith in physical force than a careless observer would imagine from his peace doctrine, although no more than the Irish people gave him credit for. Of this he gave a striking instance in his bet or wager with an English gentleman, "that he could warn all Ireland in twenty-four hours," which he won. Now, if by this act he did not want to convince the English of what physical force he had at his command, it looked so like it that a person may be pardoned for mistaking it. It is also to be presumed England mistook it too, for more was granted on the strength of that than to his eloquence, though it were never so great. His eloquence moved the Irish people, but not the English Parliament—what moved that body was the thought, amounting almost to certainty, that the Irish people would do O'Connell's bidding, should they exasperate him to outbreak or rebellion. But the English never understand any argument but physical force, and consequently never yield to any other,—as Davis says:

Remember still through good and ill,
How vain were prayers and tears—
How vain were words till flashed the swords
Of the Irish Volunteers.
By arms we've got the rights we sought
Through long and wretched years.

If British statesmen have the badness of heart attributed to Bacon, "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!" they also have a genius, which, if not equal to his, is sufficient for their wants in the particular of negotiating and governing to their advantage in most cases—to be sure not in all—but in none more than in unhappy Ireland, whose most powerful patriots, Grattan and O'Connell, countenanced them with too much leniency for that perfect independence which is so essential in the free movements of a thorough patriot, such as Emmett.

O'Connell's peace doctrine never got a hearty support from the people at large—many believed it to be a cloak of hypocrisy to lull the fears of our enemy. The Irish believed, what O'Connell might have known, that if peace did sometimes get a quiet reform, it was the prolific source of tyrannical corruption and abuse: as Mackintosh says, in his splendid article on *The French Revolution*: "But it is objected, these institutions might have been *gradually* reformed: the spirit of freedom would have silently entered; the progressive wisdom of an enlightened nation would have remedied, in process of time, their defects, without convulsion. To this argument I confidently answer; that these institutions would have destroyed liberty before Liberty had corrected their spirit."

Harper's Magazine for June is probably one of the best numbers ever issued. It exhibits, in the great variety of matter, renewed exertion on the part of the publishers, and is intended, no doubt, as a specimen number, and as a guarranty of the more than well-sustained character of the work which this month (June) enters on the thirteenth volume, and the 7th year of its remarkable career. The circulation of Harper at present is one hundred and sixty thousand copies monthly. Notwithstanding that a considerable portion of the Magazine has been re-printed from foreign periodicals, it is undeniable the most attractive papers for American readers have been of home produce. These have been profusely and elegantly illustrated, and otherwise tended to convey much useful instruction. In the present number, the paper on the "Astronomical Observatories of the United States," by Dr. Loomis, is an evidence of this, containing 29 illustrations; views of observatories, interiors, ground-plains, elevations, and sections, and of the instruments, &c. "The Sulphur Springs of New York" is timely to the season, giving a descriptive and chemical hand-book to the localities, as well as fifteen pictures of the same. The admirable review of Motley's "Dutch Republic" is concluded, "Little Dorrit" continued, and with these, which may be regarded as the solid of the number, are several other interesting papers, among which "The Bear and the Basket-maker," "Wanted—A Healthy Wife," and "The Great Epidemics," are especially noteworthy. The Editor's Easy-chair is tip-top, the writer being justly severe on the chatty propensities of those fashionable lovers of concert rooms who, by their frivolity, prevent the real lovers of the divine art from hearing the music. We have also to acknowledge from the "Editor's Table" a commendable notice of Mr. Savage's "'98 and '48."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Maginn's Miscellanies. Edited by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. Homeric Ballads and Comedies, of Lucian.....*Redfield.*
Paul Ferroll: a Tale by the Author of "IX Poems by V." " "
The Christian Virtues: personified and exhibited as a Divine Family, &c. An Illustrated Allegory. By Rev. D. D. Buck.....*Miller, Orton & Mulligan.*
The States and Territories of the Great West, &c., with Table of Distances, Map, and numerous illustrations. By Jacob Ferris..... "
Some Account of the Life of Spencer Haughton Cone; a Baptist Preacher in America.....*Livermore & Rudd.*
Harper's Magazine, June; Harper's Story Books, for June. The Engineer.....*Harper & Brothers.*
Public Documents, from.....*Hon. Lewis Cass.*

A bronze equestrian statue of Washington will be placed at the junction of the Bowery and Fourth Avenue next month. It was cast from a mold made by Mr. H. K. Brown, the American Artist, by the Chicopee Company, at springfield, Mass. Its cost will be between $25,000 and $30,000, all obtained by subscriptions. The base will consist of immense blocks of Quincy granite, weighing some sixty-five tons. The pedestal will be fourteen feet high, and the statue about the same height.

Mr. Samuel Phillip's successor, as literary critic for the *Times*, is Mr. Lucas, a barrister in the Temple. Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Ruth," "Mary Barton," and "North and South," in *Household Words*, is writing a life of Charlotte Bronte. Mr. G. A. Sala, Mr. Dickens's literary double in *Household Words*, is about, we believe, to make a tour in Russia.

NICARAGUA.

GREAT RECOGNITION MEETING IN THE PARK.

An open air mass meeting was held on the evening of Friday, the 23d, in the Park, to ratify the recognition of Nicaragua and to sustain by sympathy, and it is hoped "material aid," General Walker in his gallant propagandism of Republican principles. A large stand was erected in the Park, and an excellent band of music stationed upon it. A posse of police kept the stand free for officers of the meeting, orators, reporters and and committee-men. Over the stand, from a tall hickory pole, floated the flag of Nicaragua, two blue stripes and one white, with the Coat of Arms—the sun rising behind the seven volcanoes. Two banners were also hung forth, with the following inscriptions:—

ENLARGE THE BORDERS OF FREEDOM.

NO BRITISH INTERFERENCE ON THE CONTINENT OF AMERICA.

At the appointed hour the meeting was called to order.

Elijah F. Purdy, on taking the chair, stated the objects of the meeting and trusted a hearty expression would be met by the people, and closed by returning thanks for being appointed chairman.

Mr. Oaksmith then read the following resolutions which were adopted unanimously:

Whereas, In all times of national emergency, whenever the Administration of this Government feel called upon to adopt any prompt or extraordinary measure, either regarding the internal or external policy of this country, it is the right and duty of the citizens of this Republic to meet together and in a firm, manly and open manner to make known their opinions. And whereas, the recent events in Central America have rendered it necessary that this Government should take prompt and decided steps for the protection of the lives of American citizens in that quarter, and for the vindication of our national honor; therefore—

Resolved, That we heartily and earnestly approve of the recognition of the existing Government in Nicaragua, by our Administration, believing it to be right in itself, an act of national duty and justice, in accordance with the established practice of our Government, and a true response to the patriotic pulse of our countrymen.

Resolved, That while our people were few and our Government feeble, it was the humane and philanthropic policy of our fathers to make our country an asylum for the oppressed of all lands; so also, now that our people are many and our Government strong, it has become the duty of this generation to make our influence felt in aid of the oppressed of all lands, by firm and resolute remonstrance with oppressors, by sympathy and active aid to the oppressed, where a broad and enlightened philanthropy requires it, and to make our high example before the world correspond with our national power, and the spirit of the free institutions founded by our fathers.

Resolved, That any and every citizen of our Republic, whose sympathies are stirred by the cry of help from a people struggling to be free, has a sacred right to respond to such appeal, by his personal services, and by such material aid as he can afford.

Resolved, That it was in accordance with such right, and in response to such call, that the gallant Gen. Walker went to the aid of the Democratic masses in Nicaragua, and helped them to construct a stable Government.

Resolved, That we have seen with regret the forcible detention of some of our fellow-citizens who were disposed to go, in a like gallant and generous spirit, to aid a patriotic cause.

Resolved, That the inhuman and savage butchery of our fellow-citizens by the barbarous Costa Ricans in their unjust war upon Nicaragua—butchery of American citizens, not in arms but employed in peaceful industrious pursuits—calls loudly for retribution from our Government.

Resolved, That a free and safe transit from ocean to ocean over the several routes across Central America has become an absolute necessity to our country and our people, and must be secured at all hazards.

Resolved, That the surest and readiest means of accomplishing this great object is to sustain the existing Government in Nicaragua.

Resolved, In view of late reported movements and actions of British, French and Spanish authorities, that we believe a due regard for our national welfare calls for a repeal of, at least, some portions of our neutrality laws, and the full and practical enforcement of the Monroe doctrine.

Resolved, That the present momentous crisis in Nicaragua, and the imminent perils to which many of our fellow-countrymen are exposed, who are there pursuing peaceful occupations, surrounded as they are by a hostile and almost savage people, cut off from retreat and openly threatened with absolute extermination, without quarter, present a most solemn appeal to our citizens here and everywhere throughout the country for prompt, liberal and efficient aid.

Resolved, That our fellow-countrymen in Nicaragua must and shall have that aid; and that the citizens of New-York will sustain this Administration or any Administration, in any steps which they may be called on to take for the protection of American citizens in Central America, and to put a stop, once and for ever, to all foreign interference with the affairs of this continent.

A letter was read from Gen. Cass, amid great applause.

A letter from Ex-Governor Smith of Virginia, was then read. He said "his recognition as a means of counteracting British influence, which has been creeping stealthily over Central America, is of the greatest importance, especially as Britain has refused to observe her treaty with us, demonstrating that in her late effort to show to the world that we are a fool, she has clearly demonstrated to all that she herself is a knave. Let the Clayton-Bulwer treaty be abolished—let Britain keep what she has got of Central America and get what she can, and leave to the elastic and expensive energies of our people the means of obtaining those rights and interests necessary to our growth and power."

A letter from the Hon. Hiram Walbridge, was then read as follows:

New York, Thursday, May 22, 1856.

Gentlemen: I cordially thank you for the generous invitation you have extended to me to address my fellow-citizens, at your mass meeting on the 24th inst., to commemorate the recognition of Nicaraguan Independence by our General Government.

From the first solid establishment of order and regularity by the present Government of Nicaragua, under Gen. Walker, I have cherished the most intense solicitude for her political recognition into the great brotherhood of Sovereign States by the Administration of our own Government.

It having been accomplished, I congratulate you on the triumphant result achieved, in a great degree, by your own patriotic exertions.

A measure responsive to the generous impulses of the whole American people, and demanded by the highest commercial and political considerations.

It is therefore with sincere regret that I have to advise you of a previous engagement, which calls me from home at that time, and will prevent me from being with you except in my earnest desires for whatever may advance the laudable objects you have in view. Sincerely yours.

Hiram Walbridge.

Governor Rodmin Price, of New Jersey, was then introduced, and after the applause which greeted his appearance had subsided, said he came to interchange sympathies with the men of New-York for the Democratic Republican Government of Nicaragua. He had watched with deep anxiety and solicitude the progress of events in that country; and he felt that the presence of General Walker would hasten the time when this Government would control it (cheers).

I saw (said he) the people of Nicaragua satisfied with the government of General Walker. But what did I witness after the lapse of two or three peaceable months? War declared by Costa Rica, a miserable little province that could not muster twenty-five hundred fighting men. I ask you how this war was brought about by Costa Rica?

A voice—By England.

Gov. Price—Yes, my friends, by France and England, who were opposed to General Walker because they knew he was an American, and they thought that he was going to produce the American results of a democratic government there (cheers). Now, gentlemen, those who have advocated these views have been called "filibusters," and I am delighted to find so many here who sympathize with that name (cheers). The term "filibuster" has no fears for me. I am an American citizen, I look upon the interests of this country for myself, and judge of its wants and necessities; and the name of "filibuster," or anything else, does not intimidate me (loud cheers). I believe it right that we should have the Isthmus of Nicaragua, and I would boldly and frankly declare to England that such is our intention (a voice, "that's the talk.") I would do as the American Congress did in 1811, in reference to Florida, when it declared by resolution that that Territory was necessary to the United States, and they authorized the President to take possession of that Territory. Now I have this resolution, and I am going to show you that there were "filibusters" in 1811, as there were in '76 (cheers.) That the same spirit which animated our fathers animates Americans now in Nicaragua, fighting that the liberty which they enjoyed may be extended to that country. Here is the resolution passed by Congress in 1811:

"Taking into view the peculiar situation of Spain, and of her American provinces, and considering the influence which the destiny of the territory adjoining the southern borders of the United States may have upon their security, tranquillity and commerce—therefore,

"Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled, That the United States under the peculiar circumstances of the existing crisis, cannot, without serious inquietude, see any portion of the said Territory pass into the hands of any foreign Power, and that a due regard to their own safety compels them to provide, under certain contingencies, for the temporary occupation of said Territory, they at the same time declare that the said Territory shall remain subject to future negotiation. Approved January 15, 1811, by President Madison."

Well, but Congress did a little more than that. I find an act of Congress passed that very day, entitled "An Act to enable the President of the United States, under certain contingencies, to take possession of the country lying east of the Perdido river, and south of the State of Georgia and the Mississippi Territory, and for other purposes," which authorized President Madison to take possession of that territory, and to employ any part of the army and navy for that purpose, in the event of any attempt being made to occupy it by any foreign government. The necessary appropriation was made to carry that act into effect, and a further authority was given to the President to establish a temporary government, and to appoint persons ro exercise under his direction the military, civil and judicial powers, for the protection and maintenance of the inhabitants in the full enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion (hear, and loud cheers). This act was also approved by President Madison; so that it would appear from these circumstances that President Madison was a little more of a filibuster than President Pierce. (Cheers and laughter.) It would appear, too, that the Congress of 1811 was more aggressive than the Congress of 1856, although that admission is contrary to the doctrine of progression. On this subject we do not seem to have been a progressive people, but, on the contrary, to have been going backward. We do not seem to find the Congress of 1856 as ready to maintain the principle as that of 1811. (Cheers.) It was my fortune gentlemen, to serve in the American navy during the last war. I was in California at an early date. I was there when the "stars and stripes" were raised; and I tell you the handful of men who raised that flag were very inconsiderable when compared with the number it would require to take it down. (Cheers.) I then saw the conduct of Great Britain. I saw her squadrons dodging and watching the American squadron. I know that it was her intention to colonize California; and I know she did all she could, without open hostility, to prevent our acquiring that Territory. I know what her conduct was in regard to Texas, and her conduct now is the same in regard to Nicaragua. (Cheers.) Therefore, I say the policy of this country is to deal boldly with England, and say at once that we will have Nicaragua. (Renewed cheers.) Gentlemen, my sympathies are with the Rivas-Walker government.

Captain Pollard of California, was then introduced to the meeting, and received with cheers. He said that it was a notorious fact that Clatfield was engaged in a conspiracy for the defeat of Mosarri, the great bulwark of Central American Independence, and who has been called the Washington of Central America. Britain has not closed her inter-

ference in the politics of the country. She had resisted and defeated every attempt at a reunion of the Central American States and a reconstruction of the Central American confederacy. Gentlemen, we must not forget that we have a treaty upon this subject, and that Great Britain has not only violated the obligations of her national honor, but she has also violated the written letter of the treaty. That treaty, in the consideration of the American side was an abandonment by the British of their dominion in Central America. What are the facts in the case? Great Britain still maintains her imposture of an administration in the Mosquito territory. She has been encroaching for years upon the territorial limits of Honduras, and she still retains her hold over the Bay Islands. No later than 1852, two years after the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, those islands were erected into a British colony by the Queen's warrant; who ever heard of such impudence before? Gentlemen, I say this in conclusion, as my voice is failing, that this government should hold it to be a solemn duty they owe to Walker to exclude any British interference in Central America to prevent British muskets from spilling American blood. (Tremendous applause.) If the government will come to that determination to exclude, at all peril and all cost, British interference in Central American affairs, there are thousands of our fellow citizens who will seal that determination in behalf of Walker with the life blood of their hearts. (Great cheering and applause.) It is time for the American eagle to strike down the British serpent. Shall we call it a mere poetic fancy, or shall we adopt it as a national emblem, that beautiful description by the poet Shelley, of the eagle snatching from the earth in its beak, and bearing into the skies a glittering serpent, and as she sails onward and upward, with a loud scream of exultation, she is seen to tear it in pieces with her talons and the glittering scales are falling in the sunshine? (Great applause.)

Hon. George W. Peck, member of Congress, from Michigan, was introduced. He regarded the recognition of the government of General Walker as a great event in the history of the American people, and one which would exercise great influence upon her future destinies. He defended the right of the people of America to endeavor to enlarge their boundaries. It was not only their right but their duty. We have gone on adding territory to territory, until from a small beginning we now present a spectacle of a land of more magnificent proportions than has ever existed. We need the additional area of Nicaragua to give room for the incoming millions who are helping to build up the temple of liberty, and as fast as we make room the additional forces will come. No discordancy shall disturb us, for though the great republics of the old world have crumbled in the dust, fallen of their own weight, they were not cemented with that compactness of principle, that recognition of the great principles of liberty, which characterize the American republic. Each man is a pillar of the State, and all are working together for the good of the whole. The more men the more workers, and the firmer stands the temple. True, there were at Washington some old fogies in petticoats, as old women in breeches (laughter), who were opponents of all progress, but that could make no impediment in the advancement of the great principles of human freedom.

Capt. Rynders spoke in favor of the objects of the meeting, and he trusted that the country would not be backward in giving Walker aid. Walker is struggling for the liberties of that country, and but for English interference that government would now be firmly and prosperously established. Every man there who is known to come from the United States is murdered if he falls into the hands of the Costa Ricans. Who put that into their head? Certainly England. No other nation on earth but England has ever attempted to crush us, and that is the reason why you all with one voice denounce England. England has shown her love of this country, by murdering in the last war, American women and children. And yet they talk of humanity. God help our country when she depends on English humanity. I do not wish for war, but I prefer it to national degradation. Of all the nations on the earth England has the least love for us. But we will not be insulted by her with impunity. The English Government must retract or it must fight. And if it will provoke war and have war, who can doubt the result? He concluded by reading the following letter from Thomas Francis Meagher, which was received with unbounded enthusiasm:—

"Irish News" Office, No. 29 Ann street, May 23, 1856.

My Dear Sir: At the last moment I find myself unable to attend the meeting in the Park.

This I sincerely regret, since my sympathies with the cause, in the name of which you are assembled, are deep and earnest.

Generous, brilliant, chivalrous—involving the great principles for which the best men have in all climes and ages stripped their swords to the fight—involving, moreover, the highest interests of the American people—it is worthy of the promptest aid and proudest homage.

Any influence I possess—any effort I can make—any service I can render—shall be heartily devoted to the support of Gen. Walker and the independence of Nicaragua.

Poland, in 1846, had my heart, and the best words it could utter.

Sicily, rising up from her vineyards and cornfields in her beauty, and from the white summit of Ætna waving the torch which signalled all the young European nationalities to freedom, —Sicily, in 1848, had my enthusiastic prayer.

So, too, had Hungary and Italy, and the glorious cities of the Rhine.

What I was in the first blush of manhood, I am now, and ever shall be.

Republicanism, whether in the dungeon, in the field, on the scaffold, or triumphant in the Capitol, shall be the worship of my life.

Fought for most gallantly at this hour, upon the great high road of American commerce, you do not meanly wait to hear of a victory to determine the measure of your sympathy in favor of the freedom of the beautiful country which binds the two oceans together with a link of gold and silver.

Your cheers are not the faint echoes of a triumph already won. They anticipate the glorious issue, and become its prophecies.

The shouts in the Park to-day announce that the flag of Costa Rica is torn down—the massacre of Virgin Bay avenged—the treachery and defeat of Santa Rosa effaced in a flood of military glory—and that the bells of Granada proclaim through her sapphire skies, and all over her noble inland waters, and through her gorgeous forests, that Nicaragua is free, forever, from the native Serviles and the foreign butchers in their pay.

I am, my dear sir, most faithfully,

Your friend, Thomas Francis Meagher.

To the Chairman of the Meeting, &c.

At the close of the reading there were three cheers given for Mr. Meagher.

A letter was read from Gen. W. L. Cazneau of Texas. Indisposition prevented him from attending. He deeply and ardently sympathised with Nicaraguan liberty; and dwelt at some length on the evils of British interference. He writes:—

Under the deceitful pretext of suppressing the slave trade, England has contrived the introduction of an overwhelming army of African negroes into Cuba, who are in effect, her wards, and will be used as her soldiers whenever she and Spain choose to execute their standing threat of giving Cuba over to the blacks.

While England is colonizing Cuba and ruling St. Domingo by means of the blacks, while she is plundering Honduras of the Ruatan Islands, and Nicaragua of the port of San Juan, only because they command our American transits and are invaluable to American commerce; while she is sending arms to the Costa Ricans, and inciting them to slaughter our kindred at Nicaragua and Panama, she and her sycophants dare not say all this is not our business, and that it is a felony in Americans to go to the rescue of our own blood and free institutions in Nicaragua. No true man will accept this monstrous doctrine, and no brave man will act upon it.

Hon. Judge A. A. Phillips, R. Busteed, Wm. I. Rose, (N.Y. *Daily News*), Hon. Chas. T. Mills, of the Assembly, H. N. Wild, Alderman John Clancy, addressed the meeting much to the purpose.

After the meeting had adjourned a procession was formed, comprising several thousand persons, who proceeded first to the Astor House, attended by Shelton's band. There a serenade and three cheers were given for Gov. Price of New Jersey. From this the multitude marched up Broadway to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where huzzas were given for Padre Vijil, who appeared and introduced Capt. A. Oaksmith, who in a few brief remarks returned thanks on behalf of the Minister of Nicaragua. He said that the *People* of the United States recognized the Minister of the Rivas-Walker Government and would sustain it. [Tremendous cheering.] From this the procession repaired to the St. Charles Hotel on Broadway, were a glorious symposium added to the pleasure of the evening. Meanwhile, the Committee of Invitation had assembled at the Astor House to do honor to Gov. Price. Several speeches were made and the best feeling prevailed. While there the band serenaded, and an immense multitude outside added their applause.

Thus terminated the most magnificent demonstration our city ever witnessed!

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TWO DOORS ABOVE THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 26,

AND EVERY NIGHT DURING THE WEEK.

Programme.

PART I.

Overture.....By the Orchestra
Hunter's Song.....By the Quartette Club.....Mozart

FIRST TABLEAU,

NEPTUNE AND AMPHITRIDE,

With Ærial Figures.—New Composition by Mr. Keller.

Trumpet Solo—"The Soldier Tired,".....By Mme. Lovarny

SECOND TABLEAU,

FAMINE.

By particular desire—composed by L. Keller.

Schniederlied—"The Sailor's Song".....By the Quartette Club

THIRD TABLEAU,

SHOWER OF GOLD.

By Mme. Keller.

Ballad—"The Swiss Girl,".....By Mme. Lovarny

FOURTH TABLEAU,

VICTORY.

A beautiful new allegorical picture, composed and dedicated to the Ladies of New-York, by Mme. Keller. (The ship was built and rigged by Messrs. Fish & Morton, 404 Water street.

The performance of

HERZ FKANZ STOEPEL

ON THE WOOD AND STRAW INSTRUMENT.

Intermission.

PART II.

Overture.....By the orchestra

FIRST TABLEAU.

THE FOUNTAIN OF FLOWERS,

The New Grand Double Tableau, composed and dedicated to the Ladies of New-York, by Madame Keller.

Quartette—"The Bill of Fare,".....By the Quartette Club

SECOND TABLEAU,

TRIUMPH OF RELIGION,

Composed by M. Keller.

Solo (Baritone) "In the Distance,".....By Mr. F. Klebs

THIRD TABLEAU,

"Suffer little Children to come unto me,"

Ballad—"Why our Wandering,".....Mme. Lovarny

FOURTH TABLEAU

NAPOLEON CROSSING MT. ST. BERNARD.

In compliance with numerous requests, MR. KELLER has consented to give a representation of BIBLICAL PICTURES, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Doors open at 7½ o'clock. Performances to begin at 8 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents. Private boxes $5. Single seats in Private boxes $1.

Arrangements can be made for the admission of Schools and Societies, by application at the Hall, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock.

Information wanted of John Duffy, a native of Castleblaney, county Monaghan, Ireland, by trade a carpenter, who arrived in this city about five years ago, and when last heard from was living at Staten Island. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received by his wife Alice Duffy.

Mayor's Office, New-York, May 23, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

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Desks of every description made to order on short notice.

Special Notices.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It c reates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the fonndation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shonlder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, aanoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the pafient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opporiunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 173 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
my31 No. 173 Bowery, New-York.

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE—FASHIONS FROM INDIA.

GENIN

THIS DAY INTRODUCES HIS

EAST INDIA SUMMER HAT,

A Straw Fabric of unequalled Beauty, of which he has secured the monopoly for the present season. The East India Hat possesses marked advantages over all other Hats of vegetable material which have ever been imported into the United States.

In point of lightness it stands alone. Placed in the scales against the finest leghorn, chip, or grass fabric, it would "kick the beam." In fact, its weight is scarcely perceptible either in the hand or on the head. The texture of the braid is fine and delicate, and the ventilation perfect. No one who sees the Hat can doubt that it is the *beau ideal* of coolness. Fragile as it is, raiu will not destroy its shape. In order to suit all taste and all ages, the East India Hat has been made up in a variety of shapes. The crown varies in hight so as to assimilate with the features of boyhood, youth, maturity and old age. Although the stock of the East India Hats in this country is exclusively in the possession of the undersigned, and not a single specimen can be obtained outside of his establishment, the prices in accordance with his proverbial policy, will be found exTremely moderate.

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EMPLOYMENT OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

275 BOWERY, NEW-YORK.

MALE and Female Servants can be promptly suited at the above number, with any situation in the city or country, at good wages, in first-rate families, without delay.

N. B. Employers quickly supplied.
8m may 31 ALEXANDER B. RUNGE, Agent.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer Fulton, will close at this office on Saturday the 31st day of May, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

my17 **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster

Congressional.

Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

May 19;—two messages were received from the President, vetoing the bills for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi and the St. Clair Flats. Mr. Cass gave notice that he should ask leave to show that he had been misunderstood by Mr. Crampton on the Central American question. Mr. Sumner then commenced speaking on Kansas affairs, and continued until the adjournment.

May 20.—Mr. Seward tried to get through the House resolution in reference to the Cape de Verde sufferers, but did not succeed. The bill making appropriations for Consular and Diplomatic expenses was passed. Mr. Sumner then resumed his speech on Kansas, saying that as he had already treated of the crime committed against Kansas, and of the apologies for that crime, he would now speak of the various remedies proposed, and show which was the only true remedy. Gen. Cass denounced Mr. Sumner's speech as unpatriotic. Mr. Douglas characterized it as malignant, and Mr. Mason as an infliction which would not be borne out of doors. Mr. Sumner replied with spirit. Adjourned.

May 21.—A bill was introduced to test the value of the Atmospheric Telegraph; also a bill to permit the Iowa Legislature to determine for that State the application for a grant of land for the construction of railroads. Mr. Mason discussed the action of the Naval Board. M. Benjamin spoke in favor of an appropriation for the removal of obstructions at the mouth of the Mississippi. Mr. Toombs took the opposite view, and complimented the President upon his fidelity to the Constitution in vetoing these improvement bills. Additional documents on the Recruiting business were sent in by the President.

May 22.—A joint resolution, allowing Dr. Kane and the officers associated with him in the late Arctic expedition in the search of Sir John Franklin, to accept such token of acknowledgment from the British Government as it may please to present, was passed, by yeas, 33; nays, 4. Those who voted in the negative were Messrs. Biggs, Iverson, Reid and Toombs. A message was then received from the House, announcing the death of Mr. Miller of Missouri. Mr. Geyer pronounced a enlogy upon him. The usual resolutions were then passed and the Senate adjourned.

May 23.—After a statement by Gen. Wilson, on motion of Mr. Seward, it was resolved to raise a Select Committee on the outrage perpetrated by Mr. Brooks of S. C., on Mr. Sumner, which is composed of Messrs. Cass of Mich., Allen, of R. I., Dodge, of Wis., Pearce of Md., and Geyer, of Mo. Several of these are moderate and generally fair men.

House of Representatives.

May 19.—The joint resolution authorizing the Secratary of the Navy to dispatch a vessel with provisions, privately contributed, for the Cape de Verde sufferers, was adopted. Leave was asked to introduce a resolution asking information of the President in relation to the "Kansas murders," but it was refused. The House also refused to suspend the rules to allow Mr. Keitt to offer a resolution for the adjournment of Congress on the 5th of August.

May 20.—The Public Lands Committee reported a bill granting one million and forty-eight thousand acres of land in Wisconsin for the construction of three railroads therein, embracing 500 miles. A motion was made to table the bill, but the House refused by a vote of 69 against 86. Before disposing of the matter, the House adjourned.

May 21.—The Wisconsin Railroad Land Bill was passed by a vote of 81 to 67. A bill was reported granting a million of acres to Alabama for the construction of five railroads connecting with the Georgia and Tennessee lines, and was adopted by 13 majority. Mr. Bliss made a speech against the extension of slavery, and then the house adjourned.

May 22.—Mr. Miller announced the recent death of his colleague, Mr. Miller, of Missouri, who on account of sickness had not taken his seat this session. He spoke in exalted terms of his public and private character. Mr. Humphrey pronounced a most glowing and eloquent eulogy on the life and character of the deceased, who, he said, was the companion of his childhood. The usual resolutions were then passed, and the House adjourned.

May 23.—Mr. L. D. Campbell of Ohio moved a preamble and resolution reciting the reported facts in regard to the attack on Mr. Sumner, and moved an investigation. The Southern members resisted, and raised the point of order, which the Speaker ruled against them, and the House, on appeal, sustained the Chair. The preamble was then so modified as to omit the name of Mr. Keitt, and passed under the Previous Question—Yeas, 93; Nays, 68. The Speaker appointed Messrs. Campbell of Ohio, Alison of Pa. [who declined, and Mr. Pennington of N. J. was substituted], Cobb of Ga., Greenwood of Ark., and Spinner of N.Y., such Committee. Adjourned to Monday.

Immediately after the adjournment of Congress, on Thursday, the 21st inst., Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, a Member of the Lower House, entered the Senate Chamber, and approaching the seat of Mr. Sumner, struck him a powerful blow with a cane, at the time accusing him of libeling South Carolina and his gray-headed relative, Senator Butler. Mr. Sumner fell from the effects of the blow, and Brooks continued beating him. Mr. Sumner soon recovered sufficiently to call for help, but no one interposed, and Brooks repeated the blows until Mr. Sumner was deprived of the power of speech. He was sitting in an arm-chair when the assault was made, and had no opportunity to defend himself. After his assailant desisted, he was carried to his room. When the attack was made there were probably fifteen or twenty persons present, including Messrs. Crittenden, Foster, Toombs, Fitzpatrick, Murray, Morgan, and other Members of Congress, together with Governor Gorman, several officers of the Senate, and some strangers. The attack was so sudden and so unexpected that Mr. Sumner had no opportunity whatever to place himself in defensive attitude. The cane used by Brooks was shattered to pieces by the blows.

It is stated, says the *Daily News*, that Mayor Wood's late eulogy at Richmond on Alexander Hamilton, contains twenty pages copied from Hammond's History of New York—omiting the conclusions. Mayor Wood holds up Alexander Hamilton as a Democrat, which Hammond nor nobody else ever did before. We supposed, and so did all the rest of mankind—till Wood enlightened us—that Hamilton was a Federalist, and advocated a sort of limited monarchy.

American News.

Proud of every incident which redounds to the credit of our noble old country, we gladly transfer to our columns the following notice from the *Evening Post*, of Saturday, the 24th:

There died at Philadelphia, on Monday, one of those worthies whose memory connects us with the past—John Keating, of an Irish family some time settled in France. He was a major in the French army when Napoleon Bonaparte was captain. Stationed in the West Indies at the time of the French revolution, he was the only officer in his regiment elected by his men to serve the republic. He replied, that "having entered the army to serve the monarchy, he declined to serve under the republic." He resigned his commission and settled in Philadelphia, where few men have lived more universally respected, or died more truly lamented at the mature age of 94.

Never has it been our good fortune to know one who so fully combined in one character the chivalry of the past with the purity of later generations.

Mr. Keating was, we believe, the earliest manufacturer of cotton at the rising town of Manayunk, in Pennsylvania.

There was a great excitement in the State of Massachusetts, on the intelligence of the attack on Senator Summer. A public meeting was held in Boston, at Chapman Hall, on the 23d. The crowd increasing, the meeting adjourned to Tremont Temple.

Speeches were made by the Rev. W. Freeman Clark, Wendell Phillips, Judge Russell, Rev. Theodore Parker, J. M. S. Williams, of Cambridge, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, John L. Swift, and W. B. Spooner, of Boston.

The speeches of Messrs. Phillips and Parker were almost purely political, with many references to the object of the meeting.

On the 24th, a mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall.

The Cleveland papers notice the arrival there of the 400 Mormons who recently arrived from England on the ship *Enoch Train*, which, it will be remembered, was followed to sea from Liverpool (see Irish News, May 10th, editorial) by a distracted father, who succeeded in recovering and carrying back, on a steam-tug, a portion of his family. Two daughters who remained with the Mormons are among this party, and are noticed by the *Clevelander* as beautiful girls. The party was closely watched, one of the faithful being constantly stationed outside each car to prevent their communication with the worldly-minded.

A Boston paper states that a few weeks since, the late Dr. John C. Warren disinterred from the family tomb under St. Paul's Church the remains of his uncle, Gen. Josesph Warren, who fell in the fight of Bunker's Hill. The remains were placed in a stone urn, upon which an appropriate epitaph had been engraved. The skull was quite perfect, the chin still remaining. Behind one of the ears was seen an aperture, which indicated the place where the fatal ball entered which ended his brief but glorious career. The remains, with those of other members of the family, were placed in Forest Hills Cemetery.

Nine years ago a man died of dropsy, and was buried in Middlesex, Vt., and it being desirable to remove the body to Pomfret, recently, the corpse was disinterred, and found to have become perfect stone, as hard as marble and not the least altered from the appearance of the man at his death. The corpse weighed 550lbs. What is more remarkable, the body of a girl, buried by his side, was wholly consumed, only a few of the principal bones remaining.

M. D'Alembert, a Frenchman, has just published a book of travels in the United States. He is an extravagant admirer of the ladies of America, and has demonstrated his sincerity by marrying one of them—a Miss Phillips, of Philadelphia. In dilating upon the fearful frequency of duels in the United States, he asserts that the following placard is to be seen over an editor's office out West: "Subscriptions received from 9 to 4; Challenges from 11 to 12 only. Wipe your feet, if you please."

During tha ensuing summer vacation of Harvard and Dartmouth Colleges, the students of those institutions will have a grand trial at football and other games, to test the question whether physical superiorty is best cultivated among the mountains or on the seaboard. The place of meeting will probably be in the city of Concord, N. H., and the exhibition will be public.

The *Richmond Enquirer* says of Mayor Wood, "of all the public men of this country, he enjoys the most substantial and genuine reputation—a reputation which he has won by the display of an extraordinary talent for administration." Apropos of this, the *Daily Times* says, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view"

The Ohio State Fair for 1856, to be held at Cleveland, commencing on Tuesday, the 23d of September next, will take place at the same spot where the State Fair was held in 1852. It is a very convenient locality, being within the city limits of Cleveland, and only a short distance from the business centre.

The imports of cotton into Boston from January 1 to May 3, were 164,013 bales; same time in 1855, 123,028 bales. The total receipts of cotton at the different ports of the country, from Sept. 1, 1855, to the latest dates, have been 3,143,152 bales; same period last year, 2,230,182 bales.

The Chicago *Tribune* says that for the past three weeks the arrivals over each of the Michigan railroads—the Central and Southern—have been not less than fifteen hundred, and often they have averaged two thousand daily. The climax of emigration will not be reached until June.

There is an old hunter, residing on Broad Top Mountain, Pa., who says that in the last 50 years he has killed 200 deer, 30 wolves, 20 bears, 100 foxes, and 30 wild cats. Among other exploits, he killed 6 wild turkeys at 3 single shots, and 2 deer, at 1 shot, with a bullet.

The mean temperature of the month of April was 46.76 or three-fifths (0.61) of a degree above the average of April in the same time. The mean temperature of the first eight days in May, was 42.27, or six and a quarter degrees below the average in the last 32 years.

The first ground has been broken for the projected railroad between Port Monmouth and Cape May, N. J.

A woman in Chicago left her children in a room in which was varnish. The larger ones besmeared each other with varnish, and also a baby of six months. The varnish took fire in some way, and the baby was burned to death, while the others were badly injured.

The *Kentucky Statesman* learns from a private letter, received by a gentleman in Lexington that —— inst. there were 600 southern emigrants at Wilmington, Mo., *en route* for Kansas. The pro-slavery party were much encouraged and in high spirits.

The Schooner Seaman, which went ashore at Copper Harbor, Lake Superior, last December, has been got safely off, and together with the Freeman and Ford, are ready to sail when the ice will permit.

Marcus P. Norton, of Tinmouth, Vt., has issued a circular inviting a Convention of Inventors, at the Crystal Palace in this city some time next Fall. He solicits responses from inventors.

A highway robbery was committed on a man named McDonald, in Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, when a wallet worth $90, and a pocket-book containing $250, were taken from him.

On the 12th ult., at Galveston, Texas, Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coke was unanimous elected Bishop of Texas, by the Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of that diocese.

A man named Lendem was arrested in Washington on Monday, charged with obtaining goods from Messrs. Barber and Royston, of Baltimore, amounting to near $2,000.

A two-story brick schoolhouse sn the easterly part of Lynn. Mass., was destroyed by an incendiary fire about 4 o'clock on Thursday morning. Loss about $2,000.

The body of a colored man, supposed to be one of the victims at the burning of the steamboat New Jersey, was found floating in the Delaware on Wednesday.

Two horses, attached to a carriage, while passing down a street in Albany, on last Wednesday, were attacked by a ferocious bulldog and badly bitten.

The Dayton (O.) *Journal* says that the excessive cold of last winter has killed the last year's wood of many vines in the vineyards in that vincinity.

Mr. A. Gordon McGrath, of Charleston, was commissioned as Judge of the United States District Court for the District of South Carolina.

Cincinnati has seven steam fire-engines, which can force water, if necessary, through 2,000 feet of hose.

Another Nicaraguan meeting was held in New Orleans, on the 21st. at which the enthusiasm ran high.

Messrs. Estlin & Cuddy, merchants of New-Orleans, fought a duel yesterday morning at Pass Christian.

The steamer *Daniel Webster* took a load of recruits for Walker on the 23d.

Large quantities of ice are reported as still remaining in Lake Superior.

MARRIAGES.

At Monkstown Church, Henry S. T. Baldwin, late of Cork, to Emily Sophia Bacon, daughter of Job Dickson, late of Tipperary.

At Swords, Patrick H. Bowden, of Oldtown, to Kate, daughter of the late John M'Owen, of Castlemoate, Cioghran.

At the British embassy, Paris, J. W. M. Boyd, M. P., to Albertine Louise Alphonse, daughter of the late Frederick Shannahan, of Paris.

At Adelaide, Australia, Frederick Simeon Carus Driffield, to Jane, daughter of Joseph M'Minn, formerly of Newry.

At the parish church, Monkstown, James H. Freme, late of the 79th Cameronians, to the Lady Anna Maria Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Monntcashel.

At St. Paul's church, Dublin, Joseph Hunt, Mountjoy street, to Jane, daughter of the late Sir Alexander Childs.

At Melbourne, Victoria, George M'Cleverty, of Ballarat, to Mary, daughter of Edward Gill, of Dublin.

At St. Peter's church, Dublin, David Ross, M. D., of Warrenpoint, to Mary, daughter of Col. Edwards, of Raveagh, Tyrone.

At St. Peter's church, Dublin, James Peter Rutledge, of Beechgrove, to Julia Mary, daughter of the late John Gray, of Claremorris.

At St. Mark's church, Dublin, George Marshal Trulock, to Rosetta Sarah Corri.

James Peter Rutledge, of Beechgrove, County Mayo, son of George Rutledge (Togher), to Julia Mary, daughter of the late John Gray, of Claremorris.

At Cartown Chapel, Patrick Sheridan, brother to the Rev. Edward Sheridan C. C., Bohermeen,) of Bellewstown, to Mary Mulvany, Valverstown House.

At Cheltenham, Major Edward Kelly, of the Madras Army, to Eliza, daughter of the late Rev. E. Cronym, and granddaughter of the late George Cronym, of Hebron, Kilkenny.

DEATHS.

At 30 Upper Gloucester street, Edward Anderson, barrister-at-law, in the 82d year of his age, and the 58th from his call to the bar.

At Durrow, of Typhus Fever, George Wm. Anderson, late of Carlow.

Mrs. Barry, wife of David Barry, Railway and Family Hotel, Enniskillen.

At Lower Camden street, Maryanne, relict of Martin Brady, aged 60 years.

At Bridgewater, aged 72 years, George Browne, Captain in the Royal Navy, and the last of the lieutenants who fought on board the Victory at Trafalgar, under the flag of Lord Nelson.

At the Cocos Islands, a few hours after having gone on board the Ida, in which vessel he had taken his passage for Europe, Wm. Buchanan, C. E., son of the late John Buchanan, Omagh.

At Dundalk, Richard Joseph, son of L. Cahil.

At Youghal, Susan, Relict of Rd Carey, of Brandon.

In Durham street, Belfast, Mrs. Craig, late of Londonderry.

At 57 Cambrsssil street, Dublin, Miss Catherine Doyle.

Aged 68, Maryann, wife of Wm. Ewart, Glenbank.

At Newberry, Grace Mary, wife of Col. Fraser, of the Royal Artillery.

At Marino, Dublin, Wm. Gordon, late of H. M.'s 16th Lancers. He served at Maharaljapore, and at the battle of Aliwall.

At Hallsville, Meagheragal, Jane, relict of Joseph Hall, aged 90.

At 35 Lower Baggot street, Dublin, Frances Anne, wife of Major-General Hamilton.

At Waterford, Edward Joseph O'Neil Power, of Newton House, Tramore.

At Thurmaston Lodge, Leicestershirs, aged 88, William Heyrick, H. M.'s Constable of the Castle of Leicester, and for many years Deputy Chairman of the Quarter Sessions.

At Carbury House, Kildare, Samuel Holt, aged 70 years.

At Hermitage, Clare, William, son of Francis Keane.

At Headford, County Galway, John Gelling Kennan, formerly chief bookkeeper in the Bank of Ireland, aged 76 years.

At 86 Newington Terrace, Rathmines, Margaretta Rose, wife of John Lyons.

At Smithfield, Belfast, Alexander Mackenzie.

At Dunshaughlin, Eneas Magrath, aged 70.

At No. 10 Cambridge Terrace, Rathgar, Isaac Maione, in his 82d year.

At the patriarchal age of 86 years, at Meagheralane, Randalstown, Bernard Mulholland.

At Tulla, Clare, aged 87 years, James O'Halloran.

On board the bark Elizabeth, near Calabar, west coast of Africa, Charles O'Reilly jr., son of Charles O'Reilly, M. D., of Lower Dominick street.

At Youghal, Mary, daughter of the late R. Roper.

Frances Theresa, relict of Patrick Henry Russel, of Killough, Down.

At Bellville, Dremore West, Sligo, W. O. Rutledge, Solicitor.

Eleanor, wife of James Wallace, High street, Newtownards.

Book of Men, Women and Babies. By Dr. Porter, of New-York.—Such is the title of a book of real practical utility, and which contains more sound philosophy and good sense, than we have ever seen in a book of the kind before. No parent will ever regret putting it into the hands of his wife, sons, and daughters. Married or single, should hasten to possess it. Every mother will find the instructions in this book promotive of health and contentment in her household.—*Jersey Tribune, Elizabeth City, New-Jersey.*

In paper covers, 50 cents, postage free. Address Dr. Porter, 216 Fulton-st. Twelve copies to one address, $5. my17 3m

Special Notices.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,
118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no means inferior to their celebrated compounds, while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flavor, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation.

Yours, respectfully,
ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

Mr. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

Information Wanted—Of MICHAEL BOODEN, a native of the Parish of Urlingford, near Johnstown, County Kilkenny, Ireland, who left his residence in Ireland for New-York last December. Amy information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, N. Y., will be thankfully received by his wife. my31 1t

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

RICHARD KAVANAGH,

182 and 184 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON.

THANKFUL to his numerous patrons for past favors, is desirous of letting them know that he has given up the Grocery and Provision trade, and intends in future to devote his untiring exertions to promote their terrestrial happiness in the shape of good Liquors, Segars, to say nothing of a Free Lunch every day at 11 o'clock. Attached is a very handsome Sitting Room, and a splendid Room for Committee Meetings. my31 4t

Smiles many a long, bright sunny day,
When heaven puts on the blue of May.

Ladies, if you wish Gaiter and Button Boots, of all the fashionable styles, at 12s. to 20s., or if you wish slippers, ties and buskins, from 6s. to 10s. per pair, with boys', misses' and children's boots and shoes of all kinds and prices, patronize J. B MILLER & CO., 134 Canal street. [my31 4t

"Hair Dye and Wig Manufactory Buchanan" informs his friends and the public that he can warrant his Dye will give every satisfaction. Sold wholesale and retail at 395 Broadway, near Walker street, New York city. May24 4t

Sewing Machine Depot.—Sewing Machines of all kinds improved and repaired, on reasonable terms, an in the most substantial manner. Superior Machine Oils for sale. A large assortment of Machine Silk Twist and Needles for sale at reduces prices.
my 24, 3 mos. F. S. COATES & Co., 345 Broadway, New-York.

The Best Hair Dye.—DR. O. M. BALLARD'S new article received the highest premium at the World's Fair and American Institute, where it was examined by the distinguished Chemists, Dr. Chilton, and Prof. John Torrey, and pronounced the best. For sale by the best Druggists. Principal office and store, 498 Broadway, New-York. my17 3m

Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. my24 3m

Mrs. Luby's Classes for Dancing, Calisthenics, &c., Greenwich Hall, 275 Bleecker street, open until the 1st June. Admission 50 cents. Mrs. Luby gives lessons on the Pianoforte on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 3 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dyed and re-finished with great success.

Also ladies and gentlemen's garments, Shawls, &c., &c.
BARRETT, NEPHEW & CO.,
3mos 3 John st., (2 doors from Broadway,) N. Y.

DRY GOODS AND EMBROIDERIES.

H. MAGEE, has removed to 140 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, where he has opened a large stock of SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, which he will sell at very low prices. my3 1m

Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17 3m*

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE for Servants, 129 Waverley Place, two doors from Sixth avenue, New-York.—A large number of competent help can be suited with good situations, in city and country, without delay. Employers in the city and country supplied with the best of female help. [my17 3m] WM. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

KNOX'S
OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.
DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

REMOVAL.

McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 36 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A Retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescriptions used. Direct to
Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL,
my10 3m No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. [my 24, 3 mos.] ISAAC E. TATE.

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.
Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my8 3m

Wanted.—Good hands to embroider on linen. Apply at GENIN'S Bazaar (late St. Nicholas Hotel,) 513 Broadway. my17 3m

Special Notices.

HERRING'S
PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*,) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 185, 187 and 188 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,
No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6¼ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,
WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,
SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**
OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

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One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and, Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durab quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

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A large and beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Misses'

BONNETS, STRAW TRIMMINGS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, AND MANTILLAS,

At **William S. Irvine's** No. 112 Canal street.
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Analytical and Metallurgical Chemistry and Mining Geology.
DR. ISAIAH DECK,
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MAY be consulted on all subjects relating to Practical Chemistry, Mining and Metallurgy. Assays of Ores, Analyses of Minerals, and Mining Products in general carefully and expeditiously conducted, and sound opinions delivered upon the most economical methods of working them, based on the latest chemical discoveries. Geological and Mining Surveys undertaken in any part of the world—Dr. DECK having had had considerable experience in this branch of his profession. my31 3m

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

A REMEDY WHICH CURES IN FIVE MINUTES.—M. LEROUX'S FRENCH CHOLERA COGNAC BITTERS.—This wonderful and scientific compound is recommended by the most eminent and learned physicians of all Europe and America, and enjoys the best reputation of anything similar ever offered. It is without doubt the best, most efficient and generally acknowledged remedy against Cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, and complaints of the stomach in general. The numerous patients who have tried it according to directions, have invariably found relief in a very short time, and the best proof of it is, that since this standard remedy was introducee in the armies of the allies in the Crimea, the mortality of the soldiers from Cholera and similar diseases was reduced by over 75 per cent.; in consideration of which, the inventor was presented by the French and English governments with a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Hail! M. LEROUX, the great Chemist and inventor, by whose knowledge our armies are preserved from Cholera."

This invaluable preparation is also a remedy for biliousness, indigestion, weakness, and general derangement of the stomach. Upon being taken, it creates appetite, and prevents the heaviness attendant upon eating, by persons who are dyspeptic.

In this city, also, this remedy has been tried with the most undoubted success, and the undersigned can produce the best testimonials of our most celebrated physicians, as to its immediate and complete success, which he will be happy at any time to show to any that may wish to see them. S. STEINFELD, sole agent for the United States, No. 70 Nassau street, corner of John.

P. S.—Those not having money to pay, may call at my place from 3 to 5 P. M. and receive this remedy gratis. my17 3m

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

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Proprietors of the Girard House, Philadelphia. my24 1m

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.
ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st, Boston.

"Eye and Ear."—DOCTOR HENDERSON, Oculist and Aurist, 419 Broadway, corner of Canal street, treats all diseases of the eye and ear, without cupping, leeching, blistering or the use of calomel. Within the past two years upwards of thirty cases of blindness from inflamation have been restored to sight, to whom reference can be given, (hundreds of which can be seen in my circular,) by inclosing three postage stamps. Electro-chemical Medicated Vapor and Sulphur, hot and cold water BATHS. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings by appointment. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal st., New-York. my17 3m

IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

DR. J. ALLEN, (late Professor in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery,) invites attention to his improved method of constructing Artificial Dentistry, which combine the following advantages:

1st,—There are no seams or crevices for the lodgement of food, to vitiate the saliva, or infect the breath. The interstices are all filled with a silicious compound, which is so applied as to form an artificial gum; this is fused at a high heat, which unites the Teeth firmly to each other, and to the plate upon which tney are set, thus imparting great strength and lifelike appearance to the denture.

2d,—The Teeth for this style of work are made perfectly natural in form and shade, and when properly set with the artificial gum as above, exhibits that harmony with the other features which characterize the natural organs.

3d,—The original form and expression of the mouth and face can be restored. This is done by having the denture so constructed as to bring out the sunken portions and sustain them in their proper position; this is an important feature in this style of work, to which the author devotes special attention.

4th,—A clear and distinct articulation of speech is restored. This is effected by having the inside of the teeth, and artificial gum, of a natural form, to which the tongue is readily adapted; this prevents the hissing or muffled sounds so often observed in speaking or singing, in persons wearing artificial teeth.

The Rooms are at No. 30 BOND STREET, New-York. A Pamphlet containing more full particulars, sent free, to those who desire it. ap263m

H. G. LUTHER,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

No. 698 BROADWAY, Second House above Fourth st.

HAVING enjoyed an extensive practice during the last twelve years, feels confident of his ability to give perfect satisfaction to all who may honor him with their preference. He is prepared to perform all operations connected with his profession, in the most faithful manner, and in strict accordance with scientific principles, embracing all the recent improvements of the day.

References of the most respectable character given if desired. Patronage respectfully solicited.

☞ N. B. Teeth extracted without pain. my17 3m

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy, the last unfolding of the art of healing. Before any disease can be treated successfully, its effect upon every part of the body—either directly or sympathetically—its character and the cause of its presence in the system must be perfectly understood. But this can be truly done only by the power of the internal vision. By it the Psychical Physician has at command an instrument compounding the perfected microscope and telescope, by which he can, on one side, not only resolve the pretended simple atom of the chemist, but those of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, etc., and on the other, see those atoms at thousands of miles. He can, therefore, at any distance, dissect each particle of your being, with unerring glance. With equal facility and clearness he can select the remedies, and apply them in the manner best suited to your state and condition.

I frequently find, in examining patients who suppose themselves far gone in consumption, or hopelessly affected with heart disease, that no such disease existed, or if either of the organs be deranged, that the difficulty is slight and easy to be removed, but that their fears have magnified a trifling disturbance into a fatal malady. Again, there are those whose life hangs upon a thread, and they scarcely feel that they need help. This comes from the fact that their vitality is so far exhausted that they have not the power to feel that they are rapidly passing away, and that unless a speedy change is wrought, their days are numbered.

It is particularly designed that all supposed hopeless cases should try this new method of cure. It is very easy, the medicines purely vegetable, and very palatable. When electricity or magnetism is used, it is done in the mildest way. No one can fail to be relieved if (as in some cases) it is not possible to effect a cure. Generally, the sufferer of years' standing is relieved in a few hours, and cured in a few weeks.

For the nervously debilitated female, this practice is a boon not to be hastily thrown aside. Thousands may be made well and happy who have long since despaired of health and life.

Diseases of the Lungs, in their varied forms and most advanced states, Heart, Liver, and Kidney diseases, with the worst cases of Dyspepsia and Cancerous affections of the Stomach, are all curable.

Dropsy, Paralysis, Palsy, Spinal affections, and Fits, speedily relieved and almost always cured.

The worst cases of Diarrhœa, Cholera, and Small-pox cured in a few hours. Mrs. M. J. MABIN, M.D.,
37 Lafayette Place, (first st. east of Broadway, bet. 4th and 8th sts.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for ladies, and from 2 to 5 P. M. for gentlemen—Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment.

Persons applying by letter must state the name, sex, and age of the patient, together with the leading features of the case.

TERMS:—For first examination and prescription, $5, if the patient is present, and $10 if absent. All subsequent examinations, $5.

Sunday for the poor, without charge. my24,1t

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

All eye-diseases cured by Dr. C. W. Upham, Oculist, Successor to Dr. Roehrig, 334 Fourth street, near Broadway. No cupping, bleeding, or salivating. Cataract cured in many cases without operating. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. References given. Persons residing in any part of the country, can be treated by correspondence. my17 4t

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy. The last Unfolding of the Art of Healing. My daily practice proves that I CURE CONSUMPTION, in all its varied forms and most advanced states, as readily as any other disease. Therefore I desire to treat all Consumptives, but particularly those who have tried all other physicians without relief. Mrs. M. J. MABIN, M.D., No. 37. Lafayette place, N. Y. (First street east of Broadway, between 4th and 8th sts.) Office hours: from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for Ladies; and from 2 to 5 P. M., for Gentlemen, Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment. my31 3m

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. SPRING IMPORTATION. 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	8s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 8s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap193m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

SMITH, BROTHERS,

ONE PRICE

CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,

122 AND 140 FULTON ST., N. Y.

The PRICE is marked on all the goods in

PLAIN FIGURES.

We have now on hand a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, together with our new styles of Spring

RAGLANS,

PELISSIERS,

AND CANROBERTS—

OR, SUMMER OVER-COATS.

ap263m SMITH, BROTHERS, 122 AND 140 FULTON ST.

P. L. ROGERS,

FOUNDER OF THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM,

invites an inspection of the extensive

SPRING STOCK OF FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,

at his great central wholesale and retail warehouse,

CORNER OF FULTON AND NASSAU STREETS,

opposite the *Herald* office.

There any gentleman can procure an elegant outfit in twenty minutes Every garment is warranted of the newest cut and of good workmanship.

Parents can fit out a family of boys with equal dispatch from a stock that includes every style, size, color, material and quality.

The selling prices, which are guaranteed to be 25 per cent. under market average, are all affixed in plain figures to the articles, and NO DEVIATION can be made.

The Order Department is stocked with the finest CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, etc., and the Clothing made to measure cannot be excelled in the world, although the prices are far lower than at other establishments.

my24tf **P. L. Rogers.**

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap263m

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LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY,

EGAN & CO.,

THE proprietors take leave to inform their customers and the public, that they have moved their entire stock of Linen Goods to the above store, where they will from this time forward continue the wholesale together with the retail, of

Linens and Dry Goods,

of all kinds, at the lowest cash price. They are all of their own importation, and in order to make a permanent trade, they will retail them at the importer's prices. Their stock consists of Linen Sheeting, all widths and qualities; Damask Table Cloths, white and brown; Damask Table Linens, Diapers, Hucks, Back Towelings, Napkins, D'Oylies, White and Brown Drills, Checks and Stripes, all warranted pure linen, together with a large lot of

New Silks,

from 4s. to 12s. per yard; Stripes and Plaids, a splendid lot of Black Silks.

There are no damaged or bankrupt's goods included in this list, and they will sell lower than any other house having the same articles. Having a buyer always in Ireland, they are in a position and determined to sell low, and establish their house on the same principle as the "Old Linen Hall," in Dublin. Ladies are respectfully requested to examine the above stock, as affording a large assortment in variety and value. Amongst them will be found a splendid lot of 5-8 Damask and Snowdrop Napkins, from $1 to $1.50 per dozen, tickings and bleached muslins, cheap by the piece.

Striped Poplins,

A large assortment, from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per yard, with all other kinds of Dry Goods, to meet the wants of Spring and Summer purchasers.

ap261m EGAN & CO., Linen Hall, 332 Bowery.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.

ap198m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE undersigned have formed a Copartnership, under the name and firm of Foot, Cole & Co., for the transaction of the Paper Commission Business, at 82 Beekman street.

JOEL W. FOOT,	FOOT, COLE & CO.
CHAS. COLE,	C. D. HARMAN,
	CARLTON LE SAGE.

Mr. H. C. Goodwin, has no further connection with us. ap19

P. H. McGINN,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

No. 193 WEST 42d STREET,

Adjoining the Church of the Holy Cross, New-York.

INTERMENTS procured in any Burial Ground or Cemetery in the vicinity of New-York or elsewhere. All articles for Funerals, furnished on the most reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

☞ All Orders promptly attended to, at all hours, day or night. ap198m

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"TERRA COTTA"

CHIMNEY TOPS,

PLAIN and Ornamental. Drain Pipes of all sizes, superior manufacture, lowest rates. LONG ISLAND POTTERY. Depot, 82 Nassau street, New-York. my10 3m

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Business Directory.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 252 BROADWAY.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

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Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

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Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

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Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

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Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

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Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

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SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

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Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

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N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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European News.

The United States' steamer Baltic, from Liverpool 14th ult., arrived at this port on the morning of the 27th.

There is considerable news of interest by this arrival. It is stated from Constantinople that a *defensive* alliance had been concluded at Teheran between Persia and the United States, and that the text of it had arrived at Constantinople, where it is kept very secret. [A commercial treaty must be meant.] It is reported from Hamburgh that an American squadron is expected soon to enter the Baltic. On Friday, the 9th inst., Russia, Sweden and Oldenberg signed a protocol at Copenhagen, agreeing to adopt the last proposition of Denmark for the capitalization of the Sound Dues, provided all other States interested do the same. Russia is reported to have demanded explanations respecting the joint treaty secretly concluded between France, England and Austria, guaranteeing the independence of Turkey. As the rumor has not affected the Stock Exchange, it cannot be considered dangerous. Russia is about to commence another campaign, under Gen. Mouravieff, against the Circassians. Considerable excitement yet reigns in Belgium on the subject of the attempt of France to coerce the Press; and an ovation had been offered by the Belgian editors to Count Vilain for his expressed determination to uphold the liberty of type. Paris correspondence, however, says that the French and Belgic Governments have come to an understanding in the matter; that Belgium will take more active measures to prevent the publication of appeals to assassination, and France will take an early opportunity of expressing satisfaction therewith. The affairs of Italy continue to excite a large share of attention. Count Cavour has presented two important notes to the Sardinian Chambers, which will be found in our columns.

The news of Gen. Walker's battle at Rivas attracted some, but not much, attention in England.

The French Government is stated to have its vigilance particularly awakened toward the movements of the secret societies, which are becoming dangerous. At a meeting of capitalists at the Treasury Office, on the 13th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, that the proposed loan of five millions sterling was calculated to cover the whole service of the year, except two millions, for which he should propose to issue Exchequer Bonds, but the two millions would not be required until the end of the present year, or, perhaps, not until the first quarter of 1857.

Russia.

The Emperor of Russia has issued the following manifesto on the subject of his approaching coronation:

"We, Alexander II, Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, King of Poland, &c., make known by these presents:

"When we ascended our ancestral throne of Russia, and grand duchy of Finland, and the throne of Poland, which is inseparable from it, in the midst of severe trials, both for us and our country, we resolved in our heart to defer our coronation so long as the thunder of arms was not silenced within the limits of our realm, and the blood of our glorious Christian warriors, who signalised themselves both by deeds of rare courage and by self-sacrifices, had not ceased to flow. Now that beneficent peace is restoring to Russia her former tranquillity, we intend, in conformity with the example of the former pious Emperors, our predecessors, to be crowned, and to receive the prescribed anointment, and at the same time to have our dearly beloved consort, the Empress Maria Alexandrowna, participate in the same. While we thus make known to our faithful subjects this our intention, which, with God's help, shall be carried into execution in the month of August of this year, we invite them at the same time to join their prayers to ours, that God's blessing may descend on us and our Government; that God may help us, while placing on our head the imperial crown, to take upon us the oath and vow to live solely and alone for the good of the nations that are put under our rule; and may Almighty God enlighten all our thoughts, and inspire all our acts by the bestowal on us of His holy spirit.

"ALEXANDER.

"St. Petersburg, *April* 29, 1856."

All the marshals and nobility of the empire have been summoned to Moscow.

In his recent speech to the nobility at Moscow, the Czar alluded to the report which had been spread of his intention to emancipate the serfs, and said that was a change which could by no means be effected in a hurry. The present state of things, however, was one that could not last. It would therefore be very agreeable to him if the nobility itself would take into mature deliberation in what way a change could be gradually prepared for; and any propositions they might make on the subject would always be welcome to him.

The *Czar*, of Warsaw, announces that Russia is to commence a campaign this summer against the Caucasus. General Chruleff will have the command of the expedition, under the superior direction of General Mouravieff. The expedition will extend to Daghestan, (the country of Schamyl,) a distance of about sixty miles from the Black Sea coast.

Of all the official changes which have recently taken place, that of the removal of the Senator Puschkin from his post in the Educational Administration of St. Petersburgh, seems to have created the greatest sensation in that capital. He stood at the head of the Upper Committee of Censorship, and it is believed that the intended innovations in the Ministry of Public Enlightenment, as it is called in Russia, were thought incompatible with his principles, as a member of the strictest old Russian party, and the forms in which those principles exhibited themselves. He is represented as a man of high honor, and one of the most intelligent and enlightened among the superior officers of the state service, but at the same time as one who opposed fanatically what he thought the irruption of foreign ideas of civilization, and was most successful in keeping them at bay. Without going to the full extent in which some persons sanguinely hope that the whole oppressive system of censorship is now to be dropped in Russia, it may be safe to conclude that this removal of Puschkin by the Emperor is the evidence of a change for the better as regards the application of liberal principles in the field of literature and the press.

France.

The frost with which certain localities of the east and south-east of France were visited in the nights of the 5th and 6th inst. has done much injury to the vines. In the Niévre they have irretrievably suffered. In the neighborhood of Grenoble the vines, as well as the mulberry and walnut trees, and even the crops in the ground, which presented the most luxurious appearance, were seriously damaged. The results were also disastrous in many of the wine districts of the Herault and Var. In Franche Comté the loss sustained is considered irreparable on many points, and in Burgundy this late frost proved fatal to most of the younger vines. The fall in the price of wine has been of course checked in the southern markets.

REMARKABLE INTERVIEW BETWEEN COUNT ORLOFF AND THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—Count Orloff recently had an audience of the Emperor, to ask for explanations on the subject of the treaty of April 15, between England, France, and Austria. The Russian plenipotentiary represented to his majesty that the treaty, unexplained, was construed by his government as a symptom of want of confidence in the good faith of Russia. The Emperor Napoleon protested against any such interpretation, and assured Count Orloff that he had only signed this treaty in compliance with the wishes of England and Austria, who desired to have a pledge of his good feeling towards them.

Count Orloff replied with as much vivacity as it was possible for a diplomatist to exhibit in presence of a reigning monarch, that the treaty of peace of March 30 effectually secured the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, that the Emperor Napoleon had, before the signing of that treaty, given strong assurances of his desire to cultivate intimate relations with Russia, and that the unexpected step which had been taken was calculated to sow doubt and distrust in the mind of his Imperial master. During this remarkable interview, the Emperor Napoleon III. preserved that calm and impenetrable demeanor for which he is remarkable, while Count Orloff scarcely concealed the excitement and surprise which the new situation had produced in his mind.

A new sect, half political and half religious, has formed itself in France. Its tenets strange to say, are those of Druidism, the national doctrine of the ancient Gauls, combined with the principles of the Revolution of 1791. This Revolution the sectarians assert, delivered the nation of the Gauls from their oppressors, the Franks (represented by the clergy and the aristocracy), and France must maintain that delivery by returning altogether to the past—by reviving the traditions and the rites of the golden sickle and the sacred hatchets. The sect is headed by men of some consequence, as, for instance, by M. Henri Martin, the historian, by M. Carnot, formerly Minister of Public Instruction, by M. Jean Renaud, the philosopher, and by M. Dumesnil, son-in-law to M. Michelet. M. Michelet himself, though considered by the new party as a Druid, has not yet formally joined the sect.

Spain.

FRENCH INTERFERENCE IN SPANISH MATTERS.—No little irritation has been caused in Madrid by the publication, in the *Journal de Madrid*, a French paper established there, and supposed to be the mouth-piece of the French government, of an article advocating French intervention in Spanish affairs. The article appeared, by a strange coincidence, on the 2d of May, the day that the army, the population, and the government were celebrating the anniversary of the rising of the Spanish people against their invaders and oppressors. Its dictatorial tone was still more irritating, and the sensations produced by it were more painful from the fact of the writer selecting such a day, whilst thousands were gathered around the monument of Daoiz and Vilarde, who gave the signal of that glorious insurrection, to declare that French intervention in Spain was even a contingency. The correspondent of the London *Times* adds:—"It is curious that while the French government complains of the hostility of a portion of the Belgian press, it should not disavow any connection with a paper published in their language in in Madrid containing articles offensive to the independence of the Spanish people, and contemplating in the capital which witnessed the struggle of the 2d of May, the contingency of a French invasion. I am assured that the Spanish government continue to express themselves perfectly satisfied with that of France, and particularly with the Emperor."

Belgium.

PROSECUTION OF THE "NATION" BY THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT.—On Thursday evening, the 8th, although the weather was wet, a body of about 1,200 persons walked in procession to the hotel of the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and left there an address, thanking Count Vilain XIV, for the noble language which he had employed in the famous discussion relative to the Belgian press. The demonstration was got up by the *Nation* of Brussels, and the principal editors of the Brussels papers were present. One correspondent in recording this event, remarks that the lesson of Count Walewski will, nevertheless, not be lost; "It will have for effect to force the bad press within the limits of a more decorous discussion, and, especially less outrageous to the Emperor of the French."

This opinion seems to be likely; and we see that the Belgian Minister of the Interior has stated, in reply to a question in the Chamber of Representatives, that a prosecution has been already commenced against the "Nation" for an article containing an attack upon the Duchess of Brabant, and the announcement was received by the Chamber with loud marks of approbation. The Duchess of Brabant, wife to the heir presumptive to the throne of Belgium, is a daughter of the House of Hapsburg; and the incriminated article asserts that the Duchess is the most active instrument of the Austrian pressure on the Belgian government, and that "this infamous government of Austria believed that by supporting the brutal Napoleonic pressure on the Belgian government" it would divert public attention from the Italian question. The Paris *Moniteur*, under the guise of a letter from Brussels, characterizes the spirited speech of Count Vilain as deficient in moderation and statesmanlike reserve, and as having been spoken merely for effect.

INTENTIONS OF THE BELGIAN CABINET.—The *Moniteur Belge* publishes a communicated article distinguishing between what the Minister, Count Vilain, really said in the Chamber, and what has been loosely interpreted as his meaning. The *Moniteur Belge* says:—"The Minister of Foreign Affairs has declared that the cabinet of which he is a member will never propose any change in the constitution. He was not further questioned, and therefore was not called upon to declare the intentions of ministers respecting the laws that regulate the press. Had such questions been put, the government would have had only one answer to make, which is that it meant to reserve to itself, within the pale of the constitution, its full liberty of action, so as to be able to submit to the Chambers, when it should deem that the proper time had arrived, such modifications as might seem to it proper to be introduced into the laws concerning the press."

The Paris *Moniteur* reprints the note of the *Moniteur Belge*, and adds:—"We felicitate the Belgian government on the care it takes to guard its intentions from misapprehension. The part of the French government has been simply to point out the evil and its consequences; it is for the cabinet of Brussels alone to seek to find, and to apply the remedy. The government of the Emperor concerns itself with the efficacy and not with the nature of the remedy."

The correspondent of the *Daily News* says: "The affair between Belgium and France begins to assume an unpleasant aspect, though from what I can learn this government has no desire to push matters to an extreme. The excesses of a portion of the Belgian press is not, it appears, the only cause of displeasure. It is complained that the King of the Belgians forgot a little his usual sagacity in hastening to give to the Czar the Grand Cross of Leopold, and in making a display of it in the Belgian *Moniteur*. It is not usual, it appears, to publish the name of the recipient of such honors in the official organ of the government when the recipient is a crowned head. Kings and subjects cannot, of course be put on a level."

On the other hand, it declared that there was no intention of bravado in the act. The Order of Leopold could not be given to the Czar so long as he had not recognized the government of King Leopold, and that recognition coming late was all but coincident with the political situation which preceded the war. Moreover, the decoration could not have been given without offence to England and France while Russia was at war with those Powers. Now, as the Emperor Alexander appears to prize the Belgian order beyond measure, King Leopold took the first favorable opportunity of gratifying his intense longing—but nothing disrespectful, or anything approaching it, was intended by the act.

Denmark.

CAPITALIZATION OF THE SOUND DUES.—In a protocol signed at Copenhagen on the 9th inst., Russia and Sweden formally adhered to the mode of capitalizing the Sound dues proposed by the Danish government. The Copenhagen correspondent of the *Times* is somewhat surprised that England, "whose interest it seems to be to watch over the independence of Denmark," should have declined to accede to the proposed capitalization, which is declared to be the only practicable solution; and he intimates that the sympathies of the Danish nation, who are great admirers of British institutions, "would be considerably impaired if Denmark's moderate and reasonable proposals should meet with opposition from the very country which has the solution of the question in its hands, and which, of all States, is the one best qualified to prepare a transition from the existing state of things to another state more consistent with the exigencies of the time, without violently making away with old traditions."

Italy.

IMPORTANT NOTES FROM COUNT CAVOUR—THE STATE OF ITALY—RIOT AT MALTA.—We subjoin the important Note which the Sardinian Plenipotentiaries, under date of the 16th of April, 1856, addressed to Lord Clarendon and Count Walewski:

"The undersigned, plenipotentiaries of H. M. the King of Sardinia, full of confidence in the sense of justice which animates the rulers of France and England, and in the friendship they profess for Piedmont, have not ceased to hope, since the opening of the conferences, that the Congress of Paris would not separate without taking into serious consideration the state of Italy, and arriving at some means for the re-establishment of the political equilibrium now disturbed by the occupation of many of the provinces of the peninsula by foreign troops.

"Assured of the aid of their allies, they can hardly believe that another power, after having displayed so lively and generous an interest in the welfare of the eastern nations of Sclavonic and Greek race, would refuse to attend to the interests of the Latin people, who are still more unfortunate, inasmuch as their higher degree of civilization renders them more sensitive to the evils of oppressive governments. This hope, however, they have now lost. In spite of the good will of England and France, notwithstanding their kindly efforts, the persistency of Austria in demanding that no subject should be introduced into the conferences foreign to the matters they were especially called to discuss, has induced that assembly, upon which the anxious eyes of all Europe were turned, to dissolve, not only without having effected the slightest alleviation in the sufferings of Italy, but without having cast beyond the Alps a solitary gleam of hope in the future to calm men's minds, and so induce the Italians to support yet awhile the present with resignation.

"The peculiar position that Austria held in the late Congress rendered, perhaps, this deplorable result inevitable. This the undersigned are ready to admit. But without in the least reproaching their allies, they think they may justly call attention to the serious consequences which may arise in Europe; in Italy, and, above all, in Sardinia. It would be unnecessary to describe the actual condition of Italy. What has occurred in that country for some years past is already too notorious. The system of repression and of violent reaction, that might have some justification in the troubled times of 1848 and 1849, is now continued without mitigation, and even, with a few exceptions, with redoubled vigor. Never, at any period, have the dungeons and the galleys been more crowded with political offenders. Never has the number of exiles been more considerable, the surveillance of the police more strict, or the political state of the people more distressing. What is now passing in Parma is beyond belief. Such a system of rule necessarily engenders in the population a constant feeling of irritation and disaffection. This has been the case with Italy for the last seven years. Latterly, indeed, the popular agitation seems to have somewhat calmed.

"The Italians, seeing one of their own national monarchs coalesced with the great western powers in their combat for the principles of right and justice, and for the benefit of their co-religionists in the east, entertained the hope that peace would not have been concluded without some efforts being made to mitigate their own sufferings. This hope rendered them calm and resigned. But when they discover the negative results of the Paris Congress—when it shall become known to them that Austria, in spite of the good offices and amicable intervention of France and England, has objected to all discussion on the subject of Italy—that she would not even countenance the examination of measures calculated to remedy so sad a state of affairs—it is not to be doubted that their temporarily suppressed irritation will become more violent than ever. Convinced that they have nothing more to expect from diplomacy, nor from the powers who take an interest in their fate, the Italians will range themselves in the ranks of the revolutionary and subversive party with renewed ardor, and Italy will again become the hotbed of conspiracies and of disorder, that perchance may be restrained for a time by yet more vigorous compression, but which the least commotion abroad will cause to burst forth with unprecedented violence.

"This disastrous state of things, if it engages the attention of England and France, interested equally in the maintenance of order and the steady progress of civilization, ought naturally to occupy most seriously the government of the King of Sardinia. The stir of revolutionary passions in the countries contiguous to Piedmont, the effect of a cause of a nature calculated to excite

the liveliest popular sympathy, exposed her to dangers of the gravest kind, that might possibly compromise the firm and moderate policy which, to her, has been so fertile in excellent results, and that has long attracted the admiration of enlightened Europe.

"But this is not the only danger that menaces Sardinia. A greater one still exists in the consequences of the means Austria may employ to repress the revolutionary tendencies in Italy. Responding to the call of the sovereigns of the insignificant Italian states, who are unable to restrain their own discontented subjects; this power holds military occupation of the greater part of the valley of the Po and of Central Italy. And her influence in fact extends in an irresistible manner to those provinces where even she may not happen to have soldiers. Resting on one side on Ferrara and Bologna, her troops are ranged as far as Ancona, the whole length of the Adriatic, which is now in some respects an Austrian Lake; on the other side resting on Placenza, which, contrary to the spirit if not to the letter of the treaty of Vienna, she exerts herself to transform into a first-class fortress. She has a garrison at Parma, and can deploy her forces the whole length of the Sardinian frontier from the Po to the summit of the Appenines. The permanent occupation by Austria of territories that do not belong to her renders her the absolute mistress of the whole of Italy, destroying the equilibrium established by the treaty of Vienna, and constitutes a continual menace to Piedmont.

"Surrounded in a measure on all sides by the Austrians, completely beset on her eastern frontier by the forces of this power, who looks on her with no benevolent eye, Piedmont is kept in a continued state of apprehension, that obliges her to be ever armed, and to preserve a defensible attitude. This draws heavily on her finances, already deranged by the events of 1848 and 1849, and by the war in which she has lately participated.

"These facts, which the undersigned have just set forth, will be sufficient to make plain the perils of the position in which the Sardinian government finds itself placed.

"Troubled in domestic affairs by the action of revolutionary passions that are communicated from neighboring states, where these evils are engendered by a violent system of oppression, and by foreign occupation—menaced by the extension of the power of Austria, it may, from one moment to another, be forced by an inevitable necessity to adopt extreme remedies, the results of which it is impossible to foretell.

"The undersigned do not doubt that this state of affairs will awaken the solicitude of the governments of France and England, not only on account of the friendship and the real sympathy they profess for the sovereign who, alone amongst all, when success was most uncertain, dared to declare in their favor, but above all, because it is a veritable danger, that threatens the peace of the whole of Europe.

"Sardinia is the only state of Italy that can erect a permanent barrier to the revolutionary spirit, and at the same time be independent of Austria, to whose invading influence she is also the only counterpoise.

"If Sardinia, exhausted internally, abandoned by her allies, was obliged to succumb to superior force, if she fell under the dominion of Austria, then the conquest of Italy by this power would at once be achieved. And Austria, after having obtained in the east, without the slightest sacrifice, the immense benefit of the free navigation of the Danube, and the neutralization of the Black Sea, would then acquire also a preponderance in the West. This would be what France and England cannot wish—what they can never permit.

"But the undersigned are convinced that the Cabinets of Paris and London, taking into serious consideration the state of Italy, will advise, in concert with Sardinia, as to the means of applying an efficacious remedy. [Signed]

"C. Cavour,

"*Paris, 16th April.* "De Villemarina.

The *Opinione* of Turin, which reached Paris on Monday, contains a second note on the affairs of Italy, presented by Count Cavour to Lord Clarendon and Count Walewski, and given to the Chambers of Turin on the 7th of May. It points out that, since 1845, the Legations have been in a state of siege under Austrian occupation. The pontifical government exists only in name. The civil as well as military government is entirely in the hands of the Austrian army. Austria desires to render her occupation permanent. The memorandum then takes a historical view of the events connected with the Legations. Three times Austria has intervened, and always against the wish of the people. France, on the occasion of the second occupation, balanced the intervention by sending troops to Ancona.

The memorandum of 1831 showed the deplorable state of the Pontifical dominions, and the same evils were brought forward in the Gaeta correspondence during the exile of Pius IX. But these representations entirely failed; the Vatican would not adopt any reforms. The Emperor Napoleon, with that perception which is his characteristic, perfectly understood and clearly indicated the state of affairs in his letter to Col. Ney, by proposing "secularization and the application of the Code Napoleon." But Rome will evidently to the last oppose these suggestions. The memorandum then points out distinctly the views of the Sardinian plenipotentiaries in the following articles, and finally argues that unless such reforms are applied the foreign occupation of the legations can never cease. The propositions are as follows:

"1. The provinces of the Roman States situated between the Po, the Adriatic, the Apeninnes, and the province of Cremona, as far as Ferrara, being left under the dominions of the Holy See, should be completely secularized and organized under the judicial, administrative, military and financial report, in a manner entirely separate and independent from the rest of the State. Still, all diplomatic and religious relations should be exclusively left under the jurisdiction of Rome.

"2. The territorial organization and administration of this apostolic principality, should be established in conformity to the one existing under Napoleon I. up to the year 1814. The Code Napoleon should be established and promulgated, with the necessary modifications concerning the relations between Church and State.

"3. A lay representative of the Pope should govern these provinces, aided by ministers and a council of state. The lay representative of the Pope should be established for not less than ten years. The ministers, councillors of state, and all subordinates, are to be appointed by the lay representative of the Pope. Their legislative power is not to be extended over religious matters or mixed legislation; and, finally, to nothing which has reference to international politics.

"4. These provinces shall contribute in a just proportion to the maintenance of the Court of Rome, and to the national debt.

"5. A native army should be formed immediately, by means of recruiting. Beyond the communal and provincial councils, a general council of state should be formed, to examine and control the finance."

This is the "memorandum" which Austria refused to recommend at the Congress at Paris, and the existence of which has been denied by some continental journals.

Disturbances occurred at Malta on the evening of the 6th ult., when a number of the Italian legion paraded through the streets of Valetta, singing songs of liberty, and using insulting expressions towards the natives. The inspector of police, while endeavoring to pacify them, was mortally stabbed, and only survived a few minutes. On the afternoon of the 8th the disturbances were renewed, and a very mutinous spirit having manifested itself, their stock of ammunition had been removed, and late in the afternoon the Hannibal ship of the line, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Houston Stewart, was towed into Marsamusetto harbor, and took up a position in front of the Fort Manoel encampment. Nearly all the shops were closed throughout the day, and much consternation prevailed when the mail left.

Turkey, the Crimea, &c.

The Treaty—Revolt in Arabia—Review in the Crimea.—The accounts from Constantinople are to the 1st inst. The exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of the 30th of March was known in the Turkish capital. The Sultan has requested, it is said, several Anglo-French divisions to remain for some time at Constantinople. It is thought this request has been caused by the state of things in the interior of Turkey. The grand revolt which has broken out in Arabia, is the theme of general conversation; Egyptian troops are to be employed in repressing it. The journals are silent on the subject. The Smyrna papers state that the fanatics in Syria have massacred the English consular agent in Maraschi, and his family. Suleyman Pasha has put down the revolt in Magnesia, and arrested the ringleaders.

Letters to April 28 inclusive have arrived from the Crimea. A review of the whole of the British infantry went off exceedingly well on the 25th. Marshal Pelissier and many Russian officers were present. The weather was remarkably fine, but rain was required.

General Luders has authorized the cavalry division of General d'Allonville to proceed from Eupatoria to Kamiesch, by land, passing along the coast. The Tartars of Eupatoria were emigrating and establishing themselves in the Dobrutscha. A body of 9,000 English troops has embarked at Balaklava. Trade continued to improve at Kamiesch.

India.—Bombay papers to the 16th April have arrived. Profound peace continued to prevail throughout India. The Governor-General was at Calcutta. The pressure in the money market had given way. The banks had reduced their rate of interest 2 per cent. all round; and, as bullion in quantity was arriving both from England and China, a further reduction was looked for.

PERSIA.

The Treaty with the United States.—The following curious statement is from the Constantinople correspondence of the London *Times:*

"I told you in my last that a treaty had been concluded between the United States and Persia. It was concluded under the auspices of the Russian Mission, and its spirit is directed against England. It pretends to be a commercial treaty, and so it would be were it not for three articles. The first of these says that the Persians not being a maritime nation the Americans will be obliged, for the advantages which the treaty grants to their commerce, to have a fleet in the Persian Gulf, in order to defend Persia against the enterprises of whatever maritime nation should attack her. The second gives the Americans the right to have their ships of war in the Shatt-ul-Arab, the mouth of the Tigris; and the third of the articles allow them to have a factory at Kurnah."

"Such is then the result of our late mistaken policy with Persia. We have a competitor on the Persian gulf. The most curious thing is that the Americans are to have Kumah as a factory; one of the places which we persuaded the Turks to give up to the Persians in the Frontier Convention."—*London Times, 16th.*

From the late Seat of War.

The London *Times* correspondence makes a feature of the enormous losses sustained by the Russians in the Crimea, and argues therefrom the Russians would not have been able to sustain themselves many days longer had not peace been declared. Their losses in and around Sebastopol are set down at 86,000 men, while 100,000 perished of fatigue and disease. After all, this is no more than the allies lost.

Correspondence continues to describe Syria as in a very unsatisfactory state. The Sultan's decree of religious equality pleases neither Mussulmen nor Christians; the Moslem rebel against the concessions to the infidels, and the latter would rather pay a tax than be compelled to serve in the army. The rioters at Naplous, (Nazareth), have become alarmed at the consequences of their indiscretion, and are attempting to pacify the Pasha of Jerusalem, who threatens them with punishment. A shocking outrage has been committed at Marash, near Aleppo. An English horse-dealer having been shot and his house set on fire, his wife and two children perished in the flames. The Holy Fire was exhibited in the Church of the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, on Saturday, April 25th, and the ceremony was attended with scenes of fanatic rowdyism—the worshippers being eventually beaten out of the sanctuary by the Turkish police.

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has applied for and obtained leave of absence. The London papers infer that he has been recalled.

Hostilities have recommenced between the Russians and Circassians.

Fifteen hundred families of Tartars are sabandoning the Crimea, and intend to colonize the Dobradsha.

The barracks at Daood, near Constantinople, have been accidentally burned down.

Further by the Africa.

The British mail steamer from Liverpool (17th ult.) arrived with four days later news on the evening of the 28th ult.; the news is of little importance. Parliament not being in session there is little of political import, excepting the repeated reports that the Conservatives are employed in weeding out the lukewarm and disaffected of their party. Very little has been said or written regarding the battles in Costa Rica. One influential journal in the Government interest, explains Lord Clarendon's letter respecting the 2,000 rifles, by saying that the British Government have quantities of old muskets on sale, and will be glad to meet with other customers beside the Costa Ricans! Italian affairs continue prominently before the public. From other parts of the continent there is nothing new.

France.—The Empress appeared in public for the first time since her accouchment, on Sunday the 11th, and on one or two subsequent days rode in a carriage, accompanied by the Emperor. She was everywhere cordially received by the crowd. The great cattle show was to open at Paris on the 26th instant (May).

Gen. de Failly succeeds Canrobert as aide-decamp to the Emperor.

Germany.—On May the 8th, the representatives of Austria and Prussia officially informed the Germanic Diet that peace was restored, and, at the same time, proposed that the Bund should express its adhesion to the treaty of peace concluded at Paris on the 30th of March. On the motion of Bavaria the subject was referred to the Committee on Eastern affairs. It is rumored that the Bund will pass a vote of thanks to Prussia and Austria, and express entire concurrence in their policy.

Italy.—The Sardinian Senate have had under discussion the Marquis d'Azeglio's motion approving the foreign policy of Ministers. The following are the terms of the motion:

"The Senate, convinced of the happy consequences which may be produced by the Treaty of Peace, both for civilization in general and for the re-establishment of order and tranquillity on the Italian peninsula, and recognizing the honorable part which the policy of this government and conduct of the Sardinian plenipotentiaries have had in these happy results, expresses its entire satisfaction."

The motion was passed unanimously, as was a vote of thanks to the army and navy.

English News.

The accounts of the Reform Club afford some insight into the business of hotel-keeping. The annual receipts amount to £15,346 from 1,238 members. The capital account is £96,000, equal to an annual rent of £4,800. Ground rent, £1,000, and taxes, £850. Mere repairs are yearly £900, whereof kettle tinkering is £70. Fuel is £644, light £932. Washing figures for £560, chimney-sweeps £25, brushes £54. Annual breakage of glass, &c., £328; wear of linen, £363. Ice is £108, "snuff and toothpicks £72," winding clocks £45, playing-cards £80. The stock of cigars appear to reach £930. The stock of wine is only £2,491, and the profit is yearly on sales £500. That such a trifling service as cleaning windows should cost 10s. per week, will give some idea of the heavy costs of a large establishment in the most insignificant items. Snuff and toothpicks cost about 1s. 2d. per member per annum. Considering that gamblers seldom play twice with the same pack of cards, the small amount of £80 for cards shows that the amount of gambling is very small in the club.

Lord Palmerston has raised quite an outcry against himself, by undertaking to prohibit the military band at Kensington Gardens on Sundays. The privilege of the music was granted some short time since by Sir Benjamin Hall, and was much appreciated by the people of the lower walks of life, who had, in fact, no other innocent recreation within their reach on the Sabbath, their only holiday. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, wrote to Lord Palmerston, personally, requesting him to prohibit the music as "Sabbath desecration." Lord Palmerston, like a dutiful son of the Church, obeyed, although he stated that the prohibition is against his own convictions. A similar band performs every Sabbath for the Queen at Windsor Castle, but the Archbishop sees no desecration in it.

The trial of Palmer, the alleged poisoner, for the murder of his betting companion, Cook, had been going on during the three days, before the Central Criminal Court, London. The evidence, thus far, had been altogether circumstantial, and had not elicited much additional to that made public after the coroner's inquest. The most eminent counsel at the English bar are engaged on both sides; the Attorney-General, and Messrs. James Bodkin, Welsby, and Huddleston for the Crown; Sergt. Shee and Messrs. Grove, Gray, and Kenealy, for the prisoner. Lords Campbell, Alderson, and Cresswell on the bench. It is needless to say the court was crowded to its utmost capacity, and among the audience were many of the leading members of the turf.

An affray occurred between the Clare militia and the civilians at Newport (Monmouthshire) last week, for which Richard Green and William Pritchard, on the prosecution of Michael Callaghan and Stephen Connor, were brought before the magistrates. Colonel Vandeleur attended on the part of the militia. After a long trial the complaint was withdrawn. It was sworn that the soldiers called out "Ireland for the Irish."

At the fifth annual meeting of the Protestant Alliance, held yesterday, the Earl of Shaftesbury stated that, in consequence of a letter which had been addressed to the Prime Minister by the Archbishop of Canterbury, upon the subject of the performance of the military bands in the parks on Sundays, the Government would put a stop to the Sunday performance of the bands. The meeting cheered this announcement vociferously. The number of visitors in the London parks on Sunday, were as follows: Regent's Park, 92,000; Victoria Park, 85,000; Kensington Gardens, 50,252.

A curious small debt case was decided lately in Glasgow. A grocer ticketed a large quantity of sugar at "4 1-2d. per lb." A purchaser ordered the entire quantity at that price, but the grocer objected to sell more than one pound. The would-be purchaser brought an action, and the Sheriff decided that the grocer was compelled to sell the entire quantity of sugar exposed for sale at the ticketed price.

List of the Regiments Engaged in the War.—Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and Sebastopol—4th Qneen's Own Dragoons, 8th Hussars, 11th Hussars, 13th Light Dragoons, 17th Lancers, Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Scots Fusilier Guards, 1st battalion, 1st Foot, 4th, 7th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 28th, 30th, 33rd, 38th, 41st, 44th, 47th, 49th, 50th, 55th, 63rd, 68th, 77th, 88th, 23rd Regiment; Rifle Brigade.

Sebastopol and Balaklava—4th Irish Dragoons, 5th Dragoon Guards, 1st Royal Dragoons, 2nd Scots Greys, 6th Inniskilling.

Sebastopol—1st King's Dragoon Guards, 6th Dragoon Guards, 10th Hussars, 12th Lancers, 2nd bat. 1st Foot, 3rd Buffs, 9th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 31st, 34th, 32th, 42nd, 46th, 56th, 57th, 62nd, 71st, 72nd, 79th, 82nd, 89th 90th, 97th.

The following Regiments have 16 companies, being four added since war was proclaimed:—The two Battalions, Royals, 3rd, 4th, 7th Fusiliers, 9th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 28th' 38th, 31st, 33rd, 34th, 38th, 39th, 41st 42nd, 44th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 48th, 50th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 63th, 62nd, 63rd, 68th, 71st, 22nd, 76th, 79th, 82nd, 88th, 89th, 92nd, 93rd, 95th, and 97th Regiments, and Rifle Brigade.

Lord Ranelagh has addressed a letter to the members of the Carlton Club, declaring that the presence in that club of members of the present government is injurious to the interests of the Conservative party.

Congressional.

Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

May 26.—The Committee to investigate the assault upon Mr. Sumner was empowered to send for persons and papers. The mammoth petition from California, asking for an overland wagon road, was presented, and bills were introduced for the construction of two such roads. Mr. Pugh spoke against the admission of Kansas under the Free State Constitution.

May 27.—Mr. Trumbull gave notice that he should introduce a bill to prevent civil war and restore peace in Kansas. The bill providing for a general introduction of a uniform code of marine signals was passed. Mr. Slidell called attention to the telegraphic report of Mr. Sumner's statement before the House Committee, and explained his position in relation to the assault on that gentleman, and was followed by Messrs. Douglas and Toombs, also in explanation. Mr. Butler, who appeared in the Senate for the first time since the assault, stated that, if he had been in Washington, he should have assumed all the responsibility taken by his "gallant relative." The discussion was continued at considerable length.

May 28.—Mr. Pearce, from the Select Committee to investigate the facts attending the recent assault on Mr. Sumner, reported that precedents were only to be found in the action of the House of Representatives, the Senate never having been called upon to pronounce judgment in a similar case. The committee come to the conclusion that, although the assault was a violation of the privileges of the Senate, it is not within their jurisdiction, and the offence can only be punished by the House of which Mr. Brooks is a Member. This conclusion, the report continued, is in strict conformity with parliamentary law and the requirements of the Constitution. Therefore the Committee recommend the Senate to make complaint to the House. With this report the Committee submit a resolution that said report be accepted by the Senate, and a copy of the same, with the accompanying affidavits, be transmitted to the House of Representatives. The resolution was adopted, Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, alone voting against it. Mr. Mason spoke in defence of the President's veto of the Mississippi Improvement Bill.

House of Representatives.

May 26. The expenses on public buildings at Washington occupied some hours. Mr. Kelly of New-York was permitted to print a political speech which he could not find opportunity to deliver. A bill was reported to authorize the patents issued on the final adjudication of California land claims, prior to January 1856. Consideration postponed two weeks.

May 27.—A bill granting about 1,300,000 acres of land to Michigan for railroads was passed.

May 28.—Bills were introduced giving lands to Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas, for railroads; ceding the public lands to States in which they lie; for the repeal of the act establishing the Court of Claims; to grant a million acres to Louisiana for railroads, (passed, 62 to 58.)

May 19.—The house bills, giving lands to Wisconsin, Alabama, Louisiana and Michigan for railroad purposes, were passed.

A message from the President, informing Congress that he had ceased to hold intercourse with the British Minister and a despatch from Secretary Marcy to Mr. Dallas, replying to the letter of Lord Clarendon of the 30th of April, on the Enlisttment difficulty, were presented. Mr. Marcy states that the President is much gratified at the conciliatory spirit of the letter of Lord Clarendon, and by the desire expressed to adjust existing differences, and preserve and strengthen the friendly relations between the two countries. The disclaimer of any intention to violate the laws of the United States, and the expression of regret that, contrary to the intention and direction of the British government, there has been such infringement, are satisfactory, and the main complaint, so far as respects her Majesty's government, is thus removed; but the President extremely regrets that he can not concur with Lord Clarendon in the opinion that Mr. Crampton and the Consuls at New-York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati are not implicated in these proceedings. Regarding those who have no connection with this government he has nothing to ask of her Majesty's government; but in the cases of the individuals mentioned, he deems it proper that their relations with this government should cease. In taking this step, however, he does intend to cause any interruption of the diplomatic relations between the United States and Great Britain; but on the contrary is desirous of keeping the two countries upon a friendly footing. Mr. Crampton's withdrawal was asked expressly on the ground that his connection with the elistments had rendered him an unacceptable representative of her Britannic Majesty near this government; and for the same reason, the withdrawal of the Consuls named was likewise requested. These officers are all, as this government still believes, implicated in the violation of the laws of the United States, contrary to the reiterated instructions of their own government. This complicity did not rest solely on the testimony of Strobel and Hertz, but on original letters of Mr. Crampton and others. The despatch then proceeds to detail at length the evidence against the dismissed Minister and Consuls. In the course of the discussion which followed the reading of the documents, General Cass said that no pretext for war could arrise out of the dismissal of Mr. Crampton, unless England was determined to go to war. In the House the Territorial Committee made a report in favor of admitting Kansas into the Union with the Topeka constitution. The Sumner committee asked for and obtained leave to report at any time when the House is in Session. Houses adjourned till Monday.

May 29.—The Crampton Message was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Grow reported a proposition to admit Kansas under her free constitution. Consideration postponed to the 25th of June. Adjourned to Monday.

Mr. Sumner.

The special Washington correspondent of the *Times*, under date 27th ult., says—"The scene in the Senate to-day was exciting. Senator Wilson, in defending Senator Sumner, said that the latter was stricken down by a brutal, murderous, and cowardly assault. Butler—(sotto voce)—"You are a liar!" He subsequently retracted the words. Order was called, and the majority soon choked of the debate to Yeas and Nays—every administration man north and south, excepting Mr. Toombs, voting aye. Great excitement succeeded. Many of the southern men were seen in excited conversation. The rumor was soon quite current that Messrs. Wilson and Wade would be assaulted after the adjournment, but about a dozen of their friends took care to be armed, and peace was preserved. It is rumored to-night that Senator Wilson is to be challenged by Brooks.

The House Committee of Investigation waited on Mr. Sumner on Monday, 26th, and took his testimony with regard to the assault.

The following is the statement of Mr. Sumner, under oath:

"I attended the Senate as usual on Thursday, the 22d of May. After some formal business, a message was received from the House of Representatives, announcing the death of a member of that body from Missouri. This was followed by a brief tribute to the deceased from Mr. Geyer of Missouri, when according to usage and out of respect for the deceased, the Senate at once adjourned. Instead of leaving the senate chamber with the other senators, on the adjournment, I continued in my seat, occupied with my pen, and while thus intent, in order to be in season for the mail, which was soon to close, I was approached by several persons, who desired to converse with me, but I answered them promptly and briefly, excusing myself for the reason that I was much engaged. When the last of these persons left me, I drew my arm-chair close to my desk, and with my legs under the desk continued writing. My attention at this time was so entirely drawn from all other subjects, that though there must have been many persons in the Senate, I saw nobody. While thus intent, with my head bent over my writing, I was addressed by a person who approached the front of my desk. I was so entirely absorbed, that I was not aware of his presence till I heard my name pronounced. As I looked up with pen in hand, I saw a tall man, whose countenance was not familiar, standing directly over me, and at the same moment caught the words: 'I have read your speech twice carefully over; it is a libel on South Carolina, and Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine.' While these words were still passing from his lips, he commenced a succession of blows with a heavy cane, on my bare head, by the first of which I was stunned and lost my sight. I saw no longer my assailant, nor any other object or person in the room. What I did afterward was done almost unconsciously, acting under the instincts of self-defence. With head already bent down, I rose from my seat, wrenched up my desk which was screwed to the floor, and then pressing forward while my assailant continued the blows. I had no other consciousness till I found myself ten feet forward in front of my desk, lying on the floor of the Senate, with my bleeding head supported on the knee of a gentleman whom I soon recognized by voice and manner as Mr. Morgan of New-York. Other persons there were about me, offering me friendly assistance, but I did not recognize any of them. Others there were at a distance, looking on, but offering no assistance, of whom I recognized only Mr. Douglas of Illinois, Mr. Toombs of Georgia, and I thought also my assailant standing between them. I was helped from the floor and conducted into the lobby of the Senate, where I was placed upon a sofa. Of those who helped me here I have no recollection. As I entered the lobby I recognized Mr. Slidell of Louisiana, who retreated, but I recognized no one else till I felt a friendly grasp of the hand, which seemed to come from Mr. Campbell of Ohio. I have a vague impression that Mr. Bright, President of the Senate, spoke to me while I was on the floor of the Senate or in the lobby. I make this statement in answer to the interrogatory of the committee, and offer it as presenting completely all my recollections of the assault and of the attending circumstances, whether immediately before or immediately after. I desire to add, that besides the words I have given, as uttered by my assailant, I have an indistinct recollection of the words "old man;" but these are so enveloped in the mist which ensued from the first blow, that I am not sure whether they were uttered or not."

On the cross-examination of Mr. Sumner, he stated that he was entirely without arms of any kind, and that he had no notice or warning of any kind, direct or indirect, of this assault.

In answer to a cross-question, Mr. Sumner replied that what he had said of Mr. Butler was strictly responsive to Mr. Butler's speeches, and according to the usages of parliamentary debate.

American News.

The following exhibits the electoral vote of the several States, distinguishing between the slave and free States:

SLAVE STATES.		FREE STATES.	
Virginia	15	Maine	8
North Carolina	10	Mew Hampshire	5
South Carolina	8	Vermont	5
Georgia	10	Massachusetts	13
Alabama	9	Rhode Island	4
Mississippi	7	Connecticut	6
Louisiana	6	New Jersey	7
Missouri	9	Pennsylvania	27
Delaware	3	California	4
Texas	4	New York	35
Arkansas	4	Ohio	23
Florida	3	Indiana	13
Maryland	8	Illinois	11
Kentucky	12	Michigan	6
Tennessee	12	Iowa	1
		Wisconsin	5
Total	120	Total	176

Hon. Samuel Phillips Prescott Fay died at his residence, in Cambridge, on the 17th ult., at the advanced age of 78 years. Judge Fay was born in Concord, Mass., on the 10th of January 1778, and graduated at Harvard College in 1798. Soon after he graduated he received a captain's commission in the American Army, and joined the forces under the command of General Hamilton, stationed at Oxford, Mass., where he remained in service for a brief period. On the 1st May, 1821, he was appointed Judge of probate for Middlesex County, and performed the duties of the office until March last, a period of about thirty-five years. He was a member of the Governor's Council in 1818 and 1819, and of the Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts in 1820. He was elected a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College in 1824, which office he held until the new organization of the Board in 1852.

Chicago seems likely to become a second Amsterdam. The city is built so little above the level of the lake that a large part of it is in the process of being raised to secure better drainage. A company has lately purchased a tract of 150 acres, at $4,000 per acre, through which will be constructed seven canals, each 100 feet in width, with streets 80 feet in width, with streets 80 feet in width between the canals, each street to be provided with railroad tracks. This improvement will give great increase to the water front of the city, and great facility for the expeditious shipment of landing goods.

Upward of 14,000 land warrants, covering 1,700,000 acres, were issued in April. The whole number issued under the law of 1855 is 227,000 requiring upwards of 15,000,000 acres.

The Canadian Agriculturist publishes some statistics upon fencing in Canada, by which it appears that according to the last census there are in Upper Canada 3,697.724 acres under cultivation. Leaving out wood land, much of which is fenced, and assuming a cost of only $8 an acre for fencing, which is a moderate calculation, and it appears that the cost of fencing Upper Canada alone, is about thirty million dollars; and within twenty-five years, for new fences and repairs, there will be a necessity of farmers increasing an expense of $50.000,000.

The St. Louis *Republic* of the 28th, publishes the constitution of the State of Deseret recently formed and ratified by the people in general Convention at Salt Lake City April 6th. Is is exceedingly brief and plain, and says nothing about slavery. It announces the free toleration of all religions, and does not refer to polymany. A memorial was adopted asking admission to the Union, and George Smith and John Taylor were appointed delegates to present it to Congress.

The Revised Code of North Carolina declares, that if a person fight a duel, and either of the parties shall be killed, the survivor, on conviction, shall suffer death, and the aiders and abetters shall be considered accessories before the fact. If no death shall ensue, all parties shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and, on conviction, be punished accordingly, and moreover be ineligible to any office in the State.

The students of the University of Virginia have held a meeting, and passed strong resolutions in favor of the course pursued by Mr. Brooks in the Sumner affair. They not only returned their thanks to the chivalrous Carolinian, as they call Mr. Brooks, for the gallant manner in which he defended the rights of the South, but voted him a handsome cane to replace the one he broke in so good a cause.

A large number of citizens convened in Columbus S. C., on the 27th ult., in pursuance of a call for a meeting to sustain Mr. Brooks, in view of his recent defence of the rights of the South. Several addresses were made, and strong resolutions in approval of the course of Mr. Brooks were adopted.

The Columbia (S. C.) *Banner* learns that "Some of the gentlemen of Charleston have provided a suitable present, in the shape of a cane, to be given to Mr. Brooks, to show their appreciation of his late act of 'hiding' the Abolition Senator Sumner. It is to bear the inscription, 'Hit him again.'

We regret to learn, says the Vickburgh *Whig*, that the levee near the mouth of the Yazoo Pass, has given way, and that a flood of water is pouring into the valley of the Yazoo River. The damage done to planters in the valley must be immense.

It is stated that Capt. Darling, doorkeeper of the House of Representatives, was knocked down Saturday night by Senator Bright for insulting language. An effort, it is expected, will be made to expel Darling from the doorkeepership.

A lumber raft, while descending the Mississippi River last week, struck one of the piers of Rock Island bridge, and was shattered to pieces. Five of the crew were drowned. That bridge will have to come down.

It is said that one hundred clergymen have, within a short period, seceded from the ministry and communion of the English Church to join that of Rome—a number unparalleled since the days of Cranmer.

The Treasury Department commenced the payment of the Texas debt, June 3d, with a net amount on hand subject to draft of $26,228,000, of which $12,808,000 are in New-York.

Nine persons have been arrested and committed, at Detroit, for passing, or having in their possession, counterfeit bills on the City Bank of Montreal, and large quantites of base coin.

The Fairfield, Iowa, *Ledger* says: We saw a bull-snake on Monday last, which had been killed about a mile east of Fairfield, which measured seven feet and a half in length.

A freesoil writer from Kansas alleges that thirty of the young men from Alabama, taken to Kansas by Major Buford, have deserted him and joined the free State party. (?)

From Pittsburg under date 27th ult. we learn that the river is in good navigable condition for medium class boats. Freights low. Large boats are lying up for the season.

The Emigrant train which left Albany on the 27th, took 700 Mormon emigrants for Salt Lake City. 427 of them were Welsh, and the balance English and Scotch.

The population of Texas has increased, according to the very lowest calculations, 400 per cent. in ten years—a circumstance almost unprecedented in the South.

The Cleveland, Ohio, *Journal* says that there are over fifty jobbing houses in that city, and that their annual sales amount to over $20,000,000 annually.

The General Land Office has decided that land warrants issued under the act of March 2, 1852, and located, but not pre-empted, are assignable.

Richard Harrison, a prominent citizen of Tarboro, N. C., died last week. His property was estimated at about half a million.

The salaries of teachers and school expenses of Cincinnati for the last three months, amount to $14,673.

Important from Nicaragua and California.

The telegraph from New Orleans, date 27th, states that the steamer Granada, from Havana, (24th,) had arrived with two weeks' later news from Central America. It is reported that the Costa Ricans had shipped 300 wounded from San Juan del Sur, and that their army had retreated from Nicaragua by land. The Costa Ricans say they were deceived in regard to the feeling of the people of Nicaragua towards Walker, and expected to be received with open arms. They were very indignant at the false representations that were made to them on the subject. It is confirmed that the loss of the Costa Ricans at the battle of Rivas, in killed and wounded, amounted to 650, and that of Walker's army to about 100.

California dates by the Granada are to the 5th ult. The chief feature of the news is as follows:—In Mariposa county a party of Americans had murdered twenty Mexicans and Chilians, the pretext being that some Americans had been murdered by Chilians. The Americans had ordered all the Chinese, Peruvians, Chilians and Mexicans to leave the country.

The war against the Indians in Oregon and Washington territories was being prosecuted with vigor, and the Indians had met with several defeats.

The volunteers against the Indians complain badly of lack of rations and neglect in the commissariat department.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, May 16, 1856.

The most interesting event of the day is the amnesty to all political offenders except those bad boys who made their escape to America. To O'Brien, Martin, and O'Doherty, the intelligence will be acceptable, and I presume all three will hasten to avail themselves of their restored right to dwell in their own land. It should be gratifying to us Irishmen that the English Chartists are placed in the same category with our distinguished countrymen. It is doubtful, however, whether Frost, Jones, or Williams will revisit England. The two last, as you are aware, are settled in Van Dieman's land, and are in tolerably good circumstances. Williams, having been a miner in Wales, turned his skill to account in Tasmania, and discovered there several valuable coal mines, thereby not only serving himself, but proving a benefactor to the colony. Jones is the proprietor of a tavern within a few miles of Launceston, on the main road, and a short time since was put forward as a candidate for the Legislative Council. Frost is with you in New-York, an honored exile, as he has ever been the consistent advocate of freedom. There are yet remaining, I think, in Van Dieman's Land, about a dozen men—English and Irish—who were transported for their connection either with the Chartist movement of 1848, or the Irish insurrectionary proceedings of the same year. Among these are Dowling, the artist; Cuffey, the tailor; Walsh, from Waterford; Lyons, from Cork, and several others whose names I do not remember. The "crimes" of these men are the same as those of Smith O'Brien, or Williams, and it would therefore be obviously unjust to except them from the benefit of the amnesty.

The announcement of the amnesty afforded a convenient opportunity for the repetition of the base slander about the parole; and the English Government, and the English press, and the servile copyists of the latter of the Irish press, have taken advantage of it to the fullest extent. What matters it that neither you, Mitchel, nor McManus have, directly or indirectly, intimated a desire to return to Ireland?—the British Government mean not alone to exclude you from your country, but as far as in them lies to damage your reputations. Hence the "breach of parole."

A word, now, upon this subject; for I feel it is one upon which I am entitled to speak with a certain degree of authority. Terence Bellew McManus is excluded from the benefit of the amnesty on the ground of violation of parole. Well, it is notorious to all in the least acquainted with the matter, and to every inhabitant of Van Dieman's Land, that for several months previous to his escape, McManus had not been subject to parole at all. He had been a prisoner at hard labor at Port Arthur. Upon his release from there, he was forwarded to Launceston, whither the Comptroller-General, Hampton, followed him in all haste. Before the arrival, however, of the latter, and before any renewel of parole had taken place, McManus was safely on board a vessel bound for California. Now, a man cannot break a promise which he has not made; a man cannot violate a pledge which he has not given. Nevertheless, McManus is excluded from the amnesty *because*, as my Lord Palmerston tells us, he "violated parole."

Ex uno disce omnes—from the shameless mendacity of the Ministry respecting one case, let the public judge of the amount of credence to be attached to his statements regarding the others. No, no, your crime in the eye of the British Ministry is not "breach of parole"—which is a lying pretext—but that you should have defied his authority by escaping, and taken refuge, above all places in the world, in America. That country whose growing greatness he so much dreads.

During my sojourn in Tasmania I met every participator in your escape, and learned every particular connected with it. Your friends in that country are entirely satisfied with the manner of its accomplishment; your enemies, whether at the press or elsewhere, have never cast the slightest imputation on your honor; while several Government officials even, with whom I have conversed, have declared that you "satisfied every parole obligation." Well do I remember, on your arrival in New-York, with what eagerness you invited the judgment not only of friends, but of the public, on your escape; how your mind was not satisfied till your case had been submitted to a committee of American and Irish gentlemen of highest characters and positions in New-York; and how, had not their decision been unanimous in your favor, you stood prepared promptly to return to your place of exile; and thus by a sacrifice, unparalleled in history, save by that of Regulus of old, vindicate your integrity and your fame.

Of the escape of John Mitchel I was an eye-witness. Attended by a single friend, he entered the office of his police magistrate, and there formally surrendered his parole. In the office, and beside the door, there were, besides the magistrate, three constables, all armed, or with guns, pistols, and bayonets at hand. Mitchel, in a bold and clear voice, twice informed the magistrate of the object of his visit. He was about repeating it a third time, when his friend said—"Mitchel, you've done your duty—away." It was only at that moment the magistrate seemed to recover his presence of mind—but too late—the exile was mounted and off. But it has been argued, "Bribery was used." Certainly, it was; but to the extent only of allowing the exile a fair chance of escape from the office. On ordinary occasions the police force in and around the office amounted to from twelve to fourteen men—a force which it would have been madness for Mitchel and his friend to attempt to cope with. On the occasion of which I speak, the force was reduced to three constables with the magistrate—all of whom, it is to be presumed, were prepared to do their duty. If from timidity—I believe the true cause—or want of presence of mind, the magistrate, surrounded as he was by a force numerically twice superior to that of the prisoner, failed to perform his duty, assuredly the blame cannot be attributed to the prisoner. The undertaking was a desperate one, and God willed that it should succeed; but the chances were at least even that it would have failed. That Mitchel was conscious of this, is apparent from a couple of extracts which I will give you from a note addressed by him, on the morning of the escape, to P. J. Smyth. He says:

"As we are to part to-day, to pursue our several roads, and to encounter our respective adventures; and as we may never meet again in the world," &c.

"Again, he says:

"This enterprise indeed may fail, as the enterprise of two months ago failed."

He concludes as follows:

"However it may go, my dear fellow, take my most affectionate adieu. If I am retaken, there is an end of me. Remember me warmly and fraternally to these two—Meagher and Reilly."

Good God! when I think of these events; when I reflect upon the incredible hardships, privations, and anguish of mind, consequent upon repeated disappointments, which Mitchel was doomed to suffer for six weeks after his escape from the police-office, and before he was enabled to get on board a ship—his night-journeys through forest and morass, and his ever-constant risk of capture, with the certainty in such an event of being sent to an ignominious death; when I recall the anxiety of his friends during this period, and, above all, the fear which hung around his widowed household—my blood boils to think that men should be found so base, so mean, so cowardly; so malignant, and so treacherous in their malignity; so false, and so shameless in their falsehood, as to impute to him, even in thought, an act of dishonor.

The chivalrous character of Mitchel's escape was recognised and applauded by all classes of Tasmanian society. Even the *Hobart Town Advertiser*, the organ of Sir W. Denison, and conducted in a great measure by him, avowed that in the manner of his escape, Mitchel had manifested a "*chivalrous regard for his honor.*"

Before leaving Tasmania, Smith O'Brien in his reply to the Launceston address, and surrounded by Magistrates and Members of Council, declared that Mitchel had fulfilled "every parole obligation." Again at the Melbourne banquet he said,—"Mitchel broke no parole. I was consulted respecting the plan of his escape, and I sanctioned and counselled it. If, therefore, Mitchel is guilty of a breach of parole, so, too, am I." On the same occasion, John Macnamara, of Sydney, spoke as follows:—"It had been for a long time a darling object with me to rescue these gentlemen from their cruel situation. I have always, however, found one great obstacle to interpose, their scrupulous—in my mind their over scrupulous—regard for the parole."

Yes, had it not been for this scrupulous regard for your paroles, there is none of you who might not have walked out of the island a week after you landed. There would have been no occasion then for you or Mitchel to have risked your lives and to have endured incredible hardships in the effort to escape; no occasion for Smyth to have spent six months in Van Diemen's Land, toiling, planning, riding from district to district—and all this in order to satisfy the prisoner's own scruples, and deprive his enemies of the opportunity of charging him with a breach of faith. But no matter how or in what manner that escape had been accomplished, the same cry of "breach of parole" would have been raised. The escape itself, and the defiance to British authority which it involves, *there* is the crime, there the offence.

I find there are a few amiable and sentimental people—people of that class who care not how many martyrs there may be to Irish patriotism, provided they themselves be not of the number—and ignorant of the regulations of a penal colony, who argue solemnly and coolly in this wise:—They say, the acceptance by the Government of your parole was a favor; that therefore the parole should be interpreted strictly according to its spirit, and that, consequently, it was a thing which could not by possibility be honorably evaded or gotten rid of. Now these people proceed altogether upon a false assumption. So far from this parole transaction being a favor, it was the very reverse. So far from placing the Irish State Prisoners in a better position than the ordinary convicts, it placed them in a worse. The common ticket-of-leave-holders are privileged to range from district to district over the entire island, and to reside wheresoever they please, free from any parole obligation. The Irish exiles, in exchange for their paroles, were limited to a certain defined district, beyond which they could not stir without being arrested. The common ticket-of-leave-holders escape from the island in large numbers, and with but little difficulty; the Irish exiles were debarred from escaping, first, by the parole, and next by the district limits. It is thus clear that your position under parole as ticket-of-leave holders within a limited district, was much worse than that of the ordinary convicts, under no parole and subject to no district restrictions. But it may be said, Government might have placed these Irish exiles in solitary confinement, as they did O'Brien, and have murdered them by degrees, as they had well nigh murdered O'Brien. To have done this with all of them, would, if at all practicable, which I doubt, have occasioned the Government much trouble, much expense, and would moreover have outraged public feeling. By granting a limited ticket of leave subject to parole, all this was avoided, Government got credit for vast clemency, and Irish State prisoners were very ingeniously made to be their own jailers in Van Dieman's Land.

The letter of this parole, and, fairly and equally interpreted, its spirit, too, is, that so long as the party held it, he should not escape. Government, however, reserved to itself the right of withdrawing the parole at any time, without notice; the same right, of course, belonged to the prisoners. You and Mitchel exercised this right, and placed yourselves fairly in the power—if they had the pluck—to take you. They did not do so, and, therefore, you discharged your paroles, and whoever says to the contrary, lies.

This letter has extended to such immoderate length, that I must defer till next opportunity some other remarks on this subject.

I mean to show, that while under circumstances of great provocation, the Irish Exiles displayed a scrupulous regard for their paroles, the Government of Sir W. Denison, in repeated instances, violated the letter and spirit of that contract. Yes, breaches of parole there have been, but the delinquents are not Irish Exiles, but those worthy representatives of the British Government, Sir W. Denison, late Lieutenant-Governor of Van Dieman's Land, and Hampton, ex-Comptroller-General of Convicts, and himself a convicted defrauder and embezzler, who, to escape the punishment due to his crimes, had, by last accounts, absconded, and fled the country where, for years, he has plundered and oppressed.

I clip the following from the *Freeman's Journal*. It is pleasing to find that I do not stand alone in a determination to crush and trample in the earth this infamous lie:

To the Editor of the Freeman.

DUBLIN, May 12.

DEAR SIR—As Lord Palmerston has assigned as a reason for excepting from the political amnesty granted to Smith O'Brien and the Chartists a breach of parole by the Irish prisoners who escaped to America, will you allow me briefly to put this matter correctly before the public.

There are but three of the Irish State prisoners now in America—viz., T. B. M'Manus, T. F. Meagher, and John Mitchel.

M'Manus, at the time of his escape, was not subject to parole at all. Therefore the imputation cannot rest upon him.

Public political enemies, and others actuated by personal malignity, have endeavored to affix a stain upon Mr. Mitchel. I can only say, that in Australia, where the facts connected with Mitchel's escape are truly known, its honorable nature has never been questioned. Moreover, the Hobart Town *Advertiser*, the organ of Sir W. Denison, commenting, at the time, upon Mitchel's escape, pronounced the mode in which it was accomplished "*chivalrous.*"

The manner of Meagher's escape has been equally unquestioned in Australia.

I deny that either of them violated parole obligations. But, did space permit, I could adduce twenty instances in proof that the government of Sir W. Denison violated the spirit of parole with them. Enough, however; I pronounce the charge of breach of parole a falsehood, and send you my name and address.

W.

I am anxious to see the effect which Lord Clarendon's last dispatch upon the Enlistment Question will produce in America. His lordship deems the simple word of a British Consul more than sufficient to outweigh the oaths of any number of American citizens! Complimentary that to the Sovereigns! *Apropos* of this subject, I find the following in a contemporary:—

THE AMERICAN ENLISTMENT QUESTION.—We commend the following clause, from an old act of parliament, to the attention of Lord Clarendon. It lays down the doctrine as to the rights of foreign enlistment in a way more conclusive than he is likely to find it elsewhere, and "hoists the engineer with his own petard:—

"II. Geo. II. chap. 7—From the 1st of May, 1735, if any subject shall within this kingdom enlist or enter himself, or shall go out of the same beyond the seas and enlist, or with an intent, or in order to enlist or enter himself as a non-commissioned officer or private soldier in any foreign service, or shall within this kingdom enlist or persuade, prevail, or entice, or procure any subject of his Majesty to enlist or enter himself, or shall hire or retain any subject of the king's with an intent to cause him to be enlisted, or to enter himself, or persuade or procure any subject to go beyond seas, or embark with an intent, or in order to be enlisted, or to enter himself as a non-commissioned officer or private soldier in any foreign service aforesaid, without license of his Majesty under his sign manual, or of the chief governors of this kingdom, under their hands and seals; or if any person shall carry away by force out of this kingdom with any intent in order to persuade, prevail on, cause or compel such person to enlist or enter himself as a non-commissioned officer, &c., in such foreign service, the offender on conviction shall be guilty of felony, and suffer as such without benefit of clergy or of the state."

"9 Ann chap. 6—Persons who shall harbor, conceal, relieve, entertain, or transport beyond seas any such offenders, or shall be aiding, abetting, or assisting therein, knowing them to be guilty of such offences, or any of them, shall be deemed felons, and suffer death as such without benefit of clergy or of the said state, and may be tried for the said felony, though the principal be not convicted or outlawed. No Papist or reputed Papist shall be a juror on the trial of any of the said offenders, and the prosecutor for the crown may challenge them as such, which shall be a principal challenge, and be allowed by the judge. When any offence against this act shall be committed out of the kingdom, it may be laid and tried in any county in Ireland Provided if any person be enlisted or enticed or inveighed without such license first had, shall within fourteen days of such enlisting or agreement, or if any person so carried away by force to the intent aforesaid shall, within two months after his return to this kingdom, voluntarily discover upon oath to any justice of the peace the person by whom he was so enlisted, &c., so as he may be apprehended and convicted, such discoverer shall be indemnified from all penalties for such offence."

A few days ago there was a great Tenant Right meeting in Navan, Co. Meath, followed by a banquet. There were speeches, resolutions, petitions, and loud cheers. The report occupies six columns of the *Freeman*, hence the amount of good effected must have been great. The same day there was an election for the County Longford. Mr. Hughes, the eminent Catholic lawyer was elected without opposition, for the plain purpose—as was avowed by his seconder, your old friend, A. R. Stritch—to qualify him for a seat on the bench. Such is Ireland. I will go to the theatre to-night and see Helen Fawcett, and, enchanted by her glorious presence, forget for the time that I live in, and belong to, an enslaved and degraded land. KILMAINHAM.

At a numerously attended meeting of the inhabitants of Mullingar, held in the court-house of that town, it was unanimously resolved to adopt the Towns' Improvement (Ireland) Act, 1854, in Mullingar. The court was thronged by the inhabitants of the town and suburbs, and the liveliest interest was manifested in the proceedings.

Irish News.

A correspondent of the *Nation* (7th May,) conveys the following painful intelligence :—"An institution for the instruction of deaf and dumb children was founded at Strabane by public subscription, and placed under the care of a committee of ladies. This institution from very insignificant beginnings, had risen through the attention of the chief resident patroness, Miss Humphreys, to be one which would reflect credit on any provincial town in the kingdom. It was progressing, and its effects had won for it the esteem and support of a large and discerning community. A school-room and dwelling for the pupils, male and female. The teacher and master and matron had been evicted. The place, situated on the direct road to Londonderry, surrounded with its pretty gardens, had become unattractive. To-day, at the instant I write, it is a scene of heart-rending and melancholy interest. The fine building is a heap of black and smouldering ruins, from which have been disinterred the blackened and disfigured remains of six of its unhappy inmates. The names of the little victims are James Lafferty, Ellen Walker, Ellen Deveny, Daniel Doherty, John Brannon, and Andrew Patton. A jury has been empannelled by the district coroner, Mr. Hamilton. They are now proceeding with the investigation, and the evidence of the teacher, Mr. Downing, would go to prove that the fire, if not accidental, originated without his knowledge. He had retired to rest at 12 o'clock. About one or half-past one he was awoke by the cries of a male servant in his employment as nurse. He left the sleeping apartment, and ran towards the place from which the cries proceeded on towards the kitchen, attracted by light which appeared under the door. He burst it open and discovered that it was in flames. His next effort was to liberate the children. The master, though he had keys in his hand, could not apply the right one, and, failing in his effort to burst in the door, Downing went to procure a ladder with which to effect his entrance by the window. There was no ladder near the school-room, save that belonging to the Court-house, which building is within some hundred yards of the scene. When he had aroused the Court-house keeper, he found the ladder too great for their united strength, and from this he went to the sexton of the church to procure the one kept for lighting and cleaning it. Meanwhile the flames proceeded in their fearful and destructive course, the timbers of the floors ignited, and the roof and windows emitted volumes of smoke. The six children who are dead, and the one missing are, if I am rightly informed, not the only victims, for several of those who have been brought out are suffering from injuries and fright.

A meeting of the general committee of the Irish Institution was held on Tuesday last, the 6th, at the new Picture Gallery in Lower Baggot street, being its first meeting in this building, so liberally placed at the disposal of the institution by the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert until the completion of the National Picture Gallery of Ireland. The members of the committee present were :—The Lord Chancellor (in the chair), Lord Talbot de Malahide, Sir C. M. O'Loghlen, Cart, Q. C.; John Barton, Thomas Hutton, D. L.; J. Huband Smith, John Hogan, John E. Pigot, Robert Callwell, George F. Mulvany, R. H. A.; J. Calvert Stronge, Wm. Jenkins, L. L. D.; Wm. Brocas, R. H. A.; Sergeant Berwick, Q. C. The Chancellor read a letter from his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, proposing to lend two pictures, from his collection at Castle Howard, for the ensuing exhibition. A list was read of several proprietors of works of art who had also promised to lend pictures, and the honorary secretaries were directed to write to several others with a view to obtaining a good collection for that purpose. The committee of instruction were also instructed to make every exertion to obtain pictures for the exhibition, so as to open it as early as possible in the ensuing month. So far the committee have just reason to congratulate themselves on the success that has attended their efforts for the establishment of a National Gallery. Two special acts of parliament have been passed, and two sums of £3,000 each granted by the government, which (with the sum of about £5,000, the Dargan Fund, allocated to that purpose also), are estimated will be sufficient for the erection of a handsome and commodious building on Leinster Lawn—to be the National Gallery of Ireland. Pending its erection, it but remains for proprietors of works of art occasionally to lend a few valuable pictures, so as to form a good collection in the new picture gallery for the purposes of study and exhibition, and thus contribute to art education, and keep alive public attention until the committee are in a position to take possession of the National Gallery.

The Kerry *Post* tells the following story in a notice of the May fair of Milltown :—A man from Killarney bought a pig at this fair for £1 9s 6d, paid for it, and buyer and seller parted naturally pleased. Having put his purchase into a yard for safe keeping, the man proceeded to add to his stock by the purchase of a cow, and having selected one and arranged the preliminaries, when about to pay for her, discovered, to his horror, that he had paid the seller of the pig a five pound note in lieu of one. He looked for him in vain; the man had gone from the fair, and there was no clue to his whereabouts; but a lucky thought came to the aid of the "man from the lakes"—he liberated the pig from her confinement, concluding she would be likely to "face home"—and though the pace was somewhat lower, he followed the "bonniveen" with all the ardor of a fox chase. Slowly and anxiously he plodded on, hoping each cabin might be the wished for finale to his hunt; but on she led him for nine long miles to Cromane, where, as he had anticipated, she walked into her former domicile, with a confident air and hungry grunt. Her re-appearance was quickly accounted for by the pig master, who told his story, and was ot once handed the £5 note of the value of which the Cromane man was only then made acquainted.

A new church is about to be built at Kenmare, county Kerry, from a design of J. Welland, Esq., Architect to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, whose skill and architectural taste on this style of building (so appropriate to Christian worship) is evident from the great improvement which has taken place in church building throughout the country since that gentleman has become architect to the Commissioners. The site is well chosen, on the elevated ground opposite to the Marquis of Lansdowne's "nursery garden." It commands an extensive view from the sea, as well as from the approaches to the town from Killarney and Glengarriff. It will add much to the appearance of the town, and is much more convenient to the congregation than the old church, which is a considerable distance from it. The design is to be of the early Gothic. The spire will be 90 feet high, terminating with a cross and copper vane. W. Murphy, builder, of Bantry, is the contractor. A number of quarrymen, stone-cutters, and other workmen, are to be immediately employed.

Emigration from Liverpool.—The total number of emigrants who have taken steerage passages in Liverpool ships for all foreign ports during the month of April has been 13,759, against 27,935, or more than double the number in the corresponding month of 1852, and against 15,873, or 2,114 less than in the month of April, 1855. To the United States there were 27 ships, carrying 12,414 steerage and 103 cabin passengers. Of the former, 394 were English, 325 Scotch, 7,848 Irish, and 298 foreigners. To Canada there were 587 steerage passengers and one cabin passenger, the former including 235 English, 74 Scotch, 246 Irish, and 32 foreigners. To the Australian colonies there have only been two departures—both for Melbourne; a less number in one month than has been known for several years. They were the James Baines, conveying 449 steerage and 62 cabin passengers; and the Mindora, conveying 309 steerage and 5 cabin passengers. The total number of persons who have proceeded to Australia during the month was therefore only 67 cabin and 758 steerage, of which latter class 421 were English, 33 Scotch, 215 Irish, and 89 foreigners. A paragraph in the supplement notifies the departure to-morrow of the "Black-Ball" mail ship Lightning.

The Westmeath *Guardian* says :—The state of our country begins to assume an alarming aspect. One offence succeeds another with fearful rapidity. Whilst the authorities are busily engaged in trying to discover a clue to the perpetrators of the barburous murder of Mrs. Kelly in one quarter, an outrage against the tranquillity of the country is committed in another. An armed party has attacked the house of a respectable farmer near Clonmellon, demanding arms. Although the ruffians succeeded in effecting an entrance, his son and servant defended themselves heroically, and succeeded not only in retaining the gun, for the possession of which the attack was made, but beat the assailants off the premises, pursuing them to a considerable distance. The heavy traces of blood which marked their retreat gave abundant proof that satisfaction had been obtained on the persons of the offenders. Remembering the uses to which fire-arms have been so recently applied both in Cavan and Westmeath, we are convinced it is high time the law should be strictly enforced against all persons having them in their possession without a proper license.

The May fair of Ballinasloe, which was looked forward to with great interest, has passed off with considerable eclat. Top lots were sold at good prices, as is the case in every fair; but for inferior cattle there were few offers. The Leinster buyers held over with the expectation of there being a decline, as sellers were supposed to be asking too much. A top lot of heifers was sold at £15, but the average of fair conditioned animals is from £12 to £10. The fairs of Ballinasloe are increasing in importance. When the new January fair, which is to be a two day one, is established, it will tend much to increase the wants of the Leinster and metropolitan buyers. About 150 of the leading gentry and nobility of the west have signed a memorial to the Earl of Clancarty, requesting his lordship to take out a patent for this fair, and it is understood that next October fair will be followed by one in January.

On "Irish pauper removals" the Waterford *Chronicle* says :—"At the last meeting of our Board of Guardians we had another strong example of the manner in which the English Boards of Guardians treat the poor Irish, who, after spending numbers of years to advance English industry and enterprise, become, by the visitation of Divine Providence unable, through sickness, or other causes, to help themselves; and when they come to that sad state they are, without any pity, sent—no, not sent, but *driven* from those that they have served, and sent into a part of a country where, although they may have been born there, they know just as much of, as they do of Kamschatka.

For the year ended 29th September, 1855, the amount expended on the poor in maintenance in Dublin (north union) was 18,047 5s. 9d.; out relief, £554 8s. 9d.; salaries and rations of officers, £2,923 5s. 8d.: all other expenses, £4,505 4s. 3d.—Total, £27,027 14s. 5d. Number of persons relieved in-door, 9,684; out-door, 15,138. Amount of valuation, £312,551 7s. 5d.; poundage rate, 1s. 8¼d. In the south-union, maintenance, £26,917 17s. 10d.; out-relief, £1,990 0s. 2½d.; salaries and rations of officers, £3,402 3s. 9d.; all other expenses, £8,143 16s. 1d.—Total, £40,454 16s. 10½d.; number of persons relieved in-door, 14,375; out-door, 8,922; amount of valuation, £479,059; poundage rate, 1s. 8½d.

We have much pleasure in stating, says the Cork *Examiner*, that a ship of the line has been nominated to hoist an Admiral's flag in our port, and that in future we may expect to see at least one first-class ship stationed at Queenstown. We have been further informed that a Government officer, who bears the official name of a Master Attendant, has been appointed, at a high salary, to Haulbowline, and it is supposed that the object of this appointment is in connection with works of an extensive character, which are said to be at present under the consideration of the Government.

It appears that in 26 of the Irish counties the tenement valuation has been completed under the act. In seven the valuation is in progress and in seven it has not yet commenced. The apparent discrepancy of these numbers (there being only thirty two "counties" proper in Ireland) is explained by the fact that there are several "counties of cities." The tenement of the counties, the valuation of which is not yet commenced, may probably be finished in two years from the receipt of the revised Ordnance maps.

The richly ornamented dagger, formerly belonging to honest Tom Steele, presented to him by the Belgian Government, which fell into the hands of Mr. Coleman, auctioneer, of Rutland street, was by him presented to Dr. Thomas Kane, J.P., in recognition of his true patriotism and genuine worth as a citizen, and in his professional capacity as the ever-ready friend of the sick and distressed poor. The blade is richly embellished and bears an appropriate inscription, and the hilt consists of a figure in gold representing the Belgian Eagle crushing the serpent.

A Good Landlord.—Arthur Kavanagh, Esq., of Borris House, having ascertained that some of his tenants were obliged to purchase seeds at a ruinous price on the credit system, generously purchased various seeds of the best description to the amount of £500, and presented the tenants with the same in proportion to their requirements at half price. It is not surprising that the tenantry on the Kavanagh estates should be devoted to such a landlord.—*Carlow Sentinel.*

Engineers have been engaged in making a survey of the port of Kingstown, Dublin, preparatory, it appears, to putting the place in a state of defence. It is intended to erect a fort on the east pier, which is to be mounted with five guns of heavy calibre (32 pounders.)

The Castle-Connell and Limerick Railway, six miles in extent, is contracted for by Messrs. Bagnell and Smith, for £11,500.

The Connaught Rangers (88th) have erected a beautiful monument over the grave of the late Rev. Dennis Sheehan, Chaplain to the Forces, in the Cemetery of the Camp before Sebastopol. The Rev. Mr. Sheehan, who fell a martyr in his sacred ministry, was a native of Cork, and attended the gallant 88th in all its struggles up to his death. He has been frequently seen attending the wounded and dying amidst a storm of balls, and in his mission of love feared not to proceed through the thickest of the conflict.

At Parsonstown, Color Sergeant Daniel McKenzie, of the 57th Regiment, was presented with a silver medal and a gratuity of £15 "for long service and good conduct." This non-commissioned officer, it appears, has served in the regiment upwards of 18 years, during fifteen of which he was a non-commissioned officer; he was seven years with his regiment in the East Indies. Previous to his enlistment in the 57th, he had served under Sir De Lacy Evans in the auxiliary army of the Queen of Spain.

We are glad to perceive, says the Tipperary *Free Press*, that Mr. Butt, M.P., has given notice of his intention to move a resolution for the abolition of Ministers' Money in Ireland, on the 3d of June. We are pleased to see this step taken by a Protestant representative; and from the well-known ability of the Hon. Member for Youghal, it may be confidently anticipated that he will discharge the task he has voluntarily undertaken, in the manner the best calculated to achieve for it a successful issue.

The Dublin and Drogheda, the Dublin and Belfast Junction, and the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway Companies are now amalgamated. The office will be removed to Dublin. The works of the Dundalk and Enniskillen line will be at once resumed, the operations will commence at Clones and Enniskillen. The directors will advance the line to Sligo.

The young Earl of Listowel recently visited his extensive estates in the Barony of Upper Ormond, and was received with every mark of respect by his numerous and happy tenantry by whom his noble father was greatly beloved, and who have every reason to believe that the son will walk in the footsteps of the parent.—*Limerick Reporter.*

In consequence of the high price of forage last year the allowances to mounted men from the 1st of April to the 30th September, 1855, have been increased in addition to what was before granted. In Armagh 3d. per ration; Limerick 3d., Kildare 4d., Dublin 3d., Galway 1d., Cork 4d., Roscommon 2d., Kilkenny 2d., Carlow 1d.

We are happy to learn, says the Galway *Vindicator*, that the funds for the erection of a new cathedral at Loughrea are rapidly increasing. Already a large sum has been lodged at the National Bank, and we feel assured that when the work is once commenced, there will be no lack of means to carry out the unfortunate undertaking.

Directions have been received to stop recruiting for the line; but no prohibition has yet arrived for preventing the reception of recruits for the militia—on the contrary, so far as the county of Limerick militia are concerned, an order, we understand, has been received at the depot here to continue recruiting for twelve months more.—*Munster News.*

The Clonmel Board of Guardians have adopted a resolution to strike a rate, which varies from 8l on several electoral divisions to 2s upon St. Mary's; during the past year the average number of paupers in the workhouse of that union was 1,200, and the average cost of maintenance for each pauper was 1s 7d.

Great exertions, says the Limerick *Observer*, are being made to complete the parish church of Ennis, which has been no less than twenty-five years in progress, though still far from being finished. Many Protestant gentlemen have come forward most liberally in aid of their poorer Catholic fellow-parishioners.

Throughout the length and breadth of Ireland the opposition to the Bill, now before Parliament, is general, and we trust will prove successful. The Bill has nothing just to recommend it; and if anything like a spirit of justice prevails at the Councils of our Representatives, it must fall to the ground.

A great tenant-right meeting, at which as many as 50 priests were present, was held in Navan, on the 15th. Mr. M'Evoy, M. P., presided; and able speeches were delivered by Mr. G. H. Moore, M. P., Archdeacon Fitzgerald, Mr. Kennedy, M. P., Rev. Mr. Quade and other gentlemen.

A boatman named John Connell, 25 years connected with the coast guard service, had put a period to his existence, at the Queensborough station, by discharging a ballet from one of the pistols used on duty into the right side of his head.

The Cavan estates of Lieutenant-General Edward Fleming, (petitioner as well as owner,) were sold in the Incumbered Estates Court. Irrespective of two lots disposed of by private contract, the property realized upward of £51,000.

The Bittern steamer left Cork on Saturday, May 3d, for Liverpool, with 400 gassengers on board, chiefly *en route* to America. The Nimrod left on the previous Wednesday, with 300 passengers for the same direction.

We learn from the *Kilkenny*, that the Celtic Union was never in a more promising position since its establishment. Subscriptions are pouring in from all parts of the country.

The Catholic cathedral at Armagh is nearly completed. The United States have subscribed £2,302 towards its erection. The amount intended to be spent on it is £10,700.

A grand tabernacle of Parisian marble has just been erected on the altar of Westland Row chapel Dublin; it cost £300. It stands 13 feet above the water.

Upwards of twenty recruiting parties belonging to the 9th, 17th, 39th, and 89th depots, have arrived in Limerick during the week.

A petition for the winding-up of the Electric Telegraph Co. of Ireland is to be heard before the Master of the Rolls on the 23d.

The revenue derived from stamps or proceedings in the Irish Court of Chancery, during the year 1855, amounted to £12,220.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Bernard W. Delany, Esq., of Coola, to the commission of the peace for Westmeath.

The Lord-Lieutenant has appointed John Besnard, Jun., Esq., a magistrate of the city of Cork.

Skibbereen is at present the cleanest market town in Ireland.

There is a rumor in Rome that in the month of June next, the Emperor and Empress of Austria will visit the Holy City, to take part in the grand *fete* in honor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

The Empress Eugenie is likely to remain an invalid for life. Her feet are paralyzed, and though the physicians hold out the hope that a few days may restore her to her former health, her recovery is very problematical.

A Vienna letter states that M. Cornelius Bujanovics, who was charged with having poisoned seven persons, has been acquitted by the Criminal Court at Pesth for want of proof.

Answers to Correspondents.

To give our readers the gratification of assuring themselves of the sentiments of affection cherished to the last by Tommy Moore for Robert Emmett—and which we do through the graceful means of a letter addressed by Ireland's darling poet to our eminent and learned countryman, our friend, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie—we hold over the chapter of Personal Recollections, which was designed for the space the letter occupies. It is entitled, and describes, *The Galway Election*, of January, 1847. Nothing shall prevent its appearing in our next.

The following letter needs no curtailment. The writer sends his name as a guarantee of his earnestness in the cause of the poor emigrant. We perceive by the daily papers that Croghan has been committed for trial. The "Co.," a man named Patrick Tracy, we learn from the same source, is at present in Liverpool:

To the Editor of the Irish News: Sir,—From the high character of your journal, and devoted as it is to Irish interests in this country, I feel that any outrage or swindle perpetrated on them will be promptly published and exposed by you. I beg to call your attention to the following pitiable circumstance A poor man from the Queen's county, Ireland, now residing in Paterson, N. J., having a wife and three children there, wished to send for them, and for that purpose went to an office at 41 Fulton street, formerly occupied by a man of the name of Tracy, who disappeared rather mysteriously some three months ago, since which it has been kept by a man who acted as a man-catcher for him, and who calls himself Croghan & Co. This poor man paid Croghan forty-five dollars to bring out his family, for which he received a paper purporting to be a passage ticket, but which was directed to no person or firm in Liverpool, it being in fact a complete swindle.

The wife took the passage ticket to Liverpool, and the answer she received from every forwarding house was, that Croghan was an imposter. He likewise paid him fifteen dollars for a draft, which was also useless. The poor woman returned to Ireland, and sent the ticket and draft back to her husband, who called with them on Croghan, but could get no satisfaction. He was then directed to go to the Mayor's office, and lodge a complaint. But *they* likewise would give him no redress.

It is not over two months ago since another concern, of the same kind and in the same street, was broken up, after swindling and robbing the poor people for over six months, out of several thousand dollars. Is there no law to prevent this rascal from doing the same for the same length of time?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant, Sarsfield.

O'Brazil.—Yes, John Dillon has returned to Ireland. He sailed in the *Persia*, on last trip, the 14th of May. We cannot say positively whether or not he intends remaining permanently in Ireland. Nor is it—we respectfully submit—your right or business, or that of any man, to question the propriety of his doing so. Dillon's having faithfully and gallantly served the National cause all through '48, and for years preceding, does not make him your slave. He served that cause freely and generously—never received a penny of the peoples's money—is neither bound by pledge or favor, or any other consideration, to do otherwise than he just pleases. Impudent curiosity and vulgar dictation, such as your's, Mr. O'Brazil, is what neither John Dillon nor any of his comrades will submit to. So clear out, growler! But it's the way with jealous, good-for-nothing, loafing rascals like you. You forget all the efforts and sacrifices of a good and brave man, the moment he thinks fit to differ from you, or retire to private life. John Dillon was far and away the *chevalier* of the insurrectionary movements in Tipperary, in '48, up to the time of his leaving O'Brien for the Shannon, by express desire of the latter. At Killenaule, when O'Brien gave orders to have the Hussars stopped from entering the town, and a barricade was hastily thrown up, and manned by a dozen men—two or three with rifles, and the rest with pikes and old muskets—John Dillon took command of it, and, face to face with the Hussars, stood on the top of it—the only man uncovered—the first to fall, had the soldiers fired. His bold and utterly fearless attitude and look, his calm but defiant words, completely cowed the Captain of the Troop, who, there and then, whilst Dillon was still standing on the barricade, pledged the latter his word of honor as a soldier, that, if he and his men were permitted to pass, they would make no attempt to arrest O'Brien, or any one else. This pledge being deliberately tendered, Dillon ordered an opening to be made in the barricade, and, holding the bridle of the Captain's horse, led him down the Main street, and out of town. The rest of the troops followed in single file. That's the story of Killenaule.

Sir: Will you stand an idle query? I once read in a Dublin journal a very graceful lyric, of a tempted Angel, and for over twenty years lost all thought of it, till last night, in a hot fit of ague, (I live near those cursed Elysian fields), my mind began strangely to bring it back, by feet and fingers, till I could put together the following:

Gold, like the sheen of crystal spars,
And silver whiter than the moon's,
And music like the songs of stars,
And perfume like a thousand Junes.
* * * * *
Cups of such rare and ravishing wines,
As even a god might taste and bless.
* * * * *
He shut his eyes, he stopped his ears,
He bid them, in Heaven's name, begone!

Who wrote these fine fresh rhymes? Did he write any thing else? And where's the rest? I was waiting for to-morrow night, when I expected another *fytte* or so, but as they made me take half an ounce of quinine to-day, I despair—at least, till the Fall—and so beg to trouble you, or any of your readers, east or west. Jarsey.

Jacob—It's a fact. There *was* one of the Confederates concealed on the top of the stairs of Nelson's Pillar, Dublin, for a fortnight or so, whilst Lord Clarendon's police were hunting for *suspected persons*. Our elevated friend, the Simon Stylites of that troubled time, was familiar with the old man with the crooked stick who had charge of the Pillar, bribed him, had took possession of the pillar. His meals were regularly brought to him by the old man, and enjoying a delightful prospect—the Bay, Hill of Howth, the Squares, the Dublin mountains—undisturbed by any visitor, he looked down upon his enemies with great serenity. What became of him, when he got down, no one knows. We understand that the *Dublin Telegraph* purports soon bringing out a beautiful romance, founded on the above incident, entitled *The Outcast of Nelson's Pillar*.

John Smyth (Jersey City.) The venerable Robert Holmes was not Mr. Duffy's counsel on his trial at the close of '48. Probably you allude to his defense of the *Nation* in 1846, which is published in pamphlet form. Holme's connection with '48 is his defence of John Mitchel, in a speech of great power and patriotism. The chief features of it are given in Mr. Savage's "'98 and 48."

Father P. Meany, of Clonmel, and several other friends in Ireland, will please observe that there is a charge of two cents a copy, for postage, on each paper we send over, hence our charge of $4.00 per annum. Also that, as yet, we can supply full sets of the back numbers.

Our friend McManus will kindly take this word or two as an acknowledgment for the present, of his hearty letter by the last mail. We ask our friend Lochrane, of Macon—one of the truest and brightest Irishmen breathing—to do the same. Both shall hear from us in full after a little.

The writer of the article on Dublin Castle, in a late number of the *University Magazine*, was *Speranza* of the *Nation*. She is a glorious woman, and her war-lyrics in '47 and '48 were as grand as the song of Sappho.

We are delighted to hear from our friend Father P. Meany, of Clonmel, Ireland, and rejoice with him that the Whigs are about to reward the loyal services of Capt. John O'Connell.

Received "Nial"—"Reconciliation." These pretty verses having appeared elsewhere are outside of our programme. Our poet's corner is dedicated to original compositions.

MR. TIMOTHY EDWARD HUGHES, has received our written authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "Irish News," throughout the New-England States.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1856.

IRELAND AND O'BRIEN—WHAT IS—WHAT WILL BE!

The dearth, this moment, of public men in Ireland of a sterling stamp, is beyond dispute. To that grand race of statesmen, orators, and patriots, who in the Irish parliament, at the close of the last century, and in the English parliament, during the first quarter of the present, lifted the Irish name triumphantly before Europe—as on a standard of gold inlaid with emeralds—a crowd of dwarfs has succeeded, who have neither the heart to be honest, nor the genius to be great.

Nor is it alone with the splendid group, of which Grattan, Plunket, and Curran were the central figures, that the conspicuous men of the present day in Ireland, fail even decently to compare.

In the earlier days of O'Connell's presence in parliament, there were seated close to him, on the green benches of St. Stephen's, a dozen or more Irish members, whose brilliant intellect, prompt eloquence, humor, gallantry, headstrong purpose in pulling together, winning gaiety of manner, fine social qualities and station, still kept fresh the brighter memories of Ireland. Such men were Maurice O'Connell, Talbot of Ross, Wyse of Waterford, Dominick Ronayne, who supplied O'Connell with the very best hits the latter ever made in parliament, and Callaghan of Cork, who with a good deal about him to laugh at, had one of the best heads in the House, and was esteemed by Sir Robert Peel one of the surest authorities on commercial questions. John O'Brien, of Limerick, too, was a gentleman of high note in that privileged assembly of gentlemen. As a scholar, letter-writer, and public speaker, he was distinguished for the refined resources of his mind, the perfect proprieties of his composition, the suavity and gracefulness of his address.

Last of all, though above all, save one, Richard Shiel was of that school and generation. Essentially an orator of the people, known only to the Lords and Gentlemen of England by the flowery and flashing vehemence of his rhetoric, with a sullen host of conceits and prejudices awaiting his first display in the arena, where Pitt and Fox had fought like Gods with thunderbolts, the orator of the Corn Exchange made good his footing at the onset. For sixteen years—a match for Stanley, the haughtiest, firiest, ablest of the Commons—did he with that piercing voice, and burning eye, and beautiful white hand, maintain himself a splendid power among the rulers of the Senate.

To this class of men have succeeded, in these days, the poorest humanities in every respect, that have ever made it their business to take charge of the interests of a people. Without doubt, there are eloquent and honest exceptions. And in the instances where eloquence is deficient, there is good sense, correct views of public questions, and assiduous fidelity. But these are as scarce as the grapes left after the vintage. If their excellence were not nobly enhanced by it, one would pity the wilderness in which they bloomed.

Everything else about them tame, degenerate and corrupt; all lofty sentiment extinguished; the very cries stifled which used to rouse the people to a bolder attitude, and flood their hearts with the proud passions of our princely old race; truth holding its tongue, flying into exile, or entrenching itself darkly in the tomb; rascality promoted, dressed up in ermine and red cloth, welcomed by lily hands and the shouts of brief-bags, wrinkled and inflated; sectarianism rampant, and with the fury of Alecto maddening into an exterminating strife the hatreds that had slept for years; such the scene, and these the circumstances, surrounded by which the few good men in Ireland charged with public trusts and offices, to whom we have alluded, have stood these ten years past, and still stand, true to their consciences, their oaths, their country, and their God!

And into such a scene, to lay his eyes on such a turmoil of evil circumstances, does Smith O'Brien bid farewell to the haunted groves, and storied streams, the famous ruins, and the still more famous fields and waters, over which the tutelary Minerva, for ages of graceful, or glowing, or heroic life, stood in all the splendor of the ivory and gold of Phidias.

For a while, he will be insensible to all this. The sight and enjoyment of his own old home, with its numberless graces, its aged trees, the memories that whisper through them—the young bright handsome faces that will flash upon his cheeks, and light them up with parental ecstacy, piety, and pride—the old followers of the house, who will limp out impatiently, and on the broad door-step, as he comes up the avenue, will fairly cry with joy to think he's back to them again—the shouts of his tenants, the congratulations of his neighbors for miles around, the hills red with midnight bon-fires—all these will, for a time, keep far in the back-ground the repulsive features which the political condition of his country presents.

But it can be for a time only. The activity of his mind, his sense of duty, his social position, his very antecedents will force him, more or less, before long, into public. We do not say he will have to go to Parliament, or ever be disposed to do so. But more nearly home, we hardly see how it will be possible for him to evade the demands which the interests of the community will urge, and his own matured fitness to serve them will invite. There are the local councils—the Board of Poor-law Guardians—the Grand-jury room—the Bench of Petty Sessions, perhaps—from which, as a landlord, it would be inconvenient, if not unnatural, for him to absent himself. In these bodies, the conduct of the Irish representatives, and other public men immediately connected with Ireland, must necessarily be reviewed, day after day. He would, then, come to learn in its full measure the villainy which has, of late years, received the people's votes on false pretences; broken up, for puisne Judgeships and junior Lordships of the Treasury, the popular power; sent floating to the top the old hulks of politics which had sunk from their own rottenness, in the storm of '48; and, in every way, wrought more mischief and disgrace than, for twenty years, Ireland has had the fatality to incur.

Depend upon it, the intrepid voice which so often uttered words of warning, scorn and judgment against the political huckstering and depravity of former times, will be heard again. Sanctified to the people by the sufferings of which it can speak, this voice will have supreme force in Ireland. All others shall have, spitefully or nobly, to yield to it. In all grave emergencies, upon all great questions, whenever any effort of national consequence is to be made, the people will eagerly listen for that voice, reiterate its utterances in enthusiastic cheers, and execute what it decrees. The severe truth, high dauntlessness, perfect purity, patriotism and chivalry of the man—qualities all brought out during the darkness of his exile, as the night brings forth the stars, for the world to witness, and offer up beautiful thanks for, and admire—these endow him with a power which no man in the country will have the temerity to dispute.

The sway of the false prophets, then, is at an end in Ireland. O'Brien returns to Chairmoyle, not only utterly untramelled by any pledge to the foreign government—Heavens! how haughtily he'd have answered them had they asked for one—but with a trust and love centered in him, which he had not when he was banished; and with all his goodness and usefulness, with all his grandeur of heart and mind, might never have won, had they permitted him to remain.

Warmly, affectionately, and exultingly we congratulate our noble friend upon his return. We cannot be there to swell the cheers—cheers such as the foreign Queen never heard—cheers which will shake the mountains, and the ships upon the sea, and the clouds above, as, with form erect, and keen eye quivering with unutterable joy, and head uncovered, he sets his foot upon the old sod once more.

But from the shore of this great land we shall, with thousands of his countrymen, offer up the loving prayer, that his days may be long, and all be filled with gladness, in the land that bore him; that as Heaven has been careful of his little ones whilst he was far off from them, so they may be continued to him in strength, and comeliness, and honor, as the treasures of his household, as the pillars of his name, and as fountains of sweet water in the darkening valley of life; that she who consoled them when they were fatherless, may live to see them all she taught them in her heroic widowhood to be; and that, mad free, his country may call him to her highest seat, and so co plete the glory of his days. That country for which he

and gave up all, and calmly bore the cross of tribulation and contumely among the scoffing rabble of a foul prison-land; that country, which in his saddest hours he never ceased to love and speak of, as a gallant son would his stricken mother; and a dungeon-cell in which he would have preferred to the fairest and sweetest garden in all Italy.

FREEDOM IN NICARAGUA.

As we predicted it would be, the flag of Costa Rica is torn down, and the grandiloquent advent of its invasion of Nicaragua among the occurrences that were. The boldness of the Costa Rican President, Mora, in attempting to extend the name of his State from the limits of a school geography into the ear of the world, is excusable; and his ambition has received a much more lasting identification with the occurrences of the time than he possibly could have had the courage to imagine.

In a word, he is defeated, baffled, routed, and in his defeat is made famous. Fortunate Mora, to be the vanquished of Walker.

For history, into whose glowing charge the fate and career of Nicaragua must consign the names of her friends and foes, the Costa Rican invasion is an episode which shall at once preserve the name of the invaders, and illustrate the self-reliant heroism of the handful of Americans who, with the sword in one hand and the democratic constitution of their parent State in the other, gave her peace, prosperity, position—gave her the toll-gate of the great oceans, and insured her commercial existence.

The result which we anticipated some weeks since has been confirmed by the intelligence brought by the arrival of the Orizaba, on the 1st inst.

Our faith in the justice and uprightness of the democratic idea, in representation of which the Walker-Rivas Provisional Government spoke and acted, on the one hand, and our belief in its invincibility when supported by American brain and muscle on the other, inspired such conclusions in our mind as we then somewhat warmly stated. It is not our nature to defer an opinion until success crowns it with popularity—or the reverse beckons it from the brooding silence of the present into the shiftless gloom of obscurity. We meditated from a principle; we spoke from a conviction, and we are encouraged, though not guided, by a success.

By the advices brought we are informed that the Transit route is again free, and that the report of a British blockade was without documentary foundation; the Captain of the British frigate *Eurydice* having conveyed to Mr. Wheeler, the American Minister, that he had no instructions to interpose, or offer any interruption to the landing or transmission of passengers or munitions of war.

On the other hand, we learn with regret that what has got by means of the newspapers to be known as the "Vanderbilt party," which means the agents and employees of the old Transit Company, being guided by the interest of the principal, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, aided the Costa Rican invasion of the Nicaraguan republic, and identified itself with the murderers of the Americans at Virgin Bay.

So far this is uncontradicted by those, whose birthright should render it a matter of sensitive haste to tell the public whether the report be true or false. If true, the base commercial incentive of building an isolated example of American progress over the dead bodies of American citizens cannot be too severely condemned and scorned. If false, no words can sufficiently stigmatize the framers of a report, which thus as it were outlaws the American commercial name.

After the rear-guard of President Mora's army had vacated Virgin Bay on the 26th April, a detachment of the Nicaraguan army, headed by General Walker in person, entered the town. The former left behind a number of sick and wounded, and a letter entrusting them to the guardianship of the victorious Commander-in-Chief. These men, we learn, have become greatly attached to the Americans, whom they were led to regard as nothing better than pirates and murderers. They tell a doleful story of the trials and sufferings of the Costa Rican expedition, and are energetic in denouncing the whole affair. "If allowed to return to their homes and families," says *El Nicaraguense*, "when they are exchanged, they will be apt to dispel many of the errors and falsehoods uttered by the San Jose journal concerning our people."

The remaining features of the news may be quickly summed up. The number of the invaders slaughtered in the Rivas engagement may be judged from the fact, that their bodies having been thrown into the wells, have rendered the remaining portion of the town uninhabitable. Thus, as it were, Providence visited with a blighting retaliation the injustice of their cause, by breeding a disease, that, with the "circumstance of war," made them powerless. General Mora has disgraced the officer who commanded the devastation at Virgin Bay.

The presidential election in Nicaragua had been conducted in an orderly and peaceable manner, and terminated as was supposed, in the return of Patricio Rivas, the Provisional President. Notwithstanding that the opposing candidates were democrats. This confirms the stability of the government, and the more firmly qualifies the statements made on behalf of the spirit with which the Americans entered the Nicaraguan service.

Gen. Goicuria has led a party into the Choutales mine district, opened up that portion of the country, and slain several of the Chamorro bandits who infested it.

The invaders routed, the government sustained by re-election, the army in good health and spirits—much enlarged and still augmenting—the sovereign independence of the State not only cannot be questioned, but must command the most hearty approval of the world.

We congratulate Gen. Walker on his brilliant success—on his expeditions undertaken in the face of outlawry—and on his victories won not only over the excited Costa Ricans, but over the apathetic un-Americanism of technical statesmen, and the clamor of a "righteous" and "sanctimonious" press. We congratulate him the more proudly, for that he had our hearty "bravo!" before his fate was decided; and while yet the vision of some notable pseudo prophets were prognosticating black dishonor to his gallant flag and the utter annihilation of its five Volcanoes. May they blaze for ever!

JOHN BROUGHAM.

Wallack's must be crowded on next Monday. Not a corner but must be filled up as full as it can hold. Not an inch of red bench must be seen. If the private boxes are not piled up with satins and silks, head-dresses, and crushed hoops; if the parquette, up to the top of the little staircase, be not one swarming hive; if a single chair be left to cool itself with the wind of the trombones, round the orchestra; we shall have to say that the Cincinnati Convention has drawn off the best of our population, and that the sooner we ourselves clear out, the better.

John Brougham has his benefit that night. Every Irishman at any rate, should be there, and *make* a night of it. For our genial, generous, bright-souled friend is a sterling honor to Ireland, and keeps the credit of her old name high among the appreciating and applauding world here. Nor Sheridan, nor Farquhar, nor Congreve, nor O'Keeffe, nor Bickerstaff, nor Michael Kelly, could they walk out in blooming flesh from the crypts and clay in which they sleep, would hesitate a second to go down that night, and plant themselves in the front row of the Dress Circle, to greet their countryman, who in the new world perpetuates their fame by mingling with it the freshness of his own.

But altogether apart from the claims which his skill, humor, and genius, as a dramatic artist, have won upon the public, his prompt and active sympathy with great public charities, and institutions of public benevolence, should be cordially remembered when, as on Monday night, an opportunity occurs for giving him something sterling in return.

Of the Dramatic Fund Association there is not a more zealous and laborious member, and it is not too much to say, that to his exertions the prosperity it now enjoys is greatly owing. The friends of the Roman Catholic Orphans of New York cannot forget his services, on more than one occasion, in behalf of their noble object. In a word, wherever or whenever there is a liberal, full-hearted act to be done, and he gets as much as a whisper that they want him to do it, there and then is John Brougham with his big heart, rich wit, upright manhood, correct taste, overflowing poetry, mirth, industry, and eloquence to do it.

He has given us a "Basket of Chips." Let us reciprocate the merry gift with a "Crock of Gold."

BRAVO, BELGIUM.

An impressive scene took place, a few weeks ago, in the Belgian Chamber of Deputies. With the deepest calmness of tone and feature, one of the members, M. Otis, rose to question the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He referred to one of the protocols of the recent Conference at Paris. This protocol, he he said, contained accusations against Belgium, and the Belgian press, offensive to the national feeling and dignity, and full of warning for the future. He demanded of the Minister, if, in the first place, he had replied to the alleged charges; if, in the second, the French government had called for any changes in the Belgian Constitution; if, in the third and last, such changes were called for, they would be conceded.

M. Vilain replied as gravely, distinctly, and firmly. An answer would be sent as soon as the proceedings of the Conference had been received; no demand had been made by the French government for a change in the Belgian constitution; but if such a request were made, it would never be complied with—never!

The moment that glorious negative was uttered, the beautiful palace, built by Maria Theresa, shook all through its marble colonnades and domes; and through the capital of Belgium, rich in works of the highest Art, in quaint legends, and superb historic memories—in glorious churches, which vie with those of Cologne and Strasburg, in the bright blood poured out all through its streets, and squares, and wooded walks, for Freedom, there was a thrill of joy such as had not been felt since the day the Dutch flag was pulled down from the tower of St. Gudule.

That answer to Napoleon—leaping up so boldly from the proud great heart of the best and most beautiful little people in all Europe—was worthy of the men, who, with the cry of *Belgium for the Belgians*, had grappled with the bayonets of the cumbrous drones who were eating them out of house and home, and had whipped them back from the land of Rubens and Du Quesnoy to their flats and dykes.

All through Europe, except where Austrian and French gendarmes and gaolors check the very pulsations of the heart itself, there has been, and still ring out, the loudest applauses for this courageous defiance of the tyrant. Even in England, we have right hearty words from the *Times*, congratulating Belgium on the event. "We are proud," it writes, "that it was in every way worthy of a noble country and a glorious cause." Then it warmly felicitates the Belgian people and the Belgian government on the manner in which they have received an attack so needlessly levelled against their dignity and independence.

The event is full of hope for the European people—for those especially who, like the Belgians a few years ago, are thrust back to the wall by the lances and sabres of some villain afflicted with the King's evil, and chained there to rot in silence. When one of the smallest nations of the continent, hemmed in and overshadowed by gigantic military powers, has the pluck to speak out the word which liberty inspires—has the pluck to face the grim Caligula of St. Cloud, and tell him it will have none of his orderings—and when all through Europe, from the Scheldt to the mouths of the Danube, from the Arno to the Vistula, millions re-echo the defiance—it is not too much to say, that a storm is gathering, which not even the golden Eagles of the Empire can wing their way against.

Bravo, Belgium!

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

By the time this paper reaches our readers at St. Louis or New Orleans, it is more than probable the nomination of the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency will have been made.

So many and so conflicting have been the conjectures with which the telegraphic wires have been for the last five days bewildered, that we have lost our sight and senses—can't see as far as Cincinnati—and, most certainly, not an inch beyond it.

The new state of things, this time next week, will, no doubt, restore us to clearer vision and calmer judgment, and enable us to say what conjectures were right, and what were not.

In the meanwhile, we sincerely trust that a man in whom the great masses have full faith will be the chosen one, and that it will be such a choice as to redound to the credit of American statesmanship, furnish fresh guarantees for the stability of the Republic, the harmony of the several Sovereign States of which it is made up, and the glory in the far future of the common flag.

This, however, we do not hesitate to say—whoever is nomi nated will be the President.

Dismissal of Mr. Crampton and the British Consuls.

At last! After a world of threats, hints, dispatches, and other slow premonitory symptoms, the crisis has taken place. Having taken place, it has blown over. The sweetest equanimity prevails here, and throughout the Union, as though no no such event had occurred. It has surprised no one, nor in any way moved a solitary soul. It would have been otherwise, had it taken place when first spoken of. Then the people's blood was up—they felt an outrage had been insolently done them by the British officials—and the proper chastisement, following fast upon the detection of their doings, would have gratified the national pride, and avenged the violated laws and sovereignty of the Republic.

To be truly effective—for them to tell with a salutary impression at home and abroad—such acts must be promptly done. This is especially true where the executive of a great confederacy, like that of the United States, sees reason to vindicate the honor of the laws and sovreignty confided to its care. An executive—the direct expression and agent of the vast democratic masses—moulded from them for a brief season of power, and resolving back to them without a single vestige of official consequence, mistakes the spirit of the people, nor does it consult wisely the majesty of their laws, when the evasive and tardy customs and language of crowned rogues are resorted to.

Lecture of Bishop Hughes.

The Academy of Music will be thronged on Thursday evening, the 12th. The learned and eminent Archbishop of New York delivers a lecture there, on that date, in aid of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fourteenth street. His subject we understand, will be *The Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell.*, The orator, the object, and the theme unite in an irresistible attraction.

Literature.

ROBERT EMMETT AND THOMAS MOORE.

In the seventh volume of *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, recently published in London, under the very indifferent (if not actually dishonest) editorship of Lord John Russell, the following is given as part of the poet's Diary for 1844:

"Feb. 20th.—A letter from R. S. Mackenzie, dated from *University Herald* Office, Oxford, begins by saying, that he sees by Longman's list I am now concluding (would to Heaven I were!) my very difficult task, The History of Ireland; and proceeds to say: 'It strikes me that if you include Emmett's affair of 1803, you might like to know, that a copy of his speech, on the trial, is in existence, in his own writing. Mr. Marshal, who gives out the books in the Reading-room of the Museum, is in possession of that document; and I believe I can trace it from the hands of the person to whom Emmett gave it. As a politico-literary paper, it may interest the poet and historian of Ireland.'"

As the name of Emmett, though not yet inscribed upon any National Monument, is deeply engraved upon the hearts of his countrymen, no apology is necessary for relating a few particulars respecting the manuscript mentioned in the above.

In 1843, Mr. Marshal, the principal attendant, or book-deliverer, in the Reading-room of the British Museum, London, showed me a manuscript which, he said, had been given to his mother many years before, by the sister of Temple, Addis, andRobert Emmett. At first sight my autographic knowledge enabled me to recognize the handwriting as that of Robert Emmett; and I found, on examination, that it was a copy of Emmett's last speech. It was endorsed, in a hand which I did not know, as "Poor Robert's Speech on his Trial, September 18th, 1803; written the night before." This endorsement, I have no doubt, was made by Emmett's sister, the wife of that honest, inflexible patriot, Robert Holmes, who spurned, through a life-time of honor and integrity, all offers of place and emolument from the Irish government, and proved his truth and courage by defending *The Nation* in 1846, and John Mitchel, in 1848. Mrs. Holmes did not long survive the loss of her brother; she died early in 1804.

It happened at that moment that I was too much pressed for time (having to leave London the same evening) to compare this copy of the Speech with that which was published, but Mr. Marshal drew my attention to the fact, that the manuscript contained no allusion whatever to Mr. Plunket, nor, of course, to the repeated interruptions by Lord Norbury, the Chief Judge at the Special Commission before which Emmett, and several more of the parties concerned in the inchoate revolt of 1803, were arraigned and tried; interruptions made with the intention, doubtless, of silencing "the sad enthusiast" to the last, by checking the flow of his touching eloquence. I found, also, from general recollection, that Robert Emmett's personal allusions to expected aid from France, were stronger and more decisive in the written than the reported speech. This was my impression at the time, and it was correct.

Some months after this, seeing an announcement that the concluding volume of Moore's History of Ireland was ready for the press, I wrote to Moore, with whom I had a personal acquaintance of several years, to the effect recorded in his Journal (as above), adding that I was persuaded, from the fact of Mr. Marshal having expressed a desire that some public use should be made of the manuscript, there would be no difficulty in obtaining a copy of it. I added that the point of difference between the written speech and that which has been so often published might be worth examining into. Moore acknowledged my communication in the following words.

"Sloperton, Feb. 25, 1844.

"Dear Sir: The delay of my answer to your letter has been caused by a severe attack of influenza, from which I am hardly yet recovered. Pray accept my best thanks for your interesting communication respecting Emmett, of which I shall not fail to avail myself.

"Your obliged servant,

"THOMAS MOORE."

On this subject I heard no more for several months, during which, not being able to leave Oxford, where I then resided, I had no opportunity of again inspecting Emmett's manuscript. At last, I was favored with the following communication from Moore, which may be taken as fixing the authenticity of the document. It bears the London post-mark:

"May 10, 1845.

"Dear Sir; I had the pleasure, some time ago, of expressing my gratitude for your kind and interesting letter respecting the manuscript of poor Emmett's speech, in Mr. Marshal's possession. My 'History of Ireland,' so long on hand as to have made it, latterly, a heavy duty of taskwork rather than the 'labor of love' which it originally promised to be, was completed without including any notice of Emmett's attempted revolt in 1803; therefore I did not give myself any especial trouble about Mr. Marshal's manuscript. I was in town for a couple of days last July, but in no mood of mind to take especial interest in anything but the mournful duty I had to discharge. This time, I have been less occupied, and scarcely lost an hour before I saw Mr. Marshal, at the British Museum. Unfortunately the precious manuscript was at his private residence, so I was disappointed for the instant.

Yesterday, I was more fortunate. The writing is unquestionably Robert Emmett's. Nearly half a century ago, when he and I were warm friends and constant companions, I knew his writing as well as my own. Nor was it without emotion that I looked at one of the very latest of his autographs. You, who are acquainted with my literary efforts, must have gathered from them how much I loved him living, and attempted to honor him when dead; as the peasant, in our native land, who casts a stone upon the cairn of some lamented friend, pays a tribute as great, according to his means, as when the pride of wealth raises a mausoleum over the ashes of the dead.

With abundance of materials in the Museum Library, I was able to compare the manuscript with the spoken speech. There are several points of difference, arising chiefly out of the repeated efforts of Lord Norbury to embarrass Emmett by a series of scolding interruptions. In such attempts his Lordship did not succeed; for though Emmett did not deliver more than two-thirds of what he had prepared, there was force and eloquence in the sentences which he interpolated, on the instant, in reply and reproof to the judicial scold. Emmett was naturally so eloquent (he was one of the best speakers of our Historical Society in College) that there was no reason, except *one*, why he should have carefully elaborated the few sentences to be spoken before judgment was passed upon him. It is more than probable that he distrusted his own powers, at that trying crisis, and was anxious, no doubt, that his last words in public, actually addressed (to use Lord Byron's fine expression) "to time and to eternity, and not to man," should be well deliberated. He knew their importance.

In the manuscript, as originally struck yourself, the allusion to aid from France is more decided than in the published speech. Emmett certainly intended saying that there was at that moment in Paris a member of the Irish Provisional Government empowered to negotiate for an invading expedition, but with orders not to allow it to sail until the French Government had given Ireland a guarantee for her liberties similar to that obtained by Franklin for America. This is much more than I can find in any report of the speech. Emmett may *not* have spoken these words, but it is just as probable that he *did*. The report of the trial was published under the editorship of the then Under-Secretary of the Castle, Mr. Marsden, who is known to have greatly garbled the account.

I have always been doubtful whether Robert Emmet, who was fastidious in his language, ever designated Plunket as a viper whom his father had nurtured to sting his child. There is no trace of such words in the manuscript, but, indeed they could only have been suggested, if ever uttered, by the line taken by Plunket on the trial, a course of procedure which evidently had but one motive, and upon which there could scarcely be a second opinion.

The kindness of Mr. Marshall has given me not only the inspection, but the possession of Emmett's manuscript. I vainly essayed to make him accept some price for it, knowing that his circumstances cannot be good, but he declined so decidedly that I did not venture to insist. I have sent him, as a small acknowledgment, the late edition of my verses, and beg that when you again see him you will say how much I am his debtor.

As you are curious, with pertinacity in your curiosity, about Robert Emmett, I have only to add, that I shall return to Sloperton in a few days; and should the facilities of railroad travelling tempt you to give me a few days' visit, you may then make a copy of the Speech—which I should gladly do for you, but the mere *work* of writing greatly fatigues me now, and, indeed, I have taken several days to this letter.

Pardon its great length, and believe me,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

To Dr. Shelton Mackenzie.

It was not in my power to visit Moore, in his cottage in Wiltshire, and thus I lost the opportunity of obtaining a copy of the Speech. The original remains, most probably, among Moore's papers.

In the ordinary versions of Emmett's speech, this particular reference to expected aid from France is omitted, but the most authentic report, (taken in short-hand by Mr. Ridgway, a barrister, and quoted by Plowden, in his *History of Ireland from* 1801 *to* 1810,) contains the sentence, precisely as mentioned by Moore in this letter. There were obvious reasons for omitting Emmett's allusion to France—at least in the report of his trial published by the Irish government. Emmett was angrily interrupted by Lord Norbury, when he declared that, even while he was speaking, a negotiation for aid from France was in progress, and he replied, "Think not, my Lord, that I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by advancing a falsehood on a subject so important. Again I say, that what I have spoken is not intended for your Lordship. It is meant as a consolation to my countrymen. If there be a true Irishman present, let my last words cherish him in the hour of affliction." At these words Lord Norbury again interfered, saying that he could not listen to treason and sedition, complimenting Emmett's family as having produced men of talent, he himself not being the meanest among them. This drew from Emmett the noble apostrophe to his deceased father: "If the spirit of the illustrious dead can witness the scenes of this transitory life," &c. It is to be lamented that no reliable report of Robert Emmett's speech has yet been published. I am not without hope of being able, by careful collation, to produce a more full and accurate version than has yet appeared.

Robert Emmett, although Moore's senior (by one class) at the University, was a few months his junior in age. In the preface to his collected poems, Moore says: "When, in the first year of my course, I became a member of the Debating Society—a sort of nursery to the authorized Historical Society—I found him in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life, and the grave suavity of his manners." In this autobiographical record, Moore quotes the following passage from one of Emmett's speeches: "When a people, advancing rapidly in knowledge and power, perceive at last how far their government is lagging behind them, what, then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people."

Moore also records that Emmett was "as modest as he was high-minded and brave;" and states, that one day, when he (Moore) had just finished playing that spirited tune called the Red Fox, to which "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old" was afterwards written, Emmett started up as from a reverie, exclaiming, "Oh, that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"

Moore was not ashamed to honor his memory, by public tributes to his worth and motives: witness the touching song, "Oh, Breathe not his Name," suggested by Emmett's last words, his further reference in the beautiful memorial ("She is far from the Land where her Young Hero Sleeps") to the unhappy Sarah Curran, and his manly character of Emmett, in the "Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald."

All through his life, whatever the ebbs and flows in Moore's patriotic feelings towards Ireland, he was warm, consistent, and affectionate in his homage to the memory of his early friend, Robert Emmett.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

New-York, June 2d, 1856.

MISADVENTURES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles;
Nec quidquam nisi pondus iners, congestaque eodem
Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.
Metamorphoseon, Lib. 1.

Thirteen black coffins stood round the hall,
And the skulls grinn'd down at me, jeeringly all;
And an old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tatter'd remains of a mouldering pall,
Clank'd her lank shank from a nail in the wall,—
My eye! what a swell for a fancy ball!

There were coils of intestine, in *tormina* knotted;
Hypertrophied hearts, with the arch and carotid;
There were frogs in a basin and toads in a bottle—
A hard liver's hard liver—an alderman's throttle.
There were noses, from *schirrus*, immense and elastic,
Which Pathology designates *heteroplastic*.
If you ask me what that is, more plainly to speak,
I obligingly tell you, at once, it is Greek.

Thirteen black coffins stood round the hall,
And the skulls grinn'd down at me, horribly all;
And an old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tatter'd remains of a mouldering pall,
Clank'd her lank shank from a nail in the wall.
By Jing! what a swell for a fancy ball!

There were arteries meeting in anastomosis;
Item, caries, callus, superb exostosis,
Hydrocephalic skulls, of enormous proportions,
Snakes, fishes and owls, and all nightmare abortions,
From calves with three heads to tom-cats with three tails;
Pigs, poultry and beetles, bats, badgers and snails:
But the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
Was the frightfulest fright in that frightful hall.

Thirteen black coffins stood round the wall,
And the skulls grinn'd down on me, chattering all;
While the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tatter'd remains of a mouldering pall,
Clank'd her lank shank, green and yellow with gall.
Old Nick! what a swell for a fancy ball!

Now a strange wild music moan'd thro' that hall,
And a lurid and ghastly glare fell upon all!
The skeletons rattle their yellowish bones,
Pattering, clattering over the stones;
And a murderer's skull, with a grin that made shiver,
Was cracking gall-calculi found near a liver.
The three-tailed tabby begins to purr,
And the phantom badger to smooth his fur.

Thirteen black coffins stand round the hall,
And the skulls grin down at me, mockingly all,
While the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tatter'd remains of a mouldering pall,
Clanks her lank shank from a nail in the wall.
Ventrebleu! what a swell at a fancy ball!

Monstrosities bellow and Cerberus howls,
There's a flapping of bats and a hooting of owls:
The stuffed monkeys gibber, the great whales grin,
And the ravenous shark moves his dorsal fin.
The frogs are a-croaking, the toads crawl out,
And the hissing snakes wriggle around and about.

Thirteen black coffins stand round the hall,
And the hollow skulls scowl on me, fearfully all:
But the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tatter'd remains of a mouldering pall,
Thin as a ramrod and yellow as gall,
Clanks her lank shanks from a nail in the wall.
Do tell! what a swell! mummy belle at a ball!

What with coffins and monsters, and death and disease,
The devil may smoke a pipe here, if he please,
Tho' the odor would make the old gentleman sneeze.
And the night, too, is awful—at sea, in a tub,
Ride witches and warlocks, and Belzebub.
There is fear upon earth, there is terror on high,
And the dull glare of tempest is hung in the sky.

Thirteen black coffins move round the hall!
And the pale tenants glare on me, fiendishly all;
And the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tatter'd remains of a mouldering pall,
Which she wears with an air, as coquettes do a shawl,
Clanks her lank shank from a nail in the wall—
Kicks up her heels, and sends forth such a squall
As never was heard at bar, bull-bait or ball.

And still waxes louder the incubus-ball.
The old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
Stalks to an ape, from her nail in the wall,
And away they spin, in a waltz fantastic,
In haste, as if urged by galenicals drastic;
Then an Arctic bear, all shaggy and grim,
Makes love to a porpoise that ogles him,
Till away they scramble and climb and swim,
Boas and crocodiles join the revels—
Liars and hypocrites, bigots and devils.

Thirteen black coffins stump round the hall,
And the foul corses glare at me, hatefully all;
But the old maid's skeleton, rigid and tall,
In the tatter'd remains of a mouldering pall,
Clanks her lank shank at the incubus-ball,
Till her articulations snap, scatter and fall!

I'd have given more tin than I ere had the knack to lose
To have shoved from my thorax a grim pterodactylus—
An amphibious monstrosity, half a mile long,
Which Geology lately has given to song,—
A personified nightmare, ten thousand years lodger
On earth before Adam, that luckless old codger.
"Go it boots!" and forgetting my usual urbanity,
I struck out right and left, perhaps uttered profanity,
And danc'd like a Dervise attack'd with insanity,
Till I stagger'd and fell on a part very tender.
I awoke and—it seems, I'd "been out on a bender!"

SHAMROCK.

HIBERNIAN STRANGFORD.

About this time twelve-months Lord Strangford died at the advanced age of seventy-five. He was another bead dropped from the intellectual rosary on which the literary votaries of the early part of this century placed faith, and on which the genius of Scott, Montgomery, Southey, Campbell, Byron, Moore, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Hunt, Landor, and Sam Rogers were strung. He was the senior of most of those literary friends and rivals, and with the exception of Rogers, Hunt and Landor, outlived them all. These old harp-strings may be said to live on the remembrance of their former vibrations, for as Shelley says—

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."

Rogers, who survived Strangford a few months, did not make any noise for many years, save with the chinking of his coffers, or through the mouth of some transatlantic *litterateur* who partook of the toast and table-talk at the well-known literary breakfasts of the banker-bard.

Leigh Hunt, after a life of literary struggling, poetising, book-making and journalistic drudgery, is comparatively easy on two hundred pounds a-year, Queen's pension, and one hundred from the son of Shelley. In 1850, he published his "autobiography," which thoroughly sustains the opinion of the *Democratic Review* in being "well-tempered as the spring of a Geneva watch, genial as an Indian summer, and occasionally as sparkling as Christopher North's long-loved *Glenlivet*."

Landor, after bidding for the suffrages of futurity, by writing for the new of his own day, is occasionally heard from by some verses of various power on the movements of the period. In 1853, he published his "Last Fruit off an Old Tree;" of the political portions of which old Tory *Blackwood* has the most dreadful opinion, considering them "the most dangerous that could be taught." It is no use to sing to the critic, "Woodman spare that Tree," for the fact is Landor has been rather republican.

So much for the surviving contemporaries of "Hibernian Strangford."

Lord Strangford merits some particular remembrance not only that he was one of the "crowd of gentlemen who write," and gained a respectable reputation for what he did write, but because, as in the case of Leigh Hunt and Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, he had American blood in his veins.

Percy Clinton Sydney Smythe was the eldest son of Lionel, Viscount Strangford and his wife Maria Eliza, who was eldest daughter of Frederick Philipse, Esq., of Philipseburg, New-York; and born 31st August, 1780. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself and graduated with a gold medal in his 20th year. The next year (1801), on arriving at his majority, he succeeded to his father's title, which out of forty-four Viscountships in Ireland is the sixth oldest; his family having been raised to that dignity (for God only knows what service) in 1628. Although his Lordship's genius *did not* (as Byron's did) put the coronet out of sight, still he had talent of more than average merit, winning manners, and a dispositon which he used with as much suavity as his pen. These accomplishments of mind and body well fitted him for the diplomatic service which he entered in 1803, and successfully cultivated for nearly a score of years in various missions. As Secretary of Legation to Lisbon, Minister of the British Government at the Courts of Brazil, and Stockholm, and Ambassador to Constantinople and St. Petersburg he exhibited considerable ability; in recognition of which he was raised to the English peerage by George IV. in 1825, with the title of Baron Pennshurst (Kent). In 1828 he was entrusted with a special mission to Brazil, and in this concluded his diplomatic labors.

Lord Strangford is chiefly known in Literature by his biography and translation of Camöens, the famous Portuguese whom Schlegel believes to have far surpassed Ariosto "in richness of color and luxuriance of fancy," and whose wonderful and ever-varying descriptions of nature, and especially the changing phenomena of the air and sea, wrought so deep an impression upon the observant and profound Humboldt, as to draw from him such applauding testimony as we find recorded in the "Kosmos." To do justice to such a poet, and popularize his refreshing numbers—his glowing grace, and rich descriptions of nature—necessarily commanded talents of a refined, poetic, and sympathetic character; and a success in the field chosen, was sure to accomplish for the translator a fixed place in the literary world.

The *Edinburgh Review* struck at the translation; but it has withstood the shock, and, after half a century, English taste and English criticism agree that Strangford made the Lusitanian bard gracefully popular and familiar to England. He "appreciated the genius and spirit of his original, and has faithfully conveyed it to the English readers; while his notes and annotations on the poet show his familiarity with both Portuguese and general literature." The work is now received among the classic versions of foreign authors. Four years after the publication, the translator (who did not confine himself alone to this species of literary love and labor) was of sufficient importance to inspire Lord Byron with a passage in his "*English Bards, &c.*" which at once strikes at the *personnel* of the poet, and the popularity of his "harmonious fustian" among the "love-sick misses":

"Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue,
And boasted locks of red, or auburn hue,
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick Miss admires,
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's sense,
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence;
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher place
By dressing Camoens in a suit of lace?
Mend, Strangford, mend thy morals and thy taste;
Be warm, but pure—be amorous, but be chaste:
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,
Nor teach the Lusian Bard to copy Moore."

Moore dedicated the first of his epistles in his "Poems relating to America," to Viscount Strangford, and in these very characteristic lines pays homage to his poetic claims and performances. The epistle is dated off the Azores:

"Yes, Strangford, at this hour perhaps,
Some lover, (not too idly blest,
Like those, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest),
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoen's harp from Rapture stole,
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.
Oh! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own."

Throughout Moore's diary there are many references to the friendliness which existed between the poets, but we must confine ourselves to one passage which we give, as it indicates Strangford's politics, and contains a brace of good things:

"31st Aug., 1825. Fixed to dine with Lord Strangford, at the Athenæum, in consequence of a note he wrote me yesterday, saying, "Surely, as none of your d——d Whig Dukes are in town, you could contrive, once in a way, to *tete-a-tete* it with me at the Athenæum.' Went to the printer with my proofs. Dinner with Lord S. at seven; a good deal of old fun between us. Told me of Canning's anger at him for not voting for the last Catholic Bill. Mentioned that on some one saying to Peel about Lawrence's picture of Croker, 'You can see the very quiver of his lips;' 'Yes,' said Peel, 'and the arrow coming out of it.' Croker himself was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered, 'He meant *arrah*, coming out of it.'"

The allusion to Croker's lips reminds us of the same idea so finely expressed in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Lady Geraldine's Courtship:"

"——— there, the lips in silent passion,
Curved like an archer's bow, to send the bitter arrows out."

"Lord Strangford's services to the literature of Portugal was recognized by his being made a Grandee of that kingdom, and a Knight of the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword. He died full of years and honors, having "troops of friends," on the 29th May, 1855, at his London residence in Harley street. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, who was born at Stockholm, during his father's embassy there, and is known in political affairs as former member of parliament for Canterbury, and received with favor in literary circles as author of "Historic Fancies" and other works. He is the seventh Viscount Strangford in the Irish peerage, and the second Baron Pennshurst in that of the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

Mr. Millais, who for nearly twelve months has been rusticating in Scotland, exhibits five pictures in the Royal Academy's exhibition. The largest picture of the lot, and which will attract most attention, is called "Peace," and represents a convalescent officer leaning languidly back in his chair, and holding in his hand the open newspaper, in which the words "Conclusion of Peace" are plainly legible. On his knee sits his fair-haired wife, and on either hand is playing a little daughter—one being deeply engaged with a Noah's ark, part of the contents of which—a lion, a bear, a cock, and a turkey (Hogarthically symbolical of the four warlike powers)—are in the mother's lap. The little girl is holding up the dove with the olive branch in its mouth.

At the annual distribution of prizes, at the London Art Union, the 200*l.* prize was gained by Mr. James Scott, Bath; the 150*l.* prize by Mr. R. Keatley, Grimsby; and the three 100*l.* prizes by Messrs. J. Bradshaw, jun., Leeds; J. Bontott, Boston; and R. Robinson, Saint Helen's, Liverpool. The only Irish subscribers who obtained prizes were—Mrs. Armstrong, Dublin, and George Sands, Listowel, 25*l.* prize; and John Massey, Tipperary, and J. Patterson, Belfast, 15*l.* prize.

A public appeal has been made for relief on behalf of Mr. Frederick Incledon, son of the late celebrated Charles Incledon, the singer; the former, together with his wife and surviving children, being now in great distress in London.

Professor Owen has been appointed superintendent of the department of natural history and science in the British Museum; salary £800.

A sum of 46,000*l.* has already been subscribed as a guarantee fund for the contemplated art exhibition in Manchester.

A BED OF "'SPARAGUS."

THE SPARROWGRASS PAPERS: or Life in the Country. By FREDERICK S. COZZENS. *Derby & Jackson.*

This volume is a delicious specimen of typography, and is thereby an insinuating canvasser for the pleasant things contained therein. There is a great deal of humor, not a little wit, and much that is neither, but which is supposed to be one or the other, or probably both in it. In writing such papers—as are here collected—for a magazine, and with the intention of producing a monthly effect—an author is very liable, especially when his funny affinities are seriously and unceremoniously applauded, to rely on his manner when his matter gives out, so that a noticeable quantity may meet the eye of the expectant reader. A few good things carry off a half dozen or dozen pages at a time in a magazine, but when a year's growth of the same are raked up into a volume, the weeds are not so easily to be overlooked; and the flowers stand a doubtful chance of being able to overbalance them. Weeds are always heavier than flowers, and though the appreciative eye might find recompense in one glance of the Forget-me-not, for the vulgar stare of an entire field of Dandelions—still, we must remember that it is from the relief we find in the contrast, and that if we could have so ordered it, the Dandelions would be in the minority and the Blue-bells manifold.

Though we have the garish effect of the one in this volume, we must freely admit that it is in a minor degree. The bright, pleasant things are numerous. The motto from Bryant, on the title page, explains and apologizes for the variety—

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

We have the "various language" of nature, as the author understands the latter, translated with congeniality into the experiences of an attempt at country life; and bursting out of the ridiculous situations, (as stage critics say,) we have many beautiful and buoyant offshoots—bits of true nature; like cunning wild flowers leaping out from, though under the shelter of the grotesque rocks and stumps that form the leading features. Here is a picture of "the bird that tells things," which, if not as "grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous" as that bird or devil that came from the "Night's Plutonian shore" and stuck its beak into the heart of Edgar Poe, is not the less natural, for being a litte less romantic. It is recognizable in every coterie. The Carrier-Pigeon is not alone confined to MR. Sparrowgrass's village. No, indeed—look at the picture:—

"The Carrier Pigeon tells you all your friends say of you, and tells your friends all you say of them. The mode of tactics is somewhat in this wise: She goes to Mrs. Kornkobbe's, takes tea with that lady, pets the children, takes out her needle and thread, opens her little basket, pulls out a bit of linen, with a collar pattern pencilled upon it, puts on her thimble, then stitches away, and innocently asks Mrs. K. if she has heard that ridiculous story about her husband.

"Mrs. Kornkobbe has not heard of it, but bridles up, and would like to know *who* has had the impudence to say anything about her husband! The Carrier Pigeon does not like to mention names, but vaguely hints that something is in the wind. Mrs. K., of course, is anxious to know the particulars. Carrier Pigeon would not for the world hurt Mrs. K.'s feelings, but, just for her own satisfaction, she would like to ask 'where Mr. Kornkobbe's father was born?' Mrs. K. is ompletely nonplussed by this question, for, to use a mercantile phrase, she had never been posted up in regard to the incubation of her father-in-law, deceased some twenty years before she was married, and two years before she was born. Carrier Pigeon, seeing Mrs. K.'s trepidation, adds, carelessly, as it were, 'Your husband is an American, I believe?' Mrs. K. catches at that, and answers 'Yes.' 'German name?' Mrs. K. replies in the affirmative. 'That is all I want to know,' sighs the Carrier Pigeon. Whereupon Mrs. K., who is wrought up to fever point, answers, 'But that is not all *I* want to know;' and by dint of a deal of persuasion, finally draws out the important secret; the Carrier Pigeon has heard it reported all over the village, that Mr. Kornkobbe's father was nothing but a low German shoemaker. Now, if there is any information that Mrs. K. desires next in the world, it is to have the name of the person who said so; and Carries Pigeon, after a temporary struggle between duty and propriety, finally but reluctantly gives up Mrs. Marshmallow as the author, at which Mrs. Kornkobbe lets loose all the pent-up fury in her soul upon the whole Marshmallow tribe, from the old grandfather, who hands around the plate in church, down to the youngest member of the family, just recovering from the united attacks of sprue, measles, hooping-cough, and chicken-pock.

"The next day Mrs. Marshmallow, who really loves Mrs. K. like a sister, and who possibly might have repeated by way of a mere joke, and not as a reflection, that Kornkobbe, senior, had been a Teutonic cordwainer—the next day, Mrs. Marshmallow is visited by the Carrier Pigeon. Now Mrs. M. is a lady of much stronger mind than Mrs. K.; not so easily excited by any means; but Carrier Pigeon, by dint of hints, inuendoes, and all the artillery of shrugs and smiles, finally manages to excite *her* curiosity; and then, when pressed to divulge, after binding up Mrs. Marshmallow not to tell a living soul, and taking other precautions of like nature, reluctantly, after struggling again through duty and propriety, allows Mrs. Marshmallow to draw from her all and everything Mrs. Kornkobbe had said about *her* the previous evening; but, of course, does not say a word of the use she had made of Mrs. Marshmallow's name, by which the fire had been kindled, so as to bring Mrs. K. up to the scalding point. And, as the tone of the Carrier Pigeon would lead Mrs. M. to believe that all her friend, Mrs. Kornkobbe, had said was gratuitous, she at once makes up her mind that Mrs. Kornkobbe is a base, cold-blooded, double faced, malicious slanderer. How pleased she is that she has found her out. Explanation is out of the question; neither Mrs. K. nor Mrs. M. will condescend to notice each other, and Mr. Marshmallow and Mr. Kornkobbe go down to town in separate cars from that time and for ever.'

After reading this we expect to hear of a millenium. All the Mrs. Kornkobbes and Marshmallows will rush into each other's arms, and their better halves exchange newspapers in the cars! "The Battle of Rocky Caynon" is capital; and the adventure with the dumb-waiter in the deaf-house, a good subject for a farce.

At a sale of modern English pictures, last week, in London, Turner's "The Temple of Jupiter, Island of Ægina—Athens in the Distance," was bought by Mr. Gambart for £1,365.

The first edition of Victor Hugo's "Contemplations" was exhausted at Paris one day after the issue.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

PUTNAM for June closes the seventeenth volume of that capital miscellany. We understand that its prosperity is increasing: and we are happy to add our word of commendation and respect for the ability, tone and literary character so marked and remarkable in its pages. If the foreign reviews could be purchased for half what can secure them at present, we would still recommend *Putnam* before them all. Not that we think less than we ought of the *Westminster* and *Blackwood*, but that we recognize a higher duty in the sustainment of so varied and well-conducted a periodical as *Putnam*. The present number is a good one. The very interesting paper on "Napoleon Buonaparte as a Family Man," is continued, and should have been concluded. "An American's Adventure in Pegu," is full of interest. Here is a graphic, and to us, who have never been sunstruck, seemingly probable imitation of *coup de soleil*. The author is exposed to the intensest heat of a tropical sun, a heat such as is experienced nowhere but in Burmah. He says:

"Very soon after the sun rose, I had begun to experience the wilting influence of his rays, and, as he mounted higher and higher, rapidly acquiring strength, I was fast becoming sick. At first I was seized with a fit of vomiting; then my mind became confused. For a moment I would forget where I was, but only for a moment; the next I would recover my recollection, and had a sense of dried peas with hot water poured upon them swelling in my skull; I became violently excited, raved, said I don't know what to the men around me, seized one, thinking he was about to attack me, and then fell over on my face in the bottom of the boat—*coup de soleil.*"

The article, "On the Mountains," is delightful; and we cannot do better than make a couple of extracts. With the writer we fully acknowledge the nobility of the hills; their inspiration to liberty; their lessons to art; their brooding influence to the philosopher:

The effect of mountain scenery on the eye, is naturally much varied by lights and colors; the whole hue is very different in the clear, warm air of a southern landscape, and in the moist, vapory atmosphere of the North. The Alps glitter and glare in the dazzling splendor of everlasting ice, and yet greet us with the bright freshness of the color of youth, so that Italian poets with justice speak of their forest-covered brows, as of fit emblems of all that is imperishable. The granite fastnesses of Sweden loom up in subdued tints, fretted as they are by the tooth of time, and covered with the tender mantle of warm but sad-colored mosses. Dim, dismal mists forever shroud their hoary heads, and the melancholy songs of northern bards see, in their weather-beaten, decaying baldness, the irresistible power of age.

The colors of mountain scenes change with every season of the day and year, and herein lies one of their greatest beauties. As the deep valleys are now lighted up by gorgeous floods of sunshine, and now buried in dark night; as bold spurs, losing themselves into the plain, cast deep shadows on a sunny landscape, or rise, gilded by the rays of the setting sun, from out a sea of shadows, the whole of the mountain range assumes a new form. But more important still, for their effect at a distance, than the variety of different hues and changing shadows, is the principal form of the mountains themselves. A long straight line, rising to nearly equal height at all points, gives to a chain of mountains the appearance of a mere wall or rampart, that closes the horizon, and fills the mind with undefined sadness. Far more pleasing is the impression, when bold heights and sharp-pointed peaks break the uniformity here and there, as in our own Blue Ridge. Some countries boast of odd round mountains, that rise suddenly from the midst of large plains; they are mere shapeless masses, without any proportion, and convey not unfrequently to the mind the painful idea of a colossal grave-mound. Now and then, as on our northern waters, and in almost all long, far-stretching chains, formations are found, that appear to a lively fancy like familiar objects—a sleeping bear, a striking profile, or even a whole standing figure. Such forms may, of course, please our imagination and occupy our memory, but they often affect, unpleasantly, our æsthetic feeling, which cannot be satisfied with what is merely grotesque or amusing.

Also—

Nor must we forget, that mountains isolate men more than anything else on firm land. Rivers have become high-roads, and the ocean has been bridged over; but mountains, though covered with railway-tracks, and pierced by marvelous tunnels, will ever remain the great lines of division between kingdom and kingdom.

"Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one."

With equal jealousy, they shelter their own children against all influences from without. Among them ancient customs and strongly-marked individualities survive, long after repeated revolutions have cut down all that grows on the plain to a dead level. The mountaineer's house is his castle in a better sense and to a much fuller extent than even the proud Englishman's home. There he dwells in simplicity, but in content. His soil is poor, his resources are few, but his wants, also, are modest. Hence poverty and hospitality are the strange twin-sisters that are ever found under his rock-covered roof. So it is all over the globe, wherever men dwell in peace. The scantier life appears among them, the less comfort and luxury are known—the more they are given to value aid and to afford ready shelter to the weary wanderer or the sufferer among themselves. Ritter, in his travels through Abyssinia, was long since led to the conclusion, that hospitality was at home in every Alpine region, in spite of their equally universal poverty.

What is, perhaps, least carefully noticed by the general observer in this kind of High Life is, the nomadic character of almost all dwellers on mountains. The sterility of the soil, in connection with the general activity of the race, drives them constantly away from their native land and leads them to emigrate, at least for a time, to distant countries, partly to sell there the products of their own industry and partly to seek there an ampler income and a provision for their declining years. Thus we find the brave Swiss serving foreign masters with a touching fidelity that makes ample amends for his mercenary service, whilst the humbler son of Savoy is content to clean chimneys and to play his hurdy-gurdy. The poor, frugal Gallego is found all over Spain, as cold Dalarm sends out her sons in winter, and her daughters in summer, to earn a living in Stockholm. The Fulah and the Zemindar of Kamaum but repeat in Africa and Asia the example of the Gallician Pole on the northern Carpathian mountains. But from east and west, from north and south, they all gather again around their early home, ere the silver cord be loosed and the golden bowl broken.

Even on their own mountains, these hardy children of men often lead a life that somewhat resembles the wandering life of the nomad. Thousands earn a scanty living by travelling, without rest and repose, over high, steep passes, and through dangerous valleys, followed by long lines of heavily-laden beasts of burden; others, who live by their cattle, change from the lofty senn-huts in summer to the well-sheltered valleys in winter, whilst in the Himalaya they have special villages built for each season.

The article on "OurLight-house Establishment" is full of useful and interesting information. The fourth part of "Scampavias," is given; which, with a review of Motley's *Dutch Republic* (appreciative, and slightly critical), an article on Chicago in 1856 (luminous and *otherwise*), a clever little story, and some dull verses, make up the number.

KNICKERBOCKER for June is, like to the Harper and Putnam, a great effort and a great success. The admirable variety which generally characterizes this favorable magazine is happily sustained by a series of brilliant and pleasant papers. The Editor's Table has almost the hearty pungency of an Irish stew; and has also the Steward or Clark who presides thereat. A specimen of original poetry is given, which is at once a clever composition and a keen commentary on the *modus operandi* by which some of our rising re-hashers of everybody else's thoughts get "first rate" notices from their friends of the press. Here is a specimen which must be admitted as equal to some of the finest things of Bryant, Gray, Shakspere or Dryden, not to mention Pope or Byron:—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
In thunder, lightning or in rain,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

* * * * * *

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;
Whatever is, is right;
And things are not what they seem;
My native land, good night!"

HOUSEHOLD WORDS (June) is full of characteristic essays, tales and sketches. We have a picture of St. Patrick, by which we are informed that the pious Patricias according to report was—

"A man of small stature, but of great energy and activity of mind and body," and proofs are extant to prove that "his very aspect must have inspired regard and submission. He was truly humble, wore coarse garments, and worked cheerfully and stoutly with his own hands." He was "most sweet and affable in conversation, by which he accommodated himself to all sorts and conditions of people, and so gained their affections, that if it could be done, they would have plucked out their eyes and given them to him. Countless gifts were pressed upon him, which he always refused, except it were to relieve the poor or build religious houses. He slept on the bare ground, a stone his pillow, till fifty-five years old."

The SCHOOLFELLOW (June) is a delightfully illustrated juvenile bijou. Youth never had such inducements to study as is offered by it. The song-compelling nursery rhyme, entitled "The Faries," in the present number printed anonymously, is the production of William Allingham, a young Irish poet, residing in London, and chiefly occupied (if we mistake not) on Dickens' HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Huguenot Exiles; or the times of Louis IV.—A Historical Novel	*Harper & Brothers.*
Mechanical Tables, &c. By Charles H. Haswell	" "
Learning to Think, &c. By Jacob Abbott	" "
Putnam's Monthly—June	*Dix & Edwards.*
Household Words—June	" "
Schoolfellow—June	" "
History of the Design of Flag of United States. (Public Document.)	*Hon. A. G. Brown.*
The Republican Quarterly Review—April: N. York	*James J. Law.*
Life of the Blind Virgin Mary.—No. I. By Monsignore Ronmald Gentilucci	*Dunigan & Brother. (J. B. Kirker.)*
The Physiology of the Senses, &c., &c. By A. B. Johnson	*Derby & Jackson.*
Gabriel Vane: His Fortune and Friends. By Jeremy Lond, author of "Dovecote."	" "
Adventures of Jules Gerard, the Lion Killer, of Algeria. By Charles E. Whitehead.	

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

To THOS. F. MEAGHER., *Editor and Proprietor of the Irish News:*

DEAR SIR:—Although I am the author of many volumes, and have taken much interest in Irish matters, yet this is my first letter to the editor of an Irish newspaper, and I hope it will be my last. I have matter of great importance to communicate—namely, Hugh Forbes' work, on the Art and Science of War, is just published. This work should be termed the REVOLUTIONARY BIBLE. The title given to it by the author is "Manual for the Patriotic Volunteer; or, Active Service in Regular or Irregular War, being the art and science of obtaining and maintaining Liberty and Independence: by Hugh Forbes. In two volumes. New-York: Wm. H. Tinson, Printer, 24 Beekman street."

To acquire the Art and Science of War, and teach it to my countrymen without price, have been the objects of my life. On arriving in this country, three days after landing, I declared my intention in Clinton Hall, on the 7th of April, 1849. The New-York *Nation* made a note of it. In this paper I published a lesson on the Art and Science of War, almost every week for a year. Some of these lessons were printed in pamphlet form, and extensively circulated among my countrymen, free of expense.

My next effort to carry out my object, was to publish a work on irregular warfare. This work was termed "The Art and Science of War, for the Irish People. The pike exercise, Foot Lancers, Light Infantry and Rifle Drill; to which is added a short practical treatise on Small Arms and Ammunition, Street and House fighting, and Field Fortification."

I then commenced to deliver free lectures on the Art and Science of War, to the Irish people, and published my principal lectures in book form. Of my books, I made presents of 20,000 copies; for all this labor and outlay I never received or demanded a single dollar. The appearance of Forbes' work brings my labors to a close. It contains all that a people can require to obtain and retain Liberty. All true patriots—all who regard their country's welfare as paramount—should be prepared to act at the moment when action can be of service.

Those who would delay preparation, till the proper time of action shall present itself, are simpletons or knaves; for preparation must occupy time, and thus those precious days which should be spent in action, would be frittered away in making those arrangements which ought to exist always, ready for use at the first propitious hour. Let Irishmen now and henceforth distinguish between the men who want to be prepared, that they may act efficiently at any moment, and those who fear to have matters properly organized, lest some day they might be called upon to put their boasted patriotism into practice. The ink is hardly dry which signed the treaty of peace at Paris, ere fresh indications of war are manifest. On the one hand, we see very strong symptoms of an alliance between France and Russia, against England; while on the other hand we discern evidences of hostile intentions, on the part of both France and England, against this country. In a late paper, I read the reply of the French Minister of War to the U. S. officers, in which he said, dismissing them, "Good-bye, till the first cannon shot."

I repeat, therefore, that he who does not desire to be PREPARED—that he who would defer his instruction till the day of action, is not sincere in his professions of patriotism. Such men are not to be relied on.

A short practical treatise on Regular and Irregular war, for active service, was the great want of a people seeking Liberty and Independence. I had, therefore, made many collections, which might serve as an essay toward supplying that deficiency; but when "Forbes' Manual of the Patriotic Volunteer" fell in my way, I found the first part of the book so well adapted to the purpose which I had in view, that I determined to bring my labors to a close, in this way, by merely recommending the truly valuable work of Hugh Forbes.

The author has, I think, shown much good judgment in the management of a subject so extensive, in the partition and the arrangement of his materials, as well as in the limits which he has given to them, with respect to quantity; and he is in general sufficiently happy in the clearness of his explanations. These, it will readily be allowed, are not the least considerable merits in a work of such moment. It would, indeed, occasion very little additional trouble to render the book wholly applicable to the case of Ireland, and to the feelings of the Irish people. However, it only remains for me to tell our Irish citizen-soldiers, that the work is now to be had of the following booksellers:

I am my dear Sir, yours truly,
OLIVER BYRNE,
Civil, Military, and Mechanical Engineer, &c., &c.

New-York, Messrs. De Witt & Davenport; Albany, N. Y., P. S. Gilbert; Rochester, N. Y., D. M. Dewey; Buffalo, N. Y., A. Burke; Newark, N. J., J. L. Adgens; Philadelphia, Pa., J. B. Peterson; Reading, Pa., H. A. Lantz; Harrisburg, Pa., Geo. Bergner; Baltimore, Henry Taylor; Richmond, Va., Geo. W. West; Charleston, N. C., J. G. Courtenay; Augusta, S. C., M. G. M'Kinne; New-Orleans, B. M. Norman; St. Louis, E. K. Underwood; Chicago, Keen & Lee; Detroit, S. D. Elwood & Co.; Sandusky, Chas V. Olds; Providence, R. I., D. Kimball & Co.; New-Haven, Conn., D. C. Mitchel & Son; Bridgeport, Conn., John Cornwall; Boston, Mass., W. V. Spencer; Wooster, Mass., G. Baker & Co.; Springfield, Mass., W. Bessey; Fall River, Mass., S. P. Pope; Montreal, Canada, John Armour; Quebec, P. Sinclair; Halifax, E. G. Fuller.

THE ELEVENTH REGIMENT,

Col. Van Beuren, made its first Spring parade, on the 19th ult.: the following companies, composing the command, mustering at Washington Square, pursuant to orders, viz.:—A troop of Lancers, Lieut. O'Riley commanding; the Montgomery Guard, Capt. Murphy; City Guard, Capt. Le Bau; Continental Guard, Lieut. Van Valer commanding; Irish-American Guard, Capt. Brady; Union Rifles, Lieut. Pye commanding; and City Rifles, Capt. Zanger. On the ground, an incident occurred, illustrating and inculcating the beauty and necessity of *punctuality* to the soldier. The time designated in the regimental order for the formation of the line, was *half-past one o'clock, P. M.* In accordance with the order, the Adjutant's call was sounded at that hour, as the signal for the formation; and the 1st Sergeant of each Company present, reported and received his Company's post, in line. The line was formed—the Montgomery Guard receiving the right of the regiment. Just then, the Continental Guard, under Capt. Helme came up, and claimed their usual post of the right of the column, but Capt. Murphy objected, as they had been absent at the formation of the line, and he claimed the post which had been assigned him as the next senior-captain. Adjutant Pinckney refused to interfere, as he had merely complied with the orders that had been issued by his commandant, and to the latter officer the case was accordingly referred. Col. Van Beuren requested the Captain of the Montgomery Guard to surrender the disputed post to Capt. Helme. But Capt. Murphy still respectfully declined. He replied that the post had been assigned him as his right, in the absence of Capt. Helme, who had not appeared within the time specified in the regimental order—that, not as a matter of churlish feeling, *but to avoid establishing a vicious precedent in favor of remissness*, he would retain the right of the 11th regiment, for the day—unless the Colonel decided his claim was invalid, and ordered him to retire from the position:—in which case he would consider himself excused from the parade, and leave to the commandant the responsibility of his withdrawal. The Colonel decided that he was right in his position, and would not deprive him of it—whereupon Capt. Helme abruptly withdrew from the parade, leaving his Company in charge of his first-lieutenant!

The regiment was subsequently marched to Madison Square, where it went through several evolutions, the mediocre style of which might be in some measure accounted for by the unfavorable nature of the ground. The Montgomery Guard escorted the colors to and from the parade ground, and both of their platoons presented a splendid front. The City Guard looked well in their model uniform, although their force was slender. The Irish-American Guard also made a creditable appearance on this parade, both in numbers and bearing. We noticed in

some of the companies a fullness of front altogether disproportioned to the rear of their platoons, which is a feature to be avoided.

We had not an opportunity of seeing the parade of the 7th regiment, on the same day, thereby losing, as we have been told, a sight worth seeing.

PARADES IN THE CITY.

Several corps of our citizen-soldiery paraded on Monday, the 19th ult. The Second Brigade, Gen. Yates, paraded at Hamilton Square, including the 4th Regiment, Col. Hincken, consisting of one battery of four pieces and three squadrons of Horse; the 5th Regiment, Jefferson Guard, Col. Swatzwalder, about 250 men; 6th Regiment, Governor's Guard, Col. Pinckney; and the 75th Regiment, Republican Rifles, Lieu't-Col. Haggerty, commanding.

Such of the movements as we witnessed—such as changing front on 1st and 3d battalions; advancing in line; wheeling into column, and forward into line—were very well done. It seemed to us that the firing and skirmishing of the 75th were executed with superior ability, and that they would have appeared to better advantage had not their supply of ammunition unexpectedly failed. Owing to some misunderstanding among the men, as to the kind of pants to be worn, the ranks were not as well filled as they might have been.

We understand that the 9th Regiment, Col. Pitkin, will parade, at East New-York, with the 3d Brigade, in June next. The regiment paraded in Tompkin's square on the 26th ult.

The 69th Regiment was paraded with the 4th Brigade, on the 4th of June in the city. Why was this made a city parade? We supposed that some suitable ground in the country would have been selected—and such a selection would certainly be more satisfactory to both officers and men than the present arrangement. The regiment will drill in the City Arsenal in the latter part of the month.

We have no information as to the summer parade of the 75th, but, in connection with this subject, we beg to make a suggestion, viz.:—a joint parade of these regiments at a time and place to be fixed by the commandants. It seems to us that this would be a good and fraternal movement, and one, to which neither Cols. Pitkin, Ryan, nor McCunn would object. But to secure the success of this project, it should have not only the passive assent, but the active concurrence of these gentlemen. What say you, *Messrs. les Colonels,* to a *joint Parade* before the expiration of the summer?

GUYON CADETS.

Mr. Lawrence Glynn, of Yorkville, has been unanimously elected second-lieutenant of this Company.

Obituary.

On Sunday last, Harry Downes, late Acting Adjutant of the Ninth Regiment, N. Y. S. M., Captain of the O'Brien Guard, and formerly a member of the Guyon Cadets, was interred in Greenwood.

The high estimation in which he was universally held, was fully testified to by the immense cortege, reaching along Broadway from John street to the South ferry, which attended his remains to their resting place.

The O'Brien Guard were there in force. And the *Guyons* (Capt. Murphy), ever foremost to render all honor to true worth, fully equipped and uniformed, with their colors appropriately draped, wearing crape on their left arms, attended by Shelton's band, plaintively rendering the soul-touching airs of "The Adeste," "O Sanctissima," and "Auld Lang Syne," formed the Guard of Honor, and with admirable precision discharged three vollies over the grave of their true-hearted, departed, lamented brother.

U. S. Army Intelligence.

[From our Washington Correspondent.]

The following assignments to duty of officers of the Quarter-Master's Department, are made in pursuance of the War Department Circular, of June 10, 1854, viz.:—

1. Brevet Brigadier-General H. Stanton, to duty in the city of New-York.
2. Lieutenant-Colonel C. Thomas, to duty in the city of Philadelphia.
3. Brevet Lieut. Col. T. Swords, to duty in the Department of the Pacific.
4. Major G. H. Crossman, to duty at St. Louis, Missouri.
5. Major D. H. Vinton, to duty at San Antonio, Texas.
6. Major O. Cross, to be relieved in the Dept. of the Pacific—his new station to be designated hereafter.
7. Brevet-Major E. S. Sibley, will report to the Quartermaster-General for special duty.
8. Capt. R. E. Clary, to duty in the superintendence of the transportation of army supplies, on the Red and Arkansas rivers.
9. Brevet Lieut. Col. E. C. Myers, to duty at Fort Leavenworth.
10. Brevet-Major W. W. Chapman, to duty at Benicia, Cal.
11. Capt. F. H. Masten, to duty at Fort Pierre, N. T.
12. Capt. S. Van Vliet, to duty at Fort Brown, Texas.
13. Capt. P. T. Turnley, to duty at Corpus Christi, Texas.

The Quartermaster-General will give the necessary instructions to carry into effect the foregoing changes, which will be commenced without delay, and executed successively, as the interest of the service may permit.

By order of the Secretary of War.

S. Cooper, *Adjutant-General.*

We understand that Stringer & Townsend are about to issue a volume entitled "Chit-Chat," by Pierce Pungent, who was whilom one of the wits of *Frazer's Magazine.*

Humboldt, who is now past eighty years old, is said to be as busy as he ever was in his younger days, completing his "Cosmos." Those best acquainted with him, notice no failure either in his physical or intellectual system, and his friends think he bids fair to reach 100 years.

"Out West" Correspondence.

The traders from Sante Fe and Salt Lake have come in, bringing considerable cash with them, purchasing largely and reporting favorably of those markets; a gentleman from Salt Lake informed me that he has never made the trip before without having as in the present instance met any Indians, he having come through in forty-two days without sighting a red-skin. From Kansas we have daily reports by telegraph and mail stating that the patriotic citizens of both sides are making laudable and energetic preperations to stab, shoot, and murder each other for the good and well-being of the Union, and will doubtless do so to a considerable extent, if our respected "Uncle" does not promptly restrain, and if necessary, duresse, the rapid fanaticism which is at present flaunting itself in the rival matters of "Free Soil" and "Ruffianism." Henceforth therefore let no American critic compassionately condemn the uncivilized particulars of a "Tipperary row" or "Kerry melee;" as to such, a crushing reply is returned in the single word "Kansas."

We have had the first grand instalment of "Higher water," from the upper Misssisippi. Crowned with drift and foam, the rapid and eddying flood has spread itself over the lower bottoms and brimmed the ordinary bank-dykes have been looked to, and levees put under guard to combat, and turn the besieging flood as it rolls grandly on in such mood and array as inspired the famous epic of "Ward." the rise from the Missouri has not yet come down and it is yet but a matter of speculation whether the marks of 53, 50, or 45 will be reached in June.

To Lieutenant Maury, or that man of "Circles," and "Terms,' Mr. Meriam, it may be interesting to know that this section has been visited with "tempestuous belts," of late, in one of which having the misfortune to be caught on the river, I may be permitted to chronicle the results as an "eye (and ear) witness:" it fell out on this wise, that being on board the John Simpson bound from Memphis to Cairo on the night of Saturday April 26th, at 10.30 P. M., when at the foot of Flower Island, some 70 miles north of Memphis, we were struck suddenly by a tornado, which wrenched off our smoke stacks, ripped away our larboard wheel-house, stove in part of the cabin, and started the entire upper works some 12 inches, careening us until our starboard guard lay 3 feet under water, and carrying overboard portions of our cargo, two deck hands and one passenger; that our loss was not entire may be attributed, under Providence, to the heroism of our pilot, Mr. James Cooper, of Nashville, a young man who stood by his wheel amid the crashing of the stays and hog chains when the great chimneys came down close by where he stood, and when the pilot house threatened to be instantly blown away like a dry leaf, there he stood alone in the pitchy blackness, his wheel hard down, death looking him closely in the face, and nerved only by the heroic sense of duty; the engineers likewise stood by, and though one to his knees in water and believed her to be sinking as we all did, obeyed the pilo'ts alarm bell, and by pumping the boilers full prevented the explosion which would otherwise have been inevitable when we righted. So that you see you do not monopolize either all the danger or heroism on the great deep, and "Cooper" may be named with him who worked the cannon on the Arctic, and the captain of the "Three Bells."

Literary and Artistic News.

A new book, published at Cincinnati, entitled "The Old Corner Cupboard," is hailed in the most excited manner by the editor of a Louisville paper. It comes to us, he writes, "like a bubbling limpid spring to the weary traveller in a desert waste. It is more than welcome or grateful; it is a luxury." The editor is tired of fiddle-faddle and sensation-books, and believes the "Corner Cupboard" to be "the work of a true, straight-forward, womanly mind." The writer is supposed to be a Swedenborgian, and the story embraces the "ulterior life" of a woman without extraordinary genius, from her girlhood in Massachusetts to her death in the West.

Apropos of a vision which held the eye of Pierce Pungent, and which is duly reported for the readers of the *Daily News,* Pierce says:—"A library is the catacomb of human wits; the churchyard holds the skull—the library the beings that once peopled that dome of thought and palace of the soul. Often, when sitting alone, surrounded by our books—some of the old original folios, volumes that the very authors of them had seen with their own eyes—have we almost fancied we saw their departed masters issue from their gloom and stand bodily before us."

During the year 1854, 861 works in the Russian language, and 351 in foreign languages, were printed in Russia, besides 2,940 scientific and literary treaties in the different periodicals. The number of authors was 1,239; that of printing offices (for works in the Russian language) 85, of which 45 were at work in St. Petersburg, 16 in Moscow, and the remainder in various other parts of the Empire.

M. Adolphe Adam, the composer, died at Paris on Saturday, from congestion of the brain, in his fifty-third year. He was a most voluminous and popular composer for the French stage; he produced some church music, wrote musical criticisms, and exhibited prodigious industry. In 1847 he lost a large part of his fortune by becoming director of the Theatre Lyrique.

Longfellow's *Evangeline* and *Voices of the Night* have been translated by the Chevalier de Chatelain, the translator of Chaucer and Gay. They are issued in a neat style by Huelin of Jersey, and Rolands of London.

Mr. Charles Knight calculates that in the year 1744 the people of England did not expend more than £100,000 a year on books, newspapers, and publications of every kind; but that in 1844 they expended £2,085,600, being an increase of twenty-fold, whilst the population had increased only two and a half fold.

On the occasion of the late Mozart Festival at Regensburg, among the spectators was observed the poor old and forgotten Nanette Schikaneder, weeping before the flower-wreathed bust of the departed master. She sang the music of the "Genius" at the very first representation of the *Zauberflote.*

M. Cucornet, a French artist, who, being without hands, painted with his feet, and whose pictures were often exhibited at the Louare, has just died in Paris.

City News.

At a late meeting of the Board of Ten Governors, it was stated that the Small Pox Hospital will be ready in about six weeks. About 48 men are at work in the shoe shop recently opened, making shoes required at the institutions. Mr. Charles P. Bishop was appointed chief clerk to the Governors, in place of Mr. Corwin, deceased. The weekly statement (ending 27th ult.) shows that the whole number of persons at the Almshouse, Hospitals, Prisons, &c., in charge of the Governors, is 5,739, which is a decrease of 78 from the previous week.

The Alderman Committee on the reception of Ex-President Fillmore, have determined to send a barge down the bay to receive him. One hundred guns will be fired, and he will be entertained at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Fillmore is expected in the Atlantic about the middle of June.

An accident occurred to the steamer Robt. L. Stevens while on an excursion. She was run into off Long Branch by a schooner, and the machinery disabled. She had about two hundred passengers on board.

A meeting of sympathy for the Cape de Verde Island sufferers was held on the 28th. Although there were but 30 persons present, the sum of $106 was paid in cash, and committees appointed to collect funds.

A May Queen Festival was given at the Odeon, Brooklyn, on the 28th ult., by the young ladies of Public School No. 18. The proceeds were devoted to the purchase of books for the schools.

Special Notices.

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tf

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer Baltic, will close at this office on Saturday, the 7th day of June, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

my17 **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for California, &c., per U. S. Steamer Illinois, will close at this office on Saturday, the 7th day of June, at 10½ o'clock A. M. **Isaac Fowler,** Postmaster.

OFFICE of Receiver of Taxes—New City Hall, Park, May 29, 1856.—Public notice is hereby given that there is no such office as Collector of Arrearages on Personal Taxes, and that no person but the undersigned, or Henry B. Venn, Esq., appointed for that purpose, to be found at this office, is authorized to receive any moneys due for arrears on Personal Taxes.

je7 6t HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

Central American News.

Further from Nicaragua by the Illinois.

The United States Mail steamship *Illinois* arrived at this port on the 29th. She has brought two weeks later news from California. A Republican State Convention was held in Sacramento on the 30th of April, at which delegates were chosen to attend the National Convention on the 17th of June next. The Republican movement is making rapid progress in the Pacific State. We publish elsewhere an account of a dreadful affray in Mariposa County, in which some fourteen Mexicans and Chileans were killed by Americans. There has been no fighting in Oregon since the date of previous advices. Later news has been received from the Sandwich Islands and the South Pacific. An important commercial treaty has been concluded between this country and Ecuador.

We have also received, by the *Illinois*, late and interesting news from Nicaragua and Costa Rica. The war between the two Republics may be considered at an end. Cholera, it seems, had attacked the Costa Rican forces in Rivas, and the Commander-in-Chief assigns this as a reason for a retreat from the country he had invaded. The Costa Ricans do not conceal their disappointment at the little sympathy they have receieved from the natives of Nicaragua; and from the tone of the official dispatches which we have translated and publish elsewhere, it will be seen that they are by no means as confident of conquering Walker as they were, or pretended to be at the commencement of the campaign. According to latest advices, the retreat of the Costa Ricans had been commenced, and the probability is, that they will never renew the invasion. If they do, Walker will be prepared to meet them.

The Costa Rican *Buleten Oficial* of May 3, the latest date received, contains an address from President Mora to the officers of his army, thanking them for their efficient services, and for their valor in Santa Rosa, Rivas and Sarapiqui. Here it is:

CHIEFS AND OFFICERS OF THE ARMY AND COMPANIONS IN ARMS!

Your President, your General-in-Chief, desires to express his satisfaction at the noble conduct you have displayed from the commencement of the campaign until this day.

Before entering upon an undertaking which had for its object the Independence of Central America, I had faith in your valor, your self-denial, your patience and your discipline, but your deportment has exceeded all my hopes. You have exalted these qualities to a heroism.

It is not only admiration that I feel, but a tenderness and affection. You have done more than your duty. It was by an excess of courage that Costa Rica has lost on the battle fields of Santa Rosa and Rivas the most distinguished defenders of her liberties—the flower and hope of the country.

I can bear witness that, on the glorious day of the 11th of April, I saw some of your brethren die, and the grief that I felt was only recompensed by the pride of knowing that they had armed in defence of Central America. I shed tears of sorrow and of enthusiasm.

If I loved my country before, I am now, in consequence of your achievements, very proud of being your Chief.

Thanks, chiefs and officers of the army, for the victories of Santa Rosa, Rivas and Sarapiqui, by which you have given to Costa Rica the brightest page of her history. Thanks,—for the glory with which you have covered yourselves was not gained in a fratricidal struggle, but in a war against the invaders of Central America. Thanks, for you have given an example and a lesson to our friends, and to our adversaries you have shown that you are able, without any aid, to defend Central American rights. You have given them a lesson which will teach the *fillebusteros* of Walker that in a combat of fifteen minutes, as in Santa Rosa, or in a struggle of twenty hours, as at Rivas, the revolver and the rifle cannot resist the impetus of Costa Rican bayonets.

Chiefs and officers, the rout of the fillibusters has been completed in four engagements; the occupation of San Juan and Rivas, and the possession of the line of transit are the results of our campaigns. We have overcome a thousand obstacles and dangers beyond human calculation, and in fighting for the interests of the Republic, have achieved glory for the army and honor for themselves. *There is no dishonor in yielding to the influences of an unhealthy climate.* We can retire now to our territory in tranquil security, leaving our enemy exhausted, without prestige, without resources, and better prepared for flight than for resistance. If the treaties formed with Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras, are continued, we shall very soon extinguish the bandits who are now profaning a part of the Nicaraguan Territory.

Companions in Arms! Let me reiterate the expression of my gratitude and affection. You have endured with equal fortitude the inactivity of the camp and the dangers of the battle field. You have been as intrepid under the enemy's fire as you were enduring under the privations of the campaign in a foreign country; and now, let us return to our frontiers, assured that the country will recognize our services, with the satisfaction of having done our duty to our country and of having secured the interests of the Republic. JUAN R. MORA.

Rivas, April 25, 1856.

THE CHOLERA IN THE COSTA RICAN ARMY—NECESSITY FOR RETREAT.

From the Boletin Oficial, May 3.

Our valiant chiefs and soldiers have endured great sacrifices. When they went from victory to victory, and achieved, with heroic troops and the Divine protection, a complete triumph over a perfidious enemy; when, with greater enthusiasm and faith, they were preparing to drive that enemy from his last place of shelter, when they were expecting assistance from their brethren in Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras, who were coming to crown the work so brilliantly commenced—then the cholera, that terrible enemy, that invisible and fatal calamity, against which neither bayonets nor cannon nor the most heroic valor can contend—the cholera suddenly made its appearance in their ranks.

About the 24th ult., rumors were circulated in Rivas to the effect that some symptoms of this epidemic had been remarked, caused by an inconsiderate use of fruit. On that day, six cases were reported, and on the following, thirty. What could be done? How fight with the enemy in a climate so dangerous, where, during the last few years, thousands have been swept away by this dreadful disease.

In this critical situation, it was not possible either to remain stationary or to advance. The worthy Chief of the Republic and of the Army, appreciating the value of his soldiers, would not expose them any longer to be the victims of a fatal plague. Fortunately there had not been many deaths, but who is ignorant of the rapidity with which the cholera devours its victims?

In military history these counter-marches are frequent, for an epidemic is an enemy that cannot be fought, an enemy that destroys the heroes who have conquered and survived victory.

WALKER'S MEN ARRIVING AT ASPINWALL.

From the Aspinwall Courier, May 9.

The steamer Teviot arrived here from Greytown, on the 7th. She brings no news from the interior. Some dozen or more of Walker's men came in her, from Greytown, having straggled there—they had left some two months since. Provisions are said to be very short at Greytown. The blockade is kept by H. B. M.'s Eurydice—there being none other there.

The Aspinwall *Courier*, of May 20th, states that the Costa Ricans commenced their retreat about the 24th, and to the 29th, the entire army had vacated Nicaragua, all of them having marched to Guanacosta—except some fifty men who were at San Juan del Sud, shipping the wounded by water for Punta Arenas.

We have heretofore given an account of the battle of Rivas, which is confirmed. At 3 A. M. on the 12th, being out of ammunition, Walker marched out of the city to the fife and drum—and for four hours the Costa Ricans continued to fire at the church which he had vacated. His force in the battle was 400 foreigners, and 300 natives, and that of the Costa Ricans 3,000.

The Costa Ricans represented themselves as having been entirely deceived; that Walker was far preferred by the natives, and that instead of being received with open arms by Nicaraguans, they had been shunned or attacked at every point. Baron Burow was exceedingly dissatisfied, both at the conduct of the Costa Ricans, and the falsity of the representations that had been made to him respecting Walker's condition and the feeling of the Nicaraguans towards him and his army.

The *Star and Herald*, of Saturday, represents the church of Rivas to have been robbed by Walker's men, and refers to other plunder by them. We have the authority of those who have watched Walker's movements throughout the past year, for saying, that he has never allowed plunder; and that he has never taken anything from foreigners and natives in Nicaragua, except by government levies.

No church in Nicaragua contains images with precious stones or jewels of any considerable value upon them; the church at Rivas has images in it, is without a roof, wholly unfurnished, and has never been used as a place of worship. So much for the story of the *Star and Herald*, that images were robbed of diamonds, and used as barricades in the church.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Patrick's Church, Cashel, Margaret, daughter of P. Lyttleton, to Nicholas, son of the late P. Dunne, of Mountmellick.

At St. Mary Shandon, Cork, John Harding, son of Henry Bible, Pope's quay, to Letitia Alice, daughter of the late Thomas Greenslead, of Londonderry.

At Melbourne, Victoria, George M'Cleverty, of Ballarat, to Mary, daughter of Edward Gill, of Dublin.

At Drumcondra, Thomas, son of the Right Hon. Baron Greene, to Sylvia Maria, daughter of the late Vice Admiral Sir Josiah Coghill.

At the Church of the Carmelite Nuns, Tranquilla, Rathmines, John Henry, to Susan Fanny, daughter of the late John Crolly, Esq., of Lough Fahon, and niece of the late Most Rev. Archbishop Crolly.

At Kiltarton Chapel, M. Daly Nolan, M. D., of Gort, to Eliza Mary Frances, eldest daughter of Francis J. Davys, resident magistrate at Gort and Clonbourne.

At Castlecaulfield, James Pepper to Beatrice Hamilton Campbell, daughter of Joshua Willcocks, of Beechvalley House, Dungannon, Tyrone.

At Cork, Richard Kelly to Mary, daughter of the late Abraham J. Good.

At London, Hugh M'Calmont Cairns, M. P., to Mary Harriet, daughter of the late John M'Neile, of Parkmount, Antrim.

At the Church of the Sardinian Embassy, and afterwards at St. George's, Bloomsbury, James Stephens, H. C., Merchant's road, Galway, to Marguerite, daughter of the late Capt. John Stewart, of Mount Stewart, and adopted child of the Hon. James Herron Conroy, of Charlotte Town, Prince Edward's Island.

DEATHS.

At 31 North Cumberland street, Dublin, John Finlay, LL. D., late Assistant Barrister for the county Louth, aged 76 years.

At 16 Lower Fitzwilliam street, Dublin, in the 76th year of his age, Sir Edward Tierney, Bart., of Churchtown, and Kanturk, county Cork, for many years crown solicitor for the north-west circuit.

At Harwicke street, Dublin, Mary Anne, widow of John D'Arcy, of Hyde Park, county Westmeath.

At Blessington street, Sarah Emily, daughter of Isaac English.

At Richmond street, Mountjoy square, Maria, relict of William Kennedy, of Chittagong, East Indies.

At 14 Hardwicke place, Helen, widow of William Piers Cruise, Q. C., aged 75.

At Merrion square, Anne Roberts, daughter of John Drew Atkin.

At Leinster street, Wm. John A. Shaw, of Caledon, Tyrone.

At Merrion terrace, John Joseph Donellan.

At 62 Capel street, Dublin, Anne, the wife of Dan. Shean, for many years connected with the Theatre Royal.

At James's street, Dublin, George Benson, aged 65 years.

At Mountpleasant square, Dublin, W. Pigott.

At Ballybough road, aged 73, Marcella, relict of John Gorman.

At Peafield terrace, Blackrock, Frederick Blood, of the Royal Navy.

At Fort William, Glasthule, Kingstown, Geo. James Baldwin.

At St. Catharine, Lucan, aged 88 years, Capt. G. Duff.

At Kilnaleek, county Cavan, the Rev. William E. Hearn, vicar of Kildrumferton.

At Doe Castle, Donegal, the Rev. J. G. Maddison, formerly Rector of West Monkton.

At Cullaghmore, county Carlow, the Rev. George B. Dawson, rector of Aghada.

At Ferns, Wexford, the Rev. Henry Moore, rector of Kilbride and Ferns, aged 71.

In Cork, Eliza, daughter of the late R. Galwey, of Fort Richard.

At Westport, Mayo, Margaret, wife of T. A. M'Donnell.

At Cultrummer House, Meath, Bridget, relict of Philip Brett.

At Bandon, aged 73 years, Mary Elizabeth, relict of Lieut. Col.-Gillman, of the 81st Regiment.

At the Rocks, Kilkenny, Mary, wife of E. Wheeler, and daughter of Thomas Parke, Collector of Customs, Port Colborne, Canada West.

At Carbury House, county Kildare, aged 70 years, Samuel Holt.

At Ballymountain, Kilkenny, Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Weekes.

At Leighlin Bridge, Emily, relict of Capt. Zobel, and daughter of J. Lyster, Esq., of Lysterfield, county Roscommon.

At Cronrae, Sarah Salisbury, wife of John Dillon, of Johnstown House, Roscommon, and daughter of the late Sir Richard Bligh St. George, of Woodsgift, Kilkenny.

In Armagh, J. R. G. Pattison, Captain in the 2d Warwickshire militia, late Captain in the 27th Enniskillen regiment.

In Killarney, aged 84 years, Johanna, relict of C. M'Carthy, of Cork.

Michael Fitzpatrick, of Valleymount, county Wicklow, aged 24 years.

At Ipping House, Midhurst, Sussex, aged 75 years, Dorothea, relict of Col. Rochfort, of Rochfort, county Westmeath, formerly Member of Parliament for that county.

At Algiers, Cosby Thomas Nesbitt, of Lismore House, Cavan.

At Cocos Islands, Java, Wm. B. Buchanan, son of the late John Buchanan, of Omagh, Tyrone.

At London, Mrs. Healy, relict of Richard Healy.

At Portaferry, Down, Lucy, daughter of the late Thomas Savage.

At Main street, Clonmel, George Everard.

At the residence of her step-father, Maryanne, daughter of the late James White, of Clonmel.

At Waterford, Mrs. Mary Buckley, who for many years held the situation of housekeeper at St. John's College, where her integrity, attention and kindness, were always proved and acknowledged.

At Broad street, Waterford, John Carey, woollen draper.

At 20 High street, Dublin, the Rev. Denis Murphy, late C. C. of St. Catherine's, Meath street, aged forty-three, chaplain to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

At New terrace, Sunday's-well, Wm. P. Townsend, for many years reporter in Cork.

At High Park, Tipperary, Richard Beere Phillips, son of R. H. Phillips.

At Tulla, in the county Clare, aged eighty-seven years, James O'Halloran.

At Harbor Terrace, Queenstown, Bridget, relict of the late Thomas V. Neile, aged 64.

At Higginstown, Mary Anne, relict of the late Mathew Keeffe, and mother of the Rev. Matt Keeffe, C. C., Dunnagmgagin. The funeral office was attended by 54 priests of the diocese.

Special Notices.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution' which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 178 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
my31 No. 178 Bowery, New-York.

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE—FASHIONS FROM INDIA.

GENIN

THIS DAY INTRODUCES HIS

EAST INDIA SUMMER HAT,

A Straw Fabric of unequalled Beauty, of which he has secured the monopoly for the present season. The EAST INDIA HAT possesses marked advantages over all other Hats of vegetable material which have ever been imported into the United States.

In point of lightness it stands alone. Placed in the scales against the finest leghorn, chip, or grass fabric, it would "kick the beam." In fact, its weight is scarcely perceptible either in the hand or on the head. The texture of the braid is fine and delicate, and the ventilation perfect. No one who sees the Hat can doubt that it is the *beau ideal* of coolness. Fragile as it is, rain will not destroy its shape. In order to suit all taste and all ages, the EAST INDIA HAT has been made up in a variety of shapes. The crown varies in hight so as to assimilate with the features of boyhood, youth, maturity and old age. Although the stock of the EAST INDIA HATS in this country is exclusively in the possession of the undersigned, and not a single specimen can be obtained outside of his establishment, the prices, in accordance with his proverbial policy, will be found extremely moderate.

Genin, No. 214 Broadway.

REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto is ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap26 3mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

Special Notices.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,
118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no means inferior to their celebrated compounds, while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flavor, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation.

Yours, respectfully,
ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

Mr. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

RICHARD KAVANAGH,

132 and 134 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON.

THANKFUL to his numerous patrons for past favors, is desirous of letting them know that he has given up the Grocery and Provision trade, and intends in future to devote his untiring exertions to promote their terrestrial happiness in the shape of good Liquors, Segars, to say nothing of a Free Lunch every day at 11 o'clock. Attached is a very handsome Sitting Room, and a splendid Room for Committee Meetings. my31 4t

Smiles many a long, bright sunny day,
When heaven puts on the blue of May.

Ladies, if you wish Gaiter and Button Boots, of all the fashionable styles, at 12s. to 20s, or if you wish slippers, ties and buskins, from 6s. to 10s. per pair, with boys', misses' and children's boots and shoes of all kinds and prices, patronize J. B MILLER & CO., 134 Canal street. [my31 4t

Sewing Machine Depot.—Sewing Machines of all kinds improved and repaired, on reasonable terms, an in the most substantial manner. Superior Machine Oils for sale. A large assortment of Machine Silk Twist and Needles for sale at reduces prices.
my 24, 3 mos. F. S. COATES & Co., 345 Broadway, New-York.

The Best Hair Dye.—DR. O. M. BALLARD'S new article received the highest premium at the World's Fair and American Institute, where it was examined by the distinguished Chemists, Dr. Chilton, and Prof. John Torrey, and pronounced the best. For sale by the best Druggists. Principal office and store, 498 Broadway, New-York. my17 3m

Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. my24 3m

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 3 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dyed and re-finished with great success.

Also ladies and gentlemen's garments, Shawls, &c., &c.
BARRETT, NEPHEW & CO.,
3mos 3 John st., (2 doors from Broadway,) N. Y.

Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17 3m*

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE for Servants, 129 Waverley Place, two doors from Sixth avenue, New-York.—A large number of competent help can be suited with good situations, in city and country, without delay. Employers in the city and country supplied with the best of female help. [my17 3m] WM. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

KNOX'S
OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.
DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

REMOVAL.
McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks
Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 86 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A Retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescriptions used. Direct to
Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL,
my10 3m No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.
Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my3 3m

Wanted.—Good hands to embroider on linen. Apply at GENIN'S Bazaar (under St. Nicholas Hotel,) 513 Broadway. my17 3m

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.
JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

RAGLAN HATS—Public approval of our efforts as hatters, to supply the lightest neglige hat, at a low cost, in 1854 and 1855, led us to seek among the Paris fabricants for quality and tint suited to our special sales. In announcing the Raglan hat, we deem it due to ourselves to state that, originating with us, we have control of the entire importation, as received per Barcelona and Fulton. The number being limited, gentlemen will do well to make their selections early. For sale at our counters only.
Leary & Co., Leaders and Introducers of Fashion, Astor House, Broadway, New-York. 3tJun7

Mrs. Luby's Academy for Dancing, Deportment, and the Calisthenic exercises, 275 Bleeker street. A Private Class for the above exercises has been formed, and will continue to meet during the month of June, on Wednesday evenings, from 8 to 10 o'clock. Mrs. Luby gives lessons on the Piano Forte, and in the French language. 2tJun2

Special Notices.

HERRING'S
PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the
World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,
As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*,) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 185, 187 and 188 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.
The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,
No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,
AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of
Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,
AND
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,
WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.
possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,
SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.
(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**
OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durab quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

TO THE LADIES—MILLINERY.

A large and beautiful assortment of Ladies' and Misses'

BONNETS, STRAW TRIMMINGS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, AND MANTILLAS,

At **William S. Irvine's** No. 112 Canal street.
my31 1mo

Analytical and Metallurgical Chemistry and Mining Geology.
DR. ISAIAH DECK,
No. 18 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW-YORK.

MAY be consulted on all subjects relating to Practical Chemistry, Mining- and Metallurgy. Assays of Ores, Analyses of Minerals, and Mining Products in general carefully and expeditiously conducted, and sound opinions delivered upon the most economical methods of working them, based on the latest chemical discoveries. Geological and Mining Surveys undertaken in any part of the world—Dr. DECK having had had considerable experience in this branch of his profession. my31 3m

Information Wanted—Of MICHAEL BOODEN, a native of the Parish of Urlingford, near Johnstown, County Kilkenny, Ireland, who left his residence in Ireland for New-York last December. Amy information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, N. Y., will be thankfully received by his wife.

Information wanted of John Duffy, a native of Castleblaney, county Monaghan, Ireland, by trade a carpenter, who arrived in this city about five years ago, and when last heard from was living at Staten Island. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received by his wife Alice Duffy.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, May 23, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my31y

Medical.

DRS. GILBERT AND KENNEDY,
TREAT
CANCERS, TUMORS, ULCERS, &c.,
WITHOUT SURGICAL OPERATIONS.
OFFICE 746 BROADWAY, COR. ASTOR PLACE, N. Y.

CERTIFICATES FROM

Ex. Gov. T. M. Tucker.	Hon. T. Butler King.	Judge Alex. Walker.
Judge F. W. Huling.	Gen. Narcisso Lopez.	Col. Maunsel White.
Capt. Isaiah Sellers.	Capt. Wm. Leathers.	Thos. E. Bond, M. D.
A. S. Baldwin, M. D.	W. P. Allison, M. D.	J. S. Peacocke, M. D.

PERMISSION TO REFER TO
Ex. Gov. Jas. C. Jones. Hon. Fred. B. Stanton.
B. F. Palmer, Inventor of "Palmer's Artificial Leg."
Francis Grice, Naval Constructor, Navy Yard, Phila.
Proprietors of the Girard House, Philadelphia. my24 1m

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.
Pro Bono Publico.
"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns*, *Piles*, *Boils*, *Corns*, *Felons*, *Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores*, *Ulcers*, *Itch*, *Scald Head*, *Nettle Rash*, *Bunions*, *Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows*, *Sties*, *Festers*, *Flea Bites*, *Spider Stings*, *Frozen Limbs*, *Salt Rheum*, *Scurvy*, *Sore* and *Cracked Lips*, *Sore Nose*, *Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.
ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

"Eye and Ear."—DOCTOR HENDERSON, Oculist and Aurist, 419 Broadway, corner of Canal street, treats all diseases of the eye and ear, without cupping, leeching, blistering or the use of calomel. Within the past two years upwards of thirty cases of blindness from inflamation have been restored to sight, to whom reference can be given, (hundreds of which can be seen in my circular,) by inclosing three postage stamps. Electro-chemical Medicated Vapor and Sulphur, hot and cold water BATHS. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings by appointment. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal st., New-York. my17 3m

IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

DR. J. ALLEN, (late Professor in the Ohio College of Dental Surgery,) invites attention to his improved method of constructing Artificial Dentistry, which combine the following advantages:

1st,—There are no seams or crevices for the lodgement of food, to vitiate the saliva, or infect the breath. The interstices are all filled with a silicious compound, which is so applied as to form an artificial gum; this is fused at a high heat, which unites the Teeth firmly to each other, and to the plate upon which tney are set, thus imparting great strength and lifelike appearance to the denture.

2d,—The Teeth for this style of work are made perfectly natural in form and shade, and when properly set with the artificial gum as above, exhibits that harmony with the other features which characterize the natural organs.

3d,—The original form and expression of the mouth and face can be restored. This is done by having the denture so constructed as to bring out the sunken portions and sustain them in their proper position; this is an important feature in this style of work, to which the author devotes special attention.

4th,—A clear and distinct articulation of speech is restored. This is effected by having the inside of the teeth, and artificial gum, of a natural form, to which the tongue is readily adapted; this prevents the hissing or muffled sounds so often observed in speaking or singing, in persons wearing artificial teeth.

The Rooms are at No. 30 BOND STREET, New-York. A Pamphlet containing more full particulars, sent free, to those who desire it. ap26 3m

H. G. LUTHER,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,
No. 698 BROADWAY, Second House above Fourth st.

HAVING enjoyed an extensive practice during the last twelve years, feels confident of his ability to give perfect satisfaction to all who may honor him with their preference. He is prepared to perform all operations connected with his profession, in the most faithful manner, and in strict accordance with scientific principles, embracing all the recent improvements of the day.

References of the most respectable character given if desired. Patronage respectfully solicited.

☞ N. B. Teeth extracted without pain.] my17 3m

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

All eye-diseases cured by Dr. C. W. Upham, Oculist, Successor to Dr. Roehrig, 334 Fourth street, near Broadway. No cupping, bleeding, or salivating. Cataract cured in many cases without operating. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. References given. Persons residing in any part of the country, can be treated by correspondence. my17 4t

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy. The last Unfolding of the ART of Healing. My daily practice proves that I CURE CONSUMPTION, in all its varied forms and most advanced states, as readily as any other disease. Therefore I desire to treat all Consumptives, but particularly those who have tried all other physicians without relief. Mrs. M. J. MARIN, M.D., No. 37. Lafayette place, N. Y. (First street east of Broadway, between 4th and 8th sts.) Office hours: from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for Ladies; and from 2 to 5 P. M., for Gentlemen, Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment. my31 3m

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

A REMEDY WHICH CURES IN FIVE MINUTES.—M. LEROUX'S FRENCH CHOLERA COGNAC BITTERS.—This wonderful and scientific compound is recommended by the most eminent and learned physicians of all Europe and America, and enjoys the best reputation of anything similar ever offered. It is without doubt the best, most efficient and generally acknowledged remedy against Cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, and complaints of the stomach in general. The numerous patients who have tried it according to directions, have invariably found relief in a very short time, and the best proof of it is, that since this standard remedy was introducee in the armies of the allies in the Crimea, the mortality of the soldiers from Cholera and similar diseases was reduced by over 75 per cent.; in consideration of which, the inventor was presented by the French and English governments with a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Hail! M. LEROUX, the great Chemist and inventor, by whose knowledge our armies are preserved from Cholera."

This invaluable preparation is also a remedy for biliousness, indigestion, weakness, and general derangement of the stomach. Upon being taken, it creates appetite, and prevents the heaviness attendant upon eating, by persons who are dyspeptic.

In this city, also, this remedy has been tried with the most undoubted success, and the undersigned can produce the best testimonials of our most celebrated physicians, as to its immediate and complete success, which he will be happy at any time to show to any that may wish to see them. S. STEINFELD, sole agent for the United States, No. 70 Nassau street, corner of John.

P. S.—Those not having money to pay, may call at my place from 3 to 5 P. M. and receive this remedy gratis. my17 3m

☞ **A CARD.—To the Medical Profession.**—A medical gentleman, having a practice worth $4000 per annum, in a large and flourishing city in the western part of the statp of New-York, wishes to dispose of the same on very reasonable terms. Also the position of Physician to the Hospital. To a young medical man, possessing the requisite qualifications, this is an opportunity rarely to be met with. Full particulars can be obtained on application to the office of the Irish News, 29 Ann street. 5tJun7

"TERRA COTTA"
CHIMNEY TOPS,

PLAIN and Ornamental. Drain Pipes of all sizes, superior manufacture, lowest rates. LONG ISLAND POTTERY. Depot, 82 Nassau street, New-York. my10 3m

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap193m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

SMITH, BROTHERS,

ONE PRICE

CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,

122 AND 140 FULTON ST., N. Y.

The PRICE is marked on all the goods in

PLAIN FIGURES.

We have now on hand a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer Clothing, together with our new styles of Spring

RAGLANS,

PELISSIERS,

AND CANROBERTS—

OR, SUMMER OVER-COATS.

ap268m SMITH, BROTHERS, 122 AND 140 FULTON ST.

P. L. ROGERS,

FOUNDER OF THE ONE PRICE SYSTEM,

invites an inspection of the extensive

SPRING STOCK OF FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,

at his great central wholesale and retail warehouse,

CORNER OF FULTON AND NASSAU STREETS,

opposite the *Herald* office.

There any gentleman can procure an elegant outfit in twenty minutes Every garment is warranted of the newest cut and of good workmanship.

Parents can fit out a family of boys with equal dispatch from a stock that includes every style, size, color, material and quality.

The selling prices, which are guaranteed to be 25 per cent. under market average, are all affixed in plain figures to the articles, and NO DEVIATION can be made.

The Order Department is stocked with the finest CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, etc., and the Clothing made to measure cannot be excelled in the world, although the prices are far lower than at other establishments.

my24tf **P. L. Rogers.**

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap268m

---

$100,000 WORTH OF NEW GOODS!

FROM AUCTION, at LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY. EGAN & CO. have just purchased an entire new lot of Spring and Summer Dress Silks of all styles and qualities, and will sell them at Low Prices in their New Store. In consequence of Overstock of Goods being Imported, Silks have reduced in value full 30 per cent., and we buying them at the reduced prices, can afford to sell the most desirable styles and qualities lower than those that have purchased when goods were high and scarce. We have no Old Stock—no Damaged Goods—no Bankrupt Sale—none of those Humbugs—but we have good PLAID SILKS from 4s. 6d. to 12s per yard; new and splendid Striped Poplins, from 3s. to 8s. 6d. per yard. A large assortment of Black and Colored Silks. We ask but one price, and sell in dollars and cents. Some of the newest STELLA SHAWLS, from $2 50 to $20. A large and splendid lot of CRAPE SHAWLS, and a general assortment of spring goods. Being the only LINEN HALL in the city, and having a buyer in Belfast, Ireland, we are always supplied with the best qualities of LINEN for Shirting, Sheeting, and Damask Table Cloths, by the cloth or yard. Some splendid Damask and Snow-Drop Napkins at $1 50 per dozen. Ten cases of French Printed Lawns for Dresses, will be opened to-morrow and the following day, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per yard. Marseilles Quilts from 14s. to $5 each. 4tjun7

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.

ap193m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE undersigned have formed a Copartnership, under the name and firm of Foot, Cole & Co., for the transaction of the Paper Commission Business, at 32 Beekman street.

FOOT, COLE & CO.

JOEL W. FOOT, | C. D. HARMAN,
CHAS. COLE, | CARLTON LE SAGE.

Mr. H. C. Goodwin, has no further connection with us. ap19

P. H. McGINN,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

No. 193 WEST 42d STREET,

Adjoining the Church of the Holy Cross, New-York.

INTERMENTS procured in any Burial Ground or Cemetery in the vicinity of New-York or elsewhere. All articles for Funerals, furnished on the most reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

☞ All Orders promptly attended to, at all hours, day or night. ap193m

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KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 AND 89 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

☞ Desks, Chairs, Cushions, Book-Cases, Lounges, Stools, and every article suitable for counting-rooms, Banks, and Insurance offices.

Desks of every description made to order on short notice.

WRITING INKS.

WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

Thaddeus Davids & Co.,

ap196m Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

---

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

7jun NEW-YORK.

JOHN A. McSORLEY,

CUSTOM HOUSE AND SHIP BROKER, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

7 BROAD STREET,

Clergymen, importing Vestments, Church Ornaments, &c., will be liberally treated with by calling on the subscriber.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Thos. McClune & Co., C. Meletta, | Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., James Cook & Co. 6m

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JAMES HARLIN,

WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months. *

J. McCARTEN,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,

154 SEVENTH AVENUE.

Between 20th and 21st streets, New-York.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. A good assortment of watches and clocks always on hand. 7jun

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JOHN KENNEDY'S

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. *

M. J. CONNELL,

METROPOITAN BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTER,

NO. 39 BEEKMAN STREET, 1 DOOR EAST OF WILLIAM, NEW-YORK, AND 73 GRAND STREET, WILLIAMSBURGH.

All orders intrusted to me will be promptly attended to, and executed with unparalleled dispatch. tf

---

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 FULTON STREET,

(HERALD BUILDING,) New-York.

my31y

NICHOLAS WALSH.

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER.

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

ROBERT IRWIN,

CHEAP BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

my10 156 *Chatham street,* opposite James' st., New-York. 3m

R. HOGAN,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

UMBRELLA AND PARASOL MANUFACTURER,

374 BOWERY, NEAR FOURTH STREET.

Repairing neatly executed. my17 3m*

SAMUEL YATES,

GENERAL NEWS AGENT,

Foreign and Domestic Newspapers supplied to the Trade.

No. 22 Beekman Street.

WILLIAM M. SMITH,

The Public Favorite, and only American Opposition

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An experienced surgeon attached to each ship.

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PROPOSED DATES OF SAILING.

FROM NEW-YORK.	FROM LIVERPOOL.
Saturday, April 26, 1856.	Wednesday, April 16, 1856.
.. May 10, ..	.. April 30, ..
.. May 24, ..	.. May 14, ..
	.. May 28, ..
	.. June 11, ..

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Old Black Ball Line of Liverpool Packets.

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Furnished for Passage to and from Liverpool, on the 1st and 16th of every Month, by the following splendid ships:

James Foster, Jr.	Capt. J. W. Porter.
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Yorkshire	" C. A. Marshall.

REMITTANCES.

Drafts, for £1 and upwards, on the Royal Bank of Ireland, and on Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., Bankers, Liverpool and London, payable on sight.

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Passage from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, secured at the lowest possible rates by this old-established line, sailing from Liverpool to New-York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonage.*
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
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CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
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IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
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The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

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The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

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No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

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Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

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Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
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Sole Passenger Agent for GRINNELL'S celebrated

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THOSE sending for their friends in the Old Country can make arrangements at this office to bring them from any part of *IRELAND* or *ENGLAND* at the lowest rates.

The ships sail from Liverpool four times a month, and from London twice a month.

Drafts for sale for £1 and upwards, payable in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales.

Passage Tickets and Drafts sold in this office are GUARANTEED by CORNELIUS GRINNELL, Esq., 87 South street, New-York.

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CITY OF BALTIMORE....CITY OF WASHINGTON.
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Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

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James Foster Jr.,	Manhattan,
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Harvest Queen,	Columbia,
Isaac Webb,	Yorkshire,
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DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

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Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,

Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my3 3m

Emigration.

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREREAR, Recording Secretary.

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William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

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No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

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Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

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REMITTANCES TO

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The Society will be thankful for all circumstantial and early information of any fraud, imposition or outrage committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, ARTHUR M'AVOY, } Vice Presidents.

NICHOLAS J. BEAN, Cor. Secretary.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Secretary.
WILLIAM HICKEY, Treasurer.

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William Keating,	Christopher Plunkett,
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Thomas Hughes,	Hugh Duffy,
Owen Lappan,	M. Lennon, Charlestown,
J. Ryder,	James O'Brien, do.,

Patrick C. Boyle, Roxbury.

MICHAEL HUGHES, Agent.

Special Notices.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitegerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 104 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. PATRICK O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND, &c.

GEORGE McBRIDE, Jr., No. 14 Broadway, continues to transmit money, in sums large or small, to persons residing in any part of Ireland, in the same manner as he and his predecessor in business have done for the last thirty years, and more; also to any part of England or Scotland.

Money remitted by letter, post paid, to the subscriber, or personally deposited with him, with the name of the person or persons in Ireland, England or Scotland, to whom it is to be sent, and nearest post town, will be immediately transmitted and paid accordingly, and a receipt to that effect given or forwarded to the sender.

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European News.

By the arrival of the Canadian screw-steamer Indian (from Liverpool, 21st ult.,) at Quebec, June 2nd, we received the following not very important intelligence :

In the House of Lords, on Monday evening, 19th ult., the Earl of Clarendon, in reply to a question by the Earl of Elgin, said that the letter signed E. Hammond was a genuine document, and that it arose from the following circumstances :—The agent of the Costa Ricans in the country, and some agents in the South American States, had, ever since the attack of Walker on the government of Nicaragua, appealed to the government of this country to assist them in defending themselves. A great variety of projects had been laid before her Majesty's government for the acceptance of a Protectorate by this country, and giving them material assistance. To all those requests her Majesty's government had invariably replied in the negative, declaring that they would have nothing to do with the troubles of the States of Central America ; but at the same time, the government expressed itself extremely sorry for the attack on Nicaragua, and the deplorable events which followed, which they especially regretted because the property of British subjects had not only been endangered, but actually sacrificed by Walker—therefore her Majesty's government would be very glad if Walker's enterprises would not be carried further ; but they again and again said that with the affairs of Central America they had determined to have nothing whatever to do, and that all their action would be limited to sending just that sufficient naval force to the coast of South America which would be adequate for the protection of British property. Mr. Wallenstein, who made the application on behalf of Costa Rica, was greatly disppointed at this answer, and spoke of the vast amount of British property there, which, he said,ought to be defended by a naval power—that the Costa Ricans are resolved to make a steadfast resistance against the invasion of their country by Walker, but that they had no means of repelling the threatened aggressions, the Costa Ricans being a peaceable people and unarmed. Mr. Wallenstein said he had no credit in this country, and was unable to buy arms here, and he asked if our War Department would not give a few arms in order to enable those unoffending people to repel this aggression. The matter was referred to the War Department, and the answer returned by Mr. Hammond, in the letter to which the Earl of Clarendon alluded. Mr. Wallenstein did not consider himself entitled to accept that offer ; the arms had never been taken, and Mr. Wallenstein had since declined to take them.

Since Walker took possession of Nicaragua he had disposed of a good deal of British property by force alone, and her Majesty's government had communicated with the government of the United States in the matter, and he would read an extract from a despatch from Mr. Crampton on the question. There had been no disguise whatever with the United States government. The object of the British government avowedly had been to protect British interests. On the 5th of March, Mr. Marcy said he entirely diapproved of the existing state of things in Nicaragua, and thought it likely to cast a shadow upon the reputation of the government of the United States. He observed that he knew no better plan of proceeding than for the United States and the British government to combine for the protection of citizens of the United States and subjects of Great Britain.

Turkey.

Dispatches from Vienna state that letters had been received from Constantinople announcing that a convention had been concluded between the Porte and the Western Powers, and adding that the evacuation of the Turkish territory by the troops of the Allies will be completed in six months.

Russia.

It is reported, via Berlin, that General Sir William W. Williams had arrived at St. Petersburg, and would shortly leave the Russian capital for England. The London *Times's* Berlin correspondent writes that the Emperor had given his whole fleet a new arrangement, in consequence of the events of the war. At present, the Russian fleet consists of three divisions, making a total of 43 vessels of war and three transports. Of the former, nine are steamers.

Trade continued dull at St. Petersburg. Holders of tallow were unwilling to sell at prevailing prices.

The coronation of the Emperor Alexander was fixed to take place in September.

The Honolulu *Polynesian* rejoices that the Government is about to remove the restrictions upon the culture of *Awa*. Awa is a plant which the natives once used freely to produce intoxication, and hence its culture in any but very limited quantities was prohibited. Now, however, the Hawaiian medical men discover that it is a valuable remedy, and propose its cultivation in large quantities, with the intention of sending a preparation of it abroad. Meantime, the restriction is very little attended to ; the natives steal up to the mountains and procure the plant by virtue of medical permits, and get tipsy in their houses, to as great an extent as tipplers who wear white skins. The Awa laws are wholly inefficient—more's the pity.

The biggest gun in the world is in Bajapoor, India, and weighs 40 tuns. A seat in the interior accommodates five persons without much crowding. It is formed of mixed metal, of which there is said to be some portions of gold and a considerable quantity of silver. Upon being fired off as a salute on one occasion, though not charged with more than half the weight of powder which its chamber could contain, the concussion was awful.

A congress of "reformers of all nations" convened by the aged Robert Owen, in St Martin's Hall, London, on the 14th. Mr. Owen presided, and addressed the meeting at some lengh, enforcing his views with great earnestness. Petitions to Parliament and a memorial to the Queen were adopted.

The Crimean Board of Enquiry protracts its sittings. Sir John McNeill declines to attend before the Board, in the room of Col. Tulloch, who is unable to appear from sickness. In absence of the Commissioners, therefore, the enquiry continues, but draws within a day or two of its termination.

Lately, in an action of ejectment, tried before Mr. Justice Williams, at Carmarthen, the jury, after an absence of two hours, returned the following verdict : "We don't know nothing about it—no, not we."

A pension of £5,000 sterling per annum has been voted by the East India Company to the Marquis of Dalhousie, the retiring Governor-General of India. The ground of the pension is that he has annexed four kingdoms, within the past four years.

English News.

The quarterly return of marriages, births and deaths for England is generally favorable. More than the average number of children were born, and the deaths were much below the average number in the winter quarter that ended on March 31, 1856 ; the marriages returned for the last quarter of the year 1855 were below the average number. 303,548 persons were married (151,774 men and 151,774 women) in the year 1855, so that the rate of marriage was as 1,619 persons in every 100,000 of the population living, whereas the average in the ten years, 1846 to '55, was 1,682. The births of 169,252 children were registered in the winter quarter that ended on March 31. This number is absolutely the highest that has ever been returned in a winter quarter, and the rate of birth is 3,585 in 100,000, or much above the average (3,499) of the season.

The Marquis of Ailsa has for some years encouraged his gamekeepers in the destruction of vermin, by paying so much per head for those brought in. All kinds of vermin were thus brought low—even to the jackdaw and common rat, which caused great destruction to the eggs of pheasants and partridges. In four years and a-half the sum paid on the estate of Culzean and Craiglure moors, in Ayrshire, for vermin destroyed by the keepers, amounted to £231 15s. 10d. Among the vermin killed from 1850 to 1854 were : Foxes, 32 ; otters, 19 ; badgers, 1 ; cats, 1,296 ; polecats, 43 ; stoat-weasels, 2,132 ; common weasels, 1,942 ; rats killed in woods and hedges, 12,586 ; hedgehogs, 1,093 ; adders, 268 ; hawks, 310 ; small horned owls, 123 ; hoody or carrion crows, 225 ; magpies, 495 ; jackdaws, 10,041—total, 21,981.

The boats in connection with the Royal National Lifeboat Institution have, during the past year, been the means of saving the crews of nine vessels, amounting to 75 individuals. During the last nine months the committee have awarded ten silver medals and 17 honorary testimonials inscribed on vellum, and have granted £302 in pecuniary rewards to parties that have saved, or endeavored to save, lives from shipwreck. Since the establishment of the institution, in 1824, 79 gold medals and 557 silver medals for distinguished services have been voted for saving life, besides pecuniary rewards amounting together to £9,631. The total number of lives saved from shipwreck in the same period, and for which the above rewards have been granted, is 9,691.

On Wednesday last, at Aberdare, a resident of Mountain Ash, says the Swansea *Herald*, underwent the severe process of "coal stringing." The process involves the being tied to a ladder, which is placed on men's shoulders, and thus the victim is carried along the streets, derided by the assembled crowd, and saluted by every kind of filth—rotten eggs, of course, included. The unfortunate victim in this case, a collier, residing at Mountain Ash, had incurred the displeasure of the women, in seducing a fair demoiselle of Aberdare, concealing the fact that he was a married man with three children. The sinner was seized at Mountain Ash, and brought to Aberdare, the scene of his delinquencies ; and it was not until the police interfered that he was released from his painful position.

The average statistical returns of twelve years show that the number of summary convictions in England and Wales are 74,-347, or 1 in every 231 persons. With committals for trial it would appear that about 100,000 people are annually imprisoned in the jails of Wales and England.

The annual statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer has been laid before Parliament. The estimated revenue for the current year is set down at £67,166,000, showing a deficiency of £8,873,000.

It was Lord Clarendon's brother, the Hon. Mr. Villiers, who committed the "indiscretion" of giving the copy of the Treaty of Peace to the *Daily News*.

Riots were anticipated in London on account of the withdrawal of the military bands from the parks on Sunday evenings, but the last Sunday passed off quietly.

The blood steeped field of Inkermann, (in the Crimea,) is one large violet bed, where very early in the year the flowers spring up in extraordinary profusion.

Spirit of the Irish Press.

Under the head of "Kidnapping extraordinary," the *Ulsterman* has the following :

The monster proceedings of the soup missionaries in Ireland are reaching a pitch of extravagant wickedness that loudly calls for the intervention of the strong arm of the law. Rendered desperate by the ill-success of their efforts to pervert the poor, and alarmed lest their fanatical patrons in England should tire of their hungry demands and stop their pay, they have at last gone to lengths that endanger the safety of the very homes of the poor.

Cases we have seen, not a few, where the proselytisers have got hold of orphan children by the most cunning means, and where they have resisted the unceasing efforts of the poor young creatures' relatives or others to rescue them from their fanatical clutch. One instance of the kind it was, not very long ago, our task to expose, when the investigation was being made into the doings of the memorable ragged school—and successfully to expose it too. This case was thought very bad ; and when, the other day, a soup-agent was caught kidnapping a child, we looked on it as a solitary act of madness on the vagabond's part, for which no parallel could be found elsewhere. But we were mistaken. And shrewdly we fear that this kidnapping is developing into a regular system. If our readers have any doubts on the matter, let them read the following most extraordinary letter :

To the Editor of the Ulsterman.

Sir—My child, a little girl of twelve years old, has been taken, or rather induced to go away from me, I know not whither. I have sought her everywhere, and can find no trace of her. I appealed to the local magistrate and to the police, from whom, I must say, I got very little aid or satisfaction. I write to you, hoping you will let the poor Catholics of Ulster know what they may expect from their children at the hands of Protestant masters and mistresses, in which houses they may be hired. I, being a poor man, hired my little girl, Susan Sweeney, in a Protestant house in this town, some time ago, on the express condition that she should be allowed an opportunity of learning the Catholic doctrine and attending her religious duties. This condition was violated as soon as I left the place ; and by false promises, clothes, and Bibles of various kinds, they succeeded in tearing out of her young and tender mind all love and respect for her father and mother—all that modesty and simplicity which should adorn the young Christian girl, for all of which my child was much distinguished before she came under the ungodly training of those unprincipled proselytising kidnappers, who, instead of all these Christian virtues, have sown in the young heart disobedience, obstinacy, pride, and vanity, and have induced her to leave her father and mother in suspense and anxious uncertainty as to what has become of her.

If you be kind enough to publish this, I will send you further particulars. It may not aid me much in getting back my child, but it may serve as a warning to other Catholic parents who may have their poor children hired into Protestant houses. I am, dear sir, your humble servant, Daniel Sweeney.

Portrush, May 14, 1856.

TENANT-RIGHT.

For a number of years, says the Tipperary *Free Press*, Ministry after Ministry has paltered with this question—affording hopes they never intended should be realised, and pretending support only to ensure ultimate disappointment. Under the *regime* of Lord Derby, Mr. Napier's bill, in which there were many excellent provisions, received a second reading, and by the administration of Lord Aberdeen progress with a similar measure so far only was made. Last session, when Lord Palmerston induced Sergeant Shee to confide to the hands of his subordinates the bill introduced by the hon. member for Kilkenny, he kept dallying with the question until the prorogation of Parliament drew nigh, and then it, with many others, was insultingly shelved. This session, Messrs. Maguire and Moore have introduced another measure, but, in so doing, they have candidly avowed they entertain no expectation whatever of being enabled to pass it into law.

While matters have been thus undecided, and while the cause of the honest tenant-farmers of Ireland has been made the shuttlecock of parties, the effects of so disastrous a course have been sensibly experienced in Ireland. The tenant has no security for the outlay of his capital—the landlord no restriction in the exercise of what he deems his rights—and, for those reasons, emigration still continues, and the demon of murder is at intervals unchained. A few evenings since, the conduct of a landlord in the West, who served a whole country side with notice of ejectment, elicited the stern reprehension of statesmen in Parliament, and of writers in the public press. But this gentleman is not so much to be censured as those Legislators who permit the relations between the owners and occupiers of the soil to continue in an anomalous and unsettled state, and who sanction, by non-intervention, the commission of deeds at which humanity shudders, and the perpetration of crimes that stain the character of the country, and are alike accursed of God, and abhorred of men.

To put an end to this state of things, every lover of his country should lend exertion, and the movement begun in the Corporation of Dublin is an example that should be imitated by the municipal bodies in every county in Ireland. The Corporations are the representatives of the people—elected by them, and, for the most part, identified in interest and feeling with popular sympathies and popular rights.

We have not been disappointed, says the Kilkenny *Journal*, in anticipating that the patriotism and good sense of our city councillors would guide them towards a creditable course in reference to the Tenant Right question. Alderman Cane's motion, seconded by Town Councillor Tidmarsh, has been adopted *unanimously*. One of the largest meetings of the corporation of Kilkenny which has assembled for many a day has pronounced in favor of the Tenant Right Bill ; and the fact will have a decided influence upon the fortunes of the Irish tenantry. It is significant that a similar motion has just been adopted by the corporation of Dublin. These are real triumphs for the unfortunate tenantry ; and if a similar amount of public spirit be exhibited elsewhere, perhaps they will be induced to remain in the country after all. As it is, they seem to be flying away as rapid as ever, according to their means and proportion. This is rash, indeed ; but it is better, after all, that they should fly into an exile full of toil and vexation, than sink into the sorrows of the wily Souper, or resort to the moral corruption of the workhouse or jail. The corporation of Kilkenny may congratulate themselves upon having helped to relieve their countrymen from this dreary alternative, and they may rely upon the cordial gratitude of the people in return.

THE MEMORY OF JOHN BANIM.

We insert, with pleasure, says the Kilkenny *Journal*, the following letter from our respected fellow-citizen, Dr. Campion, to William John Fitzpatrick, Esq., a young Dublin merchant of great literary attainments, author of the *Life of Lord Cloncurry*, &c. In a correspondonce which recently appeared in the *Irish Quarterly Review*, between Mr. Fitzpatrick and an English writer, respecting the "Tales of the O'Hara Family," the latter gentlemen charged Kilkenny with having neglected the memory of John Banim. Mr. Fitzpatrick ably and generously defended the "Faire Citie" from this imputation ; and Dr. Campion now renders a graceful tribute to his disinterestedness by making him the medium of publishing some additional details upon the subject. We need scarcely say, that no one has a better title to speak in this matter than "The Kilkenny Man" :

Kilkenny, St. John's Bridge, May 8th, 1856.

Dear Sir—I have noted several times in the *Dublin Review*, an assertion which has led to a very erroneous conclusion with regard to the interred remains of the late John Banim ; and as you have taken up so commendably and so zealously the noble task of protecting the memory of the dead worthies of Ireland, perhaps one or two remarks respecting the late novelist, dramatist, and poet, of our marble city, may not be unacceptable to you.

In the first place, I submit that our limited locality has done its duty towards the commemoration of the genius of our brother who is gone, in realising a subscription list of 130 guineas, and erecting to his *manes* a beautiful marble bust, by the celebrated John Hogan. What provincial town has done as much?

In the second place, it is not true that there is no stone to mark our author's burial place. There is a stone (and a stone that few would care to displace) under which lie the lamented remains. It is a square large tomb, erected to the memory of their parents by the large love, though very limited means, of the two affectionate sons. Such a memento, I conceive, ought to be reckoned something, at least, to lead a wandering eye aright, and to stay a straying footstep. I will go farther, and assert, that this memory of parental love is a purer monument to his name and fame than the ten pounds' worth of granite which the *Dublin Review* taunts the inhabitants of Kilkenny for not erecting.

In conclusion, I would suggest that John Banim's name be graven on the tomb of his deceased parents. Such a measure may, perhaps, quiet the few tilting pens that never moved for Ireland's greatest novelist until the bust to his memory, by a few of his zealous admirers, was an accomplished fact. I have the honor to be, dear sir, your obedient servant,

John Thomas Campion, M.

Further from Europe.

The United States mail steamship Washington arrived at this port on the 6th, with mails to the 21st ult. On the same date the Cunard steamship Niagara, with Liverpool dates to the 24th, arrived at Boston.

Sir Henry Berkeley was to be appointed the new Governor of Victoria.

There was a full attendance of capitalists at the Treasury on the morning of the 19th May, in reference to the new loan of £5,000,000, but the only tender was from Messrs. Rothschild. On the sealed paper of the Government being opened the offered price and the reserved price were found to be £108 and £107 10s. 7d. for every £100 of money. The loan was finally accepted at the latter rate, which is equal to 93 for Consols. The scrip was marked ½ to ¼ premium. The applications including the amount required by the Messrs. Rothschild themselves, were stated to amount to £40,000,000, and the total paid on the 16th of May as a 10 per cent. deposit was £3,700,000. The surplus deposits were returned on the 21st, which gave much ease to the money market.

The foundation stone of a new military hospital, named the Royal Western Hospital, was laid by her Majesty the Queen with great pomp and ceremony on the 19th May. The site selected is situated about six miles from Southampton, and is about half a mile from the shore. The hospital will be sufficiently large to accommodate 1,000 patients. The land purchased by the Government covers 100 acres, and the frontage of the building alone will extend upwards of 1,400 feet. The pile will, it is expected, cost £200,000. A sad accident occurred on board one of the gun-boats ranged off the shore for the purpose of saluting her Majesty. By the unexpected discharge of a gun whilst being loaded, two seamen were horribly mutilated and killed.

In the House of Commons the Chancellor of the Exchequer had made his financial statement. The deficiency in incomes of the past year amounted to £3,560,000, to cover which the loans of £5,000,000 in Consols had been raised. The Chancellor promised a saving of £17,559,000 by the revision of the Army and Navy estimates for the current year. One million and a half of the loan was applicable to the year 1856–57. The sum of £3,000,000 in Exchequer bills had been successfully converted into Consols. Notwithstanding the reduced estimates for the services of the Army and Navy, the expenditure for the present financial year was estimated at the net amount of £77,525,000, whilst the net income from revenue was estimated at no more than £67,152,000, leaving a deficiency of £10,373,000. To meet this deficiency there was a balance remaining of the last five million loan of £1,500,000, a proposed vote of credit for £2,000,000, then the new loan of £5,000,000, shortly a prospective issue of Exchequer bonds or bills to the amount of £2,000,000, which will leave a small balance to the credit of the country.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Peel has stated, in answer to inquiry, that the German Legion will be disbanded as soon as it has returned from the East, and the men will be sent to the Colonies, not as soldiers, but as emigrants.

The trial of Palmer, the English poisoner, is in progress, and attracts immense crowds. Among the distinguished persons present on the 17th of May, was Mr. Dallas, the American Minister.

The *Moniteur* publishes the official returns of the gross receipts of the French railways during the first quarter of 1856, which amounted to 59,843,581f. Compared with those of the corresponding period of 1855, there is an augmentation in 1856 of 10,930,142f. The extent of line worked which, on the 31st March, 1855, was 4,699 kilometres, increased in 1856 to 5,609 kilometres.

By a treaty concluded between the Sultan and the Western Powers, the period within which the evacuation of the Turkish territory was to have been completed, has been prolonged. The prolongation is said to be six months from the present time.

The Czar proposed as an Arbitrator on the Central American Question.

From the London Times. May 23.

Does not such a state of things as exists in Nicaragua call for a speedy settlement of the Central American question, and the dispute between the two governments? What real difficulty is there in the way of such a settlement? We have expressed ourselves ready to give up the Mosquito Protectorate, as soon as ever a sufficient guarantee can be given for the safety of that Indian tribe to which our honor is committed. One point of disagreement, then, may be considered as already disposed of. With respect to our occupation and colonization of the Bay Islands, we are willing to submit that to the arbitration of a third power. A perfectly unobjectionable way, then, of settling the other point of dispute is provided, after which the quarrel is over.

Did Mr. Buchanan object last year to arbitration on the ground "that it would be difficult to find an impartial umpire, as we had gone to war with their arbitrator, the Emperor of Russia?" Well, that objection, at any rate, is no longer of force. We are not at war with the Emperor of Russia, and therefore he is at liberty for the purpose of arbitration. The United States cannot suppose that he will be partial to our side of the question, and therefore, if we are ready to accept his arbitration, they can have no objection. A power so recently our antagonist in a severe and sanguinary struggle, and now smarting with the sense of a humiliating peace, will not, at any rate, be too much disposed to favor our interests; rigid justice, as it is all that, under any circumstances, we ought to expect from any umpire, is all that we can possibly expect from *such* an umpire. A war, under such circumstances, is impossible; so long, at any rate, as the American Government retains any respect for European public opinion, and does not abandon itself to the violence and prejudice of an inferior party in the United States, with whom jealousy of England triumphs over every consideration of policy and justice.

Or will Mr. Buchanan say again, that "there is nothing to arbitrate," and that "he does not consider it a question for arbitration?" But such a position as this is plainly untenable. In a dispute between two powerful and intelligent governments, it never can be allowable for one side to say that its own case is so clear and self-evident that it will not submit to arbitration. Of course, the United States Government thinks itself in the right, otherwise it would not dispute these points with us. But that is its own opinion, and no more. Opinion must bow to the offer of a fair judgment upon the question, otherwise all justice between nation and nation, and between man and man, is at an end. In civil justice each party thinks itself in the right, but the two submit to a third party, who is the judge; and in international justice the principle is the same; for when the two parties or Governments cannot of themselves arrive at an agreement they must go to a judge or arbitrator, unless they settle the dispute by arms, which is to settle it, not by justice, but by force. Does Mr. Buchanan think the language of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty "so plain and explicit" as not to need arbitration? That is the very reason why he ought to wish for an arbitrator. If the case is so clear on his side, the arbitrator will of course see it, and decide accordingly.

British Aid to Costa Rica.—In the House of Commons, May 23, Lord J. Russell said that, as it was impossible for his noble friend to speak again, he would defer until Monday a question he wished to put to him. Its purport was to inquire as to the authenticity of a letter signed "E. Hammond," with respect to furnishing arms to the Government of Costa Rica, and to ask whether by furnishing arms, the Government intended to take any part in the hostilities between Costa Rica and Nicaragua? [Hear.]

The French journals, *La Patrie* and *Le Journal du Havre*, have taken up the speech of Gen. Quitman, of Mississippi, on Mexico, Cuba and Central American affairs. They invite France, England, Spain, and all the other States interested, to put a stop to the filibustering propensities of the United States.

The nomination of the Count de Morny as Ambassador to Russia, has been much stigmatized by the foreign press, who view him rightly as a *croupier* of the great hell, the Bourse. The Count de Morny discovered that some of the attacks upon him in the German papers emanated from the Ministry of the Interior; he openly threatened M. Billault with ruin and exposure. He carried his complaints to the Emperor, to whom M. Billault tendered his resignation, which the Emperor, however, declined to accept, saying, that his personal will was paramount, and should be so, regardless of any squabblings with the Count de Morny.

One of Louis Napoleon's old intimate adherents, M. Laity, is about to replace M. Morquart as private secretary to the Emperor. His dismissal results from the discovery of his having been mixed up in certain speculations of a not very creditable nature. M. Laity was condemned for writing Napoleonian articles in a journal in Louis Philippe's reign. Now, all journals, except Napoleonian ones, are suppressed.

England persists in refusing her permission to cut through the Isthmus of Suez, unless Egypt be given to her. In that case, the French Emperor would be permitted to help himself either to Belgium or Morocco.

The Legitimist, who procured the treaty for the English and Belgian journals, is to be tried in the Police Correctional Court, on a charge of conspiring to steal government papers.

American News.

A patent has recently been secured for an apparatus for making wood-gas. This important improvement was originally patented in Bavaria in 1851 by the original inventors, Messrs. Pettenkofer & Ruland, who are eminent chemists of that country, and were the first who discovered and brought into practical use the great principle essential in making wood-gas—that of subjecting the primitive vapors of destructive distillation to an immediate increased intensity of heat, so as to combine the carbon and hydrogen. The patent for the United States, which was applied for two years ago by Messrs. Davis, Massey, and L. R. Breisach and others, assignees of the inventors, has now been granted, and the gas is made by them on a large scale in Philadelphia for the city, and has been introduced into several places in the Western and Southern States. It gives a pure, brilliant light, without offensive odor, and is much less expensive than coal-gas.

The Louisville *Courier* of Friday says there was "quite an interesting administration of justice" on the steamer Alvin Adams during her recent trip from St. Louis to Louisville. A man named McBride was robbed of forty dollars while under the influence of liquor, by another passenger who claimed to be his friend. When McBride became sober, he suspected the author of the robbery. He was immediately hunted up; taken out, and having been stripped, the missing money was found in one of his boots. At the next wood-yard, the thief was taken on shore, and the poor fellow made to apply a coat of tar and feathers to his naked body. In that condition he was left alone to rid himself of his tarry clothing as best he might.

The engineer employed by the United States has estimated that the following amounts are necessary to complete the harbors on the shore of Lake Michigan, in this State:

Racine,	$43,992 45
Kenosha,	58,047 24
Milwaukee,	80,805 99
Manitowoc,	62,780 92
Sheboygan,	36,614 55

The congressional Committee have reported in favor of appropriating about one-half of this amount, but it is doubtful whether any at all will pass.

Every few days (says the *Journal of Commerce*) companies of Mormons, varying from two to seven hundred persons, are noticed as landing at some of the Atlantic ports, and proceeding westward. It seems that Iowa city has been selected by the leaders of the church as the place of rendezvous for some 5,000 of their adherents, previous to their finally starting for Utah, in July or August. They are principally recruited in England and Scotland. The company which arrived in New-York some months ago are temporarily lodged in the railroad buildings in Iowa city, and an encampment of tents has been formed about two miles from the town.

The total number of commitments to the County Jail for the last month says the St. Louis *Daily Democrat*, are fifty-three. Of these 10 were committed on charges of larceny, 5 runaway negroes, 5 for fine and costs on charges of assault and battery, 6 for safe keeping, 5 for forgery, 6 on peace warrants, 3 for murder, 2 free negroes for being in the State without license, 3 for contempt of court, 1 for adultery and 1 for robbery. Thirty-five were discharged from prison during the month. The total number of prisoners now confined in the cells is 61.

Gustavus Koerner, who was the Democratic Lieutenant Governor of Illinois in 1853, is among those who have come out against Slavery extension and the party in its favor. He has always been an advocate of freedom, having been obliged to leave Germany in consequence of his participancy in the Revolution of 1830. He has long been a resident of Illinois and is a man of great influence among the German population of that State.

The value of foreign goods imported at the port of Boston during the week ending May 30, amounted to $787,308.

It is gratifying (says the last Mississippi *Clarion*) to notice the gradual and steady filling up of the counties of East Mississippi, now being accomplished by immigration from the States east of us—mostly Georgians and Alabamians. This is due mainly to the building of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, which furnished an outlet to this large scope of country, previously so completely locked in from the rest of the world.

The Boston *Journal* mentions that in a lease lately drawn up and signed for a tenement in the vicinity of Dock square, in that city the following paragraph was inserted. "In case of war and bombardment of Boston or injury to the premises in consequence of foreign or domestic war, this term shall end, and the leases be canceled."

Mr. F. Bostick, a well known, influential citizen of Yazoo, Mississippi, is out in a long and spirited letter, declaring his withdrawal from the Know-Nothing organization, and his determination to do battle henceforward and forever in the Democratic cause. "Prodigal like," says he "I will return to the noble old Democracy!"

Mr. Leopard, one of the recent purchasers of the telegraph line from Shreveport to Natchez, has by great exertion, succeeded in getting the line in order from Shreveport to Alexandria and Natchez, and will, in a short time, be able to transmit intelligence through to New Orleans.

All towns in Minnesota are crowded with emigrants Boarding and provisions are high in consequence. Since the spring opened the emigration to the Territory has not fallen short of one thousand persons a day. The population will soon exceed a hundred thousand at this rate.

The resolution introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature by Mr. Charles Hale, appropriating $20,000 for material aid to the sons and daughters of Massachusetts now in Kansas, was taken up on the 3rd, discussed, and again laid on the table by eight majority.

In a drunken scuffle recently, in Mallorysville, in which Jesse and Jasper Cohran, father and son, were engaged, with knives, the father stabbed his son in thirteen places, which resulted in his death—the father was slightly cut. He has been committed to jail.

Some scoundrels entered the Catholic Cathedral in Chicago and took therefrom the Ciborium, the Chalices, the Remonstrant, and other valuable articles. They also strewed the consecrated Host upon the floor of the sanctuary, and did other injury.

Fitzgeral Tasistro, an $1,800 clerk in the State Department, at Washington, has been removed for writing an abusive letter to the Baltimore *Republican* about Foreigh Ministers, and sending copies under the Department seal to Ministers.

A correspondent, writing from Madison Co., N. Y., under date of June 1st, closes his letter thus: "I might mention that I found a snow-bank a little beyond Georgetown, yesterday, which must have been three feet deep."

The name of Deseret, which the Mormons have given to Utah, signifies the "State of the Honey Bee." The honey bee is the precursor of civilization, its visits to the wilderness being contemporaneous with those of the pioneer.

A tea service of silver, costing $350, has been prepared by the Portsmouth (Va.) friends of Dr. Jos. N. Schoolfield, of Petersburg, commemorative of "his distinguished services during the pestilence of 1855."

At the recent Kansas meeting in Syracuse, a letter was read from Gerrit Smith, proposing to raise one million dollars for the aid of the Free State cause, pledging himself to give ten thousand dollars.

The largest water-wheel in the world is at Troy, New York. Its power is equal to one thousand horses, and annually converts ten thousand tuns of iron into horse-shoes, spikes, nails &c.

The body of Mrs. Rossiter, wife of the painter, has been embalmed and sent home from Italy for burial, accompanied by her sorrowing father, husband and three young children.

The Canadian militia has recently been enrolled and officered, and is to be armed with the best weapons and the latest improved equipments. The rifles are of the Minnie make.

We notice in one of our exchanges the marriage of John H. Strange, and Miss Elizabeth Strange. It is a little strange, but we think the next event will be a little stranger.

Congress has adjourned until Monday, the 9th June, for the purpose of cleaning the rooms, and giving an opportunity to the Democratic members of visiting Cincinnati.

Fifty thousand herring were taken at Chappaguansett Creek, Holmes's Hole, Mass., a few days ago. Over three hundred thousand have been taken there this season.

After the opera in New Orleans the other night, Madame Colson, the prima donna, was presented with a diamond bracelet worth $1000.

The Pittsburg *Union* says, real, white, cold snow, fell in this city yesterday, May 30th! The thermometer, in the evening, stood at 50°.

The old Catholic Church in Fall River was burned on last Sunday morning. It was occupied by schools, &c. Insured for $4000.

A bill has passed the Senate of Massachusetts devoting $1,000 to experiments by Professor Agassiz in the artificial propagation of fish.

There is a man in New Jersey Penitentiary who has twenty three wives, two of whom he married within two hours of each other.

The wife of General Lane, who figures so extensively in Kansas, has obtained a divorce from him, it is said, in Indiana.

John Fox, the murderer of John Henry, son of Gov. Henry, of this city, is to be hung on the 25th of July Next.

The Grand Jury of Fayetteville, North Carolina, has indicted the Bank of Fayetteville for issuing small notes.

A writer in the New-York Tribune states that 4,382 hand-organs are daily ground in the streets of that city.

Among the late arrivals at St. Louis hotels, is one that reads—"E. Smith and four wives, Salt Lake."

Young America, is the name of the first fire company in Watertown, Wisconsin, just organized.

The Planters' Bank of Savannah has declared a semi-annual dividend of ten per cent.

Strawberries sell at Norfolk (Va.) at 18 cents a quart.

Cincinnati Convention.

June 2.—The Democratic National Convention assembled at Cincinnati at noon, amid the roar of artillery. Col. Medary, of Ohio, was selected as temporary chairman. Committees on Credentials, Organization and Platform were chosen and the Convention adjourned till ten o'clock next morning. Of course the preliminary proceedings were not concluded without the usual uproar. At one stage the Benton delegates from Missouri, who had been excluded from the Hall, knocked down the doorkeepers and forcibly gained admittance. Bowie knives and revolvers were drawn, to the infinite terror of all the peacefully disposed patriots present. No harm however resulted from this demonstration. Gen. John E. Ward, of Georgia, was chosen by the Committee on Organization Chairman of the Convention. The excitement at Cincinnati is intense.

June 3—The Convention completed its organization by adopting the report of the Committee recommending Gen. John E. Ward, of Georgia, for President, together with a Vice-President and Secretary for each State. The difficulty between the rival Missouri delegations was settled by the admission of the anti-Benton delegates. A motion to admit the delegates from the District of Columbia on the floor of the house was adopted after considerable discussion. Nothing further of moment was done in the Convention. The Credential Committee was occupied all day in hearing the arguments pro and con on the question of the admission of the New-York hards or softs. The Platform Committee agreed to report in favor of re-affirming the declarations of the Baltimore Convention of 1852, and resolutions denouncing the Know-Nothings, fully endorsing the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska act, and pledging the Democratic party to the construction of a Railroad to connect the Atlantic and Pacific States.

June 4. The Committee on Resolutions, at the opening of the morning session, presented the platform. It reaffirms the platform adopted at Baltimore in 1852, denounces the Know-Nothings, declares in favor of the principles of the Kansas-Nebraska act, the construction of the railroad to the Pacific, State Rights and the Union, free trade throughout the world, the Monroe doctrine, the transit across the Isthmus of Panama, sympathy with the regenerators of Central America, and securing an ascendancy in the Gulf of Mexico. The resolutions respecting internal affairs were adopted with unanimity. On those that refer to external objects some difference of opinion arose, and the Convention adjourned to allow members an opportunity to interchange sentiments with one another on the subject. The proceedings before the credential committee with reference to the quarrel between the New-York factions, caused great excitement. After a protracted session the committee resolved to recommend the Convention to admit portions of the soft and hard delegations, the proportion of each to be based on the vote for Congressmen in 1853 and 1855. The committee also declared the soft section to be the regular organization of the party in this state. The friends of Judge Douglas have, it is said, withdrawn him from the field. The following embraces the platform :

And whereas, since the foregoing declaration was uniformly adopted by our predecessors in national conventions, an adverse political and religious test has been secretly organized by a party claiming to be exclusively Americans, and it is proper that the American democracy should clearly define its relations thereto : therefore,

Resolved, That the foundation of this Union of States having been laid in its prosperity, expansion, and pre-eminent example of free government, built upon entire freedom in matters of religious concern, and no respect of persons in regard to rank or place of birth, no party can justly be deemed national, constitutional, or in accordance with American principles, which bases its exclusive organization upon religious opinions and accidental birthplace.

Resolved, That we reiterate with renewed energy of purpose the well-considered declarations of former conventions upon the sectional issue of demestic slavery, and concerning the reserved rights of the states ; and that we may more distinctly meet the issue on which a sectional party, subsisting exclusively on slavery agitation, now relies to test the fidelity of the people, North and South, to the Constitution and the Union—

Resolved, That claiming fellowship with and desiring the cooperation of all who regard the preservation of the Union, under the Constitution, as the paramount issue, and repudiating all sectional parties and platforms concerning domestic slavery, which seek to embroil the states and incite to treason and armed resistance to the laws in the territories, and whose avowed purposes, if consummated, must end in civil war and disunion, the American democracy recognize and adopt the principles contained in the organic laws establishing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, as embodying the only sound and safe solution of the slavery question, upon which the great national idea of the people of this whole country can repose in its determined conservatisms of the Union: non-interference by Congress with slavery in states or territories ; that this was the basis of the compromises of 1850, confirmed by both the democratic and whig parties in national conventions, ratified by the people in the election of 1852, and rightly applied to the organzation of territories in 1854 ; that by the uniform application of this democratic principle to the organization of territories and the admission of new states, with or without domestic slavery, as they may elect, the equal rights of all the states will be preserved intact, the original compacts of the Constitution maintained inviolate, and the perpetuation and expansion of this Union insured to its utmost capacity of embracing, in peace and harmony, every future American state that may be constituted or annexed with a republican form of government.

Resolved, That we recognise the right of the people of all the Territories including Kansas and Nebraska, acting through the fairly expressed will of the majority of actual residents, and whenever the number of their inhabitants justifies it, to form a constitution, with or without domestic slavery, and be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States.

Resolved, That the Democratic party recognizes the great importance in a political and commercial point of view of a safe and speedy communication within our own Territory between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of this Union ; and it is the duty of the Federal Government to exercise promptly all its constitutional powers for the attainment of that object.

Resolved, That the condition of popular institutions in the old world, and the dangerous tendencies to sectional agitation combined with the attempt to enforce civil and religious disabilities against the rights of acquiring and enjoying citizenship in our own land, a high and sacred duty has devolved, with increased responsibility upon the Democratic party of this country, as the party of the Union, to uphold and maintain the rights of every State, and thereby the union of the States, and to sustain the advance among us of constitutional liberty, by continuing to resist all monopolies and exclusive legislation for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and by vigilant and constant adherence to those principles and compromises of the Constitution, which are broad and strong enough to embrace and uphold the Union as it was, and the Union as it shall be, in the full expansion of the energies and capacity of this great and progressive people.

The following are the resolutions upon the foreign policy of the country :

1. *Resolved* That the questions connected with the foreign policy of the country are inferior to no domestic question whatever. The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favor of free seas and progressive free trade throughout the world, and by solemn manifestations place their moral influence by the side of their successful example.

2. *Resolved*, That our geographical and political position in reference to other States on the Continent, no less than the interest of our commerce and the development of our growing powers, requires that we hold sacred the principies involved in the Monroe doctrine, and their binding import which admits of no misconstruction, and should be applied with unbending rigidity.

3. *Resolved*, That which the great highway, Nature, as well as the assent of the States most immediately interested in its maintainance, has marked out for free communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans—constitutes one of the most important achievements realized by the spirit of modern times and the unconquerable energy of our people—that result should be secured by the timely, efficient exertion and control with the Governments of the States within whose dominions it lies. We can under no circumstances surrender our preponderance in the adjustment of all questions arising out of it.

4. *Resolved*, That in view of such commanding interest the people of the United States cannot but sympathize with the efforts which are being made by the people of Central America to regenerate that portion of the continent which covers a pasage across the Oceanic Isthmus.

4. *Resolved*, That the Democratic Party will expect of the next Administration that every proper effort be made to insure our ascendancy in the Gulf of Mexico—to maintain a permanent protection of the great outlets through which is emptied into its waters the products raised upon our soil, and the commodities created by the industry of the people, in our Western valleys and the Union at large.

June 5.—The platform, as published with the exception of the supplementary resolution relating to the construction of a Pacific Railroad, was adopted with great unanimity. The minority report of the Credential Committee, admitting the New York hards and softs to the Convention in equal proportions of each faction, was adopted. Both parties endorsed the platform, and agreed to support the nominees ; and both were pronounced fully up to the orthodox standard of the democratic faith. The New York delegates having taken their seats, the naming of candidates for the Presidential nomination commenced. Buchanan, Pierce, Douglas and Cass were severally nominated, and the voting proceeded.

FIRST BALLOT.

James Buchanan	135	Franklin Pierce	122
S. A. Douglas	33	Lewis Cass	5

The following is the first vote in detail:

States.	Buchanan.	Pierce.	Douglas	Cass.
Maine	5	3	..	..
New-Hampshire	..	5	..	..
Vermont	..	5	..	..
Massachusetts	4	9	..	..
Rhode Island	..	4	..	..
Connecticut	6	..	..	..
New-York	17	18	..	..
New-Jersey	7	..	..	..
Pennsylvania	27	..	..	..
Delaware	3	..	..	..
Maryland	6	2	..	..
Virginia	15	..	..	..
North Carolina	..	10	..	..
South Carolina	..	8	..	..
Georgia	..	10	..	..
Alabama	..	9	..	..
Mississippi	..	7	..	..
Louisiana	6	..	..	..
Ohio	13½	4½	..	..
Kentucky	4	5	..	..
Tennessee	..	12	..	..
Indiana	13	..	..	..
Illinois	..	..	11	..
Missouri	..	..	9	..
Arkansas	..	4	..	..
Michigan	6	..	..	..
Florida	..	3	..	..
Texas	..	4	..	..
Iowa	..	..	4	..
Wisconsin	5	2	..	..
California	..	..	..	4

On the first ballot the New-York Softs cast for Pierce 18 votes, and the Hards cast 17 for Buchanan.

SECOND BALLOT.

Buchanan	139	Douglas	31½
Pierce	119½	Cass	6

On the second ballot, Buchanan gained 3½ votes, Pierce losing 3, Douglas 1½, and Cass gaining 1.

THIRD BALLOT.

Buchanan	139½	Douglas	32
Pierce	119	Cass	5½

On the third ballot, Buchanan lost 1, Pierce 1, and Douglas gained 2. In Kentucky Buchanan gained 2 and Douglas lost 2. In Wisconsin Douglas gained 1, and Cass lost 1 in Ohio.

FOURTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	141½	Douglas	30
Pierce	119	Cass	5½

On the fourth ballot, the only change, except the regular New-York, was in Kentucky, where Buchanan and Pierce gained 1 each, Douglas losing 2.

FIFTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	140	Douglas	31
Pierce	119½	Cass	5½

On the fifth ballot Buchanan gained 1 and Piebce lost 1. In Massachusetts Buchanan lost 1½ and Douglas gained a ½ in Kentucky.

SIXTH BALLOT

Buchanan	155	Douglas	28½
Pierce	107½	Cass	5

On the sixth ballot Tennessee changed 12 votes from Pierce to Buchanan. In Kentucky Buchanan gained 2, Pierce 1, Douglas losing 3.

The announcement of the vote of Tennessee for Mr. Buchanan was received with loud cheering, which was checked by the President.

SEVENTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	143½	Douglas	58
Pierce	89	Cass	5½

On the seventh ballot Tenneesee turned her 12 votes from Buchanan to Douglas, and Arkansas changed her 4 votes from Pierce to Douglas. In Massachusetts Buchanan gained 1 ; Georgia changed from Pierce to 7 for Douglas, and 3 for Buchanan.

Mr. Bates of Tennessee, here moved to adjourn till 10 o'clock to-morrow morning, but being met with loud cries of "No!" "No!" the motion was withdrawn.

EIGHTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	147½	Douglas	56
Pierce	87	Cass	3½

On the eighth ballot Buchanan gained 1 in Maine and 2 in Kentucky.

NINTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	142	Douglas	48
Pierce	87	Cass	7

On the ninth ballot Buchanan gained 1 in Massachusetts and Missouri, and lost 1 in Kentucky.

A motion was now made to adjourn, and lost by an immense majority.

The Alabama delegation asked and obtained leave to adjourn for a few moments.

TENTH BALLOT—CONTESTED.

Buchanan	146	Douglas	56
Pierce	87	Cass	7

On the tenth ballot Vermont changed from Pierce to Douglas, 5 votes, and Douglas gained 2 also in Ohio.

ELEVENTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	150½	Douglas	59½
Pierce	80½	Cass	5½

On the eleventh ballot Maryland gave its entire vote for Buchanan.

Here another motion was made to adjourn, and lost by loud cries of "No."

TWELFTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	147½	Douglas	63
Pierce	80	Cass	5½

On the twelfth ballot there was no material change,

Another motion was now made to adjourn, and lost.

THIRTEENTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	148	Douglas	63½
Pierce	79	Cass	5½

On the thirteenth ballot Rhode Island broke from Pierce, casting 2 votes for Buchanan, and 5 for Pierce.

Again a motion was made to adjourn, and the States called. Motion lost.

FOURTEENTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	150	Douglas	63
Pierce	77½	Cass	5½

On the fourteenth ballot Rhode Island cast her whole vote for Buchanan.

The convention then adjourned till 9 o'clock next morning.

June 6 at 10 o'clock A. M., the President called the Convention to order.

The Hall was not full when the balloting commenced.

FIFTEENTH BALLOT.

Buchanan	168½	Cass	4½
Douglas	118½	Pierce	3½

When Maine was called her vote was cast, even for Buchanan and one for Pierce.

North Carolina led off on the same tack, and was followed by South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, and Texas.

Tennessee cast her 12 votes for Buchanan Pierce ran down to three votes.

SIXTEENTH BALLOT

Buchanan	168	Cass	6
Douglas	121		

The New York Softs went over to Douglas on the sixteenth ballot. Maine concentrated her votes on Buchanan. Ohio gave him 2 more. Kentucky cast all her votes for Douglas having previously given him but 7.

On the 17th ballot, Buchanan was nominated almost inanimously ; when the vote was announced as being 296 for Mr. Buchanan, the cheering was immense. Three tremendous cheers were then given for Buchanan, three eqaally enthusiastic ones for Douglas, and three moderate ones for Pierce.

In the afternoon session Mr. J. C. Breckinridge of Kentucky was by the same vote nominated for the Vice Presidency.

Know Nothing Convention.

June 3.—The Know Nothing National Council met at Knickerbocker Hall, in this City, but did not make much progress. They succeeded in organizing, although there were not many delegates present. There was a brief debate on a motion to do away with pass-words, and remove the veil of secrecy, pending which the Council adjourned.

June 4.—An animated and prolonged debate occurred as to the propriety of abolishing secrecy in their meeting, which was ultimately decided in the affirmative by a large majority. During the day spicy speeches of political importance were made by Hon. John M. Botts, Hon. Humphrey Marshall, Hon. Thos. A. Jenckes, of Rhode Island ; Hon. Bayard Clark, of New-York ; Mr. Saunders, and others.

June 5.—The National American Council closed its annual session in this city yesterday. There were but few members present, and the business transacted was of little public interest. A protest was presented against the action of the Council in improperly excluding from a seat Mr. Bayard Clarke, of Albany —a duly elected delegate—because he would not unqualifiedly support the Philadelphia nominations. Efforts were made to introduce resolutions denouncing slavery agitation, and pledging the party to a protective and internal improvement system, but they were successfully resisted.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, May 22, 1856.

O'Brien—"Comparative liberty"—"Extraordinary leniency" of the British Government—The Government violate their Contract with O'Brien, Mitchel and Martin—The Colonists and the Exiles—About the escapes of the latter—Misrepresentation—Judge Keogh—O'Connell on old Keogh—Pat Costelloe—His lonesomeness—The Irish Militia—Not a drop of blood for Ireland—Kill thousands for England.

Had all the Irish Exiles, on arriving in Van Diemen's Land, acted like Smith O'Brien, and refused the parole conditions offered to them, they would have placed the Government in a most embarrassing position. To have placed them all, and guarded them, in solitary confinement, like that to which O'Brien was subjugated at Port Arthur, would have been a matter of extreme difficulty, if not of utter impossibility. Moreover, such a proceeding would have outraged public feeling to a degree that the government of Sir W. Denison, already tottering to its fall, could not have withstood it.

Circumstances, however—ill health, &c., compelled all, with one exception, to give their parole, and accept the comparative liberty. Now, in this contract the advantage was all on the side of the Government. Placed in separate districts, beyond which it was forbidden to stray, the Exiles were, in the first place, debarred almost completely from following any useful occupation by which they might have earned their bread. They were thus forced to depend for their support upon remittances from home. On the other hand, the Government was relieved from any responsibility regarding them, by the fact of their having consented to become their own jailers. In every respect, as I showed in my last letter, their condition was worse than that of the ordinary convict ticket-of-leave holders.

This fact, I have reason to believe, soon became apparent to the Exiles themselves, even while the Home Government were claiming credit for treating them with extraordinary leniency. Nevertheless, the Exiles had entered into a solemn contract with Sir W. Denison and the English authorities in Van Diemen's Land, and by that contract they resolved to abide. I will now proceed to show in what manner Sir W. Denison and the convict authorities fulfilled their portion of the contract, and in doing so will confine myself to the statement of a few facts which cannot be controverted.

One morning, while at breakfast with Mr. O'Brien, at his hotel at New Norfolk, Mr. Tarleton, the magistrate of the district, called, and informed Mr. O'Brien that he had received orders from the convict authorities at Hobart Town to place him under "strict surveillance." Mr. Tarleton, happening to be a gentleman, informed Mr. O'Brien that he would take upon himself the responsibility of disregarding those orders, "because," said he, "I know that whilst your parole lasts, you will do nothing inconsistent with its obligations." Now here was a plain, unmistakeable breach of contract on the part of the Government. When Mr. O'Brien gave his parole to the Government, the latter guaranteed that so long as it lasted he should be at perfect liberty within the district allotted to him. They publicly accepted his word, as a gentleman, that he would not attempt to escape, and in exchange they guaranteed to him a certain amount of freedom. Privately, they issue instructions to place him under "strict surveillance," thus impeaching his honor as a gentleman, restricting, or rather annulling, his freedom, and violating not only the spirit, but the very letter of the contract. Mr. O'Brien's remark, I recollect, at the time was: "These officials at Hobart Town imagine that I am capable of acting as they would act under similar circumstances. They judge of me by themselves."

Now who will deny that this moment the parole was at an end, and that Mr. O'Brien was at perfect liberty to walk out of the island, without permission asked or leave taken of anybody.

Yet these are the men—Denison, Hampton, and the base convict officials of Hobart-Town—upon whose authority charges of breach of parole, forsooth, are levelled against McManus, Meagher, and Mitchel.

Take another case. Two months before Mitchel escaped, P. J. Smith was arrested in mistake for John Mitchel, and imprisoned, and subjected to ill-usage accordingly. At another time, an armed policeman entered the house of a magistrate where Mr. Mitchel and his family, and John Martin, were spending the evening, and was actually caught in the fact of listening at the drawing-room. The wretch had been set as a spy upon Mitchel and Martin; and this, mark you, while they were under parole, and pledged not to escape clandestinely. Who will deny that in both these instances the parole was grossly violated by the Government?

I could mention other cases of breach of parole by the Government authorities, but these will suffice. I may state, however, in further illustration of the meanness and duplicity of these people, that it was intimated to the magistrates and country gentlemen of Van Diemen's Land that they could not associate with, or exhibit kindness to the Irish exiles, without incurring the displeasure of the Government. For the credit of the colonists, be it observed, the intimation was treated with contempt.

In my last letter I showed that the charge of breach of parole against any of the Irish exiles now in America was a falsehood. I showed that McManus at the time of his escape, and for six months prior thereto, had not been subject to any parole at all. I showed that Thomas Francis Meagher, by the testimony of eye-witnesses—by the testimony even of Van Diemen's Land officials themselves—had fulfilled every parole obligation. I showed how John Mitchel had in person surrendered his parole—how, accompanied by a single friend, he had entered the magistrate's office, where he sat surrounded by three armed constables, none of whom were bribed, as has been falsely alleged—how, owing, as I believe, to the timidity of the magistrate, he was enabled to escape—and how that escape was regarded, not alone by Mitchel's friends and the whole public of Van Diemen's Land, as honorable, but how the organ itself of Sir W. Denison pronounced it to be "chivalrous" in the manner of its accomplishment.

It remains, therefore, only to stigmatize the language used in Parliament by Lord Palmerston, and echoed by the base English press, as a lie; a base, an infamous lie!

Breaches of parole there have been, but the delinquents, as I have above shown, are Sir W. Denison, Hampton, the convicted defrauder, and, for all the world knows, perhaps Lord Palmerston himself.

Public political hostility, private personal malignity, public calumny, private misrepresentation, the bold lie of the Minister, the fraudulent sophistry of the editor, all these have been brought to bear against the characters of the Irish exiles escaped to America, but all in vain. The simple statement of facts alone suffice to overturn the vile fabric which public and private malignity, supported by calumny and misrepresentation, could construct.

I was much pleased with your article on Judge Keogh. Does it not seem strange to you that our Parliamentary patriots who made such a row in the House of Commons, about the appointment of Mr. Stonor to an Australian judgeship, should be silent upon the subject of Mr. Keogh's elevation to the Irish bench? Do you know Mr. Keogh senior, father of the learned judge? If you do, even by appearance, you will appreciate the truth of O'Connell's description of him. On one occasion, when O'Connell was a candidate for Dublin, old Keogh either refused to vote for the Liberator, or else voted for his opponent, I forget which. The event excited much indignation, and old Keogh—the base, ungrateful Catholic—was denounced, in no measured terms, by the orators of the Precursor Society. I recollect hearing O'Connell interrupt one of these orators, while pouring forth a torrent of boiling abuse, and exclaim:

"Ah! what do I care about that little red-nosed Connaught attorney!"

Your old friend Pat Costelloe is still alive. Meeting him the other day, I exclaimed:

"Surely no country on earth has produced so extraordinary a race of patriots as Ireland! Here is Pat Costelloe, a 'patriot' of fifty years' standing, and a placeman and patriot of twenty-five years."

His appearance called to mind an anecdote which the present Lord-Lieutenant used, some years ago, to relate with much glee. Pat—before he got provided for—had been a steady place-hunter for years. It is true, he had not rendered any essential service to the Government—his only qualification, indeed, seemed to be, that he was an unflinching supporter of the Liberator. Calling, one day, at the Castle, upon his usual mission, and addressing Lord Morpeth—then Chief Secretary—he said:

"It isn't, my Lard, that I stand very much in need of a place, for I have a snug little patrimony of my own. But, my Lard, all my friends—Morgan O'Connell and Carew O'Dwyer, &c.—have got places, and when I'm in company with them—and very good fellows they are in company—I feel lonesome, my Lard, that I have not a place, too."

That magnanimous force, the Irish militia, will, I believe, soon be disbanded. If it has done no other good, the embodiment of this militia has at all events effected this much: it has settled and established the true meaning and signification of "moral force." Moral force, then, means, that while it is lawful to draw the sword for England, it is criminal to unsheath it for Ireland; that while the existence of the Irish nation is not worth the shedding of a drop of human blood, the preservation of the ill-gotten power of England is worth the sacrifice of thousands of human lives. Surely this is a glorious result!

KILMAINHAM.

Letter from Waterford.

Old Times—Tramore—Impaling an Idea—Mr. Blake's gas—Aldermen—Larry Forristal—Red Cloth and Vermin—Mr. O'Neill's lectures—Complimentary resolution—Hurrah for Waterford—Old friends alive and kicking—Presentation in Lismore Convent—The Sisters of Mercy—Running down an "iron-ribbed" Virgin—Hugh Jenkins, of Baltimore—Nick Power—A big Bog-trotter—Paul the Bostman—A handsome Militia Captain—Peter Strange—A Longitudinal Jackass—Crotty the Cobbler—A Baker's bread baked—Twe Devils on two sticks—Death of Mrs. Wyse.

WATERFORD, *May* 16, 1856.

Just in from Tramore. Been out there these three days. 'Twas glorious. Sometimes taking a gallop on the strand, as far as the Rabbit Burrow, and back again. Sometimes a ramble all over the cliffs, from the Lady's Cove to Garraras Strand, and the beach fronting the Islands of Kane. I had a dip, of course, every morning, and a sail yesterday over to Brownstown Heads, with the Keowns, at the very break of day. Do you remember the mornings we used to troll with them for mackerel? The scudding we used to have up and down from the Cove to the Metal Man's Cave, and sometimes across to Ballimacaw! Those were the happy days. I wish to goodness! her ladyship of Buckingham Palace would let you have a couple of months with us in Waterford. May be we wouldn't have a jolly fine time of it!

The Tramore season may be said to have fairly commenced. The railway was driving a fine business on Sunday last, and all during the week. The bathing-boxes have been all rolled down from their winter quarters on the top of the stones, and everything—in the way of bathing-caps, foot-tubs, and towels—is ready for the public. By-the-bye, is it true you all bathe together, men and women jumbled up in a crowd, at your American Tramores? Lord! that is awful. It's awful to think of, at all events, however beautifully it may work.

When I sat down with the pen in my hand, I intended writing you a mighty big chapter of news about Waterford. Here, then, before I'm half a minute at the business, I'm obliged to throw myself back in the chair, stretch out my legs, kick up my heels, yawn like a watchman, and take to my pipe. There's no news in Waterford. It takes three or four months for an accident, or anything else that's original and novel, to think of occurring. You know that, many a time, you complained to me of it. However, I'll go on smoking and thinking all the while; and whenever anything strikes me, I'll just stick my pen through it, and fasten it, like a moth or a beetle, to the paper before me.

Smoking reminds me of gas. Our spirited and intelligent townsman, Mr. Blake, has been exhibiting his new gas establishment, all the past week, to numbers of visiters. The light which Mr. Blake knocks out of his gas is of a very pure and brilliant description. The members of the Corporation tested it on Tuesday, and expressed themselves wonderfully well pleased. Larry Forristal is Alderman still. He thrives and grows fat on Mount Misery. You recollect the comical grumbling he had when it was proposed, that the Aldermen and Town-Councillors should provide themselves with civic costume. The Town-Councillors with long robes of crimson cloth, having velvet trimmings and facings—the Aldermen the same colored garments, with ermine, instead of velvet, to finish them.

"Isn't it a poor case," says Larry, standing one day at the gate of Robert Curtis' butter-market, "that we're put to the trouble of buying a bundle of red cloth, with I don't know how many yards of vermin?"

Poor Henry Downs used to tell this story about Larry with the heartiest humor.

Larry's red gown—flounced with "vermin"—kept him out of his grave—at all events, out of mournful dullness—for many a day.

At the Town-hall, the only entertainment at present is a short course of lectures, on ancient and modern music, by Mr. John O'Neill. I havn't been to see him as yet, being out, as I told you in Tramore until an hour ago, refreshing myself from dawn to nightfall with the music of the great ocean, which is both ancient and modern—"ever ancient and ever new," as the words of one of our most sublime Catholic hymns express it. Mr. O'Neill has been lecturing in Clonmel, and with decided effect. The Tipperary *Free Press* notices him with great praise. As you have always taken the warmest interest in every thing tending to elevate the popular mind, and confirm the literary reputation of the country, I give you what the *Free Press* says—

"The lecture was evidently prepared with great care, and enunciated with considerable ability. If, on the former occasion, the talented young lecturer evinced a thorough appreciation of his subject, and showed how conversant he was with the manners and customs of the ancients with respect to the 'gentle art,' on last evening he particularly demonstrated his knowledge of its more recent history. After an eloquent dissertation on sublimity in music, poetry, painting and architecture, he concluded his elaborate and most instructive lecture, amid the warmest demonstrations of applause from a highly respectable and discriminating auditory."

In connection with this, you won't blush if I tell you, that at their last meeting, which took place two or three days ago, the Mechanics' Scientific Institute passed a very handsome resolution addressed to you. Here is the extract of the proceedings—

Meeting held at the Institute, on Friday, the 16th day of May, 1856, W. M. Ardagh in the chair:

Resolved, That the Secretary be directed to forward a copy of our last Annual Report and Prospectus, to our talented fellow-countryman, Thos. F. Meagher, Esq., and respectfully invite him to help the cause of progress in his native city.

The letter from John G. Davis, inclosing you this resolution, is written with the very best taste, and extreme good feeling. You ought certainly to publish it the moment you get it. It would be only a graceful and proper acknowledgment of the unswerving attachment which the Waterford people, high and low, rich and poor, Radical and Tory, cherish for you. I know you love them, every one of them, and are proud of them. So you ought. They have stood to you through thick and thin, and every day they grow stauncher and fonder still. Hurrah for Waterford, and the sky over it! That's what I say. And I know you'll pitch up your hat, and join in the shout.

Were you to take a run in here for the summer, you'd be delighted to find that very, very few, indeed, of your old friends are off the road. Death has been surprisingly sparing with them, thanks be to God! Dick Sergeant is to the good—hale, hearty, and spunky. So is Johnson, and Pierce Newport, and Sir Ben. Ned Walsh, too, and Alderman Murphy, and even old Bell, about whom you were in doubt. He still lives to shoulder his big umbrella on wet days, and enjoy his clay pipe every evening, in the Club corner, as usual. Of course, you've long since heard of the death of Dr. Foran, our good Bishop. The anniversary for the repose of his soul takes place in the Cathedral to-day.

This suggests me, it might be interesting to some of your readers—some County Waterford boys or girls—to know that a reception took place at the beautiful little Presentation Convent of Lismore, last Wednesday week. Miss Casey, of Kilmacthomas, on that occasion received the white veil from the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Dr. Foran's pious and learned successor. Father Flinn, of Kilrosenty, eloquently signalized himself and the event by a most touching discourse. The *Waterford News* says that, the ceremony being over, the Bishop, Clergy and friends of the young novice, sat down to a splendid *dejeuner* in the refectory of the Convent. Then, we're to have a grand Bazaar, the first week of June, in Dungarvan, in aid of the sick poor, visited by those glorious creatures, the Sisters of Mercy. A German Brass Band, of very brilliant power, and well known here, and in Cork and Limerick, for the rare excellence of its performances, will attend. Sir Nugent Humble and his popular and beautiful wife, Sir Richard Musgrave, Lord Kane and all the wealthy neighbors patronize it warmly. They'll be at the fair, and the Sisters and their cause will receive immense help.

Little Tommy Barnes (you surely don't forget him and his big six-story sail-loft, 'long-side of Ben Graham's iron foundry on the Quay?) ran into the *Maid of Erin*, the New-Ross steamboat, with his handsome yacht, *Challenge*, on Wednesday last. The *Maid* was lying at the Neptune Foundry (you recollect it, close to old Carrigan's house, William street,) when the *Challenge*, endeavoring to weather a schooner which was on the same tack, came foul of the iron-ribbed virgin, causing considerable alarm and damage. The *Challenge* lost her bowsprit, and the *Maid* some of her sheeting. 'Twas Tommy's first trip this season. But

he'll get his boat all right again, and handsomely apologize for his awkward encounter with the Nymph of the Suir!

On looking over the Annual Report of the Mechanic's Institute, I find the name of Hugh Jenkins, Esq., of Baltimore, United States, in the list of Life Members. He was born in Waterford, left it when very young, and is now in splendid circumstances. So I've heard the Whites, the Popes, the Laphams, and others of our tip-top Waterford merchants say. He is principally engaged, I believe, in the Brazilian trade—has several clippers in it—and, in a word, flies his flag from the main-royal. Well done, old Jenkins! Don't I like to see Waterford men flourishing all over the world? Don't I like to see them, in America and elsewhere, proving that it wasn't want of enterprise, nor industry, nor quick brains, nor thrift, nor forethought, nor patient thought and toil and calculation, they lacked, but a happy, free country—a country left to itself, or rather to the wonderful means with which God has gifted it, and fair laws, and all the goodness and high spirit, and proud activity which follow in their train—to bless it? And is it not delightful, too, to see the sons of our darling old city, when miles and miles away from it, returning with affectionate remembrance to it, fondly thinking of it in their prosperity, and out of their abundance, well and nobly earned in a foreign land, helping the institutions of their native place? Three cheers for Hugh Jenkins! and fair wind, and every sort of good luck, to his Baltimore clippers! Hip, hip, hurrah!

Nick Power, our senior County Member, and his unmarried daughters, have arrived at the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin. I suppose they'll be coming down to Faithlegg shortly. There's nothing like spicing a letter with a few grains of fashionable intelligence. Nick is just as big a bog-trotter as ever. His London life doesn't polish him much; nor has his constant bench-warming in Westminster produced from him any flowers of rhetoric as yet. I remember when the Earl of Mulgrave (now Marquis of Normanby) was down with us in Waterford, stopping over at Sir Henry Barron's, in 1837. There was a great public dinner given to him in the Town-hall (Lord Stuart de Decies, then William Villiers Stuart, in the chair), and there was no end of balls, and suppers, and everything of the sort, all in his honor, at Belmont, Sir Henry's hospitable seat—Barron's Court it's called now. The day before he returned to Dublin, however, his Excellency went on a pic-nic down the river—if I don't mistake, it was in the lovely *Maid of Erin*—accompanied by Sir Henry, and the Earl of Howth, and a world of beauty and fashion, from the neighboring counties of Tipperary, Kilkenny, and Wexford. Nick Power, of Faithlegg, was on board, with his bouncing, blooming, and merry-hearted daughters (the finest-hearted girls in the county) and was paid particular attention by his handsome and chivalrous Lordship. He had a happy knack of insinuating himself amongst strangers (the strangest even) with a word or two upon some subject or business in which they were immediately interested. Nick was a great farmer. His thoughts were never out of the cow-house. His Excellency knew this; and having shaken hands with old Nick, congratulated him on the bright prospects there appeared to be for the cattle and crops.

"Your's, Mr. Power, I understand, couldn't be in a more promising condition."

Nick, with a "faith" and a spit, towld him his Lordship was right.

His Lordship remarked on the loveliness of the scenery and the weather, the admirable music on board, and the charming ladies with whose presence he had been honored.

"Faith, then, for all that, my Lord, I'd sooner be in the haggard at Faithlegg, looking at the cows scutting about the lawn."

That was Nick's answer, and the answer was charmingly indicative of tastes which to this day preserve their original perfume and vigor.

Poor Paul—Martin Paul, of Duncannon—the old market boatman, for years and years plying between the latter place and Waterford, died the week before last (the 10th of the month,) from sheer old age. He was 102 the day of his death. Paul spent his earlier life in the British navy. At the battle of the Nile, in 1798, he fought like a divil on board the Bellerophon, and had the satisfaction of seeing half the crew killed and her three masts shot away. For his desperate bravery on that occasion, he received a medal, which he used to wear indiscriminately at Repeal meetings and on the King's or Queen's birthday. Your brother Harry, by the bye, is still at the Fort. He seems thoroughly devoted to the military profession, and to his zealous and indefatigable attention to his duties is chiefly owing the splendid condition in which the Waterford Royal Militia has been for some time past, and continues to be. Harry is a fine dashing-looking fellow in regimentals. He takes the shine out of them all. He's far the handsomest officer of the regiment. Curious thing it is—you outlawed by the Queen, editing a paper in New York—and he, at home, wearing her uniform and manning one of her most formidable forts. But Harry was never a rebel—was always very moderate in politics—inclined to conservatism, in fact. So that he's perfectly consistent in holding her Majesty's commission.

Peter Strange, of Aylwardstown, is still firing away with his letters at Father Aylward, of Castlecomer. They're all about Tenant-right (defending Sergeant Shee, one of the Kilkenny members, from charges of treachery, and the Lord-knows-what, which the reverend gentleman has brought against the learned Sergeant) and generally hitting away, right and left, at popular agitators, the Tenant League, the dead body of Lucas, and the scattered fragments—the *disjecta membra*—of Young Ireland. Peter is a longitudinal jackass. His letters remind me of rusty old fowling-pieces, mounted with brass and furnished with flint locks, which one sees hung up across the chimney in gardeners' houses, and which the gardener now and then takes down to have a pop at a crow or a sparrow. Peter, I believe, got his learning at Clongowes, but he's entirely too long-eared to make a bright use of it.

I looked in at the Petty Sessions, the other day, with the hope of finding something on the table to please you. The only thing was a cobbler, named Crotty—"a cobbler of many years standing in Waterford," says the Waterford *News*—who was indicted with asking for alms the night previous. To this Crotty demurred, setting forth ably that he only asked a half-penny for tobacco from a man he knew, because, sure enough, he was to be up early next morning to mend some old shoes. The cobbler "of many years standing" was discharged by the considerate magistrates, the mendicancy with which he was charged being his maiden offence.

At the last session of the Board of Poor-Law Guardians there was a great dispute about the baker, and the bread to be furnished. Some one said the latter was as good as that furnished to the Limerick Union. Mr. Cadogan protested—the Limerick bread was like turf!

Then follows this highly entertaining dialogue:

"Mr. Elliott moved that the baker be referred to the committee.

"Mr. Grubb—I second that motion.'

"The master, on being called up, stated that the baker was not competent to keep accounts.

"Mr. Carrigan—What way did he put down 108?

"Master—He put it down 1008 (laughter).

"Mr. Carrigan—A man of that class is not fit to take charge of the bakehouse."

At the last meeting of the Dungarvan Guardians, a young lad, named Power, made a piteous complaint against his late master, Mr. Mansfield, a farmer from Ardmore. In the first place, he had no shoes to go through the "furze and freagh" with, to mind the cattle; and then Mr. Mansfield bought a penny-worth of bread for him, and eat the half of it himself. At this the Guardians laughed loudly, and thought it great fun.

John D'Alton, in his last work, entitled *King James's Irish Army List*, has a long account of the Sherlocks. The recollection of the many pleasant hours you often spent in and about Killaspy, the seat of the living representatives of the family, will render this item of news interesting to you. The List mentioned proves them to be a magnificent old stock.

The County Dublin Militia is here still. They had a review on Lombard's Marsh (the site of the new park) last week. Their Colonel, the Earl of Meath, did himself the honor of putting them through their facings. Lord St. Lawrence, (the Lieut. Colonel) was on the field. What a spicy cock-robin that little chap is! I remember him in July, '46, in the Phœnix Park, riding a race, ('twas a "gentleman's race," of coorse, and over the coorse) against some officers of Lord Paget's dragoons. The cock-robin came in sweating, a neck and a half ahead; and the moment he did, (the cheering drove me half mad) his father the Earl of Howth, strode up, and lifted the little chap, boots, whip, and all in the most beautiful style, clean out of the saddle.

After the review on the Marsh, the officers and men enjoyed themselves at the expense of two cripples, who undertook to run a race, a few yards, for a shilling a head. Highly humane and religious amusement, no doubt! Extremely worthy of Irish officers and soldiers, blazing in scarlet, bedizened with gold, and thirsting for glory. They'd look well themselves, pelting down Beresford street, out to the Manor, with their heads under their arms, or otherwise crippled, and all for a quid of tobacco, like Crotty the cobbler.

Having mentioned the Manor, I can't help somewhat mournfully referring to the death of Mrs. George Wyse, which took place in Kingstown, near Dublin, about three weeks ago. All your Waterford friends in America know her to have been the sister-in-law of our very eminent and highly honored fellow-citizen, Thomas Wyse, at present, and for some years past, British Minister at Athens. Mrs. Wyse's daughter, Winifred, who is as good as she is beautiful—and she is still as beautiful as the first rich blush of summer—is deeply to be pitied. Waterford has long been proud of her, and now most tenderly and deeply condoles with her. To the stoniest heart, it is a touching sight, that of a beautiful and queenly girl in tears for her mother, and, as poor Winifred Wyse may be said to be, alone in the world.

Ever believe in the memory, heart and soul of

THE METAL-MAN.

Irish News.

An amusing story is going the round of society in Dublin. A certain Dean, who is desirous of standing well with the Castle, and who has frequent interviews with the Lord Lieutenant, gave his Excellency a letter to read which he had just received from a gentleman in the Crimea, formerly his Excellency's private secretary. His Excellency read with much satisfaction till he came to a postcript, which, it seems, had escaped the Rev. Dean's notice, and then his face darkened, and he asked the Dean whether he had read the whole letter. "Yes," replied his Reverence; "very amusing, isn't it?" His Excellency returned the letter, and the confounded Dean then read: "Can it be true that old ass C——, is going to marry Rose————?" naming a young lady, one of the belles of Dublin. Whether his Excellency, in anger, or the Dean, in distress, disclosed the story, is not known. We can only say that the tale is generally credited, and excites unbounded merriment in the gay circles of the Irish capital.

The Dublin Company's steamer, the Windsor, has been chartered by the French government to carry stock and passengers from Dublin to Havre. The fares for bulls, cows, implements and produce, vary from £3 10s. to £2, according to the size and age of the animals. Rams, boars, and sows, from £1 10s. to 10s. each, and farm implements and produce at £1 per ton, or 2s. the cwt., according to the weight or size of the article, and the room it will take up in the stowage. Herds and caretakers in charge of animals will be carried free.

The Drogheda Corporation will shortly, it is stated, by one of the most solvent in Ireland, offer the sale of some of their outlying property, which will soon take place in the Encumbered Estates Court. They will, it is said, be enabled to discharge every shilling of their bonded debt. By the decision of the House of Lords in the case of the Corporation *v.* Holmes, the accession to their funds will leave a clear income of some £,4000 per annum.

The Limerick *Reporter* says: "The intelligence conveyed as to the free pardon of Wm. Smith O'Brien, was received by his old neighbors and friends in the town and vicinity of Rathkeale with the most joyous enthusiasm. Immediate preparations were made for the purpose of giving expression to the ardent feelings of joy by which all classes in the town are actuated. There was a general illumination; nearly every house in the town shone with the emblems of congratulation, including the residence of the Venerable Archdeacon, &c., &c." The writer says: "I may state that the announcement in a cotemporary to the effect that Mr. Smith O'Brien may be immediately expected home is incorrect. He is not expected till the middle of July, when he will be received by his friends and tenantry in the neighborhood with every demonstration of unabated regard and warmth. There has been no better landlord, and in all the relations of private life, no more estimable gentleman."

Dr. Donovan delivered on the 10th a lecture on Irish Sirnames, in continuation of a similar one given on the Tuesday previous. He began by showing the analogy between the Russian affix "off," or "ofma," and the Irish "O" and "Mac," and said that the word "son," in most of the Northern nations, has a distinctive prefix or affix allotted to it. He then explained how several of the English sirnames became Hibernicised, and said that the native Irish, in process of time, modified their sirnames, till, at length, they merged into an Anglican shape, and lost their ancient peculiarities almost totally. He then proceeded to refute an assertion of the poet Spencer, who, in a dialogue between two imaginary personages, attempted to show that several ancient Irish families were of English descent, because they chanced to inherit patronymics which sounded as though they were of British origin.

The Clonmel *Chronicle* says:—As a man named Patrick Christopher, better known as Paddy Bawn, and who was formerly leader of one of those disgraceful factions which were ever the fertile source of crime, was returning from the fair of Mountaincastle, between this town and Cappoquin, he received a severe blow on the side of the head while shouting defiance towards some members of an opposing faction. The blow felled the unfortunate man, and his assailants, not content with the injury which had been inflicted, flung more stones at Christopher while he lay on the road, and then decamped. Their victim was discovered lying lifeless not a great distance from his house. A hat, which is now in the possession of the constabulary, was since found by a carman while coming along the road near the halfway house.

An inquest has been held in order to see whether any information could be gained relative to the skeleton lately discovered in a bog near Claudy. One witness was examined, who was well acquainted with Mr. Lambkin, the Excise officer, whose skeleton it is supposed to be. The man swore that that gentleman had often expressed fears that he would be waylaid by some people named the Matthews, because he had not screened their shortcomings in connection with their paper mill. A medical gentleman was examined, who said the remains were those of a human being, and that the hair appeared to be that of a male. It was also deposed that the cloth in which the body was enveloped was a kind of coarse wrapper, sometimes used in the manufacture of paper.

The *Ulsterman* 16th ult., announces the death of the Rev. George M'Crane. The sad event took place on Wednesday, at the residence of his father, in Gormanstown, where he had been for some time, laboring under consumption. This excellent young priest, who had been partly educated at Maynooth, and completed his studies in the Irish College of Salamanca, was well known and respected in Belfast having been on the mission here up to the time of his iliness. He was chaplain to the Convent, and the Lunatic Asylum. He was as remarkable for his zeal as for his amiability, and was specially distinguished by his indefatigable exertions in raising subscriptions for, and furthering the erection of, the new Convent,

Announcing the death of the Rev. Thos. Cody, the Glasgow *Free Press* says:—This estimable clergyman breathed his last at his residence in Monteith-row, on Thursday evening, after a short illness. Father Cody was born in the city of Cashel, in Ireland, about thirty-eight years ago, in a city which has given saints to the church, as it gave monarchs to the country. After spending some time at Carlow, he was removed to the Missionary College of All Hallows, near Dublin, in which he concluded his studies, and was shortly after his entrance ordained for the Scottish mission in the year 1844.

"In Cork," said O'Connell, "I remember a supernumerary crier, who had been put up in place of an invaiid, trying to disperse the crowd by exclaiming with a stentorian voice—"All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers, lave the presence o' the coort entirely, or I'll make you, by the powers."

Mr. Dargan and a few of the principal share-holders in the Cork, Blackrock, and Passage Railway Company, have effected the purchase of the interests of the Cork River Steamers Company. By this arrangement the boats and railway will henceforward be under one management.

The Rev. Moses Mitchell, vicar of Kirknewton, has committed suicide by shooting himself. At the inquest it appeared that he had previously been subject to fits of great despondency, and the jury found a verdict of "temporary insanity."

The Very Rev. William Fitzpatrick, O. S. D., aged about 72 years, died on the 1st inst., at the Dominican Convent, Esker, county of Galway. The venerated deceased was one of the now few surviving fraternity of the "olden time."

The several recruiting parties in Ireland, which were receiving volunteers for the line, have been ordered to join their respective regiments. Lieutenant Squirl, of this town, and parties under him, will leave in a few days.—*Boyle Gazette.*

A captain of the Clare Militia is engaged to be married to a lady of £42,000 fortune. One of the subalterns of the same corps has left for London, to conclude a matrimonial alliance with a fair lady of enormous wealth.

There is at present being exhibited at our hide and skin market, a calf skin with two heads, two mouths, four eyes, and four ears, eight feet, and two tails, all perfectly shaped and formed.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

The Association for the Propagation of the Faith received for the month ending the 8th of May the sum of £367 1s 4d, of which £5 11s 8d was from the diocese, and £3 6s 1d from the archdiocese of Cashel.

The officers of the French war-ships at Kingstown were entertained at dinner at the Mansion House, Dublin, by the Lord Mayor.

An Irish horse, "Paddy Boy," won at the great race meeting in the Crimea.

Answers to Correspondents.

A stupidly offensive typographical error occurred in our list of "Books Received," last week: the word *Blind* was printed instead of *Blessed*, in the title of "The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary: By Monsigr. Rounald Gentillucci," published by James B. Kirker. (Dunigan & Brother.)

M. McC., Vanleek Hill, Canada West.—Works in the Irish tongue are very scarce here. Haverty, corner of Fulton and Dutch streets, or Bradburne, corner of Fulton and Nassau, are the only parties we know through whom you might be able to procure such as you want.

J. B. Syracuse.—It has long since been shown, by incontrovertible authority, that Riley, of Mexican War traitorism notoriety, was not an Irishman.

Reviews of Brougham's "Irish Echoes," and "Dramatic Works," and many other interesting favors from the publishers, are crowded out.

Mr. Meagher has nothing to do with the business affairs of the *Irish News*. Mr. Lalor has the entire management of them, and it is to him all letters upon the subject are to be addressed.

Felix asks us who we think is the most eloquent and gifted of the Irish members of Parliament at present. We are rather disposed to mention John Francis Maguire, the member for Dungarvan, in answer to that question. Though devoid of many of the graces of eloquence, he has a copiousness of imagery and words, a vigor of thought, and a forcible and clinching way of driving his points home and fastening them there, which place him high above all his countrymen in Parliament. When he first stood for Dungarvan, he met Shiel face to face on the hustings, and opened on him a tremendous argument and rebuke. At first, Shiel was considerably nettled; but finding his opponent was a man of true metal, as sound as he was bright, he gradually reconciled himself to his rhetoric, and before it was over, used frequently to exclaim, as Maguire came out with something very good, "Capital, by Jove!—Capital hit, by Jove!" Two or three days after this, we met Shiel in Waterford, and referring to the election, he spoke in raptures about Maguire.

"*A Shark*" wants to know whether it was round the Horn, or through the Straits of Magellan we came, on our way from Australia. As we're on dry land, we've no objection to inform the *Shark* of our movements. We came round the Horn, keeping a hundred miles to the south of the island of Diego di Ramirez.

We have had a long and patriotic letter from a respected citizen of Belfast, Maine, condemning the conduct of young Jerome Bonaparte, in resigning his commission in the American Army (Mounted Rifles) and entering the service of Louis Napoleon. The writer asks us, if we agree with him. To be sure we do. To be an American citizen is infinitely a grander privilege than to be the subject of any King or Queen.

"*An uncompromising Repealer*" thinks we ought to have said more about Mr. Crampton's dismissal. So we might, if we had thought it worth while. A word, after such a waste of time and paper, was quite enough to spend upon it. When the Earl of Haddington (the great Orange Lord-Lieutenant) was leaving Dublin, escorted by squadrons of Hussars and Dragoons, and followed by hundreds of carriages (containing the wealthiest and most arrogant of the Irish aristocracy) O'Connell, who happened to see the procession from the other side of the Liffey, (he was standing on the foot-path of Ormond Quay at the time), remarked to a friend, on whose arm he was leaning—"That's a nice turn-out." The same may be politely said of Mr. Crampton's dismissal. The weather is trying—we are disposed to be languid—and strong talk quickly evaporates. The "*uncompromising Repealer*" had better take a bottle of soda water, and keep his blood perfectly cool.

"*Jupiter*" asks us if we met any Irishmen the time we were in Pernambuco, Brazils. Certainly we did. The evening after landing, we were strolling through the city, gaping and gazing at every thing from the gutter to the garret, when the name of *Malowney*, on a green sign-board, caught our eye. Entering the shop or store, over the doorway of which it hung, we found *Malowney* himself, in his shirt-sleeves, with a black velvet smoking-cap on his scalp, and a large pair of silver-mounted spectacles astride the bridge of his nose, with a huge pair of shears cutting out a coat. As we intend that *Malowney* shall occupy a front seat in our little theatre of Personal Recollections, that's all we'll say about him for the present.

"*Dennis O'Leary* writes to us an inflammatory letter, from Babylon, Long Island, intimating generally his approval of the *News*, but begging of us (these are his words) to "set more fire to our paper." We are grateful to *Dennis* for his approval and wise counsel. But crackers and fireworks don't come in till the Fourth of July. They're a nuisance every other day of the year.

"*Castledermot*"—Decidedly so. Gerald Griffin has written far away the finest Irish novel in print. Nothing that Lover, or Carleton, or Lever, or even Banim has written, as a sustained effort, is comparable to the *Collegians*. As for *Gissipus*, 'tis the most exquisitely classic production ever put upon the English stage. But to think that poor Griffin was cold in his grave long before the world knew of his beautiful grand genius, and that this glorious masterpiece of art, which for nearly one hundred nights won the loud applauses of all London, should have been returned to him by Macready, when he was in the very agonies of hunger!

"*Pluto*," from Hellgate, East River, writes to us pretty much in the same style as Dennis O'Leary, of Babylon, has done. He, too, suggests to us a more plentiful use of patriotic brimstone. We're "altogether too cold," he says. Pluto's suggestion, at the very first smell, indicates the locality from which it emanates.

"*An ardent well-wisher.*" We refer him and his manuscript to *Pluto's* inflammable region.

"*Portumna*" asks a kindly and loving question about the life and death of Thomas McNevin. Our correspondent may rest assured we shall not, nor cannot, forget this brilliant young writer and orator. The works his industrious genius has left to the Irish race have made his name memorable. The *History of the Volunteers* and the *Confiscation of Ulster* we class among the most precious volumes of the *Library of Ireland*. Unfortunately, we met him only a year before the eclipse of his intellect took place. The first time we saw him was in the Committee-room of the Repeal Association. A debate on some report was going on. A dull and cumbersome lawyer (whose ceremonious stupidity had acquired for him the reputation of profound sagacity) had just sat down, after urging his objections against a bold national sentiment or two contained in the report. "My learned friend," says McNevin, "may exhibit all the solemnity, but I much doubt if he possesses the wisdom of Minerva's bird." The lawyer was ever after known as "the owl."

Judge Ball is still on the Bench. He was incorrigibly fond of interrupting witnesses and counsel, and making fun of both by soliciting (with the utmost apparent innocence) explanations of statements and questions, the meaning of which was as clear as day. Everybody in Ireland knows what a field-laborer means when he says he's been "fencing." It means digging ditches—throwing up hedges or fences. "What were you doing?" asked the Counsel, of a witness one day, at the Waterford assizes. "Fencing," your honor. Judge Ball interposed. "Fencing?" said he, as gravely as a sexton could say it—"with foils, do you mean?" There was a pause and a titter. "No, my Lord," says the witness, "we were fencing with spades." Spades proved trumps. The red Ball was cushioned.

"*Shamrock*" sent us a pleasant little letter with his "Misadventure" last week. He says:

"Herewith you have a 'Misadventure,' the first I have written since '46 or '47. I hope it may suit your pages; if so, pray look to the proof-sheets yourself, as there are several technical terms that may possibly bother a Yankee compositor. Tell Savage that I am very grateful to him for the honorable mention he has made of me in his "'98 and '48." Indeed, it made me blush, from my os calcis to the occipito-frontalis, to read such exaggerated praises of one who, tho' he suffered much, certainly *did* but little. I wish I had a chance to publish my 'Misadventures' in New-York. Would Redfield take them?"

Young Woman from Thurles—whether Nick Maher, of Turtulla, is alive or dead. We lost sight of him long ago. As a patriot, he wasn't worth a kish load of turf. As an orator, he was something a little more decent than Sir Timothy O'Brien, the Member for Cashel.

MR. TIMOTHY EDWARD HUGHES, has received our written authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "Irish News," throughout the New-England States.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1856.

THE NOMINATION.

In the damp and drizzle of Friday morning, the 6th of June, a roar of cannon, from the Park and Brooklyn Heights, announced the will of the American Democracy. On the seventeenth ballot, by acclamation, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, was declared by the Convention of Cincinnati, the chosen candidate for the Presidency.

The continuous peals of artillery with which the news of the prompt and unanimous decision of the Convention was received in this, and the sister city of the Churches, but echoed, it seems, the hearty delight with which the nomination has been received throughout the Union. Every morning since, the telegraph has notified the offices of the daily papers, that the great cities of the West have signalized the event with all the enthusiasm of a national ovation.

From the Lakes to the Hudson, popular orators have congratulated America upon the wisdom of the Convention, and thousands, it appears, have with their tumultuous cheers ratified the choice which their delegates lost so little time in determining.

Belfast, in Maine, has had its glad hurrah; and to-morrow, no doubt, we shall hear of a triumphal ode spoken in the Rotunda of the St. Louis, at New-Orleans, and illuminations, torch-light processions, and a profusion of fire-works, all through the gay and chivalrous capital of Louisiana. The Atlantic and Pacific will clasp hands across the prairies, and pledge each other to a victory in November for the Constitution, the civil and religious liberty it defines, and the majestic unity of States which it has founded and confirms.

In the city of Washington, the oldest and youngest Senators of the Republic—both eloquent and bold champions of the great Democratic dogmas—have spoken to a vast multitude under the Capitolian hill, words of generous devotion to the man, who for a short contest their competitor with the people, stands now before the world the legitimate and recognized choice of the Democracy, destined to perpetuate, as Chief Magistrate of this opulent and powerful commonwealth, the principles of Jefferson, Monroe and Jackson.

The speeches of Senators Douglas and Cass were worthy of their fame, their heart, their statesmanship, and cause. The speech of President Pierce, if anything were wanting to complete the happiness and promise of the event, gracefully hailed and crowned it.

The architect of his own fortune; rapidly rising to distinction among the most notable lawyers of his native State; a staunch supporter of President Monroe; the steady, warm, and trusted friend of Andrew Jackson; occupying for years seats in both Houses of Congress; Minister to Russia under President Jackson; Secretary of State under President Polk; Minister to England under the present Administration; he has, through a series of great services and successes, proved himself well worthy to preside over the affairs of this magnificent country. No public man, we believe, in these days covers so broad a space, stands so firmly upon his antecedents, and gives from such a fortunate and illustrious experience so many guarantees that under his management the country will be united and prosperous within, and in all its transactions, whether of peace or war, will be honored and honorable, at home and abroad.

The platform he accepts deprecates the bigotry of Know-Nothingism; reasserts the liberality, wisdom, and grandeur of the elder statesmen of America; enunciates positively, and insists upon, the integrity of American citizenship, irrespective of creed or birth-place. For which reasons—and for the additional one of his being, as Jackson was, the son of an Irishman—we heartily wish him the most brilliant success, and pledge him our friendliest and most strenuous support.

THE IRISH MILITIA.

There's a fresh grievance, it appears, to complain of at home. The militia regiments, enrolled during the Crimean campaign, are to be shortly disbanded. The Irish regiments lead the way. They are not to have the privilege of being devoured last. The Polyphemus, in whose clutches they are, treats them with no consideration whatever. Of this the Irish press, from Derry to Dingle, bitterly complain. With a storm of reproaches, they accuse the English Government, in whose service they exhaust their pens, with adding another act of heartless injustice to the long list of wrongs and insults it has heaped upon Ireland.

Many of them warm into the most eloquent abundance of denunciatory adjectives, and rising with the vengeful spirit of the theme, precipitate volumes of prophetic wrath against the mistress that has turned to marble upon them. England is reminded of the impetuous alacrity with which her Irish subjects threw themselves into the stony bed of the Alma, and threw up their hats for the victory. Paraphrases of Shiel's famous passage about Wellington and the aliens, flash and thunder through the columns of Gazettes, Chronicles, and Reporters.

Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets deepest into the foe at Inkerman? What sabres proved the sharpest in the charge of Balaklava? Who was Redan Massey? Was not De Lacy Evans nursed to the tune of Garryowen? Did the Zouaves fling themselves against the belching batteries of Sebastopol with an intrepidity more dashing, reckless, and desperate, than our own boys from Enniskillen and Connaught?

These, and such as these, are the questions which in a fiery torrent—a Phlegethon of rhetoric—beat round the foot of that throne, to revive the faded gilding of which, these poor slaves in red coats have ached for days and nights, sweating, shivering, and bleeding unto death, all along those steppes which crown with iron the black Euxine. And they ask, if a country whose sons have thus proved their loyalty to England, is to be outraged and defrauded? For these our services is the Irish militia to be disbanded? For these our services, are we, of the three nationalities which make up this compact empire of Great Britain, to be the first carted to the scaffold, robbed of our shilling a day, stripped of our livery, thrown flat on our face, and shortened by our shako?

The whine and *wirrasthru* is everywhere taken up. Hardly does it subside for an hour in Dublin, before the lachrymose editors of the South give it to the winds and mist of their beautiful province. The last note of the lamentation is still throbbing through the Groves of Blarney, or floating over Cromwell's Rock, or mingling with the chimes of St. Mary's tower of Limerick, when, with the broadest accent, it is caught up somewhere about Carrickfergus, and from there it sweeps round and all over the cliffs and lakes, castles and homesteads of the strong North, clamorous enough to wake the armed sleepers in the enchanted cave of Innishowen.

It pains us to see so much vexation of heart. It pains us infinitely more to witness at this day in Ireland such miserable humility, and find them down on their marrow-bones begging of England not to take away their elegant clothes, and their shilling a day. It pains us to the quick to see a splendid opportunity, open as the sea itself, gradually narrow and close up, and another dark wall thicken round the hopes which had risen from the tomb.

The Irish militia regiments are to be disbanded—the quicker the better.

With no irreverence for a noble institution do we say this. A national militia has ever our enthusiastic word and cheer. We know what it has done on the soil of Greece for the fame and freedom of a graceful, eloquent, and glorious people. We know what it won for the Republic of the Seven Hills, in Sicily and Spain, beyond the Rhine, and even to the Tweed. The crags and glaciers of the Alps in sublime silence chronicle the victories of the Swiss militia over the armies of Austria, Bavaria, and Burgundy. The turbaned legions of the Bosphorous turned and fled before the militia of Poland, when the Crescent had reached its highest point in the western sky, and threatened to eclipse the Cross of Constantine. The mighty obelisk overlooking the bay of Charlestown, the broad waters of the Delaware, the beautiful column in Savannah sacred to the memory of Pulaski, the green mounds stretching away, and the trees dotting the fields from the Mississippi to the Bayou Bienvenue, the beach at Vera Cruz, the white walls of Chepultepec, the pyramid of Cholula, the black forest of Contreras—a thousand scenes and monuments, the hand of art and the soul of nature, far and wide proclaim the triumphs of the American militia.

In a word, we know, as Thomas Davis has written, that a national militia is the only force which can repel the invader, without endangering the citizen; and with him we hold that a national militia is sanctioned by the history of Ireland and of England, is dear to the Constitution, honored by victory,

and flourishes at this hour in Prussia, Switzerland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, and America—the most spirited States and confederacies in the world.

What Ireland once accomplished with the mere parade of her militia, the imperishable words of Grattan announce to all time. Before us, as we write, hangs the fine engraving of Collyer, representing the Volunteers, with their colors, artillery, and cavalry, drawn up on both sides of King William's statue in College Green. A salute has just been fired. A dense bank of grayish smoke shuts out the rear ranks of the soldiers, high over which, the quaint faces of the old houses of Dame street, and the noble arches and architraves of the Parliament-house, and the double cupola and corinthian capitals of Trinity College appear. The windows of the houses are filled with ladies. In the foreground stands the Duke of Leinster and Lord Charlemont, their swords drawn. A squadron of dragoons occupy the right of the Generals. Two field-pieces, under the command of old Napper Tandy, are stationed on the left. No Napoleonist could look with deeper sorrow on the *Farewell of Fontainebleau*, than do we on that splendid vision of Ireland in arms, invoking Liberty, in the august shadow of her Senate. It reminds us of what Ireland was, of what she might have been, of what she has come to be.

How the Volunteers failed, broke up, and vanished fruitlessly into history, most men at this day know. It is useless to repeat the dreary story. Enough to say, that with arms in their hands, 100,000 strong, they suffered themselves to be deceived by the fair looks and words of the schemers in the pay of England, and proclaimed the independence of the country without providing for its security. The courteous imbecility of Charlemont, their General-in-Chief, deepened the mischief which their own chivalrous credulity was unfortunate enough to generate. The consummate villainy of Castlereagh quickened the disease to a crisis, and the century threw its dawning light on a nation, sitting in rags and fetters, with a broken sceptre at her naked feet.

Whatever the error, the mischief, and disgrace incurred by the Volunteers of 1782; however stupidly they permitted themselves to be seduced into a ruinous confidence, and suffered their country to be seized, gagged, and plundered in their presence; all might have been retrieved, had the men of this generation in Ireland been inspired with the spirit which has bequeathed us the Declaration of Rights, the genius which circled it with a divine light, and the republicanism which grew out of it, adding new splendors to the martyrology of our race.

Again, as in the time of the Volunteers, was Ireland left to her own resources. Again was England plunged into a foreign war—the bloodiest and most sumptuous into which she has flung her sweat and treasure—and again was Ireland free to determine for herself a future of happiness and high honor. The Militia were called out. Landlords, lawyers, peasants, and mechanics, stood shoulder to shoulder, arms in their hands, sentinelling the Irish coast, with none to dispute with them possession of the land that bore them, and none to contradict the decree for Irish freedom, had they had the manhood to send it forth. Never was a nation so generously invited by great events to better her condition. Never was a nation offered so propitious an opportunity for a complete redemption, and an Olympic race of glory.

But far more culpably than the Volunteers, who erred in judgment only, and not in heart, the Irish militia of to-day sin against the noblest memories of their country, the wounds which cry out for vengeance, the hopes and prayers of our race dispersed throughout the world, and the special goodness of Providence.

Away with them!

BRITISH POLICY AND NICARAGUAN HONESTY.

The news of the war between Nicaragua and Costa Rica affords the London *Times* an opportunity—which Aminadab Sleek could not better embrace—with pious prevarication, to roll up the whites of its eyes with sanctimonious unction and howl with the admonitions of internal philanthropy.

Of course, the religiously inclined Thunderer is not particularly attentive as to the truth of the text from which he preaches, or more truly, he wraps it up in such a leaden cloud of misrepresentation, as completely shuts out all glimpses of the Heaven he implores. We see nothing, and only hear the noise, which, from the oleaginous nature of its medium, fully illustrates that hitherto unaccountable phrase in Festus—"buttered thunder."

Central America is a nightmare to the *Times*. "Confusion, anarchy, and bloodshed" sit upon its chest, squeezing its devout diaphragm, roaring anti-British diatribes into one ear, and scoffing at Clayton-Bulwer Treaties into the other—tearing asunder its Exeter-Hall eyelids, and searing its sacred balls with gouts of blood.

After six years, of devoted and malign assiduity, and, it must be admitted, fearless audacity, in attempting to fix itself firmly in Central America, and seize two-thirds of that pathway of empire—after the successful bewildering of General Taylor's administration, and the unceremonious laughing at Fillmore's—after achieving Clayton-Bulwer Treaties, the *universal* benevolence of which completely overshadowed all distinct American interests; and eating diplomatic Webster-Bulwer dinners, at which the distinguished consideration of the former was less effective than the renewed London Assurance of the latter—after the coast had been cleared, a multi-blooded Indian declared King of Mosquito and "ally of her most gracious majesty," San Juan seized and baptized in rum by the name of Greytown, the islands of Tigre and Ruatan "filibustered" on European principles, and the whole Central American question so interwoven and tangled with well-assumed misunderstanding, and well-defined doggedness—after such a series of successes, the present state of affairs in Nicaragua falls heavily on the soul of Anglo-Saxon intervention.

It is no wonder, then, that the *Times* speaks of war in Central America as "butcheries which disgrace humanity," "savage excesses and simple barbarism," &c. It broadly states that General Walker "possessed himself of the Nicaraguan Government, not, it would appear, without protest from the native authorities," which is a notorious and characteristic falsehood. General Walker did not possess himself of anything. He was invited to aid in stilling the troubled waters of Nicaraguan politics. The President's Message, which places the matter in a prominent historical position, distinctly says, that the "assistance and co-operation" of General Walker and his little legion of Americans was invited. But before President Pierce had so recognized the fact, its truth was beyond cavil, and actually the cause which gave stability to the Nicaraguan Government, and consequently recognition by the United States.

Again, the *Times* says, "He (Walker) has invaded Costa Rica," which is quite the reverse of the truth, Costa Rica having invaded Nicaragua.

Taking such views, and making such misrepresentation, the *Times* follows up by asking "who is responsible for this deplorable state of things in Central America—for this reign of anarchy, horror, and blood, in the place of that smiling commerce and peaceful prosperity which the framers of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty contemplated for these States?"

Replying in the negative for Great Britain, it lays the whole onus of the inability of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty with, as we imagine, considerable satire, at the door of the United States. The whole thing is an attempt at wretched special pleading. General Walker has done more to shiver the pretensions of England in Central America than the combined labors of the many agents of the U. S. Government who have dealt with the question. Not but that Mr. Hise and Mr. Squier took good grounds, but Walker has taken the only means by which the English are brought to their senses.

When Mr. Buchanan was Secretary of State, he said truly (in a letter to Mr. Hise, then American Chargé to Central America), "The object of Great Britain is evident from *the policy she has uniformly pursued throughout her history* of seizing upon every valuable commercial point of the world." These ideas in words almost identical were illutsrated by the correspondence of British officials, as we shall show. Mr. Buchanan indicated the purpose of England to be the controlling of the route between the Atlantic and Pacific; but her design evidently went further in the desire not only to control but to obstruct the Pacific route. The astute policy pursued by her statesmen warned them that trouble was in the future. Great Britain could manage Costa Rica quietly; it being considered "a kind of second Mosquito, practically a British Colony, in which sundry petty dictators" were the mere puppets of British influence; and to the truth of which recent accounts furnish a somewhat satisfactory index. On the other hand, Nicaragua was regarded as Republican in spirit and organization; and from the first, says the *Democratic Review*, "presented an obstacle to British policy, which neither cajolery nor threats has been able to remove, and which finally has made her the victim of British insult and agression."

This, however, is about to draw to a close, and the prophecy of one of the British sub-officials has been already, to a great extent translated into a bitter fact.

Early in 1849 the British Vice-Consul at Nicaragua, Mr. Manning, wrote to Lord Palmerston, thus—"My opinion is, that this country will be over-run by American adventurers, and consequently, bring on Her Majesty's government, disagreeable communications with that of the United States." To stem this tide of adventure, and chiefly the "disagreeable communications," &c., the Vice-Consul suggested that a *protectorate* should immediately be negotiated, and a *transit* favorable to British interests managed. "The welfare of my country," continues the patriotic and crafty Vice-Consul," and the desire of its obtaining the control of so desirable a spot in the commercial world, and free it from the competition of so adventurous a race as the North Americans, induces the writer to make such propositions;" which met with immediate action from the British Government.

The humbling of Costa Rica, and its proven inability to either warp by intellectual influence, or cow by arms the progressive state of Nicaragua, the settled strength of the political element in the latter, and the advantages it offers to emigration—which a leading city contemporary has, in the face of all geographical and statistical knowledge, attempted to disparage—its American strength, heartiness, and vigor—the infusion of that "adventurous race," which Mr. Manning, in common with all Englishmen, so much envy in business, and have such good reason to dread in war,—these guarantee the brilliant life of Nicaragua, and through it the safety of the Central American States, and the speedy demolition of English ferreting there.

RELICS OF SAINT QUIETUS.

A portion of our City Press, either from inexcusable ignorance, or for furthering political designs, have, with much flippant discourtesy, commented on the ceremonies with which the Catholic Church at Hoboken received the relics of Saint Quietus.

In a country which professes to be Christian—to believe in the Religion of the Saviour of mankind—we were not a little surprised at the profligate sneers with which the Press we allude to regarded those ceremonies.

It is a matter of frequent practice, we are aware, to declare the liberties of the country in danger, from the sinister designs of the Pope, the intrigues of the Jesuits, or some other bug-bear of the kind equally illusory. Such charges and pretences may serve to propogate the political faith which ignores everything that is foreign—even the Religion of Him who was born in Judea.

But when those by whom the truths of history are well known and understood—who profess a belief in the Christian Religion, and ridicule its evidences—go out of their way in discussing the secular affairs of the day, to insult the faith of the Christian, then is it necessary for us to protest against such assaults, in the name of that Christianity which is common to the land.

It has never, we apprehend, been pretended by the believer in the truths of the Bible that, during the primitive ages of the Church, she was other than the pillar and ground of truth. During the time when, by the common consent of approving sects, the Church was immaculate and pure, those who embraced the faith did so with the certainty, their profession of faith would require the sacrifice of their lives. In the face of torments and death, they believed and proclaimed their belief, and died the champions of the Cross.

They were pursued by fire and sword—by wild beasts, made ferocious with hunger, but not so ferocious as the Pagans who devoted their victims to destruction. Their heroic firmness won the admiration of the beholders, who, at first looking on their suffering with apathy, were overcome by the spectacle of a heroism so sublime. In seeking for the cause of such self-sacrificing devotion, they discovered the secret of eternal life, and became themselves ready to perish for their faith. The blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church. Does not every Christian know and believe this?

In secret recesses, in caverns and catacombs which surround the City of Rome, those early Martyrs were interred, with those evidences which to after ages have revealed for how many years they professed the faith, and that they died for it. History and tradition have preserved the memory of all this. The blood thus profusely shed, as it exuded from the veins of the victims, was caught up and preserved by the Faithful—interred in the cup which received it, with the remains of the dead—that it might serve as an attestation of the holy cause for which that blood had been shed.

In reviewing the treasures and relics of the past, is there any thing from Nineveh and Babylon produced by the excavations and discoveries of Layard, or from Herculaneum and Pompeii, worthy to be honored with the regard which the Christian should pay to the remains of him who died for his faith in the first days of the Church? No matter to what Christian sect he may belong, can he regard without emotion or reverence those mute but undeniable testimonials which are evidence to his senses of the truth of the narrative which tells of the persecution to which the early Christians were exposed? Should not these relics, purged of all earthly dross, be kept as a sacred deposit by all who feel an interest in the truth of Religion, and the integrity of History?

Can any American who knows that the bones of the Martyrs of the Revolution were reverentially gathered from the shore where the prison-ship had consigned them at the Wallabout, to be buried with military honors, feel it to be an insensate devotion to dead men's bones that causes the Catholic Church to inter in the bosom of her altars the bones of the martyrs who died the soldiers of Christ, in the grandest revolution the world has ever known?

A revolution which changed the destiny of mankind—confounded the Jew and the Gentile—and, by the light which shines from Calvary, guides man in the pursuit of the happines of eternal life.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE GALWAY ELECTION—A JAUNT DAY AND NIGHT TO LOUGHREA.

It was snowing heavily the morning I set out from Dublin to cross the Shannon. Mitchel was with me. We breakfasted about five o'clock at Mackin's Hotel, in Dawson street; after which we crossed over, and took our seats in the day-coach for Ballinasloe. It was an extraordinary queer coach. The only one of the sort, I believe, in Ireland. The wheels, axles, and splinter-bars, were painted yellow. The body, a dingy carmine. Having glass panels all round, it resembled the Civic state-coach. The drowsiness of its look completed the resemblance. The usual bustle, blundering of hostlers and office-clerks, importunities of waiters and newsmen—there are no newsboys in Ireland—being cut short by the coachman mounting the box and shaking out his reins, in a few minutes we were smartly trotting through Dame street, on our road to Kilcock.

The day's journey was woeful. It snowed the whole way. But that was no novelty, for it had been snowing a week previous. The road, for three or four feet in many places, was carpetted with the beautiful white flakes, and not a trace of a hedge or a ditch, hay-stack or tree, could be seen. We changed horses at Kilcock, Kinnegad, and Kilbeggan, and a number of other lively and flourishing towns like them, finding nothing all the way through, not even a comical beggar, to relieve the spotless monotony of the wearisome scene. It was the dreariest drive I ever sat out. If that can be called a drive, which was a dead walk for more than two-thirds of the road. At several points we had to get out, and trudge it on foot some hundreds of perches, the snow was so deep. Were it not for this, and the company of a villainous red-faced rogue—the under-sheriff of Roscommon—who entertained us with professional anecdotes, demonstrative of his profound sagacity and skill, the journey would have been the most desolate blank.

The under-sheriff, some years before, had been a constable in Dublin, and many of his experiences in that city were sparklingly told, with an unctuous twinkling of his dewy greenish small eye, and other lively intimations of the relish the retrospect of his past life afforded him. One or two popular Irish Members of Parliament figured brilliantly in his choice reminiscences; one, in particular, from the hospitable region of Connaught. The conversational powers of the delicate official were equalled only by the avidity he repeatedly expressed for spatched snipe, a little buttered toast, a broiled kidney well peppered, and any quantity of blazing hot punch. He not only finished off every little *souvenir* with a heartfelt aspiration for these necessaries of life, but very often blended them fragrantly with the narrative, or suddenly diversified the stream of his discourse with abrupt eulogies in their favor.

"'Twould be so nice," he used to sigh, drawing himself tight and cozy back into the corner of the coach, and giving himself a delicious hug, "'twould be so nice to have that spatched snipe, that broiled kidney, and lashings of punch to wash them all down with!"

This sentiment was the savory burden of his remarks. Every time it escaped him, he winked an eye or two, smacked and licked his lips, squeezed up and gave himself a hug.

Twelve o'clock had struck long before our big glass coach pulled up for the night, under an arch-way in the great town of Ballinasloe. We ought to have been there at seven o'clock in the evening. The delay was horribly provoking. The candidates were to be proposed the following morning; we had pledged ourselves to be in for the first of the fight; were bringing down a heavy supply of the sinews of war, in bank-bills and silver, besides a huge bundle of placards; and here we were, I don't know how many miles, from Galway.

"Let's have a chaise and pair," said Mitchel.

"By all means."

"And travel all night."

"Done," said I, "that's the way to do it."

The chaise and pair were ordered, and whilst they were tacking the former out of an old shed, and harnessing and putting the latter to, and lighting the cracked lanterns, the distinguished travellers supplied the requirments of nature with a chop—a dainty abbreviation for at least a good dozen—and otherwise conformed to the suggestions of the under-sheriff of Roscommon. By-the-by, the very instant the coach pulled up under the arch-way, the rascal, without saying a word, jumped out, cut down the street, and disappeared in the snow.

Sound asleep, buttoned up in the shaggiest great-coats, wound round with shawls and mufflers, knee-deep in straw, we jogged along all night to Loughrea. It was pitch dark when we got there. Not a soul was stirring. The hotel we stopped at, might have been a warehouse of mummies—mummies from kitchen to garret—for all the signs of life it showed. The Post-boy rapped with the butt-end of his whip, and then with his knuckles—as if that were an improvement—and then kicked with his heels, whistling and shouting all the while, by way of having a vocal accompaniment to his *devil's ta-too* on the door. When he was tired, I relieved him. Mitchel fell to, when I could no longer stand to the work. Half an hour's furious instrumentation, with vocal accompaniments, solos and trios, produced no impression. The house still slept on.

"They're all dead within here."

"We'd better knock up another," the Post-boy suggested.

We did. We tried another house. The same overture to *Fra Diavolo.* Whip, knuckles and heels—heels, knuckles and whip. Whistling *ad libitum.* Shouting *ad libitum. Da capo.* Solo by Mitchel. Quick movement, *prestissimo,* by Meagher. Flourishes, hither and thither, by Post-boy. Grand finale—one, two, three—kick and crash altogether! All to no purpose. Not a stir.

"Divil a one," says the Post-boy, "alive in Loughrea."

Yielding to his suggestion, we refreshed ourselves with third performance of the *Divil's Own* overture on a third door, a good bit up town, in the direction of Ballinasloe. The third performance, so far as profits were concerned, was not a yawn, nor a rustling night-shirt, nor any conceivable stir, better than the second or first. Curious thing, all this time, there wasn't a solitary bark from a dog, nor a premature cock-crow. Curious thing, all this time, the old yellow chaise stood stiff in the middle of the main-street, fronting the first hotel we drew up at, with the horses asleep and rapidly freezing.

"What's to be done?—this is awful."

"Awful," says Mitchel.

"The worst of bad luck," says the Post-boy.

We returned to the chaise. Thought of turning in and sleeping there, till some one would awake.

"But the horses 'ill die on me," says the Post-boy, "if they be left in the street."

Sure enough. So instead of turning into the chaise, we turned round to the inn door, and with a re-doubled instrumentation, threw off on the middle and lower panels, the overture to *Lodoiski,* an ancient national *divertissement* of the Irish Celts round the borders of the Pale. Accidentally concluding one of the very few *pianissimo* passages, we heard a grumble, and then something like a naked foot upon the floor, and then a rummaging for water-jugs, and candlesticks, or sconces, and a sheathing of bare bones in breeches, and a dangling of suspenders—gallowses they call them in Ireland.

"Begorra! he's coming," says the Post-boy, and he gives the door one kick more—"make haste, ye divil," says he.

"Take that," says he, hitting it another kick, "it's long enough you kept us at it this morning."

The long and the short of it is, some man or other came down in his stocking-vamps to the hall. Who it was I never enquired. Unchaining it first, and then turning the bolt back, he opened the door with a yawn—such a yawn as a fatigued zebra might give on the sands of Zahara—or his humbler kinsman has been seen to indulge in, on a fair day, in the main street, near the Pound of Knocktopher. His right hand rested on the key, which rested in the door lock. His left hand held a battered brass candlestick, having two inches and a quarter of dingy yellow dip, with a grenadier of black and red wick leaning over the greasy green socket, dribblng and running to waste fast, like a very tipsy individual, no longer able to stand it.

He growled. Of course he growled. You never saw a man yet, obliged to leave his blankets, fumble about for a light, crack his shins against fenders and fire-irons, and come down to a damp hall in his stockings—above all, obliged to come down on a winter's morning, avourneen! with three feet of snow on the ground—who didn't give vent to a growl.

Well, there was the key of the stable-yard, and the Postboy might put up his horses and chaise, and do the best he could for them; and there was a sofa in the parlor, and a hearth-rug and half a dozen chairs besides, and the gentlemen might do the best they could for themselves; but there wasn't a chaise nor a horse to be had in Loughrea, and if they didn't like to stop in the parlor, they'd have to stop in the street; and let them say so at once, till he bolted the door, and went back to bed.

Determined not to be beaten, we wouldn't go in. He might keep his hearth-rug and parlor. A chaise we'd have, or die in the street—die on the door-step—die in the snow of Loughrea, on our way to Galway—die at the Quartrebras of the Waterloo to which we were hastening—*hurrah!* We told the Postboy—Postboys have no names in Ireland—not to put up his horses until he succeeded in getting a relay.

"Ye needn't be afeered," says he, "I'll be as good as my word."

Mitchel and I then went off, and knocked at the second hotel we knocked at before. Knocked peremptorily, furiously, successfully. A woman came down. The decent good creature, with a drab bed-gown about her, curtsied and wished us good morning. We asked her had she a chaise and pair.

She hadn't. She was sorry for it. She'd have been happy to have obliged us.

One horse even?

Not the taste of a horse. There wasn't a horse to be had in Loughrea.

Might as well try the third house we knocked at the third time before. The morning was breaking. Had a better chance now. Here and there specks of yellow light were breaking out through window-shutters and panes of glass. Here and there, up and down the street, there was an occasional rub and clatter, as if middle-aged men were putting on big boots, or looking for flannel drawers in the dark. For it was dark, very dark, still. The faintest, milkiest tinge of the sun was all that was visible.

Knocked as before. A little louder, perhaps. A boy, with a baggy corduroy breeches up to his armpits almost, and only half covering his shins, with dirty bare feet, scratching the back of his head, opened the door. He was fifteen, I should say, and much less advanced in knowledge than yours. A shy, timid, cowering look, accompanied with a chronic snuffle, a constant itchy shrug of the shoulders and back, and the toes scratching and picking at the floor all the time, made him as piteous a sight as one could see, in a poor Irish town, in the dawn of a sharp winter's day.

"What's the matter?"

"Chaise and pair to be had?"

"No."

Any chance of the like? A single horse even? Any money for one—a kingdom for a horse! No. There wasn't a chaise and pair, nor a pair and chaise, nor a chaise without a pair, nor a pair without a chaise, to be had in Loughrea. Turning away, back to the old spot, the boy, with a snuffle, shut the door on us.

"Monahan has bought them all up," says Mitchel.

'Twas true for him. Every chaise, outside or inside car, gig, or other conveyance on wheels; every horse, mare, gelding, pony, foal or filly, mule or jackass, that could carry, help along, or expedite a voter—Monahan, the government candidate, had bought up for miles and miles around, three days before.

Mitchel said there was no help for it—we'd have to remain. Loughrea was the bitter weed we'd have to chew for the day.

"No," said I, "there's the chaise we came in."

"Where is it?" said he, as we came bolt up to our old starting ground—the first hotel we serenaded so sweetly.

Not a sign of a chaise—not a ghost of a horse—not a Postboy in shadow. True to his word, as he promised to be, the moment he had our backs turned, he turned in his horses, turned in his chaise, turned the key in the ricketty old wooden gate—the gate leading out from the stable-yard into the street—and turned himself in, an icicle in broken breeches, to thaw on the hay-loft.

"Locked out here, too," says Mitchel

"Never give up," says I.

"Done!" says Mitchel, "never give up."

With this we struck straight across the street—vowing to Minerva to build a wooden horse, and fill it with armed men, and roll it up the road, and so take Galway, rather than give in.

"What, again?" asks the decent woman with a brown stuff gown on her this time, a plaid shawl, a quilled cap, and check apron.

"What's the matter with ye, at all?" says she; "is it a murder?"

Considering the state of the weather, the disappointments we met with, and the exciting position we stood in, we replied with singular suavity and presence of mind. Enlarging upon the political condition of the country, we explained the object of our mission. It was of the utmost consequence we should be in Galway by ten o'clock that morning. The country was lost unless we were there. We had speeches to make, which couldn't afford to be kept. Monahan would have the course to himself and O'Flahertie be driven to the wall, in case we couldn't get on. Was there no way on earth to get clear of Loughrea?

She didn't know exactly, but thought she could manage. Her sympathies, and every thing else she could give, were with O'Flahertie, Repeal, and the starving poor. There was an owld chaise in the back-yard, and we were welcome to it, if we could make anything of it. But it hadn't been out since the cholera. As for horses, there wasn't one in the stable. She'd see, however, if she couldn't hunt up a pair.

Five or six minutes after this, Mitchel and I, with the help of a miserable creature in a *caubeen* and tattered red waistcoat, were dragging out the chaise, which had been laid up since the cholera, from a mountain of rubbish. Broken ladders, barrel staves, worm-eaten bed-posts—one of them with a rusty iron roller screwed into its heel—hen-coops, with half of the laths smashed, and feathers and straw dropping or sprawling out of them, with old rungs of rush-bottomed chairs, cracked japanned trays, garden railings, a coffin-lid, the whitish frame of a hot-bed, with scraps of manure sticking to it—these, and a hundred other odds and ends, were piled about the chaise, thrust in between the wheels, pitched up on top of it, and in every imaginable way interwoven with it. Half an hour and more went by, before we succeeded in giving it fresh air. As for the supernumerary in the *caubeen* and red waistcoat helping us at all—the idea is not to be entertained for a second. A deplorable skeleton—a ricketty, tottering, jumble of the lankiest poor bones, which threatened every instant to crack; with hands thin, sharp and sinewy as claws, and cheek-bones which looked as if they were splintered, and had thrust themselves out through the skin; he was the saddest poor scarecrow that ever fluttered its rags in the wind. But he was one only of thousands upon thousands in that horrible year, who crawled the highways, eat grass, and died in ditches, with foul froth upon their lips, their very hearts eaten fairly out of them with famine.

As much as there was of it, it was a clear, beautiful, crisp morning. Most of the houses were open. A turf-cart was coming up the street, and a policeman, in his pepper-and-salt overcoat, was dawdling towards us, swinging his truncheon. The arrangements for our journey to Galway were brought to a close. The disinterred chaise stood in the street, half a yard from the gutter, with a pair of bay horses chained and tied to it—partly with rope, leather, and a few rusty links of old iron—the driver standing in a big moth-eaten box-coat, several inches too long for him, silently beside them. Chaise, horses, and driver were all of a piece. Their lugubrious unity was impressively perfect.

From what has already been said, the destitute condition of the chaise may be easily imagined. It hadn't been out since the cholera. So the old lady, the owner of the vehicle, informed us. Had she told us it was once upon a time down with the complaint, and hadn't recovered, it wouldn't have been hard to believe her. Had she told us it was troubled with a complication of disorders, appearances would have borne out her statement. One thing I'm sure of—it never went to anything but funerals.

The horses were worse. One was very short; the other very long. Both were starved. Their angular development was wonderful. They were all knobs and ribs, knees and shoulder-blades. They must have lived on the stone-walls of the County Galway ever since they were foals. The short one had a long switch tail. Some inches of it had fallen through, and were lying out through a couple of the top spokes of the near fore-wheel. The long one, had a cob tail. The appearance it made suggested a carrot. I have said they were a pair of bay horses. They might have been so, were it not for the lumps of potato-field mud with which they were coated. Had the old lady told us they, too, had been down with the cholera, the story would have smoothly passed off.

The driver was the worst of the three. In addition to what he had on in the coach-house, when we first met him, the big box-coat just mentioned, a worn-out velveteen breeches, and the remains of a pair of mouldy, heavy built shortboots covered up his shivering anatomy. He hadn't a word or a

look. There wasn't a grain of life in him. The spiritless, broken-backed whip he held, with the lash coiled round his hand, was the type of himself. Had the old lady told us the whip had been ailing—been troubled with the measles or tape-worm—we shouldn't have thought it far from the truth. Chaise, horses, and driver, were a true picture of Ireland in that terrible year.

Everything apparently ready for the start, Mitchel caught the handle of the chaise door, turned it, twisted it, but all to very little purpose. 'Twould open three or four inches only. The hind wheel nearest to us didn't belong to the chaise—was never meant for it—was ever so many sizes too large for it, and completely overlapped the door. A wise thought suddenly struck us. The landlady, coachman, and Mitchel, got behind the chaise, and lifted it up bodily forward, so as to some extent to get the door clear of the wheel. Whilst it was poised, I pulled the door open, and jumped in on my knees. The moment I did so, the old chaise recoiled, nearly knocking the three engineers clean off their feet. For a minute or two, with my weight in the bottom, it swung violently to-and-fro. The horses were fairly dragged back—the short one almost choked with the pole-chain. Mitchel roared with the fun of the thing. I couldn't get out. The difficulty was settled by Mitchel getting in through the front window. This he succeeded, with a good deal of squeezing, in doing—coming down on all-fours, partly into my arms, and partly upon the back part of the chaise. Once in, we found there was no seat. 'Twas nothing but the shell of a chaise. The very lining was torn clean out of it.

"This will never do," says Mitchel.

"Let's try it a while," says I, dying to be off any way out of Loughrea.

Fancy us, then, moving at the slowest, deadest practical pace, in the sparkling blue light of a brisk, healthy, clear morning in winter, down the main-street of this beautiful town — the ghost of a coachman dropping that shred of a whip on those apparitions of gristle and bone—Mitchel and I not uttering a word, and a huge trunk lashed upon top. The end of it was, at the end of the street, we abandoned the sepulchral equipage, and leaving it, cadaverous coachman and all in a state of paralysis, walked back to breakfast. The coachman endeavoring to turn and follow us—which effort nearly gave him the lock-jaw—succeeding in getting himself and his horses in a diagonal stretch right across the road, and there they remained utterly unable to go back or forwaard, or move an inch in any conceivable direction, until some help came puffing and clattering from town, untackled the horses, wriggled the chaise round, spliced the poor devils to it once more, and then with an occasional shove from behind, and shouldering the wheels once or twice out of the ruts, brought it back to the stable, with the same forlorn solemnity with which it set out.

It was two hours before we could get out of Loughrea. We did so, seated back to back, on a little outside jaunting-car, with a spunky Connemara pony under it, and a broth of a boy hurrahing for O'Flahertie and whipping away the entire of the road, with his feet on the shafts.

HOME THOUGHTS.

Far, to the westward of the famed Offaly
  There stands a town, now falling to decay,
Embosomed in a fair and fertile valley,
  Through which a mountain torrent wends it way,
By rath, and fane, and castellated hold,
And such memorials of the times of old.

There is a lonely churchyard looking down:
  Full fifty generations, passed away,
Have walked and talked through that historic town,
  To raise a frowning pile of human clay;
And there are cenotaphs, and epitaphs,
At which the reckless monarch, Time, but laughs.

Of what was once a church, the mottled walls
  Stand bleak and bare, through which the rude wind whistles,
Making a thousand nightly spirit-calls;
  Putting weird voices into shrubs and thistles,
And human bones from coffins look alway,
From which the rains have washed the churchyard clay.

Two hawthorns and some scattered elms are growing,
  And—this is Ireland's springtime—blowing, too,
Beneath, the queenly Shannon's seaward flowing
  Through fretted arches, and the wild curlew
Skims through the cannon, on a bastioned tower,
That heralds our disgrace, and England's power.

Far off to southward, eastward, and to North,
  Are seen Slievebloom, Keeper, and Clonmacnois,
And scenes on which a poet might look forth,
  And gaze, entranced by rushing memories,
Pleasing and sad, the former evanescent,
Oppression's hand being nearly omnipresent.

How like the climate is the nation's story;
  A day of sunshine to a week of rain;
A storm that tries strong oaks and castles hoary—
  A death-like calm that holds a lengthened reign.
When patriot hearts have drained their generous sources,
So with Oppression's tide sail "moral forces."

It is a very old historic spot;
  Yet dim Tradition notes it more than history;
For many a deed which history noteth not
  Is blazoned there, and larded much with mystery;
And mystery's the magic of the mind—
As to the child the voices of the wind.

For there is told of chiefs, and ladies fair,
  And barons bold, and leal and trusty squires—
And miracles! For that old ruin bare
  Once housed a Brotherhood of gray old friars,
That taught the people, and cured many a plague,
That came before Repeal and Tenant-League.

These friars holy, by unholy orders,
  Were forced to quit the place and go abroad,
And wander round the French and Spanish borders
  For holes to hide, or shrines to worship God.
Their house and lands were benefices given
To those who showed a shorter road to Heaven.

A captious scribe would here make strict inquiry,
  Or theologue a learned predication.
And so might I, but I don't mean to tire ye;
  For I'm intent upon my own salvation.
Let prosing disputants prove which is shorter,
I tell how time makes war on stone and mortar.

But this I know, of my own knowledge; that
  There mortals of all creeds are buried still
Within that mound, and that Jehosaphat
  Will have incongruous pilgrims from that hill,
When the Archangel sounds the final rally,
And all set forth to seek that mystic valley.

I said the house was given—and so it was—
  A parson's benefice, and the ancient people
Built one adjacent; but the Penal Laws
  Denied them long the use of bell or steeple.
In latter days, however, it befel,
They were allowed to have, and ring, a bell.

And then arose a rivalry in ringing
  Between two ancient beldames of the town;
On Sunday mornings there was lusty swinging—
  One Celt, one Saxon, dressed in russet brown.
'Twas said Kate Hogan rang her bell the louder,
But that Peg Chapman held her head the prouder.

But once, a traveller, coming o'er Knock Rhuadh,
  Announced both bells of equal intonation.
So a coequal triumph thrilled the two;
  They linked, and walked, like those in higher station;
'Twas even said—but I'm not certain whether—
They met that evening and took tea together.

Then there began a strange affiliation,
  A drawing close, sister-and-brotherhood,—
O'Connell started his Conciliation
  Upon the hint,—for be it understood
Their's was the merit, though he reaped the fame—
And ne'er acknowledged whence th' idea came.

But, ah! those days are passed, and with them passed
  The manners bland, the feelings warm and plastic,
Too bright, too happy, and too good to last,
  The links are rent by feuds ecclesiastic;
The two good dames are laid beneath the weather,
To rise and take their final march together.

But why, at such a time, do I recall
  The dames, the church, the churchyard, and the bells,
Whilst sick to death, I beat against the wall
  The measure of those well-remembered knells?
Their's on a steeple, our's between two poles,
Those rivals in the call of human souls.

'Tis that my sands of life are low, and I
  Would like to be interred in that old place;
I'd wish to sleep beneath an Irish sky,
  Whose chequered clouds, in youth, I loved to trace;
And in that mound, beneath the hawthorn's shade,
In sacred dust my father's heart is laid.

Though few are there to pray above my grave,
  What matters it, for when my knell is rung,
I would not have a sanctimonious slave
  To mutter heartless prayers on lying tongue:
But who hate English law, and give good proof,
May pray there—I'd have others keep aloof.

O, there is something redolent of truth,
  A fervor that soars upward unto God,
In th' prayers of him who gives his guileless youth
  To thwart the tyrant on his native sod.
But there's a serpent stealth in th' loyal tread—
It taints the earth, and mocks the patriot dead.

A priest there was, whose heart and reverend head
  Had throbbed for Ireland nigh a hundred years,
And were he not now numbered with the dead,
  How soothing now his fervent prayers and tears;
Heaven were a surety, could I see him bend
Above me now, who was my childhood's friend.

There's something more, I now must leave unsaid,
  'Tis of a youth, who first my friendship sued;
Alas! he cannot place above my head
  A blossom from Glendalough's lovely wood;
Whose shades we roved together young and pure,—
Farewell, dear friend, death's knocking at the door.

B.

The London correspondent of the *Tribune* noticing the exhibition of the Royal Academy says that the public swarm to Holman Hunt's picture of the *Scape-Goat* more than to any other there. There is—he writes—a great deal of mistaken nonsense talked about these pre-Raphaelites. Now, it so happens that I know the men, and knew them before the movement was celebrated. The leading men, all young (under 30, I mean)—are three—Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Holman Hunt, and John Everett Millais. Rossetti is a son of the late well-known Professor Rossetti, the poet, and commentator on Dante. Hunt is a Londoner. Millais is from Jersey, and no doubt of French ancestry. They were fellow-students at the Academy together, and in the course of a few years their ideas on the subject of Art grew up among them and induced them to form an association—the P. R. B., or Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. This movement is not pietistic at all, and has no connection with the German School of Overbeck. It was simply the result of a feeling that modern art was unreal and untrue, *as art*, compared with early art; and that a closer and deeper and more accurate observation of Nature had become necessary. Hence their elaborate detail and marvelous fidelity. Rossetti is, perhaps, the most influential mind, spiritually and intellectually, in the movement; Hunt and Millais are better known, because Rossetti does not "exhibit;" though his pictures are much admired, (especially by Ruskin,) and find private purchasers. These are the authentic facts, which are not understood here, and which therefore are still less likely to be understood so far away as New-York. Ruskin is going to bring out a pamphlet, I believe, on the present Exhibition; so we shall have another "row;" for I hear that he is very angry with his recent assailants in the reviews, and eager to brandish the cudgels; and as it is certain that *they* are very angry with him, we must expect combats. Art is one of the subjects which are most lively now in England; and it is as well, for there is no oratory, not much literature, and scarcely any drama.

The celebrated Italian poet, Alessandro Manzoni, has experienced a severe loss, the last of his four daughters having died in Tuscany of consumption.

FOREIGN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Magazines and Reviews, though of comparatively recent introduction, to some extent now occupy the position in which Books once were placed. They have become a Power in the wide realm of Thought. We may class them, with Newspapers, under the generic head of Journalism. They exercise a wondrous influence within the almost limitless scope of their extended circulation.

Printing had been somewhat more than a century in operation, when (about the year 1563) arose the custom in Venice, during the war with the Turks, of transcribing items of military and commercial intelligence upon small sheets of paper, which fragments of news were read aloud in certain public places, each auditor paying for the privilege a small coin, long since passed into disuse, called *gazetta*. From written to printed copies of the news was a natural though not rapid transition; for the Venetian government, jealous of printing, did not allow any other than manuscript papers until the close of the 16th century, and even its own official organ, issued once a month, was in manuscript long after that period. These papers, which soon obtained circulation all over Italy, were called *gazettes*,—most probably from the name of the coin for which their contents were first made public, though some philologists derive it from the Latin word *gaza*, which, colloquially extended to *gazetta*, would signify "a little treasury of news." Whatever the origin of a *name* which is now every where extended to newspapers, the fact remains that the *thing* was commenced in Venice nearly three centuries ago. In the Magliabecchi Library, at Florence may be seen a sixty years' file of the earliest Venetian manuscript papers.

Once introduced, Journalism spread over Europe. The first English newspaper (called the *English Mercurie*), was published by Queen Elizabeth's authority, in 1588, when the dreaded Spanish Armada was in the English Channel. In Germany, though occasional news-sheets had been issued some years before, the first regular newspaper was printed in 1612. Twenty years later, the first French newspaper was published, "by authority;" this was the *Gazette de France*, of which 196 annual volumes appeared from its birth in 1631 to its death in 1827. Newspapers arose, at various intervals, in Italy, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Sweden, the Netherlands, Russia, and Greece; but Journalism has not flourished in these countries. Even Turkey and Egypt now have their newspapers. There is a newspaper at Tripoli, and French enterprise has issued journals in Smyrna and Algiers. When North America was "settled" by the English, one of the institutions transplanted from the old country was the Press; but, even as late as the reign of George I. (in 1720) there were only seven newspapers in the whole of the North American Colonies. At present, there are more newspapers in the United States than in all the rest of the world.

Reviews and Magazines arose long after Newspapers. The first periodical, containing analyses and critical judgments of new books, was the *Journal des Savans*, a weekly journal, which appeared in 1665, and, though suspended from 1792 to 1816, is yet published, as a monthly serial. Almost from the first, eminent men of letters were induced to write in it. A variety of literary journals have since appeared in France, to which most of her leading literary men have contributed; indeed, many a reputation was made through this channel in Paris, whereas the general rule in England appears to be—first obtain a high character as a book-writer, and then contribute to the Reviews. We advisedly say "the general rule," inasmuch as that admits of exceptions, which, even in our own time, include such distinguished men as Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Brougham, Horner, Barrow, Lockhart, Wilson, De Quincey, John Foster, Stephen, Robert Hall, Maginn, Talfourd, Lamb, Thackery, Hazlitt, Mahony, and others, who made their reputation as writers in periodicals.

The first literary journal of Germany appeared in 1682, in Holland in 1692, in Italy in 1710, in Spain in 1737, in England in 1731. The first Magazine or Review published in this country was *the American Monthly Magazine*. It was established by Jeremy Gridley, at Boston, in 1745, and had three years existence. That admirable, accurate, and interesting work, Duychinck's *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, is unaccountably deficient, in not giving a Sketch of American Periodical Literature, which its accomplished authors could so easily and sufficiently have supplied.

Edmund Cave, a London bookseller, founded the first English periodical in 1731—the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which yet continues to flourish. It already extends to two hundred and fifty volumes, and is a mine of antiquarian and literary lore. At first, it was little more than a collection of odds and ends of newspaper clippings, and was great on calves with two heads and six feet, antediluvian toads found on obdurate rocks, old coins discovered in Roman pipkins, mammoth turnips, exaggerated gooseberries, relentless murders, audacious highwaymen, and such interesting topics. But, in March, 1738, Samuel Johnson, who afterwards became a Leviathan of Literature, commenced writing for the *Magazine* (his first contribution was a Latin ode to its plodding publisher!) and, two months later, his "London"—a poem written in imitation of the third satire of Juvenal—appeared in the *Gentleman's*. Its manly vigor drew from Pope the remark, when informed that the author was some obscure hack, "he will soon be *deterrê*," or dug out from his obscurity. From that time, during many years, Johnson contributed largely to the *Magazine*, in which, as has been finely said, he did not live to write, but wrote to live.

From time to time, various periodicals arose, to rival the *Gentleman's Magazine*, (which proceeded in a steady course of gradual improvement,) but scarcely even the names of these competitors have been handed down.

In 1749 appeared the *Monthly Review*, which was discontinued only a few years ago. Griffiths, a bookseller, ignorant and self-opinionated, was its founder and editor. He had so much success as to induce Hamilton, a rival bookseller, to start the *Cri-*

tical Review (in 1756), with Smollett, the novelist, as a principal contributor. In April, 1757, it happened that Griffiths met Oliver Goldsmith, then aged 29—the exact age at which Johnson commenced writing for Cave. At this time, Goldsmith was usher in a school near London, kept by Dr. Milner, author of Latin and Greek grammars, and a contributor to the *Monthly Review*. Awkward and shy though Goldsmith was in company, he attracted the attention of Griffiths, who condescendingly invited him to send in a few specimens of literary criticism. The samples pleased, and Goldsmith was induced to abandon the tuition of children, to become a writer in the *Review*, occupying a garret in Griffiths' house, fed at Griffiths' board, a day-laborer in the field of literature, every article which he wrote being tampered with and altered by two old women—to wit, Griffiths and his wife. To this miserable thraldom poor Goldsmith submitted for five months, during which he was overworked and underfed. This was his first burst into authorship.

In 1756, the *Universal Review*, laboriously edited by Dr. Johnson, commenced a career which lasted only three years. The *British Critic*, (not to be confounded with the *British Review*, immortalized in "Don Juan," by Byron's sharp satire,) was first published in 1793, and was changed into the *Theological Review* in 1827. In the latter part of the eighteenth century also were commenced the *European Magazine*, (as a rival to the *Gentleman's*,) as well as the *Monthly Mirror*, on which the elder Disraeli wrote largely, and several other literary journals of less merit, which have long since passed away. To this period also belongs Sir Richard Phillips' *Monthly Magazine*, which lingered on until 1840, and the famous *Anti-Jacobin Review*, in which Canning and Frere were the principal writers, during its brief (three years) existence.

The first Review of any note in the present century was the *Edinburgh*, the first number of which appeared in October, 1802. It was a decided improvement, in every respect, upon all previous critical periodicals, and entirely changed the character of literary criticism. Many of the ablest writers in England, as well as Scotland, were among its contributors. Here did Jeffrey wield a power, during nearly thirty years, such as no man had exercised since the autocracy of Samuel Johnson: here, though their politics were not the politics of the *Review*, did John Wilson and Walter Scott write literary criticism; and here, passing over the long list of illustrious contributors, (including Carlyle, a host in himself,) did Macaulay "flesh his maiden sword." To counteract its enormous influence, as an advocate of liberal opinions and a recognized organ of the Whig party, John Murray, a Tory bookseller in London, put forward the *Quarterly Review* in 1809. Under the editorship of William Gifford, a sharp satirist, and subsequently of John Gibson Lockhart, a literary gladiator, the *Quarterly Review* obtained great circulation and influence. As its rival had engaged the services of the most gifted authors and authorlings among the Whigs, so did the *Quarterly* invite and obtain the co-operation of the ablest writers of the opposite party.

As an ultra-radical organ, the *Westminster Review* was commenced in 1824, by the celebrated Jeremy Bentham. There had previously appeared, the *Retrospective Review*, a work of great merit. Other quarterly publications have since appeared, many of which are yet "to the fore," as a Milesian might say; the *Foreign Quarterly*, the *Church of England*, the *British Quarterly*, the *North British*, the *London*, the *New Quarterly*, the *National Reviews*, and several others more particularly devoted to class subjects—such as divinity, law, medicine, sporting, science, and scholastic literature.

To enumerate the many attempts made, in England, Scotland, and Ireland to establish Magazines would demand more space than we choose to spare. Enough here to mention the more prominent publications of this class, which yet keep their ground. It is decorous, however, to give a word (if not a tear) to certain magazines which have passed away. Such was *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* (afterwards the *Album*,) in which Macaulay's noble "Song of the League" first appeared; the *London Magazine*, where De Quincey broke out "twenty thousand strong, like an Irish rebellion," with his Confessions of an Opium-Eater; *Ollier's Literary Miscellany*, conducted, as well as published, by the author of "Inesella;" and later yet, William Kennedy's *Englishman's Magazine;* the *Metropolitan*, first edited by Thomas Campbell, the poet, and then by Captain Marryat, whose popular sea-stories first appeared in its pages; and *Douglas Jerrold's Magazine*, George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, and a variety of obscurer monthlies.

In London, the oldest existing magazine is the *New Monthly*, commenced in 1812, and successively edited by Thomas Campbell, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Theodore Hook, Thomas Hood, and William Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist of Newgate, its present proprietor, who has succeeded in making it one of the very dullest of periodicals. *Ainsworth's Magazine* is its worthy rival, being only a trifle less heavy. *Bentley's Miscellany*, a brilliant affair under the editorship of Charles Dickens, shares the general dullness which now sits, like a nightmare, upon most of the London Magazines. *Fraser's* alone preserves something of the high character which it had won under the editorship of William Maginn, supported by such contributors as "Father Prout" and Thomas Carlisle, Edward Kenealy and Allan Cunningham, Crofton Croker and James Hogg. The *United Service Magazine* merits notice, occasionally having some excellent papers relating to naval or military adventure. The *Sporting Magazine* and *Household Words*, followed by a host of minor periodicals, may close the list of existing London periodicals. The *Athenæum*, *Critic*, and *Literary Gazette*, are little more than weekly reviews of new works.

In Edinburgh there are only now two Magazines worth notice: *Blackwood's*, commenced in 1817, and long valued for the contributions of Professor Wilson and his friends, and *Tait's*, called into existence, in 1832, during the excitement of the Reform Bill agitation. *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*, vigorous as ever after twenty-five years of utility, should not be omitted here; nor *Hogg's Instructor*, the vehicle for communicating to the world the platitudes of Mr. George Gilfinnan.

In Ireland, numerous attempts have been made to introduce periodical literature. Towards the close of the eighteenth century was published a monthly compilation entitled *Walker's Hibernian Magazine*, (which did not survive the Union,) and the *Anthologia Hibernica*, containing the first published poems of "Master Thomas Moore, aged 12 years." This last was literary as well as antiquarian, but was continued only through the years 1793 and 1794. To this period also belongs the *Milesian Magazine*, (conducted as I am reminded, by a note in Savage's "'98 and '48,") by Dr. Brennan, commonly called "Turpentine Brennan," from a specific he used; and the *Irish Magazine*, edited by the notorious Walter Cox, suspected—and not without strong grounds—of having played the part of traitor and spy in the perilous times of '98. In 1825, a London publisher named Robins, (to whose enterprise we owe the appearance of Hardiman's Minstrelsy of Ireland,) brought out a monthly periodical called The *London and Dublin Magazine*, illustrated with well engraved portraits of eminent living Irish celebrities, edited by Mr. Whitty, author of "Tales of Irish Life" (and now proprietor and editer of the *Liverpool Journal* in England,) with a corps of Irish contributors, among whom Thomas Furlong, the poet, took the lead. As long as its price was a shilling amonth, its sale in Ireland was great. In evil hour, it was made a half-crown magazine, and did not long survive the change; the price wastoo much for Irish impecuniosity. After its failure the *Dublin Penny Magazine* and the *Irish Penny Journal* appeared, but though their contents, chiefly on Irish literature and antiquities, were of great and varied interest, they soon died for want of national encouragement.

In 1832, Mr. Curry, a bookseller, commenced the *Dublin University Magaziue*, which immediately took rank, and preserves it to this day, as a periodical of high literary merit and great literary nationality. Some of the best writers in Ireland have been and are among its contributors, and we think that no periodical in London or Edinburgh is its superior at present.

Among the Irish writers who nave most largely contributed to the *Dublin University Magazine* are Dr. Anster, translator of Goethe; Isaac Butt; Samuel Ferguson, author of that noble ballad, "The Forging of the Anchor;" Clarence Mangan, the illustrious and ill-fated poet; William Carleton, the novelist; Charles Lever, ("Harry Lorrequer;") Samuel Lover, the songwriter; Marmion Savage, author of "The Bachelor of the Albany;" W. H. Maxwell, author of "Wild Sports of the West;" Waller, better known by his *soubriquet* of "Slingsby;" Dr. Wilde, historian of "Irish Rivers;" Mrs. Wilde, "Speranza," of the *Nation;* Edmund Kenealy, author of "Goethe, a Pantomime;" Crofton Croker; Lefanu, author of "The Cock & Anchor, a story of Old Dublin;" Calcraft, historian of the Irish Stage; John Fisher Murray, whose "Night in the Vatican, or Father Tom and the Pope," has been untruely accredited to Maginn; William Dowe, *the* translator of Beranger; Cæsar Otway, the Irish Sketcher; D. F. Macarthy, M. J. Barry, and Aubrey de Vere, a trio of poets from Munster; O'Donovan and Petrie; the antiquarians; Charles Sandford, the Greek scholar; W. Archer Butler, of "Old Trinity;" Sir Wm. Hamilton, the Astronomer; Colby Grattan, of the "High-ways and Bye-ways;" Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, and numerous others.

There is also published a quarterly, called the *Dublin Review*, commenced under the especial patronage of O'Connell, (to which his eldest daughter, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, the most gifted of his family, largely and ably contributed for several years,) exclusively devoted to Catholic literature, politics, and polemics. Cardinal Wiseman and several other able Irish writers are among its contributors, and its character is high. In 1852 was commenced the *Irish Quarterly Review*, a periodical of increasing worth and reputation, only too little known in this country. There are one or two magazines published in Dublin, exclusively in connection with the Protestant party in Ireland.

In Great Britain and Ireland, as in this country, literary articles of considerable interest and importance occasionally appear in the newspapers of the day. Indeed the weekly journals of the "old country" almost invariably devote a portion of their space to literature, as well as to general intelligence and politics.

To read the *whole* of the literary and political periodicals of Great Britain and Ireland—quarterly reviews, monthly magazines and weekly miscellanies—would occupy a man about twenty days (of ten hours a day) in each calendar month. There is such a preponderance of heavy articles, that we pity the person who has the hard task of going through them all, as a critic, in order to estimate their respective claims for re-publication here. One man has done and does this—but he is a phenomenon. This is Mr. Littell, publisher and editor, of Boston.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, he edited a periodical, at Philadelphia, called *Littell's Museum*. It contained the cream of all the British periodicals, and being low in price, handsome in print and paper, and edited with discriminating taste and delicate tact, met with very considerable success. At this mo ment, the purchase-money of a complete set of the *Museum* would be ten times the original amount. In fact, a set is never in the market.

In April, 1844, Mr. Littell, having removed to Boston, and relinquished his interest in the *Museum* (which soon pined to death when the ruling mind was absent), commenced a weekly serial, called *Littell's Living Age*, of which 36 octavo volumes were published in the nine succeeding years. In April, 1853, was commenced a second and improved series, of which the thirteenth volume is now in course of publication. Although the print is by no means small—it is a size larger than that of the present article—the forty-eight volumes of the *Living Age* contain a quantity of matter equal in extent to 150 ordinary octavos. The work is issued in weekly numbers, at 12 cents—each number containing as much picked material as a half-crown number of *Blackwood's* or *Ainsworth's Magazine*.

We say "*picked* material," for it is all that. The best papers on the British reviews and magazines are here presented, with occasional extracts from the leading journals in this country. Here, for example, are the two last numbers of the *Living Age* (Nos. 628 and 629), in which we have, unabridged, the best papers in the *Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly Review*, *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, *Ladies' Companion*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Household Words*, *Examiner*, *Press*, *Economist*, *Spectator*, *Notes and Queries*, *Dublin University Magazine*, *Fraser's Magazine* *New-York Independent*, *Liverpool Times*, and a variety of minor sources. Sometimes there is a sip of "*Punch*"—but we only mention the contents of two numbers.

We can scarcely imagine any one so foolishly inclined as to think of expending some hundreds of dollars every year to procure all the periodicals whose cream is served in the *Living Age*. We know that ordinary mortals could not read them all, so vast is the extent to be selected from. But we are glad to know, and knowing to make public, that, for six dollars a year, four large 8vo volumes of the *Living Age*, of 824 pages each, can be procured, containing the most readable and valuable portions of the numerous and expensive British periodicals in question. Here is literally a library for next to nothing.

R. S. M.

The U. S. Democratic Review this month (June) concludes the sixth volume of the new series. It aims to be the organ of the united Democracy of the Union; and, believing that the causes which divided the party have ceased to operate, holds out inducements to its readers which must be hailed with hearty applause. "The most distinguished statesmen and writers of the Democratic party will again contribute to its pages," says the prospectus, and under the attentive managemement of Mr. Cone, we trust once again to hear the echoes of its thunder rolling through the masses. In 1852, the *Democratic Review* was regarded, by even its political enemies, as the only periodical in this country which could compete with *Blackwood* and the *Westminster*. The vigor, brilliancy and high literary tone of the *Review* during that stormy period will not easily be forgotten, for the work is an inseparable portion of the political history of the day. The publication of every number was an event; and we hope to see it, irrespective of hard, soft, or half shellism, take such a position again. Such a work should be the the platform from which the people can behold the duties of an administration, and whence the government can see the people fairly represented. This it should be, and not the flatterer of the one nor the toady of the other.

The leading article in the issue before us, entitled "The Union—The Democratic Party—The Administration," discusses the evils of the Slavery agitation, the constitutionality of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, argues that "the Administration has not falsified any fundamental principle maintained by the 'Hards,'" strikes at Know-Nothings, Fusionists, Black-Republicans; and, showing the K. N.'s naturally co-operate and ally with the two latter, invokes the patriots of the land to crush them, "as Napoleon did the alliance of England, Russia and Austria, upon the famous field of Austerlitz." A little further on we have an article devoted to Know-Nothingism, which, however well intentioned, is somewhat cumbrous. It is too pedantic. The author knows too much, and consequently is not "at home" in illustrating the Know-Nothings. "The Battle of the Books" is a review of a review, which appeared in the March issue; and is devoted to the defense of the orthography of Noah Webster, in opposition to the opinions of the previous writer. It is interesting. "The Chronicles of Persepolis," being the adventures of Mr. Quigg, a more robustious Mr. Sparrowgrass, in the kingdom of New-Jersey, and other papers, with some poetry, fills out the number.

Keller's Tableaux continue to attract and delight those for whom the love of the Fine Arts, in its truest acceptation, is a commendable and elevating desire. Keller's Hall is at once a studio and an exhibition. The artist will behold in it every accessory and necessity of the former; the lover of Art will receive its admirable effects as the careful elaboration of the most famous designs. No such exhibition has ever graced the city, and it is a self-congratulatory evidence of a high-minded taste, that it has met with such decided approval. The effect of some of the tableaux is wonderfully striking. Of these, "Famine" and the "Shower of Gold" deserve especial commendation. In New-York, where there is no life school, there is no better, in fact, no other place where the young artist can receive so much useful instruction. In addition to the living pictures, the singing of Lovarny and the German Glee Club is exceedingly attractive.

Obituary.

Died, on the 2d instant, in Springfield, Mass., Eliza, wife of Dr. Edward Fitzgerald, in the 25th year of her age. Her remains were conveyed to Worcester, where she was met by a very large and respectable portion of the Catholic congregation. The funeral proceeded from the Western Depot to St. John's Church, where Mass was celebrated, while that highly talented organist of St. John's choir chanted the Requiem in a most solemn and impressive style. On leaving the church, the pupils of St. John's school, numbering about 400, formed a procession, led by the Principal and Teachers, and marched to the Catholic Cemetery, the last resting-place of that loving and affectionate wife and mother, who left the comfortable and happy home of her native hills, to share the troubles and fortunes of her devoted husband in another land.

Married.

In this city, on the first inst., at St. Patrick's Church, by the Very Reverend William Starrs, V. G., James Casey, son of James Casey, of Clonkerry, county Clare, Ireland, and brother of John Casey, now in Australia, to Miss Elizabeth McSpirrit.

Irish and Australian papers will please copy.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIFTH BRIGADE, KING'S COUNTY—THE SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT.—An instruction parade of the flank companies, officers, and non-commissioned officers of the Fifth Brigade, conducted by Brig.-Gen. Duryea, took place on Monday, the 26th ult., at East New-York. The orders for this parade included detachments of three infantry regiments, viz. : the 13th, Colonel Abel Smith; the 14th, Col. Jesse C. Smith; and the 72nd (Irish Volunteers), which has been under the command of Lieut-Col. Morris, since the departure of Col. Powers for Nicaragua; the 70th, under Col. Graham, composed of cavalry and artillery, being the remaining unrepresented regiment of the Brigade.

The great disadvantages under which the soldiery of this Brigade have labored for years in respect to facilities for improvement, have been so palpably oppressive, that we supposed some effort commanding the sympathy and support of the community would have been made ere this for their removal. Why such an effort has not been made, or if made, why it has not been successful, we cannot satisfactorily discover, except on the hypothesis that dissension in the camp is the lion in the path. As for the ricketty old building called, by courtesy, an "Armory," in Brooklyn, and which is the only *champ clos* where the troops of the consolidated city may resort for exercise, an "order arms," executed with emphasis, will bring it some night toppling about the heads of the victims within.

Yet, the character of this parade bore evidence to the spirit with which Gen. Duryea had labored to neutralize the difficulties incident to his command. A number of movements were executed during the day, some of which were quite novel; such as the advance and retreat by alternate battalions, the advance in echellons, by battalion, by the right, &c., in which the troops, under the patient and perspicuous explanation of the General, made rapid progress. A few *consecutive* days' drilling of a similar kind would make a change in a battalion.

Not the least deserving of mention were the 72nd companies on the field, whose formations of the square and of the line were exceedingly well done. Their rifle company, the Jackson Rifles, under Captain Wills, skirmished in a rapid and easy manner. Being personally cognizant of some of the difficulties incident to the organization of this regiment, and of the labor required to overcome them, we were gratified to learn that it was likely to prosper. The new Commandant, Col. Talmage, was introduced to the command on this occasion, by Lieut.-Col. Morris, who takes a furlough for the summer, which he proposes to spend in the green mountains of Vermont, whither he will take with him in his retirement the best wishes of his command and of his many friends for his welfare and success.

Doctor Robert Johnston has received the appointment of First Surgeon to the 75th Regiment N. Y. S. M.

CO. C., "SARSFIELD GUARDS."

Elizabethtown, N. J.

The Fourth Annual Parade of this Company came off here yesterday, commanded by Capt. William Toomey.

They mustered some thirty men, and were accompanied by Rubsam's New-York band.

I have never witnessed a more thorough-going, well-disciplined, and orderly set of fellows; every one of whom are naturalized citizens, holding the most respectable positions in our community.

BRIDGEPORT, CON., *June 1st*, '56.

As you devote a portion of the *News* to military matters, I need offer no excuse in sending you a sketch of our doings in these diggings. The Montgomery Guards assembled at their Armory on Monday last, May 26th, to make their first PARADE since they were disbanded, by order of Gov. Minor, for having the *misfortune* of being born in Ireland, for no other people are honored with the name of foreigner by his *Excellency* but us.

The first thing I noticed when I entered their Armory, was four men on the right of the Company, armed with pikes, such as were used in 98. They also had muskets slung across their shoulders, which gave them a formidable appearance. Thomas Faulknor, a Castlebar man, and a member of the Company, first suggested those weapons; and Jeremiah Herlihy, a Cork man, also a member, made the first, and presented it. After the Company formed, they were presented a beautiful U. S. Flag, made by Sarah McFadden, of your city. This was the gift of a *whole-souled Irishman*, a native of Kildare, William Kinsella, who feels honored by being a full Private in a Company which our *worthy Gov.* visited with his displeasure. The presentation was accompanied by some suitable remarks, and the speaker reminded his hearers that Irishmen were not *Arnolds*—that they *loved* their country too well *ever* to prove *traitors*—that they were assembled there this day to enjoy one of a freeman's proudest privileges, guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, the right to have arms, and learn the use thereof; and that by their obedience to the laws, they would give the lie to their enemies. Captain O'Connell responded, on behalf of the Company, thanking the donor for his princely present; and when directing the attention of the men to the stripes, he reminded them of the bloody stripes which were inflicted by the enemy of their adopted country on poor old Ireland for centuries; and hoped that the day was not far distant when the children of oppressed Erin would unite and smite their oppressors, as America did in '76 and 1812. He hoped that the black night of Ireland's miseries was about to end, and that the bright sun of liberty would shine on a free and happy people.

At half past ten o'clock they were reviewed by his Honor, the Mayor, P. C. Calhoun, Esq., at the Court-house, numbering 40 muskets. Proceeding from thence about two miles, they had a target practice, and, at 80 yards, converted their target into a riddle. After maneuvering for a short time, they partook of some eatables provided for them on the ground, and then returned to Bridgeport, where, after parading the principal streets, they were dismissed. They were accompanied by the Bridgeport Brass Band, who came together in the kindest manner, and procured three gentlemen from the Washington Band of New York, to fill some vacancies, caused by their leader and two others leaving Bridgeport.

The Guards had a soiree that evening, at which over 150 couple attended. Everything passed off pleasantly. It's a day that will not be forgotten in Bridgeport for some time, at least.

Believe me to be truly your's,

DOLPHIN'S BARN.

The Relics of a Saint—Their Reception at St. Mary's Church, Hoboken.

We find the following report in the daily papers. St. Mary's church, in Hoboken, an unpretending edifice, occupied as a place of worship by the congregation under the care of the Rev. Mr. Coffin, a clergyman of the Roman Catholic Church, was the scene of an unusual interest yesterday, it being announced that the ceremony of the translation of St. Quietus, a martyr to the Christian religion, would take place.

The attendance on the occasion was very large. Tickets of admission, like the following, were required of persons entering the church :

TRANSLATION
OF THE
RELICS OF ST. QUIETUS,
MARTYR,
The gift of His Holiness Pope Pius IX.,
TO ST. MARY'S CHURCH,
Hoboken.
By the Right Rev. Dr. Bayley, Bishop of Newark,
Sunday, June 1st., 1856.
Tickets 25cts.

At halfpast ten o'clock, the Rev. Dr. Bayley, Bishop of Newark, the Rev. Mr. Coffin, and other clergymen and attendants, entered the church from the front door in their ecclesiastical robes, conveying the relics, which were placed on the smaller altar on the south side of the church. The relics were contained in a case about a foot in length by eight inches in width and height. The case was made of an ornamented golden frame and cover with glass sides and ends, so that the relics, which consisted of some fragments of bones, very old and decayed in appearance, were plainly to be seen. In the altar, a second glass case, of larger dimensions, had been arranged, in which was placed the figure of a corpse of a beautiful boy, of about 12 years old, modelled in wax. A deep wound was represented on the throat. The figure was designed to represent St. Quietus, whose relics were encased above. The vase taken from his tomb in the catacombs of Rome, and which is said to have contained his blood, was lying at the head of the figure, and the tablet taken from the tomb, was at the feet. The ceremonies on the occasion were conducted by the Bishop, and various clergymen and attendants—the number within the altar being about twenty. During the ceremonies, some three hundred persons, male and female, were confirmed. At 12 o'clock Bishop Bayley delivered a discourse. He adverted first to the early history of the Christian Religion, and the martyrdom of large numbers of those who adhered to its doctrines. They had to-day in the church the relics of one of the primitive Christians. He did not intend to make a panegyric of his life, for he knew nothing of it. He knew only that his name was Quietus, and that he died for the religion of Christ. He then alluded to the catacombs of Rome, which were dug out of the strata of soft rock which underlies the Eternal City, by the early Christians, to protect themselves in times of persecution, to worship therein, and to use them as receptacles of the remains of those who became martyrs to the faith of Christ. Tnere were nearly sixty of these catacombs underneath Rome. Sometimes they intersected each other, and at some points large chambers were found excavated, where religious services were held. When one of their number fell a victim to persecution on account of his religion, a niche or shelf was hewed out of the side of one of the galleries, and the body placed therein, with a phial or a vase containing some of their blood, and sometimes the instruments used in tormenting them by their persecutors. A slab was then placed over all, on which was inscribed the name, the age of the person at his death, the time he lived, and a request for prayers to be offered in his behalf. These burials continued until times of persecution had passed. Pope Damascus, who died in the year 384, inscribed over the entrance to the gallery from which the relics of St. Quietus were taken language which made it evident that he shrank from having his body intruded into the company of Saints and martyrs. The pictures, vases, inscriptions, coins, and other relics found in the catacombs, afforded evidence that the belief of the early Christians was the belief of the Catholic Church. Allusions were there made to Purgatory, to invocation of the saints, and other features of the doctrines of the Catholic Church. A Protestant bishop who had gone through the catacombs, said, "It must be confessed that the seeds of popery were sown in the Apostle's day." That remark was not made in a kindly spirit, but they accepted it as a truth. The remains of St. Quietus, which were now before them, were taken from the very niche where they had no doubt been placed at the time of his death. They had also here the slab that inclosed the body, and the vase containing his blood. They were placed in a box and sent to this church. There could be no doubt upon the part of those who had any knowledge of the circumstances that the relics were authentic. The Church was watchful that no relic should be exposed to the veneration of the faithful unless it was authentic. The remains were sent to the pastor of this church by a distinguished Cardinal at Rome. The inscription mentioned that the name of the martyr was Quietus. The vase of blood found in the sepulchre showed without doubt that he was a martyr of Christ. The inscription mentioned that he lived five years and two months in the faith of Christ. This did not mark his real age. But it was evident from the bones that he was young, and it was a fact in history well known, that a large number of martyrs were children. St. Agnes, the Virgin Martyr, was but thirteen years old. He was aware that many would regard this ceremony with surprise, but on this account they should be more anxious as Catholics to give this public testimony of their faith, that in these matters they were not governed by any influences but the teachings of their religion. Nothing could be more easily defended than that particular feature of their religion—the veneration of relics. The spirit of this country, which was so much ahead of this, was far more hostile to their religion than even the paganism of the times of St. Augustine. Against this spirit, which disputed every thing, and as a necessary consequence believed nothing, he would caution them. Martyrdom was the perfection of sanctity, because it was the perfection of self-sacrifice, and self-sacrifice was the spirit of their religion. The same hatred to the religion that had always existed still existed. Its aim was to root out and destroy what it affected to despise. But, taking the example of the saints, they, as Christians, had nothing to fear. Unjust legislation might deprive them of property they had dedicated to God, but they could never be deprived of the peace of a good conscience—of their holy faith, and of the reward which had been promised those who suffered for His sake.

After the discourse an hour was passed in further ceremonies, when the assembly was dismissed. Large numbers however remained to look at the relics.

A Poisoned Valley.

A singular discovery has been made near Batten, in Java, of a poisoned valley. Mr. Alexander Louden visited it last July, and we extract a paragraph from a communication on the subject, addressed by him to the Royal Geographical Society :

"It is known by the name of Guovo Upas, or Poisoned Valley; and following a path which has been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it with a couple of dogs and fowls, for the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the top of the mountain, the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of the hill, at the distance of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. When at a few yards from the valley a strong, nauseous, suffocating smell was experienced, but on approaching the margin the inconvenience, was no longer found. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape and about thirty feet deep.

"The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. Skeletons of human beings, tigers, bears, deer and all sorts of birds and wild animals lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapor was perceived. The sides were covered with vegetation.

"It was proposed to enter it, and each of the party having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening, nauseous smell was experienced without any difficulty of breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effect. At the expiration of fourteen seconds he fell off his legs without moving or looking around, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the company and went to his companion. On reaching him he was observed to stand quite motionless, and at the end of ten seconds fall down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, and died in a minute and a quarter. And another, which was thrown in after, died in the space of a minute and a half.

"A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited lay a human skeleton. The head was resting on the right arm. The effect of the weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. This was probably the remains of some wretched rebel, hunted towards the valley, who had taken shelter there unconscious of its character."

Herbert's Alleged Gift to the Widow of Keating

The following letter has been communicated to the *American Organ* by the brother of Thomas Keating, who was killed by Mr. Herbert in the affray at Willard's Hotel at Washington :

WASHINGTON, June 4, 1856.

A report has been extensively published that the Hon. P. F. Herbert had given to the wife of my late brother, Thomas Keating, a handsome dwelling and money to educate her children. If the intention of the author was to create public opinion in favor of Mr. Herbert I deem it my duty to deny that Mrs. Keating received any such favors from him. There is no foundation whatever for such a report. And I have never heard any person say that he has even expressed any regret for the act by which a widow and two orphan children were left solely dependant on the charity of the world.

There has been generously presented to the widow the sum of five hundred dollars ($500) subscribed by the guests at Willard's Hotel. By publishing the above you will confer a great favor and an act of justice on the lamented family of my late brother.

Very respectfully, sir, you obedient servant,

P. M. Keating

MARRIAGES.

At Antwerp, Travers B. Smith, son of the late John Smith, of Henrietta street, Dublin, to Victoria, daughter of the late Robert Montgomery, jun., Sandymount, Belfast.

At St. Peter's church, Eaton square, London, Justice Willes, to Helen, daughter of the late T. Jennings, of Cork.

At Hampstead, John Hopgood, of Finchley Road, St. James's Wood, to Rebecca Frances, daughter of Robert John Lattey, of Cregg, Galway.

At Shiplake, Oxfordshire, North Burton, of Thurland Castle, Lancashire, to Alicia Gertrude, daughter of Captain Versturme, late of the 27th Enniskillen regiment

In Paris, George L. Parrot, of Aveley, Essex, to Henrietta, daughter of Major Henry Clinton Martin, of the Royal Artillery.

At St. Peter's church, Thomas G. Moore Lane, Madras Army, to Eliza Anne, daughter of Thomas H. Irvine, Camolin.

At Moneyglass chapel, by the Rev. Samuel Young, Daniel M'Aleese, of Randalstown, to Catharine, daughter of James Duffin, Moneyglass.

At Hammersmith, near London, Philip Doyle, Barrister-at-Law, to Bessie, daughter of the late Benjamin Lara, M.D., Southsea, Hants.

At St. Michael's church, Limerick, Joseph W. Sidley, of the firm of Revington & Co., to Louisa Jane, daughter of John Adams, H. M. Customs, Queen street.

At St. Paul's Convent Garden, Henry Brown, to Mary, daughter of Roland John Reynolds, of Knightsbridge.

In Cork, Richard Kelly, to Mary, daughter of the late Abraham G. Good, of that city.

At Malone church, Henry George Perry, of Rathdowney, Queen's county, to Eliza Jane, daughter of George Gillmore, Montpeller, Belfast.

DEATHS.

At Mountrath, of consumption, Malachy, the son of M. Byrne, Chicago, Illinois, U. S., aged eleven years and three days. May his soul rest in peace.

At Tivoli, Kingstown, John M. Colgan.

At Bandon, Harry Bowles Sayre, surgeon.

At Coleraine, Martha, relict of John Orr, of Londonderry.

At Donaghmore, near Dungannon, aged 81 years, Jane, relict of George Monro, formerly of Belfast.

At Newtownlimavady, county Derry, Leslie Alexander.

On board the Monarch, on his passage from Calcutta to England, Major-General Sir William H. Sleeman.

At Monkstown, Isabella, widow of John Calhoun, Barrister-at-law.

At Bengal terrace, Finglass road, aged 80 years, Frances, relict of Joseph Sheppard, of Springpark, Tipperary.

In Guernsey, in the 71st year of her age, Jane, relict of Lieutenant-Colonel Lyster, and daughter of the late George Fosberry, of Adare Farm, county Limerick.

In Cork, from the effects of a fall while walking in Patrick street, Miss Anne Newsome, of that city.

At Geraldine, Sydney, Garrett Hugh Fitzgerald, son-in-law of the late Alderman G. F. D. Mahony. He was Mayor of Limerick in 1838.

At Kilrush, Thomas Fitzgerald, saddler.

At Fermoy, Mrs. Elizabeth Drew, aged 75 years, relict of Samuel Paoli Drew, M.D.

In Clonmel, aged 65 years, Margaret, relict of Thomas Ryan, late of Cottage.

At Rathnaleen, near Nenagh, Stephen Hill.

Near Doneraile, county Cork, Edward Sayer, solicitor.

At Sion Hill Convent, Dublin, Maria, daughter of James O'Donoghue, of Carnelly Cottage, Clare.

At Lucan, Capt. George Duff, aged 88.

City News.

In the first five months of 1854, 108,944 persons arrived from abroad at the city of New York; in do. of 1855, 50,049; and in 1856 35,245. The greater part of these immigrants were Germans, Irish and English, as follows:

	Germans.	Irish.	English.
1854	57 706	32,554	8,816
1855	18 132	17,266	8,504
1856	10 173	11,367	7,757

The majority of the English immigants are said to be converts to Mormonism, on their way to the Salt Lake City.

The City Marshal reports the number of persons committed to the Jersey City Prison during May, to be fifty-five; for offences as follows:

Drunkenness	39	Suspicion of Theft	1
Disorderly Conduct	2	Stealing	2
Vagrancy	2	Assault	4
Malicious Mischief	4	Lunatic	1
Total			55

The nativity of the prisoners is as follows: Ireland, 39; England, 5; Scotland, 2; France, 1; Germany, 1; and the United States 7—Total, 55.

The United States Inebriate Asylum—an institution for which we are mainly indebted to the persevering efforts of a medical gentleman of this city (J. W. Turner M. D.)—has, we are happy to learn, taken all the preliminary steps for establishing itself upon a sure and stable basis, and will, ere long, go into operation.

The Board of Supervisors have adopted a report in favor of paying McSpeddin & Baker's bill of $2,644 50, for binding books for the Register's office. The proposition to reduce the City Inspector's fees for recording marriages and deaths, from ten to three cents, was referred.

Collector Redfield has received a letter through the Post Office, without any signature, enclosing $1,500, which the writer said is due the Government.

Death of John B. James.

The Albany *Argus* pays the following just tribute to the memory of Mr. James, who, travelling westward, partly upon business but chiefly to recruit his health, fell ill at Chicago, and died on the 16 ult:—Mr. James was a private citizen, refusing all participation in public service, without ambition, and sensitively averse to such notoriety as the press sometimes gives to the career of men. We feel that, perhaps, it might best comport with the character of one who lived but to love and adorn the circle in which he moved, to let his passage from it be mourned by silent tears and regrets. And yet how difficult to restrain the open expression of so general a grief! He had grown up amongst us. We had seen his happy boyhood expand into the noble fullness of powerful and graceful manhood. Quick, versatile, genial, accomplished by travel, by study, by the intercourse of the best society of Europe and America, he was looked up to by all who knew him with pride and love. There was a grace in his manner and an expression in his fine countenance of the glowing and generous emotions within, that won all sympathies. His conversation charmed men like that of an accomplished woman, addressed to the intellect but reaching and commanding the heart. What wonder that a nature so rich, and which, like some rare perfume, exhaled itself with such lavish profusion, is exhausted at last.

Soon after graduating at College, and when still in his fresh youth, Mr. James married a young and lovely girl, with whom he spent years of unalloyed happiness, in comparative seclusion from the world. The hand of death severed that union, and the intercourse of society, tho' it afforded pleasures which he relished, and a field in which his intellect and taste had free and congenial employment, was inadequate to fill the void.

He was the son of the late William James, a wealthy and enterprising citizen of Albany; and his brothers, Rev. Wm. James, and Edward and Howard James of this city, Augustus and Rev. Henry James, of New York, survive him. His sisters, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Smith Van Buren, preceded him to the grave.

The Churches in America.

Zetto Barnes condenses for the *Tribune* some interesting facts.

Sir:—The Congregational Church was organized in 1620, and is now of 236 years' standing in America. At the time of taking the census of 1850, in had 1,706 church edifices, valued at $7,970,190, and will convene 801,835 hearers.

The Baptist Church was organized in 1632, and is now 217 years old in the United States. It has 9,300 church buildings, valued at $11,001,127, and will convene 3,248,580 hearers.

The Roman Catholic Church was organized in 1633, and is now 223 years old in America. It has 1,227 church buildings valued at $9,256,758, and will convene 675,721 hearers.

The Presbyterian Church was organized in 1706, and is now of 150 years standing. It has 4,863 church edifices, valued at $14,557,095, and will convene 2,179,504 hearers.

The Methodist Church was organized in Baltimore, Dec. 25, 1784, and is 72 years old in America. It has 133,338 buildings, valued at $14,826,148, and will convene 4,354,101 hearers.

The Universalist Church was organized in 1785, and is now 71 years old. It has 532 church buildings, valued at $1,756, 816, and will convene 214,965 hearers.

Though it is but 72 years since the Methodists were organized in this country, the whole family in the United States number over 1,496,000 members. They have over 619,000 more members than any other Protestant Church in America. They have over 3,900 more church edifices than any other religious body in this country.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, to say nothing of the other branch of the Methodist family, has two (Theological Seminaries) Biblical Institutes, 10 Universities, 13 Colleges, 55 Academies, Institutes, and Seminaries of learning. They have 553,065 scholars in Sabbath Schools, 2,760,000 "Sabbath School Advocates" circulating among the children, and 1,792,806 volumes in their Sabbath School Libraries. The fund expended in the Sabbath School cause for 1855 was $10,170, and that in promoting the cause of the Mission exceeded $230,000. The Book Concern in New York publishes over 5,000 bound volumes per day.

Business Directory.

BREWER & CALDWELL,
200 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.
ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS
ON
BANK OF LIVERPOOL,
In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

HERRING'S
PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*,) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.
The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,
No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,
AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,
AND
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,
WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,
SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**
OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durab] quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

JAMES O'FLYNN.
HOWARD HOTEL,
178 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

Advertising Envelope Manufacturer, Embosser, Die Sinker, and General Engraver. Notarial and Lodge Seals, Crests, and Coats of Arms. Seal Presses of every description constantly on hand. 14ju3m

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILWAY MANTFACTORY.
No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.
Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.
jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF
BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS!
AT RODGER'S, 340 BOWERY,
Between Bond and Great Jones Streets.

CONSISTING of an elegant assortment of Embroidery and Lace Goods, Barages, Lawns, and Barage-Delaines. With a splendid assortment of Stella Shawls, and the latest styles of Mantillas.

Ladies, bear in mind, we always carry out the adage, that *"the nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling"* 1m Jun7

"TERRA COTTA"
CHIMNEY TOPS,

PLAIN and Ornamental. Drain Pipes of all sizes, superior manufacture, lowest rates. LONG ISLAND POTTERY. Depot, 82 Nassau street, New-York. my10 3m

Sewing Machine Depot.—Sewing Machines of all kinds improved and repaired, on reasonable terms, an in the most substantial manner. Superior Machine Oils for sale. A large assortment of Machine Silk Twist and Needles for sale at reduces prices.
my 24, 3 mos. F. S. COATES & Co., 345 Broadway, New-York.

Business Notices.

NEW AND EXCLUSIVE—FASHIONS FROM IND1A.
GENIN
THIS DAY INTRODUCES HIS
EAST INDIA SUMMER HAT,

A Straw Fabric of unequalled Beauty, of which he has secured the monopoly for the present season. The EAST INDIA HAT possesses marked advantages over all other Hats of vegetable material which have ever been imported into the United States.

In point of lightness it stands alone. Placed in the scales against the finest leghorn, chip, or grass fabric, it would "kick the beam." In fact, its weight is scarcely perceptible either in the hand or on the head. The texture of the braid is fine and delicate, and the ventilation perfect. No one who sees the Hat can doubt that it is the *beau ideal* of coolness. Fragile as it is, rain will not destroy its shape. In order to suit all taste and all ages, the EAST INDIA HAT has been made up in a variety of shapes. The crown varies in hight so as to assimilate with the features of boyhood, youth, maturity and old age. Although the stock of the EAST INDIA HATS in this country is exclusively in the possession of the undersigned, and not a single specimen can be obtained outside of his establishment, the prices, in accordance with his proverbial policy, will be found extremely moderate.

Genin, No. 214 Broadway.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my3 1y

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap26 3m

RAGLAN HATS—Public approval of our efforts as hatters, to supply the lightest neglige hat, at a low cost, in 1854 and 1855, led us to seek among the Paris fabricants for quality and tint suited to our special sales. In announcing the Raglan hat, we deem it due to ourselves to state that, originating with us, we have control of the entire importation, as received per Barcelona and Fulton. The number being limited, gentlemen will do well to make their selections early. For sale at our counters only.

Leary & Co., Leaders and Introducers of Fashion, Astor House, Broadway, New-York. 3tJun7

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE FOR SERVAN TS.
275 BOWERY, NEW-YORK.

MALE and Female Servants can be promptly suited at the above number, with any situation in the city or country, at good wages, in first-rate families, without delay.

N. B. Employers quickly supplied.
3m may 31 ALEXANDER F. RUNGE, Agent.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE for Servants, 129 Waverley Place, two doors from Sixth avenue, New-York.—A large number of competent help can be suited with good situations, in city and country, without delay. Employers in the city and country supplied with the best of female help. [my17 3m] WM. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9ih Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.
6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.
ap19 3m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.
ap19 1y **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, May 23, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

$30 Dollars Reward will be paid for any information which will lead to the discovery of John Scantling, who left 326 Madison street, N. Y., on the 20th May. He spoke of going to Michigan. He has blue eyes, dark hair, no whiskers, and is slightly lame of his left leg. He is about five feet high, and is a native of the county Kilkenny, Ireland. The subscriber will pay the above named reward.
his
JOHN ⋈ WALSH,
mark
2tjun12 326 Madison street, New-York.

Information Wanted—of MICHAEL CARROLL, and ELLEN CARROLL, otherwise SWEENEY, his wife, late of the town of Galway, Ireland, who left that place in the month of July, 1851, for New-York, and who when last heard from in the month of July, 1853, were residing in New Orleans. Any information of their whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received.
☞ New Orleans papers please copy. je14 1t

Information Wanted—Of MICHAEL BOODEN, a native of the Parish of Urlingford, near Johnstown, County Kilkenny, Ireland, who left his residence in Ireland for New-York last December. Amy information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Coumissioners of Emigration, N. Y., will be thankfully received by his wife.

Information wanted of John Duffy, a native of Castleblaney, county Monaghan, Ireland, by trade a carpenter, who arrived in this city about five years ago, and when last heard from was living at Staten Island. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully reeeived by his wife Alice Duffy.

OFFICE of Receiver of Taxes—New City Hall, Park, May 29, 1856.—Public notice is hereby given that there is no such office as Collector of Arrearages on Personal Taxes, and that no person but the undersigned, or HENRY B. VENN, Esq., appointed for that purpose, to be found at this office, is authorized to receive any moneys due for arrears on Personal Taxes.
je7 6t HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The MAILS FOR EUROPE, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer Washington, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 14th day of June, at 10½ o 'clock, A. M.
my17 **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster

Business Notices.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,
118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no means inferior to ther celebrated compounds, while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flavor, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation.

Yours, respectfully,
ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

Mr. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

RICHARD KAVANAGH,

132 and 134 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON.

THANKFUL to his numerous patrons for past favors, is desirous of letting them know that he has given up the Grocery and Provision trade, and intends in future to devote his untiring exertions to promote their terrestrial happiness in the shape of good Liquors, Segars, to say nothing of a Free Lunch every day at 11 o'clock. Attached is a very handsome Sitting Room, and a splendid Room for Committee Meetings. my31 4t

Smiles many a long, bright sunny day,
When heaven puts on the blue of May.

Ladies, if you wish Gaiter and Button Boots, of all the fashionable styles, at 12s. to 20s., or if you wish slippers, ties and buskins, from 6s. to 10s. per pair, with boys', misses' and children's boots and shoes of all kinds and prices, patronize J. B MILLER & CO., 134 Canal street. [my31 4t

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.
Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my3 3m

Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. my24 3m

Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17 3m*

KNOX'S
OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.
DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 3 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dyed and re-finished with great success.
Also ladies and gentlemen's garments, Shawls, &c., &c.
BARRETT, NEPHEW & CO.,
3mos 3 John st., (2 doors from Broadway,) N. Y.

$100,000 WORTH OF NEW GOODS!

FROM AUCTION, at LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY. EGAN & CO. have just purchased an entire new lot of Spring and Summer Dress Silks of all styles and qualities, and will sell them at Low Prices in their New Store. In consequence of Overstock of Goods being Imported, Silks have reduced in value full 30 per cent., and we buying them at the reduced prices, can afford to sell the most desirable styles and qualities lower than those that have purchased when goods were high and scarce. We have no Old Stock—no Damaged Goods—no Bankrupt Sale—none of those Humbugs—but we have good PLAID SILKS from 4s. 6d. to 12s per yard; new and splendid Striped Poplins, from 8s. to 3s. 6d. per yard. A large assortment of Black and Colored Silks. We ask but one price, and sell in dollars and cents. Some of the newest STELLA SHAWLS, from $2 50 to $20. A large and splendid lot of CRAPE SHAWLS, and a general assortment of spring goods. Being the only LINEN HALL in the city, and having a buyer in Belfast, Ireland, we are always supplied with the best qualities of LINEN for Shirting, Sheeting, and Damask Table Cloths, by the cloth or yard. Some splendid Damask and Snow-Drop Napkins at $1 50 per dozen. Ten cases of French Printed Lawns for Dresses, will be opened tomorrow and the following day, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per yard. Marseilles Quilts from 14s. to $5 each. 4tjun7

REMOVAL.
McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks
Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 36 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto is ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap263mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

Analytical and Metallurgical Chemistry and Mining Geology.

DR. ISAIAH DECK,
No. 18 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW-YORK.

MAY be consulted on all subjects relating to Practical Chemistry, Mining- and Metallurgy. Assays of Ores, Analyses of Minerals, and Mining Products in general carefully and expeditiously conducted, and sound opinions delivered upon the most economical methods of working them, based on the latest chemical discoveries. Geological and Mining Surveys undertaken in any part of the world—Dr. DECK having had had considerable experience in this branch of his profession. my31 3m

Wanted, A situation as **Engineer,** to run a stationary engine, in any part of this city. Apply to James Casey, 405 Ninth street, opposite the Morgan Iron Works, who will give most satisfactory references.

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the fonndation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shonlder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, aanoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the pafient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opporiunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

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All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

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TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 13th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THOS. C. ROCHE'S

PASSAGE AND DRAFT OFFICE 83 SOUTH ST.



Sole Passenger Agent for GRINNELL'S celebrated



Swallow Tail Line of Liverpool and London Packets.

THOSE sending for their friends in the Old Country can make arrangements at this office to bring them from any part of *IRELAND* or *ENGLAND* at the lowest rates.

The ships sail from Liverpool four times a month, and from London twice a month.

Drafts for sale for £1 and upwards, payable in any part of England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales.

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☞ No connection whatever with any other Person or House useing the name of Roche.

For further information apply to THOMAS C. ROCHE,
ap26 3m Old Stand, 83 South street, New-York.

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LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA



STEAMSHIP LINE.

CITY OF BALTIMORE....CITY OF WASHINGTON.
CITY OF MANCHESTER...KANGAROO.

THE magnificent new steamship City of Baltimore, Capt. Leitch, 2,867 tons, 500 horse power, will sail from Philadelphia on the 26th June, and from Liverpool on the 16th July. Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including cooked provisions. Persons wishing to send for their friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

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Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
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OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,



Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,	Manhattan,
Great Western,	Neptune,
Harvest Queen,	Columbia,
Isaac Webb,	Yorkshire,
Isaac Wright,	Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,

Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my3 3m

Emigration.

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remitcance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON,
HUGH KELLY,
} Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CRERAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

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REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19 1y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

DRAFTS FOR £1 AND UPWARDS,

ON THE ROYAL BANK OF IRELAND,

(Expressly authorised by the Bank,)

FOR SALE AT THE BANKING HOUSE OF JOHN B. MURRAY,

No. 44 Wall street, (over Bank of North America,) New-York.

PERSONS wishing to send money to their friends in Europe, can remit it as above, by letter, *post-paid*, and upon receipt, a draft on the Royal Bank, will be forwarded without charge, to the person designated. 3m*

☞ To prevent loss, every Draft is registered here, and a copy of the register forwarded to the Bank by every mail steamer.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,

Office, corner of South and Beach Streets, Boston.

THE office of this Society is open from 7 A. M., to 6 P. M., where Emigrants can apply to obtain situations for which they are fitted. Farmers, Mechanics, and others in want of labor, will apply at the office.

Orders from employers in the country, stating the services required, the wages given, and the cheapest mode of conveyance, and giving respectable reference, will meet with prompt attention.

The Society will be thankful for all circumstantial and early information of any fraud, imposition or outrage committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

MARTIN GRIFFIN,
ARTHUR M'AVOY,
} Vice Presidents.

NICHOLAS J. BEAN, Cor. Secretary.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Secretary.
WILLIAM HICKEY, Treasurer.

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J. Ryder,	James O'Brien, do.,

Patrick C. Boyle, Roxbury.

MICHAEL HUGHES, Agent.

Special Notices.

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necessary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my3 1y

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REMITTANCES TO IRELAND, &c.

GEORGE McBRIDE, Jr., No. 14 Broadway, continues to transmit money, in sums large or small, to persons residing in any part of Ireland, in the same manner as he and his predecessor in business have done for the last thirty years, and more; also to any part of England or Scotland.

Money remitted by letter, post paid, to the subscriber, or personally deposited with him, with the name of the person or persons in Ireland, England or Scotland, to whom it is to be sent, and nearest post town, will be immediately transmitted and paid accordingly, and a receipt to that effect given or forwarded to the sender.

3mo GEORGE McBRIDE, Jr., N. N.

GREEN & SEWELL,
BANKERS,
No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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☞ **NOTICE.**

LOVEJOY HOUSE,

NO. 160 GREENWICH ST., NEW-YORK.

(21ju6m) LOVEJOY & FALLON, Proprietors.

M. GRADY.

27 FAYETTE STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

ju21 Agent for the IRISH NEWS and all the other choice literature of the day.

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap26 3m

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Sewing Machine Depot.—Sewing Machines of all kinds improved and repaired, on reasonable terms, an in the most substantial manner. Superior Machine Oils for sale. A large assortment of Machine Silk Twist and Needles for sale at reduces prices.

my 24, 3 mos. F. S. COATES & Co., 845 Broadway, New-York.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

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MALE and Female Servants can be promptly suited at the above number, with any situation in the city or country, at good wages, in first-rate families, without delay.

N. B. Employers quickly supplied.

8m may 31 ALEXANDER F. RUNGE, Agent.

BREWER & CALDWELL,

200 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

Wanted, at 766 Broadway, (near 8th street.) Places procured for conductors, Bookkeepers, Clerks, Salesmen, Firemen, Brakemen, Barkeepers, Porters, Waiters, men on Steamers and Railroads, boys for trades, and girls of every description. 21my3m

French, English, and German spoken. LOUIS KAUFMAN, Agent.

Servants wanted.—50 good, honest, capable, and faithful servants wanted daily. Cooks, Chambermaids, Seamstresses, Laundresses, Nurses, Waitresses, and general house and work girls—at the N. Y. Employment Office, 480 Broadway, established in 1844 by tf21ju T. P. SAUNDERS.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE for Servants, 129 Waverley Place, two doors from Sixth avenue, New-York.—A large number of competent help can be suited with good situations, in city and country, without delay. Employers in the city and country supplied with the best of female help. [my17 3m] WM. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

Emigrant Intelligence Office and Labor Exchange, No. 2 Canal street, corner of Centre street, New-York.—The office is established by the Commissioners of Emigration, where can always be found large numbers of LABORERS and SERVANTS, at very low rates of wages; and persons can have their orders filled by writing to the Superintendent, and sending the amount necessary to pay the passage of the parties required. No fees charged to employers.

JAMES P. FAGAN, Superintendent.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9ih Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.

ap19 3m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 682 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19 1y **Thomas Maher.**

Lecture of Archbishop Hughes at the Academy of Music.

LIFE AND TIMES OF O'CONNELL.

The lecture of Archbishop Hughes, last evening, at the Academy of Music, drew a brilliant and crowded auditory of the admirers of the great O'Connell. The eloquence and exalted position of the gifted and accomplished prelate himself, and the sacred object of the lecture, the erection of an edifice devoted to the worship of our common Father, contributed to the solemnity of the occasion.

Every available spot in the vast building was filled from the floor to the dome, by a most intelligent audience, among whom was a large proportion of ladies. The platform was occupied by many of the Roman Catholic clergymen of New York and its vicinity. The Archbishop was accompanied on the platform by Right Rev. Dr. O'Laughlin, R. C. Bishop of Brooklyn, Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, Vicar General, Very Rev. Mr. McCarron, Archdeacon Rev. Mr. Preston, Rev. Mr. Quin, Rev. Mr. Lutz, and several others. His appearance elicited a burst of loud and prolonged cheering.

He said:

The life and times of Daniel O'Connell furnish a theme for the grouping, into one subject, of the most remarkable and important public events which history has recorded as occurring at any time between the birth and the death of a public man. I regret that the task of presenting those events, in a condensed and yet luminous form, has not devolved on one more competent to fulfil it in manner satisfactory to so numerous and so enlightened an audience as the one I have the honor to address. If we begin by speaking of the times of O'Connell, how wonderful are the public events which occurred under his eye, and within the range of his personal knowledge. For example, at his birth the Catholic population of Ireland were under the inflictions of the penal code, which had continued for nearly ninety years, and had exercised its baneful and degrading influence on three successive generations. It combined, in its malignant foldings over every portion, so to speak, of the mind and body of the Catholics of Ireland, the strong coil of the anaconda with the subtle sting of the scorpion. It denied them rights of property, rights of domestic order, rights of education, rights of religion—in short it denied them every right except that which cannot be called a right, but a necessity, namely: it aimed at making them paupers, as regarded property; barbarians in reference to science and general education; and either apostates from the Catholic faith, or adherents thereto under the disadvantages both of pauperism and of ignorance.

Details of specific statutes on this subject would be out of place in a lecture necessarily so brief as this must be. But I may express the whole result in the words of Edmund Burke, who was a Protestant, although he never ceased to be a lover of his Irish countrymen. He says:

"It had (that is, the penal code) a vicious perfection. It was a complete system—full of coherence and consistency; well digested and well disposed in all its parts. It was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement, in them, of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Under the operation of such a system, which had been in force for more than eighty years, Daniel O'Connell was born in 1775. The sword of the American colonies was unsheathed in resistance against the oppression of Great Britain in that same year. O'Connell, on all public occasions, ascribed the mitigation of the penal code in Ireland to the successful resistance of the American patriots. In 1777, a British army, in its pride of place, surrendered at Saratoga to the once despised, insulted, and calumniated provincials. The penal code was relaxed in 1778. This relaxation was not the striking off of Ireland's fetters, but simply a lengthening by a link or two of the chain which, in its stringent rivetings, had crushed her energies. It gave the Catholics power and dominion over such remnants of property of which they had not been legally plundered during the three previous generations. But still they could not acquire, even by this relaxation, the right to purchase, or, as tenants, hold any freehold interest.

In 1782, England was involved in war with other enemies, whose fleets rode triumphant and unopposed in the British Channel. She required 20,000 seamen and active landsmen for her military service; and, in order to obtain them from Ireland, she relaxed the rigor of the penal code for a second time. By this relaxation she permitted the Catholics of Ireland to open schools for the education of their youth in literature and religion—having made it a crime by her penal laws, during the previous eighty years for any Catholic to teach or to be taught in Ireland or elsewhere. If want of education be a reproach to the Irish in later times, this historical fact will be sufficient to assign the reason. It reverses into a sad and literal sense, so far as the Irish are concerned, the hollow compliment of Lord Brougham to the enlightening genius of the British people, when, proclaiming the progress of education, he announced that the "schoolmaster was abroad"—the schoolmaster had been literally abroad from Ireland during ninety years. His attempt to keep school or teach any person in Ireland, Protestant or Catholic, any species of literature or science, was punished by law with banishment; and if he returned after banishment, he was subject to be hanged as a felon. Under these circumstances, it was certainly the schoolmaster's interest to be "abroad." But if any Catholic child, however young, was sent to any foreign country for education, such infant child incurred a corresponding penalty—that is, a forfeiture of all right to property, present or prospective.

In 1792, the French armies defeated their enemies at every point. The Netherlands were conquered, the cannon of the battle of Gemappe were heard at St. James', and the wisdom of English statesmen induced them by way of conciliating the Irish, to relax the chain of the penal code by an addition of two or three other links of diminished bondage. By this relaxation of the barbarous code, Catholics for the first time in a century, might become barristers, attorneys and solicitors; they could be freemen of the lay corporations; the Grand Jury box and magistracy were open to them, and they were permitted to attain the rank of colonel in the army—nay, some of them were allowed the elective franchise in voting for members of Parliament.

Up to this time concessions to the great body of the Irish people were made under the direct apprehension of danger to the British empire from the States with which she was at war. O'Connell was not yet of age, but already partial freedom, from one cause and another, began to dawn on his unfortunate country. All this he had seen, and part of this he was. But, besides, what astonishing events passed before his eyes, on the stage of European political, civil and commercial vicissitudes during his life! In his times, there was the French Revolution, with all its wide spread and terrific consequences of bloodshed, war, triumphs and defeats. He was still in France as a student, when Louis XVI. was executed on the scaffold. He witnessed some of the horrors of the revolution. He saw the priesthood of his church slaughtered by the sanguinary multitude and the disordered Councils of the State. He witnessed, if not on the spot, the attempt to abolish Christianity, to dethrone God by denying his existence, and to substitute for the worship of the Subreme Being, a symbolical divinity called "Human Reason," an attempt the folly and stupidity of which were almost more than its blasphemy. He saw the Corsican adventurer rush into this chaos and reduce it to partial order—religion renovated—the existence and worship of God re-inaugurated—order re-established amidst what had been anarchy—and this adventurer, as he might at first have been called, rising by the force of his genius, the power of his sword, but above all, the permission of God, to an undisputed sovereignty, not only over France, but almost over Continental Europe.

O'Connell was a sincere Catholic, and the buffetings to which the Church of God during that awful period was exposed, must have affected him deeply. The Deism and political infidelity which had animated most of the Cabinets of Europe for half a century previous to the outbreak of the French Revolution, were now passing under his eye, from the theories inaugurated by Voltaire into their practical results. As an appropriate beginning, the Jesuits had already been suppressed at the period of O'Connell's birth. He lived to see them restored, after the malignity of their enemies had been confounded, and the hostile intrigues of anti-Catholic Cabinets had been broken up and scattered to the winds. The blows of infidelity reached higher marks, and he saw the head of the Church, Pius VI., dragged into exile, and there giving up his great soul into the hands of God. He saw Pius VII, also a captive under the hands of secular power. He saw that British government which professed, and no doubt professed sincerely, such hatred to the Pope of Rome, restoring, at the expense of blood and treasure, the same illustrious exile, Pius VII., to the chair of St. Peter, and to the freedom which is essential to the head of the church. He saw a successor to the throne of Louis XVI., reëstablished in the halls of his royal ancestors, whilst the great conqueror of Europe, who had dazzled the world by his victories, was condemned to spend the last few years of his life as a chained eagle on a desert rock in the ocean. Two subsequent monarchs of France he has seen driven into exile, where they died unacknowledged by the great nation over whom they had reigned.

Confining his views to Great Britain and Ireland alone, he could not fail to have observed a contest between parties, changes in politics, contradictions between principles professed by either in their modification, variation and reversals, according to different times and circumstances. He must have seen the Whigs and Tories of England, like gladiators in a pagan coliseum, struggling each for ascendancy over the other. The very changes in the royal family have been awful lessons of experience, which were exhibited to the steady gaze of Mr. O'Connell, and no man was fitter to comprehend the deep moral and political meaning which they were so well calculated to convey.

But it is not surprising to me that Mr. O'Connell scarcely ever alluded, in his speeches or writings, to these great and terrible revolutions which were changing from year to year the political and social condition of Europe. Burke had indulged philosophically in topics of this kind. But O'Connell had but two loves: the one was the love of his country, the other of his creed, and in his public life these two became one and indivisible.

In a country like the United States, in which there is no distinction of creed—in a country like ours, in which all Christian denominations are equal before the law—and on an occasion like the present, it is far from agreeable to me to allude to rivalships or disagreements between English and Irish, or between Catholics and Protestants, among the Western Islands of Europe.

Yet I think it impossible for any one to conceive a just estimate of the character of O'Connell who will not admit in the circumstances of his life and times the distinction which is happily out of place in the free and independent States of the American Republic. O'Connell is by no means the only patriot of Ireland; but he is the only patriot who combined and absorbed in his policy the sympathetic impulses of religion and patriotism, so far as these regarded the feelings and interests of the great mass of his countrymen. Others, whose names it would be hardly necessary to mention here, have probably excelled him in rhetorical and eloquent periods of patriotism, and entitled to the respect which is due to great talents. But they had not the key of the heart of Ireland—they pleaded and spoke under circumstances which might attest individual devotion, and acquire for them individual fame; but so far as both were concerned, they were but "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." O'Connell, as a mere Irish patriot, was throughout his life superior to any of the illustrious names which Ireland has been in the habit of cherishing—be they Burke, Grattan, Curran, or any other of the others. He was not their inferior in statesmanship, jurisprudence or eloquence. But he was their superior so far as their country was concerned; he was their equal or more in patriotism, and had at the same time, by all odds, the advantage over any rivals in opening the avenues to the heart of the Irish people. He was a Catholic statesman—they were Protestant statesmen—honorable men, if you will, but shut out from an approach to the inner doors of Irish life. O'Connell's life, from the commencement of his public career, seems to have been influenced by the memory of two early, but perpetual dreams—the one promising a hope that he would release his countrymen from the bondage which was entailed by what is familiarly called the "Union"—the other that he would be enabled to rescue his fellow Catholic countrymen of Ireland and of the British dominions from the thraldom and degradation to which, before his day, they had been subjected. In accomplishing the former he was disappointed by the brevity of human life and other circumstances. In the latter he succeeded, and during his life he had the happiness to see, mainly through his own exertions, the altars of Ireland, England and Scotland and the colonies of the great British Empire liberated from the degrading thraldom to which by iniquitous legislation they had been previously subjected.

If with all his patriotism he had been a Protestant, he might like others have distinguished himself by most eloquent speeches against the wrongs inflicted by the State, and in favor of the right denied. But then he would have risen to a species of only individual notoriety, and general admiration as a patriotic rhetorician. He would have gone up as a blazing rocket and descended as a mere stick. Catholics of hardly less powers than his have exhibited themselves in this way; and so long as they were supposed to be united to the heart of Ireland by deep and undoubted sympathies, they were successfully sought to be purchased by the hostile Government of their country, or—banished or consigned to execution, Ireland has suffered the loss of many able and profoundly patriotic men devoted to her cause, but who sacrificed themselves or even sacrificed their public interest to the results of their individual aspirations, unsustained by any profound acquired sympathy with the great body of the Irish people.

O'Connell was none of these. He was a statesman as well as a patriot. He understood that in the briefest possible period he could get himself transported to the gibbet at home or to Van Diemen's Land, abroad, for the crime of loving or laboring for his beloved country. But he was too much of a statesman for a blunder like this. He comprehended from the beginning, that in order to effect great and radical changes of abuses in the community they must be made under the progress of more humane ideas, patiently urged and peaceably waited for in the amelioration of the social and political condition of a great State. Hence, with all the natural impetuosity of his individual character, he blended the calmest and wisest philosophy of statesmanship in arranging the relations of the means he intended to employ to the end which he was determined to accomplish. For twenty-three years after his admission to public life, and his recognition as a distinguished legal member of the Irish bar, he seems to have studied out the best means, whereby to realize the dreams of his life—Catholic emancipation and the repeal of the Union with England,

Let us begin with his idea of Catholic emancipation.

O'Connell brought no hereditary influence into the contest. He was not a peer, he was not the son of a peer. But he had the instinctive consciousness of greatness, which talent and immense acquirement were calculated to inspire. He wished to break the fetters that encircled the altars and the limbs of his Catholic conntrymen. The task was immense. The resistance which it compelled him to regard as being necessary to overcome, was simply the united resistance of the English monarch.

The house of Commons—the stolid prejudices of the English yeomanry—the sneers and contempt of the English aristocracy—the hostility of the Government in its various political departments of unspeakable power, namely: the Church by law established, the navy, the military, the cabinet, the judiciary, and, moreover the virulence of the dominant class in his own island, the hesitation and dubiousness of the Catholic clergy in both countries, and the cold apathy of the Catholic laity themselves.

All these obstacles no man was better qualified to comprehend and appreciate than Daniel O'Connell. But real greatness is never to be crushed by apparent obstacles, and accordingly O'Connell, in 1823, commenced the organization of that tremendous power which was fostered and fed and extended under his guidance until, in the year 1829, it had already subdued the apathy of Catholic Ireland, the hostility of Orangemen, the adverse sentiment of the British navy and army, the spurious patriotism of the House of Commons, the wicked obstinacy of the House of Lords, supported by the stolen surplices of the established Church, at the same into objects subserving Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst, and last, but not least of all, the resistance of the British monarch himself, the antiquated vomptuary, George IV. Notwithstanding the inequality of the contest of an individual on one side, and an empire on the other, O'Connell triumphed. And his the lecturer continued, was the only case in history in which such great results have been brought about by means entirely moral and religious. O'Connell's task was at once to excite his countrymen up to a certain point of interest and zeal. And then to restrain and check their impetuosity lest it should go too far, because at any moment, if he had said the word, they were, impetuous people as they are, more ready for battle than for peace. (Loud cheering). The lecturer proceeded to give a brief but comprehensive *resume* of Mr. O'Connell's career from his entrance into public life in 1800 through the series of years that intervened until he obtained the measure of Catholic emancipation. He alluded to his duel with D'Esterre, his subsequent repentance, his religious character, and his liberal views. By the advice, it was said, of his spiritual director, Mr. L'Estrange, he got up a petition, signed by 800,000 Catholics, and sent it to the table of Parliament, where it reversed the decision of the ministers as to the bill for the relief of the Protestant dissenters, and thus enabled himself and his Catholic countrymen to see their Protestant fellow-citizens of the empire emancipated before they, themselves, were. [Applause.] O'Connell was not a bigot in religion. He was a liberal Catholic. And when he (the lecturer) said a *liberal* Catholic, he did not wish to be misunderstood; he meant a Catholic who recognizes in every other human being the same right that he claims for himself. [Loud cheers.] But in modern times a liberal Catholic had come to be understood as a man who makes no distinction between one creed and another. [Laughter.] The Archbishop then passed to the consideration of the traits of Mr. O'Connell's private personal character, and, in reference to this, related several instances that had come under his own knowledge. The first time he met Mr. O'Connell was in London, and he was introduced to him with a determination to have a struggle with him on a certain question; that was, on the asperity, as he thought, with which Mr. O'Connell spoke of certain social institutions in this country. He (the Archbishop) told him, after the ordinary introduction, "You are not surprised, Mr. O'Connell, that while you have many friends in America, there are some who are much displeased with certain of your public remarks."

He asked "What remarks?" It was replied that he (the Archbishop) thought he was too severe upon an institution for which the present genrration or the present Government of America was by no means responsible; he meant Slavery. He paused, and said it would be strange indeed if he should not be the friend of the slave throughout the world, he who was born a slave himself! [Cheers.] He silenced me, continued the lecturer, although he did not convince me. In conclusion he remarked, I do not say that Mr. O'Connell was infallible either as a politician or as a statesman; but I do say that, take him for all in all, Ireland never produced his equal before, and, I fear, never will again. And I say further that, be they few in number, or be they many, I, at least, shall ever claim to be one of those who cherish a profound respect, under every point of view, for the illustrious memory of the great Liberator of Ireland. [Vehement and prolonged cheering, amid which the lecturer retired.]

The Cork *Examiner* has the following with respect to Gen Williams, who as a hero under misfortunes, has been equalled in the magnanimity of success by Gen. Mouravieff, his generous Russian conqueror:—"It is not generally known that the gallant defender of Kars passed a great part of his youth in the immediate vicinity of this city. Queenstown is entitled to the honor of having given him his education. He is, as is known, a Nova Scotian by birth, and was sent to school to Queenstown where he remained six years. The man who taught him, and who little dreamt that he was instructing the defender of a kingdom, on whom the eyes of the world would in after years be fixed, still resides in Queenstown. The fact rests on Gen. Williams, our authority."

The presbyterian Synods of Belfast and Dublin met on the second Tuesday of May, the former in Rosemary-street, Belfast, and the latter in Kilkenny; and the Synods of Armagh, Ballymena and Coleraine, and Derry. On the third Tuesday of the month Dungannon, Coleraine, and Letterkenny, respectively.

There are only 484 paupers in the Clogheen union, being a decrease of 147 from the same period last year. The weekly expense of provisions was £47 14s 6d, and the average cost of each pauper, 1s 10d. The uncollected rates amount to £80, and the balance in favor of the Guardians is £660.

English News.

Of the "Music on the Sabbath" question, in the London parks, the *Times* says:

"So Exeter Hall has triumphed, and the working population of this metropolis is driven back to the public-house. The Primate and Mr. Baines, with their well-organized army of Sabbatarians, have silenced the bands, cleared the parks, and set the tap once more flowing. Their zeal has its reward. Among the many precious things that are thrown away in this world—things sweet and unsweet—there is nothing of which there is so little thrift as religious zeal. Go into any lane or court of this city, and along the whole way you hear mothers screaming the filial duties into their children, bawling obedience, inculcating quiet at the full pitch of their throats, recommending order with frantic gestures, and peace with blows. At another time you will find virtuous dames enforcing upon one another the Ten Commandments in the copious dialect of calumny and sneer. But it is the same everywhere. Wisdom cries in our streets. *Fortiter in modo* is everywhere the motto of virtue in these days. What magistrates, what gaols, what punishments, what enormous expense in a State which maintains as a fundamental maxim that for every good purpose 'Heaven's first law' is to let people alone! Our preachers somehow do not get the poor to church, but then they give it them well for not coming. Would they only come, they would hear a good account of themselves. In fact, religion is no longer a thing of grace, a home for the broken-hearted, a deliverance for the captives, or any of those sweet things it was once reported to be; it is all yelling and howling, abusing, stigmatizing, denouncing, anathematizing, sending men the wrong way all round, and for every imaginable reason. On the first provocation you have your cantankerous agitators, with their armies of signatures and three whole columns of pious grimace, screeching against the poor creatures who try to refresh themselves somewhat less coarsely than usual. What a start the world would make for the better if but a hundredth part of all this energy were employed in raising the fallen, in strengthening the weak, in soothing the afflicted, or in doing some sort of positive good, instead of these perpetual prohibitions shouted in the ears of people whose whole life is one of privation and sorrow! But this is pretty nearly all that most religionists and moralists can do. They can attend a meeting and hear one speech more stupid and harsh than another; they can sign a petition in a dozen places, if necessary; but they cannot do good to a single soul, nor supply anything better in place of all the ordinary sources of recreation they are so industriously withholding."

The *Saturday Review* gives the following deplorable account of the irreligion of the lower orders in the metropolis of moral and enlightened England: "Could the statistics of our existing Sunday observances be obtained, they would prove that in spite of, as many think by means of, this assumed traditionary reverence for a strict Sunday, the lower classes of London are almost to a man alienated from religion. The solid fact remains that the extant religionism of England, as it affects the lower classes, fails, and fails egregiously. The question is not between a Sunday keeping population with crowded churches and meeting-houses, and a possible or probable loosening of such vigorous and operative religious influences. We have to do with a population notoriously, palpably, and almost exclusively irreligious, sullen, apathetic, ignorant, and debased—untouched by the finer feelings, incapable of other than the lowest emotions, addicted to the vulgarest stimulants, unrefined by art, or by the higher susceptibilities of human nature. We have not to deal with a quarter of a million of church goers, but with a quarter of a million of dull, stupid, apathetic bodies, who either spend the Sunday in sottishness or sleep, or in the debasing attractions of the pot-house and the *guingettes*."

Mr. Russell, who was deputy chairman of the Albion Life Office, and late chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, retired to rest as usual on Wednesday night (14th ult.), and on Thursday morning, shortly after six o'clock, his servant, on entering his room, found him lying on the bed insensible. He had on his dressing-gown, and two pistols lay by his side. The deceased had discharged one of the pistols into his mouth, and the ball had passed into the brain, inflicting a mortal wound. He died at two o'clock. The other pistol appeared to have missed fire. Deceased was brother of the Rev. Whitworth Russell, Inspector of Prisons, who died by his own hand, and by the same means as deceased.

The *Morning Post* praises the financial abilities of Sir C. Lewis. His statements are so plain that everybody can understand them. Two brilliant Parliamentary orators, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone, have been tried in the same office, but the *Morning Post* prefers the present occupant, simply because he is a steady man of business, doing it as a man of business, without pretension. With regard to the present budget, it is soon summed up. As to taxation, we remain as we were. We did not expect any diminution, and are quite content to escape an increase.

The *Daily News* remarks that while the Chancellor of the Exchequer does not pretend to make any revelations of novelty, he reveals much that is important and assuring as to the financial condition of the country. Upon the whole, no budget revealing no surplus of income, and announcing no remission of unpopular burdens, was ever better received than that of last night, the upshot of which was to tell us that after the reduction in war estimates, there would still be a deficiency.

The *Observer* says:—Palmer (the poisoner) is remarkably tranquil, indeed cheerful, under the circumstances. Neither his general bearing nor his countenance exhibit the slightest appearance of anxiety as to the result of his trial, which he does not hesitate to make the subject of conversation, or to express his confidence in its eventuating in acquittal. To such a degree is this felt, that there is a rumor in sporting circles of his having ("made" was the term we heard used) a characteristic bet of £800 to £100 that he shall be present at the Derby.

Sir Henry Berkley, after having passed seven years in the West Indies, and "conducted the government of both colonies with eminent success at a critical period," will, almost immediately, return to England, and receive his appointment as Governor of Victoria.

The English Court of Exchequer has decided that it is lawful for a candidate to pay a voter's travelling expenses to the poll.

King Cole, winner of the Chester Cup in 1838, died last week at Hednesford, England.

The protracted trial of Dr. Wm. Palmer, for the murder of John P. Cook, by strychnine, has been brought to a close. The prisoner is found guilty, and has been sentenced to death. This trial excited an unusual amount of interest in all classes of the community.

The jury retired at 2 1-4 o'clock, P. M., and at 3-35 o'clock, P. M., on their return into court, the prisoner was immediately placed at the bar. He appeared calm and collected, although, by the twitching of his lips, it was evident that his anxiety was at the highest point. He was to be hanged on the 14th.

A work has just issued, entitled "The Scinde Railway, and its relation to the Euphrates valley, and other routes to India." It is from the pen of W. P. Andrews, chairman of the Scinde Railway, and is published by Messrs. H. Allen & Co The author of this volume has a large conception to communicate. His design is to establish a steam and telegraphic communication between London and Lahore.

The *Times* remarks that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's financial statement will be read with great pleasure. The cost of the war up to 1857 bids fair to come within £80,000,000.

A meeting of Etonians was held at Willis's Rooms, London, to consider the propriety of erecting a monument to the memory of the Etonians who have fallen during the late war, and a resolution agreeing to erect such a memorial was come to.

The Highland Society of Newcastle have resolved to present Sir Colin Campbell with a large and elegantly-chased silver snuff-box, inlaid with gold, as a mark of their high estimation for his distinguished services in the Crimea.

The *Daily News*, in noticing the forthcoming performance of the Messiah at Exeter Hall, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, states that upwards of £2,821 were distributed last year amongst distressed musicians and their families by the society in question.

The week ending 10th May, the births of 886 boys and 815 girls, in all 1,701 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1846–55 the average number was 1,521.

Gretna Green will be destroyed by Lord Brougham's new bill, which directs residence of three weeks in Scotland before marriage, and divorces in Scotland will be legalised in England.

The Town Council of Oxford have decided by 19 votes to 11 not to have an illumination for the peace.

European News.

European Summary by the Ericsson and Arabia.

The U. S. Mail Steamship Ericsson, Captain Lowber, from Liverpool, P. M. of Wednesday, May 27, arrived at this port at 11 1-2 o'clock, on the morning of 13th. The Arabia arrived the same day.

The news is again rather meagre. A new Russian loan is spoken of, part of which will be offered in London, but the greater part in Germany. Some of the Hamburg bankers have been invited to St. Petersburg to consult on the terms. From the late seat of war there is little or nothing new; the armies continue to leave the Crimea, and, as they leave, the Russians occupy their places.

The only feature of importance in the British Parliament had been the moving by the Earl of Elgin, in the House of Lords, for copies of the dispatches relating to the sending of troops to the Canadas. Lord Elgin expressed his regret that the present differences with the United States should have arisen, and hoped they would be speedily arranged.

Lord Clarendon stated in reply that Britain had made the amplest apology for the recruiting business, but could not consent to recall Mr. Crampton; that an offer had been made by the British Government to refer the Central American affair to arbitration, which offer had not yet been accepted; that Britain is animated by the most friendly feelings toward the United States, and such would eventually be admitted by the United States, notwithstanding language had been used in the Congress of the United States, which, if used in Britain, would have been denounced as tending to embroil the two countries; and finally, that as Lord Elgin had stated, five minutes conversation between Mr. Marcy and Lord Clarendon would suffice to settle the business, he (Clarendon) would willingly meet Mr. Marcy half way across the Atlantic!

Lord Panmure then stated that the troops sent to Canada were merely to replace those withdrawn during the Russian war. Great preparations were being made for the celebration of peace on the 29th.

From France the intelligence chiefly has reference to the coming baptism of the young Napoleon, and to schemes of his father with reference to the establishment of a Kingdom of Algeria.

The intelligence brought by the City of Baltimore of the recognition of Father Vijil, as Minister from Nicaragua, has not tended to diminish the anxiety with respect to relations with the United States. The London *Times*, after saying that "it really seems as if demands on the one side and concessions on the other had reached their utmost limit," suggests that the United States should send to London a special Embassador, or accredit the present minister with plenipotentiary powers to settle the dispute amicably.

There is to day a rumor that Lord Elgin is to be sent as Plenipotentiary to Washington to endeavor to arrange matters. Another rumor says that Sir H. L. Bulwer will be the Envoy.

France.

The horrors of war are about to be followed by indications of the progress of "the arts of peace" in the French capital. The Great Agricultural Exhibition promised to be the leading topic of public interest during the ensuing week.

The following, says *Galignani*, are some few details of the preparatians now in progress at Notre Dame for the baptism of the Prince Imperial. The whole of the church will be decorated with paintings to harmonise with the style of the building, and all the windows filled with colored glass so as to throw a soft light over the interior. The keystones of the vaulted roof and the capitals of the columns will be gilded. In the centre of the transept, and on an estrade approached by six steps, will be placed on the right and left the Legate, the Archbishop, the Cardinals, the Prelates, and other dignitaries of the church. In the centre will be seats for the Emperor and Empress, the Imperial family, the Ladies of Honor in attendance and the Ministers. The altar, which will be placed at the entrance of the choir, will be covered with a canopy, and on either side of the choir will be erected tribunes for the ladies of the high public functionaries. Between the altar and the prie-dieu of their majesties will be placed the baptismal font. The water for the ceremony will be put in the vase of St. Louis (now in the Muse des Soverains) and which will be placed on a table of white marble. The diplomatic body and the Senate will be placed, as usual, in the southern transept, the northern being occupied by the legislative body and the Council of State. On the right and left of the nave will be seats for the public. The orchestra will be placed, as on the occasion of the marriage of their Majesties, over the grand entrance near the grand organ. Outside, in front of the central entrance, will be raised a richly decorated porch, with masts ornamented with flags.

M. Jourdan, a barrister, has been arrested, and condemned to four years imprisonment and 5,000 francs fine, for having sent through the mail, from Brussels to Paris, five copies of a manifesto signed by Kossuth, Mazzini and Ledru Rollin. Other copies of the same document were smuggled into France in the interior of a lobster.

The sous subscription to present a testimonial to the Empress and her child had been brought to a close, and realized 80,000 francs.

Russia.

The *Independence Belge* gives the following as the substance of the Emperor Alexander's address to a deputation of the citizens of Warsaw:

"My plan of conduct toward your country is—absolute forgetfulness of the past. I am content with the Poles, not merely because, in spite of revolutions and wars in which all Europe has been entangled, they have not forgotten their duties to their sovereign and to themselves, but still more because those of them who have fought in the ranks of my soldiers have displayed a bravery and fidelity which have been proof against all temptation. I shall not cease to love the Poles as my children. Tell this, Messieurs, I pray you, to your fellow-citizens; but tell them also, that the time for idle dreams is at an end. No more of reveries! I wish Poland to be happy, and she can only be so by her union with Russia."

Italian affairs continue as before—in a state of vague uneasiness.

From other parts of Europe there is nothing of import, excepting the circumstance that Denmark is putting her fleet into an effective condition.

It has been announced in the Spanish Cortes that the Spanish Government will take energetic measures to obtain justice in the difficulty with Mexico, arising out of wrongs inflicted on Spanish subjects.

The Admiralty's new invitation for tenders for the Australian mail service is little more than a revival of the old route formerly undertaken by the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Screw vessels of not less than 2,200 tons each are to run between Suez and Melbourne, calling at Point de Galle. The contractors are also to state the additional amount they will require, if the service be extended to Sydney. The contract is to be for five years.

Literary and Artistic News.

The Museum of the Louvre has purchased a thick manuscript folio volume, filled with sketches and drawings by Leonardo da Vinci. It was the property of M. Valeardi of Milan, who sold it for 35,000 francs (£1,400 sterling). In 1797 thirteen other manuscript volumes of sketches, all by Leonardo, were brought from Milan to Paris—one of the clearest gains of Napoleon's Italian campaign. One of them, which was unluckily left at the Imperial Library, was taken possession of by the allies in 1815, and sent back to Milan.

There is now exhibiting in Cork says the *Examiner* of that city, a painting by a young artist, Mr. John Day, which is deserving of notice as well for the merit it possesses as the promise which it gives of higher achievements. it is a landscape, presenting some of the characteristic featrres of the scenery of Glendalough.

"By that lake whose gloomy shore,
Skylark never warbles o'er.

In the foreground are a group of trees, naturally and forcibly painted, in the middle distance a rustic bridge, and some broken water, with two children playing, which give interest and animation to the scene, the whole being shut in by rocks and wooded hills. There are good hits of painting and the whole forms an agreeable picture.

The interment of the distinguished professor, Sir W. Hamilton, took place, the 12th ult. in one of the vaults at St. John's Episcopal Chapel, Edinburg. The ceremony was strictly private, the company consisting of about forty gentlemen, personal friends of the deceased.

The *Nottingham Journal* states that a purse, containing £1,000, the result of a public subscription commenced some time ago, has been presented to Mr. Thos. Cooper, the Chartist poet.

The library of the late Professor Hermann, of Gottingen, the renowned philologist, has been purchased by the University of Prague. It consists of 11,000 volumes, of which 4000 are pamphlets.

From the 1st November, 1811, to the 31st December, 1855, or forty-four years and four months, no less than 271,994, books have been published in France. This number includes books written in foreign languages, as well as Greek and Latin authors.

Sir William Hamilton, the great Scotch metaphysician, died at Edinburg on the 5th inst. He had long suffered from paralysis in his right side.

Hugh Miller, the distinguished Scotch Geologist—the author of *Red Sandstone* and of recent biography—is about to visit America on a lecturing tour.

M. Thiers, the historian, is the greatest print-collector now in Paris.

The *New Quarterly Review* has a new editor and manager in Mr. Magregor, late M. P. for Glasgow, some time editor of *Tait's*.

The St Petersburg Academy is actively engaged in translating Ritter's great work, the "Description of the Terrestrial Globe," the first volume of which is ready for publication.

We hear that Mr. Lucas, a barrister, has succeeded the late Mr. Samuel Phillips as literary critic to the *Times*.

The original M. S. of Scott's Kennilworth has been added to the collections of the British Museum.

Count Gurowski is engaged upon a work to be entitled "Europe and America," discussing and comparing the social as well as the political aspects of the Old and New world.

American News.

The San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes that Bhuddism has been formally inaugurated on American soil. After many disappointments, the Chinese population of that city have imported a wooden god and all the paraphernalia of their worship for the purpose, and erected them as a permanent institution in its midst. The festival, as it was called, commenced on the 4th, and was continued to the 8th, occupying five days. The edifice in which it was held was erected in 1853, and is situated in Pine street. It is of a singular style of architecture, the entrance being through narrow and devious passages, having on each side high walls. A general invitation was extended to the people of San Francisco, through the press, to visit the building, and all who availed themselves of it were treated with politeness.

This, of course, is very shocking to our Christian ideas. But, nevertheless, under our Constitution the Chinese have precisely the same right to worship their idols that we have to pay our devotions to the Infinite Author of Nature, so long as their idolatry does not disturb the civil or the religious privileges of others. And ultimately, this perfect freedom, with which the law cannot interfere except to do mischief, will be the means—aided by mild, Christian persuasion—of weaning the poor deluded Chinese from their debasing idolatry. Persecution and restraint would attach them to it, and inspire them with hatred towards the religion through whose devotees they were restrained or punished.

The mechanical facts respecting the atmospheric telegraph, as given by the inventor are, that the area of a two feet plunger is four hundred and fifty-two inches; the pressure of one-fourth pound on each inch is one hundred and thirteen pounds, and one hundred and thirteen pounds tractive force draws seven tons; a two-feet cylinder, forty miles long, contains about 640,000 cubic feet of air; one pump cylinder, twenty feet in diameter, and twenty feet long, contains six thousand cubic feet—two of which pumps, double-acting, will exhaust twenty-four thousand cubic feet of air at every turn of the shaft; therefore, twenty-seven turns of the same will exhaust the number of cubic feet contained in the forty mile cylinder. The plunger is to go forward without calculable friction, and its touch is not sufficiently great to create objectionable heat.

A destructive fire occurred in Placerville, Cal., April 15th, by which $60,000 worth of property was destroyed. Three hotels—the Placer, Orleans and Iowa—were burned to the ground. Mr. McKean Buchanan was playing *Richelieu* at the theatre, when the cry of "fire" was heard, and the aged minister of State, forgetting alike his trembling, the austerity of his manner, and the grief of *Julie*, followed the crowd out, in his robe of office, and worked industriously until the fire was checked. *Adrian de Maupraz*, and indeed all the members of the company, in the excitement, forgot to change their dress, and appeared in the street, in their gay costumes much to the astonishment and the no little amusement of the crowd. Pulling on the robes, carrying the ladders, handling water, they seemed to be present everywhere lending a helping hand. Their performance at the fire was entirely satisfactory.

Two hundred and four inhabitants of the counties of Mackinaw, Chippewa, Delta, Emmet and Sheboygan, in the northern part of Michigan, have addressed a communication to Governor Bingham, representing the suffering to which they have been subject by reason of Mormon depredations, and praying some relief from the nefarious conduct of their troublesome neighbors. They state that their property is not safe from the encroachments of the Mormons, who, by the convenient process of "sanctifying" chattels, appropriate to their own use whatever falls in their way. Cattle, fishing boats and apparatus, salted fish in barrels, wood, wagons, kettles, lumber, &c., all come convenient to the robbers, and are "sanctified" to their use by force and arms.

The Treasurer's report, read at the Session of the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, shows that the receipts by contributions from various sources have been $771. The balance on hand last year was $34 50. The expenses were $600 for the salaries of two Professors, £21 for Student's Register, and for a charter, $21 25. The report was adopted, with the exception of the clauses providing for a fund for aiding poor students and for the erection of the building. A resolution was adopted asserting that Millenarianism is in no phase a doctrine of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.

The men belonging to the command of Col. Schlessinger who were taken by the Costa Ricans and executed by them, were made to perform an unwelcome service just before their exit. Having been condemned to death and their fate announced, the victims were compelled to dig their own graves and, when done, made to kneel upon the margin of the trench dug, when they were shot dead—falling readily into the pit their own hands had made.

Hon. John M. Niles, who died on the 3rd ult., bequeathed $20,000 to be held in trust for the poor of Hartford, one-half the income to be applied toward paying the wants of the deserving indigent, and the other half to supply them with fuel. He also bequeathed his library to the Historical Library.

A correspondent of the Albany *Register* professes to know, that there is now living in New York city a successful merchant, who is an illegitimate son of Napoleon the Great, brought to this country in 1804, when three years old, with his mother, who subsequently returned to France and left him here in the care of guardians, upon whom his support devolved after the disasters of 1815.

The Baton Rouge (La.) *Gazette*, states that a gentleman residing at Livingston Parish, La., has a very singular plant in his garden, which appears to be a sort of connecting link between the animal and vegetable worlds. The plant is about three feet high, and its stems reach the ground. At the end it is armed with a small sharp substance with which it pierces insects and lifts them into the calyx, where they are grasped by the plant and appropriated to support.

The Andover (Mass.) *Advertiser* states that Mrs. Mary Cooper, wife of Edward Cooper, got up during the night, while in a somnambulistic state, took a tub, pail and washboard, and went to a pond in the rear of the house, where her dead body was subsequently found. In the early part of the night she awoke, and said she had been dreaming of working hard.

The Ohio river between Pittsburg and Wheeling is getting very low and boats of the second class find great difficulty in navigating between these places. The Western waters do not seem to be in much better condition.

Ratification meeting in the Park.

A great mass meeting of the Democracy to ratify the nomination made at Cincinnati was held in the Park on the evening of the 11th. The concourse at nine o'clock numbered between ten and twelve thousand.

As early as 5½ P. M. the Rotunda of the City Hall was crowded with officers of the meeting and distinguished guests, among whom were the Hon. John E. Ward of Georgia, late President of the Cincinnati Convention; the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois; the Hon. Howell Cobb of Georgia, late Speaker of the House of Representatives; Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New York; John Van Buren, Esq.; Gen. Ward Burnett of New York; the Hon. Rodman M. Price, Governor of the State of New Jersey; the Hon. Lorenzo B. Shepard, Horace F. Clark, Esq., the Hon. Augustus Schell, and a host of other eminent men from all parts of the Union and the Empire State.

About 7 o'clock, an immense concourse having already assembled, the procession of officers, speakers and guests was formed, and proceeded down the steps of the City Hall to the grand stand which had been erected in front of that edifice, from whose turrets proudly floated the National Ensign and the banner of the State. As the ascort approached, the vast assemblage opened a way on either side, and a magnificent brass band placed upon the platform struck up the Star Spangled Banner, while the air was rent with repeated and enthusiastic huzzas.

Horace F. Clarke called the meeting to order and nominated Lorenzo B. Sheppard for chairman, which was greeted with loud applause.

The following resolutions were then offered:

Resolved, that the Democracy of the City of New-York with one heart and one voice respond to and ratify the nominations made by the National Democratic Convention of Cincinnati, and they offer their congratulations to the Democracy of the Union that its representatives in that Convention have discharged the sacred trust committed to their hands in such a matter as to challenge the undivided approbation of every member of the great Democratic family.

Resolved, That in presenting, to us as the candidate for the Chief Magistracy of the country, the name of James Buchanan of Pennsylvania,—the devoted friend and unwavering supporter of Andrew Jackson,—the able statesman who has stood so clear in every trust and office, to which the voice of the Democracy has elevated him, that the tongue of detraction is silent at his name, they have not only honored themselves and us, but enabled us, even now, to claim victory for the object of their choice.

Resolved, That the gallant Kentuckian, John C. Breckenridge, the pride of his native State, whose personal energy and genius have raised him above all obstacles to a commanding position in the nation, is appropriately placed upon the ticket with James Buchanan, and that the high station to which he will be raised of Vice President of the United States, will only serve to make his eminent talents as valuable to the whole country as they already have been to the people of Kentucky.

Resolved, That we adopt and ratify the platform and resolutions of the National Convention at Cincinnati, in their entire breadth and extent, in the full confidence that the principles they so clearly and fearlessly enunciate will be accepted by every Democrat, and become the guide of his political faith and action.

Resolved, That it is the duty of every Democrat to accept with cordiality the decision of the National Convention—the High Court of Appeal for the Democracy of the Union—with respect to the party in the State of New York; and that we pledge ourselves to give such a majority, in November next, for the candidates of the Convention, as shall restore the unbroken ascendancy in the State of sound Democratic principles over sectionalism and fanaticism.

Resolved, That it is the duty of every National man to forget the differences between parties which have existed in the past history of the country, and to rally with enthusiasm to the rescue of the Republic from the disunion treason which has become so widely spread; and that we extend the hand of fellowship and amity to all, every where, who have declared their determination to unite with the Democracy in their support of Union principles.

Resolved, That we earnestly, and in a spirit of true regard for the real interests of the whole Democratic family, recommend to the State organizations to take such measures as will effectually promote the interest and well-being of the Democratic party, and urge upon the different county organizations the duty of united and joint effort, in order to replace the State of New York in the high position which she has hitherto occupied in the Democratic councils of the nation.

Unanimously adopted with three times three stunning cheers.

John E. Ward, of Georgia, President of the Cincinnati Convention, was introduced. He rejoiced to witness such enthusiasm. The late Democratic Convention (he said) assembled surrounded by dangers and beset by difficulties that never before environed the people of this land. No body of men since those who framed your Constitution have ever assembled with a more important work before them. When we met in that Convention there came from the North and from the South, from the East and from the West, delegates prepared to lay aside all sectional difficulties and adopt a platform upon which they might be triumphantly borne to success in November next. The great question came up, who is to be that giant statesman around whom the eyes of the whole nation are now fixed. They have done their part in selecting Mr. Buchanan, and you must now perform yours.

W. W. Avery, Chairman of the North Carolina delegation, next addressed the assembly. He said that he appeared before the great Democracy of the State of New-York to address them on a momentous occasion. He alluded briefly to the two sections of the party. He stood before them as one who contributed to establish the platform. It was strong enough to hold them and him, and every Democrat from the banks of the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. (Cheers.)

The Hon. Stephen A. Douglas was received with tumultuous and long-continued cheering.

When silence was restored he spoke as follows: When the newspaper shall have transmitted the intelligence to the remotest part of this Republic, that the New-York Democracy are united as one man in favor of James Buchanan and John C. Breckenridge, joy will be imparted to the heart of every national patriot. [Loud cheers.] New-York, the Empire State, now occupies a position which she is entitled to by her numbers, by her wealth, and, above all, by her devotion to those true constitutional State Rights principles, which have always prevailed whenever the party has been united as one man upon the platform adopted in Convention. [Applause.] I came here only when I found that there was a joint invitation sent by Hards and Softs. [Cheers.] Dissolving old matters of difference, and united in one common effort to redeem and save the country from the sectional agitation, strife, and discord to which our opponents wished to consign this Republic.

I have refused for four years to address either section of the Democracy of New-York, or to answer an invitation from either section, for the reason that I resolved, as a Democrat, I would never recognize the propriety of a division among men who ought to be united as brethren in a common cause. [Applause.] But when the joyous news arrived that New-York was a unit, that the Democracy were brethren, that past differences were forgotten, that the Cincinnati Convention had blotted out all remembrance of the past, and only presented the hopes and glories of the future, I was ready to come and extend the hand of fellowship to the New-York Democracy, who are united and ready to march to a glorious future. Already our enemies have abandoned the issues which they so defiantly presented when they first entered the canvass.

Bear in mind, my countrymen, that under the union of all the combined isms—Abolitionism, Free Soilism, Know Nothingism, Maine Liquor lawism, Woman's Rightism, and all the other baneful isms—under that combination they were enabled to throw a majority in the present House of Representatives, which gives them the control of that body. They elected Mr. Banks, a Know Nothing, Abolitionist, a Free Soiler, and Maine Liquor law man, who embodied all the principles, all the prejudices in his own person, Speaker of the House. Their actions show us that they got their present position by falsification and fraud; and they desire to play the same game until after the next Presidential election. With a majority elected by Abolitionists and Know Nothings, why do they not bring forward their bills to redeem their pledge to proscribe every man of foreign birth within the limits of this great Republic? They dare not. They wish to coax and deceive men of foreign birth to vote for the Know Nothing candidates under the name of Freedom, in order that the men chosen may be made instrumental in depriving every naturalized citizen of his constitutional rights.

After a lengthened episode in relation to Kansas, the speaker continued: He who resists the supremacy of the law of the land is an enemy to all free institutions. [Cheers.] The law is the guardian of all that is sacred to freedom, the law protects a man's life, a man's liberty, a man's property, a man's reputation, all that is dear to men in a civilized community. The great characteristic of the National Democratic party, is our attachment to the Constitution and to the law of the land as the people through their representatives shall make it and the Court in its jurisdiction shall explain it. In Kansas the Black "Republicans" place their hopes upon successful resistance to the law of the land.

But, my friends, I find that these Black "Republican" murderers and Black "Republican" newspapers have all begun to shed crocodile tears [laughter and cheers] over mine own humble fate, because they made a Douglas platform and put Buchanan on it. [Cheers.]

I wish to call your attention to a point for a moment, and that is whether it is not a Buchanan platform as well as a Douglas. [Cheers.] They say it is a Douglas, because it indorsed every position that I have taken not only upon the slavery question, and Kansas and Nebraska, but the foreign policy. [Cheers.] That is true, and because it is true, I stand with heart and soul ready to devote all my energies to the success of the platform and the candidate. [Immense cheers. Three cheers for Douglas.]

Mr. Douglas, with much eloquence and point proceeded to show that Mr. Buchanan and himself held the same position on the slavery question; and in conclusion said that there could be no discord when all rested on a common platform. New-York was the Empire State of the Union, and he trusted that in November next she will prove worthy of that consideration which the Democracy of distant portions of this country will reverberate on all sides to her in a unanimous award.

The Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, said he would commence where Mr. Douglas left off. He delighted to extend to the Democracy of New-York his congratulations that they had united, and presented an open front in consolidated opposition to their enemies.

If the Know Nothing Convention which meets to-morrow had their way, they would strike out that provision which provides that no religious test shall be put to any citizen. If it be your faith to preserve that instrument, see to it that you do not encourage a party which advocates political or religious intolerance. Let the National Democrats of all States of the Union assemble together, and as in the days of our fathers, be devoted to the same principles, the same God, and for the preservation of our common country. He would appeal to them in the spirit of patriotism to rally around the banner of Democracy and insure the perpetuity of the Union and the Constitution forever. The opposition will seek to draw off the people from the prominent issues by asserting that there have been outrages in Kansas, but the Democrats should be true to the main issues and ignore those which would die with the canvass.

There was but one answer to all the outside issues, that if the law has been violated, the law will insure a remedy. Ours is a law-abiding party. No true liberty-loving man would cower at the issues presented; and if the united Democracy of New-York would prove true to themselves, the party was sure of success. [Cheers were then given for Cobb, the Empire State, &c.]

Col. Gardiner, of Georgia, was the next speaker. He was followed by Thomas Butler King, who predicted a majority of ninety thousand for Buchanan in November. Buchanan's knowledge, he said, of foreign affairs will insure peace abroad. Of all men who have distinguished themselves in our public councils, he is the representative of constitutional principles. He is eminently qualified to be our first magistrate. [Cheers.] The demonstration to-night will assure the South that the North is in favor of the perpetuity of the American Union. [Cheers.]

Hon. U. M. Churchwell, of Tenn., beheld in both Buchanan and Breckenridge, "fit exponents and supporters of Andrew Jackson."

Hon. C. Carrigan, of Penn., predicted fifty thousand majority in his state for the nominee. After which the meeting was declared adjourned.

This, altogether, was thelargest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held in the City of New-York, and if any have doubted the success of our ticket heretofore they will probably doubt no longer.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, *May* 24th, 1856.

Burke Roche and his Peerage—Maurice Power "a beautiful lad"—Tenant-Right Banquet at Navan—Speech of the "Member for Mayo"—Moore embraces the *Tablet*—Helen Faucit—A Head Repeal-Warden and Thackeray—Morgan John O'Connell and Pat Somers—The Archæological Society of Kilkenny—Sadleir's boast—Edmund Burke—Death of Father Strickland—Dr. Cahill—An "inexhaustible fountain of balderdash"—Smith O'Brien's return—Young Ireland still in the pillory—Longford Election—Stritch, Arkins and Reynolds—"Hurrah for Repeal."

Burke Roche, of Trabolgan, isn't to be a Peer after all. Eight of the English judges have pronounced an opinion, in the House of Lords, that the act of Union doesn't warrant the Government in the creation of a barony of Fermoy. The Chief Baron described it as an innovation on the recognized practice of half a century. The *London Standard*, of Tuesday last, intimates that Mr. Roche's political services will be rewarded with a peerage of less questionable legitimacy. Three cheers for Burke Roche!

That's the end of his patriotism. He's going to stuff his Repeal speeches into a gingerbread coronet, and hide his '82 uniform under a toga of red velvet and ermine. Who'd have thought it would come to this, when the handsome young squire was driving the boys and girls of every county in Munster half mad, in '43, with his national sentiments and dashing appearance? Next to O'Connell, there wasn't a more popular man that year in Ireland. Poor Davis greatly admired and trusted him. Until coming on towards the Secession, he was looked upon as a thorough Young Irelander. All through the "monster meetings" he spoke and bore himself as such. At the Limerick dinner, a couple of months after the release of O'Connell and the other Repeal martyrs from prison, it was Burke Roche who, amid deafening cheers, defended the Irish rebels, calling out in his manliest tone—

"*Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight? Who blushes at the name?*"

But he's become diseased, like the rest of them, with a love for the good things in the gift of the sweet Lords of Great Britain and Ireland. He has become sensible, and corrects the follies of his less matured years with protestations of devotion to the Government he was once tempted to disown and resist. His conversion has been slower, but is equally as sincere as that of his late colleague, Maurice Power, the Governor of St. Lucia.

Maurice was a beautiful lad! Succeeding O'Connell in the representation of Cork county, he's hardly a week in Parliament before he delivers himself over, body and soul, to the brutal, base old Whigs. As a compensation for his obsequious villainy, he gets this appointment (£2,000 a year) and bids good-bye for a while to the pleasant waters of the Lee, thinking it a devilish rich joke to have made the most out of the miserable jackasses who crowded to the polls, whisked their tails, kicked up their heels, and brayed for him. A rather vulgar fellow was Maurice, and as thorough a humbug as ever made a bad use of his tongue. And what a tongue he had! It was coated, two inches deep, with the finest drawn treacle. It could coax a milestone out into the road, it was so soft and so strong. To perdition, say I, with all such schemers. And to perdition, and the deepest depth of it, the country will slide, so long as it takes to blarney, instead of honest hard talk. Nations don't grow strong upon sweatmeats. Least of all upon such as are made up with Cork butter.

There's been a tremendous great Tenant-right banquet at Navan. The tables were laid in a mill—the property of Mr. Delany. It was the same old bill of fare. *The Queen's health* was duly honored. So the *Nation* informs me. Then the *Hierarchy* and *Clergy*. Mr. Moore, the Member for Mayo, gave them a spirited speech. He pitched brilliantly into the living slaves, and gave the dead ones an ignominious kick. Thus he deals with the latter:

"It is but a few months since our immortal leader departed upon his last mission, and since then vast machinations that he on earth opposed in vain—subtle schemes that he unravelled in vain, dark conspiracies that he exposed in vain—resources and combinations that appeared as inexhaustible as Hell itself, and which, like the earthworks of Sebastopol, appeared to grow up beneath his mighty fire, the vast fabric of wickedness all fell to pieces in a single morning, and the helpless corpse of one wretched villain, whose crimes to his country and mankind may God in his mercy pardon, with a white face uplifted to the sky, lay before all mankind, the fitting emblem of all that remained of Sadlierism. (Great cheering)."

He regrets to say "that the greater part of the Catholic constituencies of Ireland are already swamped below the lowest level of the lowest tide."

But he wakes up—a happy thought strikes him—he drives home the following question:

"What is to become of the lying Catholic lawyer and the crawling Catholic squire? What is to become of the corporation of 'Cawtholic soles,' whose nature is subserviency, whose god is political prostitution, who, like the toad, feed on the vapors of a dungeon, who cannot breath an unpolluted air? (Loud cheering.) Well, I have thought of that, and, in a spirit of commiseration and Irish hospitality, I offer them an asylum in my own country."

Then we have a pleasant description of the asylum to which he would munificently invite them:

"You have all heard of a certain mountain in Mayo called Croagh Patrick, to which our guardian Saint, of blessed memory, consigned all the venomous reptiles that in his day existed in Ireland! (Cheers and laughter.) As member for the county, I have taken the liberty of ordering the mountain to be got ready for the Sadleirites (hear, hear, and cheers.) I have told the snakes and the toads that they may expect new additions to their happy family, and I hope the vermin will give the new comers a warm reception (great laughter). I trust that Croagh Patrick will receive them as hospitably and keep them as safely as the last consignment he received from St. Patrick, and Mayo will be happy to contribute a representative to keep them company (loud laughter).

What will the exquisitely genteel, pious, and patriotic critics who deprecate the jokes and festivities you indulge in at the Friendly Son's dinner, on Patrick's day, say to this delicate adaptation of a popular legend? Heaven help us! I believe, even in your great republican home, you have just as many scheming hypocrites and conscienceless bigots as we have here amongst us in Ireland.

By-the-bye, Mr. Moore and the *Tablet* have fraternally embraced. I'd as soon have kissed Dobbin, the informer on Smith O'Brien's trial, as to have made up with these emasculated successors of Lucas. They haven't a drop of red blood in their veins. I doubt if they have a drop of indelible ink in their bottle. Their hearts and their inkstand are leaden deposits of the sickliest water.

Helen Faucit is with us again. She's a glorious creature. I agree heartily with Michael Joseph Barry, that she would be transcendent perfection itself were she an Irish girl. Will you ever forget her *Antigone*? I am greatly surprised she hasn't been, and doesn't comtemplate going to America for a few months. There's not the least doubt, her success there would be rapid and splendid. Or, to borrow a fine phrase from William John O'Connell, 'twould be "superlative." This distinguished patriot—once the Head Repeal Warden of England—met Thackeray, the other day, on his return from the United States.

"Permit me, Mr. Thackeray," says he, "to congratulate you on your superlative success."

Mr. Thackeray thanked him.

"I understand," continued the eloquent patriot, "that your lectures are very shuparior articles."

Morgan John O'Connell, I see, has very recently appeared as one of Pat Somers' counsel in behalf of the petition brought against Mr. Wynne, the sitting Member for Sligo, by the dainty and immaculate Pat. The petition alleges extensive and gross bribery against Mr. Wynne. The only evidence adduced yet to sustain the allegation is that of Bernard Killoran, who, it seems, somewhat suspiciously travelled up from London with Somers (the dilapidated old swell), a day or two before the election.

Isn't it a pity to see Morgan John drearily beginning, in this way, life over again? He deserved an easier and brighter fortune. Generous, gallant, highly accomplished and social, it would have gratified me sincerely to have seen him high up in the world, with everything about him calculated to bring out and show off to the best advantage the grand qualities of his heart and mind. How the deuce he didn't manage to walk off with some great heiress or another I can't, for the life of me, make out. A universal favorite of the House of Commons, he achieved by his apt, graceful, and telling speeches a foremost position there. Handsome, largely-built, gay and chivalrous in his tone and bearing, he was attractive enough in person, one might have thought, to captivate the Rose of England herself, (whoever she might have been), even though she bloomed in a flower-pot of gold, and was sprinkled with the dews of the Hesperides, out of a watering pot of platina, studded with pearls. His father, John O'Connell, of Grena, was a noble old fellow. I recollect meeting him one day in the Gap of Dunloe (of which you appear to retain the clearest recollection), and thought him the finest specimen of the old Irish gentlemen I ever saw upon horseback. John Francis Maguire, the Member for Dungarvan, was riding with me at the time; and Sir Thomas Esmonde, and a party of English excursionists, were astride of a lot of shaggy ponies a little way behind.

The Archæological Society of Kilkenny held a meeting on Wednesday last in the Tholsel of the "Marble City" of the Nore. There were a number of curiosities handed in, and many more were promised. Mr. John Dunne, of Garryricken, contributed an ancient religious seal, found in the neighborhood of Killamory; the Rev. William Mease, of Stradbally, an English groat of Queen Mary; Mrs. Purcell, a Russian bible plundered in the Crimea; and Mr. Hitchcock made a communication on a Vandalic destruction of a Megalithic circle and rocking-stone, somewhere in Scotland. It's pleasant to think they have leisure for such occupations in the smokeless city of St. Canice. After all, when our political men are so hideously corrupt and so loathsomely cancerous, it's better for the country to turn into the cloisters and caves of the past, dig up old coins, translate honeycombed bones, and bewail the explosion and splintering of the enormous monumental stones of our fathers. It's better to do that than be wasting breath and shillings in attending Tenant-League meetings in Navan, and producing not even a bundle of briars and weeds to compensate for the outlay.

The Kilkenny *Journal* says that a short time before the catastrophe at Hampstead Heath, Mr. John Sadleir was heard to boast, that on the next dissolution he would send four clerks of the Tipperary Bank into Parliament. I perfectly agree with the *Journal*, there was nothing wonderful in this threat of the swindler. Over and over again the same thing has been done. Over and over again, have such tools been thrust upon the Irish people by rascals of every color of cloth and profession; and over and over again, has this intelligent, quick-witted, highly discriminating people—"the finest peasantry in the world"—taken the tools to their hearts, and stamped them as "genuine!" The people—the Irish people, here and elsewhere—may fret and complain about their condition, their miseries and woes, the insults and wrongs they've incurred—but they're themselves to blame. They've invariably supported and stuck to the men who cajoled, flattered, sold and betrayed them. They have, just as obstinately, thrown off the men who sacrificed everything—their heart's blood, in fact—to serve and ennoble them. And all, because these men didn't smear their tongues with honey to tell them the truths they should know, and what they should do. They're perpetually howling at England, when it's their own fault—their own fault, and no one else's—that England has had them so long down. I don't mean to talk nonsense, however delicious it may taste, in these letters. I just write as I think fit, though the words may be sour. If you think they will injure the paper, fling me and my manuscript out amongst the "declined." Many an honest man has been hanged before this.

At a meeting of the Bucks Architectural and Archæological Society, held last evening at Aylesbury, in England, Archdeacon Bickersteth made a very feeling and affecting reference to Baconsfield church. He said he often looked on it with regret, for "there lie," he continued, "the remains of Edmund Burke, and yet, with the exception of a tablet, there is no record of that distinguished man." I may be very hard-hearted, but, as an Irishman, I find it difficult to participate in the sorrows of the sensitive Archdeacon. Edmund Burke, like Wellington and Canning, gave all his genius, services, and glory to the powerful land that slandered and wrecked the beautiful island of his nativity and childhood; and were it not that this island, even in her dark day, is made visible to the world by the reflection of his affluent genius, I would as soon think of kneeling devotionally on the steps of Nelson's pillar, or swinging up frankincense before the black image of George the Third on horseback, inside the wall of the Mansion House, in Dawson street, as of honoring by a scratch of the pen this ponderous apologist of monarchy and British supremacy. The world knows he set his face against Grattan, when Grattan went in for the Parliamentary independence of Ireland, and that's enough, in my mind, to disentitle him to a particle of Irish sympathy or reverence.

Your old schoolfellow, the Rev. Mr. Strickland, is dead. The last mail from the Crimea brought us the news of his death. He lies within the British lines on the heights above Sebastopol, making the seventh Catholic priest who has fallen a victim in the discharge of his consoling and holy duties, since the opening of that expensive and horrible campaign. The Roscommon people deeply feel his premature loss. There has been a High Mass for him in Gardiner street chapel, and I understand there will be the most impressive solemnities in his memory at Stonyhurst (where he was educated), next week.

Is it any news to tell you, that Dr. Cahill is still rolling out his huge letters to the Earl of Carlisle? Columns upon columns, with his name on the pedestal, spring up, day after day, heterogeneously encumbered with poetry, bad grammar, and all the stereotyped phrases of the O'Connellite school of orators. He's an inexhaustible fountain of balderdash. "Do you see," he exclaimed one evening at the Mechanics' Institute, "do you see the heavens, spangled with stars by one dash of the Almighty brush!" I was sitting right before him, when, with a grand theatrical shake of his head and long flowing black hair, and a flourish of the white demonstrative wand he held in his hand, he flung out those bedlamite words. Says I to myself, "Nash, the Waterford schoolmaster, never said worse."

The news of Smith O'Brien's return to Ireland is waking up the people. There have been bonfires and other illuminations in Rathkeale and Limerick, and they're talking of a great reception here, congratulatory addresses, and so forth. If I were O'Brien, I wouldn't receive one of them. This same people let him go without one hearty effort to save him the agony of eight years of exile. He was hardly gone, before they threw up their caps and hurrahed with all their might for the public pauper, called a Queen, who had ordered his wife into widowhood, and his children into a fatherless home. For seven years, his name was never once mentioned in a public meeting, nor was there (except by a very few here, and in Cork,) the least kind thoughtfulness or sympathy expressed for him. On the contrary, the vile writers and spouters who were humbugging the country in the name of religion and justice, order and loyalty, and everything else of the sort, were perpetually intimating that O'Brien was a traitor, had sold the country, pretended an insurrection, and was comfortably provided for by the Government out in Australia. I'd never receive an ovation from a people who haven't the heart and pluck to do honor to the memories of Emmet, Tone, and Fitzgerald; who till now have permitted their names to lie under a scandalous and cowardly proscription; and who leap out of their hospitals, fever-sheds, and graves, to run after the carriage of a very ordinary woman, in whose name a world of mischief has been done.

Some of your readers, I presume, won't like this sort of talk either. But, I say again, if it will hurt "THE NEWS," consign it without ceremony or remorse to the bottomless pit of bewildered minstrelsy and patriotism run mad. Open the window—out with it—and contribute it promptly to the bag of the tattered lank cormorants who prowl about Nassau street, picking up, in the shape of bones, pea-pods, slippers and lobsters' claws, the odoriferous vestiges of civilized life.

Young Ireland is still in the pillory. There was a meeting last Sunday, of the Young Men's Society of Wexford. The Rev. Mr. Furlong, of the order of Passionists, delivered a lecture. He conjured the young men to be peaceable, industrious, just, religious, and irreproachable in all things, and, above all, to avoid secret and illegal societies.

"It was by societies of this nature (said the Rev. gentlemen) that our country was brought to the verge of revolution and of being deluged in blood—that Young Ireland was simply Young Italy, which aimed at the subversion of all authority of Church and State. He lived in Italy himself for some time; and he knew the principles of Young Italy. If one happened to offend another, lots were drawn to see who would assassinate the unfortunate individual; and if the person so drawn, showed the white feather, he was assassinated himself. As to Young Ireland, every word that was uttered at their club-meetings in Dublin, was known at the Castle in half an hour afterwards; so that they could not trust each other and became spies and traitors on their own body.

With all possible respect to the Rev. Mr. Furlong, (who on earth is he,) I beg leave to say, he doesn't know much about Young Ireland. He but reiterates the aspersions of such papers as the *Telegraph*, the ugly offspring of a swindler, who considerately rid the world of his abominable presence. One of these days, when you have time, you must write the true history of *Young Ireland*, and contradict and shame into contrition, (into silence at-all-events,) the rampant as well as the sneaking

slanderers of the party, the Rev. Mr. Furlong, the illiterate historian of Irish politics included.

The Longford election is over. Mr. Queen's Counsel Hughes is returned to Parliament. His principles are those of Judge Keogh; his success will be similar; there's a big, full-bottomed wig looming before him in the future, and its not his fault if he doesn't drive his head into it. The enthusiastic Repealer, Andrew Russell Stritch, seconded his nomination. Stritch is just as deplorable a creature as Tom Arkins, or Reynolds, or any of the other old Corn Exchange hacks—indeed, he's infinitely more offensive to the eyes and nose of an honest national man. Arkins and Reynolds never pretended to be anything but out-and-out O'Connellites. Stritch was perpetually itching to keep on good terms with the young and old parties, at the one and the same time. The former threw him off, for he neither had cultivated intellect or courage; the latter thought him too temporising and shifting; even for them, he was too unreliable. So he tacks on to a third party—a *tertium quid*, as O'Connell would say—and reverses his paddles to Whiggery. From this and other facts of an equally virtuous aspect, you will infer the healthy political condition of Ireland at present, and, of course, be highly encouraged. Hurrah for Repeal!

KILMAINHAM.

Another Letter from Dublin.

DUBLIN, May 31st, 1856.

A Tasmanian Alderman—The Phenix Park—Grand Review—Wellington Testimonial—Illuminations—The Liffey on fire—John B. Dillon in his wig and gown again—Parliamentary doings—Crime and Outrage Bill—Maiden Assizes—White Gloves—Peace, Law, and Order—Moral condition of England—Opinion of the *London Leader*—O'Doherty in Dublin.

Walking down Sackville street, a few days ago, I was much surprised to meet Alderman Phillip O'Reilly, of Hobart Town. You recollect O'Reilly. Transported some eight years for Molly Maguireism, he received shortly after landing a ticket-of-leave. By industry, and, I must say good conduct, he soon established himself in business, and, as the result, has now returned to Ireland with a little fortune. Whether he purposes to remain here permanently, or to return to what he terms his "adopted country," I know not. For some time O'Reilly was the bosom friend of Balfe, the informer. Of late Balfe has fallen so low, that even O'Reilly discards him. His masters, the very government officials, now repudiate the miserable wretch.

Yesterday all Dublin was in Phenix Park to witness the review in celebration of the Queen's Birth-day and the Peace. What a glorious park it is! London with all its wealth, Paris with all its magnificence, Vienna with all its splendor, St. Petersburgh with all its grandeur, has nothing to compare with it. At night there was a splendid display of fireworks from the mound on which stands the Wellington testimonial. Was it kind, was it generous, was it courteous towards "our gallant ally" to have chosen such a site? At the close of the display the entire monument from base to summit was illuminated—a grand spectacle! Conspicuous among the victories of the great Captain inscribed upon the pillar, there shone forth in letters of dazzling flame the word—WATERLOO! What earthly connection is there between Waterloo and the Malakoff, to say nothing of the Redan!

In the city, the government offices—the whole affair you know was governmental exclusively—were brilliantly illuminated. Thus you see the great Russian war begun in gas, in gas too has had its most appropriate termination.

John B. Dillon, one of the men of whom Ireland in this day has most reason to be proud, has returned to reside permanently I believe amongst us, and resume the practice of his profession. On Monday next I understand he will be once more found in the Hall of the Four Courts wigged and gowned.

"Cedant arma toga"

The Parliamentary proceedings of late have been very dull. I perceive, however, that it is proposed to renew the "Crimes and Outrages (Ireland) Bill." This, as you are aware, is an Arms Bill under another name. Its object is to prevent the acquisition of arms by the people of this country. What excuse (for there must always be an excuse) the English government can invent for renewing at the present season this unconstitutional and coercive measure, I am rather anxious to see. Ireland during the last two years has been most beautifully loyal. She has contributed more than an average quota of scamps to the Crimean army; she has organised a fine militia; she has illuminated; many of her sons, in the exuberance of their loyalty have forsworn their cherished principles; nay, some of them—the O'Connell's to-wit—the very principles of their fathers; and yet, oh! ingratitude—Ireland is to receive an Arms Act, a Coercion bill, a "Crime and Outrage bill," forsooth! 'Tis really too bad. But apart from the absence of any rebellious spirit, Ireland at present affords the example of a country almost wholly free from crime of a serious character. At the late assizes, white gloves were presented to the judges in either three or four counties, and everywhere the calendars were extraordinarily light. There is not a single prisoner in jail in Tipperary awaiting trial at the forthcoming assizes. Peace, law and order, universally prevail. On the other hand, crime of the most revolting character is prevalent in England. Unnatural mothers there pursue infanticide as a trade. Sporting physicians there deal in poison as a pastime. Murder walks abroad in the day-light, and strikes down his victims alike in the quiet country by-way, and the crowded alleys of the great towns. The poison-cup is passed around from hand to hand; from friend to friend; from sister to brother; from parent to child, from child to parent. Good God! such is the country which rules and governs us, disarms and coerces us. Do I exaggerate! Palmer, of Rugeley, has been found guilty—but is Palmer's case an isolated one! Take an English authority, the London *Leader*:

"Is Rugeley an entirely exceptional case! Is there anything in the configuration of the country in that part that should make the people monsters, in comparison with their neighbors! Is the water atrociously brackish! Do the people feed entirely upon pig's flesh, or on sausages of more malignant material? Have the virtues of the population been poisoned out of them by the adulterations of the grocer, the druggist, and the butcher! There is, in truth, nothing to establish the peculiar blackness of Rugeley in the moral map of England. Yet, what are the facts? We find that many of the inhabitants are accused, and by each other. Here is the respectable surgeon, and what is the story told of him by his neighbors! That his father-in-law disappeared mysteriously; that a visitor died under circumstances which rendered a Coroner's inquest necessary; that his wife was poisoned; that his brother followed the wife, his boon companion followed both, and his servant was to have been in the same retinue. Seven children have disappeared—seven, although his wife had but four."

And again:

"Yet again, we deny that the Rugeley is peculiarly criminal: it is only characteristic of English society, in the adulterations of its trade, the treacheries of its private relations, the subornation of its insurance, and the prostitution of its most sacred guarantees."

We hear of no Arms bill, no Crime and Outrage Act for England!

K. I. O'Doherty is at present in Dublin. He looks remarkably well. He will return soon to Paris to complete his medical studies. John Martin is expected here in a few days.

KILMAINHAM.

Irish News.

The Dublin *Freeman* gives the following account of ingenious robbery:—It appears that for some time past extensive robberies had been committed in the steampacket office stores, Northwall, notwithstanding the most rigorous precaution on the part of the several companies. At length the depredations became so extensive that it was found necessary to call in the assistance of the police. Yesterday, acting-Inspector Ryan, of the G. Division (the detective force), instituted inquiries into the matter, and after a vigilant investigation, he proceeded to a certain house, where he arrested a man and his wife, whose names we for the present omit, for having in their possession several bales of goods, consisting of cloth, silk, &c., valued at £200, for which they could not account, and which, it is stated, were purloined from the steam packet companies' stores. The prisoners will be brought before the magistrates this day. The mode by which these extensive robberies were effected is as follows: The male prisoner, it was supposed, secreted himself in a case shaped like a press, for which he had a key to open a lock on the inside This case, and several others of a different shape, were duly shipped from English ports to Dublin, and when landed on the North-wall were placed in the several steam-packet stores, to the address of the male prisoner. It is supposed that at night, when the stores were locked, he used to come out of the case in which he lay concealed, and stow away the goods into the empty cases, which he caused to be carried away the next morning. His supposed mode of avoiding detection was very clever. He used to wait until the porters employed in bringing goods in and out of the stores were busily engaged, when he availed himself of his opportunity and slipped from his place of concealment. The extent of the robberies committed by this means is said to be very great.

Under the head of "Movement in favor of the Irish Language, Irish History, and Ballad Poetry," an exchange gives us the following: "On Wednesday se'nnight a lecture was delivered, in Dublin, on the above subject, by Dr. O'Brennan, author of "Ancient Ireland." On the motion of S. Lalor, Esq., seconded by J. C. Campion, Esq., the chair was taken by John Bagnall, Esq. The citizens of Dublin got a rich literary treat on that occasion; one of the most lucid and interesting lectures delivered in the metropolis for some time past, was given by Doctor O'Brennan. The topics, so ably handled by the learned gentleman, possessed great interest for every Irishman—the lecturer's defence of the vernacular—his clear and lucid reasoning as to the early possession of letters by Ireland, 1,000 years A. C., the antiquity and veracity of her manuscripts and chronicles, Ollamh Fodhla, and the parliament of Tara, its beautiful system at so early a period as more than 900 years A. C., his description of the hall, the royal residences, the historical and bardic investigations, the Ternan chiefs, Fion MacCumhaill, Goll, Ossin, &c.—all these points kept spell-bound the highly respectable and numerous audience, which comprised the *elite* of the city, as well Protestant as Catholic clergy. The deep silence, interrupted with an occasional outburst of applause, was evidence of the appreciation of the lecture, and of the deep interest they took in it. The language was such as to win the esteem of all. After the conclusion of the lecture, T. C. D. Lyons, Esq., moved a vote of thanks to Dr. O'Brennan, which was seconded by Charles Grace, Esq., and carried by acclamation. The learned lecturer having returned thanks in a neat and appropriate manner, the meeting separated, greatly pleased with the eloquent disquisition.

The Limerick *Observer* of the 17th ult. furnishes the following obituary. February 8, at his residence, Geraldine, Sydney, after a short illness, to the inexpressible grief of his family, Garrrt Hugh Fitzgerald, son-in-law of the late Alderman D. F. G. Mahony. He was formerly Captain in H. M's 37th Regiment; was Mayor of the City of Limerick in 1838, and was City Treasurer for several years. He also filled the office of Vice-Guardian for some time, and in all the positions of life in which he was placed, he evinced untiring zeal and strict integrity. An effectionate husband, a fond father, a constant friend, and a kind hearted, benevolent man, his death is a source of poignant affliction to his sorrowing relatives and a subject of deep and sincere regret to a large circle of attached friends. Captain Fitzgerald was universally esteemed and regarded by all classes of his fellow-citizens. In private life his kind disposition and frank and affectionate manners attracted to him every one who came within the fascinating influence of his charmed circle. In all the vicissitudes of this varied life he met its crosses with the fortitude of a true man, and the resignation of a Christian, placing his confidence humbly in the Sovereign will of Providence. His remains were interred at the new Cemetery, Sydney, and his funeral was numerously attended, giving ample proof that, short as had been his residence in the country of his adoption and in a foreign land, he had earned the cordial approbation and the personal esteem of his fellow-citizens.

An attempt has been made to upset the Belfast and Ballymena Railway train; a local paper says: As the mail-train, which leaves Belfast for Ballymena at eight o'clock, was within three miles of the latter town, it received a shock from a large stone, which had been placed on the track by some malicious persons as yet undiscovered. The stone, which was about three or four feet in length, was cut in two parts by the wheel of the first carriage of the train, and whirled off the track to some distance. Fortunately, the only damage that was done was the smashing of the step-board belonging to the first carriage,

On Saturday, the 10th inst., the Pentecost "Retreat" commenced in Maynooth. On the following Wednesday Tonsure and Minor Orders were conferred by the Archbishop; on Thursday, Sub-Deaconship; on Friday, Deaconship; and on Saturday the 17th instant, Priesthood. The names of those who received Priesthood are as follows: Rev. James Connolly, Dunboyne student, Elphin; Rev. Pierce Power, do., Waterford; Rev. Phillip Connolly, do., Clogher; Rev. Patrick Bambrick, Elphin; Rev. Hugo Cullen, Raphoe; Rev. James Madden, Clonfert; Rev. Peter Clarke, do.; Rev. Alex. Kinsella, Ferns; Rev. Thomas Bergin, Ossory; Rev. Peter Kallegh-an, Meath; Rev. Edmund Walsh, Ossory; Rev. Michael Kavanagh, do.; Rev. Gerald Brennan, do.; Rev. Richard Rocheford, Ferns; Rev. Michael Waters, Meath; Rev. Henry M'Gee, Armagh; Rev. Dominick Groghan, do.; Rev. Peter Everard, Meath; Rev. John Walsh, Ossory; Rev. Patrick M'Donnell, Kildare; Rev. Joseph Dumphy, Ossory; Rev. David Walsh, Cloyne; Rev. Thomas M'Donough, Tuam; Rev. John Loftus, do.; Rev. Patrick Flatly, do.; Rev. James Meagher, Killalloe; Rev. Matthew Leonard, Achonry; Rev. Andrew Campbell, Castlenock; Rev. Michael Cody, do.; Rev. P. Aloysius Walter, O D C.

Of the Fermoy peerage case, the London *Standard* of the 20th ult. says: Eight of the learned judges, viz., Alderson, Crowder, Williams, Erie, Wightman, Coleridge, Pollock, and Cresswell, pronounced an opinion on Tuesday in the House of Lords, that the act of union with Ireland did not warrant the government, on the extinction of three peerages, in the creation of a baron of Fermoy in favor of Mr. Edmund Burke Roche; several of whom, including the chief baron, intimated that it was an attempted innovation on the recognized practice of half a century. Mr. Baron Bramwell and Mr. Justice Willis entertained the contrary opinion. The accusation against Lord Palmerston of having advised her Majesty to make an unauthorized exercise of her prerogative may, therefore, now be taken as sufficiently established that Mr. Roche is not a peer, for although there has been an extinction of an Irish peerage since the issue of the patent, that will not make a creation good which it appears was bad at its inception. If Mr. Roche's political services are to be rewarded with a peerage, there must be a new creation.

A few mornings since (says the Limerick *Reporter*), as Signor Bosco was passing through a street in Clonmel, he stopped to examine some fine eggs a countrywoman offered for sale. Taking up one he coolly removed the top, when lo! a sovereign glittered therein—another, and a similar golden yoke appeared. He then desired to purchase the entire, and offered a large price for the basket, but the woman refused to part with (as she conceived) her treasure, nor could a tempting price alter her determination. She tried the experiment herself subsequently, it is needless to say with what result; but the Signor having presented her with a gratuity exceeding her loss, compensated her to some extent for the disappointment she had undergone. Bosco and Rinoldi, both magicians, at last advices were holding trials of skill at the Cork Theatre.

We deeply regret says an Irish paper being obliged to announce the sad intelligence, that the Rev. Father Strickland has been added to the victims of war and its concomitant, pestilence, in the Crimea. He is, we believe, the seventh Catholic priest whose bones lie buried within the British lines on the fatal heights before Sebastopol. The Rev. Mr. Strickland's name is imperishably connected with the mission of Baroda, a district of India, almost unheard of by the great men of the British public, before his charitable efforts to raise funds for the mission where, young as he was, he had already spent some years of his life. He was singularly gifted by nature. Not only were his attainments vast, and his talents considerable, but his person was remarkably handsome. He was one of the few priests who wore the beard. He was a native of Roscommon.

On Thursday, says the Limerick *Reporter* of the 16th ult., the West York Rifles, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Honorable E. G. Monckton, were inspected by Major-General Eden, commanding Clonmel District. The men were put through several manœuvres, which they executed with skill and precision, and the General expressed himself much pleased with the efficient state of discipline in which this gallant regiment appeared. He also inspected the depot of the Tipperary Artillery, under command of Captain Kellett, and of the Tipperary Light Infantry, commanded by Captain Bell. After the inspection the General examined the barrack accommodation, and went through the several rooms, the orderly condition of which he pronounced highly satisfactory.

Saunders' News-Letter (Dublin) informs us that the important office held by the late Sir Edward Tierney, Bart. (the Crown Solicitorship of the north-west circuit) will be divided and given to three gentlemen. The salaries of each will average £800 a year, and two of the situations thus created, it is understood, have been already given away. Mr. Geale, whose sister is married to the Earl of Fortescue, and who is one of the solicitors to the Poor Law Commissioners, gets one of the appointments, and the second will be filled by Mr. D. Fitzgerald, the brother of the Attorney-General. There are very many applicants for the third, which is as yet vacant, or assumed to be so.

The King of Denmark has conferred on Paul L. Munster, Esq., of Belfast, the Knighthood of the Order of Danneberg, in consideration of his activity as Danish Consul at Belfast for a lengthened series of years. Mr. Munster is an eminent merchant, largely engaged in the Baltic Trade.

Mr. William Fitzgerald, of George's street, Limerick, son of David Fitzgerald, Esq., has canvassed the Dock Ward, for the Aldermanic gown, which we understand Alderman Russell has signified his intention of immediately resigning.

H. J. Bridgeman, Esq., late Accountant of the National Bank at Loughrea, has been promoted to the management of the Moate Branch.

Some drunken county Limerick militiamen kicked up a desperate row in Ellen street, lately, and threatened to do mischief were it not for the arrival of the police.

There has been no application for admission to the Irish Bar during the ensuing term—a circumstance which has not occurred for the last quarter of a century.

The report read at the annual meeting of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, was of a favorable character in respect to the trade and commerce of Ireland, and the profits of the bank had been larger than in any previous year, amounting to £99,370.

Three general reviews of the troops, at which the Lord Lieutenant will attend, are to come off next month at the Curragh.

(*Irish News Continued on page 172*)

Answers to Correspondents.

Our generous Philadelphia friends must forgive us for having delayed acknowledging until now the address they forwarded us on the 25th of last month. The delay arose from a desire on our part to reply fully, and in fitting terms, to the address in question. Having waited until this late moment, with the hope of finding a spare hour which would enable us to give effect to our good purpose, we are compelled to break silence, abandon in despair the expectation we cherished, and throw ourselves on the warm forgiveness of our friends. A newspaper (even though it only be a weekly one) keeps its editors in perpetual motion. It is a remorseless tread-mill. There's no pause for them. This, we are sure, will promptly secure us entire pardon for the want of courtesy, kindliness or gratitude we have been apparently guilty of. The sentiments contained in the address—eloquently expressed as they are—very gratefully affect us. We feel proud in having won the friendship and good opinion of such men as Messrs. Charles McDonough, Fagan and Loughlin, (whose names, on behalf of many others, are subscribed to the address,) and so long as we retain that friendship and good opinion, we shall care very little about the cowardly malevolence to which the address alludes, and be the more strongly confirmed in our old course of public action. Our friends, however, will heartily excuse us, (we're sure they will,) if we respectfully decline publishing the address. As much as possible, we are desirous to avoid making the *News* the organ for the promulgation of anthems in our own praise. Our friends will at once perceive the propriety of this feeling, and say we do right in withdrawing their eloquent attestation in our favor from the public gaze and lodging it in our private archives, where it shall be most gratefully and proudly treasured.

One of the editors of the *News* has received from a member of the House of Commons a very interesting letter, from which we give the following extract. There's a republican spirit slyly and satirically running through it:

"I had not heard before you informed me, that the Queen had been invited to visit her Canadian subjects. I agree with you, however, that she is not likely to do so, for some time, even though her reception in the States might be so flattering as to induce her to settle herself there with the Prince, as the wife of an American citizen. I believe that would be nearly as probable as that your countrymen would become so enamored of her that they would submit themselves again to be subjects of her crown. It may not be uninteresting to you, to hear in the mean time, something more of this remarkable personage. About a month ago, a message came from her to Parliament, announcing the ratification of the treaty of peace, on which occasion, as is usual, both Houses, as they are called, went up to her with addresses of thanks and congratulations. It being the privilege of members of the House of Commons to go to the Sovereign with addresses in ordinary costume and without presentation; and as I approved of the peace, tho'I did not of the war, I went up this time with the House. Two o'clock in the afternoon was the hour appointed for the Commons. The Speaker went in his robes in his state carriage, and attended by his officers in their proper costume. The other members, about a hundred, went, as they pleased, in carriages or on foot, in un forms, court dresses, or as most of them did, in their usual walking dress, partly for convenience, and some more exact in order to maintain their rights. The Lords had gone before us, and when they retired, we were ushered into the royal presence in the Throne room in Buckingham Palace. The Speaker, a fine tall gentleman above six feet, stood before Her Majesty, who was seated, and the members stood on each side and behind the Speaker, whilst he read the addresses, which, when concluded, he handed on bended knee to the Queen, who handed it to one of her Secretaries of State in attendance, who gave her the answer, which she read and delivered to the Speaker. He and we then made our bow, and walked backwards the whole length of the room, until the door closed upon and shut out the view of the Majesty of England."

The following hymn is not without a gentle and a truthful grace:

[For the Irish News.]

PRAYER.

To thee, O Mary, full of grace,
I turn in deepest grief;
Protectress of man's feeble race,
Obtain for me relief.
Virgin, with whom the Lord hath dwelt,
E'en from thy natal hour!
Through Thee are all his mercies dealt—
Aid me with thy soft power!

Brightest of all round God's high throne,
Compassionate and meek!
No child of thine hath e'er been known,
In vain thine aid to seek.
Mother, whose pure and gentle soul
Hath borne grief's keenest dart,
Pray that this dark cloud from me roll—
This anguish may depart!

But if God's wisdom hath decreed
The chalice I must drain,
Ask that this heart, resigned, may bleed,
And patient be its pain.
That unto Calv'ry's mournful steep,
In spirit I may go;
By Jesus' cross, with thee to weep,
Forgetting earthly woe!

Refuge of grief! in trusting love,
My prayer ascends to thee;
And thou, all women blest above,
Wilt hear and pity me.
Thy tender care, Christ's dying breath,
Unto his children gave—
Guide us in life—through shades of death—
To peace beyond the grave.

E. S. E.

It's amusing to see the multitude of letters lying on our desk, exhibiting the most comical varieties of writing and spelling, and all containing (what the writers modestly suppose to be) the most patriotic and valuable suggestions. One letter, for instance, suggests that we publish passages from Butler's Lives of the Saints—two columns every week. Another (with a very greasy red wafer) recommends us to clap a wood-cut of a Shamrock, a Wolf-dog, a Harp, or a Bag-pipe, on our title-page. A third document implores us (with innumerable new words, which have never yet been seen in any Dictionary, and never shall we presume) to come out "with a thunderin' voice, and raise the Sunburst once more." The fourth letter we tore open (it looks as if written with the feather instead of the nib of the pen,) complains that we don't give enough deaths, births and marriages. These letters are gratefully acknowledged and usefully disposed of. As long as they come in, we shall never want anything to light our pipe with.

We insert the following question and answer:

"Dear Sir: Will you inform me, through the columns of your paper, the first steps necessary to gain an entrance upon the *Dramatic* Stage? Supposing you to be acquainted with the ins and outs of stage life, I thought I would trouble you for the necessary information. Your answer to the above will be gratefully received by a "READER."

CAREFUL study and gook education should be the basis. Practice, in some of the numerous private dramatic societies might do good. Should adequate success follow these preliminaries, present yourself to Mr. Parsloe, dramatic agent, Burton's theatre, to obtain a *country* engagement, (in order to get familiarity with the stage,) but do not expect more than trifling characters and small wages for a long time to come.

DECLINED. *An Ode on Oysters.* Whoever writes in praise of oysters at this season, must be a hard-shell. *A few Stanzas on Catawba*, by a *Returned Delegate.* The strength of the vintage is evident. *Farewell to Crampton.* A miserable jingle of the sauciest brass. *A Dirge on the Ruins of the Gothic Hall, Broadway.* The Gothic is a pointed style. Your's is as blunt as a nine-pin. *A Song for the King of Algiers.* We want none of your nursery rhymes. *On the Launching of the Niagara*, by *Ben Bolt.* Ben deserves the stocks. Let him walk the plank. *An Acrostic on the Big Tree of California, by Timothy Barker.* Cut your stick, Tim.

A Monk of Kilcrea wants to know if Smith O'Brien's eldest brother isn't Lord Inchiquin. Yes—that's his present title. Until within the last three years, he was known as Sir Lucius O'Brien, of Dromoland Castle. His father had a seat in the Irish House of Commons the time the Union was debated, and voted against the measure.

In the friendliest way, we beg Dr. Cane, of Kilkenny, to accept our cordial acknowledgment of the copies he sent us, the other day, of the publications of the Celtic Union. We shall write to him in a few days.

RECEIVED—"On Smith O'Brien's Return." "Nial," you were mistaken; the allusion was not meant for you. We cannot say yet, however, whether we can use your communication. We are overpowered with contributions and shall come to you in turn.

SHINE BRADSTONE, Co. Cork, Ireland,—We print one of your favors to-day, and probably shall use some of the rest.

Michael Dunne asks us if Lord Norbury didn't always wear top-boots. So we've understood.

Mr. H. McCAWLEY has received our written authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "IRISH NEWS," throughout the Canadas.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1856.

Sermons in Stones—Burke and Grattan.

The Commons of Great Britain have voted niches in their new palace to the statues of Curran and Burke. In that superb pile of building, the public men and Ministers of England, strangers from all parts of the world, the envoys of prosperous republics and fortunate princes, will look upon the likenesses of two great Irishmen, and in imperishable sculpture recognise the consummation of their renown. The Queen who carries the sceptre of St. Edward, in her sumptuous diadem and robe, with her glittering crowd of lords and ladies, and heralds in grotesque gorgeousness announcing her approach, will pass beneath those statues, reminding her of a nation which is beautiful even in the tomb.

In less noisy and dazzling moments, there may come a visitor in humble garb, with no official consequence, but with a lofty spirit and inspiring memories, to meditate upon the story of those wondrous orators. Chance may bring him there, or a thoughtful love of the great dead, or, perhaps, a deep though sad desire to renew those feelings which the drudgery, gay giddiness, or tumult of the world may have subdued. It may be a son of one of those brave republicans who poured out their blood for Ireland on the battle-fields of Wexford and Kildare, or on the scaffolds of Dublin, who will thus pause in the presence of genius, philosophy and patriotism, eternalized by art. If so, it requires no divination to interpret the sentiments and emotions of the stranger.

The statue of Edmund Burke will affect him little. Coldly, though somewhat proudly, he will contemplate for a moment the graven image of a man whose services, splendid and prodigal as they were, sustained the credit, the monarchy and fame of England. The champion of India, exposing her wrongs and spoliation, and invoking chastisement on those who plundered and defiled her, he will be thought of with the pity of the philanthropist and the enthusiasm of the scholar. The powerful friend of the chained Catholics of Ireland, the foe of illiberality and fanaticism, the stately mediator between England and America, the grandeur of his heart, rhetoric and wisdom, cannot fail to elicit from all men, in all ages, a tribute of profound applause. But, at the foot of his statue, this is all the Irish heart will spontaneously contribute to his memory.

With Ireland he was no more identified than were any of the great Cromwellian squatters, the Wellingtons of a later, or the Palmerstons of the present day. Laborious and profound, meditative, methodical, composed in spirit and austere in morals, he had little of the impulsive brilliancy, the quick aptitude for public duties and displays, the generous enthusiasm which, with all his irregularities and vices, won for Sheridan the heart of the people, and arched his death-bed with a glory through which the tears of thousands fell prompt and full. A Celt, with all the characteristics of the Celt subdued within him, he trained himself to be a Briton, and succeeding, has become one of the supreme authorities of Parliament, and a trophied pillar of the empire whose ascendancy he amassed the treasures of his vast intellect to consolidate. His exclamation in reproof of Grattan, when Grattan with his sword by his side moved the Declaration of Irish Rights, never can be forgotten. Scornfully reiterated by O'Connell, until it came to be a familiar sentence on the Irish tongue, the name of Edmund Burke, in the mind of the Irish race, will ever be associated with the scheme of their provincialism, beggary, and dishonor.

Far different the feelings which the statue of Curran will excite. The child of the Irish Rebel will at a glance recognize the rugged features, the fierce powerful eye, the awkward restless frame—the dwarf agitated by a giant's soul—which passed through so many terrors, a tower of strength to the weak, a brave refuge to the hunted, a storm of vengeance to the enemies of Ireland. All the splendors of his genius and beautiful nature; his wit, poetry, sarcasm, the plaintive music or the appalling thunder of his varied eloquence; his intense love of Ireland, brave fidelity to her when she was down and trampled, haughty scorn of the beggarly condition to which they would reduce her; the sorrow which used to break from his heart when all was over with her, and the grave of his poor child, in the little grove near his garden, ever and anon reminded him of the fate that had overwhelmed the country; all will crowd back—a day of darkening and breaking clouds, occasional sunshine, the ripe music of birds, the rush and play of mountain waters, ruins, flowers, old trees, calm twilight and holy stars—all will crowd back upon, and like a new creation vitalize his mind.

The town of Newmarket, where, as he said himself, he was a ragged little apprentice to every sort of idleness and mischief; that miserable room of his in London, where an economy prevailed, as comical as that which Sir Joshua Reynolds blushingly witnessed in Oliver Goldsmith's room, in Green Arbor court, one morning, and where poor Curran, having no pleasanter thing to do, thumbed the Jew's harp over his dead neighbor once every day for three days successively; his magnificent speeches, phillipics and defences, flashing and thundering along the dark ridge of Irish history, like a chain of volcanoes along the Pacific; that ruined old house in Kevin street, where night after night he sat in his drab gown and cowl, with the horn-spoon and cork-screw dangling at his side, at the head of the Monks of the Screw, a convivial club of the choicest and grandest spirits that ever met together in any age or land at the social board; his heroic labors all through the dark and evil days, when, as Davis has with such solemn beauty said, he went forth inspired by justice, mercy, love and genius, and commissioned by Heaven to walk the waters with the patriots, and lend them a hand when they were sinking; the last night of the Irish Parliament, when clinging to one of the great pillars of the portico, and scowling silently on the whole scene—the English soldiers drawn up three deep around the building, the dishonored Senate, the cowed and breathless crowd—he cried out to one of the United Irishmen, in an agony of vengeance—*where are now your three thousand armed men;* these are the scenes, the achievements, the imperishable words which that statue of Curran in Westminster will vividly perpetuate.

Thus, in the very temple of their laws and constitution, the Queen, Lords and Commons of Great Britain shall be admonished of the frauds and cruelties which have brought Ireland low. Thus shall ambassadors, statesmen, soldiers and scholars of all climes be taught the truth, which false chroniclers have done their best to blot out, that, despite of prejudices, poverty, falsehood, the slavish and debilitating influences which a colonial condition ever generates, the Celtic soul of Ireland has triumphed over all, risen on tameless wing high above the death and sepulchre which shadowed it, and, having flooded the skies with glory, compels its enemy, even in its haughtiest edifice, to surrender a pedestal for its fame.

Noise in the North—A Kettle to the Lion's Tail.

There is an editor in Canada who must have broken loose from a lunatic asylum. If he has not, the soonor he is put into such a house of wet blankets for pyrotechnic brains, the better for his friends, not to mention the serious benefit it would be to himself.

We are induced to make this recommendation purely through a pride we take in the human race, and the consequent shame or pity we feel when one of that race is so visited by Providence or so reckless of himself, as to perform such antics before high Heaven as make the angels weep—with laughter.

The individual we refer to edits a paper which has enjoyed an obscurity, evidently well-merited, and is at present only recommended to attention by the advent of a highly ludicrous article, which some American papers, well known for their appreciation of the comical, have reprinted. Some people would be likely, under present excitements, to look with seriousness on

the matter, as they would on a canine perambulation in the dog-days, to leap out of his way and make themselves just as great an object of pity as the animal, but all the creature wants is a muzzle, or a log round his neck, to render his yelping only a matter of happiness to the deaf; because he will exhaust his own patience much sooner than theirs.

As an evidence of the wildness of the animal, we make an extract. Believing that America is doing its best "to provoke a war with England," and being opposed not only to that idea, but to everything American, he says:

"The American eagle is a half breed between a carrion vulture and a dunghill rootser. He lacks the courage necessary for fair combat, and he crows the loudest when furthest from his enemy. The men of the Revolution are dead; their inferior children of 1812 are in their dotage; the present generation, raised on hot cakes and sweet fixin's, and stimulated with tobacco juice, is all talk and no cider, as destitute of the stamina on which courage is founded as its mothers are of flesh. Look at the women—charming at sixteen, faded at twenty, toothless at twenty-five, hideous at thirty, dividing their time between their rocking-chairs and their beds, incapable of exertion, incompetent to exercise, ever ailing, listless, lazy, straight up and down, like an old-fashioned clothes-pin, making up the deficiency of their developments with whalebone, cotton, and bran—are these the things to suckle heroes?"

Among birds, the natural philosopher would class the writer of the above as a tom-tit, among fish as a minnow, among animals a donkey, if not, indeed, that other thing so well known in Canada as being more remarkable for the repugnance of its perfume than the beauty of its shape.

Now, anybody who reads the above must be struck with the run-a-muck character with which truth, political history, and acknowledged beauty, are attacked with a falsity not more ambitious than mean, and with a callous want of gallantry the unquiet style of which is only equalled by its blatant cowardice.

We expect to hear such noise from Canada, for it is a wretched kettle tied to the old Bulldog's tail, and must make a rattle of some sort. But that the kettle, which, as all the world knows, costs more to keep it than it is worth, and only receives the remains of the used-up tea-leaves after reiterated "waterings" in Downing street, should spout such stuff, was more than we gave it credit for. Indeed it has gone beyond itself, in striving to edge in a word that would be listened to.

We pass over the Canadian's opinion on the Eagle, knowing that one so content to live in provincial obliquity could not see the Eagle even through Lord Ross's telescope. We pass over his sneer at the Jackson men of 1812–14, for the cotton bales of New Orleans rather stuffed the ears then, and for all time, of such "Anglo-Saxon" bipeds. They cannot hear anything of the period, and consequently must not be expected to know anything of it.

As for his attack on the beautiful women of America, who with a circle of light surround the more commercial characteristics of the nation their fathers fought and died for, like the halos in the pictures of the old masters glowing round the heads of their saints and martyrs—as for that, its putrid coarseness annihilates itself.

And as for troubling itself about Canada, America will only cross the Niagara and St. Lawrence when she wants a fresh supply of firewood and a few more tons of ice.

John Brougham and the Bowery.

Instead of the fever, with which misanthropic and morose prophets have threatened us, we are to have the happiest of summers. If the weather continues as it is now, we shall have the sweetest season that ever spangled with dew the grass-plots of the Park, or silvered at dawn the white spire of Grace Church. As for war—no one thinks gravely about that. Even if it came, it wouldn't much disconcert the Firemen, Militia, or Veterans. By the time Saratoga, Newport, Lake George, Lebanon, and other delicious, sunny, secluded, damp or dusty resorts returned their guests to the City, the fight would be over. The Narrows will choke the bulkiest monster any European prize-fighter may goad against the city. If the Narrows prove too loose, the pioneers of the First Division will be sure to finish him the moment he plants foot or hand upon the Battery. No other flag but the beautiful and brilliant Stars and Stripes, shall ever fly from the tall white shaft, from which a New-York boy cut the Union Jack adrift a few years ago.

In full anticipation of this glorious time, John Brougham lifts his hat, bows like the Knight of Arva, gracefully and gallantly bids adieu to Broadway, and, for the evening of the 30th of June, writes his name upon the portico of the Bowery. Not alone for that evening, but for all the mid-summer's nights, and all through the musical falling of the crisp and colored leaves.

Nor does Brougham fall with these. The shamrock is immortal. The Indian summer will be to him an Irish summer, in that great American hot-house, where so many pretty and gigantic flowers of mirth and tragedy have come to bloom. We shall have from him when the frost is in, and sleighs are chiming, and promenade boots are tramping it from damasked parlor to cobwebbed store, a Christmas Carol, and then a Winter's Tale, and after that the Carnival of Venice, not for this year only, but for many years, we warmly trust.

The Poetry of the "Post."

The *Evening Post* of last Monday, in an article purporting to give the opinion of the Dutch and German newspapers on the great question of the Presidency, informs us that the *Staats Demokrat* of this city clearly indicated its preference for Mr. Fremont in a leader last week. The *Post*, with an innocent delight, congratulates its readers, that Mr. Fremont was characterized in that article as the steadfast friend of the Germans, having had German companions with him on the prairies, and a very particular German acquaintance in one Mr. Preuss. We are left to infer, that for these reasons, the Germans will vote the ticket endorsed by the *Post*. For a Presidential campaign the reasons enumerated may be sufficiently weighty.

But calmly considering them, they seem to us to have as little to do with the election of Mr. Fremont, or his claims on the Teutonic vote, as the policeman we once heard cross-examined as a witness in one of the Irish courts had to do with a certain gentleman he was questioned about.

"You knew the gentleman?" said the counsel.

"I did, yer honor; I was intimate with him."

"How came you to form his acquaintance, and be intimate with him?" was the next question.

"I was at his grand-father's funeral," the *bosthoon* replied.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The letter from our California correspondent occupies the space which, but for its arrival, would have been filled by editorial matter. The sad and important interest of the circumstances it mentions, fully justifies us in giving it the prominence it exhibits in our columns. Did we not assign it this prominence, owing to the previously crowded state of the rest of the paper it should have to lie over for the next number. This, we came to the conclusion, it would not be fair nor wise to do. That our readers will approve of the decision and arrangement we have made, we rest assured.

San Francisco, May 20, 1856.

Having unexpectedly been dismissed from volunteer militia duty to-night, I avail myself of the opportunity to drop a few lines. It is not likely the chance will again occur before the steamer sails. As I have "something" to write about, it may not be amiss to premise the state of affairs as they have existed politically and socially in California for many years past. Office-seeking, which is a business with idle and worthless men all over the states, was more than usually attractive to the swarm of drones in this city, who were either too lazy to work in our mines, or who had neither inclination nor talent enough to earn a living in any honest way.

Without an issue involving a question of Whig or Democratic policy, the old war cry was raised, and *Regular* Nominations were made in the usual bang-up way. Early in the field were many whose names were once familiar in New-York politics, and a host of others more or less respectable, or more or less illiterate, but all who had no other interest in San Francisco than their own.

For many past elections that very curious little piece of magic has been shown, of taking a great many more votes out of the ballot-box than went in it, or were deposited by regular voters.

How it is done, I cannot explain; but we might ask any of the gentlemen alluded to, or any professional thimble-rigger who with the "shoulder-strikers" manage the business, and they might tell us. Suffice it to say, that by means of stuffed ballot-boxes or false returns, the Inspectors of Election elected their men.

And who do you suppose are Judges or Inspectors at our Polls? None but the same class of men who place themselves there, fight themselves there, vote themselves there, do any and everything to accomplish the seizure of the offices. The gamblers go hand and hand with them; and the courtezans, with their Bank accounts at the disposal of these men, have a large interest in perpetuating such a state of affairs.

Now imagine how we were placed. Illiterate men who could scarcely write their own names, but who, probably, knew best how to train a man for a fighting match, obtained offices of most important trust.

A certain Banking-house here are sureties for almost every one of our city and county officers—if not for every one. This is done on the straw-bail principle once in practice at the New-York Tombs. Of course, all monies passing into the hands of these officers were deposited with the Banking-house I mention.

These same gentry, that is to say the gamblers, shoulder-strikers, Sing-Sing graduates, &c., elected our judges, and the other officers, who looked after the right kind of juries; and finally, the Press were either so corrupted or so weak, that they would not lift their voice against such a state of things.

The result of this state of affairs became too obvious. Heavy and numerous defalcations, swindles, bills improperly audited, improperly paid, a bankrupt treasury, city scrip at a discount, officers growing valiant whenever any one proposed to examine their accounts, and using the bowie-knife and pistol to silence any questions. Murderers and assassins could not be punished, because witnesses, if they did not prove an "alibi," at least could testify it was done in self-defence, or could raise a doubt in the minds of the jury, of which the prisoner, of course, got the benefit.

Several months ago a gambler named Cora, placed a pistol to the heart of a gentleman named Richardson, and cooly shot him dead. The courtezan of the murderer, with her own wealth and with the money subscribed by the *profession* of which Cora was one, procured very eminent counsel.

The jury were empannelled in the usual way. I recognized one person identified with the gambling interest on that jury. Very likely there were more. The person I allude to, and one or two others, were for acquitting Cora, or for finding him guilty of manslaughter; consequently the jury disagreed, and in preparing for a new trial every exception was taken by counsel for the prisoner, with the determination to change the venue.

Who do you think obtains the office of which the murdered man was incumbent? McDuffie, a gambler, a peculiar kind of brother-in-law of Cora, the murderer! While Belle Cora gives nightly elegant receptions, distributes her cards among our moral population, and flaunts her silks and satins throughout our public streets.

Picture to yourself all this. Immorality, however, does not exclusively belong to this class of the people. We have had our worthies who have figured in the Insolvent Calendar—with whose names, doubtless, you are familiar—bankrupt merchants, forgers, and swindlers.

James King, of William, (son of William King,) was the first to attempt drawing a line of distinction between the rogues and honest men. There were men who might have passed for honest men even in their own opinion, if he had not placed them just where they belonged.

Have you ever read the San Francisco *Bulletin*, edited by James King, of William? It certainly had in it nothing to interest any one not acquainted with our local affairs. I did not altogether admire it. But, nevertheless, I not only believed the editor desirous of doing good (and perhaps of indulging personal pique), but was satisfied, in one month he achieved more good in San Francisco that any one man could have done.

He therefore represented the patriotic and good class of citizens. James P. Casey was the man who represented the class of "shoulder-strikers" and the rest of that "stripe." Casey assassinates King, after having interchanged a few words, some short time previously, in order to give the occurrence the appearance of a quarral. Casey's friends and witnesses carry him from the ground in a carriage in waiting, and King is laid out to die.

About five and a half or six o'clock a person came in with the news that King was shot. Five minutes after, we were on the spot, with thousands of others. All we could learn was, that Casey had been carried off by his friends, and the crowd had been foiled in an attempt to take him, as he was being removed from the City Hall to the Countay Jail on Broadway. His placing himself under the immediate protection of the officers of the law argued too manifestly the foregone conclusion of a premeditated crime, and expected immunity from punishment through this very protection.

Forbearance ceased to be a virtue; it was felt something must be done. It was immediately determined to re-organize the old Vigilance Committee. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the new Vigilance Committee were sworn in. They were divided into companies of one hundred each, and making twenty companies.

On Saturday evening, after a short drill, they were dismissed until 8 o'clock on Sunday morning. At 11 o'clock, a general order was received. In the meantime, although suspected there was to be a general movement to seize Casey and Cora, yet it was not known what was going to be done. At the time the order was given to load, the men were served with three rounds of ball cartridge. One quarter or more of the men in the ranks never before handled a musket, and at the very first attempt to load, "bang" went off a musket, driving both the ball and ramrod through the ceiling. Fortunately no other damage than a hole in the ceiling was caused by this piece of bungling. But just imagine the stupidity of the greenhorn who asked seriously if there wasn't another charge yet left in the gun. This occurred in one of the muster-rooms, as I was credibly informed.

At about 12 o'clock the order was given to march, and soon the various companies were in position. The houses all round were cleared, and everything was looked to, to see that nothing should occur to provoke bloodshed. As the moment approached to demand the prisoners, the rifles of each company were ordered to mount the house next the prison. A large field-piece commanded the door of the jail, and in half an hour everything was so arranged that neither attack nor defence was required. It was not wonderful that 2,500 men, armed to the teeth, should be able to take two wretches who were not defended; but the action of their friends—desperate men—was such, that they would probably have defended them if they had not by this immense display been intimidated. Casey and Cora have not yet been tried by the Committee.

When the word passed round, "James King, of William, is dead," the stores closed up instantly. No one seemed to consult his neighbor. All seemed actuated by the same feeling and spirit. Nearly every store in the city displayed black cloth in festoons, or crape at the doors and windows.

An immense crowd assembled around the Vigilance Committee rooms. At the moment I am writing, it is supposed they are trying either Cora or Casey, probably the latter.

The night that King was shot was a night of wild excitement, but it has changed to a more durable one, which will be kept up until the drama ends. In this movement, so far, dangers have not been substantial; but whatever may happen in this good cause, my spirits would enable me to face them with a feeling of something like enjoyment. I altogether attribute it to my Irish blood, which always flows wildly at the prospect of a scrimmage.

Hoping to be able to communicate soon the happy termination of our revolution,

I remain yours truly, Humboldt.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.*

WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN.

The State trials were going on. O'Connell, branded as a conspirator, day after day sat in the Queen's Bench, facing the jury empannelled to convict him. The Attorney-General had relieved himself of his opening address. Two days were occupied in the work. The great meeting of Catholics, at which I saw Sheil for the first time, was a written chapter in history. The hall of the Four Courts swarmed with lawyers, politicians, officers of the army, attornies, and policemen. Dublin teemed with people of every description. Since George the Fourth's visit, the handsome capital of Ireland had not sheltered so dense and excited a crowd. The English garrison numbered ten thousand men. Lord Cardigan's Hussars were stabled in the Royal Barracks. The Fifth Fusileers were there also. Several troops of the Royal Horse Artillery, with the First Dragoon Guards, occupied Portobello. Three or four houses in Ship street had been converted into military quarters, and rang with ramrods and spurs from dawn to nightfall. AldboroughHouse underwent the same fate. The Beggar's Bush lodged two regiments of infantry. The Pigeon House mounted additional guns. There were double sentries on the gates. All the Martello towers from Blackrock to Dalkey Island; from Dalkey Island round to Duncannon fort; then round the bay on the other side to the Hill of Howth; and round that again to Malahide, and beyond it; were set to rights. A full complement of gunners was assigned to each of them, and the stores replenished.

Paris, during the days of the Provisional Government of February, hardly exhibited greater excitement, restlessness, and enthusiasm. Nothing that stimulates the spirit of a people was wanting. The theatres were enjoying the most affluent season. There were balls by the dozen every night, in Merrion and Fitzwilliam squares, and all the other sweetly-scented regions of wealth, aristocracy, and fashion. London reporters and editors filled every hotel in the city. A numerous staff from the *Illustrated News* were quartered in the *Imperial*, in Sackville street. Repeal orators thundered day and night from platforms, erected in the name of some parish or municipal ward. The contributions to the Repeal treasury dashed down in golden torrents from every part of the country. In the pages of the *Nation*, Davis was appealing to the people in tones, the grandeur and power of which far excelled the writings of Drennan, and were equalled only by the invocations of Grattan to the armed patriotism of Ireland.

It was at this moment that Smith O'Brien entered Conciliation Hall for the first time. It was the third Monday in January, 1844. The Hall was densely thronged. Thousands were wedged in within its walls. The galleries curved under the huge burden piled upon them. Blocking up the windows and doorways in every direction, the crowd shut out the light. They had to turn on the gas. It was a midnight gathering in mid-day. The indictment against O'Connell appeared to be borne out. For all the world, it looked like a convention of the blackest conspirators.

About one o'clock, Maurice O'Connell made his appearance. Ever a favorite with the people, he was loudly welcomed. Old Caleb Powell, the junior Member for the County Limerick, came next. John O'Connell followed. Immediately after him came O'Brien. The moment he was recognised, from the floor of the huge hall, from the galleries, from every place where they stood or sat, the thousands assembled there that day, leaped up with the wildest delight. A cheer, such as one could hear only in Ireland, shook the very stones of the building. Again and again was it renewed. Again and again did the enormous mass seem to leap towards the ceiling; and again and again did it sway to and fro, a black forest bending to the storm.

O'Brien's keen, deep-set eye filled with a beautiful sparkling light, as, erect, motionless, and dignified, he looked upon the scene, and felt himself the idol of a popular ovation. The truthfulness and loftiness of his character, qualities eminent in him from the first hour of his public life; the patient industry, with which for years he had drudged through Parliament, without any of that excitement which the championship of great popular principles so pleasurably kindles; his personal bravery, established and made widely known by his bearing on two memorable occasions; the memories evoked by his name and the close neighborhood of Clontarf; the consciousness which every man within there felt, that such an accession was of the utmost consequence to the national cause; every consideration which could delight and inspire a people, flashed through those thousands as he stood there before them. I was sitting on one of the back benches of the Committee box at the time—had a full view of the scene—noticed every emotion O'Brien betrayed—every incident of that magnificent welcome.

The day he was sentenced to death in the Court house of Clonmel, and he was brought back in that hideous prison-van to the gaol, escorted by a body of Orange constabulary with fixed bayonets and ball cartridge, and almost every man in the town shrunk back and cowered, and the women alone, filling the heavens with their passionate cries of grief and vengeance, followed him to the gates, and swore to be true to him, and not see him murdered; that day, as I sat with my noble young comrades in a low arched cell which from the top of the gaol overlooked the street, and those cries came to us upon the cold wind and echoed through the dismal corridors and dungeons of our fortress, I could not help calling to mind the scene in Conciliation Hall I have mentioned, and contrast the tumultuous enthusiasm with which O'Brien was then greeted with the bleak loneliness of the day he was sentenced to death. Did the contrast occur to himself? I never could bring myself to ask him. The question might have gone like a dagger to his heart. As it was, throughout his imprisonment and exile, he shut his eyes to the past, and with a noble calmness endured all that had befallen him.

Maurice O'Connell moved him to the chair.

"I have come here," he said, to tell the Attorney-General that, though not ambitious of martyrdom, if he wants another victim, I present myself to him." Then having haughtily defied the Government, he spoke exultingly of the national spirit which was rising throughout the country.

"Why are we," he exclaimed, "forbidden the name and rights of a nation? The Englishman is proud of his country. The Scotchman is proud of his country. The Frenchman thinks there is no country in the world like his own. The Circassian has encountered the colossal power of Russia in defence of his freedom. Shall Ireland be the only country in which nationality is forbidden?"

The cheers with which those manly words were received still ring in my ears. The reference to Circassia, up in arms on her mountains beating back the plunderers of Poland, sent the blood of every man present flashing through his veins. On that day, O'Brien stood before the only national assembly which has met in Ireland since the Rotunda Convention of the Volunteers, the stately impersonation of the proud spirit, patriotism, and chivalry of the country. On that day, influenced by his presence, his sentiments and virtues, the Association assumed a more determined attitude and tone. The proceedings grew to be more deliberate, intellectual, and dignified. A position in the future was asserted for Ireland, loftier than that which had heretofore invited the interest and called forth in rapturous anticipation the anthems and applauses of the people. Ireland rose from her bed, and got nearer to the sun. Bringing to its service a cultivated mind, an experience of many years growth in public affairs, a calm and indomitable industry, O'Brien purified the spirit of the Association, initiated its governing Committee into wise and fruitful labors, and whilst in a great measure silencing by his presence and example the vulgarities which had hitherto dishonored it, persuaded into public action those younger minds which had noiselessly watched until now the deepening and quickening current of national feeling.

That same day, McNevin appeared for the first time in Conciliation Hall. The people cheered him as, in the old Catholic Association days, they cheered Shiel. In manner, imagery, and voice, the resemblance between the orator of Young Ireland and the Member for Dungarvan was striking. There was the same richness of diction, vivid illustration, dramatic enunciation and gesture. Small in figure, abrupt in his motions, somewhat shabbily dressed, he had many of the imperfections and drawbacks, as well as many of the great gifts which ennobled the author of Evadne. Hailing the adhesion of O'Brien to the national cause, McNevin, with a nervous enthusiasm quivering through every limb and in sudden flashes lighting up his features, exclaimed—

"He was no foreign aristocrat. No Anglo-Norman-Saxon Noble. He was of Irish birth and Irish nobility, and they recognized in him the descendant of one of the best and bravest characters in Irish history."

From that day out, did O'Brien unreservedly devote himself to the service of Ireland. An arduous service, the love he bore the country sweetened labors which were incessant, and reconciled him to the many asperities which that service inflicted. Wholly free from envy, ambitious only of the success and fame of the movement into which he had thrown himself, he was the first to encourage to great efforts the gifted minds he discerned in the crowd about him, and the first to applaud the triumphs which signalized those efforts. Gentle, most kindly, and forgiving, he never permitted a syllable of resentment to detr act from the dignity of his demeanor, or ruffle the exquisite propriety of his opinions, sympathies, and language. Even when some of the Repeal editors sneered at his integrity in preferring the displeasure of the House of Commons to a deviation from a pledge he had made, and sought to undermine the popularity his goodness and grandeur had won, he had nothing for them but quiet regrets and the kindliest wishes. Even when these same gracious gentlemen assailed him violently after the Secession, imputing to an inordinate vanity and a brainless insubordination the course which an equivocal policy and a rude dictation alone compelled him to take, no one ever heard him petulantly or vindictively complain. Even when, on the very eve of staking his life in the last struggle, he was hooted by a malignant rabble, struck treacherously in the dark in his native city, and ignominiously disabled, he returned to Dublin, calm though downcast—downcast at the thought that Irishmen were still possessed with the fanaticism of faction—and without uttering a reproach against the cowards who struck him, or the more cowardly conspirators who inflamed them, resumed his public duties, the penalties they imposed, the great perils they conduced to, and the sacrifices they inexorably enjoined. But, it has long been remarked, that the bravest men are among the most gentle. It has long been remarked, that the most resolute in purpose are the least ostentatious in manner, and that a consciousness of being in the right softens the harshest blows, and preserves a sweetness and benignity of temper even in those who suffer injustice for justice' sake.

Concluding his speech in Conciliation Hall, that day in January, 1844, Smith O'Brien said—

"I have come here to offer you my services. Abilities I have not. But I have some experience in public affairs, a patient and persevering industry, and a resolute Irish heart."

The scenes known to me personally in which those fine qualities, as well as the abilities he disowned but which he so eminently possessed, were made so nobly useful to Ireland, shall rapidly follow this brief introductory chapter.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

A NEST OF NOVELS.

PAUL FERROLL. By the author of "IX. Poems by V." *Redfield.*
ASPEN COURT. By Shirley Brooks. *Stringer & Townsend.*
THE HUGUENOT EXILES, an Historical Novel. *Harper & Brothers.*
PHILLY AND KIT, or Life and Raiment. By Caroline Chesebro'. *Redfield.*

Who the author of "IX. Poems by V." is, or may be, we do not know, nor can we guess. We have never seen the "Poems," and so much as hear the title of the said work we did not until we met it on the title-page of the volume before us. Whoever the individual may be, he need not be ashamed to put his name on "Paul Ferroll," however the anonymous may accord with the character of his nine poetic efforts, the musical oddness of whose title was no doubt suggested by the nine Muses. The former is a tale of what is known as "the intense English school," which differs very much from the French class from which it is in part descended. It is much more similar to the German novel, in which great metaphysical analysis of character at once dissects and fills up the portraitures of a few leading personages. The French, on the contrary, crowd the picture with figures, each one rivalling the other in the intensity of coloring and the individuality of its attractiveness. The French novel may be termed a variety of individualities: the German, the varieties of an individual. "Paul Ferroll" has more affinity with the latter than the former; but it is entirely free from that *essay* character, which is so inseparably woven round the German school. There are in reality but two characters in it—Paul and his wife; but they borrow such importance from the accessories, and weave such interest over them as make the picture excessively and excitingly perfect; commanding the wonder of the beholder at the masterly manner by which it is effected. The story is of marvellous interest. The action never flags for an instant; and although the climax is clearly anticipated from the second page—though we *know* what is coming—it is impossible not to read the author's account of its progress. Ths style is fresh, vigorous, and concentrated. The plot is so slender upon which this very remarkable work is based, that we would do injustice to the author to exhibit it. We will candidly aver, that however we might differ with the character of the story, its ability was such as to force the immediate perusal of it on us. It is not a book to be put down for an instant. It can only be closed at the "finis."

Mr. Brooks' novel of "Aspen Court" has been heralded with a more than usual flourish of trumpets; a very dangerous proceeding in any, but peculiarly ludicrous in the present case; as one unfortunately does not find out until he has forced his way through the rather disjointed amalgamation of sketches which are scattered between the leaves of this portly volume. After finishing the perusal of the work, one has a feeling of having been introduced to a number of people, of whom they knew scarcely any thing save their names, and consequently cannot take much interest in them. That they might be very good, very gallant, or very sociable people, is probable enough, but the acquaintance formed with them is of such an unsatisfactory nature as not to warrant us in either giving them a character, or taking what we have seen as just indication of their having any. Mr. Brooks gives us many sketchy things; but not one even tolerably grouped picture; notwithstanding his known facility in the light dramatic way. The characters are so numerous, because they are so useless to the story, that one wonders what the author intended them for. Two-thirds of the matter might have been judiciously omitted. As it is, the book reads like an agglomeration of tales, written originally without any idea of unity, but which, under the book-making mania, the author dovetailed together, changing the names of one to suit those of another, in the vague hope of sophisticating a reader into an idea of uniqueness. But the fact is, one plot spoils another. Just as you are getting interested in a pretty woman, you are jerked away, with fashionable rudeness, to be presented to somebody (rather a nobody), to whom, with ill-dissembled courtesy, you are obliged to listen. We will not pretend to portray these characters; for indeed that would be as impossible as to describe every individual that passes you on a tour from Trinity to Grace Church. All we can say is, that they have one point in common, which is—they walk Broadway: and so, of Mr. Brooks' variety, all that can be said is, they may be found in "Aspen Court." The great fault of the book is want of concentration. From the beginning, we are expecting something to "turn up;" but if the most anticipative and easily pleased Micawber would not be deceived by it, then the exuberant Wilkins must have changed his nature.

"The Huguenot Exiles" is one of those off-shoots of polemical excitement, which seek to continue, through the medium of an historical novel, the warfare which the writers, no doubt, conscientiously feel themselves unequal to, in the ranks of the pamphleteers. Whenever a dogma fails in the pulpit, the propounder of it immediately takes a bath in an inkstand, leaps up, shakes himself like a Newfoundland dog, and splashes and sprinkles about him, with indiscriminate fury, the element from which he has emerged, with an energy, if not a purpose, somewhat bewildered. With very few exceptions, those who are in the habit of making a perpetual hobby of religious toleration, ride the thing to death—if a hobby can be so ridden. Setting out on a tolerant jog-trot, they presently get into a slightly excited canter; a gallop becomes a necessary variety; the excitement increases; a few leaps but give it relish, a tally-ho soon becomes a vitalizing safety valve; the blood rises; and before the rider is aware he is irresistibly propelled, as well by his own instincts as the nature of the animal he is astride of, into a steeplechase of the wildest and most break-neck character. He set out with balmiest and most impartial and humanizing views of toleration—he ends in a briery quagmire of the most outlandish and obstinate intolerance.

The writer of the tale, or novel, before us intended to be very cool, no doubt, but he exhibits just as excitable qualities as those under the inspiration of which the objects of his fury,

became, and acted furious. With the purpose of the novel, however, we have nothing to do; for we hold that the author has as good a right to his peculiar opinions as those who advocate the opposite side of the question. He also has every right to pen and publish them, and it is purely with the manner in which they are penned and pawned of as historical novel writing that we have anything whatsoever to do.

The story opens in Languedoc, in 1684, when it was under the rule of the Duc de Noailles, and ends with the landing of one hundred French exiles on a bright day in June, 1687, at Jamestown, Virginia. Between those dates, the fortunes of the family of Mr. Lefevre and the accessory characters are traced. The author informs us that he has for several years contemplated writing such a work, and devoted these same years in amassing the historical materials which are given to us now in this "novel" shape. He is a descendant of a Huguenot refugee himself and weaves into his narrative some family traditions, recounting the adventures and sufferings of his ancestors. We have no doubt but that the author is, as he believes, actuated by every good motive. We are inclined to honor his persistence in support of his opinions, but unfortunately, as he has put them into a shape which demands more the attention of the literary than the theological critic, we are obliged to look upon his work with serious discountenance. In fact, it will not repay perusal, notwithstanding the rather ill-advised, or if not advised, egotistical recommendation in the preface; to-wit, that "it is not the crude out-pouring of an unpractised pen." If the pen is not practised, the more blame should be visited on the author; for it is but too plain that experience has but taught him to be dull and heavy. With considerable self assurance, he says: "My object has been to render it popular by giving to its pages all the interest of a vividly-told story, while it yet possesses the merit of dealing more in fact than in fiction." The author need not lay the flattering unction to his soul that he can impress his reader with either of these statements, save only for the purpose of contradicting them. As to the vivid interest of fiction, it is one of the most turgidly written books it has been our misfortune to have met. The dialogues are verbose and spiritless to a really marvellous extent, in this day of mediocre smartness; there is great inaptness in the management, and it is only so far "novel" in being so unlike anything which might, could, would or should come under that head.

"Philly and Kit" is a work of very different calibre. After reading some of those over-strained sentimental novels, it is certainly refreshing to take up a work of this kind. It is like leaving the fetid air of the city for the green-fields and blue sky of the country. Here are no fine ladies in rose-colored boudoirs, listening to some flippant lover, while the husband seeks refuge in the club-house; no palling on the mind, making the heart dull and heavy with sumptuous wickedness. The heroine of the first story, Philly, gains her living by sweeping the crossings; that of the second, Kit, is an organ-grinder. But no more noble, disinterested, ingenuous hearts ever throbbed beneath costly lace and sparkling jewewls, than dwell in the bosoms of these simple girls. The author evinces much knowledge of human nature in describing these characters. They are most touchingly and beautifully portrayed. She evidently possesses a clear, bold brain, a heart sensibly alive to the throbbings and struggles which dignify humanity, and shed a halo round the lot of the poor and honest, and a pen fully capable of recording the emotions that so vividly and picturesquely encircle her meditations.

The following statement, according to the New York *Independent*, gives the present circulation of the principle Protestant and Dissenting newspapers published in this city: Christian Advocate and Journal, (Methodist,) 30,000; The Independent (Congreational,) 24,240; New York Observer, (O. S. Presbyterian,) 21,120; The Evangelist, (N. S. Presbyterian,) 15,000; The Examiner, (Baptist,) 11,000; Christian Ambassador, (Universalist,) 8,000; Christian Intelligencer, (Reformed Dutch,) 6,600; New York Chronicle, (Baptist) 6,000; Church Journal, (Episcopal,) 5,000; Christian Inquirer, (Unitarian,) 2,800; Protestant Churchman, (Episcopal,) 2,120; The Churchman, (Episcopal,) 1,000.

The play of *Tortesa the Usurer*, by N. P. Willis, Esq., with alterations made for the stage by Mr. George Vandenhoff, and approved by the author, has recently been produced with great success at the Theatre Royal, Dublin; Mr. George Vandenhoff and our fair countrywoman (late Miss Makeah) his wife sustaining the principal characters. The Dublin papers are unanimous in their approbation of the play, and of the manner in which it was represented. Mr. G. Vandenhoff and his lady have won golden opinions in the Irish capital.

Galignani says. The Committee of the Literary Society has resolved on dividing the new sum of 10,000f. placed at its disposal in the following manner:—Medals of the value of 15000f. each for the best articles on the "Criticism and Critics of the 19th Century;" on "Madame Emile de Girardin and her writings;" on a piece of verse of from 200 to 300 lines on "Paris Nonveau;" and on the best novel "Surles Mœurs Contemporaines de Paris ou de la Province." The remaining sum of 400f. will be divided according to the discretion of the examining jury among the second best articles. All articles must be sent in to the society from the first to the thirty first of December next.

Dix and Edwards announce a translation of Beauvailet's very amusing book on the late visit of Rachel and her dramatic company to the United States, a portion of which appeared already in our columns. The letters are highly amusing. The translation is by Dr. J. W. Palmer, of this City.

Dr. Mutter, the celebrated Professor of Surgery in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, has resigned on account of failing health, and thereupon has received the distinction of Emeritus Professor. It is his intention to leave to the College his magnificent museum and $30,000 beside.

Astronomers will be glad says the *Anthenæum* to hear that the Admiralty has sanctioned the grant of £500 to defray the expenses of an astronomical expedition to the Peak of Teneriffe, to be undertaken by Professor Smyth, of Edinburg. The Admiralty has applied to the Council of the Royal Society for suggestions relative to the proposed expedition.

DEAR CAHERMONE!

Who has not known, in his dreariest time,
A feeling unbidden akin to sublime,
When a glimpse of the past has depicted anew
Some face long-forgotten that gladdens the view;
Some scene where the mind finds a sweet resting-place,
Which it flies to for comfort, and quits with fresh grace;
Some spot of the world which his mem'ry holds dear,
Where he nurtured high hopes of his future career?
Mayhap I'm deceived, and perhaps 'tis not so,
And there's no such enchantment in sweet "long-ago"—
But such glimpses, such feelings, I've known I must own,
And the place that they point to is dear Cahermone!

Dear Cahermone, when the night-gloom appears
And flings from its pinions the shadows of years,
When I call up the thoughts of the things that have been,
Not the last, not the least is thy well cherished scene:
Each leaf-shadowed streamlet, each time-severed stone,
Comes again as I knew it in dear Cahermone!

I stray through the flowers that graced thy green sod,
Where they blushed as they whispered each other of God;
I gaze on the piles by thy old Castle-wall,
Where they fell among beauties and frowned on them all;
And I list to the breeze with a chant in its tone,
Which alone could be sung me in dear Cahermone!

O ye who would estimate all things by rules
Of debit and credit, sometimes ye are fools;
Ye preachers of selfishness, say what ye will,
In this cold crafty world there's "sentiment" still—
For the wisest have visions; the coldest have gleams,
Which scare, though not often, their dull dollar dreams.
Though feeling is crushed and o'erburthened by form;
Yet something survives that is candid and warm.

What wonder if here in my boyhood's first fire,
Where nought might corrupt me but all could inspire,
That impressions then planted were made to remain;
That fancies then fashioned would sway me again;
What wonder some loves and some hates I have known,
Still cling round the image of dear Cahermone?

How well I remember the arch's high crown,
That looked from afar with so tempting a frown;
The cottage with woodbine festooned from its eaves,
And its window that peeped through a curtain of leaves;
The oak-dotted lawn and the deep purple glade;
And the walls of the ruins mysterious with shade!
Yet it was not all this that contained such delight,
But the forms that came teeming too fast for the sight,
And the thoughts that thronged with them, all wild to be sure,
Too refined to be practised, but all of them pure—
Long since from the dust of the world have they flown
Yet return with the image of dear Cahermone!

It was here I resigned to the trances of thought,
While rehearsing with Nature what study had sought,
For I loved her communings, and to her fond breast
My hopes were made known and my griefs were confest;
And she answered me well with a voice of her own,
And her eloquence filled me in dear Cahermone!

O dear Cahermone, there are many I fear
Who would give to thy well cherished scene but a sneer,
Who deeply would wonder if they could but see
And wag their wise heads at my passion for thee—
"They often saw much brighter beauties" forsooth,
And "I ranked thy attractions too far above truth."
Poor critics, how grievous their faults, since they try
To scan the high soul by the mere earthly eye!
But yet I forgive them, and yet I won't blame,
For I know, if our nature is always the same,
That there must be some bright little spot of their own
Which they love with *my* passion for dear Cahermone!

F. O'R.

SONG FROM BLARNEY LAKE.

These wide-spreading Laurels that bend to the Lee,
How snugly they shelter my Mary and me!
Now May brings their showers of blossoms to view,
And bathes the green sod in a noontide of dew.
The redbreast builds here on this moss-covered mound,
Here purple, and yellow, and white shrubs abound,
Here wavelets glide by, with a murmuring glee,
At foot of my cot, in this bend of the Lee.

O, white is the bosom of Mary Macroidhe!*
And low is the voice of my Mary Macroidhe!
And round is her form, her song sweet and free,
As chant of the redbreast that sings to the Lee!

The gay sparkling faggot that cheers our low hearth,
The bird that sings sweetly when close to the earth,
The trout seeking shadows where no eye can see,
All speak to my heart of my Mary Mocroidhe!
The star that falls back of the dark heaving cloud,
Cares less for the love of the star-gazing crowd;
The flower that breathes sweetly when no eye can see—
My Star and my Flower—my Mary Macroidhe!

O, white is the bosom of Mary Macroidhe!
And low is the voice of dear Mary Machroidhe!
And round is her form, her song sweet and free,
As the chant of the redbreast that sings to the Lee!

SHINE BRADSTONE.

*To be pronounced *Macree*.

AN IRISH DIAMOND.

IRISH ECHOES. By JOHN BROUGHAM, author of "A Basket of Chips." Derby and Jackson.

BROUGHAM'S DRAMATIC WORKS, consisting of Dramas, Comedies, and Farces. By JOHN BROUGHAM. Vol. I.; with Memoir of the Author by R. Shelton Mackenzie, Esq. Samuel French.

John Brougham's brain must certainly have received that gift from nature which the fairies bestowed upon the pocket of Terry Magra, the Tipperary piper. Terry's pocket was as fathomless, in shillings, as the wells in the cave of St. Michael, at Gibraltar, are to the plummet or the diving-bell. Broughams brain is just as inexhaustible, in its own especial coinage, those other treasures with which he so bountifully treats his friends, the public.

In light literature, the drama, and amid the *dramatis personæ* of the day, he has a remarkable, not to say purely distinct position. He has not only "been all things by turns," but continues to be almost every thing; still heightening a mentally ubiquitous character, which is at once many-sided and unique—many-sided from the diversity of the effects he produces; and unique for the reason that he is the centre of all, just as the dexterously carved and highly polished diamond is so profuse in its mute splendor, that, surrounded by beholders, each one argues his point of view the most beautiful.

His very versatility is rather annoying to your self-conceited critic, who, not being gifted with the eyes of Argus—or indeed with any more than can well be devoted to himself and what he intends to write, without the slightest regard as to what he writes upon—hates nothing worse than a diversity of talent. It is too much for him. He is be-fogged, bewildered, be-deviled. Poor fellow! he cannot see everything—cannot understand, if he did see, and must be excused if, like Lavender Kyd, in *Romance and Reality*, he finds it wise not to recognize a joke. Your regular, flat-footed, serious, cold-blooded "critic," who assumes a supercilious air of knowledgeableness in a non-committal adjective, and keeps up his impartial dignity with an "if," or a "but," immediately after some sickly words of commendation, is just like a human compass that measures all things by its own powers of extension. Old Robert Holmes, condemning the standing armies of Europe, said that the mere soldier, as regarded citizenship, was almost as passive as the sword with which he fights. He was a machine, and not a man. The critic proper, it would seem, is as free from those feelings which are supposed to influence the head and heart of humanity, "least-ways such as walk on two legs." Meeting a lively cricket—critic, we mean—the other day, he felt astonished that we had *not yet* noticed a large and important work lately issued. We hinted that we were reading it. "What d'ye want more than the title and the publisher's name?" he quickly rejoined, with a look of mingled astonishment and contempt perfectly indescribable. "But the author," we suggested. "Pshaw! you know better than that!" said he, and broke into an undecided humming, which, by a contraction of the mouth natural to his entire head-piece, ran into a distinct whistling of "Pop goes the Weasel," after which animal he popped off himself. We had barely turned the corner, when we confronted another gentleman well known in "literary circles." By an infernal dispensation of the muses, the same topic arose; when the critic—with a jocularity clearly assumed, to hide the deep seriousness of his remarks—avowed that he never read a book until after he reviewed it. "If you do it beforehand," he continued, in a strain of serio-comic defence of his position, "you destroy the impartiality of your judgment. Knowing the author's views, you will naturally go for him, or against him. If the latter, he is your enemy for life. If the former, all others are your enemies. No need to make enemies!" We left our friend in this blissfully self-protective mood. "Pierce Pungent," the other day, in one of those clever papers which do not belie the signature under which they are written, instanced as a remarkable truth, that a critic on a leading morning cotemporary, read the books he noticed. With such facts before us, is it astonishing that we have been led into a critical digression?

"Ay," quoth the reader, "just like those other fellows you talk about, who don't keep to the subject—and just as if the critics had anything to do with John Brougham!"

Right again, reader, right! Brougham has passed that Rubicon, where they have not the courage to venture, and where, if they did, they had "betther keep a silent tongue in their heads," for the popular voice is the only element that rules there. Favorable criticism will not draw the attention of the public to him more fully than his own merits have done. Unfavorable criticism has only the effect of stirring up the public pride, as was evidenced some months ago, in the case of Mr. Edwin Forest. A series of brilliantly written papers in a morning journal, directed against Forest, attracted considerable attention. Picturesque in style, and grotesque in analysis, the articles were capital things for a paper, but could not be truly called criticisms. With some admirable remarks on the plays, the allusions to the player were generally so far-fetched as to be entirely foreign to him. The consequence was, the house was crowded more than ever. It became, not a question between the actor and the critic, but between the public, who had given the former his position, and the latter, who wanted to pull him down. Of course the actor was placed on a higher pedestal than before. Here we are digressing again, but begging "all sorts o' pardons" return to the subject.

Taking Brougham individually, as either an actor, dramatist, story-writer, or humorist, he is not only commendable but remarkable. Taking him as all, he is actually without compeer. What actor has been so undeniably successful in the author characters off the stage? What successful dramatist has been so talented and useful an actor? Where can you find so volunminous a dramatist or so versatile an actor, with such capital

powers as a story-teller? or where, through the united capacity of all three, such a continued and irresistible flow of humor—such a hearty amalgamation of quips and cranks and wreathed smiles? Of such exaggerated drollery; such quick eye for the temporary ills that fashion is heir to; such sententious tongue to hold them up to the good-natured ridicule of common sense? His satiric shafts being hurled at that tough-hided monster, the Public, cannot sting; but they, as it were, strike under the short ribs; nudge it with graceful vehemence, and provoke it to laugh at its own foibles and to "mend the town."

The first volume of his dramatic works, now before us, contains eight of his most successful productions for the stage. The *Game of Life, Game of Love, Temptation, Romance and Reality,* his adaptations from Dicken's *Dombey* and *Copperfield,* the farce of *Love and Murder,* and the recently produced and uproariously-received extravaganza of *Pocahontas.*

It would be a waste of words to enter upon an analytical disquisition as to their various merits. They are so fresh in the minds of people who take an interest in such things that scarcely more than a word of generalization would be discreet, in a matter on which the town has spoken so distinctly. To say that he is the most successful writer for the stage in this country, is only to give an Irish echo to the American opinion. A thorough master of stage effect, and of the necessities which suggest and govern stage dialogue, he has a hold on the public and the "boards" which no other writer has yet attained here. The versatility of his genius gives him a ready key to the varieties of passion, action, humor, and nonsense, that typifies the mass; and thus the pleasure, with which all view his pieces, may be accounted for. They behold themselves in Brougham's mirror with great delight, even though the glass be a magnifier, throwing back the counterpart with exaggerated outlines and tints. The vanity is flattered in being represented as a type; and for the same reason that dandies carry a glass in their hat, the people go to see Brougham's comedies. They will be sure, also, to behold their neighbor held up on the stage, which is a great comfort to a Christian's spirit.

Brougham, as a dramatist, is the O'Keeffe of his day. He has the same brilliancy and sincerity; for throughout his works their is a hearty affinity with good purposes, and a keen and equally hearty denunciation of the evils that transform nature and society. In his sentimentality, also, Brougham is a twin brother of O'Keeffe. Leigh Hunt, in a piquant notice of the works of the latter, gives us a good index to the character of the former:—"In his plays we have a sort of young and pastoral taste of life in the very midst of its sophistications. Animal spirits, quips and cranks, credulity, and good intentions are triumphant throughout, and make a delicious mixture." One of the highest compliments paid by Hunt to Morton was his opinion that Young Rapid, in *A Cure for the Heart Ache,* "was worthy of O'Keefe." In one respect only is Brougham different from his Irish brother dramatist, and that is not so much his fault as that of the day in which he lives and writes. Our day is more excitable and excitement-loving than that in which Sheridan, Goldsmith, Murphy, and O'Keeffe gave the English language its best comedies. "Startling situations" have invaded to a feverish degree the simplicity of slow-coach times. Audiences are getting so cunning, so quick, so telegraphic in their apprehension, that a play wright must stoop to conquer them; and devise something to baffle their most arrant cuteness. Yet, in the midst of these deteriorating, but bread-and-butter-inspiring necessities, Brougham give us some charming illustrations of nature and observation; for instance, *Tom Bobolink* and his wife, and that "bit of an Irishman," *O'Bryan,* in *Temptation;* and *Asper Manly* and his strong-minded, long-winded sister *Barbara,* in *Romance and Reality.*

"The Irish Echoes" are very clever, have all the various characteristics of his comedies, in the dialogues, with the rich addition of the descriptive portions of persons, scenery, and the quaint and comical, filmy and fanciful realms of Irish Fairy-land. They are excessively racy, full of sparkling fun, breaking out oftentimes with true Celtic nature, from a pathos as tender, deep, and touching as the melodious soul of Carolan. The scenes and experiences in Fairy-land, so delicately tinted and so humorously told in *The Tipperary Venus,* the *Fairy Circle,* and *Dan Duff's Wish,* contain eloquent commentaries on the human greed for gold to the expulsion of purity, comfort, and ease. And in the jovial and witty conversations between the fairies and the respective heroes, many a sturdy moral is told in a jocularly blunt way.

Sydney Smith said, "There are two questions to be asked respecting every new publication. Is it worth buying? Is it worth borrowing?" We have asked ourselves both of these questions regarding Brougham's books; and our conclusion is—notwithstanding a profound veneration for the Revised Statutes—that not only are they worth buying or borrowing, but that, as a hearty laugh is the best of physic, a dispeptic would be justified in stealing them.

Books Received.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus in the Fifth Century before Christ: an Imaginary Biography, founded on fact, &c. &c. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F. R. G. S., &c. 2 vols.	*Harper & Brothers.*
The Last Seven Years of the Life of Henry Clay. By Calvin Colton, LL. D.	*A. S. Barnes & Co.*
Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith; being selections from his writings, &c., with a biographical memoir and notes by Evert A. Duyckinck,	*Redfield.*
Calderon, his life and genius, with specimens of his Plays. By Richard Chenevix French, B. D. S.	"
The Old Corner Cupboard; or the every day life of every day people.	*Truman & Spofford,* (Cincinnati.)
Rachel and the New World. A trip to the United States and Cuba. From the French of Leon Beauvallet.	*Dix, Edwards & Co.*
Gentilluccl's Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Illustrated. Part 2.	*Jas. B. Kirker.*
Poems. By Richard Chenevix. French.	*Redfield.*

DEATH, OR SLEEP?

A. R. A., May 10, 1856.*

Is she dead, or sleeping,
Our dear babe, Regine!
She lieth in a rapt repose,
In her hand an early rose,
Fit to grace a queen!

By her bed we linger,
Thinking she will wake;
"She must wake," we say at last,
"And undo this dreadful Past,
Or our hearts will break!"

See! the hair is stirring
On her broad white brow!
There's a tremble in the rose,
And her drooping lids unclose—
She is waking now!

No! it was but fancy;
Our dead child, Regine,
Will not wake, or stir again;
We have watched and wept in vain
For our little queen!

R. H. Stoddard.

* These sweet death-verses are from the *Albion,* and were written on the departure from this life of Abbie Regina Ahern, daughter of Mr. S. J. Ahern of the journal mentioned.

MILITARY CORRSPONDENCE.

THE SHIELD'S ARTILLERY, BOSTON.

Company formed in April, 1853. Name, "The Shield's Artillery." Composed of citizens both native and adopted, in about equal proportions. The company is attached to the first Division, first Brigade, 5th Regiment, Artillery, (but armed as Infantry,) of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

The officers are—Captain, Edward Young, a native of Boston; Lieutenants, W. F. A. Kelly, James O'Brien, Christopher Plunket, Martin Flaherty, natives of Ireland.

State Regulation uniform; frock coat, dark blue; pants, light blue; red trimmings, regulation cap with red pompon. The officers are equipped with army regulation swords; non-commissioned officers and privates with muskets, knapsacks and the usual accoutrements. Company drills every Monday and Friday evenings; squad drills on the other evenings of the week Parade days, last Wednesday in May, 4th of July. Division encampment, 3 days. Company day, 10th October.

The company had two splendid balls; and was the Color Company at one of the Regimental parades, at the encampment of 1853.

Performed active service at the time of the Slave Riot, in May, 1854, and was on duty day and night from May 26th to June 3d. The company was at the Division encampment three days in two consecutive years.

The company, as above stated, was organized in 1853, and from the outset continued in a flourishing condition. The roll of active members numbered about seventy; all young, active, intelligent and respectable men—"the stuff" of which soldiers are made.

The history of the corps, during its comparatively brief existence, was honorable in every respect. The uniforms and equipments (except muskets) were bought and paid for by the individual members, and no debts were incurred. The assessments were paid in with cheerful alacrity, and business, as well as military matters, conducted with entire harmony on all occasions.

Each man's outfit cost about thirty dollars. The officers' one hundred dollars each. The uniforms, equipments and paraphernalia, were of the best materials and finish, and when in array, presented a splendid appearance. As a military organization, the corps was highly esteemed in the community; and on no occasion did its members ever prove derelict to the laws either civil, social or military. The officers took great interest in the character and position of their charge, and sought by every means to give tone and influence to their name.

The advent of Know-Nothingism heralded the destruction of the "Shield's" as well as other fine companies. On the 12th of January, 1855 a Council order (based upon the urgent recommendation of Gov. Gardner,) was promulgated, declaring their disbandment, and notwithstanding the earnest efforts made by the commander to secure a "hearing," in order to refute the alleged cause for said order, no satisfaction could be obtained. The officers sent in a written protest against the order, and refused to surrender their commissions or the company's arms. After the lapse of a few weeks, in which the puzzled officials "were making up their minds what to do," on a rainy day, at an early hour, the valiant Adjutant-General, and a dozen of the Dark-Lantern party, came with crowbars and picklocks and broke into the Armory, and carried off all the "State property."

An action was brought in the Supreme Court, with the design of testing the Governor's power in the matter, but after taking counsel, and knowing the hostile elements which were battling about, the game was not deemed worth the powder, and the matter was dropped.

The company expended some two thousand dollars, out of their own pockets, during the brief period of their career—not one cent of which, although invested in uniforms and other articles adapted exclusively to military service, has ever been allowed them by the State.

To be sure, an order was passed by the Legislature for the payment of NINE dollars to each man, as commutation money, but, with a proviso, that the company had respectfully given up their arms, per order, and had quietly pocketed the Executive insult. As the gallant "Shield's" had not had this crowning grace, the beggarly K. N. crumb was not tendered to them, so that, besides being knocked down, they were robbed, too, by the jackals in power.

(*Irish News, continued from page* 167.)

The select committee appointed to inquire into the merits of the petition presented by Mr. Somers against the return of Mr. John Wynne, the sitting member for Sligo, on the ground of treating bribery and intimidation, met on the 20th ult. for the first time. The members of the committee were—Mr I. Butt, in the chair, Sir J. Hanmer, Mr. Moody, and Mr. Clive. Mr. James, Q C, Mr. Morgan, J. O'Connell, and Mr. Lewis were retained for the petition, and Mr. Slade, Q C, and Mr. Huddleston for the seat.

Mr. O'Connell made an ineffectual attempt to postpone the inquiry, on the ground of the absence of Mr. James, Q C, who was engaged in prosecuting Palmer, of Rugeley, opened the case.

Mr. M'Niffe was the first witness. He deposed that he had not power to make any arrangements for that gentleman; he never saw Mr. Mostyn at Mr. Ferguson's house; the witness proved nothing. He was not cross-examined.

Mr. Abraham Powell, solicitor and farmer, deposed that he was one of Mr. Somers' agents at the late election. Witness was so excited that it was impossible to examine him, and he proved nothing.

Mr. Thomas Mostyn, solicitor of Dublin and Sligo, deposed that he was Mr. Wynne's sole acting agent, at the late election, and there was no bribery or treating on the part of Mr. Wynne or any of his agents.

Cross-examined—I am aware that Mr. Wynne declined to come forward as a candidate when he had a requisition signed by a majority of both Catholic and Protestant electors. The sum total of Mr. Wynne's expenses were under £144, of which the mayor received £53. There was no bribery or treating by Mr. Wynne or any of his agents.

Robert Mahony, cabinet maker, an elector of Sligo, was next called, but as he proved nothing, the petitioners at this stage of the proceedings withdrew that part of their petition which related to treating.

Edward Killoran, a baker of Sligo, was called to prove bribery in his own case. He said—I saw Mr. Wynne during the election; I told him that I was exceedingly poor, and that if he would give me some money I would vote for him. He gave me a pound note, and said that if he was returned he would make a man of me. James Ward saw that. On cross-examination, witness said that he had been two months in London, and that he came up in the same carriage with Mr. Somers, and had been living in London with Mr. Somers, and had taken his meals with him.

James Ward, baker and butter buyer, of Sligo, corroborated in the same measure Killoran's evidence. He also had been in London for the last two months, living at the house of Mr. Somers.

Mrs. Catharine Killoran swore that at the time of the election her husband gave her a one pound note, and told her that he should make more out of the election.

This was the case for the petitioners.

For the defendant,

Hon. John Wynne, M. P., was called. He said—I have heard the evidence of Edward Killoran; there is not one word of truth in any thing that he has said; I had not a pound note in my possession throughout the whole of the election.

After a few minutes' consultation, the Committee unanimously declared that the Right Hon. John Wynne had been duly elected a member to serve for the borough of Sligo, and also that the petition was frivolous and vexatious: and the Committee also resolved, that, in giving their evidence, Edward Killoran and James Ward had been guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.

We are informed, says the Kilkenny *Journal,* that the Crown, on the memorial of creditors to the extent of £250,000, has agreed to appoint Mr. Anthony Norris, of Bedford row, London, one of the creditors, to be administrator for collecting in the assets of the late Mr. John Sadleir. Mr. Norris, in compliance with the earnest wishes of the creditors, has consented to act under the authority of the Crown, and will lose no time in realising for the benefit of the creditors large sums stated to have been invested by the deceased gentleman in various securities both at home and abroad.

The argument on behalf of the English Shareholders in the Tipperary Bank, was resumed on the 15th ult., by Mr. Fitzgibbon, Q. C., who was followed by Mr. M'Donough, Q. C. The final reply was confided to Mr. Fitzgerald, Q. C. An anonymous letter in the *Freeman's Journal,* attacking the Master, was the subject of the strongest and most indignant commentary on the part of the Master, Mr. Fitzgibbon, &c., &c.

A man named Patrick Christopher, who was formerly the leader of a faction called "Polleens," was returning from a fair at Mountaincastle, County Waterford, in a state of intoxication, and shouting defiance towards some members of an opposing faction, when a heavy stone was hurled at him from behind a ditch, and struck him on the head. He fell immediately on receiving the blow, and soon afterwards expired. The murderers have not been discovered.

The total expenditure in Ireland (poor relief) during the year ended Michaelmas-day, 1855, for the relief of 269,800 paupers relieved in-doors and 35,432 out-of-doors, amounted to the sum of £683,597. The cost of the in-maintenance was £432,841; that of the out-relief, 4,701; the salaries of officers and their rations, £119,£832; and all other expenses, £126,219. The valuation was £11,565,460 and the average poundage of the expenditure on the valuation 1s 2¼d.

At the last meeting of the Guardians of the Cashel Union. John Greene, Esq., J. P. presided, and thirteen other guardians were in attendance. There was 982 paupers in the house, being a decline of 311 from the same period last year. The weekly expense of provisions was 921, and the average cost for each pauper 1s 9½d. The uncollected rates amount to £1,155, and the balance in favor of Guardians was £1,927.

Mr. T. Flood, Newhall, county Kildare, will, at the approaching presentment sessions for the barony of Connell, seek for compensation to the amount of £1,138 19s. 10d., for the wanton and malicious burning of his mill, together with a large quantity of oats, wheat, and property belonging to other parties. Richard Ennis, Esq., solicitor, of Dublin, is retained by the claimant.

Miss Casey, of Kilmacthomas, has been received into the Presentation Convent, of Lismore, by the Right Rev. Doctor O'Brien. The Very Rev. Dr. Fogarty, P. P., V. G., and several of the clergy of the diocese were present.

Four clergymen of the established church and five Catholic priests perished with fever, exposure to cold, and hardships, in the Crimea, during the war.

The Dublin *Nation* has accurate authority for stating that the memorial of Frederick Lucas, on the condition of the Catholics in Ireland, and their relations to the British Government, and the Holy See, has been presented to his Holiness the Pope, at whose direction it was composed. The Holy Father (says that journal) took the occasion of expressing to the eminent divine who laid the memorial before him, his sincere and intense regret for the death of Mr. Lucas, and his sense of the severe loss which Catholic interests in Ireland and throughout the British Empire had sustained thereby. We have received still later and equally authentic information, that the memorial had been very carefully examined and very favorably considered. We have every hope that it will excite a careful and immediate inquiry upon the part of Rome into the state of affairs here; and, if so, we have not the faintest fear for the result.

The Irish papers inform us that, "on Wednesday, the 7th inst., his Grace, the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate of all Ireland, held full Synod of the clergy of the arch-diocese in the cathedral church of Armagh. This was the first public function of the kind witnessed for many centuries in this ancient city, and is a commencement of the renewal of the splendid ceremonies and discipline of the Catholic Church, which had been interrupted in this country for a long and sorrowful period."

The officers of the Synod were: Rev. Patrick Hanratty, promoter; Rev. John Levins, and Rev. James Powderly, masters of the ceremonies; Rev. James Campbell, Secretary; Rev. Canon McConville, Deacon; Rev. Canon O'Brien, Sub-deacon; Revs. John Gallogly and John Rafferty, Prefects of Lodgings. Chaunters, Rev. R. O'Sullivan and Rev. P. V. Meadth, O. S. D.

Of the Tracy Peerage, the Leinster *Express* says:—"We have been informed that within the past week important information has been obtained, and most conclusive facts brought to light which leave not the shadow of doubt as to Mr. Tracy's (of Streamstown, Co. Westmeath,) ultimate success in establishing his claim to this ancient viscountcy. The family of Tracy is well known in the parish of Horseleap, where the father, Mr. James Tracy, of the present claimant, cultivated extensive farms and was much and actively engaged in other business pursuits during his long life—he having reached the patriarchal age of ninety, and died only a few years since a reputedly wealthy man.

We understand that Mrs. Catherine Clarke, of Meldrum House, a lady of superior intellectual acquirements, who is granddaughter of William Tracy, third son of Judge Tracy, and is still in the enjoyment of excellent health and unimpaired faculties, entertains a distinct and clear remembrance of her grandfather. As far as we have been able to learn, the family of the claimant are not allied to any family bearing the name residing in this or adjoining counties, but stands perfectly distinct as the real descendants of the first Viscount Tracy, of Rathcoole, created a peer for services rendered the crown by raising a regiment.

A young boy found £160 at the fair of Ballina, county Mayo, which he restored to the owner, who liberally rewarded him with six-pence.

Congressional.

Thirty-fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

June 9.—The bill to amend the Naturalization law was made the special order for Saturday next. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill to restore order and peace to Kansas, proposing to bring it under the Territorial Government of Nebraska, which was debated.

June 10.—Mr. Crittenden submitted a resolution requiring the President to send Lieut-General Scott to take command of the troops in and near Kansas, and to restore order in that Territory. Mr. C. supported his resolution in a brief speech, wherein he spoke highly of the character and influence of Gen. Scott. Mr. Mason was not ready to vote upon the resolution. He doubted the propriety of dictating to the President, who already has full power. Mr. Seward was in favor of sending Gen. Scott, but suggested that it be done by joint resolution. The further consideration was postponed for one day. It was proposed to refit and present to the British Government the bark Resolute, found abandoned in the Arctic Regions. Adjourned.

June 11.—The resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts on the Sumner outrage were received and ordered to be printed. Motion was made to take up the resolution to send Gen. Scott to Kansas. Mr. Yulee wanted a better attendance. Mr. Clayton urged that something should speedily be done to quiet the public mind. Mr. Brown did not wish to interfere with the duties of the President. Mr. Bell, of Tenn., thought the matter demanded immediate consideration. Mr. Toucey was afraid it would not be dignified to place Gen. Scott in so insignificant a position; nor did he think it proper to meddle with the President's privileges. Mr. Mallory thought that if Congress would stop talking about Slavery, Kansas would soon be quiet. The debate was continued by Messrs. Crittenden, Mason, Clayton, and Seward. Mr. Seward said that peace would come as soon as the people of the Territories were guaranteed the full and ample privileges enjoyed by the people of the organized States; but if they are required to submit to usurpation and disfranchisement, then we have reached the point where peace is impossible. The Senate adjourned before coming to a vote upon the motion to take up.

June 12.—Mr. Hamlin of Maine formally renounced all sympathy with the Pro-Slavery Democracy, and declared that whatever power God had endowed him with should be used in opposition to that party. Mr. Butler then commenced a reply to Senator Sumner's speech but had not concluded when the Senate adjourned.

June 13.—Mr. Butler continued his speech in reply to Senator Sumner. Mr. Wilson briefly rejoined. Adjourned to Monday.

House of Representatives.

June 9.—No quorum.

June 10.—No business was done, except to print the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature on the Sumner outrage. Adjourned.

June 11.—The president informed the House, that no official information had been received of the action of the late Peace Conference on the subject of privateering.

June 12.—No quorum, only 106 members answering to their names. Adjourned.

June 13.—No quorum. Adjourned to Saturday.

Buchanan and the Press.

The N. Y. *Daily News*, reviewing the progress of the Democratic party, says "the era of Jefferson established the great truth, that the people were the source of sovereign power."

"Seven presidential terms passed away, the seventh introducing a period of apathy and indifference, when the monied and manufacturing interests were preparing to saddle the country with monopolies, and to erect a monied oligarchy, in place of the brilliant circle of statesmen like Hamilton, Jay, and King, who opposed the sage of Monticello, and who were foiled by the devotion of the Democracy to far other views than they advocated, with a talent and eloquence that have gilded and adorned a cause that liberty and the Constitution did not sanction. But a mightier hand than man's swayed the destiny of the nation, and raised up our glorious Jackson. Monopoly fell, with all its allurements, as the ideal aristocracy of Federalism had fallen, never to rise again. The struggle was terrific, but the iron will of Jackson never faltered, and the Democracy followed him to victory. Among the illustrious statesmen who aided the Democratic hero, was James Buchanan. Where is the Democrat who will not support the long-tried Buchanan and the eloquent Breckenridge on the manly, explicit, and constitutional platform of the Convention? We have not yet heard of such a one, but we do hear the thundering Aye of the Democracy shouted through every street of the metropolis, and flashed along the wires with the speed of lightning, assuring the nation that the party of Jefferson and Jackson is everywhere up in arms for Buchanan and Breckenridge.

The Cincinnati *Daily Inquirer* says: "As to Mr. Buchanan's eminent claims and fitness for the Presidential chair, it is needless to speak. For a third of a century he has been an active participant in political affairs. He is the worthy compeer of the great and illustrious race of statesmen of whom Calhoun, Webster, Clay, Wright, and Cass are the representative men. In point of talent, political experience, and personal integrity, he stands at the head of our living statesmen. No man can breathe aught against the pure and unsullied name of James Buchanan. His whole political career has shown him to be a man of true and tried integrity. We have every confidence that he will give the country a firm, wise, and patriotic administration. The friend and early supporter of Jackson, for more than thirty years he has been 'a bright particular star' in the Democratic galaxy."

Again, in allusion to the assertion that Mr. Buchanan once said that "if he had a drop of Democratic blood in his veins he would let it out," the *Enquirer* says:

"It is hardly necessary to say that this is a pure and naked fabrication, and is utterly without even the semblance of truth. It is true that Mr. Buchanan, when a young man, commenced his political life as a Federalist. But Federalism was not of that unpatriotic kind which characterized that faction in New England, and induced it in the war of 1812 to oppose its own country and take sides with England. On the contrary, among the patriotic volunteers from Pennsylvania who marched to Baltimore to defend that city, when it was attacked in 1814 was James Buchanan.

The Troy *Budget* is of opinion that "no other candidate would have combined all the elements of strength, which will be secured by the action of the Convention. Mr. Buchanan has undoubtedly had more experience in public life than any other American statesman now living."

The Richmond *Examiner* believes that the selection of the Convention is "a happy omen for the continuance of the fraternal feeling which has rendered the Democracy invincible. Believing that the crisis demanded such a nomination, it concludes its article thus:—"Identified with the political history of the country for thirty years, familiar with the domestic as well as with the foreign policy of our government, his administration will prove one of the wisest which we have had since the days of James Madison."

The Lowell *Evening Advertiser* thinks that "no fitter candidate could have been selected," and in a eulogistic sketch of his career says:—"He has not a political character to create for himself by his administration of the offices of the general government, in the executive chair. His opinious on all questions of public interest, are easily ascertained, for he has so identified himself with the public measures of the government for the last twenty years, that there can be no danger of mistake in ascertaining what those opinions are."

The Savannah *Georgian* without any "personal preference" for Mr. Buchanan over Pierce and Douglas, "is not ashamed to confess, that he is unquestionably more acceptable to the South than either. His high character, long services and approved patriotism, make him the most formidable of all the opponents of Black Republicanism in the North. Fanaticism may swell, and rage around him and dash against him, it cannot overwhelm him."

The Boston *Constitution* says, "He will (Buchanan,) reconcile the local differences existing in the Democratic ranks, and enable us to present an unbroken phalanx with which to meet the traitors who seek to destroy the freedom and happiness of our country. James Buchanan is our leader. To his hands the banner borne by Jefferson and Jackson is committed. We fight under one well known for his services in the cause of Democracy; talented, trusted, tried and true."

Chronicling the telegraphic announcement of the nomination, the Madison (Wis.) *Argus and Democrat* says, "It will fall like a wet blanket upon the hopes of Northern disunionists, and be the death-warrant of Black Republican Know-Nothingism once and for all."

The N. Y. *Express* says:—"The nomination is personally respectable, politically consistent, and probably the strongest that could be made."

The N. Y. *Mirror* says,—"Mr. Buchanan is a man of eminently respectable character and talent, and the very best and strongest man the Democrats could have named. He will be a hard candidate to beat."

The *Journal of Commerce* says,—"The selection of Mr. Buchanan will tend to strengthen the the public faith in the fitness of the people for self-government."

Obituary.

Died, on Tuesday, the 3d instant, at his residence in Yonkers, in the 63d year of his age, Mr. James M'Sweeney, a native of Dungarvan, county Waterford, Ireland. He was a true and unselfish patriot, whose fondest aspirations were given to the land of his birth.

MARRIAGES.

At Haddington road, Mathias Sisk, senior master, R. N., to Mary Jane M'Donnell, daughter of Peter M'Donnell, formerly of the Common Pleas Office, Dublin.

At Askamore Church, Michael Kinsella, of Ballylahon, near Gorey, to Miss Doyle, daughter of James Doyle, of Askamore, Wexford.

At St. Mary's Church, Clonmel, Percy Hunt Cullimore, of Cleary's Town, county Wexford, to Catherine, daughter of the late Joseph Cochrane, of Clonmel, Veterinary Surgeon.

At Islington, Donald P. Campbell, Captain 92d Highlanders, of Balliveolan, Argyleshire, to Harriet Elizabeth Hale, daughter of Charles Hale Munro, of Ingsdon, Devon.

At Sixmile-bridge, county Clare, Michael, son of Michael Killeen, of Moloskey, to Mary, daughter of Robert Frost, of Rossmanaher.

At Tulla, county Clare, Edmund Murphy, of Mantle Hill, county Tipperary, to Anastatia, daughter of John O'Brien, resident magistrate.

Hugh Hall, of Cottage-hill, Rathfriland, to Margaret, daughter of Robert Magill, Rathfriland.

At St. Peter's Church Drogheda, James Thomson, merchant, Drogheda, son of the late Mr. Thomson, of Garristown, county Dublin, to Miss Eliza Faulkner, daughter of the late George Faulkner, manufacturer, of Dublin.

DEATHS.

At Ballincara, Templederry, on the 22d inst., Mr. Dennis Crow, aged 70 years, father of the Rev. Patrick Crow, R. C. C., Toomavara. His remains were followed to the grave by one of the largest funerals ever seen in the county of Tipperary.

At Harold's Cross, Mary, the daughter of the late Josiah Anderson.

In Belfast, Jacob Bell, a member of the Society of Friends, a leading merchant in that town.

In Kilkenny, James Seahill, for many years an honest and a faithful assistant of D. Ferguson & Co.

In Limerick, aged 86 years, John Samuel Travernor Baylee.

At Mullagh glebe, county Cavan, aged 76 years, the Rev. Atkinson Coffey.

At Westbourne grove, Colonel James Lewis Basden, formerly of the 59th regiment.

At sea, on board the Blenheim, on her return to England, Harriet, wife of Dr. Graham, of the 81st regiment.

In Denmark street, Limerick, William M'Donnell, aged 33 years.

In Broad street, Nenagh, Catherine, relict of the late John Molony tobacconist.

At Castlebar, Francis, the beloved wife of Charles Malley.

At Tuam, in the 72d year of his age, Charles Blake.

At Clonmel, aged 65 years, Margaret, relict of Thomas Ryan, late of Cottage.

At Castle House, Bray, Brindley Hone, infant son of the Rev. Thomas Moore.

Of brain fever, while on a visit at Rathurles, near Nenagh, Samuel Ashton Yeste Benyon, Lieutenant in H. M's. 63rd Regiment of Infantry, aged 22 years, son of Ashton Benyon, of Stetchworth Park, Newmarket, Cambridgeshire.

At St. Leonard's-on-Sea, Hastings, William Lawson Kennedy.

At Wilton-place, Richard Bourke, Divisional Police Magistrate.

At Bengal-terrace, Finglas road, Edith, relict of Ranual Cooke, late of the Bank of Ireland.

Major-General James Campbell, late of the 51st Regt. Light Infantry.

At the Monastery, Mount St. Joseph, Clondalkin, James Madden.

In Lower Leeson street, Ellen, daughter of the late Francis Cruise, Belgard Castle, county Dublin.

Major-General Sir W. H. Sleeman, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

Elizabeth Edgar, second daughter of William Reid, 73 High street, Belfast.

At Silverstream, Belfast, Andrew Rowan, of the firm of Messrs. John Rowan & Sons, York street.

Suddenly at Bishop's road, London, Jane, wife of the Rev. J. R. Moore, of Newcastle, Down.

At Ballymacash, near Lisburn, John Jefferson, in the 89th year of his age.

At Fitzwilliam square, West, Dublin, aged 65 years, Colonel Archibald Inglis, late of Carlingwark House, N. B., son of the late Admiral Inglis, of Red Hall, near Edinburgh.

In London, the Rev. G. Grant, Wesleyan Minister, late of Limerick.

In Fishamble street, Thos. Walsh, formerly of Sabine Fields, county Dublin, aged 70.

At Holywood, Anna Maria, relict of the late Joseph Wood, of Belfast, aged 62 years.

Fireworks.

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THE only Depot and Agency in this city for *RELIABLE FIREWORKS*, is at No. 83 LIBERTY STREET, corner Broadway. The assortment (as per sample) comprises a great variety of new designs in *Exhibitional Pieces*, of the most brilliant colored fires, together with SMALL FIREWORKS of every description. Our patrons, also Committees for City and Country Displays, supplied on the most reasonable terms, by applying direct to **Glenn Putnam**, Agent for Edge's Exhibitional Fireworks, at 83 Liberty street, New-York. je21 3t

Gould's Eating Saloon—THE BEST AND CHEAPEST EATING-HOUSE in New-York.—"*Strawberries Smothered in Cream.*"—Can anything be more delicious than a "dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream?" particularly if you drop in at Gould's Saloon, No. 144 Fulton street, and enjoy it in perfection. The berries served here are perfect pictures, large, and of the most tempting lusciousness, and the lacteal accompaniment is none of your sky-blue apology for milk, but the pure article, fresh, thick and creamy. Mr. Gould has one of the best dining places in the city; he serves up daily everything in season, in the cleanest and nicest style. je21 4t

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Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,
198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

☞ Mrs. McFadden justly baasts of having made up, for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also, the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y21june

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Being selections from his Writings and Passages of his Letters and Table-Talk. With Notes and a Biographical Memoir, by Evert A. Duychinck; a Portrait on Steel, after G. Stewart Newton; and an Autograph Letter. 12mo., cloth, $1 25.

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je 7 J. S. REDFIELD, 34 Beekman street, N. Y.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The MAILS FOR EUROPE, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer Ericcson, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 21st day of June, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.
my17 **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for California, per United States steamer George Law, will close at this office on Friday, the 20th day of June, at 1 o'clock P. M. **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster.

From California and Nicaragua.

By the arrival of the *Daniel Webster*, at New-Orleans, we have two weeks' later news from California. Great excitement had been created in San Francisco by the murder of James King, editor of the *Bulletin*, by one Casey. On the 18th of May three thousand citizens, fully armed, took possession of the jail where Casey, who had been arrested, was imprisoned, and took him, together with Cora, the murderer of the late United States Marshal Richardson, to the Vigilance Committee rooms, where, it would seem, they were investigating their crimes. It was supposed that both the wretched beings would be hung by the people. The old Vigilance Committee has been revived, and they have expressed their determination to put down gambling in the State. The *George Law*, which is about due at this port from Aspinwall, has nearly two millions in treasure on freight.

From Nicaragua we learn that General Walker had removed his head quarters to Leon. It was rumored that a revolution had broken out in Costa Rica, during Mora's absence with the army in its invasion of Nicaragua. Further particulars may be expected on the arrival of the *George Law*.

The Dublin *Freeman* has a "street preaching" paragraph as follows:

Information having been conveyed to the Dublin police that the Rev. Graham Campbell, (one of those persons known as street preachers) was to hold forth at Beresford place, in rear of the Custom-house, at four o'clock Sunday evening, a large concourse of persons assembled in the neighborhood for the purpose of amusing themselves at the expense of his reverence. As the hour approached which was fixed for the commencement of the discourse, a band of wind instruments made its appearance, playing all kinds of airs in every kind of time and tune, the drum, of course, being one of the most prominent features in the musical display. This band was intended to serve as a running accompaniment to the preacher's discourse. The juveniles began to muster very strong as it drew up to four o'clock, one and all full of excitement at the prospect of the fun. A large body of police, under the command of Mr. Superintendent Guy and Inspector Gerrarty, were in readiness at the station-house for the purpose of preventing a breach of the peace. A few minutes before four o'clock three or four gentlemen, wearing white chokers, and dressed in black, made their appearance, and seemed to have only come for the purpose of reconnoitreing; but, for some reason which we were not able to discover, the preacher did not make himself visible, much to the gratification of the police, and to the deep disappointment of the young urchins who had assembled for an hour's harmless enjoyment after dinner. The greatest good humor seemed to prevail, and there was not the slightest indication of riot or disorder.

Amongst the Regiments that took part in the Proclamation of Peace in Dublin, on Tuesday, was the Tipperary Artillery, under command of Major W. H. Massy, and the appearance of this slashing corps created unqualified admiration. While the troops were passing in review before the Lord Lieutenant, a quick-witted move of the band of the South Tipperary won them popular favor.

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"The objects of the Association are, 1st. The dissemination of Catholic and useful knowledge. 2d. To forward the moral and intellectual advancement of ts members. 3d. To create among its members a spirit of harmony and good feeling, that will be conducive alike to their interest and pleasure. These to be attained by establishing a Library and Reading Room, and by Readings and Lectures when practicable."

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MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, May 23, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

Amusements.

KELLER'S EMPIRE HALL,
596 BROADWAY,
TWO DOORS ABOVE THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.
GREAT ATTRACTION.

Monday, June 16th, and during the week—
GALLATEA, FAMINE, VICTORY OF THE AMAZONS, WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW-YORK IN TRIUMPH, THE BENEDICTION, THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.
Doors open at 7½ P.M. Performance commences at 8.

Extra Advertisement.

KELLER'S EMPIRE HALL, 596 BROADWAY.—Mr. Keller respectfully announces to his friends and the public generalfy, that his BENEFIT will take place on
WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 18th.
For full particulars, see programmes.

Mrs. Luby's Academy for Dancing, Deportment, and the Calisthenic exercises, 275 Bleeker street. A Private Class for the above exercises has been formed, and will continue to meet during the month of June, on Wednesday evenings, from 8 to 10 o'clock. Mrs. Luby gives lessons on the Piano Forte, and in the French language. 2tJun2

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each —— evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 104 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. PATRICK O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

Business Directory.

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.
The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,
No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,
AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of
Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,
AND
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,
WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and actien, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,
SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**
OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durab quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

HEAD-QUARTERS OF
BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS!
AT RODGER'S, 340 BOWERY,
Between Bond and Great Jones Streets.

CONSISTING of an elegant assortment of Embroidery and Lace Goods, Barages, Lawns, and Barage-Delaines. With a splendid assortment of Stella Shawls, and the latest styles of Mantillas.

Ladies, bear in mind, we always carry out the adage, that "*the nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling*" 1m Jun7

REMOVAL.
McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks
Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 86 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

Special Notices.

To the lady readers of this paper.—Ladies, if you wish to get Linen and other Gaiter Boots from 12s. to 20s.; Slipper Ties and Buskins, 1st quality, 8s. to 10s.; second quality, same styles, 6s. and 7s. per pair; boys', misses', and children's Boots & Shoes of all kinds and prices, Patronize
4tjun21 J. B. MILLER & CO., 134 Canal street.

Strawberries and Cherries, Or any other fruit or vegetable, may be effectually preserved in a fresh state for years, by the use of Spratt's Patent Self-Sealing Cans. Full directions for preserving accompany the cans. They are easily opened or closed by the hand with a patent screw attachment, and are guaranteed always to fully answer the purpose represented.

N. B. The Genuine Self-Sealing Can has cast in letters on the cap, "Spratt's Patent." This is mentioned to prevent imposition upon the public, by any spurious or worthless article in imitation. For sale by the proprietors.
2t21ju WELLS & PROVOST, 321 Pearl st.

$30 Dollars Reward will be paid for any information which will lead to the discovery of John Scantling, who left 326 Madison street, N. Y., on the 20th May. He spoke of going to Michigan. He has blue eyes, dark hair, no whiskers, and is slightly lame of his left leg. He is about five feet high, and is a native of the county Kilkenny, Ireland. The subscriber will pay the above named reward.

his
JOHN ⋈ WALSH,
mark
2tjun12 326 Madison street, New-York.

Information Wanted—of MICHAEL CARROLL, and ELLEN CARROLL, otherwise SWEENEY, his wife, late of the town of Galway, Ireland, who left that place in the month of July, 1851, for New-York, and who when last heard from in the month of July, 1858, were residing in New Orleans. Any information of their whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received.
☞ New Orleans papers please copy. je14 1t

Information Wanted—Of MICHAEL BOODEN, a native of the Parish of Urlingford, near Johnstown, County Kilkenny, Ireland, who left his residence in Ireland for New-York last December. Amy information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, N. Y., will be thankfully received by his wife.

Information wanted. If Patrick Mara Currier, and Michael Mara, Blacksmith, both supposed to be living in Newark, N. J., will forward their address to the Commissioners of Emigration, New-York, they can hear of their brother, who has recently arrived in this city.

Wanted, A situation as **Engineer,** to run a stationary engine, in any part of this city. Apply to James Casey, 405 Ninth street, opposite the Morgan Iron Works, who will give most satisfactory references.

Information wanted of John Duffy, a native of Castleblaney, county Monaghan, Ireland, by trade a carpenter, who arrived in this city about five years ago, and when last heard from was living at Staten Island. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received by his wife Alice Duffy.

OFFICE of Receiver of Taxes—New City Hall, Park, May 29, 1856.—Public notice is hereby given that there is no such office as Collector of Arrearages on Personal Taxes, and that no person but the undersigned, or HENRY B. VENN, Esq., appointed for that purpose, to be found at this office, is authorized to receive any moneys due for arrears on Personal Taxes.
je7 6t HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

Information Wanted—Of WILLIAM KELLEY, a native of the county Cavan, Ireland, who left this city about three years ago for the State of Pennsylvania. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his sisters, Rosie and Anne Kelley, at No. 15 Rose street, in care of Thomas McManus. je14

Business Notices.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,

118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

{ LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
{ 18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no meansinferior to their celebrated compounds, while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flavor, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation.

Yours, respectfully,
ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

MR. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

RICHARD KAVANAGH,

132 and 134 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON.

THANKFUL to his numerous patrons for past favors, is desirous of letting them know that he has given up the Grocery and Provision trade, and intends in future to devote his untiring exertions to promote their terrestrial happiness in the shape of good Liquors, Segars, to say nothing of a Free Lunch every day at 11 o'clock. Attached is a very handsome Sitting Room, and a splendid Room for Committee Meetings. my31 4t

Smiles many a long, bright sunny day,
When heaven puts on the blue of May.

Ladies, if you wish Gaiter and Button Boots, of all the fashionable styles, at 12s. to 20s, or if you wish slippers, ties and buskins, from 6s. to 10s. per pair, with boys', misses' and children's boots and shoes of all kinds and prices, patronize J. B MILLER & CO., 134 Canal street. [my31 4t

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.
Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my3 3m

Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. my24 3m

Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17 3m*

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

STATEN ISLAND

FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 8 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dyed and re-finished with great success.
Also ladies and gentlemen's garments, Shawls, &c., &c.
BARRETT, NEPHEW & CO.,
3mos 3 John st., (2 doors from Broadway,) N. Y.

$100,000 WORTH OF NEW GOODS!

FROM AUCTION, at LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY. EGAN & CO. have just purchased an entire new lot of Spring and Summer Dress Silks of all styles and qualities, and will sell them at Low Prices in their New Store. In consequence of Overstock of Goods being Imported, Silks have reduced in value full 30 per cent., and we buying them at the reduced prices, can afford to sell the most desirable styles and qualities lower than those that have purchased when goods were high and scarce. We have no Old Stock—no Damaged Goods—no Bankrupt Sale—none of those Humbugs—but we have good PLAID SILKS from 4s. 6d. to 12s per yard; new and splendid Striped Poplins, from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per yard. A large assortment of Black and Colored Silks. We ask but one price, and sell in dollars and cents. Some of the newest STELLA SHAWLS, from $2 50 to $20. A large and splendid lot of CRAPE SHAWLS, and a general assortment of spring goods. Being the only LINEN HALL in the city, and having a buyer in Belfast, Ireland, we are always supplied with the best qualities of LINEN for Shirting, Sheeting, and Damask Table Cloths, by the cloth or yard. Some splendid Damask and Snow-Drop Napkins at $1 50 per dozen. Ten cases of French Printed Lawns for Dresses, will be opened tomorrow and the following day, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per yard. Marseilles Quilts from 14s. to $5 each. 4tjun7

REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto is ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap26 3mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

Analytical and Metallurgical Chemistry and Mining Geology.

DR. ISAIAH DECK,

No. 18 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW-YORK.

MAY be consulted on all subjects relating to Practical Chemistry, Mining- and Metallurgy. Assays of Ores, Analyses of Minerals, and Mining Products in general carefully and expeditiously conducted, and sound opinions delivered upon the most economical methods of working them, based on the latest chemical discoveries. Geological and Mining Surveys undertaken in any part of the world—Dr. DECK having had considerable experience in this branch of his profession. my31 3m

RAGLAN HATS—Public approval of our efforts as hatters, to supply the lightest neglige hat, at a low cost, in 1854 and 1855, led us to seek among the Paris fabricants for quality and tint suited to our special sales. In announcing the Raglan hat, we deem it due to ourselves to state that, originating with us, we have control of the entire importation, as received per Barcelona and Fulton. The number being limited, gentlemen will do well to make their selections early. For sale at our counters only.
Leary & Co., Leaders and Introducers of Fashion, Astor House, Broadway, New-York. 8tJun7

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 173 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

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OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

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THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

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Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my3 3m

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Emigration.

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON,
HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

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William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
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It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

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John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
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JOSEPH STUART, President.
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REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19 1y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

DRAFTS FOR £1 AND UPWARDS,

ON THE ROYAL BANK OF IRELAND,

(Expressly authorised by the Bank,)

FOR SALE AT THE BANKING HOUSE OF JOHN B. MURRAY,

No. 44 Wall street, (over Bank of North America,) New-York.

PERSONS wishing to send money to their friends in Europe, can remit it as above, by letter, *post-paid*, and upon receipt, a draft on the Royal Bank, will be forwarded without charge, to the person designated. 3m*

☞ To prevent loss, every Draft is registered here, and a copy of the register forwarded to the Bank by every mail steamer.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,

Office, corner of South and Beach Streets, Boston.

THE office of this Society is open from 7 A. M., to 6 P. M., where Emigrants can apply to obtain situations for which they are fitted. Farmers, Mechanics, and others in want of labor, will apply at the office.

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The Society will be thankful for all circumstantial and early information of any fraud, imposition or outrage committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

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NICHOLAS J. BEAN, Cor. Secretary.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Secretary.
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William Keating,	Christopher Plunkett,
Daniel O'Rourke,	Jeremiah Ford,
Thomas Hughes,	Hugh Duffy,
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MICHAEL HUGHES, Agent.

Business Notices.

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap26 3m

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FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my3 1y

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REMITTANCES TO IRELAND, &c.

GEORGE McBRIDE, Jr., No. 14 Broadway, continues to transmit money, in sums large or small, to persons residing in any part of Ireland, in the same manner as he and his predecessor in business have done for the last thirty years, and more; also to any part of England or Scotland.

Money remitted by letter, post paid, to the subscriber, or personally deposited with him, with the name of the person or persons in Ireland, England or Scotland, to whom it is to be sent, and nearest post town, will be immediately transmitted and paid accordingly, and a receipt to that effect given or forwarded to the sender.

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GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

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275 BOWERY, NEW-YORK.

MALE and Female Servants can be promptly suited at the above number, with any situation in the city or country, at good wages, in first-rate families, without delay.

N. B. Employers quickly supplied.
3m may 31 ALEXANDER F. RUNGE, Agent.

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COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9ih Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.

ap19 3m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

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"The objects of the Association are, 1st. The dissemination of Catholic and useful knowledge. 2d. To forward the moral and intellectual advancement of ts members. 3d. To create among its members a spirit of harmony and good feeling, that will be conducive alike to their interest and pleasure. These to be attained by establishing a Library and Reading Room, and by Readings and Lectures when practicable."

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M. T. COZANS, President.
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CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, D. Quinn.
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JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

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European News.

By the arrival of the U. S. steamer Arago, on the 17th, and the English steamer America, on the day following, we have full files of British papers.

The recognition of the Nicaraguan minister, and the impending dismissal of Crampton, form the leading topics in the papers. We devote considerable space to a full representation of the opinions and speculations in England on the subject.

There is little other news of interest. Spain is said to be preparing in earnest for a war with Mexico. The London *Times* ridicules the idea as preposterous. The Italian question remains unchanged. It is still discussed in the English papers, though, for the time being, it is superseded by the more engrossing topic of a threatened diplomatic rupture with the United States.

THE DIFFICULTY BETWEEN AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

The London *Times* of June 2d is much excited in the recognition of Padre Vijil, and believes that "The administration of General Pierce has taken another step in that downward course to which it has resolutely addicted itself ever since its entrance upon official duties." Thus opening, the writer announces that "the matter seems not to be well understood;" of which no better evidence could be given than his own article, a portion of which we extract. It will be seen that the *Times* but makes it a plea to republish its previous misrepresentations of the Nicaraguan movement, as follows:

"About six months ago a band of adventurers from the United States, under the command of a freebooter named Walker, invaded the Republic of Nicaragua, with no claim or pretext that we are aware of, merely relying on the power of the sword and the superiority of might to right. Success crowned their efforts; they overthrew the existing Government, by what acts of blood and treachery it is not now necessary to state, and installed themselves, for a time at least, in the position of sovereigns of Nicaragua. But the neighboring States of Costa Rica and Guatamala became alarmed, and commenced an attack upon the American invaders, the success of which, according to the last accounts, had declared in their favor and against the piratical occupiers of the country. Walker and his followers have appealed to force, and force seems on the point of deciding against them. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty binds the American and English Governments alike not to occupy any portion of Central America, and this doctrine has been applied by America with the most unrelenting precision to our proceedings. It was therefore impossible for the United States to take any direct share in Walker's invasion without a most flagrant breach of existing treaties—nay, they are bound by every principle of international law to prevent, by all means in their power, the sending of any support to those of their citizens who are disgracing the American name by deeds of blood and rapine worthy of the most condign punishment. More than this, they have been, recently, insisting, not only on the strictest observance of their neutrality laws, but on a respect for their sovereign rights, which obliges every nation, in its conduct towards another, to consider not merely what is legal, but what may be agreeable and acceptable. No nation had ever bound itself by its own conduct and declarations to more scrupulous and even punctilious reverence for the rights and feelings of others. The course of the American Government, therefore, would seem to have been exceedingly plain—to have left Walker and his followers to undergo the fate they so richly merited, and to take credit to themselves for the rigor with which they observed that neutrality and respected that treaty, which they accuse us of violating and disregarding. * * * *

"The President has sent down to the Senate a message, in which he broadly professes the doctrine of recognizing a Government *de facto*, whatever its origin, and thus has no difficulty in concluding that the Government of Walker is entitled to this recognition. Consequently, though there is now residing in Washington a certain Mr. Marcoleta, representative of the late Government of Nicaragua, who protests loudly against the proceeding, the President has received the Ambassador sent by Walker, and thus recognized his Government as one with which the United States may enter into an alliance, and one in whose service her citizens may enrol themselves without any violation of neutrality. The effect of such a step will, of course, be to send to the assistance of Walker and his associates hundreds of unquiet spirits from every part of the Union, and to involve the United States virtually, though not ostensibly, in war with Costa Rica and Guatamala.

* * * *

"The recognition of such a power is a melancholy proof of the state of political morality which could counsel such a step, and the impotence of considerations of right and justice to restrain the Government of the great Transatlantic Republic from the most dangerous and unjustifiable courses.

"At the same time, the real nature of this proceeding must not be misunderstood. It is an alarming manifestation of the ideas that actuate the American Government, and leads to most disagreeable anticipations as to the possibility of an amicable solution of any dispute with men who seem to recognize no other law than their wishes and their passions. But it is no cause of war, it is not even necessarily a ground of diplomatic complaint. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has not been in terms violated, and it may probably be expedient in the present critical state of the relations between the two countries rather to pass this matter by in silence than to incur the risk of introducing fresh difficulties into a discussion already sufficiently perilous, or give an excuse to those who are even now only too ready to seek an occasion of quarrel. If war do come, we must seek it as we may. Let us, at any rate, have the satisfaction of reflecting that this greatest of human calamities has not been precipitated by any undue sensitiveness or any avoidable interference on our part.

The money article of the same date says:

"The confirmation from the United States this morning of the recognition of the piratical Government in Nicaragua caused the funds to open at a further decline of three-eighths per cent., but a recovery almost immediately took place, which was in a great degree maintained throughout the day. * * * The fact that the Democratic nomination for the next Presidential term was to take place to-day, the 2d of June, at Cincinnati, rendered it probable, however, that a less violent course would soon be adopted, as after that date President Pierce and his rivals will have less inducement to pander to the popular passions. Meanwhile, the nature of the arguments used to justify the recognition of Walker is clearly seen. In professing to take legal proceedings against Walker's agents and followers at New-York, the Government had already denounced him as a pirate, and since that time nothing has occurred except his defeat in the war waged by the Costa Ricans in defence of their independence, and which has resulted in his being threatened with extermination."

In its issue of the 3d, the *Times* continues its criticisms and speculations on the policy of our Government in general, and the dismissal in particular:

"The yet more recent intelligence which we have received from the United States leaves us little reason to doubt that the Government of General Pierce will not stop short in the career on which it has embarked, but will follow up the reception of the Minister of General Walker by the dismissal of the Minister of Queen Victoria.

"The same electioneering necessities which make the representative of a band of lawless freebooters a fit guest and companion for the chief magistrate of a Christian and educated Republic have decreed that, in spite of our earnest wish to atone for the offence we have unintentionally given, and our abstinence from any thing which could by any possibility aggravate the dispute, we must undergo the indignity of seeing our Minister dismissed from the diplomatic circle at Washington for offences supported by testimony on which we should never dream of convicting the basest of mankind. The Presidential election must be carried, at whatever price, and it is deemed by the present Ministry better to plunge their Government into any amount of disgrace, and their country into any degree of danger, than to lose a single vote which may be gained by insolence to allies or union with criminals.

"At this critical time nothing is more melancholy than the attitude of the American press; at least of that portion of it which we have seen.

"We seek in vain for something on which to anchor our faith; something animated by a higher principle than that of the most momentary and groveling expediency, and we seek in vain.

"*Still, even the dismissal of Mr. Crampton and the dismissal of Mr. Dallas, which must immmediately succeed it, by no means imply a state of war, or are even necessary preludes.* We may be at peace with America, though without any diplomatic representative; and, perhaps, at the point at which matters have arrived, the absence of an Ambassador may in some degree diminish the apprehension of danger. When one party is bent upon fixing a quarrel upon the other, the fewer points of contact they have the more likely is the desire of the more pacific party to be attained. The less they see of each other the less likely will the embers of smouldering discontent be to be fanned into a flame. Besides, with us time is of the very essence of the case. As war is threatened for electioneering objects, if the rupture is adjourned till the elections are over we are comparatively safe.

"The American papers anticipate that, after a meeting which was to take place on the 2d of June for the purpose of naming a candidate for the Presidency, the fever in the blood of the Washngton Cabinet would begin to subside. At any rate, when the Presidential election is over, we may reasonably conclude that the urgent necessity which is felt for a quarrel with England will be over too, and the new incumbents of office will turn their attention to filling up places, rewarding friends, and punishing enemies, and leave us, if they have left us at peace so long, in undisturbed possession of the blessing of which they now seem so anxious to deprive us. Everything, therefore, combines to inculcate upon our Government a temperate (we had almost said a temporizing) policy, which may give angry passions time to cool, selfish objects time to be realized, and popular good sense time to decide on the merits of the dispute.

"We can assert our own dignity without peevish haste; nay, all the better that we do not feel driven to show an irritable or quarrelsome spirit. We must endure no insult, but we must not be eager or anxious in endeavoring to discover offence, even where it may perhaps be intended. It well becomes us, as the elder, and certainly not the less powerful State, to be slow to believe that any Government can deliberately intend to seek a quarrel with us, and, even if satisfied that this is the case, to leave them up to the very last moment the most ample opportunity of reconsideration and retreat from a position hastily and unadvisedly taken up. The consciousness that we are equal to any encounter that may be forced upon us may well teach us patience and long-suffering. Still it must be confessed, though recent events in the United States do not menace us with immediate war, and though a strong effort on behalf of their country made by those classes which take little interest in ordinary politics may, perhaps, still arrest the course of the Government, that each new account we receive shows more and more clearly the predominance of a spirit fatal to relations of permanent goodwill and amity between the United States and any Government faithful to those principles and traditions of which England may not unreasonably boast to be the representative. We have to do with men who habitually subordinate foreign to domestic politics, and who have now finally deserted the safe and honorable course of trusting to internal growth and development to secure their greatness, and have embarked on the endless and resistless career of territorial conquest and annexation. If we be so fortunate as to get over the present danger, we cannot, therefore, hope for a long respite. Some new nation may be found, weak, disunited, and tempting—some new combinations of parties which can only be secured by raising anew the war-cry against England, until at last, in some unhappy moment, the pretence so often repeated will turn into grave earnest, and both nations will be condemned to walk in tears of blood—the one that she had advanced so far; the other that without dishonor she could recede no further."

On the succeeding day the Thunderer follows up with "fresh intelligence" regarding the ministerial movements in the United States:

"We fear," it says, "that the letter notifying to this Government the dismissal of Mr. Crampton may be every day expected in England. This event, which, seen through the mist of the future, was calculated to inspire the most gloomy apprehensions, seems to have lost a little of its magnitude as it comes nearer, and to be, after all, a not unendurable evil. Considering how much we have already borne—how we have apologized and reapologized—how we have offered to refer our case to arbitration, and submitted to see that arbitration refused—how we have argued, expostulated, and remonstrated, and all to no purpose, we may well allow this incident to pass over with the rest. We have, at any rate, in this case the melancholy satisfaction that we are able to make a complete reprisal, and that a fortnight after Mr. Crampton has ceased to represent us at Washington, Mr. Dallas will no longer exercise his functions as Representative of the United States at the Court of St. James. There will, however, be this remarkable difference between the two cases—that Mr. Dallas has been treated with all respect, while Mr. Crampton will be ordered to leave the territory of the Union after having endured more than probably any British Representative in any foreign Court during the present century has been called upon to submit to. Not only has Mr. Crampton been subjected to a virtual trial in the persons of Messrs. Hertz and Strobel, whose veracity he has publicly and solemnly disputed, apparently not without very sufficient reason, but a new method of annoyance has been discovered, by which it is sought not merely to give a color to his dismissal, but to affix an indelible stain on a hitherto spotless character, and to send *our Minister back to England not only dismissed, but degraded.* Mr. Crampton has advisedly stated in his letters to Lord Clarendon that Mr. Clayton, Mr. Marcy, and Mr. Cass have severally admitted to him that Ruatan is an undoubted British possession, with which America has not the slightest claim to interfere. This statement is met with denials more or less earnest from the different persons implicated by it. But, besides these, evidence is now produced that Mr. Crampton has himself admitted the falsehood of his own statements. What answer our Minister may be able to make to these accusations we do not know. In the meantime it seems very difficult to believe that a man of experience and ability should make deliberately and advisedly official statements which he has felt himself, subsequently, when challenged, obliged to withdraw. Here are Mr. Crampton's own words in the very last letter of the blue-book on Central America: "It will be within your Lordship's recollection that Mr. Clayton was informed by Sir Henry Bulwer, before the treaty of 1850 was signed, that Ruatan was *de jure* and *de facto* a British possession; and Mr. Clayton has on various occasions since, in conversation with me, stated that he considered Ruatan as much a British possession as Jamaica or any other British West Indian island." It seems incredible that such a statement can have been disavowed so soon after it was made, and under circumstances so critical, and yet this is now the accusation which is pressed against Mr. Crampton, and which we have reason to believe the United States Ministry intends to support. We must hear both sides before we condemn any one, but to us it certainly looks as if—the attempt to injure Mr. Crampton by the evidence of Hertz and Strobel having failed—some new device was to be hit upon in order to justify, in the eyes of the American people, the determination of the Government by some means or another to remove the representative of Great Britain. At any rate, if Mr. Crampton only remains at Washington to be held up to the American people as a man perpetually striving to undermine them by intrigue, or traduce them by calumny; if an institution, introduced and devised in the interests of peace, is to be perverted for the purposes of mutual irritation and recrimination, it would seem far better that, for a time at least, diplomatic intercourse should cease, and, at any rate, that this ground of offence should be taken away from between us. The American Government is doing its utmost to reconcile us to the impending dismissal of our Minister, and to convince us that his absence, however much to be regretted in ordinary times, is now a less evil and danger than his remaining in a place where offence seems so sure to be given and taken.

All we can say is, that we have waited and appealed in vain; that step after step has the Government of General Pierce advanced in its career of violence and aggression, while no voice has been raised, no hand stretched out, to arrest a course so full of danger and discredit. America will not submit to arbitration, because she is determined to seize Nicaragua whether the true terms of the Clayton Treaty authorize the seizure or not, and every advance we make is sure to be met in a spirit which seeks grounds for provocation out of every effort to conciliate. From the people of America, in whose name these things are done, but with whose consent and assent we firmly believe they are not done, we seek for aid in vain. They give their Government but little support, but they do nothing to control it, and by their Constitution they are unable to remove it. Under these circumstances, we can only reiterate the suggestions we have made before—that we should avoid all occasions of offence, withdraw all points of contact, and wait with patience to see whether the objects of the American Government may not be satisfied by something short of the last extremity.

The following article which we reprint almost complete is something different in its nature. It is from the London *Telegraph* of the 2d inst.

ALARM OF THE POPULAR PRESS IN ENGLAND.

The question is a simple one, and easy of solution. Is it worth our while to expend several millions of money, sacrifice several hundred thousand lives, jeopardize our commerce, lose our colonies, impoverish our country, and grind down with almost unbearable taxes, imposts and exactions, the hard-worked millions of these islands, all for one object—the retention of a Mr. Crampton, formerly a government clerk, as our Minister at Washington—a Mr. Matthew, formerly a sporting officer in the Guards, ejected for bribery from a seat in Parliament, and then a Governor of the Bahamas, which post he resigned in consequence of the dissatisfaction caused by his conduct as our Consul at Philadelphia—a Mr. Barclay, who has held a snug berth for years as Consul at New-York, and who, during that period, must have amassed enough money to retire with competence for the remainder of his days—and, lastly, to retain a Mr. Rowcroft, of whom we know nothing, as our Consul at Cincinnati?

For the purpose of retaining these four individuals as our accredited agents in the United States, against the express wishes of the American Government, shall England go to war with our powerful trans-Atlantic cousins? Surely the war just terminated by a disgraceful peace, which we were obliged to accept, ought to be a lesson to curb the overweening pride of our countrymen. As to the performances of our army, the least said the better. Our men were brave to a fault, and that is all that can be conceded to the service. As to the genius of our officers, it has been proved to be beneath contempt. We had not enough military tact to keep a brigade of horses from starving; and the entire staff of the British army—engineers, artillery, cavalry and infantry—were unable to devise a scheme to place under shelter a squadron of dragoons in the field. Civilians could construct a railway in an enemy's country, several miles in length, hut and shelter the navvies employed, feed their men, and perform their duties without one single instance of failure. Civil engineers did this, because they were practical men, and because they were not checked and curbed by spurred and plumed staff nonentities. If the construction of that railway had been left to the army, not one mile of it would be at the present moment finished; and, during the progress of that mile, some hundreds of men would have been flogged at the triangles by our Provost Marshals. So much for the proved military genius of our officers. As to our Navy, we had old Admirals

suffering from the gout, living on port wine, and, in inspired moments, under the influence of the juice of Oporto, raving about "sharpening their cutlasses," bearding the Muscovite in his stronghold, and threatening to bring forth the reluctant Russ, and make him fight! And how did we manage that fight? Our wooden walls battered down, at long range, Bomarsund; did not venture to Cronstadt, but sacked and burnt some dozen Finnish villages—and here we have the sum total of our naval achievements. We had 70,000 gallant sailors ready to fight, and not one head to direct our floating armaments. At home we bungled at the Admiralty, and on the eve of signing a humiliating peace we had launched when too late a swarm of gunboats. The peace concluded, we had a grand bungle, called a review, at which we paraded several scores of ugly mortar and gunboats, all nearly gunwale under with the weight of metal on board, and in smooth water, with wind and tide, not progressing at the rate of above a mile and a half per hour. We made a grand parade when the steed was stolen, a day after the fair, of what we could do on some future occasion, and thus terminated our naval triumphs.

There is no use concealing the fact, we are not now in a position to go to war. Our military and naval establishments require a remodelling before we can safely cope with another enemy. As the services are at present constituted, officered and handled, we have no hope from their prowess when placed in antagonism to a young, brave, and powerful nation. Poor Russia! at the best she was but a heavy enemy. There was no vitality in her. Her armies were slaves, and the knout was the only incentive to action. Her navy was only for show. Her sailors were fresh-water salts—a sort of brackish imitation of the nautical tar. And yet we failed to humble Russia, backed as we were by France, and, after the expenditure of some hundred millions of money, and the sacrifice of a gallant army by gross mismanagement, we captured half a fortress, and, satisfied with that triumph, we concluded peace, and left the enemy not *minus* one yard of territory formerly possessed by her, and paid ourselves all the expenses of the war. This should be a sufficient lesson to curb our belligerent propensities.

A war with the United States would be a very different kind of affair. In that Republic we have a powerful foe—the American flag floats in every sea. Her sailors *are* sailors. Her ships equal our own in tonnage. There is no cooping up her ships in a Sebastopol harbor—ior the American harbors are numberless, and her steamers and ships are the finest specimens of naval architecture afloat. It was all very well our "talking big," and bragging in the Bunkum style, when the war with the United States was only an idle rumor. We could then afford to reciprocate a joke with our cousins, who talked of "beating all creation," and rattle on about bombarding the Atlantic cities. That was all, however, very "big talk," and is much easier said than done. In the war of 1814 we never succeeded in firing a broadside into an Atlantic City, and our nearest approach to such an achievement was at New-Orleans, the remembrance of which should crush our high-flown ideas of battering down American towns. It must, further, not be forgotten that there is not one harbor on the Atlantic coast which could not easily be closed to all approach from the sea, and that as effectually as Sebastopol harbor was rendered inaccessible to our fleet. As to any hope from the diversion in our favor of the slaves in the Southern States, we must not forget that in 1814 the slaves remained true to their masters, and we are not aware that the "darkie" element is one whit more enlightened now than it was then. A war with the United States would, in fact, be a guerilla war upon the ocean. Her ships would prey upon our commerce, and countless privateers would swarm the ocean patch. In fact, during that war, all our commerce would be at an end. Our mills in the north would stop for the raw material—the cotton of Louisiana would be wanting to feed them. Hundreds of thousands would be thrown out of work. Then, as for our colonies, the first act of war would be tantamount to a "declaration of independence" for Canada, the West Indies, Australia and the Cape. The Muscovite would again sniff the tainted atmosphere of blood. Persia with the Russ would then indeed have a fair chance of an invasion of India, and could we then hope that our gallant ally will remain faithful to England in the immensity of her fresh warlike entanglements? The idea is absurd. No one expects it. A war waged upon the great powers of the earth must necessarily place France in antagonism to England. Then let us see how we would stand: England *versus* the world. The struggle would be a fearful one, and we tremble to contemplate the contingencies of a termination to it. To expect that our own shores would never experience the horrors of war would be to hope for too much. Half a million French soldiers would, doubtless, not remain inactive, viewing the smiling fields of England only from the Napoleon Column at Boulogna.

The *Daily News* follows in a tone somewhat between the *Times* and *Telegraph*. It has much of the impertinence of the former, but the well-founded fright of the latter is plain enough in it. It is not, however, so outspoken or candid as the *Telegraph*. It says:—

The aspect of the latest news from the United States is undeniably ugly. Still we will not believe that the Governments in London and Washington can be so insane as to risk a war, the results of which must be so tremendous, on such miserable grounds of quarrel as they are debating about. If there is a war, it will be a mere buccaneering war. The United States have no standing army; they cannot invade England; the immense extent of the Republic's territory, and the thinness of the population, enable it to laugh an invasion to scorn. But, on the other hand, the coasts of England and the United States are equally destitute of fortifications, and open to predatory incursions; and both nations have hordes of unarmed ships in every sea that would be an easy prey to vessels of war.

The only way in which either state could harm the other, would be by shelling and burning seaport towns, by sinking and capturing merchant vessels. Fights there might be between single men-of-war or small squadrons, but there would be no battle like the Nile or Trafalgar, for the simple reason that the United States have not a large enough fleet. While the war lasted, therefore, the efforts of the belligerents would be almost exclusively confined to predatory and destructive operations against private combatants to the level of the moss troopers or buccaneers of former centuries. The loss on both sides would be enormous. The mere paralysis of productive industry produced by the cessation of commercial intercourse, would spread bankruptcy and beggary through every district of England and the United States. And all this waste and misery to be incurred on flimsy points of honor, about which a brace of Irish fire-eaters of the olden time would have hesitated to exchange shots!

With regard to the enlistment question, the United States have suffered no detriment from the operations of the English Government. The Cabinet of St. James' has again and again declared it had no intention to injure or affront the Government of Washington, and that it is sorry that it should innocently have given occasion for umbrage. As to the American Isthmus, both Governments are loud in their protestations of thair determination not to acquire any new territory there; and in truth, such acquisition by either would be gaining a loss. The pecuniary interest of both countries in the questions at issue would be outrageously over-estimated at a penny sterling. England, we know has no desire to act uncourteously towards America; and America, we hope and believe, has no desire to act uncourteously towards England.

The whole controversy between the two governments arises from their reluctance to express the same ideas in the same words and phrases. How the despots of the world will laugh to see the two most free and enlightened nations of the age cutting each other's throats and destroying each other's property for such pitiful no-reasons! Such, they will exclaim, in scornful triumph, are the fruits of free institutions; these are the consequences of allowing people to govern themselves!

We address these considerations alike to Englishmen and Americans, for we cannot regard any war between England and America—and that is our great objection to one—in any other light than as a civil war. We know that any English Government that by unjust or even discourteous conduct towards America shall render war inevitable, will be driven with disgrace from power. On former occasions, we do not deny that English Governments have been too apt to treat Americans with a supercilious affectation of superiority. We admit that some of Lord Palmerston's antecedents warrant suspicions on the part of Americans that he has still some of the Old World leaven about him. But we have every reason to believe that his colleagues are superior to all such silly and antiquated prejudices; and we know that his lordship is not the man to allow any personal feeling (or principle) to interfere with his tenure of office.

We say, that on the whole the conduct of the existing English Government throughout this disagreeable controversy, if not always remarkable for prudence, has always been fair and courteous. The difficulties regarding Central America they offer to refer to arbitration; they disclaim any intention to act in contravention of the laws of the United States in the unlucky enlistment affair.

The *News* also takes refuge in the "Presidential necessity" to excuse the American action to its readers. It relies much on the cordiality which does or should exist between the two countries, and thinks that the reception of Padre Vijil demonstrates that "as little confidence can be placed in the prudence as in the principle of President Pierce."

The London *Morning Post*, which has published several false reports recently respecting American affairs, caused a great excitement by making the following editorial announcement:—

"The Government of the United States has intimated to Mr. Crampton its desire that he will forthwith quit the American territory, and His Excellency, in consequence has retired from his post and arrived at Toronto, Canada." The Globe and other journals immediately contradicted the statement, and said it was merely a random statement by passengers per "Atlantic."

The Paris correspondent of the same paper writes:—"I believe I am corrrect in stating that the French Government has used every effort to remove those unhappy complications, which have lead to the suspension of diplomatic relations between England and America. The Government of the Emperor will I understand, continue to exercise its good offices in the same spirit of reconciliation, and should the two nations be found in actual war, no doubt England may reckon on the active alliance of France."

On the succeeding evening, Mr. Disraeli put the question direct to Lord Palmerston, who made a shuffling reply, to the effect, that he understood so from an indirect source, but Mr. Crampton not having himself said so, he (Palmerston) had no statement to make.

In the House of Lords the Earl of Hardwicke put a similar question, to which the Earl of Granville replied that the Government had no information on the subject.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton said in the House of Commons:—that he would put a question of importance—namely, with regard to relations with the United States. The House would remember that some time ago he had withdrawn a motion of which he had given notice, on the Central American question, because the Government then stated that they had made an offer of arbitration to the United States, and that they were in daily expectation of a reply. Since that period, however, grave events had occurred. The proceedings of Gen. Walker in Nicaragua had been recognized by the Government of the United States, which had sent a vessel-of-war there, he would fain hope for the purpose of observation, and there was by the last accounts from America every prospect of an invasion of the Mosquito Territory on the part of that power of which Gen. Walker was the head and dictator, with the view to annex it to Nicaragua, and the House would remember that this country was pledged to protect that Territory from external invasion. A grave responsibility rested upon the Government, and he would ask in this state of affairs, whether in the interval which had since elapsed, any steps had been taken to press the Governmen of the United States for a reply.

Lord Palmerston said, I am unable to give any definite answer to the question with which the honorable Baronet concluded his statement, namely, "What particular steps had been taken during the last few weeks to obtain an answer from the American Government, with regard to the subject of arbitration on the Central American question."

I can only say this, that the American Government have been made fully aware of that offer having been made on the part of her Majesty's Government, and we have not thought it necessary as yet to press, in any special manner, for a reply. With regard to the general tenor of the honourable Baronet's observations, I quite agree with him that in the present state of things between the two Governments, it would be inexpedient if the opinion of the Government was to be expressed. I have no hesitation in saying, that I feel the interests of the country and the prospects of the permanent maintenance of amicable relations between this country and the United States, would be best promoted by the continuation of that forbearance, that judicious forbearance, which the House has hitherto shown.

Upon other occasions of somewhat similar character, when questions of importance were pending in reference to the last war, or the negotiations by which it was concluded, this House has acted in a manner most honorable to its judgment, by abstaining from throwing any possible difficulties in the way of the Government by entering into premature discussion of such questions. The questions now pending may be of a very grave character, and I hope—I sincerely hope, and not without good reason—that these discussions may terminate without any interruption to the peaceable relations between the two countries (hear, hear.)

Whatever cause there may be for collision, it is to be hoped that the good sense of both sides of the water may prevent any unnecessary collision; but certainly discussion in this House which must be productive of a conflict of opinion—some too much upon one side, and some too much upon the other—could not fail to be attended with injurious results. Now I may be permitted when upon my legs to refer, though I am not quite sure whether the honorable Baronet alluded to it, to a question put yesterday whether Mr. Crampton had retired from Washington. I stated that we had indirectly received information that such was the case. I learn from my noble friend at the head of the Foreign Department that the information came by the Cunard steamer which left Halifax on the 22d of May. Yesterday evening there was another packet from New-York, which left there on the 24th. This packet did not bring any confirmation of the report of the 22d. We are therefore not in possession of any official information on the subject (hear).

The arrival of the Atlantic was anxiously awaited as Mr. Crampton was expected to be on board, and when it was ascertained that he was not, considerable relief was manifest.

Russia.—The Czar has made the following diplomatic appointments: M. Budberg, Ambassador at Berlin to Vienna, replaced at Berlin by Baron Brunow; Prince Dolgorowski, formerly Minister of War, Ambassador to Paris, and Count Chreptowitch Ambassador to London. The Central Committee of the Polish Democracy have have published a protest against the terms in which the Czar granted an amnesty to Polish refugees. They assert that in taking up arms for their national independence in 1830 they fulfilled a duty—not anything to be pardoned—and they could not now, without renouncing their country's claims, accept the title of pardoned rebels.

France.—The French papers are filled with accounts of destructive inundations. The Emperor's visit to Lyons and other scenes of the calamity, has gained him immense popularity. The exent of the disaster is very great. Five hundred houses were destroyed at Lyons, and one hundred and fifty at Avignon. At the latest accounts the waters were subsiding. Ten millions of francs had been voted by the Government for the relief of the sufferers, and the Empress had opened a subscription list also for their benefit. The Agricultural show at Paris continued to be a great source of attraction. The liabilities of M. Place, bankrupt Director of the Credit Mobilier, was estimated at eighteen million francs.

Italy.—A Paris dispatch states that the notes presented by France and Austria to the Neapolitan Government are nearly identical. Austria objects to foreign active interference, and hints that the present crisis has been planned by Sardinia, stating, however, that Austria has no desire to interfere with the liberal institutions of Sardinia. France, however, hints at an intervention, should an outbreak take place in Naples or Sicily.

In the British Parliament Lord Clarendon has consented to produce the papers addressed by Sardinia to the Conferences. He added that he had reason to believe that both France and Austria were desirous of removing their troops as soon as possible from the Italian territory.

The Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies has presented Gen. Marmora with an acre of valuable building land within the City of Turin.

Mazzini announces his intention of withdrawing altogether from politics and emigrating as a private citizen to the United States.

Spain.—The fleet to be sent to Mexico was reported to number eleven ships-of-the-line, three frigates, two corvettes and four steamers.

The East.—The dates from the Crimea and Constantinople are to the 21st ult., but nothing of importance had lately transpired at either place.

"A Damned Irishman."—It is painful to hear such an expression, containing an invidious allusion to a nationality. It is not inconsistent with those whose narrow views herd them in Know-Nothing organizations, to employ such language, but we regret to hear it sometimes outside their ranks, from those whom we presume use it thoughtlessly and as a ready escape of a sudden petulance, rather than with any serious implication. To reflect one moment upon making the nationality of an individual the basis of contemptuous expression it will be seen that it is one of the meanest acts one can be guilty of—as is the use made for a similar purpose of any accidental circumstance peculiar to an individual over which he can have no control.

In some parts the world Americans and Yankees are so called in contemptuous derision, and at Panama the miserable demi-devils rushed with gun and machete upon their victims with what is translated "damned Americans," and "damned Yankees!" Such epithets are easy, and while in themselves meaning nothing in the motive, so far as any exists, of their use, they show a mean, contemptible spirit, and on those they are addressed to, they fall with galling irritation.

If Irishmen are not so well educated and of as good habits as older citizens, the fault is not theirs, but of oppression which has kept a really brave and generous people under for so many years, and from which, by the fortunate aid of our geographical position in a great measure, it is our happiness to have escaped and to have established here, by fraternally banding together without national distinctions for the common defense, a republic which as the common inheritance welcomes to its soil and its privileges the oppressed of the eastern world, where being educated and nurtured by our institutions they may become as worthy as the worthiest.

No better blood than the Celtic flows in the human family; it has produced the most commanding types of intellectual and moral worth—men eloquent in forensic debate, fascinating in the exuberance of poetic fancy, and above all, men who have greatly dared and nobly died for their country. And it is here, as we believe, the free platform of the world, that by the intermingling of bloods, which will naturally follow the fusing of national distinctions, there is to be developed in the future a grand and glorious American race and character, vigorous in stock, and wonderful in energy and genius, surpassing either Greek or Roman types, and swaying the destiny of the whole western world.—*Bangor (Maine) Journal.*

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, *June* 1st, 1856.

You never saw such a day as we had celebrating the Peace! It beat the day of Dan's levee at the Rotunda all out. There wasn't a shop that hadn't its shutters up and the door locked. One would have thought the Parliament was sitting in College Green, there was such a row and rejoicing all round. Every hack car (inside and out) chaise or *shandradan*, gig or coach, that could be found (anywhere anyhow) within the Circular road, was out for the Phœnix Park, immediately after breakfast last Friday. Long before one o'clock, the whole of Dublin was "convained" on the Fifteen Acres—"be that more or less." The *Freeman's Journal* fills five columns with an Homeric account of the epic occasion. Nothing is omitted. We are told, for instance, that "one poor animal of a horse, drawing a car heavily laden, amidst a long line of others, stopped suddenly short, and the result was nigh being serious." Here the breath is taken out of the reader, as well as the horse. What was near happening? What awful catastrophe was on the verge of explosion? These are the questions instantly prompted by the intimation, that "the result was nigh being serious." The *Freeman* dissipates all fears and doubts. "The succeeding car ran into the stationary vehicle, smashing the back panels."

The Lord Lieutenant, in a plain black trowsers, sparrow-tailed coat (same color as trowsers) and waistcoat (same color as trowers and sparrow-tails) with the Collar of the Order of St. Patrick and a blue sash round his neck, and a star over the left ribs, rode in upon the "coorse," shortly after one o'clock, accompanied by his aides-de-camps, chaplains, and secretaries, all in full uniform. Lord Seaton (who is here, as Commander of the Forces, in place of old Blakeney) was accompanied by Major Fryth, of the Life Guards. This officer was, far away, the most splendid-looking fellow on the ground. The great black jackboots; cuirass of the clearest steel, embossed and mounted with silver and gold; flashing helmet of the same materials and metal, the glare of which was richly subdued by the white and red mane sweeping in a curve from its crest; the full-blooded charger he rode; his own handsome look and big shoulders; his perfectly fine seat in the saddle, so free and so firm; everything concurred to render him the most conspicuous and admired figure of the magnificent *tableaux*. Lord! how the ladies (married and unmarried) ejaculated their superlatives of praise, in adoration of his boots, breast-plate, breadth across the shoulders, the white and black of his eye, the sweep of his horse tail, the beauty, size, and strength of all his other appendages and trappings!

Accustomed to daily parades and reviews, as you are in New York, I don't intend saying more of the review than simply this, that it distanced (I like these sporting old phrases—they're racy of the soil—they smell of the turf of the Currah) every other display of the sort we've had in Dublin since I was a boy. There was a tremendous mass of field Artillery and Cavalry on the ground. Of the latter, we had the 3d Dragoon Guards, the Queen's Bays, and the 16th Lancers. Eight hundred Peninsular and Crimean soldiers, under the command of Colonel Harris, ("enrolled pensioners" they call them at the War Office and in military circles) took part in the movements. Many of them were covered with medals. Many of them had faces as hard and as brown as mahogany.

After nightfall the Park, all round the Wellington Testimonial, (the "over-grown milestone" as O'Connell used to call it) was alive with people. One might have thought (but for the fun and divilment that everywhere was heard) it was the "last day" and the "Phaynix" the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Such a crowd I never laid my eyes upon before! "Even mothers with infants in their arms," says the reporter of the *Freeman*, "were there."

During the Review, the Lord Lieutenant was posted at a flagstaff. During the fireworks, he had a tent for himself and his household. We're indebted again to the *Freeman* for another thrilling incident. "One rocket," we are informed, "after rising to a vast height, took a direction in its descent which brought its burning remnant down upon the roof of the pavilion (the Homeric chronicler wouldn't for the world call it a tent) wherein the Lord Lieutenant and party were stationed. No damage, we are happy to hear, (the beggarly flunkey of Prince street continues) ensued either to the building, or to its distinguished occupants." So you see, the English Government (this time also) escaped going to blazes, near as they were to it, and much as they deserved it. But this is a Red Republican sentiment; and as the Napoleonic stock (though consisting only of one red-haired *spalpeen*) is still high in the market, I beg to withdraw it.

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as modest stillness and humility."

Beside the Chinese crackers, Catharine wheels, rockets, and Bengal lights, which fizzed, sputtered, wriggled, shot up, and played blazes generally, (I can't for the life of me get that infernal word out of my head) there were illuminations all through the city. I'd waste ever so many hours of sunlight, gaslight and candle-light, were I to give you the particulars. Suffice it to say, that the city and suburbs, from the Castle to Mud Island, and from the Hole-in-the-Wall (on the road to the Strawberry beds) to Tim Doolan's (the extreme end of Stonybatter) was all one immense sheet of brimstone and blazes, (there it is again!) and from the Bank of Ireland (it wouldn't be loyal to call it the Parliament-house any more) to Peter Donohue's, (where you get the best Malahide oysters and Power's best whiskey in town) there was nothing but colored devices in gas, variegated lamps, transparencies of the Queen and Prince Albert, banners, Drummond lights, illuminated Irish harps, (all as big as the biggest clothes-horse you could see, and just as national in design and significance) roses, thistles, and shamrocks. Sconces were plentiful; and "yallow dips" stuck in potatoes supplied the place of glass-cut chandeliers, where the furniture of the subject fell short of his loyal intentions. Mr. Arkins (tailor to the Liberator and Hierarchy of Ireland) had a full-length likeness of O'Connell (eight feet and a few inches in height) over his shop-window, and, to show it off to the best possible advantage, consumed a power of wick and tallow. O'Connell was represented as sitting on the Hill of Tara (the hill, for all the world, looked like a grass-cock, full of honeysuckles and clover, the latter supposed to be shamrocks), and the Man of the People in a cabbage-green coat, (which reached to his heels) had an Act of Parliament (rolled up like a map, three feet long,) in his hand, and was imploring an immense crowd (out of sight and hearing) to keep the peace, and he'd give them Repeal in six months.

I mentioned Stonybatter a while ago. You recollect the story they used to tell at the Club-house in Dawson street, about Pat Costello (I can no more get him out of my head, than I can that milk-and-water word "blazes") and his jaunt one day to that exquisite spot. Pat was sitting one evening on the side of a jaunting-car (going out, as he said, for the benefit of his health to take a little fresh air,) and an acquaintaoce of his, (a double-dyed Orange attorney) was sitting (with his back to him) on the other side of the vehicle. 'Twas to Stonybatter they were bound. They didn't say much till they were passing a Protestant church they were building on the edge of a quarry, which had (evidently) been hard worked, and was nearly exhausted.

"You see that, Pat," says the Orangeman, brightening up a little out of his "blues."

"See what?" says Pat, pretending he saw nothing though he'd been winking like old Nick at the Church for the last ten minutes and a half, and was half blind with the sight of it.

"That church!" said the Orangeman.

"What about it?" asks Pat.

"Don't you see its the true church," the Brunswicker says, giving Pat a dig close to the back-bone, and chuckling with glee — "don't you see its the true church, for its built on a rock?"

Pat, without changing a muscle, leant across the well of the car, and in the sweetest way whispered—"It's built on a blasted rock, and that's true enough."

Nearly as good a thing was said by one of the "jarvies" the night of the illumination (about which, by-the-bye, I've been wasting such time) when that stupid obelisk in memory of Wellington was lit up with Roman Candles, from top to bottom.

"Bedad" says he "we're giving the ould Duke the best wake he ever got."

Palmer's (the poisoner's) trial, occupies more than the half of every paper I lay my hand upon. It appears to be as interesting an event, as the siege of Sebastapol, or the birth of Rufus, the King of Algiers. Lord Campbell sentenced him to death, and did so in the driest, curtest style possible. What an uninteresting production this Scotch thistle is. 'Tis only fit for for donkeys, and they make the most of it. By-the-bye, it appears, that the Government prohibition to the bands playing on Sundays in the London parks, was brought about mainly through the pertinacious instrumentality of a deputation of Scotch members, and other crusty unmusical saints from the land of the Kirk. The *Scotsman* is my authority for this. May Heaven forgive them! A beautiful sort of hereafter, 'twould be, if such Bare-bones and Cat-guts had the arrangement of it. They'd stop the Last Trumpet. They'd convert the celestial Jerusalem into such another Glasgow, as Walter Scott in his glorious *Rob Roy* has described, and as still (on Sundays at-all-events) in a state of the dullest beatitude exists. Gracious Goodness! what a flatulent interpretation of the Commandment appointing a day of rest. Brains, arms, and hearts—men, women, and little ones—thousands that have been toiling, suffering, replenishing life just as quickly they pour it out in tears and sweat, or, to speak more truly, but barely keeping with its vital stream the channel wet, which otherwise would be a hard, dark, howling ravine, choked with dead fallen branches, fossils, and every sort of parched weed and ruin—to think, that after their weary round of hardship, labor, gnawing necessities, tear and wear of muscle, and the stifling smoke, emaciating drudgery, brain-deadening imprisonment of the live-long week—to think they shall have no bright, joyous, refreshing, heart-enlivening, strength-imparting, sweet, gentle, grateful, holy, God-like, thought-inspiring day of rest! Out upon you, ye Pharisees in broadcloth, pulpit auctioneers, who knock down souls peremptorily, and Members of Parliament who intrude yourselves on the passing life with white cravats, uplifted spectral eyes, lank legs, and hearts which are but gizzards (the size of nutmegs,) filled with gall—out upon ye all!

The Day of Rest is to be a day not of darkness, nor of death, nor of stagnant waters, nor of trees that neither bloom nor rustle, nor of birds sleeping in suffocating groves with hushed voices and furled wings. It is a day when, as we all (the humblest reader even) can learn from the Golden Book of God, Creation has been ordained in its perfection and harmonious plentitude to smile, and array itself in sunshine, and the flowers, the mountains, the rivers, and the stars rejoice. I wish to Heavens I had been a preacher, or a Member of Parliament even! Wouldn't I have given them upon this question—the beauty, holiness, and devine prerogatives of labor—the "music of the spheres?"

The Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland (Lord what aname! It reminds me of the Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company, mentioned in Nickleby) has had a reorganization. That is, the Council or governing part of it has been reconstructed. The old Council, owing to numberless inexplicable quarrels, broke up or "dissolved" months ago. An Investigating Committee was appointed. The Duke of Leinster, it appears, stuck to his old hobby, and the result is a new Council and settled prospects of unity and success. This, you recollect, was the Society got up by Peter Purcell (every Irishman knows who he was) as an offset (so O'Connell, with whom he quarrelled about the funds of the Precursor Society, thought) to the Repeal Association. Whether this be the fact or not (not being intimate with Peter's conscience) I shan't undertake to say. But, whatever the cause or origin of the Society, all the good it does, or has done, is told in a jiffy. Every man who can afford it, fattens a pig or a bullock, a goat or a brood-mare. Clover, mashed turnips, stewed mangle-wurzle, sweet hay, cut with elaborate evenness, (cut with something like a magnified razor worked with a foot-board, as you'd work a spindle or the wheel of a knife-grinder) every delicacy that can be possibly supplied (in this Nineteenth Century) to the pig-trough, cow-stall, manger or paddock, is brought into use and consumption. Some fine day early in summer, the Society placards a meeting in Dublin, Belfast, Kilkenny, Nenagh or Ballinasloe. Long lines of sheep-pens, sheds, and other appropriate buildings of rough deal, are put up in some spare spot—some old orchard, pump-court, or common, within or close to the town. There's an abundance of clean straw for the beautiful beasts, and every other comfort and convaniance supplied. They come into town (some in vans cosily padded, and some on foot, at the pace of the Druids in Norma, a mile a minute,) and are luxuriously lodged. There's not a Poorhouse, from Lough Neagh to Blackpool, that's seen after better. Indeed, it would be well if they were seen after so well. A day or two after they've rested, three or four gentlemen go round, digging their fingers into the fat of the craythures examining their tongues, feeling their pulses, twisting their tails, (to see if they'd come upon coaxing) and in every other conceivable way testing the purity, progenitiveness, solidity, and general utility and good health of the dumb and big-bellied candidates for medals, ribbons, framed certificates, silver slop-basins and cups.

Of course (as the simplest simpleton in Ireland can see) the whole is a show—a "holy show," faith! But the English garrison in Ireland (parsons, army-officers, stupid old magistrates, red-nosed judges, flunky or cowardly newspaper editors,) the whole "bag and baggage" of them, make wonders out of it. Ireland is rapidly improving! Science is every where driving back barbarism, and all its ignorance and waste! Agriculture has become a regular study and a most prosperous success in Ireland! Happiness everywhere beams! The fat cattle smile! There's no distress, no potato-rot, no cannibal feeding on dead dogs and dead cats, no mothers in the grip of death gnawing their dead children (not a year old), no gasping and maddened children (not three months born) tugging at the black putrid breasts of their dead mothers, and crawling up with an instinct (which has become a terrible insanity) to the lips which reek with the rottenness of famine! Nothing of this sort! The Royal Agricultural Society of well-fed beasts, pampered pigs and bloated bullocks, proves the contrary!

This is the burden of the speeches when those patrician pig-drivers, titled cross-breeders, and corpulent claret-colored importers of Peruvian rams and Shanghae fowls, meet to discuss the comparative merits of those forced tons of flesh, and assign the premiums to the successful artists of the crib, sty, and stable. Such Societies, useful and excellent as they would be in countries like Belgium, Switzerland, America, or Sweden, are here with us positively mischievous. Like those fireworks in the Phœnix Park and the illuminations in the city (all through Dublin), they not only conceal the true condition of things (that which lies at the heart of the nation's life) but in the eyes of America, in the eyes of the world, they contradict the cries of the people, the brave protest of those who swore to speak the truth and make the world hear and know it, and the very facts which upon hundreds and hundreds of grave-yards, and hundreds and hundreds of wrecked and rifled homes, upon villages struck dumb and homes made desolate as vaults chokefull of bones, God himself (though thousands of years were to come and go) has ineffaceably written.

In the midst of all this illumination, nonsense, wreck and and wretchedness, finery, filth and falsehood, I here stand steady prepared to dash against that old foe of ours through any path events may open for us. Thank God! after years, and years, and years of the cruelest suffering and defeat, we're not, at the end of them all, one whit worse off than Poland, than Hungary, than any other of the manacled and ransacked nations. We suffer, we think, we hope with them. God grant! we may strike and triumph with them.

KILMAINHAM.

A correspondent of the Kilkenny *Journal* (May 17,) writes the following account of an Orange riot at Dungannon.—"Thursday week being the market-day in Dungannon, a great number of country people, as is usual on such occasions had gathered together in the town. After the fair was over, those who belonged to the rural districts prepared to return home, it being seven o'clock at the time. Collected outside the town, however, was a great number of Protestants, who, armed with weapons of every kind, seized all that came out of the fair, and unmercifully beat every man, woman and child who would not curse the Pope. This was not all; unsatisfied with this atrocity, their vengeance descended to the inferior animals, and in the blindness of their bigotry, not to call it rank madness, actually killed an unoffending ass. Your readers will ask why? Because as the infuriated maniacs expressed it, he had a cross on his back! Some of Lord Northland's workmen were also severely beaten. Five of the Orange rioters have been made prisoners; and on being brought up before the magistrates on Monday, were admitted to bail, to take their trial at the next Assizes."

The distribution by the Lord Lieutenant of the prizes and certificates of proficiency granted under the Department of Science and Art to the successful students in the branches in which examinations were held, took place on Wednesday evening in the handsome and spacious theatre of the Museum of Irish Industry, Stephen's green, Dublin. Amongst the successful competitors were several ladies, whose proficiency was the theme of general admiration. After the distribution of prizes, the meeting was addressed by Sir Robert Kane, Professor Jukes, Dr. Barker, Mr. Sullivan, and his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

Letter from Kilkenny.

KILKENNY, MAY 31, 1856.

From the banks of the Liffey, "Kilmainham" sends you a flood of quaint gossip and racy anecdote; and I see by your fourth issue, just to hand, that the "Metal-Man," from his rocky eminence, sends chiming over the Atlantic such eloquent periods as never before emanated from the brain of Metal-Man, containing the local news and gossip of the *intact* city of your nativity.

Without presuming to approach the interesting excellence of either, I mean occasionally to send you an account of the men and things of this Faire Cittie and its vicinity.

Father Edward Rowan, who is well known to your friends McManus and Lalor, (he was the close friend of the latter and of Edward Butler, subsequently of the *Nation*, and now a distinguished barrister in Sydney, Australia,) has recently returned from a tour through Europe, I rejoice to say in improved health—for Ossory could ill afford to lose her most eloquent, pious, accomplished and truly zealous Priest. He has done a world and all of good in this city. When he ascends the pulpit, there is seldom one present who does not feel that he who admonishes them is one of Heaven's own choicest favorites. I have known many of our liberal Protestant citizens prefer attending Mass, the Sunday he is expected to preach, than going to their own Church. He, in connection with his brother Matthew, and Dr. Lalor, and some others, established the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in this city, which has done an immensity of good to our poor people. I wish he could be induced to correspond with the *News*; for I can tell you that, though he is no politician, yet his love of truth renders his sympathies strongly in favor of your undertaking.

In our locality we have little or no politics; at least I say so; for though our Mayor and Town Council may spout about Tenant-right, it will be surely "no go." Even the very farmers themselves don't believe in it. No wonder, you'll say. "The pitcher that's always going to the well must get broke at last." So it is with the poor farmers. Sold over and over again, they are at last beginning to open their eyes, and see that that they themselves have long been no more than miserable dupes.

Even the Priests, who labored so hard to send to Parliament Members pledged to Tenant-right, are now retiring in disgust from the political world. Speaking a few days ago to one of the very best Parish Priests in Ireland, Rev. Wm. Hart, of Freshford, he told me that if he were to say anything on the subject it could be only "to counsel the poor deceived people no longer to put faith in political tricksters."

John Maher, the attorney, of Patrick street, died a few months ago. You must have known him. He used to be in Tramore often, and knew Dick Duckett and the other frequenters of Miss Gibbon's well known cigar shop and news-room. John was a celebrity in his own way. He carried a high head and aped the "quality." I remember being in the Four Courts, Dublin, one day during the summer of '47, listening to Fitzgibbon addressing a jury. Judge Ball was on the Bench. At this time John Maher was Clerk of the Crown for the County Longford, and he was that day going down to have all in readiness for their Lordships to open the Assizes a few days subsequent. As he came into the Court, Judge Ball beckoned him to come up under the bench. He did so, and they entered into a seemingly pleasant conversation. Fitzgibbon stopped his address, and looked sternly at them. He then turned round to his junior, Frank Maher with whom I had been sitting, (since deceased), who in he following year defended O'Donohoe at Clonmel, and censured their interruption. Whether Ball heard Fitzgibbon or not, I cannot say, but he said gravely—

"Mr. Fitzgibbon, we havn't been talking about this case or your address. This is Mr. Maher, the Clerk of the Crown for the County Longford."

Fitzgibbon made no reply but, turning to the jury, said—

"Public officers, gentlemen, have no right to interfere with counsel in the discharge of his duty towards his client."

As Fitzgibbon said this, the Ball's nose became as red as his gown, and the Clerk of the Crown for Longford, looking as if some one had discomposed his well-kept black wig, "made tracks" (as I believe you say in America,) for Longford. I wonder did John meet many of the "quality" in the other world?"

One of the most pleasing pieces of intelligence which just now can be mentioned to any of your readers who regard our "Marble City" favorably is the vast improvement of the *Kilkenny Journal* since it fell into the hands of Mr. Doyle, heretofore attached to the *Nation*. It really was a God-send to us to have some one come who would not let us forget entirely that we were the descendants of all the brilliant Irishmen who have passed away; that we were the inheritors of the fame of those whose names you yourself recounted in a lecture lately and told the very hod-carriers in New-York to *"exult in, for the glory was all their own!"* Besides his own writings, and those of other of some of our young citizens who contribute on literary subjects, Mr. Doyle has already shown much discretion in not deigning to enter into a bickering quarrel about Young and Old Irelandism which his neighbor, the *Moderator*, tried to force on him.

A few days back we had a great excitement at an election of Town Counsellor of St. John's Ward. The contestants were Messrs. Hyland and Davis. Edmund Smithwick, with his wonted plausible urbanity, presided. The number of votes cast were 78; of which Mr. Hyland had 38, and was declared duly elected.

As usual, on yesterday, for want of something better to do, I strolled into the City News-Room where, though there is never much to interest one latterly, still the faces of citizens and country-gentlemen make me feel at home. Amongst the latter, I had a chat with one of our County Coroners, W. J. Maher, who is—and long may he continue so—hale and hearty as ever; and Counsellor Finn, of Tullaroan, who, as usual, had a couple of pamphlets and some sheets of foolscap, folded like a brief, and all tied together with a skimpy piece of red tape.

When I commenced, I had intended to go up, pen in hand, to the top of "Kenny's steeple," and give you a view of our Faire Cittie, but I find I have already been too long and must defer it till my next.

ST. CANICE.

Irish News.

The *Nation* gives us a very interesting account of Mr. O'Shannassy, of Melbourne, Australia. We quote in full what it says of him:

"He is a Tipperary man, and is of about sixteen years' standing in the colony—standing, by the way, six feet high, and built in proportion, with a splendid Celtic head. He has for a long time been the great Demagogue (we use the phrase in its best sense) of Victoria; and is not merely this, but the most important Parliamentary personage, and the first leader of a Legislative Party, who has been developed in the new State. He could always divide the Legislative Council with the government, and, in fact, regulated the legislation of the colony quite as much as they did, while the government was purely colonial. Now that it has become a constitutional, we may very speedily expect to see him taking a turn at the government himself. It seems to be quite certain that he will be in office immediately; and it is impossible to look over an Australian paper, or into the debates of the Assembly there, without seeing that the member for Melbourne is in reality the first and most potential person in the state."

One of Queen Anne's farthings has just been discovered by a poor man in the neighborhood of Carrick-on-Suir, while digging in the Ash Park. The coin bears on the obverse a bust of the Queen in bold relief. The forehead is encircled by a diadem, and the hair in a large bunch is placed at the back of the head. The legend "*Anna Dei Gratia*," surrounds the figure. On the reverse are the quarterings of the Royal Arms, something in the same style as in Mr. Shiel's florins—the Irish harp to the left, the Thistles to the right, the Lions on shields at the top and beneath the cross of St. George, which is enclosed in a circular compartment surrounded by rays.

Mr. John Jefferson, an old and highly respectable farmer, has died at his residence, Aughnanoe, Ballymacash, near Lisburn. Deceased had lived to the age of eighty-nine years, and was the last survivor of the original troop of cavalry raised in 1795 by the Lord Hertford of that day. Mr. Jefferson continued in the yeomanry cavalry until the local troops were disembodied some time after the close of the war. He was a steady and consistent member of the Wesleyan Society for upwards of sixty years, and having been remarkable for temperance both in body and mind, he enjoyed the blessing of good health up to within a short period of his decease. As a man of stern integrity and purity of life, the *Banner of Ulster*, says, his loss will long be felt by those who had the happiness of his acquaintance.

The Irish contingent of cattle for the Agricultural Exhibition arrived at Paris safely after a splendid passage in the Windsor from Dublin to Havre. Not a single accident occurred on the voyage, and immediately on their arrival they were accommodated in the capacious stables of the Havre and Rouen Railway, where every comfort was provided for them and the men in their charge, at the expense of the French Government. The Irish cattle have been the first to arrive, under the able guidance of Captain Ball, and his First Lieutenant, Mr. Corrigan. The English and Scotch contingents are still on the road. The Swiss contingent entered Paris at one side just as their Irish rivals were arriving as the other. The Kerry came in capital condition; they occupy a separate department by themselves, with the name of "Kerry" emblazoned on them.

The deputation relating to the Irish militia waited, on Saturday, upon Lord Palmerston. It consisted of the chairman (the Marquis of Donegal) and some twenty others, representing the Irish Peers and Commoners who met, some time since, at the Thatched House Tavern. The Premier informed the deputation that the subalterns of militia were to receive a bonus of six months' pay in lieu of three months, as originally decided on; that the Irish regiments were not to be disembodied until the latter end of the year, and then very gradually; that the government did not intend to make any alteration in their arrangements as regarded the surgeons and paymasters, or to make any additions to the staff of the disembodied regiments of militia.

A most disgraceful scene was enacted a few nights since, at the Hibernian United Service Club, in St. Stephen's-green, the actors in which were officers in a distinguished cavalry regiment. Dishes, plates, and glass were dashed to pieces in the dining-room, where a large party had been assembled, and the furniture fared no better at the hands of the rioters. A meeting of the members of the club has been held to decide upon the propriety of expelling the rioters, and on a ballot being taken, their expulsion was voted by an overwhelming majority, there being but four dissentients. Lord Seaton is *ex officio* president of the club, and it is hardly probable that the affair will terminate at this stage.

Very recently about fifty of the inhabitants of Strabane entertained Mr. James Canning at a banquet in the Town Hall, as a tribute of respect to the family of the late Mr. John M'Laughlin, who are about to emigrate to Auckland, New Zealand. Mr. Canning is nephew to the late Mr. M'Laughlin, and was one of the principals of the firm of M'Laughlin and Co. The M'Laughlins are one of the oldest Catholic families in Strabane, and are deeply respected by their townsmem—Catholic and Protestant.

The Mars has sailed from Waterford with 200 passengers, the bone and sinew of the country. Those of the farmer class, who were routed from their domiciles by the Crow-bar Brigade have received cash remittances from their relatives and friends from the United States, to enable them to pay their passage, and provide food for the voyage to New-York. The Waterford *Chronicle* gives us this information.

A lengthened inquest was held at Athy on view of the body of Mr. Patrick Lalor, of Churchtown, who was found drowned in the canal at Miltown. The jury on the occasion found that the deceased had been found drowned in the Grand Canal, but that there was no evidence to show how he came by his death. Rumors having since gained ground that Mr. Lalor was murdered and thrown into the canal, the authorities have offered a reward of £50 to any person who will give such information as may lead to the arrest of the party concerned in the outrage.

On the night of the 19th of April, the Protestant church of Castletown, in the Queen's County, was broken into and robbed of its plate, consisting of a valuable silver communion service. Since the occurrence, says the "Carlow Post," several persons were arrested on suspicion but could not be convicted. On the 10th inst., however, Sub-Constables Murphy and Barry, of the Carlow Station, arrested a noted character named John Hill, originally a native of Dublin, and a female named Jane M'Evoy, from Old Leighlin. It appears that these are two of a gang of robbers who have frequented this neighborhood for three or four years. Through the vigilance of the above-named Sub-Constables, a great portion of the stolen property has been recovered. The case was fully investigated on Wednesday last, at the Ballickmoyler Petty Sessions, when some of the plate which had been traced to the possession of the prisoners, being identified by the Rector, Mr. Emmerson, the prisoners were committed to Maryborough jail to stand their trial at the Graigue Quarter Sessions.

On Friday evening, says the Wexford *Independent* of the 21st ult., the cap-stone of the spire of the new church of the Immaculate Conception and St. John, in John street, was placed, being at a height of 210 feet from the level of the door-way. We congratulate our respected townsman, Mr. Thomas Willis, builder and contractor, on the completion of this fine and beauteous edifice, fully five months before the term agreed on in his engagement, and that, too, without the slightest injury or accident to any of the numerous workmen employed. The other new church, that of the Assumption, in the south part of the town, will have its spire at its height in a few days. When the crosses are placed on the spires, the height of each will be 222 feet.

A meeting convened by the Protestant Association was held on the 30th of May, in the Rotundo, for the purpose of protesting against the measure introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Miall for the disendowment of the Irish branch of the Protestant Church. The chair was taken by Colonel Boyes. The Rev. Dr. Gregg read and proposed the adoption of three resolutions, which it was intended to submit to the meeting. The first resolution was to the effect—"that the fifth article of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland was designed and calculated to estop Parliament from despoiling the Irish branch of the Protestant Church." The resolution concluded by calling on the members of parliament to oppose Mr. Miall's motion.

The Limerick *Observer* mentions a military outrage which has lately excited the Limerick Catholics greatly. It appears that when the Bishop, clergy and people were returning from the consecration of the new burial ground of that city, a party of sergeants of the Horse Artillery stationed there came out, some of them wearing hats made of straw, in derison of the Bishop's mitre. The women pelted them with stones, and a rush having been made upon them by the crowd, they took refuge in Mr. Sheehy's public-house opposite the barrack gate. Mr. Davis, a mason, stripped one of the artillerymen of the caricature of a mitre which he wore, and has it in his possession.

We clip the following curious paragraph from the *Daily Orleanian*, 13th inst.: "It is publicly stated that some of the Irish Catholic bishops contemplate applying to Louis Napoleon, to endow a Roman Catholic College in Ireland; that is, in the event of the motion of one of the members of the House of Commons, against Maynooth, being carried. The Queen and the Government, we are inclined to think, would not approve of such an application, and totally disapprove of the Emperor complying with it. It might be regarded as an interference with national affairs, and an intermeddling in ecclesiastical matters, more particularly as Louis Napoleon is so much of a papist as to desire to have the head of the church act sponsor for the Prince of Algeria. It won't do—depend on it, it won't."

On Saturday a young woman named Mary Sullivan was frightened to death under singular circumstances. The deceased, while in Pavour's Alley, Lambeth, was attracted by the display of a Jack-in-the-green accompanied by my Lord and Lady and Clown. The latter individual indulged very freely in the Clown's proverbial mischievous pranks, and suddenly catching hold of the young woman, he embraced her. This unexpected act produced a shock on the nervous system. One fit succeeded another. She was removed to the hospital, but never rallied.—*Limerick Observer*.

A public meeting of those interested in the propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts, was held in the Court-house of Naas, three weeks since. The chair was taken by the Archbishop of Dublin, and amongst the clergy and gentry in attendance were the Very Rev. the Archdeacon of Kildare; the Rev. Messrs. Lawrence, Metcalf, S. Greer, John Browne, W. de Burgh, Percy, Vernon, West, Lane and Fitzgerald, the Countess of Clonmel, and the ladies Scott, Mrs. Walter de Burgh, Mrs. West, Mrs. B. Read, Messrs. Johnson, B. Read and Reamsbottom.

The title of the present possessor of the Carberry peerage is about to be disputed. The late Lord Carberry having died without issue, the title passed from the direct line to the collateral, and the Hon. George Evans Freke took it up, no other claimant having appeared in the field at the time. However, the attention of Mr. George Evans Crowe, of Rosepark, County Galway, having been directed to the fact that he derived descent from an elder branch, through his grandfather, Dean Crowe, of Clonfert, he has taken the preliminary steps toward making his claim, and proving it in due form.

We learn from the Waterford *Chronicle* that Lord Doneraile met his tenantry at Tramore on the 8th and 9th of May, paid their rents most freely and willingly up to the gale day. His lordship was so well pleased, that to each he handed 10 per cent. on their respective payments. In place of returning to their homes probably penniless, each tenant had from £5, according to their holdings, to £30 each.

The depot of the 51st Light Infantry is under orders to move from Bury, and embark at Liverpool for Cork. The depot of the 58th Regiment, from Kilkenny to Clonmel; the depot 94th Regiment, from Plymouth to Cork; and the depot 99th Regiment, from Cork to Buttevant.

The Town Commissioners of Youghal have passed a unanimous vote of thanks to the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the Limerick City Artillery, for the aid they gave in extinguishing an alarming fire that broke out at Youghal on the 6th inst.

The gentlemen of the long robe will be engaged shortly in a suit commenced against a lady in Waterford, for anonymously libelling an official gentleman in that city.

Mr. Gregory O'Neill has been appointed Consul at Cork, for Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Republic.

A bazaar was lately held in the round room of the Rotunda for the purpose of promoting funds in aid of the Stanhope street House of Refuge, Dublin. Notwithstanding the heavy showers of rain which fell during the day, the attendance was most numerous. Each of the stalls at which the ladies patronesses presided in the round room was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. The several tables were covered with all kinds of needlework, embroidery, papier mache work, &c.

Amongst the ladies who presided at the different tables were Mrs. C. Lynch, Mrs. D. Sherlock, the Hon. Mrs. Preston, Mrs. J. O'Brien, Mrs. P. Sweetman, Mrs. Meldon, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. R. O'Gorman, Mrs. Healy, Mrs. O'Farrell, and Miss Thunder.

The bands of the 16th Lancers and the 96th Regiment were in attendance.

The Right Hon. Lord Carew, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Wexford, and a Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, is dead. The event took place on Monday last at Castleborough, his lordship's seat at Wexford. The late lord was born on the 9th of March, 1787, and was first returned for the county of Wexford in 1812, which county he represented in the House of Commons for upwards of twenty years. He is succeeded by his eldest son, the Hon. Robert Shapland Carew, Colonel of the Wexford Militia, born in 1818.

We understand that Mr. Tarrant, our County Surveyor, has succeeded beyond his expectations, in his survey of this line, [Clonmel and Dungarvan,] between Clonmel and the half-way house, the summit level. The earth works are generally light, and the grades moderate. On the remainder of the line to Dungarvan and Cappoquin, there are no engineering difficulties whatever.—*Waterford Mail.*

A number of gentlemen in the employment of the Queen's Old Castle Company, waited on Mr. J. F. Maguire, M. P., at his residence, Passage, and presented him with an Address and Testimonial on behalf of the employees of that establishment as an acknowledgement of their sense of his services in connection with the early closing movement. The testimonial consisted of a French Time piece which has come from the *repertoire* of the Queen's Old Castle, and is of great magnificence, both as regards design and workmanship.

The gentlemen engaged in the other large drapery establishment of the city have signified their intention of presenting a Salver to Mr. Maguire on his return from London.

The 8th (King's Royal Irish) Hussars have arrived at Portsmouth from the Crimea, and will re-embark for Dublin, for further proceeding to Dundalk to join the depot stationed there, as soon as the corps has been inspected by her Majesty. Brigadier General Colonel Shewell, C. B., the Lieut.-Col. of the regiment, is in command. He gallantly led the regiment at the fatal charge of Balaklava. Lieut.-Col. De Salis, Major of the corps is is also with them. Neither of those officers has been absent on leave since the regiment embarked in England for the East.

The *Catholic Telegraph* observes, that the silence of the Irish Catholic Members on the Italian question, " has caused a very painful impression in all parts of the country. All are in fault. The censure falls with an equal weight upon men of all sides—upon Mr. John O'Connell not less than upon Mr. George Henry Moore. The time, the occasion, was one—if ever there is to be one—in which all Catholics should emulate each other in zeal by defending the Common Father of the Faithful."

The same paper tells us that a fleet of twelve luggers, accompanied by the North Star (cutter), as flagship, had arrived at Dunmore East. These vessels belong to Mr. Corrin, of the Isle of Man, who has selected Dunmore as his basis of fishing operations during the summer. Each lugger carries a crew of seven men, and is provided with a net of two thousand yards long and eighteen yards deep, so fitted that fish can be taken at various depths.

A man named Brown, a gamekeeper on the property of F. J. Gervaise, Esq., Cecil House, was shot through the breast by a man named Monteith, who had been poaching on the property of which deceased was the ranger. The unfortunate man managed to make his way home, and there he died. An inquest was held on the body by Mr. Buchanan, the coroner of the district of Clogher, and Monteith has been committed to gaol for trial.

Mr. Smith O'Brien's absence from Ireland will be prolonged by his making a tour on the Continent with his eldest son, Edward O'Brien, who has already attained eminent distinctions during the progress of his University studies. Rumor has it that the return of Smith O'Brien to Cahermoyle, in the county of Limerick, will be strictly private. Whenever or in whatever manner he comes, says the Limerick *Observer*, there is the old " *Caithe mille failthe*" of Clare to surround him.

On Trinity Sunday, the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan, coadjutor Bishop of Raphoe, was performed in the cathedral church of Letterkenny, county Donegal, which, long before the appointed hour, was crowded with a large and brilliant assemblage, comprising a large proportion of the Catholic gentry, and including quite a host of the respectable Protestants and dissenters from the town and neighborhood.

The Rev. Michael Crotty, whose separation from the Roman Catholic Church, several years since, created a good deal of excitement, has publicly sought re-admission to its union. He addressed a most contrite letter lately to the Right Rev. Doctor Vaughan.

The Limerick *Observer* states, that the enterprise and energy of the local steamship company in establishing a line of steam communication direct from Limerick to Liverpool, have been attended with the most promising results.

The Loughrea great summer fair passed off every way with the most satisfactory success.

Mr. Garratt, of the War Office, is on a tour throughout the military ports of Ireland, for the purpose of carrying out a change of system in the issue of bread, and forage to the troops.

The Irish M.P's have had a meeting respecting the juvenile offender's bill, as amended, and it was the unanimous opinion of those present, about twenty liberals, that it was not desirable to have any such measure, and a document to that effect was signed, to be forwarded to Mr. Horsman.

The Waterford *News* informs us that by opening the new park sewer in Harris's lane, Newtown, a portion of the Neptune Foundry wall has fallen into the lane.

The Hamiltonsbawn (county Armagh) fair was a large one in the aggregate, the show of stock being good, and the attend- of buyers numerous.

In the memory of the oldest fisherman on the Laune, the Salmon fishery of that once celebratod river was never half so unproductive as during the present season,

An accident attended with the loss of six lives took place off Killilea, a fortnight back. A boat's crew consisting of six men, left the shore near Killilea in a new boat, for the twofold purpose of taking fish and trying her, one of the men on board having had an idea of purchasing her. Some cries were heard from the shore, and boats immediately left for their relief, but no trace of the unfortunate party could be found, and there cannot be a doubt but they were all drowned.

Two of those heroic women, the Sisters of Mercy, who left the Cork convent to alleviate human suffering in the Crimea, have arrived at their quiet retreat, St. Mary's of the Isle. After all the fatigue and suffering they have gone through, and the horrors of war they have witnessed, they are in excellent health. The nuns from the Kinsale convent have been delayed in Derby by the slight indisposition of one of the sisters, but are expected in a few days.

The 2d and 3d Dragoon Guards will remain in Dublin; the 7th Dragoon Guards will remain in Dublin; the 7th Dragoon Guards to move to Manchester; the 3d Light Dragoons to Longford; the 6th Inniskilling to Canterbury; the 7th Hussars to Dundalk; the 13th Light Dragoons to Cork and Ballincollig; the 15th Hussars to Aldershott; the 16th Lancers remain in Dublin, and the 17th Lancers at Cahir.

A meeting of the fishermen of the North Strand, Limerick, for the purpose of protesting against their grievances, was held on the last Sunday in May, in St. Munchin's Temperance Rooms, Thomondgate, Limerick. Mr. M'Mahon, who has devoted his time to a consideration of the subject, will bring the state of the fisheries of Ireland and particularly of the river Shannon, under the attention of the House at the earliest day.

The amount of Duty paid at the Belfast Custom House for the week ending May 24, was £7,841 9s. 1d., against £8,389 18s. 1d. the previous week, and £7,120 19s. 9d. the corresponding period of last year. The number of pounds of tea entered for consumption at Belfast, for the week ending May 24, was 34,723lbs., against 34,022lbs. the previous week, making a total of 713,743lbs. since 1st January last, against 743,801lbs. same period last year.

We are gratified, says the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, to perceive that the Guardians of the North Union have discussed and admitted the propriety of petitioning Parliament to adjust the tenant question, and thus permit the masses of the people to apply themselves to industry instead of to agitation. The question was introduced by Mr. James Loughnan.

The governors of the Kilkenny Lunatic Asylum assembled last week of May, presided over by the Protestant Bishop of Ossory. One gentleman having proposed that reporters from the local journals be permitted to take notes of their proceedings, the motion was rejected by a majority, after a debate during which the proposal was denounced as little short of Socialism and Red Republican.

Mr. Machi, of the Inland revenue department, was decoyed into a dungeon at Nottingham, a few days since, by two Irishmen, whose premises he visited in search of an illicit still. The dungeon was provided with a trap-door, which was closed upon the exciseman, and he was not discovered until the following day. In the interval the Irishmen decamped.

It is said that Mr. John O'Connell has got a positive promise of the Clerkship of the Hanaper in Ireland, and only waits Mr. Fitzsimon's convenience to walk quietly into the office. The vacancy in the representation of Clonmell, is to be handed over to Mr. Murray, a barrister, and said to be the editor of the *Irish Quarterly Review.*

The Right Hon. J. D. Fitzgerald, her Majesty's Attorney-General, has given two hundred guineas for the completion of the new chapel in Ennis. He has also given a handsome contribution to the Franciscan friars, and recently ordered a picture of the Holy Family which cost 5,000 guineas, and tendered it to the Chapel Committee.

Dr. Raylie, ex-mayor of Geelong, Australia, arrived in Cork on Tuesday last, after an absence of eighteen years. He proceeded to the residence of his brother, Dr. John Baylie, of Lakemount, near Bandon, where his reception was very warm, the peasantry of the locality assembling with lighted tar-barrels to greet him.

The total quantity of proof spirits charged with duty in Ireland last year amounted to 7,054,204 gallons, of which 825,348 were for exportation, and the rest for home consumption. The duty received was £1,927,249; the actual deficiency in proof gallons, 174,222; and the allowance made by the inland revenue, 131,929 proof gallons, and £35,108 in money.

The house of Miss Mary Finican, of Ballyscanlan in the county Waterford, and within a few miles of Tramore, was broken into by a party unknown, who carried away a quantity of wearing apparel, and other articles belonging to the servants and a lot of groceries. Some of the property was found hid in a heap of stones, collected together at the mountain of Ballyscanlan.

The second Synod of the Diocese of Killaloe has been opened in conformity with the statutes of Thurles, which prescribe that a diocesan synod shall be held every year. The Bishop (the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, and the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty,) and the clergy assembled at the appointed hour at the parish church. Nearly every parish priest and very many curates of the diocese were present.

At the Metropolitan Church, Malines, on the 16th and 17th inst., 140 young men received orders from the hands of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. Among them was the Rev. Patrick Heany, of the diocese of Tuam, and student of the College du St. Esprit Catholic University, Lovaine.

A branch of the Hibernia Bank has been opened at Athy, under the supervision of Michael Dillon, Esq., late of the Joint Stock Bank, Tipperary. Mr. Dillon had been for some years connected with the branch of the Tipperary Bank at Athy, during which time he won for himself golden opinions.

The Mayor of Waterford has received permission from the Lords of the Treasury to take on lease the additional for the enlargement of that already alloted for the "People's Park."

One of the most awful occurrences which ever took place in the county Tyrone happened lately near Killeter, two men being instantaneously deprived of life by a flash of lightning.

The Messrs. Malcolmson and Co., Waterford have made arrangements to run powerful steam-boats from hence to Milford, and *vice versa* daily, carrying the mails, &c., making Limerick to London twelve hours.

The Rev. Michael O'Brien, C. C., Tipperary, has been appointed parish priest of Caherconlish, county Limerick, by his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel.

The Lord Lieutenant has acceded to the memorial praying to have the barony of Slievemarigue constituted into a separate polling district, the town of Ballymoyler to be the polling place. The change will be a matter of much consideration to the electors of the barony of Slievemarigue, in cases of contested elections.

Mr. Baldwin, of the Albert Agricultural Institution, Glassnevin, Dublin, has compiled a very valuable system of Farmers' accounts, under the title of "The Farmer's Account Book." The classification is clear and excellent, and most valuable results might be obtained by keeping such statistics as are suggested.

The Right Reverend Doctor Murphy, Bishop of Ferns, administered the sacrament of confirmation to one thousand and fifty-eight children, at the Chapel of Cushenstown, the last week of May. One thousand and fifty belonged to the parish of St. Mary, New-Ross.

A numerous company of persons in the employment of William Dargan & Co., Chapelizod Mills, (at Mr. Broadbent's, Mullingar Hotel, Chapelizod,) have entertained Mr. James Smith, late foreman mechanic and engineer in this rapidly flourishing concern.

We believe, says the Leinster *Express*, it has been determined that, as soon as the new harbor at Holyhead is completed, the United States mails will start from thence, instead of from Liverpool, as at present. This is in accordance with the recommendation of the Packet Station Commissioners.

An advertisement in a Newry paper of a shoemakers's premises for sale in an English market town states;—"Here is a safe retreat from persecution—a town with nearly 6,000 population, without a Popish priest or Mass house nearer than fourteen miles!!!"

The Wexford *Independent* says: We have before us a sample of Californian wheat, in full ear, now growing on the lands of William Graves, Esq., at Rosbercon. It is clear out, from 30 to 36 inches in height, and full of fine promise.

The Great Southern and Western Railway Company have contributed £10 towards the expense of a patent for four new fairs in Maryborough, in which town there are at present only eight fairs held in the year.

The Marquis of Sligo has given two acres of land free of rent forever, to the Rev. Mr. Curley, P.P., of Louisburgh, Mayo, whereon to erect a chapel and school. The noble Marquis, during his stay in Rome, sent frequent assistance to the ladies of Westport Convent.

Eleven of the noble Marquis' horses have arrived at Mr. E. Keegan's second training stables, Whaley Lodge, Curragh, where they will in future be trained under the management of his lordship's trainer, Mr. Prince.

The number of paupers in the Clare workhouse at a corresponding period last year was 862; the number at present is but 487, being equivalent to a reduction of very near fifty per cent.

Mr. Butt has given notice of motion in the House of Commons, for the 3d June, for abolition of Ministers' money. Mr. Fagan's resolutions on the same subject, come on the same day.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Lord James Butler to be a Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Kilkenny, in the room of B. C. Wandesforde, Esq., resigned.

It is reported that Mr. John Bunton, solicitor, Ennis, has been appointed to one of the Crown solicitorships of the North Circuit, made vacant by the death of Sir Edward Tierney, Baronet.

Several curious relics have been lately found within the town walls of ancient Dublin. Amongst the articles enumerated is an antique-shaped signet seal, supposed by a distinguished heraldic authority to have belonged to the Lord Deputy Essex, time of Elizabeth.

On Thursday, May 29th, at one o'clock, the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, attended by a large body of the city clergy, solemnly consecrated the new Roman Catholic Cemetery at Mount St. Laurence, near the Blackboy Turnpike, Limerick.

Traffic of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company (77 miles opened) for the week ending Saturday, 10th of May, 1856: Passengers, parcels, &c., £499 2s. 1-2d.; goods and cattle, £501 15s. 2d. Total, £1.000 17s. 7 1-2d. Corresponding week last year, £984 9s. 3d.; for week ending Saturday, 24th May, Passengers parcels, &c., £524 11s. 10½d.; corresponding week last year, £903 5s. 1d.

Capt. Kennedy, formerly Poor Law Inspector in Kilrush, has been enthusiastically received in Western Australia, of which colony he has been appointed Governor.

The annual procession, commemorative of *Corpus Christi*, took place in the grounds of the Ursuline Convent, Waterford, on the Festival day.

The disciples of St. Ignatius of Loyola have just concluded a mission in Mullingar, where they had gone at the solicitation of the Bishop of Meath, the Most Rev. Dr. Cantwell.

John Dowell Grace, Esq., of Gracefield, near Athy, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the Queen's County and County Westmeath.

Lord Gough has been selected to distribute the medals bestowed by the Queen on the officers and men of the Crimean Army.

The Right Honorable the Earl of Clare has appointed George Thomas MacFarlane, gent., to be second Lieut. in the City of Limerick Artillery.

The Very Rev. Dr. Burke acknowledges the receipt of £5 from Col. Townley, his subscription to the great bell purchased for the church of SS. Peter and Paul, Clonmel.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £5 from the Duchess of Norfolk.

The value of the Irish butter trade for the past year, in exports alone, is £3,750,000.

The several Cavalry depots in Ireland will shortly be broken up.

Judge Keogh travels the Connaught circuit with Baron Richards during the Summer assizes.

There are 292 paupers less in the Waterford Union to-day than on this day twelvemonth.

A call of about £40 a share is about being made on the shareholders of the Tipperary Bank.

Answers to Correspondents.

JEWS AND CHRISTIANS IN THE UNITED STATES.—As we close up for the press, we learn that Mr. Abraham, a gentleman whose conversion from Judaism to Christianity, some years since, created no little attention, will deliver a lecture on the Ceremonies and Traditions of the Jews, and their views of the Christian Church; in which some of his own experiences will be introduced. Mr. Abraham informs us that he lectures under the patronage of the Archbishop. His discourse, no doubt, will prove interesting.

We cheerfully comply with the request of the Reverend Pastor of St. Michael's, Limerick, for a full set of the NEWS, and beg to inform him, and several other friends throughout Ireland, that we have regularly mailed several hundred copies to our agent, Mr. Plasto, of 144 Upper Abbey street, Dublin, and likewise to our friend Mr. Condon, of Waterford, for sale and distribution as specimens.

We will regularly send a copy of the NEWS to any part of Ireland, on receipt of subscription at the rate of 16s. sterling per annum.

Editors of Irish journals will confer a favor by giving publicity to the above replies.

Mr. P. H. McCAWLEY has received our authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "IRISH NEWS," throughout the Canadas.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1856.

DOWNFALL OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

For several weeks past the saddest cries have been heard. Faneuil Hall has ached with the loud words of tribulation, which merchants, politicians, members of Congress and preachers of the Gospel have given to the winds. Tremont Temple, too, has been a conventicle of grief, sackcloth, and gnashing of teeth. Nor have the signs and sounds of woe been confined to the Land of the Pilgrims.

From out of the smoke and ashes of the clanging city, standing where the waters of the Alleghany and Monongahela mingle, volumes of anguish have gone up. From Erie, down through the salt-vats of Syracuse, to the sand hills of Neversink, a tumultuous wail has travelled. From the eloquent pulpits of Brooklyn, the pews of the Tabernacle, the editorial nooks which overlook the Park and the old Brick Church, lamentations have incessantly gone forth.

But the dirge has been varied. There has been no deadening monotony of moans. Passionate bursts have occasionally heightened the strain. The plaintiveness into which it sometimes relapsed only served as a prelude to explosions of wrath. We had the stream and the cataract. The ripple and the roar. Maledictions succeed to prayers. When the sermon on morals becomes drowsy, a flourish of trumpets, an invocation to arms, a whirlwind of curses against the Union, exhilarate the audience. The past, the present and the future, nothing is too tangled or remote for these melancholy minstrels and prophets of fury.

The past, however, is beyond their reach. It is there, fixed as the cliffs of the sea, the stars, the relics of Grecian art, the Pyramids, or the idols of Yucatan. Not so the present, in which they live and move. Not so the future, for the happiness or bitternes of which they have to some extent the power to cast the seeds. Both lie within their reach. These days, actually so. The coming days, according to the strength they possess, develope, or acquire.

The outrages that have recently occurred in Washington, the fierce broils in Kansas, the armed deposition of the civil authorities in San Francisco, these are the events which furnish forth the elegies, the martial epics, and dark predictions which have of late, with discordant tones, disturbed the public ear. America is on the brink of a deadly gulph! The Republic, the foundations of which have been laid on the heights that overlook the bay of Charleston, laid deep on the bank of the Potomac, laid in the swamps of the Santee, set firmly amongst the wooded hills of Vermont—the Republic, they say, splits from base to battlement, and, giving way in all directions, tumbles to perdition.

There are a few, who like foul birds on stricken oaks, or toads in the rank grass of ancient graves, flap their wings and croak in exstacies and hysterics, contemplating the promised downfall. Such is Theodore Parker, the Sunday dramatist of the Boston Music Hall. Such is Lloyd Garrison, who would pull down the cross of Calvary, as well as the pillars of the Capitol, and sink both in the Dead Sea of disunion, infidelity, and fratricide. These men hate the Union. They would dismember it—tear it, with the tiger's lust, into pieces. These men curse the Constitution. They would sell it with less remorse than Judas sold his Master. These men—cold, harsh, implacable, dogmatic—have no genuine love to excuse their wickedness and mischief. Instigators of disaffection, turbulence, and murder—as in the case of Batcheldor, the U. S. Marshal—and all in the name of the colored race, we never hear of them manfully perilling their lives for their fugitive clients, or giving effect to their doctrine of equality by inviting the latter to sit at their tables and partake of their beds. Unloveable, insolent and malicious, they are to be dealt with as enmity to the common good has been dealt with in every clime, community, and era.

After these come a host of better men. Men, for the most part, of excellent minds and hearts. Men, for the most part, of sterling goodness, with political ideas tempered by philosophy and enlarged by sympathies, which, gratuitously, have given many a cheering word to the wrestlers for freedom in the dust of the dungeons and court-yards of Europe. The name of Emmet justifies us in speaking in this tone of the members of the late Philadelphia Convention. So does Horace Greeley's, which, in Ireland, has ever been identified with the purest benevolence, the love of labor, the love of liberty, and an intense ardor for the success, dignity, and supremacy of both. Other names rapidly and brightly occur to us. Were we writing a pamphlet, they should not be omitted.

The platform these gentlemen have adopted, and on which they have planted their favorite for the Presidency, is clear enough. The North dictates to the South. The North assumes a rigorous ascendancy, claims for its principles every inch of national territory, anticipates the will of the population which may in the course of ages give life to the vast wastes between us and the Pacific, annihilates by anticipation the freedom of opinion for which the framers of the platform profess so chivalrously to contend, despotically determining, so far as resolutions or platforms can determine human destinies, the future relations of the two great political divisions of the Union. Nothing is left for time, with its softening, wise, and humanizing influences, to achieve. The Senate which, intruding itself into the next half century at least, voted provisions for the probable offspring of Louis Napoleon, was less presumptuous and aggressive than the gentlemen who sat in Philadelphia last week, interpreting to the coercion of their posterity the interests of the Commonwealth and the principles of the Constitution.

Were it not, that in the American Republic men are infinitely of less consequence than the will of the Democracy and the laws which issue from that will, we might generously pause for a moment to congratulate the Free-soilers on the choice they have made. They have made the best. Young, intelligent, adventurous, gallant in the noblest degree and sense, John C. Fremont has without doubt a magic name for men of fluent tongues and pens to go before the masses with. His character, hardships, exploits—the wealth, the military and maritime consequence of the country his iron will and nerves have served to incorporate with the older portions of the Union—these, and many other incidents and features of his picturesque life, furnish a copious theme for the most persuasive lyrics and orations. Sergeant's speaker will be thrown on the shelf by the first of November. Extracts from speeches in favor of Fremont will supersede Demosthenes against Eschines, Rienzi against the Nobles, Pitt retorting on Walpole, and Webster in rely to Hayne. Far away, the Free-soilers have the best of the stump.

Yet, seriously speaking, the fate of the Union depends on the result of the contest, the challenge to which, sent forth from Cincinnati, has been answered from the great calabash on the banks of the Delaware. Buchanan successful, the principles of the Constitution are reaffirmed. The compact between the several States solemnly and securely renewed, the supreme dogma of popular sovereignty has nothing for the term of his Presidency to assail it. Directed by a wise old hand—a hand which in its youth fixed bayonets against the British, and which in latter days has with its cunning confounded the roguery of Kings and Queens, and the knaves that follow suit—the great interests of the country, on land and sea, will be compromised neither by a rash war nor a sneaking peace. The calmness, the sagacity, the decorum of the first days of the Republic will be restored, and all good and truthful citizens—the defeated candidate, John C. Fremont, foremost of them—will rejoice that, despite of the seditious outcries and conspiracies of this day, it has been the beneficent will of Heaven that the predicted downfall should not afflict the present generation.

The "Difficulty" with England.

Elsewhere we present an interesting, though lengthy resumé of the opinions held by the representative press of England on American affairs in general at present, and the Crampton dismissal in particular. They will repay perusal. Since they were compiled, two steamers have arrived, bringing London dates to the 11th, and a continuation of the labors of London journalists upon the same topic.

No official announcement of the dismissal had been received, but the most perfect unanimity prevailed among papers of all parties as to the fact. The nearer they approach the catastrophe, the more subdued becomes the character of their feelings, if the tone, indeed, by which the same are manifested retains its burly volume. Through divers channels of reasoning, they all tend to illustrate one issue, which is, that England will preserve the peace, because her chances in a war with this country would be more than doubtful.

The dismissal of Mr. Dallas was loudly suggested and confidently expected by the *Times* and others; but taking refuge in the statement, that England "never dismissed a foreign minister, except on public grounds," the former at once retires and contradicts its hitherto warlike and pertinacious demands, by a new view of the question, thus:—

"The British Government cannot allege that Mr. Dallas is disagreeable because Mr. Crampton is charged with being so."

The *Times* admits that the latter "has conducted his defence with unpleasant pertinacity," and winds up its abusive but evasive, and audacious though really mild article with this illogical conclusion:—

"The United States has driven itself to this refuge of weakness by pretending a strictness of neutrality it never observed when interest stood in the way; nor is there *another Government in the world that on the same day would receive a Minister from Mr. Walker, and dismiss one from Her Britannic Majesty on purely private grounds.*"

The *Morning Star* regards the avenging of "Crampton" by involving some fifty or sixty thousand people in a deadly strife as an absurdity too immense for more than momentary condemnation. The *Daily News* is patronizing and pacific, looks upon a war between America and England as "a civil war," regarding the former clearly as an integral portion of the latter; and in this expansive mood thinks that the dismissal of Mr. Dallas would "only ripen animosity." The *Morning Chronicle* lauds the ex-minister as "a valuable public servant," who "*too faithfully* performed his duty," while the *London Telegraph*, in a bold and brilliant review of England's inability to attempt a tussle with America—going over, with brief and bitter eloquence, the humiliating facts of the career, both of the Army and Navy in the late war—derides the idea that in such a quartette as Crampton and the three consuls, the manufacturing districts of England should be left to starve for want of the "raw material" from America, while privateers of the latter would embark in English ships on sea, and ravage their coasts at home. The spirit of the English press is undeniably against a war with America.

IRISH ARMS BILL.

Mr. Isaac Butt has acquired a brilliant celebrity. All through Ireland, England and Scotland, he is known as a successful lawyer, of energetic mind and copious eloquence. As a scholar and a writer he is almost as favorably distinguished. Occupying for the usual term the professorship of Political Philosophy in Trinity College, he has left to the public a valuable gift in the lectures he delivered in that capacity. The pages of the *Dublin University Magazine* furnish abundant evidence of the poetic temperament and descriptive power with which he has been gifted. Papers full of political interest and information—papers on the Famine and the Emigration of those terrible years which immediately preceeded and immediately followed the insurrectionary failure of 1848—connect his name closely with the science of statesmanship.

Apart from these circumstances, his defence of the State Prisoners of that year, indentified him in the heart and memory of the Irish people, at home and abroad, with the old cause, proud insubordination, chivalry and soul of Ireland. To this epoch, the most glorious of his fortunate career, we look back with pride, with sorrow, with deep remorse. With pride, that to the patriotism of Ireland there was given in those clouded days a beautiful and bold expression. With sorrow, that the hopes excited in us by the rush of noble words, memories vividly revived, and principles haughtily asserted, should have descended into darkness, blending fruitlessly with the cold dust of the dead. Remorse, that the bright play of intellect over national sentiments and scenes, the rugged glories of Irish life and the great transactions of history—the fight at Marathon, the death of Cæsar, the sublime episodes of the Swiss crags and lakes, the black majesty of Cromwell, the republican conquests of England, the war of the Netherlands, the storm which hurled the throne of the Bourbons into the bottomless pit, the eternal peal of the old bell of Philadelphia proclaiming the Rights of Man throughout the world and to the ends thereof—should have hurried us into a faith and ecstacy from which we have been awakened into distrust, the saddest fretfulness, and despair.

True to his earlier prejudices and factious associations, Isaac Butt, from his seat in Parliament, has asked for the instant renewal of the Bill which construes the possession of arms in Ireland into a transportable offence. He calls for this bill peremptorily. Calls for it with all the earnestness and impetuosity of an insatiable partisan of Orangeism. Calls for it, as though the dragon's teeth, which ages of ruthless oppression had sown, were ripening into armed men, and every moat and graveyard, every field fertilized with Rebel's blood, from the Slaney to the Curragh, were bristling with pikes and fire-arms, prompt to avenge the butcherly blows and slanders, which from Essex, the henchman of Elizabeth, down to Clarendon, the callous and crafty viceroy of Victoria, has been through a terrible succession of famines, frauds, and martyrdoms heaped upon the Irish race.

He refers to the Arms Act of 1846. He calls—he by birth and fame an Irishman!—calls upon the law-givers of Westmin-

ster to renew without delay the provisions of this penal and abominable Bill.

What were the provisions of the Bill referred to? It was under discussion in the Repeal Association, in the month of February, of that year. Smith O'Brien speaking of it, said :—

"Under this Bill a power is given to the administrators of the Government to transport, for a period of not less than seven years, any man convicted of the heinous crime of being found out of his house one hour after sunset. It suspends the great charter of English liberties—the *Habeas Corpus* Act. It gives to the officials of the Government the power of arresting any individual who may be found out of his house one hour after dark. It places the whole of Ireland under coercion. And who are the administrators of this coercion?"

Then speaking of the Police, which body this nefarious Bill invested with such fearful and oppressive power :—

"The police of Ireland, he undertook to say, was a force utterly unconstitutional. It was a body of 10,000 men, armed and trained after military fashion, and not subject to an annual mutiny act. According to the British Constitution it has always been maintained, that the army should be under the control of Parliament, and depend upon an annual vote. It is one of the great privileges of the British people thus to have a control over the army through their representatives by a mutiny act, which is to be passed every year. But, in the case of the constabulary, we have not less than 10,000 men, armed and disciplined, who are paid out of the consolidated fund, without reference to Parliament. An indefinite power is given to the Government, and there is no control on the part of the local rate-payers who contribute to their support."

Richard O'Gorman, following Smith O'Brien, denounced the Bill, the resuscitation of which the present Member for Youghal, whom grateful clients looked upon as the Curran of 1848, now so impatiently implores. O'Gorman said :—

"Pressed by famine within, by coercion without, bending under the weight of additional taxation, by a happy provision of this Bill the Irishman is made to support the means of his own oppression and degradation. From this spot, slavery in other lands has been freely denounced. Henceforward, keep all your sympathies for yourselves. You want it all, for if this Bill pass into a law, the blight of slavery will have come upon your hearths, and in its worst form too. Never is slavery so loathsome as when it comes with the mockery of liberty—with the name of a free constitution."

Michael Joseph Barry was indignant. His indignation found a forcible expression. He said :—

"I shall, with as much patience as I can command, glance at some of its vile provisions. God forbid that they should ever become law, and one man, bearing the name of Irishman, outlive their enactment. Better that Ireland should be a universal grave."

To this infamous Bill of 1846, the tendencies and effect of which are so clearly set forth in the opinions we have cited, we allude merely for the purpose of impressing on our readers, our Irish readers especially, the wickedness of the spirit which demands its prompt and inexorable revival. Another wise lesson may be thus taught a people who commit their interests and honor to men, who gifted with great rhetorical powers, profusely pour out exciting illustrations and phrases, when some personal object, whether of fame or vengeance, is at stake, or professional accidents render the utterance of national sentiments a necessity. We allude to it—and, indeed, to the subject altogether—for yet another and a loftier purpose. If the cruel hand of coercion cannot be struck down and manacled, the fair name of a chivalrous people may be freed from the blots which the reproaches of the world—precipitate in most instances, illiterate in many, oftentimes vicious—have covered it with, as it were, some vulgar disease.

The legislation, of which this Arms bill ravenously called for by Mr. Butt is, with all its iniquitous provisions, but a diluted specimen, honestly explains the failures of the Irish people in their recent insurrectionary movements. The *Dundalk Democrat*, with the stroke of a sledge as it were, drives home the truth. "A disarmed nation," it writes, "is eternally in chains." With an Insurrection Act in 1801 ; Martial law in 1803 ; the act of 1801 renewed in 1807, and continued in force for three years after ; White Boy, Algerine, Tithe-rebellion acts, all closely following and riveted into one another like the links of a prisoner's chain ; no wonder that the efforts, made to emancipate Ireland from the control of England, should have proved fruitless. The American colonies would have had to make a tougher fight, had it been with them, as it has been for years and years in Ireland, a crime against the Crown to hold arms and practice the glorious use of them. The monarchists of Europe might now be writing melodies about the woes of America, her vain hopes, and heroism quenched in blood, were it not that, even in the colonial days, it was lawful for the Trans-Atlantic subjects of King George to have their rifles, as well as their spinning-wheels, their Bibles, and their saddle-bags.

"A disarmed nation is eternally in chains."

PAYING THE PIPER.

The *Herald* of last Sunday publishes an extract of a letter from Granada, dated June 1st, stating that a communication from the government of Costa Rica had been received, in which President Mora acknowledges the government of President Rivas and General Walker, considers hostilities at an end, and offers to become responsible for all the expenses of the war.

This is later news from Nicaragua than that furnished by the Panama *Star* of June 3d, which had *recently*—as it indefinitely stated—received "various and very conflicting accounts respecting the successes and reverses of Walker's army." One of those accounts was, that the Central American States had formed a coalition against Nicaragua ; Guatemala giving 3000 men, San Salvador 2000, and Honduras 1000 ; to meet which General Walker had 1,500—exactly one-fourth of the army said to be in the field against him.

Letter from an Irishman in London.

LONDON, *June* 7th, 1856.

A Parliamentary friend has kindly handed me a copy of the Parliamentary Blue Book lately issued, containing the correspondence between the British and American Governments respecting Central America and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The presentation of this precious volume was for a long period withheld on various pretences, and truly it is not surprising that the British Government should have hesitated before submitting to public examination a correspondence so damaging to their character.

From a hasty perusal of it, I gather the following facts:

I. That Great Britain has not at present, and never had, any claim as of right to occupy any portion of Central America.

II. That without any just cause, or even decent pretext, she took forcible possession, in 1848, of the port of San Juan del Norte—the property of the sovereign State of Nicaragua—changing its name to "Greytown."

III. That by the first article of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, signed in 1849, it was agreed that neither party—Great Britain or the United States—should "occupy, fortify, colonize, or assume or exercise dominion over the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America."

IV. That Great Britain has, from the date of its ratification up to the present hour, systematically violated that Treaty. 1st by not withdrawing from her offensive occupation &c. of the Mosquito coast &c., and 2nd, by actually extending the limits of that fabulous territory, seizing the island of Ruatan, and proclaiming the Colony of the Bay islands.

These facts are patent on the face of the volume, and cannot be disputed. The attempt of the English minister to justify or explain them away is the most audacious thing in the history of diplomacy. No sooner does Marcy or Buchanan or Clayton explain one lie, than British diplomacy takes refuge in another. No sooner is Lord Clarendon driven from one corner than Crampton or Sir H. Bulwer provides another for his reception. The object of all this, mark you, is to gain time. The following anecdote you may rely upon as being authentic :

A member of the Irish independent opposition party lately addressing a supporter of the present Government, said :

"Why is it that, professing to attach no importance to the occupation of the Mosquito coast, &c., you hesitate about complying with the plain provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer compact!"

"Oh!" replied the ministerialist, "time is very important to us in this case ; for it strengthens our occupation. After the next Presidential election, the correspondence will probably be begun *de novo*, and thus we obtain a renewal for four years of our lease of the Mosquito and Ruatan."

This anecdote, which I repeat you may rely upon as being entirely authentic, furnishes in my mind the true key of this portentous blue-book. "Time strengthens our occupation?" I trust Americans will take note of the phrase. Had the American government insisted six years ago on the fulfilment of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, there would have been no Walker expedition since, and England would have been much more disposed to civility than she now is. But the inaction of the American Government both provoked the Walker expedition and emboldened the tone of the English Ministry.

Being but partially informed, I was inclined at first to deplore and condemn the Walker proceeding. I have a strong veneration for law, and I felt grieved that what could and might be done legally and constitutionally, should be attempted—as I supposed — illegally and unconstitutionally. Knowing that America has had justice all through upon her side, I regretted that a body of adventurers should have attempted to do that which the strong arm of the general government alone could have effectually accomplished ; namely, freed Central America from foreign monarchical occupation, colonization and intrigue. I still regret that America did not long ago insist upon the fulfilment of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty ; but, having failed to do so, I yield all due honor and praise to Walker for his gallant interposition in behalf of Nicaraguan independence. That his interference was not only justified but called for, is evident, from the simple fact that he has been enabled so long to maintain his ground, and that in face of the opposition of the American Government. The recognition of his minister is now an act, highly creditable, in my mind, to President Pierce and his Cabinet, and a graceful compliment to the gallantry and intrepidity of Walker. What the results may be which are likely to flow from it, I am not in a position to determine. I trust, however, I may take it for granted that the United States—Cabinet, and President, and people ; Whigs and Democrats ; Northerners and Southerners, are unanimous on this one point, that Great Britain shall not, in violation of a solemn compact, of justice, of right and international law, be permitted to occupy, fortify, colonize, or exercise dominion over the Mosquito coast, the island of Ruatan, or any part of Central America.

I perceive that the best feelings do not seem to exist between the United States and the French Government. The fault must surely lie with the French Emperor ; for the American people, as far as I have been able to perceive, have always manifested the kindliest feelings towards France. Or is this Louis Napoleon a mere Englishman in disguise—a puppet and a tool of Palmerston? That France retired from the Crimea crowned with laurels, she may thank the native chivalry of her sons ; but that no material interest of her's has been served by the war, she must be intimately persuaded. The French people never heartily sympathised in the Russian war ; their common sense told them that it was a war waged for English interests, and that their Emperor, the nephew of the sublime martyr of St. Helena, but playing the game of England. Will Louis Napoleon be mad enough, base enough, foolish enough, to back up England in the West as he has done in the East? Will he dare to say to the French people: "I must support my ally, England, fighting for a country where she has no claim to any position save that which she derives from usurpation, from broken faith, from perjury, and a Mosquito King of British manufacture? I must draw the sword against America, and thus vindicate the glory of France by warring against liberty to-day, as I pretended to war against despotism yesterday?" I feel confident that he will venture upon no such experiment as this—an experiment to which that of the 2nd December was but child's play. I apprehend no European coalition against America. The cause of America is too clearly and unmistakeably right (the treaty of Paris notwithstanding). It is notorious that the utmost harmony does not exist between the European Governments ; the aspect of the people, moreover, again becomes threatening. All these causes preclude the possibility of anything like a European coalition.

In my estimate of Louis Napoleon, I have the misfortune to differ with every one of my countrymen whom I meet. While I regard him as a knave, they almost universally behold in him a great hero. Yet it is easy to perceive that his popularity here is based, as it is in France, on the name he bears—the name Napoleon. The Irish people cannot believe that the man who bears that name, is the friend of England. They will tell you that his friendship for England is but a pretence, and that he has some "deep designs in view." There may, for aught I know, be some reason in this view of the case—and the instincts of the people are generally correct—I could wish however, that the "deep designs" alluded to would assume the form of a Hoche, and a landing at Killala.

Our countrymen have a decided leaning towards the French. This was strikingly manifested on the occasion of the Proclamation of Peace. There happened at the time to be two French vessels of war in Kingstown Harbor, and their officers took part in the procession. At every point of the line these French officers were loudly cheered—more loudly than the Queen's representative, the "amiable" Lord Carlisle, than the Lord Mayor with all his mail-bearers and sword-bearers ; than even Marshal Tom Reynolds on his fiery war-steed.

Stupid people, bigots, fanatics, and donkeys will tell you, that this partiality for the French proceeds from an identity of religion. There can be no greater mistake—else why not the same partiality for Spanish, Italian, &c.? The true cause is that Irishmen regard France as the natural enemy of England, and that some day the Red Rose will fade and wither beneath the shadow of the *Fleur de lis*.

The London Papers denounce the recognition of Walker's Government as a violation of the Clayton Bulwer Treaty! Surely the voice of impudence and mendacity can no further go. In the first place the recognition of the *de facto* government of Nicaragua can under no circumstances be regarded as a violation of the Treaty. But even supposing it were, what audacity in those English to talk of a violation of a treaty which they themselves have for seven years systematically, deliberately and plainly trampled on and set at naught. I have in my possession a copy of the *London Times* of January last, which distinctly admits that they—the English—had violated and were violating the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

But hark! What tidings are these from Washington? The expulsion of Crampton, the British Minister! Bravo, President Pierce! The world began to grow weary of interminable speeches and dispatches from America, and were looking for an act, a deed. Well, here is an act which all that is honest in the world must applaud. Indeed, after Clayton's terrible exposure of Crampton's last bold and clumsy lie about Ruatan, it is hard to conceive how, if he had a sparkling of gentlemanly feeling, he could have had the hardihood to remain in Washington. British diplomatists, however, are notoriously thick-skinned, and Crampton lied diplomatically.

They are a strange family, these Cramptons. Sir Philip, father, I believe, of the ex-Minister, is estimable for his fine social qualities, and held in high repute as a surgeon. He, however, is the only member of the family who possesses any good qualities at all. His brother, the Judge, is a canting hypocrite, who disgraced the ermine, and disgusted sensible men of all parties, by presiding a couple of years ago at the meetings of the notorious Gavazzi in this city. Another brother, a clergyman, who resides near Clontarf, was detected some years ago in a most infamous attempt to blacken the character of the poor people of his neighborhood, and to subject several of them to banishment or death. You may recollect the case. A hay-rick of this exemplary minister was burned down. The cry of incendiarism was immediately raised, and a number of decent men were put upon their trial for the offence. There being no evidence to convict, the men were acquitted. Some time after, however, it was discovered that the real offender was a servant of Crampton's, and that he had been instigated to the act by the Rev. Gentleman himself!

Of course the acts of Crampton in Washington are the acts of Clarendon and the British Government ; but I am inclined to think he is just as unscrupulous a tool of an unscrupulous Government as was that "oily gammon," Sir H. Bulwer himself.

It is to be hoped that amid the smoke and din of this diplomatic rupture the real irresistible *casus belli*—Central America—will not be overlooked.

FONTENOY

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.*

THE GALWAY ELECTION.—MONAHAN, THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL.

The Connemara pony galloped us into Loughrea in less than no time, the boy on the box shouting the whole of the way, at the top of his voice, for O'Flahertie, Repeal, and owld Ireland. The streets were crowded as if it were a fair day. Detachments of the Eighth Hussars, slowly riding up and down in front of Kilroy's Hotel, up and down before the Court-house, and round and round Eyre square, threw a variety of brilliant touches into what would otherwise have been a very sombre picture. The day was dull. A thaw had set in. The ground, covered with a soft crust, was inclined to be muddy. An ashy sky arched the old Spanish houses, the quaint, solemn look of which deepened the gloominess of the scene. Every one, except the Hussars, appeared to me to have been out all night on Lough Corrib, and to have come into town in wet clothes. The Hussars themselves, with all the swinging finery about them, and the fire and beauty of their horses, were not wholly free from the damp and mouldiness which seemed to prevail. The fur on their jackets looked moist—looked like a brown rabbit would, after being dragged out from under a heap of wet leaves. The mulberry nose of a sinewy broad-shouldered sergeant, sitting calmly in his saddle close to the back door of the Court-house, was covered with something resembling a very heavy cold dew. The white sheets of calico, with O'Flahertie's name and patriotic sentiments in lamp-black upon them, shared the general depression. Tacked to the dreariest bare poles, they dangled from the window-sills of houses that looked as if they never knew what a good fire or a laugh was. The banners were on the outer walls, but were all the worse for being so. Lifeless, colorless and clammy, they were calculated rather to depress than excite the enthusiasm of the City of the Tribes. Patriotic sentiments were never before so destitute of drapery. The undertaker must have been the painter, costumer, upholsterer, and decorator to the Repealers of Galway, on this slovenly and dismal day.

The dullness, however, was all outside. It was a superficial gloom and stupidity. There was life enough, a little way out of sight, behind those dead banners. Galway was piled up, and crushed within four walls that day. They were the walls of the Court house. Every man who had a heart, an arm, or a kick in him, was there. Every man with a shirt at his back was there. Every man who could shout for Repeal was there. Every man who could boast of a roof over his head, a penny in his pocket, or a crust for his breakfast was there. Landlords of every description were there. The tyrant of the fields, the swindling sportsman, the beggar in fine linen and broad-cloth, the sneaking supplicant for Government favors, the political traitor making a joke of his perfidy, the vulgar toady of the great house whose owner he knew would have a coronet on his coffin, when carried to the toads and leeches—all were there, jumbled up together, flushed, disordered, sweltering, tossing hats and handkerchiefs about, now and then fiercely shaking fists, shouting, crushing one upon another, many of them foaming at the mouth, all heightening the turbulent and stormy scene with the wildest excess of words, threats, cheers, oaths, and gestures.

Mitchel and I looked down from the Grand Jury gallery upon the tumult. Stunned by the terrific shouts, our eyes swam in the hot, suffocating haze through which thousands of arms and legs and heads—most of them in rags, many of them bleeding, all of them coated with dust, whitewash, and dishevelled—flung themselves frantically to and fro, aloft, and everywhere. Under a canopy of red maroon, in the middle seat of the Judge's bench, sat the High Sheriff of the borough, Michael B. Browne, Esquire. A thin white wand, which he nervously held fast to, denoted his official rank. Had it been a magic wand, he might have stilled the tumultuous waves of the black sea beating at his feet. As it was, he sat like Canute rebuking the flood, but incompetent to compose its fury, or resist its encroachments. Mr. Browne was a genteel spectacle of powerless dignity, exciting a polite pity, which his smiles of resignation and urbanity deepened. In the corner on his right, in a compact pillar of shining white teeth, aristocratic noses, proud flesh, and superfine cloth, were bundled the supporters of the Government nominee, James Monahan, the Solicitor-General. The Lynches were there; so were the Blakes; so were the Burkes, Martins, Gregories, St. Georges, and every other silken and scented slave of the neighborhood, in the interest of England. In front of them stood Monahan. In front of them, but with head stooped and eyes stealthily spying about him, exhibiting instinctively all the cowardly caution and cunning of a practitioner in the lowest grade of his profession, and the humility of the unpolished *parvenue* in the presence of his patrons. The *parvenue* in this boisterous scene seemed deeply conscious of the debt of gratitude, deference, and homage he owed to his patrons. The patrons glowed with the vain thought of the mischief and noise they were making with so plebian a client. Shabbily dressed, with a sallow skin, mottled with the blue refuse of his coarsely-shaved beard, with inches of crumpled soiled linen lapping over his neck-tie and puffing out from under his cuffs, he stood there, in gait, costume and look, the veriest varlet and hack which the worst government, or the meanest aristocracy subject to the worst government, could hire to do their jobs with in Parliament, under the blind eyes of Justice, in the out-houses and at the back-door of the Castle. A large, wide-drawn, heavy mouth, perpetually twitching and hardening between the firmness due to his office and the trepidation which men of coarse natures and sudden success experience, he shuffled, twisted and shrugged himself before the crowd which hooted and cursed him in that Court-house, the very image of the night-bird to which Devin Rielly, with his picturesque power and truthfulness, likened him. Of the humblest origin, the Irish people, who have a proud reverence for the princely old stock, spurned him as a mushroom, the spongy growth of a night. Sullen in his features, awkward in his gait, stinted in blood and muscle, having nothing whatever grand, or gallant, or gentlemanly even, in his aspect or address, he failed to exercise the influence which handsome features and a chivalrous air in many instances command, where morals are suspicious, or birth is dubious, or genius is deficient. The driest pedagogue in the school of law—with a mind, originally rude and barren, rendered still more sterile by the dead knowledge he heaped upon it, and which he disposed of as a phrenologist does his skulls, shoulder-blades, and hip-joints—without a flower of poetry to beautify, or a solitary pure gleam of philosophy to illuminate his studies, social conversation, or professional discourse—selfish, calculating, crafty, mean in heart as he was in look—ungrammatical, illiterate, inarticulate for the most part, slovenly and insipid—he had none of those radiant gifts, none of that intellectual fire which melts down prejudices, and fuses the speaker and the audience into one glowing mass, and which, beating down with a sword fashioned of sunbeams as it were, the conceits which frown upon the cradle of the poor, wins from Plantagenet and Tudor—from the lordliest brat who struts the stage of life in the wardrobe of some dead plunderer—the Cross of Honor, and in the majestic cathedral of history wears it till the sun grows cold.

On the left of the Sheriff were many of the sturdy honest merchants of the ancient town, the Irelands, MacLaghlans, Mangans; representative men of the Trades, such as Mahon and Barnacle; young, spirited, professional men; some few of the landed proprietory, such as Cummins, French, and Foster; several of the Catholic priests, amongst the latter, the Rev. Messrs. Roche and Daly. In the body of the hall, blocking up every avenue leading to it, hanging on to the pillars of the gallery, clinging to window-sills, swinging out of iron brackets in the walls, thrust upon each other's backs, surging and struggling, gasping with the heat and violent pressure, yet flinging up their brawny arms with an enthusiasm almost delirious, and cheering with all their might—cheering until their eyes started, grew red, and flashed, and the veins in their foreheads filled with burning blood—were the "rabble," as the dainty, sleek aristocrats on the right of the High Sheriff, called the poor, the ragged, the unpurchaseable honesty, the impetuous patriotism which, living on crusts, on crusts were content still to live, so that they could see the Green Flag flying, and their country free.

With considerable difficulty we made our way past that calm, mulberry-nosed Sergeant of Hussars, on guard at the back door, up the stone steps of the Court-house to the lobby of the Grand Jury room, and from the lobby to the gallery. At the entrance of the gallery, Michael Joseph Barry (now editor of the Cork *Southern Reporter*), met us.

"We'll all have to fight," he said.

"Fight!" exclaimed Mitchel.

"Fight!" I re-echoed.

"Yes," said Barry, somewhat hurriedly, but distinctly, "Monahan's party will drive us to it—O'Gorman goes out in half an hour."

This was agreeable news to hear, the moment we got into Galway. What a hurry we were in to be shot! Mitchel and I looked earnestly at Barry, then at each other, and then back at the steps up which we had rushed. Mitchel steadied his countenance, smiled for a moment, twisted a lock of his hair, jerked himself back, stood straight before Barry, and burst into laughter. The rumble in the glass coach to Ballinasloe—the Roscommon Sub-Sheriff, his zest for spatched snipe and broiled kidney — the drumming we had on the doors of Loughrea—the excavation of the old yellow chaise from the barrel-staves, broken ladders, hot-house frames, and hen-coops—the skeleton driver, his tape-worm whip and forlorn steeds, one long and one short—all the comical incidents and faces of the day and night previous, one after the other, flashed across his mind. And to think that to all this, in true Galway style, there was to be a conclusive catastrophe! The Comedy of Errors was perfect!

For my part, I wished myself still on the road from Loughrea, in the funeral chaise, which hadn't been out since the cholera.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

SONG.

BY JOHN MAHON.

There is a young and blooming girl
Whose eyes are orbs of light,
Whose silken hair and teeth of pearl
Are lovely to the sight.
I've seen the gaudy tulip rare
'Mid lilies e'er so many,
But no sweet flow'ret can compare
With thee, my charming Annie.

Her lips appear like rubies rare
Emerging from the snow;
Her smiles illume a brow most fair
With Pleasure's sunny glow.
Her beauties burst upon the sight,
And captives make of many;
Oh! 'tis a heaven of delight
To gaze on lovely Annie.

Sweet Mary has soft eyes of blue,
Which woo the heart to love;
And Flora's cheeks of vermil hue
An anchorite would move.
Fair Betsy's lips in sweetness part,
And beautiful is Fanny;
But none of these can fix the heart
Like thee, my peerless Annie!

Reading the Arabian Nights.

Sister Emma, sister Emma, in this languid noon of May,
Fallen asleep above thy reading, like a child out-worn with play,
Closed the white and veinëd eyelids o'er the deep blue of thine eye,
And the long dark silken lashes on thy red cheek dewy lie.
With thy crimson lips half parted, and thy brown and braided hair,
Thou dost form a graceful picture, in the soft spring shadows there.

And what so long hath bound thee? Gently clasped within thy hand
Lie the wonder-woven stories of the wild Arabian land.
In what a realm of magic treads thy dreaming fancy now!
I can read its rippling shadows on the whiteness of thy brow,
'Neath the citron thickets fragrant, where the light wind wakes and dies,
Where the intermingling foliage thwarts the purple-zenithed skies.

By the songful waters gliding, through the dipping flowers away,
Dreamy echoes to the music of the golden-tressëd Day.
Thou hast learned the magic whisper, and hast glided down with ease
Into treasure-caves undreamt of, beneath old moss-grown trees.
Lamp-lit Aladdin hath passed thee, in these fragrant fairy woods,
And shadowy Genii started tall from out their solitudes.

Thou hast passed enchanted castles gray, amid the whispering leaves,
Where some wild, dark-browed magician, all his evil spell-work weaves,
And hast list'ned, in the silence, ever wishing that more fleet
Came the distant sounding gallop of the Champion's courser's feet!
How a wicked, shrivelled fairy hobbles to thee from the shade
Of the scented almond thicket, crossing dark the sunny glade!

Here, a light-winged bird of Paradise bears past thee the lost gem;
There, some fair, unhappy princess weeps beneath her diadem;
Weeps amid the glow and freshness of her blossomed garden bowers,
While a gentle fairy hastens to aid her with her powers:
All the while the Evil Genii cross the Good ones on their way.
Ah! my dreaming sister Emma, these are tales of every day!

Oft, to gain some toy that glitters, would we lose the grand and true,
Giving, like the foolish Princess, up the old lamp for the new.
There be dark magicians living—Gold, and Power, and Pride, and Wrong!
Nought may hope to break the bondage but some haughty, soaring song,
And a sword, though keen and polished, that will cleave no iron bars,
And some scattered crests that glitter in a night devoid of stars.

As for wicked, shrivelled fairies, such they say there are e'en now.
Not the surest charm to win them is the beauty on thy brow!
Sullen looks, like clouds, may cross thee on thy sweet path of delight.
Bend not thy blue eyes upon them—half in wonder, half in fright—
Thou shalt conquer, but not win them, no more than shall the song
Crush beneath its ringing music the embattled towers of Wrong.

Treasure-caves! ah, we have found them beneath many an ancient tree.
In the May-days of our childhood, where the summer winds sang free
Through the shaken leaves above us and the shadows as they pass,
We formed to courtly pageants, on the flower-inwoven grass,
And the curling cloud-pavilions, on the sapphire of the sky,
Into gorgeous fairy palaces a-sailing slowly by.

ENUL.

Literary and Artistic News.

Hiawatha meets with much favor at the hands of European readers. In England it is extensively sold and read, and is considered *the* poem of this century. At Leipzig an edition of this renowned poem is issued at half a thaler, by Alphonse Durr. The publisher notes on his title-page that *Hiawatha* is now supplied in Rome, Vienna, Paris, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Brussels, Basle, Turin, Trieste, Venice, and Verona. Two German translations are now being read far and wide on the Continent; one of them having had the genius of Freiligrath to turn the author's English into the language of Goethe and Schiller.

The magistrates of Munich have decided that the graves of Sennefelder, the inventor of lithography, who died in 1834, Gabelsberger, the inventor of stenography, who died in 1849, shall henceforth be attended to, and kept with unusual care.

The advertising columns of the London *Times* are supposed to yield £800,000 per annum.

Le Verrier, director of the Observatory of Paris, has named the last new planet, the fortieth of the series discovered by M. Goldschmidt, "Harmonia," in honor of the conclusion of the peace.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic. A History by John Lothrop Motley; in three vols. Harper & Brothers.

Michelet, in his Life of the "violent and terrible Reformer," tells us that Luther's father, in assuming an armorial bearing, (for the peasants imitated the nobles in this respect,) chose a hammer, and no more.* Selected, no doubt, as a type of his occupation as a miner; the implement was not less symbolical of the striking characteristics of his sturdy son. He seemed to have inherited all the mining, sledge-hammer and explosive necessities of his father's humble and laborious calling, without any of the more gentle and trustful characteristics of that diligent, "simple and single-hearted man."

Denying himself the additional comforts which the help of his children, as is usual with the poor, could bring him, the elder Luther preferred to toil, like a gnome in the gloomy caves of earth, that his children should behold the light of education. He bored and hammered; drew blood and life from the veins of the earth, while young Martin sought the school at Eisenach, begged and sung for his livelihood through the streets—as all poor students did—until through a four years kindness of a charitable woman he was fitted to enter the University of Erfurth, where the potent hammer of the miner sustained him.

Some sixteen years afterwards, the whilom beggar of the streets of Eisenach has a hammer in his hand. He stands before the church of the Castle of Wittemberg, as though confronting the gateway of all Christendom. He nails his famous protest against the purchase of Pope Leo the Tenth's indulgences to the door, the clamor of which movement rolled like a succession of thunderbolts over Germany.

Vulcan forging the helmet of Pluto, or fashioning the lurid sceptre of Jove, roused not such echoes as sprang from the concussion of Luther's hammer on the church door of Wittemberg. Those of the one keep time with the fitful resurrections of dead languages; those of the other, then and since but gathered deeper volume from the revolutions they inspired, the civil wars they fed with most relentless "religion:" and even now, in this day of brotherly love and ambitious benevolence, they inflate and madden the pulpits of the world.

They raised the eyes and ears of all to the hammer from which they rose, and for good or evil, or for both, the man that held it became immortal.

Soon, numberless heads were hammering out their protests. All the nations were shaken, and the Babel tongues were echoing. The frenzy that possessed them was at once divine and demoniac. Upon it the impostor Munzer was lifted to preside over a millenial kingdom, only to be flung a prey to a sublunary scaffold,† to the enormous delight of Luther and Melancthon. The harmonious cantons of the Swiss Republic were smote into clanging discord. France, differing from those who already differed, flung up its Calvinistic banner beside that of the less ascetic Luther. The frenzy lifted up Holland to independence and commercial success; it weakened Spain; disgorged a flood of flame over England; wildly tore the body and soul of Ireland apart, the continued estrangement of which accounts for her present position. Nor did it stay here. The Atlantic Ocean has not been able to out-throb its turbulence, or compete with its fury. The most generous system of temporal being the world has yet seen—the noblest culmination of the struggling social theories of all times—has not been able to shake off the tattered garments of the mad Europe of the sixteenth century. Know-Nothingism excites the same social extermination; the same mad and unconditional analysis of man's most sacred and self-protective thoughts; the same summary invocation of hate, and the same proud inaptitude to obliterate it; the same callous irresponsibility to society for the sectionalities it sanctifies. It incites all the vigorous cowardice and stealthy despotism, by the rivalrous and deadly action of which the names of both Catholic and Protestant of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are consigned to such unutterable shame.

Reformation had scarcely set in on one side, before extermination was the faith and refuge of all sides. Happily, from the state of Europe at the time, in some instances polemics—distracted by the discursiveness of the discussionists, and the disquietness engendered among the people who were made the prey of both, while they did not understand either—was soon lost in the more palpable and easily recognised political necessities of the day.

Luther was a brave beast, and, in many respects, at once the Mirabeau and Danton of his day. Resembling the former, who was "as ugly as the nephew of Satan," in the broken impetuosity of his eloquence, and the latter in being "consumed by passions," and the "fit leader of a band more timid and less ferocious than himself,"‡ he was more a demagogue than either.

Without a glimmer of the divinity of Genius, which at times almost transfigured the Frenchmen, he largely represented its great and most startling rival, talented audacity. There was more body than soul about him. While a furious lover of freedom, he was a desperate despot. Preaching against Kings and Princes, that power which they symbolized and he hungered after dazzelled his eye and humbled his tongue into the most right-divine phrases of address. He was a leveller and not a founder. And as with every leveller, his task was more easy than mighty. The oak that took centuries to grow can be levelled in a day. His whole life was an enthusiasm of egotism.

Among the gigantic disruptions which followed his hammerings at the church door of Wittemberg, perhaps the most remarkable—made so by the concentrated and persistent energy which characterised it—was the war in the Netherlands.

The independence of the Low Countries sprang out of the black horror of the Reformation, as day springs out of darkness.

The interest of the period is intense. It is the grandest episode of Europe marching from the hardy and adventurous, though theatrical gallantry of the middle ages to the wilder utilitarianism of modern civilization. We doubt if this panorama of Dutch struggles and success is not of more imposing grandeur than even the marvellous transformations of the Napoleonic era. The difference is that one is Dutch, the other French. If the latter is more brilliant in effect the former is more natural in its details, The action of the one was inspired by an irrepressible desire for freedom, that of the other by the most mortal, and consequently the most reckless ambition. The lessons they teach are of great individual importance; but from its nature, the French glory, in all its resonant magnitude, falls below the deep and emotional experiences of the revolt of the Netherlands.

The Napoleonic era was a brilliant catastrophe, the horrors and magnificence of which alike hold the world's attention, and between which the plummet of the human mind still pendulates without satisfactorily touching either.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic was a necessity—the arming of the Man against the tyranny of a Monarch as cold and gloomy as the cells in which his Inquisition was exercised, and as meanly unrelenting as the rack he inspired.

The magnitude of the domain of Charles V., the brilliancy of his successes, and the dramatic leanings for gorgeous display in which he was an adept, threw over, or wove into his actions an apparent if not actual generosity, which harmonized, if it did not humanize his ambitious and crafty though warlike nature. His son, Philip II., without the genius to be a statesman, or the generosity which should rule a warrior, inherited all the lower qualities of subtlety and insincerity which a more hearty and expansive nature had rendered somewhat negative in the father. Cold, cruel and conniving, selfish and sanctimonious, he continued the worst evils of his predecessor. He disgraced the heritage his father left him in every point save one—the Inquisition—and in that he could not, for Charles had disgraced himself.* The Abbe Lacordaire, adopts the stigma cast by the Committee of the Cortes upon the Inquisition "in the middle of the sixteenth century, under Philip II., when Protestantism threatened to propagate itself in Spain."†

The distinguished Spanish Catholic Divine and writer, Balmes, attempting, though under what difficulties is exceedingly apparent, to shield Philip, notes the passage from Lacordaire as an error superinduced by "that *candor* which sometimes accompanies genius," and can find no better defence himself than is given in these words, "Philip II., continued the work which had been begun by his predecessors; if they are excused, he ought not to be treated with greater severity. Ferdinand and Isabella directed the Inquisition against the apostate Jews; why could not Philip II. avail himself of it against Protestants?"‡ After exposing the reasons why some writers have attacked Philip, Balmes excuses himself from dwelling on a point of the deepest importance, thus: "Whether Philip used the Inquisition for political purposes, in certain cases, is not the question we have to examine here."

Against this monarch, when Spain was at the height of its greatness; when her rule on land was wide as her adventure on sea was startling; when the axle, which turned a thousand spokes in the four quarters of the globe, centred between the Pyrenees and the Pillars of Hercules; when half of Europe, like a rich and varied dream, was tribute to her couch; and America, like a slumbering Titan, was captured by her adventurers as the dareful sons of Lilliput chained the mountainous proportions of Gulliver; when the name of Spaniard was almost synonymous with master in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, the Netherlands arose. Then began the startling and protracted episode in the annals of Europe, which is only equalled by that which put a Declaration of Independence into English history, and sustained it as the first chapter of actual American life.

It is but natural that the subject of the former should interest a scion of the latter. We are glad that an American has devoted so much labor and scholarship to the re-awakening of the men and movements of the time, from the dim oblivion of state archives, where much that illustrated both had been too long slumbering.

Mr. Motley has devoted five years and three volumes to his noble work. The scene opens on the twenty-fifth of October, 1855, in the great hall of the palace at Brussels, where, surrounded by the States-General, the great Emperor Charles V. abdicated his empire in favor of his ill-shaped, constipated and icy son, renounced "the flesh and the devil," and thence plunged himself into the cloisters of the Jeromite Convent of Yuste in Estremadura. Alexandre Dumas, with the felicity peculiar to him, gives in his *Emanuel Philibert*, a striking picture of this, as Schiller says, "affecting farce," devised and enacted by Charles in the old ducal palace of the House of Brabant. Good as it is, however, we much prefer the picturesque *ensemble*, admirable grouping and vivid coloring of Mr. Motley. In Schiller's *Revolt of the Netherland*, we rarely find details. It is magnificent sketching, clear, graphic, pure. Motley, alone, fills up the outlines, giving them a strong epic character. Here are his pictures of the abdicating emperor, and the succeeding grave nonentity—his son.

"Charles the Fifth was then fifty five years and eight months old; but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was about the middle height, and had been athletic and well-proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tournay and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye was dark-blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and hanging; the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper, that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking, occupations to which he was always much addicted, were becoming daily more arduous, in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.

So much for the father. The son, Philip the Second, was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. He seemed so little, upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournament, in which his success was sufficiently problematical. "His body," says his professed panegyrist, "was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted." The same wholesale admirer adds, that "his aspect was so reverend, that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration." In face, he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead, and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better-proportioned nose. In the lower part of the countenance, the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

Of the surrounding figures and actors in the eventful history which the emperor thus unsuspectingly emblazoned on the chronicles of Europe, we have the following well individualized group.

"There was the Bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle, the serene and smiling priest, whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present, and over the fortunes of the whole land, was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not having yet won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a slight moustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy; such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count of Horn, too, with bold, sullen face, and fan-shaped beard—a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man; those other twins in doom—the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny; the Baron Berlaymont, brave, intensely royal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who, at least, never served but one party; the Duke of Arschot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all—a splendid seignor, magnificent in cramoisy velvet, but a poor creature, who traced his pedigree from Adam, according to the family monumental inscriptions at Louvain, but who was better known as grand-nephew of the Emperor's famous tutor, Chievres; the bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome, reckless face and turbulent demeanor; the infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration, for aping towards his own compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice, as he was permitted to exercise; the distinguished soldiers Meghen and Aremberg—these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There, too, was that learned Frisian, President Vigilius, crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent—a small, brisk man, with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round, tumid, rosy cheeks, and flowing beard. Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favorite, Ruy Gomez, or as he was familiarly called "Rey Gomez" (King and Gomez), a man of mediocrital aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure; while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor was the immortal Prince of Orange."

As the great Prince William the Silent, is the energetic hero of this comprehensive history it would be unjust to his character and to the author who has with such untiring and unique pen-architecture reared this lasting monument to him, to attempt any paragraph-picture of him. The work closes with his assassination on the 11th of July, 1584.

Between those dates, Holland—about half the size of South Carolina, or perhaps equal in area to Ulster in Ireland—a sand-bank, as it were stolen from the sea, seemed to have all the stubborn untameableness of the element from which it was decoyed. With not more than two million of inhabitants, it wrested, under the guidance of William the Silent, its stalwart liberty from Philip, though his ablest generals and his own deadly cunning fought and connived against them.

An attempt at an analysis of this work would only lead us, in our enthusiasm, beyond the bounds which the necessities of our space warn us to observe. One remark we will however make. All the critics we have read of Mr. Motley have more or less alluded to his having gone over some ground which Mr. Prescott had to some extent encroached upon. No one that came within our knowledge seemed to be aware that Schiller devoted the capacity of his noble intellect to the very subject itself—*The Revolt of the under Netherlands*, which, however, he left unfinished. With Schiller's beautiful and philosophically balanced work, al

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* *Life of Luther.* Universal Library.—Ed.

* He preached community of goods, and the social and domestic equality of all men. His disciples brought before him what property they had, and it was equally divided. Munzer was proclaimed King, but his kingdom was short, and he ended it on the scaffold.—*Hist. of Switzerland.* A. Vieusseux.

"Where now is Munzer," cried Luther, "with that sleeve in which he boasted he could catch all the missiles directed against his people? What is now that God, who for near a year has prophesied by the mouth of Munzer? I am of opinion, that all the peasants ought to perish, rather than the princes and magistrates, since they take up the sword without divine authority. The peasants deserve no mercy, no tolerance, but the indignation of God and man." (May 30th, 1535.) "The peasants," he says elsewhere, "are under the ban, both of God and the Emperor, and may be treated as mad dogs." In a letter dated 21st June, he enumerates the horrible massacres committed upon them by the nobles, without displaying the least sign of interest or pity. —*Michelet's Life of Luther.*

‡ Alison.

* It has been computed that during the reign of Charles V., 50,000 perished by the hand of the executioner alone. * * * The Emperor's gracious affability with his people, only served to throw a darker shade on the haughty gravity of his son. They read in his countenance the destructive purpose against their liberties, which, even then, he already revolved in his heart. Forewarned to find in him a tyrant, they were fore-armed to resist him.—*Schiller's Revolt.*

† Memoir on the re-establishment of the Order of Dominicans.—Lacordaire.

‡ Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their effects on the Civilization of Europe.—Balmes.

students of the period should be acquainted. It is a brave, bold outline, tinctured strongly with a manly republican spirit, and will only incite the reader to the gorgeous details and bounding generosity of Motley, who has been lavish of his labor.

The *Revolt of the Netherlands* was Schiller's first historical attempt, and by it, said the Weird Wieland, "he discovered a capability of rising to a level with Hume, Robertson and Gibbon. The same subject forms the first fruit of Mr. Motley's historical studies; and we may well say that by it he evinced powers and resources—both style and stuff sufficient to place him beside Macaulay, Carlyle, and almost near Louis Blanc. He is more reliable in truthfulness and less meretricious in style than Macaulay. He is more easy if less startling suggestive than Carlyle; and if he has not always at command the vigor of Louis Blanc, he resembles him in the usually well sustained equanimity of his sentences and the picturesque power of his scenes and groups.

Mr. Motley's faults are of a very minor character, and such as no manly critic in view of the labor accomplished, can do more than hint at. For ourselves, we heartily welcome the volumes, and thoroughly commend the publishers who with such spirit took up this extensive work of a young and hitherto unknown author. He need never write another book if he seeks only for reputation. He has it, and must have it—in the front rank of historians.

MILITARY MEMOIRS.

COLUMBIAN GUARDS, TROY, N. Y.

This company was organized July 13th, 1851, by Capt. A. L. Morisson, and other young men, in the city of Troy, and is attached to the Twenty-Fourth Regiment, Tenth Brigade, Third Division, Co. C., of the New York State Militia.

The present uniform adopted by this company consists of—Blue frockcoat, single-breasted; light blue pants, with buff stripes; buff worsted epaulettes, with a circle of blue cord; regulation cap, with buff cord and figure 24 in centre of wreath; plume white, tipped with blue; white patent-leather waist-belt, with brass plate and letters "C. G.," and white web cross-belts, priming wire, brush, and cartridge-box with S. N. Y. in brass letters on the centre, and black leather (with white frog) bayonet-scabbard. They made their first parade October 15th, 1853, numbering 38 muskets and 4 officers, viz: Captain, A. L. Morisson; 1st Lieutenant, Richard S. Quinn; 2nd Lieutenant, Leonard Bush; 3d, John H. Good.

A. L. Morisson, the founder of the Company, was always warmly attached to it, and remained with it until the 7th of May, 1855, when he sent in his resignation, and was highly complimented for the energy and perseverance he constantly displayed in behalf of the company. As a token of the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-members, on the eve of his departure for the far West he was presented, by company subscription, with a splendid silver-mounted revolver and a silver star appropriately engraved. He was a native of the county of Antrim, Ireland, and emigrated to this country in the fall of 1844. He resided in New York city until the breaking out of the Mexican War, when he enlisted as a private in the New York Volunteers, and proceeded direct to the scene of action. He served faithfully and bravely, and proved himself an active and energetic soldier. At the close of the war, he returned to New York with the survivors of the Volunteers. About the time of his return to this country from Mexico, the rising in Ireland for freedom was enthusiastically talked of. He took passage for that country, landed on its shores safely, with a number of companions in arms, but had not proceeded farther than the county Carlow, when he was taken, with two others, and imprisoned. There not being sufficient evidence produced on his examination to authorize his detention, after some time he was discharged. He returned once more to the United States. He now resides in Chicago.

The present officers of the Columbian Guard are: Captain, Richard S. Quinn; 1st Lieut., Michael Welsh; 2nd Lieut., Geo. J. Brennen; 3d Lieut., (vacant); Orderly Sergeant, Patrick Kennedy; 2nd Sergeant, John Barrons; 3d Sergeant, Ambrose Barrons; 4th Sergeant, Thomas Harty; 1st Corporal, Peter Noldt, 2nd, Dominick Welsh; 3d, Michael McGovern; 4th, John English. The company drill takes place every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, at Washington Market Hall, corner of Second and Division streets. Business meetings the third Friday of each month, at half-past 7. The number now on the muster-roll is 32; all active and energetic young men without an exception.

NEW YORK, *June* 18th, 1854.

To THOMAS F. MEAGHER, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I have great pleasure in presenting to you, on behalf of the O'Brien Columbian Rifles, a memoir of the company, from its formation to the present time, which we hope will appear at your earliest convenience in the IRISH NEWS.

I am, Sir, yours &c., with the highest respect,

GILBERT RIORDAN.

THE O'BRIEN COLUMBIAN RIFLES OF ORANGE NEW JERSEY.

On the 6th of June, 1853, the O'Brien Columbian Rifles were enrolled as a company attached to the 5th Regiment Essex Brigade, New Jersey State Militia. Michael Crean (deceased) being one of the principal men, who left nothing undone to advance this company in its early days, being assisted by several other patriotic Irishmen, amongst whom was the present Captain, Owen Murphy.

John Clark was elected Captain at that time. The company made considerable progress in a short time, notwithstanding the Native American or Know Nothing spirit which worked against it.

On the 22nd Feb., 1854, the first Annual Soiree of the company was held, on which occasion a splendid Irish flag, with the likeness of William Smith O'Brien on one side and on the other the harp and wolf-dog, Goddess of Liberty, &c., was presented to the company by the ladies of Orange. Colonel Babbit presented the flag on their behalf. It was received by Michael Crean in the name of the company.

On the 20th Sept., 1855, John Clark resigned the Captaincy, when the company unanimously elected Lieut. Owen Murphy to the vacancy; a citizen of energy and tried worth, under whose command the company progressed most favorably. They muster 35 men, rank and file, and comprise many of our most respected citizens (Irish Americans) of Orange. They drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month, at their armory, Willow Hall, Orange. Their uniform consists of a dark green frockcoat, red facings, three rows of buttons in front, collar trimmed with gold lace, bugle, star, &c., red epaulettes with green fringe, black pants with gold stripe 1.1-4 inches wide, black patent leather belts, cartridge-box, &c., regulation hat with initials O. B. C. R. in front, with a red-and-green plume.

The names of the officers are as follows:

Captain, Owen Murphy;
1st Lieut., George Maxwell;
2nd do. Conrad Scheimann;
1st Sergeant, Patrick Nevin;
2nd do. Terence Murphy;
3d do. James Dempsey;
4th do. Timothy Linden.

James McDevitt, Secretary

American News.

Hon. John C. Breckinridge is the son of Cabell Breckinridge, a distinguished lawyer, and though young, being about thirty-five, has won many honors. He was first elected to the Kentucky legislature; accompanied the Kentucky regiment to Mexico during the war with that power, in the rank of major, and bore himself gallantly. On his return he was elected a member of congress from the Ashland district, and delivered a beautiful eulogy on Henry Clay. The Cincinnati Commercial gives the following personal description of him:—"Near the eastern aisle, and within a few seats of the front—on the western side of the aisle—sits John C. Breckinridge, the impersonation of democratic Kentucky chivalry, who won a high position in the last congress, and declined to be a candidate for re-election. He is a tall and gracefully formed young man, with delicate features, and would be singularly handsome if his profile line were more prominent. Looking at him sideways, his forehead, nose and chin are nearly in a straight line. But his eye beams with intelligence, his nose is handsome in outline, resolute will. On the whole, there is a poetic glimmer about him. And that there is something of this in his character, the fact that he has purchased an island in Lake Superior for his summer home, would indicate. His manner in speaking is proud, defiant, and full of passion, tempered by educated discretion.

A letter from Nicaragua states that Watson G. Haynes died at Le Virgin, on May 9, of yellow fever. Mr. Haynes was known in this country by his services in procuring the abolition of flogging in the navy. He had served in United States men-of-war, and his statements and appeals in that behalf carried great weight with the public; and with the co-operation of humane persons, both official and others, his labors finally resulted in the desired reform. Mr. Haynes went to Nicaragua soon after Walker was established there; and after having tried to get his living by other labor, at last joined the army, and held the rank of captain when he died. We believe this was not his first experience of military life, and that he had served in Spain under Zumalcarregni, the famous Carlist partisan, by whom he was promoted to a considerable rank. He was an earnest and well meaning man, of Irish birth and a great deal of enthusiasm.

The Buffalo Car Company lately shipped a lot of cars for the Illinois Central Railroad, which the Detroit *Advertiser* says are far ahead of anything in their line yet seen in the west. One of them contains six state rooms, each having two seats with cushioned backs, long enough for a person to lie upon. The backs of the seats are hung with hinges at the upper edge, so that they may be turned up at pleasure, thus forming two single berths, one over the other, where persons may sleep with all the comfort imaginable. In one end of the car is a small wash-room, with a marble wash-bowl, looking-glass, &c. On the opposite side of the car from the state-rooms is a row of seats with revolving backs, similar to barbers' chairs, so arranged that the occupant may sit straight or recline in any easy attitude, at pleasure. The other five cars have each two or three similar state-rooms.

The Nacogdoches *Chronicle* says that General Houston was suffering from ill health while in that town, on his way home. He did not refer to his intention of becoming a candidate for the Presidency. In private conversation with his friends he gave the indications of a total want of confidence in the success of the present American party, and a total disinclination to support either the platform or the nominees. The party to which he allied himself for great and noble purposes, has become the tool of selfish politicians, to whose schemes he cannot lend the sanction of his name and influence.

Yesterday morning, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of the 17th, a genteel-looking man walked into the vestibule of the Burnet House pretty briskly, and handed an overcoat to one of the porters to hold until he could step down stairs and back. The man had just time enough to get out of sight when in came an officer, who claimed the coat as having been stolen from the Railroad House. The officer hurried down stairs after the thief, who was too closely followed into the house, to escape with his property, so he employed that ruse to get out of the way. Pretty 'cute trick.

The mayor of Baltimore has exercised a "censorship" over the stage, by directing the managers of a theatre in that city not to perform pieces called "Jack Shepard" and "A Glance at Baltimore," they being, in his opinion, improper and demoralizing in their tendency.

The President of the United States receives an annual salary of $25,000 per year. The salary of England's Queen is two hundred times as large as that paid to the President. Such is the contrast between monarchy and republicanism.

S. H. Hammond of the Albany Register, in a speech at Albany, stated that he had been offered five one thousand dollar bills and twelve thousand subscribers to hoist the Fillmore ticket. A Fillmore paper suggests that the bills were on a broken bank.

Professor Conrad, of Wittemberg College, Ohio, estimates the number of Germans or descendants of Germans in the United States at about 4,000,000.

Mr. E. Meriam, the meteorologist, says that his record for the last fourteen years gives an aggregate of seven hundred and fifty deaths by lightning on the land, only one person being killed in a building furnished with conducting rods.

Salt works have been established in Texas, on the west side of the Colorado, about fifty-five or sixty miles above Austin, and a very superior article is produced—not inferior, in any respect, to the best salt brought to that market for sale.

Buchanan and the Press.

The N. Y. *Day Book*, June 18, says, "We thought that Horace Greeley had greater audacity than any other man living, but just after Mr. Buchanan was nominated he declared he would not charge that Mr. Buchanan had said that if he had a drop of democratic blood in his veins he would let it out. Greeley intimated that this was a lie even too big for him, but Senator Wilson, at the Sectional Convention at Philadelphia, boldly made the charge. He went even further, and said that Mr. Buchanan opposed the war of 1812, while the truth is well known that he was a volunteer in that very war, fighting the battles of his country, while Wilson or his fathers were meeting in the Hartford Convention and plotting the destruction of the Union. If Wilson has not "banged Bannagher," then no one ever did.

The Louisville *Democrat* says, "We understand that the excitement in Lexington upon the reception of the news of the nomination of Hon. John C. Breckinridge for the Vice Presidency, was tremendous beyond the powers of description. The nomination of Buchanan had just created the wildest enthusiasm; but when it was known that Kentucky's favorite son had been placed on the ticket the whole population seemed mad with joy. This feeling will not be confined to the home of Mr. Breckinridge. As the news spreads out over the rural districts, one universal shout will go up from the valleys to the hill-tops and from the hill-tops to the valleys again. We venture the prediction that one hundred Know Nothing Councils of this State will be disbanded before the first of July next."

We learn from the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, that the nomination of Buchanan and Breckenridge is enthusiastically received in Ohio. The papers are unusually cordial and jubilant in their notices of the event, while ratification meetings of the people are being held in every city or considerable locality. Not only is the old guard of Democracy present at these meetings, but Democrats who have been estranged from our organization for the last two or three years are once more present and enthusiastic in the good old cause. Unless all indications are deceptive, Mr. Buchanan can hardly fail to carry the State by a handsome majority.

The same paper says, "We challenge the most astute and inquisitorial among our adversaries, whether in journalism or on the stump, during the ensuing canvass to bring up a single instance during Mr. Buchanan's long and notable career in public life, in the House of Representatives, in the Senate and in the State Department, wherein he did not approve himself the FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE in the most comprehensive sense of that term. No measure calculated to lessen the burdens of the industrious classes; no act promising or well-fitted to promote the interests and stimulate the activity of working men; no proposition of great and substantial benefit to the people at large ever failed to receive not only his favor, but his earnest and eloquent advocacy."

The *Tribune* sneers at Mr. Buchanan as the "embodiment of wordly prudence and unfaltering discretion." We do not know that a handsomer compliment could be paid to Mr. B. as a nominee for the Presidency.—*Columbia (S. C.) Banner.*

The same journal says: In relation to the nomination by the Cincinnati convention of the Hon. James Buchanan, we are free to say that, while he was not our choice, and there are others, after General Pierce, whom we would have preferred, we yield to the nomination of Virginia, who has in this case presented to the Union a candidate whom she has selected over all others to fight her battles in defence of the Constitution, which are equally ours. We have expressed a willingness to co-operate with our southern confederates in the great issue of the day, which is rapidly culminating to its zenith. Whatever our own views may be, this is not the time for South Carolina to isolate herself from her southern sisters. We are for hearty co-operation, and we are ready to follow, not to lead. The south has adopted Mr. Buchanan on the platform recently erected unanimously by the Democratic party. We are willing to abide by the decision of the southern states in that convention. Mr. Buchanan has served the country faithfully and effectively in every official position in which he has been placed. We respect him as an honorable gentleman, and are satisfied with his qualifications. He has accepted the highest trust which could be tendered to him, by the predominant party in the Union, and the only constitutional one now organized, and we believe he will carry out his obligations to the Constitution and to the trust confided to him. We cheerfully adopt his nomination under the circumstances.

In relation to the Vice Presidency, we believe no exception can be taken to the nomination of Mr. Breckenridge, who is a States Rights man of the southern school.

The Menasha (Wis.) *Advocate* is in great delight. It says: In displaying at our mast-head this week the names of the regular Democratic nominees for President and Vice-President, we cannot refrain from taking advantage of the occasion to testify our fullest acquiescence in the action of the National Democratic Convention. In making choice of James Buchanan, the tried patriot, astute statesman, and unswerving democrat, they have proved themselves equal to the occasion that called them together.

The nomination of either Mr. Pierce or Mr. Douglas would scarcely fail to give general satisfaction, but "Old Buck" is the "noblest Roman of them all." With him for our standard-bearer, the true democracy of the land cannot fail to crush the hydra of fanaticism and bigotry under their heel. The black flags of abolitionism and Hindooism must trail in the dust before the banner of democracy, borne by its acknowledged leader. The "old Democratic noise" will reverberate from one end of the Union to the other, and the denizens and frequenters of secret places, "whose deeds are deeds of darkness," will skulk away to their favorite haunts, wherein the glimmer of the dark lantern is the only light that is seen, and grips and signs and pass-words the only means of communication.

The Columbus (S. C.) *Examiner* says: While we would have preferred to have seen Mr. Pierce re-nominated, we cannot withhold our support from Mr. Buchanan. There is little doubt

we presume, of his receiving the electoral vote of South Carolina. Mr. Buchanan has been so long in private life, both as a member of the Government and as a diplomatist, that it is unnecessary to give any sketch of his political career. We believe he is a sound constitutional and conservative statesman, and will carry out faithfully the principles of the party who have named him for the high position—the only principles South Carolina has ever sustained. Mr. Breckinridge is quite a young man, but possesses undoubted ability, and has already achieved a high degree of party popularity. He represented what is known as the Ashland District of Kentucky in the last Congress, but declined the nomination of his party at the last election. The people of South Carolina, in our opinion, will endorse and sustain the nomination.

The Madison (Wis.) *Argus and Democrat* says: The *Journal* is out with extracts going to show that Mr. Buchanan, in a speech some time made by him, expressed himself as opposed to "foreign influence." Whether this statement be true or not, we cannot say; but have no objection whatever to admitting its truth. The term "foreign influence" does not mean the tendencies created by the votes of the adopted citizens of the Republic, whose votes when cast under right impressions are always on the side of Democracy, and in favor of the rights of the mass against the few; of labor against oppressive monopolies; nor does opposition to it involve the sacking of churches, the shooting of unoffending citizens, or the murder of babes. Foreign influence signifies the intermeddling, either directly or indirectly, of foreign powers in the affairs and management of our Government, and to this all classes are opposed; the adopted, as well as the native citizens. It is one of the innate sentiments of our people, and the statesman who does not cherish it is unworthy of the confidence of the people of the Republic; and we are proud that we have a candidate for President who is against, now and for ever, the influence of foreign powers over our affairs. Among our adopted citizens, as a class, this feeling is stronger, if possible, than among citizens that are "to the manor born," and for the reason that they have felt its grinding, prostrating effects in their native lands, have fled to the Great Republic for protection, and are bound to resist its insidious encroachments here to the extent of their abilities. This is the reason they are so universally Democrats; they see in the Democratic party the only one that has the ability and the disposition to successfully resist it.

Col. Fremont.

The "Black Republican" convention held at Philadelphia, ominated on the 18th inst. John C. Fremont of California, for the Presidency. The *Sun* gives the following notice of the nominee:

He was among the first discoverers of gold in California, and evinced his sagacity by purchasing the Mexican title to a rich mining district. Perhaps to this, more than to his successful exploration of the South Pass to the Pacific, may he ascribe his present luck in the political world. Were he as poor and penniless now as when he first returned from California, his name might not have been heard of as a Presidential candidate. As a man of science, and as a hardy, daring adventurer, Col Fremont may take rank with such men as Wilkes and Dr. Kane, but in politics he has had but little experience. After the organization of California as a State, he and Mr. Gwin were chosen to represent the State in the United States Senate, but he took no prominent or active part in the Senate's business, and evinced but little interest in political matters.

John Charles Fremont, was born in South Carolina, in 1813, and is, consequently, now in his forty-third year. His father emigrated from France. His mother was a Virginia lady. At four years of age he was left an orphan, but he received a good education, and graduated at Charleston College, in his seventeenth year. During his youth he contributed to the support of his mother, and her other children, by teaching. From teaching mathematics he turned his attention to civil engineering, in which he made great proficiency, and was recommended to government for employment in the Mississippi survey. Having received the Commission of a lieutenant of engineers, he proposed to the Secretary of War to penetrate the Rocky Mountains. His plan was approved, and in 1842, with a handful of men, he reached and explored the South Pass.

His report of the expedition, and of his explorations was printed by the United States Senate, translated into foreign languages, and the name of Fremont became associated with the names of men who do their country good service. He next planned an expedition to the territory of Oregon, reached the Rocky Mountains by a new line, scaled the summits south of the South Pass, explored the Great Salt Lake valley, and pushed his survey forward until he connected it with that of Wilkes' surveying expedition. He had found one route to Columbia, but he wished to find another, and again, with only twenty-five companions, and without a guide, he turned towards the Rocky Mountains. The thrilling history of that expedition, so full of adventure and peril, and attended by suffering which only the greatest human fortitude could bear, has been written, and is familiar to the whole reading world.

In 1845 he was again on his way to the Pacific to examine the Asiatic slope of the Continent. It was while on this expedition that he reached California in time to render efficient aid in its conquest. His subsequent history need not be detailed, as it is connected with events sufficiently recent to come within the knowledge of all. He is now before the people as a candidate for the highest office in their gift. They will examine and judge of his qualifications and fitness in contrast with his competitors for that high and responsible position, and decide as they believe to be best for the interests of the country.

The Mobile *Register*, 8th instant, says the bag containing the entire letter mail from this city to the east, which left here on the morning of the 21st ult., is missing. There is no trace of it after leaving this post office. The postmaster at Montgomery, six days after it was due there, sent an inquiry to the office in this city to know if a mail had been forwarded on that day, the presumption until then being that it had been forwarded from Montgomery by mistake, and would be returned. Nothing, however, has transpired in relation to it, although every effort is being made to ascertain its whereabouts. We also learn that the mail of the 9th of April from New-York disappeared in some mysterious manner, and that no tidings have been received of it.

This will account to our subscribers in the locality alluded to why they have not duly received the numbers of the Irish News published about that period.

CITY AND NEWS ITEMS.

When Recorder Smith was presiding in the Court of Sessions on the 19th afternoon, a very beautiful girl, aged about 17 years, was brought from the prison and placed before him on a charge of vagrancy, preferred by her own parents. When his Honor inquired into the matter, he found that the young lady had been committed by her father and mother in order, if possible, to prevent her from marrying a man they did not approve of. The Recorder, thinking that the course of true love, if it did not, should, at all hazards, "run smooth," was about to discharge her, when he was informed that even at that moment a gentleman from Wisconsin was in waiting, in an ante-room, in order to run off with her and marry her in that state, when liberated. His Honor did not wish to send her adrift in the world under such circumstances, but called up the man, and said if he were sincere in his professions, he might marry her here, and then take her West. The lover joyfully consented, and Recorder Smith thereupon descended from the bench and performed the ceremony.

North Presbyterian Church Corner-stone.—The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the North Presbyterian Church took place on the 19th. The edifice will be of the Romanesque style of architecture, and is to be built of blue stone, faced with New-Jersey brown stone, the roof of slate, and the spire of wood. The size of the building will be 66 by 91 feet; the height, from the pavement to the eaves, 41 feet, and to the ridge of the roof, 62 feet. The height of the spire will be 170 feet. The interior of the church is to be painted in fresco. There will be seats sufficient to seat one thousand persons comfortably. In the basement there will be a lecture-room, a school-room, an infant class-room, a session-room, and a study. The entire cost of the building, including furniture, will be about $40,000. It will be completed some time next fall.

The La Farge House, in this city, is estimated to be worth, building and ground, $360,000, and the furniture and fixtures $100,000 more.

Mr. Fillmore accepts the Know Nothing nomination as a candidate for the Presidency, and adopts the platform put forth by the National Council, in a letter of three columns.

The annual earnings of the several lines of railroads that connect at Chicago, Illinois, with New York city, exceed $26,000,000.

Elizabeth Shea got into a passion with her husband in Boston, on Saturday evening, and procuring a dose of laudanum, swallowed it, from the effect of which she died on Sunday morning.

Tom Hyer, says the Cincinnati *Sun*, whipped a politician at the Burnet House.

Incredible numbers of wild pigeons have settled, and are building their nests and rearing their young, about thirty miles north of Utica.

A Yankee in Iowa has taught ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Western Africa: its history, condition, and prospects. By Rev. J. Leighton Wilson, eighteen years a missionary in Africa. With numerous engravings.	*Harper & Brothers.*
Harper's Magazine, for July	"
Harper's Story Books, by Jacob Abbott. No. 20. Rambles among the Alps	"
Clara; or Slave Life in Europe, with a Preface by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart.	"
Lecture on the Life and Times of O'Connell, by most Rev. John Hughes	*Jas. B. Kirker*
Public Documents from	*Hon. Lewis Cass*

MARRIAGES.

At Fore, by the Rev. M. Cochlan, P. P., James Smyth, Grangestown House Westmeath, to Anne, daughter of the late Daniel Corrigan, of Johnstown.

At St. Catherine's Church, Patrick M'Grath, of Fir House, Dublin, to Miss Kate Gavan, of Thomas street.

At St. Thomas' Church, Dublin, Richard E. Bourne, barrister at law, to Isabella, daughter of T. Mangan, of Piercetown, Kildare.

At Clontarf church, Henry M. Carden, son of Captain Paul Kyffin Carden, of Manna Cottage, Templemore, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Stephenson, of the Bank of Ireland.

At Rathfarnham, John Cormick Walshe, son of John Walshe, of Castlehill, in the county Mayo, to Bride Teresa, daughter of Robert Hodgens, of Beaufort, Dublin.

At Trinity Church, Waterford, Miss Alice Hartery, to William Pover, of Barrack street; and at the same hour, Miss Ellen Hartery, to Maurice Chasty, of Ballymorris, both daughters of William Hartery, of Kilbarry.

At Clonmel, Pierce Grace, Solicitor, Cashel, to Bridget, daughter of Alderman P. Fennelly, of Clonmel.

At Waterford, Frederick Jones Hyland, Wexford, to Julia, daughter of John Nash, Dumbarton, Scotland.

At St. Peter's Church, Louis Monsell Dartnell, son of Richard Dartnell, of Callao, to Jane, daughter of the late Dr. Lloyd, of Limerick.

At Lockeen church, Thomas Ross Jefferson, of Foyle House, county Kilkenny, son of the late Thomas Jefferson, of Newry, to Mary Jane, daughter of the late Captain Corrigan, Rockview.

At Lurgan church, John Butt, of the Northern Banking Company, Belfast, to Lucy, daughter of the late Roderick Byrne, Belfast.

At Herringfleet, Richard Drought Graves, King's County Regiment of Rifles, to Henrietta Catherine, daughter of Henry Mussenden Leathes, of Herringfleet Hall, Suffolk.

D. M'Grath, merchant, Carlow, to Margaret, daughter of John Brennan, of Ballyharman, Queen's County.

DEATHS.

At 9, Pembroke place, Joseph Myles, son of Michael Keogh.

At Eblana terrace, North Circular road, Eliza, daughter of the late George Brooks, M. D., of Spanishtown, Jamaica.

At Herbert place, John Cooper, late of Demerara, son of the late George Cooper, formerly of Barn Hall, county Kildare.

At Richmond, Surrey, Douglas Murray Hearn, son of the late Edward Hearn, Accountant-General of Excise, Dublin.

At Marlborough street, Dublin, Philip Lee, formerly of the parish of Lavey, county Cavan, aged 76 years.

At Knockiyon Castle, aged 75 years, Judith, relict of James Murray, late of Dublin.

William Pasley, of No. 24, Capel street, Dublin.

Thomas Cullen, of Piercetown, county Meath.

At Ballyphehane House, Caroline, daughter of Terence Fitton, solicitor, of Cork.

At Warringstown, Grace Charlotte, daughter of the late John Brown, of Donacloney.

In Limerick, Mrs. Westropp, relict of William J. Westropp, of Roxborough, and sister of the first Viscount Guillamore.

At Loughrea, Galway, Robert Skerrett, M. D.

Aged 76 years, the Rev. Charles Atkinson Caffry, incumbent of Mullough, in the diocese of Kilmore.

At Davidstown, aged 91 years, Anne, relict of John Dixon, of Milltown, Dunlavin, Wicklow.

At Louisbourg, Mayo, Mrs. M'Hale, mother of the Rev. Martin M'Hale, Catholic curate.

In Chester, Eliza, relict of William Morgan, of Ravensdale, Kildare.

At Ballynona, county Cork, Ann, daughter of the late William Wigmore.

At Ballyhaise, county Cavan, Catherine, daughter of George Nesbitt.

At Southsea, the Hon. Mrs. Hope, wife of Captain J. Hope, of the Royal Navy, second daughter of the late Lord Kinnaird, and niece of the Duke of Leinster.

At Queenstown, William Crosbie, Manager of the Provincial Bank at Dungarvan, county Waterford.

At Cork, John Castles, nephew of the late John Bennett, solicitor.

At Charlemont terrace, Montgomery, son of the late Dr. Ferguson, Dublin.

In Fethard, William Harden, son of John Harden, and grandson of William Harden Bradshaw, late of Summerville, Clonmel.

Lieut. Col. W. G. Cameron, K. H., J. P., late of the Grenadier Guards.

In London, Jane, wife of the Rev. J. R. Moore, of Newcastle, county Down.

At Blackheath, John May, aged 81 years.

Athlone Barracks, Denis Devlin, aged 54 years.

At Bates Villa, Upper Rathmines, Clara, Daughter of Thomas Bennett, 75 Grafton st.

At Avoca avenue, Blackrock, Amelia Anne, the wife of Samuel Page, of Dame street.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

LESSEE AND MANAGER, **Mr. John Brougham,** will open for the season, entirely renovated and re-organized,

ON MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 30.

THE STOCK COMPANY

will be composed of the following actors and actresses:

Mr. Brougham,
Mr. Charles Fisher,
Mr. Canoll,
Mr. Whiting,
Mr. Bellamy,
Mr. J. Dunn,
Mr. J. Seymour,
Mr. Grosvenor,
Mr. B. Yates,
Mr. Lingard,
Mr. Haviland,
Mr. T. Price,
Mr. Carpenter,
Mr. Oliver,
Madame Ponisi, Mr. Denham.
Mrs. Brougham,
Miss Kate Reignolds,
Miss Emma Taylor,
Miss M. Partington,
Miss Emma Reignolds,
Miss K. Partington,
Mrs. James Seymour,
Miss Kate Duckworth,
Miss S. Partington,
Mrs. Lingard.
Miss Macdonald.

Together with others not yet engaged.

Scenic Artists.....Messrs. Hyllyard and Culbert
assisted by Mr. Gaspard and Maeder.
Leader of Orchestra.....Mr. Charles Dodworth
Prompter.....Mr. T. Price
Machinest.....Mr. W. Demilt
Costumiers.....Mr. Williams and Assistants
Properties, by.....Mr. T. Campbell and Assistants
Captain of Supernumeraries.....Mr. Post
Treasurer.....Mr. T. S. Murphy
Superintendent of Box Office.....Mr. S. Miles

KELLER'S EMPIRE HALL,
596 BROADWAY,
TWO DOORS ABOVE THE METROPOLITAN HOTEL.
GREAT ATTRACTION — TABLEAUX SOIREES.
First week of the Great Magician,
SIGNOR ADONIS.
Second week of
MADAME LOVARNY AND F. STOEPEL.
Performance at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents.

Extra Advertisement.
KELLER'S EMPIRE HALL, 596 BROADWAY.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 25TH.
COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO MADAME KELLER.
See Programme.

Mrs. Luby's Academy for Dancing, Deportment, and the Calisthenic exercises, 275 Bleeker street. A Private Class for the above exercises has been formed, and will continue to meet during the month of June, on Wednesday evenings, from 8 to 10 o'clock. Mrs. Luby gives lessons on the Piano Forte, and in the French language. 2tJun2

S. CAHILL'S
BOOT AND SHOE STORE,
NO. 377 BROADWAY,
(One door below White street), New York.

S. CAHILL respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that, having made an extensive addition to his Store, for the better accommodation of his customers, he has now the largest and most extensive Boot and Shoe Store in the world, and is prepared to exhibit the most extensive assortment of

LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S, GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS, AND YOUTH'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

His facilities for manufacturing on an extensive scale, together with his superb assortment of French Boots and Shoes, received direct from Paris by every steamer, enable him to sell a much better article at much lower prices than can be purchased at any other house in the city. Boots and Shoes of all descriptions made to measure at the shortest notice. je28 3mos

Monday, June 16th, and during the week—

HEAD-QUARTERS OF
BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS!
AT RODGER'S, 340 BOWERY,
Between Bond and Great Jones Streets.

CONSISTING of an elegant assortment of Embroidery and Lace Goods, Barages, Lawns, and Barage-Delaines. With a splendid assortment of Stella Shawls, and the latest styles of Mantillas.

Ladies, bear in mind, we always carry out the adage, that *"the nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling!"* 1m Jun7

Important to the Ladies.
GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH.
FOR the dressing of Laces and all descriptions of fine goods. This celebrated starch is unrivalled.
ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE.
For sale by all respectable druggists and grocers.
3m28ju ROBERT HOSIE, 8 Pine Street, New-York,
Sole Agent for the United States.

WILLARD, FELT & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,
AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,
NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,
3mos (near Broadway.)

Continental Military Establishment.
J. PARKS,
195 FULTON, BELOW DUTCH, N.Y.
Hats, Caps, Ornaments, &c., made to order. 3m28ju

THOMAS BRENNAN,
DRAPER AND TAILOR,
CANAL STREET, ONE DOOR FROM BOWERY, WEST SIDE.
NEW-YORK.
☞ I am prepared to serve my customers with the newest styles, and at the most reasonable rates. y28je

SHIRT IRONERS.
500 Wanted,
AT THE
BROADWAY STEAM LAUNDRY
je28 4t CORNER OF CANAL STREET, NEW-YORK.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer Arago, will close at this office on Saturday, the 28th day of June, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.
my17 **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster

Fireworks.

FIREWORKS!

THE only Depot and Agency in this city for *RELIABLE FIREWORKS*, is at No. 83 LIBERTY STREET, corner Broadway. The assortment (as per sample) comprises a great variety of new designs in *Exhibitional Pieces*, of the most brilliant colored fires, together with SMALL FIREWORKS of every description. Our patrons, also Committees for City and Country Displays, supplied on the most reasonable terms, by applying direct to **Glenn Putnam**, Agent for Edge's Exhibitional Fireworks, at 83 Liberty street, New-York. je21 3t

HANNA & BEEBE,
COMMISSION PAPER WAREHOUSE,
No. 27 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW-YORK,

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PAPER SUCH AS Book, Printing, Flat-cap, Folio, Glazed, colored, (sized and unsized,) Druggists' Hardware, Envelope, Manilla, Palm-leaf, Straw and Shipping, Papers Straw Boards, Box Boards, &c., &c., &c.
ALSO—Cop Waste for Steamboats and Railroad Engines.
They offer to Manufacturers at the lowest market prices,
Rags, Bleaching Powders, Soda Ash, Alum, Rosin, China Clay, Oil Vitriol, O Feltings, Twines, Wire Cloth, Leather belting.
☞ LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE UPON all CONSIGNMENTS.
Agents for Hanna, Carpenter & Abbott's **Chandlerswick.**
ap19 3m*

Gould's Eating Saloon—THE BEST AND CHEAPEST EATING-HOUSE in New-York.—"*Strawberries Smothered in Cream.*"—Can anything be more delicious than a "dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream?" particularly if you drop in at Gould's Saloon, No. 144 Fulton street, and enjoy it in perfection. The berries served here are perfect pictures, large, and of the most tempting lusciousness, and the lacteal accompaniment is none of your sky-blue apology for milk, but the pure article, fresh, thick and creamy. Mr. Gould has one of the best dining places in the city; he serves up daily everything in season, in the cleanest and nicest style. je21 4t

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. THE AMBROTYPE.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. As these representations proceed from those who are debarred by the provisions of the patent from making the Ambrotype, they are not worthy of consideration. Mr. **BRADY**, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. Three months have sufficed to demonstrate their superiority, and the great demand for them at his gallery interprets the good will evidenced by his cotemporaries in their assaults upon the "Glass Pictures." 3m28ju

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necessary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.
jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

Interesting from Nicaragua.

A San Juan letter of the 4th, to the *N. O. Delta*, says that the steamer Daniel Webster reached this place on the morning the Minnie Schiffer expedition did, with some additional aid of thirty men for Walker. Both parties were landed at Punta Arenas, the Transit Company's depot, and immediately despatched up to Granada, where they expected to be on the 2d inst.

All the information I have been able to gather about Nicaragua, states everything, as far as military matters are concerned, as being quiet; but in place of the Costa Ricans, sickness prevails to a frightful extent—worst forms of yellow fever and cholera. The applications for relief and assistance made by Walker's men to the American Consul at this place are many. The Consul, Mr. B. Squire Cotterel, is a worthy representative of the glorious republic, and is much esteemed by the people of this quarter. He is, however unable to grant any assistance to the suffering objects of the United States now at Greytown.

From all I can ascertain, Walker is not now in need of more fighting men; it is the sinews of war which he really wants—the dollars. If the New Orleans committee could manage to effect a shipment of dollars, it would have a very salutary effect, and aid the Nicaraguan Government in consolidating its affairs. Walker has not been able and is at present unable to provision his suffering army, which has undergone very great trials and hardships during the last two months, so much so, that property has been quite insecure in the country. At Castillo, a claim has just been brought against the government of $15,000, the soldiers having robbed and plundered the stores. Capt. Kelly, in command of Castillo, has been arrested by orders of Walker, and is now at Granada.

The rainy season is just commencing, during which season it is impossible to work in the fields. Emigrants would become dissatisfied and return indifferent accounts home, and thus retard emigration when wanted. Good honest working mechanics and farmers are what Nicaragua stands in need of. Men of industry will do well; loungers had better stay at home, for they will starve in Nicaragua.

Walker has nothing to fear; all reports say he has completed amicable arrangements with all the other States. He will leave the Costa Ricans alone till the rainy season has expired, and turn his attention to internal affairs at home.

Col. Parker H. French, I am told, was not even received by Walker on his last visit to Granada from the United States—that he has anything to do with Walker or his government is not believed. Schlessinger is reported to be in Honduras.

Courtland Cushing died at Punta Arenas, on the 24th. He was formerly United States Charge d'Affaires at Equador; he has been agent for the Transit Company for two years at Virgin Bay. The funeral was respectably attended—the American Consul officiating. Present, the British Consul, Mr. Green; Capt. Tarleton, with his officers of the Eurydice, and many respectable citizens. The family of the late Courtland Cushing are at present in the States. The cause of death is attributed to general debility, for which the climate here is so well known.

Col. Kinney is nobody here, and nobody recognizes him; he has no plantation in the neighborhood of Greytown, nor any land or grants of land that I can learn of. It is a mystery to the respectable few how the old gentleman manages to live.

The Iowa emigrants have settled here *pro tem*, till Nicaragua becomes healthier. It is reported that more than one hundred of the California passengers have died at Granada and Castillo. The Costa Ricans are suffering badly from cholera, and a revolution is troubling the country.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 104 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. PATRICK O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILWAY MANTFACTORY.
No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.
Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.
jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

Business Directory.

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.
The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,
No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,
AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.
The largest assortment of
Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,
AND
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
of all Kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,
WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.
possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,
SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.
(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**
OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.
A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.
One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.
☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durab l quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

☞ **NOTICE.**
LOVEJOY HOUSE,
NO. 160 GREENWICH ST., NEW-YORK.
(21ju6m) LOVEJOY & FALLON, Proprietors.

Special Notices.

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled, on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.
FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, May 28, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

To the lady readers of this paper.—Ladies, if you wish to get Linen and other Gaiter Boots from 12s. to 20s.; Slipper Ties and Buskins, 1st quality, 8s. to 10s.; second quality, same styles, 6s. and 7s. per pair; boys', misses', and children's Boots & Shoes of all kinds and prices, Patronize
4tjun21 J. B. MILLER & CO., 134 Canal street.

Strawberries and Cherries, Or any other fruit or vegetable, may be effectually preserved in a fresh state for years, by the use of Spratt's Patent Self-Sealing Cans. Full directions for preserving accompany the cans. They are easily opened or closed by the hand with a patent screw attachment, and are guaranteed always to fully answer the purpose represented.
N. B. The Genuine Self-Sealing Can has cast in letters on the cap, "Spratt's Patent." This is mentioned to prevent imposition upon the public, by any spurious or worthless article in imitation. For sale by the proprietors.
2t21ju WELLS & PROVOST, 321 Pearl st., near Franklin Square.

Information Wanted—of MICHAEL CARROLL, and ELLEN CARROLL, otherwise SWEENEY, his wife, late of the town of Galway, Ireland, who left that place in the month of July, 1851, for New-York, and who when last heard from in the month of July, 1853, were residing in New Orleans. Any information of their whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received.
☞ New Orleans papers please copy. je14 1t

Information Wanted—Of MICHAEL BOODEN, a native of the Parish of Urlingford, near Johnstown, County Kilkenny, Ireland, who left his residence in Ireland for New-York last December. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, N. Y., will be thankfully received by his wife.

Information wanted. If Patrick Mara Currier, and Michael Mara, Blacksmith, both supposed to be living in Newark, N. J., will forward their address to the Commissioners of Emigration, New-York, they can hear of their brother, who has recently arrived in this city.

Wanted, A situation as **Engineer,** to run a stationary engine, in any part of this city. Apply to James Casey, 405 Ninth street, opposite the Morgan Iron Works, who will give most satisfactory references.

Information wanted of John Dufly, a native of Castleblaney, county Monaghan, Ireland, by trade a carpenter, who arrived in this city about five years ago, and when last heard from was living at Staten Island. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received by his wife Alice Dufly.

OFFICE of Receiver of Taxes—New City Hall, Park, May 29, 1856.—Public notice is hereby given that there is no such office as Collector of Arrearages on Personal Taxes, and that no person but the undersigned, or HENRY B. VENN, Esq., appointed for that purpose, to be found at this office, is authorized to receive any moneys due for arrears on Personal Taxes.
je7 6t HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

Information Wanted—Of WILLIAM KELLEY, a native of the county Cavan, Ireland, who left this city about three years ago for the State of Pennsylvania. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his sisters, Rosie and Anne Kelley, at No. 15 Rose street, in care of Thomas McManus. je14

Business Notices.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,
118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no meansinferior to their celebrated compounds, while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flavor, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation.

Yours, respectfully,
ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

Mr. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

"Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

RICHARD KAVANAGH,

182 and 184 FEDERAL STREET, BOSTON.

THANKFUL to his numerous patrons for past favors, is desirous of letting them know that he has given up the Grocery and Provision trade, and intends in future to devote his untiring exertions to promote their terrestrial happiness in the shape of good Liquors, Segars, to say nothing of a Free Lunch every day at 11 o'clock. Attached is a very handsome Sitting Room, and a splendid Room for Committee Meetings. my31 4t

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.
Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my3 3m

Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. my24 3m

Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17 3m*

KNOX'S
OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.
DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 3 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dyed and re-finished with great success.
Also ladies and gentlemen's garments, Shawls, &c., &c.
BARRETT, NEPHEW & CO.,
3mos 3 John st., (2 doors from Broadway,) N. Y.

$100,000 WORTH OF NEW GOODS!

FROM AUCTION, at LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY. EGAN & CO. have just purchased an entire new lot of Spring and Summer Dress Silks of all styles and qualities, and will sell them at Low Prices in their New Store. In consequence of Overstock of Goods being Imported, Silks have reduced in value full 30 per cent., and we buying them at the reduced prices, can afford to sell the most desirable styles and qualities lower than those that have purchased when goods were high and scarce. We have no Old Stock—no Damaged Goods—no Bankrupt Sale—none of those Humbugs—but we have good PLAID SILKS from 4s. 6d. to 12s per yard; new and splendid Striped Poplins, from 3s. to 3s. 6d. per yard. A large assortment of Black and Colored Silks. We ask but one price, and sell in dollars and cents. Some of the newest STELLA SHAWLS, from $2 50 to $20. A large and splendid lot of CRAPE SHAWLS, and a general assortment of spring goods. Being the only LINEN HALL in the city, and having a buyer in Belfast, Ireland, we are always supplied with the best qualities of LINEN for Shirting, Sheeting, and Damask Table Cloths, by the cloth or yard. Some splendid Damask and Snow-Drop Napkins at $1 50 per dozen. Ten cases of French Printed Lawns for Dresses, will be opened tomorrow and the following day, from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per yard. Marseilles Quilts from 14s. to $5 each. 4tjun7

REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto IS ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap26 3mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

Analytical and Metallurgical Chemistry and Mining Geology.

DR. ISAIAH DECK,
No. 18 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW-YORK.

MAY be consulted on all subjects relating to Practical Chemistry, Mining- and Metallurgy. Assays of Ores, Analyses of Minerals, and Mining Products in general carefully and expeditiously conducted, and sound opinions delivered upon the most economical methods of working them, based on the latest chemical discoveries. Geological and Mining Surveys undertaken in any part of the world—Dr. DECK having had considerable experience in this branch of his profession. my31 3m

SARAH McFADDEN,
Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,
198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

☞ Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up, for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also, the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y21june

REMOVAL.

McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 86 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the fonndation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shonlder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the pafient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opporiunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

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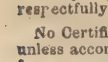
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LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA



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THE magnificent new steamship City of Baltimore, Capt. Leitch, 2,367 tons, 500 horse power, will sail from Philadelphia Thursday, 7th August, and from Liverpool Wednesday, 27 Aug. Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including cooked provisions. Persons wishing to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

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DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

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Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my3 3m

Emigration.

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

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HUGH KELLY,
} Vice-Presidents.

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REMITTANCES TO

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STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19 1y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

DRAFTS FOR £1 AND UPWARDS,

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(Expressly authorised by the Bank,)

FOR SALE AT THE BANKING HOUSE OF JOHN B. MURRAY,

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PERSONS wishing to send money to their friends in Europe, can remit it as above, by letter, *post-paid*, and upon receipt, a draft on the Royal Bank, will be forwarded without charge, to the person designated. 3m*

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THE office of this Society is open from 7 A. M., to 6 P. M., where Emigrants can apply to obtain situations for which they are fitted. Farmers, Mechanics, and others in want of labor, will apply at the office.

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The Society will be thankful for all circumstantial and early information of any fraud, imposition or outrage committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

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BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

NO. 377 BROADWAY,

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S. CAHILL respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that, having made an extensive addition to his Store, for the better accommodation of his customers, he has now the largest and most extensive BOOT AND SHOE STORE in the world, and is prepared to exhibit the most extensive assortment of

LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S, GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS, AND YOUTH'S

BOOTS AND SHOES

EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

His facilities for manufacturing on an extensive scale, together with his superb assortment of FRENCH BOOTS AND SHOES, received direct from Paris by every steamer, enable him to sell a much better article at much lower prices than can be purchased at any other house in the city. BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS MADE TO MEASURE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE. je28 3mos

Monday, June 16th, and during the week—

HEAD-QUARTERS OF

BARGAINS IN DRY GOODS!

AT RODGER'S, 340 BOWERY,

Between Bond and Great Jones Streets.

CONSISTING of an elegant assortment of Embroidery and Lace Goods, Barages, Lawns, and Barage-Delaines. With a splendid assortment of Stella Shawls, and the latest styles of Mantillas.

Ladies, bear in mind, we always carry out the adage, that *"the nimble sixpence is better than the slow shilling"* 1m Jun7

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KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PAPER SUCH AS Book, Printing, Flat-cap, Folio, Glazed, colored, (sized and unsized,) Druggists' Hardware, Envelope, Manilla, Palm-leaf, Straw and Shipping, Papers Straw Boards, Box Boards, &c., &c., &c.

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"They offer to Manufacturers at the lowest market prices," Rags, Bleaching Powders, Soda Ash, Alum, Rosin, China Clay, Oil Vitriol, O Feltings, Twines, Wire Cloth, Leather belting.

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Agents for Hanna, Carpenter & Abbott's **Chandlerswick.**

ap19 3m*

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THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap26 3m

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FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my8 1y

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ON

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In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

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MALE and Female Servants can be promptly suited at the above number, with any situation in the city or country, at good wages, in first-rate families, without delay.

N. B. Employers quickly supplied.

8m may 31 ALEXANDER F. RUNGE, Agent.

Wanted, at 766 Broadway, (near 8th street.) Places procured for conductors, Bookkeepers, Clerks, Salesmen, Firemen, Brakemen, Barkeepers, Porters, Waiters, men on Steamers and Railroads, boys for trades, and girls of every description. 21m 3m

French, English, and German spoken. LOUIS KAUFMAN, Agent.

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COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.

ap19 3m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 682 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19 1y **Thomas Maher.**

European News.

The steamship Anglo-Saxon, from Greenock 13th inst., arrived at Quebec at 4 o'clock 25th ult. She brings dates from London to the 12th and Glasgow to the 13th inst.

The *Daily News* again calls attention to the domestic troubles of America. The *Post*, in a leader on the serious aspect of the internal affairs of the United States, says Kansas is but the field in which the great American question of Slavery is to be debated, most probably in arms; and so thoroughly is the vital character of the crisis understood in America, that there are many who hold that the postponement of the contest would be cheaply purchased by a foreign war as its only means of uniting the jarring States once more under the same banner. The *Times* says: "There is unfortunately no longer any doubt that Mr. Crampton is to be dismissed, and though the exact news of his dismissal has not yet reached us, we may certainly expect to receive information to that effect by the next arrival. At the same time that our Minister is dismissed, the exequator will be withdrawn from three Consuls, whom the American Government consider guilty of violation of their municipal law." Of the correctness of this intelligence the *Times* did not pretend to express any doubt.

The American Government's intimation of its intention, it says, is accompanied by the most profuse assurance of good-will and respect toward Great Britain. Mr. Dallas, the *Times* is assured, is armed with the fullest powers to negotiate and finally settle the disputes connected with the Central American question; and if unable to come to an agreement, the contracting parties are empowered, without further reference to America, to refer the question to the arbitration of some impartial third person, to be selected by mutual concurrence.

"As regards our retaining Mr. Dallas," says the *Times*, "that question should rest entirely upon the guilt or innocence of Mr. Crampton. If the latter be innocent, Mr. Dallas ought not to remain, and if he be guilty, no false pride should prevent us from acquiescing in his expulsion."

The *Times* correspondent writes from Paris that the French army will be further reduced 20,000 men.

There has been a Ministerial crisis in Holland, and the Premier, Vanhell, has resigned.

The American Minister had an interview with Lord Clarendon at the Foreign office on Wednesday.

In the House of Commons on Thursday, Mr. Disraeli said, if the Government did not go on with the army estimates, they might expect a discussion on our relations with the United States. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in reply said, he would fix on Monday, if there was no objection, for discussion on the army estimates.

The British in Central America.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN GREAT BRITAIN AND COSTA RICA ON THE INVASION OF WALKER.

The correspondence which has passed since December, 1854, between the British Government and the late Mr. Wallerstein, the Consul-General in London for Guatemala and Costa Rica, has just been laid before Parliament.

The earliest letter is one of the 9th December, 1854, in which he asks to be allowed to purchase two brass howitzers for the Republic of Guatemala, encouraged to do so, he says, by the courtesy and ready attentions he had received on a previous occasion, in a similar application on behalf of Costa Rica. The reply is that her Majesty's Government have no objection. This was at the end of 1824.

A clear twelvemonth afterwards—on the 22d December, 1855—there is a long letter from Mr. Wallerstein to the Earl of Clarendon, in which he explains the position of affairs in Central America, and the urgent need of British intervention to protect the Republic of Costa Rica against the aggressions of a band of "foreigners, by birth, habits and feelings, evidently actuated by projects of plunder, headed by a citizen of the United States, of the name of Walker, who had just been repulsed in a daring fillibustering attempt on the Mexican Province of Sonora." He observes, that looking at the important position of the Central American Isthmus between the two oceans, Great Britain, with her vast and distant possessions in the Pacific, must be interested, perhaps, more than any other State in upholding the integrity of the States of Central America, the importance of which, to her, must be little, if at all, inferior to that of Turkey, in a political as well as commercial view. He then says:

"The British Government appears, indeed, to have been always alive to any attempt of any foreign Power to subvert the independence of the Sandwich Islands, while it has maintained and guarded with care its small settlement of Belize—thus testifying that it looks beyond the mere requirements of the hour. The treaty concluded between Great Britain and the United States in 1851 contains a further proof of this foresight and intelligence. That treaty was hailed by the States of Central America, and by no one of them more than by Costa Rica, as a security for their independence, and an encouragement for that peaceful industry which they had begun to cultivate. The State of Nicaragua alone, which had been long disturbed by foreign counsels and intestine struggles, formed a sad exception in this respect; but it has already discovered its mistaken policy, and is now paying for it; its dissensions have had the misfortune to introduce into the country a band of adventurers, who have usurped the power and authority of the Government of that Republic."

He then asserts that Walker's band are *bona fide* now all that exists of a Government of Nicaragua; and it is greatly to be apprehended that the consequence of this usurpation of the Government of Nicaragua will be that questions of Territory which have been in dispute between Costa Rica and Nicaragua will be again revived and hostilely pursued in order to follow the designs of this band. The possession of one of the Central American States by these adventurers will therefore, in all probability, be speedily followed by an aggression upon another of them." He refers to the proceedings of Kinney at San Juan del Norte or Greytown, and his pretended claim to an extensive tract of country belonging to Costa Rica. He says these parties are obviously acting in concert for the purposes of spoliation, and that Costa Rica "has the greater cause to fear, because, as it has cautiously abstained from such appeals to the Government and people of the United States as have been made by some of the Republics of Central America, it has been regarded with more or less hostile feeling by the United States, and has been accused of being partially disposed towards the Government and interests of Great Britain." He states that Costa Rica, on its mountain fastnesses, can repel any invader, but that "its sea coast is exposed to marauding expeditions, which may at any time be expected, and to which it can oppose no adequate naval resistance." He urges that such a band of lawless adventurers, as that led by Walker, "acting under no government, and under no recognized flag, having no character to sustain, seeking no other pretext for an attack than the defenceless state of the object of it," is the enemy of all nations, because its violence is opposed to every principle of public law. He, therefore, makes an earnest appeal to the British Government to adopt effectual measures for the protection of youthful and comparatively weak countries against this intolerable system of aggression. He reminds Lord Clarendon that the port of Punta Arenas contains much British merchandise and shipping, and that Costa Rica was connected with Britain by a treaty of commerce in 1849.

A week later, on the 29th December last, this letter is followed by the Consul presenting to Lord Clarendon a letter of equal length, and of the same purport, dated San Jose, Nov. 8, from Don J. B. Calvo, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Costa Rica. He describes in very declamatory language, the outrages of General Walker's "band of freebooters," and the terror which they have spread; he states that the President of Costa Rica, though confident of its internal defences, has great fears for the town and harbor of Punta Arenas, and he only asks that a single English or French ship of war may be stationed there to prevent any fillibustering attack. He expresses the willingness of Costa Rica to make a grateful return for that service, at whatever sacrifices in its revenues or commercial relations. A similar letter to this was at the same time addressed by Costa Rica to the Emperor of the French.

On the 12th of January, Mr. Wallerstein writes to the Earl of Clarendon, having had an interview with him in the meantime; he dwells much on the internal improvement of Costa Rica, as mainly effected by British capital, and solicits the aid of a British ship-of-war to protect it, while he also asks sympathy for the people of Costa Rica. On the 22d of January, Mr. Hammond replies from the Foreign Office, "that instructions will be given to the Admiral on the Pacific station to cause the coast of Costa Rica to be visited by her Majesty's cruisers, for the protection of British interests."

On the 4th of February, Mr. Wallerstein expresses his hope "that the interests of Costa Rica will be included in this protection; and he informs Lord Clarendon that the fillibusters "have been in effect, if not astensibly, aided by a ship of war of the United States in the port of Greytown, and that they are, therefore, directly or indirectly, countenanced in the territory of Nicaragua by the United States Government." We find no reply to this letter.

The remainder of the correspondence is about a request made in January to be allowed to purchase two brass mortars at Woolwich, for Guatemala, and 2,000 muskets for Costa Rica. This the British Government consented to, but a note appended to this paper states that neither of these articles have yet been issued from her Majesty's stores.

Conspiracy to Assassinate the Queen of Spain.

The following are some details of the affair given by the *Diario*:

"A man named Rendondo Marauez organized a secret society three months ago, and a young carpenter was drawn into it. It having been resolved to kill the Queen, this young man was designated by lot to do the deed, and he was told that if he fired on her Majesty a sum of 2,000 piastres should be given to him, and that if he failed to do so he should be certainly put to death by his fellow conspirators. On the 28th ult., at the moment at which the carriage of the Princess of the Asturious approached the Calli del Arenal, a young man named Fuentes drew a pistol from his pocket, but a police agent seized his arm and prevented him from discharging the weapon. On being interrogated, he made known the facts above related. Just after his arrest, Rendondo Marquez went to the Palace, on pretext of making revelations respecting the conspiracy. No arms have been found in any house of the Calli del Arenal. Marquez is a native of Almadenejos, in the Province of Ciudad Real. His political opinions have always been Carlist. He is a bold, enterprising man, and has been imprisoned for forgery."

The following are some details of the affair given by the *Nacion*:

"The military precautions which were taken on the 26th ult., on the occasion of the visit of the Queen to the Theatre del Principe, and which have given rise to a good deal of conversation, were, it appears, caused by the discovery of a plot to destroy the Queen in the Calli del Arenal, near the Calli de la Duda, as her Majesty was returning from the theatre. The government received the information on the previous day by means of an anonymous letter sent through the post. Some suggestions were given in it for baffling the conspiracy. The government afterwards learned that another attempt was to be made on the 29th, and it took some new precautions. What is curious is, that the anonymous letter was written by the very man who was to have fired on the Queen with a pistol. He is a young married workman, named Fuentes. It results from his declarations, and from those of other persons who have been arrested, and who, like him, belong to the lower classes, that the chief of the conspiracy was an officer of the National Guard, named Rendondo Marquez, well known in the capital. This man has hitherto escaped capture, though it is said that he is secreted at Madrid. Amongst his papers were found written permissions to enter the palace and speak to the Queen; he, it appears, obtained them by pretending that he was in a position to make disclosures respecting dark plots against the Queen."

The Inundations in France.

The *Journal de l'Indre et Loire* gives the following description of Tours on the day of the inundation:—The Rue Royal presents the appearance of a canal, and boats are plying on it incessantly, carrying relief to the unfortunate inhabitants who either would not or could not quit their houses. The Mail is like a torrent, and all sorts of things brought down by the Loire and the Cher are floating about it. The ornamental trees on it have been torn up. The railway station, the centre of the commercial activity of the town, is still surrounded with water, as high as the windows. In the garden of the Prefecture opposite nothing is to be seen but the tops of the trees; the walls of the garden are thrown down. The Rues de Paris, de Bordeaux, and du Rempart, built on the old ramparts of the city, are under water. At every step we take we see the ravages of the waters, and from the Route de Grammont we perceive in all their horror the effects of the catastrophe in the adjacent country. As far as the eye can reach there is water. The inundations were not able to surmount the obstacle caused by the Route de Bordeaux, but they rose to a great height, and they were strewed with articles of furniture, clothing, and woodwork. The Pont de l'Archeveque threatens to fall in; the viaduct of the railway to Nantes, beaten with great fury by the waters, has been thrown down. Wherever the eye rests, it sees farms submerged, houses that cannot be inhabited for a long time to come, even if they can ever be inhabited again, and on the heights thousands of victims grouped together without shelter and without food. Even the dark and narrow streets of the old city, occupied by the lower classes, have not escaped. From the Rue Borgne to the commune of La Riche, from the Champ de Mars to the Mail, and from the Place d'Aumount to Saint Sauveur, is an immense lake, reaching in height to the first story of the houses. Such is the state of our city after five days of mortal anxiety and indescribable calamities!

The accounts from Saumur of the ravages committed by the Loire and the Authion are even more distressing than those previously received. The pupils of the cavalry school of that place gave a fine example of courage and devotedness. They plunged into the water with their horses, they saved many invalids and infirm persons from certain death, and compelled the inhabitants to leave their dwellings. The clergy likewise displayed considerable energy, and effected much in combating the strange determination of the people to remain in their houses. A young curate swam to a man who was clinging to a tree, and succeeded in landing him in safety.

From Lyons we learn that as the waters recede numerous bodies are discovered, all in a state of decomposition. Workmen are employed in building wooden huts on the Place St. Pothin for the reception of the persons who are without homes. The Directors of the Mediterranean Railway have placed a number of railway carriages at the disposal of the authorities for the temporary accommodation of the houseless. When the Emperor came to Lyons he gave 1,000f. to be divided among the engine-drivers and other employees of the train. That sum has been generously given by these men to the subscription opened at Lyons for the sufferers. A letter from Arles states that the extent of the country inundated in that neighborhood is at least twenty leagues. Although the waters are going gradually down, guns are still frequently heard in different parts round, as signals of distress from the inhabitants of the inundated houses. Boats are moving about in all directions to render assistance.

By the Asia.

By the British and North American mail steamer Asia, we have dates from Liverpool, London, and by telegraph, from Paris and other parts of the continent of Europe to the 14th instant, including various commercial reports to the close of the markets on that day.

Although the Anglo-American question still occupies a large share of public attention, commercial men seem to have not much fear of any real disturbance of relations between England and the United States. Mr. Dallas, it is understood, will not be dismissed, even should Mr. Crampton be so. Such, at least, is the rumor which our correspondent repeats from Liverpool and Manchester, although it is not confirmed by the conversation which took place in Parliament on the evening preceding the steamer's departure, when Lords Clarendon and Palmerston gave the country to understand that the government had not come to a decision whether Mr. Dallas shall be dismissed or not.

Meantime the government presses continue to stir up excitement, especially the London *Morning Post* and London *Times*, both of which in language studiously offensive and irritating, demand the dismissal of Mr. Dallas and the application of force to the United States. On the other hand the obstinacy of the government is awakening the attention of the country to the terrible consequences which a war with America would produce, and as Manchester is moving in the matter, and the conservative party seem particularly interested, it is hoped the result will be not war, but the overthrow of the Palmerston administration, for it cannot be overlooked that—while the organs of the British government continue to reiterate that the excitement is kept up by President Pierce and his cabinent for private ends—the excitement in England is mainly attributable to the necessity that exists for the Palmerston party to have some rallying-cry to keep themselves in power.

The anxiety which is felt may be best ascertained from the tone of the inquiries in Parliament, made on Friday evening the 13th. The position of affairs is there spoken of as critical, and Lord John Russell has given notice of a special motion of inquiry on the subject for Monday the 16th.

A peace address to the people of the United States was placed for signature in the Manchester Exchange and received eight thousand signatures in a few hours.

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND IN PARLIAMENT—LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S MOTION OF INQUIRY.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—Friday, June 13.

The Earl of Derby said that, under present circumstances, he would abstain from making any observations upon the subject of the relations between this country and the United States; but in consequence of the intelligence which, it was understood, had reached Her Majesty's government, he felt it his duty to ask the Foreign Secretary whether the American Minister in this country had communicated to Her Majesty's government the intention of the government of the United States to suspend diplomatic intercourse with the British minister at Washington, and to withdraw the exequatur from Her Majesty's Consuls at Cincinnati, New-York and Philadelphia. He also wished to know whether Her Majesty's government were now in a position to state to Parliament what course they intended to pursue under these circumstances; and, further, if the several despatches from the American government would be laid on the table.

The Earl of Clarendon said that the day before yesterday Mr. Dallas called upon him and read to him a despatch from Mr. Marcy, on the part of the United States government, in which it was stated that the explanations of the British government on the recruiting question were perfectly satisfactory. The American government were satisfied that the British government had given no instructions, and that they had no intention of doing so, to violate the laws of the United States; but that, so far as related to the proceedings of Mr. Crampton and the proceedings of the Consuls, the explanation which had been offered were not sufficiently satisfactory.

The American government had, therefore, resolved upon sending Mr. Crampton his passports, and also upon withdrawing the Exequatur of the Consuls. Her Majesty's government had not yet had an opportunity of arriving at a conclusion as to the course they should adopt; but as soon as they had, it should be communicated to Parliament, and the despatches, a copy of which Mr. Dallas had left with him, should be laid on the table; he thought it his duty also to state that Mr. Dallas had read to him another despatch in which the question of Central America was treated. On that subject the American government considered that there were some parts of the question which might, with advantage, be made the subject of arbitration; but upon the whole they thought that the entire question

could be settled by direct negotiations between the two governments.

House of Commons, Friday, June 13.—Mr. Disraeli wished to ask Lord Palmerston whether information had reached her Majesty's government that diplomatic relations between our minister at Washington and the United States government had ceased; and secondly, whether the noble lord had also learned that the exequator had been withdrawn from several of her Majesty's consuls in the United States; and if this information were true, whether the noble lord could inform the House what course government was disposed to take under these circumstances?

Lord Palmerston stated that Lord Clarendon received, late on Wednesday evening, a dispatch from Mr. Dallas, which contained two dispatches addressed to Mr. Dallas by Mr. Marcy, Foreign Minister of the United States; one related to the Recruiting question, and the other to the Central American question. It resulted from these dispatches, that the United States government, though perfectly satisfied with the explanations contained in Lord Clarendon's last dispatch, as regarded the course pursued by her Majesty's government in the matter, and although Mr. Marcy deemed the explanation a perfect settlement of the question, as far as her Majesty's government were concerned, yet, nevertheless, for reasons which were alleged, that the United States government were not equally satisfied with regard to the course pursued by her Majesty's Minister at Washington; and they had, therefore, requested Mr. Dallas to communicate to her Majesty's government their intention to deliver passports to Mr. Crampton, and to withdraw their exequator from the three Consuls at Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York, who were engaged in the enlistment transaction. With regard to the course the government might think it right to take in a matter of such consequence, he need scarcely assure the House that, until the government had had an opportunity of fully considering all the circumstances, he could not answer the questions put to him by the right hon. gentleman.

Mr. Baillie said, that, as he had given notice of a motion on the enlistment question, he wished to know whether the noble lord would lay on the table the dispatch sent by Mr. Marcy. Unless that was done, he should deem it his duty to bring on the question on Monday.

Lord Palmerston said government desired to give all the correspondence that could be fairly produced; and the hon. gentleman might take his choice whether he would bring on the question on Monday or Friday next.

Mr. Gibson said he understood the noble lord to say that Mr. Dallas had made a communication to Lord Clarendon, with regard to the Central American question, as well as that relating to the recruiting question. He now wished to know whether in that communication, an answer was given to the proposal to submit the Central American question to arbitration?

Lord Palmerston said it would require time to enter into a long detail to give explanations upon that point; but he might say, that the general tenor of the communication was, that the United States government were of opinion that the question would be better settled by direct negotiation between the two governments.

Mr. Gibson inquired whether, in case direct negotiations failed, the American government refused arbitration?

Lord Palmerston replied that there was no refusal of arbitration.

Mr. Disraeli expressed a hope that the noble lord would place the dispatch upon the table before the debate upon Mr. Baillie's motion took place.

Lord Palmerston replied that that would depend upon the manner in which the government might reply to it. The subject then dropped.

At a subsequent period of the evening, Lord John Russell said he wished to make a few observations with reference to the statement of Lord Palmerston on the American question. It appeared that her Majesty's Minister at Washington had been furnished with his passports, and desired to leave the United States, and that Mr. Dallas, the American Minister at the Court of St. James, had been furnished with certain instructions with respect to the Central American question to the effect that negotiations between the two governments were desirable, and that if necessary, arbitration should be resorted to.

He (Lord J. Russell) did not at all wish to find fault with his noble friend the First Lord of the Treasury for not giving further information to the house on this subject, but he did feel that we had arrived at a most critical state of affairs, and he thought that the house ought to have further information. He intended, on Monday next, when the Army Estimates came before the house, to ask Lord Palmerston to furnish the house with some information as to the course which her Majesty's government intended to pursue on the American question. It was not desirable that any discussion should take place in that house upon the subject, and he could not but regret that whilst the house had been silent upon it, it had been taken up by some of the newspapers, in which had appeared articles calculated to make an impression highly unfavorable to the continuance of peace between England and America (hear, hear). He was persuaded that that house and the whole nation earnestly desired the continuance of that peace (loud cheers). He thought it was desirable that his noble friend should state at an early opportunity what were the views of her Majesty's government upon the subject, and he should therefore on Monday next, before the house went into Committee of Supply upon the Army Estimates, ask his noble friend what was the course which her Majesty's Government intended to pursue with regard to Mr. Dallas, the American minister, at this court, and whether the Government intend to enter into the negotiations proposed by the American Government.

Miscellaneous Foreign News.

The universal excitement in Italy continues. Austria is taking measures of precaution. For example, single sentinels are no longer posted at different points of the towns—they are concentrated in the Corps de Guarde, in order to protect them from the knife, the only weapon left to the Lombards, they are placed behind gates of iron. In the mornings the police has much ado to remove from the walls inscriptions in honor of Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, and appeals to the Piedmontese.

Lola Montes whipped by a Woman.—The *Ballarat Times* of March 3, contains an account of a whipping at length administered to this terrible whipper by one of her own sex. Lola Montes was engaged to perform at the Ballarat Theatre for Mr. Crosby. She quarreled with him about accounts, abused him, and was then set on by his wife. Mrs. Crosby broke a whip on her opponent, then seized Madam by the hair—the rest may be imagined. The *Ballarat Times* says that Lola Montes will not be able to appear for a long time on the stage.

Honduras.—In the year 1853 the total amount of the exports from Honduras to Great Britain, the United States and other countries, was £345,377. In 1854, the total amount was £452,313, In 1853, the total amount of outward ships was 23,936 tons. In 1854, it was 27,803 tons. The number of men employed in the former year was 990; in the latter, 1,132. In 1854, the total amount of the imports was £2,417,642. The inward ships in that year from Great Britain, the United States and other countries amounted to 31,124 tons, and the number of men employed was 1,259.

We read in the Brussels *Independance*, "Russia, taking into consideration the daily increasing importance of its relations with China, has determined—the Court of Pekin having given its consent—to appoint a *Charge d'Affaires* at the Government of the Celestial Empire, in the place of a simple Consul at Canton. Baron Solvinski, a celebrated Chinese scholar, has been chosen for this post. He will reside one part of the year at Macao, and the other at Canton."

Mr. Dillon, French Consul at San-Francisco, has been named Consul-General at Port-au-Prince. A Paris letter asserts that he has received instructions to intimate that France will not permit Soulouque to invade the Dominicans.

The rumor of a new French loan is contradicted in the *Moniteur*.

The Emperor Alexander has arrived at Riga.

English News.

Execution of William Palmer.—During the whole of yesterday, says the *European Times*, 14th ult., the railway trains poured in their thousands of souls who were this morning to be spectators of the dreadful tragedy, which was at so early an hour to be enacted. They were not to be deterred from witnessing the execution either by wind or weather, and although the rain descended pitilessly the greater part of the day, accompanied by convulsive gusts of wind, there was no lack of eagerness displayed to be present on the mournful occasion. The elements lent a melancholy air to the intended proceedings, and the pervading gloom was only relieved by the commotion of the visitors, who were endeavoring to secure favorable spots of observation.

As night came on, all the approaches to the jail became more crowded than during the afternoon, and up to the dawn of this morning there was no abatement of the interest manifested all day. Here they remained in the mud, rain, and in darknes for several hours; once a position taken it was retained most obstinately, and by eight o'clock this morning there were not less than 20,000 persons present, who exhibited the utmost decorum and regularity. Every available inch of ground was occupied both in front and around the jail. Precisely at the hour appointed for the execution (eight o'clock) the culprit appeared on the drop. He looked exceedingly well, and had passed an excellent night.

It had been announced that he would address the multitude on the scaffold, and considerable anxiety was apparent as to the tenor of his observations. He did not, however, say anything. He was accompanied by the sheriff, chaplain, and the other officials connected with the prison; was dressed in the prison dress—a suit of grey. None of his relatives were present, but many of his friends of the turf were witnesses to the sad spectacle. Upon the unfortunate man's appearance, the cap was placed over his face by Smith, of Dudley, who performed the duties of executioner, and the rope having been adjusted, in an instant the earthly career of the greatest criminal recorded in the annals of history was at an end. He made no confession; even yesterday he desired that the visits of Mr. Wright, the prison philanthropist, should be discontinued, it being alleged that he did not desire to be induced to disclose the truth of the offence with which he was charged. As Palmer is now numbered with the dead, his name, as associated with crime of the deepest dye, will be spoken of and shuddered at for centuries to come.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

The following may or may not have reference to the American disputes, but it is generally regarded as a demonstration against the United States:—The ships-of-war Nile, 91 guns, Captain Mundy; Shannon, 51, new screw frigate; Plyades, 21, Capt. d'Eyncourt, and Cossack, 21, Capt. Fanshawe, have been telegraphed to prepare with all possible despatch for foreign service—destination supposed to be a rendezvous on the coast of America. All the commanders of the gunboats at Portsmouth were also called to the Port Admiral's, it was rumored, to receive instructions for active service at telegraphic notice. When these vessels sail there will be upon, or on their way to, the North American and West India station the following fleet: Nile 91, Powerful 84, Boscowen 70 (flag), Imeuna 72, Pembroke 60, Cornwallis 60, Euryalus 51, Amphion 34, Vestal 26, Erudyce 26, Termagant 24, Cossack 21, Pylades 21, Arachne 18, Malacca 17, Falcon 17, Archea 15, Mariner 12, Espiegle 12, Arab 12, Daring 12, Buzzard 6, Argus 6, Scorpion 6, Hermes 6. The 12-gun sloops are fitted with the new "long 32's," and the 6-gun steamers' guns are all of the new long range. If the gun-boats be taken into account, about 80 of the new guns may be added to the computation. The light squadron of despatch-steamers and gun-boats, under the command of Capt. Watson, in the Imperieuse, of 51 guns, and comprising of the first-named class the Wanderer, the Victor, the Ringdove, the Lapwing, the Pioneer, and of the Intrepid; and of the second named the Starling, the James, the Beaver, and the Drake arrived at Falmouth on Sunday, to fill up with coal and provisions, in conseof a telegraph from the Admiralty to that effect."

The citizens of Ramsgate, of which place Colonel Lake (of Kars) is a native, have subscribed to purchase for him a sword of honor.

The Lord Mayor of London has called a public meeting to raise subscriptions for the sufferers from the floods in France.

Capt. Thompson, one of the defenders of Kars, has died from the effects of his wounds and privations.

Richard L. Swift, British Consul at Buffalo, is appointed to the same office at Riga.

A few Thursdays back two men were seriously injured at the shaft now being sunk by the Marquis of Downshire, near Carrickfergus. The gearing having got out of order a bucket which was being lowered broke from its fastening, and descending with fearful rapidity fell upon two of the workmen who were employed at the bottom of the shaft. One of the men had his head frightfully cut, several of his ribs broken, and one of his hands pierced through with a pike; the other had his head cut, and his body seriously bruised.

American News.

The Chicago *Press* says: that five years ago a considerable number of French Canadians from the vicinity of Montreal, came into the State of Illinois and settled upon lands near the Kankakee river, in a town now called St. Anna. This enterprise was opposed by the Canadian priesthood and land-owners, but was vigorously sustained and carried through to a successful issue by Rev. Father Chiniquy, well known as the Father Matthew of Canada. From a gentleman who has recently visited that interesting colony of French settlers we learn that there are now at St. Anna about five hundred families that came from Lower Canada within a few years past, all of whom have risen from extreme poverty to ease and competence, and in some instances to wealth. It was doubtful whether the generally apparent and real prosperity that has attended the French Canadian colony at St. Anna, in Kankakee county, has a parallel in the history of any part of the continent. Men who came into the State extremely poor within the past five or six years are now worth from two to ten thousand dollars each and look with pity on others who persist in the unprofitable and unremunerative occupation and cultivation of land under the Seignorial Tenure in Canada, or lands elsewhere that require the labor of a life-time to prepare for *farming*

A fellow was arrested in Syracuse on a charge of vagrancy, when he unburdened himself of the following budget, the latter part of which contains much more truth than poetry, and is applicable to cases occurring in many places beside Syracuse: I am not a vagrant, your honor; far from it, sir. I am a gambler, and obtain my living that way; do you not remember, sir, the answer made by the pirate to Alexander, when he asked by what right he infested the seas? His answer was, "by the same right that you conquered the world, but," said he, "I am called a robber because I command one small vessel, and you a conqueror, because you command large fleets and armies." It is just so with me, your honor; I am a gambler in a small way, and you call me a vagrant. Mr. B——, Mr. G——, and Mr. P——, can buck against a faro bank, and bet their fifties and their hundreds, and you let them pass for gentlemen. I have no more to say. I can get no bail. I am willing to go up.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*, speaking of Iowa City, the capital of the State of Iowa, gives some interesting facts. It has advanced in the course of three years from a small scattering village to the dignity of a Western "city," and now boasts7,000 inhabitants. As by act of the Legislature, the capital is to be transferred to Desmoines, the Capitol building is to be enlarged and used for the purpose of the State University, which has an endowment of $200,000. The city has several steam-mills, and is thriving at a wonderful rate. Mechanics are not in so great demand in that vicinity as farmers who have the capital to pay for their land, and the skill to make it productive. Educational privileges are excellent.

A letter dated Christy's Prairie, Ind., June 21, says: We have the severest drouth ever known here at this season of the year. Corn, grass, oats, and most kinds of vegetation, are withering for want of rain. This is not the case everywhere, however. In some places, not far from us, there have been heavy showers recently. In others there has been very little rain since December last. Another letter, dated at Peru, Champaigne County, Ill., on the Central Railroad, June 20, says: A very severe drouth is prevailing at this point at the present time. Both Winter and Spring wheat look most miserably, and, unless rain falls shortly, cannot yield more than one-fourth of a crop. Oats ditto. Corn has not come up well. Sod corn plowed in late did not come up at all. Where it was planted in old ground early it looks better than could be expected. The farmers have at least half of a crop of old corn on hand.

A great deal of complaint is made in regard to exorbitant prices which were charged by the Cincinnati hotels, hackmen, &c., to the delegates to the recent Democratic Convention. The Rochester Union thus speaks of the charges at the Burnet House:—

"We hear of gentlemen being charged $5 a day for board, though even at that price they could not get single rooms. Bills were made out in gross—and the sums were stated in round numbers. One of the delegations from New England paid some $250 for a small room for their conferences. The Hard delegation paid $450 for theirs, and the Softs paid $805 for room rent alone! In one of the two rooms occupied by the latter were several beds in which the delegates slept. But their board was just the same as if their room rent was not already paid. Other delegations had corresponding bills to settle; but we doubt whether any other State suffered so much as New-York."

Some "fiends in human shape" placed a coffe-pot, charged with powder, under the dwelling-house of a colored man, named Wood, in East Boston, which exploded about two o'clock on Saturday morning. The windows were thrown into the street, and both floors were torn up. Five colored people were asleep in the house, but escaped serious injury. Wood was recently married, and it is conjectured that the rascality was perpetrated by some unsuccessful aspirant for the hand of the "fair young widow" who consented to become his bride.

The Albany *Transcript*, one of the most spirited American papers in the State, hauls down the Fillmore and Donelson flag, and abandons the Dark Lantern party. The editor, Mr. Cayler, gives his reasons at length for taking this step, and concludes as follows: "We have too long recognized men whose chief aim is the acquisition of spoils, while avowing principles that cannot stand the test to which they must be subjected, and we feel a relief, now that we are independent of them and their influence."

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* says: In a journey of 150 miles in the State of Ohio, we did not see a field of really bad wheat, and in most places the straw stood as close as it well could, and was very finely headed. The high price for this staple for the last few years induced many farmers to put lands in wheat not heretofore devoted to that purpose. There are now more acres growing than there were last year, with a prospect of a better grain.

Shakers are in danger of yielding to fashionable temptation, as well as the "world's people." The Albany *Transcript* says that John Harwood, who is at the head of that order in Watervliet, has just ordered a carriage, to cost $800.

A laboring man named Wm. Delany, aged 40 years, was run over by a hand-car, on Monday last, on the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, and crushed to death.

The United States Railroad Directory stated that the Railroads in the Union are over five hundred in number, besides some eighty branches, and the amount of capital invested in them exceeds seven hundred millions dollars.

Ours, says the Boston *Post*, must be a great drinking and fighting people, judging from the prevailing custom of presenting *pitchers* and *canes;* 437 silver pitchers and 9,001 canes have been presented to various citizens within the past twelvemonth, owing to their "excellent qualities in public and private," &c., most of which gifts "might be seen" at such and such places, kindly pointed out by the newspapers. If the numbers of said curiosities were to be marked upon them, they would become a great deal more curious.

The Indianola *Bulletin* of the 13th says: The camels, having recruited much sooner than we anticipated, left last week for San Antonio. Two of the hump-backed camels were harnessed to a wagon, and presented a novel sight. In Arabia, we learn, it is common to yoke and work them as we do oxen. It is Major Wayne's intention to seek a place better adapted than the coast to carry out the views of the Government with regard to them. The cold weather and sudden changes of our winters, he thinks, would be fatal to them the first season.

A fellow sitting behind a lady in the cars between Rochester and Niagara Falls, a few days since, insulted her. Complaint was made to the conductor, who, after satisfying himself of its truth, dragged the fellow out of his seat, shoved him to the platform, checked the train, and kicked him off! The whole proceeding did not occupy more than a couple of minutes. We wish every beast who similarly acts were similarly served.

The Cincinnati *Gazette*, of the 17th inst., says: The Treasurer of Montgomery county, Ohio, David Clark, it has been ascertained is a defaulter to the amount of $45,000. He hopes to be able to account for half of this large sum, but no attempt is made to account for the balance.

Affidavits are published in the Tampa *Peninsula* disclosing the fact that a band of white men have been organized in Hillsboro' and Manatee counties, for the purpose of committing depredations in the name of the Indians. The disclosures were made by a man named Wm. H. Dillingham, who gives the names of a number of persons as belonging to the band.

A joint resolution, introduced by Senator Mason, has passed Congress, appropriating $40,000 for the purchase and restoration to the British Government of the ship Resolute, late of the British navy, which was abandoned in the Arctic Seas and found by the crew of an American whaleship, by whom she was brought to this country.

A printer named Wm. Giles died in jail in Cincinnati. He had been on a spree, was taken before Judge Pruden at his own request, under the liquor law, to get over it by confinement, but his system was so shattered that death was the result. It is stated that he had a wife in Wheeling.

The Ohio wine crop is estimated at 500,000 gallons. The quantity bottled by Mr. Longworth this season is 150,000 bottles, and with that added to his previous stock, he has now in cellar fully 300,000 bottles, mostly quarts, of which 20,000 are of Isabella. The demand rapidly increases.

The Chicago *Democrat* says: "While the workmen were engaged in removing the old block-house at Fort Dearhorn, a large quantity of cannon-balls, canisters of grape, powder, &c., were found buried. The powder was in a good state of preservation. A chest had also been discovered, but had not been dug out. It is supposed that the chest contained the treasure buried in the Fort at the time of the massacre by the Indians."

It is stated that the laborers on the line of the Virginia Central and the Covington and Ohio Railroads are all on a strike for higher wages.

There are at the present time in this country 716 churches belonging to the Quakers, and the number of attendants is estimated at 283,000.

There are in San Francisco 30 churches, having an average attendance of 9,665 persons, which is estimated to be one-fifth of the total Christian population of the city.

The Hessian Fly is desolating the wheat fields of tidewater Virginia, and the papers bring accounts of its ravages in other sections of the State.

An Irishman named Laurence Murphy was killed by a kick from a mule in New-Orleans on the 16th inst.

A woman at Chicago drowned herself the other day, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, by ducking her head in a bucket of water, and keeping it there till life was extinct.

An arrangement has been effected between the authorities of Hoboken and the Jersey City Board of Water Commissioners, for a supply of Passaic water for Hoboken.

There are to be nine hundred and thirty-four hotels, and two hundred and eighty-one eating-houses in the city of Philadelphia under the new liquor law.

On the 25th ult., the Grand Jury of Washington presented Preston S. Brooks for assault on Mr. Sumner. The latter appeared before the Jury and gave testimony.

The Massasoit Flouring Mills, in Fall River, were destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning. The mills were among the largest in Massachusetts.

Edward Bernard, a native of England and a jeweller by trade, died of apoplexy in New-Orleans on the 15th inst.

The number of emigrants arrived at Quebec from the opening of navigation to the 6th of June, was 4,878; for the same time last year the number was 4,601.

The assessment returns of Indianapolis make a property valuation of $3,472,790 in lots; $1,892,153 in personal chattels.

Interesting from California.

The news brought to New Orleans by the Granada, with San Francisco dates to the 5th June, is very interesting.

Casey and Cora were hung on the 22d of May—the same day on which Mr. King was buried. Perfect decorum was observed throughout the proceedings.

The Vigilance Committee had arrested several other desperate characters, including the notorious Yankee Sullivan. The latter committed suicide in his cell, at the Committee Rooms, leaving a confession touching the elections in San Francisco.

The opponents of the Vigilance Committee attempted to hold a meeting on the 2d, to denounce the Committee, but it proved a total failure.

Several murders in the interior are recorded.

Rumors were circulated that Governor Johnson would call means into requisition to suppress the revolution, but nothing had been done as yet. These rumors, however, had created much excitement throughout the State, and word was sent from the interior that thousands were ready to march to the assistance of the Committee. Sacramento alone offered to furnish one thousand men.

The excitement was on the increase, and martial law had been declared at San Francisco.

The Committee were determined on carrying out their measures, and continued to make arrests. The opposition, however, were organizing, with seven hundred stand of arms. It was rumored they intended to attack the Committee Rooms, which were strongly guarded, with two cannon before the door loaded with grapeshot. All the journals, except the *Herald*, side with with the Committee.

Indian hostilities in Oregon are partially suppressed. A difficulty had occurred at Washington Territory, owing to an attempt made by Judge Saunders to hold a Council during the existence of martial law. The Judge was arrested for safe keeping until peace should be established.

The health of San Francisco was good, and business moderate.

Arrived out at San Francisco ships Sweepstakes, Sea Nymph and Empress of the Seas, from New York.

Advices from Costa Rica state that the army is disbanded. Cholera was raging fearfully throughout the State. Baron Bulow died of it while on his retreat. Nothing important from Nicaragua.

Congressional.

Thirty-Fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

June 23.—Mr. Toombs gave notice of a bill to take the census of Kansas, to protect the exercise of the elective franchise in that Territory, and to provide for calling a Convention to form a Constitution preparatory to the admission of Kansas into the Union. He spoke at some length upon the state of things in that Territory.

June 24.—A Message was received from the President, in response to a resolution asking for a copy of the instructions to Mr. Buchanan, late Minister to England, on the subject of the invitation of the British Government to enter into a treaty, similar to that between Russia and the United States, recognizing the principle in favor of neutral commerce, that free ships make free goods, contraband of war excepted, and that the goods of a friend captured on board the vessels of an enemy, with the like exception, shall not be subject to confiscation; and, furthermore, that the parties shall apply these principles to the commerce and navigation of all such Powers and States as shall consent to adopt them on their part as permanent and immutable.

Mr. Marcy, among other things, says that France was likewise invited to enter into a similar treaty, and that he apprehends no serious objection excepting from Great Britain, and but for her resistance to the principle that the neutral flag protects the property which it covers, if it be not contraband of war, it would long ago have been regarded as a well-established rule of international law. She has implicitly admitted its justice by adopting it as the guide of her conduct in the present war with Russia. If it is fair toward neutrals to act upon it now, it will be difficult for her to devise good reasons for not observing it in all future wars.

In presenting this subject to Lord Clarendon, August 30th, 1855, Mr. Buchanan says: "It is scarcely necessary to observe that the present proposal does not proceed from any apprehension that Great Britain will ever hereafter reverse the precedent she has so recently established. It has been solely dictated by a desire to give to the principle of her Majesty's Government the solemn sanction of both governments, and thus by their combined influence to recommend the adoption of them to the other nations of the civilized world."

No response from France or England accompanies the President's message.

Mr. Hunter replied to the allusions of Mr. Sumner to the State of Virginia, and commented on the resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature concerning the late assault. He knew of no previous instance in which the Legislature of any State had stepped forward to prejudge a case of this kind, and he thought it could result only in increasing the exasperation of that unfortunate sectional feeling which is now threatening the peace of the whole country, and endangering the perpetuity of of its institutions. He also essayed to prove that the attack of Mr. Brooks upon Mr. Sumner was not a breach of privilege, but merely a matter for the exclusive jurisdiction of the Courts of Law.

Mr. Seward, in reply to Mr. Hunter's argument relative to the Brooks assault, said the remarks of the Senator had filled him with profound surprise and deep regret.

Mr. Butler said Mr. Sumner was the first man who had ever abused his privilege as a member of the Senate to lay his profane hands upon the Revolutionary history of the original thirteen States.

June 25.—Mr. Wilson presented a petition from the officers of the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society, setting forth the objects of that body, and stating that they have been misrepresented by the Majority Report of the Committee on Territories. It was referred to the Committee on Claims. Mr. Foster spoke against the Nebraska Kansas Bill, and in favor of excluding Slavery from all the Territories; after which, on motion of Mr. Weller, the Kansas Bill, with all the amendments proposed, was recommitted to the Committee on Territories.

June 26.—The resolution to adjourn on the 28th of July was taken up. Mr. Seward opposed it, as no day could reasonably be agreed upon until the Kansas business was disposed of. No vote was taken on the proposition. The Judiciary Committee was directed to report a bill, if any be necessary, regulating the succession to the Executive Chair in case of the death of President and Vice-President. The bill for a Military Road from Missouri to California, via Salt Lake and Carson's Valley was adopted.

HOUSE.

June 23.—The bill to authorize the President to cause the southern boundery line of Kansas to be surveyed and marked was passed. Mr. Wakeman gave notice of intention to introduce a bill amendatory of the act of 1818, prohibiting the introduction or importation of slaves.

June 24.—The bill establishing two additional Land Districts in Minnesota was passed. Mr. Whitney introduced a bill to preserve peace and protect public property in Kansas. Referred to the Committee on Territories. The consideration of the bill authorizing the people of Oregon to form a Constitution and State Government was then resumed. The Oregon bill was debated and laid aside, and the bill explanatory of the act of 1854, establishing additional Land Districts in Minnesota was passed.

June 25.—Territorial business occupied the attention of the House, and the session was principally spent in a debate on the bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union, with the Topeka Constitution.

June 26.—The bill to admit Kansas as a State under the Topeka (Free State) Constitution was taken up. A debate ensued upon Mr. Dunn's motion to refer the bill to the Commmittee of the Whole, which motion Mr. D. proposed to withdraw, so as to leave the bill before the House, with a limitation to five minute speeches. A debate ensued, which was closed by Mr. Grow, who gave notice that he will on Saturday, move the previous question on the bill. A bill was reported to punish and prevent Polygamy in the Territories, providing a penalty of $500 and two to five years imprisonment. It was referred to the Commit tee of the Whole.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, *June* 12, 1856.

Queen's Visit to Ireland—Mosquito—Central American Question—The King of Oude—British Blue-Books—Yankee Doodle.

It is rumored—I know not on what authority—that Queen Victoria intends coming to Ireland this summer, ostensibly for the purpose of viewing the encampment on the Curragh, but in reality, as we all know, to improve her mind. At the same time, it is quite certain that the King of Oude is *en route* to England, with the real and avowed object of looking after his kingdom. Fancy this poor king looking down the lion's throat, and beseeching the beast to disgorge his prey. Hapless king of Oude! He will receive a right royal welcome. Princes of the blood will wait upon him; the virtuous aristocracy will fete him; the enlightened populace will cheer him; he will be provided with an interpreter, and having been led about for a month or so—a captive lion in gilded trappings—he will be sent back to his native East, satisfied, no doubt, that the robbery and destruction of his kingdom were necessary for the advancement of civilization and morality.

It is beautiful to contemplate the zeal, impartiality, and devotion with which England prosecutes this work of morality and civilization. In their interest, she one day pulls down a king in the East, and the next, sets up a king in the West. One day we hear of the kingdom of Oude being abolished, and the next, of the "kingdom of Mosquito" being established.

Apropos of Mosquito, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, brother of Sir Henry, the diplomatist, in a speech recently delivered in the House of Commons, spoke with all gravity of the "kingdom of Mosquito!" Lord Palmerston, with equal gravity, repeated the phrase, "kingdom of Mosquito!" Now both these rogues know well that the said "kingdom" is a fiction. The following happy description, however, of the mode of manufacturing a "Mosquito king," which I find in a number of the *London Times* of January last, may not be without interest at present:

"It is, no doubt, a very glorious thing to carry off his Mosquito majesty to Jamaica, and then, after he has recovered from the effects of his three or four days' devotion to the celebrated rum of that island, to stuff his sable limbs into a general's uniform, to crown him with a cocked hat, to anoint him with palm oil out of a calabash, to put a sugarcane as a sceptre into his hand, and to send him back to his native subjects with all the solemnities that can wait on protected royalty; but surely even this gratification, and that of occupying the island of Ruatan, may be bought too dear."

The article, from which the above is taken, contains much useful information on the subject of Central America in general. For instance, the *Times* thus candidly explains the nature of the British possession at Belize:

"Great Britain is possessed of a settlement at Belize, on the coast of Central America, the right to occupy which for certain purposes was conceded to her by Spain in the treaty of 1783, reserving, however, to the crown of Spain full and undiminished sovereignty over the district."

Again the *Times* says:

"The treaties of Great Britain, during the last century, with Spain, left her at Belize a settlement, established for the purpose of cutting logwood, and evidently restricted within those limits which the object for which it was granted rendered necessary."

These admissions I deem of value, and worthy of being placed on record, as conclusive evidence that England's right to the only portion of Central America to which she can be said to possess any right at all, is limited to a right merely of occupancy, and that, too, for a specific purpose; and, as the *Times* well expresses it, "within those limits which the object for which it was granted rendered necessary." Notwithstanding these admissions of the *Times*, it is now gravely insisted by British statesmen, that Ruatan—that "fine island," as the *Times* says, "placed in a commanding situation in the Bay of Honduras"—rightfully belongs to England, as being a "dependency of Belize." That is, Ruatan must be regarded as a dependency of a dependency; for Belize itself is but a dependency, or, more properly speaking, a portion of Honduras. This, too, mark me, notwithstanding the *Times* tells us that the settlement at Belize was "restricted within those limits which the object for which it was granted rendered necessary."

I will now quote one or two sentences from this article respecting the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and you will perceive even the *Times* admits that England has violated that treaty. After quoting the first article of the Treaty, the *Times* goes on to say:

"Notwithstanding this treaty, the British Government still retain possession of Ruatan, still occupy Belize, and still retain the protectorate over the Mosquito Indians. It is not disputed that all these places are within Central America. The Government of the United States waive any claim to the evacuation of Belize, but insist upon our abandoning the protection of the Mosquito Indians and the possession of Ruatan island."

The "Thunderer" then proceeds to administer this gentle rebuke to Sir H. Bulwer:

"The American Minister contends that the words of the treaty are clearly large enough to include Ruatan and the Mosquito protectorate and that the intention of the treaty is to be gathered from its own language, and not from any collateral writings or circumstances. We do not intend to offer any opinion on the subject, but we may remark that it was a most extraordinary omission of the English Plenipotentiary, while using words so wide and comprehensive, not to have saved, by an ex-

press proviso, the existing interests of Great Britain, if such had been his intention, and it is not wonderful that the Americans, when renouncing all right of interference in Central America, should have expected a similar concession from Great Britain."

The article concludes with the following sensible suggestion:

"Let us take our stand on the literal construction of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which accomplishes for us all that we can reasonably desire in Central America. Let us frankly give up our *questionable* right to the Mosquito protectorate and the island of Ruatan, and, by way of delivering ourselves of the whole embarrassment at once and for ever, throw the worthless settlement of Belize into the bargain."

So much for the *Times*. The article from which I have so largely quoted, appeared in that paper of January last, and when yet the prospect of peace with Russia was but very dim. The tone of the English press has since undergone a considerable change. It is a notable circumstance in connection with this tedious controversy, that the English Government and press have shifted their grounds of argument from time to time, according as it suited their convenience. Thus, we had at first the "point of honor" objection. That is, the English explained and justified their violation of the treaty by saying, that they would cheerfully give up the Mosquito and Ruatan, but that really a "point of r" forbade such a proceeding! Driven from the "point of honor," they took refuge in the "prospective" interpretation of the treaty; that is, they solemnly endeavored to maintain that the treaty confirmed their past usurpations, and simply bound both parties to future good conduct. Forced to abandon the "prospective," and grown bolder by the impunity with which they have been met, they now seek to maintain that the treaty admits their protectorate and establishes their usurpation.

It is true the treaty recognizes a protectorate in actual existence at the time the treaty was framed—which is a fact—but the object being to end that protectorate, or reduce it to a mere nullity, the first article provides that henceforth "neither party shall occupy, fortify, colonize, or assume, or exercise dominion over the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America." If, therefore, it be admitted that England has within the last six years occupied, or fortified, or exercised dominion over the Mosquito coast, or any part of Central America, excepting Belize, she must be adjudged guilty of a violation of the letter and spirit of the treaty. It is so admitted even by the English themselves, and therefore England and America now stand before the world, the one as the upholder of public law, the other as its contemner; the one as the supporter, the other as the violator of treaty stipulations.

I trust America will continue to maintain this lofty position, and that no consideration will induce her to cast away the moral power with which the certainty of her being in the right, and the enemy in the wrong, now proudly invests her.

It was with some surprise that I learned there was a party in the States favorable to the total abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. I cannot conceive a more suicidal policy. In the first place, the treaty is already abrogated, so far as one party is concerned; but England's breach of faith should only make America cling the more closely to the instrument to which she has attached her name. Moreover, the abrogation now on the part of America would be regarded as an act of cowardice. People would say, and with great show of reason,—"You had not courage to maintain your own treaty; you allowed England to violate it, and now you declare it at an end."

Only on one condition could America with honor abrogate the treaty, and that is, that she would at once dispatch a sufficient naval and military force to Central America, and dispossess England of all her usurped possessions in that part of the world. On no other condition could she attempt to end it. No—let the treaty stand, and let America stand up as its upholder—then, when the issue comes to be decided, the moral force of all the world must be with America, and against that force, reflected from the arms and banners of the Republic, the battalioned hosts of Hell and England will contend in vain.

It is all important that this matter should be placed in its true light before the world. There is no lie however atrocious, no sophistry however mean, no misrepresentation however gross, to which the English Government and press will not have recourse to make the worse appear the better reason, and to place America in a false position.

The same falsehood and deceit which marked their policy on the Central American question, characterise their conduct with regard to the Enlisting business. As I write, Crampton's outrageous lie about Ruatan stares me in the face from the columns of the British Blue Book. But why do I say Crampton's lie? It is the lie of the British Government—prompted for the purposes of this British Blue Book—and British Blue Books are the basis of British history.

To expose these lies; to unravel these sophistries; to crush these misrepresentations; to make the truth appear plain, clear, and intelligible—such, I am sure, you will regard as a sacred duty, as it is the sacred duty of every American journalist.

But what of Crampton? Dismissed, or not dismissed? The next mail, I trust, will confirm the rumor, that he has been sent about his business, and prove to Europe that American Republicanism is too proud, too honorable, to tolerate at its Capitol the presence of the dishonorable representative of a dishonorable Government.

"A queer Irish letter this," I hear you exclaim, "from my Dublin correspondent!" But cannot you understand how all eyes in Ireland are now turned westward; how even the delicious strains of Jullien's Band, with its Zouaves' Trumpeters, fail to divert the attention of our people, and prevent them bending forward to catch from across the Atlantic wave the first notes of Yankee Doodle.

And shall not the cause of America be the cause of Ireland, too? It is, at all events, and shall be the cause of

KILMAINHAM.

Irish News.

A fatal accident occurred in the river Suir, at Etonville, near Clonmel. A number of the West York Rifles were engaged in playing cricket in the large drill field, and the day being excessively warm, about twenty of them went to bathe in the river. They had been but a few minutes in the water when one of the men, named Thomas Allsworth, got beyond his depth and sank to rise no more. Although there were nearly forty of his companions on the bank, it is said that scarcely an effort was made to save the drowning man. The body was interred with military honors in St. Mary's churchyard, on Tuesday.

The proprietors of the large drapery establishments in Clonmel have liberally responded to the request of their assistants. Their houses will be closed in summer at 7 o'clock, and at 6 in the winter evenings.

A deserter named Pollard, known as "Joey the tailor," was rescued from the police on the 25th of May, near Ballingarry, county Tipperary. A Clonmel paper says that "Joey" joined in the "insurrection" of 1848.

The Cork branch of the Medical Benevolent Fund Society of Ireland has just held its annual meeting. This valuable society, founded in 1842 by Dr. Kingsley, of Roscrea, has given many instances of its great worth; its object being to assist medical men when under the pressure of disease or other calamities. It also administers relief to the widow or family of a professional man, who may have been deprived of the support of a husband or parent. The meeting in question was preliminary to the metropolitan one, which was to have been held on the 2nd of June at St. Patrick Dunn's Hospital, Dublin.

The *Limerick Reporter* says, the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, the Bishop of Limerick, proceeded a few Sundays since to the ancient parish of Manister, within a short distance of Croom, for the purpose of blessing the church and receiving the offerings of clergy and people towards the Cathedral of St. John's. Thousands visited the ruins, and feasted their eyes on the remaining memorials of those stirring times in which the Irish fought for the possession of their faith. The appearance of the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan among them afforded the greatest possible satisfaction His lordship presided at High Mass. After which the venerable bishop, standing on the altar, addressed the congregation. His lordship's appeal was most successful; a sum of £82 having been contributed.

Lieut. Benjamin Hill, of the Revenue Police, lately stationed at Pontoon bridge, has been transferred, at his own request, to the town of Sligo. Lieut. Hill is a very active, energetic, and most efficient officer as well as a first-rate diciplinarian. Sligo is a most important station, and requires a gentleman such as Mr. Hill to preside over it.

The suberb bell, cast especially for the Great Paris Exhibition of 1855, by Hodges, of Abbey street, Dublin, and to which a certificate of honor was awarded by the Commissioners, has been brought to Tullamore, having been purchased by a parishioner for the Roman Catholic church of that town, as a present to the Rev. Dr. O'Rafferty.

The progress made by the students in the Clonmel School of Art, under their excellent Master, Mr. James Healy is most favorable. The committee of the Mechanic's Institute have received official intimation that the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade have, on an examination of the drawing of Messrs. Thomas M'Cann, Clarke, and Edward O'H. Canavan, been pleased to express their approval of the same, and to appoint those young gentlemen Pupil Teachers in the Clonmel School. Their lordships have also conferred a Prize Studentship on Mr. Robert Hewett, and the distinctions thus obtained redound much to the excellence of the system adopted by Mr. Healy, while they exhibit most favorably the admirable results of the establishment of the School of Art, in connection with the Clonmel Mechanics' Institute.

"We are delighted," says the Limerick *Reporter*, "to state that the building of St. John's Cathedral progresses most admirably. The blocks of limestone, cut into suitable forms for the different requirements of the edifice, could not be surpassed in massiveness, size and strength, in any part of the world."

At the last meeting of the Cashel Union, R. U. Bayly, Esq., presided, and seventeen other guardians were in attendance. There were 953 paupers in the house, being a decrease of 358 from the same period last year. The weekly expenses of provisions was £91 10s. 11d. and the average cost of each pauper, 9s. 1 3-4d. The uncollected rates amount to £690, and the guardians have to their credit £1,382.

The contractors of the Limerick and Castle Connell Railway have already commenced operations on that line. The works progress favorably.

The directors of All-Hollows College acknowledge a sum of £8 6s. 8d, forwarded to them by the Rev. P. Morrin, P.P., of Bagnalstown, county Carlow. This sum was accompanied by two others of an equal amount, and which, being intended for the "Association for the Propagation of the Faith" and for the "Catholic Institution for the Deaf and Dumb," have accordingly been forwarded to secretaries, the Rev. Dr. Flannery and the Rev. Canon Grimley.

The quantity and size of the trout caught at Killaloe during the last month, and now catching there, exceed any for several years past. Mr. Brassier took, one day last week, 28 trout, weighing 70lbs.; another gentleman took 30, weighing over 80 lbs., several of them 4 to 7lbs. each.

The Irish benchers have advertised in all the English and Scotch papers for a librarian. It is confidently asserted that a gentleman who has the good fortune not to have the Irish taint in his veins, or the Irish accent on his tongue, is almost certain to be appointed.

The first stone of the Church of S. S. Mary and Michael, Rathdrew, county Wicklow, has been solemnly laid by the Rev. Richard Galvan, P.P. A procession, formed of the lay gentlemen of the Committee, the architect, the children of Rathdrum schools, and the clergy, advanced to the site of the high altar, where the ceremonies commenced. The stone was laid in its place by James Comerford, Esq. The church will be in the early Gothic style. Arrangements have been made for the rapid progress of the building this season.

The entire stock, farming implements, &c., belonging to the late John C. Garvey, Esq., of Murrisk Abbey, have been sold. The produce of the sale exceeded £7,000.

Richard Atkinson, Esq., of Collegegreen and Highfield House—one of the Town Councillors for the South City Ward, Dublin, will probably be put in nomination to fill the civic chair of that city during the ensuing year.

Miss Kennedy, late of Broad street, Waterford, has been received into the Convent of Mercy, Cappoquin.

Orangeism, we are informed by a correspondent of the Dublin *Telegraph*, has assumed a dangerous aspect. Low ruffians parade the roads after nightfall to do the bidding of others higher up, who pay them to waylay and beat Catholics to the point of death. The catholics of Dungannon are determined not to appeal again for redress to the magistrates, so that if Government do not look to it, retaliations the most bloody and desperate are likely to ensue.

The 1st August is the day stated for the opening of the Limerick and Foynes railway to Rathkeale.

Emigration to the United States from Clare and Kerry of a comfortable class of people has been going on for some time past to a large extent. Several hundred emigrants, with their beds, bedding and a large quantity of baggage, took their departure from Limerick the other day.

The May devotions were concluded in the Black Abbey of Kilkenny, by Vespers and procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Forty young girls, including the children of some of our most respectable citizens, attired in white, with veils and white wreaths, and each carrying a beautiful bouquet, took part in the procession. "We have seldom," says the Kilkenny *Journal*, "witnessed a more edifying sight than that presented by those interesting and innocent children, passing through the ruins of our once magnificent abbey."

Lord Seaton after investigating the escapade at the Dublin United Service Club, which resulted in the expulsion of the seven officers of the 16th Lancers, expressed himself desirous to become the mediator between the committee and the delinquents. The United Service Gazette says it has no doubt but this arrangement will be acceded to.

By a return of the House of Lords, of the various amounts received from the Colonies and dependencies of the British Crown towards the Patriotic Fund, it appears that Antigua has contributed £128 5s.6d.; Australia, £96,590 2s. 7d.; Bahamas, £449 11s. 6d.; Barbadoes, £496 14s. 2d.; Bermuda, £405 2s. 2d.; Canada, £26,347 0s. 6d.; Cape of Good Hope, £6,773 19s. 7d.; Ceylon, £4,451 11s. 7d.; Gibraltar, £1,508 13s. 1d.; Grenada, £157 13s.; British Guiana, £4541 8s. 2d.; Honduras, £573 13s. 6d.; Hong Kong, £2.216 4s. 2d.; India, £79,413 10s. 5d.; Jamaica, £1,391 13s. 3d.; Labuan, £34 19s. 8d.; Malta, £862 4s. 3d.; Mauritius, £981 3s. 8d.; Nevis, £15 16s. 1d.; New Brunswick, £7,107 1s. 11d.; Newfoundland, £1,893 17s. 3d.; New Zealand, £6,952 3s. 7d. Nova Scotia, £5,522 14s. 8d.; Prince Edward's Island, £2.984 8s.; Sierra Leone, £164 3s.; St. Helena, £x01 16s. 3d.; St. Lucia, £71 9s. 4d.; St. Vincent, £137 4s. 8d.; Singapore, £407 17s. 4d.; Trinidad, £1,178 2s.9d.; Tortola, £3; Vancouvre's Island, £60 1s. 6d.

John Read, a Victualler, cut his throat with a razor in the town of Bandon, on Wednesday morning while laboring under delirium tremens, induced by excessive drinking.

It is stated that Mr. Russell, the special war correspondent of the *Times* has received instructions to proceed to Canada.

At the Limerick Petty Sessions a vote of thanks was passed unanimously to the Devon Regiment of Militia, for the good conduct of the corps whilst in Limerick.

James Fitzgerald Windle, of Tarbert, son of Thomas Windle, Esq., of Rockview Terrace, Cork, has been sworn an Attorney of the Courts of Queen's Bench. Common Pleas and Exchequer, and a solicitor of the High Court of Chancery in Ireland.

Sister Gonzugue Barry, daughter of the late John Barry, Esq., Kanturk, has entered the Holy Community of Loretto Abbey, Gorey.

A few days since a young woman arrived in town from America, on her way to rejoin her family at Bundoran. Unfortunately, while going from the steamer to the train she lost ten sovereigns, all the money she possessed. The case having been reported to Mr. Dawson, Manager of the Londonderry and Enniskillen Railway, he generously granted her a free passage to her destination.

On the 26th of May last, there were not in either of the gaols of Drogheda, Dundalk, Monaghan or Antrim, a single prisoner for trial at the ensuing assizes, while in one of the two remaining towns on that circuit—viz., Armagh and Downpatrick—there was but one solitary prisoner, and in the other towns but five.

The Rev. mother who founded the convent at Derby, and who with fifteen other nuns attended the sick and wounded at Scutari and the Crimea during the whole of the war, arrived in this town, and will remain some time. Miss Nightingale, in one of her letters, declares that the services of these ladies, accustomed beforehand to wait on fever and cholera, were invaluable to her; insomuch so, that if they had not been with her, the attempt to supply nurses for our army would have been a failure.

On last Monday a court martial was held at the Waterford barracks on a private of the Waterford Artillery, who was charged with creating a row in the streets of Dungarvan and *disciplining* his corporal with the barrack-room poker.

The extensive estates of William Henry Gregory, situate in the county of Galway, are to be sold in the Incumbered Estates Court in January next. The property is one of the best circumstanced in Ireland. The rental is over £6,000 a year. The present inheritor is grandson of the Right Hen. W. Gregory, for many years Under-Secretary for Ireland, and the intimate friend of the late Sir. R. Peel.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, proceeded to Bagnalstown at an early hour on Sunday morning, for the purpose of blessing the foundation stone for the proposed addition to the church of that town.

After the 15th and 7th Hussars have completed their turn of duty at Aldershot, they will relieve the 3d and 4th Light Dragoons at their respective stations, and those regiments will proceed to Dublin and relieve the 2nd and 3d Dragoon Guards, as these regiments are under orders for England in the autumn.

Dr. Dempster, of Nenagh, the Deputy-Inspector General of Hospitals, has arrived in England from Jamaica.

Gen. Sir William Williams, of Kars, has arrived in Paris with three aides-de-camps.

Dr. Cahill has been most successful in his lectures in Cork, before the Young Men's Society in that city.

We understand from Dr. J. D. Goggin, that Mr. Granby, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, was to have opened on the 16th of June, the Theatre Royal, Limerick, with a first rate company, including Mr. George Vandenhoff.

John Arnott, Esq., Fir Hill, Monkstown, has purchased of the Messrs. Leahy & Sons, Duncan street, Cork, their magnificent side table, which was shown at the Cork Exhibition.

Richard Kane, jr., eldest son of R. D. Kane, Esq., of Talbot street, Dublin, and grandson of Capt. Kane, of Whitehall, went up for examination at Sandhurst, on the 3d of June, and passed. In a few days he expects to obtain his commission in the army, by purchase. Mr. Kane was educated in the Jesuits College, at Clongowes, and read a short preparatory course with Mr. Dunbar, at the Military Academy, Talbot street, Dublin.

Mr. Greer, the Irish barrister, who took an active part in Mr. Sherman Crawford's agitation, some years since, having recently purchased in the Encumbered Estates Court a property situated a few miles from Londonderry, instead of evicting the occupying tenants, has given them leases in perpetuity of their respective holdings, and at low rents. An example to be followed.

The Annual meeting of the Cork Medical Association has been held. The following officers, after a ballot, were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Finn; Vice President, Dr. R. Corbett; Treasurer, Dr. S. H. Hobert; Hon. Secretary, Dr. Armstrong; Council, Doctors O'Connor, Cummins, and Cremen.

Thomas John Bourke O'Flahertie, Esq., eldest son of Capt. O'Flahertie, of the Kilkenny Fusiliers, and nephew of the late Sir Wheeler Cuffe, Bart., of Lyrath, in the county Kilkenny, has been married to Fanny Robbins, daughter of the late Daniel Falkiner, Esq., of Wellington, in the county of Tipperary.

On the night of the 19th of April, the Protestant church of Castletown, in the Queen's county, was broken into and robbed of its plate, consisting of a valuable silver communion service. On the 10th of May, Sub-Constables Murphy and Barry, of the Carlow station, arrested a noted character named John Hill, originally a native of Dublin, and a female named Jane M'Evoy, from Old Leighlin. The plate, which had been traced to the possession of the prisoners, being identified by the rector, Mr. Emmerson, the prisoners were committed to Maryborough jail to stand their trial at the Graigue quarter sessions.

Mr. William H. Magrath, son-in-law of Cornelius O'Brien, Esq., M. P., has been appointed Crown Solicitor for the counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh, *vice* late Sir Edward Tierney, Bart.

Dr. Geary, Medical Poor Law Inspector, has given £1 as his contribution towards the new Franciscan church, Ennis.

The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of Lord Bandon, has appointed George Lucas, Esq., of Annevilla, to the commission of the peace for the county of Cork.

The number of paupers in Clonmel Union Workhouse is 984.

Emigration from the county Wexford is going on briskly. The Woodstock, Captain Wright, with 342 passengers has left New Ross for Quebec.

A cow in the possession of Mr. John Ward, of Enniscorthy, gives from 36 to 38 imperial quarts of milk daily. She has to be milked three times a day.

Mr. James H. Hogan, of Newport, Tipperary, is candidate for the situation of master of the Nenagh Union.

Chartres Brew, Esq., late Sub-Inspector of Constabulary, but for some time Assistant Commissary General in the Crimea, has been permanently attached to the army, and is at present Deputy Commissary General at Malta, with a salary of £1,000 a year.

Sir Alexander and Lady Hood are staying at the Killaloe Hotel, and fishing on the lake. Her ladyship expressed her unqualified delight at the scenery of Killaloe.

Great rejoicings have been held at Larchfield House, the residence of Wm. Mussenden, Esq., in honor of Lieut. Mussenden, of the 8th Hussars, on his return from the Crimea. Upwards of 120 of the tenantry, together with a number of gentlemen, sat down to an excellent dinner, in a spacious apartment, tastefully fitted up for the occasion.

Mr. Bolton, High Sheriff of Wexford, has been for some time past shipping large quantities of fat cattle for sale in the Liverpool market.

The old mode of punishing dishonest bakers in Dublin was more humane than that of the ancient Egyptians, who baked such persons in their own ovens. They were punished by being drawn upon hurdles, at the horses' tails, along the streets of the city.

On the 2nd of last month, there was a meeting at Lord Talbot de Malahide's apartments in the Hotel du Louvre, of the members of the several deputations from the Royal Agricultural Societies of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and from the Royal Dublin Society. A joint address was agreed to for presentation to the Emperor on the part of those societies.

Mr. John Brown, farmer, was crushed to death on the Waterford and Limerick railway, whilst turning his cows across the line between Carrick and Fildown. The poor man being deaf did not hear the whistle, and the train passed over his body, almost separating his head and arms from the trunk.

Ejectments at the suit of Lord Dunraven have been served on J. O'Brien, Esq., and Anna Marie Elizabeth O'Brien, his wife, of Dublin, and several others, of the plot of ground on George's Quay, Limerick, on which Barrington's Hospital stands. The ejectment is for non-payment of five and a-half years' rent, amounting to £173 5s. Mr. J. Synan is the solicitor who has served the notices of ejectment.

The payment by Mr. Vincent Scully, M. P., of the first call of £40 a share on his shares in the Tipperary Bank, will amount to the sum of £28,000.

The potatoe crop is particularly promising through Clare.

On the conduct of the Allies in relation to Circassia, the Waterford *News* cannot but think there was something very culpable in the neglect of the Representatives at the Congress, to leave Circassia so much at the mercy of Russia. The campaign against the brave Circassians in which the Russians are now engaged, we hold to be most aggressive and unjust. How the peace of Europe can be said to be re-established by the late Peace, while Russia is thus allowed to aggrandize herself so near the scene of the late campaign, we know not.

If we do not mistake. Circassia wished effectually to aid the Allies in their late struggle, which fact must certainly add much to the desire of the Russians to wreak punishment on them; and to that destruction they are now devoted, so far as the Allies are concerned."

Spirit of the Irish Press.

The *Tuam Herald* speaks of Irish emigration very fully and ably—

"Though the accounts from America are less encouraging than those of former years, they are sufficiently tempting to stimulate the young and the active, before whom no prospect of comfort in old age opens at home. The rage for emigration, for emigration's sake, which prevailed during the last ten years, may be said to be over, and yet we witness the passage of occasional batches of well-dressed young men and girls through this town on their way to foreign countries. The rage for grazing and the consolidation of farms which has seized upon the great body of the landlords of Ireland, makes it a matter of impossibility to procure land for tillage purposes. Whilst meat and wool bear the high prices which have prevailed during the last few years, and which, notwithstanding the cessation of the war, still continue to prevail, the same reluctance to let land for tillage will exist. Clearances occasionally, and upon a considerably large scale, occur. Though not of such frequent occurrence as in former years, they are sufficiently so to startle and render uneasy the holders of small farms. The tenant has not a shred of protection, either against eviction or for his property in and on the soil. Landlords have a mortal antipathy to giving leases on any terms. The tenantry must be held by them by the throat in an unrelenting grasp. At this moment, we know not a single landlord willing to make leases. The tenant must hold his homestead and his conscience, political, and in many cases religious, at the mercy of the owner of the soil. Here lies the root of the emigration which is now going on. We are compelled to chronicle the fact with regret."

The British Army in Ireland is distinguishing itself brilliantly, according to the *Kilkenny Journal*—

"In Tipperary they buffet and insult a group of inoffensive peasantry, till human forbearance is exhausted and the infuriated people turn and trample them under their feet. In Limerick they mimic the ceremonies of the Catholic church, and disturb the celebration of the Festival of Corpus Christi. In Dungarvan, their conduct has been somewhat similar. In Dublin, a company of "officers and gentlemen," dining at the Club-House in Stephen's Green, are guilty of proceedings so discreditable, that they are ignominiously excluded from the club."

The Waterford *Chronicle* has the following article upon the Italian question:—

"We cannot help recurring to the state of Italy. We fancy that classic ground will shortly be the theatre of much diplomacy—if it goes no farther—between the nations of Europe. Among the many reforms contemplated by Sardinia, is an interference with the government of the Pope, and that without any communication whatever with his Holiness. *Nolens volens* it must be accepted by the Holy Father; and Sardinia, the confiscator of the property of the Nuns and Monks, force her reforms on the Roman States.

Something, undoubtedly lies beneath the surface of this apparently reformatory spirit; and we much fear, where we find the Papal States on the *tapis*, that Sardinia has sold herself to the enemy."

The subjoined facts, from the Wexford *Independent*, will be read with interest.

"The emigration from the County Wexford, though very considerable, never bore the character it did in other counties. A steady emigration goes on all the year round, and it is a pleasing duty we have to perform when we state, that our fellow-countrymen who have sought homes in another land have been generally successful. The *Woodstock*, Capt. Wright, 342 passengers, very many of them Wexfordians, left the quays of New-Ross on Thursday last for Quebec, being towed down the river by the *Duncannon* steamer. An immense concourse of relatives and friends were on the quay to bid a warm farewell to the outward bound, most of whom were of a respectable class, going out to join families who formerly emigrated from New-Ross, and settled in Canada and the United States.

The *Woodstock* is the property of the Messrs. Graves & Sons. The ship under notice is one of a superior class, and commanded by a gentleman of the highest nautical skill and kindness of heart. She is the largest that has yet floated on the waters of the Barrow, and taking her name from the beauteous seat of the Tighe family in the adjoining County of Kilkenny, she bears a beautiful figure-head of *Phyche* in compliment to the lovely and accomplished authoress of that world renowned poem."

The same paper vindicates place-begging in this spirited and and practical style:—

"Notwithstanding the knavery and hypocrisy of those who publicly shout up the "Independent Opposition," a few good and upright men are resolved, so far as they can accomplish it, to afford the youth of Ireland their fair share of the Government patronage. Foremost in the good work is John Hyacinth Talbot. Some time back, a memorial was respectably signed in this town, praying the Lords of the Treasury to appoint Mr. John Gladwin to a situation in the Inland Revenue; but such a document would have remained mere waste paper to the end of the chapter, only that old faithful M. P. for Ross backed it up by a strong recommendation, and had the pleasure of receiving from Mr. Hayter a prompt and cordial reply, complying with the prayer of the memorial. We should state that Sir Thomas Esmonde signed the document and suggested to Mr. Talbot the propriety of his sending it forward. We mention these simple facts to show that such men are not afraid or ashamed to exercise their just influence with Government in behalf of well-deserving fellow-citizens, without distinction of creed—for young Mr. Gladwin is a Protestant—and are unlike those mean and deceitful parties who openly oppose the Government in order to throw dust in the eyes of the populace, whilst they secretly beg the crumbs that fall from the Treasury tables, for their friends."

The *Dundalk Democrat*, seldom shrinks from speaking the naked truth concerning the ridiculous shams of the day. Here is some common sense about the Jubilee:—

"We never rejoice with England. When she claps her hands, cocks her cap, or flings it into the air, we insert our hand in our coat pockets, and take care to keep our hat firmly on our democratic head. We entertain the feeling that England never accomplishes anything at which honest men should feel joyous and merry; and despising cant, humbug and hypocrisy, we stand far off when her minions or her slaves proclaim a jubilee.

Did she achieve some great victory for human freedom—did she win some noble triumph for mankind, we might be disposed to relax our resolve a little, and become joyous and merry; but this on her part we never expect to witness. She sits like a nightmare on the breasts of millions of men. Her movements in war are selfish and domineering—her approaches to peace are characteristic of the insolence of the bully.

We have no sympathy for her misfortunes, and no joy for her success. We know her history, and how she has oppressed mankind. We know the manner in which she treated America in the past, and her plunder and tyranny in the east and elsewhere in the present. And we know that but for her proximity to France, the insolence of her aristocracy would be intolerable, and her rule so terrible that it could not be borne."

The new Arms Bill for Ireland finds a supporter in the editor of the *Leinster Express*:—

"It is the intention of Government to introduce a Bill somewhat modified in its provisions, to prevent the unrestricted possession of arms by the Irish peasantry. It is well that the Executive should retain some check upon the diffusion of weapons which can be of little use to their owners, but which may afford facility in the perpetration of crime. Under all these circumstances, the proposed Bill is not likely to meet with serious opposition; although from the absence of "crime and outrage," with which the measure is commonly identified, the enactment need not be of a very stringent character."

The *Nation* says:—"It is very likely that there will be War with America. The English journals affect to imagine that all these warlike demonstrations of Mr. Pierce are merely electioneering bunkum. In our opinion, more or less conversant as we happen to be with the American opinion that never penetrates English society, and would not be believed if it did, the President is the perfect mouthpiece of American honor in this matter; and if war be declared to-morrow, he will be backed by the nation to a man. By persuading herself that the affair is not serious, it seems to us that England is drifting into hostilities just as she did with Russia, but at an immensely more rapid rate. We may be at war this moment for aught we know. The case is in that state of complication that the mistake of a single British officer on the Central American Coast might plunge both countries into the contest.

America seems not merely willing, but anxious for war. They are a patriot people, God be praised. There never was in the world a more daring or a more stubborn soldier than the American—especially if his blood have the old Celtic *azul* in it. A campaign between English and American soldiers is certain to have an ill ending for the former—unless the soldier of Simpson and Raglan be an improvement on those of Gage and Ross. What part an Irish soldiery would play in such a war, it is not expedient to say—but it is time to consider—for war we believe there will be."

The *Kilkenny Journal* speaking about the chances of a war between England and America, exclaims:—

"Here, then, is a war in which the Irish at home will feel some genuine interest and sympathy, and in which the Irish abroad will probably have an opportunity of making another Fontenoy."

A Woman Disguised in Man's Clothes.

We notice, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, in the papers, mention made of a young woman having been recently detected in the garb of a man, among the workmen employed in a whip factory in Westfield, Mass.; and now that it can do no injury to expose her secret, we shall throw a little light upon her previous history—at least during her three years' residence in this vicinity.

The young woman first made her appearance in the west in 1851, when she sought and obtained employment in the whip factory of Mr. Underwood, then engaged in the business in our city. After working some three months for him, she complained of ill health, and thought a more active life would suit her better, and engaged as a cabin-boy, running a whole season on our rivers in that capacity, without the slightest suspicion that she was other than a smart but rather delicate lad. In the summer of 1852 she appeared, in her river garb, in the wareroom of a well-known whip manufacturer on Wood street, and asked work as a "finisher" in his shop, which she obtained, filling the situation creditably for two years.

In the summer of 1854 she worked less steadily, devoting several days in the week to buying peaches, which she sold again in the market; this led to dissatisfnction on the part of her employer, and she left the shop, engaging for a few months in the fruit and confectionery business, in a little shop she opened on Penn street, in the Fifth Ward. This was finally closed, and she left the city a year or eighteen months ago, to turn up again in the Westfield whip factory. All we can learn of her history is that she hailed from Rochester, New-York, and during her residence in this city was several times visited by a man, who was represented by her as an uncle. She had with her a little girl some six or eight years old, probably her daughter, but who passed as her deceased brother's orphan child. She boarded on Boyd's Hill, behaved herself commendably, had no vices but cigar-smoking, joined a Methodist church in Alleghany, and never was spoken evil of, except in regard to her intimacy with a young Irish widow, an acquaintance she made after leaving the whip factory, and with whom she finally left our city; but this charge did not affect her much, as she assured her old acquaintances that *she had married the widow.*

During her residence of nearly three years in Pittsburg, the only one who suspected her was the woman who kept the boarding-house, and who had better opportunities for observation than others—but she said nothing of her suspicions until the girl had left town. Her employer reposed every confidence in her, and during a portion of her stay with him employed her in the out-door business of the establishment. After leaving Pittsburg, her acquaintances heard no more of her for some time, not, indeed, until some accident revealed her sex, at Westfield, Mass., when her employer received a letter of inquiry from a manufacturer in that place; and a brother in the church another, from the Methodist minister at Westfield, inquiring as to her conduct and reputation here, of which they could give no other than a favorable report.

Since the above was written, we learn that the lady was married some twelve years ago in Rochester, where she and her husband opened a small confectionery, and not succeeding very well in business, they abandoned it and engaged as waiters in a hotel. After being in the hotel some time, her husband became jealous of the attentions of another man, and had her arrested and confined in jail about three months. She is Irish, or of Irish parentage; her real name is Connolly, but she passed in this city by the name of Dally. She came to work in June, 1852, and remained until August, 1853.

Answers to Correspondents.

In an editorial column we have given some historic memories, suggested by the "Fourth of July." There are others less prominent on the scroll of history, but which must ever have a deep interest for Irishmen, and in fact for all students of a great cause, pure men, and a heroism only unappreciated because unsuccessful.

In turning from the Fourth of July memories suggested by American History to those which are associated with Ireland, there is a touching declension which at once carries its pangs for the sufferings of the dear old Fatherland, and of throbbing reverence for our adopted country. On the Fourth of July, 1798, the wreck of the Wexford insurgents—after passing from the first vengeance under the patriot Murphy of Boolavogne at Oulart, through the desperate fight at Enniscorthy—the bivouac on the Rock Mountain—the glorious capture and occupation of the "little Republic of Wexford," the brilliant massacre at Tubbermeering and Gorey, the desperate but disastrous nineteen-hours assault on New Ross—through the front-to-front battle of Arklow, where Michael Murphy the Priest, was torn to pieces by a cannon-ball—thro' the innumerable well-fought meetings and skirmishes from the 27th of May to June 21, when they made such a deadly stand on Vinegar Hill, before General Lake and his twenty thousand—this heroic remnant, after escaping from the county Wexford joined with a like remnant of the Wicklow men, are under the command of the brave patriots Edward Fitzgerald and Garret Byrne. This Fourth of July, which is such a day of rejoicing to their countrymen who had shared the struggles and glory of the American War of Independence, is a day of sad retrospect and gloomier prospect for them. They are almost broken up—broken but not defeated—marching for Wicklow Gap, to "fight it to the last." They did fight. Many of them died fighting, for which their spirits ought to be thankful in Paradise; but actually there was an end of them and their Wexford insurrection.

Upon the same Fourth of July there is another scene—closely allied with the revolutionary movement—in Dublin. The brothers, John and Henry Shears, are brought up for trial. On the arrest of the chief members of the Executive Directory of the United Irishmen, John Sheares was appointed to fill one of the vacancies. He was a pure-souled, clear-headed man, of strong capacity, and undeniable pen-craft, as his famous letter to Lord Clare—for which the *Press* newspaper office was sacked—shows. The brothers were betrayed by a Captain Armstrong, who had, through representations of rebellious fervor, wormed himself into the fool-hardy confidence of John; and who dined the day previous to the arrest with the family of Henry, and caressed the little children of the father for whom he had already bespoke the scaffold. On this Fourth of July, Curran rose to a motion, a plea filed in court showing why the trial should not proceed, as one of the Grand Jurors who found bills against the Shears' was not a Frenchman and not a naturalized citizen. His arguments were of no avail; the brothers suffered the penalty of their patriotism.

Another memory of the day: Commodores Decatur and Bainbridge in the Algerine War (to punish piracies,) after capturing some of the enemy's ships, effected an honorable peace on this day 1815.

We have had a pleasant little letter from a friend of ours in Paris, an Irishman, who, as an officer of the National Guard, greatly distinguished himself in the Revolution of February '48. He calls up many sparkling memoris and gives us several crumbs of good news:

"John Martin and O'Doherty left here about a fortnight ago; not a rebel remains but myself. Eugene O'Rielly's occupation is gone in the East. I hope he may find something to do in some other war. He was a brave fellow and a fine soldier. When I last heard of him, he was a Pacha, an Aga, or something of the kind. Poor Ireland has the sad privilege of having her sons only great abroad. O'Brien was with us here about three months ago. He is the same noble-minded, warm-hearted patriot as ever."

Here is a clarion tone from one of the finest of American poets. The day, and the forcible and rhythmical grandeur of the lines, recommend their publication. We may premise by saying that the Liberty Bell still hangs in the steeple from which it rang the knell of British domination in America.

The Liberty Bell.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

A sound like a sound of thunder rolled,
And the heart of a nation stirred—
For the Bell of Freedom, at midnight tolled,
Through a mighty land was heard.
And the chime still rung
From its iron tongue,
Steadily swaying to and fro;
And to some it came,
Like a breath of flame—
And to some a sound of wo.

Above the dark mountain, above the blue wave,
It was heard by the fettered, and heard by the brave—
It was heard in the cottage, and heard in the hall
And its chime gave a glorious summons to all.
The sabre was sharpened—the time-rusted blade
Of the Bond started out in the pioneer's glade,
Like a herald of wrath: and the host was arrayed!

Along the dark mountain, along the blue wave
Swept the ranks of the Bond—swept the ranks of the Brave;
And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,
When a star-blazing banner unfurled,
Like the wing of some seraph flashed out from his home,
Uttered freedom and hope to the world.

O'er the hill-top and tide its magnificent fold,
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,
In the storm, in the sunshine, and darkness unrolled.
It blazed in the valley, it blazed on the mast—
It leaped with its eagle abroad on the blast;
And the eyes of whole nations were turned to its light;
And the heart of the multitude soon
Was swayed by its stars, as they shone through the night,
Like an Ocean when swayed by the moon.

Again through the midnight that Bell thunders out,
And banners and torches are hurried about:
A shout as of waters! a long-uttered cry!
How it leaps, how it leaps from the earth to the sky!
From the sky to the earth, from the earth to the sea,
Hear a chorus re-echoed, "THE PEOPLE ARE FREE!"

The old Bell is still seen by the Patriot's eye,
And he blesses it ever, when journeying by;
Long years have passed o'er it, and yet every soul
Will thrill in the night to its wonderful roll—
For it speaks in its belfry, when kissed by the blast,
Like a glory-breathed tone from the mystical Past.
Long years shall roll o'er it, and yet every chime
Shall unceasingly tell of an era sublime,
More splendid, more dear than the rest of all time.
O yes! if the flame on our altars should pale,
Let its voice but be heard, and the Freeman shall start
To rekindle the fire, while he sees on the gale,
All the Stars and the Stripes of the Flag of his heart!

Mr. Dooly, in reply to his friendly note, is informed that Mr. Meagher arrived in New-York the evening of the 28th of May, 1852, from Pernambuco, Brazils, in the brig *Acorn*, Captain Coombe.

A Tipperary Boy receives our thanks for his suggestions. We are well acquainted with the ballad of *Shemus O'Brien*, and vastly admire it. It was written by Mr. Lefanu, Editor of the Dublin *Warder*.

Ballinaslee is impatient about the Galway election. He wants to see the end of it. *Carrick-shock* implores us to have a chapter or two on the pike exercise. *Pierce O'Hara* desires us to give him our opinion of wooden cannon as an instrument of guerilla warfare. Our correspondents overwhelm us. They'll have to wait to have their wishes gratified. Time at last sets all things even.

A Buffalonian has asked us a question, which, for any practical purpose, it's now too late to answer. The letter of our correspondent failed to reach us time enough for a reply to be given to it in the last number of the *News*. We do not see, however, how there could have been any doubt about the matter. If the General of Division had ordered out the military under his command on the occasion of Mr. Fillmore's arrival in New-York, every company Irish or otherwise, was bound to obey the order. Military subordination, in such cases, supersedes all political feeling. There being no such order issued, the military were left to do as they pleased. The Irish companies didn't turn out. A mighty queer thing if they did.

Jeremiah O'Connor writes to us from North Cambridge, Mass. He is anxious to know who the *Monk of Kilcea* is who inquired about Smith O'Brien. He is, we believe, a respectable grocer, in some town somewhere between Ogdensburg and Milwaukee. That's all we're permitted to divulge. We fear, therefore, we are unable to satisfy *Jeremiah O' Connor*, of North Cambridge whether the *Monk of Kilrea* is (as he surmises in his letter, and we quote the words of *Jeremiah*) one of his "childhood's playmates, who accompanied him through the Gothic arches of that ruined abbey."

Ballinakill, who writes to us from Independence, Mo., mistakes us seriously in supposing our columns are open to such communications as he thinks of writing.

The letter of a *Garryowen Boy* has greatly pleased us. But he asks us for a little bit of information which wiser men than ourselves are unable to give. For his sake, as well as our own, we regret that the spirit of prophecy has been denied us.

Ball-Doyle. Yes. Lord Cloncurry had a seat on the borders of Kildare and Dublin. Lyons was the name of it. Seven miles from Clongowes, the beautiful hill, at the base of which the house stood, commanded a clear view of Dublin city, the bay of Dublin, Dalkey and Killiney. In front of the house ran the Grand Canal. Between them, however, were the most beautiful grounds, gracefully and richly wooded. Immediately behind the house, and stretching away to, and all round the base of the hill, was a lovely sheet of water, belted with shrubberies and woods, brightly speckled with little islands, the shores adorned, here and there, with summer-houses, boat-houses, rustic ruins, and other fancies of the kind. Lord Cloncurry, as we thought every body knew long ago, was a Repealer.

We will regularly send a copy of the NEWS to any part of Ireland, on receipt of subscription at the rate of 16s. sterling per annum.

Mr. Sullivan, our California agent, desires us to state, that though we send the *News* to subscribers there, from here, at the rate of $3 per annum, he has to charge $5 to those who receive it through him.

Mr. P. H. McCAWLEY has received our authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "IRISH NEWS," throughout the Canadas.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1856.

MEMORIES OF THE DAY—THE FOURTH OF JULY.

This date is intimately connected with the fortunes of two men, famous among men, and over whose career the student of history ponders with still-increasing assiduity.

Both were central figures in great revolutions, and from the uses to which they put their position a deep lesson is written in history. The reckless perversity of a cavalier king kindled one of these revolutions; the flabby stupidity of an imbecile monarch incited the other. The former was Charles the First, the latter George the Third. The Revolutionists were Oliver Cromwell and George Washington.

There is no more likeness beeween those heroes than can be instituted between a pious butcher and a calm victor; saving indeed, that each was best suited to his time. If, however, the disinterested nobility of Washington commands our loftiest gaze, we cannot lower our eyes to the rugged brazenness of the sturdy psalm-brawler without regarding him with certain feelings of appreciation. Cromwell's was the philosophy of the iron arm. He was a thorough despot; a man of distinct and self-interested purposes; at once fearless, reckless, energetic and self-willed. He was an impromptu character; pondering little, but acting much. No better evidence of his power, and the distracted weakness of the nation which he held alone for himself could be instanced, than the fact, that after his death monarchy was embraced with a frenzy characteristic of a long-separated love, and that the populace allowed his tough old bones to be disinterred and dangled from a gibbet.

Is there not a deep suggestiveness in these facts, when taken in comparison with the career of Washington, whose very name is invoked to calm the heat and still the turbulence that rages and roars in the wild conflicts that political frenzies inspire.

Upon the Fourth of July, 1653, the famous Barebones Parliament assembled at Whitehall. Having dissolved the "Long Parliament," and beholding the indignation with which the people viewed this audacious act, Cromwell convened one hundred and twenty-eight persons from various parts of England, six from Ireland, and five from Scotland, who meeting on this memorable Fourth of July, voted themselves, with his approval, a Parliament. It was a heterogeneous mass—a few gentlemen and a majority of the lowest grades of society—"fifth-monarchy men, antinomians, independents," possessed with a stubborn and ignorant fanaticism, and who in their new positions forgot the allegiance to Cromwell that he put them there to pay. Their time was mostly taken up with ranting, psalm-singing, and the blatant ebullition of the particular sectarianism which every man was possessed of. One of the most active members was a fanatical leather-seller, named Praise-God Barebones, the toughness of whose wares was only equalled by that of his sermons and the length of his prayers. So much of the latter entered into the business of the house, that the people, in ridicule, named the assembly the Barebones Parliament. Though the length of Cromwell's own prayers were said to have seriously invaded his time and injured his prospects when a farmer, he soon lost patience. He demanded a dissolution, against which many nasal Barebones walloped their tongues with startling clamor, to drown which Cromwell sent Colonel White with a party of soldiers.

"What do you here?" cried the Colonel.

"We are seeking the Lord!"

"Then you may go elsewhere," answered White, "for to my certain knowledge he has not been here these many years"

A Legislative Assembly having thus been made ridiculous in the eyes of the populace, Cromwell had himself installed as Protector with absolute executive power, and thus that gathering of the Fourth of July, at Whitehall, planted the most autocratic 'Republican' the world has yet seen upon the throne of Kings.

The Protector died. The English Republic fled, like a ghost at cock-crow, on the appearance of Charles the Second. The "Regicides," as the accusers and judges of his father were called, were executed, and upon the ruins of the obdurate Puritans, beautiful harlots—the ungodly goddesses of the merrie monarch—fluttered like the standards of a victorious army of occupation, while the inhabitants were made the prey of licentious wit and gay lewdness.

Yet from the period something survived, which it would seem Providence ordained should help the retaliation that came upon England. The lives and writings of such pure republicans as Algernon Sydney, Sir John Elliot, John Hampden and others, survived to iufuse many of their thoughts and desires into the minds of the men who stood sponsors for American Independence.

For more than a twelve-month the Americans had been in open arms against the British. The latter by a series of uncalled for barbarities put reconcilation out of the question. The best offices of the Colonists to wounded soldiers were returned by the unrelenting exercise of fire and sword. A system of desolation was pursued which kindled passions of resentment and revenge, which, says Sanderson, "the blood of many wars shall not expiate, and the revolution of many ages shall not extinguish."

Concord, Lexington, Bunker's Hill, the Burning of Charlestown, swept by like a red panorama. Ethan Allen, like a flash of lightning, sent "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" had broken upon Ticonderoga. Crown-Point had fallen. Arnold, Morgan, Burr, and men not less vigorous had forced their way through the dangers of the Dead River, through the untracked forests of Maine into Canada. Montgomery's blood had fallen in frozen fragments upon Canadian snows. Washington, fortifying Dorchester heights, had driven the British in Boston into such extremities that on St. Patrick's Day, 1776, they were forced to evacuate it. Instigated by the English, the Indians in Virginia and the Carolinas, had plundered, burned and murdered the 'Colonists.' Success to some extent, however, kept alive the patriotic fire. The royalist General, McDonald, was captured after engaging the "rebels" at Morris Creek, in North Carolina. General Lee's activity in Charleston, and Moultries' gallant defence of Sullivan's Island, vivified the South.

These scenes and achievements had passed to occupy and illustrate the "Rebellion in America." In May, Congress had recommended each State to adopt such Government as was deemed best for their liberties. The Provincial Assemblies, with few exceptions, and such as had already abolished monarchism, echoed the Congress; but still discussion, delay, and some irresolution followed.

It was the Fourth of July! and in the Quaker City of Philadelphia, in the old State House, Jefferson's immortal document was still under discussion.

The popular excitement was intense; and thousands thronged to the cradle of American Freedom—as the wise men sought the stable of Bethlehem.

With closeed doors, Congress deliberated; while the people with dreadful anxiety, for they knew the causes which excluded them, awaited the signal which was to announce the fate of the Bill. With eager ears, and eyes leaping from thoughtful doubt to hearty anticipation, the faces of the multitude look up to the steeple of the State-House, for there hangs a bell, brought from London near a quarter of a century previous, with this prophetic inscription, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

Can we not see the multitude heaving, like the ocean under the premonitory throb and shiver of the storm? A buzz breaks through the red-brick walls and barred doors. What, what

does it portend? Tongueless and breathless, the crowd gaze inquiringly at the old State-House. What, what is the noise? Ah, it is the first spasm of the infant Hercules, just born to the world!

A creaking noise—a swinging noise—keep breath ye newly baptized people—and ye slumbering Democrats of Europe awake—THE BELL TOLLS! And then—then the enchantment was broken. The United States had no past, for the Republic was born; and the thirteen Colonial sponsors rose with becoming dignity into nations, and prepared to fight for the birthright proclaimed to the world.

The bell rung immortality to Washington, not less than disaster, defeat and death to British rule in America. The course of Washington is almost beyond parallel. Jefferson was the greatest mind, purely the grandest intellect of the era, above all in devising and accomplishing the philosophic means by which a nation lives. But no mortal in America no doubt in the world—could have so carried the arms of the young Republic through such an accumulation of impending and actual dangers, through such scores of jealous friends, and such hosts of mad enemies, as George Washington. He, above all others, had the strength of mind, the carefully and practically analytic brain, the thorough abnegation of self in every sense where personal respect is not sacrificed, to do it.

Cromwell fought and led to advance himself. Washington fought and led to advance his country. Cromwell won and was feared even by his friends. Washington won, was loved by his friends and respected by his enemies. Cromwell longed to be king but dared not accept it when his tools made the offer. Washington could have been king but repelled with abhorrence, and reprehended with severity the intimation. Cromwell had not courage to be king, Washington had courage to be a republican. Cromwell felt proud of the offer, Washington felt insulted by it.

Cromwell was a revolutionist against monarchy, and then usurped, in the name of a Republic, functions which the king never had; Washington was a revolutionist against a bad government, and when it was overturned, he was a wise and retiring citizen—not the grasping tyrant of that which he had helped to create. In a word, England was the property of Cromwell, Washington was the property of the United States.

IRISH AID SOCIETY—NEW-YORK.

One of the saddest misfortunes which happens to our countrymen on their arrival in America, is that of their being unable to get out of the city in which they first set foot. It is perhaps, the most grievous misfortune which befals them, for, in many instances, it is the cause of every other evil which overtakes them.

The crowding of emigrants into such cities as New-York and their being compelled to remain there huddled together and pent up, is a mischief concerning which volumes might be written. We speak of the mischief done to the emigrants themselves. Want of cleanliness, imprudent and intemperate habits, disease, beggary, all sorts of wretchedness proceed from it.

The tenement which the emigrant, in the vast majority of cases, is forced to resort to in one of these huge cities, is by a thousand degrees less wholesome and affords less shelter than the rudest hut which could be thrown up on the prairie or within the forest. Provisions here are far dearer too, and so are all the other requirments of life. Industry, ingenuity, daring—all bringing floods of health and heart, manly beauty and bright morality with them—will supply at a little cost out there what it takes days of aching drudgery to purchase on the seaboard.

Of the temptations which lead to drinking, debauchery, and riotousness in great cities, among the struggling and hard-pressed especially, it is needless for us to speak. These are no more to be denied, than the fact that the night comes. Rich and poor are made sensible of them. But the latter they conquer more rapidly, and, in most instances, wound with a deadlier thrust. The competition for wages, moreover, grows fiercer, as the laboring population of a city grows more dense. Where the same poplation is thinly scattered, the demand for labor is more anxious and productive.

Truths so plain, so oft repeated, so evident to the dullest brain as these are, we feel it almost a waste of time to chronicle. But plain as they are, evident as they are, constantly reiterated as they have been, few of our countrymen can be induced, or have the means, to act upon them.

The consequence is the very worst which could afflict them. The hope which led them across the ocean falls to ashes on their dismal hearth-stone. Instead of prosperity they find rags, and the husks of swine, and the filthiest caves or garrets instead of the bright free homes of which they had many a glad dream upon the sea.

In some measure to remedy this sinful and ruinous state of things, a number of honest and intelligent citizens, most of them of Irish descent or birth, have formed themselves into the Society the name of which prefaces these few words. The first sentence of their circular simply but fully communicates their object and good wishes:

"The object of this Society is to aid and assist, by pecuniary means and practical advice, all deserving Irishmen who have large families, and require aid to reach a home in the West, or any other part of the country where labor is in demand. In order to carry out this object more effectually, and serve the cause of humanity, we appeal to every citizen who desires to relieve the suffering and want of many deserving and industrious families."

The appeal with which that sentence closes, should meet with a prompt response. The object which calls it forth is urgent, useful, and most noble. The evils to be corrected by the Society are of a grievous nature. Grievous to the emigrants in the first instance and in the deepest measure, they are grievous to the city where the emigrants are compelled to remain. The blessings to be secured through the instrumentality of the Society will be without end; generations will enjoy them. The emigrants will have their fondest hopes fulfilled. Their grand idea of America as a happy home will at length be realized, and America will be all the happier, wealthier, and more stable.

THE MURDER AT WILLARD'S.

Private letters just come to hand from Washington, inform us, that Mr. Reverdy Johuson declined to prosecute Mr. Herbert for the murder of Keating. It is alleged he is too busy elsewhere. Every other lawyer of ability in the district has, it appears, either been employed by the friends of Mr. Herbert, or refused to interfere.

A letter from the brother of the murdered man, has also been handed us. It corroborates the statements we publish.

What, under these circumstances, is to be done? Is Keating to be left with the worms in his grave, while the man who dealt him his death-blow, walks abroad free? Is the murder to be forgotten, to be let slip quietly into the category of the accidents of the day, without one brave effort to punish and avenge it? Let the officials of the district of Columbia take heed. Even at a distance of ten thousand miles, we shudder at the perils which besiege that beautiful city of San Francisco. It were better that the earthquake should come, and the Capitol and White House be swamped in the Potomac, than for such perils to visit the city founded by the Father of the Republic. Justice done in time, wards off revolution.

HOLY ALLIANCE—FREE SOILERS AND KNOW-NOTHINGS.

Mr. H. J. Gardner, Governor of Massachusetts, has ratified the nomination of Mr. Fremont for the Presidency.

Governor Gardner it was who disbanded the gallant Irish companies throughout Massachusetts.

Governor Ford, of Ohio, and other members of the Know-Nothing Convention, held recently in New-York, have gone clean over to Mr. Fremont.

Mr. Fremont has received their communication "with deep sensibility," and is strongly impressed "by the generous spirit of of conciliation which influenced their assembly."

Fremont and No Foreigners! That's the cry.

Thus have the Free-Soilers and Know-Nothings cordially embraced. They are one and the same from this out.

Letters from California.

There appears to be a difference of opinion in California with regard to the action of the Vigilance Committee. It is one of those questions on which we do not feel ourselves competent to decide. We offer no opinion. Anxious, however, that our readers should hear both sides, we publish the following letters. The writers are well known to us, and we vouch for their intelligence, respectability, and truth.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 3, 1856.

The excitement under which our city labored when the last mail left, has continued up to the present time. The newspapers will, no doubt, give you particulars of the occurrences, as they have since transpired. The Vigilance Committee, having disposed of Casey and Cora, seem to have devoted themselves, since then, to ferreting out the rascals who have so long plundered the community, played "thimble rig" with our ballot-box, and laid the office-holding rogues under contribution for mutual support.

From the examination of a ballot box lately discovered, it has been explained how the rogues managed the elections. Sufficient is known to throw doubt on the legal election of even the Governor himself! The instrument is a ballot box with false sides, presided over by an accomplice—an Inspector call him—who could at all times produce the majority his instructions indicated. These instructions came from an organized *clique*, which has managed to rule the roast here since 1849.

This *clique*, by means of fighting and fraud, appointed the judges and inspectors at the elections, and consequently had the appointment and gift of every office, from a constable to a governor. To the people of the Atlantic border this state of things is inexplicable. With a determination to remedy the great evils which existed, acts of abuse becoming more and more frequent, and glaring, the people have risen in their might, determined that the laws shall be enforced against all offenders.

The energetic action of the Vigilance Committee is supported by the active sympathy of the people at large. It is well known, in taking on themselves the reponsibility of their office, they did so for the public good. True it is, the *clique* I have alluded to, their aiders and abettors, have endeavored to vilify the conduct of the twenty-nine members of the Committee. They have made national—yes, and religious appeals to their prejudice. They have called it a Know Nothing and anti-Democratic movement. At other times they have declared that it is an organization for the purpose of getting rid of debt by a general bankruptcy. It is intended, they say, to make this revolution the means of repudiating liability, as was once afforded by the great fire. This talk is silly. A community outraged, never acts unless under a general sense of wrong, and then if their is an abiding sentiment of vindication of the law against the wrong doers, it is maintaining the great ends of its existence.

The cells of the building occupied by the Committee are now filled with some six or eight of the most desperate of those villains who seem to have been "licensed rogues, at large,"—all our Courts, Officers, Law and Justice, to the contrary notwithstanding. At one time it was stated the Governor had been prevailed on to call on General Wool for aid from the United States Goverment, to put an end to the existing state of things. No call on the militia can avail anything against the unanimity with which the Vigilance Committee is supported. Those on the side of the Committee outnumber the opposition a hundred to one.

The rooms of the Committee are in Sacramento street, a few doors from Front, in the Granite Buildings lately occupied by the United States Appraisers. They have nearly 2000 muskets, and about a dozen cannon, so that the interior of their rooms has quite a warlike appearance. At a moment's warning, all these arms are in the hands of men ready to lose their lives if necessary in carrying out the plans of Justice. They are well sustained by the voice of the people.

What a powerful combination such Committee would be, controlled by bad men, or formed for a bad purpose. In this respect we are safe. The Revolution after all is a moral one. The subversion of our government is not intended nor attempted.

At our next election for City and County officers, the City and County will be for the first time consolidated, the same officers discharging the duties formerly transacted by two sets of officers.

There can be no doubt that honest men will not only be selected by all parties, but there will be a more careful supervision of the ballot boxes.

Woe unto the man attempting any fraud.

It appears to me, that we may reasonably expect this City, in a short space of time to be as free from Gamblers, Bullies, Rowdies and all that class of people, as any large city in the United States.

The next thing we may expect, is that our City and County affairs will be managed with prudence, and the large amount we have heretofore paid indirectly to those gamblers, bullies, rowdies, &c. in the shape of Taxes, will be paid out for no other consideration than value received.

At least we shall have something to show for the millions the city can yet raise to improve and embellish the Queen city of the Pacific.

The Governor having made his call on the militia, and issued a proclamation declaring the city in a state of insurrection, has done all that was required to preserve the integrity of his official position, and will not I think have anything further to do in the matter. There is no fear of any collision between troops, militia or citizens. The excitement at the closing of my last letter, is pretty nearly over. Yours as ever,

HUMBOLDT.

[SAN FRANCISCO, 5th June.

The steamer sails in hour. I have barely time to say a word to you. I refer you to my last, as to the Vigilance movement. It is now dead. The Governor has issued a proclamation calling on all good citizens to maintain law and order, and over a thousand men have sprung into arms in an instant. Five thousand will respond to the call within a week. Companies are forming in every part of the city, and the smothered feeling of indignation which this high-handed combination of bankrupt merchants has created, has burst out, and will recoil with a fearful vengeance on their heads.

As I stated in my last, Eastern shippers may expect smaller remittances, both by this and several following mails, and be prepared by the Fall for a general burst of the *gingerbread merchants* of San Francisco. Their money, however, has been freely used in employing a band of mercenaries for the subversion of the laws of this State and the Constitution of the Republic. Their objects, however, will be defeated; but the "revolution" will give many of the improvident *merchants* an opportunity to settle their Eastern accounts as they were formerly settled by a good fire.

The prisoners have been smuggled away this morning to Callao, or elsewhere, and the Vigilance Committee will likely dissolve in the face of the powerful organization that has sprung up against them.

Yours, TERRY ALT.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

RICHARD SHIEL—THE RIVER SUIR—STONYHURST COLLEGE—SHIEL AND O'CONNELL.

The river Suir—the gentle Suir as it has been called by Edmund Spenser—himself a gentle poet. From out of the sweet furze which gathers on the peak of Benduff, it bubbles into light. The ivied arches of Knocknageerah throw their shadow on it in its sparkling childhood. From the green rushes through which it glides by Thurles, the towers and twisted pillars of Holycross rise up. The winds of the autumn deck its brown breast with the red leaves as they fall in the woods of Gurteen, and the wild hawk of the Commerahs dips his wing in the wave as it throbs through the honied plains of Clonmel, and on to the old city of the Dane.

Richard Shiel loved this glorious river. He loved it, for his home, like mine, was on its banks. When age had come upon him, and he was far away from the old land, he spoke in raptures of it. He spoke of the many evenings he had stood beside it, when the vesper-bells of the city tolled the death of the departing day, and the smoke above the ancient walls was turned into a cloud of gold, by sunsets such as Claude Lorrain would have worshipped. "Here," said he "where my infancy was passed, I once hoped that my old age should decline. But it is not in the midst of the woods of the gentle Suir that I shall fall into the sere and yellow leaf."

He goes down the Suir one evening, and out beyond those bold headlands, crowned with fort and lighthouse. There is a good clergyman of Languedoc with him. It is the Abbe de Grimeau. He has been charged to see the boy safely lodged within the iron gate of that old-fashioned house at Kensington, where certain French Jesuits, known then in England as the Peres de la Foi, taught science and the classics. The head of the establishment is Monsieur le Prince de Broglio—"a slender, delicate, little creature," we are told by Shiel himself, "a slender, delicate, little creature, with a sloping forehead, and the few hairs left him nicely powdered and pomatumed." He receives the little Irishman with much suavity. He receives him in black silk stockings and small shoes buckled with silver, in a chamber covered with faded gilding. Then he shows our friend, Dick, to the school-room, where he hears not a word of English, for the boy's new acquaintances are little emigrants from France, for the most part, children of the old *noblesse*. He is shown to his desk. The lad next to him is the son of the Count Decar, an aristocrat of the first water. Dick doesn't like him much. He writes home that "he is a huge, lubberly fellow, with a greasy sudorific complexion, and a strong repugnance to soap and water—surly, dogged, and silent—altogether one in whom it would be very difficult to detect a patrician derivation."

Kensington won't answer. That's plain. Our young scholar moves northwards.

Two towers topped with eagles, rise up before him, out of a deep valley. It is a deep, blackvalley. Yet there are streams rippling through that valley; and there are old trees in dense masses, stretching their wrinkled arms all through it, and sheltering betimes amongst their fallen leaves and branches the most delicious game, pheasants, deer, and woodcock; and there are high hills, once the haunt of witches, girdling it in gaunt and desolate sterility.

Shiel likes this old place well. His account of it—published, if I mistake not, in the New Monthly, some years after—is full of beauty, tenderness, wit and loving recollections. He speaks of his old master, the Rev. William Brooks, in terms of especial commendation. He tells us that "his mind was full of precepts and examples from the best authors of the ancient and modern schools, that his taste in literature was highly cultivated, that his manners were polished, perhaps, to the utmost limit of refinement, but that, in all respects, he was an admirable specimen of the old English gentleman."

"Let us hear what you have," said Mr. Brooks to his young charge one day. Shiel got up, opened out a bundle of manuscript, and with much fervor threw off several pages of exuberant composition. He finished with a great burst, and then, throwing down his manuscript, waited for a shower of praises.

"Richard," says the old gentleman—looking steadily at him—Richard, you have to-day succeeded in soaring to the highest regions of—nonsense!"

When Richard Shiel leaves Stonyhurst, he crosses over to Dublin, and there writes his name on the books of Trinity College. The law is to be his business, and he tries his pen at tragedy. He does right. Acts right manfully in so doing. His father had failed in some commercial speculations, and Dick will go upon his own hook.

Justice is not cheap in Ireland. Neither can one serve in the temple of the Blind Goddess, without dropping a few guineas into her suspended scale. He throws off without much skill, and with much conceit, a pompous play called "Adelaide, or the Emigrants." Fortunately for the author, there is at that time, shining on the boards of the old cob-webbed theatre in Crow street, Dublin, a beautiful young actress, one Miss O'Neill, who, "by her wonderful power," as McNevin tells us "rescues the Emigrants from their legitimate damnation." The morning after its appearance, with the most profuse gratitude, and citing some exquisite verses of Voltaire in illustration of her charms, Shiel dedicates the play to Miss O'Neil. He brings the dedication to O'Connell, and asks him what he thinks of it? "Shiel, my dear fellow," says the great Kerryman, with his richest brogue, and his gray eye twinkling with vicious fun, "Shiel, my dear fellow, you have been gathering honey at Blarney, and have laid it on Miss O'Neil with a trowel."

Shiel has pluck, and tries his hand again. He gives us the Apostate, and then Bellamira, and then Evadne. The latter makes a decided hit, accomplishes a great run, and from the illiterate and the learned, the critics and the crowd, elicits an immense applause.

For these dramatic efforts, Shiel gets in hand a sum amounting to $10,000. He stood in need of it. He had married a Miss O'Halloran, a great beauty without a fortune. He had the honest daring to take the hand he loved, though the white fingers wore no jewels. However he may have altered in latter days, here in the fresh morning of life, he discloses a generous nature in the light of a glowing genius. He will not hang upon his father for support. He will bake his own bread. He will not measure the purse of the girl he loves, and trim the sailing of his heart by its latitude and longitude. Like a brave fellow, he will take her in his arms, and bear her to a sunny shore, if it be possible, through the waters of adversity.

Having by his dramatic efforts put together sufficient means to buy a wig, a bag, and gown, and having been called to the bar, and, with an oath before the Lord Chancellor, being installed in the profession of the law, Shiel, filling up his leisure hours with profitable labor, sits down and writes for the literary world a series of articles in the New Monthly Magazine. Sketches of the Irish Bar, he calls them, and vivid sketches they are.

Pregnant with sorrowful truths; dismal experiences; incidents revealing themselves through clouds, and sunlight, and sparkling showers, and rainbows; strange characters gliding through the strangest scenes of life; with their quaint oddities tickling us into laughter; with their ebullitions of insanity filling us with dismay, or in their desolate adversity drawing from us the saddest sympathies; humor and lamentation; intellect run wild; giddy fashion living, and dressing, and reveling upon the hard-won earnings of the brain; behold the pictures which this fine hand has left us of that profession—the profession of the law—which in Ireland has exhibited so many contradictions, and been, at the one and the same hour, a fountain of corruption, and a pedestal of fame.

I have no reason to believe that Shiel had, in his own career at the Irish Bar, a momentary experience of the calamities he so vividly describes. But he was intimate with those upo whom such visitations had fallen, and his narrative of the struggle, the agony, the terrible wreck and desolation, of such men, is as true to the letter as though he himself had bled and writhed under their experience.

But, after all, there is something greater for Shiel to do. Something greater for him to do than write sketches. The penal laws against the Irish Catholics are in force. These laws must be done away with. They are the laws of the bigot. They attach to a conscientious belief, disabilities the most offensive, the most oppressive, the most galling. Upon the integrity of man, they impose a penalty which amounts to an interdiction. To the commission of a cunning or a cowardly apostacy, they hold out a world of inducements. A curse to the country, a scandal to Christianity, an abomination in the sight of God, they must be done away with!

Who says so?

Plunkett says so, with those words of his, which rapid as the lightning, are as pure as the sunbeam. Curran says so, with that deep melody of his, which combined all the moods of sensibility and passion, and was, by turns, as thrilling as a War-Song or as touching as a Funeral Hymn—as haughty as the canticle of Miriam, or as sorrowful as a lamentation of Jeremiah. Grattan says so, with that astounding eloquence of his, which was a combination of cloud and whirlwind and flame. O'Connell says so, standing like a giant among his people, and hurling those defiances which terrified the senate, the camp, the court, into a sudden capitulation.

And here, a young lawyer, with a little, slender, wiry figure, in shabby clothes, but with a beautiful hand of the most delicate shape and whiteness, and an eye like that of a basilisk, starts up. With a voice that with its ringing sharpness startles us, and with a wild swinging of the arms, he cries out—it must not be!

"Slaves! slaves!" he exclaims, "you are seven millions! Know your own strength! Appreciate your power! Assemble round your altars—let the chalice ascend and the cross be lifted up—and then raise your voices for liberty together. Raise such a call for Freedom, as shall travel through every department of the State. Let it reach to the lofty walls of the titled Senate, and amidst the luxurious recesses of the kingly palace let it not be unheard. Let a shout go forth for Freedom, at which England will start and France will not be deaf, at which princes shall be amazed, and cabinets shall stand appalled! Call for Freedom," he conjures them, "and call for it as your right—call for it in the name of reason—call for it in the name of justice—call for it in the name of safety—call for it determinedly—above all, let seven millions call for it together!"

George the Fourth spreads his silken sails for the Irish coast.

The Catholic party were disposed to hail the event as the precursor of great political blessings. The King was the companion of Charles Fox and the Earl of Moira, and the Marquis of Wellesley, and these men were their staunch friends—the staunch friends of the Catholic cause—and the King, accordingly, would grant them Emancipation. So, they designate his visit a most propitious event, and go out to meet him in blue silk-scarfs and red rosettes. The Catholic Bishops advance to the royal presence, in ecclesiastical costume, with their golden chains and crosses. Daniel O'Connell kneels on one knee, and presents a crown of laurel to the King. In return, the King draws the Ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick over the dutiful neck of the Earl of Fingal, the Earl being the foremost man amongst the Irish Catholics of the time. Profuse reciprocity of compliments, between the master and the slave, is the charming order of the day!

That little wiry figure, with small white hand and eye of a basilisk, stood aloof, away from the crowd, in a dim corner, as it were, looking out, with fretfulness and anger upon the whole scene. He stood aloof, treasuring up the burning thoughts which rushed upon him at the moment, and afterwards, when the delirious shouts had been hushed, and the spiders had spun their dusky webs from the beams of the vast banquet-hall, and the men, whose credulity had hurried them headlong into the giddiest excesses of adulation, stood with awakened sense contemplating the wasted scene and measuring the exhausted depths of their debauch, our bright-eyed orator, with the flashing white hand is seen, and with ringing voice is heard, amongst the betrayed citizens of Dublin, exposing the duplicity of the King and the fatuity of his subjects.

He bids them remember the ovation with which the sovereign of the empire had entered their city; bids them remember how, with uplifted eyes, and hands, and voices into which their hearts were thrown, the multitudes had conducted the royal widower to his Irish capital; recalls the scene of his departure when the monarch stood upon the shore, was surrounded by his people, heard their prayers for his happiness sent up with a rapturous enthusiasm to Heaven, and saw many a brawny arm stretched out to him in an affectionate farewell. He describes the ship, with the royal standard at the mast-head, moving slowly and majestically through the ocean, and the hills, crowded to their tops by hundreds of thousands reverberating with the benedictions of the multitude.

"Is it possible," he exclaims, "that at such a moment his heart should not have melted and dissolved within him? Did not the tear of a generous sensibility rush into his eyes, and as the shouts of his people came to him from the receding shores across the waters, did he not exclaim—"Yes! yes! I will do something for Ireland."

"But I forget," he proceeds, "I forget myself. I am hurried away by the emotions which the recollection of those striking scenes cannot fail to awaken, and I pause to put the question—what, after all, has George the Fourth done for Ireland?"

"Nothing," he exclaims; "he left us his advice, and he gave us, nothing else; and on his tomb should be inscribed—

"*Here lies the man who was beloved by Ireland in his youth, who beguiled her in his manhood, and betrayed her in his age.*"

From the event of this royal visit to the concession of the Catholic claims, Richard Shiel was an indefatigable laborer in the cause of Religious Liberty.

In the Summer of 1828 he meets Daniel O'Connell at a friend's house in the mountains of Wicklow, and there the two lawyers devised that system of political action, which, operating on the fears of the English Cabinet, served to revoke the iniquitous code, which, to the incalculable detriment of Ireland, had been so long in force.

Of the struggle which resulted in this triumph, O'Connell was the guiding and preponderating power. His quickness, his sagacity, his unconquerable industry, his rich and racy humor, his grand intonations, his noble figure, everything placed him high beyond the reach of competition. But Shiel stood next to him. Next to him, and high above the rest.

O'Connell and Shiel were the names on every tongue. O'Connell had the more correct judgment. Shiel the more brilliant genius. O'Connell was ready for all occasions. Shiel prepared himself and was adequate only for the great. The first, more popular, was inspired. The latter, more classical, was all study.

M. Duvergier and the Duke de Montebello, travelling through Ireland in 1826, enter an old chapel, in the town of Ballinasloe. It's a little old chapel, without any ornament, white-washed and half in ruins. Before the altar, a rude platform has been raised. On the left of it, a gallery for the men. Another for the women on the right. On the platform, about two hundred country gentlemen. In every other part of the Chapel, a peasant population of a savage aspect.

Shiel is speaking!

The Frenchmen are delighted with him; they return to Paris and bring out a pamphlet. What says this pamphlet about Richard Shiel?

"When you behold that little Gascon figure in repose, it is impossible to suspect the changes which passion produces in it. There is in Shiel, something of Juvenal, of Pindar, and of Mirabeau. His satire is shrewd and biting; his poetry dazzles; his enthusiasm whirls you away; when he flings forth a sarcasm, a bitter smile contracts his lips; when he threatens, his eyes dart forth lightnings; when he is under the dominion of inspiration, they take an expression altogether sublime; his gesture is quick, abrupt, almost irregular, but it is always in perfect accord with the sentiments he has to express; he possesses in an eminent degree, the surprising faculty of exerting himself to the very verge of delirium, without once losing his self-possession. During an hour, one single soul, that of the orator, seemed to animate this living mass."

The services which Shiel rendered to the Catholics of Ireland ought never to be forgotten by them. Of their claims, he was a brilliant and dauntless champion. If his genius had the eagle's power of flight, it had the eagle's courage, too. If it could soar to the loftiest crag, it could wheel in the sunlight, and pounce upon the stateliest prey below. Witness his attack on Plunkett, the Attorney General, when he proceeded against Daniel O'Connell for sedition. Witness his attack on the Duke of York, when his Grace invoked the evidence of God to his hatred of the Catholics. Witness his attack on Lord Stanley and the Duke of Cumberland, when the subject of Orange Lodges in the British Army was before the House of Commons. Witness, a little later, his onslaught on Lord Lyndhurst, in the debate on the Irish Municipal Bill.

For the victories which his genius won in the public forum, at the bar, and in the senate, Ireland will think of Shiel for many years to come; she will think of him, as she thinks of Moore, and Gerald Griffin, and Thomas Davis, and Clarence Mangan, and Banim of Kilkenny, and Callanan, who sang of Gougane Barra, for they all, like him, have gone from earth. But high

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

above the island, whose traditions, hopes, wrongs, beauty, sorrow, had been in life their inspiration—high above her cathedral ruins, her purple mountain of the South, her brown eagle's boldest flight—in the night that encompasses her, their memories shall be to her as new stars, making bright the desolation that surrounds her, and lifting up her heart as she meditates upon her fate.

Standing at the foot of that tomb, in the darkness of which the black eye of surpassing beauty has been quenched, and the tongue of fire has fallen into ashes, there is a sad lesson to be read.

Alas poor Yorick! He died a slave! He died in chains! He had long been silent before death struck him dumb for ever!

He had entered the service of England, been a Commissioner of Greenwich, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Master of the Mint, Member of the Privy Council. He had dismissed the great scheme of National Independence as "a splendid phantom," for which, in 1833, he had pleaded with such vehemence, and against the Church Establishment, which for many years he had assailed with such relentless vigor, in his latter days he had not the faintest syllable to utter.

When that question was last before the Parliament, he was missed from his seat on the floor, and might have been seen stealing nervously along the galleries, now and then peeping over the railing to see what was going on below. He was under orders from his masters. The Whigs were his masters. It did not answer the Whigs, they being in office at the time, to lay their hands upon the golden dome and pinnacles of the Establishment; and Shiel, who, in 1836, had said they should take down that dome "for it had become too ponderous," had to creep by, and leave the ponderous mass still towering and expanding.

The Debate on the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill is at hand. Shiel is in a fix, they say. They say so at the Atheneum and Reform Club. The ministers to get him out of the fix, transpose him from the home to the foreign service. He is shipped off as Ambassador to Tuscany. He makes his bow to the Grand Duke, delivers his credentials, and then retires to his hotel, where the gout seizes him for the last time. All is over!

It is not in the woods that overhang the gentle Suir, as he once thought, that he falls into the sere and yellow leaf.

MY LOVE AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Surely my love hath passed this way,
Else the skies were not so bright,
Else the birds were not so gay—
Carolling in the morning light.

Violet, she hath looked on you,
Else you were not half so blue,
Never in cerulean skies,
So deep an azure hue was sought;
That heavenly tint you must have caught,
From the blue fountains of her eyes.

Ne'er before you scattered round,
So profusely on the air,
And along the dewy ground,
Odors sweet and perfumes rare;
Was it a laugh, or was it a sigh,
That left her lips as she glided by?

Gentle lily, to her breast
Sure my love your form hath pressed,
How could you ever be so fair,
If you had not rested there?
Lily bending in the gale,
When she clasped you to her heart,
Was it from joy you turned so pale,
Or, grief, that she must again depart?

On you alone, thrice happy rose,
On you alone my love bestows
The crimson treasures of her lips.
The careless bee their sweetness sips,
But ah! he little knows how much
Was caught from her red lip's glowing touch.

Lily and rose and violet blue,
Violet, lily and rose so red,
Violet, rose and lily white,
Shall I not be happy too?
Will her eyes their lustre shed
Ever on me with delight?
Will her form my arms entwine?
Will her lips be pressed to mine?
Thus if she should ever do,
Then I should not envy you.

PONTCHARTRAIN.

Over the slab which has hitherto covered the grave of Wm Cobbett, in the churchyard of Farnham, Surrey, a tomb has just been erected by Mr. Thomas Milnes, the sculptor who executed the statue of Nelson recently put up in Norwich. The tomb is made of a durable stone, from the quarry at Roch Abbey, in Yorkshire. It stands near the porch of the church, is of solid workmanship, oblong in form, and in style following the plainest old English architecture. On one panel, the inscription, copied from the slab is: "William Cobbett, son of George and Anne Cobbett; born in the parish of Farnham, 9th of March, 1762. Enlisted in the 54th Regiment of Foot in 1784, of which regiment he became Sergeant-Major in 1785, and obtained his discharge in 1791. In 1794 he became a political writer. In 1832 was returned to Parliament for the borough of Oldham, and represented it till his death, which took place at Normandy Farm, in the adjoining parish of Ash, on the 18th of June, 1835." On the panel opposite: "Anne Cobbett, daughter of Thomas and Anne Reid, and wife of William Cobbett; born at Chatham, 28th of March, 1774. Married at Woolwich, 5th of February, 1792. Died in London, 19th of July, 1848." Farnham Church is within a mile of Waverley Abbey, and of Moor Park, (once the residence of Sir William Temple,) and about two miles from Alderchott.

Notes from the Nore.

BY A KILKENNY MAN.

"We had a fashion o' callin' this sort o' writin' a memorandle."
Admiral Terence O'Brien.

To the Editor of the Irish News:—In the name of the many exiled children of Ossory, I heartily thank you for having made arrangements for a regular series of letters from the beautiful "old city of St. Canice," as your faithful friend and compatriot, Father Meehan, in his history of the Confederation of Kilkenny, styles it. Of Irish counties, the county of Berkeley, Bushe, and Banim confessedly stands at the head, for the social independence, the enlightenment, and the patriotism of its inhabitants. Its scattered children feel proud of their birthplace, and, as "absence makes the heart grow fonder," they hail with enthusiastic and affectionate delight, anything that proceeds from it.

The "letter from Kilkenny," in your paper of last Saturday, has a paragraph about a young clergyman of shining virtues and great talents. I refer to father Edward Rowan. My position enables me to give you some particulars of his origin. If they possess any value you can publish them. In writing them out from my note book, I prefer to use the past tense, as an absence of eight years from my native land disqualifies me to write otherwise with correctness.

Of the parents of the Rev. Mr. Rowan, let me say a few words. They were of the first class of Kilkenny Catholics; high praise you will admit. Mr. Rowan Sr. and my father were friends in early life. He was in every respect an exemplary man. He was the proprietor of an extensive woolen hall in Kilkenny. It stood on the north-west corner of High and Walkin streets.

Walkin street was next to and ran parallel with William st., where, in the summer of 1848, I first heard you address a meeting of the citizens of Kilkenny. You were accompanied by P. J. Smith. Dr. Cane was one of the orators on the occasion. You remember how an idle rumor of the approach of soldiers, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, threw the meeting into the utmost confusion. Dr. Cane left the balcony of the Mechanics' Institute, where the speakers were all arrayed, and retired to his residence; then, on the opposite side of the street, you, Smith, and a few others, remained unmoved and firm—as was expected of you, and as became your position. When order was restored, I vividly recollect how effectively you taunted certain leaders of the Kilkenny confederates on their imbecility and lukewarmness. You cannot forgot how heartily the multitude approved of your well-directed taunt. After you had finished your address, Smith was called on for a speech. He excused himself, on the ground that he was a military man, and their swords were the only "organs of speech" military men were suspected of knowing how to use. If an opportunity were afforded him, he thought he would make himself heard exactly as a soldier should. By the way, Smith was taken by not a few for Smith O'Brien. It was an odd, but not a censurable blunder.

On the south-west corner of High and Walkin street, stood the china store of Orange Anson Floyd, one of the "packed jury" who, in 1844, convicted O'Connell and his co-laborers in the great Repeal movement, of treasonable conduct, and who, by their "loyal" verdict, consigned a noble band of patriots to the fellowship and fate of the vilest inmates of Newgate. Floyd resided in Dublin. Kilkenny was only tainted by the presence of a branch of his gigantic china warehouse. His chief salesman in Kilkenny was an individual who passed for a dissenting clergyman, and who was far less attentive to the business of vending his employer's cups and crocks, plates and pitchers, etc., etc., than he was to the witching daughters of the "Faire Cittie." You will say he should not be blamed for *that*. His "pastoral" cares were "magnificently" light, and the poor wretch never seemed troubled about such matters.

Nearly opposite, on the eastern side of High street, was the cozy little fancy store of Michael Banim, the brother and co-laborer of John Banim, the greatest of Irish novelists. The widow of the latter resided in King street, near its junction with Coal-Market. The grave of her illustrious husband was in Madlin street chapel. By the way, I learn from recent accounts, that Michael Banim has been appointed postmaster of his native city. No man better deserves such a position. He is of marked ability, upright, industrious, and patriotic. The two brothers were schoolmates of my father's, and Michael has been a life-long friend of his.

Six or eight doors south of Banim's store, and on the same side of High street, was the office of the Kilkenny *Journal*, one of the oldest papers in Ireland. You know its reputation and history for the last thirty years, and will coincide with me in recognizing its devotion and fidelity to popular interests. It was for a long time the property of Cornelius Maxwell, whom you must have known. Maxwell was pre-eminently a man of the people; honest, zealous, and unflinching. He began life in the employ of the Marquis of Ormond. Having therein saved some hundreds of pounds sterling, he purchased the *Journal* from old "Moll Henderson"—as the then owner of it was familiarly known among her acquaintances. She was outwardly one of the most unattractive of women, but at heart generous, affectionate, and true. She had a daughter as ugly as herself, but destitute of her good nature, for whom the mother never could procure a husband. After Maxwell became proprietor of the *Journal*, our friend of the *Irish-American*, Mr. Lynch, was for a while its editor. I have his own words for this. His successor, if I am not mistaken, was Ken. Buggy, who wrote the once very popular song called the "Saxon Shilling." You remember the scene of Banim's tragic story of the "Roman Merchant." "The *Irishtown* of our dear and not uncelebrated native city is now before our eyes, as vividly as when we roamed through it in childhood." Buggy was a native of that part of Kilkenny. He was a near relation of mine. He was an ardent Repeal advocate, and a young man of much promise. He it was that was selected to succeed your noble friend Duffy, on the Belfast *Vindicator*, when the latter removed to Dublin in 1842, to conduct the *Nation*. Buggy died in Belfast, in 1843. So beloved was he by the people of that city, that they peremptorily refused to allow his remains to be removed to his native county for interment. They erected an expensive monument over his last resting-place, and preserved his memory in their warm hearts. You could not but have known Buggy. He was one of the orators who addressed the "Monster Meeting," held on the plains of Danesforth, about a mile outside of Kilkenny, early in the summer of 1843, if I don't mistake. I was then but nine years old and insufficiently interested in politics to preserve an exact recollection of dates. O'Connell was there, of course, and I remember having heard my father say that you were also present, but that you avoided public notice. You were then only a few months away from your "Alma Mater." Buggy's address on the occasion I have reference to was impassioned, eloquent, and soul-stirring. O'Connell thought it was a little too exciting, and before Buggy had reached the close of his remarks, O'Connell checked his impetuosity by affectionately patting him on the head and advising him to "be calm, be calm, my fine, frank, fearless enthusiast."

But I must not digress thus, if I desire to have you read this rambling "bit o' writin'."

Father Rowan's mother was a sister of the celebrated Bishop Kelly of Waterford, and possessed much of his talents, and all of his piety. One of the most endearing traits of the character of Curran, was his affectionate recollection of the virtues of his mother, to whom he was never slow to ascribe whatever genius he was honored for. I think young Mr. Rowan owes as much to maternal influence, and I believe he is equally prompt to acknowledge all such indebtedness. You don't remember Bishop Kelly, though I think I have heard you say you accompanied your honored father, when he attended the funeral of the beloved prelate. As with all his family, Bishop Kelly was a native of the City of Kilkenny, where some of his immediate relations still live. One or two of his nephews, lineally descended, reside in Madlin street, Kilkenny, near the (to me) once fondly familiar scene of Banim's deeply interesting story of "The Mayor of Wind-Gap." Early in life Bishop Kelly became President of St. Kieran's College, near Kilkenny, whence he was transferred by Pope Pius VII. to Richmond, Va., where he was elevated to the Episcopal See, then newly and provisionally organized. He arrived in this country towards the close of 1820, but was allowed to remain only a few months in his infant diocese. On the death of the then R. C. Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, Dr. Kelly was chosen to succeed him, and he returned to his native land in 1821. Of Dr. Kelly, Sheil (who, according to the authority of your lamented friend Macnevin, was also a native of the County 'of Kilkenny) has given his views, in a speech delivered in the Catholic Association, sustaining a motion of a vote of thanks to Dr. Kelly, for his noble and exemplary efforts in commencing the first regular census of the people of Ireland. On a vacancy occurring in the Episcopal See of Lismore and Waterford, in 1821, Sheil observes:

"The clergy of Waterford looked round for an ecclesiastic, who was fitted to the time. They wanted a man of high talents and acquirements—of a firm decided, and manly character—with a bold and inflexible spirit, and something of a republican simplicity of mind. And where did they seek him? These lovers of despotism by religion—these necessary slaves—these men who are deemed insensible to the love of liberty, and incapable of its enjoyment—these Popish priests—looked out into the democracy of America, and selected for their prelate a Bishop of the United States. It was among the forests that mark the boundaries of the United States—it was in the midst of the savannahs—in the midst of poverty and privation, and surrounded with every hardship—that Dr. Kelly had evinced the qualifications of a truly Christian pastor. He had not, when far away from his country, lost his affection for the land that gave him birth, and his anxiety to do that service to Ireland which he has proved that it is in the power of every bishop to confer, induced him to accept the honorable tender which was made to him by the clergy of his native diocese. [A mistake: Kilkenny was Dr. Kelly's birth-place.] He came; and what more need I do than appeal for the results of his coming to the simple fact upon which I rest the resolution in which the gratitude of the Irish people is expressed? It did befit a man who lived in a free country—in a land of manly spirits and fearless minds—to put into accomplishment a measure which belongs to the spirit of genuine citizenship, and which enumerates the people for the purpose of giving assertion and extension to their rights. To such a man great praise is due."

From 1821 to 1829 Dr. Kelly labored to promote the interests of religion; the freedom and happiness of his countrymen. Throughout the most vigorous struggle for Catholic Emancipation, he was a foremost man. Waterford was the first place where the sceptre of the bigoted and ferocious ascendancy in Ireland received an irreparable fracture. You are familiar with Wyse's graphic History of the Agitation. The people's hearts were in this movement, and their young pastors generally shared their views and hopes, while nearly all the veterans of the clerical body were "averse to all species of disturbance." The young priests already observed the enslaved condition of their fellow-countrymen, and determined to use their talents and influence, without fear and without cessation, to emancipate them. They found a resolute and spirited leader in Dr. Kelly. Sheil, in his Sketches of the Irish Bar, calls him "The Becket of Ireland."

Without entering fully into his history, it must suffice to say that it was Dr. Kelly, who, adopting the suggestion of Sheil, began to teach the people their strength and influence, by an enumeration of his own flock, and who, co-operating with the Catholic Association, showed them how they might use their undervalued power to accomplish their high objects by defeating the Beresfords, where, from long immunity, these believed them-

selves "lords of all they surveyed." You can have but a faint recollection of the Waterford election of 1826. My father participated in it. It was one of the most exciting that ever occurred in Ireland. For nearly a century previous thereto, the Beresfords had enjoyed undisputed sway in that locality. They looked upon the Waterford constituency as their private property, and dreaded not any denial of their atrocious pretension. Villiers Stuart was induced to enter the contest of 1826, as the liberal candidate, against Lord George Beresford, as the Tory nominee. At the opening of the campaign, Stuart had but slight hopes of success, but possessing wealth, character, and the popular clerical support, he persevered—he triumphed. Even the Beresfords' own tenantry, servants and dog-boys conquered their fears, and gave Stuart their votes. Never was a victory so complete. Dr. Kelly was *the man* who thus elected Stuart, defeating and undeceiving the haughty, rampant, and ruthless aristocrat of Curraghmore House. After the election, Beresford gave an entertainment to his leading supporters to bury their mutual disappointment and chagrin under a good dinner. Among his guests, was Joe Green, the baldheaded and "bothered," but ever courteous uncle of Captain John Green, one of the present parliamentary representatives of the County of Kilkenny. To him, Beresford, furious with wrath and wine, was heard to utter these characteristic words:—"I thought the devil, himself, could not beat me in my own county; but I have been woefully defeated and undeceived by that miserable monkey of a friar called the Bishop of Waterford and his popish rabble." But though the popular party triumphed through the judicious guidance of a sanctified Catholic bishop, their triumph was preceded and followed by great sacrifices and great sufferings, occasioned by the malignant and insatiable vengeance of the defeated intolerants. Dr. Kelly and his clergy did all that lay in their power to shield their poor and helpless, but patriotic flock from the vengeance of their oppressors. They were warmly aided in this holy work, by the Catholic Association. I cannot follow out this story through all its details. Dr. Kelly lived to see the success of the great movement in which the best sympathies of his heart were enlisted. Early in 1829, Catholic Emancipation was extorted from a reluctant, but discomfitted and terrified government. In the winter of the same year, the Right Rev. Bishop Kelly died, honored, beloved, and, in a measure, idolized by the grateful people of his diocese.

Young Father Rowan is the inheritor of the talents, the rectitude, and the independence of his illustrious uncle. Mr. Rowan, I think, was educated in St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny. I am under the impression he was ordained in 1847 or 1848, and he preached his first sermon in St. James' Cathedral of that city, late in the year of his ordination. St. James' Cathedral is on James' street, Kilkenny, and on the occasion referred to, it was densely thronged and surrounded by multitudes of Catholics and not a few Protestants, from all parts of the diocese of Ossory, eager to hear the pious eloquence and to see the saintly person of the young clergyman, whom they had learned to regard as the most promising preacher in the Catholic ministry. His discourse, if I rightly recollect, was on the "Last Judgement." It was thoughtful, brilliant, earnest and impressive. It powerfully affected his auditors. And when the services, were over, the crowd dispersed, conscious of having beheld and heard, on that day, a soldier of the Cross, that would yet adorn the Christian Church. Father Rowan was then almost a spectre—thin, feeble and careworn from the austere and studious habits of his life. I am sure every living child of Ossory will rejoice to learn from your Kilkenny correspondence that he is now in much improved health.

I had intended to say something of Edward Butler, late of the Dublin *Nation*, and now a distinguished barrister in Australia. He also is referred to in your Kilkenny correspondence. He was a school-mate of mine, and though at that time he was one of "the big boys," and I but a "wee bit of a gorsoon," I knew him well. He is a native of the Parish of Thomastown, county Kilkenny; both of us attended the one school kept by a Mr. Lyons, long since deceased, in my native town, by the name of which the parish is known. But the extreme length of this communication, in which you may decide there is "so much ado about nothing," warns me to bring it to a conclusion.

New-York., June 28, 1856.

The Buffalo *Republic* takes occasion to show that Mr. Sumner's speech is not altogether original. It quotes from Demosthenes' great oration on the crown, thus:

"It cannot be that you have acted wrong in encountering danger bravely for the liberty and safety of all Greece. No! by the generous souls who were exposed at Marathon! By those who stood arrayed at Platea! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at Salamis, who fought at Artemisium! By all those illustrious sons of Athens whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments! * * * What belongs to gallant men they all performed. Their success was such as Providence dispenses to each."

he following is from Senator Sumner's speech:

"But it cannot be that she acts wrong for herself and children, when in this cause she thus encounters reproach. No! by the generous souls who were exposed at Lexington—by those who stood arrrayed at Bunker Hill—by the many from her bosom who, on all the fields of the first great struggle, left their vigorous arms to the great cause of all—by the children she has borne, whose names alone are national trophies, is Massachusetts now vowed irrevocably to this work. What belongs to the faithful servant she will do in all things, and Providence shall determine the result."

A new edition of Cooper's Novels is announced by Messrs. Stringer & Townsend, comprising a selection of his acknowledged master-pieces, and representing all the different phases of his genius, to consist of not more than twenty volumes. It is to be issued in the highest style of typography, forming a fine library edition of the choice works of the great American novelist.

A Trip Across the Atlantic.

BY AN IRISH RAMBLER.

In all our wanderings we have ever had a strange dread of ocean. And though we had passed from Genoa to Civita Vecchia, and from Gibraltar to Malta, and sickened with impartial heave alongside of Turk, and Jew and Christian, we ever looked upon these little seas but as shrimps to the great Atlantic Lobster. We had sometimes, too, dreamt that some kind fairy of a Yankee would pass a glass tunnel from Halifax to Galway, through the transparent walls of which we might see, in passing, the meteor ribbon fish glancing below, and numbers of slippery acquaintances devouring their nearest friends. We hate that cannibal expression on the face of every fish, which plainly says, "I would eat you if I could." They alone, too, of living things have no soul for music, and we do not think even the Drinking Song of Vestvali or the Canjonet of Rigoletta would stay the softest fish in the ocean from eating, if he had the opportunity, his own Grand-Papa. But unwilling to wait the realization of these dreams, in an hour of gay audacity we boldly entered the counting-house of Browne, and on a glorious day last summer saw the white cliffs of "merrie England" grow gradually dim, and, like some fairy towers, dissolve into the distance. As the pilot leaped lightly into his minnow skiff and skimmed from the great whale beside him, we whispered to the breeze that touched his sail "farewell," and fairly turned to the great West before us.

Next to finding oneself in a coffin, we dread being caged and cribbed in a berth. One feels exactly as the carp in a reservoir. No matter how pleasant or well fed during the confinement, "ils regrettent leur bourbe." From the window of a Merchant-Prince, whose palace, pleasantly styled "a box," looked upon the Mersey, we had often, over a glass of sweet Bucellus, watched in the first hour of evening the huge American steamer stride down the river in full strength and steam, and "seen as it were through a glass" with its giant flag lazily flapping in the center of a thousand dwarfish ribbons that flutter like a field of flowers around, one could hardly look on a more glorious thing. But like Madame Vestris, or ladies who have passed the Missouri line of forty, such beauteous things look better at a distance. When nearer, the basin is apt to take the place of the Bucellus. Nor though we are constantly reminded that we are on the brink of eternity, is it pleasant to find so practical an illustration as the light plank between berth and burial affords. Of how and with whom we travelled we may not speak. To do so would be to lift our visage, and we claim the privilege of many a good Knight in days of old to hide and shine beneath a palmer's gown. But in truth, there were little gallant or gay to tell. We basked away our time in one dozing dream beneath the bright presence of two beautiful children of America, beautiful even in this land of beauty. In many things America excels, but in nought so much as in her "who was originally made beautiful."

The first American girl we had ever seen or known was lovely as the first creation of a painter's dream. When first we saw Edith McTavish, for by the name of Edith she was known from being the original of Disraeli's beautiful heroine in "Coningsby," glittering above the horizon of a London season, she well realized Burke's beautiful portrait of that ill-fated Queen, to whom in beauty and misfortune she bore a strong resemblance, and shone like the the morning star—full of life, and splendor and beauty. Her light, brilliant talk was the champagne of conversation, crested with a thousand sparkling bubbles of wit and fancy. We remember one night at a party, after opera, at her aunt's the late Lady Wellesley, a whisper went round that she had lost one of those light girdles with which beauty encircled her fair knee. Immediately a hundred "Hansoms" flashed from their stands and bore a hundred knights in quest of the lost treasure. The janitor was roused. The torch was lit. The truant garter found, and, borne back in triumph, was restored, thrice happy sentinel, to its beauteous guard. Little did we dream as every knight bowed down in homage to the Queen of a young order of the Garter instituted on that night, that she who was the cynosure of every eye was in a few short years to die lone and deserted in some miserable suburb round Paris. Cold, indeed, must be that heart who could contemplate without emotion such a fall.

The "merrie maids" of England are doubtless beautiful. They are trained to a higher state of physical perfection, and possess a richer luxuriance and greater duration of charm than the daughters of America. Beauty has in the latter no summer; but starting suddenly into spring passes also with a bound into the fall. But how full of delicate and exquisite blossom is that spring! These two lovely "compagnons de voyage," whose smiles lit our dull ocean path, were both returning from the *Sacré Cœur* of Paris. And par parenthese, few things appear to us more passing strange than the fancy which prevails of committing the early culture of those tender plants from which are to spring America's future rulers to the care of a Roman Catholic Sisterhood who, however pure and gentle, must communicate to the tender heart of youth impressions which even if effaced, are seldom wholly obliterated. One was from Oregon, fair and sweet—

"Nor loved the less
For blooming in a wilderness,"

a young "La Moguese," beautiful and arch and playful as a fawn, with that gazelle eye, "so brightly bold yet beautifully shy," which, at it owner's bidding, sent bright glances, like heralds of delight, to bear around her heart's sweet messages. She wore, too, one of those bewitchingly simple straw cottage hats, which gave to her coquetry a dash of demureness. But though her agile beauty and laugh, merry enough to make glad the very air, was the more attractive, there was a something about the other, a child of New York, which stole with a more subduing influence over us. There is a certain indefinable grace given to a few, which clothes every look and motion, as the Scotch poet sings—

"There's somewhat in the gait
Gives ony class look weel."

Voltaire has, perhaps, most happily described it, as—

"Une grace
Un je ne sais quoi qui surpasse
De l'amour les plus doux aphus."

She had one of those spiritual pale faces, in which gleams of French vivacity struggled through a soft sweet cloud of German thoughtfulness; and the Grecian forehead shone like a fresh, smooth sand, from which the waves of silky hair had just retired. But though in our eyes she clearly read the ruin a hero had wrought, the exchanges were unfavorable to England. Never was the golden fleece more jealously guarded. Whenever we came near, half a dozen young Americans bristled up

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

and no golden apples thrown out of civilities or smiles could lure away the sentinels.

The quality in which, to our thought, American women surpass, is soul—that soul which looks out in the searching, speaking eye—which breathes in the delicate nostril, and touches every fibre with a subtle fire—that soul which is full of enthusiasm for all that is beautiful and noble, and, when it finds the true reflection, glows with love. We can never forget one morning in the Mediterranean, when on some distant sail the Stars and Stripes was seen floating like some glorious flower, the look of proud devotion which paled the cheek and lit the eye of a beautiful American woman who was on board. An English lady, under such circumstances, would have calmly looked up, asked if it was near dinner, and quietly gone down to make things comfortable.

But though we slept in such sunlight all the way, we are ashamed to say we felt like Marianne in the moated grange, "weary and weary," and the first voyagers who touched your shore,

"And silent stood upon a peak in Darien,"

could not have felt a deeper rapture than when seized, rather than solicited, by an Irishman gentleman who "lobbied" for the St. Nicholas on the Collins' pier, we committed ourselves to the cushions of the clumsy carosse of that empire of hotels.

MAGAZINES FOR JULY.

Harper, this month, is a capital number, presenting a brightly illustrated series of papers, some of which are very interesting. We have read old Joel Barlow's heartily appreciative and well-turned eulogium of "Hasty Pudding." It is really refreshing, in these fashionable days of *Charlotte Russe*, and constipating pies to read over the almost glorious adoration of Barlow for the muscle fostering and sledge-hammer power of the Maize. Some of the illustrations are very good, and some happily tantalizing, chief of which latter certainly is the kissing when

"High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid,
To meet the swain beneath the new-formed shade."

The paper which follows, on "Negro land and the Negroes," is a graphic review of Rev. Mr. Wilson's *Western Africa*, and is accompanied by no less than sixteen illustrations, which add much to the descriptive details of the article. Probably the most interesting contribution to this number is that which gives the history of the Great Seal of the United States.

We have fac-similes of the growth of that important instrument, to the character with which it at present gives official sanction to the documentary history of the Union.

"Lion-slayers and Man-eaters" is another of those clever articles on natural history and adventure, which have of late interested the readers of *Harper*. Any one who beholds the engravings must read the letter-press. A variety of other things, including "Little Dorrit," and a disjointed, but interesting, series of specimens of Daniel Webster's conversations, make up the number.

The initial number of *Mrs. Stephens' Illustrated New Monthly*, at the first glance, has a pleasant and indeed radiant appearance; the paper is good, and the illustrations full of lively grace. On a closer examination, we are not disappointed, as the chief writing in the issue is much above the usual and hackneyed character of magazine story-writing. The talented editor (or editress) leads off with two chapters of a new novel, entitled "The Lost Jewels," written with her usual vigor and grace. It will, no doubt, interest readers even more than *Fashion and Famine*.

"Love in '76," a story of the revolutionary era, by the author of *Blaneh Dearwood*, must at once attract the reader. The illustrations, by Dallas, a very clever and finished artist, are excellent—especially those accompanying "Lost Jewels" and the "Falls of Minehaha." In the former, the graceful outlines, judicious management, and delicacy of light and shade, is in Dallas's best manner; while in the latter we realize the "laughing water" of Longfellow's Indian epic.

"Things we talk about" is, as the title suggests, a gossip on "Things as ar'." We learn here that Uncle Tom-ism is not so modern a source of notoriety as the reviewers of Mrs. Beecher Stowe believe. Mrs. Stephens gives us the following:

Mrs. Behn was a celebrity in the reign of Charles II. Not one in a thousand of the present generation ever heard of her, nevertheless she was in her day quite as distinguished as Mrs. Stowe in ours—and for a similar reason. To her, and not to Mrs. Stowe, belongs the credit of writing the first anti-slavery novel. Mrs. Behn had lived in the West Indies—went to London, published a novel in which the horrors of West India slavery were depicted, or rather exaggerated, and she became the town toast, and the town rage. Strange that two hundred years ago the fashionable work of fiction was a species of Uncle Tom novel! The lady went to Germany—a German was smitten with her—and the object of this paragraph is to introduce a love letter which the fair authoress received—a marvellous and model love letter, the reader must confess:

"Most Transcendant Charmer—I have strove often to tell you the tempest of my heart, and with my own mouth scale the walls of your affections; but, terrified with the strength of your fortifications, I concluded to make more regular approaches, and first attack you at a farther distance, and try first what a bombardment of letters would do; whether the caresses of love,

thrown into the sconces of your eyes, would break into the midst of your breast, beat down the court of guard of your aversion, and blow up the magazine of your cruelty, that you might be brought to a capitulation and yield upon reasonable terms. Believe me, I love thee more than money; for indeed thou art more beautiful than the ore of Guinea. * * * Oh! thou art beautiful in every part, as a goodly ship under sail from the Indies; thy hair is like her flowing pennons as she enters the harbor, and thy forehead bold and fair as her prow; thy eyes are bright and terrible as her guns; thy nose like a rudder that steers my desires; thy mouth like a well-wrought mortar whence the granadoes of thy tongue are shot into the gun-room of my heart and shatter it to pieces; thy teeth are the grappling-irons that fasten me to my ruin, and of which I would wish to get clear in vain; thy neck is curious and small like the very top-mast head, beneath which thy lovely bosom swells itself like the main-sail before the wind." * * * *

And so on for as much more. Of course the reader wants to know if the lady yielded to a broadside like this. She did not.

Here are some remarks which carry their own reflectiveness with them:—

"In all pictures of the world limned upon the canvas of imagination, our own purposes, fortunes and existence loom up disproportionately and largely in the foreground. This is probably very natural, but that our sympathies, interest and knowledge should be so exclusively of a perspective order, does not at least evince expansive liberality or large wisdom. Why, for instance, our pity and sensibilities should only be shed in a geographical ratio, why concern and solicitude should be measured by latitude and longitude is not very clear. When we read in the morning paper last month an account of our opposite neighbor's broken leg, and in the same column of a hundred wrecked and drowned unfortunates three thousand miles away, why did Mr. Greene's broken leg so preponderate in our sympathies? How insignificant, in fact, was Mr. Greene's leg compared to all the horror and terrors of that shipwreck scene! Because the shriek, the prayer, the agonising cries of drowning and struggling beings cannot be borne 3,000 miles, should the heart refuse to heed what the ear cannot hear! Are human beings drowning on the coast of Africa less than human beings drowning on the coast of New-Jersey? A few weeks ago there came news of a terrible earthquake at Jeddo, which had overwhelmed thirty thousand people in destruction. The papers which contained this news were filled also with the particulars of a calamity nearer home in which nearly twenty lives were lost. The lesser misfortune was in every man's mouth. The greater was scarcely noted at all. A few gave it a passing comment, scratched their heads, and tried to think of Jeddo and thirty thousand killed—but the affair was too remote to be grasped forcibly. The impression at the best was but a vague and glimmering one. Others appeared to give it no heed at all. In none did it awaken keen sensations of sympathy, of horror, of grief. It was altogether mythical and obscure. In brief, it was ten thousand miles or more away, and earthquakes are matters that we read of but do not experience. Sympathy is something that should be more cosmopolitan than this. It should know neither time nor space. It should be human, and extend to the remotest reaches of humanity."

We trust that success will crown this new "aspirant for public honor" (those are the approved terms we believe.) We must not be too critical on a first number, knowing well how difficult it is to have everything in working order. A lady at our elbow suggests that we congratulate the readers of *Mrs. Stephens' Monthly* on the fact that there are no pages wasted on Crotchet Needle work, Collar Patterns, &c., as ladies know all about those things much better than the theoretical Magazine instructors do. So be it.

Putnam commences the eighth volume, and evidently with a brave effort, notwithstanding the heat of the weather. The number opens with a paper on the labors of Dr. Henry Bartte, who, for a period of five years has breasted almost incredible difficulties in Africa. The article is appropriately, and we suppose, popularly entitled "Uncle Tom at Home," and is a good digest of the indefatigable Doctor's experiences and observations. The paper on New Poetry, takes up some late publications in that line, and dispenses very fair criticism. The "Angel in the House," it regards as the "most pastoral-comical poem ever read" by the writer, and in proof thereof says:—

"The author so soberly treats a conceit as a thought, and so seriously elaborates the purest prose, apparently supposing that the rhyme makes it poetry, and with such solemn pomp conducts the reader to each part or canto of the poem through little passages of verse, sonorously labelled 'The Accompaniments, the Sentences,' that the impression, at last, is entirely ludicrous, when the same thing is so carefully observed in the affected quaintness of the typography in the English Edition. The typography, indeed, seems to be an essential part of the poem.'

The reviewer, however, gives just praise to many passages. Of William Allingham we have an appreciative notice (which is better late than never), although the "Music Master, a Love Story," is an old tale, "not very well told." Buchanan Read's "House by the Sea," and the "New Pastoral" next come in order. The latter commands the sympathies of *Putnam*. "The reality of the Pastoral is better than the lurid fire-works of the House by the Sea." In opposition to the English opinion of Mr. Read's powers, the reviewer will not give Mr. R. credit for any "fine imagination, strength or subtlety of thought, passionate feeling, intensity, airy coloring, peculiar melody, or individuality of any kind." He admits, however, that "he has written some fugitive lines of tenderdess and beauty; but that is not a rare accomplishment. He has yet to vindicate his claim as a poet." Mr. Whittier's "Panorama" is recommended as "a true poem," although written for the opening of a series of Boston lectures. Such are the opinions of *Putnam*—whether true or not we cannot say, not having read any of the poetical effusions criticised. The article is pleasant reading. "Napoleon as a Family Man" is concluded; and we find that the writer has made even a third magazine article interesting. A more than usually extensive group of editorial notes on literature is very welcome. The "Political Aspect" we have not read, as our patience is more than overmatched by the political labors of the daily press. Altogether a good number.

Household Words is full of graphic and pleasant stories, essays, and descriptive papers.

The Schoolfellow, as usual, is bright.

Buchanan and the Press.

HOW BUCHANAN WILL WIN.

The following is the major portion of clear article in the Cincinnati *Daily Enquirer*. It is worth a careful perusal.

"The Free States have 176 Electoral votes; the Slave States 120. It requires 149 electoral votes to choose a President. It is generally conceded that all the Slave States will vote for Mr. Buchanan; at any rate it is absolutely certain that Fremont will not receive a single electoral vote in one of them, and that his strength is entirely at the North. His friends, therefore, go into the contest with 120 electoral votes sure against him. In all the Free States Mr. Buchanan has got to obtain but 29 electoral votes to defeat Fremont.

Now, as Illinois elected a Democratic State Treasurer in 1854, the year when Black Republicanism and Know-Nothingism were most omnipotent, by a majority of 5,000, there cannot be a particle of doubt that at the present time, when both of these factions are in a decaying condition, that she will vote for Buchanan and Breckinridge by a heavy majority. We, therefore, mark her 11 votes as sure for Buchanan.

In Wisconsin, at the election in November, 1855, the Democracy carried their whole State ticket, which contained the names of seven or eight persons, by an average majority of 3,000, with the exception of the Governor, Barstow, who was defeated by opposition in his own party. But two State tickets were run. There was a complete "fusion" of the opposition, and yet they were in the minority 3,000. Who doubts, therefore, that the Democracy in Wisconsin will not do as well in the election of 1856 as they did at that of 1855, and give its electoral vote to Buchanan? We put her down five electoral votes sure for the Pennsylvania statesman.

In Indiana, last October, there were elections in most of the counties, conducted upon political issues, and nearly all went Democratic. The Black Republicans and Know-Nothings were terribly beaten. They can do no better, but will probably fare worse this Fall. The Hoosier State is sure for Buchanan, by a decisive vote.

The Democrats of Connecticut, in April last, gave their candidate for Governor (Ingraham) about as many votes as the Know Nothing and Black Republican nominees received, both put together. We consider Buchanan's chances in Connecticut as far above par.

In New-York, at the State election in 1855, the Democratic vote, 'Hard and Soft,' was some thousands more than any other organization, although a large number of Democrats knowing that there was no chance of success, on account of the division of the party, staid at home, and did not vote at all. This year Mr. Buchanan will receive the whole Democratic vote, 'Soft and Hard,' while the opposition will be divided between Fremont and Fillmore. Who can doubt in view of these facts, that Mr. Buchanan will carry the State.

It is unnecessary to say, as the opposition admits in regard to Pennsylvania, that nothing is more certain than that she will roll up for her favorite son a very large majority. We carried her in 1855, and will do even better in 1856.

The same may be said of New-Jersey, which last fall elected a Democratic Legislature, against the best efforts of the Black Republicans and Know-Nothings. She is a sure Buchanan State.

In New Hampshire, at the last State election, there was but eighty votes difference between the respective candidates for Governor, the Democrats having gained 9,000 votes in a single year. The change against the Fusionets is still in progress in the "Old Granite," and we have no fear but that she will cast her electoral vote for Buchanan and Breckinridge.

The States we have named, from the results of their last elections and their former antecedents, are all pretty certain to go Democratic, and they are entitled to 109 electoral votes. Now, even if Mr. Buchanan should not get quite all the slave States, he still would have two-thirds of the whole number of electoral votes, by means of his support in the free States.

In this calculation we have left Michigan, Ohio, Maine, Iowa and California, out of the catalogue, although Buchanan's chances are better than Freemont's in all of them. The only States we mark down as likely to go for the latter are Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Vermont. The most intelligent and candid supporters of the latter, indeed, only hope to throw the election of President into the House of Representatives, where they think corruption and intrigue might carry him into the Presidency; but, even in the present House, the probability is against him. It requires sixteen States to make a choice, and the Black Republicans can only count thirteen. The fifteen slave States would be against him, together with the Buchanan delegation from California, and that makes a majority of the whole number of States. In case the House was unable to make choice of either of the three Presidential candidates who would come before it in the three weeks which they have to ballot—and such a contingency is highly probable—Mr. Breckinridge, who would be elected Vice President by the Senate, would become the President for four years just as if the President was deceased. Thus fortified on every hand, the Democrats, if they are only active and diligent in the campaign, can look with confidence to a favorable result. It will not do, however, to be idle or supine, for we desire to win a victory that will forever crush the odious factions opposed to us. It is certain that ever since the spring of 1855, there has been a great reaction in the public mind against both Know Nothingism and Black Republicanism, and there is every indication that it will not cease until Mr. Buchanan is borne amid popular applause into the Presidential chair."

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary's Church, William B. Orpin, barrister-at-law, son of John Orpin, of Highthorn, county Dublin, to Harriet, daughter of the late Daniel Bastable, of Rutland square.

At St. Peter's Church, Arthur Wolfe Smyth, of Portlick Castle, county Westmeath, to Wilhelmina, daughter of Charles Barry, of Killcairn, county Meath.

At St. Peter's Church, Wm. King, of Grafton street, to Ellen, daughter of Richard Thacker, Clanbrazil place, Dublin.

At St. Peter's Church, Eugene Perrin, of Oxton, Birkenhead, Cheshire, to Anna, daughter of the late W. Owen, of Erkindale, Queen's County.

At St. Peter's Church, Pierce Purcell, of Dromore, Cork, to Alicia Ellen, daughter of the late Richard W. Gason, of Richmond, Tipperary.

At St. Peter's Church, Solomon A. Richards, Captain in the Wexford Militia, to Sophia Mordaunt, daughter of the late Rev. Bernard John Ward, of Bangor, county Down.

At the Catholic Church, Arran quay, Patrick Dwyer, 88th regiment, (Connaught Rangers,) to Hanna, daughter of John Conran.

At Birkenhead, Cheshire, Henry Clarence, son of Aldermen Hoyte, Dublin, to Eleanor, daughter of Richard Henry Watson, of Australia.

At Booterstown church, Captain St. George Mervyn Nugent, of the 96th regiment, son of the Elmond Nugent, of Bobsgrove, Cavan, to Emily Frances, daughter of Edward Litton, Master in Chancery.

At Booterstown church, Samuel Alker, of Fortfield, Templeogue, to Catherine, daughter of the late Richard Archer.

At Lea church, Queen's County, Colonel Hawkshaw, of the Royal Engineers, to Letitia, daughter of the late William Philip Brabazon, of Donecarny, Meath.

At Monkstown, Godfrey Holmes, of Charleville, Cork, to Sarah, daughter of Menus O'Keeffe, of Mount O'Keeffe, in the same county.

At Killpatrick, Hugh Dale Matthie, of Rock Ferry, near Liverpool, son of the late Rev. Hugh Matthie, rector of Worthbury, North Wales, to Louisa Eleanor, daughter of P. Walker, of Killown, county Wexford.

At Nenagh, Thomas John Bourke O'Flahertie, eldest son of Captain O'Flahertie, of the Kilkenny Fusileers, and nephew of the late Sir Wheeler Cuff, Bart., of Grath, to Fanny Robbins, daughter of the late Daniel Falkiner, of Wellington, Tipperary.

DEATHS.

At 7 Summer hill, Charlotte Maria, the wife of John Hill Linde, and daughter of the late Sir Henry Jebb.

At Netley, John Power.

At Mountjoy place, at an advanced age, Helena, daughter of the late John Roche, and grand-daughter of Philip Roche, of Newcastle, county Limerick.

At Dawson street, Dublin, aged 86 years, J. Nunn.

At Lower Leeson street, Dublin, Elizabeth, widow of Martin Keene.

At Upper Baggot street, Dublin, Frances Mary Evelyn, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Caldwell.

At D'Olier street, suddenly, Burton Bindon, of Munnie Lodge, county Clare, aged 79 years.

At Longford terrace, Salt-hill, William Forsyth late of Belfast.

At Melbeach, Monkstown, county Dublin, Jane, widow of the late John Williamson.

At Bloomfield, county Mayo, Katherine, the beloved wife of Robert Rutledge.

At Williamsfort, King's County, Jane, wife of A. J. Watson, of Castle Connell.

In Belfast, John W. Trousdell, Comptroller of Customs at that port.

Mr. Michael Campion, late of Phipsborough, and formerly of Nenagh, Tipperary.

At Bellee, near Downpatrick, aged 88 years, Thomas Smith, late of London.

At Ballinderry, John Nolan, a magistrate of the county Roscommon.

At Parsonstown, aged 84 years, Elizabeth, widow of Captain William Johnston, of the 87th regiment.

At Glenville, county Kerry, John Sealy, son of the late John Sealy, of Rockfield.

At Ballinagore, county Westmeath, Charlotte, daughter of John Perry.

At Glebe Lodge, Killead, the Rev. Joseph M'Kee.

At Galway, Mary Anne, relict of Captain Robert Alexander of the Royal Marines.

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necessary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 8m EMANUEL LYON.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

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Shaving made Easy.—Wet your shaving brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," rub the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

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To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,

8mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.

New-York, June 28, 1856.

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THE undersigned avails himself of this opportunity of informing his friends and the public that he has leased the above named house for a term of years, and has made extensive alterations and repairs, and omitted nothing that will tend to the accomodations or comfort of guests. The house having been newly furnished throughout in the most thorough and modern style, with a view to convenience and comfort, and as it will be conducted on the European plan, and with an experienced caterer, and thorough cooks, he hopes to give satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage which has never failed while in other Hotels in this city.

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jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

Gould's Eating Saloon—THE BEST AND CHEAPEST EATING-HOUSE in New-York.—"*Strawberries Smothered in Cream.*"—Can anything be more delicious than a "dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream?" particularly if you drop in at Gould's Saloon, No. 144 Fulton street, and enjoy it in perfection. The berries served here are perfect pictures, large, and of the most tempting lusciousness, and the lacteal accompaniment is none of your sky-blue apology for milk, but the pure article, fresh, thick and creamy. Mr. Gould has one of the best dining places in the city; he serves up daily everything in season, in the cleanest and nicest style. je21 4t

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. THE AMBROTYPE.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. BRADY, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 3m28ju

The *Kilkenny Journal* says:

No new incident of any importance has taken place in connection with the affairs of Italy; but one of the explosive elements of the question has been effectually neutralized for some time. England will scarcely think of prosecuting her designs against the Holy See, while every mail may bring her a Transatlantic Declaration of War. Austria has openly signified her determination to risk everything upon her alliance with Rome.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Kilkenny Journal:*

You deserve the thanks of the community for your effort to abate the nuisance of St. Patrick's churchyard. Dogs have been seen there mangling the bodies before now, and indeed there is nothing to hinder the like from happening every day. Persons of bad character resort to it both night and day, and playing cards is not the worst of their practices among the tombs.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 104 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. PATRICK O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Gratian Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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Business Directory.

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Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

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(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

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☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durab quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Special Notices.

Notice.—The "Sisters of Charity" beg leave to acknowledge with gratitude the very handsome sum of $1276, being the net proceeds of the Lecture delivered by Thomas Francis Meagher, Esq., for the benefit of the orphans under their charge. ORPHAN ASYLUM, Prince street.

June 18, 1856.

Genin's Cassimere Hats.—A new variety of the cassimere hat, of an exquisitely delicate and becoming tint, extremely light and of the finest texture, has just been brought out by Genin as a leading style for the present summer. The shape, color, and mounting of this elegant fabric are most attractive, and it is equally well adapted for riding, driving, the morning promenade, or full dress. The first cassimere hats which obtained any popularity in this country, were introduced by Genin, and each successive issue has been an improvement upon the preceding, until in the one now offered, perfection may be said to have been obtained.

GENIN, 214 Broadway, opposite St. Pauls.

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of Forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled, on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, May 28, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

To the lady readers of this paper.—Ladies, if you wish to get Linen and other Gaiter Boots from 12s. to 20s.; Slipper Ties and Buskins, 1st quality, 8s. to 10s.; second quality, same styles, 6s. and 7s per pair; boys', misses', and children's Boots & Shoes of all kinds and prices, Patronize 4tjun21 J. B. MILLER & CO., 134 Canal street.

Information Wanted—Of MICHAEL BOODEN, a native of the Parish of Urlingford, near Johnstown, County Kilkenny, Ireland, who left his residence in Ireland for New-York last December. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, N. Y., will be thankfully received by his wife.

Wanted, A situation as **Engineer,** to run a stationary engine, in any part of this city. Apply to James Casty, 405 Ninth street, opposite the Morgan Iron Works, who will give most satisfactory references.

Information Wanted of John Duffy, a native of Castleblaney, county Monaghan, Ireland, by trade a carpenter, who arrived in this city about five years ago, and when last heard from was living at Staten Island. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received by his wife Alice Duffy.

OFFICE of Receiver of Taxes—New City Hall, Park, May 29, 1856.—Public notice is hereby given that there is no such office as Collector of Arrearages on Personal Taxes, and that no person but the undersigned, or HENRY B. VENN, Esq., appointed for that purpose, to be found at this office, is authorized to receive any moneys due for arrears on Personal Taxes.

je7 6t HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

Information Wanted—Of WILLIAM KELLEY, a native of the county Cavan, Ireland, who left this city about three years ago for the State of Pennsylvania. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his sisters, Rosie and Anne Kelley, at No. 15 Rose street, in care of Thomas McManus. je14

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Price 6 1-4 cents.

A Lecture on the

LIFE AND TIMES OF DANIEL O'CONNELL,

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Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?"

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THANKFUL to his numerous patrons for past favors, is desirous of letting them know that he has given up the Grocery and Provision trade, and intends in future to devote his untiring exertions to promote their terrestrial happiness in the shape of good Liquors, Segars, to say nothing of a Free Lunch every day at 11 o'clock. Attached is a very handsome Sitting Room, and a splendid Room for Committee Meetings. my31 4t

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.

Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my8 3m

Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE; (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. my24 3m

Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17 3m*

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DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

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TEACHERS, ATTENTION!!—Perhaps the greatest educational event of this century is the publication of JOHNSON'S PHILOSOPHICAL CHARTS. There are ten Charts in all, each measuring 34 by 52 inches, and the set contains altogether about 300 Diagrams, illustrative of the most important outline principles of the Natural Sciences. Besides the essential diagrams found in the ordinary text-books, these charts contain several original illustrations, and possess the merit, rarely found in school-books, of being entirely original in plan and arrangement. They are, moreover, highly ornamental to a school-room, and obviate the necessity of philosophical apparatus which would cost from $3,000 to $5,000. Price of the set of ten charts, neatly colored and mounted, and accompanied with an explanatory Key, (a bound book,) $15. Ditto, on thick paper, colored and mounted, without cloth, $10. Ditto, plain, in sheets, neatly bound, $5.

Booksellers, Teachers, Agents, and all interested in Education, are respectfully requested to address the publisher,

Adolphus Ranney, No. 195 Broadway, New-York.

Mr. Ranney has also the pleasure to announce that he has purchased from EDWARD H. DIXON, M. D., editor of *The Scalpel*, and acknowledged to be the first surgeon in America, the copy-right of a work entitled "WOMAN AND HER DISEASES, FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE;" Adapted exclusively to her instruction in the Physiology of her system, and all the diseases of her critical periods; with an Appendix on the propriety of limiting the increase of family. Price $1. Copies mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address as above. ap26tf

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 178 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,

my31 No. 178 Bowery, New-York.

DR. B. F. ADAMS,

SURGEON DENTIST, (formerly of Barclay street,) feeling grateful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him for the last fourteen years, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken an elegant suite of rooms, at

NO. 122 CHAMBERS STREET,

(near the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Railroads,) where he may always be found, ready to perform all operations pertaining to his profession, in a manner unsurpassed, and on the most reasonable terms. Whole or part sets of incorruptible teeth inserted without pain, on gold plate or gutta percha, excelling nature in beauty and durability. No impure gold or dangerous amalgams used. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, or of adults remedied. Cleansing, extracting, &c. &c., all at reduced prices. Sets of teeth inserted on Silver or Gutta Percha, for six shillings each. Teeth examined, and advice given free of charge. Please call.

8m7jun B. F. ADAMS, 122 Chambers street, New-York.

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MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,

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Brooklyn.

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ap19 6m Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

Medical.

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For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stiles, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

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VOL. I. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1856. NO. 14.

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Communications of a PRIVATE nature should always be marked so. Those connected with the editorial department are to be addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, and those on business to Richard J. Lalor, Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau.

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Catholic families and clergymen visiting New-York will find in the arrangements of this spacious establishment, elegance, convenience, and comfort, at moderate charges. JOHN O'GRADY, JR.,

3m5jly Formerly of Judson's Hotel and the Brandreth House.

Business Notices.

S. CAHILL'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

NO. 377 BROADWAY,

(One door below White street), New York.

S. CAHILL respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that, having made an extensive addition to his Store, for the better accommodation of his customers, he has now the largest and most extensive BOOT AND SHOE STORE in the world, and is prepared to exhibit the most extensive assortment of

LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S, GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS, AND YOUTH'S

BOOTS AND SHOES

EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

His facilities for manufacturing on an extensive scale, together with his superb assortment of FRENCH BOOTS and SHOES, received direct from Paris by every steamer, enable him to sell a much better article at much lower prices than can be purchased at any other house in the city. BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS MADE TO MEASURE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE. je28 3mos

Monday, June 16th, and during the week—

HANNA & BEEBE,

COMMISSION PAPER WAREHOUSE,

No. 27 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW-YORK,

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF PAPER SUCH AS
Book, Printing, Flat-cap, Folio, Glazed, colored, (sized and unsized,) Druggists' Hardware, Envelope, Manilla, Palm-leaf, Straw and Shipping, Papers
Straw Boards, Box Boards, &c., &c., &c.
ALSO—Cop Waste for Steamboats and Railroad Engines.
They offer to Manufacturers at the lowest market prices,
Rags, Bleaching Powders, Soda Ash, Alum, Rosin, China Clay, Oil Vitriol, O
Feltings, Twines, Wire Cloth, Leather belting.
☞ LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE UPON all CONSIGNMENTS.
Agents for Hanna, Carpenter & Abbott's **Chandlerswick.**
ap193m*

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap263m

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FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my31y

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

Employment.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

275 BOWERY, NEW-YORK.

MALE and Female Servants can be promptly suited at the above number, with any situation in the city or country, at good wages, in first-rate families, without delay.

N. B. Employers quickly supplied.
3m may 31 ALEXANDER F. RUNGE, Agent.

Wanted, at 766 Broadway, (near 8th street.) Places procured for conductors, Bookkeepers, Clerks, Salesmen, Firemen, Brakemen, Barkeepers, Porters, Waiters, men on Steamers and Railroads, boys for trades, and girls of every description. 21my3m
French, English, and German spoken. LOUIS KAUFMAN, Agent.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE for Servants, 129 Waverley Place, two doors from Sixth avenue, New-York.—A large number of competent help can be suited with good situations, in city and country, without delay. Employers in the city and country supplied with the best of female help. [my17 3m] WM. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

NEW-YORK EMPLOYMEMT OFFICE.

480 Broadway.

HONEST, capable, and faithful servants can at all times find good situations at this office. Protestant and Catholic have equal privilege. Established in 1844 by [3m21ju] T. P. SAUNDERS.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.
6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

CHEAP COAL.

I BEG to inform my countrymen and friends and the public in general that I always sell the very best sort of Red and White Ash Coal at the very lowest prices. My object being quick sales and small profits, for cash.
ap198m **Richard Clinton,** 250 1st Avenue, cor. 15th St.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.
ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

P. H. McGINN,

FURNISHING UNDERTAKER,

No. 198 WEST 42d STREET,

Adjoining the Church of the Holy Cross, New-York.

INTERMENTS procured in any Burial Ground or Cemetery in the vicinity of New-York or elsewhere. All articles for Funerals, furnished on the most reasonable terms and at the shortest notice.

☞ All Orders promptly attended to, at all hours, day or night. ap198m

European News.

The British steamer, Canada, brought papers to the 21st ult. The news was unimportant.

The excitement consequent on Mr. Crampton's arrival out speedily subsided, and as Mr. Dallas was not to be dismissed, the recruiting business was regarded as definitely settled, and hopes were freely interchanged that the Central American question would soon be also.

Mr. Baillie's motion in the House of Commons respecting the American difficulties, and on which it was supposed the Palmerston ministry would be defeated and resign, is withdrawn.

A rumor prevailed that Great Britain would send no minister to Washington during the Administration of President Pierce. It was, however merely rumor.

Sir Edmund Lyons is to be raised to the peerage for services rendered in the Black Sea, being the only Peer manutactured from war with Russia.

The Queen gave a grand ball on the evening of the 17th. Two thousand invitations had been given out. Mr. Dallas was present.

On the evening of Friday, the 20th, Mr. Gladstone stated that, on Monday last when Lord Palmerston announced that it was the intention of Her Majesty's government to continue diplomatic relations with the American Minister, he had not given any explanation of the motives which led to that course, nor did he advert to the conduct of the American Government in the dismissal of Mr. Crampton. At that period there was reason to expect an immediate discussion on the question, and therefore he might have thought the explanations at that time too premature. He did not complain of this silence, but the motion to which he referred having been withdrawn, and there being some uncertainty also as to the line which an honorable member opposite, who had given notice of his intention to introduce the question, was about to take, he thought it important that the House should know as early as possible the nature of the reply which the Government intended to give to the dispatch from Mr. Marcy, respecting the dismissal of Mr. Crampton from Washington, and, perhaps, when they had that answer it would be time to discuss the question—he therefore wished to know when the Government would be prepared to lay their reply to Mr. Marcy on the table.

Lord Palmerston said his honorable friend had rightly understood the motives which induced him to abstain on Monday from making any observations upon the subject. Motives equally strong prevailed on the present occasion. He would therefore say in reply to the question, that he had no doubt of being able to lay all the papers, including Lord Clarendon's answer to Mr. Marcy, in the course of next week, probably on an early day.

Sir J. Packington said, the honorable gentleman had acted quite right in asking the Government for the production of the papers, and he was glad to hear that in the course of a few days the House would be in possession of the answer returned to Mr. Marcy's dispatch.

For the present painful position of affairs, he attached the blame—judging only from the public documents which were in the hands of honorable members—to what he considered to be the serious misconduct and unwise policy of Her Majesty's Government, by which the Government of the United States had been irritated, deceived and offended. Under these circumstances, he regretted that Mr. Baillie felt himself under the necessity of withdrawing his motion, but he trusted that the intention of Mr. Moore, or some other independent member, would afford honorable members on the conservative side of the house an opportunity of calling attention to the real merits of the question.

Sir George Grey strongly deprecated the tone adopted by the Hon. Bart.

Mr. Moore appealed to Lord Palmerston to appoint an early day for discussion upon the subject.

No answer was returned and the subject was dropped.

The London *Times* of June 18, in an article on British Diplomacy, adroitly shifts the blame of disturbing the amicable relations existing between England and the United States upon the shoulders of Mr. Crampton. The following extract undoubtedly reflects the popular sentiment on the subject in England at the present time :—

"If we did not live in an age and in a country which seem to have adopted as their maxim the rule 'That nothing bad should be mended,' we should feel a little surprised that we submit as readily as we do to the glaring and notorious—we had almost said, the incredible and outrageous—inefficiency of our diplomatic service. Much as we have had occasion to remark during the last two years upon the incapacity of different public departments, there is nothing, we apprehend, which will bear a moment's comparison with the state of that service to which we must look principally to maintain the honor, assert the interests, and support the dignity of the country.

"Let us consider what our diplomatists have done of late years, and what they have not. We need, unhappily, no very protracted retrospect. Within the last ten years we have been obliged to submit to more insults, to pocket more affronts, to make more apologies, to admit more errors, than any other nation in a century. Within that period we have seen Sir Henry Bulwer ignominiously expelled from Spain, and Mr. Crampton civilly dismissed from America ; we have made every species of blunder, floundered into every species of scrape, and got out of them as ill as we got into them.

"What a picture has Mr. Crampton drawn of himself! Two mighty nations are on the eve of a quarrel, perhaps of a war. Neither will recede a step. Each confronts the other with invincible pride, and the world trembles for the result. A sudden thought strikes an able and conscientious minister, 'What if we refer the matter to arbitration?' No sooner said than done; a despatch is written and the offer made; but the despatch might as well have been unwritten and the offer unmade, for Mr. Crampton cannot take the trouble to read the despatch through to the end. 'Some he reads and some he skips,' as they say at school; but, unfortunately, that which he skips is the last expedient except his own disgrace, that remained for preserving two continents and two oceans from the scourge of an internecine war. Take another instance. We wish to recruit in America without infringing her laws ; all that was needed was publicity ; at least all that could be done with safety and propriety ; and our diplomatist contrives matters so ill that, as it now appears, the distribution of money for the purposes of enlistment is actually traced to his hands. These things our diplomacy can do."

In an article on the same subject, published the day previous, the *Times* says :—

"We do not doubt in the least Mr. Crampton's faithful devotion to his own government and good intentions towards the government to which he was sent. But there is such a thing as careless and undisciplined fidelity, which tells its master, 'Oh, trust me; I know what you want, I'll do it, and I won't be particular either.'

"There is a fidelity to a master which implies too little self-respect in the servant. Mr. Crampton appears to have wanted self-respect in the kind of persons with whom he connected himself in these transactions and the style of proceeding he adopted, and to have managed the affair on a free and easy principle, never intending, perhaps, really to offend the United States government or to violate the United States law, but simply thinking that 'it didn't signify,' that it was of no use sticking at a trifle, and that the United States government would never make a fuss about such a little matter. But this was a line unfortunately most unsuitable for dealing with a jealous and ticklish people like our friends across the Atlantic, most tender about their dignity, and on the look-out for the slightest indication of a difference of behavior towards themselves by European governments."

Austria.—The *Morning Post's* correspondent writes from Vienna that Marshal Radetzky has communicated from Lombardy with his government, stating that if certain symptoms of excitement continued in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces he should demand an increase of 30,000 Austrian troops. On receipt of this dispatch a council was summoned, at which the Emperor presided, when it was agreed that the increased force should be accorded if necessary. The same writer says : "I understand a note has been received by the French government, which is very haughty and independent." On the 15th the King of Sardinia distributed the English Crimean medal to his troops at Turin with military ceremonies.

Denmark.—The treaty of commerce between Denmark and the United States expired on the 14th of June. On the 17th the American vessel, Sarah Bryant, Captain Jefferson, arrived, bound from Cronstadt to New-York, with a cargo of Russian produce. She paid the Sound dues, but under protest.

Russia.—The Russian government is turning attention to its American territory. An important decree notifies that, to assist the developement of the Russian naval power, the administration of fleets and harbors therein is to be placed under the independent control of the kingdom of Eastern Siberia. An expedition is fitting at Hamburg by a Russian American Company, to sail next month for the Russian American territory. The expedition is of the nature of a new colony, numbering five hundred persons, including artificers of all kinds. The Russian ships Czarowitch and Constantine, and a Hamburg steamer, will convey the expedition.

The papers say that it appears now settled that no grain to speak of will be obtained from Russia this season, and hundreds of vessels in the Black Sea, which had gone there in anticipation of meeting cargoes, may have to return empty.

Prince Menschikoff has been summoned from retirement by the Emperor, to cousult respecting the rumored military expedition in Asia.

The latest advices from St. Petersbug state that in consequence of the dearness of provisions in the Crimea, and the sickness which prevails there, a decree has been issued prohibiting all persons not inhabitants, from landing there.

The East.—Accounts from the Crimea to the 7th state that previous to that day, Lord Gough invested Marshal Pelissier and the English generals with the Order of the Bath. The ceremony took place in a shed erected at head-quarters, which was decorated with the national flags.

The evacuation of the Crimea proceeded rapidly. Balaklava would be cleared by the 15th of June.

Interesting from Central America.

YOUNG IRELAND IN NICARAGUA.

We have received, through a young man who has just returned to New York from General Walker's army, some additional particulars respecting the engagement at Rivas and the general position of affairs in Nicaragua. This young soldier of freedom was engaged in the hottest of the fight in Rivas, and received a gun-shot wound in the leg, and he has consequently returned to recruit his health. When the columns of attack were formed, Gen. Walker took his position at the head of the leading division, and was only distinguished from the rest of the troops by a blue flannel shirt which he wore—the only distinctive uniform which he sported upon the occasion. He, too, fired the first shot, bringing down with his revolver a Costa Rican officer who commanded the party immediately opposed to him. Then there was a general volley, and both parties went at it with a determination and vigor ; but the cheer and rush of Walker's men could not be withstood, and the enemy was promptly driven from his position. Other strong places had also to be carried, and from the nature of the ground and the desperate resistance of the Costa Ricans, who fought well, the conflict was prolonged for seventeen hours.

During one period of the battle, a body of Walker's troops took possession of a church, from which a large force of the enemy vainly attempted to dislodge them. It is utterly untrue that any damage was done to the building, or any images or paintings destroyed. The party who occupied it were nearly all Irish Catholics, and under the command of Gen. Walker's brother—who since died—a member of the Catholic religion. Being seventeen hours without food, they used some demijohns of wine which they found in the church. They were a perfect God-send to the parched and wounded warriors. The great bulk of Walker's army were composed of Irishmen, who, on hearing of English interference on behalf of Costa Rica, were anxious to cross weapons with their old enemy on the streets of Rivas, and ready to "give 'em Jessie."

Before they approached the city, every Irishman placed a wreath of evergreens in his hat, in remembrance of a bunch of shamrocks, and in remembrance of the green old isle they might never see again, and then old Erin went into the fight with her accustomed impetuosity, standing shoulder to shoulder with native-born Americans and native-born Nicaraguans. Every man nobly did his duty on that trying day, and none better, our informant avers, than the Nicaraguan Democrats, who promptly obeyed every order, and bravely carried out every command with the utmost coolness and gallantry. After the first fire they all warmed to the fight—raw recruits as they were—and seemed to regard it as excellent sport.

We are assured that nothing could be better than the arrangements for supplying the army of General Walker with everything to minister to the comfort and well-being of the men. The hospitals were provided with all the requisites which the occasion required, and there was a full attendance of surgeons. The six prisoners that Walker ordered to be hung, were six spies, taken with treasonable documents in their possession, and proclamations addressed to the people of Nicaragua, calling upon them to rise in arms and join the Costa Ricans. They were not mere prisoners taken in honorable warfare, but spies whom the laws of warfare and of nations, from the siege of Troy to the capture of Rivas, have doomed to an ignominious death.

Walker raises no individual to command until he has first given practical evidence of his courage. Gen. Hornsby is an accomplished soldier and an able tactician. He is very popular with the troops. General Walker is a great favorite with the Democratic party of Nicaragua, who actually idolize him. They provide, unasked, the army with mules and everything else that is required. There is no compulsion necessary. They regard Walker as the liberator of their country. His position is so strong in Nicaragua at present that the combined forces of all Central America would not be able to make the slightest impression upon him. The ardor of the troops is greater than ever. The wounded were anxious to leave hospital before they were half well. A young Irishman from the county Sligo, who had both arms broken by rifle balls in the battle of Rivas, could not be induced to remain in the hospital a single day, but would be out among the troops with bandaged limbs. Walker is going to be a ruling power in Central America, all bogus treaties and foreign despots to the contrary notwithstanding.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Congressional.

Thirty-Fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

June 27.—Nothing of importance was done beyond the announcement of the death and customary eulogy upon the Hon. Mr. Bayly, late Member of Congress from Virginia.

June 30.—Mr. Douglas made a report on Kansas affairs. The report proposes a new bill, providing for the appointment of five commissioners, to be selected from different sections of the Union, to take a census and provide for a fair election of delegates to form a State Constitution. No test to be required except three months' residence. Mr. Douglas gave notice that he will ask for a vote on the 7th prox.

July 1.—A resolution was adopted, calling on the President for the facts in regard to the arrest of a Judge of District Court of Washington Territory, by Gov. Stevens, and the proclamation of martial law in that Territory. Mr. Collamer submitted a minority report from the Territorial Committee in regard to Kansas. The Kansas bill was discussed by Messrs. Thompson of Ky., Bigler, Hale and others.

July 2.—A communication was received from the Secretary of State, transmitting the proceedings of the Board of American Commissioners at Paris to liquidate and audit the claims of American citizens for debts and satisfaction against the French Government, according to the Convention between this country and France, April 3, 1803. Mr. Clayton called attention to the document, because it completely refuted the ground upon which the President based his veto of the French Spoliation bill, and showed that Mr. Pierce's veto was an error in fact. Mr. Douglas's bill for the admission of Kansas was taken up, and a night session resolved upon. Mr. Adams's motion to strike out the clause giving foreigners, who have declared their intention to become citizens, the right to vote in Kansas, was adopted—22 to 15. Mr. Wilson moved to strike out all after the enacting clause, and insert instead, that "All acts passed by the Legislature of Kansas, or any Assembly acting as such, are hereby declared void and of no effect." An earnest and excited debate followed, in which Messrs. Wilson, Wade, Seward, Toombs, Pugh and others participated. Mr. Wade's criticism on the President's course, and on the speech of his colleague, Mr. Pugh, brought out the latter gentleman, who was called to order by the Speaker. Mr. Seward advocated Mr. Wilson's motion, and characterized the bill as one calculated to make Kansas a Slave State. In the course of his remarks he said : "The day for compromise has ended."

HOUSE.

June 27.—The proceedings were similar to those in the Senate.

June 28.—The debate on the admission of Kansas was resumed—Messrs. Stephens of Georgia and Campbell of Ohio being the principal speakers, respectively, for and against the measure. The motion to refer the subject to the Committee of the Whole was defeated by a vote of 70 against 101.

June 30.—The bill for the immediate admission of Kansas was the order. Mr. Grow made the closing speech in its favor. Mr. Stephens moved to recommit, with instructions to report the substitute which he had offered. Mr. Dunn moved, as an amendment, that the Committee on Territories be required to report a bill for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, which was adopted by 7 majority. Mr. Stephens' motion was voted down. A motion to recommit without instructions was also rejected. A motion to lay on the table was negatived. The main question was then taken, and the bill was rejected by one majority. The House immediately adjourned.

July 1.—Mr. Barclay of Pa. moved a reconsideration of the vote on the bill for the admission of Kansas under the Topeka Constitution. A warm and somewhat personal debate followed, between Mr. Barclay, Mr. Houston and others, when Mr. H. moved to lay Mr. Barclay's motion on the table ; but without further action, Mr. Howard presented the report of the Kansas Investigation Committee, which was read.

July 2.—An abortive attempt was made to change the daily hours of meeting. The reading of the Report of the Investigating Committee was concluded, and a Southern effort to cause the documents to be read also failed. The report was referred to the Committee on Elections and ordered to be printed, and the minority of the Committee was allowed ten days to submit a report.

Not long ago, a dead body was taken from the water at Alexandria, Virginia. Having been recognized and claimed by the wife of a citizen, as the corpse of her husband, it was borne to the grave with all due solemnity, followed by the widow and children in all the habiliments of woe. Several days passed, when the husband and father whose funeral had lately been celebrated, suddenly returned in full enjoyment of perfect health. The surprise with which he was greeted, and his own on learning what had occurred, may be imagined. The sequel of this strange story did not terminate so happily. The sexton, it seems, had run up a large bill for funeral expenses, which the city authorities refused to allow, and the consequence was that the man actually had to pay for his own burial.

American News.

The following is the list of the late acting midshipmen who have just graduated at the Naval school at Annapolis, Md., and are now midshipmen :—Joseph W. Harris, Augustus P. Cook, R L. Phythian, Thomas K. Porter, Rush R. Wallace, Thos. H. Eastman, William E. Evans, Robert F. Bradford, W. N. Allen, Le Roy Fitch, George A. Bigelow, Chester Hatfield, George S. Shryock and George M. Blodgett. They stand on the naval register in the order announced above.

The wharf at the foot of Reed street, Philadelphia, caved in on the evening of the 1st, and the heavy shears used by Merrick & Sons, for raising machinery, fell among the crowds of men, women and children who were promenading. It is reported that from twenty to thirty persons were crushed, maimed, or drowned. Not less than a hundred persons were precipitated into the water. The news spreading rapidly, the scene became one of great excitement and anxiety. A later account says that the names of ten persons certainly dead have been ascertained.

The Beaver Dam (Wis.) *Republican*, 19th ultimo, says :—Walter James, a son of G. R. P. James, the novelist, ordered some Indians away from the hunting grounds around Rice Lake, Waupacca county, lately. The Indians refused to leave. James, as we understand, visited them late on last Saturday night, and called one of them out with the apparent purpose of speaking with him. After some words, he cut open the Indian's head with a bowie knife; two others came out, not knowing what had happened, whereupon Mr. James cut the arm off of one of them, and laid open the side of the other. The Indians are on the trail of James, and will, in all probability, have their revenge.

We copy the following from the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph:* "We have a private letter from Wacahoota, East Florida, dated the 12th inst., and detailing incidentally the recent assault upon Captain Bradley's house. It was just after dusk in the evening of the 14th of May, and Bradley lying abed sick. Two of his children—a little boy and girl—were sitting before the open door in the entry of the house, when a band of some twenty Indians stole up and fired upon them. The little girl was killed outright and the boy mortally wounded: but he nevertheless rose, went into the family, gave the alarm, then took down his gun, and fired at the enemy. He then handed it to his brother, saying he had no further use for it, and died immediately. His body had been pierced by two balls. Bradley and the other son kept up a fire, and the cowardly Indians dare not make an assault. The neighbors finally gathered and drove them off.

Herr Driesbach was travelling with his mammoth menagerie recently, and when near Laporte, Indiana, observed, a short distance from the road, under the shade of a cluster of trees, a fine fat buck. He was anxious to obtain it ; but there was a law prohibiting the shooting of deer, and he had no dogs. In this emergency a happy thought struck him. He unbarred the cage of his pet leopard, and pointing to the deer, in a moment the beautiful but treacherous animal was stealthily creeping towards his prey, and with a sudden spring buried his talons in its body. Driesbach then went and dispatched the deer.

A young man was well nigh being ruined by a legacy left him by his father, a few years since. It was $25,000, and the career he ran in Chicago, the fastest town in America, made him a pauper, and a miserable broken down loafer, who was, from a liberal sowing of wild oats, reaping a most abundant crop of repentance. In this mood and tense, it was announced to him that a deceased uncle had left him $30,000. "Oh, dear!" was his exclamation, "have I got to go through all this again? It'll kill me just as sure as shooting. It is no use to fight against fate—they're bound to ruin me."

On 2d inst., as a train on the Great Western Railway was approaching the station at Fairchild's Creek, it was found that part of the ground over which they had just passed had given way, and buried four or five of the workmen under the vast mass of gravel which they were engaged in quarrying. One man was killed on the spot, his head being squeezed into his body by the overwhelming mass that fell upon him. Several others were more or less injured, and it is a question whether one, or probably more, are not buried under the mass of gravel.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* states : "The emigration from Norway to the United States is very considerable this year. Several large ships from different ports of Norway, with a full cargo of emigrants, have left for America. The bark Juno, of Bergen sailed a few days ago, with 130 passengers. Seven other ships, with 1,500 emigrants, will leave this port for the United States shortly. Several of these persons have left behind good farms, and the emigration fever in some parts of Norway is so great, that the value of property has fallen considerably."

Much excitement has been created in Montreal, by the refusal of the majority of the Corporation to vote money to get up a demonstration of welcome to the 39th Regiment, on their arrival from the Crimea. A public meeting was held, at which the Mayor presided. The attendance was very large and respectable. The Corporation were freely denounced, and it was resolved, that the demonstration should be got up by private subscription, and the Corporation was allowed to take part in it!

A tremendous fire has been for some days raging along the Saguenay, in Canada. Dwelling houses, barns, out-houses, fences, stacks and standing crops, have been destroyed, to the value of many thousands of dollars. Some seventy-five families have lost their crops, and many have been turned out of their houses. The parish of Chicoutimi was burned out completely, excepting a church, a mill, and a few houses.

A few days ago, an account was published of the brutal murder of a merchant, at Chicago, by some one who entered his store after the clerk had been dismissed for the night. The supposed murderer has been arrested in Kentucky, and is now confined in Louisville. He was taken by Alanson Barnard, who followed him from Chicago, and, after a chase of ten days, succeeded in effecting his arrest.

While the agent was paying off the Indians at Syracuse, last week, an old "native" presented himself and squaw and seventeen children. His share, at $5 a head, was $95, and as he received his portion, he remarked, "Me get a hundred dollars next year."

The farmers in the vicinity of Louisville, Ky., have commenced cutting wheat, and we learn the yield is fair. Accounts from other parts of the State are to the same effect.

The Nashville *Whig* says that the wheat crop of Tennessee will, at least, prove an average one.

Judge Kellogg, a venerable citizen of Michigan, arrived in Washington not long since. It was his first visit to the Federal Capital, and when the cars stopped he was a little uncertain where he was; but as he noticed all the passengers were leaving the cars, he followed suit. As he entered the main hall of the depot, he saw a man engaged in caning another ferociously, all over the room. "When I saw that," says the Judge, "*I knew I was in Washington*, immediately." The sarcasm of the remark is as biting as the wit is pungent.

A dispatch from Columbia, S. C., of the 20th inst., says, preliminary steps have been taken for the formation of a Southern Commercial Association, for the purpose of discriminating in the bestowal of business patronage between the friends and enemies of the South, and an agency is to be established in New-York in season for the fall trade. The matter will also be brought up before the Commercial Convention, which is to meet at Savannah in December.

Order has been restored in the Indiana Penitentiary. The convicts are thoroughly subdued, and it is believed that there will be no further signs of rebellion. Some twenty-five were punished. Heaton, the ring-leader of the mutineers, received sixty-five lashes on the bare back with a cowhide, thirty of which were applied before he began to beg for mercy.

The following, from a New-Jersey paper, would indicate that the Federal capital will not be allowed to monopolize the warlike spirit of the age. In the Hudson, N. J., Court, a few days since, counsel were engaged in summing up a case in which Messrs. E. B. Wakeman and Chatfield were engaged. During Mr. Chatfield's remarks, Mr. Wakeman lost his equanimity, and flung a law book at Mr. Chatfield's head, which Mr. Chatfield threatened to retaliate with an inkstand, when Judge Ogden immediately stopped the affray.

At the Western Unitarian Conference, just held in Chicago, an attempt was made to commit it to freesoil action, on motion of a Mr. Mumford, who has indulged in political haranguing ; but his motion was tabled. The Detroit Free Press timely remarks—"Those religious denominations which shall, in their collective capacity, in the present crisis in political affairs, preserve their integrity, will be entitled to the gratitude of all good men."

At a trial in Charlestown, Va., the jury in the case of Gotlipp Collimer, for forgery, were out for some five or six hours, but were unable to agree, and getting tired of being confined to a small room in the court house, proposed to the constable in attendance to let them out in the front yard to play marbles, which he did, but forbid them to speak to any person.

A letter in *El Nicaraguense* says that Wm. Irving Langsdale, of Kentucky, who was in the battle of Rivas, and who made forty-eight shots at the enemy with a Kentucky rifle, killed forty-eight Costa Ricans! He occupied a place of security, took rest in shooting, saw twenty-six of them fall himself, the balance others witnessing.

Since the 2d of June, nearly 500 dogs of all ages and conditions have been captured by the legally appointed dog catchers, and given to a man in Jersey, for the manufacture of oil, buttons, &c. Heretofore the city were compelled to pay $2 a cart load to get them out of the way, but now they are taken from the general depot free of charge by this enterprising Jerseyman. —*Philadelphia Ledger.*

A story is going the rounds of the English clubs to the effect that Barnum has written to the Earl of Shaftesbury, inquiring whether it would be possible to induce the persecuted Italian Protestants, the Madiai, to visit America, and be exhibited, and offering Lord Shaftsbury a commission on the profits on condition he interested himself in the undertaking.

The bill against polygamy, now introduced in the House, is for the purpose, it is said, of testing the power of Congress to legislate for the territories. "H. G." writes from Washington : "I am told that Mr. Bernshiel, the Delegate from Utah, has *five* wives, and I have heard that they were all at one time in this city ; but I think that must be an error."

The Albany *Times* states that a pistol has been invented in that city, which will fire ninety times per minute, carry a ball forty yards farther than any pistol now in use, and that it is also much lighter, and in every respect superior to Colt's revolvers.

At the annual meeting of the Boston Emigrant Society, the following sums were received : W. Keating, H. Duffy, P. Holly, N. J. Bean, C. A. Connor, E. Ryan, D. Moore, M. Griffin, G. E. Murphy, J. C. Robinson, D. Farren, D. Bonner, $1 each. The former government of the society also contributed $3 each ; and B. F. Trainer, $2. James Ferguson, Secretary.

A city editor says that a man in New York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor assures his contemporary that a good many men in Michigan have done the same thing by marrying one.

It is a fact worth noticing that three of the most popular democratic Presidents have been called James : James Madison, James Monroe, and James K. Polk. James Buchanan will make the fourth of the series.

The New-York Exchange Committee have received from Wm. Crichton, Esq., Baltimore, $1800 for the Cape de Verde sufferers, of which the Baltimore Corn-Exchange contributed $18,045 ; the Catholic Churches of Baltimore, $755.

The democratic papers of Connecticut claim that state for Buchanan and Breckinridge by 5000 majority, and offer to bet on it.

Herbert, who shot the waiter Keating, was indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of Washington, and committed to jail for trial on the 2d inst.

Over 200,000 bushels of wheat and corn were shipped from the Upper Lake ports for Oswego, during the week ending June 27.

During the thunderstorm at Savannah, Ga., on the 25th inst., three men on board the brig Ganges were struck by lightning. They were not killed, however—only stunned for some fifteen minutes.

Casey, recently hung in California, says the Newark *Advertiser*, owned six lots of land situated in this city, valued at about $600.

There are at present in the Kentucky penitentiary 237 convicts; 186 are native Americans, 51 are of foreign birth. Of Of the 186 natives, 87 were born in Kentucky.

Barnum, with a sad jocularity, when asked in court what his occupation was, answered, from Shakspeare, that it was "gone."

Wm. Bernard has been fined $100 at St. Louis for insulting a lady on the street.

Buchanan and the Press.

The Watertown, (Wis.,) *Democrat*, says :—"It is now almost forty years since James Buchanan entered upon the long and honorable career of public service, which is about to close with the crowning reward of a patriot's labor. During this protracted period of public life, at home and abroad, he has discharged every official duty with a faithfulness and fidelity that has won for him the approbation of all parties and all classes. As a Representative, Senator, Secretary of State, Foreign Minister—in all the walks of public life—he has proved himself the right man in the right place—a statesman of comprehensive views, practical measures, disinterested purposes, and unblemished character. In all those fierce contests which the Democratic party have had with the Whigs for the ascendency of its principles, Mr. Buchanan has been on the side which the majority of the people have firmly sustained, because it was right, and has for its basis the rock of truth. Never doubting, never wavering, always Democratic, there has been a consistency and beauty throughout the whole of his brilliant and successful career, that has won the confidence and admiration of the nation, and, in an hour of peril, has pointed him out as preeminently the man to stand at the helm of state, and by his wisdom and wide experience, safely guide the noble ship through the storms that now rage around her. There is a pervading feeling abroad everywhere that he is the man for the occasion—safe, reliable, able and willing, with the talents and capacity to adorn and dignify the elevated and responsible office which he is destined to fill."

The Elkhorn *Independent*, (Republican,) says :—"For success it is the best Ticket, probably, that could possibly have been made. Mr. Buchanan, personally, is respectable, and enjoys a wide social reputation. There are no personal bad habits to lay to his charge. He has been in public life a long time, is a man of eminent ability, and has never outraged public sentiment. He will therefore draw more largely the strength of the Party North, than any other man could do."

The *Jeffersonian*, (Wis.,) says :—"Our Democratic readers will rejoice to see the names of the Hon. James Buchanan and Hon. John C. Breckinridge, at the head of the *Jeffersonian*. We hail the above nominations as a new era in the history of the Democratic party ; for if Mr. Buchanan is elected, and who can doubt it, he will accomplish and bring about more real good to the country than any President since the days of General Jackson. His character as a statesman is unblemished ; he has been before the country for the last forty years, and has acquitted himself nobly in all the relations of life, both public and private.

The candidate for Vice President is Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, possessing talents of the first order, which his political opponents freely concede."

The Washington *Star*, says :—"One of the most striking facts of the present political campaign is the evident impossibility on the part of the opposition of finding throughout Mr. Buchanan's forty years' career as a public man, any personal point on which to attack him."

There never was a time, says the *Boston Constitution*, since the organization of our Federal Government, when the United States were involved in so many entangling disputes with foreign nations, as at present. We have difficulties with Denmark, Spain and France ; but our chief ones are, as usual, with Great Britain. It is true that the present occupant of the White House remains in power till next March ; but we have an evidence, in the postponement of the Danish Sound Dues Question, that the solution of most of these knotty points will probably devolve upon his successor. This fact we hold to be an unanswerable argument in favor of the election of James Buchanan, for no other statesman living is so equal to the occasion. Familiar with European diplomacy, having been our Minister at both the Courts of St. Petersburgh and London, he knows the precise force of these interests, and how far their Governments will be backed by the people. In a word, like a physician who has made a particular branch of disease his study, he knows his case thoroughly. He will not rush to the lancet when anodynes are required, nor administer soothing syrups when a vigorous tonic is called for. We feel that we can leave in his hands the Central American and the Enlistment disputes, without any fear of precipitate action, or undignified hesitation. The same may be said of other pending discussions. His nomination even now has doubtless assured the English people that they will have to settle with one who has been among them, who recognizes what is good in them, and knows what is treacherous and overreaching, and who has both received and returned many courtesies. We fearlessly assert that nothing is so likely to reconcile the British Government to a postponement of the present dispute, and lead to an amicable adjustment of the difficulty, as the probability of our late Minister to St. James's being our next President.

The *New-Yorker Abendzeitung* says : The nomination of Buchanan renders the triumph of the democratic party at the Presidential election probable ; nay more, it renders their success certain in case the republican party err in their choice of a candidate. They must put forward their strongest man to run against Buchanan, and that man is Fremont. His nomination alone can render the result of the election doubtful.

The *New-Yorker Staats Zeitung* says : Buchanan is a statesman of talent, experience, and liberal sentiments. He knows the old world and the new ; the most liberal country of Europe as well as the most enslaved. He has seen too much of the world to be a man of low prejudices. He knows the emigrants to this country too well not to acknowledge their merits. We repeat : The Democratic National Convention has done a good day's work, and we rejoice to be able to say, that we have performed our part to obtain this result. The *Staats Zeitung* was one of the first papers (and among the German papers the very first) which advocated the nomination of Buchanan, and his past life gives us a guarantee that we shall have no cause, as far as the country is concerned, to regret the result. Buchanan will be our next President, and certainly the best of all those who have conducted the fortunes of this country since the days when the heroes of democracy adorned the Presidential chair.

The *New-Yorker Staats Demokrat* says : Buchanan stands, therefore, in a double-faced capacity on this great Cincinnati platform, and if he should become the occupant of the White House, would have to betray one party, though which that may be will depend on circumstances. He understands perfectly how to adapt his garments to the weather. It is to be regretted that Mr. Buchanan was not nominated and elected President in 1852, because then he would only have represented the party of the Fugitive Slave Law, which had no influence upon the freedom of the Territories. We do not believe that under his administration the Nebraska Bill would have passed. At this moment

he is the representative of that party which has committed all the atrocities in Kansas, and directly defends by its platform the extension of slavery. This will lose Mr. Buchanan many thousand votes, which otherwise would have been given to the democratic candidate. Even his name is not able to remedy this evil. Thousands of old democrats will vote, not against Buchanan, but against the party which he represents, and this loss cannot be made up again from all those who split upon the platform and vote for Buchanan.

The Jackson *Mississipian*, says:—"With joyous heart and bounding pulse we plant ourselves upon the Platform of the Convention, and rally to the support of its nominees. It is no difficult undertaking for us to enlist in the support of James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge.

In the National Convention of 1852 we well recollect how with more than woman's devotion, through days of tedious ballottings, Mississippi clung to the fortunes of James Buchanan. For thirty-five ballottings her vote was cast for him without variation. And although events have subsequently transpired to control her votes for another in the last Convention, yet no act of that wise and eminent statesman and patriot has tended in the least degree to diminish the confidence which was then reposed in his capacity and fitness for the high position which has been assigned him. On the contrary, he has increased the debt of gratitude which his country owes him, and has furnished additional evidences of his worthiness to be placed at the helm of the affairs of this great and growing Republic.

The Democratic standard-bearer is not a man of yesterday. Identified with the political history of the country for the last forty years, his record is a record of long unchanging devotion to its interests. Among the giants of the land, he has towered in the Senate and in the Cabinet, the loftiest of the lofty, and in every position which he has occupied, he has left the impress of true patriotism and of a mighty intellect. Entering upon his national career in the year 1829, as a member of the popular branch of Congress, he at once became a leading champion of the administration of Gen. Jackson. Pennsylvania was the first to bring forward the Hero of the Hermitage, for the Presidency, and when he had been clothed with the high honors of the office, it was appropriate that the noblest and most gifted of her sons should step forth as the ablest defender of his administration. For the success of the wise system of public policy inaugurated during the administration of Gen. Jackson, the country is indebted to no living statesman more than to Mr. Buchanan.

To the people of the South, as well as to the Conservatives and patriotic men of the North, his nomination cannot be otherwise than acceptable. On all questions touching the constitutional rights of the South, he has stood in the fore-front of the battle against Northern fanatics and traitors. It was the pride and pleasure of John C. Calhoun to bear testimony to the fidelity with which he resisted Abolition aggressions. Mr. Calhoun served with him long in the Senate, and the testimony of such a witness will not be impeached. Even in times when Southern men faltered, Mr. Buchanan has stood to his post of duty. The early friend of Texan annexation, it will not be forgotten that he gave that important measure his earnest support to the period of its consummation. Identified with the administration of James K. Polk, as Secretary of State, he contributed largely to its success. The papers which emanated from the State Department at that trying and critical period, are the best evidences of his sagacity and his statesmanship."

The New-York *Sun* meets some slanders which are current thus: On the one hand we have it charged, in the face of repeated and conclusive proof of its falsity, that Mr. Buchanan once declared in a speech made at Lancaster, that "if he knew he had a drop of democratic blood in his veins, he would let it out." The slander originated as long back as 1828; but though its falsity was promptly shown, and Mr. Buchanan himself publicly denounced it as "a ridiculous story, without a shadow of foundation," the story survives, and is now circulated by Mr. Buchanan's political opponents, with as much confidence as if its truth had never been questioned. And, on the other hand, we have the story set afloat, and persistently maintained, that Col. Fremont was bred up a Catholic, and until recently belonged to that communion. There is not one of the journals in which we have seen the story which is able to make the assertion from positive knowledge, but "*it is said*," &c., is the form of assault. What have the newspapers to do with the religion of the candidates, unless a man shows want of truthfulness and honor, by denying his creed for political ends.

In answer to the question, "Who is James Buchanan?" the Cincinnati *Enquirer* replies: No man asks, or need ask, "Who is James Buchanan?" His history is that of the country for nearly forty years, and not a blot sullies the brightness of the page upon which it is indelibly written. One who knows him intimately has well said: "We can name no living man who excels him in the qualities which command general admiration and respect. He always displays the refinements of honor and the graces of a gentleman. Born and reared among a manly race, the structure of his body and mind are happy types of the power and resources of his native State. His friendship is warm, generous and sincere. His manners are familiar without coarseness, and eloquent without pomp. His extensive information is the fair result of diligence and study; and he imparts it freely without pedantry or ostentation. This gifted character, although comparable to any in the attainment of knowledge, has made the science of government his particular study. And if politics be a science, and really deserve so sublime a title, Mr. Buchanan's success in the pursuit of it merits a diploma of the rarest sort. For forty years this eminent statesman has trod the stage of public life; and no matter in what drama he was called to act, the stage was clean, the lights were bright, the scenery was fine, the performance was admirable, and the spectators cheered till the curtain fell. He has been tried in every crisis that could measure the range of wisdom and the versatile powers of the human mind, and was never found wanting on any decisive occasion."

The New-Orleans *Delta* daguerreotypes the nominees: Mr. Buchanan is very tall and English-looking, having a burly figure and florid complexion. There is a defect or squint in one of his eyes which gives him a very peculiar expression, especially while looking at the ladies. Mr. Buchanan is slightly bald, and his hair very gray—indeed almost white. His manner is cold, calm, and dignified, and decidedly aristocratic. There is a peculiar expression of benevolence combined with firmness which is very engaging. His face wins on you the more you see it. Mr. Breckinridge is decidedly one of the noblest-looking men in the State of noble men. He has the eye of an eagle—large, blue, and full of expression. His bearing is that of a fearless man, with a front to inspire awe and admiration. Mr. Breckinridge is a young man, and exceedingly good-looking. He generally wears a frock-coat, buttoned up closely. His figure is tall and graceful, and his whole air full of dignity and repose. The expression of Breckinridge's lower face indicates the firmness and steadiness of his character. There is a fixed appearance about the jaws, as though he had a nail or other hard substance between his teeth—the certain indication of nerve. His manners are frank, plain and cordial, and to use a Kentucky expression, his heart is in the right place. He will preside over the deliberations of the Senate of the United States as its presiding officer, if elected Vice-President, with credit to himself, and with a thorough appreciation of the propriety and dignity due that august body representing the conservative element of our Government.

Never, says the Washington *Sentinel*, since the formation of our confederacy, have we so much needed at the helm of State wise and patriotic statesmen. Indeed, it is, in our opinion, the most critical period which our country has reached. The struggles of the revolution were but the struggles for her independence. Her subsequent war with the same great power was waged to maintain her rights and dignity as a great nation. Later than this was her conflict with Mexico, in which the latter was the silly aggressor, and for which aggression she received a just and merited chastisement. How insignificant are all these struggles, in which a *united people* participated, to the dark and portentous cloud that threatens the distraction and division of that people. Nay, more, the very question so important to mankind, of the practicability of republican institutions is to be solved now and forever; for who will doubt, that the hold once loosened, which the American Government has taken upon all the Governments of Christendom, will, in all time to come, deter and frighten them from the imitation of our own theory of government?

The eyes of the whole world are fixed upon us with an intensity of interest. * * * * * *

The wicked pertinacity of the Abolitionists have caused civil strife and bloodshed in one of our otherwise most favored Territories In California, murder and rapine are the order of the day, and the laws of the country, failing in their beneficent effect to correct this violence, are substituted for the self-constituted tribunal of the people. Scarcely a mail but brings the sad intelligence of Indian depredations upon the citizens upon our frontiers; and public confidence and commercial stability too much shaken by the uncertain and vacillating course of the present Administration upon our foreign policy. All unite in demanding the election of Mr. Buchanan. Place him in the chair of State by an overwhelming majority, as we hope to do, and all these evils will find their correction. Peace and good will abroad, and a surcease of crimination and recrimination at home, will be the results that will surely flow from this salutary change in the administration of the affairs of our country.

John C. Calhoun has said: "Mr. Buchanan has habitually indicated, on the dangerous question of slavery, correct feelings."

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, JUNE 21ST.

A Calm—Manchester "saves" America—A gorgeous burlesque, in which an elderly lion, Crampton, Marcy, Pierce, Cushing, John McKeon, the *London* Times and Ben. Disraeli are the *dramatis personæ*—The elderly lion doth a tale unfold, and is slapped to death therewith—Ireland for America, priests and people—the Catholic Bishops destroy the Irish Parliamentary party—Sadleir not defunct—A probable city of the dead in the Polynesian group—The main wire of the Dublin *Telegraph* off the hooks.

Everything is quiet here now. The fireworks are over. The talk and hubbub about the priceless Peace has completely gone down. The chances of a war between England and America are no longer discussed; Manchester principles, if not Manchester men, determine at present the affairs of Great Britain. The Crimea has been a Sinking-fund with a vengeance. Cobden is in the ascendant. Bright is brighter than ever. England can't afford to have another fight, with all her colossal Spithead war-ships and swarms of gun-boats. Crampton's dismissal is pocketed not only quietly, but philosophically. Not only philosophically, but with the most graceful concurrence in the views set forth by the hard quill of Secretary Marcy. The *Times* considers the expelled Minister a bungler, accuses him of inappropriate levity, and declares that it was quite right in General Pierce to pack him about his business. D'Israeli, in the House of Commons, in terms the most unctuous, expresses the like sentiments. Never was a slap in the face taken before with such an affable grace. The whole affair reminds me of a great incident I saw once in a gorgeous burlesque on the boards of Hawkins' street.

The scene lies in India. A destitute traveller has lost his way in the jungle. In the middle of it, an elderly lion confronts him. The lion has not yet dined, but intends to dine. He springs at the traveller. The traveller dodges behind and between a few stumps thrown here and there in the jungle; but all to no purpose. The lion closed in on his intended dinner. There was but one way of escape. The traveller nimbly leaped behind the lion, seized the lion by the tail, and held on to it with all his might. The lion pulled one way—the traveller another. With the dragging and pulling they had, the tail became long. In a few seconds, it was several yards long. The lion wheeled round and leaped at the traveller. The traveller stood his ground, held the tail stifly within a foot of the tuft, and as the enemy came toward him, gave him a clout across the bristles. The lion exhausted by the length of his tail, immediately gave up, fell down in a swoon, and cried like a kitten. The spectacle deeply moved me. The sight of an elderly lion, slapped to death almost across his old "mug" with the but-end of his own tail, was saddening to witness. Could a lion of advanced years have had a graver insult offered him?

What was Crampton but the but-end of the tail of the old British tail? And has not Marcy, and Pierce and Cushing, and John McKeon, been hauling at that tail this year or more back? And have they not lengthened it as far as its elasticity would permit? And now havn't they, as this old Lion turned round threatening (as he did at Spithead) to chaw them up, slapped him in between the eyes and about the ears and chops with his disgraced extremity? And, to complete the parallel and picture, hasn't the old Lion, crowned with the white cliffs of Dover, as if with a gigantic mural crown, lain sweetly down, licked his lips, and become a lap-dog?

Here, we were all up to the mark. The true heart of the country was panting to see the carnivorous foe of Ireland in the toils again. War with America would have been a far different thing for England, than war with Russia. Though indifferent to the successes of the Allies in the Crimea, we could not heartily sympathize with the grim turnkey of Poland and the pest and robber of beautiful Circassia. And then, there was, and will long be, a joyous sympathy with France. Bantry Bay can never be forgotten. Nor Killala neither. That monument at Boulogne, ever reminds us that the greatest son of France was the fiercest and strongest foe of England. The shadow of that monument still falls upon the white shore of Kent. The straits are but twenty miles across.

A war with America would call forth quite another chord. The tone would be altogether different. The sympathies of Ireland would be thoroughly with America. Not a peasant from Lough Foyle to Dingle—from the Devil's Mill at Leixlip to the Clifden light-house—but would give his heart and eyes to see the Stars and Stripes flying from London Tower, or some place nearer home, as it did from that crag-built fortress of Chepultepec. The mechanics of the towns, every one of them, would be with America. All the young priests, also, without a doubt. In a word, the people, the democracy of Ireland would be, heart and soul, with the people, with the democracy of America. England knows this well. The conviction that it would be so strikes her to the marrow. She foresees, to, that as Canada was the first point of attack in the first war waged by America with England, Ireland would be the first point in any war which might now or hereafter take place. Ireland is many weeks nearer to America in these days than Quebec was when Montgomery led up his men through the forests of Maine to the heights of Abraham. Besides, Ireland is infinitely better worth invading and annexing than that sprawling waste of ice and swamp, pine-stumps and rocks, which stretches away there along the St. Lawrence and the Lakes to the blubber beach of Behring Straits. Depend upon it, and mark my words, as long as Ireland has her head above water, England will never hazard a war with America.

The *Nation* has regained most of its famous old pluck. It writes dashingly and forcibly on the events of the day. It sums up the whole of the American business in a paragraph tidy and small enough to fit in the daintiest card-case a lady could carry:

"A glance at the news of the day reveals an instructive and interesting spectacle—England bowing, cowering, cringing before the fresh and vigorous power of the West. Her Minister and three Consuls have been dismissed, ordered out of American territory, politely it seems, but she dares not return the compliment, affects to heed only the soft words, sees but the gilding of the pill, and tries to stomach the indignity. All which, of course, will only excite and encourage a nation sufficiently fearless and exacting under any circumstances."

On Irish questions (those of immediate interest to the people here at home) it is equally independent, vigorous and able. This morning's number charges Archbishop Cullen and the Catholic Bishops, as a body, with the enervation, if not the complete destruction, of the Irish Parliamentary party. Showing up the indifferentism, and, in some instances, the mischievous activity of these Right Reverend gentlemen in politics, the *Nation*, putting its finger on fact after fact, demonstrates the danger into which the temporal interests, rights and dignity of the Catholic Church in Ireland have been brought by the obsequiousness (active and passive) to the English Government, which the successors of St. Patrick, Laurence O'Toole, and Oliver Plunkett, have seen fit to cultivate. The *Nation* says:

"Not merely is Maynooth in disgraceful peril. The House of Commons has this week adopted an address to the Crown to make the National System of Education an immense machinery of Proselytism. It is not quite certain that a well-managed motion to enlarge the Ecclesiastical Titles Act or to repeal Emancipation, might not, adroitly managed, be carried with a certain success. The truth is, that her Majesty's Ministers and the House of Commons have a most thorough and complete contempt for the political force of the Irish Catholics—Bishops, Priests, gentry and people. They know we are not honest, and that we countenance lies; that we are timid, bigoted, narrow-minded, and mean-spirited; that all we want, with occasional exceptions, (who appear almost insane in their violence by contrast with the mangy temper of the mass,) is to be allowed to eat our mess of pottage in silence."

This is surely terrible. 'Tis the truth, however, and I cry "well done!" to the brave voice which makes it known.

A startling letter has just appeared in the Cork *Examiner*, dated from London; it is written by John Francis Maguire, the Member for Dungarvan. The writer says:—

"I assure you in all possible seriousness, that I myself have heard numbers of the greatest sagacity assert with all possible deliberation and sincerity, that John Sadleir is not dead; but that he is at this moment in a foreign, though not distant, country, and in the possession of a vast sum of money, which had been gradually remitted to the place in question. I have also heard persons largely connected with mercantile affairs state, that the belief in the existence of the gigantic swindler is as positive as it is general in the city; and gray headed cashiers in eminent banking-houses, and well-known names on Change, are freely quoted as sharers in the common conviction of the suicide being a sham, and the whole of that ghastly affair another proof of John Sadleir's genius for fraud. I do not in the slightest degree exaggerate when I tell you that the belief in John Sadleir's existence, as a living man, is not only wide-spread and general, but that it is daily and hourly on the increase. For my part, I have been amazed at the gravity with which men, eminent for their wisdom and attainments, argue this question, and make out their case."

Mr. Maguire then proceeds to enumerate the several questions, suspicions and facts, which serve in some degree to substantiate the rumor that John Sadleir, the devout proprietor of the orthodox *Telegraph*, has been all this time in some snug corner, listening to the beautiful prayers and orations with which his memory has been sweetly embalmed.

"They say, there was an inquest, it is true: but what of that? It does not prove that it was an inquest on John Sadleir's body. Bodies may be easily had in London, where so many deaths take place in the public hospitals in one week; and the body of an Italian—long-visaged and swarthy, if dressed in a suit of John Sadleir's clothes, with a card of John Sadleir's in the pocket, and

a silver cream jug of John Sadleir's lying along side of it, might be easily taken for the body of John Sadleir, especially as the delusion was further sustained by letters which were written with great art, and preparations which were made with particular pomp and circumstance. They further say, that not one of John Sadleir's relatives saw the body, or, if they did, that not one of them ever declared that it was *his* body. And they ask, how, supposing it to have been John Sadleir's body, did John Sadleir come to the particular spot on which it was lying? Did he ride, or did he walk? If he rode, where is the cabman who drove him? If he walked, whether the whole way, or any part of the way, how did it happen that the *boots were perfectly clean*, and free from stain of any kind? *How did he cross the moist and muddy ground that encircled the hillock on which the body was found?* If that hillock could not be approached in the day time without the shoes or boots of the person approaching it being dirtied, how did it happen that John Sadleir contrived to get at it in the dark, without spot or stain of any kind? Then, there was no *post mortem* examination. The presence of the essential oil of bitter almonds was ascertained by smell; but whether any of the poison had reached the *stomach* of the body then examined, was never ascertained, because knife never touched it. If another body passed for a while for that of Foschini, the Italian assassin, why might not a well selected body pass for that of John Sadleir, especially when so many concurring circumstances helped the spectators and the public to an easy credulity?"

If really alive, where the deuce on earth can he be? He must be among savages. He couldn't be safe a minute where there was a white population, or any intercourse with one. I think it was his brother Clement, who at Clongowes, the Christmas of 1833, acted Rolla in Sheridan's Pizarro. With this enormous sum of £237,000, which, it is said, the pretended suicide has decamped with, it may be that a city, costlier and more radiant and roseate than the golden-gated city of the Incas, will rise up to drink the glittering nectar of the Sun from some solitary coral-rocks in the cobalt Pacific. Ages to come, it may so happen, that it will be discovered. And then the learned and inquisitive will be as busy trying to unravel the gorgeous mysteries of its architecture, and the legends on the palace-porticoes and tomb-stones, as Stephens has been in Yucatan or Laborde in Arabia Petra. In a dead tongue, a tongue once in play all through the Golden Vale of Tipperary, in characters similar to those found on the famous Ogham stones, or the sculptured crosses of Clonmacnoise, there may, probably, be deciphered the first line of the Shakesperian song—

"*I know a bank.*"

Here, then, I've given you the hints for a dramatic piece as wild and wondrous as the *Tempest* itself. Having done so, I drop the subject, coming back from the land of dreams to this dull earth of ours. As a postscript, however, I may as well add, that Mr. W. B. McCabe has requested the *Evening Post*, (indeed, I may say, the papers all round,) to inform the public he is no longer editor of the *Weekly Telegraph*. He has, also, requested them to state, that it was his wish to have placed before the readers of that immaculate paper his reason for resigning; but as such a statement was considered by the proprietor likely to prove injurious, Mr. McCabe's proposed letter has been withheld. Himself and his letter ought to be sent to—

KILMAINHAM.

WATERFORD, June 2, 1856.

However well our ancestors, by reason of their loyal cruise against that unfortunate fillibuster Perkins Warbeck, may have won the immaculate motto which now surrounds our city arms, and however well their successors may have conserved the virginal distinction which that motto implies, I fear me much that the "untouched city" sadly wants a pretty extensive touching up; and I fear me, also, that she is about to surrender some of those venerable charms, some of those vestal robes which she has worn so long, and on whose threadbare folds Time and the "necessities of the times" have stamped those fatal marks which point them out for destruction.

What a suggestive thing is an old coat!—that ancient friend which clasps the heart with uniform and unswerving fidelity, whilst the little organ within bounds against our sides with restless and varying emotions; how many times has it borne the "pelting of the pitiless storm," and given that protection and shelter it could not find for itself; how many secrets, bright and bland, billet-doux and billet duns, missives of love and messages from creditors, has it concealed within its inmost pockets; how often has it worn the face of smiles in the gay saloon, and the crippled, crumpled look of dejection in the darker scenes; how sad it is to part with it—it fitted so well, it harmonized so agreeably with every curve and cranny of our form; but now it looks so thin, so shabby, so hapless, and, Miss Cherrylip, the necessity of the times is to meet me this evening, "under the elms," at Newtown. I cannot think of being seen in doubtful company; poor old friend, go to the Jews—we must part! If it be true that there are "sermons in stones," I can see no reason why there should not be "reflections" also; and probably our good city, thinking of the sacrifice it is about to make, like John Reynolds "immolating himself on the altar of his country," or John O'Connell "dying on the floor of the House," should indulge in reflections somewhat similar to those I would use in giving up my old coat. Centuries have rolled over those old roofs, clouds have loomed and storms have pelted around those old gables; the mailed bands of Pembroke and the canting crews of Cromwell have beaten the old walls; peaceful processions have been greeted with white handkerchiefs, waved by whiter hands from those venerable windows; O'Connell has nodded his blandest smiles to the fair occupants of those domiciles; and Meagher has inspired with his own enthusiasm the very children who have been nursed there; yet, with all these memories, grand and gay—with all the prestige of antiquity—all the pre-eminence of position—that venerable block of houses which form the west side of Barronstrand street has been voted an obstruction, and the Crowbar Brigade is already at work tumbling them to the earth.

I cannot say that this is a new project—I believe it has been the main improvement thought of for many a day—to remove that old peninsula now standing between our splendid Catholic Cathedral, Broad street and Georges street, and which forced the great tide of business to ooze through two very narrow passages into the larger thoroughfares of trade. From the day on which Turgesius' Tower was supplanted by Maurice Harney's public-house, and Barronstrand mill, on the opposite side, succumbed to John Hurly's iron yard, this project has been discussed; committees have sat on it for centuries, and yet nothing resulted from their laborious incubations; mayor after mayor have pledged themselves to raze this old citadel, yet so formidable have been the stockades and earthworks by which the law had surrounded it, that it has well withstood every assault. Now, however, it is besieged at all points, a considerable breach has been made in its old sides, the inhabitants have offered terms of capitulation, and the most sanguine of its defenders believe its downfall to be imminent. Next winter the comfortable burghers of Broad street and Georges street will have occasion for an extra glass of punch. The barrier which has so long stood between them and the keen, cold, north-east wind, shall have been removed, and they will find it necessary to fortify the inward man against its chilling influence.

Another work of a very important character is now being carried out in Waterford—the construction of a public park for the recreation of the citizens. I do not much care about the system of bringing the country into town. I prefer going out and enjoying Nature in its wild, unsubdued grandeur; to climb the rugged brows of the Commeraghs, holding on by its heathery locks, bounding over its beetling crags, splashing through its limpid streams, or flinging stones from its hoary summit into the soft smooth lake of Cumshanane, resting on its lap below. I prefer to reel in the liquid luxury of a tumble in the wild waves on Tramore strand, or a stroll through the rocks and caverns around Brownstown Head. But it is not at all times we can enjoy scenes like these, and it is well to afford places of recreation for the poor children of toil, who are forced to eke out existence in cheerless caverns which they are obliged to call homes; it is well to enliven the hard din of labor with the sight of green fields and the music of summer birds. It is indeed a winsome thing to behold little children gambol on the green sward, and old age reclining in contented ease on mossy seats. Heaven bless those who provide luxuries of this character for the poor.

This Park is being laid out in Lombard's fields. The boundary commences at Canada street, running along Newtown to Captain Doyle's house, then turns off to Water street down which it runs parallel to the Model School to Hardy's Road, then, into the Bridge, and sweeps round the new Pill into Canada street again. It is separated from the Court House grounds by the river, over which it is proposed to construct a handsome foot bridge, connecting thus the two grounds and forming one beautiful garden of sixteen or eighteen acres in area. I understand the plan is very handsome, and it is now being carried out under the directions of a landscape gardener of first-rate abilities from Dublin. I walked through it this morning, and saw it laid out in circles and squares, and a variety of other geometrical figures. Men are busily employed throwing up earth-works to form these into mounds and hillocks to be afterwards planted according to the specification of the plan; it will be a charming spot, yet I doubt whether those swelling mounds, teeming with bloom and blossom, those green trees waving in the soft summer winds, those sylvan nooks thrilling with the songs of birds, shall ever look so gay to me as those grounds in their rough brown ruggedness did this morning. There was man working, his bronzed brow glowing with cheerfulness at the prospect of a summer's work to enable him to perform his duties to his little ones at home; there was the cheerful laugh of requited toil; there was the contented eye of honest industry; there was the untold luxury which no one feels but the sober working man—that happiness immeasurable, to which other classes are perfect strangers—there he is, his bright eye and his clear brain dilating over the senseless mass of stone, or wood, or iron in his hands, and watching every change as it grows up into shape of power and beauty by the efforts of his noble hand; why should working men repine; why should the hot bitter taint of envy enter their soul towards richer folks? What is indolent ease? What is the senseless revelry which wealth produces? What is the bloody wreath which soldiers die for, compared with the grand creations of intellectual labor and the gladsome heart of requited toil? The great raree show at Spithead, with all its elements of gorgeous destruction, were worse than worthless in comparison with the ring of the spade, the plunge of the pick, and the laugh of the workman in the "People's Park" this morning.

This Park is another of those valuable projects for which we are indebted to the inexhaustible brain of our present Mayor; nearly the entire of the ground belongs to the Corporation; the Town Council cheerfully gave it up to the citizens, and purchased the remainder from the landlords who owned it; by a great deal of diplomacy the British government was induced to subscribe five hundred pounds; that prince of merchants, Joseph Malcomson, gave one hundred, and the citizens subscribed about one thousand pounds more, so that in an incredibly short space of time ample funds were raised to commence the work

Waterford has the reputation of being a quiet lifeless place, yet I have never known her citizens to be called on for any great purpose, either of charity or improvement, or any other public good, that they did not spring forth with an alacrity and munificence which leaves our more showy neighbors far behind.

The news of the day is thrilling indeed; if we are to believe the public papers, a letter has reached Ireland from New-Orleans announcing John Sadlier's arrival there alive and hale; some people think this to be only a sequel to the clever *canard* of the "Nation," and laugh at it accordingly. I think, however, that there is one circumstance connected with it which deserves attention, and may go some way towards verifying it: this letter has come from a warm climate, and surely if John Sadlier ever turns up he certainly must be found only in the hottest regions either of this world or the next.

I cannot write long letters from Waterford; it were as difficult to rear a crop of Mangel Wurzel on the sands of the rabbit-burrow at Tramore, as to write an interesting letter from the scanty materials here. Other times may come, and more stirring events may take place when you will always find me most ready and willing to pay my earnest regards to the Irish News.

THE METAL-MAN.

Irish News.

A few years ago, Mr. Thomas Burrowes, cabinet-maker of Cork, opened an establishment in Patrick street, and embarked extensively in the finer branches of his trade, to meet which large consignments of goods were sent to him from various firms in London, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Halifax. Some time afterwards, however, the impoverishment of the country seriously interfered with his business; and after struggling on until 1852, he had to claim the consideration of his creditors. He returned such goods as he had belonging to them, and the creditors signed a composition deed, accepting 13s. 4d. in the pound. After some time, Mr. Burrowes was enabled to pay off the composition, and having removed to Old George's street, he recommenced the cabinet-making business, in which he has proved so successful that this year, without any expectation being entertained by his creditors, he forwarded to them the balance, 6s. 8d. in the pound, upon each of their accounts. Yesterday morning, Mr. Burrowes received a consignment containing a handsome silver tea service.

We have, writes the *Evening Mail*, to record an act of bravery on the part of Joseph Browne, the engine-driver on the Dublin and Wicklow Railway, which has prevented the Dublin and Wicklow line from being stained with blood. After passing Bray-head, the driver perceived three children at some distance on the rails, of whom the two eldest made their escape on seeing the train approach, leaving the youngest to its fate. The driver seeing the imminent peril of the child, at once turned off the steam, but calculating that this would not avail, at the greatest peril to himself, jumped off the engine, and, though stunned momentarily, he succeeded in outstripping the speed of the train, and plucked the child away almost at the very instant that the wheels were going over the spot, thus saving it by a second or two.

The sixteenth general report of the Emigration Commissioners presents much valuable information. One of the tables shows the progress of emigration from the close of the Peninsular war to the end of 1855. The largest emigration in any one year was in 1852, when it amounted to 368,764; but last year the emigrants amounted to only 176,807. The estimated emigration from Ireland, between 1841 and 1854, was not less than 2,000,000. It is stated that the sums of money remitted to Ireland from the emigrants, since 1848, amounted to £8,393,000, and during the last three years they exceeded three millions and a half.

The Lord Lieutenant at the distribution of the prizes awarded by the Government Department of Science and Art, which took place recently at the Museum of Irish Industry, conferred honors on two gentlemen, who are supernumeraries in government offices. The gentlemen who have thus distinguished themselves are Mr. James Penny, of the Board of Works, who received certificates for geology and natural philosophy, and Mr. J. C. Hayes, of the Poor Law Commission, who received a certificate for natural philosophy. The first named gentleman has been upwards of ten years in the Board of Works, and his position is in no way improved since the first day he entered the service. A supernumerary he entered, and a supernumerary he has remained to this hour.

The Limerick *Reporter* and Tipperary *Vindicator* inform us that the anomalous state of the representation of the county Tipperary, in reference to one of its Members, has caused a movement on the part of the electors, and a County Meeting is in contemplation to be held immediately. A requisition convening a meeting has been numerously signed, the requisitionists stating that they deem it their duty to their country and to themselves to take into consideration the present state of the representation of the county of Tipperary, and for that purpose request a meeting of the electors, to be holden at Thurles. The day has not been named. Several clerical and lay electors have signed the requisition.

Of the late Lord Carew, the *Wexford People* writes:—"In the presence of Death we would speak as gently as possible of the departed; but we do not think that any maudlin sentimentality should be employed to the detriment of truth and justice. The deceased nobleman was in his early days one of the champions of the liberal party in their struggle with the Orange ascendancy; ultimately he associated himself with a cold and heartless aristocracy, and whatever good qualities he possessed as a public man lay dead or torpid. His land was set at high rents, and the tread of the bailiff was well known on the estate.

The number of loans made in 1855 by the Irish Loan Fund Board amounted to £208,655, at a gross profit of £26,120, and a nett profit of £8,036. The circulation of loan funds throughout the country amounted, in 1855, to £883,321, exceeding that of 1854 by £13 297. The capital of loan funds working in 1855 was £213,070. The working capital was less by £1,665, than in 1854, and yet the operation of loan funds was more active last year. The working of the system in 1855 was attended with less loss than in any past year since 1845.

At a meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the year 1856–7:—President—Robert Carlisle Williams. Vice-President—Hans Irvine. Secretary to the College—Edward Hutton. Council—Sir Philip Crampton, Bart.; Alexander Read, Arthur Jacob, Thomas E. Beatty, William Hargrave, Andrew Ellis, Leonard Trant, Robert Adams, James Barker, William Colles, John H. Power, James S. Hughes, Edward Hutton, Robert Pentland, Samuel G. Wilmot, Auley P. Banon, Peter Shannon, Rawdon Macnamara.

The people of Darver, county Louth, have collected £120 to erect a belfry for the Catholic Church of the parish. Stones were being quarried at Kiliencoole for the work, when a land agent stopped the men, as the quarry, he stated, belonged to the landlord. The people of Darver, not to be frustrated, succeeded in getting stones on Mr. Byrne's estate at Cargans, and they are being carried at present to Darver.

A large number of emigrants left Londonderry for New Zealand. The majority of the emigrants belong to Strabane, several of them having been among the most respectable inhabitants of that town.

A deputation, consisting of Lords Bernard, M. P., and Dungarvan, M. P., Sir D. Norreys, Bart., M. P., J. I. Heard, Esq., M. P., John F. Maguire, Esq., and the members for the city of Cork, waited by appointment upon Lord Palmerston on Saturday, at his residence in Piccadilly, to submit a memorial from the inhabitants of Queenstown, calling for the construction of a naval arsenal in the harbor of Cork. Mr. Beamish stated the case on behalf of the memorialists. Lord Palmerston expressed himself desirous of giving the question every attention, without however, pledging himself or the government to any specific course.

The Limerick *Reporter* informs us that, the improvement of pastures has had the effect of enhancing the demand. Reports from all the country fairs agree in stating that the business done is most satisfactory. Every one now feels satisfied that agricultural prosperity is not dependent on the country being at war, but that, with a continuance of good trade in manufacturing, and therefore consuming districts, farmers have little cause for apprehension.

A bill for the continuance of the Incumbered Estates' Court will be introduced this session. The Chief Commissioner and his staff are to be done away with, and the court, with increased powers, will be carried on under two commissioners, to be removed to the Four Courts' Buildings, Dublin.

A costly testimonial has just been presented to Captain Sir Robert M'Clure, of Wexford, by a number of officers of the Royal Navy, in admiration of his intrepidity and perseverance in penetrating through the Polar Ocean in search of Sir John Franklin, which led to the discovery of the North-West Passage. The testimonial consists of a winged figure of Fame standing on tiptoe on the part of a globe representing the Polar Seas.

Accounts from Cork state that the screw steamer Propontis, Captain Goodwin, is now at Queenstown, where she is coaling, having on board the sub-marine electric cable, to be laid down between Cape Ray, Newfoundland, and Cape North, Cape Breton Island. The length of this cable is 85 miles, and its weight 170 tons. She has also on board the cable to be laid down between Cape Traverse, Prince Edward's Island, and Cape Formantino, New-Brunswick.

The Cork *Examiner* records the death of one of the oldest and most sincerely respected citizens of Cork. Mr. John R. Burke has, after a long and painful illness, closed a career which through its whole course was marked by its usefulness to others and the respect it won for himself. For nearly half a century Mr. Burke was the head of the oldest commercial firm in the city of Cork.

A misunderstanding of rather a serious character has taken place between the highest official of the Queen's College, Cork, and one of the professors, which has resulted in an appeal to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, complaining of serious infraction of College discipline. It is believed that the dissension will become matter of investigation before the Visitants, when the whole conduct of the College will be inquired into.

Speaking of a sermon delivered at the beginning of the month in the Chapel of the Catholic University, by the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, the Dublin *Evening Post* says :—

"We were particularly pleased with his remark on the advantages Catholics now enjoy in having a really noble University devoted to their education. The contrast is astonishing when we reflect how few years have elapsed since it was penal to establish even a common hedge-school."

Mr. Gleig, Inspector-General of Military Schools, has visited the Royal Hibernian Military School, Phœnix Park. The proficiency displayed by the pupils in their course of studies, was only equalled by the efficiency shown in their more soldierly accomplishments. The gun practice on the lawn and the model battery erected by the pupils in rear of the school, excited the admiration of the visitors. The literary proficiency of the pupils was most creditable to Mr. Young.

A bill brought in by Mr. Napier and Mr. G. A. Hamilton repeals the acts requiring the residence in London of law students in Dublin University, and reduces the stamp duty on articles of apprenticeship in the case of graduates in arts or law who may hereafter wish to qualify for attorneys to £72. The University professorships of anatomy, chemistry, and botany are opened to Roman Catholics and to candidates not graduates in medicine, persons of all nations "professing their faith in Christ" being equally eligible.

A reception at the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, All Hallows, Ballina, county Mayo, took place on the 8th of June. Miss Julia Madden, Ballycastle, and Miss O. Kelly, Limerick, received the holy habit from the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Henry, Lord Bishop of Killala, assisted by Reverend Peter Nolan, Rev. J. Griffen, and Rev. Anthony Haly.

Four clergymen of the Society of Jesus have opened a mission at the Catholic Cathedral of Londonderry. The object of the mission is not controversial, says the Londonderry *Journal*, nor do the members of the Order touch upon polemics. Their purpose is to recall, and, if possible, to bring back the careless and indifferent of their own communion to the paths of Christian piety.

On the 16th of June, the City of Dublin Company's steamers commenced plying daily between Limerick city and Kilrush. Several families had arrived at Kilkee, the Brighton of Ireland; and Lisdoonvarna, celebrated for its spas, is visited by a large assemblage. Castle Connell still maintains its well deserved character for beauteous scenery and invigorating waters.

The *Banner of Ulster* says that late news from the United States had cast a slight dulness over the linen manufacture. The turn-out at the bleach-fields is quite up to that reported some months past. The extent of land at present under cloth in the process of finish, is much above that of the highest ever before known in the North of Ireland.

The Town Council of Belfast exhibit a touching anxiety (so the *Ulsterman* informs us) for the respectability of their constabulary. They have issued an advertisement for tenders to supply every man in the force with a new hat.

The second reading of the Maynooth College bill had been fixed for the 25th of June, when Mr. Maguire would move its rejection. The government, and the whole force of the Irish brigade, had promised to support him.

The Rev. Dr. M'Cosh, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Queen's College, Belfast, has been appointed Professor of Theology and Apologetics in the new Free Church College, Glasgow.

Mrs. Dorothy Dillon, of Adare, was received into the Catholic Church on Sunday last by the Rev. Mr. Cregan.

The ceremonies of reception and profession have lately taken place at the Convent of our Lady of Charity, in Dublin. The postulants clothed with the habit were Miss Lynch, of Dublin, who took the name of Sister Mary of St. Stanislaus, and Miss Catherine Power, of Waterford, under the title of Sister Mary of the Good Shepherd. The novice admitted to holy profession was Miss O'Callaghan, of Dublin, as Sister Mary of St. Joseph.

An inspector from the General Post Office, Dublin, was in Waterford two or three weeks ago, for the purpose of making arrangements to have street receivers, as now used in London and elsewhere, placed in the Mayor's Walk, at the corner of John and Beresford streets, the Mall, and Newtown. The letter-carriers will have charge of the boxes, and previous to the departure of each mail they will be examined and their contents transferred for despatch to the office in George's street.

Miss Catherine Ryan, the venerable daughter of the late E. Ryan, Esq., and aunt to E. F. G. Ryan, Esq., R. M., Portumna, and M. R. Ryan, Esq., Limerick, after several years' absence, has visited the site of the new Cathedral of St. John. It is nearly thirty years since Miss Ryan visited that portion of the city before, having been invalided from the time of the gunpowder explosion in Patrick street, of which she was one of the sufferers.

Some specimens of potatoes grown in the open air on the ground of the Rev. Somers Payne, at Upton, have been exhibited at the Cork *Examiner* office, which give promise of a magnificent crop. They were of the variety called Pinks, perfectly sound and healthy, and average about four ounces in weight.

It is rumored in the Hall of the Four Courts, Dublin, that a trial for libel will be tried at the ensuing assizes, to be held for the County Kildare, on the Home Circuit. The plaintiff held the office of professor in the University of Dublin; and the defendant is a reverend Fellow of the same distinguished college.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, has held a visitation in the parish chapel of Crook, and administered the sacrament of confirmation to nearly one thousand children of both sexes. Many respectable Protestants from Passage were present.

The Month's Mind, for the Venerable Mrs. O'Keeffe, mother of the Rev. Matthew O'Keeffe, took place on Wednesday, in the church of Dunnamaggen. Seventy-five clergymen took part in the ceremonies, most of them belonging to Ossory, but several had travelled from Waterford and Cashel. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were assembled from all parts of the county.

A declaration was posted at the chapel of Creehan, signed by Hugh Brady, of the same place, to the effect that he had not acted as hangman at the execution of Dunne and Murphy. It was countersigned by Robert Erskine, Esq., J. P.

The Wexford *Independent* gives a glowing account of the mission of the Redemptorist Fathers in Gorey. The concluding ceremonies were of a peculiarly devotional character. There was a grand procession, and Father Furniss's farewell discourse drew tears from every eye.

The *Banner of Ulster* states that a man named Cumming was engaged along with other men in blasting a rock at the Cavendish Limestone Quarry, and after the explosion a stone of about six pounds weight descended upon his head, breaking his skull in several places. He expired soon after.

The *Cork Reporter* understands that the decision in the case of the Cork and Youghal Railway Company against Patterson, which was tried in the Court of Common Pleas, London, will affect a large class of respectable and solvent parties, and will bring into the hands of the company a sum of not less than £30,000.

There are 212 subscribers to the next year's Derby. Eleven are the produce of Irish Birdcatcher, five of Chanticleer, four of Connaught Ranger, two of Elvas, three of Mickey Free, and three of Simoon. Lord Waterford has three engaged in next year's Oaks, to which there are 135 subscribers. Mr. Bradshaw's Barbarity, by Simoon, and Mr. Nugent's Hasty, by Horn of Chase, are amongst the number.

The Waterford *Chronicle* says that Lord Palmerston, notwithstanding the many faults of his government, has been strengthening himself in his position, and instead of being ousted from office—as it was so confidently stated the peace would do—has rather shown the country that in peace, as in war, there is no one so well qualified to govern the country as himself.

The same paper gives us the pleasantest news about the weather and crops. They are still blessed with very fine warm weather, the effect of which, after the rains, is evident throughout every part of the country. The potato crop is strong and healthy-looking, and gives every indication of yielding a large return.

At the late examination in Trinity College, Mr. James Slattery, son of Pierce Slattery, Esq., of Carrick-on-Suir, obtained a Sizarship. This young gentleman was prepared for examination by Mr. Henry J. G. Pasley, the accomplished principal of the Youghal Endowed School, under whose tuition very many of the *alumni* of old Trinity have distinguished themselves during their college career.

The Lord Lieutenancy of the county of Wexford has become vacant by the death of Lord Carew. Mr. Stanley, late Secretary to the Poor Law Commission, has been appointed comptroller and accountant-general of the stamps and taxes department, Dublin, in the room of Mr. Eyre Burton Powell, retired on full salary. Salary of the comptrollership, £800 per annum.

The Tipperary Artillery Militia still continue great favorites with the Dublin people of all classes. They were greatly cheered going to and returning from the review on the Queen's birth-day, where they formed a splendid appearance at the "flag-staff," being told off as a guard of honor to the Lord Lieutenant.

The committee appointed by the Waterford Corporation to report on the amount to be spent in improving the defective state of the water-supply in the city have, after a lengthened examination of the subject, resolved to recommend the expenditure of $2,000 for this important purpose.

The nuns of the Presentation Convent, Holy Cross, Waterford, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £5 from the Rev. Patrick Cuddeny, of the Boston mission, his second contribution towards the completion of their church.

At the last meeting of the British Archæological Association, Captain Tupper exhibited two flint arrow heads and two stone axes, discovered in Belfast.

A bill for the regulation of the Court of Chancery will be introduced next session, giving the Masters, who will be reduced to three, increased jurisdiction, and enabling them, in certain cases, to carry out a cause from the beginning to the end, or, in other words, making them Vice-Chancellors.

Mr. Cowman, the contractor, has commenced the stone work of the new bridge of Wexford; and the County Surveyor, J. B. Farrell, Esq., has gone to Dublin, to inspect the metal castings at the Irish Engineering Company.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £3 from the Dowager Lady Dunraven; £1 from Mr, Michael Cregan, Maynooth College, and 10s. from Anonymous, towards the building.

Mr. Yelverton, a member of the Avonmore family, has issued a lithograph circular to a large number of the leading constituents of Mayo, announcing his intention to offer himself at the next general election. Mr. Yelverton does not state what his politics are.

A rumor having circulated to the effect that Mr. Russell intends retiring from the representation of Limerick at the ensuing election, the Limerick *Observer* gives the rumor the most unqualified contradiction.

The counties comprised within the district in which the late Sir Edward Tierney discharged the duties of Crown Solicitor, have been divided amongst three solicitors, Mr. T. Fitzgerald, Mr. Geale, of the firm of Messrs. Geale and Dwyer, and Mr. W. H. M'Grath.

Several families who have been in the United States for some years have returned to Pallaskenry, in this county. Others, who only went out this spring have also come back, having repudiated America and its discomforts. This we give on the authority of the Limerick *Chronicle*.

At the review in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, on the Queen's birthday, was Lieut Massy, the young hero of the Redan, looking with great apparent pleasure on the mimic performance of those acts, in the reality of which a few months ago he played so great a part.

The Lords of the Admiralty recently sent two experienced Captains of the Royal Navy to inspect the new pier at Tarbert, for accommodation of vessels putting in there in stress of weather. They disapprove of the present plan.

The Waterford fair for the month of June was largely attended by buyers from all parts of the country, and supplied with some fine stock. Much business was done, and prices were excellent.

Edward Blackburne, Esq., barrister-at-law, son of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, is sworn in Seneschal to the Manor Courts of Oxmantown, Grangegorman, and the liberties of Christ Church, in the room of Richard Bourke, Esq., deceased.

The sum of near £50 has been lately presented to their young curate Rev. Mr Roche, by several kind friends in the united parishes of Ballingarry and Grana.

In the case of the Representatives of the late Robert Potter, Esq., M. P., against the Corporation of Limerick, notice of trial was served for the 13th of last month in Dublin.

The police of Ennis and surrounding districts are engaged in taking the annual agricultural census of Ireland.

There are 182 pupils in the Cork School of Art, and 240 receiving instructions in design in four national schools in the city.

Capt. Esmonde paired with Mr. Vance on the Tenant-right Bill, and Mr. Bond was accidentally shut out.

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., son of Captain John O'Connell, M. P., has been appointed as an Ensign in his regiment.

There are 484 paupers in the Clogheen union, being a decrease of 183 from the same period last year.

The office of Comptroller at the port of Belfast is vacant by the death of John W. Trousdell, Esq.

The Cork distillers have reduced the price of whisky to 10s. 9d. per imperial gallon, 25 o. p.

America Seventy Years ago.

A. D. 1788.—As a subject of curious comparison of the past with the present, we re-produce from a monthly magazine called the *English Review*, published in 1788, the following remarks about the United States:

"The American States, after a long suspense, seem at length to be upon the point of establishing their General Government. By the last accounts, seven of the States had acceded to the plan proposed. The previous consent of two-thirds of the whole, however, is necessary; and as no doubt is entertained of the concurrence of South Carolina and Virginia, the Congress, as soon as the consent of these provinces is obtained, will proceed to the organization of their confederated republic. In the meantime, civilization is everywhere extending its influence; the institution of universities and philosophical societies begins to dissipate the fanaticism which has long maintained an authority in several of the provinces; and such is the ardor of improvement at Philadelphia, that this city, and the whole province, are now diligently employed in stretching roads through the country for above a hundred and fifty miles. A spirit for agriculture seems to be universally disseminated over the States. This is the first necessary step in the advancement of a nation to prosperity; and it is the policy of the Americans to render it their principal object. In a little time, however, they will doubtless turn their attention to the improvement of manufactures for internal consumption, though their good friends, the French, are endeavoring all in their power to dissuade them from this undertaking.

"Separated from the nations of the ancient world by an immense ocean, the Americans can be but little affected by the situation of politics in Europe; but they are exposed in the back settlements to the incursions of ferocious tribes, which form a barrier to the progress of dominion and civilized manners in the Western Continent. The province of Georgia suffers at present from the violence of these Indians; but she must now trust for protection to her own resources, or in the assistance of the other States, and not from the aid of Great Britain, who had often lavished her blood and treasure in the defence of her long supported, but now emancipated, colonies."

Miss Ellen Conran.—This clever young Irish *artiste* continues to win the praises of the Italian critics, who lavish the strongest expressions of admiration on her appearance and acting on the stage. Since the conclusion of her engagement at Perugia she has sung repeatedly in concerts at Florence, and is now engaged for the opera at Naples. It is an arduous struggle for a native of our country to win success in Italy; but Miss Conran has several examples to encourage her, and we trust there is every prospect of her achieving for herself a high and honorable position as a dramatic singer.

Answers to Correspondents.

Moyamensing is informed, that the original Philadelphia was built by the descendants of the soldiers who followed Alexander the Great in his Persian expedition. It stood on a hill, in the centre of a singularly rich and beautiful country. Gardens, vineyards, and fertile plains circled it with all the loveliness, sweetness, wealth and luxury of nature. It fell a prey to the Turks under Ilderim and Bajazet. A wall of human bones, strongly cemented, remains to this day a monument of the savage soldiership of the latter. The Turk still rules there. A Moslem population of 15,000 souls vegetates amongst its ruined walls, towers, and bastions. Philadelphia is one of the seven churches mentioned by the inspired pen-man of the Apocalypse. He speaks of it as the church which "kept the word of God, and denied not his name." The Turks call it Allah Sher—*the City of God*. The early Christians gave it the name of Philadelphia, which signifies the *City of Brotherly Love*.

Old Mortality wants to know what has become of the leaden statue of George III. which formerly stood, he understands, in the Bowling Green. We refer him to the other world for a satisfactory reply. All we know about it appears in the second volume of Irving's *Life of Washington*. The author of the *Sketch Book* informs us, that "the excitable population of New York were not content with the ringing of bells to express their joy. There was a leaden statue of George III. in the Bowling Green, in front of the fort. Since kingly rule is at an end, why retain its effigy? On the same evening, therefore, the statue was pulled down, amid the shouts of the multitude, and broken up to be run into bullets "to be used in the cause of independence."

Carolan of Castledermot asks us if Joseph Rodman Drake, the author of the *American Flag*, the splendid ode beginning with the well-known lines—

"When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there"—

was an Irishman. This we cannot positively state. Of his Irish descent, however, we have the most beautiful and touching intimation in the lines he addressed to a Lady on hearing her sing the *Cushlamachree*—

"Yes! heaven protect thee, thou gem of the ocean;
Dear land of my sires, though distant thy shore;
Ere my heart cease to love thee, its latest emotion,
The last dying throbs of its pulse must be o'er."

A Trinity Collegian writes from Dublin, informing us that the celebrated Burton Bindon is dead. He had just completed his eightieth year. Mr. Bindon was for many years the proprietor of the famous oyster-shop in Duke street, Dublin. He was, also, one of the best horsemen in Ireland, and in earlier life kept and hunted a splendid pack of hounds in Galway. The Collegian adds, that George Bennett, Esq., one of the most eminent members of the Irish Bar during the last half century, is no more. His death took place, the last week of June, at his residence, in Shropshire, England. He was the intimate friend of Charles Kendal Bushe, Plunkett, Burrowes, Wolfe, Saurin, Dogherty and Jackson. For several years previous to his death he was known as the Father of the Munster Bar.

One of the Jaspers of Savannah asks us if Catherine Hayes has arrived in Calcutta. We can't say. When last we heard of her, she was in Van Dieman's Land, or Tasmania, as it is now more euphoniously called. A friend of ours, two or three weeks ago, sent us a clipping from the Hobart Town *Colonial Times*, containing the programme of a grand performance about to take place in Campbell Town, the principal town of the Midland district of that island. The glorious Limerick girl's voice must have been an ecstatic treat to the people of that town and neighborhood. The only performance we ever witnessed there was that of a company of New-York Ethiopean Serenaders, who came over to Australia, by the Sandwich Islands, from San Francisco, in the summer of 1851. And that, at the time, was considered an extraordinary feast of harmony and flow of soul. For miles and miles, the settlers, with their wives and daughters, crowded in to the entertainment, and for weeks after nothing else was talked of. Catherine Hayes must not only have astonished, but bewildered them with the witchery of her notes.

☞ A demure philanthropist (he dates his communication *Cape Cod*, Massachusetts, and signs himself *Hominy*) finds fault with the custom of letting off crackers and fireworks all over the country on the Fourth of July. He considers it a deplorable nuisance, injurious to the peace of respectable families, and depreciative of the national dignity. The country adopts the views put forth by the noble and venerable John Adams in preference to those advanced by any marrowless vegetarian like *Hominy*. "That day," says the eloquent old statesman, "ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parades, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forth for evermore."

An Old Man from the Urbs Intacta (Waterford) has sent us his reminiscences of that old Dane-built city of the gentle Suir. They date back to 1806. Simply but clearly written, full of fondness and the gentle poetry of a loving heart, they touch us painfully and yet as tenderly as the sight of an early friend's grave, in some little old chapel-yard, such as that of Faithlegg or Drumcannon, would do. These reminiscences are in type. They appear next week. The *Old Man* has our affectionate thanks. The scenes and faces he has called up refresh, with delight and warm the heart of every man, woman, and child who, like ourselves, have been cradled in that dear old city.

Roderick O'Connor writes us, from Martha's Vineyard, a long and highly ornamental dissertation on the power of eloquence. Among the illustrations he adduces of the effect of eloquence, he reminds us of the story of *Keskarrah*, an old Indian of the Slave and Dog-ribbed tribes, who, being seated one day at the door of his tent near Fort Enterprise, and seeing a large bear making towards him, evidently with carnivorous intentions, addressed the intruder in the following able speech—"Oh, Bear! I never did you any harm; I have always had the highest respect for you and your relations, and never killed any of them except through necessity; go away, good bear, and let me alone, and I promise not to molest you." The bear instantly departed. *Roderick* wants to know if it wouldn't be well to have such a man as Keskarrah among us from this till November next?

☞ Diogenes has rolled out of his tub, and been philosophizing in the Park. He sends us many verses, none very good, and a great many very bad. As a specimen, first to hand comes what he calls

A SIMILE IN THE PARK.

I stood beside the fountain, and its spray
Like blessed three-cent pieces sprinkled o'er me,
Flung up (so all of our young bards would say)
As small change for the golden fish before me.

But ah! no matter how the wind will play,
The self-sustaining Fountain has a knack
(Like all obliging brokers, by the way,)
Of getting half its change in shape of discount back.

Another, evidently penned while the author was under that peculiar influence he rather bunglingly attempts to describe, is as follows:

It was a day of subter-mundane hottishness,
Which fact did make necessity,
To usher in the night with sottishness,
And end it in obesity.

Oh, who can shape that dread line of declivity!
'Tis so near perpendicular,
That slides a coon, with sprawling dumb activity,
No where in particular.

Oh, who can fix, with arithmetic suavity,
The point where gay propriety
Just takes one glass too much, with drunken gravity,
And sees no more sobriety.

But who, with self-abusive, pale peculiarity,
Forgets the next morn's dizziness,
Which, spite of all his well-known regularity,
Makes him abhor his business.

Diogenes here begins to growl; therefore we cut short his communication. Like our friend "Shamrock," of late, he must have been "out on a bender;" but, unlike him, he had no old maid to satirize, and even if he had, he was minus the strength and humor to "clank her lank shank" with all the irresistible comicality of Swaine Buckley, with the bone castanets.

Declined.—"Notes from a Tinder-box, or how to preserve Fireworks against dampness, by a practical pyrotechnist." Had the writer accompanied this with "our usual advertising rates," we would have published it as an advertisement, previous to the Fourth. It will keep until next year. J. H. Your "Emmet's Grave" is not without some melody, but it lacks force. Here is a specimen—Hibernia is beside the grave:

She tuned her wild harp, but no mortal may hear
Such strains, and remain on this Time-rolling sphere;
'Twas the language of Heaven, and spirits of clay,
To hear it, should melt with its echoes away.

She sang till the vales were dissolved into tears;
She rose as the sun in the eastward appears,
And piercing the mists of the future, she smiled
As an angel might bend o'er the dreams of a child.

Received—"Desiderum," by F. O, R.

Declined—O. K. Lines to the White House (without precedent.) *D. E. D.* A Death Chant—"Slowly raise the bier" (evidently the word "lager" has been unintentionally omitted.) *Jack o'Lantern*—(you must be a blue-light, friend Jack.) "The End of the World," by Marcus—(we doubt if Marcus has had mentally a beginning in the world yet. Time enough to think of an end when he has.

T. L. writes to correct a mistake in a Kilkenny Man's *Notes from the Nore*, in our last issue. T. L. states that it was from the "Citizens' Club Rooms," not the Mechanics' Institute, Dr. Cane retired, on the occasion referred to, "there being no such place as the Mechanics' Institute in William street."

We will regularly send a copy of the News to any part of Ireland, on receipt of subscription at the rate of 16s. sterling per annum.

Mr. Sullivan, our California agent, desires us to state, that though we send the *News* to subscribers there, from here, at the rate of $3 per annum, he has to charge $5 to those who receive it through him.

Mr. P. H. McCAWLEY has received our authority to collect Subscriptions and Advertisements for the "Irish News," throughout the Canadas.

MR. J. J. CONWAY, has a similar mission for the States of New-York, New-Jersey and Pennsylvania.

We bespeak the kind assistance of our friends for both gentlemen.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

☞ Mr. P. H. McCAWLEY has not reported. We suspend all authority delegated to him until we hear from him.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1856.

YOUNG IRELAND IN NICARAGUA.

Apart from the interest which the struggle of a beautiful country to ennoble its condition inspires, there are special circumstances interwoven with the events occurring in Nicaragua which excite our attention. Attention is a cold word. The events we speak of excite our sympathy, solicitude and pride. Numbers of young Irishmen are in arms for Nicaragua. A communication in the *New-York Sun* mentions their wearing green branches in their hats on the march from Granada to the battle of Rivas. They wore them in place of the shamrock, in memory of Ireland. Right gallantly the brave boys have thrown their lives and fame into the conflict, the issue of which determines the future of Nicaragua.

No wonder. Their passion for national freedom, and all that conduces to it, impelled them to the fight. They repeat the story which has been told of their people a hundred times. Wherever a nation has leaped up to break its chains and strangle its oppressor, the sympathies of Ireland have torn a channel for themselves to the glorious scene.

When all along the base of the Andes the rule of Spain went to pieces—a war-ship upon a reef—did not a hearty cheer break out from Carnsore to Ennis? Were there not bonfires on the iron cliffs of Clare? Did not O'Connell lift up his mighty arm and voice, hailing the event as one of promise to his people and warning to their foes. At the mouth of the Orinoco, whose were the lances that threatened the chivalry of Castille? A few weeks before, they flashed in the sun which gilds the granite-crown of Killiney. Carried by Irish youths—most of them of gentle blood, education, and courtly accomplishments—they were destined, under Devereux, to mingle their silver splendors on the Plaza of Caracas in the victorious inauguration of Bolivar!

Early in the month of August, 1830, in a spacious, lofty-pillared building on Usher's quay, in the city of Dublin, thousands were assembled. A platform, decorated with the Tri-color of France, rivetted every eye and heart. Sheil was there. Moore was there. Honest Jack Lawless, with his coat thrown back over his shoulders, and his thumbs inside the arm-holes of his waistcoat, stood pompously in front of them. O'Gorman Mahon, the puissant chevalier of the Catholic campaign, in his green cut-away coat and brass buttons, waving a tri-colored handkerchief, divided with Tom Steele the applauses of the crowd. O'Connell towered above them all.

Charles the Tenth had taken to his heels, leaving behind him in the Court-yard of St. Cloud his crown, smeared with blood and choked with the rumpled Ordonances he had drawn up, himself and Polignac, against the press, the people, and the deputies. Once again did the sublime *Marsellaise* shake the towers of Notre Dame. Once again did the grim Faubourg St. Antoine thunder at the Tuilleries. Republicanism, trampled down on the bridge of Lodi, buried under the cannon of Marengo, had thrown off the pyramids, thrones, triumphal columns of the Empire, and the flimsy footstool of the Restoration. France again was free. Free to avenge the perfidies that had made her famous at the expense of her liberties. Free to avenge the fouler perfidies which had humbled her in presence of the victories speaking to her from the monumental brass of the Place Vendome.

For this resurrection of the people of France, there flew all through Ireland the noblest joy. On the day of which we speak, the finest impersonations of her genius, the sweetest and brightest of her poets, the greatest of her orators, chronicled the event in lyric tones and periods fraught with the thunder of the Forum.

And so it was in other epochs. The lyre that has given to the world in deathless melodies the sorrows, hopes, and beauties of Ireland, made the arbutus groves and holy ruins of the sweet poor land of our birth familiar with the festive and heroic harmonies of Greece. Byron did more for the land of Miltiades than Moore. But he could not love her more than the minstrel whose sorrowful sweetness found a solace in the Evenings that gladden the Ægean.

So prompt and impetuous is this sympathy amongst Irishmen with every nation in arms for its freedom, that even where the merits of the contest are doubtful—even where it is questionable if freedom can at-all eventuate—their good words and deeds have been given in the fullest measure. Even the name of freedom is enough. So it was in the Carlist war. The cause of Christina was the one enthusiastically upheld in Ireland. The four Provinces united round her standard. The homes on the Boyne, as well as those of the Shannon, with equal alacrity sent forth the flower of their youth to the fierce quarrel of the Spanish Succession. Joyously and proudly the young men of Ireland flung themselves into that bloody broil—joyously, proudly and bravely they bared their swords to the storm which drenched with blood and withered with red lightnings the olives of Spain—for in the name of freedom their manhood had been invoked. De Lacy Evans and his Legion swept the Sierras of the Ebro and Guadalquiver, as the O'Doghertys and O'Donnells did the fords, woods and bogs, under Red Hugh, from Dal-riada to Desmond.

The year which saw the sceptre and dynasty of the House of Orleans flung from the summit of the Column of July, and lying in shreds and splinters on the Place Bastille, is fresh in the minds of all. Applauding the revolutions which from one end of Europe to the other overturned, as though they were ignoble idols, the tyrants of the people, Ireland was hurled with the full force of her memories, vengeance and enthusiasm to the fatal field, where the weapon was broken in her hand before she had time to strike.

With these precedents inspiring them, and the military spirit flashing brightly through them, and the love of freedom and adventure stirring them as restlessly as it did the generations just gone before them, no wonder that now-a-days we hear of the Irish in Granada, fighting in the service of that Republic to give it a name, liberty, and a proud station in the future. Success and honor to them! Despite the calamities that have toppled on their homes, and the mean condition to which their country has been reduced, and the jabberings and slanders that have been heaped upon it in that condition, they prove the soundness and fertility of the stock from which they come, and on a narrow isthmus, with the old and new worlds as their witnesses, transmit, as soldiers of freedom, the martial celebrity of their race.

DEATH OF AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

During the present century, France, if unstable and giddy in almost every other phase of her political and literary career, has been the persistent, patient, and illustrious teacher of the world in one of the highest moods to which the human intellect can be excited or inspired. If the harp of the "poor old *Chansonnier*" Beranger, with its clashing tones of steel and silver, has been for many years hung up, living on the thrilling vibrations which can never die while Democracy needs a text, or Love a coy excuse; if there are no orators like the mighty Mirabeau, the audacious Danton, and the virtuous Vergniaud; if in Poetry and Oratory France is behind the era, bounded on the one hand by the rise of Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons on the other, she is undeniably before all the world in the wealth which her historians have conferred on her language and literature. Guizot, Thiers, Sismondi, Thierry, Michelet, Quinet, Lamartine, Michaud, Barante, Louis Blanc, are names which each invoke a various splendor, not only a brilliant, but a profound individuality of thought, leading forth, as it were, into a continuous and stately movement before the mind's eye, the hidden, the teeming, the fitful, the regal and revolutionary generalities of ancient and modern history.

Both in the manner of compilation and the art of writing, these men have struck out new paths. They are the conquer-

ers of chronicles—analyzers of annals, not the re-publishers of them, and, in fact, well may be termed in a literary sense what many of them are politically—heroes of history. They understand truly and feel deeply that history is philosophy teaching by example; and following the examples which it is their province to exhume from musty archives and unread tons of stupidly-swathed truths, they seek to sound the philosophy indicated. They are not chronological catalogue-makers. They do not merely weld dates together, but they labor diligently, even unto darkness as did Augustin Thierry, to expound the real causes, not the mere superficial symptoms, which by mighty throbs and hearty action forced those dates into gigantic importance on the roll-call of Time.

Charles James Fox said the position of the historian should be after the poet, and before the orator. He had not read Thierry, Michelet, Blanc, or Lamartine, or instead of having them in rotation, he would have placed them abreast—history still keeping its position between poetry and oratory—being as strong a combination of both as is possible to be without rendering secondary the peculiar and leading characteristic suggested by its name.

A late mail from Europe brought us intelligence of the death of one of those deeply bright intellects who have shed such lustre on the department of letters we have alluded to. Though the eminent author had been for years, with blind eyes and useless body, but a passive monument chronicling the labors of the past—and though able hands have thrown such chaplets on his living tomb as are rarely placed upon the resting-place of the dead, still, as the great blind man has awakened from his earth-slumber in the land of light and love—has gone journeying hence—it is but just that we collect the memories he has left us into one mental wreath, that our admiration may partake somewhat of the unity so remarkable in the intellectual character and studies of the historian.

Sprung from the people, his sympathies were ever with them, ever on the side of liberality and rational freedom. He was alike opposed to the revolutionary exactitude amid which he was born, and the morbid slothfulness of the Imperial regime. Not less was his distaste for the English constitution. He yearned for a freedom, the offspring (to use his own words) of "a government with the greatest possible amount of individual guarantees, and the least possible amount of administrative action." In other words, he came near to that idea which so well characterizes the Democratic faith in this country, that the best government is that which governs least.

Born on the 20th of May, 1795, of poor and humble parents, the future historian went through his studies in his native town with distinction and success. With a vivid imagination, and an energy only equalled by his sensibility, it is no wonder that the writings of Chateaubriand aroused the youth into an almost ecstatic frenzy.

Forming, soon after leaving college, a strong attachment for St. Simon, he flung himself with ardor into the study and illustration of the political economy peculiar to that remarkable man. Hazlett, in his brief but brilliant biographical notice of Thierry, calls our attention to the fact that at the time he became secretary and disciple of St. Simon, the latter "had propounded no idea of constructing anything at all resembling a new religion. This was a notion which occurred to him much later, if indeed it be not altogether a posthumous crotchet, gratuitously attributed to him by his successors." The connection, however, from which several pamphlets sprung, did not long continue, and Thierry, at the age of twenty-two, sought employment in the columns of the *Censeur Europeén*, a liberal journal of reputation. Here he commenced the publication of those researches into, and vigorous combinations of historical lore, which have so delighted all classes of readers. These sketches of the English revolutions from the invasion by William of Normandy, down to the sixteenth century, he collected, adding thereto, and published in 1825 with the title *Histoire de la Conquete d' Angleterre par les Normands.* The *Censeur* being discontinued he furnished to the *Courrier Francais* another series which he collected in 1827 under the title of *Lettres sur l'Histoire de France;* both of these works immediately created a sensation which still continues unabated among students and thinkers. In 1830 their author was elected a member of the *Academie des Inscriptiones et Belles Lettres.* Dividing his time from 1831 to 1836 between Vesoul and the baths of Luxeuil, he was chiefly occupied in collecting the writings of his youth—for he had become a premature old man—and in revising the works mentioned. His *Dix Ans des Etudes*, made its appearance in 1834, and his *Recits des Temps Merovingiens*, in the following year, having previously appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The latter obtained from the French Academy the Baron Gobert prize of two thousand dollars. At various times he had leagued with M. Mignet and M. Guizot for the production of historical works, but both speculations were unfortunately abandoned.

When not more than twenty-seven, the indefatigable nature of his studies, which so illuminated and excited the eyes of others, darkened his—he became blind—a misfortune which, a couple of years afterwards, was heightened by a nervous malady, which, in time, deprived him of motion. Impending blindness did not quiet his historic thirst, and aided by one who became his secretary, a man then obscure, but destined as well for a proud position among the writers of his day, as a melancholy death—Armand Carrel, the great historian pursued those studies so dear to him.

In 1831, Thierry married Julie de Quarangal, a woman whose devotion to her husband, pride in him, and beautiful nature, made his eye-closed life a dream of domestic happiness. Her soul, her grandeur, her attention, by a divine dispensation, were to him as eyes and hands. She was the communicating spirit between her great husband and his worshippers, the world. If Thierry was fortunate in his genius, he was more fortunate in the genii in the shape of his wife, who so aided to keep filled the treasury of his intellect, by the magnificent and continued outlay of which he startled the reading world. Gifted with high literary powers, and the authoress of some charming productions, his wife anticipated his every want, illuminated his darkness, swayed beneath the exigencies of his maladies like a gentle slave, and rose triumphant above them like an angel.

Thomas Davis believed Thierry superior to Livy; and characterized his "Merovingian Era" as "the lasting and finished image of past times." It is impossible in the space allotted that we can indulge in any extensive criticism on the noble words of our author; and must be satisfied with this graphic and truthful opinion, also by Davis: "There is more deep dramatic skill, more picturesque and colored scenery, more distinct and characteristic grouping, and more lively faith to the look and spirit of men and times aad feelings of which he writes, in Thierry, than in any other historian that ever lived. He had almost an intuition in favor of liberty, and his vindication of the 'men of '98' out of the slanderous pages of Musgrave, is a miracle of historical skill and depth of judgment."

SMITH O'BRIEN ON GREECE.

The following characteristic letter from Smith O'Brien will be read not only with the interest which attaches to everything connected with so truly eminent a man, but for the glimpse of Modern Greece so clearly given, and the political conclusions which his observations in that classic region indicate. Every sentence sustains the principles which are typical of O'Brien's greatness and misfortunes. He extols the means by which the "simple mountaineers of Parnassus" enjoy and illustrate as genuine a civilization as can be met with in the exclusiveness of London Clubs, or the heartier *bon-hommie* of Parisian *Cafes.* His allusion to the insurrectionary movements of 1854, in Greece, are made with his usual conservative democratic candor; all that he evidently feels cause of difference with, being the time when the Greek patriots arose against the "cruel oppression" which they have inherited from the Turk. On the educational progress of Greece, as a means of national strength and revolutionary resource, O'Brien does not place too high an importance. Almost the same words he applied to Ireland. He could not say more or less to Greece:

ATHENS, *May* 21, 1856.

DEAR SIR—Being desirous to present to the University of Athens a copy of a work in two volumes which I have recently published, under the title of "Principles of Government," I shall feel much obliged if, as representative of the University, you will cause it to be deposited in the Library.

I avail myself of this opportunity of offering my thanks to the professors for having been permitted, in company with my son, to attend several lectures at the University. Although I am aware that your halls are thrown open gratuitously to all who desire the different courses of instruction, I am not the less sensible of the polite cordiality with which the professors welcomed our presence.

We have observed with the greatest pleasure that in this country, a most eager desire for instruction exists among all classes, and that the government has endeavored to encourage these tendencies by promoting the establishment of schools for primary and intermediate education, as also by aiding the resources of your University, an institution which, I believe, owes its foundation to the public spirit of enlightened and patriotic individuals. These efforts have not been unproductive of fruit, and I much doubt whether there is a town in Europe, inhabited by a population commensurate with that of Athens, which has made a greater progress in intellectual development.

This progress is the more remarkable when it is remembered that in other countries the resources accumulated during the past ages are brought to assist the intellectual operations of the present generation, whereas the very existence of modern Greece as a member of the European family claims no longer space of time than about a quarter of a century.

The same observation applies also to industrial development. When it is remembered that almost every town and every field in Greece was laid waste by the Turks during the war of independence, the traveller is disposed to wonder that so much had been done, though I have perceived with regret that some things have been left undone which might have been accomplished without much trouble or expense.

"I feel it to be due to a people from whom we have experienced much kindness and hospitality, to offer my testimony in refutation of some of the misrepresentations which have been circulated in Western Europe with respect to the social condition of Greece, and which describe its inhabitants as a semi-barbarous people.

"Having just returned from an excursion in the northern provinces, during which my son and I rode about 300 miles unaccompanied by guards, and during which we had opportunities of conversing familiarly with men of all classes, from the monarch to the humblest peasant, I have come to the conclusion that there is at least as much of genuine civilization, if that word be used in the proper meaning, among the simple mountaineers of Parnassus as is to be found in the clubs of London or in the cafes of Paris. Let me add that during our tour we did not see a single drunken man and were solicited for alms by only one beggar, a cripple without hands. I know no part of the United Kingdom, or of France, respecting which a stranger could make a similar observation.

That Brigandage exists in part of Greece, and specially in that part of the country through which we have recently travelled, is a fact which cannot be denied. Causes which lie beyond the control of the wisest statesman have at various times occasioned outbreaks of this social disease; but in candor, it ought to be observed that the greater part of Greece is as free as other portions of Europe from this calamity, and that great energy is at present directed towards its total suppression in those sections of the country in which it still exists.

The misrepresentations to which I allude have been occasioned, in great measure, by the proceedings which took place in connection with the insurrectionary movements of Thessaly and Epirus in 1854. I am not prepared to contend that those proceedings were consistent with political wisdom. They placed the Greek nation in antagonism with the two most powerful states of Western Europe, at a moment when those states were closely allied with Turkey.

But, whatever may have been the motives of the individuals, there can be no doubt that a great majority of the Greeks who took part in that movement were animated solely by a passionate desire, highly honorable to those who entertained it, to rescue their fellow countrymen now resident in the Turkish dominions from that cruel oppression of which their own fathers had so long been victims. Had this movement taken place at a more favorable moment, it would probably have been hailed with enthusiastic approbation by the public opinion of Europe.

Believing that the Hellenic race still possesses those heroic and civil virtues for which their ancestors were distinguished; believing also that the various elements of which it consists are destined to form hereafter one great and combined nation, I should feel disposed, if I were a Greek, to make little account of undeserved reproaches. On the other hand, sound policy appears to suggest that Greek patriotism should abide the progress of events, and avoid external collisions, while, in the meantime, it should cultivate to the utmost all the resources, material, moral, and intellectual, with which your country has been so richly endowed by Providence, In the performance of these honorable duties the university which you represent naturally bears an important part.

"With best wishes for the success of its noble functions, I have the honor to be,

"Faithfully yours, WM. SMITH O'BRIEN."

"To M. Pillicas, Representative of the University."

At a period like the present, the return of a man with such inflexible integrity, with a political faith of such deep foundation, strengthened and beautified by the meditations of a long exile, and the not less profound observations during the past two years of the growth of European society, since his banishment—of its appearance and working on the ruins of the crushed revolutions of '48, and through the "heated term" of the Eastern War—the return to Ireland now of such a man should be a boon to that country, like the first dawn of reason to one raving and restless with the imbecile throbs of fever.

O'Brien has the heart to feel, and the cultivation to make his guidance a blessing. He has no connection with any of the mad parties who have reeled and fought over the corpse of Ireland. He comes with a calm judgment, a pure, intrepid heart, a mind of the highest culture, into a land in which politics, like the Tipperary Bank, is one monstrous swindle, and he comes to sustain the good, and by his presence alone to shame the corrupt and wavering.

Whilst Smith O'Brien lives there is a soul of honor in old Ireland, and there is hope and glory for her.

THE EUROPEAN STAGE.

The arrival of the Baltic, on last Sunday, brought us English dates to the 25th ult. Notwithstanding that some of the newspapers keep up a decent but rather undecided howl anent the Crampton dismissal, still the excitement is below par. The London *Star* publishes a letter from a correspondent who "sends his name" privately, and claims relationship with the ex-Minister, notwithstanding which, he shows "that the public good has been sacrificed to Lord Clarendon's private friendship" for Crampton.

The London *Times* has altered its opinion. It would not, for the world, question Mr. Crampton's zeal and activity; but, in its own words, "he wanted caution and dignity," and appears "not to have been considerate or particular enough in the means and the instruments he employed." Mr. Buchanan's nomination is the next question "in order;" and the *Times*, reprinting the Cincinnati platform, which it does not consider "pleasant reading," as it is "self-willed," &c., warns the Government to settle up Central American affairs before Mr. Buchanan becomes President, the latter being a prospective fact needless to discuss. The polite Thunderer would rather not "leave to Mr. Buchanan the trouble of discovering some new doctrine of the Monroe class in the settlement of the remaining differences between us."

The news from the European Continent is not of importance. Russia we are informed has returned to its every-day life.

The Emperor has called together a new Cabinet, which includes Gortschakoff, (Foreign Affairs,) Lanskoi, Ostensacken and Orloff.

In France the chief interest pertains to the question of the Regency.

The Pope has nominated six new Cardinals, of whom three are Italians, two Austrians and one French.

The town of Kars had been surrendered to the Turks, and the Turkish troops had evacuated the fortress of Redout Kaleh.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE GALWAY ELECTION—MORE OF IT.

It was a fierce contest. Night and day the combatants were at the work. For more than a week they fought. From dawn to sun-down, the battle surged and thundered within the Court-house. From sun-down to dawn, the theatre, the lanes, the streets, some of the oldest houses in the city, the suburbs, the roads all round, were scenes of furious action.

The theatre was a ridiculous old building. The walls inside were salmon-colored. The paint, here and there and everywhere, had been rubbed off. Occasionally some desperate gashes appeared. The white underground shone through these. Monstrous noses, boldly delineated with burnt stick, revealed themselves in swelling curves upon the walls. Cobwebs were plentiful. They were there by the yard, the perch, the mile. They were there in pocket-book editions and the folio size. They were there as small as a snuff-box and as huge as a bale. It was a warehouse of cobwebs.

Two or three of the side-scenes were standing. One was a stricken oak. Another, a dingy pilaster with an Ionic volute. A third represented an abutment of sand-stone, with an iron ring hanging out of it—a large black pudding describing a circle on the door of a kitchen. A few yards of the curtain still clung to the top of the proscenium. The gas foot-lights seemed very little better off than the rest of the furniture. They were dismally out of repair. Most of them were no better than rush-lights. A few of them did too much. Extravagant beyond control, they went literally to blazes. The rest of them, choked with dust, and otherwise incapacitated, were not a spark of use.

Nothing more favorable can be said of the stage. Full of holes; with a trap-door now and then giving way; with a scene-roller at intervals breaking loose from the ropes, or the ropes snapping; with the scantiest allowance of light; bare walls on either side, and a bare wall in the rear; it was the most disreputable old platform any patriot could have the infatuation to stand on. For years no tragic step had made it creak. For years no ghost had risen through the shifting apertures from the musty regions underneath. For years no death by bowl or dagger had provoked the approving thunders of the soapless gods.

Seven o'clock, every evening of the contest, saw that paint less, lustreless, dishevelled temple of the Drama in possession of the stormiest crowd. Pit, boxes, galleries, every seat, every standing-place, from floor to ceiling, were black with people. The orchestra didn't escape. The first into the theatre, the moment the front doors were opened, had that. Instead of trombones and fiddles, basoons and kettle-drums, we had devoted Repealers who beat time with their heels, and previously to the chair being taken, enthusiastically whistled *Garryowen* with variations. One of these performers was a man of huge limbs, upwards of six feet in height. His shoulders were broad enough to carry a dray, whilst the girth and shape of his arm realized what has been told us of the colossal pugilist of Crotona. This famous Italian carried a young bullock over forty yards, and then killed it with one blow of his fist. Our friend in the orchestra might easily have accomplished a similar feat. He was the image of Hugh in the story of Barnaby Rudge. Every inch as sinewy and large, he was as wild and shaggy in appearance, and almost as desperate in his onslaughts. During the election his exploits were terrific. In the Court-house, the day of the nomination, he seized four men round the neck with his right arm, and crushed them together as if they were walnuts and he himself was a nutcracker. Another time he pulled a big Sergeant of Hussars clean off his horse—saddle, saddle-cloth and all—with one jerk at the spurred heel of the trooper.

About twelve o'clock one night, he called on one of theConfederates. Creeping inch by inch softly into the room on tip-toe, he stood with his broken hat in his hand—his brown mass of hair strewed about his face and shoulders, and his coarse shirt, spattered with mud, torn open from his throat—the very picture of a Rapparee outlaw.

"I'm done for," says Mullin.

"How so—what's the matter now?"

"Done for," says Mullin.

"Let us know how?"

"It's up with me entirely," says he.

"But what's the matter?" asks his friend, the Confederate.

Mullin straightens himself up, twirls his hat twice, throws back with his left hand half a dozen brown flakes off his face, and leaning over towards the table where his confidential adviser was sitting, in a dismal whisper informs him, that he's had no less than eleven Petty Session notices served on him for assault and battery, since morning.

"Now, what's to be done?" said he.

"Make them a dozen," was the prompt reply of his Counsel.

Mullin, without saying a word, but with a comical shrug of one shoulder, walked out. Slowly and heavily he descended the stairs, plaintively whistling as he went, but making up his mind to make it the dozen. He did so. Mullin was the terror of Monahan. He was the terror of every man of the Government party. The latter would have been beaten to rags, were it not for the sabres of the Hussars and the bayonets of the Police. Mullin would have done it. Alone, he'd have fluttered the Volsces in Corioli.

A little after seven, the chair in the theatre was usually taken. The chair was a picturesque piece of stage furniture. Made entirely of the plainest wood, with a high arched back, and no openings between the legs, it was painted to harmonize with the color of the walls. It had been the judgment-seat of the Doge in the Merchant of Venice; had, also, supported in their dying moments several dynasties of Kings and Queens, and, with its back to the audience, and the help of a little black and white canvas, had served as the rostrum from which Mark Antony, more than once, poured out his eloquent sorrows over the senseless body of Cæsar. It was all that was left of the gorgeous palaces, temples, villas, banquet-halls and solemn courts of justice, which had collapsed and withered into cobwebs.

One evening the orators and committee were half an hour late. The people, grown utterly impatient, and despairing of the usual performance, resolved on having something by way of a change.

It was very near eight o'clock, when a few of us entered the Green-room. From the door opening on to the stage, we beheld the chair planted close to the foot-lights, and a number of legs and arms, with a head and a pretty big stick, flashing from it on all sides. They were evidently keeping time to a rollicking song.

"I'm a ranting roving blade,
Of never a thing was I ever afraid;
I'm a gentleman born, I scorn a trade,
And I'd be a rich man if my debts were paid!
Right fal-lal de-lal lal."

This was the sentiment of the singer, and in this sentiment, in ranting roving chorus, the tumultuous theatre seemed to concur. They had voted some frolicsome vagabond into the chair, and this bright lad with his hat tipped on three hairs, and the wrists of his coat turned up, was flourishing a beautiful knobby bit of blackthorn in the handsomest style, striking out with his elbows and fists, and handling his legs with bewildering ease and rapidity. Now and then, when he chanced to do something perfectly marvellous—when the blackthorn gave an extra twirl or two, or his elbows and toes seemed to strike one another and knock fresh music out of his throat—there was a roar of applause, during which the shillelagh and legs worked away as if the boy were possessed.

The Committee having arrived, we moved towards the vocalist. A shout, lusty enough to sweep every cobweb, the toughest and blackest from the walls, greeted our entrance on the stage. Again and again it broke out. The ranting roving blade, carried away with the enthusiasm of his art, infatuated with the belief that it was all meant for him, redoubled his efforts and continued his song. We continued to advance. He continued his song. We came closer. The shouts grew louder. The blackthorn frantically swept the air, the elbows shot out right and left, the legs fairly flew asunder. Closer still. Up to the chair. Deafening shouts! The roving blade was one blaze of musical and gymnastic insanity!

In the midst of the next chorus he saw it all. One sudden glance to the left disclosed to him the Committee and Dublin deputations, Tom Steele at their head. The stick fell from his grasp. His head fell back. His hat fell off. His legs shot out, and quivered at full length. 'Twas all over with him. The thought stunned him. Recovering a little, he leaped headlong from the salmon-colored chair into the densely-packed orchestra, and disappeared for the rest of the contest. I never saw him after that night. I never heard that any one else did. Indeed, I never heard that he was seen in Galway again. His hat and favorite blackthorn, left behind on the surface as he vanished with a plunge, were charitably fished up by the treasurer of the Committee, carried away as trophies, and deposited in the library of that gentleman.

The speeches in the theatre can be easily imagined. They were philippics against the Whigs. They were panegyrics on Repeal. The servility of the landlords—the Marquis of Clanricarde especially—swelled many an indignant period. From the graves with which the famine had crowded the land, flowers of the darkest hue sprang up. With the hard stern facts which years of vicious government had set one upon another, these flowers were woven. It was the ruin and the ivy. Both had their roots in the soil strewed with wreck, and consecrated to the dead. The history of the Whigs, in connection with the popular party in Ireland, was laid open with the boldest hand. Tom Steele denounced them as the deadliest enemies to Repeal. The Rev. Mr. Roche spoke with a thrilling emphasis of the "cruel and criminal policy of the Whig government." That the people were reduced to starvation; that all the corn and Indian meal stored in Galway was permitted to rot; that the gain of the English merchants was preferred to the very lives of the people; that coroner's inquests daily and hourly took place, whilst the store-houses and granaries were overflowing; these, he said, and many other evils, were the rank fruit of the policy maintained by that heartless government. Richard O'Gorman, Michael Joseph Barry and Michael Doheny, shook that old building with an eloquence which would have saved Galway the disgrace of being beaten by the public prosecutor of the British Government, if eloquence could have availed against the power of a corrupt government, backed by a servile aristocracy, and hundreds of tenants reduced to serfdom.

There were many of the voters just as corrupt as the government themselves. There were some who laid out their votes for sale just as openly as an apple-woman does her Golden Russedens and Sweet Williams. They asked high prices, too. One old thief was exorbitant. A pawnbroker by profession, he was a politician by trade. Inhabiting two rooms on the third floor of a gloomy gaunt Spanish house, there was a quaint picturesqueness surrounding him which would have made, and may still render him, an attractive figure in an Irish romance.

The house was very large. A dark low passage led to a still darker staircase, up which one groped to the duskiest lobbies, which again opened into the gloomiest chambers. These chambers were wide and lofty, but it was somehow a very subdued light which their four walls imprisoned. Imprisoned is the word, for the light never played in them. It was dull—it was stagnant. It seemed to have been shut up in those big coffins of masonry, and to have grown stale and decayed. The windows were square. Massive stone mullions gave them a deep thick-set frown on the outside. The staunch stone-work in which the small diamond-shaped panes of greenish glass flickered, and the lead sashes in which these pieces of mournful crystal were set, deepened the gloom inside. Everything in and out of those Andalusian houses wore a frown. The protruding parapet up there, seven stories above the rough pavement, was a petrified frown. The stone carvings under the parapet, were ever-so-many gray frowns. The door-way was an arch frown. The whole front of the house was a ponderous frown. Within, as I have hinted, it wasn't a whit better.

In such a house lived the corrupt pawnbroker. Reported to be wealthy, he sluggishly spun out on crumbs his existence in rags. One of the two rooms he rented served as a kitchen, a nursery, an audience chamber for his distressed friends, and a refectory where he picked his occasional meal. Lubberly as a sloth, he was as sly as a fox. The moment the election began, he slipped off his clothes and slipped into bed. He was determined to be bought. Was determined to be bought at the highest possible price. With this determination he got into bed and gave out he was sick. The greater the difficulties the buyers had in getting him to market, the greater the inducements, to his walking that way, the considerate contractors were likely to offer. The difficulty of finding them enhances the value of the emeralds of Granada. The pawnbroker knew this. The difficulty of gathering it, infuses a fresh lustre into the sapphire. This, too, the pawnbroker knew. His logic was perfect.

For the first five days of the election no one took notice of him. No one mentioned him. No one thought of him even. He might have been dead—stone dead—instead of pretending to be a little indisposed. He must have grown weary of his speculation. The time must have been heavy with him in his blankets. There was no one to visit him.

Drawing close to the last day of the contest, every vote was of consequence. It was now a neck-and-neck race. The registry book was anxiously scrutinized. It was sharply scrutinized. It was scrutinized with the eye of a proof-reader, or that of a London detective. Not a voter's name appeared on the ruled sheets but was studied, sifted, hunted, as it were, into its remotest recesses. Even the voters reported to be dead, reported to be away at sea, reported to be off in some Terra del Fuego, or Sandwich Island, became the subjects of inquiry, anxious, profound, and persevering. After which search and exploration, it's no wonder that the poor invalid pawnbroker was found out. An active agent of O'Flahertie's Committee asked me to accompany him on a visit to the patient. I consented to do so. Indeed, urged by curiosity, I cheerfully assented.

"Come in."

This came from a very weak voice. We had heard that the inmate of the room at which we knocked was laid up—the whole town had suddenly heard of it and wakened up sympathetically to the disconsolate fact—and the tenderness of the tones in which we were desired to come in confirmed the report. Gently, noiselessly, stealthily we opened the door.

"Come in," said the sick man, coughing harshly but weakly, and drawing up the quilt.

"Mr. Cassidy," said my friend, in the sweetest notes possible, and bending towards him with all the affection of a family physician, "we've heard of your illness, and have called in to see you."

"Thank you, gentlemen, thank you," coughed out spasmodically the prostrate poor pawnbroker.

"You're aware, sir," continued the eloquent and active Repealer, "you're aware, sir"——

"I'm aware of nothing," hastily interposed the consumptive man, with a spit and a spasm, and some minutes' coughing.

"Most probably not, sir," resumed the Repealer; "for having been for so many days, so many months, a victim to neuralgia."

"It's not neuralgia," shouted the pawnbroker, with a jerk, kicking the quilt violently up at the foot of the bed.

"Well, then, sir," the patriotic agent calmly resumed, "not being professionally cognizant of your disease, I may have innocently erred in the few preliminary words which have fallen from me, and which courtesy, as well as a deep sympathy with your present condition"——

"Never mind my condition," was the gruff injunction which came from the blankets.

"Which," the eloquent and courteous gentleman continued, never minding the interruption, "your present condition inspired."

A toss of the blankets, a restless cough, a snuffle or two, and a flap of the patient's hand on the pillow.

"But I've come," said the kindly Samaritan, "principally to see you on business."

The sick man rose up in the bed, straightened his spectacles, looked keenly and piercingly through them, coughed heartily—just for a second or two—then clapping the sheets, spread down before him, with the palm of his hand, somewhat effectively exclaimed—too much so, indeed, for a man dropping off with consumption—

"Well, then, to business, if that's what you're on."

At Appleton's in Broadway, is to be seen a cast of a bust of Agassis, executed by Mr. King, the Boston Sculptor, and at the Astor Library another. It is said to be an excellent likeness, and of great merit in other respects—a fine massive head, expressive of the intellectual character of the distinguished naturalist.

An English paper says that M. Kossuth received exactly the same sum for his two lectures at Darlington as he did at Leeds, namely, £105.

Michael Banim, Esq., brother and co-laborateur of the celebrated Irish novelist, has been appointed to the postmastership of Kilkenny.

M. Thiers is about to publish a work on Hindoo art, which has engaged his almost undivided attention for the last three years.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

Books Received.

The Captive Youths of Judah. A Story with a Moral. By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones.....	*Derby & Jackson. E. Stephens.*
Mrs. Stephens' Illustrated New Monthly for July	
Annual Report from Mercantile Library Association.	
Littel's Living Age. 631.....	*Littel & Co., Boston.*
John Halifax, Gentleman. By the author of the "Head of the Family," &c.....	*Harper & Brothers.*
What Then? an Answer to the Question, Would Infidelity, if prevalent, be inimical to the refinement and elevation of the mind? &c. By T. S. Mackintosh, author of "The Electrical Theory of the Universe"	*H. P. Scheerder*
Aid to Teachers and Students in Natural Philosophy, &c. By Frank G. Johnson, A. M., M. D.....	*A. Ranney*
Brownson's Quarterly Review, July.....	*J. B. Kirker.*

A HEAP OF HISTORY.

History of Europe, from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., &c. Vols. 1 and 2.

The Life and Travels of Herodotus in the Fifth Century before Christ; an imaginary Biography, founded on fact, &c. By J. Talboys Wheeler, F.R.G.S., &c. 2 vols.

The States and Territories of the Great West, &c.; with a Map and numerous Illustrations. By Jacob Ferris. *Miller, Orton & Mulligan.*

Memoirs of Henry the Eighth; with the Fortunes, Fates and Characters of his Six Wives, &c. By Henry William Herbert; author of the "Captains of the Greek and Roman Republics," &c. *Miller, Orton & Mulligan.*

Memoirs of the Court and Reign of Catherine the Second, Empress of Russia; with brief Survey of the Romanoff Dynasty, &c. By Samuel M. Smucker, A.M. *Miller, Orton & Mulligan.*

Life of George Washington. By Washington Irving. Vols. 1 and 2. *G. P. Putnam & Co.*

In this age of "Mitchel Compositors" and "Hoe Printing-presses," of setting type by machinery with all the ease, dexterity and precision by which Strakosch runs a "flirtation polka" off the keys of a piano; and of printing the said types by lightning—in these days when the industry of book-makers is worked to fever heat in *almost* vain attempts to keep up with the enterprise of mighty publishers, it is no easy task to keep count of the multitudinous books, that by the combination of writers, publishers, printers and pressmen, are poured upon us. Sometimes we are so swathed in newspapers, bandaged by pamphlets, and walled-in by books, that we somewhat resemble a mummy in a pyramid.

It would be as impossible for us to read all the good, bad and indifferent loads of paper and binding that come within our grasp, as it would be for Mr. Buchanan to remember all the people with whom he shook hands at his levee in the City Hall. To most of them we can barely give more than a recognition, while to a minor portion, through the necessities of the day, and our position with the reading public, we vouchsafe a more careful attention, and if we find them worth the companionship, introduce them to the people.

There is the germ of a decent little library in the works named at the head of this article; combining as they do much useful and needful reading; illustrating monumental eras in the world's history, and embracing the lives and characters of men—the household gods of classic and "civilized" times.

[*Entre nous:* "civilized" is a word largely used, if not wholly invented, by Exeter Hall philosophers and other howling dervishes, to characterize "our day," in contradistinction to that which produced the poets, orators, lawgivers and warriors, by the study of whose greatness, and the stuttering of whose thoughts we are supposed to be "civilized."]

The subjects and varied natures of the works under notice may be taken as fair evidence of the omnivorous and diverse hunger of the reading public. Here may we wander with Herodotus, by the kind permission of Mr. Talboys Wheeler, through the fair islands of the Ægean, confab with the beautiful pagans without any fear of being taken for a missionary on the one hand, or mistaken for an infidel on the other; for, alack, in those days the Greek and Roman churches only reverenced such jolly gods as the lightning-fingered Zeus, and the vine-armed Bacchus, the jealous Juno and the voluptuous Venus. We may—with the continued kind permission of Talboys Wheeler—wheel into Egypt, and behold the swarth stolidity of its architecture and faith, and getting tired of Herodotus and his anti-Christian wanderings and ponderings we may, all at once, and as the jugglers say, "by a slight turn of the wrist," turn with Mr. Jacob Ferris—the Herodotus, so to speak, of the West—into a dish of hog and hominy in Ohio, view the path of empire through the white-oak openings of Michigan; be absorbed—like a drop of ink on a waste of blotting-paper—in the great prairie of Illinois; bid good-morrow to the buffaloes of Minnesota; bathe in all of the great lakes, or dance down the Mississippi, and fancy ourself one of Bingham's jolly flat-boatmen. Here we have, too, one of the best of men and one of the worst of women brought into close historical proximity, and only separated from that flabby beast Henry the Eighth, and his harem of not less beastly wives, by the stalwart partition, in the shape of Alison's European History, which is a stout specimen of hard Tory energy.

Thus, surrounded by austere aristocracy and regenerating revolutionism—by bad kings and sublime democrats; by lewd women and wrothy warriors; by a revivified panorama of pagan ruins and people, and the fresh virtue of the yet barely trodden great West, by the mysterious magnetism of the lands of the Nile, and the confused grandeur of the impromptu empires of the Mississippi—thus, our attention demanded by Napoleonism, Romanoffism and Europe; by Washington and the Great West; by Henry and his Harem; by Herodotus and Hellas, besides the gentlemen who have all the aforesaid in charge, is it astonishing that we cannot—having but the usual amount of visual organ. give to each that "full scorching glance," they, each so impatiently and clamorously desire. The weather is hot, and if they will not excuse our not portraying them at full length, our readers in this region we are advised will feel satisfied with miniature pictures. Well then.

Sir Archibald Alison's present work is the first instalment of a continuation of his well-known partizan and voluminous History of Europe from the rise of the French revolution to the caging of Napoleon. Sir Archibald sustains his tory partisanship, and also promises to fully equal the voluminous character he so deservedly has won. Of the thirty-seven years to be embraced in the work when complete, the present two volumes give sixteen, bringing the reader down to the fall of Poland in 1831. If the material for his present history is not of so thrilling and restless a nature as that which lay at his hands for the previous work, still it is full of deep interest, in a social and literary point of view, and will not be wanting in those more dramatic effects which heroism lends to history. The struggle for Greek Independence, and the Spanish, Portuguese and Italian revolutions of 1820; the Russian and Turkish war of 1828–29, the brilliant uprising of the Poles two years later, the French democracy under Louis Phillippe, and the European upheaving—the "Titan energy gone mad" of 1848 will add a picturesque and clashing variation to the more tedious discussion of English Parliamentary debates. Making allowance for the particulor color of the glass through which Alison views all things, his work is highly commendable. The style is clear and vigorous, not overladen with documents, the use of which the author condemns in Sismondi, but with references sufficient to knock Lamartine speechless. The chapters devoted to the progress of science, art and literature of the particular eras are among the most interesting in the volumes. In Chapter V., Alison gives Scotland the honor of applying steam to Locomotion, and to America the credit of successfully using the discovery. He says:

"The first steamboat ever constructed was built by Mr. Miller, of Dalwinston, in 1797. One of the workmen engaged in its construction carried the secret to America, where it was eagerly embraced, and energetically carried into execution by Fulton in 1812."

In 1848, Judge Duer delivered an address before the St. Nicholas Society of this city, entitled "New-York as it was," &c., in which he said:—

"Our worthy fellow-citizen, Anthony Lamb, recollects seeing on the Collect (or Kolch, a pond situate near where the Five Points now stand,) as early as the year 1795, a boat with a screw propeller at the stern, driven by a steam engine; and other experiments are said to have been made there in the summer of 1796, or 1797, by John Fitch, the undoubted inventor of the art, with a common ship's yawl, into which he had placed a rude steam-engine of his own construction, with paddle-wheels at the side of his boat."

The fact of Fitch's experiment is undoubted. It is matter of history, also, that Chancellor Livingston built a steamer on the Hudson in 1797; and on incontroverted authority that Livingston was present at Fitch's previous experiments. That would seem conclusive evidence enough in favor of Fitch's application. But suppose the latter did not take place until "the *summer* of 1797," there was scarcely time for one of Mr. Miller's assistants to have reached America, Miller's boat being constructed in the same year, and very probably, for obvious reasons, in the summer, also. At all events, the experiment of 1795 gives New-York the credit of the first application of steam to locomotion. These facts are interesting, and may suggest to some of our readers other researches on the point.

Mr. Wheeler's volumes are devoted to meet the so-called "intellectual" mania of the age (*i. e.*), the discovery of a short cut—a north-west passage to knowledge. The idea which he has applied to Herodotus is not a new one, but he has made a good deal out of it, and in some instances much more than probably any other man would dared to do. This the author has the courage, also, to tacitly admit—shielding the improbabilities of his work under public necessity. If one were to roll that seven-league booted Pennsylvanian, Bayard Taylor, and that venturesome little woman, Ida Pfeiffer, into one, and issue the life and travels of Mrs. Bayard Ida Pfeiffer Taylor, or Mr. Ida Bayard Taylor Pfeiffer, it would be something approximating for our day, to what Mr. Talboys Wheeler has done by Herodotus in his. Writing an imaginary biography of the historian and geographer of Greece some four and a-half centuries before the Christian era, he sets his hero on his travels; and, driving him through all kinds of experiences in the most noted nations of the ancient world, he thereby makes an opportunity for the description of the manners, customs, laws, people, &c., of those places; all of which is done on the most approved classical authorities; and, being well shaken up and strained, presents a *multum in parvo* of antique history and geography.

Mr. Jacob Ferris is his own Herodotus and his own Talboys Wheeler. He has "rare experience of the great West," having visited almost every part of it this side of the Rocky Mountains," to see for himself the country, the growth of civilization, and the ways and means of the people there. The portion of his work not taken up with his own experiences and observation is quite allowable, under the circumstances, Mr. Ferris not having been born at the time alluded to. The said portions, however, are compiled from the original manuscripts of the explorers, and afford "information which has never before been placed in the hands of the general reader." The volume is full of useful information relating in every point of view to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and even to Kansas. It is a ready and necessary companion and counsellor for the emigrant—is clearly written, and accompanied by a serviceable map, several illustrations, and a table of distances, routes and conveyances.

Mr. Smucker, in prefacing his life of that scandalously great and greatly scandalous woman, Catherine the Second of Russia, says that in the performance of his labor "it was impossible to refrain from entering into some details, which, while they do not themselves in any way offend the most rigid modesty, yet describe events and incidents which are inconsistent with pure morality." Such is the result of "a full and true account" of one of the most sensual women of the world, one who had "fathomed and exhausted" every depth and excess of impurity. The same passions that inspired her to outrage her own sex, also gave her characteristics which even the bravest of the opposite one rarely possess. She was a woman of indomitable will and capacity; but even a vigorous recital of her purely historic character does not over-balance the depravity of her un-official career. Two causes of this woman's fate are apparent. First, and above all, she had no religious principle, which, whether known by name, form, or otherwise, is the only resource of adversity and the only balancer of success. Second, she married a man vastly her inferior, for whose person and intellect, or rather the want of it, she could only feel the most scornful contempt. Her crafty and ambitious nature was played into by men equally crafty and ambitious, who aggravated the defects and vices of her husband. On the other hand, he had an infatuated faith in her fidelity, which she specially turned to account to betray her nuptial vow. She plunged into intrigue and arose into history to disgrace it.

Mr. Herbert's clever volume on the amours of Henry touches with various feeling the misfortunes of the six wives. Most of them were decidedly bad women. The age in which they lived was bad, and they were highly characteristic of it. The first and last of those "ladies faire" command the deep sympathy of the reader. They were beautiful, gentle, and, to all appearance, virtuous. The rest, however, were not much removed from the sensual character, ambition and craft of Catherine of Russia, though they were less able, and more beautiful.

As we write, the eightieth anniversary of the birth-day of the Republic is drawing to a close. The night is beautiful; the storm of the noon has relieved the air of the oppressive heat of the days previous. We look out of the window. Brooklyn, stretching from Gowanus to Greenpoint, lies beneath us, and seems to lean over on its stronger, if less beautiful brother, New-York. The scene is like a dream; there is a sustained hum rolling up to our hill, like the sea caressing a fair strand and jangling the pebbles and shells into continuous tones of playfulness and admiration. On every side, far as we can see, like spray flashing up from the heaving tide of life, every variety of fire-works leap and prance with a beauty at once fitful and exciting. These illuminations, these mad and jovial ebullitions of a worthy joy, at once arousing the curiosity of young minds and rejuvenating old ones; these warn us that in a paragraph we cannot do justice to the character of that man who, more than any other with whom he was associated, sustained the vow made on this day eighty years back, and consequently bequeathed to the present the triumphal ovations which on all sides shut out the night. With these thoughts we will not enter upon any criticism of Washington Irving's delightful Life of George Washington, two volumes of which are before us. We must postpone that pleasure to a near date, when our space will allow us to do the subject, the author and ourselves justice.

Another Song from Blarney Lake.

Oh come to the river's rim, come there with me,
The field paths are fair by the clear winding Lee;
The ash-tree is bathed in the sun's crimson dye,
And the castles in grandeur lean back on the sky!

Oh come to the river's rim, come there with me,
The woodlands are fair by the clear winding Lee,
Where, sunk in the moss, rests the wood-sorrel flower,
And shyest birds sing in the sunniest hour!

And shy is my Nanny! yet ever to me
Her bosom beats freely as waves of the Lee;
And kindly it heaves, whensoever I start
Those clustering kisses so dear to my heart.

In childhood neglected, she drooped in the shade;
I brought her where Nature a bright shelter made—
Where flowers were her playmates, and sunshine and shower
Unfolded the leaflet and colored the flower.

And what on the fields of this river so bright,
So gentle in movement, so graceful in height,
So loving, so modest, so steadfast, so free,
As Nanny, at home, on the banks of the Lee?

Shine Bradstone.

Leaving.

A dream? the crowded ship, the swelling sails,
The foaming ocean, far as eye can reach;
The tearful eyes, the sobs, the smothered speech?
Ah! 'tis no dream that conjures up those wails.

One effort more! The green flag may be furl'd
Where the accursed red now proudly floats;
And the long silent harp, in thrilling notes,
May sound a nation's freedom to the world!

Farewell! sweet land of love and beauty rare,
Thy green-capp'd hills are fading from my view;
The swelling waves rise up between. Adieu!
My spirit sinks with thee—still lingers there.

Nial.

The Limerick *Observer*, says:—"A picture of 'Christ healing the Blind,' was purchased at auction by Mr. Coleman for 35s., and it now turns out to be a painting of Michael Angelo, Buonarotti, for which the owner has been offered not only a large, but what may be termed an extravagant price."

R. H. Stoddard has in the press of Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, a new volume of poems. It will contain a selection of his poetical contributions to the magazines during the last four or five years, and some long poems hitherto unpublished—among others, "The Search for Persephone," an elaborate classical poem in blank verse.

Wm. L. Sontagg, the landscape painter, has arrived at New-York, from Italy.

Statues of James Otis, John Winthrop and John Adams, are to be erected at Mount Auburn, at a cost of $15,000.

A. G. Powers, the well known American portrait painter, is at Rome,

Literary and Artistic News.

History of the Potato.

At a late meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Dr. Wilde read a paper on the general use of the potato in Ireland, and its failure since its introduction into this country. He said that some few years ago having turned his attention to the subject of the food of the Irish, especially in early times, and written some essays upon the subject in the *Dublin University Magazine*, the potato came in due course and chronological order under discussion. Having looked into the authorities which bore upon the subject of the early introduction of the potato in Ireland, he came to the conclusion that it became an article of general food, and consequently as such was the means of influencing, as far as the mode of procuring food, and the constituents and character of that food could be the means of influencing the moral, physical, social, political, and commercial condition of the people. Having written what he had to say on the subject, his attention was again aroused by the publication of Mr. Macaulay's History of England, in which he mentions the potato as influencing the feelings and the character of the people, during the period over which the third and fourth volumes of his history extended. He has twice mentioned the potato, and in one instance, under peculiar circumstances. At the siege of Limerick the beleaguered city, having stood out to the last, had capitulated, and then a memorable scene took place—a scene that was well worthy of the attention of the painter and the poet. On each side of the gates of Limerick stand the generals of the respective armies with their attendants, out marched the garrison to choose their destiny, and Mr. Macaulay in describing this scene, took occasion to state, among the various circumstances that influenced the minds of the men who were to expatriate themselves on the one hand, or to remain under what they considered a foreign yoke upon the other, was the remembrance of their homes, their potato garden, and their clump of turf, with other questions of a like nature, which still appertain to the Irish peasantry.

Recently Dr. John Darcy wrote him a letter, in which he questioned the opinion of Mr. Macaulay on this subject, on account of the statement in the great geographical dictionary, published in 1694, and in which it was stated that—"In hard times, they (the Irish) lived on water-cresses, roots, mushrooms, shamrocks, oatmeal, milk, and such other slender diet." He (Dr. Wilde) recently looked into some authorities to see whether the views of Dr. Darcy were supported, or those which he himself had expressed in the Dublin Periodical alluded to, and in which he stated in Munster, especially, the potato formed the staple-food of the Irish about the middle of the seventeenth century.

It was generally believed that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato into Ireland. Sir Joseph Banks came to that conclusion when he wrote his essay on the subject, being an attempt to discover the time in which the potato was introduced into the British isles, and particularly into Ireland. The potato was introduced by Raleigh into England, and from England into Ireland about 1600. It must have been at least before 1602, because the estates of the Raleigh family then passed into the Boyle family, at which period the connection of the Raleigh family with Ireland ceased. He would now ask what had they to live on in Ireland when Raleigh introduced the potato? While most other nations had their history built up from the days of the hunter and the fisher, clothed in skins, and using weapons either for the chase, their own preservation, or the production of food, and so rising in the scale of creation and of civilization from barbarism to the highest amount of cultivation, in which the arts were made subservient to the food as well as to the ornament and education of man, they found this curious fact, that there was no record of such a state of existence in Ireland. They had mills, and pure white wheat, and a state of civilization of which that was but a small portion; because to raise corn and to grind corn, and to bake it into bread, was comparatively a high state of cultivation. He showed that we had in Ireland at that time a state very different from what he had alluded to as being the character of other nations in similar states of development, and which confirmed the idea that we were in all probability descended from a colony highly civilized, which settled in this country. His friend, the late Crofton Croker, had given some very interesting references to the early authorities respecting the introduction of the potato into Ireland, and Mr. McAdam, of Belfast, likewise wrote a valuable treatise on the subject. In 1662, at a meeting of the Royal Society of London, a letter was read containing a proposal for preventing famine by dispensing potatoes throughout all parts of the kingdom. It was evident from all he could gather, that the potato was not in general use in Ireland in 1663. A very remarkable reference was made by Sir William Petty to the potato, and also to the butter, which he said was made rancid by keeping in the bogs. There was a maddar on the table of the academy, filled with this bog butter, and he (Dr. Wilde) should for himself say, that when he originally read the statement of Sir William Petty, he came to the conclusion that he was wrong, but he had learned to correct that opinion. Why or wherefore the people put their butter in bogs, he could not tell, but it was a fact that great quantities of this substance were found in the bogs, and that after a certain length of time it assumed the physical and chemical character which was presented by the matter now before them. The only analysis which had been made of this substance, as far as he recollected, was by Professor Davy, which was published by the Royal Dublin Society. Since then nothing had been done in respect of it; but he (Dr. Wilde) had just received a letter from Mr. Sullivan, of the Museum of Irish Industry, in which he stated that this ancient Irish butter had been examined by some German chemist, and that several years ago he himself also made a very careful analysis of it, but that he waited until now to bring the result of his investigations before the public. He stated this curious fact, that into the common fosses in Paris, a great number of bodies were thrown in 1793; having been opened within the last few years, he had an opportunity for examining the substance into which the bodies had been converted, and he found they resembled this substance in every respect. With reference to the reasons which might have induced the ancient Irish to bury their butter, he might relate an incident which was recorded in an old book written upon the condition of the Faroe Isles, at the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century, in which were described the tallow dykes, not of geological formation, but which consisted of firkins of butter and of rendered tallow—principally sheep's tallow—and which were stored up against the evil day, which meant, against the depredations of their old foes the Danes, who used to come down upon them and carry off their flocks and food. The ancient Irish may have buried their butter for a like reason, as well as for the purpose of producing some change in the structure of the food to enable it to keep, as the present specimen had done. Dr. Wilde then resumed the history of the potato, and having referred to several authorities on the subject, stated that Mr. Macaulay's position was made good, and that in fact the words he used were but an eloquent and well worded paraphrase on authors who wrote cotemporaneous with the time he was describing. It was curious to observe that the potato, which had been in general use up to 1741, when it failed with such disastrous consequences, had not failed before that period. Possibly it might be accounted for by the fact that the potato was nearer to its original source—nearer to the time when it came afresh across the Atlantic to this country, and therefore did not perish for a certain length of time. Dr. Wilde then proceeded to describe the gradual failure of the potato crop, from 1741 to 1846, and the atmospheric changes which had taken place during the period. He concluded a highly interesting lecture loudly applauded.

John Hogan is at work on another statue of O'Connell. The Dublin *Freeman* has had a view of it, and writes—"Having just enjoyed the privilege of seeing the noble work now in progress in Mr. Hogan's studio—the colossal bronze statue of the Liberator about to be erected by the munificent patriotism of the people of Limerick in their city, we are enabled to report upon its progress in a way which we are sure will gratify all those interested in the undertaking. The figure is still in clay, the creative process of modelling being yet unfinished, but it already appears in all the majesty of its proportions. O'Connell stands before us in the colossal dignity so suited to the character of the man; and judging from the work even in its present state, we should say that Hogan may well be content, as he promised he would be, to rest upon it his fame as a sculptor. The artist's principal efforts in the attitude of the figure, in the likeness, and in the arrangement of the drapery have been achieved, and nothing remains but the working out of some particular details, some touches to the head, and the general finishing, when the work will be ready for casting in plaster, preparatory to the final casting in bronze; but we trust that the artist will not be induced to allow it to pass out of his hands, and to be transferred into a material in which all change and retouching become impossible, until the eye of his genius will have been perfectly satisfied with its own creation. We shall not attempt to describe the figure at present, nor is this the moment for doing so; but we will say this much, that Hogan has excelled himself in the inimitable grandeur and beauty of the drapery, and that the head is the best portrait of O'Connell which has yet been produced in sculpture, either by Hogan himself, or any one else."

Of Macaulay and the Quakers, the *Athenæum* says:—"Several correspondents have addressed us on the relationship of Mr. Macaulay to the Quakers, and we observe that some of our contemporaries occupy themselves with this question. The fact that Mr. Macaulay is the grandson of a Quaker admits of no doubt. That Mr. Macaulay's grandfather was disowned by the Society of Friends also admits of no doubt. How far this public act of repudiation may have been the consequence of 'dishonesty' on the part of Mr. Macaulay's grandfather—as most of our correspondents assert—and how far early feelings may have embittered the heart of the historian himself towards the Quaker body, are questions which we cannot answer, and do not care to discuss. When the Society of Friends casts out a member, the reason assigned for the disgrace is, "conduct inconsistent with the truth," a phrase which the outside world must interpret according to its own lights. Mr. Macaulay's grandfather, Thomas Mills, kept a book-shop in Bristol. He was not originally a Quaker, but, professing to be convinced of the truth of Quaker principles, he was admitted into membership in 1778. Eleven years later, he was publicly disowned. But he continued to use the garb and speech of a Quaker, and even to attend the Quaker meetings to the last. His daughter Selina married Zachary Macaulay, and was the mother of the essayist and historian. These facts are matters of history, whatever inference may be drawn from them by the curious.

An old man, formerly editor of a literary paper, gives this description of Percival:

He said that Percival first wrote poems to fill the "Poet's Corner" in his paper; he always brought them at the time promised, but never with a name. "We must have a name for this poem, Percival?" "Call it what you will, but don't ask me to father it," was the reply. Soon after the appearance of his first volume of poems, I called on him at his room, taking with me a most flattering review of his work, from one of the English reviews. The writer spoke of him with enthusiasm, and pronounced some of his poems as equal to the greatest works of the English poets—as having the pathos and brilliancy of Keats, and the beauty and easy naturalness of Wadsworth. I rapped at the door of his room, and in answer to his summons I walked in. He was sitting at a small table, correcting the proof sheets of Webster's Dictionary. On the floor, so thick that I could hardly step, were books, to which he was constantly referring. I asked his attention to what the review said of his work; he listened, laying down his pen, but showed no emotion. "Why, Percival," said I, "don't you hear that? Don't that make you proud?" He looked up sadly, and said, "What's the use of talking to a man of fame, who is starving here on $300 a year?" (the sum he was receiving on Webster's Dictionary.) So I left him feeling sadly.

The gold medal given annually by Prince Albert as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, for the best English poem, has been awarded to Oswald William Wallace, of Emmanuel College.

M. Bergougnoux, formerly the editor of the *Emancipation* of Toulouse, was lately sentenced by the Tribunal of Ville-Neuve-sur-Lot, to two years' imprisonment, for having spoken ill of the Emperor of the French in a public carriage.

Defeat of the Trans-Atlantic Telegraph Bill at Toronto.

It will be recollected, says the New-York *Tribune*, that during the last Winter session of our Legislature at Albany an attempt was made by certain speculators to engineer through the House a bill for incorporating a Company designed as the beginning of an opposition to the New-York, Newfoundland and London Trans-Atlantic Telegraph Company, in which Peter Cooper, Cyrus W. Field, Wilson G. Hunt and other gentlemen of substance and respectability on both sides of the Atlantic are known to be interested.

Prof. Morse, together with several other respectable gentlemen, was inveigled into signing the petition for this bill, and such was the strength given to it by the names of these signers, that the bill was favorably reported on to the House, when an accident exposed its true character to the unsuspecting Legislators. In consequence of this exposure, Prof. Morse and the other gentlemen whose names had given respectability to the petition immediately withdrew their signatures, on the plea that deception had been practised in obtaining them; and the bill, thus emasculated, was defeated by an overwhelming majority.

But the parties most interested in this speculation were not disheartened by defeat. They commenced operations in another quarter, and we next hear of them at Toronto, where they have been playing a similar game to that at Albany, with almost precisely a similar result. It seems that they managed to get their bill into the Lower House, where by exciting the national prejudices and fostering a local jealousy against the New-York enterprise, they finally succeeded in getting it through by a small majority.

But when the bill reached the Legislateve Council, a rigid scrutiny was instituted as to the real object, as well as to the responsibility of its projectors, and the result was that it was thrown out by a decided vote.

Hessians in America.

At the late regular monthly meeting of the New-York Historical society, Frederick Kapp, Esq., read a highly interesting paper on the Hessians in America, and what was paid for them:—Mr. Kapp first gave an interesting sketch of the history of the custom of employing mercenary troops, which he traced from an early day. He also showed that in the various wars which England, before our Revolution, had waged on the Continent, she had employed foreign troops almost exclusively. Thus in the Seven Years' War, during the second year, the British army in Westphalia numbered 48,000 men, of whom 26,000 were Hanoverians 12,000 Hessians, and 10,000 Brunswickers.

At the commencement of the Revolution, England stood in great need of troops, and contemplated the hiring of 20,000 men from Russia. But it was decided before long to abandon this plan, and apply again to their old man-purveyors—the small Princes of Germany. The English Commissary—Col. Wm. Fawcett, Captain in the Guards—arrived in Germany early in 1776, and, in behalf of his Government, concluded, in the course of less than a month, the necessary treaties with the Duke of Brunswick, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, and the Count of Hanau. The treaties were submitted to the House of Commons on the 29th of February, and, after having been referred to a Committee, were finally ratified on the 4th of March, 1776.

The Duke of Brunswick, whose dominions comprised at that time 1,500 square miles, with 150,000 inhabitants, undertook to furnish 43,000 men, of whom 366 were cavalry, and the rest infantry. For these the Duke received, under the name of "levy money," 30 crowns ($35 59) for each man, the same sum for every one killed, or for three wounded, who were to be accounted equal to one killed; and besides this, for the expenses of equipment two months extra pay. The subsidies received by the Duke, as long as the troops received the pay of English soldiers, amounted to 64,500 crowns a year, and double that sum from the time their pay ceased until two years after their return into Brunswick.

The Landgrave of Hesse, the infamous Frederick II., although he possessed but 3,300 square miles with about 280,000 inhabitants, had an army of nearly 29,000 experienced troops. He undertook to furnish within four weeks three grenadier battalions, six infantry regiments and one company of riflemen, and in a month after that a battalion of grenadiers, nine infantry regiments and a company of riflemen—amounting in all to 12,104 men. The Landgrave received not only the levy money of 30 crowns a head, but there was paid him also a subsidy of 450,000 crowns per year, in addition to the regular pay of the troops.

The Landgrave's son also, then reigning Count of Hanau, sold a regiment of 668 men to the English for 25,000 crowns per year, besides the regular levy money. Even the Prince of little Waldeck, whose vast dominions consisted of some sterile hills of 400 square miles, with about 30,000 inhabitants, left, attracted by the prospect of larger profits, the regular trade with the Dutch, and instead of sending his soldiers, as usual, to the Cape of Good Hope or Batavia, sold an infantry regiment of 670 men to England on the same good terms as the Count of Hanau.

In the course of the year 1776 it became evident that more troops were needed for suppressing the "rebels" than had been provided and, accordingly, Col. Fawcett again visited Germany. He engaged on the same terms as before, 805 men in Cassel and 410 in Hanau. The Landgrave took the opportunity of renewing a claim for £80,000 for services in the seven years' war which had been before rejected, but which England was now obliged to pay.

In the beginning of 1777, the Markgrave of Anspach Brandenburg and the Prince of Anhalt Zerbst joined these princely dealers in human flesh and contributed, the former 1,285, and the latter 1,160 men. The Markgrave received, besides the levy money, an annual subsidy of 45,000 crowns; the Prince a similar sum.

The following table will show the quota of troops furnished by each Prince, the number lost and the money received. It must be remembered that the original numbers were continually supplied with fresh recruits.

Prince.	Troops.	No. of per cent'e of Population.	Lost	Received in Cash
Brunswick	5,723	3,45	3,015	£780,000
Hesse Cassel	13,992	4,55	6,500	2,600,000
Hesse Hanau	2,422	3,65	981	335,150
Anspach	1,644	0,79	461	305,400
Waldeck	1,225	4,05	720	122,670
Anhalt	1,160	5,05	176	535,500
Total	26,166	3,64	11,853	£4,678,620
Hanover received				488,000
Total				£5,126,620

This per centage of the population is not strictly accurate, as many of the soldiers were kidnapped strangers. So far was this carried in Hesse Cassel, that the inhabitants of the city of Cassel were exempt from military service in order to suppress all sympathy with the poor victims of despotism imprisoned in their midst. Most of the soldiers were forcibly enlisted, and of course desertions were frequent. Of the Anhalt Regiment, 140 men deserted at once, and the next day even an officer with 50 men were among the missing. For these reasons, every traveller, be he student or merchant, mechanic or artist, was obliged to be constantly on his guard. On this point we have the testimony of a very popular German writer, Seume, who, as a student on his way on foot from Leipzic to Paris, was kidnapped by Hessian recruiting officers, and enrolled in a regiment then on its way to America.

Mr. Kapp then read the interesting narrative of this author, and alluded to the noble opposition of Frederick the Great to this selling of men, and to the fact that he forbade the march of troops through his dominions. This great king, both during and after the revolution, had been favorably disposed to the Americans, and was one of the first continental princes to make a treaty with the United States, Mirabeau had also produced one of his best works on this subject, the "Counsel to the Hessians and other People of Germany sold by their Sovereigns to England," from which Mr. K. read extracts, in which Mirabeau advocated the rights of the Americans, and advised the Hessians to spurn the base rulers they were cursed with. The pamphlet produced a great sensation, and was answered by order of the Landgrave, to which answer Mirabeau again replied.

Mr. Kapp cited the notorious letter from the Hessian monarch to his officer in this country, which has been extensively published, desiring him to let as many of his men as possible be

slaughtered, so that he might receive more funds. He declared this letter an imposition, as there had never been such an officer as he to whom it was addressed. To show the German feelings on the subject, he quoted a thrilling scene from Schiller's *Kabale und Liebe* (" Cabal and Love," the original of " Luisa Miller"), in which a kind-hearted English lady, the "favorite" of the Landgrave, is made aware of the manner in which the sparkling jewels which the latter has just given her are obtained, and in her indignation spurns them from her.

In conclusion, Mr. K. stated that the vast riches of the Rothschilds were founded on this trade in flesh. The Landgrave, when obliged to leave Hessia in 1806, intrusted his millions to Mayer Anselm Rothschild, a small money broker of Frankfort. When he returned in 1813, pleased at the security with which Rothschild had invested the money, he granted him the large sums of interest which had accumulated, and at the Congress of Vienna recommended him to the other European sovereigns, from which time the great reputation of the family commences. After alluding to the large numbers of Germans, who, deserting their ranks, had remained in this country, and by their industry had done much for its advancement, Mr. Kapp closed his very interesting paper, of which this is a mere abstract, amid great applause. It is to be hoped that the paper will be printed in full.

The thanks of the Society having been presented to Mr. Kapp for this contribution to the history of our country, the meeting adjourned.

City News.

Inauguration of the Washington Statue on Fourth of July.

About five years ago it was suggested by some wealthy citizens that, as no monument of WASHINGTON existed in this city, Union square would be a fitting place for such an erection. Money was accordingly soon subscribed, and a commission to execute the work given to Mr. Brown. The following are the names of the gentlemen who subscribed the $30,000 :

James Lee, William B. Astor, August Belmont, John Bridge, Isaac Bell, Jr., James Brown, Edward K. Collins, William Chamberlain, Richard F. Carman, Henry A. Coit, Wm. W. De Forest, Benjamin H. Field, Hamilton Fish, Seth Grosvenor, Jasper Grosvenor, Boonen Graves, Moses H. Grinnell, Samuel S. Howland, Wilson G. Hunt, John Q. Jones, Shepherd Knapp, James G. King, Jacob Little, Chas. M. Leupp, Edward B. Little, Peter Lorillard, James Lenox, Andrew Mount, Samuel L. Mitchell, Daniel S. Miller, Robert B. Minturn, Charles H. Marshall, William C. Rhinelander, Robert & Williams, Nelson Robinson, Gerard Stuyvesant, Cornelius Smith, Uriah J. Smith, Jonathan Sturges, Moses Taylor, Robert L. Taylor, William Wetmore, William Whitewright, Jr., Augustus H. Ward, John D. Wolfe, William E. Wilmerding.

On the Fourth, notwithstanding the bad weather in the early part of the day, the Avenue leading to Union square were thronged with people anxious to behold the inauguration of the statue. Shortly after eight o'clock the Seventh and Twelfth Regiments and the Washington Greys, reached the spot and formed in line on each side of the square. When the palings and canvassing was torn away and the noble figure of the great chief broke upon the eyes of the multitude, a thrilling shout of exultant welcome ascended to the heavens, mingled with the firing of guns and pistols and the explosion of fire-crackers from the crowd. The windows of all the houses that commanded a view of the proceedings were filled with ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs, and in many instances joined in the loud huzzas.

With peculiar fitness, characterizing the man who had shone through the storm of the Revolution, the sun shone brightly out, at once breaking from the clouds and intimating a day of splendor. The cheering somewhat subsided, and Col. Lee ascended the platform and requested the Rev. Dr. Bethune to address the troops and the people. The Doctor proceeded to deliver a graphic and able eulogium on the hero, contrasting him with Cromwell and Napoleon. Towards the conclusion, the orator introduced the sculptor to the people, who greeted him with long and enthusiastic cheers.

The friends of Mr. Brown, the sculptor, pressed around him to shake him by the hand and congratulate him. He had retired to the back of the platform after Dr. Bethune had introduced him to the crowd, but on his again coming forward, after the conclusion of the address, he was a second time hailed with enthusiastic plaudits, one man in the throng distinguishing himself above the rest by repeatedly shouting, " Hooray for the architect of the statue."

The troops fell into rank, and proceeded in regular order to march round the statue, the Washington Greys taking the lead on horseback. This formed quite an imposing scene. Each soldier, as he approached the statue, and during the time of marching round it, was uncovered. The multitude now numbering eight or nine thousand people, cheered again and again.

The statue, as we have said, is the work of Mr. Henry K. Brown, of Brooklyn. It is in every way worthy of the highest admiration. Washington is represented on horseback with his right arm out-stretched, as if restraining the noble ardor of his soldiers. The head is from the celebrated bust of Houdon, in the possession of Senator Fish. The horse, a truly noble animal, is apparently at a brisk trot. Washington is seated easily in the saddle, with the old Continental hat in his left hand.

The entire construction of the statue has occupied Mr. Brown four years. It is formed of rich bronze, 88 parts being of copper, 9 of tin, 2 of zinc, and 1 of lead. The body of the horse was cast in one piece, the thickness of the metal averaging three-eighths of an inch. The entire weight of the statue is over 4 tons. The plinth weighs 2,000 lbs., the horse 2,700 lbs., the rider and other parts 3,800 lbs. The modeling was done at Mr. Brown's studio at Brooklyn; the casting took place at Ames' foundry, Chicopee, Mass. The height of the statue is fourteen and a-half feet, which is also the height of the pedestal. The head of Washington is therefore 29 feet from the ground. The entire cost of the statue and pedestal was $30,000. Mr. Brown may well be proud of his work.

Thomas Graham, a stone cutter, was arrested on 1st inst., charged with stabbing Francis Donnolly eight times in the breast and side with an ice-pick. It appears that Graham had been with the members of Chapter No. 3, of the Protestant Association, on an excursion to Yonkers, and on his return home, stopped at the porter house, corner of Thirteenth and West streets. Here he met Donnolly, and having an orange colored lilly on his breast, the latter took offence at it, and with an oath, asked him if that was the color he wore. Angry words ensued and Donnolly threw a tumbler at Graham, which struck him in the face. The parties then clinched, and Graham seeing an ice-pick upon the counter, seized it, and stabbed his adversary in eight different places. Dr. Jones was immediately called in, and dressed the wounds, which are not considered dangerous. Graham was held to await an examination.

Some of the musical people about town are getting up a benefit concert for Palmo, who built the first Italian Opera House in the United States, and lost a large fortune by so doing. Palmo was once a celebrated cook, and his restaurant was the Delmonico's of other days. His old age is embittered by poverty, and the concert advertised elsewhere is for the purpose of giving him material aid, It ought to be eminently successful. The beneficiary is eminently deserving.

Fifty leading city firms intend to "shut up shop" every Saturday afternoon at three, that their assistants may have a little vacation during the summer. Good as far as it goes. Their card is in the dailies, and they urge others to do likewise. It is earnestly to be hoped they will.

Frederick L. Heald, aged 16 years, was accidentally drowned, 2nd inst., in attempting to step from the Hydraulic Dock to the floating church, foot of Pike street, East River.

Commissioner Morton on the 2d inst., directed Joseph Pedro de Canha to give bail in six thousand dollars to answer in the case of the alleged slave brig Braman.

The " Fourth" went off with more than usual *eclat*. The city was crowded. The fire-works were well preserved from the showers of the morning, and the evening presented a scene outvieing a Chinese feast of lanterns.

The Taxes this year are $6,000,000. With proper men elected (from undoubted authority) $3,000,000 will do.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Stephen's Church, Dublin, William N. Wallace, son of the late Hugh Wallace of Downpatrick, to Catherine Mary, daughter of the Hon. Francis C. Annesley, Captain in the Royal Navy.

At the Metropolitan church, Marlborough street, Dublin, R. Manly, late of the Census Office, to Miss Sullivan, of St. Laurence's Schools, North Strand.

At St. Thomas' Church, William, son of the late Rev. Arthur Ardagh, rector of Moyglese, county Meath, to Alice, daughter of Charles S. Gifford, of Upper Dorset street, Dublin.

At Francis street chapel, James Lyons, No. 10, Peter street, professor of dancing, to Mary, daughter of Christopher Kinsley.

At St. George's Church, Alexander Jack, Professor Queen's College, Cork, son of George A. Jack, Bloom Hill, Tyrone, to Georginia Maria, daughter of the late Captain James Goldfrapp, 60th Rifles.

At Coolock church, Benjamin Joseph Willson, of Roebuck, to Alicia Ann, daughter of George Symes, of Bonnybrook.

At Monkstown, the Rev. Charles Lewis M. Jones, Downragh, eldest son of the late Samuel Jones, of Ardkenny, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Samuels, of Seafield House, Kingstown.

At Kilfegan, county Wicklow, Major John Frend, of the 55th regiment, to Delia Maria, daughter of the late Richard Cane.

At Delgany, John O. G. Pollock, of Mountainstown, county Meath, to Maria Louisa, daughter of Henry Darley, of Wingfield, county Wicklow.

In Kilkenny, Major Edward Taddy, of the Royal Artillery, to Fannie Eliza, drughter of Captain J. G. Rogers, staff officer of the Kilkenny district.

At Thomastown, James Clarke, of Belmont, county Carlow, to Ellen Alcock, daughter of W. Clifford, of Millview, Kilkenny.

At Fethard, county Tipperary, James O'Donnell, of Maginstown, to Maria, daughter of Charles Blackmore, of Rathcoole.

At the Catholic Church, Keady, Thomas Campbell, to Miss Raverty, both of Keady.

At Benmore, county Fermanagh, Thomas Gordon, of Enniskillen, to Elizabeth, daughter of D. Parke, of Derrygonnelly.

At Boulogne-sur-Mer, John Peacan, of Ellestren Lodge, county Galway, to Mary Elizabeth, widow of James Stackpoole.

In Paris, Edouard, eldest son of Monsieur and Madame Hainguerlot, and grandson of the late Marechal Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, to Alice, eldest daughter of Edward Blount, and niece of Sir Edward Blount, of Mawley, Salop.

In London, Charles W. Digby, of Meridan Hall, Warwickshire, to Adelaide, daughter of the Right Hon. George Bankes, M. P.

At Melbourne, Victoria, Charles H. M'Knight, son of the late Rev. Thomas M'Knight, of Edinburgh, to Everina Isabella, daughter of the late Abraham Heatly, of Bray, county Wicklow.

At Sydney, New South Wales, Edward Stone, fourth son of the Rev. Wm. Stone, formerly of Kilkenny, to Maria, daughter of the late William Todhunter.

In the Moravian church, Gracehill, William Mullen, of Albert place, Ballymena, to Frances Amelia, daughter of James Smythe, of Gracehill.

In London, the Rev. James Turner, A. B., Trinity College, Dublin, to Maria, daughter of John Rudall, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law.

At Hothfield, Kent, Captain Thomas Leslie, son of the late Bishop of Kilmore to Annie, daughter of Sir Edward and Lady Hoare, of Little Hothfield.

In London, the Rev. A. Delap, son of the late W. Delap, of Ray, county Donegal, to Anna Jane, daughter of the late Joseph Goslett, of Sallymount, Dublin.

In London, Alexander Nesbitt, of Lismore House, county Cavan, to Cecilia, daughter of the late Frederick Franks.

In London, Patrick, son of John Donovan, of Tralee, county Kerry, to Bessie Murray, of Westbourne terrace, daughter of the late Adam Murray.

In London, Lord Forester to Lady Melbourne, relict of Viscount Melbourne.

At Denmark hill, George Leatherdale, of Newcastle, to Harriet Mary, daughter of the late J. Ryan, of the 82 regiment, and sister of the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Mauritius.

At St. Thomas' Church, H. Lyons Montgomery, to Henrietta, Constance St. George, daughter of the Rev. Henry L. St. George, of Dromore, Omagh.

DEATHS.

At Dublin, Miss Anne Grubb, one of the Society of Friends, formerly of Clonmel.

At 51, Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Samuel Neville Glenton.

At 4, Clarendon street, Dublin, Daniel Cullen.

At Kingstown, William Hart Talbot, late of Eccles street.

At Glasnevin, county Dublin, James, son of Alexander Campbell, Churchill Nurseries.

At Rathmines, Mary, daughter of John Smyth, late of Prospect Lodge, Roscrea, and niece of the late Captain Smith, Mount Butler.

In Limerick, Eliza, relict of John Vereker, Major in the City of Limerick Militia, and brother of the late Lord Gort.

At Springfield, Clonmel, Susanna, wife of the Hon. Francis S. Prittie.

At Fort Etna, county Limerick, Mary Liz, wife of Edward White.

In Beliast, Anne, daughter of the Rev. Robert M'Cormick, late of Seaforde.

At Kilclooney, county Galway, Valentine, son of John J. Bodkin.

At Southpark, in the county Roscommon, Nicholas Balfe.

In Cork, aged 78 years, Mary, wife of Captain Baylie, and mother of Dr. Baylie, ex-mayor of Geelong, Australia.

At Oranmore, Andrew Buist, formerly Manager of the Provincial Bank in Galway.

In Wexford, Eleanor, second daughter of the late Arthur Meadows, of Hermitage.

At Mitchelstown, county Cork, Dr. E. O'Neill.

In Belfast, Anne Boyd, daughter of the late John Hardy, of Cooley Hill, county Armagh.

At Castlepole, near Kells, county Meath, Henry Colston, in the 58th year of his age.

In London, Lieutenant R. Roberts of the Royal Navy, son of Thomas Roberts, of Clonmel.

In France, Emily, wife of the Hon. M. W. B. Nugent, of Earlspark, county Galway.

In London, Sarah, the wife of James Burke, barrister-at-law.

In London, aged 81 years, Mrs. Jacob, mother of the Rev. Benjamin Jacob, of Limerick.

At Putney, Lady St. Aubyn, aged 87 years.

At Naples, Lady Victoria Susan Talbot, daughter of Earl Talbot, and niece of the Marquis of Waterford.

In London, aged 77 years, Lieutenant-General B. M'Leod, of the Bengal Engineers.

At Newton St. Cyres, near Exeter, Lieutenant-Colonel John Allen Ridgway, who served in the 95th regiment (Rifle Brigade) during the Peninsular war and at Waterloo.

At Porto Rico, of yellow fever, Bellingham, daughter of B. Swan, of Cork.

At Denmark street, John Molony, victualler.

In Cornwallis street, John Gleeson, proprietor of the Hibernian Foundry.

In Thomondgate, Samuel Coe, retired Constable of the Limerick Constabulary.

In Parsonstown, Elizabeth, relict of Captain William Johnson formerly of the 87th regiment, aged 84 years.

In Ennis, Mr. John Curtin, for over thirty years Master of the old Clare Militia Band.

In London, Elizabeth, widow of Francis Synge, of Glanmore Castle, county Wicklow, and last surviving sister of the late General Sir John Taylor.

At Birkenhead, Cheshire, Miss Kate Cooper, daughter of Isaac Cooper, of Limerick.

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necesary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

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Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each —— evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 104 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. PATRICK O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

Continental Military Establishment.

J. PARKS,

195 FULTON, BELOW DUTCH, N. Y.

Hats, Caps, Ornaments, &c., made to order. 3m28ju

Special Notices.

Gould's Eating Saloon—THE BEST AND CHEAPEST EATING-HOUSE in New-York.—"*Strawberries Smothered in Cream.*"—Can anything be more delicious than a "dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream?" particularly if you drop in at Gould's Saloon, No. 144 Fulton street, and enjoy it in perfection. The berries served here are perfect pictures, large, and of the most tempting lusciousness, and the lacteal accompaniment is none of your sky-blue apology for milk, but the pure article, fresh, thick and creamy. Mr. Gould has one of the best dining places in the city; he serves up daily everything in season, in the cleanest and nicest style. je21 4t

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. THE AMBROTYPE.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. BRADY, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 3m28ju

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of Forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled, on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, May 23, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

To the lady readers of this paper.—Ladies, if you wish to get Linen and other Gaiter Boots from 12s. to 20s.; Slipper Ties and Buskins, 1st quality, 8s. to 10s.; second quality, same styles, 6s. and 7s. per pair; boys', misses', and children's Boots & Shoes of all kinds and prices, Patronize 4tjun21 J. B. MILLER & CO., 134 Canal street.

Information Wanted—Of MICHAEL BOODEN, a native of the Parish of Urlingford, near Johnstown, County Kilkenny, Ireland, who left his residence in Ireland for New-York last December. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, N. Y., will be thankfully received by his wife.

Information wanted of John Duffy, a native of Castleblaney, county Monaghan, Ireland, by trade a carpenter, who arrived in this city about five years ago, and when last heard from was living at Staten Island. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, will be thankfully received by his wife Alice Duffy.

OFFICE of Receiver of Taxes—New City Hall, Park, May 29, 1856.—Public notice is hereby given that there is no such office as Collector of Arrearages on Personal Taxes, and that no person but the undersigned, or HENRY B. VENN, Esq., appointed for that purpose, to be found at this office, is authorized to receive any moneys due for arrears on Personal Taxes.

je7 6t HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

Information Wanted—Of WILLIAM KELLEY, a native of the county Cavan, Ireland, who left this city about three years ago for the State of Pennsylvania. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his sisters, Rosie and Anne Kelley, at No. 15 Rose street, in care of Thomas McManus. je14

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,

3mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.

New-York, June 28, 1856.

Photographs and Ambrotypes,—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (3m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

SAMUEL YATES,

GENERAL NEWS AGENT,

Foreign and Domestic Newspapers supplied to the Trade.

No. 22 Beekman Street.

James McPyke respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has leased for a term of years the spacious and elegant premises 90 Prince street, three doors west of Broadway, which he will open for the reception of his old patrons, friends, and those who will honor him with their patronage on the 4th inst. The house has been newly painted and furnished in a commodious manner, for the comfort of his guests. His bar will contain the choicest and most approved brands of liquor, and his larder will always be stocked with the finest luxuries and delicacies of the season. Rooms for private parties. Families supplied with meals at all hours. 4t12jly

Business Directory.

HAMILTON & JOHNSON,

NEWS AGENTS,

30 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

DAILY, weekly and Sunday papers, Magazines, and Cheap Publications. The trade supplied. Orders from the country solicited and promptly filled. JOHN HAMILTON,
S. W. JOHNSON.
tf

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

☞ Mrs. McFadden justly baasts of having made up, for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also, the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y21june

SHIRT IRONERS.

500 Wanted,

AT THE

BROADWAY STEAM LAUNDRY

e28 4t CORNER OF CANAL STREET, NEW-YORK.

Sewing Machine Depot.—Sewing Machines of all kinds sold, improved and repaired, on reasonable terms, in the most substantial manner. Superior Machine Oils for sale. A large assortment of Machine Silk Twist and Needles for sale at reduces prices.

my 24, 3 mos. F. S COATES & Co., 345 Broadway, New-York.

Business Notices.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.
Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my8 3m

Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. my24 3m

Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17 3m*

KNOX'S
OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,
59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.
DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

STATEN ISLAND
FANCY DYING ESTABLISHMENT.

OFFICE No. 3 John street, (two doors from Broadway,) New-York, solicit orders for dying Broadcloths, Merinoes, Paramattas, De Laines, and Silk, Woolen, and fancy goods of every description; Satin and Taffeta Ribbons, Gimps, Fringes, Galloons, and other trimmings dyed and re-finished with great success.
Also ladies and gentlemen's garments, Shawls, &c., &c.
BARRETT, NEPHEW & CO.,
3mos 3 John st., (2 doors from Broadway,) N. Y.

REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto is ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap263mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

Analytical and Metallurgical Chemistry and Mining Geology.
DR. ISAIAH DECK,
No. 18 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW-YORK.

MAY be consulted on all subjects relating to Practical Chemistry, Mining- and Metallurgy. Assays of Ores, Analyses of Minerals, and Mining Products in general carefully and expeditiously conducted, and sound opinions delivered upon the most economical methods of working them, based on the latest chemical discoveries. Geological and Mining Surveys undertaken in any part of the world—Dr. DECK having had considerable experience in this branch of his profession. my31 3m

Massachusetts Advertisements.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, corner of South and Beach Streets, Boston.

THE office of this Society is open from 7 A. M., to 6 P. M., where Emigrants can apply to obtain situations for which they are fitted. Farmers, Mechanics, and others in want of labor, will apply at the office.
Orders from employers in the country, stating the services required, the wages given, and the cheapest mode of conveyance, and giving respectable reference, will meet with prompt attention.
The Society will be thankful for all circumstantial and early information of any fraud, imposition or outrage committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, } Vice Presidents.
ARTHUR M'AVOY, }

NICHOLAS J. BEAN, Cor. Secretary.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Secretary.
WILLIAM HICKEY, Treasurer.

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THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.
Pro Bono Publico.
"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.
For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.
In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.
REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.
ap19cf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.
No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.
Where he has been for the past thirty years.

All persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his exclusive business.
Jn14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAN.

B. S. TREANOR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.
Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.
Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.
The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.
What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution' which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.
All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.
My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 173 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.
All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.
D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
my31 No. 173 Bowery, New-York.

DR. B. F. ADAMS,
SURGEON DENTIST, (formerly of Barclay street,) feeling grateful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him for the last fourteen years, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken an elegant suite of rooms, at
NO. 122 CHAMBERS STREET,
(near the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Railroads,) where he may always be found, ready to perform all operations pertaining to his profession, in a manner unsurpassed, and on the most reasonable terms. Whole or part sets of incorruptible teeth inserted without pain, on gold plate or gutta percha, excelling nature in beauty and durability. No impure gold or dangerous amalgams used. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, or of adults remedied. Cleansing, extracting, &c. &c., all at reduced prices. Sets of teeth inserted on Silver or Gutta Percha, for six shillings each. Teeth examined, and advice given free of charge. Please call.
8m7jun B. F. ADAMS, 122 Chambers street, New-York.

DR. J. VOORHIES,
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,
NO. 69 SANDS STREET,
Brooklyn.
Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.
N. B. All chronic or nervous diseases cured by Electricity in some form. Electro Medicated Vapor Baths ready for operation. Dropsy can be cured by this treatment. Consultations free. m8jun14

WRITING INKS.

WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.
Thaddeus Davids & Co.,
ap196m Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

Medical.

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English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

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AND

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JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR.

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Publication Office, 29 Ann St., cor. of Nassau.

VOL. I. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1856. NO. 15.

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Communications of a PRIVATE nature should always be marked so. Those connected with the editorial department are to be addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, and those on business to Richard J. Lalor, Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau.

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ON THE ROYAL BANK OF IRELAND,

(Expressly authorised by the Bank,)

FOR SALE AT THE BANKING HOUSE OF JOHN B. MURRAY,

No. 44 Wall street, (over Bank of North America,) New-York.

PERSONS wishing to send money to their friends in Europe, can remit it as above, by letter, *post-paid*, and upon receipt, a draft on the Royal Bank, will be forwarded without charge, to the person designated. 8m*

☞ To prevent loss, every Draft is registered here, and a copy of the register forwarded to the Bank by every mail steamer.

Business Notices.

S. CAHILL'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

NO. 377 BROADWAY,

(One door below White street), New York.

S. CAHILL respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that, having made an extensive addition to his Store, for the better accommodation of his customers, he has now the largest and most extensive BOOT AND SHOE STORE in the world, and is prepared to exhibit the most extensive assortment of

LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S, GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS, AND YOUTH'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

His facilities for manufacturing on an extensive scale, together with his superb assortment of FRENCH BOOTS and SHOES, received direct from Paris by every steamer, enable him to sell a much better article at much lower prices than can be purchased at any other house in the city. BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS MADE TO MEASURE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE. je28 3mos

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Monday, June 16th, and during the week—

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap268m

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FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my31y

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REMOVAL.

THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, Shirt Manufacturer, and dealer in Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, has removed from his old stand, 292, to 269 Greenwich street, corner of Murray, and invites the attention of buyers generally to his Spring and Summer stock of the above goods. Feeling confident from his long experience in the business and his increased facilities for manufacturing a superior article of Shirts, Bosoms, Collars, Stocks, Ties, &c., to be able to offer for nett cash the cheapest goods to be found in the city. Shirts made to order for the trade or otherwise. We will also receive from auction daily, Under Shirts and Drawers Gloves, Hosiery, Ties, Cravats, &c., worthy the attention of Clothiers, Dry Goods Dealers and others. Our motto is ONE PRICE ONLY. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN, 269 Greenwich street,
ap268mos (Corner of Murray street, New-York.)

Edwin A. Brooks, wholesale and retail Boot and Shoe Store, Nos. 575 Broadway, and 150 Fulton street, New-York. Constantly on hand French Calf Skin and Patent Leather Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, made with Dick's Patent Elastic Shanks, and Congress Gaiter Boots; also a large assortment of Ladies' and Children's Gaiters and Shoes, Waterproof and Cork Sole Boots, Perpetual Gloss and Leather Over Shoes.
Boy's and Youth's Boots, Shoes and Over Shoes. my3 3m

Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. my24 3m

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Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17 3m*

SHIRT IRONERS.

500 Wanted,

AT THE

BROADWAY STEAM LAUNDRY

e28 4t CORNER OF CANAL STREET, NEW-YORK.

"TERRA COTTA"

CHIMNEY TOPS,

PLAIN and Ornamental. Drain Pipes of all sizes, superior manufacture lowest rates. LONG ISLAND POTTERY. Depot, 82 Nassau street New-York. my10 3m

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JAMES O'FLYN.

HOWARD HOTEL,

176 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

Advertising Envelope Manufacturer, Embosser, Die Sinker, and General Engraver. Notarial and Lodge Seals, Crests, and Coats of Arms. Seal Presses of every description constantly on hand. 14ju3m

Employment.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

275 BOWERY, NEW-YORK.

MALE and Female Servants can be promptly suited at the above number, with any situation in the city or country, at good wages, in first-rate families, without delay.

N. B. Employers quickly supplied.
3m may 31 ALEXANDER F. RUNGE, Agent.

Wanted, at 766 Broadway, (near 8th street.) Places procured for conductors, Bookkeepers, Clerks, Salesmen, Firemen, Brakemen, Barkeepers, Porters, Waiters, men on Steamers and Railroads, boys for trades, and girls of every description. 21my8m
French, English, and German spoken. LOUIS KAUFMAN, Agent.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE for Servants, 129 Waverley Place, two doors from Sixth avenue, New-York.—A large number of competent help can be suited with good situations, in city and country, without delay. Employers in the city and country supplied with the best of female help. [my17 3m] WM. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

NEW-YORK EMPLOYMEMT OFFICE.

480 Broadway.

HONEST, capable, and faithful servants can at all times find good situations at this office. Protestant and Catholic have equal privilege. Established in 1844 by [8m21ju] T. P. SAUNDERS.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.
6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 682 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.
ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

European News.

The British and North American mail steamer Africa, Capt. Ryrie, from Liverpool, afternoon of Saturday, the 28th of June, arrived on the 11th inst. She brings reports to the close of the markets of her day of sailing, Saturday, 28th of June.

American matters—or, rather, manners—have again been in everybody's mouth. The exciting cause was a *contretemps* that happened at the Queen's levee. Divested of the outrageous exaggerations of the British presses, the facts are simply these, that Mr. Dallas, accompanied by a friend, went to the Queen's levee; the friend's costume was not in accordance with the regulations, and both gentlemen, Mr. Dallas and friend, returned to the embassy in Harley street. Out of this incident the London *Times* found material for a savage onslaught upon American manners. As usual, the minor presses took up the cry, and for at least two days, Mr. Dallas labored under the imputation of having put a studied affront upon the Queen. Of course, an immense deal of patriotic wrath was unnecessarily wasted on his head.

Mark the loud impudence and stupid sophistry of the *Times*:

"When will Americans learn manners?" it cries. "Who shall teach our Transatlantic cousins how to behave? Here is one of them who tried on Wednesday, in defiance even of an etiquette modified to suit his countrymen, to parade his republican person before the Queen, at her levee, in a frock coat, black neckcloth, and yellow waistcoat. The thing itself was trivial, but the object was unmistakeable. He wished to have it to boast that he had compelled the Queen to forego the usages of her court in his especial behoof. He tried to accomplish this national feat under the wing of Mr. Dallas, who, when appealed to, supported his countryman, and left the place in a pet.

"Well, after all, we suppose her Majesty will continue to hold levees, in spite of Mr. Dallas's displeasure. It is scarcely worth while to confute the absurd pretensions of people who, with the most irritable touchiness as regard themselves, combine the greatest disregard of all decorum towards others.

"What would we think of a fellow in private life who, after accepting an invitation to a set dinner, in which everybody else wore full dress, presented himself in a shooting jacket and shepherd's plaid trousers? In all probability, should such a portent appear on the horizon of a gentleman's hall, it would never rise to the upper regions of the drawing-room, for the butler would infallibly show him to the door. Now, this is what the Queen's master of the ceremonies very properly did in the case of an American who, in a frock coat, yellow vest, and black neckcloth, chose to present himself at her Majesty's levee yesterday. He knew the usage of the court, but he preferred to withhold from the Queen and her august company the compliment which every gentleman would have rendered.

"Our American cousins must really learn the good old proverb about "doing at Rome as they do at Rome," and, though they may live at home in the enjoyment of all liberty or license of dress or undress, they must, when they visit these communities, either disguise themselves and their republican prejudices in decent attire on occasions of state solemnity, or forego the greatest delight on which a true republican can feast his eager eyes—the sight of a live Queen on her throne."

The *Globe* discusses the "unpleasant little accident" thus:

"It was absolutely necessary that the master of the ceremonies should inform the gentleman who then presented himself, that he had not yet completed his toilet in a manner to conform to the rules for his admission.

"It is not for us to pry into the resources of the carpet-bag; but anybody would imagine that a retirement of fifteen minutes might have enabled the visitor to amend his costume. The republican, however, took fire; he would not give way; he claimed admission in his 'uniform' as a right, and when that right was not acknowledged he inflicted upon St. James's the penalty of his retirement.

"So far the matter was a trifle. Persons have before attempted to force their way into the palace in costume not permitted by the regulations, and they have been prevented. Englishmen have been guilty of this foolery as well as Americans. When men are obstructed in asserting their right to do something very silly, they are always proportionately angry; and if a little loudness emanated from the annoyed gentleman, it was neither wonderful, nor unprecedented, nor to be remembered beyond the moment.

"The most unfortunate part of the matter is, that the American Minister identified himself with the ridiculous obtrusion on the part of his countryman. We can well understand Mr. Dallas's difficulty. Every American in office is open to the claims of any 'citizen' that chooses to obtrude himself; and men who have not firm nerves sometimes give way before the assertion of these claims.

"Mr. Dallas and the excluded gentleman stood together in the ante-room; and there, as is usual on such occasions, some kind of discussion took place; the Minister, no doubt, felt vexed, displeased, sorry that the thing should have happened; in the flurry he no doubt lost his self-possession for a moment, and instead of bidding his companion good bye, with a hint to dress better next time, Mr. Dallas most unluckily chose the course of taking his own departure with the retiring countryman.

"It is not for us to point out to the American Minister the duties of his office towards Americans. The master of the ceremonies maintained the regulations yesterday, and there, we conceive, the matter ends so far as we are concerned. It did happen, however, that Mr. Dallas had a specific duty to perform that day. The name of a distinguished American gentleman had in due course been submitted to the Lord Chamberlain for presentation to her Majesty; and we presume that that gentleman was ready to be presented.

"We are quite sure that Mr. Dallas could not intend any disrespect to her Majesty in absenting himself at an hour when he had given reason to expect his presence; any consequence of that kind must have been forgotten by the honorable gentleman, in the hurry of the moment; but his duty to his countryman unquestionably remained unperformed. An American gentleman was in attendance; he had every right to attention; and we are only saying what is a matter of course when we say that to that gentleman the highest in the land would feel pleasure in showing the courtesy which awaited him; but the Minister who should have presented him was not at his post.

Great Britain.

In the House of Commons, on Friday evening 27th ult., the following reference was made to American affairs:

"Mr. G. H. Moore said it would be in the recollection of the House that, ten or twelve days ago, he had a motion on the books with reference to the state of our affairs with America; subsequently, the right honorable member for Oxford University asked when papers upon that subject would be produced; and he, Mr. Moore, believed from the expressions of the Home Secretary, and also from the gestures of the noble lord, at the head of the government, that a day would be given to him after the production of those papers for the purpose of his motion. The house was now in possession of the papers in question; and he thought, therefore, that under the circumstances, he was justified in asking Lord Palmerston to give a night next week for the discussion of his motion.

"Lord Palmerston hoped the honorable member would not think that it was from any want of courtesy that he could not accede to his request; his opinion in the matter was that, in the present state of our relations with the United States, it would not conduce to the settlement of the points in dispute.

"Mr. Moore returned to the subject of our relations with America, complaining of the unsatisfactory nature of the answer given to him, shortly before, by Lord Palmerston, and insisting upon the right and duty of the house to pronounce an opinon on it, and not to leave the direction of affairs in the untrammelled hands of those who had hitherto so misdirected them."

RECRUITING IN THE UNITED STATES—DISPATCH OF EARL CLARENDON UPON MR. CRAMPTON'S DISMISSAL.

On Thursday evening the 26th ult., further papers relative to recruiting in the United States were presented to Parliament. They include Mr. Marcy's dispatch communicating the fact of the dismissal of the British Minister and the British Consuls, and the affidavits which accompanied the same; a letter from Mr. Crampton to the Earl of Clarendon, dated London, June 19; a memorandum by Consul Barclay, containing a denial of Mr. Marcy's charges *ipsissimis verbis;* correspondence of Consul Mathew with Mr. Marcy and with the Earl of Clarendon; and, finally, Earl Clarendon's reply to Mr. Marcy. The latter important dispatch is as follows:

THE EARL OF CLARENDON TO MR. DALLAS.

Foreign Office, June 26, 1856.

Sir: The despatch of Mr. Marcy, which you read to me on the 11th instant, and of which you placed a copy in my hands, has received the attentive consideration of Her Majesty's government.

Her Majesty's government are gratified at learning that the assurances contained in my note to you of the 30th of April, that no intention existed on the part of Her Majesty's government to violate the laws, compromise the neutrality, or disregard the sovereignty of the United States, have been unreservedly accepted by the President; and that all cause of difference with respect to the question of enlistment has ceased to exist between the governments of Great Britain and of the United States.

It is with much regret, however, that Her Majesty's government have learned that the President has been unable to alter the view which he had taken of the conduct of Her Majesty's Minister at Washington, and of Her Majesty's Consuls at New-York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, in regard to the transactions which have been under discussion between the two governments.

Mr. Marcy had, in his dispatch of December 28, 1855, stated that the President was of opinion that those officers of Her Majesty had violated the laws of the United States, by being parties to enlistments within the Union; that he on that ground considered that they had become unacceptable organs of Her Majesty's government in the United States, and that he consequently requested that they might be removed from their respective posts.

Her Majesty's government did not share this opinion of the President in regard to the conduct of those officers of Her Majesty; and having communicated to those officers the charges made against them, and the evidence on which those charges rested, and having received from them full denials of the truth of the charges, and such corroborating evidence as they were able to procure tending to invalidate the testimony brought against them, Her Majesty's government laid all these matters fully and frankly before the government of the United States, with the persuasion that they would remove the unfavorable impression which had been created in the mind of the President with regard to the conduct and proceedings of Her Majesty's Minister at Washington and of the three above-mentioned Consuls.

It appears, however, that this communication has not produced the effect which Her Majesty's government had expected; and Mr. Marcy, in stating that the President's views of these matters remained unaltered, accompanied that statement by a number of additional documents, tending to confirm the view which the President had originally taken of these matters.

Her Majesty's government have carefully examined these additional documents, but do not find in them any evidence, worthy of belief, which should shake the confidence which they have reposed in the assurances of Mr. Crampton and of the consuls.

Her Majesty's government retain the high opinion which they have ever held of the zeal, ability, and integrity of Mr. Crampton; and of the earnest desire by which he has been animated to avoid all just cause of offence to the government to which he was accredited. Her Majesty's government cannot but believe that on many material points in respect to his conduct, the President has been misled by erroneous information, and by the testimony of witnesses undeserving of belief.

Her Majesty's government entertain similar convictions as to the conduct of Her Majesty's Consuls at New-York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati.

Such a conflict of opinions, on such a matter, between the governments of two great powers, must necessarily be the subject of serious deliberation by both; and Her Majesty's government have not failed to give to this matter all the consideration which it justly deserved.

If Her Majesty's government had been convinced, like the government of the United States, that Her Majesty's officers had, in defiance of their instructions, violated the laws of the United States, Her Majesty's government would, both out of deference to the United States, and from a due regard to the authority of the British crown, have removed those officers from the posts which they held.

If the government of a foreign country were capriciously, and without apparent belief that it had good grounds for doing so, to break off its diplomatic relations with the minister accredited to it by Her Majesty, Her Majesty's confidential servants, answerable for maintaining the honor and dignity of the crown, could not hesitate as to advising Her Majesty equally to break off all diplomatic intercourse with the minister of such governments accredited to her court.

But in the present case Her Majesty's government are bound to accept the formal and repeated declarations of the President of his belief that these officers of Her Majesty have violated the laws of the Union, and are, on that account, unacceptable organs of communication with the government and authorities of the United States; and Her Majesty's government cannot deny to the government of the United States a right similar to that which, in a parallel case, they would claim for themselves, the right, namely, of forming their own judgment as to the bearing of the laws of the Union upon transactions which have taken place within the Union.

I have, therefore, the honor to inform you that, however deeply Her Majesty's government regret a proceeding on the part of the President of the United States which cannot but be considered as of an unfriendly character, they have not deemed it their duty on that account to advise Her Majesty to command me to suspend my diplomatic intercourse with you; and I have to assure you that the high personal esteem which is felt for you by all the members of Her Majesty's government, will render it most agreeable to myself to have the honor of entering into communication with you upon all matters connected with the mutual relations of our two countries. You will be certain of meeting, on the part of Her Majesty's government, the most friendly feelings towards the United States, and the most anxious desire so to arrange all questions of difference, as to reconcile the just rights and real interests of the two countries with the maintenance of those amicable relations, the preservation of which is of such great importance to both.

I am, &c.,

(Signed) CLARENDON.

In regard to Central American affairs, Lord Clarendon closes his despatch to Mr. Dallas as follows:

"Her Majesty's government have learned with satisfaction that you are instructed to enter into communication with me in respect to Central America, in order to ascertain, in the first place, whether existing differences cannot be promptly terminated by direct negotiation, and, if they cannot be so settled, then to discuss the conditions of arbitration on those points of difference as to which this method of settlement may be requisite or applicable.

"This is the course which Her Majesty's government has throughout been willing to adopt; and I have accordingly the honor to inform you that I am prepared to enter into the proposed communication, and I trust that our conferences will be conducted in that spirit of cordiality and frankness which, as Mr. Marcy justly observes, is dictated by the true interests of Great Britain and the United States.

I am, &c.,

(Signed) CLARENDON."

FRANCE.—The *Independence Belge* says: "It is said that an interview will take place at no remote period between the Emperors of France and Austria."

From forty to fifty of the Poles resident in Paris have availed themselves of the amnesty accorded by the Emperor of Russia, and resolved to return to their country. The party that acknowledges Prince Czartoryski for its head protests against this act, and the military party that recognizes General Rybinski as its leader is said to abstain completely from any declaration of opinion.

A bill which has just been presented to the legistative body, relative to the pensions to be accorded to the great functionaries of the empire, declares that there may be granted by imperial decree to the ministers and other high functionaries, and to their widows and children, a pension, the maximum of which cannot exceed 20,000f. a year, when by eminent services to the state these functionaries shall have merited an extraordinary recompense, and when the insufficiency of their fortune renders such a pension necessary. These pensions cannot, in any case, be enjoyed together with other moneys or salaries coming from the state, and the aggregate amount of the pensions granted in virtue of the new regulation cannot exceed 500,000f.

The following document is given by the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*. It reveals the great respect entertained for Mr. O'Brien by the Greek Government, and the high value placed upon the testimony he should be able to bear to the condition of Greece:

"SECRET CIRCULAR OF THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

"To M. Prefect—Mr. Smith O'Brien, a dstinguished British subject, has the intention to visit all the provinces of the departments of Attica, Biotea, Phthiotida, and Focida. This gentleman merits much attention for his (friendship for Greece), consequently, no doubt he will receive from you as well as from the Mayors of other provinces, many civilities. As it is highly necessary to protect him, and as he will not accept of any military escort, take great care, *and without his knowledge*, to occupy all the suspicious districts of your province with forces where he may pass, in order to avoid all accident. I strictly recommend the object of this note to your secrecy and attention.

(Signed) "D. BOULGERIES,

"Prime Minister, and Minister of the Home Department.

"*Athens, May* 1, 1856."

The Bishop of Arros, according to the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, intends visiting England and Ireland with a view of exciting sympathy amongst the Roman Catholic prelacy on behalf of the maintenance of the Pope's temporal power.

The French Government has resolved to make a certain extent of restitution at the public expense to some of the members of the Orleans family, who were stripped of their property by the confiscation decree of 1852. The bill is now before the Council of State. Each of the daughters of Louis Phillippe will receive £8,000 a year.

M. Manin's denunciation of "the theory of the poignard" has brought upon him a letter from M. Mazzini, who still clings to republicanism as the only cure for Italian wrongs. "The theory of the poignard has never existed in Italy," says M. Mazzini; "the fact will disappear when Italy has a life of its own, recognised rights, and justice." He quotes many instances from history, both sacred and profane, to prove that patriotism has been held to sanctify what would otherwise be mere vulgar assassination; wherefore he says he cannot, like M. Manin, hurl anathemas on such assailants, neither can he brand them as cowards, or accuse the party of instigating them.

INDIA AND CHINA.—TRIESTE, JUNE 26.—The steamer America arrived here to-day at 7 30 A. M. She left Alexandria on the 20th. The India and China mails were to leave Alexandria on the 21st, with advices from Calcutta to the 17th of May, Bombay to the 27th of May, Hong Kong to the 10th of May, Shanghai to the 2d of May, and Manilla to the 6th of May. Public works in India are stopped. The Santals are again unquiet. An insurrection is on foot near Vizagapatm. The King of Oude has arrived at Calcutta. A band of rebels was approaching Soochow, 80 miles distant from Shanghai.

American News.

On Monday, says the Albany *Knickerbocker*, the painful particulars of the suicide of a young lady came to light in West Troy. The dead body of Miss Percie R. Brown, aged 28, and well known to the villagers, was fished out of the canal. She had been missing from home since Saturday afternoon. From a statement made by Mrs. Brown, her mother, it appeared that on Saturday her daughter came to her in much distress, and stated that her engagement of marriage with a young man, formerly a school teacher of West Troy, and now of Albany, had been broken off by him—she having learned, either from him or through some other source, that he was soon to marry another. The mother was aware that her daughter was engaged, and expressed her belief that the young man would not prove faithless. The young woman continued in great distress of mind, and in the afternoon left the house, as her mother supposed, for a short time only. Her absence, during the night, caused considerable anxiety on the part of her mother, though she supposed she might be staying at a neighbor's. Search was made for her on Sunday, but nothing was heard of her until the discovery of her body. The deceased sustained a character above reproach and above suspicion. For a number of years she has been clerk in the hat and linen store of G. H. Hill, Mansion Building. Her earnings have been devoted to her own support and the support of her widowed mother. We purposely suppress, for the present, the name of the young man who, if what is stated above is correct, has a fearful responsibility in this affair. The Coroner subpœnaed the young man implicated before the jury of inquest, and he was interrogated in regard to his intimacy with the young lady. It appeared from his testimony, and other corroborating evidence, that he was not engaged to the deceased. He was, of course, acquitted of all charges against him touching the young lady's death.

Here is a very pleasant affair: On the 7th inst. one Hugh R. Pleasants, a brother of the late John Hampden Pleasants, and formerly editor of the *Penny Post* of Richmond, went into the Executive Chamber of the Capitol of that city, where Governor Wise was engaged writing, and taking a seat by invitation of the Governor, said, after a brief period—"I thought gizzard-foot was here." Governor Wise smilingly replied—"I am the man." Pleasants, rising from his seat and approaching the table at which the Governor sat, said—"By God! I did not know you; and so you are Ebo-shin and gizzard-foot?" "I am," remarked Governor Wise, with a smile, "and you are Hugh Pleasants." Pleasants thereupon commenced abusing the Governor without any provocation whatever, when the Governor ordered him to leave the room, but he refused to do so. The Governor then rose from his seat, and approached Pleasants, and taking hold of him endeavored to push him off. Pleasants resisted, squared off, and placed himself in an attitude to strike, when the Governor struck him with his fist under the left eye and cut him pretty severely. He then seized him by the arm, turned him round and kicked him. At this time the Messenger of the Executive came up and had him removed by order of the Governor. It is said that Pleasants was intoxicated. The Know-Nothings of the city are very indignant about the affair.

The St. Louis *Democrat* of the 1st reports six premature deaths in that city. John O'Neill fell by the knife, Joseph Spies lost his life in attempting to bathe while intoxicated, Bryan Murphy while bathing, and a fourth was found floating in the river. Walter Connor, a lad, was also drowned while bathing; and an illegitimate infant, which had been deserted by its mother, was found in a house where it had lain dead for three days. In addition to these deaths a man was reported dangerously stabbed in a row, and another seriously injured by falling from a third story window. The same paper has the following: "We learn that last week a Methodist preacher named Robert Springer, and his entire family, living in Washington county of this State, were poisoned by a servant girl who was working in the house. On Thursday last the man died. His family are now lying very low. The intelligence came to us rather indirectly, and without details."

The St. Louis *Evening Pilot* says: From the bloody records of the last few days, it is evident that crime is on the increase in our city. For a week past the local columns of the press have been crowded with "stabbing cases," "brutal assaults," "assassinations," "mysterious murders," &c., and we fear that unless our authorities are more efficient in preserving order, that our citizens will be compelled to resort to a vigilance committee, as in San Francisco, and a summary infliction of punishment by Lynch law. And in this connection, we take occasion, on behalf of our community, to return thanks to Governor Price for the inflexible firmness he has displayed in his refusal to pardon some prominent criminals, when the application was made, too, by some of our most respectable citizens.

The Washington *Intelligencer* says:—"A subscription for the relief of the widow and children of the late Thomas Keating, at Washington, was put in circulation soon after the death of Keating, and the amount subscribed and paid $632. The money collected has been disposed of as follows: For the purchase of a two story house, near the corner of E and Twentieth streets, which has been conveyed to the widow and two children as joint tenants, $600; paid for recording the deed, $1 25; paid to Mrs. Keating, $30 75. The foregoing amount was contributed by 75 individuals, in sums from $1 to $50.

Under the head of "Love, Lunacy, and Luck," the New Orleans *Delta* gets out a very pretty piece of romance touching one Jarvis Wright, who became crazed by disappointment in love with a missionary's daughter, "a long time ago," and whose latest attachment was for a pet young alligator. As the story goes, the forlorn alligator-tamer took it into his head to buy a ticket in the Havana lottery, and to be guided in his selection of a number by the wagging of his pet's tail. After a long search the tail wagged, and the ticket was bought. It turned up a prize of $20,000. The *Delta* says that the story is a true one.

A farmer in Middleburry, Vt., speaking of the success of his labor last year, says: "My farm consists of 125 acres, and had been 'let' for many years, and was generally considered 'run out.' Sales of produce and stock amounted to $1,699 68. The increase of stock was enough to balance sales. Expenses of all kinds, together with $300 which I charge myself for my own work, $976, leaving a balance for profit of $732 68. This, I think, is better than money at 6 per cent, and answers the question 'Is farming profitable?'"

Senator Wilson, of Mass., has procured a rifle with a three feet barrel, designed as a walking cane, which he carries with him constantly, even into the Senate Chamber, ready loaded and capped.

A young lady, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, was recently taken off by a young man from this city, and being found out by some of her friends, they had him brought before 'Squire Roedter on a charge of living in an illicit state with this female. The magistrate was about binding the party over to appear at the next term of the Common Pleas, when the accused individual made a proposition of marriage, which the friends of the young woman at first hesitated in accepting. A license was, however, at length obtained, and the 'Squire performed the ceremony. The sequel of the story is, that after matters had been fixed up in this way, the bridegroom sloped without either paying the costs of prosecution or the marriage fee.

The *Louisville Journal* of the 25th says:

"For some time back the French residents of the islands of Guadaloupe and Martinique have been casting about for laborers to supply the place of negroes, and as a last resort it is now attempted to supply the deficiency of slave labor by importing Indians from the Main. Late accounts inform us that a company called the General Maritime Company, have undertaken to fill orders for obtaining the numbers required. The method adopted to do this is not stated—whether they are caught, or bought, or articled, we do not know. But four vessels are already engaged in this business, as appears by an official announcement in the Guadaloupe *Gazette*. 2,164 Indians have already arrived, and the Government of the Colony, which superintends and regulates the trade, received, up to the 31st of March of the present year, applications for 7,000 of these unfortunate people. It is thought that the whole number for 1856 will be about 8,000, to be distributed between Guadaloupe and Martinique.

The setting up of one of Hoe's presses brings the following from the London weekly newspaper, edited by Douglas Jerrold: Next week, we trust, these pages will be printed on an engine planned by an American brain, forged by American arms, and set up here on English soil by American hands—most noble specimens withal of our American brethren on the other side of the wave. Now, what need we care for the red tape, when we may bind both sides of the Atlantic together with the tapes of the steam-press?

The revised code of North Carolina declares that if a person fight a duel and either of the parties shall be killed, the survivor, on conviction, shall suffer death, and the aiders and abettors shall be considered accessories before the fact. If no death shall ensue, all the parties shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and on conviction be punished accordingly, and moreover be ineligible to any office in the State.

A letter from Toronto says:

"Large quantities of Wheat are still in hands of the Upper Canada farmers—probably not less than 5,000,000 bushels. They have not had the good sense to sell when prices were at the highest. The extent of land under crop is greater than at any previous time."

Barney Ford and James Laverty, of Boston, had a prize-fight on Warwick Neck, R. I., on Saturday, in which Laverty lost by a foul blow. Ford's wrist was broken. Purse $500. The decision produced a general fight among the spectators, in which knives and pistols were used, but without doing serious injury.

The New York *Sunday Courier* understands that Barnum has received an offer from Sydenham Crystal Palace, in England, of $5,000 a year to go over there and take charge of one of its departments, and the editors learn that Barnum thinks seriously of accepting the offer.

The coal question in North Carolina is beginning to excite interest. One of the companies on Deep River have expended $570 in opening their mine, and are now raising one ton of coal per minute. At another mine, 500 cars can be loaded daily. Two bushels of North Carolina coal are said to be equal to three of Virginia.

Gov. Wise, of Virginia, got into an altercation the other day with the editor of a Know Nothing paper, who unceremoniously intruded himself into the Governor's room. His Excellency showed him the door, after introducing his boot to his pantaloons.

According to a correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, the whole area of the United States in 1790, the original territory was no more than 820,630 square miles. Louisiana, in 1803, extended the area to 1,720,258 square miles; Florida, in 1821, to 2,787,159; Texas in 1845, Oregon in 1846, and California in 1848, to 2,936,166 square miles.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller*, writing from the West, says the scramble for land in the new Territories is greater than than the scramble for bread in the old settled States. Millions of acres are uncultivated, but all the choice spots are extravagantly dear.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Virginia, says he will pay $500 for any book or newspaper printed within the first fifty years of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, which contains a denial of the right of Congress to prohibit slavery in the Territories of the United States.

During a recent thunder storm at Dayton, Ohio, the lightning "dropped off" from the telegraph wires at two different points, making a report like the explosion of a Chinese cracker and sending off a shower of sparks.

The Committee on Territories are preparing, and will report at an early day, a bill against bigamy in the Territories. This will test the question of the right of Congress to legislate for the Territories.

The Bostonians, last Friday, sent 6,000lbs. of yellow snuff to Melbourne, in exchange for the yellow gold of Australia. There will be a good sneezing when it gets there.

There are at the present time in this country 715 churches belonging to the Quakers, and the number of attendants is estimated at 183,000.

Mary Burks, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has been convicted of the murder of her husband by poison, and has been sentenced to solitary imprisonment with hard labor for life.

The *Pensylvanian* states that the *New York Herald* has lost 1,000 subscribers in Philadelphia since it came out for Fremont.

A coal mine is said to have been recently discovered near Lafayette, Marshall county, Iowa, in the east bank of the Iowa river.

The U. S. Camels have been set to work at Indianola, Texas. One of them carries 1,600lbs. with ease, and walks as fast as a horse will go on a brisk trot. The sight of them causes a general stampede among horses and other animals.

Petitions for a dissolution of the Union are now in circulation in all the Northern States, having been sent out by the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, with the request that they be signed and sent to Mr. Hale, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Wade, Mr. Seward, or Mr. Fessenden, for presentation to the Senate, or to Messrs. Giddings, Burlingame, or Comins, for presentation to the House. It is charged and not denied that prominent republicans in New York have signed these petitions.—*Providence Post.*

The people of Eaton Rapids (Mich.) have experienced much annoyance for some days past, in consequence of the fish dying in the river. On Monday and Tuesday, as many as twenty barrels of dead fish, which were creating an intolerable nuisance were removed, but the stream filled up with them nearly as fast as they were taken. Below the dam the river was so clogged up by them, that it was difficult to push a canoe through them.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* says, during Col. Benton's sojourn in that city, he embraced every opportunity of denouncing the Freesoil or Republican cause, and reprobating in the strongest terms the nomination of Fremont. He said that the party was a crazy faction, and ought to be put down, to be crushed, and that it would ruin every body that was in any way connected with it.

Edmund Paul, well known in St. Louis for his pistol shooting accomplishments, was arrested in Galena on the charge of having forged the names of Gabriel Chonteau, J. C. Barlow, and Samuel G. Myerson, of this city, on paper to the amount of about $3,000.

The annual catalogue of Jefferson College develops the fact that, of 1,411 graduates in that institution, since 1802, 600 have devoted themselves to the Christian Ministry, and 35 to the work of Foreign Missions. The whole number of students who have attended the college is 4,000.

Horses valued at $3,000 have been stolen from Grant county, Wisconsin, in the course of ten days. There appears to be in Western Wisconsin a very successful gang of horse thieves.

The corner stone of a new Asylum for the Insane was laid on the 4th of July, at Northampton, Mass., in presence of a large concourse of people from all parts of the State. The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts was present, and there was a procession.

A police uniform is about to be introduced in Cincinnati, much against the wishes of the constabulary force. It will consist of blue coats and foraging caps, with the number of each policeman designated thereon.

Henry Hertz, one of the persons made notorious by connection with the British elistment difficulty, has been tried in Philadelphia on the charge of stealing a promissory note. The jury twice came into court stating that they could not agree, but the judge insisted on a verdict, and they finally rendered a verdict of not guilty.

Dr. Evans, of Evansville, Ind., on returning home on Thursday last, met a span of horses attached to a wagon loaded with produce, and the owner, William Smith, a *corpse*, although sitting erect and holding the reins. The Doctor stopped the team and had Mr. Smith immediately carried to a house, but life was extinct.

Mr. James Dudderidge, having mistaken the Boston Express cars for the Harlem train, by which he intended to proceed to Fordham on Friday, 4th July, jumped from the car at the Fordham station, and was killed. He was buried in Greenwood, on the 6th.

A wag went several times to an office, but never found his lawyer in, although the card on the door said: "*In from* 10 *to* 1." He accordingly altered it so that it read: "*It's* 10 *to one—you'll never find me.*"

There was a sale of seventeen negroes, on the 16th inst., at Mecklenburg, Va., among whom were a number of children, for the gross amount of $11,627. The prices of men and women, singly, ranged from $1350 to $700.

The Washington *Sentinel* reappeared on the 28th ultimo, and will be issued weekly and tri-weekly as usual, until the 22d of July, when the publisher designs also resuming the daily issue.

The Rochester (N.Y.) *Democrat* gives the following as a certain cure for fleas on dogs: "Soak the dog for five minutes in camphine, and then set fire to him. The effect is instantaneous."

The wife of Mr. David Tueffly, a nailsmith, in Louisville, a few days ago, presented him with two boys and two girls at one birth. The boys have been named James Buchanan and John Breckinridge.

There is a Chinese in San Francisco, who was steward to Napoleon on the island of St. Helena in the year 1815. He is now engaged in importing from China, and in general merchandizing.

The parishioners of Rev. Mr. Wadsworth, of Philadelphia, on Thursday last, presented to him the title-deeds of the house and lot where he now resides, valued at eleven thousand dollars.

White, the messenger of the American Express Company, together with his confederates King and Ayer, have been convicted, in Detroit, of robbery.

Native born citizens are in a minority in some of our Western States, as statistics show that in Illinois only 39 per cent. of the population were born in the State; in Iowa less than 22, and in Wisconsin only 18 per cent.

"Mrs. Quigg, is your husband a Know-Nothing?" "I guess so; for he told me this morning that some person had been making a fool of him."

On the 30th ult., the thermometer at Corpus Christi, Texas, reached and stood at 101 degrees Fahrenheit.

Gov. Grimes, of Iowa, has called an extra session of the Iowa Legislature.

The Connecticut House of Representatives have appropriated $15,000 for a school for idiots.

The business men of Indianopolis, Ind., have organized a permanent Board of Trade.

John Turnbull, a planter, was killed lately in an affray with sheriff Lurty, at Bayou Sara, La.

The receipts of cotton in Mobile, for the week ending June 27th, were 871 bales, against 20,011 at the same time last year.

There is less cotton at the various ports in the U. S. at this time, by about 40,000 bales, than at the same time last year.

Colonel Withers has resigned the office of Mayor of Mobile.

Correspondence.

Trip from Enniscorthy to Cork.

BANTRY, JUNE 21ST.

I delayed writing until I had something worth the postage to send you. I flatter myself I have it at last. A week ago I left Dublin for a little excursion. The first town I stopped at was Enniscorthy. I stopped there a night only. A clean, soft bed, hearty supper and smoke, a breakfast equally agreeable next morning, have left on my mind the pleasantest impressions of Rudd's Hotel. Fifteen years ago I recollect being at the same place. Old Rudd, the proprietor, was then living. But he was very feeble, very asthmatic, and as cross as any old crone with the tooth-ache could be. He carried a long knobby stick (the same as a drum-major carries), and hobbled about with it, in and out of the hall-door passage, coughing and spitting, with his back bent in two. Long, wiry, streeling white hair, brown knee-breeches, steel buckles, white cravat, and heaps of bright yellow snuff all over his waistcoat, completed the picture of decent antiquity which his poor spindles, curved spine, hideous long nails and skeleton fingers commenced. Rudd was the terror of the town. He had served in the Yeomanry against the gallant rebels of Wexford. His bloody deeds at Vinegar Hill and Gorey were well known. Not a stranger ever stopped a night in Enniscorthy without hearing of them. He was a frightful Orangeman. He was so when young, and the bad blood dribbled through his veins till the day of his death. His effion must now be a honeycombed piece of wood. They put the pennies on his eyelids more than a dozen years ago.

Early in the morning I took a car for Kilkenny. It was a sweet morning. The Slaney, full of subdued light, gurgled and swept away under the old bridge, washing with many a silver sparkle and bubble the roots of the ivy which covers the arches with the greenest of drapery. No one was up. No one was to be seen in the streets. Not a soul. Not a dog, not a pig, not a policeman even. In the stillness and solitude, Rudd's shadow—the long knobby stick, gray hairs, knee-breeches, stooped shoulders and white cravat—passed for a moment vividly before me. It disappeared, melted off in the sunshine; playing, like the colors of the kaleidescope, on the walls of the Castle.

At Graigne-na-mana we stopped to give the horse a feed and a pull at the bucket. The boy, who was driving me, hadn't a word hardly to say. He was dull as a turnip. His stock of general information was small. He knew as much about O'Connell as he did about Archbishop O'Toole. Whilst he was feeding his horse, I strolled up the street in the direction of poor old Clooney's cottage. The General is dead since '51. This, of course, you know. His cottage is still to the good. Out of a thick broad ring of myrtles and other dark-green shrubs, the high-peaked thatched roof still quietly rises, throwing up its wiff of blueish gray smoke from a brick chimney right in the centre. My hand was on the latch of the little iron-barred gate, and I felt strongly disposed to lift it and have a closer look at the General's quarters. But my heart failed me. Everything within the gate was so still, so shadowy, so sacred in its dim tranquil look, that it might have been his grave was there. The gentle, dear old General! What a stormy youth and peaceful old age! But the shamrocks he won never lost their freshness. I never saw him, that a wreath of them did not appear to glisten, as if with dew, upon his gray hairs.

If young Irishmen were to visit the homes and graves of such men oftener, they would be all the purer, and all the stronger, and all the nobler. You remember the day (it was in Passion week, 1847) that you, O'Gorman, Mitchel, and I, accompanied Dr. Madden, the historian of the *United Irishmen*, into the *locale* of his heroes. First of all, there was the room in which Wolfe Tone was waked. Then, the loft off Thomas street, where the uniforms of Emmett's officers were made, and the pikes and other arms were stored, and from which the gallant fellow sallied the night of Lord Kilwarden's death. The next place was Murphy's—the feather merchant—where Lord Edward was captured. The marks of his blood, and that of the blood-hounds he wounded, were on the floor. Last of all, Madden brought us down to the vaults of St. Michan's. There we saw and touched the coffins, in which the headless corpses of the Shearses lie. Madden, your readers should know, found those bodies lying naked, with the heads upon the stomachs, upon the clay floor of the vault, and decently enshrined them. By-the-bye, you can't forget the little shrivelled old nun we saw in the same vault. There she lay, (with her coffin gone with the dry rot all to pieces about her), in her habit, and the leather belt about her waist, and the wooden beads hanging from it, stiff and black. I came back a better Irishman from that pilgrimage. Better in mind, and heart, and nerve, than I ever did from any "monster meeting"—not excepting Mullaghmast, to which I drove with John O'Callaghan of the *Green Book*, after breakfasting at Clongowes.

In Kilkenny I remained hardly more than an hour. Being in a hurry to Waterford, I resisted the temptations which Ormond Castle and the Black Abbey, and other points of attraction, magnificently held out. Having to take another car and horse on to Waterford, I stepped into Walsh's hotel, and sat down in the coffee room, whilst the vehicle and velocipede were strapped together. A delicious, delicate, light lunch (the crispiest ham, the tenderest, whitest boiled chicken, a print of butter scented with honeysuckles, bread such as only Kilkenny, with its limpid water, can bake) enchantingly helped the flight of time. I say nothing of the sherry, cold and golden, which swept down on a sparkling tide the heavier materials of the feast. A cigar, and the *Kilkenny Journal* of the 18th of June completed the happiness of the occasion.

Kilkenny and the neighborhood, and the country for miles round, it appears, is excited greatly at present with the case of a young girl, named Sally Hewitson. Sally was a cripple—a poor little cripple—who, for a long time past, has been seen crawling about, or riding on a donkey, begging alms for herself and her mother, the latter, also, a cripple. Mr. Dunne, the Relieving officer of the Kilkenny Workhouse, remembers well admitting her, when her useless limbs had to be bandaged to her body. The other day, the public were startled by the report that the girl had been instantaneously cured by Father Nolan, of Dunane, a good priest living a little beyond Castlecomer. The fact of her being perfectly restored to the use of her limbs, every body says, is beyond question. Hundreds have seen her walking about.

The circumstances have provoked the most ecstatic discussions. Some shout out *hosannahs* for the miracle. Others, of course, deny the whole thing. Between Infidels and Believers the valley of the Nore is threatened with a hurricane. The *Journal*, in three compact paragraphs, entreats the disputants on both sides to be calm. Puffing my cigar with an equanimity positively luxurious, I say the *Journal* is right. In the case of Father Foley's *Extatica*, a few years ago, a pious priest and a credulous congregation, were woefully deceived. The imposture discovered, Frederick Lucas, the St. George of the Catholic Press, was the very first to come out against it, hunt it down, and with his spear transfix the nuisance to the earth.

Of local interest I don't see anything else in the *Journal* worth mentioning. There are no deaths, no births, no marriage of any celebrity. Indeed, I should have to close up this section of my letter very abruptly, were it not that I find a marvellous fact reported by the Fireworks Committee of the city. At a meeting, held at the Tholsel, the 17th of June, this Committee, having audited their accounts, declared a balance in favor of themselves of £18 sterling. This, I say, is a marvellous fact. The first instance, I undertake to say, of any patriotic body escaping from debt. The first instance, certainly, of such a body concluding their labors, and knitting up their accounts, with a balance on the smoother side of the book. So, you see, in Kilkenny at-all-events, the loyal explosions and sputterings of saltpetre and brimstone haven't ended altogther in smoke. Eighteen pounds sterling isn't bad. The Committee, however, have unanimously resolved it won't last long. Kilkenny is to have eighteen pounds worth of crackers the middle of August.

Doyle, who edits the *Journal*, is an excellent fellow. A thor ough Young Irelander, he has the admirable and virtuous good sense not to obtrude the extreme opinions of the party on a community, which patriotically disposed, patriotic on all occasions, patriotic in heart and deed, has not as yet became, and perhaps never will be, thoroughly Young Irelandish. Young Ireland, heretofore, has been too inflexible, obstinate, and dogmatic. The honestest of men lose no dignity, compromise no principle, paralyses no strength, in being a little affable, temperate and sagacious. John B. Dillon, who has just returned from New-York, is to me the perfection of an Irish patriot. He is, to my mind, the beautiful and perfect realization of Davis' ideal.

Off to Waterford! As sound a road as ever you travelled! A brisk mare, a broth of a boy (full of chat and good-humor,) pretty picturesque villages, such as Stoneyford and Knocktopher to whip through, and what more would you want? At Ballyhale, I had a talk with Carroll, who keeps the inn there. This inn was the one, in your grandfather's day, they used to put up at the first night, when the journey from Waterford to Dublin was done by gentlemen on horseback, with their pistols before them, and their night-clothes and boot-hooks behind. In those days, Carroll's inn was famous for its claret. Divil a drop you get there now. Old Carroll, (father of the present proprietor) was out with the boys at Carrickshock. His son, in a confidential way, shows one the pike-head the old man carried on that great day of Judgment. He told me he well remembers seeing you the night you passed there, in your father's carriage, on your way to Dublin, the night of the day the Arm's Act was proclaimed in Waterford. 'Twas the last, he believes, you saw of poor Ballyhale.

The lamps were lit along the quay, as we jogged over the bridge into Waterford. By-the-bye, what a muffled dead sound the bridge has—what a rumbling, as if through thick blankets, it has—when hoofs and wheels pass over it? Mount Misery towered mutely and majestically behind me. The broad solemn river swept smoothly, and with a dense volume of brown waters under me, between the sturdy piers of oak which have rooted themselves in its bed. The long line of quay, fringed with the tapering spars of the floating forest chained to it, stretched away—a chain of gigantic glow-worms—from the dark base of Bilberry rock to the lofty old mills and stores, all built of the reddest brick, at the end of the Adelphi. We pulled up at Cummin's hotel. All in bed (except the unfortunate Boots) when we got there. Was shown to my room, at the end of a labyrinth. The bed was an old fashioned one. Four feet from the floor, it was hung round with curtains of an antique texture and pattern, the massiveness of which, augmented by the drowsy glimmering of the chamber-light, suffocated me nearly. Once asleep, however, I felt no inconvenience. I slept like a top. It was past ten o'clock when I awoke.

Half an hour afterwards, I was at breakfast. There were eggs, rashers, *crubeens*, buttered toast, black tea, a silver-plated cruet-stand, and the *Waterford News* of the evening previous, disposed on the gravy-stained and otherwise variegated damask before me. The *Waterford News* is as good as a round of spiced beef. It's full of peppery cloves, and other small stimulants. I find from it that one of the city Police has been wounded with a button. I wonder was it a Repeal button with which he was innoculated? Well, it appears that the Dublin militia were out on Mount Misery, little more than a stone's throw of Alderman Forristal's cottage, occupied in blank cartridge practice. A musket, mysteriously stuffed with a button, went off, lodging the aforesaid small bit of brass in the fleshy part of the constable's arm. James Power is the name of the martyr. The *News* calls him a victim. Dr. Cavit was on the spot, and dressed the wound. But the casualties didn't stop here, for the faithful journal from which I quote, informs me that another policeman had his breeches ripped open. Another button is supposed to have played the mischief with him. The *News* warns the police not to go looking after the Dublin boys again.

Waterford, I find, is to be the scene of great festivity next year. The Royal Agricultural Society has decided on having its next annual exhibition in your noble old city. Lord Cloncurry proposed, and Lord Clancarty seconded the motion, which brings the plethorific cattle to the *Urbs Intacta* next Spring. That's good. It's time for poor Waterford to have a share of the few good things going the round of the country. Apart from all other considerations, this aristocratic Society of beef-feeders deserves a cheer for the hilarity it evokes out of and concentrates abundantly, for three or four days, upon some privileged spot. I like to see Irishmen and Irishwomen, no matter what their politics or predilictions, lineage or social associations, brought together, joyously and brilliantly. It does a world of good. Your Friendly Sons of St. Patrick deserve the heartiest support for this very reason. Their annual dinner brings together men of common birth, who seldom meet—who, perhaps, would never meet but for the recurrence of the national festival, and the jovial dinner which commemorates it. None but the cranky or the stupid bigot has a word against it. None but some scurvy low bred dog, who can never get into any gentleman's society, and is ever scraping and scratching at the respectable gate from which he is very properly shut out, will snap his gangrened teeth against it.

Your father has his hands full of business, I see. He does his business most quietly. One would think he did nothing he does every thing so noiselessly. But, after all, what a strength there is in silence. How many reputations have been blasted by an ovation? What permanent fame has been established through the force of modasty alone!

From this same News, from which I've been quoting, it appears that the Bazaar, which was lately held in Dungarvan, in aid of the Sisters of Mercy, has been attended with the happiest results, two hundred pounds having been realized. John Francis Maguire, the Carberys, Kennedys, Sheehans, Mahonys, Codys and Dowers, all by subscription or otherwise, contributed to bring this about. Good again. There are no better creatures in the world than these same sweet Sisters of Mercy.

How the Irish and Americans mingle on every hand's turn! Looking over the last page of the *News*, and in the Poet's corner I find a bounding song, by Bayard Taylor, with this delicious stanza:

> "And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
> For a singer dumb and gory;
> And English Mary mourns for him
> Who sang of 'Annie Laurie.'"

There was, by-the-bye, great gossipping a week ago, about a turn-to between England and America. It's all over now, though a little grumbling, like a ground-swell, holds on to this moment. They daren't go to war with the stupendous Republic of the Stars and Stripes. That's all's about it. To be sure, they might at the onset, blow you all up on the sea-coast, but there it would end. Not an inch could they gain on dry land. This they know well. Besides, Ireland is still a reluctant member of the great British Empire. It's not absorbed in it, yet. It no more belongs to it than a glass eye does to a human head. In case of a war let a second Paul Jones come down on our coast (the South coast especially), and there will be a new chapter (the brightest of all yet written) in Irish history to read.

With this I break off for the present, promising sincerely to let you have the end of my trip by the next mail. Till then, and forever, believe me,

THE WANDERING GHOST OF DUNBRODY.

National Celebration in Augusta.

Augusta, Ga., July 5, 1856.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, Esq.

Dear Sir:—The anniversary of our national independence passed off yesterday in the most spirited and happy manner. Notwithstanding the rays of a vertical sun, the military displayed full ranks, and the occasion was to almost every class of our citizens one of pride and glory, and patriotic congratulations.

The following is a brief sketch of the proceedings of the day. At sunrise, the "Washington Artillery" announced from the cannon's mouth the eightieth year of American independence. A more delightful morning I have seldom seen. The atmosphere was warm, though genial and invigorating, the unclouded sun pouring down his sweetest ray, infusing new life and vigor into the frame and filling the heart with joy. The Independent Battallion of Augusta, composed of the "Richmond Hussars," Capt. Wm. E. Dearing; "Washington Artillery," Capt. Daniel Kirkpatrick, jr.; "Irish Volunteers," Capt. Edward J. Walker; "Oglethorpe Infantry," Capt. E. Starns; "Clinch Rifles," Capt. Geo. W. Bryant, formed at half-past 7 o'clock, A. M., in front of the United States Hotel, on Broad street, where they were dressed in line by Adjutant Sharpe; after which Lieut. Col. Campbell, in command of the battalion, appeared at his post, and marched the battalion, to the sound of sweet music by the Augusta brass-band, down Broad street to Centre street, through Centre street up Greene street to the City Hall Park, where, after the usual religious services, the Declaration of Independence was read by Atty. Gen. Wm. R. McLaws, before a highly respectable assemblage of citizens, of whom quite a number were of the fair ones, who graced the occasion with their presence and smiles.

The oration was delivered by Hon. Wm. Gibson, with his usual force and eloquence. In style it was fresh and vigorous, and in language chaste, flowing, and lucid. After benediction, the battalion re-formed and continued the line of march up Greene to Campbell street, through Campbell to Broad street, down Broad to the United States Hotel, where the battalion was dismissed.

The Washington Artillery fired a federal salute at noon. The

firemen contributed much to the amusements of the day. They paraded through the principal streets, with their engines in best style, all giving evidence of prosperity and efficiency. The mounted *Fantastics*, like chivalrous knights, were out in full blast, and occupied the most conspicuous and mirthful place in the moving panorama of the day. At sundown the Washington Artillery fired a national salute.

The young of both sexes were entertained late in the evening with a brilliant display of fireworks. Thus closed another of the pleasing events which the happy people of this country love above all to celebrate. Yours very truly,

THOMAS WHYTE.

Letter from Dublin.

DUBLIN, June 28th, 1856.

Judged by the effects it has produced in England, the dismissal of Crampton and the Consuls is undoubtedly, for America, a great diplomatic triumph. The act has paralyzed the Government, Parliament and Press of England. Accustomed for so long a time to American forbearance, this exhibition of American spirit astounds them. What most annoys them, however, is the fact that America is so clearly in the right, that the justice and propriety of her course cannot be questioned. Hence the London press—from the *Times* down to *Punch*—vent their spleen and vexation in unmeaning abuse and vulgar caricature. The only real question, though, at issue amongst others, seems to be, who shall bear the blame—Crampton or the Government? That the Government meant to sacrifice Crampton, there can, I think, be little doubt. D'Israeli, however, interposed in time, and protested against Crampton's being made the "scape-goat of diplomatic sins." Sir J. Packington declared in a late debate, that he regarded the state of our relations with America with "shame and regret;" while Moore, of Mayo, has a resolution on the books censuring Crampton and the Government. Meanwhile Clarendon is taking his time to the elaboration of a reply to Marcy's dispatch. No wonder. He cannot attempt to justify the conduct of Crampton without inculpating himself and the Government; nor can he censure Crampton without drawing down upon himself and the Government the indignation of the country—for it is very well understood that Crampton's conduct was dictated from Downing street. Awaiting Clarendon's reply, Parliament is silent; for such is Palmerston's regard for the Constitution, and such the subserviency of the present House of Commons, that the moment an attempt is made by any member to elicit an expression of opinion regarding "our foreign relations," he receives a note from the Minister, informing him that any discussion at present of the subject would be "detrimental to the public service." And so the Minister dictates and Parliament "postpones," and the question of peace or war with America is left to the decision of a ministerial clique. Such is the actual situation.

The position of America is at the present time grand and imposing. Entirely in the right, as she has been from the beginning, she has now placed England—or rather England has placed herself—entirely in the wrong. Having manifested her desire for peace by the exhibition of a moderation and forbearance amounting almost to weakness, she has shown also that she is not insensible to what is due to national dignity and self-respect. She must maintain this high position, and be firm—firm above all upon the question of Central America. Should England reject Marcy's offer of arbitration, I cannot see how America can honorably or consistently avoid adopting the suggestion, made I think by Mr. Seward, and give notice to England that she must withdraw within a certain specified time from the occupation of Ruatan, the Mosquito coast, and all other parts of Central America.

Rather a ridiculous affair seems to have occurred lately at the Queen's levee, in which Mr. Dallas and an attaché of the American embassy are involved. You will see the account in the London papers. I make it a rule, however, to regard as, *prima facie*, false, every thing relating to America which I read just now in the English papers. They cannot afford to tell the truth about America and Americans.

The Jesuits have lost one of their most distinguished men—Father Robert St. Ledger. He was interred on Wednesday last, in Glasnevin Cemetery. His brother John is, I believe, the only surviving member of a family distinguished for its piety and virtue and learning. The St. Ledger family belongs, as you are aware, to Waterford; and though your native city may have produced some names that have filled more of the world's ear, it has given birth to no more truly noble and illustrious sons than the Fathers St. Ledger.

Barney McCabe has retired from the editorial chair of the *Tell-lie-graph*. The cause of his retirement is a mystery, though I have heard it whispered that it proceeded from a difference of opinion between him and the proprietor (who that is, since Sadleir vanished, I know not, unless it be "my Brother James") regarding Dr. Cahill's letters. McCabe, it appears, did not deem the epistles quite orthodox; while the proprietor cared not whether they were orthodox or not, provided they paid, and so insisted on their insertion. This McCabe, you know, was scraped out of some garret in London, by John Sadleir, who wanted a convenient tool to conduct a portion of his political swindling transactions in Ireland. He answered the purpose admirably.

I have heard that Mr. M. J. Barry will in all probability be McCab'es successor. I do not believe this. Barry's abandonment of the national cause, as the time of trial drew near, cannot be justified; but yet he is a man of cultivated mind and gentlemanly tastes, and I think it impossible that he would stoop so low as to play second fiddle to McCabe, or connect himself in any way with the vulgar and illiterate *Telegraph*.

The country looks splendid, and there is promise of a magnificent harvest.

The Evening *Mail* announces that the Militia will be at once disbanded, with the exception of the Foreign (German) Legion. These are ordered to Canada. It will be convenient, facetiously observes the *Mail*, when our Yankee cousins who speak the language of Shakspeare and Milton, cry for "quarter" that the cry will be unintelligible to German ears.

I believe the Jarseys yet preserve the memory of the Hessians.

I am now about going down to Kingston to see the regatta, so excuse this hurried epistle from

KILMAINHAM.

Out West Correspondence.

ST. LOUIS, JULY, 1856.

On the same principle that the habitué of a Parisian Café or London Coffee-house may have had more correct information respecting life in the trenches before Sebastopol, than a resident at Balaklava, so it is possible that the voluminous correspondence from Kansas, which floods your "city dailies," may be a more correct transcript of the state of affairs in the Territory than the scanty and unexciting details which reach us here; therefore I will not for an instant attempt to dispel the halo of horrors which each issue of the *Tribune, Times*, &c., display to their readers under the head of "Kansas Correspondence." As to Indian depredations, it seems that the Cheyames and one or two other tribes are again on the war-path, and will doubtless provoke Harney to another campaign.

However much to be regretted are the evils that arise from Indian hostilities, yet in looking into the cause of this, the inextinguishable hatred of the truly Native American to the invading conqueror of his country, there is much to be admired in the unsubdued manhood and transmitted patriotism which neither time, persecution, bullocks, blankets, beads, or baubles, have been able to bend or bribe into passive subservience. Exterminated he may be, but subjugated never! There is, in fact, that dash of fire—healthy Tipperaryism—in the Red man, that has ever recommended him to the patriot above his natural faults and civilized demoralization. You remember that eloquent description by Erskine of the Sachem's plea for his country before its invaders. "Who is it?" said the jealous ruler of the desert encroached on by the foot of British enterprise, "who is it that causes this river to rise in the mountains and empty itself into the great sea? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave you a country on the other side of the great waters has given this country to us, and by this title will we defend it!" said the indignant savage, throwing down his tomahawk, and then raising the war-cry of his nation. And then Erskine enunciates a principle eternal as light, in saying, "such is the feeling of subjugated man all round the globe, and believe me, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection."

Hear the same principle from John Mitchel in 1848. "Until we have an Irish Legislature, I shall be irreconcileably disaffected towards the government of the country, and mean to excite disaffection in others, and think it a sacred duty to rear up my children in that sentiment."

Thus, you see, prate as we will expediently about Indian outrages, still the Red man, on whose soil I write, has one virtue at least peculiar to the highest manhood.

One of our citizens, the best rifle-shot in the West, a practical man, without a particle of imagination in his mental constitution, after a cogitation of eight years, has embodied his idea in a new cannon (not yet named). This gun is unquestionably ahead of anything at present used—Paixhan or Lancaster. Its range will be fifty per cent. greater than any gun now in use, combined with the accuracy of a rifle, and a less degree of wear than the pieces now used. Having seen the progress of the gun from the draught up, I've no doubt whatever that it will perform all its author claims; but I shall give details of its practice in due course, which is the grand proof.

We have been barbacued here for the past month, the thermometer ranging as high as 104 in the shade (a most plutonic degree), and under such circumstances is it not tantalizing to read such a letter as the "Metal-Man's," (a tip-top fellow no doubt), with his bracing canter on the breezy strand, and cool dip in the crisp billow; or hauling his mackerel line over the taffrail with a ten knot breeze? All this, I say, felt to be impossible to your correspondent, in the midst of sweltering prairies—a thousand miles from a cockle—visited only by the skeleton of a sea-breeze, that for hundreds of miles has been imprisoned, exhausted and fevered by the vast forests of the South. Alas! for the days off the "old head of Kinsale," "Lower Bay," or the "Fastnett," one of which would be cheap if purchased by a month of our present torrid time.

COSMOPOLITE.

The works of Schelling, the German philosopher, are to appear, for the first time, in a collected form. The publication is entrusted to a number of savans. About one-sixth of the matter to be given in this edition has never been published before. The first volume (beginning with the unprinted writings) has just left the press. It contains the "Einleitung in die Philosophie der Mythologie."

Rogers thought the stanza which Gray threw out of his "Elegy" better than some of the stanzas he retained. Here it is, and most people will agree with Rogers:

> "There, scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

We learn, from the *Weekly Register*, that Gavazzi's Orations on the Errors of the Papacy, which usually sold at 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d., turns out to be a failure as a commercial speculation. One thousand three hundred copies were offered for public sale at Mr. Hodgson's auction rooms in Fleet street, when, incredible as it may appear, the highest price obtained was one halfpenny per copy.

On the 19th a bronze bust of Peter the Great, cast at Florence, by Rauch, the Prussian sculptor, and presented by Prince Demidoff to the residents of Spa, was inaugurated by a festival.

Irish News.

Catholic emancipation, exclaims the *Ulsterman*, what a folly! What does the word mean? It means, as facts have cruelly proved, power to send to Parliament a Dillon Browne, who crawls from his pauper bed to vote for the Minister who supports him, and then returns home to die a dog's death; it means to elect a Somers who lives by the pay of his goverment masters, and obeys them as a dog would; it means to elect a Catholic Attorney-General who prosecutes a Catholic priest for daring to preach Catholic doctrine; it means to elect a scoundrel swindler, who sets up a base and infamous paper to debauch the country—who sells himself to the Ministry—who robs thousands of poor men, and makes them beggars, and who destroys his own life to escape the punishment of his crimes, or pretends suicide, that he may enjoy his plunder in a foreign land.

The half-yearly report of the directors of the Bank of Ireland is published. The management, between dividends and bonuses, gives no less than 14 per cent. within any one year. From Thom's Almanac it appears that the previous bonuses amount to £665,000 Irish; the date of the first being so far back as 1793, ten years after the Bank was established. The yearly dividends of the Bank have been at no time less than five and a half per cent., except in 1783–4, when they were five, and 1792–3, when they were two and five-eights. From 1800 to 1814, they were seven, seven and a quarter, and seven and a half; from 1814 to 1829, the rates have been eight, eight and a half, and nine per cent.

Colonel Waddy, of the 50th Regt., describes the interesting ceremony of investing with the French decorations the soldiers of the British army who had most distinguished themselves in the late campaign. The ground selected was the plain of Balaklava. On the 50th being paraded, Colonel Waddy selected as the most distinguished soldier in his fighting regiment Private Cooney, of John-street, Wexford, who received on one occasion no less than six bayonet wounds. Cooney's brother lost his life, pierced with bayonets, whilst fighting over the body of Major Frampton.

The *Freeman's Journal*, commenting on the new Arms Bill, says, that the only Irish member who approved of the whole bill was Lord Bernard. His Lordship is pre-eminent in his passion for additional police. If two peasants in the county Cork squabble about a farthing, his Lordship is alarmed for the public peace, and demands a reinforcement from "the depot." If crime declines so as to render a diminution of the standing force necessary as a relief to the tax-payers, his Lordship trembles for the future, and memorials for the *status quo*.

A meeting of the Catholic inhabitants of Cork has been held in the Chamber of Commerce, for the purpose of presenting the Rt. Rev. Dr. Delany with an address and testimonial on his return to Cork, after a sojourn in the Eternal City. The meeting embraced the leading Catholic merchants and traders of Cork. On the motion of Sir William Hackett, seconded by Mr. Edmond J. Gould, the chair was taken by the Right Worshipful the Mayor. At the close of the proceedings a subscription was opened, and in a few minutes amounted to nearly £200.

The Dublin *Express* believes there is every probability of her Majesty visiting Ireland towards the latter end of August. The occasion of the intended royal visit is understood to be a desire on the part of her Majesty to take leave of the Irish militia, prior to its disembodiment, in a grand military spectacle. The Curragh, it is rumored, will be the scene of the proposed farewell display.

Another meeting on the subject of postal arrangements between Belfast and Derry has been held in Londonderry, the Mayor presiding. There was a large attendance of merchants, and resolutions were adopted setting forth the delay and inconvenience connected with the carriage of the mails between Derry and Belfast, in connexion with the transit to England and Scotland.

At the last meeting of the Waterford Town Council, the Mayor observed, that as Mr. Butt's and Mr. Fagan's motions on the subject of ministers' money had been rendered nugatory for the present, and as corporate property could not be seized on, the law rendering the mere *persons* of the members liable, he recommended that the Council unanimously resolve *not* to pay this impost; and it was accordingly resolved *nem. con.* that the ministers are to have no money from the Corporation of the *Urbs Intacta*.

The profession of two young ladies, and also the reception of a third lady, took place recently in the chapel of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Dundalk. The Lord Primate officiated. The ladies were Miss Murphy, of Dublin, and Miss Cahill, daughter of Mr. Laurence Cahill, merchant, Dundalk. The lady received is Miss Segrave, of the County Meath.

The visitors at the Queen's University—the Duke of Leinster, the Lord Chancellor, Baron Greene, the Presidents of the College of Surgeons and Physicians, and Sir H. Marsh—have inquired into the cause of difference between the college authorities and Professor Bullen. It is understood that the decision was in favor of the council, and that Professor Bullen withdrew his appeal.

Our own treason, says the *Tablet*, our own cowardice, our own dissensions have lost us all the benefits that the war with Russia might have borne; but a war with America is a very different thing, and we trust that, if it must come, we shall not be wrong in arguing as its consequence not only an increase of glory to our arms, but the redress of many of the grievances which now afflict both our religion and our country.

The Colonelcy of the 6th or Inniskilling Dragoons is vacant by the death of General Sir George Pownall Adams, an old cavalry officer, who attained the rank of General in 1851, and has held the Colonelcy of the Inniskilling Dragoons for sixteen years.

The same day, writes the *Nation*, on which Palmer made his exit, MacBirch, the noted poisoner of Irish politics and morals, was pushed off the public stage. Mr. McCabe has resigned the editorship of the *Telegraph*.

An action for libel has been entered in the Court of Common Pleas by the Rev. Moore O'Connor, of Culdaff, against the proprietor of the Londonderry *Sentinel*.

Newbridge barracks are to be enlarged for the purpose of holding cavalry, who are to be concentrated for exercise at the Curragh camp.

John Gibson, Esq, Assistant-Barrister for the county Antrim, is laboring under such indisposition as obliges him to proceed to the Continent for the benefit of his health.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows' Friendly Society have held a grand reunion in the Pillar room and adjoining saloon of the Rotundo building. This is the first festive entertainment which has been held iu Dublin by the members of the Odd Fellows' Society, and it may be questioned whether in any other part of the United Kingdom an assemblage could be found representing more nobly the true respectability and dignity of the great middle class of society than the crowd of young people of both sexes collected on this occasion. Amongst the most pleasing features of the evening's entertainments were the performance of quadrilles, and polkas, by the Hungarian Bell-ringers.

Whilst the Longford rifles lay in Ennis, a young woman of that town was fascinated by one of the corps; he pretended to reciprocate her attachment, and, so long as he remained at Clare Castle, the "course of true love" ran smoothly enough. On the day on which the regiment was to march, she was in marching order too, having denuded her parents of more than £20. No sooner was the money spent, than she was informed her presence was no longer necessary. To return home, she could not think of, so, she determined on putting an end to her existence, and precipitated herself into the river.

It appears that the Crown, on the memorial of the creditors to the extent of £250,000, has agreed to appoint Mr. Anthony Norris, of Bedford row, London, to be administrator for collecting the assets of the late Mr. John Sadleir. Mr. Norris has consented to act, and will lose no time in realizing for the benefit of the creditors large sums stated to have been invested by the suicide in various securities at home and abroad.

At the dinner of the Belfast Medical Society, the healths of Dr. Patterson, the treasurer, and Dr. Drennan, the secretary of the society, were given, and received with great enthusiasm. Dr. Patterson returned thanks for himself and his colleague, Doctor Drennan, expressing the great regret he felt, in common with all present, at the absence, that day, of Dr. Drennan, "the worthy son of a worthy sire." This sentiment was rapturously received.

The special correspondent of the *Farmer's Gazette* in Paris writes that there is a great demand there for Irish beer and ale of light quality, and that such an article as Smithwick's Pale Ale of Kilkenny, would be drank in enormous quantities. Irish whiskey, also, is in great demand, but unfortunately, says the writer, a solitary bottle of "Murphy's best," of Middleton, is the only representative of the Emerald Isle in the whole exhibition.

There has been a row, we understand from the *Evening Packet*, between the Kerry Militia and the Royal Sussex, at Aldershot Camp. The Kerry Militia drove in the picket of the Sussex Militia, and damaged the heads of a number of their opponents. The following day the assailants again assaulted the Sussex Militia, by sending a shower of stones into their lines.

Three deserters have been arrested at Maryborough. One was Daniel Doolen, from the 21st Regt., a native of Armagh; the second Michael Birch, from the 68th Regt., a Limerick man; and the third Michael M'Donnell, from the 55th Regiment. M'Donnell is a native of Athlone, and had at the Crimea behaved gallantly, where he received a wound in the leg. He pledged his medal for 4s. at Roscommon.

A printed statement of the expenditure and receipts in reference to the cultivation of land by the inmates of the Newtownlimavady Union, shows that the guardians hold eighteen statute acres of land, and that for the year ending March, 1856, the sum of £161 16s. 3d. was expended upon the land. Against that outlay the receipts for the same period amounted to £379 12s. 5d., leaving a balance in favor of the Union £217 16s. 2d.

The Revenue Police, under the command of Commissioned Sergeant Robert M'Donnell, stationed at Rosnakille, county Donegal, have succeeded in discovering on the mountains of Knockella an illicit malt-house, situated two hundred and fifty feet from the summit of the mountain, in a spacious crevice, amidst a stupendous declivity of projecting rocks, surrounded by the surge of Lough Swilly.

A parliamentary return informs us that the following Irish regiments volunteered their services to her Majesty: the Royal Antrim, Armagh, North Cork, South Cork, Royal South Down, Royal Dublin City, Fermanagh, Limerick City, Longford, Roscommon, South Tipperary, Westmeath.

His Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, intended visiting Limerick early in July, for the purpose of taking part at the opening of the Limerick and Foynes railway, and that of the Athenæum. During his stay he was to have been the guest of the Earl of Dunraven, at his splendid mansion, Adare Manor.

The *Ulsterman* observes, that the Americans, while they kick out the minister, offer, with mocking assurance, to take the question of arbitration into consideration. And England, fearing a war above all things—even above dishonor—eagerly grasps at the offer; and, while she pushes her ambassador overboard with one hand, she offers America the grasp of friendship with the other.

There can be no doubt of Sadleir's suicide, says the *Leinster Express*, and it is not too much to say that he lived rather too long in this world. Cardinal Wiseman is reported to have said of the unfortunate man—"As John Sadleir cheated the world, he hoped he would cheat the devil!"

In the Dublin Medical Press a letter has appeared from Dr. McCormac, of Belfast, in which it is suggested that the death of John Parsons Cook might possibly have been caused by cerebro spinal arachnitis, a rare form of disease, presenting many symptoms which agreed with, and might have been mistaken for, strychnine poisoning.

The Imperial Commission of the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1855, have sent to Mr. R. A. Murray, who acted as agent in Paris for the Royal Dublin Society and the Irish exhibitors on the occasion, a beautiful medal and a Brevet, stating that it was "a testimony of satisfaction for the services which he had rendered to the Exhibition."

Five vacancies have taken place in the Harbor Board, Cork, on retirement of James Cleary, Alexander Deane, Michael McNamara, and J. Harley, Esqrs., and the decease of John Robert Burke, Esq., whose death has also created a vacancy among the Trustees of Markets.

At the christening of the Imperial Prince in Paris the three Irish Bishops present, were the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh of Ossory, the Right Rev. Dr. Delany of Cork, and the Right Rev. Dr. Kelly of Derry.

The musical friends of Mr. John Vaughan, superintendent of the horse and carting department of the Ulster railway, Belfast, have entertained him in token of their esteem.

During the last three years the gross number of conveyances of land registered in Ireland were 7,082: of that number, in 2,281 conveyances, the consideration was under £500; in 362 the consideration was £500, and under £1,000; in 3,761 no consideration was mentioned, and in 191 the consideration was 5s. or 10s., or for "love and affection."

A meeting of the benchers of the Society of Kings Inns has taken place preparatory to the election of a librarian. Mr. Hague, deputy librarian in the library of the Faculty of Advocates, Edinburgh, is the only person who has been selected out of the numerous candidates for further consideration. He may be regarded as the librarian elect.

Some time past the sheep of Louis Anderson, Esq., county inspector of police, Armagh, were being worried by dogs. Strychnine was procured and put over the remains of a sheep which had been left in a dying state the night before. In the morning no fewer than five dogs were found to be affected by the poison.

A return of the number of passengers arrived at the port of Quebec, from the opening of the navigation to the 23d of May, and corresponding date 1855, informs us that from England there had been, in 1855, 1,916 emigrants, and this year 1,029, showing a decrease of 797. From Ireland the numbers were 967 and 234 respectively, showing a decrease of 733.

An accident of a very peculiar nature has occurred near Rush, county Dublin. A young girl, daughter of Sir Roger Palmer's gamekeeper, while striving to light a fire in the grate, the sticks being damp, sprinkled a little gunpowder over them. The flask ignited and blew the sticks through the house. Some portions of the sticks struck her in passing and entered her heart. She died from the effects in a few minutes.

We understand from the *Tyrone Constitution*, that Lieutenant Bromel, and the revenue police stationed at Plum-bridge, have lately made seizures in the Glennelly mountains, consisting of three vessels, sunk fully three feet under the surface of the road, and seven vessels and one mash kieve, concealed in the mountains, containing upwards of three hundred and fifty gallons of *poteen*.

The members of the several religious brotherhoods of Dublin assembled in the Metropolitan Cathedral to pray for the repose of the soul of O'Connell, on the anniversary of his death. In the centre of the aisle a catafalque was placed, surmounted by the cross, around which a number of wax tapers were lit. The interior of the church presented a most imposing appearance.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Barrington Lecturers on Political Economy for the ensuing year, by the Council of the Dublin Statistical Society:—Professor Moffet, LL.D., Frederick G. Evelyn, Esq., LL.B., David Ross., Esq., LL.B., and T. M. Busteed, Esq., A.B.

The Lady Superior of the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Kinsale, and a nun of the same order, have arrived in Dundalk, from the Crimea by the Earl of Erne. The ladies left on the same day for the Newry Convent, a branch of that established at Kinsale.

Dublin, with 300,000 people, has 1,200 police, seven paid magistrates, and three pensioners. Manchester, with a population of 420,000, has only 460 police and one paid magistrate, paying for their support about £25,000 a-year; while Dublin pays for the same purpose £72,000 a-year.

The electric telegraph is about to be extended to Kilkenny from Dublin. The directors of the South Eastern Railway have resolved upon the extension of the wires from Carlow, giving the public the full benefit of the enterprise.

The Treasurer of the Ulster Society for Promoting the Education of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, has received from Miss Shannon £50, which sum her father requested should be presented, after his decease, as a donation in aid of the funds.

The pretty little village of Newcastle, at the foot of Sleive Donard, is full of visitors. Amongst them are Lord and Lady Lurgan, from Lurgan Park; Capt. Richardson and party, from Monaghan; Captain Dames and the Rev. Robert Forde, from Katesbridge.

The depot of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment have arrived in Dublin, under the command of Major Freeman Armstrong, who served all through Crimean and the Burmese wars, and lately returned from the Crimea.

There is at present in the Dundalk gaol only fifty-eight prisoners of all classes. There is not a single prisoner for trial at assizes. There is only one insolvent debtor. The inmates of the work house are far lower in point of numbers than during any year since the famine.

The Dublin Telegraph records the death of Mr. John Cannon, of Leinster street. During a long period of his life he had been known in the commercial world as an upright trader. As a patriot he was ever foremost to contribute to the good of his country.

The Edinburgh Art Union are about to gratify the Irish public with a view of some twenty of their prize pictures, purchased from the annual exhibition, and to be distributed to the holders of tickets in their Art Union.

The Companies of the different Railways from Dublin, Derry, and county Down, into Belfast, made the return-tickets available for fourteen days, to all the Ministers and Elders who attended the meeting of the General Assembly.

The Rev. James Brown gratefully acknowledges a donation of £25 from Mr. James Hope Scott, of Abbotsford, for the chapel and school of Killawalla. Mr. Hope Scott has lately purchased some property in that locality from the Marquis of Sligo.

The number of persons who have left Cork for England, on their way to the United States and the colonies, since the 1st of June up to the present, is 872; and the number who left during the corresponding period last year was 945.

James Hamilton, Esq., has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county Cavan; and William W. Emerson Tennent, Esq., has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the county Fermanagh.

James Owen, Esq., has been appointed to the office of Architect to the Board of Public Works in Ireland, in the room of the respected Jacob Owen, Esq. Mr. James Owen has hitherto filled the office of Clerk of the Works.

We learn from the *Limerick Reporter* that the Rev. Dr. Cahill has delivered in the Athenæum, Cork, a lecture on the Slave Trade.

Mr. Edward Crafton Kelly, the heir-at-law of the late Mr. Edmond Kelly, whose widow was murdered a few weeks since, has applied as a pauper for the benefit of the Insolvent Act.

The Catholic Bishops of Ireland have entered into a subscription for the relief of the distressed districts of France, to show their gratitude for the generosity with which the French people aided in relieving our poor countrymen in the past famine. We subjoin a list of the subscriptions:

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, £10; His Grace the Archbishop of Armagh, £5; the Archbishop of Cashel, £5; His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, £5; the Bishop of Raphoe, £5; the Bishop of Kilmore, £5; the Bishop of Meath, £10; the Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore, £3; the Bishop of Down and Connor, £5; the Bishop of Clogher, £5; the Bishop of Derry, £5; the Bishop of Ardagh, £5; the Coanjutor Bishop of Raphoe, £3; the Bishop of Waterford, £5; the Bishop of Ossory, £5; the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, £5; the Bishop of Ferns, £3; the Bishop of Limerick, £5; the Bishop of Cork, £5; the Bishop of Cloyne, £5; the Bishop of Ross, £5; the Bishop of Killaloe, £5; the Coadjutor Bishop of Kerry, £2; the Bishop of Elphin, £5; the Bishop of Killaloa, £2; the Bishop of Clonfert, £3; the Bishop of Achonry, £5; the Bishop of Kilmacduagh, £5; Very Rev. Dr. Roche, Vicar Capitular of Galway, £3; Very Rev. Dr. Leahy, Secretary of the Episcopal Meeting, £3; and the Archbishop of Dublin has received £5 from the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Halifax.

It appears from the *Daily News* there are more mysteries in connection with Mr. John Sadleir. Immediately on the publication of the article in the *Nation* newspaper, setting forth historic doubts of the death of Mr. Sadleir, the suppositious corpse which had been interred was exhumed from Highgate Cemetery, and brought to Dublin where all trace of it has been lost, some persons affirming that it was buried in a metropolitan churchyard, while others allege that it was brought down for interment to the family burial place in the country. The object of the alleged disinterment of the corpse was, it is said, the removal of all means of detecting the fact of its not being the body of Mr. Sadleir.

The depot of the 18th Royal Irish have arrived in Dublin, under the command of Major Armstrong, who led the attack against the cemetery at Sebastopol on the 18th of June, 1855. Major Hayman and Captain Esmonde accompanied the depot. These three officers, Irishmen all, led the advance companies of the 18th, who carried the suburb of Sebastopol for fifteen hours on that day. The name of the "Royal Regiment of Ireland" was given to this corps by William III. for advancing farther up the breach than any other British or Continental regiment, at the siege of Namur, and planting their colors at the top of the breach, till recalled.

The 88th have left the Crimea. This gallant Regiment, says the Correspondent of the *Daily News*, has seen much service in the East and added some glorious names to the long list of victories emblazoned round the "Harp and Crown." In the brilliant attack and capture of the Quarries they lost no less than four officers. Twelve men were killed, and fifty-two were wounded, several of whom died of their wounds. On the 8th of September they formed a portion of the assaulting columns, and they had no less than eight officers severely wounded; they lost three men killed and had 105 wounded, many of them mortally.

We learn from the Tipperary *Vindicator*, that the queston of the representation of that County has become a matter of immediate consideration. Several candidates are spoken of. Among them is Lawrence Waldron, Esq., of Rathgar, who has considerable property in the county, and is esteemed an excellent landlord, and whose character is generally held in high esteem by all who are well acquainted with it. The Hon. George P. O'Callaghan, son of Lord Lismore, is also mentioned as a candidate.

Tenants, writes the Dublin *Freeman*, are presumed to have no rights. They are merely on the land by sufferance, tolerated so long as they do not displease the landlord, or some motive of personal advantage does not induce him to prefer another to the occupier who may have fallen under his displeasure, and who, having no right, may with impunity become the victim of injustice and wrong.

The late Diocesan Synod of the Archdiocese of Cashel and Emly was held in the Catholic church of Tipperary. The Archbishop presided. Between fifty and sixty priests from all parts of the united dioceses attended. The Synod was held pursuant to the statutes of Thurles.

Last week, Miss Morrissy, daughter of the late Mr. John Morrissy, of Kildangan, and Miss Flynn, daughter of Mr. E. Flynn, Killosera, have been received into the Dungarvan convent, by the Very Rev. Dr. Hally, P. P., V. G.

A member of the committee of the cathedral of Armagh acknowledges the receipt of subscriptions from America, through the Rev. John M'Shane, Brooklyn, amounting to £28 2s. This is independent of the large subscriptions through the appointed collectors in the United States, which amounted to between £3,000 and £4,000.

The Tipperary Artillery have sent a very handsome subscription to the Sisters of Charity, Sandymount Avenue, on the occasion of Canon Grimley preaching a charity sermon for them at Haddington road chapel.

Extensive improvements have been made by Mr. Bergin in the Atlantic Hotel, Milltown Malbay, Tipperary, which, for the last few years, has been the resort of the nobility, clergy, and gentry from various places in Ireland, England, Scotland, and the Continent.

The Dublin *Nation*, of June 21, says: Mr. Buchanan has received the unanimous vote of the Democratic Convention for the Presidency; and although the London *Times* affects to consider that his nomination is a less warlike indication than the re-election of General Pierce would be, we are of another opinion.

Another marble altar of which Mr. Kirwan, of Bolton-street, Dublin, has produced so many within the last few years, has been executed for Sir Thomas Esmonde, and will be erected as a side altar in the parish church of Gorey. The body of the altar is one of the finest specimens we have ever seen of the Connemara quarries.

The people of Collooney, county Sligo, have held a meeting for the purpose of obtaining the necessary funds for the completion of their beautiful church. The meeting was presided over by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

We have heard, says the Limerick *Reporter*, that two fashionably-dressed young men, said to be in the employment of a monter house in Limerick, have been busily engaged in the distribution of tracts in the houses of persons in Boherbuoy.

Miss O'Connor Morris, of Gartuamona, entertained lately about 150 of her tenants, and some of the other principal persons of the parish, at a ball.

Answers to Correspondents.

Here is the best translation of the late song attributed to Beranger. Many attempts, and some good ones, have been made to *transfuse* into English the spirit of the original, but none equal to that for which we must credit the *U. S. Democratic Review*.

TO THE STUDENTS OF THE ECOLE MILITAIRE.

Poor youths! and think you that the gag
Hath been removed from Freedom's lips?
Or that the old tricolored flag
Is now revived from its eclipse?
My rhymes, I fear, are much to blame;
Forget them! I their tones discard:
If this they teach, I curse my fame—
Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

What "times" are these they now "revive?"
Were such the days I once did sing?
I who have never ceased to strive
With flunkey, flatterer, bigot, King!
A soldier *once* inspired my songs—
A prisoner, crownless, under guard:
When St. Helene avenged our wrongs—
Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

Can Nisard's eloquence please mine ears?
Leverrier fill Arago's place?
Am I the friend of dumb, dark fears?
Or who shall Hugo's love efface?
And doth my God—so kind, so good,
Require the spy's, the jailor's guard?
And is't for HIM Rome reeks with blood?
Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

Aye! I have sometimes sung the sword,
The azure robes that Victory brings;
But 'twas when Freedom's first-born poured
Their blood to break the League of Kings.
But HIS—this cut-throat, bandit, spy,
Whose knife God's shrine could not retard—
With him hob-nobbing, what were I?
Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

To Poland's—to Italia's cause,
France owes a debt that blood must clear;
The cannon roars—let's on! But, pause!
Let Freedom not approach so near!
Go, bear her further—further yet—
The Turk! should we his prayer discard?
Behold! the League of Tyrants met!
Forgive a poor, old, witless Bard!

Passy, March 29.

The "Notes from the Nore" have called out the following letter:

Mr. EDITOR—

A "Kilkenny Man," who gives you his "Notes from the Nore," in last week's *News*, errs slightly in one or two particulars, amongst others in that of saying "Dr. Kelly was President of St. Kiernan's College." The late Bishop of Waterford was dead many years before the structure at present known as St. Kiernan's College was erected. Probably "Kilkenny Man" alludes to the old college of Birchfield, a few miles from the city, and the residence of one of the Smithwicks.

K. T. Buggy attended a "monster meeting" (and spoke for upwards of an hour, in your own eloquent, soul-stirring strain) in June 1843; two months later, (on the 19th August,) he breathed his last sigh, far from his home and kindred. "How vain are human hopes!"

Would "Kilkenny Man," who professes to be a "near relation" of K. T. B., inform me, a *nearer* relative, what has been done with his MSS., which were put into Dr. Cane's hands for publication, and what became of the money subscribed towards erecting a monument to him in his native city?

Yours, Mr. Editor, W. F. B.

We thoroughly agree with you, *Phelim*. We don't see the justice of the parties you mention constantly finding fault with the uniform of the 9th and 69th, and other military organizations, made up principally of Irishmen, whilst the Highland and English costumes, so conspicuously displayed in the First Division, are permitted to pass without the slightest criticism or reproof. The red coat and kilt were many a time seen making up against the top-boots and buff waistcoats—the green coat never. As for the uniform of the Volunteers of 1782, the scarlet cloth prevailed. There were a few companies, however, dressed in other colors. About half a dozen only wore green. The Blackpool Horse sported green jackets laced with gold, gold epaulettes, buff waistcoats and breeches. The Bandon Cavalry had dark olive green jackets, with crimson velvet cuffs and collar, and silver epaulettes. The Waterford Union, commanded by John Congreve, of Mount Congreve, wore pretty much the same uniform, the white buttons being the only feature in which they differed from the Bandon troopers. The Inchiquin Fusileers, commanded by the Earl of Inchiquin (Smith O'Brien's eldest brother is the present proprieter of the title) were superb in their appearance. In addition to the scarlet coat they wore in common with most other companies, they had braided wings and cocked hats with an immense plume of black feathers. These, and several other details, appear in the appendix to McNevin's History of the Volunteers.

We shall regularly send a copy of the News to any part of Ireland, on receipt of subscription at the rate of 16s. sterling per annum.

Mr. Sullivan, our California agent, desires us to state, that though we send the *News* to subscribers there, from here, at the rate of $8 per annum, he has to charge $5 to those who receive it through him.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

Maurice is informed, that under Mayor Mickle's administration, the taxation of the city amounted to $2,348,926 28. At present, the taxation exceeds $6,000,000, per annum. Mr. Mickle's mayoralty lasted from May, 1846 to '47.

Bluenose.—You're quite right. Charles Kean, the tragedian, was born in Waterford. His father happened to be playing an engagement there at the time. Young Kean was educated at Eton. His tutor was the Rev. Mr. Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Ceylon. The last time he played in Waterford, if we recollect rightly, was the Winter and Spring of 1833. The old Circus right opposite the new Fish-market, was fitted up as a theatre, and the season was brilliant and prosperous. The former theatre stood a little off Lady's lane, fronting the street leading to the main door of St. Olive's Church. Miss O'Neill, we believe, played there. It is now the Church of the Franciscan Convent. We clearly remember the time of its conversion.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1856.

OUR TRANSATLANTIC COUSINS.

John Smith is young, intelligent, thriving. His trade flourishes, his children grow up and play around his knee. Good luck attends his speculations. He will, in due course, be rich, and Mrs. and the Misses Smith will ride in their carriage, like the rest of the aristocracy, and give balls in their mansion in Fifth Avenue.

John Smith may well be proud of himself. He has won his way through many struggles, by the strength of his own hands and the sweat of his own brain; and he does, no doubt, take pride in his success. Yet, for all that, the hearts of John, and of Mrs. and the Misses Smith, swell with a grander exultation, whenever, by a lucky chance, they meet in their walks the equipage of their cousin, Mrs. Wilfred Smythe, who lives among the fashionables of Upper Tendom, and obtain, from that fair and haughty potentate, a nod of recognition, as her Car of Triumph rattles by. Honest John Smith, in fact, sets a higher value on his family connection with that superb model for the exhibition and development of Parisian millinery, than upon his own inherent worth and hard-won victories in the Battle of Life.

This is very foolish, to be sure, but yet very natural; we usually esteem what we have not, and set small store on what we have. It is a folly common to men and nations.

When Americans, in their high oratorical flights, boast of their "Transatlantic cousins"—of the "great Anglo-Saxon race, of which they are proud to be offshoots"—of "Anglo-Saxon energy," and literature and freedom, Constitution, and what not—we are reminded of honest John Smith, bowing and smirking, and taking credit to himself, because he can claim relationship with the great family of the Smythes, who keep a coach and are high and mighty.

It is just the same kind of folly—mere flunkeyism, in fact—weak and unreasonable admiration of one no better, stronger, wiser, than ourselves. On this account, we suppose, the word "Anglo-Saxon" has of late become very odious to us. When we hear it uttered, we instinctively acknowledge the presence of a bore, and resign ourself to the torture. It is a word of modern invention, and sounds scientific.

In the good old times, when England was "Merrie England," the phrase was unknown. In those dark ages, when stalwart men and buxom girls tilled her rich fields, or vied with one another in joyous dance round the village May-pole, or in athletic sports on the village green, they knew no other name for their Island than England, and no prouder title for themselves than English men and English women. The world was then stupid, unlearned, and happy, before ever steam-whistle scared the partridge in the lonely wheatfields, while yet the whirr of the spinning-wheel made pleasant music by the cottage door, and spinning-jennies were not.

But ours is an age of progress. The schoolmaster is abroad. There is diffusion of knowledge now. Political economy has demonstrated that village greens are mere waste land, and village dances and sports mere unproductive labor. Man is promoted to be the slave of Steam, and he toils, and pants, and faints, and dwindles by the side of his grim, unresting, untiring master. In the general improvement, the word English has been scientifically transmuted into "Anglo-Saxon," and America picks up the sonorous nonsense and stores it for use whenever oratory is the order of the day, and thunders of applause are in demand.

What is an Anglo-Saxon? Is there upon the earth such an animal, any more than a Hypogriff in the air, or a Sea Serpent in the waters? Ethnologists may disport themselves in the inquiry. But whether such things be or no, the American of to-day has surely no more affinity with his "Transatlantic cousins," as they are called, than he has with the Medes and Persians. There is no similarity between them. Differences of climate, soil, historical associations, and manners of life, have made them different beings, with different physical and mental attributes.

The infusion of new races has produced a new stock. Young Sam is of less girth, longer head, longer arm, more restless brain, than that brawny, massive, overfed old giant, John Bull. Young Sam is more vehement, nervous, daring and dashing. There is more of the Celt than the Saxon in him. Neither is America in the least like England. Its cities, houses, fields—its habits of life and fashions of dress are all different. Its skies are of another tint, and the sun of the West, in its setting splendor, robes its majesty in grander hues, than it wears among the English clouds and fogs.

The same language, or nearly the same, is indeed spoken here and in England, and there begins and ends the similarity. And that is not much; for even though he does talk what Shakspeare might have understood—yet, the Bowery boy, running with the machine, is no more like Bill Sykes, of old Gravel Lane, London, Costermonger, airing his pet bull-dog, than a Bengal Tiger is like a Bull of Bashan.

The animals are not homogeneous; and if they were, some eighty years ago there occurred a notable quarrel between them, and solemn renunciation of all family ties; and the "cousins" have since then mutually given and received hard knocks, as if to give unmistakeable evidence of their complete dissociation.

England and America are distinct and rival nations—not loving, but jealous and fearful of one another. Their friendship is fed on Breadstuffs, and their family tie is merely of Cotton. Cousins they will be no longer, than they can make money of one another. No love is spent or lost between them. Nay, in spite of the strongest requirements of mutual interest, they can scarce withold their hands from one another's throats.

Now, indeed, there is Peace. But an insecure and painted peace; and a time will surely come, when all the preaching of selfishness will not avail to keep that peace unbroken, for all History tells the tale of national jealousy and passion overruling the dictates of reason, and dragging into disastrous war, countries whom the manifest claims of mere selfish and material interest would have knit together in the closest ties of eternal amity.

Between England and America, causes of quarrel will never be wanting. Yesterday, it was the Enlistment difficulty. To-day, a waistcoat obnoxious to Court etiquette, supplies an offence. Tomorrow, it will be the Bay Islands, or Nicaragua. The sullen growl that now is scarce suppressed on either side of the Atlantic will, sooner or later, swell into an angry roar, and cousinship and community of language will all be forgotten.

The Anglo-Saxon Rhodomontade, that we hear so much of in America, is, therefore, mere mellifluous nonsense. But it is pernicious nonsense in many respects. It encourages in weak minds an undue reliance on English literature and its teachings, as authoritative, and not to be questioned. It inclines men to look at the great questions of the day through English eyes—to adopt English prejudices and modes of thought, to the detriment of independent judgment.

For instance, America enthusiastically buys up all Babington Macaulay writes, and most potently believes all that is set down in that eloquent Whig pamphlet, which he and his publishers denominate a History of England; and all this because "our Transatlantic cousins" are charmed with that agreeable romance.

From them, too, we have caught the Abolition fever. Because they have performed the disastrous experiment of enfranchising the negroes in Jamaica, and have ever since continued to applaud their own mischievous magnanimity, New England must needs become all African. Boston takes the word from Exeter Hall, and can scarce acknowledge any human being as "a man and a brother," unless his complexion be black as night, and his descent be traceable to a Congo prince.

Anti-slavery societies on each side of the Atlantic comfort and correspond with one another. Faneuil Hall echoes back the declamation of Exeter Hall. Meek ambassadors, in neckcloths of spotless white, traverse the ocean on their mission of fanaticism, and import fuel to swell the flame, which consumes in men's hearts the ancient pride of patriotism and devotion to this Union. There is nothing more dangerous than morbid and unreasoning Philanthropy, and nothing more easily kept alive. With just enough of generosity in it to flatter and mislead the weak, and place them out of the reach of common sense, it has none of the force of solid and genuine Humanity.

For this aberration, we have to a great extent to thank our Anglo-Saxon cousins, and their Anti-Slavery gatherings, and the Mrs. Jellybys—the old women of both sexes, who there resort. But for these, and the weak, unquestioning faith New-England sets therein, she would see that Negro-slavery in the South is a misfortune—a woful necessity, to be thought on in sorrow, not in anger—a legacy of difficulty, danger, and disease, from which it needs time, wisdom calm and deliberate, to save this nation.

So much for one of the results of our excessive reverence for our trans-Atlantic cousins, and the great Anglo-Saxon race.

Though America declared her political independence eighty years ago, the impress of the fetter still remains, and another struggle still may, perhaps, be needed, before the mind of the nation is completely enfranchised, and a native Literature, the fruit of native Thought, expresses and sustains the self-formed character of the American people.

It would be better for our friend, John Smith, to live his life through, unrecognized by his fashionable relations, than to be for one minute the imitator of their follies, and the slave of their whims.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

We publish two letters from California, just come to hand by the *George Law*. They are to us of serious importance. The writers are personally known to us. For their truthfulness, respectability, and patriotism, we hold ourselves responsible. The more we can hear upon the subject, the clearer and fairer will be the final judgment come to, respecting political affairs in California, on this side of the American continent. Our paper shall be ever open to the statements of such men as the writers of the letters we publish to-day. Honest men—honest to the backbone—gallant and intelligent—it is an honor, as it is a benefit, to hear from them, and be the medium to the public of

their independent, searching, and fearless opinion. The two letters will be found on pages 236 and 237.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE POOR.

Smith O'Brien and his comrades had not been more than a few weeks in Van Diemen's Land, before they were startled with the news that a formidable insurrection had broken out in Ireland. The Colonial papers published the rumor as it came to them. It grew to be a topic of exciting interest and discussion. Like all news at the outset, the circumstances were magnified. The police-barrack at Cappoquin, county Waterford, had been attacked by an armed party. A few shots, a short struggle, and it was over. When the smoke cleared off and lights were brought out, the stiff cold limbs of one poor fellow gave proof, that the conflict, abrupt and rapid as it was, had been fatal.

The whole affair was a mystery. Without the least notice—without a word of warning—it had burst upon that quietest and sweetest village of the Blackwater. Leaving hardly the faintest trace behind, it had passed off. The police, the priests, the magistrates were all bewildered. Sir Richard Kane, and the other nabobs of the neighborhood, recovering a little from their panic, scoured the country, and left no stone unturned in their search. Their labors ended in the arrest of fourteen young men—most of them mechanics and shop-keepers—who were brought to trial under the White-Boy Act, at the Waterford Assizes, and sentenced to be transported. One of them, John Lennan, died at Spike Island. A few were condemned to the hulks at Bermuda. The majority were sent to Australia.

The news has just reached us, that two of the number confined in Bermuda have returned home to Cappoquin. After a long and wasting agony, the dreariest drudgery, and a coerced companionship with the foulest scum of British scoundrelism, they are taken down from the rack. Sick, worn away, prematurely old, they return, it may be soon to die, in the shadow of Knockmealdown. Yet, even that will be to them a sweet happiness, and a blessing more fragrant than an offering of myrrh. Better to die, even in the summer days of life, by the fresh grand waters of the Blackwater, which Davis loved and sung of, even as no German student ever loved and praised the noble Rhine, than have pickpockets and cut-throats shrouding you in some loathsome sink, anchored in the Bermuda waters of the Damned.

Be it to their grave, or to a new lease of life, that these poor fellows now return, we could not hear of their release, without offering them our fond congratulations. They are the congratulations of a devoted brother. They come from a full heart, and are thrown out on the path of the homeward exiles with an open hand. If a true gallant spirit beat there, the bells of church and chapel should joyously ring out in Cappoquin and welcome back the generous brave boys, who clutched their pikes, and with a light step and proud heart faced death, when, at the last moment—at the moment when the sky was blackest, and Queen and Knaves had it all their own way—they were told there was still a chance for Ireland.

The story of that outbreak at Cappoquin has not yet been told. It shall be known one of these bright judgment days, the dawn of which sparkles in the West. Poltroons and rogues have sneered at it. Fastidious patriots—the aristocrats of revolution—have declined to sanction it. But it was the first, though solitary expression, of a vast organization skilfully constructed, nobly inspired, with the calmest courage and sternest fidelity sustained. The *Swift* did not transport the patriotism of the country. A very small portion was packed on board that pleasant Sloop-of-War, and consigned to Hobart Town. The young intelligent men of the country—artizans, literary men, the better circumstanced and educated of the peasantry, the young tradesmen of the Leinster and Munster towns—these remained to try another wrestle, with the veteran foe of Ireland.

The Sunday night the attack in Cappoquin took place, there was to have been a simultaneous rising in Clonmel, Dungarvan, Cork, and Carrick. The Cappoquin men stood true. They kept their oaths in the face and grip of death. One thunder peal, and all was silence. Why the other members of the glorious conspiracy held back, it is not at this moment at all necessary to inquire. Robert Emmet's plan failed to be carried out. There was a rattle of muskets and a thrusting of pikes in Thomas streets. Sagacity, science, the sacred power of oaths, every thing that was good and great, in an hour was wrecked. But a light burns on the wreck, drifting darkly there on the broad river sweeping towards eternity, and shows us still the land to which our true hearts turn, and the height on which heroism and genius should build it up anew.

As neither Emmet's name, nor the names of his faithful few, nor the lessons they left upon the scaffold and in their exile, for us to read, can never be forgotten, so too, should the names and lessons of a later period, and of a more clouded epoch, be now and for ever gratefully remembered.

Hundreds of young Irishmen, in humble social circumstances, modestly and silently dared and lost all for Ireland in 1848, and in the autumn of 1849, the period to which in these paragraphs we specially allude. Had they a carriage to lose, they would have stood high and big upon the roll of martyrs. Had they had a glittering brain or a golden mouth, their likenesses by Gluckman would have been prolifically multiplied, and their autographs courted at a premium. It is time that the Rank and File of the hard fight for Freedom should be voted their commemorative columns and crowns of laurels. It is time that when they die, the hymns of the harps in exile, and along the stream where Zion is remembered, should give their names to the whispering leaves, and the vocal woods, and the waters that for ever chaunt changefully through them, and the priests who have their altars in the groves, and the people who love to speak of the brave dead. It is time, that when, as in the case of Luke Lennon and John Donoghue, they return to the homes which with soldier's hearts they bid good-bye to—bid good-bye to, with the hope and prayer that their blood might prove of service to the country from whose holy womb they came, and be a ransom paid to Heaven for their beautiful mother's freedom—it is full time, God knows! that such men should be welcomed back with words of honor, and the glad notes of the young, and the blessings of old people, and that the remembrance of their chains and ignominies should be softened with hospitable cheer and proud welcome, and their roof-trees be wreathed with tributary roses, heart's-ease, and shamrock.

God bless! and may the People ever honor the Patriotism of the Poor!

LETTER TO JOHN MARTIN.

SOME TIME IRISH EXILE.

TUCALEECHE COVE, Tennessee, U. S., July 4th, 1856.

MY DEAR MARTIN—Most warmly I congratulate you, that your eyes have seen old Loughorn again;—but condole with you, for that you, and Smith O'Brien and Kevin O'Doherty are subjects for the clemency, the favor, even the praise, of the British government, a circumstance which, in the eyes of those who do not know you, must cast some suspicion over your characters.

This letter of congratulation and condolence I think proper to make the vehicle, also, of certain remarks which are intended for the public. The whole affair is public: our pretended crime, our pretended punishment, were public—your pretended "pardon," and my exception from it, are all public. Therefore I feel entitled to impart to the public also (if the public care) my modest sentiments upon all that.

Such publication may be construed by captious critics, as reflecting somewhat upon her Majesty the Queen of England, her crown and government. And if I were now, like poor Felix Pyat when he wrote his letter to that lady, dwelling in some of her Majesty's dominions, colonies or dependencies, undoubtedly the insolence of which I am going to be guilty, would be properly resented, and I should soon be made to feel, as Pyat and his friends were made to feel, her magnanimous vengeance. But living here, in the free Republic of America, a land which was wrested, by its right owners, out of the clutch of her Majesty's lamented grandfather, I feel myself altogether out of her power. So that she will treat my audacity with silent contempt.

The first remark is upon the exceptions from the gracious "pardon." Those who escaped to America—who "violated every tie of honor," by escaping to America—are informed that they shall have no pardon. Her Majesty and her advisers have not sufficiently adverted to the fact, that all of those who so escaped, did immediately on touching these shores, by an official act in an American Court of Justice, distinctly renounce obedience and allegiance to all Kings and Queens, and especially, by name, to her most gracious Majesty. Therefore, they are not her subjects, and *can* not be pardoned.

Moreover, her advisers are well aware (for on my behavior they have always kept a sleepless eye), that I have never ceased—in Ireland before any pretended trial, in Van Diemen's land while in the hands of her jailors, in America since my escape—never ceased to declare, to print and to publish, that she the said Queen is no Queen of mine: that she took possession of my person, and robbed my children, under a false pretence of law; and that she maintains her power over my country specifically and exactly by these several means—force, fraud, corruption, perjury and blasphemy. Therefore, even as I can never pardon her, so she can never, never, pardon me.

But further, the said advisers of her Majesty are also fully informed (for they do me the honor to read my writings) that here, in the United States, I have used all diligence to point out the real nature of the late war in Russia, with a view of preventing people in this country from so throwing away their sympathies as to waste them upon her Sacred Majesty, her cause, her disasters, or her humiliations—and perhaps that, I have even to some extent succeeded in this meritorious object. Therefore, while the Atlantic rolls, she can never pardon me.

And besides all this, her Majesty's ministers know well (for I enjoy the privilege of their distinguished attention) that I am one of those who, in America, look forward with enthusiastic pleasure, to some attempt of the British government to coerce, bully, or molest the Republic of the United States—in order that we may unfurl the banner of the Stars and Stripes on Irish ground, and try whether it will not again, as it has always done before, sweep the blood-red Cross before it into the sea. Ministers, I say, are aware of this; and therefore know that, to me, the offer of a "pardon" would be an insult, and would by me be answered with another insult. Such a reply would, I admit, be rude, ungracious, repugnant to my natural politeness: but then it would be a public duty.

Now these reasons seem tolerably sufficient for *not* extending the "pardon" to us, and perhaps especially to me. They were the true reasons:—which, of itself, put it out of the question that Lord Palmerston or Lord Clarendon should assign *them*. No British minister ever assigns the true reason for any official act:—a rule admitting of no exceptions.

And accordingly, they had to provide a false reason: no difficulty in this for the employers of Birch and the packers of the juries. So Lord Palmerston does not repeat boldly, but insinuates the old falsehood—that we broke a parole in escaping. He says we "violated every tie of honor *by flying from our punishment*." Breaking out of the hands of pirates, he calls "flying from punishment;" and assumes or suggests that any escape is in itself dishonorable—a theory which I do not remember to have met with before. But while the ancient diplomatist expresses himself thus cautiously, he wishes to be understood, and in England is understood to mean a renewal of the charge of breach of parole. He well remembers that when he ventured on the direct charge itself, some months ago, and complimented O'Brien at our expense, O'Brien flung his compliment in his teeth, and nailed his lie to the counter. So he equivocates, like an old—let me say, old diplomatist.

But I am not writing to refute the old viscount's lie—only to make some general remarks on the transaction. And it will naturally occur, even to the simple mind, that we are excepted from the pardon, not because we did, but exactly because we did not, break parole. (I am speaking of Terence MacManus, T. F. Meagher, and myself). If we had done that disgraceful deed, they could well afford to pardon us, and would fling us their pardon with contempt—deserved contempt; for in that case we would be impotent enemies to them indeed. *Because* we would not fly clandestinely, but broke from them with a high hand, therefore they cannot forgive us.

The simple mind aforesaid may marvel also to see these same Ministers who anxiously advise their Queen not to pardon men who broke their word, carrying that same poor Queen to Paris to sit at the board and clasp the hand of a man who really broke, not his word only, but his oath—and who never denies that he broke it; or to see them inviting that man, a mean murderer, perjurer and swindler, to the same unhappy Queen's house, amongst her children; and there setting her down upon her knees, before all the people, to buckle a garter round that murderer's, perjurer's, and swindler's leg.

Further, the simple mind cannot fail to have remarked, that just as her gracious Majesty's harsh doom of eternal banishment against us (on the false charge of breaking our word) reaches this side of the Atlantic, her gracious Majesty's Representative in this Republic is sent home in disgrace, a convicted liar (it is a hard saying) with whom, as being personally offensive, honorable men can no longer comfortably or safely communicate.

My last remark shall be this. Four years ago, the British Government refused to receive a petition of some Irish gentlemen for our release, because we "had expressed no contrition." Four years they waited for contrition, got none, and now discharge you three *without* contrition; discharge you impenitent and contumacious rebels; discharge you free from promise or other engagement or obligation that should prevent you from becoming, if so minded, open and active rebels again. You do not accept "pardon," but avail yourselves of the cessation of a false imprisonment to revisit the country of your birth; where you have a right to live, and from whence the Queen of England has, and had, no right to drive you away.

I intend this letter for publication; but shall not ask *you* to print it in Ireland, as I would not so soon compromise you again with your new protectors, and—forgive me—*admirers*, the British Government. Your faithful friend, JOHN MITCHEL.

THE LORETTO NUNS.

It affords us much pleasure to call attention to the establishment at Guelph, Canada, of a branch of the Loretto Nuns.

To say, that they are pupils of Mrs. Ball, Loretto House, Rathfarnham, is to point them out as *most* superior in their speciality—the education of young ladies.

We congratulate the parents of Guelph and its vicinity on their advent, while we regret the benefit was not accorded (as was first intended) to our neighbors in Brooklyn. Whenever the Superioress of the House at Guelph sees fit to carry out that long-cherished desire of hers, we offer her our most cordial support and assistance. She who was ready to devote her young life to aid the projected struggle of the loved isle of her nativity for nationality in '48, with all the fervor she has since employed in her sacred calling, deserves that, and more, at our hands.

Our best exertions are ever at her service.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

HIGH DUTCH AND IRISH GOSSIP—TWO HOURS ON THE ROAD TO NIAGARA.

The night train from Utica "brought up" at Rochester about five o'clock in the morning, and although the weather had been unusually warm and oppressive, and the month August, a very cold and cutting morning it was. Being bound for Niagara, on my way to the "Thousand Islands," on a pleasure and sketching tour, with two friends—literary and artistic—and our progress thither being brought to a stand still until seven o'clock, I took advantage of the time to stroll about the town, as much, I admit, for the purpose of keeping myself warm as of examining the locality. Neither the one nor the other of these inducements could tempt my literary friend to sympathize with my movement; the morning was too chill, and the town of Rochester too tame at that period, to afford either his visual organ or his "mind's eye" any recreation; so, stealthily bundling himself into one of the rail-cars, he closed the doors, swung a couple of seats into a suitable position, was very soon sound asleep, and if I might judge from the complexity and enthusiasm of the variations intoned by his nasal organ, was in all the rapture of a musical dream—such as, for instance, might have suggested the composing of the "Battle of Prague,"—at least that part of it in which the "volleys of musketry" mingle with, and are heard above, the clatter of the cavalry charge. My other friend, Jacob the painter, whose enthusiasm for something in the shape of effect nothing could chill, committed himself with me to the lonely pavements.

We sauntered this way and that, up this street and down the other, read the names over the stores, and reviewed the shop fronts and shutters with all the persistency of two general officers marching between the open columns of an army and inspecting their appointment, fully conscious that in a couple of hours' time the apparently immoveable and stolid mass would be raging with the heat and fever of the stormy and tempestuous Battle of Life. I will not imitate a great number of other travellers who, passing through any given or taken place, expend several chapters in recording its settlement, colonization, rise, progress, and destiny—its population and political influence—its manners, customs, chief diet, and commercial staple—its fancy stocks, and stock in trade—its births, marriages, and deaths—ts preponderance of male children over female, or *vice versa*—its probable amount of gas pipes laid down in miles—the circulation of its newspapers, or the quality of its water. I will not quote from Henry C. Carey, to prove that it needs "protection" or from Richard Cobden, to expound the blessings of "free trade," nor from Malthus, to show why its young women should not marry, nor from Joseph Smith, to show why every stage-driver should have as many wives as his fare. I will do none of these, no doubt, highly commendable things. I am not so philosophic at present, and will only say, that the most remarkable things I met were a Newfoundland dog, and a cup of tea; the former being very strong—the latter very weak—the first being made of cast iron, and found outside a hardware establishment as a sign—the second, also, a counterfeit, but found inside of a restaurant near the railway depot.

As we got back to the latter, my friend left me, and an emigrant train bound westward soon coming up, I found much occupation in making note of the picturesque crowd of fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, from the *Vaterland*, which formed its freight. As the train stopped, the windows in the long line of cars were thrown up, the doors opened, and from all proceeded such masses of round female faces, with stolid looks of fat inquiry—such fat male faces, with shaggy hair on their heads, and mute astonishment on their opening mouths—lean faces, with sunken jaws and reflective eyes—the hair on the head reduced to a mere stubble, and the lower jaw and upper lip several inches behind the profile outlined by the projecting moustache and profuse beard. And then, such a clatter and jabber poured out from the venting of female curiosity temporarily satisfied, that I almost imagined I was at the door or on the lobby of a Lowell factory, my ears surrounded with the jangle, whirr, and monotonously curious clatter of its belts, bolts, bobbins, wheels, and other machinery. Several groups of long-tailed and short-waisted coats, loose-breeched, heavily-booted, and skull-capped individuals were soon arranged in picturesque disorder along the platforms, and my eye striking on one of them, I was soon transferring some of the more prominent outlines to my Sketch-Book. I had proceeded somewhat before I noticed that a couple of persons were standing behind me, their heads bent over either shoulder, and their faces alternately looking at mine—following the direction of my eye to the group in the first instance and to the sketch in the second. On my looking at, now this side, then the other, the faces withdrew; but thinking, no doubt, some expression of feeling necessary to palliate or gratify their curiosity, the one over my right shoulder said:—

"Right clever picter, mister."

"As like as two pays," continued the one over the left.

"Jist so, like the Dutchman's figure head," returned the first.

"It's the born image of that chap's cap yondher, for all the world like an egg-saucepan, and a paque (a visor) to it as long as a handle," said the secoond.

"Say," said the first, poking his head straight over my shoulder in the direction of the group, and then over the sketch, "say, Mister, you hev too many buttons on that coat," and he turned his face up to mine with a look of triumphant inquiry.

I was about to make reply, but my friend at the left was before me.

"Whisht," said he, "don't ye think the gentleman knows how many buttons it ought to have to howld it together;" then turning to me, in a tone of congratulation he continued, "it's a complate thing, sir," and pointing his conversation again to my critic, he quickly said, "and more be token, how could it be a complate thing without all the buttons? D'ye mane to tell me it niver had any more buttons nor what's on it now? No, Sir. I see the button-holes myself on thother side, an' if there wasn't any use for them do ye think they'd be there? Hiven never opens a mouth but it purvides something to go into id. Besides," nodding at me, "he knows what he's about. It's not sich a shabby old velveteen as that, wid skirts like a flyin' jib, he'd be puttin' down in cypher widout all the buttons to make it hang dacent."

"But a picter's a picter," said the immoveable critic.

"Oh be aisy," said my defender, with a careless but self-satisfied inclination of the head.

"Say, now," cried the other, growing more eager to explain himself, "say, now, a picter is a picter, but a picter ain't a picter ef 'tain't 'zactly like the thing."

"An ain't that picthur as like that fellows face and whiskers as anything you ever see?"

"Well."

"Ov coorse 'tis very well, and ain't that windy curtain of a coat jist what it ought to be?"

"Ay, what it ought to be," quickly put in the Yankee, thinking he had fairly caught the Irishman, "but not what it *is*."

"Ha—ha—ha," laughed the other, "d'ye hear that, sir?—hear that man?—there's grammar and spellin' fur ye—the thing is'nt what it is—what else is it? It's little use in havin' free schools fur ye, if that's the binifit they are. Sure yer own raison, if ye niver took a primer in yer fist would tell ye that every single thing is exactly what it is. Ye might as well say that we ain't here, or that you arn't yerself, but that I'm you."

"I guess not," quoth the one spoken to, with a quiet grin.

"Ye may take yer oath of it, as sure as my name is Ned Kearney, and your's is ——"

"What?" said the Yankee, driving his hands far into his breeches pockets and looking drolly at the newly announced Ned.

"Is what?—is not this gentleman's to be sure."

This completely threw the Yankee off his ground, and ended the discussion about the button.

The Yankee, however, still looked at the sketch, and seeming as though he should say something, or that he took a fancy for sketching, and probably might take to that line himself, presently inquired if it was "a pleasant business?"

I informed him that it was a delightful profession!

"Make much?" was his next inquiry.

"I am not a professional artist," I replied.

"Don't folly it?"

I nodded assent to the same.

"I thought not," said he, drily, and turning to Ned Kearney—"I knew very well he wasn't an artist."

"An what are ye doing that for?" said Ned, pointing to the sketch.

"For fun," said I, "for our amusement."

"That bates Pat Falvey," said Ned, turning slowly round, while the Yankee persisted in knowing that I could'nt folly the business, or I wouldn't put a button on that Dutchman's coat for nothing.

The Emigrant train departing, I closed my book, and having still some time on hand, I interlocuted Ned Kearney in what respect either myself or my sketch beat Pat Falvey, and made other inquiry touching the individual Falvey, himself.

"Well," said Ned, "I never hear of one's doin' anything for amusement, but I think of Pat. I'm from the ould sod myself, sir, and I knew him there—knew him from the height of a stirabout-stick. He said himself that he kem into the world for fun; that he thrashed all his frins as well, and sometimes betther, nor his enemies, for amusement, and that he would shurely die wid laughther; an' shure it would split your sides betimes to look at his capers, always purvidin' he didn't first split your head for the fun o' the thing. Once he tuck an ould fighting cock belonging to the priest (Heaven rest him), and whin catechised by the ould gentleman about it, he sed he didn't mane to take it out an' out, only to make *game* of it, and the ould man, who loved a joke, forgave him. He med game o' me once too, that I remember to me cost. It was this ways. Pat and myself had been purty hard frins from our mother's knees; we were everywhere together, and grew up like two bean-stalks in the one garden a'most, an' we tuk each other's part on ivery occasion when we hadn't too much to do to take our own—now and then he tuk both his own an' mine—that was at the fair of Tralee, and was a capital thing—but I'll tell you *that*, whin I get through wid *this*. Well, luck id have it when I was risin' twenty-two I detarmined I'd get married."

"A very good determination, no doubt," said I, parenthetically.

"You're wrong there, sir; but I won't precipitate my story. As I was sayin', I determined, and I had in my eye one Winny Costigan, a young daughter of a neighbor, and I believe I heard my mother say a near relative of our own—yes, one o' the Costigans married a cousin of the Downses, which was the maiden name of my mother—well, as I was sayin', Winny Costigan was the pink o' the parish. She had an eye you could say your prayers to; it was as bright and as blue as Heaven; sometimes as calm as an evenin' in the harvest, and at other times as tricksy as the wind in the heel o' Spring; ay sir, as capersome as the "wind that shakes the barley" itself; but I'm afeerd her heart was like the young ash plant—it id bend every way—nothin' id break it, nor howld it any way. However, I got along mighty fast, and, as I thought, was cock-sure of my wife; and I thought I'd let Pat into the sayeret, as I might need his sarvice, besides he'd niver on airth forgiv' me for actin' unfriendly wid him. So, as we war coming home from market, one Sathurday night, I ups and towld him the whole story.

"An' that's what yer up to," said he, when I towld him.

"The divil a less," sez I.

"Faix an' it 'il be a long time before it's any more," sez he.

"What d'ye mane?" sez I.

"What I say," sez he.

"And what *d'ye* say," sez I.

"What put such a notion into yer head?" sez he.

"My own four bones," sez I.

"An' what made you allow thim to do any thing so comical?" sez he.

"Because I couldn't help it," sez I.

"Why didn't ye tell me afore this?" sez he.

"War-hawk," sez I; "then maybe it's coortin' her yourself, Pat, you'd be."

"An faix, between you and me, Ned, that's what I've been doing these six weeks," sez he. Well, if the airth had opened and swallyed me, or swallyed Winny and left me standing like a grave-stone over her, I couldn't hev got such a cowld all of an instant. My blood rushed up to my head, but it was as wake and as cowld as wather, and the perspiration rowled down my cheeks just like the steam on the copper bilers yondher. After that we never said a word then, but wint home. Afther supper I stole round to Costigan's. It was purty late, and the door was closed. I rapped at the kitchen—for there was a light in the windy—but I couldn't see through; for one of the little children's bibs was pinned on the inside across it. I rapped at the kitchen, and called, in a little wee voice, on Winny.

"Who's there?" said somebody, my heart would scarcely let me think who.

"Me," sez I. "Who are you?" sez I again.

"I'm meself, likewise," says he.

"What are ye there for?" sez I.

"For fun," sez he, "as the owld woman said when she galloped her cat. What are you there for?"

"For fun too," sez I.

"Aithen you'll have enough of it, may be, if ye stay there much longer," sez he; "I know you, my lad; you're Ned Kearney, and it's not becomin' o' you to be philanderin' round dacent people's kitchens at this hour." Here the light disappeared from the place.

"I know you, too," sez I.

"Faix if you don't be off quickly, or keep a civil tongue in yer head as long as ye stay there, you'll know more o' me before you know less," sez he.

"You're Pat Falvey," sez I.

"What if I am?" sez he; "but as luck would have it, I'm only his brother."

"Yer out there," sez I, "for ye can't be yerself and yer brother all at once."

"You stupid omadhawn," sez he, "aint we the one flesh and blood?"

"More's the pity for yer brother, then," sez I.

"Have ye anything to say against my brother?" sez he.

"About as much as I have to say in your favor, and that's little," sez I.

"Little or much, Pat Falvey can't stand to hear you abuse his brother," sez he; at the same time he sprang out and caught a howlt av me by the neck.

"See here," sez he; "I had lots o' your impidence coming from market, when you had the assurance to tell me you were in love wid Winny Costigan. Now I niver mind that, kase that's personal to me, and we are owld frins, but I can't let your abuse of my own born brother go wid you." An' wid that he ups and gives me a rap on the side of the head that stretched me jist like ingy-rubber.

"What did you do that for?" sez I.

"For fun," sez he. An' I was jist going in afther him when I heerd Winny tittering. That was too much for me. I couldn't bear to hear her laugh at me—I loved the thing too well. I would rather Falvey would a' killed me first. We niver became friends agin, sir—niver; for he married her in a week, and I left the place seven days afther, and came out to—hurry up, sir, there's the whistle!

"All aboard for Niagara!" cried the conductor, and I was already on the steps of the platform.

"Here, sir—here is your dutchy, sir, that jist fell out ov yer book," said Kearney, pulling me.

"Keep it, Ned—you deserve it."

"A pleasant thrip, sir," was the last I heard of the humorsome acquaintance I made while waiting for the train at Rochester.

At a late meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, the President read a paper on "The Ancient Irish Missal, formerly in the Stowe Library, and now in the collection of the Earl of Ashburnham." He showed that the silver box in which the interesting MS. is contained, was originally made about the middle of the Eleventh Century, by Donagh, King of Ireland, son of the celebrated Brian Borumba; and that it was afterwards repaired and new ornaments added, 300 years subsequently, by Philip O'Kennedy, King of Ormonde, who died 1381. Dr. Todd also showed that the MS. was one of the most venerable monuments of the Ancient Liturgy of the Irish or Scotic Church now in existence, the original MS. having been written probably in the fifth or sixth century, and subsequently added to and altered by a later hand in the beginning of the ninth century, by a writer who gives his name as Maolcaich, but who is otherwise entirely unknown.

The *Frankfurter Museum* brings a report on the publication of the posthumous works of Heinrich Heine, intermixed with capital remarks and anecdotes of the late poet. Heine's "Literary Remains" will be edited, according to his own wish, by his friend and relative Dr. Christiani—the same whom, many years ago, he celebrated in one of his most witty little poems, as the "Mirabeau der Luneburger Haide." It was always Heine's wish that his works should be published after his death, with as little alteration as possible. He himself has pointed out only three poems which are to be omitted in a future edition of his works.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

A REVERIE.

"I tell the tale as told to me."

'Twas such an eve as this; the tide was making,
The fitful ripples on the shore were breaking;
The wind stole up the glen, soft angel-voices
Spoke through the trees, and low, unearthly noises
Filled the deep gloom,
As kindred spirits sorrowing round a tomb.

The twinkling stars, from heaven shone faintly o'er me,
The moon a silvery pathway spread before me;
But deep regret disturbed my spirit's rest;
'Twas but the exile's pathway to the West,
Which I must tread, unknown,
Far from the faithful heart that beat for me alone.

A soft, white hand was laid upon my shoulder;
'Twas Mary's, and I turned me to behold her.
Large pearly tears on her long lashes glistened.
I spoke, and to my tale of love she listened,
Till my untutored lay
Chased from her eyes the dimming tears away.

Whilst to her heart in earnestness appealing,
I felt a cold—cold more than mortal—feeling,
As, pointing the moon's pathway o'er the sea,
I said, "Will Mary tread that path with me?"
Her looks had answered "Yes,"
When Fate his dark hand drew 'twixt me and bliss.

She shrieked! her heartless sire stood there before us;
His clouded brow a world of sorrow bore us.
I saw her cheek in deadly anguish shaded—
I saw her white robe flutter as she faded:
I saw her never more!
Far from that form the wild Atlantic bore.

Years passed: I there returned: the tide was making,
The ripples on the pebbled beach were breaking;
The winds sighed low, but lifted in their sighing
The grass that over Mary's grave was lying!
With a heart-broken prayer,
I buried joy and life's ambition there.

Nought recked I then the fate that brought me hither,
More than the stricken bough, storm-cast, to wither.
And many a storm, and many a dread disaster,
Laid low that land, the tenant, and the master,
And in their surges bore
That sire, a shivering suppliant, to my door.

The heart, with nought to love, knows nought worth hating;
The fire of youth was in my breast abating.
I saw that sire in death's embraces lying;
I held to his parched lips the cup, when dying,
And labored to prolong
The life of him that wrought me all this wrong.

And on such eves as this, when the tide is making,
And waves upon the shelving shore are breaking,
Hither I come, to dream of days departed—
O'er her, the faithful, fair, and broken-hearted;
And gaze across the deep blue sea,
That rolls between my Mary's grave and me.

U. S. DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

The U. S. Democratic Review for July is a more than usually well diversified number. The political articles increase in purpose with the presidential exigencies of the day, and the literary notices, of which there are several, exhibit vigor, critical acumen, and a commendable desire to be impartial. The opening article, on "The Conventions and the Candidates," pays a high tribute to the character and honesty of the men who formed the one, and the men who were selected by them for the latter positions. It embodies graphic sketches of Messrs. Buchanan and Breckinridge, "Beranger and the Second Empire." A brief and bitter article follows, introducing the brilliant stanzas we reprint elsewhere. Next we have a continuation of the "Chronicles of Persepolis," and a further instalment of three didactic (and pleasant though didactic) poems, by C. G. Rosenberg. The discussion on Webster's orthography has not ended; a June reviewer reviewed a March reviewer, and now a July reviewer, with a seasonably increased warmth, comes on the field and perspires several pages. We pity a man who writes on such a subject in these days. After a full swing at the American orthographical revolution, the editor, under the head of "The Modern Revolutionary History of Ireland," gives a very graphic and highly complimentary resumé of Mr. Savage's "'98 and '48." The reviewer regards—as far as he is able to judge—the Young Ireland party as "the only honest and patriotic party in Ireland," and commends the book as "the broadest and boldest challenge" yet published to the opposers of that party. We shall probably make further allusion to the article, and others on the same subject, when our space permits. In a paper entitled "Books and their Influences," the writer shows that in the way of originality our moderns have not much to boast of. Modern German philosophies, the writer traces to Plato, and English ditto he credits to Aristotle. Dr. Berkeley's "New Theory of Vision" is inspired by Zeno, Parmenides, &c. Hume, and Pope, and Shelley follow Epicurus, Plotinus, &c., and so on. The article in question is a clever hodge-podge or stew. It is like the witches' cauldron in Macbeth, in which there is a little of every thing under the moon. The "hell-broth" is tolerably well seasoned, and though the writer reviles all originality, he would doubtless not feel complimented if we told him that his stew was after an old fashion; therefore we will say no more about it, saving that it is tolerably tasty, if not sufficien tly well cooked.

NEW BOOKS.

Redfield has in press some new works which will be heartily welcomed. First and foremost is a volume of designs in outline by Darley, illustrating Judd's novel *Margaret.* For some time they have delighted the literary and artistic circles fortunate enough to get a glimpse of them. We have seen some of them, and think them superior to the artist's *Rip Van Winkle.* They are beautifully and delicately engraved by Konrad Huber. A translation (by Mr. T. Balch of Philadelphia) of Professor De Witt's *Life of Washington,* will also command attention, though we doubt if it will arrive at the same library standard as Washington Irving's work. De Witt is the son-in-law of M. Guizot, and has had probably the benefit of that historian's advice and reading. Redfield also has in press *The Introduction of Printing into the Middle Colonies,* which will contain much curious information relating to printers and the press in America from 1684 to 1750. It is from the industrious pen of Dr. R. W. Griswold, author of the *Poets and Poetry of America,* &c. Napier's *Peninsular War,* in 5 vols., with maps plans and portraits, will soon be issued from the press of the same publisher. With these works of varied interest on hand Redfield is not forgetful of what now may be well termed his Irish library, or gallery of Irish writers. We have lately had the fourth volume of Maginn's Miscellanies, embracing his Homeric Ballads, a fifth is in press—which we prophecy will be the most successful of the series—i. e. his capital, comical, critical and altogether brilliant papers contributed to Fraser's *Magazine.* Dr. Mackenzie, while he gracefully annotates, and graciously elucidates the text and the persons alluded to in the above, and other works—for instance Lady Morgan's national and political novels, the first of which, *The O'Briens and O'Flaherty's,* is just now breaking the shell—is not forgetful of that greater duty, which has fallen to his lot, in the collecting and editing of the *Poets and Poetry of Ireland.* Out of such materials as present themselves, it would be impossible not to make a good book, while it would require an almost "superhuman effort," to make a bad one.

The third edition of Mr. John Savage's '98 *and* '48: *The modern revolutionary history of Ireland,* will go to press next week. The text will be carefully revised, and the work otherwise improved, by the addition of a full and useful index.

William Ross Wallace is about to issue the third edition of his poems. This will be the most complete collection yet made, and will embrace a number of fine things not included in the *Meditations in America,* published some three years since. In that collection there was some of the truest poetry yet stamped with the impress of an American brain, as all who read his "Chaunt of a Soul," "Hymn to a Wind going Seaward," and the "Mounds of America," must acknowledge. The late Edgar Poe, William Cullen Bryant, John Neal, and others in the front rank of American Literature, have paid generous and hearty tribute to the genius of Mr. Wallace; and we cannot doubt but that his forthcoming book shall meet with that welcome his merits deserve. Of late we have read in the *Journal of Commerce* several characteristic productions from his pen. Among them the "Moonlight on Palestine," "Burial of Love," "The Cry of a Soul," "Resurrection Flower," "Sunless City," "Stuart Holland," ode "On the Death of Ogden Hoffman," and a "Hymn for the Fourth," are peculiarly noticeable, and will be deservedly rescued from the transitory columns of a daily journal into the more worthy form of the book. It will be recollected that Mr. Wallace some years back was excited by the wrongs and history of Ireland in a no less degree than Lord Byron was by the struggles of Greece, and Edgar Poe by the struggles of Poland. Mr. Wallace went to Ireland, and his republican speech in Conciliation Hall drew down the temporary ire of O'Connell, for which afterwards the "Liberator" made amends by an apology to the American sympathiser.

A most important work is announced. It is a history of emigration to the United States, exhibiting the number, sex, age, occupation, and country of birth of passengers arriving in the United States by sea, from foreign countries, from Sept. 30, 1819, to Dec. 31, 1855; compiled entirely from official data. The body of the work will be preceeded by a Review of the Progress and Extent of Immigration to the United States prior to 1819; and an appendix given containing the Naturalization and Passenger Laws of the United States, with extracts from the laws of the several States relative to Immigrants, the Importation of Paupers, Convicts, Lunatics, &c. This volume is compiled by William J. Bromwell, of the Department of State.

John O'Mahony's translation of Geoffry Keatinge's *History of Ireland* will, we understand, very shortly go to press. We run no risk in saying, that from the interest attaching to the original work, and the profound Gaelic knowledge of the translator, it will be one of the best books, in its way, which the Irish American public, and the Irish or American student have as yet been furnished with. We are glad to see that the publisher's announcement of the work brought an almost instantaneous list of subscribers, more we hope, than sufficient to defray the consequent expenses. It is a good omen, and only shows that readers are eager to possess themselves of the old historic and poetic memories of the Fatherland. But this is not sufficient. The translating and publishing of such a work should be made lucrative. It is the first venture of its kind, and both Mr. O'Mahony and his publisher should be encouraged to further good deeds in the same historic and antiquarian field. In Ireland, O'Donovan, Curry and others are kept with commendable devotion at the exhumation of the ancient history and poetry of the Island from the Celtic mantle which all but shrouds them from the great mass of the people. Here in America, our race has a greater number of readers than can be mustered in Ireland; our sympathies, we should hope, are not less strong—our literary desires not less worthy.

Mr. O'Mahony is not only not less efficient than those gentlemen we have such pride in naming, but his sympathies—his strong political affinities, peculiarly fit him to transfuse into the English tongue the best effusions of the heartiest Gaelic writers. Mr. Haverty will also, in the course of the next month, issue his edition of the Lives of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet.

Dix & Edwards announce as immediately forthcoming a *History of the Slavery Question from* 1787 *to the Present Day.* They promise that the work shall present a perfectly impartial view of this all-absorbing question, and serve the purpose of a political manual for men of all parties.

Clara; or Slave Life in Europe, with a Preface by Sir Archibald Alison, Bart: *Harper & Bros.*

If the expression had not been applied so often to works of an inferior order, we should call this "a most delightful book." The interest never for a moment flags; every character is so distinctly drawn, yet so necessary to all the others, that at once a vivid individuality and a harmonious unity is sustained. One grand feature of the work is, the mind is not kept stretched and strained beyond the agreeable point. There is a high-toned equability throughout. It is a common error with most novel-writers (and deemed a master stroke by young ones,) to close a chapter just as some intense mystery is going to be revealed, and begin another as foreign to the last as possible. Now this sort of thing is very well, perhaps, in some flashy novel, appearing by the weekly or monthly instalment, when there is not enough merit in the work to induce one to get the next chapters that appear, unless through a morbid desire to know if the hero really in mistake ran away with his grand-mother, or whether the young woman, left for dead at chapter one, was not alive and kicking at the opening of chapter two.

Sir Archibald Alison, in the preface, quotes a previous opinion from his "history of Europe" which gives such a correct idea of this charming book that we will take the same liberty:

"M. Haklander unites in himself several of the most striking qualities of our greatest contemparary novelists. In graphic description of character in all grades of society, and occasional pathetic power, he recals Dickens; in the evolving of the story, when to all appearance hopelessly involved, he resembles Bulwer. His most celebrated work, the '*Europäische Sclavenliven,*' is intended to exhibit a picture of all the stages of society, from the cellars through the *entresol* and the saloon to the garret, in order to prove that all classes have their own fetters, that the conventional chains of civilized life are even more galling than the rude fetters of the African, and that many a white slave would have something to envy in the lot of Uncle Tom. It it to be feared there is too much truth in this view of the effects of civilization; and in working it out, Haklander has evinced great dramatic power, and a thorough acquaintance with all the gradations of German society. His picture of the ballet-dancers, and their fearful subjection to the caprices of the public; of the ardent and impassioned Baron; of the restraints, dullness, and etiquette of the grand ducal courts, and of the licentious life of the robbers, cannot be exceeded in fidelity and force of drawing. The reputation and success of the work on the continent is unprecedented, and rivals that of Bulwer, Dickens, or Disraeli in this country, or Cooper in America."

The Old Corner Cupboard, or the Everyday Life of Everyday People. Truman & Spofford, Cincinnati.

This work does honor to the heart, as well as the head of the author, whoever that may be. We have little doubt but that a lady is responsible for the "Old Corner Cupboard," and it is clear she has lived in this world not as a mere automaton, but has thought and felt deeply and sincerely, and in a manner that too rarely finds expression. There is a kind of Margaret Fuller atmosphere through the book, if we may so express it, but more tangibility, more experience of what she felt than what she desired; and it is more truly womanly in its details. It speaks of the innermost thoughts of a noble and unselfish heart—of a life devoted to the happiness of others, without appearing as a martyr to the cause.

Gentilucci's *Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary,* of which we have received three numbers, is a very admirable specimen of typography and the illustrative art. The work itself is highly spoken of by those in whose capacity to form a just opinion on the subject we have the fullest confidence. Its devotion and enthusiasm is finely blended with the learning, as exhibited in an extensive knowledge of the fathers and Scriptural history, brought to bear on the deeply important theme. Every page is surrounded by what may be termed a modern style of illumination, of chaste design and delicate execution. The original Italian, which was published in 1848, was dedicated, by permission, to Pope Pius IX. The present translation is sanctioned by Archbishop Hughes. *James B. Kirker.*

We are grieved to be called upon to record the decease of Sir Wm. Hamilton, the distinguished Scotch metaphysician. He died of congestion of the brain. "For about twelve years," says the *Athenæum,* "he has suffered from paralysis, which did not affect his mental activity, and did not prevent, though it impeded, his exertions as a lecturer. He was educated at Oxford, and for many years held the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh. He was a descendant of one of the sternest of the heroes of Bothwell Bridge, and a Scottish herald would designate him as Sir William Hamilton, Baronet, of Preston. But to the educated world he will be known by thousands, who care nothing for his ancestry, as the most learned man of his time, and one of the most acute in the profound branch of inquiry which it was his delight to follow. * * In modern times, deep knowledge of the previous history of their pursuit has not been the characteristic of metaphysicians; certainly not of the Scotch School. And if there be any one of olden time who could compare with Sir Wm. Hamilton, it must be remembered that the learning of the departed Professor embraced all that was known to his ancient competitor, and all that has been written since. Its mass and its minuteness are beyond description; and it extended from before Aristotle down to the last German who has attempted to fathom the distinction between ego and non-ego. Men of such all-absorbing capacity generally become mere indexes; but Sir. Wm. Hamilton preserved his individuality, and was able to exhibit in his writings the freshness of an inquirer whose mind has never been satiated by borrowing knowledge."

"One is glad to know, however," observes the *Leader,* "that he has left his Lectures on Logic and Metaphysics fairly written out. When these are published, they will, perhaps, be the most perfect revelation of the man, in both his aspects—that of his colossal memory and acquaintance with the whole history of

opinion, and that of his native vigor and subtlety of speculative thought. It was the union of vast erudition with vast intellectual strength in pure speculation, that made Sir William almost unique among his British contemporaries; and it is solemnizing to think that in one brief day such a brain may cease its thinkings, and such a memory, with all that lay gathered up in it, may be extinguished from the earth."

Reminiscences of Waterford.

BY AN OLD MAN.

I was reading some of your reminiscences of Waterford the other evening, and tho' I cannot handle the "gray goose quill" as eloquently, still I can use the privilege that old age gives—I can talk of by-gone times—of the Waterford of 1806, and from that to 1816, when I left it. The old Mall, the Parade Ground, Ring Tower, the Black Arch, my "boyhood's home"—my father's Shop, at the corner of Royal Oak Lane and Barronstrand Street—the Big Chapel, where with awe and a white muslin Surplice about my shoulders I used to serve Mass. The person who kept me in the greatest dread was old Tom Sullivan, the Clerk. My old school-companion was Dominick O'Brien, now I believe a high dignitary in the Church—his father kept a Silversmith's Shop in the narrow part of Barronstrand Street, and was reputed wealthy; Dominick occupied a garret in the upper part of his father's house, which with some assistance from me was transmuted into a Chapel. The small altar was there at one end, adorned by a silver Crucifix given him by his father, the candlesticks bought at a toy shop, the little wax tapers, the paper vestments, the cruets—in short every thing that our limited pocket-money could procure to enable the place to resemble the altar which we were in the habit of assisting at. We were once in the very midst of our celebration—Dominick who was sufficiently conversant with Latin to act as Priest, and I responding as the acolyth—when the door suddenly opened and in walked Father Tom Hearn. I shall never, if I were to live to the age of Nestor, forget the smile that irradiated his benevolent contenance, as he saw us with sedate and serious air engaged in our religious exercises. Alas! these days of innocence, where are they flown? "gone with those beyond the flood." What old Shops were in Barronstrand Street in those days. Poke, the tobacconist, with the Indian Chief over his door; Dudley, the chandler, with his wooden candles; Gleeson the grocer, with his chest of tea and loaf of sugar manufactured out of good white pine; higher up—the Blue school—Mackesey's apothecary shop. By the way, I knew a son of his in Halifax, Nova Scotia, a Surgeon attached to the 62d Regiment. On the same side, my mother's cousin, Dr. Foley; still higher up, Ned Maher, who was famed for his patriotism and punch! I must turn round and go down on the Quay; I was looking into Farrel's window, the Publisher of the old Waterford *Mirror* (this was in 1814) I saw among the rest of the books displayed in the window "Waverly, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since"—who could have looked then into the future and see from that beginning such a magnificent superstructure arise? You recollect with what intuitive penetration Miss Edgworth's "aut Scotus, aut Diabolos" even then conjectured who the author was.

Among my visions in the backward vista of time, come forth honest Jack Manser, the schoolmaster of New street, with your rusty black habilimants and top-boots. Your smile and courtly bow are as distinct in my recollection as if it was only yesterday, and yet it's fifty years ago, for I first went to him in 1806. St. John's College was my next. Father Foran, Mr. Carroll, and Mr. Murphy, and Father Fitzpatrick! What a sight it was for us, boys, when assembled in the grounds to play at foot-ball, after being properly divided as competitors, to see Father Fitzpatrick advance in our midst, holding the ball in his hands, "with Cervantes serious air." Then would come the vigorous kick which would send the ball almost out of sight; the eager, upturned eyes, to see where it would descend; the moment it rebounded from the earth the battle would commence. Look out, boots and shoes, to say nothing of shins—now Dillon—look out Hayes—stop her, stop her, Meagher—by Jove, she is over the wall! Boys, what will we do now? These exclamations would rise up on every side. Where are the young hearts that beat in that play-ground now? Some in the United States and Canada, some in Australia, but the majority in their quiet graves. Go into the school-room. You see a tall figure waving its arm, gesticulating, as if preaching—it's Father Sheehan; it was his "beginning." "I knew him well, and every truant knew." I got a smart caning from him, for striking Tom Quan with a castletop on the head, in the ball-alley. What great events were passing on the Continent while we were pursuing our studies. Some of us with a Latin dictionary before us, and Cesar's Commentaries, Sallust, Cornelius Repos, or Virgil beside each other; but under the cover of the dictionary would be stuck Robinson Crusoe, Tom Jones, or Joseph Andrews. I spoke of events passing on the Continent. With what eager anxiety even among us, boys, was the great Napoleon's career commented upon; every battle he gained was a source of gratulation; any reverse a source of sorrow. Hatred of England was our predominant passion, and it was no wonder our fathers were rebels to her tyrannical misrule. June, 1815, came at length. Oh! then, indeed, were not our feelings wound up to the highest pitch. The first news—the battle of Ligny—filled us with joy, but the news of the fatal 18th damped our hopes. Grouchy's treachery—the finale—the exile to St. Helena—all was over at that time for us, boys.

The story of the old farmer in the county Kilkenny, who when he heard the news, ashamed of exhibiting such weakness before his family, going out to the potatoe-garden to weep; many and many a tear was shed when the news came to Waterford. We had some consolation, however, during the time I was at St. John's College, from 1812 to 1815, the frequent tearing down of the flag of the so called proud mistress of the ocean by the Stars and Stripes, ending with the battle of New-Orleans. Another reminiscence rises before "my mind's eye,"—Drumdowney, the haunted and deserted house—at least it was so in 1810. I said before that my father kept a public house in Barronstrand street, and one of his best customers was a country gentleman of the name of William Cody, of Gurteen, in the county Kilkenny, about three miles from Waterford. In the summer months he invariably sent his jaunting-car and horse early every Sunday morning to bring my father and mother to spend the day with his family. Now, there were three boys of us. Two should stop at home, and one go. Who was to be the boy to partake of the pleasures of the day? My father, poor dear man, to prevent any jealousy between the competitors, took three straws of unequal lengths, put them between the leaves of a book, and whoever drew the longest was to go. I do not know how it was, whether being the oldest and favorite son, or some secret signal, but I was with few exceptions the happy boy. Cody had three children, and accompanied by them, after dinner, we sallied forth to Drumdowney. The path lay through a solemn thick plantation of firs, after emerging from which the mansion appeared; the surrounding offices and stables, with the house itself, falling to decay; the garden neglected and filled with weeds; the whole bearing an air of the most profound desolation; no living being to be seen, and nothing to be heard but the hum of the bee, or the flutter of the butterfly; the lower windows of the house were boarded up, but it struck me at the time that there might be an ingress in some part; therefore, while my companions were amusing themselves playing hide and seek in some of the dilapidated stables, I proceeded to try if any of the boards that covered the windows were removed or decayed; at length I found a board that had fallen from a window of what appeared to be a pantry; the sash was fastened down, but part of it was so rotted by time that it was not a moments work to remove all obstacles to my entrance into the haunted house. The floor was covered with pieces of plaster that had fallen from the ceiling; the shelves, mouldy or worm-eaten, were filled with dishes and other utensils covered with dust; cobwebs, like curtains, festooned the corners. The door of this room was open, and I advanced along a passage to what I supposed to be the hall—for two circular stair-cases were observable—but of all the dreary dismal objects that ever yet met my view, this was the most dreary; the rays of the sun shining through the dilapidated windows, and the fan-lights over the hall-door shedding light as if mocking the silence and desolation around. I mounted one of the stair-cases, traversed several lofty rooms with old-fashioned marble mantle-pieces. The part of the house above this floor was so exposed to the weather that decay had almost completed its task; the floors were so rotten that I felt a dread creeping over me, and I was glad to descend again and join my companions.

But enough. If you will favor me so much as even to peruse these few lines, it will be a gratification to your ardent admirer and the constant reader of your valuable journal.

AN OLD MAN FROM THE URBS INTACTA.

Congressional.

Thirty-Fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

July 7.—A joint resolution appropriating $10,000 for the mail service between Charleston and Havana, during August and September, was passed. The bill providing for the improvement of the of the mouth of the Mississippi river, which was vetoed by the President, was then taken up. Mr. Slidell advocated the appropriation. Mr. Cass spoke in favor of the improvement of St. Mary's river and the St. Clair Flats, and charged the President with inconsistency with regard to his action on the subject of river and harbor improvements. On the question being taken on the Mississippi river improvement bill, it received thirty-one votes to twelve against it. The Chair decided the bill passed by a two-thirds vote; but Mr. Mason objected, and contended that the rule required the votes of two-thirds of all the members of the Senate. The decision of the Chair was sustained—thirty-four to seven. Subsequently the St. Mary's River and the St. Clair Flats bills were passed over the President's veto. The House Kansas bill was received and referred to the Committee on Territories.

July 8.—Mr. Douglas reported back from the Committee on Territories the House bill for the admission of Kansas, with an amendment striking out the preamble and all after the enacting clause, and inserting the bill passed on Thursday in the Senate. The proposition was debated by Messrs. Douglas, Collamber, Pearce, Hale and others, and various amemdments were rejected, including one to re-establish the Missouri Compromise line; when it was finally agreed to by a vote of 32 to 13.

July 9.—The Internal Improvement bills, passed over the President's vetoes, were ordered to be sent to the Secretary of State. On a motion to print twenty thousand extra copies of the Kansas bill as it passed the Senate, there was a debate lasting until 9 p.m. The discussion involved the whole Kansas matter, and was carried on with much spirit. The resolution to print was adopted, and the Senate adjourned.

July 10.—The Indian Appropriation bill, after sundry amendments, was passed. Mr. Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill to amend the Act of last Session to remodel the Diplomatic and Consular system. It was made the order for Monday the 14th. The bill to amend the Act to promote the efficiency of the Navy was taken up, and the section reviving the grade of Admiral, was striken out.

House.

July 7.—The bill providing for the settlement of the claims of Revolutionary officers and others were ordered to be engrossed. A motion to consider the Senate's resolution fixing the day of the final adjournment was negatived, the republicans voting against it in a body. The Senate's Kansas bill with the amendments offered in the House, were ordered to be printed. Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, asked leave to offer a resolution proposing a select committee to report a bill for the adjustment of the Kansas difficulties, embracing among other provisions, the restoration of the Missouri Compromise; but without further consideration of the proposition, the House adjourned.

July 8.—Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, said he had intended to call up the report of the select committee on the Sumner assault, but as Brooks' trial was progressing before the Court, he would not do so. After a debate on the enlargement of the public buildings at Milwaukie, a message was received from the Senate announcing the passage of the bills for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi, the St. Clair Flats, and the St. Mary's River, over the President's vetoes, and after a brief debate they were likewise passed by the House.

July 9—Ten thousand copies of the majority and minority reports on the Sumner outrage were ordered to be printed. The majority report proposing the expulsion of Mr. Brooks, was taken up for action. Mr. Cobb moved as a substitute, that the House had no jurisdiction. A long debate ensued.

July 10.—Mr. Ball's resolution asking for a select committee to inquire into alleged frauds in constructing public buildings, was taken up and passed. The consideration of the report of the committee on the Sumner assault was then resumed, and after an exciting and interesting debate the House adjourned without action.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, *June* 19, 1856.

Editor of the IRISH NEWS, *New-York:*

Sir,—Since I last wrote you, our city has been in a state of siege The Vigilance Committee have resolved themselves into a permanent organization, and usurped the powers of government—have set the proclamation of the Governor at defiance—have an armed body of men in their pay—are nightly breaking into houses and making arrests, trying citizens in their inquisitorial chamber, without giving them the right of calling evidence in defence, and pronouncing on them either the sentence of death, or banishment.

Such is a brief outline of the state of society here at present, and strange to say, strange as it may sound to the American ear, the *tools* employed by this self-constituted body are principally foreigners, composed in members, chiefly of French, Dutch, and Germans. The MOVING POWER were antagonistic to republican institutions, and they have subscribed liberally, either out of their own or their consignors' funds, to keep up this excitement. It will afford many of them a good opportunity to settle their accounts as was formerly done in San Francisco by a good fire. I notice that the heads of the columns marching and counter-marching through the streets, are chiefly composed of French, on whom those disorganizers rely for fight. They (the French) think it a revolution, and are really bent on fight. The chief movers are safely ensconced in a large block of buildings on Sacramento street, the front flanks of which are fortified with sand bags. They are chiefly composed of men calling themselves merchants, but are in reality, with few exceptions, a set of bankrupts. They have allied with them, also, a number of bankrupt politicians, who, for the sake of getting into office at next Fall election, would not hesitate to risk the unity of this great republic, and raise on its ruins any form of Government that would ensure to them political power.

I sincerely trust that the authorities of Washington will take immediate action in the matter. *One form* of government cannot exist there, and a self-constituted and *different one* here. An order to General Wool, commanding him to suppress this rebellion, would settle the whole matter. I trust such an order will have arrived before our streets are deluged with citizen blood. Many of the members of the Executive Committee, and those contributing to its support, are well-known friends of the allied powers of England and France. As an American citizen, I am bound to bear testimony to the fidelity of our Irish adopted citizens to the oath of allegiance they have taken to this republic. They have, with very few exceptions, avoided this illegal combination, and are now found banding themselves into volunteer companies, in compliance with the Proclamation of our Governor, J. Neely Johnson, which I here annex:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Sacramento City, Cal., June 2, 1856.

SIR—Information having been received by me, that an armed body of men is now organized in the city and county of San Francisco, in this State, in violation of law, and have resisted the due execution of the law, especially by preventing the service of a writ of *habeas corpus* duly issued, and is threatening other acts of violence and rebellion against the Constitution and laws of this State. You are therefore commanded to call upon such number as you may deem necessary of the enrolled Militia, or those subject to military duty; also, upon all of the volunteer or independent companies of the military, within the Military Division under your command, to rendezvous at such time and place within the county of San Francisco as you may deem necessary and proper to aid the civil authorities, especially the Sheriff and his deputies of said county, in enforcing the laws and rendering obedience thereto, and with such forces as you may be able to command, to aid and assist the enforcement of the laws, and the service of such legal process as may be required of you, by such officers of the law as may command your aid.

In the organization and equipment of such Militia force you will be governed by the law and regulations now in force.

Very respectly, your obedient servant,
J. NEELY JOHNSON,
Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

To WILLIAM T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding
2d Division California Militia.

III. The officers commanding the Volunteer and Independent Companies of this city, will proceed forthwith to fill their companies to the highest standard, and will report in person the strength and names of the members of their companies to Gen. W. C. Kibbe, adj. and Q. M. General, at the Recorder's Court Room, City Hall. The companies will hold themselves prepared to assemble at such place as may hereafter be indicated. All enrolled members of these companies are hereby commanded to report to their respective captains, or commanding officer, who will report the names of all who refuse to obey, with such evidence of their disobedience as will bring them within the provision of Sec. 2 of the foregoing Act of the Legislature.

IV. All citizens of San-Francisco County, between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years, not members of the regularly enrolled Volunteer or Fire Companies of the city, or not otherwise exempt from military duty, are hereby commanded to enrol themselves into companies of from fifty to one hundred men, to elect from their own number a captain, one first lieutenant, two second lieutenants, four sergeants, and four corporals; and to agree on a place of rendezvous, in case their services are called for. The captain, or other commanding officer, will prepare a

roll of the names of the members of his company with the place of rendezvous, and will deposit the same with Adj. Gen. Kibbe, at the Recorder's Court Room, City Hall. Parties refusing so to enrol themselves are brought within the provisions of Art. 20 of the act before-named. Citizens so enrolling themselves for future call are requested not to suspend their usual business, only to hold themselves prepared for service in case of further orders. Should they be called into the service of the State, arms and ammunition will be provided for them.

V. The Major-General Commanding takes this occasion to say that the troops to be organized under this call have nothing to do with the exciting issues of the past two weeks. The only question is, shall the laws of the State of California henceforth be sustained? All violence of act or language is to be deprecated, and no force or threats must be used without my orders. The good citizens of San Francisco should reflect that we all hold our lives and property of law, and that a forcible resistance of the law does not end with the case in point, but may rise up against ourselves in some other and less pleasing form, and may injure our reputation in other States, where the evils we complain of are not felt. Civil war, or the array of armed citizen against citizen, is too horrible in its consequences to be spoken of, and it is to be hoped that all good citizens will forthwith return to their business, and cease any display of force or resistance to the regular operations of our courts of law.

W. T. Sherman, Major-General.

PROCLAMATION OF THE GOVERNOR.

Executive Department,
Sacramento City, June 3d, 1856.

Whereas, satisfactory information has been received by me that combinations to resist the execution of legal process by force, exist in the County of San Francisco, in this State, and that an unlawful organization, styling themselves the Vigilance Committee, have resisted by force the execution of criminal process, and that the power of said County has been exhausted and has not been sufficient to enable the Sheriff of said County to execute such process: Now, therefore, I, J. Neely Johnson, Governor of the State of California, by virtue of the power vested in me by the Constitution and Laws thereof, do hereby declare said County of San Francisco in a state of insurrection, and I hereby order and direct all of the Volunteer Militia Companies of the County of San Francisco, also all persons subject to military duty within said county, to report themselves for duty immediately to Major Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, commanding Second Division California Militia, to serve for such term in the performance of military duty under the command of said Sherman until disbanded from service by his orders. Also, that all Volunteer Military Companies now organized, or which may be organized within the Third, Fourth and Fifth Military Divisions of this State; also, all persons subject to military duty in said Military Divisions, do hold themselves in readiness to respond to and obey the orders of the Governor of this State, or said Sherman, for the performance of military duty in such manner, and at such time and place as may be directed by the Governor of this State. I furthermore order and direct that all associations, combinations, or organizations whatsoever, existing in said county of San Francisco, or elsewhere in this State, in opposition to, or in violation of, the laws thereof, more particularly an association known as the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, do disband, and each and every individual thereof yield obedience to the Constitution and Laws of the State, the writs and processes of the Courts, and all legal orders of the officers of this State and of the county of San Francisco.

(Signed) J. NEELY JOHNSON.

In cases of civil strife, there will be always differences of opinion, consequently nearly all the Militia Companies took their sides, and the result was, the breaking up and disbanding of the majority of them. The companies that stood true to their oaths and obligations to the Constitution were—

The National Lancers, Capt. Thos. Hayes; Marion Rifles, Capt. Riggs; Continental Guard, Capt. Ferm.

Broke up but immediately re-organized in the service of the State, the San Francisco Blues, Capt. Farren.

Broke up but NOT organized, and partially joined the Vigilance Committee—

The California Guard—light artillery, Capt. T. D. Johns; Eureka Light Dragoons, Capt. J. S. Reed; City Guard, Capt. John A. Clarke; National Guard, Capt. Pollock, and only a few more remaining true to their duty; Wallace Guard, Capt. McDonald.

As a specimen of the feeling existing among those companies, I give you, subjoined, the copy of a Card issued by them:

"☞ American Theatre.

BENEFIT OF THE

INDEPENDENT NATIONAL GUARD."

"At a meeting of the National Guard held at their Armory on the evening of June 18, the following action was had:—

"Whereas, recent events, well known to all, having placed this corps in a false position before the public, therefore—

"*Resolved*, That in consequence of our Arms having been taken from us by the Adjutant-General of the State, this corps do now disband, preferring this course to that of becoming slaughterers of our fellow citizens.

"*Resolved*, That this corps do now re-organize under the name of the INDEPENDENT NATIONAL GUARD, holding ourselves subject only to such rules and regulations in sustaining the cardinal interests of the community as our best judgment may dictate, hereby repudiating all connexion with the present State authorities."

On the issue, however, of the Governor's Proclamation, there instantly sprang into existence the following companies, who have declared their determination to maintain the Laws and Constitution, at all hazards:—

The Jackson Guard, Capt. Regan; Jefferson Guard, Capt. Hanna; Munroe Guard, Capt. John A. Munroe; Constitutional Guard, Capt. Benham; Union Guard, James Herbert; Hayer Guard, Capt. Jack Hayes; a splendid company, I cannot at this moment name, under Capt. Ashe.

From the interior of the State there is daily fresh assurances of the loyalty of the great mass of the people, and their determination to sustain the unity of the Republic.

Some blame the Governor for his dilitory action, which, no doubt, gave strength to the organization of the Vigilance Committee. Others say, that notwithstanding his election by, and affiliation with the Know Nothing party of which this Vigilance Committee is chiefly composed, that he means well, and will prove true to his oath of office; but we have this fact on record, that up to the present day, June 20th, he has not made any of the resources of the State available for the support or necessary equipment of the companies who have volunteered their service.

General Wool has also added considerably to their strength, by first promising the new companies arms, and subsequently withdrawing his promise. It is said to be a political move on the part of the ambitious old General.

For the acts of the Committee I refer you to the subjoined list of their victims:

Hanged by the Vigilance Committee—James P. Casey, Charles Cora.

Arrested by force and died in prison by being bled to death—Yankee Sullivan.

Forcibly arrested and smuggled off to parts unknown—Chas. P. Duane, William Mulligan, Wm. Carr, Martin Gallagher, Woolley Kearney, Edwd. Bulger.

Ordered to leave, under the severest penalties—J. W. Bagley, James Hennessey, John Crowe, Wm. Hamilton, James Cusick, John Lawler, Terrence Kelley, *Edward McGowan, *Pete Wightman, *Jim White, *Jim Burke alias "Activity," T. B. Cunningham, Bill Lewis, Bob Lipsey, Alex Purple, Tom Mulloy, Frank Murray, Philander Brace.

The last seven are now under arrest, and it is not known what will be done with them. It is safe to predict that they will never be allowed to go at large again in California.

Those marked with stars to their names have fled into the interior, and have resolved never to submit to this arbitrary junta.

Such, sir, is a brief outline of the high-handed and lawless acts of this unconstitutional and illegal body. The accompanying files of papers will give fuller details of their outrages and lawless acts—acts that have given a blow to the prosperity of our young State, which will require years on years for her to recover from.

In conclusion, I will refer you to my two last communications predicting the decrease of commercial remittances, and the withdrawal of foreign capital sent here for investment. If you will note the remittances by the last and present steamer, you will find I was correct. Capitalists are withdrawing the money sent here for investment. The few solvent merchants make their usual remittances, or thereabouts, and many of the "great guns," who keep large establishments, will send excuses, and make their preparations for a "Finality."

Yours Truly, Humboldt.

The Commonwealth in Danger—Warning Notes from California.

San Francisco, *June* 19, 1856.

So far as my observation and information extend, I can say that I do not think there is a single man in California, whether in San Francisco or in the interior of the State, who stands in the front rank for position and intelligence—one who had a distinct and elevated position prior to his coming here—who is not decidedly opposed to this illegal and irresponsible body of people known as the Vigilance Committee, or who does not believe that their action is disgraceful to the country, and will entail upon it deep and irreparable mischief. I know that it is claimed that the wealth and intelligence, and integrity of the State, are on the side of these people. Such is not the fact. They have numbers, it is true,—in this city especially—but no one man of distinct and distinguished position, or who had a marked rank in the place from whence he came, has any affiliation whatever with the Vigilance Committee. It may be said that Balie Peyton is such a man, and that he approves of their course. Mr. Peyton has *notoriety*, I admit, but he has been an ultraist always and everywhere, and is now a popularity hunter. Besides, his hatred of Democracy knows no bounds; and if this commotion originates a new party, if only for the time being, it may enable him to get to the U. S. Senate—the darling object of his heart. He is governed by no fixed principles in his present course, but hopes to gain political preferment by it.

This whole movement is looked upon by the class of men to whom I have alluded, as without excuse and without precedent, and as calculated to destroy California in the eyes of Europe, and of all thinking men in the Atlantic States. It had its origin in the breasts of men who could scarcely comprehend the effect and operation of such a proceeding upon the vital interests of the country, and who seemed to desire an excitement of this kind, for reasons which time alone can disclose. It is believed seriously that motives of personal interest have had a large share, if not in originating, certainly in perpetuating the excitement, and that creditors abroad will ere long have a *practical realization* of the whole affair.

My impression is, that California will feel for years the blighting effects of the movement, and that its immediate and certain effects are to be a suspension of emigration to the country, and a withdrawal of much of the capital which is now invested in this city and throughout the State. Scævola.

Celebration of the Fourth by the Shamrock Benevolent Society of St. Louis.

The leading columns of the *Daily Missouri Democrat* of St Louis, 7th inst., are devoted to a happy reminiscence from the editorial pen. Of the general good will and joy inspired by the day the editor speaks in hearty terms:

All evinced (he writes,) the genuine outpouring of American feeling in behalf of American liberality, and no better proof could have been given that in America the broad badge of citizenship makes brothers of us all, than was shown by the universally responsive and harmonious celebrations to which we have adverted.

A new and splendid organ has been inaugurated in the Catholic Church of Ballyshannon, County Donegal, under the auspices of the Right Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan.

The Count Frederic de Burggraff, the French Consul in Dublin, has been decorated by the Emperor Napoleon III. with the Cross of the "Legion of Honor," as an acknowledgment of his services.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

In St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Robert Arthur Morris, solicitor, to Esther Ann, daughter of the late G. Carroll, solicitor.

In St. Mark's Church, Dublin, Thomas Sweeny, of Lower Baggot street, to Ellen, daughter of the late Edward Atkin, Captain in the 50th Queen's Own regiment, and niece of the late Lieutenant Colonel Atkin, of Leadinton, county Cork.

In St. George's Church, Dublin, John Bagwell, to Agnes Sarah, youngest daughter of Frederick Lindesay, of Loughry, county Tyrone.

In St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Thompson M'Clintock, of Hampstead Hall, in the county Derry, late Captain in the 91st regiment, to Sarah Maria, daughter of the Rev. J. O. M'Causland, incumbent of Killylea, county Armagh.

In St. George's Church, Dublin, Charles F. Phillips, of Phillipsburgh, to Caroline Jane, daughter of the late Lodge Phillips, of Lodgefield, both in the Queen's County.

At Moira, the Rev. Charles L. Grant, Wesleyan Minister, of Lower Abbey street, Dublin, to Ellen, daughter of the Rev. John Armstrong, of Moira.

Joseph England, of Ballyorban House, county Cork, to Mary, second daughter of John Lawlor, of Castle Lands, in the same county.

At Tully, county Longford, the Rev. J. Mawhinny, of Athlone, to Mary Caroline, daughter of the late Captain Thomas Walsh, of the 5th Fusiliers.

At Rossory, Enniskillen, Lieut. Thomas Carre, of the Donegal Militia, son of the Rev. H. Carre, rector of Inver, to Emma, daughter of F. Oliver, bandmaster of the same regiment.

At Lowtherstown, county Fermanagh, the Rev. J. Carey, Wesleyan Minister, to Margaret, daughter of the Rev. William Douglas, of Lowtherstown.

At Passage West, Allan Morgan, son of the Rev. Hamilton Morgan, vicar of Dysart, to susanna, daughter of John Smith, of Castle View, Passage West.

At Mohill, county Leitrim, John, son of Robert Devenish, of Rush Hill, county Roscommon, to Elizabeth Frances, daughter of the late Thomas Jones.

In Athlone, Augustus Hillier, of the War Department, to Kate, daughter of Edward Larkan, of Larkfield, county Roscommon.

At Carne, county Wexford, Joseph, son of John Sealy, of Trane, Broadway, to Margaret, daughter of John North, of New Ross.

In London, William H. Harte, of Coolowley, in the Queen's County, son of the late Charles Harte, of Tenderry, county Tipperary, to Sophia, daughter of Samuel Driver, of London.

At Chesham, the Rev. James L. Gilborne, chaplain at Pembroke dockyard, son of the late Captain Gilborne, of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, to Maria, daughter of Mark Dewsnap, of Hammersmith.

At Spratton, Northamptonshire, the Rev. Henry C. Mitchenson, of East Retford, to Emma Maria, daughter of the late Major Franklin, of the 1st Bengal Cavalry, and niece of the late Rear-Admiral Sir John Franklin.

IRISH DEATHS.

At the Presbytery, St. Francis Xavier's, Upper Gardiner street, Dublin, the Very Rev. Robert St. Leger of the Society of Jesus.

In Dublin, the Very Rev. John Armstrong, Dean of Kilfenora.

In York street, Dublin, Susan, relict of Samuel Kathrens.

In Blessington street, Dublin, George Sherrard.

In Lower Gardiner street, Dublin, Emma Elizabeth Cope, wife of David Galbraith.

At her residence, Wesley place, Dublin, Margaret, the beloved wife of Richard Cashill, aged 31 years.

In North Richmond street, Dublin, Rebecca, relict of John Young, of Castlerea, Roscommon.

At 85, Camden street, Dublin, of disease of the heart, Wm. M'Grath, late of Wenthroop street, Cork.

In Eccles street, Dublin, Nicholas Kerron.

In Dundalk, Mrs. Granby, wife of G. W. Granby, of the Theatre Royal Hawkins street.

At 144, Townsend street, Dublin, James Clarke.

At Church avenue, Irishtown, aged 68 years, Eleanor, relict of George Macklin.

At Rathgar, Maria, daughter of Richard Worthington.

At Rathmines, Mary, daughter of John Smyth, late of Prospect Lodge, Roscrea.

At 7, Flood's Buildings, North Strand, Alicia, the wife of Thomas Flood. Also Hannah Lucy O'Neill, her daughter.

At Drumdaff House, county Roscommon, George Digby.

In Athlone, aged 90 years, William Joyce.

At Chapelfield, near Coleraine, Harriet Frances, daughter of the Rev. John Long, formerly vicar of the parish of Drummaul and Randalstown.

At Castleblayney, Charles Molley, formerly of Newry.

At Tullydonoga, county Clare, Margaret, daughter of the late John Sheehan, of Creagh Castle.

In Edenderry, the Rev. James Colgan.

At Spring Hill, Carlow, Richard H. Graydon, of Ballymorris, county Wicklow.

At Warrenpoint, Robert, second son of the late John Magill, of Tullycairn, county Down.

At Passage West, Cork, Mary, relict of T. Penny, Esq., aged 80 years.

In Limerick, Eliza, widow of M. B. Ryan.

At Frankford, King's County, Bessie, daughter of the late George Purdon, formerly Surgeon of the 88th Connaught Rangers.

At Derramore, Isaac Smyth, aged 74 years.

Sarah, relict of Andrew M'Clelland, of Ballygowan House, Bainbridge.

In Belfast, Leonora, wife of Adam Hill.

In London, Lydia Elizabeth, wife of Sir Thomas D. Acland, Bart., M. P.

At the Polombier, near Tours, Major-General T. Peacock, aged 81 years.

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James Ferguson, Rec. Sec. | James Dacey, Cor. Sec.
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Buchanan and the Press.

When, says the Washington *Sentinel*, we come to speak of any of the tickets of the various branches of the opposition, in comparison with the Democratic ticket, we feel impressed with the ridiculousness of the thing. It is as "Hyperion to a satyr." The thing is absolutely funny. James Buchanan on the one side—Colonel Fremont on the other! The first burdened with honors, glowing with antecedents, and ripe with experience; the other unknown to aught but frontier fame, without antecedents, and altogether green in experience. Who can for a moment doubt the choice of the American people?

The Rome *Sentinel* says every one should vote for Mr. Buchanan, because he is a gentleman of "learning, experience, and ability."

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic Powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necessary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be ure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on he wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

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y21june

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TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each —— evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 104 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. PATRICK O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (3m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of Forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled. on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Raspberries, Cherries, Green Peas—Or any other fruit or vegetable, may be preserved in a perfectly fresh state, by the use of SPRATT'S PATENT SELF-SEALING CANS. Full directions for preserving all kinds of fruits, and vegetables accompany the Cans. Price for quarts, $2 50 per dozen; half-gallon, $3 50. N. B.—All orders, by post or otherwise, promptly delivered free of expense, to any part of the City or Brooklyn.

WELLS & PROVOST, Proprietors,
jy12 2t No. 321 Pearl street, near Franklin square.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, May 23, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,

3mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.
New-York, June 28, 1856.

Ladies going in the Country, wishing their supply of Shoes, can find Linen Gaiters at 12s. Slippers, Ties, Buskins and Toilet Slippers, from 6s. to 10s.: India Rubbers, &c., with Boys', Misses', and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds and prices, at

4t19jly J. B. MILLER & CO'S, No. 134 Canal St.

Information wanted of Patrick Ryan, late of Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, aged about 30 years, farmer, who left Limerick in the month of May, 1851, and who when last heard from was in Orange county, N. Y., but is now supposed to be living in Vandalia, Fayette county, Indiana. Any information of his whereabouts sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, New-York, will be thankfully received by his wife. jly19

Notice.—New-York and Liverpool U. S. M. S. S. Co., 56 Wall street.—New-York, May 27th, 1856.—The rate of freight by the steamers of this line from Liverpool to New-York, is reduced to four pounds per ton measurement until further notice. jly19tf E. K. COLLINS.

Sewing Machine Depot.—Sewing Machines of all kinds sold, improved and repaired, on reasonable terms, in the most substantial manner. Superior Machine Oils for sale. A large assortment of Machine Silk Twist and Needles for sale at reduces prices.

my 24, 3 mos. F. S COATES & Co., 345 Broadway, New-York.

REMOVAL.

McConville & Murphy, Importers of Wide Silks

Shawls, Vestings, and Linen Goods, have REMOVED to No. 36 LIBERTY STREET, where all orders will be punctually attended to. tf

Wanted.—Good nands to embroider on linen. Apply at GENIN'S Bazaar (under St. Nicholas Hotel,) 513 Broadway. my17 3m

Hotels.

STEVENS HOUSE.

(LATE DELMONICO'S HOTEL.

21, 23, 25, & 27 Broadway, New-York.

THE undersigned avails himself of this opportunity of informing his friends and the public that he has leased the above named house for a term of years, and has made extensive alterations and repairs, and omitted nothing that will tend to the accomodations or comfort of guests. The house having been newly furnished throughout in the most thorough and modern style, with a view to convenience and comfort, and as it will be conducted on the European plan, and with an experienced caterer, and thorough cooks, he hopes to give satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage which has never failed while in other Hotels in this city.

Catholic families and clergymen visiting New-York will find in the arrangements of this spacious establishment, elegance, convenience, and comfort, at moderate charges. JOHN O'GRADY, JR.,

3m5jly Formerly of Judson's Hotel and the Brandreth House.

NEW HOTEL.

LAFARGE HOUSE,

Broadway, New-York.

This new and beautiful First-class Hotel, is now open for the reception of guests. The location is the most pleasant part of Broadway, opposite Bond street, and in the immediate vicinity of the most fashionable places of amusement. The rooms are large and airy, and so arranged that they may be connected in suites for families, or used separately for single seasons. Th patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

3m19jly STONE & BURROUGHS, Proprietors.

JAMES McPYKE,

James McPyke respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has leased for a term of years the spacious and elegant premises 90 Prince street, three doors west of Broadway, which he will open for the reception of his old patrons, friends, and those who will honor him with their patronage on the 4th inst. The house has been newly painted and furnished in a commodious manner, for the comfort of his guests. His bar will contain the choicest and most approved brands of liquor, and his larder will always be stocked with the finest luxuries and delicacies of the season. Rooms for private parties. Families supplied with meals at all hours. 4t12jly

Business Directory.

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6¼ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments,

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durabe quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Massachusetts Advertisements.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,

Office, corner of South and Beach Streets, Boston.

THE office of this Society is open from 7 A. M., to 6 P. M., where Emigrants can apply to obtain situations for which they are fitted. Farmers, Mechanics, and others in want of labor, will apply at the office.

Orders from employers in the country, stating the services required, the wages given, and the cheapest mode of conveyance, and giving respectable reference, will meet with prompt attention.

The Society will be thankful for all circumstantial and early information of any fraud, imposition or outrage committed on emigrants, and will endeavor speedily to apply a remedy.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, ARTHUR M'AVOY, } Vice Presidents.

NICHOLAS J. BEAN, Cor. Secretary.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Secretary.
WILLIAM HICKEY, Treasurer.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

John Hughes, William Keating, Daniel O'Rourke, Thomas Hughes, Owen Lappan, J. Ryder, | P. Holly, Christopher Plunkett, Jeremiah Ford, Hugh Duffy, M. Lennon, Charlestown, James O'Brien, do., Patrick C. Boyle, Roxbury.

MICHAEL HUGHES, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the fonndation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shonlder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone; though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the pafient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opporiunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution' which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 173 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,

my31 No. 173 Bowery, New-York.

DR. B. F. ADAMS,

SURGEON DENTIST, (formerly of Barclay street,) feeling grateful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him for the last fourteen years, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken an elegant suite of rooms, at

NO. 122 CHAMBERS STREET,

(near the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Railroads,) where he may always be found, ready to perform all operations pertaining to his profession, in a manner unsurpassed, and on the most reasonable terms. Whole or part sets of incorruptible teeth inserted without pain, on gold plate or gutta percha, excelling nature in beauty and durability. No impure gold or dangerous amalgams used. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, or of adults remedied. Cleansing, extracting, &c. &c., all at reduced prices. Sets of teeth inserted on Silver or Gutta Percha, for six shillings each. Teeth examined, and advice given free of charge. Please call.

8m7jun B. F. ADAMS, 122 Chambers street, New-York.

DR. J. VOORHIES,

MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,

NO. 69 SANDS STREET,

Brooklyn.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

N. B. All chronic or nervous diseases cured by Electricity in some form. Electro Medicated Vapor Baths ready for operation. Dropsy can be cured by this treatment. Consultations free. m8jun14

WRITING INKS.

WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

Thaddeus Davids & Co.,

ap19 6m Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

Medical.

"Eye and Ear."—DOCTOR HENDERSON, Oculist and Aurist, 419 Broadway, corner of Canal street, treats all diseases of the eye and ear, without cupping, leeching, blistering or the use of calomel. Within the past two years upwards of thirty cases of blindness from inflamation have been restored to sight, to whom reference can be given, (hundreds of which can be seen in my circular,) by inclosing three postage stamps. Electro-chemical Medicated Vapor and Sulphur, hot and cold water BATHS. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings by appointment. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal st., New-York. my17 3m

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted.

H. G. LUTHER,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

No. 698 BROADWAY, Second House above Fourth st.

HAVING enjoyed an extensive practice during the last twelve years, feels confident of his ability to give perfect satisfaction to all who may honor him with their preference. He is prepared to perform all operations connected with his profession, in the most faithful manner, and in strict accordance with scientific principles, embracing all the recent improvements of the day.

References of the most respectable character given if desired. Patronage respectfully solicited.

☞ N. B. Teeth extracted without pain. my17 3m

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy. The last Unfolding of the ART of Healing. My daily practice proves that I CURE CONSUMPTION, in all its varied forms and most advanced states, as readily as any other disease. Therefore I desire to treat all Consumptives, but particularly those who have tried all other physicians without relief. Mrs. M. J. MARIN, M.D., No. 37. Lafayette place, N. Y. (First street east of Broadway, between 4th and 8th sts.) Office hours: from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for Ladies; and from 2 to 5 P. M., for Gentlemen, Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment. my31 3m

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

A REMEDY WHICH CURES IN FIVE MINUTES.—M. LEROUX'S FRENCH CHOLERA COGNAC BITTERS.—This wonderful and scientific compound is recommended by the most eminent and learned physicians of all Europe and America, and enjoys the best reputation of anything similar ever offered. It is without doubt the best, most efficient and generally acknowledged remedy against Cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, and complaints of the stomach in general. The numerous patients who have tried it according to directions, have invariably found relief in a very short time, and the best proof of it is, that since this standard remedy was introducee in the armies of the allies in the Crimea, the mortality of the soldiers from Cholera and similar diseases was reduced by over 75 per cent.; in consideration of which, the inventor was presented by the French and English governments with a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Hail! M. LEROUX, the great Chemist and inventor, by whose knowledge our armies are preserved from Cholera."

This invaluable preparation is also a remedy for biliousness, indigestion, weakness, and general derangement of the stomach. Upon being taken, it creates appetite, and prevents the heaviness attendant upon eating, by persons who are dyspeptic.

In this city, also, this remedy has been tried with the most undoubted success, and the undersigned can produce the best testimonials of our most celebrated physicians, as to its immediate and complete success, which he will be happy at any time to show to any that may wish to see them. S. STEINFELD, sole agent for the United States, No. 70 Nassau street, corner of John.

P. S.—Those not having money to pay, may call at my place from 3 to 5 P. M. and receive this remedy gratis. my17 3m

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A Retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescriptions used. Direct to

Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL,

my10 3m No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Best Hair Dye.—DR. O. M. BALLARD'S new article received the highest premium at the World's Fair and American Institute, where it was examined by the distinguished Chemists, Dr. Chilton, and Prof. John Torrey, and pronounced the best. For sale by the best Druggists. Principal office and store, 498 Broadway, New-York. my17 3m

The undersigned announces to the legitimate faculty that he has opened a store for the dispensing of pure medicines, chemicals, &c. Having obtained a knowledge of the profession in the best schools in the world, during twelve years, he will be able to compound prescriptions *precisely* as they are ordered. JOHN. C. GILES, Apothecary,

21ju3m 285 Bleecker, two doors above Barrow.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,
118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no meansinferior to their celebrated compounds, while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flavor, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation. Yours, respectfully,

ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

Mr. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

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The screw steamship Canadian arrived from Liverpool at Quebec on July 15, bringing Liverpool dates to 2nd inst. The *Niagara* arrived at Halifax (on its way to Boston) on the same day, with three days later intelligence from Europe.

Great Britain.

The "American Difficulty" continued to be the chief topic of talk. Mr. Moore had moved in the House of Commons that the conduct of her Majesty's Government, in the differences that have arisen between them and the United States, on the question of enlistment, have not entitled them to the approbation of the House. This led to a warm debate. Messrs. Brown and Ewart, of Liverpool, and Cheeham and Spooner, of Birmingham, appealed to Mr. Moore to postpone his motion, but he refused. The Attorney General defended the Government. Sir F. Thesiger supported the motion, and contended that the British agents had violated equally the law of the United States and of nations. Mr. Phillimore went for the Government. Mr. Baillie declared that England dishonored herself by attempting to seduce the citizens of the United States from their allegiance. Sir Geo. Gray asked the House if they could venture to condemn the Government after they had stopped the enlistment, even on British ground, rather than give offence to the United States. Sir J. Walsh said that by not dismissing Mr. Dallas, the British Government confessed that they had done wrong, and their defence rested upon special pleading. The debate was here adjourned, and the next evening was resumed by Mr. Milner Gibson, who complained that Lord Clarendon's conduct was insulting towards the United States, and the British people did not support their minister therein. Mr. Baxter would not censure, although there were points in Lord Clarendon's conduct that no one could defend. Mr. Peacock supported the censure. Mr. Spooner would express no opinion. Mr. Gladstone said the most blameable feature in the matter was the concealment observed toward the United States Government; for this Lord Clarendon and Mr. Crampton were equally to blame. The Solicitor-General attacked Mr. Gladstone, and also the United States Government. Sir J. Packington eulogized Mr. Gladstone. Lord Palmerston replied at length, defending his conduct and denying that deception had been practised towards the United States, or that their laws had been violated. Mr. McGregor here attempted to address the House but was coughed down. The House then divided on the motion for censure, and the Government was sustained by 194 majority.

Thus Parliament approves the course of Clarendon and Crampton. Negotiations for the settlement of the Central American difficulty were resumed on the 30th ult., and it was believed, with a favorable prospect of a successful termination.

Professor Mahan, the gentleman refused admittance to the Queen's *levee*, writes to the papers that he took every precaution respecting his costume.

In a reply to a query put by Mr. Bailie in the Commons, Lord Palmerston said it was understood that Mr. Dallas has full power to discuss with her Majesty's government the Central American question. Mr. Buchanan had no instructions whatever on this subject.

There has been an immense demand for American Securities since the political aspect of affairs between England and the United States had changed.

The Earl of Shelburne is appointed under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and will be raised to the Peerage by his present title. Sir W. Williams of Kars, will succeed him as Representative in Parliament.

Cape of Good Hope advices to April 24 bring unfavorable accounts respecting the tranquillity of the frontier. Another Caffre war seems imminent. New Zealand dates to May 3 had been received by the Ship *London*, and the colonies were progressing favorably.

The weather continued magnificent for the harvest and another fortnight of the same would secure the farmers here from all danger of a change in their prospects. The Grain Crops were all harvested and abundant. The Potato Crop will fall short in consequence of the heavy rains.

FRANCE.

Reports have been for some time current that unpleasantness existed between the courts of France and Russia, and that Count Morny's departure for St. Petersburg was delayed in consequence. As Morny was about ready to embark, the difference is probably arranged. The report of the Committee of the *Corps Legislatif*, refusing to accord to the Emperor the power of granting pensions, is published. It is respectful but firm, and is considered the severest check Napoleon has yet met from his Government.

The bill granting pensions to the Orleans Princesses was voted unanimously, although Count Montalembert wrote a strong letter against it, and the Duchess of Saxe Coburg indignantly refused the money. The juvenile Count of Paris has written a letter to M. Roger, repudiating the fusion, and saying that himself, his mother and brother do not recognize the interference of the other members of the Orleans family, and that he reserved himself for the future. The letter has made considerable sensation in Orleanist circles, and the Orleans Princes have written angry letters respecting the juvenile's interference.

Accounts of the weather and the crops throughout the country, even in the lately inundated districts, are favorable. Harvesting had commenced in the South the vineyards also look well.

RUSSIA.

An imperial ukase orders the issue of twelve millions of silver roubles. Immense preparations are making at Moscow for the Czar's coronation.

The Emperor continues his severity against defaulters and contrabandists. Letters say that the government seems inclined to modify the Customs tariff, particularly as regards its raw produce employed by foreign manufacturers.

SPAIN.

The papers give accounts of the recent riots at Badajos, Valladolid and other cities. They seem to have been of serious magnitude, and of an insurrectionary character. The high price of food was the ostensible cause of the riots, but the people really were excited by political emissaries. Numerous arrests were made, and many of the prisoners shot. Tranquility was finally restored, when the Government announced that the crops presented a good prospect, and that there was ample supply in store until the harvest set in. The export of Breadstuffs was prohibited,

It was announced that a second squadron of ships of war, with troops for disembarkation in Mexico, was ready to sail from Havana should Mexico refuse to satisfy the demands of Spain

ITALY.—Affairs in Parma were becoming worse, and insurrection was feared. The clerical journals of Turin say, that France has addressed a note to Sardinia, counselling moderation on the Italian question.

GERMANY.—The ministerial journal, the "Zeit," publishes the Customs proposition submitted by Prussia to the Zollverein. It proposes that breadstuffs, wheat, beans, peas, lentils, millet and vetches, shall be admitted at a duty of two pence halfpenny per Prussian bushel; and rye, barley, oats and buckwheat at 3s. 6d., with the provision that the Zollverein shall renounce the demand for the free entry of rye, when it shall attain the price of two dollars and a half to four dollars the Prussian bushel.

GREECE.—King Otho is in Vienna. It is rumored that a diplomatic conference will be held in London on the succession to the throne of Greece. Austria and Prussia, although not protecting powers, will be represented. The Count of Flanders is mentioned as being likely to be nominated on King Otho's death.

DENMARK correspondence states ahat Denmark has fears of renewed troubles in Schleswig-Holstein, and is taking military precautions against them. Austria and Prussia are preparing proposals on the subject to lay before the German Diet.

THE EAST.—Letters from the Crimea to June 4, mention nothing but the continued embarkation of the troops. General Rudger was dead.

The Moldo-Wallachia Commission advances but slowly, topographical difficulties completely neutralizing the intention of the treaty. Ali Pacha during his stay at Vienna succeeded in settling that the Danubian Principalities should remain separated.

General Intelligence.

The Russians are fitting out an emigrating fleet at Cronstadt for the river Amoor.

A letter from Athens, says, that during the present month a conference of the three protecting powers will be held in London to settle the affairs of Greece.

A bill has been introduced by the Government into the House of Commons to permit distillation from Rice.

The Sunday music controversy continued to expand.

Sir Colin Campbell has been entertained by the City of Glasgow.

The King of Belgium and family were visiting Queen Victoria.

The Queen and the people of London are to give the Guards from the Crimea a public reception.

Dyce Sombre's celebrated will in favor of the East India Company has been set aside and his immense fortune goes to his widow.

The prospectus of the New-Brunswick and Canada Railway and Land Company, to purchase and complete the St. Andrews and Quebe Railroad, has been issued.

It was reported that Percy Doyle, British Minister at Mexico, will be removed to Hanover.

The projected meeting between the Emperors of Austria and France is confirmed.

New docks for a steam navy are to be built at Brest.

The weather had at last become fine in Portugal, but it was feared that the crops had already suffered from too much rain. Breadstuffs had been purchased in England for Portuguese account.

A general meeting of tobacco manufacturers, from all parts of Zollverein, had assembled at Hanover. The object of their conference was to ward off the menaced increase of imported and indigenous tobacco, specially pressed by Bavaria and some other States.

The harvest throughout Prussia will be rather above than below the average.

Sweden has officially confirmed the fact that she adheres to the declaration of maratime law laid down by the Congress of Paris.

An Italian paper publishes a telegraphic report that Mr. Dallas and all his suite, attired in frock coats, demanded admission into the presence of the Queen of England, and that being refused, they went away in a flaming passion.

Amongst the marriage stipulations of Donna Amelia and Prince Adelbert of Bavaria is one to the effect that the wedding shall take place at Madrid, and another that the princess shall not be followed into Bavaria by any Spanish lady—all her present attendants being destined to leave her on the frontier.

The French Minister of War has decided that the 93,000 soldiers about to be discharged on furlough shall consist of 65,640 infantry, 13,914 cavalry, 9,552 artillery, and the rest from the engineers and the baggage train.

The King of Sardinia has sent a sum of 20,000f. from his private purse for the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in France.

Twelve boulevards are now in course of construction in Paris—the boulevard de Sebastopol, the boulevard from the Pont de l'Alma to Chaillot, the Boulevard du Nord, that parallel to the Seine, on the left bank of the river, and seven boulevards starting from the Triumphal Arch at the top of the Champs Elysees.

Count George Esterhazy, Austrian Minister to Prussia, died at Berlin on the 24th ult., of inflammation of the lungs.

The value of a cargo of silk landed at Southampton lately, from the Indian mail steamer Pera, is estimated at £250,000.

The importation of gold into France, during 1855, was 310,000,000 francs, of silver 120,000,000 francs; the exportation of gold was 162,000,000 francs, of silver 318,000,000 francs.

The new act of Parliament regarding crossed checks is now in force; a check crossed with a banker's name is payable only to or through *some* banker.

The London subscriptions for the sufferers by the inundations in France now amount to some £20,000.

Central American News.

NICARAGUA.

The intelligence brought from Nicaragua by the *Orizaba*, with dates to the 31st ult., is of a deeply important and interesting character. General Walker, after quelling an attempted insurrection by Rivas and others, was elected President, no doubt, by a tremendous majority, on the 24th instant.

Whole districts went to the polls for Gen. Walker, with only a very few opposing votes. The official returns had not been made at the last dates from Granada, but there was no doubt that Gen. Walker was elected by an overwhelming majority—the common people looking upon him as their deliverer from the oppression and injustice of the native leaders. The army has received large reinforcements, numbering now about 1,800 men and two fine artillery companies, with six field pieces.

Many of the soldiers who enlisted for a short term of service have received their discharges, taken up land, and gone to farming.

A silver mine in Chontales, owned by Major J. P. Heiss, of Washington, has been opened, and twenty tons of ore were shipped to England by the British steamer *Clyde*, which sailed from San Juan on the 6th inst. It is estimated, from primary assays made at the mine, that this ore will yield from $700 to $800 per ton.

The following extracts and documents embrace the most interesting details of late movements in the spunky Republic :—

DISSOLUTION OF THE LATE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.

From the El Nicaraguense, June 21.

Patricio Rivas and his Cabinet have deserted, bag and baggage! Last week we published from the pen of his Excellency a proclamation of the most intensely patriotic description. Three days afterwards he fled, frightened at his own guilty conscience! We breathe freer! The treason, which all expected, has transpired, and the government has no further necessity to divide its counsels with those in whom it has no confidence!

On Wednesday, the 11th day of June, General Walker left Leon, after a most affecting parting with his Excellency at the barrier. At this time Leon was guarded by native soldiers. The Americans interfered with nothing, that the city might feel perfectly safe under the guardianship of troops drawn from its own vicinity. The day after General Walker left, Colonel Escobar, commander of the native garrison, informed Colonel Bruno Natzmer that the native force was not sufficient to keep guard, and requested a detail of Americans. Compliance was signified, and an American soldier stationed at the entrance of the *Principal*, or Government House. Senor Salizar, Minister of War, thereupon mounted his horse and rode down to the barriers bareheaded, where he informed the rabble, in an official harangue, that the Americans had seized the *Principal*, and were about to murder the President and his Cabinet. In his speech he also took occasion to advise the people that the Americans were going to burn down the churches and destroy the religion of the country. A great excitement was the result, during which the President and his advisers took flight for Chinandega. The Americans in the meantime were innocent in knowledge of what was proceeding; and although they knew there was a hubbub about something, they very naturally thought it was some public day among the people, when they had a right to be excited.

Don Patricio Rivas, President of the Republic; Don Sebastian Salinas, Secretary of State; Don Maximo Jerez, Secretary of War; and Don Francisco Baca, Minister of Public Credit, all fled to Chinandega, leaving Don Fermin Ferber, the only true and loyal Democrat connected with the late administration, in this city.

From Chinandega, Don Maximo Jerez, in his capacity as Minister of War, sent word to Realejo to suspend the public work of fortifying that place, and directed that the place be dismantled of its present armament. Orders were also sent to Col. Natzmer, in command at Leon, to withdraw his sentry from the *Principal*, and allow each of the two towers of the Cathedral to be garrisoned by fifty soldiers of the country. The frontier picquets were all called in and a very general order carried out to leave the State open to the army of invasion, which was known to be advancing on Leon. The President expressed great fear of his life, and stated that the above regulations were necessary for his safety.

The order sent to Colonel Natzmer was not obeyed until it was submitted to General Walker, who immediately ordered the American commander in Leon to comply with the mandates of the Minister of War; and further, to withdraw with his whole force from that city.

At the time General Walker gave the above command, he was in Nagarote, at the head of 250 troops, marching on Leon; but after giving that order, he stopped at Managua until the Rifle Battalion, under Lieut. Colonel Anderson arrived, when he left for Granada, accompanied by the Rangers.

President Rivas and his Cabinet, with the exception of Don Fermin Ferber, are now in Leon; but the commander will have no further communication with them. They are known to have made propositions to the enemies of the country, inviting them to invade Nicaragua, and General Walker intends to leave them with their new friends.

The above is a succinct account of one of the strangest revolutions on record, and we leave the world to draw its own conclusions as to the motives that probably controlled the President in his conduct. We can only account for it on the ground of fear, both from the external enemies of the State and from the fact of an approaching election. It is well known that whenever an election has taken place in this Republic, the defeated candidate either fled or was summarily executed. It is probable his Excellency remembered this failing of the State, and knowing that an election was about to transpire in the country, he accordingly concluded to follow the example of his predecessors and save himself by flight. It is also known that while the Costa Ricans were in Rivas, and timid men doubted the result, Senor Rivas attempted to make his peace with President Mora, by submitting propositions to that gentleman.

This circumstance convinces us that the approach of an election and an invading army at the same time so frightened President Rivas that he hardly knew what he was doing; and in a moment of partial insanity and chronic deceitfulness, he left the Presidency and thus lost all hope for the future.

After the flight of the President from Leon, the people of that city became uneasy at the speech of Senor Salizar, and anxiously inquired of the Fathers of the Church if there was any truth in the statement that the Americans intended to destroy the religion of the land. The Vicar of Leon, a good and faithful man, instantly denied the calumny, and ordered all

the priests to declare on Sunday that the report was untrue. The people again became reconciled, and the revulsion sets strongly against President Rivas and his advisers.

A provisional government was immediateiy appointed for the Republic, during the interregnum between the flight of Rivas and the new election. The following formed the Executive :

President—Don Fermin Ferrer.
Secretary of State—Gen. Manuel Carrascosa.
Secretary of War—Gen. Mateo Pineda.
Secretary of Treasury—Don Manuel Loredo.

DECREE.

William Walker, *General-in-Chief of the Army of Nicaragua, considering :*

That, by the treaty of the 23d of October last, Don Patricio Rivas was named as the Provisional President of the Republic, and that the power with which he was invested was an emanation of the powers conferred upon me by the Supreme Government as Expedientary General :

That, on the Provisional President removing from the city of Granada to Leon, in March last, he delegated to me all the powers which had been intrusted to him to maintain order in the Eastern and Southern Departments of the Republic, and to guard in each against foreign invasion, proclaiming from that time martial law :

That the Provisional President appointed as Minister of Hacienda Licentiate, Don Fermin Ferrer, Commissioner in the Departments referred to, with all proper powers to aid me in my administration on suitable occasions.

That the Provisional President, Don Patricio Rivas, betraying his duties to the prejudice of the rights and well-being of the Government, has absconded to Chinandega with the object to disarm all the frontier of the West and deliver the country to the forces of Carrera, who have invaded it ; for which object he has commissioned Mr. Mariano Salizar.

That, on the 14th of this month, Mr. Rivas has issued a decree which repeals a decree which was issued four days previous, by which the people of Nicaragua are to choose a successor to him in office.

That, by the treaty of the 23d of October, it was explicitly guaranteed by the two contracting Generals that the Provisional President should maintain peace and order in the Republic, and that Don Patricio Rivas not only has endeavored to excite anarchy within, but has called the enemies without to invade the same.

In order to preserve the integrity of the Republic and the sacred duty to save the country from anarchy, and from its enemies foreign and domestic, I have deemed it proper to decree, and do

DECREE :

I. The Commissioner of the Government and Minister of the Hacienda, Don Fermin Ferrer, is appointed Provisional President of this Republic until the people shall elect a President, in obedience to the orders of the decree of the 10th inst., which is in full force and virtue.

II. In consequence, all the acts and decrees issued by order of Don Patricio Rivas, since the 12th inst., are null and void, in consequence of his desertion of all the trusts confided to him by virtue of the treaty of the 23d of October aforesaid.

III. The civil or military authorities of this Republic who lend obedience to Mr. Rivas in these matters, natives or foreigners who may render to him any kind of aid, by loans or mercantile contracts, shall be considered as traitors to the country, and punished according to martial laws.

IV. Let this be communicated to whom it may concern, and published in all the towns of this Republic.

William Walker.

Done at Granada on the 20th day of June, 1856.

Address of General Walker

TO THE PEOPLE OF NICARAGUA.

I came to Nicaragua to secure its peace and prosperity. With this view I signed the treaty of the 23d of October last, and assisted to uphold the Government organized under its provisions.

But the Government, far from aiding me to carry out the agreement of that treaty, has thrown obstacles in the way, and has ended by endeavoring to stir up civil strife within the Republic. Strange as it may appear, the late Rivas Administration has attempted to create troubles and difficulties and war between the people and the Americans they have invited hither.

It was not enough that the Americans should endure the pestilence at Granada for the purpose of consolidating the late Provisional Government, and receive no compensation for the services they rendered at the expense of so much suffering and so much death. It was not enough that they should pour out their blood at Rivas, in order to maintain the peace and honor of the State, and then have the Government refuse to provide them with the bare necessaries of life. Ingratitude was not sufficient to satisfy the craving for infamy which consumed the vitals of Government, and treason became necessary in order to furnish fresh food to the appetite for obloquy and contempt. They seek to repay their debt to the Americans by exciting the people against their benefactors.

It is thus manifest that the late Provisional Government has not only failed to fulfil its promises to the Americans, and its duties to the people, but is guilty of the enormous crime of instigating its citizens to civil war. And to aid in these objects, it has coalesced with the armed and declared enemies of the Republic—with the forces an illiterate savage attempts to pour over the plains of Nicaragua.

In addition, the Government has attempted to prclong its existence, by taking from the people the privilege of electing their own rulers. And as if farther to mark its hatred for freedom, it has banished from the State a Cuban patriot, who, despairing for the present of his own country, has sought in this land the honor of using his sword in defence of liberty and progress.

With such accumulated crimes—conspiring against the very people it was bound to protect—the late Provisional Government is no longer worthy of existence. In the name of the people I have, therefore, declared its dissolution, and have organized a Provisional Government until the nation exercises its natural right of electing its own rulers.

William Walker.

Granada, June 20, 1856.

Address of Gen. Walker

TO THE ARMY.

Soldiers! Since you have been in Nicaragua, you have endured privations and passed through dangers, not only without murmurs, but even with cheerfulness. Veterans might be proud of the prowess you have exhibited; and patriots fighting for homes and firesides have seldom shown more self-denial than you have in the service of a foreign Government; and you have done all without having as yet received any compensation for what you have undergone.

It is true that the country has just emerged from a disastrous civil war, and therefore we did not expect to pay promptly the obligations it contracted; but we had a right to expect, at least, gratitude for our services. Far from receiving even this reward, the late Provisional Government has attempted to excite the prejudices of the people against their benefactors.

A Government thus bankrupt in credit, faith and honor, has no title to the confidence or respect of brave soldiers. Duty to ourselves as well as to the nation requires us to construct a new Administration, which will more faithfully execute the object of its creation. I have, therefore, organized a new Provisional Government, until the people can select their own rulers, when, it is to be hoped, we will have an Administration more mindful of its duties and more jealous of the honor of the State.

William Walker.

Granada, June 20, 1856.

GUATEMALA AND SAN SALVADOR ON THE MARCH.

By advices from Guatemala and San Salvador to the 5th inst., says *El Nicaraguense*, of the 31st ult., we are in possession of the the fact that, without any official declaration of war, the governments of these two States had combined in a hostile league against this Republic, and the vanguard of an invading force was already in the field and on the road hither. From Leon, the present seat of government, we have the official proclamation of this government, directed against Guatemala, that unless that State recognised the existing government of Nicaragua, this Republic would be forced to the extremity of a declaration of war, to vindicate its honor. Thus both States have assumed an attitude of hostility ; and already the anxiety consequent on a condition of war agitates the people's minds.

It is useless to comment on the wrong and folly of the movement thus initiated by the illiterate tyrant who holds the reins of power in Guatemala. Carrera is the front of this offence ; and by the time he has finished with it, there is a strong probability he will discredit the strength of his brutal despotism over the hearts and properties of the people whose power he has usurped and abused for twelve long years.

We have no positive advices as to the proceedings of the army of invasion further than that on the 5th of May one thousand men left the city of Guatemala, as the vanguard of the invading army. This force was to march into San Salvador, where it would be joined by the forces of that Republic, and thus augmented, march on to Leon. An army of reserve was to be sent from Guatemala, probably under the command of Carrera himself. The vanguard as detailed by both States, was to consist of two thousand men, and the actual army of three thousand more.

This was the plan of the campaign, but unfortunately for the enterprise, on the arrival of the vanguard at San Miguel, out of the thousand men with which he started, only four hundred men stood by the expedition, the balance making it convenient to have private business in the mountains. In San Miguel, of the first two hundred volunteers pressed into the service, over one hundred deserted ; and when Gen. Mora, the President of the Republic, made an exciting speech to the citizens and soldiers, the majority expressed their sympathies for the old Democratic principle by crying "Vive General Walker!" All these mentioned circumstances reduce the aspect of the Northern invasion to a shadow of strength ; and if anybody is frightened, it must be somebody whose cowardice is a settled disease.

By way of information we may state that the Northern Departments of this Republic are well defended. The last eight months have been devoted to fortifying Leon, and that city is now in a condition to withstand any force the Northern States may send against it. Realjo is also well fortified ; and when the rifle battalion is safe within the walls of the former city, we may content ourselves with the satisfactory belief that the country is safe! The General and his staff, together with the rifles, will start to-day for the North ; and if Carrera wishes to see a free fight he had better come down.

Costa Rica.

We have dates from Costa Rica to June 12. The cholera was fast disappearing from the country.

A very strong revolution had broken out against the Government, and there appeared a probability that President Mora would be taken out and shot by the insurgents. The revolution has been brought about by a party of the Costa Ricans who were opposed to the invasion of Nicaragua by the Mora army. Business was entirely at a stand still at Punta Arenas, provisions scarce and high, and the prospects very poor. A British vessel of war is in port.

Panama.

The United States Commissioner, Amos B. Corwine, Esq., is almost through with his labors. The Panama *Star and Herald* says, that after the most scrutinizing investigation and unremitting exertions, he has placed himself in possession of such an amount of evidence respecting the outrages committed on our countrymen here on the 15th April last, as proves most fully that the natives and authorities of this place are alone to blame for that horrible massacre. Mr. Corwine will probably proceed to Washington by the next or succeeding steamer.

Further disturbances have taken place, an account of which may be abridged as follows, from a Panama letter, dated May 29th :

On the evening of the 21st instant a report got started in town that the Sierra Nevada had arrived in the Bay of Panama, and had on board five hundred and fifty fillibusters ; in a few moments eight hundred armed negroes were at the call of the Governor Fabrega, to pitch into them and the Americans generally. The Plaza Santa Anna (the rendezvous of the negroes who murdered and robbed the Americans on the nignt of April 15) was covered with negroes anxious for an excuse to pitch into the few Americans in Panama and rob them before assistance could be rendered from the St. Mary's. Fortunately we had a few Americans who had some influence over the natives, and through their exertions a repetition of the massacre of April 15 was prevented. Things were quieted down the next day by an article in the *Star and Herald*, which stated that the St. Mary's would not allow fillibusters to land, and so we kept quiet until Sunday.

On Sunday morning, a crowd of sailors and firemen (discharged by Consul Ward from the Uncle Sam) were going through the streets creating a great disturbance, and exciting the natives. About nine o'clock one of the coal-passers (very drunk) of the Cortes went into a drinking-house on Main-street, and called for a "cock-tail," which the bar-keeper refused to give him, seeing that he was drunk, upon which the coal-passer pulled out a Colt's revolver and snapped three barrels at the bar-keeper. Just as he let his hand drop down, the pistol went off, and the ball went through the floor.

In a moment the streets of Panama were crowded with natives, "armed for the strife," a report having got in circulation that an American had shot a native. The coal-passer ran for the Plaza, pistol in hand, and bidding the police defiance. The French Consul, anxious to quiet the excitement, ran in to close with him, and after a severe struggle, in which the coal-passer shot off his pistol at the Consul, he succeeded in throwing down the drunken fellow and taking away his pistol ; he was then arrested and locked up. The excitement was so great that the American Consul threw up three rockets, the signal for the St. Mary's to land her marines, and in twelve minutes Captain Bailey had his boats, armed and manned, at the beach—ready to protect the lives of the Americans ; the troops, however, did not land ; and after the excitement wore off, Captain Bailey returned to his ship. Thus passed Sunday night.

On Monday, all day, things were quiet, although every American in Panama was aware that there was an organized troop of eight hundred natives, well armed and having plenty of ammunition, outside the walls, in the "Cienega," around the Plaza de Santa Anna and the Plaza de San Jose.

City News.

Mystery and Murder in Broadway.

Bartholomew Burke, porter at Mr. Joyce's tailoring establishment in Broadway, at the corner of White street, was found murdered and mangled on the morning of the 18th inst. The circumstances created a deep excitement.

The building No. 378 Broadway, corner of White street, in which the murder was committed, is three stories in height. In the basement Mr. Klawder keeps a saloon. The first floor is occupied as a saddlery and harness shop, the second floor by Mr. Samuel Joyce as a tailoring establishment, and the third floor by Mr. Cevallo as a residence.

Burke, in the employ of Mr. Joyce, slept in the store every night as a watchman. His bed, a cot, was situated in the rear of the store behind the cutting-board.

On Thursday evening (17th) the store was closed, the proprietors, salesmen, &c., went away, and Burke was left behind, as usual. He was perfectly sober.

The next morning, Mr. Watson, Mr. Joyce's foreman, was the first person to arrive at the store. Finding the door locked he knocked several times, and receiving no answer, had the door locks picked. When he entered he beheld a shocking sight. Blood was thickly besprinkled on the floor, cutting-board, and on the cot in which Burke slept. Everything in the room seemed displaced, and betokened a dreadful and bloody struggle. A sword-sheath lay on the bed, half hid among the clothes, and about twenty feet distant lay a naked sword, while a flat or pressing iron, a hammer, and other blunt instruments were scattered around, besmeared with blood.

The deceased, without any clothing except a linen shirt, lay in a cramped up position in a corner formed by a set of bureau drawers and the side wall of the building. The legs, arms, and in fact the entire body was covered with blood. The hands were closed, as if death had not taken place without some violent struggle. The throat was cut in a most shocking manner. The gash inflicted must have been at least six inches in length and about an inch and a half in depth. The flesh over the left collar bone and in close proximity to the neck was cut in several places with some sharp instrument. The wounds appeared to have been inflicted with a razor. Across the entire forehead, about three or four inches above the eyes, was a fracture of the skull, produced by the edge of some sharp instrument ; as the "goose" was covered with blood, the presumption is, that the blow upon the skull was given with this iron.

The face of the deceased was somewhat contorted, but, strange to say, there was a smile, as it were, upon the ghastly countenance of the murdered man. It is quite evident that the death struggle took place here, for everything betokens the presence of violence. The left hand of the deceased was cut in different places with a knife, showing conclusively that he made a desperate effort to preserve his life, but, unhappily, without effect.

The family of Mr. Cevallo, although occupying the floor directly above the one where the murder was committed, knew nothing of the affair till the morning.

Burke was unmarried, a native of Ireland, aged 35, and had a steady and temperate character. He had been for ten years in the employ of Mr. Joyce, by whom he was well liked. Furthermore, he was economical, and had over $900 in the Seamen's and Chambers street Savings Banks. His book on the former Bank was in that institution to be examined and arranged. The one on the Seamen's Bank was in his trunk, and was taken away by the murderer. He was also in the habit of keeping in the same trunk more or less money to meet any sudden calls. The trunk was emptied of everything valuable. These things would seem to indicate that the deed was done in part for the sake of plunder.

On the Coroner's inquest, Honora Leahy, servant to Mr. Cevallo, deposed to having seen, about half-past 9 o'clock, a short man in a drab coat and straw hat give three knocks at Burke's door ; she thought the man was the same with whom Burke spent 4th of July.

Ellen Pollman, who was sitting opposite the windows fronting White street, "saw two men sitting in Mr. Joyce's room ; deceased was the left hand side of the window, with a glass of beer in his hands ; Burke had told her "he had angry words with a boarder."

William Mars, barkeeper in Klawder's saloon, deposed as follows :—About eleven oclock a man came into the bar ; he was about (?) feet high, rather stout, a red face, red whiskers, which did not reach near the ears ; he wore a light-colored coat and a straw or Kossuth hat ; he asked did I trust ; I told him not ; gave him a drink, and he came back and paid ; he then said, "treat me now ;" told him I never treated behind the bar, only when I was out of the house ; he then said, "give me some ham ;" I told him to take some, which he did, and he then took the knife with him ; if I saw the man I would be able to recognize him.

The witness then gave a description of the knife taken by the unknown man. It was a large cheese knife.

American News.

Dreadful Disaster!

A CATHOLIC SCHOOL EXCURSION WRECKED.

A terrible affair occurred on the morning of the 17th inst., on the Northern Pennsylvania Railroad, a short distance from Philadelphia, by which from thirty to forty lives were lost.

It is sickening and terrifying to read the horrible particulars of this most lamentable event; and the horror it excites is heightened by the thought that all this suffering and wretchedness, all the precious lives that have been sacrificed and the wounds that have been inflicted, were the result of the most reckless carelessness, the most criminal want of ordinary caution on the part of the officials to whose care the lives of so many human beings were entrusted. Early on the morning alluded to, there went off a happy and cheerful company, composed chiefly of little children, who had with them their parents, pastors and teachers, to spend the day in the innocent pleasures of a pic-nic. They were the children of a Roman Catholic Sunday School, and, altogether, numbered Eleven Hundred persons! Their destination was but a short distance from their homes—only fourteen miles—and yet this great cargo of human beings were sent off upon a railroad without the slightest precaution having been taken to guard against accidents; and scarcely had the train been got under way, when there came dashing along at a fearful speed, another train, from an opposite direction. The collision was terrible beyond the power of language to describe. In an instant the ground was spread with desolation. More than a hundred human beings lay crushed, bleeding, burning, dead, mutilated and dying, and the happy holiday party was converted into the most distressed assemblage that the sun ever shone upon.

The down train escaped without serious damage, but the scene presented by the excursion train was fearful. The three forward cars of the train were crushed completely to pieces, and the wreck, mingling with that of the locomotive took fire, and the flames communicated to the other cars of the train. The two next cars after the three that were wrecked outright took fire, and were entirely consumed.

The inmates of the three forward cars were completely mixed up with the wreck, and a large number of them were killed outright. There were probably fifty persons in each of the three cars, and the lowest estimate we heard, fix the number of killed at fifty, while it was feared the dread aggregate would reach *one hundred*.

LIST OF WOUNDED.

John Divine, cut in the head.
Barney Green, right leg cut off.
James McDonough, right arm cut off.
John Ryan, both legs cut off.
John Kelly, hand badly cut.
John Branker, right leg broken.
James Mahony, left foot crushed.
Aaron E. Hallowell, slightly bruised.
Bernard Ronahan, both legs cut off.
Joseph Edwards, the baggage-master of the down train, leg broken.
Bernard Masterson, his head and legs crushed badly—cannot survive.
Peter Curran, 14 years, left foot crushed.
Patrick Hickey, skull fractured.
Peter Harvy, engineer of up train, dreadfully crushed—not expected to live.
David F. Kelly, ear cut off and head bruised.
Albert Hopple, conductor of up train, badly injured.
Aaron Jacoby, head bruised and ribs broken.
James Conlin, head dreadfully lacerated and both legs broken.
Thomas Kelly, 10 years of age, leg broken.
Bridget Quinn, head dreadfully cut.
David Marlow, 12 years of age, cut about the head and limbs crushed.
Michael Bedford, badly burned about the legs and head. Not expected to recover.
James Mahoney cut over the eyes and legs crushed.
Timothy O'Leary, legs badly injured.
Margaret Quin, 15 years of age, cut about the head.
Elizabeth Gun, cut severely about the head.
Patrick McIntyre, badly cut about the head.
John Day, 7 years of age, right ancle sprained.
Mary Dougherty, badly cut about the head.
John Mahony, leg broken.
Wm. Street, both legs broken.
David Foley, cut about the body.
Michael O'Brien, legs crushed, and sides and back dreadfully injured.
James Bradley, ankle sprained.
James Early, one leg broken and seriously injured.
Mary McAleer, both legs horribly crushed. She cannot survive.
Julia Streehan, badly bruised and somewhat cut.
Charles Sheick, 15 years, leg injured.
Catherine Neelis, bruised about the head.
Francis Sharp, crushed about the stomach and legs. Fatally injured.
Wm. McQuigan, both feet crushed, and badly bruised about the head and body.
Alexander Allen, legs broke and cut about the head.
Agnes Donovan, left arm broken and back bruised.
Catharine Donovan, back badly bruised.
Casey Craner, badly bruised.
John McClaren, badly bruised about the breast, and ribs broken.
John Campbell, badly cut about the head.
John Bagens, fireman of the up train, awfully cut and bruised.
John Ryans, both legs broken, cannot recover.
Elizabeth Corr, 12 years, cut about the head.
Mary Ann, hand crushed, head badly cut.
William Dugan, dreadfully cut and bruised about the back.
Daniel Dugan, 18 years of age, right leg broken and left leg crushed.
Francis Fluery, right leg and left collar bone broken.
John Callohan, back supposed to be broken and legs bruised.
Henry O'Brien, both legs broken, and dangerously injured.
Ellen McElroy, right leg broken.
Catherine Cokely, badly cut about the head and arms; legs dreadfully bruised.
Michael Cokely (six years), cut over the eye.
Michael Cokely, dreadfully bruised.
Jane Devlin, cut very badly and leg burned.
Anne McGurke, right foot dreadfully crushed.
Mary O'Daniel, back and hip bruised.

THE DEAD.

1. Hugh Campbell, residing in Jefferson street, between Cadwallader and Washington, aged fifteen.
2. Mary Kelly, residing in Charlotte street, burned up in the cars.
3. James McIntyre, sixteen years of age, dead; residing in Washington street, above Jefferson.
4. Mr. ——, unknown white man, burned up; nothing left but a few bones and his shoes.
5. Mrs. ——, unknown white woman, dreadfully mangled.
6. Miss ——, unknown white girl, dressed in white, head crushed.
7. John Duggan, residing in Master street, below Germantown road.
8. —— ——. unknown white man, head crushed.
9. John Rivers, dead. Resided in Cadwalader street, second door below Oxford.
10. James Hickey, dead. Resided corner of Philip and Jefferson streets.
11. Rev. Daniel Sheridan of St. Michael's Church, dead. Resided in Second street, above Master. He was crushed in a dreadful manner between two cars.
12. William Barnard, residing in Cadwalader street, near Master. Was burned up before he could be rescued.
13. Henry Harris, engineer, aged 21 years, died on the way to the cars; his injuries were of a dreadful character.
14. John Dutson, resided near Frankfort road and Washington avenue. Employed in a machine-shop.
15. James Rey, residing in Cadwallader street below Oxford. Body dreadfully crushed.
28. Eleven bodies of men and women and two children were burned to death in one car. The names are unknown. They were caught under the side of one of the cars and *roasted alive!* When we saw the remains they presented a horrid spectacle.
33. The mutilated remains of four men and women and a child were dug from beneath the engine and tender.
34. The remains of a small child were found under the ruins of the engine, in the ash-pan.
40. The remains of six other bodies were raked out of the ashes and placed on the grass opposite to where the accident happened.

These numbers will probably be increased, as some of the wounded will probably die, and there are some whose injuries are not known.

A further dispatch gives the following as the names, as far as can be obtained, of the sufferers:

Daniel Sheridan (body not recovered); Henry Harrison, engineer of the up train; Hugh Campbell, Mary Kelly, James McIntire, John Dogan, Edward Hall, John Rivers, Jas. Hickey, Wm. Barnard, Henry Harris, Mary McDrain, Catherine McGurk, Ellen Clark, Catherine McGurgan, Kate McGirr, John Brady, Margaret Meany, John McGuire, Jas. Carney.

In addition to these, seventeen bodies were counted beneath the ruins of the cars, mostly consumed. Eleven men and women and two children were consumed in one car. The total killed is thirty-nine, and wounded, sixty-nine.

SUICIDE OF THE CONDUCTOR.

Wm. Van Slavren, the Conductor of the down train, has committed suicide by taking arsenic. Wm. Lee, the Engineer of the same train has been arrested and committed for examination. The evening train (17th inst.) brought down four bodies burned to a crisp. They were those of John Dillon, two brothers named Boyce, and one unknown. All the human remains were gathered up, and brought to the city. Twenty-seven bodies have not been recognised, and they are so badly burned, it is feared they never can be.

Another Calamity.

We learn from Buffalo that on the same morning as the above took place the steamer Northern Indiana took fire about 11 o'clock, while on her voyage to Toledo, and burned to the water's edge. Thirty to forty of the passengers are reported as being lost.

Captain Pheatt, commander of the Northern Indiana, was not on board of her, being sick and confined to his room in Buffalo. W. H. Wetmore, first officer; A. Dolendon, second; C. E. Marsh, clerk, J. Godwin, steward; Frank and John Farrar, first and second engineers; Philip Houghton, third engineer; and 38 others of the crew were saved.

There were 15 or 20 missing who were known to be on board, but it is supposed they were saved by the propeller Republic and a schooner that assisted in picking up the passengers. A committee appointed for the purpose collected from the passengers of the Mississippi between $200 and $300 in aid of the sufferers.

A native of the Rhineland and a son of *la belle* France met at "the Oaks" lately, says the New Orleans *Delta*, to settle a difficulty which had its origin in a transaction connected with "filthy lucre," according to the laws of honor. The weapons used were smallswords. The only damage done was a slight wound received by one of the parties. That the result was not more serious, we are credibly informed, isn't to be wondered at, as a strong objection on the part of the duellists to closing in "deadly strife" was plainly observable. We are told that an officer of the law came upon the ground as the combatants fronted each other, but at a very respectable distance. He retired upon receiving a kind of assurance that matters would be arranged amicably; but it was used probably as a *ruse*, for the belligerents again faced each other, and got near enough to see the whites of each other's eyes. After a few passes, blood was drawn, and the gentlemen retired well satisfied.

Joseph Williams, a slave at Mobile, escaped in the brig *Growler*, which arrived at Boston on the 16th inst. The Captain, on entering the harbor, attempted to secure him for the purpose of taking him back, but Williams jumped overboard and was picked up by a boat, and the Vigilance Committee being immediately notified, a writ of *habeus corpus* was issued. He was brought before Judge Metcalf, of the Supreme Court, at 3 o'clock, and no one appearing as a claimant against him, he was told to go free. An outburst of applause greeted this order, which the officers and Court in vain tried to check. In the meantime the colored man was seized by his friends and hurried out of the court-room, taken to the house of a colored citizen, and thence put on board the first train of cars for Canada. The affair caused great excitement.

Mr. Hadscom, the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, was assaulted on the evening of the 16th, by Capt. Pate, for a refusal to retract a statement made by him, that the latter showed the white feather in surrendering his Missouri company of 25 men to 15 Free State men in Kansas.

The schooner *South Shore*, Capt. Edward Otis, arrived at this port from Cape Breton last night, says the Boston *Transcript* of the 12th, having on board many memorable instruments of war, and other articles, buried in the deep at the capture of Louisburg by the English in 1745. At that time five French armed vessels were sunk, and since, several attempts more or less successful have been made to recover ordnance, balls, &c., which were then engulfed. The crew of the *South Shore* have obtained 18 iron cannon, some of them of large calibre, and one reaching the weight of 9,200lbs. The ordnance, remaining in the water for more than a century, is covered with rust, and has no legible marks to stamp it as once belonging to Louis XV. Besides the cannon, a variety of shot of different sizes, iron knees, pieces of cable, rope-yarn, and mementoes of the French defeat, of divers shapes, were also secured, all possessing a peculiar interest, as recalling that interesting ante-revolutionary era when our fathers acquired the discipline which enabled them subsequently to cast off British thraldom. The value of the material raised from the French wrecks is estimated at $2,500. The company, consisting of five men, have been absent only two months and a half, and as they chartered the *South Shore* on their own account, will reap a profitable reward for their toils. This is the second trip they have made to the scene of the French disaster, as they visited the spot last summer, but their success—in the pecuniary view—was not so decided then as it has been the present season.

The Almshouse physician of Albany lately received information that a man called "Jim," who was employed about the Hospital as a nurse, had proposed to another man in a similar capacity to poison one of the small-pox patients, and then possess themselves of his money, amounting to only some twenty dollars. The physician informed Superintendent Hurst of the matter, when, upon inquiry, it was ascertained that the fellow had already possessed himself of $7 and the clothes belonging to a man who had died a short time previous of fever in the Hospital. The Superintendent, upon asking the man where the deceased patient's money and clothes were, was told that it was none of his business. Mr. Hurst ordered him to leave the premises, and he refused to do so. Mr. H. then undertook to put him out, when two convalescents came to the assistance of the man, and joined in an assault upon the Superintendent. The Superintendent freed himself, and "Jim" escaped. One of the others who assisted in the assault was ironed, and placed in close confinement. He and his confederate are a couple of the most desperate characters—athletic and utterly depraved. They have been, says the Albany *Statesman*, in service in the British army at the India station, and are possessed of a recklessness fitting them for any kind of villainy.

Here is another Britisher in trouble, loving, probably, not wisely but too well:

Strange reports are published in the New-Orleans papers concerning a summary process served upon Mr. Muir, the British Consul in that city. It appears he was traveling on board the steamer Niagara, bound for Cairo, in company with a French lady, when the other ladies took exception to their conduct, and sought redress from the captain. The Briton and the fair daughter of France were requested to leave the boat, and on their refusal to do so, the parties were put ashore at a wood-yard in one of the most desolate and inhospitable bends of the river, above Memphis. The ladies of New-Orleans intend to present a testimonial to the captain of the Niagara.

A lamentable affair occurred in Rising Sun, Indiana. On Wednesday last a party of friends were invited to take tea with the family of James Steele. During the night the party, including Mr. Steele's family, were taken seriously ill, and sent for their respective physicians. Since their first attack, they have all undergone the most intense suffering, and give positive evidence of having been poisoned. As yet, the nature of the poison, nor the manner in which it was taken, has not been ascertained. In all, fifteen persons suffered from the poison.

Theodore Parker calls the New-England Kansas emigrants, who lately surrendered their arms to the "border ruffians," cowards, and adds, "Six half-horse, half-alligator men from Kentucky, or Missouri, will put to flight all the loud talking, spread eagle free soilers and abolitionists of New-England."

The health of Norfolk continues remarkably good. There were only 38 deaths in all during the past month, including 16 colored persons. Two thirds of the whole number were children under two years of age, business is brisk, and the city rapidly improving.

It is said that the steamboat *Lexington*, which was burned on Long Island Sound, in 1837, had $18,000 on board, which has never been recovered. An effort is to be made to raise the treasure, if possible. The wreck lies in ninety feet of water, and the specie is in an accessible place. John Green, the diver, who went down to the *Atlantic*, is to operate on the wreck.

It is rumored that the Government has purchased the property of the Bank of Pennsylvania, on Second street, Philadelphia, running through to Dock street, for a Post-Office. The Bank proposes erecting a banking-house on Chestnut st., on a part of the old United States Hotel property, which has been purchased at a cost of $120,000, for seventy feet on Chestnut street.

The Unitarian Association of Boston has recently received three liberal contributions in aid of its "book fund," one of which—a gift of $2,000 from the Church of the Messiah in New-York—was accompanied with the request that it might be appropriated for the publication of the works on Channing and Ware. The other gifts were one of $1,000 from the Society of Rev. Dr. Farley, in Brooklyn, N. Y., and one of $1,120 from Rev. Dr. Barrett's Church, in Boston.

The Chippewa Indians have held, on Minnesota Point, their anniversary known as the "Medicine Dance," a feast usual after planting their spring crops. A long wigwam was erected for the purpose, and under it the ceremonies were performed. According to custom, a large cauldron of soup was boiled, well seasoned with several of the canine species of the animal kingdom.

Two of the inmates of the House of Refuge in Rochester, attempted to burn it down by setting fire to some shavings in a cupboard. The fire, however, was discovered and extinguished before any great damage was done. The boys that committed the deed were detected and placed in confinement.

The Syracuse *Standard* says the break in that vicinity has been repaired, and boats commenced pushing through at five o'clock on the 14th.

Correspondence.

Trip from Enniscorthy to Bantry.

JUNE 21st, 1856.

You've a capital correspondent in Waterford. He tells you everything, and tells it with great life. I'm not at all willing to trespass on his ground. Consequently I'll leave all that part of the country just as I found it. I won't say a word about Tramore even, though greatly tempted to let myself out on its beautiful strand. That, too, belongs to the Metal-Man. Long may he tower above it!

I left Waterford for Dungarvan on one of Tom English's cars. We had oats and a drink at Kilmacthomas. What a miserable village it is! The proximity of Curraghmore to it doesn't better it much. Kilmacthomas, I believe, returned a Member to the Irish Parliament. Nothing surprising in that, when the Bushes and Floods used to contend for the odd one of the five voters who made up the constituency of Callan. O'Connell used often and often talk about the old stump of an oak tree at Halverstown, which returned two members. If Kilmacthomas wasn't better eighty years ago than it is now, it was just as well entitled to parliamentary representation as Halverstown or Callan.

I didn't stop more than an hour in Dungarvan. The only one I know there is Mahoney, the great Repealer, dealer in hardware, and most popular man in the town. I called at his house. He had started for Clonmel the evening before. It was a considerable disappointment. I should have had all the news of Dungarvan and its vicinity from him. I used to meet Mahoney pretty often in the Committee of the Repeal Association. But I never saw him to speak to him until the evening of the great dinner to O'Connell and the other "Repeal Conspirators" in the Lancasterian school-rooms. Smith O'Brien presided. It was far away the grandest public dinner I ever sat down to. There were five Mayors present, and nearly a dozen Members of Parliament. As for Parish-priests, Curates, Town-Comncillors, and Lawyers, there was no use in counting them.

Mahoney, of Dungarvan, sat opposite me. Young Musgrave, Sir Richard's son, alongside of him; and Dan Meagher, the Clerk of the Cork Town-Council, 'longside of me. Mahoney was in high spirits.

"They may put me in prison," exclaimed O'Connell.

"Never!" said Mahoney.

"I say they may," the Liberator repeated.

"Never!" cried Mahoney again.

"You havn't the key of the prison," said Dan.

"Never!" shouted Mahoney, waving his hat.

As I drove over the Youghal bridge, I was greatly touched by the lonesomeness of the look which Muckridge House seemed to wear. Poor Albert Fitzgerald made it a pleasant place whilst he lived. It is now shut up, his widow being in France these months back. Fitzgerald, decidedly, was one of the very honestest men we have had in public life these years past. He was so gallant, too, and so courteous. Davis deeply trusted and loved him.

Youghal, I should say, is just as you left it. There's not been a new house put up there these years. The *Devonshire Arms*, where I stopped for the evening, is as dismal almost as the big empty hotel at Sallins, though a good deal more comfortable, of course. The Sallins hotel hasn't a whole pane of glass in it, and it's six stories high. It's a complete wreck, in fact, and a deserted one into the bargain. It often struck me that the vast windy hotel described in *Jack Hinton*, was the picture of the one in the Main street of Sallins. Nearly all the hotels built by the Grand Canal Company, are just as monstrously forlorn. They would furnish abundant materials for a good History of Ghosts.

Isaac Butt appears to give satisfaction to his Youghal constituents. He attends industriously to their local affairs. There's no small amount of thorough good Irish stuff in Butt. He has a large heart and a wealthy brain. He has fire, and honest pride of country, and a jealous love for all the men who have made her famous. But he thinks it a grander privilege to be a member of the Imperial Parliament, than to have a seat in an Irish one. He thinks, also, that Ireland is better known and respected abroad by being a department (as it were) of the empire of Great Britain, than she would be were she to stand alone. I haven't time to discuss the question just now with Mr. Butt. One of these days I will. In the meanwhile, I cannot help thinking that Mr. Butt would prove of infinitely greater service to Ireland, were he sitting as a legislator in the glorious hall sacred to the memory of Grattan and his compeers. Nor can I help thinking, moreover, that Mr. Butt's fame would be higher and brighter, and wider in the heavens, were his genuis to soar from Irish soil, instead of beating the thick air which overhangs the Thames.

Early next morning I was on my way to Cork. What a magnificent old place, Castlemartyr, the Earl of Shannon's place, is! What a vast army of veterans and giants those aged towering trees look like, with that gray belt of heavily ivied wall about them! And what a beautiful name both domain and village bear!

Middleton is lank and tame. It is a long back-bone of a street, without a stir in it. Nothing is heard from cock-crow to cock-crow—from one dawn round to the other—but the dull, sombre, deep whirr of the great water-wheel of Murphy's distillery. The weather-cock on the top of the market-house is still bent. It was so twenty years ago. That it hasn't been straightened since, speaks volumes for the public spirit of Lord Middleton's village. Dick Donovan, my old school-fellow, used to live here. But Dick died in London seven years ago, and so I had no one to call on. The distillery is doing well. A bottle of it was awarded a prize at the late great Exhibition in Paris. Driving past the market-house, three or four turf carts were all the signs of business I saw. The jackasses belonging to the carts were unyoked, and standing in a row, facing the wall of the Market-house, were frisking their tails and frightfully snorting.

At the end of two hours we were kicking up the dust through King street. Fifteen minutes after, I was sitting in the coffee-room of the Imperial Hotel. With a slice of a Sunday Wells salmon, a print of Cork butter, a flowery potato or two, and something quite light to slip them down easy, a lunch can be pleasantly made. Heigh-ho! many a one, I dare say, you yourself had in the same room. You were always fond of Cork. In a letter of yours, read at the trials at Clonmel, I remember, you called it "your darling city." It was full of sunshine for you a few years ago. I fear it would look dark to you now, were you to visit it. Very many of your old dear friends are gone. Belleville, on the middle Glanmire road, your second home, is a quiet house now. All the boys are dead. The old man is dead. The old woman is dead. John Murphy, the eldest son, is there by himself. He, poor fellow, has lately arrived from New-Orleans, where, I understand, he had been occupied some time back managing the affairs of the Donnegans of Alabama, a branch of the Donnegans of Cork. John was once very well-to-do in the world. He owned a large sugar plantation in Trinidad. The crop failed two or three seasons, and Murphy had to give it over as a bad job. He is a noble fellow by all accounts. But noble fellows, as a general rule, are always unfortunate.

Of course you're aware that Tommy Lyons (as poor and rich used to call him) is with the dead also. His memory is affectionately and tenderly preserved by the people of whom, for so many years, he was the ornament and oracle. In every town and city of Ireland, O'Connell had some decent conspicuous man who, more or less intellectually, represented his views, sustained his influence, and stood by him in every change of weather. In Dublin, he had such men as Keshan, McLoughlin, Jeremiah Dunne, and Sir Timothy O'Brien. In Wexford, he had the Devereuxes. In Galway, the Roches and Irelands—though Dan, by-the-bye, once said that "Galway didn't contain a hat-full of honesty." In Kilkenny, he had the Smithwicks, the Potters, and two or three stirring attornies like Hyland. And so, likewise, in Limerick and Waterford, and every place else. In Clonmel, to be sure, he was badly off in the mercantile line, unless Charley Bianconi be placed in the category. But to compensate for the deficiency that way, O'Connell had Hackett, of the *Tipperary Free Press*, the Very Rev. Dean Burke, the great Parish priest, and other active and eloquent patriots. In Cork, alderman Tom Lyons was the man, and a good man he was. Simple and noiseless, he was steadfast and sure. To the Repeal movement, and every other movement of which O'Connell was the leader, Tom Lyons brought the force of his sound commercial celebrity, and all the admirable qualities of a charitable pure citizen, to aid and commend it. His nephew (whom you must have known at Stonyhurst) succeeded to his business and property. Without any great talent, he is destined to figure respectably in the local affairs of the chief city of Munster. A young man, placed on a solid pedestal of guineas and dry goods, without any wonderful effort or exploit, decently conducting himself—temperately and gracefully balancing himself—is able in a little while to attract considerable attention and the favorable opinion of the public. Young Tom, no doubt, will be in Parliament one of these days. The peculiarity of his genius will enable him to be a good silent member.

The Tuckey-street Club enjoys a jovial old age. A new generation reads newspapers and magazines, smokes, sups, and plays billiards there. The celebrities you knew have vanished. Dan Callaghan, the Prince of them, no longer looks out of the windows, eyeing the girls, or presides in full bloom, like a capacious white dahlia, at the monthly reunions. Still, they tell me, there's a bright atmosphere and a fruitful soil of good-fellowship there, though the old birds may have flown, and the old trees have been cut down and sawn into coffins.

In a future letter I shall give you an account of the Queen's College. In company with your friend Sir Robert Kane, the President, I went through it leisurely and made some inquiries, the answers to which pleased me considerably. Since my visit there, I feel confirmed in the opinion I have held all along (the opinion I held from the day the College's Bill was discussed in Conciliation Hall, and the first passage of words between Young and Old Ireland took place,) that Ireland would have been all the stronger and nobler—all the better able to achieve national independence, and all the better able to maintain it advantageously to herself and the world—had those Colleges been standing and at work fifty years ago.

You may be sure I didn't forget to take a look in at the old museum, where the Ogham stones (over which old Windele used to pore and doat so lovingly) are gathering the dust and cobwebs due to their antiquity, and where those superb casts are negligently stowed, from which Maclise and Hogan derived the divine instruction which has made them the loftiest masters of the human form. The Cork Library, too, had a visit from me. The owls, in the small oval-shaped niches in the corners over the door-way, express the high opinion which Cork holds of itself. Every Cork man maintains that Cork is the Athens of Ireland. Minerva's pet bird, accordingly, has been transferred from the groves of Ellis to the banks of the Lee.

The last place (of any consequence) I visited was the hall of the Desmond Confederate Club. With sorrowful remembrances I mounted the broad staircase I had mounted more than once when there was a red sky over Ireland, and golden beams flashed out all over the crimson curtain, promises of the day long prayed for, sung and prophesied. It was in this hall, if I mistake not, that John Mitchel (New-Year's week, 1848) first met Joe Brennan, and was introduced to Isaac Varian, the Lyons, and the other Confederates of Desmond. As well as Belleville, it's a silent place now. Varian is selling bristles and brushes in London. Denny Lyons and his brother have settled somewhere in the States; one of them in Louisiana, I believe. Poor Denny Lane has had his reverses. Others have become "sensible" All who have dipped into the Castle dictionary know the meaning of that word in Ireland. It simply means the gentlest submission to the rule of the London commissioners. Michael Joseph Barry led the way. You were hardly abreast of the Cape Verd Islands, on your weary way to the British isle of exiled sinners, before this accomplished patriot pensman acknowledged the errors of his manhood, and, inclining his bald head devoutly, kissed the foot of Victoria. All the enthusiasm, the genius, the self-sacrificing truth of Young Ireland, he criticised with the calmness of a hardened dissector. He laughed simperingly, like Carker in "Dombey," showing his white teeth over the memories he should have tenderly honored. Could he have broken through his coffin in the cemetery of St Jerome, Heavens! how Davis would have shaken his shrouded hand at him in an agony of proud anger and the bitterest reproof. Barry went so far as to propose that the Cove of Cork should be christened "Queenstown" on the occasion of Queen Victoria showing her bonnet and skirts in that quarter.

There has been much doubt and discussion about this. All his political friends denied it at first. You, I've been told, to the last refused to believe it. But it's the fact. Michael Joseph Barry, the Young Ireland rebel of '48, stood sponsor at the baptism of debasement and apostacy, which, in 1849, effaced one of the most noted immemorial names on the map of Ireland. He's now in Dublin, sitting in the editorial crevice of the *Telegraph* office—supplying the place of McCabe, the paid client of Sadleir.

From the reflections suggested painfully by such a career, it's refreshing to dash away (as I hastily did) to Dunmanway, on my way to the deep grand waters and green-wooded mountains of Bantry. I passed through Ballinhassig. This little village, you reco'lect, was the scene of a savage massacre of a number of country-people by the police, in the summer of 1845. The blood is still fresh there. The Irish never forget a blow given them foully.

In the neighborhood of Dunmanway, the driver (a sharp lad—all Cork boys are so) pointed me out with his whip the seat of the O'Connors. Late in the evening I got into Bantry. The moon was in its full, and a piper was hard at work at the door of the hotel. He had a crowd of fishermen, and boys and girls in naked legs, round him, through which to his bedroom passed

THE GHOST OF DUNBRODY.

Irish News.

Parliamentary business is hurrying with rapid strides to a termination for the present session. What, exclaims the Tipperary *Vindicator*, has been done? Nothing! What has been attempted? Nothing! What has been exhibited in the tone and temper of both Houses in reference to the claims of the millions at home and abroad—to the furtherance and consolidation of the principles of civil and religious liberty—of equal toleration—of justice and truth—wherever the Parliament of England exercises a paramount influence? Nothing has been shown except rabid bigotry. Nothing has been manifested except an earnest desire to chain down the Catholic wherever he raises his head—or to make him the bondsman of systems inimical to every generous emotion by which he is actuated. The spirit of the Emancipation Act is driven from the House of Commons.

The fair day of Dromahaire, Sligo, some three or four countrymen were engaged in a drunken row in that town which called for the interference of the police. On the parties being brought to the barrack, a document was found in the pocket of one of them, of which the following is a copy: "We expect to have peace, yes; to England a sad disgrace. She is reduced to a sad state. Her till is but third rate. Don't be vext, I am not inclined, may France and Austria and Russia like the Shamrock, and the Enemeys of the Cross be put to their flight." Since the foregoing came into the hands of the authorities, there is strong reason for believing its contents to be the last Ribbon pass-words issued from head-quarters.

In the new public departments, the Dublin *Evening Post* writes that increase of salaries at the public expense, and superannuations leading to fresh patronage, appear to be the rule; but in the old departments, such as the Excise and Customs, where there is hard work and comparatively small pay, increased allowances and profitable remunerations are seldom or never allowed.

The body of the soldier of the 9th regiment who was drowned lately in the Abbey River, Limerick, has been found. A gentleman from Irishtown saw the body lying at the bottom; he reported what he had seen, and, with the assistance of some sandmen, the body was raised. It turned out to be that of Galligan, who had been some time missing.

A very lamentable circumstance has taken place at Newtown, county Kildare. A woman, named Dolly Grant, was afflicted with epileptic fits, and the family having left her in charge of the house while they were attending to some outdoor business, on their return were horrified to find her burned to a cinder.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed the Venerable Michael J. Keating, Archdeacon of Ardfert, to the vacant deanery of Kilfenora. The appointment, says the Dublin *Evening Post*, will afford much gratification to the friends of the National System of Education, of which the new Dean has been a steady supporter.

Mrs. Captain Gavin has presided at a meeting of the Catholic ladies of St. Michael's Parish, Limerick, held in the chapel. Resolutions were adopted, pledging the meeting to use their best efforts to provide for the parish chapel the requisites and ornaments indispensable to the several functions of public worship.

On the 4th of this month the West Norfolk Militia left Cork in the transport Germania. The regiment was under the command of Colonel Custance. All the officers and a great many of the men wore the Russian helmet. The regiment is to be conveyed to Portsmouth to be disembodied.

The number of persons who have left Cork for England, on their way to the United States and the Colonies, since the 1st of June up to the present, is 802; and the number who left during the corresponding period last year was 945.

There is a great quantity of salmon captured this season on the river Shannon and its tributaries. Three tons each day leave for the English and Dublin markets.

A full-dress conversazione has taken place in the Exhibition Rooms of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

The monthly meeting of the committee of the Society for the Promotion and Improvement of the Growth of Flax in Ireland has been held in Belfast. Letters were read reporting favorably of the appearance of the growing crop of flax. The medals awarded to the society, at the Great Exhibition of 1855, were laid on the table. The silver medal was awarded to the Royal Flax Society. The other medals were given for specimens of flax straw and fibre the Society had forwarded from the counties of Armagh, Antrim, Cork, Londonderry, Limerick, Down, Roscommon and Tipperary. It was arranged that these latter prizes should be presented to the Chief Agricultural Society of each of the counties named. It was also stated that a gold medal had been awarded to the Society at the Great Industrial Cattle and Agricultural Show, held in Paris, for a case of flax specimens.

There has been a large attendance of the Irish members, Conservative as well as Liberal, called together by Mr. Horsman, Under Secretary for Ireland, to consider the proposed measures for the payment of petty sessions clerks and county surveyors in Ireland. A bill to remunerate petty sessions clerks by salary instead of fees, is to be brought in forthwith. The fund for their payment is to be provided in each county from the fees, stamps, and fines. If a deficiency arise, it is to be made up by a rate on the county.

An advertisement from the Court of Chancery has been going the round of the Irish papers, in which it is stated that by an order of the Lord High Chancellor, made in reference to the will of Thomas Charlton, deceased, a marriage portion of £6 6s. to each couple will be given on the occasion of the marriage of the sons of day-laborers resident in the King's county, and the counties of Louth, Dublin, Kildare, Westmeath, and Leitrim, with the daughters of day-laborers resident in the counties of Meath and Longford. The order further states that there is a considerable accumulation of funds for this purpose, and that it is to dispose of this that the privilege has been extended beyond the boundaries of Meath and Longford.

Within the last three weeks, several gentlemen interested in the prosperity of Passage West, have instituted a Savings' Bank to afford the residents of the town and neighborhood an opportunity of investing small sums weekly. The amount at present exceeds £29, and many of the working classes have shown an anxiety to avail themselves of the opportunity afforded them, by depositing one, two, or more shillings weekly, to ensure a provision in sickness and old age.

The annual exhibition of the students of Carlow College took place in the Academy Hall of the College. The Hall was elegantly decorated. Visitors were present from Dublin, Cork, Waterford, Limerick, and several other cities and counties. The premium for good conduct was conferred on Master John O'Connell, son of the late Maurice O'Connell, Esq., M. P., who was loudly applauded as the chaplet of roses was placed on his brow by the Lord Bishop of Bombay.

The Rev. Paul Bradley, late P. P. Lower Badony, has been changed to Donagh, a small parish in the centre of Inishowen, "O'Doherty's realm." The people of Badony intend to present him with a suitable address and a snuff-box, as an index of their feelings, with the following inscription—"Long, long may he flourish in old Innishowen."

All the Irish papers announce the death of the Earl of Cork. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estate by Viscount Dungarvan, M. P. for Frome. The late Earl was distinguished for his excellent qualities as a landlord, and for the liberality with which, through the intervention of his agent, the late Mr. Leahy, he assisted every charitable institution, without regard to creed.

At the Annual Meeting of the Drogheda Steam Packet Co. it was carried unanimously, that a subscription of £75 be forwarded to relieve the distress caused by the inundations in France. One of the Drogheda steamers was engaged in the Crimea conveying French troops.

The excavation of the site for the O'Connell monument has commenced. Mr. Hogan and an assistant have been in Limerick, and have brought the Wicklow granite on which the statue is to be placed. The statue promises to be the noblest of Hogan's productions.

On the last day of the fancy bazaar, held in the Corn Exchange, Belfast, in aid of the schools connected with the Nunnery of the Sisterhood of St. Paul's Convent of our Lady of Mercy, in that town, the room was densely crowded. The bazaar realized the handsome sum of £350.

The Mayor of Clonmel has received from Captain John O'Connell a letter in reference to the subject of Clonmel being made a district military garrison. Captain O'Connell, it appears from the local papers, is determined not to lose sight of the matter.

An accident recently occurred on the departure from Cork of the Bristol boat. A woman residing near Clarke's bridge, whose name was ascertained to be Mrs. Hallissy, accidentally fell between the ship and the quay, and but for Constable Edwards would probably have lost her life.

The *Nation* gives us some fashionable intelligence. Mr. MacBirch, of the *Telegraph*, has returned to the practice of stenography. Father Maher is still as silent as a spiked gun. Mr. John Reynolds has retired from public life in disgust with the liberty of the press.

Mr. Sergeant Berwick, Assistant Barrister for the Eastern Division of the county of Cork, has decided, in an appeal of the Superioress of Youghal Presentation Convent, that convents are exempt from rating under the Poor Relief Act.

Mr. James O'Hea, Cork city, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to act as *locum tenens* for Mr. Gibson, Assistant Barrister for the county Antrim.

The Very Rev. Doctor O'Brien appealed to the inhabitants of New-Ross on Sunday, the 6th of July, in behalf of the sick and afflicted poor of the town and vicinity.

The Provost and Senior Fellows of Trinity College entertained the Lord Lieutenant at the Commencement Dinner, in the College Hall, on Tuesday, the 1st of July.

The Mayor of Kilkenny has won a superb chair, valued at ten guineas, in the June Ladies' Raffle, for the support of the Cork branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

His Excellency the Earl of Carlisle has contributed £10 per annum to the funds of the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society.

Major Henry W. Massy, South Tipperary Artillery, has contributed £20 towards the building of the new Roman Catholic Chapel in the town of Tipperary, and has promised a subscription of £20 yearly until the edifice is completed.

Before the Assistant Barrister of the county Limerick, the Knight of Glin lately applied to be discharged as an insolvent. The application was postponed until October, as many of his English creditors were not noticed in his schedule. The Knight of Glin states in his schedule that he is tenant for life to a property yielding about £3,000 a year, subject to an annuity of £300 to his mother, £600 for younger children, the issue of his father's marriage; £200 a year in money for his wife, and £600 separate maintenance; £2,000 raised under power in his father's settlement, £2,000 under the Drainage Act.

The regatta of the Royal St. George Yacht Club was followed by a grand Corinthian sailing match in Dublin Bay. Upwards of forty yachts lay at anchor, dressed out with all their colors, and the revenue cruiser, Wellington, carrying a crew of 130 men, had on board the band of the 16th Lancers. All the vessels were most skilfully handled by the gentlemen composing the crews, it being an indispensable preliminary of the Corinthian sailing matches established by the club that the competing Yachts shall be so manned.

The Kilkenny *Journal*, from which we quote largely elsewhere, observes that apart from all other elements, an intense feeling of hatred to England has for years being growing up among the Americans themselves; and the Irish Nemesis simply guides and intensifies the national sentiment beyond the Atlantic. When the anti-English feeling has become so strong under the moderate rule of President Pierce, what, asks the *Journal*, may we not expect from the administration of James Buchanan, the son of an Irish Exile?

A farmer named William Curran has been shot dead in his own house, about a mile from Roscrea, while sitting at supper. The shot was fired through the parlor window and the gun was loaded with slugs. It is not supposed the murder has arisen out of any difficulty concerning land. The deceased, who was a tenant on the estate of Colonel Lloyd Gloster, was in the prime of life and in very comfortable circumstances.

An address and sword have been presented in the Fellow's Hall of Trinity College, to Lieutenant Massey, by his fellow-students. Mr. Massey delivered a reply in the course of which he said:—"I went into action as a captain, but in the moment I was borne back wounded to my tent—that rank ceased. I became again a subaltern, and having neither wealth nor influence among the great, I suppose I shall for many years so remain."

A correspondent of the Waterford *Chronicle* tells us that two Herculean fellows mounted the rigging of the steamboat *Mars*, as she was leaving the quay of Waterford last week for Liverpool and declared in the most positive manner to their relatives, sweetened by a multitude of oaths, that "if Ireland ever was to be free, they would free her when they'd get to America!"

The Town Commissioners of Cavan invited the Directors of the Midland Great Western Railway Company to meet William Dargan, at a *dejeunner* given to him on the day the Railway into that town was opened. The *dejeunner* took place the first of this month.

The *London Times*, says, that the circular of the Minister of the Interior of Greece to the local authorities concerning a tour of Mr. Smith O'Brien in that country, as published in the *Athena*, Greek paper, is not genuine, and criminal prosecutions have been already resorted to for forgery.

A poor soldier, just returned from the Crimea, went to bathe at the strand contiguous to the Pigeon House, Dublin, and was drowned. Doctor Butler assistant-surgeon of the South Tipperary Artillery, was promptly in attendance. The poor fellow was only married a few days, and the first instalment of his pension came due the day of his death.

Petitions have been presented in the Incumbered Estates Court for a sale of a portion of the estates purchased by the late John Sadleir. The yearly rental of the estates included in the petitions exceeds £4,000. They are situate in the counties of Cork, Galway, Mayo, Limerick and Tipperary.

The term of Mr. Carden's imprisonment in Clonmel gaol, for the attempted abduction of Miss Arbuthnott, expired on Thursday, the 3d of July. He will leave the prison in which he has been immured for two years, for Barnane, his residence in the North Riding.

A riot has occurred in Enniskillen between the people and the militia. The provocation proceeded from some persons around a church decorated with orange flags bearing offensive mottoes, and the bells of which were kept in full swing to party tunes. Several were wounded.

We learn from the Kilkenny *Journal* that Queen Victoria is not going to Ireland this summer; and if the Italian and American questions do not interpose, the militia are to be disembodied the first week of August.

The same paper informs us that Sir William Somerville's new plan of "extermination-made-easy," has been ratified by the House of Commons. It is a model of the cruel, cold-blooded statesmanship of the Whigs. It enables the landlord to evict after a summons and three day's notice.

It is said that the Archbishop of Arras, who has recently returned from Rome, is about to travel through England and Ireland to excite the Catholics to a co-operation in support of the temporal dominion of the Holy See.

Negotiations are going on between the Government and the Chester and Holyhead Railway Company for extra mails; and Sir Cusack Roney's plan for cheap excursion trains to Ireland will probably be revived, which will benefit most of the Irish Railways.

The Rev. Michael Buckley informs the *Cork Examiner*, that Lieutenant Jackson of the West Cork Militia, in the most courageous manner has saved the lives of two boys who were drowning at the quay of Kinsale.

The Drogheda Board of Poor-law Guardians has petitioned in favor of Tenant-right. The Dundalk Board has also petitioned; and Mr. Balfe has given notice of a motion that he will ask the Ardee Board to follow their example.

On the farm of Goulaune, the property of Mr. Thomas M'Donough, Killarney, an old woman, a tenant of that gentleman, has died at the age of 117 years.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed James Hamilton, of Castle Hamilton, Esq., a Deputy Lieutenant for the county Cavan.

Mr. George Hardy, one of the clerks at the Limerick terminus, has been appointed station-master at the Rathkeale terminus of the Limerick and Foynes Railway.

Joseph Barry, Esq., M.D., Midleton Lodge, county Cork, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace, on the recommendation of the Earl of Bandon, Lord Lieutenant of the co'y.

GAVAN DUFFY IN AUSTRALIA.

The Sydney *Freeman's Journal*, March 8th, contains an interesting account of Mr. Duffy's reception there. A steamer was engaged to proceed down the harbor for the purpose of receiving and welcoming him. The weather was unfavorable, and it continued raining all the morning. Notwithstanding this disadvantage there were 200 persons on board, and among them a fair sprinkling of the fair sex. The green flag, with Irish emblems, was hoisted amidst loud cheering. The committee, on the steamer reaching the wharf, landed and proceeded to the Telegraph, where they congratulated Mr. Duffy on his arrival in Australia. A large concourse of people was assembled on the wharf, who loudly cheered Mr. Duffy as he, in company with the committee, passed from the Telegraph to the Illalong.

Having mounted a bench, Mr. Duffy addressed the assembly as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, I present myself before you as one of the most sea-sick men in the new world—(laughter)—having suffered for the last twelve hours from that exhausting complaint, there is nothing I need so much as a little rest. Notwithstanding this, I see so many kindly Irish faces beaming welcome around me, that I am almost well again. I have one complaint to make of you, however; you have spoilt my view of the magnificent harbor of Port Jackson. When I turned my eyes to the green banner which floated above you, I was unable to look on anything beside (loud cheers.) I thought that flag had been left buried in the old country, embalmed in the tears of the few faithful of the land; but here I see it still waving before me as in days gone past. Gentlemen, I do not rejoice to see it as a symbol to separate us from the other races of the country; but I rejoice to see it planted upon a new soil, because wherever it streamed it was a sure emblem of the fidelity of the Irish people, binding them to the land that gave them shelter and protection (cheers). In France the green flag had waved triumphantly over many a battle-field. In Belgium the same. In America, when that great country sprung to resistance, and fought for that liberty which is now the pride of the world, that banner waved in the front rank of the army of the United States. I hope in seeing it here it means that Irishmen would distinguish themselves as the most faithful and best-conducted citizens in Australia. You will not readily forget the country of your birth; and why should you? but you will love also your adopted country, and endeavor to distinguish yourselves by truth, personal independence, and political fidelity (cheers). I wonder, gentlemen, to find myself here. When I left Ireland it was not with the idea of plunging again into the tide of politics from which I had so recently escaped. I thought on coming here I should have retired into private life. I did not come here to seek a political career, nor have I sought it; it has sought me (loud cheers). Since I came to the colony of Victoria, in less than five weeks five constituencies of that fine country offered to return me as one of their representatives in the free and independent parliament which would rule that state. I have also had political overtures made to me here which I need not specify. I left home because the cause I served and fought for had not prospered as I wished, and because there were eminent deserters faithless to it. When I left Ireland I considered I was bidding farewell to public life for many years; if I now reappear—for I suppose I am talking politics now—(cheers and laughter)—you and those in Melbourne who have so generously extended your hands to me when I landed must bear the blame of it (cheers). Gentlemen, I really thought, till I saw your noble ship heaving in sight—I was so sick and exhausted after the voyage—that I should scarcely have been able to meet you to-day; but I am refreshed and rejoiced to see so many kindly faces wherein I can trace the blood of my own country. I trust that on some more fitting and proper occasion I will have the opportunity of making personal acquaintance with you all (cheers). I want to see you not in crowds, where I can scarcely distinguish a face, not merely shake hands and see you no more. I want to talk to you, to inquire how you like the country which you know so much about, and to gather what a new chum wants—colonial experience (cheers). I have been told many times since I arrived, and an old and esteemed friend on my left had twitted me with being a new man, and having everything to learn, and knowing nothing of Australia. Now I intend to pump you all dry before I leave, so that I may know as much of the colony as these objectors (laughter). I take a deep interest in everything that will tend to promote the prosperity of this, one of the finest countries in the world (cheers.) Let me again thank you for your great kindness in welcoming me amongst you (loud and continued cheering).

A grand banquet followed the reception in the harbor, of which the *Sydney Empire* and *Herald* gives us a glowing and picturesque account:

The Prince of Wales Theatre was the arena selected for this manifestation of feeling. The pit was boarded over in a line with the stage, the tables extending equi-distant the whole length of the edifice. The side-scenes were decorated with an effusion of *eucalypti*, so that the stage presented the appearance of a magnificent arbor. The north end was graced by the "Harp of Erin," wrought in bright green foliage, and gayer flowers, and in front of the national instrument hung the national flag, with its "Erin go bragh," and "*cead mille fuilte*," in golden garb. Two beautiful festoons of brilliant foliage were suspended in front of the stage, immediately under which, on the north-eastern side, was the seat raised above the rest for the guest of the evening, Charles Gavan Duffy. The dress boxes were adorned with beautiful specimens of native vegetation, including the palm, the cabbage-plant, and the fern. The dress circle being reserved for ladies, Mr. Torning threw open for their accommodation the large saloon adjoining, where refreshments were laid out. From the ceiling, upper boxes, and gallery, were suspended a large number of flags. The four splendid glass chandeliers by which the theatre is usually illuminated were lowered nine or ten feet, and gave a very brilliant effect to the whole arrangement.

The dress circle was crowded with ladies, and the upper boxes were also well filled with spectators. The guests numbered about 500, among whom were a number of the magistracy, all the popular candidates for the Legislature, many members of the bar, and leading mercantile men of our city. On the arrival of the "guest of the evening," the company rose and received Mr. Duffy with continued demonstrations, welcoming him with enthusiasm. The chair was taken by William Pennington, Esq. During the banquet, the Hungarian band performed a variety of concerted pieces, and the stewards were deserving of great praise for their attention to the comfort of the guests. Mr. Duffy delivered an admirable speech, which nobly sustained his reputation for enlightened liberality and cultivated genius.

Answers to Correspondents.

DECLINED.—We have at last got a moderately cool half-hour to dispatch a bundle of our industrious correspondents. JACK SPRAT. (Your little treatise, as you call it, on *Epidemics among Fish*, is rather scaly and not in our line. Your effort may be, as you say, *after* the Finnish, but we are inclined to think it is with a hook. We cannot measure our columns by the rod, in order to let you reel out your tackle by the yard. Take our advice, Sprat; dive into something else—you are evidently a fish out of water at present). NIOBE'S new version of *No Song no Supper* is a very dismal affair. Your only resource is to laugh and grow fat, for certainly you'll starve if you depend on your songs for your suppers. SHANGHAI'S *Memories of a Bachelor* are not over pleasant, at least to himself. The unevenness of his temper is clearly written in his "first attempt:"

"She bid me vanish, and my blood did *curl*
With red vexation at the faithless gurl.
I said, "Have pity," but she only sm'iled.
Ah, wretched smile! to think she'd riled this child.
"She's one of 'em," I said; I knew it now,
And, fiercely scowling, made my final bow.
The door I reached—she faintly said "Be cool!"
"I won't!" I said—"Then don't!" she said. It's just like you men; always expecting the grapes will fall of their own accord into yer mouths. You darn'd old fool!"

Enough is as good as a feast. Our readers won't condemn us for cutting Shanghai's doleful tale, when his lady-love so roundly "trimmed his jacket." WILHELM'S *Apostrophe to Woman* is conceived in a different vein:

"Lovely Woman! When I see you
My first notion is to flee you;
Though my heart so longs to catch you,
Yet my head knows it can't match you."

ANAPOLIS. (We answer your postmark, for we cannot make out anything else readable about your communication. It would be a decided improvement if you only let one fly at a time walk out of your ink-bottle and on to your whitey-brown paper.) EPHRAIM DOTY, also from Anapolis, writes to say that he sent the other, and begs us not to read it, as he transmits a clean copy of his first draft for *Proposals to start a People's Bank*. (Pshaw! no bank could stand such drafts. The second is much more unintelligible than the first communication.) ENGINE DRIVER sends us a ticket for a breakdown. (Much obliged, but we would rather not be sitting on a rail during the performance.) TORLOGH'S *Wail for Desmond*. (Very like a wail—no use of blubbering). FREDERICK L. You will thank us to-morrow for not having printed what you wrote so foolishly yesterday. ELEANOR, through politeness, we give a stanza:

"I pine for the fleecy blue
Where the rainbow takes its hue,
When the storm has done its worst
And the sun shows us to view
The bright path through which he burst."

Mr. P. H. McCawley has no authority to collect subscriptions for us, at present; nor has he had for two weeks past.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1856.

THE PRESS AND THE PRESIDENCY.

A PARAPHRASE OF LEADING ARTICLES TOUCHING THE CLAIMS OF CANDIDATES FOR THE WHITE HOUSE:

Being a Chapter dedicated to Young Men ambitious of Political Distinction.

The glory of a public life, indeed, is tempting, when in such solemnities as the obsequies of Henry Clay or Daniel Webster, we behold its revelation. It is glorious to be carried to the grave with all the pomp and circumstance a commonwealth can decree. It is glorious to have one's golden sentences graven on the walls, on monumental slabs, and banners which fan the dusty thoroughfare. It is glorious, with the magic of a deathless name, thus to concentrate the thoughts of thousands, and be—for a day—an hour—the absorbing memory in the light of which the tempest and the surge of life subsides. But beware, young men, of the perils through which these honors are achieved. Beware of the strifes and vigils, the conspiracies and libels, the wounds and agonies, of which this death—made fragrant with votive flowers, and luminous with the swords of the Civic Guard—is but the glad cessation. You, who would serve the State; you, who would be the champions of the people; you, who would be borne to the Capitol, beware of the Penalties of Public Life!

Fresh from college, with a pure and generous nature deeply touched with some great wrong, the young collegian enters the public hall. In the presence of countless citizens, he stands up, and conquering the diffidence which first unmans him, pours forth his sympathies with the wronged; and, rising with the spirit of his theme, launches from out a storm of words, against the guilty, the lightnings of exasperated genius.

He has silenced—he has moved—he has kindled—he has won the multitude. The buzz which ever pervades a crowd, when no old favorite or celebrity is announced, and which the unknown stranger is ever sure to meet, subsides. The words of the young speaker fall clear, and full, and copious. They are not the dregs and leavings stolen from the exhausted shell of some old Triton, who, for years, in some public place, has quenched the public thirst. They come from a new fountain, gushing up and overflowing from a pregnant soil. The frank face; the manly form, erect and staunch; the bold bright eye, which flashes as the soul within it heaves; the red lip which quivers, hardens into flint, relaxes into pity, or grows white with rage; the heat, the beauty, the storm, the splendor which bursts like a summer's day with thunders on the crowd, all entrance the listeners, and the voice and vision is to them a spell which lifts them from the earth.

It is over! The glowing boy descends with a firm tread the steps up which he mounted with distrust to triumph. The Tribune has been to him a Tabor. The suppliant is now the conqueror. With radiant cheek and bounding heart, he goes home, there in the full flush of hope to count the victories, repeating themselves along the great highway of the future, on which, this day, with the Excelsior banner in his grasp, he has set his foot.

Beware, young dreamer! The road you tread is not of granite, nor free from danger. It lies through swamps; and sometimes overhangs the precipice; and at other times, leads through fair plains, where the snake is in the grass, and the wolf is on the track, and the poisoned arrow from some lurking foe, deadlier than the snake, may reach you even as you bless the sunshine. Your success, if it has called forth cheers, has awakened envy. Pah! He's no orator. The papers say so. The editor of one says he expected to be thrilled, and, to his consternation, wasn't. The elegant supernumerary of another—who has one shirt, and remains in bed the second day of the week until it's washed for the third—reminds the young aspirant of the fate of Icarus, and predicts his inevitable fall. Some fat practitioner of the law-courts, whose brain can only germinate writs and affidavits, declares it took the orator six months to write that one oration, and the incubation of the second would necessitate a sitting of twelve months. He's not worth hearing, croak the ravens. But God is with him. He proves himself an eagle amongst the ravens; and whilst they limp about the shambles and feed on refuse, he drinks from the cup of Hebe—the cup of eternal youth—and soars against the sun. He makes good his first success. There's a triumph for him the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth time. No longer a novice in public life, he rules when he declaims. The passions of the people obey his winged word, as the waves obey the breath of the thunder-cloud. Still, however,—even still—the ravens croak. Lucifer hates the light. They detest it, too. First, it was, he had no eloquence. Then, the eloquence was too flowery. It was Irish eloquence they said. The dainty pedagogues!

But jealousies, when over-ridden, ripen into enmities. The enmities resolve themselves into conspiracies. The conspiracies pursue you night and day, coil about you even in sacred places, and if they do not destroy you with their sting, disfigure you with their slime. It is no longer your eloquence they disparage. That you have proved; and where the world applauds, the bitterest critic holds his tongue, and like a whipped hound huddles himself away. It is your patriotism they impeach. They write you down a "demagogue." They ransack the history of the most riotous times and rabbles for parallels to your shame. You are as surly and intractable as Thersites. As reckless as Cataline, you are as licentious as Lentulus. Lacking the ferocity of Marat, you compete with Danton in your avidity for a bribe. Like him, they say, you only open your mouth to have it stopped with gold. Throwing aside the classics, or the analogies of modern history, since these somewhat moderate the expression of their rancor, they dive headlong into the foulest pool of vituperation, and, plunging about there, defile you by the handful. You are a schemer! A libertine! A swindler! Worse than all, young patriot! Worse than schemer, by ten thousand times! Worse than libertine, as the leper is more odious than the cripple! Worse than swindler, as the slave who spit in the face of the Saviour is accounted viler than him who pierced him with the lance. Worse than all—hearken to it and shun the light—thou art an adventurer!

To the public cause you have given all. For that cause you have done the best and dared the worst. Time, fortune, heroism, genius, life itself has been dedicated to it. It has not made you rich; nor fashionable; nor a member of Congress; nor a city Judge; nor a General of Brigade. It has not put a penny in your pocket nor a feather in your cap. It leaves you in your manhood, poor but honest; brave but desolate; without a salary, without sycophants, without a stain.

But this is to be an adventurer! Personal success—no matter how achieved—alone redeems you from the infamy of the designation. Rise; better your condition; put money in your pocket; sell your opinions and sell the people; turn out a carriage on the proceeds; plant an Ethiopian on the box with a boa round his neck; paint an ape or boar with bloody tusks upon the door, to illustrate your ancestry; buy a house up-town; mortgage it for the furniture and the opening ball; get yourself appointed chairman of an association for the drainage of Lake Huron or a canal across the plains of Patagonia; run for the Presidency, and be bought off with a quarter of a million, and the appointment of Secretary of the Navy, the day before the Convention sits; do this, and you will be no adventurer, but a highly respected member of the best society.

Thus it is, as I have said before, when a gentleman changes his lodgings for the better, by a pleasant fiction of polite society, it is presumed, that his morals as well as his wardrobe undergo a propitious alteration. Thus it is, the vagabond of Bologne is baptized anew in the fountains of Versailles, and chastens into a neophyte amid the frescoes of St. Cloud. A drop or two of coronation-oil whitens the key of Bluebeard, and the imperial bees build honeycombs in the throat of the dead lion of December.

But it is not that the defeat of this good cause entails upon the public man—especially if that cause has assumed the magnitude of a revolution—as it was in Poland, as it was in Hungary, as it was in Italy, as it was in Ireland—it is not that this defeat entails upon him the ignominy and proscription which the worshippers of success, and their name is legion, can inflict. It is not this alone which the young man, entering public life, has to look to, and against which, if he determines to be true to the end, he has unflinchingly to steel himself. There is something far more severe. There is something far more galling to his heart—far more exasperating to his pride. When one has entered public life, his name, and everything belonging to him, proceeding from him and converging towards him, becomes the property of the public. The day of his first speech, he might as well have written it over the doorway of his bed-room, and have chalked it across his hat, as we have seen it on the Tuilleries in the days of the republic—*la propriete nationale*—the property of the nation! Everything—the most trivial—becomes notorious and exaggerated. Should he cross the Brooklyn ferry, ten to one! but the news will be telegraphed to Harlem. He takes a dozen of oysters with a friend in an Elysian grot at Hoboken, and the next morning it is announced that the distinguished Mr. Blank entertained a numerous and brilliant party at a sumptuous dinner in the big tree from California, under the dome of the Crystal Palace. Should he sneeze in a proscenium box at Niblo's, they'll hear of the event at the other end of Minnesota before the frost sets in. A perfect stranger—a Hoosier from Terra Haute or a Buckeye from Toledo—confronts him in a stage, says he's proud of his acquaintance, slaps him on the back, and invites him to a drink. He finds it impossible to refuse. That is, finds it impossible to escape. Out of a certain place, not on the map of either hemisphere, Scripture says, there's no redemption. He submits to the invitation. He descends into the exchange of the Astor House, or some other popular and populous resort, and takes the drink. He bobs to the Hoosier or winks to the Buckeye. From that moment out, it is reported in the highest circles that he's a confirmed sot, and periodically sleeps in the Tombs. A skulking shadow, in the pay of some low-bred conspirator, magnifies the glass into a gallon. And this, because he has provoked envy by his eloquence, and hatred by his honesty.

But it stops not here. They dog him to his home, nor goodness, nor love, nor death itself, is sacred to them. Of the oppressed Catholic of Ireland it was sublimely said: "Pains and penalties stood at his cradle, stood at his bridal-bed, stood at his coffin." The same is true of the public man. No festival of his—no festival of the Household Gods—however pure—however solemn—is safe from the intrusion of those slimy spies, who worm themselves into the beautiful mysteries of life, and make their living by the confidence they have betrayed, or the thief-like propensities they have, in spicy items and special correspondence, turned, in consequence of their obscurity, with impunity to account.

This is no exaggeration. Take up the memoirs of any public man, and you will admit, that what we have said, imperfectly depicts not only the penalties, but the coarse profanities to which he is exposed. And a code of public decency and justice defends the infliction of these penalties and the perpetration of these profanities. Let a man who has signalized himself on platforms in the Park, in the Legislature of the State, or elsewhere, incur some domestic visitation. Let his child upbraid, or his coachman bully, or his wife abscond, or the bailiff threaten, and immediately it is in print—the attractive heading of an extra—the appetizing bitter of the bar-room. Expostulate with the publishers of the scandal; protest against the heartlessness and indecency of thus, from the sanctuary which should be inviolable, stripping off the roof, tearing down the doors, breaking in the windows, and exhibiting the inmates to the rude gaze and criticism of the crowd; do this, and you will be told—the proprietor is a public man! You will be told there is no help for it. You will be told, it is in the natural course of human events! You will be told, that the public anxiety demands it, and that with the burglary and sacrilege the public appetite can alone be satiated! You will be told, that the public man can have no inviolability, no immunity, no repose, no shelter; no consideration, no charity, no mercy shown him; and that his woes, his joys, his infirmities, by a reversionary law which cannot be set aside nor mitigated, become the prey, the playthings, the damaged goods, which, after due advertisement, the public may bid for and appropriate.

Home, then, which in every time, with every people, in all vicissitudes; home, which with the poorest as with the richest; with him who has but a crust to mumble, as with him, who clad in purple and fine linen, has banquets of the choicest dishes furnished forth; home, which, be it in the sunny islands, where the orange dyes the air with its golden hue, and the palm-trees, like priests with outstretched arms, propitiate the sun, and life becomes the softest slumber, or be it in the eternal snows, where neither flower nor herb has root; home, of which the sea-boy, clinging to the mast at midnight, dreams until the sea dwindles to the brook which ripples by his cradle, and the star he looked

on last becomes the ember on the hearth-stone; home, for which, wherever he may be or whatever be his fortune, the exile sighs, and for the good name of which his word and arm is ever prompt, and the tie that binds him invisibly to which no storm can break; home, dearer to him than altar, throne, triumphal car; home, the garden of his innocence, the temple of his faith, the monument of his fathers, the fountain-head of life; home is but a drifting wreck to him who ventures into public life.

Then should no man enter into public life? Is that the meaning of the parable we have spoken? Is that the conclusion to which these penalties should conduce? It were a selfish and a cowardly conclusion. No duty should be shirked for the perils which encompass it. That a bold appearance in public life, even with those who desire it least, sometimes becomes a sacred duty, is what the experience of every man asserts. Even modesty degenerates to sloth, or something of a kindred guilt, when the Republic is in danger, and demands in open court the voice and presence of the citizen. When such things come to pass; when some great question is submitted to the people; or some great wrong cries out for judgment; or some great project for the common good is broached; it becomes, if we mistake not, with every citizen, an eminent obligation to make known his opinion with an effect proportioned to the strength of mind and influence he may possess. It is a despicable prudence, which, for fear of being lampooned or hooted, at a moment of great public interest, crosses its legs, picks its teeth, and subsides into the insipidity of private life.

If then, as we have assumed, he be so called, so gifted, so inspired, let the candidate for the Capitol or the White House go forth! To his conscience, his courage, and his genius, let him trust. They are stronger than the critic, the slanderer, the assassin, or the spy. Calmly, proudly, defiantly, let him proceed. Envy, as we have seen, grows pale in the splendor of his intellect, and dumb in the music of his eloquence. Calumny falls like the bloated leech from the arm it wounded, but, with the full measure of its mean capacity, was unable to prostrate. What though the worst should come? What though his favorite people should fall away from him? Calmly, proudly, defiantly—we say again to him—let him proceed. Mutability is the supreme law of nature. We see it in the caprices of the wind, the fall of the leaves, the eclipse, the storm, and the sunburst. We read it in the course of the mightiest river; and, looking down into the mouth of the extinct volcano, and seeing there trees of the oldest growth, we read it in the history of the loftiest mountain. The waters which thunder into the abyss, where the River God each year demands his victim, as they recede, inch by inch, age after age, into the basin from whence they come, proclaim it in a voice louder than that which pealed from Sinai. Even so, the heart of a people changes, and its pathways are uncertain. Even so, the favorite of the people, and he that spoke to them the truth and rendered them good service, may be deserted. Yet even so, he shall stand on the holy height, and from thence shall not be cast down.

IRISH LITERATURE IN AMERICA.

It is exceedingly gratifying to behold the interest so generally manifested by men of intellect and position, concerning the labor of love which at present occupies Mr. O'Mahony. It was but natural that the large political emigration of '48 and '49, the assiduous students of that great mine of instruction opened up by the varied zeal and ability of the new soul that came into Ireland, should hail the announcement of Mr. O'Mahony's publication with pride and anxious expectation. But we are happy to state that all the honor of sustaining such a work will not fall to them. Much older citizens are worthily jealous of the avidity for works on Irish history displayed by their younger and more impetuous brethren; and the remarkable success of works relating to Ireland, published here, is chiefly owing to this noble feeling. Such decision on the part of the adopted citizens, naturally recommends the books in question to American students and readers who desire information on the history and literature of a country with which—Know Nothingism to the contrary notwithstanding—there are so many ties of blood, and brain and muscle.

Fully two-fifths of the purchasers of Irish works are Americans; and in some instances, such as "Maginn's Miscellanies," where the publications are of a purely literary character, the American support is quite two-thirds. Irish works of a semi-political, or completely historical hue, naturally interest the Irish bred, or the sons of Irish born people; but owing to the enterprise and taste of a leading American publisher, the demand for such books by native intelligence is steadily increasing and most encouraging.

The vast amount of Irish readers renders the reviewal of such works a necessity to every journal devoting any space to the literature of the day; and thus they are brought prominently before the public. Curiosity incites some, and taste leads others, to purchase them. American scholars and students read them for their worth and in a spirit of inquiry. American politicians seek their acquaintance "to post themselves up" on the affinities of an element they so desire to command. Thus, from a variety of causes, the works of dead Irish authors, or living ones, who have become citizens of the Republic, are a prominent contingent of the literature of the States.

The audience is extensive, and the varieties of literary food prepared for it embrace many topics of temporary and lasting interest. Yet it is due both to the former, and the fellowship of the latter, that the Celtic literature itself should be represented. In fact, the case or shelf devoted to "Irish literature" cannot be perfect without a specimen at least. We shall soon be enabled to install such a representative, in a new dress to be sure, but in the full possession of his own characteristics. He shall not alone be literally translated, but minutely interpreted to his transatlantic friends, in a manner to justify his introduction to them.

We have received many inquiries from friends and correspondents respecting Mr. O'Mahony's translation of Geoffrey Keatinge. The publisher, also, has been the recipient of several similar favors, of which he holds the following note in chief esteem, coming as it does from one so eminently qualified to give an opinion in the first place, and for the opinion he gives in the second, on both the original work and the translator.

"Knoxville, Tenn., July 10th, 1856.

"Dear Haverty: I wish you to put down my name as a subscriber to Mr. O'Mahony's translation of the *Foras Feasa ar Erinn*.

"That is a book long wanted, and which the 'Celtic Society' ought to have given us long ago. If William Elliot Hudson had lived, it would have been accomplished. And it will be no small credit to you if you can bring out here in America a work long acknowledged to be a *desideratum* in Ireland; executed, too, by a scholar so competent both to translate and to illustrate it with notes, as Mr. O'Mahony.

"I hope it is well advanced in its preparation.

"Faithfully yours, "JOHN MITCHEL."

Our note on the literary page last week was intended as a reply to those who made a similar request to that which Mr. Mitchel makes of the publisher. In answer to the conclusion of the above note, we may reiterate, that the work is "well advanced in its publication;" and remark, that any slight delay will be for the great benefit of the subscribers; Mr. O'Mahony, with a devotion only to be appreciated by the most sensitive scholars, having kept back the publication, in order to compare the manuscript copy of the *Foras Feasa ar Erinn* in his possession with another, kindly lent him by an educated gentleman in the West.

The conscientious scrutiny, patient collation, and loving care bestowed on the text, so that the allegorical traditions preserved by the poet-historian may be the more broadly and readily graspable to us in these days of railway reading, will render this "long wanted" book acceptable no less to the casual reader, than of serious usefulness to the historical student. That portion referring to the tribes of Ireland, will be copiously and clearly illustrated; and of itself ought to recommend the work for large circulation.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE POOR.

We head a sentence or two with the same words we prefixed to a column, which, in our last number, made public the return of two gallant young Irishmen to the land of their birth, and the sacrifices they incurred in her cause. The modest generosity of American workmen suggests to us the propriety of repeating the phrase. As in the former case, a noble act has been done without a word of applause.

The Fourth of July saw the equestrian statue of Washington, appropriately placed in Union Square, with military honors, and commended to the respect and tutelage of this city by a distinguished divine. The ceremony received from the daily papers its commensurate publicity. Behind the glowing features of the pageant, however, there was a circumstance which should have been noticed. The bronze, we have been told by the *Daily Times*, was carted to its destination by one who had no payment for his labor. The pedestal was built up, and the statue set firmly upon it, by men who sought no recompense for their toil, the anxieties and expenses of their great task. The fund, raised for the grand and sacred decoration of the city, in the erection of this statue, was exhausted. Merchants designed the work. Poor men came forward, and with their generous hearts and hands consummated and crowned the splendid scheme.

Who are these workmen? Who is that cartman who brought down the bronze to its lasting destination?

The names of the merchants who proposed the statue have been made known. They thought and acted nobly. Such a work, devised by them, reflects a more radiant credit on their houses, than a thousand sail of clippers and mountains of cotton bales. That glorious link of bronze, so simply, yet so boldly wrought, indissolubly binds them to their country, to the memory of its first soldier and statesman, and the Union he fought for, counselled, and as an inestimable legacy bequeathed.

But the men who carried out the plan—who with their strong hands gave perfection to it, and in its staunch reality stationed it there, for all ages, before all eyes—these men should be known. They did not give their gold pieces to swell the bronze. They had them not. But all they had—the sweat by which they earn their children's bread—brain and nerve—heart and arm—they devoted to the work. Such is the modest patriotism of the noble poor.

We call, in the name of thousands, for the names of those gallant chevaliers of labor. In golden letters their names should be graven on that pedestal in Union Square. Without those names, it is an unfinished work.

OLD CLOTHES—CHATHAM STREET IN LONDON.

The world is full of strange inconsistencies. Principles appear occasionally to be only the attendant genii on the accident of place, and are changed as often as the raiments necessary to a change of climate. Sometimes we see a Lord Edward Fitzgerald, heir to all the monarchic ills that hang around the death-beds of British nobles, casting his family antecedents as a heavy garment from him, and adopting the more treasonable one, which changes his entire appearance in the eyes of the world, and ultimately wraps him as a shroud.

He leaves his native country and its prejudices, in the society of American Indians puts off the mantle of monarchy, and adopts those simpler mental garments which dignify him as a republican neophyte. Then again we behold Americans go to Europe, and through a miserable idea that fashion rules everything, (save Europe who rules fashion,) meekly and servilely accommodate themselves, in the face of all national pride, to the grovelling liveries that fringe society, and dangle their mean-spirited bodies round the political weaknesses or fashionable strength of the circles into which they humbly seek an entrance, which is vouchsafed in sneers and ratified by continued sarcasm. Many enjoy this denationalizing *entree* at the full and thoughtless abnegation of individuality, national honor, and personal pride. For the wretched and parvenue license of meeting men who laugh at their country and make fools of themselves, these Americans sacrifice both their past history and their future position for present association.

We have read with unmitigated contempt a letter in the London *Times*, touching the late bowing out of Professor Mahan, of West Point, from the Queen of England's levee. The letter is signed, "An American," and we would willingly believe that it never emanated from a child of this continent, but that it was the product of the *Times* itself, the signature being but an evidence of that barefaced effrontery for which that unscrupulous sheet is noted. The letter aforesaid is characterized by a solid impertinence worthy of the paper in which it appears. There is not the shadow of an argument in it, while it is profuse in snobbish assertion and a wilful forgetfulness of the individuality of the nation from which the writer borrows his signature. The writer has the "London assurance" to insinuate that Professor Mahan did not pay that attention to his dress, "without which he would not think of presenting himself at even a private party in his own country." Now, the "expelled" gentleman has given his own word on the subject; and moreover it is not to be supposed for an instant that Mr. Dallas would have accompanied him, or left with him, if he at all points was not raimented as became a gentleman.

The "American" letter-writer then protests against the wholesale charge of "ill breeding" brought against the American people by the English press, because, as he states, in "an isolated instance" an American has been found capable of "bad taste and want of common courtesy." This snobbishly ill-bred interference of the letter-writer is sustained throughout. Without in the first instance knowing what he talks about, or if knowing which, he mistakes with all the humbleness of a toady, and the care of a flunkey, he proceeds to make a laughing stock of himself, both to his friends at home and his enemies abroad.

JOHN MARTIN.

Our dear friend of Loughorne in a few weeks visits America. We state so on confidential authority. Having cast a loving eye on his old homestead near Newry, he cannot feel happy until he clasps once more the hand of John Mitchel. He shall find the hearts of his countrymen here as warm as the weather. More couldn't be said. More he would not wish us to say.

Terence McManus cannot be here earlier than April next. His letters to us, received by the last mails, state so.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE TO THE CAPTAIN OF THE MONTGOMERY GUARD, 11TH REGT.

On Thursday, the 17th instant, the Montgomery Guard had their annual Parade, upon which occasion they presented to their Captain, Thomas S. Murphy, at his residence in 28th st., a magnificent set of silver plate, consisting of a massive salver and tea set.

Lieutenant Clark, in a few appropriate remarks, presented the Captain with this chaste and valuable testimonial of the Company's esteem for his long and faithful services as Captain of the Guard. Captain Murphy responded in a very happy speech, recounting the history of the Guard.

Several other speeches were delivered on the occasion, interspersed with some excellent music by Shelton's Brass Band. A sumptuous entertainment was provided by Captain Murphy for the occasion.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE GALWAY ELECTION—MORE OF IT AGAIN.

The pawnbroker, staring through his cracked spectacles, sat up straight in his bed, and exclaimed—

"Well, then, to business, since it's that you're on."

The spectacles were cracked. They were cracked in the shape of a star, or a sun-fish with an extra allowance of legs. They were cracked as a smooth, clear sheet of ice happens occasionally to be, when a gentleman in broad pantaloons, being swept clean off his heels, falls plump backwards upon it. Set in the palest silver, they blended fearfully with Mr. Cassidy's complexion. 'Twas a ghoul in a night-shirt that sat there before us. A copy of the *World* newspaper lay crumpled amongst the hillocks and furrows of the quilt, close to the wall. The quilt was of patch-work. A dingy brown color prevailed. The smell of stale mustard was strong.

"Mr. Cassidy," said the stranger who first addressed him, "the exciting circumstances of this moment may at once suggest to you the purport of our visit."

"Ever read the *World?*" was Mr. Cassidy's pleasant interruption.

"Your'e aware, sir," resumed the diplomatist with the airiest benignity, taking no heed of the question the pawnbroker propounded, "that a great—a serious—a vital question, in short, is now being decided in your town. An election—a furious and deadly election is raging. On the one hand, we have, sir, the nominee of a foreign government."

The pawnbroker, during the first part of the foregoing sentence, had turned his back on the speaker, and busied himself violently, rummaging under the bolster and mattress for something. Wheeling suddenly with a stern movement into his former position, he faced his visitors, with a flute under his lip, his fingers upon the keys, and his night-cap thrown back from his forehead. The night-cap looked as if it were made out of cobwebs. It looked as if peopled with spiders. It looked as if the spiders were frantic, and were twisting and jerking it (holding on by the tassel) back from the pawnbroker's head. The flute was a German one, made of dark cocoa wood, mounted in ivory and silver. The ivory was cracked. The cocoa wood was cracked. So was the pawnbroker. The silver had the distemper. It was the color of soot, with a slight infusion of white-wash.

"Ever hear *Away with Melancholy?*" the musician inquired.

"Seldom under such circumstances," was the temperate reply.

It was gracefully tendered. My friend rose with the occasion. His sweetness increased as the difficulties of his patriotic diplomacy grew to be more close and entangled. The eccentricities of the miserable elector in bed, were enough to exasperate the blandest of spirits. The impediments his capricious intellect, movements, and tastes, threw in the way of a prompt settlement of the question in point, were more than enough to repel the hardest of hearts. Diplomacy, after all, is the superlative of art. In no other business, does heart or brain, physical endurance or Christian patience undergo such excruciating tests. In no other business, do they so wonderfully demonstrate their elasticity. In no other business, do they so exquisitely harmonize theft with honesty, and the turmoil of Erebus with the placidity of Elysium. It is the Andean altitude of Art. There is no ascension on this earth beyond it.

My friend was master of it. The scene, in which he proved himself on this occasion, was confined. The issue of his controversy was insignificant. But in the classic days, we're told, one made himself famous for his physical achievements—famous for carrying with the jauntiest air and ease the weightiest loads—having begun with carrying a calf, and continuing to carry it until it became a ponderous ox. It grew on his back, and he strengthened with its strength. So, too, the Irish game-keeper became the first of shots in his neighborhood, and for miles and miles round. The gun he used, he knew it, he said, ever since t had been a pistol. And so, too, my friend in this Galway election practised on small things in the narrowest spheres. But in the obscure practice he disclosed an exhaustless wealth of temper, genius, language, urbanity, ingenuity, duplicity and delicacy, which—set in motion on a loftier stage—set to control the ambition of princes—set to upset the schemes of Metternichs or Talleyrands—would have immortalized him in the pages of the Macaulays and Machiavellis of a century greater than the Nineteenth. Had Ireland been a nation, he should have had the mission to Japan.

Mr. Cassidy poured his dull soul into the cracked cocoa-wood, and, looking over his spectacles, burnt his blood-shot eyes, as if with a pair of red-hot knitting-needles, into his audience. A grotesque and imaginative thief, there was method in his madness.

"He's as mad as a hatter," whispered the Repealer to me, winking one eye to flatter the maniac, and the other to intimate he understood it completely. The maniac was partly misled. Partly. For a look through the spectacles, fiercer than usual, gave notice he was watching us sharply. Mr. Cassidy, evidently, in the depth of his own mind determined to have the best of the joke. He came to the conclusion he could tire us out with his comical tricks, into his own way of thinking. Some men close up a bargain, considerably to their disadvantage, to get rid of the trouble and vexation the huckstering discussion entails. Cassidy, who knew the value of the emeralds of New Granada, from the labor their discovery necessitates, was well aware of this weakness. He inwardly resolved to be obstinate. His eccentricities and pranks were but the expression of his secret oath to achieve the highest price for his vote.

My friend's name has not been as yet mentioned. I felt some delicacy in giving it. In the course of the narrative, I have warmed (as one does with rich wine, briskly sent round) and becoming confidential, disclose it. James O'Hea is the name. An attorney by necessity and profession—had he the fine linen and full purse to sport, his tastes would have seduced him into the more gilttering regions of Government, and been satisfied exuberantly with the knee-breeches and small sword of the mission to Naples. Providence unequally dispenses the gifts of the world. Stupidity and proud flesh are paramount, whilst genius huddles itself away from the blaze of diamonds, and the flaunting of sky-blue Garters, and the cloudy grandeur of Golden Fleece honors, into a dim cell with a broken bedstead and window, where with the stump of a pen, as if with a Prospero wand, it gives to the world the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or *Gissipus*, a tragedy, which covers the grave of the author as with the towering and arching magnificences of a cosmopolitan Pantheon. Instead of bamboozling a Bourbon at the foot of Vesuvius, James O'Hea, a Carrickfergus attorney, was doing his best to out-wit an obscure pawnbroker of Galway. It was not a throne, but a vote that was at stake. Such are the mistakes of Fortune. Such, it appears to me, are the infelicities which humiliate genius and impoverish mankind, being the main cause of the ugliest quarrels between nations, and all the evils which, like toads and lizards from an overturned fountain, in the slimiest abundance issue therefrom.

"Admirable!" the gentle attorney exclaimed, as Mr. Cassidy solemnly dwelt on the last notes of the piece he had selected, and unfolding his eyelids to the tattered roof of the bedstead, expanding his shirt bosom and fainting back on the bolster, blew the most solemn and sorrowful wind through the dark tunnel which forwarded to the wall the varying moods of his soul.

"Beautiful!" I plaintively murmured, ravenously wishing for the death of the comical rascal, or that his flute and himself might be blowed.

Mr. Cassidy laughed as he took down his flute, and smoothly shoved it in under the blankets and quilt. It was like sheathing a rapier in velvet. The sensation produced by it was perfectly delicious. When buried completely, Mr. Cassidy, slipping himself after it, and leaving nothing but his teeth, cracked spectacles and night-cap of cobwebs in sight, for a second time laughed. 'Twas the laugh of a hyena. Had it come from the mouldiest vault in which dead people were stored, it could not have sounded more horrible.

"Oh! let's go," I emphatically said; "he's a frightful old scoundrel."

"To beguile the time, look like the time—bear welcome in your eye, your hand, your lip"—

Mr. O'Hea went on in the sweetest style with the quotation, waving and curving his right hand to the silent musician, who with his keen red-hot knitting-needles of eyes pierced him through and through almost, until he came to the end of it, when the diplomatist turned to me, impressively repeating the words—

"Look like the flower, but be the serpent under it."

"I'm sick," says Cassidy, observing that the attention of the speaker was drawn away from him for a moment, and not wish-to be a second neglected.

"I'm sick," says the flutist, wriggling under the quilt, working his spectacles up and down his nose, from eyebrows to nostrils, digging the flute deeper into the blankets at the foot of the bed, so as to make the keys very audibly shake, and then seizing the *World* with his left hand, crumpling it savagely, working it spasmodically with his fingers into a huge wrinkled ball, waving it furiously in the air, and finally pitching it against the window, from which it rebounded, falling into a basin of suds, which had been lying, in a sickly white frame, under the shadowy window for more than a week. Mr. O'Hea was no wise dismayed. Not the least. He was confident of his strength, ingenuity, and patience. He knew that Cassidy was anxious to be bought. Knowing this, he knew Mr. Cassidy's weakness. Knowing his weakness, he knew how to manage him. He had the secret o his success. Determined to tire him out, he was resolved to be patient. In fact, with the consciousness of his own strength, the weakness of his victim, and the certainty of conquest, it cost him nothing to be calm, complacent, affable, and abiding. Thus it is that the largest salmon are sloped quietly ashore. Thus it is that even the sternest rock will become a sponge.

"That flute must be a great comfort to you," the gentleman all the way from Carrickfergus observed.

"Nothing to you," growled Cassidy, slipping deeper under the bed-clothes, and snuffling, as if suffocating, as the tip of his nose went under.

"Come, now, Mr. Cassidy."

"Never mind Mr. Cassidy."

"Like a good fellow."

"You're mighty soft—aren't ye?"

"But you know?"

"But I don't."

"There's nothing like a man having a little money beside him."

Mr. Cassidy came up, drawing the flute after him, It was exposed to the third joint. The patient himself was visible to the waist. A smile was perceptible. It filled up the holes left by the small-pox, and played through the cracks of the spectacles. Then there was a rubbing of hands, and another laugh from the hyena, as if the hyena had just made a good match, and had a great fortune secured him. I was thoroughly tired all this time, and several times implored my friend to drop the Three Balls, or else excuse me for going alone. He was not to be touched. Stick to him, I should. See it out, he appealed to me by the loftiest considerations to do. I felt bound to him by links of iron. But the links were covered with honey, and gradually his wit and suavity were transforming the sick reprobate into an interesting case, from the contemplation of which I felt myself, every moment, less and less disposed to steal or tear myself away. It was Titania in love with poor Bottom.

Bottom lay in bed, enchanted partly by his own conceit (he was sure he'd win his own terms), and partly by the attorney of Oberon, who, even by this time, had so played upon his delicate imagination, that the bed-posts glittered like thick sticks of gold, and the whitewash on the walls melted into golden showers, and the cobwebs in the corner of the window-frame tightened themselves into stiff nettings of fine gold. The illusion became so beautiful, the pawnbroker felt his night-cap harden into a crown of the precious metal. He was in ecstacies.

"You're a good fellow," he cried out—"a right good fellow—the best fellow I've met this many a day"—he shouted, slapping the quilt with the flute, which he had pulled out the full length from its scabbard—"good luck to the girls, and three cheers for Cassidy!"

His delight became riotous. He jerked off his night-cap, pitched the flute over the foot-board of his bed, threw up his spectacles, launched the bolster out on the floor, whirled one of the pillows over his red hair, kicking up his toes, and beating the mattress and sheets with his heels, as if swimming for life and death in a horse-pond on the broad of his back. But the fit didn't last long.

"That's right, Mr. Cassidy," said Mr. O'Hea, patting him confidentially on his left shoulder, and whispering to him that all should be right.

"Where is it?" asked Cassidy.

"You'll have it the moment your up," whispered O'Hea.

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," the pawnbroker observed with a frown, a cough, a scornful twitch of his lip and left shoulder, and his whole manner subdued.

"Oh! get up, Mr. Cassidy—get up, if you please—we're in a hurry you know."

This request was urged with the sweetest earnestness of gesture and voice. It was not half through, when the bed-clothes became perfectly still. Nothing but a dull waste lay flat and noiseless between the four posts of the bed. Nothing was visible but the brown quilt, and the quilt was unruffled. The pawnbroker was below. He had disappeared—like his flute on a former occasion.

"Mr. Cassidy?"

Not a word, not a stir, not a ripple on the surface.

"Mr. Cassidy?"

The name was called in a louder tone this time, but to no purpose. It might have been a corpse was under the quilt.

"Mr. Cassidy, here's what you want."

Mr. O'Hea had forced his hand deep into his trowers' pocket, and drawn from out there a hand-full of crispy banknotes. He squeezed them. They rustled. He took one, holding it up to the light, and rattled it sharply and cunningly. It rattled like the newest and brighest of tin-foil. It gave out, like a chorus of crickets, the liveliest of notes. It was brisk enough to have started a miser, a hundred years dead, from his shroud. Cassidy awoke.

"Now, won't you come?" said his tempter.

"Would you like any beef?" asked the pawnbroker, half with a smile and half with a leer.

Mr. Cassidy got on the floor. His movement in doing so was rapid. It was a wild slide and descent. Lightly clad in his loose cotton tunic, he threw himself on his knees in front of a green box, which stood near the window, close to the foot of his bed. Inserting a key and twisting it in the lock, with a grin and a squint at his visitors, he lifted the lid, looked into the box eagerly, gave a cough and snuffle, smelt about for a second or two, laughed like a hyena, shook his head sharply, laughed again, grinned and squinted again at his guests, and then shut down the lid. Quickly retracing his steps to the head of the bed, he tossed up the blanket and quilt in search of his spectacles. The search was productive of many queer treasures.

First of all, he drew up a pamphlet. It was as brown as a tobacco leaf dried. Loosely stitched, it flew with a hundred disjointed wings, as the pawnbroker pitched it away from him, and fell with disordered plumage on the mouth of an earthenware pitcher in the corner close to the door. Taking it up, I found it to be an odd number of Watty Cox's Magazine. An embroidered waistcoat, very much worn and stained, was the next thing which came to the top. This, too, the diver flung from him. A razor-strop followed. Then a japanned toasting-fork. After that a volume of Josephus, in a contemptible state of decay. An umbrella, with a goose's head carved in white bone on the handle, tumbled out on the back of Josephus. A case of surgical instruments, a pair of middling-sized tin scales, a flannel waistcoat, an old Leghorn bonnet, two or three blue worsted stockings, a purple morocco portfolio, nail-brushes and boot-hooks—a promiscuous collection of comical yarieties rewarded his subsequent labors. At last he got to his spectacles. They were the things—the very things—he just wanted. Putting his ears through them, and picking up his night-cap, he returned to the green box. Once more on his knees, he lifted the lid. Once more with his nose deep in the interior, he scented keenly for something in its perfumed recesses. One by one he drew out and laid on the floor the following articles—a teapot, a sugar-bowl, a toast-rack, a bundle of tea-spoons tied with thin twine, a mahogany time-piece, a shaving-case, and two old fashioned egg-cups of silver. Every article was set down on the floor with a laugh, a squint, and a grin. A shout or a shriek, with a brief dance in the short tunic, varied occasionally the monotonous process. It was, on the whole, a grim exhumation of forfeited deposits.

"That," he cried out, holding up the electrotyped teapot and rattling it, "has belonged to one of the Blakes."

His explorations went on. By-and-bye he came to a razor. Opening it carefully, he passed it up and down the ball of his left thumb.

"Good!" says he, with a wink like that of a fiend, "one of the Frenches owned that."

An ivory enamelled card-case made its appearance on the

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U States, for the Southern District of New-York.

dish of a brass candle-stick. The dish was discolored and foul. It was as green and as damp as a grave in the churchyard of Kilbarry. The last treasure exhumed was a piece of stale corned beef, as tough as an ash-root, about the size of a brick. A thick rag of fat clung to it, and a broken bone forced its way through it. The bone was decayed. Spotted with something like verdigris, it was punctured all over.

"Take a bit," Mr. Cassidy, with the most winning voice said, smiling at his guests, holding the beef in one hand, and with the razor, which belonged to one of the Frenches, slicing the meat dexterously.

After this, I concluded we were done for. I gave up the game in despair. Cassidy couldn't be wheedled. 'Twas no use in trying. He was obstinate, dogged, incorrigible. Nothing could coax him. Nothing could bend him. Nothing could reason or tempt him out of his pretended insanity. He was determined to beat us. We should have to conclude with him on his own full terms, or we might go home. That was his determination. The variety of his treasures—those countless forfeited goods—boothooks, teapots, saucepans and razors—above all, that package of beef—enabled him, with considerable relish to himself, to prolong the experiment. I couldn't stand it any longer. Mr. O'Hea was still patient and hopeful.

"Good day, Mr. Cassidy."

"Good day," he laughed out—"won't you have a bit?"

And as I drew the door after me, I saw the pawnbroker, staring fiercely at me through the cracks of his spectacles, stretching the boiled beef in his skinny hand towards me, and with his yellow teeth set and his stump of a nose curved in a grin, inviting me to take a bit, if it were ever so small.

The Three Students.

[From the German.]

"Drei munt're Burschen sassen gemuthlich bei dem wine
Und Schenkten ihu gar waker in thre glaser ein."

I.

Three jovial students, merrily, were seated o'er the cup,
And ever, still more stoutly, they filled their glasses up.
Then spoke the first: "A bumper, boys, of Rhinewine's golden wealth!
I have at home a sweetheart dear, come, let us drink her health!
Dark-eyed is she, and ebon-haired, and slender as the fir;
With glowing lips whose nectar dew I often stole from her."
Then clink'd the ringing glasses and gave a joyous clang,
And like a song of triumph the clear vibrations rang!

II.

"And I," outspoke the second, "I also know a lass,
With whom, right often, sportively the rapid hours I pass.
Brown-eyed is she, and brown her locks, no fawn ere stepped so light;
And clear her voice as cloister-bells upon a mountain's height."
Then clink'd the ringing glasses, and rose a mirthful clang,
Like joybell chimes of victory the clear vibrations rang.

III.

"Hark!" cried the first, with sparkling eye, "these happy omens show
Our sweethearts still think of us, and of our kisses' glow."
"I too," the third said, bashfully, "a gentle maid adore,
We love each other tenderly, and shall for evermore.
Blue-eyed she is, and flaxen-haired, all mildness, love, and grace;
But, ah! I cannot picture it, that angel form and face."
Then clash'd the glasses jarringly, the third's asunder sprang;
A cry of grief! long echoing and piercing was the clang.

IV.

The first two started up amazed, but, bowing down his head,
The youngest, weeping bitterly, a show'r of sorrow shed.
And that same hour was tolling, in a distant homestead dell,
A spirit's heav'nward welcome—the solemn funeral bell.
But one, late peerless, heeded not the sacred choral now,
For slumbered still and peacefully that angel form and brow.
The mild blue eyes, like stars, had set in Death's mysterious wave,
And through the flaxen hair was wreathed a garland for the grave.

Louisiana. SHAMROCK.

The *Literary Gazette* says, Shakspeare's house, if report speaks true, it would seem, after all, is to have a crystal palace to itself. Our readers may perhaps remember that, during the year of the Great Exhibition, 1851, an idea was first started, by some considered an importation from America, but one, we believe, that really emanated from Leamington: namely, of enclosing the house in which Shakspeare is reputed to have been born, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in a large structure of glass, isolating it at the same time from surrounding buildings by removing them, in order to ensure its preservation from fire, even as the former arrangement was calculated to protect it from the effects of the weather. This proposal was submitted successively to the American Minister, Sir Edward Bulwer, Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Foster, Mr. Macready, and others; but the Guild of Literature monopolized the literary mind of the epoch, and it fell to the ground, although the suggestion was warmly approved of by some of those gentlemen. Within these few weeks, however, a certain Mr. John Shakspeare, who claims relationship (of course very remote) with the family of the immortal bard, has been in Stratford making inquiries and arrangements preparatory to carrying out a plan similar in all respects to the one we have described. The sum, we understand, he intends spending in thus gratifying his feelings, is about three thousand pounds; and we learn, moreover, that whenever the preliminaries are arranged, Sir Joseph Paxton and Messrs. Fox and Henderson are to be consulted as to the deed.

The overture to Don Juan was written by Mozart the night preceding the first representation; that of Montano the same morning. Rossini commenced the overture to William Tell one morning and finished it the same hour the next.

DESIDERIUM.

Vast are the cities on the shores of the West;
Bright are the palaces that spangle their breast;
Broad are the rivers which they crown by the sea;
Noble the monuments and halls of the free!
Yet are we wandering back from them all—
Back to the sorrows and the pains of our thrall:
Rather, we brood o'er the hopes they enshroud,
Hopes which the efforts of our hearts make proud.

Last night did I venture, on the full tide of sleep,
To the island of our love through the waste of the deep;
And I passed o'er the places of its fame here and there,
Like a watcher of the dead who half thinks of his prayer.
On Inis Mac Nessan did I rest for a while,
To look upon the sea from the height of its pile;
But e'er I could ascend, I was trembling with joy,
Sitting in a cloister of old Knockmoy.

Afar where Destruction flung his flag on the gale,
O'er the weed-covered monuments in Glendalough's vale,
As I made a petition by the shore of the lake
A Kingly O'Byrne came his orisons to make.
And while we were kneeling, there were drums in the Pale;
And while we were rising, there were shouts from Imaile;
And from out St. Kevin's bed a tall bishop step'd,
His hand towards the capital: so pointing he wept.

Then a stream seemed to ripple where my rapt glances flew,
And I saw the bright Slaney in its wavelets of blue;
But a spirit made a sign with his wand o'er the flood,
And the clouds roll'd above it while the banks spouted blood;
And up from the purple wave there sailed in the sky
A meteor distracting to my sore puzzled eye—
'Twas the banner of our fathers which I knew not at first,
So steeped were its glories in the blood whence it burst.

In a soft vale of Munster, by the well of St. John,
I numbered the pilgrims—they came one by one.
I looked in their faces from the shade of the yew—
The number was scanty, and the faces were new.
There were faces on the upland, my eyes had not known;
In the vale there were voices, how strange in their tone.
Not a spot that I cherished but change had passed o'er,
Yet my love for that vale was more deep than before.

Onward I hurried, with the swiftness of light,
Through the bright colored fringes that hung round the night;
Through the deep purple borders of clouds rolling back,
Where the pinions of Thought made a fast-fading track.
Oh! but the spectacles that thronged to my view,
The castles that I clambered and the hills that I knew;
The spires and the meadows of my dear younger days
And house-loving peasant-men strolling o'er the ways.

The old stricken piles that so reverently spread
Their gray holy fragments round the tombs of the dead;
The monuments that pleaded for the days of creaght and camp;
The towers grimly scowlingly at the antiquarian's lamp;
The wild-storied mountains, where musically clear
Came the bugle-voice of Freedom on the heart and on the ear;
The rivers, raths and ruins—over all the arching skies,
That like our heart surrounded all that held our throbbing eyes.

Soon came the ending, for the beams of the day,
With lordly spoliation did my bliss take away—
Away did they banish it, pitilessly bright;
But my heart kept the darkness while my eyes saw the light.
'Twas thus, when half-summoned from the dream-land I cried—
"You who take scandal that the past is our pride,
Not on us lay your anger, not to us give your blame;
Let them rest, let them center on the land whence we came."

F. O'R.

LION HUNTING IN AFRICA.

THE ADVENTURES OF GERARD, THE LION-KILLER; comprising a History of his ten years' Campaign among the Wild Animals of Northern Africa. Translated from the French by CHARLES E. WHITEHEAD. *Derby & Jackson.*

Jules Gerard is no Van Amburgh. He is no lion-tamer, who pounces on a cub and rears him up in a Tom Thumb state of stupid mechanism to appal the parquette and glorify the gallery with the stunted thunder of a pet lion's roar before the footlights and behind the iron bars of a cage. He is not the jailor of "wild beasts" reduced to a state of cultivated civilization; but master of the royal savagery of the jungles and deserts. His work is masterly in its way, and one of the most interesting we have read for some time. It has all the freshness of a first-rate novel, at the same time that it is an important contribution to the archives of natural history. Full of life, vigor, and incident, told in a clear and highly characteristic manner, flowing over with knowledge of the subject, it is quickened by descriptions, the peculiar ease and coloring of which, to us—who never gave a real lion the "top o' the morning," nor as much as asked a hyena the "time o' day"—appears the most natural in the world. Truly, the book cannot fail to lead the reader, with all the intense devotion of "a looker on" at dangerous sports, through every scene of the Lion Killer's triumphs.

It was said that some morbid individual followed Van Amburgh all round the world, visiting every performance, being possessed with a hope or an idea that the great Tamer would be minus his head some day that he put it into his great Lion's mouth; and was excited to an almost unnatural desire to be present when that event (and the head) should come off. Metaphysicians can account for the feeling that thus made a very extensive and matter-of-fact traveller out of a morbid maniac. It is not so difficult to give a reason why the reader, like the above person, will follow Gerard through his many adventures, having an anxious idea that his next will be his last. For, although the editor tells us in his introduction that he saw the wonderful Jules himself, looking like a "Mississippi scout," in the shooting-gallery of Monsieur Devisme in Paris, after he had gone through his ten years' campaign, still, the incidents are so startling, the situations so hazardous, the movements so breathless, and the encounters detailed, in many instances, so disastrous and deadly to all else than Gerard, that one cannot overcome the anxiety formed as to each succeeding expedition.

The chase of the Panther, the Wild Boar, the Hyena, the Jackal, the Fox, not to mention such creatures as the Antelope, Gazelle, and Porcupine, are flat, stale and unprofitable to the deadly Gerard. Nothing less than the lion is fit to face him, and woe be to the tawny head that does. He will never shake a mane again. His thunder is only a memory for aye and ever after. He shall never again roar into his cubs' ear, that the Grand Duke, the young imperial Prince of the wild, may learn to fear no lesser sound. His day is done. When he meets Gerard, he faces eternity. This Frenchman is prone to solitude, strange to relate, but who can say but that the calm death-giving eye of his has memories of other rapture than sending, with a click of his rifle, great Lions of Mahounah into the ghostland of quadrupeds? Mayhap those very memories drove him to the crag and jungle, calmed his heart, steadied his arm and eye, and made him a greater Lion than any he has killed. Well, we must not, (because we cannot) pry into his secrets; but we can, with his permission, inspect minutely his other self—his weapon:

"Before I left Paris I received from M. Adolphe d'Houdetot, a superb rifle, that he had ordered, made by Devisme, expressly for the chase of the lion.

"This remarkable gun had two chambered barrels twenty-five and one-half inches in length. The bore was of number fifty-two gauge, cut with a progressive twist like the carbines of the Chasseurs of Vincennes. The manner of loading it is the same. The ball is canonical in shape, and pointed with steel for about half its length. This gives it great power of penetration, and it will pierce the hardest substances. The rifle weighed seven pounds and twelve ounces.

"At the same time Devisme gave me a beautiful double-edged poinard of pure steel, with a blade a foot long, and a hand's breadth in width. In his turn, Mooutier Lepage gave me a double-barrel rifle, as carefully finished as the other, and made expressly for my use. It was twenty-two inches in length, of number sixty-two guage, and of the same pattern as has since been chosen for the Hundred Guards of his Majesty the Emperor. The nine spiral grooves make one turn in twenty-seven and one-half inches, and the ball is cylindrical canonical, and weighs two hundred and twenty-five grains.

'When I tried these guns for the first time with Monsieur Devisme and Monsieur Lapage, either in their galleries or at Vincennes, I was astonished at their power of penetration. The ball with a steel point pierced a cast iron plate a third of an inch in thickness, while the leaden bullet pierced an oak plank nine inches thick. With these weapons, the best that could be made for lion hunting, I returned to Africa in the year 1848, to resume my old course of life, that seemed to me the pleasanter from its contrast to Parisian gaieties."

Here is a picture of a Lion of Constantine,

SNUFFING THE BATTLE.

"If by chance it is an old lion that they have roused, he awakens from his lethargic slumbers at the first sound, and, yawning, stretches himself like a lazy dog that has been awakened to soon. Then catching the full cry that comes with the morning wind, and knowing from his own experience, or by family tradition, the meaning of the tumult, he rubs himself backward and forward against a tree, stopping from time to time to wrinkle his broad forehead, or raise his tawny mane, ever and anon throwing up his head and catching the tainted breeze that stirs among the underwood. Then he slowly quits the cover, and selecting some high flat rock that overlooks the country, and from whence he can watch the tactics of his enemies, he stretches himself down, and examines the approaching hordes that the mists of early morning half conceal, half disclose."

"There he goes"—cries the Arab who first beholds him, and that voice stills all the others, and turns all eyes towards the monarch's throne. The Arabs within sight halt to behold him. Others hurry on to the point. A long silence follows, and the Arabs calmly examine their guns, look to their primings, and "the Lion with his huge paws combs out his mane, and makes his morning toilette." Finally, says Gerard, an Arab comes out from one of the groups, and says:

"You don't know us, or you would not remain seated there. Rise and fly, for we are of such a tribe, and I am so and so, son of such a warrior!"

"The Lion, who has probably stripped the skin off of many a native while talking such nonsense, scarcely regards the speaker, but continues to smooth down his face with his paws, and make himself handsome."

Other orators abjure the Lion to fly, but he is not much impressed with their "hyfalutin'" lingo, nor with the names of their tribes or fathers. They call him "Jew," "Christian," and "Infidel." He does not care if they were to call him a Mormon, although it would be more libellously untrue than either of the other epithets. His stolidity arouses their lungs, they make a tumult, and the Lion, like a schoolmaster in the midst of his noisy boys, loses patience, but rises coolly, lashes his flanks with his tail, digs the knob of it into his short ribs, and marches right at his foes. The men retreat to where their cavalry await them. There is a brandishing of arms, and waving of burnous, and neighing of steeds and battle cries, but "suddenly the horses that but a moment before were flying like sand-clouds, come to a halt, with dilated nostrils, and quivering ears, while the great voice of the Lion rolls down the hill: they catch his wind, and stand shivering for fear." Seeing the crowd, the lion is full conscious of his advantageous position, and determining to keep it, stretches himself and refuses to advance:

"The cries and provocations are disregarded; something stronger must be tried to make him move. The hunters consult, and hesitate, until at last an old man steps out, who, if he has not been wounded in some former battle, at least has some relative to revenge, and he speaks:

"'Young men—all of you who care for your fortunes, your families, or your heads, you can go to your tents.'

"Although there are a great many who value these necessaries of life, and would much prefer to be safely under their tents, yet no one moves. The Arab who would leave at such a moment would be dishonored forever. The old man then takes a few steps in advance, he proudly throws back his burnous, and, after taking aim for about five minutes, fires. The ball goes skipping along wide of the mark, but the lion, now thoroughly indignant, springs to his feet; he no longer walks, but charges headlong.

"The rout of the Arabs is immediate and universal. Some of those posted in the trees send their balls at him in his pursuit, the cavaliers advance, and the lion again crouches down, holding some unlucky wight, whose legs were not as quick as his fears, under his gigantic paw. Another shot, and another charge, until the lion, finding himself fatigued by this desultory mode of warfare, takes a position that he will not quit but with his life.

"He pays no attention to the balls and insults that they hurl at him from a distance, but when the crowd gradually approach—when, shoulder to shoulder, the long lines of Arabs march up to closer quarters, while the snorting horses are following close behind, when the iron tubers are all levelled at the one target, and the single foe finds his enemy within reach, he makes a prodigious bound at the living wall. The guns belch forth their flame and ball, and under the canopy of smoke that hangs in the still air, the royal beast rages and tears, until he lies down on a pile of human flesh, and struggling horses, and dies like a king, as he lived."

NOTES FROM THE NORE.—II.

BY A KILKENNY MAN.

"What's in a name?"—SHAKESPEARE.

"Softened by atmospheric zeal," I gratefully appreciate the kindness of T. L. and W. F. B. in correcting one or two slight errors in my first batch of "Notes from the Nore"—errors which escaped my attention until my earliest contribution appeared in your paper, when I detected them, but deemed them too trifling to justify me in troubling you about them:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

Burns sang thus. Ought I not now justly estimate the wisdom of his words?

T. L. rectifies a mistake which I committed only because I relied less upon my own memory, than on the express statement of a newspaper I recently received from Kilkenny. It was thus I was led to substitute the title of "Mechanics' Institute" for that of "Citizens' Club Rooms."

W. F. B. is right in supposing that, in saying Dr. Kelly was President of St. Kieran's College, I alluded "to the old College of Birchfield, a few miles from the city, and the residence of one of the Smithwicks." I was aware of the fact that the college, of which Dr. Kelly was President, stood in Birchfield, but I was not aware that the said college did not bear the venerated title of St. Kieran. Indeed, I had the assurance of a clergyman educated therein, that he never heard it denied the designation made use of in my "memorandle." I did not forget the fact that "the late Bishop of Waterford was dead many years before the structure at present known as St. Kieran's College was erected." This new institution is located near Patrick street, on the once fashionable promenade known as the "New Road." It was incomplete when I last visited it, in the summer of 1847. The college building proper was in an advanced state, but merely the shell of the chapel adjoining had been erected. When completed, it was anticipated that the new college and the grounds surrounding it would form one of the chief objects of attraction in "the City of the Confederation."

The "old College of Birchfield," I may add, is or lately was, the residence of Richard Smithwick, Esq., a spirited, cordial, clever, fine fellow, of whom Kilkenny need not be ashamed. "Edmund Smithwick, Mayor"—for this gentleman is so tableted on Kilkenny's walls—resides in Kilcrene, a charming little homestead about a mile and a-half outside of the city, off the road to Callan. On the Kilcrene estate, there are two small mansions. In 1848, Lieut.-Gen. McDonald occupied one of these. He was commander of Her Majesty's forces in the city of Kilkenny. They comprised about 650 men, rank and file. The 83rd Regiment was the principal constituent. Gen. McDonald was very fond of military displays, and knew well their awing influence on the popular heart. He held frequent reviews, and had many field exhibitions. These were mainly intended to impress the people who beheld them with an enervating sense of the terrific power of the British Government. Nothing could surpass the skill, discipline, and trim of the soldiery on such occasions. However, a day soon arrived when any preconceived notions of superior and invincible prowess were to be dispelled. At the time of the abortive Ballingarry rising, Gen. McDonald received orders to march his force against the "rebels." Ballingarry, I think, was about nine or ten miles distant from Kilkenny. Late of a Saturday afternoon, in the month of July, 1848, the whole of the effective garrison of Kilkenny city started from its barrack ground, on the eastern side of the Nore, under its veteran commander, for the scene of "the rebellion in embryo." It left the city at the mercy of the populace, a few old pensioners alone occupying the barrack buildings and fortifications. The constabulary force was also very weak. I well remember how the Kilkenny confederates exulted at the opportunity thus presented by the enemy's imprudence, to secure a popular triumph, and how strongly they urged upon their leaders the necessity of availing themselves of so auspicious an event. But by the extreme cautiousness, or culpable cowardice of some of these "leaders," the opportunity was let pass, and the people's hopes were nipped in the bud. Not long after Gen. McDonald's command had begun their march, a rain-storm set in, which continued from Saturday evening to an early hour on Sunday morning. The soldiery were completely drenched. Without meeting the "insurrectionists," they returned to their head-quarters. Having been opposed, subdued, and scattered by hostile aerial elements, their appearance in marching, or rather straggling through Irishtown towards their barracks, was wretched, ridiculous, and pitiable. Fifty stout pikemen, well posted and wisely guided, would have been sufficient to capture the entire force. The populace felt this, but their "leaders" were remiss and motionless, and the English garrison of Kilkenny escaped. This furnishes a bitter memory and an instructive lesson.

During the mayoralty of Edmund Smithwick, the city of Kilkenny was much improved, in cleanliness and general attractiveness; for all which it has long been proverbial. Mr. Smithwick was proud of his birthplace, and effectively employed the means under his control to enrich and adorn it. In this way, he rendered himself exceedingly popular, and he has never forfeited one good opinion. Each of the brothers, Richard and Edmund Smithwick, is a J. P., in the employ of H. B. M. Daniel Smithwick resides on High street, in the city of Kilkenny. He finds plenty to do in managing his extensive mercantile business, and in helping to regulate municipal affairs. Edmund and Daniel Smithwick were members of the celebrated '82 Club, whose pompous pledge of unceasing labor for the "Repeal of the Legislative Union" cannot be forgotten. You have immortalized it, in words which suffer in recording it. Would that all such violated or neglected resolutions could be erased from our history! They serve but to humiliate. The Smithwicks have measureably been the architects of their own fortunes. Their father began life honestly, yet humbly, and somewhat cheerlessly. He, however, was industrious, enterprising, and thrifty. He died in independent circumstances, honored and lamented. No one knew "Jack Smithwick," as he was familiarly styled by the generation to which he belonged, that did not esteem and revere him. The Smithwicks and the Sullivans are the leading capitalists of Kilkenny.

The Sullivans, like the Smithwicks, are self-made men; thoroughly democratic in origin, yet not a whit inferior to the aristocracy in power. Richard Sullivan was one of the earliest modern Catholic parliamentary representatives of the county of Kilkenny. I believe he is now no more. He was a married man—upright, generous, and hospitable—the father of a large family, and the owner of an extensive, but unremunerative property. He also was a J. P. in H. B. M. service. Michael Sullivan is at present M. P. for the city of Kilkenny. He is unmarried, impulsive, stubborn, wealthy, haughty, and not over popular. I think he first offered himself in 1847 as a candidate for the representation of his native place. It was then generally believed he would be opposed by John O'Connell, and he had resolved to contest the election with the latter, when a very intimate friend of mine induced him to modify his views of his own ability and influence, so far as to bring him to admit that he could not hope to defeat "the son of the Liberator," whose popularity in the "Faire Cittie" was then very great. Sullivan reluctantly, but openly, made this concession—qualifying it, however, with the remark, that any other rival candidate should meet with his inflexible opposition. He gave utterance to this opinion, as he apprehended the antagonism of the Smithwick interest; and he declared that if "Jack's sons" ventured into the contest, they should have to pay heavily for their hardihood. A short time elapsed. O'Connell was voted for and elected, to represent each of the cities of Kilkenny and Limerick. He expressly declined the former, and formally accepted the latter, honor. Kilkenny was forced into a new election. Sullivan alone appeared as a candidate. He had the support of his own adherents, those of his brother Richard, and, because of his previous giving way in favor of John O'Connell, a majority of the voters of Kilkenny. He likewise possessed the earnest advocacy of Wm. F. Finn, Esq., brother-in-law of the Liberator, and one of the noblest, though least successful, of the public men of his time. Richard Sullivan, as High Sheriff of the city, presided at the hustings. Michael Sullivan was duly nominated, and formally elected, without opposition. When this result became known, he was called on for a speech, but speech-making was not his *forte*, and he very presumptuously, yet shabbily, responded to his constituency's request. Mr. Finn advanced to his relief, and nobly acquitted himself. As I previously stated, Michael Sullivan still represents the city of his birth in the Imperial Parliament. He is a dumb, and extravagantly vain, yet not dishonest, public servant. Popular rumor will have it, that he once indirectly proposed for the daughter of his neighbor, Sir Wheeler Cuffe, but the *mother* of the young lady *rejected* his offer, as she could not permit her daughter to marry even a "*rich plebeian*!" The young lady's family were as poor as paupers, but their pride was "prodigious," and the vanity of class proved greater than the attraction of competence. This is one of Ireland's greatest miseries. Self-made men are looked upon with "envious contempt" by worthless noodles, whose only use on earth is to serve as a caution to the gifted, the active, and the ambitious, against the folly of an effortless and effeminate reliance on musty family traditions of "noble origin," and "ancient renown."

"What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin' gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

Sir Wheeler Cuffe was doubtless an honest man, but his poverty often obliged him to dodge and to dissemble. As a debtor, he was most permanent and provoking. A Kilkenny tradesman once sent him a bill for work performed for him. The worthy knight demanded of the collector what he wanted? The collector replied that he wished to have "his honor" discharge the debt he had contracted with his employer. The valorous baronet instructed him to tell his employer to go to hell, and if his employer declined acting on his advice, he himself might adopt it.

James Sullivan is the youngest of the three brothers,—the most accomplished, yet the least fortunate. He was in every sense a noble-man,—but, of late years, he has unhappily been the victim of a most appalling calamity, and his life is now dark, barren, and burdensome, even to himself. No one acquainted with his remarkable business talents, and his high-mindedness, can help bewailing the great misfortune that deprives Kilkenny of a most enterprising citizen.

But I am wandering. W. F. B. knows not who I am, and as I presume he is indisposed to learn, let me assure him he need not dread that I will invade *his* obscurity. I may be a ghost, or a goblin, but it is of no consequence to him; to me, it is a matter of equal indifference whether he be a Briareus or a Zoilus. Yet I cannot understand why one, who, without knowing me avers that he is a "nearer relative" of Ken. Buggy, should be under the necessity of asking me "what has been done with his MSS., which were put into Dr. Cane's hand for publication, and what became of the money subscribed towards erecting a monument to him in his native city?" On neither point can I satisfy W. F. B. I know nothing whatever of or about the MSS. or monument funds. Would you be kind enough to ask your friend Dr. Cane, or your Kilkenny correspondent, St. Canice, to answer his inquiries? Do try to enlighten him, and appease his anxious cogitation.

In order that you shall not be annoyed with any more corrections of slight errors in my notes, would it not be advisable to say that they are written from memory, hurriedly and roughly? Your printer has already made me assert that Banim was interred in Madlin street *chapel*. I stated in my MS. that his grave was in Madlin street *chapel-yard*. I know that such errors cannot be regularly avoided. I murmur not at fate. I merely point out and correct this one, in order to save you from another revisor's infliction.

I must conclude. The shaded thermometer within a yard of me is inexorably fixed at 92 deg. A lusty, briery, kindly, thirsty, sweltering servant-maid breaks in upon my retirement, to apprise me of the anxiety of my messmates for my presence at the hospitable board of a very dear friend. You possibly wish I were otherwise employed than in scribbling "Notes from the Nore." My course is, therefore, obvious. Roll up my "bit 'o writin'," and off to dinner.

New-York, July 19, 1856.

CITY COURTS—SUITS AND SUITORS.

It is always a matter of no little interest to visit our city courts. The investigations relate to the right of property, or personal injuries. They are varied in character; sometimes instructive, and frequently amusing. A trial of any matter in dispute, is an examination into the truth of the statements made by the parties. It requires astuteness and tact on the part of advocates, patience and firmness on the part of judges. No matter how trifling may be the cause of litigation, the parties concerned are always hostile to each other. Great indeed is the disappointment when the result of a trial determines the judgment against a suitor. The damages, the costs of suit, the witnesses, the jurors, and officers' fees, are all to be paid. Besides which, time has been lost and feelings exasperated for which nobody ever can or will pay.

But the parties appeal to the Courts, as though they were infallible tribunals, certain to vindicate their real or imaginary wrongs. Oftentimes evidence is weak and the explanations of the parties themselves obscure. To determine a suit, it sometimes happens, the litigants themselves are sworn to testify. This, however, is not adopted, unless no other evidence can be obtained. The party sworn is invariably subjected to a rigid cross-examination. The bias of self-interest is always presumed to color his statements. A legal Expert has little to say beyond a clear and concise exposition of the facts. When not able to conduct a cross-examination with that analytic power which establishes the true value of evidence, a dull lawyer is apt to carry it on in such a way as to indicate that he considers the witness to be a desperate villain, not apt to tell the truth unless by accident, or when entrapped into it. This occasions a great deal of useless badgering.

In the main, witnesses are honest, and speak what they believe to be true. At times, however, the reverse is the case. It then requires all the adroitness of a skilful advocate to expose falsehood, detailed with craft, and adhered to with boldness. A short time since we witnessed a notable instance of the kind.

The Plaintiff, who resided in a distant place, claimed from an Express Company, a sum of money alleged to have been placed in their hands, and for the non-delivery of which he brought suit. To prove the placing of the money in the hands of the Defendants, the plaintiff's Counsel called as a witness a German woman named "Getty." She gave her testimony on oath, and testified:—She had gone one morning to the office of the Company, delivered the letter containing the money to a clerk, and obtained from him a receipt for it. The receipt was produced and admitted to be correct.

A young man, an acquaintance, she stated, had requested her, the night before, to call in the morning for the package, that she might take it to the Express Office, in Broadway. She was a pedlar in china, and intending to go to Brooklyn, she was asked to take the package on her way. She called in the morning and obtained the package. She had seen the letter written, and heard it read by the young man. It was a German letter. It read—"I send you $26, for goods sold." It was addressed to the Plaintiff. She saw the young man put the money in the letter and seal it up. She did not know what bank the bills were on, but she had one bill in her hands, the others she did not have. The bill she had was a one dollar bill. She could not read English, but she could tell numbers.

After the young man had given her the package, he accompanied her to the corner of the street next to the Express office. He then left her. He went away on some business of his own. She did not see him again until night, when she gave him the receipt produced in court.

The young man alluded to was then sworn. He deposed, he had written the letter; placed the money inside, sealed and delivered the package to the woman. He was certain as to the sum of money. He described the bank bills, and the manner the package was folded.

He gave his testimony in a positive and confident manner.

He was cross-examined. He said—"I am 19 years old. I have been three or four years at the segar-making business. I made up the package containing the money; marked the amount on the cover outside. The woman could not speak English very well, and I thought I would make everything plain by putting the amount enclosed on the outside. The money I put in was to pay the Plaintiff for geese he had sent to his sister-in-law in this city to sell for him. A good many folks—about two persons—had sold the geese and gave the money to me. I then put the money in the letter. I put in four five-dollar bills, one three, one two, and a one—in all $26. When I had got the money I wrote the letter. I spoke to 'Getty' and she told me she was going to Brooklyn, I told her she might take the letter for me on her way. She gave me some of the money the day I put it up. She gave me four or five dollars or a three and a one. I got the other money the day before from a woman in Eldridge street. I do not recollect how much. My mother also gave me some." The witness was here asked to name the precise sum given him by his mother, when he stated that he did not intend to say that any body else than his mother had given the money to him. "I only got the money (he said) from my mother. It's matter of fact; I got the money only from her. She gave me $26, all ready to put in the letter. The woman in Eldridge street did not give me any—I was only told so by my mother. 'Getty' knew that her money was in the package as well as the rest. I cannot tell what banks the bills were on. The $1 was on an Elmira bank. All the rest was city money. My mother gave me the money the night before.

"I do not recollect—Yes, Getty was present when the money was given to me. The $3 bill she gave was city money. I wrote the letter that night and put the money in. "Getty" was present. I did not read the letter to her. I did not read any of the letter to her. I did not read *all* of the letter to her. She told me to put some words in it. She did not tell me to put any words in it. She might have said so. I do not recollect. I also directed the letter the night before. I did not put the money in at night—I made a mistake—I put it in the next morning. My mother did not give me the money at night, but the next morning."

The witness now so often contradicted himself and continued to repeat so many different statements, it was considered unnecessary to pursue the inquiry further. Before being dismissed, he was asked why he had not delivered the package himself, as he had gone to within a few doors of the Express office. He stated, he had gone off in search of employment. "As I went down town after 'Getty' had got the letter in her hands, I left it with her, as she was as much interested in it as I."

The defendant's Counsel stated he judged it was apparent from the contradictions in the story, on the part of the Plaintiff, there was a conspiracy to obtain money from the Company. To show the fraud, he introduced the clerk who had received the package and had given the receipt to Getty, "for one package said to contain Bank-notes valued at $26." He put the package in a drawer without any particular examination, and afterwards handed it over to one of the despatch-clerks, with other packages received. After he had given the package, he was asked by the despatch clerk if he had receipted it as a money package. He replied he had. The fact of its being a money package was then questioned. It was then closely examined, and no enclosure could be discovered. The letter was then produced in Court, and identified by the witnesses, as the one for which the receipt had been given. The company withheld the delivery of the package, determined to abide the result of any investigation concerning it. The Counsel for the company intimated he would first give evidence the letter had not been opened while in custody of the company, and then wished the seals to be broken, that the matter might speak for itself.

The counsel for the Plaintiff then intimated he would withdraw from and discontinue the suit.

It was accordingly withdrawn, and a bold attempt at fraud evidently discomfitted.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

At the church of St. Andrew, Wesland row, Dublin, Robert D. Lyons, M. D., son of Sir William Lyons, High Sheriff of Cork, to Marie Pigot, daughter of the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron.

At Leominster, James Finch, of St. John's Bedwardine, Worcester, to Anne, daughter of Wm. Vaughan, Leominster, and sister of Mr. Vaughan of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin.

At Magourney, Edward H. Rubie, of Kinuckane House, county Cork, to Margaret, daughter of Herbert Gillman, of Clonfeadmore.

At Lisburn, county Antrim, R. Jefferson, of Underwood House, Cumberland, to Catherine, daughter of George Stephenson, of Lisburn.

At the Catholic Chapel, Holme, Yorkshire, Sir James Fitzgerald, Bart., of Castlelshen, county Cork, to Blanch Mary, daughter of the Hon. Philip Stourton.

At Ballycuslane Church, William Sandes, of Morgans, county Limerick, to Lucy, daughter of the late James Magill, of Tralee.

At Carne, county Wexford, Joseph, son of John Sealy, of Trane, Broadway, to Margaret, daughter of John North, of New Ross.

At Enniscorthy, James P. Sheridan, LRCSI, to Margaret T. daughter of P. O'Rourke.

IRISH DEATHS.

At Springvale, county Mayo, aged 101 years, Thomas Coyne, father of the Rev. E. Coyne, the respected priest of Aughamore.

At Capel street, in the 80th year of his age, Richard Coyne, publisher and bookseller.

At Drumcree, near Portadown, Baptist Gamble, aged 87 years.

At Redmondstown House, Elizabeth, relict of Henry Cochrane, of Dublin.

At Cabra House, county Down, Mary, wife of George H. Gartlan.

At Dunganstown Castle, county Wicklow, Mathew Wright.

At Castle Cottage, Cahir, aged 89 years, Susan, reliet of William Vowell, late of Coole, county Tipperary.

At Philsborough, Richard Landy.

At Wesley place, Dublin, John Daly.

At Castle Durrow, Edmond S. Delaney.

At Mitchelstown, county Cork, Isabella, wife of T. Carroll.

At Kingstown, Jane, daughter of the late Francis West, of Cloon, county Leitrim.

At Ortocomund, on the Neilgherry Hills, India, Frances Elizabeth, wife of William Fraser, C. E., HEICS., and daughter of Thomas G. Stoney, of Kyle Park, county Tipperary.

At Rathmines, Mary, daughter of the late John Smyth, late of Prospect Lodge, Roscrea.

At Shepperton, county Clare, Anne, relict of Philip Smyth, of Cherrymount, county Meath, aged 87 years.

At Castlecomer, John Butler Wandesforde, eldest son of the Hon. C. Wandesforde.

In London, Emily, wife of General Hawkins, and daughter of the late Henry Kellett, of Cork, barrister.

Congressional.

Thirty-Fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

July 12 (*Saturday.*)—No session.

July 14.—After the passage of several private bills, the bill amendatory of the act to promote the efficiency of the Navy, was taken up, and after some desultory discussion, and an unsuccessful motion to adjourn, Mr. Toombs obtained the floor and proceeded to speak at great length, giving a history of the rise and progress of the Navy from the foundation of the Government.

July 15.—The House bill appropriating $50,000 to construct a road from Fort Ridgeley, Minnesota, to the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains in Nebraska, was passed. Mr. Toombs then concluded his remarks on the bill amendatory of the Act to promote the efficiency of the Navy, condeming in strong terms the action of the Naval Board, and the bill was finally passed by a vote of 26 against 11.

July 16.—The bill to amend the Copyright Laws was passed. Mr. Jones, of Tenn., spoke on the Armament (Three Million) bill, but no vote was taken. The President's nominations in the Navy Department then came up, and Commodores Pendergast and Nicholson were confirmed as Captains by a vote which indicates a pretty thorough restoration of the parties aggrieved by the Retiring Board.

July 17.—Mr. Toombs introduced a resolution that the finding of the late Naval Board in the case of Lieut. Bartlett was a violation of his constitutional rights, and therefore void. One hundred and ninety-five Naval appointments were then confirmed in Executive session.

July 18.—Engaged on private bills. A bill providing for the compulsory payment of postage on all transient printed matter was reported.

House

July 12.—Mr. Grow gave notice that he would soon call up the motion to reconsider the vote referring the bill to annul the laws of Kansas to the committee of the Whole. A bill was introduced, authorizing the Postmaster-General to enter into a contract with Christian Hanson of Brooklyn, to carry the United States mail in a line of steamers, between New-York, Gludstadivia, and some English port. Consideration of the report on the Sumner assault was then resumed, and the debate was not concluded when the House adjourned.

July 14.—Mr. Clingman asked that the adjournment resolution be considered, but the House refused to suspend the rules. Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, asked for a further consideration of the report on the Sumner assault until Wednesday, (16th.) Objection was made, and a motion for the previous question prevailed. Mr. Edmundson made a statement affecting himself and against the action of the committee, and a discussion followed between Messrs. Orr and Campbell; after which the House voted on the substitute of Mr. English, that "the House declares its disapprobation," &c. It was disagreed to, 174 to 37. A vote was then had on the substitute of the minority of the committee, that "the House has no jurisdiction," &c., and it was also rejected, 145 to 66. The majority resolution to expel Brooks was then voted on, and the result was, Yeas 121, Nays 95, not two-thirds, as required to carry it. Mr. Brooks, after some opposition, spoke in his own defence, and concluded by informing the House that he had resigned his seat. The next resolution of the majority declaring the disapprobation of the conduct of Edmundson and Keitt, was taken up and pending its consideration the House adjourned.

July 15.—After considerable debate, the resolution censuring Mr. Keitt was adopted by Yeas 106, Nays 96; and that censuring Mr. Edmundson was rejected by Yeas 60, Nays 136. Mr. Keitt announced that he should ask the House to hear him to-day.

July 16.—Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, spoke his valedictory, and tendered his resignation. In his speech, he belabored Massachusetts and the North and eulogized the South. He boasted that he knew the assault was to be made, but not the time, and held that he could not with honor inform of the fact. Mr. Keitt retired with considerable eclat.

July 17.—The contested seat of Archer vs. Allen (VIIth district of Illinois) was the subject of debate. The majority of the Elections committee gave Mr. Archer two majority; the minority gave Mr. Allen one. No vote was taken.

July 18.—The Illinois contested election case was disposed of, by declaring the seat vacant, and sending the whole matter back to the people.

DIED,

Of Scarlet Fever, in this city,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER BYRNE, on 7th July,
EDWARD JOHN BYRNE, " 8th "
JAMES BYRNE, " 15th "

infant children of Samuel Byrne, late of Cork, Ireland.

Michael O'Callaghan, a boy of seven years of age, who resided at 584 Water street, was accidentally drowned on the 16th inst. while playing with other boys on the dock foot of Clinton street, East River. His body was recovered next day under a bridge in the same dock by Mr. John Reirdan, boatman, and Mr. J. G. Henderson, of 104 East Broadway, after a diligent search, and a great risk to their own lives.

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☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The MAILS FOR EUROPE, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer Fulton will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 26th day of July, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Special Notices.

The Meagher Guard, of Philadelphia, intend celebrating the Birthday of THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER—in consequence of its falling on Sunday this year—on Monday, the 4th of August instant. The celebration will consist of an evening parade, &c. &c.

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. THE AMBROTYPE.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. BRADY, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 3m28ju

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Photographs and Ambrotypes.—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (3m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of Forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled. on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Ladies going in the Couutry, wishing their supply of Shoes, can find Linen Gaiters at 12s. Slippers, Ties, Buskins and Toilet Slippers, from 6s. to 10s.: India Rubbers, &c., with Boys', Misses', and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds and prices, at

4t19jly J. B. MILLER & CO'S, No. 134 Canal St.

Information wanted of Patrick Ryan, late of Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, aged about 30 years, farmer, who left Limerick in the month of May, 1851, and who when last heard from was in Orange county, N. Y., but is now supposed to be living in Vandalia, Fayette county, Indiana. Any information of his whereabouts sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, New-York, will be thankfully received by his wife. jly 19

Notice.—New-York and Liverpool U. S. M. S. S. Co., 56 Wall street—New-York, May 27th, 1856.—The rate of freight by the steamers of this line from Liverpool to New-York, is reduced to four pounds per ton measurement until further notice. jly19tf E. K. COLLINS.

Sewing Machine Depot.—Sewing Machines of all kinds sold, improved and repaired, on reasonable terms, in the most substantial manner. Superior Machine Oils for sale. A large assortment of Machine Silk Twist and Needles for sale at reduces prices.

my 24, 3 mos. F. S COATES & Co., 345 Broadway, New-York.

Wanted.—Good hands to embroider on linen. Apply at GENIN'S Bazaar (under St. Nicholas Hotel,) 513 Broadway. my17 3m

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....25 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THE

SUMMER GARDEN.

Fourth week of

MISS AGNES ROBERTSON

19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th nights of her extraordinary career of attraction and success!

Tuesday—

The Phantom.

YOUNG ACTRESS.

Wednesday—

BOB NETTLES.

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

Thursday—

The Life of an Actress.

Friday—

BOB NETTLES.

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

Saturday—

THE PHANTOM.

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Parquette and boxes.....50 cents
Family Circle.....25 cents
Doors open at a quarter past seven P. M.

Billiards.

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND CUSHIONS.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS.

53 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

The Washington correspondent of the *Puritan Recorder* thus writes of the Democratic candidates:—James Buchanan seems to be their chosen man, a bachelor of sixty-five, not mixed up with the modern strifes, long the candidate of Pennsylvania, lately pushed forward with determined resolution, and with signal success. He has good habits, a clear head, a steady firmness of mind, large experience, and a high and impartial spirit. He is a Presbyterian, denominationally, and a regular church-goer, kind to ministers, and a firm believer in the necessity of religion as the conservative element in the prosperity of the republic. John C. Breckinridge is a young man, of a noted Presbyterian family of Kentucky; a grandson of a former Attorney-General of the United States, and the nephew of three Presbyterian ministers, a member of the last Congress of Mr. Clay's district, voted for by many Whigs. He has barely obtained the constitutional age (35) for the office of Vice-President, to which he has been nominated. He is no office seeker, but a man of excellent dignity, strong domestic attachment, steady habits, and sound abilities. He would even adorn the Presidential chair. It is a good sign, amid all the threatening ones of the times, that a great excited political convention should so cordially select two such men for the first offices of the nation. Calumny will find little to feed on in the characters of these men.

The Boston *Courier*, an Old-line Whig paper, which, in his life-time, was the organ of Mr. Webster, has an article upon the Presidential election, in which it says:

Thus Mr. Buchanan enters the field with the whole Southern political force in his favor; he is as certain of the electoral vote of Pennsylvania—if any dependence can be placed upon the previous and well-known action of Pennsylvania with regard to her politicians and her interests—as the sun is to rise on the day of the Presidential election—and he then wants but two electoral votes to make him President. California has never shown any peculiar favor toward Colonel Fremont—he was refused a re-election to the United States Senate about a year after she came in as a State—his claim for her four votes has acquired no recent strength, and California has shown less disposition to sympathise with anti-slavery than any other Northern State in the Union. He has then to look to Iowa, Indiana and Illinois in the West—to New-Jersey, Connecticut, New-Hampshire and Maine in the North—all of which are debatable States, even with the anti-slavery furore, now dying out, which is expected to be brought into action among their voters, and his chances of success with them are no better, if they are as good, as those of the Democratic candidate. There are other Northern States which might be put into the same category, and there is, besides, the great State of New-York, with her thirty five electoral votes, which, in the present state of the canvass, the "Republicans" cannot claim with any surety of success. The friends of Mr. Fillmore will, without doubt, run an electoral ticket for him, and as they carried a plurality in the last State election, though they may be weakened by dissensions now, they constitute a force which is not to be despised, and they have a large body of men in their ranks who can never be brought to the support of the "Republican" ticket.

We are of the opinion, says the Menasha, Wis., *Advocate*, that the ever doubtful State of New-York, will give her vote for the Democratic Ticket. In the State Election last Autumn the Know Nothings carried their ticket over the heads of the Democrats, who supported two different tickets. Had the Hards and Softs united under one banner they would have carried the State high and dry, as their united vote exceeded both that of the Know Nothings and Republicans. In the coming contest the two factions will be seen fighting side by side for "Old Buck and Young Breck," and we might safely claim New-York as democratic. Moreover, New-York is the native state of the regular Know Nothing candidate, and he will poll a comparatively heavy vote there, though in our opinion, not enough to carry him ahead of his Republican competitor, but enough to damage his chances. New-York is also the native State of Gerritt Smith, and although his vote will be small, he yet will be a stumbling block in the way of the Fremont party.

Under all these circumstances, we think we can safely count New-York as for Buchanan by ten or fifteen thousand majority. Delaware is; it is true, a Know Nothing State, but though differing in politics, Buchanan is all powerful there. As for Tennessee, we think the Know Nothings will not be able to muster a sufficient number of votes to carry the Fillmore ticket through. In the last Gubernatorial Election the democratic candidate, Andrew Johnson, defeated his Know Nothing competitor, M. P. Gentry, by from 2,000 to 3,000 majority. At that time the Know Nothing party had reached the acme of their power, and they pitted against the democratic nominee the strongest man in their ranks. We think Tennessee venerates too highly the memory of that great man—the Sage of the Hermitage—to endorse by her vote, such a man as Donelson. It is well known that Gen. Jackson never had any confidence in the man, and why should Tennessee?

Giving our opponents, however, the benefit of every doubtful point, we will be able to carry the ticket high and dry, maugre all their efforts to defeat us.

We believe, says the Pittsburg *Daily Union*, that all the decent men belonging to the Black Republican and Know Nothing parties have abandoned their Ten Cent slander in relation to Mr Buchanan. It was a most unfortunate attempt on the part of those who first got it up, as it enabled our friends everywhere to show how firmly and undeviatingly Mr. Buchanan has ever been the workingman's friend.

With peculiar point the Madison (Wis.) *Democrat* says:—The federalism of Mr. Buchanan first appeared in 1813, when he shouldered his musket and marched to the defence of his country.

The *Valley Spirit* has the following:—When Mr. Buchanan was on a visit to this place some six or eight years ago, a fellow with more brass than brains "put the question squarely" to him "whether he really thought ten cents a day was enough for a laboring man?" Mr. Buchanan replied that he would not like to give ten cents a day for the labor, physical or intellectual, of any man who would ask such a question. The Know Nothing Baltimore *Clipper* can stow this answer away in the vacant chambers of its ten cent cranium.

The Syracuse *Standard* says "the thirty-five electoral votes of New York will be cast for James Buchanan."

The conspiracy against the temporal power of the Pope, the Limerick *Reporter* believes, is likely to develope itself much more significantly through the Mazzini agency now than it has done hitherto.

Captain Croker has been elected Secretary of the Royal Irish Agricultural Society.

FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

The Brownsville *Flag*, Texas, of the 18th publishes the following extract from a letter dated Rio Grande City, June 12. It confirms a report we had, via San Antonio, of some lynching on the Rio Grande.

We have had a little hanging at this place. A few days ago two robbers—one a white man and the other a Mexican—were hanged. They had robbed the church at Guerrero, and attempted to steal the horses from a detachment of Rifles, and were caught in the act. The white man fired at the sentinel, the ball passed through his cap. Some say that he is Kellogg. He gave his name as Kingsley, from St. George's Island, Fla. And to be even, the Mexicans hung four or five white men yesterday, near Camargo, for horse stealing, said to be drummed out soldiers and deserters. The affair on this side has kicked up quite a stir, in consequence of the Rifles taking the matter into their own hands. The civil authorities tried very hard to get the property stolen by these men, amounting to near $2,000, into their hands, but it would not be given up to them. They tried the men and liberated them—then the Rifles gave them justice under a tree. It is said that among the men hung by the Mexicans are the two who were run off from here in March last.

The Collossus of the Advertising World.

THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

It is estimated that the entire newspaper press of the world reaches about two hundred millions of its inhabitants, and as the advertising system of Professor Holloway covers the whole of this extensive medium for the communication of intelligence, we may safely presume that one fourth of the adult population of the globe are familiar with the properties of his medicines. The annual cost of maintaining an unremitted intercourse with so large a portion of mankind, through the agency of the press, is necessarily enormous; and we can state from the data laid before us that it equals the combined revenues of two first class States of the Union. From these facts some idea may be formed of the consumption of his remedies. Wherever they become known by advertisement, and thus obtain a trial, a demand for them is created which soon produces immense returns, thus affording new capital for their further diffusion. In this way, with gigantic strides, these grand specifics are traversing every region of the earth, raising thousands of hopeless sufferers from their sick beds, curing disease in all its terrible forms, strengthening the weak, relieving agony, and infusing new life and vigor into multitudes of decrepit human beings, bowed down with despondency and woe. The wonderful progress of these medicines has been without a check from their introduction to the present day. Of the millions to whom they have been administered not one has questioned their efficacy. They stand unimpeached before the world. The feeble opposition raised against them in some quarters by professional envy and selfishness, has been borne down by the overwhelming weight of public opinion, and they have passed over all impediments alike into the palace, the private mansion, the hospital, and the dispensary. The backwoodsman and the busy citizen, the farmer, the traveller, the sailor, the soldier, in short, the representatives of every class—invalids of both sexes and of all ages—regard HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT as the most reliable of all medicines in every stage of disease. A popularity so universal, a faith so firm and undoubting, can only be founded on a veritable basis, and this popularity and faith, be it remembered, has been extending with marvellous rapidity for more than twenty years!—*Cincinnati Daily Columbian.*

Card from Edward Dunigan & Brother.

James B. Kirker, the present representative of the firm of Edward Dunigan & Brother, learns with regret that an attempt is being made to persuade the public that a circular issued by Mr. John Gilman Shea, with regard to his correspondents, is a malicious attempt of the house to injure another.

Mr. Shea continues to enjoy the highest esteem of the firm, still it has not and will not interfere in his private concerns.

The House of Edward Dunnigan & Brother has as yet issued no circular whatever, relative to the forthcoming History of the Catholic Church, by Mr. DeCourcy and Mr. John Gilman Shea.

New-York, July 17th, 1856. (8t) 151 Fulton street.

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necesary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A *Beautiful Complexion* may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops and wash the face night and morning.

Shaving made Easy.—Wet your shaving brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," ru the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

3mjly5 W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., Franklin Square, New-York.

Phrenology.—Examinations with charts, and written descriptions of character given daily by PROF. FOWLER, at the Phrenological Cabinet, Broadway, two blocks above the Park. Private rooms for gentlemen and ladies. 4t12jly

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SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York; also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

y21june

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

Continental Military Establishment.

J. PARKS,

195 FULTON, BELOW DUTCH, N. Y.

Hats, Caps, Ornaments, &c., made to order. 3m28ju

Business Directory.

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Contributions of either books or money received at the office, No. 107 Nassau street.

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JOSEPH MCGUIRE, Vice-President.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, D. Quinn.
RECORDING SECRETARY, James Fabb.
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PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

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AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments,

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

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One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durabe quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*
ap19tf

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.
ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.
jun14m6
EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overffow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the pafient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opporiunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor; nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 178 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
my31 No. 178 Bowery, New-York.

DR. B. F. ADAMS,

SURGEON DENTIST, (formerly of Barclay street,) feeling grateful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him for the last fourteen years, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken an elegant suite of rooms, at

NO. 122 CHAMBERS STREET,

(near the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Railroads,) where he may always be found, ready to perform all operations pertaining to his profession, in a manner unsurpassed, and on the most reasonable terms. Whole or part sets of incorruptible teeth inserted without pain, on gold plate or gutta percha, excelling nature in beauty and durability. No impure gold or dangerous amalgams used. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, or of adults remedied. Cleansing, extracting, &c. &c., all at reduced prices. Sets of teeth inserted on Silver or Gutta Percha, for six shillings each. Teeth examined, and advice given free of charge. Please call.
8m7jun B. F. ADAMS, 122 Chambers street, New-York.

DR. J. VOORHIES,

MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,

NO. 69 SANDS STREET,

Brooklyn.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

N. B. All chronic or nervous diseases cured by Electricity in some form. Electro Medicated Vapor Baths ready for operation. Dropsy can be cured by this treatment. Consultations free. m3jun14

WRITING INKS.

WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

Thaddeus Davids & Co.,
ap19 6m Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

Medical.

"Eye and Ear."—DOCTOR HENDERSON, Oculist and Aurist, 419 Broadway, corner of Canal street, treats all diseases of the eye and ear, without cupping, leeching, blistering or the use of calomel. Within the past two years upwards of thirty cases of blindness from inflamation have been restored to sight, to whom reference can be given, (hundreds of which can be seen in my circular,) by inclosing three postage stamps. Electro-chemical Medicated Vapor and Sulphur, hot and cold water BATHS. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings by appointment. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal st., New-York. my17 3m

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted.

H. G. LUTHER,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

No. 698 BROADWAY, Second House above Fourth st.

HAVING enjoyed an extensive practice during the last twelve years, feels confident of his ability to give perfect satisfaction to all who may honor him with their preference. He is prepared to perform all operations connected with his profession, in the most faithful manner, and in strict accordance with scientific principles, embracing all the recent improvements of the day.

References of the most respectable character given if desired. Patronage respectfully solicited.

☞ N. B. Teeth extracted without pain. my17 3m

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy. The last Unfolding of the Art of Healing. My daily practice proves that I CURE CONSUMPTION, in all its varied forms and most advanced states, as readily as any other disease. Therefore I desire to treat all Consumptives, but particularly those who have tried all other physicians without relief. Mrs. M. J. MARIN, M.D., No. 37. Lafayette place, N. Y. (First street east of Broadway, between 4th and 8th sts.) Office hours: from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for Ladies; and from 2 to 5 P. M., for Gentlemen, Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment. my31 3m

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

A REMEDY WHICH CURES IN FIVE MINUTES.—M. LEROUX'S FRENCH CHOLERA COGNAC BITTERS.—This wonderful and scientific compound is recommended by the most eminent and learned physicians of all Europe and America, and enjoys the best reputation of anything similar ever offered. It is without doubt the best, most efficient and generally acknowledged remedy against Cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, and complaints of the stomach in general. The numerous patients who have tried it according to directions, have invariably found relief in a very short time, and the best proof of it is, that since this standard remedy was introducee in the armies of the allies in the Crimea, the mortality of the soldiers from Cholera and similar diseases was reduced by over 75 per cent.; in consideration of which, the inventor was presented by the French and English governments with a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Hail! M. LEROUX, the great Chemist and inventor, by whose knowledge our armies are preserved from Cholera."

This invaluable preparation is also a remedy for biliousness, indigestion, weakness, and general derangement of the stomach. Upon being taken, it creates appetite, and prevents the heaviness attendant upon eating, by persons who are dyspeptic.

In this city, also, this remedy has been tried with the most undoubted success, and the undersigned can produce the best testimonials of our most celebrated physicians, as to its immediate and complete success, which he will be happy at any time to show to any that may wish to see them. S. STEINFELD, sole agent for the United States, No. 70 Nassau street, corner of John.

P. S.—Those not having money to pay, may call at my place from 3 to 5 P. M. and receive this remedy gratis. my17 3m

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A Retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescriptions used. Direct to

Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL,
my10 3m No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Best Hair Dye.—DR. O. M. BALLARD'S new article received the highest premium at the World's Fair and American Institute, where it was examined by the distinguished Chemists, Dr. Chilton, and Prof. John Torrey, and pronounced the best. For sale by the best Druggists. Principal office and store, 498 Broadway, New-York. my17 3m

The undersigned announces to the legitimate faculty that he has opened a store for the dispensing of pure medicines, chemicals, &c. Having obtained a knowledge of the profession in the best schools in the world, during twelve years, he will be able to compound prescriptions *precisely* as they are ordered. JOHN. C. GILES, Apothecary,
21ju3m 285 Bleecker, two doors above Barrow.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,
118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no means inferior to their celebrated compounds while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flaver, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation.

Yours, respectfully,
ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

Mr. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. Vanbuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 8m19jly

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, May 23, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,
8m1y5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.
New-York, June 28, 1856.

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	8s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap19 8m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

NEW STORE

AND

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber having leased for a term of years the premises

374 Hudson street,

and made exthnsive additions thereto, and having laid in a large stock o

Carpeting and Oil Cloths,

mostly bought at **Auction,** for CASH, is now prepared to sell them at the following extremely low prices:

Tapestry Brussels, 8s. usually sold at 10s.
Three Ply Ingrain 8s. usually sold at 10s.
Superfine do 6s. usually sold at 8s.
Fine do 5s. usually sold at 6s.
Common do All WOOL 3s. 6d. per yard, a prize absolutely unheard of.

Ingrain, Cotton Warp and Wool Filling 2s. 6d.
Oil Cloths 3s. per yard, usually sold at 5s.

Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Venetian and Hall Carpetting, Stair Rods, &c. &c.

Clergymen and Churches furnished at wholesale prices.

Goods in all cases warranted as represented.

J. R. Landon, 374 Hudson street, New-York,
8mjun a few doors from Hamersly.

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 *FULTON STREET,*

(HERALD BUILDING,) New-York.
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THOMAS BRENNAN,

DRAPER AND TAILOR,

CANAL STREET, ONE DOOR FROM BOWERY, WEST SIDE.

NEW-YORK.

☞ I am prepared to serve my customers with the newest styles, and at the most reasonable rates. y28je

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GEO. McDONNELL,

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER,

82 PARK ROW, NEXT DOOR TO LOVEJOY'S HOTEL, NEW-YORK.

☞ Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters of the best quality made to order.

3m.my10 **Geo. McDonnell.**

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UMBRELLA AND PARASOL MANUFACTURER,

374 BOWERY, NEAR FOURTH STREET.

Repairing neatly executed. my17 3m*

M. GRADY.

27 FAYETTE STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

ju21 Agent for the IRISH NEWS and all the other choice literature of the day.

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

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McLOUGHLIN & McSHANE,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*

NEW-YORK. 3m

SHIP STORES SUPPLIED.

MRS. J. McCARTHY,

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE,

44 THIRD AVENUE,

Third door from 10th Street, New-York.

Cheap Straw Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Ladies' Straw Goods.

Straw Bonnets cleaned and altered to the newest fashions.

LADIES' OWN MATERIALS MADE UP TO THE LATEST STYLES. tf

Analytical and Metallurgical Chemistry and Mining Geology.

DR. ISAIAH DECK,

No. 18 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW-YORK.

MAY be consulted on all subjects relating to Practical Chemistry, Mining- and Metallurgy. Assays of Ores, Analyses of Minerals, and Mining Pro, ducts in general carefully and expeditiously conducted, and sound opinions delivered upon the most economical methods of working them, based on the latest chemical discoveries. Geological and Mining Surveys undertaken in any part of the world—Dr. DECK having had considerable experience in this branch of his profession. my31 3m

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NICHOLAS WALSH.

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER.

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

Business Directory.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19ly

---

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

7jun NEW-YORK.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2y1ju Collections promptly attended to, and Liens carefully filed, &c.

JOHN A. McSORLEY,

CUSTOM HOUSE AND SHIP BROKER, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

7 BROAD STREET,

Clergymen, importing Vestments, Church Ornaments, &c., will be liberally treated with by calling on the subscriber.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Thos. McClune & Co., C. Meletta, | Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., James Cook & Co. 6m

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JAMES HARLIN,

WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months. *

JOHN FOLEY,

WATCHMAKER,

JEWELER AND FINISHER OF FINE WATCHES,

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Old Black Star Line of Packets. 1856.

Passage from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, secured at the lowest possible rates by this old-established line, sailing from Liverpool to New-York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonage.*
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,060
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hanley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,400
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,500
SILAS WRIGHT (new),	Freeman,	2,000
SOUTHAMPTON,	Furlong,	1,600
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 18th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLACK BALL LINE

OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,	Manhattan,
Great Western,	Neptune,
Harvest Queen,	Columbia,
Isaac Webb,	Yorkshire,
Isaac Wright,	Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,
Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my3 3m

Shipping.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL		FROM PHILADELPHIA	
Kangaroo	30 July	City of Baltimore	7 August
City of Manchester	13 August	Kangaroo	21 August
City of Baltimore	27 August	City of Manchester	4 Sept.
Kangaroo	10 Sept.	City of Baltimore	18 Sept.
		Kangaroo	2 October.

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

Or to their Agents in

Albany—A. T. Holmes	Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
Baltimore—Foard & Rodgers	Hartford, Ct.—A. Rose.
Boston—F. S. Saxton	New-Orleans—Jenkins, Williams & Co.
Buffalo—Robt. Hager	Pittsburg—John Thompson.
Chicago—Lull & Mayer	Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati——	Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

J. F. Meline & Co.

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON,
HUGH KELLY,
} Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CRERAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CRERAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap191y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

Business Directory.

HAMILTON & JOHNSON,

NEWS AGENTS,

30 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

DAILY, weekly and Sunday papers, Magazines, and Cheap Publications. The trade supplied. Orders from the country solicited and promptly filled.

JOHN HAMILTON,
S. W. JOHNSON.
} tf

Business Notices.

HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

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Important to the Ladies.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH.

FOR the dressing of Laces and all descriptions of fine goods.
This celebrated starch is unrivalled.
ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE.
For sale by all respectable druggists and grocers.
3m28ju ROBERT HOSIE, 8 Pine Street, New-York,
Sole Agent for the United States.

S. CAHILL'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

NO. 377 BROADWAY,

(One door below White street), New York.

S. CAHILL respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that, having made an extensive addition to his Store, for the better accommodation of his customers, he has now the largest and most extensive BOOT AND SHOE STORE in the world, and is prepared to exhibit the most extensive assortment of

LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S, GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS, AND YOUTH'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

His facilities for manufacturing on an extensive scale, together with his superb assortment of FRENCH BOOTS and SHOES, received direct from Paris by every steamer, enable him to sell a much better article at much lower prices than can be purchased at any other house in the city. BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS MADE TO MEASURE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE. je28 3mos

Monday, June 16th, and during the week—

LATEST FASHIONS.

THE New Hat Company would here lay before their readers a few of the advantages to be derived from their system of doing business, which is ONE QUALITY, ONE PRICE, AND NO ABATEMENT. In the first place, any gentleman, whether he be a judge of the article or not, can rely upon receiving our first and only quality. Secondly, our price is so low, that the man of the most limited means is enabled to procure a fine and fashionable hat, (at the same time we wish it to be distinctly understood that our hats are not to be excelled by those sold at four dollars by any other establishment,) and lastly, we strive to please. If any gentleman desiring a hat differing from the usual style, will call and leave his order, we shall endeavor to suit him in every respect. The inducements which we offer to wholesale purchasers, and the trade in general, are not to be exceeded by those of any other establishment.

Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap268m

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FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my3 1y

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Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention his of customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. my24 3m

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Lumber and Timber for Export and City Trade.—THOS. RIGNEY & Co. offer for sale AT THEIR YARD FOOT OF THIRTIETH-STREET, North River, a general assortment of LUMBER AND TIMBER, suitable for export and the city trade. SHIPPERS AND BUILDERS will find it to their advantage to examine their stock previous to buying. Apply as above, or to J. PICKARD, Agent, 26 Bridge street. my17 3m*

"TERRA COTTA"

CHIMNEY TOPS,

PLAIN and Ornamental. Drain Pipes of all sizes, superior manufacture lowest rates. LONG ISLAND POTTERY. Depot, 82 Nassau street New-York. my10 3m

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JAMES O'FLYN.

HOWARD HOTEL,

176 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

Advertising Envelope Manufacturer, Embosser, Die Sinker, and General Engraver. Notarial and Lodge Seals, Crests, and Coats of Arms. Seal Presses of every description constantly on hand. 14ju3m

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Sewing Machine Depot.—Sewing Machines of all kinds sold, improved and repaired, on reasonable terms, in the most substantial manner. Superior Machine Oils for sale. A large assortment of Machine Silk Twist and Needles for sale at reduces prices.

my 24, 3 mos. F. S COATES & Co., 345 Broadway, New-York.

Employment.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.

275 BOWERY, NEW-YORK.

MALE and Female Servants can be promptly suited at the above number, with any situation in the city or country, at good wages, in first-rate families, without delay.

N. B. Employers quickly supplied.
3m may 31 ALEXANDER F. RUNGE, Agent.

Wanted, at 766 & 648 Broadway, (near 8th st.) Places procured for conductors, Bookkeepers, Clerks, Salesmen, Firemen, Brakemen, Barkeepers, Porters, Waiters, men on Steamers and Railroads, boys for trades, and girls of every description. 21my3m

French, English, and German spoken. LOUIS KAUFMAN, Agent.

EMPLOYMENT OFFICE for Servants, 129 Waverley Place, two doors from Sixth avenue, New-York.—A large number of competent help can be suited with good situations, in city and country, without delay. Employers in the city and country supplied with the best of female help. [my17 3m] WM. O'BRIEN, Proprietor.

NEW-YORK EMPLOYMEMT OFFICE.

480 Broadway.

HONEST, capable, and faithful servants can at all times find good situations at this office. Protestant and Catholic have equal privilege. Established in 1844 by [3m21ju] T. P. SAUNDERS.

European News.

European Summary by the Persia.

The British and North American Mail steamer Persia, Capt. Judkins, from Liverpool soon after 3 o'clock P. M., July 12, arrived at this port on Wednesday morning, July 23. The news is not very important.

The English Lords of Privy Council for Trade and Plantations have received, through the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a copy of a dispatch from her Majesty's Ambassador at Paris, enclosing a copy of a French Imperial decree, fixing as follows the duties upon the undermentioned articles: Fabrics of cotton (other than nankeens), 35 per cent. ad valorem. Fabrics of wool 30 per cent. ad valorem. To be converted into a fixed duty, to be determined by the Consultative Committee of Arts and Manufactures. Wearing-apparel, 40 per cent. ad valorem.

There was nothing of much importance in Parliament.

Lord Campbell called the attention of the Lords to the indiscriminate sale of poison, and hoped the Government would introduce some measure on the subject.

There has been no reference to American affairs, excepting some interrogatories as to the boundaries of the Balize.

Colonel Dunne asked whether other persons than Austrians might navigate the Danube, above the frontiers of Austria, on equal terms?

Lord Palmerston replied that by the Treaty of Paris, the navigation of the Danube was to be rendered liable to the stipulations of the Treaty of 1815. By that treaty such rivers as divided or traversed different States, were free to navigation by vessels of all nations. He apprehended the opinion of the Congress to be, that the Austrian monopoly referred to, could not stand against the stipulations of the treaty.

On Friday, the 4th inst., a sumptuous dinner was given by Mr. Peabody, at the Star and Garter, Richmond, to upwards of 100 American, and a few English gentlemen, in commemoration of the 80th anniversary of the declaration of the independence of the United States. The grand dining-hall was fitted up for the occasion with busts of the Queen and of Washington, the American eagle, the standards of England and the United States, and other appropriate decorations. Mr. Peabody took the chair shortly after seven o'clock, supported on the right by the American Minister, Mr. Dallas, and on the left by Mr. W. Brown, M.P.; Mr. Stell of Manchester; Mr. Morgan of London; Mr. Somerby of Boston, United States. Mr. P.N.Dallas, Secretary of Legation, and Mr. Croskey, United States Consul at Southampton, acted as Vice Presidents. Mr. John Macgregor, M.P., Mr. S. C. Hall, and Mr. J. E. Jones, the sculptor, were among the English guests.

France.

A paragraph in the *Independance Belge* denies the authenticity of the letter attributed to the Count de Paris, on the subject of the Orleans fusion, but the correspondents of the London papers re-affirm it.

Several persons are already named as candidates for the office of Minister of Public Instruction, in room of M. Fortoul. Of these M. M. Crouseilles, Dumas, Parieu and La Guerroniere, are mentioned, all of whom, with the exception of the last, have already been in the Cabinet.

A French soldier has been killed in a brawl at Giurgevo. It appears that the soldier omitted to salute an Austrian officer, whereupon the officer proceeded to cane him, and some Austrian soldiers coming up, a row ensued, and the Frenchman was killed. The Paris Moniteur announces that full justice will be dealt upon the offender, and, meantime, the Austrian government pensions the family of the deceased.

Gen. Martinprey is the officer who remains in the Crimea, charged with the consular functions until such time as a regular Consul is appointed.

Victor Hugo and the Inundations.—In forwarding his subscription to the Paris *Siecle*, M. Victor Hugo accompanied it with the following preface, which, of course, did not appear:—"The mad war in the Crimea, the whim of M. Bonaparte, has cost France two milliards. With these two milliards one might—social science proves it—have dyked the rivers, commenced the embankment, restored the waters to their channels, and rendered inundations impossible. We confine ourselves to this reflection; for the rest our brethren suffer, misery prevails, and exile offers its mite." The undersigned are exiles residing at Guernsey:—Victor Hugo, 100f.; Charles Hugo, 5f.; Francois Victor Hugo, 5f.; Theophile Guerin, 5f.; Kesler, 5f.

Germany.

Berlin correspondence of the *London Times*, says:—"The Zollverein is just now approaching a crisis which will lead to great alterations, and not impossibly to a rupture between the liberal Northern and the protective Southern States of Germany. Prussia is the State that is empowered to negotiate with foreign nations in the Zollverein, and it is at Berlin that the main business of the Zollverein is transacted, and the re-partition of the revenues, the preparation of new measures to be introduced at the conferences, and the conduct of the business in general are carried on—Prussia forming nearly half of the Zollverein. Prussia already (three years since, took a step indicating the course the Zollverein ought in future to follow, viz.: in the union it formed with the Steuerverein of Hanover, &c.: and this will enable it, on an early occasion, to strive with a better degree of success for the introduction of a more liberal tariff." The writer then proceeds to advocate the appointment of an able representative to look after British interests.

The *Independance Belge*, publishes the following, dated Hamburg, 6th instant:—"After the dissolution of the Anglo-German Legion, it was said that many soldiers, enlisted at so enormous an expense in the North, had readily accepted the offer to emigrate to Canada and cultivate the lands placed at their disposal by the English Government. This, however, does not appear to be the case, for the John Bull steamer, which entered our port to-day, has already brought back 150 of these recruits, and we are informed that others will arrive in succession on board the packets plying regularly between England and Hamburg.

Our police immediately sent a number of agents to inspect the papers of the new comers before they allowed them to land, and when their nationality was ascertained they were respectively marched to the stations of the railroads leading to their native countries. Some of them proceeded to Hanover, others to Prussia, and the greater number to the Duchies of Holstein-Schleswig. None of them were permitted to remain at Hamburg. As these soldiers formed part of the revolutionary army of the Duchies, it is natural that the Danish Government should be alarmed, under existing circumstances, at the presence of such men from whom it has more to fear than to hope. The Governor of Altona, by order of the Minister of War at Copenhagen, adopted military precautions to prevent all hostile manifestations. Our police on the other hand hastened to telegraph the name of each individual to his government, so that during the whole day the telegraph office was so actively engaged in forwarding these dispatches that the transmission of private and commercial messages had to be postponed until a late hour in the evening."

Arrests at Hamburg.

The *Independance Belge*, has the following from Hamburg, dated the 4th:—"The police of this city have just effected an arrest which has created some sensation. A Pole, M. Joseph Olsceski, an emigrant of old date from his own country, where his property is sequestered, arrived here a few weeks ago from London. Upon the strength of an information received from some secret agents in London, our police made a sudden irruption into M. Olsceski's rooms, where they discovered, it is said, some boxes filled with addresses and proclamations printed in England and drawn up by the revolutionary committee that has established in that country the basis of its operations. These printed sheets were to be distributed by thousands over the kingdom of Poland. The plot had its ramifications at Berlin. It is announced that the police of that capital have just made there several political arrests among the Polish refugees. M. Goldheim, Lieutenant of Police at Berlin, accompanied by two agents, came yesterday and demanded the surrender of M. Olsceski, who will be conveyed to Berlin, and from there escorted to the Polish frontiers, where he will be handed over to the military authorities of Russia.

State of Italy.

From the London Times.

Naples, Thursday, July 3, 1856.

In a former letter I mentioned that a political prisoner confined in Montesarchio was ill with a mortal malady and yet in chains. I asserted that my statement was true beyond the possibility of refutation. I have now to add fresh particulars of the unfortunate Alfonso Zeull. On the 25th of last month, in almost a dying state, he was taken from the prison and transferred to the hospital at Capua. His chain had been taken off a few days only before his departure. Of the weak state to which this victim of political vengeance had been reduced you may form some idea from the following facts:—He was so ill that he could not bear the movement of a carriage, and was taken, therefore, to Cancello in a portantino, and was accompanied by the physician, and, I believe, the chaplain. The mercy which was shown to him then amounts to this—that after his body had been consumed by persecution in chains and damp prisons for many years, every preparation was made for the decent appearance of his soul in the presence of Him who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords. It is an edifying instance of the high religious feeling of the government, and it is to be hoped will reconcile to their fate those who are now suffering or who are yet to suffer.

As to the appearance of Zeull, I am informed that he was reduced to a shadow, without an ounce of flesh upon his bones. At Capua no friends await to close his eyes. Passports have been hitherto refused to his relatives, but, as much interest is being used to get one for his brother, it is to be hoped that he will come in for the closing scene. I must in justice say, that everything necessary had been prepared for his journey, and that by the local authorities he was treated with the utmost attention. Sympathy, though dangerous to those who show it too much, is one of those sentiments which the government of the Two Sicilies has not as yet been able to suppress.

I have called more particular attention to the case of Zeull, not for the reason that it is one of an extraordinary character, but because the details have been brought more clearly before my eyes. The wonder is that so many are preserved alive—the more so, when it is remembered that out of 500 political prisoners immured in the Bagno of Procida for political offences since 1848, 80 have died. This, and the political trials, are pleasing facts, and very pregnant with meaning at the present crisis. They show how great are the enormities which may be safely practised by the government, and how great is its disposition to yield to the "friendly representations" of other governments. They have asked for bread and received a serpent. As Cicero wondered that the augurs did not laugh in each other's faces, so we who know Naples, wonder that the statesmen do not laugh when speaking of friendly representations, and of their hopes that they will be listened to. Is it the first time that such representations have been made? Are not the archives of the British Legation full of such futile remonstrances? It is an insult and an injury to Italy, in the face of a host of facts, to confine ourselves to simple remonstrances, the only probable result of which will be to irritate the petty despots of this country, and to embitter yet more the position of their subjects. Once having decided on the principle, which Lord Clarendon appeared to have done when he spoke of "exceptional cases," and something more than remonstrance became necessary. That something more need not be much. I now send you in conclusion an address from the Neapolitans to Count Cavour. It is important as showing the increased influence which Piedmont has gained by recent events, and the greater approximation which is being effected between the Italian Nationalities.

THE NEAPOLITANS TO COUNT CAVOUR.

"The Parliament and the army of Piedmont have made manifest to the world that civil prudence and military valor are the patrimony of Italians; a patrimony which falls not beneath the scythe of time, nor with the vicissitudes of history. This wisdom and this courage no longer suffering delay, you have known how to engage in the great affairs of nations, and in the struggle of giants in the Crimea. Those deeds now bear upon them the impress of the Italian arms, and your name will never be blotted from the pages of human greatness. Those who once regarded your counsels as rashness, now applaud you with astonishment. They have been enabled to perceive that privileged minds pierce deeply into passing events; that happy results are almost always the effect of wise preparations, and that, therefore, the intellect of man makes even Fortune obey it. The Piedmontese soldier carried with him the heart and the wellwishes of the Neapolitan people. His triumphs and his glory were a ray of living light, which penetrated into the innermost soul of the Neapolitan soldier. We have seen him tremble with indignation at the unhonored ease to which he is condemned. Praise be to your name! those were the testimonials which you brought forward for Italy; you afterwards undertook to prepare for it amid the nations a third glorious life, to create for it a more robust existence—a more wonderful civilization—and now we, and those of the other Italian provinces, though impeded in body, have begun to live, it may be said, in this third Italian cradle, Piedmont. This is the new impersonation of Italy which you with infinite dignity and firmness have represented in the presence of potentates, and for which we are loved and hated. In this way have you asserted the right of us all to live as Italians, in our great and coveted country. Eternal glory be to your name! The sentiments of Neapolitans for such benefits do not find terms sufficiently strong to give them expression. You, most distinguished citizen, while sustaining and defending your country, would have a feeling of repugnance that it should proffer to you, by our lips, though we are your most oppressed fellow-citizens, words of gratitude; but our hearts are so deeply moved, that silence would oppress us still more. Accept, then, at least one act of our deep affection and of our profound admiration. If we Neapolitans now live in Piedmont, you live also in our hearts, and our children shall ever repeat your name with love and veneration. Your name, as it is, is a terror to those who oppress us—to those who envy us our independence, our liberty, our morality—so is it hope to the oppressed, comfort to the weak, and a support to the bold. And this name, which sounds not less revered in the palaces and in the writings of free and enlightened nations—this name, we trust, will be also, and that before long, the herald of the well-secured independence and union of Italy."

Attack on the Liberty of the Press in Holstein.

The state of affairs in the Duchies is beginning to assume a very threatening appearance, for the breach between the Dutch Government and the German population is widening every day. It was in consequence of the generally expressed wish of the inhabitants of Holstein for a revision of the "joint constitution for the whole monarchy," that Baron Von Scheel-Plessen brought forward in the Reichsrath at Copenhagen his motion on the subject, which brought down on him his summary dismissal from the important post he held as civil governor of Altona. It being a matter of great importance that the facts of the case, and his own conduct in the affair should be generally known in order to be appreciated, the Baron had the debates in the Diet on the question reprinted from *The Danish Hansard*, and published in the form of a pamphlet; but scarcely was it published before orders were sent from Copenhagen to the police to seize and confiscate all the copies that could be found in circulation.

Disturbances at Dantzic.

There have been disturbances in Dantzic, in consequence of which the military was called in to the assistance of the civil power, and in the endeavors made to clear the streets three persons were injured but none killed, a result that says a great deal for the moderation and skill of the soldiery, seeing that the cavalry had to force their way through the crowd sabre in hand, and the infantry to charge with fixed bayonets. The disturbance arose from an attempt made by the magistracy to bring all the "sick funds and benevolent funds" of the different trades' societies under the control of an officer of the municipality, and to merge them all in one general fund. Many of these sick funds date from those times when Dantzic was a Hanseatic town, and subsequently a free town, a Polish town, a French town, previous to its eventually becoming a Prussian town; the funds of such trades as have fallen into decay in the course of this time have suffered with them, and the sick and poor whom they ought to support come upon the town for relief; on the other hand, those attached to flourishing trades are suffering only from plethora, and the ends to which they are applied seem not to be always justifiable. To remedy this state of things the municipality desired to fuse them all into one, and thus make the living pay for the dead—the flourishing pay for the decayed; against this proceeding the living have most tumultuously protested, but without any further ill effects than those mentioned above.

Turkey.—Ali Pacha arrived at Constantinople June 28, from Paris. A company has been formed, with Messrs. Cunard and McIver at its head, for the construction of a dock, with patent slips, on the Bosphorus. Mr. Barkley, engineer of the Heraclea coal mines, was commissioned to find a suitable site, and has selected Beicos Bay, as being easily accessible, and well sheltered from every wind. As the company ask for no exclusive privilege, there will be no difficulty in obtaining permission from the Porte.

The Crimea.—The Paris *Moniteur* publishes the following dispatch from Admiral Trehouart, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean squadron:

On Board the Bretagne, Sunday, July 6, 1856.

Yesterday, July 5, the definitive evacuation of the Crimea took place. Marshal Pelissier embarked on board the Roland, which immediately got under way. The Bretagne, which has just anchored at Beicos, left Kamiesch with the last vessels that were there, and which are expected to arrive to-morrow in the Bosphorus.

An imperial decree of the Czar extends the amnesty accorded to refugees of the western governments of Russia to individuals who took part in the events of 1830 and 1831. After three years' good conduct they will be considered eligible for government employment.

Advices from Madrid, of July 9, says:—The return of M. Escosura, Minister to the Interior, who is now at Valladolid, is postponed to the end of the week. Several workmen have been arrested here. The cholera is not spreading beyond Seville.

According to the terms of the Danish Constitution, when the King wishes to leave the national territory, if for a day or two only, he is previously compelled to appoint a supreme council of regency to replace him during his absence. It is now stated that the Diet will shortly be called upon to pass a bill to abolish this law, which has hitherto found many defenders among the nobility and higher clergy.

Miscellaneous.

Alliez, Grand & Co., Bankers, of Paris, have failed.

The Duchess of Orleans has sent for herself and the Princes, her sons, the sum of 15,000 francs, for the sufferers by the inundations in France.

The Emperor continues at Plombieres, where he uses the baths, and passes his time mostly in out-door exercise.

Count Apraxin, Governor-General of Siberia, has arrived in Paris. His object is said to be to take advice on the best and readiest mode of working the gold mines discovered in that part of the Russian empire.

Baron Hausman, Prefect of the Seine, acknowledges receipt of the fourth remittance of 100,000 francs, of the 600,000 francs subscribed by the city of London. "The city of Paris," he says, "will never forget this act of the generous English nation."

The extensive spinning-mills belonging to Joseph Ainsworth, at Bolton, Lancashire, have been totally destroyed by fire. There were 80,000 spindles in the mills.

The Prince and Princess of Prussia are on a visit to England.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN, July 11, 1856.

The Enlistment question—British Diplomacy—John Bull in Aden—An old thief and an old chief.—The 99th regiment and the zealous New Zealanders —John Heki's challenge, English misssonaries, Sabbath Swindlers—A day of savage rest and civilized conquest—A fair Tasmanian joke—The Tipperary Militia—Work for Mitchel—England everywhere—Dublin Trades' Alliance—Hurrah! for the French invasion—Palmerston—The Dublin Ladies—Archbishop Cullen on the Polka—Dr. Cahill and his subjects—Smith O'Brien, etc.

You have read the debate in the House of Commons on the Enlistment Question, with Moore's, Gibson's, Gladstone's Pakington's, &c., annihilating speeches. The majority, of course, was with the government, but the argument was all with the minority. The case of Lord Clarendon was so palpably and atrociously wrong, that not even the government lawyers could make a decent defence for him, for the government of which he is a member, or for the poor scape-goat, Crampton. The debate was a most valuable one, as being about the best exposé we have had for many a day of the meanness and villainy of British diplomacy. Besides being the most infamous and unscrupulous, this British diplomacy is, in my mind, the weakest and shallowest in the world. It only requires to be understood in order to be defeated; and, as a general rule, it is only successful with weak or barbarous States. When it comes in contact with the lofty intellects of powerful nations, like France and America, it fails; but it is all-powerful in India, irresistible in New-Zealand, magnificent in Mosquito. Have you ever heard the true account of how the English obtained possession, a few years ago, of the Fort and Harbor of Aden? Well, here it is, and as it comes from an English source, its authenticity can hardly be questioned. The East India Company had long had their eye upon Aden, and deeming its possession essential for the security of their commerce in the Red Sea and thereabouts, they dispatched an agent from Calcutta for the purpose. Arrived at Aden, this agent lost no time in making the acquaintance of the Chief of the Arab tribe who had possession of the fort and neighboring district. The old chief, confiding and unsuspicious, accepted loans of money from his generous friend, the Frank. After sometime, the latter, in the politest manner intimated that he had no desire to press for payment, but that if the Chief would quietly sign a small paper which he would hand to him, the matters might be regarded as settled. The Chief signed the paper. Almost immediately afterwards—as if every preparation had been made for this event—Aden was formally taken possession of by the British forces. The Arabs were in consternation, and on learning what their Chief had done, their indignation knew no bounds. The old Chief, however, still confiding, assured them that he would settle everything. "My friend, the Frank, is a kind good man. I will immediately take him back his money and the place will be at once restored to us." The Frank had vanished, and, a sadder and a wiser man, the old Chief returned to his tribe. Collecting all their forces, they attacked the place. They were repulsed. Four times the assault was renewed, but each time with worse success than before. Reinforcements of British troops were poured in, and the "conquest" completed. Such is the true history of the British possession of Aden.

That "gallant" Regiment, the 99th, have lately come home from Tasmania, where they had been stationed for a considerable time. A portion of them are now quartered in England, and the remainder in Ireland. You are aware that this 99th Regiment were employed in New-Zealand, where by their splendid exploits they shed such lustre on the British arms. In every engagement which they had with the natives—a noble race in arms for their beautiful mountain-land—they were ignominiously defeated. The New-Zealand "Pahs" proved to be as formidable to British valor as the Redan; and the "gallant 99th" showed themselves as great adepts at running away, as did their comrades lately in the Crimea. Frequently John Heki, the New-Zealand Chief, sent this challenge to the British commander:—"Take away your blue-coats (men-of-war's men), and our women will beat you." The challenge it is needless to say was not accepted. What British valor, however, could not accomplish, it was resolved that by fraud and stratagem should be achieved. British missionaries went amongst the natives, preached to them, and told them that though it was lawful to fight for their country, yet that upon the Sabbath Day they should lay down their arms. "It was a day of rest. The English rested and prayed upon that day. They should do so likewise, and the Great Spirit would bless their arms." So preached the missionaries. The natives believed in the words of the holy men; and one Sabbath morning, as they were reposing from their weekly toil, unconscious of any ill, the red-coats came upon them, took easy possession of their undefended "Pahs," and butchered them indiscriminately, men, women and children, as they lay.

Such is the true history of the British "conquest" of New Zealand. The events in New Zealand created at the time much sensation in Australia; and on their arrival there in Sydney, this 99th regiment were hooted through the city. Sydney was too hot for them; so they were shipped off to Hobart Town. There, on the Barrack-hill, overlooking the town, a monument was raised to the memory of the officers and men of the 99th, who fell in the attack on New Zealand. It was in relation to this monument a fair Tasmanian lady made the witty remark, that it should be adorned with *scarlet-runners*.

As I am on the subject of the military, I may call your attention to the "rioting" of the Tipperary Militia. These poor fellows were seduced into the militia by large promises of bounty, &c. Now that they are no longer requred, they are cast off with a promise of fourteen days' pay—about ten shillings and sixpence per man—and deprived of their arms and clothing. Their resistance to this is called "rioting!" Had they acted, however, with a little more prudence—disarmed the police, and kept to the barrack ground, it is a species of riot that would have cost the Government some trouble to quell. I would back this single regiment of Tipperary Militia to thrash all the royal troops at present in Ireland.

What a splendid work Mitchel might produce, having for its subject the British Empire? India alone would make a volume. Then Borneo and Rajah Brooke should not be overlooked. Nor Ceylon and Lord Torrington. He might then glance at Australia; and, coming westward from there, give us another chapter about the Cape of Good Hope. Then there are the Falkland Isles, and Malta and Gibraltar, and in fact every commanding position on the world's map. How did England get all these places? By what means were they acquired? How has she exercised her power? Pregnant questions these, and ones which the interests of morality and civilization require should be clearly solved.

There is a little agitation going on here, under the shape of a "Trades' Alliance," for the purpose of breaking-down the "Monster-House" system. Unquestionably these Monster Houses are a great evil. There are about half-a-dozen of them now in Dublin, and they monopolize all the business of the city, for they sell everything. I have my doubts, however, that the evil can be remedied by an agitation. Previous to the establishment of these Monster Houses, there is no doubt that the public were imposed upon by the small shopkeepers. A better system, I believe, now prevails; and the small shops are as well conducted, and sell at as fair terms, as the monster ones. Still the public throng to the big houses. There is something wrong in this. It evinces in my mind a low stage of civilization. In London they have not these Monster Houses—at least not by any means to the same extent as in Dublin. In Paris they are unknown. In Paris, however, the shopkeeper is in general an artizan. Thus, if you want a pair of gloves in Paris, you enter a small shop, and there you will find *Madame* and *Monsieur*, and *les petits* or *petites* as the case may be, engaged in manufacturing the article you require. Here in my mind is the key to the mystery. With French bonnets and ribbons, we want a little French civilization amongst us. Hurrah, then, for the French invasion, if it were only to put down the "Monster Houses!"

You will find a funny article in the *Times*, apropos of the 80th anniversary of American independence. A few days ago the question of the *Times* was, "When will Americans learn manners?" Now it is all Anglo-Saxonism, pan-slavism, peace, protestantism, and brotherly-love. These stupid Britishers really imagine that they can compass their objects in America as in Ireland, by exciting religious animosity, and setting sect against sect.

Palmerston—though with much difficulty—has succeeded in stifling for this session a debate on the Central American question. The Enlistment debate is, I hope, enough to satisfy the Americans that in all dealings with Great Britain their true policy is firmness—is boldness—is determination. England understands nothing else.

The Dublin Ladies are as remarkable for their piety as for their beauty. One-fourth of the time is spent in the churches, another fourth in preparing for charitable bazaars, where the most beautiful are invariably selected to attend the stalls, the remainder of the time, with an amiable perversity, a delicious disregard of pastoral injunctions, is devoted to dancing the Polka. You know that Archbishop Cullen has anathematised the Polka. Yet dance the Polka the ladies will. His Grace was present lately at a marriage festival in Liverpool, where some of his relatives reside. There was charming music and delightful dancing. One dance in particular attracted his Grace's attention and excited his admiration. On inquiring the name of it, he was informed it was—the Polka!

Dr. Cahill is about to deliver a course of lectures here in the Mechanics' Institute. Being a large and imposing looking man, he must needs chose the largest and most magnificent subjects. Thus, the subjects for this course are:—

"The architecture of the Heavens."
"The American Republic."
"The Rainbow."
"The Social Evils of Ireland."

It will be a treat to hear him. The learned Dr. knows just as much about the American Republic as he does about the architecture of the Heavens; and is just as qualified to speak about the Social Evils of Ireland as about the Rainbow. In real knowledge of any or all of the subjects of which he proposes to speak, I should say, the "Man in the Moon" is decidedly his superior.

Smith O'Brien treads once more the land that bore him. He is looking well. He left Dublin yesterday for Limerick. May his days yet be many and happy in this land is the fond prayer of

KILMAINHAM.

At a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, on the 23d of June, Mr. J. Huband Smith exhibited a rubbing taken from the cross at Campbeltown, in Scotland. It was an ancient cross of Iona, "Iva," which was a Scandinavian name, and came over to Ireland in the 11th century. The Hebrides are of Scandinavian origin. Dr. Todd read a paper on the Stowe Irish MS. now in the possession of the Earl of Ashburnham. He referred, in the first instance, to a silver box containing the Gospels, and said it contained a number of Irish inscriptions; one of them was a prayer for Duncan O'Brien (who was a son of Brian Boroihme), in 1023, who invaded Connaught in 1059, and became the chieftain of Leinster. He murdered his brother Thague, and was ultimately obliged to leave Ireland, and died in the Monastery of St. Stephen's, at Rome, in 1064. After going through the several inscriptions on the box, the Rev. gentleman said he could only speak from memory, as he was not permitted by Lord Ashburnham to make any copies from the books. The box also contained a Missal, which was in an ancient Lombardic character that appeared about the 8th century. Mr. Wilde postponed until their next meeting the remarks he had to make on a MS. of Dr. Willoughby, written in 1696, on the climate and diseases of Ireland.

The plot of Bulwer's "Lady of Lyons" was furnished to hand in a charming story entitled "The History of Peronra, the Bellows-Mender of Lyons," written by Miss Helen Marie Williams. The story was published in the *New York Minerva*, in 1822, and has since appeared in various journals.

The Lincoln Town Council have taken up a proposal for a monument to Sir John Franklin and his comrades.

Irish News.

The Master of the Rolls, in reference to the reflections passed by the Attorney-General for Ireland in the House of Commons, on the course adopted by his Lordship in commenting, before judgment, upon the frauds alleged to have been committed by Mr. James Sadleir, in his capacity as Manager of the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank, said he had learned from the public journals that the Attorney-General for Ireland thought fit to renew the attacks which he previously made upon him; that the Attorney-General was much mistaken if he supposed that he (the Master of the Rolls) intended to rest quietly under such imputations; he would do no such thing, but on the contrary, he would send forward to the Government documents which would tend to impeach the course that had been adopted by the Attorney-General in this case, and would also be prepared to bring forward a charge against that officer of a most serious nature, and thoroughly calculated to affect his character and office as Attorney-General.

On the 26th June the public examinations took place at the College of Knocktopher, in presence of a large assemblage of the clergy and laity. The chair was taken by the Very Rev. M. Scally, superior of the establishment. The various classes manifested a sound knowledge of their business, and elicited the highest approbation. Master N. Murphy's Epitome of Irish History, Master Brett's description of Clonmel and its surrounding localities, Master Cassidy's description of Dublin City, and Master Finn's picture of the beauties of the River Barrow's banks, drew forth the loudest applause.

A young soldier named O'Keefe, from the Queen's County, excites much curiosity as well as sympathy in Dublin. Having been engaged about a magazine in the Crimea, which exploded, he received several wounds in the legs, arms and body. He has one on the top of the head so broad and deep that one might sink his hand in it without its being seen. The skull is literally broken in.

The steamer *Vestal*, the property of the Dublin Ballast Board, put in very recently to Waterford, being on a tour for the inspection of lighthouses. The Earl of Meath, Colonel of the County Dublin Light Infantry, with the Colonel of the City of Dublin Militia, and other personages were on board, and entertained at dinner the officers of the County Dublin Militia.

On the day fixed for the presentation to the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, the Bishop of Cork, of the address congratulating him on his return from Rome, the Mayor, with Mr. Lyons the Treasurer of the Fund, drove down to his Lordship's residence, at Blackrock, in the carriage which formed a portion of the testimonial accompanying the address. The Mayor read the address, the engrossing of which, executed by Mr. Henry O'Shea, of Cork, is a wonderful piece of skill. It is a complete imitation of the old illuminated manuscripts. His worship then presented the carriage to the Bishop; also a large salver of exquisite workmanship, which has come from the establishment of Mr. Hawkesworth, of Cork.

The Ballinasloe Farming Society propose to hold a great exhibition of sires during the next October fair. Many of the animals exhibited in Paris will be exhibited at Ballinasloe. For three days previous to the judges deciding, the animals will be housed and provided for by the Earl of Clancarty.

There is now, says the Tipperary *Free Press*, in Clonmel the finest weather that can be desired for the Wheat and hay crops, both of which are the most flourishing that has been had for years. The former is in full ear and blossom in most places, and many of the early meadows are cut. The oat crop, owing to the drought, will be short as regards straw.

A magnificent new ship called *Merrie England*, has been launched from the dockyard of Albert White, Esq., Waterford. Her burthen is over 1,700 tons. She has been purchased for £20,000, and is intended for the India and Chinese trades. The *Waterford Chronicle* expects her to rival in speed any of the clippers now afloat.

The lands of Rathculiheen and Snowhaven, part of Sir John Newport's property near Waterford, were sold on last Friday fortnight in the Encumbered Estates Court, for £5,750. They have been purchased for Col. Sheil, brother of the late Richard Lalor Sheil.

The pensioners belonging to the Waterford district have been inspected by Colonel Tulloch. The old fogies went through several evolutions, and fired several rounds. The gallant colonel complimented the force on their efficiency.

In the list of gentlemen admitted members of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, by the Court of Examiners, we observe the name of Walter Patrick Joseph Purcell, Esq., of Waterford.

The policeman, Power, who was wounded by one of the county Dublin militia on Mount Misery, Waterford, is still far from recovery. The wound has proved more serious than was at first supposed, Dr. Williams having extracted a small stone and a piece of cloth from the lacerated part.

The *United Service Gazette* states that five divisions of troops are to be formed in England, and two divisions in Ireland; the head-quarters of the latter are to be at the Curragh of Kildare and Fermoy.

The same paper adds, that Fermoy is about to be made a very considerable garrison, and will be under the command of a lieutenant-general and three brigadiers.

The Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland have issued an address "to our beloved brethren in connexion with the Orange institution," calling upon them to abstain from any "outward display" in connexion with the July anniversaries.

Major Brownrigg has inspected the city police, Waterford, and expressed himself highly pleased with the condition of the men commanded by the active Captain Fitzgerald.

Dr. Nugent, the Government Inspector, has visited the District Lunatic Asylum of Clonmel. He reported that considerable additions were required for the accommodation of lunatics.

The Archbishop of Cashel presided at the Diocesan Synod of the Archdiocese of Cashel, which was held pursuant to the statutes of Thurles. Between fifty and sixty priests attended.

Mr. P. Kelly, victualler, late of Limerick, has sent £200 from Australia to his wife and family, through Mr. P. Hogan, of that city.

Baron Greene has arrived in Standfield, the marine residence of Baron Richards. He intended visiting the celebrated Cliffs of Moher.

Surgeon Duigan, of Kilkenny, has been sent a second time to the East to superintend the embarkation of sick troops.

The Liverpool *Albion* gives particulars of a lamentable collision on the Mersey. The new iron steamer, Excelsior, Captain Kerr, just built on the Clyde, was proceeding on her first voyage to Belfast, having left Liverpool soon after midnight. When off the Lighthouse, she came in collision with the Dublin Screw Company's iron steamer *Mail*, Capt. Bailey; the stem of the Excelsior knocking off the figure-head of the Mail, entering her port bow near the bowsprit, and tearing its way through the spar deck as far as the foremast. In the fore part of the *Mail*, under the spar deck lay a number of deck passengers, Irish laborers, who were coming to the harvest in England. They lay asleep, with their heads close up to the bows of the ship. Five were killed as they lay, and nine others were dreadfully mangled, one of them dying soon after the collision. The bulkheads remained firm, and the *Mail*, though cut down to the water's edge, kept afloat, with the stem of the Excelsior so firmly embedded in the wreck, that it took upwards of an hour to get her free, and then not until the Excelsior left her anchor and nearly all her chain cable entangled among the broken timbers of the Mail.

Mr. Donnelly, Registrar General, has addressed a circular to each of the county surveyors in Ireland, calling their attention to the injuries which arise to the farming classes from the growth of weeds along the public roads, and the consequent shedding of their seeds over the adjoining land, by means of which the land is impoverished, and the crops are seriously obstructed. Mr. Donnelly desires that authority may be obtained from grand juries generally throughout the country for the introduction of a special covenant into all road contracts, requiring the destruction of weeds wherever they may be found on the road sides. The county surveyors have issued notices requiring the road contractors to destroy all weeds that may be found on the sides of roads and fences.

Damages to the amount of £150 were obtained last week in the Court of Queen's Bench, in the case of Parish *vs.* the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company, for breach of contract, whereby the plaintiff, a horse dealer, sustained loss. He purchased in October last, at the Munster fair in Limerick, thirteen horses, and contracted with defendants to carry them to Dublin. They were detached at the junction, and did not reach Dublin till the day after. The damages will fall on the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, on whose portion of the route the delay occurred.

On the 1st of January, 1851, the number of prisoners in jail in Ireland was 10,084; in 1852, 8,803; in 1853, a further reduction to 7,604; a greater reduction in 1854, the number being 5,955; while on the 1st of January there were but 3,561. The number charged with serious offences in the last year was inconsiderable as compared with any previous year. There was a large increase in the number of prisoners charged with violating the revenue laws, one of the consequences of the great augmentation in the spirit duties.

The weekly statistics of the Incumbered Estates Court show the large amount of £120,911, as the produce of sales for the week ending 12th of July, and this terminates the sales in the court until November next. Among the petitions presented in the week are four by J. W. Burmester and others for property in Mayo, Limerick, and Tipperary, amounting to £3,700 10s. 7d. per annum. The incumbrances are stated in one petition at £503,672 7s. 6d., and in the other three as £2,000, £7,000, and £8,000 less. Another petition is from C. P. Leslie, Esq., M.P., for property valued at £7,200 per annum, with charges reaching £135,800.

The Cork *Examiner* says, that in anticipation of the visit of the Lord Lieutenant to Cork the various local bodies have been making such arrangements as must insure a reception worthy of the character of that nobleman. His Excellency will visit Camden, Carlisle, and Spike Island, and examine the works in progress in those places. After inspecting the forts, he will proceed to the marine residence of Lord Fermoy, *en route* to Castlemartyr, the seat of Lord Shannon.

We observe by an article in the Belfast *Mercantile Journal* that the Harbor Commissioners there have remitted the local dues on passenger steamers, and that it is intended to put on a first-class boat between Dublin and Belfast three times a-week, which, with the present sailings, will make a daily communication.

A fire has taken place in the manufactory of Messrs. Barrington and Sons, wholesale tallow-chandlers, Kings Inns street, Dublin. Before any arrest could be made, the entire place was enveloped in flames.

A correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman* informs us that a number of workmen have left Dublin for Killarney, to make improvements in Kenmare House, the seat of the Earl of Kenmare, preparatory to a visit from the Queen. The *Freeman* gives the fact communicated by the correspondent, without guaranteeing its accuracy.

The interesting ceremony of a reception took place on Thursday week, in the Dominican Convent of Sion Hill, Blackrock, county Dublin. The young lady received was Kate, second daughter of Alderman Henry Potter, J. P., Kilkenny city. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Dr. Meagher, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese.

The report that Mr. James Sadleir, M. P. for the county Tipperary, and director of the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank, has eluded justice, is believed to be correct. He escaped in a yacht from near Kingstown, being met off the Dublin harbor by an emigrant vessel, in which, it is stated, he proceeded to America.

The clubs and public resorts in Cork and Queenstown have been the scene of considerable discussion in reference to a transaction that took place in the supper-room at the Regatta Ball, between a young curate and a captain of the 95th Regiment. The matter was yesterday brought before the officers of the garrison, who have determined on laying the facts before the Lord Bishop.

We learn from *Galignani's Messenger* that the prize medal of the Universal Exhibition at Paris, has been awarded to Messrs. Murphy, of Cork, for a specimen of whiskey of their make of 1851. Now that Irish distillers are driven out of their own market by excessive duties, a foreign demand is created for the most wholesome spirit in the world.

The military authorities have taken the extensive premises lately occupied by Messrs. Shaw and Duffield, in Upper William street, Limerick, adjoining the artillery barrack, for the purpose of erecting new cavalry barracks.

Every description of crop, says the Fermanagh *Reporter*, promises an abundant yield this year. New potatoes are very plenty, and large as the full grown crop is at harvest.

A farm of forty acres, occupied by a widow lady, near Mullingar, was lately let for a term of seven years. The widow, anxious to retain the land and secure a maintenance for four infant orphans, bid as high as three pounds per acre; but the farm was finally knocked down at £4 5s. per acre per annum, and which, with poor-rates, county cess, &c., will amount to £5 per acre per annum at least. This instance of the way the "land mania" works, we have from a Correspondent of the Westmeath *Independent*.

A correspondent of the *Northern Whig* writes that the inhabitants of Lisburn are apprehensive of bad consequences in that neighborhood, resulting from the frequent occurrence of Orange processions. It appears that a few days before, about three bands, playing party tunes, with a yelling mob attached to each, marched out of Lisburn down the Belfast road to some place between Glenmore and Hillden. This is a densely populated district, and a party riot there would be most serious.

The Tenant Right Bill, we are informed by the *Tablet*, has been withdrawn for the present session, after a discussion in which the actual state of the question is clearly shown. It will be for the country, says the *Tablet*, to take effective steps to renew the agitation, and bring such a pressure to bear on the Government and Legislature as will put an end to the coquetry with which this question is now treated by the Premier and his followers.

On the 7th of July the House of Lords sat in committee for privileges. Several claims of peers to vote at the election for representative peers for Scotland and Ireland were heard. Amongst the latter, the following claims were proved: The Earl of Listowel, the Earl of Belmore, Viscount Guillamore, Lord Bellew, and Lord Massey.

Constable Smith and party, of the Lattoon station, has succeeded in seizing a potteen still and copper worm in full work, and also a quantity of potale and potteen, on the lands of Tullynashrohan, near the Doggs, in the county Fermanagh. Two of the party, named Timony, were committed to prison by the Rev. L. G. Reade.

The transport Etna has arrived at Queenstown, with the Kerry Militia. The regiment, consisting of 550 men and 37 officers, under the command of Lieut.-Col. de Moleyns, marched immediately to the barracks, from whence they proceeded by train to Killarney, and on to Tralee. Their appearance excited the warmest admiration. The regiment will be disbanded shortly.

The libel case of the Rev. Mr. Moore O'Connor v. the Proprietor of the Londonderry *Sentinel* has been tried in the Court of Queen's Bench. Damages were laid at £2,000. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff—damages £200, with a separate assessment of £100 contingent damages, to be afterwards argued before the court.

Three Sundays back, seven ministers of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church preached at different places in and around the town of Belfast, at five o'clock in the afternoon. About two thousand persons, chiefly of the poorer classes, attended.

The Sisters of Mercy, Convent of the Conception, Clifden, Connemara, acknowledge the sum of £50 through Mrs. Eliza Darling, the bequest of the late Mr. Magrane, of Leinster road, Rathmines, county Dublin.

There are four vacancies at present in the Order of Saint Patrick, caused by the death of the King of Hanover, the late Earl of Listowel, the late Lord Carew, and the late Earl of Cork.

Carlow has become the most important butter market in Ireland. The merchants engaged in the trade are men of the highest mercantile reputation. Prices by the last mail ranged from 105s. to 107s.—the supply not sufficient for the demand.

Mr. F. Scully, M. P., writes to the Mayor of Clonmel, that Government has decided on not increasing the barrack accommodation in that town, and therefore declines the offer of the new poor-house made by the board of guardians.

A good deal of dissatisfaction is felt at no step being taken to induce Mr. James Sadleir to retire from the representation of Tipperary. No one appears to know how this is to be done under the present peculiar circumstances.

The Lord Lieutenant has visited Limerick. Addresses were presented by the Corporation, the Chamber of Commerce, and Trades. In the evening his Excellency was entertained at a banquet. The Mayor presided.

A reward of £80 has been offered by the government for such information as will lead to the arrest of the party who shot William Curran dead in his house in Moynure. Up to the present there is nothing to lead to the detection of the guilty parties.

A beautiful day, and an exquisite show of flowers, attracted crowds, a few days ago, to the garden of the Horticultural Society, Clonmel. Numbers arrived by the trains from Waterford and Limerick. The band of the 17th Lancers attended.

Mr. J. D. Piercy, of Carlow, has accepted the editorship of the Dublin *Weekly Telegraph*; and Mrs. Harty, of Limerick, had her pocket picked on Friday fortnight of £10 in notes, at the cross of William street.

The Ballinasloe July fair was thinly attended. Store cattle brought high prices. Sheep of all kinds went at good prices. The description of horses was rather inferior. Sellers were for the most part satisfied, but there were few buyers present.

The officers of the Curragh camp intended having an archery meeting on the 10th of July, of which Lady Seaton consented to be lady patroness. There were to have been three handsome prizes for lady competitors, and two for gentlemen.

Sergeant Cornelius Quinn, formerly of the 6th Regt., and lately on the recruiting staff of the East India Company's Artillery, was interred with due military honors, the regiment of the Carlow Rifles following him to the grave.

The July fair of Kilkenny was well supplied with stock of all kinds. Purchasers were numerous, and a large amount of business was transacted. Every kind of animal brought a remunerative price.

The depot of the 2d Regiment arrived in the Currah Camp on Friday from Kinsale, and consisted of seven officers and 220 rank and file, under the command of Capt. James.

A report is in circulation that the Irish artillery militia regiments are to be drafted into the Royal Artillery.

The 71st, 72nd, and 79th Highlanders will shortly form part of the garrison of Dublin.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed John Cheevers, Esq., to be a Deputy Lieutenant of the county Galway.

A party consisting of eight or nine men, armed with guns, a few nights ago visited the dwelling of a blacksmith named Patk. Donohoe, residing at Lemanaghan, near Ballycumber, King's County. Effecting an entrance, two of the party procured a book and administered an oath to a young girl named Margaret Lowe. They swore her not to have anything to do with a young man named Kyran Monaghan, of Derrynagunn, to whom she was about to be married. The match was not approved by Monaghan's family, and as all their passive entreaties were likely to prove fruitless with Kyran, some of his friends adopted this style of "forbidding the banns."

The public examination of the students of St. John's College, Waterford, passed off with great *eclat*. The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien presided. All the clergy of the city, secular and regular, without exception, together with those of the adjoining parishes, were in attendance. A numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen filled the spacious study-hall, and were entertained for more than four hours with a brilliant display of talent.

The following pensions have been granted from the Civil List:—Samuel Lover, in consideration of his eminent services to literature, £100. John D'Alton, in consideration of literary merits, and his numerous contributions to the history, topography, and statistics of Ireland, £50. John O'Donovan, in consequence of his valuable contributions to ancient Irish history and literature, £50.

A club has been formed in Sackville-street, Dublin, called the Hibernian Army Club. Col. Campbell, Queen's Bays; Lieu't-Col. Pattle, 16th Lancers; Major Carlyon, 3d Dragoon Guards; Captain Sir Thomas Gresley, Bart., Aide-de-Camp to the Lord-Lieutenant, and Captain O'Hara, Queen's Bays, form the committee.

An examination has been held at the Schools of the Christian Brother's, Sexton street, Limerick. The answering was most creditable. Nearly 500 premiums were distributed. The band of the County Limerick Militia was stationed on the sward in front of the school, and played during the course of the proceedings.

A Dungarvan man calls the attention of the Waterford *News* to the horrible state of Kilbarry churchyard. He counted seven coffins without as much as an inch of clay over them, one or two of which seemed as if left purposely exposed. Others appeared in a most terrifying state, as if torn up by some ferocious animal.

We learn from the Ballyshannon *Herald* that twenty-five men have been arrested by the constabulary of the Glenties district, charged with being members of the Ribbon Society. Twenty-one of them were committed to Lifford jail to take their trial at next assizes. Three of the arrested were teachers of National Schools.

Four companies from the depot of 9th, 17th, 32d, and 89th Regiments, move from Limerick garrison to Clare Castle.

The beautiful little Catholic Church of Hackett's Cross, has been consecrated by the Lord Primate.

GREAT MILITARY RIOT IN NORTH TIPPERARY.

Throughout Monday, the 7th, and Tuesday the 8th instant, the town of Nenagh was kept in one continued state of alarm and excitement. A riot of considerable importance took place. From the articles and correspondence in the local papers, the Nenagh *Guardian*, Tipperary *Free Press*, Limerick *Reporter*, Limerick *Observer*, &c., we compile a full statement of the exciting occurrences which gave to the scene an appearance almost revolutionary:

THE CAUSE.

It was known by the men for a couple of days that a general order had been received giving permission to such as wished to leave the service to take their discharge, but requiring from all who did so that they should give up their new clothing. This last condition seemed to have caused much dissatisfaction in the regiment, as well as the knowledge of the fact that they would not, as they were led to expect, receive the residue of their bounty. A spirit of insubordination grew up among the soldiers On the morning of the 6th, a sergeant commenced to take up the clothing from the men, when some few quietly gave them up. One man refused to give away his black trousers, whereupon he was sent to the guard-house.

A RESCUE.

In a very short time afterwards the Company to which he belonged (No. 4 Company) came down to the guard-house to rescue him. The guard were ordered to fire, which they did not, I believe, owing to their having no ammunition. The men, however desisted, but in a very short time after, the five companies quartered in Pound-street barracks came to Summerhill barracks, as is their custom every day for the purpose of being drilled. Hearing that the man was confined, they simultaneously fixed bayonets, and rushed at the guard-room, flinging the guard away, and with their guns and stones they broke open the cell doors and let out all the prisoners, at the same time demolishing the windows, doors, seats, &c.

THE MILITIA WON'T GIVE UP THEIR ARMS.

The Colonel (Maude) came down, and, it is said, a soldier attempted to stab him. They all declared that they would never part with their arms until they should be paid the residue of their bounty, and also let take their clothes with them. After some time they were brought into line by the Colonel and Major, and addressed upon the "enormity of their conduct." The Rev. J. Scanlan, P. P., of Nenagh, came up at the time. The address of the rev. gentleman had a good effect upon the militiamen, but they, at the same time, firmly declared that they would not give up their arms until their bounty was paid. All this time the barrack gate was shut and no one admitted in. When the men stationed in Pound-street were returning to their barracks they were loudly cheered as they went through the streets. The greatest excitement prevailed at the time, but when the Rev. Mr. Scanlan appeared all seemed quiet. When the men stationed in Pound-street were about being marched to Summerhill barracks, they refused to go without their arms.

THE RIOT.

The Nenagh Correspondent of the Limerick *Reporter* writes:—Of all the scenes, real or imaginary, that an inhabitant of Nenagh ever saw or read of, that of this night threw them into the shade. At 10 o'clock, the militia stationed in the Pound street barracks, broke out the gate, knocked down sergeants and sentries. Carrying with them their guns, with fixed bayonets, they went through the town, to the terror of the inhabitants

yelling and shouting. They first attacked the police-barrack in Summerhill, the windows of which they quickly demolished with stones. They then in an irregular body proceeded to Summerhill barracks, the gates of which were closed, and commenced to pummel it with the butt ends of their muskets. In this way they quickly opened the gate and broke in the magazine, from which with a wise precaution, the officers had removed the ammunition. Not finding it they forced out the band, who played them through the streets, which tended to keep them in a regular body. They first marched down to the Police barrack in Barrack street, firing shots at intervals all the way. When they arrived at the police barrack they demolished the windows with stones, together with the house of Mr. Bull, petty sessions clerk.

They then, says the Nenagh *Guardian*, proceeded to the parochial School-house, into which they fired some shots, and afterwards demolished the windows with stones; and some other houses in the vicinity also felt the effect of their fury. From this they directed their course up Silver street, and when they came to the house of Mr. John Kennedy—a convert from the Church of Rome—their frenzy seemed to have reached its height. They discharged their pieces in through the windows, and made smash of the panes and sashes. Having satisfied themselves here, they next wended their way to the county gaol for the purpose of liberating the prisoners. They smashed all the glass in front of the prison, and attempted to batter in the door; but in this they were unsuccessful; and finding all attempts fruitless, they left for the Summer-hill Military Barracks again. Here, having entered, they broke open the magazine, expecting to get ammunition; but in this they were partly foiled, for there were only two kegs of powder in the store. They contented themselves for the remainder of the night with discharging random shots, keeping the town in a constant state of fright and excitement.

The militia (says the correspondent quoted) were followed by a large concourse of the townspeople, who kept up a regular cheer. They continued marching through the streets in this manner until 12 o'clock. It is thought they purchased powder and shot during the day in town. To do them credit they did not seem disposed to injure any person. When they fired it was in the air; all they said they wanted was to force the authorities to give them their bounty. The militia say they will keep their arms and will fight to the last, and that they may as well die at once as die with hunger after being disbanded without a shilling in their pocket. During the whole time no officer nor sergeant dare approach them. Sergeant Cole was knocked down with the blow of a firelock when the party first left the Pound-street barracks. It is believed that the ammunition had been removed to the gaol when the rioters were leaving the barracks. They seemed to have their vengeance particularly directed against the police, who very wisely kept within their barracks.

Some foolish persons, says the Limerick *Observer*, posted notices on both the barrack gates, telling them to keep their ground inside, and that the people would mind the outside. The rioting continued all the day.

Messengers were dispatched, with all haste, for troops to Limerick, Parsonstown, and Templemore, to quell the disturbance, and the country police have also been ordered to reinforce the Nenagh station, and protect the inhabitants and peace of the town.

THE NEXT DAY.

On Tuesday morning the militia stopped the Limerick coach, and searched it, imagining it might be conveying away ammunition; but not discovering any, they allowed it to proceed on its journey. The *Guardian* learnt that they had been running bullets the greater part of the day. At half-past one o'clock all the men from Pound street passed up to the Summer-hill barracks, armed. Lord Dunally, Richard Gason, Esq., and some other magistrates and gentlemen followed them, and endeavored to pacify them. They succeeded so far as as to prevail on the men to unfix their bayonets. The militia afterwards paraded the town, headed by their band, discharging an indiscriminate and irregular fire into the air. The shops were all closed, business was suspended, and the town had all the appearance of a besieged place.

ARRIVAL OF TROOPS.

At about four o'clock the military consisting of 1,000 soldiers of the 13th, 41st, 47th, and 55th depots, under command of Lieut. Col. Hart, entered Barrack st. from Templemore, and were halted opposite the Church. Here they received instructions to fix bayonets and load with ball cartridge, to march on the barrack of Nenagh, and take possession of it. They then proceeded, headed by John Fleming, Esq., R. M., to Summerhill Barrack, each man as cool as if he were going to a review, and a finer body of men—several of whom wore Crimean medals on their breasts—could not be seen; the excitement was fearful in the extreme. On reaching the barrack-gate the Colonel demanded admittance—there was no reply—it was a moment of dread suspense! He placed his hand on the gate and it opened to his touch. He advanced, followed by his men, who opened into a single file, and surrounded the barrack walls. There was here, however, only a small portion of the Militia, from whom Lieut. Colonel Maude, and the other Tipperary officers seconded by Lord Dunalley, succeeded, after some difficulty, in getting a quiet possession of their arms.

TWO SOLDIERS SHOT.

While the disarming was going on, a considerable number of the Militia from the Pound street barracks were prowling outside about the gate with their arms loaded. They made several attempts to fire in at the line, and succeeded in shooting two soldiers belonging to the 47th and 41st through the keyhole of the gate. One of the men was mortally wounded, and he died shortly after. The other man's wounds are not of a very serious nature.

A SKIRMISH.

An officer's party was then sent out to clear the streets of the Militia. On arriving near the market cross, they were fired at by some of the latter. After a slight skirmish the Militia took up a position in Pound street barracks.

REINFORCEMENTS—TAKING POUND ST. BARRACKS—LOSS OF LIFE.

Shortly after eight o'clock 200 men of the 21st arrived from Parsonstown. Having joined the Templemore troops, the entire body, under command of Major-General Chatterton, K. H., who accompanied by his aid-de-camp, Major Foster, and Col. Muller, Deputy Assistant Adjutant General, had just arrived from Limerick, proceeded to take possession of the Pound street barracks, where the militia seemed resolved to make a determined stand, and fight it out with the regulars. Before the soldiers proceeded down far in Castle street, they were received with a tremendous volley from a body of Militia, who had again stationed themselves at the Market cross. The front rank of the Line returned the fire, which was responded to by another discharge from the Tips. A continuous roll of musketry was then kept up for about five minutes. While this scene was going on in the street, a strong party of the Military were despatched up by the new Court-house. Here they fell in with a body of the Militia, who took to the fields, and threw themselves into skirmishing order, displaying the utmost coolness and determination—it may be added bravery—in their encounter with the Line. The Military proceeded round by Codville to the Pound street Barracks, where they met the street party from the Market cross, their small stock of ammunition having run out, the Militia were compelled to submit, and having given up their arms, they were made prisoners, and marched up to the Military prison, where they were lodged for the night. Thus ended one of the most fearful days ever spent in Nenagh.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The last engagement was attended with serious loss of life and personal injury. Three of the soldiers were wounded; one of them had his thigh bone broken; a pensioner named Gibbons, residing in Pound street, was shot dead while looking out of his house, and two children were more or less injured. The exact number of militia killed and wounded is not known, as many were dressed by the doctors of the town, and marks of blood have been discovered in several of the surrounding fields. Two of them were removed to the barrack hospital, where they shortly after died, and there are three under medical treatment. Some of the men under arrest were also suffering from slight wounds.

MORE SOLDIERS—THE FRAY—MISDEEDS.

About half-past 10 o'clock a squadron of the 17th Lancers entered town, but their services were not needed.

Constable Newman was the means of saving the life of Quartermaster Nolan, of the 41st, and a party of 12 men, escorting some provisions, from Templemore. When they reached the Barrack street constabulary barracks, Constable Newman, at the utmost risk to himself, as the militia sought every opportunity to fire at the police, ran across the street and apprised the officer of the danger of approaching to the Market cross, where a strong body of Tips were stationed, and seemed awaiting the arrival of the officer's party. Scarcely had the constable got off the pavements, when bang went five or six pieces, but providentially both he and the soldiers got safely under cover, and the latter remained so till the Market cross was cleared by the soldiers sent to take the Pound street barracks.

The Nenagh *Guardian*, which furnishes us with the chief details of the affair, is a Tory journal of the Orange stripe. The peculiar coloring of the party may be noted throughout some of the description. However, the *Guardian's* views of the mean-spirited policy of the Government, which instigated the "mutiny"—its straightforward condemnation of it, and its appeal to the press on behalf of the militia, will be regarded as just and manly. In its issue of Wednesday, the affair is thus wound up:

With the exception of the marching and counter-marching of the troops between the two barracks, there is nothing unusual in the appearance of the town to-day. Several of the militia prisoners were lodged in the county gaol.

Tuesday, the 8th of July, 1856, will not speedily be forgotten by by the people of Nenagh, and those who witnessed the stirring events which occurred in our town yesterday. It was a day of fearful excitement, and serious apprehensions; and every countenance wore an expression of deep anxiety. The night previously we were completely at the mercy of an armed rabble, and mob law ruled supreme. It is easy, then, to imagine the solicitude of the inhabitants for their own safety. The determined spirit of the militia to enforce their claim, and the preparations made by them for any emergency—their stripping the Pound street Barracks of all the lead, and running it into balls—their purchasing all the finger marbles in town, with a host of other stratagems—all tended to increase the fears of the townspeople for the coming night, and made them tremble lest the troops, said to have been sent for to quell the *emeute*, should not arrive. And let us here ask, why expose the peaceable inhabitants to such danger and unsafety?

The cause of this outrageous conduct is quite simple. On the embodiment of the Irish militia, the soldiers were promised a certain bounty; but now, when Government are in no further need of them, they violate that stipulation. Is this just or honorable? Here are bodies of men who voluntarily came forward in the nation's extremity to do battle for its honor, and in maintenance of its cause. Is it to be tolerated that they must now be cast on the world without as much clothing, or the means of purchasing it, as will shelter them from the weather, or cover their nakedness? It is much to be feared that there may be a repetition in other places of the conduct of the North Tipperary Militia, and while we must deprecate their outrageous acts, and condemn their unwarrantable attack on the dwellings of the inhabitants, we cannot but express our opinion that they have been unjustly treated, and badly rewarded for their patriotism and loyalty. We trust that the press of the land, as well as the representatives of the people, will take up the matter, and urge on the authorities the propriety, not to say justice (if they wish to avert civil commotion, and preserve the peace of the country), of giving to the Irish militia their stipulated rights, and their just demands.

INQUEST ON THE BODIES.—WEDNESDAY, JULY 9TH.

This day, T. T. Abbott, Esq., proceeded to the military barrack, for the purpose of holding an inquest on the bodies of the parties shot dead the previous evening. The following are their names:—Denis Toohey and Patrick Tracey, Tipperary Militia; Patrick Currey, 41st Regiment, and Peter Gibbons, Pound street, pensioner. Curley, the soldier of the 41st, had only recently returned from the seat of war, having been at the battles of Alma, Inkerman, and Balaklava. He had three medals for his services on those memorable occasions. He was a fine looking young fellow, about 28 years of age, and has left a widow and three young children. The two militiamen were each about 25 years old, and not married.

The following jury was sworn by the coroner:—Rody Spain (foreman), Francis Byron, John Murray, Henry Harden, Edwd. Jones, Frederick Cashel, Philip Searle, Wm. Wiley, George Ronaldson, Brien Consedine, Malichi Nilan, and Nion Tucker. After being sworn, the jury proceeded to view the bodies.

Coroner—We must get some one to identify the body of Curley, and not have a case like John Sadleir's. A corporal of the 41st identified the body.

After the examination of Lord Dunalley, and others, from which nothing was gleaned beyond what is given above, the jury returned a verdict that the deceased men came by their deaths in consequence of gun-shot wounds inflicted by some person or persons unknown, and that the death of the soldier Curley, of the 41st Regiment, was caused by a soldier of the North Tipperary Militia.

The latter portion of the verdict was objected to by Mr. E. Jones, insomuch as he did not consider the evidence went to implicate one of the Tipperary Militia.

Mr. Byron said the evidence of Mr. Frazer clearly showed that Curley's death was caused by a shot from one of the militia.

Some others of the jury agreed with Mr. Byron, but they afterwards agreed to leave out the sentence inculpating one of the militia.

Father Kenyon has sent the following reply to the Limerick gentlemen who invited him to attend the opening of their Athenæum and rejoice in the high and mighty presence of the Lord Lieutenant. It is a scathing commentary on the flunkeyism to which lip-loyalty is carried:

To the Secretaries of the Limerick Athenæum.

Chapel House, Templederry, July 5th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN, I have to acknowledge the receipt of your printed card, requesting me to attend at the inauguration of the Athenæum by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and also requesting the favor of an answer. My answer is dry enough, that I will not attend; but the reason of it is less insipid.

When I subscribed towards the establishment of your Athenæum, I conceived its object to be the diffusion of education among my fellow citizens; and if I were asked at the time how they could be benefitted by the diffusion of education, I should, probably, have answered in proportion as they were more generally educated they must avoid such exhibitions of public folly as I had seen them indulge in, periodically, during my memory.

Amongst such exhibitions, your intended Saturnalia of next week—from the loyal dinner speeches, smacking of champagne, to the hungry professions of loyalty which the silly leaders of the tradesmen are preparing—assumes in my eyes a prominent place. I can see nothing in the visit of the Viceroy to induce me to deviate in the slightest degree from my usual mode of thinking and living. In all places, *he* is simply to me the visible sign and symbol of British rule and Irish subjection; consequently, of British wealth and of Irish beggary, of British cant or cruelty, (as an occasion may suggest;) and of Irish gullibility or patience, (as it is called) in *sæcula sæculorem*—a relative condition of things to which I may submit not perhaps without a gain, but in which I could never pretend to feel either pleasure or pride.

That Liberal Corporations and all other West British institutions, including such poor puppets as Congregated Trades, should repeat at intervals these slavish antics, as per programme, with or without any adequate provocation, can no longer surprise one; but that there should be no body of Irishmen in Limerick, Irish or manly enough, to stand alone from the flunky rabble—not even the professed friends of Education, which would lead to wisdom and not to a clownish estimate of tinsel pomp—this reflection, gentlemen, might depress my spirits if I did not conduct myself with the hope that you may all be knighted on this occasion. In this pleasant hope, and praying to be excused to his gracious Excellency,

I remain, gentlemen, truly yours. J. KENYON.

O'BRIEN'S RETURN.

We take the following article from the *Nation* last come to hand:—

"After eight years spent in prison, or in exile, William Smith O'Brien touched his native soil, a freeman, on Tuesday last—after eight years which have been as eight ages to him and to poor Ireland. The sunken and spiritless city did not open its gates with the air of its old patriot glory, to the martyr who had suffered so much for the cause of Ireland—who had been borne away from its bosom with all the barbarous pomp of a successful tyranny, and who had come back unchanged in heart and spirit—unstained in honor by the least compromise or the faintest complaint—the purest patriot, the noblest gentleman that God ever breathed the breath of life into, in this island. But the welcome which is quietly wafted to his manly heart, not in Dublin alone, but from end to end of the island, though not loud, is deep, and strong, and fond indeed. Every honest Irish voice is combined in it. All men of all parties forget their animosities to do a quiet homage to that nature, so pure, so chivalrous, of so far loftier a standard than that which obtains in Ireland to-day. With one acclaim, the Press, Whig and Tory, as well as Nationalist, express in unison sentiment full of cordial respect, which are echoed and applauded in every Irish home. If our *cead mile failte* be less demonstrative, less enthusiastic than it would have been in the old high-spirited days, it is not O'Brien who feels that he comes home to a race humbled, and saddened, and self-degraded, who are hardly fit to be the countrymen of one so magnanimous, and so unselfish—but who have at least the good taste silently to respect the modest dignity with which he again returns to the station which he sacrificed for them. He is too generous to feel aught but a noble and pious pity for the country, so weak and wretched—but this sentiment with which he is welcomed back, confesses a sorrowful truth.

It is not yet time to speak of what his future may be amongst us. His character has been tried and canonised by exile, by suffering bravely borne, by long sustained adversity, by the sacrifice of home, fame, fortune, family—by that long death in life, more trying to the heart than the cruellest death that infernal ingenuity ever conceived. But sure we are that whenever O'Brien feels it his duty to advise the People of Ireland, he will speak in tones to which they will listen with a respect more general and more earnest than they have accorded to any voice that has been raised in Ireland, since the day he received sentence of execution in the dock of Clonmel.

Let us, too, no longer obtrude on the peaceful welcome which he is this day enjoying in the old house of Cahirmoyle—in the happy home from which the sunshine of his smile has been so long absent; amid the scenes which in the distant forests of Tasmania, or among the glorious relics of Greece, he longed for with a lover's longing. There the Irish Blessing, and the Irish Welcome, await the Chief, come home to his own again."

We learn from the Waterford *Chronicle* that crops everywhere present a very promising appearance, but that there are rumors of the Potato showing signs of being under the influence of the fatal distemper. A large extent of ground being under potatoes this year, the *Chronicle* adds, that the loss would be frightful.

The *Windsor Herald* states that last Sunday night, when the eastward bound train on the Great Western Railway, was near to Thamesville, about sixty miles from Windsor, two shots were fired at the engine driver, but fortunately missed the object in both instances.

American News.

The following sorrowful occurrence took place at Caroline, Va.:—Mr. Wm. M. Kelley was suddenly roused from his sleep about 1 o'clock in the morning, and, under the impression that his house was being broken into, seized his gun and instantaneously fired upon some one, as he thought, entering the door; but to his horror he found that he had shot his wife, who was fastening it. The shot entered just in front and above the right hip, penetrating deep into the body. Two physicians were immediately called in, but found her beyond hopes. She lingered resignedly and uncomplainingly until about 4 o'clock, Saturday morning, when she died, leaving an almost distracted husband, an infant son eleven months old, and a large number of relations and connections to mourn their loss. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley had been married nearly two years, were remarkably fond of each other, and were living most happily together, when the unfortunate occurrence, like a thunderbolt, destroyed her existence and blighted his. He was, at night, timid, and in the habit of keeping a loaded gun near his bed; hence the terrible accident.

Two negroes were arrested in Richmond, on Saturday last, on the charge of attempting to poison Mr. Benjamin Gram, their overseer. Two weeks ago, Mr. Gram, after eating his breakfast, was taken with a severe spell of vomiting, which continued, at intervals, during the day. On Saturday morning, as was usual, he sent negro Sam for his breakfast. Sam returned, and when Mr. G. took a sup of his coffee he perceived it had a peculiar taste. He poured the contents from the cup, and noticed a white substance in the bottom. He had it analyzed, and found it to be arsenic. Negro Sam says that another servant, named William Jackson, had given him a fourpence if he would allow him to put a paper of white substance in the coffee when he was taking it to Mr. Gram.

The St. Johnsbury (Vt.) *Caledonian* tells the following rather tough story: "Not long since a youth of sixteen years was out in the town of Victory gathering spruce gum. While thus engaged, his dog started up a bear and immediately attacked him. The dog being of small size, the owner undertook to call him off, and in doing so attracted the attention of the bear. The lad was armed only with a gumming-pole, a stick eight or ten feet in length, with a knife blade in one end. The bear made at him with mouth wide open, when the lad thrust the knife end down the bear's throat, killing him almost instantly."

We understand, says the N. O. *Delta*, that Mrs. J. Morison Heady, a lady who has been a resident of New Orleans for the last twenty years—ten of which she enjoyed all the blessings of life, but the remaining years in sad reverses—has lately become heiress to property in England worth £250,000.

John and Mary Williams, husband and wife, were arrested in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, on the charge of infamous treatment to their daughter. They are also charged with forcing her to drink liquor until she becomes intoxicated, and then making her the victim of the basest of purposes. She is only 15 years of age. They were both committed.

The Toronto *Colonist* learns that a violent row occurred in Guelph, on the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. A party of Orangemen passed through the streets, were attacked by some rowdies, and a terrible fight ensued. Fire-arms were freely used, and many persons were more or less injured. The mob was finally dispersed by a company of riflemen.

Several destructive fires are now raging in the country, and especially between Buffalo and Rochester. The *Buffalo Express* learns from gentlemen who came over the Central Road on Wednesday, that fires are burning in several places, and that between this city and Batavia, are some places where the heat and smoke were intolerable. Houses are endangered, standing crops destroyed, and valuable timber reduced to ashes.

Mickey Free, the pedestrian, is to walk in Newark, on a plank, 106 hours, without sitting or sleeping, or coming off the floor or ground. The plank is to be 40 feet long, 3 feet broad, and 3 feet from the ground. If the weather is favorable he will walk in the Park, where all can see him. The walking commenced on Wednesday last.

There is a family named Drew residing in Duxbury, Mass., composed of two brothers and four sisters, whose united ages amount to 495. The oldest brother is 90, the next brother 88, and the sisters respectively 86, 79, 77 and 74.

Three brothers, by the name of Keeley, died suddenly last week in Cincinnati—one with *delirium tremens* in jail; the next day another, by sun-stroke; and the third by sun-stroke, as he entered the cemetery with his brother's corpse.

In Cleveland, on Saturday, some scoundrel entered the dwelling of Mr. Fittenhofer, and stole some $300 worth of jewelry. He administered chloroform to Mr. F., wife and six children, and then administered upon their effects.

The *Syracuse Standard*, says:—"We learn that Miss Lewis, the young lady who was married to the "Man Woman," has finally become convinced that her pretended husband is a woman, and has, therefore, renounced her husband forever.

John H. Matthews, District Attorney of Worcester county, Massachusetts, committed suicide on Sunday, by taking strychnine. No reason is assigned for the act. He was said to be a young man of talent and promise.

Jemmy Johnson, head chief and warrior of the Tonawandas, and who was the successor of the celebrated orator Red Jacket, is dead. He had reached a very advanced age, and was one of the best known and most esteemed of his tribe.

The Treasurer of the Howard Association of Charleston reports that the whole amount of contributions received by him during the last Summer, for the relief of the sufferers from the recent epidemic in Norfolk and Portsmouth, was $7,092 29.

J. L. Strang, the Mormon prophet, who was recently shot at Beaver Island, died on the 10th inst., at his farm in the village of Vorea, Racine county, at which place he took refuge some days since.

Dr. N. C. Whitehead, for more than twenty years President of the Farmers' Bank of Norfolk, and acting Mayor during the epidemic of last summer, died in that city Monday night last, in the 64th year of his age.

Mrs. Blackwell, (formerly Rev. Antoinette Brown,) arrived in Rochester. She has not been heard from the pulpit or rostrum we believe, since her marriage.

During the last seven years *fourteen hundred murders*, it is said, have been perpetrated in and about San Francisco, and the city itself has been burned down *seven times*.

A new Bridge to Goat Island, Niagara Falls, which has so long been wanted, is now being constructed.

The following is a full and complete list of the killed by the recent terrible disaster on the North Pensylvania Railroad. It is supplied by Mr. Charles Burns:

MALES.

Rev. Daniel Sheridan,	John Dudson,
Michael Burns, jr.,	James Roy,
Hugh Campbell,	James Congdon,
Lawrence Dillon,	Henry Harvey,
James McIntire,	Edward Hall,
Barnard Green,	Daniel Marlow,
Wm. J. Barnett,	John McGuire,
John Dugan,	John Gribbons,
John Ryans,	Henry Cerr,
James Hickey,	John McGraw,
John Brady,	Cornelius Coakely,
Henry Harris,	James Conlin,
Patrick Flaherty,	Patrick Hickey,
John Devlin,	Francis Walls,
John Sloan,	Michael McAleer,
Edward Flanagan,	John McVey,
James Gallagher,	Hugh Tracy,
Lewis Rivel,	Thomas Kelly,
Michael O'Brien,	Michael T. Haggerty,
Edmund P. Gillon,	James Flaherty,
James Mulholland,	Patrick Kearney,*
James Loaque,*	James Quigley,*
James Devine,*	John McAleer,*
Hugh O'Neil,*	Francis McCork,*

Bernard Runnagan.

FEMALES.

Sarah McQuigan,	Caroline Mary Kresner,
Kate McGurk,	Catherine Coakeley,
Ellen Clarke,	Rosanna Mulholland,
Mary McErlain,	Elizabeth Gunn,
Sally McGee,	Ann Lilly,
Sarah McGraw,	Mrs. Mary O. Daniels,
Bridget McClean,	Mary Short,*

Teresa Callahan,*

Males 51, Females 15. Total killed, 66.

The names marked with an asterisk (*) have not before been made public.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, publishing the list, says so fearfu a destruction of human life has never before occurred on any railroad in the world, and the circumstances of the destruction were of so frightful a nature as to add materially to its horror. The public will now demand that some measures be taken to bring to justice those who may be proved to have, by their neglect or recklessness, brought on the catastrophe. The verdict of the Coroner's jury in this city does not hesitate to charge the conductor of the excursion train with "criminal negligence." It also condemned the company for a want of proper regulations, especially on excursion trains. The offending conductor is under arrest in Montgomery County, where the disaster occurred, land where no doubt he will be tried. What measures will be adopted against the company we have not learned.

George Wilson, the negro convicted ofthe murder of Captain William Palmer and Gilbert Pratt of the schooner Eudora Imogene, at City Island, last November, was executed at White Plains, Westchester County, N Y., on the 25th instant. The prisoner made no confession, would not receive any religious consolation, looked pleasant the evening previous, but had to be carried in a state of weakness to the scaffold. The excitement was very great, and the scene presented more the appearance of an excursion than an execution, there being tents and oyster stands located round the jail. The feeling of the people was very strong against the accused, and two military companies, with a number of deputy sheriffs, were necessary to keep order. One of the citizens, attempting to press his way into the execution yard, received a bayonet wound in the fleshy part of the arm. The axe used by the Sheriff in the execution, was the same one with which it was supposed Wilson murdered the Captain and mate of the Eudora.

On Friday, (25th inst.) the jury in the Herbert case, after retiring three quarters of an hour, returned a verdict of acquittal. The announcement was received with manifestations of joy and delight, and Mr. Herbert was immediately surrounded by his friends, who accompanied him to the Kirkwood House. About six o'clock, Mr. Preston, for the prosecution, wished to reply to Mr. Walker's strictures, which was objected to by the other counsel for Mr. Herbert. Ex-mayor Lenox, who was standing, was overheard by Mr. Ratcliffe to observe, that that was unfair or unjust. Mr. Ratcliffe sharply said in reply, "they wanted no outside interference;" and in the course of the hurried colloquy that ensued, Mr. Lenox called Mr. Ratcliffe a liar. Mr. Ratcliffe immediately dashed at Mr. Lenox, but Mr. Bradley quickly interposed and prevented a collision. Such is the version of the affair. Subsequently Deputy Marshal Phillips made a complaint before Justice Thompson, who was on the premises, that he had reason to believe Mr. Ratcliffe had sent and Mr Lenox accepted a challenge. Mr. Ratcliffe was forthwith arrested, and held to bail in $3,000 not to fight a duel. A warrant was served on Mr. Lenox, who has failed to appear.

The Mobile *Daily Advertiser*, of July 15th, says: It becomes our painful duty to announce the demise, after a severe and lingering illness, of one of our oldest and most respected citizens Wm. Crothers, of the firm of Wm. Crothers & Co., cotton brokers, breathed his last at Point Clear, on Sunday morning. Mr. Crothers was born in the city of Dublin, in the year 1802, and came to this country, first to Augusta, Ga., when quite a young man. From thence he removed to Mobile, where he has lived for about twenty-five years respected and honored by all. He was in command of a military company in 1835 and 1836, and has always enjoyed the reputation of a liberal, kind-hearted and public spirited man. Truly may it be said of him,

'None knew him but to love,
Nor named him but to praise.'

His funeral, which took place from his late residence yesterday evening, was numeronsly attended."

The Democrats of Vermont held their State Convention on 25th. ult., for the choice of candidates for State Officers. Hon. Henry Keyes, of Newsbury was nominated for governor; Willis Lyman, of Burlington, for Lieutenant-Governor, and James T. Thurston, of Montpelier, for State Treasurer. A series of resolutions were adopted indorsing Buchanan and Breckinridge.

It is stated by way of Mexico, that Secretary Marcy has proposed to President Comonfort to purchase another slice of Mexico. The offer is said to have been, $6,000,000 for the thirty-first parallel of latitude for the boundary line to the Gulf of California. President Comonfort is stated to have refused to entertain the proposition. The whole statement, however, is very doubtful.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer*, presents the following glimpse of prison life. James Summons, the convicted poisoner and murderer, appears in a new character—that of Assistant Jail Physician! A man is taken sick at the jail. The disease is excessive inebriation. Medicine is prescribed, and James Summons is entrusted to administer it. The patient dies! A Coroner's Jury is held. Summons is a principal witness. He testifies as to what he administered—perhaps truthfully, perhaps not. The Enquirer may well ask shall convicted murderers not only go unwhipt of justice, but be entrusted with the lives of others.

The following, says the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, was the bill of fare of a recent dinner at New Orleans, Louisiana: First, catfish soup; second, one huge catfish, with catfish sauce; third, a small catfish, stuffed; fourth, several catfish, not stuffed; fifth, some fried catfish; sixth, catfish omelet, mixed; seventh, scrambled catfish, great variety, very good; eighth, a large number of very small catfish, *a la Francaise;* ninth, a few catfish; tenth, some more catfish. There was quite a number of dishes besides, but they all contained catfish, done up in every style the heart could wish.

Mr. Lee, of Lee & Marshall's Circus, informs the Editor of the California *Spirit of the Age* that Joaquin's band paid him a visit one night during his performance in the Southern mines, and while he was in the ring stole ten of his trained horses from under a shed adjoining his tent. On being informed of the fact, scarcely five minutes afterward, while he was performing, he left the audience, mounted his men, armed and in circus costume, tights, &c., started in chase, and not only overtook and routed the bandits, but recovered all of his animals.

At a late meeting of the Catholic Literary Institute of Cincinnati, an informal ballot was taken for President, and resulted as follows: Buchanan 85, Fremont 5.

"Mountain Maid," an animal noted as a fast "racker," fell dead in Cincinnati from the affects of the weather. The "Maid" was owned by John B. Reynolds, and there was no consideration that would have induced him to part with her.

Notices have been given of intended applications to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, for new bank charters, together representing a capital of $18,830,000, or a sum nearly equal to the whole of the present banking capital of the State.

Moses Cawood, an old and respectable citizen of Washington county, Va., shot himself with a rifle, causing death in about three hours.

It is reported that Col. Lane, at the head of 600 men, crossed from Missouri into Kansas on 21st. ult., but had done no fighting.

The bill for the relief of the heirs of Gen. Arthur St. Clair, of the Revolutionary Army, has passed the Senate. The heirs by this bill will get $30,000.

Dr. Kinahan, who has recently returned from Peru, attempts to prove that guano is produced from fetid seals, which die on the Islands, and not from the droppings of birds.

Congressional.

Thirty-Fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

July 19.—The Senate was not in session.

July 21.—A bill amendatory of the act concerning the registering and recording of ships or vessels was passed. A resolution was adopted calling on the President for information relative to the movements of the Government troops in Kansas. The Armament bill, after an amendment reducing the proposed appropriation from $3,000,000 to $1,800,000, was passed—27 against 10. A resolution was passed providing for the close of the session on the 11th of August. Bills were passed regulating the Judicial expenses of Government, and making appropriations for various River and Harbor improvements.

July 22.—A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Manufactures to inquire in reference to the substitution of iron for other materials in Government buildings. A bill was introduced to regulate the pay of Members of Congress, proposing a salary of $3,000 for each regular session, instead of a per diem. Two harbor improvement bills were passed.

July 23.—House bill for the improvement of Savannah River passed. The bill continuing improvements in the Sheboygan harbor was passed. A joint resolution was adopted authorizing Lieut. Maury and other officers to receive honorary testimonials from foreign powers.

July 24.—The bill to protect citizens of the United States who may discover guano deposits passed. The Kalamazoo and Milwaukee Harbor bills were passed, and the Grand River bill discussed until adjournment.

July 25.—Mr. Wilson submitted a resolution asking information of the President relative to the course of General Smith in Kansas. Six private bills were passed, and one providing for the compulsory prepayment of postage on all printed matter.

House.

July 19.—Engaged in the consideration of private bills.

July 21.—The Nebraska contested election case was considered—no action taken. The Senate's adjournment resolution was received, and the rules were suspended for its consideration. An animated discussion ensued; several amendments were offered. Finally the House adjourned without acting upon it.

July 22.—The Senate's adjournment resolution was amended by substituting the 18th instead of the 11th of August, and so passed. The Senate subsequently agreed to the amendment. The resolution declaring Mr. Chapman not elected Delegate from Nebraska was rejected.

July 23.—An ineffectual effort was made to re-consider the vote confirming Bird Chapman as delegate from Nebraska. The New Mexico contested election was settled by the adoption of a resolution affirming that M. Gallegos was not, and Mr. Otero was, duly elected delegate from that Territory. M. Otero was sworn in. It was voted to print 20,000 copies of the full Kansas Report, and 100,000 copies without the testimony.

July 24.—It was settled in Committee of the Whole that no money shall be given toward the support of the army so long as it is employed in Kansas.

July 25.—A message was received from the President recommending an appropriation to complete the purchase of Government buildings in Philadelphia. Twenty private bills were passed, including the Senate bill for the relief of the widows and orphans of the officers, seamen and marines of the brig Porpoise and sloop-of-war Albany. The evening session was devoted to political debates.

Answers to Correspondents.

A Cork Man, who evidently is most pleased when he is in close contiguity to the neck of a bottle, encloses us an extract quo ed from an Irish paper to this effect—"On Wednesday the Cork distillers reduced the price of Whiskey to 10s. 9d. per Imperial Gallon. He adds to this, evidently as an illustration of his rapturous appreciation of the announcement, the following lines, which we have not met for the first time:—

"Whiskey, drink divine,
Why should driveller's bore us,
With the praise of wine,
While we've thee before us?

If Anacreon, who
Was the vine's best poet,
Sipp'd our mountain dew,
Oh! how his verse would show it!"
Chorus—Whiskey, drink divine.

The enthusiasm, if nothing else, of the Corkman has evidently muddled his brain. If we recollect right our correspondent has mixed up the beginning and the end of Joe Leary's capital song. As an evidence of the further improvement of the "ould sod," he pastes the following paragraph from the Tipperary *Free Press*, after his "drink divine":—

"We are glad to learn that the government have at last taken the claims of the Irish Petty Sessions Clerks into consideration, and that a Bill is already prepared for paying those useful officers by salaries commensurate with the important duties they have to perform."

Every thing besides the Sessions is now-a-days petty in the old country.

New-York, 25th July, 1856.

Editor of Irish News: Sir: Permit me once again and for the last time to emerge from my obscurity, and intrude on your space and time for a few moments.

From the discordant tones of your correspondent's concluding flourishes, in his "Notes from the Nore, No. 2," I am inclined to think him wroth with me for correcting one or two "slight errors of memory," contained in his "No. 1," and for my averment of nearer relationship to the late K. T. Buggy than himself. He is so evidently "riled up," that I will not add to his "heated term" by pointing out the manifold inaccuracies in his last "Notes," which do not require a "Briareus" to detect, as "A Kilkenny (*city*) Man" can see them with "half an eye." With regard to the "relationship question," I stil "aver" that I am not only his *nearest* relative on this side of the Atlantic, but *as near* as any on the other side, and it is not "strange" that I should be ignorant of the disposal of his MSS., having chiefly resided in Dublin from '43 to the period of my leaving for this country; and having little intercourse with his friends in Kilkenny, I wrote about the matter several times, but got no satisfactory information. Hence my "anxious cogitation."

"Kilkenny Man" presumes I am "indisposed to learn who he is." Wrong again. I "own up" to a *little* curiosity to become acquainted with my "near relative," but am decidedly averse to "invade his obscurity," fearing that he might turn up a "ghost, or goblin," or shadowy thing."

In conclusion, Sir, allow me to observe, for the future guidance of 'Kilkenny Man," that it is *for you* to judge of what is annoying or inadmissable in my communications, (as far as regards yourself,) without suggestions or hints from him; and when he undertakes to write about scenes and persons whose names are familiar in our mouths as household words," without strict attention to facts, he leaves himself open to correction, even tho' his may be only "errors of memory." With many thanks for your courtesy,

I am, Sir, yours, W. F. B.

"King."—You must prove your age, if but eighteen, as you say. If an apprentice, you will be a citizen at twenty-one. Otherwise you must have a witness to prove you have been in the State for the length of time required by law.

"R. O." ("an humble but true Irishman") writes to say that he has seen an appeal for Lamartine in the papers, and that he as an Irishman "would not put out his hand to save him." Lamartine, elegant and eloquent writer, and *quasi* people's patriot as he is, does not deserve well of any Irish, or other democrat. His want of purpose and decision ruined France in '48. He moreover belied the mission of the Irish sympathisers with the French Republic in the same year. He replied to the British Minister, Lord Normanby, instead of to O'Brien and his comrades; and insinuated that the Young Irelanders came for arms, when it was a matter of notoriety that the fighting members of the Confederation were opposed to French aid. O'Brien flung back the charges made by Grey in the Commons, founded on the reply of Lamartine, and said that if he demanded assistance from France he could have had it. Lamartine was placed at the top of the French Republic in '48 because he had not strength to be its base, and the people, looking up to him, were deceived.

"Young America" thinks that England ought to think a great deal of America after all the pro-English sentiments uttered by Americans. There never was a greater mistake. If we talked more about Lexington and Saratoga, and less about "Anglo-Saxon" principles—more about Andrew Jackson, and less about the diplomatic genius of the English—America would be respected much more. The more you make yourself the vassal of Great Britain, the more she will think you are right for so doing, and the more you kiss the ground beneath the feet of English sovereignty, the more will her statesmen rub your nose in the gutter. As long as you do the one, you deserve the other.

"A Blackmill Boy."—James Stevens, the gallant young Kilkenny man who participated in all the disasters of the movement in the South of Ireland, in '48, is, we understand, a Professor of English in a college in Paris. You ask us "What we thought of him as a patriot?" We never met him. We saw a boot of his once, that he left behind him at a farm house in the Waterford mountains, when pressed by the police. The people spoke of him in the highest terms, and those who earned at that time the people's love are worthy of the highest praise we could fashion for him.

"W. R." (Carrick boy.)—We did not mean to make any comparisons between the men of Cappoquin and the other brave fellows of Tipperary and Waterford who went into the '48 struggle chivalrously. We could not. We regard them all as brave, spirited, and disinterested Irishmen, and will not seek any parochial distinction for them. We own in this national matter no Ulster, Munster, Leinster, or Connaught—nothing but Ireland. As Irishmen in the fortunes of that year, we are bound to all, and to the honor of all—to the Irish "at home and abroad" is our journal dedicated.

Godfrey. *A Few Thoughts on Death.* (Never say die). A Victim of the Encumbered Estates Bill, dated from Ward's Island. You have nothing to complain of. As a landlord, in Ireland, you robbed and ejected your tenants; an idler there, you lived on the poor; a pauper here, you are living on the public. E. C. D.—Goose Quill, *What are My Thoughts Like?* (Why then nothing particular.) F. D——y. Not a Wide-Awake. (That's plain enough.) Millie. *Now or Never.* (Adieu, then, now and forever.) *A Comic Song.* The least said about this the better, as brevity's the soul of wit. *Castlebellingham*, by a Cockney. (All ale!) Veritas—Mordecai. (Read up for these years yet.) Ingulphus. ("Own brother" to an earthquake evidently.) &c., &c.

We shall regularly send a copy of the News to any part of Ireland, on receipt of subscription at the rate of 16s. sterling per annum.

Mr. Sullivan, our California agent, desires us to state, that though we send the *News* to subscribers there, from here, at the rate of $3 per annum, he has to charge $5 to those who receive it through him.

We desire it to be perfectly understood, that our Agents are always provided with our *written* authority, and for them we believe we can promise uniform politeness and gentlemanly consideration.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1856.

BRITISH INFLUENCE IN AMERICA.

It is a matter of notoriety that some people lessen the value of that which they secretly admire, and having publicly misconstrued and sneered into a ludicrous obscurity a fact or an idea, revive the one or the other in its pristine strength as the discovery or invention of the heretofore scoffer.

Paracelsus publicly burnt the works of Galen and Avicenna, but took care to steep his brain in their best theories, which he revived with much brazen self-glorification. In like manner, John Bull, who is almost insanely eloquent in condemnation of the revolutionary character of the French, as exhibited within the last sixty or eighty years, has a practical admiration for that Dantonian audacity which wrote those wondrous anti-English and anti-monarchic episodes on the annals of France.

John Bull, however, like that magnificent impostor, Paracelsus, when he steals an idea, dresses it in such a manner that the original proprietor would not reclaim it even if he could.

What is a purpose with the Frenchman, is to John Bull a refuge. There is no more comparison between the audacity of *La Belle France* and that of *Perfide Albion*, than there is between the eagle that, shrieking atop the white Alps, struck black terror from the Rhine to the Tiber, and his mechanical namesake, who daily dines off carrion in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, London.

With the French, audacity is an inspiration, with the Englishman diplomacy. The one is audacious to defeat, to a Saint Helena, to death. The other is audacious to a variety of subterraneous manœuvres for plunder, and if detected, he is more than audacious in apologies, exposing his motives in the most humane sack-cloth and ashes.

If he forces a murderous trade in China, confuses the sons of Confucius, by putting opium in their pipes, and making them smoke it, why it is only a calumet, a peace-offering, he presents. If he rides over Hindostan astride of his cannon, the wheels of which are more deadly than those of the Juggernaut that crumbles the bones of its worshippers, why then he is on "a mission." If he offers so much a head for patriotic Caffres and their women and infants, as they do in Algeria for wolves and panthers, he is only spreading the gospel. If he turns wholesale butcher in Borneo, it is purely because he would do anything for the sake of brotherly love. If he insists on lending the King of Oude or the Chief of Aden a few hundred pounds, and helps them to spend it quickly that he may levy on their respective territories, it is only to show what a jolly good fellow he was in the first instance, and to illustrate the commercial progress of the age in the second. All these commercial travellers are such jolly good fellows! Like the "Bold Soldier Boy" with the landlady—

"He tastes her tap,
And tears her cap,"

And then makes the world believe she is dead in love with him; for—

"Isn't he a darling,
The bold soldier boy?"

But if the audacity of John Bull in pushing himself into brotherly love and friendly communication with the East Indies, China, South Africa, New Zealand, and numerous other places and peoples, is enormous, it is infinitely less than that displayed in his persistent good offices to America. In the former, he deals with people without diplomacy, and with bravery, if sometimes quickened by native skill, most-times impotent for want of modern resources of warfare. If "Macbeth doth murder sleep," John Bull doth devour the devotee. Our Dublin correspondent's letter elsewhere, gives a characteristic illustration of this Sabbath exercise.

America, John Bull finds a more powerful rival. The fact that we scourged him twice, but inspires his audacity to a more deadly amiability. He is much quicker to apologize, though he does not desist; and the more fertile in invention, as his bungling exposes him to chastisement. As he cannot compete with the "concern," he will divide it. He will dissolve the Federal partnership, that he may dictate to the principals when they set up for themselves. He will get himself between the parties like a true friend, to keep them asunder, and with sly words, aside into the ears of both, excite their peculiarities into passions; cunningly pacify both with bitter inuendoes of each others' rights; tell each, in turn, he is outraged; and each, in turn, that the other is wrong—that he, John B., is bound to *him* for ever, and, if needs be, will be with him if the worst comes to the worst. Then aloud, counselling Christian feeling between them, "washes his hands of the matter," and marches direct to plunder their houses while they are having it out on the spot.

This, John Bull has the audacity to do; and he will do it if he can. But whether he can or otherwise, is a secondary question; the first being his right to interfere at all. There is no evidence needed of his interference; and it is to this Foreign influence the self-protective throbbings of the American heart should beat a firm defiance and a decided and timely opposition.

It was to this "foreign influence" that the fathers and defenders of the Young Republic directed the thoughts of their successors. It was against old enemies, not young friends, the prophetic eyes of '76 were turned. It was against *old* spleen, not young manly blood, they warned the future. It was in the intrigues of a beaten master, not the energy of the sturdy apprentice, they beheld possible disaster. It was in the suggestive disgrace of an unscrupulous enemy, not the reproductive industry of the adopted, home-hunted, European mechanic, that those patriots deciphered thunder in the future heavens. It was in the ambition of the foreign diplomat, which is keener than the foreign sword or bayonet, and not in the allegiance of the emigrant axe, that Washington read the "wiles of foreign influence."

Dark Lanterns may essay to throw a narrow streak of light upon the universal expanse of principle laid down in the Constitution; Know Nothings may persist in exhibiting that as they do not even know themselves, their title was rather too well chosen; Sectionalists may evaporate audible perspiration, and religious lunatics "bay the moon," because it will not leave Heaven solely to the stars, but they only tire themselves out, and render their contrition but the more weakly notorious.

This "Home Treason" to the Constitution, in conjunction with, and springing from the "foreign influence" alluded to, was made the subject of a very brilliant and suggestive speech on the Fourth of July, in Philadelphia, by Mr. C. W. Carrigan. The gentleman's effort was more an outline than an oration, but it was firmly done—bold, broad and truthful. We find a report of it in the *N. Y. Daily News*, and while on the subject cannot do better than extract some points which the memory will hold tenaciously:

In speaking of "foreign wiles," said Mr. Carrigan, Washington had no allusion to that European exodus which for the last half century has added wealth to our expanding Republic, and years to its existence. [Applause.] Nor to the six thousand Irishmen whose bones rest in a sepulchre of forty-eight miles, along the road from Aspinwall to Panama. He alluded to that insidious wile of foreign nations, which feels its way through the arteries of our Republic by base bribes and fulsome flattery, the more easily and unsuspectingly to compass our ruin. To say that he alluded to the British Government exclusively, might not be true—but true it is, that she, and she only, during our whole history, comes within the scope of his prophetic warning. She has been working mischief among us from the earliest day of the Republic until now, fanning into flame sectional jealousies, degrading our national pride and seeking the dismemberment of our people. * * * * * * *

If in 1796 Washington deemed it necessary to warn us against the "wiles of a foreign influence" which was jealous of our growing greatness; if he was fearful we might be the "satellite" of a more powerful nation; how careful should we be now, when we stand forth the admiration of the world, when we are the Ararat toward which the ark of the race is moving from the sweep of the deluge. [Tremendous cheers.] Our unparalelled progress creates a distrust in Great Britain, the only nation that can rival us—and to the end that we may be weakened, she has steadily kept alive sectional jealousies and created mutual distrusts. Her influence ramifies throughout all our interests. It presides on 'change, dictates the leaders for certain newspapers, and in the halls of our National Legislature would pull down our commercial and war marine to satisfy British vain-boasting. Her power is seen in those Anglo-American presses that think our country always wrong and other powers always right; she encourages agitators to strike at the constitutional rights of one half of the States, applauds to the echo the treason of higher law fanatics, stops a growing and healthy emigration by erecting proscriptive barriers, and imprisons the soul in the charnel house of a Know Nothing ritual. [Great applause.] These are the results of British influence.

The speaker does not underrate this influence. With a base of operations in Canada; with the "dreadful note of preparation" distinctly heard there; with a most persistent foothold in Central America, at the other end of the States; a wild colony of Mormon fanatics (for it is nothing more nor less than an English colony) in Utah; and the numerous agents supported by the diplomatic and consular establishments, as was partially exposed by the recent enlistment audacity—with the "Foreign Influence" in possession of these footholds and outposts, can America be too watchful? With the undeniable will of the English before us, at least as spoken through their parliament by a large majority, to uphold the government officials in their outrages on American nationality and international comity, and by any means to involve us in disquiet, and lessen our moral and physical prestige—can America be over jealous of, or too peremptory in forcing respect for her honor? The past is full of warning for the present.

"We have seen this influence, and have felt its crushing power from 1776 till now. The Declaration of Independence did not drive it forth. It survived Lexington and Brandywine, Monmouth and Yorktown. In 1812, it hovered over field and flood, and tried to palsy American arms in striking for American rights. In 1832, it threatened Andrew Jackson with rebellion, when he with the 'people at his back,' whom 'British gold could neither buy nor awe,' threatened them with Haman's gibbet. In 1846, it greeted our brave soldiers with 'bloody hands.' In 1850, this same spirit fanned the embers of civil discord, and almost snapped the sinews of our brotherhood. In 1851, it sneered at the heroism of Crittenden, who 'never turned back on foe, and knelt only to his God.' In 1855, it became the backbone of faction, with its hell-brood of isms. In 1856, it converts the temples of the Most High into Emigrant Aid depots—declares Sharpe's rifles a better moral agent than the Bible, appeals from peaceful ballot-box to the sweep of the sword, and

stabs at the constitution by declaring it 'a league with hell, and a compact with the devil.' It has fostered British interests, British capital, and British commerce. * * * *

"All history tells us that republics have suffered most from foreign meddling in their internal affairs. Let us resolve that America shall prove the exception by creating a healthy and true American feeling, not narrow, bigoted and selfish, but universal and all-embracing, suffering no dictation from abroad or secret plotting at home. God save the country from the wiles of this British influence." [Great applause.]

In alluding to the cry of disunion in the North, the speaker, as a Nothern Democrat, truly says :—

"We of the North do not desire to look upon Mount Vernon, Monticello, the Hermitage and Ashland as foreign ground. No! no! around them the holiest recollections cluster. Our hearts are even now in those sacred graves. We cherish and venerate the memory of those Union-loving men, whose dust consecrates their resting-places, and we mock at the treason of those who would rob us of our interest in those holy spots."

Can we not heartily and fervently approve such sentiments? Can we forget that beneath those tombs sleep all that was mortal of the immortal wisdom and chivalry of the two greatest and most dangerous epochs of the Republic's history—the sponsors at its birth, the defender of its youth, and the eloquent Kentuckian, who dignified its manhood?

The tombs of ordinary men are eloquent; the unknown grave has a mysterious influence; but there are such sermons in *these* stones as never were shaken out of a disunionist pulpit, and to ever inspect, much less to understand one of which, a dark-lantern could not during *secula seculorum.*

COURTESIES OF SOVEREIGNS.

The "yellow waistcoat" excitement we presume has not yet abated, and if indeed the article aforesaid was as capable of expansion as Saint Bridget's mantle, it could not have occupied a larger space than has been allowed it in the newspapers. It has covered more miles of type than would encircle the Curragh of Kildare.

It seems however that a great deal of "valuable space" was wasted on this waistcoat. As far as we can see, the dress had nothing at all actually in the matter. It is simply a question of nationality. Granted that Queen Victoria is a very respectable lady, sovereign of England, &c., she is not a whit more respectable than the twenty-seven millions of individual sovereign citizens, or citizen sovereigns of the American Republic. This is a point of which every individual feels the responsibility, and which is thoroughly accorded not only by the people here, but by the recognition of the Republic abroad. Every voting citizen is a sovereign and has in reality a much greater right to rule the country, and does exercise a much greater influence on the government of it, than Queen Victoria does in Great Britain. This, however, is a matter entirely characteristic of the monarchic and republican forms of government respectively.

When a sovereign citizen of America goes to Europe, it is to be hoped he does not leave his birthright behind him, and become the citizen of any country he sees fit to travel through. Should he take it into his head to visit any sovereign of Europe, we do not see that he should put off the garments that pertain to his sovereignty. It is not usual in Europe to do so. When the Emperor of Russia visited England he was not forced to doff his Russian regimentals. When Louis Napoleon paid his respects to Queen Victoria he appeared as the temporary sovereign of France, in French fashion—not as an English valet. When the kings of Belgium, Greece, and Sardinia look in on her Britannic Majesty, it is in the costume pertaining to their distinct nationalities. When the lady and Prince Albert return the French visit, they do not become French, but retain their cockney characteristics of royalty, and were "the Queen" to visit America any day next week, even after the insult to Professor Mahan, no one should or could expect that she would appear dressed in the stars and stripes, as Mary Taylor did when she represented the Goddess of Liberty. No more would be expected of her than what her own country deemed respectable; and in like manner, nothing should be extorted from an American citizen, more than satisfies his own country. As every man in America is an official, actively engaged in managing public affairs, his dress is official; quite as much so as the field-marshal boots of Prince Albert, the embroidered coat of Cardigan, the pelisse of Pelissier, or the wig of Judge Keogh.

Really, if every American who desires to visit a European monarch must do so at the cost of abdicating his sovereignty, and denying the power that confers it—must actually be harnessed in court-livery to the throne, as were the kings to the chariot of Sesostris, then the sooner the Republic is spared the degradation the better.

Signs of the Times.—The Washington jury acquit Herbert of the murder of Keating, while the California Revolutionists only desire they had him, that they might hang him, at the same time that they will not admit more than one per cent. of Irishmen on the Vigilance Committee. We are rather beginning to think that said Vigilance men are of the Wide-Awake order. At the same time, we must admit, that the action of the anti-governmental press with regard to Herbert shows a balance of power.

IRISH RAILWAYS.

A correspondent asks us to elucidate some points regarding Irish railways for him. The subject is not o° very extensive interest here, yet probably may be sufficiently so to warrant the following statement, the principal statistics of which are furnished by the authorized statistics in *Thom's Official Directory.* Our dates bring us only to 1853. The report of 1851, gave us a list of thirty-one companies, with powers to raise on shares £19,094,675 and to borrow £5,755,643, showing a monetary total of £24,853,318 as a basis of operations.

At the end of June, 1851, the Legislature had authorized the construction of 1,517 miles of railway in Ireland, and the several companies incorporated for this purpose might raise on shares £19,156,700, and borrow £6,321,852—together, £25,478,552. It is ascertained by the latest parliamentary return that has been issued, that the amount raised to the 31st December, 1850, was, on shares £8,406,597, and by loans £2,360,311—total £10,766,-903; and of the amount then borrowed, £130,950 was at 6 per cent., £38,600 at 5 1-2, £1,498,215 at 5, £103,226 at 4 1-2, £376,937 at 4, and £212, 383 at 3 1-2 per cent. The loans on debentures that have been taken or renewed from private sources during 1852 were, however, effected at a considerably lower rate of interest than that previously paid—the average given being about 3 3-4 per cent.; and the interest on the government loan has been during the same period, reduced from 5 to 4 per cent.

The amount expended by the companies to the 30th of June, 1852, was upwards of £13,000,000. The length of railway open for traffic in December, 1852, was 710 miles, and in course of construction about 100 miles. Excluding the Midland Great Western, which is hardly pertinent to the calculation, 275¼ miles of the length open may be considered as north, and 309 miles as south of Dublin. The South-Western and South-Eastern system of lines is distinguished as affording the continuous railway communication, upwards of 280 miles in extent, that now connects the cities of Dublin, Cork, Limerick, and Kilkenny, and the important intermediate districts. The Northern system yet requires the viaduct across the Boyne, to furnish an unbroken road between Dublin and Belfast. The chief features of the railway system in Ireland are—1st, the guage, which is 5 feet 3 inches, and is compulsory—the only diversity now existing is the 4 feet 8½ inches of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway, that line having been constructed previous to the adoption of the broader guage; 2nd, the heavy weight of rails, the permanent character and moderate cost of the works generally, and a singular and almost entire freedom from tunnels; 3rd, the ease and safety of travelling, for it is most creditable to the management of these undertakings to record, that of 5,174,632 passengers conveyed during the year ending 30th June, 1850, only one was injured, and but slightly. The Irish Railways are exempt from passenger duty.

The construction of the lines afforded employment to 19,123 persons in 1850, and 13,610 in 1851, and the number employed upon the lines that were open during the same periods was, respectively, 4,671 and 3,477 persons. In the business of the several companies it is satisfactory to observe a most marked improvement during the year that has closed, and that an increased and increasing dividend, particularly in the principal lines, gives now no undeserved recompense to those who had the enterprise to embark their money in these noble undertakings.

EUROPEAN MOVEMENTS—LATEST BY THE INDIANA.

The arrival of the screw steamer Indiana at Quebec, July 27, with Liverpool dates to the 16th ultimo, brings us no very important intelligence. The affairs of Italy, a memorial from Honduras, and a ministerial crisis, which is always to be expected in Spain, are the only topics approximating to the slightest interest we are furnished with.

If Europe was favored with our pity, we might make an apology for its over-heated lassitude; but as even the thermometer is not chronicled, we needs must take things as they come.

In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell made his anxiously looked for motion of inquiry, demanding to be informed what course the British Government proposed to adopt in reference to the suggestion of the Congress of Paris respecting the affairs of Italy.

Lord Palmerston replied that it was not expedient to make known the intention of the government.

Mr. D'Israeli and others spoke on the subject, when the motion was negatived.

The Government of Honduras has prepared a memorial to the European powers, inviting them to guarantee the right of transit from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Duke of Cambridge has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army, and Lord Palmerston decorated with the vacant garter.

France.—Nothing can exceed the quiet of the political world at this moment in Paris, and the Journals only reflect the general dullness.

General Pelissier was expected to arrive at Marseilles between the 15th and 25th inst. A banquet will be given to him.

THE REVOLUTION IN CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Saturday, June 21, 1856.

To the Editor of the Irish News, N. Y.:

Sir,—I little thought when I closed my communication to you on yesterday, that this day, Saturday, 21st June, would give birth to scenes more startling, more lawless, and more unconstitutional than those which preceded them. After the outrages that had been committed on the 20th, the peaceable and law-abiding inhabitants of the city had in most cases returned to their homes and occupations, hoping that the Vigilance Committee had been sufficiently satiated with blood, but scarcely had the steamer for the Atlantic States cleared the "Golden Gate," when an act of Piracy was committed on the high seas by an armed body of men, acting under the command and control of the Vigilance Committee.

A vessel coming down from Benecia with a quantity of States arms, was overhauled and searched by another vessel in San Puebla Bay, the captain and crew intimidated and made prisoners, the arms belonging to the State forcibly seized, and conveyed to the Vigilance Committee rooms at San Francisco. One of the parties on board the boarded vessel, a Mr. Moloney, who had special charge of the arms, on his arrival at this bay proceeded to the rooms of Dr. Ashe, Navy Agent at this port, and informed him of the facts. The Vigilance Committee having taken the arms into their custody, at once saw the danger of their position and its consequences. They therefore resolved on arresting Moloney, and *put him out of the way of bearing testimony against them.* They consequently sent a posse of their police to the rooms of Dr. Ashe, where Moloney had proceeded to report the proceedings, and where Judge Terry, of the Supreme Court, had repaired to consult with Dr. Ashe and some others as to the best course to be pursued in relation to the proceedings.

This posse, headed by a man named Hopkins, entered Dr. Ashe's rooms and demanded the surrender of Molony, which was refused, on which Hopkins retreated to the rooms of the Vigilance Committee for a reinforcement. In the mean time, Dr. Ashe, Judge Terry, and a few other gentlemen, determined not to obey the edict of this arbitrary Junta, proceeded to the Armory of the "San Francisco Blues," armed with double-barreled shotguns, but they had not time to reach the armory until this Hopkins had returned with a strong reinforcement and arrested their progress, and again attempted the arrest of Moloney. Judge Terry, who still kept retreating towards the Armory of the "Blues," warned him in the name of the law and of his jurisdiction as Judge of the Supreme Court of the State to desist. Hopkins, however, feeling that he was backed by a party who had set all Law at defiance, laid hold of Judge Terry's gun with one hand, and with the other seized him by the hair, pulling his head backwards. They continued in this position for a few seconds, when a shot was fired by one of the party composing the posse of the Vigilance Committee. Judge Terry instantly drew his knife, and commanded Hopkins to let go his hold or take the consequences; but, backed as Hopkins found himself to be, he only increased his violence, when Judge Terry struck at him with his knife inflicting a deep wound in his neck.

This was the signal for a general onslaught of the bands of foreign mercenaries who compose the *fighting department* of the Vigilance Committee. About half-past 3 o'clock, P. M., the bell they had erected on the top of their building tolled out the alarm. The streets were instantly crowded with eager and excited men; some running to the Vigilance Committee rooms; others, who were faithful to their obligations, rushing to the armories of the various military companies to which they had attached themselves. These, however, being composed chiefly of laborers and industrious men, and who, by the instructions of the general order from head-quarters of the militia, had continued at their usual employments, were slow in gathering. The Vigilance Committee were composed chiefly (I mean the fighting department) of men following light occupations, viz., Frenchmen, who keep boot-blacking stands and old clothes renovating establishments; Dutchmen, keeping Lager Bier cellars, and German Jews who keep ready made clothes stores and all sorts of "cheap John" goods; add to those a number of "*genteel young gentlemen,*" who *live on* and about the various lunch tables of our city were all on hand in an instant, and furnished with arms from the rooms of the Vigilance Committee. In half an hour after it was a melancholy sight to behold the streets of a free city of this free Republic trod by armed mercenaries in defiance of the Laws and Constitution.

How mortifying to look at those men, and to hear their various words of command, given in *French, Dutch,* and long nasal *Yankee* dialect; but there they were, armed to the teeth, and occupying the principal entrances to the main streets in and about the Plaza, with rows of men, with fixed bayonets or drawn sabres, and consequently the militia could not get to their armories, the principal of which were soon surrounded. That of the "Blues," where Dr. Ashe and Judge Terry had taken refuge, and that of the "Jackson Guards," where a considerable quantity of arms were stored. The others were taken in detail and robbed of their arms, with the exception of the "National Lancers," whose *depot* being a short distance out of town, and the company being known as a well drilled, numerous, and effective one, they avoided attacking.

[Our correspondent sends us the details, but as they have already appeared in the morning journals, we need not publish them.]

You no doubt, Sir, have in your eventful career witnessed scenes of both anarchy and despotism; but never in its most despotic form did despotism rule with a more despotic hand. The oldest, most respected, and most peaceable citizen could not even pass the streets on the way to his private house, store, or office, without having a bayonet pointed at his breast, and asked for the pass-word. To furnish all the incidents of that tumultuous 21st would be impossible in the brief sketch I intend to give. It was indeed a reign of terror. None knew where this Robespiere

(*Continued on page 269.*)

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

A TRIP TO KILLARNEY—THE DEVIL'S PUNCH BOWL AND O'DONOHUE'S PRISON.

In the autumn of 1845, I was one of a party, which set out from Cork to Killarney. The party was thirteen in number. The ladies and gentlemen were equally divided. All were young, and the majority handsome. The Bantry day-coach, chartered for the occasion, rattled us briskly out of the coach-yard in Pembroke street, at eight o'clock in the morning. The weather was charming. Not a speck dimmed the beautiful blue sky. The gentlest breeze played with the smoke which lazily rolled itself out of the chimneys. The dust lay dead with the dew on the pavement, and out on the road all the way to Bandon. It was the mildest, sweetest, loveliest morning I ever breathed.

In the very heart of Tasmania—away up in the great central rocky ridge of that island—I have seen the woods and waters, the flowers and mountains, waking up, as it were, into fresh life and grandeur, sparkling as though they had never sparkled, towering as though they had never towered, rustling their leaves, and giving forth their beauty, as if in the first breath, and to the first hymn of creation. The beauty, and the perfume, and the quiet splendor of the expanding scene has been to me a rapture. Exile and solitude became a joy under such influences and visions. So gentle, delicious, noble was it all, I fancied often that life there, even though it were in chains, would be a repose, and death a consoling glory. Even so, the memory of that morning I drove to Bantry, rose up, a beauteous and radiant spirit, between me and the soothing fragrances and splendors of that Tasmanian mountain-lake, and my heart broke into tears.

I have galloped through the dark green palm, banana and cocoa groves, stretching away—dense sombre masses, and of luscious fruit and luxuriant foliage—from the old white towers of Pernambuco, and have seen the gorgeous sun turning into liquid gold the dripping dew upon the broad leaves, and the slime of lizards on the trees and stones, and the dull deep waters, here and there, in the midst of the sweet forests of Olinda. In the full beams of that sun there went up like frankincense in a great shadowy cathedral, lit with colored windows, the sweetness of the orange, and fruits still richer, and the warmth of the ruby earth in a dense cloud of exhalation; and countless wings of bird and insect broke, like ripples on a sunny sea, through the mist, and heaven and earth seemed to dissolve and blend in one vast sea of glory—a sea of smoking myrrh and flitting stars. Even so, and even then, there came to me the memory of that morning. I heard the Shandon bells pealing out clearly through the sweet sky, which won my heart on the road to Bantry. That memory, even there and then, was musical to me as the whisper of a loving friend, and it came between me and the scene which circled me with a girdle, as it were of emeralds and diamonds, like a soft picture of the eternal happiness we pray for, and in the midst of the enchantment, I felt chained to Ireland, my knees upon her holy turf, and my eyes fixed upon her ruins, and the traditions and the names that break, like sunbeams, through them.

And here—here where I have fixed my home—here where my future has taken root, and the fruit it sheds, be it sour or be it sweet, must fall—here where so many of my sorrows have been made bright, as the darkest wave swells into lustre whilst the moon looks out upon it—here where I have been the favored one of many a loud ovation, and a republican citizenship offers me the honors of freedom—even here I cannot help thinking of the roads I've trudged and wheeled along in Ireland—even here, amid the roar of the Niagara down-fall of a thousand Lakes and Rivers, and the calm cold sublimities of the Sierra Nevada, and the sparkling picturesqueness of Lakes Champlain and George—even here I cannot, with all these scenes crowding on me, shut out the memory of that quiet beauteous morning I drove to Bantry. Such memories come to us in sorrow, and in joy, in prosperity and in beggary. In the more affluent condition, they purify the insipidity and grossness which wealth accumulates. In the less propitious state, they illumine the darkness of poverty, and turn to gladness, like hymns heard over Bethlehem, the wailings of the sorrowful, homeless, and outcast. Were I opulent, I feel that these memories would prevent me being heartless. Being otherwise, they cheer me in my labors, stretching before me, from horizon to horizon, a beautiful heaven to look upon, even when I am in desolation, in agony, in a dungeon, vilified by those who know me not, or with a stiff quill, in this hot season, in an office like an oven, laboring, like a hod-man, for my bread. These Irish Memories are to me, life, light, and music. Without them my life were dull, dark, and voiceless. With them, even the wilderness becomes a garden, and the solitude a chorus of glad voices.

The night had set in an hour before we reached Bantry. It was very dark. The blackest rain was falling. Only now and then, as we entered the town along the beach, were there glimpses to be had of the waters and the mountains. The moon shining through the ragged clouds as they occasionally broke asunder, lit up patches of the whitest foam, and showed us, here and there, a strip of sand, a rock, or the masts and rigging of some fishing craft rocking violently at anchor. But through the deep darkness there ever came the roar of the waves, and the booming of the thunder away beyond Mount Gabriel and Knocknaveagh.

Early next morning we were on board the beautiful yacht belonging to Jerry O'Connell, of Beach-farm, standing with a fair wind for Glengariff. A piper accompanied us. Less noble in appearance than Ganzey, he was gifted with a larger fund of humor, and with equal precision and rapidity could touch off his notes.

Our day at Glengariff was all sunshine and song. We rambled about the woods, visited the Earl of Bantry's cottage, climbed the mountains, and drank goat's milk at the foot of Hungry Hill. The description of this mountain in Lever's *O'Donohue*, is glorious. It is from the summit of it that Mark O'Donohue looks out in the light of a beautiful dawn, counting the ships of the French squadron as they majestically move up the bay, and with their broadsides wake the echoes of Caha and Slieve Miskisk. About three o'clock we put off in boats from the main land to one of the small islands immediately opposite it. It is known as Bere Island. On landing, we found a delicious cold dinner laid out amongst the furze and wild flowers of the island. The captain of the yacht had seen to that. The piper played us to dinner, and during it helped to drown the clatter of plates and spoons, and the brisk drawing of corks. Of the latter, however, there wasn't as much as one might expect. A huge brown jar of cold punch reduced the demand for wine at the feast. It was well it held such a supply, for the drain was enormous. The ladies, of course, merely tried it. A thimble-full was all the darlings could be persuaded to take. Even that was consented to out of courtesy to the gentlemen, and disappeared under protest.

The eldest couple of the party were a Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, of Bristol, England. Both were a little advanced in life. It was autumn with them. Their leaves had not exactly withered, but their greenness was gone. A mellowness of tint pervaded the good souls, softening the gay coloring of the groups, in the midst of which they stood like tombstones, embellished with cherubs, and wreathed with flowers.

The likeness is comparative only. The matured couple were livelier than tombstones, by a good deal. Jenkins himself was social in the extreme. He was fascinated with the piper, and enchanted with the punch. The brown jar was constantly at his elbow that evening on Bere Island. When the time came for us to go on board the yacht, it was impossible for him to recollect whereabouts he had put his hat. A rumor prevailed that it had gone out to sea. It was a white beaver hat, turned up with green cloth. Our coxswain saw something answering this description drifting away pretty quickly from the island towards the end of dinner. Mr. Jenkins returned to Bantry, his head in a silk handkerchief. His wife being very delicate (in fact she was travelling through Ireland for the benefit of her health), lay on the sofa in the cabin the entire of the trip home. The circumstance must have been overlooked, for the piper all the way back played more uproariously than he had done in the morning, and there was dancing before the mast, and Jenkins, with his jovial face as red as his turban, kept close to the jar. That jar was near being the death of him.

The last evening of our visit to Killarney (we were there for more than a fortnight) the ladies proposed that Mr. Jenkins should be brought to trial for several social misdemeanors, and, if found guilty, should be punished appropriately. Ever since the pic-nic on Bere Island, the frolic and feasting had been kept up with the gayest elasticity of spirit. During the day, in the presence of the ladies, everything was elegantly subdued. The smoking was moderate. There were very few glasses of dark or pale Sherry, or any other sort of wine drunk. At the foot of the Eagle's Nest, or Sullivan's Cascade, we had a drop, once or twice, of the *Poteen* which the bare-footed, beautiful, dark-eyed young girls of the mountains brought down to us, with a wooden cup for us to drink the fragrant distillation out of, and the whortle-berries to sweeten our breath, as they said, after the dew. But with this exception, Father Matthew himself could have had no fault to find.

In a beautiful six-oared boat, belonging to the *Victoria Hotel*, with Spillane as our bugler, we swept in those bright summer days, from sunrise to sundown, all over those glorious waters—sometimes in deep shade under Torc mountain—sometimes in the clear sparkling light of Glena bay, with those vast walls of purple rock so greenly wooded from base to peak towering to the white, feathery clouds above us—at other times, resting on our dripping oars in the still deep passage between the Upper and Middle Lakes, with straining eyes watching some solitary eagle floating upwards from the Toomies until it faded off into a speck between us and the sun. Or, perhaps, it was to the top of Mangerton we were bound. In which case, mounted on our Kerry ponies—the shaggiest and sturdiest little roadsters in the world—we made the dust and stones fly behind us, and from left to right to the ditch on either side. One day, I recollect, we rattled to Aghadoe. Another we spent going through the Gap of Dunloe and the Black Valley, to Lord Brandon's cosey thatched cottage, at the head of the Upper Lake. Two days were given up to Muckruss, the sweetest and most beautiful ruin that wins to its decaying strength the ivy from the Irish sod. As that ruin is in its decay, its beauty and its gloom, so has Ireland been for years. It is a shadowy place of dreams, revered names, the poetry of sorrow, and the prayer of hope.

Mr. Jenkins looked at everything, even at Muckruss, with a smiling eye. He was a jovial Englishman, as I have already intimated, and sustained his hilarious mood at the one high pitch through every scene. Possessed of a large fortune, without any incumbrance or care in life, with only a wife to look after (or to look after him), and surrounded as he was at Killarney, and had been, ever since that day at Glengariff, by the merriest and brightest young party—by a flashing ring of the beauty, goodness, wit and manhood of Cork—no wonder he kept in good humor. No wonder he was genial and festive. No wonder he escorted the ladies in ecstasies all through their rambles and rides, perpetually carrying their sunshades or shawls, handing them (sometimes in his benevolent arms lifting them) in and out of boats, lifting them into side-saddles, tenderly extricating them when the gallop was over, paying them innumerable minute attentions at table, and all the time in full bloom, laughing, chatting, trying to crack jokes, and whether he failed or succeeded, becoming more than half cracked himself. No wonder that he joined the gentlemen in every fun going, and that when the ladies had retired, he might have been seen out of doors, on the edge of the lake, puffing his cigar, tossing off his brandy and water, smiling as usual, shouting at intervals, kicking up his heels with delight, on the point of losing a fresh hat every night, and in the most glorious style doing his best to identify himself with Ireland and the Irish.

No wonder, then, he was brought to trial, the last day of our excursion, for making too free with the Devil's own Punch-bowl, and that, being convicted by a fair and impartial jury of the ladies, he was sentenced to be conveyed at midnight to O'Donohue's prison in the Lower Lake, in company with a mysterious brown jar and a box of cigars, together with the Judge, the Counsel for the defence and prosecution, and the Witnesses against him, (there were none in his favor, for they were all his accomplices,) and Ganzey the piper.

I had the honor of being Mr. Jenkins' counsel on that trying occasion, and having taken full notes of the proceedings, will publish them next week.

THE GOD-CHILD OF JULY.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

On the middle day of the middle month,
Of the Heavenly-fashioned summer;
When the vines were sealing the antique eaves,
And earth lay in shade under motionless leaves,
And the sap of the sod,
By the blessing of God,
Ran leaping and romping through branch-woven bowers,
Was tittering in tendrils and laughing in flowers:
Like young happy children, love-linked to each other,
Who spring from to brighten,
And clinging to, lighten
With ever fresh pride, the rich breast of their mother.

In such a midday of the middle month
Of the golden-dowered summer,
My better angel was sent from above,
Born to the earth with her mission of love.
And Earth, with the favors of rich July,
Arrayed the gentle comer.

The mingled radiance of the illumined space
Centred on her face;
With the blue of the skies
Were tinct her eyes;
And the staid and holy air
Filled her with prayer.
The fruitage of the earth
Gave her ripe mirth,
And the myriad floral dyes
Numberless shades of pleasantries.
The mighty oak outstretched its arms at length,
Standing strong sponsor for her strength;
And the trustful vine
Taught her to entwine
Her soul around the strong to beautify it:
The conscious heat of noon lent her full power to defy it.

The freshened dawn, in night-escaped security,
Thrilled her fresh heart with clarion tones of purity:
The evening breeze
Brought her revivifying ease;
The half-parched streams, with mutual assistance,
Made a flush river, to teach her mind persistence.
And crowds of wealthy humble bushes quaint,
Gave her their unambitious birth-right—self-restraint.
The Ash upon the mountain's rugged side
Told her in life and liberty to pride;
And the Yew, bending its melancholy head,
Taught her to weep the dead.

The wild plants of the wood,
Showed her the weal of solitude,
And preached of modesty in their fresh enamels.
The lightning, leaping from its ebon trammels,
Showed her, as it unfurled,
The electric lord and servant of the world.
The rapid thunder, that in hot July
Strikes earth with all the ordnance of the sky,
Rolled its unseen artilleries
Through the black gorges of those weird Cordilleras
Of cloud, which mocks imagination—
Poured its mysterious majesty of sound
The god-child of its favored month around,
And woke the drowsy day to hearty acclamation!

Ah me, so tended was this tender creature,
Within by heavenly, without by earthly nature,
She grew a being strong, without alloy
To bless in sorrow, to sustain in joy—
In wealth be calm, in poverty be rich,
Until one questioned with her, which was which!
Within the world, she is so much above it,
She lessens not herself, nor it, to love it.
With faith surrounding, leading all things human,
At once a loving wife and trustful woman.

The anniversary of her natal day
Is rung, by the chimes, to the times passed away.

I pray of Heaven, which vouchsafed to me
The guardianship of such condensed variety,
As the dear Past, to let the Future be
Suffused with Love, sublimed by Piety.

July 15th.

A committee has been formed at Florence to raise one hundred thousand shares of five paoli each ($50,000), for the purpose of purchasing from the sculptor, Pio Fedi, his celebrated group of "The death of Polyxena," lately completed, and worthy, according to connoisseurs, of the chisel of Michael Angelo, in order to erect it on some public place of the capital. With this sum it is also proposed to repair a great historical injustice, by raising a statue at Leghorn to the memory of Americus Vespucius.

SPANISH GENIUS AND ENGLISH TALENT.

CALDERON; his Life and Genius; with Specimens of his Plays. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B.D. Author of "The Study of Words," &c. *Redfield.*

POEMS. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, B.D. *Redfield.*

The Rev. Mr. Trench is a diligent scholar, an agreeable critic, an elegant writer, and altogether an accomplished gentleman. From the evidence given in his various works we should say, that both as a man and an author, he is not great, but good. Never daring, he is always agreeable; and never profound, he is easy of access. He interests a reader, but does not command a study. He is one from whose prose labors much usefulness and information springs; and who, in giving the fruit of his scholarship, is generous in the elegant variety he offers; and dignified with the consciousness that he has an amount of good things to bestow.

The essay on Calderon is the best offspring of Mr. Trench's erudition, taste and equable judgment. In these days of rabid polemical prejudices, of ethics torn into shreds by rival "theologians," when a difference of religion "makes all the difference in the world,'" and when the representatives of all shades of belief loudly boast of being the inheritors of that wild and bitter and demoniac spirit which rendered the primal feuds of the church so horribly historic—in such days it evinces no little courage on the part of a Church of England divine to do justice to the most Catholic poet of the most Roman era of Spain, the gorgeous champion and relentless guardian of the Faith. Sismondi called Calderon "the poet of the Inquisition," yet he does not, to Mr. Trench's appreciation, show cause why the latter should not hail the Spaniard as a "Great Christian Poet." Between the revilers and the admirers of Calderon's genius, Trench takes a judicious and dispassionate stand-point, with his face turned to the more congenial pages of the latter. "You may bring a nosegay to the town," quoth a Persian proverb, "but you cannot bring the garden." So, although Mr. Trench does not present his volume as a nosegay from the rich garden of Calderon's genius, the work may well be received as the effect, at least, of the author's pastime amid the wealthy fragrance and luxuriant profusion of the Spanish poet's growth.

If the English critic does not to the full regard Calderon, with the brothers Schlegel, as "a great and divine master," who not merely expressed but solved the riddle of life—as one to stand beside and share the epic glory and dramatic majesty of Homer, Dante and Shakspere—if he deems it necessary and just to temper the excessive zeal of the poet's great German admirers; he also, we need scarcely add, takes a much higher view of his mind and manner than Salfi, Sismondi, Hallam and others, who beheld in him but an adroit playwright, a squanderer of rhetorical flowers, a panderer to the worst superstitions of his countrymen, and who, moreover, can never read him but with indignation or disgust.

Calderon had the rare fortune to be rabidly attacked and grandly defended, which, considering the parties engaged, we regard as a wholesome evidence of the great ability of the subject under discussion. The English had not very much to say on the matter, to which fact, no doubt, and an evident desire to do justice, we are indebted for the book before us. It will be read with satisfaction, and will carry the reader into the author's estimate of one, who to say the least, was the greatest poet of a once great empire. Mr. Trench's extensive study of European Literature, richly illustrates his text. Upon it he, in a congenially Catholic manner, treating of "the last great Romanist poet," beads a very rosary of learning. He is wealthy in "distinguished allusions" to his hero—from those by the German Schlegels to the "inexpressible wonder and delight" with which Shelley viewed the "ideal dreams," which, as he said himself, "were perpetually tempting him to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the gray veil of his own words." This assiduity of Mr. Trench made us notice what in a less careful performance we would not, probably, regard as an omission, to-wit, the allusions to Calderon given by Humboldt in his "Cosmos," as extracts from unpublished letters of Ludwig Tiéck to the great philosopher. Tiéck pays a fine tribute to the Spanish poetry of the Calderonian epoch, at the same time that his thorough appreciation of its beauties does not dim his critical acumen to the allegorical conceits with which it was heavily laden. We supply a passage to those who feel sufficient interest in the theme as to possess the book.

"At the period when Spanish Comedy had attained its fullest development," says my friend Ludwig Tieck, one of the profoundest critics of Dramatic Literature, "we often find in the romanesque and lyrical metre of Calderon and his contemporaries, dazzlingly beautiful descriptions of the sea, mountains, gardens, and sylvan valleys, but these are always so interwoven with allegorical allusions and adorned with so much artificial brilliancy that we feel we are reading harmoniously rhythmical descriptions, recurring continually with only slight variations, rather than as if we could breathe the free air of nature, or feel the reality of the mountain breath and the valley's shade."—*Cosmos, vol. II.*

The chapter entitled "Calderon in England," is devoted to a sketch of the adoption of some of the poet's writings into the English language. The author's task here was not difficult, as the Spanish poet, though in a few instances introduced by Dryden and others of his day, was barely recognised in England until very lately. In the category of those who have attempted to popularize the poet in an English dress, the name of Denis Florence McCarthy appears, but without that full meed of "honorable mention" which, in the opinion of others not less capable of judging than Mr. Trench, he is fairly entitled to. However, as the critic of McCarthy's Calderon is also a translator of specimens from the same poet, probably the former is commended as much as can reasonably be expected "under the circumstances."

Coming more immediately to Mr. Trench's claims on us as a "Poet," we differ very much from the unmeasured terms used by the American editor prefacing the collection before us. It is there broadly stated that "he is one of the truest and best poets of the day," and the *Christian Remembrancer* is quoted to show that "he was born a poet." Now Mr. Trench must be saved from his transatlantic friends. If the *Remembrancer* was not born a poet, he assuredly will die one, if he continues to body forth "the forms of things unknown" in such a manner. The five syllables quoted exhibit him as possessing that "imagination all compact," which, in the opinion of the greatest poet of all time, is typical of his race. Mr. Spencer will be for showing up Mr. Trench as the truest and best poet of any time, for if he is one of the best and truest poets of this day—a day in the Nineteenth Century!—which philanthropists so much exhort the world to believe is the greatest age it has ever looked out upon, of course the author of "Justin Martyr" will be martyred by his friends to insure him a doubtful notoriety. But we must not write thus, lest our readers may confound our condemnation of Mr. Trench's friend with a wholesale condemnation of Mr. Trench himself, which is not our intention either to make, or to solicit.

Mr. Trench is a highly accomplished versifier. He has ease, elegance of diction, music of rhythm, happy trains of thought, appositeness of illustration, and almost every felicity, with an evident polished facility for making well turned stanzas. He thinks poetically. This sums up the gentleman's powers. He can be read with much pleasure, and the cultivators of *Belles Lettres* should peruse, at least, a dozen pages of him, as a specimen of the elegant useless school. He has no originality, force or passion. His lines suggested by the war, named "Alma" and "Balaklava," are to our mind as dead failures as the whole Crimean expedition. They contain half a dozen fine lines, but they will not suffice for the exigencies of the themes. There is pomp of words, and no lack of music in their composition; but we have no blood or bone or sinew in them. They neither shiver us with passion, or warm us with fiery indignation. We never grow cold for an instant while reading them, which we take to be a bad omen for the poet's power. As we said before the Rev. scholar is a good writer, has much taste, tenderness, and talent, but is by no means great.

AMERICAN TALENT IN ENGLAND.

American Literature in England: Coggeshall's History of the Privateers—Hildreth's Japan—Minor American Minstrels—Nationality—Miss Warner—Mrs. Barney Williams.

Our late files of the London *Athenæum* contain some notices of American authors and actors, from which we purpose to glean a few opinions. Respectable English periodicals are not quite so sarcastic on "Brother Jonathan's" literary leanings and labors as in the days gone by, even when Washington Irving held their ears patient to the dulcet echoes of a Transatlantic Goldsmith's voice, and Brockden Brown, with a more subtle metaphysical genius prepared the way for the English reception of an Edgar Poe. Within the last quarter of a century American genius has, like the democratic spirit of the land, forced itself, and continues to force itself, still deeper, and with an admonitory importance, on the ear of Europe, which is constrained to listen as much through curiosity as homage. Bryant, Longfellow, Bancroft, Prescott, Hawthorne, Alice Carey, and, within the year, John Lathrop Motley and others, made marks on the literature of the English tongue which English readers cannot afford to overlook, and English critics are eager to acknowledge. They have been conquered into it; and the pleasure of recording their views of some American books of the day, does not lose its interest from a thorough conviction of this fact.

The *Athenæum* is a spirited, well-written and generally honest critical journal. The promptness with which it reviews such American works as come within its grasp is another evidence of the position attained by the literature of the Republic. Thus a few weeks back it gives us a leading review on a work which we have barely heard mention of even in New-York — the *History of American Privateers and Letters of Marque*, by George Coggeshall. Considering the subject treated of, and the many reasons, in perusing the work, why an English reviewer would feel the blood rising to his forehead at the disgrace of his national flag, Mr. Coggeshall's work is treated with considerable grace. The reviewer good-humoredly remarks, that he might "pluck a crow with the skipper (Mr. Coggeshall) for his tone about the British," but he evidently thinks it would not be a profitable discussion. It is a "curious book," he says, and seems to be "the joint production of an old skipper and a bookseller's hack. It smells of tar and paste, and at once suggests a marlinspike and a pair of scissors." Of privateers the writer has, as he well may have, a "holy" horror. He regards them as "being to Blake and Benbow what Claude Duval and Turpin are to Prince Rupert's Dragoons." At the present juncture, the *Athenæum*, in unison with more political London papers, does well to recommend to Englishmen a study of "how many privateers managed to get abroad during the American war, and to do execution, in spite of our blockading squadrons?" Concluding his article, the writer admits that the privateers "were generally fast sailers, and were well and dashingly handled." Paul Jones at Whitehaven, in 1778, and Sam. C. Reid at Fayal, in 1814, is tolerably conclusive evidence of the writer's veracity on this point. "This book, with all its oddities of form and taste, deserves a place of its own in nautical literature." Not having seen the work, we cannot actually say the *Athenæum* is right or wrong; but it is almost conclusive evidence of its being remarkably worthy, when, considering its subject, so strong a recommendation of it is given.

Mr. Richard Hildreth's "*Japan as it Was and Is,*" does not meet with so well written or so prominent a welcome. It is regarded as "scarcely in any sense original" or "systematic." It is a compilation from the memoirs of travellers from Kœmpher to Perry. "Mr Hildreth's historical sketch, though always readable, is disconnected and incomplete," still it is looked upon as an "intelligent summary."

Two volumes of Poetry published in America are reviewed under the head of "Minor Minstrels." Mr. Thos. W. Parsons' *Poems* [Ticknor & Fields, Boston,] met with a brief but appreciative notice. The author is "a man of taste and learning, who can write good flowing verse, scintillating with humor, national, yet not vulgar." The author, in the *Athenæum's* opinion, "can rhyme you an Italian legend almost as playful and musical as 'Beppo.' He can imitate Skelton," also, "in as clever a jumble of verse as any one need wish to laugh over." Good for Parsons!

Winter Studies in the Country (Parry & McMillan, Phil.,) is handled less kindly. The critic strikes at a necessity which is so often overlooked by the young American poet—his nationality. He reminds the writer that if he is national, he may "be worth the carriage," but "if he babbles only of green fields and blue skies and strives to pass for an Englishman, his book is generally little better than paper damaged by the injudicious use of printing ink." Here the English critic is right. The majority of works issuing from the press here are more typical of colonial than distinct republican existence. In a work entitled "America, by River and Rail," by William Ferguson, the English reader is informed that "Miss Warner (the Elizabeth Wetherell of Queechy) is not young? She is tall and thin, and very peculiar looking—very good, which you can see in her face." She is, however, a "favorite author." Of the work, the *Athenæum* says, "oblivion now awaits it."

Of Mrs. Barney Williams and her peculiarities, we have the following discriminating notice, which shows that the Londoners can even appreciate the hearty eccentricities of the Yankee character:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, the American performers, appeared on Monday, and as they are understood to have been the original representatives, in the United States, of the characters lately introduced at Drury Lane to the English public by Mr. and Mrs Florence, considerable interest was excited. The first piece was called 'The Customs of the Country,' substantially the same though shorter and less extravagant, with that of the 'Yankee Housekeeper,' previously enacted. Mrs Barney Williams and Mrs. Florence are, we believe, sisters; but their styles, though similar in many respects, are essentially different. The latter is a caricaturist, and the same piece in which both appear, was evidently written-up for her in an exaggerated vein, and with absurd situations not to be found in the version now produced. The Yankee Girl from Down East, is here simply called "Melissa," and Mrs. Barney Williams contents herself with a moderate degree of eccentricity, perfectly consistent with a natural expectation. The character in her hands is rather comic than farcical, and the delineation, though less funny, takes higher rank as an artistic product. We have formed, indeed, no inconsiderable opinion of Mrs. Williams as an actress, who might be tried in parts more legitimate. She is tall, of a good figure, handsome, and evidently intellectual."—*Athenæum, July 5th.*

So ends our English notes of American notabilities for the present.

THE RUINS AND ROUND TOWERS OF CLONMACNOISE.

The gratifying perusal of a complimentary allusion, in a recent number of the *Irish News*, to "the Round Tower of Clonmacnoise"—an object associated with my earliest conceptions of the beauty and grandeur of the historic memorials of fatherland—has recalled to my memory many a boyish gambol within the "long shadow" flung by O'Rourk's Tower across the sparkling bosom of the dear old Shannon. Among the reminiscences thus evoked, there are those both of joy and sadness—of youth with its dancing hopes and bounding aspirations: of maturer years with their vanished dreams and dreary realities. But let them pass!

Looming up among a thousand other recurring memories of Clonmacnoise, *one* incident, in connection—not with *O'Rourk's* Tower, but with that of *McCarthy*, its less gigantic but not less beautiful neighbor—which occurred some twenty years ago, comes back over my mind with all the romantic singularity of its attendant circumstances; and these, with your permission, I shall briefly record upon a page of the *Irish News*. This occurrence—which I will designate an "Evil Omen in the bridal hour," cast at the time a shade of mysterious gloom over more than one young heart (perhaps not altogether free from those feelings of superstitious awe which the scenes around them, with all their legendary associations, were well calculated to produce). They hailed it as an evil omen, and it too soon became invested with a melancholy local interest, as such.

As many of your readers, however, must necessarily be unacquainted with the *character* and topography of these scenes—which could hardly fail to deepen the solemnity of the occasion to be described—I take the liberty of transcribing a brief passage, in description, from an Irish tale of which I have been charged with the authorship, published in the New-York *Sunday Courier* of the 20th August, 1854:

"Of the numerous ecclesiastical ruins, with their traditional associations and hallowed memories, which hold so prominent a place among the architectural antiquities of Ireland, few possess a deeper interest, or occupy a position more characteristic of the retiring and unobtrusive piety of their venerable founders, than those of the "Seven Churches" of Clonmacnoise, immediately on the verge of the beautiful Shannon, midway between Banagher and Athlone.

"This heterogeneous assemblage of broken temples, mouldering aisles, sculptured arches, massive crosses, priestless and mutilated altars, thunder-stricken towers and time-worn tombs—surrounded by a melancholy accumulation of fresh green graves, all mingled in promiscuous desolation and decay—overlooks the "deep and ample stream" from the sloping angle of a naked and projecting headland; and for more than a thousand years these hoary structures have flung their evening shadows across the sullen flood that rolls beneath them. Here those twin Titans of a still remoter period, the Towers of O'Rourk and of McCarthy, in solitary exemption from the devastations of time, and clad in their ivy-robes of everlasting green, serenely lift their unscathed heads above the surrounding wreck of ages, gloomily revelling in that impenetrable mystification, which, in spite of the researches of a Petrie and of a Dunoyer, still hangs around their remote and undated origin. Thrice did the sacred treasures of Clonmacnoise become a prey to the Scandinavian marauder, till upon the sacrilegious head of *Gill O'Comothan*, their chief, a just retribution was wrecked at the hands of a royal ancestor of the exiled patriot O'Brien. But her treasures, thus repeatedly rifled, still contained enough, with the addition of her sacred utensils and sacerdotal wardrobe, to tempt the avidity of more recent invaders; and from the days of the second Henry to those of the sixth Edward, the tramp of the plundering Briton repeatedly resounded within her walls. The crowning atrocity however, was reserved for a despoiler still more unsparing than

these, and the elaborately-chiselled doorway of the Great Cathedral, still bears the marks of wanton and profitless desecration at the hands of the fanatical minions of Elizabeth, when the adjacent Castle of Athlone was the headquarters of "my Lord of Essex." Here stands the ruined convent of the pious *Dorgirville.*

"All tenantless, save to the cranying wind," *there* is the sepulchral chapel of the O'Connors of Connaught, while the tomb of the monarch Roderick—like that of the bride of *O'Meliglan*—crumbles in the same sanctuary with those of Saints *Kieran, Tegernach,* and *Murzall,* and all are alike indistinguishable in the general jumble of revolving centuries.

"Although the far-stretching Abbey lands of this once celebrated stronghold of genuine piety and classic lore, comprehended in the days of its glory (contemporaneous with the opposing Vandalism of a rude and benighted era) an extent of territory which might furnish more than one modern principality, yet all that is now recognizable (as such) of the ancient monastic domain, is an inconsiderable tract of sterile crag and alluvial sward, immediately surrounding and bearing the historic name of that

"Noble wreck in ruinous perfection."

"A semi-circular barrier of wild and irregular hills, resting its converging extremities upon the tortuous water-line of the placid Shannon, encloses with a double chain of Nature's roughest forging, the romantic region which claims for its metropolis that "city of the dead," within whose consecrated precincts "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

So much for the ancient prestige and present topography of Clonmacnoise, and now for our incident of the "evil omen."

The last autumnal leaf had disappeared from the rifted oak—the sole survivor of its sylvan kindred—whose aged arms swayed drearily above the ruins of *Temple Finian,* and nearly grasped the rustling ivy in which the screech-owl had found a refuge from the storm—far up against the *lee* of McCarthy's Tower. The valley of the Shannon, from Lough-Allan to Killaloe, lay submerged beneath the early inundations of November ; the winds, as if rehearsing the dirges of the dead, (less loud than mournful,) wailed in their most unearthly tones through roofless chancel and sepulchral chamber, and chiming in with the funereal chorus, the waves of the swollen river broke in spray and foam over the dilapidated boundary of the old cemetery of Clonmacnoise. Hark! the report of a gun : its deepening intonations rise upon the awakened echoes of ruined abbey and hollow tomb —intruder, pass on ; you little dream, that amid the deathlike solitude of that evening scene, there is *one* kneeling within the area of those reverberations, whose cheek was paled, and whose beautiful young form shook and trembled at the ominous though familiar sound !

Some years anterior to the period already indicated, a gentleman named Johnston had become the purchaser of a tract comprising the most interesting portion of the ancient abbey lands of Clonmacnoise, as including within its borders the scenes already so imperfectly described. A lover of seclusion, highly distinguished for taste, refinement, and antiquarian lore ; an accomplished sportsman and deadly assailant of the game—Captain Johnston was just the man to appreciate the inducements and advantages of that wild and romantic location.

A costly mansion, of fair proportions, suited to the exercise of a boundless hospitality, soon arose in contiguity to the old Ruins that he loved. . . . .

Than his daughter, (Matilda Ann, if I rightly remember,) then just verging to womanhood, a fairer human flower did not bloom upon the banks of the Shannon ; and never was beauty of Anglo-Saxon blood and faith guarded by a sterner interdiction than that which pointed to the affiliations of race and creed, and forbid her to love, except under the sanctions they afforded. Vain, however, were the dogmas of that cold and sectional philosophy! The favored candidate for her affections was a scion of the old *Milesian* stock of the west ; and young Walter Kelly still clung to the too-often-persecuted worship for which his forefathers had died. This attachment to the altar of his sires was far from disparaging him in her view ; and his position in the land of his lineage was not inferior to her own. Their love was reciprocal, and not having before their eyes the fear either of conflicting theologies or parental interdicts, they determined to link their fortunes in an honorable though clandestine alliance.

Upon that dreary November evening, a small boat, impelled by a single pair of oars, in the hands of a lusty Shannonite, and bearing from the direction of Athlone, might be seen, slowly laboring against a heavy swell and gusty headwind, and cautiously approaching the Ruins of Clonmacnoise. As her tiny prow touched the shore, two individuals, her only human freight with the exception of her single oarsman, stepped hastily from the gunwale of the ricketty craft, and as if anxious to escape observation, reconnoitred the sullen scenes around them, for a few apparently anxious moments, and then, crossing the old stile leading into the cemetery, immediately disappeared within the doorway communicating between the ruined chancel of *St. Finian's* church, and the ancient Round Tower, which, as Dr. Walsh very correctly remarks, "still forms an integral part of the building." Without waiting to picture contrarieties of *contour,* one was Walter Kelly, the other was a Franciscan friar, from the monastery of Athlone. They entered a gloomy circular chamber, some seven feet in diameter, with an elevation, unbroken by floor or ceiling, of more than eight times that measuremant, with a conical roof closing at the top, and only lighted by three narrow fissures, at least fifty feet above their heads. This was the interior of McCarthy's Tower, and *there* the fair Matilda, with one faithful female attendant, was waiting to receive them.

Need the object of such a meeting be explained ? Their young affections were already consecrated to each other, and in what more fitting place could Religion confer her sanction upon the contract of congenial hearts, than within those ruined sanctuaries, still beautiful even in their forlornness and decay.

And *there* they knelt, at the feet of the "holy man"—the youthful groom and his affianced bride. The scene, as their hands, like their hearts, were linked within the gloom of that narrow chamber, with the winds and the waves chanting their bridal anthem, was one of more than ordinary interest and solemnity.

One thought still darkly possessed her imagination, and in that thrilling crisis of her destiny, the image of an angry father rose between her and the idol of her soul. At this particular moment, a dark body, dropping from an elevation of more than fifty feet—even from the dome of that romantic bridal chamber —sounded upon its hollow, sepulchral pavement, actually sundering their hands, and ominously breaking the tender grasp of wedlock, in its fall ! Simultaneously with this mysterious incident, which carried consternation to the bewildered group, a still more startling sound fell upon the ear of the pale and paralyzed Matilda—it was the well-known boom of her father's gun !

Captain Johnston had been away, over bog and moorland, enjoying his favorite pursuit of the game, and with his fowling-piece over his shoulder, was returning homeward by the churchyard pathway, at the eventful instant I have described. A daw —one of that sable tribe whose favorite abode is the tenantless ruin and tottering dome—had just perched in one of the narrow fissures of McCarthy's Tower. The devoted bird, croaking his churchyard ditty, accidentally attracted the eye of the passing sportsman. The practiced aim of the adept sent him tumbling from his dizzy height, down, dead and heavy, upon the startled group beneath. The rest has been told. I have not been coloring the extravaganzas of a romance — nor do I now refer a painful sequel of conjugal infelicity—happily of short duration—to any preordination of evil, mysteriously indicated by an occurrence simply produced by accident alone. But before the next November winds came whistling through the crannys of McCarthy's Tower, the young bride of Clonmacnoise was the tenant of a narrower chamber, for the churchyard daisy had bloomed and faded upon Matilda's grave.

Like another Haidee,

"She died, but not alone—she held within
A sacred principle of life, which might
Have a fair and sinless child of sin—
But closed its little being without light,
And went down to the grave, unborn, wherein,
Blossom and bough lie withered with one blight.
In vain the dews of heaven descend alone,
The bleeding flower and blasted fruits of love !"

W. H.

Literary and Artistic News.

A picture, by Mr. Egg, of the "Council of War Deciding on the Attack of the Mamelon," is now on view in London. It is said to be a most effective picture, and fully worthy of the artist. It is thus described :

"Lord Raglan and Omar Pasha are seated at a three-legged work-table, upon which rests a plan that Pelissier is energetically marking with his nail. Lord Raglan wears a blue coat, to the breast of which the empty sleeve is lightly pinned. His head is covered with a white wide-awake, round which is wound, in rough *impromptu* of a turban, a white scarf or napkin. The face is singularly like Wellington's in old age—the same prominent bold chin, the same long upper lip and tight hard mouth. His face, excellently painted, and full of subtle grades of browns, grays, and dusk carnations, wears the pleased and satisfied expression of a mind fully convinced, and released from long and wearying doubts. The fact of the picture being founded on photagraphs taken at the moment insure the historical truth of this expression. Pelissier, squat and fat, his rough bulk buttoned in with a clipped surtout, bright with orders and orange ribbons, appears to be with difficulty restraining the fierceness and savagery of a wild and intemperate nature, which has not viewed altogether without dislike, perhaps contempt, the calmer prudence of the Fabii and Nestors of the Crimea. He looks like one of those old barons who used to gnaw their gloves and beards, and twitch at their dagger pommels, and pull off and on their rings, like Richard III., when such weary things as councils were holding. Omar Pasha appears, perhaps from not quite comprehending the language of the council, rather a dummy, convinced alternately by either argument. His red fez cap serves for color, and his blue coat and laced sleeves tell quaintly enough in the full daylight of the scene. In Pelissier's looks, gestures, and figure, the artist has thrown considerable humor; enough, indeed, to make the picture, even though not historical, an excellent work of Art. The weak points of the picture are the table, which is a little awkward, Omar Pasha's face, and the rather stiff figures in the dark of the back-ground. In color, the picture stands very high. Excellently conceived is Lord Raglan's glaring white hat against the dim wall behind, from which the three dark figures stand out so forcibly. Equally well is the touch of blue distance, with the cones of the tents ; and capital the flickering light on floor and chair and table. For character, too, the picture is eminent. What courteous and bland official dignity about Lord Raglan ! What puzzled and conscious subordination in the Pasha ! and what subdued fire and *nerve* in the Arab slayer, as he almost cuts the map in two with his thumb nail, in his eagerness to prove his plan of attack the best. Lord Raglan's strange head-dress and white neck-cloth give him rather the look of an old clergyman at a pic-nic, while Pelissier seems a dogged fire-eater, living to fight but not fighting to live. About the Englishmen there are proofs of a mind no longer creative or in its bloom of vigor—a mind that falls back on routine and form from mere habit, afraid of experiment or originality of effort. He remains, however, still a gentleman in word and deed, a true Englishmen in heart, and ready as the poorest drummer to give, as he did give, his life to the cause, and determined to let no ignorant clamor goad him to a madman's expenditure of blood and men.

The Vicomte M. du Moniel has just published the first volume of a new edition of his *Exposé des Applications de l'Electricitié,* and the second is to appear shortly. The volume now published, which is enriched with eight large plates, treats generally of the physical, chemical and mechanical means employed in the application of electricity to useful purposes; and the second one specially treats of the electric telegraph, the employment of electricity in apparatus for preventing accidents on railways, in scientific observations, domestic arts, the lighting of mines, medicine, surgery, &c. The Vicomte has not only paid great attention to the study of electricity, but has had the results of the observations and experiments of *savants* and inventors communicated to him. The book is consequently of great value.

The *Literary Gazette* states that a Mr. John Shakspeare, who claims a distant relationship to the poet, is about to cover Shakspeare's house at Stratford with a building of glass and iron, to protect it from the weather. The cost is estimated at about £3,000.

Mme. Grisi is playing Elvira, in "I Puritani," at the Italian Opera, London, and is to appear with Mario in Otello.

M. E. de St. Maurice Cabany, head of the Society of Archivists of France, under Louis Napoleon, has paid a grateful tribute to the documental research and literary talent of Mr. Wm. John Fitzpatrick, author of the "Life and Times, and Cotemporaries of Lord Cloncurry, &c.," by offering him the title of Director of the Society of Archivists for Ireland, with the right of appointing sub-directors, and of organizing the Society generally. That high official position which M. Cabany has so long filled with zeal and distinction, has lately received an additional strength of dignity, by his unanimous nomination as "Director-general Perpetual." Since the abdication of Louis Philippe, this literary society has made much progress, and is now the parent of various branches in several of the continental countries.

People thought they had heard the last of the idol manufactures of Birmingham, itself being the place where the renewed charge was made. At the Church Missionary meeting in our Town Hall, on Tuesday, Lieut. Colonel Martin, an Indian officer, affectionately begged the audience to "cease making idols," and to give him instead, a bell for a chapel at Peshawur. The Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, speaking of the same tempting subject, ingeniously combined an elemosynary appeal with vehement denunciation. He said :

"Let the manufacturers of Birmingham, if they had got money by the making of idols, bring forth fruit meet for repentance, and pay back every fraction of the accursed money into the treasury of the Church Missionary Society, and never again manufacture an idol lest they should be found to be worshippers of the god Mammon."

We regret that, of the Birmingham clergymen present on the platform, not one thought it his duty to rebut this slander on his fellow townsmen ; and we wonder that strangers to the town should have ventured to use a wholesale accusation of idol-making as an argument to induce larger subscriptions to the society whose cause they were sent to advocate. The charge having been so deliberately repeated in so public a manner, says the Birmingham *Gazette,* we are entitled to ask Col. Martin and Mr. Stowell for the proofs by which they support it. If they have proofs, our columns are open for their statement ; if, having none, these gentlemen remain silent, the public will know in future how to estimate the value of their "facts."

The Secretary of the Treasury has asked Congress to amend the Act of 1842, so that it will, in addition to the prevention of the importation of indecent prints, paintings, and transparencies, embrace statuettes and figures of similar tendencies.

Count d'Escayrac de Lauture, who is about to head an expedition to discover the sources of the Nile, has left Paris for Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, and London, with a view of forming an international scientific commission to accompany him.

The cathedral of Gran, in Hungary, is to be consecrated on the 31st of August, and Liszt, the pianist, who is an Hungarian, has composed a mass for the occasion.

Hector Berlioz, the celebrated musical composer and critic of the *Debats,* has been elected in the room of the late Adolph Adam, member of the Academie des Beaux Arts, in Paris, by a large majority.

The German papers announce that Baron Marie de Weber, son of the great composer, possesses the MS. of an opera by his father, which has never been published. It is entitled "Peter Schmoll."

The British Association for the Advancement of Science will meet at Cheltenham on the 6th of August, under the presidency of Professor Daubeny.

At a recent commencement at Georgetown College, D. C., the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Eugene Casserly, Esq., formerly of this city, and now a prominent member of the San Francisco bar.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Cousin Nicholas. By Rev. Richard Barham, author of "Ingoldsby Legends," &c. Illustrated ; from Ross & Tousey, New-York.	Buffalo, *A. Burke.*
United States Democratic Review. July. S. W. Cone, Editor	*Lloyd & Campbell.*
The Martin's of Cro' Martin. By Charles Lever...	*Harper & Brothers.*
Reynolds' Political Map of the United States. From (A. Rauney.)	*Reynolds.*
Walker's Expedition to Nicaragua. A History of the Central American War, and with a Memoir and Portrait of Genl. Walker. By William V. Wells, Consul-General of the Republic of Honduras	*Stringer & Townsend.*
Harper's Magazine for August	*Harper & Brothers.*
Harper's Story Books. August. Three Gold Dollars	"
History of Immigration to the United States, exhibiting the number, sex, age, occupation and country of birth of passengers arriving in the United States from Sept. 30, 1819, to December 31, 1855. From official data. By William J. Brownell	*Redfield.*
The Tongue of Fire ; or the true power of Christianity. By William Arthur, A. M., author of the "Successful Merchant."	*Harper & Brother.*
The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth, Mountaineer, Scout, and Pioneer, &c., with illustrations	"

City News.

For some time past there has been an unkindly feeling among the members of the John street Methodist church, growing out of the desire of one party to move "up town." This comprises the richer part of the congregation, and they have influenced a majority of the Board of Trustees to accede to their wishes. Those who desire to keep the church down town tried to prevent this action, but were overruled, and the most angry feeling has resulted. For several weeks past, collisions have taken place at the meetings of the members, and on the 25th, a serious row ensued. Determining to hold the church for election purposes, the "up town" branch sent a constable and a gang of men to take possession. "Down town" had ladies inside and also held the door. "Up town" gets a ladder and enters through a window, bringing with them 'for the stomach's sake,' sundry brandy bottles to be emptied, and sundry viands to be eaten. Still "down town" held the door, and their friends hearing of their position surrounded the edifice. The upshot was a regular fight, in which the "up town" rowdies received a sound drubbing from the police whom they assailed, and the church remains in possession of the "down town" majority who will no doubt keep it until the 27th of August, when the election for trustees will be held. Great praise is due to his Honor the Mayor, who ordered a force of police to take possession of the church in order to prevent a disturbance, and Captain Leonard who was present, acted in a praiseworthy manner.

The Rev. Dr. Spring is the oldest pastor in New-York, having been in his present charge forty-six years. The pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Knox is second in extent of duration, and he is the oldest member of the Dutch Reformed Synod ; he has had but one settlement—that of the Collegiate Church in this city, and in that he has remained for the term of forty years. The ministry of the Rev. Dr. Seabury is the third in length : and that of the Rev. Dr. Marsellus of the Bleeker street Church fourth.

(*Continued from Editorial Page.*)

reign would end. The only question was,what will be their next move? who will they hang next? and ever and anon would you hear the smothered curse of some brave man on the head of Governor Johnston; and again would burst forth the exclamation, "Johnston has sold us! oh, that we had acted without him! he is with the enemy. Had we acted on our own account when he introduced the enemy into the Jail on that Saturday night, it would never have come to this. He has left us without arms—without means of defence. Why were we not called into camp?" Such were the exclamations of the unarmed who crowded the streets; but I must bear testimony to this fact, that although unarmed, unorganized, and almost defenceless, there was no sign of fear or shrinking among them. There was that cool, firm, resolute expression settled on their faces that bespoke the feelings within. An old veteran soldier standing by my side whispered to me—"Give me," said he, "five hundred such men as those (pointing to a number of men who were silently and sternly looking on), and I will sweep the streets in half an hour." The truth is, there has been unwarrantable apathy, if not treachery, on the part of the heads of some of our departments. Johnston, for so far, has to bear it all, being elected to office by the party who principally compose this organization; and being, as I believe, sincerely desirous to avoid a collision, he was entrapped into an interview with the Executive of the Vigilance Committee; and on pledges given by them, he persuaded the Sheriff to admit a guard into the prison. This he soon had reason to regret, for the pledges given were soon broken, and Johnston found himself sold. Now since he has issued his proclamation, and declared the city in a state of insurrection, they are his bitterest traducers. They have tried every influence they could bring to bear on him to withdraw the proclamation, but he stands firm. He is, however, without means, having neither money nor arms. Notwithstanding that the writer differs essentially with him in politics, he believes him to be sincere in his desire to maintain the constitution, and fulfil with integrity his oath of office. There are calm observers, however, who look on with cooler heads and clearer judgment, who say that the "*Federal Officers*" are much more to blame than he is. That the Controller of the Port—the highest "*Federal Officer*" here—has not rendered that assistance to the local authorities that he should have done, and that he is coquetting with the party for electioneering purposes. Even the Mint is not clear of this charge. The principal man in it has lent all the aid he could to this organization, and his employées are principally chosen from their ranks. In a word, the authorities at Washington have been unfortunate in their appointments here. Old General Wool, too, has given strength to them, by first promising them arms and ammunition, and subsequently refusing them, after the Governor had issued his proclamation. It is time this vain old man should be placed on the retired list, and replaced by some one with younger blood and more activity. It is a dangerous thing for the Republic to have a *political* General in command at such a distance from the seat of government. Even Commissioner Weller's brother comes in for a share of the public censure. He, too, with (no doubt) electioneering objects at bottom, has been slyly aiding them, and, being Postmaster here, they boast of his support; and hence they have gained strength. Dr. Ashe is an exception; his acts speak for themselves. The sloop of war, John Adams, is lying here, but her commander is powerless.

The lovers of this Republic—men who would maintain its unity and integrity with the best drop of their life's blood—look calmly on and await in stern silence the action of the President. If Pierce hesitates, there will be either a bloody intestine war, or else there will be an example set that will have sown the first seeds of the dissolution of this great confederacy. That he has the power no constitutional lawyer will for a moment doubt. The facts of their having committed treason is clear. That they have committed piracy on the high seas by boarding a vessel laden with State's Arms—capturing her, taking by force those arms, and making prisoners of both Captain and men—they don't attempt to deny. That the Governor's proclamation has placed them outside the pale of the law is plain. They are acting in defiance of it is clear. These and other grave reasons leave the President no option. He is bound by the Constitution to do so. An order to Gen. Wool to quell the rebellion would settle the whole matter, probably without a shot being fired. If force be necessary, and that the Militia and the Volunteers be called into camp, there will be such a response that the moral force of it will settle the matter, were their organization ten times its present amount. The August steamer will, we expect, bring orders from Washington. Her arrival will be waited for with deep interest. It is sincerely to be hoped that Pierce will act with decision. If not——

The following letter, printed in both the Herald and Sun, explains why it was written:—

San Francisco, July 2, 1856.

Eds. Herald—Since my arrival in San Francisco, (now over five years ago) I have religiously abstained from mixing myself up with either parties or politics, and I trust that the cause which now induces me to appear before the public, will plead its own apology. In your paper of this morning, I have read with considerable emotion a letter from Mrs. Terry, informing the public that she is refused admittance to see her husband, now in the hands of the Vigilance Committee, and on his trial for life or death before the executive of that body. Had this been an anonymous statement, I would have passed it over without notice; but I see attached to it the name of "Cornelia Terry," and to my regret and sorrow, I am bound to believe it true. As a citizen I blush for it; for the sake of some friendsof mine who are members of the Vigilance Committee, I regret it, and trust that for the honor of manhood it will be speedily rectified.

When myself and comrades were imprisoned and tried for life or death, for what the English law called "the crime of high treason," and although in the hands of our own and our country's enemy, and confined in cells contrived not only for safe-keeping, but also for punishment, we were not precluded the visits of our friends and families. True, we had to converse with them in the presence of a jailor, but none but the captive can tell the consoling feelings that even an hour's converse with a friend can bestow. It is, Sir, the recollection of those feelings and emotions that have induced me to address this card to you, trusting that it will meet the eye of some member of the Vigilance Committee, who will bring this matter before the Executive, and that the order precluding Mrs. Terry from visiting her husband will be rescinded, and that the Vigilance Committee will not put themselves on a footing with Sir Hudson Lowe, the tyrant jailor of Napoleon, or Sir William Dennison, now historically known as the "Black Snake of Van Diemen's land." In conclusion, allow me, Sir, to add, that I am wholly unknown to either Mr. or Mrs. Terry, having neither seen nor spoken to either of them.

I am Sir, with much respect, your obedient servant,

T. B. McManus.

The following is the oath the Vigilance Committee required the State Militia to take in their armory, corner of Clay and Kearney streets, June 21st, before marching them to Fort Vigilance, where they were placed in irons as prisoners of war. It speaks for itself:—

"I do solemnly promise and swear, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses present—by the hope of a future state—by the blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints in the calendar, that I will not bear arms against the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. So help me God and the blessed Virgin."

Yesterday morning the prisoners were informed by Mr. T. J. L. Smiley that they were released, but if ever found with arms in their hands, acting against the committee or against good order, the severest penalties would be inflicted upon them. The prisoners were then all dismissed, with the exception of five, who were held, it is to be presumed, as hostages, for even they themselves knew not for what they were held. Among them, however, was a young man named Thomas White, jun'r, long and well known here, and much respected for his quiet and peaceable conduct. He had a host of warm friends, whose application to the Vigilance Committee induced them to liberate him, and with him the others held by them.

No parole or other obligation was demanded or given—the Committee having failed to get one man to forswear his allegiance to the State. The following prisoners, after having undergone the hard biscuit and salt beef diet for a few days, have been discharged:—James Kannaven, Chas. Roach, P. McCormick, Thos. White, A. J. Tice, and Jno. M. Currey.

John L. Durkee, who was arrested by the United States Authorities, charged with piracy, was discharged on bail. His sureties were J. W. Brittan, Mr. Soule, and Mr. Goddard, and the amount $25,000.

Attached is a statement of the materials of which this committee is composed. It is taken from their own books by one who joined their association with good intentions, but resigned when he discovered their enormities:

Total enrolled members of Committee, 4673

MATERIALS.

Prussians and Germans,	1518
French, - - -	450
English and Scotch, -	287
Irish, - - - - -	42

Total, 2297

Balance, made up of Yankees and Americans, 2376.

In case of a foreign invasion, how would this portion of the confederation stand, with a set of paid hirelings, who neither know nor understand the language of the country, her institutions or her principles, and led on by a set of designing men? Why, we would be ostensibly at the mercy of the enemy. But there is here a body of men that have not been calculated on; men who have *recently* taken the oath of allegiance to this republic, and who will maintain it at all risks. They are the stumbling-blocks in the way of those self-named Revolutioners.

All through the excitement, I have tried to keep your mercantile friends in the east posted up in regard to what they may expect from their agents and correspondents here. I will now add, that they may look out for a general "burst up" this fall. It is strange to see the falling off of business remittances that has taken place since the formation of this committee. The list of June 20 shows that among the non-remitters are those merchants who figure most largely in the V. C. Out of the $2,130,254 remitted, there is at least two-thirds of it capital sent here for investment, and which has been withdrawn. The most remarkable feature of it is, that the large houses who formerly remitted regularly, are in arrear this time (as I before predicted), and in a few months more will close their accounts with the present existing excitement, which *they themselves* have created.

For the remittances going by the steamer to-day I am unable to speak, but I have no doubt that many of the European merchants will find themselves seriously disappointed.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Heretofore, this day was celebrated here with the enthusiasm which every lover of liberty must bear to the anniversary that gave birth to a new era—an era that proclaimed the right of the people to govern themselves. But on yesterday a gloom hung over the scene. In place of the free open glance of the eye, and the firm manly grasp of the hand, there was that langour and doubt which betokens uncertainty among friends. In a word, the day passed off cheerless and unsocial. The streets were, for the most part, deserted, and none of the enthusiasm that formerly welcomed the Fourth was noticeable. It was, in fact, a day of mourning.

JULY 5, 1856.

The mail steamer is just about to leave. Nothing new or startling. Judge Perry is still a close prisoner, and Hopkins, the tool of the Executive Committee of Vigilance, still lives. There will in all probability be no hanging to-day; no telling what will occur to-morrow. Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, beware; don't do your sworn duty before a a V. C. mob.

Yours, Humboldt.

Strangers frequently marvel, at the rush to the extensive Carpet Warerooms of Mr. Donnelly, whose advertisement appears on our last page. New-Yorkers know, that the cheapness and elegance of the goods he sells fully account for it.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 21st inst., after a short but severe and painful illness, which she bore with Christian patience and resignation, Eleanor Teresa, the beloved wife of Mr. James Turner, and 3rd daughter of Mr. Hugh McManus, Ballinasloe, Co. Galway, Ireland, aged 24 years and 6 months. Her remains were on the 23rd inst., conveyed from her late residence, 99 Eighth Avenue, to Greenwood Cemetery for interment, followed by a number of sorrowing relatives aud friends, by whom her early demise is much felt. As a wife, mother, sister and daughter, she was all that could be desired. She died as she had lived, a good Roman Catholic, receiving the last consolation of her religion.

Requiescat in pace. Amen.

Ballinasloe and Galway (Ireland) papers please copy.

Died, on Wednesday, 23rd inst., in Newark, N. J., in the 57th year of his age, Mr. Michael Quinn, native of Ballymore Eustace, Co. Kildare, Ireland. His funeral was followed from St. Patrick's Cathedral, to St. John's Cathedral burial ground, by one of the largest corteges ever seen in Newark. May he rest in peace.

Died, July 15th, after a short illness, Dennis, second son of Richard Mooney, formerly of Killinmore, Kings county, Ireland. Requisescat in pace. Dublin papers please copy.

Special Notices.

The Meagher Guard, of Philadelphia, intend celebrating the Birthday of Thomas Francis Meagher—in consequence of its falling on Sunday this year—on Monday, the 4th of August instant. The celebration will consist of an evening parade, &c. &c.

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. The Ambrotype.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. BRADY, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 3m28ju

Photographs and Ambrotypes,—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (3m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of Forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled. on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Ladies going in the Country, wishing their supply of Shoes, can find Linen Gaiters at 12s. Slippers, Ties, Buskins and Toilet Slippers, from 6s. to 10s.: India Rubbers, &c., with Boys', Misses', and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds and prices, at

4t19jly J. B. MILLER & CO'S, No. 184 Canal St.

Information wanted of Patrick Ryan, late of Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, aged about 30 years, farmer, who left Limerick in the month of May, 1851, and who when last heard from was in Orange county, N. Y., but is now supposed to be living in Vandalia, Fayette county, Indiana. Any information of his whereabouts sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, New-York, will be thankfully received by his wife. jly19

Holloway's Ointment.—Martyrs to Scrofula rejoice! This subtle disease, descending from generation to generation, a fearful heirloom may be literally extirpated by this penetrating unguent. All eruptions and sores yield to its curative properties. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden-lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and one dollar per pot. 2Aug

Proclamation.—500 Dollars reward.—I, Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New-York, by virtue of authority vested in me by law, do offer a reward of five hundred dollars, for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who murdered Bartholomew Burke, on the night of Thursday the 17th, or on the morning of the 18th July, 1856, at the corner of Broadway and White-streets, said reward to be paid on the conviction of the offender or offenders, on the certificate of the District Attorney, that such conviction was had upon the testimony of the party claiming the same, but all claims for said reward not presented within twenty days thereafter, will be disregarded. Witness my hand and seal of Mayoralty, this 22nd July, 1856. 2aug [L. s.] FERNANDO WOOD.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....John Brougham

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THE

SUMMER GARDEN.

MISS AGNES ROBERTSON'S

BENEFIT.

On Tuesday next, July 29th.

Bob Nettles.

Bob, as originally played by her throughout the United States.....Miss Agnes Robertson
Tourbillon.....Mr. Bourcicault

After which, the Musical Extravaganza,

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

Leander.....Miss Agnes Robertson

As originally played by her throughout all the cities of Great Britain with enthusiastic success.

Wednesday,

THE PHANTOM. THE INVISIBLE PRINCE.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Parquette and boxes.....50 cents
Family Circle.....25 cents

Doors open at a quarter past seven P. M.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

The Dublin *Nation*, in answer to a correspondent signing himself "a Donegal man," says Buchanan and Shields both hail from the North, but Buchanan is American born. They are intimate friends. It was Buchanan, indeed, who to the astonishment of Westpoint, picked out Shields, then a judge upon the Illinois Bench, and gazetted him to command a brigade in the Mexican war. Buchanan was then Secretary of State—in fact, Premier to Polk. It is mere English ignorance or arrogance to speak of Buchanan as a political adventurer and a new man. There never was an American statesman more above the imputation. He is one of the wealthiest men in the Union. He has been a prominent and consistent Democrat leader for forty years. He has had a character in the Senate, only second in their day, to Webster's, Calhoun's, and Clay's. His administration, which added California to the States, was one of the most brilliant, and will be one of the most memorable in American history. For his Presidency, we dare hope that a grander glory is reserved. We hope he may, and believe he will, get every Irish vote in the Union. Personally, there is the strongest attachment to him among the Irish. He has made his candidature anti-Know Nothing in the broadest and strongest terms. Personally, he is well known to be of the most liberal and tolerant principles. It is evinced in the fact that his niece, the heiress of all his immense wealth, has been educated at a Catholic convent in Washington. One may imagine with what sentiments such a man must have returned from England, after observing so closely her attitude for the last three years, towards his own nation and mother countries, and towards France and Russia. It is not at all unlikely that Shields may be a member of his Cabinet. If there be war, he is at all events certain to have high command. One has a kind of measure of Buchanan's capacity in the fact that he explored such a general from the Bench of a Western Court.

In another issue the same journal says:

Great is the fear in England lest James Buchanan, an Irishman of the second generation, may obtain the presidential chair of the United States; for the belief is that he would not let England slip out of the quarrel as easily and as gracefully as she desires.

The *Mississippian* says: "With joyous heart and bounding pulse we plant ourselves upon the platform of the convention, and rally to the support of the nominees. It is no diffucult undertaking for us to enlist in the support of James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge. In the national convention of 1852, we well recollect how, with more than woman's devotion, thro' days of tedious ballotings, Mississippi clung to the fortunes of James Buchanan. For thirty-five ballotings, her vote was cast for him without variation. And although events have subsequently transpired to control her votes for another in the last convention, yet no act of that wise and eminent statesman and patriot has tended in the least degree to diminish the confidence which was then reposed in his capacity and fitness for the high position which has been assigned him. On the contrary, he has increased the debt of gratitude which his country owes him, and has furnished additional evidence of his worthiness to be placed at the helm of the affairs of this great and growing republic."

The *Standard*, of Bowling-Green, Kentucky, an old-line Whig paper, that has so far supported Fillmore and Donelson, has hauled them down, and hoisted the names of Buchanan and Breckinridge, seeing the former were deserted at the North, and believing the election of the latter was the only hope for the South.

The "Republicans" denominate the supporters of Mr. Buchanan as "*Buccaniers.*" Wonder, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, if the Republicans might not with more propriety be styled "*Free*"-booters?

The following would seem to warrant the *Enquirer's* suggestion: The Syracuse, N. Y. *Standard* gives the following as the result of a vote taken in a car on the Central Railroad a day or two since: Buchanan, 19; Fillmore, 18; Fremont, 2. Before the train reached Buffalo the Conductor had both the Fremont voters confined in the saloon of the car, for *picking a man's pocket.*

The Know Nothing papers are making a great fuss about the withdrawal of Chas. Irving, Esq., from the Democratic Electoral ticket in Virginia. Why do they not state, says the Augusta, Ga., *Constitutionalist*, that Mr. Irving declined in consequence of his desire to aid the cause of Buchanan and Breckinridge, in the editorial columns of his paper? It was for this cause only that Mr. Irving declined.

Rich Gold Diggings in Honduras—Important Discovery.

Dr. J. C. Tucker, United States Consul to Honduras, who has just returned, informs the *Daily News* of the recent discovery of new gold placers, or gulch diggings, near Belfate, a small Indian village situated on the shores of the Carribean Sea, about 40 miles to the east and north of Truxillo. A large number of the residents of the latter town had left their business and gone to washing the auriferous earth, with success equal to that of the miners in California, making, with the pan alone, from a quarter to two ounces of the precious metal a day. Some Americans had returned from the diggings to Truxillo, to make rockers and long toms, to work the mines more effectually. From them Dr. Tucker obtained a few ounces of the gold as a sample. It is in coarse grains, and in lumps weighing from a pennyweight to an ounce, very pure, and of a beautiful bright color. This portion of the country, on the coast, is diversified with mountains and valleys, in the latter of which, during the rainy season, intermittent fevers prevail, as in the Mississippi bottom and on the Jersey shore. With this exception, the country is remarkably healthy. All the tropical fruits here grow wild, and, unlike the pioneer miners of California, in these diggings the miner can enjoy all the luxuries of good living, meat, vegetables, &c., at an average cost of 25 cents per day.

During eight months of the year, as in California, there is little or no rain, and miners could live, as the Caribs do, in huts built of a large palm leaf, convenient edifices, erected in a few hours, and affording shelter even against storms.

The Caribs, an industrious and good-humoured race, can be hired at 20 or 30 cents per day, to till the ground or work the mines. There are not many Americans—not more than five or six—in this part of the country, although a company of about twenty-four have gone into Olancho, to examine the gold-washing of the great River Patook and its tributaries, the richness of which has long been known, but from want of energy and enterprise on the part of the natives, has never been fully developed.

What the result of the discovery of these rival California placers will be we can scarcely predict. If these mines, situated in a beautiful land, only five days from here, by steam, continue to yield "the yellow drops" in such abundance, it will not be long before our enterprising countrymen will throng to this new and nearer El Dorado, to do what the Spanish American is morally and physically incapable of doing, develope the almost fabulous wealth of the fertile fields and boundless mines of Central America. It is the hand of destiny which leads them on.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

At Bantry, T. D. Sullivan, to Kate, daughter of the late Thomas Healy, of that town.

In Carlow, Isaac J. Murphy, of Belfast, to Caroline, daughter of the late Thomas Haughton, of Greenbank, Carlow.

At Brighton, Edward W. Unwin, to Henrietta Jane, daughter of the Captain George R. Camac, of the 3d Buffs.

At Brighton, Frederick J. Blackburne, of Rennie House, county Cork, son of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, of Rathfarnham Castle, to Annette, daughter of Eardly Hall, of Brunswick square, Brighton.

At Cairy, James Raeburne, jun., of Glasgow, to Agnes, daughter of the late William Middleton, merchant, Sligo.

At Castletown, Berehaven, Edward K. Supple, Sub-Inspector, Constabulary, to Emily Trotter, daughter of Lieut. Thomas Hungerford, Royal Navy, Coast Guard Service.

At the church of SS. Peter and Paul, John J. O'Mahony, to Mrs. Mary Blackledge.

At St. Luke's Church, Chelsea, Henry Somers, M. D., Surgeon on the Staff, and late of the 8th Hussars, to Mary Anne, daughter of Bache Wright, War Department, Dublin.

At Kingston, Jamaica, William Carr, of St. Thomas in the Vale, son of the late Robert Carr, of Sydney place, Cork, to Sarah, daughter of the Hon. Alexander Bravo, Auditor-General.

At the Catholic Chapel, Mullinahone, John Ryan, of Waterford, to Bridget, daughter of Peter Carey, of Clonagoose, county Tipperary.

Thomas, son of Joseph D. Lapham, of Newtown Lodge, Waterford, to Anne Louisa, only child of the late Major Richard Lambert, 16th Madras Native Infantry, and grand-daughter of the late George Little, of Cullentra, Wexford, solicitor.

At Paddington, Michael Parker Smith, of Graigue House, Kilkenny, to Adelina Rhodes, daughter of James Durham, of Leinster gardens, Hyde park, London.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Maurice Cross, jun., of Calcutta, eldest son of Maurice Cross, Secretary to the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, to Elizabeth Juliet, widow of John Faircloth, 84th regiment.

In Cork, the Rev. Edward Carr Carroll, son of John Carroll, M. D., New Ross, to Anna Arabella, daughter of the late John Hull, county Cork.

IRISH DEATHS.

At Queenstown, Honoria Anne, daughter of the late Michael Byrne, of Millicent, county Tipperary.

At Charlemont, street, Dublin, at an advanced age, Rachel, relict of Matthew Eaton.

At Rocheville, aged 81 years, Michael Roche, father of the Rev. Mr. Roche, of Ballingarry.

On his return from Gibraltar, Lieutenant W. F. Gilley, of the Royal Engineers, son of Captain Gilley, of the Provisional Battalion in Limerick.

At Charlemont street, Dublin, at an advanced age, Miss Isabella Steele Gurnell.

Aged 77 years, P. Mullally, of Jamestown, near Callan, county Kilkenny, father of the Rev. T. Mullally, of All-Hallows College, Drumcondra.

At Marlboro' street, aged 27, Michael, son of Nicholas M. Fitzgerald, C. E.

At Cloyne, Abraham Henry Travers, aged 71 years.

Of Scarletina, Carleton, son of Henry B. Foot, J. P., of Carrigacunna Castle Killavullen.

At the island of Trinidad, Lieut. Alfred A. Jones, of H. M.'s 67th Regiment, son of the late Captain Joseph Allingham Jones, of the 30th Regiment.

In Edinburgh, James Stein, late of the firm of Stein, Brothers & Co., of Thomondgate Distillery, Limerick.

At Dover street, London, the Countess of St. Germains.

At Barrack street, Nenagh, Bridget, wife of Sergeant Clancy, of Kilcommon station, and sister of Mr. John Hogan, of Nenagh.

At Clonmel, Anne, relict of the late J. O'Connor, brother of the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Parish Priest of Templemore.

At Ballinagrana, near Kilteely, county Limerick, Philip Murphy, aged 64 years.

At Sea View, Queenstown, Mary, relict of John Beamish, of Cashelmore, county Cork, and daughter of the late Thomas Hewitt, of Cork.

At Morrison's Island, Cork, Frederick Hall, aged 78 years.

In London, Susan Cambridge, daughter of the late Samuel Grubb, of Coolville, Clogheen.

At Athy, of scarletina, John Peppard.

At Donore, county Carlow, Mrs. Donohoe, relict of the late Darby Donohoe.

At Castle Cottage, Cahir, aged 89 years, Susan, relict of William Vowell, late of Coole, county Tipperary.

At Springvale, county Mayo, aged 101 years, Thomas Coyne, father of the Rev. E. Coyne, the respected parish priest of Aughamore.

Card from Edward Dunigan & Brother.

James B. Kirker, the present representative of the firm of Edward Dunigan & Brother, learns with regret that an attempt is being made to persuade the public that a circular issued by Mr. John Gilmary Shea, with regard to his correspondents, is a malicious attempt of the house to injure another.

Mr. Shea continues to enjoy the highest esteem of the firm, still it has not and will not interfere in his private concerns.

The House of Edward Dunnigan & Brother has as yet issued no circular whatever, relative to the forthcoming History of the Catholic Church, by Mr. DeCourcy and Mr. John Gilmary Shea.

New-York, July 17th, 1856. (3t) 151 Fulton street.

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necessary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A *Beautiful Complexion* may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops and wash the face night and morning.

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SARAH McFADDEN,

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198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y21june

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. M. W. MORRISS, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

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Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

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FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the fonndation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shonlder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the pafient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opporiunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 178 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,

my31 No. 178 Bowery, New-York.

DR. B. F. ADAMS,

SURGEON DENTIST, (formerly of Barclay street,) feeling grateful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him for the last fourteen years, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken an elegant suite of rooms, at

NO. 122 CHAMBERS STREET,

(near the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Railroads,) where he may always be found, ready to perform all operations pertaining to his profession, in a manner unsurpassed, and on the most reasonable terms. Whole or part sets of incorruptible teeth inserted without pain, on gold plate or gutta percha, excelling nature in beauty and durability. No impure gold or dangerous amalgams used. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, or of adults remedied. Cleansing, extracting, &c. &c., all at reduced prices. Sets of teeth inserted on Silver or Gutta Percha, for six shillings each. Teeth examined, and advice given free of charge. Please call.

8m7jun B. F. ADAMS, 122 Chambers street, New-York.

DR. J. VOORHIES,

MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,

NO. 69 SANDS STREET,

Brooklyn.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

N. B. All chronic or nervous diseases cured by Electricity in some form. Electro Medicated Vapor Baths ready for operation. Dropsy can be cured by this treatment. Consultations free. m3jun14

WRITING INKS.

WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

Thaddeus Davids & Co.,

ap19 6m Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

Medical.

"Eye and Ear."—DOCTOR HENDERSON, Oculist and Aurist, 419 Broadway, corner of Canal street, treats all diseases of the eye and ear, without cupping, leeching, blistering or the use of calomel. Within the past two years upwards of thirty cases of blindness from inflamation have been restored to sight, to whom reference can be given, (hundreds of which can be seen in my circular,) by inclosing three postage stamps. Electro-chemical Medicated Vapor and Sulphur, hot and cold water BATHS. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings by appointment. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal st., New-York.

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ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted.

H. G. LUTHER,

SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST,

No. 698 BROADWAY, Second House above Fourth st.

HAVING enjoyed an extensive practice during the last twelve years, feels confident of his ability to give perfect satisfaction to all who may honor him with their preference. He is prepared to perform all operations connected with his profession, in the most faithful manner, and in strict accordance with scientific principles, embracing all the recent improvements of the day.

References of the most respectable character given if desired. Patronage respectfully solicited.

☞ N. B. Teeth extracted without pain. my17 3m

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy. The last Unfolding of the Art of Healing. My daily practice proves that I CURE CONSUMPTION, in all its varied forms and most advanced states, as readily as any other disease. Therefore I desire to treat all Consumptives, but particularly those who have tried all other physicians without relief. Mrs. M. J. MARIN, M.D., No. 37. Lafayette place, N. Y. (First street east of Broadway, between 4th and 8th sts.) Office hours: from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for Ladies; and from 2 to 5 P. M., for Gentlemen, Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment. my31 3m

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

A REMEDY WHICH CURES IN FIVE MINUTES.—M. LEROUX'S FRENCH CHOLERA COGNAC BITTERS.—This wonderful and scientific compound is recommended by the most eminent and learned physicians of all Europe and America, and enjoys the best reputation of anything similar ever offered. It is without doubt the best, most efficient and generally acknowledged remedy against Cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, and complaints of the stomach in general. The numerous patients who have tried it according to directions, have invariably found relief in a very short time, and the best proof of it is, that since this standard remedy was introducee in the armies of the allies in the Crimea, the mortality of the soldiers from Cholera and similar diseases was reduced by over 75 per cent.; in consideration of which, the inventor was presented by the French and English governments with a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Hail! M. LEROUX, the great Chemist and inventor, by whose knowledge our armies are preserved from Cholera."

This invaluable preparation is also a remedy for biliousness, indigestion, weakness, and general derangement of the stomach. Upon being taken, it creates appetite, and prevents the heaviness attendant upon eating, by persons who are dyspeptic.

In this city, also, this remedy has been tried with the most undoubted success, and the undersigned can produce the best testimonials of our most celebrated physicians, as to its immediate and complete success, which he will be happy at any time to show to any that may wish to see them. S. STEINFELD, sole agent for the United States, No. 70 Nassau street, corner of John.

P. S.—Those not having money to pay, may call at my place from 3 to 5 P. M. and receive this remedy gratis. my17 3m

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.

A Retired Clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescriptions used. Direct to

Rev. JOHN M. DAGNALL,
my10 3m No. 59 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Best Hair Dye.—DR. O. M. BALLARD'S new article received the highest premium at the World's Fair and American Institute, where it was examined by the distinguished Chemists, Dr. Chilton, and Prof. John Torrey, and pronounced the best. For sale by the best Druggists. Principal office and store, 498 Broadway, New-York. my17 3m

The undersigned announces to the legitimate faculty that he has opened a store for the dispensing of pure medicines, chemicals, &c. Having obtained a knowledge of the profession in the best schools in the world, during twelve years, he will be able to compound prescriptions *precisely* as they are ordered. JOHN. C. GILES, Apothecary,

21ju8m 285 Bleecker, two doors above Barrow.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,
118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no meansinferior to their celebrated compounds while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flaver, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation. Yours, respectfully,

ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

Mr. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 3m19jly

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW-YORK, May 28, 1856.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the Complaint Book, opened at this office on the 1st of January, 1855, is still open for the reception of complaints of municipal abuses of all kinds. So far as the Mayor has the power, he will continue to exercise it for the abatement of any such evils, when brought to his attention through the Complaint Book, or otherwise. The Mayor invites all persons to take this method of reporting to him all violations of corporation ordinances, nuisances, or dereliction of duty upon the part of the officers of the Corporation, and he will, as heretofore, use all the legal means at his command to see the laws enforced, and the interests of the public protected. By order of the Mayor. ALEXANDER MING, Chief Clerk.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,

3mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.

New-York, June 28, 1856.

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)

ap193m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

NEW STORE

AND

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber having leased for a term of years the premises

374 Hudson street,

and made exthnsive additions thereto, and having laid in a large stock o

Carpeting and Oil Cloths,

mostly bought at **Auction,** for CASH, is now prepared to sell them at the following extremely low prices:

Tapestry Brussels,		8s. usually sold at 10s.
Three Ply Ingrain		8s. usually sold at 10s.
Superfine	do	6s. usually sold at 8s.
Fine	do	5s. usually sold at 6s.
Common	do	All WOOL 3s. 6d. per yard, a price absolutely unheard of.

Ingrain, Cotton Warp and Wool Filling 2s. 6d.
Oil Cloths 3s. per yard, usually sold at 5s.
Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Venetian and Hall Carpetting, Stair Rods, &c. &c.
Clergymen and Churches furnished at wholesale prices.
Goods in all cases warranted as represented.

J. R. Landon, 374 Hudson street, New-York,

3mjun a few doors from Hamersly.

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. **129** *FULTON STREET,*

(HERALD BUILDING,) **New-York.**

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STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

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Are prepared to do Printing of all kinds in the best style and on reasonable terms. PARTIES desiring printing for BALLS, PARTIES, EXCURSIONS, CONCERTS, or PUBLIC MEETINGS, are invited to give us a call.

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☞ Boots, Shoes, and Gaiters of the best quality made to order.

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UMBRELLA AND PARASOL MANUFACTURER,

374 BOWERY, NEAR FOURTH STREET.

Repairing neatly executed. my17 3m*

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27 FAYETTE STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

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OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

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DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

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(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

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NEW-YORK. 3m

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MRS. J. McCARTHY,

FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE,

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Cheap Straw Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Ladies' Straw Goods.

Straw Bonnets cleaned and altered to the newest fashions.

LADIES' OWN MATERIALS MADE UP TO THE LATEST STYLES. tf

Analytical and Metallurgical Chemistry and Mining Geology.

DR. ISAIAH DECK,

No. 18 EXCHANGE PLACE, NEW-YORK.

MAY be consulted on all subjects relating to Practical Chemistry, Mining- and Metallurgy. Assays of Ores, Analyses of Minerals, and Mining Products in general carefully and expeditiously conducted, and sound opinions delivered upon the most economical methods of working them, based on the latest chemical discoveries. Geological and Mining Surveys undertaken in any part of the world—Dr. DECK having had considerable experience in this branch of his profession. my31 3m

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NICHOLAS WALSH.

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER.

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

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JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

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JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2y1ju Collections promptly attended to, and Liens carefully filed, &c.

JOHN A. McSORLEY,

CUSTOM HOUSE AND SHIP BROKER, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

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Clergymen, importing Vestments, Church Ornaments, &c., will be liberally treated with by calling on the subscriber.

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236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months.

JOHN FOLEY,

WATCHMAKER,

JEWELER AND FINISHER OF FINE WATCHES,

NO. 202 BOWERY.

(Between Spring and Prince Streets, New-York.

Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jeweled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a jul2m6 workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to.

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WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,

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Between 20th and 21st streets, New-York.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. A good 7jun assortment of watches and clocks always on hand. 8m

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JOHN FOLEY,

MANUFACTURER OF FINE GOLD PENS

BEST QUALITY ONLY.

GOLD AND SILVER PENCIL CASES.

my24tf No. 163 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

JOHN KENNEDY'S

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

THOMAS GAFFNEY'S

SOAP AND CANDLE

MANUFACTORY,

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NEW-YORK. 6mJune7

WILLIAM M. SMITH,

The Public Favorite, and only American Opposition

BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED IN THE BUSINESS.

Work done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than any other poster in the city. Work done either in New-York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts, or any kind of work.

OFFICE, 28½ SPRUCE STREET, NEW-YORK,

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THE METROPOLITAN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 108 *BROADWAY,*

(Cor. Pine Street.)

CASH CAPITAL $300,000.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my81y

WILLARD, FELT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

MATTHEW WALLACE,

25 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, &c.

☞ **"The Irish News,"** on hand, by the earliest moment, each week. tf

Hotels.

STEVENS HOUSE.

(LATE DELMONICO'S HOTEL.

21, 23, 25, & 27 Broadway, New-York.

THE undersigned avails himself of this opportunity of informing his friends and the public that he has leased the above named house for a term of years, and has made extensive alterations and repairs, and omitted nothing that will tend to the accomodations or comfort of guests. The house having been newly furnished throughout in the most thorough and modern style, with a view to convenience and comfort, and as it will be conducted on the European plan, and with an experienced caterer, and thorough cooks, he hopes to give satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage which has never failed while in other Hotels in this city.

Catholic families and clergymen visiting New-York will find in the arrangements of this spacious establishment, elegance, convenience, and comfort, at moderate charges. JOHN O'GRADY, JR.,

3m5jly Formerly of Judson's Hotel and the Brandreth House.

NEW HOTEL.

LAFARGE HOUSE,

Broadway, New-York.

This new and beautiful First-class Hotel, is now open for the reception of guests. The location is the most pleasant part of Broadway, opposite Bond street, and in the immediate vicinity of the most fashionable places of amusement. The rooms are large and airy, and so arranged that they may be connected in suites for families, or used separately for single seasons. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

3m19jly STONE & BURROUGHS, Proprietors.

JAMES McPYKE,

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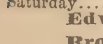
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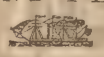
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New-York, December 29, 1851.

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Having been awarded Medals at both the

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As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*,) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

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LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S, GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS, AND YOUTH'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

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European News.

Spanish Affairs.

The Commission inquiring into the acts of the Queen Mother and ex-Regent Maria Christina, presented its report to the Cortes just before their adjournment. She is charged with having forfeited the benefit of the will of King Ferdinand, either by an indecent and hasty marriage to Senor Munoz, three months after the death of the King her husband, or if the marriage could not be proved, by giving birth to a host of illegitimate children. In either case she has forfeited her claim to the Regency. She is besides charged with the theft of the royal jewels; with the wilful and premeditated destruction of the inventories of the royal property; with using her position for swindling jobs in rail ways, canals, &c., in order to enrich her problematic second husband, subsequently raised to the rank of Duke, and with aiding and abetting the fillibustering expedition of General Flores, who was to conquer a throne in South America for the sons of Munoz. The report is to be d scussed by the Cortes as soon as they meet again. Accordingly, in order to prevent disreputable revelations affecting the dignity of royalty and exposing the deep immorality of the royal races of Europe, a revolution becomes indispensable, beginn ng with the dismissal of Espartero, and ending with the dictatorship either of O'Donnell or of Narvaez. Espartero, though in public affairs always a friend of compromises and half-measures, is a thorough hater in his own cause, and therefore wishes to destroy the reputation of Maria Christina, who had humiliated and cruelly used him. So long as he was at the head of the Government, Christina could not hope to stifle the inquest. To overturn him became the most important duty of the men of "*Law and Order*" all over Europe, and especially of the Roman Catholic clergy. By dint of money, spent by bishops, disturbances and riots were created in the Spanish provinces, which were denounced as Socialist and Communistic outbreaks, and impu'ed to Espartero's leaning toward the Progresistas. He was assailed by the French press as a Republican in disguise, and the foreign diplomatists in Madrid countenanced every intrigue against him. The old man, weary of such attacks, resigned at last, and O'Donnell, the enemy of the Progresistas, is now at the head of affairs. He will soon be supplanted by Narvaez and the Polaccos, unless he lends himself to Christina's intrigues, dissolves the Cortes, and overturns the new Constitution. As long as Christina lives, who is the evil genius of Spain, the country never will enjoy peace and internal reforms.

The Paris Correspondent of the London *Times*, (July 15) says, the new ministerial combination was reported in that dispatch as follows: Marshall O'Donnell, president of the council; Rios Rosas, interior; Ros De Olano (an agent of General Narvaez, and with whose name and character you are probably acquainted,) minister of marine; Pastor Diaz, foreign affairs, and Cantero, finance. A second dispatch received in the early part of to-day, announces some additions to, and one change in the first. The departments of justice, and public works, it will be seen, were not mentioned as being provided for; the second dispatch states that M. Luzuriaga had been appointed to the former, and M. Jose Manuel Collado to the latter; and that Ros de Olano was not continued in the new combinations, but that the marine department was entrusted to M. Bayarri. A cabinet completed as in the first dispatch gave us a notion of a cabinet of unmitigated reac ion, though, strong as it might be, it would not have held good against the instinctive treachery of one of its members, whose name is identical with the basest political bad faith. I hope that the news of M. Luzuriaga's appointment, as that of M.M. Bayarri and Collado, will be confirmed.

The first combination was a moderado with a slight shade; but the addition to it contains a liberal element. Luzuriaga, who was the predecessor of General Zabala in the foreign department, under the Presidency of Espartero, is a liberal of the good old honest school, of unimpeached and unimpeachable probity, political and personal. When they could not have him in the Government, they would name him President of the Supreme Court of Justice—a post which he has filled for a considerable time.

M. Bayarri is, comparatively speaking, a new man; but, among men of probity and honor, he is spoken well of. He fills the post of Secretary to the Cortes, and was chosen by the liberal party for that office. Jose Manuel Collado is already known to the public. He was for some months Minister of Finance in the Espartero Administration, but his spirit and strength gave way before the Herculean labor of regulating the Spanish finances, and providing, under adverse circumstances, and with a treasury that had been drained to the last by profligates and adventurers, for the exigencies of the public service. He is a native of San Sebastian, the son of a poor fisherman, and the fabricator of his own fortune, which is considerable, by many years of successful industry.

The *Independance Belge* says that common rumor attributes the ministerial changes at Madrid to the influence of the French government. A letter published in the same journal, and dated Madrid, July 10, says: "Reports of the most afflicting character are in circulation to-day; on all sides we hear of troubles, incendiarism, and attempts at disorder. At Guardia, in the province of Toledo, the crops have been burned by the hands of brigands, and similar crimes have been committed at Lillo, Vich, and Sina, in the provinces of Catalonia, Toledo, and Aragon. Several factories have been burned at Rhoda and Bilbau, and in different parts of Catalonia. At Igualada, the Mayor himself attempted to incite the populace to insurrection; this functionary has been taken to a place of security with seven or eight persons known to belong to Cabrera's bands. At Albacete, Calatayud, Alcira, Tavita, and Commillas, the public authorities have been obliged to resort to arms. In the latter locality, the insurrection assumed an alarming aspect; more than a thousand miners presented themselves to the authorities, demanding that the price of bread be lowered, and that a stop be put to what they call the excess of the speculators in grain and meal. After a resistance of some hours, the authorities believed it expedient to consent, and promised that 'justice,' the expression of the insurgents, should be done. At Maragena and Almerie the dearness of the first necessaries of life has led to a conflict, in which a considerable number of persons were killed and wounded. As if all this did not suffice to render our situation intolerable, the cholera has broken out in Andalusia. The brother of the Minister of Public Works and Mme. Cortina were amongst the first victims of this scourge. Sinister rumors are heard as to approaching troubles in the capital. The gas factory is guarded by an imposing force; the Regiment of Madrid has to-day been brought within the walls, and other troops cantoned provisionally in the environs, hold themselves ready for events. M. Escosura has been called to Madrid at the moment he was about to leave for Palencia, where troubles broke out simultaneously with those at Valladolid and Rioseco. The cabinet councils are frequent, and it is generally reported that the government are only waiting for the first symptoms of insurrection to carry out great projects. Rev. P. Cuevas, the intimate friend of the Archbishop of Toledo, and implicated in the affair at Valladolid, has been arrested at Santander. Several members of the higher orders of the clergy are the objects of an extraordinary surveillance on the part of the police, occasioned by extraordinary revelations. The language of our journals continues to be interesting. The semi-official organ, *La Nacion*, is very gloomy in tone, and seems to have a presentiment of great things. *El Occidente, la Espana, El Diario Espanol, el Parlamento, la Epocha*, and all the conservative fraternity, cheer themselves with the necessity of a *coup d'etat*. The Socialist journals, fearing an accusation that they are the instruments of reaction, pronounce against any attempts at disorder. The *Progresista* journals, with the *Clamor* at their head, recognize the duty of the Government to take measures to prevent the continued dearness of the necessaries of life, but declare themselves ready for any sacrifice, so that Espartero remain at the head of affairs."

Paris (July 17) Correspondence of the London Times.

A private telegraphic dispatch announced that not only Saragossa, but all Arragon is in insurrection—all Arragon, troops and people. By all Aragon is, I suppose, meant the larger towns that have followed in the wake of Saragossa, with their respective garrisons. We have no details, as far as I can ascertain; but the main fact, if correct, or even approaching correctness, is most important. Of Barcelona we knew nothing. No dispatch, as yet, announces her rising, but it is not difficult to say what effect will be produced on her people, troops, and her National Guards, by the news from Madrid of the success of the *coup d'etat*, if *coup d'etat* it has been. That we have, as yet, no news from Barcelona is not extraordinary. From Madrid to that place there is no electric, nor indeed any telegraph, and from Barcelona the telegraph does not extend beyond Mataro, a distance of 13 or 14 miles; but from Mataro to the French frontier there is none. The news of the success of O'Donnell will, therefore, be a long time reaching Barcelona. Should Barcelona unite with Saragossa, the example will probably be followed by other places, and then it would be very doubtful that O'Donnell could maintain his position, though he is in possession of the capitol, and the Queen is now there. The latest accounts from Madrid are of this morning; they have been already telegraphed to you. They are to the effect that the fighting continued for upwards of 24 hours, but that the revolt was at last repressed, with the exception of the bull-fighter, Pucheta, who refused all conditions of surrender, life, money and distinction, and who still held out against, as he said, the 'Traitor O'Donnell,' with a few desperate followers. I have since then seen a dispatch which announces the death of this man, who fought to the last. The National Militia of Madrid have been dissolved, and their arms are to be delivered over to the Government. A more recent dispatch announces that the members of the Cortes remaining in Madrid were dispersed. The Cortes, it must be added, was not prorogued, but only its sittings suspended, and 50 made what I suppose it is proper to call a quorum. In Madrid, O'Donnell now rules supreme. Since the insurrection, Espartero's name has not been heard. Since writing the above, a telegraphic dispatch announces that General Gurrea has arrived at Saragossa. It was rumored on the frontier that the insurgents have had the upper hand at Saragossa."

SUPPRESSION OF THE INSURRECTION—LATEST TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.

"MADRID JULY 16, (EVENING).—At eight o'clock this morning the insurrection was overcome on all points. Gen. Concha obtained possession of the Toledo Gate. As some of the insurgents still held the Plaza Sevaldo, measures were taken to attack them. The various bodies of the lower orders were commanded by Pucheta. At 10 o'clock the last remains of the insurgents dispersed throughout the city, were annihilated. Pucheta was killed. Twelve pieces of artillery were in position in the Plaza Sevaldo. The Queen visited the wounded. Happily the victims were not numerous. The Government has been admirably supported. The disarming of the National Guard is actively carried on. The thoroughfare is re-established. All is tranquil in the provinces, except at Saragossa.

"MADRID, July 17.—To-day order is completely re-established at Madrid. The Queen, accompanied by the King and by Marshal O'Donnell, has just reviewed the garrison. The troops and the people received their Majesties and the Marshal with enthusiasm. To-morrow will take place the solemn burial of the soldiers who have died gloriously in defending the throne and order. P. S.—The twelve pieces of cannon posted on the Plaza Sevaldo belonged to the insurgents. They were captured by the royal troops after some hours of fighting."

The *Daily News* has published the following dispatch from its Paris correspondent, dated Madrid, Thursday: "The insurrection here has been suppressed, after a combat which lasted thirty hours, and was fiercely obstinate. The dead are very numerous. The National Guard has been disarmed. Forty of the deputies, now present at Madrid, have associated themselves to convene the Cortes in a legal manner, were dispersed by the troops. The whereabouts of Espartero is still unknown; he is probably at Saragossa or at Logrono. It is asserted that the garrison there go along with the people. By the news from Barcelona it would appear that Catalonia is also in a state of insurrection."

PARIS, Friday, 6 P. M.—There is no later intelligence from Madrid. *La Patrie* says that the report of a movement at Saragossa is confirmed. It is asserted that General Falcon, who commanded the place, and who was formerly an aide-de-camp of Espartero, made his pronunciamento with the concurrence of a part of the inhabitants; but, according to private intelligence, he was not followed by the troops, who, on the contrary, retired to the heights and castle which commanded Saragossa.

A later telegraphic message from the Captain-General of Catalonia, dated the 17th inst., states that all was tranquil in that principality.

Lord Palmerston and the United States.

From the London Morning Star.

Nothing can be more erroneous than the notion that Lord Palmerston's imperious and swaggering demeanor is directed only against the heads of arbitrary governments. If he makes any distinction at all, it is that implied in the cutting sarcasm addressed to him by Montalembert, in his recent letter on Italy, when he speaks of his "prudent longamity" toward the powerful. Most certainly the character of the governments with which he has to deal has no influence on that braggart and bumptious temper in which he delights to indulge. He has shown the same alacrity to quarrel with the constitutional monarchy of France under Louis Phillippe, and with the Democratic Republic of America, as with Russia and Austria. M. Guizot and Mr. Webster have complained as bitterly as Prince Schwarzenburgh or Count Nesselrode of the difficulty of conducting any negotiations with a man of such a porcupine soul. Miss Martineau, in her *History of the Peace*, after describing the change of administration in 1841, by the accession of Sir R. Peel to office, remarks that the appointment of Lord Aberdeen as Foreign Secretary was peculiarly fortunate at that crisis, in consequence, among other things, of the alarming state in which Lord Palmerston had left our relations with America. She then adds, in allusion, it is supposed, to a conversation between herself and Mr. Webster: "It seems strange," observed an eminent American statesman to an English traveller, "that we republicans should be glad when you Tories come into power. One would think that our sympathies should be with your reform governments; but the truth is, we cannot get on with your Whig Ministers. They do not understand business, and they do not understand official good manners. Your Tory Ministers are able and attentive and courteous, and when we do not agree we are not likely to quarrel. But with the Whigs we have to forbear, and nothing goes on smoothly." In like manner, when the debates about the right of search took place in the French Chambers in 1842, it was openly declared by Guizot and Soult, that all the difficulties on that question had occurred during Lord Palmerston's term of office, and that when Lord Aberdeen succeeded him none had arisen.

And we confess that, so far from feeling any assurance on the ground of liberal sympathies, we look with special anxiety to the prospect of abandoning, at the present critical moment, our relations with America to the unchecked caprices of the Prime Minister. Symptoms are not wanting to warrant the darkest apprehensions. We believe it is no secret in political circles that Lord Palmerston was bent upon the summary dismissal of Mr. Dallas, and would have succeeded in that determination but for the opposition of his colleagues, and probably the significant hints of Mr. Hayter as to the state of feeling in the House and in the country. Every one must have remarked the suppressed bitterness which he betrayed towards the American Government in the debate on Mr. Crampton's motion; and if he feels, as it is impossible for him not to feel, that he stands humbled and rebuked before the Great Western Republic, we believe he is just the man to look for an opportunity to wreak his grudge against her. For, let it be observed, that no successor to Mr. Crampton has been appointed, that no intelligence has been communicated to the country as to the state or prospects of the negotiations respecting Central America, and that additional naval forces continue to be sent out to the West India waters. Is there no man in the House of Commons that has the courage to insist upon some explications being given on these points before Parliament is prorogued? Will the representatives of the people be content to disperse themselves over the four points of the compass without making an attempt to ascertain, at least, for what purpose are these enormous reinforcements of our maritime armaments in the West?

Rights of Protectorship.

The Turin correspondent of the *Daily News* transmits the following particulars of a disgraceful occurrence which took place on the 4th of May, 1856, at Lodi:—The officers of an Austrian squadron of Cavalry were giving a dinner to another squadron of their regiment which was ordered to Crema. This dinner took place in the Hotel del Solino, No. 174, in the street St. Nabore, in Lodi. The greater part of the dinner bill was settled by a very rich young cadet, Coppari, and Lieut. Sieger, of the 4th batallion of infantry, Regiment Ayeroldi, No. 24. All the officers got tipsy, but more especially the officers of Prince Reutz, No. 7 Hussars, commanded by Col. Hall. At this dinner the officers brought some of the most infamous prostitutes of Lodi from the quarter called Ludino. It is impossible to commit to paper the disgraceful scenes which occurred from beginning to end of this dinner. When finished, the officers throttled the master of the hotel, named Pietro Scabardini, threw him down on the ground, stripped him naked, walked round him, and as they passed worse than spat upon the poor man, the prostitutes looking on and applauding. They then began to throw every bit of furniture out of the window. A young employé, who was in the hotel attending his mother, who was dangerously ill, requested them civilly to be quiet, mentioning the reason. They drew their sabres and flogged him with the flat sides. They then went to the streets, where they beat and insulted all whom they met. They first met a monk, Giuseppe Sommariva, "prelato domestico," &c., they bonneted him to the great scandal of the crowd. From this they entered the military café, which belongs to Boconi. Here they met Major Trubin, who formerly commanded the fifth battalion of the Regiment Ayeroldi, they insulted him in the grossest manner, but he did not care to complain, as no redress is ever given. They then went to the Café dei Tedeschi, (a German coffee-room,) and here they beat a certain Kulad, a military intendant, and afterwards thrashed De Andrei, a superior commissary of police; the ringleader in every instance being Count Stadion, First Lieutenant Seventh Hussars, son of Field Marshal Stadion, who has replaced Gen. Giulay at Milan, and nephew of Count Stadion who is now Governor of Vienna. They rolled the gentlemen I have named on the ground and then threw them out of the café. Here was a young lawyer of the name of Ciengo, who is particularly delicate and handsome. They insulted him with the most infamous proposals, in the presence and hearing of the mistress of the café, a respectable person. They forced champagne down a husband's throat to make him drink to the health of his wife, saying all injuries against her. They then seized the little waiter, 12 years old, stripped him naked, and subjected his body to infamous treatment. Chasing the boy, they met Count Bergamo and a young Francisca Picoli, and beat them unmercifully; got hold of an officer of the Octroi, forced him to dance to their singing "Viva Pio IX."—in short the whole town of Lodi was in terror but the police never interfered. They then went to the Cours de Puerta Cremona, broke the windows, and laid hold of some young girls who were working in the shop of Mme. Mamoli, first extinguishing the gas. The girls escaped screaming and alarming the whole town. From this these protectors of Italy and friends of order went to Mme. Negri's millinery shop, and did the same. From this they went to a barber's shop, stripped him and then proposed that he should shave himself in a peculiar manner. From this they placed themselve before the balconies of the Ladies S. B. and M. C., exposed themselves indecently, and called these ladies infamous names. They seized a body of street musicians, took them to a brothel, made them play, guarded by one body of officers, while the other half were up stairs, and so passed a greater part of the night. The musicians were punished by the police next day, and expelled the town. The affair was reported at Vienna, and of course will go unpunished, as all attacks on Italians pass unpunished. Every town in Italy is exposed to

Correspondence.

A great day for Ireland--Political hacks harnessed to the low-backed car--The Lord Mayor in the "dickey"—John Reynolds, the "Jarvies" and a corpulent female—Hackney reminiscences of Mr. Lalor, Dr. Gray, "Lame Reilly," and Sir Tim—The vice-regal court, a "court of Appeal" to the Dubliners—Loyal spoonies and the violated tay-tray—Smith O'Brien's reception—A party at Trabolgan—A new Irish peer, and an old "young Ireland"—The peer introduces the poet to "His Excellency"—Rebel apparition of a "Spirit of the Nation"—Matrimonial speculations—The King of Mosquito and the princess royal—Foreign influence during Fillmore's Administration, &c.

DUBLIN, JULY 18, 1856.

Assuredly, Monday last, the 14th instant, was a great day for Ireland. On that day there was held within the walls of the Music Hall, Lower Abbey street, one of the most important, influential, and enthusiastic meetings Dublin has ever witnessed. The high-minded citizens, without distinction of creed or sect or class or party or denomination, were there in their strength, actuated by one common sentiment, impelled by one majestic impulse, swayed by one holy passion. It was indeed a grand sight to see the bigots in religion, the exclusives in politics, the Lamberts and the Longs, standing side by side on the same platform with those unflinching patriots and staunch friends of the people, the Reynolds, the Grays, the Reillys and the Sir Tims. I will not insult the understandings of your readers by stating the object which brought this great assemblage together. You know, sir, and your readers know, that there is but one object which could have thus reconciled men differing most sturdily in politics and religion—that object was to memorial the Lord Lieutenant that he would be pleased graciously to use his influence to have the 45th rule of the Hackney-Car bye-law regulations removed! Surely a grander object never evoked the sympathies, or aroused the enthusiasm of a free people.

The Lord Mayor presided. The principal orator was John Reynolds. His denunciation ot the 45th bye-law was scathing, and was one of the most powerful pieces of invective ever delivered. His tribute however to the "Jarvies" of Dublin—to their sobriety, morality, and civilization—was most touching and effective, Not a man of them, he said, was implicated in the disturbances of 1848, and yet their necks are hourly to be placed in jeopardy by this iniquitous law. I may here explain, that the 45th rule requires the "jarvey," when driving, to occupy the box-seat. The consequence is that accidents innumerable and ludicrous are daily occurring. Thus, a corpulent female took a car a few Sundays ago, with the intention of taking an airing out towards Dollymount. Passing Aldboro' House—see *Freeman* report—the wheel of the vehicle slightly grazed the curb-stone, in consequence whereof the female aforesaid was precipitated into the street, receiving many severe contusions, by which her already ample proportions were considerably distended.

A Mr. Lalor, a Town Councillor, mentioned in the course of his speech a circumstance which, according to the admirable report of the *Freeman's Journal*, produced a profound sensation in the meeting. A jarvey, driving his car through Dame street, was pitched from this abominable box-seat. He alighted upon his head. Immediately, a policeman ran at him, and seizing him by the collar, commanded him to give an account of himself. Being speechless, said the orator, the man was unable to answer. He was dragged accordingly to the station house. Being here again questioned, and being still speechless, he would not, could not speak. "What do you think?" said Mr. Lalor, "the magistrate actually committed him for being drunk!" (Profound sensation—see *Freeman.*)

Dr. Gray also, in the course of his truly patriotic speech, mentioned a thrilling incident. He was taking a drive on the Howth road. The horse's toe came in contact with a stone, in consequence whereof the animal stumbled. The driver, being in the box-seat, was pitched on his head and stunned; "but I," added the Doctor, "being on the side, landed safely on my legs." (Great applause.)

I may add, *en parenthese*, that the Doctor has a happy knack of always alighting upon his legs—reason why—he always keeps on the safe side.

Reilly, yclept the Tailor, but better known perhaps as Lame Reilly, (notwithstanding his lameness he has managed to hobble into a snug place under the Corporation), was very facetious, and fraternized most beautifully with the jarvies. He did not want to be deprived of his cheap jaunts by this cruel bye-law. You must know that since your time the fare for a "set-down" has been reduced from a shilling to sixpence. Father Marshal, (one of the English converts), a very large man, being over here lately, called a car. While he was getting up, the jarvey shaded most carefully the horse's head with his coat tail.

"What do you do that for, my man?" said Father Marshal.

"Oh, begorra, yer honor," replied the jarvey, "if the baste saw the load he's goin' to carry for sixpence, the divil a foot he'd stir out of this spot."

Tim O'Brien (Sir Tim) made a most eloquent speech. "Every one," he said, "who valued the lives and limbs as well as the rights and privileges of the citizens, should come forward and sustain this movement." (Hurrah, and three cheers for the ladies.)

Do you remember Sir Tim's first speech at the Repeal Association, after his election for Cashel? "In my opinion," said he, "the man who is not in favor of a repale of the corn laws, hasn't a sowl in his body."

For a full account of this glorious demonstration, I must refer you to the *Freeman's Journal*. The report occupies eight columns, besides which the *Freeman* gives a leading article. I must not omit, however, to allude to Dr. Gray's peroration. "Let us go before the Lord Lieutenant," he said, "and thank God that court of appeal is still left to us!" I need not say that these touching words produced a deep sensation.

For an account of the Lord Lieutenant's visit to Limerick, I must refer you to the *Freeman*, (what would become of us without that paper?) "Our Special Correspondent" accompanied his Excellency throughout. The only thing I find omitted in the *Freeman's* report is Father Kenyon's letter. That was not quite to the Doctor's taste. Limerick, on this occasion, truly sustained the character of the "City of the violated tay-tray."

Regardless of all this nonsense, humbug, jarvey slang, congregated palaver and servility, Smith O'Brien quietly, noiselessly, and with dignity, has resought the halls of his fathers. Except in Clare, no public demonstrations have taken place, but every where, I am happy to state for the credit of our people, men of all classes and parties came forward to extend to him a respectful and cordial welcome. In this way the reception he has met with is creditable to the country, and, as I have reason to know, most acceptable to his own feelings. Having served the country in Parliament for twenty years; having endured for that country trial, sentence, banishment, obloquy, and wrong—he is surely now at liberty to return quietly to Cahirmoyle, and there devote himself undisturbed to the practise of those domestic virtues in which he so excels. Should, however, a public life still possess any charms for him, unpledged in any way to the Government, he is free to enter Parliament to-morrow. In this respect he need only consult his own inclinations and sense of right and duty. The county Tipperary is at present at his command, and Clare may be his whenever a vacancy occurs. I believe, however, his present determination is not to enter Parliament, at least under existing circumstances.

After leaving Limerick, His Excellency, Lord Carlisle proceeded to Cork on a visit to Lord Fermoy, (Burke Roche).

A distinguished party was assembled at Trabolgan to meet him—among the rest Michael Joseph Barry. "Ireland," said Lord Fermoy, addressing His Excellency, "may claim the distinction of having produced the Historian and the Poet of the war—allow me to present to your Excellency, the Poet." M. J. B., made his lowest bow, placing at the same time in His Excellency's hand a neat copy of, as he supposed, his "Lays of theWar." His Excellency graciously received it, but after he had read a little, it was observed that a cloud gathered on his noble brow. What can it mean, thought Barry—what can it mean, thought Lord Fermoy. A glance at a small table explained the mystery. Instead of "Lays of the War," His Excellency had been given a pocket edition of the "Spirit of the Nation?" *Nefandum!* Lord Fermoy apologised. Barry slunk into a corner. With his usual urbanity, however, His Excellency overlooked the mistake, and the festivities of the evening were in no way damped, by the untoward incident.

I find the following spicy bit of scandal in the *Nation*.

"*On dit* that the Prince of Prussia is likely to find a rival for the hand of a certain royal princess, in the person of His Majesty the king of Mosquito. Rumor adds that Lord Clarendon favors the pretensions of the Mosquito King, being anxious to cement in the closest manner, the alliance between the kingdoms of Great Britain and Mosquito. His Majesty it is said would long since have pressed his suit in person, but that his royal breeches, the measure for which was taken some years back by a distinguished military tailor, are not yet completed."

What a capital subject this Mosquito king, his coronation, &c., at Jamaica, would be for a farce.

John Brougham could make a splendid thing of it—it would have immense success at the Bowery.

People here, unacquainted with American politics cannot understand how it is that Fillmore is put forward as the champion of the Know-nothing party—the "no foreign influence" party. They ask with astonishment if, during Fillmore's administration, foreign influence did not prevail to an alarming extent in Washington. If Sir H. Bulwer did not then exert an extraordinary influence over the foreign affairs of the Republic—if, during that period the *Prometheus* were not fired at by a British man-of-war at San Juan de Nicaragua—if the colony of the Bay Islands were not established—and the violation by Great Britain of the Clayton Bulwer Treaty, were not silently acquiesced in? They ask these questions, and not receiving a satisfactory answer, they conclude that the "no foreign influence" cry of Fillmore to the Know-nothings means, no toleration to the peoples of Europe; but closest alliance with, collusion with, and submission to the Governments.

IMPORTANT.

I have just seen the *Freeman*. His Excellency has arrived in town, and will receive the Jarvey Deputation this day at four o' clock P. M. at the Vice-regal lodge. The Lord Mayor will head the deputation. Great results are anticipated. KILMAINHAM.

Letter from Kilkenny.

KILKENNY, July 10th, 1856.

According to promise, "St. Canice" must send something in the shape of a letter to you. Yet, believe me, being one who is inadequate to the task of writing for such a journal as yours, I find it not very easy to get up a letter.

"But what's the news?" you ask.

> "Through the middle of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
> In the middle of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame—
> Her lips like the roses, her cheeks much the same,
> Like a plate full of strawberries all smothered in cream."

These were the words Tom Steele commenced his speech with at the Black Abbey (if I mistake not), when called on to respond to "the Ladies," at the last Banquet given to O'Connell in this city. That was a good start of Tom's. He at once won his audience by praising their city and all but offering to kiss some of its pretty dames.

The Board of Guardians met last week. I went up there. Patt Blanchfield took the chair. Capt. Hamilton, P. L. I., wrote to the Board, informing them of his being afflicted with a sore toe, which prevented his being present, and sending a new plan or specification for the Chronic Hospital, which, if the Board adopted it, would incur an additional expense beyond what had been already voted, of from £50 to £75. The Captain's communication closed abruptly, as if the toe was getting rebellious, by informing the Board, he considered "the additional expense would be real economy." The Board, however, seemed not to concur. Not one of them even showed any sympathy for the Captain with the bad toe. William J. Maher, always outspoken and honest, said he never met the word "economy" coming from the Commissioners without having a tail of £200 or £300 coming after it. Maher was right. No man knows better than he does how many of these public officials have their tools and jobbers to whom they give the contracts, and, when they can, rob the poor rate-payers.

Lieutenant Cane, son of the Doctor, has returned home and is now on a visit to his father. It's a horrid sight to see the son of a man who was reputed as the head of the Young Ireland party in Kilkenny, proudly strutting about in the Queen's livery. I'd sooner have sent my son, with a red flannel shirt (I believe that is the usual dress of your pioneers,) and a good axe, off to the backwoods of America, and made him hew his way before him.

Our Town Council have come to the resolution of doing something in aid of the suffering French people who lost their all in the late terrible rains and floods. The *Journal* is out in an eloquent article, calling on its readers to remember the ties which bind us to France. The *Journal*, also, has a leading article headed, "The Brothers Sadleir," in which the base duplicity of Palmerston's government, and of the Irish Attorney-General in particular, is laid bare. It says:—

"Mr. James Sadleir has escaped—and without the dramatic spectacle of the fictitious suicide at Hampstead Heath! Thanks to the considerate negligence of the British Government, he has been enabled to make a leisurely arrangement of his affairs, and start for some fair region at the other end of the earth, where he will probably be rejoined by his infamous brother, and the two greatest scoundrels of modern history will enjoy themselves upon the money of the plundered people, and gloat over the success with which they have labored for the ruin of Ireland."

Dr. Walsh, the R. C. Bishop of Ossory, has returned home from his visit to the Holy See. He appears in good health, and has just issued a Pastoral, soliciting aid from the Catholics of his diocese towards the completion of the new Cathedral.

Father Rowan has received and published an acknowledgment from Mr. Golding, of Gowran, of the sum of £1, restitution money, made through him to Lord Clifden.

By the way, I see that the Agricultural Society of Ballinasloe have determined on having a grand exhibition of Sires during their next fair. The animals are to be kept, for three days previous to the prizes being given away, at the Earl of Clancarty's. Many of those exhibited in Paris are expected, and it is even said that the Emperor himself will enter the lists for some of the prizes. Well, that's good. The father of "that Blessed Baby" coming to Ballinasloe to exhibit himself among the Sires! It beats Banagher out and out. I hope his stall-fed neighbors won't get republican notions, least they might give him a rip. I'd promise to go see him and report to you how things will go on, were it not that your Argus-eyed "Kilmainham" will be surely there, even though he had no other way of getting down than in the big van in which Moses, the Ready-Made Clothing Man, transports his establishment every year, for the fair week, from Dublin to Ballinasloe.

I often thought how mad with Eugenie the Emperor must have been for not giving him "the blessed baby" in time to enter him for the prize at that great baby show your renowned citizen, Barnum, got up in New-York. I'm told he's a mighty fine boy! He may one day be the King of *All-jeers*.

The Summer Examinations at St. Kyran's College have passed off with their wonted eclât. The anxiety for "*places*" was quite as vehement as when your correspondent was a competitor therefor within the walls of old Burrell's Hall, now the site of our magnificent Cathedral.

All the old dodges to "*get out the sentence*" (that is, to discover the exact paragraph selected by the examiners), were, I am told, in full play, and as many new ones as the parties concerned had the talent to invent, for the important occasion. As usual, the least worthy procured most honors.

Mr. John Rice, of Dunbell, a most respectable old gentleman, having attained near to his hundredth year, has at last passed from amongst us. His funeral was most numerously attended.

Towards the end of the long walk, which extends through the pleasure-grounds attached to Ormond Castle, and just from where bubble up the beauteous, cold and sparkling waters of the "Seven Springs," in the sewer running down by the the old "Mile-Tree" on the Canal-Walk, a brace of otters have for some time resided, much to the annoyance of the dogs and fishermen, and the destruction of the trout and salmon in the vicinity—which destruction I protest against. Recently these old pests have produced a litter of young ones. The denizens about the "Black Quarry" describe the antics of the youngsters, while disporting in our "Stream without mud," as being most amusing. The greatest desire to capture them exists. As yet (as always with us) this desire has only produced a moral-force conclusion, and strong resolutions to expel the plunderers. Meantime, my chances of a nice speckled trout or a slice of curdy salmon now and then, daily decrease.

Pierce Somerset Butler, one of the old stock, but degenerated so that he is good neither for king nor couuntry, has again gone over to London to make one last effort for the title of Viscount Mountgarrett. You know it has been decided in half-a-dozen tribunals already, the last decision being adverse to Pierce. I like, however, to see him determined to die game. You must have known him. With all the advantages derivable from family *prestige*, one of the finest men to be met anywhere, with that easy air which at once marks the gentleman, professing honest principles, yet he never acquired the rank to ensure his power of commanding even a minor situation for himself or a friend. Strange indeed were the vicissitudes with which the whole family of the Butlers had to contend. It was like as if they were destined to dwindle away with their beautiful island home. The best and most energetic of the family, to my mind, was Tom, who lived in Littlefield, now occupied by E. J. Maher, the agent of George Bryan, Esq. Then there was Edmund, the Minister, who delighted in a gallop with the

hounds. He was a constant follower of Stannard's glorious pack of hare-hounds. Some said Edmund was a thought touched in the brain. However, I am told, at the death of the late Earl of Kilkenny, Edmund took it on himself to expostulate with death. He roamed through every room in Ballyconra House that night, calling aloud, "Go, death! go take blind Tom, but don't touch the Earl of Kilkenny!" However, death spared blind Tom, and took the Earl.

ST. CANICE.

PARAGRAPHS

FROM THE KILKENNY, WATERFORD, AND WEXFORD PAPERS—PEN AND SCISSORS WORK.

They have had the brightest of times down in Limerick. More than three-fourths of the Irish papers say so. The *Freeman's Journal* is bursting with adjectives about it. An old crab-tree, the viceregal sunshine has brought out pink and white blossoms all over it. All the other patriotic papers of the like root and sap appear in the same style. Even such an old stick as the *Wexford Independent* has given birth to a votive daisy or two. The Tipperary *Vindicator*, however, is sullen on the subject. A slip from it, in another part of the NEWS, establishes this. The *Kilkenny Journal*, also, refuses a smile to the Castle *cortege*, as it dashes by with its golden *aiguillettes* and snow-white plumes. With a proud curl of the lip, the *Journal* flings its scorn on the flunkeyism of Limerick.

"Yes, indeed, it was one of those spectacles which have unhappily become too frequent among us, of late—a declaration on the part of those who represent the civic wealth of Ireland, that their necks at last repose pleasantly in their collars of gold, and that, *for the first time*, a generation of Irishmen is content to subside into the ignominious slough of provincialism.

So the *Journal* writes. "And so," it adds, "they hug their glittering chains, and surrender the Green Flag which never before touched the ground, during a struggle of centuries." The *Journal* follows this up, denying a statement of the *Munster News* to the effect, that the Mayor of Kilkenny was present at the Limerick pro-consulate ovation:

"The Chief Magistrate of Kilkenny will scarcely take any extravagant pains to compliment a Lord Lieutenant, who hampered us with an additional police force, treated the Memorial of our Grand Jury with disdain, and branded Kilkenny as the scene of 'disgraceful disturbances.'

This is the language of the journal. May its wholesome inkstand never fail!

Under the head of *The Romantic Literature of Ancient Ireland*, we have an interesting account of the first Irishman who died for Christ. His name was O'Connor McNessa.

The Kilkenny ladies, it appears, are subscribing bountifully for a *Ladye Chapelle*, now being completed in their city. A sum of £780 has been realized. No less than £250 were voted at the last meeting of the subscribers for the Statue and altar brought over by Bishop Walsh recently from Rome. Corry Connellan, private secretary to Lord Clarendon in '48, has been inspecting the Kilkenny county and city jails. He's exquisitely qualified for that sort of work. Nothing can knock him over. He can cordially handle a birch, that has been steeped in the most virulent filth. From the report at the last weekly meeting of the Callan Union, we give the following statistics:—

"Remaining on previous Saturday, 482; admitted during the week, 30; discharged, 21; remaining on last Saturday, 473; of this number 112 were in the infirmary, 14 in fever hospital, and 347 in main house. Corresponding week in 1855, 585.

The cost of provisions and necessaries received during the week was, £57 18 6; the cost of ditto consumed during the week was, £49 7 7; general average cost, 1 1*s* 10½*d.*; average in infirmary, 3*s.* 1*d.*; average in fever hospital, 4*s.* 8*d.*

The cost of out door relief during the week was £1 14 4. By the Treasurer's book it appeared that there had been received during the week, £6 18 1; paid out during the week, £89 2 4; balance against the Guardians, £268 4 10; outstanding cheques, £165 13 5; leaving a total balance against the Guardians of £433 18 3."

Then, there's been a meeting of the Kilkenny Literary Society, at which a vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Johnson for his kindness in providing the members with gratuitous accommodation for their Museum during the past year. Nothing else at all notable transpires in the published account of the meeting. The *Journal* should let us know more about the Society. Most things done there, would prove more instructive and agreeable to the public generally, than the fact, which we ascertain from another column, that at a meeting of the Town Commission, two or three days ago, Ald. Dr. Kane proposed that Mr. Michael Flynn be appointed Inspector of Nuisances at Five Pounds a year. Corry Connellan should have had the appointment. There was, however, another vote passed, which smells more sweetly than the former. It was a vote to Mr. D. Ferguson for his liberality in encouraging a grand system of Water Works in the city of the limpid Nore. Dr. Cane proposed the vote. In proposing the vote, the Doctor was eloquent.

"I have known Mr. Ferguson for many years," said the speaker, "and I never knew a man of a more philantrophic turn of mind—one more disinterestedly resolved upon doing public good. He has no pecuniary interest in the matter—to him its success can only bring honor and public gratitude. I have always expressed the opinion, and expressed it many years ago, that the time should come when water would be supplied to every house and inhabitant of Kilkenny through public pipes—water pure and wholesome, instead of the foul fluid given from wells and pumps, poisoned by the public sewerage."

Kilkenny is looking up. A pump in New-York would be as queer a sight as a hall-door knocker. 'Twould be an awkward intrusion on the civilization of Croton reservoirs and hydrants. Mr. Ferguson deserves a silvery fountain beside his grave when laid there,—one that in frost and summer-heat should perpetually, and with the tinkling of a thousand fairy bells and bubbles' play above his bones, and keep them fresh.

There's a paragraph about the Dispensary. A mere mention of names, notifying that Matthew Rowan, Esq., was in the chair at the last meeting of the Committee, that Dr. Kearns, medical officer of the Institution was in attendance, and that a letter respecting fever patients, was read by Mr. Dunply, the Secretary. A sentence or two concerning the state of the Borris Wool Market, follows. Referring to something about which we heard nothing, they set us an enigma in type, and leave us as wise as we were. A list of subscribers to the Relief Fund for France, slips in close after the enigma on Wool. The Mayor contributes £2; Dr. Cane, ditto; Edmund Smithwick, ditto, repeated; and so on. Some men never die. Some purses never fail. The Smithwick's have never yet dried up. They run freely, and their course is pleasant. A letter from *A Celt*, follows the French sympathy subscription list. It begins with a quotation from Watty Cox—as vagabond a genius as ever flashed Irish diamonds out of a pen upon paper: "The worst use you could make of a man was to hang him." Thus wrote Watty, the Massaroni of Magazines. The *Celt*, in the *Kilkenny Journal*, adopts the sensible aphorism as a text, and puts the question—

"Have the Irish Militia been treated after the latter fashion? If they have, they should not complain too much; they put themselves, voluntarily, under arms for the ostensible purpose at least of supporting English dominion in Ireland, and accordingly, after the real downright English rule, have they been *paid off* for their loyalty and alacrity."

The *Celt* is right. Men who put their legs into English trowsers, put their leg in it, and do so with the help of spectacles of the power of seven centuries to direct them otherwise, and deserve, and certainly excite, very slight compassion for their mistake. The *Celt* is a man. A sensible man. A man who manfully reserves his sympathies for those who wisely and gallantly win them.

One hundred and fifty of the Kilkenny Militia have left the regiment. The regiment is completely disembodied by this. It appears that the County Grand Jury is to provide accommodation for the permanent staff. The House of Correction, on the Kells Road, we learn from the *Journal*, is likely to be put in a state of permanent repair for the purpose. It's an appropriate place. The Staff of the Militia in Kilkenny, and every other city and county in Ireland, richly deserve the House of Correction. After the Militia news, we are happy to find, in the smallest of type, that the lady of Alderman Daniel Smithwick has given birth to a daughter. With which item—a very pleasant and bright one—we gracefully toss off the *Journal*, and take to the *Waterford News*. What says the *Waterford News?* Under the head of *Correspondents*, it has, first of all, this right manly sentiment *à prôpos* to the return of O'Brien:

"We agree with you that William Smith O'Brien ought not to accept any 'public demonstration of gas' or 'congratulatory addresses' on his return to a country which hurra'd him into his peril, and when he was doomed to a fate of exile leaving, his wife widowed and his children fatherless for eight years, threw up their hats to greet his most embittered foe. 'Patriotism' of the present day, as we see it under our own eye, is composed of the most hollow and rotten material. The laws are liberal and generous enough, if the minds were not so much debased."

We give that without a word of comment. 'Twill stand. The Column of July, *Place Bastille*, needs no *Immortelles*. It is stately and sublime, majestic with the memory of countless martyrdoms for freedom—of itself and by itself a monument ever speaking, like the colossal Moses of Michael Angelo, to the great heart and intellect of humanity—and wants nothing to help it in the deep solemnity of its silent preaching. So, too, can such bold truths as the Waterford *News*, in the sentence quoted, build up in the midst of a people prostrate to the earth, with their *bustles* to the sun, like the Musselmen in a Mosque. Such truths want no confirmation. They are solid of themselves. They stand in need of no embellishment, wrought with goose-quill or elastic diamond-pointed pen. They are beautiful and ornate from the affluence of their own nature.

A Dungarvan correspondent of the Waterford *News* communicates the fact, that the Ring fishermen killed in one day, three weeks back, no less than 200 porpoises, some of them measuring from 20 to 30 feet. Then there's been a storm sweeping up the Suir from Hook Tower. The *News* says that the sea rose to an enormous height in the harbor and about the coast, and that much damage it is to be feared, has been done to the wheat and potato crop. The ferry-boat at Passage was upset when trying to take off passengers from the Duncannon steamer. The two men pulling her had to swim ashore.

After a storm comes a calm. The saying is applicable if a meeting in Dungarvan Court-house, even on Railway qnestion, dead as it usually is, can be called a calm. The Waterford people want to have their noble county, from the Suir to the Blackwater, and from Mount-Misery to the tip of the Clonmel spur of the Commeraghs, opened. They want a track of fire through their rich fields from estuary to river-head, from sea-cliff to mountain-top. The meeting in Dungarvan, over which Sir John Keane, presides, expresses this wish, and Mr. Charles Tarrant, Civil Engineer, gives a practical and shining shape to it. To give particulars is out of the question. We compress a multitude of minutiæ into the smallest package possible. We throw out facts like hand grenades. A world in a wall-nut. The Clonmel railroad from Waterford will cost £187,747. The Dungarvan road, £191,504. The latter leaves the Tramore railroad east of Butlerstown castle, passes south of Whitfield (Mr. Christmas demesne), through the valley of Ballyduff, near Kilmacthomas, to about one mile west of the village of Stradbally. Then it crosses the Tay, and afterwards the Ballyvoile rivers, from which point it shortly strikes the Waterford coach-road. Lord Stuart de Decies spoke at the meeting. So did Coroner Delahunty, once the parochial King of Repealers. Extremes meet in adversity, the old proverb tells us they do. In peace, likewise. The report of the Dungarvan meeting establishes the proverb.

A section of a column, devoted to the Dredge boat, and the minutest slice (hardly a line and a quarter) informing us that the People's is progressing at a "snail's pace," completes the *Arabia*, that is if we except a letter, signed *Longinus*, which appears in the last column of the Waterford *Chronicle* of the 11th of July. This letter, however, we are not disposed to seal with black sealingwax, and throw amongst the dead. It is headed *Lynch Law* in Kilmacow, and contains the following facts:—

"An old horse has been in the habit of straying into the chapel-yard burial-ground of Kilmacow, to graze amongst the graves of the dead, and as the owner would not keep him from rambling, some of the peasantry resolved to execute Lynch Law on the truant. Having caught him in the fact, they procured a shears and divested him of his mane and the hair of his tail, leaving the latter mighty like a pump-handle, to scare away the flies. A wag then tied a lot of brass buttons around the tail, as if in mockery or compensation. The buttons very much resembled old guineas, and some supposed that the animal had returned from an expedition to California and escaped with a few nuggets. The owner of the beast was at first overjoyed at what appeared to be precious metal, and hoped to be able to purchase a snug farm; but alas! the buttons were all brass, and his hopes were blasted."

"From the grave to the severe," wrote Boileau in his fables, and so we jump on. Or rather, so we juump back. For we return to a Wexford paper, the *People*, and give the extract it quotes from the St. Louis *Leader*, of St. Louis:—

"Look at Ireland at this moment. Representative government exists there, and if the Irish members of Parliament truly represented the interests and wishes of their constituents, Tenant-right would soon be established, and the brutal and desolating eviction process would be at an end, and that monster nuisance, the Established Church in Ireland, would be swept from the face of the Earth. What is the reason this is not done? It is because the Irish constituencies do not require fidelity at the hands of their representatives, because they do not select men proved to be faithful, or known to be reliable, in place of the base minions of power, or the favored scions of nobility, as their representatives in Parliament. What can be more absurd, for instance, to give it no harsher name, than the conduct of Dr. Cahill, in writing long letters to Lord Carlisle in favor of the rights of Ireland, in order to support a paper, which is pledged to the defence of a system of selling the rights of Ireland by its representatives to the government!"

These are admirable views; admirably worded, and the Irish in Ireland, as well as the Irish in America and elsewhere, will be all the better for taking them calmly and seriously to heart, and thinking and doing as they faithfully dictate.

The Irish Press on the Nenagh Militia Riot.

The *Leinster Express* writes that—

Nothing could justify such an outbreak as has been witnessed in Nenagh; but it is worth considering whether it was expedient to allow a pretext to the unruly spirits of which the North Tipperary militia is composed. The retention of a pair of cloth trowsers appears to have been that which more immediately led to the *emeute*—the holder was placed in custody, and his comrades rose in a body for his rescue. No sufficient force was at hand to overawe the rioters; the officers had not influence enough to restore order; whilst the worst passions of the men were influenced by the *mauvais sujets* who can be easily found in the lanes and alleys of every considerable town. Fortunately there was little ammunition to be had, or the consequences might have been much worse.

The Waterford *Chronicle*, speaking of the matter, writes in this style—

Excitable men, smarting under injury, cannot always be made to hear reason; and we do believe the North Tips, and *every* Irish militiaman, have many injuries to complain of, and we hope one good effect, at least, will spring from the scene, and that is to turn the attention of the Government to the just claims of the Irish Militia, and induce them to do them full and ample justice, to which as a body, they are so fully entitled.

The Tipperary *Vindicator* says—

It is feared that there has been a much greater loss of life on the part of the Militia than was at first reported. Four soldiers of the line were killed; and from all we can ascertain there have not been less than eight or nine of the Militia shot dead, whilst numbers have been most seriously and it is apprehended mortally wounded. English governments are so fond of breaking treaties with Ireland and the Irish, from the earliest to the latest days, that it is not to be wondered at they should tamper with the feelings of, and trample on and scorn the claims—the legal, legitimate claims of men who answered the summons to rally around England's standard in the moment of her difficulty and danger, and produce a state of irritation which has had no parallel in the chequered history of the times.

The *Dublin Nation*, has the following epitomization of Mr. Fillmore's Presidential career—

Millard Fillmore, the Know-Nothing candidate for the American Presidency, is the weakest in intellect, perhaps, of any of the leading public men of the States. He obtained the office of President before by the accident of General Taylor's death—he at the time having been Vice-President. During the period that he occupied the Presidential chair, Sir H. Bulwer, as was stated by an American paper, directed the foreign affairs of America, and the English Government appeared to have CARTE BLANCHE to act as they pleased on the American Continent. Thus, the Colony of the Bay Islands was established in 1852 without a murmur from Fillmore. Thus also an American mail steamer was fired at by a British man of war in the harbor of San Juan de Nicaragua. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty was allowed to be trampled on with impunity. During Fillmore's Presidency the United States commanded little respect from foreign powers, and were only saved from absolute contempt by one or two masterly dispatches from Daniel Webster. Surely a strange champion is Fillmore for the Know-Nothings—that party which declaims against "foreign influence." Never, we say, was foreign influence so rampant at Washington as during Fillmore's term of office. But he has no chance of success at present. The American people have taken his measure, and the real contest will be between Buchanan and Fremont. We think there can be little doubt but that the former will be elected.

The *Ulsterman*, published in Belfast, says—

That the riot of the Tipperary Militia is not disgraceful to the men, but eminently disgraceful to the authorities. The Government have been guilty of a fraud in the matter which we blush to record. A mean and beggarly spirit of economy tempted the precious Government of which Lord Palmerston is the fitting head, to violate the contract they had entered into, and cheat these men of their stipulated pay. The same beggarly economy went farther. The poor fellows who formed the Tipperary Militia belonged necessarily to the humblest portion of the population. A year or more ago they exchanged their rags for the government uniform. When the order for their disbandment was given, they were required to strip off every portion of their uniform and find their rags again.

One poor fellow stripped till he came to his breeches. He had none to replace them with; and delicacy stopped him there. For this "act of mutiny" he was clapped into the black hole, and the other men, savage at the disgraceful treatment they had got, and specially indignant at being cheated out of their pay, rebelled and rescued their comrade.

Irish News.

The Limerick *Reporter*, in giving a full account of the visit of the Earl of Carlisle to Limerick, says: There has been no popular enthusiasm—no excitement—no display, except of a merely official character—no gatherings—no congratulations—nothing whatever, except what was cold and formal—what was divested of those brilliant characteristics which would greet the arrival of the Earl of Carlisle in other times, when the name of Morpeth was a household word among the people, and when the Whig party declared itself in favor of Ireland. The *Reporter* intimates that his Lordship is not thought to sympathise with those great principles which at one period were so closely associated with his exalted public character. He is believed to have gone backwards with the Whig school to which he belongs, rather than advanced with the age, of which he might be one of the master spirits. He is suspected of having a leaning towards the continuance of the church establishment unreformed, and with its combrous, complicated, and costly machinery, far and away greater than becomes a Reformer of its abuses and monstrosities.

The Cork *Examiner* understands that at the usual period of granting spirit licenses, an attack is about to be made on the firmness with which the Recorder and Magistrates have resisted the increase of public houses in that city. There are already, according to the information collected by the magistrates, over 500 public houses in Cork, and to this enormous number, which ought to be further reduced instead of increased, a large addition, the *Examiner* regrets, is now sought to be made. The persons already in the trade, following the example of those in Dublin, have combined to resist this indefinite increase of public houses.

From the Cork *Southern Reporter* we learn that a special meeting of the Town Council will be shortly held to take into consideration the purchase of the water works—to consider the application of the ladies of the Presentation Convent in reference to the rating of the convent—to consider the expediency of rescinding the order in Council for letting the Ferries by auction, and suggesting the same should be let by tender.

Archdeacon O'Reilly, of Athlone, has purchased the house, offices and premises, lately occupied by Mrs. O'Bierne, for a convent of the Order of Mercy. The house is in perfect order. There is a good garden and a large field. Steamers ply each alternate day to and from Athlone to Limerick and Carrick-on-Shannon; this, with the railroad, will afford to parents and guardians every facility to visit their intimate friends who may be inmates of the convent.

A wordy war took place in Dublin, very lately, between two gentlemen from the West of Ireland. One of them applied his his whip to his antagonist and gave him a sound flogging. The gentleman who suffered, summoned him before the Police Magistrates, who inflicted the penalty of £2, and bound the offender in sureties to keep the peace for the future.

TheRev. James O'Shea, P. P. of Stonehall, having been deputed by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, R. C. B., to proceed to Scotland, for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions in aid of the fund for erecting St. John's new Catholic cathedral, the rev. gentleman has left on his mission.

The Archbishop of Tuam has lately administered the sacrament of Confirmation to upwards of four hundred children in the parish of Islandeady. A most eloquent and impressive discourse in the Irish language was delivered on the occasion by the Rev. Patrick Greene, R.C.C., Castlebar.

The Earl of Dunraven, Sir Vere de Vere, Lady de Vere, and Thomas Boyse, J. P., a few Sundays since attended at Adare parish, where High Mass was celebrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan. The Rev. Mr. Anderton, nephew to Archdeacon Manning, and chaplain to Earl Dunraven, attended on the occasion.

A fine screw steamship, called the *Vivandiere* has arrived in Cork harbor from Glasgow. The *Vivandiere* is intended to trade regularly between Cork, Waterford and Glasgow, and will supply a want long felt by the mercantile and trading communities of those cities.

Lieutenant Pierce, who was murdered recently near Varna, was a native of Cork and son to Mr. Pierce who was at one time Governor of the old Cork House of Industry. He was about 45 years of age, and before his appointm entto the Transport Corps was in the London Police.

The sheep of the British Isles number about 35,000,000; England alone possesses about 27,000,000; Scotland, according to the agricultural statistics of 1854, has 4,787,235, and Ireland, in 1833, had 3,142,656.

We learn from the *Reporter*, that the brewers of Cork, have reduced the price of porter from 40s to 35s a cask, which leaves the retail price 2d per pint. This reduction is consequent upon a similar movement adopted by the Dublin brewers.

The Hon. Luke Gerald Dillon, eldest son of Lord Clonbrock, at present employed in the Foreign Office, was offered and refused the office of *attache*, to the Minister at Washington. The Hon. Mr. Dillon, will shortly be connected with the British Embassy at Vienna.

Three drays, heavily laden with household furniture, arrived in Carlow, three weeks ago, from Tipperary. They were stated to be the property of Mr. James Sadleir, and on their way to Dublin.

The town of Ennis, New-market-on-Fergus, Corofin, and Clare, were all illuminated on the arrival of Mr. O'Brien at Dromoland, the seat of his brother, Lord Inchiquin. Bonfires blazed on every hill in the entire of Burren.

The Rev. Dr. O'Brien recently preached a charity sermon in New Ross, when a sum of £27 was received at the doors. In the evening the rev. gentleman inaugurated the Young Men's Society, and 200 members were entered.

Major Massey of the Tipperary Artillery, and Laurence Waldron, Esq., of Rathgar, will, in all likelihood, be candidates for the representation of Tipperary county, whenever a vacancy occurs.

Sir Thomas Redington and James Daly, Esq., have subscribed £25 and £20 respectively towards erecting a nunnery in Gort.

The Town Commissioners of Tuam have given the usual grant of £30 towards the races.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick, has gone on a visit to Sir Vere de Vere, Bart., Curragh Chase, near Adare.

Mr. Bateson, M. P., is still confined to his bed by severe gastric fever.

A blue book of 300 pages contains the 34th Report of the Inspectors-General on the general state of prisons in Ireland during the year 1855. The Report bears testimony to the fact that crime, which reached its climax in 1850, has been steadily decreasing ever since, and is rapidly returning to the position in which it stood in 1846, the year latterly taken as the standard of measurement in consequence of its melancholy notoriety as the first year of famine. The number of prisoners immured in prison on New Year's Day last amounted to 3,561, against 5,080 on the 1st of January, 1855, and the total number of prisoners incarcerated during the year 1855 amounted to 54,531 against 73,733 in 1854, 83,805 in 1853, 92,638 in 1852, 113,554 in 1851, and 115,871 in 1850. The daily average has fallen from 11,496 to 4,418.3. 98 deaths of prisoners occurred in 1856 against 102 in 1854. The decrease of the number of prisoners confined in county gaols is very remarkable. It is shown that in six county gaols the daily average for the last five years has fallen far below that for the seven years ending with 1846, and that in many others a similar result is fast approaching.

A correspondent of the *Dublin Evening Mail* informs us, that Mr. Cane, of the town of Tours, in France, mentioned in the *Times* as having subscribed the sum of 10,000f. or £400 British, for the sufferers by the late inundations, is of Irish descent. He is the son of Mr. Cane, who is described by Lord Blaney, as a gentleman of great influence, and who was known by the name of "Claret Cane," on account of his unbounded hospitality. Mr. Cane, the father, was a native of the North of Ireland, who settled in France previous to the revolution; his son, the present Mr. Cane, was born in Tours, where he possesses property.

A circular has been received from Dublin Castle allowing any of the men of the Royal Longford Rifles to return to their homes, although the regiment is now 400 strong only. A guard of honor, consisting of 60 men, along with the band and bugles of the regiment, under the command of Capt. Loftus Bush Fox, were drawn up at the Carlow railway station to receive the Judges of Assize. It was truly gratifying, writes the *Express*, to Chief Justice Monahan, to recognize the voice, when arms were "presented" to him, of an old member of the Bar. Capt. Fox was a barrister of six years' standing, and on Chief Justice Monahan's circuit.

We understand from the *Nation* that out of six constituencies which had called upon him, Mr. Duffy has selected to sit for the united counties of Heytesbury and Villiers, in compliment, the *Nation* presumes, to the two Viceroys of those names who prosecuted him for rebellion at home. The *Nation* further observes that the Australian racing people appear to have taken a mania for calling their horses "Gavan Duffy." At the races, on Patrick's Day, one of the best running was made by a fine Australian nag called "Smith O'Brien;" and two "Gavan Duffys" exhibited their paces to the delight of the course.

The Limerick Athenæum has been opened by the Lord Lieutenant, attended by General Chatterton and Staff. Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Lord Bishop of Limerick, was present. An address from the President and Council of the Athenæum was read by Mr. W. L. Joynt, who handed it to His Excellency, who returned a reply. The Earl of Dunraven read an address to His Excellency from the Limerick School of Art. His Excellency returned an eloquent answer. The performance of the Harmonic Society on the occasion was splendid.

The military districts of Belfast and Limerick are about to be discontinued. Major-General Sir James Chatterton, who commands at Limerick, is to command the brigade of cavalry at the Curragh. Major-General Gough is to have command of one of the brigades of infantry at the Curragh. The headquarters of the Cork district are to be moved to Fermoy, where a large body of troops are to be concentrated. The only staff officer to be left at Cork is the Assistant-Quartermaster-General, who remains to superintend the embarkation and disembarkation of troops.

The Derry *Journal*, speaking of a recent storm in that quarter, informs us that houses were stripped, trees rooted up, and early potatoes much injured. At Bundora the storm was dreadful. A trolling yacht, the property of Mr. Johnston, of Magheramena, was driven from her anchorage on the rocks, and in the morning was found to be a total wreck, scarcely a piece of her remaining together.

An inquest has been held on some of the men killed in the riot of the Tipperary Militia. The jury returned a verdict in the case of Hurley, a private of the 31st Regt., who had fought in the three great battles of the Crimea, that he was killed with a gun shot by some one unknown. In the case of Gibbons, a pensioner, they found a verdict that he was killed by a soldier of the 53d Regt., who fired into his house.

On the eve of the Twelfth of July, the Belfast *Mercury* states that shortly before midnight a brisk fire of blank cartridge began in Durham street, and was taken up in other neighboring quarters where Orangeism prevails. The noisy amusement was kept up for some time, having been heralded in by the sound of drum and fife.

The Wexford *Independent* says that Mr. Wynne, the newly-elected Secretary to the Wexford Grand Jury, gives universal satisfaction by the able manner in which he discharges the duties pertaining to his office.

Three detachments of the Grenadier Guards have arrived in Dublin. The troops were cordially cheered as they marched from the station to Richmond Barracks.

Two hundred and forty soldiers of the South Mayo Militia, lately stationed at the Curragh, were disbanded. They were allowed to carry away with them their fatigue dress and kit.

At the close of the Waterford Assizes, Baron Pennefather was presented with a pair of white gloves by Sir John Keane, Bart., the High Sheriff of that county, in token of the total absence of criminal business.

The Hon. G. P. O'Callaghan, son of Lord Lismore, has formally announced his intention of offering himself as a candidate for the representation of the county of Tipperary.

The bishop of Ossory, the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, has arrived in Kilkenny after his sojourn in Rome. The reverend prelate is in the enjoyment of excellent health and spirits.

The shop of Mr. Eldon Graham of Mountmelick, has been robbed of £4 in coppers.

The Londonderry Militia, for some time back stationed in Derry, has been disembodied.

The subscription to the testimonial to the late Veneralbe Archdeacon MacHale already amounts to £100.

The *Kerry Post*, exults in the fact that there was not a single prisoner in the county jail for trial at the past assizes.

At the Ballickmoyler Petty Sessions lately, the magistrates signed warrants for the apprehension of Robert Wilson, of Garrendenny, and others, for the abduction of Miss Anna Maria Hoskins, of Clonbrock, near Newtown Colliery. It seems the young lady and her abductor were on terms of great intimacy, and that her parents sanctioned the addresses of her admirer. But a wealthier suitor appearing, in the person of one Mr. Harcourt Lees, from the north of Ireland, the old couple prohibited all further intercourse between their daughter and young Wilson. Mr. Lees pressed his suit so successfully with the parents, that a day was named for the wedding. The day before, she, her sister, brother, and north country admirer, went to spend the day at an uncle's house. In the evening, when returning, and just at the entrance of her own residence, Wilson and party surrounded the jaunting-car, and bore away the prize. Mr. Harcourt Lees got a bloody nose and a pair of black eyes, for daring to aspire to the fair hand of the "rose of Clonbrock." There is no clue since to the whereabouts of Miss Hoskins and her abductor. Rumor ascribes to the young lady the credit of planning this episode in rural life.

We learn from the Cork *Examiner* that the Earl of Kenmare is owner of a large tract of country; and that in the neighborhood of Bantry tenants upon his lordship's estate are made to feel that their landlord is more concerned about advancing their interests than he is about increasing his own income. The *Examiner* also informs us that the present Earl has not been in possession of the title three years in full, and that during that period he has contributed largely to the funds raised for the purpose of completing the chapels in the parish of Bantry. His latest act of generosity consists in granting a valuable piece of ground adjoining the town of Bantry, as a site for a Convent. His lordship has also contributed £50 towards the convent building fund.

Two years ago, on Easter Monday, the Rev. Mr. Barett laid the first stone of a new church at Drumlyon, a retired district of the parish of Croghan. By the exertions of the people, who contributed with a liberality beyond their means, together with the aid of many kindhearted persons, both Protestant and Catholic, the Rev. Mr. Barett has been enabled to finish the building. It has been solemnly dedicated by the Lord Bishop of Ardagh. The very Rev. Dr. Cahill preached the dedication sermon.

Mr. Roebuck, we are informed by the *Tipperary Vindicator*, has given notice of a motion to expel Mr. James Sadleir from the House of Commons unless he surrender himself shortly. That Mr. James Sadleir will not appear during the period of his natural life, the *Vindicator* thinks is pretty evident, unless he should prefer penal servitude for the rest of his dishonored days to the free life he may enjoy in Christinia or whatever country has not exchanged with England a treaty of extradition.

The tenantry on Mr. Pollock's estate at Cregg have been favored with a circular requesting their attendance on a day and hour named, to meet their landlord and discuss matters. This looks amicable, says the *Roscommon Message*, and we sho'd be happy to believe it so, were we not informed that a second circular, in the shape of an ejectment process, was delivered to the same parties within an hour after the receipt of the first.

The *Limerick Reporter* deeply regrets that a desperate faction fight occurred at the fair of Hospital, between the old rivals, the "two-year-olds" and the "three-year-olds." Blood was profusely shed on both sides. The Liddanes and the Mitchels were the principals. Upwards of twenty of them have been arrested and lodged in bridewell. The fair was otherwise well attended, and the number of horses sold was enormous.

The *Tablet* believes the gates of Clonmel gaol have been thrown open to Mr. John Carden, who proceeded on horseback, as privately as possible, to the Limerick junction *en route* to Cork, where he is to remain for a few days, and afterwards to go to the Continent on a visit to a relative. Mr. Carden appeared pale and careworn. While in Clonmel prison he was engaged principally in artisan pursuits. He made a considerable variety of small articles which manifested much ingenuity.

Notwithstanding the vigilance of Attorneys-General, Crown solicitors, and detective police, writes a correspondent of the *Daily Express*, James Sadleir found no difficulty in escaping; was three days in London, going about openly, calling at the Reform Club for his letters, and was met by twenty members of the House of Commons to whom he was known; nay more, continues the correspondent, it is asserted that Sadleir, within the last few days, has been seen in Paris as a regular and daily frequenter of Galignani's library.

The case of Poland, observes the *Tablet*, has been brought before the House of Lords by Lord Lyndhurst, who commenced his speech by an allusion to the contrast drawn by the Count Montalembert between the interference of England in Italy, where she had no footing, and her abstention from interference in Poland, where she had treaties and solemn stipulations to appeal to.

On the 9th of this month a profession took place at the Presentation Convent, Bagnalstown, county Carlow. Miss Kehoe and Miss O'Donohoe, made their solemn vows in presence of the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, of the Mother Superior of the Convent and Community, and of a numerous attendance of clergymen. Some lovely children bearing baskets of flowers, walked in the procession.

The fair of Ballymoney was well supplied with cattle of every description. Good young milch cows and fat cattle of every kind were in requisition at high prices. Horses, of which there was an ample supply, brought high prices.

The Tuam *Herald* believes that Ireland was never so bound up, hand and foot, within the meshes of English corrupting influences. For a few paltry places to the most worthless and venal, says the *Herald*, national rights of immense magnitude and importance are being daily sacrificed.

James Frost, Esq., of Derra, county Limerick, a highly intelligent and respectable farmer, and formerly one of the guardians of the Limerick Union, has been publicly received into the Catholic Church.

Two hundred and fifty, rank and file, of the Queen's County Militia have been disbanded. Very few of the men had more than two or three pence to commence life again. Their old clothing is very bad, and they are begging for old vests.

The first session of the Senate of the Catholic University has taken place. That statutes are now formally given to the body, and by this corporate act it has inaugurated its corporate existence.

The Twelfth of July in Belfast and the adjoining districts passed off this year with great tranquillity. Some shots were fired in several places, but there was no public exhibition.

American News.

The house occupied by William Penn still stands. It is in Second street, opposite the Pennsylvania bank, Philadelphia. It is two stories high, about forty feet front, with projecting wings, but the centre is boarded out to the line of the latter. It is very venerable and very dirty. A sort of old Jewry—a locksmith shop, retail fruit stalls, &c., distinguish the once gubernatorial precinct. The walls are honestly built, of old-fashioned thickness, and so the little squat old concern is tough, and if cleared up it would last a few lustrums to come as a Quaker memento of early times. But the whole, with other property adjoining, will soon be offered for sale, and then—where will it go? It will be improved away, unless pious antiquarian sentiment buy it and consecrate it to colonial memories and the spirit of the past. The late Elliot Cresson left ten thousand dollars toward buying it for civic acquisition and preservation, but it will take a much larger sum than that to save the venerable relic of Leni-Lenape times. The indifference of Americans to such acts of filial retrospection and preservation is in wide contrast with the prevalence of the opposite sentiment in Europe, where such large sums are affectionately expended for the conservation of things of the olden time.

Dr. Bernhisel, the delegate in Congress from Utah, has a copper medal, found recently ten feet under the ground in Utah. It is dated November 22d, 1739, and is commemorative of the capture of Porto Bello by Admiral Vernon. On one side is a full figure of the Admiral, with the words, "England's glory revived by Admiral Vernon." On the reverse are represented six ships of war, with the inscription, "He took Porto Bello with six ships only.' If it is remarkable that this medal should be exhumed in Utah, it is equally so that a grandson of Admiral Vernon is now a citizen of Utah. He immigrated to this country in 1822. So says the *National Intelligencer*.

A committee of ladies, in Syracuse, N. Y., actuated by the kindest feelings, lately visited the woman who calls herself Albert Guelph, and who married a Miss Lewis, of that city, and satisfied themselves that the pretended husband is a woman. The visit was for the purpose of convincing Miss Lewis that her supposed husband is a female. The health, happiness, and future usefulness of this young lady depended on her being undeceived; for notwithstanding all that had been said, she still clung to her with all the devotedness of a true wife, and never until this visit has she been satisfied of the deception practised upon her. She then, in the presence of all, declared herself to be perfectly convinced, and renounced her pretended husband forever.

John Forsyth, Esq., the newly appointed United States Minister of Mexico, reached this city on the night before last, and was yesterday at the Kirkwood House. He came, we presume, to have the usual consultations with the Department of State necessary to enable a new Plenipotentiary fully to comprehend all the points in the subjects to be committed to his care. We predict for him a successful diplomatic career; for we really know no other gentlemen better fitted by natural mind, attainments, manners and character, to exercise effective influence in such a position, and more especially with such a people as the Mexicans. He is said to have left Washington this morning for New-York, to return hither in a few days; when he will probably speedily close up his business with the State Department and at once depart on his mission in a Government vessel.

The Richmond *Whig* says: A general alarm from the mountains to the seaboard is felt for the corn crop. The rains have been partial and limited in quantity, the chinch-bug universal, and like the sand of the sea-shore for numbers. Many corn-fields are entirely destroyed by them already, and others can only be saved by timely and copious rains.

Henry Loop, one of the horse-thief and counterfeiting gang, who was confined in Almira jail, awaiting trial, made his escape on the night of the 18th, by knocking the turnkey down with a bar of iron as he was entering the cell in which the prisoner was confined. L. D. Chasworth, awaiting his trial for the same offence, also made his escape at the same time. The turnkey is pretty badly hurt.

A delicate case has just been decided in New-Orleans. A lady had ordered and received on artificial leg from the manufacturer for $250, and afterward declined paying for the same. The maker had a writ issued, requiring the sheriff to take the leg into his possession. That gentleman gave his deputy the disagreeable job, and the latter functionary, after some trouble, obtained the litigated limb, and it is now in the sheriff's office at New Orleans.

Commodore Stockton's opinion of Col. Fremont—expressed at all times and on all occasions—was that "Fremont never was in the right place at the right time;" and as a proof that Commodore Stockton was not wrong in his man, at the time when both the army and the navy were in frequent conflicts, and always with a superior force, *Fremont was not in a single battle.—Rochester American.*

The Buffalo *Commercial* announces the death of Capt. Billy Baird, the earliest comer to Buffalo, and, at the time of his demise, the eldest in years of all the old settlers. Capt. Billy Baird died at the advanced age of eighty-four. For something like half a century Capt. Baird has resided in Buffalo, and its neighborhood, and he clung to the land of his choice with earnest and lasting affection.

An exchange informs us that Rev. Mr. Conway, Unitarian minister at Washington city, who has been indiscreet enough to turn his pulpit into a political rostrum to fulminate black republican abolitionism from, has been respectfully invited to vacate the position he desecrates. It is a good example, and one which we earnestly hope may be universally imitated.

A heavy rain and thunder-storm occurred at Carlisle, Pa., on the night of the 30th ult. Five barns and one dwelling-house were destroyed by lightning. The barns were filled with the entire crops. The losses are heavy.

Almost a tornado occurred at Cincinnati on the afternoon of July 30. Rain fell in torrents. Trees were uprooted and awnings demolished. On third street some buildings were blown down, killing one man and wounding five or six others.

The steamer John Jay, on Lake George, was destroyed by fire near Garfield, July 29. A number of the passengers and crew perished. The bodies of four ladies have been recovered.

General Tom Thumb has had his valuable box of jewels and presents stolen, at Cincinnati, valued at twenty thousand dollars.

Wm. Howes, a journeyman printer, in Montgomery, Alabama, recently came into possession of $75,000—the fattest 'take' he ever had.

Some half-educated philosophers, says the *Daily News*, are gloating over the discovery that cockroaches were made to destroy bed-bugs, and are publishing the fact that the two, like small-pox and measles, can't co-exist. We have already a stack of letters from boarding-house keepers, denying the alleged fact. We don't publish them, because, as they give names and numbers, we suspect that they are only adroit puffs. The true use of cockroaches, as all truly wise people have known for years, is to flavor fine old Burgundy with.

The Charleston *Mercury* of the 30th ult. contains the particulars of a duel between Col. Cunningham, editor of the *Evening News*, and Mr. Hatch, editor of the *Standard*, Mr. Taber, editor of the *Mercury*, was one of the seconds. The parties met on the 28th ult., exchanged shots without doing any injury, and then were reconciled.

General Sam Houston is said to have completed a letter to his constituents, in which he defines his political position, and declares himself in favor of Filmore and Donelson.

Congressional.

Thirty-Fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

July 28.—The Dipiomatic and Consular bill was considered. Mr. Clayton proposed a ten years' contract at $16,680 the round trip, one trip per month, for carrying the mails to and from England. This is the Vanderbilt scheme. One or two improvement bills were passed.

July 29.—An appropriation was refused to test the practicability of the atmospheric telegraph. The internal improvement bills on the calendar were considered, and several of them passed.

July 30.—The bill to regulate the compensation of members of Congress was referred to the Committee on Finance. The bill authorizing the Postmaster General to make a mail contract with Mr. Vanderbilt was reported back from the Post Office Committee with amendments, and made the special order for Monday.

July 31.—The bill directing the manner of payment of the California Bonds was passed. A resolution was adopted calling for information from the Secretary of War in relation to roads connecting with West Point. A number of internal improvement bills were passed.

August 1.—The memorial of Lieut. Bartlett, relative to the action of the Naval Board in his case, was ordered printed. Petitions were presented from citizens of Michigan, for the admission of Kansas with the Topeka Constitution. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire as to the expediency of requiring the fire-rooms of steam vessels to be made fire-proof. The report of the Committee on Indian Affairs was considered.

House.

July 28.—The Des Moines Improvement bill was passed. Mr. Dunn moved a suspension of the rules to introduce a bill for the admission of Kansas, failed. The Army Appropriation bill was taken up, and Mr. Sherman moved to amend by prohibiting the army from enforcing the bogus laws of Kansas. After a sharp debate, the amendment was adopted (in Committee) by a vote of 88 to 40.

July 29.—The amendments of the Committee of the Whole to the Army Appropriation bill were considered. Mr. Barbour's amendment, adding a disapproval of the alleged laws of Kansas and providing against the employment of the Government forces for their enforcement, and the amendment to this declaring the laws of Kansas null and void, were rejected. Mr. Sherman's amendment, offered on Monday, was concurred in by 91 to 86, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed, and was finally passed by a vote of 89 to 80. Mr. Dunn made a motion, which was agreed to, to reconsider the vote referring to the Committee of the Whole the bill to annul certain acts of the Kansas Legislature, and submitted a substitute for the reorganization of the Territory, providing against the continuance and recurrence of the outrages which have transpired, under color of the Territorial laws or otherwise. After an unsuccessful motion to table the bill, the substitute was agreed to, and the bill thus amended was passed by a vote of 88 against 74.

July 30.—The bill providing for the settlement of Revolutionary Claims was passed. The bill expediting the issuing of patents for California land claims was tabled. The Fortification Appropriation bill was discussed, but no action taken.

July 31.—The Kansas contested election case was taken up, and a long debate took place. After some objection, the House decided to hear a statement from Mr. Reeder, setting forth his claims to the seat, but adjourned before its conclusion.

August 1.—Notice of Brook's re-election was received. Mr. B. came forward and was sworn in. The Kansas case was resumed, and the reading of Mr. Reeder's statement concluded. Mr. Whitfield replied to some of the points, and charged unfairness upon the Investigating Committee. Upon coming to a vote, the resolution declaring Mr. Whitfield *not* entitled to the seat as Representative from Kansas was *adopted*, 110 yeas to 92 nays. The next resolution, declaring Mr. Reeder entitled to the seat, was *rejected*, yeas 88, nays 113.

City News.

Life Illustrated gets up some smart paragraphs. We extract a few city items therefrom:—

A mathematical locksmith reckons that forty one thousand five hundred pounds of brass, in the shape of door-keys, are carried daily up and down New York in people's pockets.

A costly foolscap is displayed in a Broadway window—being a Panama hat marked to cost a hundred and seventy-five dollars! The buyer will crown himself Emperor of the Noodles.

The public libraries of New York city contain three hundred and thirty-six thousand volumes. The single library of Gottingen University contains three hundred and sixty thousand, and the National Library at Paris, eight hundred and twenty-four thousand.

Many citizens in New York very prudently carry a card in their pockets with their name and address in full, that if they are murdered or disabled, there need be no doubt whither to carry them. A significant commentary on the safety of the city!

The mirrors in the St. Nicholas Hotel cost $40,000; the whole building, furnished and in operation, represents an invested capital of *one million nine hundred thousand dollars!*

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

At a Democratic ratification meeting, held in Springwells, Michigan, a few days since, Judge Bacon, an active and zealous Old line Whig, was called to the chair. The Detroit *Free Press* says:—

"Upon taking the chair, the Judge stated he had heretofore acted with the Whig party; that he had been a warm and earnest supporter of Mr. Clay; that he had loved the old party and revered its gallant and patriotic leader, and that it was with regret that he found himself, in common with thousands, without a party. He had witnessed the old Whig organization broken into fragments, each of which was warring directly or indirectly against the Union. In this national crisis—when there was danger threatening our confederacy—he found but one course to pursue, but one party with which to unite, and that to-day he identified himself with that party which professed an earnest and sincere desire to preserve the Union at all hazards. With it he would take up his political habitation, and with it remain so long as it proved true to the Constitution and the Union."

So they come—so they will continue to come—those patriotic Old Line Whigs.

If there is any one place more than another, in the United States where the Germans would be likely to sustain Fremont or Freesoil principles, it would be in Springfield, Mass, and yet "*A German*" in the Springfield *Argus*, of 14th inst., says: "Two thirds of the Germans here will vote for Buchanan and the Union."

Col. Black, of Pennsylvania, said in his speech on the Fourth of July: "It is related of Henry of Navarre, that before going into his greatest engagement, he said to his troops, 'when you are in doubt, follow my white plume.' May I be pardoned for saying to you, my countrymen, when doubt comes over you, in peace or war, in prosperity or adversity, follow the flag of the American Union." Don't look at the sixteen-star bunting flying over the Fremonters.

The Hon. William Preston, of Virginia, Secretary of the Navy under General Taylor's Administration, refuses to support Fillmore for the Presidency. The same remark applies to Messrs. Echolls and Caperton, of Monroe County, Va., and Mr. Pendleton, of Culpepper. Thus it is throughout the entire South; the Whigs of distinction are generally arraying themselves on the side of the Constitution, notwithstanding bogus Whig *alias* Know-Nothing Conventions.

The son and all the immediate personal friends of Daniel Webster support Buchanan.

Judge Dibble, of South Bend, Ind., for twelve years Chairman of the Whig Committee, a powerful stump speaker, has come out boldly for Buchanan and Breckinridge.

A Wilmington correspondent of the Washington *Union* protests against Delaware being set down as "doubtful" in the Presidential contest. He says Mr. Buchanan will get seven hundred majority over Fillmore and Fremont. The New York *Tribune*, a Black-Republican sheet, also gives its opinion that Delaware will vote for Buchanan, owing to the division of the opposition between Fillmore and Fremont.

The Charleston Evening *News* is now supporting Buchanan and Breckinridge. That paper heretofore has been an advocate of "Americanism," and its editor, John Cunningham, Esq., was a delegate to and one of the Vice-Presidents of the first Philadelphia and Know-Nothing Convention.

The *Staats Zeitung*, says that the circulation of the Democratic German press in New York City, amounts to twenty-six thousand three hundred, and the Black Republican German press to twelve thousand.

A writer in a leading western journal says: Since the New-York *Herald* was bought up by the abolitionists, a large number of its subscribers have discontinued it and taken other papers. The New-York *Daily News*, for instance, a very spirited and ably conducted Democratic newspaper, has run its circulation up since the commencement of the campaign to thirty thousand subscribers one half of whom are daily. The N. Y. *Day-Book*, also Democratic, has now a weekly circulation of twenty-three thousand. The *Journal of Commerce*, the great organ of the commercial interest, which supports Buchanan, has also increased its circulation. These are good evidences of the popular favor in New-York for the Democratic cause.

On the other hand, the Washington *Sentinel* says: In the days of General Jackson, a favorite mode of electioneering by the opponents of the Democratic party was the enumeration of newspapers favoring respectively the Democratic party and the Opposition. And truly, had victory depended on the number of papers respectively supporting the pretensions of each party, the Opposition would have had good reason to claim a triumph; but it turned out on nearly every election that tho' the Opposition had three papers to one, they had hardly more than one third of the votes.

In a similar manner, votes were taken on steamboats, railroads, and at watering places, and General Jackson was always beaten at these bastard tests, beaten every where except at the ballot-box, and never beaten there.

A moral may be drawn from this lesson.

In regard to the press, an anomalous state of things has ever existed and now most strikingly exists. For instance, in the city of New-York, the black republicans, out of about sixty thousand votes, cast about six thousand. Yet they are represented by the *Daily Times, Evening Post, Herald, Courier and Enquirer*, and the *Tribune*, and some four or five other papers, having an aggregate circulation of a million, and receipts of many millions of dollars, drawn mainly from Democratic pockets, while the *News* and *Day Book*, democratic papers, eke out a starving life, powerless to do good for want of a circulation. We may extend these remarks to Philadelphia and Baltimore, where similar spectacles are exhibited.

One Hundred Dollars Reward.—The *Constitutionalist* and *Republic*, of Augusta, Ga., contains the following card:—

FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD BY A MECHANIC.

To the Editor of the Constitutionalist:

I authorize you to offer a reward of fifty dollars for the proof that James Buchanan said, in a speech in the United States Senate in 1838, as stated in some of the newspapers, that he "considered ten cents a day was enough for a laboring man."

It is the general belief with the Know Nothings that mechanics have no sense. I have found no one that could make good this statement about "Old Buck," so I thought I would offer a reward for the desired information, that those who have got so much more sense than the mechanics, can turn their knowledge to some profit. A Mechanic.

Augusta, Ga., June 20, 1856.

The editor adds that he "will give fifty dollars more."

Answers to Correspondents.

Our Kilkenny correspondents ("A Kilkenny Man," and "W. F. B ") are excessively pointed for this warm weather. We must warn them to less exertion, else some other of our witty contributors shall be reminding us and them of the ever-famous, though we suppose fabulous, celebrities of Kilkenny, who "rubbed each other out," as the Indians say, and of whose spunk their lamentable *tales* alone remained the chroniclers:

To the Editor of the Irish News: W. F. B is unnecessarily jealous of me. He need not lose his rest, because I simply claimed kinship to one who, if living, would blush for him. I did not question, expressly or impliedly, his assumption of closer relationship. Nor does his assertion invalidate my claim. Had I any apprehension that by merely stating a fact I should so alarmingly disturb the placidity of W. F. B., I, in the excess of my "proverbial leniency," would most certainly have avoided what seems to have given him such extraordinary uneasiness. It is a dangerous season for the nervous, and charity alone would prompt me to spare his "feelinks."

W F. B. condescends to advise me. His object is very laudable; but he should strive to discipline himself ere he volunteers to counsel others. He is too obviously a disguised Thersites to palm himself off as a genuine Ulysses. I doubt his disposition, not alone to learn who I am, but to have anything more to do with me. For his consolation and my own freedom I shall take no further cognizance of him.

Benignantly yours, "A Kilkenny Man."

New-York, July 31, 1856.

F. W. S.—"Have the poems of Shamrock, The Belfast Man, or Frazer (De Lean,) been published in this country?" No. There are two volumes of The Belfast Man's poems published in Belfast. Of Frazer's writings, there are also two volumes, published in Dublin, but some of his best efforts were omitted, in the hope that by keeping the political out of the book it would be more popular, which turned out to a very great mistake. All of these books can be had, occasionally, in New-York; and can, no doubt, be ordered through an Irish or other bookseller. Shamrock's poems have never been published in book form, and more is the pity. We, of the Irish News, hope, after the excitement of the Presidential election has abated, to set in motion the publication of a series of Literary and Historical works, which relating to Ireland will also interest American readers, and thereby bring the authors prominently into the transatlantic field of literary glory and profit. In such a series, Williams' poems—patriotic, sentimental and humorous, of course, will be an early link.

E. L. M., *Chicago.*—Miss Agnes Robertson is, we believe, a native of Edinburgh. Your other question is one, the peculiarity of which must be evident to yourself. At present we would not advise you distinctly on the subject. It would be criminal in us to do so. We thoroughly estimate your patriotism—what you have suffered in the past, and what you ambition for the future, but to advise you to a course by which your time and earnings will be swamped without any tangible show of reason or hope of success, would be traitorous on our part to men who, like you, have already perilled life, and suffered imprisonment for the cause. There is no society which can at the present give any honest or logical reason to hold out such hopes as you desire. Look well before you. We opine that you do not care very much for a useless routine of moving and seconding resolutions; or to believing that the more time you so idle the more you are forwarding the interests of Ireland.

The following "first effort" we give in its entire originality. Improvement would only spoil it. To make it more readable would be to ruin it:—

Dear Sir—As the eagle soars aloft at her pleasure so does the Cuckoo fly from tree to tree and from shore to shore always following the spring and chaunting to the schoolboys ears the soft music of her summer lays as he wanders through the flowry paths of the woodland forests. So too does man follow the revolutions of his own mind and haunt those golden visions which is most dear to him therefore I hope you will excuse me if I should explode some of my ungramatical poetry knowing that you can correct it if it strikes anything like the right chord so here goes for a flight into dream land.

I dreamed I saw a virgin queen appeared in green attire
Saying arise awake my countrymen your service I'll require
Unsheath your sword and learn to be ready at my command
For I will lead you onward boldly to the glorious freedom's stand.

And then sprung up the millions, with arms stout and brave
And forced their enemys for to flee, through the surges of the waves
How the pikes and muskets rattled, and the cannons they did roar
And the sound of the great conquest was heard from shore to shore.

Again the trumpets rattled and the joybells they did chime
And the news of regained liberty sent forth to every clime
Then the mountains they did gladden and the valleys lit with joy
And the red flag tore asunder from beara to clannaboy.

With gold and myrr and frankinsence we did the virgin crown
For she steered us on to victory with honor and renown
Then I saw the sky lark, floating in the air
Warbling the song of liberty to the morning's dawning glare.

I dreamed I saw thomas davis over the grave of poor wolfe tone
With a square and trowel in his hand, saying I'll lay the corner stone
I'll build for you a monument your memories for to save
And the howling winds of winter shall no longer round the rave

I dreamed I saw some myriads of angels in the sky
Praising the Great Jehovah in songs of mystery
And our ancient ruined monasterys in their former splendor shone
And the prayers of priests and sisters unto the stars had flown.

I have traversed glens and forests mountains rivers bogs and streams
And now I am returned from out land of dreams
For my flight was all a vision without cannon sword or war
I awoke in merry Cambridge beneath the stripes and stars.

Fraternity.

Our California Correspondent.—The two last communications from one of our California Correspondent, signed "Humboldt," should have had the signature of "Hard Facts." This is the more to be regretted as "Humboldt" and "Hard Facts" take widely antagonistic views of the deeply interesting subject, which they both so vividly describe. "Humboldt" is a determined upholder of the Vigilance Committee. "Hard Facts," on the contrary, is as determinedly opposed to it. By the mistake in our paper, both of these able gentlemen are made to suddenly recant their own opinions and adopt those which they had previously condemned; and we can well fancy their individual horror on receiving the Irish News in San Francisco, when they will behold the principles for which each would risk his life and limb, represented as being the most hateful to them. We sincerely trust this explanation will calm the gentlemen, and exonerate to their friends what may seem as a wilful change of political faith on their part. The hurry in which both letters were "set up," the steamers having arrived as we were preparing for press, led to the mistakes, which we guarantee shall not occur again.

Declined.—"Story of a Shanghai," by a literary tailor—(too extensive for the small stock of ideas therein: friend tailor, remember the adage, "Cut your coat according to your cloth.") "A Song for the Times"—(song and subject out of joint) "Murder by Steam," by a joker—(more clearly by a stoker, but it is no joke.) "Lines to a Shad at breakfast"—fishing-lines—we, are not informed whether the author or the shad was at breakfast. We learn, however, that the shad was broiled, but so is every one these days.) "Apostrophe to a Politician"—(let the dead rest.)

☞ Subscribers receiving the *News* in a white wrapper, will please consider it an intimation that the term they paid for has expired, and do us the favor to renew their subscription.

Received—Shadow Worship, F. O'R. The Shadow on the Earth, M. C. Lines to a Redbreast, M. O'K. Filibuster's Song; dedicated to the Ostend Conference. The Young Squire—The Old Fogy.

An Old Joker thinks he is a practical one, by sending us a heap of puns and such like commodities. We never make a pun and never read one, if we can help it. Send them to "Pierce Pungent," who, in his sketches in the *Daily News*, makes everybody's jokes except his own, and they come to him "kind o' natural."

An Enthusiastic Reader suggests that we make a daily paper of the Irish News. Surely that would be too much of a good thing.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1856.

VOTES OF IRISH MEMBERS ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION IN PARLIAMENT.

The list of the division on Mr. Moore's motion, respecting the conduct of the British Government in their dealings and correspondence, during the last year or so, with the Government at Washington, exhibits a strange jumble of parties. Catholics and Protestants, Radicals and Tories, Peelites and Derbyites, the most opposite elements are huddled together. Roses and thistles, butter-cups and nettles, the ugliest weeds and sickliest exotics, with just a sprig or two of withered shamrock, strew the floor of the Commons in the most addling confusion and contrast.

It is a pity that so strange a horticultural show should be swept away, without a few words appropriate to the occasion. It were an injustice to Ireland to permit so many flowers to blush unseen, and waste their fragrance without the slightest recognition. The subject is inviting and fertile.

Mr. Moore can afford to stand aside. He has flashed through statelier columns than ours. The cheers of thousands, the benediction of the diocese of Tuam, and the praises of the popular press in Ireland, have waited on his words. In the midst of disorder produced by the rankest venality and foul play, he has stood true, resolute, and strong. Of the very few—the poor handful of Irish members—who have redeemed in Parliament their promises on the hustings, he has been the foremost. His eloquence renders his honesty conspicuous. In the dull waste of the Irish benches in Westminster, his cultivated mind and graceful fluency of speech rescues from contempt the intellectual credit of his country. Whilst such men as Moore, of Mayo, and Maguire, of Dungarvan, have seats in Parliament, the statues of Curran, Sheridan, Shiel, and O'Connell need not be veiled. With less opulence of fancy and power of thought it is no exaggeration for us to say that such men still keep the space, from which their great predecessors have departed, warm, luminous and fruitful.

Nor, indeed, are we much disposed to speak in praise of the gentlemen who backed Mr. Moore in declaring the conduct of Lord Clarendon and his accomplices, in relation to America, to be "unworthy of the confidence of Parliament,"—for such was the gentle wording of the motion, though Mr. Moore's speech, with a rush of eloquence and compact logic, established the conduct in question as something very ignominious and beggarly. They simply did their business in voting against Mr. Crampton's patron and paymaster. It cost them nothing to do so. They lost no pension, blue ribbon or garter—not a stitch of court-livery—not a penny of palace-charity or wages—by being independent. Going through the names of the minority carefully, we find not a pauper amongst them. Such men as Devereux, of Wexford, Green, of Kilkenny, Dunne, of Portarlington, and Bellew, of Galway, can afford to vote against a legion of Clarendons. No thanks to them, then, but a respectful smile and salute.

From the minority we turn to the majority (we are speaking of the Irish members only), and we do so with a strong desire for a bottle of smelling salts. The odor sticking to the Treasury benches, on the right of the Speaker, is far from being the odor of sanctity. The flowers we have mentioned, are not over fresh in that quarter. Besides, there are a quantity of yellow weeds run to seed—seedy dock-leaves and dandelions—among them. Moreover, it is the quarter of the market where the loaves and fishes are for sale, and the perfume of the latter interferes with the sweetness of the flowers. In plain language—throwing aside both flowers and fishes—the minority is a musty miscellany of damaged goods. There are decent men, so far as Christianity is concerned, upon that list. So far as income and family can render them independent, there are independent men sitting there in the shadow of Lord Palmerston's embroidered skirt. The Caulfields, the Monsells, the Herberts, may be fairly placed in the category of decent and independent men—that is, as we have said, so far as Income and Christianity are concerned.

But the Caulfields have been for generations diseased with Whiggery. Like the gout, it has been an incurable family affliction. Like the gout, it keeps them to this day, even in the Senate-house, cripples rolled up in West of England blankets, hobbling and fumbling on Melbourne crutches. Mr. Monsell is Clerk of the Ordnance. In case of his failing to obey the Ordnance, he becomes Clerk of the Weather; and that is a poor business, as Murphy, the Almanac-maker, or Professor Meriam can state. Mr. Monsell's Income and Christianity, consequently, go for nothing in Parliament. He derives his independence from his pay, and, strictly speaking, has no conscience whilst he remains a clerk. In like manner, Mr. Herbert, having a desk in the War Department, must keep to his desk. Hence it is, that ample as his fortune is, and practical good Protestant as he is, he submits his private judgment to Lord Panmure, and lives upon the loose guineas of the Horse Guards to the advantage of his rental in Kerry. In all this, however, neither the Caulfields, nor the Monsells, nor the Herberts, do anything which scandalously contradicts their political faith or public vows. English in heart and soul, though Irish by birth, they do the bidding of England on all political occasions, wear her livery and eat her bread, from an humble opinion and consciousness of the inferiority of Ireland.

Viscount Castle-Rosse might be similarly excused, had he mind enough to conceive even a poor opinion of any thing beyond an ottoman or fire-screen. Pecuniarily too well off, and intellectually too scantily supplied, to need the assistance of the Treasury, or be of the smallest service to those who hold the key, he does well enough as a bit of aristocratic plaster-of-Paris, to relieve the more vulgar whitewash and brickwork of Palmerston house. It catches the eye of dowager match-makers and diplomatists in hoops—the ambitious and busy Sultanas of London—and brings many a fair convert from Toryism, in blushing expectancy, to the soirees and balls of the Palmerston celebrities, from the Prime Minister down to the Clerk of the Ordance. It is an enlightened constituency which huzzahs so charming a noodle into a back-seat in Parliament.

After the decent drudges and noodles, come the slaves and scullions. After the poor amiable souls who play second and third fiddle in Downing-street theatre, come the call-boys, scene-shifters, the helps in faded plush shorts and flimsy stained cravats, who place the chairs, snuff the candles, lay the dust with watering-pots, bring in a knife and fork, and do all the small work for the Stars. And so, after the Caulfields, the Monsells, the Herberts, and that handsome dumb supernumerary, Lord Castle-Rosse, come the Esmondes, the Keatings, the Tim O'Briens, the Militia-men O'Connells, the Magans, the Deasys and the Balls.

The barber in *Nicholas Nickleby* draws a distinction between a baker and a coal-porter. He shaves the baker, and bows out the coal-porter. We are not so fastidious. Our columns are open to all who come our way. We have given an outline of a few of the Irish Upper Ten in Parliament. We hold over, for our next, the portraits in rough-chalk of less aristocratic offenders.

NOTES ON DE TOCQUEVILLE.

De Tocqueville, in his able work on American Democracy, says:—"Democratic laws generally tend to promote the welfare of the greatest possible number; for they emanate from a majority of the citizens, *who are subject to error, but who cannot have an interest opposed to their own advantage.* The laws of an aristocracy tend, on the contrary, to concentrate wealth and power in the hands of the minority. It may therefore be asserted, as a general proposition, that the purpose of a Democracy, in the conduct of its legislation, is useful to a greater number of citizens than that of aristocracy."

The italics are our own. We marked the passage because we wish to allude to the doubtful conclusions the lines italicised might lead to, as regards Democracy.

Man individually is subject to error; but if the majority of the men who make up a nation agree on one point, it is but reasonable to suppose that on that point, they, as a body, do not err. So various are the minds, so opposite the natures, so antagonistic the interests, so diversified the local prejudices and partialities of the millions, that the philosophic mind must look upon, as human perfection, that which, having passed through such a refining alembic, comes out with the approval of all, and representing, as it is, the amalgam of all.

In a nation, such as this Republic, where opinion is, or ought to be, free of speech and action, and where the People can represent and vote for the People, the majority of the nation is the nation, for it makes the laws which typify, extend over and bound the nation; and we scarcely think it possible that the nation—the Democracy—so constructed, can err.

A man may err, but the People never.

In other countries than America, where the People are not represented in the legislature in consequence of the voting power being vested in certain monetary qualifications, and not on the ennobling right of being born in the image of God—in such nations, the People alone are national though they do not govern. They are the majority, but without voice or means. Even when such a nation leaps into a threatening attitude, and agrees on the one vital point, their ideas may be temporarily overwhelmed by conspiring and interloping powers and circumstances, as in the attempted revolutions of Hungary, Rome and Ireland in '48 and '49; but still, as Democracies, constructed of the majority of the nation, they did not err.

The patriot fathers of this Republic did not err, nor, had they failed, could they be said to have erred.

De Tocqueville, pursuing the subject, says: "*Aristocracies are infinitely more expert in the science of legislation than Democracies ever can be* * * * Aristocratic government proceeds with the dexterity of art; *it understands how to make the collective force of all its laws converge at the same time to a given point.* Such is not the case with Democracies, whose laws are almost always ineffective or inoperative. The means of the

Democracy are, therefore, more imperfect than those of aristocracy, and the measures which it unwittingly adopts are frequently opposed to its own cause; *but the object it has in view is more useful.*"

Here, also, the italics are ours. We believe that aristocracies, which our author admits, "concentrate wealth and power," legislate not for the people, but for themselves, and to the more feasible concentration of "wealth and power" into their own hands, and that the "given point" to which they "converge" the "collective force of *their* laws," is that point which interests alone the concentration of wealth—the money market, irrespective of national honor or national dignity.

The policy of aristocracy is that of the miser, solely personal aggrandizement. The miser sedulously acquires and condemns to an inactive, unreproductive grave, the gold he grasps. It is of no use whatever to the State, to society, and not even to himself. Aristocracies legislate to draw all power toward themselves from the people, and the more they make laws, the further the people are distanced from justice. The power so vested is alone reproductive for the aristocracy, and in the using of it alone, is there a difference suggested from the miser.

As to the "expertness" and "dexterity of art" in aristocratic governments, we believe that the less intrigue, the better the governments; the simpler the form, the wiser; and that "it is that governs best which governs least." In fact, there is no such word in the Democratic dictionary as "govern," nor in the Democratic principle such an idea of "government" as is recognised by European writers. The movement which they mistake for "government" in a Democracy, is the making a fact of the spontaneous and approved thought of the people. It is not the realization of the opinion of one man, uncontrolled by the people, but the opinion of the people speaking in one voice.

Though there is some ground for what De Tocqueville says of the ineffectiveness of the means of democracies, still it is palpable to all, that place and circumstances materially mould that assertion into a fact or a falsity. The writer could not entirely divest himself, when viewing this country, of the European democracies, and on such was led to his conclusions. In our day, for instance, the revolutions alluded to in Europe, would, to some extent, substantiate such an opinion; but the efficacy of the converging power of this country will stand forward to refute the idea of inefficiency of democratic means. However, De Tocqueville, be it said, looked forward for our coming strength. But then the revolution had been consummated, and it did not take much philosophic energy to arrive at the fact, that the power so efficiently converged for democratic purposes—so steadily, so determinedly used—was not of a nature to die out in a decade. While he canvasses the imperfection of democratic measures, he confesses "the object is more useful" than that of aristocracy. Then, say we, in Heaven's name—if it is *more* useful—if it is right—if it is truth—let no expediency, however perfect in darkness, keep men from the light!

We cry with the German poet, "More light—let in more light!"

POPULAR EDUCATION—THE FREE ACADEMY.

Unlettered strength, in an agony of unquiet, may achieve a revolution; but popular knowledge can alone sustain a republic. Political sophistry, "renewed assurances," temporary concession may overturn the labor of the revolutionary patriot; or make time to overcome him; but a comprehensive knowledge, not only of wrongs avenged, but of rights to be enjoyed, and a system to inaugurate them, to generously extend, calmly dignify, and manfully sustain them; is the only guaranty for a maintenance of those blessings suggested by the overthrow of a despotism.

Popular education is the safeguard of the state; and for this reason the Public Schools may be compared to well-chosen outposts of a grand army, which furnish intelligence to the main body. It is only in a community so bastioned that the pen is mightier than the sword; and it is only mightier there, because the secret springs of humanity it touches, the identity of opinion it accelerates, by a clear and vivid expansion of the needs and duties of the hour, awakens so much of the popular strength as to render the sword a needless resource.

The pen, acting through the Public School, is the equalizer at home. It explains petty jealousies and humbles ignorant ambitions. It teaches forbearance and self-restraint; and links, by a common intelligence, and by a universal desire to find out the reason of everything, the most discordant elements of the body politic in a self-protective rampart for all.

If the European steamer were to bring us such a continuous chain of exciting events as it has carried of late to the old world from this country, we should be all alive for the barricade scenes, for news of the provisional governments, the burning of thrones, the flights of monarchs, and all the other reasonable concomitants of a spicy revolution. In many instances Americans are incited to regard the occurrences in their own country as not at all worthy of unusual note by the views given through the distorted vision of the English press.

They wonder that such had happened without waking their especial surprise at the time, and feel as strange almost on confronting the prognostications of the London press, as Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' snooze.

The *canard* of John Bull is dissected, the brotherly love in which it is beautifully and carefully embalmed is rolled off it, and the American not admitting the joke, thinks John rather a stupid "creetur," to try and "skeer him" in that manner.

These excitements here are the natural consequences of the popular education of the masses, and their desire in the plenitude of such education to examine and agitate the questions of the day, to shake them through the political shams in which they are shrouded by one party, and bedizened with rhetorical glitter by the other. Europe cannot understand it, because its governing classes have no such people to deal with, fortunately for the governing classes. They cannot comprehend them any more than free-born Americans can comprehend why Europe is in such a slough of dark and feudal slime.

The diffusion of a plain, useful education among the people gives its great strength to Americans; but if the pen, as we believe, is the equalizer of home troubles, the sword is the most effective with those abroad who believe in the sword. Happily with the sword we are "not slow."

Our thoughts ran in this direction somewhat a couple of weeks since, when present at the commencement of the Free Academy.

As Congress is to the States, so the Free Academy is to the Public Schools of New-York. It is the congress of the youthful intelligence of the city, and might well be regarded as a type of the young intellect and industry of any city in the Union.

The Commencement presented one of the most beautiful sights we have ever beheld. The thoughts inspired by the scene, to all thinking men, must have been such, as to guarantee peace to their ashes, and power on the land, when the beholders were no more, and when those students would step from that stage of their young victories, to the more uneven, but more inspiring one, of the world and its public affairs.

All the beauty, fashion, and rank, left in the city, was present, crowding the Academy of Music so, that almost the decorations of the place, were entirely hid, or dimmed, by the flowering fabrics, the clustered profusion, the dazzling heartiness of the dresses, the bouquets, and the beauty of the immense group.

We are very much opposed to the displays made at commencements, and regard the ordeal put upon the student as unfair, unmeaning, and useless. The making of an oration on the occasion is no test at all of the power of the student. The most distinguished scholars are often and indeed generally the worst speakers and *vice versa*. If the public were made aware that these commencement speeches were not made to exhibit the powers of the pupils, but merely to conform to an old and stupid system, then it would be well. The public, however, is not aware of the fact, and discuss freely the merits of the young speakers, qualifying their good or ill opinion of them, just in the ratio of the popular nature of the "palaver" of the occasion. Besides all this, we have a horror of being bored with boyish "philosophy," beardless dogmas, and ponderous shallowness, culled from the literary *pot pourri* of some school professor, who dilutes the spirit of the best essayists and critics with the muddy water of his own brain. That the sight at the Academy was most grateful to such as have the true interests of the City and State at heart, there is no doubt, and although the occasion did not warrant the changing of our opinion on the exercises usual at such times, still we must make honorable mention of Messrs. Arthur McMullen, Charles H. Pratt, and Lyman Van Beuren. The composition of the two first young gentlemen were highly creditable, as was the elocution of the last named.

FRANCE AND IRELAND—EGALITE, FRATERNITE.

The *Courier des Etats Unis* has had an article *a propos* to the trial of Herbert, of California, for the murder of Keating. We give it in full. It is gratifying to us to find so intelligent an exposition of the circumstances and bearing of that case, from a gallant friend, speaking a language different from our own, and bound to us by no other ties than those which humanity enforces. The just views, the dispassionate recapitulation of circumstances, the sad warning to the community which the article in question involves—all give it the importance which the intelligent appreciation of our readers will recognize. France and Ireland have long been friends. That France does not forget the services which our exiled fathers rendered her on the fields of her most splendid wars, we have, in the article referred to, evidence the most eloquent and genial. The English flags, captured by the Irish Brigade under Clare and Dillon, may still be seen in the Church of the *Invalides*. When Paris was in the hands of the Garde Mobile—when Ledru Rollin and Lamartine were seated, with their tri-colored sashes about their waists, in the Hotel de Ville—we paid our pilgrimage to that church, and bowed our homage to those flags. There and then we felt that France and Ireland were one. The article we quote confirms the proud conviction. We drop our pen, when the Editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, becomes the champion of the allen. His sincerity, intelligence, and the perfect simplicity with which he enunciates his sentiments, relieves us from a duty, which, were it not for the honest work we thus acknowledge, we should be forced to undertake.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

The *Atlantic* brought us news on Monday, that the Spanish revolutionists are still enjoying, or striving to enjoy, a fandango. Fate and Marshall O'Donnell are against them, and we doubt not but that by next mail we shall hear the tune was changed to a break down. The revolutions in Spain are like those of Mexico and the Central American Republics—"always on hand." The Spanish element, however, is better in Spain than any where else; but it wants a lightning-rod to concentrate it. It scatters and strikes nothing, and wastes nothing but itself.

At the latest dates Madrid was tranquil. When was it quoted as anything else? The provinces of Biscaye, Navarre, Guipascoa, were quiet. The militia were disarmed in Madrid, Barcelona and other places; and Saragossa appeared to be the chief seat of insurrection.

The friends and adherents of Espartero had defeated the garrison; and a report had received currency stating that a legal quorum of the Cortes had assembled there, had proclaimed liberty to the people, and given them a constitution. The statements, however conflicting with regard to other places, appear to have some exhibition of truth regarding the Saragossa movement.

Before Madrid was made tranquil, two hundred of the people were killed in encounters with the army. It would appear that O'Donnell had previously prepared to crush any manifestation, and had assembled in and around Madrid, 18,000 troops. Against this force, the National Guard and citizens held their ground for thirty hours, and at length gave in and were disarmed.

A letter from the Secretary of the Spanish Legation at Paris says the difficulty between Spain and Mexico has been honorably settled.

The *Patrie*, of July the 22d, says:—"We have received private letters from Saragossa, which place beyond doubt the news that this city and the whole of the province of Aragon are in open revolt. A committe has been formed under the presidency of General Falcon, which has addressed a proclamation to the people inviting resistance. French troops were about to assemble on the Spanish frontier.

The news from England was not important. The London *Times* of July 19 states, that Mr. Dallas is empowered to proprose to the British government the establishment of San Juan as a free port, under Nicaraguan sovereignty, reserving to the republic of Costa Rica the right of traffic through it, and through such portions of the river San Juan as may be necessary; the Mosquito Indians to be concentrated in a definite territory, which shall leave clear the mouth of the river of San Juan and the town; but their rights to be guaranteed, and an annuity for a term paid to their Chiefs; the Bay Islands to be restored to the state of Honduras, but Balize to remain a British possession, with the same territorial limits as in 1850.

The *Times* goes on to say: "By this arrangement we merge our separate protectorate of the Mosquitos into what may be called a general American protectorate, and we give up the Bay Islands, to which a desultory occupation had given us an uncertain and still questioned claim. On the other hand, we avoid urging the United States to abrogate the treaty of 1850, which would expose this part of the world to many evils which the treaty, inconclusive as it may appear, has dissipated. We fully establish the neutrality of Central America, and raise a moral prohibition against any future filibustering or annexation. That we lose any thing material by such an arrangement, no one can believe; but still the arrangement should be clearly understood to be a compromise, in which this country does not give up its construction of the treaty, but only makes concessions corresponding to those of the American government, in abandoning its own extreme views.

"A fifth point in the proposal of Mr. Dallas is that the Central American States shall make grants similar to that promised by Honduras, respecting any actual or prospective plan for a communication between the two oceans. If the consent of these republics can be obtained to such an arrangement, it will, no doubt, be a great advantage to the cause of civilization, and cause us less to regret the temporary differences which shall end in such a result."

The London *Globe* is informed that the prorogation of Parliament, which was to have taken place on the 24th of July, was postponed till the 26th.

On the 22d, Lord Panmure was to communicate to the House of Lords the intention of the English Cabinet in regard to the commissions for the military Crimean investigation.

In financial and commercial affairs there is nothing particularly striking to note. Three per cent. Consols closed at 95 5-8. The cotton and breadstuff markets had experienced no change of importance. Provisions were a trifle more active.

Literature.

THE MARTINS OF CRO' MARTIN. By CHARLES LEVER. *Harper and Brothers.*

This work is not so funny as *Harry Lorrequer*, nor so full of dashing life and five-bar-gate incidents as *Charles O'Malley* or *Jack Hinton*, but it is not the less characteristic. In our opinion, it is one of the author's best productions, and we relish it the better, that the style, in full keeping with the theme, is more subdued than is usual with the Anacreontic and dare-devil inspiration of the distinguished author. Some of the London critics think *The Martins* tame; but we opine these gentlemen hoped to relieve their cockney lassitude by a dash over the country with O'Malley, by wooing some dark-eyed Senorita of Andalusia with Dick Power, or stealing from the murky precincts of Bow-bells to the pleasant presence of Mickey Free, and attempting to appreciate the drollery of that wild and worthy valet, fancy themselves for the nonce the "Men for Galway." With such hopes Cockneydom was disappointed. They met none of the "old sort" beneath the towers of Cro'Martin, nor in the dilapidated bathing residence of the family, where the "osprey's nest" in broken beauty overhangs the bay of Kilkieran, like a melancholy eaves-dropper, listening to the awful monotony of the Atlantic, breaking the tidings it had brought from Labrador and the Gulf-stream upon the wild and solemn coast of the West of Ireland.

If the reader of *The Martins* does not meet any of Lever's old friends reproduced in new costumes, and with fresh occupations, he is introduced to a number of individuals not less interesting, and not less characteristic of the time and place. Mr. Lever has lost none of his powers of description. The book is full of masterly landscapes and bold coast sketches, through which a fine vein of meditative poetry bursts out amid the more practical and personal episodes. The period of the story is 1829, immediately after O'Connell's triumphant forcing of the Emancipation act; and though we expect to find the narrative more illustrative of that particular phase of the national life than it proves to be, still we cannot find fault with the writer on this ground. The chief effect of the Catholic Relief Bill, as here shown, is in giving the voters of the borough of Oughterard sufficient daring to contest the election with the Martins who own it, and in putting into Parliament Jack Massingbred, a man they knew nothing about, who, on a "loafing" tour, drops into the place, and who, using the people who believed they were using him, also acts a very dishonorable part respecting his friends the Martins, whose hospitality he at the time was enjoying. Moreover this Massingbred, the impromptu friend and humbugger of the electors of Oughterard, is the son of one who notoriously sold his country, and was glad he had a country to sell. The electioneering movements of the shopkeepers of Oughterard, their first breaking the political shell to look for a representative on their own account; the newly-felt importance of the thrifty and successful traders; he clergy, and the drinking, riotous, broken squirearchy, one of whom, a Magennis, like Tom Steele, is full of petty reminiscences of his "August leader, O'Connell," are all capitally described. These movements, exhibiting so much honest feeling on the part of the people; showing how easily they were, and are, led by the nose, or by a mock patriotism, which is all the same; how they are flattered into an importance, which struggles hard to overcome the love and vassalage they bear, under almost all circumstances, the hereditary dwellers in "the Great House;" these are unfortunately too true.

Jack Massingbred, though secretly laughing at his constituency and their principles, acts the liberal, and being a fellow of flashy parts, makes a noise in Parliament, but ultimately, under the combined influence of disgust, contrition for the manner in which he had used his friends the Martins, and love for a remarkable girl and governess, Kate Henderson, accepts the Chiltern Hundreds, and turns out a clever fellow. His character is very ably sustained. Godfrey Martin is a good-natured upright man, without energy to make his natural qualities available, and who takes refuge from everything, the most trivial as well as the most gigantic calamity, by believing himself "unprepared to meet it." His wife, the Lady Dorothea, is a cold, dignified, heartless woman, who having spent her youth in the French Court, is in perfect desolation in the midst of her delightful Cro' Martin demesne. Between her and the people there was not, nor could not be the slightest sympathy. The great estate is thus left to the sole control of Mary Martin, Godfrey's niece, who is an angelic "baby Blake." Young, beautiful, bounding with love and strength, growing up like a wild flower in this wild region, mixing with the people, and understanding them. Beholding her uncle's weakness and her aunt's cold hate, she devotes her life to the amelioration of the people's wants, the employment of their strength, the tending of their sick, the comforting of their poor. She isthe guardian angel of the place and people. She puts a soul into them. She is shining over them in the midst of storms; shielding them from the breath of plagues; and ever thinking and acting for their welfare. The election of Massingbred so irritates the Martins, that they become absentees, leaving Mary like a lost pleiad still wandering through her Western heaven. The place is dismantled, all her improvements cut short, her funds curtailed, her hopes for the people blasted, and though still toiling and tending unceasingly, her darling objects are fading away like the mist from her native hills; her letters to her uncle are counter-balanced by those of Maurice Scanlan, his local law agent, and Henderson, a Scotch steward, who only look upon he poverty and turbulence of the people as things which ever were, and ever will be, and who believe the only way to manage the people is not to give into them. They insinuate that Miss Mary spoils the peasantry. Martin, of course, is "unprepared," and lady Dorothea beholds in Mary's endeavors only a romantic affectation, so that nothing is done. The people, without employment, grow lawless when not stricken with disease, and Mary, still narrowing her own personal expenditure, devotes her little means and her great energies to her poor flock, until the quiet grave closes over her almost at the same time that her uncle Godfrey is brought a corpse from Baden-Baden to the old towers of Cro' Martin, now passing from the hands of his race from an accumulation of incumbrances brought upon it by his son Harry Martin, an officer in the English army. Mary Martin's illness was superinduced by rescuing a poor runaway girl from one of the Brannock Islands and restoring her to Magennis, who acknowledged her as his wife. The scene is vividly told, and reminds us of the famous storm on the Shannon, so powerfully delineated in Gerald Griffin's *Collegians:*

"Come, come, dear Joan, remember that you have a home now that you can rightfully return to;" whispered Mary. "It is not in shame, but in honor, that you go back to it."

It was already dark ere they left the Brannocks: a long, heavy swell, too, the sign of a storm, coming from the westward, made the boatmen eager to hasten their departure. As yet, however, the air was calm and still, but it was with that oppressive stillness that forebodes change. They hoisted their sail, but soon saw that they must, for a while at least, trust to their oars. The unbroken stillness, save by the measured stroke of the rowers, the dense dark atmosphere, and the reaction, after a day of toil and an event of a most moving kind, so overcame Mary that, leaning on Joan's shoulder, she fell off fast asleep. For a while, Joan, proud of the burden she supported, devoted all her care to watch and protect her from the night air, but at last weariness stole over herself, and she dropped off to slumber.

Meanwhile the sea was rising; heavy waves struck the boat, and washed over her in sheets of spray, although no wind was stirring.

"We'll have rain, or a gale of wind before long," said one of the men.

"There's some heavy drops falling now," muttered another. "Throw that sail over Miss Mary, for it will soon come down heavily."

A loud clap of thunder burst forth, and as suddenly, like a torrent, the rain poured down, hissing over the dark sea, and filling the air with a dull, discordant noise. Still they slept on, nor heard nor felt aught of that gathering storm.

"There now, sure enough, it's coming!" cried a boatman, as the sail shook tremulously; and two great waves in quick succession, broke over the bow.

"We'll have to run for Innishmore," said another, "and lucky if we get there before it comes on worse!"

"You ought to wake her up, Loony, and ask her what we are to do."

"I'll make straight for the harbor of Kilkieran," replied the helmsman. "The wind is with us, and she's a good sea-boat. Take in the jib, Maurice, and we'll shorten all sail on her, and—"

The rest of his speech was drowned in the uproar of a tremendous sea, which struck the boat on her quarter and nearly overset her. Not another word was now uttered, as, with the instinct of their calling, they set about to prepare for the coming conflict. The mainsail was quickly lowered and reefed, the oars and loose spars secured, and then, seating themselves in the bottom of the boat, they waited in silence. By this time the rain had passed over, and a strong wind swept over the sea.

"She's going fast through the water, any way!" said one of the men. But though the speech was meant to cheer, none felt or acknowledged the encouragement.

"I'd rather than own Cro'Martin Castle Miss Mary was safe at home!" said Loony, as he drew the rough sleeve of his coat across his eyes, "for it's thicker it's getting over yonder!"

"It would be the black day that any thing happened her," muttered another.

"Musha! we've wives and childer," said a third, "but she's worth a thousand of us!"

And thus, in broken whispers, they spoke; not a thought save of her, not a care save for her safety. They prayed, too, fervently, and her name too, was in all their supplications.

"She's singing to herself in her sleep," whispered Loony. And the rough sailors hushed to hear her.

Louder and louder, however, grew the storm, sheets of spray and drift falling over the boat in showers, and all her timbers quivering as she labored in the stormy sea. A Sailor whispered something in Loony's ear, and he grumbled out in reply

"Why would I wake her up?"

"But I *am* awake, Loony," said Mary, in a low calm voice, "and I see all our danger; but I see, too, that you are meeting it like brave men, and, better still, like good ones."

"The men were thinking we ought to bear up for Innishmore, Miss Mary," said Loony, as though ashamed of offering on his own part such counsel.

"You'll do what you think best and safest for us all, Loony."

"But you were always the captain, Miss, when you were aboard!" replied he, with an effort to smile.

"And so I should be now, Loony, but that my heart is too full to be as calm and resolute as I ought to be. This poor thing had not been here now, but for *me*." And she wrapped her shawl around Joan as she spoke. "Maybe it's anxiety, perhaps fatigue, but I have not my old courage to-night!"

"Faix! it will never be fear that will distress you," said he.

"If you mean for myself and my own safety, Loony, you are right. It is not for me to repine at the hour that calls me away, but I cannot bear to think how you and others, with so many dear to you, should be perilled just to serve *me!* And poor Joan, too, at the moment when life was about to brighten for her?" She held down her head for a minute or two, and then suddenly, as it were, rallying, she cried out, "The boat is laboring too much for'ad, Loony; set the jib on her!"

"To be sure, if you ordher it, Miss Mary: but she has more sail now than she can carry:"

"Set the jib, Loony. I know the craft well; she'll ride the waves all the lighter for it. If it were but daylight, I almost think I'd enjoy this. We've been out in as bad before."

Loony shook his head as he went forward to bend the additional sail.

"You see she won't bear it, Miss," cried he, as the boat plunged fearfully in the trough of the seas.

"Let us try," said she, calmly; "stand by, ready to slack off, if I give the word." And so saying, she took the tiller from the sailor, and seated herself on the weather-gunwale. "There, see how she does it now! Ah, Loony, confess I am the true pilot. I knew my nerve would come back when I took my old post here. I was always a coward in a carriage, if I wasn't on the box and the reins in my hands. and the same at sea. Sit up to windward, men, and don't move; never mind baling, only keep quiet."

"Miss Mary was right," muttered one of the men; "the headsail is drawing her high out of water!"

"Is that dark mass before us cloud or the land?" cried she.

"Its the mountains, Miss. There, to the left, where you see the dip in the ridge, that's Kilkieran. I think I see the lights on shore now.

"I see them now myself," cried Mary. "Oh, how the sight of land gives love of life! They called earth truly who named her mother!" said she to herself. "What was that which swept past us, Loony?"

"A boat, Miss; and they're hailing us now," cried he, peeping over the gunwale. "They've put her about, and are following our course. They came out after us."

"It was gallantly done, on such a night as this! I was just thinking to myself that poor old Mat Landy would have been out were he living. You must take the tiller now, Loony, for I don't understand the lights on shore."

"Because they're shifting every minute, Miss. It's torches they have, and they're moving from place to place; but we'll soon be safe now."

"Let us not forget this night, men," said Mary, in a fervent voice. And then, burying her face within her hands, she spoke no more.

It was already daybreak when they gained the little harbor, well-nigh exhausted, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety. As for Mary, wet through and cold, she could not rise from her seat without assistance, and almost fainted as she put her foot on shore. She turned one glance seaward to where the other boat was seen following them, and then, holding Joan's hand, she slowly toiled up the rocky ascent to the village. To the crowd of every age that surrounded her she could only give a faint, sickly smile of recognition, and they, in deep reverence, stood without speaking, gazing on her wan features and the dripping garments which clung to her.

While in Paris, the Martins were in time for the revolution of 1830. Kate Henderson is deeply implicated in it, being in communication with the leaders of the revolt. Massingbred, to sustain his love for the brilliant and calm girl, fights on the side of the Barricades; while Lady Dorothea, outraged by La Hendersons' conduct, is forced to admit of her protection, and submit to her guidance.

Of the other characters, Joe Nelligan is a hard-working Trinity student, son of old Dan Nelligan, a shop-keeper in Oughterard, and who works his way to a Chief-Justiceship on the Queen's Bench. He is evidently introduced to exhibit the career opened to a poor student by the Emacipation. His character is considerably suggestive, at our earlier meetings with him; but on the whole is unsatisfactory. We expected him to have been the hero, and he turns out, from being a prize student, whose bashfulness and evident shame of his father's position makes him dull, to be a very common, if lucky, placeman.

Val Repton, the old lawyer, is a capital portraiture, full of legal lore and wit's quaint revelry. When we meet him for the first time and learn that he is "father of the bar," that he had "refused a silk gown," and that he was not unconnected with sterner epochs of Irish life, we almost feel we are about to open a friendship with Robert Holmes; but as Val's life-history proceeds we find we are disappointed. It is very probable, however, that Lever has rolled somebody else and Holmes together, as Colman rolled his two gentlemen into one.

Another great character is Herman Merl, the Jew money lender. The masterly manner in which this rascal is set before us would insinuate a belief that the author must have some well-based antipathy to the race of Merls. The audacious ease of the scoundrel, the self-reliant feeling of full pockets in the presence of deeply involved aristocrats, who despise and are obliged to tolerate him, meets us in a variety of effective scenes and under a number of naturally concocted occurrences. The growth of the Jew's power over the "blooded" swells, and especially over young Martin, his ambition for good society, and the use of his debtors for the purpose; his deferential demeanor while he believes his dupes wealthy, and his sudden closing up when he finds out he has swamped them, are made the links of a series of racy sketches of fashionable life.

Maurice Scanlan is a type of the cunning Irish country attorney, who like the Mercury in the thermometer rises and falls according to the warmth or coldness of the personal atmosphere in which he moves. Hiding an astute, selfish and mean soul under an outside sporting appearance, he knocks his betters off their guard, is recognized because he is useful to them, and in turn tolerates with vulgar attempts at aristocracy the people he believes beneath him.

Old Dan Nelligan, and the society of Oughterard, the few glimpses at the vice-regal court in Dublin, the fashionable season in Paris, and Baden-Baden; and the conversations of Val Repton, are each in their way very good. The story winds up by the saving of the Cro' Martin estate from the clutches of Herman Merl by the appearance of Barrey Martin, twin and older brother of Godfrey, who of course is the rightful heir. He is the father of Mary, who does not survive to put in practice the good ideas which her father's position would confer the power to do. Kate Henderson, supposed to be the daughter of the old Scotch steward, turns out to be the child of Barry Martin, who now receives her. With her and Jack Massingbred he leaves Ireland all to spend their days in the solitude and among the glorious scenery of the Rocky Mountains, taking with them also Simmy Crow, a crazy artist, who with every feeling for painting, had too sublime a notion of it, ever to arrive at anything great himself.

Victor Hugo is improving his exile at Guernsey, in completing his last work, the "Contemplations," a poem of ten thousand verses, embodying his experiences of human life. A portion of it has already been published. With him are living his wife, two sons and a daughter, who are all devoted to the pursuit of literature and art. Victor, the youngest son, is engaged upon a new translation of Shakspere, which it is said, will be an unusually faithful one, based strictly upon the early folio edition. Charles, the other son, besides manifesting an extraordinary talent for painting, writes poems, tales, dramas, and articles for the magazines; and in fertility of genius is said to resemble his father.

Madame Hugo is writing a memoir of her husband. She is said to have genuine capacity for the task, and her participation in all that her husband has done or thought during his married life gives her unusual facilities for it. Such a memoir, analogous in character to that written by Shelley's widow, will prove a valuable contribution to literature. Mlle. Hugo possesses remarkable talent as a pianist, and is a woman of genius.

A few friends share with M. Hugo his exile, upon whom the influence exerted by the poet is somewhat remarkable. His hatred of Louis Napoleon is unrelenting, and the prospect of his return to France, while the present dynasty is in power, is very slight. Apparently, however, his exile, alleviated by the presence of family and friends, is not a bitter one.

THE CHURCH DOOR.

At the door she stands,
  Bow'd down with grief and care;
She clasps her trembling hands,
  And seems a statue there.

Her garments, ah! how worn,
  Her countenance how pale;
How truly Want and Scorn
  Reveal their blighting tale.

She gazes at the light
  Which gleams from Chancel pane,
Thro' darkness of the night
  And darkness of the brain.

How blest to enter in,
  To sue and be forgiven;
To be absolved from sin,
  And feel the grace of Heaven!

Oh! peace of childhood's days,
  Wilt thou return no more?
Or is she lost always,
  Who's weeping at that door?

Ah! no, those very tears
  Have turned to founts of Grace;
They wash the stains of years,
  And leave no earthly trace.

The portals open wide—
  'Tis MARY bids her rest;
She guides her step inside,
  And clasps her to her breast!

Tho' Faith and Hope seemed lost,
  Yet MARY's heart within,
Had only longed the most,
  To purge her Soul from Sin.

BARRETT.

PARAPHRASE OF A SERMON IN A STONE.

The opening article in *Putnam's Monthly* for August is devoted to a rather pleasant retrospection of the works of noted authors which were suggested by others. It is entitled *Literary Imitations*, and was suggested by a late article in *Fraser's Magazine*, which exposed some of Bulwer's pilfering from Laurence Sterne. The writer proceeds to whittle down Sir Edward's claims to originality in a very self-satisfactory and readable manner. Burns does not come off unscathed, nor Shakspere, nor Swift, nor Rabelais, nor Cervantes, nor Milton, nor Tennyson, nor indeed many others. One sentence we adopt freely, to wit, that Thackeray cannot understand Swift. Coming immediately after this article, in *Putnam*, and very appropriately, is a poem entitled "The Genius of America," which may be taken as an illustration of the "Literary Imitations" aforesaid. The poem is a very plain and very creditable paraphrase of a well known effort by Thomas Davis. "The Genius of America" is addressed to a sculptor, on his statue of "America," and is a close adaptation of the celebrated lines by Davis to Hogan the Sculptor, regarding the statue of O'Connell. If not a downright imitation, the coincidence is somewhat remarkable and noteworthy. In the first place, both poems are to Sculptors, engaged on national themes; in the second, the metre is the same; in the third, the treatment is identical, the poets using their peculiar national reminiscences and hopes to illustrate the glory and character of the subject under notice. A couple of quotations will interest our readers. The first is from Davis:—

But would you by your art unroll
His own, and Ireland's secret soul,
And give to other times to scan
The greatest greatness of the man?
Fierce defiance let him be
Hurling at our enemy.
From a base as fair and sure
As our love is true and pure,
Let his statue rise as tall
And firm as a castle wall.
On his broad brow let there be
A type of Ireland's history;
Pious, generous, deep, and warm,
Strong and changeful as a storm;
Let whole centuries of wrong
On his recollection throng—
Strongbow's force and Henry's wile,
Tudor's wrath and Stuart's guile,
And iron Strafford's tiger jaws,
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws;
Not forgetting Saxon faith,
Not forgetting Norman scaith,
Not forgetting William's word,
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword.
Let the Union's fetter vile—
The shame and ruin of our isle—
Let the blood of 'Ninety-Eight'
And our present blighting fate—
Let the poor mechanic's lot,
And the peasant's ruined cot,
Plundered wealth and glory flown,
Ancient honors overthrown—
Let trampled altar, rifled urn,
Knit his look to purpose stern.
Mould all this into one thought,
Like wizard cloud with thunder fraught;
Still let our glories through it gleam,
Like fair flowers through a flooded stream,
Or like a flashing wave at night,
Bright—mid the solemn darkness bright.
Let the memory of old days
Shine through the statesman's anxious face—
Dathi's power, and Brian's fame,
And headlong Sarsfield's sword of flame,
And the spirit of Red Hugh,
And the pride of 'Eighty-Two.
And the victories he won,
And the hope that leads him on!

Let whole armies seem to fly,
From his threatening hand and eye;
Be the strength of all the land
Like a falchion in his hand,
And be his gesture sternly grand.

Here is the *Putnam* writer:—

Sculptor of the daring hand,
Shape the genius of the land;
Shape him rough, and bold, and keen,
Stalwart mould and dauntless mien;
As when youth, his course just ended,
Is with mightier manhood blended;
Show him, like one spirit-stirred,
With his hand upon his sword,
And his vision forward glancing,
And his firm step half advancing;
And upon his form and brow,
With thy hand's best cunning show,
Show the signature and trace
Of each old ancestral race,
Whence the living, centering forces
Mingle from a hundred sources;
As the rills their tributes blending,
Swell the conquering river trending,
Thus the spirit let us see
Of the pontine ancestry.
Bearing venturous, thwart the brine,
England's name and Alfred's line,
Or, at home, by mound and zee,
Warring 'gainst a priest's decree,
'Gainst the Rhineland ritter's doom
Round the oak of Upstalboom;
And that Cymric flood of old,
Like the torrent, tempest-rolled
Thro' the gorge of Snowdon boiling,
'Gainst the Roman ranks recoiling;
And the courage, rude and stark,
Of the Norland beresark,
Restless rider of the surge,
England's lord, and Adria's scourge,
Breaking first the enchanted rest
Of old Ocean's shadowy West;
And the manly port and free
Of great-hearted Germany—
Sire of many a mighty strain,
Hermann's brand and Luther's brain;
And the Italian glance of power,
Like Vesuvius' pausing hour;
And the Magyar's lofty scope,
And the Pole's undying hope;
And the strength pervading all—
Flush of Eiré and the Gaul,
And the pride of sword and lyre,
And the old chivalric ire,
Sinewy hold and heart of fire.

Sculptor! thus with daring hand,
Shape the Genius of the Land;
Shape him, tho' in youth unworn.
As befits the battle-born—
Born when war-clouds rolled in thunder,
And the ground grew red thereunder;
Victory nursed and fire-baptized,
Show his aspect cicatrized,
Darkened, graceful, with the scars
Won in three victorious wars;
These delineate if thou canst,
So from look and gesture glanced,
With a spell so true, that we,
As we gaze shall seem to see
All the historic epopee:—
Lexington, the startled farms,
And the first grand cry, To arms!
And ten thousands bells a-tolling,
And the deeper war-storm rolling;
Hudson calling thro' the air
To the answering Delaware,
O'er the strife conflicting sorest
'Twixt the rivers and the forest,
And the horizon lowering black
Round the valley bivouac,
And the calm, heroic Will,
Suffering, hoping, steadfast still
By the wintry watch-fire chill;
And the immortal morning-break
O'er the hosts of Chesapeake,
And the tyrant's falchion shivered
On the exulting soil delivered;
Then the gallant later story
Of Lake Erie's waves of glory
And the fields of Ocean gory;
And that rampire red-renowned—
Mississippi's sulphury mound;

And the triumphs frequent flushing
By the Rio Grande rushing;
And the banners borne elate
Through the Cordillera gate,
And the crest of Mexico
Shorn upon her high plateau,
And her Alameda ringing
To the conqueror's bugle singing.

Thus, in lineament and limb,
Daring sculptor fashion him:
Blend with memory in his gaze,
The prophecies of coming days,
As of one whose spirit sees
All his mightier destinies.

There are several readable and well illustrated papers in *Harper*, of which we would mention in especial Addison Richards' "Valley of the Connecticut;" *prime* passages of "Eastern Travel;" "Virginia Illustrated;" the paper on Epidemics, and last not least, those capital "Experiments in Photography." Little Dorrit is continued.

The *Knickerbocker* and *Schoolfellow* rival each other in their endeavors to please the rising generation.

Household Words continues to be filled with very pleasant stories, and capital short essays.

On the 17th of the present month the first step was made towards the recognition of the rights of dramatic authors in this country. A bill for the protection of dramatic property on that day passed the Senate. This bill, one which was nothing more than an act supplemental to the present copyright act, was drawn up under the superintendence of Mr. Boker, Judge Conrad, and Dr. Bird, and brought before the Senate, by Mr. Seward. Nothing now remains but to have it put through the House, as we trust it will, before the end of the present session.

Swift declared that he was too proud to be vain. The distinction is a nice one.

Literary and Artistic News.

We have been struck with a passage of Lieut. Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea, in which he computes the effect of a single inch of rain falling upon the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic includes an area of twenty-three thousand square miles. Suppose an inch of rain to fall upon only one-fifth of this vast expanse. "It would weigh," says our author, "three hundred and sixty thousand millions of tuns; and the salt, which as water, it held in solution in the sea, and which, when this water was taken up as a vapor, was left behind to disturb the equilibrium, weighed sixteen million more tuns, or nearly twice as much as all the ships in the world could carry at a single cargo each. It might fall in a day; but occupy what time it might in falling, this rain is calculated to exert so much force—which is inconceivably great—in disturbing the equilibrium of the ocean. If all the water discharged by the Mississippi river was taken up in one mighty measure and cast into the ocean at one effort, it would not make a greater disturbance in the equilibrium of the sea, than would the fall of rain supposed. And yet so gentle are the operations of nature, that movements so vast are unperceived."

What a multitude of people are born now-a-days with their fingers blackened with ink! says "Malakoff," in the *Times*, and as an evidence gives a list of sons of illustrious fathers in French Literature. There are Alexandre Dumas *fils*, H. de Kock *fils*, Guillame Guizot *fils*, Salvandy *fils*, De Broglie *fils*, Jaime *fils*, Delangle *fils*, Barbiere *fils*, Dupenty *fils*, Gautier *fils*, etc. etc. The great question of cotemporary literature is the sons! the sons! The public seem disposed to believe that it must be hereditary, and thus they accept Mr. So-and-So *fils*, successor of his father, absolutely as if it were an affair of succession to a grocery store.

Alexandre Dumas *fils* is just now laid on the shelf by a new piece after his own style played at the Vaudeville, and called *Les Amours Forces* (Forced Loves). Take from Dumas *fils* the equivocal habits of Paris and he is lost to literature. He has written three great comedies: *La Dame aux Camelias*, (a lady who has flowered under many names in America), *Diane de Lys* and *Le Demi Monde*—one and the same *lorette* under three different costumes. With these he has gained three hundred thousand francs! And now M. Dacourcelli supersedes him on the boards of the Vaudeville with *Les Amour Forces*.

A letter from Berlin, in the *Presse Belge*, says: "The great painter Cornelius, of this place, has finished a picture representing Lady Macbeth endeavoring to cleanse her blood-stained hand. All who have seen this work, and their number is very limited, pronounce it to be admirable. The expression of the countenances of Lady Macbeth, of her waiting-maid, and of the Doctor, are said to be full of effect."

A new daily paper, to be called the *Dial*, is to be started in London, on the limited liability principle. The originators are chiefly non-conformists. The conception is on a magnificent scale—no fewer than two hundred and fifty thousand shareholders at ten pounds each, which yields a capital of two and a half millions. As soon as one hundred thousand are procured the paper will be started.

A Cairo letter states that a short time back a fellah, in digging a hole to plant a tree, in a field near the city, found, at the depth of three or four feet, a bust in red prophyry of the size of life, admirably sculptured and in a remarkable state of preservation. The personage represented is supposed to be Diocletian, and it is probable that the bust was the principal ornament of some temple. M. Delaporte, the French consul, has purchased the bust.

T. J. Fox Alden, an old and eminent lawyer of Pittsburg, and the author of several legal works, died on the morning of the 1st at that city.

[*From the Courier des Etats Unis.*]

INEQUALITY OF THE LAW.

Mr. Herbert, the representative of California, has been triumphantly acquitted on his trial for the murder of Thomas Keating. The jury have rendered a verdict of Not Guilty.

Whatever defence may be felt for the person judged, it is impossible to pass without reflection this new and astonishing proof of the utter powerlessness of the law in the United States towards certain individuals.

No one can forget the details of this sad affair. One morning in the month of May, Mr. Herbert descended to the dining-room of Willard's Hotel, and demanded his breakfast. He was told that the hour for that meal had passed, and by the regulations of the house he could get none at that time, to which he replied in language of violence and insult to the servant. The quarrel, thus begun, grew warm. Mr. Herbert drew a pistol from his pocket, and shot the waiter Keating dead at his feet.

The evidence, as disclosed at the trial, simplified the facts. Mr. Herbert was the acknowledged and avowed author of the murder. The only point to be decided was, how far the incidental circumstances extenuated the facts and justified the act which he had been guilty of. To pronounce him innocent, it was necessary that the jury should find that he had acted in legitimate self-defence.

Yet, we hesitate not to say, that if instead of Thomas Keating it was Mr. Herbert who had lost his life in this encounter, if it had been the matter of the Cook who, when threatened, had seized a table-knife and killed the Representative, the finding would have been entirely different. Nevertheless, the presumption of self-defence would have been much more in favor of Keating than Herbert—rather in favor of the man of peaceable disposition than of insolent arrogance. More in favor of the man who takes up a weapon by chance than he who goes to breakfast with a pistol in his pocket.

At first sight, and without entering into the technical detail of the testimony as developed, there is no one who does not feel instinctively that the provocation came from Mr. Herbert. This comes naturally, so to speak, from the nature of the event. Admitting that the quarrel once commenced, chanced to put his life in danger, the fact that he was the instigator, ought of necessity to be against him. But it is a fact of public notoriety that he had not the benefit of this supposition. It was clearly established on the first investigation, that at the moment of the murder, the strife, if strife there was, had not arrived at that critical point, in view of which the law admits the excuse of self defence. In other words, we boldly assert, that if Mr. Herbert had not been armed with a pistol, or had not fired, we should not have had to deplore the death of any one.

To explain the verdict of the jury in the face of such circumstances, it is necessary to look at the influences of every kind that were brought to bear upon it; it is necessary to measure the extraordinary power that American Law puts into the hands of the judge who presides over the trial. In France, the juries are only permitted to pronounce according to their consciences and their understanding on the material facts submitted to their decisions. In the United States, they are called upon to decide on legal distinctions often extremely subtle. The summing up, by which the Court terminates and condenses the process, is no longer necessarily a simple review of the facts and testimony; it is, at the same time, a prolix, obscure and almost invariably partial explanation of the law. We have not, for our part, ever listened

to one of these "summings up" which did not indicate in a palpable manner to the meanest apprehension on which side leaned the personal opinion of the Court, and on which side it wished the verdict.

That this course exercised a powerful influence in the case of Mr. Herbert, no one can doubt, when they know that the judge developed to the jury the novel doctrine "that it was sufficient to think ourselves in danger to be in the condition in which a homicide is justifiable." Such a theory, as our judicial reports have within these few days vigorously developed, would give to cowardice a right of murder almost without limit. Whatever may have been the disposing causes of the verdict we have under consideration, it is the denouement of the action itself we have to look at.

We repeat, with the conviction that the public voice will sustain us, that for an obscure criminal the result would have been altogether different; nor would a poor man have been at large without bail during the whole trial. The murder of Keating did not subject Mr. Herbert to forty-eight hours close imprisonment.

In France—in that country which the whole American press calumniates so much and knows so little of—when a crime is committed in certain circles, the high position of the guilty party gives but more eclat to his fall and his punishment. In the United States, we have yet to find—within ten years past—that a man of political or pecuniary influence has not found means to avoid the law after having violated it. The case of Mr. Herbert, nevertheless, is one of those facts which pass all bounds and call for the energetic intervention of the press. With such administration of justice, Vigilance Committees become a necessity.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

To T. F. Meagher, Esq., Editor of the N. Y. Irish News.

San Francisco, July 5, 1856.

Dear Sir:—By this time you will be aware of the difficulties existing in this city—which it is not necessary for me to dwell upon, as you will receive a full and authentic account in the *Herald* which I send you by this mail. We were the first company that filled up, and reported ourselves in compliance with the Governor's Proclamation, June 3rd. We elected our officers on the 7th of June, and were mustered into service on the 11th. Our Company is called the "Jackson Guards." The following are the officers elected:

Captain, Daniel O'Regan; 1st Lieut., C. Grant; 2nd Lieut., James Cusick; 1st Orderly Sergeant, Joseph J. Byrne; 2nd, Robert Dolan; 3rd, M. Kiernan; 4th, Thos. Connelly. Clerk of the Company, Henry J. Duff; 1st Corporal, Edwd. Fanning; 2nd, John Ballard; 3rd, Patrick Murphy; 4th Thos. Kierns.

The company is composed entirely of Irishmen.

It is the wish of the Company that you publish the card in the Herald, and you will much oblige,

Yours respectfully, Daniel O'Regan, Capt.

CARD FROM THE JACKSON GUARDS.

Editor of the Herald:—In consequence of a falsehood which appeared in a morning paper on the 23d instant, under the head of "Important Events in this city," and purporting to be "an authentic version," we, the liberated prisoners of the Jackson Guards, Company C, deny that we either directly or indirectly "denied all intention of again participating in the movements of the Law and Order party, and that we were very complimentary to the Committee with respect to 'our' treatment while in their 'Bastile.'" Neither have we collectively or individually spoken of the "entire futility of any force the Law and Order party could raise," to cope with the Vigilance Committee.

It is true, that Mr. Smiley of the Committee, did repeat a sort of advice, or lecture, which we then and now disregard—in substance—that if we were again found taking up arms against the Committee, we would meet with the severest punishment. Before we responded to the Governor's call, we understood our duty and our calling; we took an oath to support and defend the Constitution and laws of this State, and of the United States, and to obey the President of the United States, the Governor of this State and our superior officers. We still adhere to that oath, and when ordered, we will obey to the best of our ability. We would also state, that on Saturday, June 21st, before we were marched off as prisoners of war, we were asked—as a condition of our liberty—to take an oath, composed of sectarian insolence and intended to wound religious feelings, not to bear arms again against the Vigilance Committee. We unanimously and indignantly declined to do so.

The following is the oath the Vigilance Committee required the State Militia to take in their Armory, corner of Clay and Kearney streets, June 21st, before marching them to Fort Vigilance, where they were placed in irons as prisoners of war:

"I do solemnly promise and swear, in the presence of Almighty God and these witnesses present—by the hope of a future state—by the blessed Virgin Mary and all the saints in the calendar, that I will not bear arms against the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco. So help me God and the blessed Virgin."

A person then addressed us, and said: "In consideration of your taking this oath, we will liberate you; if you do not take it, you will be imprisoned; and if you take it and break it, you will be liable to immediate death."

Captain D. O'Regan,	P. O'Regan,
P. Murphy,	John Kelly,
E. Slaine,	Edw. Durham,
Thos. Casey,	P. Burns,
John Dorney,	E. O'Callagan,
John Bolan,	Robert Dolan,
Hugh Flynn,	M. McLaughlin,
Bernard Keegan,	P. Nooman,
J. J. Burns,	E. Fanning,
P. O'Brian,	Thos. Kiernan,
James McMahon,	Sergt. Connelly.

A Monetary Scheme at the Bottom of Fremont's Presidential Nomination.

That a corrupt monetary scheme, which ought to startle and alarm the whole country, is at the bottom of the nomination of Fremont for the Presidency, is now as well ascertained as any fact can be by circumstantial testimony. Without experience—without ability—with nothing to recommend him to the support of the people for the high office of the Presidency—his name would never have been thought of in that connection had not a few money-brokers and corrupt political jobbers in the city of New-York, who for years have been seeking to make fortunes out of illegitimate drippings of the Treasury, perceived an opportunity so to do in Fremont's great Mariposa land claim, involving so many millions of dollars in California. Members of Congress and delegates to the convention which nominated him, with their hands full of Mariposa scrip, are anxiously awaiting the opportunity when, with the person most deeply interested in it at the head of the general government, steps can be taken to clear the grant of its many thousand of actual settlers, and they can thus come into the possession of great wealth and affluence.

It is this dazzling prospect in view which brought the mercenary partisans in New-York, who had previously been in favor of George Law, to the support of Fremont. When the latter was elected to the United States Senate from California, the N. Y. *Herald* of May 4, 1850, thus alluded to him, and indicated the reason why he was sent. The *Herald* then said:—

"We believe that Col. Fremont knows something of land claims held by certain people in California, to the enormous amount of over one hundred millions of dollars. Indeed, it is said he is largely interested (some say to the extent of five million) in them; and if he can secure the passage of a law by Congress, confirming all Mexican laws and titles, he will become the richest man in the world. The importance of getting these titles confirmed by Congress, induced a few of the citizens of California to send Fremont there, knowing that he could get the aid of his father-in-law, Col. Benton.

"The value of the land in dispute, if Congress confirms all sorts of Mexican titles, it is said will reach six hundred millions. No wonder that Col. Benton is as wide awake for California now as he was fast asleep at all former periods. As Walpole once said, every man has his pocket-handkerchief, whether he be Secretary or Senator. Col. Benton rolled up his eyes in pious horror at the assertion made by the glorious Calhoun, that the conquest of Mexican territory, and its annexation to the United States, abrogated all Mexican laws in said territory, even those against Slavery. Mr. Benton saw where this action would end, unless discovered, and opposed it, not that he loved slavery less, but Mexican land scrip more.

"As soon as California is admitted, Col. Benton will move for confirming all the Spanish and Mexican land titles by Congress, and we should not be surprised if he as well as Senator Fremont held some millions of them."

Fremont has managed to secure a sort of Mexican title to to the immense Mariposa grant, but it is not of much account until those in possession are dispossessed, who will make a strong resistance. Give him the command of the army and navy of the United States to back up the State authorities, in case the latter are unequal to the task of dispossessing, and Fremont becomes far wealthier than the Rothschilds, and could count it by tens of millions of dollars.

Will not the people rise in their might and put a veto upon this design of prostituting the Presidency, the highest and most dignified station in the world, at the feet of mammon, in order that a few corrupt politicians may revel in the possession of ill-gotten wealth. Let the alarm be sounded, or the American Presidency, like the crown of the Roman Empire in the days of its degeneracy, will be bought and sold.—*Cincinnati Daily Inquirer.*

ROBERT ST. LEGER:

We are indebted to the *Tablet* newspaper for the following faithful and feeling account of the Life and Death of the Very Rev. Robert St. Leger, S. J.:

This distinguished Divine was a native of Waterford. At an early age he was sent to Stonyhurst, where he received his education in that celebrated seminary where were educated Shiel and Wyse and others not less eminent. Among his contemporaries at College, Dr. St. Leger was distinguished, and he stood high in the estimation of the masters and professors, who were men of great intellectual endowments. On leaving Stonyhurst, being intended for the church, he went to Sicily to join the Society of Jesus. At that period the Continent of Europe was closed by war to all subjects of the British crown. The Neapolitan territory was occupied by the hostile hosts of Napoleon, and Dr. St. Leger had to go by sea to Sicily. The ship he sailed in was attacked in the Mediterranean by pirates—by those lawless Corsairs that then infested the coast of Africa. It was a lovely evening, some hours before sunset, when the captain announced to the passengers on board the alarming intelligence of a suspicious craft on the horizon. Preparation was immediately made for action. Soon the pirate gained on them, and when within range poured in a deadly volley, which was quickly responded to by a shower of grape and canister; a desperate fight ensued; but after a sanguinary struggle, the pirate was compelled to sheer off disabled. Each young Irish student stood manfully to his gun on that eventful evening, directing and encouraging the crew, and it was mainly owing to their determined bravery that the vessel was not plundered, and themselves probably sold to slavery.

After finishing his studies in Sicily, Dr. St Leger repaired to Rome where he remained for some years. He was ultimately nominated by the Holy See Vicar-Apostolic of the East Indies. At Calcutta he took a high position. He was frequently the guest at the table of the Governor-General, and as member of council, was consulted on everything appertaining to the interests of the Metropolitan Catholic Church in India. It was there he became acquainted with the celebrated historian, Macaulay, whom he met in council, and who has spoken and written of him in terms of high regard and admiration. After a long residence in the East, he was appointed Provincial of his Order in Ireland, and was chosen for that prominent position in succession to the learned Dr. Kenny.

Dr. St. Leger was a remarkable man—a sound theologian, an accomplished scholar, of profound learning and deep research, of large and comprehensive mind, of the highest order of intellect. He was well read and informed on every subject, and there was no topic that he treated that he did not adorn by his eloquence. Always accessible to juniors, and ever ready to assist them with counsel and advice, he refrained, however, from replying to arguments, if merely introduced for purposes of display, which he despised. But, mild and gentle in his manners, he listened to them with patient and courteous attention; then drawing on the vast stores of his richly-endowed mind, words of wisdom flowed from his lips as if from an inspired source.

The remains of this eminent Ecclesiastic have been interred in the Cemetery of Glasnevin, Dublin. His funeral was attended by a numerous circle of friends and admirers, both by Clergy and laity, by all classes of citizens, and what would have most pleased that gentle spirit, if on earth, by the orphan children of the parish, whom he had watched over while living. It was an affecting incident to see those little ones praying at the grave of their lost benefactor, "May his soul rest in peace." His memory will be long cherished by those who had the happiness and the honor of his intimacy and friendship. His name will be long remembered with affectionate regret.

John Grady, a laborer, was killed on the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway, on Friday, by some of the wagons passing over him.

Central American News.

NICARAGUA.

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT WALKER.

The U. S. mail steamship Granada, Capt. Griffin, arrived at New Orleans on the 25th ult., from San Juan 21st. She brought the following news:—

An American brig, name unknown, was swamped by a waterspout and foundered off Carthagena. All hands lost except the captain.

We have news of the inauguration of Gen. Walker as President. The aggregate vote was 23,236; of which Walker received 15,835; Ferrer, 4,447; Rivas, 867; Salazar, 2,087.

The following is the decree:—

REPUBLIC OF NICARAGUA.

Department of State,
Granada, July 11, 1856.

Sir: The Supreme Executive Power has been pleased to dictate the following decree:

Fermin Ferrer, Provisional President of the Republic of Nicaragua, to its inhabitants:

The Presidential elections, which are to rule the destinies of the nation having been effected in conformity with the decree bearing date of the 10th ult., and having in view the returns of the different electoral districts forwarded by the cities of the Republic, and having executed the accustomed scrutiny of the candidates which appeared in said returns, I have been pleased to decree, and do

DECREE.

1. Declared elected by a majority of votes as President of the Republic of Nicaragua, Gen. William Walker.

2. That the same be announced in the most solemn manner, and communicated to the elected candidate, who shall take possession of his office on the 12th day of the present month.

Given in Granada, this 10th day of July, 1856.

F. Ferrer.

To Minister-General, Gen Abateo Pineda.

By superior orders, this is forwarded to you for your intelligence, and proper action, in expectation, also, of your acknowledgment of the same. Pineda.

The following general order was issued yesterday by Brig. Gen. Fry, Commander of the Oriental Department:

General Order—No. 7.

Head-Quarters, Oriental Department,
Granada, July 11, 1856.

The garrison of the city (except the guard and the sick examined by a surgeon) will appear under arms on the parade to-morrow, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

All men belonging to the Qurter-Master's, Commissary's, Medical and Ordnance Departments will form on the left of the troops of the line, under the command of Col. T. F. Fisher.

All men on detached duty will parade with their companies, or if their companies be absent, will report to Colonel Fisher.

B. D. Fry.
Brig. General Commanding Department.

CEREMONIES OF INAUGURATION.

A supplemental sheet to *El Nicaragueuse* of the 12th inst. gives the following account of the inauguration:

As soon as the decision was announced, which was late on the evening of the 10th, the enthusiastic citizens gave vent to their feelings by displays of fireworks, throwing fireballs, and otherwise. The day following was spent in mutually congratulating each other upon the brightening prospect before them under the Presidency of General Walker. Notices were immediately issued that the President would be inaugurated on Saturday, the 12th of July. Early in the morning of the inauguration day, a staging at the west end of the plaza was finished and decorated with the flags of the United States, France, the Lone Star of Cuba, and that of Nicaragua. At 11 o'clock the procession formed on the plaza, in accordance with the following programme:

One Company, by platoons; Band; Flag of the Republic; one Company, by platoons; President and President Elect; Cabinet and Suites of the Presidents; Ministers of the United States and Nicaragua and their Suites; Foreign Consuls; Municipal Authorities; Committee of Arrangements; General Officers and Aides-de-Camp; Officers of the General Staff; other Officers not attached; Officers of the Navy; Troops (marched by flank under their officers); Citizens (by twos). The Flag of the Republic was escorted from the house of the President to the Plaza. The procession then marched to escort the President and President Elect to the place of inauguration, and there formed line. Valedictory and Inaugural Addresses. Salute of twenty-one guns. Thence to the Cathedral—"*Te Deum.*" Column reformed. Marched through the principal streets, and escorted the President to his house. Thence to the Plaza. Flag of the Republic escorted by a company to the house of the President installed.

When the procession reached the place of installation, President Fermin Ferrer delivered the following:

Mr. President: You hold in your hands the destinies of Nicaragua—the keys of a vast continent—of an unhappy people who hope for a brighter future. Of a people who, great and flourishing even in adversity, will prove themselves, in prosperity, second to none, because nature is ever superior here to the effects of man's discord.

You have been called to your present eminence by the people, in despite of a multitude of impostures and insidious stratagems, practised by the demagogues and enemies of progress in Central America, because an instinctive sense of self-preservation and high aspirations gave rise to this result of a universal and popular suffrage. With sincere and heartfelt pleasure I deliver to you the supreme command of the Republic, in the certainty that you will bestow upon it tranquillity, progress and respectability.

I know this, and the people also know it, since they have deposited their confidence in you, which you have accepted.

In the present situation of the country, the free people of Nicaragua who have elected you, promise themselves abundant fruit from your labors, and your fame will be transmitted to all posterity, illuminated by a never-fading light.

This having been read in English by Charles Callaghan, Esq., Don Fermin Ferrer turned to William Walker, and administered the oath of office. While the words of the oath were being read, General Walker was on his knees, and in this position took upon himself the obligation of the Presidency of the Republic.

The oath was read and responded to in the Spanish language, which we translate thus:

OATH OF OFFICE.

You solemnly promise and swear to govern the free Republic of Nicaragua, and sustain its independent and territorial integrity with all your power, and to execute justice according to the principles of Republicanism and religion.

"I promise and swear," responded the President.

You promise and swear, whenever it may be in your power, to maintain the law of God, the true profession of the Evangelists, and the religion of the crucifixion.

"I promise and swear," responded the President.

In the name of God and the sainted Evangelists, you swear to comply with these obligations, and to make it your constant guard to fulfil all that is herein promised.

"I swear," responded the President.

And for this, the succession is committed to you firmly by these presents; by authority of the Secretary of Government, charged with the General Dispatches.

After the oath had been administered, cheer after cheer rose from the Americans assembled, mingled with the lusty *vivas* of the natives.

After silence had been restored, President William Walker delivered the following

INAUGURAL ADDRESS:

In assuming the duties of the Presidency of the Republic, I feel deeply the difficulties and the responsibilities which the office involves. The state is menaced by dangers from without and within, and there is need of sleepless vigilance and untiring energy to preserve the government from the enemies which threaten it. In order, therefore, to administer properly the affairs of the republic, I require all the assistance I can derive from the patriotism of its citizens, and from the skill, courage and self-restraint of the soldiers. On them and on the Divine Providence which controls and directs the course of States and Empires, I rely for assistance in the proper discharge of the duties I this day assume.

The republic has reached an era in its history not second in importance to the day of her independence from the Spanish monarchy. The 15th of September, 1821, was the opening of the revolutionary epoch of Nicaragua. I hope this day may be its close. The struggles of thirty-five years have, it is to be hoped, taught the people that liberty is not to be obtained amidst the petty feuds of contending chieftains, and that prosperity does not result from a constant state of civil broils and intestine commotions. After a long series of bloody conflicts, the republic has need of internal peace and quiet for the development of its varied resources. I sincerely trust that all good citizens will assist me in the maintenance of that order which is the first requisite of a well governed State, and without which all national development or individual welfare is impossible.

Not only is internal order required for the advancement of material wealth and prosperity, but also for the proper defence of the republic from the external enemies which threaten its repose. The other four States of Central America, without reason and without justice, have undertaken to interfere in the domestic affairs of Nicaragua. Conscious of their own weakness, and fearful lest the prosperity of Nicaragua should detract from their wealth, these neighboring States are enviously endeavoring to interrupt our progress by force of arms. The imbecile rulers of these States, too, feeling that they have failed to perform their duties to the people they undertake to govern, dread lest their impoverished countrymen may finally fly for refuge to those who have redeemed Nicaragua from anarchy and ruin. Moved by such ignoble sentiments, these miserable relics of a once powerful aristocracy are striving to impede the march of events in this republic. But the impotence of their efforts is beginning to be made manifest to themselves and to the world, and they are now appearing as blind instruments in the hand of an all-wise Providence, which, out of the bad passions and unworthy motives of men, educes good and improvement.

In our relations with the more powerful nations of the world, I hope they may be led to perceive that although Nicaragua may be comparatively weak, she is yet jealous of her honor, and determined to maintain the dignity of her independent sovereignty. Her geographical position and commercial advantages may attract the cupidity of other governments, either neighboring or distant, but I trust they may yet learn that Nicaragua claims to control her own destiny, and does not require other nationalities to make treaties concerning her territory without asking her advice and consent. While pursuing a course of strict justice towards foreign citizens and foreign governments, we only ask that the same equity may be granted to ourselves.

The principles which shall guide me in the administration both of the foreign and domestic affairs of the government are few and simple. To allow the utmost liberty of speech and action compatible with order and good government, shall be the leading idea of my political conduct. Therefore, the greatest possible freedom of trade will be established, with the view of making Nicaragua what nature intended her to be, the highway for commerce between the two oceans. And with this freedom of trade will come the arts of a civilization which grows and increases by the wants and necessities itself creates. While facilitating, as far as possible, the material developement of the State, I shall not be unmindful of its intellectual and moral requirements. To promote the proper education of the people, and to encourage them in the practices of that Divine religion which constitutes the basis of all modern civilization, shall be objects of primary importance. And for carrying out these intentions with success, I humbly invoke the aid of Him, without whose assistance all human exertions are but as bubbles on a stormy sea.

Then followed an impressive religious ceremony by the Bishop of Granada; and after that a dinner, at which the "President of the United States" was the first toast, "General Walker" the second, and the "ballot box (amended by some gallant gentleman into the "band box") the third. After many others, the assembly broke up, happy and enthusiastic.

(*From the New-Orleans Courier, July* 26.)

We understand that Rivas, the late President, has fortified himself in Leon, and openly avows his connexion with the invaders from Guatemala, and his intention to drive the North Americans into the sea. A party of Walker's troops, who entered that city, were fired upon and retired. Rivas is making every possible effort to combine all influences against Walker.

The health of the army remains good, but some fever is produced by the imprudences of new recruits unaccustomed to the climate.

The Fourth of July was celebrated at Granada by an oration and a dinner. Colonel Wheeler, the American Ambassador, presided at the latter. Among other toasts was one to Mr. Crampton—over the left.

The following from the special Granada correspondent of the N. O. *Picayune*, will give a key to the movements and rumors of movements in the locality:

At five o'clock this afternoon, Gen. Walker was proclaimed through the streets of this city as the duly elected President of Nicaragua. The manner of doing this was somewhat curious to a stranger, particularly one from the United States, accustomed to receiving all his political information through the public prints. All the troops were assembled in the plaza under arms, and the band attached to head quarters played a lively air. After this a decree from the Minister of Relations, announcing the result of the recent elections, and proclaiming General Walker President of Nicaragua, was read in Spanish by one of the Government officers, which was followed by three *vivas* from the natives for *el Presidente*, the troops presenting arms. The procession then moved through the principal streets of the city, the same ceremony being repeated at every corner. The decree being in Spanish, it was some time before the troops and the American outsiders who congregated around got it "through their wool" what it all meant; but when they learned they joined in the cheering, and their hearty hurrahs, given with a spirit and lustiness which showed their hearts were in them, drowned the equally hearty but feebler *vivas* of the natives.

I have not yet been able to learn the exact number of votes given, but I understand that returns have been received from all the departments of State, certainly from all the large towns and villages, and that the direct vote of the people for Walker was nearly unanimous. The inauguration is to take place on the 12th.

For several days past a variety of rumors have pervaded the city. First we had news that Gen. Valle had been taken prisoner in the city of Leon, and that he was threatened with instant death; next came a proclamation from Col. Mendez, recently a great friend of Walker's, denouncing the Americans as robbers, &c., who were endeavoring to overthrow the prevailing religion of the country, and to drive out the native population. A gentleman who arrived from Leon, however, stated that Gen. Valle was walking about the streets of Leon, in no sort of danger, and also brought a secret message from Mendez to Walker, stating that he meant nothing by his proclamation, which he signed when he was drunk, and that he was as strong a friend of the Americans as ever. Then we had the startling rumor that Leon had been entered by a force of 3,000 Guatemalans, or Chipinos, as the natives call them, and this received some color from the fact that night before last, the entire ranger force, under Major Waters, was ordered to march at once in the direction of Leon.

The facts, as near as I have been able to get at them, appear to be that a force of several hundred Chamorristas were a short distance from Leon, and that Rivas, the late President, was anxious that they should enter, but the citizens of Leon would not consent. They told Mr. Rivas, in tolerably plain terms, that they preferred Walker and his Americans to the Chamorristas, and that they were determined not to admit the latter, nor any invading force from the northern states.

Poor Rivas was in a quandary. His adviser, Salazer, the man who placed him in his present ridiculous position, has not been heard from since he started off, in company with two others, in the direction of San Salvador; and there is every reason to believe that they have been murdered by the Chamorristas, to whom Salazar had rendered himself extremely obnoxious during the last civil war. His mission was to expedite the march of the Guatemalan troops into Nicaragua; and if he has fallen in his traitorous attempt, we can only call it a species of retributive justice well deserved. As for the Guatemalans, our last accounts left them still in San Salvador, to the number of about six hundred, and yet I adhere to the opinion that there will be no movement from that quarter until the rainy season is over.

Last night a courier was intercepted between Managua and Mateares, who had on his person a number of despatches from the Rivas party to their friends in this city and elsewhere. Some curious disclosures were made by these letters, and among other things were proclamations from Jerez, one of the late Cabinet, offering inducements to the Americans to abandon Walker, and join his party. This, coming after the proclamation of Mendez, in which the Americans were denounced so furiously, is rather a curious commentary upon the manner of doing things in Central America. Another proclamation, from the same source, I believe, offered the Americans a free passage from the country, and authorized the Transit Company to take them free and charge the same to the government. Rather "icebergish," that.

To-day a courier arrived from Leon, bringing news that everything was quiet there, and that there would be no opposition to the peaceful entrance of Major Waters and his command into the city. Rivas will doubtless again take to the woods, but should he remain he will be taken prisoner and brought to this city. In either case there will be no opposition to the government of President Walker in Nicaragua, at least none that dare show its head.

It is of course not yet known who will form the new Cabinet, but I have good reason to believe that a change will be made in the present system of government, and that new civil, judicial and administrative officers will be appointed, and new regulations made, which will assimilate the government somewhat more to that of the United States. The old system, which appears to have been formed for the sole purpose of creating a lot of useless offices with large salaries, does not suit the progressive spirit of the age.

A special dispatch from Washington, in the N. Y. *Daily Times*, August 2, says:

Intelligence, upon which the Government of the United States relies, indicates that another and overwhelming combination of Central American States against Walker is organizing to proceed against him at an early day. From present appearances, the force to be brought against him will render his position most desperate, and in all probability will seal his downfall.

Colonel Carew and the officers of the Wexford Militia, recently gave a splendid pic-nic ball at the Royal Hotel, Malahide. It was attended by a fashionable party, including many members of the nobility. The band of the regiment performed in the spacious pleasure grounds, and a private band also attended in the ballroom.

Judge Keogh, in opening the Sligo Assizes, congratulated the Grand Jury on the peace and good order of the county. The calendar, he said, appears free from any case of an aggravated nature, and those that were in it were very few in number.

Mr. Justice Ball congratulated the grand jury of Armagh, in the same manner. There were only three prisoners in custody, charged with the commission of crime.

Foreign Miscellany.

Dunn, so long a devoted and disregarded admirer of Miss Burdett Coutts, has lately transferred his affections to the Princess Mary. He was, however, brought before a London police magistrate last week, with a view to an inquiry into the state of his mind. A letter of his, addressed to the Princess, was read, in which he told her that "all the empire knows money could not buy his heart, but that he loved her with truth and sincerity, feelings awakened in his breast by the encouragement she bestowed on him, and requiring to know if she thought him worthy of her esteem and fair hand." After several medical men had been examined, the magistrate said it was clear he was a person of unsound mind, and ordered him to be placed under restraint.

According to the *Moniteur de l'Armee*, the number of deaths from May 1, 1854, the date of the landing of the army in Turkey, and from that to March 30, 1856, when peace was signed, was as follows:—Officers of all grades, 1,284; non-commissioned officers, 4,403; and rank and file, 56,805—or in all, 62,492 men. The deaths which occurred in other portions of the French army during the same period are set down at 5,246 for the army of Algeria, 1,088 in Italy; in the Baltic, during the expedition of 1854, there died 1,059, and in France 13,635—making a total of 21,028, which, added to the deaths in Turkey and the Crimea, give a sum of 83,520.

The following details of the losses of the Piedmontese army in the Crimea are official. The Piedmontese force in the East was augmented by successive reinforcements to 18,584 men. Up to the 31st of October, 1855, it lost 1,632 men of whom 1,211 died of cholera, 170 typhus fever, and 251 from wounds and other causes. Of this number 56 were officers, 13 employees in the commissariat, and 1,563 rank and file. The official returns, from the 31st of October to the time of the evacuation, are not yet completely made up, but the loss may be estimated at 900; so that the total loss of the Piedmontese army engaged in the war, will be about 2,532 men.

A splendid ship has been launched from the yard of the Belfast Ship Building Company, Queen's Island. She is one of the finest specimens of wooden naval architecture ever completed at Belfast. She is the property of Mr. Edward Bates, of Liverpool, and intended for the India Trade.

Mr. and Mrs. Bianconi, family and suite, have arrived in Dublin, from Pisa, *en route* to Longfield, county Tipperary. The prosperous tenantry at Longfield are prepared to give an enthusiastic reception to this excellent family.

Another of the Tipperary Militia has succumbed to the wounds received in the late conflict of that regiment with the line. Private William Doyle, a recruit, has died after intense suffering.

The Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, Adm., Killarney, has been appointed parish priest of Dingle, in the room of the late lamented Dr. O'Sullivan.

Special Notices.

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway.

THE AMBROTYPE.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. BRADY, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 8m28ju

Photographs and Ambrotypes,—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (3m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

Ladies going in the Country, wishing their supply of Shoes, can find Linen Gaiters at 12s. Slippers, Ties, Buskins and Toilet Slippers, from 6s. to 10s.: India Rubbers, &c., with Boys', Misses', and Children's Boots and Shoes, of all kinds and prices, at

4t19jly J. B. MILLER & CO'S, No. 184 Canal St.

Holloway's Pills.—The cynics of the medical schools are constrained to admit that Holloway's Pills banish disease from the stomach, liver and bowels, without reducing the strength of the patient. This is the greatest medical triumph of the nineteenth century. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London, and by all druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per box. aug9

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents | Pit..... 12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls..... 50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THE

SUMMER GARDEN.

BENEFIT

OF

MR. DION BOURCICAULT.

On which occason

MISS AGNES ROBERTSON

Will appear

FOR THE LAST TIME

BUT FOUR.

On Tuesday next, August 5,

The Life of an Actress.

Violet.....Miss Agnes Robertson
Grimaldi.....Mr. Bourcicault

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Parquette and boxes.....50 cents
Family Circle.....25 cents

Doors open at a quarter past seven P. M.

THE ACQUITTAL OF HERBERT.

We have seen no act in Washington which deserves more general or determined condemnation than the acquittal of Mr Herbert, of California, for killing the waiter at Willard's Hotel. We will not say that Mr. Herbert is guilty of deliberate murder, but he most assuredly committed manslaughter, and should be punished accordingly. The very fact that he is a member of Congress is a reason why justice should be meted out to him without favor. We shall have as poor an opinion of the administration of justice in Washington as in our own city or even in San Francisco, if such men as Herbert escape the penalty of their crimes. Some reckless presses have been disposed to make a political capital out of this occurrence, by representing that Mr. Herbert is a southerner, whereas he hails from California. They have then asserted that he was born in the South! as if all the villains in the world came from that section. It makes no difference where Herbert was born, his crime is the same, and he ought to have been punished for its commission. There is no political feature to the case. Herbert's acquittal is simply the result *of powerful influence, and of able counsel against poverty!* This is the simple fact of the case.

We have seen the effects of this in our city time and again, and unless there is a reform in this matter, an indignant people will be aroused, who will sweep the pretended administrators of justice away, as they have in California. Less than three years ago there were two men confined in the Tombs, in this city, on the charge of murder. One was a Frenchman, of considerable wealth and very influential connections. He shot a man in open day in this city, without excuse, and evidently with premeditation. The other was an Irishman who was charged with killing his wife, though there was no positive proof against him. The writer of this conversed with both of these men during their confinement, and he was forcibly impressed with the probable innocence of the Irishman, but with the certainty of the guilt of the Frenchman. In the former case the proof was unquestionable, in the latter it was, at the best, doubtful. But mark the sequel. The Frenchman's friends rallied around him; the best lawyers in the city were obtained, and he got off with a short imprisonment for manslaughter, of which he was relieved by the Governor. The Irishman had a small grocery up-town, at the time of his arrest. He turned it over to his lawyer, who sold it out, pocketed the money, and left for parts unknown. The poor man thus had not a cent left to prosecute his defence. The court assigned him some boxwood counsel, and he was convicted and hanged! Such was the difference between money and no money. And such is the case of Herbert. His acquittal is a subject of interest to every person, for it is another melancholy evidence of the laxity of justice in our courts, and may be a forerunner of some reign of terror.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

GOLD AND SILVER IN THE WORLD.

A Russian counsellor of state has recently published a work styled "Gold and Silver—their origin, and the amount extracted from all the countries of the known world, from the most remote times to the year 1856." The following particulars are interesting:

"The amount of gold and silver annually taken from the mines of Europe, including Russia, is 26,805 kilogrammes of the former, (2 7-10 pounds to the kilogramme,) and 161,444 kilogrammes of the latter, valued together at $25,000,000.

"In America, including California, the annual product is 169,834 kilogrammes of gold, and 735,180 kilogrammes of silver, worth, in all, $146,000,000.

"In Asia, the annual product is 2,700 kilogrammes of gold, and 110,000 of silver, amounting in value to $22,000,000.

"In Africa, no silver mines are wrought, and only 4,020 kilogrammes of gold are produced, valued at $2,000,000.

"Australia, too, yields no silver, but the annual product of gold amounts to 290,260 kilogrammes, valued at $200,000,000.

"Sum total, in all parts of the world, 510,199 kilogrammes of gold, and 1,026,624 kilogrammes of silver, valued together at 1,988,000,000 francs, or over $397,000,000. The whole sum extracted from the earliest times up to the present will amount to 15,314,653 kilogrammes of gold; and 254,410,170 of silver, worth together something more than $20,536,000,000."

The annual production of the precious metals at the present time is enormous. At the present rate we gain more in fifty years than our ancestors did in fifty centuries. The annual increase of gold and silver for the period of three years ending 1851, more than doubled that of any previous year, amounting to 601,000,000 francs; and in the last four years, ending 1855, it has increased nearly 150 per cent, and now amounts to 1,592,631,651 francs, or $318,526,350.

America has furnished more gold and silver—double the amount—than Europe, Africa, and Australia put together, and only $20,000,000 less than Asia has furnished since the beginning of the world.

SWEDISH LAWS REGARDING DRUNKENNESS.

Whoever is seen drunk in Sweden, is fined, for the first offense, three dollars; for the second, six; for the third and fourth a still further sum; and is also deprived of the right of voting at elections, and of being appointed a representative. He is, besides, publicly exposed in the parish church on the following Sunday. If the same individual is found committing the same offense a fifth time, he is shut up in the house of correction, and condemned to six months' hard labor; if he is again guilty, to a twelve months' punishment of a similar description. If the offence has been committed in public, such as at a fair, an auction, etc., the fine is doubled; and if the offender has made his appearance at a church, the punishment is still more severe. Whoever is convicted of having induced another to intoxicate himself, is fined three dollars, which sum is doubled if the person is a minor. An ecclesiastic who falls into this offense loses his benfice; if it is a layman who occupies any considerable post, his functions are suspended, and perhaps he is dismissed.

Drunkenness is never admitted as an excuse for any crime, and whoever dies when drunk is buried ignominously, and deprived of the prayers of the church. It is forbidden to give, and more especially to sell, any spirituous liquors to students, workmen, servants, apprentices, and private soldiers. Whoever is observed drunk in the streets, or making a noise in a tavern, is sure to be taken to prison and detained till sober, without, however, being on that account exempted from the fines. One half of these fines go to the informers, (who are generally police officers), the other half to the poor. If the delinquent has no money, he is kept in prison until some one pays for him, or until he has worked out his enlargement. Twice a year these ordinances are read aloud from the pulpit by the clergy, and the tavern-keeper is bound, under the penalty of a heavy fine, to have a copy of them hung up in the principal rooms of his house.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

At Greenwich, John Richard Manifold, of the War Department, Woolwich, son of the late John Manifold, of Ballymoney, county Wicklow, to Arabella, daughter of James Tryfe, of Greenwich.

At St. Mary's, Donnybrook, George Rollo Massy, son of the late George Massy, of Glenwilliam Castle, county Limerick, to Harriet Ursula, daughter of the late William De Montmorency, of Upper Court, county Kilkenny.

At the church of Our Immaculate Lady of Refuge, Rathmines, Christopher Plunket, of Bracklyn, county Westmeath, son of the late Michael Plunket, Mountpleasant square, Rathmines, to Catherine, daughter of Terence Hughes, of Rathmines, and Lackagh, county Kildare.

At the Presbyterian Church, Mary's Abbey, Thomas Rainey, Bridgefoot street, to Anne, daughter of P. Mooney, of Enniscorthy.

At Cork, Richard Garde, of Philadelphia, Penn., to Charlotte, daughter of Lieut. David Kirby, of Bantry.

At Russborough, county Wicklow, Captain Edmund Turton, of the 3d Dragoon Guards, to Lady Cecilia Leeson, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Milltown.

At Moneymore, in the county of Londonderry, John Watson Wakefield, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, to Juliana, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. John P. Hewitt, rector of Moneymore.

At London, J. H. O'Callaghan, of Riverview, county Cork, to Minnie, second daughter of the late Charles Bastible, of Kanturk, in the same county.

At Paris, Charles, son of Henry Hodgson, of Ballyrain, county Wicklow, to Elizabeth Maria, daughter of Michael Law.

At St. Mary's Church, Limerick, Mr. Frederick Brew, to Ann, third daughter of the late Sub-Inspector James Clements.

Margaret, daughter of the late Capt. Robert Johnston, Brookhill, county Leitrim, D.L., J. P., to Henley Thorp, M. D., Letterkenny.

At Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope, James, son of John Geoghegan, of Knockraheen, county Wicklow, to Eliza Mary, daughter of N. Ennis, of Kilmore, county Wexford, and niece to the late lamented Right Rev. A. Devereux, Bishop of the Cape.

IRISH DEATHS.

At London, Henry H. Burge, of Herbert street, Dublin.

At 73, Queen street, aged 34 years, Catherine, wife of Thomas Taylor.

At Dublin, Lieut. Edward Moore, of the Royal Navy, son of the late Stephen Moore, of Salisbury, county Tipperary, and younger brother of the Right Hon. Judge Moore.

At Ranelagh, county Dublin, Mary Bridget, the beloved child of John Connick.

At Rio Janeiro, of yellow fever, aged 29 years, W. G. Scovell, First Lieutenant of Her Majesty's ship Express, son of Henry Scovell, of Ferney, Stillorgan, county Dublin.

At Somerton Lodge, Booterstown, aged 71 years, Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Younge, of Sheffield, Yorkshire.

At Blackrock, Elisabeth, daughter of the late Jeremiah Kelleher, Q. C.

At Dysartmore, county Kilkenny, A. Lambert.

At Waterford, William Bell, formerly Lieutenant in the Kilkenny Militia.

At Galeen House, county Cork, T. M'Carthy.

At Kinsale, Captain Connor, of the West Cork Artillery, formerly of the 66th regiment.

At Clombrayney, county Meath, Frances, wife of Robert C. Wade, shortly after giving birth to a daughter, stillborn.

At the Presentation Convent, Bandon, aged 70 years, Mrs. Catherine O'Neill

At Carrowkeel, county Galway, Mary, relict of Roderick Kealy.

At Kilernane, county Clare, John Healy, sen., at the advanced age of 106 years.

At Surat, Bombay, Andrew Stewart, C. E., formerly of the Waterford and Limerick Railway.

At Pernambuco, South America, M. A. Borthwick, engineer, brother of John Borthwick, of Belfast.

At Cologne, the Hon. Mrs. J. J. Whaites, daughter of the late Lord Woodhouse.

At Waterfall View, Richmond, near Dublin, Maria, wife of Andrew Kirwan, and daughter of the late James Craig, of Scoutbush, who represented the borough of Carrickfergus for many years.

At Brompton, aged 78 years, Frances, relict of Wm. Willshire, Captain in the 11th regiment, and daughter of the late Robert Shearman, of Kilcreen House, county Kilkenny.

At Blakefield, Rathangan, county Kildare, in the 77th year of his age, Mr. Felix Byrne, formerly of Quoniamstown, Downpatrick.

At Greenville, near Listowel, on Monday, Denis W. Nolan.

At Balaklava Hospital, of fever, Nicholas O'Connor, M. D., First Class Staff Surgeon, formerly of Mallow, county Cork.

At Mitchelstown, Isabella, wife of Thomas Carroll.

At Carrickfergus county Antrim, drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat, Lieut. Joseph Donelan, Royal Antrim Artillery, second son of Stephen Donelan, Kilagh, county Galway, and grandson of the late Robert French, of Monivea Castle.

James Brown, late chief boatman of Coastguards, port of Belfast, aged 54 years.

At his residence, Verner street, Belfast, Robert Owen.

At Maragall, near Lisburn, Jeremiah Gill, formerly of Strabane, county Tyrone.

At Shore street, Donaghadee, J. Sloan, late of Donegall Arms, Belfast.

Card from Edward Dunigan & Brother.

James B. Kirker, the present representative of the firm of Edward Dunigan & Brother, learns with regret that an attempt is being made to persuade the public that a circular issued by Mr. John Gilmary Shea, with regard to his correspondents, is a malicious attempt of the house to injure another.

Mr. John Gilmary Shea continues to enjoy the highest esteem of the firm, still it has not and will not interfere in his private concerns.

The House of Edward Dunnigan & Brother has as yet issued no circular whatever, relative to the forthcoming History of the Catholic Church, by Mr. DeCourcy and Mr. John Gilmary Shea.

New-York, July 17th, 1856. (3t) 151 Fulton street.

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necessary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A *Beautiful Complexion* may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops and wash the face night and morning.

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[Marltime and National Flag Manufacturer,]

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Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

y21june

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage," 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Worth's Military Head Quarters," 22 White st. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. THOM. CAAS. FITSGIBBON, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Gratian Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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Massachusetts Advertisements.

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In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.
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Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the fonndation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shonlder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opporiunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 178 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
my31 No. 178 Bowery, New-York.

DR. B. F. ADAMS,

SURGEON DENTIST, (formerly of Barclay street,) feeling grateful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him for the last fourteen years, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken an elegant suite of rooms, at

NO. 122 CHAMBERS STREET,

(near the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Railroads,) where he may always be found, ready to perform all operations pertaining to his profession, in a manner unsurpassed, and on the most reasonable terms. Whole or part sets of incorruptible teeth inserted without pain, on gold plate or gutta percha, excelling nature in beauty and durability. No impure gold or dangerous amalgams used. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, or of adults remedied. Cleansing, extracting, &c. &c., all at reduced prices. Sets of teeth inserted on Silver or Gutta Percha, for six shillings each. Teeth examined, and advice given free of charge. Please call.
8m7jun B. F. ADAMS, 122 Chambers street, New-York.

DR. J. VOORHIES,

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Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

N. B. All chronic or nervous diseases cured by Electricity in some form. Electro Medicated Vapor Baths ready for operation. Dropsy can be cured by this treatment. Consultations free. m8jun14

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WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

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"Eye and Ear."—DOCTOR HENDERSON, Oculist and Aurist, 419 Broadway, corner of Canal street, treats all diseases of the eye and ear, without cupping, leeching, blistering or the use of calomel. Within the past two years upwards of thirty cases of blindness from inflamation have been restored to sight, to whom reference can be given, (hundreds of which can be seen in my circular,) by inclosing three postage stamps. Electro-chemical Medicated Vapor and Sulphur, hot and cold water BATHS. Office hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sundays and evenings by appointment. 419 Broadway, corner of Canal st., New-York. my17 3m

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HAVING enjoyed an extensive practice during the last twelve years, feels confident of his ability to give perfect satisfaction to all who may honor him with their preference. He is prepared to perform all operations connected with his profession, in the most faithful manner, and in strict accordance with scientific principles, embracing all the recent improvements of the day.

References of the most respectable character given if desired. Patronage respectfully solicited.

☞ N. B. Teeth extracted without pain. my17 3m

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy. The last Unfolding of the Art of Healing. My daily practice proves that I CURE CONSUMPTION, in all its varied forms and most advanced states, as readily as any other disease. Therefore I desire to treat all Consumptives, but particularly those who have tried all other physicians without relief. Mrs. M. J. MARIN, M.D., No. 87. Lafayette place, N. Y. (First street east of Broadway, between 4th and 8th sts.) Office hours: from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for Ladies; and from 2 to 5 P. M., for Gentlemen, Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment. my31 3m

THE GREATEST WONDER OF THE AGE!

A REMEDY WHICH CURES IN FIVE MINUTES.—M. LEROUX'S FRENCH CHOLERA COGNAC BITTERS.—This wonderful and scientific compound is recommended by the most eminent and learned physicians of all Europe and America, and enjoys the best reputation of anything similar ever offered. It is without doubt the best, most efficient and generally acknowledged remedy against Cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, and complaints of the stomach in general. The numerous patients who have tried it according to directions, have invariably found relief in a very short time, and the best proof of it is, that since this standard remedy was introducee in the armies of the allies in the Crimea, the mortality of the soldiers from Cholera and similar diseases was reduced by over 75 per cent.; in consideration of which, the inventor was presented by the French and English governments with a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Hail! M. LEROUX, the great Chemist and inventor, by whose knowledge our armies are preserved from Cholera."

This invaluable preparation is also a remedy for biliousness, indigestion, weakness, and general derangement of the stomach. Upon being taken, it creates appetite, and prevents the heaviness attendant upon eating, by persons who are dyspeptic.

In this city, also, this remedy has been tried with the most undoubted success, and the undersigned can produce the best testimonials of our most celebrated physicians, as to its immediate and complete success, which he will be happy at any time to show to any that may wish to see them. S. STEINFELD, sole agent for the United States, No. 70 Nassau street, corner of John.

P. S.—Those not having money to pay, may call at my place from 3 to 5 P. M. and receive this remedy gratis. my17 3m

The Best Hair Dye.—DR. O. M. BALLARD'S new article received the highest premium at the World's Fair and American Institute, where it was examined by the distinguished Chemists, Dr. Chilton, and Prof. John Torrey, and pronounced the best. For sale by the best Druggists. Principal office and store, 498 Broadway, New-York. my17 3m

The undersigned announces to the legitimate faculty that he has opened a store for the dispensing of pure medicines, chemicals, &c. Having obtained a knowledge of the profession in the best schools in the world, during twelve years, he will be able to compound prescriptions *precisely* as they are ordered. JOHN. C. GILLES, Apothecary,
21ju3m 235 Bleecker, two doors above Barrow.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

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LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no means inferior to their celebrated compounds while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flavor, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation.

Yours, respectfully,
ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

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MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 8m19jly

Special Notices.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,
8mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.
New-York, June 28, 1856.

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of Forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled. on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Information wanted of Patrick Ryan, late of Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, aged about 30 years, farmer, who left Limerick in the month of May, 1851, and who when last heard from was in Orange county, N. Y., but is now supposed to be living in Vandalia, Fayette county, Indiana. Any information of his whereabouts sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, New-York, will be thankfully received by his wife, jly 1

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
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NEW STORE

AND

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber having leased for a term of years the premises

374 Hudson street,

and made exthnsive additions thereto, and having laid in a large stock o

Carpeting and Oil Cloths,

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Tapestry Brussels, 3s. usually sold at 10s.
Three Ply Ingrain 8s. usually sold at 10s.
Superfine do 6s. usually sold at 8s.
Fine do 5s. usually sold at 6s.
Common do All WOOL 3s. 6d. per yard, a price absolely unheard of.

Ingrain, Cotton Warp and Wool Filling 2s. 6d.
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Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Venetian and Hall Carpetting, Stair Rods, &c. &c.

Clergymen and Churches furnished at wholesale prices.

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Straw Bonnets cleaned and altered to the newest fashions.

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Business Directory.

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NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

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THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

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(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

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All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months. *

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Between Spring and Prince Streets, New-York.

Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jeweled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a
jul2m6 workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to.

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Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. A good
7jun assortment of watches and clocks always on hand. 3m

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MANUFACTURER OF FINE GOLD PENS

BEST QUALITY ONLY.

GOLD AND SILVER PENCIL CASES.

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STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

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Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. *

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THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED IN THE BUSINESS.

Work done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than any other poster in the city. Work done either in New-York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts, or any kind of work.

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CASH CAPITAL $300,000.

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EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my31y

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MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

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(LATE DELMONICO'S HOTEL.

21, 22, 25, & 27 Broadway, New-York.

THE undersigned avails himself of this opportunity of informing his friends and the public that he has leased the above named house for a term of years, and has made extensive alterations and repairs, and omitted nothing that will tend to the accomodations or comfort of guests. The house having been newly furnished throughout in the most thorough and modern style, with a view to convenience and comfort, and as it will be conducted on the European plan, and with an experienced caterer, and thorough cooks, he hopes to give satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage which has never failed while in other Hotels in this city.

Catholic families and clergymen visiting New-York will find in the arrangements of this spacious establishment, elegance, convenience, and comfort, at moderate charges. JOHN O'GRADY, JR.,
3m5jly Formerly of Judson's Hotel and the Brandreth House.

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LAFARGE HOUSE,

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JAMES McPYKE,

James McPyke respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has leased for a term of years the spacious and elegant premises 90 Prince street, three doors west of Broadway, which he will open for the reception of his old patrons, friends, and those who will honor him with their patronage on the 4th inst. The house has been newly painted and furnished in a commodious manner, for the comfort of his guests. His bar will contain the choicest and most approved brands of liquor, and his larder will always be stocked with the finest luxuries and delicacies of the season. Rooms for private parties. Families supplied with meals at all hours. 4t12jly

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HOSEY & RILEY,

PACIFIC RESTAURANT,

600 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

Private entrance on the first floor, 134 Crosby street.

☞ Hosey & Riley invite their friends to give them a call.

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Business Directory.

THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1836.)

45 Water street, New-York.

CHARLES M. CONNOLLY,

Commission Merchant and Agent for the sale of Manufactured Tobacco.

Has always on hand, at the above agency, a full supply of

Manufactured Tobacco,

Of all brands and descriptions, direct from the Virginia Factories, for sale on liberal terms. jly5 y

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DEALER IN

LONDON BROWN STOUT, SCOTCH & BURTON ALES,

PHILADELPHIA PORTER, ALE, CHAMPAIGNE CIDER AND SODA WATER.

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New-York, December 29, 1851.

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As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*,) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

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Monday, June 16th, and during the week—

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Also, a large assortment of CLOTH CAPS, CHILDREN'S FANCY HATS, UMBRELLAS, &c., constantly on hand at the lowest rates. Nos. 146 and 148 Nassau st. ap26 3m

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COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

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HONEST, capable, and faithful servants can at all times find good situations at this office. Protestant and Catholic have equal privilege. Established in 1844 by [3m21ju] T. P. SAUNDERS.

European News.

The arrival of the Asia on the 7th inst., brought us full files of foreign papers to the 26th ult. The importance, or at least the interest, of European affairs, is chiefly owing to the Spanish difficulties.

Great Britain.

In Parliament the question was asked by Mr. Murrough, whether the British Government was prepared to adopt any and what measures for preventing armed interference by France in the affairs of Spain?

Lord Palmerston replied that there was, at present, nothing in the internal affairs of Spain that could in any way lead to the interference of the French Government. Upon the general question of interference, he could only say that the Emperor of the French is a man of great justice, and he would feel that, in any case, foreign interference in the affairs of Spain would be unjust. He was also a man of great sagacity, and events had shown that the interference of those sovereigns who had been led to interpose in the affairs of Spain had been attended with disaster to themselves; but there was no reason for apprehending that the Emperor of the French had any such intention.

Mr. Roebuck, according to notice, moved that James Sadleir, having absconded from public justice, be expelled from his seat in Parliament. Considerable discussion ensued as to the expediency of precipitate action in the matter, and, eventually the motion was withdrawn.

A debate took place in the Commons on the second reading of the retiring Bishops Pension bills. Sir W. Heathecote moved that the second reading be postponed three months. The opponents of the bill argue that the bill is simony, or, at least simonaical, corrupt, extravagant, and unprecedented. The second reading was, however, carried by 151 to 72.

Although there are several candidates in the field for the Parliamentary seat of James Sadleir, some of the electors of Tipperary have invited Smith O'Brien to come forward as their representative. He however declines.

The London papers give a summary of the report of the Crimean inquiry at Chelsea. It amounts to an exculpation of the officers implicated.

Government has determined to erect defenses along the northeast coast of Scotland, and prospectively also on the western coast.

The London Times has the following: It is in contemplation to start a line o steamers between New York and Odessa, touching at various intermediate ports in the Mediterranean. A statement is added which perhaps has no other foundation than the hopes of the projectors, namely, that the Czar will subsidize the line. The plan would be for the steamers to touch at Marseilles and Smyrna on their passage to Odessa, and at Smyrna and Genoa, on their return.

France.

The intentions of the French Government with respect to Spain are the subject of much conversation in Paris. They say that if O'Donnell prove himself master of the situation, France can have no occasion to interfere. On the other hand, if the Liberals gain the day, and even should the present Queen be required to abdicate in favor of the Princess of the Asturias, with Espartero Regent, neither would France interfere. *But France would invade Spain* in either of two cases; firstly, should the Duchess of Montpensier become next heir and make pretensions to the throne; or, secondly, should a Republic be proclaimed.

The Emperor has sent from Plombieres a circular to the Prefects, ordering them in positive terms to allow to all Protestants within their respective districts the free and undisturbed exercise of their religion.

Prince Lucien Bonaparte has gone on a mission to Madrid.

Two camps were to be formed near Paris in August and September, one on the plain of Satory at Versailles, and the other on the plain of St. Maur, near the Wood of Vincennes

A medal is being struck to commemorate the baptism of the young Napoleon. It represents the Emperor holding his son aloft to the view of the spectators in Notre Dame.

Spain.

THE INSURRECTION.

Madrid Journals of July 18 have been received, and present us with the "official" account of the insurrection. The National Guard had been almost entirely disarmed. Already 19,000 muskets and a considerable quantity of pistols, sabres and lances had been collected, and domiciliary visits had been made to secure all the arms in the hands of the citizens. Numerous arrests had been made, and there is no longer fear of any further outbreak in the capital. The casualties of the royal troops are estimated at forty or fifty killed, and one hundred and fifty wounded; the losses of the insurgents are not known. The royal troops engaged, consisted of thirteen battalions, with fifty pieces of artillery —in all about 16,000 men.

The cavalry 2,000 in number, were employed outside the gates in keeping up the communication between the three corps into which the royal forces were divided. Queen Isabella's exultation is described as great, and she had rewarded the officers by a general permission to kiss her hand, "in the very clothes they wore during the struggle." Wounded officers and soldiers are to be promoted a grade, with pensions and crosses. A complete change is made in the *personnel* of the Governors of provinces, and all persons in authority who "behaved feebly in the presence of disorder" have been dismissed. At Barcelona the rising was not put down until after a good deal of hard fighting, extending over two days. From Saragossa there is no further news than that a portion of the troops remain faithful to the Queen, and that the insurrection is confined to that city. Government was despatching all available troops toward this last stronghold of the insurrection, and their instructions are, if opposed, not to be led into street fighting but to bombard the city from the adjoining forts. Nothing positive is yet known of Espartero, but it seems probable that he has been permitted to leave Madrid, although, nominally, under arrest. O'Donnell expects to receive, in a day or two, news of the submission of Saragossa, and with it, of the whole of Spain, to his Government.

AT MADRID.

Advices to the 19th leave no doubt that the O'Donnell government reigned supreme at Madrid. The city at that date was reported "tranquil." Espartero was still at Madrid, and, according to the London Times correspondence, O'Donnell had offered him passports to any part of Spain, or to go abroad. An official return says the loss of troops in suppressing the insurrection were 6 officers killed and 19 wounded; 32 soldiers killed and 2 missing, and 202 wounded. No return is made of the loss sustained by the insurgents, but private account say that the troops behaved with great ferocity, and butchered several companies of the National Guard after they had ceased to resist. Business was beginning to be resumed, and crowds daily visited the scenes of conflict. The artillery had damaged a number of buildings, among them the palaces of Medina-Celi and the Platerias, also the residences of the Count de Onate, the Countess Montijo, and others in the streets of Milanese and Toledo.

Lord Howden, the English Embassador, was, as usual, absent from his post when these events took place. He has received orders by telegraph to return instantly to Madrid, via Saragossa. Marshal Narvaez, on the revolt breaking out, offered his services to O'Donnell, and has received the appointment of Minister to Paris in place of Sr. Olozaga. The Duke of Alba, brother-in-law of the Empress Eugenie, is appointed Mayor of Madrid, pro tem. Patricio Escosura has sought refuge at the British Embassy; his brother, who held a command in the insurgent ranks, had escaped.

Letters from Madrid of the 18th bring the following intelligence: On the previous day numerous arrests were made, and orders were given that the insurgents who had been taken prisoners should be sent under strong escort to some fortified place around the capital. Among the persons arrested is M. Madoz. He commanded a battalion of the National Guard during the insurrection, as well as M. Escosura. The latter has as yet escaped the search made for him. Several general officers who were at Madrid during the late events, but did not present themselves to the military authorities, are to be brought before a court martial to answer for their conduct.

The universal opinion is, that the bearing of the army during the whole of the late events was admirable. The immediate cause of the sudden dispersion of the National Guard is not yet known. The movement was commenced by the battalion of M. Madoz, which occupied one of the houses near the palace of the Cortes. M. Madoz had massed his companies in a cross street, protected from the fire of the soldiers, and when they were all assembled there, he at once ordered them to return to their homes. This order had been given after the fire had been opened by the troops, and after a conference had been held by MM. Madoz, Rivero (the democrat), and others, with M. Serrano, the Captain-General of Madrid. This order for dispersing was naturally communicated to all the other posts, and they in their turn, after a little hesitation, gave way. Various surmises exist as to what took place at the conference just mentioned.

It is said that M. Madoz and his friends were alarmed at the warmth of the fire of the troops, and from understanding that it was the determination of O'Donnell to act with the greatest severity. Other accounts say, that the ammunition of the National Guard was already exhausted. It is thought that the resolution of M. Madoz was come to in concert with Marshal Espartero. The latter, his partizans say, seeing the turn given to things in the Congress by the Democrats, did not wish to sacrifice the throne, or launch into the hazards of anarchy and civil war, and in consequence did all he could to restore traquillity. It is stated that Marshal Espartero appeared for a moment at the Congress on the 15th, and that he retired very much disgusted. There has been in all his conduct more weakness than evil intention or malevolence. The large quantity of specie which had been sent from Paris by the Credit Mobilier Company arrived in safety at Madrid. M. Pedro Bayarri on the 17th took possession of the Ministry of the Marine.

The Madrid *Gazette* publishes a great number of promotions and dismissals; all the general and other officers who were wounded have obtained their next step, and the soldiers who distinguished themselves, or who have been wounded, receive decorations and pensions. The Queen had 30,000 cigars distributed among the troops. Several Governors of Provinces have been placed on the retired list. There is also a decree removing Gen. Prim from his functions of Governor of Grenada, but the Queen reserves to herself "to utilize his services on his return from abroad." Gen. Prim some days back left for Spain.

The *Journal de Madrid* says that Espartero demanded a passport for some place abroad, and that the Government gave it to him for any place which might best suit him. It is said that he left Madrid by the Alcala gate in a post chaise escorted by cavalry. The same journal says that some idea of the great resources of the Government to put down the insurrection might be formed by the fact that it had 69 pieces of artillery ready for action, but only made use of 12 of them.

AT BARCELONA.

The Paris *Moniteur* of the 24th says: "The last news from Barcelona announces that the conflict there was very keen, but that the success of the Queen's troops may be considered as secured. On the 18th, the firing lasted from 5 in the evening until midnight. On the 19th, it was resumed from early morning till 8 P. M. On the 20th, it lasted the whole day, and on the 21st, from morning till 5 o'clock evening. On this last day the insurgents being driven from Union street, Rue Nueve of the Rambla, and from the Hospital of La Junquera, the principal positions, betook themselves to the country, where the cavalry soon rode them down and sabred them. Gerona and La Junquera are still in a state of insurrection. Tranquillity prevails at Figueras, and the garrison is prepared to suppress any outbreak. It is thought the victory at Barcelona will arrest the other movements in Catalonia."

PARIS, Thursday evening, July 24, 1856.

On the 23d, at 8 A. M., the Royal troops were master of every point of Barcelona, but still remained under arms. The struggle was very sanguinary. Preparations were being made to execute the persons who were taken with arms in their hands. Gen. Ruiz commands the garrison at Gerona, which place has risen.

The London Star learns that twelve hundred persons were killed in the streets of Barcelona. The people fought behind their barricade, with determined courage, for three days, and would have persevered, but when they began to lose ground, their leaders deserted them.

THE LAST SESSION OF THE CORTES.

The sitting of the Cortes held on the 14th was attended by ninety of the members who were present in the capital, and who immediately answered to the summons of General Infante. The sitting was opened at 4 o'clock, under the Presidency of General Infante. The following proposition was then read:

"We demand of the Cortes that they will be so good as to declare that the newly constituted Cabinet does not deserve their confidence. Signed: Pascal Madoz, Pedro Calvo Asensio, Manuel Lasala, Manuel Mathen, Praxedes Sagasta, Francisco Salmeron y Alonso, Ramon Perez."

This proposition, supported by M. Madoz, was opposed by the Marquis of Tabuerniga alone. He has since received his reward from O'Donnell, by being appointed Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

The members then proceeded to give their votes, and the proposition was adopted by eighty-one of the deputies. A few of them had withdrawn, or abstained from voting; one solitary member voted against the resolution. They then drew by lots for the committee, and the following proposition was read:

We demand of the Cortes to appoint a committee that shall proceed to Her Majesey the Queen, and acquaint her with the decision adopted at the sitting of this day. Salmeron, Larrus, Perez (D. Ramon,) Sagasta, Alonzo Cordero, Fernando de los Rios, Bulues y Solera.

This proposition, supported by Salmeron, was taken into consideration. It was resolved that it should be referred to the different bureaux or committees, and that the sitting should for that purpose be suspended. After an interval of three-quarters of an hour the sitting was resumed. A report was brought up of the nomination of the Special Committee, and at the same time the address which they had prepared, was read as follows:

MADAME: The Constituent Cortes have resolved, at their sitting of this day, after having seen in The Gazette Extraordinary the first acts of the new Cabinet presided over by the Count of Lucena, that this Ministry have not the confidence of the Chamber; a resolution which they transmit to you through the medium of this message, persuaded that you, who have always shown yourself so zealous for the peace and prosperity of this nation, will know how to employ your royal prerogative, so as to prevent the great misfortunes which the Constituent Cortes apprehend for liberty and for the throne so nobly occupied by your Majesty.

The debate was opened on this address, but no one rose to speak against it; it was unanimously adopted. They then proceeded to draw lots for the Committee who were to present the address to Her Majesty. The President said: The Commandant of the Palace will be informed of this, and will request Her Majesty to be so good as to fix the hour when she will receive the deputation of the Cortes. M. Moncasi—May I beg the President to continue the sitting until the return of the deputation? Mr. President—We do not know the hour when the Committee will be received. Several Deputies—Never mind the hour; we will wait here till it returns.

The Chamber having been consulted about this, the majority decided on remaing in permanency until the deputation should have brought back an account of its mission. The President then declared the sitting was suspended. It was 7 o'clock, and in the course of that evening the Minister O'Donnell answered the resolution of the Cortes by a curt note, saying as it was illegal he would not present it to the Queen, and ordering the meeting to disperse.

POLICY OF THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

The new Government has issued a semi-official programme of their policy, which is theoretically quite liberal. Its features are as follows:

1. No bloodshed for mere political punishment. Capital punishment to be reserved for common crimes committed under the cloak of political opinions. 2. Conciliation and toleration. 3. Moderate progressists not to be excluded from public functions. 4. The Constitution to be published. 5. The constituent Cortes to be dissolved and ordinary Cortes convoked. 6. The National Guard to be re-organized on a reduced scale. 7. Political prosecutions brought before the previous governments and certain persons connected with them, to be put a stop to. 8. Endeavors to obtain the modification of some article of the Constitution, and certain administrative principles. Lastly, the same administrative system as before to be followed.

Article 7 is especially intended to quash the investigations against Queen Maria Christina.

Turkey.

Letters from Constantinople say that the Turkish Government is directing attention to a reform of the monetary system and the establishment of a bank. The only two projects that promise, are those of Messrs. Layard, Yvan & Co., and of the Rothschilds. It is said that orders have been received from Paris to expedite the evacuation of Turkey by the French troops, so that by the 15th of August not a Frenchman shall remain in the East. Marshal Pelissier had had friendly audiences and had breakfasted with the Sultan. All the high Turkish functionaries had visited the Marshal, excepting Omer Pasha, who merely sent his compliments by an aide-de-camp. The decision of the new line of demarkation between Russia and Turkey seems attended with difficulties. The treaty says that the frontier shall pass to the south of Belgrade. But does this mean old Belgrade, situate five or six leagues to the north of Yalpouk, or new Belgrade, on the banks of the same lake? Russia insists on the latter version, while the Turks and their allies say the other was meant. It is affirmed that in the map produced by the Russian plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Paris had only old Belgrade marked thereon.

Italy.

The Neapolitan Government announces that English ships shall enjoy the same privileges as Neapolitan and those of all other nations who have reciprocal treaties; also, that the ten per cent. extra duty on wheat in English ships, to France, shall be returned.

Gen. Garibaldi, on leaving the little island of Capreza (which he has purchased), went to the baths of Voltagio, where the young men of the place gave him a serenade. On the following day, Garibaldi thanked them in a letter, of which the following is the concluding passage:—

"Young people of the rising generation! you are called to accomplish God's great design, as manifested to the great men of Italy in every age—the unity of the great people that produced the Archimedes, the Scipios, and the Immanuel Philiberts. The Italians, in every province of the peninsula, are ready to rally to the glorious flag you carry; and for my part, glad that I can fulfill my vow for Italy, I shall give to it, thanks be to God, the remainder of my life.

GUISEPPE GARIBALDI."

The criminal court of Breslau has condemned a lady of rank, the Baroness Von Z. (daughter of a Major-General), to six years solitary confinement, besides a fine of one thousand dollars and prohibition of connubial rights during that period. The charges brought against her were swindling and forgery of documents.

An Austrian officer, fishing lately in the Rhine, pulled up from the bottom a sword, which the antiquarians pronounce to have belonged to the Emperor Adolphus. The Duke of Nassau has purchased it from the lucky fisherman for the sum of one hundred and sixty florins.

The name of another Irish General turns up in the Spanish insurrection; we find the following in the *Times:* General Mac-

Crohon, who commanded on the 16th one of the columns of troops operating in the suburbs of Madrid, was to be promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. Favors were likewise to be conferred on the Marquis del Duero and Generals Ros de Olano, Dulce, Serrano, Messina, the Marquis de la Solana and others." MacCrohan, it will be admitted, is a name savoring more of the Shamrock of Erin than the Olive of Spain, and as for Solano, we leave it to be decided if the Marquis is not a real Sullivan, having near relatives in Berehaven or the kingdom of Kerry.

European Miscellany.

Queen Victoria is personally to present the Baltic medals to the fleet at Portsmouth ere long.

Mr. John Shakespeare, of Langley Priory, Ashby de la Zouch, has given £500 to purchase certain property on either side of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon, and to restore that part of the premises known as the Swan and Maidenhead to its original state.

A prospectus has been issued of the United Kingdom Provision Company—capital £500,000; its object being to carry on an extensive business in breadstuffs and provision, chiefly from America.

The *fetes* at Brussels in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of King Leopold's Accession to the Throne commecced on Monday, the 21st, and were conducted with magnificence. Brussels correspondence contains ample accounts.

There is a mania for establishing Credits Mobilliers just at present in Germany. To those in Vienna, Frankfort, Darmstadt, Leipsic, Dessau and others, of which the shares are at premiums ranging from 10 to 90 per cent., there are two additions, which have just been introduced at Berlin.

A shade of anxiety is expressed, lest the Russians should purchase the post of Milo from the Greeks, and convert it into another Sebastopol.

The recent troubles among the Mormons in Copenhagen were on the subject of Polygamy. One party objected to the practice, but a large majority upheld it. The Police were called to decide.

Letters from St. Petersburg say that there was much talk in that city respecting the approaching marriage of the Grand Duke Michael, brother of the Emperor, with the Princess Cecilia Agusta of Baden. Another subject of conversation is the great magnificence expected to be displayed by the foreign Embassadors at the Emperor's coronation.

Among the visitors now at the baths of Homburg, are Counts Walewski, Morny, Nesselrode, Seebach, and Prince Gorchakoff.

A Court-martial has been held on the mutineers of the North Tipperary militia. Four are sentenced to death, and two more are handed over for trial by the civil power.

A number of arrests were made in Paris on the 19th, 20th and 21st, of workmen who formed in groups in the Faubourg St. Antoine to talk about the affairs of Spain.

GENERAL WALKER.

Under the head of "The Man of Destiny," the New-Orleans *Delta* is publishing a very brilliant series of papers on the career of the distinguished person at present President of the Nicaraguan Republic. As there are glimpses of a couple of Irish exiles given in the first chapter, we extract therefrom. The facts of Walker's career present nothing new, and the papers owe their readable value purely to the heartiness of style in which they are written, and which we may, without fear of contradiction, credit to the forcible pen of our friend Joseph Brennan.

TWO DESTINIES CROSS EACH OTHER.

About the middle of October, '53, a steamer having cleared the bay of San Francisco, was some distance out at sea; within sight of the steamer was a lively-looking bark steering southwest.

A hail from the steamer, says the *Delta*, brought a sturdy response from the quarter-deck of the bark—"the Caroline from San Francisco, bound to" ——; but singularly enough the destination was inaudible. The two vessels gradually increased the distance between them and sped merrily along on their respective courses.

On the paddle-box of the steamer a man was standing who seemed to take a deep interest in the mysterious bark, and watched her progress uninterruptedly until her hull became a mere dot upon the horizon. He was apparently between thirty-five and forty years of age—lightly and gracefully built—somewhat above the average height and possessing a countenance instinct with intellectual power. His forehead was broad and bold, surrounded by a wreath of clustering curls; his mouth was full and energetic, his eye calm and cheerful, but wonderfully piercing and rapid at times; the chief expression of the whole face being the play of gentle irony, of semi-satirical kindness, of the working of an intellect which has seen much, has learned much, has suffered much, without losing its original capacity for genial mirth and healthy laughter. That man was John Mitchel, the defeated Republican of Europe, who had taken refuge from his enemies under the protection of the American flag. After a prison-trance of five years in Australia he awoke in the "Tyre of the Pacific," and was hastening to New-York to clasp the hands of his companions, from whom he had been separated so long.

On the quarter deck of the Caroline a very different personage is stationed, who was commencing the revolution of a startling and splendid destiny. He is a very ordinary-looking person, and cannot boast of any fine physical gifts which would distinguish him from the *profanum vulgus* of our American towns and cities. He is considerably under the "middle height," standing barely five feet four in his boots, and nothing strikingly intellectual in his countenance can be said to counterbalance this serious deficiency in inches; but his frame, though small, is sinewy, active, capable of immense fatigue. It conceals, like his features, many resources, and capacities as unexpected as they are vast. His mouth is somewhat coarse; his nose belongs to the school which Nicholas Nickleby denominates the "composite;" his hair is thin, light-colored, and closely cut; and his forehead is broad and rounded, without being unusually characteristic or remarkable. The principal feature of his countenance is the eye. Of a blue gray color, large, intelligent, occasionally dreamy, it has a thousand different expressions—a thousand thousand thoughts within its depths which no casual observer can fathom or appreciate. Like the relentless eye of Chatham, which held his rivals in constant check, it never loses sight of an enemy for a moment; and its possessor holds you, as the Ancient Mariner held the wedding guest, by its mysterious and glittering power. That small sized and rather unattractive man, so leisurely pacing the quarter-deck of the Caroline, is the heroic Viking of our times—the great nation-builder—the representative of Republican progress—Col. William Walker, bound from San Francisco for Lower California, where he and his companious intend to create an independent republic, as a preliminary to more extensive operations against the moribund despotism of Mexico.

Thus, on the waves of the Pacific, as we have said, two remarkable destinies crossed each other for a moment, and then separated to pursue very different futures in this vigorous world of ours. The vessel which bore the European Republican to find protection under the strong spirit of Americanism was passed by the ship which carried the American Viking to the destruction of the last remnant of European despotism on our soil. The star which culminated in misfortune was met by the star which could only culminate in victory; and so the Thinker and the Worker, whose destinies they ruled, departed on their different ways, each consciously or unconsciously fulfilling the laws which presided over his career. The Dreamer sailed safely to New-York; the Viking, in due time reached a convenient port in Lower California; the one issued the prospectus of a newspaper; the other published the Constitution of a new republic. But it is with the Viking alone that we have any business at present.

William Walker, the hero of the most extraordinary revolution, as regards both its materials and results, was born in Nashville, Tenn., in the year 1824—just four years after his father had settled in the United States. He is, therefore, about thirty-two years of age—a rather young man to have already discovered and worked out his destiny. He came of a hardy race, nurtured in a clime which has given many bold and beautiful intellects to the world. His father was a native of the land of Bruce and Burns—the land where war has always displayed a poetic spirit—where the lyre and the sword have been associated, as in the death-chant of the German Korner. For many years he was engaged in the banking business, in one of the large towns of Scotland, where he amassed a considerable fortune, with which he came to settle in this country, some time in the year 1820. The quick talent for practical affairs which distinguishes his celebrated son, was hereditary, therefore, like his roving and adventurous disposition. There is a strong substratum of Scotch common sense in his character, combined with a fiery enthusiasm which nothing can daunt or restrain—a rare union of qualities from which ultimate greatness is sure to spring.

It is not unlikely that the Scotch family was a branch of the original stock of those Irish Walkers who obtained such proud distinction through the celebrated defenders of Londonderry—the fighting minister, who, Bible in one hand and sword in the other, fell in a reckless charge at the battle of the Boyne. A hundred and sixty years ago there were intimate relations existing between Scotland and the North of Ireland, and from the combination of the two peoples—the Celtic and semi-Teutonic blood—a vigorous race sprung into existence which has won a haughty name on many a battle-field since then. From this Scotco-Irish race came Andrew Jackson, and in many respects the attributes of Jackson and Walker are the same. Every one knows the manner in which Jackson treated the temporary hostility of South Carolina and John C. Calhoun—his significant allusion to that *dernier resort* which would soon bring him and Nullification face to face. Something very similar to this was the reply of Walker to Colonel Kinney's proffer of friendship and support, on condition that he (Kinney) should be recognized as Governor of the Mosquito Country. "Tell Mr. Kinney," he said, "or Col. Kinney, or Governor Kinney, or whatever else he calls himself, that if I catch him now or at any future time interfering with the affairs of the State of Nicaragua, I will most assuredly hang him!" Has not his reply a strong flavor of Jacksonism about it? Assuredly it is characteristic of the descendants of the Scoto-Irish blood to which we have alluded, which speaks through its sons almost as emphatically as it acts.

DEVIN REILLY AND GENERAL WALKER.

After a vivid series of pictures of the youth and manhood of Walker, his school days, European travel, editorships and revolutionary speculations, the writer in the *Delta* traces a remarkable likeness, physical and intellectual, between Devin Reilly and the Nicaraguan hero. After alluding to the *Democratic Review*, he says:

During Reilly's short career he proved himself one of the most scathing and merciless writers of the New-York press. In person Devin Reilly was about Walker's height, perhaps half an inch over it, and the resemblance between their features as well as their ideas absolutely wonderful. The mouth of the editor was coarse and large like that of the Viking; his forehead was of the same mould; his eye was the same blue-gray, introverted occasionally, but bold and flashing in moments of excitement, and his manner was equally reserved and subdued in social intercourse, almost repelling to strangers, but eminently genial in the society of the few he loved and trusted.

One of the first subjects which attracted his pen in the United States was the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and the possible future of the Hispano-American colonies, and we venture to say that Mother Clayton has not yet forgotten the excoriation received by him from the *Review* for his ridiculous management of an affair on which a portion of our national dignity hinged. The ideas of Squier on British supremacy in that country were enlarged upon and improved in his articles, and a presentiment appeared to haunt him always that the time was come to rebuild the States of Central America, and connect them with the great family of the North American sovereignties. So far the coincidence in the appearance, intellectual characteristics and political ideas of the two men is curious enough; but it went farther still, for Reilly was precisely the age of Walker, and might have been as distinguished if his life were prolonged, inasmuch as his knowledge of military tactics was singularly perfect for a civilian, and his indomitable love of adventure would have compelled him to attempt some signal and illustrious deed. He died three years ago in Washington, in his 29th year, and would be 32 if he were alive to-day.

Further still the coincidence extends. The occupation of Nicaragua by an armed colony of American propagandists was a favorite project of his, and nothing but want of means, the curse and crime of exiles, prevented him from attempting it with a hundred men or less. He even proposed on one occasion to the writer of this article to become one of the projected company. Thus, while Walker was pondering over his designs in San Francisco and Marysville, his *alter ego* was meditating similar, if not idetical projects in New-York. Poor Reilly is dead, his "turbulent brain," in the words of his friend, John Savage, "is at rest at last;" he is buried near the city of Washington, as he requested himself, "on a green hillside, where his feet can feel the dew and his eyes can see the stars."

Correspondence.

Americans in Dublin—Statues—a King among the Patriots—Chantrey's Grattan—Lucas—Hogan's O'Connell—Memories of St. Werburgh's—The Tomb of "Silken Thomas"—The "Kildare Vault"—Lord Edward Fitzgerald's Coffin—Major Sirr—Memorable Streets—Emmet's Gallows in Thomas-street—Death Scene.

DUBLIN, JULY 25, 1856.

I am glad to perceive from our Hotel lists that quite a number of Americans are this summer coming amongst us. The very presence of these haughty republicans cannot but produce a beneficial effect. Here is a party of them standing in Dame street. I know them by their good clothes and their independent air. Why should I not accost them and offer them my services?

We shall first proceed to the Royal Exchange (now the City Hall), fronting Parliament street. On entering a noble hall of about 100 feet in circumference, lit from a dome 40 feet over head, we observe four statues in marble, Drummond, Grattan, Lucas and O'Connell. The bronze figure at the foot of the stair is George II. Opposite the entrance, on the left hand, is Grattan, scarcely needing the name of Chantrey as the the artist to impress you with its merit as a work of art. He stand as if "addressing the House," more in persuasive argument than oratorical display. In his left hand he holds a pamphlet, upon the open page of which his right hand is laid, as if from it he were deducing the ground-work of his argument. All the power and nobility of the great patriot, orator and statesman are visible in the face before us. The massive forehead, the deep eye-brow, the finely-formed Roman nose, the compressed lip—the most expressive part of the countenance—we almost expect to hear the words of fire issue from them, but—

"Start, for life is wanting there!"

On the pedestal is the following simple but expressive inscription:—

"*Filio*
Optimo Carissimo,
HENRICO GRATTAN,
Patria non ingrata.
1829."

Next, on the right, is the statue of Lucas, whose name should not be forgotten, notwithstanding his religious intolerance. In darkest hour of our cheerless night of bondage, he was the first to raise his voice in the all but forgotten cause of Nationality. He is represented in the posture of earnest appeal—the body thrown forward on the right leg; the left hand, holding the end of his robe, which falls gracefully behind him, is raised to his breast' The right, which holds a manuscript, is extended forward. On the pedestal is merely the name,—"C. Lucas, M. D."

Farther on to the right is the colossal statue of O'Connell, from the chisel of Hogan. The attitude at first seems stiff by contrast with the impassioned pleader on the left. But it is a noble work. Hogan has evidently carried out Davis's directions:—

"Chisel the likeness of our Chief
Not in gaiety nor grief—
Fierce defiance let him be
Hurling at our enemy."

Calm, erect and immovable stands the uncrowned monarch o Ireland. "Fierce defiance" on his curling lip,

"And the strength of all the land,
Like a falchion in his hand."

Leaving the Hall through the door by which we entered, and turning up Cork Hill, we enter the street on our right, which is Castle street. Between Nos. 8 and 9 is a narrow passage. Enter. It leads to the Sexton's house, in the rear of St. Werburgh's Church. Admission to the churchyard is not denied. Slabs and tombs are thick around, and the grass and weeds, rank and matted, thrive luxuriantly in the human soil. Many are the lines here that tell of worth departed, of blighted hopes, and affections severed; many a stone to mark where the mourner's tear may fall. And where is our's, Irishmen? Whose grave seek you among the tombs? Is it a father or brother dear that sleeps, with rest unbroken by the ceaseless din of busy life in the street outside? Why darkens your brow before that curious old slab, built into the southern wall of the church, with its strangely chiselled effigies of a mail-clad knight and his good ladye? Why grow you sadder as the Sexton opens the grating that leads to the vaults beneath? That slab is part of the tomb of "Silken Thomas," and down in the dark charnel vaults below sleeps the brave Lord Edward. Descending by some ten or a dozen steps, by lantern light, you wend your way to the chamber of the dead, and are led to the "Kildare Vault," as it is called.

You enter it. On the left hand are two coffins, so old that even the lead has corroded away in part, and revealed the ashes of the brave Geraldine Knights. But our eye dwells not on these—it seeks another object. Many a valiant Knight is here, but *he*, "the Chieftain of them all,"—where is he laid? A lone coffin lies upon the floor, apart from all the others—plain and unornamented, damp and mildew cover it all over. View it—bend over it—weep over it—it holds all that now remains of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. There, mouldering into dust, lies the pride of a noble house, the leader of a noble cause—struck down in the flower of his youth, hunted like a beast of prey, tracked to his lair, surprised, set upon and slain. Drop by drop trickles down the water upon that coffin from the roof above—dark and silent is the chamber where his narrow bed is made. As silently flowed a nation's tears above his bier, and darker was the night that settled on its hopes the hour that saw him laid within this gloomy cell. No funeral array, no ordered lines of mourners followed to the grave this scion of the Geraldines. In silence, if not in stealth, he was laid in the vault of his ancestors. In that dark hour, to speak of him was dangerous, to weep for him a crime.

On the coffin is a brass plate, with the following inscription:

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD,
Fifth son of the First Duke of Leinster.
Born, October 15th, 1763.
Died, June 4th, 1798.

Buried, June 7, 1798.
To preserve the leaden coffin containing his remains,
it was enclosed in this additional protection
by his children, Feb. 8th, 1844.

It was his daughter, Lady (Sir Colin) Campbell, who had the remains thus cared for.*

Regaining the ground outside, we turn towards the north-eastern corner of the yard, and stop at a slab level with the ground and broken across the middle. Beneath that stone rots one of Lord Edward's assassins, the notorious Major Sirr.

We now leave the yard, and regain Castle-street and Corn market. Christ Church would repay a visit, did leisure permit. It is a massive pile of building, the work of Catholic Times, now in the hands of the law church. Thomas street is now entered, and we find ourselves within that street so long familiar to our ears in connection with the hapless struggles of 1798 and 1803. Proceeding westward, we arrive opposite St. Catherine's church on the left. Bridgefoot street branches off towards the river on our right. Across this street, midway between the church and the opening of Bridgefoot street, were placed on the 20th of September 1803, some dozen empty barrels, with boards laid upon them to form a scaffold. On this were raised two upright posts, with cross-bar, rope and noose, a gallows-tree complete and ready for the victim. And he came—a young man and brave, with the mien of a martyr, not a criminal. With firm step and placid brow, he stepped upon the board beneath the noose, and looked around with a heaving breast. "My friends," said he, "I die in peace with all men"—took one more look at the scene of his murder, and drew down the cap. He held a white kerchief in his hand—the executioner waited for its fall.

"Are you ready?" said the representative of law and order. "Not yet," replied the young victim. A pause, and still the kerchief did not fall. Again the same enquiry—again he said, "Not yet—not yet." Oh, what can keep O'Dwyer and his trusty band. Like a sheep bound to the slaughter, his brave young leader stands without help and without hope. He expects O'Dwyer—moments are as years—but O'Dwyer comes not. Once more the question, "Are you ready?" again the same answer, "Not yet—not yet." But while the words are issuing from the lips, one end of the boards is tilted up—the body falls—a short, convulsive struggle, and all is over; and the pure spirit of Robert Emmet was fled.

We said all was over. No. Government could not be satisfied without blood—his hot, reeking blood. The body is taken. Sharp is the axe, and strong the arm that wields it—one blow, and the head rolls on the scaffold; jets of blood from the arteries stream through the openings, and coagulate upon the ground just where we stand. The executioner holds the head aloft, and exclaims—"Behold the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet!"

Ours is a sad and sickening feeling, as we turn away from this dreadful spot to visit the scene of a more violent, though not more lawless murder.

To be continued by KILMAINHAM.

* In the vault we observed an intrusion which should be prevented if possible. The rectors of the parish, claiming the vault in right of some ukase of the Eighth Henry's, and finding no one likely to notice or dispute the intrusion, are converting it to their own purposes, and have already placed a few coffins in it, so that in the course of time the Geraldine coffins may be no longer seen.

PARAGRAPHS

FROM THE MUNSTER PAPERS—PEN AND SCISSORS WORK.

The Kilkenny summer assizes were going on when the *Asia* left. William Hayden, Esq., Sub-Sheriff, in the absence of the High-Sheriff, Arthur Kavanagh, Esq., swore in the Grand Jury. The old stereotyped names appear in the panel. The Wandesfordes, Tighes, Montmorencies, St. Georges, Cuffes, Langrishes, Finns and Warrens. The County Surveyor, Samson Carter, Esq., reported in favor of works to the amount of £13,262, some odd shillings, and ten pence. Baron Pennefather opened the Assize with the usual formalities. In his address to the Grand Jury, he congratulated the County Kilkenny on the fact of their being only two cases for trial which called for any particular notice. Both were cases of manslaughter. One by innoculation for small-pox, the other by putting a sick child to sit on the top of a dung-hill, with the hope of reviving it. In the former case, the jury acquitted the prisoner. The latter case had not been decided before the steamer sailed.

A curious investigation, it appears, has very lately taken place in the Kilkenny Tholsel, before a bench of magistrates. A very ugly old man, one Thomas Byrne, an Irish instructor under the Church Missions Society, complained he had been violently assaulted by some unknown parties:

He had been working, he said, as a laborer, in a new house in course of erection, belonging to Mr. Campion; a man named Brennan was also working there as a plasterer. Between ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, Brennan having gone out for a short time, six strange men entered, and putting a strap about his neck, hung him up till his tongue protruded; they threatened to kill him if he did not leave the Soupers. He never saw the men before, but he professed to give an elaborate description of four of them, including the color and quality of all their wearing apparel, their hair, eyes, complexion, &c.

On a full hearing of the case, the magistrates dismissed the complaint as utterly without foundation.

Nothing remarkable occurred at the last meeting of the Guardians of the Urlingford Union. The weekly report informs us there are at present 232 paupers in the house. A balance of £146 in favor of the Guardians, also appears. As yet the City Council have done nothing to facilitate Mr. Ferguson in carrying out, as he has so generously offered to do, a splendid system of water-works for the city. It's a wonder Kilkenny is slow in this respect.

An advertisement in the *Journal* communicates the agreeable information, that on the evening of the 24th of July, there was a gorgeous display of Fireworks and a Balloon ascent from the Atlantic Terrace, in the beautiful little village of Tramore. The Bands of the County Dublin Light infantry and Kilkenny Fusileers were in attendance. Ten years ago, who would have thought of such a pyrotechnic and military musical *fete?* The only amusements we recollect there were the races on the strand, an occasional steeple-chase, an odd ball at the Great Hotel, and a vagrant theatre on wheels. Three or four Sundays during the Summer, the Waterford Temperance band (the two or three years it was in existence) used to come out on cars, and play on the storm-wall overlooking the ladies' bathing place, or on the Terrace opposite Massey's. More power to Tramore! The *Journal* gives us a long extract from a report recently drawn up by Dr. Lawlor, the Resident Physician of the Kilkenny Lunatic Asylum. There is hardly anything of a local interest in the report. For the greater part, it is an elaborate dissertation on the working of all such institutions, and abounds in most useful suggestions *a propos* to the treatment of idiots and lunatics. The following dialogue between John Adye Curran and a witness, named Murphy, in the Recorder's court, Dublin, is worth extracting in full from the *Journal.* Murphy swore that one George Walshe had assaulted him in Luke street, threatening to break his neck and spit in his eye. Murphy, it appears, was employed as a distributor of Bibles amongst the benighted ragamuffins of Dublin:

Cross examined by Mr. Curran—On your oath, Murphy, did you touch Mr. Walshe?

Witness (with dignified stolidity)—No.

Mr. Curran—Did any of your party?

Witness (still more stolidly)—No (laughter).

Mr. Curran—Did any of you ask him what was Popery?

Witness—No.

Mr. Curran—Did you seize him by the button-hole and insist on his answering the question?

Witness—No.

Mr. Curran—How long have you been a Scripture-reader?

Witness—About five years; I came from Ballingarry, county Limerick.

Mr. Curran—What was your father?

Witness—He was an idolator, while he was in the Roman Catholic church (sensation in court).

The Recorder—You have not come here to show your learning; you are asked what his occupation or calling was?

Witness—He was a teacher.

Mr. Curran—Is he an idolator still?

Witness—No, thank God (laughter).

Mr. Curran—Were you an idolator?

Witness—I was (laughter).

Mr. Curran—Until your eyes were opened (laughter). Well then, my son of an idolator, how much a week do you get for insulting the people?

Witness—I won't tell you. How much do you get for acting in the case.

Mr. Curran—Well, "Popery" has a great loss in you (laughter.)

Michael James O'Neill (a severe-looking personage in black) examined—Deposed that he was a fellow-laborer of the former witness, whom he heard ask the traverser if the Luke-street School were not a "nice institution;" he heard the traverser say it was "the devil's institution," that they were "entrapping the children, and destroying their morals;" he heard Murphy request the traverser to inform him what constituted a Christian, and he saw the latter strike the former twice.

Cross examined by Mr. Curran—The traverser was asked twice what constituted a Christian.

Mr. Curran—Are you the son of an idolator (laughter)?

Witness—I am the son of a Roman Catholic, and I believe all Catholics to be idolators (murmurs in court).

Mr. Curran—How long have you been a Scripture reader?

Witness—About five years.

Mr. Curran—How much do you get a week?

Witness—That is not relevant to the question.

Mr. Curran—What trade are you?

Witness—I was a professor of vocal and instrumental music (laughter).

Mr. Curran—Commonly called a ballad singer (laughter).

James Crawford, another "expounder," corroborated the evidence of the two former witnesses.

Cross-examined by Mr. Curran—Have you ever been charged whit stealing a shilling?

Witness—Eh? (laughter).

Mr. Curran—What were the circumstances under which you were charged with stealing a shilling?

Witness—A woman swore that she gave me a bottle, which she did not, and a shilling to purchase whiskey, and then I ran away with the shilling (laughter).

Mr. Curran—And you gave her a shilling in court to make it up?

Witness—I did.

Mr. Curran—Are you still a Scripture-reader?

Witness—I am.

Mr. Curran—God bless the mark (laughter).

The Kilkenny city Assizes haven't opened as yet. The Grand Jury, however, have been empanelled. Edmund Smithwick is foreman. At the last meeting of the Callan Union, the following interesting incidents transpired:

Four young girls, whose passages have been paid to Australia by their friends there, applied for clothing. It was proposed by Mr. Izod, and seconded by Dr. Ryan, that the Commissioner's sanction be requested, for the expenditure of a sum of £10, to be charged to Ballyphilip Electoral Division, to procure an outfit for them.

On the motion of Dr. Ryan, it was resolved, that the Commissioners be requested to sanction the expenditure of a sum of £2, 10s., to be charged to Kilmoganny Electoral Division, to aid Margaret Breen, an inmate of the Workhouse, to join her brother in America, who paid her passage. Also, for a sum of £4 10s., to assist Margaret Coughlan, aged 63 years, and Frances Cahill, her granddaughter, aged 4 years, to emigrate to Boston, having received £4 from her daughter, who is living there, to be charged to Callan Electoral Division.

The Callan Guardians are not in so pleasant a financial condition as the brethren of Carlingford. On the Treasurer's book, a balance of £402 appears against them. A fine public hall has just been opened in Kilkenny. It is called the Athenæum, and will be devoted to concerts, public meetings, lectures, and every other kind of instruction and polite exhibition. The Athenæum was inaugurated on the 21st of July. The Band of the Kilkenny Fusileers attended on the occasion.

Running down to Waterford, we find there has been an extensive fire in the Neptune Iron Works; that the *Malakoff*, a grand new steamer, has commenced plying twice a week between Waterford and Milford Haven; and that Hugh Jenkins, Esq., of Baltimore, Maryland, has contributed the Book of the Eighth Annual Exhibition of the Maryland Institute to the library of the Mechanic's Scientific Institute. Sir Richard Musgrave has contributed three pounds to the funds of the Institute.

O'BRIEN AND TIPPERARY.

At a General Meeting of the Tipperary Independent County Club, convened pursuant to notice, in Thurles, on Wednesday, the 16th instant, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Moved by the Rev. Mr. Canty, C. C., seconded by the Rev. Mr. O'Brien, C.C.

"That the Rev. Mr. Lannigan, P.P., do take the chair."

Moved by N. V. Maher, Esq, Turtulla, seconded by the Rev. W. F. Mullally, P.P.

"That it is the unanimous opinion of this Club, that William Smith O'Brien, Esq., should be requested to permit himself to be put in nomination for the representation of this county, in the event of a vacancy occurring therein; and that the Rev. P. Hickey, P. P., Doon, the Rev. D. K. O'Canigan, P. P., Kilcummin, and T. C. O'Flanagan, Esq., Kilbrenal, are hereby appointed a deputation to wait on Mr. O'Brien to ascertain will he accept of the representation."

D. K. O'LANNIGAN, P.P., Chairman.
J. O'DWYER, T. P. O'FLANIGAN, } Secretaries.

July 16th 1856.

The adjourned meeting of the club was held on Wednesday, the 23d instant, in Thurles, at which the adjourned proceedings were adopted.

The Rev. P. Hickey, P.P., in the chair. The reply of Mr. O'Brien to the invitation to accept the representation, in the event of a vacancy, being read and submitted to the consideration of the meeting, it was moved by the Rev. Mr. Burke, P. P., seconded by the Rev. Mr. Quirke, C.C.,

That Mr. O'Brien's letter be inserted on the minutes with the resolutions now unanimously adopted.

"Dromeland, Newmarket-on-Fergus,
July 18th, 1856.

"REV. DEAR SIR—As the deputation of the Liberal Club of the County of Tipperary, which waited on me at Dromoland, with a view to ascertain whether I would allow myself to be put in nomination for that county, have kindly permitted me to give a written answer to their inquiry, I hasten to transmit to you this communication. Allow me, in the first place, to express the very great gratification which I have derived from learning that the Freeholders of the County of Tipperary are desirous to confer upon me the highest honor which it is in their power to bestow. To be solicited within a week after my return from exile to accept the representation of one of the largest counties in Ireland, is a circumstance so flattering to me, that I might be excused if I were to indulge at this moment in some exultation of a personal kind, but this invitation affords me pleasure chiefly because it will evince to the world that the Irish are not ungrateful towards those who encounter suffering in an attempt to serve them.

"Such being my sentiments, I cannot without sincere regret decline the honor which they have designed for me. I could not fully develope all the considerations which have induced me to form this determination, without hurting the feelings of many who, though they differ from me in political opinions, sincerely rejoice in my return; and at the risk of being charged with weakness, I avow that I am unwilling at such a moment as the present unnecessarily to offend any of those who have sympathised with me in the days of misfortune.

"It is enough that I should say that I could not attend Parliament without separating myself from my family during several months of each year, and that I am not prepared, under present circumstances, to make this sacrifice of the duties and pleasures of domestic life.

"Perhaps I should feel some compunction in thus refusing to re-enter the House of Commons, if I could persuade myself that in that sphere I could be useful to my country; but in 1843, after having attended Parliament with continuous assiduity during twelve years, I arrived at the conclusion that my time would have been much more usefully occupied if I had remained in Ireland, and everything that has occurred since that period has confirmed rather than weakened this conviction.

"Under these circumstances I have no desire to recommence a career which would be fraught with unhappiness to myself and to many whom I love. At the same time I propose to keep a vigilant watch over the legislation which may be brought forward for Ireland; and if at any time hereafter I may have reason to believe that my experience in public affairs can be rendered useful to my country, I shall not hesitate to offer such suggestions as the occasion may require. My opinion, if it be of any value, will be at least as potential when expressed in my native land, as it would be if delivered in the House of Commons.

"Believe me, very sincerely yours,
"WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

"The Rev. P. Hickey."

Resolved—"That having formed a club to establish the freedom and purity of our county representation, the long-expected opportunity is now likely to be presented to this body, to vindicate the independence and integrity of the county of Tipperary.

"That as we have no security even for partial redress unless in a faithful representation, and as representation in Ireland, by the flagitious conduct of the British minister, has been made, in most cases, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare, hence arises the necessity for Irish constituencies of selecting for their representatives, such men of honor and worth as cannot be tempted by the bribes of the government, or bought by the gold of the Treasury.

"That as this country dealt, involuntarily, the heaviest blow against popular Parliamentary character, we felt the obligation to make a corresponding effort to select and return, now, to the British Senate, a representative whose presence would command the attention of every thinking man.

"That at this crisis of our representative's degradations, we did not require the unparalleled testimony borne by some hundred and fifty members of the House of Commons, comprising the best and ablest men of all parties in the State, to the self-denying and generous nature of William Smith O'Brien, to select him as the man, in whom all that admires honor and principle could abidingly confide, for being long acquainted with his sterling work, irrespective of other testimony. We offered him our ardent support, as we knew the heart. Tipperary trusted to him with pride and trust.

"That Mr. O'Brien having declined our earnest invitation, this Club, strong in truth and unity of purpose, will not interfere in any contest between Whig and Tory, because, the former has at last made of the Irish representation nothing more than an organised political swindle, and as such, a vital national calamity, the latter if Whiggery be crushed in Ireland, a result easily achieved, as has been abundantly proved at our late few Irish elections, must at least, entertain a respect, if it be not compelled to legislate, for the protection of the Irish tenantry.

P. HICKEY, P.P., Chairman.
J. O'DWYER, T. P. O'FLANIGAN, } Secretaries.

Thurles, July 23rd 1856.

Irish News.

The first meeting for the season of the Wexford Archers has taken place, at Bellevue, the seat of Anthony Cliffe, Esq. Shooting commenced at eight targets at half-past 2 o'clock, and terminated at half-past 5, when the various scores were announced. The first prize was adjudged to Miss Sarah Percival, who made the large score of 220 in her usual accomplished style of shooting. The second prize for hits was awarded to Miss Nannie Percival, who made a successful *debut* on this occasion, scoring 40 hits. The third prize was won by Miss Percival, after a close contest with Miss Talbot; and a handsome prize, presented to the club by Sir James Power, was gained by Miss Bell for a fine hit in the central gold. The gentlemen's prize was won by Mr. Maconchy, making 273 in his usual finished style—a score which, we believe, has never been equalled. The shooting over, the company, about 230 in number, dined together in their spacious marquee. The scores of the day were announced by the Secretary, and the prizes delivered to the victors, their healths drunk with enthusiasm, and duly responded to. In the evening, the saloons of Bellevue were thrown open. Quadrilles and waltzes, lancers and gallopes, followed in happy variety until an early hour in the morning, when the company broke up, only hoping soon to meet again.

Amongst the company we observed: Sir Thomas and Lady Esmonde, Sir James and Lady Power, Hon. Lieut.-Col. Carew, John George, M. P., Mrs. and Miss George, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Master and the Misses Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Maher, Mr. and Mrs. Beatty and Mrs. D. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Bell and the Misses Bell, Major Doran and the Misses Doran, Mr. J. E. Redmond, and Miss Archer, Mr. W. Richards, Miss Richards, and Miss Dayrolles, Mr. and Mrs. Harman, Mr. John Howlin and Miss Howlin, Mr. J. H. Talbot and Mrs. Talbot, Mrs. Percival and the Misses Percival, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Harvey, Miss Johns and Miss M. A. Johns, Mr. W. C. Harvey and Miss Harvey, Captain Pigott and Mrs. Pigott, Mr. and Mrs. Stannard, Mr. and Mrs. James Howlin, Lieut.-Col. Toole and Mrs. Toole, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot and Miss Talbot, Mr. Maconchy, Captain Kennedy, Mr. Cornock and Mr. Zack. Cornock, Captain Meagher, Lieut.-Col. Bayly, Captains Blachford, Truell, Grogan, and Mr. Dennis, Wicklow Rifles; Mr. John Talbot, Mr. Keller, &c., &c.

The Imperial Gold Cross of the Legion of Honor has been presented to Corporal William Cooke, of the 9th regiment. He is the only military man in Limerick who has received such a decoration. On the occasion of the abortive assault on the Redan, on the 18th of June, 1855, Corporal William Cooke found himself with twelve or fourteen comrades of his own regiment near the twelve-gun battery, called the Cemetery, when an immense shell fell amongst them. Cooke hastily handed his rifle to one of his comrades, and coolly taking up the shell, while the fuse was still burning, flung it back into the embrasure, where it instantaneously exploded, killing and wounding a large number of the enemy, and saving the lives of himself and his comrades. This action was witnessed by one of the French generals, who mentioned it in his despatch to General Canrobert, and the circumstance having been communicated to the Emperor, he ordered the Grand Cross to be awarded to the chivalrous soldier.

A return, moved for by Mr. Davison, M. P., shows that the moneys received by the Society of the King's Inns, in Dublin, this year, has amounted to about £983, the ordinary expenditure to £3,522, and the extraordinary expenditure to £468. In 1855 the ordinary expenditure was £4,427, and in 1854, £4,830. Of the receipts this year £86 was derived from students, £230 from barristers, £102 from apprentices, £271 from attorneys, and £294 from the stamp duty on attorney's indentures.

It appears that the *maximum* number of inmates in the Union Workhouses of Ireland on the 31st of March, 1855, amounted to 90,107, and the *minimum* number on the 22d of September, 1855, to 56,518. The return which gives these particulars contains also some correspondence between the Poor Law Commissioners for Ireland and Mr. Stanley (their late secretary) relative to the suggestion by the latter for a reconstruction of the staff in the Poor Law Office, with a view to its being more economically worked.

The Gort Convent Committee proceeded three Sundays since to Touclay parish, in the diocese of Kilfenora, where their labors were rewarded by generous contributions, amounting to £50. They were most efficiently assisted on the occasion by the Rev. T. Kelly, P. P., who headed the list with a liberal subscription, and by his curate, the Rev. J. Barry, C. C.

The Gorey Correspondent of the *Wexford Independent*, states that new Potatoes have been sold in that town at 10d per stone, which, considering the present enormous prices of provisions, may be reckoned moderate. The present weather is highly favorable to the maturing of the crop, and information from different sources, promises an abundant yield this season.

The *Cork Examiner* announces the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Egan, Bishop of Kerry. Dr. Egan had been for nearly thirty-five years bishop of the diocese of Kerry, but for the last few years, owing to his age and infirmities, he has had the assistance of a coadjutor, the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty.

One hundred and eighty-four of the Carlow Militia have taken their discharge. Each man received fourteeen days' pay, and ten shillings, the balance of the present year's bounty, and all returned to their respective districts in high spirits. The officers gave a farewell dinner to a large number of the gentry of the county.

The Hon. George F. Prittie, Clerk of the Peace for the county Tipperary, has received from the Crown and Hanaper Office Her Majesty's writ of *Supersedeas*, requiring Mr. James Sadleir to "resign and deliver up" the commission which he holds as a Justice of Peace.

Mr. James Poigndestre, one of the messengers of the House of Commons, arrived in Clonmel, and proceeded to the late residence of Mr. Sadleir to serve a notice requiring his attendance in the House.

In the Limerick markets, it appears, the supplies have greatly fallen off, and quotations for grain of every description may be considered almost nominal. The Butter market, however, is good.

The Rev. John Barry, P. P. of Crossabeg, acknowledges the receipt at the Chapels of Crossabeg and Ballymurrin, county Wexford, of £16 10s. including £5 the contribution of John Maher, Esq., of Ballinkeele, in aid of the sufferers by the late inundations in France.

The following Irish officers and soldiers who served in the Crimea have received the order of the Legion of Honor, conferred on them by the French Emperor:

Lieutenant-Gen. Sir De Lacy Evans, Major-General Lord Lucan, Colonel, the Honorable Wm. L. Packenham, Colonel Wm. Sullivan, Lieutenant-Colonel George Vaughan Maxwell, 88th Connaught Rangers; Assistant-Surgeon Thomas Clarke Brady, Assistant-Surgeon Charles O'Callaghan, Major James Connolly, Capt. Theobald McKenn, 1st regt., 2d battalion; Major John Dwyer, 14th regt.; Major Mathew Jones Hasman, 18th regt.; Sergeant John Grant, 18th regt.; John Lyons, 19th regt.; Major Butler, 20th regt,; Capt. Roger Killeen, 21st regt.; Capt. Wm. Henry Carleton, 21st; Corp. Robert Shields, 23d; Major Percy Arthur Butler, 28th; Sergeant Major Richard Nagle, 30th; John M'Cormick, 39th; Major Robert John Egan, 21st; Major E. W. Donovan, 33d; Sergeant Jas. O'Neill, Colonel Wm. McMahon, 44th; Lieutenant-Col. Maxwell, 46th; Corp. Thos. Kelly, 48th; Corp. James Butler, 49th; Corp. Joseph Doyle, Capt. Henry Butler, 57th; Lieutenant-Col. Ready, 71st; Thomas Cronin, 77th; Capt. Geo. Robert Beresford, 88th; Sergeant Thomas Goggin, 88th; Sergeant Joseph Brennan, ditto; Sergeant Timothy Murphy, 99th; Major William Reilly, Royal Artillery; Lieutenant Lyons, Sergeant John Devine, ditto.

Within this week, writes the editor of the *Nation*, we have inspected a triumph of tasteful design and inventive ingenuity. A very handsome black-oak walking-cane, in no way remarkable, unless for neatness and finish and lightness of proportions, we found to contain a mariner's compass, a sun-dial, a spirit-level, a circumferenter, an off-setter, a monthly almanac, and a cane sword! The designer, and in a great measure the executor, holds a situation in this city, under the Board of Education. He is an Irishman. If his name has not an Irish sound, we know of none that has. Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Mathematical Teacher, Ranelagh, Rathmines, is the ingenious inventor of the "Polymetric Walking Cane." He comes from a county that claims a Hogan, Maclise, Barry, and Barter. It is no little credit to the Board in Marlborough street, to reckon such a man on their staff; they have a good opportunity of rebutting the charge that the teachers under the system are of inferior intellectual or literary acquirements.

At a very recent meeting of the Clonakilty Board of Guardians, a member gave notice that on that day fortnight he would move the following resolution: "Having seen published in the *Cork Examiner* a letter written by the Rev. Mr. Maguire, chaplain to the hospital at Scutari, contradicting the statement made by Mr. Hungerford, chairman of this board, when advocating the exclusion of the Sisters of Mercy from the Clonakilty Workhouse, to the effect that they were turned out of the hospitals in the East, we feel bound to express our regret that there should have emanated from this boardroom a calumny against ladies who so eminently served the British soldier during the late war; as also against Miss Nightingale and the other government authorities, in the same breath, who have been exposed to obloquy by the disrespect which they were implied to have put on the Sisters of Mercy; and we call upon Mr. Hungerford, the chairman, to apologise to the public for the statement which he stands accused of having uttered."

The *Carlow Sentinel* says it is no longer a secret that James Sadlier has effected his escape, and is, no doubt, on his way to the Southern States of America, where, it is believed, his brother survives the catastrophe supposed to be enacted at Hampstead Heath. Whether John is dead or alive, the *Sentinel* adds, James is now in the the land of liberty, and can bid defiance to the unfortunate shareholders and creditors of his gigantic swindle. He cannot, however, have been long an absentee, as it was only three weeks ago that a large amount of his costly furniture was conveyed through Carlow, in floats, to Dublin.

Constable Mockler, Cork city, lately preferred a complaint against a cooper named John Meany. The constable, it appears, was sent for to remove the prisoner from the establishment of Mr. John Murphy, Watercourse, where he was creating a disturbance. The constable no sooner entered the establishment than the prisoner ran towards him, holding in one hand a cooper's knife, and in the other a hatchet. A struggle ensued between them, in which the prisoner made a cut of the hatchet at the constable, but the latter moving backwards escaped without any injury except the cutting of his trousers across the leg.

Mr. Kennedy, the member for Louth, has given notice he will move for a select committee to inquire into the means by which the time of the Imperial Parliament could be best economised, and the interests of the integral parts of these kingdoms may be best secured; and whether these objects may not be advantageously obtained by the appointment of separate standing committees, consisting of the representatives of Ireland and Scotland respectively, by whom measures referring to Ireland and Scotland exclusively should be discussed and reported upon, before legislation had thereon in this house.

An order has been issued by the Commander of the Forces abolishing Limerick as a separate military district, and attaching it to that of Cork. General Sir James Chatterton is to take charge of a cavalry brigade at the Curragh, and the officers comprising his staff are to join their respective regiments forthwith. The *Limerick Observer*, which contains this intelligence, announces the intention of the citizens of Limerick to hold a meeting to denounce the conduct of the authorities in this respect.

The Belfast Mercury learns that the Rev. Mr. M'Kay, P. P., of Maralin, county Down, while returning on Monday from a confirmation by the Right Rev. Dr. Blake, was beaten severely by a body of men, said to be Orangemen, within a short distance of his house, near Lurgan. The injuries sustained by the reverend gentleman are said to be dangerous.

At a late meeting of the Dublin city bankers, the question of a decimal coinage was discussed, their opinion having been requested by the commissioners appointed to report to the government on the subject. The conclusion arrived at, with only one dissent, was, that any legislative alteration would be undesirable.

Major-General Sir James C. Chatterton, has been appointed a magistrate for the county Galway, and Mr. Richard Butler, of Castlecomer, has received the commission of the peace for the county of Kilkenny.

The Sisters of Mercy, Limerick, most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of one guinea from Edward J. Sheehy, Esq., Cherrygrove, as foreman of a record jury, per M. R. Ryan, Esq.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Catholic Bishop of Kerry, has sent £1 subscription with a letter to the chairman of the Protestant Orphan Society of Cork.

We copy from the *Munster News* the following letter from Wm. Smith O'Brien, Esq., to the Rev. J. Vaughan, P.P., Ruan and Dysart, Clare:

"Dromoland, July 15th, 1856.

"My dear and Reverend Sir—Many thanks for your kind congratulation. It has given me much pleasure to find that my return to Ireland has afforded satisfaction to a large proportion of my fellow-countrymen, and it is peculiarly gratifying to me to perceive that this sentiment prevails to a great extent in the county of Clare, with which my family has been identified during three thousand years.

"For a variety of reasons, which it is not necessary now to recapitulate, I am desirous at present to avoid public meetings. I must, therefore, entreat you to abandon your intention of bringing to Dromoland, on Sunday next, your warm-hearted flock, and hope that they will be satisfied to accept, in lieu of a personal interview, this expression of my thanks for the proposed demonstration of their attachment.—I remain yours very faithfully, "William S. O'Brien.

"To the Rev. Mr. Vaughan, &c. &c."

Amongst the list of English officers named for the decoration of the Knights' Cross of the Legion of Honor, by the French Minister of War, for heroic conduct in the Crimea, is Mr. Charles O'Callaghan, late assistant-surgeon of the 64th regiment, and now assistant-surgeon of the Ophthalmic Hospital, Maidstone. Mr. O'Callaghan's career in the army has been short and brilliant. The inhabitants of Killarney have lately presented him with a silver gilt vase and salver, at a cost of 80 guineas, as a memorial of their approbation of his gallant behavior.

The Pollock Prize, a very large and magnificent gold medal, was won by John Eckford, Esq., brother-in-law of the Right Worshipful James Spaight, Esq., Mayor of Limerick, at the late examinations at the Military Seminary, Addiscombe. He has been pronounced the most distinguished Cadet of the season. Mr. Eckford likewise obtained the sword of honor, and was placed in the position of first engineer.

The *Moniteur* has published an Imperial decree, dated June 16th, by which, on the proposition of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Order of the Legion of Honor is conferred by the Emperor Napoleon III. on 450 British officers and soldiers, and 136 officers and seamen also. Among the number we see, from County Westford, the names of Col. Richard Waddy, C. B., of the 50th, and Major Edward Westby Donovan, of the 33d Regiment.—*Sentinel.*

One of the men found guilty at the Coronor's inquest of aiding and assisting in the murder of Thomas Cosgrave, at Carrick, on the evening of the last May fair, has been arrested by Constable Michael Sullivan of Lisduff station. His name is Rody Cleary. This Rody Cleary was the person who gave the last blow to Cosgrave, according to the evidence produced at the Coronor's inquest. Cleary will be sent forward to the county gaol to be tried at the next assizes.

The *Kilkenny Journal* says that the wheat crop is not so heavy as last year, but the breadth sown this season is greater than that of last. Barley is not a good crop, nor is there as large a breadth sown as last year. The oat crop is a fair one, except in some few instances, and these are in exhausted and worn out land. Potatoes are doing well. The extent of land under this crop is larger than any year since the first failure. Early meadowing is also a good crop.

The result of the general court-martial at Nenagh on the soldiers of the North Tipperary Artillery is, that four of them are to be hanged, and two are ordered to be tried by the civil authorities. The finding of the court has been transmitted to the Commander-in-Chief, to be submitted under his advice to the Queen for her final decision.

The investigation of the attack on Father McKay has been postponed until the next Petty Sessions at Moira, in consequence of the inability of the Rev. P. McKay to attend, from continued weakness. Mr. Charles A. Russell was retained for the prosecution, and Mr. John Rea for the defence.

Three Companies of the 18th Royal Irish, under the command of Brevet-Major M. J. Hayman, have arrived in Waterford. They were met at the Railway Terminus by Major-Gen. Eden, C.B., Lieut. Eden, A.D.C., and Major Nasmyth, A.A.G.

It is expected that as soon as the service companies of the 96th Regiment, now in Dublin, shall embark for Gibraltar, the Depot of that Regiment will be ordered to Kilkenny.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford, accompanied by the Rev. Edmund O'Donnell, P.P., Tallow, has left Waterford for Cheltenham. It is the intention of his Lordship to visit the Continent.

The Crimean sketches of Messrs. Simpson and Brierly, which Lord Elcho moved the House of Commons to purchase as national monuments, are now in Dublin.

The County Waterford Militia has melted away. All the men at Duncannon have taken their discharges and left. Some of the officers have been left without a servant.

Major Brownrigg, deputy inspector, has held his half-yearly inspection of the Queen's County constabulary, under Major Clancie. He expressed himself highly pleased with the appearance and discipline of the men.

The County Limerick Royal Regiment have received a notification that they will be disembodied on the 11th of August. Upwards of 600 have been already discharged at their own request.

Several hundred men are employed in constructing the line from Rathkeale to Foynes. Is is expected the rails will be laid to Foynes early next summer.

Mrs. Captain Gavin has received 1*l.* from Robert Unthank Esq., Foreman of a Record Jury, for the Lying-in Hospital, Limerick.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd Convent thankfully acknowledge the receipt of £1 from Mr. Eugene Coomey, foreman of a record jury.

The *Limerick Observer* is informed by a correspondent that the silver cream jug out of which John Sadleir drank the poison has been sold for £30 7s.

John White, Esq., High Sheriff, has subscribed £5 to the O'Connell Monument; and Thomas Costelloe, Esq., J. T. Quinlivan, Esq., and Pierce Creagh, Esq., £1 each.

The Kilkenny Militia were to have been disembodied on the 11th of August.

The Redemptorists of Limerick will open a mission for the benefit of the poor at their chapel in Henry street.

Mr. David Wallace, of the customs, in Limerick, has been promoted to the office of first-class tide-waiter.

The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the Innistiogue Farming Society. Colonel Right Hon. W. F. Tighe, president: Sir John Power, Bart., vice-president; and Mr. John F. MacCartan, honorary secretary. A portion of the Thomastown union, not included in the Gowran of Piltown Farming societis has been annexed, and the society will be henceforth known as the Innistiogue and Thomastown union Farming society. The annual show will be held in each year in Thomastown, on the third Tuesday in September.

Mr. John Stephen Dwyer, J. P., has received letters from Colonel Crutchley commanding the Depot Battalion Birr, from Colonel Muller, Assistant Adjutant-General, Limerick, from General Chatterton, commanding Limerick District, all bearing testimony to his gallant behavior on the occasion of the mutiny of the North Tipperary Light Infantry, and sympathising with him on account of the wounds he sustained on the occasion.

A few years since, Mr. John Sadleir purchased the estate of Coolnamuck, in the County Waterford, and in August last assigned it to the trustees for the London and County Bank. The defendant purchased all the "pitwood," or small timber on the estte. He had lately proceeded to cut large trees, and a Chancer Injunction stopped his further proceeding.

The death of the venerable Bishop of Kerry, Doctor Egan, derives the Irish church, we believe, of its oldest Prelate. He ha left a magnificent monument behind him in the Cathedral of Killarney, where his body at present rests, and in which it is said he expended thousands of pounds out of his private resources. The see devolves upon his coadjutor, the Right Rev. D. Moriarty.

From Nenagh we learn that the wounded men in the late conflict in that town are doing well under the care of Dr. Bagnall of the Tipperary Regiment. The wounds are very severe, and two of the men are not yet out of danger. There are now only three men absent, and they are supposed to be killed.

The Earl of Dunraven has contributed £3 to the Young Men's Society of Limerick, Revington & Co., £3, Rev. John Bunton £1, Wm Roche, Esq., clerk of the peace, £1, James Spaight, Esq., Mayor will attend the approaching Soiree of the Society.

The new Catholic Church of Donaghadee, has been solemnly dedicated. The ceremony of consecration was performed by the Right Rev. Dr. Denvir, Bishop of Down and Connor. The dedication sermon was preached by the Very Rev. George Maguire, P.P., Kilmore.

Mr. Brien Dillon, Solicitor of Nenagh, complains of the conduct observed towards him by the military authorities, and states that he led a party of the 21st Regt. round Peter-street barracks in midst of a sharp fire.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, has lately held an ordination in St. John's Catholic Church, Waterford. The Rev. Mr. Phelan, Ballinglan, was admitted to the Holy Order of Priesthood on the occasion. Abbeyside has been appointed as the scene of the missionary labors of this talented clergyman.

The preparations for the great Cattle Show of Athlone are proceeding satisfactorily. The sheds for the accommodation of the cattle are being fast erected, and the local committee are making every arrangement calculated to render the exhibition a most successful one. The Lord-Lieutenant intends to honor Athlone with a visit during the show.

Mr. Crampton, ex-Minister at Washington, is at present rusticating at his father's country house, beside Lough Bray. One needs all the consolation of good scenery and quiet, observes the *Nation*, to survive the consciousness of having been the cat's-paw of Clarendon, and the victim of Marcy.

The *Limerick Observer* says, the Rev. Dr. O'Connor has been appointed by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan to the temporary charge of the parishes of Pallaskenry and Stonehall, in the absence of Rev. Mr. O'Shea, P. P., on a mission to Scotland, collecting subscriptions for St. John's Roman Catholic Church.

The criminal business of the South Riding of the county of Tipperary was transacted by Mr. Justice Moore to-day in less than two hours. The heaviest sentence imposed by his lordship was twelve months imprisonment.

At the Richmond Hospital and Carmichael School of Medicine, Dublin, Mr. Nicholas Williams, son of Mr. John Williams, of Macroom, obtained the first prize in his class in anatomy, and the prize in medical jurisprudence.

The annual soiree of the Limerick Young Men's Society was held at their hall on Charlotte's quay, on Monday, July 28. The Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of All-Hallows, addressed the young men on Sunday; the President has received several letters of encouragement.

The several proprietors of hackney vehicles in Ireland have been served with notices, informing them that the drivers must in future wear badges. In case of non-compliance with this notice, the proprietors and drivers will incur a penalty of 40s.

The Sisters of Mercy, Charleville, acknowledge with best thanks the receipt of £3, from Rev. Thos. Croke, D.D., C.C., Middleton, for the purchase of books for the Library, now being formed at their Industrial School, Mount St. Joseph.

At the County Waterford Assizes, the High Sheriff presented Baron Pennefather with white gloves, in consequence of there being no prisoner for trial. At the City Assizes, only one criminal case was for trial, an assault case, in which the prisoner was acquitted.

Sir Thomas Esmonde has presented a beautiful Remonstrance to the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, for the Cathedral of Ferns. As a work of art, this sacred vessel reflects much credit on the manufacturer, Mr. Donegan, of Dublin.

Mr. John P. McCloy, a painter in Little George's street, Waterford, has committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

The representatives of the late Mr. Thomas Booden, have received from the Rev. W. Hayden, Kilkenny, the sum of Five pounds, Restitution Money.

The same engine that brought Mr. W. S. O'Brien from Thurles to Dublin, on the night of his arrest at that station, took him to Limerick junction, on his way home.

The Rev. James Synan acknowledges the sum of £1 1s. from Michael Burke Esq., Foreman of a Record Jury, for the Orphanage of the Sisters of Mercy, at Mt. St. Vincent.

The North Mayo Militia retain their band. Their headquarters are at Ballina.

The Grand Jury of the town of Galway have adopted a congratulatory address to Mr. Justice Keogh.

James Barry, Esq., Solicitor of Youghal, has been appointed by the Prerogative Court, Public Notary for that town.

The *Roscommon Messenger* mentions that in 1848 a poor tailor, residing in the village of Ardkillan, lost a heifer. It was stolen by somebody who thought it was less sin to steal than to starve Two men were arrested and tried—one was acquitted, the other found guilty, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. To the authorities in Australia this man appeared "a good citizen in slavery." His good conduct was remarkable—it procured him employment. He was entrusted with a gang, and ultimately with the duties of book-keeper. At the end of three years the authorities gave him his liberty as the reward of his merit. He was fortunate in the bush as a shepherd; more fortunate in the diggings as a gold-seeker. He was last week in England disposing of a cargo of his own wool, and this week the inhabitants of Tulsk were astonished by the anxious enquiries of a well-dressed gentleman, who wished to see one Betty Conolly, a woman remarkable for poverty, patience, and good conduct. He found herself and her children in a bog cabin. He saluted her with "God save all here—do you know me, Betty?" She eyed him caimly a moment—"My own Johnny," she, cried and fainted in th arms of her husband. The returned convtct is the owner of £50,000, and as many thousand acres.

It appears, from a Parliamentary return just published, that there are in Ireland 52 high constables, first rate, receiving 60*l* per annum each; 259 ditto, second rate, receiving 50*l*.; 1 634 dismounted constables, at 36*l*.; 46 mounted constables, at 38*l*.; 324 acting mounted or dismounted, at 30*l*.; 7,774 sub-constables, first rate, at 27*l*. 14*s*.; 242 ditto, mounted, at 29*l*. 4*s*.; 985 ditto, second rate, at 24*l*.—making a total of 11,606 men, besides a reserve force of 192. The total annual cost of this constabulary force is 559,355*l*.

Doctor M'Ardle, one of the Coroners of county Louth, has held an inquest at the police barracks, Stabannon, on the body of a man named John Cranny. The deceased was in the employment of Mr. Woolsey, the eminent brewer of Castlebellingham, and was on his way from Ardee to that town, on the night of the accident. The horse he was driving was blind, and it is conjectured the deceased fell asleep on the way. About three miles from Ardee, there is a dangerous gap on the side of the road at a place called Drumcashel, and into this the horse walked, the dray upset, killing the unfortunate man instantaneously. The horse was unhurt.

A public meeting has been held in the Theatre Royal, George's street, to hear a lecture from Mr. David Urquhart, on the expediency of establishing Turkish Baths in the city of Cork, and the *Cork Examiner* has a column on the subject.

On the recommendation of the Rt. Hon. John W. Fitzpatrick, Lord Lieutenant of the Queen's County, B. B. Edge, Esq., of Clonbrock, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace.

John A. Kirwan, Esq., barrister-at-law, Deputy-Lieutenant and R. M., family and *suite*, have arrived at Bellard Marine House, Tramore, Co. Waterford, for bathing, boating, fishing, and the races.

The annual diocesan synod of the diocese of Kerry has been held in Killarney. The bishop of the diocese was present, and the great body of the clergy of the county.

The collection on Sunday, in aid of the Orphanage of Mercy, Mount St. Vincent, Limerick, amounted to the munificent sum of £132.

John Russell, Esq., J. P., Edwardstown, acknowledged the receipt of Thirty Shillings, being restitution money, through the Rev. James Bradshaw of the Redemptorist's Order.

The July fair of Rathdowney was very thinly supplied with stock. Good cattle of every description in great demand, and nearly all for sale were disposed of at an advance on the recent fairs in the neighborhood.

IRISH ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

The Grand Jury of the South Riding of Tipperary have found a true bill against James Sadleir on all counts of the indictment.

The first count charges that John Sadleir, the deceased, and James Sadleir, on the 11th April, 1856, at Clonmel, conspired by false pretences and subtle means and devices to cheat such of her Majesty's subjects resident in England, as they might be able to induce to become shareholders in the Tipperary Bank, of large sums of money.

The second count is that of conspiring to cheat the English parties by false pretences, that the paid-up capital of the bank was £100,000; that all the shares had been issued, and were vested in *bona fide* shareholders, and that John Sadleir and Robert Keating were then directors, they and the said John and James Sadleir well knowing the contrary to be the fact.

The third count charges that John and James Sadleir by false pretences conspired to cheat the depositors.

The fourth count alleged a conspiracy to cheat the depositors by the publication of a false balance-sheet, falsely representing the paid-up capital of the bank to be £100,000.

The fifth count charges a conspiracy to cheat by false pretences that the bank was then solvent and able to meet its engagements.

The sixth count is for a conspiracy, by false pretences and subtle devices, to cheat the English shareholders of large sums of money.

The seventh and eighth counts are also to the effect that the conspiracy was entered into to cheat the English shareholders, and the facts connected with the false balance-sheet were specially set out.

The criminal business only occupied Judge Moore two hours, and this sufficed for the assizes of the South Riding of Tipperary.

COUNTY OF KERRY.

TRALEE, JULY 21.—The assizes were opened this morning.

Judge Jackson very briefly addressed the grand jury, observing that there was no case callng for any particular observation from him, as the calendar was particularly light.

COUNTY OF LEITRIM.

The business, criminal and civil, of the county of Leitrim, at the present assizes, concluded in little less than one day.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.

MARYBOROUGH, JULY 19.—The Lord Chief Baron opened the commission in the courthouse at ten o'clock this morning.

The Chief Baron, addressing the grand jury, said—I am happy to congratulate you on the fact that the calendar of your county is extremely light, both as to the number and the character of the offences; and I am glad to say that the calendar truly represents the state of your county, which is not always the case; but I find your county is in a state of profound tranquillity, which is a very happy circumstance.

COUNTY OF TYRONE.

OMAGH, July 18.—Mr. Justice Crampton opened the commission.

His Lordship said—I am happy to find that the number of cases on your calendar is not considerable. Some of these, however, are of a serious character.

William Anderson, Joseph Agnew, William Hurst, John and Mark Reilly, John and William Fleming, and Richard Simmons, were indicted for riot and affray at Strangmore, near Dungannon, on the 1st of May last.

The prosecution was conducted by Messrs. Smyly, Major and Leathem; and Messrs. Johnston and Dowse defended the prisoners.

From the evidence it appeared that on the night of the 1st of May last a number of persons, among whom the prisoners were, had assembled at the gate of the Earl of Ranfurley's demesne, near Dungannon. These persons belonged to the Protestant or Orange party. While on the road several Roman Catholics passed by, and those at the gate attacked them with stones, and shouted offensive cries. A row ensued, and the Roman Catholic party refusing to join in the cry of "To Hell with the Pope," as proposed by the others, blows were given, and no less than thirty-five persons were beaten by the Orangemen. All the prisoners were of the latter party, and there was no cross case.

The counsel for the prisoners admitted the riot and affray, and reprobated the conduct of the parties at the gate, but denied that those on trial had been among them.

Evidence to prove an *alibi* was given in favor of the whole party, with the exception of Agnew and Anderson.

The jury retired at half-past four o'clock, and shortly afterwards returned a verdict of guilty of common assault in the case of Agnew and Anderson, and acquitted the others.

The two convicted were sentenced to six months imprisonment.

The court rose at five o'clock, the entire business having been disposed of.

The Assize for the City of Kilkenny was opened on Tuesday, by the Right Hon. Judge Moore and his Worship the Mayor.

The Calendar was very meagre and the crimes of a very mitigated character.

A man named Scully, indicted for maliciously stabbing during a drunken riot, in James's Green, was acquitted.

A man named Bannon was indicted for having written a threatening letter to Mr. Cotton, Manager of the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway.

WATERFORD ASSIZES.

The *Waterford News* says that in the county court there was not a single criminal case; and in the city but one—a tailor who was acquitted. So that the big as well as the little wigs had but a scant amount of business at these assizes. The county and city of Waterford are therefore in a most peaceful condition. In the county court Baron Pennefather was presented with a pair of white gloves, the first that he has ever received in token of a maiden assizes, though he has been 35 years on the bench. The records were but few and not of import.

The same paper says, a respected member of the bar informs us there was little or nothing to do at the Wexford assizes.

NENAGH ASSIZES.

The commission is likely to be more prolonged than for many years past, owing to the number of prisoners handed over by the military authorities for trial before a civil tribunal, for the occurences in Nenagh, on the occasion of the recent Militia riot. The Attorney-General will prosecute in person. The following is the calendar of prisoners for trial:—Michael Flannery, embezzlement; Daniel Tracey, conspiracy to shoot James Egan, of Roscrea; John Fahy, riot at Templemore races; Matthew Butler, James Butler and Patrick Butler, Whiteboyism; Thomas Burns, receiving stolen goods, the property of the Nenagh Union; Stephen Burns, private North Tipperary Militia, murder of Patrick Curley, 41st Regiment, at Nenagh, on the 8th inst.; Edward Laffan, John Barron, Wm. Cummins, and Edward Naughton, North Tipperary Militia, and Samuel Lawrence, and Michael Conway, aiding and abetting the murder of said Patrick Curley; John Ryan, Thomas Car, Thomas Devereux, Wm. Nolan, John Heffernan, Henry Bennett, Patrick Collins, Jeremiah Norman, Thomas Cawley, Cornelius Ryan, and Thomas Fleming, soldiers of the Tipperary regiment, firing on her Majesty's troops on the occasion of the Militia outbreak in Nenagh; Rody Cleary, murder of Thomas Cosgrove.

CLARE ASSIZES—RULE OF COURT.

John Slattery, Thomas Gorman, Pat Curtin, John Rochford, Bridget Kean, Honora Morony, and Anne Donnellan—Riot at Kilrush—each to be imprisoned for three months.

Honora Curtin—same place—to be imprisoned one month, and pay a fine of £5.

John Halloran—unlawfully wounding—to be imprisoned 5 calendar months.

Denis M'Auliff, and Corney Maloney, convicted of obstructing navigation of River Shannon—discharged on entering into recognizance in the sum of £50, to appear at next assizes to receive judgment from getting 7 days notice—in the meantime to remove the obstruction.

KINGS COUNTY ASSIZES.

The commission was opened at Tullamore, on Thursday, by the Lord Chief Justice.

The Grand Jury having been re-sworn, and addressed by his Lordship, the court proceeded with the trial of pri§ners.

Patrick Brennan was indicted for having maliciously assaulted John Hogan.

A dispute occured between the parties, in reference to the possession of a bog, and a quarrel ensued, in which the prosecutor was struck with a spade.

The prisoner was found guilty of a common assault.

Mary Magee and Martin Reynolds were charged with having assaulted Dominick Bligh, and robbed him of £275.

The jury found the prisoners guilty.

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE MR. BEAUCHAMP.

Thomas Byrne was indicted for having, on the 2d of November, 1855, made an attempt on the life of Edward Beauchamp.

Sergeant Berwick stated the case for the prosecution. The prisoner was a stranger, a native of Moynalty, county Meath, and the circumstances under which he was charged were these: At the last quarter sessions of Tullamore, Mr. Reamsbottom obtained a civil bill decree against a person named P. Murray, and on the 2d of November, proceeded with the sub-sheriff, and his assistant or clerk, Mr. Beauchamp, to the townland of Cloutany and obtained possession, after which, when the prosecutor and Mr. Reamsbottom had reached a place near Wilton gate, the transaction occurred which forms the subject matter of the prosecution. The defence was an *alibi*.

Answers to Correspondents.

Though marred by inaccuracies the following lines disclose a gentle and truthful inspiration:

A VISION.

I saw a child, a beauteous child,
At play among the heather wild:
A brilliant light was in His eyes,
He looked as if from Paradise;
His little hands in childish glee,
Were turning flowerets skilfully,
In garlands for His golden hair,
Which waved about in morning air,
And hung in ringlets on His neck,
So pure and white, without a speck.
That child was not of earthly clay,
But bright as the refulgent day!
Heaven's light was there!

Where is thy home, my little One?
His upturned eyes now on me shone.
My Home, he said, in accents sweeet,
Is far away where Angels meet
Around my Father's heavenly throne—
There is my own celestial home.
Would'st find a home, along with me,
Where angels wander pure and free?
Walk, then, mortal, in the right—
Turn and follow Heaven's light:
My home is there.

I looked above, the clouds were rent,
And Heaven's lightning there was sent.
It twined around the gentle child,
Unhurt, unharmed, and undefiled.
It bore him up toward the throne
Of Heaven and the Almighty One;
And angels pure and good and bright,
Followed in the Heavenly light.
I moved myself—the spell now broke—
I raised myself—I had awoke
From this my dream; but 'twas a vision
To lead my soul to thoughts Elysian.
That child was JESUS.

New York, August 8th, 1856. HAS TAS.

Omega.—Much obliged by your favor which has lain some time unnoticed in our drawer. What you sent would be improved by "more of the same sort." At present, the shortness of the communication would scarcely direct attention to its own merits.

We shall regularly send a copy of the NEWS to any part of Ireland, on receipt of subscription at the rate of 16s. sterling per annum.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856.

IRISH VOTES IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT ON THE AMERICAN QUESTION.

Agreeable to the promise which closed our leading column last week, we return for a moment to the subject intimated in the few words we have just set up in capitals. The perfume and finery of the Irish representation which Lord Palmerston had the luxury of enjoying, on the occasion of Mr. Moore's motion, we have delicately touched. The raw material behind which the vivacious Viscount triumphantly intrenched himself at the close of the American debate, has not as yet been overhauled. It is an instructive curiosity which sometimes rips asunder a bale of wool or cotton, and determines the stuff which gives it bulk.

In the majority which approvingly sustained Lord Clarendon on the enlistment question, there are names to which popular credulity and favoritism, here as well as in Ireland, have assigned no trivial importance. There are the Keatings, Esmondes, Magans, O'Connells and O'Briens. The patronage of the old Repeal Association lingers, as it were, in a colored mist, over some of these gentlemen, enlarging their proportions and consequence in the eye of the public. The very names of most of them imply an identification with Ireland, the spirit of her people, and the grandeur of her genius. The mantle of the ascending Prophet fell but on one man.

And so with the surviving glory of the great dead. It may become the boast, it does not become the pervading vitality of the crowd who follow in the track of an immortal name. The O'Connells we speak of here, crouching like hunchbacks in the Assembly where their great father towered, give to all men piteous evidence of this humiliating truth. The luminous mantle of the sire has not fallen on the sons. They have not stood with him upon the height where, in the effluence of his genius, a crucified country for a moment grew to be a radiant power.

John O'Connell, the third son, succeeded in some measure to the popularity of his father, and might have been notable in history had he the poetry of his race, the nobility of a scholar, the promptness and generosity of patriotism. Cold, crabbed, and crafty—with a stinted stock of political ideas, raw literary tastes, and a withered edition of words—he has had neither the mental wealth nor the opulence of heart, which captivates a people, commands the respect of rulers, and compels the haughtiest historian to your grave. Presumptuous enough to ascend the fiery chariot, the movements of which his father, despite of his vast skill, had with so much anxiety and agony controlled, he very soon tumbled to the sod from which he never should have stepped. Rescuing him from the obscure inactivity to which his conceit had hurried him, and in the depths of which his poverty of soul and brain would have for life detained him, the Crimean war opened to him a new though lower field for picturesque publicity. The Repeal button was supplanted by the Saxon shilling. The dogmatic manager of Burgh quay tawdry theatricals, thrust his arms through a red coat, and on the Curragh of Kildare flourished his sword as the corpulent Captain of a miscellaneous Militia. The Conspirator of 1843 dyed his '82 uniform in the Liffey under the arches of Bloody Bridge, a little below the parade ground of the Royal barracks, and so admirably disguised himself that his dearest friends have lost his identity. In this plight and beggary he votes for Lord Clarendon; for Crampton, the dismissed Irish servant; and Palmerston, the gay and audacious, though antique, master of both.

His brother comes next. Another Daniel come to judgment!

Of him little can be said. His life thus far has been so negative and sterile, that a sentence or two exhausts the theme his patronymic suggests. Led forward by his father in the tumultuous Repeal year, and introduced to the people, wherever the colossal Tribune moved, as the youngest of his offspring, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Junr., was hailed by the multitude with rapturous hosannahs. Handsome, graceful and accomplished—destitute of learning, eloquence, greatness of heart, or the strong love of country—such a love as kindled the intellect and soul of Davis, and made his hurried life fruitful, glowing, and sublime—young O'Connell found himself privileged to Parliament on the strength of a name to the celebrity of which Providence denies him the impulses or brains to contribute. He, too, dressed his dainty limbs in the second-class livery of the Horse Guards, and lisping his disdain of democracy, cast his vote for Lord Clarendon, Crampton, Matthews, and Rowecroft. His grateful acceptance from the British government, four years ago, of the pestiferous consulate of Para, at the mouth of the Amazon, establishes his independence and the value of of his vote.

The Keatings, Esmondes, and Magans follow suit. None of them being Court cards, however, we are disposed to shuffle them up with the plebeianism of the soiled pack. Yet trifles and nonentities sometimes amuse people, and in this heavy hot weather the flimsiest fans are of use. In this genial humor, and with this practical purpose, innocent and small as it is, we play through the category of patriot names, which the result of Mr. Moore's motion has set forth in Hansard—the flat Froissart of Parliament.

Mr. Robert Keating represents, in conjunction with Nicholas Mahon Power, of Faithlegg house, the county Waterford, in the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland. His election, in the first instance, was the strangest of accidents. A rattlesnake in the parched grass of Tompkin's square couldn't excite such surprise as that election everywhere, in and out of Waterford, did. It was a *lusus naturæ*.

It was a bewildering mishap. The world stared at it for a day, a month, a year. Waterford, accustomed to the Keanes, the Musgraves, the Powers, the Carews—men of gentility and culture, gracious bearing, high station in the county, and with the strongest social claims upon their neighbors—was shocked to see so glaring a vulgarity returned by the High Sheriff, as the parliamentary expression of its interests, respectability, intelligence. Mr. Keating took an oath and a seat in St. Stephen's, and has remained in that seat ever since, all from the timidity of such men as Stuart and Carew, the indolent credulity of the people, and the knavery in politics which, in Ireland, has become a fixed science.

To be strictly correct, however, Mr. Keating now sits as Junior member for the city. Captain Esmonde represents him in the county. Saying this, we indicate fully the capacity and usefulness, the independence and brilliancy, of the young master of Pembrokestown rocks. Proprietor of rocks and thistles, his adherence to the English government is easily explained. For those sterilities and stings, even the consulate of Para would be a lucrative exchange.

Captain Magan next mounts the scaffold. What of him? What of any scamp who burns an idiot in a drunken freak, gets into Parliament for five pounds, and for his political success begs the blessing of a good Bishop whose religion he traduces in Hells and Cock-pits? The *Police Gazette* may one day immortalize him. If not, his conceits and crimes sink with his coarse flesh into an obscene oblivion.

The O'Briens are the last upon the list of the condemned. There is Sir Timothy, and Pat, his eldest son, one of the members for the King's county. Sir Timothy is one of the most sparkling evidences of the spread of civilization, and the beneficial effects of the Catholic Emancipation act, in Ireland. Once a retailer of whiskey in one of the oldest and gloomiest streets in old Dublin, he has risen, on the surges provoked by the trident of the tempestuous Neptune of Derrynane, to be Lord Mayor of Dublin, Member in Parliament for Cashel, and a Baronet of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. In many respects a good man—kind, affable, and liberal—he is swayed by the follies which in every country actuate men, who, born in a cellar, and having obscurely amassed coins, aim at a new existence and chronology for themselves and their families through the filtering process of Vice-regal compliments and the fictions of Heraldry. His son, Patrick, wisely walking in the track of his father, from some place off Thomas street to the back-door of the Castle, exhibits the same docility to the foreign fashions forced upon Ireland, the same high ambition, the like insatiable desire for a spare plate, knife and fork, at the side-table of the Aristocracy from which the accident of birth shut him out.

These are the Irishmen who in Parliament have voted to sustain the subordinates of Palmerston and Clarendon in their roguish attempts to evade the laws, compromise the neutraity, and sully the dignity of the American Republic.

SMITH O'BRIEN—THE EXILE'S RETURN

The Tipperary men have done well. They have invted O'Brien to represent them in Parliament. Offering him the highest civic position in their power to confer, they have publicly proved, as he himself gracefully intimates, that they do not forget those who have incurred affliction and peril in their cause. The act we speak of redounds to the credit splendidly of he men, whose noble nature Davis in one of his sweeping and flashing lyrics so impetuously praised. It effaces the scandal of that foul sentence passed upon him in Clonmel, and the malignant cruelty and insolence with which he was visited in exile.

Smith O'Brien declines entering Parliament for the present. His long absence from home, the tear and wear of mind that absence caused, the strong distaste for public life which his bitter experiences of it have engendered, render retirement and quietude to him just now, not only an exquisite happiness but a necessity almost. Besides, he still holds to the opinion with which he left Ireland, that an Irish gentleman, concerned in the welfare of his country, and determined to do his duty by her, has no business in the British Parliament. For twelve years he assiduously labored there. The result of his labors was the conviction that his time had been woefully misspent. The English Government will perceive from his reply to the address of the Tipperary Club, that neither their vindictiveness, calumnies, nor pardon have affected in the least the stern truthfulness and principles of O'Brien.

With a gentle dignity refusing to participate in public affairs for the present, he reserves to himself the privilege of giving his opinion on questions affecting the interests of Ireland, should those interests, any time in the future, require him to speak. Modestly he expresses the hope, that in such an emergency his voice would be as potential, though raised only in Ireland, as it would be if speaking in Westminster. Of that he may rest perfectly assured. Whenever and wherever he speaks, his voice will have the efficacy of an oracle. His laborious political life, his truthfulness, purity, the memory of his sufferings and the memory of his royal old race, determine his position as the chief counsellor of his people.

CASUALTIES AND HOMICIDES.

We seldom meet with the relation of an incident now-a-days, that does not record a loss of life—a catastrophe sad and serious. Why is it, that a fight or pugilistic encounter cannot take place, a dispute about a dog or a parrot, or some trifling matter, but one or two individuals are killed, when it was only supposed a harmless skirmish was intended? Awful accidents, suicides and murders are no longer regarded with the horror they once created, because our minds are becoming familiar with those dreadful subjects.

A Railroad accident now-a-days is a serious matter. It sends hundreds into another world in an instant of time, and leaves as many more maimed and disfigured for life. A pleasant summer excursion turns out to be a death drama, leaving broken-hearted survivors to deplore the burning of the steamboat or explosion of the boiler, that has destroyed their happiness for ever.

But, intermingled with all those accidents and homicides of a positive character, is a class of cases out of the ordinary line—peculiar to themselves—and for which we do not know how to account. We will instance one of them:

A girl, named Mary McCormick, while passing down Roosevelt street, on her way to the ferry, met a number of men of dark complexion, dressed like sailors. They stopped her, and one of them, who had a vial in his hand, said, "No one can pass here, unless they drink what is in this bottle." After detaining her for some time, the vial was placed to her mouth, and she was forced to swallow the contents, when she was permitted to go on. On the ferry-boat she became ill; and on reaching Brooklyn, being supposed to be drunk, she was placed in charge of Officer Craft, of the Second District Police, who conveyed her to her former residence in Hudson Avenue. There she related the strange circumstance, and, although efforts were made to neutralize the effects of the poison, she died during the night of Wednesday, the 6th instant. The girl was about sixteen years of age, but one would be led to believe, from her size and general appearance, that she was much older. The Coroner's jury, after investigating the circumstances as well as the evidence would permit—there being no evidence to implicate the men charged with the offence of administering the contents of the vial—rendered a verdict "that the deceased came to her death from the effects of a narcotic

poison, administered by herself or by some person or persons to the jury unknown."

This story appears as a very strange one, for which it is very difficult to account. That men would be found reckless and depraved enough to commit so horrible a deed, for the mere purpose, it would seem, of taking the life of an innocent girl whom they stop in the street, is a circumstance not readily to be believed. Still, we have the dying declaration of the girl, not in any way disproved, and which leaves her death a mystery.

Another case, similar to the above, but which in its outlines, reveals the motives of the perpetrators, is as follows: A young Irish woman named Margaret Montgomery, working in the family of Mr. Cram, in Flatbush, on Friday, 8th, visited New-York, for the purpose of making some purchases of clothing, and sending $50 to her poor parents in Ireland, which sum was to complete the amount of $450, sent there by her during her stay of a few years in this country, for some special purpose. She had purchased the cloth for two dresses for herself, and was on the way to a place to remit the $50. At about 3 o'clock P. M., while passing through Washington-street, New-York, she was accosted by an elderly woman, standing in the door of a saloon, who said, "Why, Mary, how do you do?" She replied, "My name is Margaret," to which the elderly woman said, "Oh, yes, I ought to have known it; I knew you when a child, and I know your father and mother." After these introductory remarks the conversation was continued, the elderly woman, by degrees, cunningly eliciting from her unsuspecting victim, her full name, the names of her parents, where they lived, &c., and, under the guise of friendship, asked her to walk in and take a seat. As it was quite warm, she did so, and was soon asked to take a glass of beer, which she consented to do if it was fresh. The woman drew a glass of beer, and sprinkled something into it, which Margaret, in her own mind, at the time, thought was pepper.

A few minutes after drinking the beer she became drowsy, she was carried up stairs, her clothes were taken off, and she was put to bed. On awaking, not finding her clothes, she went down stairs and demanded them. She was seized hold of, beaten severely, and finally kicked into the street with nothing on but a chemise. From this she wandered she hardly knows where, but was taken in by some person in the same street, where she was treated kindly during Friday night and the day of Saturday. Just after dark, Saturday night, she was provided with a skirt and sack, and in this plight started for Brooklyn, barefooted and bareheaded. Crossing the Fulton Ferry about ten o'clock at night, her singular conduct led to her arrest. The officer in charge was soon satisfied that she was laboring under the effects of poison, and sent for Dr. Palmedo. Everything medical skill could suggest has been done for her relief, but thus far without any prospect of her recovery. She has been in agony from cramps and sickness at the stomach, and the physicians in attendance suppose that both strychnine and laudanum were administered to her in the beer, and that the latter somewhat counteracted the effects of the former poison.

It is to be regretted there is not more protection in our city for females, that they should be permitted with impunity to fall victims to the depravity and cupidity of the evil-minded, is much to be deplored.

An instance of a revelation of wrong-doing comes under our eye, which is worthy of remark as confirming the ever-torturing pangs of a guilty conscience. The Chief of Police received on Saturday last a letter, stating that a police-officer, by calling upon John O'Lalor, a United States recruit on Governor's Island, would be placed in possession of information which would lead to the apprehension and conviction of a murderer. Thinking that reference was had to the recent murder in Broadway, officer Masterson was at once sent to Governor's Island to investigate the affair.

He found Mr. O'Lalor among the new recruits, and conversed with him. O'Lalor accompanied officer Masterson to the Chief's office in this city, where he subscribed to a statement, the substance of which is, that during the year 1852, while employed as school-teacher in the Wicklow Workhouse, he enticed a girl named Mary Dunn into the fields near the town of Wicklow, and, after outraging her person, threw her over an embankment into the river, where she perished. The girl, he says, was of poor parentage. He had been paying attentions to her for some time. Her body was not recovered till some weeks after the murder. The affair caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood, but no clue to the assassin could be ascertained. He remained in Ireland for two years after the commitment of the deed, but being constantly afraid of detection, he emigrated to this country. He tried every means to drown the dreadful recollection, but the stings of a guilty conscience gave him no peace. Happiness fled from him. Failing to procure other employment, he finally enlisted as a soldier in the service of the United States, and had been in the service, on Governor's Island, only a few days, when he determined to denounce himself as a murderer—confess his crime, and offer himself up as a victim to that justice which he has, in the heat of passion, so cruelly outraged. When he had made his confession, he was locked up in the city prison, to await communications from Ireland.

This, if true, is a dreadful story, showing how prone to evil is the human heart, and how little man can depend on himself, when he gives himself up to the instigations of his passions. Many persons may believe that because a man denounces himself, and reveals that at a particular time he committed a murder, that no other proof is wanting. Many persons have been known to speak of murders, sometimes as the fancies of a disordered mind, and at others to confess to crimes they did not commit, through motives of fear or interest to screen the real perpetrators.

The law in all cases requires proof that the person alleged to be murdered, was at one time really living, that afterwards he was known to be dead, and that his or her body was produced, with such marks of violence, or otherwise, as will establish or confirm the alleged cause of death. The body of the offence, or the *corpus delicti*, must be established by evidence other than that of self-accusation. The old English Judges have often been known to direct juries to acquit, when the proof of a murder was very strong, but where, as at sea, the bodies of the persons alleged to be murdered, were lost, and could not be recovered. *Non constat*, the Judges said, when thrown over-board, those persons may have been picked up, and found safety on board some other vessels, and detained in foreign ports, either from limited means to get home or from choice. The criminal courts are often engaged in eliminating the details of circumstances connected with homicides, but it is left to the pages of the novelist to depict the horrors of the mind of the murderer.

Truthful are the pictures of Gerald Griffin and of Dickens. Their Dannie Mann and Bill Sykes are types of their class, from whom we shrink in horror. De Quincy, in his three remarkable murders, has depicted the commission of crimes where the criminals seemed only to be actuated by an insane love of personal display.

We cannot but believe the world indicates a change, much indeed for the better, and that deeds of homicide at the present time are relieved of many of the darker tints which once accompanied them. It is true, now and then a Palmer or a Dove startle us by their deeds, but a better humanity and individual conscience would seem to prevail, successfully attesting the beneficial progress of education and religion.

THE YOUNG MEN'S PIC-NIC.

It affords us very sincere pleasure to call attention to the projected festivities of the "Young Men's Association," to "Celestial Grove."

We cordially recommend all our readers, who can make it convenient, to join in them—for the Balls and Pic-Nics of the "Young Men" have hitherto been happily conducted, and we are credibly informed that on this occasion arrangements have been made to insure new and increased pleasures. However that may be, every one who joins the excursion to come off on the 21st inst., may confidently depend on receiving the utmost degree of courtesy and true gentlemanly consideration from the worthy President of the Association, Mr. Quinlan, and his assistant officers.

"MADRID IS TRANQUIL!!"

Spanish affairs continue to be the chief topic of European interest, although the English papers "have their say" on the prospects of the Presidential Election in America; and the people both of France and Italy appear to be shaking themselves for some sort of action, and rubbing their eyes into full wakefulness after the sleep of the past seven years.

The world is fond of excitement, and action always commands a readier attention than prognostication. Practice leads theory; and therefore, the "Insurrection" in Spain, albeit insurrections in Spain are indices of periodical murders, and a consequently happy family "tranquillity in Madrid." Still it is more readable intelligence than "what is going to take place" in Italy or Madrid.

When a child, the news that "Madrid was tranquil," came between us and the rosy dreams of infancy. The tranquillity of the Spanish capital sprang like a lasso over our cradle and caught us napping. It broke upon our boyhood like the close of the school vacation; and reminded us of an old routine to be commenced again. It went on through our youth in a series of Ravellian bulletins, which indicated the fact that whether on its head or its heels, Madrid enjoyed the acrobat characteristic of knowing what it was about, and thereby soliciting, if not commanding the unmeasured plaudits of ministerial and monarchic presses. In manhood we didn't want to be reminded of the ghostly, haunting fact that "Madrid was tranquil," when from the German Ocean to the Adriatic, and even to the Ægean, every other city was topsy turvey, flung up like balls in the hands of the Wizard Revolution, who, standing upon a barricade, swallowed swords and bayonets, lit his pipe with torn-up Constitutions, and continued his marvellous experiments during the night-time, by the light of burning thrones and the reflection of the flames on jewelled crowns that glittered in the gutter.

We did not need to be reminded that "Madrid was tranquil" then, for we had never known, nor indeed could we imagine anything to the contrary. It was only on being so constantly reminded that we began to "doubt the equivocation of the fiend that lies like truth," and were tempted to look for ourselves.

Alas! we found that as smoke follows fire, so tranquillity was the coerced child of disturbance. It was the ignition produced by the concussion of the popular flint and the ministerial steel of Spanish politics.

If not necessary to both, it was indispensable at least to one of the parties; and the flash in the pan was considered the most effective way to exhibit the gloom which followed the fitful firefly ebullition.

A couple of years since we had convocations of corporations, National Guard leaders, and provincial deputies, to get up a reason why Madrid should be announced as "tranquil." O'Donnell and Espartero were in a harmoniously deceptive state of antagonism, and lovingly agreed that the country was safe when they shook head and hand over the affair. Espartero exclaimed, as he grasped his rival's hand, "We will die together or give liberty to this unfortunate country!"—knowing in his heart that they should do the former to insure the latter. Queen Christina was dismissed. The irate club-leader, Orense Monquis, and Pucheta, the Matador, got up a dramatic entertainment on the part of their exiled Queen, the former waiting for revolution, like a knight of the olden time, in the tattered convent of the the Basilios, which, in the transmutations of life and clay, had been made a café and theatre; and the latter, famous among bull-fighters, heading the "lower orders," and adding to his importance, both in the eyes of the people and the government, by the temporary *role* of revolutionist.

By morning, the barricades had faded into the streets, like bubbles into a stream. Of course arrests were plenty, and Orense, leaving for the country, preserved himself for the future, while Pucheta survived to gather the most desperate insurgents around him on the 16th of last month, and to die gallantly heading them at the Plaza Sevaldo.

His wiry, energetic frame is but a link of bones. His restless eye and unlettered impetuosity are quiet, aye, as those of the subtlest scholar in the grave. The lion of the Bull-ring is done roaring, and—"Madrid is tranquil!"

But not quite yet. Espartero, O'Donnell, Narvaez, are all professors of tranquillity. Each, however, regards the tranquillity of the state as only compatible with his own individual ministerial prominence. O'Donnell's "medicine" being, as the Indians say, powerful just now, he is giving the Spanish a touch of "tranquillity" at present, and the probabillity is that he will for a time sustain himself, and should he make the progressista party believe in the truth of his advances, he may ride fearlessly on the storm he has invoked, and master the elements he is strenuously and warily laboring to breast.

It is said that Louis Napoleon is so charmed with O'Donnell's success in the *coup d'etat* line, that an article in the *Moniteur*, exculpating the Spanish premier of the charges made against him, is from the Imperial pen.

The general news from Spain by the last advices (*Arago*, Southampton, 30th ult,) are meagre and unsatisfactory. The public roads and telegraphs are held by the Government, and from their mouth we learn that on the commencement of the bombardment of Saragossa by the royal troops on the 24th, the insurgents demanded five day's cessation of hostilities, which was granted.

Information conveyed to the London press states that although the city of Madrid is quiet, the whole of the important province of Arragon continues in successful revolt.

The Queen's Speech.—The British Parliament was prorogued on the 29th ult., until the 7th of October next. The only matter of interest of the day was Lord Palmerston's statement, in effect, that the Government hadn't bothered itself about sending any Consuls in lieu of those expelled by our Executive. A speech from the Queen was delivered, as usual on such occasions, but, of course, it cannot be put down, or set up as "matter of interest." "Her Majesty" was about as complimentary and trite as Majesties are at such times. Many important things were touched, but none handled. She thanked the Commons for granting supplies so readily; and congratulated the Lords on the "favorable state of the revenue;" thought that "industry" was "thriving," and made some other very feeling remarks. Probably if Sir Charles Coldstream reads the speech he will see "nothing in it." Few can. Indeed it would seem that "Her Majesty" treated her Lords and Commons as though they were the relatives of Mrs. Partington, one of whom "didn't know nothing," and the other did know it.

There has been much unnecessary excitement at Staten Island regarding yellow fever; but there has not been the slightest cause for it. The officials of the Quarantine state that not one case of yellow fever has occurred. But one case of Fever has yet been reported in the city.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE GALWAY ELECTION — THE LAST OF IT.

I was standing on the steps of the Court House, looking down the street, when a tremendous cheer announced the approach of a dense crowd. From the first day of the contest, the street had been thronged. Thousands passed through it from sunrise to sundown. Groups of peasantry and towns-people were there at all hours. The Moycullen lads—tenants of O'Flaherty—and the Claddagh boys—the fishermen of Galway—many a time swept along the narrow and muddy thoroughfare, flourishing their sticks and hats, shouting violently for their respective favorites, dragging off voters, menacing others, and constantly coming into collision with the Police and Hussars.

The Moycullen lads were stout-limbed, tall, wild, free-and-easy fellows. They had their brown frieze coats, corduroy knee-breeches (open at the knee), Connemara stockings, and black felt hats, in the bands of which they wore sprigs of laurel. The ringing whoop and springing jump they gave, whenever it was necessary to emphasize their enthusiasm or defiance, were enough to scare the boldest heart in broadcloth. Tenants of Anthony O'Flaherty, and prosperous tenants too—they were, in this conflict with the Government, his staunch and fierce henchmen likewise. Many a voter pledged to Monahan; many a voter of high and low degree; many a lord and many a rude tiller of the soil—flew or skulked before their impetuous charge and thrilling cheer. Fine linen and foul rags were all the same to them. Did either bear the Castle stamp they were sure to meet their grip. Landlord, attorney, parson, the highest and the haughtiest felt their rough force, quailed before their stormy threats, or with disordered garments cried to them for quarter. Retiring before police or soldiers, they did so in compact order, showering down stones and every other missive on bayonets, steeds, and sabres. So fierce, daring, desperate were they on the day of nomination, that, requested by the High Sheriff, the Repeal candidate ordered them to leave the town. They did so with a tempest of hurrahs, circling and flashing their tough blackthorns above their heads and shoulders, bounding like maddened deer all through the town, driving the Claddagh men into their scaly settlement before them.

The Claddagh men, as may have been inferred, were on the other side. They were sworn to stand by Monahan and the Government. Up to eve of the nomination considered doubtful, on the morning of that day they were decided. The night before they had been bribed. Poor, ragged, hungry, their votes and voices were on sale. Most considerate and charitable in all their practices, the agents of the Government, after night-fall, sent them in several cart-loads of bread and meat. Clothes, also, were distributed. Old women, moaning and swaying over their dull turf fires, were handed brown-paper packages of tea and sugar. A warm shawl, a few yards of gaudy ribbon, back-combs and beads, secured the sympathies of those who were more elevated in their tastes; were more fastidious than indigent, more vain than hungry, more piously disposed than patriotically inspired. There were new brogues, and flannel shirts, and fishing gear, for the manlier, more active, and adventurous of the colony. All were given in the name of Mr. Monahan, her Majesty's Solicitor-general for Ireland.

The excessive poverty of these poor struggling creatures were the very making of the English Government in Ireland the time I speak of. The Government had the purse, and there were the needy and the naked. With them speedy relief—comfort even for an hour—was an incentive far away and infinitely more tempting than the brightest future which popular orators could prophecy, or their own restless imaginations, ever urged by hope, could picture.

So stood the Moycullen and the Claddagh men. The one devoted to their landlord; their hot wild action urged by gratitude and inspired by pride; the pride which every Irish tenant feels in the triumph of his landlord, if he loves that landlord, and wishes him success. The others, depending for their daily bread on the waves and winds, owning no master, having none to heed them, but pledged in life or death to those who, from time to time, ministered to their wants, softened even for an hour the sharp roughness of their stormy watchings, anxieties, and labors, and gave them a day of rest. In plain words, the Moycullen men stood by O'Flaherty for love. The Claddagh men stood by Monahan by contract. Heart in the one case, there was hunger in the other.

Out of town the whole of the contest; kept out of it by the express desire of the man they'd have died for; the Moycullen lads never showed their knee-breeches, never twirled a twig in the air, never made the stones dance under their heels within the municipal limits of Galway, until the last day of the contest. This day, however, they couldn't keep out. What—out of the town, and the fight towards its close? Out of town, and O'Flaherty to be beaten or chaired? They'd see themselves at the bottom of Lough Corrib; they'd see themselves skinned alive in the Claddagh; before they'd keep out of it longer. In they came, then, about three o'clock in the afternoon, wild, bounding, and blithe—a tramping herd of red deer—fiercer and stronger than when they went out. With fresh laurels in their hats, the wrists of their coat-sleeves turned up, and everything (from the tip of the toe to the collar-bone) denoting the finest condition, up they swept to the Court House.

Policemen levelled their bayonets, to keep them back. The Claddagh men, driven up and flattened in their blue flannel shirts and oilskin hats, against the horses on either side, shouted and shook their fists against them. Captain Gervaise Bushe, at the head of his 10th Hussars, vainly beckoned to them with his doe-skin gauntlet, to retire. Neither for policemen and their stinging bayonets, nor for Claddagh men with their sinews strung by Government, nor for Captain Bushe with his doe-skin gauntlet, do Moycullen men, at this last hour, care a cabbage-stalk. What ever comes of it, they'll dash through. Up fly the black felt hats with the laurel-leaves, round and about flounce the blackthorns, away far off break the shouts of the Moycullen men. On they sweep through mud and rain; bristling police and raving Claddagh boys; whiskered and furred Hussars; through everything, foul or fair, that stops their way; on they sweep, headlong, sure though boisterous, resistless as the gallow-glasses and musketeers of Hugh O'Neill across the Yellow Ford.

It was the grandest episode of the campaign.

Up to, and away past the steps of the Court-house, swept the wild, head-strong, defiant crowd. Then there was a sudden halt, an opening in the crowd right opposite to where I stood, and, as two gentlemen elbowed and crushed their way from the thickest of the throng to these same steps, there was a cheer which shook the limestone pillars of the portico which shadowed me. Panting and fuming—their coats almost torn from their backs, and one of them without a patch of handkerchief or hat upon his head—they stumbled up the steps. It was Cassidy and O'Hea.

Clinging to the pawnbroker, long after I had left him in despair; determined on his conquest, no matter what length of time or ingenuity, or laborious patience that conquest might exact: Mr. O'Hea, the seductive and assiduous attorney, had, at the eleventh hour, persuaded his capricious friend to dress and shave himself, and in his best attire accompany him to the polling-booth. It was a startling victory. No one had dreamt of it. Most people had declared it utterly impossible. For myself, I'd as soon have thought of Lynch Fitzstephen rising from his grave, and hanging the Solicitor-General, as he had hanged his own son, as that Cassidy could have been coaxed from his blankets and his flute.

Amid the loudest cheers and congratulations, the Pawnbroker and Attorney entered the Court-house; and, passing through the slippery and crowded hall, mounted the stairs to the room in which all the voters, whose surname commenced with C, had to register their votes. The room was densely packed. Not an inch of vacant space upon the floor. The benches running round the walls, creaked with the weight of fidgetty boys, and old gentlemen in spectacles, and many a patriarch, snob and urchin, whom the lessening minutes and deepening interest of the struggle had fixed unconsciously to the white-wash, in the most severe position above the scene. The very walls seemed to give out, from their moist depth of brick and plaster, faces and arms full of eagerness and passion. Through this hot, sweltering, compressed crowd, Mr. O'Hea pushed, cursed, and ploughed a channel for his friend, Myles Cassidy.

"Make room there," O'Hea half screamed, and half shouted.

Cassidy didn't say a word, but gleamed like a wild idiot through his spectacles. They were the same cracked spectacles he had on in bed.

"A voter from the country," shouted O'Hea.

"Hurrah!" shouted the O'Flaherties.

"Silence," cried the Deputy Sheriff, rising up in a drab coat out of his arm-chair at the head of the voting-table, waving a quill with a prodigious lot of white feathers, and subsiding quietly again.

"It's Mr. Cassidy, the retired merchant," exclaimed Mr. O'Hea, waving his hat, and thumping a bailiff of Menlo Castle in the small of the back.

"Hurrah for Cassidy!" shouted the crowd.

"Silence," again cried the Deputy, the drab coat and white feather once more emerging from the arm-chair.

"Hear the Sheriff," was the cry.

"No more noise there."

"Hould yer tongue, ye divil."

"Hurrah for Cassidy."

"Yer sowls to glory."

"Down with Monahan."

"Up with O'Flaherty."

"Three cheers for O'Connell."

"Three cheers for Father Roche."

"And three cheers for Father Daly."

"Silence," cried the presiding officer.

"Where's Frank Commyn?" asked some one against the wall.

"Where's his brother, Sarsfield?" asked another.

"Blood 'an 'ouns, don't forget Lord French," was the thundering exclamation of a third.

"Silence," stamped and shouted the small, round, red fat man in the drab coat into mother-of-pearl buttons, his ears burning, his throat swelling, and his corpulent little fingers twisting the goose-quill into ever so many triangles and circles, jerking out the feathers, and splitting up the nib.

By the time he'd done, and they'd all done, Messrs. Cassidy and O'Hea had made their way to the table. They stood close to the Deputy Sheriff.

"For whom do you vote?" asked the polling clerk.

Mr. Cassidy looked strange. He looked about him—up all over the walls—down into the throat of the polling clerk—up again to the sky-light—everywhere.

"He's drunk," says one.

"A fool," said another.

"Neither," said a third.

"Silence," cried the Deputy.

"Silence, ye divils," shouted a voice away back in the crowd, near the top of the stairs.

"For whom do you vote, Sir?" inquired the polling clerk again addressing himself to Mr. Cassidy peremptorily, "for whom, Sir?"

"For—" gasped the bewildered pawnbroker.

"Out with it," roared the crowd.

"Silence," cried the Sheriff.

"Hear him"—this came from Mr. O'Hea.

"For whom do you vote, Sir?"

"For—"

"Hurrah—three cheers for Cassidy!"

"Silence!"

"He votes for O'Connell—hurrah!"

"Silence!"

"Silence yerself."

"For whom do you vote, Mr. Cassidy?"

Mr Cassidy straightened himself up, fixed his spectacles tight, folded his arms, buttoned up his lips and coughed.

"For whom do you vote, Sir?"

"I vote," said Cassidy, in a loud and distinct voice, beating time to the words with his forefinger, "I vote for Anthony O'Flaherty Esqr., Knockbane, County Galway."

Galway was hardly out of his mouth before a terrific cheer shook the Court-house from top to bottom. Cassidy was frantically congratulated. He was slapped on the back by every one near him. The breath was fairly slapped out of him. He was within a second of being slapped to death. His eyes swam in his head. Ten thousand fire-flies flashed and buzzed through his brain. He wriggled and writhed—gasped—struck right and left with his swollen fists—deliriously leaped up and down—kicked—scratched—screamed—tore his cravat open—shouted for mercy. The congratulations continued. The cheers were louder than ever. The slaps on the back multiplied with a vehement rapidity. They were murdering the man in the Court-house itself, within a few yards of the dock. It cost the Deputy Sheriff all the sinew and voice he could muster, to save the life of the pawnbroker, and in some slight degree reinstate order. When the lull had set in, and Mr. Cassidy partly recovered his breath, Mr. Monahan's agent, with the sternest face, presented him with a small book, bound in black morocco. It was the Book of the Evangelists.

"Take that book, sir," said the agent, "and swear you haven't had a bribe."

With complacent features, a deep sigh, and a sly wink to O'Hea, who stood close beside him, Mr. Cassidy swore he hadn't had a bribe; and having kissed the book, rubbed his hands, smiled through his spectacles, smacked his lips, and putting on his hat, (it was woefully crushed) turned to go away. He did so amid renewed cheers, slaps on the back, and other warm congratulations. Mr. O'Hea took his right arm, and in the handsomest manner, thanking and applauding him for the manly outspoken style in which he had voted, led him out of the polling-room to the lobby at the head of the great stone stairs. Arrived there, Mr. Cassidy suddenly stood still, and stealthily looking about him, to satisfy himself the coast was comparatively clear, gently nudged Mr. O'Hea in the region of the heart, and in the softest tones whispered him—"That money you promised me—where is it?"

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Cassidy—is that what you say?" the tranquil attorney most soothingly asked.

"The money, you know," urged the pawnbroker, with a nudge and a wink.

"The fresh air will revive you."

"But it's the money I want."

"Better go to bed when you get home," was the advice of his friend.

Mr. Cassidy grew impatient. Nudges and winks, he came to the conclusion, were faint intimations. He rubbed himself close up to the tranquil attorney, and pinched him sharply in the soft part of the arm.

"The devil!" shouted O'Hea.

"The money!" bawled Cassidy.

"What money?" indignantly asked the attorney.

"The money you showed me—the money you promised me," the pawnbroker poured out, with a mouthful of foam, pinching O'Hea in the thighs and sides, as well as the soft of the arm.

A crowd had been attracted by the scuffle (for it had come to that) from the hall below, and the polling-room, out of which the learned counsel and his confiding client had just emerged. Cassidy was biting his lips, stamping the floor, shaking his fist into the very eyes of Counsellor O'Hea. He called him a swindler; he denounced him as a thief and a scoundrel; invoked on him every description of mischief; made the most fiendish faces up to his teeth; wished to all that was lovely he had him at home, in that big Spanish house, out of which he had coaxed him, and may be he wouldn't try with his best razor whether he or the green corned beef was the toughest.

"Look," said O'Hea, in the tone of a shockingly abused man, breaking loose from the pawnbroker, retreating a few paces from him, and pointing him out with his delicate canary-colored cane, to the scorn and vengeance of the crowd on the lobby—"look," said he, "that despicable old ruffian has the audacity to insinuate I promised him a fist-full of bank-notes for his vote."

"You did," shouted Cassidy.

"Gentlemen, I appeal to you," were the last agonizing words of O'Hea.

"Down with the robber!" vociferated the crowd.

And down he went, sure enough, flying from the top to the bottom of the slippery stone steps, (a distance of forty feet certainly,) having received at the start a battery of kicks to accelerate his descent. Mr. O'Hea, triumphantly vindicated, walked back to his lodgings on the south side of Eyre Square. Mr. Cassidy, all ruffled, discomfitted, utterly downcast, and sorely impressed with the fact of his being shamefully sold—of his having been bought in the dearest market and sold in the cheapest—returned gloomily to his cobwebs and beef. Having laid in, under the pillow nearest to the wall, several numbers of the *World* newspaper, and a couple of pounds of raisins in a damp blue and white pocket-handkerchief, the melancholy patriot, slipping off his Sunday clothes, in which he had voted for O'Flaherty and Repeal, buried himself deep in his musty blankets and sheets.

In less than an hour after, the High Sheriff, standing under the red canopy in the Court-house, declared Her Majesty's Solicitor-General, James Monahan, Esq., duly elected to serve in Parliament as Member for the borough of Galway. A majority of four votes above OFlaherty's tally decided the contest in favor of Government. And so, all for nothing went the eloquence

of Young Ireland; the influence of such good Priests as the Rev. Messrs Roche and Daly; the impetuous rude chivalry and devotion of the tenantry of Moycullen; the pugilistic exploits of Mullin, the self-educated dentist; the exquisite diplomacy of Mr. O'Hea; and the noble self-sacrifice of Cassidy, the anchorite pawnbroker.

Good-bye to Galway!

A BREEZE THROUGH THE FOREST.

The sounding forest tow'rs
Through the tinted blossom show'rs—
Green Heavens raining flow'rs,
Like my heart in the days that are gone.

The simplest weed that grows
Vies in radiance with the rose,
And the turtle doves repose,
Hid in vines, like the loves that are gone.

Oh! thousand-pillar'd shrine
Of an Architect divine!
What chancel meet as thine
For a pray'r to the days that are gone?

Young fronds embrace the air,
And all gorgeous hues and rare
Tinge the luscious fruits they bear,
Like my dreams in the days that are gone.

But oh! what forest hath
Such unforgotten path
As the haunted fairy rath
Where we met in the days that are gone!

For an Irish Venus there,
Twining shamrocks in her hair,
Smiled a glory through the air,
Pure as dawn in the days that are gone.

Oh! the soul within her eyes,
And our mingled tears and sighs—
Hush! in Irish clay she lies—
Hang a pall o'er the days that are gone!

Now, a wailing phantom there
Wrings the death-dew from her hair,
Gazing westwards in despair,
Through the mist, where the black ships are gone.

Thou shalt not long alone
On our joy-abandoned throne,
To the midnight breezes moan
O'er the hopes of the days that are gone.

My life is ebbing fast
On the fiery southern blast:
I spring to thee at last,
First love of the days that are gone.

Prophetic shadows loom,
O'er my spirit from thy tomb,
In glory or in gloom,
Thou art mine by the vows that are gone.

* * * *

There, too, the white thorn blows
O'er a mother's dust, whose woes
One heart—one only—knows:
Child of tears, it is well thou art gone.

As I bore thee home to die,
The lark filled all the sky—
'Twas thine Angel's call on high:
Let us pray for the souls that are gone!

I miss the cloister bells
Through the ruin-hallowed dells,
The round towers and holy wells,
That were part of the days that are gone.

And the friends, alas! how few—
In the hours of anguish true,
Whose inmost heart I knew
In the fire of the days that are gone.

And the dreams that once I dream'd
Of a nation's soul redeem'd
From the hell in which she seem'd
Still a saint, in the days that are gone.

Oh, the joy of falling then
In the front of armed men,
Laurel'd victors, ne'er again
To crouch as in days—not yet gone.

How gladly would I pour
My heart's enchaliced gore
In libation on thy shore!
But, I raved in the days that are gone.

And in my lonely hours
I clomb the Baal fire tow'rs,
In their drapery of flowers,
There to muse on the days that are gone.

And the stars were not too high
For my wingéd soul to fly:
And I saw with raptured eye
God through all, in the days that are gone.

Still the tomb, the rath, the shrine,
And Love's memories divine,
Oh, rich in tears! are thine,
Widow'd Queen of the days that are gone!

Sad isle of chains and graves,
Though thy sons are slaves of slaves,
I bless thee o'er the waves,
For the sake of the days that are gone.

Thus, mem'ry, like a breeze
Through the strong and silent trees,
Bow'd my manhood strewing these
Withered leaves of the days that are gone!

SHAMROCK.

AN EPIDEMIC IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—THE MEDICINE-CALF OF THE CROWS.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JAMES P. BECKWOURTH, Mountaineer, Scout and Pioneer, and Chief of the Crow Nation of Indians. Written from his own dictation, by T. D. BONNER. *Harper & Brothers.*

The title of this article must not put any of our readers into a fever—intermittent, bilious, typhoid, or yellow. The word "Epidemic" must not create a revolution in the household, and incite or excite our worthy and dearly beloved subscribers to ransack, tumble over, gather in a hurry and pack up their sundry and individual traps, and take passage by rail or steamboat for parts unknown, before they have plunged into the *tale* of which the taking word "Epidemic" is the head.

We chose the title not to bring terror "to the soul of Richard," but through a strong conviction that no other word would so completely explain or illustrate the nature of, and experiences detailed in the work under review. The famous Jim Dogget, of Arkansas, had a gun, which, from the manner in which it was handled by the aforesaid Jim, is famous in Thorpe's capital reminiscences of South-Western life* as "an epidemic among the bears." "Among the bears!" Eureka! Thorpe is distanced. He is now in that position which Byron avowed he was when commencing *Don Juan*. He is in want of that "not uncommon want," a hero; for before Jim Beckwourth Jim Doggett dwindles into absolute contempt. His gun is a mere pop-gun, his eyes only a weak pair of spectacles, and his arm but a very second-hand piece of human furniture.

It comes to this; Doggett was "an epidemic among the bears;" Beckwourth was an epidemic among everything—teal duck, wild geese, antelope, deer, elk, wolves, bears, beaver, buffaloes—to say nothing of Apaches, Camanches, Grovans, Punnaks, Arap-ahoes, Sioux, Snake, Cheyenne, Pawnee, and above all, Black-feet Indians. To all these, and everything else, vegetating, nibbling, browzing, grazing in, on, or about, wood, water, earth or air, was James P. Beckwourth certain, sudden and untimely end. He was more prompt than the small-pox. He was a a death's head and bloody bones on two legs on the Rocky Mountains. Anywhere and everywhere between the head of the Missouri and the frontiers of Mexico, while he was present, Coleridge's "bloody sun at noon," and at all other times of the day, may be said to have been in the ascendant. At stealing horses, trapping beavers, entrapping a beautiful squaw, scalping a red-man, especially letting daylight into a Black-foot, there never has been, and we question if there ever will be, a white man comparable to Jim Beckwourth. If there was, or if there is to be, should we live long enough to hear of him, we desire to have his "distinguished consideration." Of his "assurance" we cannot have the slightest intimation of doubt.

To give even an outline of the many battles in which Beckwourth was engaged we cannot; but we will attempt to give a short sketch of his life.

The son of a revolutionary sire, who had served under General Wayne, and was one of the famous party who stormed Stoney Point under Mad Anthony, our hero was born at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on the 26th April, 1798. His father removed, taking with him all his family and twenty-two negroes, to St. Louis—then a French and Spanish settlement; a mere speck in a howling wilderness—when "Jim" was between seven and eight years old. Here the boy beheld the Red-man trading with the settlers, and first received the elements of that knowledge of the Indian character which has made him the most successful white man who has flung his fortunes among them. The effects of Indian warfare and treachery at the period wrought a deep scar in his memory, and the alarm of the settlers on certain occasions shook the child up to a wakefulness that never forsook him. When ten years old he was sent to school, remained at it four years, and then was apprenticed to a blacksmith. When nineteen, having a difficulty with his master in consequence of the late hours the gay wing of love wafted him into, he trounced his employer, quit the anvil and the hammer, put on leggings, mounted a horse and a rifle, engaged in an expedition under Col. R. M. Johnson up the Fever River to the Sacs, and commenced that astonishing career, as hunter and Indian, to which this exciting volume is devoted. Ingratiating himself into the good favor of the Sacs and Foxes, he remained in the locality (the present Galena) for eighteen months. Paying a visit home, and putting over him a ten-day "spell" of the yellow fever in New-Orleans, he engaged in General Ashley's Rocky Mountain Fur Company. In this service he experienced his first hardships, having been sent with an old mountaineer, one Harris, on a mission to the Republican Pawnees, three hundred miles distant from Kansas Village. His next service was under the same leader, to the Platte Country, where he was on half a pint of flour per day, which he made into gruel. The dullness of the camp was very disheartening. "We mustered," he says, "thirty-five men, all told, and a duller encampment, I suppose, never was witnessed. No jokes, no fire-side stories, no fun; each man rose in the morning with the gloom of the preceding night filling his mind; we built our fires and partook of our scanty repast without saying a word." From this wretched state Beckwourth relieved them by shooting a buck, a white wolf, and three "good-sized elk." Other sufferings awaited them; and the snow being deep, the horses had to sustain bare life on boughs and the bark of the cotton-wood, the men being reduced to one pint of beans per day to every four.

* The Hive and the Bee-Hunter. By T. B. Thorpe.

To make the matter worse, Beckwourth fell out with General Ashley, notwithstanding which, however, he rescued the general from death three several times. It is well to add here, that he became good friends with his commander, enjoyed his confidence more than any other man, and on several occasions received Ashley's open and fervid gratulations for his bravery, capacity and honesty. After undergoing a protracted series of adventures, he was but a week returned when General Ashley again demanded his service, offering him a thousand dollars to carry dispatches to Mr. W. L. Sublet, captain of the trappers Although Beckwourth was engaged to be married to the object of his young affections, the offer of a thousand dollars, and the prospect of the use it might be put to, induced him to undertake the venture. Some very exciting adventures and scenes were then encountered by our hero, one of which he sets down as a "great battle" with the Blackfeet, who made the earth tremble with the tramp of their war-horses. The *tocsin* sounds through the camp—"The Blackfeet, the Blackfeet!" and an old prophet of the Snake tribe, entering, addresses Mr. Sublet:

"Cut Face, three of my warriors, and two women, have just been killed by the Blackfeet. You say your warriors can fight—that they are great braves. Now let me see them fight, that I may know your words are true."

As it is the chief point of the trappers to create confidence in the red men, and as the latter demand a literal fulfilment of every statement, Mr. Sublet told the prophet he should see how his braves "were ready to die for their Snake friends."

The upshot was a desperate six-hour fight, during which numerous Blackfeet were "rubbed out." Victory was with the allied whites and Snakes, who carried off one hundred and seventy-three scalps, with quantities of quivers, arrows, war-clubs, battle-axes and lances. The trappers had seven wounded, none killed, while the Snakes lost eleven. The victory was celebrated, and the usual festivities lasted several days.

After this, Ashley having made sufficient money, retired from the Rocky Mountains and their trade. The camp broke up, and marched to the Flat-head country on Snake river. Here the summer months were spent pleasantly, hunting, trading with Indians, and preparing for the fall harvest of beaver. Here too the acquaintance of some Blackfeet was made, who invited the whites to establish a trading-post in their country. Beckwourth undertook the affair, rose in favor, and received from the Chief As-as-to (heavy shield) his daughter to wife. "Jim" took her in the way of trade, knowing that the alliance would facilitate his doing a good business with the tribe. He was however but a few days domiciled with his "wife's people," when a party of Indians arrived with three white scalps. Jim boiled with rage. As is usual on such a triumph, the Blackfeet held a scalp-dance, which on this occasion was made more distasteful to Jim by additional rejoicing. His wife desired to join the festivity.

"No!" cried Beckwourth, "these scalps belonged to my people; my heart is crying for their death; you must not rejoice when my heart cries; you must not dance when I mourn."

She went away. His white friends, curious to witness the ceremony, likewise met a strong reproof from the son-in-law of As-as-to.

One of them replied, "Well, your wife is the best dancer of the whole party; she out-dances them all."

Pierced to his heart by the remark, Beckwourth hurried out, forced his way through the group, and struck his wife a heavy blow on the head with the side of his battle-axe, "which dropped her as if a ball had pierced her heart." Immediately the Indian camp was on fire for revenge—"Kill him—burn him," arose on every side. "Hold," cried As-as-to—"listen to your chief," and coming amongst them, he justified the deed, as "she was the wife of the trader," and disobeyed him. "When your wives disobey your commands," he said, "you kill them. That is your right. That thing disobeyed her husband; he told her not to dance; she had no ears; he killed her, and he did right."

This was perfectly intelligible to the married Blackfeet, and they were calm. The chief, as a further token of approval, gave him a younger daughter "more beautiful" than the first, and one who had "good sense and good ears." He accepted her straightway. On the night of the marriage, however, his first wife crawled into his couch, sobbing and crying, for she was not dead, and sought out those who sleepeth. He bid her "go away," but became reconciled to two wives for the remainder of his stay with the tribe.

The entrance of our hero into the Crow Nation exhibits in how remarkable a manner a word even spoken in badinage may affect the entire life of a man. One of his comrades, (Greenwood,) being tired of answering questions to the Crows, invented a story to get rid of them. He told them that Beckwourth was a Crow; that "many winters ago when the Cheyennes defeated the Crows" and captured several women and children, he was a little boy; that the whites purchased him of the Cheyennes, and he subsequently became a great warrior, and was feared by all the enemies of the Crows. Some recent displays confirmed the latter part of the statement, and made the Indians but the more pleased to recognise in the warrior one of their own race. Soon after, he was received into the Nation, hailed with great delight as the long-lost son of a noted chief—Big Bowl—was identified by his new old mother, kissed by a retinue of sisters, hugged by all the Crow squaws, and honored by the braves.

Here, in reality, commenced one of the strangest, wildest, most practical, and at the same time, most romantic (for the Indian's is a practical romantic) existence which it has fallen to the lot of a latter day white man to sustain. Beckwourth became a famous Crow and of great service to the whites, defending and rescuing them, and facilitating the means for trading with the Indians. He was the most successful leader in war, and consequently had more wives than he could well pay attention to: for the Indian woman loves to wed the hero whose victories can bring her honor, give her fine dresses, and a continuance of whose triumphs will keep her face constantly painted, such being the joyful illustration of Indian success. As he rose in favor

with the tribe, so did his names increase until human, at least Crow nomenclature could go no farther. From being "White handled Knife," he became consecutively, "The Morning Star," "The Antelope," "Big Bowl," "Bull's Robe," "Enemy of Horses," "Bobtail Horse," "Bloody Arm," and finally, "Medicine Calf," as Chief Counsellor of the Nation. This period of Beckwourth's narrative is as interesting as the best novel we have ever read. Teeming with adventure, and illustrating so graphically the traits, habits and customs of the Indian races, nothing save a thorough reading of the book itself can give an idea of it. It is certainly one of the most useful contributions to Indian history yet published. After a fifteen years' residence with the Crows, he was engaged in the service of the government in the Florida and Mexican Wars, proving of immense use in both; from his Indian characteristics, being enabled to make his way through the country and carry despatches when certain death at once overtook every other man who attempted the task. At present he keeps a hotel in Beckwourth Valley, on the Feather River, California. Such is an outline of the strange history of this gifted man.

It would involve a labor, from which we shrink at this season of the year, to count up the scalps he has taken in his day. They would darken the liberty-pole at the corner of Grand street. The Fulton markets full of meat he has killed and dressed is another question we commit for a more arithmetical reviewer than the present.

In this country and day of remarkable men, we have never read the life of a more remarkable ; consequently, we have perused his, we may say devoured it, with an appetite which forms an epoch on the tablets of our mental hunger. Even coming after the voluminous and brilliant accounts of eastern war, there is a bloodthirstiness in Beckwourth's memoirs thoroughly refreshing.

Mr. Bonner has written the work well, indeed very well, and we trust he will not think it disparaging him, if we print a sorrow that Mr. Russell of the London *Times* had not fallen on, or rather lived upon such a field as the one embraced in this book. If he were able to make so much out of the Crimean war, what would he not have done on the memoirs of Beckwourth ? what ?

Politically speaking, however, we may have reason to exult that Russell has not written it ; for had he lent the fighting propensities of his celtic nature to the work—had he inflated it with the stormy potency of his warrior pen—surrounded it with the graphic impetuosity of his keen eye—and expanded it with his imagination, refreshed by a bath in an ink-bottle, then indeed, Beckwourth, not Fremont, would be the candidate for the presidency. Then indeed might Democracy tremble and flee its old wigwam, then indeed might the sachems of the ancient order smoke their last pipe in old Tammany, and seek fresh hunting-grounds and "pastures new."

Beckwourth certainly is the most formidable Rocky Mountain candidate that could be brought forward. In truth, he is as formidable as the mountain itself; and, as to his being a blacksmith in his youth, it would be only a greater recommendation to the Black Republicans. The very fact that he abjured the white race for sixteen years, and painted himself as black as a chief of the Crows should, would in itself be a tower of strength to him. He has, moreover, exhibited an amount of executive talent, if this book is to be credited, rare in those days anywhere, and wondrously scarce about the Rocky Mountains. He is an arrant and full-fledged diplomat; a discoverer of a mountain pass; beats George Law at road-making; had as many wives as a Mormon; has a son at present chief of an Indian nation, thereby facilitating the "palavering" of the redmen; is a Mexican hero; a Californian pioneer; and can fashion such a whoop as should necessarily create a bustle among the fair sex of the day. He is neither an old fogy, nor an untried man; neither a Northern, Southern, Eastern, or Western man, for he has owned to none of their shibboleths; neither a Know-Nothing nor a fast-asleep, a hard-shell or a soft-shell, a silver gray or in the ebony line; neither a woolly head nor a woolly horse; and, as for religion, he is neither Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Arian, Baptist, Anabaptist, New-Jerusalem, or Old Hundredth, but believes in the Great Spirit, without water, and dealt the same out generously, at the rate of one buffalo hide per pint, to the worshipping red-skins. To crown all, his escapes from starvation and death have been uncountable and marvellous; and he has dined off more hitherto unknown dishes, than would have made the fortune of a hundred of Soyers to have invented.

If the Union is waiting for its President, here he is! If the "Medicine Calf" has a leg to stand on, he will be in Washington—that is, if anything so ivory black as a Chief Crow could conscientiously roost in the White House.

PLAGIARY OR NO PLAGIARY—THE POET OF PUTNAM.

We have received the following letter from the author of the poem in this month's *Putnam*, entitled the Genius of America, to which we directed attention in our last issue. Very naturally he takes exception to our very natural allusion to the coincidences of style existing between that exceedingly meritorious production and Thomas Davis's noble lines to Hogan the Sculptor, on the statue of O'Connell. The exception, however, rather sustains us than otherwise ; as the author, in the first place admits the identity of metre, and in the second brings the evidence of an "intelligent acquaintance" who read the poem before it was published, to the complete justification of our remarks. The likeness between the poems is undeniable and distinct, and we brought them face to face, not that those who cherish the one should scoff at the other, but on the contrary that the Poet of *Putnam* might have all the benefit of a favorable comparison with Davis. Our words were intended to be well-meant and well-natured ; acknowledging as we do the fine spirit and picturesque power exhibited in the "Genius of America." The theme is admirably illustrated, and is not lessened at all by being a paraphrase, which fact receives its chief importance in the literary world from its intrinsic excellence:

Sir : Your critic hastened last week to call the "Genius of America," in *Putnam*, a plagiarism from Davis. He was not aware that the formula used is Anacreon's—that of one of his odes, beginning, "Sculptor, wouldst thou glad my soul," (see Tom Moore.) The formula is a common one—like that of any of the Percy ballads—and there are about a dozen imitative lyrics, in the same Greek metre, (either addressed to a sculptor or a painter), to be found up and down the field of English literature. Mr. Davis took the well-known *trochaic* formula for his noble poem. I did the same for my purpose ; and there, I think, all likeness ends. It was short-sighted to strike an imitator with an imitator. I would as gladly imitate Davis as Anacreon. But there is one superfluous fact with which I meet the charge of imitating the first. I never read more than three or four songs of Mr. Davis's, as they fell in my way, (for it was always my hard, prosaic belief that the poetry of Ireland could never do any thing to signify against the policy of England ;) and never read his collected poems till within the last few months—after an intelligent acquaintance had slily (and very naturally, I confess) suggested the similarity on seeing my verses. In conclusion, I will say one thing more, and it is this. If I had first read those splendid lines on the hollow and abortive O'Connell, I could and would never have chosen the Greek formula. The O'Connellism of the thing would have put my poetic pipe out ; and then, I should have already a double suffering—first, from the inevitable comparison of myself with a great poet, and next, from the association of my *theme* (which every true republican knows is the noblest in the world) with a theme which has turned out to be one of the most ignoble. Yours, &c. ☞

Our correspondent's allusions to O'Connell are sufficiently well answered by the fact that Davis wrote "those splendid lines" on him.

James B. Kirker's elegant edition of Gentilucci's Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary will be, when completed, a beautiful and useful addition to every Catholic library. The fifth part is on our desk, and it does great credit to the publisher. A full-page steel engraving accompanies it, which is a very commendable work of art.

From A. Ranney, Broadway, we have received the "National Political Map of the United States," which will prove a useful *multum in parvo* for the office of every body, at the present time, as it is by no means sectional, but devoted to all parties. Surrounding the map proper, we have portraits of all the candidates before the public, with the platforms on which they stand, and their letters of acceptance. Useful statistics, referring to every state in the Union, crowd it, like bees round a hive : and we also have a scientific Political Diagram, showing the changes in relative rank, as to population of the several states, for sixty years.

The Democratic Review for August is radiant with the inspiration of the Presidential campaign. We have several spirited political articles discussing home affairs ; and a still further and acceptable continuation of the *Review's* anti-English convictions. The issue is illustrated with two steel engravings of the Democratic nominees, which are good likenesses, and fully worth the price of the number. Apropos of price, we perceive that subscribers who pay in advance can be furnished with this useful political and literary miscellany for three dollars a year, while those who postpone compliance with this rule have to pay five dollars at the end of the year. If it is needful at five, it is not to be done without at three. The chief articles in this number are devoted to essays on and expositions of "The present condition of Parties in the United States," "The influence of American Liberty," "The Life of Buchanan," the "Europe of To-day," with literary papers on "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The Benedictine Monastery on Monte Cassino," a continuation of Mr. Quiggs' "Chronicles of Persepolis," and the conclusion of a clever dramatic trifle entitled "The Devil to Pay." The chronicle of the month, touching passing events, is also noticeable.

Rene de F——, the Paris correspondent of the *N. O. Delta*, writing of Verdi and his successes, says:

"Within the space of ten years, Verdi has realized one of those enormous fortunes which successful capitalists seldom possess. The value of his partitions have so much increased, that his last ones were purchased at sixty thousand francs a piece, by Riccordi of Milan. Besides this, he enjoys an author's rights, which are by no means inconsiderable. In Italy, the following is the *modus operandi :* When a composer finishes an opera, he sells the partition to an *empresario*, who hires it out to the different theatre directors, at a stated sum for the season. Verdi reserves to himself one half of the proceeds. The *Trovatore* alone yields to him five thousand francs every season, and there are in Italy four musical seasons and eighty theatres ! Of course, all the theatres are not able to pay such high prices for original operas; if such were the case, the musical profession would be the most lucrative in the world. The *Trovatore* has been known to give Verdi, in one year, more than one hundred and eighty thousand francs !

"It cannot be wondered at, then, that Verdi, who so easily obtains such large amounts from the theatres of Italy, should object to producing any of his works at the opera of Paris, where the rights of a musical composer are placed on a footing of equality with those of a libretto-maker, and where favors are exclusively showered upon singers and prima donnas. What would you suppose are the pecuniary profits which Meyerbeer has divided, during twenty-five years and four hundred representations, from his opera of *Robert le Diable*—the opera which, unquestionably, has had the longest run in Paris? Forty-six thousand francs ! Compare the proceeds of *Robert le Diable*, during twenty-five years, with one single year of the *Trovatore*. Whilst the composer is so shabbily rewarded, the opera succeeds in realizing three millions of francs out of Meyerbeer's masterpiece, and tenors and prima donnas acquire princely fortunes.

"I do not wish to be understood as saying that all Italian authors are remunerated proportionately to their talents or efforts. Such is not the case; for many of them are in a state of shameful destitution."

Literary and Artistic News.

The English Press.—Of the multitude of cheap journals which sprang into existence all over England on the extinction of the stamp, nearly all were nipped in their very first bloom, and very few in any part of England now linger on the scene. There can be no question that up to this time cheap journalism has been a failure. The *Morning Star*, the principal metropolitan paper, has been a melancholy mistake. The proprietors have already sunk thousands of pounds, and the only impression they have made has been upon the waste-paper market. Then there is the *Daily Telegraph*, edited by a Mr. Birch, who enjoys a reputation as a celebrated defamer of private character and levier of Black Mail, which quite rivals the fame of our most celebrated editor in that line over here. He is the hero of the celebrated correspondence with and subsequent action against Lord Clarendon, for services rendered in the attempted Irish rising of 1848. He contrived to give considerable annoyance to that nobleman, who possesses the misfortune, fatal to a statesman, of a ready and restless pen; but the exposure he made of his own exploits in the case, were not such as to recommend a journal under his influence to the favors of any community in which truth and virtue are held in regard. The *Morning News* is the last of the penny trio that have survived the untimely end of so large a family. It possesses the weakness of being too strong. * * * Nearly all the English journals, with the exception of the London *Times*—which is a huge political windmill, directing its giant sail by the gales of public opinion—have been started and maintained more as particular party organs, than as vehicles of news and opinions looking to the people for support. Nearly all have been subsidized at particular periods, and many maintained for party purposes at an immense loss. The *Morning Chronicle*, for instance, purchased from Sir John Easthope, a Whig, for a Peelite organ, never cost its purchasers and proprietors, Mr. Sidney Herbert and Beresford Hope, a less annual loss than five thousand a year; and after being disposed of for a mere trifle to Mr. Sergeant Glover, as a Roman Catholic organ, has fallen, under his management, to the very lowest ebb of circulation and respectability. Then the *Morning Herald*, the only Tory daily paper in England, has, during the last few months, changed hands, its proprietor, Mr. Baldwin, having lost in its maintenance a large sum. Neither is the *Morning Post*, though it boasts of early circulation, and has the reputation of writing under the special inspiration of Lord Palmerston, by any means successful as a commercial firm. With the exception of the imperial leviathan—the *Times*—the *Daily News* is the only daily journal now yielding a profit, and this it owes to its large evening edition, which is made up at little or no expense, under the title of the *Express*.—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

A laugh is sometimes raised, at the expense of American papers, for the extravagance and absurdity of their literary notices, but the London *Standard* can rather surpass anything done in this line in the United States. A late number of that journal, speaking of a new novel, says: "This is a story of wild passion, which tears its way through luxuriant scenes to terrible catastrophes, trampling on human hearts in its course, but still, by virtue of its essential truth and earnestness, attaining a haven of happy calm at last. The scene in which the lovely heiress confesses her passion, in the conservatory at sunset, to the almost inspired young artist, and the powerful conception of the hot-blooded and cruelly disappointed cousin, would alone suffice to make this book a work of mark." After this let us hear no more of ridiculous American criticism.

We find the following in the *Tribune:* "Father Binet, a French Jesuit, has written a book in which he argues that God made attempts, like a human artificer, before he succeeded in producing the Virgin Mary. 'God performed many miracles,' says M. Binet, 'before arriving at that wonder of wonders. God made the sun and stars, to learn how to form Mary's eyes. He made roses, lilies, pearls, diamonds, alabaster, to exercise himself to fashion the virgin modesty, innocence, angelic face, and queenly brow of Mary. He made flaming cherubims, and gave intelligence to seraphims. They were but *studies*. God thus qualified himself to form the Mistress of Cherubims, the Queen of Seraphims!'"

The *N. Y. Examiner* complains that it is continually called *Baptist Examiner*. In like manner, the *Boston Watchman* is called the *Boston Baptist Watchman*. The *Examiner* says: "Nobody, unless it be some prelatical fop, who wishes to signalize his superiority to 'sectarians,' speaks of the *Presbyterian Observer*, or the *Congregational Independent*, or the *Methodist Advocate*. Why should the journal of a Baptist editor be always distinguished by the denominational prefix any more than the soap and candles of that sterling Baptist, Deacon Colgage?" We might ask if the gentleman was ashamed of his order, or his journal, or that the latter was the exponent of the former? What then?

Bohn of London, has published, in one volume, as a part of their Illustrated Library, the well known lives of Michael Angelo and Raphael, by R. Doppa and Quatremere De Quincy, illustrated with fifteen highly finished engravings. The biographies are old favorites, and the illustrations, which are in the very highest style of art, are portraits of Angelo and Raphael, and copies of their most famous works. Bangs & Co. in this city are the exclusive agents of Bohn's publications.

It is stated on good authority that the Emperor Nicholas, in the last ten years of his life, prepared a work on the administrative policy, and military operations of his reign. This work which the imperial family and some eminent personages alone have seen, is remarkable, it is said, for the great intelligence which it displays. It is not to be published until five years after his death.

A monument to the Emperor Nicholas has been commenced at St. Petersburg. It is to be erected on the square of the Blue Bridge, between St. Isaac's Church and the Palace of the Grand Duchess Maria, and will be an equestrian statue, on a lofty pedestal, the four sides of which will represent, in *basso-relievo*, the four most remarkable events of that sovereign's reign.

It is now said that Jenny Lind has netted £80,000 during her farewell London and Provincial season; and that the public, in consequence of the system of buying up tickets by the music-sellers, must have paid at least £200,000 for the privilege of hearing the Swedish Nightingale.

Putnam is issuing a cheap edition of Irving's life of Washington. It is printed in smaller type than the previous edition, though perfectly legible, and scarcely less desirable in any point of view.

Among John Murray's new announcements are, De Tocqueville's State of France before the Revolution of 1789; Baikie's Central Africa Laid Open; Hamilton's Wanderings in Northern Africa; and Lady Sheil's Glimpses of Life and Manners in Persia

The King of Saxony has conferred the order of the *Eichenkrone* upon Bernhard Tauchnitz, the Leipsic publisher, whose editions of the *British Classics* are so well known.

The number of journals published this year in Switzerland, which has a population of 800,000 souls, is 263, being 12 more than in 1855.

American News.

We learn that on Sunday afternoon about five o'clock, an outrage, which produced considerable excitement, occurred at the Mount Vernon Hotel, Cape May. It appears that several young men were seated in a room, and one of them drinking wine. A waiter, Joshua Gibbs, who is said to be a very civil and inoffensive man, was passing, when for mischief or with some more desperate object, a glass tumbler was thrown at him. He turned and remarked, that the act was not that of a gentleman, and then made his way back to the hotel with the object of making a complaint. At this one of the young men, the son of a highly respectable citizen of Washington, became excited, and hastened down stairs, armed with a pistol and a dirk. A collision soon after took place, and the waiter was stabbed in the back. The wound is said to be about an inch deep and not dangerous. A physician was immediately called in and every attention paid to the sufferer. The father of the young man expressed himself as deeply pained by the occurrence and proffered all the assistance and reparation in his power. The affair, however, was the theme of much conversation throughout the evening; and the colored waiters were generally much incensed.—*Philadelphia Inquirer, Aug.* 5.

Here is a new way to get a husband: A young girl was recently taken before a Justice in Detroit, charged with the larcency of $94 from a laboring man in that city. The girl acknowledged that she had taken the money, and stated the circumstances that had influenced her to commit the crime. Complainant, some time since, had agreed to marry her; and for some weeks she "lived with him the same as his wife," he then left her. She followed him, however, and upon his appearing reluctant to perform his promise, stole the money and deposited it in the savings bank, thinking he would marry her "to get it back." She proved right in her theory, for he manifested his willingness to comply with her terms, the money remaining in the hands of the Justice till the ceremony is performed. That girl should have her method of husband-making patented immediately.

A young man residing in Bordentown, says the Trenton (N. J.) *Gazette*, who was under an engagement of marriage with a young lady, died on Friday last. Both the gentleman and lady, as well as their families, were firm believers in the doctrines of the Spiritualists, and notwithstanding the death of the former, it was determined that the marriage should take place between the disembodied spirit of the young man and the living, breathing body of his affianced bride. Accordingly, on Sunday the marriage ceremony was performed between the clay-cold corse and the warm, blooming bride. It is understood that this was in compliance with the directions of the spirit of the bridegroom. The devotion of the lady to the spirit or the memory of her lover carried her through this trying ceremony without faltering; but it must lead to unhappiness, for she no doubt considers herself as the wife of one whom she shall meet in the body never more. Her heart lies buried in the grave with him who should have been her guide and protector.

The President of the United States has recognized the following appointments:—J. Hosford Smith, Consul of the Sublime Porte, at New-York; Wesner Dresel, Consul of Saxony, for Maryland; M. Le Compte de Mejan, Consul of France, for New-Orleans; M. de Belligny St. Croix, Consul of France, for Charleston; Anibal de Mosquera, Consul of Granada, for New-York.

A Western friend sends us the following as an extract from the census return of the town of H——, in Iowa:—"What is the population of your town?" The answer was, "Irish, 175; Amsterdam Dutch, 109; other dam Dutch, 200; whites, 000; total population, 491."

General Whitfield publishes an address to the people of Kansas, appealing to them against the decision of the House, which deprives him of his seat as a delegate. He contends that the action of the House was illegal, and declares that he shall immediately return home to present himself as a candidate for re-election.

A large and enthusiastic Democratic mass meeting, assembled at Portland, Maine, on the 7th, to ratify the nominations of Buchanan and Breckinridge. People from all parts of the State were present. Hon. Nathan Clifford presided.

In Wisconsin, railroad contractors are paying $1 25 per day for hands, and they find it impossible to procure over half a supply of help. Farmers pay $2 a day for harvest hands, and they are hard to get at any price.

The Louisville (Ky) *Courier*, says the wife of a well-known drayman in Covington, died one day last week. The next day the bereaved man married a new wife, and took her with him to the dead wife's funeral.

It is believed in official quarters that all questions at issue relative to Central America will soon be in a train of settlement. Mr. Dallas now has full power to treat with Great Britain.

Messrs. Pryor and Ridgeway, editors, from Richmond, fought a duel at Bladensburg, on the 6th inst., with pistols at ten paces. The affair was amicably adjusted without bloodshed.

The Redwood Iron Works in Jefferson County, N. Y., were destroyed by fire on the 1st inst. Loss, twelve thousand dollars; no insurance.

There was an immense Buchanan meeting at New-Britain, on the evening of the 7th. A delegation of 900 went down from this city in ten cars.

The *Macedonian* brought home the remain of Commander Abbot, who died at Hong Kong some months ago. Her officers and crew are all well.

New wheat is selling at Nashville and other portions of the middle part of the State, at seventy to seventy-five cents per bushel.

The Democracy of New-Jersey have nominated William C. Alexander, of Mercer, as a candidate for the office of Governor.

Mr. Forsyth the newly-appointed Minister to Mexico, leaves for that country on the 1st of September.

The *Constitutionalist*, says there were four fires in Agusta, Ga., on one night, lately—the work of incendiaries.

The rice crop is said to be promising in Georgia, and will be a fair average one.

Mr. Allen Givens, an old Revolutionary soldier, died in Butler county, Ky., last week, aged ninety-six years.

A prayer for rain was offered in the Episcopal church, Lynchburg, Va., Sunday last.

The Cincinnati Gazette, in a review of the Crops in Ohio, sets down the wheat harvest at a full average, and thinks that this in connection with an excess of old, places the United States in a condition to meet an increased demand at moderately low prices. The crops of barley and grass, it thinks, have, as a general thing, been cut short by drought; and the oats are so short in straw and head, that in many places they will not be gathered. The June corn, however, which was sown, and the extensive preparations which are made for a large crop of turnips, it suggests, may in some measure, remedy the deficiency of cattle feed. The corn crop, although recently very backward, is now coming forward encouragingly, and with favorable weather may be expected to yield heavy, which, with the crop left over, will afford an ample supply. The early potatoes are doing well. Flax, in Ohio, it is thought, will not yield over one-fourth of an average. The prospect may then be said to be through the country—1st, a full average crop of wheat, 2d, a heavy corn crop, 3d, an average crop of late potatoes.

A butcher, named Frederick King, says the *Union*, proprietor of the Ohio market, Sacramento, California, having had a difficulty with a former partner, named Kempf, sent him a challenge, couched in the following formidable terms: Mr. John Kempf—*Dear Sir:* You have insulted me and abused my family. I therefore challenge you to give me personal satisfaction, from a needle's point to a cannon. F. King. P. S.—Within twenty-four hours. F. K.

John S. Cummins, a lieutenant colonel in her Majesty's service, located in Canada, recently made a statement that during the Mexican war, the United States were constantly enlisting troops at Niagara, in Canada, and other points. The statement has since been flatly contradicted by Thomas G. Catlin, who, during the Mexican war, was army surgeon at Fort Niagara, New York.

The following remarkable coincidences took place in St. Francis county, Ark., a short time ago: "A one-eyed man stole a one-eyed mule, was arrested by a one-eyed sheriff, tried by a one-eyed magistrate, and escorted to the penitentiary by a one-eyed officer!" Was ever such a concatenation of one-eyed people brought together before?

The want of rain continues to be much felt in Indiana and Kentucky, and threatens the crops, which are backward in those States. In the West generally a large portion of last year's harvest, especially of corn, is said to be still held by farmers.

We are informed, says the Dubuque *Express*, that there is a cavern near Decorah, so situated that the water which falls from its roof in winter is frozen, and such an amount of ice formed as to serve the citizens of that place, in summer, with the luxury of ice from a natural ice house.

A sale of North Carolina tobacco was recently made in Lynchburg, Va., at $60 per cwt—the highest price ever received for North Carolina tobacco.

Congressional.

Thirty-Fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.

August 4. (Monday,) A resolution was offered by Mr. Wilson instructing the committee on the Judiciary to report a resolution immediately authorizing the President to direct the Kansas District Attorney to enter a *nolle prosequi* in the Kansas treason cases. The River and Harbor bill was debated, and several bills for River and Harbor improvements passed.

Aug. 5. Governor Seward appealed on behalf of the Free State men now under indictment for treason and rebellion in Kansas, asking a change of venue, so as to secure them a fair trial. Many Harbor bills were acted on.

Aug. 6. Mr. Seward introduced a bill, which was referred to the Judiciary committee, providing for a change of venue in the Kansas treason cases. After some debate as to whether the Army Appropriation bill or the Internal Improvement bills should take the precedence, the latter was considered and several of them passed. The bill for a wagon Road to the Pacific was also passed.

Aug. 7. A resolution was adopted calling for information relative to the refusal of Honduras to receive a Commercial Agent from this Government, and another calling for information as to the expediency of establishing a consulate at the Loo Choo islands. The Army Approriation bill was then taken up, having been reported by the Finance committee with Mr. Sherman's proviso, adopted by the House, stricken out. An interesting discussion ensued, participated in by Senators Hunter, Wilson, Wade, Butler, Douglas, and others, when the Senate voted against the proviso by 29 to 6, and the bill was passed after some further debate by Yeas 27, Nays 8. Mr. Weller gave notice that he should call up the Pacific Railroad bill to-day.

Aug. 8. The House bill, granting a million and a half acres of land to Mississippi for Railroad purposes, passed. Several private bills were passed, and the report of the committee on Indian affairs, relative to the Menominee Indians, after a five hours' discussion, adopted.

House.

August 4.—The bill providing for the appointment of a Commission to run a boundary line between Washington Territory and the British possessions passed. The Senate's bill for improving the Patapsco River passed. Mr. Purviance moved a suspension of the rules, to enable him to introduce a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire and report in reference to the arrests for treason in Kansas, but the House refused to suspend. The House also refused to suspend the rules to receive the Pacific Railroad bill from the Select Committee. An ineffectual effort was made to consider the Homestead bill. The Senate bill authorizing any two Judges of the Court of Claims to act as a quorum passed. The Military Committee were instructed to inquire into the propriety of purchasing the Hermitage, the former residence of Gen. Jackson, for a branch military academy. The bill making appropriations for the Judicial, Executive, and Legislative expenses, was discussed in Committee of the Whole, and many of its items were acted upon.

August 5.—Mr. Dunn offered a proviso that no part of the money be drawn from the treasury until a law is passed and approved by the President for the pacification of the troubles in Kansas, which shall contain a slavery restriction regarding Kansas and Nebraska. Mr. Grow proposed that no money be paid until the pending prosecutions for treason and other alleged offences against the Territorial laws of Kansas be dismissed. Both these propositions were adopted. The appropriations for the legislative expenses of Kansas Territory, and for contingent expenses, were striken out.

August 6.—A bill granting to Mississippi 1,500,000 acres of land for railrood purposes passed. A bill was introduced granting lands for similar objects in Nebraska, Minnesota and Kansas. The General Appropriation bill was reported by the Committee of the Whole, with the amendments adopted by the "nigger-worshippers." The chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means proposed a substitute. It was ruled out of order. Mr. Dunn's amendment, requiring the enactment of a Kansas pacification bill, and the prohibition of slavery in Kansas and Nebrasky, was rejected—45 yeas to 110 nays. Mr. Grow's amendment, requiring the abandonment of the prosecutions for treason and other alleged offences against the laws of the Legislature of Kansas was adopted—84 yeas to 69 nays. The appropriation for the expenses of the Legislative Assembly of Kansas, was stricken out—90 to 58. The amendment that no part of the money be expended for prosecuting or detaining persons charged with treason, was agreed to—82 to 66. The bill with these restrictions was then passed by a vote of 84 to 55, the democrats and conservative Know Nothings, together with Messrs. Dunn and Bennett, republicans, voted against it.

August 8.—A resolution was adopted to pay Gov. Reeder mileage and per diem to the time his claim was decided. The Civil Appropriation bill was considered, and a $300,000 appropriation for the Washington Aqueduct was lost.

OBITUARY.

HONOR TO WHOM IT WAS DUE.

A touching incident of gratitude comes to my knowledge connected with the death and burial of Charles Sedgwick, Esq., of Lenox, Mass., who was ever the devoted friend of the Irish. A correspondent writes: On the day of the funeral, the Irish flocked round the house, giving vent to their grief in tears. They requested the privilege of bearing the corpse on their shoulders to its final resting place in Stockbridge, distance of 6 miles. At first this was refused, but was granted finally, to their sad satisfaction, and twenty-four men selected to, what they undoubtedly considered, a post of honor. It rained in torrents all day, not enough however, to dampen in the least the grateful ardor of that ever grateful people." S. J. A.

MARRIED.

In Trinity Church, on Saturday, Augnst 9, by the Rev. Dr Haight, William H. Bolton, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss Tillie Tracy, daughter of Simon P. Tracy, of this city.

Special Notices.

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. The Ambrotype.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. BRADY, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 8m28ju

Photographs and Ambrotypes,—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (8m12jly) A. Cosmes.

Holloway's Ointment.—The Great External Antidote.—When impurities in the blood are determined to the surface in the form of blotches, pustules, dry exfoliations, boils, rashes, &c., this potent preparation is the only safe and radical remedy. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per pot. aug16

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....John Brougham

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

WALLACK'S THEATRE,

AND

SUMMER GARDEN.

RE-ENGAGEMENT

OF

MISS AGNES ROBERTSON

AND

MR. DION BOURCICAULT,

FOR A FEW NIGHTS.

On Tuesday,

Used Up, and **The Young Actress.**

Wednesday, ANDY BLAKE (her celebrated Irish character).

And, for the first time, THE CAT CHANGED INTO A WOMAN.

Thursday, Same. Friday (last night), Same.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Parquette and boxes.....50 cents
Family Circle.....25 cents

Doors open at a quarter past seven P. M.

Billiards.

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND CUSHIONS.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

THOMAS JEFFERSON ON SECTIONALISM AND BLACK-REPUBLICANISM.—A cotemporary, whose name we regret to have lost, says: The following extracts from the writings of Thos. Jefferson on "Sectionalism" and "Black-Republicanism" could not be more applicable if they were written at the present day. We invite the attention of our readers to these sentiments of the great apostle of Democracy. In a letter to Lafayette, dated Nov. 4, 1823, Mr. Jefferson said:

"On the eclipse of Federalism with us, although not its extinction, its leaders got up the *Missouri question under the false front of lessening the measure of slavery, but with the real view of producing a geographical division of parties, which might insure them the next President.* The people of the North went blindfold into the snare, and followed their leaders for a while with a zeal truly moral and laudable, until they became sensible that they were injuring instead of aiding the real interests of the slaves, that they had been used merely as tools for electioneering purposes, and that trick of hypocrisy then fell as quickly as it had been got up."

How exactly does the present aspect of the Missouri question agree with this description of it in 1823. Again, in the seventh volume of his writings, in speaking of the Missouri question, Mr. Jefferson says:

The question is a mere party trick. The leaders of Federalism, defeated in their schemes of obtaining power by rallying partisans to the principle of monarchism—a principle of personal, not of local division—have changed their tack and thrown out another barrel to the whale. *They are taking advantage of the virtuous feeling of the people to effect a division of parties by a geographical line: they expect that this will insure them, on local principles, the majority they could never obtain on principles of Federalism;* but they are still putting their shoulders to the wrong wheel; they are wasting jeremiads on the miseries of slavery, *as if we were advocates of it.* Sincerity in their declamations should direct their efforts to the true point of difficulty, and *unite their counsels with ours in devising some reasonable and practicable plan of getting rid of it.*

The following papers in South Carolina have hoisted the Buchanan flag:—

Charleston Mercury, Charleston Standard, Charleston Evening News, Darlington Flag, Marion Star, South Carolinian, Columbia Banner, Fairfield Register, Fairfield Herald, Yorkville Enquirer, Yorkville Citizen, Carolina Spartan, Literary Star, Spartanburg Express, Patriot and Mountaineer, Anderson Gazette, Rising Sun, Camden Journal, Chester Standard, Cheraw Gazette, Edgefield Advertiser, Edgefield Informer, Barnwell Sentinel, Lancaster Ledger, Independent Press, Keowee Courier, Examiner.

Against the Nomination.

Carolina Times, Southron, Sumter Watchman, Newberry Mirror, True Carolinian, Abbeville Banner, Southern Enterprise.

There are fifty-two German newspapers in the United States that uphold the genuine democratic republican cause, and Buchanan and Breckinridge.

It is said that the betting Democrats in Louisiana are exceedingly incensed at the Cincinnati Convention for nominating a ticket against which no one in that state dares to bet.

The *Commercial Advertiser* admits, that many of its friends, who for years have been decided Whigs, are "disposed to vote for Mr. Buchanan rather than see a sectional, unqualified candidate, like Col. Fremont, elevated to the Presidency."

The son of Henry Clay has written a letter announcing his determination to support Buchanan.

Two sons-in-law of the late Ex-President Harrison, and his living representatives, support Buchanan.

The Norfolk, Va., *Herald*, heretofore a leading Know-Nothing paper, has come out from that organization, and run up the name of James Buchanan for President.

The New-York correspondence of the *National Intelligencer* says that Mr. Buchanan may carry the Empire State in case the Hards and Softs are thoroughly united. Of that there now seems to be no doubt. The same writer says Fremont cannot carry Pennsylvania.

Wm. M. Burwell, Esq., formerly editor of the Know-Nothing organ at Washington city, has come out in a strong letter for Buchanan. He has sent his resignation to Governor Wise as a Know-Nothing member of the Virginia Legislature. In his letter he remarks:

"The issue upon which parties have organized for the ensuing campaign is: 'Shall any more Slave States be admitted into the Union?'

"Foremost and the most formidable in this contest stands the Black Republican party, a dangerous compound of fanaticism and political cupidity. It is numerous and of powerful resources; it is led by ambitious and sagacious men; it intends to employ the numbers of the North to subjugate the South and govern the country. Its material of warfare consists in impeaching the title of your property, defaming your character, and combining the most despotic and lawless influences in a crusade against you. Its plan of warfare is to cut off the supplies and communications of slavery, to invest its citadel, and to send a flag inscribed, 'Assault, or unconditional surrender.'

"The Democratic party has been, by force of circumstances, placed in direct antagonism to this party. It stands not only pledged, but committed, beyond the power of recantation or withdrawal, to maintain your rights as political equals in this confederacy.

"With my opinions, neutrality would be, at this important crisis, little better than treason. I shall, therefore, vote for the Democratic candidates at the ensuing Presidential election, because that is the only party committed to assert the rights of the South, and because the opinions avowed by that party upon the subject of slavery represent my own.

As some slight evidence, says the Baton Rouge *Advocate*, of the great reaction which has taken place in public sentiment in Iowa, and which is still progressing at a rate which cannot fail to afford the liveliest satisfaction to every patriotic heart, we give the following changes to Buchanan, from a late number of the Dubuque *Northwest*, which paper says:

George Nightengale—a true and tried man—for twenty years a wheel-horse to the national Whig party in Iowa.

C. C. Hewitt—for years the favorite of the Whig party in Dubuque county—a man of talents, influence and devotion to the Union.

Major A. M. Hare, Hon. John G. Stein, and a host of other good men and good citizens of Muscatine county, who were active Scott men in the canvass of 1852.

L. B. Fleek, Esq., of Washington county, an old-line Whig—a man among men—and an honor to any party.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, the Rev. Thomas Whittaker to Harriet Alicia, daughter of the late Robert Christie, of Bray, county Wicklow.

At St. Mark's Church, Dublin, Charles W. Wright, of Downings, to Margaret, daughter of John Aylmer, of Courtown, Kildare.

At St. James's Catholic Church, Dublin, Michael M'Conn, to Frances, daughter of the late Charles Domville, formerly of Killala, Mayo.

At the Church of the Conception, Dublin, John Hicks, of Laurel Lodge, Roundtown, to Rose Emma, daughter of James Douglass, of Graville street.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, the Rev. Charles German, vicar-choral of St. Canice, Kilkenny, to Harriet Pitcairn, daughter of the late Henry A. West, of the 12th regiment.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Charles Sanders, of Carrigfoyle House, county Kerry, to Mildred, only child of the late William Brown, of Springmount, county Kerry.

At St. Anne's Church, Dublin, Harward, son of the late Rev. John G. Hancock, of Annaduff, county Leitrim, to Frances, daughter of the Rev. N. Devereux, of Ballyrankin House, county Wexford.

At Newry, William S. Nicholson, son of the late W. S. Nicholson, of Balla House, county Down, to Jane Frances, daughter of the late Thomas B. Middleton, of Dublin.

At Geashill, Henry Clarke, of Ballybrittan Castle, to Susan, daughtrr of the late G. Newcombe, of Cloneyowen House, King's County.

At Mullavilly, Edward Armstrong, A. B., of Lurgan, to Emma, daughter of the late F. Sanderson, of Prospect House, Tandragee.

At Evergreen House, Cork, Francis Healy, M. D., of Highmount, county Limerick, to Ellen, daughter of the late James Galway, of Waterford.

At Buttevant, John Bevan, of Durragh, county Limerick, to Kate Crooke daughter of the late William Allen, of Glenville, county Cork.

At London, Theophilus Moon, of Her Majesty's Customs, to Elizabeth Lucy, daughter of the late T. Woolsey, of Castlebellingham, county Louth.

At Cheltenham, the Rev. John Bryson, of Anabawn House, county Down, to Maria Smith, daughter of the late Joseph Harwick, of Manor House, Oaken, Staffordshire.

At St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Sutton street, London, by the Very Rev. Canon Long, John Taylor, of Prospect House, Turnham Green, Middlesex, to Mary, daughter of John Tyrrell, of Greek street, London, and niece of the Rev. M. E. Tyrrell, parish priest of Clonmore, county Carlow, and of the late Rev. Thomas Tyrrell, of Tinryland.

At Paris, the Marquis de Vinchiaturo, to Charlotte Sinclair, widow of George Bagot Gosset, of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards.

At Fitzroy, Canada West, the Rev. W. C. Clarke, to Anne Charity, daughter of William D. Pigott, late of Dysart, Queen's County.

At St. Peter and Paul's Church, Clonmel, James Byrne, of Thurles, to Maria Moore, relict of the late Edmond Moore, merchant, Clonmel.

At "The Friends' Meeting House," Dublin, Charles Going Malone, of Churchtown Lodge, county Dublin, to Harriet, only daughter of William Doyle, of Cullenswood place.

IRISH DEATHS.

At Middle Gardiner street, Dublin, Susan, daughter of the late James O'Connor, and granddaughter of the late Rowland J. O'Connor, of Laurel Mount, county Cork.

At Blackhall street, Dublin, of bronchitis, in the 49th year of her age, Mrs. Catherine Flanagan.

In North Great George's street, Dublin, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, mother of the Rev. W. B. Kirkpatrick.

At Rathmines road, aged 87 years, Morgan M'Namara, of Scarteen, county Limerick.

At Sydney Cottage, Sandymount strand, Sarah, wife of Oliver Sinnott.

At Dundrm, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Henry Roe, M. D.

At Upper Mountpleasant avenue, Charles Hennessey.

At Kingstown, Anne Jane, daughter of the late Rev. Henry Boyd, Chancellor of Killenora, and formerly well known in the literary world as the earliest translator of the Divina Comœdia of Dante into English verse.

At Tritonville avenue, Sandymount, Margaret, daughter of George L. Shaw.

At Glendalough, Kate, daughter of Ralph Jordan.

At Athy, Joseph Delany, late of Derrydolney, King's County.

At Leinster Lodge, county Kildare, Louis Perrin, son of the late James Perrin, and nephew of Judge Perrin.

At Killare, in the county Westmeath, R. Mathews, aged 82 years.

At Bobsville, county Meath, aged 81 years, Maria, relict of Colonel W. Battersby.

At Castle Connell, aged 88 years, Elizabeth, widow of Michael Bolton, of Newcastle.

At Rathyark, county Wexford, aged 48 years, Richard Corish.

At Cliftonville, Belfast, Thomas, son of the Rev. Professor Gibson.

At Omagh, county Tyrone, Anne Cameron, wife of James F. Alexander.

At Drumgoold Cottage, Enniscorthy, Stephen R. Radcliff, formerly Lieutenant in the 6th Royal regiment, son of the late Rev. Richard Radcliff, rector of Enniscorthy.

Alicia, daughter of James Grimshaw, jun., of Whitehouse, Belfast.

At Bath, aged 90 years, General Martin White, of the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Establishment.

At Gravesend, Colonel C. Shee, son of the late Sir George Shee, Bart.

At Richmond, Surrey, Miss Hannah Penn, great granddaughter of the celebrated William Penn.

At Falkener street, Liverpool, the residence of her step-father, Captain Forrestal, Catherine Doyle.

At Castleconnell, aged 88 years, Mrs. Elizabeth Bolton, widow of the late Michael Bolton, of Newcastle, and mother-in-law of the late Eyre Powell, Captain of the City Limerick Militia, and one of the heroes of Colooney.

At Rathburt, county Louth, Rosetta Mary Constance, daughter of the late Owen Kiernan.

At Fermoy, A. P. Bridson, Royal Regiment.

At Eyre square, Galway, of malignant fever, William Carrigan. Deceased was agent for Mr. Bianconi over his extensive posting establishment in the West of Ireland.

Card from Edward Dunigan & Brother.

James B. Kirker, the present representative of the firm of Edward Dunigan & Brother, learns with regret that an attempt is being made to persuade the public that a circular issued by Mr. John Gilmary Shea, with regard to his correspondents, is a malicious attempt of the house to injure another.

Mr. John Gilmary Shea continues to enjoy the highest esteem of the firm, still it has not and will not interfere in his private concerns.

The House of Edward Dunnigan & Brother has as yet issued no circular whatever, relative to the forthcoming History of the Catholic Church, by Mr. DeCourcy and Mr. John Gilmary Shea.

New-York, July 17th, 1856. (3t) 151 Fulton street.

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necessary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depôt, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

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Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

y21june

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." —— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (————,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. THOM. CAAS. FITSGIBBON, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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Business Directory.

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PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durabe quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

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For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Fosters, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.
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ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.
jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

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Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the fonndation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shonlder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the pafient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 178 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
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8m7jun B. F. ADAMS, 122 Chambers street, New-York.

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Medical.

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References of the most respectable character given if desired. Patronage respectfully solicited.

☞ N. B. Teeth extracted without pain. my17 3m

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy. The last Unfolding of the Art of Healing. My daily practice proves that I CURE CONSUMPTION, in all its varied forms and most advanced states, as readily as any other disease. Therefore I desire to treat all Consumptives, but particularly those who have tried all other physicians without relief. Mrs. M. J. MARIN, M.D., No. 37. Lafayette place, N. Y. (First street east of Broadway, between 4t and 8th sts.) Office hours: from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for Ladies; and from 2 to 5 P. M., for Gentlemen, Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment. my31 3m

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This invaluable preparation is also a remedy for biliousness, indigestion, weakness, and general derangement of the stomach. Upon being taken, it creates appetite, and prevents the heaviness attendant upon eating, by persons who are dyspeptic.

In this city, also, this remedy has been tried with the most undoubted success, and the undersigned can produce the best testimonials of our most celebrated physicians, as to its immediate and complete success, which he will be happy at any time to show to any that may wish to see them. S. STEINFELD, sole agent for the United States, No. 70 Nassau street, corner of John.

P. S.—Those not having money to pay, may call at my place from 3 to 5 P. M. and receive this remedy gratis. my17 3m

The Best Hair Dye.—DR. O. M. BALLARD'S new article received the highest premium at the World's Fair and American Institute, where it was examined by the distinguished Chemists, Dr. Chilton, and Prof. John Torrey, and pronounced the best. For sale by the best Druggists. Principal office and store, 498 Broadway, New-York. my17 3m

The undersigned announces to the legitimate faculty that he has opened a store for the dispensing of pure medicines, chemicals, &c. Having obtained a knowledge of the profession in the best schools in the world, during twelve years, he will be able to compound prescriptions *precisely* as they are ordered. JOHN. C. GILES, Apothecary,
2ljn8m 285 Bleecker, two doors above Barrow.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,
118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no means inferior to their celebrated compounds; while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flavor, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation.

Yours, respectfully,
ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.
Mr. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 3m19jly

Special Notices.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,
8mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.
New-York, June 28, 1856.

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of Forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled. on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Proclamation.—500 Dollars reward.—I, Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New-York, by virtue of authority vested in me by law, do offer a reward of five hundred dollars, for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who murdered Bartholomew Burke, on the night of Thursday the 17th, or on the morning of the 18th July, 1856, at the corner of Broadway and White-streets, said reward to be paid on the conviction of the offender or offenders, on the certificate of the District Attorney, that such conviction was had upon the testimony of the party claiming the same, but all claims for said reward not presented within twenty days thereafter, will be disregarded. Witness my hand and seal of Mayoralty, this 22nd July, 1856. 2aug [L. S.] FERNANDO WOOD.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The MAILS FOR EUROPE, per U. S. steamer Washington will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 16th day of August, at 10½ o'clock, A. M. **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster.

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s	per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s	"
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s	"
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s	"
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s	"
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s	"
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s	"

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

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ap19 8m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

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AND

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber having leased for a term of years the premises

374 Hudson street,

and made exthnsive additions thereto, and having laid in a large stock o

Carpeting and Oil Cloths,

stly bought at **Auction,** for CASH, is now prepared to sell them at the owing extremely low prices:

Tapestry Brussels, 8s. usually sold at 10s.
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Fine do 5s. usually sold at 6s.
Common do All WOOL 3s. 6d. per yard, a price absolely unheard of.

Ingrain, Cotton Warp and Wool Filling 2s. 6d.
Oil Cloths 3s. per yard, usually sold at 5s.

Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Venetian and Hall Carpetting, Stair Rods, &c. &c.

Clergymen and Churches furnished at wholesale prices.
Goods in all cases warranted as represented.

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3mjun a few doors from Hamersly.

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AND

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(HERALD BUILDING,) **New-York.**
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CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

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ju21 Agent for the IRISH NEWS and all the other choice literature of the day.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

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NEW-YORK. 3m

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FASHIONABLE MILLINERY STORE,

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Cheap Straw Hats, Ribbons, Flowers, Ladies' Straw Goods.

Straw Bonnets cleaned and altered to the newest fashions.
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IMPORTER AND DEALER

IN Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors, Cordials, &c. J. R. having had long experience in the liquor trade, he has facilities of selecting wines and liquors of the most superior quality, which he offers to dealers and families at the lowest market prices, and flatters himself that a single trial will be quite sufficient to secure custom.

Goods delivered free of expense in any part of the city, and country orders promptly attended to. 3m jun14

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Business Directory.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

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Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

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Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jeweled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a
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Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry carefully repaired and warranted. A good
7jun assortment of watches and clocks always on hand. 8m

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BEST QUALITY ONLY.

GOLD AND SILVER PENCIL CASES.

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STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

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MANUFACTORY,

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(Cor. Pine Street.)

CASH CAPITAL $300,000.

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EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my31y

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AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

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(LATE DELMONICO'S HOTEL.

21, 23, 25, & 27 Broadway, New-York.

THE undersigned avails himself of this opportunity of informing his friends and the public that he has leased the above named house for a term of years, and has made extensive alterations and repairs, and omitted nothing that will tend to the accomodations or comfort of guests. The house having been newly furnished throughout in the most thorough and modern style, with a view to convenience and comfort, and as it will be conducted on the European plan, and with an experienced caterer, and thorough cooks, he hopes to give satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage which has never failed while in other Hotels in this city.

Catholic families and clergymen visiting New-York will find in the arrangements of this spacious establishment, elegance, convenience, and comfort, at moderate charges. JOHN O'GRADY, JR.,
8m5jly Formerly of Judson's Hotel and the Brandreth House.

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This new and beautiful First-class Hotel, is now open for the reception of guests. The location is the most pleasant part of Broadway, opposite Bond street, and in the immediate vicinity of the most fashionable places of amusement. The rooms are large and airy, and so arranged that they may be connected in suites for families, or used separately for single seasons. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

8m19jly STONE & BURROUGHS, Proprietors.

HOSEY & RILEY,

PACIFIC RESTAURANT,

600 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

Private entrance on the first floor, 134 Crosby street.

☞ Hosey & Riley invite their friends to give them a call.

my24 3m

Business Directory.

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PURE WINES, BRANDIES, &C.,

with an extensive assortment of

CHOICE CORDIALS,

by wholesale and retail, and womld call attention of buyers to his Stock, consisting, in part of

FINE COGNAC BRANDY.

The celebrated Brand of Leger Freres, a superior article for medicinal purposes.

Pinet Castillon, Vintage 1823 and 1842.
Otard, Dupuy & Co., Vintages 1836 and 1840.

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(J. & R. Osborn's Importation,)

COLERAINE AND DUBLIN MALT WHISKEY,

(Imported by the subscriber to which he invites the attention of the connoisseur.)

HOLLAND GIN,

Meder Swan, and other favorite brands.

Together with a large assortment of

DUBLIN & LONDON PORTER, SCOTCH ALES,

and a select supply of genuine **Havana Segars,** of various brands.

Particular attention given to orders for families, and goods forwarded to any part of the City, Brooklyn, Jersey, &c. Country Orders with remittance, immediately attended to.

Having engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Dillon, (late with Archdeacon & O'Connor, Wall Street) customers can depend on all orders entrusted to his care, being promptly and faithfully attended to.

Parties residing up town can procure the above articles of T. & J. Russell, corner 36th street, and 6th Avenue: T. Russell & Co., corner 4th Street and 6th Avenue, and at the corners of 18th Street, 8th and 10th Avenues.

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(ESTABLISHED IN 1836.)

45½ Water street, New-York.

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Has always on hand, at the above agency, a full supply of

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Of all brands and descriptions, direct from the Virginia Factories, for sale on liberal terms. jly5y

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PROPRIETORS.

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Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Ales, Wines, Liquors,

Segars,

Gunniss Double XX porter, Scotch and Alsop's Ale, English pickles, sauces, marmalades, Jelly, &c. &c. 8m16au

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LONDON BROWN STOUT, SCOTCH & BURTON ALES,

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Corner of Broome and Mercer streets, New-York.

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at 333 Broadway,
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N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap26 1y

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IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan,** Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 253 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Vanbrunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of WISE'S CORK MALT WHISKEY, which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm who import the same in New-York. ap26 1y

The Irish News.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES 6 CENTS.
Publication Office, 29 Ann St., cor. of Nassau.

VOL. I. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856. NO. 20.

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EDITED BY THE PROPRIETOR,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE

IRISH PEOPLE,

AT HOME AND ABROAD,

Will be published every Saturday, on and after the 12th of April, at 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau, New-York.

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☞ Subscribers, Agents, and Advertisers will please send in their orders early, and observe that our terms are invariably, payments in advance.

Communications of a PRIVATE nature should always be marked so. Those connected with the editorial department are to be addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, and those on business to Richard J. Lalor, Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau.

☞ Subscribers, residing in New-York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, who pay in advance, will have their papers neatly enveloped, addressed, and delivered on each Wednesday through Boyd's Express or some similar medium.

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FORAS FEASA AR ERINN;

OR, GENERAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.

From a Manuscript Copy of the Original Irish of the Rev. and Learned

GEOFFREY KEATING.

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By JOHN O'MAHONY, Esq.

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A list of subscribers will be printed in the work.

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I hope it is well advanced in its preparation.

Faithfully yo JOHN MITCHEL.

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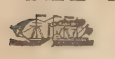
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☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The MAILS FOR EUROPE, per U. S. steamer Arago, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 23d day of August, at 10½ o'clock, A. M. **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for California, &c., per U. S. Steamer Geo. Law, will close at this office on Saturday, the 23d day of August, at 1 o'clock P. M. **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster.

European News.

SPANISH INSURRECTION.

A dispatch from Barcelona, dated the 29th July, says, that on the 28th, seventeen insurgents were shot for the assassination of Colonel Olviedo on the 19th.

The *Semaphore*, of Marseilles, says: "The Spanish packet *El Vifredo*, which left Barcelona on the morning of the 26th, has arrived. The following is a summary of the principal news: Barcelona has returned to its normal condition; most of the factories have resumed work. 16,000 troops are concentrated in the town, under the command of General Zapatero, Governor of Catalonia. If, however, the town is calm, the same cannot be said of the environs. The insurgents who were driven out on the 21st, spread themselves over the country, raised the peasantry, and are at this moment encamped with them in the mountains. According to letters from Saragossa, arrived at Barcelona at the moment of the departure of the *El Vifredo*. the number of the rebels was continually increasing, in consequence of the defection of some regiments in Arragon, and of the arrival of the peasants, who, as at Barcelona, made common cause with the insurgents. The Queen's troops, sent from Madrid, had not yet arrived."

The *Moniteur* publishes the following telegraphic dispatch from the French Consul to his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs:

BARCELONA, Tuesday, July 29—3 P. M.

Order continues to reign at Barcelona. The whole of Catalonia is in the power of the Queen's troops. The militia of Girona, like the militia in other localities, give up their arms, disperse, and return to their homes.

SARAGOSSA.

From Arragon, although the telegraph is now at work, we have no news of the slightest interest. Troops must be arriving near Saragossa, and the truce of five days must shortly expire, so we may expect to hear something decisive very shortly. It is said that the Saragossans have dug ditches and made other preparations indicative of an intention obstinately to defend themselves, but it is still hoped that, when they become acquainted with all that has passed, and that the rest of Spain, with insignificant exceptions, has submitted to the government, they will not prolong a resistance which may lead to much bloodshed, but hardly to their ultimate triumph.

The *Moniteur* publishes the following as the latest telegraphic dispatches officially received:

MADRID, Wednesday, July 30.

The authority of the government of the Queen is recognized throughout the whole of Spain, with the exception of the interior of the town of Saragossa. Important intelligence is hourly expected.

ST. SEBASTIAN, Wenesday, July 30.

By a dispatch dated this day, Gen. Echague announces that Gen. Dulce is at La Muela, two leagues from Saragossa. There is no news.

THE RISING AT CORUNNA.

The Madrid papers bring us full accounts of the occurrences at Corunna, in the form of a dispatch from General Vasallo, now commanding there. They are not important, the total loss having been two men killed and two wounded, and the National Guards having given up their arms on receiving intelligence of the result of the contest at Madrid; but they are curious as an illustration of the state of the Spanish army, and of the dangerous tendency of its officers to postpone discipline to political considerations. The Captain-General of the Province was absent on a tour of inspection when news came of the change of ministry and the proclamation of martial law, but the *segunda cabo*, or second in command, published the proclamation notwithstanding the opposition of the civil governor, and reported what he had done to his chief, who promptly returned to Corunna, and who, almost immediately on his arrival, sounded General Vasallo and the commanding officers of the various arms with respect to a *pronunciamiento* in favor of Espartero, to which he himself evidently inclined. They all refused to join in any such demonstration. The superior officers of the Spanish army are all political partisans before they are soldiers.

Preparatory to the late crisis all the important posts had been packed by O'Donnell, and in those few cases where he had been compelled to appoint or retain a captain-general of a province who was not devoted to him, he took good care that his second in command should be of a better kidney, and ready "decorously" to arrest his superior as soon as it seemed advisable for the interests of his patron.

THE RISING IN GRANADA AND MALAGA.

From the Madrid Gazette, July 26.

Malaga has pronounced, the civil governor, Domingo Velo, having placed himself at the head of the movement. The deputy-commander of Granada writes on the 22d, that several chiefs and officers of the garrison of Malaga, who remained faithful to the government, had arrived in that city. The second battalion of Arragon, the greatest part of the artillery, and a detachment of the civic guard, had retired into the castle of Gibralfaro. The revolutionary junta having prohibited the entrance of provisions into the castle, the commander of the royal troops, after proclaiming martial law, threatened to bombard the town; the junta maintained its decision. The Carbineers had left Malaga, with their chiefs, for Estepona, being told that Granada had likewise pronounced. The Captain-General *ad interim* had since ordered them to join him at Granada, where they were expected on the 24th. The Almeria mail, due some days, has arrived, but brings no news. A column, composed of infantry, cavalry and artillery, had left Valencia for Villaverde, where Brigadier Damato is concentrating forces to operate against Teruel, which had declared against the government. Notwithstanding the disarmment of the National Guard of Seville, some disturbances took place on the 23d at the gates of the city. Some of the revolters were killed, and order was re-established.

THE GOVERNMENT AT MADRID—O'DONNELL'S POSITION.

A correspondence in the *Presse*, dated Madrid, July 23, says: "Marshal O'Donnell finds all parties against him. He has to contend with the Progresists and the Moderates. He must already see that the Cabinet which he has formed can only be a Ministry of transition—the stepping-stone to a definitive government, of which Narvaez will be the head. Whichever way he turns, O'Donnell sees before him an abyss. He has no option between the two courses of retiring in obedience to a hostile vote of the Cortes, or yielding to a dismissal if he should venture to thwart the power which would have shot him in 1854 if his insurrectionary movement had not succeeded. This situation is so complicated that although on the first blush it would appear that O'Donnell is all powerful and Espartero a nullity, one must be blind not to see that the latter is in reality in a much stronger position than the former. Espartero has not quitted Madrid. He resides in a house next door to the office of the journal called *El Leon Espagnol*, a paper which represents the old school of pure Moderates. In a recent conversation between the manager of this paper, Don J. de la Vega, and Marshal Espartero, the latter declared repeatedly that he had done all in his power to prevent an armed resistance."

The Outbreak in Italy.

PARTICULARS OF THE EMEUTE AT MASSA CARRARA.

Turin (July 20) Correspondence of the London Times.

This morning the Sardinian Government received a telegraphic dispatch from Sarzana, stating that about 200 persons with arms had during the night crossed the Modenese frontier near there, crying "Viva Vittorio Emmanuele, Re d'Italie!" They are said to have been furnished with arms in the Ducal territory, near Massa, where they joined a still larger body of insurgents already assembled; but, as they cut the telegraph wires in their passage, we are still without authentic particulars of their movements. I have already sent you a dispatch by telegraph announcing this fact; but as messages containing political news are not allowed to be forwarded without express permission of the Government, and as all the Ministers were out of town until a late hour at Pollenza, where his Majesty held a council, it did not arrive, I fear, to be of any use for publication to-day.

As soon as the above information reached Sarzana and Spezzia from the gendarmes, on the frontier, who had succeeded in arresting a few of those forcing their way over, troops were immediately put in motion from those places for their assistance, and two steamers were sent down from Genoa in the course of the day, with other reinforcements. Opinion here is, of course, much dividedas to thecause of this outbreak—some maintaining it to have been instigated by Austrian agents, while others hold that it is purely and simply one of Mazzini's mad projects, and the result of his recent journey to Italy. Both sides have much apparent reason for their views, for the Austrian Government evidently has most to gain by disturbances in that quarter at present, as they would afford it a plausible excuse for again occupying the Modenese territory, and forming a cordon of troops all along the Piedmontese frontier, from Piacenza to Massa, and the advocates of this opinion go so far as to declare that one or more persons known to be employed by the Milan police will be found among the rioters.

On the other hand it is said that Austria has no need of such far-fetched pretexts to justify her proceedings, if she has really determined on so extreme a measure as placing a cordon round Piedmont, and that seeing what insane acts Mazzini and his lieutenants have already been guilty of, there is no reason to suppose they required any incitement from other parties to commit this. Without more light on the subject it is impossible to arrive at a fair judgment between the adverse views, but at the same time there are some collateral facts which certainly seem to give additional weight to the former opinion. The latest accounts from Parma, for instance, inform us that so far from there being any prospect of evacuation of the Parmesan dominions by the Austrian troops, the Austrian military authorities there had been making arrangements of a permanent nature. A military chancellerie has been established there by them, which would have the effect of causing all orders, courts-martial, &c., to be referred to the commandant-in-chief, Marshal RADETZKY, so that in fact, the Government of Parma would be immediately under the control of the Marshal, instead of being directed by one of his Generals. Austrian troops have also for some time been collected along the left bank of the Po, and are now prepared to cross it, it is said, at four different points, and Count Crenneville has always expressed most ominous previsions, ever since his first difference with the Regent, that it would be necessary for Austria to occupy the whole duchy for its more effectual protection. However illiberal it may appear, therefore, towards the Austrian Government, it is not possible to avoid having strong misgivings as to its designs in all these preparations, and the delicate position in which it is placed in relation to the French Government seems to suggest a reason for its using the elaborate machinery of intrigue to give a color to its acts. It may be objected that no respectable Government would have recourse to such vile means to obtain its object; but unless history has been most unjust to the aforesaid venerable institution, it has not hesitated before now to avail itself of far baser expedients when they suited its purpose.

I understand that both the French and English ministers at this court were at Spezzia this morning, having gone there from Savona, in the yacht of the former. Count Cavour is also away at the Laggo Maggiore; but this news will probably bring them all back sooner than they intended, at least for a time. The Marquis Sauli, the Sardinian Minister at the Tuscan, Modenese, and Parmesan Courts, has been instructed to visit Modena and Parma, and has left Florence for that purpose.

A letter from Turin, dated 27th July, which has been received in Paris, says: "Rumors of an insurrectionary movement on Tuscany circulated here last evening, without exciting any alarm, it being known that the Ambassadors of England and France had recently repaired to Spezzia, and that our Government was apprised of what was going on in that direction. The Government had, in effect, been warned that a revolutionary attempt would be made at the extreme frontier of the Duchy of Modena, and on Saturday it sent a corps of Bersaglieri, from Genoa to Sarzana, to reinforce the frontier guard. In the meantime domiciliary visits were made at Genoa and at Novara, the former residence of the Anglo-Italian Legion. In the first of those cities the searches produced no result, but it appears that at Novara the authorities discovered a depot of arms. Notwithstanding those precautions, and the vigilance of our frontier guards, a hundred young men, unarmed, succeeded in entering the Duchy of Modena, and assembled at a point close to the village of Parmignola, where they found an ample supply of arms. Their captain, named Ratti, a native of Spezzia, gave those young men to understand that the inhabitants of Carrara would rise on their approach. They accordingly marched in that direction, after disarming the Modenese custom officers, and seizing on a few thousand zwanzigers belonging to the Administration. They then destroyed the telegraphic communication between Sarzana and Massa. That interruption, however, was of short duration, the insurgents having been completely dispersed by the gendarmerie of the reigning duke, near Ortoaro. Twenty of them, who were fortunate enough to recross the frontier, are now in the hands of the Sardinian authorities. That insane attempt has greatly increased the irritation against Austria. The people cannot be persuaded that she was a stranger to the affair. Many are of opinion that it was in anticipation of that movement the Austrians had thrown bridges across the Po on four different points, and, among others, at Casalmaggiore and Solarolo. Others affirm that Austrian agents, well known at Lombardy, have been seen at Turin and at Genoa. I know not how far these imputations may be founded. I mention them merely with a view to give you an idea of the state of public opinion."

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS—BARBAROUS TREATMENT.

A letter from Parma, the 24th July, published in the *Dritto* of Turin, says that, on the evening of the 22d, the prisoners still uncondemned had been bronght back to Mantua from Parma. There only remained, therefore, at Mantua those under sentence for the disturbance of the 22d July last year, and those are expected at Parma in a few days. The same letter adds, that Dr. Leonida Fanti, who was among the prisoners, had lost his reason in consequence of the ill-usage he was subjected to, and after three months' imprisonment, during which time he was obliged, notwithstanding his delirium, to sleep on the bare floor, and after passing a month in the military hospital, on account of the obstinacy of the Austrian doctors, who maintained that his delirium was all sham, had been at length transferred to a lunatic asylum.

MAZZINI ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

A new interest has been given to the Italian question, by what we may term a State Paper addressed by Mazzini to M. Manin, in which the latter is severely taken to task for his sudden affection for the House of Savoy; and the Piedmontese question is stated with much force and earnestness. Mazzini pronounces for the doctrine, "Break your chains, and be king of yourself," instead of the principle enunciated by Manin, "Agitate your chains, and choose your king," and then proceeds: "It is time to speak the truth to Italy, without hesitation. Men who continually sacrifice their convictions to the calculations of present expediency—men who await the solving of the Italian problem from abroad, and not from the country itself, can ill guide it—men who, after having cursed the delusions of '48, call upon Italy to retrace that path of sorrow and shame, more than misdirect it—men who have seen the people victorious upon ten different points of Italy, while the regular army, ill led and betrayed, succumbed, and yet declare that the people cannot conquer without the regular army, are incoherent—men who believe that by a few doubtful declarations and by false adulation we may win over the regular army and the Government that directs it—men who whisper that, at the price of apostacy, we may have a Piedmontese initiative—men who, after there has been so much bragging of volcanoes ready to explode, do not cry with one voice to the country, 'Take shame to thyself and arise!'—these men, either consciously or unconsciously—from a want of head or heart—are unfaithful to the cause of the nation, and the nation ought to reject their counsel whatever name they bear. That army for which you are ready to forget the entire nation we shall have with us. It is an Italian army; it is brave; it does not forget; and it feels as we feel it, the hatred of the foreigner. But we shall only have it by rising armed ourselves, to invoke the aid of its arms."

MARITIME LAW AND THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

From the London Star.

The influence exerted by the new world upon the traditional policy of the old, is not a grateful topic to the governing classes of Europe, and hence they say as little as possible about it. It is with the greatest reluctance, indeed, that they can be brought to acknowledge the fact every day forced upon their attention, that—without partaking ostensibly and formally in the politics of Europe—the mere existence of powerful communities that have sprung into vigorous life on the other side of the Atlantic must, for the future enter as an essential element into the account whenever the affairs of the civilized world have to be adjusted. Few people are aware, for example, that the new principle which the belligerents in the late war adopted towards neutral powers at sea arose out of representations made by the United States, to the effect that "the right of search," for which we did battle with them in 1812, would no longer be submitted to. Nothing was said by our statesmen and diplomatists of the real motive which induced our Government to "suspend," during the war with Russia, the exercise of its old "belligerent rights;" and as our people know nothing of the secret correspondence that was carried on between Lord Clarendon and Mr. Buchanan, they have, of course, considered this more humane and courteous treatment which neutral flags have received, during the late war, as an act of homage on our part to the advanced civilization of the age.

The Americans are now taking another step in a path which, we predict, the rest of the world will be induced to follow, and from which we can foresee far greater consequences to the interests of civilization and humanity than from anything else likely to spring out of the blood and smoke of the siege of Sebastopol. It will be remembered that, at the late Peace Conference in Paris, a declaration was signed, pledging the great Powers of Europe to exert their influence to put down the practice of privateering in case of future wars between maritime States, and the Governments represented at that Conference undertook to invite the powers not represented there to become parties to the agreement. It appears, by late intelligence from Washington, that the American Government have met the invitation with a counter proposal, offering to go a great deal farther, and put down the robbery of private property at sea altogether. *And we have not the slightest doubt that, eventually, the European powers will be compelled to acquiesce in this overture;* for, as the United States are now the greatest maritime nation in the world, as measured by the only real standard, their mercantile tonnage, there can be no maritime international law enacted to which they are not assenting parties.

The Americans say, and say truly: "We have no large fleets like England and France; we have only one line-of-battle ship in commission. In case of war, therefore, we must rely on our merchant vessels for carrying on operations, at least for the first six or twelve months; and we should call upon our citizens to turn every private ship into a vessel of war. These *you* call privateers, but their mission would be precisely that of your royal and imperial navies—to capture or destroy everything afloat belonging to the enemy; and where is the difference in the scale of justice, morality, or reason, between doing those acts by means of vessels built expressly for the purpose, or by others which were originally designed for better uses?" There is no answering this logic, for the common sense and the natural conscience of mankind are on its side.

But the American Government does not stop here. "If," say they, "you are sincere in wishing to put down privateering, abolish the piratical system on which it subsists; treat private property at sea on the same principle of inviolability by which it is now every where guarded and secured by civilized warfare, on

land. Why should the merchandise of a private citizen be safe from spoliation by an army when found in his warehouse on shore, and not be equally secure from plunder by a navy when in his floating warehouse at sea?" Again there is no answering this reasoning. Indeed, no attempt is made by writers on the law of nations to assign any ground for the distinction hitherto drawn between private property on land and private property on sea, except the arbitrary ground of custom, a plea which, if we ascend a little further back in the history of the world, may be urged with equal force in defence of a hundred other barbarous usages in war which have been gradually abolished by the general consent of mankind. And as the present proposal comes from a power which can insist upon being dealt with according to rules of fairness and justice, there is little doubt that it will ultimately become the international law of the civilized world. The consequences will be vast and almost incalculable.

We shall have to recur, again and again, to the bearings of this question on the interests of peace and humanity. Meanwhile we draw the attention of our readers to what is going on, with this single word of comment, that *second only to the regret we feel that England has not had the honor of propounding this new doctrine, would be our sorrow to find, that she sets herself in unavailing opposition to its adoption.*

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Irish News:

Sacramento, July 20th, 1856.

Dear Sir—Since my last communication to you, the inquisition calling themselves the "Vigilance Committee," have held session, and, contrary to the general belief that it was only to be a temporary demonstration, still maintain their position. They have usurped all the powers of Government—set the Goverment proclamation at defiance, and arrested some of our most respected citizens at a public meeting called by themselves, because those citizens acted on their right as Americans to give free expression to their opinions. They dragged them through the streets by bands of men armed with muskets and bayonets—imprisoned them in cells, and otherwise treated them with brutality; such as handcuffing them together, and other acts of indignity that the writer would not name. They have tried by those means to create a reign of terror; but the *true* Americans in California cannot be easily intimidated. They are too true to the Republic under which they live, to succumb to a party here who don't conceal their design of separating this State from the constellation of the Stars and Stripes.

The *True Californian* "pitches into" the *Sun* for its report and article on the outrageous acts of the Vigilance Committee, on Monday night, 14 July. The *Sun*, in its issue of the 18th, says:

Our information regarding the proceedings was derived from respectable and truthful gentlemen, and not from "mendacious reporters." In their testimony and word, we placed the most implicit reliance, and assume, and still assume, the responsibility of their statements.

We have not had the time, neither the disposition, to hunt up testimony to sustain our report of the meeting, neither do we deem it necessary. We will however state, that we are informed that Mr. Jacob Ritchie, an honest, peaceable, and hard-working man, was one of the unfortunates who voted No, and in reply a crowd of Vigilantes rushed upon him, and carried him to the cells of the Inquisition, where he still remains, handcuffed, and, we understand, sentenced to banishment. We state this as one of the many instances of oppression and outrage which characterized the Sharron meeting, on the authority of Messrs. Hamilton, Bowie, Clary and Owner, who were present, and within fifteen feet of Mr. Ritchie. Thus, it seems, a peaceable and quiet man, for simply answering a question, which is put to every speaker almost at a political meeting, and is so far from being uncommon that it is almost universal, is seized, hand-cuffed, imprisoned and banished. Some fifteen or twenty others, for a similar offence, were treated in the same manner, except the banishment. Among the rest was Mr. Mike Hayes, the superior in all that constitutes the good citizen and upright man, of those who concocted, planned, and carried out the Montgomery street meeting. We will let him speak for himself.

The *True Californian* says: After that had happened, and a wholesome terror had been inspired in their companions, the proceedings were marked by the usual courtesy, which, with few exceptions, has always characterized the citizens of San Francisco in public meeting assembled. No man was prevented from voting, and the proof of this is in the fact, that when the votes on the resolutions were re-taken, every man opposed to them voted just as loud as he pleased.

No wonder, after such "a *wholesome terror*" had been inspired, that the meeting was very "harmonious," and the resolutions passed "unanimously." He would have been silly indeed, who would have jeoparded his liberty by protesting against the proceedings; for, with the Vigilance Committee at their back, we are willing to acknowledge the wire-workers had the power to do as they pleased.

We are also informed that several Vigilantes were taken prisoners that night at the meeting, (not being recognized), and put into a cell. But what is more singular still, they were the only parties who had arms, and seemed prepared for a death-struggle. In the excitement, however, their courage, like Falstaff's, oozed out of their finger ends, and they even forgot the magic pass-word and the mystic grip of the "order."

The following is from Mr. Hayes' statement:

In common with many others disapproving of the objects of the meeting, I was not afraid to give utterance to my dissent in a quiet and orderly manner; and when I found a desire to withhold the reading of letters, for causes which are now well known, after demand had been repeatedly made by one of the officers of the Vigilance Committee, I joined in the call to have the communication given to the meeting. Without any other provocation for violence, I was set on, each time I spoke, until, finally, I was dragged to Sacramento street by a party of men who turned a deaf ear to my remonstrances and claims as an American citizen. Did any act of mine, on Monday evening, justify this high-handed treatment?

I would not ask public attention to the wrong done me, but satisfied that the most captious could not condemn my conduct on that occasion, my imprisonment I consider unjustifiable. On reaching Fort Vigilance, I was conveyed through files of armed men to the presence of a person styled Chief of Police, and searched, when *hand-cuffs* were placed on me, and thus bound to another person, who was unfortunate enough not to applaud at the meeting and escape the tyranny of the Committee. To add to the irksomeness of confinement, we were forbidden to speak to those who were acquaintances, and who happened to act as guards. On Tuesday I was brought before a body of three men. Witnesses under oath stated that their opinion was that I wanted to break up the meeting; and one swore *positively* he heard me give "three cheers for the Vigilance Committee." This last piece of testimony was in keeping with the rest, and showed how easily he might be mistaken, as it is unnecessary to state I do not favor or admire that organization. I was then sent back and told my case would be taken under advisement.

Others, in like manner, underwent examination; and, on discovering that the charges were false, on Wednesday I was allowed to quit my place of confinement. Some members of the Committee came to me before leaving, and attempted to apologize for my long detention. They were not opposed to the free expression of public opinion, and at a public meeting a man had the right to vote as he thought proper. One of the daily papers, the morning after my arrest, stated I was among those who had attempted to disturb the meeting, and had drawn a weapon with the intention of using it. This I emphatically deny, and from whatever source the information was derived, it is no less untrue. It could only have come from a very fertile imagination.

The foregoing statement I submit to the public, confident that all will condemn this attempt to deprive citizens of the right of expressing their opinions on subjects in which every one has a common interest.

M. Hayes.

San Francisco, July 17, 1856.

A correspondent from Keystone Valley, Yuba County, who has been in the mountains for some weeks, and who, as he says himself, has made it his business to canvass the opinions of the people in the mountains, writes that a large majority of them for thirty miles round this locality, are now thoroughly disgusted with the Committee, and that a feeling of indignation is fast gaining ground at their continued usurpation of those powers which rightfully belong to the legally constituted authorities. From personal conversation with the miners and agriculturists, endorsed by the assurances of acquaintenances, who live in the various mining localities north of this beautiful Valley, I am enabled to assure the citizens of San Francisco, that the people *did* endorse the acts of the Committee, in the hanging of Casey, and many of them approved their course in the hanging of Cora, but, *all* their subsequent acts have been looked upon with suspicion. The people in the Mountains will repudiate to a man any attempt, either open or covert, to consummate that which appears *now* to be the main object of the Committee, viz: Secession from this glorious Union. It will be hardly credited that the most base and contemptible expedients are now being brought to bear in several portions of Sierra county, to manufacture public opinion in favor of the San Francisco Vigilance Committee, one of which I will now relate. There are memorials placed in almost every ranch on the usually travelled roads, which are sought to be signed by the unwary, setting forth that the miners are now called upon to give an expression of opinion as to whether they will be ruled and governed by rowdies, bullies, gamblers, ballot box stuffers, or whether they will Vote for the virtuous, good, moral *law and justice* parties of the community, as exemplified by the Vigilance Committtee of San Francisco. When such an issue is presented, of course the miners will unhesitatingly approve the latter. These memorials are being prepared, *numerously signed*, for what purpose, God only knows; if for political purposes, the concoctors of this scheme, and their intermediaries, will find themselves in the "wrong box" at the fall election. I most unhesitatingly assert, that were the issue now made (in the mountains North of Marysville) between the Vigilants and their adherents, and the stern Democracy, the latter could roll up an overwhelming majority. The people round Camptonville, Young's Hill, Galena, Railroad Hills, (making some two thousand) and all the mining localities within an area of two miles square, will, with but few exceptions, stand up for the great Democratic principles. They do not believe in any self-constituted "mercantile oligarchy" usurping their prerogatives, *nor will they much longer submit to it.*

There is one subject which is now agitating the public mind in this vicinity to no inconsiderable extent, which is the kidnapping of Judge Terry of the Supreme Court. Those "Arnolds" of the S. F. Vigilance Committee must recollect that there are now pending some very important cases on appeals to the Supreme Court (which would now be in session but for their treasonable acts), in which the legality and constitutionality of the "Settler's Bill," of last session, is called in question. The people in the mountains—honest, hard working farmers, the yeomen of the country—will not allow their rights to be trampled on much longer, even if they have to face an army of twenty thousand alien bayonets. Let the usurpers, then, Beware!! Don't let them place too much confidence in their treasonable presses, which are howling "Treason" from week to week, or, depend on it, they will be deceived. I am now speaking the sentiments of thousands, and I call God to witness ths truth of these assertions. I enclose you my name and address (not for publication), and am prepared to substantiate all I have written above, on the testimony of *thousands* of *credible witnesses.* These are bold assertions; but events are now arrived at such a crisis, that the people in the mountains are determined to avenge, if needs be, this unwarrantable usurpation of their free will. They want the Supreme Court in session for the regular July term; they want their *land cases* decided on; they want quiet; they want the Vigilance Committee to disband, and the ring-leaders to be tried by the Federal Courts for Treason! the same as the ring leaders of the Kansas riots are now being tried.

The mining prospects on the Main, Middle and South Yubas, are more flattering this season than ever known before; the cause is the continued hot weather; (thermometer at 100 and 110 deg. in the shade), is melting every particle of snow in the mountains, and consequently the Yuba will be but a mere rivulet for some months to come; the miner will be able to work the bed of the river *thoroughly*, a circumstance which is worthy of note, and an event *that has never transpired before* in California. So soon as the rainy season sets in, you may expect to see the miners at the Bay, with bushels of the precious "ore," that is, if it will be safe for them to come and express an opinion in opposition to the *will* of the usurpers. More anon from

Veritas.

Great Riot at Yreka.

We have to record a dreadful and disgraceful riot at Yreka, on the 4th inst., and which is not probably yet stayed. From the Yreka *Union*, Extra, of June 6th, we take the following extracts:

On the 4th of July a man named John Blunt was shot dead by Deputy Sheriff James Millhouse. The particulars of the homicide are, as far as we have been able to learn as follows:

Deputy Sheriff James Millhouse, seeing a man named John Blunt in the act of kicking in the door of a Chinese brothel, attempted to arrest him. Blunt resisted, and threatened to whip the officer. Words passed between the parties, when Blunt's friends took him away. The officer followed, and in a second effort to make his arrest, was pushed back by Blunt, who this time raised his arm to strike, but was prevented. The excitement becoming great, Blunt's friends shouted to him to "Run!" This he did, but was pursued by the Deputy Sheriff, who on reaching him again, demanded his surrender. Blunt took hold of the officer, beat him badly, and again disappeared. The officer, however, arose to his feet, and was soon at Blunt's side again. This time Blunt struck him, and moved off. The officer drew, and fired two shots without effect. Blunt then advanced toward the officer, and on reaching within a foot or two of him, received a ball immediately below the base of the neck. He had but time to stagger across the street, when he expired. One or two others were injured in the struggle.

The occurrence created great excitement among the miners in the vicinity, and an effort was made to rescue the prisoner from the custody of the law. The Sheriff, however, with prompt assistance kept him secure.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, a large crowd of those who were anxious to rescue the prisoner, assembled in front of several houses inhabited by Chinese prostitutes, broke open the doors, turned the inmates into the street, and chased them forcibly to the outskirts of the town. In the chase the crowd yelled, danced and shouted most violently, and the frail prostitutes, frightened almost to death at the demonstration against them, ran and stumbled headlong before them. It is said that several robberies were committed in these houses, and that one of the women, whilst flying through the street, was knocked down and robbed of $750.

As soon as the result of the protracted struggle became known, and the death of Blunt was announced, a number of miners from Greenhorn Creek, at which deceased had resided, raised the cry of "hang him! hang him!" [illegible] for a Vigilance Committee!" and other expressions equally indicative of the rising fury. Before the doors of the building in which the Sheriff had his office could be closed, the crowd made a rush to enter the building and rescue the prisoner from the custody of the law. A short and sharp struggle occurred in front of the door beween the Sheriff's officers and the crowd, which resulted in the defeat of the latter.

During the latter part of the afternoon, a bloody fist fight took place between two men, one of whom was in favor of hanging Millhouse and the other opposed to it. After a sharp contest the law and order man got the best of the fight.

Saturday, July 5th, 1856.

During the day, several volunteer companies were organized, to support the Sheriff in case of emergency—all of them are well armed, and determined to put down, at all hazards, any attempt to override the laws.

Several days since, two poor Chinamen were most barbarously murdered, and yet we have not heard that "the all-seeing eye" has penetrated the veil of mystery which hangs over the affair. We have been told that when justice doffed the ermine, and arrayed herself in "gunny bags," crime would no longer be able to escape her dreaded glance, nor its perpetrators go unwhipped—but, perhaps, the killing of a Chinaman is not a crime under the new code.

The estimated damage by the recent fire at Marysville is $145,000. No lives were lost, although several of the Firemen were more or less burned or singed. The books and furniture of the California Steam Navigation Company were destroyed.

It is said that no less than 33 persons are at present held in "durance vile" in the dungeons of the Inquisition on Sacramento street.

To show the organization and object of this party I give you the annexed:

From a card published by the "Independent National Guard," we, of San Francisco, publish the following—

"Resolved, that this corps do now re-organize under the name of the Independent National Guard, holding ourselves subject only to such rules and regulations in sustaining the cardinal interests of the community as our best judgment may dictate, hereby repudiating all connection with the present State authorities."

As I have already warned the Eastern merchants of the failures they might expect, I annex the following copy of failures from the 26th of June till the 12th of July:

Failures:

Date.	*Name.*	*Amount.*
June 26	Marriott & Wheeler	$109,081
June 26	Laumeister & Roll	12,000
June 26	C. L. North	90,000
June 26	Ethan Boies	38,000
July 3	B. Nason	11,000
July 5	W. H. Duren	
July 7	W. T. Boardman	13,500
July 7	E. T. Boardman	
July 8	Alton, Welch & Co.	45,000
July 9	R. H. Elam	85,000
July 9	B. R. French	83,000
July 9	A. Walrath	
July 9	F. Neufelder	
July 10	M. Cohn	60,000
July 10	B. Rosenwig	
July 11	Simon J. Simon	8,127
July 12	John Wilson	31,000

There are many more reported but I decline to give names, satisfied that the Eastern merchants will look to themselves.

As the affair now stands, no man knows how long his head will be on his shoulders. Probably the writer of this may, for thus freely expressing himself, be made a victim.

We have much faith here that the Government at Washington will settle the matter by an order to Gen. Wool to put down this rebellion. If not, this State is lost to the Union.

Hard Facts.

P. S.—A telegraphic report has just arrived telling that the city of Nevada has been laid in ashes.

More Indian Depredations. Yesterday, says the St. Paul, Min., *Democrat*, of July 31st, Mr. Wm. A. Hill, located near Rice Lake, informed us that on Sunday morning a band of Mille Lac Chippewa Indians, consisting of 7, visited the farm where he and his brother resided, and plundered his shanty of everything valuable, carrying off their entire stock of provisions, clothing, &c. At the time the Indians made the foray, Mr. Hill was absent, but his brother Henry was at home. He not thinking it judicious or safe for him alone to attempt resistance against such odds, decamped. When the two brothers returned to their cabin, they found a barrel and a half of flour, a lot of pork, and all their clothes missing. The Indians also destroyed their crops, leaving behind them incontestible marks of no friendly visitation.

Many of the wells and springs within a few miles of Wheeling, Va., it is said, have been completely dried up within a few days. A gentleman from Middle Wheeling Creek informs the editor of the Wheeling *Argus*, that in many places not a drop of water is to be seen in its usually well filled channel.

The Paducah (Ky.) *Democrat*, says there is a great demand for mechanics of all kinds in that place.

Irish News.

On the subject of the English and Irish Metropolitan Police, the *Dublin Telegraph* has an interesting article. It says that the Dublin Metropolitan Police Bill, introduced by Mr. Horsman in the present session, has been withdrawn, and it is likely that a similar measure may be proposed in the ensuing year. It may not be devoid of interest or utility to glance at the comparative labors and emoluments of the metropolitan magistrates of the English and Irish districts. In the English districts the custody cases for the year 1855 appear, by the criminal returns just published, to have been 68,505, which were disposed of by 23 magistrates, whose salaries amount to £27,900. During the same period, the custody cases in the public district of Dublin metropolis appear to have been 35,634, disposed of by seven magistrates, whose salaries amount to £4,200. Thus an English metropolitan justice disposes of 2,978 cases, and receives a salary of £1,200; whilst the Irish magistrate is required to go through 5,091 cases for £600.

A revival of the project for the extension of the Cork and Bandon line of Railway to Bantry and the west of the county, has been for some time past talked of, and some proceedings to bring the matter to an issue have been lately taken. A preliminary meeting has been held, at which there were present on the part of the Cork and Bandon Railway Company, Messrs. Valentine B. O'Connor, chairman; P. Grehan, deputy chairman; Lord Clinton, M. P.; Sir Matthew Barrington, W. R. Lefanu, C. E.; and H. William Wood, secretary; who were met by Lorn Bernard, M. P., and a number of gentlemen interested in the county through which the proposed extension will run; amongst whom were Willam Bence Jones, J. P., Colonel the Honorable H. B. Bernard, Wm. Leslie, Courtmasherry, J. P.; T. J. Hungerford, J. P.; Alex. Swanston, Bandon, &c. The meeting lasted for a considerable time and resulted in the resolution that the guarantee for the extension of Bandon to Bantry, with the branches to Skibbereen and Clonakilty be increased from 3 per cent. on £5,000 per mile, subject to a revision of the relative taxation as specified.

The *Wexford Independent* extracts the following from the Savannah *Daily Georgian and Journal* of June 11:

"*Medal to Dr. Nunn.*—We have been shown a very handsome gold medal, presented by the Howard Association of Norfolk, to Mr. Nunn, of this city, as a testimonial for his services to the sick of Norfolk, during the terrible epidemic of last summer. On one side are represented the three figures of 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.' On the other the 'Good Samaritan,' ministering to the man who fell among thieves. On one side the inscription, 'I was sick and you visited me.' On the other, 'Presented by the Howard Association of Norfolk, Va.'"

The *Independent* asks—"Should we not be highly proud of being sons of Old Wexford, when thus, almost weekly, we find ourselves called on to notice from the columns of the press in every quarter of the globe, the noble traits of character which distinguish our fellow-countrymen of all professions and grades of life? We feel particular pleasure," it adds, "in congratulating our old school-fellow, Dr. Nunn, in having a son who possesses so many of his own good qualities, carries them into foreign lands, and promises not only to perpetuate, but to add thereto others of his own."

From the Dublin papers we learn that an intelligent and most respectable audience crowded the Theatre of the Mechanics' Institute to hear the third of the series of lectures by the Rev. Dr. Cahill—the theme being "The Republic of America." The eloquent doctor, we are told, commenced by a brief yet graphic and comprehensive review of the governments and dynasties of ancient history, and showed their influence on modern institutions. Referring to the existence of slavery in the American Republic, he denounced it as unjust and impolitic, and a blot on the escutcheon of the "Union." He also referred to the influence which Irish emigration exercised on American institutions, and concluded by stating that whenever injustice was sought to be done to this country, or oppression enforced, the Irish people would always have the sincere sympathy and best wishes of the American Republic.

The annual show of the County Cork Agricultural Society came off a fortnight since in the Corn Exchange. The number of cattle exhibited was large. The splendid short-horned bull of Mr. Coppinger, which obtained the first prize in the Dublin show, and was purchased at an expense of one hundred and forty guineas, at the Cork exhibition stood only second in its class, that of Colonel Stawell being adjudged the first. In sheep a similar improvement was observable. The show of pigs was not so large, though excellent as to quality. Some fine cart stallions were on exhibition also. There was a limited show of poultry. Besides the show of cattle, there were also to be seen a great variety of grasses and vegetables, as well as a small show of dairy produce.

In Ireland the movement to obtain the half-holiday on Saturday is rapidly gaining on the good-will of those in whose power it is to bestow it. At a meeting of the wholesale druggists' assistants, held recently in Dublin, it was resolved to lay a statement on the subject of the Saturday half-holiday before their employers, in the hope they will second the good work already commenced by the wholesale Manchester and woollen houses in Dublin. There are upwards of a hundred hands employed in this branch of trade, and it is generally believed that no trade can accord the boon with less disadvantage than the wholesale druggists.

William Gernon, barrister-at-Law, has been appointed Secretary to the Commissioners of Charitable Donations and Bequests, in the room of Mr. Daniel McDermott, appointed one of the Divisional Magistrates of Metropolitan Police, *vice* the late Mr. Richard Bourke. She salary of the Secretary of Bequests is £400 per annum.

The *Waterford News* regrets that the house of Joseph Humphries & Son, millers, have stopped payment. Their liabilities are supposed to amount to about £5,000. It is said that 10s. or 15s. in the pound will yet be derived from the effects of the Messrs. Humphries.

The superintendent's office at the Drogheda station of the Dublin and Belfast Railway was lately entered, and about £200 in half-notes, the property of the superintendent, G. S. Mears, Esq., together with a sum of money, the property of the company, abstracted from the desk. The burglars are not known.

The cereal crops, the *Dundalk Democrat* informs us, are progressing fast to maturity, under very warm sunshine. Wheat will be a very early crop and also barley. Oats are a little backward. Symptoms of blight appear in the potatoe crop in a few places.

R. S. Hayes, Esq., coroner, lately held an inquest, in the board-room of Naas workhouse, on the body of a man named Owen Quinn, who died on a car, whilst an application was making for his admission into the workhouse hospital. It appeared that on the previous evening he applied for a night's lodging at the house of a widow woman residing in Ballymore Eustace, named Kelly, which was granted him; that during the night he complained of a pain in his stomach, which increasing, he wished for the attendance of a clergyman, who arrived, and administered to him the rites of the Catholic Church. In the meantime another messenger was despatched to the residence of George Wolfe, Esq., J. P., one of the ex-officio guardians of Naas Union, for an order for his admission, on the receipt of which he was driven to Naas in a cart, but immediately on his arrival he died. This being the only information the jury could receive, it was thought advisable to have an adjournment, to allow time for making a *post mortem* examination. From the evidence of Dr. Kellett, the verdict returned was, "Died from natural causes."

Acting-Constable Fitzmaurice charged two militia-men, named Farrell and Brennan, before the Maryboro' magistrates, with assaulting him when in discharge of his duty. Farrell was breaking down a travelling show erected in the Market Square, and when ordered to desist attacked one of the players. The owner of the theatre coming out gave Farrell in custody to the police. On the way to the barracks, the accoutrements of the police were torn by the militiaman and his comrade, who came to his assistance. They were ordered to pay 8s. compensation for the damaged articles.

Mr. Rossborough, the Respondent in the case of Rossborough v. Boyce, now occupying the attention of the House of Lords, was a clerk in the employment of Smith & Son, newsagents London and Dublin, and married a young woman, heir-at-law of Cæsar Colclough. He is now in the possession of the mansion of Tintern Abbey, county Wexford, and the Irish estates of Mr. Colclough, but it is doubtful if he will contine to hold them.

A child three years old, has been burned to death in the house of its father at Erry, Maryborough, near the town of Clara. The mother left the house to bring in some water from a well, about sixty perches distant. On her return she found the clothes of the child in flames, and the poor child so miserably burned that it died soon after. An inquest was held by James Dillon, Esq., coroner, and a vedict of accidental death was returned.

An unfortunate occurrence has taken place at Shannon-bridge. A boatman, named Patrick Tanner, became intoxicated and quarrelled with one of his fellow-boatmen. Both fell into the Shannon. Being extricated, Tanner renewed his quarrel. He struck the engineer several times with a fire-shovel, which Carter took from him, and gave him a blow on the face with his hand, which knocked him overboard. Tanner was drowned. Carter immediately surrendered himself to the police.

The Directors of the Young Men's Society of Cork have induced the Very Rev. Dr. Murray to visit their city, early in the ensuing month, for the purpose of delivering four lectures to the Institute. Professor Dr. Murray is well known by many of the clergy, who derived much of their professional knowledge under his teaching. As a man of letters, his position is defined and acknowledged. A *literateur* of great eminence did not hesitate publicly to declare him "the best living writer of the English language."

The *Cork Examiner* denies on authority the statement recently put forth in the *Freeman's Journal*, that preparations are being made at Killarney, the seat of the Earl of Kenmare, for Queen Victoria's reception. The *Examiner* says that no preparations of the sort are in progress, and moreover, the Queen will not become the guest of his lordship.

On Tuesday three weeks the wife of a farmer named Egan, who resides on the Galway side of the Shannon, not far from Banagher, left her house to bring some water. Her return being delayed, her family went to ascertain the cause of her detention. They found her quite dead near the well, having evidently fallen down in an an epileptic fit, to which she was subject, and been suffocated.

The *Cork Examiner* describes the squadron at Queenstown: "The stately bulk of the Duke of Wellington floats in the deep water close to Whiteport; the Conqueror lies a little removed from the Duke, while the despatch gun-boats, Mohawk and Lapwing, are moored at the quay of Haulbowline. The mortar-boat, the Forth, lies near the Conway, and the Hogue is anchored at some distanee in the man-of-war roads. It is said that this forms only part of a larger squadron intended for Lisbon."

Denis Malone, a strolling bellman, was also summoned for disturbing the same booth. Mr. Ferguson, the owner, proved the case. On being asked was it in the character of Romeo he appeared in on that occasion, he said he had taken the part of the First Robber, receiving the money at the door. The charge was dismissed.

At the Consistorial Court, Dublin, the Rev. William Berresford has been deprived of his benefice. The Rev. Mr. B. had, on the 4th of Nov., 1848, uttered a certain forged instrument, called a bill of exchange, for the sum of £100, with intent to defraud one Samuel Laycock, and being tried for the offence on the 8th of December, 1855, was found guilty and sentenced to transportation for life.

The *Cork Constitution* informs us that the Royal Humane Society has awarded Commander Berresford a silver medal for his daring. While in the Bosphorus, at the imminent peril of his life, he leaped overboard and saved a soldier from drowning.

The house of the Rev. Mr. O'Hanlon, P. P., Duleck, has been feloniously entered, and a chalice and a quantity of clothes carried off. Three persons suspected as the burglars have been committed to gaol by the Mayor of Drogheda.

The weather, for the last three or four weeks, about Roscrea has been rather cold and windy, with occasional showers and sunshine. The potatoe crops, however, are quite safe and luxuriant, and give a promise of a very abundant yield.

At the July fair of Dundalk, the business transacted was considerable. Young pigs were in great demand. In the horse fair there were some agricultural horses and a few good roadsters, some of which changed owners at excellent prices.

At Maryborough Chapel, 972 persons were lately confirmed by the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, R. C. Bishop of the Diocese of Kildare and Leighlin.

The Earl of Portarlington has imported from Syria to Emo Park, Queen's county, a splendid Arab sire.

Everyone is aware by this time, says the *Nation*, of the cheerful reception which Justice Keogh has met with, not only from the day on which he took his seat on the Bench, but in his subsequent provincial 'progress.' To judge from appearances, he is a popular Judge—having been received in Court, and in several towns with such an eclat that one would think he had been tempering justice with mercy for half a century at least. Many are puzzled to account for his success, and regard him as a favored child of Madame Fortune, who favors him wherever he roves. There are individuals, however, more than a few, who stand behind the scenes and see how the wires are pulled and they will tell you that not even a cheer is to be had in this degenerate age without its being paid for. In fact, they account for the magnificent ovations he had met with by stating that the enthusiasts who composed each welcoming throng were no other than certain persons with an outlived gratitude for past or future events.

A singular occurrence has taken place in the Gleneaske mountains, county Sligo. A large number of sheep, not less than a hundred, were killed in a few nights in those mountains by foxes. One man lost 19 sheep out of a flock of twenty in one night. Another man lost fifty, and Mr. Downing, the proprietor of the property on which the havoc was committed, and who resides at Bonnecolan, lost twelve splendid sheep. The carcases, many of them much mangled, were removed to Ballins for sale, and were bought by the butchers at from 6d. to 1s. each. The meat was afterwards sold at from 4d. to 6d. per lb. to the townpeople.

The *Nation*, in an answer to correspondents, says it's quite true that Mr. Duffy broke with some of the foremost men in Sidney rather than permit the governor, Sir William Dennison, to be honored as a toast at his banquet, because in Van Diemen's Land Sir William Dennison had embittered O'Brien's bondage by mean and vindictive cruelty. It is also true, continues the *Nation*, that at Melbourne a few zealous factionists took exception, at Mr. Duffy's frank declaration that he was 'still a rebel to the back-bone and marrow.'

Mr. Thomas Bennett, of Grafton street, Dublin, has just completed to the order of the Officers of the Royal Cork City Artillery, a very handsome large size Snuff box, gilt inside, bearing the family crest, and following inscription:—"Presented by the officers of the Royal Cork Artillery, on the disembodiment of the Regiment, July 1857, to Lieut. Col. A. J. Wood, as a small token of their esteem and regard, in memoriam rei."

John B. Hyndman, Esq., city coroner, Dublin, has held an inquest at Mitchell's-court, Townsend street, on the body of a young woman named Mary Fleming, who perished in consequence of injuries received by her coming in contact with a portion of the machinery at the cotton spinning factory of Messrs. Pim, at Greenmount, Dolphin's barn.

The *Nation* hails with gratification the birth of the Mullingar Young Men's Society. With the sanction of the Spiritual Guardian the *Telegraph* has been rejected as unfit for the perusal of the Young men of Mullingar. Thus, from Cork to Manchester, York, and Mullingar, Mrs. Primrip, says the *Nation*, has the door slammed in her face.

The *Kilkenny Journal* is in ecstasies about an excursion to Tramore, on the Waterford and Tramore Railway. The trains were densely crowded. A delicious summer day displayed the beautiful scenery of Tramore in all its glory. In the evening there were Fireworks on the Atlantic parade.

The *Ulsterterman* understands that the carpenters of Belfast are at present out on "strike," arising out of the men wanting to leave off work on Saturdays at two o'clock. Some of the employers were willing to comply with this request, but others insisted upon keeping off a quarter day's wages.

A few days ago, two Scotch steam-boats, the *Caledonia* and the *Ayreshire Lass*, arrived in Belfast harbor with several hundreds of excursionists, from Scotland, on board. The steamers sailed from Ayr, and the excursionists belonged to that town, Glasgow, and the adjoining country districts.

A boy named Thomas Hobbs was picking up some small pieces of timber at Charlotte Quay, Cork, when stretching out too far he fell in. Some soldiers passing down at the opposite side, seeing the boy struggling in the water, called out to some men who were employed loading a vessel at the other side, upon which one of the loaders, named Cronin, jumped into a boat, and rescued the child.

There will be an installation, on a grand scale, it is rumored, of Knights of the Order of St. Patrick, in Dublin, during the autumn. The ceremonial usually takes place in St. Patrick's Cathedral. There are several vacancies in the order.

Lord Castlerosse having accepted the office of Comptroller of her Majesty's household, a new writ for the representation of the county of Kerry, in his room, on Saturday was transmitted to the Sheriff of the county.

The *Dublin Gazette* contains the following names in its list of Bankrupts and Insolvents: John Curell, Jane Curell, and Mary Curell, Belfast, linen merchants, dealers and chapmen, and James McClurkin, late of Glenwheary, county Antrim, farmer.

Ellen Cruise, late of Lower Leeson street, in the city of Dublin, spinster, has, by her will, dated the 7th of April, 1855, bequeathed in trust to Most Rev. Dr. Cullen and others, the sum of £42,000, for Catholic charities in Dublin.

The collection, at Bruff, in aid of the New Cathedral of St. John's, amounted to the magnificent sum of £300. The Very Rev. Dr. Cussen, P.P. V.G, gave £20. This gratifying fact we learn from the *Munster News*.

The retreat in Tuam, was attended by sixty clergymen. The *Castlebar Telegraph* is glad to find his Grace the Archbishop perfectly restored to health. His Grace had for some time much labor in his numerous visitations, owing to the vast numbers receiving the sacrament of confirmation.

The Rev. J. O'Callaghan one of the priests engaged in the Crimea during the war, has arrived in London. The Rev. J. M. Sweeney has also returned to London from the Crimea.

The Iveragh Races, Co. Kerry, were named to come off on the 26th and 27th August, on the course in the immediate vicinity of Cahirciveen.

The name of Mr. Charles P. Tivy appears as governor of the Cork city gaol on the cover of the criminal calendar for the present assizes.

Bernard Somers, Upper Light-House, Wicklow, requests information of a brother and sister who went to Philadelphia, and from whom he has not heard since October, 1853.

Denis Malone, a strolling bell-hanger, and Michael Farrell and Michael Brenñan, have been committed by M. S. Cassan, Esq., for assaulting the Maryborough police, at Maryborough.

The Cattle Show of the Louth Farming Society took place in Ardee, on the 30th of August.

Sentence of death has been passed on Stephen Burns, of the Tipperary Militia, who shot a soldier of the line in the barrack-yard at Nenagh. The jury recommended the prisoner to mercy, and Judge Moore in passing sentence said :

"I believe you acted under circumstances, like the other men convicted, of great excitement, but I am sure you now are deeply conscious that no excitement ought for an instant to have led you to commit the fearful crime of murder, and that against an unoffending man. You did not know the man that fell by your hand. You certainly, as far as I can ascertain, bore him no ill will, but rash and excited, I might say by drink, you deprived that soldier of his life. It is not in my power in the slightest degree to alter or vary that awful sentence of the law, but the recommendation of the jury will be laid by me before the head of the government, but it is not in my power to hold out to you any hopes. I cannot say there is any hope, but all I can say is, that I will transmit the recommendation of the jury to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant."

Arthur Leahy, Esq., Royal Engineers, has returned to Dublin from the Crimea. This distinguished young officer, writes the *Dundalk Democrat*, had been for some years, before the outbreak of the war, stationed in Dublin, where he rendered himself highly popular. Transferred to Corfu in 1853, he there joined the expeditionary army, assisted in the works at Gallipoli, proceeded to Varna and the Crimea, was present at the Alma, and in the famous flank march was entrusted with the charge of the siege implements. Of all the officers who originally took part in that memorable expedition, only forty, we believe, survive who did not for a day desert the field, but steadfastly held on through the rigors of winter and the heats of summer, until peace restored them to their friends and their country. And of these gallant few Mr. Leahy is one.

An inquest has been held by Richard Byrne, Esq., coroner, on the remains of an unmarried woman, named Mary Hodgen, who died in the Louth Hospital, from the effects of an accident in the flax-scutching mill of Mr. J. P. Kelly, Dunleer. Deceased was passing the machinery in the scutching department, and having lifted a portion of the flax from the floor she put it into one of the stocks, when her finger was caught, and using her other hand to relieve herself, both her arms were cut off and a portion of her breast torn. The machinery was at once stopped, and the sufferer extricated. Mr. Kelly did everything he could to have her wants attended to, and had her conveyed to the Louth Hospital, where, after suffering great agony, she expired.

The *Leinster Express* mentions a remarkable incident. A horse was being taken to Old Dunleary Harbor to have his feet washed, and to that end was ridden to the slip, along the road running upon the summit of the sea-wall, upon which is laid the tramway for the stone wagons, when, being startled by the noise of a train in motion in its vicinity, the horse leaped from off the wall into the harbor below. The tide being out, there was not at this time more than a few inches of water. From the rocky nature of the bottom, the most fatal consequences were apprehended, both for the horse and for the child, which remained upon its back. Both escaped without other injury than a cut upon the leg. The horse, as soon as it recovered from its fright, walked to the landing-place.

There is no truth, the *Nation* insists, in the report copied from the *Limerick Observer*, that a court-martial had been held on the militia-men concerned in the riot at Nenagh. The cases are to be handed over to the civil authorities. The Attorney-General is to prosecute. Eighty of the militia are prisoners. A considerable number of the 41st, 47th, and 55th regiments will be examined as witnesses. The parties implicated in the riots at the Templemore races in April last, when about one hundred of the military were wounded, will also be tried.

At Monkstown Races, Co. Cork, Dr. Ashe's *Pick-me-up* won a sweepstakes of 2 sovs each, 20 added—Steeplechase course; Mr. Gibbon's Ariel won the Railway stakes of 5 sovs, 50 added; Mr. Dillon's Blind Harper won a hurdle race of 3 sovs each, 40 added, On Tuesday, Mr. St. John's b. f., the Nugget, won a stakes of 2 sovs each, 20 added; and Mr. Dillon's Blind Harper won the Monkstown stakes of 5 sovs each, 50 added.

At Down Races, Mr. Bradshaw's Commoner won the *North of Ireland* Produce stakes; Mr. Courtray's Cockatoo won her Majesty's Plate; and Mr. Gray's Greencastle won the Ulster stakes. The Fly Handicap, of 1 sov. each, 10 sovs added, was won by Mr. Thompson's b. f. Ugly Doe. On Wednesday, Mr. O'Hara's Paddy Carey won the Tradesmen's Plate; Mr. Wynne's Miss Doll won the Railway Selling Stakes; and Mr. Corry's b. g. Rover won the Brownlow Stakes.

The prospectus has been issued of the London and North of Ireland Fishing and Fish Manure Company, with a capital of £50,000, in £10 shares. The objects are to introduce steam vessels as carriers from the fishing grounds to the railways, and to manufacture fish-manure from the refuse supplied. The fleet is to consist of screw steam carriers of 150 tons each, and twelve welled vessels from 50 to 90 tons.

As a disbanded private of the Wicklow militia, named Freeman, was passing through Maryborough, on his way to his native place, his wife was seized with the pains of labor, prematurely induced by hunger and fatigue. The woman was conveyed to a house, where she was delivered of a stillborn child. Her husband was indebted to the charity of a few individuals of the town for the means of burying the child and procuring nourishment for the unfortunate mother.

We are informed that among the number of tenders received for having the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway finished, and opened to Enniskillen on the 1st of September, 1857, was one from Mr. McCormick, of the firm of Brassy and McCormick, the great contractor who finished the line from Enniskillen to Londonderry. Mr. McCormick completed the line from Enniskillen to Derry, four months before his time for doing so had expired.

A splendid screw steamship called the *Demetrius* arrived in Cork harbor a few weeks since from Marianople with a cargo of wheat. The *Demetrius* is the first steamer that ever left Marianople for commercial purposes, and the first steam vessel that has entered Cork harbor freighted with foreign corn.

Under the auspices of Viscount St. Lawrence, the master of the Kilkenny fox-hounds, and Mr. Bryan, the *Kilkenny Moderator* says that the forthcoming meeting at Jenkinstown must prove a great success. There are four races exclusively for Kilkenny horses—the Hunters' Plate, the Farmers' Plate, the Citizens' Cup, and the Citizens' Plate.

The eminent mathematician, Mr. Matthew Collins, senior moderator, and senior gold medalist, T. C. D., has been appointed resident mathematical master of Kilkenny College.

The following letter concerning the Louth Rifles appears in a Drogheda paper :

"This 'gallant regiment' arrived in our town, per railway, at one o'clock on Tuesday, and then marched, under their distinguished juvenile officers, up to old Millmount Barracks. On the next day (Wednesday) about 90 of them were paid off, and disembodied; and about 50 or 60 more on Thursday. These discharged men are zealously patronizing all the public houses, —some groups roaring 'The Red, White, and Blue,' whilst others, of a different temperament, are rejoicing in their freedom, cheering lustily for old Ireland, and singing, 'The Green above the Red.'

"On yesterday, about half a dozen of these disbanded Curragh heroes were 'marched in good order' before our exellent Mayor, to the Tholsel-office, charged with having been *not* in the best female company. They were all 'attention' whilst his Worship cleverly lectured and fined them, according to their respective military merits. Others, on this day, are sporting new baragon jackets, of good Irish manufacture, and by their steady demeanor, appear worthy of liberty, whilst seeking work; but I have not yet heard that any, either wild or tame, are actually crying after their officers."

A grand match has been played between the Dundalk Cricket Club and eleven Louth gentlemen. A considerable crowd witnessed the play. The game terminated in favor of the Cricket Club, by one run, leaving seven wickets to go down. The club entertained their competitors and some other gentlemen at a *dejeuner* on the grounds in the course of the day.

H. H. Roe, Esq., late principal medical officer and ex-chief magistrate of her Majesty's settlements on the Gold Coast, has arrived at Coolfin, Queen's County, after having completed his third tour of service on the western coast of Africa.

Mr. Thomas McCabe, of Ardee, has been appointed schoolmaster of the Drogheda Workhouse, and the Commissioners have approved of his election. There are 412 paupers in the house, 120 of whom are in hospital.

P. H. Roe, Esq , late principal medical officer and ex-Chief Magistrate of her Majesty's settlements on the Gold Coast, has arrived at Coolfinn, Queen's county, after having completed his third tour of service on the Western Coast of Africa.

The Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice and the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron partook of a *dejeuner* at Lamberton Park, the mansion of the Hon. James Butler. This gentleman is to be High Sheriff of the Queens County next year.

In the list of Crimean heroes, upon whom the Emperor Napoleon has conferred the order of the Legion of Honor, appears the name of Sergeant James Grennan, 88th Connaught Rangers, a native of Maryboro'.

The *Dundalk Democrat* speaks of a sample of flax grown on the farm of Mr. Piers Murphy, of Corereagh; it is a very luxuriant crop, and measures nearly four and a half feet in length. The seed was purchased at Mr. Thomas Regan's, Dundalk.

The Kildare Rifles occupy Naas Barracks at present, relieving the Dublin City Militia, who are quartered at Beggar's-bush barracks, Dublin.

John Hicks, a deserter from the 21st Regiment, has been arrested at Maryborough, during the week. Hicks is from the banks of the Ohio.

The Rev, Martin Browne, P.P., of Balla, has been appointed Archdeacon, in room of Archdeacon MacHale, deceased.

Letter from Charles Gavan Duffy.

Melbourne, April 10th, 1856.

My dear Father Doyle—When this note reaches you it will be close upon twelve months since I placed my seat for New Ross at the disposal of my constituents. Their kindness, and yours, insisted upon substituting a year's leave of absence in place of the immediate resignation which I proposed. In acceding to your wishes I had but faint hopes that a year could materially alter the grounds of my resolution; nor has it, except to increase and strengthen them. The news from Ireland, unhappily, speaks only of intrigue and corruption triumphant, of the small party of honest public men daily more embarrassed and helpless in the midst of popular apathy and of new aggressions upon the liberty of the last class in whom public spirit lingered. I have no right or inclination to play the censor, fifteen thousand miles away, upon particular events, which men at home witness in silence; enough that the reasons which have compelled me to withdraw, have not diminished, but increased. I hope, therefore, you have long since taken the necessary steps to have my seat vacated, and to restore, with my thanks and gratitude to the incorruptible burgesses of New Ross, the right of selecting their representative.

When I left Ireland I thought my position in this country would be long one of retirement from public affairs; but it has proved otherwise. I have been drawn back to them by a reception of such generous and exuberant confidence as left me no choice. If a man can find a second *home* on the earth, I have found it here. I arrived when a new Constitution, of a more liberal power, and more popular in basis than Grattan's in Ireland, was about to inaugurate a new era. Hitherto the boundless public lands, the public revenue, all the patronage of the country, and till recently the gold, were claimed by the crown of England, hereafter every rood of land, every shilling of taxes, every grain of gold, and every public office from the highest to the lowest, with the sole exception of the office of Governor, belong exclusively to the people of the country, acting through a Parliament of their own election. In this new Parliament no less than six constituencies have invited me to represent them; and I have selected one whose chief town is Belfast, who belong largely, I believe, to the land from which that name was imported. A great future undoubtedly awaits this country; and I remark with a mere feeling of pride and sorrow, that the most distinguished men in power and position, men certain to largely influence its destiny, belong to a people denied Constitution, Legislature, or Government at home. You know that people I believe.

You will be anxious to hear something of this country. Judging certainly by the worst months, Febuary and March, the climate is overpraised in the usual books of travel and description. The hot winds prevalent in these months and the swarm of insect life, are hard to endure. But in winter I am assured it is delicious; as indeed many days and weeks are in summer. But what is of more importance, there is a certain competence and even opulence, here for every industrious and sober man, whatever be his calling. Every ejected tenant who can make his way to these shores may now be owner and landlord of a better farm than the one he left behind. To many men and women, however, nothing is compensation for the tender and mystical ties which bind us to our mother country, and I will never counsel any man to leave Ireland who is able, and content, to live there. But it is my solemn conviction that all who must, or will emigrate, will do best to come to Australia.

Whenever I look on the map of Ireland and see the familiar names, so many of which are associated in my memory with men whose labors and friendship I shared, I promise myself before I die, to see you all again. But God knows; at best many a year of toil must intervene before I cross the Equator again. Whether we meet or not, I will always count among my most precious possessions the confidence and affection of the friends and kith and kin, whom I left behind "on the holy hills of Ireland."

Believe me, my dear Father Doyle, always affectionately yours,

C. G. Duffy.

Rev. Thomas Doyle, Ramsgrave.

THE IRISH MILITIA.

We transfer to our columns an article under this heading from the *Dundalk Democrat*. In our modest judgment, it is the best we have seen on the subject :

The disbandment of the militia is rapidly proceeding. Mayo, Down, and several other counties, have already witnessed the corps raised by them, dissolved; and all but the staffs have gone to seek for homes and work wherever they can find them. They are now, we suppose, destined to cut down corn instead of Russian Cossacks, and to dig out potatoes, and level ridges and drills, instead of constructing huts, redoubts, and trenches on the tented field. They have, in fact, been sent to convert their swords into reaping hooks, and their bayonets into spades.

Many persons are apprehensive that the members of this force, when scattered through the country, will become troublesome customers to the police; evil spirits stirring up strife; and that there will, consequently, be heavy criminal calendars to engage the attention of the judges, the crown lawyers, and jurors, at next spring assizes. They state that the militia had better times, both as regards food and clothing, than they had been accustomed to; and that they will endeavor, "by hook or by crook," to live as well after, as before, they were disbanded. The conjecture may be pretty correct; but we are certain that any terrible characters amongst the disbanded force, will not have it all their own way; and that they will be taught to live as quietly as any other civilians in the country. If they desire to live comfortably, let them learn to work hard; to be industrious, sober, and attentive to their business, whatever that may be.

A writer in the *Kilkenny Journal* suggests that every man of them should be enabled to go to America or France, to enlist in the armies of those countries. He says a shilling subscription would soon raise the amount necessary to defray the expenses of their emigration. But why send them away in this manner? Who knows what may turn up in a day or two? Suppose America and England should come to blows; that the alliance with France might fall to pieces; that Napoleon the Third, who is evidently suffering from ill-health, should unfortunately die; and that a Republic should be established in place of the Empire, with a determination to avenge Waterloo; who can say what the Irish nation would resolve on accomplishing for itself?

We think it better to preserve amongst us the members of the disbanded militia? They, by mixing with the rural population, will, doubtless, serve in a great measure to dispel that dread of war which many peasants entertain, and do a great deal to remove the terrors its approaches generally excite.

Had the Irish Militia as a body, gone into action, we have no doubt they would have distinguished themselves, for there were many brave men in its ranks, full of that noble Celtic fire which, if properly led in the shock of battle, sweeps all before it, and in the midst of blood and flame and carnage, carries death and destruction to the foe.

The Irish Militia embarked in the cause of a nation which is the greatest enemy of God and man. Many of them, however, were driven to take that step by cold and hunger, and we are not to look down on them with contempt, on that account. They are now in that condition in which every male adult in the country should be if we were properly ruled. They are drilled, and taught the use of fire-arms. They know all the evolutions, and can practise every mystery of the fighting art. Let us, then, respect them on that account. We may yet require them to defend the island from danger, to expel its foes, to rout its enemies, and protect our homes, our green fields, our altars and firesides from the robber and the invader.

FUNERAL ORATION BY FATHER KENYON.

From the singularly eloquent and touching sermon delivered by the distinguished Parish Priest of Templederry, on the death of the Rev. Mr. Comyn, P. P., we make the following extracts :

FATHER COMYN'S CONNECTION WITH KILKEE.

God lent him to the world at large; and he walked through the world at large with front erect and heavenward, no hollow sham, no empty husk of humanity, but a right royal specimen of God's noblest handiwork. God lent him to Ireland; and he stamped traditions on the cliffs of Kilkee, identifying the Irish chieftain with the Irish priest, as truly and as fully as those olden legends which haunt and hallow the rock of Cashel, where Cormac McCullenan, the bishop-king, wore on his twice anointed temples a mitre and a crown. God lent him to Kilkee; and this spacious church, in which we are to-day assembled, and the grand school-house adjoining, and many of the improvements, both external and internal, of the other churches of the Union—in all which his own private income was largely invested—and that road along the cliffs, unrivalled throughout the spacious earth for the variety, the sublimity, and the beauty of its scenery—all these attest that he was not lent to Kilkee in vain.

HIS TRUTH AND CHIVALRY.

In an age of conventionalities and expediences, and hypocrisies and artifices, amidst a people almost degraded into brutes by centuries of barbarous oppression, robbed year by year, of lands and houses, and corn and cattle, and stockings and shoes, nay, almost robbed of human faces and human souls, starving from day to day upon such garbage as could not well bear exportation by sea, Father Comyn was seen moving through these parishes in the prime of his years and vigor. His port was stately; his aspect frank and genial; sweetness and strength were blended in his manly countenance. The man, in short, was complete in all his outward developments. But what then? In an age of conventionalities and artifices, was that man conventional and artificial? Of a degraded race, did he inherit a slavish spirit? Rather, to a marvellous degree, was our departed brother in the best meaning of the phrase a free child of nature. Innocent, ingenious, impulsive, without guile—a large heart in his bosom, red blood, and plenty of it in his heart—such as he lived in this outward age, abating merely the accidents of his education and profession, he might have lived among the ancient Greeks, and by that imaginative people been worshipped as a demi-god. In the age of the Crusades his banner should flutter amongst the foremost, and for intrepid gallantry and generous devotion to the Cross, the hosts of Europe should furnish no worthier soldier. In the ages of chivalry, no more valiant Paladin, no more courtly knight should roam the earth, to defend unprotected innocence or to exterminate ruffian wrong.

HIS CHARITY AND SWEET TENDERNESS.

Of his Christian charity I shall only allude to one instance, but it is a striking one. You all know Father Corry, from of old. He had been for many years a laborer in this vineyard, and he never spared his labor. After he had gone on another

mission, it pleased God to afflict him with paralysis. He was poor, old and helpless. What was he to do? Ah, he remembered how often he had known Father Comyn to befriend the friendless, to shelter the homeless, to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry, and he said within his enfeebled mind—I shall betake me to Father Michael, and in his charity he will shelter and protect me, and the communion of his generous soul will solace my sad infirmity—and he was not disappointed. Father Michael shared with him as with a brother; and as years rolled on the charity of the protector ripened into affection, and the hope of the befriended strengthened into confidence, until it became affecting to witness their daily intercourse. Father Michael felt lonesome if the poor invalid's place at his table chanced at any time to be empty. Father Corry forgot his paralysis while sporting with his muscular prop. Shall I omit the pathetic conclusion of the story. The strong oak was laid low by a sudden gust of fate, with all its branching honors, and the feeble reed which it had sheltered from the storms of life bowed its head amain, and they rest together.

HIS PATRIOTISM.—A SOLDIER LOST TO THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.

Father Comyn was a patriot from the centre of his being to the uttermost verge of it. His heart glowed with the love of Fatherland. He loved the seas, and the skies, and the green hills, and the gray ruins of holy Ireland. The traditions of her ancient glory were treasured in his memory. Her immemorial idioms flowed melodious from his tongue. Her old music he drank in with a passionate intensity; and the harps of her bards being mute, he was fain to bid it welcome from pipes of her pipers. He was a true, and full, and perfect type of the Irish Celt. Roman Catholic to the core—anti-Saxon to the death, with all the characteristic virtues, and the equally characteristic defects of that generous, loving, brave, faithful, credulous, careless, unfortunate race. In the days of St. Laurence he would have resisted, a crucifix on his breast and a sword in his sinewy hand, any settlement of the Saxons within the seas of Ireland. In the days of O'Neil he would have subscribed, and with a postscript, his reproachful but irreproachable letter to Pope John. At the time of the Confederation, make sure he joined the body guard of Grattan, and scouted the excommunications of the Bishops of the pale. Even in '98, in Wexford county, I doubt if he had not linked himself to the fortunes of Father Roach, to help them, peradventure, to a happier issue. As things were, it is not my purpose either to censure or to approve the precise forms in which his patriotism was actually cast—the precise applications to which it was actually directed. I only testify that the patriotism was genuine, ardent and disinterested; and I conclude the subject by expressing my sorrow that at a time, more urgent perhaps than many people dream of, when God, the avenger, may have decreed to summon guilty empires before the bar of His justice, and to award them their long delayed but inevitable retribution—for nations having no spiritual future must meet their deserts on earth—my deep sorrow that at such a moment Ireland has been deprived of even one, such fearless heart, of even one such stalwart arm.

ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

GALWAY.

The Pollok Ejectments—Galway, July 29.—At the last Assizes there were eighteen cases brought down on trial, in the first of which the Plaintiff being non-suited, the remainder were withdrawn. Subsequently the Court of Common Pleas, set aside the non-suit, and awarded a *venire de novo*. At the present assizes there were only three cases entered for trial. They excite great interest, as did also the presence of Mr. Pollok himself.

The first case tried was that of *Pollok and wife v. Luke Tiernan and others.*

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

The two other cases were then about being proceeded with, when an arrangement was entered into by which the defendants consented to a verdict for the plaintiffs, without costs, and with stay of execution till the 1st of November next, all rent to that day to be forgiven.

COUNTY TIPPERARY (NORTH RIDING).

Murder of Dennis Curley—The Tipperary Mutiny.

Nenagh, July 28.—This day having been fixed for the trial of the several persons connected with the mutiny in the North Tipperary Militia, and the murder of Dennis Curley, a soldier of the 41st Regiment, the court-house, when Judge Moore sat at 9 o'clock, was crowded.

The Right Hon. the Attorney-General, Messrs. George, Q. C., Lynch, Q. C., Rollestone, Q. C., O'Hara, and Waller prosecuted; and Messrs. Johnstone and Hemphill were assigned for the prisoner, Mr. Armstrong, Q. C., being unable to act, owing to the business in the Record Court not being finished.

The prisoner, Stephen Burns, who is a very young man, and of mild appearance, was dressed in the uniform of the militia.

The Attorney-General then proceeded to state that the prisoner, Stephen Burns, was charged with the crime of wilful murder. On Monday, the 7th of July, the North Tipperary Militia were stationed in Nenagh, when a mutiny broke out among some evil-disposed men. The men had been enrolled for five years, but the force was one which, by law, could not be kept up except for 28 days' training in each year, after peace had been obtained. The consequences resulting from that mutiny would not have followed but for the fact that the militia were encouraged by the rabble of the town. The Attorney-General then proceeded to advert to the fact that when the mutiny commenced, the officers had the ammunition removed to the gaol, but a small portion fell into the hands of the militia. The regular forces were sent for to Templemore, and arrived under the command of Col. Hart, who commanded the provisional depot. The soldiers marched to the barracks at Summer Hill, and having got in, were drawn up on three sides of the square, and sentries were told off, including the deceased soldier of the 41st—a man who shared all the dangers of Alma and Inkermann, to fall at last on his return home. Some of the militia remained outside the gate, and the evidence of several witnesses proves that the prisoner fired no less than three times into the barracks, and by the last shot Curley was mortally wounded. Having clearly stated the case, the following witnesses were produced:

John M'Nally examined by Mr. George—I am a private in the 41st Regiment; I was quartered in Templemore before the 8th of July; about 500 of us marched into Nenagh that day; we marched to Summer Hill barracks. I saw the prisoner out the wicket; he was immediately outside; I heard him say that he would have a crack at the medal-man; Curley had a ribbon on him; that was said about two or three minutes after I opened the wicket; I saw him bring his firelock up above his hip-bone, and take it down again; he brought it up again, fired, and Curley fell. I heard a cry outside, the man is killed; I did not know the prisoner before that day; after that shot Burns turned his back, and walked away; I saw him in the prison the next day.

To the Jury—The prisoner raised the gun before he fired; he did not put the gun to his shoulder; it is not usual to fire without raising the gun to one's shoulder; at the time I saw the prisoner fire, five militiamen were standing together.

Patrick Killikelly examined by Mr. Rollestone—I am a soldier in the 41st; I was near the wicket, and could see persons outside; I saw the prisoner outside; I heard the prisoner say, "Clear the way until I have a crack in among them;" after that he brought his piece down; he then stepped up again to the front and said, "I will have a crack at the medal-man;" Curley had a medal; I then saw the prisoner fire the shot; the man fell immediately; the piece was pointed towards the deceased; pointed out the place where the prisoner was standing to a surviver.

Timothy Kennedy examined by the Attorney-General—I am in the Tipperary Militia; I know the prisoner; I recollect the 8th of July; the prisoner had a firelock; I was near Kelly's public house; I saw Burns go across the street, and fire under the large gate of the barracks; he then retired back towards Kelly's house again; I saw him place the firelock on the butt end and begin to load again; he then went across to the small gate, and presented the muzzle of his gun to the key-hole, and fired; he then knelt down partly, and partly looked in; he retired towards Patrick street, and then in three or four minutes he loaded again; he put his hand back to a civilian, but I can't say if he got anything from him; he then advanced to the large gate, and from that removed to the wicket; there was a civilian between him and the gate, and I think he put his gun upon the shoulder of a civilian, and fired, and one of the regular soldiers fell; the wicket was partly open; Burns then retired back; he then went towards Castle street; I heard a great alarm given; before the prisoner fired the third shot, the civilians thought to stop him, and I heard him say he thought he had one down, and he wanted to have another; he was very hearty in liquor.

William Fitzgerald examined—I am a private in the North Tipperary Militia; I was stationed in Pound-street barracks; I left for the Summer Hill Barracks; the gates were shut; the troops of the line were inside; after I got into the barrack square, I saw a soldier wounded; when I came out of the barracks, I saw the prisoner alongside the wicket; I heard Burns say he had been after knocking two down, and he expected to knock down the third; Stephen Burns loaded his piece again; I did not see him afterwards.

Cross-examined—I am three months in the militia; I saw John Burns, one of the militia, fire into the barrack yard; I only saw Burns fire the one shot; he had it up to his shoulder; the door was partly opened when the prisoner fired.

John Potts examined—I am in the Tipperary Militia; I know the prisoner; I saw him fire the first shot on his knees under the wicket; I saw him fire three successive shots; I saw him load again; I saw a man give him ammunition, and he fired through the key-hole of the same gate; I saw him charge again, and fire a third shot; he fired through the same gate when partly open; I could see through the gate then; I saw some of the regulars inside when he fired; after he fired I heard Burns say he had killed one, and he thought he had killed one before; I was about two yards from him at the time—just beyond him.

Mr. Johnston addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner, and dwelt in strong terms upon the conduct of the Government towards the militia. The men in the North and South Ridings had furnished no less than 1550 men to the force, and upwards of 400 had volunteered to fill the vacancies in the regulars occasioned by deaths or disease; and, after all their services, they had been cast off like an old shoe when no longer wanted; and no doubt if they were wanted again for their 28 days' training, they would be available only as a highland regiment, for the Government sought to strip them even of their trousers. Having exonerated the officers of the regiment from all blame, counsel proceeded to review the evidence, and submitted that there was not sufficient proof of Burns having fired the shot; that several men were firing at the same time, and that a supposition existed that the prisoner being a smaller man than deceased, the ball should have taken an upward direction, if he fired, and not incline downwards; and finally, he urged that even if the jury were to convict, the excitement that day and the circumstances would reduce the offence to manslaughter.

The Hon. Cornwallis Maude examined---I am Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tipperary Militia; I was in Nenagh on the 7th of July; some of the men were allowed to go away.

A question was asked as to whether the bounty of the men was paid on their leaving, and their clothes left them.

The Attorney-General objected to the question as not having any bearing on the case.

Counsel submitted that the evidence was admissable to reduce the case to one of manslaughter, owing to the excitement the militia were in at the time.

Judge Moore was clearly of opinion that the evidence was irrelevant.

Mr. George, Q. C., spoke to evidence, and Judge Moore then proceeded to charge the jury, laying down the legal position that if the prisoner was the man who fired the shot, the prisoner was the murderer and nothing else.

The jury having retired for an hour, returned with a verdict of "guilty."

The foreman, Mr. Sadleir, then read a letter in which the jury begged leave to recommend the prisoner to mercy.

NENAGH, Tuesday.—Thos. Carr, a lance corporal in the Tipperary Militia, was indicted for firing at Charles Fox with intent to murder, and in a second count for firing at a constable named Meagher. The Attorney-General stated the case. Among the militia rioters was the prisoner, and he fired on the soldiers of the escort when they halted, and also at the police, taking the gun of another man and kneeling deliberately in order to effectuate his purpose.

Mr. Johnstone, for the prisoner, contended that there was not sufficient evidence to identify him as having taken any active part; that he could not be said to have fired at any of the individuals specifically named in the indictment.

The prisoner received an admirable character from the Rev. Mr. Studdert.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty of firing with intent to murder some of the military.

Cornelius Ryan, William Cummins and Edward Lahan threw themselves upon the mercy of the court and of the executive. They acted under the excitement of the moment, and under the idea that they were to have been deprived of the advantages promised to them when enlisting.

Samuel Lawrence, a civilian, was placed at the bar, charged with inciting and assisting Stephen Burns in the murder of Patrick Curley.

The Attorney-General applied to postpone this case until next assizes.

Mr. Johnstone proposed bail for the prisoner. The application was refused, without prejudice.

John Bannon and Thos. Carr were then sentenced to be transported for the term of fifteen years. The prisoners were somewhat astounded at the sentence, but made no observation.

Stephen Burns was then brought up. Judge Moore addressed him, and said, I cannot say there is no hope, but all I can say is, that I will transmit the recommendation of the jury to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. The judge then proceeded to pass sentence of death and execution upon a day to be subsequently named.

The men found guilty of attacking the military near Templemore at the races, were sentenced to ten months' imprisonment.

Judge Moore intimated that he had altered his opinion as to the validity of the three counts in the indictment, charging the Tipperary Militia with firing generally at her Majesty's troops without naming the latter specifically; he would not reserve the case for the Court of Criminal Appeal should his views after full consideration remain the same as at present.

THE TEMPLEMORE RIOTS.

Saturday, July 26.—James Hargrave, James Fogarty, Jeremiah Malley, Patrick Dee, John Fahy, Daniel Quinlan, Patrick Knockton, Richard Cnmmins, James Byrne, Thamas Maher and Michael Whelan, were given in charge for unlawful assembly and riotous conduct on the 9th of April last, at Farrenderry, near Templemore.

The prisoners Hargrave, Malley, Dee, Fahy, Cummins and Byrne were also indicted for assaults on individuals.

Mr. George, Q. C., stated the case for the prosecution.

Major Robert Hume examined by Mr. O'Hara—Was Brevet Major in the 55th Regiment; was stationed at Templemore in April last; was at the races of Farrenderry on the 3d of April; went towards the tents about 5 o'clock in the evening in consequence of seeing a crowd of soldiers and country people throwing stones at each other; some officers of the line endeavored to make the soldiers desist; he was enabled to bring away a number of the soldiers into the field; they were a good deal excited; saw some broken heads; received no injury himself; does not believe any stones were thrown at him individually; knows the railway bridge, which is about 200 yards from the field into which he brought the soldiers; a party of police came up and dislodged a crowd of country people, who were throwing stones from the bridge into the field; there were some hundreds of country people on the bridge and along the road; went to the head of his men to bring them to barracks; found the hedges lined with country people; went in front of the soldiers, ten or twelve of whom accompanied him; witness held up his hand and said, "For God's sake let us go home, men, and have done with this pelting, all the soldiers want is to go to barracks." A volley of stones was flung after he said this; witness was the only man left standing, the soldiers who accompanied him having been knocked down; two or three were very seriously injured; he placed four of them on a donkey's cart, and brought them away; Mr. Scott, ensign, 47th regiment, was placed on a car insensible, with some other wounded men; was not pelted when he was by himself; but whenever a redcoat came near him stones were thrown; saw numbers of men and officers bleeding during the evening; there were between sixty and seventy under treatment.

On cross-examination he admitted the soldiers used their cross-belts; the quarrel arose in consequence of the soldiers having rescued a pickpocket who had been arrested by the people.

Sub-constable Bevan examined by Mr. George, Q. C., proved that Hargraft threw stones on the day of the riot.

Private William Keley proved that he saw John Brady receive a blow on the head from Jeremiah Malley.

Cross-examined, The soldiers and the people were all very much excited, both may have been to blame.

Private John Knight, examined by Mr. John F. Waller, proved that he was assaulted by Hargraft on the day of the riot.

Private John Brady proved that he received a blow of a stone, but could not say from whom.

Several witnesses corroborated the circumstances of the riot.

Mr. Edward Johnstone addressed the jury for the defence.

James Rowan examined by Mr. Johnstone—Deposed that he saw the prisoner, Byrne, at Templemore after the races, and that he could not have been back in Farrenderry in time for the riot.

Michael Bannon proved that he and the prisoner Byrne left the course as soon as the row began without taking any part in it, and that he remained with witness until he was arrested.

Constable Thomas Bolger proved that he arrested Byrne at the instance of a soldier of the 55th, who stated that he knocked down a man with a stone.

Mr. Lloyd, one of the jury, was sworn, and stated that Byrne's character was excellent as well as that of the whole family.

Several witnesses were examined to prove that the prisoners did not throw stones or take any part in the riot.

John Lanagan, Esq. J. P., proved that he went in the tents in the fair when the rioting began in order to endeavor to preserve order; all were fighting—military and people; he saw one of the officers endeavoring to get the soldiers away; the soldiers pursued the people towards the railway bridge and drove them over it; the people then turned on the soldiers and flung stones at them; saw the soldiers throwing stones and using their cross belts; never saw men who exerted themselves more than the officers for the restoration of peace, but without effect; the police also exerted themselves with the subject.

Michael Cosgrave, a private of the 55th regiment, proved that he was with the prisoner John Maher all the day of the riots, and that he did not strike any one, or throw any stones, and could not have done so without witness's knowledge.

Mr. O'Hara replied on behalf of the crown.

His Lordship charged the jury, who found all the prisoners guilty, save Michael Whelan and James Byrne, who were acquitted. Sentence deferred.

CORK COUNTY GRAND JURY.

At the meeting of the Grand Jury, the Foreman, J. L. Heard, Esq., M. P. called their attention to the present distribution of the police force in Ireland, and particularly of the Co. of Cork, with a view of having measures taken for a fairer and more equitable division according to the area and population of each respective county. He also stated that a portion of the police force in Cork had been formerly sent into Kerry and Tipperary for whom the county of Cork was still taxed. A committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Garde, Somerville, and Coltsman, to draw up a memorial to the Chief Secretary for Ireland on the subject. Four members of the present Board of Superintendence, were drawn out and four new members added.

Answers to Correspondents.

"The Two Men." (Albany)—Your contribution has some point, but the execution is not equal to the idea. It is too long. If our correspondent would be advised by us he will study to concentrate; there is much more talent necessary to judiciously curtail than to "spin out," but it is the fault or misfortune of young writers that they do not, or will not understand it. We are much obliged by our correspondent's compliments: and shall be glad to hear from him, if he will keep our suggestion in mind.

Our industrious and sprightly friend, *Kilmainham*, has sent us the continuation of his rambles through Dublin. He promises to bring us all through the city before he stops. He writes—

Still going westward along this street (Thomas st.) we pass the house No. 187, the rear office of which formed Emmet's depot, and arrive at the house No. 151. It was in this house Nicholas Murphy lived in '98; in this house Lord Edward Fitzgerald was captured, on the 19th of May, in that year. Although the house is now in the occupation of a Scotch firm—Greame & Dunhill, wool-brokers—we believe these gentlemen have the courtesy to allow a visit to Lord Edward's bed-room. Ascending the stairs, which are narrow and winding, we come to the lobby, on the third floor. On the left hand, rear of the house, is a bed-room. We enter. It is small—not more than 18 feet by 20, and 8 feet high. On the side opposite the door is the window; on the left hand is a small fire-place; against this wall Lord Edward's bed was placed. Here, within this little room, upon these boards, what a terrible tragedy was enacted! Fancy that fearful death-struggle—one man against five, rolling in mortal combat upon the floor! Even although armed only with a dagger, Lord Edward would have overpowered his enemies but for Sirr's pistol bullet. "He sprang up from the bed," says Murphy, "like a lion." When Swan saw the dagger with him, he thrust his hand into his breast-pocket, where he had a brace of loaded pistols. Lord Edward saw this at a glance, and struck at Swan's hand while in the pocket, actually pinioning it to the breast. By this stroke, Swan lost the two middle fingers of that hand. Lord Edward had Swan down upon the floor under him, and had the other two nearly overpowered, when Sirr arrived. He stood at the door, took deliberate aim, and shot Lord Edward in the shoulder. The blood dashed out in a jet against the wall, and the stain remains on it to this day. He fainted from the wound, and while insensible was brought down stairs in one of the sheets taken off the bed. One of the monsters—a drummer—kicked at the senseless body. It was placed in a sedan chair, and, just as it was being removed from the door, a desperate attempt was made to rescue it from the captors, which would have succeeded had not a reinforcement of cavalry arrived on the spot. Lord Edward lingered until the 5th of June, on which day he died in Newgate Prison.

Mr. Blaueer writes to correct an error as follows: "In your last issue, on folio 300, under the head of 'Literary and Artistic News,' you say: 'The number of journals published in Switzerland, *which has a population of* 800,000 *souls*, is 263,' etc. As a native of the Republic of Switzerland, I can assure you that the population of that country exceeds the figure of 3,000,000 souls this day. A census was taken in 1850, stating that the population of said republic is 2,965,000 or more. I am not quite certain, but I am sure that it was over 2,960,000. You made therefore a mistake of 2,165,000 souls. Expecting that you will excuse me for this liberty, I make use of this occasion to assure you of my highest devotion, and remain, &c."

We gladly print this correction of a very ridiculous error, which was not made, though innocently reprinted by us, and feel obliged to Mr. Blaueer for his note. Upon consultation with the statistics given in *Thom's Official Directory* for 1853, we find the population of Switzerland set down as 2,895,178.

We shall regularly send a copy of the News to any part of Ireland, on receipt of subscription at the rate of 16s. sterling per annum.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856.

THE CAMPAIGN.

The Democrats make little or no noise. Buchanan demonstrations are few. They take place without much parade. The speeches sustaining the Cincinnati nomination commend themselves calmly to the judgment of the public. They explain rather than excite. Tammany Hall has neither a Nye nor a Curtis to depute to the country. The juicy jokes of the former, the dainty diction of the latter, encounter no rivalries on the stump. Photographists and Biographers have had few orders from Wheatland. Messrs. Ackerman & Miller, of Nassau street, in the midst of patriotic paint-pots and bristles, deplore the economy which the Democratic clubs betray in their patronage of the fine arts. The Rocky Mountains are covered with banners, and panoramic posters. The benign features of Mi-lord Fillmore oscillate night and day between the chimney-stacks of our crowded thoroughfares. The Egyptian Museum in Broadway, the City Hall in Brooklyn, and many other edifices and regions of less note, are fanned by the swaying medallions which associate the Irish name of Jackson with inhospitable sentiments and proscriptive prejudices. Bands of music, torches, the fieriest harangues, everything that can agitate the crowd are in play to aid the factious predominance of the North, or popularize the dull bigotry which Know-Nothingism would substitute for the fraternal spirit that has hitherto prevailed.

The friends of James Buchanan—and they are the millions—contrasted with the followers of his provincial opponents, are absolutely tame. Their silence proceeds from the deep consciousness of strength.

There is no uproar on deck when the ship, coming in from sea, smoothly moves up the harbor to her anchorage. Where the channel is a narrow one, or breakers threaten, or new hands are at the helm, or a dark-lantern lights the binnacle, it is natural that great excitement should prevail. The certainty of good fortune in the one case, the uncertainty in the other, explains the difference of attitude and tone which exists at this moment between the Democracy and the experimentalists in political sectionalism and religious intolerance, by whom the masses of the people are opposed.

They who have faith in the Democratic principles enunciated at Cincinnati, who believe in the staunch conservatism of the Democracy, and the controlling power of the memories and maxims flowing from the Revolution, require no shouts or bonfires to convince them that the Democratic candidate shall be the winner in this fight.

Men with less faith, however, in the fidelity of the people and the sacred influences of the past, may deduce from the events of the last few weeks assurances that such shall be the case. Not the wreck, but the compact perpetuation of the Union, is the promise conveyed in those events. Kentucky and North Carolina predict it. The votes of those States are pledged to Buchanan and Breckinridge. They have anticipated the fall of the leaves, and the autumnal decline of Messrs. Fremont and Fillmore.

The accession of such men as Benjamin, of Louisiana, Rufus Choate and Reverdy Johnson, contain the evidences of success. Distinguished Whigs, prosperous and eminent at the bar, two of them classified in the history of the Republic with the superior men of the Senate, they bring to the Democratic party in this contest cultivated minds, eloquent voices, a fund of proved patriotism, and a large representative sanction. Mr. Choate's letter, manfully declaring for Buchanan, is a vivid exposition of the position and principles of the three contending parties, the dangers which menace the unity of the States, and the means of averting them. To this end, he supports the Cincinnati nomination. Old associations have no weight with him—they cease to bind him—he casts them off when the Union is in peril, and the Democratic party appears to him the only one that possesses the dispcsition and power to save it. An incident like this is worth thousands of banners and miles of illuminated transparencies.

The action of the Irish and Catholic newspapers throughout the States, their unanimous and hearty concurrence in favor of Mr. Buchanan, decides the vote of the tens of thousands they represent.

The Boston Pilot; Buffalo Sentinel; Catholic Herald and Catholic Instructor, Philadelphia; Catholic Mirror, Baltimore; Catholic Miscellany, Charleston; Catholic Standard, New-Orleans; Catholic Telegraph, Cincinnati; Detroit Catholic Vindicator; Freeman's Journal, New-York; Irish News, New-York; Irish American, New-York; Leader, St. Louis; Pittsburgh Catholic; Truth Teller, New-York; St. Louis Evening Leader, all support the Democratic ticket.

To any appeals, founded on differences of nationality and religion, we are decidedly opposed. In such a contest as the present, every man should vote from an American position, solely and thoroughly in an American spirit, with the determination to acquit himself loyally to the Commonwealth. He should not consider what may benefit Ireland, or Greece, or Schleswig-Holstein, but what will best serve the noble country from which he derives a new existence. Still less should religious partialities determine the complexion of his vote.

Liberal in mind as the Constitution through which he derives his citizenship, no preference, following and whispering him from the conventicle or church-door, should seduce him into conspiracies against the principle of religious liberty, which the founders of the Republic held to be paramount and supreme.

In presence of the Constitution there should be no sect, no race, no selfishness whatever. All sects and races should be one in citizenship and patriotism. Neither in the name of religion, nor under the remnants of a foreign flag should the emigrants from Ireland, or any other country outside, isolate themselves within the Union. Beneath the Stars and Stripes, amongst the millions who claim it as their inviolable ensign, there should be but one heart, one mind, one arm. In politics, Irishmen should thoroughly Americanize themselves. So should Germans and Slavonians—Asiatics and Europeans—all who come here.

In no factious mood, therefore, we allude to the Catholic and Irish press. Not as Catholics, not as Irishmen do we include the opinions of that press among the guarantees of success which cluster round the Cincinnati nomination. Were the sources of these opinions Calvinistic or Circassian, instead of being what they are, our reference to them would be equally as prompt. Those opinions are facts which neither we, nor any other spectators of the Presidential campaign, can overlook, and to which neither the friends nor the foes of Mr. Buchanan, however intense their Americanism, can afford to the indifferent. Nor should the lessons clearly educible from those facts be longer withheld.

For the last two years, Catholics have been scandalously maligned and outraged in America. The foulest garbage of the No-Popery days has been violently flung upon them. Gavazzi, the renegade rhetorician, was the male Alecto whose trumpet roused this fratricidal war. From his rank counsels, Know-Nothingism was born. Mr. Fillmore owes his nomination to an arrogant faction which, if in power, would ostracize the Catholic citizens of the republic. He is, virtually, the nominee of the Italian slanderer who, with the cross upon his black breast, would pile the blazing faggots about the Ancient Church.

With this faction Colonel Fremont is implicated. Behind his dusky banner he hides, and for a convenient season hushes, the Massachusetts fragment of the dark conspiracy. Governor Gardiner, who disbanded the Boston companies for the crime of having the blood of the O'Neills and the O'Donnells in their veins, stoutly backs the gallant colonel. Governor Ford, of Ohio, also backs him. Judge Trumbull, of Illinois, who supplanted James Shields on the stupid strength of the Know-Nothing movement, shakes the pillars of the Tabernacle with his boisterous praises of Fremont. These are some of the purest and noblest men in the Republican ranks. Robert Emmet and Horace Greeley could not fail to contribute heart and lustre to any cause. But trusted and honored as they are—gratefully thought of and warmly acknowledged as the truest of friends by many a shipwrecked soldier of liberty cast in here from European shores—they cannot reconcile to a programme, which is a declaration of war against the South, even those who stand indebted to them most. Genial and exhaustless as it is, their liberality cannot efface the blot or neutralize the poison which the affiliation with their party of some of the most rancorous Know-Nothings indellibly inflicts and radically infuses.

In the election of James Buchanan, the American Catholic beholds the defeat of the rude bigotry which threatens him with disabilities, a reign of proscription, insolence, and terror. He sees more. He beholds the triumph of those illustrious principles which gave the Word of God the freest field in which under the sun it has yet been sown, and for the oppressed and poor of all nations constituted this Republic an impregnable fortress and the stateliest asylum. In these views the European emigrant of every religious denomination shares, and since the integrity and full worth of the citizenship to which he aspires depends upon the executive supremacy of the Democratic party, to that party and the experienced statesmen who in the maturity of his intellect represents it, he devotes his heartiest sympathies, his influence, and vote.

The Foreign Vote, as it is contemptuously designated, will preserve the Union.

DEVIN REILLY.

We have received a note from "A Milesian," asking us if any stone marks the grave of Devin Reilly, and suggesting, if there is not, that a subscription be entered into for the purpose of raising one.

We thank our correspondent for reminding us of a subject upon which we have had some anxious thoughts, which were fully shared in by a few others—friends and comrades of the brave and brilliant Irishman, who, after a short, self-sacrificing life of passionate devotion to the Democratic ideas which he worshipped, in Ireland to exile, and in exile to death, sleeps the eternal sleep in the bleak grave-yard of St. Matthew's, Washington.

It was the intention of those comrades to place some suitable, if humble, registry of their love for, and faith in the departed, above his remains; whereby the future student might learn how much may be accomplished in a short life of despeate energy, and of how little avail are the misfortunes of the world to one with the genius to grasp the lessons of history—the pen to analyze and combine the great fragments which form a Democratic fabric, and a heart sustaining itself by its outlay; actually living like a benefactor by flushing its own fresh vigor into the theories it adopted. For many reasons sufficiently exonerating the delay, the preliminaries to the raising of such a tablet were postponed from time to time.

The letter of our correspondent, in its simple and large-hearted suggestiveness, reminds us that however self-satisfactory were our ideas, they were not devoid of selfishness, in desiring to confine that privilege to a few, in which the thousands who were so revivified by Reilly's genius would gladly hope to participate.

This conviction induces us to at once lay the matter before the public. The plan more consonant, also, with the popular purposes of Reilly's life and labors. As he labored for the people, the people should not be debarred from attesting that appreciation for the dead patriot, which would have thrilled him with delight and renewed impetus in their behalf, had it visited him in the study.

To pay this respect to the struggles of Devin Reilly is an imperative duty resting on those thousands of his countrymen who beheld in him the young and daring champion of their wrongs, and the unbending, hopeful and passionate pleader for that vengeance they believed in as a national faith.

He worded their frenzies—made them strong in Truth—made their hearts known to themselves when living. Now that he is dead, let them give back some of those exuberant pulsations to his grave. As he wrote their present and future, let them chronicle his past.

There is not one of the political emigration which took place after '48 but can contribute, however little, to this just and patriotic object. In fact, the more widely extended the number of contributors, and the less diverse in amount the individual subscriptions, the more typical will it be of the large and equable Democracy of the Dead.

All Irishmen, of whatever faith or political hue, should feel proud of Reilly, and make the spot memorable where, probably, the most brilliant of their countrymen that have as yet found graves upon the bosom of the Republic, reposes.

In Broadway, '98 is written above the dust of Addis Emmet.

Around that historic shaft, standing as it does in the very heart of the city, the struggling, laborious, honest Irish element of it, daily turns as on an axle. Over the graves of McNevin, Sampson, and others, the historic chain is linked ; and from a simple slab in a Poughkeepsie graveyard, the tourist of the noble Hudson may learn, that there one of the chief springs of that dashing '98 war for independence in Ireland—one of the founders of the United Irish Society, Samuel Neilson, met the republican resting-place which he longed to die for "at home."

In Georgetown, too, not far distant from Reilly's grave, lies all that was mortal of Wolfe Tone's beautiful and noble wife Matilda. Is not the modern history of Ireland—a history dear to the struggles of Democracy and Justice—written on those grave-stones ?

In foreign graves and cathedrals the literary and political history of Ireland is written, from the time when Irish scholars, like Erigena and Clement and Albin, went over the European continent, having "wisdom to sell," to that when Hugh O'Neil, a blind exile, found eternal light in a Roman tomb ; and Sarsfield, and the chiefs of the Brigade, fought and died over Europe ; and even to our day, when Reilly, full of worship of those scholars and heroes, longed to rival both in life, which he surely did in death, in sleeping far away from his "own isle of flowers."

This history of Ireland, and it is the only authentic one written, must not be broken at the tombs of the men of '98. 'Forty-Eight is the next chapter ; and on Reilly's grave must the initial paragraph be written.

Nor will the loving duty devolve on Irishmen alone ; for we have spoken with some well-known Americans who express as ardent a desire to testify their admiration and respect for the intellect and heart of our friend as we do. To them, where personal friendship did not exist, he is known by his strenuous advocacy of an ennobling Democracy, which tended to illustrate and dignify some of the most prominent political movements of the day.

When his death was announced, the President of the Republic gave his personal condolence to the relatives of the deceased ; and senators, members of Congress, distinguished journalists, and other public and eminent men, united at a large meeting with the citizens of Washington in recording their belief that "in the death of Thomas Devin Reilly, a great public loss has been sustained—a loss to his fatherland, to his adopted country, and to the cause of progressive principles." At the time resolutions were made recommending a "lasting testimonial to his memory ;" and we have no fear, but that these distinguished men will claim to endorse those expressions of regard and sympathy.

As a starting point then, we invite such of his immediate or other friends as feel disposed to set the work actively in motion, and arrange preliminaries, to meet at the Irish News office, on the 3d Sept., at 3 P. M. In the meantime we will be glad to receive such opinions and suggestions as those at a distance, or who cannot attend, will convey by letter. After the meeting subscription lists will be opened, of which due notice will of course be given.

COSTA RICA OUT IN PRINT.

Men who struggle for humanity have need of that philosophic spirit which should be typical of it. It demands an almost supra-mortal equanimity to front the rush of fools "where angels fear to tread." There never arises a Washington but a Conway cabal conspires in the silence of jealous anxiety to thwart his designs. A dark-souled Georgy follows a Kossuth as night hankers after the illumination of the day. A greedy Reynolds drinks the blood of a Fitzgerald. A Schlessinger sells his master for the ineffaceable infamy of Arnold ; and even donkeys bray within the shadow of the lion's mane.

A most ridiculous circular has been printed in some of the New-York papers, ostensibly emanating from seven of General Walker's army, who were captured at and after the battle of Santa Rosas. It is an attack of the wildest and most harmless nature upon President Walker, reviewing his career, impugning his motives, ridiculing his honesty, sneering at his statesmanship, and exposing his "ignorance and folly." It warns American youth against joining him, and recommends him to the "tender mercies" of its readers, not as a Liberator, but a reckless chief of a pack of libertines ; not as a General, but the ambitious indicator of a group of gamblers ; not as a hard-fisted and bright-hearted pioneer of Empire, but as a sickly "humbug ;" not as a practical soldier made stern by the "dangers he has past," but as a visionary, a schoolboy, a dreamer "just arisen fresh from the perusal of such works as Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico,' Dampier, Ovido and Peter Martyr, where he had read that Gil Gonzales de Avila had conquered Nicaragua with one hundred men and four horses."

Such is the pith of the Address, which occupies some five columns of the daily journals. To illustrate and sustain these sentiments, eight "reasons" are given, with commentaries, which might seriously recommend the seven signers as either cunning scoundrels or illiterate knaves, but that a few moments' thought so completely unriddles the secret of this pronunciamento as to add the more damning stigma of traitorism to their persons and acts.

It is but too plain that they are the diseased tail of that party of which Schlessinger was the brazen head.

That the stupidly vulgar paper was suggested by the imbecility of Costa Rica, as a forlorn hope to weaken General Walker's still growing and respected reputation in the States, and thereby preventing adventurous youths from lending the deadly ring of their rifle to his cause, is evident enough ; but theCosta Rican government should, at least, have corrected the bombastic periods of the over-zealous traitors in their pay. The excessive fear of the Costa Rican is noticeable in every line : their trembling exhibits itself in the most contemptuous drivelling, and the ill-digested heap of nonsense contradicts itself so effectually as to inspire the belief that the writers were not less secretly traitors to Costa Rica than openly to him whose energy made them worthy of purchase by his enemies.

The great litany of impudence, nonsense, obscurity and slang, was suggested no doubt by the desire to attract attention ; but unfortunately for Costa Rica, with increased attention it also creates a deeper impression of President Walker's capacity in having overcome not only the obstacles thrown in his way by open enemies, but the more relentless cowardice and villainy of pretended friends such as Schlessinger and his party.

The very means taken to ridicule Walker, but evoke respect for him, for the abuse of traitors is as a wreath of laurel for the hero.

The strong probability is that John McMahon,Desota county, Missouri; James Grey, England ; T. F. Fortmeier, Germany ; Wm. T. Johnson, Drummer, New-York ; Christian Fecht, Gunsmith, Germany ; Johann Mauyer, Germany, late of Orleans ; and John T. Dick, New-York, are not prisoners of Costa Rica at all. It will be remembered that at Santa Rosas, Schlessinger fulfilled his bargain with Costa Rica : and it is but reasonable to suppose from the nature of this document, that the signers then and after did likewise, setting themselves forth as prisoners in the stupid hope of giving importance and an air of impartiality to their statements. Mayhap the names attached are those of prisoners who did not write it, and that it is a forgery from beginning to end. The fact that the United States Consul at Punta Arenas, certifies that persons calling themselves by the above names "severally acknowledged" the signatures is no proof at all that they were the actual parties.

However, no matter how it originated, its statements cannot command anything save contempt.

THE FRANCISCANS IN ALLEGHANY.

The late Nicholas Devereux, of Utica, has left a precious memory to his children, the country of his adoption as well as the country of his birth, and the good old Church of which he was a shining lamp and a pillar. His probity, gentleness, spotless integrity, genuine piety, and active goodness were so widely known and felt, that his death was chronicled as an event in which the whole community of this and the neighboring States was deeply concerned. His generosity leaves towering above his honored grave many a fine evidence of his religious zeal. The Convent of the Franciscans, in Alleghany, the corner-stone of which was laid on Wednesday last by Archbishop Hughes, will consummate his crown of glory in this world. The land, to the extent of 200 acres, and the amplest funds for the completion of the sacred building, were the princely gifts he bequeathed to a saintly and laborious order in whose hands they are sure to improve a hundred-fold. It was denied him to see the first step taken in the good and great work he so designed. But his son, Mr. Devereux, of Ellicottville, will see that it be conducted to a success which shall realize the fondest prayers and loftiest aspirations of his father.

EUROPEAN INDEX.

The *Baltic's* advices (Liverpool, 6th inst.) confirms what we stated last week, that Marshal O'Donnell's star was in the ascendant in Spain. Madrid *is* tranquil.

The news from the provincial towns is of an equally pacific character. The insurgents are either calm in the cities, or flying imbecile through the country. The militia, numbers of whom had joined the insurrectionary movements, were being disarmed. The following from the Madrid *Spoca*, of the 31st ult., if it can be credited, is as short, sharp, and decisive an account of the finale of "O'Donnell's *coup d'etat*" as can be obtained—

"We waited until the last moment to communicate to our readers all the news of the day. Telegraphic dispatches received at 3 o'Clock P. M., announced that Catalonia was entirely pacified. This result was not attained without bloodshed. The rebel General Ruiz, with the Sub-Inspector of the militia of Lampurdan, Roger, at the head of 2,000 men mostly belonging to the militia, intrenched themselves at Llers. The Regiment of Navarre, commanded by Colonel Gonzalez, attacked them and put them to flight, and on the 25th, Ruiz, his Aid-de-Camp, the Mayor of the Place of Gerona, and the Commander of the Regiment of Africa, Juan Gangara, with all the persons implicated in the revolt at Gerona and in the Lampurdan, sought refuge in France, where they were arrested and removed to the interior. An extensive paper manufactory, La Aurora, was burnt, at Gerona, by the insurgents driven out at Barcelona and wandering in the neighborhood. Barcelona, Tarragona, and Lerida, are completely tranquil. Valencia has not moved. The column marching from that city to Arragon, disarmed on its way the militia of Segorbe. Teruel surrendered to Brigadier Damato, and its Republican Junto took to flight. Alcaniz also recognized the authority of the Queen. On the 23rd, the militia of Badajoz and several other towns of Estremadura were disarmed."

Through the despatches of the French Consul to his Minister of Foreign Affairs, the announcement is made in the *Moniteur* that the great stronghold of insurrection, Saragossa, had succumbed ; that Falcon, general of the Revolutionists, had escaped ; and that Dulce was in possession of the place. We have no details, but the announcement would seem truthful, as we are also informed that Napoleon had issued orders for the suspension of all military movements toward the frontier, which it is not likely he would do, were not these despatches to his government of a reliable nature.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* (August 3d) informs us that "the insurgent troops, whose numbers are not stated, but who are supposed to have amounted to 5,000 men, are to be distributed in different provinces, pending further decision respecting them. Judging from the system of forbearance hitherto pursued, it is probable that their offence will be overlooked." All sorts of speculations are afloat as to the probable nature and length of O'Donnell's administration. His overtures to take the lead of the progressista party, have not produced any distinct effect as yet. Two things are spoken of, which, if adopted, would sufficiently well explain that O'Donnell's administration will be that of the iron hand : they are the augmentation of the army, and the disorganization of the National Guard.

From Italy we have further particulars of an *emeute* on the frontiers of Parma. The insurgents, about seventy men, crossed into the Modenese territory, and marched to Tossola, near Carrara, in the belief that that place and Massa would rise. Disappointed in their expectations, they dispersed. Some arrests were made. A national display was expected at Genoa on the 27th ult., but the day passed over quietly. The Austrian government appears to be suspicious of the conduct of Sardinia towards Italy, the effect of which is a confidential communication from the French government (at Austria's solicitation) to Sardinia, hinting that she "might assume a less hostile attitude towards Austria, without lessening the influence she exercises in Italy." Whether the object of this "kind attention" will take the hint has not transpired. But what else can she do ?

An interesting feature of the European news is the report that the Emperor of the French is in a really critical state of health. His illness consists in a development of the malady of the spine, with which he has been long afflicted. He is able to attend to business and is not in immediate danger. He was to return to Paris on the 5th or 6th inst., but would leave on the 10th or11th, accompanied by the Empress, for Bairritz.

Advices from Constantinople of 28th ult., mention that the city will be entirely evacuated by the allies and the hospitals restored to the Turkish authorities by the 15th of this month.

Marshal Pelissier, on his landing at Marseilles, found a letter from the Emperor, creating him a Duke.

The *Southern Argus*, of Norfolk, Va., makes, as "matter of curiosity," a list of its exchanges, and gives at the same time the presidential proclivity of each. The *Argus* was either unjust or careless in the compilation of its journalistic litany, as it left us out altogether ; a fact perhaps not worthy of notice at another time, but somewhat interesting and significant at present ; as the Irish News, representing by far the largest, most industrious, and most intelligent number of Irish adopted citizens, of any journal—reflecting their wants and wishes as well as their allegiance to the American Constitution—has heartily and hopefully, and without a day's delay after the nomination, given to Mr. Buchanan its most enthusiastic "God speed" to the White House, to which he is clearly bent.

CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.

We have to state that our friend, Terence Bellew McManus, is not the writer of the letters which have appeared in this paper, sustaining the actions of the Vigilance Committee. He is decisively opposed to the Committee. He regards their proceedings as unconstitutional and revolutionary in the worst sense.

Under a serious threat, we have been called upon to give up the name of the gentleman who furnished us with the communications which have appeared in our columns in favor of the Committee. We shall do no such thing.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY AND LECTURES.

We are informed that the Catholic Library Association of this city are making the necessary arrangements for a series of Lectures to be given during the coming fall and winter. The first, by Dr. L. S. Ives, will be delivered on the 16th of September ; and the second, by T. F. Meagher, on the 30th.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE '82 CLUB — ITS ORIGIN AND OBJECT.

Davis was fruitful in bright projects. Growing out of his intense love of Ireland, every project he conceived served to enlighten and exalt her. The *Library* of *Ireland* came from his suggestion. In the depth of his rich brain that stream of national memories, songs, lessons of utility and heroism, had its rise. The maps of the country, which the Repeal Association distributed as premiums to its more active members, were designed by him. With his encouraging cheer, popular likenesses of Irish celebrities, such as Sarsfield, flew through the towns and villages, from the engraving-blocks of Holbrook. Irish novelists and painters caught from him many a hint which quickly developed itself in some new grace, some winning touch of beauty, or some great master-piece which told the whole history of the people. Carleton's *Valentine McClutchy*, and Haverty's *Blind Piper*, do more than illustrate the genius of their authors. They are lasting monuments to the suggestive patriotism of Davis. Animated by him, the Royal Irish Academy woke from its exclusiveness and routine. Smith O'Brien was elected member of it at a time when political passions were violently disturbed. O'Connell was in prison. The election of O'Brien was unanimous. The event was ascribed to the liberal spirit which Davis had inspired. No society in Dublin, sacred to literature and the fine arts, escaped his watchful eye, or was denied the benefit of his advice, his warm sympathies and manly praise. Throughout Ireland every society of the kind found in him a laborious friend and a generous patron. They felt the throbbings of his glowing heart, and with a diviner life dilated. The very stones of the University, where the memory of Grattan had been outraged, and the Furies frequently disturbed the benignity of the Muses, lost much of their hard grain and darkness under the influences of his beautiful intellect and nature. That sublime hymn—*The Memory of the Dead*—pealing over the listening island through the gates of Trinity College, proclaims the revolution he silently achieved where poetry was sepulchred and national sentiments had never taken root.

The nationalization of every institution in the country—church and barrack, club-house and convent, the blacksmith's forge as well as the artist's shop—was the passionate labor of his life. He was no brainless leveller. In the loftiest sense, he was a reformer. He would educate to be free. The virtues that ennoble a revolution, restraining its excesses and compensating for many of its calamities, he would cultivate beforehand, so that the nation might have hardihood in its struggle, moderation in the hour of triumph, wisdom and frugality in the enjoyment of good fortune. He knew the prejudices against her freedom which existed amongst the higher classes, the lords of the soil, the learned professions, the dignitaries and devotees of the Protestant church. These he labored to remove, so that in their stead sentiments of nationality might steadily grow up, interweaving the more recent with the older races in one strong brotherhood.

It was not a convulsion, but a genial growth, he desired. Nations that leap suddenly from bondage into liberty are apt, he feared, to recede as violently as they advance. He preferred discipline, sobriety, and decision, to the precipitancy of enthusiasm. Patiently but surely he would have Ireland reach the destiny which towered above her in the future.

With these views, he proposed the formation of the '82 Club. Perpetuating the recollections of a splendid epoch, he desired that it should be the means of reviving the eloquence, the scholarship, the military spirit, the proud love of Ireland, which, expressing itself in the arms and resolutions of the Volunteers, dignified society, and gave to the Irish Parliament, freed from foreign checks, a stately supremacy on the soil. His own words best describe the origin of the Club, and the work he designed it to accomplish.

In the *Nation* of January 18th, 1845, he wrote:

"The prospectus of the National Club having been issued, we hasten to put our readers in possession of the facts; and we may incidentally observe, that both in England and Ireland the first intimation of the intention of the leading men of the movement to establish a body whose memories should be those of '82, whose principles should be those of the distinguished men of that day, and whose rallying cry and charter-toast should be, 'The Legislative Independence of Ireland,' was received with evident sympathy or alarm.

"It certainly is a noticeable movement—one that will aid, assist and encourage the popular party—that will be a centre of attraction to the young men throughout all Ireland—that will bring within its circle the intelligence, rank and wealth of the Repeal body; and will yet form a point of junction between the extreme Protestants and their Catholic countrymen. It is observable that of the five Vice-Presidents three of them are Protestants, and of the three Secretaries one is a Protestant. Several of the most active in working out the organization of the Club are Protestants. We state these facts to justify our assertion, that the principles of the Eighty-two Club will be of the most liberal description—that the requisites looked to in its members are liberality to men of all creeds, enlightened patriotism, and the adoption and advocacy of National opinions.

"The resolution embodying the Club was to the following effect:—'That the object of the Club is to facilitate the Repeal of the Union—to secure the establishment of the Legislative Independence of Ireland; and, as a means for the attainment of those ends, to encourage Irish Manufactures, Art, and Literature, and to diffuse through society a national feeling.'

"This resolution was moved—and who was fitter for the honor?—Henry Grattan.

"It was determined that the Club should dine together on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence in 1782, and on other annversaries of other great events of Irish history. The members will wear a uniform of native green—give an annual ball—and encourage in every way by their presence and active patronage every institution for the advancement of Irish Literature, Art, and Manufacture. It is unnecessary to point out the wide field of active and generous patriotism thus opened to the wealth and intelligence of Irishmen.

"We have heretofore been so false to our country, so corrupted and poisoned by English influence, English literature, English modes of thought, that we owe her (our Native Land) a debt which we must hasten to pay her.

"This Club will enable us to do something towards this end. It will enable us to encourage books on Ireland by Irishmen, Irish History, Irish Poetry, Irish Antiquities; in its meetings the speakers will use illustrations derived from the great eras of our history; they will provide for their visitors Irish music; they will encourage Irish, as distinct from the base and servile doctrines which some men disgracing their country are fond of preaching; they will enforce doctrines of enlightened liberality; they will be intolerant only of bigotry and servility.

"Every rank in the state is represented on this Committee. Every profession has its representative. The Municipalities, in the persons of Messrs. Dowden, Geary, Cane, Campbell, Bianconi, McLoughlin, and Sir Benjamin Morris, have given their sanction to the new Club. There are nine members of the Legislature; and there is one man on the Committee who will shortly enter the House of Commons, as representative of one of the greatest counties, and who, himself, if we mistake not, would consider one of the greatest claims to an Irish county was being a member of the Volunteers of '45. We allude to Richard Albert Fitzgerald.

"The provincial press of Ireland has spoken of the Club as one of the most promising steps we have as yet taken. We shall give the articles they publish on the subject from time to time, and shall commence with the following excellent observations of the *Waterford Chronicle*:

"'The new year has opened with bright promises and bright hopes. A late meeting of the association conveyed these promises and these hopes.

"'The impassioned eloquence of MacNevin; deep as the lake, yet sparkling as the stream; the statesmanlike intelligence of Wm. Smith O'Brien; the manly vigor of O'Hea; all concurred upon that day to elevate the character, to propagate, still farther, the fame of that great association. Combined with fresh ardor, new faculties, new powers appeared to operate. Hope seemed to rise, and not to languish, at the prospect of further toil, and still more extended sacrifices.

"'Another circumstance has tended to confirm this spirit—the formation of the '82 Club. Recalling the glories of a great era—an era when Ireland had not only her own orators, but her soldiery, to protect the privileges she had resumed—an era when (to use the language of our own illustrious poet) the Irish Parliament, in the very grave of its corruption, for the first time heard the voice of liberty, saying, 'Come forth;' and the same warning voice say to England, 'Loose him and let him go;' recalling the glories of this great era, the '82 Club, even in its birth, has lit a fire in the heart of the country, which no foul hand will find itself bold, or strong enough, ever to extinguish.

"'The formation of this club proves to the people that their leaders are right in earnest; and it will exhibit to Europe the high spirit that predominates amongst the educated gentlemen of Ireland—amongst the O'Connell's, the Frenches, the O'Briens, the Talbots, the Grattans, the O'Loghlens, the Roches, and the Blakes.

"'This club, thank God! will break down the last hope of the Whig factionists in Ireland; and convince them, that whilst for the hireling and the party-serf the country has been lost, for the people it will be nobly regained.

"'In its enlightened operation it will nationalise our festivities, revive our music, our poetry, and the arts; it will create a national drama, and in every way propagate the bold spirit, and exalt the glowing genius of the New Nation.'"

A dinner given to O'Connell in St. John's Catholic Church, Kilkenny, was the first occasion on which the uniform of the Club appeared before the public. William Smith O'Brien, Dr. Cane, Robert Dillon Browne, John O'Connell, Dan Smithwick, Richard Barrett, Tom Steele, T. M. Ray, Secretary of the Repeal Association, and Edward Clements, the law adviser of the body, wore it. Appealing to the martial spirit of the people, reminding them of the days when it was death to wear the green, confirming hopes which warlike songs and defiant speeches had some time back excited, it was greeted with enthusiasm.

Smith O'Brien, returning thanks that evening for the mention of his name in connection with the Club, said—

"I confess I shall be very much disappointed if 500 men wearing the uniform do not before the close of the summer attend the debate in Conciliation Hall. I believe that the appearance of the national color gives heart to the people of Ireland—a heart which reminds them that they have a country to save, and that the color of that country is the immortal green. It has been suggested that our dress is somewhat military. I am not sorry that it suggests that remark. I am not sorry that the government should feel that the dress we wear wants nothing but the sword to constitute us officers of the Irish people. I believe it to be a salutary feeling on the part of all governments that they should remember that the ultimate redress for all national wrong is the sword."

Uttering these words, he touched a chord which broke, as it were, into a ringing peal of trumpets. The officers of a National Army stood before the people. Had the people been called to arms by the voice they trusted, in a few hours three provinces of the four would have been converted into camps.

The first meeting of the Club will form a chapter of pleasant gossip next week.

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN ABROAD.

(Translated from the *Biographie Universelle.*)

Count Alexander O'Reilly, a general in the Spanish service, was born in Ireland about the year 1735. He joined the Spanish army when very young, and was appointed sub-lieutenant in the Irish Regiment. He was engaged in Italy, in the war for the Austrian succession, and received a wound which rendered him partially lame for the remainder of his life. In 1757, he joined the Austrian army, and served during two campaigns against the Prussians, under the command of his countryman, Lascy (now Lacy). In 1759, he passed into the French army, and there so distinguished himself, that the Marshal de Broglie, on his return to Spain, recommended him to his sovereign, the Spanish monarch. This recommendation procured him the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In this quality he served in the inglorious war of Portugal, which was occupied at this time by the English. He had frequent opportunities, however, for distinguishing himself, at the head of a body of light troops, with the command of which he was entrusted. O'Reilly had already acquired the reputation of being one of the best officers in the Spanish army. He was promoted to the rank of Brigadier of the king's forces and Adjutant-major of drill—a post which was created for him especially. In the exercise of these functions, he trained the Spanish infantry to the German mode of drill. After the peace, he was made Lieutenant-General, and appointed second in command of the Havana, which had been restored to Spain by the treaty of Fontainbleau. He repaired the fortifications of this colony, and returned to Spain. The king appointed him Inspector-General of the infantry, and took great pleasure in witnessing the manœuvres of a camp of which he gave him the sole command. He next sent him to New-Orleans, whose inhabitants were growing restive under Spanish rule. The harsh measures O'Reilly was obliged to adopt in order to bring them under salutary control, procured him many enemies. He returned to Spain once more, and was constantly sustained by the favor of Charles the Third, who fully appreciated his brilliant parts, and could never forget his obligations to one who had saved his life during the insurrection of Madrid, in 1765. His popularity also increased to a very high degree, inasmuch as he gave a new impulse to the Spanish army, which had been for a long time inferior to those of the other nations of Europe. In 1774, he received the command of the expedition to Algiers. The grand divisions of the attack were intrusted to him; and he set sail with a squadron of forty ships of the line and three hundred and fifty transports, which carried an army of thirty thousand men. But this immense force did not land at the same time; for not receiving the flat-boats which had been prepared to disembark all the troops at once, O'Reilly, apprehensive of seeing his fleet run ashore, after fifteen days' delay, was at last obliged to land a body of six thousand men, commanded by the Marquis de la Romana. He had express orders to take up a position on shore, in order to protect the landing of the main army; but, carried away by the ardor of the troops, he advanced until he encountered the enemy, who were far more numerous, and were strongly intrenched behind hedges of cochineal and fig-trees. The Spanish troops fought with great bravery; they lost four thousand men, and their commander, Romana, was taken prisoner. Meantime the remainder of the army effected a landing, but this first check prevented them from following out the enterprise as they had intended. They were obliged to re-embark, and General O'Reilly—who had conceived the plan of action, of which all the military men of the day expressed their approval, but was unable to put it in execution, and who exhibited such dauntless bravery throughout, having two horses shot under him—was now reduced to the sorrowful necessity of returning to Spain with his army. He landed his force at Barcelona, on the 24th of August of the same year. This mischance detracted much from his great reputation, but took nothing from the favor of the king. He placed him at the head of a military school, established first at Avila, then at Port-Saint-Marie.

When O'Reilly was appointed Commander-General of Andalusia and Governor of Cadiz, he displayed the capacity of a great founder and skilful administrator; but he fell into complete disgrace at the death of Charles the Third, on the 14th of December, 1788, and lived in retirement at his seat in Catalonia. However, in spite of reverses, he always preserved his reputation with the Spanish army; and after the death of General Ricordos, in 1794, they saw no one who could better than O'Reilly direct the war against the French. He was accordingly appointed to the command of the Army of the Eastern Pyranees, but while he was on his way thither, he died very suddenly, at an advanced age. The reverses which Count de la Union afterwards experienced, caused him to be extremely regretted. However it is doubtful whether O'Reilly would have been more successful. His advanced age did not permit him to any longer bear the weight of such active service; and although he had been the master and teacher of the best officers of the Spanish Army, he had many enemies whom his utmost address, his mild and affable pliability of character, failed to conciliate.

Count Andrew O'Reilly, a general of cavalry in the service of Austria, was born in Ireland in the year 1740. He entered the army of the Empress Maria Theresa, when very young; distinguished himself during the Seven Years' War, and later, in the reign of Joseph the Second, in the war against the Turks. His valor and military talents procured him rapid promotion. He attained the rank of Major, and in this capacity took part in the first hostilities which ushered in the French Revolution. For his brilliant conduct at Marchiemus on the 31st October, 1793, he was appointed a general officer; at the battles of Amberg and Ulm, which took place respectively on the 23d of August and 24th September, he acquired further distinction. When the French army, commanded by Moreau, crossed the Rhine, opposite Kehl, on the 20th of April, 1797, the skilful manœuvres of O'Reilly, who commanded the rear, failed to prevent the defeat of the Austrians. He was wounded and taken, but, on an interchange of prisoners, was shortly afterwards restored, when he resumed his command in the interior. In 1805, we meet him again at the battle of Austerlitz, where, by his brilliant cavalry charges, he was mainly instrumental in saving the army of Francis from total destruction. The war having recommenced in 1809, he fought under the Archduke Maximilian, and when that prince was forced to abandon the defence of Vienna, attacked by overwhelming forces, O'Reilly was appointed governor of the city. After having sustained the bombardment for some time judging that a longer resistance would be attended by the most fatal consequences, and that the Austrian capital was menaced with destruction, at the final summons he ordered the garrison to cease firing. The Mayor, at the head of a deputation of the citizens, presented himself before Napoleon, and the capitulation forthwith took place. The Emperor of the French justly blamed the conduct of Maximilian, and bestowed the highest encomiums on O'Reilly. In the fourteenth article of the surrender, it was stipulated that he might betake himself to his sovereign, and inform him of the true state of the Austrian monarchy at this time. O'Reilly, who was already old and feeble, took no part in the subsequent wars. He died at Vienna in 1832, aged ninety-two years, with the rank of Field Marshal and Commander of the Order of Maria Theresa.

D. R. O'Reilly, Member of the Academy of Boulogne, of the Athenæum of Arts, Paris, and of many other learned societies, was descended from an Irish family. After having followed a military life for some time, he became a manufacturer, and applied himself especially to the study of industrial products. In 1800 he established at Paris a journal devoted to Technology, entitled *Annales des Arts et Manufactures*, on which he labored until his death, which took place in 1806. His partner was M. Barbier de Vemars, who continued the publication of the journal. Besides the numerous articles inserted therein, O'Reilly published "An Essay on Bleaching, with the Description of a New Method by means of Vapor, and its Application to the Arts." This was reviewed by Chaptal (Paris, 1801, octav. with 14 plates; a second edition, augmented, 1802). It also received honorable mention in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, and in those of the Institute, and has been translated into German by C. G. Eschenbach, Leipzig, 1801, octavo, and by F. W. Fries, at Berne, in 1802.

ANOTHER O'REILLY,

Whom Barbier, in his *Dictionaire des Anonymes*, confounds with the former, settled in France, and established himself as a teacher of the English language at Paris. He published a Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language (Paris, 1756), and a comedy in two acts, entitled "The Happy Divorce" (1767).

OMEGA.

NEWPORT.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE BEACH, BY A LITTLE COVE.

Here where the waves roll to the strand,
And Beaux and Belles go hand in hand
Into the water;
'Tis sweet to strengthen life and limb,
And with a sea-nymph take a swim,
Should you have caught her.

With salt, they say, you'll catch a bird—
To catch a sea-nymph, on my word,
When you're at Newport,
You've only got to bait your hook
With something of a "flashy" look—
You'll find it true sport.

And look you now, that gallant Swell
Comes here to woo this handsome Belle.
And 'sooth, he'll get her;
For here she waits with all her charms,
Ready to sink into his arms
Whene'er he'll let her.

I do not say, 'tis false pretence,
Nor do I blame his impudence
For this his wooing;—
What tho' he is a mere upstart?
His dashing way has won her heart
To her undoing.

The girls all know he has the rocks,
And think his being in the stocks
A Fancy feature;
The rogue, no doubt, is quite in state
To leave the Banks, and take for freight
The fairest creature.

What do these fair ones give away?
Their hearts' affections—so they say;
O bliss seraphic!
But what a fate, to say the least,
When Beauty only takes the Beast
In monied traffic!

'Tis not the girls just out of school,
But those who know how fashions rule,
That make this barter;—
Then why is there the least surprise,
When soon they find with open eyes,
They've caught a Tar-tar?

I do not mean a sailor Tar—
They seldom ride in Fashion's car,
With silver harness;—
But 'tis that rude and vulgar kind
That manners little have refined
And money far less.

Then *vive* success, and *bagatelle!*
Go on, my great and gallant swell,
Go in and win her;
While I'll be off to the Hotel,
And quietly go court the Bell,
That sounds for Dinner.

BARRETT.

COPYRIGHT IN GERMANY.—The subdivision to infinity of the German States makes itself felt in everything, but most especially in questions involving literary property. The United Publishers' Association of Germany some time since memorialized the Government of Saxony upon this subject. It is particularly in relation to the works of dead authors that there are enormous differences in the laws of the various States. In Austria the right is prorogued to the 19th October, 1856; in Prussia, to 11th June, 1867; in Brunswick, to 1st Jan., 1872; in Saxony, to 22d Feb., 1874. In some States there is no date fixed, and the publishers do not know how to act. The convention of the 19th June, 1837, provided that all works that had appeared previous to that year should be protected till 1867. That was reasonable, since the principle of property in literature is so generally recognized at the present day; it should be systematically regulated, that publishers and authors might not live in so much uncertainty.—*Athénæum Francais.*

The library belonging to Covent Garden Theatre has been sold at public auction.

The Pope has contributed funds to complete the monument to Tasso, in the Church of St. Onufrius, where the great poet lies buried.

THE DELIGHTS OF PATRIOTISM.

A young lawyer writes us a pretty long letter from Federal street, Boston, giving us a few of his pleasanter experiences in professional life. The learned gentleman was somewhat conspicuously mixed up with the political affairs of Ireland, eight or nine years ago. His experiences, in an amusing way illustrate the penalties attached to a political position of the slightest celebrity. In their difficulties, several of his countrymen have called upon him, and, relying on his "patriotism," solicit his gratuitous advice. One of the many letters addressed to him in this spirit, reminds him of the fact of his being "a patriarch," and his having followed "in the footsteps of Emmet."

A week or ten days before the feast of St. Patrick, a morose-looking and lanky-limbed client, with a green shade over his eyes, entered the office in Federal street. There was a child, like a bundle of cobwebs, in one arm. A fiddle, in a green baize bag, lay snugly tucked under the other. The client was a fiddler from Tullamore, King's County. He knew Father O'Rafferty, the parish priest of the place, and had travelled up one time in the canal-boat to Dublin in company with Father Tom Maguire and Tom Steele; he was now on the broad of his back; couldn't scrape a sixpence in coppers together; and the child in his arms was just out of the measles. A dollar would give him a lift.

That case disposed of, a very fat man, with gray head, placid face, and big hands, walked in. He was neatly shaved, and carried a dark-colored pocket-handkerchief in the same hand with his hat. His dress was respectable, but had evidently suffered much from length of service and the use of the brush. A blue dress-coat, studded in a desultory way with brass buttons; brown trowsers, very baggy all round from the waist to the thighs, but scanty from the knees to the ankles; shawl-pattern double-breasted waistcoat; white cotton stockings; shoes, cut for corns, recently polished; a spongy, yellowish glove on the left hand, with the tops of the thumb and two of the fingers devoured; this was his costume. His voice was mellow, and his eyes benevolent. He was a butler in search of a place. Born in Kilcullen, Co. Kildare, he was brought up in Dublin. His father had been for ever so many years head-waiter at the Bilton, in Sackville street. He himself had lived with Judge Burton, Town-Major White, Sir Philip Crampton, and the Batchelors out near Baldoyle. He was now close upon sixty. At home, the family and neighbors celebrated his birth on Michaelmas Day. Had he been a Tory or a mean-spirited *spalpeen*, he needn't have left Ireland. But when Mr. Smith O'Brien took the field, he took the *Nation* and John Mitchel's paper, and that was the destruction of him. At that time he had the misfortune to be with Sir Philip Crampton. The lock of an old horse-pistol, which Sir Philip discovered in a drawer in the pantry, amongst a heap of candle-ends and worn-down shoe-brushes, finished him clean. That night (it was the night Mr. Duffy tried to make his escape from Newgate) Sir Philip discharged him. The written discharge the old Baronet gave him was as bad as a death-warrant.

"Sorra one of the gentry," said the butler, "would have me on seeing it. I might as well have been in the *Hue-and-Cry*. It disordered my family arrangements completely. I had to leave Ireland with the rest of the exiles. I came first to Quebec, and then to Portland, in Maine. In Portland I was offered a fine situation in an ice-cream saloon opposite the Town Hall. But that didn't agree with me, for I'm subject to stomach-complaints. So I thought I'd try my luck in Boston. After searching about ever so long for something to do, I got an engagement at the Opera. They put me to light fires in the Green-room and dressing-rooms. I took cowld at the work. They packed me off to the Hospital with a lame foot and the wart you see on my nose, where the Doctor bled me for an inflammation of the lungs. When I was well enough to get on my legs (the corns trouble me still) I was hired by Judge Bailey, who lives close to the Glass Works, South Boston. If the Judge hadn't been a Know-Nothing, I might have remained with him until something better was heard of. But who could live with a Know-Nothing Judge, and he damning the Pope and the Irish servant-girls from morning till night? The Judge used to swear the poor girls were Jesuits in disguise. I couldn't stand this. I sent him due notice to quit, and gave him fair warning I'd stump Massachusetts against him when he'd run for Governor, which Mr. Mick Gowan, the naturalization agent, informed me was his intention next Fall. After this I put on my hat, and walked out, a free and independent man, to ease my mind on the Common. I couldn't think of anything. My mind was all astray, though I was perfectly content. I took out my naturalization papers next day. Mr. Mick Gowan, when he handed them to me, recommended your honor as one who would be sure to see after me, and that's why I called."

The butler was ready to serve more notices, if the young lawyer of Federal street would engage him; or he could dust his books and keep his letters and papers in order. He wouldn't mind running of messages either, if his corns would let him. If not, he thought of emigrating to St. Paul's, Minnesota, and would feel obliged for a line of introduction to General Shields. Once there, he could start a paper in favor of Fremont. The learned and patriotic gentleman of Federal street disposed of this case with a donation of two quarters, and many assurances of esteem and good-will.

The third case communicated to us is of common occurrence. An Irishwoman, married to a French manufacturer of bird-cages, appears to have been, for the last three years, at war with a Dutch laundress who lived opposite her, in a narrow lane contiguous to the Lowell railway depôt. From words, mutually unintelligible, it came to blows. The Irishwoman appeared the following morning at the law-office, at the desk of which the expatriated butler so successfully pleaded his case, and rolled out a long catalogue of wrongs. The Dutch laundress had beaten her. A brown scar on her forehead (as if a large spider had been flattened out there) was evidence of that. In further proof of her statement, she turned down her apron (she sat all the while) and counted out several broken pieces of crockery-ware—vestiges of water-jugs and tea-cups with which she had been assaulted. Mrs. Cuddihy (for that was the poor creature's name) wanted to know if a patriot like young Mr. Mooney (for that was his name) couldn't help a poor widow. She told him she had seen him the day Mr. O'Connell was let out of prison, and that her husband had voted for his (the young lawyer's) uncle the time he stood for Dundalk. More than this. She knew the Widow McCormac's house, and could show her Repeal card. She wanted to know, if, after all this, Mrs. Thunderhoorn wouldn't be made to pay? Mr. Mooney, in reply, gave Mrs. Cuddihy, the widow, some temperate advice; and having dwelt fully on the evils of gin, bowed her with the sweetest of smiles to the door. At the foot of the stairs, Mrs. Mooney turned round and looked up:

"And that's the way you thrate me. Bad cess to you for disturbing the peace of the country, you infidel robber," says she.

HISTORY OF IMMIGRATION TO THE UNITED STATES, &c. By WILLIAM J. BROMWELL, of the Department of State. *Redfield.*

This work is highly commendable, inasmuch as it is the first contribution to a branch of the history of the United States which is every day receiving vast importance. The future American Sismondi and Thierry who will devote their great capacity and mayhap grow blind in philosophic self-sacrifice, tracing up the various life-streams which poured their vitality and power into the channel from which emerged to greatness and perpetuity the modern race known as the American, will highly honor the compiler of the present work, and largely rely upon its statements. It is an undertaking of serious labor and very considerable success. We regret however, that owing to the carelessness of "collectors of customs," many returns of passengers are indefinitely headed "from Great Britain and Ireland," from "Europe," "Asia," &c., without stating the distinct nations or territories from which the passengers came, and which in almost every instance could have been ascertained at the time. This book shows the necessity for particularity on the point, and should suggest to the proper authorities the enforcement of positive clearness in the immigration statistics.

As regards the statistics of the immigration from Ireland and England, we doubt not but that very valuable particulars could be obtained through the leading shipping houses in Dublin, Liverpool, Cork, &c., and in the custom houses there. The nationalities of the passengers could be to a very serviceable degree accurately ascertained. It would of course demand patient labor; and we trust that the present work will receive sufficient encouragement as to warrant further achievements in the same line.

What we desire can be illustrated with a single fact. We learn here, that during a period of thirty-six and a quarter years ending on the last day of the past year, the total number of Immigrants to America from the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland" was 2,343,445. Now, the knowledge of this truth only makes us more anxious to know how many of the number were Irish, how many English, Scotch, or Welsh, and deeply mortified that we cannot with any satisfaction approach a solution of the question. It might be done, we think, in the manner and by the means we suggest.

To Mr. Bromwell, however, we must feel deeply indebted. A work of this nature could not be accomplished without having some defects. In the present case, the compiler had to use such statistics as he found; and it is not his fault if the details have not been apportioned as is most desirous.

In a comprehensive introduction, Mr. Bromwell reviews the partial labors of others who have gone before him in noting the occasional growth of the foreign-born population; and gives a summary of the chief information embraced in the volume. The whole has been collected from official documents;—Annual Reports on Immigration, Congressional communications, Passenger abstracts furnished to the Secretary of State by Collectors of Customs, Custom-House Records, &c. An appendix contains the naturalization and passenger laws, and extracts from the laws of several states relating to Immigrants, paupers, and such as are debarred from laboring for their own support. It is a good book for reference, and turned out by the publisher in readable fashion.

"COUSIN NICHOLAS" is the title of a highly amusing story, by the Rev. Mr. Barham, author of the well-known *Ingoldsby Papers*. The work is exceedingly pleasant reading for half an hour at a time, but is rather overdone to attract a fastidious reader to a consecutive perusal of its chapters. It is of that order of novel which Theodore Hook and his class were given to concoct, and is more remarkable for the persistency with which jokes are laboriously piled up than for the brilliancy of the material out of which they are concocted. "Cousin Nicholas," however, is full of natural touches, and humorously treats of the pranks and practical jokes of the only son of the House of Bulwinkle, or Bolevaincle, as the good-humored Sir Oviver spells the name of his great ancestor, Sir Roger. Young Nick is full of the mischief said to be inherent in the offspring of the *old* gentleman of the same name, and his adventures are detailed with great ease and pleasantry. Like good wine, the book, however, must be taken in sips to obtain its full flavor. It is published by *A. Burke*, Buffalo.

HUMBOLDT'S ESSAY ON CUBA—THE AMERICAN TRANSLATION.

Baron von Humboldt has caused an article to be inserted in the *Spenersche Zeitung*, the pith of which is embraced in the following extracts:

"Under the title of *Essai Politique sur l'Isle de Cuba*, published in Paris in 1826, I collected together all that the large edition of my *Voyage aux Régions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent* contained upon the state of Agriculture and Slavery in the Antilles. There appeared at the same time an English and a Spanish translation of this work, the latter entitled *Ensayo*

Politico sobre la Isla de Cuba, neither of which omitted any of the frank and open remarks which feelings of humanity had inspired. But there appears just now, strangely enough, translated from the Spanish translation, and not from the French original, and published by Derby & Jackson, in New-York, an octavo volume of 400 pages, under the title of *The Island of Cuba*, by Alexander Humboldt; with Notes and a Preliminary Essay, by J. S. Thrasher. The translator, who has lived a long time on that beautiful island, has enriched my work by more recent *data* on the subject of the numerical standing of the population, of the cultivation of the soil, and the state of trade, and, generally speaking, exhibited a charitable moderation in his discussion of conflicting opinions." Humboldt complains that the seventh chapter of the Spanish translation, with which his *Essai Politique* ended, has been "arbitrarily omitted. To this very portion of my work," he says, "I attach greater importance than to any astronomical observations, experiments of magnetic intensity, or statistical statements. A steady advocate as I am for the most unfettered expression of opinion in speech or in writing, I should never have thought of complaining if I had been attacked on account of my statements; but I do think I am entitled to demand that in the Free States of the continent of America, people should be allowed to read what has been permitted to circulate from the first year of its appearance in a Spanish translation. "Alexander Von Humboldt."

"Berlin, July, 1856."

Mr. J. S. Thrasher fearing that the readers of the above might infer he had wilfully mutilated the work of so great a writer, gives the following explanation to the *Daily Times*:—

Being desirous of placing in the hands of American readers such information in relation to the Island of Cuba as my studies had enabled me to obtain, I made the translation referred to, as being the best work I have ever seen on the subject. In undertaking this labor, I was not aware that any English version of the work had ever been made, and I used the Spanish edition for text, simply because, being ignorant of the French language, I could not translate the essay from that tongue.

As it was written thirty years ago, during which time the material development of Cuba had been very great, a continuance of Baron Humboldt's remarks became necessary, in order to bring the subject matter up to the present time, and this labor I have inserted in notes. In carrying out the design of a work on Cuba, I deemed that I could not take up the subject at a more appropriate point than that where the illustrious author had left it in 1825.

The chapter complained of as being omitted is a distinct essay "On Slavery," and is so entitled in the volume where it is published. Cuba is only incidentally alluded to in it, while it begins with this express declaration: "I here close the *Examen*, or Political Essay on Cuba, in which I have presented the state of this important Spanish possession as it at present exists." Baron Humboldt's complaint is not that I have mutilated his essay on Cuba, but that I have not published all the matter contained in the volume from which I have translated his work on that important island. I would add that no one entertains a higher or more sincere regard than I do for the great and venerable name of Baron Von Humboldt.

I would ask those journals that may have alluded to or published the article in question to publish also this letter. Very respectfully, yours, J. S. THRASHER.

Literary and Artistic News.

Thomas Crawford, the eminent American Sculptor, was in Richmond last week, and closed a contract with Governor Wise for the completion of the Washington Monument, by placing on the four vacant circular pedestals the statues of George Mason, the author of the Virginia Declaration of Rights in 1776, the first made in America: Chief Justice John Marshall; General Andrew Lewis, the hero of Point Pleasant; and General Thomas Nelson, of Yorktown, distinguished sons of Virginia. Thus, in the language of Governor Wise's eloquent Lexington oration:

"The monument may be an ideal of the colonial State in a Lewis; the Revolution in a Henry; of a written Constitution and a Bill of Rights in a Mason; of Independence in a Jefferson; of the ways and means and action of the Revolution in a Nelson; and of the adjustment of the times by a judiciary in a Marshall; and the whole be surmounted by the head of all, the crowning glory of all, in a Washington.

In consultation with Mr. Crawford, it was determined to ornament the six lower rectangular pedestals not with eagles as originally designed, but with trophies representing the peculiar characteristics of the men to whose statues these pedestals belong. The idea, all will admit, is appropriate and beautiful.

Mr. Crawford, (says the Richmond *Enquirer*, 12th inst.,) is now in Washington, whither he has sent some exquisite models, representing the progress of Civilization in America, for a pediment of the extension of the Capitol. Mr. Crawford will sail for Europe on the 25th September, to finish his works for Virginia and other places. It is proper that we should state that Mr. Crawford expressed the highest satisfaction with the beautiful and substantial style in which the granite structure of the monument, on our Capitol Square, has been completed. It is confidently expected that the Equestrian statue of Washington, now boxed up in Munich, will be brought over from Amsterdam during the autumn, by the United States steam propeller "Merrimack," Captain Pendergast. At Norfolk it will be placed upon a large ark and towed up to Richmond.

In a notice given, by a Neapolitan journal, of a performance which took place at the Royal Palace of the Caserta at Naples, on the 1st instant, before the King and royal family, we find the following mention made of Mr. F. Glover, son of Professor Glover of Dublin:—"The young Irishman, Ferdinando Glover, particularly distinguished himself in the duet from "Gabriella di Vergi," sung with La Signora Sbriglia, and in the trio from "Ernani," with Signora Sbriglia and Signor Martinella. He received immense applause and was greeted with clamorous *evvivi* in the "Romanza del Furioso," which he sang with all the expression which so difficult, and, at the same time, so beautiful a composition demanded. We had already heard Signor Glover in many private societies in this city, where his fine voice and artistic style gave much delight, but we now congratulate him heartily on the success of this public proof of his abilities."

Putnam is issuing a new edition of Commander Wilke's Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition during the years 1838–9–40–41–42, in five volumes with thirteen maps. This work increases in value as our commerce with the Pacific increases, and as a record of the first naval exploring expedition undertaken by our government, possesses a political and historical, as well as a literary and commercial interest.

Parke Godwin's "Political and other Essays," are announced by Dix, Edwards & Co. Several of the papers to be included in the collection, are already known to the readers of *Putnam's Monthly*. Mr. Godwin, is a bold, vigorous writer and thinker, and if his readers do not agree with any, or all of the theories he propounds and illustrates, they always find his style comprehensive, manly, and refreshing. He is the author of a fine article on Shelley, published in the *Democratic Review*, some years since.

The late Sharon Turner, author of the "History of the Anglo-Saxons," who received three hundred a year from Government as a literary pension, wrote the third volume of his "Sacred History of the World" upon paper which did not cost him a farthing. The copy consisted of torn and angular fragments of letters and notes; of covers of periodicals—grey, drab, or green—written in thick, round hand, over a small print; of shreds of curling paper, unctuous with pomatum or bear's grease; and of the white wrappers in which his proofs were sent from the printers. The paper, sometimes as thin as a bank-note, was written on both sides; and was so sodden with ink, plastered on with a pen worn to a stump, that hours were frequently wasted in discovering on which side of it certain sentences were written. Men condemned to work on it saw their dinner vanishing in illimitable perspective; and first-rate hands groaned over it a whole day for tenpence. One poor fellow assured the writer of this paper, that he could not earn enough upon it to pay his rent, and that he had seven mouths to fill besides his own. In the hope of mending matters in some degree, slips of stout white paper were sent frequently with the proofs; but the good gentleman could not afford to use them, and they never came back as copy.

There are, by the census, 355 publishers in the United States, 2000 booksellers, 15,000 printers, and 3,500 bookbinders. The number of new books issued in 1853 is said to have exceeded 1000. Only one book out of every 200 gets to a second edition.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

American Medical Gazette. Editor, D. M. Reese, M. D., LL. D.	
Public Documents,	*Hon. Boyd Clarke.*
Putnam, for August,	*Dix & Edwards.*
Household Words,	"
Schoolfellow,	"
Democratic Review,	*Lloyd & Campbell.*
Married, not Mated; or, How they lived at Woodside and Throckmorton Hall. By Alice Cary, Author of "Clovernook," &c.,	*Derby & Jackson.*
Confidential Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, &c. By John S. C. Abbott	*Mason Brothers.*
Life and Public Services of James Buchanan, &c. By R. G. Horton	*Derby & Jackson.*
The Old Chest and its Treasures. By Aunt Elizabeth	*M. W. Dodd.*
Life and Services of Hon. James Buchanan	*Livermore & Rudd.*
Victoria; or the World Overcome. By Caroline Cheesebro', author of "Philly and Kit."	*Derby & Jackson.*
The Last of the Foresters; or, Humors of the Border: a story of the old Virginia Frontier. By John Esten Cooke, author of "Virginia Comedians," &c.	"

Letter from Smith O'Brien.

Dromoland, July 29, 1856,

My Dear Sir:—I have for some time felt an anxious desire to offer my best acknowledgments to those members of the House of Commons, who, during the last and present session of Parliament, exerted themselves to procure my restoration to Ireland; but I have found some difficulty in determining what would be the most suitable mode of giving effect to this desire. It now seems to me that there can be no occasion more appropriate than the moment of my return to my native land; and as you were one of those who were most earnest in this endeavor, and have also command of a journal which will enable you to give publicity to my sentiments, I shall feel obliged if you will become the organ for conveying my thanks to those with whom you co-operated.

From the hour of my imprisonment until the present moment I have carefully abstained from soliciting any favor from the British Government, or any mitigation of the penalties which I incurred in 1848. Having done what I considered my duty, I could not express contrition. It therefore seemed to me becoming to remain entirely passive, and to submit without repining to the consequences of an attempt which may have been ill-judged, but which was prompted by the purest motives. At the same time, I have not felt myself bound to deprecate on the part of others the expression of sympathy which seemed to me to be highly honorable to those who entertained it—even though that sympathy was evinced in the form of solicitation.

As there has been little disposition to underrate the mental sufferings, privations and pecuniary losses which I and my family have sustained, I shall now speak only of the circumstances by which we have been consoled. It will always be to us a subject of pleasing and grateful recollection to remember that, from the hour of my conviction to the day of my return, my own countrymen, without distinction of classes, creeds or parties, have exhibited deep solicitude in my fate, and from time to time have manifested this solicitude in the manner which seemed to them most conducive to my deliverance from imprisonment and exile. Nor has this sympathy been confined to Ireland. Even in Van Diemen's Land, I experienced on the part of English and Scotch as well as of Irish colonists, the greatest possible kindness—kindness which I can never forget—whilst in Victoria and in New South Wales my liberation was greeted with such gratulations as are generally offered to those who triumph rather than to those who fail.

In the United States large multitudes of Americans assembled in their chief cities to solicit the intervention of the President of the Republic on behalf of the Irish State Prisoners, and our liberation from Van Diemen's Land in 1854 gave occasion to an address of congratulation from New-York, which appears to have embodied the sentiments of a great majority of the inhabitants of one of the largest capitals in the world.

I have been informed also that during the present Spring an address to the Queen (which I have not as yet seen) was carried by the Legislature of Canada by which my restoration to Ireland was earnestly requested.

In like manner I have experienced on the part of individuals devotion such as has been rarely equalled, of which I need cite no other instance than that of my friend, Mr. P. J. Smyth, who made two voyages round the world with a view to assist in rescuing me from captivity.

During the Session of 1855 I was apprised that one hundred and forty members of Parliament memorialised the Prime-Minister in favor of my unconditional return. Upon analising the the list of their names I discovered that it contained a majority of the Representatives of Ireland, among whom were to be found some who would have asked no other favor from a British Minister; and several whose views respecting the political interests of Ireland are diametrically opposed to those which I entertain, as well as others who have been in the habit of supporting the Whig administration. I found also in this list the names of some of the most distinguished of the English and Scotch members, amongst whom indiscriminately were men belonging to the several parties which divide the arena of political contention.

To all who have expressed or felt sympathy I would willingly tender my acknowledgments; and it is with this view that I now address to you this letter, in the hope that it may obtain extended publicity.

You will therefore oblige me by placing it upon public record in whatever manner may appear to you most acceptable to to those for whose perusal it is designed.

I remain, my dear sir,
Yours very sincerely,
J. F. Maguire, Esq., M. P. William S. O'Brien.

LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

SHELLS AND SEA-FLOWERS.

Newport, August 15th.

The season is at its height, and we girls are all here looking our best, "getting up" our complexions by taking "fogs," and the salt-sea waves, doing the hops and drives, and all other excitements; but the dear men won't admire, and, what is still worse, won't propose. Sad, sad, but, at the same time, most amusing, is the whole thing. The millionaires stand off at a most respectable distance. The clever and agreeable men preserve a most ominous silence. The elegant and accomplished are such "belles" that most of us are content with even a glance—and the dear little "working bees of society," as a brilliant and accomplished lady friend of ours terms the dancing herd, are as ineligible as ever. So there is no hope for us, but to find our happiness in some other more accessible, perhaps, but to the most of us, unknown and unexplored Utopia. However, some few do believe in "destiny," and take the present in a calm, placid, and "Townish" manner, and can give a dispassionate view of passing events in this great world at Newport in a way that may perhaps interest some of your numerous readers who, by uncontrollable circumstances, are prevented from giving their personal attention to the subject. You must fancy yourself on the beach, about ten o'clock in the morning, and promise not to laugh at the nondescript animals of the Zebra order who emerge from the little pens that so closely line the shore, and, advancing with a mixture of boldness and timidity, bow meekly to the surging waves. Another, whose beard betrays his sex, with determined look tucks his delicate offspring under his arm, and triumphantly carries the squirming, howling specimen to his daily drowning. Then a general scampering to each particular den, which they seem to recognise by instinct, and soon the attending coaches are slyly filled with the exhausted, and at the same time exhilarated devotees. They return to civilized lodgings and the amplitude of drawing-room toilettes, or perhaps doze over the "Martins of Cro' Martin," till the welcome dressing-bell summons them to the pet business of the day, when they get themselves "up" in all excruciating styles imaginable—ludicrous and inappropriate in some, and gracefully exaggerated in others—and fancy they enjoy their dinners. Perhaps they do. I was helped to some boiled chicken at the Ocean the other day, but it defied my utmost efforts. The charming Shanghai must have inhaled the strengthening air of this favored spot longer than I had. So I was convinced and vanquished at the same time. After several other unsuccessful attempts, I gave it up, and consoled myself with a turn or two in the hall, listening to the dulcet strains of some philanthropic musicians, while an enterprising gentleman friend gave me the latest gossip, &c. But you should have seen the "turn outs" that turned out shortly for the drive. Tandem teams, of which the leader seemed possessed to run towards the driver—melancholy young men on horseback, who seemed weighed down with the feeling of the uncertainty of ever reaching home in safety—and dangerously brave young females, who did not seem to think of anything but the fun of getting run away with by a horse, and run after by a man. Lots of slow old gentlemen, with red noses, followed by fat wives and vulgar daughters, filled the slow coaches, and slowly dragged their slow length along, to take the full benefit of the air, which by this time you could not find for the dust—Newport can be dusty when it makes the effort, I've been told. It would make you laugh to see them all pretend to enjoy it, and to be having such jolly times. Off they go to the beach, where, looking from the hills, the coaches seemed like so many crabs wriggling about; or to Bateman's, where every one rides to catch a glimpse of each other, instead of the glorious views so constantly bursting upon you at every turn. I am convinced half of them come back a little displeased with themselves for going so far and seeing so few of the dear people. The other day some foolhardy one of our party proposed we should take tea at the Glen. So away we went back in the country, past the Observatory and windmills, and everything else, till I was afraid we were past the Glen as well. I innocently asked the coachman how far we were off from that desired haven? "Only about four miles," said he. I was too discouraged to speak more, and resigned myself calmly to dust and jolts till we reached Mrs. Durfee's. Not a bit of a Glen to be seen, of course, unless we chose to drive the poor resigned beasts nearly a mile further. Compassion stepped in, and we stepped out, and soon had some hot coffee to console us, and a fine moon to light us home again; but I could not help thinking I should consider myself mad in any other place to do the same. Fashion is all-powerful—long may it reign! But the "hops,"—that's the cream of the joke. And what be-flounced and be-whaleboned specimens we all are, to be sure, when we make our appearance on the floor; and how well we dance, and how good the music is, and how handsome Brignoli looked at the "Filmore" the other evening. We all agree about him, you know. By the way, the "Filmore" is patronised by the *Ton*—(they say the "Ocean" is by the *Tin*)—this summer in a way that compels all to give it the palm. Several American ladies that are blest with the title of "Madame" benignantly smile through the din of the room, and receive the solicitations and adulations of the nodding, bobbing and hopping crowd. How superbly beatiful was the fair representative from New-Orleans that evening, and what a stunning dress she wore! She has evidently been a belle ever since she opened those soft, brown eyes. She should be called the Duchess of Louisiana. Our Northern belle, from the Genesee Valley, how immensely she enlarges the reputation her beautiful mother made by her manifold attractions. There are lots of minor belles here who deserve the fame of the heroines of old, both in personal and mental attractions, and would have it too, only there are so many of us. The celebrities who are here ring their own changes, so I will pass them by in silent admiration; but you can scarcely number them. Politics I know nothing about, except that I am a Buchaneer, and so is every one else I meet. I am very tired; good night. Excuse the very Oriental style of your fair friend,

Dinner-Bell.

American News.

The Jefferson City (Mo.) *Inquirer* says that Joseph Hoover, a guard at the penitentiary has been arrested and placed in jail to await his trial for attempting to liberate Robert McO'Blenis and four other persons confined in the prison. He proposed to O'Blenis that if he would give him $150, and his obligation for $5,000, to be paid after his liberation, he would have a horse and a change of clothing in readiness, and pass him out by way of the guard-house, for which purpose he had a rope-ladder prepared, and place him in safety ten miles from the city. O'Blenis, it seems, informed the Warden of the circumstances, and a watch was concealed in the cell occupied by O'Brien, and when Hoover made his appearance to complete the necessary arrangements with O'Blennis, and to receive the money (which had previously been placed in the hands of O'Blenis), Hoover was secured, and will, no doubt, be sent to the penitentiary as a convict.

Dr. Jackson, of Boston, has been making investigations in regard to the seed of the cotton plant. His researches, it is said, show that the seed may be profitably employed in the production of oil, whilst the refuse fibre adhering to the seeds may be used in the manufacture of paper. It is stated that the yield of oils from the unprepared seed is small compared with that from seeds which have been hulled.

The crops of New Jersey, as far as gathered, are said to be unusually large. Those standing are suffering from drought. The wheat, rye, and hay crops are considerably larger than last year, and the recent fine weather has been of great benefit in gathering them.

The largest fleet of the season arrived at Buffalo from Chicago on the 18th, consisting of three propellers, 1 brig and 13 schooners laden with 212,190 bushels of corn, 26,455 bushels of wheat, 113,389 bushels of oats, 1,131 barrels of flour, and merchandize in proportion.

Mrs. R. eloped from Cincinnati, on Sunday afternoon, with a gentleman in a buggy, leaving a note for her husband to read on his return from church, wishing him to take care of the child. Mr. R. took the matter coolly but was not altogether indifferent, for he knocked down an intimate friend who untertook to sympathize with him on his loss.

EDITORIAL.—Ferdinand Andrews, Esq., for the last eight or ten years editor of the Boston *Traveler*, we learn, has retired from that position. Joseph B. Morse, Esq., editor of the Newburyport *Herald*, succeeds him.

On Monday, 11th, a gentleman named King, a member of the Newport Bar, died suddenly at the Bellevue Hotel, Newport. He had just helped a lady next to him at the dinner-table, when he fell back dead.

Dr. Cowdery, the City Health Officer at Norfolk, Va., has formally given notice to the masters of all vessels lying at quarantine, that under no circumstances will they be allowed to come up to the city until frost.

It is stated that the peach crop of Delaware is a total failure. This result is attributed in part to the heat and drought of the present summer, and partly to the severity of the past winter. The trees blossomed very poorly.

The Boston Journal states that a couple were married in Chalestown onMonday week, the bridegroom being only 17, and the bride 16 years of age.

John W. and R. D. Patton, formerly editors and proprietors of the *Southern Journal*, at Monticello, have sold out to F. P. Stamps and F. A. Cooper.

There was a lucky man from North Carolina, who purchased a lottery ticket from Samuel Swan & Co., a few days ago, in Atlanta, and drew the capital of $20,000.

A young woman committed suicide in the 17th Ward, Philadelphia, on Friday last, because her mother refused to buy her a new bonnet.

The Delaware Peach crop is a failure. The grape crop in Ohio, is a good one.

Out of twelve hundred places where intoxicating liquors are retailed in Chicago, only one hundred are licensed.

A meeting preparatory to a Catholic organization has been held in St. Louis. The object of the association is to enable Catholic emigrants, of whatever nationality, to settle on vacant lands in Missouri. The stock is fixed at ten dollars a share.

Congressional.

Thirty-Fourth Congress—First Session—Senate.
European Miscellany.

Aug. 9. A joint resolution was passed, authorizing Professor BACHE to receive a medal from the King of Sweden. A substitute was reported for the bill regulating the compensation of Members of Congress, giving them $2,500 instead of $3,000 a year. Mr. THOMSON, of New Jersey, endeavoured to show that Commodore STOCKTON, and not Colonel FREMONT, was the conqueror of California. The two Tennessee Senators, Messrs. JONES and BELL, expressed their preferences for the Presidency. Mr. BIGLER, of Pennsylvania, submitted a resolution calling on the President for the vouchers of Colonel FREMONT's accounts with the Government. The Kansas question was discussed by Mr. Foot.

Aug. 11. A resolution was adopted calling on the President for information in regard to the proposition of the Congress of the Allied Powers of Europe respecting the abolition of privateering, &c. The House bill to reorganize the Territory of Kansas was reported back from the Committee of Territories by Mr. DOUGLAS, with a recommendation that it be laid on the table, as a test on its rejection. Mr. COLLAMER, read the minority report in favor of the House bill; tabled, by 35 against 12. Mr. BIGLER called up his resolution concerning Colonel FREMONT's accounts, and after quite a lengthy debate it was adopted. An effort was made to get up the Pacific Railroad bill, but it failed.

Aug. 12. The Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation bill was passed. The Pacific Railroad bill was taken up, and Mr. HUNTER moved to lay it on the table; agreed to by 25 against 23. The Navy Appropriation bill was passed.

Aug. 13. The bill regulating the compensation of Members of Congress, passed by a vote of 35 to 11.

Aug. 14. A joint resolution was passed, accepting a portrait of JOHN HAMPDEN, presented by JOHN MCGREGOR, Secretary of the Board of Trade, England. An effort was made to pass the bill for the improvement of Des Moines Rapids over the President's veto, but it failed, two-thirds not agreeing. The Civil Appropriation bill was considered, and after debate the House proviso, prohibiting military superintendency in the erection of public buildings, was stricken out. An amendment was adopted, authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase three stores at the Atlantic Docks, Brooklyn.

Aug. 15, A bill to reimburse Vermont for expenses in preserving the Neutrality laws during the Canadian Rebellion named. The remainder of the session was occupied by the Civil Appropriation bill, $750,000 was voted for Capitol Extension, and $500,000 for continuing the Washington Water Works. An amendment giving half a million for the dome of the Capitol was adopted. The House bill (passed a few hours before) to regulate the compensation of Members of Congress was then adopted by 27 to 12. The Civil bill was passed.

House.

August 9.—A resolution was adopted requesting the Postmaster General to make investigation as to the abstraction of public documents, &c., from the mails. The Civil Appropriation bill was considered, and finally passed. Mr. Sherman defended the report of the majority of the Kansas Investigating Committee from the attacks of Mr. Savage.

August 11.—A bill was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means by Mr. Campbell, to reduce the duties on imports, &c. Its consideration was postponed until the third Monday in December. The Secretary of the Treasury was called upon for a mass of information affecting the interests of different sections of the country in connection with the Tariff, looking to the enlargement of the free list, &c. A message was received from the President vetoing the Des Moines Rapids bill, but the House re-passed the bill over the veto. The Post Office Appropriation bill passed. The Army bill, returned from the Senate without Mr. Sherman's proviso, was then taken up, and Mr. Pennington suggested a substitute, to avoid all constitutional scruples, which was adopted, and returned to the Senate.

August 12.—Mr. Walbridge reported a bill from the Committee on Public Lands for the construction of a Railroad and Telegraph line to the Pacific. A motion to postpone its consideration until the second Monday in December was lost by the casting vote of the Speaker. No further action taken. A joint resolution was passed to allow sixty additional days during which the Texas creditors can present their claims. Fifty private bills were passed.

August 13.—The bill extending the Adams Printing Press Patent, was adopted by 40 majority. The Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill came back from the Senate, and was earnestly debated in Committee. The House (in Committee) adhered to its former action, refusing to pay the Kansas Legislature and Judiciary, unless the treason prosecutions were abandoned.

August 14.—A communication was received from the Postmaster General in reference to the abstraction of documents, &c., from the mails. The amendments to the Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation bill were concurred in. The bill establishing a large number of post routes passed. The Senate bill, appropriating nearly a million to pay the amount expended by California for the suppression of Indian hostilities, tabled.

August 15.—The Senate bill regulating Consular and Diplomatic Salaries, passed; also a bill giving $200,000 to establish a Naval Depot at Brunswick, Ga. The Senate bill regulating the pay of Members of Congress, was taken up, amended and passed by three majority. The usual extra compensation to employees of the House was voted. The bill to appoint additional Surgeons in the Navy; the bill to run the southern boundary of Kansas, and the bill to regulate Judicial fees, were severally passed. The Ocean Mail Service bill was discussed, but not disposed of.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

July 23, at Allen Leap, Patrick Murphy, of Naas, to Bride, daughter of the late Michael Cribbon, Kildare.

July 15, at the British Embassy, Florence, F. D. Lumley, Major unattached, to Julia Mary, daughter of J. Hardinge.

July 24, at St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, John Thorp, solicitor, Lower Dominick street, to Lizzie Phillips, daughter of the late Richard Jocelyn Phillips, of Ballingale, county Wexford.

July 22, at Gorey church, the Rev. James Sullivan, of Chesterfield, county Limerick, to Georgina Lucie, daughter of George Annesley Owen, of Ramsgate.

At Boycetown R. C. Church, Patrick O'Rourke, of Richmond street, South, to Maria Teresa, daughter of Sylvester Marmion, of Derrypatrick, county Meath.

At Blackrock Roman Catholic Church, Denis O'Neill, of Essex street, to Mary Anne, daughter of Nicholas Walsh, of Williamstown.

At Galtrim, county Meath, Alfred Rook, of Merrion square, East, to Mary Anne, daughter of M. Marmion, of Derrypatrick, county Meath.

At Tullibine House, Melbourne, Australia, Thomas Dargan, of Western Port, to Margaret Mary, daughter of the late John Cahill, of Sandsfort court, and niece of Captain Cahill, of Lismane Cottage, county Kilkenny.

On the 22d ult., William Weir, wine merchant, 4, Holland place, Glasgow, to Sarah, daughter of the late John Gourley, of Listanna, county Donegal, Ireland.

On the 24th ult., James Corrigan, of Dublin, to Lucy, daughter of the late George Chapman, Tromra, Moira.

At Tramore church, Mary Sophia, daughter of Henry Pope, wholesale spirit merchant, Waterford, to John Barnes, of Ballyglasheen, Tipperary.

At Portsmouth, in the Protestant and Catholic Churches, Mary Anne Hayes, of Waterford, daughter of the late Morgan Hayes, of Carrick-on-Suir, to William T. Phiddell, Master of H. M. S. "Trident."

July 26, at the Metropolitan church, Dublin, William Kelly, son of Richard Kelly, of Manor House, Raheny, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Walter Coyle, of Lougher, county Meath.

July 26, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Major Shirley, of the Monaghan Militia, to Anna, daughter of William Knox Fawcette, of Fortescue terrace, Rathmines.

July 29, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, the Rev. Robert Le Poer M'Clintock, rector of Castlebellingham, to Maria Susan, daughter of A. C. Heyland, of the Bengal Civil Service.

July 26, in Eustace street chapel, Dublin, Thomas T. Swift, of Woodbridge, Suffolk, to Emma Ann, daughter of the Rev. T. F. Thomas.

July 29, at St. Mary's, Donnybrook, Thomas Hawkesworth Ledwich, F.R.C.S.I., M.R.I.A., to Isabella, daughter of Robert Murray, Loweville, Dublin.

July 29, at Clontarf church, Robert William Eaton, son of the late Rev. Mathew Eaton, to Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Dean Mecredy, of Strandville House, Clontarf, barrister-at-law.

July 30, at Rathfarnham Church, Robert John Martin, son of the late Captain Martin, of Bushy Park, county Galway, and nephew of the late Colonel R. Martin, M. P., of Ballinahinch Castle, to Emily, daughter of the late W. Houston, of Houston, Renfrewshire.

July 19, at Guernsey, Francis Patrick Lanagan, of Dublin, to Patty Penrose, daughter of F. S. Wallis, of Sandhill House, Cornwall.

July 28, at Loughnavally chapel, Bernard Fagan, of Dublin, to Mary Anne, daughter of Michael Kiernan, Balrath House, county Westmeath.

July 29, at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Carlow, Patrick Farrell, merchant, Naas, to Anne Maria, daughter of the late Michael Doyle, of Carlow.

July 22, at Ballyshannon, county Donegal, Captain Charles King Calhoun, of the Donegal Militia, to Lydia, daughter of the Rev. George N. Tredennick, vicar of Kiloaran, county Donegal, and granddaughter of the late Right Rev. W. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin.

July 22, at Tramore, John Barnes, of Ballyglasheen, county Waterford, to Mary Sophia, daughter of Henry Pope, of Newtown Lodge, Tramore.

At Clonmore, Henry F. Wynne, son of the late Rev. Henry Wynne, rector of Ardcolm, county Wexford, to Elizabeth Louisa, daughter of the late Harry Alcock, of Wilton.

IRISH DEATHS.

On the 26th July, Harriett Barbara Booth, wife of John Peter Booth, of Belleview House, Cork.

On the 28d July, at Sunville, Mary Jane, daughter of W. G. Fitzgerald.

On the 20th July, at Ovens, Jeremiah Murphy.

On the 21st April, at Port Elizabeth, Algoa Bay, the Rev. Charles Edward Herbert Orpen, formerly well known in Dublin, as Dr. Charles E. H. Orpen, the founder of the Claremont National Institution for the Education of th Deaf and Dumb Poor, the first institution of the kind established in Ireland.

On the 22d ult., in Kilkenny, Michael Neary, Victualler.

On the 23d ult, at Waterford, quite suddenly, William Morris Tandy.

July 19, at Gravesend, Colonel C. Shee, son of the late Sir George Shee.

On the 29th ult., at Dunmurry House, William Hunter, J.P., in the 80th year of his age.

On the 26th ult., at Bangor, James M'Master, ex-Scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, aged 63 years.

At Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, Eliza, wife of John Coffey.

At Kilworth, county Cork, Susan, rellct of John Norman, solicitor.

At Clonakilty, county Cork, William Hungerford.

At Coolcorcoran, near Killarney, aged 80 years, Anne, relict of Robert Riordan.

At Greenville, Listowel, county Kerrry, T. Sandes.

In Galway, of typhus fever, the Rev. W. Crotty.

July 25, Martha Isabella, wife of Louis King Bradford, Lower Fitzwilliam street, Dublin, and daughter of the late John Crosby, Tritonville Lodge, Irishtown.

July 25, at No. 17 Synnott place, Dublin, Thomas Spaight.

July 29, at Haddington road, T. H. Lee, M. D.

July 29, at 5, Mountjoy place, Dublin, Miss Mary Rorke.

July 27, at Rathgar, Alicia Jane, wife of Lynn Carew, of Lower Mount street, Dublin.

July 30, at Adenvilla terrace, Mount Merrion, Blackrock, William Patrick Brady, son of Terence Brady, Summer hill.

July 25, at the residence of his son, Grand Canal street, Dublin, James Hender, of Ballinakill, county Wicklow, at the advanced age of 95 years.

July 21, at Greenville, Listowel, county Kerry, T. Sandes.

July 8, at the Parsonage, Pendlebury, Rev. William Verdon, son of Edward Verdon, late of the city of Dublin, solicitor.

July 18, in Londonderry, aged 77 years, Lieutenant-Colonel Chatham.

July 29, at Fern Villa, Belfast, Robert Leadbetter.

July 28, at Mullaghmore, Rev. Samuel G. Rogers.

July 29, Clarissa Louisa. daughter of R. Wright, of Lurriga House, Skibbereen.

July 27, in London, Susan AAnne, daughter of the late Malachi Fallon, formerly assistant barrister, of the county Limerick.

July 26, in London, aged 72 years, the Hon. Lucy Cust, daughter of the first Lord Brownlow.

July 23, at Woolwich, Robert Maxwell, son of Captain Wynn, Royal Artillery, Collon House, county Louth.

July 28, at Newport, Isle of Wight, W. Firebrace, formerly Major in the 58th regiment.

June 25, at Innisfail Lodge, Canada West, aged 77 years, Captain Francis Dobss, formerly of the Armagh Militia.

At Calcutta, on board the ship Conqueror, George Francis, son of the late George Carson, of Croghan, in the county Cavan.

May 20, at Capetown, Cape of Good Hope, Jocelyn Percy Ingram, son of the late John Ingram, of Cork.

July 6, at Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, suddenly, James H. Conroy, M. D., a native of the county Wexford.

July 29, at her residence, near Northumberland square, Lower Abbey street, Mrs. Mary Ann M'Quade, aged 62 years.

DIED,

At Ithaca, Tompkins county, N. Y., on Friday, the 8th inst., after a short but severe illness, contracted during his former residence in St. Louis, Missouri, JAMES HACKETT, Jr., in the 25th year of his age—eldest son of the late James Hackett, Esq., of Cork, Ireland. He was a kind and affectionate son and brother, and a young man of much promise; and his death now is universally regretted by all who knew him.

Special Notices.

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. THE AMBROTYPE.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. BRADY, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 8m28ju

Photographs and Ambrotypes,—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself. Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprieter will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (3m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

Holloway's Ointment.—The Great External Antidote.—When impurities in the blood are determined to the surface in the form of blotches, pustules, dry exfoliations, boils, rashes, &c., this potent preparation is the only safe and radical remedy. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per pot. aug16

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THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

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PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
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when will be presented an entirely new programme, consisting of NEW SONGS, DANCES, &c., and the grand new Burlesque of

TROVATORE,

in three acts.

Billiards.

IMPROVED BILLIARD TABLES AND CUSHIONS.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 89 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

58, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

Mr. Ashbury Hull, who was a Whig elector in Georgia in 1848, now declares for Buchanan and Breckinridge on these grounds: "The contest in the coming Presidential election must, it appears to me, be narrowed down between the Black Republicans and the Democrats. In that condition of affairs can any Southern man hesitate? I cannot. The principles avowed by the Democratic party are certainly, to my mind, more favorable to the great interest which Southerners regard of more importance to our well-being than the principles of the party or parties antagonistic; and, therefore, with the lights before me, and discarding party ties and prejudices, I think I shall best discharge my duty in voting for Buchanan and Breckinridge."—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The *Day Book* says, George Law has written another long letter, full of bad grammar and pitiful ignorance, in favor of Fremont as President. George expects some fat contracts if Fremont be elected, but he ought to have sense enough not to show his ignorance by writing letters on political topics.

Benjamin F. Hallett, who reported and was probably the author of the Cincinnati platform, is one of the most notorious Abolitionists in Massachusetts. He was also the author of the celebrated Buffalo resolutions, adopted by the federal party in 1848, and about that time said that "Hell was too comfortable a place for a slaveholder." He seems to be a professional platform maker, and fills them up to order, giving them either a pro-slavery, an anti-slavery, or a non committal aspect, as the circumstances and peculiar party trickery may require.—*Louisvi 'e Journal.*

A more contemptible falsehood than this never was penned. The editor will next affirm, that Gen. Cass or Stephen A. Douglass wrote the Buffalo platform, and swore that "Hell was too comfortable a place for a slaveholder!" B. F. Hallett was Chairman of the Committee of Resolutions at the Democratic Convention at Baltimore in 1848, and wrote the resolutions passed on that occasion; and was a firm and unflinching, and powerful supporter of General Cass. He was appointed a member of the Democratic National Committee, and has been a member of that body ever since. As such he called the Convention to order in 1852. He is the man cursed night and morning, by all the Abolitionists of the East, and especially of Massachusetts, for his action in behalf of the claimant of Burns, the fugitive slave. One of the most eloquent and powerful speeches made last year against the Abolitionists, was made by B. F. Hallet. He has not been in Congress; otherwise there is not a more notorious anti-Abolitionist in the Union, than B. F. Hallett. The assertion that he had anything to do with the Buffalo platform, except to oppose it, and the party who made it, with all his power, is a lie—nothing but a lie. If ignorantly told, it shows a degree of ignorance not often met with.—*Louisville Democrat.*

There are few names better known (says the Cincinnati *Gazette*) to the Whigs of Ohio, and more generally respected, than that of Nelson Barrere, of Hillsborough, in this State. His excellent attainments, amiable character, and warm devotion to the principles of Clay and Webster, gave him great consideration with that organization. He was the Scott-Whig candidate for Congress in 1852 in the Highland District, and was the last Whig candidate for Governor, in 1853, and was supported for that office by the *State Journal* and Cincinnati *Gazette.*

Like most of the Old-Line Whig patriots, Nelson Barrere is now found in the ranks of the Union Democratic party. He made a speech at a late Democratic meeting in Hillsborough, the substance of which is given in the Hillsborough *Gazette:*

"He declared that he saw no hope for the country but in the success of the Democratic party, and, for his part, he intended to vote with it. He also exposed the huckstering, jobbing manner in which Fremont, through the brokers, bankers, and swindlers of Wall street, New-York, has secured the Republican nomination, and denounced it as more scandalous, abject, and vile than ever was the sale of the Roman crown by the Prætorian Guards. These Wall-street brokers, he said, had degraded the dignity of the highest and most sacred office known to the American people, and brought it under the auctioneer's hammer. Besides the other momentous questions of this contest, there was a question as to whether the Wall-street brokers should govern the people or the people govern themselves. For his part he believed in the people governing themselves. He was unwilling to see the Government transferred from Washington to Wall street, where the rulers—Law, Grinnell & Co.—cared nothing for the people, if they could have their lines of steamships from New-York to California, and from California to China and Japan, and have 'Uncle Sam' to 'foot the bill.'

"Mr. Barrere also discussed, at considerable length, the slavery question, as now presented before the people, and proved disunion to be the inevitable tendency and result of the present Black-Republican policy. He also showed up the hypocrisy of their denial of any treacherous intentions; the manner in which they had perverted the doctrines of Jefferson and the early fathers; and how false and hollow their pretences that they sought to bring the Government back to that policy."

The Mobile *Register:* writes, as an evidence, not merely of the increasing interest now felt in England in American politics, but of the better appreciation of them that now obtains among well informed men:

We give below an interesting notice of Mr. Buchanan, from the London Globe.

The views expressed, though not perhaps accurate in every particular, are, upon the whole, just; and coming from the source they do, are worthy of attention as indicating the probable effect of Mr. Buchanan's election upon public sentiment in England in reference to the relations between the United States and that country.

The writer says truly that Mr. Buchanan is known the world over; he might, with equal truth, have added, that wherever he is known, his reputation is that of a wise, prudent and sagacious statesman.

The English writer has correctly appreciated Mr. Buchanan. He is a STATESMAN—in every sense entitled to the name. Politics with him has not been a *game* to be played, but a science to be studied, and having abundant leisure and ample means he has devoted himself to it as a work of love and duty. His career has been eminently marked by that cautious progress which should distinguish a great mind grappling with the difficulties of our complicated system of government, seeing his way clearly; and being sure the ground on which he stood was solid enough to support him. Of all the public men now living, he is unquestionably the first in the confidence of all conservative men North and South. The geographical position of Pennsylvania, occupying the middle ground between the North and the South, would seem to give a peculiar fitness to the selection of a statesman from that section, to arbitrate between them, and the moral and intellectual qualities of Mr. Buchanan are such as seem exactly to fit him for the transcendently high and responsible position of executive mediator in such a crisis.

We conscientiously believe, there is no man in the Union who more heartily desires to see the grand experiment of American self-government succeed, or who more clearly discerns the true tendencies of the national mind, the moral and physical wants of the nation, and who in our foreign relations, having an eye to these wants, will be so sure to guide the ship of state safely and honorably through the raging elements of political strife both at home and abroad.

We may also take occasion to remark that the London Globe from which the subjoined extract is made, is one of the oldest and most conservative organs of the public opinion in England, speaking the sentiments at once of the thoughtful student of English history and of the great commercial class, who are so deeply interested in preserving the peace of the world:

[*From the London Globe.*]

MR. BUCHANAN IN ENGLAND.—It appears to have been generally calculated, that if Mr. Buchanan had been nominated at the Democratic Convention, that preliminary choice would be virtually his election to the Presidency; a result which could not have been the case with either of the other candidates had they been chosen. If Mr. Pierce had been nominated for re-election, the antagonism which he has provoked would have stimulated new efforts to displace him; and then, amid the conflicts of the Democratic party, a Whig candidate would have had a fair chance. And there are many considerations which are likely to render Mr. Buchanan less objectionable to some of the ill-classified political circles of the Union than any other candidate that could have been put forward. We treat the subject entirely as an internal question. We notice that some of the American papers give their support to Mr. Buchanan, as likely to be the friend of peace and Great Britain; while others equally support him as likely to be "firm" in administration and adverse to Great Britain. We do not put much faith in any of these vague and ill-sustained calculations. Should the "difficulties" between this country and the American Union continue into the period of Mr. Buchanan's Presidency, which is not to be assumed, we may at least calculate upon finding in him an adversary af ability and judgment. But it is, we repeat, principally upon internal grounds that his selection must have been determined. James Buchanan is a man of great vigor and acuteness. Trained as a lawyer and as a diplomatist, the natural shrewdness of his mind has been cultivated in a high degree. He is a man who must be a "tough customer" to deal with as an adversary; but a "customer" who knows too well how to look after the interests of his own side, to fall into any passionate or idle extremes. Few men have so large a round of personal acquaintences; from the North to the South, of the Old World and of the New—from Russia to Spain—from Massachusetts to beyond the Mississippi—in England as well as in America. Few men, therefore, are better able to appreciate the actual bearing of things in Europe. However Mr. Buchanan might be instigated by American motives, he would be guided by European experience.

Dr. Williams, an influential Whig and American, of Pike county, has come out in favor of Mr. Buchanan. He is constrained to this course, notwithstanding his opposition to "Squatter Sovereignty," which he by mistake attributes to the Democracy as one of its principles. He writes as follows:

"I will not at present ally myself with the Democratic party, but give it as my deliberate opinion that it is the only national organization now before the American people to which the South can look for safety.

"Let us stand aloof, or vote for Buchanan, and prevent, as I think, the election of Fremont. Suppose the country is so unfortunate as for Fillmore to receive the vote of two or three Slave States, the election will inevitably go to the House of Representatives, where it is demonstrable that Fremont has the majority. Let this sectional traitor be elected, discord and sectional animosity will ingulf this happy land in civil war; and in the language of the immortal Clay, (who wants to see the blood of any portion of our countrymen spilt?) I am not one of them; I wish to see war of no kind; but, above all, I do not desire to see a civil war."

The Utica *Observer* says: "Not a single paper in Philadelphia has raised the Fremont flag. Nor has the nomination of Fremont been ratified in that city."

The Washington correspondent of the Charleston *Courier* writing under date of July 29th, says Mr. Buchanan's chances are now brighter than at any previous time.

THE IRISH IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Under this head we copy from the *Dublin Telegraph,* the following exceedingly interesting article and letter—

The Argentine Republic, our readers are aware, has, for a considerable time, afforded a hospitable refuge to a great number of Irish Catholics, who have from time to time settled at Buenos Ayres, the capital, or along the fertile banks of the Parana. The region is an extensive one, occupying a superficies six and a half times more than that of the British Isles; and its prosperity has much increased since peaceful relations have been established with Monte Video, and the opening of the Rio de la Plata. Buenos Ayres is situated on the south bank of this river, about 150 miles from where it enters the ocean. The estuary opposite the town is about 36 miles wide: but the water is so shallow that large vessels cannot approach nearer than seven or eight miles of the city—a fact which has enabled many hardy Irish stevedores (engaged in the loading and unloading of vessels) to make handsome competencies. Buenos Ayres, which contains over 10,000 inhabitants, (some 30,000 French, English, Irish and Italians), is the emporium for European goods coming into the Republic, and for native produce going out. Although west of Buenos Ayres, the country, during the prevalence of northerly winds, is sometimes visited with almost insupportable heats, yet the climate is in general as salubrious as any in the world; and, as the country, in its physical aspect, may be divided into two sections—the mountainous and the plain—there is always an alternative at the disposal of the inhabitants. With this brief reference to a region which has already given, and can illimitably afford, a welcome to Irish Catholics, we introduce the annexed interesting letter from the Rev. Mr. Cullen, who some time since left Ireland to join the Irish mission in Buenos Ayres:

"BUENOS AYRES, May 28, 1836.

"I request you to bring to public notice the promising Irish mission of this province. The mail is already made up, but I write this in hopes of getting it forwarded by the packet. The Sisters of Mercy were received here with a real welcome, not only from the Irish but from the natives. The Catholic faith is deeply planted in the minds of the great mass of the population. The upper class, particularly amongst the females, is distinguished for piety and for works of charity. There is a society of ladies here named the "Society of Beneficence," who superintend the hospitals, viz., for men, for women, for foundlings, for female orphans, and for the insane. These good Senoras paid the most marked deference to our good Sisters and conducted them to visit the different establishments. The Sisters count ninety scholars. They would have nine hundred were there accommodation. Such is their confidence that they have commenced a large building, to be divided between cells, novitiate and school-rooms. In July and August, four native ladies of families of high respectability, are to be received, and the small community shall progress, under God's blessing, and confer a permanent blessing on the country. The Lord Bishop, the Rev. Dr. Mariano Jose Escalada Bustillos y Zeballos, who has been raised by Providence to govern this immense diocese, has manifested the greatest interest in the rising community of the Sisters of Mercy. He kindly visited them the day after their arrival, and sent a munificent donation of £30—great, considering the immense demands on his charity, and considering his benevolent disposition. His Grace has laid out a programme of visitation of his diocese, and has already administered confirmation to upwards of 4,000 persons, and brought to penance and a new life several who had been for years negligent: this in one section of the diocese. After the winter, which renders roads and rivers almost impassible, his Grace will resume. It may not be uninteresting to mention his Irish descent. His great grandfather was an Irishman—an O'Ryan. His charity and zeal are beyond all praise.

"Last Sunday, 25th May, being the anniversary of Independence of 1810, was celebrated a solemn High Mass and *Te Deum,* the Governor, government officials, *corps diplomatique,* ambassadors of French and other Catholic powers, joining in the procession round the Plaza, and the Most Holy Sacrament carried by the Bishop. The army lined the Plaza, and the national flag was blessed by the Bishop. Afterwards the flag was laid on the ground, and the Bishop stepped over it with *Custodia* in hand. The Governor, Don Pastor Obligado, is a most ardent Catholic. In the evening, the public buildings in the Plaza were illuminated with gas, which was used for the first time on this occasion. The concourse of people which thronged the Plaza was remarkable for their quiet and orderly behavior.

"I have made a missionary tour through the north part of Buenos Ayres. The Irish families are thickly spread—many wealthy, others progressing, and all above the reach of want. The natives harmonise with them. There is a great influx of people here from Westmeath and Wexford, and there is yet more wanted. Sheep farming pays well, and sobriety and industry insure success. We require some zealous Irish priests and a community of Christian Brothers. Yours, ever sincerely,

"JOHN CULLEN.

"P. S.—Rev. Antony Fahy is the Irish pastor here; I am about to settle in the northern part of the province, and shall furnish you with some notes occasionally."

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necessary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A *Beautiful Complexion* may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops and wash the face night and morning.

Shaving made Easy.—Wet your shaving brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," ru the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

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Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

y21june

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.
Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.
Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.
Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.
Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.
Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.
Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.
Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.
Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.
Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.
Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.
Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.
Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stiles, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Special Notices.

Yellow Fever!—When lassitude and weariness, when chilly fits and listlessness of everything around, when faintness, giddiness, flushing of the face, redness of the eyes, pains in the eye-balls and lower part of the forehead, when with these we have pain in the back, debility and sighing, there must be no time lost. If these be not the symptoms of yellow fever, they nevertheless admonish us that we are about to be alarmingly sick, and a dose of six or eight Brandreth's Pills cannot be too soon swallowed. Two or three such doses, and plenty of Indian meal gruel for a day or two, will entirely cure. The evacuations will prove the propriety of this course.

In all cases the Brandreth's Pills purify and invigorate the blood, and should be always resorted to by those of a costive habit.

Sold at 25 cents per box, at the principal office, No. 43 Canal street, Brandreth Building; at Burnton's bookstores, No. 296 Bowery, and 241 Hudson street; also, by Mrs. Hayes, No. 175 Fulton street, Brooklyn; E. I. Horsman No. 124 South Sixth street, Williamsburgh; by T. W. Dyott & Sons, Philadelphia; and by all respectable druggists and medicine venders in the Union.

CAUTION.—All Pills purporting to be Brandreth's Pills with "No. 241 Broadway" on the side label are counterfeits. aug23 1t

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of Forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled, on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Proclamation.—500 Dollars reward.—I, Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New-York, by virtue of authority vested in me by law, do offer a reward of five hundred dollars, for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who murdered Bartholomew Burke, on the night of Thursday the 17th, or on the morning of the 18th July, 1856, at the corner of Broadway and White-streets, said reward to be paid on the conviction of the offender or offenders, on the certificate of the District Attorney, that such conviction was had upon the testimony of the party claiming the same, but all claims for said reward not presented within twenty days thereafter, will be disregarded. Witness my hand and seal of Mayoralty, this 22nd July, 1856. 2aug [L. s.] FERNANDO WOOD.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,

8mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.

New-York, June 28, 1856.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856.

aug23 10t

Holloway's Pills.—Let the Sick Give Heed.—The stomach is the commissariat of the physical system. It furnishes the material sustenance of every organ. If disordered, the whole body languishes, but however affected, its tone and vigor may always be restored by a course of these irresistable Pills. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York; and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per box.

Aug23

Medical.

THE CAUSE OF CONSUMPTION.

BRONCHITIS.—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?

FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

COSTIVENESS is the first link that connects disease in the System. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency: nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease, without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim, than that formidable and insidious leveller of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold, through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites attention or alarm in the mind of any person, until it has sown the seed of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely:—If the culverts and sewers of the city were choked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body, when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction, which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What, then, is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit, through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations and irritation all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublous symptoms, through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their room. Hence the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out; and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull, and heavy loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness, and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and soreness of the gullet of the throat. This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at last aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis; and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheepskin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle, by cutting the tonsols and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister, and Croton oil externally to the throat and neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose (what blind philosophy.) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physician and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one, till the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter, sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby, the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold on the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a very heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or awaking from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attacks of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an earlier period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

All the above symptoms and sufferings are the fruits of costiveness at an early period, accruing to the sufferer through neglect of keeping the bowels in gentle operation, which would circulate the blood, and prove as ventilation to the general system, from the age of 18 to 26, when this disease creeps on and grows on, until every organ in the body is totally disorganized.

My long experience and observations, and my unprecedented success in treating consumption, inclines me to devote the remainder of my life to the cause of suffering humanity. I have cured more consumptive patients in the last ten years than any other doctor in the world in that time, and not by steam, smoke or vapor, nor by smelling medicine through an India rubber or glass tube, but through the selection I make from the forest and verdant meadows. I can always determine on examination whether I can be successful or not, and I speak accordingly. I have made it a rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time, I give up the patient as lost, and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

☞ In compliance with the repeated solicitations of consumptive patients living in remote parts of the country, I have opened an hospital at No. 178 Bowery, for the exclusive treatment of those laboring under any species of the above disease, where I can bestow on them the unremitted attention which the seriousness of their cases require; where I can be able to regulate their diet and regimen according to circumstances. Three weeks under the supervision of my especial care is worth four months at a distance.

All persons desirous of medical information can obtain it by enclosing one dollar, when all information and communication will be forwarded on receipt.

D. Durkin, Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
my31 No. 178 Bowery, New-York.

DR. B. F. ADAMS,

SURGEON DENTIST, (formerly of Barclay street,) feeling grateful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him for the last fourteen years, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken an elegant suite of rooms, at

NO. 122 CHAMBERS STREET,

(near the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Railroads,) where he may always be found, ready to perform all operations pertaining to his profession, in a manner unsurpassed, and on the most reasonable terms. Whole or part sets of incorruptible teeth inserted without pain, on gold plate or gutta percha, excelling nature in beauty and durability. No impure gold or dangerous amalgams used. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, or of adults remedied. Cleansing, extracting, &c. &c., all at reduced prices. Sets of teeth inserted on Silver or Gutta Percha, for six shillings each. Teeth examined, and advice given free of charge. Please call.

3m7jun B. F. ADAMS, 122 Chambers street, New-York.

DR. J. VOORHIES,

MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,

NO. 69 SANDS STREET,

Brooklyn.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

N. B. All chronic or nervous diseases cured by Electricity in some form. Electro Medicated Vapor Baths ready for operation. Dropsy can be cured by this treatment. Consultations free. m3jun14

WRITING INKS.

WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

Thaddeus Davids & Co.,
ap19tm Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparent expectoration.

THIL IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter, giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

New School of Medicine and Pharmacy. The last Unfolding of the ART of Healing. My daily practice proves that I CURE CONSUMPTION, in all its varied forms and most advanced states, as readily as any other disease. Therefore I desire to treat all Consumptives, but particularly those who have tried all other physicians without relief. Mrs. M. J. MARIN, M.D., No. 37. Lafayette place, N. Y. (First street east of Broadway, between 4t and 8th sts.) Office hours: from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M., exclusively for Ladies; and from 2 to 5 P. M., for Gentlemen, Wednesdays excepted. All other hours by appointment. my31 3m

The undersigned announces to the legitimate faculty that he has opened a store for the dispensing of pure medicines, chemicals, &c. Having obtained a knowledge of the profession in the best schools in the world, during twelve years, he will be able to compound prescriptions *precisely* as they are ordered. JOHN. C. GILES, Apothecary,
21ju3m 285 Bleecker, two doors above Barrow.

Reed's Celebrated London Cordial Gin, having gained much popularity in this country, being distilled the same as that in London, as he was formerly a distiller of the same kind of Gin in England, under the EXCISE LAWS.

This article is used in every hospital in and out of England's great metropolis. Its medicinal properties are invaluable.

☞ This Gin is not an imitation or a mixture of raw materials, of which much is sold in this city, under the name of London Cordial Gin, but a genuine and pure article, equal to any imported.

W. R. takes the opportunity of thanking the public for their liberal support, support, and begs a continuance of the same.

DISTILLERY,
118 East 29th st., New-York, between 2d and 3d avenues.

LABORATORY AND CHEMICAL OFFICE,
18 Exchange Place, N. Y., March 4, 1856.

MR. REED: Sir—I have submitted to close examination two samples of London Cordial Gin, manufactured by you, and purporting to equal the English article. I find on comparison with samples of Hodges' and Burnett's previously examined by me, and which I know to have been imported direct, that the quality of yours is by no means inferior to their celebrated compounds while the perfect method you posess of rectifying, insures an article of a higher degree of purity and flavor, when it has the equal advantage of time to soften it, than much of the so-called imported London gin. As a medicinal agent and cordial, under proper advice, it may be depended upon, from the care with which you select the essential oils combined with it in the distillation.

Yours, respectfully,
ISAIAH DECK, M. D.,
Consulting and Analytical Chemist.

Mr. REED'S Distillery, 118 East Twenty-ninth st., New-York. [my31 3m

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Union, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 8m19jly

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap198m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

NEW STORE

AND

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber having leased for a term of years the premises

374 Hudson street,

and made exthnsive additions thereto, and having laid in a large stock o

Carpeting and Oil Cloths,

stly bought at **Auction,** for CASH, is now prepared to sell them at the owing extremely low prices:

Tapestry Brussels, 8s. usually sold at 10s.
Three Ply Ingrain 8s. usually sold at 10s.
Superfine do 6s. usually sold at 8s.
Fine do 5s. usually sold at 6s.
Common do All WOOL 3s. 6d. per yard, a price absolely unheard of.

Ingrain, Cotton Warp and Wool Filling 2s. 6d.
Oil Cloths 3s. per yard, usually sold at 5s.

Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Venetian and Hall Carpetting, Stair Rods, &c. &c.

Clergymen and Churches furnished at wholesale prices.

Goods in all cases warranted as represented.

J. R. Landon, 374 Hudson street, New-York,
3mjun a few doors from Hamersly.

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 *FULTON STREET,*

(HERALD BUILDING,) **New-York.**
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PHAIR & CO.,

STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

22 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW-YORK,

Are prepared to do Printing of all kinds in the best style and on reasonable terms. PARTIES desiring printing for BALLS, PARTIES, EXCURSIONS, CONCERTS, or PUBLIC MEETINGS, are invited to give us a call.
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JAMES CRAFT,

FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

M. GRADY.

27 FAYETTE STREET, LOWELL, MASS.

ju21 Agent for the IRISH NEWS and all the other choice literature of the day.

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

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McLOUGHLIN & McSHANE,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,)

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*
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Anglin, Bridget.
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Broderick, (Day,) Mary.
Brown, Margaret.
Boland, Margaret.
———, Mary.
———, Bridget.
Bethell, Catherine.
Balton, Michael.
Burke, Ellen.
Carroll, Bridget.
Campbell, Mary.
Canny, Catherine.
Cain, Mary.
Collins, Catherine.
Cudmer, Bridget.
———, Mary.
Dugan, Mary.
———, Brtdget.
Dnffy, Winifred.
Daly, Patrick.
———, Edmund.
Dillon, James.
Fitzpatrick, Ellen.
———, Margaret.
Finessy, John.
Farrell, Bridget.
Gormin, Mary.
Glynn, Bridget.
Healy, (Begley,) Bridget.
———, Ann.
Hayes, John.
———, Mary.
———, Winifred.
Hickey, Bridget.
———, Mary.
Higgins, Mary.
Hartigan, Sarah.
Henchy, James.
Hallinan, Mary.
Kelly, Margaret.
Kennedy, Margaret.
Kenny, John.
Lynch, Bridget.
Lahiff, Patrick.
Molony, Margaret.
———, Bridget.
Malone, Margaret.
McNamara, Anne.
———, Patrick.
———, Matthew.
———, Catherine.
———, Margaret.
———, Mary.
———, James.
Murphy, Patrick.
———, Margaret.
Morony, Patrick.
Minogue, Elizabeth.
McMahon, Mary.
———, Hannah.
McInerney, Mary.
———, Anstice.
Nihil, John.
———, Margaret.
Naughtin, Mary.
O'Brien, (Cunneen,) Bridget.
O'Dea, (Gleeson,) Ellen.
Purcell, Mary.
Payne, Ann.
Perry, Margaret.
Quin, Michael.
Ryan, Mary.
Rodgers, John.
Rochford, Mary.
Sullivan, (Mason,) Fanny.
Slattery, Patrick.
———, Bridget.
Sheedy, Matthew.
Tuohy, Jane.
Woulfe, Michael.

☞ Mr. F. would be glad to learn also the Addresses of all persons sent to America by his brother Sir Frederick Foster. aug30

Shipping.

THE NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL



United States Mail Line.

The ships composing this line are the following:

The ATLANTIC.....Capt. Eldridge.
The ADRIATIC.....Capt. West.
The PACIFIC.....Capt. Eldridge.
The BALTIC.....Capt. Comstock.

These ships have been built by contract, expressly for the government service. Every care has been taken in their construction, as also in their engines to insure strength and speed; and their accommodations for passengers are unequalled for elegance and comfort.

Price of passage from New-York to Liverpool in first cabin, $130; in second do., $75. Exclusive use of extra size state rooms, $825. From Liverpool to New-York, 80 and 20 guineas.

An experienced surgeon attached to each ship.

No berth can be secured until paid for.

PROPOSED DATES OF SAILING.

FROM NEW-YORK.		FROM LIVERPOOL.	
Saturday	Aug. 30	Wednesday	Sept. 3
Saturday	Sept. 13	Wednesday	Sept. 17
Saturday	Oct. 11	Wednesday	Oct. 1
Saturday	Oct. 25	Wednesday	Oct. 15

Edw'd. K. Collins & Co., No. 56 Wall street, New-York.
Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool.
Stephen Kennard & Co., 27 Austin Friars, London.
B. G. Wainwright & Co., Paris.

The owners of these ships will not be accountable for gold, silver, bullion, specie, jewelry, precious stones or metals, unless bills of lading are signed therefor, and the value thereof therein expressed.

Shippers will please take notice, that the ships of this line cannot carry any goods contraband of war. ap26 6m.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,

Old Black Ball Line of Liverpool Packets.

CERTIFICATES

Furnished for Passage to and from Liverpool, on the 1st and 16th of every Month, by the following splendid ships:

James Foster, Jr.	Capt. J. W. Porter.
Neptune	" E. W. Peabody.
Harvest Queen	" E. Young.
Isaac Webb	" J. M. Bayer.
Great Western	" W. G. Furrier.
Manhattan	" T. Dixon.
Isaac Wright	" E. Abeel.
Columbia	" C. Hutchinson.
Fidelia	" W. A. Macgill.
Yorkshire	" C. A. Marshall.

REMITTANCES.

Drafts, for £1 and upwards, on the Royal Bank of Ireland, and on Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., Bankers, Liverpool and London, payable on sight.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,
88 Burling Slip, N. Y.

Agents in Liverpool, Baring Brothers & Co.,
OLD LINE PACKETS,
Pier 23 East River, foot of Beekman street. 6m

WILLIAMS & GUION'S

Old Black Star Line of Packets. 1856.

Passage from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, secured at the lowest possible rates by this old-established line, sailing from Liverpool to New-York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonage.*
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hanley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,400
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,500
SILAS WRIGHT (new),	Freeman,	2,000
SOUTHAMPTON,	Furlong,	1,600
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 18th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLACK BALL LINE
OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,	Manhattan,
Great Western,	Neptune,
Harvest Queen,	Columbia,
Isaac Webb,	Yorkshire,
Isaac Wright,	Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,
Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my3 3m

Shipping.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA



STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL		FROM PHILADELPHIA	
City of Manchester	18 August	Kangaroo	21 August
City of Baltimore	27 August	City of Manchester	4 Sept.
Kangaroo	10 Sept.	City of Baltimore	18 Sept.
Kangaroo	2 October.		

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

Or to their Agents in

Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
Baltimore—Foard & Rodgers.....Hartford, Ct.—A. Rose.
Boston—F. S. Saxton.....New-Orleans—Jenkins, Williams & Co.
Buffalo—Robt. Hager.....Pittsburg—John Thompson.
Chicago—Lull & Mayer.....Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati—J. F. Meline & Co.....Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,
BANKERS,
No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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BREWER & CALDWELL,
20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS
ON
BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19ly **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19ly **Thomas Maher.**

Employment.

NEW-YORK EMPLOYMEMT OFFICE.

480 Broadway.

HONEST, capable, and faithful servants can at all times find good situations at this office. Protestant and Catholic have equal privilege. Established in 1844 by [3m21ju] T. P. SAUNDERS.

Business Notices.

Important to the Ladies.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH.

FOR the dressing of Laces and all descriptions of fine goods. This celebrated starch is unrivalled.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE.

For sale by all respectable druggists and grocers.

3m28ju ROBERT HOSIE, 8 Pine Street, New-York, Sole Agent for the United States.

S. CAHILL'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

NO. 377 BROADWAY,

(One door below White street), New York.

S. CAHILL respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that, having made an extensive addition to his Store, for the better accommodation of his customers, he has now the largest and most extensive BOOT AND SHOE STORE in the world, and is prepared to exhibit the most extensive assortment of

LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S, GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS, AND YOUTH'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

His facilities for manufacturing on an extensive scale, together with his superb assortment of FRENCH BOOTS and SHOES, received direct from Paris by every steamer, enable him to sell a much better article at much lower prices than can be purchased at any other house in the city. BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS MADE TO MEASURE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE. je28 3mos

Monday, June 16th, and during the week—

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my3 1y

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HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof of Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

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PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,
AND
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,
WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,
SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**
OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durabe quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Special Notices.

OFFICE RECEIVER OF TAXES,
NEW COURT HOUSE, No. 32 Chambers street.

I HEREBY GIVE NOTICE, That the Tax for the year 1856 was confirmed by the Board of Supervisors on the 8th day of August, 1856, at 5 minutes before 6 o'clock, P. M. The rate, 1.38 30-100. The books will be placed under my charge on or about the 1st September next.

Tax payers are requested to refer to the published rules, which I shall be constrained rigidly to adhere to.

aug23 2t HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.

European News.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN QUESTION.

ALLEGED SPECIAL EMBASSY OF MR. LOWE TO THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Lowe, the Vice-President of the Board of Trade, quietly slipped on board the Cunard steamer *Canada*, which sailed on the morning of Saturday last for Boston, and by the middle of next week will be doubtless be on his way from New-York to Washington, *to settle with Mr. Marcy and the President all the points in dispute between the two countries relative to the Central American difficulty.*

The visit of Mr. Lowe on diplomatic business of an important kind takes place at a moment especially opportune. The retiring President, like a dying sinner, will have no object in being contumacious. His dream of ambition is over; his days of official life are drawing to a close; and the absorbing feeling of his soul will be to settle everything amicably, honorably, and in a way the best calculated to blot out the memory of his past follies and misdeeds. He can make no capital by keeping open old sores. On the contrary, to descend from the chair of State with the consciousness of having settled a dispute between the two countries which at one time wore an angry aspect, may constitute his sole claim to the gratitude of his countrymen—may be the one solitary act of his Presidential life which will save him from cotemporaneous oblivion.

But although the time is opportune, the mission is delicate, and we cannot help asking ourselves the question, whether Mr. Lowe is the best man who could be found to carry it out? We were particularly happy in our last special Ambassador to the United States. In the person of Lord Ashburton we sent to Washington one of the merchant-princes of England; a man who had enormous business transactions throughout every city in the Union, and a weight of character, the result of long successes, which elicited respect and admiration. He had been created a nobleman because of his commercial eminence—just the personage that the Americans delighted to honor, and he was in the largest sense a type of the old English gentleman—polite, affable, and most liberal in his expenditure. At that time, Mr. Buchanan, now a candidate for the Presidency, filled, as Secretary of State, the office whose duties Mr. Marcy now discharges, and the representatives of the two Governments speedily brought the boundary-line within the grasp of a well-defined treaty.

We are unwilling to speak disparagingly of Mr. Lowe, who is a self-raised and clever man—clever in the sense in which the Americans understand the term—that is to say "sharp;" but we question, nevertheless, whether he is exactly the man for an emergency. Diplomacy, it occurs to us, is quite out of his line. He would much rather cut the Gordian knot than endeavor to unravel it. His temper is short, and his pride excessive—qualities which have marred his House of Commons advancement, and which we hope he will not introduce to the White House. But Mr. Lowe lacks another essential—official standing. He is comparatively new to Parliament, in which he sits for the first time; and his position in the Government hardly justifies the honor which has been thrust upon him. He may, and we hope will, realize the expectations of those who have sent him across the Atlantic; and in the event of his success, at which no one will more heartily rejoice than ourselves, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that he succeeded when it was almost impossible to fail.

If, instead of sending Mr. Lowe as our special Ambassador to Washington, Lord Palmerston had pressed the acceptance of the duties on Mr. Wm. Brown, a better choice could not have been made. For a delicate affair of this kind, Mr. Brown possesses every requisite—experience, coolness, judgment, courtesy, and those other hardly less important auxiliaries of great wealth and business tact, with which the Americans are always enamored. Mainly to Mr. Brown's exertions, as the personal friend of Mr. Dallas, and who also enjoyed the confidence of Lord Palmerston, may be attributed the happy turn which the ejection of Mr. Crampton took. It would have required, we know, a good deal of *pressure* on the part of the Premier to induce Mr. Brown to accept the commission; but if he had been induced to undertake it, success would have followed in his wake, and by the opening of Parliament in February, Lord Palmerston would have been in a position to announce the happy result of the mission—an announcement which would have done much to strengthen and consolidate his Government.—*European Times.*

IMPORTANT FROM ITALY.

The Turin correspondent of the London *Times* (Aug. 6,) says, the news received here to-day from the Legations, though apparently trifling in itself, is really such as gives promise of events of the highest importance, not only for that division of the country, but for the whole of Italy. It is stated that the municipal council of Ravenna has followed the example of that of Bologna, and voted an address to the Pope, praying for the removal of the Austrian occupation, and it is added that many others if not all the municipalities of the large towns in those provinces are likely to adopt similar resolutions.

At Ravenna, the proposition for an address was first mooted in the council by Ippolyto Raspano, an old man of 80 years of age, who has never been a political character, and who is held in the greatest respect by all his countrymen; he was warmly seconded by Count Gamba and Dr. Fusconi, and two or three others, and opposed by the Mayor or "Gonfaloniere," Signor Facchinetti; but on the question being put to the vote, after some discussion, Signor Facchinetti was left nearly alone in his opposition, and the address was carried therefore almost by unanimity. You see here then some of the first fruits of that independence and open speaking inaugurated by Count Marsigli, in the municipal council of Bologna, but to appreciate fully the moral courage necessary for such a line of conduct it must be recollected that both Bologna and Ravenna are in a state of siege, and therefore of course subject to the arbitrary government of an Austrian officer. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the members of the municipal councils were all nominated by Cardinel Antonelli on the return of the Pope from Gaeta in 1849, in violation of the Papal decree which vested the right of election in the burgesses, and his Eminence naturally selected his nominees from those classes which would have most to fear from any popular ferment—from the rich and the noble—in hopes of finding them readier instruments wherewith to carry out his own retrograde policy. The happiest omen derived from this movement, therefore, is that the upper classes are now coming forward in proper position as the legitimate champions of the people, against the unjust despotism of the crown. As yet the Roman government has not vouchsafed any direct answer to the Bologna address, but the practical reply to that document may be found in the fact that the government has postponed as long as possible the assembling of other municipal councils.

REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says: I understand that the Republican party have resolved to make an effort to return members of their persuasion at the general election for Paris. The report is that they will put forward MM. Carnot, Vidal and Proudhon, the first representing the bougeoise Republicans, the second the operative classes, and the third the ultra theorists. What these three gentlemen, in the event of their elections, mean to do about the oath of fidelity to the Emperor, I cannot say. In all probability they would refuse to take the oath and leave the election as a protest. But I cannot believe that the Emperor's faithful servants will always be able to prevent the ballot boxes from showing forth any seditious results. The present government and free election are essentially incompatible. Nevertheless, it will be a hard task next year to keep up the fiction that France is unanimously devoted to existing institutions.

German Emigration to America.—The Emigration Society, established last year at Frankfort, has just published a report of its proceedings, from 1st February, 1855, to the 31st January, 1856. The society is composed of 230 members, paying an annual subscription. The receipts during the above period were 1,111 florins, and it had in hand, on the 31st January, 384 florins. The protection and assistance rendered to emigrants during the year were very considerable. Upwards of 1,047 persons applied for advice and direction on the subject of emigration, and sixty-seven persons renounced the idea of leaving the country, in consequence of the advice given. The emigrants who have had relations with the company took abroad with them a sum of 310,000 florins. According to the report, the diminution which took place last year in the number of emigrants going from Germany to the United States is attributed to the following causes: to the bad harvest in America in 1854; to the number of industrial and banking establishments which have been started in Germany, having given employment to capital which was formerly devoted to the purpose of emigration; and lastly, to the unfavorable reports sent home from America by many emigrants, whose expectations had been disappointed.

Statistics of Sardinia.—From a statistical table in the *Piedmontese Gazette*, it appears that while in 1850 there were 6,737 schools in the kingdom of Sardinia, affording elementary instruction to 261,118 children, the number at present is 9,435, with 402,067 pupils. There are about 90 periodicals published in the kingdom, including one literary review, three agricultural magazines, one ditto commercial, one manufacturing, two legal, three medical, and one of veterinary surgery; a bulletin of statistics and railways; a military journal; several others for advertisements, and the rest political.

Exhibition of Swiss Industry.—A letter from Berne states that preparations are already making for the general exhibition of Swiss Industry, which is to take take place next year; and a commission has been appointed to carry out the measure, of which M. Staempfli, the President of the Confederation, is the head. It was at first intended to confine the exhibition to the productions of the inferior trades, but it is now decided that it shall extend to every branch of Swiss Industry. The precise period for its opening has not yet been fixed.

From the N. O. Delta.

A TRANQUIL COMMUNITY.

The aspect of society in Ireland has become calm and hopeful of late, and in some particulars is almost satisfactory to the people themselves. Crime is very rare; emigration, except to Australia, is decreasing, and the sensible men of the country have turned their attention, in all the cities and towns, to useful and remunerative labor. So far Ireland is doing as well as a slave can be expected to do.

The Dublin correspondent of the New-York *Times*—a chatty West Britisher—declares that not a single offence against the law, of any magnitude or importance, except the militia riot, which the old fool regards as a crime, has been committed in any portion of the south; even Tipperary, with the aforesaid exception, being as well-behaved as if they never shot a landlord when he deserved it. The judges, he says, find their offices little better than sinecures, and the lawyers are all preparing to visit the diggings at the earliest opportunity. No crime any where, therefore no fees. It must be pitiable to see the countenances of the assembled juveniles in the hall of the Four Courts of Dublin.

It is remarkable that a people, so free from crime at home, should be exposed to many charges of recklessness, violence, and immorality in the United States. It is scarcely fair to judge of them by a few political loafers scattered through the several cities, for we have reason to know that in the agricultural districts they have won a position amongst our most estimable and profitable citizens. Even in the cities, where the Devil, who is a cosmopolitan and belongs to every country, walks abroad with persistent step, neither he nor they are half as black as they are painted.

We do not say this because we require their "sweet voices" to assist us in obtaining an office, but simply because it is due to their national character, which has been grossly misrepresented of late, and sweepingly assailed. If they are not, as a whole, a hard-working, good-natured, kindly and most gullible people, we, as well as the Democratic leaders of New Orleans, are greatly deceived. Our business, however, is not with their gullibility, but with the facts which the correspondent of the *Times* has published to the world. Their credulity belongs to the politicians, who can manage to mistake their "brogans" for patent-leather shoes, and the bog-trotting antecedents, attributed to them by the *Courier*, for evidences of present refinement and elegance; *we* are interested in their manhood alone, their development, their improvement, their intellectual progress, and we always hail with pleasure any indication of the increasing prosperity of their race.

A serious assault was committed by an inmate of the Limerick Lunatic Asylum, named Patrick Meehan, on the gardener, Mr. Michael Hamilton. Mr. Hamilton had charge of Meehan and two other lunatics while laboring in the kitchen-garden attached to the asylum. When the bell tolled the dinner hour, he proceeded to open the gate to let them into their meal. While doing so, Meehan snatched up a pitchfork and stabbed the gardener in the face. He was about to repeat the blow, were it not for the prompt assistance rendered by another of the lunatics, who grasped at the pitchfork and, after a struggle, succeeded in depriving him of it. Meehan was then arrested and confined.—*Limerick Observer.*

Daniel M'Dermott, Esq., has been sworn in a divisional magistrate of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, vice Richard Bourke, Esq., deceased.

Correspondence.

MUNSTER NEWS.

BY A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

O'Brien's retirement—the Nenagh Riots—Revolution Dead—"Soupers" in Kilkenny—Police and Proselytism—Aid for France—From Kilkenny to New Ross—Goat's Hill better than Sarsaparilla—T. Meagher, M. P., and the Waterford Mechanics' Institute—St. Patrick's Chapel—Dunmore—Terry O'Driscol at Tramore—Visit to Mount Mellary—Johnny Power, of Gurteen, at O'Mahony's Camp, and a Fox Hunt, &c.

Before I set out on my commercial tour, I thought I should have had more news for you by waiting till I visited Kilkenny, New Ross, Waterford, &c., but now I find myself the possessor of very trifling pieces of gossip, which, however, I will jot down for you, lest further delay would result in a blank.

O'Brien's declining to stand for Tipperary meets with public approval everywhere. The reasons he assigns for so doing satisfy even those who were most desirous of seeing him again in Parliament. His letter on the subject is admirable.

The Nenagh riots are still the great topics of discussion. For my part, I'm hardly at all interested in the subject. 'Twas a poor affair. There was no grand principle underlying the mutiny. It was animated by no patriotic spirit. There wasn't a spark of patriotism in it from first to last. It was selfish, mean, and driftless. The shooting of Curly was cowardly in the extreme. Our countrymen in America, I sincerely trust, have not been led away, by the exaggerated reports of the affray, into the belief that Ireland is ripe for revolution. The revolutionary sentiment is dead, for the present at least. Such, at-all-events, is my honest conviction. A conviction I was very slow to arrive at, and very reluctant to confess. But, the truth should always have the road. Nothing will better serve man or country. Be it bitter or be it sweet, it's the only wholesome stuff for both. 'Twould of course be infinitely more agreeable or me to write otherwise than in this spirit; and, perhaps, you and I would be greater favorites with the Irish in America were we more hopeful and exciting. Pleasant and brilliant falsehoods however are commodities which I shan't dispense.

While I was in Kilkenny there was a most offensive scene enacting in the Court-House. This was the "Souper Investigation," which is neither more nor less than a degrading attempt at proselytism. These "Soupers" as they are called, headed by the Rev. Mr. Graves, are not satisfied to worship how, and when, and where they choose themselves, but go stalking about "seeking whom they may devour," with the rankest language abusing the religious tenets of their Catholic fellow-citizens. The authorities, however, determined that their "Marble City" should not be further plagued. Mr. Scott, the Crown-Solicitor, immediately commenced a prosecution. The Mayor, Willam Lanigan, Esq., Joseph Greene, Esq. R. M., and the other local magistrates were on the Bench. Mr. Greene declared the defendants had acted with gross ingratitude to the police of the city, who had so long protected them from the hands of their Catholic fellow-citizens whose religion they dared to outrage. Mr. Scott, who knew them well, pronounced them "the most mischievous disturbers that ever infested the city."

The gentry of both the city and county of Kilkenny have most bounteously come forward, without distinction of class or creed, in aid of the poor French sufferers. That's right, and proves what I always knew that the story of the fighting cats was but a fable. Moreover they have now a well and honestly edited paper in the *Journal*, which seeks not to toady to any class but gives them the honest truth. Speaking in the last issue on the present state of "Irish politics," the editor boldly condenses the whole into a nut-shell. He says—

"On the whole, the gist of Irish politics at present seems to be that James Sadleir has escaped with impunity—and Galway has received Judge Keogh with blazing of bonfires and tolling of bells."

Off to New-Ross. What a glorious drive it is from Kilkenny to Ross? What an enchanting spot is Woodstock, the residence of Mr. Tighe? I could lovingly hover round that scene. But a traveller must be up to time, so on I sped and entered the city so full of reminiscences of Priestly patriotism and manly worth. My delay was a short one, but I found time to clamber up "Goat's Hill." You are, doubtless, proud of your Tramore "Constitution Hill," but "Goat's Hill" beats you out hollow. To the citizens of Ross, a clamber to its summit before breakfast, must be worth more than a whole course of dandelion, or lime-water, or even America's widely puffed-up decoction called "Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla!"

On entering Waterford I proceeded to Cummin's Hotel where I usually put up when on my annual migration. The various items of news which I have read and heard of may be summed up thus:

Your Father has returned from London, is well and has presented the Mechanics' institute with the following Parliamentary Reports, &c., for the Session 1856: The Joint Stock Companies' Act; Wreck Chart of the British Isles for 1855; Geological Survey; Estimates, &c.; Civil Services; Loan Fund Board of Ireland, eighteenth annual report; New Palace, Westminster, report No. 1; Irish Reproductive Loan Fund; for which their managing committee have returned him a vote of thanks.

St. Patrick's Chapel has recently been newly roofed, and its interior decorations are now being admirably renovated. Father Kent deserves much credit for accomplishing these desirable results. There is to be a Bazaar for the Society of St. Vincent de Paul at the Town-Hall in a few days. Great crowds are expected to attend. Lord Waterford is much blamed for refusing a site for a School-house at Kilmacthomas. Sir E. Kennedy has, however, supplied the want and otherwise generously assisted the laudable project. Dunmore is full of visitors. A correspondent of the *Waterford News* writes—

"Quietness, pure and gentle sea and land-breezes, bringing the blush of health to mantle the cheek of the weak or sickly, offer inducements to the invalid or seeker of robust health not to be met with elsewhere; whilst the lovers of aquatic sports, or those who wish for active exercise or romantic scenery, have advantages offered to them not surpassed, if equalled, in our dear 'little isle of the ocean.' The new and beautiful walk wending its way

through woody lands from Dock to Dunmore (old), and the many walks along the margin of the sea, on the lofty summit of grand old mountains, whose base is ever washed by the restless sea, are daily crowded with light-hearted and bright-eyed pedestrians, whose ringing laugh give note of unbounded joyousness."

Benjamin Graham, Treasurer of the Waterford Mechanics' Scientific Institute, acknowledges the receipt of £10, being a life subscription from David Malcomson, Esq., of Portlaw. He also acknowledges the receipt of £3, being a donation from Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart. T. G. Evelyn will deliver a course of lectures on Political Economy before the Institute in September; and A. G. Melville, Professor of Natural History in Galway College, will deliver a second course on Natural History in October. Other popular lectures, with readings from Dickens, Thackeray, &c., will follow during the winter.

Mr. Terrence O'Driscoll and family have been to Tramore. I send you a few extracts of his last correspondence from that healthful spot:

Priest's Road, Tramore, 20th July, 1856.

SIR—Since I last had the pleasure of addressing you, the weather has become mighty hot intirely, and the surest sign (so Betty Kelly's daughter says) is that the indipindent frinds are flocking out to the say.

'Pon my conshense but I am puzzled, when I think what will Lord Panmure do with the intrepid militia; it is too bad to disband them and turn them off without their inexpressibles, or, as Jemmy Hayes used to call them, unsurmountables. Faith, they must turn their hand to something to support nature, and they will be apt to stop a mail-coach occasionally, and take loans, without saying as much as "be yer lave."

I brought Mrs. O'Driscoll down to see the band of the Co. Dublin light infantry the other evening, and she was mightily plased with the music, conducted by that able leader, Mr. Lerray; it was a mighty windy evening intirely, and whin the band commenced playing on the Dunneraile walk, the gorsoons had to hold their hair to keep it from blowin' off their heads.

I wunder very much that patriotic nobleman, Lord Dunneraile, would not get wooden binches on his handsum walk; pursuin' to me if a person can get a dacent sate there now, without running the risk of getting a *cowld*, or somethin' worse, from sitting in the grass, and where respectable females are constantly there, there ought to be some good binches and American rocking chairs.

As Mrs. O'Driscoll took a long walk this evening, to pay her respects to the metal man, she is very tired and calling out for some drink, to make up for the fluids escaped in her exertions over the ditches; and as I know how to plaze her in that respect, I must close the letter to make her somethin' nourishing as well as cheerful, for she desarves attention.

Yours truly, T. O'DRISCOLL.

Here is a beautiful and a just tribute to the worth of the Collegiate Seminary of *Mount Melleray*, which I extract from the *Cork Examiner:*

There can be, in our opinion, no more delightful duty to the Catholic chronicler of passing events than to record the onward march of education, and the consequent development of the intellectual faculties of the youth of this old dear land, so famed throughout the glorious ages of faith for its saints, philosophers, and sages. Among the many monuments devoted to the advancement of science and religion which have risen up of late amongst us, there is not perhaps one working more effectually, yet silently, in the cause of God and his Church, than the now celebrated seminary of Mount Melleray. The sanctity of the good monks of Melleray has been so often the theme of so many eulogies, and their primitive life the subject of such universal admiration, that we feel it would be quite superfluous in us to add a single word of praise, so decidedly transcendent are the sanctity and usefulness of these good and holy Cistercians. Who is not struck with admiration as well as astonishment on entering the Mount Melleray Seminary—the nursery of literature, morality, and religion, so isolated from the noisy, busy world, and imbedded as it is amid the frowning and gigantic range of the Knockmealdown mountains! It is delightful to enter its noble and capacious class-halls, and to see there assembled so many Catholic youths, not only from our own but distant lands, imbibing the learning and sanctity of those true servants of God, and sedulously preparing themselves to carry the bright lamp of faith to far-distant regions, and to hold it up to show to the pagan and the infidel the way to life eternal.

Twenty-six of the young gentlemen are to leave this year for various colleges, viz., All-Hallows, Rome, Carlow, and Waterford. Of this number, 22 are for the foreign missions, 18 of whom have entered their names for the college of All-Hallows. Long may Mount Melleray continue a nursery for those missions, and long, very long, may its far-famed seminary enjoy the beneficent and invaluable superintendence of its reverend and beloved President, Brother Xavier, and of his no less deserving and sanctified compeers, Fathers Ignatius and Anthony, Brothers Augustine and Gabriel. Thank God that however our beloved Ireland may be oppressed and trampled upon, still Catholicity grows and flourishes in the land, and, not even satisfied with preserving it pure and untainted for our own race and blood, Ireland annually sends forth her ardent missioners to spread the gospel truth throughout distant and un-Christian lands, and never tires in bringing back the strayed sheep to the one true fold of Christ.

There has just been a grand ball at the Great Hotel, in Tramore. It is said to have been the most brilliant that ever took place there. I doubt it; for I remember those that came off under the auspices of poor Johnny Power, of Gurteen. They were rare sport. You must remember, about the time I allude to, that characteristic attempt of his to drive his tandem through Miss Gibbons' shop and up to the News-room. Then his "schooling" parties across from Newtown to Gararisk, at which, mounted on his cream-colored cob, he led over the fiercest leaps, even those who bestrode Valentine and Tidy—are surely not forgotten. He was a glorious fellow. The noblest, most generous and confiding of souls. Alas! that those very amiable qualities, from his bright happy entry into life until its sad dark close, should have made him the victim of knaves and swindlers. But it is ever so! If the people fought in '48, I know he was sure to be with them. His visit to O'Mahony's Camp was not, as it was considerately made to appear, compulsory. It was made to see if there was such force, such spirit, such preparation as would give even the slightest promise of success. There wasn't, and he went home sad and disheartened.

The last time I met him was at a run with the "*Kilkennies*," from Frankfort to the Punch-bowl. It was the best gallop of the season. There were some two hundred in the field. Johnny, as usual, rode wide, and on a line for himself; but just as I reached the bound wall on the top of Clomanto, Hill, where those who were there before me were pounded, and was lucky enough to get over it somehow, I saw him pop it, a few perches to my left. From that to the old Church, where the dogs over-ran the scent, with the solitary addition of Sir John, we had it all to ourselves. Now or then, I could not desire better company.

These are saddening though fond memories. I daily grow more and more weary of the slavish spirit which pervades this beauteous old historic land. I often wish I were with you, and endowed with the highest earthly honor—the citizenship of America.

MOUNT-GARRET, THE BAG-MAN.

DUBLIN LETTER.

DUBLIN, Aug. 9th.

The Dublin Canals—A Patriotic Pump—O'Connell's birth-day—Tenant League—a collection of Idlers and the School-master "at home"—the Thermometer the political guide of the country—a tale of a Comet—Cowardice of the *Nation*—Mitchel—the Men in Galway—Judge Keogh, Anthony O'Flaherty, and the *Dundalk Democrat*—Repentant Patriot on a small salary, Mr. Wm. Gernon—the Low Back'd Car a national institution—Aldermen John Reynolds, Dr. Gray, Roe, and Cod—Razors warranted to shave a Prince—Longfellow and Balfe, the Composer—Light Fingers and Loyal Ladies—Watch and Pray—Smith O'Brien.

You pick out the news from the Irish papers so industriously, that I'm beginning to think there's hardly any use in my sending you a letter. For the name of the thing, however, I had better keep to it.

The Lord Lieutenant is about to present the 18th Royal Irish with a new stand of colors. The old colors will be laid to rest within the solemn stately walls of St. Patrick's Cathedral. His Excellency, I understand, purposes officiating on the occasion with great pomp.

A writer in the *Daily Express* denounces the slimy and fetid condition of the Dublin canals. The Royal canal, it appears, is choked up with weeds; so much so as to impede the traffic of the boats, and disease the water. The north side of Dublin is supplied from this canal. Very serious consequences may therefore result from the state in which it is now. In connection with this subject, Constable Clancey's efforts to purify the old lanes and alleys of the city, deserve notice. A small water-engine, built for the Corporation by Daly of Wickham street, is energetically worked day and night in this hot weather. Masses of dirt are driven out by it, and spots, which nothing else could clean, are made sweet and wholesome. The *Nation* is eloquent in its description of the pump.

There's been a dinner at King's Hotel, Phibsborough, to celebrate the birthday of O'Connell. The company consisted of a few most amiable noodles. The Chairman, Mr. T. Dillon, in giving the toast of the evening, said "they all knew and admired the character of the departed Liberator, who was the friend of his country and his Queen."

Hurrah for O'Connell, that's loyal and true!
Hurrah for the Queen, with her garter so blue!

The Tenant League is still in session. It sticks pertinaciously to the bare benches in Bachelor's walk. Nothing will melt or wrench it from there. It's as tight there as a muscle on the bottom of a Dungarvan hooker. Shiel's application of a fable of Aristophanes to the Lord Manners, occurs to me vividly. The League, the *dernier* part of an effete agitation, like Lord Manners, the wrinkled remnant of an exploded ascendancy, adheres "with an ignoble tenacity behind." Gravely speaking, the League is a small collection of idlers. Martin O'Brennan, a teacher of the classics and the use of the globes, is the animating spirit of the group. He uses the demagogue's birch with a stinging acidity. Members of Parliament and mankind in general are whipped by him smartly at the "weekly meetings" on Bachelor's walk.

Talking of politics and the heat of the weather, the *Nation* of this morning gives us the following:—

"Political excitement is unthought of—it is a thing impossible with the thermometer up to 80 degrees in the shade. 'Party spirit' has evaporated; spirit of every kind is avoided as much as possible, and fans and cooling beverages rise in demand. The only topic ventured on just now is something meteorological. We learn that this is the season for falling stars. We are desired to take observations in the cool of the evening, and the result is that nothing new has been discovered overhead, but there is a great increase in serenading. A Limerick gentleman, indeed, is of opinion that he has seen the great comet which vanished out of sight just 300 years ago, and which it is expected ought to be back by this time. He is not very positive about it, however, seeing that the learned folk who have calculated in Arabic figures its weight and force, and the length of the long axis of its ellipsis, say that the eccentric orb may possibly mislead them to the extent of three years; but, by the shade of Sir Isaac Newton, no further.

"He (the Limerick observer) was standing on Wednesday last near the salmon weir on the platform before the mills of Corbally, about half-past ten o'clock, when his attention was attracted by what seemed to be a fire rising on the top of Keeper Mountain, due east of his position. He remarked the object to a gentleman who was with him, but, as the fire rose and cleared the top of the mountain, his friend suggested that it must be a lantern appended to a kite. It had then the appearance of a globe of fire as large as a good-sized orange with a broad tail extending about eighteen inches from the body. The two gentlemen watched it for an hour, and the watchman on the weir observed it also. On Thursday night they all saw it again. It rose a few moments later, presenting the same appearances, and was high in the heavens at half-past eleven, when they went home. Last night, from the same place, the same parties again saw it rise about twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, and then it first occured to one of them that it might be a comet."

The *Nation*, by-the-by, has a scandalous article this week in disparagemant of Mitchel. When will public writers learn to be otherwise than cowardly and spiteful? Is it magnanimous of a paper to be incessantly disparaging a man like Mitchel—a bold, and brilliant and devoted man—because, forsooth, Mitchel and Duffy had a quarrel? Because, forsooth, Duffy was formerly editor of the *Nation?* And is it manly, is it brave, to be cruelly wounding a chivalrous, high-souled fellow with imputations against his honor, when thousands of miles intervene, and the assaulted and aggrieved party is thereby prevented from calling his assailant to account? The editor of the *Nation* should think of this, and hold over any further insults of the kind, until he and Mitchel stand upon the same soil, within speaking, and, if need be, pistol-shot of each other.

Judge Keogh has had fine times of it in Galway. They've been throwing up their greasy hats and hurrahing for him in the Court-house, and all through the streets and puddle you have been recently describing with so much vivacity. Anthony O'Flaherty, amongst others, presented the gracious young Judge with a congratulatory address. The huge herd of "dumb and driven cattle," who voted for Monahan in 1847, were vociferous in the crimson-clad slave's ovation. Many others who since then have repented of their patriotism, and become rogues and beggars, joined the uproarious rabble. The *Dundalk Democrat*—far away, in my opinion, the boldest truth-teller we have amongst us—writes that "had they burned Keogh in effigy, they would have done a more righteous deed, than giving an ovation to such a character. Shame, eternal shame upon the slaves of Galway!"

O'Connell used to say "there wasn't a hat-full of honesty in Galway." It's my conviction, at present, there isn't the full of an egg-cup.

By-the-bye, talking of repentance from patriotism, I might as well mention that Mr. William Gernon, barrister-at-law, Dublin, has been appointed one of the Secretaries to the Board of Bequests. It's a small salary. 'Twill suit Gernon, however, uncommonly well, for Gernon is a very small man. A superannuated Repealer resuscitates wonderfully on £400 a year. You remember Gernon, of course, in the palmy and balmy days of the Repeal Association? What a constant attendant he was in the Committee-room and the Omnibus-box of that "supernal confederation of moral and ethical electricities," as Tom Steele, the Head-Pacificator, would say. 'Twould have been well for his reputation had Gernon satisfied himself with lending the light of his countenance to the regeneration of Ireland. His countenance, to be sure, wasn't very luminous. But it was many degrees brighter than either his brain or his tongue. His speeches in Conciliation Hall, at the '82 Club, and here and there when he went "circuit," were flatulent and stale. They were so to as sickening excess. Recently he has confined his rhetorical displays to the meetings of the Deaf and Dumb Institute. Were he to imitate (in public, at-all-events) the infirmities of those in whose favor (he imagines) he lavishes his eloquence on such touching occasions, he would gracefully evince the charity of his nature. What a crowd of flimsy anatomies there are scattered through Dublin, of whom the newly-appointed Secretary of Bequests is the transparent type? Crawling for years all over the pillars and benches of the Four Courts, the spongy poor maggots (some of them) now and then break into butterflies. The transformation generally occurs, where the heat of the Castle Kitchen happens to penetrate.

There's been another loud wail about the outside cars. The first broke out from the Music Hall. This last one comes to us from under the dome of the Royal Exchange. The Corporation sits there. Alderman John Reynolds led the lamentation. The lamentation at intervals swelled into a howl. Like the man in the song—

"He scratched his ould poll
And *looked after* the Low-back'd Car."

The Police Commissioners, it appears, turned a deaf ear to the petitioners of Abbey-st., of whose proceedings I informed you a few weeks ago. Despite the pathetic anecdotes of the Alderman, and the eloquent sorrows, poured out by Dr. John Gray over the "jarvies," the only concession the authorities in this case would admit was just this and no more—"the driver is permitted to sit on the side of his car when he has a 'fare' who does not obfect." By the obnoxious bye-law or Police ordinance in question, the driver is compelled to sit on the "box." His being compelled to do this is the great grievance of Ireland now-a-days. John Reynolds and the *Freeman's Journal* proclaim it. Who can doubt the solemn word of two such exemplary patriots? John Reynolds tells us—

"It is the plain intention of the Recorder and Mr. O'Ferral to annihilate, if they could, the outside cars, fifteen hundred of which were at that moment plying for hire in the city of Dublin. Within the last week another order had been issued to the police, who were now directed to raise the straddles and see if the bones were galled. This had been done, and in one case, the driver was taken from his seat and brought to the police court, and the horse put into livery, where it would remain until th veterinary surgeon cured the gall."

Aldermen Roe and Codd took exception to the views expressed by this silvery speaker. Both of them defended the Police Commissioners. And thus the matter stands, subject to more meetings in the Music Hall, more petitions, and the loudest braying and upbraiding.

Mr. Tweedall, Lower Sackville street, has just finished a very beautiful case of razors for his Highness, Meer Ali Moorad Khan Talpoor, of Kyoorpoor, a sumptuous Indian prince, who has been for the last few weeks knocking about London. There's a plumed turban in massive folds of gold upon the lid of the case, and a text from the Koran in diamonds. This satisfies me that, without Repeal and Tom Steele, Ireland is destined to put a penny in her pocket before Methusalah returns. Then again, I find that the new line of steam-packets between Milford Haven and Waterford has proved decidedly successful. The first trip (and only trip as yet) was accomplished in five hours and a half. By this line, connecting with the South Wales Railway, Waterford is brought within thirteen hours' journey of London. Who would have dreamt of it twenty years ago? Twenty years ago! Who would have dreamt of it five years ago? The Lord be with the times your grand-mother took four days to travel from your native city to Dublin!

I well remember the ecstasies with which you used to speak of Longfellow's *Hyperion*, immediately after you first read it, in the summer of '44. I well remember, too, your quoting, at the

great *soiree* given to you in Waterford in May, '48, those noble lines of his—

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

In a word, I believe you as gratefully loved Longfellow for the exquisite sensibility and delicious softness and sweetness of poetry, as you stoutly swore by and clung to Ralph Waldo Emerson for the brave philosophy he spoke in his Essays and Orations, and the words of pure light and power in which it was conveyed. The following little note, therefore, from Longfellow to Balfe,the author of the *Bohemian Girl*, and a distinguished countryman of ours, (he's from Cork, born and bred there, no one disputes that,) will greatly please you:

My Dear Sir—I feel very much flattered by your friendly note and the precious volume of music which came with it; and I should not be so tardy in my thanks, had I not been laid upon my sofa with a lame knee for the last month. Finally, I have crept from Cambridge to this sea-side place, and am well enough to sit at a table and write. One of my first letters is to acknowledge your beautiful gift, and to say how successful this musical translation of my poems seems to me. You have sung them better than I did; for, after all, music reproduces the mood of mind in which a piece is written better than words can. For all these various and beautiful melodies, these interpretations of my thoughts, I very sincerely thank you; and beg to assure you that I truly appreciate this token of your regard for what I have written, and all the friendly expressions of your letter.

Believe me, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

Henry W. Longfellow.

Nahant, near Boston, July 12, 1856.

Isn't it delightful thus to find two beautiful intellects weaving their warm sympathies into a golden web across the waters between Ireland and America, and the summer sun, out of the abundance of its glory, studding the web with emeralds and sapphires?

From the poetry to the prose of life is an instantaneous transition, whenever one likes it. From the Rhine, as Longfellow beheld it, to the Liffey, as policemen and Inspectors of Nuisances report it, a second suffices. A number of light-fingered gentry (ladies and gentlemen) have lately arrived in Dublin, from London, it appears. Two decent ladies had their pockets neatly picked, the other day, at the terminus of the Droheda railway, whilst in the act of purchasing tickets for Malahide, to which pretty village they were bound, in company with the Earl of Carlisle, for the regatta. The fair loyalists were so entranced with his Lordship—the light of his countenance so completely lifted them out of their corsets and hoops—that they lost all thought of the perfumed little pouches in which they carried their Queen's heads and sixpences. The guilty ones were instantly suspected. No steps, however, were taken to convict and chastise them, although (as the genteel *Saunders* delicately intimates) no "moral doubt existed in the minds of Sergeants Murphy and Allen of the G division," that the parties suspected were the robbers. Appearances, it seems, did not authorize their arrest. Devout loyalists should look to their pockets in the rapturous moments of their radiant idolatry.

The late Lord Clifford (O'Connell, by-the-by, called him the "prattling peer") was one evening saying his prayers after confession in St. Peter's, in the superb old city of Rome. When he had done, he got up from his knees to go home. But where was his hat? He looked about everywhere. He said a prayer or two to assist him. All to no purpose. The hat was a dream—"an airy nothing"—no one saw it—no one had touched it. My Lord Clifford stepped back to the Confessional, and, drawing aside the curtain, communicated the news of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of his hat to the good priest who sat inside the box. It was Father Glover, one of the most eminent English Jesuits of his time—an old man, full of piety, scholarship, benevolence, and wit.

"I've lost my hat," whispered the Peer.

"What were you doing?" asked the Priest.

"I was praying," replied the nobleman.

"The scripture tells us to watch as well as pray," rejoined Father Glover; and with this admonition he drew the curtain across, and left the bereaved nobleman to meditate on the wisdom of the scriptures.

I meant this anecdote for the benefit of ladies and gentlemen who get into crowds on the heels of a Lord Lieutenant, hurrying up to a regatta, and who lose a trifle or two in the heat and crush of their devotion. But it's loss of time, I fear; and besides that, the police, under Commissioner O'Ferrall, are paid for minding pockets. Indeed, now as I think of it, I feel sick at the thought of having worried my fingers and spoilt half a sheet of ruled foolscap with the nonsense.

Smith O'Brien, I see, has been in Galway. Just for a day, on a visit to some relatives, only. He is, I understand from the local papers which mention it, in the very best health, heart, and looks. As I have nothing better to add—and you could desire nothing better—I disappear for a week, leaving behind me the name of

Kilmainham.

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

From the Univers.

On the 19th of May a noble life became extinct at Philadelphia, in the United States, in the person of the venerable John Keating, Knight of St. Louis, formerly captain in the regiment of Walsh Serrant, perhaps the last survivor of that brave Irish Brigade which served France during a hundred years. It is well known that after the revolution of 1688 Catholic Ireland remained faithful for several years to King James II., and all the strength of Protestant England, aided by German mercenaries and Marshal Schomberg's French Huguenots, was needed to reduce the brave Jacobites. At the capitulation of Limerick, the Irish army refused to serve the usurper, William of Orange, and preferred to enlist under the banners of Louis XIV., who in their eyes was the champion of Catholicism. Thirty thousand men of this army were shipped to Brittany. They formed that famous Irish Brigade which poured out its blood for kings on every field of battle, and which so particularly distinguished itself an Fontenoy. For a whole century the recruiting of part of these regiments continued from Ireland, in spite of English obstacles, and during the last century emigration attracted the sons of green Erin to France as now it draws them to America.

John Keating, born in Ireland September 19, 1759, was the grandson of Jeffries Keating, who raised a troop of horse during the siege of Limerick, and who, having retired to France with the army of King James, distinguished himself in Spain and Italy under Marshal Catinat. Jeffries' son, Valentine, Baron de Keating, obtained leave to return to Ireland, but finding the penal laws intolerable to Catholics, he returned to France, where he had his sons educated at the Jesuit College at Poitiers. John Keating and three of his brothers entered as officers in the Irish regiment of Walsh Serrant, in the service of France. The regiment was sent to the Antilles during the war of independence of the United States, thence to Pondicherry and the Isle of France. In this last garrison Captain Keating made the acquaintance of Parny and Bernardin de St. Pierre, as he tells us himself. At the revolution he was sent to St. Domingo, where he arrived after a narrow escape from being twice shipwrecked. "There," says M. de Rochefoucauld, "John Keating, having the confidence of all parties, having refused the more seductive proposals of the Commissioners of the Convention, preferred to retire to America without a farthing, rather than remain in wealth and power in St. Domingo by a breach of his first oath. A man of a character at once mild and stern, of distinguished merit, rare intelligence, of uncommon virtue, and unexampled disinterestedness." At the death of Louis XVI., for whom he professed a chivalrous devotion, Captain Keating retired to the United States, and associated there with some thirty families of the French *noblesse*, and of the military, to found the colony of "Asylum," near Towanda, in Pennsylvania. Some came from France, some from the Antilles, and a certain number of laborers and negroes followed them to their new establishment. As soon as the *noblesse* could return to France, they hastened to quit the colony—among them Messrs. de Noailles, de Blacons, de Montule, d'Audelot, de Boileau, de la Rone, and de Vilaine; laborers and husbandmen alone remained at Towanda, where at this day, among their descendants, not a single Catholic is to be found—a fatal example of the lot which awaits populations removed from their pastors, and absorbed in the interests of present existence. It is thus that in the United States we saw the faith disappear among the immigrants or their children until the Clergy from France and Ireland became sufficiently numerous to create parishes, wherever, in the interior of the country, they could form a nucleus of a Catholic congregation.

At the dispersion of his friends, Mr. Keating settled in Philadelphia, where he married, and where he has edified whole generations by his charity, his piety, and his virtues. We had the honor of seeing him there in September last; he was celebrating the anniversary of his birth, and the commencement of his 97th year. He was in the enjoyment of all his faculties, and received with gaiety the compliments which the Priests of the town, who were all his friends, came to offer him. But the chief of all was the Bishop of Philadelphia, Mgr. Kendrick, now Archbishop of Baltimore; and when, on the 19th of last May, the almost centenary patriarch slept in the Lord, full of days and merits, Mgr. Kendrick quitted his metropolitan city to celebrate the last rites, and deliver a funeral oration over the deceased.

We believe another branch of the family of Jeffries Keating still inhabits Poitou. The name at least still figures among the Poitou *noblesse*. It is not the only Irish family among our provincial nobility which has remained equally faithful to the religious and monarchical sentiments of their ancestors.

We have thought it right not to have left unnoticed the death of one of the last representatives of an heroic race. The memory of the Chevalier John Keating commends itself to the reverence of three nations. He belonged to Ireland by birth and religion, to France by his military services, and to America by his virtues.

LETTER FROM JOHN MARTIN.

Rosstrevor, Ireland, 6th August, '56.

My Dear Mitchel—Perhaps the best way in which I can answer the letter of congratulation and condolence which you have addressed to me, in the *Citizen* and the *Irish News*, is to repeat the substance of a letter which, immediately on hearing of the amnesty, I wrote and sent for publication in Ireland. You will see that I, too, was apprehensive lest "the favor of the British Government might cast some suspicion on my character;" and that my letter, if published, would have prevented mistakes on the subject. It was only after my return to Ireland (in the beginning of June) that I learned, to my vexation, that my letter had never been published. It is now two months since then, and I have been often and often tormented with the thought that some of the people who greet me with a hearty "Welcome home!" may do so under a serious mistake. I have desired an opportunity for setting the Irish public right as to my sentiments. But you know how reluctant I am to go before the public except upon purely public questions; and you can conceive that I might have remained silent, though choking with vexation, had not your published letter called upon me to speak out. The letter I sent from Paris was dated the 13th of May. Unfortunately I kept no copy of it. But I partly remember the substance of it, and even some of the very words I said:

"Aware that my unchanged patriotic sentiments would be distasteful to the majority of my countrymen now remaining in Ireland, I do not think fit to obtrude them upon the public. I have no present purpose of urging Irishmen to consider the ruinous effects of the English domination upon our unfortunate country. But I want to prevent disagreeable mistakes among such persons as I may meet in society upon my return from exile. And therefore I am anxious to make known beforehand my personal feelings respecting my own return, and respecting my comrades, Messrs. MacManus, Meagher, and Mitchel, who remain under proscript.

My joy at the prospect of going back to meet my family is troubled at the thought that my return is owing to the permission of a British Minister. I never pretended to exercise any influence in Irish public affairs; I lament how puny were those efforts of mine which, eight years ago, the British government met by packing a jury and otherwise perverting the course of justice, in order to put me out of their way. But it was the ability to do my country service that I lacked and not the good will. I did endeavor sincerely and earnestly to perform my duty as an Irishman. I am at least innocent of having wronged or slighted my country in thought, word or deed. And I have never done anything to forfeit my just rights to live in Ireland, enjoying the protection of my country's laws as an honest and inoffensive citizen. So, as it was an outrage for the British government to banish me, it is an insolence for them to treat me as a pardoned criminal whom they graciously permit to return to Ireland.

Yet I shall not scruple to avail myself of their permission, no more than I would scruple to breathe when a robber had relaxed his grip on my throat.

For what regards my comrades and friends, against whom the English Minister has alleged or insinuated a charge of dishonor, as a pretext for excluding them from his amnesty, it is enough for me to say that, as patriot and man of honor, I have no higher ambition than to be ranked with Messrs. McManus, Meagher and Mitchel.

"Before leaving Van Dieman's Land, I publicly repudiated the unworthy distinction in point of honor, which our enemies sought to make against those gentlemen. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. O'Doherty did the same. But as to myself, I declared the fact that I was fully committed in honor with Mr. Mitchel, whom our enemies have accused the loudest. Being so committed, I must not argue that question. Let all who take an interest in it inquire and judge for themselves. But I cannot help confessing that I feel deeply grieved and a little astonished to find that there are any Irishmen of any party, who are disposed to listen to a charge of dishonor, brought by jury-packers and fellow conspirators of Mr. Birch against men who have labored and suffered for Ireland like MacManus, Meagher and Mitchel."

Such was my letter. It seems to me sufficiently explicit. Possibly my anxiety to be explicit may have given to my language an appearance of bitterness and haughtiness that, I think, is not in my nature.

I have been now in Ireland for two months. My hand has been grasped by many a kindly neighbor and friend of old times, and my eyes have looked upon many a dearly-loved scene that I had hardly hoped ever to visit again except in dreams. I am congratulated on all sides upon the present "prosperity" of Ireland. And to those who have witnessed the years of famine, the present condition of the country may well seem prosperity. There is no longer starvation, and the laboring people are able to procure enough of tolerable food, and the number of paupers supported by poor rates has greatly diminished, and beggary and rags are much less remarkable than for many years past. Industry has recovered to a great extent from the effects of the famine, and the desolation, that was then brought upon property of rich and poor that were Irish, is nearly at an end. But I am afraid it is mainly to the recovery of the potato crop that we owe this happy change. For some years past the potato disease has been gradually wearing out, and the farmers and laborers have been profiting by the return of this most valuable of Irish crops.

Yet, delightful as it is to see this comparative prosperity in Ireland, I cannot help remarking that, of all peoples that I have seen or read of, the Irish enjoy the smallest share of their own country's produce. My nation—alas! that I should have it to say—is the shabbiest nation in the civilized world.

Ever your friend, John Martin.

IRISH FISHERIES.

From the London *Daily News*.

Among many curious and questionable traits which are supposed distinctively to characterise different races, and whose practical influence is traceable in their daily habits and occupations, few have been more frequently noted than the alleged unwillingness of the Irish to engage in seafaring pursuits so long as they can obtain less profitable modes of livelihood. The historical and statistical fact seems to have been long since admitted by all semi-official and other doctrinaires, that the Celt is not an aquatic animal; and there is hardly to be found an exception in the myriads of books of lamentation over Hibernian evils with which we used to be so painfully familiar, wherein a chapter or two was not devoted to groans over uncaught fish, unmanned boats, and unadventurous beachmen, who would starve rather than go to sea in quest of a dinner fit for an alderman. Exeter Hall ascribed it all to Popery and the observance of holidays which invariably fell upon the finest times for deep seafishing. Police politicians, both Whig and Tory, attributed it to Ribbonism and agitation in general which had set the people thoroughly astray. And finally, the ethnologists set down all to the debit side of the account, which they are so good as to keep for all the families of the human race, under the heading of "national idiosyncrasies." The only question that never was raised by any of these profound and pious accountants-general was whether the fact itself were really a fact or not? Had any humane sceptic on the point ventured to insinuate a doubt, he would have been overwhelmed on the spot with imputation of ignorance or a disposition to vain cavilling, if not to a perverse desire of extenuating a notorious and disastrous fault worthy only of inexorable reprobation. Was it not matter of history that Spaniards, and Hollanders, and Norwegians, had paid at various periods for royal leave to fish off the Irish coasts; and had not similar permission been asked by enterprising persons from the United States at the beginning of the present century, while no adequate or efficient steps were taken by the people inhabiting that country to benefit by the advantages lying at their door? It was said by Sir William Temple two hundred years ago that the fisheries of Ireland were "a mine of wealth under water as rich as many of the mines that other people possessed on land," yet neither before nor since his time has this exhaustless mine been worked as it might have been; and it is only now that serious measures seem to be in progress for turning its resources to account. Nevertheless we may be permitted to doubt whether the fact proves the existence of any repugnance towards marine avocations on the part of the poor and hitherto unaided dwellers on the shores of the ocean and the channel; and we rather suspect it will presently appear that under intelligent guidance the hardy and laborious population of the creeks and bays of the Irish coast will become excellent fishermen and good sailors.

The progress of steam communication by sea and land has wholly changed the condition of things in this as in other respects. Heretofore a boat-load of the most valuable fish, when safe landed at some remote village of Mayo, Galway, or Clare, was, to all intents and purposes, worth nothing, sometimes less than nothing, to the poor fellows who had spent their time and labor, and exposed their vessel and her gear to all the wear and tear of rough weather in securing it. For turbot and sole, mackerel and whiting, they were literally without a chance of buyers at any price. The means of rapid transport to a remunerative market did not exist. The stronger flavored portion of their deep sea capture suited their own palates best, and, sooth to say, were more nutritious and suitable as a condiment to the inevitable potato. Save for manure, a large part of their hard-earned prize was utterly valueless; yet dilettanti politicians and fop philanthropists were never weary of expatiating on the inactivity and stupidity of men who stayed at home of stormy nights sooner than go in quest of unsaleable delicacies such as we have described. Now all is changed. Railways when completed throughout the west of Ireland, by equalising the value of all marketable commodities, will create new ideas, wishes, energies, and habits in the inhabitants of the sea-board. It may and will, perhaps, take a little while to make the coming change practically felt. Railway management, like everything else in this money-making world, requires the constant application of the whip and goad of competition. It is stated in a recent pamphlet on the subject, Lieutenant Symons, that while fish is carried from Aberdeen to London, a distance of 500 miles, for £3 per ton, a charge of £2 10s. is made for the same weight of fish on the line from Galway to Dublin, which does not exceed 127 miles. There is only one way of arguing convincingly with railway directors, and that is through their joint stock pockets. The means of doing this, in the case before us will, we apprehend, be found in the gradual use of cheap screw steamers employed to carry or to tow vessels built purposely for the carriage of fresh fish, and fitted up with what are termed "wells" in the hold for the purpose of keeping their valuable freight alive. As regards many kinds of fish that is quite possible even for a voyage of several days, and the use of ice enables the remainder to be almost without fail brought in a state of perfection many hundred miles to our great metropolis market.

Irish News.

The usual half-yearly examination of the pupils at the military schools, Limerick, was held before Mr. Vickers, who has been appointed Head Inspector of Military Schools in Ireland, accompanied by the Assistant Adjutant-General, Colonel Muller, Captain Gilley, Adjutant Depot Battalion, Captain Thompson, 47th Regiment, and some English gentlemen, who accompanied Mr. Vickers on his tour. After the examination had concluded, says the *Observer*, Mr. Vickers told the officers who accompanied him that he had seen many military schools in England and Ireland, but that he had never seen one at all equal to that in Limerick. The soldiers were trained in history, geography, reading, writing, arithmetic and composition. He said they far exceeded any military classes he had ever before examined, and did infinite credit to Mr. Little's ability and assiduity. The soldiers' children, under the charge of Mrs. Little, head schoolmistress, were then examined, and in their arrangement and answering gave the fullest satisfaction. On Mr. Vickers taking his leave, he remarked that he would not forget representing to the highest military authorities, the highly gratifying and progressive state of the Limerick Military Schools, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Little. Every one present seemed entirely to concur in the encomium of the Inspector.

Speaking of Queenstown, the *Cork Examiner* congratulates Mr. Philip Scott upon his election as Chairman of the Town Commissioners of Queenstown, and the inhabitants of that rising town upon their excellent choice. To the Messrs. Scott, the *Examiner* says, Queenstown owes much—more than to any other of its enterprising merchants. A single glance at Queenstown as it is, contrasted with Cove as it was, speaks most eloquently the praises of those gentlemen. But much more remains to be done, in order to render that beautifully circumstanced town what it should be. Its sewerage is still an abomination, and that without an excuse. There is not a place for bathing along the whole shore. Passage has its fine plunge bath, and a free access to the river; but Queenstown, to which hundreds and thousands of people go every summer, and for the benefit of sea-bathing, has no further convenience for bathers than a rough strand—which is not always available. Queenstown without accommodation for bathers, the *Examiner* originally observes, is really the play of *Hamlet* without the part of *Hamlet*.

A man named Murphy, who resided a few miles from Macroon, was drowned last April twelve months. At the time it was supposed that his death had been caused accidentally. From some circumstances which have since been brought under the attention of the authorities, the police have been engaged in making inquiries, and the result was an investigation held before the magistrates at Coachford Petty Sessions. After a lengthened inquiry, the Bench decided on committing a family named Manning, the mother, two sons and two daughters, who reside in the neighborhood of Coachford, to await a further investigation.

An inquest has been held before Richard Jones, Esq., Coroner for the Mallow district, Co. Cork, on the body of a man named John Begley. The deceased, a laborer in the employment of the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Cecilstown, tacked a young horse to a cart, in order to ascertain how far he might rely on his tractability in drawing turf from a bog. The horse became thirsty, and when returning from the bog he suddenly dashed off in the direction of some water that lay near, upset the cart, and killed Begley on the spot. The deceased was thrown violently against a ditch, receiving a wound in the temple that deprived him of speech and life together. The deceased has left a wife and orphans.

The *Meander* frigate has entered Cork harbor. The day being a brilliant one, and the vessel sailing on a light breeze blowing from the south-east, she was visible for a long distance seawards, and presented a most beautiful appearance. On her way in between the forts, she carried every stitch up to her royals, and, viewed in the front, she towered up in an enormous pyramid of canvas. She sailed directly into her moorings, exactly opposite the Beach, and in a few minutes was at anchor in her berth.

The late fair of Nantenan, county Limerick, is stated to have been even worse than that held the day before at Creagh, a few miles thence. There was no appearance of cattle of any kind, with the exception of three cows. Of the three cows one was bought at £5 out of a joke, but disputed. By the general verdict of all present, it was transferred to the joker, who reluctantly paid for it, and drove off an old bargain—a wiser man going out of the fair than when he came into it.

The *Kilkenny Moderator* is informed that a shower of black rain, which seemed to have escaped general observation, fell over that city lately. The shower took place in the afternoon of Friday, the 25th July, and, from the specimen preserved, it appears to have been of a more densely sable color than the black rain which excited so much observation and commentary amongst the scientific and curious a few years since.

A splendid lot of seventy fat pigs were observed coming into Waterford into town from the fair of Carlow. They were conveyed by rail, and the drivers said they were fresher at the end of their journey than at the starting. This is a good hint for county Waterford people, who are anxiously looking out for their railway.

At Cork assizes Mr. Justice Jackson and Mr. Coffey complimented the Head Constable on the tact, prudence and ability with which he had managed a case of considerable difficulty, and on the fairness and impartiality with which he had given his evidence.

The Queen has erected the district of Natal, in South Africa, into a separate Colony, to be called "the Colony of Natal, and has appointed John Scott, Esq., to be Lieutenant-Governor of the said Colony. This gentleman is the eldest son of the late Captain John Scott, of Umgola, county Armagh.

H. M. S. *Osborne*, having on board Mr. C. Wood, Mr. Barclay, and Mr. Bernal Osborne, Secretary to the Lords of the Admiralty, had arrived in Cork harbor. Their lordships are on their annual toar of inspection.

The failure of the Tipperary Bank is said to have done great damage to the early part of this season in Tramore, county Waterford.

Anthony O'Flaherty, Esq., M. P., Knockbane, has been appointed by the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council a governor of the Ballinasloe Lunatic Asylum.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Major-General Sir James Chatterton, Bart., a magistrate for the county Tipperary.

The *Nation* intends giving its readers an exact "coup d'œil," or rather Political Anatomy of the present state of the Irish Representation. Gammon goes down so freely in Ireland, and we are so infernally good natured, says the *Nation*, that a man must give, what we call bad votes before we can bear to convict him. It is as much as some honest people in the county of Louth can do to make up their minds that Montesquieu Bellew is not an honest man, because, forsooth, he did not vote for the Titles Bill. Almost all Longford, of course, is in ecstasies at Mr. Hughes's divisions, and defies the universe to show a wrong vote he gave. The way your political blackleg hedges his book is by voting what is called right on questions like Maynooth, and Tenant Right, where the government are safe or indifferent—and wrong, as many can be, whenever the government are in jeopardy, or whenever they wish, indeed. Even on an Irish Coercion Bill, a Scully or an O'Connell has to do as Mr. Hayter bids him—and, understanding Lord Palmerston to be against the Pope, has not Papist blood enough in him to resent an insult to his Holiness, which has moved the wrath of the Catholics of the world. Thus, "thanks to the liberal spirit of the present Ministry," and the mean, time-serving tone encouraged by various Irish Archbishops and Bishops, in the body of the Irish Catholics, we have, the *Nation* concludes, neither respect nor power, are a shame to our ancestors, and a scandal to our age.

A lady, with two lady visitors, went into her garden near Pope's Hill, Cork city, a few days ago. "Come," said she, "until I show you the place where the robbers got in last year." As she spoke there was a rush, and a number of young thieves scampered off, darting through the hedge and over the wall. Another, however, took a different direction, in which he was nimbly pursued by the youngest of the ladies, who soon came up with and seized him. The unfortunate fellow had a bag filled with gooseberries, which, with himself, was taken into custody. A policeman was sent for, by whom he was introduced to the police-office, whence he was sent to prison for eight days, with a private whipping to vary the monotony of confinement. Two nights before he had been in the same garden, his shirt taken off and tied into a bag, and on that occasion he fared so well that he was encouraged to go again.

A party of gentlemen connected with the *Irish Farmer's Magazine*, visited the Munster Model Farm while attending the Cork Agricultural Show. They were disappointed in finding that nothing whatever had been done towards the erection of suitable buildings, and that, consequently, no pupils had been taken in. The Commissioners of National Education have the power of erecting such. They have received, or are entitled to receive, £4,000 of government money, as well as £400 subscribed by the gentry of Cork, towards their erection; in addition to which a conditional reduction was made in the rent of the farm, by the Duke of Devonshire, provided that within three years an agricultural school would be established. If a really practical school were established in the neighborhood, it would create a taste in the minds of many of the pupils that otherwise would never enter their heads.

The inhabitants of Killarney have presented Father McDonnell, on his departure from amongst them, an address accompanied with a beautifully worked purse containing £140. The deputation, consisting of James O'Connell, J. P., Lakeview; Denis Shine Lawler, J. P., Grenagh; John Morrogh Bernard, D. L., Ardagh; Daniel Cronin Coltsmann, J. P., Glenflesk Castle; John C. O'Reardon, solicitor, Gortroe; Thomas McDonogh, John Brennan, Alexander James McCarthy, solicitor; Charles Aylmer McCarthy, solicitor; Lawrence S. Griffin, M.D., Justin McCarthy, Thomas Finn, John O'Halloran, Richard Linnegar, Daniel O'Callaghan, and Owen C. McDermott, Esqrs., proceeded to the Bishop's residence, where Mr. McDonnell received them.

The *Limerick Reporter* informs us that a fierce fight has taken place in Clare street, Limerick. The parties engaged in the combat were the Skeehans, the Hyneses, the Coffees and O'Dwyer. They fought with pitchforks, stones, tongs, and every procurable weapon. Blood flowed in torrents between the parties, several of whom were arrested, and are yet in confinement, with the exception of Skeehan, who is said to be in a comfortable position in life.

A correspondent of the *Limerick Reporter* states that some days ago a man of the name of Patrick Mulqueen was arrested for a debt of upwards of £20, for a bill of costs arising out of transactions in relation to the new Killaloe road, in which he took a nominal part. He was taken off to prison by the Sheriff. In the course of the day Mr. Studdert hearing of the circumstance paid the debt. The correspondent says much credit is due Mr. Studdert for the promptitude with which he paid the amount.

The *Kilkenny Moderator* is most glowing in its account of the weather and crops. The wheat-fields have assumed the most beautiful golden tint, and the barley and oat crops are also rapidly changing their vernal hues and beginning to wear an autumn aspect. Some few patches of winter oats have already yielded to the sickle, and the harvest will be fit for the reaper fully a week earlier than was calculated upon three weeks since. Potatoes are progressing favorably. On the whole, the harvest prospects are most cheering—so says the *Moderator*.

The Fair of Elton, county of Limerick, was scantily furnished with stock of any kind. A number of Cork buyers, finding how it was likely to turn out, immediatey took the return train from Kilmallock, and were in full time to be to their liking in the middle of the Fair at Fermoy, held the same day. There was some smart business transacted, but at prices varying little from late quotations.

The Fair of Bruff was well attended. There was a good supply of all kinds of stock, but not as much business done as expected. It was a very large sheep fair, that being the principal business of the day. Lambs up to £1 6s.; yearlings, £4, £5 and £6 each for the best in the field. One prime milch cow brought £17; the ordinary run of the day being £12 to £14.

The *Waterford News* says, that after the late fire at the Neptune Iron Works in that city, many persons asked—"Was the concern insured?" An advertisement published by the *News* shows that it was, and also demonstrates the prompt manner in which the demand of £1,400 was met by the National office—an exclusively Irish company—conducted by Arthur Mason, Esq.

It is expected that the cable connecting Newfoundland with Ireland will be laid down during the ensuing year.

The ship *Woodstock*, of New Ross, the property of the Messrs. Greaves, has landed all her passengers in good health in Quebec.

The *Mayo Constitution* informs us that the fishermen in Clew-Bay have commenced the herring fishery.

The *Kilkenny Moderator* understands the postal authorities are about to make an arrangement in the large towns in Ireland, calculated to afford much convenience to persons residing in localities distant from the post offices. "Silent receivers" are to be put up in convenient places in the streets, into which any person may at any time drop properly stamped letters and newspapers, at any time of the day, and officials connected with the post office will remove them from thence for transmission to their destination before the closing of the various mails. An inspector has been in Kilkenny, making arrangements for this purpose.

Copies of information and warrants against Mr. James Sadleir, M. P., and of the bills of indictment, have been printed by order of the House of Commons, on motion of Mr. Roebuck. There is a copy of a bench warrant issued by the Lords Justices of Assize at Clonmel, on the 18th of July, for the apprehension of Sadleir for conspiracy to defraud the English shareholders and depositors of the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank of large sums of their money. There is also a warrant out against him signed by H. W. Thompson, Justice of the Peace in the South Riding of Tipperary.

On the 1st of January, 1851, the number of prisoners in jail in Ireland was 10,084; in 1852, 8,803; in 1853, a further reduction to 7,604; a still greater reduction in 1854, the number being 5,955; while on the 1st January there were but 3,561. The number charged with serious offences in the last year was inconsiderable as compared with any previous year. There was a large increase in the number of prisoners charged with violating the revenue laws, one of the consequences of the great augmentation in the spirit duties.

Several persons have complained to us of the neglected state of Bilberry road. The wall erected by Mr. Philip Flemming is an excellent piece of work, and we regret that his labors were not extended farther. We have met several drunken persons on this road. Why is this? We are, however, sure that Head Constable Connolly and his men of the Bridge-street station, will keep a vigilant eye over the Bilberry-road.—*Waterford News.*

The following circumstance, says the Limerick *Reporter*, does eternal honor to the Protestants of Tipperary. The Catholics there have been for some years making a subscription to build a new chapel, and had a sum of £2,000 collected for the purpose, which was lodged in Sadleir's bank, and, of course, met the fate of many similar lodgments. The Protestants have set a subscription on foot to replace the lost fund, and they have a good instalment of it already collected.

The very Rev. Dr. M'Donough, of the diocese of Kingston, Canada, who some few months ago came to Ireland for the purpose of getting some of the "Sisters of Mercy" to have a branch of their institution established in the parish of Perth, has succeeded in his mission, as he expects to return accompanied by six nuns from Galway in a few weeks.

The public examinations for the year 1856, of the Clonmel District Model National School, were held at the school on Wednesday. The room selected for the occasion was festooned with laurels. There was a numerous assemblage of ladies. T. Sheehan, Esq., Head Inspector, and E. McCreanor, Esq., District Inspector, were also in attendance.

The Right Rev. Dr. Ryan has visited the ancient town of Kilmallock, to receive the contributions of the Very Rev. Dr. Downes and the people of the Parish, in aid of the New Cathedral of St. Johns. Nothing could surpass the enthusiasm that prevailed. The contributions were most generous.

A gentleman of the highest respectability has informed the Limerick *Observer* that he saw, for the third time, what appears from his description to be the long expected comet of 1556, the re-appearance of which this year has been so long foretold.

A meeting of the Friends of the *People* newspaper was lately held in the Town Hall, Wexford, at which it was unanimously agreed that an appeal should be made to the priests and people of the county for the purpose of sustaining that journal against the attempt lately made to crush it.

The Rev. P. Moore, late Administrator of the parish of Killeen, near Spiddal, county of Galway, has been promoted to the parish of Athenry, in the same county, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam.

The Rev. Charles M'Loughlin, O. S. F., has died at his father's residence, Glenfarn, county Leitrim, at the early age of twenty-six years. He was nephew to the Rev. F. M'Loughlin, guardian to the Franciscan Convent, Willow-bank, Ennis.

From all parts of the country, the *Waterford News* says, there are most cheering accounts daily as to the progress of the crops. No one ever remembered a finer season. A superabundant harvest is expected about Waterford.

In many of the gardens round Ennis indications of the potato blight are observed. At present the ravages of the disease are confined to the foliage—though occasionally a black potato may be found on digging the crop. This we give on the testimony of the *Clare Journal*.

The *Cork Constitution* mentions a splendid specimen of Fluke Kidney Potatoes, grown by Captain Roberts, at Kilmoney, Corrigaline. Three of these potatoes weighed 2lbs. The produce is most extraordinary, averaging eight or nine to each stalk.

The directors of the Waterford and Limerick Railway have given an excursion trip from Waterford to Limerick. The citizens of Waterford largely availed themselves of it, and along the line the number of pleasure-goers was considerably augmented. The arrangements on the line were carried out to perfection.

The wheat and barley were never, in the memory of man, finer, but the *Limerick Observer*, which says this, says that too much cannot be said of oats, which this season come forward with a short stunted ear, and no straw.

No candidate is eligible for the Irish police, if over 25 years of age, and must be unmarried. If a militiaman, he must have his final discharge.

At a recent meeting of the Cork Committee of Merchants, Mr. Francis Fitzgerald was unanimously elected supernumiary Butter Inspector.

The first week of this month, the thermometer in the Royal Cork Institution reached 81 deg. in the shade, the highest point it has attained in that city for many years.

The manager of a London theatre writes to the *Morning Advertiser* denying the statements that Mr. Sims Reeves is engaged to sing in Dublin, in September next.

An old man residing near Wexford, in his 99th year, was engaged in reaping his corn this season.

Baron Pennefather, nearly twenty years since, became the purchaser of an estate in Tipperary, which had been greatly reduced in value by illegal combination amongst the occupiers, and the exceeding difficulty of collecting rents. The estate was considered one of the most turbulent localities in the whole County. The Baron, after close inquiry, discovered that the evils were mainly attributable to the system of gross mismanagement on the part of the former proprietor and his agent, which deprived the tenantry of all legitimate inducement to industry, and left them without the shape of interest in their holdings or in the general welfare of the property. The new proprietor at once adopted a different system—he struck off arrears of rent that had accumulated—assisted the embarrassed tenants to crop and improve their land—infused a new spirit of enterprise amongst them; and the result was, confidence was soon re-established—the estate, instead of being a disgrace to the district, soon became remarkable for orderly conduct and tranquil industry, and a model to the surrounding country for improved husbandry. A statement to this effect was made by the baron to the Grand Jury of Tipperary several years since, when he availed himself of the opportunity of urging upon the gentry of that county—at a moment too, when Tory peers and magistrates were vehemently demanding from the Government Coercion and Insurrection Acts—the duty and the wisdom of following the simple plan by which he had succeeded in converting an estate productive of nothing but crime into a valuable property.

With regard to the potato crop the *Cork Examiner* has had information from the districts of Kenmare, Bantry, Skibbereen, Millstreet, Clonakilty and Bandon. Between Cork and the latter town it appears every thing is promising. Between Clonakilty and Bandon, however, there is considerable evidence of blight to be seen. In the neighborhood of the town of Kenmare the crop is quite healthy, but between that and Bantry evidences of disease have appeared. About Bantry there are no indications whatever of blight, while between that town and Skibbereen, and in the immediate neighborhood of Skibbereen, considerable manifestations of disease have appeared. About Millstreet nothing could be finer than the appearance of the crop.

An inquest has been held by R. Byrne, Esq., coroner, at the Ballymascanlon constabulary station, near Newry, on the bodies of four persons who met their death while bathing, at a place called Aughavoys, between Mount Pleasant, the residence of Sir John M'Neil, and the harbor of Dundalk. From the evidence of Bernard Hagan, the only witness examined at the inquest, it appeared that he was bathing at the same time with the deceased, and soon after heard an alarm given by some boys, upon which he hastened up, but the four had disappeared. They rose no more. He saw the four bodies afterwards, and recognized them as the bodies of Phillip M'Dermot, aged about 30, who had beene gardner to Sir John M'Neil for upwards of twelve years; James Bennett, of Proleek, aged 17; Matthew Feran, of Mount Pleasant, aged 15; and Michael Hanlon, of Mount Pleasant, aged 12.

O'Connell, the *Wexford Guardian* reminds us, used to call Galway the fag-end of Ireland, and William Keogh would appear to be quite "to the manor born." There was one time when we had a decent respect for the West—that was, when the enemies of our country considered Connaught synonymous with a certain warm place, about which it is to be hoped they'll know no further than the name—but now it has become the fruitful hot-bed for the production of those adventurers who thank heaven they have got a country to sell. The only thing that tells in Galway is "gammon," and his lordship was accordingly affected to tears, when he passed in review the reminisciences of his boyhood, studiously omitting, however, that childish freak, when he swore and was foresworn, and as a consequence became the ermined judge.

The readers of one of the Wexford papers are favored with an interesting description of a splendid sample of new wheat, grown on the lands of Sion by Francis Leigh, Esq. He calls it "Quin White Wheat," having procured the seed from Mr. Quin, of Bray. It has six rows in each head, and the straw is very strong, and stands nearly six feet high. Mr. Quin had fourteen barrels to the acre last year; but Mr Leigh expects twenty barrels to the acre this year, an expectation, to all appearances, in which he will not be disappointed. It was sown broad-cast on potato ground, and with only nineteen stone of seed to the acre.

A trustworthy correspondent in Bonmahon supplies the *Waterford News* with the following facts regarding the proselytising establishments at Bonmahon, viz.: There were in the infant school last year one hundred and nine children; at present it contains but ten. The embroidery school at the beginning of this year contained forty-six persons, at present there are but thirteen in it. The printing establishment is also falling into decay, there being but a few persons only occasionally employed in it. These are well-known proselytising establishments. They held out for a long time, but at length they are on their last legs.

The *Westport Independent* says the weather is all that can be desired for harvest work. The Tawny oats are nearly all cut, and barley and wheat have yielded to the sickle. The scythe is used by many instead of the old fashioned reaping-hook, and practised hands use it to great advantage and good effect. The green crops are very thin, but look healthy. There are some complaints of a decay in the potato roots, but not very general. The potato for the past ten years has not produced so many seed apples as this, which is considered a happy promise of returning health. This is the pleasant report of the *Independent*.

There has been a great excursion of the Westport townsfolk in the *Usk* steamer, to Kilmore. The boat passed down close by the coast, till near the Saltees, when she veered out and went through the Sound, affording a close view of the Islands. The excursionists were met by a number of boats from Kilmore, who accompanied them to the pier, where they were warmly greeted.—*Wexford Independent*.

The *Londonderry Standard* states that preliminary operations have been begun for the construction of the contemplated railway between Lough Foyle and Swilly, terminating in the first instance at Farland Point. The intention, we believe, is to extend this line eventually to Letterkenny, and thus to open up a communication between the city of Derry and the entire county of Donegal.

The weather, says the *Newry Examiner*, has been tropically hot, and people are as effectually kept within doors by it as they would be by bad weather. The wheaten crop is already assuming a yellow hue, and oats will be ready for the sickle in a few days. The present promises to be one of the finest and most abundant harvests with which the country was ever blessed.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, of Kildare and Leighlen, has made the following clerical changes and appointments in his diocese:—The Rev. Marcus Bray from Myshall to Graignamanagh; the Rev. J. D. Wyer from Graignamanagh to Bagnalstown; the Rev. Thomas Maher, Bagnalstown to Borris; the Rev. James Fleming from St. Mullins to Myshall; the Rev. Arthur Hume from Clonaslee to St. Mullins; the Rev. Luke Dillon from Mountmellick to Clonaslee; the Rev. Stephen Conlan from Baltinglass to Abbeyleix; the Rev. Michael Kenny from Abbeyleix to Killeigh; the Rev. Martin Nolan from Killeigh to Portarlington; the Rev. Charles Bannon from Rhode to Rathangan; the Rev. James Comerford from Edenderry to Kill; the Rev. Andrew Hipwell from Kill to Rhode. The Rev. Mr. McDonnell and the Rev. Andrew Phelan, both recently ordained, the former to Baltinglass and the latter to Mountmellick. The Rev. Andrew McMahon has been appointed Parish Priest of Edenderry, and the Rev. Jeremiah Kehoe to Rhode.

Mr. Abbot, Coroner, from Nenagh, accompanied by Doctor Langer Carey, of Newport, has lately held an inquest on the body of John O'Brien, of Munna, aged 14 years. The poor boy, who was an orphan, was riding on a creel of turf with the owner, a man named McNamara, when he came near a house where a brother and sister of his are lying sick of fever; he jumped down, and his clothes were caught by the pins of the creel; he came down head foremost; his head came under the wheel of the car, which passed over him, breaking the spine of the neck, which caused instantaneous death.

On last Thursday fortnight, a number of navvies on the Belfast and County Down Railway, struck for higher wages and a shorter day. At present their wages are 10s per week. All assembled in a body opposite the residence of the contractor, Mr. Moore, at Tonaghnieve House, Saintfield. Mr. Moore remonstrated with them in vain. Head Constable Phelan, of the Saintfield Constabulary, succeeded in arresting the principal leader, a man named Blain, whom he lodged in Downpatrick jail. The men have had the good sense, the *Down Recorder* says, to return to their work. All is quiet at present.

The Rev. P. Moore, late Administrator of the Parish of Killeen, near Spiddal, county Galway, has been promoted to the parish of Athenry, in the same county, by his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam. Mr. Moore was for some years curate of Roundstone, and lately of Ballinakill, in both of which places he won the respect and love of the people.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has made the following appointments and changes among the clergy:—Rev. T. McDonogh to the curacy of Ballinakill; Rev. T. O'Malley, R. C. C., from Roundstone to Milltown; Rev. M. Brennan, R. C. C., from Milltown to Killmena; Rev. J. McEvily, R. C. C., from Kilmeena to Newport; Rev. J. Loftus, to Moore, &c.

The town of Fermoy, which has become the great military station for the South of Ireland, begins to realize the disadvantage of its isolated position. A project has been set on foot to get a branch railway to Carrigtwohill, thus to secure deep water at Queenstown, for military purposes, and rapid intercourse with the city of Cork. Nearly £20,000 have been already subscribed.

The Clare Militia have ceased to exist. They have been gradually taking their discharge for some weeks, and now there remain but some two dozen serjeants and a dozen drummers, the adjutant and quarter-master. The staff will be located at the old Fever Hospital, at the Turnpike.

Assistant Surgeon J. D. Healy, son of James Healy, Esq., Manish, county Clare, has been promoted from the Staff to the 15th Regiment. Mr. C. R. Nelson, nephew to Michael Macnamara, Esq., of Ennis, has been appointed Assistant Surgeon to the Forces, from the supernumerary assistant surgency of the 90th Regiment.

The annual celebration of the "Feast of St. Mary of Angels," took place at the Franciscan Church, Henry street, Limerick, on Sunday last. From distances varying from twenty to sixty miles, thronged immense numbers of the faithful, many of them poor and aged, whose knowledge of the festival lived only in the traditions of their several localities.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the courtly Irish papers say, has been pleased to give an Ensigncy, without purchase, to Lieut. Falkiner, of the Tipperary Light Infantry, in consideration of volunteers to the line from that fine regiment.

Agreeably to the instructions, from Dublin Castle, all the Twelfth of July processionists, of both parties, incarcerated in county Down jail, were set free.

The President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, Clonmel, acknowledges the receipt of £1 donation towards the funds of the Society, from the Mayor of that town.

The Christian Brothers, Ennis, gratefully acknowledge £2 from James O'Brien, Esq., Elmvale, per the Rev. Andrew Newport, C. C.

The weather in Ennis, co. Clare, has been intensely hot, and the grain crops are ripening fast. The watering places on the coast, from Loop Head to Kinvarra, are thronged with visitors. Lodges are at a premium.

A dish of very fine peaches was pulled on the 27th July, off a wall tree in the garden of Wybrants Olphert, Esq., Ballyconnell house, Derry.

Anthony O'Flaherty, Esq., M. P., has been appointed by the Lord Lieutenant and Privy Council a Governor of the Ballinasloe Lunatic Asylum.

A large seal having pursued some salmon fish up the river, was captured by a party of fishermen above the wooden bridge in Galway.

The Rev. R. O'Sullivan, C. C., Tullyhallen, begs leave to acknowledge a donation of £2 from Miss Florence Balfour, Townley Hall, for the poor of the parish.

John Barron, Edward Laffan, Wm. Cummins, Thomas Carr, and Cornelius Ryan, have been sentenced to transportation for 15 years each for participation in the military riots at Nenagh.

Edward Fitzpatrick, of Duleek, who was sentenced for cattle stealing at the Trim assizes to six years' penal servitude, has effected his escape from Trim gaol.

The Newry *Telegraph* announces that the Marquess of Downshire, the "lord of the soil," has infused new vigor into the "Royal Corporation of Horse-breeders."

Mr. Mahony is going on with the works of the Waterford Park with great rapidity.—

The Waterford Artillery, now disembodied, have entered themselves for the East India Company's service.

Killna Castle has been the scene of a festive assemblage of the gentry and inhabitants of the neighborhood on the occasion of the celebration of the birth day of Miss Chapman. Since the accession of Sir Benjamin and Lady Chapman to the property, they have not been unmindful of the maxim that "property has its duties as well as its rights." Sir Benjamin, as a landlord and employer, has clearly demonstrated that he is a practical supporter of Tenant Right, and one who has at heart the interest of his people.

The fine barque *Dunbrody*, commanded by Mr. William Williams, has left New Ross for Quebec, having on board ninety-one passengers, most of whom were of the laboring class. This is the fourth ship that left Ross this year for Quebec.

Lord Donoughmore has visited the male school at the Union Workhouse, Clonmel, and expressed himself much pleased with the method of instruction adopted by the very efficient master, Mr. Burke.

There is a very gratifying decrease of pauperism in the Union of Ennis. Three Saturdays ago there were only 609 paupers in the house. Corresponding time last year, 865; two years ago, 1,176, showing a reduction of nearly one-half in two years.

Lord Castlerosse, who has accepted the office of Comptroller of her Majesty's Household, has again addressed the electors of Kerry, soliciting their suffrages at the approaching election, which his appointment had made necessary.

Allan Pollok, Esq., was admitted a member of the County Galway Club, on Monday last. He attended the ejectment trials at the Assizes, and, it is said, engaged a special train on the railway, at a cost of £50 each trip.

The members of the Munster Bar entertained Mr. Justice Jackson and Baron Greene at dinner, during the Assizes, at the Victoria Hotel, Cork.

The Waterford Mechaincs' Institute acknowledge the receipt of several Parliamentary reports, being a donation from Thomas Meagher, Esq., M. P., to the Library.

Charles M'Cready, convicted of the murder of Sergeant Owen Guinney, in Fermoy Barracks, has been sentenced to death by Judge Jackson, at Cork.

IRISH REGIMENTS IN THE BRITISH SERVICE.

From the Dublin Freeman.

Though the 77th is called the East Middlesex, and therefore included among the English regiments, it is right to observe that it is composed principally of Irishmen, having been largely recruited in this country before the war, and since the war, by frequent drafts from the same source. We find complete confirmation of this in the list of non-commissioned officers and soldiers belonging to the gallant 77th—who on the day of Inkermann fought side by side with the heroic 88th—decorated with the Legion of Honor. Seven names out of the regiment were selected for distinction, and of these, four are unquestionably Irishmen. We are not sure of Alexander Wright, Murdoch Charleston, and William Wilson; but of James Tuohy, Thomas M'Gill, William Maguire, and John Quinlan, there can be no doubt. The services of these brave fellows are worthy of commemoration. Color Sergeant Tuohy served throughout the war with great gallantry. He particularly distinguished himself on the night of the 19th of April, at the capture of the Rifle Pits, where he was severely wounded. M'Gill, drummer, served throughout the war, and was first in the Rifle Pits, where he made a Russian bugler prisoner. Maguire, private, distinguished himself at the Pits and at Inkermann; and Quinlan was conspicuous for his bravery on these occasions, as well as both attacks on the Redan. The 77th, then, though nominally English, is really Irish. We may add that every non-commissioned officer and soldier of the 88th who received the Legion of Honor was an Irishman. We give their names and services:

"Stephen Conyngham, sergeant major (1,827). Took a very active part in the attack on the Quarries on 7th June, 1855, and was recommended a medal and £5 on that occasion, but could not get it, the regiment having received the allotted number. Noted at the Horse Guards.

"Hubert Kelly, color-sergeant, No. 2 company (1,795). Very distinguished conduct on the 8th of September, 1855, in going out of the advanced trench under a very heavy fire, and bringing in the body of Color-Sergeant Gilmore, who was lying mortally wounded some distance in front.

"Maurice Canty, color-sergeant, No. 4 company (2,538). Volunteered to form one of the attacking party ordered against 'Egerton's Pit,' on the 12th of April, 1855, as also several other occasions. Was present and did duty during the whole campaign.

"Michael Ryan, private, No. 6 company (3,249). Distinguished himself on the 8th September, 1855, in bringing in his officer, Captain Beresford, who was very severely wounded. Present during the whole campaign, and constantly at his duty.

Bernard M'Namara, private, No. 7 company (1,984). Was a sharpshooter at the beginning of the siege, and recommended for a medal for distinguished service, in December, 1854, but did not receive it, as he was invalided to Scutari.

"Thomas Handley, private, grenadier company (2,020). Distinguished himself about the night of August 14, 1855, when some young sentries were disposed to retire before a body of Russians, by forcing them back to their posts, and remaining out himself all night close to a Russian pit.

"Henry Spellacy, private, light company (1,424). A sharpshooter. On October 22, 1855, wounded and made a Russian officer prisoner. Volunteered on all occasions."

With reference to these regiments at the recent review at Aldershott, the *Times* says:

"Only three of the regiments among the newly arrived troops require special notice—the 42d Highlanders, 77th and 88th regiments. The first named—the long famous 'fighting forty-twa'—lost but few men in the East, and scarcely any from the casualties of war, for the events of the campaign prevented their participating in any of the great struggles save the battle of Alma. The regiment, therefore, is but little changed in material, and is still about the best drilled in our service. Their companies marched past her Majesty with the evenness and solidity of little walls—not a man an inch before or behind the precise line. In executing this manœuvre, they excel in appearance and equal in discipline the famous marching of the household troops. The 88th and 77th suffered most severely in the late war, 75 per cent. of the number that left England having been killed or died of disease. At the battle of Inkermann, the 88th, out of 230 men in action, lost 117 men and officers killed and wounded—a greater loss in proportion to numbers than was sustained by any other corps on that bloody day. It was the bayonet charge of the 77th and 88th that recaptured the four English guns taken by the Russians. Both gallant corps marched well past the Queen, and the latter regiment showed that it wants but little drill to make it, as of old, the famous Connaught Rangers, who, in every quarter of the world, have done more to uphold the reputation of the British arms than almost any other corps in the service."

Answers to Correspondents.

An old friend from Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow, begs us not to leave Patrick O'Donohue out of our *Recollections*. We certainly shall not. With our warm-hearted correspondent we perfectly agree. Though far from being well educated, O'Donohue cherished a strong love for the beauties of literature, and oftentimes criticized admirably the poetry and rhetoric of *Young Ireland*. His humor was immense. We might easily fill a column with the specimens of it, every one of them bright as an Irish diamond, though many of them were as coarse. One time, in Van Diemen's Land, he was lying quite ill. He was about quitting his old lodgings for new ones. Being unable to look after them himself, he begged an acquaintance of his, a Frenchman (I forget his name), to furnish them for him. The Frenchman was delighted with the commission. He went and ordered the richest carpeting, the richest curtains, the richest China-ware, the richest bedstead and chairs. The first day O'Donohue was able to get out, he walked with the Frenchman (a fragile, thin-waisted, thin-blooded scamp) to inspect his new lodgings. It would be no easy task to describe his astonishment on mounting the stairs, and casting his eye on the luxurious appointments and furniture which his republican friend (he used to sing the *Marsellaise* and swear by Couthon) had during his sickness so prodigally ordered and so gracefully arranged. O'Donohue, as he looked from the carpet to the sofa, and from the sofa to the curtains, and down from the curtains to the footstools, and from the footstools up to the end of the bell-ropes, was utterly bewildered. As if through an enchanted palace, led by a spirit, he passed without saying a word, breathless almost, and utterly speechless. At last he broke silence. He couldn't stand it any longer.

"What the deuce is all this for?" he shouts.

"Oh! 'tis veery nice, *mon ami*, all in de style of Louis Quatorze," the Frenchman sweetly and winningly replied.

O'Donohue's eyes glared. He knitted his eye-brows, clenched his teeth, and smacked his lips, but he didn't say a word. From the sitting-room they passed into the bed-room. There, too, was the same wealth of chintz, mahogany, gilding, carpeting, glass ornaments, satin fluting, embroidered cushions, and fire-screens. O'Donohue stood petrified at the sight of it all. Was that the bed he was to sleep in? It was such as an Emperor or Duchess might have given ducats to own. He looked fiercely all round—looked at the Frenchman—looked again at the bedstead, with its purple and white draperies, enormous plump pillows, and massive needle-worked counterpane. O'Donohue looked again at the Frenchman, screwed his eyes into him, shook his head, growled inwardly, and verged towards a curse. He moves closer to the bed, kicks a basin out from under it, and sends it spinning, like a humming-top, about the room. It was of the purest white, with a blue border, and speckled with lilies in cream color.

"Is that, too," growled O'Donohue, still looking at the Frenchman from under his eye-brows—"is that, too"—and the basin kept spinning all the while—"is that, too," he growled out," in the style of Lewy Quatorze, *mon ami*—my owld lad?"

"Certainment, *mon ami*, e'vry ting is of a piece—all in the style of Louis Quatorze."

"Be me sowl," shouts O'Donohue, catching the basin and swinging it round, "I've a mind to smash it on your head in the style of Brian Boru."

Father Meany, Clonmel.—Many thanks for your letter. The subscriptions are correct, and the *News* shall be regularly forwarded. We are as desirous as yourself that the *News* should circulate freely throughout Ireland. To prove it, we will sell to such Agents as you suggest at the very lowest possible price, if they send us definite orders and keep us paid, ever so little, in advance. Or, we will send to clubs of five, or upwards, at the rate of twelve shillings per annum from each member, paid quarterly in advance. Thus, each subscriber will have his copy, postage included, at less than four pence.

Our friends of the Press in Ireland, whom we are pleased to perceive quote freely from us, will confer a favor, by giving publicity to the above answer.

We shall regularly send a copy of the News to any part of Ireland, on receipt of subscription at the rate of 16s. sterling per.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856.

PERSONALITIES AND POLITICS—RELIGION AND POLITICS—LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE—FREEDOM FOR FREMONT.

Of all the incidents which attract public attention in our days, there is none perhaps of more real importance, not only to this nation, but to all mankind, than the choice of a man to guide for a time the action and express the will of this American People.

Year after year, the weight of this confederacy is more and more felt in the consideration of all the political and social questions that employ thoughtful minds all over the world—year after year her commerce spreads its influence farther abroad, her Literature speaks with a voice, growing year by year more audible and authoritative. This nation has become a Power, soon to be the first Power among the nations; and whatever its People do or say—what manner of men they choose to represent them, and by what marks and qualifications they are guided in their choice, are of interest to all men who look to the Future of Humanity.

But to all of us whom Fate has placed under the protection of this Republic—to those who have been born Americans, not more than to those whom its ever hospitable invitations have accepted as Citizens, these questions involve solemn duties, the responsibility of which, not all the leading articles, not all the eloquent orations of the day, nor all the torch-light harangues which make the night hideous, can exaggerate or absolve us from.

And yet the man that is chosen for President seems to us a question of even less importance, than the class of qualities—the traits of character in the Candidate—which influence and govern the choice.

Whoever be elected, by his concurrence or in spite of him, the nation will surely fulfill its destiny, and, with or without Dignity and Order, march forward on its appointed course; but by the qualities, which the American people admire in their Politicians and consider worthy of praise and honor—by the standard they use to measure virtue or demerit, by the qualities they esteem or condemn, their own character and tendencies are displayed, and by the sort of President they elect, the nature of the Electors is made known.

On this account, we have watched the progress of this Presidential Campaign; and the various discussions on the merits or shortcomings of the three Candidates now in the field. The ingenious devices employed by the advocates of each to elevate their own Chief and degrade the others, acquire in this regard a deeper interest, and we have learnt to consider as serious and important, investigations which, under other circumstances, we should be apt to dismiss from our thoughts as trivial or impertinent or repulsive.

Until of late, we should not have much troubled ourselves to know whether Mr. Buchanan was married or single. Now, we perceive the importance of the question. Celibacy, it seems, is disapproved of by a considerable section of the American People, and the friends of the great Democrat in alarm publish in his defence a story of his early love and sorrow, so touching and pathetic, as to insure for him pardon from the most inveterate Polygamist.

Bachelors for the future, who aspire to political honors, will take the lesson to heart, and strive to win the abiding love of woman's heart, before they dare to plead for the high office at the hands of the People.

The Partizans of the other two candidates strive, each to fix on the character of the opposing candidate an accusation, which it appears from the pertinacity of the discussion, would, if proved, amount to a complete disqualification.

This accusation—this damning blot not to be eradicated or overlooked, is, in fact, adherence to a complicity with the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Fillmore men first allege against Fremont that he is an avowed Catholic—or, if not avowed, then a Catholic by secret and by stealth—or, if neither, then at least, that he permitted a Catholic priest to pronounce his nuptial benediction. To this, the Fremonters answer that their chief is free from all taint of that baleful superstition; and that, if indeed he did consent to be married by so disreputable an official, it was more his misfortune than his fault—the result of overruling and inevitable necessity—because no other minister was at hand—because the case was urgent and imperative, and delays in such matters are proverbially dangerous.

They then proceed to carry the war into the enemy's Camp, and charge the "great Know-Nothing" with the Papistry of his mother, and state the overwhelming fact, that his sister for a while consented to inhale the polluted atmosphere of a Catholic convent, and even sit at the knees of Catholic nuns.

The Fillmore Camp, all aghast at these horrible disclosures, shelters itself for a while behind a rampart of virtuous indignation, and calls all Humanity to join it in abhorence of this desecration of the bones of Fillmore's deceased relatives. They say moreover that, if indeed, in her early years, the young lady in question did trust her morals within the unhallowed precincts of a convent, it was only for a short time, and merely in order to acquire a smattering of harmless Italian.

How much farther the edifying controversy has gone or may go, what farther startling revelations regarding the ancestors of these distinguished gentlemen may still remain to harrow our souls with fear and wonder, time alone can tell. The last we heard of it was from the correspondent of a New England journal, who asserts that Fremont and a dignitary of the obnoxious Church were some Sundays ago seen staggering arm in arm, both overcome with liquor, on their return from some Popish ceremony, and that in their devious progress, they came in contact with and upset some rods in length of the writer's fence—a statement, the accuracy of which one may, without incurring the charge of excessive incredulity, be excused for receiving with some grains of doubt.

All this to be sure is pitiful trash—transparent falsehood or sheer nonsense, by which one might suppose only the weakest and most gullible natures could be deceived; and yet, there is in it a serious significance, when we remember that they who make and repel these charges—they who invent impossible fictions to cheat the simple and credulous, are men trained in American politics—intimately acquainted with the prejudices and motives of the American People, and that they write and talk and lie on the assumption, which no one seems to question, that to be a Roman Catholic, or even to have any leaning towards the Roman Catholic creed, is in the eyes of Americans a stain and a hurt to the character of any man who seeks an honorable office at their hands.

In this assumption we begin to fear these organs of public opinion are but too correct. There have been of late too many indications that this unreasonable and ignorant prejudice prevails amongst us, and surely the fact cannot fail to oppress all liberal and cultivated minds with melancholy thoughts and forebodings.

Can it be that, change constitutions, forms of government, laws, as we may, superstition and fanaticism are inherent and ineradicable in the nature of man?

In other countries, where sectarian animosity has been for ages warmed into mischievous vitality, fostered and encouraged for Political purposes and under the sanction of the law—where sect has been educated and trained for generations to war against sect, in order that by their divisions the many should be more easily weakened, subdued and controlled to the interests of the few, the existence of fanaticism is explicable. We shudder at the malicious ingenuity by which so hateful a conspiracy was contrived, and pity the folly and weakness of the dupes who are ready to bury in each others' heart the weapons they should, with one combined effort, use against the common foe.

But that such a disease should exist here—that in the United States, where no one system of Religion, equipped and endowed by the state, enlists and supports a standing army of Bigots to harass and subdue Dissent—here, where in the eye of the Law men are free to believe and worship as they please, or not to believe and refuse to worship, if it like them better—here, where men flying from Religious persecution at home professed to seek freedom, and to build up a state where freedom should be permanent and universal—that here in the United States, public opinion should of itself, without any incitement or cause, build up barriers between citizen and citizen—and industriously go in quest of the weapons of its own destruction, is a fact so miserable and unaccountable, that it almost compels us to the melancholy conviction that our nature is inherently and incorrigibly depraved.

Most strange, too, is the selection made of an object of aversion.

All the various forms of Protestant tenets are accounted orthodox. A man may be Methodist, Unitarian, Quaker, Shaker, Mormon, Infidel, without incurring censure or insult—nay, he may build a temple to Buddha, or set about burning the body of his wife as a part of his religious system, and society looks on with mere curiosity, or mildly rebukes the unusual exhibition; but if he happen to worship the God of the Christians in the form adopted by the whole Christian world for beyond fourteen hundred years—in the form adopted by the overwhelming majority of believers in Christianity to-day—he becomes a subject of suspicion, and if he raises his head high enough to attract popular notice, of aversion too. The Historian, in tracing the progress of the society under whose forms and habits we live, cannot fail to see that by the influence of this Catholic church, that society was formed, consolidated, guided, educated and refined. This is an old story, which each will read with what lights he has. But surely any man of ordinary common sense, whose mind is not so narrowed and blinded by fanaticism that he cannot see what is doing around him to-day, must treat with pity or contempt that vain and ignorant prejudice which would place a ban upon all men who believe and worship in that creed and form which the greatest, most intelligent and most civilized nations on this earth to day venerate and adhere to.

France, with her skill in all the arts that beautify and embellish life, with her pre-eminence in science, her heroism and disciplined energy in war—with all her opulence of vigorous life—France is Catholic.

Russia, our rival in rapidity of growth, is dissociated only by an article of church discipline from the communion of the Roman Catholic faith.

Millions of our fellow citizens of different races and languages love and follow that time-honored creed. Its missionaries travel over every land. The sound of its concert-bells is heard by the brook of Kedron, by the Tiber, the Rhone, the Shannon and the Mississippi. Its Sisters of Charity walked on their errand of mercy through the carnage of Sebastopol and the pestilent hospitals of Norfolk. A system so grand and comprehensive—so readily adapting itself to the necessities of mankind—so venerable in its antiquity, and yet displaying such unimpaired vigor and life to-day, should be, to thoughtful minds, the object at least of interest and respect. But America does not as yet take time to think for herself. She imports books and thoughts with her dry goods, ready manufactured by her Anglo-Saxon cousins, and servilely wears and adopts the Foreign article.

In this way she has caught the "No Popery" mania. England has good reasons for the cry. She hates Catholicism and Catholics with good cause, for we always hate what we have plundered and wronged and sought to kill, and are ready to find an excuse for spoliation in the vices of our victim. England therefore cries "No Popery" with all the might of her brazen lungs, and sends here to propagate her bigotry sleek evangelists in white neckcloths, or insane mountebanks with brass trumpets, as the case may require, and Americans open their ears to the poisonous balderdash, and we in imitation of our Anglo-Saxon cousins shout "No Popery" as lustily as if we had been, like them, well paid for our trouble.

When will Protectionists find a Tariff to save us from the overstock of foreign opinions which glut our markets and prevent the growth of the article at Home?

When shall we learn to manufacture for ourselves our own likings and aversions—to think of men and things as we find them?

When shall America get clear of the domination of a foreign mind? Time will tell. But when she does at last awake to independent thought, her people will learn, that their aversion

to the old creed of Christendom was foolish, wrong-headed and mischievous—abhorrent as well to their own true and generous instincts as to the genius and institutions of the nation, that a man's fitness or unfitness to fill the highest office in the state, is to be tested, not so much by the creed he professes, but by the courage, fidelity, wisdom, and disinterested love of his country he evinces in the action of his life.

THE NENAGH RIOTS.

It appears that some of our readers are greatly surprised at the silence we have observed respecting these riots. They expected a strong article or two on the subject, full of patriotism, eloquence and hope. Simply chronicling what takes place in Ireland won't satisfy these gentlemen. No news is palatable to them without its inflammatory comment. They must have every item swimming in strong spirits, and the spirits on fire. Snap-dragon, all the year round, is the only game they delight in.

We are sorry it is so, for it will not, we fear, be in our power to gratify their taste. We have no disposition to exaggerate such events. We consider it dishonest to do so. Attaching undue importance to local and partial outbreaks in Ireland—coloring them extravagantly, so that they may look like revolutions—this is to excite hopes which eventuate in the bitterest disappointment. Easily roused, the Irish race pass at times from the deepest despondency to the wildest rapture with the rapidity of lightning. Of the thousands of the race living in America this is particularly true.

Away from the deadening influences of English opinion, fashions, government and institutions—filled with the spirit of liberty, in every sense improved and strengthened by it—from one end of the Republic to the other, they leap with joy whenever any good tidings speed to them from Ireland. Should those tidings promise an armed movement in favor of the Independence of that country, the enthusiasm of Irishmen in America knows no bounds. It is a generous, daring, prodigal enthusiasm. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are subscribed. Hundreds of brave young fellows pledge life and limb to the cause. The ordinary business of life is thrown aside. The pursuit of fortune, pleasure, fame—every thing is abandoned. The poorest laborer in the city gives his day's wages to aid the struggle. He goes home to the garret or the cellar, and tells his poor wife and children he has done that instead of buying them the loaf they hunger for. Their eyes light up. God be praised! Such is their glad cry. They forget their rags and hunger in their love of the old land.

All this, and more than this, is true of the Irish in America. Their devotion to Ireland in 1848 remains on record—never to be effaced—never to be spoken but with the proudest voice. A nature capable of such devotion should not be recklessly taxed. It is a crime—the blackest and deadliest of all crimes—to deceive it.

Such being the feelings that animate and guide us, we prefer to be thought tame and spiritless—prefer to be read out of revolutionary meetings altogether—than write a word which should irrationally excite. Nothing is easier than to be vehement and ferocious on paper. A sanguinary editorial, punctuated with bayonets, is the easiest of all others to throw off. Appeals to revolutionary passions, visions of glory, vows of vengeance, cost very little brain, and require no facts or conscience to sustain them, and can be multiplied by the column, week after week, without a ray of genius, a throb of patriotism, or a grain of common sense.

MATHEMATICAL DISCOVERY.

We cheerfully give the following letter as prominent a position as it is in our power to confer:

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., August 23d, 1856.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to trespass on your time while I am informing you that I have discovered THE TRISECTION OF AN ANGLE, which was deemed impossible, but which I can now assert as possible. It has been tested by some clergymen, who profess to have a good knowledge of mathematics. They found that it was both practically and theoretically correct. There is no doubt about the matter. The solution is so simple that the correctness of the work is self-evident.

But you are aware that there is a large reward for the discovery. I have the discovery, and as a poor Irishman I would ask advice from you. What would be the proper means, or course to adopt, so as to obtain the reward offered, both by Maynooth College and the Government of England.

You have been the Irishman's friend, and I therefore trust you will now be mine, as I am an Irishman, and a friendless one in America. I showed the proposition to the Rev. Thomas M'Laughlin, New Rochelle; Rev. Father Colye, Jersey City; Rev. Father Dowling, Port Chester; Rev. Father Cullinier, Fort Schuyler, Albany; and many others,—some of whom saw the correctness of the solution, while others of them no more than knew that such a proposition was talked of. But all were willing to give their advice as to what course I should pursue, and the majority of their voices was to acquaint you of it, and act as you would direct. Now, sir, if you lend me your assistance, and I get rewarded for the solution of the problem—which has cost me three years' labor—I will recompense you for your trouble. You can answer me through the columns of the *Irish News*, or address John G. Keenan, Lansingburgh, N. Y., care of Mr. Timothy O'Driscoll. Your obedient servant,

JOHN G. KEENAN, School Teacher.

We print our correspondent's letter, as the best method of attracting the attention of the parties indicated to the discovery announced; and we shall feel proud to further his object by every means in our power. If success and fortune attends Mr. Keenan's scientific labors, we shall feel sufficiently recompensed in having facilitated the means by which Irish intellect achieves wealth and reputation, and thereby adds honor to the race.

As to the simplest and surest way to forward Mr. Keenan's interest, without his personal appearance in Europe, we beg to say that, if entrusted with the document necessary to prove the discovery, Mr. Meagher will forward the same to his father, with a request that he will undertake to lay it before the College of Maynooth, and also draw the attention of the British Government to its merits. This we have no doubt Mr. Meagher, Senior, will willingly and joyfully fulfil.

MR. VERE FOSTER TO THE IRISH-AMERICAN CLERGY.

Mr. Vere Foster, of Wimbledon Common, England, being engaged in the collection of materials for a new edition of his Emigrant's Guide, and in the collection of subscriptions in aid of the emigration of industrious poor persons of good character, chiefly young women, from Ireland to the United States and Canada, is most anxious to obtain reliable information from all parts of the country respecting the prospects of emigrants, and especially the co-operation of the Irish American clergy in the direction of selected emigrants to desirable localities, and to respectable situations.

Of the Emigrant's Guide, 280,000 copies have been already circulated. The amount of subscriptions received from 3,224 persons, rich and poor, amounts to $3,575, exclusive of Mr. F.'s own contribution of $3,000.

Amongst the subscribers are the following persons, well known by reputation to the general public. Viscount Palmerston, Prime Minister of England, and Lady P.; Earl of Carlisle, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Viscount Canning, Governor-General of India, and Lady C.; Earl of Elgin, Ex-Governor-General of Canada; Earl of Ripon, formerly Prime Minister of England, and Lady R.; Earl Granville; Lady Noel Byron; Right Honorable Mr. Sydney Herbert, and Mrs. S. H.; the Rev. P. Quaid, P.P.; Duke of Devonshire; Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury; R. K. Swift, Brother, & Johnston, of Chicago; Lucretia Mott; Horace Greeley; Henry Barnard.

The number of emigrants hitherto sent, chiefly from county Clare and county Louth, Ireland, has been 199 women and 39 men, total 238, of whom 97 were sent previous to 1855, 13 in 1855, and 128 in 1856. The remittances known to have been received from 80 of these emigrants by their relatives in Ireland amount to $5,012 (£1,035 14s. 0d.). The number of persons known to have been sent for by them is 104.

Mr. Foster, believing that a judicious system of emigration is the most speedy and effectual means of relieving poverty and of raising wages, hopes to be able to send a much larger number of emigrants from Ireland next season, and will take the greatest care in their selection, not only out of each family, with special reference to the smallness of their earnings, their good characters and industrious habits; the preference being given to members of the largest families, with the expectation that they will themselves bring out the remaining members of their families; and he will, also, in every case himself select suitable ships, and accompany the emigrants from the neighborhood of their own homes to the ship. Those who may have friends in America within 500 miles of New-York or Quebec will be sent direct to them, if they wish it; the rest will be sent to where labor is known to be in demand, and will be provided with proper recommendations.

Communications (from the Clergy especially), and liberal subscriptions from all who approve of the object, are respectfully invited, addressed to "Vere Foster, care of Messrs. Swift, Ransom & Co., 31 Pine street, New-York."

JOHN MARTIN.

We have received from our friend John Martin a letter in reply to Mitchel's. By a mistake it appears in another part of our paper. The character of the writer, however, the excellent sentiments he expresses—the very name of the man in fact—give it a prominence which could not be improved by the help of an editorial column.

THE DEVIN REILLY TESTIMONIAL.

The feasibility of this project has been still more deeply impressed on us since our last publication. Several journals have reproduced the ideas of our article, and kindly given notice of the meeting to be held at the office of the IRISH NEWS, on the 3d of September.

We have been cheered with the frequent inquiries made on the subject, and the fervent hopes expressed by good, intelligent and respectable men for the complete success of our desires. Several Members of Congress and prominent citizens heartily sympathise with our intentions, and only await the action of the meeting to exert their influence in behalf of this long-delayed tribute to the genius and struggles of the young and bold champion of the Democracy. We have also received some letters, with subscriptions in two instances of Ten Dollars each, from patriotic gentlemen, whose prompt liberality will be duly acknowledged.

PARISIAN SCANDAL—COURTS AND COUNTRIES.

European intelligence is sadly falling off in interest. The last mail was wretchedly deficient in political excitement, and would have been utterly unreadable, but for a hot coal of slander which is setting the London papers in a blaze.

These journals have got so used to "pitching in" to something or somebody during the war, that their editors and news-collectors must not be judged too harshly if their desire for some striking feature of intelligence has not suddenly abated. Having written down and otherwise bombarded the stronghold of the enemy, it will be a pleasant change to direct their quills and steel pens against an Ally. They can do this the more piquantly because they know his weakness as well as his strong points, and secretly prefer, with a pardonable jealousy, to dwell more upon the former than the latter. Having been made game of at Sebastapol, they in turn "fall foul" of the Tuileries, and while appearing as the gallant champion of the honor of Eugenie, they make her position equally odious as that of her husband, who does not contradict, as the London papers call on him to do, the "extraordinary statements" and "unhappy rumors" which are calculated to ruin the reputation of his wife. Here is a specimen paragraph from the *Star*:

There are some very unhappy rumors floating all over Paris about the state of things established at the Tuileries, which it is very much to be hoped are entirely without foundation Moreover, the statements gather strength, and are repeated from day to day. No doubt the Legitimist and Republican parties in Paris will take care that the stories do not lose exciting interest in the repetition. We are sorry to add that the character of the Empress herself continues to be cruelly aspersed. Now that the Emperor returns to Paris, it ought to be his first duty to bring the authors of these calumnies to justice.

This, with a little diplomatic bowing and cross-firing, embraces the European news up to the 13th instant.

In England there is nothing stirring save the scandal above quoted. Spain is quiescent. O'Donnell dictates, while every body anxiously gapes and wonders what he is going to do. Is he going to join the progress people—will they tie themselves like a kettle to the rampant dog's tail—will they allow themselves to be rattled over the pavement amid the jeers and laughter of Europe—will he, or can he do without them? These are questions which reflect the present appearance of Spanish affairs. Madrid was at last accounts struggling with a less tranquil bandit than soldiery, and a greater leveller than revolution—the Cholera. There are distressing accounts of its fury. Espartero had taken amicable leave of the Queen. General Serrano is appointed Spanish Minister to Paris. O'Donnell had not published the programme of his ministry.

The chief Russian items indicate the coronation of the Emperor, and a "misunderstanding" about the proprietorship of the Isle of Serpents. Russia still maintains that the Isle of Serpents belongs to her, and it is rumored that Napoleon has sent a supplementary note to be inserted in the treaty to settle the point.

A RETIRING SENTINEL.

Mr. Beverly Tucker has written a letter to the *National Intelligencer*, announcing the discontinuance of his able Democratic journal, the *Washington Sentinel*. Mr. Tucker carried into the editorial office the fearlessness, independence and geniality which, so happily, characterize him in the less public duties of the world, and leaves it, no doubt, with the personal relations of life as little invaded by acrimony or ill-feeling, as his political faith has been warped or swayed from its original strength. His letter is short, sharp, and truly worthy of the writer, being conceived in a firm Democratic spirit, and executed with much simple force and aptness. In explanation of his retirement, of his experience, and as conveying, moreover, the political deductions of Mr. Tucker, we quote a couple of short paragraphs, or rather, we should say, half of the "valedictory:"

Subsequent events plainly indicate that the fancied power and strength of that dangerous (Fremont) party are fast waning, and that the triumph of the Democratic ticket in the present contest is not now even problematical. The gratifying indications that the South will be a unit in November next, and the very positive assurances of our friends that the larger portion of the North and North-west will be ranged on the side of the Democracy, render the continuance of "The Sentinel" no longer essential to the campaign.

I may be permitted to say, in conclusion, that I carry into my retirement convictions greatly strengthened by the experience an editorial life has conferred, that the principles of the State Rights Democratic party are the only principles upon which the perpetuity of our Union can rest with honor and safety. For the maintenance of these principles "The Sentinel" was established; a departure from them has never been charged by its worst enemies.

Thus, with sincere gratitude for the favors of the past, and a hearty congratulation for "the bright victory that awaits all who love their country," Mr. Tucker gets off public duty. As a *Sentinel*, he never slept on his post, but on the contrary was so unceasing a watcher that he almost may be proclaimed as a veteran.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

CROSSING THE LINE IN HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SLOOP-OF-WAR, THE SWIFT, SATURDAY, JULY 11TH, 1849.

The event was celebrated much in the usual way. The mainsail, suspended between the main and foremasts, swung like a huge hammock, within half a foot of the deck. It was destined to serve as the baptismal font in the approaching solemnities. Right over one end of it—the end nearest the quarter-deck—a wooden platform, consisting of a couple of rough planks and a hand-rail, was set up. It was connected with the deck by a ricketty ladder, furnished with a precarious balustrade of rope. The ascent to the platform overlooking the ceremonial cistern, was perilous in the extreme. Other indications of the functions on the eve of being administered, were discernible in the varieties of slight and valueless articles of dress which the entire ship's company, officers and men, had providently assumed.

One gentleman, for instance, flourished about in a canvas trowsers, and a nankeen waistcoat without buttons. Another was tightly sheathed in a cotton knee-breeches. That was all. A third was loosely packed in a stiff, crusty, purplish, mildewed *Mackintosh*. It looked, for all the world, like the skin of a huge French prune. So, too, with a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. So, too, with twenty, thirty, forty more; each one being more or less ingeniously prepared for the drenching, the premonitory spatterings of which were already felt.

A few minutes of ten, the rolling of a side-drum, the scraping of a fiddle, the sprightly squeaking of a fife—accompanied by a chaotic chorus of oceanic sounds—sounds of whales, conger-eels, porpoises, monsters of every conceivable shape and the wildest rapacity—were heard behind the great screen of canvas, which, stretching across from bulwark to bulwark abreast of the foremast, shut off the forecastle from the other three-fourths of the deck. At the same moment, this screen was slowly drawn back, disclosing the head and front of a solemn procession.

A fiddler came first. A fifer and drummer followed him demurely. Sharing the fate of genius and the generality of artists, they appeared in a state of extreme destitution. They were more than half naked. Half a dozen of exceedingly loose kind of characters—gay rollicking gentlemen evidently without any fixed profession or calling in life—fell in behind the musicians. It struck me they had no authority for being there. It would have puzzled them sorely, I thought, to have adduced such authority from the programme or ritual of the day. Seeing them at a distance, and having no means of ascertaining anything to the contrary, I concluded the vagabonds were there, in that conspicuous position, in conformity with the most hilarious spirit, and on the widest and most flexible principles, of public disturbance.

Straining under the weight of Neptune's car, which they drew with a ponderous sluggishness along, came the Constables of the Sea-God; each one stitched and tied up in a canvas bag, inlaid deeply with grease, oakum, and tar, having on his head a tarpaulin tiara or turban, embellished with grotesque hieroglyphics in yellow and red paint. These monsters, moreover, were equipped with huge staves, in shape, size, and moulding closely resembling the banisters of an old-fashioned staircase. They wore heavy white beards, two feet and some odd inches in length, full of knots, little crusts of tar, bits of junk and spun-yarn, crumbs of sea-biscuit, and many other desultory items indicative of a hard life, raw habits, and a want of cleanliness and self-respect.

Upon the heels of these savages—moaning and creaking as it jumbled along—came the great feature of the day, Neptune's Car, with himself, his wife and his eldest son, seated on top of it. They seemed to have a tight hold of their seats. But if safety was achieved by the grip, dignity was lost. The vibration, perceptible in the timbers of the car, naturally excited in the passengers, exalted as they were, sensations of an irritable nature. The carriage of one of the brass nine-pounders, served as the chariot of the God. It was decorated with a couple of English ensigns, which, mounted on bare-poles, showed off—a pair of lank footmen in court livery—behind.

Immediately in the rear of the chariot walked three hideous creatures—one having the head of a monstrous white Arctic bear, the legs and arms of a Hottentot scamp, the back-bone, chest, and stomach, it seemed to me, of a stale ante-diluvian lobster. This thing carried an immense earthenware bowl of white liquid, concerning the nature of which there prevailed among the ignorant many contradictory opinions. One time it was *flummery*. A minute after, it was white-wash. By-and-bye, it was a coagulated mixture of soap-suds. Later still, an innocent philosopher pronounced it nothing more than a simple preparation of flour (third quality) and rain-water. To this hour that bowl remains to me the profoundest mystery.

On the left of the lobster appeared a quieter creature. Endowed with a human face, goat's beard, nankeen dust-coat, and butler's apron, he brandished a fearfully long razor, furnished with a grim set of teeth. In his left hand he balanced a strop for sharpening the razor. The strop was three feet in length.

On the right of lobster, there walked a genteel-looking person dressed in a white shooting-jacket, very tight white trowsers, and a silk hat of a remote date. He was further provided with neat moustaches, white cotton gloves, and a black silk necktie on the verge of decay. Suspended from his right arm by a coarse yellow strap, he carried a black box, somewhere about a foot square. The lid of the box was kept open by the protruding necks of sundry bottles, containing, after the manner of the bowl, mixtures of a mystic character.

At the feet of the God and Goddess, their son lay coiled up, in a glazed hat and midshipman's coat. Behind and about the equipage, a crowd of the most disreputable characters—all, somehow or other, connected with his Majesty's court—pressed on. Kicking, jostling, roaring, foaming, plunging—to all appearances bent upon a scheme of wholesale destruction—they seemed thoroughly possessed with the spirit of cannibalism.

On came the procession. Slowly, solemnly, with a subdued ferocity.

For the first five minutes, not the slightest accident occurred. Scarcely had the musicians, however, set foot on the quarter-deck, when from every point, crevice, and projection—from main-top, hatch-way, bulwark, yard-arm—from bow and stern—from prow and boom—from poop and cat-head—there poured in, as if from ten thousand sluice-gates opened suddenly above, below, around us in all conceivable directions, floods upon floods of blinding water. Floods upon floods, slapping right down, right bang against, right through and through, the solemn procession of the God—drenching his fleecy beard and locks—spattering and splitting upon his hard and polished nose—beating about her head and ears the Leghorn his wife for the first time wore that day—dashing fiercely and ruthlessly against the legs, eyes, teeth and ears of every lesser divinity and monster—in one swift, precipitous, exhaustless inundation, sweeping the entire deck from stem to stern, spite of cordage, wine-casks, loose spars and sail-cloth. Flight and shelter were the overwhelming considerations of the moment.

Some made up the rigging of the mainmast. The captain's steward sprang upon the hammock-nettings on the larboard quarter, and with a desperate effort of expiring strength plunged head-foremost down amongst the rudder, oars, mops and crutches of the captain's gig. MacManus masked himself behind the captain's foot-bath in the small boat at the stern davits. Smith O'Brien fled helter-skelter to the poop, and there, with the hose playing plenteously and powerfully upon him, resigned himself to annihilation amongst the boarding-pikes and lanterns. The Purser, finding all facilities for defence or flight cut off, surrendered himself at once, and broadly turned his back to the pliant engine of destruction. The Surgeon tried several strategems—bounced and bobbed behind the compass-box—whirled about the wheel—shot from larboard to starboard and back again—a zig-zag of lightning. He did more. He flung himself before the Purser—flung himself before the Master—made for the whale-boat—made for the captain's gig. But in every nook and corner, at every twist and turn, he was met by the blinding, stunning flood—was washed from every mooring—driven clean out from every port. Dismantled, finally, drenched and bulged, bereft of rudder, chart and figure-head, he was whirled away—a dripping bundle of flesh and bone—right down the companion-hatch. Swept impetuously off through the narrow passage (where he came in violent contact with the sentry in the dark) he was stretched at length and stranded in the gun-room.

After a slight delay occasioned by this deluge, Neptune's car arrived at the foot of the fatal platform overlooking the baptismal pool. The Constables unyoked themselves. Hurrying to the lower deck for the first of the destined victims, they left the venerable God seated by his wife, complacently regarding the preparations for the ceremonies in his honor, and with equal complacency supporting his mighty Trident, with a Yarmouth bloater transpierced across the prongs.

In less than two minutes, the first victim was brought on deck. Blindfolded with half a yard of soaked canvas, half naked and all trembling, the hose, with its keen brass nose pointed within two inches of his head, played upon and all over him with the deadliest precision. Every two feet of his excruciating road to the scaffold, he received a profuse benediction from a bucket of water, hot and fresh from the sea. Under these circumstances, his spirits derived great buoyancy and strength from the exhilarating effusions of the flute, which with many a shrill jerk and intricate variation, preceeded him to the place of torture. Here the Barber, his assistant, and the Doctor awaited him with intense impatience and avidity.

Sometimes it so happened that the victim, finding the damp bandage across his face interfering with the freedom of his eyelids and nostrils, or conceiving that a crisis involving the question of life and death had arrived, suddenly broke loose from the Constables. With delirious writhings freeing himself from his bondage, he stared wildly round, and might possibly be in the very act of protesting against things going to extremities, when a shot from the hose, or a shower from the bucket, would abruptly terminate his struggles, delivering him up, motionless, speechless, insensible, into the grasp of the Constables once more.

At the foot of the ladder leading up to the scaffold, some one obstruction or another invariably took place. The sufferer got entangled in a coil of ropes, or put his leg over the balustrade, or having planted one foot on the lowest rung of the ladder, found it impossible to establish the other on the second. These mistakes, however, never moved the pity of the Constables, the Barber aloft, or the fierce rabble amidships. On the contrary, they provoked additional rigors. A Constable, for instance, poked the victim impatiently with his mace in the ribs—the hose rained upon him with redoubled vehemence and fury—the bandage was tightened up by one or two bewildering twists from behind (after the fashion of the *garote*) flattening the nose and screwing up the eyes. Another Constable, clutching the bandage with a death-grip, and ascending the ladder a little in advance of the sufferer, hoisted the miserable being by main force to the scaffold amid the pleasantest uproar.

Arrived at his destination, the patient was forced into a sitting position on a rail which served to prevent the performers on the scaffold tumbling into the cistern, directly over which they were stationed. On this bar he was so delicately poised, that the slightest touch would send him tumbling over it—down through a rapid succession of whirligigs and somersets, along an easy though somewhat precipitous slope of canvas—right slap into the pool below. Wading about at the bottom of this pool, with mouths wide open and outstretched paws, were half-a-dozen other monsters. The moment he descended, they caught the victim, ducking him ferociously within an inch of his life.

Seated on the rail, he was asked his name, his address, and other questions of equal importance. Endeavoring to answer them, he was favored with a daub of the white stuff, or was treated to a pill, or a spoon-full of medicine, by the Doctor in waiting. In the next place, perhaps, the extraction of a tooth was judged necessary. A boat-hook inserted within the jaws of the martyr, one or two abortive attempts were made to comply with the humane wishes of the medical adviser.

The operations of the scaffold concluded with a rapid shaving (it was very superficial) and a vigorous infusion of medicine. The projection from the rail took place then. The candidate for baptism disappeared with the speed of a flying fish, accomplishing in a quarter of a second a dozen or more revolutions in his descent. With a terrific souse and splash, hitting the bottom of the cistern, he was pounced upon by the Bears, who made the most of him until a fresh supply was announced.

Seven and twenty underwent this revered and ancient ceremony. Some with cheerless resignation. A few with rigid heroism. Others in a state of absolute despair. One or two with a defiant spirit. Two or three as if it were the greatest fun imaginable. All, I should say, with a friendly disposition towards their persecutors, and the most laudable sentiments of toleration and forgiveness.

The last victim disposed of, the procession reformed. The musicians struck up the *British Grenadiers*. The Constables wheeled away the God. The Barber, his assistant, and the mild Doctor fell in behind. With deep solemnity they went back the road they came. Midway, however, just as they reached the main-bits, the hose and buckets opened on them simultaneously, and with such effect and fury, that it seemed as if it would be an utter impossibility to get the ship to rights again, within a year and upwards.

In this trying moment most of the Constables stood by their sovereign. The Barber thrust his huge nose into the drooping folds of the *Union Jack* at the back of the triumphal car. The Doctor, heaving his drug-box and bottles overboard, renounced his allegiance to the Monarch of the Waves, and by an unseemly retreat added cowardice to his ungracious disloyalty. The Fiddler, under the base pretence of preserving his fiddle, flew to the main-top, leaving the Flute to manage by himself as well as he could.

A few minutes after, the heartiest huzzas announced the return of the glorious old man, with his wife and child, in good health and spirits, with their numerous suite in humor for their grog, at the family mansion in the Forecastle.

Fortunate senex! hic inter flumina nota,
Et fontes sacros, frigus captabis opacum.

SHADOW WORSHIP.

There is a treasure of old thoughts we prize:
  There are some visions which, though they be born
In youth's bright promise, 'mid its changing dyes,
  Outlive the radiance of that splendid morn—
Pierced they may be by many a chilling ray
Of Manhood's light, yet live they through the day.

Changefully sad they be, yet sometimes bright,
  When spirit fitful but their essence strong,
Even as a sound that startles in the night,
  And sudden breaks into a morning song;
Or like the playing of a wind-toss'd flame,
Which, flickering much, keeps burning still the same.

There is one light alone that thus can cheer
  The misty memory with unfailing beam;
Oh! wond'rous light, most lovely and most dear,
  Strong as the noon-tide, radiant as a dream!—
It is the light derived from Love's own sky,
Sweet parent of all tints that do not die.

Pride, hate, ambition, envy, pass away,
  Our very nature shuts them out at last;
'Tis Love alone that keeps his early sway,
  And proves us human while he holds us fast.
The abiding love of *something*, good or ill,
Even at the door of Death, doth bind us still.

'Tis the cold heart alone that hath no past
  Outside it's few first dream-distempered years;
'Tis the cold heart alone that cannot cast
  A nearer glance and find but hates and fears;
That hath no Shadow-Worship of it's own
To fill the place of Youth's bright idols overthrown.

But we, whose warm affections ever rise
  And seek divinities through earth and air,
If we confine them to the ears and eyes,
  That were a slavery too hard to bear—
To soar to what should be, is hope and faith—
To stoop to what we see—this is to lie with death.

Shall we not hunger if our food have taint?
  Shall we not thirst if water turn to blood?
Oh! yes, even if, debased by long restraint,
  Our vile accomodating senses should
Grow beastly, still we'd hunger and we'd thirst
For excellence conceived, or beauty known at first.

Suppose we have a friend who's fallen away,
  We still can love him as he once was known;
Suppose we see some virtue in decay,
  We may replace that virtue on the throne.
A thousand truths may sleep in woeful thrall—
There is a resurrection in the soul for all.

And thus as many forms of beauty high
  Do throng upon our fancy, turning space
Into a region where the soul can fly

For rest, for inspiration, and for grace—
Say if the land of dreams like this can please,
Or what the forms of youth compared with forms like these.

"Oh! sad abstractedness," exclaim the gay,
The thoughtless, the inconstant and the vain;
"Better like us to worship things of clay,
"Than the thin vapid phantoms of the brain."
Aye better love the covering and the show
Than the great soul that lives, or ought to live, below.

'Tis good to have around us, as on wings,
Those forms to which realities should rise,
Those bright capacities for earthly things,
That point with speaking gesture to the skies—
Each bright with hope and saddened with reproof
From which it's own perversion hides and keeps aloof.

O thou dear Shade, whom first and best I prize
Of all the forms that haunt me, die not thou,
For still I'd see the smile within thine eyes,
And trace the flickering hopes upon thy brow:
Oh! no, thou wilt not die—Death cannot see
One shadowy friend of mine before he conquers me.

F. O'R.

IRISH PEASANT'S ADDRESS TO A RED-BREAST.

BY M. O'KEEFFE.

Hail, social songster of the crimson breast,
That heedless of chill winter's piercing rain,
Beside my shed dost pour the mellow strain
Betimes each dawn, while yet my limbs I rest:
Oh let me never be, with doubts distressed,
But found like thee, contented and resigned,
And in each gloom possessing cheer of mind,
Like that bestowed on thee, familiar guest:
O! in adversity's dark, dreary hour,
When I disowned shall be, by every friend,
And Age's troubles o'er my head impend,
And sullen Winter's dismal tempests lour,
Then, may my visits be as free from foes
As thine, sweet bird! till the ensuing summer glows.

THE SUMMER GARDEN; OR, PARADISE AND THE PERI.

What is so pleasant as a garden? It is our first idea of Paradise! To be sure, even that idea is mixed up with the vague haunting vision of the Serpent, but those critical creatures are possibly over abused. Full of this golden dream, we read a verse of the Doctors, which we will repeat for the benefit of the human race:

Oh, it were sweet, by heaven, to live and die,
Within the glory of a garden land;
To see above us the o'er-arching sky,
And each sweet tree stretch out its loving hand,
To clasp us fondly as we wandered by
As tho' we were one of their leafy band;
And then amid the grovy glooms to meet
With some fair angel, more than Candy sweet.

Full of this dear delicious dream, which recalled the olden time to us, we meandered, like a river, our way up Broadway, when, at the corner of Broome street, we saw inscribed in golden letters, "Stuart's Summer Garden." Great was our delectation—a garden! Eden loomed upon our soul like a glass of *Lager Bier*, and from its foam we beheld our Eve arise, as Venus from the sea, the vision of all ideal loveliness. We were about entering, when we saw a Bank of Moss, with a golden cup, into which the crowding devotees placed reverently small pieces of silver, as a tribute to the Goddess of the Garden. We did the same, and passed on to the inner bower. Never shall we forget the paradisiacal scene that burst upon us—groves of trees, worthy of the Druids; flowers, whose perfume filled the air; little rivulets, gushing between their pebbly banks; grassy lawns, on which Shepherds and Shepherdesses reclined, while the leafy branches were loaded with birds of the most gorgeous plumage, which poured out the most ravishing music, all thrilled and echoed with melody.

In the centre of this Arcadia was a beautiful building, so light and graceful, that it rose, more like an exhalation from the earth than a piece of architecture. In the centre, was a picture representing a winding river and sylvan scenes. Before this mysterious curtain were some musicians, led by a famous shepherd called Stoepel, who, at the ringing of a bell, commenced playing the most beautiful airs; and slowly the pictorial mystery arose and discovered a young shepherd, whose father was rich in herds and flocks, but who had married a girl, who, instead of looking after the lambs and kids, idled her time in singing, dancing, and playing on the pipe—in point of fact, as Micawber would say, an actress! The swain laments to his wife the obstinacy of his parent, and informs her that such is his prejudice against her on account of her singular taste, that he has disinherited him and adopted his cousin, who is a sailor, that is to say, one who wanders upon the sea, like the Argonauts of old. Never shall we forget the beautiful shepherdess, whose love of music, dancing, and singing had so captivated her lover, and so irritated the father. Her smile was a spiritual light—the very sunshine of love. "Happy shepherd!" we mentally exclaimed, "who would not be stripped of flocks, herds and farms for such a divinity?" All of a sudden she tells her husband to cheer up—she will make all right—she will disgust the old shepherd with the interloping nephew—make him reconciled to her profession, and finally forgive his son. The disinherited shepherd shakes his head, but hopes for the best. The fair Chameleon, as the dear enchantress is called, then disappears. Scarcely had she left ere the old shepherd comes in and shakes his crook at the head of his son, when he commands him to leave his cottage. Excellently well did Burnett brandish his crook, and, after a little pleasant Arcadian swearing, the youthful shepherd abandons his ancestral hearth, to roam the dreary fields of other lands, and tend the future mutton of others, instead of fattening and eating his own.

When the old shepherd is left alone, he laments the depravity of his son, who prefers a wife famous for her pipe rather than her crook, and who loves dancing and singing better than spinning and nursing lambs; he reiterates his determination to give all to his nephew, and leave his son a beggar. The words are scarcely out of his mouth, when Agnes Robertson (the every-day name of the shepherdess, who loves singing, music and dancing better than nursing the lambs) enters, disguised as the usurping nephew; she behaves so very rudely to the old foolish shepherd, that he begins to repent his turning his own son away. Agnes then departs, after poking the old chap in the ribs, and presently comes in again, disguised as a young shepherdess, whom she pretends the graceless shepherd has deceived and ruined. At this new outrage the old chap gets excited, and swears he'll have nothing to say to his nephew, unless he marries the betrayed lamb—we mean shepherdess. The weeping girl is told to call again, and so she goes. Then comes Agnes Robertson again, dressed as a real actress—silk stockings—short petticoats—roses in hair—and wearing the loveliest little ankles and sandals in the world. Never did we behold a more bewitching creature. It was the beauty of Venus, with the virtue of Diana, and the grace of Hebe. We threw ourselves upon our verdant couch, gave a deep sigh, and shut our eyes, that we might keep the charming vision all to ourselves. A burst of applause from the surrounding swains made us open them again, and we saw the Fairy Star all tears, and relating how his son had made love to her, won her affections, and then deserted her, a spotless maiden. She told the old shepherd that she was an actress; but so fascinating was the dear little creature, that she conquered the father's heart, and he swore by Pan, the god of Arcadia, that he would marry her himself if his rascally son would not, and was down on his marrow-bones making love to her, when who should rush into the cottage but—the son! The aged shepherd, Burnett, looked mighty foolish, got up, and then insisted upon his cruel, wicked son marrying her on the spot. Agnes Robertson then confessed the plot, and the old, cruel Burnett turned, all of a sudden, an affectionate father, blessed them, and joined their hands, to a strain of Stoepel's rustic pipe, and the curtain fell to loud applause.

We sat for a few minutes looking on the surrounding trees, laden with fruit, and under whose boughs sat at least a thousand swains, with their loves. At this minute, a little Ganymede approached with a silver vase, and presented us with a draught of the pure Castalian spring, which we drank with great pleasure. Feeling hungry, we stretched forth our hand and plucked some most luscious peaches, which grew wild and *gratis*—just as ice-creams and roasted quails do at Taylor's and Thompson's. We were taking our last bite of a pomegranate, when the Archon of this happy land, Mr. Stuart, came up, with his bright, intellectual eye, and finely-formed head. He welcomed us to his Garden, and said he hoped the time would come when all the world would be a Paradise, and full of such divine Peris as the goddess of the scene before us, the bright Fairy Star of Dion's Arcadia. We rose, and adjourning to the Tuetonic Temple of Bacchus, near it, we offered a libation to his shrine in copious potations of a nectar called *lager bier*, and embracing the heroic Stuart, we departed, musing how little the perambulators of New-York know what a glorious Eden is at the corner of Broome street and Broadway. We dreamed all that night we were carousing with the Shepherds, Dion and Stuart, beneath orange groves, squeezing the ripe grapes, and the hands of still riper Shepherdesses, who danced and sang to the pipe of Stoepel.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

Wonderful are the ways of genius. A Parisian playwright realizes a fortune from the production of a flimsy vaudeville. An Irish dramatist, who has restored to the stage the tragic dignity of the Elizabethan era, throws down the pen and takes up the poor-box. He no longer holds the mirror, but the tin-plate, up to nature; and meekly welcomes therein the little silver and copper miniatures—as good as gold—which his listeners, through admiration for the "piety" of the fallen dramatist, more than pity for his fate, vouchsafe to his old age.

They are flattered to believe that he gives up to their party the genius destined for mankind. Their religion is radiant in the belief that the author of *William Tell* and *Virginius* has fallen from his high estate, from the humane elements above them into the bigoted sectionalism of the parochial pulpit. So they pay, and mayhap the poet will gather from various sources wherewith to tinge his declining gray hairs with the partial sunny ray of comfort. He has a small pension from the Queen on the score of literary merit; he also is entitled to an honorarium every time that any of his plays are enacted within the United Kingdom; still a little more for the "stomach's sake," is a necessity to meet which pew doors cannot remain closed, nor inconsistency be censured as a deadly sin. All the world's a stage, and if Sheridan Knowles is at present acting in an afterpiece beneath his character, still be the *role* ever so ridiculous, it cannot obliterate the remembrance of his previous greatness in the noblest paths of the Drama. A correspondent of the Toronto *Globe* gives the following picture of Knowles as he is:

"Some years ago the author of *Virginius* and the *Hunchback* became a member of the Baptist communion, and now officiates as a regular and duly recognised preacher therein. His discourses, I am certiorated, though rather lean, so far as matter is concerned, are exceedingly animated and energetic, which might have been anticipated from the peculiar genius and lively temperament of the man.

"Amongst other topics, Knowles prominently tackles the stage, which, to use a flash expression, he 'handles without gloves.' Nothing can be more uncompromising than his denunciation of histrionics in every shape and form, and without mincing matters, or going about the bush, he characterises the theatre as the veritable *domus diaboli*.

"Not unnaturally has this crusade against the sock and buskin provoked the antagonism of the followers of Thespis. Instead, however, of tackling the arguments of their opponent, they content themselves with twitting him on the inconsistency which he manifests in continuing to draw the aforesaid pension and perquisites, which must not fail to be regarded by him now as 'the wages of sin.'

"Very trying to flesh and blood is the predicament in which the poor poet is placed, and up to the present moment he has given no indication of the mode in which he intends to cut the Gordian knot. With the proverbial improvidenc of the 'irritable race' he hath (not?) saved his nest-egg for the sustentation of old age, and an unendowed body holds out but scanty prospects of support to a minister who has witnessed the setting sun of his seventy-sixth birth-day!

"The Anglican Baptists would do themselves credit by raising a fund to enable this generous, single-hearted and impulsive creature to follow the dictates of conscience, without incurring the pains and penalties of penury and want. A subscription, having such an object in view, would be largely contributed to by many who did not belong to the above-mentioned religious society. Like the Jews and Scots, Knowles' old pupils are to be met with in almost every quarter of the globe, and I cannot conceive of one of the number grudging a mite to dear old 'Paddy,' as we used fondly to call him."

THE MAGAZINES.

HARPER for September opens with a truly interesting paper on the applicability of photography to printing, illustrated with no less than twenty-four engravings. In the progressive state of the illustrative arts, of which the photograph is becoming so prominent a member, the present paper will be read with great interest. "The Dismal Swamp," the scene of one of Tom Moore's inspirations—with a beautiful effect, too—is illustrated by *Porte Crayon* to the extent of fifteen pencillings, which are attractive, and induce the casual looker-over the pages to a perusal of their clever contents. The Life and Adventures of Beckwourth, which we reviewed at length a couple of weeks back, is condensed to the capacity of Harper's readers, and accompanied by many of the original illustrations. We have another batch of "Daniel Webster's Social Hours." The *prime* "Passages of Eastern Travel" are continued, and illustrated; also, "Little Dorrit." "Fossil Remains of Scottish Society" is a too brief notice of the early days of the *Edinburgh Review*. Here is a specimen brick:

"Fifty years ago there was a Review at Edinburgh—not a review of troops, but a quarterly periodical, full of sense and wit and logic and eloquence and learning. That *Review* was, at the time, one of the best known things in Scotland; and now that half a century has elapsed, the Edinburgh—one might almost say the Scotland—of the beginning of this century is best remembered by the *Review*. Nor is this unjust. It has exercised so wide an influence over public opinion every where—has done so much for liberal philosophy and sound doctrine in every branch of human learning—has achieved so wonderful a success, not only as regards principles, but also for the men who advocated them, that it is not unnatural it should absorb the attention of all who think of the Scottish capital half a century since. Thanks to recent works, such as Sydney Smith's Correspondence and the Life of Jeffrey, the *Edinburgh Review* is as familiar to us as any of our own periodicals. We see fat little Jeffrey in his editorial chair pruning articles that are to change British policy; jovial Sydney Smith, the wisest wit and the wittiest sage that ever lived; immense Brougham, stalking like a giant through the field of human knowledge, and plucking the tallest flowers without exertion; learned Mackintosh, virtuous Horner, exact Playfair; Allen, Leyden, Brown, Moncrieff, Cockburn, and a host of others, men of strong sense, undaunted minds, unyielding principle: all young, all poor, all frowned upon by the ruling powers, barely regarded as fit for the relations of society by respectable people, anathematized as little better than atheists by the Church; yet so wielding this quarterly weapon of theirs as not only to direct the legislation of Great Britain, but to advance the cause of humanity, justice, and popular rights in Europe, more in the course of a quarter of a century than it had advanced in any two centuries before, to spread the fame of Edinburgh throughout the civilized world, and to conquer for themselves the highest rewards that ambition could desire, or a grateful nation award. And this picture is so striking, so singular, so grand, that we seldom inquire whether there was any other worth seeing in the same place at the same time."

"Soldiering in Oregon," and other contributions, not omitting the comic pictures at the end, entitled "Advertisements—Illustrated," make up a capital number.

MRS. STEPHENS' NEW MONTHLY.—If a continued display of elegance in the making-up of this "New Monthly" is any key to its success—which we think it is—then the Magazine is in a flourishing condition, and promises stability, amusement and instruction. Mrs. Stephens' labors in this new field we think will prove exceedingly acceptable, not only for the more delicate portion of readers, but will become a quickly-missed and eagerly sought friend of others who read for the sake of reading. The September issue has Chapters V. and VI. of the novel by the editor, entitled "Lost Jewels." The second article is devoted to a notice of Jerome Thompson, with two illustrations from pictures lately exhibited by that artist. Mr. Thompson's designs engrave well, and convey pleasant stories. "The Negro at the Pump" is especially natural. Other artists might have commanded precedence in Mrs. Stephens' gallery, but we are thankful that he has been reproduced, and happy that the "New Monthly," in its own words, "will always perpetuate and honor the genius which best illustrates the scenery of our own land, and the habits of our own people." "Love in '76" is concluded, which, with other novelties, such as "Agatha Grasset," a tale in four chapters, the "Headman's Tale," and the lesser stories, as the "Midnight Fright," and a French incident, "Too Shrewd by Half," make up the number. W. W. Fosdick contributes a genial love song. From "Things we Talk About" we clip the following:

"Poor Poe (we wonder if this epithet clings to Poe merely because of the alliteration) has fallen into French hands. His works have recently been published in Paris, where they have created no little sensation. Criticisms and eulogies abound. Among them is the following extraordinary 'notice' from the pen of M. D'Aurevilly:

"'There is indeed something Medusean in Edgar Poe—genius and destiny! His life and talent frighten us. Everything is, in

in this great outlaw, sinister, black, terrible, of a profound and tragically voluntary disorder. Edgar Poe was an unfortunate of the most startling proportions. Aristocratic, like Lord Byron, he was born chained to the yoke of a democracy. America, which covers with dollars the meanest mountebank, was for him the tower of starvation, and made him swallow every evening the key which Gilbert swallowed but once—in the agonies of death. The same eternal history, but with a still more beautiful variation in its inexhaustible cruelty! Poe lived all his life, which was happily short, in disdain, in misery, and ceaseless labor, for he worked like a slave; but the sweat in which we are to eat our bread flowed fruitless over his stoical forehead. Unhappy vagabond he! He became a drunkard by misery of the heart, like Sheridan—poor Brinsley—who drank for hours, silently in tears! Formed from a harder marble, Edgar Poe drank his chalice of fire with a colder frenzy. But the alcohol did none the less asphyxiate his powerful youth. In full physical and mental beauty, he died of *delirium tremens* in the street—no, not in the street, but in the gutter—stretched out helpless, far from God and damned, he believed, for he believed that! The fixed idea of Poe, the idea which usurped his mind, which crushed him, but which in striking, found him impassible, was the idea of his damnation, without remission and without mercy. A thing as horrible as true, he accepted his position of reprobate and nursed it.'"

"The Tongue of Fire; or The True Power of Christianity;" by William Arthur, A. M., author of "The Successful Merchant," is the title of a series of essays of a religious, meditative, and philosophical character, tinged with the peculiar hues of the author's belief. There is evidence of erudition and patient inquiry, and the themes are illustrated with happy allusions to, and deductions from science, literature, &c. The style is clear, and inspires one with a pleasant and reliable feeling as regards the author's honesty in his own convictions. The following extract being suitable for the eye of whatsoever worshipper at a Christian shrine, is the more suitable as a specimen of Mr. Arthur's manner:

"The sanctuary of God ought, undoubtedly, to be the highest scene and model of propriety; the pulpit to be its foremost and most shining example. He, who, under any pretext, introduces trifling, oddity or coarseness there, strikes fearfully at a main support of power—true reverence. However offensive want of propriety may be elsewhere, it is doubly so in the house of God. But the united praying of Christians, the delivering of a message from above, and the mingling of thankful voices in praise to the Most High, like all other peculiar actions, have a propriety of their own; and of all improprieties, none is more thoroughly alien to them than that, be it what it may—whether stiff form or elaborate literature—which gives to the place a savor rather of the wisdom of man than of the power of God. At a marriage-feast, the solemnity proper to a funeral would be an impropriety. In a company of friends the precision of a military movement would be improper. The noise of instruments is propriety in a concert, the sound of grinding in a mill, the clatter of shuttles in a factory, the ring of hammers in a forge, the laughter of children in a nursery.

"And so the house of God has its own atmosphere; whatever would extinguish the reverent utterance of penitent or grateful emotion on the part of the simple and the poor, of the newly awakened or newly forgiven—whatever would train all Christian feelings to move there, in God's own house and in the assembly of His people, as if under the cold eye of a heathen world, is a more crying impropriety than those departures from taste which not only might flow, but must flow, from the utterance of feelings where any multitude, composed of all classes, is deeply affected."

The book is very neatly printed and has a good steel engraving of the author. (*Harper & Brothers.*)

"The Old Chest and its Treasures" is a neat and pleasant compilation of various anecdotes of remarkable people, historical allusions, meditative musings, happy reflections, instructive paragraphs, amusing stories, and suggestive items generally. "Aunt Elizabeth" thought that by making a common-place book of the best things that fall from or float though the press—at least such as from their nature might be deemed worthy of another day's reading—she would be doing something useful. Well, the good lady has made a pleasant enough little work, and one which can be put into the hands of all ages, sexes, and religions. (*M. W. Dodd.*)

The sixth part of Monsig'r Gentillucci's Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary is quite in keeping with the previous periodical issues of the work, and is equally worthy of the taste and devotion of the publisher. In the present there is an effective steel engraving from the design of Johannot. The work, when complete, will be an artistic offering, to say nothing of the more imperative virtues it possesses from its excellent nature.—*J. B. Kirker.*

SONG OF AFFECTION.

BY BELLE LISLE.

Be mine an Irish cottage home,
Upon some green hill side;
I little care how wild or lone,
If Norah's but my bride.

Outside I want no balustrade,
Within no sculptured gem:
The oak shall be my only shade,
And love my diadem.

The roof may be of slate or thatch,
The door an oaken door;
I'll greet the stranger to my latch,
Ah! woo him to the floor.

I'll tell him how in times of yore,
Ere Saxon came or guile,
Or Norman track was on our shore,
How happy was our Isle.

A kitchen and a sitting room,
A bed-room ten feet square;
An ivy covered vestibule;
Inside an arm chair.

The haughty lord may pass along,
And look with cold disdain;
I'm happier in my mountain home,
Than he in his domain.

[*The Working-Man*, (Milwaukie.)

The number of M. A. and B. A. degrees conferred at Cambridge (Eng.) during the past academical year is—M. A., 222; B. A., 119.

Literary and Artistic News.

The following, from *Household Words*, gives in brief space the names and characteristics of eminent living characters who have raised themselves by their own exertions:

To begin with the letter A, and dash hastily and skippingly on throughout the alphabet—we find that Anderson, the popular Danish novelist, was the son of a cobbler, and educated at a charity school; and that he tried for years to gain a living by various handicraft trades, being frequently on the very brink of starvation. Beranger, the celebrated French lyric poet, neglected by his vagabond father, lived with his godfather, a poor tailor, and was a *gamin* in the streets of Paris, till promoted for a time to the dignity of pot-boy. Elihu Burritt, as all know, was a blacksmith's apprentice. Carleton, the Irish novelist, who now enjoys a pension of £200 a year, is the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Carera, President of the Republic of Guatemala, began life as a drummer-boy and cattle-driver. Mr. Cobden is a son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through its various grades of service. Sir William Cubitt was a working miller, then a joiner, and then a mill-wright. Dumas, the French novelist and dramatist, is the illegitimate son of a planter and negress; and was in all but starvation in Paris, till he hit upon the way to distinction. Faraday, the eminent chemist, is the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as the apprentice to a bookbinder. The present Emperor of Hayti was born a slave. Harrington, the animal painter, began his profession with signboards and coach pannels. Jasmin, the Burns of the South of France, is the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a common beggar. Mr. Lindsay, M. P., the great ship-owner, left his home in Ayr, with 3s. 9d. in his pocket, to push his fortune as a ship boy; he worked his passage to Liverpool, by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and streets at night. Lough, the distinguished sculptor, began the world in the capacity of a plough-boy. Minnie, the inventor of the well-known rifle, was a private soldier. Robert Owen was a shop-boy to a grocer, and then a draper. Johannes Ronge, the leader of the German Catholic movement, tended sheep when a boy. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape painter, was a cabin-boy, and the shipmaster was his first patron. Thiers, the well-known historian, and ex-Minister of France, is the son of a poor blacksmith, and was educated gratuitously at the public school of Marseilles. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron foundry for forty-seven years, till a large sum of money was raised by subscription to enable him to carry out his philanthropical labors.

There is encouragement here, we fancy, for the poor and down-hearted; and likewise rebuke for those who are continually harping on the wrongs of the indigent, and the impassable barriers between the high and low.

The Baton Rouge *Advocate* thus describes Mr. Toohey, the "boy soldier," who was in Nicaragua, and who is at present lecturing in the south on his Central American adventures:

"Mr. Toohey is a quiet, unassuming and gentlemanly youth, only nineteen years of age. He has undergone hardships which might put many a veteran soldier to the blush. On the battle-field of Santa Rosa, where the cowardly Schlessinger fled, he was one of the brave little band who resisted the Costa Rican forces. When in the act of loading his musket, his arm, which was bent, was pierced by a Minie rifle-ball in two places, shattering the bone. Thus rendered powerless, he was taken prisoner, among the twenty-six unfortunates who were subsequently butchered by the Costa Ricans. When dragged out for execution, when every volley rang the death-knell of a brave comrade, when even hope itself had "bid farewell," the angel of deliverance appeared in the shape of woman.

Oh, woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue,
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chilled at the pole,
If Woman is there, there is happiness too.

A Costa Rican lady, in whose veins flows the pure warm blood of Castile, compassionating his youth, begged his life at the hands of his captors, with tears in her eyes. The boon was granted, and his life spared.

In a few months, the Appletons will publish, in one volume large 8vo, the whole Poetical Writings of Mrs. Estelle A. Lewis, of Brooklyn. Of these poems a considerable portion has already been published, viz., "Records of the Heart," "The Child of the Sea," and "Myths of the Minstrel." Two of these separate volumes have reached a second and the other a third edition. Mrs. Lewis writes poetry with feeling, enthusiasm, taste, and heart. The volume will be attractive in other respects, as it will contain a number of illustrations (besides a portrait by Elliott), finely engraved in the line manner, by Darley, Richards, Cheney, Huntington, Durand, H. K. Brown, Smiley, Chappell, and others. This beautiful volume, so rich in spoils won from the kindred realms of Poetry and Painting, will appear in November.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC JUBILEE.

Thursday evening, August 21, was a glorious demonstration of the strength of the Democracy of New York. More than fifty thousand persons were congregated in Tammany Hall and in the Park, and the most gratifying concord and enthusiasm prevailed.

The whole Eastern portion of the Park, says the *Daily News*, occupying the space south of the Hall and the Hall of Records, together with the open area in front of Tammany Hall and north of the Brick Church, was filled with the Democratic host. From the north-west corner of Tammany Hall, a brilliant Drummond light cast its illumination over the sea of faces, and brought out the devices and mottoes on the numberless banners which were scattered throughout the vast assemblage.

The scene was one of surpassing splendor, and will long be remembered by those who witnessed this first gathering of the Clubs in their jubilee to ratify the nominations of Buchanan and Breckinridge, Parker and Vanderbilt.

The masses of the people, the hard-working men of the North, the mechanic of the city, the farmer of the great interior, the sailor, the exile from Ireland and from Germany, are uniting around the platform and the Standard of Democracy—and they will be victorious. New York, with her united, consolidated, concordant Democracy, has fired the first great broadside in the cause. It will echo over the land, and gladden the heart of every patriot within our land, and every lover of freedom through the world.

John S. Chambers, Esq., called the meeting to order, and nominated the Hon. Edward C. West as Chairman of the meeting.

Resolutions backing up the Cincinnati nominations were passed and applauded to the echo. Mr. C. Schwackhamer moved their adoption.

Three cheers for our next Governor and Lieutenant Governor were then given, after which the Hon. Amasa J. Parker was introduced, amid vociferous and long continued cheering.

He besought the Democracy to look closely at the course they should pursue in the approaching election. Let us never, said he, forget that the Democratic party is unchangeable in name and in character. [Applause.] It has never been led out of the path of duty by any of the allurements of the day; it never seeks to obtain power by courting the temporary and local excitements that may happen to exist (cheers); but under the broad foundation of the constitution upon which it is erected, it moves steadily forward, and thus it will move to the end. It behooves us in this election to look carefully to the dangers with which we are surrounded. If you are sending upon a stormy sea a ship freighted with your wealth—a ship that was to encounter storms and tempests, and navigate a narrow and dangerous channel, would you not look, in the selection of a pilot, to see that you had a man of experience?

Will you pay less attention, when you send off this Ship of State upon the stormy sea of political strife; will you be less careful to select an experienced pilot; one tried and of known integrity, one acquainted with the shoals, quicksands, and whirlpools which it has to encounter? Is it of no importance that this vast Ship of State, freighted with the memory of the past, the wealth of the present, and all the hope of the future, shall be put into the hands of one of long and tried experience? Such a man is James Buchanan. [Tremendous cheering.]

Mr. Parker resumed his seat, and was greeted with repeated demonstrations of applause.

Judge Vanderbilt was introduced to the immense multitude, amid protracted applause. Fellow Democrats: I am happy to meet you here to-night. Though I shall talk to you but a few words, I trust that they will come from the heart, and be heartily responded to by you. (Applause.) I am happy to find myself placed in the position which I find myself occupying. I have been preceeded by the Chief Magistrate, who has gone over the entire ground. I willingly stand by him as his lieutenant—(tremendous cheering)—and in the name of God and of the Democracy, I ask you to follow me. (Renewed applause.) The waves of sectionalism, for some time past, have been rolling over the land, and there has been an attempt upon the part of our opponents to create this feeling between two parts of the Union. With that view the Democratic party proceeded to Cincinnati to make their nominations. Great anxiety was felt at that Convention, and with wisdom and prudence have made nominations to allay this sectional feeling, instead of nominating a man who is designated by his particular friends as "Pathfinder," in the language of the Chairman of this meeting. (Three groans for Fremont.) A man whose particular merit seems to have been finding some path across the Rocky Mountains alone; who is claimed by his friends to be an explorer, all of which indicates that he has no settled purpose, or no settled knowledge of anything. (Applause.) The Democracy in solemn conclave nominated a statesman, whose history has proved that he was a statesman, whose long life has found out every path, whose long life has explored every region, and whose whole career has taught him to rove where the line of duty shall place him. He is not an "Explorer;" he is not a "Pathfinder;" but he knows every matter connected with our country, every matter connected with our history, and he knows our Constitution. (Great cheering.) Had we intended to nominate a Pathfinder or an Explorer, why in the name of Heaven did we not take Kit Carson? (Loud laughter.)

The chairman then announced Mr. Dogherty of Philadelphia, as the next speaker. Three cheers were proposed and heartily given to the eloquent Pennsylvanian. After silence was restored, Mr. Dogherty said: There are three candidates in the field. The first was nominated in a convention in which dissensions existed from its commencement to its close. Millard Fillmore was nominated on that occasion in my native State. They acted the part of traitors to their country and to the Constitution. But the other convention that assembled in the Queen City of the West was a sight well calculated to gladden the heart of a patriot, for he beheld before him the representatives of the Democracy of the Republic. (Applause.) They met as a band of brothers and parted as such. The men of Maine and Massachusetts cordially greeted the citizens of California and Carolina—men whose homes were by the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific, where the sound of civilization is ushered in by the dashing of their waves. We behold in the person of our candidate a man who is the type of our country's institutions. Sprung from poverty's ranks, he has by his own arm placed his name upon the shining scroll of fame and immortality. Since the adoption of the constitution, our glorious old State has been, as she ever will be, true to Democracy, as the stream is true to the ocean. But there is a higher feeling than that to urge us on in this contest. Principles are at stake that are as dear to our country as the life-blood of her sons.

It is to decide whether our country shall still march on with giant strides to greatness and glory, guided by the genius of Democracy, or whether, now in the first year of her blushing youth, with a face radiant with hope, with eyes fixed on the future, with a heart bounding with life, with every limb elastic with motion, and every sinew swelling with strength, she is to become curbed, confined and bound by doubts and fears; every aspiration checked and every hope blighted, until disease and death shall gnaw at her vitals. (Tremendous applause.) Yes, my countrymen, since the last national struggle principles have been advanced that should be howled out in the desert air. They would chain man to the Promethean rock of his nativity—they would block the wheels of progress—they would retard the growth of the world—they would strike at the root of Republicanism, and dry up the fountains of liberty. (Loud cheers.) Yes, gentlemen, in this

"Land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of Nature's noblest race;"

here in the land whose virgin soil was never polluted by the tread of a tyrant, (and if it were it would be like the serpent upon the shores of Ireland—to touch it would be to die. (Great cheering.) Here in this land, where Washington lived and fought, where La Fayette bled and Montgomery died, they would proclaim that a man, no matter how gifted in intellect or noble in nature, if he was not born within certain geographical limits he is to be stripped of his rights, or if born within these limits, if he desires to worship his God around the altar of his faith, he is to be made a slave in the land that his fathers fought for, and for which he himself is ever ready to die. (Enthusiastic applause.) What matters it where a man was born, or before what altar he adores, when the great Giver of all good, upon the morning of the Creation, said: "Let there be light, and there was light." When He brought this beautiful world into existence by His word, when He chained the ocean to its limits and made the dry land appear, and when, in His mercy, God called forth Man—not kings or conquerors—but he called *Man* forth and made him master of it all, he has a right to go where'er he likes. The sea that carries him upon its bosom may make

him desire that he should live upon the soil that his own free thoughts may take him to. I speak it with profound respect when I say that most of those that I see before me are Protestants, I am free to say that I am a Catholic—(great applause) —and glory in my creed, the creed of Columbus and of Carroll, venerable for its antiquity and sanctified by the services of Saints.

It is the religion in which I was born, and it is the one in which I shall die. Its sacred behests allow me to exercise my duties here as a man, and fit me for hope of bliss beyond the grave. Though I was born upon this soil, and though I love it as I do my life, and would give ten thousand lives to save it, I am to be told that my religion is to be a barrier to my advancement. Arise my countrymen one and all, and blast these principles with the lightning of a people's wrath.

In every contest that we have heretofore waged, it has been an honorable warfare with our fellow-countrymen. The glorious Whig party have battled well for the Union, and they only differ in questions as to its prosperity and perpetuity. It is dear to them as it is dear to us, and to every true American; but now differences have grown in among ourselves, and these men are trying to create dissensions that must end in the dissolution and death of the Republic. Where, in all the earth, is there a land so free and happy as ours? Where are the people respected as they are here?

Mr. Dogherty, in conclusion, said: I feel proud of the sight that has gladdened my eyes to-night. I will go back to my native home and tell my friends that New York, having reconciled the differences that existed between them, will stand by us in the coming struggle. Then the voice of political dissension will subside, and Democracy will triumph, the Union be preserved, and a Te Deum rise from nations rather than from States, in one loud cry of "God be praised!"

Mr. Dogherty retired amid unbounded demonstrations of applause.

Gen. H. Walbridge, whose appearance was greeted with loud and continued plaudits, gave an able exposition of the state of the navy of the United States, and struck at the barriers at present existing against the promotion of junior officers of the service.

Gen. Walbridge's speech elicited the utmost attention, and was heartily applauded throughout. He closed amid a deafening round of cheers.

The Hon. David L. Seymour of New York next addressed the meeting. He expressed the great satisfaction he enjoyed in communing with the Democracy of New York; and when he beheld that great body of enlightened, patriotic and determined men that had so long maintained the Democratic cause, his bosom swelled with emotion, and he felt deeply grateful that he had the opportunity of seeing them. His heart felt cheered, his hopes raised, confidence inspired; and he would go home into the country, into the heart of the State, and proclaim to their brother Democrats there, that the old Democracy of New York, so often victorious, is as sure, as true, and strong, and stands as firm now as she did in 1844, when they, and they alone, achieved the great victory which elevated to the Presidential chair James K. Polk. (Cheers.)

Mr. Lochraine, of Georgia, was next introduced to the audience. He believed that in this crisis of the country, we should all stand by our arms. It was a glorious sight to stand here and see the re-united democracy. He had heard that a black republican cloud had overshadowed the country, and that the Union was in danger; but this meeting assured him that the Union was safe, and that this government should be as eternal as eternity. The spirit of the Revolution, he now believed, still survived, and was consecrated in the hearts of the democratic party. So far as Fillmore is concerned, he is deserted by his own friends. He is in bad company. Those who were once with him, who love the Union, have come over to the support of Buchanan and Breckinridge. (Applause.) There is no danger from the Catholics. They have no such impious work as to overthrow this Union. Mr. L. went on to review the principles of the Americans, denouncing them as opposed to the Constitution, and to the principles upon which our fathers established the republic. He also denounced Fremont as a traitor to his country, who is unworthy the support of any man who loves the Union; reiterating the scare-crow of Fillmore at Albany, that the South won't submit. He fully indorsed the rule laid down by Mr. Buchanan, in relation to stealing Cuba. Put up a man, said he, who will support the Ostend platform. (Loud and prolonged applause.) He went in for Nicaragua, and believed Walker was the George Washington of that country. The republicans ought not to succeed, because they are opposed to the principles promulgated in the Ostend manifesto, and because they would not be in favor of admitting Nicaragua into the Union. He believed the American people were in favor of the sentiments of the Ostend circular, and therefore be believed that Mr. Buchanan was sure to be elected.

At the close of Mr. Lochraine's speech it was announced that a procession would be formed, headed by a band of music, to proceed to the St. Nicholas and serenade several distinguished Buchaneers supposed to be there.

Outside of Tammany a most exciting and enthusiastic meeting, or series of meetings were held. It was tremendous. At one time, from the extent of the vast multitude, sixeeen speakers were at the same time, at different points, addressing the meeting. P. Gallagher, W. J. Rose, of the *Daily News*, Hon. Thos. Munday, C. Pearce, of Philadelphia, Hon. Sam'l Bard, of Louisiana, and others, were applauded vociferously while addressing the Democracy. It was, even in the words of an opponent, the greatest meeting ever held here.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

July 31, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Frank Sheppard, of Clifton, county Tipperary, to Sarah, daughter of T. F. Goulding, of Roscrea.

August 5, at the Catholic Church, Phibsborough, Owen Kelly, to Judith, daughter of Edward Cannon, both of Watling street, Dublin.

July 24, in Sligo, James Mullany, M. D., of Belmullet, county Mayo, to Margaret Ellen, daughter of Andrew Walker, of Sligo.

July 29, in Cork, Thomas Barton, of Church Hall, Colchester, Essex, to Eliza Anne, daughter of the late John Harris Curtis, of Cork.

July 31, in Belfast, Robert R. Hall, solicitor, to Alice, daughter of James Coey, of Belfast.

August 2, at Ballyhuskard, county Wexford, G. A. Browne, Esq., son of the late Major Browne, of Woodstock, county Mayo, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late J. Roberts, of Enniscorthy.

August 2, at Ballymore-Eustace, Charles Gwillim, of London, to Laura Calvert, daughter of Henry S. Homan, of Ardenwood, county Kildare.

August 5, at Rathronan, county Tipperary, Lieutenant-Colonel William Fitzwilliam Lenox, of the Londonderry Light Infantry, to Laura Calvert, daughter of the late George Arbuthnot, of Elderslie Lodge, Surrey.

July 30, at Bunratty, William Harley, son of M. Moore, of Limerick, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Z. M. Ledger.

August 2, in the Catholic Cathedral, Newry, by the Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Felix O'Hagan, of that town, to Eliza, daughter of James Grant, of Trevor Hill.

July 30, at Newnham, Hampshire, M. Monds, of Baymont, county Sligo, to Fanny, daughter of Edward Feltham, of Newnham.

July 31, in London, John Westropp, of Attyflin Park, county Limerick, to Charlotte Louisa, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Whitehead, of Uplands Hall, Lancashire.

July 31, in London, T. Graham Balfour, M. D., of the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, to Georgina, widow of E. Anderson, of Rostrover, county Down.

August 1, in Liverpool, George Forrest, of St. James' road, to Harriet Jane, daughter of the late Robert Andrew, of Carysfort, county Wicklow.

August 4, at Bangor, Carnarvonshire, Richard Rathbone, eldest son of the late Captain Rathbone, of Ballimore, county Galway, to Maria, daughter of Captain Davy, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

July 22, at La Cava, near Naples, Chevalier D. Pantaleoni, of Rome, to Jane Isabella, daughter of F. D. Massy Dawson.

July 28, at the Chapel of Old Parish, Nicholas O'Brien, of Moonmenane, son of P. O'Brien, of Coolnahona, to Alice, daughter of J. Harty, of Hacketstown House.

July 28, in the Catholic Church of Piercestown, county Wexford, Thomas Hutchinson, son of the late John Hutchinson, of Coolballow, to Julia, daughter of the late John Seanlan, of Rochestown.

At St. John's Church, and subsequently at St. John's Catholic Church, George Taylor, to Ellen Clanchy, both of Limerick.

At St. Ann's Shandon, Thomas Barton, of Church Hall, Arleysford, Colchester, to Eliza Anne, daughter of the late John Harris Curtis, of Cork.

In Limerick, Simon Max Prossor, of Waterford, to Anna Prossor, of Sutherland Cottage, Limerick, daughter of the late Joseph Prossor, of Tipperary.

At Gorey church, the Rev. James Sullivan, of Chesterfield, county Limerick, to Georgina Lucie, only daughter of George Annesley Owen, of Ramsgate.

At Tramore church, John Barnes, of Ballyglasheen, to Mary Sophia, eldest daughter of Henry Pope, of Newtown Lodge, Tramore, county Waterford.

At Athy church, Richard A. Farr, Sergeant-Major 3d Dragoon Guards, to Alicia, second daughter of Wm. Shipley, of Alma Cottage, Woodstock road, Athy.

IRISH DEATHS.

July 30, at Haddingdon road, Millicent, daughter of the late Rev. Richard Coplen Langford, vicar of Kilfarboy.

August 4, at No. 65, Mabbott street, Frances McKowen, aged 63 years.

At Winton, Sandymount, the Rev. Christopher Adamson, formerly curate of Killeshandra and Boyle.

July 31, Rupert Vesey, son of Captain Dawson, of the 75th Regiment, and grandson of the late Henry Dawson, of Drumartin Castle, county Dublin.

July 22, at Rathgar, John Mathews, M. D., son of Dr. Mathews, of Drumquin, county Tyrone.

August 5, at the Chapel House, Rathfarnham, Mrs. M'Donell, aged 79 years.

August 2, at Eyrefield Lodge, county Kildare, Anna Maria, wife of Edward Walshe.

July 28, at Lisdoonvarna, county Clare, James Nowlan, of Rathgar and Clonegall, county Carlow, aged 61 years.

August 2, at Sandymount House, Miss Hepenstal, of Altadore, county Wicklow.

At Queenstown, Philis Maria, relict of William Carey, of Ballymacmoy, county Cork.

August 3, at Arneagh, county Tyrone, Henrietta, wife of F. Gahan, County Surveyor of Cavan.

August 4, at Edenderry, aged 82 years, Thomas Murray, a magistrate of King's County.

July 26, at Passage, county Cork, C. K. Macan, late of the 44th Regiment.

July 26, aged 90 years, Martha, second daughter of the late David Lindsay, of Bangrove, Rathfriland.

July 26, at Belturbet, William Temple, Surgeon of the Monaghan Militia.

July 29, at Lismore, Lieutenant Thomas M'Carthy, son of the late Dr. M'Carthy.

July 29, at Dunmurry House, William Hunter, aged 80 years.

July 30, at Castletown, county Carlow, H. Faulkener.

July 30, at Fatham House, Frances, relict of H. Ogle.

July 30, at Archerstown, county Westmeath, Samuel A. Reynell.

July 31, at Glandore, Mrs. Baylee, relict of John S. Baylee, of London.

At Edenville, Pallasgreen, aged 77 years, Sarah, relict of T. Miles, Solicitor, formerly of Clonmel.

July 30, at Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, aged 78 years, Monique, widow of Allan Bellingham, of Castlebellingham, county Louth.

In Liverpool, Helen, wife of Charles Howe, and daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Heath, of Limerick.

June 6, in India, John H. Lloyd, C. E., eldest son of T. Lloyd, of Clifford, county Cork.

July 7, at Bendigo, Australia, John Allen, formerly of Belfast, one of the Society of Friends.

August 2, at Woodgrainge, aged 73 years, Elizabeth, relict of the late James Ennis.

August 5, in the Faythe, aged 70 years, Captain Patrick Hore.

In Taylor street, Patrick Scott, ship builder.

In William street, Limerick, Bernard Mulrenan, Tobacco Merchant. The remains of the lamented gentleman were conveyed for interment to the new cemetery of Mount St. Lawrence, accompanied by a large funeral cortege.

April 9, at Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, Denis O'Kelly, aged 64 years, youngestson of the late David O'Kelly, of Killonan, and brother of Timothy O'Kelly, of Limerick. He served the government for upwards of twenty-eight years as First Wharf Clerk in the Customs Department of that colony.

At the Glebe, Kilworth, county Cork, Susan, relict of John Norman, late of Dublin, Solicitor.

At Glenny, John Bernard, second son of Thomas Daunt.

At Rockwell, county Galway, Mary, wife of George Lynch.

Martin Doyle, porter of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, where he was much respected. He was a native of Taghmon, county Wexford.

On Saturday, in Galway, the Rev. W. Crolly, who so often changed in religion.

LORIN BROOKS.

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Convent of the Immaculate Conception, *in the Town of Guelph, C. W., for the Education of Young Ladies, under the direction of the Ladies of Loretto.*—The course of Instruction in this Establishment comprises every branch suitable to the education of Young Ladies. They receive tuition according to the wishes of Parents or Guardians, in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History, (Ancient and Modern,) Elements of Astronomy, Botany, Natural History, Rhetoric and Logic; English, French and Italian Languages; Music, Drawing, Painting, Use of Globes, Embroidery, Plain and Fancy Needle Work, &c.

The Uniform of the House, which each Young Lady entering as a Boarder will require, is as follows:—

FOR SUMMER—One Light Blue Dress; one White Muslin Dress; three Lilac Muslin Dresses; a Coarse Straw Bonnet, trimmed with White; and three Blue Muslin Sun Bonnets. FOR WINTER—Two dark Blue Cashmere Dresses; a dark Velvet Bonnet, trimmed with dark blue; and Black Mantilla. She will also require two Dressing Gowns, two Black Aprons, one Black and one White Lace Veil, each two yards in length, and a yard and a half in width; five changes of Linen; Bed, Bedding, Knife, Silver Fork, Table, Dessert, and Tea Spoons.

No Boarder is admitted for a shorter period than six months, nor Day Pupils or Half-boerders for less than three. A month's notice is required previous to the withdrawal of any young lady from the establishment.

Terms for Boarders paid semi-annually, in advance. Half-boarders and Day Pupils, paid quarterly, in advance.

N. B.—Young Ladies of every denomination admitted, and any interference with their religious principles is carefully avoided.

The Classes open each year on the 1st of September.

TERMS:

Tuition in the usual branches of an English and French Education,—to Boarders, per annum,.....£25 0 0

FOR DAY PUPILS, PER QUARTER, AS FOLLOWS:

First Class	£0 15 0	Third Class	£1 5 0
Second Class	1 0 0	Fourth Class	1 10 0

EXTRA CHARGES ARE MADE, AS USUAL, FOR THE FOLLOWING:

Music, per annum	£6 0 0	Use of Bedstead and Curtains,	£0 15 0
Use of Piano	2 0 0	Stationery to Boarders,	6 15 0
Drawing or Painting	4 0 0	Stationery to Half-boarders and Day Pupils	0 10 0
Raised Work	2 0 0	Guitar and Singing	6 0 0
Italian	3 0 0	Wax Flowers, a course	1 5 0
Washing	3 0 0		

aug30

NEW-YCRK CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

"The objects of the Association are, 1st. The dissemination of Catholic and useful knowledge. 2d. To forward the moral and intellectual advancement of ts members. 3d. To create among its members a spirit of harmony and good feeling, that will be conducive alike to their interest and pleasure. These to be attained by establishing a Library and Reading Room, and by Readings and Lectures when practicable."

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m8jun14

Special Notices.

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necesary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. THE AMBROTYPE.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. BRADY, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 3m28ju

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12, 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held on this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood, deceased.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.
A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional district, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth wards of the said city and county.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressionl district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressionl district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.
City and county officers are also to be elected:—
A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.
A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.
Two Governors of the Almshouse, in the places of Isaac Bell, jr., and Simeon Draper.
Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, August 20, 1856.
The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.
JAMES C. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.
All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140.
aug30

Photographs and Ambrotypes,—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.
The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.
Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.
Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (3m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

Holloway's Ointment.—To Mothers.—Sore Breasts are a sad drawback on the pleasures of Maternity. This Ointment at once allays the inflammation and heals the excoriated nipple. It is equally prompt in its curative action upon the eruptions, sores, whitlows, and all external hurts. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per box. aug30

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEYS' SERENADERS

opened their grand

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

"the finest in the United States,"

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 25,

Billiards.

Improved Billiard Tables and Cushions.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February 19, 1856,*)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.
Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

58, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

American News.

This State, says the South Carolina Times of the 7th, with a white population of two hundred and seventy six thousand, five hundred and sixty-five, a total population of six hundred and sixty-eight thousand five hundred and seven, and a federal representative population of five hundred and fourteen thousand five hundred and thirteen, had eight colleges in 1839, two hundred and two academies, with seven thousand four hundred and sixty-seven pupils, and seven hundred and twenty-four schools with seventeen thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight scholars. There were, at that time, twenty-six libraries in the State, the aggregate number of volumes of which were one hundred and seven thousand, four hundred and ninety-two. Since that time, the Furnam University at Greenville, the Wofford College, the Spartanburg Female College, and an Episcopal College at Spartanburg, the Yorkville Female Institute and the Yorkville Military Academy at Yorkville, and several other institutions of high grade for the education of both males and females, have been established and are all now in the full tide of success, answering the most sanguine expectations and meeting completely the wants of their friends and the public.

The community of Madison county was suddenly startled by the elopement of John E. Townsend with the step-daughter of his overseer, on Friday night, the 25th of July. He took with him, says the Athens (Ala.) *Herald*, it is supposed, cash funds to the amount of over $100,000, belonging to the assets of the estate of his uncle, Edmund Townsend, of which he was the co-administrator; as also funds obtained from two commission houses in Huntsville, in drafts to the amount of $35,000 or $40,000, leaving his wife and children and all his property, growing crops, &c., except two negroes. Attachments, up to Monday, 28th, to the amount of $120,000 had been placed in the hands of the Sheriff, and levied on his property.

The Miramichi (P. E.) *Gleanor* states that a short time ago two young girls were killed by lightning in a house in Cockfish, Kent County. They were engaged in washing dishes at a table, where they continued to stand, though dead, until the father of one of them laid hands on them when they both fell down. When the storm commenced the eldest girl, who was churning, said that it was not right to be at that work while it was thundering. She then went to the table and commenced washing dishes. The woman was severely injured in the arm and leg.

The venerable tree known as the Charter Oak, so celebrated for the historical memories associated with it, and which stood on the old Wyllis estate, at Hartford, Conn., fell during the storm of Wednesday night (20th), with a tremendous crash, leaving but six feet of the stump. It is chiefly memorable as the tree in which was concealed the famous charter on the 9th of May, 1689, and was probably a veteran of the forest at the time Columbus discovered the continent.

We find the following in the Memphis *Appeal* of the 12th: "A private letter, received in this city yesterday, from Dresden, Tenn., dated 6th inst., states that Hon. Lynn Boyd shot one of the Black Republican electors the day before, about thirty miles from Dresden. The person shot is supposed to be George T. Blakely. They were in a discussion. Blakely drew his pistol, when Boyd turned and shot him. No further particulars given."

Mr. Samuel W. Chambers, of Boone county, Kentucky is about prosecuting a claim for real estate in Philadelphia, valued at over $20,000,000. The estate consists of about twenty acres of land in one of the best parts of that city. It was granted to his great grandfather by Wm. Penn, in 1769. The deed was in possession of an ancestor at Chester, when that town was taken by the British, and carried to the state archives for safety, and is now in Harrisburg.

The Dove, during her trip down the Kentucky river last week, when near Marion, Ky., was invaded by clouds of flies, which literally covered the boat all over. They are the species known as the lake fly, with their bodies and wings about an inch in length. They covered the boiler deck to the depth of a foot or more. The cabin was filled, and they had to be swept to the guard, and shovelled overboard.

At Ocala, Fla., on the 3d inst., Dr. W. J. C. Rogers, proprietor of a drug-store, while quarreling with his wife at the dinner-table, jumped from his seat and seizing a loaded gun, discharged its contents into her side, causing death in two hours. He was immediately arrested. The unfortunate act is attributable to the too free use of liquor by her husband.

The Lockport *Journal* says that a man named Dan Smith, while bathing in that place, on Sunday, was attacked by a large fish, six feet in length, which bit him on the instep, producing a dangerous wound. A branch of the tibeal artery was nearly severed, and the man was in danger of bleeding to death, when a physician was sent for, who stopped the flow of blood.

The *Free Trader* (Mo.) says: Silas Rogers, overseer for Mr. Thomas J. Brown, of Buffalo, Wilkinson county, was killed on the night of the 1st inst., by the negroes. Nine have been arrested and put in jail, and have confessed to their participation in the horrid deed.

The number of hogs in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Kentucky, at this time, is estimated at 1,943,334, which, at three dollars a head, a fair average of value of stock, would amount to $32,830,000. If fat when sold, they would average ten dollars a head, amounting to $109,433,340!

The idea of making paper out of basswood is likely to prove successful. Mr. Beardsley, of Little Falls, the inventor, it is stated, is going to manufacture that kind of paper for the *N. Y. Times*.

It is feared the old razee frigate *Independence* 74, is lost. She went, with eight hundred souls on board, including Com. Mervine and Mr. Benson, to survey the guano islands, and has not been heard from since she left Honolulu on the 15th of February.

C. M. James and Alfred Hyde, two fellows who set up a bogus "banking house" in Chicago, with the intention of swindling farmers by buying their produce and paying in worthless bills, have been arrested.

It is stated that there is at Saratoga a fine looking Indian girl, only fourteen years of age who has a child three years old.

In East Bridgewater, last week, a man had his stocking and boot taking off by lightning, without injuring him.

The editor of the Springfield *Argus* says that the indications are that Connecticut will go for Buchanan.

The Pulaski (Oswego County) *Democrat*, hitherto a Free Soil paper, comes out this week for Buchanan.

City News.

A woman named Mary was arraigned at the Sessions court, by her sisters of the apple-trade, for sundry attempts to monopolize the business upon the corners of the streets, by upsetting the stands of her rivals, &c.

"Well, Mary," said the judge, "what have you to say to all these charges?"

"May it please your worship," replied Mary, with great meekness, "I've niver done the things at all, as they say I've done; but, your worship, the other wimin' is the one's that begun it, yer worship; an' old Michael Donehughe, the other wimin's husband, yer worship, has been puttin' 'um up to it ivir since I commenced selling the apples. I've six children, yer worship, an' git an honest livin' if they let me alone, but when they don't let me alone, I don't let them alone; and so when they upset my stand, I upset theirs; and when they gits away my customers, I gits away theirs, yer worship; an' if yer worship will let me go, I'll behave as well as they do."

The Judge—"This seems to be a regular neighborhood quarrel; and under the circumstances I will suspend judgment; and if you don't stop your quarrels I will send you all to the Penitentiary for six months."

Mary—"Thank ye, yer worship, an' I'll behave as ivir they do."

A difficulty arose between John and Elizabeth Warder, on the night of the 18th, when the wife, who is a strong, athletic woman, assaulted the husband, and a desperate fight ensued. In the frenzy of anger, she got a pistol and shot at her husband, the ball taking effect in the back part of the head and shoulders, and inflicting a severe wound.

Ellen McGuire, an Irish woman, 23 years of age, for some itme in circumstances of utter destitution, during her sickness and confinement, some three weeks ago, was left not only without proper medical attendance, but the common necessities of life. Her sufferings drove her to insanity, and on the 18th inst., with her child, three weeks' old, in her arms, she threw herself in the river. They were both drowned.

The Fulton ferry-boat Nassau ran over a small boat, manned by five soldiers belonging to Fort Hamilton, and stove her to pieces, on last Friday. One of the crew, named Edward Muldroon, was drowned; the other four were picked up by small boats.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

The *Lancaster American*, a journal which has opposed the Democratic party, has recently come out for Mr. Buchanan, and it assigns the following reasons:

Because he is our neighbor and friend, and because he has done more good to the poor of this city than all of his traducers put together. Because he is a statesman of the first order of intellect, and is vastly the superior in every respect of all his competitors. Because he is an honest man, and will administer the government honestly and faithfully. Because he will be the President, not of a faction, or a section of the Union, but of the whole American people; and will know no North, no South, no East, no West, but treat all alike, fairly and impartially, in the true spirit of the Constitution. Because we know him, and can truly say that he is one of the purest, as he is among the ablest statesmen now living. For these and other reasons which we might give had we the room, we prefer James Buchanan for the Presidency, and shall do what we can to promote his election. Voter! can you ask a more solid personal reason?

Is Democracy sectional? asks the Washington *Sentinel*, and thus replies to the question:

It seems to be supposed in certain quarters, that because the South will vote in solid column for Buchanan, he is a sectional candidate; and a justification is sought for those who vote for Fremont as the candidate of the North.

Let no man be deceived by this shallow and unfounded pretence. Mr. Buchanan is the very opposite of sectionalism—is the embodiment of a sound constitutionalism, which recognizing the equal rights of every section, bestows upon all that patriotic feeling which has pre-eminently distinguished his forty years of public service. The only pretended evidence of his sectionalism is, that one section votes for him in Massachusetts.

Surely no one expected that Fremont would get a Southern electoral vote. Those who urge this as a proof of Mr. Buchanan's sectionalism, cannot base it upon the fact that the South refuses to vote for Fremont. Every Black Republican knows that such a vote would be a folly in the South, equal to its injustice in the North.

The secret of the whole matter is this: The South are the *assailed party*. The Republicans have an exclusive Northern organization. They base their hope of success upon a Northern vote exclusively. Their counsels, their nominations, are exclusively Northern. They are so for the purpose—not of defence from assault, but of offence against the assailed South.

Can the South meet such an organization, except by unity of action?

But there is one other important view. The South is in a minority of fifty votes in the electoral colleges. The North is in the majority. *A divided minority must be beaten.* The South dare not divide with such a foe in front. But in addition—the North with its majority of fifty, threatens a greater hostile unanimity than ever before. If it be perfectly united, the South must be beaten. The hope of the South in the Union must be in disconnecting from the horde of Northern fanaticism, a sufficient force of constitutional men to unite with the solid vote in protecting their assailed rights, and defending the union of the States. *That gone, the Union to the South is* WITHOUT HOPE! The South does not ask for anything but equal rights, equal respect, and a faithful performance by the North of her covenanted vows to the South.

The South have in emphatic terms repudiated the dogmas which are the basis of the party organization whose exponent Mr. Fillmore is. She cannot abandon a candidate whose consistency upon the slavery question is superior to Mr. Fillmore's, and one who seconds her in her opposition to the false Americanism of Mr. Fillmore's party, in order to take him up. Could her devotion to principle be consistent with such a course, which could be designated by no less term of reproach than that of folly and weakness?

But were there no objection to the views of those who support Mr. Fillmore at the North, (and they are abundant to a Southern man,) what hope of success in the North, can Mr. Fillmore have, even were Mr. Buchanan withdrawn? *With the entire Southern vote in his favor,* Mr. Fillmore *would be beaten in a single-handed contest with* Fremont. Because the very objection urged against Mr. Buchanan that he is the sectional candidate, would then lie against Mr. Fillmore; and every supporter of Fillmore now, who has any anti-Southern proclivities would rush to the standard of Fremont. Besides, every foreigner, every Catholic vote, which now clings to the Democracy for a defence, and as their shield, would refuse to coalesce with those whose foundation principles are proscriptive of their sacred rights. Every Northern opponent of Know-Nothingism, in the ranks of the Democracy, would be lost to the national standard in a single-handed contest between Fillmore and Fremont.

It is thus obvious, that not only is an advocacy, a written advocacy of Mr. Buchanan, by the South, the only hope of the Union as a protection to the South, but the idea of combining the national vote upon Fremont, even if desirable, is utterly impracticable.

BUCHANAN IN ILLINOIS.—We observe that persons at a distance seem to put some faith in the statements that there is a possibility that Illinois will vote for Fremont. We know that it has been said and positively averred by Black Republican orators, that Illinois would vote the opposition ticket. Such an idea when expressed here is considered too stale even for a joke. No man in his senses thinks of this State voting for any one but Buchanan. As we said when Mr. Buchanan was nominated, the Democracy of Illinois will give him a larger majority, in proportion to the entire vote, than he will obtain in Pennsylvania. Any Pennsylvania editor who wants to lose a hat on that proposition may apply for our measure at once.

In fact, there is no real contest in this State upon the Presidency. All men know that Buchanan will carry this State by twice the majority which Mr. Pierce had in 1852. The contest in Illinois has dwindled down to a mere race for local offices. A fierce hostility has been erected against Col. Richardson. Against him and not against Buchanan is the battle raging. That Col. Richardson will be elected, there is no doubt; that his majority will equal that of Mr. Buchanan we have not the slightest hesitation in believing. The Democracy of Illinois are determined that "Old Buck" shall not be sold by them. They will vote for Buchanan in a solid body, and we do not know a man in this State who will sacrifice Richardson. Col. R., in his speeches, we know, tells the voters that if they can swell Buchanan's majority by dropping him, to do so; that a tremendous majority for Buchanan in Illinois would be more gratifying to him than his own election. Still, we know that with twelve or fifteen thousand majority to spare, the gallant Democracy of Illinois, who have ejected Wentworth and Trumbull, because of their Abolition tendencies, will listen to no offer that could tend to give Bissell a distinction to which he had sacrificed all claim.

Illinois, we repeat, is certain for Buchanan by a very large majority.—*Chicago Times.*

In reply to the question, "Is Mr. Fremont a Catholic?" the *Bangor Journal* says: "We find that the Black Republican organs are afraid that they have not yet sufficiently proved that he is not, and so they keep agitating the question. At best, it is but a trifling matter, and of no consequence at all. We think he is not *now* a Catholic; but from what we have been able to learn, it appears that this was his religious faith once, which he *abandoned* some time ago. If he was *honest* in so doing, so be it. To his own conscience he must stand or fall.

The Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer* alleges that there are *two* Buchanan Electoral tickets in New York. We would inform that paper, as well as some *Democratic* Southern papers which have made a similar mistake, that there is but one ticket for Presidential Electors nominated by *any* party in the State of New York, and that there never has been any other Electoral ticket nominated in this State for the present campaign. That ticket is the one that stands at the head af our columns (Buck and Breck).—*N. Y. Daily News.*

Speaking of the testimony in reference to Fremont's "Romanism," the *Albany Statesman* says: "There is, or recently was in existence in this city a letter from a Catholic, who holds a position in the confidence and near the person of Bishop Hughes, asserting unequivocally that John C. Fremont until recently was a Roman Catholic.

The Beginning of the End—The Death-knell of Quackery.

"Oh, blessed health!" exclaims Sterne, "'tis thou who enlargest the soul and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He that has thee has little else to wish for; he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee." The truth of this apostrophe every one must acknowledge; poor Sterne spoke from sad experience. And yet, familiar as every man is with the truth herein expressed, no mortal could compute the members who ruin themselves in body, mind, and fortune by neglecting to employ the proper remedies when health fails. How is this neglect to be remedied? The evil has become so consecrated by age, that the man who undertakes to amend it requires no ordinary hardihood. Such a man is Professor Holloway.

The honest laborer in the cause of humanity finds no sadder discouragement, than in the complacent indifference with which people prefer rather to endure a long-existing evil, than to incur the troble necessary to get rid of it. The more aged an error has become, the more difficult it is to remove it. This is true in an especial manner of the art of healing, as it was known and practised before the advent of this wonderful genius whose mission it has been to re-establish the treatment of human ailments in a rational way.

One by one the venerable abuses that have disgraced the past are disappearing, and among the rest, the errors that have crept into medical practice have got their dismission papers, and are obliged, to use a vulgar phrase, "to cut and run." Where, it may be asked, are the proofs? Proofs! Why, there is one great, patent, palpable fact, which has been staring the world in the face for the last twenty years, and working its way through popular prejudice into popular favor with a success which is the most unquestionable evidence of its power as a proof. The medicines of Professor Holloway have been silently but powerfully effecting a change in the science of physic which the world itself has begun to wonder at. It is well known that the causes of all the diseases and sufferings to which people are subject are very few although their indications may be numerously varied. The old plan of curing diseases was by affecting their results, without affecting their primary causes. Professor Holloway initiated a new mode of treatment by the discovery of his Pills and Ointment, which, while immediately grappling with the ultimate symptoms, reach also to the seat of the disease, and eradicate the first causes, thus destroying all subsequent liability to similar affections. We do not mean to praise these Pills and Ointment. We confine ourselves to stating facts, and are perfectly satisfied that no eulogy is needed. They speak for themselves.—*Mobile Register.*

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street.
FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
—— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn.
GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y.
RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y.
P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall."
Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street.
M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.*
T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory.
WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms."
JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y.
M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn.
MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street.
W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa.
MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue.
JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City.
—— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.
P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia.
Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.
THOM. CAAS. FITSGIBBON, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me.
JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond.
P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston.
GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta.
EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati.
JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

Continental Military Establishment.

J. PARKES,

195 FULTON, BELOW CHURCH, N. Y.

Hats, Caps, Ornaments, &c., made to order. 3m28ju

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of the Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.

JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Special Notices.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A *Beautiful Complexion* may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops and wash the face night and morning.

Shaving made Easy.—Wet your shaving brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," ru the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

3mjly5 W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., Franklin Square, New-York.

Mayor's Office, New-York, June 16, 1856.

Notice to Owners of Dogs.—Notice is hereby given that on and after Wednesday, June 25th inst., the ordinance respecting dogs found running loose or at large in any street south of Forty-second street, without being muzzled, will be strictly enforced. The sum of fifty cents will be paid for every dog brought alive to the Pound, on the corner of First Avenue and Thirty-first street, which shall have been found in the streets, running loose or at large without being properly muzzled, on presentation of the certificate of the pound-keeper to the Chief of Police at his office in the Park. Owners of dogs may reclaim them at the Pound between sunrise and sunset on the day on which they are received, on payment of expenses.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Proclamation.—500 Dollars reward.—I, Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New-York, by virtue of authority vested in me by law, do offer a reward of five hundred dollars, for the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who murdered Bartholomew Burke, on the night of Thursday the 17th, or on the morning of the 18th July, 1856, at the corner of Broadway and White-streets, said reward to be paid on the conviction of the offender or offenders, on the certificate of the District Attorney, that such conviction was had upon the testimony of the party claiming the same, but all claims for said reward not presented within twenty days thereafter, will be disregarded. Witness my hand and seal of Mayoralty, this 22nd July, 1856. 2aug [L. s.] FERNANDO WOOD.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,

8mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.
New-York, June 28, 1856.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 18, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug23 10t

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

y21june

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparent expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter, giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

Dr. J. J. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, Graduate of Harvard University, Fellow of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island Medical Societies, etc., has removed to No. 69 Canal street, New-York, a few doors from Broadway, where he will attend to calls in every branch of the medical profession. Dr. McG. will devote particular attention to chronic diseases, and those of women and children. m10 1t

The undersigned announces to the legitimate faculty that he has opened a store for the dispensing of pure medicines, chemicals, &c. Having obtained a knowledge of the profession in the best schools in the world, during twelve years, he will be able to compound prescriptions *precisely* as they are ordered. JOHN. C. GILES, Apothecary,
21ju3m 285 Bleecker, two doors above Barrow.

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 176 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 116 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 8m19jly

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

DR. B. F. ADAMS,

SURGEON DENTIST, (formerly of Barclay street,) feeling grateful for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him for the last fourteen years, respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has taken an elegant suite of rooms, at

NO. 122 CHAMBERS STREET,

(near the Sixth and Eighth Avenue Railroads,) where he may always be found, ready to perform all operations pertaining to his profession, in a manner unsurpassed, and on the most reasonable terms. Whole or part sets of incorruptible teeth inserted without pain, on gold plate or gutta percha, excelling nature in beauty and durability. No impure gold or dangerous amalgams used. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, or of adults remedied. Cleansing, extracting, &c. &c., all at reduced prices. Sets of teeth inserted on Silver or Gutta Percha, for six shillings each. Teeth examined, and advice given free of charge. Please call.
3m7jun B. F. ADAMS, 122 Chambers street, New-York.

DR. J. VOORHIES,

MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,

NO. 69 SANDS STREET,

Brooklyn.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

N. B. All chronic or nervous diseases cured by Electricity in some form. Electro Medicated Vapor Baths ready for operation. Dropsy can be cured by this treatment. Consultations free. m8jun14

WRITING INKS.

WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

Thaddeus Davids & Co.,
ap19 6m Manufacturing Stationers, 26 Cliff street.

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *SPRING IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

Is now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap19 8m Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

NEW STORE

AND

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber having leased for a term of years the premises

374 Hudson street,

and made exthnsive additions thereto, and having laid in a large stock o

Carpeting and Oil Cloths,

stly bought at **Auction,** for CASH, is now prepared to sell them at the owing extremely low prices:

Tapestry Brussels,	8s.	usually sold at 10s.
Three Ply Ingrain	8s.	usually sold at 10s.
Superfine do	6s.	usually sold at 8s.
Fine do	5s.	usually sold at 6s.
Common do	All WOOL 3s. 6d.	per yard, a price absolely unheard of.

Ingrain, Cotton Warp and Wool Filling 2s. 6d.
Oil Cloths 3s. per yard, usually sold at 5s.

Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Venetian and Hall Carpetting, Stair Rods, &c. &c.

Clergymen and Churches furnished at wholesale prices.

Goods in all cases warranted as represented.

J. R. Landon, 374 Hudson street, New-York,
3mjun a few doors from Hamersly.

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 *FULTON STREET,*

(HERALD BUILDING,) **New-York.**
my31y

PHAIR & CO.,

STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

22 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW-YORK,

Are prepared to do Printing of all kinds in the best style and on reasonable terms. PARTIES desiring printing for BALLS, PARTIES, EXCURSIONS, CONCERTS, or PUBLIC MEETINGS, are invited to give us a call.
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JAMES CRAFT,

FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

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McLOUGHLIN & McSHANE,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*
NEW-YORK. 8m

SHIP STORES SUPPLIED.

DRY-DOCK DISTILLERY.

No. 291 East-thirteenth st., near Avenue B.

JAMES RUSSELL,

Rectifier and Manufacturer of Cordials,

IMPORTER AND DEALER

IN Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors, Cordials, &c. J. R. having had long experience in the liquor trade, he has facilities of selecting wines and liquors of the most superior quality, which he offers to dealers and families at the lowest market prices, and flatters himself that a single trial will be quite sufficient to secure custom.

Goods delivered free of expense in any part of the city, and country orders promptly attended to. 8m jun14

CALL ON

THOMAS LYNCH,

OF the "FULTON SHADES," Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, for the best XX and XXX ales, brandies, and segars.

P. CUFF,

RECTIFIER AND DISTILLER,

NO. 306 EIGHTH AVENUE.

NEW-YORK.

Dealer in Foreign Wines and Liquors.

Goods sent to all parts of the country. Orders of all kinds promptly attended to. y jly26

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of *HAVANA SEGARS,* &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 121 PEARL STREET, New-York.

N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap26 1y

---

WISE'S IRISH MALT WHISKEY.

IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan,** Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Vanbrunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of WISE'S CORK MALT WHISKEY, which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm who import the same in New-York. ap26 1y

Business Directory.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only,* at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19 1y

---

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

7jun NEW-YORK.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2y1ju Collections promptly attended to, and Liens carefully filed, &c.

JOHN A. McSORLEY,

CUSTOM HOUSE AND SHIP BROKER, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

7 BROAD STREET,

Clergymen, importing Vestments, Church Ornaments, &c., will be liberally treated with by calling on the subscriber.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Thos. McClune & Co., C. Meletta,	Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., James Cook & Co.

6m

JAMES HARLIN,

WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months.

JOHN FOLEY,

WATCHMAKER,

JEWELER AND FINISHER OF FINE WATCHES,

NO. 202 BOWERY.

(Between Spring and Prince Streets, New-York.

Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jeweled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a jul2m6 workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to.

J. McCARTEN,

WATCH AND CLOCK MAKER,

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Drafts, for £1 and upwards, on the Royal Bank of Ireland, and on Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., Bankers, Liverpool and London, payable on sight.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,
38 Burling Slip, N. Y.

Agents in Liverpool, Baring Brothers & Co.,

OLD LINE PACKETS,

Pier 28 East River, foot of Beekman street. 6m

WILLIAMS & GUION'S

Old Black Star Line of Packets. 1856.

Passage from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, secured at the lowest possible rates by this old-established line, sailing from Liverpool to New-York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonage.*
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hanley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,400
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SOUTHAMPTON,	Furlong,	1,600
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The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 18th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston.
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BLACK BALL LINE

OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,
Great Western,
Harvest Queen,
Isaac Webb,
Isaac Wright,
Manhattan,
Neptune,
Columbia,
Yorkshire,
Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,
Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 28 East River, opposite this office. my8 3m

Shipping.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL	FROM PHILADELPHIA
City of Baltimore.....27 August	City of Manchester.....4 Sept.
Kangaroo.....10 Sept.	City of Baltimore.....18 Sept.
	Kangaroo.....2 October.

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

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Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
Baltimore—Foard & Rodgers.....Hartford, Ct.—A. Rose.
Boston—F. S. Saxton.....New-Orleans—Jenkins, Williams & Co.
Buffalo—Robt. Hager.....Pittsburg—John Thompson.
Chicago—Lull & Mayer.....Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati—J. F. Meline & Co.....Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON,
HUGH KELLY,
} Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19ly **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19ly **Thomas Maher.**

Employment.

NEW-YORK EMPLOYMEMT OFFICE.

480 Broadway.

HONEST, capable, and faithful servants can at all times find good situations at this office. Protestant and Catholic have equal privilege. Established in 1844 by [3m21ju] T. P. SAUNDERS.

Business Notices.

Important to the Ladies.

GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH.

FOR the dressing of Laces and all descriptions of fine goods. This celebrated starch is unrivalled.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE.

For sale by all respectable druggists and grocers.
8m23ju ROBERT HOSIE, 8 Pine Street, New-York,
Sole Agent for the United States.

S. CAHILL'S

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

NO. 377 BROADWAY,

(One door below White street), New York.

S. CAHILL respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that, having made an extensive addition to his Store, for the better accommodation of his customers, he has now the largest and most extensive BOOT AND SHOE STORE in the world, and is prepared to exhibit the most extensive assortment of

LADIES, MISSES, AND CHILDREN'S, GENTLEMEN'S, BOYS, AND YOUTH'S
BOOTS AND SHOES
EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

His facilities for manufacturing on an extensive scale, together with his superb assortment of FRENCH BOOTS and SHOES, received direct from Paris by every steamer, enable him to sell a much better article at much lower prices than can be purchased at any other house in the city. BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS MADE TO MEASURE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE. je28 3mos

Monday, June 16th, and during the week—

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my3 1y

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HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*,) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof of Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 125, 127 and 128 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

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PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC.

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale, power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments,

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durabe quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tt

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I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

European News.

The English war steamer Gladiator, has returned from the Isle of Serpents to Constantinople, and reports on the island fifty Turkish and eight Russian soldiers. There was no armed seizure of the island, as was reported. The island is nothing but a bare rock, of very limited size, and contains only one building, with the Turks and Russians living together, and the latter are treated by the former as their guests. The Gladiator had left again for the Black Sea, with new instructions of a more positive nature. The English press protests strongly against the indifference expressed by the French government as to whether the Isle of Serpents belongs to Russia or Turkey. The proof that the Isle of Serpents, called also Fidonisi, is very valuable, is, that all the allied fleets made it a rendezvous before landing their armies at Eupatoria.

Galignani's Messenger says: "An immense crowd was assembled on Tuesday afternoon, on the bridges and quays of the Seine, to witness the movements of a well-dressed man who was walking on the river between the Pont du Carousel and the lock at the Mint, apparently with the greatest ease. He had each foot in a small triangular box, securely fastened with straps round his legs, and in his hands he carried a long balancing-pole, similar to those used by rope-dancers, except that at each end was attached a large inflated bladder. When getting off his balance, he dipped the end of the pole, and the resistance caused by the bladder touching the water restored him to his equilibrium."

From the *United Service Gazette* we learn that additional barrack accommodation is to be constructed at Alborough House, Dublin, for a battalion of infantry, with a canteen and shed for drill. Increased barrack arrangements are to be made for married soldiers and staff-sergeants, and land to be purchased for drill ground. Additional barrack accommodation is to be made at Great Ship-street Barracks, to contain a battalion of infantry; and extensive alterations and repairs and increased barrack accommodation are also ordered at the Pigeon-house Fort, Dublin.

Mr. Waterhouse, the Queen's jeweler, Dublin, has produced a brooch, and will devote the proceeds of its sale to the "Nightingale Fund." The tablet represents a wounded soldier, to whom a female is administering relief; this is surrounded by a motto, which in its turn is enwreathed by a rich garland of laurel tied with a ribbon and surmounted by a crown. The design is based upon the jewel presented to Miss Nightingale by the Queen, but it is so altered as to suit the purpose of a brooch for ordinary wear. It is very beautiful, and does high credit to the eminent Dublin jeweler who has produced it.

The remains of the allied fleet have not yet left, and France and Turkey having no disposable ships, four English ships have joined Admiral Stewart's squadron now cruising before Baltschik. The evacuation of Turkish territory by French troops terminated on the 15th, and the Gendarmerie would leave by the 18th. Tekeddin Pasha is appointed Governor of Kars.

The Bishop of Montauban, France, in a recent pamphlet which all the priests in his diocese are directed to read, advances the following claim for his order: "Heretics, though separated from the (Romish) Church, are still subject to her authority and that of her lawful pastors, as a son who rebels against his father's authority is still really subject to all the duties imposed upon him. By the same title, the Bishop's authority applies to all Christians in his diocese."

From every part of the United Kingdom the harvest reports are of a favorable character, and but little doubt is now entertained that the grain crops will be at least a fair average in quantity and quality. In Scotland the crops are very heavy. With respect to potatoes there is a general concurrence of evidence that the crop, though not entirely free from disease in some parts of England, Ireland and Scotland, promises to be abundant and excellent. The late rains have been very beneficial to green crops.

A report was circulated in the Paris Bourse, that there has been an attempt at insurrection in Naples. It was not, however, true, and from the precaution taken to repress, any attempt at rising is not likely. The secret Liberal Press has, however, just issued another proclamation to the people, calling on them to agitate firmly and quietly.

Churches in Van Diemen's Land.—The Rev. Mr. Miller, minister of one of the Independent Churches in Van Diemen's Land, has just returned to the English Government £500, which some of his people many years ago had accepted from the Treasury for building the chapel. He thought that consistency with the principles held by that sect, demanded the return of the money.

Garribaldi publishes in a German paper a letter, saying that he had just discovered that the gallant Roman Ciceroacchoi, his two young sons, and five other victims, who were reported to have escaped, were shot in cold blood by the Austrians, in 1849, at La Contaria, and that the massacre was concealed. This statement has created great excitement throughout Italy.

The concessions made by the Russian Government, professedly to facilitate the imports of foreign goods, amount to very little, and relate to such matters as abridging the time allowed between delivering in of a decision of contents and the deposit of the goods in the bonding warehouses in St. Petersburg.

A private dispatch from Hamburg states that there is some movements going on among the Orleanists. The Duchess of Orleans, the Duke of Chartres, with Thiers and their suites, had left that city for Ostend, in consequence of a dispatch received from England.

The *Journal* of Vienna states that as soon as the Austrian Cabinet was informed of the indisposition of Russia to restore Kars, and the occupation of the Isle of Serpents, it addressed an energetic remonstrance to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. The right of the Porte to Serpents Isle was recognized.

There has been a sale by auction of the valuable horses, carts, and other property, belonging to the Marlfield Distillery, Clonmel. The vats and machinery have been purchased by a Dundalk house. Messrs. Stein, Murray & Co., gave extensive employment and good wages at Marlfield, where they were highly respected.

The bell belonging to the Presbyterian Church in Dervock has been taken down and carried off. The bell was about 1-2 cwt., firmly built in freestone frame, and strongly secured with iron cramps.—

It was reported that the submarine cable from Sardinia to Algiers was broken and lost in the laying. The accident, however, it was subsequently stated, was not serious.

No alteration has been made in the constitution of the Incumbered Estates Court, although there is little reason to doubt but it will be remodelled next session. Up to the last return over eighteen millions of property had been disposed of by the Commissioners.

The *Gazette de Magdebourg* announces that on the 17th, M. de Rochow entered the citadel of Magdebourg, in order to submit to the penalty of five years' seclusion, to which he was condemned after his duel with M. D. Hinkeldy.

The list of persons to whom the Emperor of Austria, on the occasion of the accouchement of the Empress, restored their estates, which were confiscated after the events of 1848 in Hungary and Transylvania, amounts to six hundred and thirty-five.

General Marmora has, in the name of the King of Sardinia, invited General Canrobert, who is at the Sardinian watering-place, to visit Turin.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree opening a credit of 522,000f. for the payment of the interest and sinking fund of the share guaranteed by France on the Greek loan of 1833.

The International Commission, which has removed to Jassy, persists in requiring that Russia shall give up the town of Belgrade.

The Archbishop of Cherson and Taurida has formally consecrated the south side of Sevastapol, preparatory to its being rebuilt.

Quarantine regulations are re-established in the Russian ports of the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, the same as before the war.

It is confirmed that Russia is constructing a first-class naval arsenal on the Island of Kasko in the Gulf of Bothnia.

The harvest in Asia is reported bad, but considerable stores remain from last year.

Gen. Wendham is appointed to the command of a division in the Bengal army.

Miss Nightingale has returned to her home in Derbyshire, avoiding all public demonstrations of welcome.

Marshal Pelissier's title is Duke of the Malakoff, with a pension of 100,000f. per annum.

M. Renland has been appointed Minister of Public Instruction.

According to Italian correspondence, the Neapolitan army is greatly dissatisfied with the Government.

In Russia, when a Cossack is at all extravagant, they say, "He's eating his candle at both ends."

The death of Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster, has been announced.

California News.

EXECUTION OF HETHERINGTON AND BRACE.

On Tuesday, July 29, Joseph Hetherington and Philander Brace were executed by the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco. We extract the following particulars from the *San Francisco Herald*:

Hetherington was a tall man, with large black whiskers, and looked quite unconcerned. He was dressed in black and wore a straw hat. Brace appeared to be a very young man. He ascended the scaffold with his hands in the pockets of his pantaloons. He wore a brown coat and light vest. So careless and unconcerned did both appear, that nobody would, from looking at their countenance, come to the conclusion that they were the criminals who in a few moments were to be launched into eternity.

The most conspicuous of the crowd assembled on the scaffold was the hangman. He was attired in a black domino of muslin and also a black muslin cap. He was, of course, the "observed of all observers." We never in our life looked upon a more villainous countenance. He seemed to have been cut out by nature for the office which he filled.

After arriving on the scaffold, Hetherington and Brace took a position side by side. The former on the north and the latter on the south side. The hangman then removed the cravat from the neck of Brace. Hetherington removed his own cravat. Brace turned to his fellow-victim and shook hands with him. The ropes were then adjusted about both their necks. While the hangman was thus engaged, Hetherington remarked, "Don't put it too tight around my neck—I want to speak to the people." When the rope was adjusted to the satisfaction of the hangman, Hetherington, as calmly and coolly as if he was addressing a public meeting assembled to do him honor, said:

"You may think I am a hard sinner. I appear before you mild and unconcerned. I am to meet my Maker in a few moments. To the best of my knowledge I have not lived one day in my life that I was afraid to meet my Maker. Do not think that I am a murderer. Such is not my case. Bishop Kip has been with me all day—not all day, but during intervals throughout the day."

Brace, who, during the delivery of the above remarks, stood with his hands quite carelessly thrust in his pockets, and who appeared to be intoxicated, said:

"Have you (turning to the reporters, near the gallows,) got that all down. Go on, old horse, (to Hetherington,) and say what you have to say; I don't want you to be talking all day."

Hetherington—I am not more penitent to-day than I ever was in my life.

Brace (squaring himself)—Go on, sir.

Hetherington—In conversation with Dr. Kip to-day, I assured him that I never lived a day that I was afraid—

Brace—Oh, hurry up with your cakes—don't be so long about it.

Hetherington (continuing)—To meet my God.

Brace—I'm not going to stop here so long. I want to meet my doom immediately.

Hetherington—If the gentlemen in whose hands I am wish it, I will stop.

Several voices—Proceed, proceed.

Hetherington—Gentlemen, I do not display any more feeling now than the day on which I was taken into that house; I have——

Brace—I want you all to understand that I, Philander Brace, have been murdered by the Vigilance Committee on the 29th day of July, 1856. Do you understand that?

Hetherington—I still think so. Whenever you say stop, I will stop. I have to add one thing more, and that is, that so far as the killing of Dr. Randall is concerned, I would merely say, that I had only asked a question, when he turned around, and drew a pistol.

Brace—Go on, sir.

Hetherington—I merely wanted to save my own life. I have lived all my life a gentleman, though I am about to end my career on the gallows. I defy the whole world to prove a dishonorable act upon me.

Brace—Go away from me, you son of a b—h, (to the hangman, who was fumbling about his neck.)

Hetherington—In the conversation I had with Bishop Kip——

Brace—I don't care about Dr. Kipps or Dr. Cripps.

Hetherington—What was my last sentence? The conversation with Dr. Kip turned——

Brace—I am drunk. I am all right. I'm a regular thieving son of a b—h.

Hetherington—The conversation turned on Randall, and I told him that I never lived a day that I was not prepared to meet my God.

Brace—Speak out; speak out like a man, sir.

Hetherington—I have merely to add, that I have no hard feelings against any one. I expect that my Redeemer will forgive me. I forgive every man. May the Lord have mercy upon our souls! But, gentlemen, I have to make one remark which few people may credit.

Brace—Go on, old horse.

Hetherington—I have merely to say, that during my trial Mr. Gillespie insulted me very much, but I freely forgive him. I think Mr. Smiley was friendly to me.

Brace (to his companion)—Roll yourself up in the American flag, and die like a son of a b—h.

Hetherington—My witnesses were not summoned.

Brace—Go on, old horse.

Hetherington—No jury on the face of the earth would have convicted me. So far as a fair trial is concerned, I have had no such thing. I am not afraid to meet my God. May the Lord have mercy upon my soul.

Brace—I hope he may, old horse.

Hetherington—I forgive every one. Gentlemen, I am here the spectacle of you all. May the Lord have mercy upon me.

The caps were then adjusted around the necks of both, and Hetherington, when the cap was pulled down, said: "God bless you all! God bless you all! God bless Mr. Fletcher Haight! I wish I could have seen Mr. Henry Haight before I died." Here the bell tolled the fatal knell, and the two were launched into eternity.

The bodies, after swinging idly in the air for the space of half an hour, were cut down and taken possession of by the Coroner. They were laid out last evening in the Coroner's office, in plain coffins, and in the same habiliments in which they were hung. During the evening, the office was visited by crowds of idle and morbid horror-gazers. The countenances of both men looked very natural, and from their placid appearance they probably suffered but little pain.

MURDER OF DR. RANDALL.

It appears that Joseph Hetherington and Dr. Randall have for some time past been at daggers' points in relation to some monetary transactions. From what we can learn, Dr. Randall borrowed a large sum of money from Mr. Hetherington, estimated at from twenty to forty thousand dollars, for which he gave him as security mortgages on his property. When the loan became due, Hetherington ascertained that his securities were not worth a cent, from the fact that previous mortgages had been recorded against the property sufficient to consume the value of the same. Hetherington, as a matter of course, became exasperated against Randall, and bad blood was aroused between the two men. The following statement of the catastrophe we have received from an eye witness. At 3 3-4 o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday, the 24th of July, Mr. Hetherington dropped in at the St. Nicholas Hotel on Sansome street, where he recognized Judge Joseph W. McCorkle. He spoke to the Judge, and asked him, "Will you go with me? I want to meet him face to face."

The Judge advised Hetherington not to have any difficulty; that these were excitable and troublous times, and advised Hetherington not to have any difficulty with Randall. At this time Hetherington recognized Randall, who was at that time standing in the bar-room about ten feet from him, and exclaimed, "There is the scoundrel now," and advancing toward him, caught Dr. Randall by the beard and pulled him with a jerk. Dr. Randall immediately drew a revolver, and Hetherington drew his pistol at the same moment. Our informant states that the first shots were fired so quick and so nearly together that it was impossible to decide who fired first. Dr. Randall discharged three shots from his pistol and Hetherington the same. The second shot of Hetherington took effect, striking Dr. Randall in the head, who retired behind the book-keeper's desk of the hotel, and while in that position Hetherington fired another shot, which did not take effect. The wound of Dr. Randall is over the left eye, near the temple, and will most probably produce death.

NED M'GOWAN ESCAPED.

The schooner *Exact* had returned from Santa Barbara, but the Vigilance Committee Police had not succeeded in arresting McGowan.

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

August 5th, 1856.

Editor of the Irish News, New York:

Sir—Since my last nothing of an unusually strange character has occurred. It is true that a couple of human beings have been launched into eternity by a body of men calling themselves the "Vigilance Committee;" but this is nothing in these times. The public feeling has became either indifferent or morbid. The nightly raids of the hirelings of this Committee—their parades through the streets with shouldered muskets and fixed bayonets—their French and Dutch mercenaries galloping to and fro, trying to intimidate—only creates a feeling of contempt in the breast of every true lover of this Republic.

There is no doubt now on the mind of any thinking man here, that the men at the bottom of this movement aimed at the severance of this State from the Union. But there was here, as there was at "Fontenoy," a body of exiles, true to their adopted country, and true to their oaths. There they could neither *bribe nor intimidate*, and consequently they have failed in their grand object. They must, however, keep up their organization, being in a state of rebellion, and having set all the laws of the Republic at defiance, they know not how to disband.

The few responsible men among them would be glad to get out on any terms; but the bankrupt traders (who form a great portion of their executive) don't wish it, and the foreign hirelings won't allow it. In this position the Executive are now fixed,

and something must be done to keep up the excitement, consequently the hanging of Hetherington and Brace. A more brutalizing scene I never witnessed; and the morbid taste that this movement has given for blood was evidenced by the crowd of women mixed among that surging and swaying assemblage. A gentleman of long standing here and whose brother fills one of the highest judicial offices in this State, remarked to me, "I am glad to see how few American or Irish ladies there are present at this beastly scene." Both he and I, with many others, then walked off in disgust. For the particulars of the scene I refer you to the *San Francisco Sun*.

All good citizens look forward to the next mail for something decisive from Washington. It is the hope alone of action from there that keeps them so still. If Pierce don't act, and that promptly, he will leave behind him a very small Presidential name. Trusting to his non-interference, the Committee still sit, their foriegn mercenaries figure about, armed and insulting. They still hold Judge Terry, of the Supreme Court, a captive; and in order to show you the feeling of this Committee, I annex you a paragraph from one of their hireling organs:

"In regard to Terry's case, there are hardly two opinion sustained by the mass of the Committee as to what should be done with him. At least twenty members of my company, with whom I have talked upon the subject, say, emphatically, 'Give the Judge a choice between being hung, and resigning the office he has disgraced and leaving the country forthwith, never to return.' The regret was very generally expressed on Tuesday afternoon, that Terry was not on the gallows with Brace and Hetherington, to share their fate.

"No one would like more than myself to see the labors of the Vigilance Committee terminated; but it will be nonsense and labor lost for them to disband until their work is thoroughly done. It was said in my hearing on Tuesday that nothing *could* be done with Terry—that he must be suffered quietly to depart. What folly! Restore back to the law and murder party their ablest, most unscrupulous and daring leader; reseat the Judge upon the Supreme Bench, and let me ask, what security for our necks shall we of the Vigilance Committee have? Never, I say, permit this man Terry to preside again in a Court of Justice in California. Give him his choice of the halter, or resignation and banishment."—*Evening Bulletin*, July 31.

Just fancy language of this sort used towards one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, a man of high and irreproachable character as a citizen and a Judge, and from it you can draw your conclusions as to the character of this organization.

Regarding financial matters, they are even worse than when I wrote to you last. Foreign capital is being rapidly withdrawn. Real estate has fallen at least 50 per cent. There is no confidence among business men, and the time is fast approaching when those "gingerbread merchants" will complete their work with a general "*burst up*."

Here, too, sir, is another precious specimen of the feeling pervading many of the members of this Committee. From the *Sun*, August 1st, I clip the annexed:

Great Banking Scheme.—The Evening Mob Organ has a correspondence after its own heart. Said correspondent, in yesterday's *Bulletin*, advocates an attack upon the vaults of a well-known banking house of this city by the mobites, first making prisoners of the owners of the money in the vaults, and either hang or ship them off. All this is to be carried out under false colors, the piratical flag not to be shown until after the money is got hold of. So fearful is this land pirate that he and his gang will not get hold of the cash he so much covets, that he calls upon the "*Vigilance Committee to act at once*" in the matter, and says "it is demanded by *all the people*." What glorious times the mobites would have here, breaking into the vaults of the banks, and carrying off lots of gold and silver. It would save many of them from ruin, and others, the "seedy" portion, who have not known what it is to earn an honest dollar in their lives, could live like lords in the future off the money thus acquired. No doubt this is a capital idea for the mobites, and one long entertained by them. One bank thus sacked would but whet the cravings of "*the people*," and bank after bank would be dug into and rifled of the gold and silver contained in them. Such *mining* operations would, no doubt, pay better than working in the mining grounds of the interior; besides, it would require little or no labor, a particular feature for *such* seekers after gold.

Foreign capitalists have takon the alarm in time, and the millions they have withdrawn from our State within the past two months, will be saved to them at least. The times are becoming desperate; affairs may change greatly here within a month or so, and we do not wonder that the mobites are clamorous that the work of robbing the banks should commence "*at once*." Yes, what is to be done should be done quickly, lest some "higher power" should interfere, and the grand scheme be blown up along with the schemers.

The *Bulletin* has issued its fiat, let the Vigilance Committee obey.

News from the interior, too, is sad. The flourishing little city of Nevada is laid in ashes. Many of your old friends have suffered—and you had *some warm ones there*. Placerville is also in ashes. Arrowville and Georgetown have suffered the same fate, and Angles Camp is utterly destroyed. Marysville has severely suffered from attempts at burning, and our own city, San Francisco, has not even escaped the attempts of the satellites of this lawless mob. Brannan's Express Buildings were attempted to be fired a few nights since, but owing to the presence of mind of a gentleman passing at the time, it was prevented. Indeed, there need now be little fear of any extensive fire in San Francisco. The Fire Department is so thoroughly organized and conducted that few fears are entertained on this score. They are a brave, fearless and prompt body of men. I regret to say that many of them (owing to existing circumstances here) are leaving for Nicaragua. The city may yet feel their loss. Apropos to this, I understand that Col. E. J. C. Kewan is up here from Nicaragua, and I understand endorses all you have said in your journal in regard to Walker and his action in Central America. I hope in a day or two to meet the gallant Colonel, when we will have a full talk over the matter, the result of which you may expect by next mail. The Colonel is a brave, gallant and accomplished gentleman, and one who will acquit himself honorably on any field. His acts in Central America speak for themselves. Strange to say, he boasts of Irish blood. Success to Col. Kewan and his gallant associate Walker.

There is little more for me to refer to. One thing I should not, however, have overlooked. It is a strange fact that almost without an exception every English and Scotchman in this city, have leagued themselves with this Committee. Republicans look out. Monarchy won't spare its gold to sow disunion among you. Sunday has passed over without any thing remarkable. The banks have not been broken into yet; for the present "quiet reigns in Warsaw."

Here is a specimen of this Committee's style of working. One would suppose they had taken lessons from the Autocrats of Russia:

The Case of Bulger—Rooms of the Committee of Vigilance.—A resolution was passed on the 4th of June, 1856, by the Executive Committee, sentencing Edward Bulger to leave the State of California, never to return under the penalty of death.

A sub-Committee was appointed to read to the prisoner the sentence passed upon him; also to other prisoners whose banishment had been ordered.

As Bulger was laboring under the effect of intense nervous excitement and debility, the sub-Committee concluded to defer the reading of his sentence until just previous to his removal from the cell.

It now appears from the testimony of the sub-Committee, that in the confusion which arose on the departure of the prisoner from the building, the reading of the sentence was omitted.

It also appears from the statement of Capt. Smith, of the bark Yankee, that the application of Bulger for passage back to this port, was the expression to him of his (Bulger's) desire to return to the Committee, to obtain from them their permission to proceed to New York.

Under these circumstances, the Committee of Vigilance deem it a duty to remit the sentence of death passed upon Bulger, for his return to this State. At the same time, it is deemed proper to state that all other prisoners shipped hence, having had their sentence read to them, in case of their return will suffer the penalty of death. By order of the Executive Committee,

33, Secretary.

P. S. The Steamer is just starting. I have not time to get you the list of the bankruptcies. Yours, most faithfully,

Hard Facts.

Another Letter from San Francisco.

San Francisco, August 3, 1856.

To Thomas F. Meagher, Esq., Editor of the Irish News.

Sir—In one of your July issues you have inserted several communications from Californian correspondents, in which they have charged all the persons expatriated by the Vigilance Committee of this city as being, without exception, persons of bad character, such as ballot-box stuffers, shoulder-hitters, &c. Now, sir, I will assume the responsibility of saying that the author or authors of those communications knew at the time of penning them that they were false, and were actuated either by personal malice and jealousy, or were purchased by the gold or the promises of a band of traitors to scribble their vile slanders—a band of traitors, who have in numerous cases trampled upon the constitution they have either sworn to support, or are bound by every patriotic motive to respect, to venerate and to protect. Sir, the only real crime (God save the word) they have committed in the eyes of a Vigilance Committee, and in the eyes of four-fifths of this community, was that of being too much opposed to the action of the committee, and too strongly in favor of Democratic principles, those principles which brought you, sir, under the ban of the British Government, which in its futile attempt to destroy your reputation for and power to enkindle and spread the sacred flame of liberty, has built up for you a character and fame lofty as the mountains and swelling streams of happy and free America.

Yours, respectfully,

Robert D. Reen.

From the *Wexford Independent* we take the following letter and the comments suggested by it:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT.

Kilrush, August 1st, 1856.

Dear Sir:—Will you be kind enough to insert the accompanying sketch in your truly independent print, of a delightful scene which I had the pleasure to witness on Wednesday evening last, at Clobemon Hall, the seat of Mrs. DeRinzy; the cause of which I am sure you, sir, as well as very many of the numerous readers of the *Independent*, will rejoice in. With great respect, I am, dear sir, your's very truly,

Moses Nolan.

"As I was passing by Clobemon Hall, on Wednesday evening last, I heard the shouts of merriment, and at intervals the sounds of music of no ordinary character, which attracted me to a scene of joyous festivity, when I inquired the cause of what I saw and heard, and was answered that young Mathew DeRinzy, the heir to the Clobemon estates, who had emigrated, about four years back, to Australia, and who was believed to be dead, was alive and well, and that Mrs. DeRinzy, in consequence, had invited all her tenantry to a splendid entertainment to celebrate the joyful tidings. About one hundred and fifty sat down to dinner, after which the merry pipes struck up, and the lads and lasses tripped it on the light fantastic toe, such as Erin's children alone can do. The Kilrush Chapel band attended, and played several national airs in a manner rarely surpassed. Bonfires and pitch barrels blazed in several parts of the country, sending up their spiral columns of light in token of the welcome and joyous intelligence. The sports continued till early dawn, and before separating there were three cheers given for Mrs. DeRinzy and the young heir of Clobemon, three for the Rev. Dr. Devereux, and three for the Rev. Mr. Fanning and the Kilrush Band. M. N."

The above simple narrative will be read throughout the length and breadth of this country with sentiments of the liveliest satisfaction by all who knew and esteemed the late Mathew DeRinzy—and their name is legion—or who can appreciate the feelings of a tender-hearted and affectionate mother on recovering a long-lost child. Letters reached this country twelve months back which threw the family into the deepest affliction, as they left no doubt that the young Mr. DeRinzy had fallen a victim to the fever epidemic of the colony, and the fact of no letter being received from the young gentleman himself added a fearful corroboration to the impression. The miscarriage of his letters is owing to the irregularities of the inland posts, and the great distance at which he resides from the seaboard, being 500 miles north of Melbourne. When he last wrote he was in the enjoyment of health, spirits, and prosperity, being largely engaged in agricultural operations. And it is to be hoped that, ere long, he will revisit his patrimonial estate at home, and bring fresh joy and happiness to his beloved parent and an attached family circle.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN LETTER.

Dublin, *August* 16th, 1856.

I was on the point of giving you an account of my trip down to Clongowes, on the 31st of last month, in the letter I last sent you, when something or other called me away, and I had to seal up.

It was the *Academy Day*. Every old Clongownian knows what that means. Those who have never been to Clongowes will understand that it means the last day of the Academical year. The students pull off their *corduroy* trowsers, jump into genteel costume, and after a brilliant display of eloquent fireworks, turn the key in their trunks and go home. In a word, it corresponds with the *Commencement Day* of your American Colleges.

The morning was the sweetest of mornings. The soft brightness of it; the lisping of the little breeze; the rich scent of the meadow-lands along the clear brown Liffey; the leaping of the trout as the sun, here and there, turned to diamonds the bubbles of the river; the Devil's Mill upon its bank close to Lucan; the tidy small inn of that pretty small village; Celbridge, with the ivied gables of the abbey sacred to the memories of Swift and Grattan; Sheehan's hotel; the old woollen factory, gutted of its machinery; Rathcoffey house, away to the right, looking out over the tops of the Scotch fir and the dense crowd of its sheltering oak and beech-trees; the ruined Norman castle on the old avenue, midway between the Dublin road and the College the dirty village of Clane; Butterhill, with its carpet of buttercups and honeysuckles; the sparkling, gurgling brown streams, famous for craw-fish and *pinkeens*, trickling under the road through arches covered with weeds and briers, and rushing off through green marshes, shrubberies, broken water-courses, or broad patches of furze and *coshier*; the grand new entrance, with its graceful tower, portcullis, curtain-walls and turrets; the spacious avenue, with its double row of beech and chestnut; everything was charming. I drove down, and took my time on the road. For a few miles, through a beautiful country, with a couple of pleasant companions, there's nothing like the outside car. The rest of the invited guests (the Dublin contingent at-all-events) went by railway to Sallins. From Sallins they had *shan-dra-dans* to the college, a distance of three miles.

The features of the day were just the same as they used to be in your time. The Jesuits are inflexible. Time writes no wrinkle on their azure brow. Death, appears to me, to have little to do with them. This last visit of mine convinces me of that. I found very few gaps in the Kildare detachment of the army of Loyola.

John Pexton, the Shoemaker of the establishment, still thrives like an ash sapling, and blossoms like a sprig of pink hawthorn, though it is more than twelve years ago that a weakness in the legs painfully excited his customers and friends. At the best of times, they were no great specimens of bone and muscle. The white cotton stockings and coarse black velveteen knee-breeches he wore, showed off conspicuously their timidity and scantiness. It would have been well for John had his lower extremities been gifted with the stability of the legs of his stool. John, however, still sticks to his last. His demure nose still blushes and blooms—like that sprig of pink hawthorn—though the winter of life has partially whitened his thatch.

Phil Rielly is still to the good. In his decorous black suit, white cravat and crispy gray hair, he walks the corridors of Clongowes to th s day—attends the sanctuary and sacristy of the college chapel—carries his parchment-bound volume of Italy ian meditations—mildly discourses on worldly affairs—dispenses pills and salts to sick boys in the Infirmary—and doing other good works, descends complacently, letting off hydrogen, into the valley of death.

Mick Gallagher, who in your Clongownian Collegiate career had care of the dormitory—swept out the feathers and dust—sprinkled the floor with hyssop and tea-leaves—and made up the beds—even Mick, surviving these Augean labors of thirty years and upwards, flourishes well Like Pexton's, his delicate shanks have been deprived of their primitive suppleness long since. Like Pexton's, however, Gallagher's thigh and shin-bone remain true to their mission. Whatever other fate may befal him—wherever he may be buried—in the fond memories of all old Clongownians, an ambrosial odor will cling to Mick Gallagher, the Groom of the Bed-Chamber! Mick, I remember, was remarkable for the size and length of his beads. On a winter's morning, in a dim corner at the end of the Chapel—the lamps burning phlegmatically and clouding its own light in fog—Mick, in his rough brown over-coat and bone buttons, kept up the quietest clatter possible with those favorite beads. A pious harmless, guileless poor soul—a comical anatomy in soiled linen—his honest devotion, even in the most solemn hours, on the most sacred spot, excited a smile.

The more generous bulk of John Mulligan, the tailor and out fitter, contains a vitality no less active than that which sustains his less corpulent brothers in the discharge of their duties. John is as round, sudorific, radiant, oleaginous as ever. Even to this day—though the leaves and the wallnuts in the Academic groves have many times fallen—though he has measured and fitted several generations—he retains something more than the warmth of his professional goose when on service. Even to this day—though thrones have blown up or crumbled into dust in the wide world about him—John throws one fat leg before the other, or crosses them comfortably under him, enlightening posterity with the flashes of his needle. May the scissors of the Parcæ long spare his threads!

So much for the lay-brothers. Enough, at-any-rate, I should say, for a letter destined for American readers, considering that such mere "personal recollections" can interest them but

little, and that the Presidential Campaign, now pending, absorbs them completely. I have, however, such scanty materials to work on when shaping a letter to you, that once I hit on a new incident or scene—any thing at-all out of the common run—out of the tame, flat, hackneyed road of ordinary occurrences—deaths, births, marriages, and accidents—I make the most of it. I pick the rare fish clean to the gills and backbone. I drain the choice bottle—the particularly choice bottle—to the rim of the bell. And such has been this visit of mine to Clongowes.

Dublin is dull. Dublin is sober—as sober as a drab gaiter, yet just as genteel. Dublin, like Venice in her faded garments of beauty, has fallen to sleep in the shadow of her domes and columns, and dimly dreams, if she even dreams, of the days of her revels, her senate and nobility—the days when she sat, not as a simpering menial, but as a proud Queen, among the civic-crowned sisterhood of Europe, and could lift her banner of the three Castles and the Wolf-Dog, as Jean of Orleans lifted her black banner, sown with silver lilies, against the enemy at her gates.

Dublin, I say, is dull, motionless, colorless, if not dead. Having nothing there to write about, and driven to desperation by the sterility (in the news line) which there prevails, I seize upon this trip to Clongowes with fierce avidity, and like a hungry hawk, pluck and strip it to the bone.

The Jesuits are the same the world over. The same in every generation Their features never change. The spirit and system of their colleges, throughout all climates and vicissitudes, immutably prevail. As it is in Lancashire, so it is in Louisiana. As it is upon the gentle Liffey, so it is upon the monster Mississippi. Whether it be Ghent or Clane, Calcutta or Tullamore, the unity of the Order is complete and permanent. The essentials do not change. Neither do the externals. There's not been a brick, nor a slate, nor a stick, nor a cobweb in or about Clongowes touched, for better or worse, since you passed out of it last.

The Latin inscription over the doorway was there, deeply cut in the blueish mottled gray stone—as deeply cut as ever it was. That's not to be wondered at. Then there was the old Quaker-like clock—with its broad white face, and long sprawling fingers, and drab-colored plain wooden frame, snugly set in the drab-colored wall, facing the door-way — leisurely ticking, looking quite cold, and showing the cold shoulder to every one who came in. The stone stair-case up to the Round-Room, was as powdery and white (with whitewash and pumice-stone) as it was when Tom Wade (the lay-brother from Cork) had care of it, years ago. Of the Museum, the Library, the Reception Room, the Sodality Chapel—the whole of the main building—Castle-Browne proper—the same may be said. On the panels of some of the doors, the autographs of ambitious youths—left there forcibly with tenpenny nails or penknives twenty, thirty years back—despite several coatings of paint, are still clearly decipherable. Two I especially noticed. *Maurice O'Connell* was the one.—*Francis Stack Murphy* was the other. The one is dead. The other obscurely perishes. The genius and heart of both, properly directed, would have prolonged their lives and given them a celebrity to endure for many and many years to come. As it is, perhaps that door-panel, opening into a narrow closet in the quietest part of that quiet college of Clongowes, may preserve their names long after their tombstones have been submerged by the calm though remorseless ocean of Time, and the moth has eaten all mention of them from the family prayer-book and the rolls of Parliament.

Going down the stairs and passage connecting the old with the new building, (old and new are used comparatively), I found the heavy copper bell, with which we used to be called to studies and other duties, or rung out to foot-ball, holding on tightly with its short arms to the whitewashed scaffolding, in the corner of the corridor—the "gallery" they call it—into which you step from the refectory. I'll write an epic—I should say an elegy—on that bell before many weeks go by. It has seen a world of trouble, and been the cause of it, and told it to the dumb stones about it and above it, with a dry tongue that never faltered. Brightly green with verdigris to-day, without a crack or bruise, it does its duty just as briskly as it ever did. There's a spider's web—a dusty blanket, thick-set with the crisped wings and carcases (reduced to cinders) of heaps of flies—in the angle of the walls, close under the ceiling, above the bell. Thus, it is evident, the spiders enjoy long leases where the Jesuits are landlords and own the tenement. The spiders are undisturbed. They weave, and catch their fragile prey, without any fear of their neutrality being violated. Thus the dumb creation shares the steadiness, immobility and composure of the intrepid Order within whose walls and groves they crawl for shelter. For better or for worse, there's not the smallest change in Clongowes.

O'Connell used to say—"The day I left my son Dan at Clongowes, there was a speck of dirt upon his left cheek, a little below his ear. I called to see him eight months after—the speck of dirt had not been touched."

This anecdote I had from one of the Jesuits themselves—Father Michael Bellew, third son of the late Sir Michael Dillon Bellew, Bart., Co. Galway, and I give it to you in further evidence of the indisposition to innovate which so rigidly characterizes the good Jesuits at home and abroad.

The next mail will bring you the other and better half of this letter. Your old schoolfellow, KILMAINHAM.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE DUBLIN PAPERS.

Christopher Fitzsimon, O'Connell's son-in-law, is dead. He died the 25th of last month, in Macerata, near Rome. His death leaves the Clerkship of the Irish Haniper office vacant. It's a comfortable berth. Some respectable Whig, like Fitzsimon, will be sure to walk into it. Beyond his filial relationship to the great Daniel of Derrynane, there was nothing remarkable about the deceased Christopher. The only thing we recollect of him just now, was a speech of his in the Court-house, Kilmainham, in the month of July, 1849, at a meeting called by the High Sheriff, young Shaw, (Sir Frederick's son,) to make preparations for the Queen's visit to Ireland. Fitzsimon read a letter, written by O'Connell to him, *apropos* to Prince Albert's marriage with the Queen, an event then on the *tapis*. Old Dan, in the most courtly diction spoke of the Prince, said he was decidedly handsome, and recommended him, through Fizsimon (Lord! what an introduction) to the good graces and favors of the Irish at-home. Christopher Fitzsimon leaves representatives of his virtues and intellect behind him in patriots like Pat Costello, John Hyacinth Talbot, Sir Timothy O'Brien, Tom Arkins, (tailor to the Liberator and Hierarchy of Ireland,) and William Gernon, the newly-appointed Secretary of Charitable Bequests.

Charles Gavan Duffy has been addressing his Australian constituents at Warrnambool, the province of Port Philip or Victoria. He seems just as much at home among the sheep-owners, shepherds, miners and merchants of the South Pacific regions, as he used to do in the Confederate Council-room, D'Olier street, Dublin, or the Tenant League, wherever that hopeful delusion met. The Australian press fill up their columns with learned comments on his Warrnambool oration. Some of the articles, referring to him, are cold and somewhat severe. Most are flattering. All are respectful.

The *Melbourne Age*, in a delightful tone, informs us that "Mr. Duffy, has, at length, unfolded his programme. He has gone down to the Western District as a candidate for the united counties of Villiers and Heytesbury; and his first address to the electors will be found in another column of its morning issue.

Mr. Duffy jumps at once *in medea res*. There is no beating about the bush with him. He tells the country plainly what he means to do. His manifesto is an open declaration of war against the existing government. He describes what is thought of it in Europe and America. For imbecility and extravagance it has become a bye-word among the nations of the earth.

In Mr. Duffy's speech we see how our political condition strikes a stranger. We are so accustomed to see and hear of the incapacity and corruption of the government that we are surprised at nothing. Both in regard to the corporation and the government, we may say 'that from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness in them, but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores.' In reality they stink in the nostrils of the people; but, as in the case of other nuisances of a physical nature, we are so accustomed to them that what was once a source of disgust becomes an object of admiration. Mr. Duffy's vision is not yet beclouded with dust; and it will prove of no small advantage to us that he is bringing his clear and vigorous faculties to bear upon that he sees around him."

The *Age* is one of the reforming journals. What the *Nation* in Davis' day was to Ireland, the *Age* is to Australia. It is thoroughly national. It spurns all littleness or provincialism. Generous and lofty in its spirit, it inspires that great new country with ideas which, one of these days, must surely realize themselves in republican institutions, and a history not inferior to that of these glorious United States.

The *Argus*, however, is an English government paper. A Tory paper. A British official paper of the blackest ink. It is to Melbourne, and the country of the Golden Fleece, of which that young handsome city is the capital, what the *Evening Post*, (old Fred Conway's paper) was to Dublin, and the rest of Ireland. It's the government boot-black. It keeps the imported leather polished. That's its respectable business.

Of Mr. Duffy and his Warrnambool speech, this one-eyed *Argus* writes—

"We must confess that Mr. Duffy's speech at Warrnambool pleases us less than any he has yet been reported to have made in Australia. He may be right in denouncing the past extravagance and mismanagement of the government, and in ascribing to these much loss to our reputation both in Europe and America, but in the language he uses upon this subject there is more of the demagogue stump-orator style than we have previously detected in him since his arrival. There are in this country few social barriers to prevent his genius from having full scope, or partially to justify him in exciting a people that he is not permitted to guide. Here he has ample opportunity to do his best, both as to word and action, and he should avoid all clap-trap art, all pandering to that too prevalent taste which relishes keen sarcasm and brilliantly-expressed censure, more than justly-balanced observation and discriminating criticism."

The Sydney papers follow suit. Some in praise, others in reproof. On the whole, Mr. Duffy appears to have made a decided hit in emigrating to Australia. For him, in every respect, it's a fortunate exile. It was well for him he became disgusted with Irish politics, and flew before the Cape Pigeon and Albatross to the land of the Kangaroo and Platabus. Australia will surely be a Republic before long, and Duffy will be a candidate for the Presidency. In that case, we know a distinguished gentleman who will apply for the embassy to Sydney.

Congratulatory addresses to Smith O'Brien, are pouring in from all quarters, through the post-bag of Dromoland. A very beautiful one, emanating from the united parishes of Newmarket, Wells and Carrigera, appears in most of the Irish papers just come to hand. These few words from the noble fellow's reply to this address we cannot resist quoting:

"The pleasure I have felt has been excited in a high degree whilst I have visited the scenes in which my boyhood was passed—scenes of which every spot is familiar to me—scenes in which I have been welcomed with kindling or tearful eyes, by the aged who have known me since my infancy, and by their children who have been taught to consider me as a friend and a brother.

The influence of these associations is apart from all considerations of a political kind: but I venture to hope that it is enhanced by one sentiment which is common to all whose esteem I prize—that of deep attachment to our beloved fatherland.

To promote the universality of this sentiment will be the chief object of my future efforts, and I shall not regret that I have been called upon to endure suffering for Ireland, if by such suffering I be enabled to apply myself to this task with augmented success."

MacManus' letter to the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, appears in the *Nation*. It's an admirable letter. It deserves to be set up in type in every direction.

Catherine Hayes has arrived at Liverpool. She returns to Ireland with a mountain of gold. If among the Sand-hills of San Francisco, the Australian Alps and forests, the temples and bazaar's of India, she has left many a delicious and noble note, which, long echoing, will perpetuate her name among the people of those climes and cities, she has taken away with her from out of them that which will make her Irish home a home of light, luxury and splendor. On Monday, the 9th of February, 1846, Smith O'Brien speaking in Conciliation Hall of Irish gentlemen of fortune and high social station patronizing foreign *artistes*, and spending their money in foreign capitals, instead of encouraging Irish genius and giving their own country the benefit of their wealth, said:—

"I find Irish gentlemen going to Dresden, Florence and Munich, in order to gratify their taste for the fine arts. Irish gentlemen go to Milan for the purpose of hearing the Opera, and what do they find there? They find an Irish lady the *prima donna* of the Opera at Milan—a countrywoman of my own—(said O'Brien,)—Miss Hayes—Signora Catarina Hayes—a Limerick lady."

Reading from time to time of the triumphs of Catherine Hayes, in the newest regions of the New World—in the beautiful and opulent cities of the Pacific, and among the sumptuous marts and palaces of India—those words of O'Brien never failed to strike us. He, himself, must feel happy, that, at a time when she was little known, he spoke so proudly of her. On the eve of her leaving Melbourne, she presented nearly $3,000 to the Melbourne Hospital. The Managing Committee of the Hospital acknowledging the queenly donation, expressed their gratitude in these words:—

"With a view of perpetuating the remembrance of your gift, we have placed to the credit of the fund now forming for the completion of the Hospital Building by the erection of a right wing, in which a ward to be called the Catherine Hayes Ward, will be especially devoted to the use of persons suffering from pulmonary disease. We fervently pray for your health and happiness, and that you may reach your native land in peace and plenty."

John Rea, the Belfast Attorney, is roaring as strenuously a ever. His last roar has been let off at the Petty Sessions of Moira. Several parties were charged with violently assaulting he Rev. Father McKay, of Magherlin, on the 15th of July last. Ray defended the rioters—or rather, he confessed their guilt, and having pronounced a glowing eulogium on Father McKay, effected a compromise between the defendants and plaintiff. Father McKay declined to press for punishment. "No conclusion," Mr. Rea observed, "could have been more advantageous to the country." From the *Belfast Mercury* we learn, that the court "then emptied, and the people, after giving three cheers for the priest, quietly separated." John Rea is amassing coins. His professional life, though thickly set with thistles and other rough nuisances, is pretty well supplied with golden grain. In a word, Rea is very industrious and noisy, very eccentric and honest, an impetuous voluble man, with hot brains and red eyes.

Lord Castlerosse has been returned for Kerry. Having been appointed Comptroller of the Queen's Household, he had to vacate his seat, and go through the ceremony of a fresh nomination in the Court-house of Tralee. A Whig parish-priest, the Very Rev. Dean McEnery, proposed the young lord. James O'Connell (Dan's brother) seconded the nomination. On this occasion, he was not James the Less, but James the Great. His speech was a wonderful effort for a man of his sterility of soul. Lord Castlerosse delivered himself of a highly respectable speech. He praised Lord Palmerston to the skies, and congratulated Ireland on having given birth to so splendid a statesman. In conclusion, he said—

When her Majesty was graciously pleased to appoint me to the office I have the honor to hold, I accepted it under the impression that I should fully meet your approbation in so doing.

This sentiment was greeted with long-continued applause. So my Lord Castlerosse goes back to London, to superintend the Queen's pantry and laundry, with a certificate from Father McEnery, and all the independent Repealers of Kerry.

The *Nation*, alluding to the transaction, has the following—

This week a young Catholic nobleman is elected for the county of Kerry. He is an excellent young man, religious, modest, liberal, the son of a father nobler by nature than by name. But what foreigner of any land, where a fine public spirit was cultivated, as essential to the character of a Catholic gentleman, would believe, that it is *especially as the official of Lord Palmerston*, this young noble is accepted and re-elected by an Irish Catholic constituency! Such is the position to which paltering with public faith, and endorsing false oaths, has gradually reduced the moral sense of the Catholics of Ireland.

But whilst the Catholics of Kerry thus (in the eyes of the *Nation*) pocket the insults of Lord Palmerston, and by the return of one of his salaried young sycophants compromise the dignity of their religion, Gallagher, the Ventriloquist, sends £16 to the new church of Ballinasloe. Father John Kirwan, in acknowledging the gift of the zealous Ventriloquist, begs the prayers of Ballinasloe "for his spiritual and temporal welfare." These are the richest crumbs we have been able to pick out of the Dublin sixpenny loaf—the best baked in the city.

IRISH REGIMENTS IN THE BRITISH SERVICE.

The 87th Regiment.

It is not generally known that this regiment owes its origin to a wager between the Prince Regent and the lateDuchess of Gordon in September, 1793, as to whether an Irish or a Scotch regiment could be sooner embodied, the regiment whose establishment should be first completed, to have the seniority in the army. Letters of Service were accordingly issued to Major John Doyle and the Duke of Gordon, authorising each to raise a regiment of his own countrymen, and the result was in favor of the Irish corps, which was actually in service against the enemy in Flanders in a week after the Gordon Highlanders (now the 92d Regiment) was embodied at Aberdeen. In point of fact, the Royal Irish Fusileers ought to be the 81st Regiment, as it was embodied prior to the embodiment of the regiment now numbered the "Eighty-first." It is, however, now too late to remedy this error as to the seniority of the two corps. The 87th Regiment was raised in September, 1793, by the late General Sir John Doyle, Baronet, a Kilkenny man, who died Colonel of the regiment, August 8, 1834, in London. The first man who joined the regiment was also a Kilkenny man, named Wm. Croker O'Grady, who was apprenticed to a tradesman in College-Green, Dublin, at whose house Sir John Doyle was lodging, while endeavoring to procure recruits for this regiment, which was to consist of

eight companies of light infantry, and two troops of cavalry, being destined for the West Indies, where all the native regiments were then similarly constituted. Mr. O'Grady died at Woodbridge, Suffolk, April 27, 1855, a Quartermaster on retired full pay of the 12th Regiment. Two of his brothers held commissions in the 87th Regiment, and died of wounds received in the Peninsular war. The 87th proceeded to the West Indies in October, 1796, and was stationed in all the unhealthy islands, viz., Trinidad, St. Christopher's, St. Lucia, Martinique, Dominica, Curacoa, with a stay of only four months at Barbadoes. The Regiment embarked at St. Christopher's for England in July 1804, having lost, from the West Indian climate, several officers and seven hundred and ninety men in eight years! It returned to England in July 1804, and proceeded in September 1806 to South America, and suffered severely during the war in that country; it embarked in August 1807 for the Cape of Good Hope, and was sent thence in October 1810 to the capture of Mauritius, where it remained until June 1815, when it embarked for Calcutta, and served in India until February 1827, having been engaged in the first Burmese war, and several other affairs against the Mahrattas. The regiment sailed for England in February 1827, and was sent to Ireland in September 1830. It proceeded to Newry, where it only remained two months, in consequence of some of the men having refused to proceed to chapel unless the band should precede the regiment. In consequence of this disturbance the regiment was sent to Plymouth, and was placed under orders for the West Indies, whither, however, it was not sent, but embarked in March 1831 for the Mauritius for twelve years, and landed in England in September 1843. The regiment was not allowed to land in Ireland during its last tour of home service, and embarked for Calcutta in April 1849, having thus served in its native country only two months since the corps was embodied sixty-three years since; and having served exclusively on the worst foreign stations, with the exception of the time passed at the Mauritius, which colony, though not generally unhealthy, suffers equally with India from tropical heat and fever. The late Second Battalion of the 87th Regiment was highly distinguished during the Peninsular war; it was embodied in December, 1804, and served in Ireland from March 1805, to October 1806; proceeded in February 1809, to Portugal, and did not return home until July 1814, when it landed at the Cove of Cork. It was, of course, not allowed to remain in Ireland, and embarked on the 23d of August following for Portsmouth, where it did not arrive until the 14th of September, owing to the miserable transports employed for its removal to England, where it was disbanded in February 1817, having served but twenty-one months in its native country.

From the Dublin Evening Mail.

THE IRISH MILITIA AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

We beg leave to assure Lord Panmure that there is not much truth in the statement which he made in the House of Lords that "such of the Irish militia as had returned home were perfectly content with the terms they had received." The noble Lord is not personally answerable for this extraordinary assertion, inasmuch as he quotes the chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant as his authority; but the fact is a false fact. The Irish militia are perfectly discontented with the treatment they have received, and they have a right to be so; for they have been used most scurvily and unjustly. As to the acknowledgement by the noble Secretary for War of the "admirable behavior" of that ill-used force, small thanks are due to him or to his colleagues for that. They did their best to goad the Irish militia to acts of mutiny and violence, and if they succeeded in one instance, to them be ascribed their due shares of the censures and disgraces. The militia of Ireland, from the highest in command to the private soldier, repudiate the fulsome and interested eulogies of Lord Panmure. They value not his approbation, nor would deprecate any ill word he might find in his nature to bestow upon them. But they well appreciate the testimony borne to their character and conduct by the Earl of Ellenborough, who in the same debate, declared that "the Irish militia was, without doubt, incomparably the most valuable militia force which we had;" and verified that favorable testimony by undeniable proofs. "It appeared," said the noble Earl, "that while the desertions from the English militia were 23 1-2 per cent., and from the Scotch 20 per cent., those from the Irish militia were only 5 per cent.; and it appears also that the enlistment to the regular army from the English militia was 7 1-2 per cent., from the Scotch militia 14 1-2, and from the Irish militia 21 per cent." This, indeed, is praise acceptable not only to our militia, but such as our country generally may receive, as a tribute to the military character and services of her sons. The proportion in which volunteering took place out of the militia into the fighting regiments of the Crimea gives the trust and true measure of the relative obligations of the State to the several parts of the United Kingdom. By that calculation Ireland appears to have stood by the Queen in her hour of need with thrice the ardor and fidelity manifested by Great Britain. The fact is proved both negatively and positively; first in the trusty adherence of our men to their colors after joining the service, and then in their superior alacrity to go out and meet the foe. Lord Panmure and his colleagues will not deny this, because they cannot; but *virtus laudator et alget.* Not the slightest distinctive mark of approbation has been offered to her Majesty's Irish troops from the first day that Lord Raglan assumed the command in the East to the present moment. A virtual acknowledgement, indeed, was made of Irish prowess by ministers soliciting, and almost supplicating, our constabulary force to join the Guards. Their refusal, indeed, to merge their national name in that favored organization, is probably among the causes why the services of their countrymen have been so invidiously, if not resentfully, slighted. Not a single regimental distinction has been bestowed upon any Irish corps that served so gallantly in that struggle. We have seen the guards *feted* and glorified till they seemed to believe that they had stood alone on the heights of the Alma, and single-handed driven back the Russian columns across the Inkermann. We have seen the the Highland Brigade lauded according to its merits, not above them certainly, but with a liberal and fair appreciation. We have seen a third battalion added, *honoris causa,* to the Saxon files of the Rifle Brigade; but although the Irish soldiery are proved to have pressed forward voluntarily into the "imminent deadly breach," with three-fold impetuosity; although they have refused, in the same proportion, to flinch from their colors at home; although, in the field, their names and their peculiar method of attack soon made them conspicuous, and gave them a high place in the estimation of the enemy, their name—as Irishmen—has never once been mentioned by Queen, Lords or Commons. It is tabooed in General Orders. No second battalion has been given to the Royal Irish, who were the first and only corps that entered Sebastopol, whilst the Russian garrison had possession of it; nor to the Connaught Rangers, who during the whole of those fierce encounters, from the Alma to the Redan, were never once missing from the foremost post of danger, nor found wanting there. Even the petty honors of the Light Infantry Regiment are denied to any corps. We must sink all our associations of race and soil in the generic title of Britons; at the same time that we have distinctive privileges and decorations showered upon those who can rightly claim that name, whether North or South.

Irish News.

From the *Cork Reporter* we learn that a meeting is to be held in Clonakilty, for the purpose of renewing the war against the Church Establishment—its temporalities, not its religion. We hail, says the *Reporter,* any authoritative expression of public opinion on the question with interest and satisfaction. We are also glad to see the matter taken up by any locality, in the hope of its example being followed; for it is scarcely possible that real good can be effected in Parliament so long as Ireland retains its aspect of indifference and exhibits an appearance of utter apathy. Most Protestants in England and many in Ireland are of opinion that Maynooth should be disendowed. If this be their opinion, and such it clearly is, they ought not be surprised if Irish Catholics are even more strongly of opinion that the Church Establishment should no longer rest on their backs. Irish Catholics, though much less able to bear burdens than their more fortunately circumstanced Protestant countrymen, are willing to support their own church; and they hold the opinion that true religion is served, not injured, by its ministers depending upon the attachment and liberality of their flocks for their support.

Writing about the Killaloe Regatta, the *Limerick Observer* says:—The bill of fare for the occasion promises a rich treat of pleasure and amusement to all those who may seek relaxation from business for two days; and Mr. Jeremiah M'Carthy has placed the "*Non-Such*" at the service of the public. The *Observer* trusts that her services will be largely availed of, particularly by those who have never yet visited ancient and venerable Killaloe.

The *Galway Vindicator* informs us that Mr. Smith O'Brien drove through Galway, a few days ago, in the carriage of Mr. Barton, of Salthill, in company with that gentleman. Though exhibiting the appearance of physical suffering, the *Vindicator* is glad to perceive that he still retains vigor and energy. He was warmly greeted by old friends.

A very gratifying and very deserved compliment has been paid to the Rev. Edward M'Bride, by his friends of Londonderry, on the occasion of his departure from that town to assume the pastoral care of the parish of Urney. It consisted in the presentation of a testimonial of the respect and love which the Catholics of Derry entertain for this estimable clergyman.

The fee simple Carolstown Estate, County Meath, containing 569 statute acres of arable meadow and pasture, has been put for sale at Messrs. Littledale's auction rooms, 9 Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin. Mr. Patrick Sherlock became the owner for £10,250. The estate lies in a ring fence, within two miles of Trim, and was recently valued at £455 per annum.

At the examinations held last month, in the Queen's College, Belfast, Mr. John Heath, son of Mr. William Heath, Arklow, obtained first place in Natural History and a reward of twenty-five shillings worth of books. Mr. Heath matriculated in October last from the University Civil and Military Institution, 26 Kildare street, Dublin, having been prepared in his matriculative examination by the principal, William Stapleton, T.C.D.

From the *Cork Examiner* we give the following dialogue and scene:—Constable Edwards brought up two parties named Rd. Collins and Eliza Maher, the latter a good-looking young woman, on a charge of elopement and suspected robbery.

The Constable stated he had arrested the prisoners as they were about taking their departure in the Bristol boat, on suspicion of being concerned in a robbery which took place in the County Tipperary. On inquiry, he found that the female prisoner had changed a £20 Bank of Ireland note, No. 3,144, J. N., at the establishment of Messrs. Arnott & Co. In answer to his inquiries she stated that she had been given the money by Mrs. Molowney, of Killenaule, in whose service she had been. The male prisoner stated that he was a laborer, and requested the bench to allow them to marry, for he desired to do what was fair. He declared he would wed her "with an inch of a candle." She was not a servant as she stated, but a dress-maker, and obtained the £20 by her needle.

Captain Pollock—You should not have run away.

Collins, to Mr. Besnard—Well, your worship, as you are a clergyman, I hope you will marry us (loud laghter).

Mr. Besnard—It is not the first time I was taken for a clergyman (renewed laghter).

Constable Edwards remarked that the prisoners' clothes were in the same bundle; they seemed to be together in everything.

Collins—Certainly, sir, herself and myself will be together, whatever way the play goes (loud laughter).

The bench ordered the prisoners to be remanded.

Collins inquired how they were to be situated for the night?

Constable Edwards—Together.

Collins—Together, sir, very good (great laughter).

Female Prisoner (bashfully)—Go away.

The prisoners were removed.

Mr. Robert Molesworth, who for some time practised at the Irish Bar previous to emigrating to Australia, has, after several years' successful practice at the Australian Bar, been recently appointed to a puisne judgeship in that colony.

The *Northern Whig* derives much gratification from observing that the magnificent and powerful screw steam-ship *Khersonese,* of 2,300 tons, launched at Belfast in October last, by Messrs. Hickson & Co, has been placed on the line between Liverpool, St. John's, Newfoundland, Halifax and Portland.

Several children from Catherine's Court, Waterford, have been out in the fields lately, and whilst there ate heartily of laurel berries, which they found in great profusion. They came home and soon after commenced vomiting. Dr. Ardagh was sent for, who promptly administered emetics. The children recovered.

The members of the Royal Dublin Society, desirous of paying the last tribute of respect to their late venerable Vice-President, Mr. J. Weld, attended his remains to their last resting-place in Mount Jerome Cemetery. The Cemetery company, unsolicited, allotted for this purpose a portion of the ground reserved for eminent men.

The Hon. Baron Pennefather is at present sojourning at his residence, Knockevan, near Clonmel. The venerable judge is in the enjoyment of excellent health, and daily receives numbers of the gentry who have waited upon him to welcome him again to Tipperary.

Rev. W. Bourke gratefully acknowledges the receipt of £100 per Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, from Mrs. R. Higgins, of Mulgrave street, Limerick, her donation towards the erection of the New Cathedral of St. John's; also, £5 from Matthew Flatherty, Esq., Donameen Castle.

The story runs that, to impress the Limerick lieges with the importance of Viceroyalty, General Sir James Chatterton sent orders to the artillerymen of all the forts within Shannon shot, to salute the steamer carrying his Excellency and suite on the happy day when Scattery beheld him circumnavigating her monastic shores. The order was executed with admired effect, especially at Tarbert. Gunpowder was consumed in considerable quantities. The expenditure figured in the monthly return from the Shannon Forts, and the deficit was expected to go freely into the great imperial ledger as a cheap attestation of the Vice-regal popularity. A little to the surprise of the "returning officer" of gunpowder and other stores, a despatch was received by the aforesaid officer, asking by whose authority the expenditure was caused, and requiring an answer, as per margin, by return of post. The answer was inevitable—by the authority of General Sir James Chatterton. What was the astonishment, however, of the returning officer, when as reported, another official document arrived, informing him that General Sir James had no authority to order salvoes for the Earl of Carlisle from the Shannon Forts, and advising that a bill for seven pounds sterling British money, not pounds weight of gunpowder, should be sent in to the General, with a request for payment in British current coin.

Dr. Murphy, coroner, has held an inquest at Boherbuoy, on the body of William Foynes, late sergeant in the Royal County Limerick Militia. The widow, who is the mother of three young children, was examined. She stated that her husband was originally a railway policeman, stationed at Clonmel; that he had enlisted in the 60th Rifles, after serving five years in which his mother bought him out for £20. He then joined the militia, in which he was made a sergeant at once, from his capacity for drilling the men, and he expected some higher promotion for his services in that way. He was very sober and temperate. On his discharge he complained several times of his disappointment in not being retained on the permanent staff. Of a sudden he took a fit, and in about five minutes expired in her arms. Witness believes he died of a broken heart, from not knowing where to get employment. Dr. Enright, assistant surgeon Limerick County Militia, stated that he knew the deceased, whom he considered a well conducted and temperate man. His death was caused by rupture of one or more of the blood vessels of the head, which produced apoplexy.

A military ball has taken place in the Kilkenny Athenæum, Kilkenny. It went off very brilliantly and pleasantly. Among the local gentry present were the following:—A. Kavanagh, Esq., High Sheriff, and Mrs. Kavanagh; George Bryan, Esq., Jenkinstown; the Hon. Miss French and Mrs. Bull, county Louth; T. Bookey, Esq.; Captain Langrishe and the Misses Langrishe; Captain Stephenson, 47th Regiment, and the Misses Stevenson; S. Lane, Esq., K. F., and the Misses Lane; H. Nixon, Esq., K. F., and the Misses Nixon; E. Warren, Esq., Lodge Park; Lieutenant-Colonel Weymss, K. F., and Lady E. Weymss; Lieutenant-General Eden, Mrs. Eden, and Captain Eden, A.D.C.; Lieutenant-Colonel Irwin, A.Q.M.G., and Mrs. Irwin; Major Nasmyth, A.A.G.; Colonel Irving, R.A., and Mrs. Irving; Captain Young, R.A.; Hon. Mr. Hare, R.A.; Z. Johnson, Esq., M.D., and Mrs. Johnson; the Misses McKean; the officers of the 76th Regiment, and *some* of the Kilkenny Fusileers; Captain and the Misses Helsham, and Miss Burton.

A meeting of the Fishery Conservators of the Lower Shannon has been recently held in the County Grand Jury Room, Limerick, Captain Vandeleur in the Chair. It was resolved that the Board should entertain no question with respect to the extension of close time on the Cashen river, until they had before them the evidence taken by the Commissioners of Fisheries at Listowel. On the motion of Major Dunne, seconded by Mr. Molony, it was agreed that proceedings by indictment should in future be instituted against owners of fixed engines against whom two convictions might be had for breaches of the weekly close time. A variety of matters in connexion with the fishery were discussed with great warmth.

A letter has been received by the Mayor of Clonmel, in which it is stated that the highest military authority in England has expressed himself favorable to the project of making Clonmel a military district. The Mayor of Clonmel, the Earl of Donoughmore, Mr. Bianconi, Mr. Bigwell, Mr. Stephen Moore and other gentlemen of influence are now making great efforts to induce the government to make that town a military district. The Duke of Cambridge has written to the Mayor, stating that the memorial on the subject which has been forwarded from the Corporation will be favorably taken into consideration by the military authorities. Lord Panmure, also by letter, has expressed himself in terms nearly similar to those of the Duke of Cambridge, and, on the whole, the inhabitants of Clonmel are full of hopes that their expectations on the matter will not be disappointed.

The indefatigable superintendent of the Waterford and Limerick line, Mr. W. L. Payne, has organized an excursion to London, *via* Waterford, Milford, and the Great Western Railway, in order to enable the residents of the south of Ireland to see, at a cheap rate, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. Limerick to London and back again, with an interval of three weeks to look about and enjoy oneself, for 35s., is certainly something new and astonishing in the way of cheapness.

Mentioning the death of Isaac Wild, the *Dvblin Evening Packet* reminds us that the lamented deceased, through a long life, had been identified with the progress of scientific investigation and the useful arts in his native country. As Honorary Secretary of the Royal Dublin Society, and as its Vice-President, his constant labor and generous efforts for above half a century were highly appreciated in Ireland and known favorably abroad. Mr. Weld was a gentleman of considerable literary taste, and his views of political constitutions, as embodied in a work published by him many years since, attracted considerable attention.

Mr. Harris, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, has made arrangements for a series of Italian operas, to commence on the 15th of this month, and the artists engaged for them comprise Grisi and Mario, M'dlle Sedlatzek, Mesdames Loreni, Armadei, and Gassier; Herr Formes, M. Gassier, Signori Sulvianni, Loreni, Albicini, Gregorio, and Fortini. The *repertoire* will include "Norma," "Lucrezia Borgia," "Il Trovatore," "La Somnambula," "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," "Don Pasquale," and "La Favorita."

We ascertain from the Limerick papers that a good deal of dissatisfaction is arising amongst the Roman Catholic soldiers in Limerick, in consequence of the discovery that no portion of the new cemetery in the Island is to be consecrated by the Roman Catholic Prelate, for the burial of soldiers belonging to the Catholic faith.

An order was recently given to Mr. Kelly, undertaker, of Blarney lane, Cork, to make a coffin for a young woman named Eliza O'Brien, the daughter of a carpenter residing in Clarence street. The coffin having been made by Mr. Kelly, was sent to the house of Mr. O'Brien, but the man who conveyed it there was directed to take it back, that there was no necessity as yet for it, the young woman for whom it was intended having returned to life. On inquiry he was informed that the young woman, who had been in a bad state of health for some time, became that morning very unwell, and after suffering intensely for a short period apparently expired. After a few hours she exhibited symptoms of returning life. The man brought back the coffin and the young woman rapidly improved.

A collision has taken place on the Belfast Junction line of railway between a down goods train and a ballast engine and wagon which were working on the line at Wellington Inn, about five miles from Newry. The concussion was severe. One man lost his life and three others were seriously injured. The four persons injured by the collision were paid every attention by the officials of the company until medical aid arrived.

A correspondent of the *Wexford Independent* writes to say that, two or three weeks since, the Rev. Richard Boyse, who resides at Bannow House, county Wexford, proceeded to the townland of Cullinstown, accompanied by Mr. Dillon, his agent, and William Sparrow, Esq., who resides on the property. After taking legal possession from all the tenants, the reverend gentleman desired them to re-enter their homes again on the same terms as before and same privileges.

Saunders states that the superintendent's office of the Drogheda station of the Dublin and Belfast Junction Railway has been lately entered and above £200 in half notes, the property of the superintendent, G. S. Mears, Esq., together with a sum of money, the property of the company, abstracted from the desk. The burglars are unknown.

The sailing of the mail packets from Holyhead and Kingstown respectively are proposed to be as follows, under the new contract, which requires the mails to be conveyed within eleven hours between Euston-square and Westland-row: Irish time—Leaves Euston-square at 7.10 A.M.; due at Kingstown at 5.55 P.M. Leaves Euston-square at 8 5 P.M.; due at Kingstown at 6-50 A.M. Leaves Westland-row at 7 A.M. and 7 P.M.

We learn from the Cork papers there has been a continuance of heat seldom equalled in that city. On one day in July 1853, the thermometer stood at 80 degs., but the temperature did not continue at a high point for the same length of time it has done within the past few weeks in Cork.

It is said that another member of the money-ocracy is to be added to the House of Lords, in the person of Mr. William Browne, the great Liverpool merchant, and Member for Lancashire. He is reputed to be worth three millions, and is ambitious of being called Lord Liverpool. Mr. Browne is an Irishman.

A professional named Stephen Lovett, late comic singer and manager of J. Byrne's Music Saloon, Chapel-street, Dublin, was accidently drowned whilst fishing from a boat at the Pigeon House. The deceased missed his footing and fell into the river.

We learn from the *Banner of Ulster* that the heat in that town has been most oppressive, the thermometer indicating 76 and 78 degs. in the shade. For many years, heat so intense and so long continued has not been experienced in Belfast or its neighborhood.

A robbery has been discovered at the house of R. T Carew, Esq., J. P., Ballinamona, county Waterford. Mr. Carew's butler was taken into custody by Sergeant Rooney, of the city police, and lodged in jail on suspicion. The property stolen is said to be worth £400, between ready money and jewelry; not yet found.

There are twelve Protestant Bishops in Ireland, whose nett revenues amount to £65,437 1s. 6d.; the Ecclesiastical Commissioners receive annually somewhat about £130,000, and the entire amount of the Church revenue in Ireland, is over three millions sterling a year.

The City of Cork Conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul have made a collection to transmit to their brethren in France, as a token of their remembrance of the liberality of the French Conference during the famine years.

The *Evening Post* has much pleasure in announcing that the Marquis of Londonderry is to be the new Knight of the Order of St. Patrick, and will have the stall vacated by the death of the late Earl of Listowell.

The friends and supporters of the *Tipperary Leader*, are informed that this independent journal will be published in a few days, in Clonmel, on the same principles which won for it heretofore such support in the county of Tipperary.

The valuable messplate of the Clare militia has been preserved, through the disinterestedness of Col. Vandeleur, who, since the embodiment of the regiment, has presented all his pay to the mess fund.

A telegraphic despatch from Londonderry announces that the steamship *William M'Cormick*, Capt. Watt, ran ashore in a dense fog to the westward of Innishowen Head, where she remains. The passengers were all safely landed.

The collection for the New Cathedral of St. John, Limerick, reached the munificent amount of £275. The Very Rev. Mr. Fitzgibbon entertained Dr. Ryan and a large party of clergy and laymen in the evening, at his residence, Kilfinuane.

James O'Brien, Esq., of Ballynalacken Lodge, and of Elmvale, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Clare.

The Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Catholic Bishop of Kerry, has held a Confirmation in Killorglin. Over 300 children and adults received the sacrament at his hands.

The parishioners of Howth, Baldoyle, and Kinsealy, have subscribed the sum of £16 6s. to the Fund for the Relief of the French who have suffered by the late inundations.

At the Galway races *Fidget* won the Galway stakes; Mr. J. Dennis's ch m *Albatross* won a handicap sweepsteaks of 3 sovs. each, 40 added. *Fidget* also won the Ladies' Purse.

The *Carlow Post* also writes glowingly on the subject. From every quarter it has the most flattering accounts of the crops, and not a single complaint as regards the potato crop.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says that Mr. Waldron is positively to start for the representation of the county Tipperary, and will address the electors at a fit and proper time.

Mr. Piercy, late editor of the *Carlow Post*, has been promoted to the editorship of the *Telegraph*.

The *Ulsterman* has the following: In a case tried recently at the Lurgan Petty Sessions, very remarkable proof was given of the evil effects of undue clemency to public offenders. A number of Orangemen were sent to the last assizes at Armagh, for trial on charge of being concerned in an illegal procession, with drums and fifes, and party flags and emblems. The district from which they were sent had been for some time notoriously disturbed. The crown made light of the affair. The Judge merely bound the offenders over to appear, if again called up, on their own recognisances. When the prisoners were discharged, did they return home peacefully? No, but exultingly. They had an arch of orange lilies erected near the house of a Catholic who had exerted himself conspicuously in putting down these disturbances—they marched past his dwelling in triumph—and made every possible demonstration calculated to show that they had gained a victory over the law. For a long time, the *Ulsterman* adds, the Orange processionists—the very scum of the population, as Mr. Miller, the stipendiary magistrate, confesses—have kept the neighborhood of Lurgan in a very disturbed state, committing incessant outrages on honest unoffending men—outrages on both persons and property. At last a number of delinquents are brought before the magistrates for their offence, and sent off to the assizes. There the utmost indulgence is shown to their misconduct, and they are discharged with a few meaningless words of warning by a Catholic Judge.

We learn from the *Leinster Express* that Mr. James Frederick Martley, called to the Irish bar in 1847, eldest son of the late John Martley, Esq., Q. C., has sailed from Kingstown for Australia, at which bar the learned gentleman intends to practice. The barristers on the home circuit, of which Mr. J. F. Martley was a member, presented him with a handsome piece of plate, accompanied with an address expressive of their regret and hopes. Distinguished in our university, adds the *Express*, and having an intimate acquaintance with modern languages and literature, he applied himself diligently to the attainment of an exact knowledge of the various branches of his profession, and bade fair, had he remained in Ireland, to emulate the forensic success of his eminent father, and of his uncles, the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne and Henry Martley, Esq., Q. C.

The *Clare Journal* says, that since its notice of the discovery of the new sulphur spring at Doora it has became an object of considerable curiosity. Many of the recent visitors of Lisdoonvarna affirm that it is as strong, and possesses all the principal properties of the spring of that famous locality. The water will shortly be submitted to analyzation, and its distinctive properties be made known. The well is now arched in, and care taken to prevent the contact of foreign substances. The situation of the well is on the side of the *borheen* cut from Doorha chapel across the bog, and was discovered by the strong smell which emanated from it on cutting a trench by the side of the road.

We are happy to see, says the *Cork Examiner*, that Mr. Richard Wall, eldest son of Dr. Wall, obtained one of the writerships at the examinations lately held in the King's College, London, for the Civil Service in the East India Company. Mr. Wall was a distinguished student of the Queen's College, Cork, and a gold medalist of the Queen's University, and, from the promise he has already shown, will be one likely to reflect credit on the college of which he is an *eleve*.

The South Cork Light Infantry has been disembodied. On the occasion they were addressed by Colonel Bernard. The men receive fourteen days' pay, in addition to ten shillings bounty. They also receive one penny travelling expenses, and are allowed to keep their fatigue clothes. The permanent staff, which is to be stationed in Bandon, consists of a captain and adjutant, clerk, quartermaster, sergeant-major, twenty sergeants, and ten drummers. It was the intention of the officers of the South Cork to give a farewell ball before leaving barracks.

A gentleman residing at Pontoon Bridge, county Mayo, while crossing Lough Cullen, a few days ago, observed a large fish swimming so near the surface that the greater part of the back and head were plainly discoverable. Having fired at it with a musket ball, he succeeded in killing what proved to be a monster pike in the act of gorging a salmon which weighed six pounds and a half. The pike was four feet two inches in length, twenty-six inches in circumference, and forty-three pounds in weight.

A number of trout and other fresh water fish were found dead in the River Barrow, between Mountmelick and Portarlington, three weeks since. In the shallows and near the banks of the river from Garryhinch to Lansdown it is said upwards of 1,000 have been picked up. The cause of such wholesale destruction is attributed to some deleterious fluid being emptied into the river. Some country people who ate of them, were sick for some days. The police have been collecting and burying the fish in barrow-fulls in order to prevent them being used as food.

A laborer named Williams, has been drowned in the Nenagh river. He was a good swimmer, and was amusing himself with diving for money, when it is thought his head must have struck against the bottom and stunned him. Sub-constable Fleming made an effort to save his life, but all to no purpose.

William Lyster, Esq., has succeeded in getting a Post-office established at Clomanto, County Kilkenny. This will be a very great convenience to the gentlemen and farmers of the district, who previously had to send to Freshford for their letters.

A match has been lately played between the Phœnix and Carlow Clubs in the Phœnix Park, Dublin. It resulted in a tie, in consequence of two of the Phœnix men being absent.

The Staff of the North Tipperary Militia will be stationed at Clogheen, and the old Market-house is at present being fitted up for their reception.

The squadron of the 17th Lancers, stationed at Clonmel, will shortly move to Dublin, where the regiment will be stationed.

The arms and ammunition belonging to the Tipperary Artillery, now disembodied, were on Friday removed to Caher, where the staff of the regiment is at present stationed.

Mr. Dargan has promised that the extension of the Foynes Railway, from Rathkeale to Askeaton, will be completed in three months.

Orders have been received to furnish accommodation for about 400 of the Royal Artillery, appointed to garrison Clonmel.

The Rev. P. Welden has been appointed to the Impropriate Cure of Tintern, in this Diocese, by John T. Rossbrough Colclough, Esq., the Patron.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of Mr. J. R. Smith, jun., Consul at Londonderry for the United States of America.

The *Banner of Ulster* regrets that another murder has been committed in the neighborhood of Saintfield. The perpetrator is a man named David McDowell, who resides near Broadmills, and the victim his own wife. The unhappy conple lived in a condition of almost constant dissension, and during one of their quarrels about some domestic affair on Tuesday last, the husband, it is said, struck his wife with his fist on the back of the head. She fell against a pier and died in ten minutes afterwards.

In addition to those mentioned last week, his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam has made the following changes among the clergy of his diocese:—Rev. Joseph Judge, R. C. C., from Ballinakill to Athenry; Rev. P. Sherridan, R. C. C., from Menlagh to Roundstone; Rev. Geoffrey Bourke, R. C. C., from Aughagower to Menlagh; Rev. James Geraghty, R. C. C., from Westport to Aughagower; Rev. E. Gibbons, R. C. C., from Clifden to Westport; the Rev. P. Flatley, R. C. C., to Clifden. His Grace the Archbishop will hold Confimation in Headford on Monday next.

We learn from the *Court Circular* that Lords Fermoy and Talbot de Malahide will be created peers of the United Kingdom—the former by his present title, the legality of which has been denied by the House of Lords, and the latter by that of Tyrconnell, which has been extinct for nearly two centuries. The last Lord Tyrconnell was the celebrated "Dick Talbot," so mercilessly abused by Macaulay, who was created an earl by James II. and was viceroy of Ireland at the revolution.

By a recently issued order, any member of the Irish Constabulary who married within the last two years into any family in the county in which he is stationed, must either resign or submit to be transferred to another county. Those members of the force who were married previous to the last two years, and having relatives belonging to their wives in or near the district in which they are stationed, are to be removed to some distant point of the county, so that they may be beyond the range of the influences of affinity.

Thomas Dwyer, a native of Nenagh, in making up hay in Mr. Dillon's stack-yard, at Tyrone, met with a serious accident. He happened to be at the foot of the hayrick, and one of those on the top, happening to let his fork slip down, one of the prongs struck him on the head, which it penetrated so deeply as to cause a severe fracture of the skull. Dwyer was removed to his own home, where he lies in a very painful state.

The Kerry papers intimate that lovers of amusement will find in the intended sports to come off at Killarney this month, a programme such as it is not often their good fortune to witness. After the races, a stag-hunt will take place; one of those events which occur now so rarely, even in Killarney. A boat-race on the lakes will afford an agreeable interlude to the other amusements, and a ball will crown the interest of the fair visitors in the events.

The *Wexford People* says, that the finishing stroke has been given to the new parochial churches of Wexford. The cross has been erected on the Church of the Assumption on Thursday, and on that of the Conception the day following. The top of each cross stands 221 feet from the ground. The windows shall be all in before the end of the summer.

Mr. John Thornton, auctioneer, has received instructions from the official manager *in re* the affairs of the Tipperary Bank, to proceed to Clonacody and take charge, until further orders, of all the furniture belonging to Mr. James Sadleir that still remains there. It is expected it will be brought to the hammer within a few days, and the proceeds appropriated to the benefit of the estate. This news we receive from the *Clonmel Chronicle*.

Limerick supplies the London market with salmon. The fish leaving Limerick at 4 o'clock in the evening by rail for Waterford reach London, via Milford, for the fish market early next morning. One London house, in the fish trade, paid this season two or three exporters in Limerick upwards of £13,000, for salmon alone. On the whole, the trade in this way is enormous, and the supply appears to be inexhaustible.

The Catholic clergy of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin intend to present the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe with a brougham, set of silver-mounted harness, and a horse to suit, as his lordship's accession to the prelacy found him, says the *Leinster Express*, like the disciples of his Divine Master, "without either silver or gold."

The Annual Bazaar in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul society of Waterford has taken place. The Town-hall was numerously and fashionably attended. The several pieces of fancy-work displayed reflected the highest credit to the fair ladies who contributed them.

We are informed by the *Sligo Journal* that several tons of salmon are prepared weekly at the Messrs. Powell's factory in that town. To meet the increased demand several mechanics and laborers have been added to the staff of the establishment.

The summers of 1812, 1814, 1826, and 1856, are the hottest remembered in Ireland by the oldest inhabitant. It was exceedingly hot in 1826. It is said that the present summer is still hotter.

Rev. Michael Meagher, P.P., Dunkerrin, received up to the 20th August proposals for finishing the belfry of the Catholic Church, Dunkerrin, requiring about twelve feet, and for erecting on it a spire of about thirty-four feet.

Sir John Power, Bart., and family, have returned to Kilfane House, Co. Kilkenny, from France, where they had been sojourning for some time.

The local staff of Watchmen have paraded Clonmel for the last time. They are superseded by the police who will patrol the town at stated intervals.

The Commission of the Peace has been conferred, by the Lord Chancellor, on John McDonnell, Esq., T. C., of Fairy Lawn, near Limerick.

The Tyrone *Constitution* states there is unmistakeable evidence of the potato blight in many fields near Omagh.

Charles Arthur Walker, Esq., of Tykillen House, has been appointed vice-lieutenant of the county Wexford.

Messrs. A. Guinness, Son & Co., have subscribed £1 in aid of the funds of the Athy Regatta.

Mr. Chartres B. Molony has been elected chairman of the Ennis Town Commissioners for the ensuing year.

Patrick Fitzgerald, a farmer of Ballycorick, county Clare, dropped dead in a field near Cooper Hill, three weeks ago.

Mr. Quinn and Mr. Fielding were the winners the first day of the Tramore races, Co. Waterford.

Mrs. Smith O'Brien and family left Limerick for Cahermoyle, the 7th inst.

Answers to Correspondents.

W. A. M. writes us a very cordial letter, and "respectfully requests" us, now that our Personal Recollections of the Galway election is at end, to publish—in the exact words of "W. A. M."—"Mr. Thomas F. Meagher's speech on the day of his conviction in Ireland, also Mr. John Mitchel's and Mr. Wm. S. O'Brien's." He thinks it would be "cheering to the heart of our afflicted countrymen," &c. &c. We thank W. A. M. for his many compliments, but must refuse to comply with his request, for several reasons, not the least important of which is, that all the speeches alluded to have been recently published in John Savage's "'98 and 48."

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1856.

PUBLIC SALARIES.

Some few of the newspapers have lately expressed dissatisfaction at the recent legislative enactment which raised the pay of members of Congress to $3000 per annum, with the usual allowance for mileage. Discontent has been declared also, in some quarters, at the Bill from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, whereby our Diplomatic and Consular systems are to be regulated, with a somewhat increased scale of remuneration to the officials employed. The objectors, who are in a great minority, probably consist of persons who (for themselves) are not very particular in the articles of dress, food, or lodging.

To men of this class, almost any payment above what would provide the mere necessaries of life, appears extravagant. Such persons, seeing Mr. Dallas and Mr. Mason now set down for $17,500 as Ambassadors to London and Paris, are willing to fill either post for a trifle, and rather than not get the appointment, would accept even $1000 a year. How the work would be done, at the low price, is another thing; nor is it difficult to guess that the low remuneration would probably be made at the expense of national honor and personal probity—for, if compensation were not obtained in one way it would in another.

The writers against the increased pay to members of Congress (which is still very much too low) appeal to "precedent," and declare that, even in England, no member of either House of Parliament receives any payment, simply in his capacity as a legislator. Such is the fact. But what is the result? Independent of what is called the property qualification (which provides that a man must have $3000 a year private property to represent a county, and $1500 to represent a borough), *the non-payment virtually prevents any of the middle classes from being a member of Parliament.* Not only does the law exclude all but men of property, but the non-payment actually prevents his living in London, where expenses are heavy during the six or eight months of each legislative session. So much has this been felt, that the Chartists have taken as one of their "Five Points" of Reform, the adequate remuneration of Parliament men, which would indeed be only a return to the invariable practice antecedent to the change of system under Cromwell.

In England, the practical effect of non-payment is thus to fill the Lower House with the sons and connections of the nobility and the landed proprietary, instead of, as the very name implies, persons chosen by the *Commons* or mass of the adult population of the country.

In the United States, inadequate payment has rendered many a legislator liable to the charge of obtaining money or money's worth in barter for his advocacy or opposition to a public measure, or a personal interest. The late, and even the new and augmented rate of payment, is not sufficient to defray the mere expenses of living at Washington—whereas it ought also to compensate a man in some measure for the time devoted to the public service, for the loss of income sustained by inevitable relinquishment of the occupation by which, in his own locality, the legislator obtains a provision for himself and family. It is unjust for a State as well as for an individual, to obtain personal service for nothing.

Give inadequate payment to your private servants, and what *must* be the issue, in most cases? The servant will pay himself, in *some* manner. In public life, the parallel holds good. Every now and then a whisper gets abroad that such or such a member of Congress had sterling reasons for this or that vote. For our own part, we wonder that, under the circumstances, such imputations are so rarely made.

England is the best-served country in the world, simply because she gives the most liberal payment to her public men. In many cases she over pays, but even that is better than an unwise economy, which is the dearest in the end. We are by no means enamored of British institutions, but the fact stands boldly out, that England does not lose by liberality. Nor need this country shrink from profiting by the lesson. At present, where high official appointments are not only transitory but so badly paid, that they cannot be held without positive loss to the occupant, none but wealthy persons can afford to hold them. For instance, for many years, the embassy to London has involved an expense so much above the salary, that each occupant has had to draw upon his private fortune. Thus, by an anti-democratic action, all but the rich are virtually excluded from the most honorable and most important offices the State can bestow. We hold to the belief that a poor man with brains, is better qualified for such situations than a rich man without.

To mark the contrast:—under the new bill, our highest payments are $17,500 to the Ambassadors to Great Britain and France; $12,000 to Russia, Spain, Austria, Prussia, Brazil, Mexico, and China; and $10,000 to the ministers sent by the United States to all other countries. There is to be no allowance for outfit, and each minister has to meet the expensive item of house-rent out of this special income.

In England, on the other hand, each Ambassador usually gets a large outfit, is provided with a rent-free first-class residence, and has a liberal allowance for all expenses incurred in obtaining secret information, or facilitating the dispatch of business. Take this as one-fifth to be added to his salary, and the English scale of payment will be—$50,000 to the ambassador to France, $45,000 to Turkey, $36,000 to Russia and Spain, $30,000 to Austria and Prussia, $27,000 to the United States, $25,000 to Sicily, Portugal, and Brazil, and so on, in like proportion, all over the world. Each Ambassador, representing his sovereign, is obliged by his position to expend the whole of his official income, (length of service is provided for by pensions, which *we* can dispense with), and surely the American Ambassador, representing the Sovereignty of his Nation—far greater than the mere item of Royalty—ought to be allowed the means of doing so, without the pecuniary loss, to which, in most cases, his position subjects him.

The difference between our Consular system and that of England, is just as marked. There are a few prizes in this official lottery, and an immense number of blanks. There is the instance of a highly-gifted man, Mr. Mitchel, (Ik Marvel), sent to Venice, as Consul, without any fixed salary, and compelled to return because he actually lost money, as well as time, by his exile. Under the new act, he would have $750 per annum—or a *third* of the salary of the English Consul at the same place. Does any one desire to know why American officials in foreign countries are so often neither considered nor treated with the respect due to the great country which they represent? It is because first-class men cannot be had for sixth-rate prices, and because the economy (rather call it the enforced poverty) of our officials stands out in disagreeable but marked contrast with what the liberality of other governments permits, and even encourages their *employées* to practice. Americans, as individuals, expect their Ambassadors and Consuls to extend the courtesy of hospitality to them—a courtesy generally extended by officials of other nations to their respectable countrymen—but America, as a nation, shabbily withholds the means of doing this. What is worse, this degradation of contracted means, in company with high official standing, is too notorious not to be unpleasantly remarked upon, wherever it exists. Undoubtedly, it weakens the power, by humiliating the position of our representatives in foreign countries. When National economy declines into parsimony, the gain is a loss—as Sheridan's Irishman said, long ago.

It would be easy, following up the difference between the English practice and our own, to show how it is better to err on the side of liberal than parsimonious payment of the national servants. The President, Vice-President, and the seven members of the Cabinet at Washington, receive among them some $89,000, while the Premier, with eight other principal officials, who constitute the British Government, (viz., Lord Chancellor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, four Secretaries of State, and the heads of the India Board and Admiralty), annually receive salaries to the amount of at least $327,500. But, to a great nation, how insignificant is the difference between the large pay in one case, and the comparatively small compensation in the other! Where the population is as large as it is in this country and in England, the small difference between liberal and scanty pay, is not five cents a head on each citizen, while the contrast in the manner in which the work is done shows the "value received" for liberality. In neither country, by the way, can a high official save money out of his salary. The position he holds demands such a large expenditure, that, some years ago, when Lord John Russell was examined before a Parliamentary Committee on Salaries, his evidence concluded with the emphatic declaration that he had never been in debt till he became Prime Minister!

To secure the best men, make it worth their while to devote their integrity, their intelligence, their intellect to the national service. So far from $3000 a year being sufficient for a member of Congress, it is far below the mark—inasmuch as, without a parsimony which no generous spirit could practice, that amount is less than his expenses at Washington. Raise, rather than lower, the standard of remuneration, and you make a great stride towards abolishing the system of "lobbying," which annoys the honest legislator, while it tempts and corrupts him who is weak-minded. Economy, which subjects public men to such influences as these, opens the way to a thousand evils, and may truly be described as "penny-wise and pound foolish."

LETTER FROM JOHN MITCHEL.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Aug. 20, 1856.

MY DEAR MEAGHER—I send you an extract of a letter which I have received from John Martin; you can print it if you think it worth while to trouble the public with any thing more upon a subject so personal. To me it seems quite right to let the world know what extreme care and diligence the British Government condescends to exercise for the purpose of blackening three political enemies. That the Emperor Louis Napoleon should lend his Press-censorship to serve their purpose is nothing surprising: yet it is both surprising and humiliating to find a man of spirit and ambition, like Emile de Girardin, waiting for the permission of "the Allies," until they shall decide whether it will suit them to give publicity to a letter in simple vindication of private personal character. That the censorship at Paris was guided in this matter by the exigencies of British policy is certain. And it is a mere affair of business and *quid pro quo*: for if the *Presse*, or *Debats* were to print what is offensive to Lord Palmerston, why the *Times* and *Globe* might open their columns to Victor Hugo or Ledru Rollin.

Here is Martin's account of the matter to me:—

"Before leaving Paris, I made an effort to remedy the effect produced in France by the uncontradicted calumnies of the English papers. I wrote a letter in French, in which I stated some of the facts of our case, and protested against the charge of the British Minister—saying that you three [meaning McManus, yourself and myself] would gladly be judged upon that question of honor by the French, as you had caused yourselves to be judged by the Americans. I think my letter was quite unobjectionable in spirit and manner, and calculated to make French readers consider the case before accepting the English statement. O'Doherty signed it (O'Brien was in Greece)—I carried it to the office of *La Presse*, which has the largest circulation of the French papers. On the *third day*, after interviews with two *redacteurs*, I was told that M. de Girardin declined to print it. An application at the office of the *Debats* was equally disheartening. I suppose the French Government did not choose to let the papers do, *in behalf of such wretches as the Irish*, what might offend the English."

But John Martin's efforts did not end here. He wrote to the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* a note, the substance of which he gives me as follows:—

"That I desired, previously to my re-appearance in society in Ireland, to provide that people should not receive me under a misapprehension of my real sentiments upon some very serious questions. And, therefore, I begged leave to say, that I felt and knew that I had always had as good a right to live in Ireland as anybody there; that I owed no acknowledgments to the *parties* [meaning the British Government] whose outrage against law and justice had transported me, and whose permission now admitted me to my country: that for what concerned the conduct of my comrades and myself, which the British Minister alleged as guiding him to select for the "amnesty," or exclude from it—'as a patriot and as a man of honor, I had no higher ambition than to be ranked with Messrs. McManus, Meagher and Mitchel.' Unluckily I kept no copy of my letter, but that was the substance of it. I counted sure of its publication in the *Freeman*."

Innocent patriot and martyr! It was not published in the *Freeman*. Mr. Martin had known the *Freeman's Journal* only in its old character of a national and O'Connellite Repeal paper. He did not know that it has since been bought and paid for by the British Government—mind, I assert this as a matter of fact. He did not know that when Smith O'Brien, in his first public speech after his captivity, emphatically vindicated us in the very same words almost, the *Freeman's Journal*, while it professed to reprint that Melbourne speech from the Australian papers, carefully cut out of it that portion to which he had specially called the attention of the reporters; because the publication of that portion would be displeasing to its present masters and owners.

So Mr. Martin counted sure of the publication of his letter in the *Freeman*. Shortly afterwards, arriving in Dublin and finding it had not been printed, he wrote a private letter to the Editor, asking if he had received such a letter.

"I have never yet, he adds, got a line of answer. But it is hardly doubtful that Gray did receive my letter from Paris; and that he chooses to treat my protest with an extinguisher, so far as he can."

Why does not Martin come over here, then, where we print what we please?

You see now of what a conspiracy we have the honor to be the objects. Yet one cannot say that the British Government uses herein more care than is needful. For in the whole matter of their dealings with us from first to last, the one party or the other must absolutely be convicted and branded before the civilized world as most felonious criminals—they, or we. The trial is only proceeding; and it must be confessed that in point of machinery they have the advantage of us. They can pack juries; they can buy up the Press with secret-service money; they can set in motion even the French censorship, through their beloved ally. Yet, we also have reason to thank God that there is one free country in the world.

Your faithful friend,

JOHN MITCHEL.

DEVIN REILLY.

A full report of what was done at the meeting, held on Wednesday last, the 3d inst., to promote the testimonial in memory of this bold and gifted propagandist of Democracy, will appear in our next. It is enough for the present to say, that a sound

foundation has been laid, and that with the multitude of zealous and liberal hands which promise to aid the grateful work, a monument is sure to rise, and that within a short time, worthy of the name, the good services, and noble principles of our departed friend.

Nor will it be, as far as we can learn, a monument honoring the dead alone. The household his death has left in darkness and without help, has been tenderly and wisely thought of. There shall be no barren laurel planted on his grave beside the sacred Potomac. The widow and the poor child, to whom that grave is the dearest spot in this wide world, must be cherished and made happy, whilst the husband and the father is remembered.

THE IRISH VOTE.

The practice of appealing to the different races which have flowed in here from Europe is improper in the extreme. It is not patriotic of an American citizen—it is ungenerous and disloyal. We have never done so. Not a syllable has escaped us suggestive even of a desire on our part to control what is called the Irish Vote.

Warmly defending Louis Kossuth against the majority of the Irish people in this country, doing so all the more heartily and proudly that we had to risk our own popularity in the defence; standing by him now in this the bitterest and darkest season of his exile; standing by him as staunchly as we ever did; we condemned at the time, and do now condemn, his assembling the Germans in the Tabernacle, immediately before his leaving for England, and assuming to direct their vote in the Presidential election then pending. No man acquits himself faithfully to the Republic, who upon a question of such vast moment to its interest and renown, introduces foreign topics, addresses himself to foreign partialities and motives, bringing about results from the ballot-box founded upon such appeals and prejudices.

Of the Irish vote, consequently, we should not say a word, now or at any other time, were it not for the prayers and expostulations of which, on the part of the Fremont organs, it is now the object. Appealing to the Irish in America, and appealing to them vehemently, to abandon the Democratic party, we feel fully justified in interposing. Where these appeals are calculated to excite the worst passions—and exciting these passions, are designed to substitute a factious spirit of vengeance for an intelligent devotion to certain great principles—a necessity arises for our speaking, and speaking directly to the Irish-born citizens, which no one can honestly dispute.

The murder of Keating, by Herbert of California, is the ground-work of the appeals to which we allude. The coffin of this poor fellow is dragged into the Fremont gatherings, and the orators of the party use it as Mark Antony used the gown of Cæsar. An Irishman is murdered, and a Democrat is the murderer. Will the Irish vote the Democrat ticket? In the face of that foul butchery, will the Irish support Buchanan? To a party which refuses to expel from Congress the man who dealt the death-blow, will the countrymen of the victim ignominiously adhere? Such is the appeal, of which the weltering corpse of Keating is the inspiration. To render it the more telling, the fact of his having been a poor man, an humble man, a waiter, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, is prominently set forth. This is to touch the Democracy to the quick.

The morality and logic of the harangue is equally sound. The Irish are to be guided by vengeance in the casting of their votes for the President of the United States! Wheeling round in a mass to Fremont, they are to revenge the death of Keating! Repudiating Buchanan, they will chastise Herbert, bringing on his head a portion of the penalty, from which, through the interposition of an amiable jury, he has escaped!

The Irish in America scout with scorn and loathing this attempt to seduce their votes. The victim being an Irishman, the guilt of the murderer is no greater than if he had been a Scotchman, a Brazilian, or an Ashantee. The criminal being a Democrat does not contaminate the party founded on the philosophy of Jefferson and ennobled in history by the administrative victories of Jackson. The wickedness of its members does not vitiate the religion they profess, nor turn to a plague-house the church to which they subscribe. For the very same reason they are now called upon to secede from the Democratic party, the Irish who are Catholic—and millions of them are so—might as well cease to be Catholics.

It is waste of time, however, to prolong the controversy. The Irish Vote is sound for Buchanan. No profane and vicious appeals over the body of Keating shall wickedly avail. Whilst they deplore the death of their countryman, and execrate his murderer, the Irish citizens of America have too much intelligence not to perceive the very treacherous sophistry and immorality of the appeals we have in these few words condemned.

To the Democratic party they remain resolutely true, for they are true to the Constitution which that party strictly interprets and in all its provisions uncompromisingly sustains.

BLACK AND WHITE.

The Abolitionist Journals affect to be somewhat astonished that we advocate the cause of Mr. Buchanan, who is supported by the Slave-owners, as they choose to term the Southern Interest. Let us set them right, upon this much-vexed question of compulsory labor; or, as Mr. Pierce, in his excellent inaugural, calls it, "Involuntary Servitude."

All labor is, with a few exceptional instances, involuntary. We do not believe the man exists who actually prefers Work to Leisure, Toil to Pastime. Human nature is eminently social. There are a hundred *bon vivants* to one misanthrope, and there is the same proportion of men who prefer ease and luxury to one who loves to hoard up his gold. Thus, it may be confidently asserted, that no man willingly works, and all labor is, consequently, involuntary.

We have no wish to say anything harsh of manufacturers, but it seems to us, that of the two systems, Southern Slavery is preferable to Northern! In both we behold advantages and disadvantages: the Northern affords to the white laborer choice of employment, employer, relaxation, and, it must be admitted, choice of starvation. The rate of wages is altogther beyond the control of the workmen, for competition has already decided that point for him. He has Hobson's choice, to take the current rate or leave it alone—in other words, starve! There is no help, and however miserable the rate, he has to submit. There is little free choice in this, for the necessities of a family are more potent than the whip of the overseer. Again, should the white slave fall sick, he is at once discharged, for were the employer to pay him for work not done, or in other words, support him while he was incapacitated by disease, he would be raising the price of his own article, and thus allow a meaner man to sell cheaper, and cut him off from his market. Thus Philanthropy would be ruinous to its unhappy votary, and soon drive that virtue from the field, never again to show its face, except as the precursor of bankruptcy! Self-preservation, therefore, would soon leave competition as the great tyrant, and render wages, what they have ever been, the minimum at which human life can be sustained. Very evident is it, that ability to labor is the sole bond between the Northern master and his white slave! Certainly, without going into the abstract merits of Slavery, which is altogether beyond the record, negro slavery has some advantages. We have already shown that the white man's toil is as compulsory as that of the negro; for none, save the few who are born wealthy, can afford to remain idle. In both cases, the southern planter and the northern manufacturer fix the rate of wages, but the negro has certain advantages over his white fellow toiler, since his employer, or owner, is bound, both by law and interest, to take care of him when he is sick, and support his wife and children. He represents value in the eyes of the Southern owner, and he would no more damage his health than he would mutilate or destroy a thousand-dollar bill. This bond of sympathy does not exist in the North. The link is broken the minute one is helpless.

Indeed, we may compare Northern and Southern slavery to the practice of piracy and our own navy. In the first case, when a man falls wounded at his gun, he is left to perish, or thrown overboard to the fish, while in the other, he is carried below to his berth, his wounds dressed, and he is nursed till able to resume his duty.

These are the reasons why we consider that Mr. Buchanan deserves the support of every liberal man, since the peculiar institution of negro servitude is not a jot worse than that of white labor.

GOOD NEWS FROM NICARAGUA.

The last mail from San Juan brings us the brightest assurances of General Walker's success. His government promises to be securely established in Nicaragua. The Padre Vijil has been enthusiastically welcomed on his return. He speaks rapturously about the United States. His words are worth shiploads of bayonets to the cause of constitutional liberty in Central America. A navy, carrying the flag of Nicaragua, is being fitted. The blockade of the ports of San Salvador, Guatemala, Costa Rica and Honduras has been ordered. The pioneer schooner of the Nicaraguan Navy has triumphantly cruised in the bay of Fonesca, intercepting arms and other stores destined for the invading army of Guatemala, and capturing Salizar, the chief conspirator against the legitimate government of Nicaragua. Salizar has been shot. On his person were found letters deeply implicating the British Consul at Leon in the conspiracy which supports Rivas against Walker. The Consul has been ordered about his business. He follows in the homeward track of Crampton and Rowecroft. Dr. Livingston, an American citizen, having been arrested and sentenced to death by Rivas, in retaliation for the execution of Salizar, Colonel Wheeler promptly interposed, threatening Rivas with the speedy interference of the United States government should the sentence be carried out. The sentence had not been carried out when the *Cahawba* left. Three thousand men—principally Firemen from San Francisco—were on their way to reinforce General Walker's army. On the whole, in every direction, there is the surest prospect that the admirable and noble work begun by that gallant republican will be brought to the happiest conclusion. The *Nicaraguense* is full of the pleasantest accounts of balls, suppers, *levees*, and all other kinds of ceremonies and festivities in Granada, in honor of the President, to commemorate the return of Padre Vijil, and in memory of the battle of Las Posas and the Cuban patriots under Lopez. On the other hand, we hear of the troops of Guatemala and San Salvador being diseased and utterly demoralized in Leon, where they still remain, thinking it safer not to come out. We heartily congratulate General Walker on his steady progress in the face of every difficulty.

GOOD NEWS FOR IRELAND.

From our esteemed and excellent friend, John B. Harvey, of Boston, we have received a very welcome letter, from which we think it due to our readers to give the following extract:

A project is now on foot to establish a line of packets between Fall River and one of the Western ports of Ireland—Galway or Limerick. Mr. John Collins, of Fall River, is the originator and prime mover in this affair, and has already received signatures among the American merchants and bankers of his city for twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of stock.

It is proposed to raise one hundred thousand dollars, in shares of one hundred dollars each, and when the stock is all subscribed for, to hold a meeting of the shareholders and mature their organization. It is intended to send one or more agents to Ireland to solicit the co-operation of the merchants, manufacturers, capitalists and patriots of that country.

I am satisfied the plan is feasible, and if carried out to completion, would be a great benefit to Ireland. It would bring the countries into direct intercourse; be of great advantage to Irish manufacturers, who are now obliged to send their wares through the English market, which are afterwards sold here as English goods. Besides, I think it would be a great advantage to the poor emigrant, who, in most instances, is obliged to proceed to England on his way here.

Mr. Collins was here within a day or two and got a good deal of stock taken up. He thinks he will be able to procure the necessary amount among New England Irishmen, and that in early spring two ships at least can be placed on the line.

This is good news. Whatever aid we can give the project shall be heartily given. It is a project in which every Irishman can unite, and for the sake of Ireland we trust it will be resolutely and triumphantly carried out. For the honor of the parties concerned, and the hopes of the country it is designed to bring in closer contact with America, it must not, if taken up, be permitted mysteriously to fall through at the last moment. The name of the place in which it originates will be, we sincerely pray, no evil augury of what awaits it in the future. We are rather more disposed to derive confidence from another name, and to believe that so useful and grand a project will meet with the blessing of Providence.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE EMIGRANT.

We are happy to learn that Dr. Wm. P. Casseday was appointed at the last meeting of the Commissioners of Emigration to be House Surgeon at the State Emigrant's Hospital.

Dr. Casseday has been the assistant of Professor Carnochan, the Surgeon-in-chief to the hospital, in private practice and in the New-York Medical College. He is a young surgeon who graduated at Louisville, Ky., with high honors and afterwards received a diploma from the New-York Medical College. We congratulate the Commissioners and Professor Carnochan, also, on this appointment.

JOHN O'MAHONY.

We have been favored with a letter from Mr. O'Mahony, which, we regret, comes too late for publication this week. It will afford us sincere pleasure to give it to our readers next week.

They will be sure to appreciate it highly. For, couched in the peculiarly vigorous style of the writer, it teems with loving reminiscences of his native valley of the silver Suir, the rolling Cumaraghs, and the old Gaulties—a fond and jealous vindication from an aspersion of cowardice, which he deems our correspondent "*Mount Garret the Bag Man*" utters against them, of the bold peasantry who gathered around him and supported him throughout his gallant effort in '48, and several interesting particulars, hitherto unknown, of that interesting era, of which, perhaps, he alone is entitled to treat.

We have sincere pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of our friend Doctor Connery, which appears on another page. We could readily and with pleasure enlarge on his professional, social and charitable worth, but we feel that they are so well known and so highly appreciated in this community that it would be superfluous to do so, yet we cannot avoid remarking the goodness which, amidst such a host of avocations, causes him to devote so much time, gratuitously, to the service of the poor.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE JESUITS—THEATRICALS AT STONYHURST.

There was the Midnight Mass. In the lofty sanctuary—the silver thuribles swinging up their clouds of frankincense—the tall wax-lights upon the altar—the massive lamp above the Communion rails giving forth its sweet chaste radiance—the painted window, broad and towering, revealing, tier above tier, the Apostles in their purple robes of martyrdom, and the white vestments of innocence, and the circling glories above the meek, the stern, or majestic heads—the great organ, far back in the dim aisle, in solemn darkness, rolling out its noble notes of joy—bright-cheeked children, in snowy surplices, with torches in their hands—gray-heads bending low, clear bells striking, the sacred Host uplifted—in this calm stately spot, in the midst of these perfumes, sounds, and subdued splendor, the Christmas opened.

With thrilling trumpet-tones, the *Adeste Fideles*—that magnificent hymn with which the soul and genius of the Christian world commemorate the Birth in Bethlehem — turned to clamorous joy the dumb solitude of the night. With piety, with reverence, with glad and loud thanksgivings the day was ushered in. With exultant music, in the midst of smoking myrrh, and the bright flickering of torch and lamp, and the rustling of golden-fibred vestments, and the soft undulation of snow-white robes, and the tinkling of bells, clear as the mountain-stream among the rocks, the star of the Wise Men softened into the dawning sun-light.

All day there was a sweet calm. The play-ground, the corridors, the play-rooms, every place was still. The stillness of a perfumed grove prevailed. Every heart—the giddiest—felt it was a sacred day.

The iron pillars, supporting the ceilings of the play-rooms, were wound round with ivy, with holly, and twigs of the fresh heath which warmed the hills that overlooked the college. The windows of these rooms were darkened with thick drapery, woven, too, from the leaves and branches of the ivy, the holly, and the heath. For the most part, the boys were occupied reading letters from home (they came this morning to every one by the dozen) and did little more than exchange with each other the compliments of the season. The solemnity of the Midnight Mass pervaded the tone and incidents of the day. The sacred concert in the evening—the Jesuit fathers taking part—but deepened and confirmed it. Portions of the *Messiah* were sung. The band played the *Laudite Popoli*.

Theatricals formed a conspicuous part of the collegiate course conducted by the Jesuits. They were looked for as confidently as a lesson in arithmetic, or a lecture in hydraulics. Christmas would have been no Christmas without them. Had they been dropped, the boys wouldn't have stood their omission. In that case, there would have been a mutiny. Barricades of desks and stools—bedsteads, pillows, and crockery-ware—thrown up in every direction, the discipline of the college would have been suspended. Suspended is a meek word. It would have been utterly upset. Stonyhurst would never have gone on without its annual farce, comedy, melo-drama, or tragedy.

The theatre was liberal in its proportions, coloring, and gilding. There was an amphitheatre in front—benches in a semicircle rising one above the other, to the height of thirty feet—and a space of twelve feet between the lower bench and footlights. The footlights studded the margin of a platform, two feet and a half above the level of the floor of the amphitheatre. The stage, gradually ascending, stretched away back for forty feet, leaving, behind the back and side scenes, the amplest room for hordes of brigands, shoals of chorus-singers, and crowds of citizens and soldiers. Attached to the theatre was an opulent wardrobe. The armory was well supplied, too. The scenery was boldly and brilliantly painted. The machinery was sumptuous.

There was a large expanse of sheet-iron for thunder. It hung like a rusty tray (with ropes through the handles) from the square uprights supporting the furthermost scene on the rollers. A long deal box (one would think it coffined a salmon-rod) contained swan shot, which, swung about too and fro in its case, rattled and gurgled like rain. There were tin tubes for blowing rosin against the blaze of a mould candle. This operation produced lightning. It was simple but splendid. In *King Lear* I became acquainted with this secret.

I was in the school of Rhetoric. The Rev. William Johnson was my master. Very gentle, very kind, with the softest whisper for a voice, with an awkward action of the arms from the shoulders down, irresolute legs, and a cumbersome preponderance of ears and tongue, his excellencies and defects equally divided the notice of his pupils. They loved him, and they laughed at him. His shirt-collar was enough to destroy an Adonis. The boys he had charge of fired squibs at him. Had there been a necessity—the faintest threatening of danger to him—they'd have flung themselves before him, and died for him. Born and bred in Lancashire—an Englishman to the marrow—fearful somewhat of O'Connell though constantly reciting Tommy Moore—he couldn't bear the Irish brogue. It was to him a sickening vulgarism. His handkerchief (it was never without holes and blotches) covered his mouth and roseate nostrils, whenever a "*bekase*" or an "*arrah*" exploded within range of his hearing. These, to be sure, are barbarous words. Many and many an Irish ear would be hurt with them. But the sweetest words—Athenian or Arcadian—a stanza from Anacreon or a verse from the Canticle of Solomon—uttered with an Irish accent—uttered with the rich roll of the Milesian tongue—was enough, and more than enough, to give hysterics or nausea to the Rev. William Johnson, Professor of Rhetoric.

"Meagher," he used to say, coughing into his handkerchief, and looking as if the interposition of a basin would soothe him, "that's a horrible brogue you have got."

He would try me, however. He had the management of the tragedy. The Professor of Poetry—the Rev. Mr. Clough—had the comedy and farce. *King Lear*, as I have said, was the great piece of the season. Young Harrison, of Chorley, was assigned the part of the king. A comical fellow, named Quigley, born in Boulogne, of Anglo-Irish parents, undertook the fool. He was never more at home than in his bells and slippers. One of the Beaumonts, of South Wales, assumed the beard, blind eyes, and hoarseness of Gloster. A tall, lithe, handsome lad—one of the Walmsleys scoured the moor of green baize as Mad Tom. His pure olive complexion and finely-pencilled features and eyebrows should have won him an Earldom. No females being permitted on the stage—within the College walls under any pretence whatsoever—the daughters of Lear were transformed into sons. A few strokes of the pen did it. Thus it was that Cordelia was a fair-cheeked, light-laughing, limber-limbed boy. His name was Alfred Weld. A gentle, intellectual, studious, sweet-souled boy. In manner, having all the grace and delicacy and softness of a girl. In mental labor, in high-toned propriety, in steady devotion to religious practices, he was a heroic man. With all the exquisite mildness—fresh, glistening, fragrant as the morning dew—he had the strength of the fir which conquers the severity of the winter, and with the docility and chastity of an Aloysius, had, in his small frame and weak limbs, the intrepidity of a Xavier. He is now one of the Professors of Stonyhurst, having gone through the severe novitiate of Hodder. To predict that he will be a shining light in the pulpit, would be to exaggerate. An amiable member of the illustrious Order of Jesus—kind, patient, winning and zealous in the discharge of his duties—this he will prove himself. So far as one gentle life can do so, he will propagate the influence and celebrity of the pious, chivalrous, noble community to which he belongs.

The principal Knight in attendance on the King was my friend, James Corry, of Preston. A raw-boned, lazy, strong, good humored fellow, he had one of the biggest hearts in the world, and the pleasantest face. Buckled up in a stiff suit of silver-gilt pasteboard—breast-plate, helmet, and gyves—he stalked across the stage, up and down behind the side-scenes, and through the Green-room, without uttering a word. His armor was so tight and inflexible he could hardly breathe. To laugh was impossible. A sneeze would have killed him. Sitting down was a convenience not to be thought of. The use of his joints was completely destroyed. All he could do in that way was to lie down at full length on a hard sofa close to the prompter. Or rather he was stretched out there twice during the first night's performance, by a company of Goneril's soldiers. Motionless and rigid, he looked like a mildewed Crusader in brown stone, on the broad of his back, on the slab of a sepulchre. The difficult position he placed himself in with his armor, may be inferred from the fact of his having to be fed by an assistant during the acts. Ham sandwiches were distributed to the performers whilst the drop-scene was down. Lemonade, also, and weak sherry negus went round. Corry couldn't bend his arm sufficiently to get a bit or a drop to his mouth. Standing bolt up against the wall—massive and stiff as a sarcophagus—Oswald, Steward to Goneril, the Physician, or some other considerate Samaritan, held a sandwich against the Knight's teeth, whilst he eat his way through it, or poured a drink down his throat. When a fly chanced to perch on his nose or his eyebrow, his agonies were maddening. He had to call on a scene-shifter, or some other spare hand, to come to the rescue and ease him. That armor was to Corry what the shirt of Nessus was to the son of Alcmena. It did not stick to him, however, and starve him to death. Eleven years ago he walked out of it, substituting for the hard shell which had so worried him, the Jesuits' black gown—a flexible robe of the humblest material.

The part assigned me was that of the Earl of Kent. The night of the full-dress rehearsal, (a week before Christmas), I had hardly uttered these words—

> "Fare thee well, King; since thus thou wilt appear,
> Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here"—

before the manager, the Rev. Mr. Johnson, striking me on the back of the head with the large manuscript copy of the play, cried out, in a fit of disgust—

"'Twill never do, Meagher—that frightful brogue of your's will never do for Shakspeare."

Nevertheless, with the sweetest composure I continued the speech, the entire Court laughing—King Lear himself, forgetful of his gray hairs, knitting his eyebrows and pinching his wrinkled nose to keep down his merriment—whilst the enraged manager endeavored to drown my beautiful brogue with exclamations of horror.

> "Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
> He'll shape his old course in a country new."

With these words on my lips, bowing gracefully and mournfully to the nobility, I retired to the sofa on which the Knight was shortly to stretch himself. Up hurries the manager, shakes the manuscript at me, and growing very red in face says—

"Meagher, 'twill never do—I must degrade you from the Peerage—I'll give Clifford your part. You'll have to be a common soldier; you'll have to bring in the stocks for Kent, carry a brownbill in the battle scenes, make thunder and rain in the tempest, and turn the wind."

That night I had to give up my hose, my scarlet velvet hat and feathers, my silk cloak and sandals, my sword and jacket—everything that pertained to my Earldom. Clifford received them from me; and in exchange I received from him a tin helmet, a breast-plate of leather, a pair of buskins, and a battle-axe and spear. It wasn't the first time the brogue entailed a forfeiture of title and estate. I felt I was a martyr to the peculiarities of my race. The sandwiches and negus consoled me. The common soldier had as much of both as the Earl. Besides, I had my revenge. I fastened my successor so tight in the stocks the first night of the public performance, that he had to be carried off the stage (stocks and all) before his legs could be freed. In the battle on Dover Cliffs, I used the battle-axe and spear with impetuous strength. I cut a rock in two—wounded Lear in the thigh—upset Cordelia—and hotly pursuing the Fool, who had no business there at all, tumbled against the manager, who tumbled against a drummer, who, in his turn tumbled over Mad Tom.

During the storm on the Heath, my revenge was magnificent. Not in vain did Lear, with his hoarse wild voice, cry out—

> "Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
> You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout!

With the frenzy of a fiend, I rattled the thunder, shook the rain-box, twirled the handle of the wind-mill. The lightning I made was terrific. It kept the Heath in a blaze. To no purpose did the Rev. William Johnson call "Silence—stop that lightning." I answered him with a stunning peal or a blinding flash. In vain did he beseech the winds to abate their fury Hurricanes followed quick upon his prayers for peace. Lear threatened to kick me (the moment he got off the stage) for keeping up a deafening whirlwind during his prophecy about heretics and tailors, brewers and cut-purses. The Physician (he was one of the Cliftons of Yorkshire) threw some camp furniture at me. The Manager, even above the wind and thunder, was heard to exclaim—"You'll be flogged for this, Meagher—I'll make Rome howl."

In the Fourth scene of the Fourth Act, where I had to enter as a Messenger, I ran away with Quigley's (the Fool's) cap, and with this on my head, and a sandwich in the same hand with the battle-axe, walked in magnificently, saluted Cordelia, and, with the most powerful brogue I could muster, announced that

> "The British Powers were marching thitherward."

The audience received the announcement with an enthusiastic cheer, insisting vociferously on my repeating the message.

The Irish brogue triumphed. It drew down the house in a tumultuous *encore*. The only other passage *encored*, was the death of Gloster's servant. The servant got up, despite the mortal thrust of Regan's sword through his back, and, in obedience to the complimentary call made on him, handsomely died over again.

HEART-STEALING.

I speak not of a star that shines
Millions of miles from me,
Of pluming birds, and flowers rare,
Born o'er the eastern sea;

Nor of the net of perfect form,
Suspended on the sweetbrier tree—
Though dripping with the tears of night,
'Tis not the theme for me:

I sing a little simple girl,
Who spreads no web of toil,
The music of whose footfall light
Sounds on an Irish soil.

This guileless girl, with careless ways,
Has stolen my nightly rest,
Filched with her thoughtless careless ways
The heart from out my breast.

And now I'll track her careless path,
From me she shall not flee—
I'll steal *her* heart, and simply cry,
"You did it first to me."

SHINE BRADSTONE.

OUR LOUNGE.

Generally speaking, every man knows how to work—*that* is easy enough. The grand necessity of life, like a bayonet, charges us on, and to stop for a minute, is to be crushed beneath the grand Juggernaut of Despotic Duty. Like horses in a mill, we are harnessed and blinded, and so from day to day we run our round! But, though all know how to work, how few know how to unbend! The majority are so accustomed to this everlasting task, that they feel like fishes out of water when they find themselves wide awake on a Sunday morning!

In England and America—indeed, in all great commercial countries—work is the rule, recreation is the exception; whereas, philosophically considered, they are the halves of a pair of scissors. Night and day are not more necessary to each other than recreation and labor. Alas! a man now is an eternally bent bow, which loses its spring by always being kept upon the stretch.

Fully impressed with this great fact, we resolved, after a hard day's work at our office—at which we had received Georgian senators, old-country friends, enthusiastic poets, and self-denying patriots, with a long et-cetera of pleasant persons—to unbend our editorial bow and take a stroll among the theatres. How that little word reminds us of our early days, when we were first placed *vis-a-vis* to that grand mystery, the Green Curtain. We need not say what theatre it was, whether Dublin, Waterford, or Londonderry, but what the veil of Fate is to the dwellers in this world, the Green Curtain was to us in those days of the dreamy hours. We remember sitting before that "verdant mystery," or Green Curtain, which, not being long enough to come down to the flooring, allowed our vision to see the feet and ankles of the otherwise mystery-hid spectres behind, giving a provoking intimation of a world behind which we were not allowed to behold or comprehend. Who, or what were on these mysterious pedestals, was a puzzle which was solved directly, as the curtain rose. Alas! those incomprehensible feet belonged to beings formed like ourselves, but robed, like the angels, in white garments and spangles. Eheu! what a humbug is hope, or expectation?

But now to our recreation, after the hard labor of these spontaneous reflections.

Our path being up Broadway, of course, led us first to Wallack's theatre. We gave a somewhat fanciful sketch of this

Summer Garden in our last, and we still feel its orange groves breathe their breezes on our brow, and their aerial kisses to our lips! Blandly and beneficently we blow them back again to the appreciative readers of the IRISH NEWS!

Passing the courteous treasurer, Mr. Moss, we found ourselves in the Arcana, and simultaneous with our entrance, the Curtain rose on "Victor and Hortense." The chief parts are by Dion Bourcicault and Agnes Robertson. It is a sensation play! Very Frenchy, very sketchy, and very effective! Like most French plays, there is little moral in it; indeed, the moral is Sentiment. Just as though champagne and sardines would make a man as strong as meat and *poteen!* It was very nice, very pretty, almost poetical at times. But it only called upon the laced cambric handkerchief, scented with Ottto of Roses, and not upon the great Human Heart!

The plot turns upon a lady, whose father was one of the *bourgeoise*, and whose mother was of a noble family. The father was a "blot in the 'scutcheon," and, although the aspiring daughter of this mongrel marriage had endeavored to banish all recollection of her mother's *mesalliance* from the world's memory, by adopting the mother's name of Lavalette, and repudiating the father's of Bernard, the Court decided she was plebeian, and ordered the armorial bearings of her mother's noble family to be defaced from her chateau. Thus at a blow, the great object of her life was destroyed, and we see how small a creature the Aristocrat is when cast into the utter darkness and gnashing of teeth of the Plebeian world! Discovering at this moment that her uneducated, but brave groom, who has twice saved her life, and who has long cherished for her a secret passion, is the son of a noble family, she, to his utter astonishment, but overpowering delight, offers to marry him, on condition that he swears solemnly never to enter Paris or Versailles—to both of which she affects an enormous hatred. He gives the oath. The marriage is performed, and to the utter dismay of the enamoured groom (alias Duke St. Clair), his wife orders her carriage—drives to Paris—reminds him of his oath—makes the estateless Duke a present of her own chateau, and blows a kind of kiss to him, through the agency of her steward and writing-woman. The curtain falls to an enormous quantity of virtuous indignation of Bourcicault, (who performed the part of Victor,) in which he was most thoroughly seconded by the audience—one of whom really gouged his left eye out with a bouquet as large as Barnum's elephant, and who soon after nearly crippled Johnstone for life with another, which evidently was composed of hollyhocks and red cabbage!

The next act turns the tables upon the fair aristocrat, and very well did the Fairy Star transform herself into the Norman Ruby of arrogant munificence, which considers a rent-roll as an equivalent for a heart's devotion, and as a sliding scale for every sacred aspiration of the soul.

In the mean time, the Revolution has happened! The aristocracy is abolished. The title, which Hortense gained by an unworthy trick, is her danger! She is proscribed, pursued, and the Jacobites are upon her track. Her despised husband has, on the other hand, by repudiating the empty breath of his rank, become a Colonel in the service of the Republic, and he is thus enabled to save his repentant wife's life. The curtain falls to a great chorus of domestic content, in which, as a happy married man ourself, we most devoutly joined. We confess to much admiration of the acting, but little of the play. It was too mechanical! The playwright's hand was visible everywhere! The poet's touch was altogether banished! There was no impulse—no one gush of true feeling, so far as the dramatist was concerned, but every thing fitted in, as though it had been made to measure. It is a drama written by inches, but not by the heart! Here, however, our censure must end. Nothing could be more finished than the acting. Bourcicault's make-up as the game-keeper groom was excellent, and his delivery very telling. Johnstone had a part that fitted him, and he made the most of his figure in it. Mrs. Cooke was excellent as the vulgar toady to her aristocratic mistress, and delivered a series of withering contempts on the common people worthy of a Sutherland, with an unction, which made her would-be victims roar with laughter. The great gem of the whole was Agnes Robertson, whose Hortense would have been perfect if she were only twenty pounds heavier, and had a little more muscle in her "bright little body," as our friend Pierce Pungent calls her. Her performance was very charming, very piquant, very pathetic, but it lacked force. Nevertheless, it drew many tears from the eyes, and many cambrics from the pockets.

We had not heart to see her in the "Printer's Devil," and so we went to the Bowery, to finish our lounge, and got in just as "glorious John" was commencing Pocahontas. What an Olympian revel of savage life that *Burlesque* presents. How he swaggers, just as the Royal Tuscarora would have done in his wigwam of the Bowerie! How he smokes his calumet—sings his song—takes his toddy out of a calabash—chaffs that fortunate filisbuster, John Smith, Jr., of Arkansas, and in a spirit of genuine hospitality, invites him to take a cold chop, (for his head,) or a steak for his body! Our friend, John Brougham, in this character, puts us in mind of a grampus in the Atlantic. He rolls about, and snorts, just as though he felt he had room for his fins; not that he is by any means a finical fellow, but a very perfect, finished savage, worthy of the name of our friend of the literary department.

Miss Denham won a smile from our editorial face, which she acknowledged very prettily, and which gave us a high idea of wigwam breeding. With the music ringing in our ears we sought our hotel, and dreamed of being a French Duke, a Tuscarora cannibal—eating Horace Greeley, and awoke in the act of choking, having incautiously swallowed the Life of Fremomt!

Mr. J. R. Johnson, the talented artist of Cincinnati, has been sent on by the citizens of Ohio to the residence of Mr. Buchanan, to paint his portrait. Mr. Johnson has nearly completed the picture, which, we are told, is most striking and life-like.

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN ABROAD.

Translated from the Biographie Universelle.

COUNT PETER DE LASCY (NOW LACY).

Born in 1678, in the County of Limerick, Ireland, he quitted his country in 1691, after the capitulation of the city, and repaired to France with his uncle, John De Lascy, then Quarter-master General. He next accompanied him to Italy, where he served as Lieutenant in the Irish Regiment, under the command of Catinat. His uncle was killed at the battle of Marsiglia. The Regiment of Athlone, in which he served, having been reconstructed after the peace of Riswick, De Lascy entered the service of Austria, which was then at war with the Turks; but peace was concluded soon after his arrival in Hungary. He then passed into the service of the King of Poland, and later into that of Peter the Great, who had requested the latter to send him some officers to discipline his troops. De Lascy accordingly received the command of a Russian company, and joined the campaign against the Swedes, under Marshal Scheremetof. His valor soon recommended him to the favorable notice of the Czar; promotion rapidly followed; and he was Brigadier of the army in 1709, when he was wounded at the battle of Pultawa, where he commanded the right wing. In the following year he was charged with the grand assault on Riga. He contributed much to the capture of this place, and, as a reward, was appointed Governor.

In 1711 he made a campaign against the Turks, and after the peace of Pruth, returned to fight against the Swedes, and directed the siege of Tonningen. In 1719, he swept the Baltic with a numerous fleet, and made several descents on the coasts, which the inhabitants had cause to rue. The year following, Peter the First made him Lieutenant-General, and in 1721 commissioned him to penetrate into Finland, where, as General De Lascy himself expressed it, the Russian army advanced, carrying fire and desolation into every part of it. These ravages lasted for two campaigns, and peace alone put an end to them in 1722. After this the Czar called him to St. Petersburgh, where he loaded him with honors, and appointed him Commander-in-Chief of the Infantry. After the death of Peter the Great, De Lascy enjoyed the same favor with his successors. The Empress, Catherine the First, appointed him Governor of the Province of Livonia. In 1734 he commanded an army against the Poles, and passed thence into Germany, at the head of an auxiliary corps. He came as far as the banks of the Rhine, where he remained under the command of the Prince Eugene, who was making his last campaign. On his return to St. Petersburgh, De Lascy received the brevet of Field Marshal, and was charged with the command of the siege of Azof, which he took after a most determined resistance. He obtained still greater successes against the Turks, in concert with Marshal de Munich. Having returned into Finland, he distinguished himself in several actions, and took Willmanstrand by assault in 1742. The year following, the Empress Elizabeth gave him the command of a powerful fleet, destined for some grand enterprises, but it was wholly employed in making observations, until the peace of Abo put an end to hostilities, and to the martial deeds of De Lascy, who thenceforward lived in retirement on his estates, in Livonia. At his death, in 1751, he was Governor of this province. The Prince de Ligne has published, in a collection of his works, a journal of the campaigns of Field Marshal de Lascy.

JOSEPH FRANCIS MAURICE, Count de Lascy, son of the preceding, was born in 1725, at St. Petersburgh; entered the army at an early age; passed into the service of Austria in 1744, and made his first campaign in Italy, as aid-de-camp to Count Browne. He had three horses killed under him at the battle of Velletri. He acquired still higher distinction in the following campaign, and signalized himself particularly at the siege of Maestricht in 1748: his gallant conduct here procured him the rank of Colonel. He had the honor of saving the Austrian army in 1756 at Lowositz, when he received a severe wound. As a reward for this service he was appointed Major-General; took an active part at the victory of Breslau, November 22d, 1757, and was made Lieutenant-General, and Chief of the Staff-office. It was to his arrangement that Marshal Dawn was indebted for the victory of Hoch Kirch in 1758. The grade of General of Artillery, which De Lascy obtained the following year, was the reward of this new service. In 1760, at the head of fifteen thousand men, he penetrated almost up to Berlin. This daring expedition procured him the Collar of Commander, of Maria Theresa; and in 1762, his Sovereign sent him a Marshal's baton, accompanied by an autograph letter. After the peace, he entered the Aulic Council, and prepared the plans of reform, which rendered him so celebrated in the reign of Joseph the Second. It is to him that Austria owes the plan of fortifications for the Bohemian frontiers. He caused the fortress of Koenigsgratz to be repaired, and those of Theresienstadt and Josephstadt, the admiration of all military men, to be constructed anew. These enduring services procured him the Grand Cross of Maria Theresa. Entrusted with the command of the Austrian army, in concert with Count de Hadick, under the command of the Emperor Joseph, he was preparing to play a distinguished part in 1778, at the death of the Elector of Bavaria, who was the cause of war breaking out between Austria and Prussia, but the peace of Teschen, on the 13th of May, 1779, restored him to his ministerial labors, which he followed up, after the death of Maria Theresa, with great activity. We are unable to discover whether or not De Lascy introduced much order or economy into the administration of war. He made himself numerous enemies at Court, but his was the common lot of the Sully's, the Gilbert's, the Turgot's, and all ministers who are determined foes of abuses, and wise dispensers of the public money. In 1778, Joseph the Second, wishing to command the army in person against the Turks, took Marshal de Lascy as his counsellor; but this campaign was unsuccessful; and De Lascy, although no friend of Landon's, did not hesitate to point the latter out as the only man fit to retrieve the honor of the Austrian army. General de Lascy possessed the most brilliant military talents, and exhibited well-tried activity and indomitable perseverance in war. His experience and perspicacity in the field of battle were often of immense advantage to the Austrian arms, and especially to Marshal Dawn; but he formed a system of lines and cordons which occasioned great disaster in the war against the Turks, and in the first campaign against France; and we must admit that he was better adapted to serve his country in the cabinet than in the field. He died in Vienna, November 30th, 1801, and was interred in the tomb which he had previously erected in the centre of the gardens of Newaldeck. Prince de Ligne has left us a very brilliant account of him. O'MEGA.

Literary and Artistic News.

"Guardian Angel" is the title of a neat and highly interesting volume, says the Fulton county *Republican*, written by Miss Caroline M. Congdon, a young lady in her 15th year, residing in Otisco, Onondaga county. Miss C. is the daughter of a poor widowed mother, and is sorely afflicted with a spinal disease, and to give our readers an idea of the manner in which she wrote the beautiful poems contained in the "Guardian Angel," we give an extract from a sketch of the authoress: "Such is the nature of her affliction, that it renders her entirely helpless, except the use of her hands, and confines her constantly upon her back. She writes with a pencil on a little frame which stands across her breast, and so arranged with small wires passing horizontally across the under side, and fastened at each end so as to hold her paper, slipped in between the wires and the board, at an angle of about thirty degrees over her face, thus making her writing-desk lean over her instead of her over it."

Speaking of the inexhaustibility of books, the London *Atlas* says: "Books are the cause of books. Where there are no books it might be difficult to write one; but because there are so many, there may be as many more. The rays of intellectual light are, by the prismatic operations of books, broken into an infinity of lines and colors. Men may as soon cease to talk, as to cease to read and write books. All our daily and hourly talk may be matter of literature, aye and of interesting literature, too. The more books there are printed, the more food is given to the mind; and the more nourishment the mind receives, the more vigorous are its powers; and the greater its strength, the more valuable its thoughts, and the more valuable its powers and capacities. There is no one topic in the whole range of literary interest that can be conceived capable of exhaustion; and in matters of imagination there is no intellectual foresight, however sagacious, that is cagable of conjecturing what may be done."

The report presented to the shareholders of the Paris Exhibition Palace Company, shows a deficit of 3,673,644 francs, which reduces the value of each share from 100 francs to 71 74-100. The Agricultural Exhibition produced 230,000 francs, whilst the expense of fitting up the premises for it were 500,000 francs. It is impossible to make the building pay; and hence the report recommends the shareholders to accept the sum offered by the Government, as purchase money for the concern, 3 fr. 20 c. as *rente* for every 100 franc share. This the shareholders have hitherto refused to accept, and the affair is again to be discussed at a general meeting.

Mr. Heywood recently gave notice, in the House of Commons, of a motion (which has been postponed for the present) praying that her Majesty would give directions for the appointment of a Royal Commission of learned men, well skilled in the original languages of the Holy Scriptures, and proficient in modern Biblical scholarship, to obtain the sense of the learned in amending the present authorized version of the Bible, to point out errors of translation, and indicate such words and phrases as have either changed their meaning or become obsolete.

O. J. Victor, Esq., one of the editors of the Sandusky (Ohio) Register, a gentleman of fine talents and some reputation as a poet, and Miss Meeta Victoria Fuller, a very well-known literary lady, have recently been married. Mr. V. is a brother to Miss Matilda Victor, Preceptress of St. Mary's Female Seminary, in our city.

John Adams was at one time called upon by some one to contribute to foreign missions, when he abruptly answered: "I have to give for that purpose, but there are here in the vicinity six ministers, not one of whom will preach in each other's pulpit. Now, I will contribute as much and more than any one else to civilize these six clergymen."

Prof. Agassiz has made an interesting communication on the turtles of North America, to the Boston Natural History Society. He has collected specimens from all parts of the country, and he thinks he has obtained one or more individuals of nearly every species of North America, and that he has alive, in his yard at Cambridge, all but three species to be found in the United States proper.

It is understood in musical circles that Mr. Eugene A. Weiner, an artist of high European reputation, intends to give, early next fall, a series of concerts in this city. Musical judges who have listened to De Meyer, Gockel, Mason, and other distinguised artists, testify that Mr. Wiener has no superior on the Piano. In the performance of the most elaborate and rapid passages, and in the execution of extempore variations, his admirable talent is displayed.

The Imperial Library of St. Petersburg has been enriched with a magnificent copy of the famous Sanscript poem "Baghava-Geta," so esteemed by the learned in Oriental literature. This work was presented by a Russian named Kossowitch, who received the manuscript from the hands of an aged Hindoo, who died some years back in the Russian capital.

Of the £826 voted by the English Parliament for the promotion of learning, £200 has been awarded to Irish literary merit—£100 to Samuel Lover, the novelist, artist, dramatist and song-writer; and £50 each to Dr. O'Donovan, the Celtic scholar and antiquarian, and Mr. D'Alton, the topographical historian.

The library of Dr. Percival, who died at Hazel Green, in Wisconsin, a few weeks since, is to be sold by his administrator, Dr. Jencks, who was also constituted, by will of the deceased, his sole heir. The library is said to consist of six or seven thousand volumes, many of them valuable and rare, and is supposed to be worth $30,000.

Doctor Von der Hagen, a well-known name among the learned Professors of Germany, died on the 11th of June last, at the ripe age of seventy-six. In the course of a long and active life devoted to laborious study, he had done much for the advancement of German literature, and the purifying of the German language.

Heidelberg has sustained a loss in its mathematical professor, Dr. Schiviens, who died on the 16th July, at the advanced age of seventy.

It is in contemplation to erect a monument to Handel, at Halle, his native town, a subscription having been opened among the inhabitants for that purpose.

Miscellany.

Eighty Years a Prisoner.—A hardy old man recently passed through Lyons, France, on his way to Savoy, his native country. No less than eighty-one years ago, when he was forty, he was sentenced to the French galleys for life for some crime. At the commencement of our revolution, being then a middle-aged man, he was shut out from the world. The other day he was released at the age of one hundred and twenty-one. No cause is assigned, but the probability is the Government thought he had worked out more than a natural life in the galleys, and that he was past doing any harm. It is said that he has a little property in Savoy, the interest on which has been accumulating exactly one hundred years, or since he arrived at the age of twenty-one. The old man enjoys perfect health, although he stoops so much that his face almost touches his knees.

The above paragraph we copy, says the *Glasgow Chronicle*, from an Italian newspaper. We, of course, do not know upon what ground the Savoyard was released, but we may add, that a condemnation to perpetuity in the galleys in France is considered to have expired after one hundred years confinement. Only one case of an individual having outlived his term of punishment was ever known, and that was a native of a little village in Dauphiny, who, at the age of twenty-one, was condemned to the galleys at Toulon for the term of his natural life. The convict survived his hundredth year of penal labor, and, according to the rule observed, was discharged. From Toulon the patriarchal sinner, numbering in years one hundred and twenty-two, found his way to his native village; but, alas! no one there knew him. Nor did he seek to recal it to the memory of any one, for the next day the melancholy man took the road to Toulon, in time reached it, and on imploring to be received at his old lodgings, was there allowed shelter, and died the next year.

The Nantucket Submarine Cable.—The laying of the fifteen miles of telegraph cable connecting Nantucket with the main land, was successfully performed on the 19th ult. In winter it will be particularly useful in conveying intelligence to merchants, and be the means of saving much valuable property as well as many valuable lives. In laying the cable a steamer was employed and the line run off on a reel. The operation was safely performed, and the greatest speed attained was four miles per hour; the deepest water found was seventy feet. It paid out from a reel 12 1-2 feet long, placed on board the schooner, and requiring eight men to work it. The reel and wire together presented a diameter of 6 1-2 feet, the diameter of the shaft of the reel being eighteen inches. Upon the wire, at intervals of twenty-five feet, were placed leaden sinkers of one pound each, and the weight of the wire and sinkers together was ten tons. During the whole time of laying the wire, communication was kept up with the telegraph office in Nantucket, by means of a battery on board the schooner. The wire cost five hundred dollars per mile, exclusive of the sinkers. This is the longest submarine telegraph of American manufacture that has been laid in this country, and is a highly creditable trophy of American skill and enterprise. There yet remains a break of one mile, a channel way between Sandy Point and Monomoy, across which the wire is to be laid, in order to connect with the line in Chatham. Submarine telegraphs have to be protected from lightning. If a thunderbolt strikes the wire on shore and runs along to the submerged portion it is blown to pieces, if unprotected, and is destroyed. Lightning arresters have to be placed on the shore at each extremity of the line. These arresters consist of two brass plates, with silvered surfaces, laid one upon the other, and a piece of silk between. The wire is laid across the upper one, and if lightning strikes it the fluid passes into the upper plate, burns the silk, and passes through the lower plate to the ground.

Railroads in the World.—The Albany *Times* has been boiling down some facts and figures, and dishes up the following:

The whole number of miles of railroad in the world on the 1st July last was inside of 50,000 miles. Of this amount more than one half (27,350 miles) is in the United States. Railroads were started in England, and yet in ten years we passed her. At the present time the Model Republic has three times as many miles of Railroads as Great Britain and France united. The following table, showing the miles of railroads in different countries, we clip from a report made to Congress some three weeks since:

In the United States	27,350
Great Britain	8,000
France	2,880
Belgium	531
Russia	422
Italy	170
Sweden	75
Norway	42
Germany	5,800
Spain	60
Africa	25
India	100
Cuba	359
British Provinces	1,600
Panama	50
South America	60

Above we have the miles of railroads in various countries. Let us now look at a few other matters. The average cost of American railways has been estimated to be $40,000 a mile, which is rather over than under the mark. The English railways have cost, on an average, $200,000 a mile; the Belgian railways, $90,000; the French railways, £130,000; the German railways, $56,000. Many reasons may be assigned for these variations. The German and American roads have in general but one track; the French and English two. The principle pursued by the English engineers, who also built most of the French roads, was to avoid abrupt curves and steep gradients, by grading and cutting; hence a large increase of expense.

In this country we dread neither curves or grades. On some of the Pennsylvania lines locomotives have to aschnd eighty feet to do a mile, while on the Erie Road we find curves so short that to go around them at full speed would throw you off your boots. Again, the cost of land in England and France was considerable; its real value being frequently exaggerated by speculation. In America and Germany it was comparatively small: on many of the Western roads it was insignificant. Finally, in England, large additional expense was incurred in Parliamentary and law fees. It is said that the fees to counsel for obtaining a charter for some short roads amounted to as much as $350,000; all of which was of course charged against the road, so as to increase the cost of construction.

Politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

Mormonism in Germany.—The "Latter Day Saints" evince a most extraordinary activity in making proselytes. In Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries their missionaries found a fruitful soil, and gained a thousand converts, mainly among the agricultural classes. From Denmark some of these Apostles to the Gentiles journeyed to Hamburgh, where they firmly established themselves, and have already issued a German translation of the Book of Mormon. They have also penetrated to Saxony, and have succeeded in forming a society of adherents in the city of Dresden, carefully avoiding any collision with the police, who are ever on the alert for new religious sects, suspecting every new doctrine to be a mere cloak for some political plot. The apostles seem to have plenty of funds at their command, apparently derived from England, with which they assist the needy among their proselytes. Several families have recently left Dresden for Liverpool, where they will meet other converts, and continue their journey to the "New Jerusalem in the great interior salt basin of America." On the 1st inst. the Mormon community in the city of Dresden numbered sixty members, belonging to various grades of society, some of them persons of high intellectual endowments. The greater part of these new-born "saints" are making preparations to "forsake the thraldom of the heathens" and journey to the holy city of Nauvoo.

The people's rags are so far from meeting the demand of the papermakers now-a-days, that experiments are making upon all sorts of material to supply the deficiency. The Cleaveland *Plaindealer* states that a steamer brought down from Lake Superior a thousand pounds of moss for Dr. Terry, of Detroit, who has been making experiments upon it in the manufacture of paper. The Doctors says that moss makes a beautiful white paper, without any preparation of the raw material for the common paper mills. In all respects it is equal to linen rags, and can be found in unlimited quantities on Isle Royale and several other localities in the vicinity, at a very small comparative cost.

THE IRISH VOTE.

SPEECH OF COLONEL LOCHRAINE IN BROOKLYN.

Democracy, gentlemen, is, when reduced to a principle, easily expressed in a few words—hatred of oppression; and I claim to have been a Democrat from my birth to this hour. Born in a land not wholly unknown to fame—a land steeped in grief and stripped by desolation, with a history proud and immortal—with sublime names that glitter like rainbow hues of glory amid the clouds of gloom that hang like a badge of mourning on her skies, I can look back, like many of those around me, to the past, and feel pass through my heart thoughts wet with dews trickling from the stars of memory. I can look back and feel that on my mother's lap I learned the first grand inspirations of Democracy that have only since ripened into more definite and distinguished principles. I saw in her tearful eyes the history of oppression, and learned to hate it. I saw shadowed in her tears the ruin of my race; and when I crossed the blue waters that roll between liberty and tyrants, I carried that sacred principle of Democracy in my breast—it lies close to my heart this day—it shall remain there through life, in death be buried with me, and when I rise, rise with me an emblem worthy of the Heaven to which I aspire.

As an adopted citizen of this republic, I feel that duty demands of me an adherence to those principles; not as an Irishman, for I am opposed unalterably to all men who would here attach themselves to any organization cherishing any nationality distinct from that of American. I care not from what country or clime they come—whether from Hungary, with the fires of Pered and the blood of tyrants on their garments; whether from Scotland, where a Bruce and Wallace left deep tracks in the path of immortality; from Grutlin, and by the sun-kissed waters of Lake Lucerne; from France, the land of the great Napoleon, who formed for himself an alphabet of battles, every letter of which was a victory, and for whom nature became naked that she might cover him with garlands; from Ireland, the home of Grattan, Curran and O'Connell. The fostering and maintaining of distinct nationalities, I am utterly and uncompromisingly opposed to in this country. If a man is not yet incorporated into the great family of the American commonwealth, his duty is *silence.* "See, hear, and be silent," should be his motto. If he is endowed with the privileges of citizenship, reflection will teach him that he is an American citizen, and that he has become blended and incorporated with the American people; and on all questions affecting the interests of this country he must act, if he acts in the spirit of patriotism, as an American. It is as an American I stand here this day; it is beneath the shelter of the "stars and stripes" my voice is lifted; it is to American citizens I speak upon questions affecting American interests; and when I hear of one set of adopted citizens, for whom I have the most profound respect—their industry and integrity, their liberality and philosophy have ever endeared to me the German people—when I see them organized, no matter how small or large that body, as *Germans*, to enter this Presidential contest, no matter how pure their motives, as an adopted citizen I must speak against it; as a resident of Georgia, where the name of De Kalb has been inscribed upon her teeming soil, and the Stone Mountain stands up an eternal monumant to his memory, I could not let this opportunity pass without addressing myself to my German friends. Do not imagine me as illiberal or contracted. I like to see the days which bring us back in memory to our mothers' arms duly celebrated with appropriate festivities, for in turning our eyes back to the land where our fathers' ashes lie buried, we but the more strongly evidence and affirm our affections for this in which our children's forms are laid. Ruth, when she joined her destinies with Naomi, and exclaimed, "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God," was no less a Moabitess although she became the mother of the descendants of David.

There is no fear, I am well satisfied, that any nationality of men would ever subvert our country's institutions and set up any government different from that which has guided this country to her present proud and prosperous position. They, like myself, know too well the contrast between a land where all men are equal in the sight of God, and the scented nuisances of hereditary birth, and their privileges in the land from which they came. They remember too well the greedy devourers of the poor man's labor, and the cruelty which characterizes the act worse than the vampyre, for that will soothe to pleasant dreams while it withdraws the blood of life; but these act with a cruelty that would disgrace a starved menagerie.

It is the principle I am against, because I honestly think it wrong; and were they banded together to vote for Buchanan, as they are for Fremont, I would urge every argument I could against it with equal zeal, so help me God. But I candidly acknowledge my astonishment in this crisis of our country's history, when the union of these States is imperilled, when the clouds around and above us portend a storm that may rend this country in twain, and cast State after State,

"Like a limb from the country cast bleeding and torn."

In this day and at this time, I must admit astonishment that men who claim to be intelligent or patriotic can alien themselves from the Democratic ranks, and be found endeavoring to defeat the only National party left in this Republic, that maintains the only principles sacred to freedom and equality of the States and citizens, that can only interpose as a shield between the Constitution and fanaticism, and save in bonds of paternal love and esteem the Union, formed by revolutionary sires, and handed down as a rich legacy to their descendants; that can alone protect the great Republic of the United States from being slaughtered upon the altar of disunion, while the dews of its baptism are yet wet upon its forehead; to find men endeavoring to defeat this party, and thus trample upon the Constitution, and wreck the country, is to one who desires to see this Government perpetuated, and this light of liberty grow brighter and brighter until its beams are strong enough to reflect upon the Old World, and wake up its people to an emulation of honorable and patriotic example, a fact of solemn and melancholy import. I can only pray God to avert a day so dark, and trust His aid and that of the Democratic party will interpose between us and so black a destiny.

The principles involved in this issue are too well known to need much illustration. The most prominent is that which has reference to the people of a Territory, when forming a State Constitution, preparatory to admission into this Union, having the right to establish or inhibit slavery. In the affirmation of this proposition you find the Democratic party. And let us for a moment inquire if this principle is not the only one that can be carried into effect without a violation of the Constitution.

The Territories of this Government belong to the Government. The Government is formed of the States in common, as confederates, co-equals, and sovereigns. The property, then of the Government is the common property of the States. The citizens of the States occupy a position of equality in the Government, and have a common right to go and settle upon the territory which is the common property. Now, when the men from the North and the South, the East and the West meet there, and leaving behind them friends and relatives, go into the trackless forest, and hew down the trees to let the sun smile upon the land with fruitfulness and plenty; when they build their castle there and plant their household gods, have they the right to a voice in relation to the institutions under which they are to live and be governed?

A man goes to one of the Territories from New-York; he had this right here; no power could deprive him of it. Now, by what process of reasoning or authority will it be shown his removal to the Territory has alienated this right? The right is nothing more than the right of governing himself. Now, can this right be taken from him without making him a slave? If the people of the Territory have not the right to govern themselves, and make their own laws, and shape their own destinies, when does the right exist? Where has it been lodged? Who is its expounder? It is directly in conflict, not only with freedom, but with the fundamental principles upon which the Constitution was founded, to deprive a man of his right, south of the line of 36 deg. 30 min. This right has been recognized by that restriction, acquiesced in by the South for the sake of perpetuating this Government. The North obtained a large accession of free States when the Territories were acquired from Mexico. The South was willing to adhere to the Missouri Compromise, and have it extend to the Pacific. You were opposed to the line then, for the South would have been benefitted by the extension. You established this principle of non-intervention, and thus have the glory of removing an odious distinction in justice to the people of the South, who are your brothers, and cling to you with an affection as warm as the sun which lights up their skies.

The people of the south ask nothing but what is fair, honorable and just; their claim is to go to the common property, and have an equal voice with you in governing themselves there. Suppose the south, when there were twelve slave states and one free, had denied to the citizens of the free state the right to his voice in the formation of institutions under which he emigrated to live, what would have been his condition? A freeman? No, sir; desecrate not the name of Freedom by such an application; call virtue vice and God an Atheist with much more propriety.

Then away with these specious phrases and set speeches about the rights of freemen in the territories, when the principles you assert are in direct antagonism with free speech or the rights of freemen.

No matter from what part of the world a man comes, he is a freeman in this republic. When he comes from the south, that pours her wealth into your lap, sustains your commerce and enriches your manufactories—your brother, glorying in a common history, and sharing with you a common destiny—I ask is he to be less than a freeman? Is the sovereignty of the southern states to be struck down, and her sons denied the exercise of their civil rights equally with you in this government? And do you expect southern blood to be cool and tamely submit to degradation? Spirit of Washington, which sleeps in southern soil!—spirit of Jackson, whose ashes are southern dust!—spirit of Jefferson, of Polk, of Clay, of Calhoun, of McDuffie, and of our own immortal ancestry answer *no!* with the most indignant asseveration. Orators may taunt, and the *Herald* gibe the south. They cannot provoke her. Like the British soldiers at Waterloo under the rain of death, they will "stand firm," unmoved amid the storm; and when you enter the halls to enact her degradation, with the aid of northern freemen who yet love and cling to our country's Constitution, she will run you like rats from the Temple—rats that have burrowed beneath its pillars to uproot them, and again unfurl from the capitol the flag of our country, with but one word inscribed on it, and that word the Constitution.

But I anticipate no such evil—the patriotism of the country forbids it—the intelligence of the people forbids it. This storm shall pass—the clouds that lowered over our house shall be in the deep bosom of the ocean buried; and when the skies have cleared, and peace and plenty smile around us, with all hands on deck—with grateful hearts swelling with emotion—our eyes shall see at the helm that pilot who has weathered many a storm, guiding with steady and practiced hand the old ship of State—and landing her safely, with all her passengers safe on board, to anchor at the White House—then shall go up three cheers for Buchanan and Breckinridge, and three more for the Constitution.

We have had heretofore a contest for principles with the old Whig party; but the old Clay banner is now furled—dust and cobwebs gather on it to do the work of death—it will flutter no more in victory, but it shall remain as the herald of a field on which its followers fought bravely, while of its leaders, now in the dust, we may say:

"The meanest rill—the mightiest river—
Roll mingling with their fame forever."

What a spectacle between them and Mr. Fillmore, with his *attache* Mr. Donelson, sowing dragon's teeth of disunion among the people, and striking down the sacred principles of civil and religious liberty! But I shall not take up your time to discuss his merits or demerits—he is but a spider on the presidential web, easily brushed off. He belongs to a party already staggering to the grave, and I will write no word upon its tomb. It shall soon be coffined clay—soon be among the things that were,

"A school-boy's dream—the wonder of an hour."

The Democratic party has put in nomination men eminent as

statesmen and pure as patriots. James Buchanan is a household word. The gray-haired and venerable rush to his support with an ardor equal to their younger or more vigorous associates—his name is interwoven with the history of the country, and will remain there as bright as the crimson blush of the living day. The party that he leads is daily increasing, as the fire spreads by the air that blows upon it. I feel that the country is safe. The young eagle that rose in the luminous track of the setting sun, shall yet soar in safety over the fortunes of this republic, and the Union of the Democratic party in New-York shall be the "rainbow in the skies," betokening a clear and cloudless day for the country.

Lecture of the Very Rev. Dr. Murray before the Young Men's Society of Cork.

THE POETRY OF THOMAS MOORE.

It has been remarked (he observed) by some of Moore's critics, that he is altogether, or almost altogether, a poet of mere fancy, not of passion. That he has not dealt in, or has not successfully dealt with, those stormier passions which constitute the elements of the sublime, I have already admitted. That a great deal of his poetry is that of mere fancy I will not dispute. But I maintain that it contains a great deal, a very great deal, of genuine passion, in its two most beautiful and most popular species, the pathetic and the gay; and I believe that it is on his wonderful excellence in these two, but above all in the pathetic, that the enduring monument of his fame will rest. Under the head of the pathetic I would principally include what, for want of a better name, I call his "Songs of Sorrow," ranging, as they do, from the tones of a tender and tranquil feeling down to those of wailing desolation. There is one feeling of sadness, a favorite theme of his from his earliest to his latest strains—a feeling which he utters in every suitable form of verse, through every variety of imagery, in every cadence of intensity, and with a success so marvellous, so uniformly and absolutely perfect, that I believe no other poet ever attained or approached. I allude to the feeling which arises in the mind from the contemplation of the pursuits, the companions, the friendships, the aspirations, the joys, the sorrows, and whatever else there may be of the features and associations of days long and forever past, of scenes we can never again behold, the days and the scenes of our early years; and, also, what interests often as touchingly, though not as painfully, the mighty deeds, the golden pomps and glories of bygone ages, seen, like those old round towers, through the waves of time in which they have been so long engulphed. For obvious reasons, strains that recall the image of past national glory, find a peculiarly ready and warm-hearted response in the heart of every Irish Catholic. But the memory of our own personal past touches every bosom with a deep and tender emotion. These feelings are in themselves pure and chaste; and, when warmed with the fervor of a devout heart and tinged with the hues of Christian hope, lift the soul above the perishable scene, where all is vanity of vanities, up to that better world "beyond the moon and beyond the stars," where "death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow." By that mysterious attribute of mind, which we call association, it frequently happens that an object or an incident of the most trifling kind, a tree, a flower, an old air, the chime of bells, suddenly flashes some long-past and long-forgotten period of existence fully and vividly upon the mind, just as a small light, struck in a dark, renders it and the objects it contains, visible to the bodily eye. You have an example of this in those lines of indescribable beauty which every one has by heart—"Those Evening Bells! those Evening Bells!" and in another lyric of Moore's, not so universally known, of which I quote the first stanza:

"There is a song of the olden time,
Falling sad o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime,
Which in youth we loved to hear.
And, even amidst the grand and gay,
When music tries her gentlest art,
I never heard so sweet a lay,
Or one that hangs so round my heart
As that song of the olden time,
Falling sadly o'er the ear,
Like the dream of some village chime
Which in youth we loved to hear.

Verses like these, continued the lecturer, are not mere poetry. They are music, too. In proof of his strong and unqualified assertion of Moore's unrivalled excellence in this department, Dr. Murray gave many instances; amongst the rest, one which he thus introduced. Moore stood aloof from the stormy scenes of Irish agitation. His English home, his temperament, his tastes, and the necessity of supporting himself and his family by the labors of his pen, contributed to keep him so. But it should never be forgotten that, though he was domiciled in England from a boy, and almost from the same period to the gathering of that dark cloud that settled on the closing years of his life, he lived on terms of friendship and familiarity with the noblest of the land, the welcome and worshipped star of its proudest and most brilliant circles; yet, in whatever else he may have erred, he remained a true Irishman to the last. On the long, disheartening struggle which our fathers had to wage for free altars in their own land, the splendor of his genius shone out "like moonlight on a troubled sea," gilding the lower elements of strife and ennobling the cause of the down-trodden and the slave. When afterwards the proud and great of his adopted home turned to bind again the victim they had helped to franchise, his manly little heart swelled with honest indignation. And, as appears not only from his poems—for in them he addressed all the world—but still more from his private diary, to the very authors of the wrong, though among his warmest and truest friends (as to him they really were), he manfully and honestly expressed his opinions and his feelings, and in language as warm as the glowing strains in which they are made immortal:

"From this hour the pledge is given,
From this hour my soul is thine,
Come what will, from earth or heaven,
Weal or woe, thy fate be mine!
When the proud and great stood by thee,
None dared thy rights to spurn;
And, if now they're false and fly thee,
Shall I, too, basely turn?
No! Whate'er the fires that try thee
In the same this heart shall burn.

Though the sea, where thou embarkest,
Offers now no friendly shore,
Light may come where all looks darkest,
Hope hath life when life seems o'er.
And, of those past ages dreaming,
When glory decked thy brow,
Oft I fondly think, though seeming
So fallen and clouded now,
Thou'lt again break forth, all beaming—
None so bright, so blest as thou,

The learned lecturer having alluded at some length to the refinement of imagery, feeling and language so characteristic of Moore's lyrics, described that refinement as the great distinction between his songs and those of Burns. Both, he said, are simple; but those of Burns are simple to a wider circle. The latter expresses the feelings of our common nature in the most intense and moving manner. Moore does the same, but infuses into them delicate and refined emotions that are lost on rougher sensibilities. Burns, content with the passion as it is common to all, uses a language common to all. Moore, aiming to embody its more subtle working and developments, uses a language of a finer shade. They are both, beyond a doubt, the two first lyric poets of our literature. The empire of song is theirs; and as I would rather see it possessed by them in common than divided between them, I shall not pursue the comparison farther. If, however, I were constrained to offer an opinion, I should, in my humble judgment, rank Moore decidedly above Burns. The best lyrics of the former appear to me clearly better than the best of the latter; and we have more of Moore's best. After a very charming disquisition on Moore's humorous poems, which space does not permit us to give, but which was heard with great interest and several times interrupted by hearty plaudits, Dr. Murray concludes thus:—I have already contemplated Moore only as a poet. But before concluding, I may be allowed to say one word on the personal character of the brave and loving spirit so lately departed from us—

Silence is in our festal halls,—
Sweet son of song! thy course is o'er;
In vain on thee sad Erin calls—
Her minstrel's voice responds no more.

I have already spoken of his patriotism. His periods of social enjoyment, partly during his occasional visits to London, partly at Bowood and elsewhere, were neither few nor far between; and while they lasted, scarce a moment of them was lost. Though often reluctantly drawn from his retirement and in the midst of his gaieties, sighing for its return, still on whirled the round of pleasures, breakfasts, dinners, suppers, balls, theatres, singing, dancing, laughing, jesting. But when buried in the seclusion of his own home, his life seems to have been very laborious. He wrote much; and he was rather a slow workman. By his pen he not only supported himself and his family in comfort and independence, but also contributed largely to the support of his father and mother to the end of their lives. After struggling hard "to make ends meet," sometimes with only a few shillings in his pocket, he was never guilty of one mean or unmanly act. His heart overflowed with kindness and generosity to all that came within his circle. His temper seems to have been one of unvarying sweetness. All the world admired his genius, and all who knew loved the man. He was the best of sons, a warm and generous friend, a loving brother, a loving father, a loving and faithful husband. In this last relation he was singularly happy, having been united to a lady whose great beauty seems to have been but the reflection of the natural goodness and nobleness of her heart. It was said that he "dearly loved a lord"—said, I strongly suspect, by some one who envied quite as much as they blamed. I think lords sought him as much as he sought them, and a great deal more. Whatever may have been his weakness in that way, I believe few men ever lived, drawn from an humble sphere like his, and thrown as he was, when little more than a boy, into the society of lords—and such lords as some of them were!—and whenever he passed his own threshold, constantly living in their society, who, to the end, preserved the manly self-respect and independence which shine out through every record of his life that has fallen under my eyes. His character is as beautiful as his genius. I speak only of his natural qualities, as I gather my ideas from these sources of information that are open to all. Of him, as in reference to the supernatural, I shall say nothing here. Only be it ours to feel deeply, after contemplating the picture of so much worldly happiness, and splendor, and fame, that after all, the fashion of this world passeth away and but one thing is necessary—as in Moore's own words:

"And false the light on Glory's plume
As fading hues of even:
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the Tomb—
There's nothing bright, but Heaven!"

American News.

The tripartite treaty between the United States and the Creeks and the Seminoles, residing West of the Mississippi, is considered one of the most important ever concluded with the aboriginal tribes. The Senate recently ratified it, with amendments, to which the delegation in Washington have assented. It appropriates $899,000, for which a bill has passed the Senate, and awaits the action of the House. The Creeks and Seminoles surrender land to such Seminoles in Florida as may remove West, while the treaty secures to the last, on that condition, certain pecuniary and civil advantages, and permits them to enjoy their own—a Seminole—government, independently of association with any other tribes—a failure to obtain which has been a prominent objection heretofore to their immigration. This, it is supposed, will have a tendency to forever quiet Indian disturbances in Florida—an important consideration—in view of the millions of money expended on account of Indian hostilities in that State.

The *Louisville Courier* 22d ult., says: Catherine Smoot, of Jefferson county, Kentucky, widow of Alexander Smoot, Esq., who died in 1847, was a passenger on the mail boat from Louisville to Cincinnati yesterday, with eleven slaves, whom she proposes to emancipate. She was offered $10,000 cash down for the lot, but said that the money was no temptation, as she would free her servants because she was convinced it was her duty as a Christian to do so. A black man belongs to her who was not with his company, as he hired out for a term, upon the expiration of which he, too, is to be freed. She says, that she considers it her duty, after freeing her slaves, to make such provision for them that they will not suffer or become burdensome to those among whom they will make their home.

The venerable Father Sawyer, of Maine, as he is affectionately called, although a hundred years and several months old, it appears is not the oldest clergyman in New-England. The Manchester, N. H., *American* reports that the Rev. Laban Ainsworth, senior pastor of the Congregational Church, Jaffrey, N. H., is now in his hundred and third year, having been born July 16, 1754. He is the oldest graduate of Dartmouth College, and probably the oldest clergyman in the country.

The Legislature of Texas, in order to do its part towards extending Slavery into Kansas, has appropriated $50,000 from the State treasury, to carry emigrants thither and support them for three months.

The Hudson *Daily Star* has been requested by Mr. Beach, of Catskill, to say that the heavy rains in that vicinity have not interrupted communication between that place and the Mountain House. The road is perfectly safe and good to the Pine Orchard.

There is to be a great trial of Fire Engines at Pittfield, Mass., on Thursday, Sept. 11, to which firemen of neighboring States are invited. The prizes consist of four silver trumpets, valued at $300.

The house of the German patriot, Hecker, was burned during his absence from home on a political tour. His loss is said to be at least $4,000.

The amount remitted for New-York to the sufferers by the inundations in France is $10,000.

The Toronto *Globe*, in a recent number, contains a list of the Canadian steamers and schooners trading on the upper lakes, with the names of the masters, the rig, tunnage, where built, and the value. In this list are forty-eight steamers, seventeen propellers, and one hundred and ninety-five schooners, the tunnage of which amounts to about forty-one thousand one hundred and ninety-six tuns, and the value of which is about $3,494,000.

We learn from the St. Louis *Republican* that the town of Griswold City, located on the Missouri river, one hundred miles from St. Louis, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 20th. The loss of property is unknown—there was no insurance on any of it. The fire is supposed to have been committed by an incendiary.

Emmet Monument Association.—A general meeting of the E. M. A., will be held at Captain Corcoran's Hibernian Hall, 42 Prince street, on Monday, September 8, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Commandants will notify the members of their respective Companies.

J. KELLY, Sec'y. **Edward Butler,** President.

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Special Notices.

Mass Meeting.—The will be a Grand Rally of the Democracy of the 8th (the old Banner) Ward of Brooklyn, on Wednesday evening, September 3d, at 8 o'clock, in front of the Clarendon House, corner of 27th Street and 3d Avenue, for the purpose of erecting a Hickory Pole and raising a splendid Banner. The Buchanan and Breckinridge Clubs of New-York and Brooklyn are cordially invited to attend. The Hon. Judge Vanderbilt, H. C. Murphy, Wm. J. Rose, anb other eminent speakers, will be present Hurra for Old Buck!

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City News.

It is stated that in cutting through Oliver street, for the purpose of extending the Bowery, a tombstone was exhumed and a perfect skull found beneath it. The inscription was in Hebrew characters, and after being submitted to the inspection of many learned citizens of the Israelitish persuasion, it was deciphered to bear the name "Grenada," while the date runs back some 399 years, which was before the discovery of America by Columbus.

An exhibition of the "manly art of self-defence" took place at the Shakspeare Hotel on Monday night, at which one of the Chief's Aids, who was present on the look-out for pickpockets, was relieved of his gold watch and considerable "spare change" by some of the gentlemen in whose welfare he was taking so much interest.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

August 6, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, John Marshall, of Prince William terrace, to Ellen, daughter of the late George Wayland, of Ballywalter, Cashel.

August 6, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Richard Dundas, son of William Dundas, of Kinlough, county Leitrim, to Jane, daughter of the late James Bunn, of Kindlestown Castle, county Wicklow.

August 13, in St. Peter's Church, George Augustus Frederick Crossdaile Manifold, of Cadamstown House, Kinnitty, to Thomasinia, daughter of the late Thomas Hobbs, of Barnaboy, King's County, formerly Captain in the 92d Highlanders.

August 14, at St. Mary's Church, Donnybrook, Arthur Leahy, of the Royal Engineers, to Harriet, daughter of B. M. Tabuteau, of Simon's court, county Dublin.

August 7, at Clontarf church, John Clement, son of William Pare, of Clontarf, formerly of London and Birmingham, to Adelaide, daughter of the late Commissary-General Luscombe, of Killester House.

August 9, at Simon's court church, Donnybrook, Humphrey John Atkinson, Staff Assistant Surgeon, to Louisa Anna, daughter of Hamilton Leslie, M. D., of Cullenswood terrace, Ranelagh.

August 12, at Grangegorman church, John Frazer, Solicitor, son of William Mostyn Frazer, of Synnot place, to Prudence Mary, daughter of the late Henry Hamilton, Surgeon, of Carrick-on-Shannon.

August 9, in Lucan, Miles H. Harrison, of Preston, Lancashire, to Susan, daughter of the late D. Johnson, of Cooldrina, Leixlip.

August 12, at Affane Church, Wellington W. W. Poole, Staff Surgeon, to Lizzie, second daughter of the late Charles Graves, Brookvale, county Waterford.

August 10, at Newtownhamilton, Peter Callan, of Dundalk, to Eliza, widow of Dr. Lennon, of Newtownhamilton.

August 12, in Kilkenny, Richard W. Watters, local Agent of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, to Eliza, daughter of Humphrey Semple, of Lacken Cottage, Kilkenny.

August 7, at Canaway, Richard Bolster, of Aldworth, county Cork, to Sarah, daughter of Henry Good, of Old Fort.

August 7, at Templemore, Arthur, son of George Fleming, of Turrock House, Westmeath, to Fannie Matilda, daughter of J. Guest, of Templemore.

August 5, at Newtown-Limavady, county Derry, Oliver Claude Pell, Barrister-at-law, to Adelaide, daughter of Marcus M'Causland, of Fruithill.

August 7, at Inniskeel, Matthew Walter, son of the late Matthew Charley, of Woodburne, Antrim, to Isabel, only child of William Irvine, of Drumharvey, Fermanagh.

August 6, at Keady, Francis Horner, of the Bank of Ireland, Agent at Tipperary, to Eliza, daughter of Wm. Kirk, M. P., of Annvale, county Armagh.

August 13, in the Roman Catholic Church, New Ross, by the Rev. H. Murphy, John Darcy, of Dublin, to Harriet Jane, only daughter of Edward Murphy, of Glentyre, county Wexford.

August 7, at St. John's-wood, John Fermor Godfrey, son of Sir William Duncan Godfrey, Bart., of Kilcoleman Abbey, Kerry, to Mary Cordelia, daughter of Thomas White Scott, late of Clapham House, Sussex.

At Maryborough, James Lalor, of the Rock, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Timothy Fitzpatrick, of Rahendrick, Queen's County.

In Waterford, W. T. Hodge, of John's Hill, Accountant to the Steam Packet Company, to Mary Anne Merry, of Barronstrand street.

In the Catholic Cathedral, Newry, Felix O'Hagan, merchant, to Eliza, daughter of James Grant, merchant.

March 27, at Cathkin, Melboure, Australia, Augustus Crawley, formerly of Dublin, to Sarah Anne, daughter of John Maxwell, formerly of Portaferry, county Down.

July 9, at Malta, Captain R. Boyle, of the Royal Artillery, youngest surviving son of the late Right Hon. David Boyle, of Shewalton, Ayrshire, to Frances Sydney, daughter of Francis F. Sankey.

July 11, at Toronto, Canada, John Fraser, of *The Colonist* office, to Mary, daughter of the late Isaac Field Simmons, of Dublin.

IRISH DEATHS.

August 1, Michael Walter Staunton, eldest son of Michael Staunton, Collector-General of Dublin.

August 2, in Gloucester street, Richard A. Annesley, son of the late Hon. Francis C. Annesley, of the Royal Navy.

August 5, at Claughton, Birkenhead, Cheshire, Letitia, fourth daughter of the late William Curry, of Dublin.

August 9, at Mountjoy square, Dublin, Catherine, relict of Piers Geale, and mother of the Countess Fortescue.

August 10, at 46, Mountjoy square, Dublin, Ann Frances Louise, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilkinson, R. E.

In Nassau street, Dublin, aged 95 years, Margaret, last surviving daughter of the late Richard Rawson, of Baltinglass, county Wicklow.

August 10, at Rock Cottage, Dalkey, Bessie, daughter of Denis Moylan, of Hartcourt street, Dublin.

August 9, James Gerald, son of James Fitzgerald, of Bolton street, Dublin, Solicitor.

August 7, at Rathgar, Emily Elizabeth, daughter of the late Captain De Renzi, of Baltinglass, county Wicklow.

August 8, at 10, Whitworth place, Drumcondra, of rapid decline, Jane, eldest daughter of J. C. Field.

August 11, at the North Circular Road, John Toland, of Cauteen, Londonderry.

August 3, at Triton Lodge, Dalkey, Patrick, the youngest son of James Fay, of Cavan.

August 6, at Laputa Lodge, Ballyshannon, Laura, infant daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Gresley.

August 6, at Richmond House, Clonmel, Sarah, wife of J. Hume Mayston.

August 4, in Wexford, Miss King, daughter of the late Lieutenant Charles King, Royal Navy.

August 2, in Tralee, aged 81 years, Benjamin Mathews, late Collector of Excise for the county Kerry.

August 8, in Limerick, Dr. Cowen, Surgeon of the Depot Battalion of that garrison. He had seen a great deal of service in the West Indies, China, &c.

July 30, at Closepark, Killinchy, aged 89 years, Mary, relict of John Lowry.

August 5, at Ballywalter, county Down, Anna, daughter of the Rev. James Tempieton.

August 4, at Bangor, county Down, aged 68 years, Robert Jackson, formerly Captain in the 61st regiment.

August 4, in Cork, Elinor, relict of Norman Uniacke, of Castletown, in that county.

August 6, at Carrickmacross, aged 73 years, Maria Teresa, relict of Richard Kelly, of Kelly's Vale, county Monaghan.

August 6, in Londonderry, George Foster.

August 6, at Fermoy, aged 90 years, Joseph Bell, retired Collector of Excise, formerly of the Mallow and Maryborough districts.

August 8, at Newcastle, county Down, Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Killen, of Belfast.

August 9, at Edenderry, aged 35 years, William Henry Murray.

August 5, at the Glebe House, the Rev. Francis Lucas Molley, Vicar of the parish of Lettermacaward, aged 77 years.

August 9, at Rockfort, Buncrana, Patrick Gilmore, of the Grove, Londonderry.

August 11, at Fortwilliam, county Tipperary, Catherine, daughter of the late William Crawford, of Tiermoyle.

August 11, at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Emily, wife of the Rev. Charleton Maxwell, Rector of Leckpatrick, county Tyrone, and daughter of the late Hon. Richard Ponsonby, Bishop of Derry.

August 12, at Norwood, Surrey, Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Verner, Bart., M. P. for the county Armagh.

July 20, at Inch, county Wexford, John Byrne.

August 1, at Carlshrue, Grand Duchy of Baden, Maria, wife of M. Otto Cousin, and daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Barnes.

August 4, in London, Charlotte Augusta, wife of Captnin Purcell, of the 50th Regiment.

August 12, on board the Firebrand, returning from the Crimea, of Cholera, Lieutenant F. Temple, of the Royal Artillery.

December 23, 1855, in India, James, only son of William Cowley, 4 Sandwith street, Dublin.

May 22, at Melbourne, James E. Devereux Fanning, late of Drogheda, nephew of the late Sir Robert Nickle, Commander of the Forces in Australia.

August 4, at Lavallyroe, county Galway, Mrs. O'Regan, mother of the Right Rev. Dr. O'Regan, Bishop of Chicago, United States, in the 84th year of her age. She was interred in the family vault of Kiltulla. The crowd of priests and people who attended the funeral showed the great respect in which she was held.

At Kiltrellig, county Clare, of scarlatina, Susan Pilkington, daughter of Robert Griffin, Barrister-at-law.

In Ennis, David O'Sullivan, a native of the county Cork.

In Killarney, Timothy Brosnan, of Holy Cross Distillery.

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State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood, deceased.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional district, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth wards of the said city and county.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressional district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.

City and county officers are also to be elected:—

A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.
A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.
Two Governors of the Almshouse, in the places of Isaac Bell, jr., and Simeon Draper.
Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, August 20, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140. aug30

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		Wax Flowers, a course....	1 5 0

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JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street.
FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
—— KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each —— evening, at ——
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn.
GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y.
RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y.
P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall."
Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street.
M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.*
T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory.
WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms."
JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y.
M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn.
MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street.
W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa.
MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue.
JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City.
—— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.
P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia.
Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.
THOM. CAAS. FITSGIBBON, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me.
JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond.
P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston.
GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta.
EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati.
JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stiles, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Special Notices.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A *Beautiful Complexion* may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops and wash the face night and morning.

Shaving made Easy.—Wet your shaving brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," ru the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

3mjly5 W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., Franklin Square, New-York.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,

3mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.
New-York, June 28, 1856.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 18, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug28 10t

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

y21june

WRITING INKS.

WE ask the attention of all who wish imperishable records,—a matter of great importance to State, County and Town Offices, Banks, and others, to Dr. Chilton's test of the prominent Inks in use, made with a view to show their different degrees of permanence by exposure. Engraved facsimiles of the test can be seen at our office.

Thaddeus Davids & Co.
ap19m6 Manufacturing stationers, 26 Cliff street.

DR. J. VOORHIES,

MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN,

NO. 69 SANDS STREET,

Brooklyn.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.

N. B. All chronic or nervous diseases cured by Electricity in some form. Electro Medicated Vapor Baths ready for operation. Dropsy can be cured by this treatment. Consultations free. m3jun14

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparent expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter, giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

The undersigned announces to the legitimate faculty that he has opened a store for the dispensing of pure medicines, chemicals, &c. Having obtained a knowledge of the profession in the best schools in the world, during twelve years, he will be able to compound prescriptions *precisely* as they are ordered. JOHN. C. GILES, Apothecary,
21ju3m 285 Bleecker, two doors above Barrow.

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 3m19jly

Special Notices.

Agency of Nicaragua, No. 347 Broadway.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Government of Nicaragua GENERAL EMIGRANT AGENT in the United States, has established a permanent agency at 347 Broadway, room No. 2, up stairs. All persons desirous of obtaining information of any kind concerning Nicaragua will receive prompt attention by addressing the undersigned, personally or by letter, at the office of the Agency. According to the decree of the Nicaraguan government, dated November 23d 1855, emigrants are entitled to 250 acres of land, if single, and 350 acres are granted to families. The price of passage to emigrants has been fixed at a very low figure; and for those without means arrangements have been made with the "Nicaragua Emigration Company," to advance the price of their passage upon the transfer of a part of the land granted by the government. This secures to emigrants a LARGE GRANT OF LAND AND A FREE PASSAGE TO NICARAGUA. J. W. Fabens, Esq., for some time past Director of Colonization of the Government of Nicaragua, is now in this city, and may be found daily at the office of the agency. From his extended knowlege of the country he is enabled to give most valuable information concerning Nicaragua.

The first steamer for Nicaragua will leave on the 9th of September, and all persons desirous of emigrating to that beautiful country are advised to make early application at the agency.

ALEXANDER C. LAWRENCE, General Emigrant Agent of
2t7sept Nicaragua for United States.

Dr. Edwards Downes Connery, has removed to No. 186 HENRY STREET, where he can be consulted on all diseases, particularly those of the Chest and Eye, and also on the peculiar diseases of Women and Children. He will be assisted in his professional duties by a graduate of the College of Surgeons and Physicians. Office hours from 8 to 10 o'clock, A. M.; from 2 to 3 P. M., and from 7 to 8 in the evening. The poor prescribed for gratis every Wednesday, from 8 to 10 in the morning. sept6 1m

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

sept6 3mos **Halton & Co.**

Holloway's Pills.—A Startling Truth.—Those who die with the means of cure at hand commit constructive suicide, and as these wonderful Pills eradicate all complaints of the digestive and secretive organs, sufferers from these maladies, who neglect to take them, incur a fearful responsibility. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per box. sept6

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *FALL IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

Is now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)

ap191y Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

NEW STORE

AND

NEW GOODS.

THE subscriber having leased for a term of years the premises

374 Hudson street,

and made exthnsive additions thereto, and having laid in a large stock o

Carpeting and Oil Cloths,

stly bought at **Auction,** for CASH, is now prepared to sell them at the owing extremely low prices:

Tapestry Brussels, 8s. usually sold at 10s.
Three Ply Ingrain 8s. usually sold at 10s.
Superfine do 6s. usually sold at 8s.
Fine do 5s. usually sold at 6s.
Common do All WOOL 3s. 6d. per yard, a price absolely unheard of.

Ingrain, Cotton Warp and Wool Filling 2s. 6d.
Oil Cloths 3s. per yard, usually sold at 5s.

Mats, Matting, Table and Piano Covers, Venetian and Hall Carpetting, Stair Rods, &c. &c.

Clergymen and Churches furnished at wholesale prices.

Goods in all cases warranted as represented.

J. R. Landon, 374 Hudson street, New-York,

8mjun a few doors from Hamersly.

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. **129** *FULTON STREET,*

(HERALD BUILDING,) **New-York.**

my3ly

PHAIR & CO.,

STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

22 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW-YORK,

Are prepared to do Printing of all kinds in the best style and on reasonable terms. PARTIES desiring printing for BALLS, PARTIES, EXCURSIONS, CONCERTS, or PUBLIC MEETINGS, are invited to give us a call.

8mjly26

JAMES CRAFT,

FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

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McLOUGHLIN & McSHANE,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*

NEW-YORK. 3m

SHIP STORES SUPPLIED.

DRY-DOCK DISTILLERY.

No. 291 East-thirteenth st., near Avenue B.

JAMES RUSSELL,

Rectifier and Manufacturer of Cordials,

IMPORTER AND DEALER

IN Foreign and Domestic Wines, Liquors, Cordials, &c. J. R. having had long experience in the liquor trade, he has facilities of selecting wines and liquors of the most superior quality, which he offers to dealers and families at the lowest market prices, and flatters himself that a single trial will be quite sufficient to secure custom.

Goods delivered free of expense in any part of the city, and country orders promptly attended to. 3m jun14

CALL ON

THOMAS LYNCH,

OF the "FULTON SHADES," Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, for the best XX and XXX ales, brandies, and segars.

P. CUFF,

RECTIFIER AND DISTILLER,

NO. 306 EIGHTH AVENUE.

NEW-YORK.

Dealer in Foreign Wines and Liquors.

Goods sent to all parts of the country. Orders of all kinds promptly attended to. y jly26

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of *HAVANA SEGARS,* &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 121 PEARL STREET, New-York.

N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap261y

---

WISE'S IRISH MALT WHISKEY.

IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan,** Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Vanbrunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of WISE'S CORK MALT WHISKEY, which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm who import the same in New-York. ap261y

Business Directory.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

---

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

7jun NEW-YORK.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2yljy Collections promptly attended to, and Liens carefully filed, &c.

JOHN A. McSORLEY,

CUSTOM HOUSE AND SHIP BROKER, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

7 BROAD STREET,

Clergymen, importing Vestments, Church Ornaments, &c., will be liberally treated with by calling on the subscriber.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Thos. McClune & Co., C. Meletta, | Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., James Cook & Co. 6m

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JAMES HARLIN,

WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months. *

JOHN FOLEY,

MANUFACTURER OF FINE GOLD PENS

BEST QUALITY ONLY.

GOLD AND SILVER PENCIL CASES.

my24tf No. 163 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

JOHN KENNEDY'S

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. *

THOMAS GAFFNEY'S

SOAP AND CANDLE

MANUFACTORY,

825 EAST SENECA STREET, BUFFALO,

NEW-YORK. 6mJune7

WILLIAM M. SMITH,

The Public Favorite, and only American Opposition

BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED IN THE BUSINESS.

Work done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than any other poster in the city. Work done either in New-York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts, or any kind of work.

OFFICE, 23½ SPRUCE STREET, NEW-YORK,

ap26tf (Between William and Gold streets.)

THE METROPOLITAN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 108 *BROADWAY,*

(Cor. Pine Street.)

CASH CAPITAL $300,000.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my31y

WILLARD, FELT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

8mos (near Broadway.)

MATTHEW WALLACE,

25 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, &c.

"The Irish News," on hand, by the earliest moment, each week. tf

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LORIN BROOKS.

BOOTS, SHOES, AND GAITERS,

Wholesale and Retail,

MADE TO ORDER.

188 Fulton street, New-York, opposite treet, west of Broadway.

Hotels.

STEVENS HOUSE.

(LATE DELMONICO'S HOTEL.

21, 23, 25, & 27 Broadway, New-York.

THE undersigned avails himself of this opportunity of informing his friends and the public that he has leased the above named house for a term of years, and has made extensive alterations and repairs, and omitted nothing that will tend to the accomodations or comfort of guests. The house having been newly furnished throughout in the most thorough and modern style, with a view to convenience and comfort, and as it will be conducted on the European plan, and with an experienced caterer, and thorough cooks, he hopes to give satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage which has never failed while in other Hotels in this city.

Catholic families and clergymen visiting New-York will find in the arrangements of this spacious establishment, elegance, convenience, and comfort, at moderate charges. JOHN O'GRADY, JR.,

3m5jly Formerly of Judson's Hotel and the Brandreth House.

NEW HOTEL.

LAFARGE HOUSE,

Broadway, New-York.

This new and beautiful First-class Hotel, is now open for the reception of guests. The location is the most pleasant part of Broadway, opposite Bond street, and in the immediate vicinity of the most fashionable places of amusement. The rooms are large and airy, and so arranged that they may be connected in suites for families, or used separately for single seasons. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

8m19jly STONE & BURROUGHS, Proprietors.

Business Directory.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

209 FULTON STREET, BETWEEN CHURCH AND GREENWICH STS.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has opened the above establishment for the sale of

PURE WINES, BRANDIES, &C.,

with an extensive assortment of

CHOICE CORDIALS,

by wholesale and retail, and womld call attention of buyers to his Stock, consisting, in part of

FINE COGNAC BRANDY.

The celebrated Brand of Leger Freres, a superior article for medicinal purposes.

Pinet Castillon, Vintage 1823 and 1842.
Otard, Dupuy & Co., Vintages 1836 and 1840.

PORT WINE,

(J. & R. Osborn's Importation,)

COLERAINE AND DUBLIN MALT WHISKEY,

(Imported by the subscriber to which he invites the attention of the connoisseur.)

HOLLAND GIN,

Meder Swan, and other favorite brands.

Together with a large assortment of

DUBLIN & LONDON PORTER, SCOTCH ALES,

and a seleet supply of genuine **Havana Segars,** of various brands.

Particular attention given to orders for families, and goods forwarded to any part of the City, Brooklyn, Jersey, &c. Country Orders with remittance, immediately attended to.

Having engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Dillon, (late with Archdeacon & O'Connor, Wall Street) customers can depend on all orders entrusted to his care, being promptly and faithfully attended to.

Parties residing up town can procure the above articles of T. & J. Russell, corner 36th street, and 6th Avenue: T. Russell & Co., corner 4th Street and 6th Avenue, and at the corners of 13th Street, 8th and 10th Avenues.

THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1836.)

45 Water street, New-York.

CHARLES M. CONNOLLY,

Commission Merchant and Agent for the sale of Manufactured Tobacco.

Has always on hand, at the above agency, a full supply of

Manufactured Tobacco,

Of all brands and descriptions, direct from the Virginia Factories, for sale on liberal terms. jly6y

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"THE VINEYARD."

O'CONNOR & HOWARD,

PROPRIETORS.

17 WALL STREET.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Ales, Wines, Liquors,

Segars,

Gunniss Double XX porter, Scotch and Alsop's Ale, English pickles, sauces marmalades, Jelly, &c. &c. 3mJe6

P. COTTER,

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For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

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EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

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William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
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S. CAHILL respectfully informs his friends, customers, and the public generally, that, having made an extensive addition to his Store, for the better accommodation of his customers, he has now the largest and most extensive BOOT AND SHOE STORE in the world, and is prepared to exhibit the most extensive assortment of

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EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK.

His facilities for manufacturing on an extensive scale, together with his superb assortment of FRENCH BOOTS and SHOES, received direct from Paris by every steamer, enable him to sell a much better article at much lower prices than can be purchased at any other house in the city. BOOTS AND SHOES OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS MADE TO MEASURE AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE. je28 3mos

Monday, June 16th, and during the week—

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my3 1y

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THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

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As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

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The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

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AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

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of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $80 to $140.

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(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

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One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

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PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

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European News.

The European mail by the *Persia* (Liverpool, 23d ult.) is not important, and may be summed up in a few words. Thus:

The British Parliament is further prorogued until November. Napoleon is at the baths of Barritz; he is reported to be urging the claims of Prince Pierre Bonaparte to the throne of the Danubian Kingdom; and to be engaged in considering what title to bestow on the American descendants of Prince Jerome. The harvest in France is considered fully an average. The government of Holland refuses assent to the principle of arbitration before a resort to arms. The citizens of Antwerp have been indulging in *fetes* to celebrate the King's long and peaceful reign. There is no additional news from Spain; the apprehensions of scarcity continue, and the difficulty with Mexico is said to be by no means settled. It is reported (but doubtfully) that France and England have sent an ultimatum to Naples, demanding concessions, and threatening, if refused, to withdraw their representatives. The King agrees to concede in part, but the ultimatum demands more. The Prussian corvette *Dantzig* was attacked on the coast of Morocco by Riff pirates; eight of the crew were killed and seventeen wounded, including among the latterPrince Adalbert of Prussia. The dead were buried at Gibraltar, and Prussia invites France and England to join her in an expedition against the buccaneers. Turkey is preparing a new draft of a general commercial treaty, more favorable to the development of her own commerce. The eight or ten Russians have been removed from the Isle of Serpents by an English ship of war, and landed at Odessa. The Russians have occuped Anapa and the forts of the Circassian coast. The papers are full of the magnificence of the approaching coronation at Moscow.

An Austrian Colonel had openly insulted the AmericanVice-Consul in Ancona, Italy, and the latter had demanded redress from the United States Minister at Rome.

The leading English Journals discuss at length the principles of Secretary Marcy's state paper on the doctrine of privateering, as stated by the Congress of Paris, and submitted to the leading powers. We give the pith of the observations made by several leading papers:

* * * After settling the affairs of Turkey, Greece, the Principalities, the Black Sea and the Baltic, after reviewing the position of the Pope and the King of Naples, the Plenipotentiaries at Paris resolved on declaring some general principles for the humanizing, as far as possible, of future hostilities. Accordingly, in the last protocol it is declared that privateering is and remains abolished, that the neutral flag covers enemy's goods, that the enemy's flag does not condemn to forfeiture neutral goods, and that blockades, to be binding, must be effective. These resolutions, when agreed to by the contracting Powers, were sent to several governments for acceptance, and among them to the government of the United States. The answer of Mr. Marcy, the American Secretary of State, has just been published. It is written with no small ability, and will, no doubt, command the attention of European Governments. Mr. Marcy points out the obvious logical defect in the principle enunciated by the Conference. If it be desirable, for the sake of humanity, that private property shall be respected on sea as on land, it must be desirable that its capture by men-of-war should be prohibited as well as by privateers. The European Governments, therefore, says the Secretary of State, have not consistently carried out their own principle. If private property is to be captured, it must be by any species of vessels which the belligerent states choose to employ. Privateers at sea are analogous to volunteer levies on land, and the United States, which have neither a large army nor a large navy, cannot consent to limit themselves to any description of force in defending themselves. A comparison is then made of the naval forces of England and America, and it is added that not only regard for her own safety, but even a sense of what is due to the other small naval powers, obliges the Republic to oppose a regulation which should debar any State from making use of volunteers by sea as well as by land.

Now, there is much truth in this, though the European Governments are not so inconsistent as may seem. They certainly have not taken a broad view of the subject, simply because one or two have possibly deemed that their neighbors were as yet unwilling to countenance any sweeping change. No one can doubt that a country like England, whose commerce covers every sea, would be glad enough to find the whole world agreeing to respect private property on board ship. But it was not quite certain that some of her neighbors would acquiesce in a doctrine which would seem to give greater advantages to a nation whose supposed monopoly of commerce already excites the envy of the world.

The *Times* then proceeds to make the following contrast between the regular navy and privateers:

No doubt the captain and crew of a ship of war are to some extent encouraged by a hope of prize money. But it must be allowed, that officers educated in a high sense of honor, and looking for their reward in reputation and a good standing with their profession and the public, are likely to carry out the system of capture in a very different spirit from mere adventurers united only by a thirst for gain. The crew of a government vessel is subjected to a severe discipline. Its captain is obliged to furnish a strict account of all his proceedings. Very different is the case with the privateer. The crew are generally of the most wild and ruthless of a profession which is apt to encourage a disregard of restraint; theh go anywhere and do every thing with little questioning from their own government. Their responsibility is lessened by their very obscurity, and generally is such that nothing short of actual atrocities could lower them in the opinion of their fellows. In fact, privateering is too apt to degenerate into piracy. The captain of such a vessel will take every advantage, without pity or remorse, while an officer of the regular navy is hardly likely to stretch rights to the utmost, and embitter the contest by cruelty and rapacity.

The History of American privateers gives a direct answer to the falsification of the above. The privateers acting in the wars of America, have been as famous for their chivalrous bearing as for their bravery. The *Times* continues:

So far, then, the European powers were justified in proposing the abolition of privateering, even if they went no further. But now they are asked to go further. The American Government accepts their proposition, but generalizes the principle. "If," says Mr. Marcy in effect, "you will abolish altogether the right of capturing private property on the ocean, privateering ends as a matter of course; but if you retain this right, we will not consent to limit the exercise of it to any class of vessels." Fi nally the American Secretary moves his amendments. To the words "Privateering is and remains abolished," he proposes to add, "and the private property of the subjects or citizens of a belligerent on the high seas shall be exempted from seizure by public armed vessels of the other belligerent, except it be contraband. Thus, for the first time, a most important principle is proposed for the adoption of the civilized world, being nothing less than the extension to maritime trade of absolute immunity from acts of warfare. It is now a question for the family of nations whether they will decide that a cargo of sugar on the Atlantic is as sacred as the same article stored in the warehouses of a captured sea-port. It is evident that if the proposition of the United States be adopted, modern warfare will be entirely revolutionized. The subject is of the highest importance, and will no doubt be discussed with earnestness and good faith.

The London *Post* says:

The only state which from the possession of a great mercantile navy, can on this subject be supposed to have interests not entirely coincident with those of the great European powers is the United States of America. Mr. Marcy, the Secretary of State at Washington, has recently addressed a despatch to the French minister, in which he criticizes with ability and temper the declaration of the 16th of April. It appears from that document that the government of the United States, except upon its own terms, and with a view exclusively to its own objects, is unwilling to sanction the principle of the declaration of the Congress of Paris.

After alluding to the provisions of Mr. Marcy's manifesto, the *Post* continues:

There remains, then, only one principle or relaxation, to which the United States Government remains strenuously, we may almost say inexorably opposed. Privateering—the last relic of the private wars of the middle ages—abolished by the common consent of the powers of Europe, is still to be retained by republican America, as in some degree a counterpoise to the naval power of England and France. Mr. Marcy argues the case, with great propriety, we admit, solely on American grounds. He deprecates the maintenance, in times of peace, of large naval armaments, and he points out that in case of a war with a great maritime power, the comparative impotency of the United States upon the sea would be supplied by the employment of privateers and letters of marque.

We cannot undertake to say what authority opinion may have in the United States, whether it always conveniently follows present or anticipated self-interest; but this we can assert without fear of contradiction, that all the special pleading of Mr. Marcy in favor of privateering is directly and diametrically opposed to the declared and uniform policy pursued by the United States from the year 1785 down to the period of Mr. Pierce's Presidentship. Dr. Wheaton, in his "Elements of International Law," states that "the treaty negotiated by Franklin between the United States and Prussia, in 1785, by which it was stipulated that, in case of war, neither power should commission privateers to depredate upon the commerce of the other, furnishes an example worthy of applause and imitation." Franklin, writing at the same time, observes:—"It is high time, for the sake of humanity, to put a stop to this enormity. The United States of America, though better situated than any European nation to make profit by privateering, are, as far as in them lies, endeavoring to abolish the practice." France, in her last war against Spain, having declared that she would grant no commissions to privateers, President Monroe, in his annual message, stated: "This declaration, which appears to have been faithfully carried into effect, concurring with principles proclaimed and cherished by the United States from the first establishment of their Independence, suggested the hope that the time had arrived when the proposal for adopting it as a permanent and invariable rule in all future maritime wars might meet the favorable consideration of the great European Powers. Instructions have accordingly been given to our Ministers with France, Russia, and Great Britain, to make these proposals to their respective governments; and, when the friends of humanity reflect on the essential amelioration of the human race which would result from the abolition of private war on the sea, and on the great facility by which it might be accomplished—requiring the consent of a few sovereigns—an earnest hope is indulged that these overtures will meet with an attentive consideration, animated by the spirit in which they are made, and that they will ultimately be successful." Mr. Adams, the American Secretary of State, writing in 1824 to Mr. Rush, the American Minister at St. James's, uses these remarkable words: "We press no disavowal on her (England), but we think the present time eminently auspicious for urging upon her, and upon others, an object which has long been dear to the hearts, and ardent in the aspirations, of the benevolent and wise; an object essentially congenial to the true spirit of Christianity, and therefore peculiarly fitting for the support of nations intent, in the same spirit, upon the final suppression of the slave trade, and of sovereigns who have given pledges to the world of their determination to administer imperial dominion upon the genuine principles of Christianity. The object to which I allude is the abolition of private war upon the sea."

The same paper (August 23) says, that it is not able nor inclined to dispute Mr. Marcy's statement, that in time of war the strongest maritime nation will be strongest at sea. It thinks that America is rather belligerent, offering war to nations "much oftener than it is pressed upon her;" and then comes out with some statistics as follow:

In the event, however, of such a misfortune to us both as war between us, the practical effect of exempting private ships from capture may be gathered from the following simple facts: The register tonnage of English sailing vessels is about 4,000,000 tons, and steam 300,000. The total of the United States is about the same—very little, however, being steam. To protect this commerce and ruin the enemy's, England, according to the Navy List of July, 1855, had afloat and building 302 sailing vessels with 11,742 guns, and 289 steamers with 5,818 guns, 69,989 horse-power—in all 591 ships with 17,291 guns; and the navy has been considerably increased since that period, being in fact increased daily. This armament is no choice of ours—we would a great deal rather not have it, for it costs us twelve millions a year; it is rendered imperative upon us both by our European necessities, the diffusion of our commerce, and the extent of our Empire. However, there it is, a most powerful instrument in any war, European or not. The American Navy, to protect their own commerce and annihilate ours, consists of 72 vessels, of 2,120 guns, and six steam frigates of 50 guns each, building. We believe some floating batteries also have been recently added; but these would have reference to the defence of their own harbors, not the annoyance of foreign trade. * * *

We do not want a war with America; but we must look upon it as an eventuality not impossible, and we must consider how it is to be carried on; not by land, for there she is unassailable; hardly against her war navy, for with such disproportionate numbers it could do but little mischief. *It is in her commerce that she is chiefly vulnerable, and that alike the source of her greatness; and the assurance she gives the rest of the world that she will keep the peace is precisely what* Mr. Marcy *asks us, in the event of a war, to consider inviolate*—that is to say, in case the American Government chooses to quarrel with us, we are to abstain from doing what would be ruinous to the Union—distasteful to every individual of the sovereign people, especially those whose property was captured—and certain to bring the war to a speedy and satisfactory termination; and all this to induce an expiring Cabinet to accept from us the relinquishment of the maritime advantages which are inherent in our maritime superiority.

The Morning *Chronicle* says the theory laid down by Mr. Marcy in his speech on privateering, is perhaps destined to exercise a most important influence on the future destinies of mankind. It embodies the enunciation of a great principle, entirely in accordance with modern British policy, and generally with the spirit of the age. Mr. Cobden was not so far wrong, at least in principle, when he argued that peace must be the complement of free trade. Although in carrying out that theory, he assumed an attitude ridiculously in advance of public opinion or of the practicable means at the disposal of statesmen, yet it is remarkable what strides have since been made, and in how short a time, towards the accomplishment of his dream.

The claim of America to a diplomatic position independent of the European system may be mere "smartness"—a theory assumed to evade responsibility—or it may sincerely emanate from the peculiar tone of thought prevailing in the Union—a tone of thought fostered by circumstances and institutions. One thing is sure, that if it has its sinister, it also has its bright side. The same independence of custom which enables the American statesman to fling off the incubus of traditional policy, also leads him to adopt a large and liberal tone in dealing with great international questions. It is only another reading of the cry, "America for the Americans," that they should either wholly isolate themselves from European influences, or claim admission only on their own terms. If their demands were made in a mere spirit of arrogance, they would, of course, be instantly rejected, because there are but a few European nations which would not feel quite equal to cope with the Americans, even single handed. But when these new views of policy come in the guise of political philosophy, and aspire to initiate a new international law, founded on the most modern principles of economic science, we are forced to listen to them with respect, and give them their fair amount of weight in our calculations.

The Manchester *Guardian* considers that America would gain vastly by the movement indicated by Mr. Marcy, and that the security provided for her vast commercial marine would more than compensate for the loss she might sustain by abandoning the right of privateering." Other nations would largely share in the advantages, the *Chronicle* allows, and rather justly we think, considering what damage the privateers effected.

Letters from Persia mention the appearance of the English flag on the walls of Herat. All accounts agree in the fact, but the Persians have two versions to account for it. According to some, it is the work of the mysterious Englishman who was supposed to have been at Herat at the time when Youssouf Khan was still master there. The Persians were very much puzzled by this man, who was distinguished as a cattle dealer, and asked for his removal, to which, however, the people of Herat opposed themselves. The hoisting of the British flag is now attributed by some to his agency. The other version of the story is, that the people of Herat got a reinforcement of several hundred horsemen from the south, who were seen to enter by the Persian army before Herat. The people of Herat being apprised that this arrival had been seen by the Persians, and greatly magnified on account of the dust which they have raised, took advantage of this to spread the rumor that a large English force had entered Herat, and in confirmation of this they hoisted the English flag.

Advices from Alexandria, dated august 9, say:—Said Pacha, the Viceroy, has just resolved upon running steamers, carrying the Egyptian flag, all round the Red Sea, from Suez to Cossier, Massawah, Aden, Mocha, Jedda, Yambo, and to extend occasionally to Bussorah and Bagdad. The Pacha has requested a number of Europeans to act as directors of the steamers, for this scheme purports to be a company formed by the Pacha, with a capital of £600,000, of which his Highness is to subscribe one-half at once. The Pacha has promised to have docks made at Suez, which if carried out, will prove of great use to our communication with India.

Castleblayney new Roman Catholic Church is fast approaching its completion; it is roofed already, and in the course of some months the outside will be finished. The church is cruciform, consisting of a nave, aisle, and chancel; the style of architecture is pointed Gothic; the building is large and lofty—being 100 feet from the door of the nave to the channel, and 80 feet across the transept, and 50 feet high inside, height of top of cross 70 feet—and will afford ample accommodation for the congregation without galleries. The cost of the structure is somewhere about £2,500. The Protestants and Presbyterians of Castleblayney contributed respectable sums towards the erection.

We find a Kilkenny farmer stating, in reference to the last Monthly Fair in that city, that cattle and sheep exceeded the demand. All stock fit for the butcher sold well. Crops, he writes, are doing well, except so far as the corn has prematurely ripened, by which means the grain will not be either so plump or well-filled, nor the produce of either grain or straw equal to what farmers were led to hope for a month ago. Potatoes are excellent, never so good before for the last twelve years.

The Cork papers are glad to see that the public of their city are beginning to support good management and acting. The pieces, they say, are well put upon the stage, no ugly breaks or gaps offend the eye or the taste of the spectator, and though there may be some small matters connected with the *mise en scene* which could bear emendation, they think they have not for several years seen plays performed in the city with so much respectability in point of acting.

The *Freeman* says, that every non-commissioned officer and soldier of the 88th, or Connaught Rangers, who received the decoration of the Legion of Honor, was an Irishman.

Irish News.

Alderman Watson, of Limerick, related a curious anecdote at the Soiree of the Young Men's Society of that city, a few days ago. When he was in London the year of the Great Exhibition, he was invited, he said, by the Lord Mayor, together with the mayors of England, Scotland and Wales, to be present at the opening of the Crystal Palace. He went to the Lord Mayor, whom he accosted and asked for his seat. The reply of the Lord Mayor of London was—"Who are you, sir?" "I am the Mayor of Limerick," said I. "Where is that?" said he. "Somewhere near Plymouth," was my reply. He then informed him that Limerick was a corporate city 110 years before London itself. He then took up his position for the city of Limerick on the right side of the Lord Mayor, taking precedence of the lord mayor of Dublin and the lord mayor of York.

Constable Langan and the constabulary stationed at Lisduogne have made an important seizure. The constable having perceived from the mainland large volumes of smoke on the island of Annagh, in the Lough Koan, suspected that illicit distillation was going on, and determined to attempt a seizure. He and his party divested themselves of a portion of their dress, and waded through the water to the island. On getting there, the parties conducting the distillation had taken to a boat and were fast leaving the island behind them. The constabulary, however, wading back again to the mainland, took a boat they found moored to the shore, and set out in pursuit. The race was maintained for four hours under a scorching sun, before the constabulary succeeded in coming up with the boat. The crew, consisting of two men and a woman, were arrested, and the still and worm, with a large quantity of poteen and pot-ale, were seized. The prisoners have been fined in six pounds each. In default of payment they are sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The second meeting of the Wexford Archers came off on the 13th of August, at Tykillen House, the elegant seat of Charles Arthur Walker, Esq. The day was rather tempestuous for shooting, still some brilliant scores were made. The first prize was awarded to Miss Nannie Percival. The second was adjudged to Mrs. David Beatty. The third prize to Miss Sarah Percival. After shooting the company assembled, about 160 in number, and dined together in their marquee. The various scores were now announced, the prizes were presented to the victors and their healths proposed. The saloons and halls of Tykillen were then thrown open, and dancing commenced to Hanlon's unrivalled band. The attention of Mr. and Mrs. Walker to their guests was unbounded. The prizes were furnished from the Atelier of Mr. Asken, of Sackville-street, Dublin, who has for several years supplied the Wexford Archers.

Sir Charles Wood and Admiral Berkely, Lords of the Admiralty, have visited the new graving dock, which is being constructed at the North Wall, Dublin. Their Lordships arrived in one of the Vice-regal carriages, and were accompanied by Colonel Larcom, Under-Secretary. Their lordships minutely examined the dock, which were explained to them by Mr. Halonn, chief-engineer, and by Mr. Stoney, assistant-engineer, and expressed themselves highly pleased with the manner in which those splendid works are being executed.

A very handsome barque called the Spitfire has been launched from the building yard of Messrs. George Robinson & Co., Water street, Cork, The framing is of the best oak plank, and the beams are of iron. She is chartered to convey railway carriages to Rio. The vessel is copper sheathed, and when she was launched all her spars were aloft and a portion of her sails bent. The ceremony of naming was performed by Lady Benson. The Messrs. Robinson are now building a screw-steamer for Messrs. Malcomson, of Portlaw, Co. Waterford.

A letter from Clonmel repeats the story that the fugitive member for Tipperary was lately seen near Coolnamuck, and had successfully evaded the pursuit of the police. It is added that it was early last month he left Clonacoody, when the mansion was taken possession of by Captain Kellett, to whom the place originally belonged. The monster indictment against Sadleir, which is now lying at the Crown office in Clonmel, covers half a dozen of skins of parchment.

An inquest has been held on the body of Thomas Pope, Kilcash, Co. Tipperary. Three weeks ago, a horse of his died. Since then he has been laboring under the idea that he was about losing everything he had. The night of his death he was very low spirited, and remained pacing up and down the room for some time after his wife had gone to bed. She fell asleep, and on awaking about twelve o'clock, she sent her son to call his father, who, on proceeding to the stable found him suspended by the neck from a beam. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts.

Whenever a packet station is established, the *Limerick Chronicle* insists, between Ireland and America, Foyne's Island must be the place. The commissioners appointed by Government to report on that subject have decided in favor of Foynes. The railway will be completed from Foynes to Limerick within another year, and passengers landing at Foynes could readily reach London within fifteen or sixteen hours, *via* Waterford and Milford.

A contract has been entered into for the erection of the new Catholic Church in Tramore, with Messrs. Ryan & Son, of Limerick, for the sum of £5,312. They have built the Model School of Limerick, and the Thomastown Workhouse. The Lismore bridge is also taken by Limerick men.

We are pleasantly informed by the *Waterford News* that for some days past the stray dogs and cats of the town have been prowling about the barracks, there being no soldiers to occupy them. One old towzer, the *News* observes, on three legs, has been doing duty apparently at the artillery barrack.

The Mayor of Wexford has received a letter from the Commissioners of Education stating that they have resolved upon the establishment of Model Schools for the Wexford district in the town of Enniscorthy.

The occasion of the visit of the Lords of the Admiralty to Kingstown was taken advantage of by the military authorities, to afford these distinguished visitors the gratification of witnessing a review of the Crimean regiments now in Dublin.

The Rev. Dominick Noon, P. P., Geevagh, has returned from Palmerston Glebe, where he has been on a visit for some days with the Rev. Malachy Brenan, P.P. Ahamlish.

From the *Clonmel Chronicle* we learn that the mayor of that town has received a letter from the Horse Guards, stating that for the present Clonmel cannot be selected as the centre of a military district.

In 1848 Mr. Lamie Murray presented himself as a candidate for the representation of Waterford. In March, 1839, he obtained a loan of £1,000 sterling from Dr. Elliotson, London, and gave him a bill for it. Subsequently Mr. Murray took up his residence in Paris, and paid a portion of the amount, together with interest on the whole sum up to 1848, since which time he has paid nothing. On the 8th of June, 1855, a French gentleman, named Josseaume, notified Mr. Murray that the biil had been formally transferred to him by Dr. Elliottson, and obtained from one of the courts authorization to make a provisional seizure of Mr. Murray's furniture as a security for the payment. Mr. Murray took proceedings to have the seizure set aside. The tribunal, after hearing what he and Josseaume had to say, decided that as the debt owing by Murray had been contracted in England, and to an Englishman, and as the bill in question had not been indorsed to Josseaume in the regular course of business, but transferred to him long after it had become due, he could not, according to French law, proceed against Mr. Murray in a French court, and that, consequently, the seizure of the furniture was void. On Thursday Mr. Josseaume appealed to the Imperial Court, but the decision was affirmed.

The half-yearly statement of the London and County Bank shows that the entire advances from that institution to John Sadleir were £111,000, which sum is said to be fully covered by securities, from which it is expected a surplus will be available for his general creditors. Administration of Sadleir's property has been granted to Mr. Anthony Norris, of Bedford-row, in trust for the creditors, with the consent of the crown, to whom it had been estreated. Mr. James Sadleir's furniture at Clonacody has been seized, and is now stored in Clonmel, previous to sale, the proceeds to be appropriated to the benefit of the estate.

We learn from the *Limerick Reporter* that harvest operations have become general. Laborers are in earnest request. Before daylight crowds of them wend their way through the streets of Limerick, to the music of pipes and fifes, and amid cheering and huzzaing, to the rural districts to cut the harvest. Wages are exceedingly high. Three and six pence *per diem*, with food, is demanded; and in very many instances, this sum, equal to the American dollar, is given. The bulk of the laborers are from the West of Clare, Galway and Kerry. They appear to be better clad than for some previous years.

The Excursion Train on the Limerick and Foynes Railway, three weeks since, was the largest which left Limerick since the opening of the line. Thirteen carriages were filled. The greater number of Excursionists went to Adare. Many also came from Rathkeale. Twenty carriages were lying at the Rathkeale Terminus during the day, all of which were crowded with passengers, returning in the evening to the city.

The *Wexford Independent* gives an extract under the heading, "The Harvest" from a lengthy return made in the Agicultural Gazette, comprising England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. The report from Wexford is made by a gentleman well known as an eminent agriculturist, fully versed in its science and theories, Mr. G. Gordon, Gorey. His Report is—"Wheat, very good; Barley, middling; Peas, none; Green-crops, bad."

The marble altar, in the Byzantine style, executed by Mr. Kirwan, of Bolton-street, Dublin, for Sir Thomas Esmonde, for the parish church of Gorey, is one of the most exquisite specimens of that style of art seen produced by Irish skill. The solid part of the altar appears as a square sarcophagus of richly veined green marble, surrounded by a Byzantine colonnade of of costly Sienna marble, with capitals of white marble. As there is no tabernacle, its place is occupied by a cubic mass of white statuary marble that serves as the pedestal for the crucifix.

A brilliant report of a concert appears in the *Waterford News*. Since the visit of Catherine Hayes, the citizens of Waterford have not witnessed such an assemblage. The programme presented a feast of musical gems, the performance of which was listened to with intense interest. Nothing could exceed the taste and beauty with which Mr. Keating delivered his songs, and Captain Palliser's splendid *basso* was never heard to greater advantage. Mr. Coghlan's pianoforte duetts, with Captain Power's violin accompaniment, were given with much effect. Dr. O'Rorke acted as conductor.

At a recent meeting of the Belfast Board of Guardians, a conversation having arisen as to the giving of money to paupers by their friends when visiting them, it was decided that a notice should be put up, informing visitors that money, or tobacco, or any other prohibited article, given to the paupers would be taken from them, and that the inmates should be immediately searched after holding an interview with any of their friends.

Dr. Cahill, in the *Dublin Telegraph*, says, that the late French movement in reference to Spain is a symptom of French feeling and French diplomacy; it is an expression of a power which can subdue English bigotry; it is, if you will, an attitude which raises up Catholicity, and menaces Souperism throughout Europe.

Mr. Richard Hunt, who has for the past year gratuitously performed the duties of Petty Sessions Clerk at Tramore, has been elected to that office by the bench, in room of the late clerk.

From the Waterford papers we are exceedingly gratified to learn, that laborers are getting, in this neighborhood, 2s. 6d. per day with diet, and 3s. 6d. without it. Laborers are very scarce in the neighborhood.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, accompanied by the Rev. E. O'Donnell, P. P., Tallow, has arrived in Waterford from the Continent. His Lordship, on the festival of the Assumption, presided at Grand High Mass in the Cathedral.

The 94th regiment under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Dennis, have received the route for the Curragh camp. The 94th conducted themselves well while stationed at Nenagh. It is reported that they will be replaced by the 60th Rifles, Second Battalion.

There has been a great demand for harvest laborers in Clonmel notwithstanding the broken weather. Smart hands were readily engaged at 2s. per day, and women for binding, were hired at 1s. each.

A private of the Tipperary Light Infantry, of the name of Sullivan, who had been under arrest for mutiny, died in the jail of Nenagh. He was interred in St. Mary's Church-yard, attended to his last home by all the men of the regiment.

Edmund Leary, servant to a farmer named Looby, was drowned while bathing in the river Suir, at Ballydine, near Carrick, three weeks ago.

Mr. Michael Gaul's bacon concern, is the only establishment of the kind now unlet in Waterford.

The following letter from a correspondent of the *Waterford Chronicle* deserves insertion, and will attract attention: "The verdant bosom of the poor 'Emerald Isle' groans now with almost a mature and luxuriant crop of all cereal herbage. The genial and nearly tropical sun of the past week has brought to-day, and then to-morrow, corn under the sickle that only a few days ago could not be thought fit for cutting for weeks to come; and the athletic, brave, and lively Irish reaper, with his melodious whistle, is, with few exceptions, seen in all the cornfields in this locality. The thing mostly talked of wherever you go here, is the excessive heat of these days. I am out since Monday, and each stream, river or water I saw or passed was inundated with men, women, and children, splashing like ducks in the water. They find no other retreat or refuge from the broiling heat during the day. I passed the river Mahon, below Kilmacthomas, before I could discover daylight on yesterday morning, and at that early hour several were paddling and bathing in the dark and mountain water of that romantic river. At night the people have to leave the front and rear doors of their dwellings quite open, a servant or a member of the family up to protect the property. Many have deserted their beds, as I have done myself, and sleep on a clean table in the most open and largest apartment of the house. Labor in some places has been suspended during the greater part of the day, resuming the work late in the evening. Bonmahon was on last Sunday and Monday besieged with strangers taking the water, and, as they say, 'If the sea were beer, they would drink it dry.'"

Lieutenant Charles Henry Browne, of the 97th Regiment of Foot, has returned to his father's house, county Carlow, after enduring all the fatigue and privations of the Russian war. Along his entire route home were triumphal arches, and banners fluttered from every available position. In the evening, Browne's Hill was the scene of the most enlivening festivity. Music and dancing were kept up till a late hour, the gallant gentleman and other members of the family cheering the dancers by their presence. After this a large bonfire was lighted, and at the conclusion there was a display of fireworks, under the superintendence of Mr. Vaux. A deputation waited on the gallant young gentleman, at Browne's Hill, with an address signed by all the inhabitants of the town.

In the town of Tuam, on the day selected for bringing home the turf of the Rev. Mr. Conway, R.C.C., the parishioners, between eighty and ninety in number, assembled at a bog, about four miles from the town, and took in their share of the freight. On entering the town the horses and carts were decorated with green branches, the foremost having musicians playing national airs. A sumptuous feast was prepared for them on the beautiful lawn in front of St. Mary's, but so eager were they for the safety of their charge, that the people would not partake of it until the turf was all clamped and secured. After that they enjoyed themselves in good old Irish fashion.

The ceremonial of laying the foundation stone of the Magee College recently took place in Londonderry, in presence of the governor and members of the Hon. the Irish Society and a large body of respectable gentlemen, representing the town council and the different professions of the city. The site of the college is a beautiful rising ground, immediately above Lough Foyle, on the left side of the road leading from the city, and it commands a grand view of the Lough, the Derry Railway, and other interesting scenery. The Rev. Dr. Brown, of Aghadowey, made a statement, on behalf of the trustees, in reference to the history of the college, and the intentions of the trustees in respect to it. Alderman Humphrey, the governor of the Irish Society, then laid the foundation stone.

At the last assizes at Ennis several men, women and children were tried and convicted for a riot and assault upon a scripture reader, named Denny, at Kilrush. Colonel Vandeleur, several of the grand jury, the petty jury, and gentry in the neighborhood of Kilrush petitioned his Excellency for a remission of the sentence. His Excellency being of opinion that the law had been amply vindicated by the punishment already suffered by these parties, was pleased to remit the remainder of their sentence.

The profession of three young ladies for the Loretto Convent, took place lately in the Cathedral Church of Letterkenny. The Right Rev. Dr. McGettigan officiated. The Loretto Convent at Letterkenny, is the younger sister of the many fine institutions of a similar character, founded by Mrs. Ball, of Rathfarnham, sister to Judge Ball, whose taste and zeal are so conspicuous in the beautiful edifices at Bray, Clontarf, Gorey, Dalkey, and Rathfainham.

Drafts of soldiers are proceeding to Nenagh pending the sentence agreed to by Court Martial. Rumor has it that some of the men found guilty will be severely dealt with. All the arms of the Tipperary regiment have been sent to Dublin. What the object is, except the disbandment altogether of the North Tipperary, no one can conjecture. The *Limerick Reporter* says it is generally believed that government regrets ever having called out the militia.

John Ward, late of Ramelton, county Donegal, previously of Doby's lane, Glasgow, Scotland, manufacturing chemist; Wm. M'Cracken, late of Londonderry, previously of Ballymena, surgeon and druggist, formerly of Ballymoney, not in any business; Patrick Doherty, late of Roseville-street, Londonderry, shopkeeper, have been declared insolvent debtors.

The Dublin militia have left Waterford for Dublin, there to be disbanded. Though some of the Dublin boys, the *Waterford News* says, were a little jolly, particularly in their cups, still they were honest, good-hearted Irishmen; hardy, iron-framed fellows, able, if called on, for any kind of duty.

In a mood of self complacency quite wondrous to witness, the *Northern Whig* has reached the very summit of folly. It has opened a subscription for the relief of the King of Sardinia! Such, says the *Ulsterman*, is the latest craze of our eccentric cotemporary.

At a meeting held in the Court-house, Drogheda, presided over by the Mayor, approval was expressed of an application made by the Corporation to the Lords of the Treasury for leave to borrow £5,000 for the erection of two drawbridges over the Boyne, and a resolution was passed thanking the Boyne Commissioners for the sum of £2,000 towards carrying out the work.

The Rev. Dean O'Loughlin, of the Irish College, Paris, is enjoying the hospitality of his brother-in-law, Bryan M'Swiney, Esq., Kinsale. The Rev. gentleman has derived much benefit from the air of his native country.

An effort is now made to enlarge Dunmore Protestant church to accommodate the large number of visitors during the summer months.

Cork has contributed over three hundred pounds to the French inundation fund.

The report of the directors of the Londonderry and Enniskillen Railway Company states that the traffic for the half-year ending the 30th of June last amounted to £16,105, an average of £619 per week; and for the corresponding period of 1855 to £14,366, averaging £552 per week, showing an increase of £67 per week, or 12 per cent. The working expenses for the past half-year amounted to £8,790, against £10,753 for the corresponding period of 1855, showing a decrease of £1,783, or £68 per week. The improvement in the nett receipts amount to £3,532, as compared with the corresponding period of 1855. There remains a disposable balance of £9,555, which is sufficient to give 2s. 6d. a share on the original preference shares, being at the rate of 2 per cent per annum.

The obsequies of the Bishop of Wexford, the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, took place in the Cathedral of Enniscorthy, amid the tears of thousands of his people, and upwards of one hundred members of the Priesthood. The Archbishop of Dublin, and the Lord Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin—the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh were present. The Pontifical Mass, was celebrated by the former. Before the clergy separated the venerable Dean of the Diocese, the Very Rev. P. Murphy P.P. Glynn, was unanimously appointed Vicar Capitular to administer the affairs of the Diocese until a successor to the See be installed.

Professor Glukman, who first introduced photography into Ireland, and who has ever since retained his position at the head of the profession in Dublin, has recently introduced an improvement in this interesting art, which places him still further in advance of his numerous competitors. It is an improved style of photographic portraits. The extreme skill and taste with which these delicate processes are executed constitute the great merit of Mr. Glukman's portraits. He calls them "mezzotinto photographs," because of their resemblance to the mezzotinto engraving, the finest specimens of which they rival in distinctness and delicacy of outline, and in the softness and beauty of their shadowing.

The ships of war *Wellington*, *Conqueror*, the gun-boat, and the Admiralty yacht, *Osborne*, have returned to Queenstown, having cruised westward to Bantry Bay. Various rumors are afloat as to government measures with regard to Queenstown; one, that it is to be made a permanent naval station; another, that a gridiron for the repair of Her Majesty's vessels is to be placed at Haulbowline, which island is to be devoted exclusively to naval purposes. The Ordnance Department is to be removed to the military barracks at Queenstown.

Miss Kearney of Ballymoon, Co. Carlow, received the black veil from the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. Two years have scarcely elapsed since the arrival of the Presentation Nuns in Portarlington was hailed with joy by the inhabitants of that town. In that brief period they have erected splendid schools where hundreds of poor female children gratuitously receive an excellent education.

Ballybricken, the Acropolis of Waterford, is still in the dark. The *News* says, the Corporation ought to come to some arrangement about placing even a few gas-lights in there. When Ross, Enniscorthy, Lismore, and other small towns, are lighted in every part, it is not creditable, says the *News*, to see so populous and industrious a locality as Ballybricken without a glimmer of light.

A young man from Nenagh, named William Cane, who had been two years in the police force, at the breaking out of the war joined the Commissariat Department in the Crimea, and speedily attained the rank of Quarter Master Sergeant in that corps, has just returned home. He has received a medal and clasp.

The annual cattle show of the Killultagh and Derryvolgie Farming Society was recently held in the Grain Market, Lisburn. Compared to the shows of former years, it was an improvement, especially as regarded black cattle and horses. Some of the colts were remarkably fine. In the evening the annual dinner came off in the Conservative Reading-room. About eighty persons sat down.

The *Kilkenny Journal* says that the exertions of the managers of the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway, for the entertainment of the public are beyond all praise. Fancy traveling from Kilkenny to Waterford for *one shilling*, and from Kilkenny to Limerick for *four shillings!*

The officers of the Wexford Regiment entertained at a farewell dinner, a large number of their friends, including the officers of the Wicklow Rifles, staying at Tykillen, Sir James Power, Bart., Mr. Talbot, D. L., and Mr. Beatty.

The 17th Lancers, ordered from Cahir to Dublin, will be replaced in the former garrison, by the 13th Light Dragoons, from Cork.

Colonel Cowper Rose, Commander Royal Engineers, in Ireland, accompanied by Colonel Phipps, visited the Clonmel workhouse and expressed his approbation of the building, its situation, and orderly interior.

Sir R. Lynch Blosse, Bart. has subscribed £10 for the repairs of the chapel of Mace, parish of Kilcoleman, county Mayo.

The Very Reverend Dr. Gillooly having consented to become coadjutor bishop of the diocese of Elphin, the day for his consecration now only remains to be appointed.

On the feast of the Assumption J. J. McCarthy, Esq., architect, laid the foundation of the new church of the Holy Cross, Tramore, county Waterford.

Five hundred persons have received the Sacrament of Confirmation lately at the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, in the Roman Catholic Church of Tralee.

The Rev. D. O'Leary, A. B., curate of Doon, diocese of Emly, has been appointed by the Protestant Bishop of Cashel, to the assistant curacy of Cahir, diocese of Lismore.

His Grace the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, has been staying for the last few days at Edermine, the hospitable seat of Sir James Power, Bart.

Monsignor Yore has been on a visit with John H. Talbot, D.L., at his marine residence, Ballytrent, for the last week.

In Ireland there are three surveyors of taxes at £300 per annum each, three at £280, and eleven at £250, besides the supernumeraries at £90 each.

Mr. Michael Pigot has been received into the Catholic Church, at Adare, by the Rev. Mr. Cregan.

The old houses at the corner of New-street, Waterford city, have been newly done up and improved by Mr. Jeffry Power.

Three of the expected gunboats have steamed into Kingstown harbor.

Thirty-nine parishes in the county Wexford have contributed for the relief of the French sufferers by the inundations.

PARAGRAPHS FROM THE DUBLIN PAPERS.

Mr, John O'Connell is provided for at last. He succeeds his brother-in-law, Christopher Fitzsimon, as Clerk of the Hanaper office. The situation is worth $11,000 a year. The appointment meets with the approval of all the old parties—Orange included. A complimentary notice appears in the *Evening Mail*, in which the fitness of the patriotic gentleman is gracefully acknowledged.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

Apollo reigns. John O'Connell, if not consul, as Virgil's Pollio was, is Clerk of the Hanaper, and summer days—days brighter and sweeter than those sung of by the Sicilian Muses—now dawn for Ireland.

"Ille Deum vitam accipiet, Divesque videbit
Permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis;
Pacatumque reget patris virtutibus orbem."

Let us be glad he is to sit out life from henceforth on velvet cushions. For all his sacrifices in the cause of Ireland, he deserves this compensation.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

It's decent and pleasant to die on the floor of the House.

Thomas Mooney (compiler of fourteen pounds weight of Irish history) draws his pen from Conlop's hotel, Melbourne, in defence of Robert Tyler, that excellent gentleman having been attacked in a very butcherly style by the *Melbourne Herald*. It is announced that "a ruffian named Tyler boasted he had organized a conspiracy, ramified through twenty-two States, for the invasion and emancipation of Ireland." The ponderous historian of Ireland says:—

"Probably, sir, you are not aware that Mr. Tyler is the son of one of the most respected ex-Presidents of the United States; that he was for some years the Private Secretary of State to his father's administration; that he is a distinguished scholar, statesman and jurist, and is moreover among the most polished gentlemen of the American republic, one who will probably yet be the chosen President over the affairs of thirty millions of the most intelligent and most powerful people on the earth.

"If to desire the "emancipation of Ireland," and to labor for that end and lose fortune, wealth and station—to peril life if necessary to accomplish that object, be in your eyes deserving the name of 'ruffian,' I have no hesitation to class myself under this new order of political merit, which you have the honor of establishing in this part of the terrestrial globe—this newest of new worlds, whereon you say a future empire of great hope for the oppressed is to be established.

"You may, perhaps, be glad to be informed that there are many thousand such 'ruffians' in this part of the world; and hoping most sincerely that you yourself may be of the new order soon,

I remain, sir, your reader and friend,
THOMAS MOONEY."

Mooney is as spunky as the burghers of Liege. Their petition to the Dutch King being declared "infamous," they resolved themselves on the spot into the "*Order of Infamy*," adopting as their motto—"*Fideles jusqu'à l'infamie.*"

The question of the Church Temporalities is again before the public. There's no keeping down that monstrous nuisance. 'Twill come to the surface and float there, despite the ingenuity of the Government to keep it quietly below. So much the better. It must rot and fall to pieces in the sunshine. To hasten this desirable dissolution, there's been an immense meeting in Clonakilty, county Cork. It took place the 15th of last month. From twelve to fifteen thousand people were present. O'Neil Daunt delivered a powerful speech. During his long silence (he has scarcely opened his lips since '48,) he seems to have accumulated fresh substance and vigor. He drives his points home with a thundering effect. Here is a passage worth sprinkling with gold dust:

"We come next to the speech of Mr. Hamilton, who takes high ground. He defends the Church Establishment, because, he says, it is the duty of a Christian state to adopt a definite form of religious worship. Now, this is actually making the State, and not the Bible, the arbiter of faith, and the judge of what species of religious worship should be adopted. And when Mr. Hamilton entrusts to the state this delicate and important task, does he ever consider the incongruous materials of which the state, in its theological capacity, is composed? There is my Lord Palmerston, the Pelagian, who does not believe in original sin. There is Lord Panmure, the Presbyterian and Freekirker, who hates Popery with infinite cordiality. There is Monsell, the Roman Catholic, who doubtless reciprocates Lord Panmure's theological prejudices. There is Fox, the Unitarian. There is the Archbishop of Canterbury, who patronizes Mr. Gorham. There is the Bishop of Exeter, who hunted Gorman out of his diocese for his heresies. There is, or lately was, Lord Ellenborough, who truckled to pagan idolatry at Somnauth."

This reminds us of the style in which Shiel used to dig into the silk aprons and crush the mitres of the Protestant bishops, and all the other superfluities of the Established Church. With what a ringing voice he used to cry out, his beautiful black eye fiercely flashing and his whole frame convulsed—"Had St. Paul ten thousand a year? Had the teachers of the Gospel two millions of green acres in Palestine?" Describing a dream he had of the early Christian days—"I beheld," he said, "no mitres upon the chariots in which the apostles journeyed from Jerusalem to Rome. I saw no Bench of Bishops in the Senate. I saw no Mining Company in surplices digging under the rocks of Calvary for gold."

Had Shiel been true to this question, some fragment of this huge robbery of the poor might have been long since dislodged. It is the acquiesence of such men which keeps the monstrous pile together.

The agitation about the out-side cars has quieted down. The *Nation* informs us that the Police Commissioners are defeated. The whole story is told in a few words. It's a pity to lose a syllable of it. The *Nation* says—

"All is over. The Police Commissioners are defeated. Lord Carlisle has surrendered, and the brave car-drivers are at last relieved from their elevated and dangerous positions. It is astonishing how men and horses lived so long under the 45th bye-law. Worthy citizens, male and female, have been pitched upon the curb stones at the angles of every street in Dublin, and meetings have been held in the Music Hall without effect. The Commissioners continued to believe that from the box seat the driver could best control his horse and see before both wheels of the car. But what will not perseverance do? The carmen jolted the public and petitioned the Lord Lieutenant. The prayer was refused. They jolted and petitioned again, and held another meeting in the Music Hall; at length they succeeded."

But Alderman Reynolds has no sooner won one victory, than he rushes forward for another. A meeting has been held in the Oak-room of the Mansion-house, Dawson street, Dublin. The object of it was to make preparations for a great banquet to the Crimean soldiers now stationed in Ireland. The Lord Mayor presided. Judge Keogh was close to one of his Lordship's elbows, and Alderman Reynolds rubbed himself against the other. Isaac Butt was present. So was Sir Timothy O'Brien, Colonel Browne of the Police, Martin Burke of the Shelburne, and other metropolitan celebrities. The Lord Lieutenant, in a letter addressed to the Lord Mayor by his Excellency, cordially approves of the object. He writes:

"So many demonstrations are being made in London and elsewhere in honor of the regiments who have assisted in the late war, that it seems to me that the capital of Ireland ought not to be wholly inactive upon the occasion, especially after Irishmen have borne so distinguished a part in the late conflicts."

The following resolution was clamorously adopted by the meeting. Moved by Mr. Butt, it was seconded by Alderman Reynolds:

"That steps should be taken to give a national entertainment in the city of Dublin to the troops who have served in the Crimea."

They propose to raise five or six thousand pounds for the purpose.

The appointment of Captain O'Connell to the Hanaper Office, leaves the representation of Clonmel vacant. There's a rush for it. Carew O'Dwyer, a spavined old hack, is once more on the course. Two or three other antiquities follow his hoofs. Even Somers is mentioned. But the candidate likely to win is a sleek cunning young nag, John Patrick Murray by name. He shows every sort of color, from the bright green of Repeal down to the pink of the Treasury. He is backed by Dean Burke, who generally walks clean over the course with his favorite, though the effect of his fall from the dome of St. Peter's (a few summers ago) is still pretty evident.

Mr. John Patrick Murray is the reputed editor of the *Irish Quarterly Review*. That the virtuous young gentleman will ever become an ornament of the Commons, his warmest friend is not infatuated enough to suppose. A dry sapless twig, without a blossom or a leaf, or even the promise of a bud, he will answer remarkably well for one of those respectable mutes who gregariously vote at the nod of the Premier. No one we know of is better qualified to take the seat which Captain O'Connell has left cold in the Commons.

Thomas Lee, the Irish Comedian, is dead. He was for many years a member of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres.

No reply to the application for mercy has as yet been received from the Crown, in the case of Curley, the Nenagh Militia-man, found guilty of murder for shooting a soldier of the line. Fears are entertained that the reply will be unfavorable.

The result of the recent examination of candidates for commissions in the Royal Artillery, and for admission to the Military Academy of Woolwich, reflects the most brilliant credit on the Dublin University and other Irish collegiate establishments. Out of some forty competitors at large, eleven were from Trinity College, one from the Queen's College, Belfast, and one from the Catholic University. Of the applicants for admission to the Military Academy, four were Trinity Collegians.

The *Evening Packet* congratulates Ireland eloquently and exultingly upon the event.

From the *Evening Post* we learn that the Lord Lieutenant insists that the original ordinance of the Order of St. Patrick, requiring the robes of the Knights to be of Irish manufacture, shall henceforward be strictly adhered to. From this out the Knights, whenever they appear in chapter or on any public occasion, will have to wear robes of Irish poplin.

The *Freeman's Journal* promises an interesting and exciting scene on the occasion of the new regimental colors being presented to the 18th Royal Irish by his Excellency the Earl of Carlisle. The old colors are to be conveyed to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where they will be so placed as to overshadow the monuments raised by the officers and men of this gallant Regiment to the memory of their comrades who fell in the Burmese and Chinese wars. The window between these monuments will be filled with a magnificent design in painted glass, exhibiting some of the most thrilling events of the Crimean campaign.

Beyond these items, nothing very striking is to be found in the Dublin papers. The grains of gold are few, indeed, in that dull waste of lead.

From the Dublin Freeman.

IRISH SOLDIERS IN THE BRITISH SERVICE.

SERGEANT BROPHY OF THE 63D.

Instances of chivalrous bravery by Irish soldiers throughout the war have been current in the army. They have been more distinguished for brilliant feats than either the English or Scotch soldiers. The list of the Legion of Honor testifies to this noble daring, for one-half of the *decore* are unmistakeably Irishmen, though the War Office returns represent our countrymen as constituting less than 30 per cent. of the British army. On a late occasion, Sir Harry Smith—himself a renowned soldier, who won Aliwal by one of those splendid movements which went to the heart of Sir Charles Napier—presented new colors to the 25th Regiment at Manchester. Alluding to the tenacity with which the true soldier always defends the colors of his regiment, Sir Harry referred to the bravery of a sergeant of the 63d, whose name, however, he stated incorrectly. That gallant soldier was an Irishman, and his name the good old one of Brophy. When the struggle was hottest at Inkermann, the ensign who bore the colors of the 63d was struck down. Brophy, who happened to be close to his officer, seized the colors and rushed forward, calling on his comrades to follow. They answered the call, though the odds against them were many to one, and after a vain attempt to disperse with the bayonet the compact Russian column, they fell back, leaving Brophy wounded on the field. Though the regiment yielded, and the intrepid sergeant

was severely hit, he stoutly held the color. When the 63d by a flank movement regained its former position on the heights, Brophy was found, bleeding and exhausted, with his darling color in his breast. His valor was recognized by his superior officers. Honorable mention was made of his conduct in the despatches to the Minister of War.

From Napier's Peninsular War.

PRIVATES PIGOT, STEWART, AND M'QUADE, OF THE 43D.

Here some illustrations of the intelligence and the lofty spirit of British soldiers will not be misplaced. When the last of the retreating troops had passed the bridge, an Irishman of the 43d, named Pigot, a bold, turbulent fellow, leaned on his firelock, regarded the advancing enemy for some time, and then, in the author's hearing, thus delivered his opinion of the action: "General Craufrod wanted glory, so he stopped on the wrong side of the river, and now he is knocked over to the right side. The French general won't be content until his men try to get on the wrong side also, and then they will be knocked back. Well! both will claim a victory, which is neither here nor there, but just in the middle of the river. That's glory!" Then, firing his musket, he fell into the ranks. Even to the letter was his prediction verified, for General Craufurd published a contradiction of Massena's dispatch. The sarcasm was enforced by one of a tragic nature. There was a fellow-soldier to Pigot, a north of Ireland man named Stewart, but jocularly called the *Boy* because of his youth, nineteen, and his gigantic stature and strength. He had fought bravely, and displayed great intelligence beyond the river, and was one of the last men who came down to the bridge, but he would not pass. Turning round, he regarded the French with a grim look, and spoke aloud as follows: "So! this is the end of our boasting. This is our first battle, and we retreat! The Boy Stewart will not live to hear that said." Then striding forward with his giant might, he fell furiously on the nearest enemies with the bayonet, refused the quarter they seemed desirous of granting, and died fighting in the midst of them. Still more touching, more noble, more heroic was the death of Sergeant Robert M'Quade. During M'Leod's rush, this man, also from the north of Ireland, saw two Frenchmen level their muskets on rests against a high gap in a bank awaiting the uprise of an enemy; the present Adjutant-General Brown (Sir George), then a lad of sixteen, attempted to ascend at the fatal point; M'Quade, himself only twenty-four years of age, pulled him back, saying, with a calm, decided tone, "You are too young, sir, to be killed; and then, offering his own person to the fire, fell dead, pierced with two balls!"

IRISH SOLDIERS AT HOME.

From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Whatever may be the opinion entertained of the management of the war, upon one point, at least, there can be no doubt or cavil—that the soldiers composing the force known as "the British Army" deserve well of their Sovereign and of their country. If Generals have blundered, the soldiers have never been wanting. Whatever errors may have characterized the acts of the military chiefs, or of the heads of the commissariat—though, in our opinion, there has been much superficial criticism expended on these topics, and too little allowance made for the inevitable chances and casualties of war—the press and the public have been unanimous in their admiration of the brilliant gallantry and heroic fortitude of the troops. Never in the annals of warfare—not even when years of arduous campaigning had given the Duke of Wellington a veteran and disciplined force, with which he declared he could go any where and do anything—have our troops displayed in bolder relief those qualities of courage, strength, and endurance which have won them the reputation of the best soldiers in the world. It is natural, therefore, and it is right, that at the triumphant termination of the war, the people of England should welcome with enthusiasm the brave men who have so nobly sustained their military renown. Every regiment that has returned from the Crimea has received a hearty and cordial welcome in England, and in several instances municipal hospitalities have been proffered to them. A few days ago the gallant Scots Greys, officers and men, were splendidly entertained at Coventry; and a short time previously the not less gallant Fourth Royal Irish Dragoons were feted by the people of Sheffield. The Guards have received a regular ovation. Their entry into London was made a great public event, arranged by Government, discussed by Parliament, sanctioned by the presence of Royalty. Further honors still await them. Upon an early day the Londoners will entertain the three regiments of Household troops at a grand banquet at the Surrey Gardens, and it is understood that the Queen has taken an active part in promoting this compliment to her favorite troops. Scotland has not been backward in claiming her share of the triumph, and glorifying the valor of Scottish soldiers. "The Land o' Cakes" has rung with acclamations in honor of the Highland Brigade, of which all Scotchmen are justly proud. There has not been, we believe, any public entry of troops, but at the banquet to Sir Colin Campbell, which was attended by some of the most distinguished men in Scotland, the warlike prowess of Scotchmen and the deeds of the Highland Brigade were fertile themes of eulogy. But while England and Scotland have been thus welcoming back their heroes, Ireland has remained silent and apathetic. From this country no voice of welcome or congratulation has gone forth as Irish soldiers, weather-beaten and exhausted by wounds and hardships have again touched their native soil. At least, if any indications of such a feeling have been manifested, they were purely local, and never assumed the magnitude and importance of a national demonstration. That this apparent apathy belies the real feelings of the people we have no doubt. We know that Irishmen of all ranks and classes—of every section of political opinion—sympathised warmly with their countrymen in the Crimea, and felt their hearts thrill at every new proof that the famous old regiments with which so many heroic recollections are associated—the 18th, the 33d, and the glorious Connaught Rangers, who have reaped more brilliant laurels on more hotly contested fields than any other regiment in the world—were nobly sustaining their ancient fame in the desperate encounters that marked the Crimean war. We are satisfied that the sentiments of admiration and affection entertained by their countrymen towards the Irish regiments are deep and wide-spread, and that it is but necessary to make a beginning—to initiate some movement in their honor, in order to elicit an enthusiastic response from the whole Irish nation. Such a demonstration would partake of no sectarian or party character, and would therefore enlist the sympathies and support of all classes. It would be simply a recognition by the Irish people of the Irish valor which was so conspicuously displayed in the Crimea on so many memorable occasions—and never, we believe, was that valor more worthy of recognition and applause. We are not afraid of being accused of national vanity when we say that it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of the services rendered by the Irish troops, or to overrate the individual bravery by which they were distinguished. The Irish regiments, strictly so called, and composed exclusively of Irishmen, were more constantly employed in trench work and in hard fighting than any other part of the army. The 88th (our authority for this fact is the *Times*) suffered more than any other regiment during the war, because it was more constantly and more hotly engaged; and the 33d suffered in almost an equal proportion. On the other hand, it is notorious that the remaining regiments of the line, nominally English, were mainly composed of Irishmen. The returns of the 41st, 46th, 49th, 50th, 55th, 63d, and many others will convince the most sceptical on this point.

It appears, even from an official document published by the late Commander-in-Chief, that one of the most exclusively national regiments in the service, the 23d Welsh Fusileers, contained Irish soldiers in the proportion of one-seventh of the entire force. We believe there is no indisposition on the part of the English people—in the main a generous race, truth loving and fond of fair play—to do us justice in this respect, but it is otherwise with the English press. The leading journals which have always been so prompt to denounce what they call "Irish crime," and rail at "Irish indolence," and which even now rarely lose an opportunity of indulging in a sneer at our expense, took good care to slur over the services of the Irish soldiers. They were invariably classed under the generic term "British soldiers"—their separate nationality was never alluded to; but, on the other hand, the press teemed with special laudations of the Guards and Highlanders as such, or in other words of the English and the Scotch. The only reference to the part which Ireland had taken in the past struggle that we remember to have seen in the leading columns of the Times was a vague allusion to the "stubborn courage of the Highlands and of Connaught." This silence of the English press is an additional reason why Irish journals should dwell upon the achievements of their countrymen. We have often directed attention to those sad lists of the killed and wounded, in which the number of Irish names proved how much the reputation of England depended on Irish arms. In fact, had the Irish soldiers been deducted, England would have had no army worthy of the name; and if their places had to be supplied out of the rural or manufacturing districts of England, our wealthy neighbors would have felt the pressure of war with a severity that would have taxed to the uttermost their patriotism and their fortitude. But it is not alone the vast number of Irishmen who fought and bled that should give to the people of this country an interest in the records of the late struggle. Irishmen were remarkable not merely for their courage, but for the high spirit, cheerful endurance, quick intelligence and fertility of resource in moments of surprise and difficulty, which are characteristic of the Celtic race. The men selected for special praise in the divisional orders on account of some signal act of valor or presence of mind, were, for the most part, Irishmen. Sergeant Sulivan was the first non-commissioned officer honored with notice in a General's despatch, and in the recent distribution of the Legion of Honor by the Emperor of the French, we find the same preponderance of Irish names among the rank and file.

We have been led to make these observations by an excellent letter from a correspondent, which appears on our sixth page, proposing that a subscription list should be opened in Dublin, in order to provide a public banquet for the officers and men of the 18th Royal Irish, and of the depot of the 88th, now lying at Athlone. On a future day, not yet named, but which cannot be far distant, the gallant 18th—the only regiment that can boast of having penetrated into Sebastopol while still in possession of the enemy—will be presented with a new stand of colors to replace the old ones that have been torn and shattered in many a well-fought fight. The colors are to be presented by the Lord Lieutenant in the name of the Queen. Our correspondent suggests that the occasion should be seized upon to give expression to the feelings with which the people of Dublin regard their brave countrymen—that there should be a general holiday—a grand public procession, and finally a dinner in the park to the soldiers. We heartily approve of the proposal, and are glad to find that it has received the warm support of our cotemporary, the *Evening Packet*. The people of Dublin owe it to themselves to express in the most marked, public, and emphatic manner, their appreciation of the gallant conduct of their countrymen. Such a mark of approval will be most valuable and gratifying to the brave fellows themselves. It will show them that when they become soldiers they are not degraded into mere machines, cut off from all communion with their countrymen, but that when fighting the battles of civilization abroad, their career is watched at home with eager interest, and their acts of heroism recorded as subjects of national pride.

THOMAS DEVIN REILLY.

From the Daily News.

It is difficult to write of the dead, for either the veneration inseparable to the contemplation of a departed fellow being renders the pen an organ of adulation and distortion, (as in Abbott's Napoleon,) in which case, even his warmest admirers become disgusted, and thus, insensibly, the misguided worshipper injures the reputation of his idol, or else, the biographer, resolving to show his stern reverence for Truth by writing the fact, becomes himself the target of reproach, (as Johnson for his life of Milton,) and enjoys the distinction of being considered by posterity as a slanderer and a malignant. Fortunately we run no chance of these Scylla and Charybdis in our little sketch of the late T. D. Reilly, one of the most single-hearted of men, and one of the most vigorous of Democratic writers. Everything he did was done with a will. There was no "willing to wound yet afraid to strike," when he was once armed with his pen, for although personally, he would not have hurt a fly, yet in a political or literary combat, he neither gave nor accepted quarter. In his deadliest conflicts there was a half good tempered, jolly ferocity about his style which reminded us of the man who swore he never fought so well as when he had a thorough affection for his antagonist as well as the cause he battled for. Nothing pleased him more than getting hold of Prince Albert or Lord Palmerston; he pummeled the Irish Premier equally with the German Prince, and poured out the Niagara of his sarcasm, jokes, grim bantering and hearty abuse, just as an infuriated housemaid empties a pail of soap suds over an impudent dandy.

Reilly was born in the North of Ireland, about thirty-five years ago, and received a good education, which he had much increased by multifarious reading. This was not lost, for being blessed with an excellent memory, his mind became stored with a vast quantity of facts, illustrations and jests, which were sometimes so interwoven in his articles, that, like a mass of dates, or figs, they are so jammed together that it is impossible to separate one from the other. To a careless reader his articles may appear desultory and wandering, but a closer study developes a plan, and although he did not go direct to his conclusions, yet his ramblings had a meaning, so that in his wildest episodes there was "a method in his madness." His best productions were his contributions to the *Democratic Review*, although, in the *American Whig*, there is a paper called London Assurance, full of wit and invective.

In person Mr. Rielly was square and of a medium height; his complexion was fresh and fair, eyes light grayish blue, with hair between a very light brown and a dark sandy. He had a hilarious light generally playing in his eyes, which gave great animation to his countenance. He was not an eloquent converser, but he talked with great force and fervor, and left the impression of being a man who was thoroughly in earnest in whatever he undertook. His brow was not a lofty one, but it was compactly formed, a fact in phrenology not sufficiently borne in mind by the multitude. An ounce of silk can be made a more efficacious missile if tightly packed, than a pound if loosely arranged; so a little brain well cultivated is better than a large one neglected, although doubtless the large brain has the greater potentiality if well disciplined.

Reilly had a great command of language, and could take another's ideas and make an exposition equally well with the originator. Indeed, it seemed to us that he always wrote best when writing under another's inspiration. He had also wonderful power of continuous labor; on an emergency he could write an article of forty pages without stirring from his desk; but like all men of ardent temperament, he was addicted to procrastinating the minute of work. When he first arrived here, in 1849, he was engaged on the *Tribune*, and soon after was associated with Mr. Savage in the conduct of a paper whose name we forget. He then became, at the recommendation of Mr. Holly, one of the editors of the *American Whig Review*, then under the chief control of Mr. Whelpley, one of our finest political writers.

The fierceness of his attacks on the British Government having annoyed the chief proprietor, he was engaged by Mr. G. N. Sanders to contribute to the *Democratic Review*—then lately purchased by the ex-consul to demolish old fogies. The termination of the campaign having rendered the continuance of this organ unnecessary, he received the reward of his labors in the cause by an appointment in the Census Bureau in Washington. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable; for thus at the moment when he had attained a position of considerable emolument, he was attacked by apoplexy, and died about two years ago in Washington City, leaving a wife and child.

Mr. Meagher, with that generosity which is a feature in the Irish character, has resolved to raise funds for a monument to the memory of this bold fighter in the Democratic ranks; for, as yet, his grave is without even a stone to mark the spot where repose the ashes of Thomas Devin Reilly!

In addition to this mark of respect to the dead, Mr. Meagher contemplates creating a fund for the widow and child, an object to which every Christian will be proud to contribute. We, therefore, take this opportunity of stating that any one who wishes to aid so charitable a cause, can address the Editor of the *Irish News*.

Mr. Reilly's complication in the insurrection of Smith O'Brien in 1848, was the reason of his leaving the land of his fathers, which, like one of Shakspeare's ladies, he loved not wisely, but too well. Peace to the memory of an open, fearless, warm-hearted, and, it must be confessed, in politics, a fierce-headed man!

THE IRISH VOTE.

SPEECH OF FRANCIS A. JACKSON IN BROOKLYN.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—This Presidential contest, in which all of us are more or less engaged—in which we, as freemen, are vitally concerned, will be highly important in its result, to the future of the Republic, and leave a mark on its history that will live through all time, for the curses or the blessings of generations of men. Much good or much evil must flow from it, for both sides cannot be right; and woe betide the evil doers.

The Republic is now undergoing a severe and trying ordeal, as fully important to her future destiny as that out of which, owing to the truth and courage of the patriots of the Revolution, she so gloriously emerged, arrayed in white garments, brilliant like the sun, having crushed a like conspiracy against the nation's liberties and her life. As England was the head and front of that conspiracy, so is she the front and head of the present. It is she who is its genius, its prime mover and abettor. It is a deep and dark conspiracy against the Union, the Constitution, and the perpetuity of the Republic. Be not deluded, my friends, by the numerous false issues that every day are raised. Let not the tears you shed over Kansas blind your eyes as to the only true and real issue now presented to the people of these States by the Know-Nothings on the one side, and Abolitionists on the other—more properly, the *same* side. The issue is not Kansas, free or slave; but "Shall the Constitution and the Union of these States, and the common equality and fraternity of its citizens, be preserved, or forever be destroyed?" That is the *true* question you have to answer.

Oh! the present is a time of peril. Treason! loud and defiant—treason, treacherous and blasphemous—treason, the vilest and most ungodly, now stalks abroad over this whole land of Washington, threatening to pull down this grand temple of human liberty, erected by the hands and sanctified by the blood of those noble men whose immortal names and magnificent deeds gild and adorn the brightest pages, not of America's alone, but of the world's history. Talk no more of the villainous deeds of royal Neros; talk no more of Cataline's conspiracy; it is far outshone; for never before had evil of so much magnitude been attempted, as this which now is directed to undermine the grand foundation of our liberties, and efface the stars which are the beacon-light, and the hope of entire humanity.

Under God, in the triumph of Democratic principles now rests the salvation of the Republic. The Democratic party stands on the platform of the Constitution. They alone stand forth in the breach, the last remaining hope of the whole country; North, as well as South—East, as well as West; recognizing every man a citizen whom the Constitution declares such, no matter where chance gave birth to him; fully and freely according to all—to citizens, to territories, and to States, every *iota* of their Constitutional privileges and rights.

Here Mr. J. proceeded to remark upon the "Ostend Manifesto," claiming that, although the enemies of Mr. Buchanan charge that it is essentially a filibustering document, and that if Mr. Buchanan be elected and shapes his policy in accordance with the principles laid down in it, that war with all maritime powers must be the inevitable result. On the contrary, such a policy would be *the surest guarantee against war.*

The so-called "Republicans" profess a holy horror of the African slave trade; yet, one of the reasons given in the "Ostend Circular" for the recommendations offered in regard to Cuba, is, "that it is the only possible way in which the infamous traffic can be abolished." Even the *London Times*, that zealous supporter of Mr. Fremont, lately declared, "that so long as Cuba continues governed as she is, affording a slave market to the world, there can be no hope of effectually stopping it."

But these "Republicans" are all philanthropists—all tender-hearted men, humanitarians, bless the mark! Ah! it would be better for the colored race were one-half of them buried in the sea. Whenever the Northern abolitionists—for let us call things by their right names—could coin a single dollar or a cent out of the bodies or the souls of negroes, their "humanitarianism" never stood one inch in their way. So long as the slave-trade was legal, it was they who drove the largest traffic in what they now call "human chattels." The merchants of Boston filled their coffers out of it. But now, since it is no longer legal, it is no longer *profitable*, and therefore we see them grow wonderfully pious all in a moment, and weep bitter tears of sympathy and condolence over the fate of poor "Uncle Tom." They now declare, that though they reserved for themselves *their* right to consult their own time and interests in abolishing slavery in their State, and though their sister States of the North reserved the same right, that the Southern States shall not do so; that the South shall not consult its time and interests—that it shall have no voice in the matter—that it must be governed, be commanded exclusively and entirely, by Faneuil Hall; or, rather,

by Exeter Hall; and the South very properly says, "We won't submit!" They deny States'-rights as well as Territorial rights. Both are equal to them. Neither can their "humanitarian" consciences admit of. They further tell you the South is "an incubus." What! the South "an incubus;" whereas, it is Southern men who are the *producers*, while the majority of the abolitionists are only bankers, and brokers, and consumers, who can simply "drive a good trade" on the fruits of Southern industry.

Ah! but you are told, "Freedom is national, Slavery is sectional." Now, what does that mean! Shakspeare! there is something in *a name*. It hath, at least, a spell around it—a magic in its sound. If the persecuted of Europe, if the hunted of tyrants, if the starved of Ireland, if the murdered and Bastille'd of France and Germany and Hungary and Poland, and other down-trodden nationalities, be simply *slaves*, then are the slaves of America LORDS!

Would these abolitionists have us believe that the 350,000 slaveholders of the South are going to buy us all up to-morrow, and send us to work on their plantations! Who, in the North or South, has ever denied that *Freedom is national!* For my part, I have no fears for my freedom, unless abolitionism triumph and give it the mortal stab. Free treason is not national. Freebooting is not national. Nor is proscription in any shape, nor free love. This senseless shriek about "Freedom national, and Slavery sectional," is just as absurd and ludicrous as that other about "Americans ruling America." None others than the citizens of the United States of America have pretended to rule America under its Constitution since King George and his myrmidons were kicked out of it. The amusing bipeds who shriek about "Americans ruling America," would, too, have you believe that the Pope was coming over here to-morrow, to let one of his terrible bulls out at you, in order to poke and butt and slay you all with his big horns.

Is it not time to expose and trample on all this! These traitors and knavish humbugs disgrace not alone America but the very age in which we live. It is for you, TRUE AMERICANS, men of brain and common sense, lovers of your country, her prosperity and her freedom—of liberty, of justice, and of truth—it is for you to trample down the snakish monsters that seek to coil themselves around and check the Republic's true destiny. It is for you, *now*, to strike manfully and boldly. Do your duty to your whole country in its darkest hour of need. And you who have seldom or never voted before, vote this time—the crisis has arrived. You, who are naturalized citizens, stand by the Constitution *you swore* to support. Do your duty, all of you, to your children and your children's children. The present as well as the future demands it of you. Rise up as one man in the righteous cause, and slay the hydra of Know-Nothing intolerance and proscription; slay, too, the hydra of abolitionism and hypocritical philanthropy. Stand by the Constitution handed down to you by Washington, Jefferson and Adams, and which has worked so well—elevating the degraded colony into the proudest position among the nations! By doing so, you conquer treason—you conserve Liberty. Civil and religious liberty will continue to shine forth on the escutcheon of the Republic! Thirty-one stars, and more, will yet emblazon her Flag! Posterity will bless your ashes. See to it in November next, when the sun goes down, that History will not have to record the inevitable downfall of the grandest structure ever raised by man, going down in one crash into ruin and chaos; but will proclaim, many-tongued, to all the ends of the earth and to all generations—The Constitution is vindicated, the Union and our Liberties are safe! The Republic is yet full of life—vigorous, powerful and free! It will pursue its destiny—it will accomplish its mission. Not one star is off her banner, not one citizen is disfranchised, the work is consummated—the storm which raged so furiously is over, the dark clouds are gone, and the sky is clear and the sea is troubled no more. The Ship of State, no longer lashed by the black waves of fanaticism, moves proudly and majestically on—the stars and stripes flying from her masthead, and James Buchanan at the helm. Abroad, then, in every land, may yet rise the laureate giant of young Democracy, brandishing his scimetar, blending his voice with the creatures of the sky, in wildest rhapsodies of Freedom, the music of which, as it penetrates the clouds, will make the very heavens smile!

LETTER FROM JOHN O'MAHONY.

113 *Prince street, Brooklyn, Sept. 1st*, 1856.

MY DEAR MEAGHER—I feel forced to intrude upon your space by a misstatement that has appeared in your last issue, in which my name is mixed up. It is contained in the communication headed "Munster News," and signed "Mount-Garret the Bagman."

Having bestowed some well-merited praises upon the late John Power, of Gurteen, your correspondent goes on to remark, speculating upon the possible conduct of that gentleman with regard to our attempted Irish rising in '48, that—"if the people fought in '48, I know he was sure to be with them. His visit to O'Mahony's camp was not, as it was considerately made to appear, compulsory. It was made to see if there was such force, such preparation as would give even the slightest promise of success. There wasn't, and he went home sad and disheartened."

Now, as to Mr. Power's revolutionary tendencies, I can assert nothing positive myself. I knew nothing on the subject until now, and feel happy to hear his patriotic intentions thus proclaimed by one who appears to have known him intimately. Until now, it was my own impression that the sentiments of that lamented gentleman, though National and Catholic, were essentially loyal and aristocratic. However that may have been, I am certain that Mr. Power was not and could not be actuated in any political act of his in '48, or at any other time, by any motives which were not honorable, high-minded and chivalrous. I am certain that his visit to the Insurgent camp in the County Waterford was not the result of the somewhat cowardly and selfish spirit of cautious and canny forecast attributed to him by your correspondent. In my opinion, his visit was exclusively the result of a sincere and humane concern for the safety of the men there assembled, many of whom were his own tenants and nearly all of whom were the friends and well-wishers of his ancient house. This noble and generous impulse was, as I believe, the only motive that led him to imperil both his personal safety and his reputation for loyalty to his sovereign upon the occasion mentioned above.

But this gentleman's loyalty or disloyalty is not the point to which I would refer more especially. Your correspondent has stated erroneously that Mr. Power visited what he designates as *my camp*, and thereupon insinuates a charge against the brave mountaineers of Waterford. Now, the fact is that Mr. Power did not visit any camp *where I was or where I had been at all*. I never even saw the gentleman during the whole of '48, except once, and then he was merely pointed out to me at some distance, shooting over his own preserves. Had he had any intention of joining the insurrection, I infer that he would have had some communication with me during the seven or eight weeks I was striving to re-weld the broken links of our confederacy in his very neighborhood. In that neighborhood, unaided except by simple, though brave and devoted peasants and mechanics, I endeavored to organize my conspiracy alone, and, utterly unsupported by any of the experienced or master-minds of our party, I baffled all the force that the authorities could bring against me, and plotted against them in their very garrisons and camps—camps and garrisons that I thus found out to be only waiting for an opportunity to turn over to the people. That opportunity I did not give them, simply because I had no helpers to share the labors of mustering our people with myself. I was crushed by the hugeness of the ill-constructed machine that *I was reluctantly forced to set in motion prematurely*. Such is my only excuse for all my failures and short-comings. The people are perfectly blameless as far as I am concerned. They never through either coward- or dissent deserted me. They proved true to the last. There was no *dissension* anywhere whilst I was personally present, or, as your correspondent has it, in my camp.

Now, though I do not wish to bear more than my own share of the blame attached to what, with all our good leaves, I will call, the Irish *fiasco* of '48, I have still up to the present forborne to make any public allusion to my part in spoiling the finest opportunity that Ireland ever had of asserting her freedom. I have abstained from alluding to the subject or offering any palliatives for my many mistakes, notwithstanding the fact that some professed friends have made my attempt more Quixotic than it really was, and at most worthy of compassion—damning it with ill-timed and awkward praise, than which the fiercest vituperation were more endurable. As I am not a public man, and care little for fame outside the valley of the Suir or out of sight of the peaks of the old Gaulties, I should continue silent still were not my name now connected with the oft-repeated but no less falacious and disingenuous charge of want of force, spirit, devotion, courage, &c., now "sidelin sklented" at the brave peasantry of South Tipperary and Waterford, by "Mount-Garret the Bag-man!"

The Waterford assemblage of insurgents which Mr. Power visited was composed of as brave and determined a set of men as ever lived. They were, it is true, badly armed and totally undisciplined. They had no one they knew to lead them, and thus being nearly "all officers," their organization was not likely to be the most perfect. They could not then have presented a very promising aspect to a gentleman like Mr. Power, whose notions of a camp had been probably formed upon those fancy constructions used on gala days by the British army round Dublin or London. Still, all the elements for a brave and obstinate struggle were contained within that camp at Carriginoogh, and all the external concomitants necessary for a locally at least successful one surrounded it. All that was wanted was a sufficient number of intelligent and willing *minds* to set its forces to work with some *ensemble*, and to divide the labor so that each particular branch should perform its functions in due time and place. It was the want of these *minds* that defeated my attempt. It was, perhaps, chimerical in me at that late hour to have thought of any scheme so extensive as to need them. As it was, I, even if competent, could not make myself ubiquitous, like the bird of our facetious countryman. Every scattered band of 40, 50, 500, or 1000 men expected to see me, and were disappointed if they did not meet me at every place of muster. I tried to compass too much—the time was lost, and I was beaten before my men had mustered.

I am now by no means self-complacent on the subject. Still I do not regret the part I then played. If I have done no other good, I have at least proved to the stout peasantry and mechanics of Tipperary and Waterford's satisfaction (if to that of no others), that the failure was not through their own faults. Such references made to them as that of your correspondent's, and some other things said of them and me by writers upon '48, render it incumbent upon me to give at length some explanation of the extraordinary, and if all said be true, the exceedingly inexcusable part I acted. Such an explanation I shall soon give to the Irish public. Besides, I do not wish that the dwellers on the rolling Comeraghs and by the silvery Suir should be persuaded to despair in their stout hearts and stalwart arms by such thoughtless, and scarcely ingenuous remarks as those of your correspondent.

I remain, very sincerely yours,

JOHN O'MAHONY.

Thos. Francis Meagher, Esq.

LETTER FROM AN OFFICER OF THE NICARAGUAN ARMY.

NEW-YORK, September 6, 1856.

To the Editor of the Irish News:

DEAR SIR—

Having just returned from Costa Rica, where I have been detained as a prisoner of war for the last four months, and being anxious to impart what little information I obtained with regard to Central America, (during a residence of seven months in that country,) to the people of the United States, and especially to those about to emigrate to that fertile region,—and knowing of no better medium than through the columns of your widely-circulated journal, I would in the first place remark, with regard to Nicaragua, that a more beautiful country never existed.

The climate, soil, scenery, &c., surpass description. To those about to emigrate for agricultural purposes, Nicaragua has a special claim on their attention—there are thousands of acres of rich alluvial soil, which only require the burning off of the chaparral or undergrowth, to be immediately converted into a state of cultivation, and on which can be raised corn, and all kinds of grain, and in fact every production peculiar to any climate. This land is distributed to emigrants free, in lots of 250 acres each. To those of a more aspirant disposition, and especially those ambitious of military fame, that country offers unlimited scope for their abilities. The second Washington, General Walker, has an army of between twelve and thirteen hundred men, and is semi-monthly receiving recruits to aid him in his noble undertaking. He offers to each emigrant on his arrival the choice of entering the army for one year, at the rate of twenty-five dollars per month with 250 acres of land, or becoming a settler, just as the emigrant feels disposed.

I, on my arrival in Granada, the Headquarters of General Walker, took the latter choice, and was duly initiated in the service of the then styled Filibuster chief. Not seeing any acts of Filibusterism committed in Nicaragua, as peace reigned supreme at that time throughout the country, we began to be impatient for excitement, when the little republic of Costa Rica, backed by English intrigues, declared a war of extermination against the North Americans in Nicaragua. Immediately after the return of the traitor, Schlesinger, from Costa Rica, General Walker despatched a force of 280 men under command of Schlesinger, with orders to advance on the frontiers of Costa Rica, and retreat on the information of the advance of an enemy. I happened to be one of the detailed, who comprised his force, and was attached to the "Voltigeurs" as courier, under command of Captain Rudley.

The people of the United States are already acquainted with the details of the skirmish at Santa Rosa. But allow me to inform the readers of the IRISH NEWS, that it was the intention of the American soldiers to stand and fight to the last man if they had not been deceived by their commander, who, it has been since clearly proved, sold the fight at Santa Rosa, for a consideration of ten thousand dollars. I with twenty-nine others, in one party, succeeded in making my escape from the immediate scene of action, and made for the woods, where we wandered nearly in a state of starvation for 29 days, when we succeeded in arriving on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, within forty miles of Virgin Bay, when fourteen of us were captured (five of the original twenty-nine having died in the woods and ten having taken another direction on the morning previous to our arrest) by a party of Costa Ricans disguised as pedlars, who set upon us with machetes (a sort of bowie-knife). We momentarily expected to be shot or hanged, as was as they informed us the fate of 19 of our companions taken at Santa Rosa, but they contented themselves with tying us in pairs with ropes, and marching us back to the residence of the Commander-in-chief at Liberia, who intimated that a servitude of ten years in the chain gang, would, he thought, have a tendency to quiet our filibuster temperaments. However, he did not carry his intimation into practice; as the breaking out of the cholera, brought by the Costa Rican army, after the battle of Rivas, from Nicaragua into Liberia, produced such a sensation and created such a panic, from the Commandant General down to the humblest senorita, that they forgot us prisoners in their excitement, until the President issued orders for our removal to Punta Arenas.

Here we were kept in confinement for one month, after which we were allowed the *parole* of the city, and told, if we pleased, to go to work and maintain ourselves on the proceeds. This all of us who were able did, as by so doing we were not under the immediate surveillance of the soldiers, and hoped on the first opportunity offering we would be able to effect our escape. A short time after our liberation on *parole*, I, with three or four others, made application to the captain of a French ship, a Frenchman, bound for Panama, for passage, telling him our case, but he refused, on the ground that his government was on friendly terms with that of Costa Rica. We eventually succeeded in getting a passage to Panama, on board of a schooner, the "Joseph Newitt," Captain James Corkhill, five of us in all, by working our passage. I am indebted to Mr. Hicks, late of the Navy, whose influence with Colonel Totten, of the Panama and Aspinwall Railroad, procured me a transit across the Isthmus, and who still further used his influence with the officers of the Illinois, and got me a passage to New-York, where I arrived on the morning of Friday, the 30th August.

During my stay in Costa Rica of almost four months, I learned from Costa Ricans obnoxious to the government of Juan R. Mora, that there is at this time ripening in that State the germ of a revolution that will overthrow the present republic, and that if General Walker (now that his government is recognized by that of the United States, and that he is no longer considered as a Filibuster Chief, but the Commander-in-chief of a National Army,) should invade that State, he would not have the forces that he fought at Rivas to contend against, as there are at this moment one-half the inhabitants of Costa Rica disaffected towards the administration of the present President.

Preparatory to the Battle of Rivas, the Costa Rican, San Salvador and Guatemala governments agreed to furnish each so many soldiers for the extermination of the Americans in Nicaragua. The Northern States for some reasons did not supply their men at the appointed time, and now since the occupation of Leon by the Guatemalians and San Salvadors, they have requested the Costa Ricans to dispatch as many men as they, the Costa Ricans, can raise, to intercept the Transit Route at Seripique; but the Costa Ricans steadily refused to ever again aid the Northern States in any way; and if General Walker continues to adopt his present policy of watchful inactivity, it is the opinion of several exiled Costa Rican officers, whom I had the pleasure of conversing with at Panama, that on the opening of the dry season in Central America, he will have no foe in Leon to contend against.

At present everything is perfectly tranquil in Nicaragua, and those about, or wishing to emigrate, need apprehend no molestation, if engaged in agricultaral or commercial pursuits. Hoping that you will give the enclosed space in your popular journal, I remain your's sincerely,

M. M. S.

Thos. F. Meagher, Esq.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1856.

PUBLIC SALARIES—SOMETHING MORE ABOUT THEM.

A good deal of misapprehension exists as to the comparative governmental expenses in the United States and Great Britain. There is a floating opinion in this country, also, that a great many of the higher appointments paid for by John Bull, are simply sinecures—Sheridan's witty and faithful interpretation being that a sinecure was "nothing to do and well paid for doing it." Precisely, in short, such an appointment as the Clerkship of the Hanaper in Ireland, valued at £800 a year, which Captain John O'Connell has begged and obtained from Lord Palmerston, on the plea, it is said, that there was nothing to be done, and that he (the said Captain) felt himself very capable of doing it!

In point of fact, however, the difference of expense in the two nations is not great, and (though Lord Ellenborough does receive £13,000 a year as Joint Chief Clerk of the Pleas in the Queen's Bench, to which he was appointed while yet a sucking infant by his father, the political judge) sinecures may be pronounced as in such a state of extinction and absorption, that few will be perpetuated after the death of the present holders.

The whole amount of net public English revenue averages £55,000,000 a year; but of this, however, £28,000,000 is disbursed to pay the interest on the National Debt. This leaves twenty-seven millions sterling for all other payments. Let us see what they are.

The Civil List is the whole payment made to Royalty for its support, and to maintain what is called "the honor and dignity of the Crown." The actual amount placed at the Queen's own disposal is £385,000 per annum. However, besides all this money, she gets what may be called money's worth, for she occupies several rent-free palaces, (on the repairs and keeping up of which a good deal of the public money is annually expended,) and is exempted from all the taxes—postage stamps excepted—which every other person in her realm has to pay. She faithfully promised, through Sir Robert Peel in 1842, to submit her salary to the Income tax, but he contrived to evade doing so. Prince Albert, as her husband, has a separate allowance of £30,000 a year, which his wife has contrived to double, by heaping upon him a variety of profitable appointments. His Royal Highness, who possesses large accumulative propensities, not only receives £3,000 a year as Governor of Windsor Castle, but also condescends to accept £300 a year as Constable of that palace, his wife's residence.

There are other Royal pensioners. England continues to pay £50,000 per annum to Leopold, King of the Belgians—an amount settled on him in 1816, when he married the Princess Charlotte. There are also annuities of £30,000 to the Queen's mother; of £17,000 to the Duchess of Gloucester; of £6,000 to the Duchess of Cambridge; of £6,000 between a couple of Cambridge Princesses; and of £12,000 to the Duke of Cambridge. This last named gentleman has pay as General in the army, and Colonel of the Guards, besides having salaries as Ranger of Hyde and St. James' Parks. He was lately appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army, with a salary of £9 9s. 6d. a day, or £3,385 a year; but as the person holding this appointment gets double pay if he also be a Field Marshal, it may be very safely prophesied that, ere many moons wane, His Royal Highness will hold the *baton*—carrying with it the increase of income. As the command he holds is administrative rather than active, the Duke of Cambridge will probably get on very well—though he did not superlatively distinguish himself in the Crimea.

We may take the public disbursements, in one shape or another, to Queen Victoria and her family, as close upon £600,000 a-year. A vast payment, no doubt; but some of the nobility actually have larger incomes than their Sovereign; and it has been plausibly argued that every pound expended by Royalty in England causes a thousand-fold disbursements, chiefly in London, for the good of trade, commerce, and manufactures. One of the State Balls, for example, attended by crowds of the nobility and gentry, may cost £5,000; but the expenditure by the guests, in dress, jewels, and equipages would probably amount to ten times that sum. So, in the compensating balance of society, frivolities unite in giving an impetus to Trade and employment to Industry.

It would be amusing to go into the details of Royal expenditure in England, had we space and time—to show the proud nobility soliciting for the "honor" of voluntary (but not unpaid) flunkeyism to Royalty—to follow the Duke of Devonshire or the Marquis of Westminster (the two wealthiest peers in England) into the precincts of the Court, eagerly contesting the "honor" of carrying white wands before the Queen, as Lord Chamberlain or Lord Steward of the Household (literally head footman and head butler), with the privilege of perpetually facing their "most gracious Sovereign"—stern etiquette imperatively demanding that none of the Queen's attendants, no matter how high their proud rank, shall let her see their embroidered skirts, which imposes the awkward necessity of their walking backward out of the Royal presence—to behold the Duchess of Sutherland in charge of the Queen's gowns, gloves, and gaiters—a sort of superior *femme de chambre*—to witness the humiliation of such veterans as Lords Anglesey and Hill, heroes of many a gallant fight, officiating as "Gold Stick" and "Silver Stick" at a Levee or a Drawing-room. But we cannot now go into such an exhibition—we must continue our account of public disbursements in England.

Annuities and pensions for civil, naval, military, and judicial sources are generally, and inaccurately, supposed to amount to a great sum in England. The annual disbursements, on these heads, slightly exceeds £350,000; diplomatic salaries and pensions are scarcely £180,000; and general salaries and allowances are about £270,000. The expense of collecting the revenue is not included in this account, as that is deducted from the *gross* receipts, only the *net* revenue being her considered. The total expense of the Administration of Justice, in all parts of the United Kingdom (with Supreme Courts of Law in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin), is about £1,000,000 annually. This does not include erection and repairs of prisons, the maintenance of prisoners, and the cost of officers' salaries, most of these disbursements being made out of the county, city and borough rates.

The four great sources of expense in England, are the army, the Navy, the Ordnance, and the Civil Service. Even in time of peace, the average payments on account of the three first-named items are very great. In 1853, which was *before* the War commenced, the payments were: For the Army, £7,018,-164; for the Navy, £6,625,944; for the Ordnance, £2,491,798. Here, then, for what are called "the military defences of the country," even in profound peace—(but which defences actually included soldiers and ships all over the world, to maintain supremacy in colonies which have ceased to be remunerative but are inclined to revolt)—is an outlay of sixteen millions sterling.

In the United States, the whole expenditure under the direction of the War and Navy Departments, may annually average some $20,000,000, or a fourth of the cost in England. The difference is caused by the fact that we have no colonies to keep in subjection by military force; that we maintain our navy for defence and not for aggression; and that our States' militias are no charge upon the general revenue of the country. Should the occasion require, at a fortnight's notice our well-disciplined volunteers would be a million in arms, and, as fast as ordnance could be supplied, our clippers, packets, and other vessels, would be ready to vindicate the national honor, whether assailed at a distance or insulted on the seaboard, or the great oceans which wash our extended territory. How different from England, where nineteen-twentieths of the male population has never fired even a fowling-piece, the Executive actually preventing them from possessing a gun or being trained to use it!

Against the vast payment, by England, to convert humanity into "food for powder," the said empire has generously appropriated about £250,000 for National Education. The disproportion reminds one, most unavoidably, of the half-penny worth of bread to the gallons of *sack* in Falstaff's memorable tavern-bill.

On account of "Civil Services"—meaning the whole internal administration of the country—John Bull annually pays some £4,000,000. Owing to the different manner in which the yearly balance-sheets are made out in the two countries, we are unable to make a close contrast between the expenditure proper of the United States and that of Great Britain. The comparison would be much in favor of this country, no doubt, but we suspect that the difference is rather nominal than real, and that, all things considered, the actual Civil Government of this country is not materially cheaper than that of England. Every one knows, as we said last week, that public salaries are lower here than abroad, but the work is better done—more faithfully—more honestly than with us here. Low payment of service is of itself the speediest way to those breaches of probity by which our Public Revenue constantly suffers diminution. It places temptation in a man's way, and almost woos him into wrong-doing.

Another point, wholly at variance not only with the highest, but with the general European practice, is the instability of our official tenure. Across the Atlantic, for example, the general practice is for a man to enter the public service at an early age, with ascertained ability and education for the department in which he is placed, and, commencing at a low salary (usually $400 a year for a lad of 18) gradually to rise to advanced pay and position, by sincerity, length of service, and acknowledged merit. Thus, in general, (though, of course, there are not numerous prizes of this amount,) a person who enters the service early and works his way forward, by time and merit, may expect to find himself, in middle-life, with from £5,000 to £10,000 a year, and the certainty, after a fixed period of service, (and earlier, should health fail,) of being able to retire on a pension equal to two-thirds of the highest rate of salary he has ever received. All Government appointments in England (with the exception of the few removals of political heads of departments, on a change of Ministry,) *are invariably for life*, and preferments and promotions, principally made by seniority, are rarely influenced by the interference of patronage or party. The consequence is, that as an official there enters his situation as a permanency, with increasing salary and position, the instances where he is dishonest are rare. With our temporary appointments, where a man's politics rather than his fitness, gain him an appointment, (not particularly well paid,) from which the chances are that he will be ousted within four years, it is not made his abiding interest to be honest. As the saying is, he "goes in for a pile," and too often becomes accessible to influences which put money in his purse, at the expense of the country which temporarily obtains his transient and nearly irresponsible services.

Even were the truth of these statements not generally recognized, we should not shrink from thus plainly declaring it. But we speak of what is only too well known, too generally lamented—insufficiency of public salaries—instability of public employment.

NICARAGUA—A FEW PLAIN WORDS ABOUT IT.

Stirring events are preparing in Central America. The latest advices from Granada announce that great preparations are being made on either side, for the ensuing struggle, which is to decide whether the practical and common-sense rule established by General Walker is to become permanent in Nicaragua, or whether the country is to be again given over to anarchy and misrule. In contemplating the existing antagonism in that country, we must not be led away by an erroneous belief that an oppressed or insulted people are struggling with a band of adventurers. This is not the case. The people in Nicaragua, and in all Central America, have really no existence as a body politic, as they have with us. The mass of the population is composed of a mixed race of Indian and white blood, in which the latter greatly preponderates, and it has ever been the tool and the prey of a limited class of men of greater intelligence, which has divided into two or more parties; and each has in turn ruled by force, and with plunder and extortion the impassive native race.

The advent of General Walker, invited by one of the opposing native factions, brought new ideas and more just theories of government to the country, and it was impossible that their establishment should not be resisted by the adherents of the old system. These could not admit the new doctrine that the government should not take the property of the citizen, and even the citizen himself, without remuneration, whenever the exigencies of faction demanded it, in the name of the public good. They could not conceive that there existed in the private individual a right which should be respected above their might, and that horses, mules, corn, and man, should not be pressed into their service, whenever their power gave them the ability to take them.

Under a government animated by such ideas the country sank almost, if not quite, to inanition; for property of no kind was safe in the possession of the weak, and men had no stimulus to labor, except to supply their daily wants. No man took an interest in the public affairs unless he belonged to the governing, or rather the plundering class, except so far as the dread of further exaction induced him to watch and distrust the existing authorities. The introduction of a better theory of government by General Walker, while it has released the mass of the inhabitants from the contributions that had hitherto weighed them down, has also deprived the governing class of the source of their wealth, and brought about the existing state of antagonism there.

This we believe to be a true view of the causes that have led to the present conflict between General Walker and some of his former supporters, now in union with their former antagonists. It is also proved, by the method and manner of the parties in bringing together their respective forces for the encounter. The native conscripts gathered for the ranks of the Rivas party, at Leon, are marched into that city, tied two and two together, while material and food are obtained by the indiscriminate appropriation of any private property suitable for the purpose that may be at hand. The inhabitants look upon this as a matter of course, for war has never been conducted otherwise among them. On the other hand, General Walker is gathering at Granada whatever the resources of the country will enable him to purchase, and is seeking to augment his disposable means by loans based upon the future peacefully-collected revenues of the Government. No man is plundered, no man is dragged from his home and forced into the ranks, but industry remains undisturbed, and individual safety is respected.

The struggle that is about to take place in Nicaragua is, therefore, the struggle of old theories against new, of injustice against justice, of anarchy against order. All the pride of national feeling is called up in support of the bad, because the good came from abroad, instead of having originated at home; and patriotism is invoked as urging every native citizen to

join with those who wish to perpetuate their old system of misrule. Many quiet and unobserving citizens among ourselves are misled by this outcry, and believe that the aim of General Walker is unmitigated wrong. We have no doubt of the approaching strife. The reluctant natives that have been forced into the ranks of General Cabunas, the jealousy and conflicting interests of the several leaders among them, and their utter incompetency as military chiefs, all point to defeat, if dissolution does not come to them before the battle. That the permanent establishment of General Walker's government will redound to the true good of Nicaragua, and rapidly develope its material prosperity, no one can for a moment doubt.

JOHN KELLY AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

Washington is a City of the Dead just now. President Pierce has gone to Warrenton Springs. Worcester has been shouting Speaker Banks through her streets. The fresh airs fanning the old houses of Newburyport cool the festive face and revive the wit of Caleb Cushing. Max Maretzek waves his fairy wand upon his Delphic throne in presence of the most bewitching beauty and wealthiest manhood of the South. The Senate, the Cabinet, the Departments, the Diplomatic body, the House—all are dispersed—broken up hither and thither, up and down, on sea-shore or mountain-top—all variously amusing and refreshing themselves—spending plenty of money—improving their muscle, sharpening their wits, preparing for the stump in October, the fatal day in November, and all the severities of winter.

Others of the public servants have returned quietly to their plain hospitable homes. Without any announcement in the papers—without a line under the head of Fashionable Intelligence—they resume the less conspicuous duties of life, moving in again amongst their fellow-citizens unobtrusively and noiselessly, as though they had not been away, mingling all the year past with the celebrities of the Capitol.

In this way, John Kelly, Representative of the Fourth Congressional District, returns to his constituents. They are heartily glad to see him. To ensure him a cordial greeting and congratulations without end, a preliminary flourish in the newspapers was not required. The people he represents, well know how faithfully he exercised the trust confided to him, and are prompt to reward with expressions of the friendliest favor the patient and efficient attention he has rendered, ever since his election to Congress, the questions claiming his advice, his support, or condemnation.

Thoroughly a man of the people, he has been watchful, active, and assiduous in the service of the people, faithful to their interests, their principles, and their good name.

We know not on any occasion on which his conduct can be called in question. We know of several wherein he acquitted himself with remarkable zeal, the soundest good sense, with a generous intrepidity and solicitude. The family of Thomas Keating had no truer friend. If justice has not been rendered them, it is not the fault of John Kelly. Of this, every Irishman in New-York and Washington is deeply sensible.

Industrious, fearless, zealous—in every sense reliable as a public servant—no one has a word to say against him, unless, indeed, it be those very refined gentlemen who, skipping about the flower-beds of life, have nothing on earth to do but criticize those who work for the public good, and who are so exquisitely exacting as to require every Member of Congress to be a Narcissus in symmetry, a Quintilian in rhetoric, and a Beau Brummel in breeches. An honest man in Congress is worth volumes of eloquence, and all the dainty nonentities and marrowless snobberies that ever dawdled up Broadway, dreamt of Paradise in a box at the Opera, or danced themselves out of their cambric and kids into the shadows of Greenwood.

Should John Kelly desire it, his re-election is certain. To defeat him, it would require a very eminent man to be started against him. It would require a man whose honesty is purer, whose good sense is sounder, whose heart is truer, whose devotion to the public interests lies upon the record more clearly proved. Eloquence will not suffice, nor gracefulness of person, nor suavity of manner, nor literary tastes or distinction—none of these things will suffice to outweigh the substantial merits of John Kelly, the recollection of what he has done, and the abundant promise he gives us of his future. He need have no fear. Not a whit. An inferior man will have no chance against him. Not the smallest. His superior—his superior in all that gives sterling value to a public man—is not easily to be had just now.

Let those who would think of having another in his stead, turn to his speech, delivered in the House of Representatives on the 9th of August, in reply to the calumnies of the Hon. Thomas R. Whitney, against the Catholic church, and see if they can choose a stauncher champion for the race and creed whom such men as Whitney grievously outrage, and, if they had the power, would infamously oppress.

YOUNG IRELAND FOR BUCHANAN.

Among the many bright circumstances which assure us of the success of the Democratic candidate, none affords us deeper satisfaction than the support he receives from a number of talented young citizens of Irish birth. The strength they bring him in this conflict is well worth having. Given with a full heart, it glows with intelligence and is fresh with enthusiasm. There is nothing cold, stinted, dull, or calculating about it. It is the chivalry of politics

The speech of Colonel Lochrane, of Georgia, published in our last number, and that of Francis Jackson, which appears in the present issue, suggest these remarks. To these speeches we refer with pleasure, pride, and confidence. Whilst the Democratic party has such champions in the Forum, no Irishman can hesitate which way to cast his vote.

The example of these young orators of the people, their eloquent bold words and spirited action, must surely dissipate amongst their countrymen all doubt, timidity, and prejudice. In the enthusiasm of youth there is wisdom, truth, nobility. The sagacity of age is oftentimes selfish, treacherous, and corrupt. If among the citizens of Irish birth there be any in this republic who feel disposed to vote against James Buchanan, let them turn to these speeches, and from them learn the duty they owe the Constitution from which they derive their citizenship.

If such men would stand by the Constitution, they must stand by James Buchanan. This is the pith of the speeches of Messrs. Lochrane and Jackson. This is their argument. This the truth which animates them. This the high sentiment under the influence of which their tongues are touched with fire. This the lesson they would, with all the force of their generous natures and fruitful intellects, impress upon their countrymen. Their countrymen will acquit themselves loyally to the American Union—will conduct themselves wisely and right nobly—by doing what these young citizens with so much heart and genius dictate.

MONUMENT TO DEVIN REILLY.

The meeting called at this office, on Wednesday, for the purpose of rendering to the memory of our friend and comrade, Devin Reilly, a tribute worthy of his noble heart and genius, was attended by men whose sincerity is a guaranty for the success of the project. Patrick Lynch, of the *Irish-American*, and Captain Lyons, of the *Citizen*, are conspicuously identified with it. The former acted as Chairman. The latter has been appointed permanent Secretary of the Committee authorized to collect subscriptions, and carry out the intentions of the originators of the tribute. Captain Phelan, Dr. Drew, Dr. McGowan, Captain Hogan, of Brooklyn, Adjutant McCarten, James Roche, Messrs. Folan, Lynch, and Haverty, have the honor of being the original members of this Committee. They have power to add to their numbers, and already several distinguished members of the Press and Congress have signified their desire to be placed on the Committee, and their determination effectively and zealously to aid it.

Generous subscriptions have come in. Dr. O'Reilly, of White street, sends $25, and with it a letter which shows that the gracious gift comes from the heart. Mr. Stuart, Lessee of Wallack's Theatre, also sends $25, accompanying the donation with eloquent and feeling words, expressive of his proud love of those whose genius, despite of their misfortunes, has given glory to the name of Ireland. Captain Phelan—ever prompt and noble in his action where a good, a kindly, or courageous deed has to be done—also hands in his $25.

And so, upon that lone grave in St. Matthew's churchyard, Washington, the golden tribute multiplies which yet shall be a chronicle of praise to him on whose cold breast it lies, and bread to his child, and an honored home to her, who, in the summer-glory of his genius, broke into bitter tears, kissing for the last time the frozen hand that could obey the glowing soul no more.

From time to time the Committee will publish the subscriptions in due form. The first publication of them will show that, along with those already named, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie and Adjutant McCarten, of the 69th Regt., are amongst the earliest contributors to this noble fund.

When a sufficient amount to provide for the widow and child, as well as to honor the dead, has been subscribed, the Committee are instructed to call a general meeting of the subscribers, and, by a public vote, determine the mode in which the twofold object of the testimonial—the Living and the Dead—will be finally accomplished.

TWO THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

The day John Mitchel was sentenced by Judge Lefroy, in Green street Court-house, in the city of Dublin, to transportation beyond the seas for the term of fourteen years, a scene took place in that same Court-house, which a thousand illuminations in the Phenix Park, and any number of Royal visits, will fail to blot from the memory of those who witnessed it.

John Mitchel was allowed by the presiding Judge to say a few words before the turnkeys—standing close behind him with their keys and chains—hurried him from the dock. The world has these words by heart:—

"My work has only begun," he exclaimed; "can I not promise for one, for two, for three—aye, for hundreds?"

A vehement cheer broke out—hundreds in the galleries, in the passages, about the dock, under the very Bench itself, leaped to their feet—a thousand eyes flashed defiance, vengeance, the fiercest passion—a thousand hands were flung aloft—a thousand voices echoed the hope and trust uttered from the dock.

"Promise for me, Mitchel—and for me—for me—for all!"

This was the cry of each—of all. In the grasp of his enemies, his doom pronounced, the war-ship panting for him in the harbor, his very life cut short, he had raised a storm before which the plunderers of his home and freedom quailed. The Jury—every man of them—reeled upon the spot. The Sheriffs looked aghast, staggered here and there, swung their arms about, and gasped for silence in the Court. Lefroy rushed from his red cushions, tumbled down the steps of the Bench, and buried himself like a murderer in the Judge's room. From every side—from every door—from every opening—the police—swords and pistols drawn—dashed in.

Still the hundreds in the galleries and passages were on their feet—still the wild fierce eyes flashed above, below, all round—still those outstretched arms with swollen veins shook in fury and defiance—still came the thundering cry—"Promise for me, Mitchel—promise for us all!"

Close above Mitchel—with neck, and arms, and wiry frame stretching over the wooden walls which enclosed the prisoner—with a screaming voice, and a quivering hand, and a face deadly pale with intense nervousness and excitement, with hypocrisy and fear—was one who, with louder tones than all the rest, cried out—"Promise for me, Mitchel—I'll follow you to death!"

It was John Gray—Editor and Proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*.

How faithfully and decently that man has kept the promise sworn by him on that day, John Mitchel's letter to us, published this day week, has let the world know.

THE MAYORALTY.

A requisition, signed by many of the most eminent merchants of the city, and other gentlemen of high standing and social influence, has been presented to Mr. Wood, cordially and eloquently inviting him to present himself a second time before the people as candidate for the Mayoralty of New-York. The zeal, activity, and administrative talent of our chief magistrate find in the words of the requisitionists the fullest commendation Whatever the result of the election, Mr. Wood retains in his possession that which no vote can set aside—the written testimony, to his efficiency in the civic chair, of men whose substance and virtues constitute them pillars of the State.

POSTCRIPT.

An admirable letter from Mr. O'Neill, of Boston, on the new project of steam communication with Ireland, appears in another column. His views on the subject, and the clear and copious style in which he conveys them, renders unnecessary any remarks of our own.

The communication from John O'Mahony, promised in our last, occupies the space it deserves. Another letter from the same pen, and touching the same subject, will appear in our next.

We are happy to find, on reference to our advertising columns, that Alexander C. Lawrence, Esq., has been appointed General Emigrant Agent of Nicaragua for the United States by the Government of Nicaragua. This appointment has been well deserved. From the first, Mr. Lawrence has been an enthusiastic and useful friend of the brave men, who, under Gen. Walker now hold that country, despite of native perfidy and foreign piracy, for its own advantage, security, and glory. The answer of Dumouriez to the factions of Paris—"I'll save Paris in spite of herself"—is the text from which a true panegyric of General Walker, reciting his career in Nicaragua, might be written. The Government of Nicaragua has a faithful and active representative and agent in Mr. Lawrence, and whilst we congratulate those who confided to him this important trust, we congratulate himself on the recognition which his services in the grandest cause now stirring in the world have in this appointment so creditably met.

A letter from an officer of the Nicaraguan army will be found among our correspondence. His personal experiences sustain us in the opinions we have all along expressed. From an aversion to anything like notoriety, he withholds his name—simply giving his initials. We vouch, however, for the authenticity of the letter, having warmly shaken hands with the writer, and spoken to him freely and at full length upon the subject of his letter.

With Major Heiss, too, we have had, within the last two days, the most agreeable and instructive conversation, the result of which is to confirm conclusively the strong convictions we have from the beginning entertained of General Walker's success. The Major laughs at the idea of Walker's position being in the least affected by the movements of Honduras and Guatemala. His supremacy there is a fixed fact, and with his supremacy will come life, stability, and an illustrious consequence to the country he has with such calm nerve and wisdom rescued from the bloody barbarism of rapacious and insatiable factions.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

PLEASURE-TRIP TO AUSTRALIA IN A MAN-OF-WAR—ODDS AND ENDS FROM A TORN-UP LOG-BOOK—SEA-DRIFT AND SEA-WEED.

OLD STYLE.

Monday morning, July 9th, 1849, 9 o'clock, Cornelius Cooper, Deputy Governor, Richmond Prison, Dublin, entered my cell in said prison. Informed me that the Governor of said prison had received a communication from Mr. Redington, Under-Secretary for the English Government of Ireland, notifying him that orders had been issued for the immediate transportation of the Political Prisoners in his custody.

William Smith O Brien, Terence Bellew McManus, Patrick O'Donohue, and Thomas Francis Meagher, were the prisoners in question.

In bed the time I was notified—got up—dressed—wrote a few letters.

Half-past ten, Police van, escorted by fifty mounted Police—pistols and carbines—pulled up within the wall of the prison. Three troops of Dragoons—6th Carbineers—under command of Colonel Maunsel—arrived shortly after.

Half-past eleven, entered the Van. Tears, farewells, waving of handkerchiefs. At a rapid pace, driven off to the Pigeon House. Artillery-men at their guns. Guns loaded. Colonels, of all branches of her Majesty's service, on the ground. Most of them with red noses. Boats of the *Dragon*, war-steamer, in readiness. Each boat well manned. A Lieutenant commanding. In two or three minutes the *Dragon* brings us to the *Swift*. The *Swift* lies at anchor a little outside the light-house on Kingstown pier. A ten-gun brig, very trim, bright, and rakish.

On board the brig, introduced to the Captain. Shown to our cabin.

Half-past three, under weigh. Passing Bray Head, permitted to walk the deck. Previous to doing so, the Captain, accompanied by the Surgeon, read us the rules we had to observe during the trip.

Rules simple enough. Two only permitted on deck at a time. Lights extinguished nine o'clock every night. No communication with any of the ship's company, Captain and Surgeon excepted. No smoking save on deck, abreast the main-mast, and then at stated hours only. Hours stated, between one and two, p.m., and five and six, p.m. Meals supplied by British Government. Same scale as supernumeraries. So nominated in the bond.

Rules being read, O'Brien and I went on deck. Within gun-shot of the Wicklow coast. Half-past five—clouds thickening—dinner served. Served by a marine with cross-belts and bayonet. Dinner consists of two pounds of hard beefsteak—plate of sea-biscuit—a jug of tank water. The jug had a white body and a blue fringe.

Sergeant of Marines, wearing sash and side-arms, carrying a dark-lantern, visited us at nine o'clock. Extinguished our lamp—swung his lantern in our faces—wished us good-night—locked the door—handed the key to the Captain.

Following morning—July 10th—seven o'clock—off the Waterford coast. A bright beautiful morning. Will no one come out to hail me from Dunmore? I pass by, and my own pople know nothing of it.

Sit down to breakfast. Breakfast consists of black tea, brown sugar, sea-biscuit and salt butter. Nothing remarkable between breakfast and dinner. Dinner consists of roast beef, preserved potatoes, cabbage, and half a pint of wine.

Between five and six o'clock, a large steamer in sight. Supposed to be from the Cove of Cork. The *Swift* signalled. No response.

Two days following—the same to be said. Next two days—the same. Two more days—nothing more. The evening of the 14th, entertained with the first performance of Viscount Ockham on the slack rope. This young nobleman is not more than thirteen years old. He goes out to join the British squadron at Valparaiso. Plain and gentle in demeanor, he has a heavy face, lit up with fine black liquid eyes. He is grandson of Lord Byron. His father, Earl of Lovelace, being married to *Ida*, daughter of *Childe Harold*.

July 15th. 200 miles off Lisbon. Large merchantman two miles to leeward. Exchanged signals. Find it's the *Wellington*, from London, bound for Hobart Town, Van Diemen's Land.

Wellington very inquisitive. Ladies on board. Signals used by both ships, those laid down by Captain Marryatt. Went below. Read Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*. Magnificent picture of Mirabeau. Full of impenetrable shadow and lurid light. Nothing finer from Danby.

Nothing worth noting until Wednesday, July 18. Went on deck half-past seven. The *Desertas* on our starboard, ten miles off. Look extremely beautiful. In the quiet, soft, purple light of the morning, they rise up, with broken outline and spiral peaks. A mile or so from the main group, jutting up in fragments from the calm sea, we have a small rock, flung like a wreck upon the ocean. Ascertain from the Doctor these islands are thinly inhabited. Four or five poor Portuguese families, occupied in fishing, form the entire population. Madeira lies thirty miles to the South.

Twelve o'clock. Have passed first group of the *Desertas*. Second looms in the distance. Madeira lies between the two groups, thirty miles westward. The day is full of loveliness. The water is a deep blue. The sky the same. Above the *Desertas*, in the direction of Madeira, there lie a few white clouds, sparkling like freshly-fallen snow. Are they not large swans, fallen asleep in the light of the sun, and with folded wings floating in dreams above the waters?

In the evening, hundreds of porpoises bounce and plunge about the ship. Quarter-Master out upon the bows, with his harpoon, striking at them. Succeeds in striking one. Just over the bows, the wounded porpoise slips off, leaving a wide waste upon the smooth surface red with blood. The porpoise plunges in agony to the bottom. Lit my pipe. Smoked it, leaning on the hammock-nettings.

Seven o'clock, on deck again. Never looked upon so sweet, so grand a scene. The sun—the face of some giant streaming with blood—looked out from behind great bars of green and purple clouds. The *Desertas*, intercepting the crimson avenue between us and the sun, filled the sea about the ship with shadows—dark beautiful funeral plumes, soft and forest-like. The bright tranquil air, it seemed to me, was laden with perfume, and the fresh breath of wild flowers, and shining leaves dripping with wild honey. With these mingled the fragrance of the orange, and the lemon, and the vine. Now and then, a sea-bird—white wings and dusky gray breast—wheeled across our lazy track, and as it passed that burning pathway between us and the sun, it seemed as if it were turned to sapphire, whilst the spray, dropping from its white wings fell, like diamonds upon the blue surface. Silently, in the midst of its own glory, the sun went down.

The air grew softer. The shadows at the base of the *Desertas* grew deeper still. The sailors grouped about the foremast—necks and arms bare—sang many a sweet and noble song. Never did I listen to music which thrilled me more. In such circumstances—out in such solitudes and silence—music ever wakens recollections of the shadowy past—calling us back with tears in our clouded eyes to the flowers that have faded, and the haunts of summer birds whose song is hushed for ever.

At that moment—for the first time since bidding it farewell—I thought mournfully of Ireland—thought of her until she seemed to rise from the waters near me—and I saw her tall Round-towers, her oaks, her little old churchyards, with their mouldering wooden-crosses, and the whitened tombstones netted with briers and ivy roots, her Holy-wells, her lakes—all glittering in the red light which still came streaming from the burning mountains of the West. I shut my eyes upon the sad but glorious picture. I cannot bear to weep for Ireland when I can give her no helping hand.

O'Brien read for us this evening the life of Alcibiades.

Nine o'clock. Sergeant Perry—cross-belts and lantern—as usual. Go to bed, Tom! Lamp extinguished—door locked—got out of my berth, and through the sky-light of our cabin listened for a few moments to the tread of the Watch on deck, the throb and rippling of the waters against the sides of the ship, and through the rigging, as through a black net-work, gazed upon the blue sky and the pale gold stars.

When I had freedom—God's leave and no Queen's pardon—why did I not see more of Ireland? Why not have seen every rock, stream, ruin, glen, cromleac, gap, grave-yard—her mountains—the broken gates of her old towns—the last remaining stones of her monasteries and castles? I waited to see the old land free, and so defrauded my youth of its joys and my memory of treasures without price.

Sergeant Perry puts an extinguisher upon another of our days at sea.

July 29th—Day excessively bright, hot, and calm. Island of Brava, one of the Cape Verd Islands, four miles to leeward. Everything is leeward. The island of Brava is very high—abounds in corn, live stock, and fruit—inhabited by a handful of black-men, described by the officers of the *Swift* to be most harmless, hospitable, generous. Another of this important group—the Island of Fuego—nine leagues from Brava—appeared at the same moment. Very indistinctly, however. It is the loftiest of the Cape Verd Islands. Has one peak—a magnificent peak—1,626 fathoms above the level of the sea—burning continually. From works published by the English Admiralty, 1845, I learn it has very few inhabitants. Even these few are sometimes compelled to leave it in consequence of the eruptions. On the Western side of the island lies a small town, called Nostra Senora da Luz.

Two o'clock this day spoke a large Dutch brig. First Lieutenant of the *Swift* boards her. The Lieutenant returning, we learn that the brig left Batavia on the 9th of April, and was bound for Rotterdam. In half an hour, a wide blue wilderness—nothing but sea and sky—lay between the two ships. The hues of the Dutch tri-color were soon lost in the purple haze of the desert through which we moved.

Chateaubriand has a beautiful passage descriptive of two ships meeting at sea:

"The crew and passengers crowd the decks, the ships approach, hoist their colors, shorten sail, and heave-to. As soon as all is silent, the two Captains, stationed on their respective poops, hail with the speaking trumpet—'What ship is that?'—'Of what port?'—'Captain's name?' &c. They shake out the reefs. The sails fill. The crew and passengers of the two ships look at each other as they speed on their course, without uttering a word. Some are hastening to the climes of Asia. Others to Europe. Time urges on its course, and separates travellers upon land, more quickly still than the wind separates them on the Ocean. A signal is made from afar. Farewell! The common port is Eternity."

Friday, July 27th, morning, and noon, and night, as usual. Smith O'Brien reading for us passages from the *Fire Worshippers*, and had come to these lines:

"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere?
With its roses the brightest that——"

When Sergeant Perry bowed himself in, and extinguished *our* fire.

Next day, occupied ourselves writing out quotations from our favorite authors, and pasting or pinning them to the panels of our cabin.

Over my looking-glass were these words from Knelem Digby, the glorious author of the *Mores Catholici*:

"Patience is the exercise of saints—the trial of their fortitude—making them each their own deliverer and victor over all that tyranny or fortune can inflict.

A panel above the door-way displayed in bold hand the inscription:

Meum sit propositum in tabernâ mori
Vinum sit oppositum morientis ori
Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
Deus sit propitius luri potatori.

MacManus set up the following:

Go! talk of Spring to the trampled flower,
Of light to the fallen star,
Of glory to him who in danger's hour
Hath fall'n in the fields of war.
But ye mock the Exile's heart when ye tell
Of aught save the home where he loves to dwell.

KIRK WHITE.

Wordsworth was a great favorite of O'Brien's. The boards above his washing-stand eloquently announced these truths and consolation:

——— One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life,
Exists—one only!—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

From Coleridge I selected this sentence, driving it home with pins against the head of my bunk:

Moral courage—the daring to suffer the present evil, be it an expiation for the past, or as an offering or a testimony to conviction, not lightly attained, is always its own great reward.

A line and a half from Virgil—

Etiam victis redit in præcordia virtus,
Victoresque cadunt—

expressed the sentiments of all. Underneath the quotation—O'Brien wrote it out—I underlined these words in pencil—

A fact—may it prove a prophecy!

THE SHADOW ON THE EARTH.

"A belief prevails among the peasantry, that the spirits of the departed, in the shape of the large night-moths and butterflies, revisit their former friends."—*Mrs. S. C. Hall's Ireland, vol. I.*

O the pure white butterfly, it roveth o'er the leas,
A portion of the sunshine, and a portion of the breeze!
White on the glittering ivy of the abbey wall it clings,
High and white on the emerald sward it lifts its veinéd wings;
Glancing where, beneath the alder boughs, the meadow-waters gleam,
A river-lily's petal seems to float above the stream:
Flitting among the berries red of the gray rowan-tree,
And never still, save when it rests upon the mound by me.

But the sunshine! who hath called it blest, which with relentless glare,
Makes every ruined thing stand out in the fierce light of despair?
It cleaves the yew's thick shade, to shine on graves in the holy fane—
It pierces through my claspéd hands down to my burning brain.
It lights up ancient shrines of thought, untenanted and lone,
As the sculptured niches of those saints low on the chancel strown:
No secret spot, so high, so deep, its presence may not win,
But the cold still mound beneath me, and the cold still heart within!

Yet it scathes not the white-wing'd thing that liveth in its light,
That hovers round and round me, as a Virgin-Bride bedight!
I saw not when, from cerement free, up to the sky it went,
For beneath the mould lies that to keep these hot eyes earthward bent.
Till a restless fleck on the solemn sward lifted on high my gaze,
And thoughts cleared out the clouded Past, as ships from the morning haze.
For then I knew that a pure white soul, in flitting from the earth,
Cast down the shade that holds me, and the wide world in its girth.

Of a maiden fair it minded me—was she a tale I read,
Shaped from the world of phantasms in some wild romancer's head?
Or visible and tangible? I know not:—it has been
Long ages since, although this spot one summer hath made green.
In the colors of the Virgin this maiden bright was drest,
And the colors of the Virgin had passed into her breast;
And oh, the noble glance of mingled purity and truth,
Which she gave to him, the lover, the protector of her youth!

By the sea-beach, on the meadow; by the fairy-haunted rath,
Through all our wondrous summer, they are ever on my path.
With him I bend to hear her, through the gently-falling rain,
Cadencing his verses to some sweet old Irish strain.
Light the moonlight, moved her presence, 'mid the ruins hoar and strong,
Making that seem a beauty which, without her, were a wrong.
And, listening to her patient words, his proud, hot soul could mourn

Less for the glorious past from earth, than those from Heaven torn.

From the island-church returning—returning o'er the bay,
The tall cliff beckoning them to where their future home lights play;
Where the dark wave, pale with anger, lifts their pinnance on its crest,
As he girdles her with proud, strong arm, for the first time to his breast.
Through the lightning-flash and blackness—through the shrieking—through the strife,
I see him strike the waters wild, for love yet more than life;
I see him turn in rapture—to the knowledge that he bore
Another—not his fond, young wife, and then—I could see no more!

With her white robes clinging round her, they drew her from the wave;
With her white robes smoothed round her, they laid her in her grave;
And *he*—the fever burnt his brain, as the sun-flame scorches mine.
And he fled, like me, from fame, from friends, from home and holy shrine,
To pace in the cold starlight, with a grave like this in sight,
To lay his weary head where mine lay, through last lightless night;
To sit all day, a thing of fear, beneath a shadeless tree.
Why do ye look so piteously? Man, man! Can *I* be he?

Oh, mavourneen! oh, mavourneen! oh, my darling! oh, my own!
Not thus wouldst *thou* have left, in this strange, wild world alone!
Not thus! although thy destined seat is vacant in my room;
Not thus! although thou gladdenest not the morn with thy young bloom.
The wreath upon the virgin's brow is mouldering to dust;
The clasps of the holy books you loved are stiffening with rust;
Thy mother's hair is silvering—thy sister's cheek grows wan.
They have but *tears* to give me now!—but yet, thou *art* not gone!

Not gone, beloved! No, no, not gone! For I have but to close
Those sleepless eyes, and feign, what I must never feel, repose.
And there thou bendest over me, as longing to endow
Me with the peace that quells; a seraph-sorrow on thy brow
And pointing ever upward!

Ha! once again in sight!
Speak low! why comes this messenger in bridal robes bedight?
Yes! radient thing of heavenly flight! Worlds cradled at thy birth!
I will look upward and not see the shadow on the earth!

CLEENA.

UNITED STATES EXPEDITION—CHILE.

However politicians may wrangle over the amount of money spent by Congress in printing books, there must be few indeed so barren of national pride as not to view with praiseworthy exultation the records which the young Republic has added to the annals of Discovery, in geographical, topographical, geological, meteorological, ornithological, and botanical science, and to natural and physical history in general.

The various exploring expeditions fitted out by the United States Government, having in view the earth, the ocean, or the heavens, pursued, as they have been, by the characteristic energy of the nation, heightened and enlightened by scientific enthusiasm and patient persistence, suggest some of the noblest chapters in its history, and exhibit, certainly, not the least useful phases of the power entrusted to it by the people. They reflect credit on the country by adding to the history of the world, and must command a deep respect; based, as the claim is, not alone on the well-earned and highly commendatory capacity of the country for war, but on the profound evidence of her capacity to pursue and cultivate those fields of scientific inquiry which yield peace a history more enduring and not less brilliant than that of war.

Humboldt's stately tomes, the *Kosmos*, are surely not less interesting, if they are not really more useful, than those of Jomini and Napier, on *The Campaigns of Napoleon* and *The Peninsular War*. Fitch and Fulton, by their application of steam, have proved themselves not less worthy of patriotic reverence than the warriors of the Revolutionary era; for, by their assiduous devotion, the hard-won nation was pushed into a strength without precedent in a space of time almost fabulous, its resources mastered, its extent measured with more alacrity than its necessities actually demand. Thus Maury, who, if he does not master the winds and tides, confers the power to cope with them, reflects not less credit on the American name than Scott or Taylor, who beat the Mexicans. Kane's expeditions to the pale Arctic regions are already more famous than the ceaseless frontier war against the red men; and the scientific expedition to the Southern Hemisphere, though it looked as far above the earth as the heavens, is more creditable to the country than the very uncivil—and some think it the nearest approach to civil—war at present raging between the partisans on either side of Mason and Dixon's line.

All of these movements are more or less necessary, no doubt, but there is one thing certain, and that is, however anything of a contentional nature may and must create difference of opinion as to their merits, the usefulness of the opposite order must, from the very intention in which they were conceived, remain unquestioned.

One of the most interesting works published by order of Congress, as far as we learn, is a Report of the United States Naval Astronomical Expeditions, under Lieutenant J. M. Gilliss, to the Southern Hemisphere, during the years 1849, '50, '51, and '52. *Putnam's Magazine* for the present month contains a very useful and circumstantial article, reviewing less the meteorological researches of the expedition than those descriptive, social, and geographical details collected under the general instructions of government to the commander, to make note of all information "of a useful character which there might be opportunity to obtain." The result has been highly commended; and as we have not seen the report in question, we use the facts chiefly confined to the republic of Chile, deduced therefrom by the writer in *Putnam*.

The territory of Chile forms a belt of about 2,000 miles long, and an average width of eighty miles. Situated lengthways between the Andes and the Pacific ocean, the arid desert of Atacuma forms its northern frontier, while the appalling storms of Cape Horn sentinel its southern extremity. Nearly one half of the territory to the south "seems to be little more than a mere selvage of rough country, crowded between the mountains and the rifted and iron-bound coast," which in many places join without any speck capable of habitation. The northern half, generally known as Chile proper, runs with an average of 100 miles into the land, is rough and hilly, but a series of fertile valleys between the base of the Andes and the seaboard hills, lying in the provinces of Santiago, Colchagna, and Maule, are productive, and in some portions, chiefly to the south of the northern division, or Central Chile, the olive and grape yield plenteously, but the sugarcane and other tropical plants do not succeed, for want of continuous moisture.

"In localities where this can be supplied, the native fruit-trees and a great variety of shrubs are ever green, but Lombardy poplars and other introduced trees retain their deciduous habits. It seems strange to read of their yellow leaves falling in May, and their boughs remaining bare during June and July, but this is only one of the features of this land, the reverse of our own country, not only in its position relatively to the equator, but to the continent and ocean. Maize is raised to some extent, barley succeeds well, and rye was introduced for the purpose of distillation; but, although the yield of the grain was good, its cultivation was abandoned, because the Chilenos preferred their own aguardiente, and would not take kindly to whiskey. Wheat is a great staple, and Chile flour was for a long time almost the sole supply of California."

The mountains of Chile are on the grandest scale. The base of the Andes is one hundred and twenty miles. The loftiest peaks in the territory are those of Aconcagua and Zupungato, the former of which looks down on Santiago from a height of 22,300 feet, the latter rising to 22,450. The very passes of this mighty barrier are higher than the most elevated peaks in Europe. The Uspullata pass, north-east of Santiago, is 12,500 feet high. The Poatillo, south-west of the same city, is 13,200; and after passing the mountain valley of Tunyan the pass attains the height of 14,475 feet. Come-Cavallo (eat-horse) pass is 14,500, and Dona Ana 14,900 feet above sea-level. The rivers, from the nature of the country, are "short, turbulent, and rarely navigable," the Biobio, the largest, being available for boats for less than fifty miles.

In the north, rain scarcely ever falls, fourteen days in a year being the average. More south, forty days is the ultimate. In the central country rains descend in May, June, July, and August, their winter months; and then summer season vegetation disappears. Further south, rains increase, 156 wet days being noted in a year; but the region is uncultivated, being held by "the warlike Aracaunian Indians." At Santiago, in the brief season of 1850, fifty-six inches of rain fell, and thirty-inches in 1851; quantities estimated as quite equal to rain-fall in New-York during a wet month.

The city of Santiago is situated 2,000 feet above the sea, sixty miles inland, in a vale or basin sixty miles by twenty in extent, of which it occupies an area of over six square miles. The houses are low, like most South American domicils; and the population is between 80,000 and 90,000. Lieut. Gilliss regards the climate as unfavorable to longevity. Few aged men are met with, and the census returns of 1854 show an increase of only three per cent in the population during six years—from 1,393,000 to 1,435,000.

The people are indolent and immoral, and the reviewer suggests that these causes may contribute as much as climate to the effect indicated by the figures. The Report states that out of less than 45,000 births, more than 10,000 were illegitimate; and the mortality among children, arising from neglect and other consequent causes, is very large.

The Report embraces deeply interesting details of the earthquakes so prevalent in Chile. That of 1835 is the most terrible. The towns of Concepcion and Talcahuano were destroyed, the ocean waves swinging ships in two hundred yards on the land, and in receding dragging everything with them. The island of Santa Maria, seven miles long, was bodily lifted nine feet, "together with the bottom of the sea around, so that in places where, in 1834, there had been thirty feet depth of water, subsequent soundings showed but twenty-one."

"The island of Mocha, seventy or eighty miles distant, was at the same time raised about two feet. The celebrated Juan Fernandez, 360 miles from the coast, was violently shaken, and a volcano burst forth through 200 feet of water, at the distance of a mile from its shore."

In concluding this rapid outline of the physical and moral stateof Chile, mention must be made of the especial laborer of the Expedition. Mounting his observatory on Santa Lucia, a hill 175 feet high, on the eastern side of Santiago, an examination of the heavens was made through more than 24 degrees declination. Thirty-three thousand observations of some 23,000 stars were obtained, 20,000 of which were not previously tabulated. Much time was devoted to the northerly zones of the sky, which, with observations of the moon, planets, &c., number about 9,000 measures."

"Lieut. Gilliss," says *Putnam*, "had hoped to have tabulated all the stars not clearly visible above the horizon of Washington, so that, by combining the labors of his expedition with those of our national observatory, it might be said that the American Navy had mapped the whole of the heavens; but the numerical force of his corps was insufficient for the task."

A separate work, containing the valuable results of the extensive astronomical labor of the party, will be published.

LONDON LITERARY GOSSIP.

Hamilton & Co. have published a very readable volume, the Memoirs of Frederick Perthes; or, the Literary, Religious, and Political Life in Germany, from 1789 to 1843. This is an ambitious title, which the work only partially fulfils. Nevertheless, it is full of interest to all who wish to know, from a spectator and actor in that great drama, in which Napoleon Bonaparte played the chief character. Perthes took a very prominent and energetic part against the wonderful Corsican, and he was one of the ten who were made exceptions to the general pardon which Napoleon granted on the capitulation of Hamburg. A circumstance which gave him considerable pride and pleasure.

Perthes is chiefly known as the John Murray, or James Harper of Germany, for, with the exception of a Leipsig publisher, Perthes was one of the most extensive of the whole Teutonic race.

After the vivid scenes he describes of the Continental war, we consider his little glimpses of some of the most celebrated authors he met, are the most pleasant. His account of Jean Paul Richter is graphic. He says, "I went at 8 o'clock to see him—he is a tall, strong, bony figure, like a farmer or a forester; he was dressed in a hunting-coat, with a badger's skin over his shoulder, and leading a white Poodle by a string." After spending two days with him, he says, "I did not hear him utter one significant word—one deep thought—his conversation was throughout wearisome and obscure."

This lack of conversational power is very common in great writers. The man who uses his pen much, loses in proportion the use of his tongue, and *vice versa*, great orators are seldom brilliant writers. Richter's narrative of the manner in which he passed his time is amusing. "I rise at 5 in summer and 8 in winter. I walk about half a mile to an old woman's house, and take my white poodle with me. I carrry my papers and a bottle of wine in my badger's skin—there I work and drink wine till about one o'clock—then I give over drinking till five, when I drink as much beer as I can till seven o'clock."

Two hours of *Lager Biering* is enough, in our opinion, to spoil all the philosophy in the world.

Speaking of Niebuhr, the famous historian, he says, "For five days I spent several hours every day with him. Our conversation was almost entirely political. Niebuhr's disposition is very melancholy—the purer his heart, the deeper his sensibilities, the more he feels the want of some firm support for his soul—he fights with uncertainty and quarrels with life. He said to me, 'I am weary of life, only the children bind me to it.' He repeatedly expressed the bitterest contempt for mankind. In short, his out-pourings alternately elevated and horrified me."

A few pages after, we have a pleasant memorandum of a visit he made to A. W. Schlegel. "At first he gave me a stately reception, but the recollection of our ancient friendship soon made him open, tender and natural in his conversation. Alluding to Niebuhr, he expressed himself very candid as to their estrangement. 'Niebuhr,' said he, 'has no ground for this hostility; he is, however, so angry with my criticism on his Roman History that he will not now even see me. This is most unjust, for no one has made such determined effort, to follow his minute investigations. He ought to have forgiven me a few witticisms and jests, for he knew it was my nature; but so it is in Germany, nobody understands criticism.' We then talked about Voss and his translation which he thus disposed of: 'Voss has enriched our literature with a stony Homer, a wooden Shakspeare, a leathern Aristophanes.'" Talking of Schlegel, Perthes says, "Everybody talks of his vanity, but it lies so on the surface, that one can hardly suppose it sinks deep. Good-natured he certainly is, if not exasperated or tempted by a sally of wit." Upon Perthes urging him to bring out a new edition of his works, he declined, on the grounds that he had so intermixed his own essays with his brother's, and that they now so differed in their opinons, that it would look like an act of hostility to him.

The volume is full of excellent matter, and deserves an American publisher. The subject of it died at Gotha about twelve years ago, full of years and honor.

Longman's have published a new translation of The Odes of Horace, by Acker Robinson.

A Wicklow gentleman of the name of John Collins, has written, and actually published a poem on the Fall of Man.

A Mr. Absolon has also chosen a strange subject for a poem. It is founded on the Arctic Voyages, and is in seven parts. We are afraid the public will give it a freezing reception, or the cold shoulder. Still, with the thermometer at 96, it is pleasant to read of being wedged in between Icebergs, and washing your face by rubbing it with a piece of ice.

James Ballantine, a relative of *the* James Ballantine, has perpetrated a volume of Poems, which are very Scotch, and very simple. We give a nursery song:

Come awa, bairnie,
For your bawbee,
Rosy cheekit apples,
Ye shall hae three;
A sae fou o' hinney,
They drappit frae the tree,
Like your bonnie sel,
A' the sweeter they are wee.

Murray has just issued Dr. Balfour Baikie's Exploring Voyage up the Rivers Niger and Tsadda in 1854, and added a valuable Map. In order to accommodate the rivers to the steamer, the Plesid only drew seven feet of water; but so shallow are the

rivers occasionally, that even this draught was too much, and the vessel repeatedly stuck in the mud. He says, "Let the reader fancy the schooner surveying a-head between groves of Mangroves, or Palms, or little Banana plantations. The canoes glide by with loads of Palm Oil. Ashore are tattooed savages, in striped calicoes, who come out of their huts to offer us fowls, or goats, or cocoa-nuts, happy to have in exchange bottles, brass snuff-boxes, and bright handkerchiefs. The weather is showery, and a green island covered with rich vegetation glitters in the stream. One of the most curious chapters is the description of the submerged village and its amphibious inhabitants. After sixteen weeks' sojourn in the unhealthy rivers of Africa, he returned to Fernando Po, thankful that they had all returned alive, and after very little suffering, considering the climate.

Longman & Co. have just published a Survey of the Religious and Scholastic learning of the Jews, by J. W. Etheridge. This is intended as an introduction to the study of Hebrew Literature. The critics pronounce it a valuable addition to Jewish Literature, but by no means a complete manual.

Blackwood & Sons have gathered together in a volume some of the contributions to Blackwood's Magazine, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Eagles, who signed his contribution Sketches. For five-and-twenty years this amiable man and clever artist contributed papers on a variety of subjects to "old Ebony," and we have here a few of them.

The great book of the season is Tocqueville's State of Society in France before the Revolution in 1789, and of the causes which led to that event. This is admirably translated by Reeve, and published by Murray. Strange enough, it was the same Mr. Reeve who translated De Tocqueville's celebrated work on American Democracy twenty years ago.

Owing to the strict supervision now brooding over the French press, the author is obliged to be very guarded in his remarks; but he has managed to make the inferences so plain that every reader, more especially a French one, can draw them. The delicate art of Insinuation the countrymen of Voltaire understand better than any nation, and M. De Tocqueville has availed himself of this faculty in the present work. He brings out in very bold relief the anomalous condition of France in 1750, when really it was governed most despotically by Thirty Intendants, who were armed with power of Life and Death. As this work is sure to be published in this country we shall make no extract from it, although it is full of glittering passages.

Bentley has issued "a matter-of-fact Romance," called "It is never too late to mend." The author is Charles Reade, and it reaches to the orthodox extent of three volumes. It turns upon the adventures of a young farmer, who, repulsed by his lady-love's father on account of his poverty, emigrates to Australia. Of course, he makes a fortune, returns and weds his old flame.

The Athenæum has an article headed American Books, and contains reviews of several which have lately been republished in London. Among those thus complimented are, Mrs. Livermore's "Quadroon's Triumph," T. S. Arthur's "Good Time Coming," and "The Old Homestead," by Ann S. Stephens. Upon this unhappy votary of the pen the Athenæum pours out its fiercest bile. We spare the fair writer's feelings. Perhaps Dr. Griswold will publish it to oblige her. The bilious editor, however, makes the *amende honorable* to American authoresses by praising Mrs. Kinzie's "Wau Bun." This is sorry comfort for the lovely writer of "Fashion and Famine."

OUR STEAM NAVY—THE NIAGARA.

Wearied with the dust of the city, we accepted an invitation from a learned friend to pay a visit to the Dock Yard at Brooklyn. After a short walk through the classic regions of Rosevelt street, we went on board the ferry-boat, and soon touched the soil of Long Island, and scraping the acquaintance of two of its savage inhabitants, we made them understand our want, and were guided to York street, when one of them, telling us "to follow our nose till we came to the Dock Yard," they gave a savage yell, and disappeared into a *lager bier* wigwam.

We soon came to the much-vaunted spot, and entered, passing a few of our gallant soldiers, one of whom was playing with his own whiskers, and another was pulling a dog's tail as though it belonged to him.

We first stopped to admire the heaps of cannon balls, which looked like monster pills made up to fit a cannon's mouth, ere they are fit to be administered to man.

From these agreeable specimens of human progress, we had our attention called to a neat white cottage, with an admirably arranged garden, which we understood was the residence of the Commodore, who is Superintendant of the Dock Yard. Mentally resolving that it was a very desirable berth, we entered the Engineer's office, and inquired for Mr. Murphy, who is the chief of that department. Mr. Richards, his assistant, received us, and after a few minutes' conversation—by which we discovered he talked our language like a native—we were introduced to the chief, who commissioned his aid to show us all the wonders of the spot. We paid a flying visit to the Museum, which is now merely the *nucleus* for a great collection. It has, however, some great curiosities; among others an Egyptian mummy, in an admirable state of preservation, and so cut open that at one glance the system of embalmment is developed. The plan is to have one-half of the swathing cut down to the body itself, leaving half of it bare. The covering is about two inches thick, and seems as solid as though it were a mass of woven material. It is quite black from the effects of time, and there is nothing but a thick skin and gum on the bones! A thousand reflections rushed over our brain as we gazed upon it! It was one of the gentler sex? Alas! that skeleton, now open to the gaze of all, was once covered with flesh, throbbing with blood, and a skin soft as velvet, and glowing with the rosiest health. Possibly this might have been the sister of Pharaoh, or the very princess who took Moses out of the bulrushes; or else Potiphar's wife herself! We turned away, wondering where we should be in three thousand years, and what our gentle readers would do without us!

Turning away from this *memento mori*, we encountered a kind of cord coat of armor, which would resist the sharpest sword. There is a stain of dark fluid from the throat down, which Mr. Richards informed us was the blood of its occupant, and who had his throat cut by some unpleasant-minded savage! Turning away with a Christian shudder from this evidence of man's inhumanity to man, we bent our steps to the new steamer of war the Niagara. It does not require an American to be proud of this sea monster; every lover of science—every admirer of beauty—every sympathizer with Human progression, cannot fail to be impressed with this marvellous triumph of Ingenuity and Intellect. Such are its symmetrical proportions that, although 345 feet in length, it looks much smaller, and yet, standing in the dock, it appears to be a street. The deck is a flush one, and seems as solid as the Russ pavement of Broadway. It is pierced for only twelve guns, but these are of the caliber of the Peace-Maker, which will carry 86 pounders. Upon descending, we were struck with the height between decks, which will allow the tallest man to walk with his hat on. The cabins are well arranged, and provided with baths and every convenience. The great wonder, however, is the steam machinery. The boilers are immense; the engine is really a stupendous affair, and seems a mass of solid iron, capable of resisting the steam of a combined world of kettles! A very large political meeting might be held in them, if it were safe to trust such inflammatory materials even in iron! After a short conversation with Mr. Stears, the builder, we descended the side and left the official precincts of Brooklyn, feeling assured that, should the honor of the Republic require it, the thunders of the steamer will equal those of the cataract, and that our new wonder of the deep will prove worthy of her name.

MARRIED, NOT MATED; or How they Lived at Woodside and Throckmorton Hall. By ALICE CARY, Author of "Clovernook," "Lyra, and other Poems," &c. *Derby & Jackson.*

Anything Miss Cary writes is worth reading, for she has as distinct a position in American literature as Brockden Brown, Edgar Poe, Gilmore Simms, Herman Melville, or any of those writers who, possessing an analytic sympathy with the actualities of life, and drawing inspiration largely therefrom, build up fictions which startle at once by the naturalness of the sketching as by the imaginative coloring that fills up the picture. Alice Cary won her first laurels as a poet, and had scarcely commanded recognition in this respect, when the publication of the charming sketches entitled "Clovernook" gave her prominent position as a prose-writer of great originality, power, and picturesqueness of expression.

The contemplative nature of Miss Cary's mind adds a lasting charm to her works, though it lessens the possibility of her making what is known in publisher's circulars as a "sensation book"—a form of work which is only known by advertisement, and is not far removed in style and character from the announcement by which a combination of stupid love-scrapes and midnight murders, hard-hearted money-changers and soft-headed dandies, broken hearts, broken heads, broken English, aristocratic grocers and antiquated stalks of the cabbage trade, jumbled up together, with as little regard to the feelings of all as possible, and wrapped in vulgarity, slang, and ambitious "fine writing," is palmed off as the truest picture yet given of American life and manners. If Dickens, Marryatt, or any other male or female Trollope, wrote such a work on life in the Republic, the whole community would boil and hunger for the scalp of the aforesaid Dickens, Marryatt, or Trollope. But as

> "That in the captain's but a choleric word,
> Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy,"

so we suppose American authors only show their ingenuity and harmlessness of spirit, while foreigners are only capable of downright vulgarity, and a desire to insult, in writing of American society.

Talking on this subject with a shrewd John Bull not long since, he laughed heartily at our warm denunciation of the English works alluded to, and brought up as evidence of their truthfulness a late "sensation book," which had sold some forty or fifty thousand.

"You talk," said he, "of Dickens' and Mrs. Trollope's making fun of, and abusing society here, when they knew so little of it; why, here's the author of this, (holding up "sensation,") who is a born Yankee,—(the English call all the Americans Yankees)—lived with them all his days, and makes them more contemptible than Trollope or Dickens could, had he lived here for the same space of time. The book is positively revolting; and if society is any thing like this book's representation of it, then the Americans ought to be obliged to my countrymen for treating them so kindly." He said much more than we care to call to mind now; but we could not be blind to the very serviceable shaft of satire he flung at the debasing school of writers which has arisen within a few years, and is killing the sensibilities of young readers by exciting them too much, or stupifying them beyond recovery. These "sensation books" are worse than an epidemic, and do more injury to the community.

As things not unfrequently suggest their opposites, we were led into this digression by the wholesome contrast afforded by Miss Cary's writings to the books we have alluded to.

The plot of "Married, not Mated" is simple almost to a fault; but the manner in which it is written is admirable, and the characters are evidently the effect of close observation—studies from the life. The "Woodside" story is melancholy, the heroine being a heartless woman beyond her prime, who marries to get free from a miserly father and a cheerless home. The man she marries loves her devotedly, but she cares nothing for him, and only "takes him" when she had failed to entrap a foolish, frivolous, heartless and *blasé* brother of his, a surgeon in the army, into marriage. Her character is strongly contrasted with that of her sister, a young, lovely, trustful girl, whose attention to her old widowed father, and whose pining into the grave, are delineated with that deep poetic feeling which Alice Carey so loves to cultivate.

In the story of Throckmorton Hall there is a great deal of life and humor. The "Married, not Mated" idea is illustrated in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Throckmorton, who, though they existed in harmony, happiness and wealth, were as ill-mated as the Grahams, their Woodside neighbors. Mrs. Throckmorton is a weak-minded, adoring, simple and servile slave of her husband, who has a great respect for her as the wife of Mr. Peter Throckmorton, but is utterly incapable of valuing her never-ending solicitude about him. He feels himself a great star, and thinks it highly commendatory of her good sense that she is a satellite. An ignorant, vain, self-sufficient, selfish man, his own opinion of himself is only matched by his wife's regard for his necessity to the wide earth; and she evidently deems it a matter of wonder that Providence should have allowed her to be related to so eminent an individual. She loves Peter to absolute foolishness. Peter is aware that a wife ought to love her husband—that it is her duty—that she owes it to him—and consequently receives her affection as a Jew does a debt. He lent her his name as a Jew does his money; and has an idea that no amount of interest, however exorbitant, could thoroughly indemnify the act. They are both, with all the incongruities peculiar to them, set before the reader with real and unaffected power.

The other characters are not less ably sustained, especially that of Rache. Good-natured, quick-witted, out-spoken, restless, honest, Rache is a type of that class of the children of labor who, dependent from infancy almost, job and work around for a livelihood—the variety of servitude grafting a variety of mannerisms on the natural observant mind, until they grow to manhood or womanhood with a rough knowledge of everything and everybody, capable of astounding the oldest inhabitant of any place, and with an adaptability at once serviceable to their employers, and actually the strength by which the frontier towns of a few years back have been extended into flourishing interior cities.

The descriptions of scenery in the work are very fine, and tell of that deep appreciation for the thoughtful, the beautiful and the grand, which, bursting into voice in the Far West of the Republic, has made Miss Carey a welcome favorite in any and every corner of the Republic of Letters.

"Putnam's Monthly" (September) opens with a serviceable paper on the late United States Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere, which we notice more at length elsewhere. There are several excellent papers in this number, nearly every one of which are of more than ordinary merit, and ably sustain the literary character of the magazine. "The Poetry of War" is especially worthy of attention, being a sketchy, but erudite review of the modes of warfare, from the time when the children of Greece were "born in the buckler," down to our own day, when Thomas Davis, with his passionate sympathy for the beautiful and his clarion voice for upholding the right, sounded the hopes of many when he sung,

> "O for a steed, a rushing steed,
> And a blazing scimetar,
> To hunt from beauteous Italy
> The Austrian's red hussar!"

The writer, with appreciative brevity, justly regards Davis as "one of the finest spirits of the age." "Weimar in 1826" is a slap-dashy chapter of a student's dash through the city Goethe made famous by living in, and Napoleon made more famous by visiting. The narrative runs along at full speed, and seems as though written in a railcar, the writer attempting to prove that his pen could fly faster than the locomotive. However, it is a pleasant paper. The author had an audience with Goethe, and thus knocks his face of in a minute:

"Goethe's face was oval, with grand harmonious lines, and features large and prominent, hair cut short and gray without baldness, forehead high and roomy, largely developed throughout, and swelling in the upper corners, so as to unite in a fine curve the conspicuous organ of wonder and ideality."

"Going to Mount Katadin" is a hearty account by a lady, of a hearty time, roughing it through and enjoying the country. The writer tested the truth of a saying she once heard, that such an excursion would give "better fun than a trip to Saratoga," and her conclusion is a sensible one, to wit—"that there is more real peril in a week of ball-room than in a month of bivouac."

"The Battle of Wilo-Wilo" is a humorous narrative of ludicrous adventures with Chinese pirates. Scampavias is continued. There is a sixteen-page article devoted to an "Historical sketch of the Jesuits," which appears to be impartial and well-informed, but as we have barely glanced at it, (having marked it for special perusal), we cannot say distinctly whether it be thoroughly one or the other. The editorial notes are very good.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Three Per Cent; or, The Perils of Fast Living. By Charles Burdett, author of "Second Marriage," &c. *Derby & Jackson.*
The Old Regime and the Revolution. By Alexis de Tocqueville, author of "Democracy in America." Translated by John Bonner. *Harper & Brothers.*
The Life and Times of Robert Emmet. By Dr. R. R. Madden; and a Memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet, with Notes and Portrait on steel, by O'Neill. *P. M. Haverty.*
The Executive Acts of Ex-President Fillmore, &c., and Sketch of the Life of Andrew Jackson Donelson. *E. Walker.*
Cornelius Nepos de Vita Excellentium Imperatorum Liber Unicus. *J. B. Kirker.*
Gentilluccis' Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary. " "
Putnam's Monthly. September. *Dix & Edwards.*
Household Words. " "
Schoolfellow. " "
Knickerbocker. " *S. Hueston.*
Signs of the Times: Letters to Ernst Moritz Arndt on the Dangers to Religious Liberty in the present state of the World. By C. Charles Josias Bunsen. Translated from the German, by Susenna Winkworth, author of "The Life of Niebuler. *Harper & Brothers.*
Report of the Special Committee on Troubles in Kansas.
Ladies Wreath and Parlor Annual. *Burdick & Scott.*
Western Border Life; or, What Fanny Hunter Saw and Heard in Kansas and Missouri. *Derby & Jackson.*
The Humorous Poetry of the English Language. From Chaucergto Saxe, &c. With Notes explanatory and Biographical. By J. Parton. *Mason & Brothers.*

Literary and Artistic News.

Histories of Families of Ireland.—Mr. D'Alten, 48 Summer Hill, Dublin, author of several works connected with the general and family history of Ireland, has very recently published "Illustrations Historical and Genealogical. King James's Irish Army List, 1689." Eight volumes, 992 pages. It contains memoirs of 400 families who were represented in commission on that list—the old aristocracy of Ireland. The book is already out of print, and a new and enlarged edition is sought by many, who are at last contributing their ancient family papers and memorials to extend and verify the memoirs, and continue them to as recent a period as attainable. He is most desirous to undertake the labor and complete the record, if he is adequately encouraged by the early transmission of such manuscripts, with pedigree and old correspondence, to him at the above address. He confidently appeals to the press of America to facilitate his national object through that class of emigrants who have adopted other homes beyond the seas, but happily do not yet forget old Ireland.

That wonderfully successful romance "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was rejected in MS. by three of the leading Boston publishers. A then third-rate publishing firm took the book in hand, and realized in nett profits more than eighty thousand dollars from its sale. Fanny Fern, now Mrs. James Parton, received from her publishers some fifteen thousand dollars from the sale of a volume for which they would risk but eight hundred dollars. Mrs. P. was then poor, and the proffered sum was a sore temptation. But she withstood it to her very great advantage. No chance in the most uncertain lottery scheme, as experience has fully proved, can be more charged with risk than the publication of books by new authors, or those of unestablished reputation. A slip-shod life of Fremont has already realized to the lucky author and publishers twenty thousand dollars, so says the Cincinnati *Sun*.

At the recent commencement of Jefferson College, Pa., the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on the Rev. Charles Baird, of Yonkers, N. Y., and that of D. D., on the Rev. John Newton, missionary of Northern India, Rev. Read Happeriett, of Philadelphia, and Rev. James Sloan, of Washington county, Pa. The degree of LL. D., was conferred on Charles F. McCoy, Esq., President of the College of South Carolina.

At the commencement at Hamilton College, the degree of D.D., was conferred on the Rev. Prof. V. R. Hotchkiss, Rochester; Rev. A. D. Gillette, New-York City; and Rev. Thomas O. Lincoln, Utica.

Dr. Tholuck, of Halle, is said to be now engaged upon a revision of his commentary on the Gospel of St. John, and has just completed the new edition of his sermon on the Mount, and the Epistles to the Romans. Among the foreign religious works announced, is the third volume of Alford's Greek Testament, with a revised text, &c.; a second edition of the Rev. Mr. Anderson's History of the Church of England in the colonies of the British Empire, in three volumes; a third edition of Bishop Wilberforce's History of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America; Lord Lyttleton's four Gospels and Acts, with notes; the Rev. Isaac Williams's Sermon on the character of the Old Testament; and the Rev. John Hannah's Discourses on the Principle of Scientific Interpretation and on the Fall.

Some new materials for the history of William Tell and his time has just been discovered in Zurich. They were found in "the Oldest White Book" written in the fifteenth century, which contains, beside copies of the oldest federal letters, a short chronicle of the earliest history of "the Three Cantons," and the story of William Tell of an earlier date than that of Melchior Russ. This is most probably the source of Gilg Tschudy's version, which he made use of and embellished.

Wm. T. Porter, Esq., for about five-and-twenty years editor of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, a weekly journal, greatly popular with sporting men all over the world, has commenced *Porter's Spirit of the Times*. He is assisted by Mr. Herbert, and other writers, and will produce a publication not to be surpassed in or out of this country. The new *Spirit* will be of the same size and character as the old one, and the brilliant circle of racy correspondents, whose wit and literary ability shone so brightly of old, will flash out with fresh vigor. It must be a great success, and we congratulate the editor on deserving it.

Dr. McElheran having finished his work on "Human Aborigines," is prepared, we learn, to give series or single lectures on this subject. His original investigations and colossal drawings of the Celtic and Germanic nations form the best illustrations of ethnology as yet presented to the public. The subject is daily becoming more popular and important. For the information of literary and scientific societies, we give Dr. McElheran's address —136 Macdougal st., N. Y.

The Charleston *Courier*, of the 18th inst., says of Harriet Martineau:—This strong-minded cousin has condescended to enlighten the English public, out of her abundant knowledge, by a pamphlet of thirty-five pages, on the "History of American Compromises." She knows about as much as such meddlers generally do, and this need not be a matter of surprise. While traveling in and through this State, she was indefatigable in pumping all sorts of private details and domestic revelations out of house-servants, while enjoying the hospitalities of their masters.

The Rev. Dr. Maitland, in his recently published essay on "False Worship," contends that the intermarriage of the sons of God with the daughters of men, related in Genesis sixth chapter, is the source of all the forms of Pagan worship. The Rev. Dr. argues that the Giants, which were the fruits of this union, were the first objects of this false worship.

The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* says that Mario and Grisi are positively coming to New-York, next year, with Arditti, and that Jenny Lind also intends again to visit the United States, but at what period is not mentioned.

The "Gentleman's Magazine" once very famous about a century ago and more, is about to be issued in New York as well as London on the same date. Dix & Edwards are the publishers.

Count Rossi, husband of the late M'me Sontag, is spending the summer at Wilhelmsbad, Germany, with his family. "His eldest daughter," says the Augsburg *Gazette*, "inherits the talents and charms of her mother. She is Henriette Sontag at eighteen.

The Washington Monument Association have issued a notice requesting the public to make no more contributions to agents, as it is deemed advisable to settle up affairs before proceeding further, although the work on the shaft will not cease.

Cesare Cantu, the celebrated Italian historian, has been refused permission by the Austrian Government to accept or wear the order of the cross of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, presented to him on account of his literary attainments by the King of Sardinia.

T. A. Bristed, better known as Carl Benson, who during some years' residence abroad has been a frequent contributor to *Frazer's Magazine*, on American subjects, has returned for a short time.

The New Orleans *Delta* announces that its editors are D. C. Jenkins and Joseph Brenan. The fact was tolerably well understood, although it was not "officially" stated before.

American News.

The Memphis (Tenn.) *Evening News* learns the particulars of an affair which lately occurred at Middleton, Hardeman county, which but for its timely discovery might have resulted in the horrible massacre of a whole family. On that night, Mr. J. B. Jones was awakened by the barking of his dogs, and getting up to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, after lighting a candle, he discovered a negro man in a perfectly nude state, rifling the contents of a trunk in the house. Mr. Jones got his gun and fired at the negro, the charge passing under his arm, and blistering him severely. The boy then ran, but being set upon by the dogs, was soon captured, but escaping from his captors, he was not caught again until the next day (Friday), when he proved to be a runaway, known as "Wild Bill," who has been in the woods for about eighteen months. On being arrested, Bill disclosed a conspiracy between him and Mr. Jones' negroes, to kill Mr. Jones and his wife, and then rob the house, and make their way to a free country. Their plan was, for Bill to enter the house and kill them by shooting with the gun; and should this fail, the purpose was to be accomplished by Mr. Jones' negro, by means of poison. Both the negroes were arrested, and confined in the Bolivar jail.

The contractor and agent of the Tehuantepec Company arrived this morning, says the *New-Orleans Delta* of the 26th ult., from Vera Cruz, by the Texas, and reports that the work has commenced on the road from Suchil, and is now been vigorously prosecuted from that point towards the Pacific. From the Pacific towards that point, the contractor, Colonel Smith, has in his employ, independently of laborers from the United States, five hundred natives employed on the work; and the Colonel expresses his surprise and gratification at the success which has attended thus far the employment of native laborers. With regard to the details of the work on this important road, and business connected with it, we expect shortly to give much fuller intelligence. Meanwhile we are gratified to learn that the work offers every promise of early completion, the contractor being sanguine that as early as December the road across the Isthmus will be in a condition to travel over with wagons, coaches, and similar conveyances.

Although the United States has but little over twenty-six millions of inhabitants, ten millions less than France, and nine millions less than the German Zollverein, still in one article of trade with Southern Asia, it outdoes these more populous countries of civilized Europe. In the year 1851, England carried 65,100,000 pounds of tea from China to Europe, and 9,304,000 pounds to India and Australia; the United States exported from China 34,327,000 pounds. Holland 3,000,000 pounds; and other nations 3,000,000 pounds, while Russia carried 14,000,000 pounds by land.

An exchange says that one vote in the United States Senate annexed Texas to the United States. Mr. Hannegan, of Indiana, cast that vote. One vote in the Indiana Legislature elected Mr. Hannegan to his place in the Senate. That vote was cast by Madison Marsh of Staunton county. Mr. Marsh was chosen to the Legislature of Indiana by one vote.

In 1729 Bishop Berkeley paid a visit to this country, and preached at Newport. He wrote home that "the town of Newport contains 6,000 souls, and is the most thriving place in all America for *bigness*." For 150 years from the arrival of the first emigrants, Newport and Boston were the chief cities of New England, and in commerce each of them was superior to New-York.

The Albany *Knickerbocker* says there is a boy not over fourteen years of age, stopping at one of the Hotels in that city, who keeps a trotting horse and buggy, bets high "with the best of 'em," smokes a dollar's worth of cigars a day, drinks juleps and cobblers innumerable, struts about with the fashionables, and orders his bottle of champagne regularly at dinner. He says he has a fortune, and is making a tour of the United States.

The late storm caused great destruction at Catskill and vicinity. At Leeds, three miles above Catskill, Harris's Woolen Factory (employing 130 to 150 hands), with the machinery, has been carried away; the stone grain mill is demolished, and Dinger's paper mill nearly destroyed. The loss at Leeds is said to be all of $100,000. The loss altogether on the Hudson River will even exceed $1,000,000.

Mr. Brown editor of the Missouri *Democrat*, and Thomas C. Reynolds the defeated candidate for Congress on the National Democratic ticket, left for Selma thirty miles below St. Louis, on the 25th ult., to fight a duel. The affair grew out of strictures made by Mr. Brown on Mr. R., during the state canvass.

A "Spiritual Retreat," says the Newark *Mercury*, was held by the Roman Catholic clergy of the diocese of Newark—comprising the whole State—at Seton Hall College at Madison. The exercises are said to have been conducted by the Rev. Mr. Walworth, son of ex-Chancellor of New-York, and a zealous member of the only order of Redemptionists in this country. We learn that a young American convert, of this State, to the Roman Catholic Church, will be ordained for the priesthood in St. Patrick's Cathedral, by Bishop Bayley.

The Central Railroad Company are about building a new depot at Buffalo. It will be six hundred feet long and one hundred and thirty wide. The walls are to be thirty feet high, and covered with a truss roof.

Mr. Breckinridge is to stump Pennsylvania and other northern States. He has no superior in that capacity. The influence of his exertions cannot fail of being felt.

Mrs. Franklin Pierce and a portion of the President's family are at Long Branch, having taken rooms for the season. The President is expected there soon.

The Massachusetts Know-Nothing State Central Committee have unanimously selected George William Gordon, Esq., of Boston, as a candidate for Governor, in place of Amos Lawrence, declined. Mr. Gordon accepts the nomination.

The famous George Pomeroy, of Kansas, has not been killed, but has been recently, if he is not now, in Boston, alive and kicking.

An editor of a Fremont paper, who has just failed, says he did it with all the honors of war, and retired from the field with colors flying—the sheriff's flag fluttering from two windows and the door.

The Boston *Bee* 3d inst. says, although the yellow fever is within the precincts of Boston (near Dear Island, in quarantine) there is no danger of its coming up to the city. All necessary precautions have been taken to prevent that.

Mrs. Mungovan died at Lowell on Saturday, at the age of one hundred and seven years.

It is reported, says the Boston *Evening Ledger*, that an Italian barber, who has been located at the North End, left his soap and razors very suddenly about a fortnight since, and departed from the city with $500 which he held in trust for some of his countrymen, and a woman who had sworn to be the virtuous wife of another man only a short time previous to her elopement. But the worst is not yet told. This Italian Figaro and Juan has left behind a boy who calls him father, and three young females have every reason to believe that they will soon add to the number of babies who had not been born had not the barber left his native Italy. While hoping that this terrible Turk may be condignly punished, we also congratulate the people of North End in having got rid of a character so dangerous to the peace of their families.

Sixteen acres on the Elk Island estate of Julian Harrison, of Goochland, Va., produces the large amount of six hundred and forty bushels of wheat—averaging fifty-three and three quarters bushels per acre.

Seven persons are now confined in the Cinncinnati County Jail, under charge of murder in the first degree.

Three unknown bodies have been washed ashore at Dunkirk, supposed to have been passengers on the ill-fated Northern Indiana. One a man and the two others women.

The first armed vessel that ever passed into Lake Superior, at least within historical reach, was the U. S. steamship Michigan, which vessel recently passed through the Sault Canal into the Lake.

City News.

Some particulars of a gross outrage committed on the persons of two emigrants—Catharine Sullivan, of England, and Jane Muldoon, of Ireland—on the 23d ult., by Joseph Jackson and John Dixon, stevedores, aided by Richard Lewis, have come to light. It is stated that the men, under the plea of getting the girls, who had landed the day previous, a lodging house, enticed them to Brooklyn, and by force, there in Delano's United States Hotel and in the woods, accomplished their purpose.

The Latting Observatory and twenty other buildings in the vicinity of Forty-fourth street, were destroyed by fire on the morning of the 30th ult. The Crystal Palace was on fire several times, but was not materially damaged.

By a recent decision in the Supreme Court, a juror cannot be arrested on a civil process during the existence of the panel on which he is serving.

TRANSATLANTIC PACKET STATION.

Boston, *Sept. 4th*, 1855.

Dear Sir:—I am not a little pleased to see you give your warm and influential aid to the undertaking on foot for direct communication with Ireland. To me it has long been the most practical and patriotic movement for the advancement of the old country.

The immense benefit that would accrue by having direct communication, under proper superintendence, health, cleanliness, and proper food for the emigrant, outweighs all difficulties for the pure philanthropist, and is ample compensation for all the labor incurred.

Not a day transpires in my business, in which I do not see the most beautiful fabrics, English manufacture, sold in the city of Boston, which the Irish manufacturer had first to sell to English commission houses, realizing the smallest living profit, when, had they the proposed communication, and commissioned houses here instead of England, with our great South, West, and Southwest markets, they would realize honest profits, be enabled to pay living prices to their mechanics, and further, come in direct business transaction with the American people, learning the great go-aheadative principle and self-reliance from them, and teaching them, in return, that all the beautiful things in the world are *not of English manufacture!*

To me 'tis evident the majority of the American people are far from knowing the Irish people. Nor can they know them, while they receive every thing Irish—history, manufactures, fame, and character—rolled in the slough of British infamy, prejudice, and hate.

The American people cannot yet believe that Irishmen laid the foundation of British manufactures, and that, before the latter could succeed, the manufactures of Ireland had to be killed by British legislation. Besides, this thing has failed in your great city; British *interests, wealth, and prejudice* being against it. But, taken in hand by Americans and Irish-Americans, in such a location as Fall River, with a fine port, easy of access, and directly between New-York and Boston, promises more than a failure.

The undertaking is not only practical, but would be a good investment. I likewise understand the projectors are assured of freight in large quantities from Southern States, of tobacco, corn, and flax-seed. It would likewise draw many working men to those congenial States, where labor is abundant and better paid. Besides being patriotic, it will be giving the *enemy of human rights a stab in the feeling point—her commercial interests.* If you believe in it, send forth the expression of such faith to the people; ask them to come up to the work, and despite any and every opposition it will succeed.

Yours respectfully, Thomas O'Neil.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....John Brougham

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer Ericsson, will close at this office on Saturday, the 15th day of September, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

The *Cincinnati Daily Enquirer* says the Black Republicans have, ever since the event occurred, manifested the most ardent desire to manufacture political capital out of the circumstance of Herbert, the California member of Congress, shooting Keating, the Irish waiter, in Washington. They lately got up a document headed the "Killing of Keating—An address from Irishmen of Washington city to the Irish of the United States," in which they charge upon the Democratic party the responsibility of his (Herbert's) acquittal, and appeal to Irishmen to vote, in consequence, for the Black-Republicans. The silly affair is being franked, in large numbers, all over the nation by the Abolition members of Congress. Unfortunately, however, a prompt extinguisher has been put upon the document by a large number of the signers, who have stated, in a card, that they were induced to put their names to the address by false representations as to its character; and they then proceed to exonerate the Democratic party from any responsibility in the acquittal of Herbert. They aver that "eleven of the jurymen are as hostile to the Democracy as they are to the Irish," and that that organization is more united in condemnation of the act than any other. Patrick M. Keating, a brother of the murdered man, heads this card, exposing the bogus and fraudulent character of the address.

The Editor of the N. O. True *Delta*, speaking of the increase of political bets, gives the ofdetails one which took place in his office thus:—The parties who made the bets on last Saturday, made us the stake-holders, and which we noticed on Sunday morning, met in our sanctum last evening, and renewed their betting discussion. The Fillmore man who is a gallant fellow, in the common acceptation of the term, and a triple F. Virginian at that, and is, besides, a strong personal friend of ours, fairly "darted," much to our regret. He wanted to withdraw his former bet of $5 to $100 that Fillmore would get the electoral vote of Alabama. The Buchanan man agreed to withdraw the bet, provided the Fillmore man would pay as a forfeit $4 95, and treat all present, numbering some ten or twelve. This the Fillmore man declined. The Buchanan man then offered to bet the Fillmore man $10 to $50 that Fillmore would not carry a single State in the Union. This the Fillmore man also declined, and agreed again to treat all hands, which he did, to get off from betting on elections.

At a late Democratic meeting in Brandon, Miss., Dr. M. C. Russell, late of Kilkenny, Ireland, made a speech. The Doctor expressed his surprise at being called for, but in return surprised his audience by a most tasteful, witty, and elegant address. The Doctor said that he could not help being born an Irishman, that the like calamity had almost overtaken J. C. Calhoun, and that General Jackson escaped being one by the skin of his teeth. The next November he expected to cast his first vote, but that should the success of the K. N. party have enabled them to have carried out their policy, he would have been in a land of freemen on a level with free negroes, with the privilege of making a little money. We thought while the Doctor spoke, what a commentary on K. N. policy. There he stood, a gentleman of superior education, manly and dignified bearing, talking in a style eloquent, fluent, witty. In a style that would not have shamed a Curran, Sheridan, or a Mitchel, and yet there is a respectable party in the land sufficiently bigoted and narrow-minded to drive him from the land, or at all events to refuse him an equality which merit should ever secure.

At a large and enthusiastic meeting lately held at Marysville, Ky., in support of Buchanan and Breckinridge, the Hon. James B. Clay, only surviving son of the immortal Harry of the West, advocated the election of the Democratic candidates in a thrilling and effective speech. The tenor of Mr. Clay's speech may be gathered from a brief extract:

I come to strike one blow for the Union, and there being no Whig organization, the only party of the Union is that of which Buchanan and Breckenridge are the candidates.

It is still a mooted question, says the *Hartford Times*, where Colonel Fremont was born. And another question is where he belongs to. At present he resides in New-York city, but many of the republican papers announce him as "of California."

The *Camden Democrat* (N. J.) says of Fremontism in that State: "It can't be crammed down the throats of patriotic Jerseymen. We predict that Fillmore will beat Fremont in every county in the State, and that Old Buck will beat the combined vote of the two."

The *Livingston Union* adds the following item of proofs as to Fremont's Romanism: "A gentleman of high respectability last week informed us that an Irish Catholic of Perry village, a Mr. McCade, a short time since received a letter from a brother Catholic of New-York city, enforcing the obligation of voting for Fremont *because he was a Roman Catholic*. The news "put life and mettle" in the Perry Catholics, and he is now doing all he can to induce those of his faith to vote for Fremont."

It is said that Governor Wise, of Virginia, intends to declare any one who permits his name to go on a Fremont electoral ticket guilty of contemplated treason to the State.

The *Boston Traveller* says of the letter of the Hon. Rufus Choate, in which he comes out for Buchanan: "It is by long odds the heaviest shot that has yet been fired in the campaign, and it goes booming and crashing through the timbers of the 'Republican' ship, in a way which will startle her numerous and gallant crew, and require the summoning of all hands to repair damages."

A new German paper has just started at Sandusky city, with Buck and Breck flying at the mast head. The abolition concern heretofore published there, is pretty generally suspended by the Germans in that region.

Col. Richardson, of Illinois, has written a letter to the editors of the *Washington Union*, contradicting the rumor that he (Richardson) had admitted that the Black Republicans would carry Illinois. On the contrary, the Colonel says, no man doubts that "Buck and Breck" will carry the State by a very large majority.

The St. Louis *Herald* says that a slop gatherer, who collects the slops from the hotels and private residences in that city, sold to a jeweler a few days ago $300 worth of silver spoons and other articles, which he has found from time to time in the slops.

At New Orleans on the 17th of August, only *thirty-eight* bales of new cotton had been received there thus far this season, while at the same date last season the receipt had reached *eleven hundred and ninety-three* bales!

Two doors in the capitol extension at Washington have cost the magnificent sum of $47,000.

MARRIED.

At St. Peter's Church, Barclay street, New-York, Thursday, August 28, by Rev. Mr. Dunning, Hugh Duffy, of Worcester, Mass., to Miss Annie M. Flanagan, of New-York.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

August 12, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, David Boyle, Barrister-at-law, to Dorothea Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Dixon.

August 13, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Richard H. Skellern, son of the late T. Skellern, of the Royal Navy, to Frances, daughter of the late J. Arthur, Barrister-at-law, of Seafield House, county Dublin.

August 14, at St. Luke's Church, Dublin, W. P. Young, of Dublin, to Sarah, daughter of J. Cave, of York street, Cork.

August 14, in St. James's Church, Dublin, William H. Chartres, to Louisa Jane, daughter of the late T. Brierly, of Richmond-hill, Rathmines.

August 14, in St. Andrew's Church, Edward Jones, of Clover-hill, county Roscommon, to Anne, daughter of the late George Bagnall, of Dublin.

August 20, in St. Thomas's Church, Dublin, John Warren, of Bruce Hall, Cavan, to Isabella, daughter of Captain James Blakely, of Lakeview, in the same county.

August 20, at the Metropolitan Church, Marlborough street, John William Cook, of Fort William, county Tipperary, Barrister-at-law, to Bessy Eleanor Greve, daughter of the late John Greve, of Clonliffe, county Dublin.

August 16, at St. Mary's, Donnybrook, John, son of the late Barnet M'Kee, of Market-hill, county Armagh, to Julia, daughter of the late Richard W. Tibeaudo, of Portnahinch, Queen's County.

August 18, at St. Mary's Church, Donnybrook, Alfred Neale, of Mountmellick, to Ellen Maria, daughter of the late Lieutenant Samuel Browne, of the 25th regiment.

August 20, at the Metropolitan Church, Marlborough street, Dublin, Edward Joseph Armstrong, jun., of Great Britain street, to Maryanne Farrell, of Great Britain street.

August 17, in Kilkenny, Dr. M'Donough, of Francis street, Dublin, to Isabella Maria, daughter of the late J. Grant, Solicitor, Kilkenny.

August 19, at Clontarf Church, John Eyre, son of the late Thomas Harris, of Dublin, to Frances, daughter of the late George William Evans, of Drogheda.

August 19, at Taney church, William Perry, of Ballinagore, to Emily Patience, daughter of Mark Monsarrat, of Reade Vale, Dundrum, county Dublin.

August 17, at Ballinderry House, James Healy, Sub-inspector of Constabulary, Borrisokane, to Kate, daughter of the late Matthew M'Donogh, of Ballinasloe.

August 13, at Adamstown, Henry Joy M'Cracken, Comptroller of Customs, New Ross, to Amelia Grace, daughter of the late W. Whitney, of Templeshelin, county Wexford.

August 14, at Castle Bellingham, the Rev. William Thornhill, fourth son of the late George Thornhill, M. P., of Diddington, Huntingdonshire, to Helen Jameson, daughter of the late John Woolsey, of Milesdown, county Louth.

August 14, at Ring, near Dungarvan, Thomas W. Tinsley, of Clonmel, to Matilda Helena, daughter of the late Joseph Cochrane, Veterinary Surgeon.

August 16, in the Methodists' Chapel, Westport, William Blean of Knappa, to Margaret, daughter of David Bole of Newport, Mayo.

August 16, in Cork, John Morton, Manager of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, Nenagh, to Mary, daughter of the late Captain T. Coleman, Stipendiary Magistrate at Demerara, formerly of the 93d Highlanders.

August 18, at Tacumshane, John Walsh, of Eastlands, to Mary Teresa, daughter of the late James Rove, of Yoletown, county Wexford.

August 14, at Birkenhead, Cheshire, James Thompson, son of James Bristow, of Belfast, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Laird, of Birkenhead.

August 13, in Liverpool, George, son of the late G. Pigott, of Raddenham, Cambridgeshire, to Matilda, daughter of the late James Brown, of Dundrum, county Dublin.

April 5, at Geelong, Victoria, Arthur P. Akehurst, of Geelong, to Charlotte Mary, daughter of the Rev. J. Armstrong, late of Kilbehereth, county Cork.

April 22, at Hobart Town, Tasmania, Lieutenant John L. Wilkie, of the 12th regiment, eldest son of the late Major Wilkie, of the 92d Highlanders, to Margaret, second daughter of the late Charles M'Lachlan, of Hobart Town.

May 13, at Melbourne, Australia, Edward Richardson, C. E., to Margaret, daughter of the late John Higgins, of Sligo.

IRISH DEATHS.

August 14, at 23 Blackhall street, Dublin Gertrude, relict of Colonel John Lewis Stuart, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

August 14, in Heytesbury street, Dublin, Frances, wife of Edmund Neal.

August 15, in Hardwicke street, Dublin, Maria, daughter of the late George O'Brien, Solicitor.

August 16, at Merrion-square, North, Elizabeth, relict of W. Westby, of Thornhill.

August 16, at No. 4, Fitzgibbon street, Dublin, Robert, son of W. P. Hyndman, aged 19 years.

August 18, in Blessington street, Dublin, Morgan Maguire.

August 11, at Ballenderock House, Mary, wife of J. Monteith, of Glasgow, and daughter of the late John Mathews, of Dublin.

August 15, at Sandford-place, Rachel, daughter of the late George Crozier, of Banbridge, county Down.

August 14, Ignatius Francis Purcell, of Cromlyn House, county Dublin.

June 24, at Perambore, while on march in medical charge of the left 12th Madras Native Infantry, William H. Bourne, M. D., fifth son of Walter Bourne, of Harcourt street, Dublin.

August 14, at Belfield, Drumcondra, John Allman, late of the 2d West India Regiment.

August 19, at Sussex-place, Kingstown, M. Somers.

August 18, at his residence, Ashfield, county Meath, John Fleming, aged 77 years.

August 14, at Dunmore East, county Waterford, Joseph, youngest child of the Rev. Joseph A. Galbraith.

August 6, at Cornakelly, Charles, son of the late C. Ferguson, Excise officer, Wexford.

August 11, in Tralee, the Rev. William Lee, Rector of Bally M'Elligot, county Kerry.

August 12, at Letterkenny, in the county Donegal, saddenly, Marianne, wife of Dr. Grueber.

August 14, at Rathfriland, county Down, the Rev. Henry G. Johnson, Rector of Drumgath.

August 13, at Lahinch, Thomas Lingard, of Cooga, county Clare.

August 13, in Ennis, John Tydd, for many years Sub-sheriff, county Clare.

August 16, the Rev. James Templeton, Presbyterian Minister, of Ballywalter.

August 15, at Mount Pottinger, Belfast, the Rev. E. Cobain, Wesleyan Minister.

August 14, at Harvey Hill, county Derry, Eliza, relict of Edward Nevill, of New Ross, county Wexford.

At Tremmane, J. Curley, father to the Rev. J. Curley, Catholic Curate of of Sligo.

August 14, at Torquay, Devonshire, the Hon. Arthur S. Kerr, youngest son of the late Lord Mortin Kerr and Charlotte, Countess of Antrim.

August 13, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Lady Mary Anne Nugent, daughter of the Marquis of Westmeath.

August 8, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Lucy, widow of Sir William Young, of Bailliborough Castle, county Antrim.

August 14, at Warrington, Lancashire, Jane, wife of the Rev. Joseph Wood, and daughter of W. D. Henderson, of Belfast.

In Upper Seymour street, London, John Leech, M. D., son of the late John Leech, of Sligo.

July 17, at Oakville, Canada West, Sarah, wife of James L. Hewson, formerly of Mitchelstown, county Cork.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Lectures for 1856.

1

L. S. IVES, L.L. D.,

will Lecture on

"The Sources of Protestant Prejudices against Catholicity,"

at the *BROADWAY TABERNACLE* on Tuesday Evening, September 23, at 8 o'clock.

2

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, Esq.,

will Lecture on

"Gerald Griffin, the Literateur and Dramatist,"

at the *BROADWAY TABERNACLE* on Tuesday Evening, October 7, at 8 o'clock.

☞ Tickets 25 cents for each Lecture; to be had of the Sextons of the Catholic Churches, at the Catholic Bookstores, Office of the Association, No. 107 Nassau street, and at the Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery.

Catholic Reading Rooms.—The Directors of the Catholic Library Association respectfully announce to the public that their Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery, will be open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 7 to 10 o'clock. Annual subscription, $1. By order.

M. T. Cozans, President.

James O. C. Tabb, Rec. Sec'y.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—The Eleventh Hour. Let no victim of scrofula, salt rheum, or any ulcerous or eruptive malady, fancy a cure impossible. It is never too late to use Holloway's Ointment for external complaints or his Pills for internal disorders. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per pot or box. sept13

Special Notices.

Caution to the Public.—To distinguish the genuine magnetic powder, for the destruction of insects, from poisonous imitations, it is necessary to examine the wrapper. See that four national medals—those of England, France, Belgium, and the United States—are engraved thereon. Be sure also that a lithographic fac simile of Lyon's signature appears both on the wrapper and label. This caution is necessary to protect the proprietor from fraud and the public from danger and disappointment. The leading scientific societies, and the first chemists of Europe and America, have pronounced the magnetic powder the only poisonous insect bane in the world, as well as the most effective and fatal means for the destruction of bed-bugs, roaches, fleas, ants, flies, moths, &c., that was ever prepared or sold. The proprietors of the principal city hotels endorse it. Come and see the testimonials of Prince Albert, ex-President Fillmore, and hundreds of the nobility of Europe, as well as the sovereigns of America. The magnetic pills, for the extermination of rats and mice, are endorsed with equal emphasis by all who have tried them. Call and see the medals, diplomas, government orders, scientific certificates, letters, &c., at the Central Depot, No. 424 Broadway.

jun 21 3m EMANUEL LYON.

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. The Ambrotype.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. BRADY, the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 8m28ju

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State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.

A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood deceased.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional district, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth wards of the said city and county.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressional district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.

City and county officers are also to be elected:—

A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.

A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.

Two Governors of the Almshouse, in the places of Isaac Bell, jr., and Simeon Draper.

Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

Sheriff's Office, New-York, August 20, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140. aug30

Photographs and Ambrotypes,—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (8m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

Convent of the Immaculate Conception, *in the Town of Guelph, C. W., for the Education of Young Ladies, under the direction of the Ladies of Loretto.*—The course of Instruction in this Establishment comprises every branch suitable to the education of Young Ladies. They receive tuition according to the wishes of Parents or Guardians, in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History, (Ancient and Modern,) Elements of Astronomy, Botany, Natural History, Rhetoric and Logic; English, French and Italian Languages; Music, Drawing, Painting, Use of Globes, Embroidery, Plain and Fancy Needle Work, &c.

The Uniform of the House, which each Young Lady entering as a Boarder will require, is as follows:—

For Summer—One Light Blue Dress; one White Muslin Dress; three Lilac Muslin Dresses; a Coarse Straw Bonnet, trimmed with White; and three Blue Muslin Sun Bonnets. For Winter—Two dark Blue Cashmere Dresses; a dark Velvet Bonnet, trimmed with dark blue; and Black Mantilla. She will also require two Dressing Gowns, two Black Aprons, one Black and one White Lace Veil, each two yards in length, and a yard and a half in width; five changes of Linen; Bed, Bedding, Knife, Silver Fork, Table, Dessert, and Tea Spoons.

No Boarder is admitted for a shorter period than six months, nor Day Pupils or Half-boarders for less than three. A month's notice is required previous to the withdrawal of any young lady from the establishment.

Terms for Boarders paid semi-annually, in advance. Half-boarders and Day Pupils, paid quarterly, in advance.

N. B.—Young Ladies of every denomination admitted, and any interference with their religious principles is carefully avoided.

The Classes open each year on the 1st of September.

TERMS:

Tuition in the usual branches of an English and French Education,—to Boarders, per annum,.....£25 0 0

FOR DAY PUPILS, PER QUARTER, AS FOLLOWS:

First Class	£0 15 0	Third Class	£1 5 0
Second Class	1 0 0	Fourth Class	1 10 0

EXTRA CHARGES ARE MADE, AS USUAL, FOR THE FOLLOWING:

Music, per annum,	£6 0 0	Use of Bedstead and Curtains,	£0 15 0
Use of Piano	2 0 0	Stationery to Boarders,	6 15 0
Drawing or Painting	4 0 0	Stationery to Half-boarders and Day Pupils	0 10 0
Raised Work	2 0 0	Guitar and Singing	6 0 0
Italian	3 0 0	Wax Flowers, a course	1 5 0
Washing	3 0 0		

aug30

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application, personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until enquiry has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

To Nicaragua Emigrants.—REMOVAL.—The Nicaragua Emigration Office is removed from 105 West street, to 347 Broadway, first floor, (up stairs,) where Mr. Fabens, for some time past Director of Colonization in Nicaragua, may be found for the present. sept6 2t

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Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street,* (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to Diseases of the Eye, Scrofula, Consumption, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street.
FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms."
EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
[—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn.
GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y.
RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y.
P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall."
Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street.
M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.*
T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory.
WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms."
JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y.
M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn.
MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street.
W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa.
MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue.
JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City.
—— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.
P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia.
Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.
THOM. CAAS. FITSGIBBON, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me.
JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond.
P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston.
GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta.
EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati.
JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

Continental Military Establishment.
J. PARKES,
195 FULTON, BELOW CHURCH, N. Y.
Hats, Caps, Ornaments, &c., made to order. 3m28ju

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stiles, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Special Notices.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A *Beautiful Complexion* may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops and wash the face night and morning.

Shaving made Easy.—Wet your shaving brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," ru the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

3mjly5 W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., Franklin Square, New-York.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,

3mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.
New-York, June 28, 1856.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug28 10t

NEW-YORK CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

"The objects of the Association are, 1st. The dissemination of Catholic and useful knowledge. 2d. To forward the moral and intellectual advancement of ts members. 3d. To create among its members a spirit of harmony and good feeling, that will be conducive alike to their interest and pleasure. These to be attained by establishing a Library and Reading Room, and by Readings and Lectures when practicable."

Contributions of either books or money received at the office, No. 107 Nassau street.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JOSEPH MCGUIRE, Vice-President.
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, D. Quinn.
RECORDING SECRETARY, James Fabb.
TREASURER, John Russell.
LIBRARIAN, T. S. Haugbey.
DIRECTORS, R. T. Kelly, J. J. Mullen, M. B. Lynch, L. T. Cozans, P. J. McGuire.
m3jun14

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the CHEAPEST Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the VERY BEST Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept13 3mos 63 Liberty street, N. Y.

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.
sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparent expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter, giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

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For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

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Special Notices.

Agency of Nicaragua, No. 347 Broadway.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Government of Nicaragua GENERAL EMIGRANT AGENT in the United States, has established a permanent agency at 347 Broadway, room No. 2, up stairs. All persons desirous of obtaining information of any kind concerning Nicaragua will receive prompt attention by addressing the undersigned, personally or by letter, at the office of the Agency. According to the decree of the Nicaraguan government, dated November 23d 1855, emigrants are entitled to 250 acres of land, if single, and 350 acres are granted to families. The price of passage to emigrants has been fixed at a very low figure; and for those without means, arrangements have been made with the "Nicaragua Emigration Company," to advance the price of their passage upon the transfer of a part of the land granted by the government. This secures to emigrants a LARGE GRANT OF LAND AND A FREE PASSAGE TO NICARAGUA. J. W. Fabens, Esq., for some time past Director of Colonization of the Government of Nicaragua, is now in this city, and may be found daily at the office of the agency. From his extended knowlege of the country he is enabled to give most valuable information concerning Nicaragua.

The first steamer for Nicaragua will lesve on the 9th of September, and al persons desirous of emigrating to that beautiful country are advised to make early application at the agency.

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y21june

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THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR.

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Publication Office, 29 Ann St., cor. of Nassau.

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Communications of a PRIVATE nature should always be marked so. Those connected with the editorial department are to be addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, and those on business to Richard J. Lalor, Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau.

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To the Editor of the London Times:

Sir—In February, 1855, I received a letter that was signed as follows: "Fassiliez, a political prisoner, transported in June, 1848, and who has now been working for fourteen months, like many others among his fellow-sufferers, under a chain of forty pounds in weight, with a cannon ball at the end of it."

In that letter, dated "St. Joseph's Island of Despair, September, 1854," the gratuitous and unheard-of acts of barbarity were stated which are inflicted at Cayenne upon men belonging to all classes of society—artists, tradesmen, workmen, barristers, physicians, farmers, journalists, scholars—these men having been violently driven out of their country, not in consequence of any lawful judgment, but by the mere impulse of political passions. I was requested to lay before the civilized world the heart-rending details, which I did as far as my power went.

Since that period no change whatever appears to have taken place in the situation of those unfortunate people, who are subjected to forced labor (*travaux forces*) on a lonely rock, surrounded by the sea, at a distance of about 6,000 miles from their native land.

Six months ago a second letter was forwarded to me relating what follows:

"Every ship that comes from the pestilential stores of Cayenne brings the death of a new victim. The latest victim is Peret, some time Mayor of Beziers, a most generous hearted man, feeling acutely, while he was rich, that many of his fellow-creatures were perishing of hunger, and ready to spare neither his fortune nor his life to the cause of humanity. Having been deported to Cayenne, without trial, for resisting the *coup d'etat* of the 2d of December, he attempted, with six fellow-prisoners to escape from that living tomb. They put to sea at night in a boat. Two hours after they were driven on the rocks. Peret, entangled in his cloak, was drowned. The six others survived, but what an existence! For two days they lived on what shell-fish they could find on a desolate rock in the midst of the ocean that threatened every moment to overwhelm them. At last one of them resolved to risk his life for the rest. Seeing no succor come, he threw himself into the sea, and, after three hours' swimming, reached the land. Unhappily, the land was French Guiana. He could only save his life on condition of surrendering himself a prisoner. His five companions were rescued from the devouring sea only to be cast into another dungeon—tomb for tomb."

Now, sir, here is a third letter which has just reached me:

To M. Louis Blanc, those deported to Cayenne, with urgent request to make public this appeal:

Those deported to French Guiana make an appeal to the feelings of justice and humanity of all honest men, to whatever party they may belong.

At the very moment when so much is spoken in France of clemency and generosity, while so many families are lulling themselves with the hope of clasping to their hearts the dear ones whose absence they have so long lamented, the political victims are treated in French Guiana in a manner worthy of the darkest ages of barbarity.

It is certainly a painful task to unveil such an account of iniquity; but how is it possible to pass over in silence the unjust and cruel behavior of French officers towards their fellow-countrymen? Let it be known, therefore, that we are unspeakably tortured on the flimsiest pretences, while people, deceived by the solemn declarations of the French Government, think perhaps that every prison is open and that we are at liberty. Let it be known, for instance, that out of five men lately arrested for some talk it had been the fancy of some overseer to invent, two were tied to a stake and dealt with as the most vile criminals. On their being reluctant to submit to an ignominious punishment soldiers were called for, who, rushing upon the victims, bruised them with blows, tore off their beards, and, reckless of shrieks with which wild beasts would have been moved, bound them with cords so fast as to make the blood gush.

To relate all we suffer is more than we possibly can do. Our cheeks kindle with shame, and our hearts are bleeding. Suffice it to say that, while the French Government has its clemency cried up everywhere, there are Frenchmen in Guiana who do gasp for life. Nor are they allowed the sojourn of the Island of Despair, horrible as it is; barbarous administrators drag them violently on the Continent, to compel them to a labor of eight hours a day in the marshy forests, from which pestilential vapors are continually rising.

We refused to submit to this outrage upon laws, to this murderous attempt; we claimed promised liberty. The answer is "Death!"—a magnanimous answer, after the birth of a prince!

Is there, indeed, for us any other prospect but imminent death? With no proper food, no garments, no shoes, no wine since February last, is there any chance that we should be long able to bear both the influence of an exhausting toil and a deadly climate? Again, where is the law which assimilates political proscripts to galley slaves? From beneath the brutal force that weighs upon us, heaped up together, almost breathless, but strengthened by the courage we draw from the sacredness of our cause and our hope in the triumph of justice, we protest against the violence which is offered to us. May public opinion be moved at our misfortunes, and energetically rise against deeds so well calculated to bring to shame a nation reputed to be the most enlightened and civilized in the world.

Berbeje Alexandre, Gibert, Goret, Boudin, Jecegaly, Dalivie, Fernland, Soffroil, Pech, Guerard, Bonnassiolle, Salleles, Susini, Beaufour, Lacour, Bockensky, Lafond, Dime, Gustave, Pelletier, Dessalle, Bijoux, Dore, Raymod, Meuniere, Cayet, Casnac, Frison, Patdouani, Labrousse, Ailhaud, Davaux, Bivors, Perrimond, Chaudron, Priol, Chaudret, Caumette, Hollas.

These are the lines, sir, the insertion of which in your columns I earnestly request, not as a Republican—not even as a Frenchman—but as a man; for this is not a question of political feeling, it is one of simple justice and humanity. Let it be carefully remembered that the tortured victims are men who have never been tried by any lawful court, nor prosecuted by any form of law! It lies in your power, sir—as I said on a similar occasion—that the groan they utter from the place where they are, so to speak, buried alive, should be heard in the world of the living. The French press is gagged, and whoever has recently resided in France must of necessity know—as stated in a letter addressed by Mr. Aytoun to the most influential paper in this country—"that when the press is controlled by an arbitrary Government every species of injustice, jobbing, and oppression may be perpetrated, uncommented upon, and even unknown to the great majority of the population." Such being the case in France, the liberty of the English press remains the only possible resort for the oppressed to have the justice of their complaints at least examined. I apply, therefore, to the English press, and that all the more confidently since I read in *The Times* a few days ago: "The press is emphatically the representative of the people. If wisely directed it guards the interests of all classes and conditions of society, and has a right in turn to the sympathies and assistance of all."

I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

August 23. Louis Blanc.

Interesting from Russia.

NOTE TO LORD PALMERSTON FROM THE RUSSIAN CABINET.

Berlin Correspondence of the London Times.

The *Kreuz Zeitung* is informed by a correspondent in London that in the early part of last week Lord Palmerston received a note from the Russian Cabinet, in which

"The complaints of the English Government as to the manner in which Russia has carried out the stipulations of the treaty of peace meet with a complete answer. The note is described as taking one by one each fact of which the English Government makes a reproach, and in each case depriving it of all ground for complaint equally firm and happily. The note then expresses itself in general terms with reference to the mistrust shown by the English Government. It is said in it that Russia concluded peace in the full hope and expectation that confidence would fully and completely return; this expectation, however, could not be otherwise than completely disappointed by the distrustful policy that England had assumed. One passage is more particularly worth notice in the Russian note. The English Government had, it appears, on some occasion declared that if it could have known beforehand how Russia would have put the terms of peace into execution, it would have kept its troops six months longer in the Crimea. To this the Russian Cabinet answers, that would of itself have put an end to the peace."

RUSSIA'S PRESENT POLICY.

The following letter in the *Hamburger Borsenhalle*, from a correspondent in St. Petersburg, dated 18th inst., is well worth notice. I have hitherto found the writer of it well informed, and believe that it is correct in its statements:

"It is affirmed that this Cabinet has laid down for itself as the rule of its policy a wise moderation and reserve with reference to the internal politics of the States of Europe. The recent events in Spain, their results more particularly, have excited its attention to a very high pitch, and meet with universal approbation at Court. A similar acknowledgment has also not been withheld from the attitude and bearing of the Neapolitan Government and of the internal policy of Denmark. It is, however, incorrect to suppose that this Cabinet has in any way communicated to the respective Courts its approbation, disapprobation, or advice. This resolution of the Government, which meets also with the sympathy of the majority, is evidenced in the endeavors it is making to maintain a good understanding with France, and to consult the commercial interests of England by moderating the tariff. France's motives for not prosecuting the war further, men here know how to appreciate, and M. de Morny, Lord Grenville, and Count Esterhazy will have opportunities of remarking it. France has not made the tardy surrender of Kars, and the lighting up afresh of the lighthouse on the Isle of Serpents ground for a want of confidence in this Cabinet. All the attempts are in vain to justify the want of delicacy that England has shown in reminding Russia, at the very moment when an Ambassador from her to the coronation was about to show himself here, that Russian newspapers committed a mistake in 1855, when they affirmed that the Black Sea was a Russian sea. *D'ailleurs*, the events in the East will in no way deteriorate our relations with France, and the present Government will avoid, as much as Alexander I. did, exciting the ill-will of England by any measures adverse to the commercial interests of Great Britain. Measures have been already taken which evidence the serious intention of the Government to remove all unnecessary obstacles from commerce, as far as it is possible for it to go. In this respect I need only point to the reduction of the duties on sugar, which lately alarmed our manufacturers of beet-root sugar so excessively that the press received instructions to put a stop to its discussions about prohibitive and protective systems."

SPAIN—THE NATIONAL GUARD DISARMED.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says:—Disarmed throughout the whole of Spain, the much-vaunted National Guard still for a short time escaped dissolution. Even in Spain—that paradise of political renegades—a man so prominent as O'Donnell may hesitate a moment before veering completely round, and destroying that which, two years before, he had proclaimed a necessity, and contributed to create. There was talk of a modification, of a new National Guard on the most approved principle, composed of prosperous heads of families and considerable tax payers—such a body, in short, as, if it ever did muster with bellicose intent, could easily be dispersed by a few companies of sharp-shooters. But even such a phantom of the popular force found no toleration in certain quarters. Harmless as a fact, it would be unpleasant as a memento. Royalty must have smiles at its command, but it has always been considered that none which ever decked the face of Queen Isabella II. cost her a greater effort than those which she was at times compelled to bestow upon her faithful and loyal National Guards. So there is no cause for surprise that the Madrid *Gazette* contains a decree dissolving that body, and that to-day a semi-official correspondence from the Spanish capital says that the Ministry in this case has been compelled to yield to a power superior to its own. This last announcement is perhaps intended as an excuse for Marshal O'Donnell. We are to infer that he has sacrificed his own will (and the National Guard) to that of his Sovereign. If the latter was stubborn, he still had two alternatives—the convocation of the Cortes or resignation. Are we to suppose that the Court feels itself so powerful that it ventured to bid him resign or yield? The point in dispute being the suppression of the National Guard, it probably cost him no great effort to adopt the latter course.

Scarcely a week passes that the Spanish ministerial organs do not inform the world that the most perfect harmony reigns between the Crown and the Ministry, and also between the various members of the Cabinet. Such extraordinary iteration is impolitic, since it naturally leads many to suppose that the pretended harmony covers real discord.

ITALIAN AFFAIRS—WARLIKE PREPARATIONS IN PIEDMONT.

A letter from Turin, of the 22d August, says:—"Piedmont is arming and making warlike preparations, as if she were on the eve of a new collision. The fortifications of Alessandria and Casale are rapidly advancing. The troops are employed in constructing the works. Grand military manœuvres are about to take place, and the Minister of War has ordered the commanders of the military divisions and subdivisions to suspend the delivery of furloughs, in order that as many men as possible may be present under arms from the 1st of September to the 15th November, the period fixed for those manœuvres. General Trotti has assumed the command of the fortress of Alessandria."

Foreign Miscellany.

A Russian work on the siege of Sebastopol, by Major-General Bogdanowitch, contains some curious statistical details, of which the following are extracts:—He says the allied trenches including *boyaux* and the like, extended to the length of 110,000 paces (the pace or *schritt* is equal to about twenty-eight inches), whereas, the greatest extent of any previous known works of a similar nature never exceeded 20,000 paces. During the siege the allies employed 80,000 gabions, 60,000 fascines, and more than 1,000,000 sand-bags. Whereas, in ordinary sieges the usual average is from 10,000 to 15,000 gabions, the same number of sand-bags and 100,000 fascines. The author remarks, however, that this excess arose from the rocky nature of the ground, which rendered sand-bags more efficacious than fascines. He adds, that latterly the allies had 800 guns in battery, and that in all they fired 1,600,000 projectiles. When Gibraltar was besieged in 1781, he observes, the besiegers had not more than 230 guns on the land, and 192 on the floating batteries, and that the total number of shot fired did not exceed 270,000.

Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, who was at St. Sebastian when the insurrection broke out at Madrid, and who was desired by the Emperor to return to France, is about to re-enter the Spanish basque provinces with the object of studying their language, antiquities and history. He is anxious to compare the various dialects of the *Bascuense*, which are very numerous and differ widely from each other.

Rumors were prevalent of an insurrection in Sicily. It was stated that the Government at Naples, in consequence of some alarming news which was very carefully concealed from the people of Naples, hastily dispatched a couple of steam frigates towards Palermo. Malta papers contain no notice of any such revolt.

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The Spanish *Gazette* publishes a decree definitely disbanding the National Guard. The Government, it is said, will render an account of this measure to the Cortes next session. The same journal also publishes decrees dismissing seven civil Governors of Provinces, and appointing sixteen others, taken from among the Moderado and Progressista Parties.

The last man of the English in the Crimea is said to have been one of the Land Transport Corps, who long after the Crimea was given up and all had embarked was found lying very drunk in one of the ditches. He was carried to the beach by six Cossacks, and pulled off to the last ship leaving the port. So tipsy was he that he had to be hoisted on board.

The Swedish Government was engaged on plans for improving routes of communication for the commerce of the country; so also as to avoid the Sound dues. This is to be effected, it was said, by canal or railway, or both, from the North Sea to the Baltic, and by arrangements for transmitting merchandise direct between Lubec and Luneberg.

A monster entertainment took place at the Surrey Gardens, London, to the Guards, provided by public subscription, "in admiration of the gallantry, discipline and endurance displayed by them during the war in the Crimea."

The Royal family of Oude still continue at Southampton. The peculiar appearances of the attendants excites great interest. Preparations were being made for their early removal to London. A levee had been held, at which several English ladies and gentlemen were presented.

An immense quantity of corn, amounting to 900,000 hectolitres, had arrived at Marseilles since the 1st August. The *Jourdain* arrived from Constantinople at that port on the 24th with intelligence to the 14th ult. M. Pellson had left for France.

The Constantinople journals declare the union of the Principalities to be contrary to constitutional law. The Ottoman Cossacks were to be intrusted with watching the Greek frontier.

Accounts from Madeira are more encouraging. At Cintra several cases had appeared, and three deaths are reported among the Royal servants at the Palace, where the King is residing.

An attempt at insurrection was made in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany by thirty young men, who were speedily put to flight by the *gendarmerie* at Orbitello.

The *Official Indicator*, of St. Petersburg, announces that the Imperial Court would leave for Moscow on the 26th, and would make its solemn entry into that city on the 29th.

The cholera had broken out with great severity at Stockholm. Gen. Bodisco, the Russian military envoy, was the first among its victims.

The latest Russian news gives hope of the cession of Belgrade. 3,000,000 of piastres were subscribed in one day of 5,000,000 required for the Bank of Turkey.

The King of Prussia has determined to form his Polish Territories into a Vice-Royalty, to be administered by a member of the Royal family.

At a recent Schutzenfust (shooting festival) in Switzerland, the first prize was awarded to a young lady, a beauty of the county, daughter of a Bernese council-man.

There are said to be in Paris 277 municipal schools, receiving 50,542 pupils, and entailing on the city a yearly expense of 1,323,400 francs.

Why do so few actors succeed in performing Shylock? Because it is difficult to do a Jew.

Intelligence has been received from Constantinople, stating that Kars was not on the 9th August evacuated by the Russians.

The Queen of England was to leave London on the 28th ult., for Balmoral, Scotland.

Vienna letters throw discredit on the statement that Anapa had been taken possession of by the Russians.

A violent shock of earthquake has been felt in the Caucasus.

Irish News.

The Messrs. Waterhouse, of Dublin, have done wonders to revive the glories of ancient Irish art in their department of manufacture—jewelry, gold and silver. The Royal Tara Brooch is now of world-wide celebrity from the numbers dispersed over all lands. The history of this brooch formed the subject of a most interesting paper, read by Dr. Petrie at the Royal Irish Academy several years ago. In addition to this, various other patterns of antique brooches, found in various parts of Ireland, were copied and manufactured, creating quite a furore, from the period of the Great Exhibition in 1851 up to the present time. The same enterprising firm have now brought out the Royal Tara Bracelet—a graceful, simple and beautiful piece of ornamental jewelry. The bracelet folds around the arm in compartments, each of which bears upon it beautiful scrolls and figures, recognized as peculiarly Celtic and of unknown antiquity in this country, but supposed by the learned antiquarians to belong to the eleventh or early part of the twelfth century, when the arts were carried to the highest perfection in this country. The bracelet is of gold and oxodized silver ; the happy admixture of the two metals forms a highly pleasing contrast. The manufacturers deserve the highest credit for the masterly style in which it is executed.

It has several times, says the *Wexford Independent*, been our pleasing duty to mention instances of kind remembrance of Old Wexford shown by Wexfordmen, though separated from their birth-place by wide oceans. Some whose lot in life is cast in foreign lands, where they have found a new home and a heritage, have sent *souvenirs* to mark their remembrance, and offered them for deposit in the Mechanics' Institute Museum. The value of a gift depends more on the manner of giving it, and the intention of the giver, than on the intrinsic price of the thing. These remarks have been drawn from the *Independent*, on reading the following :—" Presented to the Mechanics' Institute, by Mr. James Murphy, ship-carpenter, through Mr. Geo. Codd, three Minie rifle balls, one canister shot, one fusee, and 2 Russian tobacco pipes got in the Redan, a helmet of the 26th regiment with the Russian eagle displayed on it, and a manuscript journal," as it appears to be from its tabular form, containing some very fine writing, all in the Russian character, taken from the burning ruins of Sebastopol—the edges of the leaves being somewhat burned. Mr. Murphy, the donor, a Wexford man, was carpenter on board the transport ship " Lady Russell" in the Black Sea.

A thunder-storm swept over Killucan three weeks ago. It began at 3.40 p. m., and lasted nearly an hour. The hailstones, many of them resembling blocks of ice, were very large. They were of different shapes and sizes. Some were opaque at one end, and pellucid at the other ; some opaque in the centre, and clear as crystal on the outer portion ; some were round, others oval, and others apparently fragments of blocks of ice. The largest of the globular, though much reduced in size from the time they had fallen, were three inches in circumference, by three and a half in the small. So intense was the cold of the hail or ice, that it remained on the ground hours after the storm had passed over.

At the last meeting of the Limerick Sailor's Home Committee, in the Chamber of Commerce, the Mayor presided There were two tenders for the building of the Sailor's Home, one from Mr. Patrick M'Namara, for £960, and the second from Mr. G. Hunt, C. E., for £1144. It was resolved, after some discussion, to take Mr. M'Namara's tender into consideration. Mr. Robinson, Mr. Ryan, and the Mayor were appointed trustees of the committee, and authorized to sign agreements of tenders as required by the Board of Works, and to enter into engagements for building the Home.

An occurrence lately took place at the Parish chapel at Blackrock, near Cork, which might have produced very disastrous consequences. While last Mass was being celebrated, a piece of the ceiling, not half a foot square in dimensions, fell, and having made a little noise, excited the terror of the people, who rushed in a body up the aisle of the chapel, crossed into the sanctuary, and many of them dashed out through the vestry-room. Fortunately, however, the disturbance was put an end to without any serious damage being done beyond one or two ladies falling into fainting-fits.

At Callan (Co. Kilkenny) Petty Sessions, the Excise recently brought a charge against Mr. Corr of that town, for having sold spirits under regulation proof to the Callan Board of Guardians, and having sent it to the Workhouse without a certificate. In consequence of the conflicting evidence, the magistrates suggested that the issue should be tried before the Assistant-Barrister at Quarter Sessions, and made a rule of dismiss without prejudice.

Major T. Dillon, of the late 2d Royal Veteran Battalion, died on the 31st of August, at Summer Cove, aged 77 years. He served in the Irish rebellion ; in Holland, under the Duke of York and Sir Ralph Abercrombie ; also, in the campaign of Egypt in 1802, and was present at the different actions that took place in that country ; also, at Corunna under Sir John Moore, and at the action at Lugo.

In one of his sparkling letters to the *Warder*, Terry O'Driscoll says, it's only another added to the thousand and one illustrations of cause and effect, as Mr. Rooney remarked to the talkative young lady, who, after hearin' him sing the "Meetin' o' the Waters," kept inquirin' how Tom Moore could be certain "there was not in the wide world a valley so sweet." "The only reason I can assign," replied the persecuted singer, "is the fact of its bein' in the same county with the Sugar-loaf."

The festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin has been commemorated with peculiar devotion in Kilkenny. High Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Church. The Rev. E. Rowan acted as High-Priest, the Rev. Mr. Hennessy, as Deacon, and Dr. Mc Donald, as Sub-Deacon. The Rev. E. Walsh, in the course of a very eloquent discourse, complimented the Chief Magistrate, the Mayor of the city, on his successful efforts in opposition to Souperism.

The amount of the National Debt of England on the 31st of March last was £775,314,694 on which the annual interest is £23,267,361. During the year ending at that date the stock created by loans was £221,555,416, and by funding the Exchequer bills, &c., £3,352718, involving an annual interest of £747,243.

Nearly all the corn about Rathkeale is being cut down. The streets of the town are literally crowded with Kerrymen, come to reap the harvest, and are to be seen every evening "footing it" in their shirt-sleeves to the tune of " Tather-Jack-Welsh" or some other equally appropriate air in the public street.

Mr. William M'Cormick, the eminent contractor, has taken the contract of finishing the railway from Clones to Enniskillen, before the 1st of August, 1857. In twelve months there will be continuous railway communication between Dublin, Enniskillen, and Londonderry. An Act of Parliament has also been obtained for connecting Sligo with Enniskillen by railway. This line will also be pushed on. The branch from Monaghan to Cavan will connect the Port of Dundalk with Ballinasloe and Galway. It will, in fact, complete the net work of railways between the North of Ireland, the West, and even the South. It will be possible to go from Dundalk to Cork and Waterford, *via* Mullingar, by railway.

At Fermoy Petty Sessions, two weeks since, Captain Briggs, 82d regt., and Captain M'Kenrick, 33d, were fined £5 and costs for committing a violent and aggravated assault upon two watchmen of the town. It appears that the defendants, about two o'clock in the morning of the 20th ult., commenced to roll a barrel they found lying in the street, when the watchmen desired them desist from disturbing the neighborhood. One of the gallant gentlemen caught one of the complainants by the collar, and held him, while the other rolled the barrel against his legs.

On the evening of the 8th of last month, two men named John Reynolds, and William Egan, returning to Clara, King's County, from Monte, where they had been carrying part of the baggage of the 59th Regiment, were attacked at Woodfield, within one and a half miles of Clara, by four or five men, who beat Egan very severely, and Reynolds in a brutal manner. The persons concerned, will be brought before the magistrates at Clara petty sessions.

In 1847, a sum of not less than £1,000 was placed at the disposal of the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, Cork, by their brethren in France. Now, that the French require assistance to alleviate the miseries caused by the recent inundations, the Conference of St. Finn Barr has considered the present a favorable moment to give testimony of their gratitude, and their earnest desire to reciprocate the charity so liberally bestowed in the time of the Irish famine.

An influential deputation of noblemen and gentlemen connected with the west of Ireland, waited lately, at Moydrum Castle, upon the Lord Lieutenant, to lay before his Excellency a memorial on the subject of railways in Connaught, and to convey their desire that he would use his influence with the proper authorities in London, to have removed the difficulties interposed by the standing orders of parliament. After considerable discussion, the Lord Lieutenant, in dismissing the deputation, said he would do his very best to forward their views.

On the 10th July last, at Plunketstown, county Kildare, Catherine Ryan, aged about 12 years, received a gun-shot wound from Master Robert Drought, who is about her own age. On the 20th of the same month he was put on trial at Athy before the Lord Chief Baron, charged with unlawfully and maliciously wounding. The jury acquitted him, believing the discharge of the gun to be purely accidental ; at the same time the learned judge said the boy's father was guilty of the grossest misconduct in allowing him to have the use of fire arms. The little girl has since died.

A Ballymena correspondent of the *Banner of Ulster* writes that he has pulled two clusters of common hazel nuts from one bush in a small wood in the neighborhood of Ballymena. One had thirteen and the other twelve nuts, in perfect health, and nearly full grown. Hallow Eve may want apples, but, the editor of the *Banner* says, there will be plenty of filberts and nuts to decide the fate of all lovers who believe in the charm of nut burning.

The ribbon of St. Patrick is, it is said, to be bestowed upon the Earl of Shrewsbury, Waterford, and Wexford, whose personal and ancestral claims to an Irish honor, the Dublin *Evening Mail* observes, are to be found in the fact, that he is connected with Ireland neither by property nor interest ; and that his titular relation with two Irish localities is a remnant of the handiwork of Black Tom Strafford, who received the Earldoms of Waterford and Wexford in the course of his thorough management of the Stuart despotism.

The bridge built over the Boyne, at Oldbridge, has been opened for traffic. The contractor, Thomas Hammond, Esq., entertained a large party to celebrate the occasion. The band of the Louth Rifles was in attendance, and the proceedings of the day passed off with the greatest *eclat*. The counties of Meath and Louth pay £500 each for the erection of the bridge. It will prove a great convenience in that part of the country.

We are not, says the *Galway Vindicator*, so well-defended in this city of Galway which just lies opposite New York, and is so tempting to the Filibusters of that warlike region. We have not only not a soldier, but even a single militia staffman amongst us. Yet, strange to say, we eat, drink, and are merry ; get up, and lie down, without any fears on account of our unprotectedness.

Captain Frizell has surrendered the Carlow and Baltinglass Barracks to Captain Green, the Barrackmaster of Kilkenny, and the Athy Barracks, to Capt. Vivian, of Newbridge. Captain Frizell, who will, in future, have the charge of the barracks of Belfast, Carrickfergus, and Downpatrick, has left Carlow bearing with him the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen.

The last of the English in the Crimea is said to have been one Patrick Carey. He was a member of the Land Transport Corps, and was found lying in one of the trenches very drunk. Half a dozen Cossacks laid him upon a stretcher ; and he had the honor of leaving the seat of war like Desmond of old, upon the necks of the foe.

The Limerick market has opened with the first produce of the harvest of 1856, a fine and promising sample of white wheat, sent in by Thomas Phillip Russell, Esq., from his farm at Thomas's Island, near Corbally. The grain though fresh, appeared in nice condition.

At the last meeting of the General Committee of the Mechanics' Institute, Alderman Hackett was appointed Chairman of the School of Art and Design, and manager of the boys evening school attached to the Institute.

Mr. Francis McLaughlin, of Belfast, acknowledges having received the sum of two pounds from the Sisters of Mercy, which sum was put into their box, in Donegal square by some party unknown, with instructions to have it delivered to him.

A splendid ball, has been given by Wm. Murray, Esq., of Eastham, Co. Meath, to a brilliant party, including all the officers of the Louth rifles, and the gentry of the surrounding districts.

A petition has been presented by Mr. Vincent Scully for sale of property of the annual valne of £1,000, with incumbrances amounting to £22,000.

A large blue-book of nearly 400 pages contains the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Irish Court of Chancery and other collateral bills. The Committee report their opinion that it is essential that the constitution of the Court of Chancery in Ireland should be altered, and its procedure and practice reformed ; that a court of appeal in Chancery should be constituted, to consist of the Lord Chancellor, and an additional judge to be Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal, with power to the court to call in the aid of a judge of one of the courts of common law ; that all repeals from orders or decrees of the Master of the Rolls and all rehearings of decisions of the Lord Chancellor should be determined by the Court of Appeal ; that the Lord Chancellor, Master of the Rolls, and Judge of the Court of Appeal should be armed with extensive powers to reform and regulate the practice and procedure of the court, so as to attain economy, simplicity, and expedition, and should be bound to make general orders accordingly ; and that the appointment of receivers should be discouraged. The Committee further reccommend that the Incumbered Estates Court be continued for one year, and that appeals from that court should lie to the Court of Appeal in Chancery, instead of to the Privy Council. They are also of opinion that the system of conferring an indefeasible title on judicial sales of incumbered estates in Ireland should be perpetuated, that the benefits flowing from that system should be extended to unencumbered estates, and that a tribunal ought to exist in Ireland, having power to confer an indefeasible title on the sale of estates, the titles to which, being submitted to a judicial investigation, should be found satisfactory.

The ships of war, Wellington, Conqueror, the gun-boat, and the Admiralty yacht, Osborne, returned to Queenstown yesterday after having cruised westward to Bantry Bay. Their lordships left their yacht to visit Killarney. Various rumours are afloat as to Government measures with regard to Queenstown ; one that it is to be made a permanent naval station ; another that a gridiron for the repair of her Majesty's vessels is to be placed at Haulbowline, that island is to be devoted exclusively to naval purposes, and that the Ordnance department is to be removed to the military barracks at Queenstown.

Messrs. Ball and Browning have lately presided at a court in Dublin Castle, to examine fourteen young gentlemen for four vacancies in the sub-inspectorship of constabulary. The result will be sent to the commissioners of inquiry in London, before promulgated. The questions are in print, sent from London. The examiners receive six guineas each every day engaged.

Upwards of 300 persons availed themselves of the cheap excursions given lately by the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway Company in conjunction with the Waterford and Limerick Company. There was also a trip from Dublin. Nearly 400 people availed themselves of that.

The Mayor of Waterford has received a Treasury minute authorising the raising and expending of £2,000 for increasing the present supply of pipe water. As a great portion of the above sum will be spent in labor, the working population of Waterford will be much benefitted by the expenditure.

A Bill for the construction of a new line of Railway between Kilrush and Kilkee is forthwith to be brought before Parliament. It is expected a journey may be performed from Limerick to Kilkee in four hours when the Railway in contemplation is completed.

A serious riot has taken place in Toomevara, at a funeral of a woman named M'Donald. Two parties of old faction-fighters attacked one another. A man named Brien was so severely beaten that his life is despaired of. Six persons were arrested and four of them fully committed by J. Fleming, Esq., R. M. Faction fights are now becoming very frequent in the locality of Nenagh.

Since Clonmel was left unprotected at night, the inhabitants are using precautionary measures to protect their property. One gentleman has put up thirty iron bars to his premises, having the fear of the coming dark winter nights before him.

The Catholic clergy of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin intend to present their bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, with a brougham, set of silver-mounted harness, and a horse to suit, as his lordship's accession to the prelacy found him, like the Disciples of his Divine Master, "without either silver or gold."

An inquest has been held at Killany, near Saintfield, before John A. Ward, Esq., coroner for the county Down, on the body of the woman named McDowell, whom her husband David McDowell, killed by a blow on the previous day. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against the prisoner, who was committed to Downpatrick jail to await his trial at the spring assizes.

At the Ennis Petty Sessions the other day, three persons were summoned for trespassing on a meadow, while going to bathe ; but it having been sworn that persons were in the habit of bathing there for twenty years, the magistrates said they had no jurisdiction, and the case was accordingly dismissed.

Lord Cranworth, Lord High Chancellor of England, has, on the recommendation of the Honorable Richard Stevenson, appointed Mr. Cornelius Francis McCann Chief Clerk and Usher of the Bankruptcy Court, Liverpool.

A boy aged fourteen years, named Michael Speare, son of a tinman in the Englishtown, was drowned recently while bathing, having got into one of the deep holes in the river at the back of the Limerick jail.

The farmers in the Listowel union are taking into their service such of the growing up inmates of the workhouse as are likely to be useful. The Board orders clothes to be given in all cases where employment is certain.

At a meeting of the Balla Dispensary Committee, in the Court-house of Balla, Mr. John Dunn, of Monkstown, county Dublin, was elected surgeon and medical attendant. There were 26 applicants for the appointment.

The following changes have taken place in the diocese of Waterford and Lismore : Rev. Thomas Finn, C. C. Moleligo, to Ardfinnan ; Rev. P. Power, Ardfinnan, to Kilgobenet ; Rev. Pierce Hoffernan, Kilgobenet, to Modeligo.

Mr. Jeffers, master of the Carlow workhouse, while driving, two or three weeks ago, accidentally fell off his car, from the effects of which he died on the following day.

The master and crew of the barque George of Leith, Laurence master, from Liverpool to Quebec, have reached Cork harbor. The vessel foundered, having struck on a rock not laid down on the chart.

The Sligo *Journal* says that several persons saw the great comet of 1556. It had the appearance of a large oval with a flowing tail.

An extraordinary case was lately heard before the Mayor of Limerick, in his Court of Conscience. It appeared, in the course of the hearing, that two little boys of this city, one aged 11 and the other 14 years, took a notion of setting out in the world for themselves. They accordingly raised a sum of money in town, and in order to escape detection in the course of their travels, they walked to Roscrea, from whence they took the train to Dublin. From Dublin they proceeded by the steamer to Liverpool, where the younger boy finding himself so far from home, got alarmed, and resolved upon returning at once. He did so. On his voyage to Dublin in the steamboat, he was robbed of all the money he had. He landed in Dublin once more, and set out on the road, as he thought, for Limerick; but he was astonished to find himself, one fine evening in Navan, in the County Meath. However, the young chap's perseverance did not flag, and ultimately he made his way to Limerick, without a shilling in his pockets.

Queen Victoria has signified her intention of conferring a British peerage on Lord Talbot de Malahide. The title of Tyrconnell has been selected by his lordship as that by which he will hold his seat in the House of Peers. An English coronet was bestowed by Lord Melborne's government, upon the uncle of the present peer, who was created Lord Furnival in 1839, but the latter title became extinct, on his decease without male issue, in 1849. The name of Lord Talbot de Malahide is well known in the literary world, as the President of the Archæological Society of Great Britain and Ireland. He has chosen the title of Tyrconnell in virtue of his relation as their general to Richard Talbot, created earl by James II., and afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel, who died in the service of that monarch while holding the post of chief governor of Ireland, and whose only sister married Richard Talbot, auditor-general of Ireland before the revolution, from whom the present peer is fourth in direct descent. Since the revolution of 1688, the earldom of Tyrconnell was conferred on the Carpenter family in 1761, but became extinct in the person of the fourth earl, in January 1853.

A blind man named Collins, on his way from a place called Lady's Well, County Cork, where he had gone for the benefit of his sight, was robbed, as he supposed, by a young boy with him, who acted as his guide, of the sum of 10 sovereigns. The robbery took place in Bantry, and, on information being given to Head-Constable Humphries of the occurrence, he proceeded to the house of a man named Mahony, accompanied by Sub-Constable M'Mahon, where they succeeded in getting six sovereigns and a half and some silver. The sovereigns were got in a purse in the bed in which Mahony's wife lay, she being at the time in bed. The person who is supposed to have originally committed the crime was also in the house, and the whole of the parties were arrested and committed for trial, and the money thus secured for the blind man by the vigilance of the Head-Constable and the men under his charge.

An inquest has been held by Mr. Richard Jones, coroner, at the North Infirmary, Cork, on the body of Johanna Reardon, who was accidentally killed near St. Luke's Church. It appeared that a cab-driver named John Morrison was driving a lady and gentleman, from the Wellington in the direction of St. Luke's, when the horse which was kicking all the way, suddenly started off, and overthrowing the car, pitched passengers and driver on the road. Before the parties could rise, the horse continued to dash forward, and coming in contact with the woman Reardon, who was crossing the road, knocked her down, and killed her almost instantaneously. No blame could be attached to the driver, who in the beginning did all in his power to check the animal.

Dr. Purcell has been engaged in Tralee, investigating a charge of neglect of duty, preferred by the High Sheriff, Richard Chute, Esq., against his cousin, Richard Chute, Esq., M. D., and Stephen O'Ryan, Esq., M. D., the two dispensary doctors of the district, for neglecting to visit a poor man who was dangerously ill, notwithstanding, it is alleged, that two regular tickets were given for the purpose. The poor man died without medical assistance being afforded him, and Mr. Chute insisted on a searching inquiry. The case is charged as one of wilful neglect.

The following is the total amount of the sums of money expended during the year on account of certain boroughs in Ireland under the act of the 3rd and 4th of Victoria, cap. 137, viz:—Armagh, £602; Athy, £175; Bandon, £881; Belfast, £1,924; Clonakilty, £141; Cork, £7,333; Dublin, £116,697; Ennis, £314; Kinsale, £248; Limerick, £8,160; Londonderry, £17,542; Newtownards, £89; Sligo, £336; Strabane, £1,834; Tralee, £1,274; Wexford, £542; Wicklow, £1,127; Youghal, £724.

Omagh, county Tyrone, was visited recently by a severe storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with rain. Near Fintona, where the storm was greater, a servant man of the name of McGrath was killed. He was out with his master, Mr. George O'Hara, putting up hay near his house, at Tullyvalley, near Fintona; McGrath was on the cock, his master forking up hay to him, when the former was struck by the electric fluid about the head, and killed on the spot. O'Hara was also struck, deprived of his speech and the use of his entire side, but is still alive.

Alexander Joseph Hackett, one of the most useful and respectable citizens of Kilkenny, has just passed into the tomb. He sleeps not far off from John Banim, whom he knew and loved so well. Alderman Hackett had for some time avoided any active participation in public affairs; but it was mainly through his exertions the Liberal party secured the position they occupy in Kilkenny to-day. The services he rendered, at the expense of health, comfort, and fortune, will long keep his memory green.

The net amount of the Grand Jury presentments last year was £967,212, including £83,196 for new roads, bridges, pipes, &c., £396,288 for the repairs of the same, £6,654 for court or sessions houses, £5,889 for gaols and bridewells, £30,095 for police and police establishments, £68,721 for public charities, and £82,699 for various purposes.

The Sisters of Mercy, Dublin, acknowledge having received from the Rev. Dr. Spratt the sum of £288, being the proceeds of £300 Three per cent Government Stock, bequeathed to the trustees of the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital by the will of the late Very Rev. Matthew Flanagan, P. P., of St. Nicholas Without.

Three Saturdays ago there was not a loaf of bread to be purchased in Rathkeale; it was all bought up by the farmers during the day for reapers. Silver is also very scarce in that town in consequence of farmers taking all they could find to pay the harvest men.

Mr. Dargan shortly proceeds to the Continent. It is said he will visit Turkey, in connection with railroads.

LETTER FROM JOHN O'MAHONY.

113, Prince street, Brooklyn,
September 15th, 1856.

My dear Meagher—In my last letter I made an unintentional omission, by not being more explicit in stating my exact meaning, when I said that "I was unaided by any except by simple though brave and devoted peasants and mechanics" in my attempt in '48. Although this may have been sufficiently explained by my having said, immediately after, that I was then "utterly unsupported by any of the *master minds* of our party," still some may deem that I meant to make light of the hearty and resolute help I then received from three young friends of mine, two of them from Dublin, who cannot be styled either peasants or mechanics. These friends of mine will themselves understand that this seeming forgetfulness of them on my part resulted merely from the fact, that I have not yet learned to draw a line of distinction between their exertions and my own, so closely were they interwoven during the short time we were fellow-laborers in the cause of Irish revolution. But others may not understand me as well as they must. It is for the latter reason I again claim a place in your columns.

Foremost among these, my fellow-workers, was our friend, John Savage. Him I met for the first time as he was looking for you, a few days after that night of gloom when you and I last parted with despairing hearts upon the side of Slieve-na-mon. From that time, until all our hopes were shattered, John Savage never flinched from the post of danger, nor was any duty dependent upon him left undone. If the truth, fixedness of purpose, untiring work, and buoyant enthusiasm of any one man could have made up for the disadvantages resulting from youthful inexperience, want of previous political fame, and from not being personally known in the locality where he labored, could then have retrieved our cause, John Savage would have done it. He participated in all my plans, and attended all my midnight councils. He shared with me the bivouac upon the bleak hills, and partook of my hard bed in our rock-bound grot of Ballyquireen, or, as we lay side by side in some fragrant meadow by its banks, we listened together to the Suir's wild lullaby singing us to sleep. No; I did not and could not mean to make light of the co-operation of John Savage. But unluckily neither bravery, talent nor devotion could alone have retrieved our cause then. The undisciplined people wanted to see men at their head that they knew, and to whose influence they had been accustomed to yield obedience in political matters. These should have been either the heads of our party, to whom we rustic rebels had been accustomed to look up as our prophets and guides through the public press, or those local leaders, whom the suffrages of their fellows had made presidents of district clubs. The latter class, mostly composed of recent deserters from the camp of the peaceful agitators, cowered beneath the mere suspension of the *Habeas Corpus*. They had then had quite enough of rebellion. The misfortune of Ballingarry disheartened the real and earnest leaders of our party, who unluckily did not know the people. Their position, or their literary avocations, placed them too far away from the true fighting men, and they fancied, when they found themselves deserted by those parish agitators, that crowded round them on the sunny day, and that fled when the storm had come, that they had been deserted by those whose liberty had been the object of their life's labor, and for whom they had devoted themselves most unreservedly. But I am getting into a subject that might lead me too far, and am forgetting my second friend.

He was a brave and enthusiastic young clerical student named John Grant. This generous youth ran away from college to fly to his country's rescue in '48, and thereby ruined his professional prospects in life. He, too, never flinched or relinquished the cause, while any hope remained. He was of giant frame, hasty to strike, but quick to forgive—our "Dickon draw the sword,"—or rather, we might call him the Friar Tuck of our woodland campaign. I learn that he is now an American soldier in some frontier station—engaged, perhaps, in sweeping the "Terrible Prairie Men" from the paths of Anglo-Saxon pedlars. Heaven send him, and all other wild Irishmen who love the sword, better employment for their martial temper than can be had in robbing the Red Man of his own, or, if appearances be true, than is likely to be gained in clearing a road for Yankee greed, Yankee hypocrisy, cant, Bibles, and other Yankee notions amongst our kinsmen in creed, if not in the flesh, the Spaniards of South America. I know you and the vast majority of my trans-Atlantic countrymen differ from me on this subject, and call North American aggression upon the Southern Republics, the *diffusion of Republican order*—you will I trust bear with my difference of sentiment which I bring in thus incidentally here. It is a question too far off for us to quarrel thereon. I, however, understand it differently, and consider it the diffusion of a hybrid Anglo-Saxon order—in other terms, the diffusion of the Autocracy of Mammon, that "least erected spirit that fell from Heaven." Will the Irish ever remember that there is no one country under the sun, where the name of Irishman is not considered a reproach, but in the countries where those same maligned Spaniards, the children of our ancient allies, dwell? Will they, also, ever think that there is no country—not even England herself—where it is considered *so great* a disgrace to be Irish, in the eyes of the unthinking vulgar, as in this free, so-called, Anglo-Saxon Republic, where we now are, and for which they are so very ready to pour out their blood upon all occasions. For this Republic have they thanklessly helped to rob the Mexicans of California; and for it they are now just as ready to aid in adding Cuba or Nicaragua to the already too wide domains of Anglo-Saxondom.

But this has nothing to do with my third helper, Philip Grey, of Dublin, (no relative of the gentleman of the *Freeman's Journal*). This Philip Grey I found to have been the most untiring and most indomitable of all the men that then took the field for Fotherland. He could never be made to understand that we were beaten. It was he that worked hardest of us all to retrieve our lost cause. He is also the man of whom least has been said, and whose name has been scarcely heard by one out of ten, even in our Democratic ranks. Of him, I must say, that Ireland needs but a few such steady, silent and persevering laborers as he, with some cool-headed planners to point their work for them, in order to be again ready for revolution, whenever internal agitation, England's difficulties or external events afford her an opportunity therefor. I have said be *ready* for revolution, because, after considering the subject a good deal, and having had some experience at home and in France, I have come to the conviction *that no society of men who are not armed, disciplined and regularly officered can make a revolution at any stated time, fixed upon by themselves beforehand.* The very agitation of men's minds, from nervous expectancy, would, in itself, defeat any such pre-arrangement. When the hour had come men's spirits would be found already exhausted—they would themselves be found unready, and could only show their sincerity by regretting the hour when it had passed. We all saw this in Ireland in '48. I saw the same thing happen again in Paris in June, '49, then, when Ledru Rollin had to flee to England. Every true Democrat expected a fight at that time, and thousands were girding themselves, for days before, for the struggle. Martin McDermott, John O'Donnell, James Stephens, John Burke, and I, hoped on that day to have fraternized with our brother Democrats on the Parisian barricades, and by mingling our blood with theirs for universal liberty, we trusted to have shown them that some Irishmen, at least, could and would fight for freedom anywhere. But the day came—there were a few riots, but no fight. In that city, where every tenth, perhaps every fifth fighting Democrat is a disciplined soldier, no decent stand could be made. The affair was not even as serious as our skirmish at Ballingarry. It is only when men in official authority conspire, that a revolution can be carried by a pre-determined *coup de main*.

I have thought it right to state this opinion of mine here, apropos of the indomitable Carbonaro, Philip Grey, because some give me the credit of thinking, that a revolution can be effected in Ireland by popular conspirators at some *pre-determined time*, or upon some *pre-arranged signal*. I do not now believe any such thing. But what I think is, that unless our countrymen at home do organize always and run the risk of being now and then condemned by our tyrants as traitors and conspirators therefor, that opportunity will come to them either from without, as it did in '48, or from some political ferment within, as it has often done, and that they will be found by it undecided and unready; and thus let the chance glide by in *omne volubilis ævum*. It would be otherwise if Ireland had within her an organized society of watchful, patient and resolute men—no builders of airy castles, or formers of over sanguine hopes, but men who would watch and wait, ever ready to throw themselves into any national ferment, no matter by what pacific agitator it was caused, nor what its object, and to raise the flag of Freedom therein. Then the pacific agitators who had looked but for some pitiful reform, or who but sought to gratify some miserable ambition, would shrink back aghast and leave the field to bolder and truer men—amazed at finding themselves and their petty schemes swept along in the full flood of freedom. Such is my idea of what an Irish organization should be—a sheathed weapon, always ready to the hand when the occasion came for using it. It was such an organization that engulphed that pacific agitator, Odillon Barrot, in February, '48. Who more astonished than he when the oft-defeated Clubs and Sections came down into the streets, joined his ranks, and changed the cry of "Vive la Reform," to "Vive la Republique!" He and his party wanted merely to get the handling of the helm of State into their own hands. For this had they stirred up the national mind. But those patient watchers of the Faubourgs who had waited for their opportunity through years of obloquy, defeat and proscription, stepped forth into the popular ranks and practically proclaimed that if the people were to contend at all it should be for something worth fighting for. So it might have been with us, were conspiracy popular in Ireland, or were our young men of mind philosophic enough to throw off the trammels of fashionable cant.

There is another matter to which I will allude before I conclude this very rambling epistle. It is to that cry that some of our disappointed men of '48 have raised against the present apathy of the Irish political mind, and the opinion they thence form as to the utter hopelessness of attempting to rouse that land from its lethargy. Its apathy is, in my opinion, not at all to be wondered at. It is perfectly natural, and I rather think that it is even for the best to have it so, for if an organization were to be again set on foot that very apathy would, in my opinion, favor its originators. It would add to its stability also by preventing the giddy and impatient majority from rushing suddenly into its ranks through overwrought excitement. It is a popular fallacy to think that the previous consent of the majority is necessary for successful revolution. Revolutions are nearly always made by a few hardy and devoted spirits, who seize upon the proper time therefor, and that time is whenever any national or political crisis shows that it is practicable and needful. The majority does but accept revolution when wanted. The authors of Irish jeremiads do not seem to bear this fact sufficiently in mind.

I remain, very sincerely yours,

John O'Mahony,

Thos. Francis Meagher, Esq.

Miss Mary Virginia, daughter of Samuel P. Hawes, Esq., of Richmond, who was united in marriage to the Rev. Edward P. Terhune, of Charlotte County, on the 2d inst., is favorably known. Miss Hawes is the accredited authoress of the novels "Alone" and the "Hidden Path," both of which were published over the *nom de plume* of "Marian Harland."

From the Limerick Reporter.

IRISH MONASTERIES.

The Dominican Friary of Limerick was founded by O'Brien, King of Thomond, in 1227, under the invocation of St. Saviour. He himself was buried here, and a magnificent statue was placed over his tomb, which continued uninjured until the Williamite forces obtained possession of the city, and then it was wantonly destroyed by them. Here also were interred Simon O'Currin, Christian and Maurice O'Brien, Bishops of Kilfenoragh; Matthew O'Hagan, Bishop of Killaloe; and Hubert de Burgh, Bishop of Limerick. Previous to the so-called Reformation a monument existed to their memory, on which was engraved the following inscription:—

"Senos Pontifices in se locus claudit iste,
Illis multiplices te posco præmia Christe.
Omnes hi fuerant fratrem laris hujus amici;
Hubertus de Burgh, Præsul quondam Limerici;
Donald, Mattheus, Pastores Laonienses,
Christian, Mauritius, Simon quoque Fenaborensis,
Ergo Benigne Pater, locus hos non comprimat ater,
Qui legis ista, Pater dicas, et Ave reboa ter.
Centum namque diesquis rogitando meretur
Datur ut his requies si pura mente procetur.
Quid sis, et quid eris, animo vigili mediteris,
Si minor his fueris, feu major ejusve sodalis
Tandem pulveris eris, non fallit regulatalis."

Harris, from whom I have copied the above, then gives his own quaint translation, which, though not written in a very poetic style, I quote for the satisfaction of the reader:—

"Six Prelates here do lie, and in their favor
I beg your friendly prayers to Christ the Saviour;
Who in their lifetime for this house did work;
The first of whom I name was Hubert Burke,
Who graced the sea of Limerick, and Matthew,
With Donald, Bishops both of Killaloe;
Christian and Maurice I should name before,
And Simon, Bishops late of Fenabore.
Therefore, kind Father, let not any soul
Of these good men be lodged in the Black Hole.
You who read this, kneel down in humble posture,
Bellow three Aves and one Pater Noster.
Whoever for their souls sincerely prays,
Merits indulgence of one hundred days,
And you who read the verses on this stone,
Bethink yourself and make the case your own.
Then seriously reflect on what you see,
And think of what you are now, and what you'll be;
Whether you're greater, equal, less, you must
As well as these be crumbled into dust."

James, son of John, Earl of Desmond, was interred here also; and in an ancient calendar of the Friars it is recorded that they were bound to say a yearly anniversary for the soul of the Most Noble Lord James, son of the aforesaid John, he being the second founder of this Friary, and also for the souls of his parents and his successors, with their wives. Vincentio de Bandello, of Castro Nuova, reformed this house in 1504, and it was erected into an University, along with four other Monasteries. And now came the closing scene; and at the general dissolution it was granted to James, Earl of Desmond, in the 35th year of Henry VIII. The Monks, however, did not desert their beloved Monastery, and the order seems to have been in especial favor with the citizens of Limerick. They still lived in the city, and when the Confederated troops obtained possession of the town they again occupied their house. Dark and evil days were in store for them, however, but days when their virtues were to shine more brightly, and they were to give proof to the world that the followers of St. Dominic had not degenerated from the virtue of their founder. The ruthless Cromwell landed on the Irish shores, and let loose his band of fanatic murderers on the country. Strange portents, say the annalists of the time, announced his coming; and when he came before Limerick the Mother of God was seen, attended by St. Francis, St. Dominick, and a throng of bright spirits on the summit of the Church dedicated to her, and, passing slowly through the air, she was seen to enter the Dominican Convent, thence to the Chapel of St. Francis, and then disappear, as they, too, were to disappear, but not for ever. The Convents may rise again on every hill and plain when the divided nations of the Celt shall be joined under the rule of one man, and the Harp be emblazoned on the Tricolor beneath the Eagle's sheltering wing, its cords never to be broken again!

How touching is the brief narrative which O'Daly gives of Wolf, the Friar, who, absent when Ireton captured the city, returned for the purpose of attending the dying soldiers: seized in the midst of his work of mercy, he was hurried to a gibbet, and there hanged;—of Collins, who bearing aloft a crucifix, headed the Irish troops at the capture of Bunratty, and, made captive by Ireton, sealed his faith with his blood. "Glorious was his end, for he knew that it was a beauteous thing to die for his God and his country." And with him ends the history of the Dominican Convent of Limerick.

There were two other houses of less note—the Augustinian Friary, situated in Quay Lane, whose Prior had the first voice in the election of Mayor—and a Preceptory for Knights Templars near this.

It was a dark, stormy night; the rain fell in torrents; not a star was visible; the whole sky seemed like one vast arch of iron, and the wind swept in fitful gusts over the plains from the distant summits of the Slieve Phelim mountains. But, though the hour was late and the tempest wild, there was a vast concourse of people abroad, near the little village of Abington. Torches flashed amid the gloom, and floating sadly on the breeze was heard a low melancholy wail, now sinking gradually, and anon swelling into strange and piercing cadences. The regular tramp of men, moving in array, struck on the ear, and, as the procession approached the little hamlet, the unsteady and flickering light of the flambeaux disclosed a large body of cavalry moving slowly forward. Their burnished helmets gleamed brightly, and as the wind blew aside their long, heavy horsemen's cloaks, their polished coats of mail were revealed. Their lances were lowered, no banners waved above them, and at intervals their trumpets blew a few wailing notes. After them came a body of foot; their arms reversed, and their surcoats stained with wet and mire, as if after a long and wearisome march. In their centre was a car of strange form, drawn by eight coal-black steeds, and surrounded by a throng of gentlemen, clad in long sable mantles. When they reached the Abbey gate they paused; the horsemen sprung from their saddles; the infantry deployed into line, and the trumpets blew a wild eastern march as a rich coffin was lifted from the car and borne into the church. Strange contrast to the scene without: it was brilliantly lighted, and through the lofty aisles the solemn notes of the *Dies Iræ* resounded. On his throne sat the Abbot, clad in gorgeous vestments, and in lengthened row below him were his Monks; their pale, emaciated faces and shaven crowns contrasting strongly with the bronzed and bearded warriors around, and before the altar was placed the coffin. It was a solemn sight—one suggestive of the nothingness of life, and the worthlessness of all earthly grandeur. There were the holy religious—there the stern soldiers, and there in his narrow bed, cold and silent in death, was the founder of the Abbey himself—the head of a proud house—Theobald Fitzwalter, Lord Carrick, and Lord Chief Butler of Ireland. He heeded not the tempest without, nor the splendor within. His ear heard not the prayers which were poured forth for his soul, nor felt he the deep sorrow of those stern knights who had been the sharers of his perils and the partakers of his fortune. His earthly cares were over, and the founder of the Ormond family lies now in a deserted and mouldering tomb. He had erected this Abbey of Abington in accordance with the usual plan of those worthy missionaries whom Nicholas Breakspeare sent to civilize us, and who quieted their consciences, after a life of sacrilege and robbery, by founding and richly endowing some magnificent Abbey. They imagined, too, that by introducing foreign Monks, and carefully excluding all of Irish name and birth, that, finally, they would acquire control over the Church, and convert it into an useful instrument of state. In the main their designs were frustrated, for the simple Monks could not be convinced that Irish Kernes were destined for no other end than to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Although the community of Abington was composed of French Cirtercians, brought from the Abbey of Savignac, yet, in a short time, they seem to have become more Irish than the Irish themselves, for we find that, in 1290, Hugh, the Abbot, was condemned to pay sixty marks for harboring the King's enemies. This same Hugh, in 1292, mortgaged the Church of Thurles and its tithes for fifteen years to Reginald Rapundi and Francis Malesar, merchants of Lucca, and he bound himself, if he did not perform the terms of the contract, to forfeit the sum of one thousand pounds. The lands were subsequently restored to the Abbey by the merchants, on condition of receiving out of them the yearly rent of eight marks. Here, on the 27th May, 1299, Theobald Butler was buried with great pomp beside the first and greatest of his race. Some years afterwards the Abbey became subject to that of Kells, and paid to it one hundred shillings annually, but the reason, whereof, am ignorant.

Founded by the Butlers, its Abbots li d not lay aside the feelings of clansmen when they assumed the cowl, and warmly participated in the jealousy which existed against the Geraldines who had founded an Abbey, destined to rival their own in magnificence, by the banks of the beautiful Maigue. Henry, who was Abbot in 1265, was a bold and talented man, who concealed beneath the monk's hood the genius of a statesman, and was more fitted to wield the mace and battle-axe than cross or crozier. One time he learned that Thomas of Kildare with a small retinue was to pass near the abbey. He collected his retainers and placed them in ambush by the road along which Fitzgerald journeyed. During the course of a long summer's day they lay concealed among the heather, and as the sun was sinking the scouts gave warning that the Earl was at hand. On came his little retinue beguiling the way with laughter and song, and unsuspicious of any danger. They were almost in the snare when the quick eye of Thomas discerned the gleam of a lance-head among the bushes. He hastily drew his men together, and ere the opposing party could form, charged down on them, and after a fierce but brief conflict dispersed them, smiting down and taking prisoner with his own hand, Henry, who, attired in helm and mail, had taken an active part in the fray. He bore him to Dublin, where he was imprisoned, but after a short confinement, was pardoned by the King on payment of the then large sum of forty shillings.

From this, the calm life of the monks was disturbed by no untoward event until the desolating wars of Elizabeth's reign. Then was religion virtually banished from the land; every man was a soldier, every house a fortress, every abbey a citadel. The whole of Munster was converted into a vast camp, the earth lay uncultivated, and every day brought mingled tidings of victory and defeat. At this mournful period was John Mulryan Abbot, the last Abbot who was ever to rule at Abington. He saw the ruin that was impending, and sadly and patiently resigned himself to the inevitable decree of fate. His Monastery was occupied by English soldiers, and hither came the Deputy Grey, where he received the submission of Mick Burke of Clanricarde, and Thybot Burke McWilliam, traitors who distinguished themselves by an unvarying and savage hostility towards their poor persecuted countrymen. At length the war ceased—an unnatural calm lay on the land, and bleeding and helpless she lay bound at the feet of her conquerors, for them to work their will on her as they would. The mandate was issued for the destruction of the religious houses, and John O'Mulryan and his monks left the home where they had dwelt in happiness so long—the home of virtue and religion—and fled for safety in their old age to a foreign land. Their broad estates which had supported the poor and the needy, were now seized by the crown, and granted to Peter Walshe, at the yearly rent of £57 2s. 3., and on condition of maintaining one horseman properly mounted and armed.

THE CLERK OF THE HANAPER.

From the Dublin Nation.

Captain John O'Connell has got his reward, and a very wretched reward it is. Ten years have just been completed since his miserable vanity and virulent temper compelled the fatal schism between Old and Young Ireland. We live in days whose distance is marked by a striking contrast, that will stand like a pillar of fire in history. It is the great moral lesson taught to the People of Ireland in the silent dignity with which Smith O'Brien returned to his home, a few days before John O'Connell, with greedy alacrity, shuffles into a paltry place. Ten years ago, the island was disturbed from shore to shore by the storm which O'Connell's favorite son had used all O'Connell's accumulated power to arouse against that glorious generation of young men who had sprung to manhood and to genius under the influence of the old Tribune himself in '43, and of Thomas Davis afterwards. Week after week, the failing intellect of the old man was stimulated to a war of extermination against those whom Nature destined to be the inheritors of his policy and the guardians of his fame. It was a pitiable and unnatural war, and John O'Connell made it inevitable and unscrupulous. In all the annals of mortal vanity and imbecility there is no paragon for his attempt to seize and to wield the extraordinary power of O'Connell, against the other political talents which had been developed in the national agitation.

It seems like an outrage upon common sense to say that such a creature should have obtained and should have held O'Connell's mighty place for a day. But he did for weeks, and months, and years, until he had disgusted and alienated every ally and friend of his father; until he had broken or rotted the whole political system of which he suddenly found himself the centre; until the very coal-porters of Burgh quay jeered at the mannikin Liberator in a moustache and a militia frock; until he had become the tool and the toady of a new generation of political adventurers—the bolder and more gambling Keoghs, Sadleirs and Scullys. Ten years ago he stood in a glorious position, if he had genius, honesty, and courage—in a great one if he had even talent, tact, and a little manly modesty. Tuam and Meath, Wexford and Tipperary, Cork, and Waterford and Limerick still bent before the very name of O'Connell. In the presence of a great providential calamity, the moral force of the old leader was even greater from his grave than it had been during the last irresolute and imbecile months of his action in Irish affairs. Mr. John O'Connell in such an hour, by his father's express desire, assumed the leadership of the Irish people. But "a leader is one who leads," and John O'Connell could lead nowhere. A Tribune is one who can win the minds of men—and John O'Connell could never win the mind of any man or woman in the world. He must have been gifted by nature with singularly small faculties, for he has had every oportunity for experience and example, and he has made the most ridiculous failure of any man who ever attempted a public life. It would be well, if it were merely ridiculous—but it was notoriously mischievous too. God knows it would be a great mischief, if it were only to have sullied the great old man's pall, with all this sordes of corruption, and with the reflection of all the falsehood, and trickery, and vanity, and bigotry, and meanness, which O'Connellism, as impersonated and represented by John O'Connell has come to mean since his death. It is a pity to think of the grand figure which Hogan has made immortal, so full of pride and power and authority, looking every inch what he was, the impersonation of a whole race—and to look at the "stunted corporal" who takes off his coatee as he slips into the Hanaper Office, and sells the rights of his dynasty, like some King of Mosquito or other deposed barbarian, for a few hundreds a-year.

It is probable that there never was a public man, however, who played so long a game with such a barren intellect and such an audacious vanity. Whoever observes his proceedings since they became individual must remark how carefully, and indeed (to do him justice) cunningly, he always took care to avoid placing himself before the people in juxtaposition with any man of very signal abilities. He was quite conscious that he could not have acted for a month before the country with Duffy, or Lucas, or Moore, or even with Keogh or Sadleir without being discovered to be an intellectual imposter.

He had not the brains to make a public man; and he was always spitefully and jealously conscious that he had got into a position for which he was unfit. Yet he never had the manliness or the sense to abdicate it. He had still immense power for thwarting other men, and for making mischief. He could always give a certain sanction in a rascally career. He had for a long time the mere mob of O'Connell's forces ready to do his bidding. To them he was an idol for a long season, but even they tired of him at last. His method was no very wonderful mystery. O'Connell taught the Art of Speech-making made easy. He had a great deal to speak, far more than the great deal he always had to say demanded. The people were used to hear him for three hours at a time, and no orator that ever lived could speak with novelty, with eloquence, and with force for three hours at a time, so often a week, as O'Connell had to deliver himself. Accordingly, he had invented a system of oratory, a miscellaneous gossipy budget of odds and ends, the news of the week, the state of the country, abuse of enemies, praise of friends, old anecdotes, the rise of the rent, a fine easy dash of the elements of braggadocio and blarney. John O'Connell had caught the knack of this slip-shod every-day style, but he made *such* a sorrowful travesty of it! He had neither the fancy, the fun, nor the fire which made whatever the old man said, however it read, fall happily on the ear. He spun the same subjects, which the old man could always warm and enliven, into a mere bungle of bosh, the "white curd of asses' milk" turned sour and unwholesome by a dash of vile gall.

He had lived to see all his father's friends and allies at last disgusted by his selfishness and outraged by his incapacity. Even his own kith and kin were in the end driven to protest against the way he abused the great name and traditional power of which he had assumed the monopoly. Maurice Leyne, the most gifted scion of the old man's blood, flung himself into the ranks of the Confederates early in '48. Maurice O'Connell, a few days before his death, asking Duffy to spend a few days with him at Darrynane, confessed that John had been the curse of his name and of his country. There is another noble young kinsman of the Liberator—and who wears a name that is as old in Kerry as the Glens and the Lakes—the O'Donoghue, who, mingling seldom and modestly in public life, has never lost an opportunity of testifying that his sympathies are with bolder, more honest, and straightforward courses. And so, as he turns from drilling paupers to signing writs and issuing commissions, the last rag of the old man's mantle falls from the Captain and the Clerk of the Hanaper. We invite the Irish People once more to behold their leader ensconced in a beggarly sinecure at the Four Courts; and then to join our pious prayer that Captain Dan may soon be bought, sold, and packed for exportation—that so a historic name may be no longer blotted by this paltry traffic, which is driven on its former greatness.

From the Belfast Mercury.

IRISH SCHOLARSHIP.

In yesterday's paper we gave the list of successful candidates at the recent examinations held in the King's College, Woolwich. At the January examination the highest number of marks obtained for Provisional Commissions was 4,623, the next highest 4,015. In the Practical Class, the highest number of marks was 4,869, and the next highest 4,131. It will be seen by the list alluded to, and as connected with this June examination, that the highest number of marks obtained by the Provisional Candidates was 5,594, the next highest 4,725. In this class the name of Mr. E. D. Tarleton, of the Dublin University, stands at the head of the list. In the Practical—Royal Academy—Class, the highest number of marks obtained was 5,819, the next highest 4,716. The young gentleman who stands at the head of this list is Mr. Joseph Allan Millar, of Lisburn, Student of Queen's College, Belfast. Mr. Millar, it will be observed, obtained 1,103 marks above the highest of his competitors in the Practical Class, and 225 marks above the highest in the Provisional Class. It must be highly satisfactory to the authorities of the Queen's College to find one of their students standing at the head of the list in an examination open to the competition of the United Kingdom. Now that the barricades which so long stood in the way of unpatronized talent are broken down, the omnious words, "no thoroughfare," will cease to deter young men of ability from preparing themselves for East India or Royal appointments.

We do not believe that we have a right to attribute the triumph which the Irish students have just achieved to the inferior training of the competing cantabs, or to any defect in the education of the Oxonian candidates. We do not feel that we would be warranted in considering that the alumni of that proud Seminary, which history tells us existed in the time of the great Alfred, and whose educational system has had the advantage of centuries of experience, were possessed of fewer opportunities for preparation than the students of Belfast Queen's College, of Dublin University, or of the Catholic University, presided over by the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen. The presumption, in fact, ought to be that they had none; but their defeat shows, either that the system of education in the Irish Institutions is better than in the venerable seats of learning in the sister country, or that our students are more fitted mentally for the acquisition of learning. Either way we have cause for congratulation. Ireland has had the means of educational success placed within her reach, and, as we have seen, her children have not been slow to take advantage of them. The day of full participation in all the honors of the State dawns on the people of this country. Let us hope they will wear their honors when they win them, in future, as nobly as they contended against difficulties hitherto. England and Scotland have had their day of place and their tenure of

patronage. Into the openings which have been made in the citadel of State appointments our young men have found means of ingress, and, once there, we can have little fear, from the promise already given, of their maintaining their position against the most accomplished of their rivals.

From the Cork Examiner.

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN LIMERICK.

The colossal statue in bronze of the Liberator, which is to stand in Limerick as a perpetual monument of that great man, and of the national feeling of the city of the Violated Treaty, is at length finished, so far as the mind work of the artist is concerned. Last week the clay model, upon which the sculptor, Hogan, expended all the resources of his creative art for the last three or four months, was transferred to the more solid material of plaster—a necessary preliminary to the next great and costly process of casting the vast work in bronze—which latter operation will be executed in one of the great foundries of Paris, where a familiarity with the casting of important works of art has enabled the men employed in that particular branch to arrive at, perhaps, the greatest perfection of skill in such a process that can be found in the world. The sculptor has then performed his more immediate portion of the work; we can now speak of it as a finished production of art; and as such, having had the pleasure of inspecting it, we feel sincere delight, for the sake both of the work and of the artist, in being able to describe it as a noble and most successful effort of genius. Grand, massive, and dignified, it represents the illustrious O'Connell in an attitude as characteristic as it is majestic. It is an attitude full of eloquent expression—the right hand raised gracefully before the breast, corresponding in action with the position of the head, and with the play of the lips and the eyes, all of which seem to address the spectators in one of those sweetest effusions of persuasive sentiment in which O'Connell loved so much to indulge. The figure, which stands eight feet and some inches above the plinth, is partly enveloped in a large cloak, which, although the costume is entirely modern, is so skilfully arranged as to invest the whole with a fine classic style, affording, besides, to Hogan all that facility for a rich, natural disposition of drapery in which he is unexcelled by any living artist. The folds are broad and massive—the leading characteristics of the whole work—and at the same time flexible and graceful, preserving all the softness and pliability of nature. But what is still more important the likeness is admirable. In this respect Hogan has been even more fortunate here than in his former figures or heads of O'Connell; and we have little doubt that any one who has ever seen the Liberator during the memorable period of the monster meetings and the State trials will hesitate for a moment in perceiving the features and the expression of the man in this work of the Irish sculptor. We can easily anticipate with what enthusiasm these venerated and beloved features will be hailed by the warm-hearted men of Limerick and Clare, when from the lofty pedestal they will seem once more to smile down upon them; and how proudly they will be regarded, thus preserved in the imperishable bronze and in the heroic proportions of classic art, of which the illustrious original was so worthy! In one word, we believe this to be the most successful of Hogan's monumental statues, or, perhaps, we might say, of all his works, and we have no doubt that he may safely, as he said he would, allow his fame as an Irish sculptor to rest upon its merits.

The figure is now ready for transmission to Paris, and the process of packing it up for that purpose, will, we believe, commence in a few days. Once in Paris, the casting in bronze will occupy but little time, and thus in a very few weeks we may expect to see it back again in Ireland, and ready for erection on the pedestal which has already been prepared to receive it in the Crescent at Limerick. It is most truly a national work, and we sincerely rejoice in its progress and success.

From the Jackson Mississippian.

THE IRISH VOTE.

The opposer of the Know Nothing Order finds in the present attitude of the great body of the foreign-born voters in the country the amplest as well as the most gratifying vindication of his course in waging war upon that ruthless and proscriptive organization. The union of the States is assailed with a fury which defies all precedent by the Black Republican party, whose one idea is hostility to the institutions of the South; and in the Northern States where the battle is hottest, foreign-born voters are found on the side of the Constitution. With peculiar force, does this remark apply to the natives of the Emerald Isle. It is a remarkable fact that out of the large number comprising that class of citizens, not one has ever been found in the ranks of the abolitionists. Irishmen seem instinctively to hate the freesoil faction. Among the many able and influential Irish journals in the United States, there is not a single one which has not denounced Fremont and the wicked horde of traitors whom he is leading; there is not a single one who is not found doing battle for James Buchanan as the only sure means of saving the government of their adoption, under whose broad ægis they have taken shelter from the storms of oppression.

How gratifying are these undeniable facts, to those Southern men who aided in nipping in the bud the secret society organized to persecute that very class of citizens? How it must overwhelm with shame and contrition the pseudo *American* patriots who pretended that one object of their immaculate Order was the salvation of the South? At this very hour, when *native* traitors in the Northern States, led on by the *native* Fremont, are waging a war of unparalleled violence against the slave-holding States, they are met on their own fields by naturalized Irishmen, who are holding up the Constitution with *State Equality* inscribed upon it.

In this connection, we desire to introduce extracts from two leading and influential Irish journals, the *Irish American*, and the *Irish News*. The former has a circulation of 30,000 subscribers, and wields an immense influence. The latter is edited by Meagher, the Irish patriot, the gifted Meagher, whose words of fire and glowing sentiments illume the columns of his journal and kindle into raptures the hearts of his thousands of readers.

From the Waterford Chronicle.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER

Has at last boldly, distinctly, and unequivocally identified himself with the great old Democratic Party of the States—that sub-division of the American element that had the strongest hand in building up the Republic—the warriors and sages at the great Heptarchy of the West. Indeed, Meagher would, in a manner, be ungrateful if he stood aloof from the Democratic ranks, particularly when his adhesion to them, in a time of party struggle and trial in the States for superior skill and ascendancy is of so much importance—we say ungrateful, because we observe that all along up through American history, the largest, oldest party—even individually and collectively—lent to Ireland an encouraging voice, and to Irishmen an aiding hand. It was the existence of the Democratic Party in the States—and it alone—that during the reign of terror, which "Know-Nothingism" for a time produced, rendered Irish life in the States safe or endurable. The Irish Priests are, therefore, we may say, all Democrats. Almost the entire of the Irish people are so. The fact is, the Democrats want the Irish vote for Buchanan's election; and they well know many an Irish vote will follow Meagher where he leads. True it is that slavery is infamous—an infamy of the darkest dye. But the American Democracy found slavery there, not slavery the Democracy.

The Democratic Party will not lay violent hands on the Slave Institutions of the States—we can scarce see how they could in the present state of the American mind, and its educational training, political and scholastic. A re-distribution of the Ulster plantation lands would be more feasible in Ireland, and be attended with fewer difficulties and dangers than would a practical effort, on the part of any American Government, to deny the title of the Southern and Middle State Slaveholders to the human cattle.

California News.

To the Editor of the Irish News:

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 20, 1856.

SIR—Since I wrote to you on the 5th there is not much to note with regard to the Vigilance Committee. There has been no more hanging—no more murders committed by them; and out of a salutary fear of orders from Washington, they have to some extent broken up their organization. In fact their funds had given out, and the foreign hirelings in their employment were thirsting for more pay, or else the execution of the executive members of the Vigilance Committee. Never did I witness such a demand for scalps as was made on the day after the release of Judge Terry. Nothing would satisfy the French hirelings and the German Jews but the hanging of the Executive Committee. I certainly did not envy them their position. It is an easy matter for disorganizers to let loose a mob, but a very difficult thing to control them. There is not the slightest doubt now on any reflecting man's mind, that those disorganizers aimed at the diseverment of this State from the Union, and aimed at what they called a "revolution," which meant the settlement of their eastern accounts with a *nil prosequi*. The eastern merchants no doubt are finding this out before now, and will find it out heavily before the winter closes. Judge Terry has behaved with great firmness and dignity since his illegal arrest, and utterly refused all terms with the conspirators. They wanted him to vacate his high office from the Supreme Bench, but all their threats of hanging, banishment, &c., &c., could not shake his stern soul. He has triumphed over them, and is now the most popular man in this State. The annexed will give your readers an idea of the occurrences with regard to him:

CHARGES AND SENTENCE AGAINST JUDGE TERRY.

The following are the charges made against Judge David S. Terry before the Executive Committee of the Committee of Vigilance, together with the verdicts of the former body, and of the Delegates from the different companies of the general body:

CHARGES.

1st. David S. Terry is charged with resisting by violence the officers of the Committee of Vigilance while in the discharge of their duty.

Verdict—Guilty.

2nd. David S. Terry is also charged with committing an assault with a deadly weapon, with intent to kill Sterling A. Hopkins, a police officer of the Committee of Vigilance, on the 21st June, 1856.

Verdict—By the Executive Committee of the "assault," by the Delegates, found guilty of the full charge.

3d. David S. Terry is charged with an attack on J. H. Purdy, in the city of San Francisco.

Verdict—By Executive, found guilty; by the delegates, charge expunged.

The following sentence has been pronounced in this case:

SENTENCE.

That David S. Terry, having been convicted after a full, fair and impartial trial, of certain charges, before the Committee of Vigilance, and the usual punishments in their power to inflict, not being applicable in the present instance:

Therefore, be it declared, that the decision of the Committee of Vigilance is as follows: That the said David S. Terry be discharged from custody, and

Resolved, That in the opinion of the Committee of Vigilance, the interests of the state imperatively demand that the said David S. Terry should resign his position as Judge of the Supreme Court.

Resolved, That this resolution be read to David S. Terry, and he forthwith be discharged from the custody of the Committee of Vigilance.

The above sentence was read to Judge Terry, in presence of the Executive Committee, at fifteen minutes past two o'clock yesterday morning, and he was forthwith released from custody.

The following extracts from the French papers, published in this city, will give you the *animous* of this portion of our population, and the position this city would be placed in, in case of rupture between the United States and France and England. What true American republicans could evoke such an armed power in the heart of one of the states most distant from the seat of government? These extracts leave little doubt of their intentions.

Le Phare, speaking of the release of Judge Terry, says:—"David S. Terry was convicted of two crimes—resistance to the orders of the Vigilance Committee, and an assault upon Sterling Hopkins—and the conclusion that is arrived at from this conviction is, that he should be set at liberty. But, say the members of the Executive Committee, we have not the power to punish. Of what power do you speak? Of legal power? You never had it. Of revolutionary power? That you had. If you sent away Cooney for his women-whipping, and Mulligan for his personal violences and ballot-box stuffing, why did you not expatriate the murderous Judge? [Beautiful language, truly, to be used by foreigners towards an American Judge.] But his friends would have rescued him—it would be impossible to put him on board any vessel without his friends knowing it. And even if he were rescued by his friends, he would be disgraced by the sentence passed upon him, while you would have nothing to do but declare his culpability without reference to the punishment. It was a denial of justice to the people—for never was a judge, no matter who he may be, allowed a jury to declare guilt, without affixing to it some punishment."

L'Echo du Pacifique contains an article in which the editor professes to be unable to understand the verdict, and expresses an anxiety for the Committee to explain their course, under the head of "state of affairs." The editor says: "The serious aspect of affairs imposes upon those of our compatriots who form a portion of the Committee of Vigilance a great circumspection. They will do well not to come to any determination without mature reflection. There is no danger in delay. There might be in acting with precipitation, till matters are fully developed. In the ranks of the Germans, in those of the Americans, as well as ours, the events of yesterday have carried distrust, and discontent. Reason, as well as our position as foreigners, admonish us to know at least what the others will do before we take any steps. Let us then remain calm, cool, *but united as a single man (!)* as we said not long ago, in anticipation of what has just transpired. Let us be on the *qui vive*, ready to protect and defend ourselves in the event of any treason being the reward of our devotion to the public good.

To show you how unfortunate the authorities at Washington have been, in their selection of men to fill the Federal offices here, I also annex you a scrap from a morning paper, showing you to what lengths wire-working politicians here will go, to secure their own or their friends' advancement. These are not the only charges against our postmaster, Mr. Weller:

"A telegraphich despatch received in this city yesterday relates the fact that several letters addressed to Judge Terry had been, before he received them, opened in the Post Office. A few days ago a letter addressed by Gen. Howard to Mr. B. W. Leigh, of this city, was intercepted, opened, copied, and published in the papers. Our agent in Shasta, writing to us under date of August 10th, says:

"'The *Herald* fails to reach me two or three times each week. They are not sent regularly from your office, or there is a systematic plan in the Post Office to destroy them, for all the other San Francisco papers reach me very regularly. If the *Herald* can be depended upon to arrive, I can get a much larger circulation for it here.'

"Before the organization of the Vigilance Committee no such thing occurred. Their papers are regularly sent from this [*Herald*] office. The facts which we have given above are quite sufficient to destroy the confidence of the public in the Post Office."

The welcome home to Sacramento of our fearless, upright, and uncompromising Judge Terry, presented a scene of the most genuine, spontaneous, hearty enthusiasm ever witnessed. It will afford intense gratification to the friends of the Constitution, to see him resume his seat on the Supreme Bench, which he so highly adorns, in due course.

Annexed you have also the result of the coroner's inquest on the bodies of Hetherington and Brace, hung by the Vigilance Committee. It is an official document, *verbatim et literatim*.

The undersigned jurors, convened by Coroner Kent, at his office, No. 161 Sacramento street, in the city of San Francisco, and continued until the 6th day of August, 1856, for the purpose of inquiring into the cause of death of a man named Philander Brace, who was found dead by Coroner Kent, in a room in the third story of a brick building situate on the south side of Sacramento street, between Front and Davis streets, on the evening of the 29th July last. After an examination of the body of deceased, by Dr. Cole, and hearing his medical testimony thereon, accompanied by testimony of other witnesses, all of which we have fully considered, rendered the following verdict:—We find that Philander Brace, a native of Onondaga county, New York, aged 22 years, came to his death on the evening of the 29th July last, by hanging at the hands of one Robert Nixon and a person unknown to the jurors, aided and abetted by a party of men styling themselves the Committee of Vigilance of San Francisco.

A. H. TITCOMB, JAMES V. HARRISON,
JOHN J. HARKNESS, LEVIE ROBIE,
G. O. MCMULLIN, R. S. HAVEN,
HENRY OWNER, Foreman.

Adolph Sutro and W. P. Loring, two of the jurors, refused to sign the above verdict, but there being seven jurors in favor of signing, that was sufficient for to return a verdict.

J. HORACE KENT, Coroner.

The same verdict was returned in the case of Joseph Hetherington, a native of Carlisle, England, aged 36 years.

Both Sutro and Loring refused to sign the verdict of Hetheriugton's case also.

J. H. KENT, Coroner.

I send you by this mail, a steamer edition of a morning paper, from which you will gather the particulars of the breaking up of the Vigilance Committee. One of their chief members, Mr. W. T. Coleman, leaves on the steamer to-day. He is son-in-law to Page, of the banking house of Page, Bacon & Co., who entailed so much misfortune on the working population here, by their ruinous failure. It is to be hoped that he will have pleasant dreams with the blood of so many victims on his hands.

HARD FACTS.

The *Boston Times* gives the following mysterious story: Some time in the early part of last July, a stray horse was wandering about in the woods and pastures, near the farm of Captain Gilbert Coburn, in Pelham, New-Hampshire. This horse remained in the vicinity for several weeks and then disappeared, being seen last in the highway. Wednesday, Captain Coburn, while traversing a sled road, leading through a piece of swampy ground in a lonely out of the way hollow, came suddenly upon a chaise and harness, that had every appearance of having been standing upon the place where he had found them for at least two months. The shafts were completely enveloped in and overgrown by wild briers and grass. The tiers of the wheels were very rusty, and the whole chaise completely weather-stained. The boot and cushions were very much mildewed. The harness lay partly on the dasher, and partly on the inside of the chaise, and had apparently been taken off in great haste. A pair of lady's gloves rolled up, and a pair of gentleman's gloves, were found on the cushion; also an odd glove. There are appearances of blood on the cushion and carpet. No clue can be found to the solution of this mystery.

Rev. Mr. French, of Washington, is appointed Chaplain to the West Point Military Academy in place of Rev. Mr. Sproule removed.

Answers to Correspondents.

PUBLIC EXPENDITURE.—A correspondent who does us the honor of praising our articles on the expense of government here and in England, says, "You have given an estimate of British expenditure in 1853, before the war commenced. You will oblige many besides myself, by stating what it was during the war. Also, by stating the cost of collecting the revenue in Ireland."

The expenditure in 1853, was £55,000,000. In the year ending June 30, 1856, it was nearly £92,000,000—being 22 1-2 millions pounds *over* the actual income. The difference was made up by loans and the issue of Exchequer Bills. In 1853, the cost of the army, navy, and ordnance of England, was £16,000,000. In 1855-6, it amounted, with three millions extra for additional war expenses, to £50,000,000. The cost of collecting the public revenue during the year just ended, was a little over four millions sterling.

A TIPPERARY MAN.—"Captain Rock in London," the weekly periodical you inquire about, was published by Joseph Robins, known as the proprietor of the *Dublin and London Magazine*. He also gave us Hardiman's Minstrelsy, and other noted and valuable publications. The editor of *Captain Rock* was W. J. Whithy, author of "Tales of Irish Life," and at present editor of of the *Liverpool Journal*. Of the contributors, the chief were Thomas Furlong, the poet of the Emancipators, author of the "Doom of Derenzy," and other well known productions. Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, with whose literary labors our correspondent must be familiar, Denis Shine Lalor, and other lesser known, though not less witty literary and political notabilities.

An ardent admirer of the News begs us to bring out our paper earlier than we do. "Indeed," says he, "if you could manage to have it out ten days before the day it's dated, the circulation would be wonderful." We shall seriously consider the suggestion of our friend, and try to make arrangements with Messrs. Cunard and Collins for the premature production of European events.

An interesting and well written letter, informing us of a discussion which recently occurred amongst some few intelligent Irishmen, and giving us the propositions discussed, has been received. We intend publishing it, most probably next week. In a clear, intelligent style, it suggests topics of research, study, and reflection, which are too often heedlessly dealt with even by educated Irishmen.

An indignant *Subscriber* quarrels with us for permitting the unfortunate *Montgarret, the Bagman* (our Kilkenny news-picker) to condemn the killing of Curley (the Crimean soldier) by a Tipperary militia-man. He says we oughn't to allow such things in our paper. Indeed! "I was on the point," he writes, "of getting up a Club of fifty to take a copy of the *News*, and now I won't." The *Subscriber* may peregrinate to Jericho, for all we care about him, his indignation, or his Club.

Palmetto. Yes, it's quite true. Bishop England did take O'Connell to task regarding his wholesale denunciations of the South, and the system of slave-labor.

Miss Esmonde will give one of her much admired Readings, from the Irish and American poets, at the Tabernacle, on the 30th inst. Dodworth's band has been engaged for the occasion. Full particulars will appear in our advertising columns next week.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1856.

PUBLIC SALARIES—A PARTING WORD.

Some of our readers may be interested, and certainly cannot fail to be informed—for such a statement has never yet been put into print—by a comparative account of the different salaries paid, here and in England, to the leading functionaries who constitute what is commonly called "The Government." The contrast tells very considerably in favor of the economy which we practice in this country—although, as we have repeatedly intimated, we consider that our official salaries are usually too low, and that, as a general rule, our instability of office, (which involves the dismissal of a functionary just at the time when he has fully mastered all the details of business,) is by no means an element of good government.

Reminding our readers that the annual allowance to Queen Victoria is £385,000, and that a balance distributed among her husband, mother, uncle, and other members of the Royal Family of England makes an annual sum of about £600,000, "for the support of the honor and dignity of the Crown," we have to pass on to the respective salaries of the leading members of the Cabinets of Washington and London. For the convenience of reference and comparison, we shall reduce the English pounds into American dollars, all through this statement.

The Executive Government of America consists of the President, the four Secretaries of State, (the Treasury, War, the Navy, and the Interior,) with the Postmaster General, and the Attorney-General. The respective salaries are,—to the President, $25,000 a year; to each of the seven others, $8,000,—total $81,000 per annum. The Executive Government, or Cabinet of England, consists of the First Lord of the Treasury, (whose duties and powers are in some respects co-equal with and in others superior to those of the American President,) his salary also being $25,000 a year. His colleagues, arbitrarily varying from ten to sixteen in number, hold the highest offices of State. The following are invariably members of the British Cabinet:—the Chancellor of the Exchequer; the four Secretaries of State (*i. e.* for the Home, Foreign, Colonial, and War Departments;) the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Lord Chancellor, (who also presides in the House of Lords, as our own Vice-President does in the Senate,) the Lord President of the Council; the Privy Seal; the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests; the President of the Board of Trade; Postmaster-General, and President of Board of Control. The Marquis of Landsdowne is a Cabinet minister without office or salary.

Let us now show, precisely, what is paid to the different Cabinets of America and England. We may as well add the names of the parties, taking the *American Almanac* for 1856, and DOD'S *Parliamentary Companion*, as respectively supplying official and accurate lists.

	Annual Salary.
President, Franklin Pierce,	$25,000
Secretary of the Treasury, W. L. Marcy,	8,000
Secretary of War, J. Guthrie,	8,000
Secretary of the Navy, J. Davis,	8,000
Secretary of the Interior, J. C. Dobbin,	8,000
Postmaster General, J. Campbell,	8,000
Attorney General, C. Cushing,	8,000

Add to this $8,000 per annum to the Vice-President, (though his position and functions scarcely place him among the actual Executive,) and the entire amount paid, in salaries and allowances to our Chief Magistrate and his Cabinet is only $89,000 a year.

Let us now take the English Prime Minister, (he is an Irishman, by the way,) and see what he and his immediate colleagues receive.

	Annual Salary.
First Lord of the Treasury, Lord Palmerston,	$25,000
Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir G. C. Lewis,	25,000
Home Secretary, Sir George Grey,	25,000
Foreign Secretary, Lord Clarendon,	25,000
Colonial Secretary, H. Labouchere,	25,000
War Secretary, Lord Panmure,	25,000
Admiralty, Sir C. Wood,	22,000
Lord Chancellor, Lord Cranworth,	50,000
President of the Council, Lord Granville,	10,000
Lord Privy Seal, Lord Harrowby,	10,000
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, M. T. Baines,	20,000
Woods and Forests, Sir B. Hall,	10,000
Board of Trade, Lord Stanley of Alderly,	10,000
Postmaster General, Duke of Argyle,	12,500
India Board, Vernon Smith,	25,000
No salaried office,—Lord Lansdowne.	

Here, then, is a total of $295,000 annually paid to the British Premier and his Cabinet, against $81,000 per annum to the President of the United States and his colleagues in the Executive Government. Large as is the first-named amount, it by no means represents the whole of John Bull's expenditure on this head. We subjoin a further list, still putting into *italics* the names of the officers which, and which *only*, are necessarily vacated on a change of ministry in England.

	Per Annum.
Junior Lords of the Treasury, (three,)	$18,000
Joint Secretaries to do., (two,)	25,000
Home Under Secretaries, (two,)	15,000
Foreign do., (two,)	15,000
Colonial do., (two,)	15,000
War do., (one,)	7,500
Deputy do., (one,)	7,500
Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Carlisle,	100,000
Chief Secretary of do., Mr. Horsman,	15,000
Under Secretary of do., Major Larcom,	10,000
Junior Admiralty Lords, (three,)	25,000
Admiralty Secretary,	10,000
Attorney-General, Sir A Cockburn,	50,000
Solicitor-General, Sir R. Bethel,	40,000
Lord Chancellor of Ireland, M. Brady,	40,000
Attorney-General of do., J. D. Fitzgerald,	30,000
Solicitor-General of do.,	20,000
Lord Advocate of Scotland, J. Moncrieff,	25,000
Judge Advocate-General, C. P. Villiers,	10,000
Woods and Forests' Commissioners, (two,)	10,000
Do., do., Surveyor,	7,500
Vice-President of the Board of Trade, R. Lowe,	10,000
Master of the Mint, Dr. Graham,	10,000
Post Office Secretary, R. Hill,	10,000
India Board Scretaries, (two,)	15,000
Commander-in-Chief, Duke of Cambridge,	17,000
Master-General of the Ordnance,	15,000
Store-Keeper of the do.,	6,000
Surveyor-General of the Ordnance,	6,000
Clerk of do.,	6,000
Poor Law Board President,	10,000
Poor Law Secretaries, (two,)	7,500
Parliamentary do.,	5,000
Lord Chamberlain of the Household,	10,000
Vice-Chamberlain do., do.,	5,000
Lord Steward of the Household, Earl Spenser,	10,000
Master of the Horse, Duke of Wellington,	12,500
Master of the Buckhounds, Lord Bessborough,	10,000
Comptroller of the Household,	5,000
Vice-Chamberlain,	5,000
Mistress of the Robes,	2,500
Queen's Chief Equerry,	5,000
Clerk of the Parliaments,	20,000
Clerk-Assistant of do.,	12,000
Gentleman Usher of do.,	7,500
Serjeant-at-Arms,	7,500
Speaker of the House of Commons, J. C. Lefevre,	30,000
Clerk of do., (three,)	22,000
Serjeant-at-Arms of do.,	7,500
Greenwich Hospital Commissioners, (four,)	22,000
President of the Board of Health,	10,000
Secretary of the do.,	5,000
Captain of Gentlemen-at-Arms,	5,000
Do. of Yeomen of the Guard,	5,000
Lords in Waiting, (eight,)	25,000
Treasurer of the Household,	5,000

In this list we do not include salaries paid to the Judges. Our object being only to exhibit the cost of the Executive Government of England, with a list of the offices vacated on a change of Ministry, we have not attempted to "make a note" of the respective salaries paid in *this* country, to the assistant secretaries of each department. The occupants of these situations—equivalent in nominal rank and duties to the numerous chief-secretaries, junior lords, and commissioners of the English system—receive salaries varying from $2,000 to $3,500 a year. The balance is greatly in favor of America. In point of fact, John Bull has too many ornamental figure-heads—the real work of each office being done by the *employées* who have entered the office in youth, and have gradually risen, by seniority and merit, to the actual conduct of affairs in each department.

From the list which is here given, it will be seen that the persons constituting what may called the political government of England, annually receive salaries to the aggregate amount of $1,158,000; that the Cabinet ministers, sixteen in number, receive $295,000 of this payment; that ninety-five persons are the recipients of the full amount here given in detail; that sixteen of these, who hold their offices during good conduct (literally for life) receive $165,000 a year; and, as holders of office, are as secure (with the exceptions above stated) as the Queen herself, and that, consequently, the persons who necessarily go out of office, on a change of ministry, are only seventy-nine, while "the spoils" thus transferred to their successors amount to $993,000 per annum. The contrast between the comparatively small number and amount cannot fail to astonish our own noble array of office-seekers. One thing is certain—there is very little agitation in England at any time for a change of ministers. The "spoils" of office are not great, the wealth of the country considered; and the contest for position and pay is limited to a few leading politicians, most of them too rich to make mere salary much of an object, who seem to hold power, in alternate occupancy, as hereditary or oligarchical rulers of the country. *That*, which really excludes talent, unless backed up by wealth, is the blot on the English system, and would never be tolerated in a country really free.

YOUNG IRELAND FOR NICARAGUA.

Among the passengers by the *Tennessee*, for the path of empire which President Walker is clearing in Central America, was Michael Flood Nagle, a young Irishman of ardent republican faith, sound sense, and much military knowledge and experience. Mr. Nagle is well known to a large circle in New-York, and the numbers who attended him to the wharf was a gratifying testimony of the esteem in which he is held. He deserves it. He was connected with the '48 movement in Ireland, and, after seeking in this fair land the liberty denied to him at home, he earnestly entered into the study of those military affairs which he justly considered as the safeguard of the people, when in the hands of the people. In conjunction with Joseph Brenan, he organized the "Mitchel Guard," and was presented by them with a gold medal, on the occasion of his paying a visit to his fatherland. On his return, he organized the "Fitzgerald Guard," and on the resignation of John O'Mahony was unanimously elected captain.

In testimony to his practical military capacity, as well as on grounds of a more private and friendly nature, the Fitzgeralds presented him with a revolver, in the full knowledge that he will use it judiciously, in the new sphere of action he has chosen. An address, and resolutions of the most flattering kind, also recounted the company's faith in the courage and intellect of the young soldier.

Mr. Nagle also goes to Nicaragua as the special correspondent of the *Irish News*. The importance of the Central American Republic, and the movements which are transforming it from being the arena of fratricidal gladiators into the highway of the oceans, makes its present history deeply interesting. Mr. Nagle will have an opportunity of furnishing us with facts and observations of the greatest utility to those purposing to emigrate, as well as those who desire to read the history of Nicaragua at a distance.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

It is with no ordinary degree of pleasure that we announce the opening of this institution. All efforts of this character command our admiration, but this more especially, as it is the first in New-York, in connection with the Catholic Church. The object itself, or rather the objects, for they are several, are not only in the highest degree commendable, but deserve the encouragement of all who desire the intellectual welfare of the young people of our Church.

This association consists of about forty members, principally young men. It was organized in February of the current year, and opened on last Monday, at 257 Bowery. The objects are the dissemination of Catholic and useful knowledge, the moral and intellectual advancement of the members, and the creation of a spirit of harmony and good feeling, that will be conducive alike to their interest and pleasure.

The shelves of the library contain over three hundred volumes, of choice selection. The number is considerable, whether it be regarded as the foundation of such an experiment, or as

the result of the unaided exertions of the present members, in the short lapse of time which has expired since the organization. These books, the number of which will be increased as rapidly as the funds of the association will warrant, are designed for circulation among the members.

The reading-room contains over eighty newspapers, from different cities of the United States and Europe ; and when the entire purpose of the association is carried into effect, it will also embrace, beside a great many others, all the principal magazines of the two countries just mentioned. For the present, it is open to the members from seven to 10 o'clock in the evening.

As one dollar a year is all that is required to give any individual the full benefit of these advantages, too much cannot be said in praise of the association, or of the young men who have been instrumental in its establishment.

The first of a series of interesting lectures will be rendered before the Association, on next Tuesday evening, by Dr. Ives. He will, doubtless, descant on his subject—"The Sources of Protestant Prejudices against Catholicity"—in powerful and eloquent terms.

By numerously attending those lectures, our readers will, at a very small cost, derive much pleasure, secure a fund of valuable information, and materially aid the Association to carry out their laudable projects.

THE DEMOCRATIC FRESHET.

Many—many of our readers throughout the Union have been present at the Monster Meetings in 1843. In Irish history, that epoch may be termed—the Year of Multitudes. Many of our readers have been present at Clifton, at Lismore of the Woods, at Tara of the Kings, at Mullaghmart of the Slaughter. Never before did such thousands, so gallant, so orderly, so proudly orderly with a conviction of truth, sway round a principle, like a mighty banner round its flag-staff, or hang upon the utterances of a single voice.

Many of our readers have read those powerful pen-panoramas given in Carlyle's History of the French Revolution—of the wild portentous multitudes, the massive democracy throbbing in thunder spasms through the streets of Paris in 1793.

All of our readers are familiar with the Paris of '48 ; for it shook not alone Europe into thorough wakefulness, but even turned the eyes (and in many instances the heads, then and for all time,) of the readers, artizans, and even brokers, of the Western Continent to that pivot of revolution.

Great as those gatherings of the people were, enthusiastic, proud, and portentous as they were, they actually were as much belied in grandeur as they are before in date the mass meeting of the New-York Democracy on the night of the 9th inst.

In some instances the numbers at the Irish monster meetings may have exceeded the gathering of last Tuesday night week ; the dense crowd that poured from the *Boulevard des Capucines*, bearing the bodies of their slaughtered brethren, may have yielded to every other feeling as they shouted "*Vengeance*"—the mass that measured the *Place de la Concorde*, and knocked at the Chamber of Deputies in February, '48, may have been more turbulent ; but if the effect or power of any such movement is to be judged by its peculiar relationship with the end in view, or the opposition overcome, then the torch-light display of the New-York Democrats, may be considered the greatest mass-meeting within memory.

Its effect is all the more startling in consideration of the period it illustrates, the ruthless opposition its members have quietly borne, the unmanly virulence so lavishly ejected at their chosen candidate for the Presidency, the amalgamation of the tag-rag and bob-tail—the odds and ends of all the political dissenters from the faith of the founders of the Union, since the Union was installed ;—it is all the more historic for that it swamps in its extent, and blinds by its effulgence all other demonstrations of the time, thereby linking the pages of the democratic annals, and presenting the only honest record of the period.

In its strength, in its brilliancy, in its good humor, in its stern sense of duty, the demonstration was alike remarkable!

A NEW FEATURE.

SPECIALLY COMMENDED TO THE GENTLER SEX.

In compliance with the wish of a large number of our subscribers, we commence this week the publication of a series of novelettes, which will hereafter be continued, with contributions from the most eminent authors. As these stories will be specially devoted to the illustration of Irish life in America—a mine of literature never previously opened—our readers must make due allowance for the inexperience of the workmen, nor grumble if there be but a few grains of the precious metal in the first few shovels full that are turned up. The "nuggets" will appear in due season, when the right kind of workmen get the right tools, and have learned their use.

Having said thus much in deprecation of any rigorous criticism, it is but fair to add that the author of the present tale, though a novice in this special department, is a gentleman who has made his mark in other walks of literature, and that the tale now commenced is, in our opinion, one of the most vigorous and exciting that we have read for many years. Its characters are boldly sketched, the plot is remarkably interesting and coherent, and the dramatic power of many of the chapters has never been surpassed.

HURRAH FOR REPEAL!

The last week of July, 1846, in one of his speeches on the noisy Peace Resolutions, Mr. John O'Connell, scouting the imputation that any Repealer could be seduced into the service of the British Government, emphatically declared, that he, for one, would never take any place or salary under that Government until the Union was Repealed.

The last mail from Ireland brought us the cheering intelligence that Mr. John O'Connell had been gazetted to the Clerkship of the Hanaper office, a comfortable situation for a gentleman of modest pretensions and moderate brains.

Mr. John O'Connell being a man of his word, we must conclude, from his accepting the situation in question, that the Union is Repealed. God save the Queen!

THE ASHES OF COLUMBUS.

General Walker on the day of his inauguration as President of Nicaragua, gave a remarkable and significant toast, which appropriately closed the festivities of the day. It was—

"The ashes of Christopher Columbus—which rest in the Cathedral of Havana—they should belong to America, and not to Europe."

The most exciting enthusiasm echoed the sentiment. Even in the growing emergencies which demand his busy brain in his adopted country, the General did not forget the welfare and the rights of the country of his birth ; nor could he see why the Queen of the Antilles could not preserve her "rare and radiant' beauty under the Republican regime of Uncle Sam.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

Address of the Devin Reilly Testimonial Committee to the People of the United States.

The following is the Address submitted by the Committee appointed for the purpose, and adopted at the last meeting of the General Committee of the Devin Reilly Testimonial Fund. Want of space prevents our saying more this week than assuring our readers, that so far, the support of the project transcends the expectations of Reilly's warmest friends. We are in receipt of numerous letters and many remittances which shall be duly acknowledged.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—In asking you to do honor to the memory of Thomas Devin Reilly we are inspired by the conviction that we address a generous people, ever prompt to appreciate the efforts of patriotism and genius. We do not appeal to your sympathies, we do not solicit your bounty ; we ask a generous recognition of gifts as rare, a heart as noble, and courage as true as in our time have shed lustre on the land that bore him. His grave is far from the green fields he loved. He rests not with his kindred. Seldom will the step of affection wake an echo by his lonely tomb. He died young, alas! how much too young. They laid him in the resting place of the stranger, and there his great heart moulders.

Swift and sudden was the stroke of death. He had no time to make provision for his wife and child. He mutely blessed them, and that was all. He, their sole support, the source of their pride and joy and love, was stricken down in his hour of prime, and they found themselves alone in the world. In one respect that source is dried up for ever ; in all others it is immortal. We, who loved him in life and love him in death, fondly desire to alleviate their lot and soothe their sorrow. We purpose to erect over him a simple tomb, whereon will be told who lies beneath, where and when he was born, when he died, how manfully he strove and what great aim it was for which he struggled, was exiled, and died.

To his child nothing can make compensation for the father's smile, now dimmed in death, the father's love, now cold in the grave.' But those who knew him, those who cherished his gallant heart and the holy cause for which it was worked and broken, as well as all who admire genius and a noble nature, will take pride in providing for her a home, wherein she will have ever present to her how well her father had deserved and how highly he was prized. Such a memorial will at once attest the worth of the dead, and the abiding friendship of the living. In this undertaking, so gratifying and of such noble utility, we earnestly invite every generous mind to co-operate.

The father of Thomas Devin Reilly was a man of stern character and indomitable energy. He was affluent and spared neither care nor expense in the education of his favorite son, for whom he had hopes of station, fortune and eminence. The boy availed himself of his opportunities with great avidity. At a very early age his intellect became not alone expanded and cultivated but matured. His love of science developed the sterner faculties of his mind, and stamped its impress on its character. No love-sick strains occupied his youthful and ardent fancy. He longed to grapple with the stormy thoughts and aspirations of men. He yearned to sound the depths of the men and circumstances of his time, and take his stand beside those who shared his heart's deep purpose.

Immediately after he had entered Dublin College, the soul of Ireland had been stirred to its profoundest depths by the wonderful eloquence of O'Connell and the passionate muse of Thomas Davis. The strong purposes of the people swelled in harmony with song and speech of fire. The young student looked on, panting to mingle in and swell the surge of rising passion. At one side was his father's immutable will, the inducements of a literary life, and the brilliant distinctions it held out. At the other was a noble cause, hallowed by genius and inspired by the purest patriotism. There was, also, what was equally alluring, a prospect of peril, which may result in victory and liberty or a glorious death. These temptations the student could not long resist. He knew well that one step taken in opposition to his father's will was never to be retraced. He knew that nothing could be more disagreeable to him than his engaging in the struggle that roused the young energies of his soul, and if any thing could enhance the cause he longed so ardently to espouse it was the conviction that in doing so he sacrificed all he had in life.

He was soon in council with the Young Ireland party. Their master spirit had just then sunk into the tomb. Almost the first effort of the student was an essay in the *Nation*, reviewing Louis Blanc's celebrated *L'histoire de Dix Ans*. It was evident his fiery soul had fed upon the matchless heroism and unequalled suffering so nobly and adequately depicted in that extraordinary book. The inspiration, enthusiasm and coloring of flame, which in the passionate strain of the young French historian prefigured, prophesied and created a revolution, glowed anew from the pen of the still younger Dublin student. The brilliancy, vigor and fervor of the essays astonished and delighted the country. But the astonishment of the Young Ireland circle was supreme when the author, quite a lad, with an open, artless face, was introduced among them.

He was at once installed as one of the writers of the *Nation*, where he contracted with John Mitchel a most ardent friendship. Both left the *Nation* together, and both started together the *United Irishman*, that unrivalled journal which, from the outset, engrossed the attention of government and people, and inaugurated a new era. The result is known. When John Mitchel stood in Green-street Dock, where Robert Emmet stood nearly half a century before, and addressed his last grand appeal to his country, he took his ring from his finger and handed it to Devin Reilly.

Reilly felt the proud obligation this imposed on him. In a week the *Felon* was started, under the responsible ownership of John Martin. In this paper, Reilly, stung by the fate of his friend, hurled bolts of red hot fire at the head of the Viceroy. A warrant was issued for Mr. Martin, who in order to publish another number of the *Felon*, secreted himself for a few days. Reilly, availing himself of his absence, wrote a letter to the Attorney-General, avowing the authorship of the "Treason-Felony," and delivered it at Dublin Castle with his own hand, on hearing of which Martin instantly surrendered himself.

When O'Brien made his appearance in Tipperary, about a fortnight after Martin's arrest and the suppression of the *Felon*, Reilly set out alone, and travelled day and night till he joined him. O'Brien's prospects were already blighted ; Reilly separated from him, and journeyed hundreds of miles over moor and mountain, endeavoring to rouse the broken energies of the people. Baffled at every point, he determined to yield to his fate, and it was with great difficulty he was induced to leave the country and save himself. He reached Dublin in safety, and escaped thence to New-York, where he arrived in November, 1848.

In January, 1849, he undertook the editorship of the *People*, in connection with William E. Robinson. The *People* at once attracted attention. It was distinguished by a bold and comprehensive philosophy. In the Spring of 1849 the surge of revolution swept over Hungary, Italy, and Sicily. Thrones crumbled, and tyrants fled aghast. The genius of Reilly compassed the vast upheaving of nations, and the aspirations of struggling millions found expression through his pen. At the end of about six months he separated from Mr. Robinson, and soon afterwards the *People* ceased to appear.

Becoming connected with the *Democratic Review* in 1852, true to his fearless disposition, he struck out a new track, assailed and shattered old organizations, trampled on venerable conventionalities, and vindicated for Democracy a bold, Catholic and lofty mission. His influence was felt, and his spirit thrilled from ocean to ocean. Neither old forms, nor old ideas, nor old politicians could withstand his haughty scorn. In consequence of the services he thus rendered, in exalting and purifying Democracy, he was appointed by General Pierce to an office in the Public Land Department, which he filled till his death. He died on the 6th of March, 1854, and was buried in St. Matthew's Church-yard, where his grave is yet without a slab or a name.

Among the shining qualities of Thomas Devin Reilly, that which most endeared him to his friends was extreme unselfishness. His heart was gentle and soft as a woman's, and his strength of purpose as irrepressible as a giant's might. He would play with a child and wrestle with a demon. He knew nothing as his own, even himself. His imagination was fruitful as the bosom of June, and even in the bolts of his anger flashed the light of a kind and generous nature. In his heart nothing narrow or sectional found room. His genius belonged to all lands and all men.

Nor is our appeal made to any section of the people. His ablest efforts were for America. We appeal to Americans, we appeal to all ; not, as we have said, in the name of the orphan and the widow, but in the name of honor, of genius, and a noble heart.

(Signed) JOHN J. MCGOWAN, Chairman,
THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,
MICHAEL DOHENY,
JOHN SAVAGE,
JAMES ROCHE.

WILLIAM F. LYONS, Secretary.
P. M. HAVERTY, Treasurer.

Literature.

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY AND GENERAL. A PRODIGAL FOR WHOSE RETURN NO FATTED CALF WAS KILLED.

"The good old man was murdered:—he lay down
Beside the hope that had been struck to earth,
And died without a murmur. Yet his eyes,
Piercing the darkness death had gathered round,
Looked far beyond, and saw that wounded hope
Arise triumphant o'er the smiter's tomb."—*Ford.*

Every house, we are told, has its skeleton—not such a grisly thing of bones and integuments as "Shamrock" would delight to anatomise—but some topic or some name with which dark memories are associated.

Even the stately home of Castleronan, with its walled park and belt of circling trees—the river which curved majestically round the base of its lawn, and the conservatories which glittered amid the blushing gardens in its rear—even Castleronan was not without a skeleton, which came to life at the moment least opportune and least expected.

Hugh O'Reilly, the grandfather of our hero, died at a good old age, leaving two sons surviving him. Matthew, the elder of these, had long been a wanderer from home. His disposition was violent and headstrong in the extreme—so much so, that many attributed his irregularities to the insanity which had occasionally appeared in some members of his mother's family.

At last, after many outbreaks, which his father made great sacrifices to conceal, it became necessary (on account of gambling transactions inconsistent with honor, and a fatal duel therefrom arising,) that Matthew should betake himself for awhile to some foreign land. He departed, cursing the father whose tenderness had seriously involved the property in efforts to supply his son's extravagance, and vowing vengeance against his younger brother, Burrowes, whose gentle and honorable nature he regarded as a perpetual and designed reproach.

After quitting Ireland, he was only heard of through the family solicitor, who had charge of his yearly allowance. This was remitted to him for some years in different parts of Europe; but the letter acknowledging intelligence of his father's death was dated from somewhere near New-York, and spoke of his immediate return to take possession of the estate which, being entailed, must of necessity devolve on him alone. The tone of this letter disgusted even the attorney. It exulted in the death of his too-indulgent father, and still more in the ability which its writer now possessed to make the younger brother feel the extent of enmity his virtues had provoked.

But months passed by, and still no Matthew returned. The season had been signalized as one of great maritime disaster, both on the American and British coasts; and when a second year had elapsed without bringing any tidings of the missing heir, it became universally believed that he must have perished at sea, and letters of administration were granted to Burrowes O'Reilly, the younger brother, who entered on the provisional proprietorship of the estate.

At first, Burrowes regarded himself as merely a *locum tenens* for his brother. His expenditures scarcely exceeded the per centage allowable to a common agent; and for years he held himself prepared to give an account of his stewardship, should his brother hereafter appear to claim his own. But as years slipped by without a word, it seemed absurd any longer to suppose that Matthew could have been detained by any accident short of death; and at the end of the tenth year—though, even then, not without misgivings—the younger brother entered on the proprietorship of Castleronan in his own name, having by his past economy cleared off the incumbrances with which the elder's extravagance and his father's indulgence had burdened the estate.

During his father's life-time Burrowes had married a Miss Casement, sister to the priest of Ronanstown, and by her he had one son, with whose fortunes this true story has to deal. While his wife lived, she had always a firm faith that the elder brother would return to claim his own; and on her death-bed she cautioned him not to educate their child in the hope of inheriting the property, of which he was the apparent heir.

This advice was in a great part forgotten, as further years passed by and still no incident occurred to raise a doubt of Matthew's death. Young Casement was his father's idol, and a general favorite with the country round. His will was law; his every whim became an order; and in College, at the meet, or in the hurling match, his handsome person and fine qualities of heart and intellect established an ascendancy which few could successfully dispute. In the drawing-room or at the wake he was equally at home; and had not his endowments been of a superior order, he must assuredly have fallen a victim to the general conspiracy which seemed made to spoil him.

In his twentieth year, Casement met with Lady Alice Rochefort, the youngest and loveliest of a numerous sisterhood, whose father had retired to Ireland, partly to nurse his fortune (threatened with financial marasmus) and partly in the hope that the brilliant beauty and accomplishments which had found no market, during three successive seasons at Almack's, might meet with better luck amongst our more susceptible and less prudent race. Lovely, indeed, was Lady Alice; and though several years older than our hero, in fact, and old enough to be his mother, in experience,—he was quickly on the list of her adorers, and being apparently the richest was soon her favored and accepted lover.

In vain had Father Casement, his uncle and former tutor, remonstrated and pleaded that the attachment was one of those mere boyish fancies, as incidental to adolescence as are whooping cough and the measles to children. In vain had he pointed out that Lady Alice was one of those brilliant but heartless intriguers, whose only object in entrapping the boy was to secure an establishment for the support of her hereditary pride. Casement's father looked at all things from his son's point of vision—his affection colored all things with the love he bore his son; and as for the young man himself, he, of course, considered Lady Alice as the one pearl for the possession of which a kingdom might be cheaply given; he was dazzled by her beauty, entranced by her condescension, and filled with a sense of his own unworthiness by the exhibition of accomplishments which a little more knowledge of the world would have taught him to regard as the ordinary stock in trade wherewith every "marriageable miss," of like rank, is endowed preparatory to her entrance on the Hymenial steeple-chase.

Thus matters stood, when a letter from Matthew O'Reilly was placed in the hands of the family solicitor. It made no allusion to his long absence, but contained a hope that the vast accumulation which must have taken place since his father's death would enable him to carry out a certain project which he had been nursing for a life-time. "Let me see," it concluded, "that whoever has managed the property during my absence is prepared to give a strict account of his stewardship. I have wasted enough in my young days, and will now exact the uttermost penalty of the bond. Tell this to Burrowes," it added, "and say that *justice to my children* will coerce me into legal steps for the recovery of the last fraction due. I shall return to take possession of Castleronan within three days from the receipt of this. (The letter was dated Paris.) Therefore let the house be cleared of all intruders; as, in the selection of my future associates, I desire to have a voice. The servants, however, will remain; but they must look for all arrears to their late employer. For the future I add a third to their wages; but shall dismiss whoever dares, within my knowledge or hearing, to allude in any shape to my absence, or to make mention of my brother's name."

Burrowes O'Reilly did not live to quit the home which had so long been thought his own. His nervous organization had never recovered the shock of his wife's death; and the abruptness with which this news was communicated developed an appoplectic tendency, of which his doctors had long been afraid.

"His children!" he exclaimed, as he fell back in his chair, after hearing the dreadful letter; "his children! Then Casement is a beggar. Oh, wife—wife—wife! your last words were prophetic. But it is false!" he cried, starting to his feet, as if with a last inspiration; "I know that my son is the only heir of the O'Reilly's."

Those were the last words he ever spoke; and the superstitions of the peasantry did not fail to invest them with that mystical significance which we are all more or less inclined to attach even to the commonest utterance to which Death has affixed his seal.

As Matthew entered the avenue to take possession, he was stopped and forced to turn back by the hearse which bore his brother to the grave. He did not join the procession, in which the whole country took part, but waited outside the gate until it had passed, and then drove up to the main entrance of the deserted house.

Not a servant appeared in answer to his impatient summons—not a stable-boy remained upon the premises to bid him welcome.

"They have gone to the funeral, I suppose," he muttered, as he paid the postillion, and assisted two dark-complexioned children to alight from the chaise. To be the children of a man of his age, they seemed strangely young; and how completely foreign were their features! Nevertheless they did look something like him—with the addition of a cunning, which his grave, stern features lacked. "Not a villain of them all turned back to give me welcome on the door-step! By the great God, if it were not for the personal inconvenience, I would kick every one of the rascals down the steps on their return. But patience! I have a settlement of thirty years to make, and a couple of hours can make no difference either way.

"Here, sirrah!" he cried addressing the postillion, who had just lifted two meagre carpet bags from the top of the chaise, and thrown them on the ground at his feet. "Carry those things into the hall, and remain here, in care of these brats, until the servants return. I wish to take a look about the premises."

"I'm afeard it's a long wait yer honor 'id be afther givin' me," replied the post-boy with a grin; "an' if by *the brats* you mane them childer there—an' I'd be sorry to think bud yer honor calls them rightly, seein' that it's yerself ought to know them best—bud if it's them you want to have taken care of, sure it's a nurse an' not an ostler that 'id answer you."

Without another word he leaped upon his horses, gave the whip a crack that made the old knock-kneed garrons do their best to imitate a gallop; and the last that the new owner either saw or heard of him, he was standing up in his stirrups, on his way to overtake the funeral, while he shouted back a prayer "that the brats might be rivetted where they stood until them that had been sarvints to the dead man kem back to take care o' them."

* * * * * * * * *

Hours passed, yet not a footstep broke the stillness of the avenue. The very dogs had been removed by the late tenants of the domain; and there lay the house wide open, with all its splendid appointments and furniture exactly as they had been left when abandoned. The funeral breakfast still lay untouched in the great dining-room; such of the beds as had been slept in still bore the impress of recumbent figures, and the room from which his dead brother had been carried out but an hour before, was still heavy with the damps, and dismal with the draperies of death.

The solitude was absolute, and the silence only broken by a quarrel of "the brats" as they contended for some dainty of the untasted feast. The scene could only find a parallel in Boccaccios' description of the Florentine palaces deserted on the approach of the plague. "What magnificent dwellings, what noble palaces were then depopulated to the last person! What riches and vast possessions of jewelry and gold, and sculptured furniture and raiment were left to no known heir to inherit!"

The sun went down, and still no servants returned with penitential apologies. They looked on him as the murderer of their late master; and had he offered to treble, instead of adding a third to their late salaries, not a man of them, in their then frame of mind, but would have spurned it as the price of blood.

He had promised to feast his vengeance by driving Casement forth from the ancestral home, but in this, too, he was disappointed. Casement had been taken home by his uncle the priest of Ronanstown; and the only one who returned to Castleronan after the funeral was the Solicitor to whom his unwelcome letter had been sent.

Matthew O'Reilly was a man in whose stern nature such scenes were not readily forgotten, nor would they ever be forgiven. The scowl of his harsh, fierce eye became daily more intense; the wrinkles of his brow and mouth grew deeper from that hour. His voice was a terror to the menials he was obliged to import from England; and never was he seen to treat any human being with civility, except on one occasion when a dark foreign-looking woman came down from Dublin. To her he humbled himself with the civility of a crouching slave; his words were in whispers, as if he feared the very walls would proclaim them, while her's were shrill and imperious, and though spoken in a tongue unknown to the listeners, her gestures made it evident that she threatened and defied him.

After her departure he was taken seriously ill; his frame, though it had once been of iron, was wasted and worn down, and quivered with exhausting nervousness. He shut himself up in the strictest seclusion; and, much as he hated the presence of any one not a servant, he seemed to hate the sight of his own children—"the brats" as they were now invariably called—with a tenfold abhorrence.

Things had been in this state about three months before the period at which our narrative more properly commences. Casement O'Reilly still remained a guest with the priest; and if sympathy could heal such wounds as his, he need never have suffered misery for a moment. But where was Lady Alice, and what became of all her blandishments? In the next chapter we shall probably be told.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER CASEMENT AND HIS NEPHEW.—LOVE, EMIGRATION, AND A SECRET.

"Let us depart! the universal sun
Confines not to one land his blessed beams;
Nor is man rooted, like a tree, whose seed
The winds on some ungenial soil have cast,
There, where he cannot prosper."—*Southey.*

"A secret in his mouth
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out."—*Ben Johnson.*

The month is September—time, evening—scene, a little room, half library, half parlor, in which Father Casement and his nephew are seated opposite a blazing fire.

Dinner has just been removed, and the host is now busily concocting what he calls his favorite medicine. Whatever be its nature, the quantity is distinctly allopathic. Lemons and sugarare among the ingredients used. They are deposited in a large bowl, and upon them is then poured as much water as will melt the sugar and extract the peculiar virtues of the fruit. To this is then added an indefinite quantity of some amber-colored fluid, possessed of a delicious and invigorating perfume; the little copper kettle is now removed for the last time from the fire, and while the priest pours in the boiling water with his right hand, with the left he keeps the large silver ladle revolving ceaselessly around the bowl—thus adding what might be termed a mechanical aid to the chemical assimilation of the nectar.

The compounder was a little man, whose rotundity of figure and thoroughly good-natured face suggested a right appreciation of those "creature comforts,"—neither very many nor costly—which Providence and the Canon-law permitted to his use. His face was florid, his cheeks dimpled, his eyes as black as sloes, and his fine bald head displayed a phrenological development in which piety and benevolence, acuteness and credulity, large reasoning powers and still larger powers of enjoyment, combined to form a character, respected by men of all parties, and almost idolized in the immediate circle of his parishioners and friends. A spark of comic vanity was latent in his nature; and it was told against him as a joke, that he had once given his last guinea to a fellow who either mistook, or pretended to mistake him for Tommy Moore. He never denied the imputation, but asserted, if it had been so, that the compliment was worth ten times the amount.

The nephew's left arm supported his head and rested on the table; his right hand played with the glossy ears of a spaniel, and his feet were stretched forward on the rug with a familiarity which betokened that their owner felt almost as much at home in the pastoral snuggery, as did Jack Falstaff at his inn. His voice when he spoke was musical and full—his person athletic and graceful, though wasted as if by recent illness; and his eyes—the only feature which a common observer would be likely to notice—had a sparkle and vehemence in their large gray depths suggestive of a nature at once passionate and tender, impulsive yet retiring, and brave as a lion in the field though timid where any of the finer sensibilities stood a chance of being rudely jarred His dress was careless, though rich; and his whole appearance had that high-bred ease about it, which degenerates, in the vulgar imitator, into downright and offensive swagger.

Judged by his looks alone, he might have been some eight-and-twenty; but making due allowance for the Care whose untimely wrinkles were traced across his brow, and which had given to his large firm lips their unnatural compression, a physiognomist would have set him down, and properly, at twenty-three.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

UPON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

BY WM. W. FOSDICK.

Yet once again farewell! Once more,
Bard of my home and heart, good bye!
The bark that wafts thee from our native shore,
Is freighted heavy with my sympathy.

Go, gentle craft! May azure halcyons ride
The glassy surface of a stormless ocean,
And lightly lift upon the deep blue tide,
The Egypt lily of thy heart's devotion.

By the broad sunset ocean—on the chart
I see my sister, where the day dies out,
Like a sweet summer swallow thereabout,
She haunts the sacred homestead of my heart.

Now she is gone, and soon thou followest—
How lone I'm left, there needs no words to tell.
Heart of my heart—Bard of my own green west!
My Sister, Brother! twin loves, fare you well!

Ere I shall see ye more, this heart will pine.
Long sleepless nights, and solitary days,
And weak and weary moments will be mine,
Ere I again upon thy forms shall gaze.

The silken thread by which my life was bound
Has been spun off. I'm left a hollow shell.
My warp of poetry has been unwound,
Yet I must say to one like thee—Farewell!

Oh! I am glad to have lived in this day,
With thee to break the crust and sip the wine,
And see thy cheering smile, which comes alway,
Like the sweet light on this lone heart of mine.

Would that my lot were ordered so far blest
As to have been a creature worthy thee;
But what I am, dear friend, oh! let it rest,
Rest on the ground of one that loveth me.

I feel assured, should we not meet again
While we inherit these frail feeble frames,
That there is something further left of men,
Besides their forms, their manners, and their names.

Something that ties the heart with heart secure—
Something that blessing one, another blesses—
Something that makes us rich when very poor,
And happy in our mutual successes.

Young Maro! of Penn's sylvan scenes, thy song
Shall oft be chanted when thou art afar,
Where Susquehanna sweeps the sun along,
Or blue Ohio bears a silver star.

Therefore when Art shall come to write thy story,
And fame shall crown thee in the Roman clime,
Let me stand here a witness of thy glory,
Silent, save heart-stroke music beating time.

And oh! my friend, it will be so soul-cheering,
If thou wilt in thy memory retain
My voice, as if I stood within thy hearing,
Whilst thou art on or past the broad blue main.

Old forms shall rise about thee from the dust,
The ancient warriors and the mailéd kings,
Forth from its olden receptacle's rust
Art shall arise upon her Psyche wings.

Rise like a dahlia from Egyptian tomb,
Dark in oblivion's prison-caverns gray,
Bursting to purple life and beauty's bloom,
In the gold sunshine of our later day.

And thou shalt on thy country's record stamp
Genius on canvas, and enchant her lyre,
Touching thy torch to Rome's most ancient lamp—
Thy torch which flashes with Columbian fire.

Yes, in the old land, beyond the azure sea,
With thy soul's choice, its own snow-breasted dove,
I prithee, make this monograph for me,
Ben Adhem—in thy calendar of love.

THE MEN OF THE RANK AND FILE.

AIR—*The Irishman.*

The world is seldom just or right
To Men who fought in Freedom's fight.
It honors Chiefs a thousand ways—
Gives humbler heroes stinted praise.
On this I oft have pondered long,
And deem it both unwise and wrong.
So, let me sing for you awhile,
Of men that form the rank and file.

Oh, when we meet our Saxon foes,
And drive them from our own Green Isle,
It will be chiefly done by those—
The men that form the rank and file.

What makes a People truly great?
The power to guard or build a State;
With bare and bleeding feet to go
O'er Valley Forge's fields of snow.
Had Washington ne'er lived nor fought,
Such men their freedom must have wrought,
With Heaven's own helping hand and smile
On such a noble rank and file.

It is a glorious sight to see
A man of kingly pedigree
Enlisting in the People's ranks,
His only pay—a Freeman's thanks;
But Smith O'Brien and Lafayette
A name of fame and glory get,
While Men of equal stamp and style
Are found among the rank and file.

Who fought the best in Ninety-Eight?
The Wexford men of no estate—
And Wicklow's peasant son, O'Dwyer,
As brave a Chief as I desire.
Oh, had both counties brought in play
United forces for a day,
They'd swept the Saxon's many a mile
Beyond the reach of rank and file.

And when we face our ancient foes,
And drive them from our own Green Isle,
It will be mostly done by those—
The men that make the rank and file.

Phila. Sept. 11. GARRYOWEN.

THE DRAMATIC WORLD.

In all times, even those of Thespis, the simple announcement, "My Lord, the Players are here," was sure to arouse the interest of old and young. The Greek poets made the Drama a great exponent of religion and virtue, and in many respects Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides were the priests as well as the poets of their age; while Aristophanes was content to be its satirist. The French seem to have founded their Drama on the classic model of the three Greek Tragic bards. The English chose the more varied and capricious style of the libeller of Socrates, although we have seen the stately verse and frigid unity of the Prometheus Vinctus revived in "Ion," and the "Athenian Captive" of Talfourd.

That the Drama was originally a religious ceremony is evident, and the common verdict of our best Biblical scholars is, that "Job was a serious comedy." Benton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," has some facetious remarks on the short-sightedness of Satan in that play, which Coleridge has versified thus:

"Sly Beelzebub took all occasions
To try Job's constancy and patience:
He took his horses; took his cows,
But the sly devil never took his spouse.

But Heaven determined to restore,
Two-fold of all Job had before,
Doubled his horses, sheep and cows—
Short-sighted devil not to take his spouse!"

As they say at Waterford, we leave the moral to the sagacious reader.

With respect to the purposes of the Drama, no candid man can deny that they were calculated to elevate human nature, by exhibiting heroes and heroines passing through an ordeal of suffering, and by either triumphing over it, or, by resigning themselves to their fate, show a dignified reliance on the gods. That the Stage has lost somewhat of its severity since Æschylus, is undoubted; but it has merely travelled with our manners and customs. Bourcicault, Brougham, Sheridan Knowles and Baker, are not more unlike Æschylus and Aristophanes, than the audiences of the Broadway and the Bowery are unlike those of Athens. Human nature in an altered phase, still is exhibited—modified alone by the change of manners.

The plays of Orestes and Hamlet have many points of resemblance. Clythemnestra is the Queen of Shakspeare's tragedy. Egisthus and the adulterous King are almost identical. Even in the madness of the young Orestes, we recognised the germ of Hamlet's insanity; while Hamlet's father is another sort of Agamemnon. Nothing is more curious than to contrast the treatment of the Greek and English Dramatists. Shakspeare in his Troilus and Cressida, and Euripides in his Orestes, treat of the same age, and the marked peculiarities of the Greek and English mind are brought out in strong relief:—one has most Religious Faith, the other most Moral!

It is a huge step from the banks of the Ilyssus to those of the Hudson, but we must make it to say, that what has interested the world in all ages, must be an element in our social state, worthy of contemplation and record. In New-York alone, there are 20,000 persons gathered together in our Theatres every night, receiving their impressions of vice, virtue and history from our Dramatists. Hume and Smollett have not had half the force of Shakspeare in making history. He took the traditional view of his heroes from Richard III. to Henry VIII., and when Walpole endeavored to rescue the victim of Bosworth Field from the unjust obloquy of the great Dramatist, his proofs and his reasonings made no impression on the common mind. Shakspeare had drawn King Dickon as a crook-back, a tyrant and a murderer, and so he will remain to the end of the chapter.

Seldom has New-York rejoiced in more Theatres than at present. The Bowery, Wallack's, Burton's, National, and Niblo's, furnish the Drama and the Ballet, while the Academy of Music, Buckley's, Wood & Christy's, and White's provide Music for the million. At the Bowery, Mr. Brougham has succeeded hitherto in giving to the people excellent entertainments, in which he has endeavored to combine first-class scenery, dancing and music with a second-rate drama—doubtless intending by degrees to elevate the popular taste from the blood and thunder melodrama to wholesome plays. After a brilliant Summer season, he commenced on the first of September his Winter reign, with a new company, in which were retained most of the old favorites. He also has presented to us Mr. Davidge, one of the best low comedians on the stage, and who is engaged for the Gaieties in New-Orleans. Mr. McDonough, although a little too emphatic, is already a favorite with the B'hoys, and likely to remain so. Let us, however, warn him of "soaring and descending," as our friend Smith phrases it, "into the ærial depths of rant!"

Miss Fanny Denham is a very clever actress and vocalist, and improves rapidly. Nor must we forget the Mad'lles Henrardes, who are *par excellence* the very *danseuses* for the Bowery. A taste for the *Ballet* is inherent in the human breast, our friend Buckhardt observes in one of his charming little Fairy stories, that "no woman likes the world to see a better leg than her own," but on the present occasion we have heard the highest praises of their dancing from the ladies themselves.

Mr. Stewart, at the Summer Garden, has been gaining every game, by playing such trump cards as Agnes Robertson and Di on Bourcicault. There are rumors that he has persuaded Mr. Wallack to resign his command for the next campaign, and moreover, that Mr. Wallack will himself perform at certain intervals. We wish Mr. Stuart success.

At Niblo's the Ravels retain their old supremacy, and fill the house every night with the old tricks.

Burton has opened the Metropolitan Theatre with rather an indifferent company, but as it includes himself, Mrs. C. Howard, Mrs. Hughes, Fisher, &c., there are still great attractions left.

At the Academy of Music Max Maretzek has assumed the baton, and everything promises success. Like a prudent man, he has only taken it from month to month. The continuance therefore of the pleasant luxury of an Italian Opera will depend upon the public itself.

The Buckleys' new hall has been opened with a very poor burlesque on "Il Trovatore," but the fun of Richard and George is as highly relished as ever. Wood & Christy's are, likewise in full blast; and having now introduced them all to our readers, we may take a stroll among them next week, and record our impressions and adventures.

MENTAL REMAINS OF A POET.

In one of the latest numbers of *Littell's Living Age* (a work to the merit of which we have already borne testimony), is an article on Samuel Rogers, as a poet and a man, contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, in the shape of a criticism upon the remarkable attempt by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, to record his "Table Talk." Some speculation has been abroad as to the authorship of this very amusing paper—opinion fluctuating between Macaulay and Charles Mackay. We suspect, however, that Richard Monckton Milnes, Verse-writer and Member of Parliament, is the writer.

It opens by describing Rogers' House in London, looking into the Park, in the library of which "Wordsworth, holding up the original copyright of Paradise Lost (1,600 copies for £5), proved to his own satisfaction that solid fame was in an inverse ratio to popularity; whilst Coleridge, with his finger upon the parchment deed by which Dryden agreed for the translation of the Æneid, expatiated upon the advantages which would have accrued to literature, if 'glorious John' had selected the Iliad and left Virgil to Pope."

Rogers, whose life was prolonged to almost a century, was the son of a banker; and we are told that "on seeing his son taking to poetry and fine company, the old man must have felt like the hen who sees the duckling, which she has hatched as a bird of her own feather, suddenly taking to water; and in his heart he probably agreed with Lord Eldon, who on hearing that a new poem ('The Pleasures of Memory') had just been published by a young banker, exclaimed, 'If old Gozzy'—alluding to the head of the firm with which he banked—'ever so much as says a good thing, let alone writing, I will close my account with him the next morning.'"

To poetry he took, very kindly and successfully; the success not diminished by his wealth, nor by the fact that he gave good dinners, and excelled in presiding over that charming, but conventionally difficult meal—the breakfast. "Will you breakfast with me to-morrow? S. R."—was his pithy invitation to a celebrated wit and beauty. "Won't I? H. D." was the congenia reply.

On another occasion, a breakfast party, one of the guests sang one of Moore's songs in Moore's presence to the evident discomposure of the poet. "Well," said Rogers, "I have seen the bravest men of my time: I have seen Nelson, Wellington and Ney, but our friend is the bravest of them all."

Here are some of the reviewer's new anecdotes—very fair specimens of a satirical mind throwing its discontent into bitterness of expression:—

"Franklin, in his autobiography, mentions a gentleman who having one very handsome and one shrivelled leg, was wont to test the disposition of a new acquaintance by observing whether he or she looked first or most at the best or worst leg. Rogers would have forfeited all chance of this gentleman's esteem at the starting. Yet there was something irresistibly comic, rather than annoying or repulsive, in the pertinacity and ingenuity with which he indulged his caustic humor. We will give a few instances; but the look, the manner, the tone of voice, and the precise emphasis laid on particular words, cannot be transferred to paper. So uncertain is testimony, and so frail is memory, that even the accuracy of the expressions can rarely be guaranteed.

"'Is that the contents you are looking at?' inquired an anxious author, who saw Rogers' eye fixed on a table or list at the commencement of a presentation copy of a new work. 'No,' said Rogers, pointing to the list of subscribers, the *dis*contents.'

"On entering Moore's parlor at Sloperton, and seeing it hung round with engraved portraits of Lord Grey, Lord John Russell, Lord Landsdowne, &c., Rogers remarked, 'So, I see you have all your *patrons* about you.' 'A good-natured man,' characteristically observed Moore when he told the story, 'would have said *friends*.'

"When he was speaking of some one's marriage in his usual tone, he was reminded that the friends of the bridegroom were very much pleased at it. Rogers replied, 'He's a fortunate man, then, for his friends are pleased, and his enemies delighted.'

"Whenever a disagreeable man, or one whom he disliked, married a pretty woman, he would say, 'Now we shall have our revenge of him.'

"He spoke to Mrs. H. one day of Lady ———, with extreme admiration and apparent cordiality; he then left the room, and Mrs. H. remarked that she had never heard Rogers speak so well of any one before. The door opened, and Rogers thrust in his head with the words, 'There are spots on the sun, though.'

"When a late member for a western county and his wife were stopped by banditti in Italy, Rogers used to say, 'The banditti

wanted to carry off P——— into the mountains, but she flung her arms round his neck, and rather than take her with them, they let him go.'

'At a bachelor dinner where the attendance was scanty, he refused the two or three things that were offered him till the solitary waiter had left the room. 'Won't you eat anything, Mr. Rogers?' asked the host. 'I will take some of that *pie*,' pointing to a *vol-au-vent*, 'when there is anybody to give it to me.'

"Rogers treated Moore much as Johnson treated Goldsmith—rated him soundly when present for attending to his own interests, and did not always spare him in his absence, but would not suffer any one else to utter a word against him. In allusion to his restlessness, Rogers used to say, 'Moore dines in one place wishing he were dining in another place, with an opera ticket in his pocket, which makes him wish he was dining nowhere.'

"Rogers was unceasingly at war with the late Lady D. One day at dinner she called across the table, 'Now, Mr. Rogers, I am sure you are talking about me" (not attacking as the present version runs), 'Lady D,' was the retort, 'I pass my life in defending you.'

"When some one was speaking of a fine old man before Swift, he exclaimed in a spirit of melancholy foreboding, 'There's no such thing as a fine old man; if either his head or his heart had been worth any thing, they'd have worn him out long ago.' Till near ninety, Rogers was a striking exception to this rule.

"His own version of his nearest approximation to the nuptial tie was, that, when a young man, he admired and sedulously sought the society of the most beautiful girl he then, and still, thought he had ever seen. At the end of the London season, at a ball she said, 'I go to-morrow to Worthing. Are you coming there?' He did not go. Some months afterwards, being at Ranelagh, he saw the attention of every one drawn towards a large party that had just entered, in the centre of which was a lady leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, 'You never came to Worthing.'"

On the whole, the article is good, and those who do not possess the *Edinburgh Review*, will do well to purchase No. 641 of the "Living Age," in which it is given *in extenso*.

Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith; being selections from his Writings, and passages of his Letters and Table-Talk; with a Biographical Memoir and Notes. By Evert A. Duyckinck. *Redfield.*

Christopher North once suggested that on the first vacancy Sydney Smith should be made Dean of St. Patrick's, as a witty and worthy successor of Swift. Kit was complimentary; and his recommendation should be duly valued as hearty homage to both the wit and wisdom of Smith. But if any mental likeness to the immortal Jonathan was a necessary qualification for his successor, then Sydney Smith never should have been, as he never was, Dean of St. Patrick's.

No two characters could be more dissimilar than Swift and Smith. Intellectually Swift's voice was that of the impatient thunder; while Smith's more clearly indicated the vibrations of dinner bells. The one, so to speak, would frighten sinners to prayer; the other would remind Christians of their duty. Swift had the restless variety and insurmountable power of the elements; Smith the more neighborly and self-satisfying sophistry of the earth.

The one felt that, like the storm, he was above men; the other, like the summer landscape, laughed cozily among them. Jonathan, from his eagle height, scowled down upon the world; Sydney, from his well-feathered dove-cote, cooed in its face.

Jonathan Swift was a giant, soured to be sure, but still so conscious of his strength that he never exhausted it. Sydney Smith was an optimist, and had every reason for so being, for he was the most fortunate man connected with modern literature. He does not come distinctly under the head of literary men; and probably that is the very reason why he succeeded so well in gaining that worldly success which so many greater, wiser, wittier, and altogether more able men failed to accomplish.

Mr. Duychink, to our mind, overrates the powers of "that witty scamp of St. Paul's," as Tom Steele called Sydney, but it is an excusable fault, and probably strikes us the more forcibly from the admirable and elegant manner in which the story of his fortunate life is told. Mr. Duychink well indeed may be pardoned for being carried away by the unctious waggery and sententious worldly wisdom of Sydney Smith; and it is only after a severe self-criticism we could find courage to look upon the pleasant divine with somewhat less enthusiastic gaze than that with which others view him.

Be that as it may, we can but heartily commend Mr. Duychink's labors, so far especially as the memoir is concerned. It certainly is one of the most elegant biographies we have read. It is concise without being scanty, and full without being tedious. It is rich, lively, replete with happy allusions to cotemporary literature, and evidences an elegant taste, judicious reading, and a more than usual felicity of style in the combination of his authorities.

The Recent Progress of Astronomy—Especially in the United States. By Elias Loomis, L.L.D., Professor of Mathematics in the University of the City of New-York, &c.: *Harper & Brothers.*

This, the third edition of Dr. Loomis' work, is greatly enlarged, and indeed mostly re-written. Astronomical discovery keeps pace with the progressive spirit of the day, and suggested to the distinguished author an almost complete re-modelling of the original work. During the last fifteen years star-gazers have been more assiduous and successful in their labors than at any previous period of their heavenly explorations. Within this period, the number of known members of the planetary system has been more than doubled. A planet of vast dimensions has been added to our system; four new satellites have been detected; and a new ring has been added to Saturn. Dr. Loomis is especially gratified in noting the progress, both in the facilities for observation, and in the number of acting observers, in the United States.

Summing up the astronomical efforts of twenty-five years—about which distance of time the first telescope, exceeding portable shape, was imported into the United States—he tells us that we (in America) have one telescope which acknowledges no superior, as well as several worthy of the finest observatories in Europe. We also possess meridianal instruments capable, from their dimensions, of being employed in original research. Our own artists, who have successfully manufactured refracting telescopes, have received the highest acknowledgements from European judges, and the observations of the systems are now recorded by a method known over Europe as the American one. Of the discoveries growing out of this activity, we are informed that of a large number of Comets "independently discovered on this side of the Atlantic," three were observed before they were noted in Europe. Dr. Loomis adds—

"The two Nebulæ which have been longest and best known, were never adequately figured until they were observed by the Messrs. Bond; and the planet Saturn, which for many years was made the subject of special study by the elder Herschel, with his wonderful means of observation, first revealed to the Messrs. Bond a new Ring and an eighth Satellite. The novel spectacle of a Comet divided into two nearly equal portions, was first witnessed in America; and an American observer has added one to the long list of planetary discoveries."

We join Dr. Loomis in the hope that the future progress of Astronomy will be not less brilliant than the past. The work is illustrated with numerous useful diagrams.

Confidential Correspondence of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine. Edited by J. S. C. Abbott. *Mason Brothers.*

"France—the Army—Josephine," were the last words that lingered on the lips of the man of Lodi, Austerlitz, and Marengo. His dying words, they completely indicate his wondrous life. The half-smothered ejaculation affords the key to his ambition, glory, and misfortune. This fact renders the present publication of exceeding interest. In the letters of which it is composed we may find the pith of history, given in the clear, graphic and vigorous manner of the hero himself. "No matter who has the victory, give me the writing of the bulletins," Napoleon used to say; for he is the greatest historiagrapher of a battle-field that ever existed.

One of the most interesting, not to say amusing, phases exhibited by this confidential correspondence is the sententious amalgamation of the ideas of the moment. Love, diplomacy and war are linked with an effect at once picturesque, suggestive and laughable. Sometimes in the successes of his movements we may find the lever by which his loving considerations are manifested; while at others it would seem that the calls of the moment so absorbed him as only to permit the sending of an affectionate regard. Thus, while engaged in the Austerlitz campaign, he writes to Josephine—"I am in good position, and I love you." While writing from Augsburg, the fact of his sending "four thousand prisoners, eight stand of colors and fourteen pieces of cannon," allows him only to "embrace" her. After Marengo he prefaces the intelligence that "Murat conducts well," with his "most affectionate regards;" and as a general resource he on innumerable occasions uses "a thousand kisses."

Napoleon rarely allowed two days to pass without writing to Josephine; and there is much evidence in these notes to sustain what is claimed for him, in regard to his being a man of warm attachment and tender feelings. The notes are very remarkable when we know that they were frequently written on the field of battle, at the moment of victory, or amid the cries of wounded after the enemy had fled. The whole is admirably printed.

The Last of the Foresters; or, Humors of the Border; a story of the old Virginia Frontier: By John Esten Cooke, another of "Virginia's Comedians," &c. *Derby & Jackson.*

From the still growing reputation which Mr. Cooke's first work initiated, we anticipated a treat in the reading of the book before us; but we regret to say we have been disappointed. The author, it would almost seem, never looked again at a page after once having written it—which is rather an unwise determination on the part of a young, or even old, writer. Great, indeed, must be the hold of an author on public sympathy, before such carelessness will be tolerated. So much in the shape of candid condemnation. On the other hand, it is beyond a doubt, that Mr. Cooke possesses talent, a fine fancy, and a mind susceptible to the beauties of nature and scenic effect, of which "The Last of the Foresters" is evidence. He lacks, however, patience. Some of his groups are depicted with the true fervor of an artist. We sincerely hope his next work will repay us for reading this.

Hall's Journal of Health," for September, is chiefly devoted to discussion on Consumption, the Nature of the Disease, its Varieties, Causes, Character, etc. Two features of the article are—the writer states that Hereditary Tendency is not specially promotive of Consumption; it is more nearly a preventive; and that as regards women, marriage, after the age of twenty-five, is also a preventive. *Stringer & Townsend.*

The Life and Administration of Ex-President Fillmore, &c., is a campaign pamphlet of forty-eight pages, chiefly made up of extracts from "Walker's Statesmen's Manual," and embraces besides a sketch of the Know Nothing candidate for the Presidency, his message on the death of General Taylor, a review of his administration, and extracts from his recent addresses. The biographical sketch from *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, of A. J. Donelson, also forms a part of this slim production. *E. Walker.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mrs. Stephen's New Monthly for September.....*E. Stephens.*
Harper's Magazine for September
The Catholic Church in the United States: A Sketch of its Ecclesiastical History. By Henry De Courcy, author of "Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada." Translated and enlarged by John Gilman Shea, author of "History of Catholic Missions, &c. J. B. Kirker.....*Dunigan & brother.*
Gentiluccis' Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary..... " "
Family Magazine.....*Dayton & Burdick.*
National Democratic Review for July. Washington...*G. P. Buell.*
Reports of the Committee on the Troubles in Kansas, from.....*Hon. John Kelly.*
Public Documents, from.....*Hon. W. H. Seward.*

Literary and Artistic News.

At the American Association for the advancement of Science, a paper, by Mr. Green, was read, intended to account for the turning of dead bodies in coffins. The present removal of dead bodies from city to country churchyards has made the subject of anxious interest to many families. Mr. Green accounted for the fact by the changing of the bodies into adipocere, the properties of which are well known. It is defined as that fatty and spermaceti-like substance into which muscle is converted by long immersion in water or spirits, or by burial in moist earth. The reader exhibited a large specimen of it and proceeded to give its history. It was taken from a coffin that had been buried in a very damp, clayey soil, through which the water could not soak. In the same ground another body of a similar condition was found seven years after burial—the body floating in water. In one of these cases the lower limbs were crossed at the thighs. The specimen exhibited was part of the body of a woman who died over seventy years of age, and had been interred seventeen years. The specific gravity of adipocere is from 782 to 858 thousandths. Hence it will float in water, and if a coffin is filled with water the whole corpse floats, and settles again as the water leaks out in a position that will be determined by the weight of its different portions. This, doubtless, accounts for the imagined turning of bodies in their coffins, and has led to the popular belief that burial before death is not uncommon. The escape of gases was formerly the theory to account for such turnings, but he did not think it is so satisfactory. The knowledge of this fact will prevent the occurrence of the fresh and unnecessary grief often caused by the discovery of these "turnings." The conclusion of Gibbs, who experimented in 1794–5 as to the formation of adipocere, was that it is formed from fibrine. Dr. Steiner reported a case of a body changed into what seemed to be adipocere, which was found in a Washington City graveyard, after twenty-five years' burial; but the only organ that could be satisfactorily identified was the liver. Here was a gland—not a fibrinous structure—undergoing this remarkable change. Possibly it was a case of fatty degeneration. The graveyard was very low ground, and the graves were full of water. He united with Mr. Green in commending Dr. Charles Wetherell's work on the subject. Prof. Horsford cautioned the Convention to be slow in admitting these reports of what are called human petrifactions. A communication has lately been made to the Boston Academy, detailing how the bones of an infant in Illinois had been converted into phosphorus. But a strict examination showed that, in all probability, there was no replacement at all in the case.

In transmitting the geological labors of Percival, the poet, to the Wisconsin Legislature, the Governor pays the following neat tribute to the merits of the deceased: During the month of May last, Dr. James Gates Percival, State Geologist, died, creating a vacancy in that office. By his death the State has lost the services of a faithful public officer; Science a zealous and accomplished laborer; and American Literature a profound scholar and gifted writer. His Report of the Survey of 1855 was nearly completed at the time of his decease, and was forwarded to me shortly afterwards, by Dr. Jenckes, of Hazel Green. I placed the manuscript in the hands of I. A. Lapham, Esq., of Milwaukee, to prepare it for publication, and herewith transmit it to you.

Newspapers are usually hard run for names, but those in Ohio form an exception. Some of theirs are original enough. There is a "Screw Driver," a "Warning Bell," a "Fountain," a "Star in the West," a "Forum," an "Aurora," a "Dollar," a "Rainbow," a "Touchstone," a "Toledo Blade," a "Torch Light," and "The Ark," among the Cincinnati and country press. There were some queerly named papers in Indiana for a while, but we believe they are all dead. There was a "*June Bug*," in Orange County, and a "*Broad Axe of Freedom, and Grubbing Hoe of Truth*," in Richmond.

At a meeting of the Dublin Photographic Society, Dr. Lover exhibited an apparatus for taking photographs by gas light, the main feature of which consisted in the introduction of a stream of oxygen into the flames of common coal gas, which had previously been made to pass through cotton and naptha with the view of surcharging it with carbon, so as to increase the brilliancy upon the admission of the oxygen. By this means a light of so powerful a nature was obtained, that, by the assistance of a reflector, a photograph of an engraving could be taken by the camera in a very short time.

Scene in a French Court—Government Regulations of Theatres in Paris.—Narcissus—Your Honor, I am a dramatic artist, and my line that of "lovers." I am forced to be excessively affectionate in my *roles*, but my warmth, my enthusiasm, in fact every thing which brings down the house is now sought to be turned to my disadvantage.

Judge—Explain yourself.

Narcissus—Why, I receive a hundred francs a month, and they want to make me pay one hundred and fifty for properties.

Judge—Properties? What kind of properties?

Narcissus—Kisses. (Laughter.) A hundred and fifty francs for kisses for one man; it's exorbitant. (Renewed laughter.) That, however, is the amount which Nalsin, our noble father, has the audacity to demand of me.

The Father—Stop, old fellow.

Judge—How is that?

Father—It is easily understood. In every theatre there exists the following regulations:

Art. 1. When the stage directions require an actor to kiss an actress, he must merely pretend to do so.

Art. 2. Every actor who shall kiss an actress without her formal permission, shall be fined five francs per kiss.

Art. 3. Pressing an actress upon the heart shall be fined two francs and a half.

Now, Narcissus has pressed my wife to his heart ten times, instead of merely pretending to do so. That makes twenty-five francs.

Narcissus—It's more than it's worth.

Father—Besides, he has kissed her twenty-five times, and no mistake about it, which thus makes up the sum claimed, namely, a hundred and fifty francs.

Narcissus—I didn't kiss her without her consent; so that I don't owe anything.

Father—My wife declares to the contrary.

Narcissus—That's good; do you expect your wife to tell you the truth on such a matter? I rebut her evidence.

Father—I demand payment according to dramatic usage.

Narcissus—Well, since you are determined, let's come to terms. I'll make a reasonable offer.

Father—That's agreed.

Narcissus—Well, I offer to return them to her. (Tremendous laughter.)

When the Judge had succeeded in restoring silence, he finished the discussion by sending the parties to their manager, desiring him to arrange the dispute. We hope the noble father showed himself magnanimous.

W. J. Matthews, the painter, has returned from Europe, and resumes his studio in the Appleton Building.

Union College has given Freeman Hunt, Esq., the honorary degree of A. M. So did Harvard College some time ago.

American News.

In Salem, Alabama, at a recent political discussion between Col. Yancey for the Democracy, and Col. Baker for the Know-Nothings, at the close of Col. Yancey's speech, six beautiful young ladies stept upon the platform where Col. Yancey was standing utterly unconscious of their design, and gracefully threw over him a magnificent wreath of flowers and evergreens. The audience arose with enthusiastic cheers. The Colonel made a touching response; asking for the national flag, he walked to the edge of the platform. Lowering it, he took the wreath from his bosom and encircled with it the spear head of the flag-staff, saying—"The honors and advantages that may accrue to me in this canvass do not belong to me, cannot adorn me as a *partisan*, but shall be appropriated as I appropriate this wreath—to the honor and advantage of a great constitutional party." As Col. Yancey closed, and the very welkin rang with the plaudits of the people, he waived the enwreathed banner over the young ladies and replaced it on the stand.

"Die Negerbosser," says the *Richmond Examiner*, is the significant *soubriquet* applied by the good people of Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, mostly Germans, to the Abolition party of the State, now sailing under the disguised flag of so-called Black Republicanism. It is a German phrase, and the translation of it, we believe, is—"*The Negro Kissers.*" When it is recollected that the present Fremont party is only an *extension* of the old Abolition party of the State—the same thing with a new name—the epithet is not misapplied. Our native Pennsylvania Germans have a world-wide renown as a sagacious and discriminating people, and amidst all the serpentine twistings of the enemy they never lose sight of his track, and generally call things by their right names. The term "Negerbosser" is not bad.

Dr. Ramsay, who escaped from Savannah while awaiting his trial for forging pension-claims, and who put in circulation a report of his own death, has committed suicide. He was arrested in Sparta, Conecuh county, Alabama, under the name of Brown, on three warrants for forgery committed in that vicinity. While in jail, his father, in company with the Deputy U. S. Marshal, went there with a warrant for him from the U. S. District Court. The authorities refused to deliver him up, and on the 27th ult. they went to take leave of him, when they found he had taken the seed of jimpson weed in his coffee. He died early the following morning.

The *Marion* (Ill.,) *Intelligencer* of the 22d ult., contains the particulars of the killing of a runaway negro who had been committing depredations in Pope County. He broke into a farmer's house, maltreated the women and brutally ravished one of them. He was caught after an unsuccessful attempt on the person of Mrs. Jackson, and being identified by his first victim, a sword was given her by the people with which she furiously hacked and cut him, after which her husband and brothers despatched him.

The report of the Bank Controller of Wisconsin states the number of banks doing business in the State under the general banking law, on the 31st ult., at thirty-eight, with an aggregate capital of $2,635,000; amount of notes issued and in circulation at that date, $1,443,215; aggregate amount of securities assigned in trust to the State Treasurer, is $1,574,000; specie on deposit, $27,000. Of the securities, there is in Michigan State stock to the amount of $22,000.

The Columbus *Times* learns from an intelligent gentleman who has recently passed through Harris, Troup, Coweta, Campbell, Fulton, Gwinnett, Jackson, Franklin, Clark, Walter, Newton, Henry, Spalding, Pike and Merriweather counties, Ga., that both the corn and cotton crops are very sorry, and that hardly a support can be realized. He saw hundreds of acres all along his route, which will not make a bushel of corn to the acre. The crops in Southern Georgia are very good.

An Eastern editor says that a man in New-York got himself into trouble by marrying two wives. A Western editor replies by assuring his cotemporary that a good many men in that section have done the same thing by marrying one. A Northern editor retorts that quite a number of his acquaintances found trouble enough by barely promising to marry, without going any further. A Southern editor says that a friend of his was bothered enough when simply found in company with another man's wife.

About fifty miles of the lost cable has been recovered by the Telegraph Company. They fitted out a brig from Cape Breton, with fifty men and a powerful capstan, and they have fished up fifty miles of it, leaving thirty miles lying in the ocean. With $50,000 of insurance received on it in London, the Company have recovered nearly all they had paid out for it.

Here is another Eudora tragedy. Two boatmen were attacked on the 24th ult. about twelve miles above Natchez, and terribly mutilated with a hatchet. "It is supposed," says the *Free Trader*, "that a man they had on the boat with them is the assassin."

A very well-printed, handsome, spirited two cent daily journal has just made its appearance in Worcester, Mass. It is entitled the *Daily Bay State*, is a Buchanan paper, and is written with force and good literary ability. Its news is also well made up.

It is stated that iron ore, very rare and of immense value, has been discovered on Deep River, in Chatham County, N. C., and that a large amount of foreign capital is about to be invested in its development.

A sick man in Warwick, Mass., dreamed of a spring, which he found in that town; the waters healed him; and the visitors have since been so numerous that a hotel is to be erected for their accommodation. Cunning dreamer.

A gentleman named Slavell, a follower of Miller, (not Joseph, but the "Prophet,") has issued an epistle, informing the public that the affairs of this world are to be settled at a period no farther distant than the 13th day of October next.

The long stretch of low prairie just this side of Portage City, says the Madison (Wis.) *Argus*, has been on fire for a week, causing considerable damage and threatening still more serious injury.

The Lafayette, (Ind.,) *Journal* learns that the corn crop in the West, and in other portions of the Wabash Valley, has suffered material and almost irremediable injury from the drouth.

An editor out West announces the birth of his ninth child under the head of "Distressing Casualty."

Thomas Bayse, formerly a member of the Virginia Legislature, has been appointed Judge of the First Instance of the Oriental Department of Nicaragua.

The first regular deer hunt of the season in Augusta County, Va., took place last week. Thirteen deer were killed.

At Chicago, a few days since, Dr. Spannagal challenged a tailor named Schwartz for slandering his wife. Upon getting to the ground the Doctor refused to fight, though, as it afterward turned out, the seconds had not put powder in the pistols. One of the Chicago papers says:—Yesterday afternoon Mrs, Spannagal, wife of the Doctor, presented herself at Best's saloon, on Randolph-street, where Schwartz was fighting his duel o'er again to some of his boon companions, and reproached him with not only insulting her, but with being a coward, in having desired to fight her husband, when he knew the pistols were loaded with nothing but saw-dust. She then drew a cowhide from beneath her scarf and laid it on vigorously, cutting him in the face quite severely, and altogether inflicting a very sharp punishment upon him.

The Boston *Bee* of the 8th, says that Mary Leary, an Irishwoman, 20 years of age, residing in Woburn Center, near the bed of the old Middlesex Canal, was killed on the previous Thursday evening by a gun-shot, while a short distance from her home. She had left the house to gather some chips, and being absent a considerable length of time, her husband went out to search for her, and found her dead body lying near the canal bank.

The Boston *Journal* says, that Jotham Stetson has upon the stocks at Chelsea a schooner built for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. She is to be called the *Morning Star*, and will be engaged in carrying supplies and missionaries to the islands in the Pacific Ocean. Her frame is already up, and it is expected she will be completed in time to double Cape Horn in January.

ARRIVAL OF SMITH O'BRIEN IN RATHKEALE.

The Limerick *Reporter* of the 26th ult. says: Smith O'Brien arrived by train on Friday evening. He was recognized at the terminus by a few friends who greeted him heartily on his appearance on the platform. As soon as he entered the town of Rathkeale almost instantaneously it became known, and by the time he came to Moylan's hotel the streets were crowded with eager faces anxious to see him. After partaking of some refreshment, he drove off to Cahermoyle amidst loud, long, and oft repeated cheers. Rathkeale was then illuminated in honor of his return, after an absence of so many years to his residence, Cahermoyle. On the occasion the town's folk seemed to vie with each other in decorating and illuminating their respective habitations. There was scarcely a building in the town unlit. About eight o'clock in the evening might be seen the fair inmates of each dwelling busily engaged at preparing and embellishing the windows, and shortly after the illumination commenced, when a sight presented itself to my view which I rarely if ever saw surpassed, either for brilliancy, regularity of arrangement, neatness, or multiplicity of lights. Some of the houses had upwards of 150 lights; few less than forty. In one window I counted 60 candles. Several tar barrels were paraded through the town, amid a considerable portion of boisterous cheering. Rockets were also sent up in every part of the town, which had a beautiful effect, as the night was rather dark and calm. Bonfires were lit and blazed away all night. Other fires too more numerous and more noisy, but as harmless, were observed, sometimes indeed behind the cap of an unconscious policeman while walking his rounds, who might turn to receive a *volley* of laughs for his expertness. Great excitement prevailed, and who would not find pleasure in Rathkeale that evening. There was nothing to mar the enjoyment of the multitude of promenaders while walking the streets during the earlier part of the night.

BIRTH.

In Madison street, New-York, on the 10th inst., the wife of Joseph O'Kearney, late of the city of Waterford, of a son.

OBITUARY.

Died, on Sunday morning, August 31st, Margaret Agnes, eldest daughter of John and the late Mary Crowe, aged 17 years. Cut off, in the spring-tide of life, just as her manifold virtues were about to develope themselves, her death has occasioned a void in the large circle of her friends and acquaintances, not soon to be filled up. Combining in her person all the graces and accomplishments which lend a charm to female excellence, she was not destitute of those more solid virtues which dignify and ennoble human nature. Pious without affectation, charitable without ostentation, she went about dispensing joy and happiness to the less favored children of our common Father. In truth, hers was a life at once so unobtrusive and useful, that we should more deeply regret her untimely removal from amongst us, were we not consoled by the reflection that,

"Her spirit has fled to that heavenly shore,
Where sorrow or pain shall ne'er trouble her more."

I. Q.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

At Clontarf church, John Eyre, son of the late Thomas Harris, of Dublin, to Frances, daughter of the late George William Evans, of Drogheda.

At St. Paul's Church, Arran quay, Dublin, John Woods, of Queen street, to Kate, only daughter of the late James Kearney, of Smithfield.

August 18, in Dublin, J. Johnston, of Glenavy, Antrim, to Eleanor, daughter of H. Moore, of Cremorne, Rathgar.

August 22, at Moynalvey Catholic Church, county Meath, Patrick Mulligan, of College, to Isabella O'Reilly, daughter of D. F. O'Reilly, of Oakley Park, Louth.

In St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Thomas Haffield, of Belan, county Kildare, to Hannah Letitia, daughter of Samuel Green, of Moatfield.

August 21, at St. George's Church, Dublin, Maria, daughter of the late Joseph Callanan, of Eyrecourt, county Galway, to Denis O'Reilly, of Cork.

August 20, in Lurgan, John Bell, jun., of Belfast, to Anne, daughter of Henry Mercer, of Farm Lodge, Lurgan.

August 21, at Blackrock Cork, William Peterson Bernard, to Sarah Tee, daughter of the late Captain W. H. Allen, of the City of Cork Militia.

At Holywood, Robert Canwell, of Belvedere, county Down, to Bessie, daughter of John Harrison, of Merton Hall, Holywood.

August 19, at Trinity Church, Clapham, near London, Thomas Kingston Austin, of Dublin, to Octavia Eliza, youngest daughter of J. Evans, of St. John's Lodge, Clapham rise, Surrey.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Charles R. Lett, of Kilcarrig, county Carlow, to Rebecca, daughter of Wm. Jeffares, of Wexford.

At St. Luke's Church, Cork, John Morton, Manager of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, Nenagh, to Mary, daughter of the late Captain Thomas Coleman, Stipendiary Magistrate, Demerara, formerly of the 93d Highlanders.

At the Catholic Church, Tacumshane, John Walsh, of Eastlands, to Mary Teresa, daughter of the late James Rove, of Yoletown, county Wexford.

At Ring, near Dungarvan, Thomas W. Tinsley, of Clonmel, to Matilda Helena, daughter of the late Joseph Cochrane, Veterinary Surgeon.

IRISH DEATHS.

On the 23rd ult., deeply and deservedly regretted by all who knew him, in the 32nd year of his sacred ministry, after several months of painful and hopeless illness, the Rev. Thomas Moylan, P. P. of Windgap, county Kilkenny. His remains were interred in the Chapel of Windgap.

On the 24th ult., at High street, Kilkenny, James Walsh, T.C., aged 70 years.

At Sunday's Well, Cork, Mary, daughter of the late James O'Brien.

In Waterford, Mary, relict of the late Rev. Richard Fleury, and daughter of the late Sir J. Newport.

At Melbourne, John Doyle, late head turnkey of the Limerick City Gaol.

In Thomas street, Limerick, Margaret, daughter of the late Patrick Molony.

In Cork, Mary Angela, daughter of Martin Millerick.

At his father's house, Parish of Ballyclough, county Cork, the Rev. Timothy O'Connell.

At Tullyreagh, Cookstown, county Tyrone, Robert Glasgow.

On the 22nd ult., at Gaulstown, John Holohan.

Of consumption, Isabella, daughter of the late James Reade, of Three Bridges.

At Summerville, near Westport, Lucy, daughter of the late John Peebles M. D.

In Tralee, Anne, relict of Peter Thompson, late treasurer of the county Kerry.

At Brompton, Middlesex, Montagu L. Reynolds, of the 94th Regiment.

At Ajmere, by a fall from his horse, Captain G. A. Lister, of the 7th Bombay Native Infantry, son of the late Major Thomas St. George Lister, of the 74th Highlanders.

At 10 Cambridge-terrace, Rathgar, on the 23rd ult., Elizabeth, relict of the ate Josiah Malone.

At Corporation street, Belfast, Alexander M'Laine, aged 73 years.

At her residence, Ormeau-place, Belfast, Miss M'Naghten, at the advanced age of 96 years.

August 18, at 43 George-square, Edinburgh, James Boyd, LL. D., one of the Masters of the High School there, aged 61 years.

At Prospect House, Clifton, at a very advanced age, Melusiana Warburton Bayley, mother of the late poet Thomas Haynes Bayley.

At Cork, John O'Connell, aged 85 years, for many years senior Alderman of St. Patrick's Ward.

At Kingstown, Francis Mellan, daughter of Thomas Stawell Quin, of Sunning Hill, county Cork.

Jane Hayes, daughter of H. Lee M'Kinstry, Market-square, Lisburn.

At Nelson, New-Zealand, Margaret, wife of John Shea Lalor, late of Gurteenroe, Bantry, and sister of D. Mahony, of Dunloe, county Kerry.

On his passage to New-York, in the 34th year of his age, Matthew Ledwidge, of Dublin.

On the 20th ult., at Letterkenny, James Burand, M. D.

At Richmond Hill, Milltown, county Dublin, Patrick Owen Cogan, Barrister-at-law.

At Leinster road, Rathmines, James Pilkington, late of Sherrard street.

At Jersey, George W. Alexander, son of the late Archdeacon Alexander, of Portglenone House, Antrim.

Special Notices.

Agency of Nicaragua, No. 347 Broadway.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Government of Nicaragua GENERAL EMIGRANT AGENT in the United States, has established a permanent agency at 347 Broadway, room No. 2, up stairs. All persons desirous of obtaining information of any kind concerning Nicaragua will receive prompt attention by addressing the undersigned, personally or by letter, at the office of the Agency. According to the decree of the Nicaraguan government, dated November 23d 1855, emigrants are entitled to 250 acres of land, if single, and 850 acres are granted to families. The price of passage to emigrants has been fixed at a very low figure; and for those without means, arrangements have been made with the "Nicaragua Emigration Company," to advance the price of their passage upon the transfer of a part of the land granted by the government. This secures to emigrants A LARGE GRANT OF LAND AND A FREE PASSAGE TO NICARAGUA. J. W. Fabens, Esq., for some time past Director of Colonization of the Government of Nicaragua, is now in this city, and may be found daily at the office of the agency. From his extended knowlege of the country he is enabled to give most valuable information concerning Nicaragua.

The splendid steamer TEXAS, will leave Pier 36 foot of North Moore street, North River, on Wednesday, September 24, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and all persons desirous of emigrating to that beautiful country are advised to make early application at the agency.

Alexander C. Lawrence, General Emigrant Agent of
sept20 2t Nicaragua for United States.

14,000 Copies of the Great National Map of the United States have been sold by Agents during the past six days. The 5th edition of 16,000 copies, is now ready. Size, 34x40 inches; containing portraits of Fremont, Buchanan, Fillmore, Dayton, Breckenridge and Donelson; the platform of their respective parties, letters of acceptance, &c. Price, in sheets, colored, 25 cents; in pocket form, 50 cents. Enterprising men wanted to sell the Map Sample copies, &c.; sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Address **A. Ranney,** Publisher,
sept20 1t No. 195 Broadway, New-York.

Dr. Edward Downes Connery, has removed to No. 186 HENRY STREET, where he can be consulted on all diseases, particularly those of the Chest and Eye, and also on the peculiar diseases of Women and Children. He will be assisted in his professional duties by a graduate of the College of Surgeons and Physicians. Office hours from 8 to 10 o'clock, A. M.; from 2 to 3 P. M., and from 7 to 8 in the evening. The poor prescribed for gratis every Wednesday, from 8 to 10 in the morning. sept3 1m

Gentlemen's Hats in New Patterns.—Disregarding a common custom of announcing at stated periods the fashions for GENTLEMEN'S HATS, we this day offer to our non-resident patrons the various styles now ready. These will be successively followed by any novelties that may present themselves during the *Fall and Winter*, and will comprise ALL THE QUALITIES AND PATTERNS adapted to Metropolitan wear.

Leary & Co., Leaders and Introducers of Fashions,
sept6 3t Astor House, Broadway.

Only $1 50 for a fine Fashionable Hat.—What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50, when you can buy a better Hat for *only One Dollar and Fifty Cents?* Call on SMITH, and he will fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put on your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. No. 31 *Park Row*, under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman street.

N. B.—Also on hand a large assortment of Drab Beavers, Pearl and Cassimere Hats, from $1 50 to $2.

sept6 3mos **Conklin Smith.**

DENTISTRY.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

Doctor M. E. Foy, Surgeon, has removed his office to 107 West Nineteenth street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. OFFICE HOURS from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.

☞ To accommodate his patients in the Eastern part of the city, Dr. T. will attend daily from 11 to 12 A. M., at Ryerson's drug store, 185 Avenue B, between 11th and 12th streets. MIDWIFERY ENGAGEMENTS promptly attended to. Medicine and advice to the poor, gratis. sept13 3mos

If you wish a Portrait, call at Brady's Gallery, 359 Broadway. THE AMBROTYPE.—Some members of the daguerrean fraternity have represented the Ambrotype—the latest and best improvement in the art—as unworthy of public confidence. Mr. **BRADY,** the introducer of the Ambrotype in New-York, has found in them a combination of rare qualities, never approached by any other style of camera pictures. 3m28ju

Photographs and Ambrotypes,—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (3m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for California, &c., per U. S steamer George Law, will close at this office on Saturday, the 20th day of September, at 1 o'clock P. M. **Isaac V. Fowler,** Postmaster.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,
WITH A POWERFUL
Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* of the 26th, contains an account of a rally of 5,000 Germans in that city, who have formed a "Buck and Breck" Club.

Not a German paper in the State supports Fremont, and he will scarcely receive ten thousand votes in the State which is declared the theatre of his wonderful exploits.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE!—Ex-President Van Buren and sons support Buchanan.
Ex-President Harrison's son supports Fillmore or Buchanan.
Ex-President Tyler and sons support Buchanan.
Ex-President Fillmore opposes Fremont.
President Pierce supports Buchanan.
John C. Calhoun's sons support Buchanan.
Daniel Webster's son supports Buchanan.
Henry Clay's son supports Buchanan.
Commodore Stewart (old Ironsides) supports Buchanan.
Commodore Perry supports Buchanan.
Commodore Stockton opposes Fremont.
General Cadwalader supports Buchanan.
General Scott opposes Fremont.
Colonel Benton supports Buchanan.
NOW ON THIS!—William H. Seward supports Fremont.
Horace Greeley supports Fremont.
Henry Ward Beecher supports Fremont.
Frederick Douglass supports Fremont.
Thurlow Weed supports Fremont.
Thaddeus Stevens supports Fremont.
Stump Preacher Tyng supports Fremont.
And all the Abolition and Disunion crew.

The *Washington Union* is authorized to bet $5,000 that Pennsylvania will cast her electoral vote for Buchanan; also $5,000 that Buchanan will get 500,000 more votes in the whole Union than Fremont. The *Union* furthermore offers a reward of $1,000 to any one who will procure the acceptance of the first of the above propositions.

Josiah Cole, editor and proprietor of the *Democrat*, a German paper of much influence and character, published at Easton, Northampton County, Pa., explains how "accessions" are obtained to the cause of Fremont. He says that he was offered $,3,000, cash down, by Mr. Lowry, of Kansas, to come out for Fremont.

Thirteen acres of Democrats were measured off by one of the reporters at the Tippecanoe battle ground. We should, says the *Cincinnati Sun*, like to pre-empt, and lay our land-warrant on those acres.

A German club, says the *Day-Book*, in the Fourth Ward of this city (New-York), which has been supporting Fremont, has backed out of the nigger-worshipping Know-Nothing party, and gone over to Buchanan. They do not like a man who tries to stand on two platforms, and who announces that "he suits his replies to get the votes of all sides."

THE FIVE POINTS.—The following "points," which we find grouped together in the *Troy Budget*, have been made by the people of Georgia, South Carolina, Missouri, and California:

1. "John C. Fremont, several of his biographers say, was born in *Georgia*. In his native State HE WILL NOT GET A SINGLE VOTE.

2. "His youthful days were spent in *South Carolina*. He was educated there. Yet in that State HE WILL NOT GET A SINGLE VOTE.

3. "He married the daughter of Colonel Benton, of *Missouri*, and has resided there. YET HE HAS NOT FRIENDS ENOUGH IN THE STATE TO FORM AN ELECTORAL TICKET, AND EVEN HIS FATHER-IN-LAW WILL VOTE AGAINST HIM.

4. "He claims now to be a citizen of *California*. That is his State, if he may be said to have a residence anywhere. BUT CALIFORNIA, *all his friends admit*, WILL NOT GIVE HIM HER ELECTORAL VOTE.

5. "If he carries a single State of the Union, it will be *Vermont*, whose boundaries he never crossed, and whose people never saw him. *Where he is best known, he has fewest friends.*"

The Democrats of Indianapolis are offering to bet that the Democratic ticket will carry the State of Indiana by fifteen thousand majority.

From the Pennsylvanian, September 10.

DISSOLUTION—LETTER FROM GOV. WISE.

We are permitted by the gentleman to whom the following letter was addressed, to publish it in our columns. We ask for it an attentive perusal:

RICHMOND, Va., September 6, 1856.

Dear Sir: On my return from a short absence I found yours of the 20th ult., asking my opinion on the question—"Would the election of Fremont to the Presidency bring about a dissolution of the Union?" My answer is, that the very spirit of sectionalism which runs such a mere adventurer as he is, in every sense, has engendered so much envy, hatred and malice between various sections and factions of our people, as to create a wish in the minds of many so strong for a dissolution of our blessed Union, that to tell them his election would bring that lamentable event about, would make some of his bitterest opponents vote for his election for the very purpose of effecting that execrable end.

This, above everything else, shows the wrong and mischief of nominating such a man by such a party as that called Black Republican. His election would bring about the dissolution of the American Confederacy of States inevitably. Why? For the reason that if New-York, Pennsylvania and Ohio were slave-holding states, and Canada were to assail them with half the violence and "all uncharitableness" which Black Republicans are assailing us with, there would be public war in thirty days by every patriot's time-piece.

Whether the present state of peaceful revolution, of warlike brotherhood, of confederated antagonisms, of shake-hand enmity, of sectional union, of united enemies, shall unnaturally continue, depends precisely upon the issue whether Black Republicanism is strong enough to elect John C. Fremont, with all the demon-isms at his heels! You may do what you please with this letter.

Yours respectfully, HENRY A. WISE.

THE ROYALTY OF EVIDENCE;

OR THE WORLD IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

Diverse as are the opinions of men even of the same age and country about subjects apparently the simplest and least liable to misconstruction, it is not to be wondered at that a universal concurrence of mankind in favor of any problem should be regarded as (to use a lawyer's term) a "royal evidence" of truth. Indeed, so conclusive is this concurrence deemed, that many theologians urge it upon the attention of materialists and skeptics as a resistless argument in favor of divinity.

In fact upon only two propositions can we obtain the universal concurrence of humanity; upon all other points and questions mankind have "agreed to differ."

In the existence of a Supreme Creator, all tribes and races of men concur. They give him different attributes in accordance with their peculiar tastes; but in the general belief that there is a God, they are unanimous.

In the efficacy of Holloway's Universal Remedies for the cure of disease, a like unanimity exists in the opinion of the world. All countries, tribes, and races upon earth employ these remedies and derive benefit from their use. Millions of savages to whose ears the very name of Christ has never yet been whispered, are familiar with the properties and powers of Holloway's external and internal remedies. The missionaries of health have preceded those of the Gospel; and in numberless instances the physical relief imparted by the former has obtained and secured favorable audience for the more abstract and intangible blessings which the latter sought an opportunity to bestow.

Our readers, when they hear that Holloway's medicines are employed by every people, and advertised in every tongue on earth, may smile contemptuously (as we did), and think the tale a humbug; but let them be convinced (as we have been) that it is nothing but the naked truth. Wherever types and printing-presses exist, Professor Holloway employs them to proclaim the sterling merits of his remedies; wherever they do NOT exist, he has employed accomplished interpreters, and established special organs to make known his discovery; tongues to which the Bible is a stranger, are eloquent with the name and fame of the great physician who has scattered gifts of healing over all lands and seas.

The world is in the witness-box, and gives enthusiastic evidence in favor of Professor Holloway's remedies; and let those who would impugn such testimony be cautious—for, in so doing, by a parity of reasoning, they strike at the very foundations of religion and morality. The world is in the witness-box, and gives its evidence for Holloway!—*Boston Traveller.*

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

To that portion of the human family afflicted with this horrible disease, this is a question fraught with serious import. With them it is a question of life or death. The failure of the medical profession, heretofore, to devise any means for the cure of this disease has invested it with a terror that accompanies scarcely any other chronic complaint. To assure a man or woman that they had the consumption, was about equal to saying, "Your days are numbered; you may as well settle up your worldly affairs, and make your peace with your Creator, for you must surely die with the disease that now afflicts you." Quacks took advantage of this dread in the public mind, and by pretending to be able to cure this frightful disease, gathered golden harvests from the sufferers, while in fact they were only attending them to the tomb. To so great an extent had this species of deception been carried, that the human family began to think that the medical faculty were right in pronouncing this an incurable disease.

CAN CONSUMPTION BE CURED? is still the inquiry of the sufferer, and the poor mortal upon whom this disease has set its fangs, like a drowning man, still catches at everything that promises relief; and it is well that it is so. Were it otherwise, any great discovery by which disease may be cured would be of no benefit, because the world had come to the conclusion that there was no use in trying.

Not long since, Dr. Wesley Grindle, a physician of high standing in this city, announced that he had found a remedy which actually cured this horrible disease. Statements came to us from the most reliable sources of cures which had been effected, and which were still being effected, and which were truly startling in their character, and we became convinced that there must be reality in his cures, and so stated. Since, we have seen the living witnesses of his triumph over the worst form of disease, and the desire of each and every one of them is, that we should make known this great discovery to the world for the benefit of others similarly affected.

With this evidence before us, therefore, we have no hesitation in saying that PULMONARY CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. IT IS NO LONGER AN INCURABLE DISEASE. This is saying a great deal more than we ever thought we should be able to say, but it rests upon positive proof; and it is due to Dr. Grindle that his discovery should be made known to the world. For the benefit of suffering men and women it should be published in every newspaper in the country. It is a shame that the success of Dr. G. has stirred up the malice and envy of many physicians of the conservative order; instead of this, he is worthy of our highest regard; and we predict that the secret of this medicine will, in time, be bought up by the profession, and prove an important accession to the healing art, and a specific for the cure of a disease that, perhaps, fills more graves annually than any other in the catalogue of ailments. The subject is creating a great sensation among physicians as well as others, and our advice to consumptive invalids is, that they lose no time in obtaining this GREAT REMEDY. What if they have been deceived heretofore? better be cheated a thousand times by mere nostrum-venders than once reject the means of cure when placed within our reach, and cheat ourselves of our lives. Though this medicine has been before the public but a short time, immense quantities are already being dispatched by mail and express to many parts of the country.

For the information of such as may wish to avail themselves of this valuable medicine, we quote the Doctor's prices, as follows:

One box, $3; three boxes ordered at one time, $8; half dozen, $14; one dozen, or any number greater, at the rate of $2 a box.

The postage in the United States, not over 3,000 miles, is 15 cents a box. In all cases where the postage must be prepaid, the amount should be inclosed in money or stamps.

All orders addressed to Dr. W. Grindle & Bro., either at New-York or Philadelphia, will receive instant attention.—*New-York Atlas.*

AMASA J. PARKER.

A correspondent of the Potsdam *Courier and Journal* gives the following sketch of the Democratic candidate for Governor:

I first knew Judge Parker when he was a Member of the House of Representatives from Delaware county. He was rather a young man for such a position. He was remarkably energetic and business-like in all his actions and movements. He is above the medium size, and strongly made, and admirably adapted to persevering and continued hard labor, both physical and mental. I then understood that he resembled the late President Polk, Elisha Whittlesey, and some others, in devotion to business, and that he was a most laborious and useful member of committees. Such are the real useful men in Congress. His standing in the House was high, and the most explicit confidence was placed in his investigations and opinions. The old members much regretted that the rotation principle prevailing in New York so soon deprived the House of the advantages of such a member. My next knowledge of him was in the Supreme Court at Albany. My early impressions had been that all the great and learned lawyers were from the cities. I then learned my mistake. I think he was opposed by a gentleman of the name of Munson, who has since been a Judge of the Supreme Court. It is true that city lawyers have the advantage of extensive practice, but learning, judgment, and skill have no special locality.

He was appointed a Circuit Judge, on the 6th of March, 1844, by Gov. Bouck, in place of John P. Cushman, resigned, and under the new Constitution of 1846, was elected a justice of the Supreme Court, in which capacity he served eight years. After his appointment, he removed from Delaware to Albany, to promote the convenience of the bar and suitors, where he has since resided. He has returned to the bar, and is deemed one of the most able and safe counsellors in the State. I am inclined to the belief that he is a native of Delaware county, where there have been many of the name, some prominent as lawyers, and all distinguished citizens. His collection of Reports on Criminal Cases is a monument of his industry and discrimination. He resisted all the fanatical tendencies and wild absurdities which the times generated in the Anti-Rent District. He is distinguished for frankness and sincerity, and for his generous friendships. No party to a suit before him has ever left court without commending his firmness, impartiality, and integrity, whether they concurred in his conclusions of law or not. Judge Parker is simple in his tastes and habits, and free from absurd affectation. He perfectly understands the whole machinery of the State Government, and is abundantly competent to discharge any duties devolved by the Constitution and laws upon the Governor. Politically, he has been a Democrat of the strictest sect. Such a man is a suitable candidate to represent the Democratic party of the Empire State.

MILITIA NEWS.

ARMORY MONTGOMERY GUARDS,
Philadelphia, August 24, 1856.

To Thomas Francis Meagher, Editor and Proprietor of the "Irish News," New-York:

Dear Sir,—As your invitation to all Military Companies in the United States extends to us, we would feel deeply indebted to your liberality, if you would be so kind as to give us a place in the columns of your invaluable journal for the following account of the "Montgomery Guards" of Philadelphia, since their organization in September, 1837, up to the present time, in whatever form your judgment may dictate.

This company organized in September, 1837, under the name of the "Montgomery Hibernian Greens," with Joseph Diamond as their Captain; their uniform consisted of a green coat and sky-blue pantaloons, with red facings. They turned out in great strength (in 1839, I believe,) and proceeded to Harrisburg, under command of Lieutenant Dixon, where they did duty at the Buckshot War. Their next Captain was Robert Flanagan, who continued in command until 1843, when John B. Colahan was elected Captain, Captain Flanagan having resigned. The Company, under command of Captain Colahan, were ordered out to the riots in May and July, 1844, and proceeded to St. Philip's Church in Queen street, where they were stationed, and continued to hold the church for twenty-four hours against an infuriated mob of three thousand persons, having, during that time, made several arrests and placed them in the basement of the church. In 1845, they changed their name to "Montgomery Guards," Robert Flanagan having been again elected Captain. They then, together with the "Hibernia Greens" and "Irish Volunteers," formed into the "Montgomery Battalion." Captain M'Geoy was then elected, and continued in command for three years. Miles D. Sweeny was now chosen and commanded the company at the Nigger Riot in 1846, in which they took an active part. James Harvey, their present Captain, was elected in 1847, when the company changed their uniform to the United States Regulations—blue. This company, together with several others, now formed into the 2nd Regiment, 2nd Brigade, Pennsylvania Volunteers. It is at present the largest company in the 2nd Brigade, numbering about 90 members. In 1854, they won a medal from the Regiment at target firing. In 1855, Coroner Delaveau presented a medal to the Regiment which they likewise won. Their Armory is in Military Hall, 4th and Master streets.

The "City Horse Guard," assembled at the Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, on Monday, August 25th, to elect officers for the troop. Captain James Murphy was unanimously re-elected Captain; and Augustus P. Green was elected first lieutenant, and Cornelius Horrigan second lieutenant. We congratulate the Troop on having made the above excellent selections. After the Company adjourned, they were invited with their guests to partake of a bountiful supply of refreshments by the newly elected officers. Lieut.-Colonel P. D. Kelly, 9th Regt., presided. Aided by Messrs. Green and Horrigan, the helmet and sword were laid aside, for knife and fork, and wit and song supplied the place of the "War-whoop." The Troop retired at an early hour in the morning, highly delighted with the business of the evening.

Special Notices.

Catholic Reading Rooms.—The Directors of the Catholic Library Association respectfully announce to the public that their Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery, will be open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 7 to 10 o'clock. Annual subscription, $1. By order.
M. T. Cozans, President.
JAMES O. C. TABB, Rec. Sec'y. sept18

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application, personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until enquiry has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.
sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.
Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

A Catholic Widow Lady accustomed to Tuition and competent to teach English in all its branches, Music and French, wishes for an engagement either as resident or visiting Governess. Address Mr. O., office of The Irish News. sept20

Information Wanted.—Michael Gorman, Stone Cutter, of New-York, will hear of something to his advantage by writing to his Brother-in-law M. McMahon, Neshkoro, Marquette Co., Wisconsin. sept20 4t

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at —— J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa. THOM. CAAS. FITSGIBBON, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

Continental Military Establishment.

J. PARKES,

195 FULTON, BELOW CHURCH, N. Y.

Hats, Caps, Ornaments, &c., made to order. 3m

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.

JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.

JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.

M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

Improved Billiard Tables and Cushions.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.

Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug23 10t

Convent of the Immaculate Conception, *in the Town of Guelph, C. W., for the Education of Young Ladies, under the direction of the Ladies of Loretto.*—The course of Instruction in this Establishment comprises every branch suitable to the education of Young Ladies. They receive tuition according to the wishes of Parents or Guardians, in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History, (Ancient and Modern,) Elements of Astronomy, Botany, Natural History, Rhetoric and Logic; English, French and Italian Languages; Music, Drawing, Painting, Use of Globes, Embroidery, Plain and Fancy Needle Work, &c.

The Uniform of the House, which each Young Lady entering as a Boarder will require, is as follows:—

FOR SUMMER—One Light Blue Dress; one White Muslin Dress; three Lilac Muslin Dresses; a Coarse Straw Bonnet, trimmed with White; and three Blue Muslin Sun Bonnets. FOR WINTER—Two dark Blue Cashmere Dresses; a dark Velvet Bonnet, trimmed with dark blue; and Black Mantilla. She will also require two Dressing Gowns, two Black Aprons, one Black and one White Lace Veil, each two yards in length, and a yard and a half in width; five changes of Linen; Bed, Bedding, Knife, Silver Fork, Table, Dessert, and Tea Spoons.

No Boarder is admitted for a shorter period than six months, nor Day Pupils or Half-boerders for less than three. A month's notice is required previous to the withdrawal of any young lady from the establishment.

Terms for Boarders paid semi-annually, in advance. Half-boarders and Day Pupils, paid quarterly, in advance.

N. B.—Young Ladies of every denomination admitted, and any interference with their religious principles is carefully avoided.

The Classes open each year on the 1st of September.

TERMS:

Tuition in the usual branches of an English and French Education,—to Boarders, per annum,	£25 0 0

FOR DAY PUPILS, PER QUARTER, AS FOLLOWS:

First Class	£0 15 0	Third Class	£1 5 0
Second Class	1 0 0	Fourth Class	1 10 0

EXTRA CHARGES ARE MADE, AS USUAL, FOR THE FOLLOWING:

Music, per annum	£6 0 0	Use of Bedstead and Curtains,	£0 15 0
Use of Piano	2 0 0	Stationery to Boarders,	6 15 0
Drawing or Painting	4 0 0	Stationery to Half-boarders and Day Pupils,	0 10 0
Raised Work	2 0 0	Guitar and Singing	6 0 0
Italian	3 0 0	Wax Flowers, a course	1 5 0
Washing	3 0 0		

aug30

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparent expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter, giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 362 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 8m19jly

Special Notices.

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.

A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.

A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood, deceased.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional district, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth wards of the said city and county.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressional district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.

City and county officers are also to be elected:—

A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.

A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.

Two Governors of the Almshouse, in the places of Isaac Bell, jr., and Simeon Draper.

Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, August 20, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140. aug30

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the CHEAPEST Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the VERY BEST Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept13 8mos 63 Liberty street, N. Y.

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Ageney, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *FALL IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap191y Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 *FULTON STREET,*

(HERALD BUILDING,) **New-York.**
my31y

PHAIR & CO.,

STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

22 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW-YORK,

Are prepared to do Printing of all kinds in the best style and on reasonable terms. PARTIES desiring printing for BALLS, PARTIES, EXCURSIONS, CONCERTS, or PUBLIC MEETINGS, are invited to give us a call.
8mjly26

JAMES CRAFT,

FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

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McLOUGHLIN & McSHANE,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*

NEW-YORK. 3m

SHIP STORES SUPPLIED.

CALL ON

THOMAS LYNCH,

OF the "FULTON SHADES," Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, for the best XX and XXX ales, brandies, and segars.

P. CUFF,

RECTIFIER AND DISTILLER,

NO. 306 EIGHTH AVENUE.

NEW-YORK.

Dealer in Foreign Wines and Liquors.

Goods sent to all parts of the country. Orders of all kinds promptly attended to. y jly26

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of *HAVANA SEGARS,* &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 121 PEARL STREET, New-York.

N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap261y

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PARIS MILLINERY! PARIS MILLINERY!!

McCormack & Simpson,

WILL open on Thursday the 18th inst., at 293 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, the largest and most *recherché* stock of Millinery ever offered in the city, which together with their usual large assortment of Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Embroideries, Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, Perfumery, Small Wares, &c., &c., &c., form the most complete collection of the kind to be found in either city.

McCORMACK & SIMPSON, 293 Fulton street, Brooklyn,
and 126 Sixth Avenue, New-York.

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Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the cheapest Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very best Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept13 3mos 63 Liberty street, N. Y.

Guyon Cadets, Co. D, 9th Regiment. Attention!—The members of this Company are hereby ordered to attend a special meeting at their Armory on Wednesday evening, October 1, at half-past 7 o'clock. Punctual attendance is required as business of importance relating to our Target Excursion, which takes place on the 14th October, will be laid before the meeting. By order.

Thos. Murphy, Captain.
M. McKenney, Orderly Sergt. sept27

Shipping.

THE NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL



United States Mail Line.

The ships composing this line are the following:

The ATLANTIC.....Capt. Eldridge.
The ADRIATIC.....Capt. West.
The PACIFIC.....Capt. Eldridge.
The BALTIC.....Capt. Comstock.

These ships have been built by contract, expressly for the government service. Every care has been taken in their construction, as also in their engines to insure strength and speed; and their accommodations for passengers are unequalled for elegance and comfort.

Price of passage from New-York to Liverpool in first cabin, $130; in second do., $75. Exclusive use of extra size state rooms, $825. From Liverpool to New-York, 80 and 20 guineas.

An experienced surgeon attached to each ship.

No berth can be secured until paid for.

PROPOSED DATES OF SAILING.

FROM NEW-YORK.		FROM LIVERPOOL.	
Saturday	Oct. 11	Wednesday	Sept. 17
Saturday	Oct. 25	Wednesday	Oct. 1
		Wednesday	Oct. 15

Edw'd. K. Collins & Co., No. 56 Wall street, New-York.
Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool.
Stephen Kennard & Co., 27 Austin Friars, London.
B. G. Wainwright & Co., Paris.

The owners of these ships will not be accountable for gold, silver, bullion, specie, jewelry, precious stones or metals, unless bills of lading are signed therefor, and the value thereof therein expressed.

Shippers will please take notice, that the ships of this line cannot carry any goods contraband of war. ap26 6m.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,



Old Black Ball Line of Liverpool Packets.



CERTIFICATES

Furnished for Passage to and from Liverpool, on the 1st and 16th of every Month, by the following splendid ships:

James Foster, Jr.	Capt. J. W. Porter.
Neptune	" E. W. Peabody.
Harvest Queen	" E. Young.
Isaac Webb	" J. M. Bayer.
Great Western	" W. G. Furrier.
Manhattan	" T. Dixon.
Isaac Wright	" E. Abeel.
Columbia	" C. Hutchinson.
Fidelia	" W. A. Macgill.
Yorkshire	" C. A. Marshall.

REMITTANCES.

Drafts, for £1 and upwards, on the Royal Bank of Ireland, and on Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., Bankers, Liverpool and London, payable on sight.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,
38 Burling Slip, N. Y.

Agents in Liverpool, Baring Brothers & Co.,

OLD LINE PACKETS,

Pier 23 East River, foot of Beekman street. 6m

WILLIAMS & GUION'S

Old Black Star Line of Packets. 1856.

Passage from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, secured at the lowest possible rates by this old-established line, sailing from Liverpool to New-York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonage.*
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hanley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,400
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,500
SILAS WRIGHT (new),	Freeman,	2,000
SOUTHAMPTON,	Furlong,	1,600
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 18th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; or persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston;
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.



BLACK BALL LINE

OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,



Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,
Great Western,
Harvest Queen,
Isaac Webb,
Isaac Wright,
Manhattan,
Neptune,
Columbia,
Yorkshire,
Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,

Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my8 3m

Shipping.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA



STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL	FROM PHILADELPHIA
Every alternate Wednesday.	Every alternate Thursday.

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including fare from or to New-York and cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

Or to their Agents in

Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
Baltimore—Foard & Rodgers.....Hartford, Ct.—A. Rose.
Boston—Thompson & Co.....New-Orleans—Jenkins, Williams & Co.
Buffalo—Robt. Hager.....Pittsburg—John Thompson.
Chicago—Lull & Mayer.....Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati—J. F. Meline & Co.....Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.
JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.
EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19 1y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19 1y **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Business Notices.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my31y

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HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*,) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 185, 187 and 189 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

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PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tt

Special Notices.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Catholic Reading Rooms.—The Directors of the Catholic Library Association respectfully announce to the public that their Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery, will be open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 7 to 10 o'clock. Annual subscription, $1. By order.

M. T. Cozans, President.
JAMES O. C. TABB, Rec. Sec'y. sept18

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application, personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until enquiry has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

A Catholic Widow Lady accustomed to Tuition and competent to teach English in all its branches, Music and French, wishes for an engagement either as resident or visiting Governess. Address Mr. C., office of The Irish News. sept20

Information Wanted.—Michael Gorman, Stone Cutter, of New-York, will hear of something to his advantage by writing to his Brother-in-law M. McMahon, Neshkors, Marquette Co., Wisconsin. sept30 4t

European News.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

BY THE ASIA—LIVERPOOL, 6TH INST.

SWITZERLAND.—An insurrection has taken place in the canton of Neufchatel. The cry of the insurgents was "Vive le Roi!" The authorities are in the power of the insurgents. The rising is no doubt in favor of the long-standing claims of the King of Prussia to the territory of Neufchatel. A later dispatch, dated Carlshrue, 4th inst., announces that the royalist (Prussian party) of Neufchatel had, by violent means, possessed themselves of everything that the Swiss party (republican) had succeeded in depriving them of in 1848.

NEUFCHATEL, Berne, Thursday, Sept. 4.

The insurrection in Neufchatel was a sort of petty Prussian *coup d'etat*. The Hotel de Ville has been retaken by the mountaineers. Twelve Prussians have been killed.

The royalists seized the chateau, arrested the Councillor of State, and hoisted the Prussian flag. The Neufchatel telegraph is cut. At Chaux de Fonds, and in the western portion of the canton, the population have taken up arms.

PARIS, Thursday, 8 P. M.

According to our latest news, the federal troops have re-taken the town, and the insurgent leader, Count Pourtalis, has been arrested.

AUSTRIA.—A letter from Vienna, in the *Cologne Gazette*, says: "The military measures that our Government is taking in Italy, and which do not merely consist in placing the fifth corps of the army on a war footing, have given a fresh impulse to the hostile sentiments of Sardinia towards Austria. It is stated that the Sardinian army is to be increased, and that Count Cavour has already addressed a note to the Sardinian Ministers at foreign courts, in which he declares that this measure has been adopted solely in consequence of the policy of Austria, and intimates pretty clearly that he will not tolerate a purely Austrian intervention in Italy."

FRANCE.—The cashier and sub-cashier of the Northern Railroad of France have absconded. A deficiency of 1,000,000f. has already been discovered in their accounts. A branch line from the Marseilles Railroad, to connect Aix, the ancient capital of Provence, with the Mediterranean, was opened with great pomp on Sunday last.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The *Times* of the 3d inst. says, the unprecedented circumstance of the suspension of a London joint stock bank took place this morning. For some time past doubts have been prevalent as to the position of the Royal British Bank, and a run has been going on, which terminated to-day in the closing of the establishment at about 11 o'clock, with a notice that business was suspended "pending negotiations." The capital of the bank is divided into 3,000 shares of £100 each, on which £50 had been paid, making a total of £150,000, and among many practical people an opinion prevails that the greater part, if not the whole, of this will be found to have been lost. Indeed, there are some who predict that the assets will fall short of the liabilities, and that a contribution from the shareholders will be required to complete the winding up. The bank was established seven years ago, with a charter from the Board of Trade, giving several advantageous privileges, but no limitation of liabilities. The number of shareholders is 289, and among them are many persons of property. According to the half-yearly statement submitted on the 1st ult. the amount of liabilities to depositors was £842,421, and its assets consisted of discounted bills, £810,204 (including, it is reported, about £250,000 cash credits), "investments in Government stocks and cash," £174,304, and property in buildings, &c., £23,680. At this meeting a dividend of 4 per cent. was declared, the rate previously having been 5 per cent. The unfortunate depositors are mostly small London tradesmen, who, embracing the advantage held out by this bank of receiving small deposits on drawing accounts, were in the habit of depositing the amounts to meet their current expenditure. The parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, we are informed, has not only lost all its parochial funds, but the balance of numerous charities belonging to the parish. At every branch large crowds of persons assembled early on the following morning, and did not leave till dark.

GREECE.—Letters from Athens of the 26th ultimo assert that perfect tranquillity reigns in that city, and add that the Greek Government has ordered the draining of several lakes, as well as other public works. According to the *Moniteur Grec*, French vine-growers have been engaged to form model establishments, destined to wine-making, in order to procure a greater extension for the vinous productions of the country.

HOLSTEIN.—The High Court of Apppeal at Keil has decided against the competency of the tribunal before which the Minister, M. Von Scheele, was impeached, and has dismissed the accusation. A dispatch, dated Sept. 1, says:

"Much dissatisfaction consequently prevails, but there are some who think that as the courts, as at present constituted, cannot maintain the rights of the State, the people must eventually see that there is no alternative but to take the decision of such affairs into their own hands. Under any circumstances, it is thought that another grievance is thus added to the number of those by which Denmark oppresses the Duchy, and that sooner or later a severance of the unequal connection which now exists must assuredly follow."

The Russian Minister of Finance has been authorized to issue three new series of paper money, amounting to 9,000,000 of silver roubles.

Six of the Madrid journals have been seized by order of the Government. The *Gazette* publishes the decree dissolving the constituent Cortes. Another royal decree accepts the resignation of M. Corradi, who held the post of Spanish Minister at Lisbon.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says it is certain that a second note has been addressed to France and England by Naples.

Foreign Miscellany.

M. Paulin, the director, and M. Busoni, the editor of the French Illustrated News, *L'Illustration*, were cited before a court of law to answer an action of libel brought by the celebrated advocate, M. Chaix d'Estange. It had been stated in that journal that M. Chaix d'Estange had opposed a compromise of the great Pescatore case, relating to the validity of a marriage in Spain, because the amount of his fee depended upon the result. M. Paulin did not appear, and after hearing a very few observations from the counsels for the plaintiff and M. Busoni, the court gave a verdict for a fine of 200f. and the costs in lieu of damages.

The Salut Public of Lyons relates the following somewhat romantic story:—a family belonging to the working class, assembled on Sunday in the first floor of a restaurant at the Brotteaux to celebrate the betrothal of the eldest daughter. The repast had passed over without anything to interrupt its harmony, and the bride elect was sitting with blushing face and downcast eyes listening to the tender professions of her future lord, when suddenly the younger sister, who had been eagerly regarding the lovers, rose from her chair, and after kissing her father and mother, sprang head formost from the open window. The greatest consternation prevailed; but happily it was found that the damsel had fallen upon some soft ground in the garden, and had received no material injury. On being closely questioned as to the motive of the attempt she had made on her life, she confessed, after some hesitation, that she felt a violent passion for the husband of her sister. It remains to be seen whether the latter will make the sacrifice, and whether the former will consent to the exchange."

THE MARSHALS OF FRANCE.—The Annuaire Militaire for 1856, has just appeared. At the head of the book, and immediately after the name of the Emperor, comes that of the Prince Imperial, inscribed as *enfant de troupe* of the first regiment of Grenadiers of the Imperial Guard, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor; then comes a list of the Marshals of the Empire, ten in number, including Prince Jerome. They are the Prince, Marshals Reille, Vaillant, Magnan, De Castellane, Baraguay, d'Hilliers, Pelissier, Randon, Canrobert and Bosquet. The Annuaire mentions that in time of peace, the number of Marshals is fixed at six, and when that number is exceeded, only one nomination to three vacancies takes place.

The Prussian official Correspondent says: "General Chruleff, who commanded a Russian division during the Siege of Sebastopol, was afterwards sent to the frontiers of Persia, where he appears to have advanced too far into the hostile territory. Cut off from all communication with his own countrymen, and threatened on his flank by immediate hordes of Circassians and Kurds, he found himself obliged to make a retreat across the boundless waters of the inhospitable sand steppes, and as nothing has hitherto been heard of him, great fears are entertained for the safety of the General and his whole army."

A man named Bonar, at Kennet, England, was lately fined for using a steel-yard which was found to be incorrect, and though it turned out that the inaccuracy of the steel-yard used had defrauded Mr. Bonar himself, the penalty was enforced.

The Russians have sent in a claim of 400,000 francs for damages done to the Russian palace at Constantinople, from its having been converted into a French hospital.

Jews have been declared eligible for public situations in the Russian empire.

At the meeting of the Liverpool town council, it was reported that defalcations had been discovered in the accounts of Mr. Beggs, collector of dock rates, to the amount of £140. Beggs was dangerously ill from cholera.

The London Chartists' demonstration in honor of John Frost, was to take place on the 15th inst.

The Lord Lieutenant has consented to lay the foundation of the Crimean monument in Wexford.

Loss of an American Ship and seventy-seven Lives.

PLYMOUTH, Friday Evening, Sept. 5, 1856.

The American ship Ocean Home and the cherubim, came into collision at two o'clock this morning, off the Lizard; the former sank in twenty minutes afterward, taking with her seventy-seven souls. She was bound from Rotterdam to New-York, with German passengers, who, with the crew and officers, numbered 105 persons. The master, Merryman, and twenty-one of the passengers and crew, were landed at this port this evening, by the Perseverance pilot boat. The master is seriously contused. The Cherubim received little damage, and proceeded to London.

The second mate, steward, and four seamen of the Ocean Home, got into the long boat, but their fate is doubtful.

Additional Particulars.—The Cherubim, Capt. Smith, of Richmond, U. S., has a general cargo and a number of passengers, among whom are the widow and five children of the late British Consul at the port of New-York [? Vice Consul], who died very suddenly fourteen days after sailing. The cutwater of this ship is knocked away, and some of the trenails and butts smashed, but she has proceeded up the channel.

THE STATE OF FRANCE.

From the London Times.

Contrast with English society the present state of France, as revealed in the intelligence lately received from Paris. Externally the great nation with which we are allied shows, like us, peace and prosperity. Enterprises of all kinds for material improvement are springing up in its capital and large towns. There is no lack of demand for those tasteful manufactures of which it has the monopoly in the markets of the world. The Sovereign has conquered a position in Europe, and receives the homage both of friends and opponents. France has again proved her power to stand first among the military powers of Europe. If we sought to imagine circumstances which should produce content on a people we could hardly fix on anything more favorable than the present condition of France—prosperous, honored, wise in the experience of many political changes, with a great mission before her, and conscious of ability to fulfil the highest expectations of the world. Yet we learn that this community is pervaded throughout by Secret Societies. Some time since it was stated how certain departments of France were especially imbued with communistic doctrines, how the principles of the Socialist writers were carried up and down the great rivers and the chief roads of the country by the class of men whose occupation takes them from place to place among a community which is stationary to a much greater degree than in England. The Society of the Marianne may owe its success to the ardent propagation of such men. The West and South of France seem to be the chief scene of its operations; for, unlike most of the associations which have hitherto influenced the country, it is not yet Parisian in origin, and it does not appear to have yet affiliated many of the working classes of the capital. The Marianne in origin and organization is the work of the provincial artizans, laborers, and peasants. The hardy workers in metal and stone throughout the country seem to be its supporters, and even more devoted to the cause than weavers and vinegrowers. Iron-founders, tin-workers, quarriers, together with all the race of bargemen and boatmen, are deeply implicated—"the manufacturing towns on the Loire, the Rhone, and the Saone, besides various manufacturing centres in the North, East, and South are incorporated in the Marianne, or at least closely connected with it."

Its principles may be well imagined. The Democratic and Social Republic for the end; for the means anything that may be necessary. This society, it is said, has now taken root throughout the greater part of France. We do not, indeed look upon its doings with the trepidation of some old-time politicians, nor do we think that its existence causes to the government in Paris the alarm that might be naturally looked for. These great organizations are, indeed, too unwieldy to effect much. They represent more the wide diffusion of unhealthy feeling than machinery of any definite moment. It is not likely that the Grand Master of the Marianne will carry out through his hierarchy any active plan of revolt. In the first place, these secret societies have no secrets from the police. With much solemnity of initiation and a great apparatus of signals and passwords, there is really little that the youngest disciple does not know. He learns that the society is to promote insurrection when the time shall come, and the chiefs themselves know little more. Out of these thousands of affiliated laborers and peasants there are, of course, many poverty-stricken wretches in secret communication with the Prefects and their officers. The police know all that happens, and possibly not seldom urge on overt acts when the time has come for a decisive blow. Of two generations of Frenchmen, vast numbers have spent their lives in conspiring, and yet conspiracies have not overthrown any of the governments of France. They may have been the expressions of that public feeling which caused revolutions, but actively and immediately they have effected nothing. Charles X. fell by acts of outrageous tyranny and folly, which raised his capital, both bourgeoisie and workmen against him. Louis Philippe threw away his crown by indecision at a moment when a word could have saved him. Secret societies could neither overthrow Cavaignac, nor prevent the successive elections of Louis Napoleon to the highest place in the state. There is, therefore, perhaps, no reason to fear a rising from the wide-spread association we have described. Its members will long continue to declaim in secret, to exhort one another, to drink together, to organize and re-organize with much minuteness of detail, but action will always be deferred to the favorable opportunity, which, in the opinion of the chiefs, will never have arrived. Yet the existence of the Marianne is neverthless a gloomy portent. It shows what France still is—how far distant may be the term which is to close the period of revolutions. The Marianne may never muster its hordes for a march on Paris, but so long as it exists, the land can never have peace. France must be always, as it were, in a state of siege.

The cultivation of Flax in the county of Wexford, on a small scale, has long been practised, but as engrossing the care of the agriculturist as a source of profit by sale, it is of recent date. The Cotton Lords, with their power-looms, had almost entirely banished flax, when the spirit and enterprise of Mr. John Rowe, at Mochorry, and the Messrs. Pownall at Wilton, by opening home markets for the purchase of the raw article in any state after being severed from the soil, gave a new impetus to its cultivation, and created an ardor and competitive spirit among our agriculturists. The men of the county of Wexford are intelligent, slow to adopt new modes on mere speculation—but steady and eager in the pursuit of what promises a fair remuneration for their outlay and enterprise. That flax is now a favorite in the county, is pretty evident from the increase of extent of land in 1856, exceeding by 726 acres, that under flax in 1855, viz: in 1855, 825 acres, in 1856, 1551 acres.

A dispute has arisen between the Guardians of the Castlecomer Union and their Medical Officer, Dr. Ross. Some time ago, the Doctor complained that he could not pass through the Workhouse on Sundays—as he himself expresses it, "what they call Holidays"—all the doors being carefully locked. It was ascertained that Dr. Ross was in the habit of attending the Workhouse during the hours which have been dedicated to religious worship. There not being the slightest necessity for selecting that particular period of the day, the Board considered Dr. Ross himself in the wrong; and accordingly, prohibited him from attending during the hours of eight and ten o'clock. He has put a notice on the books that he cannot obey the order, and it seems he is resolved upon coming into collision with the Board.

The ceremony of the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Gillooly was to have taken place in the new church of St. Vincent, Cork, Sunday, the 7th of September. As the loved and honored *confrere* of Father Michael O'Sullivan, and then as his efficient successor, in the seminary, in the community, in the erection of the church, as chaplain to our lunatic asylum and more than one of our religious communities, the *Cork Examiner* says, that Dr. Gillooly has done solid service to Cork.

Mr. Caraher has moved, at a meeting of the Town Commissioners, for a memorial in favor of having Dundalk formed into a military district. The resolution was unanimously adopted. Mr. Caraher guarantees the morality of the town from contamination, and instanced Dublin, in proof of what he stated, as the most religious city in the empire, although containing a large military force.

The frauds for which John and James Sadleir have obtained so disgraceful a notoriety all over the world, have resulted in another bank suspension. The Commercial Bank of Newcastle-on-Tyne has closed, being unable to struggle with embarrassments caused by the Sadleir frauds.

In Kilkenny city, the other day, John Davis was sentenced to pay £1 3s. 6d. or be imprisoned for 6 months with hard labor, for having offered a Crimean medal belonging to Private Joseph Wilde, of the 50th Regt., for sale. The latter stated that he had authorized the prisoner to dispose of the medal for him.

The Rev. Charles O'Reilley, C. C., of Drumgoon, has got permission from the bishop of the diocese to proceed for a time to Australia, where he accompanies a gentleman who has come in for a large inheritance there. It is the intention of the parishioners to present him with an address and entertain him at a dinner on the occasion of his departure.

The Scots Grays, on landing in Ireland, will be quartered at Newbridge; the 16th Lancers move from Dublin to Longford, the 13th Light Dragoons from Ballincollig to Cahir, and the 17th Lancers from Cahir to Dublin.

The parties committed for a riot at Kilrush, on the testimony of "Denny the Dicer," have been released, by order of the Lord Lieutenant. The *Telegraph* says it is owing to the letters of Rev. Dr. Cahill.

On his return from Galway, Smith O'Brien passed the Ballinasloe station. During the few minutes the train stopped he walked out on the platform, and was at once recognized by the Earl of Clancarty, who shook hands with him very cordially.

A medical officer for the workhouse of the Dudalk Union was elected by the board of guardians on Tuesday, in the person of Dr. Jones, of Drumconrath Dispensary, who had a majority of one over Dr. Crinian.

Irish News.

A few Yorkshiremen lately left Belfast for Liverpool, taking with them a quantity of green rushes, made up into neat bundles. These rushes are dried and sent up to the southern districts, to be used as rush-lights. They are extensively used in London, Manchester, and other large manufacturing towns, by the poorer classes of the people. The rushes in question were cut in the swampy land nearest the town, so that, as the Belfast *Mercury* observes, what many consider a nuisance can be easily made profitable as a commodity for export.

Sixty-eight men who volunteered to fight under the banner of the gallant 18th Royal Irish, previous to their departure from Chatham for the Crimea, have rejoined the left wing of Her Majesty's 49th Regiment, at Buttevant. Major Kirby opened the ranks, and as each decorated file marched down, they were enthusiastically cheered by their old and young comrades. The men, although sun-burnt and weather-beaten, with huge patriarchal beards and moustaches, were in the enjoyment of good health. The 94th welcomed back their undaunted comrades to Buttevant, with demonstrations of joy, and a thousand *Cead Mille Failthes*.

The August fair of Boyle was remarkably small and the prices demanded so high, that very few sales were effected. The high prices latterly obtained, have naturally led the grazier to expect a corresponding figure; but the fact that the government, finding they have in store at least three years provisions, and in order to make room for beef and pork daily arriving from the late scene of war, threw into the English market a large quantity of beef and pork (of last year's curing); the former, which cost £4, brought only £4 10s., and the latter, which cost £3, was disposed of at from 22s. to 18s. per cwt.

The Dublin *Freeman* reports that the rain and storm which, within the last three days, has followed a season unprecedented for many years in Ireland for intense heat, has come rather unexpectedly on farmers having crops to reap, as well as on shipowners having vessels at sea. The weather in the channel continues still very boisterous. The steamers *Trafalgar* and *Duke of Cambridge* had to put back, owing to the heavy weather. The mail boat for Holyhead could not leave the harbor until considerably after her time, owing to the tremendous severity of the gale then blowing. Considerable apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the vessels in the Channel.

Much dissatisfaction prevails amongst the Catholic body in Limerick, owing, the *Tipperary Vindicator* states, to the one-sided arrangements that have been made with regard to the new military cemetery in Limerick. It appears that the Protestant rector is to receive the burial fees both for Catholic as well as Protestant soldiers. The *Vindicator* recommends a burial place being set aside for soldiers at the new Catholic cemetery in that city.

An examination of gentlemen nominated for cadetships in the constabulary was held at Dublin Castle for three succeeding days. Out of sixteen candidates examined, Messrs. Peacock, Harvey, Hill, and Owen have been declared the successful competitors, and they have been appointed by the Lord Lieutenant to four existing vacancies in the force.

Sir E. M'Donnell, William Haughton, Esq., with Mr. W. R. Le Fanu and Mr. Miller, engineers; Mr. Croker Barrington, solicitor to the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, and Mr. G. E. Ilberry, traffic manager, have inspected the contemplated line of railway from Roscrea to Nenagh. They are fully satisfied that the line could be economically constructed, and would be a good feeder for the Great Southern and Western Railway.

The *Waterford News* understands that Colonel Snow offered 4s 6d a day to a number of reapers, which they refused, and were subsequently offered 5s per day by a man of Mr. Kearney's, of Gracedieu, with whom they hired. A scarcity of women to bind corn, is very much felt.

An influential public meeting of the inhabitants of Drogheda has taken place in the Tholsel Court-house, for the purpose of causing two draw-bridges to be erected on the Boyne, without further delay, and thereby removing every obstruction to the free navigation of the river.

The Marquis of Waterford is going to erect a splendid and costly mansion at Curraghmore. This is cheering news, the Waterford papers say, for the stonecutters and mechanics of Waterford. Unlike other noblemen, Lord Waterford deserves great credit for staying amongst his own people, and spending his immense fortunes at home, instead of in Paris or London.

A correspondent of the *Ulsterman* says that the Drogheda linen trade is in a comparatively prosperous condition—all the operative weavers who wish to work, are steadily and constantly employed, and fresh orders, of an extensive kind are almost daily received by the principal manufacturers.

Twenty-seven emigrants, chiefly of the farming and artizan classes, have recently left Galway, for various parts of America. Most of them had been enabled to emigrate by the aid of remittances received from their friends in America.

M. Donovan, of Kinsale, whose literary productions have excited much admiration, has lately returned from Paris, where he has been prosecuting his studies for the ecclesiastical profession. The *Cork Reporter* understands that Mr. Donovan will leave Ireland again for the Continent about the commencement of October.

The Sisters of the "Good Shepherd" Convent, Limerick, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of 7 guineas, from the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, towards the Bazaar, and several fashionable contributions from the Ex-Queen of the French, the Duchess d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville.

Sir Thomas Esmonde has been requested by the Committee to invite his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, to lay the first stone of the Wexford Heroes' Testimonial; and the Right Hon. Baronet will invite His Excellency and friends to stay at Johnstown Castle, during their visit to Wexford.

There are upwards of 700 men employed on the Dundalk and Enniskillen railway, beyond Newbliss, under the direction of the contractors, Messrs. M'Cormack and Company. The work is being executed with great vigor, and it is expected that the line will be completed sooner than the period stipulated in the contract.

The parliamentary voters' lists of the county of the city of Limerick are now made out, and they comprise 2490 rated occupiers, 229 freeholders, 157 freemen, 52 claimants, as rated occupiers, and 8 claimants as freeholders.

A nugget of gold weighing six ounces troy weight, has been found in a stream near Arklow, county Wicklow.

The "United Kingdom."—A cynic might find considerable amusement in such incidents as the following (which are of almost daily occurrence at all the chief seaports of Ireland), as illustrations of what we so often, and so absurdly, designate as the "United Kingdom:"—

"Deportation of Irish Paupers.—On the 16th instant, a poor woman named Nancy Ferguson, who was near her confinement, was sent to Belfast by the Stork steamer from Glasgow, by the parochial authorities. Captain McBride, with his customary care, took the woman to the Refreshment rooms in Gambier street, and got her a breakfast; after which she went to Holywood in quest of her relatives. A woman named Catherine Byrne, who has been residing more than four years in Port Glasgow, and had received a slight injury at her work, was sent over in consequence of her applying for relief; an individual named Parker, with singular munificence, bestowed upon her one shilling, to defray the expense of her journey to the county of Roscommon. Captain M'Bride had her sent by the Windsor steamer to Dublin, and gave her money to defray her expenses homeward."—*Banner of Ulster.*

Poor Nancy was "mere Irish' surplus, however; and we must not forget that she might have been similarly treated at home by an Irish landlord, had she been tenant at will.—*Kilkenny Journal.*

For the last three weeks the wheat crop in the county Clare has fallen at the hands of the reaper. Never has it been more to the wishes of the farmer. Scarcity of hands and exorbitant rates of wages were expected, but they did not occur. The highest wages were 4s., in a few places, for three or four days; 2s. a day and diet was the ordinary run of the market. Everything has turned out very fair, and little cause for grumbling. As a farmer said at Meelick, "The man that was not content this year with the harvest God has given the country, ought to be taken and shot." Around Gort, and the Connaught boundaries of Clare, a good deal of work yet remains to be got through. The hands were absent, and are now only beginning to return. Near Limerick, within the past few days, farmers have been looking for laborers to stack the corn, without success. It is easier, however, to meet with reapers than good hands at stacking corn. Barley is in every direction a good crop, and in some instances above an average. Oats, as anticipated from the beginning of the season, deficient in straw, which is thin and short. Hay is by no means so good as in other years. In a few scattered places it is very good, but the great bulk will be short.

Dr. Apjohn, author of a pleasant work upon Continental Spas, declares his competent opinion favorable to the celebrated Spawaters of Lisdoonvarna, county Limerick, as "energetic agents in combating many forms of disease." The proprietor of the property upon which these spas are situated proposes to let sites for suitable lodges or little villas, in which invalids could have comfortable accommodation when enjoying the benefits of the spas. Apart from the efficacy of the waters, the surrounding scenery, including the Cliffs of Moher, Galway Bay, the Arran Islands, with their ancient ecclesiastical and other monuments, and the wild, irregular, picturesque coast of the Atlantic, form a combination of attractive objects, among which the most indefatigable of tourists might delightedly linger, and which would afford many worthy subjects for the artist's pencil.

Mr. John B. Murphy, for many years superintendent and paymaster of the Great Southern and Western Railway, has been appointed Governor of the city of Cork prison. The corporation of Cork has been fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Murphy, whose long connection with the Great Southern and Western Railway, and previously with the metropolitan police, as one of its earliest and most efficient officers, will enable him to bring to the discharge of his new duties an amount of useful experience which few men of his age have acquired.

We learn from the *Kilkenny Journal*, that notwithstanding the changeable weather for some time past, harvest operations have been proceeding in a most satisfactory manner throughout the county. There are still some vague rumors concerning the potato disease, but nothing of a tangible character. A curious phenomenon in the potato itself has been developed in several farms in the vicinity of Kilkenny—a number of small tubers emerging out of each potato. Experienced agriculturists call it a second growth, occasioned by the recent rain succeeding a protracted drought.

Several improvements are about being made in Kilkenny. The town council are deliberating about them. Edmund Smithwick is determined to establish a fair green, which has long been sadly wanted. The mayor, in the same spirit, wants to widen Irishtown, and thus beautify that dull looking vicinity. And Dr. Cane is on the alert for the erection of a rustic footbridge from New-quay to the Lake, and the continuation of the roadway of St. John's quay to Green's bridge, gate-keepers to be appointed and placed in charge at either end.

At a meeting of the Joint Committee of the Grand Juries of the County and City of Waterford, for the purpose of deciding on the best route for a line of railway from Cappoquin, through Dungarvan and Waterford, it was determined, after hearing the statement of Mr. Tarrant, County Surveyor, and inspecting a number of plans and surveys prepared by that gentleman, that the line to be recommended should run into Waterford by the Bilberry rock. It was also determined to call a general county meeting, to be held at the Court-house, Dungarvan, where it is intended to recommend that the rate in aid of the guarantee shall fall equally on owners and occupiers, as in the case of the poor rate.

The *Dundalk Democrat* is glad to learn that Mr. J. C. Duffy has been collecting subscriptions in that town, in aid of the fund for the relief of the inhabitants of France, who have suffered from the inundations. He has been very successful. The Primate and clergy, assembled at a recent conference, set an admirable example to the people of Dundalk, having contributed £32 to the fund.

A brilliant lecture has been recently delivered before the Young Men's Society of Cork, by Mr. Kenny, of Mount Mellary Abbey. The subject was, "The Orators of Ireland." The address consisted chiefly of brief, but pithy and careful sketches of most of our great speakers, including Flood, Grattan, Curran, and O'Connell, with illustrative passages from their speeches, and glimpses of their times.

We learn from a parliamentary paper that the net produce of the Irish revenue for 1855 was £6,056,272, which was paid into the Exchequer. It was made up of £1,919,108 collected under the head of Customs; £2,308,125 of Excise; £441,300 Stamps; £1,049,808 property and income tax; £26,000 Post-Office; £300 small branches of the Hereditary Revenue; and £311,629 miscellaneous, including the repayment of advances.

The *Tuam Herald*, said to be the organ of Archbishop MacHale, says: "From several facts which have hitherto escaped discussion and comment, the Irish Catholic public are beginning to feel that a new era of ecclesiastical policy for this country is about to commence. Laymen are slow to interfere in such matters, except with great caution and with bated breath; but when organic changes are about being made in the regimen of such a nation as Ireland—so long and so devotedly attached to the Holy See and Catholicity—it would be wise in those who originate such changes to pause in the onset of their career. Great zeal there may be, but over-zeal very frequently overshoots the mark, and works irreparable mischief. The Irish are proverbially submissive and deferential to their ecclesiastical superiors; but they are sensitive on all points affecting traditional rights and usages, to a degree which those alone who know their Catholic and national instincts can duly understand and appreciate. Whether rightly or wrongly, a notion has of late been gaining ground, that too close a connection with Whiggery is taking place amongst some of the dignitaries of the Irish Church. This notion is giving rise to feelings of mistrust. These feelings have hitherto been manifested only in a negative manner. But if the policy of maintaining Whiggery at the expense of freedom of religion and the rights of the nation is persevered in, it is difficult to say to what disastrous results it may lead."

The funeral of the Catholic Bishop of Wexford, was solemn in the extreme. The coffin was placed upon a catafalque in the centre of the church of Enniscorthy, with a number of tapers lighted round it. The Archbishop of Dublin was the high priest on the occasion, and the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Ossory, assisted at the ceremony. The clergy in attendance, including Monsignore Yore, numbered about one hundred Amongst the laity present, were John H. Talbot, Sir Jam Power, Sir Thos. Esmonde, John Edward Redmond, John Maher, John T. Devereux, M. P., T. R. Colelough, John Walsh, J. P., and Dr. O'Rourke. Immediately after the burial, there was a meeting of the chapter, when the Very Rev. Dean Murphy, of Glynn, was unanimously declared vicar-capitular.

From the *Waterford News* we learn that a valuable little book, under the title of "*The Sporting Capabilities of Ireland*," by a deputy-lieutenant of the county of Waterford, has just been published by Messrs. Hodges & Smith, Dublin. The object of the writer is to turn the attention of Irish country gentlemen to the preservation of game on their estates, and to show that it is protection from vermin more than food or soil which is essential to game. The notes refer principally to a plateau of ground on which the writer himself resides, situated in that part of the county of Waterford contained between the rivers Blackwater and Bride, near Cappoquin, and which contains about twelve thousand acres of land, the property of the Duke of Devonshire.

Distressing accounts still reach us of the sad effects produced by the destruction of the crops in the barony of Upper Fews, by the recent terrible hailstorm. The crops in five townlands in that barony have been left quite useless to the inhabitants, and two other townlands in the county Monaghan are in a similar condition. There are about seven hundred acres in the seven townlands, and estimating the value of the crops on an average at ten pounds per acre, seven thousand pounds' worth have been destroyed. The corn crops are of no value whatever, the very grass was beaten into the earth; mangle and turnips were stripped of their leaves, and their growth stopped, and as the potato stalks were cut in pieces, it is certain the half-grown tubers are worth little or nothing.

The interest at first excited by the unexpected discovery of the sulphur spa near Ennis has not in the least abated. Dr. Evans, of Newmarket-on-Fergus, visited it, and brought away in his gig a vessel filled with the water, for analytical scrutiny. Dr. Evans' opinion is, that in all respects it is as good as the sulphur spa of Lisdoonevarna, on the adjacent land, in possession of a man named Crowe. On the property of Lord Inchiquin, another spring indicating the presence of iron to the taste, has made its appearance. Mr. Hennessey, the owner of the sulphur spa, has sent a quantity of it to Dublin, with the necessary fee, and on receipt of the testimony of chemical investigation, he intends publishing the particulars for the public satisfaction.

As James Hodgkins, Michael Lanigan, and Michael Bourke were lately returning to their residence from Templemore, they were met by Thomas Cosker, Joseph Maher, Brian Gleeson, and Michael Fogarty, when an altercation between the parties took place, in which Hodgkins received two fractures on the head. Coskar and his party have absconded.

Some difficulty is pending between the Galway Board of Guardians and the Catholic chaplain of the Union. The case has been warmly taken up by the Board. The majority stand firmly by their officer. Captain Kirwan, a Protestant gentleman of intelligence and education, expressed the sense of the Board when he testified to the private and public worth of the Rev. Mr. Daly.

A splendid new steamer, the *Montagu*, has just been built in Liverpool for the Wexford steam packet company. She will carry 300 head fat cattle, and 1,500 pigs and sheep—has good cabins for 30 passengers, and a house on deck for 100 steerage ones. Her speed is expected to enable her to make the passage at all times under 16 hours.

The tobacco manufacturers of England have put on a further advance of 2d. per lb. on tobacco. The price of leaf tobacco in 1850, was 5d. It is now 10d. to 1s. The Limerick manufacturers are about to advance. Their trade has been ruinous for some years past.

The patron-feast of Kilmurry, one mile from Waterford, was attended by several hundred persons. The amount of drink consumed at it, was beyond all precedent.

Miss Palmer, Assistant Mistress of the Limerick Model School, is appointed by the Commissioners of National Education, head mistress of the infant model school, under the board, at Kilkenny.

The amount of subscriptions received for the public park, at Waterford, exclusive of £500 from Government, is about £950.

The grand jury of Wexford agreed to have a free bridge in Ross—an act of parliament was obtained for the purpose; but all fell to the ground because the grand jury of Kilkenny disagreed.

The late Bishop of Ferne, Dr. Murphy, was nephew to the celebrated Father Murphy, who commanded the insurgents in '98, and was killed at the battle of Gorey.

Ald. Forristal, Waterford, daily expects a cargo of hemp and tallow, the first imported direct from Russia into that part of Ireland since peace was established.

The Killarney Races commenced under the most favorable circumstances. The weather was bright and cheerful, the course admirably selected, stretching out at some distance from the lower lake, and the proceedings were conducted by the Stewards in a manner that showed the most anxious desire to gratify the public. An admirable view of the course was commanded from a capacious stand-house erected by Mr. William Connell, of Killarney; and an idea of the success of the meeting may be inferred from the fact that the receipts obtained for admission on the platform exceeded the money taken during the entire three days of the last races. The first race was for the Kenmare Stakes. The horses went out well together, and a close and well contested race ensued. Mr. Barry's *Brother to Middleton* took the lead, the *Maid of Balmoral* keeping well up, and *Morgan Rattler* taking the third place. They continued in this position for only a short time; *Morgan Rattler* quickly collared Mr. Barry's horse, and, in a very few strides after, passed out of the leading horse and won by about half a length. *Walterstown* was second, and the *Maid of Balmoral* a very good third, indeed between the third and winning horse the distance amounted to little more than a length. *Kitty Free* came in fourth, and the other horse was distanced. The next race was the Killarney Stakes. Mr. Courtney's b m *Black Rose;* Mr. Barry's *Brother to Lord Midleton;* Mr. Dillon's *Maid of Balmoral.* The first heat was very well contested in the commencement, and excited much interest. The *Maid of Balmoral* won by about two lengths, and had a walk over for the second heat. A hack race terminated the sports of the day, and afforded quite as much amusement as the more pretentious races that preceded it.

We have much pleasure in extracting the following tribute to the bravery and generous spirit of a young County Wexford man, Lieutenant William Crosbie Harvey, of the 9th Regiment of Foot, from the Kingston *Daily News* of the 22d of last month. On Friday fortnight, a party proceeded in boats to Kingstown Mills, to enjoy a pic-nic regalement. Dinner was prepared on the flat near the first lock of the Rideau Canal, the wild and rugged scenery on each side of which is familiar to most Kingstonians. After the conclusion of the repast, which was heightened by lively conversation, *bon-mots*, jocular repartee, and the usual *agremens* of a refined social party, the ground was cleared of all obstructions, and the band, giving forth its enlivening strains, the young and gay of both sexes resorted to the pleasurable exercise of "dancing on the green," which they did with a heartiness pleasant to behold. The graver portion of the party were divided into little knots, rambling about the locks and rocks which in that locality abound; and up on the craggy steeps, and on the railway bridge, the denizens of that sterile locality looked down from their lofty positions on the animating scene below. The *tout ensemble* presented a spectacle of uncommon attraction, and will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. A waiter who had partaken rather freely of the generous beverages provided for the occasion, in passing by a "set" who were dancing near the lock, stepped near the edge of the lock, lost his balance, and went into the lock. The alarm was instantaneous; several gentlemen threw off their coats previous to jumping after him; others threw ropes and billets of wood for him to cling to, but Lieutenant Harvey, leaped into the water, seized hold of the man (who had already sunk twice), and held him up by almost superhuman strength, until both were rescued from their perilous situation.

Three orphans, Michael, Martin and Bartholomew Egan, were kidnapped on the 7th instant, conveyed to Clifden, and located in one of the proselyting schools. These facts were elicited in open court. The magistrates presiding were the Rev. H. Darcy, chairman; Lord French, Samuel Jones, Valentine O'Connor Blake, John Scully, and R. Shaw, R. M. The case was brought under notice by the Very Reverend P. McManus, P. P. of Clifden, and urged by Cole Rochford, of Galway. After many fierce encounters between some of their worships on the one side, and the learned attorney and parish priest on the other side, the reverend chairman was induced to engage to have the children brought from his proselytising establishment, and delivered up to their guardian aunt, Bridget Tolan.

A correspondent of the *Telegraph* calls attention to a decision pronounced in College street Police Office. Two men, assuming to be officers in the army (but who were stated to be servants, one of them to Lord Seaton, and the other to Sir Henry Marsh,) went to the north transept of the church of St. Andrew, in Westland-row, and continued for some time at the entrance chirping to the females, and throwing their arms around their shoulders, attempting to embrace them. This indecent conduct was accompanied by more indecent language. A police constable removed them, when they went to the front entrance, and repeated their misconduct. The constable again removing them, they attempted to maltreat him. They were fined 5s., or to be imprisoned for forty-eight hours. They paid the fine, and went away laughing, saying, "We had damned fine sport for 5s."

The *Banner of Ulster* reports of the Linen Trade that sales of goods for the home market have been steady, but not so active as could be anticipated. Coarse fabrics sell as fast as they can be got ready for the warehouse. Medium goods have been worked off pretty largely; still the stocks in hand range high. Prime linens may be set down as under the usual average, both in the hands of bleachers and manufacturers. Prices are firm for every description of fabrics, and especially for the finer class of goods. Damasks have been moved in large quantities. The very fine department of the trade has held a position all season. Demand for the United Service has been very active with those houses which hold orders from the army and navy. Yarns are firm. The thread trade continues brisk in all its branches, and at present the largest manufacturers find it difficult to meet orders.

The Intended Brigades in Ireland.—Dublin Brigade, Cavalry, 2nd and 3rd Dragoon Guards, 8th Hussars, and 17th Lancers. 1st Infantry Brigade, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, 4th and 33d Regiments. 2nd Brigade, 50th, 77th, and 95th Regiments. Royal Artillery, one troop of the Horse Brigade and two Field Batteries. The Curragh Camp, Cavalry, 1st Royals and 2d Scots Greys, 18th Light Dragoons, and 16th Lancers. 1st Infantry Brigade—1st Battalion 1st Royal Regiment, 18th Royal Irish, and 3d Battalion 60th Rifles. 2d Infantry, 38th, 24th, and 98th Regiments. Cork, 56th and 99th Regiments. Birr, the depots of the 18th, 63d, 65th, 67th, and 76th Regiments. Belfast—The depots of the 3d, 46th, and 68th Regiments. Limerick, the depots of the 9th, 17th, and 39th Regiments.

Henry Grattan and family have arrived at Vicarstown Cottage in the Queen's County, where his tenants welcomed their arrival by a bonfire on a most extensive scale. A piper and two fiddlers being in attendance, dancing commenced, in which Mr. Grattan and the Misses Grattan joined. The village of Vicarstown, was illuminated. Porter, ale, and other refreshments were freely furnished to the revelers.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN LETTER.

Dublin, August 30th.

Presentation of Colors to the Royal Irish—a day for house-breakers—the Crowd on the occasion—Lords and Ladies—Lord Gough—the Lord Lieutenant's Speech—Repeal of the Union in the Vice-regal Lodge—Installation of a Knight of St. Patrick—P. J. Murray at the gate of Clonmel—Dean Burke and Alderman Hackett—Don Quixotte and Sancho Panza—Donnybrook Fair—Catherine Hayes—Louis Blanc's letter—Louis Napoleon—God save the Emperor.

We have had two great events here lately. There was the presentation of colors to the 18th Royal Irish, and there was the installation of the Marquis of Londonderry as Knight of the Order of St. Patrick. Both were mighty fine in their way. The former took place in the Phœnix—everything takes place there. A large square was formed by several detachments of cavalry and foot regiments. Inspector Walpole, with a body of Dublin Blues, assisted the military in holding their ground. That is, they stood behind and propped them up with their batons. The Blues are a glorious body. But, strange to say, if any one else gets "glorious" they're sure to fine or degrade him.

The civilians, of course, were out in thousands. The Squares, and such genteel subdued streets as Fitzwilliam and Harcourt, sent out their carriages, their faded liveries, and *bouquets* of beauty—the latter done up in the handsomest style. Great Britain street, and the humbler regions of gentility in the neighborhood of the Reservoir, St. Anne's church, and the Royal canal, contributed their inhabitants on out-side-cars. Dublin, in fact, on wheels or on foot, was out on the day in its beautiful park. 'Twould have been a fine day for housebreakers. But even housebreakers have turned loyal just now, and wouldn't for the world follow their trade on such an occasion.

In the centre of the square the 18th was drawn up, in companies formed in columns. Nearly all the men wore their Crimean beards and medals. Their appearance was splendid. None but Irish soldiers could show such limbs and faces. Their muscle was not a whit more striking than their intelligent look. But there they were, with all their finery about them, and years and years of glory blending in the rich sunshine above their lifted bayonets, and all eyes upon them—there they stood, the pillars of an empire, within whose walls their own country, once so bright and promising, has been entombed. By all that's lovely! I could write with infinitely greater heart were I writing to you from behind one of the huge idols of Yucatan, in the midst of lizards the length of a shark, than I can do now, sitting within sight of the Wellington Testimonial and within hearing of the bells of Christ Church.

The Lord Lieutenant, who did the honors of the occasion, wore the uniform of a Lieutenant-General, and the collar of the Order of St. Patrick—not the collar of gold which Malachi wore. A brilliant staff accompanied his Excellency. A squadron of the Queen's Bays served as the vice-regal escort. All the delightful flesh and blood of the Castle—all the dimples, smiles, snowy teeth, swan-like necks, and coral lips which through that dingy higgledy-piggledy building spread light, and mirth, and love, and fragrance, and the sweetest nonsense—all that Sir Peter Lily, or Daniel Maclise himself could paint, was there. In other words, old Lady Dover was there, and so was Lady Fanny Howard, and so was Mrs. Shaw. Who the deuce is Mrs. Shaw? But the *Freeman's Journal*, *Saunders* (nothing at all to your friend the ex-Consul) the *Post*, and the rest of them actually riot in all the luxurious extravagances Johnson's dictionary or *Rambler* can supply, describing the splendors of the day.

Far away, however, next to the Irish regiment itself, the finest and most attractive feature on the crowded field, was old Lord Gough. In full uniform, with several pounds' weight in silver and gold medals on his breast, he rode about the lines, and was tremendously cheered. Rebel as I am, I cheered him myself. Under whatever flag he serves, I can't help feeling an interest in the Irish soldier—feeling sorrow for him if he fails or falls—feeling proud of him when he wins the spurs.

The Lord Lieutenant in delivering the new colors to the Regiment, delivered a speech, a correct copy of which I send you. It is really eloquent. With a few alterations, no better speech could be delivered by the President of an Irish Republic on a similar occasion. The old colors were quietly deposited the next day in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The officers of the 18th dined with his Excellency in the evening at the Vice-regal Lodge. *The Repeal of the Union* was one of the toasts.

Not having been present when the cloth was removed (nor before it, indeed, for the matter of that) I cannot personally vouch for the truth of the last little sentence. Nor was I present at the installation of the Marquis of Londonderry. The Dublin papers (all of them) contain interesting accounts of the ceremony, and give equally interesting historical accounts of the Knights of St. Patrick. By-the-bye, wouldn't that be a capital name for a convivial club of Irishmen in America? A club which would include men of all creeds and political opinion, and be shut against none who had the heart, the proprieties, and culture of a gentleman. There's a sprig of shamrock for you! Let's see what you'll make of it.

Mr. Patrick Joseph Murray went down the other day, accompanied by his solicitor, Mr. P. J. McKenna, to Clonmel, and hammered away with an odd volume of the *Irish Quarterly Review* at the gate. Old Dean Burke was behind the door, and let him in. There was a bonfire in honor of Mr. Murray, and a "good string band"—so the correspondent of the *Limerick Observer* writes—and "the greatest enthusiasm."

Dean Burke, no doubt, holds the key of Clonmel in his pocket, and whoever is his favorite is sure to get in, whether it be to the Poor-house or Parliament that admission is sought. Alderman Hackett, proprietor of the *Tipperary Free Press* enthusiastically supports Murray. The Alderman and the Dean always pull together. They're a picturesque couple—heavy waists, short legs, aerial heads. If the Dean were four feet taller, (he might be that, and still be nothing very much out of the way in height,) and were he a little cadaverous, instead of being so corpulent and mellow, I might liken his reverence to Quixotte, and Hackett to Panza. In one respect, at-all-events, the comparison would hold. The knight and his squire were inseparable. The same can be said of the Dean and the Alderman. They are the Siamese twins of Clonmel—the same brains, the same girth, the same beautiful features in all respects. May they live a thousand years, and go to Heaven together!

Mr. Murray's opponent is Mr. Barton, who professes what is called the Conservative creed. My good wishes attend Mr. Barton. Not surely that I am a Conservative, but that I wish to see Irish gentlemen of high social rank in Parliament instead of adventurers and upstarts. In the latter category I locate the protegé of Dean Burke.

But, after all, what a waste of time, and type, and paper it is, writing about such obscure personages and such tame events? Depend upon it, neither should have as much as a monosyllable from me, were there anything of the slightest interest doing in Mr. Porter's police-office, or any other place of amusement. There's Donnybrook fair, to be sure, but that's as dry as an old wig now. The shine has been taken out of it completely. The beautiful glossy curls it had once, are as flat as a pan-cake to-day. It's only military displays, reviews in the Park, presentations of colors, and Proclamations of Peace—we attend to now. We have grown to be a sensible, respectable, loyal people. From sunrise to the going down thereof, we look up at Nelson's Pillar, and thank God for the victories of England. We go round on our converted knees (they were once as bold and inflexible as brass,) and make our devout pilgrimage to the black images of the Georges, inside the wall of the Mansion House, and the palisades of Stephen's Green; and after that we kiss the petrified tail of Willam's horse, in College Green, and on a Sunday we walk out along Blackrock road (it's as dusty as ever) with boiled peas in our brogans, to Kingstown, and there, on our marrow-bones, we repeat the oath of allegiance to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, holding on by the granite legs of George the Fourth. Heighho! As the *London Times* recently said (speaking of Ireland,) "it's now all pigs, poultry, potatoes and flax."

It's pleasanter to turn to the brilliant successes of Catherine Hayes, who has been carrying the green flag of Ireland—like Moore's heroine bearing the wand of the "bright gold ring" all through the "sainted isle of old"—and who has lately come among us once more. The *Cork Examiner* says that—

"The artistic voyage round the world of this *artiste* is the most extraordinary one ever undertaken by any singer. Miss Hayes left Liverpool for New York in the *Pacific*, in 1851. After a tour in the United States she arrived in San Francisco, in November, 1852. At the close of a brilliant career in California, Miss Hayes departed for South America. After visiting the principal cities, she embarked for the golden cities of the great Australian ocean. She gave concerts in the Sandwich Islands, and arrived in Sydney in January, 1854. From Sydney Miss Hayes went to Melbourne and Adelaide, and from the last mentioned place to India, giving concerts in Calcutta and Singapore, one of which was in aid of the Patriotic Fund. From Singapore Miss Hayes traveled to Batavia, and in the capital of Java the "Swan of Erin" created an immense sensation. From Batavia, Port Philip Bay was the next locality. After revisiting Melbourne and Sydney, Miss Hayes paid a visit to the Bendigo gold field, where she gave four concerts. Tasmania was the next voyage, singing in Hobart Town and Launceston, the chief cities. From Melbourne Miss Hayes embarked for Liverpool, where she arrived, a fortnight since, after an absence of five years."

From music to murder is a jump. But as I've just come in from Donnybrook, and as my legs are light (though there was nothing to do in the dancing way there) I can easily manage the transition. You've read Louis Blanc's letter to the *Times*, showing up the atrocities perpetrated on the Frenchexiles in Cayenne, and the deadly tortures they have had to endure there? Commenting on this letter, and the reception it has met in England, the *Nation* gives us the following—

The English people have for some time past been overflowing with sympathy for political prisoners, and uttering dark threats against small despots. If that sympathy and those threats are not the meanest things under Heaven, let us see them now employed in behalf of the French prisoners who pine and rot in Cayenne, who bend under heavy chains, and perish from bad food and insufficient clothing. The English press have recommended that ships of war should visit the Bay of Naples and show their teeth to "King Bomba." The exhibition, it was believed, would frighten him into good manners, if not into eternity, and cause him to open as fast as he could, with quaking fingers; all the prison doors in his dominions. Will any of these brazen organs now recommend a visit to Cherbourg or Toulon, and hope to terrify Louis Napoleon? His prisons are many in France, and beyond the sea—they are well filled, and so securely barred and bolted that rarely even a groan escapes. Will there be a flourish of arms in favor of the victims. No; for his Imperial Majesty is "Our august ally," and he has a fine fleet and a tremendous army at his command. There may be some gentle murmurs and easy whispers on the subject, not loud enough to wake the baby; but there will be no talk of sending ships to French harbors, and no incitements to the mob of Paris to rise in insurrection.

Instead of a flourish of arms in favor of the victims, there's a flourish of a forest of goose-quills from one end of England to the other in deprecation of what the worthy liars of London insist must be a tissue of falsehoods. No, it couldn't be that this magnanimous Prince, Napoleon by the Grace of God, would permit such things to pass! It couldn't be that his great heart, which ever recoils from perfidiousness and cruelty would abandon to the mercies of a ruthless climate and a yet more ruthless police the Republicans of France, vengeful and contumacious as they are!

> "O Father Abraham, what these Christians are,
> Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
> The thoughts of others?"

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* comes out with a pretty long defence and exculpation of the French authorities, denying, in fact, the statement of the thirty-four prisoners at Cayenne, upon which Louis Blanc founded his letter, and going so far as to stigmatize the sufferers in question as galley-slaves of the most debauched description. To this attack Louis Blanc replies—

"Is it conceivable that 34 men, living at the mercy of their enemies, in a place so far distant, with no prospect of material assistance, should be mad enough to sign a letter falsely stating as practised upon them such cruelties as these—the chains with a cannon-ball attached, the floggings at the stake, the blows and brutal outrages? When your correspondent asserts that three of the persons mentioned are liberated galley-slaves, and four of them *repris de justice*, he happens to confirm, in the most striking manner, one of the facts that have been denounced—namely, that in French Guiana, the political prisoners live side by side with ordinary prisoners."

Precisely what the gentle government of England did in your case—that is, classify you with burglars and murderers. No wonder they'd warmly defend in others the conduct they had the indecency and vulgar spite to be guilty of themselves. However, on this subject I have, perhaps, said quite enough. Perhaps a little too much. For I am well aware of the cat-like spittings, and snake-like hissings, and mangy mad-dog fury which assailed you shortly after your arrival in America, and for months and months subsequently, because, forsooth, you saw blood on the hands of Napoleon, the Usurper, and refused to say they were white. And all this in consequence of his having the devilish hypocrisy to be "a practical Catholic"—that is to go sedulously and ostentatiously through all the exterior forms of our ancient noble faith and worship— and assume to be the Champion of the Church!

Let us cease—down growler! The great Cæsar passes through his superb camp, which on the map of Europe is called *France*, and no one curses him but some *forcat*, rotting, with a cannon-ball chained to his ulcerous leg, in the *Isle du Diable*.

KILMAINHAM.

WATERFORD LETTER.

A shaky Correspondent—Barrack-aid supporters—why they want a Barrack—Major Talbot, a white beaver in search of a Coronet—Moveable Peer and a stationary Baronet—Sir Henry W. Barron at Mass—Ballybricken at Cheltenham—the Clergy no joke—Father Cantwell and the new Church at Tramore, &c.

WATERFORD, August 30.

It's an age since I wrote to you. I've been very sick, and the scorching hot weather we had these weeks back didn't help me to get better. My illness caused me a good deal of annoyance. The severest trouble I had arose from the fact of my not being able to drop you a line. Feeling considerably stronger to-day, and not wishing to nurse my weakness much longer, I dip the pen in the inkstand, and send you a column of gossip. The pen, not having been used these two months, is stiff, black, and clotted. It's more like a rusty skewer than a pen. There's a thin pale-green blanket spread all over the inkstand inside, and the ink itself is as thick and curdy as butter-milk. My head is slightly dizzy, too, and my poor hand is shaking.

Such being the circumstances under which I write, I wouldn't be in the least degree astonished, and certainly wouldn't be in the least displeased—not the least—to find my scrawl upon foolscap amongst the "rejected addresses" one of these days. Fortune, however, favors the brave, and that there's nothing like audacity I have Danton's, and I believe Lord Bacon's authority for saying.

Just at present, there's a good deal of earnest talk and agitation about the new barracks. Our fellow-citizens are anxious to have Waterford a military head-quarters again. The old barracks have long since been found much too confined for more than four or five companies of infantry. The Corporation have offered the Government a building-site. There have been deputations to Lord Panmure, Secretary of War, on the subject. Lord Stuart de Decies is strongly in favor of the project. So is the Marquis of Waterford. And, strange to say, so is your father and the Bishop of Cashel. Strange to say! For both of them are strenuous advocates of peace. Your father is, at-all-events; and the Bishop should be, at least by profession. The one, however, is Member for the city, and must see to its interests. The other is a staunch, bluff old Tory, and as a Tory has a firm faith in bayonets, and desires to see them multiplied. The *Waterford News* of the 22nd has an article setting forth the advantages to the Government, in a military point of view, in the selection of Waterford for the new barracks. For you must know, Clonmel has been contending for the honor. Carrick, too, had some notion that Carrick was the spot. And I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Piltown considered that the claims and pretensions of Piltown were superior to both. The *News* says—

"Waterford is a starting point from which troops can be easily drafted by railway or boat to Kilkenny, Carlow, Dublin, &c., in one direction; Clonmel, Cahir, Limerick, or Cork, in another; and in a short period, through the centre of the county, by rail. To the town and county of Wexford, troops can be drafted hence by steamboat. From no point in the South of Ireland, but Waterford, can troops diverge into so many localities situated in the heart of the country. Then the great facility of embarking and disembarking troops in this port, either by her Majesty's or local steamers, is a consideration which, we are sure, no government can lend a deaf ear to."

In case Waterford be decided on, 2,000 men will be in garrison here. Fancy that! Just think of that! And as you sit there in your "dim corner of Ann and Nassau," mount Queen Mab's "pearly and pellucid car," and like Ianthe's soul that

> "Saw not the yellow moon,
> Saw not the mortal scene,
> Heard not the night-wind's rush,
> Heard not an earthly sound—"

whip over the clouds of time as well as those of land and sea, and through the azure openings which crevice both, look down upon the populous, proud, gay Waterford there will be standing here upon its old Danish basement, four or five years to come!

An old friend of yours—he's a decidedly "old friend," if one may infer so from his wig and his wrinkles—is understood to have very strong claims to the title and estates of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, and purposes to vindicate them. A jovial, comical, brave old fellow is Major William Talbot, of Castle Talbot, and I sincerely pray that he may one of these days exchange his dusty old white beaver hat for the triple coronet of Shrewsbury, Waterford and Wexford, and that he may pour his soul into his German and play *Away with Melancholy*, for the rest of his days, on a purple velvet cushion, in the luxurious mellow light of Alton Towers.

But even with that prayer, I'm not yet done with the Peerage.

The Marquis of Waterford purposes erecting a splendid new mansion at Curraghmore, and Sir Henry Winston Barron has returned to Barrons-court. He is looking well—as well as he can. Among the news items of our Waterford papers, I find it stated that the excellent Baronet "attended Mass at the Catholic Cathedral on Sunday last, and other days during the week." Young Lord Carew and his family have arrived at Woodstown. In a day or two I promise myself the pleasure of driving out there—I mean to Woodstown strand—for I haven't the honor of being on speaking terms with his accomplished and exemplary young lordship. If all noblemen were like him, republican as I am, I'd hardly feel disposed to melt down the glittering baubles of aristocracy into hard cash for the commonwealth. But, good and courteous and accomplished as young Lord Carew is, I'd like to see him with a bigger heart. He's not genial, racy, bounteous enough in his nature.

Father Martin Flynn, of Ballybricken, has for the season exchanged the salubrious breezes of Bilberry Rock for the aperient springs of Cheltenham. He sailed the other day in the *Malakoff* steamer. How mournfully he must miss poor Father John Sheehan on the trip across, and the promenades morning and evening, at the Montpelier Spa. For years, you remember, Father John and Father Martin visited that fashionable summer-resort of the constipated nobility and gentry together. It was not so much, I believe, to renovate their health as to extend their acquaintance, and brush off some of the dust of St. Patrick's, and get rid of the smell of the turf and sea-weed of Passage, the good-hearted, respectable priests used to go so far from home. But they never altered a whit. Their native good-nature and grace went, remained, and came back (if that's not a blunder) just as it went. Their hearty mellow Irishism couldn't be kept under, nor washed out with spa-water, nor fanned into thin air by all the visiting-cards and invitation-notes from Bath to Harrowgate. Having a sound root in their hearts, it thrived exuberantly, and was ever in blossom. Once, I understand, it broke out through Father John's carpet-bag. The Hon. Mr. Hastings, Lord Huntingdon's brother, used to mention a catastrophe which once befel the reverend gentlemen on the quay of Bristol. But I don't like letting the cat out of the bag, and accordingly draw in the strings. Were I to slacken them further, they might accuse me of lampooning the priesthood. Some people are so pious, or ignorant, they never tolerate a joke where a priest is in question—as if a priest hasn't his foibles as well as any other good man. What a world it would be, were it peopled only by hypocrites and fools! As it is, it's better to be reserved in our jokes—better not rush in where angels fear to tread.

You've heard, of course, that a new Catholic church is in contemplation for Tramore. The old one (just opposite the Wren's Nest, you remember) doesn't at all answer the requirements of the congregation, nor is it, in an architectural point of view, very creditable to the beautiful little town of Tramore. Father Nicholas Cantwell has commenced the work with an energy and zeal which few but himself can manifest. The Catholics of his parish, and those of Waterford and Kilkenny, have seconded, and continue to second, his efforts with the most generous alacrity. The subscription list already promises bountifully well for the splendid success of the work. A few days ago, we had an amateur concert in the Town Hall in aid of the funds. The vast room was crowded to excess. Among the ladies and gentlemen who volunteered their services for the occasion, was John F. Dunford, whose fine voice has lost none of its power since the days you used to write love-songs for the Philharmonic Society, and Dunford used to sing them.

As for Father Cantwell himself, they tell me he's in glorious good health, and, spite of his weight of years and cares, still, in his erect tall frame and sweet bright kindly features, bears out what O'Connell proudly said of him—that he was "the handsomest priest in all Ireland."

I pray sincerely and fervently, that Heaven will spare him long to see this noble pile he desires to crown with the Cross of Truth, calling from its belfry—calling from the fields, and the cliffs, and their boats and fishing-nets—as the Divine voice did once on the shore of Galilee—the thousands who for years have known him as their father.

Here breaks off at Tramore, THE METAL MAN.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS—ONE OF THEIR ENSIGNS.

From the Waterford Mail.

It has always given us pleasure to be enabled to do justice to the bravery of any of our countrymen who may have distinguished themselves during the late war, and we are glad, therefore, that a correspondent has called our attention to the case of Mr. Patrick Dwyer, an ensign in the 88th regiment, who rendered himself conspicuous on more than one occasion in the Crimea, but whose name, like those of many others not less brave, has hitherto been overlooked. This young officer, a native of the Queen's County, enlisted in the glorious Connaught Rangers in the year 1850, being then only 18 years of age. He accompanied his regiment to the East, and served with it during the whole period of the war, distinguishing himself by his good conduct, intelligence and courage. At the battle of Inkermann he behaved with great gallantry, and at the assault in the Quarries, on the 7th June, he was severely wounded. In this sharp and brilliant affair, the 88th lost no less than three captains and one lieutenant. One of these we may remind our readers, was a brave young Irishman whoso loss has been deeply felt by all who knew his manly and genial character. We refer to poor Captain Wray, to whom our correspondent Justitia made so touching an allusion in his first letter. After the affair of the Quarries, Patrick Dwyer received the well-merited reward of his services, being promoted to the rank of ensign in the gallant corps in which he commenced his military career.

THE IRISH PEOPLE AND THEIR PRIESTS.

From the Irish Annual Miscellany.

The temporal authority of the Priesthood over the people in Ireland sprang as naturally from the state in which the people existed, as does the authority of the parent over his children. The people were on all sides degraded, oppressed and plundered; degraded in the name they bore, in the language they spoke; degraded by the written law—degraded by the unwritten law of social usages. The Protestant yeoman trampled on them—the Protestant aristocracy trampled on them—not a few of the Catholic aristocracy trampled on them, or despised them, or neglected them or betrayed them. Alien priests of an alien creed trampled on them. Whatever contributes to form the character to self-reliance, to national independence—whatever contributes to educate the mind, to educate the heart, to civilize the manners, to invigorate the frame, were, as far as possible, taken from them. They were shut out from hope, and environed in affliction, as their island was environed by the sea. Ruled with a rod of iron, scourged with scorpions, pillaged with impunity, and slandered and murdered, a broken and dispersed people—sadness and abasement, and desolation impressed themselves in their hearts, and marked the race. Humiliation and woe became the characteristics of everything about them—of their music, their poetry, their dress, their dwellings, their gait, their demeanor, their sentiments, the very nature of their bodies, the very form and expression of their faces. Dark were memories and stories of the past, dark the picture of the present, dark the prospects of the future. It was no more the green Erin of the valleys and the streams, but Erin of the afflicted children for ever. Yet in that black sky there was one star ever bright—in that sea of bitterness there was one islet of comfort the waters could not cover. In their own priesthood was their common centre and their only centre of hope and consolation. There lay all their wisdom, all their guidance, all their reliance, all their strength to bear their chains, and all their strength to break them; and these were indeed all theirs. Theirs under the sword, under the cavern roof, under the forest tree—theirs through good report and evil report, in sickness and in health, in life and in death.

Never on this earth did kingly power so spring up from the very heart and soul of the people it ruled, flesh of its flesh and bone of its bone—of it and over it, as the head is in the human frame. Of the chieftains who rose from time to time to govern them, some died on the battle-field, some on the scaffold, some were bribed by gold to desert the nation's cause, some to desert the national faith—the succession was interrupted or lost, and the people were left without leaders having a claim on their confidence or obedience. But the apostolical succession of the priesthood remained unbroken throughout. It was not princely descent, nor Milesian blood, nor the position of broad lands, nor might in arms, nor skill in field or cabinet that aggregated men into this loyal line—not the will of flesh nor the will of man, nor the power of them, but the mysterious sacrament of God bequeathed to the church's keeping, the unwearied energy of the Catholic spirit, fed from above, believing all things, defying all things, daring all things. The races of kings and chiefs and bards, and whatever else might have, from old traditional feelings and customs, an acknowledged power to lead, disappeared in the lapse of dark and troubled ages, as rivers are lost in the sands of the desert. All that the people could reverence, or trust in, or follow, or rally round, was exterminated or bought over and ceased to be. The priesthood alone was left, still true to the people, with the same old faith, the same old religious ceremonies, and sacraments, and feelings and moral teaching. What was holiest and dearest in their past memories was preserved, and on this their affections and their reliance were concentrated with all the odor that had been divided over many. Time, death, shining gold, sharp steel, the gates of hell warred against every other rock of strength, and at last prevailed—warred against this rock and prevailed not. Community of country, of blood, of religion, of caste, of danger, of things hated and of things loved; of things to fly from and things to pursue—every claim to confidence which the true Christian possesses from a devoted Christian people, every claim to guidance, counsel, fidelity unto death, which such a people possess from such a priest—every principle of mutual sympathy and closest union without a single element of repulsion, all combined together in producing and consolidating this clerical power, the object of so much reverence—of so much vain fear, of so much angry vituperation. To the people it has not been a despotism to oppress and to be got rid of, but their pillar of light and consolation, their last tower of strength which the hand of heaven and their own built together, whose ruin would have been their greatest ruin.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

From the Daily Orleanian.

Were T. F. Meagher a sectarian, and imbued with religious prejudices; or a bigot, who regarded all other creeds but his own ancient one, as dubious shoots and rotten branches, lopped from the great paternal tree which overshadows all regions of the earth, and flourishes alike in temperate and torid and frigid zone, we would give little heed to his teachings, and be careful of "pinning our faith" to his doctrinal opinions; but knowing that he is free from the paltry-minded, and grovelling, and narrow-souled weaknesses of the day, as regards church-dogmas and choice of creeds; and that intolerance he heartily dislikes, as he publicly and privately despises it, we at once adopt his views, and desire for them the currency which genuine coinage from a recognized and acknowledged mint, should ever receive.

The last number of Meagher's *Irish News* contains an article, in which the triune blendings of excellence, discrimination and eloquence are perceptible, and impress themselves at once on the reader's mind. It is captioned "Religion and Politics—Liberty of Conscience," etc., and shows that the pitiful and puerile folly of disliking persons because of their tenets and the temples they worship in, is an unaccountable, yet a miserable fact in the United States, where "no one system of religion, equipped and endorsed by the state, enlists and supports a standing army of bigots, to harass and subdue dissent;" whilst, most strange is the selection made, of an object of aversion in Catholicity—Catholicity which dates back to so distant a period, and is not of mushroom growth, or of to-day or yesterday's paternity; but is buttressed by centuries of years, and has stood the buffetings and the test of nearly fifteen hundred of them.

Singular indeed is the animosity manifested, and silly the vituperation on a religion of which in all ages, the most talented and enlightened of men have been professors, or as the *News* has it, "a creed and form which the greatest, the most intelligent and civilized nations of this earth to-day venerate and adhere to." Any man of ordinary common sense, it says, must treat with pity or contempt that vain and ignorant prejudice that would place a ban upon all persons who believe and worship in such a faith. But all other forms are accounted orthodox here. "A man may be a methodist, unitarian, quaker, shaker, mormon, infidel, without incurring censure or insult—nay, he may build a temple to Buddah, or set about burning the body of his wife, as a part of his religious system, and society looks on with mere curiosity, or mildly rebukes the unusual exhibition."

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

From the Dublin Freeman.

At a recent chapter of the Order of St. Patrick, held at Dublin Castle by the Grand Master, the Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Londonderry was invested as one of the knights. The ceremony took place in the Throne-room. According to the statutes, the ordinary members of the order must be Irish peers, and the number is limited to twenty-two.

The order was founded in the year 1783, by George the Third, and dates from the feast of St. Patrick in that year. It owes its origin to the events of the preceding year, memorable in Irish history. The Volunteers were in arms, Irish Independence was declared and acknowledged, the Americans had thrown off the yoke of Great Britain, and it was then deemed advisable by various means to conciliate Ireland, and, amongst the means adopted, was the institution of this Order. The first Grand Master was Earle Temple, then Viceroy, and the members at that time created, comprised the patriotic Earl of Charlemont. The first installation banquet was one of extraordinary splendor; and, such was the interest it excited, that engravings of the banquet hall were published, and are sometimes to be met with. The late Duke of Kent and the father of the present Duke of Leinster were members.

At the first installation, in 1783, fourteen peers were installed. The second took place in 1800, when the Marquis Cornwallis was Grand Master. The third was in 1809, under the presidency of the Duke of Richmond. The fourth installation, in 1819, was conducted with great pomp and splendor. The knights went in procession on foot from Dublin Castle to St. Patrick's Cathedral, passing through Dame street, George's street, Aungier street, Bishop street, Kevin street, and through the grounds of the police barrack, Marsh's Library, and of the deanery, into the cathedral, which were opened through. The streets were sanded for the occasion and lined with troops, and near the cathedral crimson cloth was laid. The Earl Talbot, Lord Lieutenant, as Grand Master, was in the procession, and his robes, as well as those of the knights' companions, were held up by pages. The last installation was in 1821, under the presidency of George the Fourth. The only one of the peers present on that occasion, and who survives, is the Earl of Roden, and at the chapter held yesterday he wore the identical badge and ribbon with which he was invested by George the Fourth.

The throne-room was richly carpeted. The space within which the Knights sat near to the throne, was protected by a line of red rope drawn across, and without this the great body of the company was assembled.

The attention of the company was a good deal engaged by the exceedingly handsome full uniform, of a light blue, worn by an officer in the Austrian service, Lord Taafle, Col. of the 11th regiment of Austrian Hussars. He is an Irish peer, and possesses large estates in Bohemia and other portions of the Austrian empire, under which his family have served for many years. The present is his second visit to Ireland.

The Lord Lieutenant and party arrived from the Viceregal Lodge, at a quarter past three o'clock. A troop of the Queen's Bays attended as escort. A guard of honor of the 4th Regiment of Infantry was drawn up before the state entrance, and as his Excellency drove in presented arms, and the colors were lowered. A detachment of the Guards, commanded by Capt. Stuart, was drawn up in the grand hall, keeping a passage, through which his Excellency and attendants proceeded. He wore a blue uniform, the blue ribbon and pendent badge of the Order of St. Patrick, and the Insignia of the Garter. The Ulster King appeared in the ancient mantle over it. The Dean of St. Patrick's was attired in the blue mantle of the Registrar, and the Usher of the Black Rod wore a blue mantle.

The Lord Lieutenant, preceded by Colonel Larcom bearing the sword of state, and attended by the officers already mentioned, entered the Throne Room and took his seat in the chair of the Grand Master, placed at the head of a table covered with crimson, and close under the throne. At either side were the stalls of the Knights. One of the most remarkable features of the proceedings was the appearance of the magnificent blue mantle of Lord Carlisle as grand master. The richness of the Irish-poplin of which it is made and the exquisite workmanship were the subject of general admiration. The beauty of this mantle was in itself a happy tribute to the good taste and official propriety of his Excellency, in not merely commanding, by a formal ordinance, but also by example on this occasion, the strict observance of one of the original statues of the order which enjoins that the knights and officers shall be robed in "silk or satin manufactured in Ireland." The way in which that has been observed down to the present has been by getting French satin made up in London tailoring establishments. The beautiful poplin of his Excellency's robe was manufactured by the eminent house of Atkinson & Co., College-green, and it was made up at Macdona's. No other member of the order has ever worn, or as yet does wear, a mantle of Irish manufacture. The Marquis of Londonderry has ordered the material for his at Atkinson & Co's. His Excellency's mantle and those of the other knights had each upon the left shoulder a star worked with the motto "Quis separabit" on a blue border, and the year "1783"—a badge of gold surmounted by a wreath of shamrock or trefoil, within which is the circle of blue containing the motto. This circle encloses the cross of St. Patrick, gules surmounted with a trefoil vert, each of its leaves charged with an imperial crown, or upon a field argent. All these are within rays in the form of a star of silver consisting of eight joints.

The Lord Lieutenant having taken his seat, the Ulster King of Arms asked him if it was his pleasure that a chapter of the order should be held. His Excellency replied in the affirmative, and directed that the knights should be summoned. The knights, who had assembled in the robing room, soon after entered the Throne-room, wearing their mantles, stars, and collars. They occupied their stalls to the right and left of the grand-master, to whom they made the usual reverence.

THE 18th—ROYAL IRISH REGIMENT.

ADDRESS OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

"Officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates of the Royal Irish Regiment—I believe that at almost the first moment of your arrival from foreign lands, your fine regiment had the honor of being inspected by our beloved Queen, and that she directed to be conveyed to you her gracious approval of your gallant services. It is only, of course, in the character of her representative that I have now the extreme honor of delivering these new colors to a body of men thus distinguished both by royal approbation, and still more by their own brave deeds. In addressing the regiment of the Royal Irish upon so interesting and happy an occasion—the first of the kind that has occurred in the ancient capital of Ireland since the close of the late memorable war—I almost feel that I might carry my view even beyond your own well-filled ranks, and include all your countrymen who, by the side of their intrepid brethren of England and Scotland, and of our brave allies, have maintained the honor of their Sovereign and their race alike, by their brilliant valor and their heroic endurance throughout every turn and period of the desperate struggle. The ridges and dales of the far Crimea, the deadly trench and bloody parapet, are all crowded with their thousand proofs that the historic courage of Ireland has exhibited no falling off in the very newest of her soldiers. Confining myself, however, on this occasion, as is my proper business, to your regiment alone, and to the services attested by those old colors now about to be replaced—and not, it must be acknowledged, before the necessity for doing so has become tolerably obvious to all who look upon those honored shreds—I find certainly quite a sufficient abundance of glorious and stirring recollections as to make a selection, within such limits as my time and my voice place at my disposal, no easy matter.

"In the earliest annals of this regiment, under the immediate eye and guidance of a hero King, it planted its colors on the breach of Namur; and accordingly those colors to this day bear the name of Namur, and quarter with the Lions of Nassau the Harp and Crown of your own native Ireland. From that date they followed a yet more consummate general—the great Duke of Marlborough—through all his campaigns and all his victories; at the sieges of Venloo, Liege, Menin, Lisle, and Tournay—over the battle fields of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. Perhaps I may record with less pleasure that your regiment crossed swords with our American kinsmen at Bunker's Hill; but there, as elsewhere, they nobly did their duty. I have alluded to their services under Marlborough; we have had in our own day a chieftain more illustrious than even Marlborough, but the duties of distant service prevented the Royal Irish Regiment from actually fighting under Wellington. I speak, however, almost within the shadow of the monument raised by his countrymen, on his own native soil, to that great warrior; I speak—more touching association still—in the presence of those whose hoary hairs still recall the bright careers of glory which they pursued—may I say learned—under that great commander; and I call upon that mute gray pillar—I call upon their time-worn and honored forms as my witnesses, that the Great Duke himself would have approved and sanctioned the ceremony of to-day.

But I have not even yet exhausted the trophies of the Royal Irish. I find them serving, for the most part under Irish Commanders, at Alexandria under Cradock, still in Egypt under Hutchinson, in China under Gough—that revered Irish veteran, now happily here to witness your array in peace as he swayed your energies in war. The Sphynx on your flag speaks for Egypt, the Dragon for China; further, your impetuous onset carried the formidable Pagoda of Martiban in the last Burmese war; and latest of all, the memorable day of the 18th of June saw you actually housed within Sebastopol—and the name of that great Russian stronghold, now just added to your victorious colors, closes, up to this day at least, the long list of your glories. These and such are the colors I may now deliver to your faithful keeping; your regiment has won these honorable emblems in every quarter of the globe. In addition to the duties of soldiers, you are now called upon to exhibit the virtues of citizens; and let me remind you that one of those is to live in brotherly union, and not to think hardly of each other, though you may worship your Common Father in different houses of prayer. I feel sure, however, that no such lesson is needed under your present excellent officers. Receive, then, your new colors, men of the Royal Irish, at my unworthy hands—and it can scarcely be unsuitable for me at such a moment to put up a fervent prayer to the God of Armies that they may still, as ever heretofore, be the rallying point of Victory during war, and float above you in blameless honor during peace."

IRISH ECCLESIASTICS—CATHOLIC CHURCH AND UNIVERSITY.

From the Paris correspondent of the London Times.

"An apostolic instrument, or brief, signed by Cardinal Antonelli, and countersigned by Cardinal Burnabo, was, as I have already informed you, transmitted to Ireland soon after the death of the late Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, Cardinal Fransoni. This document invited all the Roman Catholic prelates possessing episcopal jurisdiction in Ireland, to meet *synodically* under the presidency of Archbishop Cullen; and, among other things, it directed special attention—1, to the Irish Catholic University; 2, to the National system of education in Ireland; 3, to the College of Maynooth; and 4, to the Irish College in Paris.

"The synodical form of deliberation was prescribed in order to put an end to certain inconveniences which Dr. Cullen had noticed in the former annual meeting of the Irish episcopacy. It has also other advantages—for it obliges all the prelates who deliberate, to affix their names to the decisions of the majority; and what is still more important, it prescribes that these decisions shall be submitted to the supervision and correction of the Holy See. If any prelate dissents from any decision, he is at liberty to transmit such dissent to Rome.

"Three archbishops, twenty-two bishops, a vicar capitular, and a procurator of a fourth archbishop, promptly responded to the Apostolic summons. On the 20th of June these prelates commenced their session in Dublin, and they closed them on the 30th. The documents forwarded to the Holy See bear unquestionable testimony to the mature reflection and painstaking solicitude of the prelates, as well as their filial obedience and devotedness to the Holy See.

"The importance of the Catholic University for the education of the most interesting portion of the Irish Catholics, viz: the professional and the higher and middle classes, cannot be overrated. The success of that establishment is, therefore, a primary object of the solicitude of the Holy See; and the Propaganda and the Apostolic delegate are most anxious to secure for it adequate funds and an adequate attendance of pupils, and also to give to it the preeminence and authority due to such an institution. The power which a secular authority, not famed for its partiality to Roman Catholic doctrines or practices, possesses over the National schools in Ireland, and so over the education of a Catholic people, has been ever regarded here with jealousy and suspicion. These have been latterly awakened by reports of undue interference with practices common as well as sacred to all Catholics from their infancy—of indirect efforts to exclude nuns from the direction of schools, and of certain pretensions of the Board of Education. You are already aware of the anxiety of the Propaganda and of Dr. Cullen to remove from Maynooth and the College des Irlandais, what he considers to be certain secular infiltrations which, however valuable in political communities, are totally misplaced in establishments for the education of the clergy.

"It was proposed to the Synod to give to the University the inspection and supervision of all the Catholic educational establishments throughout the provinces. The very reverend and learned rector, Dr. Newman, presented a report, in which he stated that the very moderate sum of £5000 per annum would be sufficient for the working of the University. He suggested that the working funds of the University, at present the 'Cullen and University Fund,' should be styled the 'University Fund,' and that a committee of three, to be appointed by the Irish bishops, should form a board of trustees. It was proposed, at the instance of the Propaganda, that the College of Maynooth should cease to enjoy its past and present sort of uncanonical half-exemption from the authority of the ordinary of the diocese in which the College is situated; and that an appeal to the Propaganda for the decision of the Archbishop of Dublin be permitted in certain cases, The supreme authority over Maynooth, and also over the Irish College in Paris, is a present in the hands of a large number of bishops, and, in the case of Maynooth, of some laymen also. These gentlemen meet for an hour or two on two occasions every year, and only one of these meetings is held at Maynooth, and none of them are ever held in Paris. It must be obvious to every one, that such bodies, having such trifling reletions with these institutions, and practically so remote from them, are far less suitable depositories of supreme power than a single bishop, and such a propagation as the Propaganda would be. Besides, there is too much of secularism, and what resembles constitutionalism, in those boards and committees. The Irish bishops ought to feel happy that the Propaganda should condescend to relieve them from the trouble and annoyance inseparable from the administration and supervision of such establishments. What do they want but meek and holy priests to minister to the spiritual wants of their flocks? And from what quarter can they obtain them, if not from the training schools and colleges under the direct influence of the Propaganda?"

"The prelates almost unanimously declined to confer on the University the right of supervision solicited for it. They appear still determined to claim for themselves the supreme direction of even the University itself. They, however, consented to prolong for three years more the extraordinary powers exercised so wisely by the present very reverend and learned rector. It is most desirable that greater unnanimity among the prelates, and greater confidence in the working and ultimate success of that establishment, and a prompt revival of the first feeling of the priests and people, should raise it to a rank worthy of Rome and of Catholic Ireland; and that no future case will arise for withholding contributions. Many of the bishops were of opinion that there was not sufficient cause for the representations forwarded to Rome by some of Archbishop Cullen's over-zealous admirers, regarding the anti-Catholic officiousnes and the imprudence of certain inspectors of the National Schools. However, bishops and priests will be vigilant; and it is to be hoped that no rashness will afford a pretext for the old and angry disputes regarding these schools or for troublesome consequences.

"It was thought unadvisable by all the prelates excepting two or three, to give to any one bishop supreme authority over the instructors and education of the nominal clergy of Ireland. Such a suggestion they believed could come from the Propaganda only on unfounded apprehensions; and it was believed by them that an immediate consequence of its adoption would be the withdrawal of the grant. There are some difficulties regarding the views of Cardinal Burnabo and Dr. Cullen regarding the College des Irlandais, but they are considered far from insuperable. These prelates appear to set a very high value on the grant to Maynooth, but there are many good and prudent men who hold a different opinion. If the Maynooth grant were now withdrawn, the withdrawal of grants to all denominations would soon follow, and that this would be a satisfactory compensation the Cardinal and the delegates do not deny. Be this as it may, it is certain that the spirit and teaching of all Irish seminaries and schools would at once become more in harmony with the idea inculcated in the Roman schools. Moroover, so long as Maynooth continues what it is, there are reasons to fear that the ecclesiastical faculties of the Catholic University must continue a sinecure."

AN EVICTION SCENE.

A Meath correspondent of the *Dundalk Democrat*, thus describes an eviction to which he was an eye witness:

As frightful and as heartrending a scene as ever was witnessed by the eyes of man took place a few days ago in this county. Nine houses were entered by the crowbar brigademen, and the terror-stricken inhabitants, beyond sixty in number, turned out to the road, and left at the mercy of the landlord.

The lease of this townland expired some short time since, and the tenants were immediately served with notice to quit. They owed no rent—for that which is usually paid in October has been paid by them. They have offered the landlord a fair rent, and more than a fair rent, that they might be allowed to live on the land which their forefathers held from time immemorial, and which they have fertilized and bedewed with the sweat of their brows; but every claim put forth by these poor people has been disregarded, and it appears now very clearly that they will not get their land on any consideration. After being served with notice to quit, they lived in fear and trembling till the day of their expulsion came.

On the morning of the 29th of July, I saw from an eminence several groups of constabulary hastening to the scene of action. They were all halted at a barrack which stands a little way from the scene of eviction. A little while, and I saw the landlord, sheriff, and four bailiffs, coming at a rapid pace. They too, drew up to the barrack. The forces, after being drilled for a few minutes in the barrack yard, were then turned out rank and file, and marched on to serve as a covering party to the sheriff and his employers. Arrived before the first of the devoted houses, they drew up in a very imposing manner, keeping at a regular distance from the sheriff and crowbarmen. Here there was a vast crowd of people standing motionless, and awaiting in death-like silence the signal. At last the sheriff and four bailiffs advanced to the door of the house, which stands about two perches off the road, and rapped, but got no admittance. Then one of the bailiffs caught the handle of the door and shook it. This filled every breast with awe, and you could hear moans and lamentations rising from every part of the vast multitude. The door was soon forced and driven inwards. That moment a little girl about nine years old, ran out crying and wailing, followed by two feeble old men, much terrified. Then old pots and crocks, and chairs and tables, and chests, beds, and bedclothes were carried out and huddled together in endless confusion. The fire was quenched, a handful of thatch pulled down, a twig stuck in the door, and this closed the first scene.

On then to the next house went the brotherhood, followed by the covering party. The door of this house, not being very strong, soon yielded to a huge stone, which one of the bailiffs handled with remarkable dexterity. This house quickly shared the fate of the first—it was gutted, closed, and handed over to the landlord. The inmates of the third house hearing that they would be let in again, and wishing to save their little furniture from the rude hand of the baliff, gave peaceable possession. The inhabitants of the other six houses did in like manner, so that during the remainder of the process, the brotherhood had a very easy and pleasant walk over. The work was all done about 4 o'clock—the people were evicted, and the poor peelers marched back to their respective stations, tired and hungry. Such a scene I never witnessed before, and I hope I shall never see its like again. What will become of these poor industrious creatures I don't know, nor do they know themselves. Their doom, I fear, is sealed, and they will soon have to wander about homeless and houseless, without having a place wherein to lay their heads. They may go to America, or to the poorhouse, unless they be allowed to rest and throw up huts on the outlets of some other man's property. When this system of extermination, which has covered the fair face of the country with dismal ruins and traces of the crowbar-man, shall cease, no one can tell. But we may expect to see these harrowing scenes enacted till a law shall be passed to protect the farmer, and save for himself the fruits of his capital, skill and industry.

Answers to Correspondents.

[NEW-YORK, Sept. 3, 1856.

To the Editor of the "Irish News":]

DEAR SIR—Sitting a few evenings since in the company of a small circle of my countrymen, I was somewhat amused and a good deal edified by a conversation which soon warmed into an energetic and earnest debate, and which embraced topics certainly of the first importance to Ireland. The great subject of discussion was the probable consequences of a successful revolution in that country—whether it would be able to organize a government of its own, and maintain itself as a free and independent Republic in peace and prosperity; or annex itself, for protection, to some other republic; or, as some of them expressed it, *degenerate* into a monarchy? The first proposition elicited but few remarks of any kind—every one held his opinion in silence, as though he wished to be tacitly understood; but the third was rejected by unanimous vote—and it would be hard, judging from the temper of the company, to suppose that any man in the ideal republic would ever be able to make himself absolute, at the expense of the People's liberties. The whole attention of the little party was now directed to the second proposition—advocated so far by one only—that of consolidating the institutions and resources of the young republic by annexation with some strong and well-established government of a kindred sort. It will be easily seen that the United States were soon pointed out as the best, the only suitable ally in such a case, and in an hour after the original question was brought up, we were fast discussing the prospects of Ireland, as a new member of the American Confederation. The advantages of such annexation were ably maintained and enumerated by one of the company, and, though he was warmly opposed, the majority on adjournment would have voted him right. It was maintained—

1. That Ireland would thus become one vast depot for most of the commercial and postal intercommunication between Europe and America.

2. That a large amount of the business of the customers would be transacted there.

3. That that island would be the regular station and resort of all the American fleets in the eastern Atlantic waters.

4. That Ireland would be *free*, having a constitution of her own, and a legislature to make her own laws, and being prosperous and happy above temptation, she could not be deluded out of her liberty by corruption; and having the greatest nation on earth to stand in her defence, she could not be robbed of it by force of arms.

5. That the vast number of her population at home, and of her friends abroad, would enable her always to influence the national policy in her own favor, surrounded, as she would be with the mercantile interest of the world; that she would, in short, soon become *the* empire state of the Union.

6. That being near to Europe, and being politically part of America, Ireland would soon become the seat of learning and refinement, as well as of wealth and material strength; and that golden age would be revived, which is to Irishmen of the present day, as the memory of a glorious sunset to the weary and benighted traveller.

Hoping you will please give us your opinion on a matter which may one day take more practical shape; and hoping, too, that the dark series of centuries which have passed over Ireland since her first connection with England, and which seem to form the nights of nations, may soon be at end, and she may be permitted to behold the return of the glorious day which preceded it,

We respectfully subscribe ourselves,
Your affectionate friends and countrymen.
SEVERAL READERS.

"Michael Coogan," Mulberry street, writes us a letter on rose-colored paper concerning our opinion of President Walker, of Nicaragua. "M. C." like a great many others in these days, while violently showing that he has an opinion, as violently opposes the possession or exhibition of a like privilege in any one else. To this inconsistency he, however, adds an impertinence alike nonsensical as melancholy.

"A '48 MAN."—We cannot enter into the mysteries or miseries of your domestic life. It is not a fitting subject for editorial comment or suggestion. Lawyer's offices are plenty as Mosquitoes in New-York.

"C. R."—If you are seriously bent on the dramatic profession as a means of livelihood, you need no suggestion from us.

"INDUSTRY" asks us to inform him what Bank would be safest for him to deposit his hard earnings in. We cannot say, but we would prefer to see our countrymen who have the means depositing them with a view to present and future happiness on the banks of the Ohio or some of the noble western rivers.

"CONSTANT READER."—We may, when we have space, do as you desire.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 27, 1856.

THE TURBULENT DEMOCRACY.

If the European press in the service of Monarchy were to be believed, the downfall of the American Republic is at hand. The fierce disorders in Kansas—recent scenes of strife in Washington—the tempestuous war now raging between the North and the South upon the Presidential question—everything portends the speedy wreck of this great commonwealth. In London, in Paris, in Vienna, it is so written.

From the very turbulence which inspires the prophets of evil, men nearer the scene deduce conclusions the opposite of those which prevail in Europe. This very turbulence is but the surging and overflowing of a vitality which insures a thousand years of strength, activity, commerce and prowess to America.

"Without bile," said Napoleon, "great battles cannot be won."

Restlessness, discontent, turbulence if you will, are the life and soul of the world, and the great achievements of the world.

Had the infant Hercules been asleep in his cradle, snoring sweetly in perfect innocence and contentment, instead of crying lustily and kicking the clothes about him, the serpents sent to kill him, would have made short work of him. For liberty, let there be no sleep. For the American Republic, let there be no rest, until amongst the authorities of this earth, the Republic is supreme. Like the young god, it must keep wide awake, if it desires to be a full-grown Hercules—the cleanser of something worse than Augean stables—the accumulated heap of centuries of wrong—the tamer of the proud and cruel ones of earth—the avenger of the world.

What has this restlessness, this discontent, this turbulence not done for the world, for history, for humanity? What have the People—the huge Democracy—the tempestuous Multitude in every age accomplished for the the glory of all lands?

Machiavelli, in his life of Castruccio Castrucani, says, it is a wonderful thing to consider, that all those, or the greater part of them, who have done the grandest exploits upon earth have been born in some obscure place, or of base and abject parents.

If as a philosopher he was false, as an historian, Machiavelli was as true as steel to the lightning. Not a doubt of it. All, or a greater part of the blessings conferred upon mankind, have been conferred through the instrumentality of the poor and the despised—the men of the people—the dregs and refuse of the people, as Chamberlains and Lords of the Bed-Chamber, as the sensitive scriveners of Royalty would call them. Such were the instruments chosen to preach and propagate the doctrines of Christianity—men who, if alive in our day, dare not pass the threshold of "good society"—not even that over which Sexton Brown presides.

But to exalt the lowly, would appear to be the declared method of the Ruler of the Universe, in his workings with his creatures. The only kings directly appointed by God, were chosen by him when occupied with the humblest labors—the one searching for his father's ass—the other keeping his father's sheep.

All the great discoveries, of gunpowder, printing, America, electricity, and steam discoveries, that in their turn, one after the other, have revolutionized mankind—have been the results of the genius, the labor, the midnight watchings of the bright children of Democracy—glorious strangers to "good society"—spurned by parchment noblemen when alive, and unworthy of "coming between the wind and their nobility." All that has contributed to impart a gracefulness and witchery to civilization, society and manners, is, from Homer to Wordsworth—from Phidias to Canova and Powers—from Appelles to Corregio, and from Corregio to Copley and West, and from West to Maclise, the Cork man, the gift of men struggling through life with neglect and poverty, and all the ills that wait upon them.

The blind man of Scio, he who has led captive the minds of generation after generation, for thousands of years, was a "strolling vagabond"—as the laws of England would term him—half beggar and half actor. The man, through whose instrumentality the illustrious dead, by the magic power of printing, live again for our improvement, become our companions and bosom friends, was a plain workman of Mentz. The man who, utterly poor and without resources, opened new worlds—who practically created them for the benefit of the old ones—paid to the uttermost farthing the penalty which Heaven exacts from those on whom he has conferred the divine though dangerous gift of genius. The man whose statue, in the midst of such a sea of splendor, eloquence, and enthusiasm, was last week unveiled in front of the City Hall of Boston—he who actually did what Prometheus is fabled to have done, and who mainly assisted in building up the independence of this vast country—was, as all the world knows, a poor, hard-working, hard-handed, meek mechanic. The men who are the suns of the intellectual world, dispensing life and light to myriads of minds—the Chaucers, Spencers, Shakesperes, Miltons—are men of the people—born naked, in Democracy. So, too, were the men who esteemed their lives as nothing in the great cause of the rights and honor of their fellow-men—the Tells, the Hofers, and the Washingtons.

Thus, the people—the poor, the ignorant, the rude—the democracy—the multitude—the mob—have in all times produced the benefactors of the world. Here—between these two oceans—the Pacific and Atlantic—majestic mirrors of their power, their fury, their calmness, invincibility and glory—here is their chosen field. Here shall they thrive and multiply, in storm as in peace, proving in the incalculable aggregate, what in so many fragments, flung here and there, has been throughout all climes and ages proved, that People, under God, is the only true source of power, as it is the exhaustless fountain of piety, heroism, and genius.

THE CONGRESS OF PARIS AND THE UNITED STATES.

The late Congress of Paris, after having satisfactorily settled the difficulties which led to the recent disastrous war, took up for consideration the proposition which the United States Government has for some time past been urging: The right of neutrals in time of war to have their ships and property protected from the depredations of the belligerents. The principle was one of such obvious justice and propriety, that the Plenipotentiaries could not refuse their assent to its incorporation into the established principles of international law. But in order to deprive our people of the benefits which might accrue to them from the establishment of this great principle, which they were among the first to advocate, England and France, jealous of our great and rapidly increasing commercial power, determined to add to this another proposition, which they knew we could not accept, or which, if accepted, would render us almost powerless for naval defence against such an adversary as either of these Powers. This new principle which they desired us to accept, is, "Privateering is and remains abolished." They then succeeded in inducing the other Powers represented in the Congress to add a proviso, declaring that no power should have the benefit of the first principle unless the second were also accepted.

To the communication announcing this action, our able Secretary of State has responded with great skill and diplomacy, and it is amusing to mark the impression which his answer has made upon the different journals in England and France. The best proof of the sagacity of that answer is that it seems to have set them all by the ears, no two of them seeming to agree in their views of the dispatch.

The substance of Mr. Marcy's answer is, that the United States will accept the proposition for the abolition of privateering, provided the other Powers will agree that all private property shall in time of war be regarded as sacred at sea, to the same extent that it would be if on land.

A portion of the English press favors the suggestion of Mr. Marcy, and hopes that it will be engrafted upon the law of nations, while another portion treats his proposal as an absurdity, and discusses his arguments with great severity. They say to him, "It is not because privateers destroy private property that we object to them, but because they are irresponsible, mercenary in their objects, and likely to commit the most lawless outrages." It is singular to remark how humane and philanthropic these Englishmen have recently become, but it is equally singular how rapidly their humanity and justice vanish when they happen to clash with their interests. Who would imagine that the same nation that objects to the employment of privateers by another nation, because they are lawless and actuated only by a desire for gain, should have been the same Power that, within the memory of persons now living, sent a mercenary band of Hessians into this country, to plunder the sheep-folds, cowyards, and hen-roosts of their American brethren. How can we reconcile these humane and beautiful sentiments, which would rob war of its terrors, with those which led to the employment of Indians to burn the dwellings and scalp the wives and children of our Revolutionary heroes?

The fact is, the Congress of Paris laid a trap for this government, but we are not caught yet. If they are so anxious to refine and humanize war as to desire to abolish privateering, we say to them we are willing to go further, and agree to carry on warfare between the public armed ships of the belligerents upon the most approved principles of the duello. And we might add to our answer, though it might not suit the courtesy of the diplomatic language, that we will not be outdone in national humanity by the oppressor of Ireland, the despoiler of India, the robber of the Orleans family, the partitioners of Poland, or the persecutors of Hungary and Italy.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE.

The assurances received of the unqualified support of James Buchanan, by the states whose votes is calculated to insure success, is gratifying in the extreme. With bigotry on the side of Fillmore, and intolerance on that of Fremont, the liberal and enlightened principles of Buchanan stand in remarkable contrast.

It would appear to be a political enigma, of difficult solution, whether or not Fremont is a Roman Catholic—a circumstance he staunchly denies, but which challenged the attention of his Know-Nothing adversaries at an early date, and which continues still to occupy their attention.

There is nothing so strangely inconsistent as the position of human beings, consolidated in the organization of party, crying aloud for the support of the principles guaranteed by our Constitution and Bill of Rights, yet falsifying them in bold and determined action. The Know-Nothings do this in proclaiming that religious rights must be so subverted, that if a man be a Roman Catholic, he cannot be President of the United States. The Fremont party commit the same treason against the Constitution, by proclaiming and endeavoring to establish that the southern members of our Confederacy shall not be permitted to inhabit territory with those whose labor they can command, although long since deliberately defined as the settled law of the land.

The Democratic party, it is charged, have permitted outrages in Kansas. They have allowed the Free-Soilers to be disturbed and molested in the peaceful enjoyment of the territory, and they must therefore be put out of power and place. The South must be taught a lesson that will serve to tame and subdue it, and the North must do all it can to oppose the progress of slavery.

These and many other silly and unrighteous cries are made use of to stimulate political action in favor of what is called the

Republican cause. To oppose the progress of slavery may be a very noble act, when done with justice and propriety. If slavery be wrong, it should be abolished by the pure elements of Right. Uselessly to wage war on the South, contrary to the covenant, Constitution, and law, for the purpose of effecting the abolition of slavery, argues a recklessness of behavior unworthy an intelligent mind or a good citizen.

If there were outrages in Kansas, they occurred in the natural course of events, where men have quarrelled about jurisdiction over soil, where their interests were in opposition to each other. The Kansas Bill intended the settlement of the country in the usual course of industrial enterprise. The Emigrant Aid Society, organized in the North, contemplated an entire engrossment of the soil. The men of Missouri, being in the vicinity, beheld this with jealousy and alarm. They did not consider this fair play. Personal encounters took place, such as are to be expected in wild districts, where men are prone to depend on their strength of arm rather than on the mild and inoffensive weapons of reason and law.

The administration were not and could not be expected immediately to control this insubordinate material, and reduce the confused and conflicting elements to order and consistency. It is an illogical and dastardly charge to assert that the troubles in Kansas are in any way to lie at the door of the Government at Washington; or in the least degree chargeable to the Democratic party. Men will come to fisticuffs for the most indifferent causes, although conscious of being exposed to the observing eye of the law and under the very nose of the police.

The quarrels of men in remote territories are sure to be appeased by those who are legitimately appointed to administer the laws. But suppose for the sake of argument, that instead of the power to settle the strife in Kansas being committed to the Democratic party—that stands disinterestedly, a national party, knowing no section of party in particular, but doing equal and impartial justice to all—it is placed in the hands of a party already exclusively confined to regard alone the views of Northern fanatic Abolitionists, and utterly overrule the interests and rights of the South. Will this be just and right? Will this tend to cement the bonds of political brotherhood? Will this give peace to Kansas, the country at large, or contribute to the prosperity of the Union? If the disunionists and abolition party should gain political ascendancy in the present contest for Chief Magistrate—one who should be chosen alone for the wise and national principles he represents—it would be a disastrous thing for the unity and vitality of this Republic. The election of Fillmore would be a more supportable evil. He could proscribe the Catholic and insult his Faith, but the contemptible effort would be no stigma, and rising from the depression of the moment—like a giant refreshed from sleep—would soon purify the political atmosphere from the putrifactions which stifle it. We cannot but consider that even a political victory would be the inevitable death of the Know-Nothing party—a veritable bubble, inflated by the foul breath of bigotry, and certain to collapse from inevitable external pressure. The success of Fremont would be a grievous wound in the very heart of our body politic—the Union of the States.

This threatened calamity may be avoided. The blow contemplated may be parried and turned aside. If effected, we fear it will prove mortal.

LORENZO B. SHEPARD.

On the 19th inst., in the thirty-sixth year of his age, departed this life, Lorenzo B. Shepard. The public press has chronicled the melancholy event of his demise—the official duties which, while living, he discharged—the political action which distinguished his career, and the ceremonies attending his obsequies.

We, too, would add the expression of our heartfelt sorrow, that one so gifted, so valuable a member of the community, should have passed away, at a period when the powers of his mind were in their full vigor, and the sphere of his usefulness becoming more and more extended. When such a character is removed by death, it is not only a loss to his family and friends, but to society at large. Worth, in the public service, moral and intellectual, is the golden coin which circulates for the general good, and which cannot be withdrawn without prejudice to the interests of the many.

At the Bar, Mr. Shepard distinguished himself as an able and erudite lawyer—an eloquent and accomplished advocate. We consider there is no profession where a weak mind is more readily warped, or an unprincipled one more thoroughly vitiated than at that of the law. The arts by which truth is perverted, falsehood fabricated, and justice withheld, are within the reach of the most ordinary minds practising at the profession. They are too often the means made use of to win success at what is considered but a legal game of hazard. Nobly does he win his forensic honors, therefore, who, like Lorenzo B. Shepard, stands in bold relief from all this—lustrous for his virtues and prized for his intellect and honor. Graceful in his person, courteous in his manners, he rivetted the admiration of his friends and the regard of all with whom he had intercourse. There was nothing in his composition weak, nor in his character rough—but an agreeable union of decision and energy of purpose, with mildness and urbanity.

Those qualities remarkably distinguished him in the political world, in which he performed so prominent a part. Above the asperities of conflicting personal interests, the animosities engendered by party strife, we find Mr. Shepard preserving the unqualified esteem of those whose opinions and purposes were even counter or hostile to his own. It is much to be regretted, that after the severe and arduous conflict between the divisions of the Democratic party, the reconciliation that has taken place, and the prospect of now united and efficient action, that Mr. Shepard did not live to realize the advantages of the eminent position he occupied, and which for a long time had been one of arduous labor without corresponding reward.

The future was opening before him, full in the promise of extensive usefulness and honor,—but it has been ordained that his career on earth should be brought suddenly to a close. It may be considered, however, that his life was not too short for the absolute purposes of the world—he had accomplished much in his time, illustrating the declaration of the wise man, that "wisdom is gray hairs to youth, and an honorable life, is old age." In this regard therefore it may be considered he realized the objects of a salutary ambition, and it is sincerely to be hoped has left behind some enduring evidence of his exertions in a substantial support for his family.

Mr. Shepard was appointed an examiner in chancery in 1845, by Gov. Wright, and he held that office till it was abolished by the new constitution. He was elected delegate from this city to the Convention called to revise the Constitution of the State, and which met at Albany in June, 1846. Although in point of years Mr. Shepard was the youngest member of the Convention he took an influential part in its debates, and was a member of some of its most important committees.

In 1847 and 1848, Mr Shepard was active in politics, siding in the division which broke out in the democratic ranks in the former year, with the national democrats. In 1848, after the removal of Hon. B. F. Butler, by President Polk, and the death of Hon. Chas. McVean, Mr. Shepard was appointed United States District Attorney, which he held until superseded under Gen. Taylor's administration, by Hon. Ogden Hoffman. He still, however, remained active in political life, and in 1850 presided over the Democratic State Convention at Syracuse. The personal relations which existed between the deceased and Mr. Marcy are said to have been of the most confidential nature. He was delegate to every State Convention, we understand, from 1848 down to 1856. In 1852 he acted as one of the delegates from the State of New-York in the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore. In 1853, when the division again occurred in the democratic party of this State, Mr. Shepard, continued to side with the "softs," as they were called, and was considered one of the leaders of that wing. In 1854, he was appointed District Attorney for the city and county of New-York, by Gov. Seymour, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon N. B. Blunt, which appointment he held only until the ensuing election, when he was succeeded by the present incumbent, A. Oakey Hall, Esq.

In 1855, he was nominated and elected to the office of Counsel to the Corporation, and entered upon that office in January last, and continued to hold it up to the time of his death. He was one of the soft delegates from this State to the late Cincinnati Convention, and cast his vote, with those of his colleagues, for Mr. Pierce, and subsequently for Mr. Douglas and Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Shepard was chosen Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society last spring. He was also the Chairman of the United Democratic General Committee of this city.

Mr. Shepard was the author of two or three valuable law books, and also edited an edition of Johnson's Cases.

Mr. Shepard's life and services, are an example for imitation to our young men who aspire to the honorable part to be performed in our party politics. Nothing else can endure or remain unburied, amid its constantly shifting sands, save the column, which is the representative of industry and patriotism.

TERESA ESMONDE.

Miss Teresa Esmonde will give, at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday, the 30th inst., one of those delightful entertainments which have, at intervals, during the past two years, been rapturously applauded by both the press and the public. Miss Esmonde's careful and spirit-stirring selections from the best poets, the graceful elocution, touching sympathy, enthusiastic fervor—the full-toned, yet sweet and musical voice of the fair reader—these completely affect the auditors, and flash before their minds bright heroic visions, or tenderly recall reminiscences, at once "sweet and sad," of the lovely old Isle.

Notwithstanding that our Theatres are just now highly attractive, we have no doubt that the old Tabernacle will be filled to its uttermost by an appreciative audience on the 30th inst. Nor should it be otherwise. After the cares, the labors, the bread-struggles of the day, what can be more refreshing than to gather in the temple, and around the young votaress of the Bardic line from Ossian to Davis, and listen to her hymning, three thousand miles away from home, the national canticles that reflect glory on the Old Land, and win fame for us as a race from the New.

The pleasure derived by thousands from Miss Esmonde's former Readings, will no doubt collect an audience who long for the gratification of again being delighted with the bright enthusiasm and genial influence of the reader.

Standing one night, says an observant friend to us as we write, during one of her "Irish Readings," by the side of a young lieutenant of one of our military companies, the effect produced by her rendition of Davis's Fontenoy, was strikingly dramatic. When she came to that comprehensive couplet—

"The treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry;
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,"

the young soldier throbbed with silent passion—the contraction of his eyebrows, the muttering of his lips, the clutching of his sword, told of an unsettled vow, if ever opportunity was afforded, to remember Limerick and British faith, and to emulate the glorious heroism of the victors of Fontenoy.

Miss Esmonde's programme for the occasion we announce, embraces not only gems from Moore, Griffin, Davis, D. F. McCarthy, "Speranza," and others, but also—with a just appreciation and respect for the genius of her adopted country—contains some effective selections from Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, the distinguished author of *Fashion and Famine*, has written a fine poem for Miss Esmonde, entitled the *Convict Ship*. The name suggests the theme as well as its treatment. The story brings some historical scenes of late years vividly to mind. Of the hero, the author writes—

"Like common felons, he was bound,
A Slave, beyond the ocean's swell—
The slave of England's haughty power—
A branded convict by the laws:
The hero of one glorious hour—
The martyr of a deathless cause."

It is too often said, that our people cannot appreciate such intellectual treats as these Dramatic Readings. This is said tauntingly by those who revile Ireland and Irish genius. Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie, one of the brightest ornaments of the American Stage, says: "There are no more discriminating dramatic audiences than those in Ireland." Cannot the same be said of the Irish here, who with every incentive to earn money, ought to take credit for spending some of it at least in patronizing Irish genius.

DEFENCE OF GENERAL WALKER.

William T. Johnson, one of the Americans who were made prisoners by the Costa Ricans after the battle of Santa Rosas has published a letter defending General Walker, and denying that he, Johnson, signed the vulgarly stupid attack on the Nicaraguan President, lately published in our city papers, and announced as emanating from some seven of Walker's army. In the address alluded to, General walker was abused with a virulence and vindictiveness which completely overshadowed the purpose sought to be effected. He was denounced as lacking in principle, talent, courage, and in fact every thing which goes to make up the hero or the statesman.

Walker's career is of itself sufficient to fling such statements, and all who make them, into disrepute; but still, however unnecessary in fact, the letter of Mr. W. T. Johnson is gratifying, not only as testimony against the foes of Nicaragua, but as a defence of the writer, in removing from him and his comrades the stigma which would and should attach to them as the signers of the foul document to which their names were appended. Mr. Johnson says that the circular from beginning to end is a tissue of falsehoods, that his signature was annexed to it without his consent, and that his comrades signed it under intimidation.

Mr. Johnson has done well to take the earliest opportunity of clearing himself and his friends and comrades from such disgrace; and we joyfully take notice of the fact, having promptly met the statements of the circular at the time it appeared, and as promptly denounced the parties, or rather the stated parties to its inception and publication.

EMMET'S MONUMENT.—We are reminded by the Life of Emmet, just issued by Haverty, of Fulton street, that on the 20th of this month fifty-three years ago, Robert Emmet yielded his life for the great cause of Fatherland. This work is the only monument to the young chief yet. Would it not be well to remind ones-self of the heroism and misfortunes of that day? Haverty's edition is the best and most complete work referring to the Emmets. We have an article in type on the subject, which we are obliged to hold over for our literary page next week.

Literature.

[*Written for the Irish News*]

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

"And so you have resolved to emigrate, my poor boy," said Father Casement, in a voice of uneasy inquiry. "Isn't it odd that you never consulted me while you were forming your determination? There was a time, Case darling, you kept no secrets from your uncle. But take your punch, at any rate, my boy, for sorrow's dry, and sure in a hundred years or so, it'll be no matter whether its you that have changed, or I that have grown unworthy of your confidence!"

Nothing could exceed the earnest tenderness and anxiety with which the little priest jerked out these incoherent sentences. In truth, he had long been pained by his nephew's silence; but his natural delicacy forbade intrusion upon sorrow so deep and complicated that, to its morbid sensibility, even a word of sympathy might have been mistaken for impertinence. He said not a word while he saw his nephew struggling manfully to accustom himself to his altered fortunes; but now, when that crisis seemed overpast, and the resolve was taken—a resolve in which he was as deeply interested as it is possible for one human being to be in the fate of another—his anxieties overcame him, and he fell back, pale and trembling, in the chair from which he had partly risen.

It was some minutes before the nephew thought him strong enough to hear what he now wished to communicate; nor would he resume the conversation until a fair supply of the priest's favorite medicine had been imbibed.

"You wrong me indeed, dear Uncle," he began, "in supposing that my long silence has been deliberate, and still more by the suspicion that my love for you has changed. Have you not drawn me nearer, if that were possible, since other friends began to fall away? I have now no adviser but you—no friend but you—no father but you; and if so worthless a thing as the balance of my life could add another to your years of usefulness and charity, it should be freely given. Do not embitter our separation by suspecting me of change. You are too just to punish where the offence was unavoidable. I could not tell you of my resolve before, seeing that it was only formed last night."

"God bless you for those tears, my boy!" whispered Father Casement, in a husky under-tone. "I would rather feel them on my hand than be called the bishop of the diocese. They possess the sincerity which is beyond the price of gold. But sit down, now—sit down and take off your punch; it will open your eyes to a more hopeful world; and then tell me all about your future plans."

"Well, then," replied the nephew, endeavoring to force a smile to his pale cheeks, "I will imagine for the nonce that you are in full canonicals, and confess as completely as if I were about to ask for absolution. Until last night I *had* no plan. I did not think myself at liberty to form one, for I could not believe Alice faithless, and still hoped against hope, that what seemed dubious in her conduct was the result of family coercion. But chance blew away that hope last evening, and I bless chance for doing it!

"We met by accident under St. Ronan's Cliff. She had been out with a boating party, but by some means got separated from her friends. It was such an interview as I had long prayed for. Its unexpectedness made prevarication impossible. She seemed to feel this, and strove to avoid me—at least to avoid any allusion to the subject which lay next my heart.

"I pressed for an explicit answer, and finally she avowed that her breach of faith, though advised and countenanced by her friends, was adopted as her own act and deed. She justified her conduct by my altered position, and pleaded that 'a proper respect for the different gradations of society'—those were her very words, by heavens!—a proper respect and so forth, forbid her any longer to continue an engagement which fate had indefinite-postponed! She told me that hereafter I would thank her for what now seemed cruel; and in this, if in nothing else," he exclaimed, rising and striding nervously around the little room,—"in this, at least I believe her with my whole soul. What would have been my fate if chained to such a thing of pride and heartlessness!

"I confess you were right, Uncle, in all you told me of her long ago—and for which I could have torn another man's tongue out at the time. And yet, she never looked more magnificently beautiful than while thus speaking. The imperious calmness with which she trampled down all memories of the past—her former vows, my love, our mutual promises—did more to separate me from her in an instant, than could a century of absence. Let me do her the credit to believe that she knew and intended this. The icy indifference of her manner, produced in me a corresponding chill. She had wounded a spirit as haughty and unbending as her own; and when I took my leave of her for ever, on seeing her friends approach, I was astonished to find how patiently I bore a blow, the mere contemplation of which but an hour before made death seem the less bitter alternative.

"But it is well we met, for nothing but her own act could have broken the fascination in which she had enthralled my soul. I am free now," he added with bitter emphasis, "free to go whithersoever I will, and seek my fortune wherever 'tis easiest to be found. I have still money enough left to carry me away; I have youth, a fair share of strength, and lastly a most resolute will to succeed in whatever calling chance or necessity may lead me to adopt. With God's blessing and your consent, Uncle, I shall be on my travels before another week."

"Spoken like a Christian and an O'Reilly!" exclaimed the priest, whose tears fell freely as he caught his nephew's hand. "Never lose sight of God. Be resolute in Will, and a Way will be opened up for your advancement—come it late or soon. Much as I love you and shall feel your absence, you have my blessing and consent, and every thing else that I can give to aid you. Travel, if it does nothing else for you, will divert your feelings into healthier channels; at any rate, it cannot prejudice your rights, whether you are there or here, until after your Uncle's death."

This latter sentence was uttered more in a tone of reverie than conversation.

"What *rights* do you allude to?" questioned Casement, hurriedly. "How could I possibly be affected, either for good or evil, by the death of my father's brother? Are not 'the brats,' as he affectionately styles them, in my way?"

The priest loooked confused for a moment, as a man will look on finding that he has accidentally revealed, or even called attention to a point which it was his object to keep secret. Having the grace to be very awkward in prevarication, he stammered out a general denial of any particular meaning, and endeavored to divert the questioner's thoughts by asking in what country he intended to settle?

"What country?" echoed Casement, in surprise.

"Yes, what country?" repeated his Uncle, happy in the hope that the other's more embarassing question had been parried. "Is it so strange that I should ask in what country you mean to court the favors of the fickle goddess?"

"To me it seems the strangest question in the world," answered Casement, "as strange as if one were to ask a suffocating man whether he did not think a little fresh air in his lungs would be of service?

"Ah, Uncle!" he continued more briskly, "the times are gone by for ever when an O'Reilly, an O'Donnel, or O'Neil, weary of the misery he saw around him, or beaten in an attempt to relieve it, could volunteer his sword to Spain, or France, or Austria, in hopes by his gallantry to win not only honor for himself, but also the attention of Europe to the hell-born policy of which his island was, and is the victim! All the Counts, Dukes, Marshals, Admirals and Marquises' of those three names, whose monuments you find in Europe, were the creations of a different age. The uprising of Liberty in France banded all tyrannies together; and nothing is surer now than that every nation must attain freedom for itself or for ever remain enslaved.

"To what country then should an Irishman go save to that where the happier portion of his race have already found a safe and honorable shelter? Where the altar is inviolable—the earth bounteous—the dignity of labor acknowledged, and where all the rights of citizenship save one, the highest—are guaranteed to the countrymen of those foreigners who helped to rear the stately fabric that it might afterwards become a refuge to the children of the oppressed throughout the world? To where but to the land of Washington—the land whose brightest laurels were bound around the iron brow of Andrew Jackson, an Irish peasant's son—to where but to America should an Irishman, whose soul is not for sale, betake himself in this nineteenth century?"

"Bravo, my boy!" exclaimed Father Casement, who had been engaged in another brew while his nephew spoke. "By the stiffest bristle in Goliah's beard, you must take the 'stump' when you get there—I believe 'stump' is the word—and perhaps it's as an ambassador they'll send you home. It's a grand career, I believe.

"Grander than the mind can easily grasp," interrupted O'Rielly, whose mind kept harping on the topic which his uncle seemed so anxious to have forgotten. "But you mistake my views entirely; I go there to enjoy freedom, not to teach it; to exercise uprightly the privilege which the Constitution extends, and to assist, whenever called upon, to strengthen and defend the land which has given me shelter. But you have not answered my late question. What could you mean by speaking of certain rights of mine which might or might not be prejudiced by my absence at the time of Matthew O'Rielly's death?

Father Casement looked uneasy, and turned himself once or twice in his chair before giving any response. He sighed heavily more than once, and then threw himself on his nephew's generosity.

"I *had* a meaning in my words," he began, but one which I myself can hardly comprehend or analyze: it is built upon emotions more than on facts—it is a conviction arising without any tangible arguments to back it. I never intended you should know it, though I never than now felt more confident that it is true and will eventually be proved so."

"I anticipate what you would say," exclaimed the young man, in a tone of the deepest excitement. "I have had a dream of this kind, or of something like it, myself. You believe that this so-called uncle of mine is an imposter, who has merely possessed himself of my real uncle's papers and confidence! He does not act like an O'Reilly—think like an O'Reilly—write like an O'Reilly—talk like an O'Reilly! He has a felon-eye, and there is something in his gait (for I have often seen him when he did not know it,) which impressed me with an irresistible belief that he had been for long years a prisoner. Tell me it is so, and I will drag him out of the house whose memories he pollutes, before another hour! Tell me it is so"——

"Stop—stop—stop!" cried Father Casement, springing from his chair with an activity scarcely to be expected from one of his years and figure. "The boy is as mad as one March hare and two mad dogs! The uncle you picture so villainously is one of the finest-looking men in the country. Even were he the ugliest, you should be the last to proclaim it; for your features are almost identical. The expression of your face is less headstrong than his, but otherwise you are the born image of what Matthew was more than thirty years ago. How passion blinds us, to be sure! The man is your father's brother as surely as you are your mother's son. What romantic trash have you been reading to put this absurdity—this frenzy, into your head? If he wanted any one to swear to his identity, I would do it myself. You must put a curb on your imagination, or it will ruin all."

"Then tell me, in Heaven's name, what you did mean?" exclaimed Casement, breathlessly.

"You are not now in a condition to hear it, nor am I to tell you," replied the priest. "I ask you, as the test of the confidence which you declare you place in me, that you will not press this matter now, but satisfy yourself with the assurance, that when it can avail you to be told, I will be the first and most eager to announce it. I will place in your hands a letter not to be opened until your foot is on American ground. It will tell you my suspicions and direct you what course to take. Can you trust me so far as to crush your curiosity until then, with the belief that the course I recommend is that which you yourself would adopt were you in my place, and could look on matters with eyes unprejudiced by passion?"

The young man hesitated.

"It is a heavy test, I am aware," continued Father Casement, "nor would I subject you to it except from a deep conviction of its absolute necessity. If your uncle once takes the alarm, it will matter nothing whether my surmises—and they as yet are *mere* surmises—are authentic or unfounded. He would surround his course with double caution, and all our efforts would be fruitless."

"Can you not even give me a hint?" uttered Casement, hoarsely. "It is suspense that kills—anxiety is torture."

"I would give half that I am worth," replied Father Casement solemnly, "to recall the words that led to this embroglio. I would tell you cheerfully if I dared trust your self-command, or did not know that in all human probability it would be the downfall of our hopes"——

"I cannot help myself, I suppose," interrupted the nephew, in a tone of bitter disappointment. "But you promise to let me know on my arrival in America?"

"You shall carry the letter in your pocket. I swear it by my habit, and on my honor as a man. Are you content?"

"Well, I suppose I must be," exclaimed Casement, shaking off his peevish curiosity. "It now only remains to reach New-York as fast as possible; for, till I get there, every hour will seem a year."

In less than a week from that time, Casement, accompanied by Ned Morgan, one of the former gamekeepers of Castleronan, set out for Liverpool, from thence to take the first sailing vessel that offered passage to America. By advice of the priest, the young adventurer caused a report to be circulated that he was off for Australia—so Ned Morgan honestly believed, and so he said; but to Ned all parts of the world were much the same, provided only he could remain "in the young masters still company."

CHAPTER III.

A LIVERPOOL EMIGRANT SHIP—MRS. MOONEY AND THE MATE—A MUTINY AND TRIUMPH—SUPERCARGO OR DOCTORS—WHICH?

"Behold the duteous son, the sire decayed,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes—a melancholy train—
To traverse climes beyond the western main."—*Goldsmith.*

"One strong man's will is armor for a thousand."—*Churchill.*

No one even remotely acquainted with the details of immigration need be told that the deck of an emigrant ship ten days at sea, presents an alarming contrast to the paradisal pictures drawn by the fertile imagination of the shipping agents previous to her departure from port. Sea-stores deteriorate unaccountably the moment the vessel loses sight of land; and biscuits, which were white and sweet, when exhibited as samples at the ticket office, are transmogrified into a miserable blue-mouldy mixture—half-bran, half-dirt—when delivered in half the promised quantities to such claimants as are strong enough to demand them on the next morning's distribution. The coffee, as Ned Morman remarked, looked and smelt more like "a bag full of bug's eggs" than like any Christian decoction of the berry. There had been a mistake, the mate admitted, in the prime mess beef: that paid for by the agents was of the first quality, but that put on board by accident was some which had returned, unused, from a three years voyage in the belly of a Yankee whale-ship.

It was duly recorded on the printed contracts which the emigrants had been supplied with, that any complaints for inferiority or insufficiency of food would be promptly redressed by the captain, if appealed to; in fact, according to Messrs. Cheatem & Snap, of Manesty Lane, the captain was the worst enemy the shippers had, never thinking anything good enough for "his family," as he called the passengers—often giving the greater part of his cabin stores to supply them with luxuries, and eternally taking their part, whether right or wrong, in any quarrel they might have with the charterers, on the arrival of his vessel at her destination. It was also set forth, ostentatiously, that all manner of legal redress might be had for any breach of contract, by entering a complaint at the termination of the voyage; but the *modus* in which this redress was to be applied for was nowhere stated, nor was it likely that a set of half-starved, half-suffocated, wholly ignorant immigrants, just landed in a new country and eager to find their friends, would devote their first days of liberty to seeking the punishment of those from whose clutches they had thankfully escaped.

The shipping agents in Liverpool and their confederates the "runners," here, are well aware of this, and use their advantage to the utmost. "The horrors of the middle passage" from Africa, were surpassed by the sufferings inflicted on free immigrants from Europe. In the former case, it was the interest of the captain to bring in his cargo in "good marketable condition;" in the latter, the more that died or leaped overboard on the way, the less would be the quantity of sea-stores used by the survivors.

Casement O'Reilly had taken cabin passage in "that fine, fast sailing, and seaworthy clipper ship, the *Vulture*, Hezekiah Runt, Captain." Ned Morgan had a berth in the second cabin, and there were four hundred and eighty human beings stowed away in the steerage and amidships—being only one hundred and forty more than the vessel was legally authorized to have on board!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

PAT COSTELLO — THE KILKENNY ATTORNEY.

It was the second day after the debate which led to the secession of Young Ireland from the Repeal Association. Conciliation-hall was crowded. In the body of the hall, under the galleries, in the Reporters' box, behind the chair, thousands were closely packed. Ribbons and bonnets filled the space dedicated to the fairer exponents of patriotism. It was a promiscuous collection of portraits. Every type of female beauty shone out from there.

Nor were the less favored types excluded. There was the plain, the sour, the wrinkled. Patriotism has worshippers from every temple. The garden and the garret equally contribute to swell the crowd assembled in its name. Along those benches, towering and curving above the Chair of that spacious hall, the *belle* of Merrion square, as well as the pickled Xantippe of Leinster market, was seen. The gay Graces of the ball-room, with their lily brows and cheeks of roses, displayed themselves on the same couches with the red-nosed Furies of the fish-stall. These were the two extremes. Between them, flowers of less gaudy coloring or weeds of less stubborn texture were interwoven in bewildering profusion. Old or young, in calico or satin, fair or otherwise, they were the Daughters of Erin. So it was that, in many a stately apostrophe, O'Connell, rolling out in measured music his adjectives of adoration, loved to style them. Every Monday found them on those hallowed seats. Never in such variety and abundance as the day I speak of.

As well as the sterner portion of the audience—the brawny coal-porters, car-men, lawyers, doctors, painters and glaziers, attornies and pick-pockets of which, like every crowd, it was made up—the ladies in the gallery were divided in sentiment on the occasion. Some were devoted to Young Ireland. Others were partizans of its aged antagonist. The contending sympathies broke out in smiles, in frowns, in ejaculations of love, in broken syllables of anger, from scarfs which waved encouragement, or from humbler kerchiefs which swept the chandeliers and ceiling in Vixen scorn or Amazonian hate. The Graces were unanimous for Smith O'Brien and his youthful colleagues. Throbbing and glittering on their thrones, they wove chaplets for the rebellious heads which lifted themselves haughtily against the thunderbolts of the Liberator and the scathing lightnings of Tom Steele. The matured matrons, the Junos of that dusky Olympus of Burgh-quay, showered their favors on the riotous champions of peace and perseverance. So did the Proserpines in faded shawls, and the Furies in tattered Leghorns, with whom those sacred heights were shared.

Of the multitude who on that day heaved and foamed, poured out their eloquence, their legal maxims, their lyric praises of the sword, or their prayers for peace, there is one great figure impressed in pleasant outlines on my mind. Erect in the Committee-box, with protruding waistcoat, broad shoulders, thick flabby hands, double chin, pale greasy face—so greasy that a fly alighting on it would have found it difficult to extricate itself—snuff-colored stick with massive knob of gold, capacious blue frock-coat and a wall of shirt-collar about his face, he stands before me at this moment as distinctly as he did upon that day.

The waistcoat was a lilac cassimere, with buttons of the same material. Coming down well upon the broad hips, and being buttoned up pretty high upon the chest, it had a comfortable look. No one could disassociate from it the idea of good living, an easy life, and a jovial nature. The snuff-colored stick dangled by a black silk cord from a stumpy little finger. It did so on all public occasions. It did so especially when the eminent gentleman it belonged to was making a speech, or when (as he modestly expressed himself) he was "offering a few observaytions to the pint." A rather small head—it looked so, for his gelatinous face overlapped it—furnished with a pair of little gray piggish eyes which roguishly kept twinkling the most of his life, and a heavy coarse mouth the sensuality of which was relieved with a constant play of sly humor, completed the figure. It was Pat Costello, the Kilkenny attorney.

Pat was not a member of the Repeal Association the time of the debate on the Peace Resolutions. He was only thinking of being one. The Whigs having supplanted the Peelites in office, and the tone of the Association having become Whiggish, the sagacious solicitor was under the impression it might do him no harm to put down his pound-note and take out his card. In the eyes of the people it would look patriotic and might serve to help him along to St. Stephen's, for Pat had a mind to try how a seat in Parliament would suit him.

"It won't be displaising to my Lard Marpeth and my ould friends of the Cabinet"—it was thus he bethought himself—"whilst my card of mimbership, as a Repayler, will be a great card for me with any indepindint constituency."

With this he finished his breakfast in the coffee-room of the Reform club, cocked his white hat on his head, winked to himself pleasantly, licked his lips with unctuous delight, and set off for Burgh quay. Picking his teeth with a nicely cut bit of a quill, swinging his gold-headed snuff-colored bamboo, whistling softly, or as softly murmuring a bar or two of some popular air, he sloped down Dawson street, past Trinity College, into Westmoreland street, round the corner of Lundyfoot's, and so on to the Corn-Exchange. He winked all the way, too, occasionally relieving the winks with a smack of his lips, just as he did moving out of the Club.

Here and there on his road, he fell in with a familiar acquaintance. Perhaps it was Brady, the Lord Chancellor. Perhaps it was Mr. James Power, the member for Wexford. Or it might have been James Monahan himself. A few words of conversation took place. Mr. Costello never passed an old acquaintance with a dry nod or a curt *how d'ye do*. He was sure to ask how the wind blew in Dungarvan; was it safe for the Masther of the Mint; was O'Connor Don to have a "walk over" the coorse at Roscommon; who was to have the Judgeship in case ould Pennefeather coughed himself out of the Queen's Bench; and was it likely anything handsome would be done for George Wyse? Such questions leading deep into politics, and Pat, ascertaining what the Whigs thought of O'Connell and the Repeal agitation, and being strengthened in the conviction with which he set out, would declare his intentions.

At the first blush the avowal would take his friend by surprise. Mr. Costello having held aloof from it so long, what could put it into his head to join the Repeal Association at this time of day? The Lord Chancellor, or whoever else it might be, couldn't for the world understand. He might be mistaken, however. He might have misunderstood Mr. Costello. The Lord Chancellor would set himself right.

"Where to, did you say, Mr. Costello?"

"To be made a Repealer," says Pat.

"A Repealer!" the Lord Chancellor exclaims.

"Nothing short of it—this blessed day I'll be enrolled, with the blessing of God."

"Impossible—what's the good?'

"It's a short road to Parliamint, you know."

"That's the use of it," says Pat; and with that, and a tight wink of his left eye, and a jerk of the gold-headed cane towards his lordship's breast-pocket, and a "good-day," which was as good as a feast of potatoes and butter, Mr. Costello would strike off again.

But that blessed day was too doubtful, wild and stormy for the shrewd Attorney to venture his fortunes in the ship lying bound for London at the lower end of Burgh-quay. There was a mutiny on board. The old skipper wasn't on hand. He was somewhere on the Thames. The Lord only knew what mischief was brewing! 'Twas better to wait, and let the storm blow over, and the mutiny subside. In any case, it was safest to keep clear of the mismanaged ship, until the captain from Derrynane had a hold of the helm. Heaven alone could tell whether these muntineers might not overpower the dumpy lubber in charge of the craft, whilst his father was away, and knock her to splinters right up against Vinegar Hill, or some other infernal rock not laid down in the chart.

Thus it was that our genial friend conjectured, argued and concluded. He did not ask to be admitted into the Association the day he had selected, and some few of the more striking features of which have been noticed in the opening sentences of this chapter. Calmly, most blandly, and as it were paternally, he interposed—imploring from the Committee-box, with the richest brogue, the cessation of strife.

Being sternly reminded, however, by one of the Young Irelanders, that he was no member, and could not, therefore, speak, and this intimation being echoed in a threatening tempest which burst around him and above him, and silenced him in the twinkling of his eye, the benignant mediator took his seat. A few minutes after, when the storm blew somewhat fresher, and everything portended anything but a safe trip that day, Mr. Costello complained of a seidlitz powder he had taken that morning, and whispering to those between him and the door, brushed out.

It was not until Young Ireland had been driven from Conciliation Hall, and under the immediate magistracy of O'Connell the most perfect unanimity had been restored within it, that Pat renewed his intentions of becoming a registered Repealer, and took steps accordingly.

Smith O'Brien was complacently turning the pages of Plato in the sweet old shades of Chairmoyle. O'Gorman was on circuit. Mitchel confined himself to the editorship of the *Nation*. Devin Reilly busied his hot brain with the working of the National schools, looking up the seeds of a rich and noble future for Ireland in the generation strengthening and blossoming within those quiet white walls. In the shadow of those superb ruins of Cashel, at the foot of the rock on which they lift their gray heads, crowned with ivy to the sun, Doheny found solace in the visions and relics of old times, and the memories of such friends as Davis and McNevin, for the bitterness which the perfidies of O'Connellism produced. In one of the pretty little villages of the Lee, between Cork and Cove, Michael Joseph Barry was putting together the frame of a tiny dainty yacht he had brought with him in a carpet-bag from Dublin, where for the last year he had been writing *Kishoge Papers* for the University Magazine, and letting off philippics against the Whigs.

A few days previous to the launch, he wrote me a graceful little note, inviting me to accompany him on the trial-trip of his fairy sloop. As I had witnessed it in its shapeless infancy, he was anxious I should enjoy it in its symmetrical maturity. Distrusting his ship-craft, knowing that squalls frequently visited the Lee, and being nothing of a swimmer myself, I declined the invitation; assuring my friend, Michael Joseph, that I had no desire to experimentalize in his boat; that although, to profane the famous antithesis of Grattan, I had "sat by her cradle," I had no ambition "to follow her hearse."

The writer of these Recollections was rambling along the Cliffs of Tramore, boating, fishing, reading alternately Digby's *Compitum* and D'Israeli's *Coningsby*, being for the most of the time the companion of a gentleman, once a Captain in an English infantry regiment, who entertained him for hours upon hours with the pleasantest anecdotes of military life in Jamaica. Old Ireland had Burgh Quay all to itself!

Just what Mr. Costello wanted. The very thing he desired, prayed, and waited for. O'Connell himself moved his admission. He did so in the following words—

"I beg to move that Mr. Patrick Costello be enrolled a member of the Association. When he was appointed to a situation under the Courts—namely, the Clerk of the Rules, he consulted me as to whether he should join the Association. I advised him not to do so then. He afterwards, having retired from his office on a pension, still felt anxious to join the ranks of the Repealers. He asked me this day did I not think it was time for him to become an avowed Repealer. I said it was, and I said that I would propose him myself. I, therefore, feel great pleasure in proposing the enrolment of my friend Patrick Costello as a member of the Association."

A few days after this memorable occurrence, I was walking with my friend, James Keating, of Waterford, below the stormwall on the strand of Tramore, when who should come up, with his white hat and gold-headed cane, smiling all over, winking and smacking his lips, but "my bowld Pat himself," as Keating used cordially style him.

"How're you, Keating—how're you, Meagher?"

Pat had a luxuriant brogue, and this greeting rolled from his tongue like a quart of egg-nog from a plethoric brown jug. He joined us, and swinging his stick (that stick will be buried with him), soon had the conversation all to himself. Politics, of course, were his favorite theme, and of politics we had from him, within the space of an hour, more than enough for six columns of solid brevier. Lord Bessborough, the Lord Lieutenant, was a blessed appointment, he said. His Excellency, he knew, wouldn't forget the attornies who returned him to Parliament, when he was Viscount Duncannon.

"At-all-events, he can't forget you," says Keating, with a grave comical look, which was meant to remind him of something which Pat would as soon not have revived. The slightest allusion to it, in fact, always offended his dignity, ruffled his good humor, and interfered with the flow of his wit. But Pat having intimated it was his intention to stand for Kilkenny, whenever a vacancy occurred, Keating had a notion that a little hard rub might do him no harm. He was soaring too high, and a shot under his wing might bring him down gently, with the loss of a few feathers only. Why should the barn-fowl covet the eagle's nest? Waddling and cackling, growing plump and sleek, snapping up morsels dropped him from the windows of Ormond Castle, why should the plebeian bird stretch his stiff pinion for a lumbersome ascent to the battlements crowning, like the diadem of Cybele, the marble city of the Nore?

Some such reasoning flashed through Keating's mind, when, as a delicate check to his presumption, he reminded Mr. Costello of the time he set out at the head of a deputation to Viscount Duncannon, on which occasion, (the first great event in Pat's life), a brother attorney, afterwards one of the Divisional magistrates of Dublin, admonished him in a ballad that was widely circulated, what to avoid, and how to behave in the presence of the Viscount—

"Don't make a bow, says he,
For you don't know how, says he,
No more than a cow, says he;
But stand yer ground, says he,
Like a bull in the pound, says he."

The recollection of this song—though it passed silently like the song of a dream through his brain—was enough. Pat, after two or three minutes' moping and almost lifeless dejection, during which the gold-headed snuff-colored stick hung paralyzed from his little fat finger, and a thousand blue bottles and gnats buzzed through his head from one ear out through the other, wheeled about to another branch of his favorite subject. He dropped Kilkenny and the Earl of Bessborough, as quick as if both had been a couple of red-hot potatoes. This being a favorite illustration of his own, it is appropriate to use it.

SILVER SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MRS. H. MACNAMARA.

As the laborer rests at the close of the day;
He murmers with heartfelt delight,
To the children around who merrily play,
'Tis silver Saturday night.

The loving group they cluster round,
With faces merry and bright,
And gaily echo the musical sound,
'Tis silver Saturday night.

The laborer's wife is standing near,
With a face of radiant light,
And whispers to her husband dear,
'Tis silver Saturday night.

He glances with a loving smile,
At his wife—his heart's delight—
And murmers to himself awhile,
Thank God, 'tis Saturday night!

The family cluster round the hearth,
With hearts both merry and light;
The laborer singeth a song of mirth,
For he's happy on Saturday night.

FACES IN THE FIRE.

I.

I am gazing all the night-time
At the faces in the fire—
Whilst the roaring rain-storm dashes
On the shaking window sashes,
And the restless, ærial ocean
Rends the boughs, like spars of vessel;
And the billowy commotion
Drives the leaves that with it wrestle,
Like a human cargo splurging,
Washed off from the timbers, surging
In the mad waves, and expire.

II.

And I think how like the life-flame
Are those red shapes I admire:—
First, they're merely indicated,
Then, like childhood, grow elated
With the fresh heat that imbues them,
Then, like youth, hot flames infuse them,
Then, like men, a steady burning
Glows athrough them, till the turning
Point of being, makes gray gashes,
And they crumble into ashes
Like mere faces in the fire.

J. S.

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN ABROAD.

Translated from the Biographie Universelle.

GEORGE COUNT BROWNE,

A general in the Prussian service, was born in Ireland, in the year 1698, of a Catholic family. He had at an early age a taste for military life, but despairing of advancement in his own country, on account of his religion, he betook himself to Germany, and entered the service of the Elector Palatine. He passed thence into Russia, with Keith, and was promoted rapidly, especially after having rendered important services in the following critical emergency. A conspiracy was formed against the Empress Anne, which Browne effectually crushed, by breaking in upon the conspirators, sword in hand, at the head of a select body of troops, of whose devotion he was fully assured. Shortly afterwards, some great military enterprise gave the Russian generals opportunities to signalize their talents, De Lascy, Munich, Keith made their appearance on the Rhine and the Volga. Browne shared their labors and successes. He made some skillful marches, and with a body of about three thousand men, arrested the progress of the Turkish army on the banks of the Volga. Having fallen into the hands of the enemy, he was conducted to Adrianople, and sold as a slave. He regained his liberty through the good offices of a French officer, and, having informed himself of the Turkish plans for the campaign, escaped from Constantinople and repaired to St. Petersburgh, where his information was gladly received. Shortly afterwards the war broke out with Sweden; Browne was sent to oppose a body of Swedes, which he succeeded in driving from the Russian frontiers, by well combined maneuvres. During the seven years' war, we meet him at the battles of Prague, of Collin, of Jacegerndorf, and of Zorndorf. In this last battle, he was commander-in-chief, and decided the fate of the day by rallying the Russians; but at the same time, he was taken prisoner by the Prussians. Having extricated himself by his presence of mind, he received five sabre cuts on the head, and lay among the dead on the field of battle. He was carried to his quarters, where they gave him the earliest surgical attendance, and thence removed to Petersburgh, when peace was re-established between Russia and Prussia. Peter the Third wished to place Browne at the head of the army which was about to march against the Danes; but the General disapproved of the war and sturdily maintained his opinion. The Emperor, irritated by his contumacy, removed him from the service; bnt in a few days after, his anger having been appeased, Browne was restored to his position, and received the government of Livonia. He rendered the province the most signal services, by checking abuses and protecting the people. A few years before his death, he demanded permission to retire; but Catharine the Second replied, "Nothing but death can separate us." Browne died on the 18th of September, 1792, at the age of 94. When only twenty years old, he had his coffin made, which he often ordered to be brought before him, and contemplated it with the serenity of a hero and a Christian.

ULYSSES MAXIMILIAN COUNT BROWN,

Field Marshal in the service of Austria, was born at Bale, on the 23d of October, 1705, of an Irish family, and distinguished himself in the seven years' war. He first served against the Turks, in 1737, and gave convincing proofs of ability and bravery during the Italian campaign, especially at the battles of Parma and of Guastalla. Being elevated in 1739, to the rank of Field Marshal, he was opposed to Frederick the Second, in the wars of Silesia, and rendered the Empress Maria Theresa important services by checking the progress of her enemy on several occasions. In 1744 he crossed again into Italy with the Prince de Lobkowitz, gained on the 15th of June, 1746, the battle of Placenza, made himself master of Genoa, and returned to Germany in 1752, when he was appointed Governor of Prague. Frederick the Second having attempted in 1756 to penetrate into Bohemia by way of Saxony, Brown gave him battle at Lowositz, and, in seven days after, undertook that celebrated march, the object of which was to deliver the Saxon army besieged in the camp of Pirna. He effected the march, but failed in accomplishing his design. He succeeded, however, in driving the Prussians from Bohemia. This important service procured him the order of the Golden Fleece. But Frederick, though repulsed, gathered together new forces, during his retreat, re-entered Bohemia, the following year, and, on the 6th of May, fought with Count Brown the famous battle of Prague, for a long time disputed, almost equally destructive to both parties, and gained finally by the king. The field-marshal, mortally wounded at the very momeut the Austrians thought themselves certain of the victory, heard a fresh cannonade, while they were conveying him from the field of battle. "The Prussians have recommenced the attack," he cried, raising himself up on the litter. In vain they assured him that this was the announcement of victory. He had a presentiment of the defeat of his troops, a sorrowful apprehension he realized before his death, which did not take place till the 26th of June following. He left behind him not alone the reputation of a good general, but also that of a great statesman. His life is published in German, Prague, 1767. This has been translated into French. OMEGA.

OLIVER CROMWELL; or, England's Great Protector. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, author of "Henry VIII. and his Six Wives," the "Roman Traitor," &c. &c. *Miller, Orton & Mulligan.*

Dealing, as this fiction does, with the man who made and the actions that illustrate a mighty political revolution, the effect of which is so intimately connected with the history of this republic, it must create a sensation, or rather continue that which it originally produced. "Cromwell" was the second historical romance issued by Mr. Herbert, and though faulty in many minor necessities, it more than made up for the deficiencies of a youthful style by the fervor and force with which the leading characters were limned. In the present edition, the indefatigable author has thoroughly revised, corrected, and in many instances re-written the book; so that while the action of the story remains unchanged, it is rendered of even greater interest by the improved graces of the author's manner. The chief figures in Mr. Herbert's series of historical pictures are well outlined, well colored, and retain the warlike or sanctimonious, proud or prudent, poetic or patriotic idiosyncrasies by which they have held the severer pages of the historian proper. In the third chapter there is a fine, full, picturesque, and appreciative picture of John Milton, very appropriately introduced surrounded by the calm beauty and touching equanimity of a lustrously tranquil evening. It is indeed capital, with a fine sombre touch of poetry about it. We should make extracts, but that not uncommon editorial want—want of room, forbids us.

VICTORIA, or the World Overcome. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. Author of "Isa, a Pilgrimage," &c.

We lately had occasion to notice favorably the "Philly and Kit" of Miss Chesebro'. Her present work demands at least as much encomium and more space to do it justice, inasmuch as it is a sustained effort of considerable magnitude. Miss Chesebro' is one of the ablest writers who have adopted what may be termed the psychological phases of humanity as fitting subjects for the illustration of their pens. She is bold, graphic, and often picturesque in her style. An earnestness of no common order seems to inspire her; and though many of her readers, through the unfortunate taste of the day for something electric, may not follow her patiently through the rather ambitious metaphysical detailsshe indulges in, still they must—in the broad views and subtle distinctions given, find much to attract, if not to draw from them the hearty approval which more thoughtful people will freely and appreciatively accord.

Literary and Artistic News.

Where to Go.

The "Brewers" should to "Malta" go,
The "Boobies" all to "Scilly;"
The "Quakers" to the "Friendly" Isles,
The "Furriers" to "Chili;"
The little snarling, carolling "babes"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to "Baby"-lon,
To "Lap"-land or to "Brest;"
From "Spit"-head "Cooks" go o'er to Greece,"
And while the "Miser" waits
His passage to the "Guinea" coast,
"Spendthrifts" are in the "Straits."
"Spinsters" should to "Needles" go,
"Wine-bibbers" to "Burgundy;"
"Gourmands" should lunch at "Sandwich" Isles,
"Wags" at the Bay of "Fun"-dy;
"Bachelors" flee to the "United States,"
"Maids" to the Isle of "Man;"
Let "Gard'ners" go to "Botany" Bay,
And "Shoe-blacks" to "Japan."
Thus emigrate, and mis-placed men
Will then no longer vex us,
And all who ain't provided for
Had better go to Texas.

Major Crawley, so long and favorably known as conductor of the *Military Argus* of this City, has associated with him in the proprietory department Mr. Henry C. Goodwin, Paper Merchant, of New-York. We believe that arrangements are being made to strengthen the editorial corps of the *Argus*, the price in future of which will be three cents per number, or one and a-half dollars per annum. Mr. W. B. Smith will continue to superinted the typographical department, in which there is great improvement.

The *Nation* informs us that a young Limerick artist, who will yet be a great painter, has just completed a marvellous portrait —*the* portrait of William Carleton. It is one of the most striking and boldly-handled subjects we have seen for many a day—vigorous, vivid, subtle, and finely toned. The massive Celtic head, with its towering dome, crested with a light wreath of silvery hair—the deep blue eyes, with their curious keen glow, musing over some fair creation—the large features, so heavy yet so flexible, and so full of various expression, from the most gloomy passion to the most frolicksome fun of that Irish character which he has painted so powerfully because he represents it so perfectly—all look like life itself from the canvas—not in the least idealized, caught, just as they are, real and breathing, in some happy moment, and conveyed to the canvas for ever. The author sits in a musing mood. Some memory of a peasant festival in ancient Clogher is haply flitting through his brain, soon to be transferred in colors as vivid and longer-lived than the artist's, to the pages that lie beside him. The hand, a singularly fine and plastic one for a figure of such massive mould, is a portrait in itself. The fine oval outlines of the brow are most perfectly displayed. It was hard to paint a mouth whose power is mainly its extraordinary mobility of expression—but Mr. Slattery has transferred to it the same dreary air of thought that there is in the eye. We venture to predict that this young artist—he is almost a boy—will do great things yet. He has a most perfect perception of his art, and a highly accomplished skill in its execution. His portraits are the most real that can be conceived; but with a difference from that flat accuracy of the photograph, which we are becoming too accustomed to. One of George Petrie's venerable and amiable heads is almost equal to Carleton'sfor its wonderful truthfulness and spirit. We noticed some of his pictures in the recent Exhibition of the Hibernian Academy, and we heartily hope he may be encouraged to remina in Ireland by a success which he richly deserves.

The *Liverpool Daily Times*, in its report of the inquest on Mr. John Fagan, bookseller, one of the persons who lost their lives in the fatal fire in Shaw's-alley, Liverpool, has the following remarks on his melancholy fate: "Poor Fagan! he deserved a better fate. He was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary men in his way of the present age. He was allowed, on all hands, to be the best judge of the value of ancient, classical, and other works; and there was hardly a work of any note turned from the press since printing was invented, that he had not a catalogue of in his head, and if the work was to be had in Europe, he could tell where, and in what library. He was formerly in extensive trade in Dublin, where he was well known and much esteemed. He was one of the first oral story-tellers that could be found, and many of Lever's and Carleton's best stories were furnished—the groundwork and foundation—by poor John Fagan, to both these authors. He was rich in rare anecdotes, and all who knew him valued him for his honest and straightforward dealings, his natural humor and abilities. Some rich sketches, written by him, have appeared from time to time in the periodicals; and had his circumstances been of an easier description, so as to allow him to devote more of his time and genius to literature, he would have been a remarkable man.

The Manchester *Guardian* says:—The mansion at the upper end of Moseley street, for so many years past the residence of the late William Grant and Daniel Grant, the originals of Dickens' "Cheeryble Brothers," was almost the last private residence in that street. Dwelling after dwelling has disappeared, warehouses have risen on their sites, and now the "town-house" of the Grants is empty and desolate. The furniture has been removed, and the house is closed to give place to another palatial pile for storing the staple goods of Manchester. The walls within which the jovial laugh of the owner and his friends has rung so often, now echo no cheering sound; the hearth which so long and often glowed with the warmth of a generous hospitality, is cold and deserted; with its kind and generous owners the spirit of the old house has departed; and like their own clay tenements, it will soon be but dust and ashes.

Schiller's eldest son, by his marriage with Charlotte de Lengefield, of Rudolfstadt, still lives in Wurtemburg, and holds the functions of a royal forester. He has one son only, who is in the Austrian military service, and is the sole heir to the illustrious name of his grandfather, whose second son died some years past, while Councillor of Regency at Treves. Caroline the eldest daughter settled at Rudolfstadt, near her mother's family; established a boarding-school for girls, and married a councillor of mines, named Junot. She removed subsequently to, and died at Wurzburg. The younger sister, Emily, who has the reputation of inheriting much of her father's talent and character, married a Baron de Gleichen, who possessed property at Rudolfstadt and in Bavaria. They had a son, still living, to whom King Louis of Bavaria stood sponsor. Consequently, of Schiller's posterity there are now surviving, his eldest son, Charles, his youngest daughter, Emily, and grandsons, Frederick and Louis.

The late Baron Sina, a native of Greece, and of humble extraction, has left 1,000,000 of drachms (at 10s. a piece) to his fatherland, to be expended in the following manner: 540,000 drachms to be spent in the erection of a building for the Academy of Athens, the plans of which have been already made by M. T. Hansen of Vienna, the architect who erected the Otto University and the Observatory in the Greek capital; 200,000 drachms are to be capitalized to increase the salaries of the professors at the academy; 60,000 drachms for the completion of the cathedral of Athens.

Thomas Hastings has issued a collection of Psalm and hymn tunes, anthems, charts, etc., adapted to the use of classes and churches. Many of the tunes are original, and said to be good.

G. P. R. James, now of Richmond, Va., is engaged upon the concluding chapters of a new romance.

It has been stated that M. Horace Vernet was working at a picture of the taking of the Malakoff, but it is not generally known that this picture is ordered by the town of Autun, the native place of General McMahon.

Several large pictures of Mr. Rositer, the well-known historical painter, are missing. They were last heard from at Mobile, in April last, where they were being exhibited by Mr. Charles R. Wilbur. Mr. Rossiter fears that Mr. Wilbur may have died, and that the pictures may have got lost.

The *Literary Gazette* says, the first book ever printed in the New World was in the city of Mexico. It was printed in the Spanish language, in the year 1544, and was entitled "Doctrina Christiana per eo los Indos." The first publication made in English, in America, was the "Freeman's Oath," an Almanac for 1639, nearly a hundred years after the work published in Mexico.

John G. Sake, poet and wit, is completely prostrated by another attack of paralysis, and fears as to his total recovery are entertained.

The first copyright issued under the new protective authors' bill, in Philadelphia, was issued to Thomas H. Elliot, Esq., for a five act comedy, entitled "Law and Fashion." The author is attached to the *Ledger* office.

Porter's "*Spirit* of the Times" is fourth proof.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Putnam's Household Words, and Schoolfellow's Magazine, for Sept. ..... *Dix, Edwards & Co.*
Littell's Living Age, for Sept. ..... *Littell, Son & Co.*
The Trial in the Supreme Court of the Information in the Nature of a Quo Warranto filed by the Attorney-General, on the relation of Coles Bashford *vs* Wm. A. Barstan, contesting the right to the office of Governor of Wisconsin. ..... *Calkins & Proudfit, and Atwood & Ruble, Madison, Wis.*
Modern Greece: A Narrative of a Residence and Travels in that country, &c., &c. By Henry M. Baird, M. A.
Oliver Cromwell; or, England's Great Protector. By Henry William Herbert. ..... *Miller, Orton & Mulligan.*
Louis Napoleon and the Bonaparte Family, &c., with a Summary of French History during the Russian War, &c., &c. By Henry W. De Puy, author of "Ethan Allen," &c.

MAYOR WOOD.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22, 1856.

To the Editor of the Irish News:

MY DEAR MEAGHER:—Knowing that you have a settled aversion—perhaps a very just one—to city politics, or any discussion tending to bring you into collision, even incidentally, with politicians or journalists, I would not ask any portion of your space if I did not feel bound to defend the present Mayor of New-York against what I consider to be a very great injustice and a grievous wrong.

I make no comparison between him and any rival candidate that is or may be. Nor do I deprecate the hostility of individuals, or the fair ambition of any person desirous to supplant him. My objection is to the character and manner of the opposition which has been given and is threatened.

When Fernando Wood received the nomination of both wings of the Democracy last time, he was assailed more savagely than any person who, in my experience at least, aspired to a public position. There is scarcely a foul crime on record that was not imputed to him; "arson," "perjury," "robbery," and an interminable list of minor but no less degrading offences. A looker-on like myself, not acquainted with Mr. Wood's previous character, must conclude that he either was the most arrant villain or the most injured man in the community. If the former, he deserved no man's suffrage; if the latter, he was entitled to support from every honest man, merely because so much obloquy had been heaped upon him unjustly. This was precisely the consideration which influenced myself among others.

Of the personal charges I could see no satisfactory proof. A political one of grave moment was finally advanced. It was whispered, at first, then bayed and brayed aloud, that he was

a "Hindoo"—a member of the highest grade. Here is an accusation, thought I to myself, which can be either proved or disproved. I did not know Mr. Wood at the time, never saw him, and had no sympathy whatever with him except what was created by the savageness of the attacks upon him.

I waited on him and obtained from him a distinct and emphatic denial of the charge, which was published at my request in the *Tribune*. Then came blank affidavits and anonymous letters in abundance. I was myself assailed. I replied, vindicating my course, and denying that those anonymous documents were any proof whatever.

Two gentlemen called on me at my office—men of highly respectable appearance and address—with blank affidavits, which they offered to swear to in my presence, but without giving their names. The affidavits stated that they were members of the same lodge with Mr. Wood. I told them that having taken an oath of secrecy to the lodge, and thus violated that secrecy, they need not add the mockery of another oath.

The bitterness of the attacks on his private character continued unabated up to the eve of the election. Yet he was elected, to the astonishment and utter discomfiture of those who pursued him with such inveterate hate. There came a lull, a suspension of hostility, with a view of gathering a storm of wrath wherewith to overwhelm his first official act. That storm never burst. In a very short time after he entered on his duties he wrung from his assailants a reluctant admission that he brought to the discharge of his duties high ability, firmness, energy and earnestness. He has never forfeited his title to these lofty qualities. He has never done one act that would give color to the charge of "Know-Nothingism." I can attest, myself, that in his appointments, in his judicial investigations and decisions, he has never distinguished between a native and a foreign-born citizen.

At the time the charge was first made, the excuse for not proving it was the oath of secrecy of the Order. That oath has been since abolished; the Mayor did some things—many things distasteful to the Order, and not one tittle of proof has been offered. I think it highly improper and unjust to unbury this charge after it was disposed of by the suffrages of the people. It is not the less unjust, but it is the more preposterous, that the result of now urging it may be, nay almost inevitably *will* be, the return of an undoubted, downright Hindoo, of whose principles those who advanced it have such a horror.

The question now is, not what Society the Mayor may have belonged to, or what were his private transactions years ago, but how has he discharged the duties of his office? Has he been faithful, laborious, diligent, just? Has he been impartial, disinterested and honest in all things and between all men? Has he been accessible alike to poor and rich, been unbending alike to rich and poor? Has he been prompt, bold and resolute in checking corruption and urging reform? If these questions must be all answered in the affirmative, as I affirm they must, then is his claim unimpeachable. In answer to any charge, he can confidently point to his acts. There they stand, living, unerring, irreproachable testimony.

Although I have much more to say on this subject, feeling that I have already sufficiently trespassed, I here close.

Yours sincerely, MICHAEL DOHENY.

MISS KATE O'SULLIVAN OF ALBANY.

We deeply and sincerely sympathize with the afflicted parents and numerous friends of the above named estimable and talented young lady, of whose untimely fate and funeral obsequies we now annex some particulars, taken from the local press, which, we regret, escaped our notice last week:

"Miss O'Sullivan was driving, with the wife and daughter of Mr. Myers, and while in the vicinity of Freeman's bridge, the horse took affright, and becoming unmanageable, backed down the embankment into the canal. The two ladies who were with Miss O'S. jumped from the carriage, but she remained in, endeavoring to manage the animal. Unfortunately, no one was present but the two ladies and a man—or rather the image of one. The ladies entreated him to save the drowning girl, but he saw the unfortunate young lady sink to a watery grave without manifesting any desire to save her life.

"The screams of Miss O'S. reached the ears of a young man, James Keeher, who ran to the scene and plunged into the water, dove down and brought up the body. Life was extinct. Every effort was made to resuscitate her, but all in vain.

"Not the least strange feature of this affair, is, that Miss O'Sullivan had recently expressed the opinion that she would meet with a sudden death, and requested her friends to wear evergreens at her burial.

She was a very excellent young lady, beloved by all her acquaintances for her noble qualities of mind and heart, and endeared to many warm friends in the musical circles of the city, of which she was a bright ornament.—*Atlas.*

The Cathedral was crowded yesterday morning, with the thousands who attended the funeral service of Miss Kate O'Sullivan, and vast crowds surrounded the church, unable to gain admittance. The character and accomplishments of the deceased, and the suddenness and painful manner of her death, excited a universal sympathy, which was not limited to any creed or race.

A solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by the pastor of the Cathedral parish, the Rev. Mr. Wadham, assisted by Mr. Brady, of St. Mary's, and others. The Rev. Mr. Conroy, of St. Joseph's, and others, were also present and participants. The Mass for the dead commences with the *Requiem eternam dona eis, Domine,* &c., and includes the solemn and terrible hymn, the *Dies Iræ;* and the sublime passage of the Apocalypse of St. John, when he proclaims that he heard the celestial voice telling him: "Write, happy the dead who die in the Lord. Henceforth, saith the Holy Spirit, they rest from their labors, for their works accompany them, and follow after them."

The beautiful music of the service was rendered by the Cathedral Choir, under the direction of Mr. Carmody, who were assisted by members of the Choirs of St. Joseph and the Holy Cross. The pastor of the latter church, Rev. Mr. Nœthan, sang, as did Mr. Cherberliez, of the Episcopal Church of St. Paul's, who was a brief while the musical instructor of the deceased. Her late companions of the choir were altogether too much overcome by emotions to trust themselves alone with this solemn service; and the young voice that sang the *Sister Angels,* trembled with sympathy, though it lost none of its sweetness or power.

The Bishop preached the funeral service—the first he had preached since his residence in Albany. It was eloquent and affecting; and he spoke of the virtues of the deceased and her sudden death, with touching force—of her simplicity and goodness, her bright and happy youthfulness of soul, her piety, her consecration of her voice to God (for she never used her gift of song except in the service of religion), and her charity and benevolence—and he enforced the lesson of human mortality and the instability of life with the solemn admonitions of religion.

After the ceremonies of the church had closed, the coffin was borne off from the Cathedral by the funeral cortege, to the tomb.

The Y. M. Catholic Institute attached to the Cathedral, the Y. M. Literary Societies of St. John's Church, and also of St. Mary's, were present with badges, as was the St. John's Society of Schenectady, and they all accompanied the procession.—*Argus.*

The military authorities are energetically at work putting the fortifications of Quebec into repair. The Quebec *Mercury* says: "There is hardly a point at which the fortifications are not being repaired or improved. A new and very strong block house is making below the flag-staff, and very extensive works, of by no means ancient construction, above that point, have been condemned, and are now rebuilding in a more formidable manner, near where a battery and draw-bridge have been constructed.

The Mayor of Richmond (Va.) has decided that night serenades are unlawful.

OBITUARY.

Died in Williamsburgh, September 21, 1856, Mrs. Mary Walsh, wife of Captain Maurice Walsh, and eldest daughter of the late Doctor Edward Vaughan, of Inniscarra, county Cork, Ireland.

Mrs. Walsh was a model of Irish virtue and goodness. A descendant of the Munster McCarthy's by the mother's side.

'Tis lonely to wander a stranger from home,
'Tis lonely indeed to be far from one's own;
But lonelier far is the heart-trying hour
That blights in its bloom hopes loveliest flower. M. W.

Cork papers please copy.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

In the Church of our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines, Peter Farrell, Prospect, Glasnevin, to Mary Teresa, daughter of the late John Sherry, of Rathmines.

At Chacombe, the Rev. George Birch Reynardson, to Vera, daughter of the late F. W. Martin, of Leeds Castle, Kent.

In Roscommon, Cornelius Behan, C. E. of Carberry, county Kildare, to Eleanor Jane, daughter of John Kelly, C. E. of Roscommon.

At Lambeg, Belfast, Edward Charley, of Conway House, to Catherine, daughter of J. Richardson, of Lambeg.

In St. Michael's Church, Dublin, Patrick J. Higgins, 2nd Regiment of Light Infantry, B. G. L., to Anne Frances, daughter of Thomas Christian, Eccles street.

In St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Captain John Atkinson, of the 89th Regiment, to Catherine Anne, daughter of G. B. Rochfort, of Woodville, Westmeath.

In Cork, Robert, son of Robert G. Stavely, to Catherine Anne, daughter of the late Joseph Stavely.

At Booterstown church, Walter Bernard, M. D., of Dungannon, to Elizabeth Catherine, daughter of J. W. Eames, of Dawson Court, Booterstown.

At Malta, Quartermaster Robert Anderson, of the 71st Light Infantry, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late P. Fox, of Naas, county Kildare.

At Coolbanagher church, Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., M. D., to Mary Henrietta, relict of the late Thomas Kemmis, of Shaen House, Queen's County.

In St. Anne's Church, Dublin, Barker T. Penrose, of Castlebar, to Fanny, daughter of the late William Crawford, of Roscommon.

At Kilkenny, in St. Mary's Church, James Hamilton Gordon, of the Provincial Bank, to Eliza Mary, youngest daughter of William Jackson Douglas.

J. G. Robertson, of Rose Hill, to Wilhelmina, daughter of Lieutenant Strangway, late of the 83rd Regiment.

August 21, in the Scots Church, Mary's Abbey, J. Johnston, Esq., of Glenavy, county Antrim, to Eleanor, daughter of Hugh Moore, of Cremorne, Rathgar.

At St. Audoen's Church, Dublin, Robert Jackson, of Killavilla, King's County, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late H. F. Odlum, of Cappincor House.

At Ballinahinch, Thomas, son of William Fry, of Pembroke-place, to Meta Elizabeth; and, at the same time and place, William Henry, son of William Fry, to Sophia Heber, both daughters of the Rev. Charles Boyd.

At Monkstown church, Thomas Taylor, son of Frederick Campbell, of Coylton, Devonshire, to Annie, daughter of James Wilkinson, M. D., of Blackrock, county Dublin.

At Monkstown, Osborne B. Cannon, Captain in the 97th Regiment, son of the late Major Cannon, of Corberry, of Dumfries, to Harriette St. George, daughter of the Rev. Richard Ardill, of Johnstown House, county Dublin.

In Belfast, H. Tittle, Solicitor, to Sarah, daughter of Isaac Hardy, of Stoney Hill, county Antrim.

At Holywood church, county Down, Randal W. Hatfield, of Thornpark Hall, Yorkshire, to Isabella Mary Anne Louisa; and, at the same time and place, Humphrey B. Firman, of Gateforth House, Selby, Yorkshire, to Anna Louisa, daughters of the late Thomas Gibbon Fitzgibbon, of Ballyseeda, county Limerick.

At Theydon Garnon, Essex, William Robert Cusack Smith, son of the Right Hon. T. Smith, Master of the Rolls, to Mary, daughter of the late John C. Chisenhale, of Arley Hall, Lancashire.

In Cheltenham, John S. Swann, of the 54th Regiment, to Anna Frances, daughter of the late Rev. Edmund Cronyn, of Odogh, county Kilkenny.

In London, John Leslie, son of the late Colonel Charles Powell Leslie, of Glasslough Castle, county Monaghan, to Constance Wilhelmina, daughter of the late Colonel the Right Hon. George Lionel D. Damer.

At the British Embassy, Paris, the Rev. Edward Armitage, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, to Diana Louisa, daughter of R. Hume Kelly, of Glencara, county Westmeath.

At Leghorn, William T. Rice, of the United States Navy, to Elinor Sarah, daughter of the Rev. Philip Smith, of the county Meath.

At St. Kilda, Melbourne, J. Burgoyne, to Eliza, daughter of the late James Fisher, of Londonderry.

Maria Agnes, daughter of Edmond O'Flaherty, to John Madden, both of Oughterard.

At the Cathedral, Limerick, James Williams, foreman builder, to Mrs. Anne Elizabeth Smith.

Alfred Neale, of Mountmellick, to Ellen Maria, daughter of the late Lieut. Samuel Browne, of the 25th Regiment.

IRISH DEATHS.

At 24 Eccles street, of apoplexy, Margaret, wife of James Fitzsimmon, of Bridgefoot street.

At Glen-a-Lua Lodge, Kilkenny, the eldest child of S. S. Waterhouse.

September 1, in Newry, Samuel L. Fraser, Solicitor.

At Booterstown, Cherry, relict of Nicholas Constable, of Beaverstown, county Tipperary.

At Poplar, London, Captain J. Moore, of Arthurstown, county Wexford.

At Alloa, Scotland, Margaret, wife of A. Jameson, and daughter of James Cochran, of Sligo.

At Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, F. J. Pratt, of the 6th Royal Regiment.

In Athlone, Lucy, relict of Captain J. Chambers, of the 6th Dragoon Guards.

At the Convent of Mercy, Cahir, Miss Lucy Prendergast, youngest daughter of the late Robert Prendergast, of Maryhill, county Tipperary.

In Francis street, Limerick, John Roughnan, Teacher, aged 61 years.

In London, Charlotte Arthur, daughter of General Sir John Fox Burgoyne.

J. Beauman, Professor of Music, son-in-law of the late Joseph Marshall, of Limerick.

At the residence of her son, at Dalkey, Alicia, relict of Richard Talbot Harrison, late of Boyanno, county Westmeath.

of Anne, the wife of P. Lawler, 55 Henry street, Dublin.

At Highfield, Skibbereen, Mary Daly.

At 145 Thomas street, Dublin, Mrs. Eliza Lynam, daughter of Thomas Byrne, 12 James' street, East.

In Sligo, T. Mathias, Accountant of the Provincial Bank of Ireland.

In Tuam, Miss Monica Jennings, daughter of the late David Jennings, of Greyfort, county Galway.

In London, Richard Dillon Tennent, formerly of Belfast.

In Drogheda, in the 60th year of his age, John Hamill.

In Drogheda, William Reynolds.

At Duleek Gate, Drogheda, James Rielly, in the 80th year of his age.

At Kingscourt, county Cavan, Patrick, son of John Woolley, merchant.

In Mountjoy street, Dublin, the Rev. Francis Hassard, Rector of Fuerty.

At Bombay, of fever, Andrew Gerrard, formerly of Dublin, aged 45 years.

At Swords, aged 76 years, Miss Jane Wilson, daughter of the late James Wilson, of Parsonstown, county Meath.

At Foyle College, Londonderry, Lucy Swett, daughter of the Rev. W. S. Escott.

At 31 Brougham street, Belfast, William Allen, son of the late William Allen, of Cookstown, county Tyrone.

At Rosemount, county Wexford, aged 88 years, C. Elliott, formerly Captain in the Tipperary Militia, and in the 12th Light Dragoons.

August 18, at Ballina, county Mayo, Theresa, wife of the Rev. T. Armstrong.

At the Convent of Notre Dame, of consumption, Margaret, daughter of the late Henry Gallway, of Greenfield, county Cork.

July 19, at Philadelphia, United States, Margaret Matilda, wife of Morgan W. Jellett, formerly of Attnacurney House, county Tyrone.

August 4, at Huntington, Long Island, United States, Wm. M. Hawthorn, M. D., son of the late Thomas Hawthorn, of Greenan, Loughbrickland, county Down.

March 31, at Nelson, New Zealand, Margaret, wife of John Shea Lawlor, late of Gurteenroe, Bantry, and sister of D. Mahony, of Dunloe, county Kerry.

At Blanchard, Canada, John Roberts Bennett, formerly of Killarney, county Kerry.

At Colbridge, in the 52d year of her age, Miss Catharine Jamieson.

John Gogarty, of Dunaree, near Kingscourt, county Cavan.

At the National Model School, Limerick, Mary, wife of John Maher, resident Superintendent.

At Clonmacken, the wife of William Mulcahy.

Of consumption, Francis, son of John Clancy, Upper William street, Limerick.

At the County Limerick Gaol, Miss Alice O'Neill, Under Matron.

At Tarbert Island, John Clarke, aged 94, many years in the Revenue department in that station.

In Killaloe, Helen Bride, youngest daughter of Thomas Burke, M. D.

Special Notices.

Ladies returning from the Country wishing their supply of Shoes for the fall season, can obtain Ladies Gaiter Boots from 12s. to 20s., Slippers, Ties and Buskins, from 6s. to 10s., India Rubber Boots and Shoes of all kinds, with Boy's, Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes of all kinds and prices, at

sept27 4t **J. B. Miller & Co's.,** 134 Canal street, (West.)

OFFICE OF RECEIVER OF TAXES, No. 32 Chambers street, New Court-house

To avoid the risks that must inevitably occur from the crowd of Tax Payers who put off to the latest day the payment of their taxes, I have determined to adopt the following rule, which will be rigidly adhered to during my term of office. I shall receive no money after 2 o'clock p. m. Every officer in this department is STRICTLY PROHIBITED from receiving ENVELOPES containing money or checks for the payment of Taxes. By order,

3mjly5 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver.

New-York, June 28, 1856.

Amusements.

GRAND POETICAL AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

MISS TERESA ESMONDE,

Will give one of her Readings from the IRISH AND AMERICAN POETS, before the Catholic Library Association at the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, on *Tuesday Evening, September 30, at 8 o'clock.*

DODWORTH'S BAND has been engaged and will perform between the pieces.

Programme:

PART I.

1.—O'Connell's Statue. Lines addressed to Hogan the Irish Sculptor. THOMAS DAVIS.
2.—Signs of the Times.....SPERANZA.
3.—The Pillar Towers of Ireland.....D. F. MCCARTHY.
4.—Gold.....PARK BENJAMIN.
5.—Sister of Charity.....GERALD GRIFFIN.
6.—The Geraldine.....DR. SHELTON MACKENZIE.
7.—Convict Ship.—A tale of Ireland's Wrongs. Written exclusively for Miss Esmonde, by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, authoress of "Fashion and Famine."

PART II.

1.—Selection from Hiawatha, (Famine.).....LONGFELLOW.
2.—Beauty, Wit and Gold.....THOMAS MOORE.
3.—A Prison Lay.....T. F. MEAGHER.
4.—My Land!.....THOMAS DAVIS.
5.—WEEP ON—WEEP ON!.....THOMAS MOORE.
6.—Molly Muldoon.....ANONYMOUS.

☞ Tickets 25 cents; to be had at the door on the evening of the Readings, of the Committee, and at the office of the *Irish News.*

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

MR. WALLACK will appear for *Eighteen Farewell Nights,* previously to his visit to Havana, where his health demands that he should pass the Winter.

"The Fairy Star," MISS AGNES ROBERTSON, will perform for *Eighteen Nights,* previously to a long series of engagements South and West.

MR. DION BOURCICAULT,

will perform during the engagement of "The Fairy Star," and will produce two new dramatic works, upon the composition of which he is now engaged.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

These works, written by Mr. Bourcicault and put on the stage with his powerful inventive faculty, obtained for Mr. Kean's theatre the high esteem it now enjoys. Similar dramas will be produced during the present season, under the artistic supervision of this dramatist.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

The stage, in all its departments, will be under the exclusive direction and control of Mr. Lester.

It will be the endeavor of the management to merit for this theatre during the season the same success with which it has been hitherto crowned, and to maintain the pre-eminence accorded to it by the American public. sept27

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,
WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

Monday Evening, Sept. 22d, and all this week, a Grand New Burlesque on the Opera of

MARITANA;

IN 3 ACTS.

MISS C. HIFFERT as the PRIMA DONNA.

Preceding which—

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock—Concert at 7 3-4 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra seats 50 cents.

American News.

Inauguration of the Franklin Statue.

The inauguration of the statue of Franklin, in Boston, on the 17th instant, was a grand affair, surpassing in some of its more imposing details, the great civic event of introducing Cochituate water. The procession, embracing nine divisions, was over two hours in passing a given point, and represented nearly every mechanical trade and manufacture. Among the special attractions was a new and beautiful locomotive and tender, named Benjamin Franklin, drawn by eighteen horses; a sugar grinding mill for Cuba, drawn by twelve horses; the House and Morse telegraph instruments; the electric fire-alarm; Franklin's old printing press, on which was being struck off and scattered to the crowd a fac simile of his newspaper, dated 1723; immense structures on wheels, representing school rooms filled with scholars at the desks, and a vast number of other novel and interesting features, made up one of the grandest displays ever witnessed. The Masonic fraternity, Fireman's and Mechanics' Charitable Associations, and numerous other charitable societies from the adjoining cities and towns, were out in full force. Also, the Franklin medal scholars, children of the public schools, &c. The procession reached the site of the statue, at the west front of the City Hall, soon after three o'clock. Here several thousands took possession of the temporary seats and platform, while other thousands filled every standing place in the vicinity. The drapery which had hitherto concealed the statue was then raised, when it was greeted with thunders of applause. The oration was pronounced by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, and occupied an hour and a quarter in its delivery. It was listened to with close attention. The hymn of "Old Hundred" was sung by the vast audience, and a benediction by Bishop Eastburn closed the inauguration. The number of strangers and citizens that thronged to witness the pageant was greater than ever before seen in the city. During the oration and the exercises, telegraphic messages were transmitted to, and answers received and read from, the Mayors of Portland, New York, Philadelphia, Halifax, Troy, Albany, Springfield, Dover, Pittsfield and other cities. In the evening the City Hall was brilliantly illuminated.

There was a great democratic celebration in honor of the anniversary of the adoption of the federal constitution in Philadelphia, on the 17th instant. The meeting was called to order at two o'clock, when George M. Wharton was called on to preside. He delivered an eloquent speech. A series of resolutions appropriate to the occasion were adopted, and Governor Johnston, of Georgia, made a speech of two hours, giving the history of the federal constitution, and declaring its most important feature to be the equality given to every state in the Union. Speeches followed by Gov. Floyd, of Virginia, and Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, at the main stand, and by Mr. Biddle, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Moore, of Texas, at the Southern stand. At eight o'clock the procession formed on Arch street, headed by the Keystone Club, with a huge bell mounted on a wagon, placarded "We are tolling the knell of black republicanism." Following the Keystones came large delegations from the cities of New York, Trenton and Beverley, New Jersey, and Montgomery and Delaware counties. Following these came the various city wards, accompanied with bands of music, and innumerable torches and banners of every description. The procession was a most imposing affair, and the streets through which it passed were blazing with lights.

The Louisville *Journal* gives the following particulars of a tragical affair that occurred in Bullitt county, Kentucky, a few days since. Two brothers, named Jerry and Thomas Jones, had married sisters, whose maiden name was Burdett, and lived neighbors. On one or more occasions Jerry had made improper overtures to Thomas' wife, and it is said threatened her life once in case of refusal. She then persuaded him to desist until some other time. In the meantime the woman had prepared a five-shooter, so as to be prepared for Jerry should he again attempt anything of the kind. A few days ago Jerry went to his brother's house and renewed his propositions. The woman threw him off his guard by pretending to comply with his request, and while he had his back turned toward her, she drew the pistol and shot at him three times, hitting him every time, and killing him immediately. Mrs. Jones was tried and acquitted.

Governor Seymour is stumping all parts of the State. He is untiring in his exertions, and his blows fall heavily upon the enemy. In conversation he says that he has never noticed a greater change in public sentiment than that which has taken place within the past few weeks—the result of which has added vastly to Mr. Buchanan's strength. He is gaining on the other candidates every day; and the more sanguine Democrats no longer doubt that this great State will cast her vote for him in November.

Mr. Henrietta Harden died in St. Mary's County, Maryland, on the 29th ult., having attained the rarely precedented age of 118 years. The Leonardtown *Beacon* says she was the widow of a revolutionary soldier, and as such applied for a bounty land-warrant under the Act of Congress; but, owing to the loss or destruction of marriage records of that early period, and the fact that there was no other person living in the county old enough to bear testimony to such a fact, the old lady was unsuccessful in her application to prove her marriage.

About a century ago, Benjamin Franklin, the Postmaster-General of the American colonies by appointment of the crown, made his official inspection of the principal routes in his gig; and when holding the same office under the authority of Congress, a small folio, containing three quires of paper, lasted as his account book for two years. Now it would require six years of incessant traveling, at the rate of 125 miles daily, to pass over the routes; while the post-office accounts consume every two years, 3,000 of the largest sized ledgers, keeping 100 clerks constantly occupied in recording transactions, with 30,000 contractors and others.

From a confession made by a rogue now in jail at Hartford, Conn., it appears that one of the gang with whom he was connected traveled through various towns selling polishing powders, with a view of ascertaining where silver plate was to be found. In visiting dwellings he was always quite bold in following the inmates to adjacent rooms, to test his powders on silver spoons and plate. He made a memorandum of what he saw, in a book, noting particularly those houses where a dog was kept.

It is stated that visitors still continue to make their pilgrimage to the sepulchre of Mr. Webster, scarcely a day passing without a record of new names in the register kept at the mansion. The register was opened in July, 1853, the Hon. Edward Everett heading the list, which now numbers from three to four thousand names of persons from all portions of the world.

Hon. Bronson Murray, in a letter to the Prairie *Farmer*, published at Chicago, Ill., proposes to be one of a hundred subscribers to a fund of $50,000, to be awarded as a premium for a perfected steam plough suited to farm use, and capable of performing the work at an expense in money not greater than the average cost of performing the same work under the present system.

An Albany editor says that a mouse which had several times been caught in the act of nibbling the nice things in his pantry, was the other day traced to its nest, which was found to contain seven or eight cunning little "responsibilities." The parent rogue was arrested and executed for larceny. On one side of the nest was found a piece of an old Bible on which the following words were distinctly visible: "Thou shalt not steal." What a hypocrite!

The editor of the *Evening Mirror* gives a specimen of hyperbolic nonsense as follows: "Brother Enoch Stephens, a Know-Nothing, in a speech welcoming Hon. Thomas R. Whitney home from Washington, the other evening, hifalutinized as follows: 'We have had our Henry Clay [cheers]; we have had our Daniel Webster [silence]; we have had our John C. Calhoun [symptoms of discontent]; but none of them can compare with our own beloved Thomas R. Whitney'" [Deafening applause and waving of colors].

We have rumors from Mexico, by way of Havana, that a serious difficulty has occurred between that country and Great Britain, though the nature of the difficulty is not mentioned. It is stated that the British Minister had demanded his passports, and that orders had been transmitted to Havana, for the British squadron there to proceed to Vera Cruz to enforce the demands of England.

The Albany (Ga.) *Patriot* of the 28th ult., says the crops of corn, although not probably so good, generally, as last year, are still abundant, and need only to be carefully saved to insure plenty. The cotton crop is, we understand, improving in appearance, and yielding better than was expected.

A rumor reached New Orleans, says the *Bulletin*, that Mr. A. M. Foley, wife and two servants, had been found alive on an island two miles from Last Island, and taken to the house of Mr. Brashear. According to the statement, they had subsisted on crabs for two weeks.

We hear very disastrous accounts of the destruction of the coming crops in this vicinity, says the Natchez *Courier* of the 18th ult., by the storms of last week. The cotton on many plantations has been entirely prostrated. One-fourth—one-third—nay, one-half, is freely spoken of as the amount of injury.

The imports of silk have risen in value since 1847 from less than $12,000,000 to over $24,000,000, and the customs from £1,834,850 to $6,129,583. In these nine years the total amount of duties received into the Treasury from manufactures of silk is $51,893,871, while the total revenue from iron, manufactures of iron, and iron and steel, amounted to only $50,139,942.

A respectable old citizen writes to the Savannah *News* that he once boarded and studied French "with Monsieur Fremont, the sire of the Black Republican candidate for the Presidency, in Savannah, in Gibbons' old building, (brick), where his Honor J. C. Fremont first saw the light.

On Sunday, the 21st ult., says the Petersburg *Express*, when the Wilmington and Weldon cars passed through Goldsboro', the snow was falling quite as thickly and as prettily as it ever fell in those parts during winter.

On Monday, 15th, Michael Alton, an Irish plasterer, was suddenly struck with paralysis, in Cincinnati, and died in a few moments.

Red River has become impassable, says the Natchitoches *Chronicle*, for any class of steamboats, above the falls. The whole travel of our section is now carried on by stages.

Attorney-General Cushing has decided that foreign Consuls cannot intervene in the settlement of the estates of their countrymen dying in the United States, except in the way of surveillance or advice. They cannot exercise jurisdiction.

A lad 10 years old, named John T., *alias* Thomas Peterson, was brought before the Police Court, Boston, on charge of forging a draft for $100, in the name of his employer, S. W. Bates, Esq. The draft was on the State Bank. It was presented at the bank, where it was detected.

The wheat crop in Wisconsin, of the present year, it is estimated will not fall short of fourteen million bushels. The average yield per acre will be about twenty bushels.

Notwithstanding the ruinous drouth, says the Petersburg (Va.) *Express*, of some three weeks since—together with the devastations of the chinch-bug—we learn that the crop will be fine in this region of the country.

The New-York Democratic Congressional Nominating Conventions have nominated—Fourth District, John Kelly, renominated; Fifth District, William B. Maclay; Sixth District, John Cochrane; Seventh District, Elijah Ward.

The Republican Convention have nominated the following candidates for State offices:—For Governor, John A. King, of Queens; for Lt. Governor, Henry R. Selden, of Monroe; for Canal Commissioner, Charles H. Sherrill.

The amount of gold received from California since January 1st is $24,819,596, against $24,534,162 to same date the previous year.

Galveston dates of the 30th speak of the continuance of the drought throughout Texas. The crops are ruined, the drinking water failing, and cattle dying daily.

The number of railroad trains which are now daily arriving in Chicago is fifty-nine, thirty-seven of which are passenger trains.

An exchange says that in New-Orleans, it requires three persons to start a business firm; one to die of the yellow fever, one to get killed in a duel, and the third to wind up the business.

Gerke's distillery, Cincinnati, and six dwelling houses were burned on the 2d inst. Loss $50,000, very little insurance.

The Fall term of the New York Free Academy will open on the 15th of September, with a very large class of pupils, (175,) admitted at the last examination.

John M'Dougal, of South Boston, Mass., a hard laboring man, by a decision of a chancery case in one of the English courts, receives the snug sum of £15,000.

A writer on yellow fever, in the *Evening Post*, says that the disease never originates in these latitudes. It never exists far North of the tropics, except by importation.

Six of the pirates who robbed the dead at Last Island have been arrested, and a large amount of money and jewelry recovered.

Some idea of the low stage of water in the Ohio may be gathered from the fact that, on the 23d ult., Mr Patterson, one of the superintendents of Adams' Express, and two other gentlemen, rode entirely across the channel in a buggy. The point of crossing was near Louisville, a short distance below the falls.

It is stated, on the best authority, says Indianapolis *State Sentinel*, that Col. Fremont owns quite a number of slaves, who are hired out in St. Louis. This accounts in part for the pertinacity with which the *N. Y. Herald*, the especial organ of Fremont and the Black Republicans, insists that Kansas shall be a slave State.

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* says the old soldiers are for Buchanan. In that place, last week, sixty-two U. S. pensioners were paid off by Captain Joel Green, the pension-agent at this place. As an indication of the true spirit that animates the veterans, it may be stated that they were for Buchanan to a man.

Ralph Waldo Emerson explains the mystery of the British debt as follows: "The solvency of England is maintained by means of a national debt, on the principle, if you do not lend me the money how can I pay you."

A friend from Iowa, says the Indianapolis *State Sentinel*, formerly a Know Nothing, and well acquainted with the politics of that State, says that Buchanan will certainly receive its electoral vote. The democracy have commenced a vigorous canvass to secure that result.

The Madison (Wis.,) *Argus and Democrat* writes: "Henry Ward Beecher says, 'let Christians pray for Fremont.' There is no doubt but that Fremont needs praying for, unless he is already past it. In the meantime, while Beecher and his 'Christians' are praying for Fremont, let all honest people vote for Buchanan.

There are about 1430 persons and $745,000 worth of capital employed in carriage-making, in the two cities of New Haven and Bridgeport, Connecticut, alone. Some one has proposed to change the name of the latter to Coachport, on account of that business predominating there.

Rufus Choate says that the organization of a sectional party "is a new danger, more to be dreaded than half a world against us, in arms."

The celebrated race-horse Lexington, has been sold for $15,000. This is the highest price ever paid for a horse in this country.

It is said that Governor Wise, of Virginia, intends to declare any one who permits his name to go on a Fremont electoral ticket guilty of contemplated treason to the State.

In the interior of Peru there has been discovered a beautiful tunnel under a river, the work of the old Inca Indians, and a lasting proof of their civilization.

Eleven hundred and fourteen dollars were raised in Augusta, (Ga.,) the other day, for Kansas.

John Van Buren was stumping for Buchanan in Wisconsin, at the latest dates. Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson is in Indiana, at work in the same cause.

The Cambridge city *News* has been revived and again hoisted the democratic banner.

A house of refuge for runaway slaves has been established at Niagara, C. W.

It is believed from present indications that the potato-rot in Maine will be more general and severe than in any former years.

The Boston Board of Assessors have fixed upon $8 per thousand as the rate of taxation in that city for the current year.

Twenty-five sail are in at Gloucester, bringing $50,000 worth in all.

Mr. Aiken, of South Carolina, declines a re-election to Congress.

It is stated that $35,000 have been raised towards building the monument at Plymouth, in honor of the Pilgrims.

Special Notices.

The Fashion of the Season in Gentlemen's Hats was introduced by GENIN on the 1st inst. New-York and the Union have for years accepted the Quarterly issues of GENIN as the governing styles of the day, and his Fall Hat for 1856 will be found to possess the highest claims to the admiration of men of taste and judgment.

sept27 3t **Genin,** No. 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

Evening School will open Monday, September 29, at the corner of Little and Water streets, Brooklyn, within a few minutes walk of the Catharine, Rosevelt and Governeur streets Ferries. Ladies and Gentlemen will meet with the most polite attention from competent and obliging teachers. Several pupils of this establishment now hold first positions as Bookkeepers, Architects, Teachers, &c., &c. All those whose education is limited or wholly neglected can scarcely find so good an opportunity for supplying its wants. Hours from 7 to 9 P. M. Terms—to suit the times.

S. H. Coleman, Principal.

P. S.—The "Cosmopolitan Literary Club," meet in one of the School-rooms at half-past 7 o'clock every Saturday evening.

HUGH WINTERS, Sec'y. MICHAEL J. DEEGAN, President.

sept27 2t

Photographs and Ambrotypes.—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (3m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Passing through the absorbents into the interior organs, this Ointment acts like a magic balsam on the inflamed and irritated parts, while the Pills by their action on the blood neutralize the elements of disease. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per or box pot. sept27

Dr. Edward Downes Connery, has removed to No. 186 HENRY STREET, where he can be consulted on all diseases, particularly those of the Chest and Eye, and also on the peculiar diseases of Women and Children. He will be assisted in his professional duties by a graduate of the College of Surgeons and Physicians. Office hours from 8 to 10 o'clock, A. M.; from 2 to 3 P. M., and from 7 to 8 in the evening. The poor prescribed for gratis every Wednesday, from 8 to 10 in the morning. sept8 1m

Doctor M. E. Foy, Surgeon, has removed his office to 170 West Nineteenth street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. OFFICE HOURS from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.

☞ To accommodate his patients in the Eastern part of the city, Dr. F. will attend daily from 1 to 2 P. M., at Ryerson's drug store, 185 Avenue B, between 11th and 12th streets. MIDWIFERY ENGAGEMENTS promptly attended to. Medicine and advice to the poor, gratis. sept13 3mos

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at [—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." [JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (—— ——,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." Lieut. M. KEATING, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." GILBERT RIORDAN, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
J. F. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,
Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,
198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.
Pro Bono Publico.
"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.
ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.
No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.
Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.
jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.
Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Rea Estate.

Billiards.

Improved Billiard Tables and Cushions.
MICHAEL PHELAN'S
MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,
(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.
Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,
BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,
53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug23 10t

Convent of the Immaculate Conception, *in the Town o Guelph, C. W., for the Education of Young Ladies, under the direction of the Ladies of Loretto.*—The course of Instruction in this Establishment comprises every branch suitable to the education of Young Ladies. They receive tuition according to the wishes of Parents or Guardians, in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Grammar, Geography, History, (Ancient and Modern,) Elements of Astronomy, Botany, Natural History, Rhetoric and Logic; English, French and Italian Languages; Music, Drawing, Painting, Use of Globes, Embroidery, Plain and Fancy Needle Work, &c.

The Uniform of the House, which each Young Lady entering as a Boarder will require, is as follows:—

FOR SUMMER—One Light Blue Dress; one White Muslin Dress; three Lilac Muslin Dresses; a Coarse Straw Bonnet, trimmed with White; and three Blue Muslin Sun Bonnets. FOR WINTER—Two dark Blue Cashmere Dresses; a dark Velvet Bonnet, trimmed with dark blue; and Black Mantilla. She will also require two Dressing Gowns, two Black Aprons, one Black and one White Lace Veil, each two yards in length, and a yard and a half in width; five changes of Linen; Bed, Bedding, Knife, Silver Fork, Table, Dessert, and Tea Spoons.

No Boarder is admitted for a shorter period than six months, nor Day Pupils or Half-boerders for less than three. A month's notice is required previous to the withdrawal of any young lady from the establishment.

Terms for Boarders paid semi-annually, in advance. Half-boarders and Day Pupils, paid quarterly, in advance.

N. B.—Young Ladies of every denomination admitted, and any interference with their religious principles is carefully avoided.

The Classes open each year on the 1st of September.

TERMS:

Tuition in the usual branches of an English and French Education,—to Boarders, per annum,.....£25 0 0

FOR DAY PUPILS, PER QUARTER, AS FOLLOWS:

First Class.....	£0	15	0	Third Class.....	£1 5 0
Second Class.....	1	0	0	Fourth Class.....	1 10 0

EXTRA CHARGES ARE MADE, AS USUAL, FOR THE FOLLOWING:

Music, per annum,.....	£6	0	0	Use of Bedstead and Curtains,			
Use of Piano.....	2	0	0		£0	15	0
Drawing or Painting.....	4	0	0	Stationery to Boarders,...	6	15	0
Raised Work.....	2	0	0	Stationery to Half-boarders and Day Pupils.....	0	10	0
Italian.....	3	0	0	Guitar and Singing.....	6	0	0
Washing.....	3	0	0	Wax Flowers, a course....	1	5	0

aug30

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparent expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.
For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 3m19jly

Special Notices.

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood, deceased.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.
A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional district, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth wards of the said city and county.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressional district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.
City and county officers are also to be elected:—
A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.
A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.
Two Governors of the Almshouse, in the places of Isaac Bell, jr., and Simeon Draper.
Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, August 20, 1856.
The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.
JAMES C. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.
All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140.
aug30

DENTISTRY.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

Only $1 50 for a fine Fashionable Hat.—What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50, when you can buy a better Hat for *only One Dollar and Fifty Cents?* Call on SMITH, and he will fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put on your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. No. 81 *Park Row*, under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman street.

N. B.—Also on hand a large assortment of Drab Beavers, Pearl and Cassimere Hats, from $1 50 to $2.
sept6 3mos **Conklin Smith.**

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *FALL IMPORTATION.* **1856.**

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS.

Is now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at	14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	"	10s to 16s "
Tapestry,	"	6s to 12s "
Brussels,	"	7s to 12s "
Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s "
Ingrain,	"	8s to 7s "
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 8s "

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.
ap191y

CARPETINGS FROM AUCTION.

TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK AND VICINITY.

STEPHEN LEAHY,

93 Sixth Avenue, between Waverly and Clinton Place,

BEGS to call the attention of the ladies to his large and varied stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloth. The collection comprises goods of every grade and style, from the richest and most beautiful of foreign manufacture to the lowest price domestic.

All who are acquainted with the Carpet trade and have visited our New Store, acknowledge our stock the most varied assortment and best selected on exhibition in the city. The facilities we enjoy for purchasing cheap, and an experience of many years in connection with the largest houses in the country, enables us to present to our lady friends and the public the cheapest and most select stock of goods in the city.

sept27 1m STEPHEN LEAHY, 93 Sixth Avenue.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

HATS, Caps, Ornaments and Flags made to order. Galvanic Plating Hotel and Express Letters, Dog Collars, Jobbing for Hardware Merchants, Firemen and Target Companies supplied. Orders for the improved Lightning Rod.

☞ *California and Australia Goods in time for the Steamers.*

J. Parkes, No. 198 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 3mos New-York.

PHAIR & CO.,

STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

22 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW-YORK,

Are prepared to do Printing of all kinds in the best style and on reasonable terms. PARTIES desiring printing for BALLS, PARTIES, EXCURSIONS, CONCERTS, or PUBLIC MEETINGS, are invited to give us a call.
8mjly26

JAMES CRAFT,

FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

McLOUGHLIN & McSHANE,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*
NEW-YORK. 3m

SHIP STORES SUPPLIED.

CALL ON

THOMAS LYNCH,

OF the "FULTON SHADES," Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, for the best XX and XXX ales, brandies, and segars.

P. CUFF,

RECTIFIER AND DISTILLER,

NO. 806 EIGHTH AVENUE.

NEW-YORK.

Dealer in Foreign Wines and Liquors.

☞ Goods sent to all parts of the country. Orders of all kinds promptly attended to. y jly26

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of *HAVANA SEGARS,* &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 121 PEARL STREET, New-York.

N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap261y

Special Notices.

A perfumed breath.—What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers" as a dentrifice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Pour a single drop of the Balm on your tooth-brush, and wash the teeth night and morning. A fifty cent bottle will last a year.

A *Beautiful Complexion* may easily be acquired by using the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers." It will remove tan, pimples, and freckles from the skin, leaving it of a soft and roseate hue. Wet a towel, pour on two or three drops and wash the face night and morning.

Shaving made Easy.—Wet your shaving brush in either warm or cold water, pour on two or three drops of the "Balm of a Thousand Flowers," ru the beard well, and it will make a beautiful soft lather, much facilitating the operation of shaving. Price only 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

8mjly5 W. P. FETRIDGE & Co., Franklin Square, New-York.

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 18 tf

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe per U. S. steamer Atlantic, will close at this office on Saturday, the 27th day of September, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Business Directory.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

THOS. H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

WILLIAM E. ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

☞ All business either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap191y

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

7jun NEW-YORK.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2yljy Collections promptly attended to, and Liens carefully filed, &c.

JOHN A. McSORLEY,

CUSTOM HOUSE AND SHIP BROKER, AND NOTARY PUBLIC,

7 BROAD STREET,

Clergymen, importing Vestments, Church Ornaments, &c., will be liberally treated with by calling on the subscriber.

REFERENCES:

Messrs. Thos. McClune & Co., C. Meletta, | Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., James Cook & Co. 6m

JAMES HARLIN,

WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months.

JOHN KENNEDY'S

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

THOMAS GAFFNEY'S

SOAP AND CANDLE

MANUFACTORY,

825 EAST SENECA STREET, BUFFALO,

NEW-YORK. 6mJune7

WILLIAM M. SMITH,

The Public Favorite, and only American Opposition

BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR,

THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED IN THE BUSINESS.

Work done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than any other poster in the city. Work done either in New-York, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts, or any kind of work.

OFFICE, 28½ SPRUCE STREET, NEW-YORK,
ap26tf (Between William and Gold streets.)

THE METROPOLITAN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 108 *BROADWAY,*

(Cor. Pine Street.)

CASH CAPITAL $300,000.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my31y

WILLARD, FELT & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

MATTHEW WALLACE,

25 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, &c.

☞ **"The Irish News,"** on hand, by the earliest moment, each week. tf

HAMILTON & JOHNSON,

NEWS AGENTS,

30 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

DAILY, weekly and Sunday papers, Magazines, and Cheap Publications. The trade supplied. Orders from the country solicited and promptly filled. JOHN HAMILTON,
tf S. W. JOHNSON.

WISE'S IRISH MALT WHISKEY.

IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan,** Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Vanbrunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of WISE'S CORK MALT WHISKEY, which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm who import the same in New-York. ap261y

Hotels.

STEVENS HOUSE.

(LATE DELMONICO'S HOTEL,

21, 23, 25, & 27 Broadway, New-York.

THE undersigned avails himself of this opportunity of informing his friends and the public that he has leased the above named house for a term of years, and has made extensive alterations and repairs, and omitted nothing that will tend to the accomodations or comfort of guests. The house having been newly furnished throughout in the most thorough and modern style, with a view to convenience and comfort, and as it will be conducted on the European plan, and with an experienced caterer, and thorough cooks, he hopes to give satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage which has never failed while in other Hotels in this city.

Catholic families and clergymen visiting New-York will find in the arrangements of this spacious establishment, elegance, convenience, and comfort, at moderate charges. JOHN O'GRADY, JR.,
8m5jly Formerly of Judson's Hotel and the Brandreth House.

NEW HOTEL.

LAFARGE HOUSE,

Broadway, New-York.

This new and beautiful First-class Hotel, is now open for the reception of guests. The location is the most pleasant part of Broadway, opposite Bond street, and in the immediate vicinity of the most fashionable places of amusement. The rooms are large and airy, and so arranged that they may be connected in suites for families, or used separately for single seasons. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

3m19jly STONE & BURROUGHS, Proprietors.

Business Directory.

THOMAS RUSSELL.

209 FULTON STREET, BETWEEN CHURCH AND GREENWICH STS. and across town, at 111 Attorney-st., corner of Rivington.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has opened the above establishment for the sale of

PURE WINES, BRANDIES, &C.,

with an extensive assortment of

CHOICE CORDIALS,

by wholesale and retail, and would call attention of buyers to his Stock, consisting, in part of

FINE COGNAC BRANDY.

The celebrated Brand of Leger Freres, a superior article for medicinal purposes.

Pinet Castillon, Vintage 1828 and 1842.
Otard, Dupuy & Co., Vintages 1836 and 1840.

PORT WINE,

(J. & R. Osborn's Importation,)

COLERAINE AND DUBLIN MALT WHISKEY,

(Imported by the subscriber to which he invites the attention of the connoisseur.)

HOLLAND GIN,

Meder Swan, and other favorite brands.
Together with a large assortment of

DUBLIN & LONDON PORTER, SCOTCH ALES,

and a select supply of genuine **Havana Segars,** of various brands.

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Having engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Dillon, (late with Archdeacon & O'Connor, Wall Street) customers can depend on all orders entrusted to his care, being promptly and faithfully attended to.

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VOL. I. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856. NO. 26.

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Shipping.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL	FROM PHILADELPHIA
Every alternate Wednesday.	Every alternate Thursday.

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including fare from or to New-York and cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

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Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
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Chicago—Lull & Mayer.....Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati—J. F. Meline & Co.....Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

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GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

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William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
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TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
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REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19 1y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19 1y **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Ageney, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Business Notices.

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

84 William Street, corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

GEORGE M. TRACY,

HAS now on hand a choice stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, nearly all of which are made *under his own inspection*, of the choicest fabrics and newest styles. Merchants will find this a desirable place to make their selections. Annexed is a catalogue of some of the articles:

Hosiery and Gloves.	Improved Napoleon Ties.
Silk Beaufort Ties.	Stocks, in great variety.
Linen Collars.	Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs.
Silk Albert Ties.	Dressing Robes.
Fine Shirts.	Travelling Shawls.
Cravats and Stocks.	Silk Under-shirts and Drawers.
Suspenders.	Silk and Gingham Umbrellas.

His Shirts are of superior make and quality and warranted to fit. Persons wishing Goods for their own use will be served at retail as well as wholesale, at the lowest prices. oct4 2mos

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FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my8 1y

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HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

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PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6¼ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, aud rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19 1t

Special Notices.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No.* 322 *Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

Information Wanted.—Michael Gorman, Stone Cutter, of New-York, will hear of something to his advantage by writing to his Brother-in-law M. McMahon, Neshkors, Marquette Co., Wisconsin. sept20 4t

European News.

FOREIGN SUMMARY.

By the *Washington*, (Southampton, 10th ult.) *Kangaroo*, (Liverpool, 10th ult.) and *Canada*, (Liverpool, 13th.)

Russia.—His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor Alexander II, was solemnly crowned at twelve o'clock, on the 7th. The ceremony took place in the Uspenski Ssobor, and the act of coronation was performed by Archbishop Philaretes, the Metropolitan of Moscow. Among the special ambassadors who were present, were Earl Granville, Prince Esterhazy, M. Castalborgone, and the representative of the Sultan. The proceedings had all that august appearance which immense preparations had designed. An immense crowd assembled at the Kremlin Palace and in the streets, and very great enthusiasm was everywhere manifested. The ringing of the bells, the firing of cannon, the parade of troops, the ceremonials of the Church, the procession to the Palace, and the decorations of the city, rendered the whole affair most inspiriting. The coronation was favored by beautiful weather. Count Orloff was created a Prince, Prince Woronzoff a Field Marshal, and Generals de Berg and Soumarokhoff Counts. The Continental papers profess to give the substance of the amnesty to be granted, as follows :—First. That the Maritime Provinces shall be exempt from conscription for four years. Second. Amnesty for the events of 1825, 1827, and 1831, but the confiscation of property not removed. Third. Direct taxation to be regulated by a new census. It is reported that the Czar is about to effect a full understanding in religious matters with the Pope. A new edict removes all quarantine restrictions from Bessarabia, Black Sea and Sea of Azoff until the close of navigation for the present year.

England.—There is no political news of the least importance. The London *Post* (Government organ,) recommends the Hudson Bay Territory as a favorable seat for a convict establishment. Owing to the failure of the Royal British Bank having caused great uneasiness in England, the Governor of the Unity Bank issued a notification to the public, in which he stated that every depositor may have his money if he chooses to apply for it, and that the paid up capital of the Bank, £150,000, remains intact. The London Times has a leader on the suspension of the Royal British Bank. It considers that the Bank has broken in a most disgraceful manner. The Gloucester Musical Festival, the greatest English musical re-union, commenced on the 9th inst., and promised to be one of the most prosperous on record. The splendor of the weather has induced hundreds of persons to visit the ancient town. All the principal English and foreign solo singers are engaged.

France.—The scantiness of remarkable events which has characterized French politics for some time past, still prevails. The Emperor's sojourn at Biarritz, which was to end on the 10th of September, will be extended to the 1st of October. Commercial letters from Paris, state that business during the past week had been very quiet, and was generally without change. Parisian manufactures were dull of sale; but considerable activity was expected in all descriptions by the end of the month, or beginning of October. Numerous foreign and provincial buyers had arrived. At Rouen and Mulhouse, trade was dull. In the corn trade, the late enormous arrivals at Marseilles had caused holders to abate their pretensions, and prices were declining. The merchants of Marseilles having ascertained that the Wheat harvest will not be sufficient for the home consumption of all France, were beginning to suggest to the Government through their local papers, that the repeal of the corn laws would be indispensable, or at least an extension of the Imperial decree, which permits the free importation of corn, and which expires on the 1st January next. Although two millions of hectolitres of wheat had been imported within two months through the port of Marseilles, it would be impossible by the end of the year to make up the great deficiency which exists. It appears to be the common opinion in Paris that the French and English cabinets are at issue on several points, though no one supposes that these differences can essentially affect the alliance. The investment of General O Donnell with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor, and the marked attention paid to Count Morny by the Emperor of Russia, are not likely to please the English Government. The English cabinet takes the same side as Turkey and Austria on the question of uniting the Danubian Principalities. The French Government is still undecided on this point. The *Moniteur* of the 7th inst., says that it being the anniversary of the capture of Sebastopol, the Emperor invited the 35th Regiment of the Line, which is stationed at Biarritz, to a dinner. The privates and subaltern officers were entertained in front of the barricades by the Emperor and Empress, who carried in her arms the Imperial Prince. The officers of the Regiment afterwards dined with their Majesties. Rumors are current that an exchange of Colonies is being negotiated between France and England, France to give up her factories on the main land of India, in Exchange for the Island of Mauritius. It is also reported that France wishes to purchase from Denmark a strip of the Coast of Iceland, for fishing stations. It is also further reported that the State of Algeria demands a large addition to the troops stationed there. A division of gunboats is to be sent to Senegal. The French exiles in the Basque Province are to be removed to Spain. The *Moniteur* continues the report from the Minister of Foreign Affairs, proposing various reforms in the Diplomatic service. The Emperor is still at Biarritz. On the 9th inst. he visited San Sebastian.

THE AFFAIR OF THE STUDENT'S CIRCULAR IN PARIS.

The *Presse*, the leading political journal of Paris, has just escaped suppression by extraordinary exertions. The correspondent of the *Daily Times* gives the following particulars :—Two weeks ago, this journal published an address from two hundred students of Paris, thanking such journals of this city as had espoused the cause of oppresed Italy. The *Presse* was among this number, as also the *Siecle*, the *Estafette*, and the *Revue de Paris*. The article which reproached the French government for its lukewarmness towards Italy was not signed by a responsible and veritable name, as the law of the press requires. It bore for signature the words, in parentheses, "Here follow 200 signatures." Immediately upon the publication of this document, the editors of the several journals mentioned were cited before the proper officer to be examined. The document containing the signatures was demanded. Neither of them had it. One of the editors declared he had seen it, but that he did not know then where it was to be found. All the offices were submitted to a strict search under the supervision of police-officers, but no document was found which contained the two hundred names, or any names at all. Without the production of the names, the journals in question would all have received a "warning," and as the *Presse* is already lying under two, the third one would have suppressed it. The *Presse* has a daily circulation of 40,000 ; the *Siecle* of 35,000 ; the *Constitutionnel*, 25,000 ; the *Moniteur*, 20,000 ; the *Patrie*, 15,000 ; the *Pays* and the *Debats*, 10,000 ; the *Estafette*, 9,000, and the *Assemblee Nationale*, 5,000. The *Presse* is the smallest in its amount of printed matter of all these, which are the principal journals of Paris, and its immense profit to its proprietor, M. Girardin, as well as its importance is thus seen. It is reasonable to suppose that the police, for an offence so apparently harmless, hesitated to strike a blow which should suppress the principal journal of the city, and at the same time effect so great a damage to the material interests of M. De Girardin. So they gave him time, and now we have the agreeable news that the signatures have been found, and that the suit against the journals has been withdrawn. The students have come forward and assumed the responsibility of the circular ; but whether they were hired to do so by M. De Girardin, or whether it was a spontaneous act on their part, the public, perhaps, will never know.

Spain.—There is no political news of note. With slight exceptions the country was tranquil, but the same uncertainty prevailed as to the future policy and fate of the O'Donnell ministry. The name of Narvaez is more often mentioned, and the probability of his succeeding the present men more openly discussed. M. Escalante has resigned his post at Washington, and his resignation has been accepted. A dispatch from Madrid, dated 10th, says the Queen has not yet come to any decision relative to the legation at Washington, or the appointment of the commander-in-chief of the halberdiers. It is now stated that the new constitution and organic law will be published on the 15th inst., but that the new elections will be postponed as long as possible. The report is current that sequestration is to be raised from the confiscated property of Queen Christina. The latest telegraphic dispatches from Spain contain nothing of peculiar interest. They state that the cabinet was unanimous, and possessed the entire confidence of the Queen. General Aleson has been named Commandant-General of the Philippine islands. The Madrid journals contain the official justification of the decree by which the Cortes was dissolved. The Ministers declare that this assembly has overstepped the limits of its powers, and that it has behaved regardless of the restrictions which were originally put upon its mandate by the decree of convocation.

Germany.—Frederick, Regent of Baden, who has been exercising the Government, in consequence of the mental imbecility of his elder brother, has assumed the sovereignty on his own account, as Grand Duke, preparatory to his marriage with the Princess of Prussia.

Prussia.—The celebrated trial respecting the stolen dispatches is terminated by the sentence of the accused police agent to a long term of imprisonment. Neufchatel affairs caused some diplomatic activity at Berlin.

Denmark.—Berlin letters of the 5th inst. say that in the question of the Sound Dues, France, adhering to the opinion pronounced by England, has pronounced in favor of the principle of purchase.

Sweden.—M. St. Jerneld, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has resigned. It is reported that the relations between Russia and Sweden are becoming more and more unfriendly.

Switzerland.—Prussia is said to have notified an inclination to give up her claims on Neufchatel in exchange for an indemnity, of which the European Powers shall fix the amount. France supports these views of Prussia. Prussia has lodged a protest with the Federal Government against any interference on its part with the affairs of Neufchatel. The State Council of Neufchatel reports that canton as quiet.

Austria.—The intervention of Austria in the contests between Prince Danilo and the Turks is more talked of. To the announcement of a display of military force on the Montenegrin frontier, which has been resolved upon at Vienna, we have now to add the assertion of a German paper, that instructions for an immediate diplomatic interference with the Sultan have been sent to the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople.

Italy.—Vienna papers declare that the Western Powers have addressed a second note to Naples in the same spirit as the former, but in milder language. The Palma *Gazette* of the 9th inst. announces that the state of siege would be raised on the following day. The uncondemned prisoners were to be sent before the ordinary tribunals. Gen. Todleben was receiving a warm welcome in Sardinia.

India.—The dates from Calcutta are to August 9, and from Bombay to August 13. Oude is reported tranquil. The British are negotiating a treaty with the Momund chiefs, on the northwest frontier. The annual report of the trade of Calcutta, as compared with previous years, shows an improvement. The sugar crop of Mauritius is unprecedentedly large, amounting to 125,000 tuns. The cholera had ceased there.

China.—The latest dates from Hong Kong are to July 25, and from Singapore to August 2. The Chinese insurgents took possession of Tanyoang, July 6, which brings them close to Souchow, the capital of the province and outlet of commerce from Shanghae. An Imperial fleet of 40 sail is blockaded near Nankin. Telegraphic reports say that the American house of Wetmore & Co. had failed, but advices in London throw a doubt on the statement. The export of tea amounted to 428,000 tuns. The Cholera had ceased.

Australia.—Melbourne advices of June 14 are at Liverpool. The balance of trade continued in favor of the Colony. Agriculture and domestic manufacture were largely extending. The mines continued productive. From New-Zealand an encounter is reported between the British troops and the natives. Eighteen of the latter, it is said, were killed. A large amount of property at Wellington had been destroyed by fire. New discoveries of gold and copper were reported.

Foreign Miscellany.

According to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* there are 12,000 Jews in the Austrian army, of whom more than 500 are officers, surgeons with the rank of officers, and members of the auditing department.

Napoleon is reported to be desperately in love with two other persons, the Countess Castiglione, a Florentine of great wealth and beauty, and the celebrated Miss Neil, of England.

According to the Belgian papers, 500,000 quarts of beer were drank in the beershops of Brusssels during the late fetes. One of the latter, called Le Petit Paris, alone sold 20,000 quarts, and three pumps were kept working day and night.

The *Friend of India* estimates the number of converts to Christianity at probably one hundred thousand in India, and twenty thousand more in Ceylon.

THE SOUL'S PLEA FOR COLONIZING.

From the Toronto Mirror.

What the Pyramids are and were, after the people's notion of utility, to Egypt, the mass of rail and water communication will be to America in the world's history. Their ends, to shorten distance and widen commerce, will be fulfilled by other means more fully and less cumbrously ; and their traces, in levelled hills and the bridging of valleys, will remain for the amazement of generations yet unborn. On the crayon sketches of future antiquaries, the living tide of human life, at the rising of the sun, will gaze with wonder on our locks and depots ; our roads, canals, engines, boats, and bridges : they may aver that the hives are here ; but, as standing before the bulls and lions of Nineveh, we say now, so will they then,—"The busy bees—the workmen—where are they ? Of what were they ? How were they called ?"

After suggesting the danger that the Hiberno-Celtic builders of these canals and roads may share the fate of the Coptic Helots, who built the tomb of Pharaoh, the writer proceeds :

In the crowded, pestilent Babylons of this continent, and in the Sarcophagi which branch forth from them, nature refuses to bring forth tenants to maturity for the Mansions of the Just. The tiny infants, before they learn to lisp the name of father are cut off in hundreds by consumption ; thousands of adults descend to early graves with the same certificate of departure ; which is nothing more than a withering up of life's source, and a vitiating of pure generic blood in the putrid atmosphere and the tainted food of cities ; prompting, conjoined to magnetic influence of close proximity, to crime such as the deep chaste blue of the mountain sky would crimson to look upon. Absent from the rich soil which invites and repays in manly vigor the arm that tills it, the best citizen but half fulfils the command of of God : "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat thy bread ;" and, in violation of the Divine mandate, dwindles even in the midst of harrowing care, below man's estate. The flaccid muscle, and the overwrought nervous system call for stimulants even to excess. In the midst of libidinousness and intoxication, a posterity is born literally "conceived in iniquities," which the moment that parental indifference or imbecility permits, runs riot in debauchery, to end beneath a tomb-stone. The wages of sin is death ; and such a death ! The last words a wail of despair, or the enunciation of that awful blasphemy—"Death is an eternal sleep ;" the last eulogy a lying paragraph in a public journal about the promising flower that was nipped in its bud ! Numbers, destined for the propagation of that noblest Hibernian type of human kind, never reach the years of manhood ; but thousands who may have boasted this doubtful fortune, rest beneath mausoleums, on which prematurely are engraved the glorious patronymics of our fatherland ; whose Irish blood would have coursed purely, freely, and holily in their veins, had pure, untainted food, and chaste localities been the data of existence.

Let those who may, then, flee the "cities of the plain" to the undulations of a land overflowing with milk and honey, in peace and productive labor : let them flee to a place where proud fashion and hollow parsimony will not dare invade the very nave of the Holy Church : let them build their family sepulchres where the sublime "Requiescat in pace" of our True Faith will not be the hypocrisy of Cant, and a graven insult before just Heaven. 'Tis the Soul's plea for Colonizing !

ROMANCE IN HUMBLE LIFE.

From the Syracuse Standard.

Most of our citizens are acquainted with Ann Gleason, a stout, healthy, good-natured Irish woman, who is frequently employed by merchants and owners of buildings to clean stores, public halls and private residences. Her work is generally of the most laborious description, but Ann is always cheerful, and in fact is a universal favorite.

Well, Ann has a husband, or at least she had one several years ago. He is a clever sort of a man, with very little energy, but lots of good nature. He was a peddler, and carried on his vocation in this neighborhood, making scarcely enough to keep his family from want.

About the commencement of the California excitement, Ann's husband started for the land of gold to better his fortune, leaving his wife and two children in this city. Ann received no tidings of him for several years, until finally some acquaintance happened to see the name of Gleason in the list of occupants of the Sing Sing Prison. Ann could scarcely believe that her husband had become a State Prison convict, but in order to be certain she scraped her little earnings together, and visited Sing Sing, where she soon found that the prisoner was not her husband, and returned to her solitary home with mingled feelings of joy and grief.

Soon afterward Ann was informed by a friend of her husband, who was with him in California, that Mr. Gleason had died in the mines, and the little he had gathered was all used to defray the expenses of his illness and funeral. This sad news dispelled all hope, and Ann relinquished the idea of ever seeing her husband again.

In the meantime she continued to labor, early and late, securing the good will of all who had occasion for her services, and she not only supported herself and children in comparative comfort, but had actually saved a nice little sum, which she was about investing in a small house and lot.

One day last week a gentleman of this city returned from California, and to Ann's utter astonishment and joy, informed her that her husband was alive and well in California, and had saved considerable money. He had frequently written to his wife, and sent her drafts for considerable amounts, and was surprised and alarmed at not hearing from her. She, poor soul, not dreaming that she had a friend in the world who would write to her, had never thought of calling for the letters, and consequently they had been sent to the Dead Letter office at Washington.

On learning that her husband was well, Ann lost no time in writing to him, and she also wrote to Washington to inquire about the money letters sent by her husband. In reply to her letter to Washington she has received a letter from the Department, intimating that letters and drafts are there, but requiring her to state the amount and number of drafts. This, of course, she cannot do ; and a full history of the case has been made out by her friends which has been properly certified and sent to the Department, with satisfactory references to persons residing in that city. It is presumed that this will be sufficient to warrant the authorities in sending her the letters and drafts from her husband.

The change in Ann's prospects has not "set her up" above work. We saw her yesterday afternoon busily engaged in cleaning the office of the Board of Education.

Irish News.

Saunders says that the arrival of the 5th regiment, in the garrison of Dublin, adds another to the illustrious roll of names whom it is proposed to honor. The 50th, bearing the designation of "The Queen's own," in addition to the attribute of "The Fighting Fiftieth"—to which its lengthened and heroic struggles in the Peninsular and other campaigns entitle it, is, although not strictly speaking an Irish regiment, composed, like very many others in her Majesty's service, to the extent at least of three-fourths of the sons of St. Patrick. In the great battles upon Crimean soil, although present, and on two occasions under fire, its loss was comparatively trifling. Sad havoc was, however, made in the ranks, both by trench-work and disease, and the brilliant episode of the 21st December, 1854, when 250 men of this devoted corps repulsed with immense loss an attack of 2,000 Russians, made with the object of retaking 'The Ovens, *Saunders* says, must for ever cast a halo around a name, which otherwise would be merely a unit in the phalanx alike distinguished for bravery and endurance. The spirited incident was at the time specially mentioned in Lord Raglan's despatch.

The *Limerick Reporter* says, that the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, in the exercise of his episcopal duty, denounced from the altar, in strong terms, a scandalous faction fight with which the streets of Tralee were disgraced on the 15th of August—a great holiday in the Catholic Church—and in doing so, his Lordship made some observations in reference to the Commissioned peace-preservers of the locality, which seem to have fired their indignation to an alarming extent. Occasion was taken at a subsequent meeting of Magistrates to comment on the language alleged to have been used by Dr. Moriarty. Mr. Shiel, the resident magistrate of Tralee, opened the matter in a speech of some length, in the course of which he read a correspondence between him and Dr. Moriarty. Mr. McGillicuddy, Mr. Quill, General Stokes, and Mr. Rae came to the support of Mr. Sheil. Dr. Moriarty deserves thanks at the hands of all dispassionate men for the bold and upright course he has taken.

The *Carlow Sentinel* is happy to learn that Major Butler, of the 20th Regiment, has arrived at Broomville, on a visit to his family, and in the enjoyment of good health. For his distinguished services during the war, Major Butler was awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Major Shervington, of the 46th Regiment, who accompanied the expedition from Varna, and was present at the battle of Alma and Inkermann, has also arrived in Carlow, on a visit to his family, in excellent health. This gallant officer was Provost-Marshal at Sebastopol.

The crops in the neighborhood of Newport, County Limerick, are splendid. Corn of every kind is cutting every day. Laborers' hire is from 2s. 6d. to 3s. per day, and diet. The late rain has improved the potato crop very much; the earth is soft about them, and they are growing free from blight. All this good news we glean from the *Limerick Reporter*.

An attempt has been made to burn the Borrisokane Warehouse, by a pauper boy named Collins. It was discovered before much injury was done. Collins managed to secrete the fire in the school press, which was entirely consumed, together with about three pounds worth of school requisites.

An agent from the Great Atlantic Telegraph Company has visited Waterford, and inspected the noble quays of that city. He intimated that nothing was more certain than the formation of telegraphic communication between Ireland and America, by St. John's, Newfoundland.

Isaac Butt, M. P. for Youghal, has addressed a letter to the Dublin press, correcting an impression which prevailed, that the proposed Crimean banquet in Dublin, would be confined solely to the natives of Ireland. Mr. Butt refers to the resolutions, to show that the honor was intended to include all the Crimean soldiers now serving in Ireland.

A fine new dwelling house, not more than two years built, the property of Mr. Denis Madden, farmer, Cloncarree, near Morelands, County Limerick, has been burned to the ground, along with a hundred stone of wheat. Mr. Madden himself was badly burned, while attempting to put out the flames.

Captain Otway Wemys, 71st Light Infantry, has arrived at Danesfort, County Kilkenny, the residence of his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Wemys, Kilkenny Fusileers. Captain Wemys served throughout the entire of the Crimean war, including the taking of Kertch, with the regiment which distinguished itself so much, in common with the rest of the Highland Brigade, at Balaklava.

The increase of stock in the county Waterford has been considerable. The value of stock in Waterford in 1849 was £597,900; in 1854 it was £757,228; the increase being £159,328. Between 1853 and 1854 the increase in Leinster was 5.2 per cent.; in Munster 6.0 per cent.; in Ulster 4.2; and in Connaught 5.4. In the county Waterford the increase in the same period was 8.2.

The *Leinster Express* says, that in its advertising columns will be found a flattering address from the magistrates, gentry and merchants of Carlow Graigue, in the Queen's County, to Head Constable William Nicholls, on his transference from that station to Mountmellick; and adds, that it must be exceedingly gratifying to Mr. Nicholls to have his valuable services so handsomely appreciated.

An itinerant flute-player, named Thomas Byrne, while following his avocations in the streets of Maryborough, one night, a few weeks ago, received a slash of a reaping hook in the cheek, from a fellow called Edward Dunne, who resides at Roseleignin. Being brought before Mr. Cassan, Dunne was admitted to bail to take his trial at Petty Sessions.

The recent controversy between Mr. Marcus, the converted Jew, and the Rev. Mr. Drapes of proselytising notoriety, at Kilkenny, was unattended by a single PRIEST. The disputants were acrimonious. Mr. Drapes taunted Mr. Marcus with the Jews. Mr. M. responded that Mr. D. was married to a Jewess, and showed, that by his own admissions, he was a Bible-reader *without* a Bible!

During 1855, there were consumed in Ireland 550,169 gallons of wine, 139,084 gallons of foreign, and 6,228,856 gallons of home-made spirits, 4,808,354 lbs. of tobacco, 8,485,135 lbs. of tea, 830,230 lbs. of coffee, and 411,692 cwt. of sugar.

The collection in aid of the victims of the inundations in France, is progressing successfully in Dundalk. The Dundalk Steam Packet Company subscribe handsomely to the fund.

A water-dog belonging to Mr. W. Byrne, Kilmorey-street, Newry, lately caught a salmon trout, 3 lbs. weight. After several attempts, the dog, although muzzled, succeeded in effecting the capture.

We learn from the *Cork Examiner* that among the first who went to the Crimea, and the last who returned from it, was Captain Edward Byrne, of the Cork Steam Ship Company's vessel *Cormorant*. Notwithstanding the ignorance existing concerning the Russian coast, even among experienced seamen, he was one of the first who took his ship into the dangerous waters of the Black Sea, and navigated her all through without a single accident, at a time when the occurrence of the least accident would have been attended with the most serious consequences to the army. He was employed in carrying provisions when the existence of the troops depended from hour to hour on the receipt of supplies, and he brought back cargoes of the wounded and dying. So marked was his efficiency, that the *Times Correspondent*, writing at a most critical period, said the *Cormorant*, under his command, was worth any four vessels on the station. In visiting the line of attack before Sebastapol on one occasion, Captain Byrne was treated with much distinction by Lord Raglan. He received from the officers of the regiment which he took out a valuable testimonial in acknowledgment of his skill, courtesy, and gentlemanly bearing.

The Commissioners of National Education have awarded to Mrs. F. Doran, teacher of the Bann Female National School, a premium of three pounds for the order and regularity of her school, and efficiency as a teacher. This school was built a few years ago, at the sole expense of the patron, the Rev. John Byrne, P.P., Tullylish. W. A. Hunter, Esq., Head Inspector, in his selection of Mrs. Doran for a reward, has added another to the many proofs of his superior aptitude for the high position which, through the discernment of the Commissioners, he now enjoys.

On the report of Mr. Osborne, District Inspector, the Commissioners of National Education have awarded to Mr. Patrick Doyle, and to Miss Margaret Boyle, the teachers of the male and female National Schools of Ballyphilip, Portaferry, premiums for order, neatness, and cleanliness in their schools. These schools are at present regularly attended by two hundred children of the parish, with two hundred and fifty on the class-roll.

The *Cork Examiner* thus gives the resolutions of the railway meeting at Fermoy: "Resolved unanimously—That the line of railway which meets the approval of this meeting is one which shall lead from Fermoy to the deep water at some point within the harbor of Cork. That a working Committee be now appointed, consisting of the following gentlemen: Robert Briscoe, Rev. M. A. C. Collis, Michael Bourke, Richard Carroll, Frederick Bell, Major Lucas, John George Nason, Arthur J. Campbell, and James McCreery."

While a party of men were reaping in a field near Sappamore, some dispute arose between them, when one of them, named Gavan, made a murderous blow with his reaping-hook at another, drawing it with great force across his neck, and nearly severing the head from the body. His recovery is deemed hopeless. Gavan has absconded. Two brothers of Gavan were hanged about eight years ago for the murder of a man under similar circumstances.

The Irish papers say that the millennium is surely about to be ushered in. It is in contemplation to sell the following barracks in the North of Ireland, the reason assigned being that they are not again to be occupied by the military, viz.:—Ballyshannon, Beleek, Belturbet, Cavan, Carrick-on-Shannon, Downpatrick, Derry, Lifford, Monaghan, Newry, Omagh and Sligo. The barracks at Belfast, Armagh, Charlemont, Dundalk and Enniskillen, are to be retained for the present.

One of the sons of Tyrone Power has been appointed to the important post of Deputy Commissary-General of the Commissariat Department. This young gentleman, Mr. William James Tyrone Power, filled the office of Assistant Commissary-General in Turkey, and his services in that capacity have been so highly appreciated that the authorities of the War department have bestowed upon him the second rank of the Commissariat.

The Militia-men convicted of murder and manslaughter at the Nenagh assizes—Burns, Barron, Carr, Laffin, Cummins and Ryan—have been sent from Nenagh to Templemore, and thence to Dublin, escorted by a strong body of police and twenty of the 17th Lancers. No person was aware of their going, but those who chanced to be in the street at the time.

Mr. Hugh McDermott, writing from Arklow, county Wicklow, states that whilst three poor men in that locality were searching for grains in the old gold streams, they found a fine nugget of remarkable purity, weighing more than six ounces troy weight. It is a very rich specimen of native gold. The gold mine is on the estate of the Right Hon. the Earl of Carysfort.

Chartres Brew, Esq., S. I., arrived at Caher from the Crimea, where he had been engaged for the past two years in the Commissariat Department. Mr. Brew, previous to his departure for the seat of war, was stationed at Caher, where he won the esteem and friendship of all classes.

The sentence of death passed on Private Patrick Burns, Tipperary Light Infantry, for the murder of Private Curley, 41st Regiment, has been commuted to transportation for life. The sentence of fifteen years transportation on the other four militia men, convicted at the last assizes of firing on Her Majesty's troops, has been mitigated to four year's penal servitude.

The election of a Town Councillor for St. John's Ward, Kilkenny, vacant by the death of Mr. Walsh, has taken place with the usual formalities. Alderman Banim presided as senior Alderman of the Ward. Mr. Thomas Murphy, of Coal-market, was elected.

The new act to extend the period for applying for sales in the Incumbered Estates Court in Ireland, and amend the acts on the same, contains a clause of considerable importance. Applications for sales may be made within five years from the 28th July, 1856. By the former act the period was limited to three years, which would have expired last July.

Mr. Wm. O'Grady, teacher of Ballyorgan National School, county Limerick, lately established by the Rev. Dr. Meehan, P.P., has been awarded the highest premium given by the Commissioners of National Education, for the order, neatness and cleanliness observed in the above school.

Her British Majesty's mortar frigate, *Forth*, will remain in Kingstown Harbor during the winter. A number of young lads from the vicinity have joined her crew. After preparatory training they will be drafted to other vessels.

No fewer than three eloping couples have been in custody in Enniskillen within a week, and in each case the master's daughter had eloped with the servant man.

In the Irish language the electric telegraph is called "*Segeal abata bolta*," the literal translation of which is—"News upon stilts!"

The following very amusing letter appears in the *Evening Mail*:—

"Sir—It having appeared in your paper that her Majesty has signified her intention of creating Lord Talbot de Malahide Earl of Tyrconnell, it is reported that the title of Viscount Carlingford, which has been for some time the second title of the late Earl of Tyrconnell, would also be conferred on Lord Talbot, I beg leave to observe that no such statement has been published; neither should it be supposed that her Majesty's Ministers would have recommended any such proceeding, being aware that I have assumed my family title of Viscount Carlingford—and which I have done advisedly—nor would they, I am certain, offer any such affront to the representative of the celebrated Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, who, according to the late Lady Blessington, was Ireland's greatest patriot, and one whose ancestors rendered such signal service to the Royal cause, to the person of his Majesty King Charles the First, and to their country. I beg leave to add, that it is my intention, when properly prepared, to lay claim to the Earldom of Kent, being lineally descended from Thomas Godwin, Bishop of Bath and Wells, whose ancestor, Harold, son of Godwin, Earl of Kent, once occupied the throne of England. I remain, sir, your very obedient servant, 'CARLINGFORD.'"

The inhabitants of the town and neighborhood of Kilmallock, have determined to raise funds for the revival of the fairs there, under the provisions of an existing charter for the purpose. An immense number of the best horses in Munster, reared about Kilmallock, are continually changing hands, by private sale, to English and Scotch buyers, at an inconvenience which will be removed or lessened in a fair market. Situated in a rich grazing country, remarkable for its numerous herds of prime cattle and the production of large quantities of first-class butter, Kilmallock will become the centre of a stirring trade when once more established as a fair-place. The station of the Great Southern Railway line touches the outskirts of the town, running right and left to Cork, Tipperary, and Limerick, thus affording rapid transit to buyers for conveyance of stock—an advantage of the first importance, either to have cattle brought fresh into the field, or tired out of it during the winter months.

At a military investigation in the new barracks, Limerick, a color-serjeant of the 39th was deprived of his color and rank, and emolument as color-serjeant, for having been concerned in a military quarrel in a tavern adjacent to the barracks, where a billiard-table was kept. He was an excellent soldier, and had seen twelve years service with the regiment.

Last year Mr. Thomas G. Nairn, of George's-street, tried the experiment of keeping a swarm of bees on the roof of his house. The experiment was most successful. This year Mr. Nairn had three additional hives. It is estimated by Mr. Nairn that if the entire produce of the hives was sold in the London market, it would produce little short of £20.

Mr. Hugh M'Dermott, of Arklow, writes to the *Dublin Freeman* that while three poor men were searching for grains in the old gold streams, they found a fine nugget of remarkable purity, weighing more than six ounces troy weight. It is a very rich specimen of native gold. The gold mine is on the estate of the Right Hon. the Earl of Carystort. The piece of gold will be sold for 30 pounds.

John Clancy, an old man on crutches, who was stated to be over ninety years of age, has been charged at the Limerick petty-sessions with vagrancy and obtaining money by pretending to cure the toothache by a charm. The "charmer" on undertaking to leave the town, was discharged with a caution.

Baron Pennefather, who has been staying at his residence, Knockeevan, since the last assizes, is in the enjoyment of such good health as to be able to attend divine service in St. Mary's church, Clonmel, every Sunday.

The Board of Commissioners of National Education have awarded a premium to Mr. R. Clarke, teacher of Dromore National School. This school is conducted in such a satisfactory manner, that the commissioners have expended this summer about £200 on the school-rooms.

Mr. MacMullen, Inspector of the National Bank at Cork, has been appointed to the Inspectorship of the Great Bank of Australia. Mr. Carnegie, of the Dublin office of the National Bank, succeeds Mr. MacMullen in Cork.

Robert Fitzgerald, Esq., formerly of Nurney, county Kildare, has been arrested at Mountmellick, and committed to Maryboro' gaol for one fortnight, he having omitted to pay a penalty of ten shillings inflicted on him at Portarlington, for a violation of the Fishery Laws.

It is stated that a number of mercantile gentlemen in Dublin propose establishing a new Liberal daily paper. They have in view the the reform of the customs' and other revenue departments.

The people of Loughrea propose to form themselves into a company for the construction of a railway from that town to Attymon, on the Midland line. The distance is eight miles. The project is encouraged by the Marquis of Clanricarde.

A story under the name of "*The Joint Stock Banker*," is being published in *Bentley's Miscellany*. The chapters in the current number have been suggested by the speculations concerning the Hamstead Heath performances of Mr. John Sadleir.

The new duty on race-horses, £3 17s. a year, is to take effect on the 5th of April, and to be paid to the Clerk of the Course before the "start."

The letter-carriers of Belfast now wear a uniform—a red frock coat, with blue collar and cuffs. Their hat is distinguished by a cockade, and a black cape will be used in winter.

The Police stations at Rostrevor, Lisnacree, Dundrum, Strangford, Tyrella and Scarva, are abolished, reducing the police force in the county Down by twenty-two men.

Smith O'Brien has been on a visit with his relatives in Limerick. The *Observer* is delighted to see him in the enjoyment of such excellent health and spirits.

M. Singleton, Esq., has been re-appointed a stipendiary magistrate for the district of Ballymena. He is expected to resume his duties at the next court of Petty Sessions.

The Bridge House at Gort, formerly the residence of the late Lord Killarton, has been purchased from Mr. James Cahiff for a convent about to be established in that town.

Mr. James A. Johnson, late editor of the *Wexford People*, has left Ireland to enter the novitiate of the Redemptorist Order.

Captains Massy and Wallnut shot fifty brace of grouse on the mountains of Tomgrany the last week in August.

The Archbishop of Cashel has appointed the Rev. Edmund Ryan President of Thurles College.

The Earl of Carlisle—who really is not a bad sort of man, though Dr. Cahill denounces him as the patron of the Soupers, and who, if he had the good luck to be Lord Lieutenant twenty years ago, would be quite as popular as the "chivalrous" Marquis of Normanby, whom O'Connell called "the best Englishman that Ireland ever saw"—the *Wexford People* says, is going to Wexford to lay the first stone of the Crimean Heroes' Monument. He will stop at Johnstown Castle, the residence of Sir Thomas Esmonde, and of course, while Irish heroes who fell in the service of England will be talked of, nothing will be allowed to remind him that a near relative of the esteemed proprietor of that Castle fell in a very different cause some fifty years ago. *Apropos* to this, the *People* mentions, that a man named Francis Maguire, with his wife and two children, were lately admitted into the Strokestown workhouse. Maguire had been a private in the 9th Foot, and served nine years—three of them in India—where he had been present at two general actions, Moodkee and Chillanwallah. The climate destroyed his health, and he was discharged as unfit for service, with a pension of 6d. a-day for eighteen months. At the expiration of that period, the representations of some influential parties obtained a continuation of the pension for six months longer, when it ceased. The man's health is such as unfits him for earning his bread, and it is the opinion of Dr. Shanly, who gave a certificate to that effect, that it will never improve. And yet, the *People* indignantly concludes, although £6,000 a-year can be obtained to pension off a bishop already wallowing in wealth, the country has no better recompense to offer this poor soldier than a pauper's rations.

An occurrence of a very serious nature took place very recently, at the fair of Kilmuckridge, county Wexford. A fight was going on between two factions in a public house, when the police were called on. Upon entering, both parties joined in an onslaught on the police, three in number, and beat them so shockingly that one of them is scarcely expected to live, another was so frightfully injured as not to have recovered his reason since; the third was also severely injured. A man named Edwards, the only prisoner yet taken, has died of bayonet-wounds inflicted on him during the affray.

Alderman Reynolds has made the Lord Lieutenant weep. There can be no doubt about it. So the *Nation* assures us; and the facts support the statement. At a meeting of the Traders' Alliance in the Music Hall, the worthy Alderman mentioned, that upon his laying before the Viceroy a true statement of the carmen's sufferings, the Earl of Carlisle had been moved to tears, and in forty-eight hours afterwards the order for the suspension of the 45th bye-law was issued.

The *Anglo Celt* has a glowing account of the reaping at Deramfield, the property of Dr. Hinds. Two hundred laborers assembled to aid him, and having cut down 120 acres of as good oats as ever grew, on his Drumlane property, they set off, two by two, for Killatowny, to make similar havoc there. They were met half way by the Killatowny men, and all having joined in the body, they proceeded for the scene of operations, and marched through the town of Killeshandra to the tune of "Patrick's Day." When the work was all finished, the Doctor regaled them, paid them their wages, and set them to dancing, which they kept up until an early hour the following morning. After this, says the *Celt*, let us hear no more of the disaffection of Catholic laborers to Protestant employers. Dr. Hinds is a Protestant, the harvesters are Catholics; and yet they went to him and stuck by him all the time they were required, though higher wages were actually offered to them elsewhere.

The Month's Mind of the Right Rev. Dr. Egan was celebrated in the new Cathedral at Killarney. The Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Cork, officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. John O'Sullivan, P. P., Kenmare, with the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, O.S.F., the Rev. Mr. Sheehy, P.P., Newtownsandes, as deacon and sub-deacon. The Earl of Kenmare, Lord Castlerosse, the Countess Dowager of Kenmare, and Lady Ellen Browne were present. The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, preached the funeral oration. The pillars of the church, the screens and altar, were draped in black for the occasion. The Bishops and several of the clergy were entertained at dinner the day following by the Earl of Kenmare.

The London *Times* says that the disputed claims to the title and estates of the Earl of Shrewsbury promise a renumerative harvest for the legal profession in Ireland as well as in England. The petition of Major Talbot, of Castle Talbot, in the county of Wexford, has been already lodged in the department of Sir Bernard Burke, the Ulster King of Arms, and it is believed here that, unless fortune prove even more than usually fickle, there is a fair chance of the prize being carried off by the gallant major.

The Belfast *Ulsterman* learns by a special message from Liverpool, that a mail has arrived from Australia. Amongst other news is the announcement that Mr. Duffy's election for the representative district of Belfast, in the Colony of Victoria, is assured, and that his admirers have raised for him the necessary qualification. It is stated at the same time that with one section he has grown unpopular—apparently because he has accepted the new law of the constitution, such as it is.

Great sensation was caused in Mallow very recently, on its being known that a girl named Mary Brien, had died in the workhouse hospital of hydrophobia. She was a servant in the Imperial Hotel, Cork, and about a month since got a bite from one of the cats in the house, which was considered at the time very trifling. An inquest was held on the body, when a verdict in accordance with the facts was returned.

The cottage of James Whelan of Tangier, near Maryboro', has been lately entered, and £50 teken out of the box, for which the parties who committed the robbery must have had a master key. There was no notification of the matter given to the police till Thursday three weeks, when Head Constable May and a party searched some suspected premises under virtue of a warrant. After prolonged exertions, they at last turned up the corner of some old walls belonging to Thos. Haslam, of Clonad, £14 in notes, and in another angle £2 0s. 6d. in silver.

The labors of the Jesuit fathers in Athlone continue to be attended by the population of town and country. Referring to the result of these labors, the *Athlone Sentinel* states, that John Carr, of the Longford Royal Rifles, abjured Protestantism, entered the Catholic religion, and was baptized in the true faith.

In consequence of the alteration recently made in the rule of promotion in the constabulary, the efficient officers are retiring from the service, and devoting their energies to other pursuits. Heretofore the rule was intelligence and activity, but this has been superseded by the rule of seniority, thereby completely debaring the young man from promotion, be his services ever so deserving.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN LETTER.

A visit to Richmond Prison—Tara Hill in the Pennitentiary—O'Connell—Curran and his Priory—Emmet's house—Davis's grave—an old locality in Chancery—the Smoke of Dublin city—Prison-room of Smith O'Brien—memories about it—Meagher's cell and *La Lionne*—McManus's cell, and what he was up to when in it—John Martin—Survey of the Treadmill—a Wag "going the rounds"—a Patriotic Thief, &c.

DUBLIN, September 6th.

Yesterday I paid a visit to your old quarters in Richmond Prison. I hadn't been there since O'Connell left it. No change is perceptible. The walls are as solid, gray, and gloomy as ever they were. The turnkeys seem to partake of the grimness of the bars and bolts they monotonously watch. The little hillock in the Governor's garden is undisturbed. It overlooks the walls, the windows of Clanbrasail street, the Grand Canal, the bridge and road leading to the Cemetery of Mt. Jerome. It was called Tara Hill in O'Connell's time. The Liberator was fond of visiting it. He did so every day of his imprisonment. Sometimes twice a day. Folding his arms across his brawny chest, with a tranquil tearful eye, he used to look from the mimic mound over the scene which girdled him with so much beauty, poetry, and glory.

To the right—a few perches beyond the prison-wall, on the other side of the canal—he saw the house where Robert Emmet, for some days after the *emeute* in Thomas street, lay concealed, and in the garden at the rear of which he was seized by Major Sirr. Trees intervene, and the road abruptly turns off. But for that, O'Connell might have caught a glimpse of the Priory—Curran's country-seat—where the clouds gathered over the great heart and genius, the story of which Davis has told the world with so much love and eloquence. Beyond that again, the cypress and the yew stand sentinel over the vault in which Davis sleeps. Beyond them all, the soft, green, wavy outline of the Dublin mountains blends with the mist or sunshine, as the day may chance. To the left, broad fields of dark-green grass stretch away to James street and Old Kilmainham, the Circular road running between them and the front wall and gate of Richmond Prison. Dismal fields—fields surrendered to weeds and snails—never trodden by a hoof—seldom visited by a luckless sparrow or an outcast crow. They've been in Chancery for years. With us, Chancery signifies beggary, desolation, wreck

To the north-east of these fields, we have the smoke of the city. Sometimes it is yellow—yellow as a November fog in London—yellow as Poor-house soap—that is, more brown than yellow—less like amber than molasses. At other times, it is a sparkling white cloud—beautiful and spotless as the snow of Chamouni. I have seen it from the ragged summit of Killiney, when all the colors of the rainbow played in rivulets, as if from dissolving vases of gold, porphyry, and jaspar, through it. But dark or bright, the spire of St. Patrick's cleaves it, and the black rim of Birmingham Tower flings it off, as a huge knight in armor doffs his feathered head-piece—and high above it, the victor of Trafalgar fixes his death-gaze on the waves which have been the echoes of his thunder. Many feet below him, the domes of the Custom-house and Four Courts in mute magnificence dilate. Houses and churches, colleges and palaces, crowd the space between the prison and these domes—a shapeless mass and jumble of red brick, sober Granite, and still darker Portland stone.

These—the striking points of the surrounding scene—did O'Connell, mourning his captivity, more or less distinctly catch, every time he stood upon that little mound within those sepulchral walls. The eyes with which he tracked them through gloom or splendor, have turned to stone. But still, through gloom or splendor, night and day, they rise up—the spars and rocks, the solitary masts and islands, of a sea no Arctic sailor can explore.

From the garden, I returned to the Governor's house. The Governor was out. His Deputy, however, very politely conducted me through the prison, for I told him I was anxious to have a look at your old quarters. Mounting the stairs on my right, I paid a visit to the room which O'Brien occupied. There's a bedstead without any clothes or curtains—a washing-stand—an empty book-case—a small square looking-glass hanging from a brass-headed nail in the wall above the washing-stand—a tenantless bird-cage and a picture-frame—that's all that's there. It has a mouldy smell, and looks as if some one, having died there a month ago, it had been haunted ever since. Since O'Brien left it, the flies and mice have had it to themselves.

Passing down the stairs from this dismal room—it was bright enough, the Deputy-governor intimated, when O'Brien had his wife and bright-eyed little ones about him in it—and passing through the passage and stern gruff door of oak, sheathed in iron, which divide the Governor's quarters from the less hospitable regions of the building, I stepped from a bleak—sunless yard into a narrow circular hall, in which the corridors on the ground floor terminate. The spiral granite stair-case, leading to the upper tier of cells, descends into this hall. Up I mounted—the Deputy-governor in advance, striking his keys against the iron balustrade, and talking all the while. He was talking about O'Brien. O'Brien's memory is one of flowers and sunlight to that dreary mausoleum.

At the head of the stair-case, we turned to the left into a pinched-up room with five corners, which room the Deputy-governor informed me was the scene of your breakfasts and dinners for nearly a year. It is covered with pink paper—very dusty paper—plentifully spattered with ink. An old sofa—the horse-hair bulging out of it through its ribs and elbows—and a paper-covered screen behind the door—are the only vestiges that survive of your sojourn. Matthews, the turnkey who had charge of you, is dead—dead these four years. His widow piously appropriated the rest of the furniture.

From the gaunt window with which this deserted banquet-hall is lighted, and through the despotic bars with which it's faced, I looked out, over the Circular road, on to the fields of dark-green grass already noticed. The Wellington testimonial in the Park was plainly visible. So, too, were the roofs of the Royal barracks—long deep lines of limestone parapets and purple slates. These features of the panorama are not discernible from Tara hill. They lie too far behind it to the northwest. A squadron of the 16th Lancers, passing at the time, filled in the picture with the gayest coloring. Most of the regiments which furnished the guard for the prison, the period you were confined there, fought brilliantly in the Crimea—the 33d especially.

A step brought me to the cell you occupied. It was open. The iron door—one smooth compact mass of iron—stood stiffly on its hinges, with its back against the wall. The monstrous padlock—a cannon ball flattened out and beaten into the shape of a bullock's heart—hung from a thick porpoise of a ring midway up the door, two inches from the sill. It's a solitary cell now. No one rents it. As still as one of the vaults in the neighboring cemetery of Mount Jerome, it's just as dim and cold. The chilliness of it set my teeth chattering. The very look of it was enough to inflict rheumatism. And this was the nook of a catacomb you lined with red cloth, and pillared with books, and festooned with German pipes and blouses, and warmed into gay life with colored crayons brought from Paris! Your favorite, *La Lionne*, is my companion now. Her features are as beautiful and frank to-day, as though no summer had lost its roses since she shared your cell, and those ruby lips of hers release the smoke of her cigarette just as gracefully and cooly as they ever did.

The cell tenanted by McManus was the next one I visited. A gentleman of the legal profession, undergoing a mild imprisonment for libel, resides in it at present. He was sitting on a round block of wood, reading the Bible, when I looked in. From the winterish expression he wore, it must have been the afflictions of Job he was reading. As the door opened, he turned a doleful face towards the light, nodded with a morose composure, and then resumed his book. Patience on a Monument! What a different picture from McManus, with his hearty rollicking laugh, his soldierly bearing, his dash, gaiety, and bounding manhood!

"Mr. McManus, sir," the Deputy-governor remarked to me, as he closed the door on the melancholy Jacques, his block and his Bible, "Mr. McManus, sir, was the life and soul of our prison. He was perfectly at home here, sir—was master, I may say, sir, of the entire establishment. He took the garden completely out of the hands of the Governor—the wilderness of weeds and dry branches blossomed into a Hesperides under his pruning-knife and hoe. He laid down the floor of a ball-alley there—plastered several square yards of the outer wall of the Convict department. He suggested several improvements in the bakery and kitchen. Had he been here a month longer, he'd have superseded the Governor himself, sir."

O'Dogherty's cell came next, and after that O'Donohue's. Both are vacant.

John Martin, I was told, had a room in the Hospital, owing to the weak condition of his health. There's a bad case—an ulcerated lung—in possession of it now. So I didn't gratify my curiosity with a peep at the medicinal dungeon, which the gentlest and most saintly of all the Rebels of '48 exchanged for the snug old homestead, the mellow fields, and the veteran oaks of Loughorne. Descending the stairs I came up, I strolled into the workshops; and, passing through the kitchen, indulged in a morbid survey of the tread-mill. Three venial sinners, in gray trowsers and jackets, were exercising their legs at this lugubrious game of rotation. One of them, an old offender. An old offender, with crooked bright eyes, a broken nose, and stumpy legs—the stumpiest legs conceivable. Turning his head round to have an agreeable squint at the strangers, as we entered this arena of monotonous Gymnastics, the poor sinner received a smart intimation to mind his business, from the cane of the turnkey superintending the profitless labor.

"That fellow," said my friend, the Deputy-governor, "is a wag—a profound wag. He told the Doctor, the other day, he was in here for running away with a hay-stack."

I asked if he had been an inmate of the prison for any length of time. The Deputy-governor said "for years." That is, he hardly was out—one sentence complied with—before he was back for another term.

"He was here, sir, when Mr. O'Brien was with us."

"What a persevering sinner!"

"Yes, sir," the Deputy-governor continued, "and Mr. O'Brien may possibly remember him, for he told Mr. O'Brien that it was on his account he was in prison, for he borrowed thirteen shillings to get down to Ballingarry, he said, and the woman he borrowed it from (she was asleep at the time) had him arrested for house-breaking."

He was a thoroughly well-seasoned vagabond, in fact, and being a profound wag, as the Deputy-governor remarked, thought to dignify his larceny with a patriotic excuse. Outside those prison-walls, there are many "highly respectable gentlemen" who perpetrate grand larcenies, day after day, on the credulity of the people in the name of patriotism. They, as well as the gentleman working the treadmill for running away with a hay-stack, should take to heart the motto on the façade of Richmond Prison—

Cease to do evil—Learn to do well.

After the glowing pictures of military reviews and the presentation of colors in the Park, and other vice-regal festivities in and about Dublin, this colorless sketch of a very noted institution may be not altogether displeasing to the friends of

KILMAINHAM,

Another Letter from "Kilmainham."

REMINISCENCES OF '98.

DUBLIN, SEPT. 11, 1856.

Go up Church street from the Quay, and on the left is the gateway of St. Michan's.

The Church is very old. It was built by the Ostmen.

Within the yard repose the remains of several of the men of '98. The brothers Sheares in the vault below—Emmet and Bond on the earth above. There has been some dispute as to Emmet's

place of rest—but it is now unquestioned that within this yard the blank slab is to be sought. Here is the burial-place of the Emmet family. It will be found close by the south wall, opposite the tower of the church. A tomb, parallel at the sides, with marks of extreme old age, and bearing withal traces of beautiful and tasteful design, marks the spot where several of the Emmet family were laid. A descendant of the exiled Emmet visited it about ten years since—so say the church-yard gossips. But it was not here, with his forefathers, poor Robert was laid.

About forty yards down the walk that leads from the tower, due west, on the left hand, close to the side of the walk, and level with the ground, is an uninscribed slab. It is smooth and polished, as if the school-children made it a seat—the earth is scratched away from under the slab at the edge next the walk.

That this is Emmet's grave we can only assume from probabilities; but that it is, is most probable. In the days of terror that succeeded '98 and 1803, it was fatal to any one to manifest sympathy with the martyrs. They were buried in stealth, and secretly. Mystery and doubt hang, consequently, over the resting-place of more than one of them. By some it has been asserted that Emmet was buried at Kilmainham; but Dr. Madden has satisfactorily proved that St. Michan's Church-yard holds his remains. But yet this in itself does not point to the actual spot where they repose. There are two or three blank slabs in the yard. That the one before us is *the* one rests upon tradition.

At the west end of the yard are St. Michans' Schools. An iron railing divides the space immediately around the schools, from the rest of the yard, but within it the tombs are as numerous as without; and, apparently, from the space being used as a play-ground, the slabs are quite smooth and polished, and the ground beaten hard as a ball-alley. Entering through this railing from the east, turn to the left, and in the south-eastern angle of the space will be found a broken slab. It covers a vault —the vault of Oliver Bond and family. On the slab is the following inscription:

"Sacred to the Memory of
OLIVER BOND.
Died 6th Sept., 1789, in the 39th year of his age.
The noblest work of God;
An honest man."

Bond was reprieved, but died in Newgate.

It is unnecessary to enter into a detailed account of my visit to the vaults. When Dr. Madden was collecting materials for his "United Irishmen," he had the Sheares' vault opened, and there found, as you already know, the bodies in an extraordinary state of preservation. The head belonging to one of the bodies was *missing*, but, what was stranger still, the remaining head was fast to the trunk. I say it was strange, because the custom was to cut off the head after the body had been taken down from the gallows, and to hold it up, saying:

"Behold the head of a traitor," &c.

Why was this head not cut off?

One of the brothers—my old informant could not say which, doubtless the younger—was a fine handsome man. The night before the execution he procured a pair of scissors to cut off a lock of hair for a friend. During the absence of the jailor, he cut the hair entirely off his head, as close as he possibly could.

"Now," said he, with an air half-merry, half-sad, "no executioner shall hold up *my* head by the hair, and call out: 'Behold the head of a traitor!'"

And it was so. Though Jonah Barrington says he arrived at Newgate as the executioner was holding up the head, &c. It might and must have been that of the other brother.

I don't think Madden has any mention of this circumstance, but I feel strongly persuaded of its authenticity, for I have it from an old turnkey of the jail.

Armstrong, the betrayer of the brothers, I heard, still lives at Ballycumber, Kings county, where he is only known to the people by the title "Sheares Armstrong." He still draws each year, from Dublin Castle, a pension conferred on him by the Government of 1798, for his base betrayal of the noble brothers. Unhappy man! He never, to this day, stirs beyond the precincts of his demesne, unless attended by a constable. I have frequently met him, so attended. He has a most forbidding aspect; and mothers in the neighborhood are wont to silence the cries of their children by threatening to call "Sheares Armstrong!"

No more at present from KILMAINHAM.

P. S.—In the short account I sent you, a few weeks ago, of my visit to the scene of Lord Edward's capture, I omitted to mention rather a singular circumstance. I told you that the stains of the noble rebel's blood remained on the wall to this day. Notwithstanding this, the wall had the appearance of having been plastered over. I asked the proprietor if such were the case, and he admitted, rather confusedly, that the wall had been plastered. The blood had appeared through the mortar! A medical friend informs me that human blood has this property. Can it be? or is it a property peculiar to martyrs' blood?

KILMAINHAM.

BLACK "REPUBLICAN" SCURRILITY.

From the N. Y. Daily News.

In the last number of Mr. Meagher's excellent paper, the *Irish News*, there was an article entitled "Black and White," in which the popular error as to there being no slavery in the Northern States was calmly exposed. Among other things it maintained there was more kindness shown to the negroes by the Southern planters than the white mechanics received at the hands of the Northern manufacturers. Hence the rage of the nigger-worshipping fanatics! We principally notice the scurrilous attack which appeared in a Sunday cotemporary, to show how contemptuously the Black "Republican" organs speak of the German and Irish vote, when the wine is in and the wit is out!

We hope those Germans who have hitherto been deluded by the flatteries of the Fremont Jesuits, will read the insolent allusions of the print in question to all adopted citizens. If after this any of them cast their votes for the fanatics who wish to use them as catspaws, let them be prepared for any insult, if thus encouraged. Mr. Meagher having had the audacity to express an opinion, which is shared in by the majority of our citizens, is called "a foreign demagogue, and warned not to meddle in American politics!" This assault upon one of our most distinguished adopted citizens comes very opportune, being full of "suggestive reflections" to every citizen, whom the will of Providence doomed to be born in another land, but whom the same Providence destined to live and die good Americans!

THE ASPECT OF IRELAND.

From the Dundalk Democrat.

The aspect of Ireland just now presents a combination of matters, which form a strange and curious medley. We have a great deal of cant and humbug enacted at agricultural and cattle shows, where beasts, and not men, are the admiration of the powers that be. We have dinners given to militia regiments, at which there is a good deal of balderdash spoken, and a large quantity of nonsense and bad English flung before the nation. We have—and this is the most pleasing object in view—some hundreds of thousands of men and women, with sickle in hand, bending their backs, and cutting down the golden-tinted corn. We have reviews in the "Fifteen Acres," and presentations of new colors to old regiments; and the Lords of the Admiralty making their annual tour to inspect harbors, and vessels, and what not.

But all this is to sustain England in her present tottering condition. Agricultural shows are held to encourage the breeding and fattening of stock to fill John Bull's stomach. The militia are feasted, to put them in good humor with John Bull's rule in Ireland. Reviews are held to inspect his army; the Lords of the Admiralty make their annual tour to look after his navy; and Irish reapers are cutting corn to give him bread.

This is the way the game is played. There is nothing being done for Ireland—nothing to bring plenty, and power, and comfort to her people. They work and suffer—they spend year after year in providing for their masters the best things the land can produce, and they themselves live on the rubbish.

It was not so when Ireland had self rule. It was not so when she had a Parliament to guide her, to protect her trade, foster her commerce, encourage her fisheries, take care of her revenue, and make her respected. But those days are gone, and we have fallen into the hands of the Great Briton, who has taken care to destroy our manufactures, and has all but annihilated our commerce. He appropriates our surplus revenue to himself, and there is no one—not even an Irish member—to make himself acquainted with that question, and insist on having some portion of the Irish revenue given to this country for national purposes.

If we had an independent Parliament now, what a different aspect the country would present. It would give new life to the people. It would infuse a new spirit into every class; and beneath its fostering rule the humbug system practised here by England would soon disappear. The seas round our coast would be studded with fishing-vessels, and we would be exporting at least half a million's worth of fish annually, instead of paying nearly that amount for fish to foreigners. Factories would arise on the banks of our streams and rivers, and in the vicinity of our towns and villages; clothing our people with the work of their own hands, and exporting goods to other countries. The population would be profitably employed; would have money to spend, to enrich our traders and shopkeepers; the land laws would be reformed, and the land made twice as productive as it is. Our home and foreign trade would be more than doubled; and rags, squalid misery and beggary banished for ever from our shores.

Oh, it is a terrrible calamity to lose self government. It is handing your house, your business and your purse over to your enemy, to manage them as he thinks proper. And such is what has been done with Ireland. She is now ruled, not for the good of her people, but to aggrandize England. That country has the making of our laws, and possession of our public purse. We are obliged to bend to her will, and that is abject slavery. When shall these things end? When? Never, till Ireland is governed from sea to sea by Irishmen; till the cant and nonsense heard in Dublin Castle are drowned by the united voices of all creeds and classes in the land; and the reign of justice substituted for that of fraud and tyranny.

IRISH SOLDIERS IN THE BRITISH SERVICE.

From the Dublin Tablet.

The Irish are naturally soldiers. Father Campion describes them as "a people delighting in wars." "The bodies and minds of the people," says Sir John Davis, "are endowed with extraordinary abilities by nature." Their military qualities are eulogised by Hanmer and Holingshed, and, in more recent times, are proved to demonstration by their success as military adventurers in France; for, as Forman says, "France is not a country for cowards to gain renown in." In France the Irish certainly gained renown. Every nation in Christendom has appreciated the military virtues of the Irish. The Earl of Essex, Viceroy of Ireland in 1672, describes the Dutch as endeavoring in time to swell their army with five hundred Irish recruits. He likewise describes the French as making, at very nearly the same time, a similar effort to crimp 500 Irishmen. Primate Boulter's letters, written in 1730, describe French officers as constantly engaged in enlisting Irish soldiers. Ireland seems to have been a recruiting ground at this period to the principal monarchs and republics of Europe. Spain had its regiments of Hibernians; Austria its regiments of Taaffe; and several thousand Irishmen passed at one period into the Venetian service.

The English Government, which had hitherto excluded the Irish from its service, was forced by the exigencies of the American war, to substitute Irish recruits, who were cheap, for German soldiers, who cost a hundred pounds a man. Irish Catholics accordingly at that period were permitted to enlist, a permission which laid the foundation of the influence which at this moment they exercise in the British Parliament. Previously they had been employed by almost every other Government, while excluded by that of England. Subsequently they gradually ceased to enlist in other armies, while their numbers were multiplied until they came to constitute a majority in the army of Britain. At that time the external dependencies of England were limited, and at the present moment the sun never sets on the empire of Britain. At that time the subjects of Britain, external to these islands, amounted to three millions; they consist at present of a hundred millions. The extent of the British empire is attributable to the prowess of the British armies, to the victories and conquests of Britain. Whatever merit we attribute to the armies of England, we must likewise attribute to that people who long constituted the majority of those armies.

During the French revolution, the Irish clergy, who had been previously educated on the Continent, began to be educated in Ireland. The fury of revolutionary war abroad and the foundation of an Ecclesiastical college at Maynooth, united to keep them at home. They ceased to visit Catholic countries, and could no longer, as of old, act unconsciously as recruiting sergeants to the continental governments that gave them education. They could no longer say, as they inevitably said, to their young acquaintances, idling away their time in Ireland "a fine young fellow like you, would "rise to high rank in the French army." The Irish ceased to visit the Continent as priests and soldiers shortly after the American war, a time when, as Arthur Young informs us, "they were very reluctant "to emigrate to America." Their military migration to the Continent had ceased; their industrial migration to America had not commenced. The whole force of the Irish nation was thrown into the armies and fleets of Britain, and the union of these two nations resulted in the greatest and widest conquests hitherto recorded. During the American war, Britain was reduced to the lowest degree of weakness. During her wars with Napoleon, she manifested a degree of energy that astonished the world.

She manifested this energy subsequently to her union with the most military people in Europe, and, as we think, in consequence of that union. The Irish peasantry were indigent—the English artizans well paid. The penury of the Irishman urged him to enlist—the comparative comfort of the Englishman kept him from the army. The system of small farms, and the idleness inseparable from it, gave the Irishman an inclination for the military service, for, as Lord Bacon says, "generally all warlike people are a little idle." The factory system of England, and the unceasing industry inseparable from it, tended to divert the Englishman's mind from war, for, as Lord Bacon says, "delicate manufactures have in their nature a contrariety to a military disposition." The English became more and more civic, and a civic population is reluctant to exchange the comforts of the city for the hardships of the camp. The Irish became more and more rural, the competition of English manufactures gradually extinguishing those of native growth, and they gladly exchanged the misery of a cabin for the comforts of a barracks. Thus, there were four reasons: 1st, The condition of the continent; 2d, The position of the Catholic clergy; 3d, The misery of the Irish peasant; 4th, The comfort of the English artizan—all tending to throw the military service of the British empire into the hands of the Irish people. The British empire was never so great as between the extinction of the Irish Brigade in France and the second rush of the "exodus in Ireland." During this exodus the Irish emigrated to America with the spade, as before the American war they emigrated to France with the musket. Before the American war the English made use of German recruits, and since the exodus the Ministry have likewise had recourse to Germany. It is evident from all this that the Irish have served in large numbers in the British armies as soon as they ceased to serve in the Continental or Catholic armies.

But when you confide arms to a people, and engage them to defend your life and property, you must inevitably concede to them an equality of rights and privileges. He who is fit to be a soldier deems himself fit to be anything, and will soon insist upon this general aptitude. If the British empire could have excluded the Irish from military employment, they might have excluded them from every other occupation. But when this was conceded, nothing could be withheld from them. They purchased by their courage and their blood in the armies of England admittance into the Parliament of England.

It was impossible to refuse their claims to an equality of privileges and rights in the State when you had admitted them to an equality of perils and dangers in the army. The present influence of Catholics in the empire is an inevitable result of the very nature of things. The Englishman loved comfort, and stayed at home to enjoy it—the Irishman disliked misery, and went into the army to escape it. In the recent war, *neither* enlisted in as large numbers as the Government could desire. The Englishman still loves home, and will not enlist—the Irishman still hates misery, but escapes it by going to America.

ELECTRIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

From the Cork Constitution.

Lying at anchor off Queenstown, for the last few days, may have been observed a small, unsightly, ill-painted, rusty-bottomed screw steamer, without one point of attraction about her except the stars and stripes fluttering in the breeze. Yet that boat, and some of the officers she contains, have been the world's wonder for a season, and have just now concluded a task which is the forerunner of an event more wonderful still. The Arctic was the vessel that was sent to rescue Dr. Kane, who had previously gone to rescue Franklin. She was successful, and brought home Dr. Kane and his crew, who had been obliged to abandon his ship and search. She was then a light ship on the American coast. She is now the bearer of Lieutenant Strain, of Darien notoriety, and Captain Berriman, who once before, and now again, crossed from Newfoundland to take soundings of the whole Atlantic, from St. John's to Valencia, with a view to ascertain the probable success with which a telegraphic cable may be laid between these points. The result is satisfactory. For some 50 or 60 miles from St. John's, and again on this side, is a bank varying from 25 to 120 fathoms. Between these there is a grand plateau nearly level, the bottom soft, composed of shells so fine that only the microscope can discover them, each shell perfect in its minute beauty, proving the absence of currents at the bottom, and, with due deference to Stephenson and others, the want of that vast pressure which was to be so dreaded, and exhibiting at every point not only a capacity, but the most perfect capacity for the very use for which it is required. The whole apparatus for arriving at these facts is most perfect. Steam power, separate from those of the ship, works the axle from which the sounding-line is paid out.

Soundings have been taken to the depth of 27,000 fathoms. By a neat contrivance each sounding shows not only the depth, but the nature of the bottom, which is brought up in five quills, and the temperature of the water, the latter being given by the expansion or contraction of metallic spiral ribands placed round a centre pin, fixed at the top, and attached at the bottom to a needle, and indicator, the latter remaining fixed after the first has ceased to act, showing the exact variation between the surface and the bottom. Most careful drawings have been made by Mr. Van der Berg (to whom has been assigned the special post of draughtsman) of the soundings, showing a profile of the bottom of the sea with the greatest accuracy. There can be no doubt that communications between Ireland and St. John's, distance of 1,640 geographical miles, may be regarded as a certainty. It is in the hands of a small American company, but though small, if its members possess but a tithe of the energy of their representative, Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who is also here making every inquiry, it will be enough to overcome every difficulty. Captain Berriman laughs at laying the cable. He asks but a ship large enough and he will undertake to do it at ten miles an hour right across. The company have obtained the sole grant for erecting telegraphs through the whole of Newfoundland, and have already some 1,700 miles at work, or will have in a few days, which is in connection with the American lines. The difficulties and trials of temper in taking these soundings have been tremendous. Repeatedly after "paying out" tens of thousands of fathoms of line, and getting all up within some sixty or eighty, it was snapped and all had to be done again. Six and eight hours have been occupied in getting one sounding only, and these have been nearly every half degree the whole way across. From the captain to the cabin boy, each has given his willing aid. No trouble was thought too much—no time too long—each appeared to feel the honor of his nation at stake, and proud in every way to advance the object in view. They

have done their work well. Nature has granted all we could ask—art will soon do its part, while nature, science, and art, worked out by man's hand, will produce one grand whole to benefit mankind.

THE NEW IRISH PROPRIETARY.

From the Kilkenny Journal.

Let Ireland be grateful, for she has a very excellent prospect of escaping from all her old absurd Celtic prejudices, and basking in the glorious beam of British civilization. We find the following paragraph in the *Ballinasloe Star :*

"NEW SETTLERS.—The West of Ireland seems destined to be silently revolutionized by the Scot and Saxon. During the last week there have been a considerable number of new capitalists, on a small scale, looking out for farms. They are chiefly from the Northern counties of England, and are perfectly delighted with our climate and system of farming."

This is the real history of the country—the only history we have been "making" for several years. Our own poor unfortunate countrymen have been systematically exterminated, and the land has been handed over to British capital and adventure. Such is the delightful operation of our Land System. The rights of the poor creatures who have been tilling and improving the soil for centuries are altogether ignored, and English and Scottish capitalists are gradually taking possession of the country. There is scarcely a county in Ireland where a little colony from the other side of the Channel has not settled since the Incumbered Estates came into operation; and of course with new proprietors come new habits, and customs, and creeds—in fact, all those magnificent attributes which constitute England a Paradise of intellect and virtue!

But, after all, is this change of the proprietary of Ireland, which we regard with such philosophic complaisance, a subject for real congratulation? Take the case of Mr. Pollock as an illustration. He is a rich Scotchman, who purchased a Galway property, inhabited by nearly three thousand people whose families have been living there, generation after generation. What is his first step? Te serve them all with notices to quit, and by one single stroke to reduce them to the level of day-laborers! Is this any extravanant change for the better?

But, let us not be mistaken. We know that the Incumbered Estates Court has effected most beneficial changes throughout Ireland—eradicating a race of bad landlords, who both plundered the people and dishonored the country. We cannot be in ecstasies with it, however, because, in connection with the present odious Land System, it is simply a powerful engine in the hands of the stranger and the proselytizer.

These foreigners will never thoroughly harmonize with our own people. From the day on which the Norman first planted his iron-shod foot on Irish ground, it has pressed upon us heavily, and though occasionally, as *holders of the Irish soil*, Englishmen have been found in collision with the British Government, it was as a party, and not as expressing the Irish national feeling. The only approach to union which ever existed between the two races was during a short period of the "Confederation of Kilkenny" when the "Catholics of the Pale" for a moment forgot their contempt for the mere Irish under the pressure of the danger to which their common religion was exposed. Nor had the patriotism of Molyneux, Swift, or Berkeley, any higher origin than this—the desire of retaining their ascendancy over the Celtic people. Thus Molyneux says, in asserting the independence of Ireland: "Supposing Henry II. had a right to invade this island, and that he had been opposed therein by the inhabitants, it was only the *ancient race* of the Irish that could suffer by this subjugation; the English and Britons that came over and conquered with him retained all the freedom and immunities of free-born subjects, and there remains but a mere handful of the ancient Irish at this day." Swift invariably speaks with the utmost contempt of the "natives," meaning thereby the ancient Irish, as distinguished from those of English descent; and even Berkeley, the gentle Bishop of Cloyne, speaks in a similar strain.

Of course, the experiment will proceed, but there will never be a complete amalgamation of the two races. Reversing all the maxims of sound political economy, the present rulers of Ireland are simply sowing the seeds of a Revolution.

LAMARTINE ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

From the Cours Familiar de Litterature.

To one who has spent any portion of his life in this country, and has held intercourse with its superior intellects, it is manifest that the standard of excellence has not sunk from the time of Dante, of Machiavel, of Petrarch, of Tasso, till the present time. Italy is full of men of the same heart and genius—they only want a voice. Unity is broken, but individual energy survives. Let the federal unity, the only unity now possible in Italy, be restored, and the world will stand amazed at the intellectual superiority in every species of intellectual cultivation with which nature has endowed the modern Italians. This federal unity of Italy, however, will never be restored except under pressure of some great peril common to all the infinitely-divided nationalities within the Peninsula. Moreover, it would be found necessary to establish, for at least ten years, the protectorate of some armed power, which should have no designs of territorial aggrandizement, and should be willing to play the part of a mediator. I mean that this unity will not be restored, except amid the bloodshed of a terrific struggle—an European struggle, whereof the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont will, for the hundredth time, be the field. Nor is this all. There must be a generous magnanimity in that power which is to establish freedom and to play the part of a mediatrix. An European Washington can alone achieve this miracle. With the heroism to protect, without the ambition to conquer—such is the qualification—prodigiously rare, indeed—of the future liberator of Italy.

And here let me indulge in an historical digression—involuntary on my part—which circumstances force upon me without my seeking.

I am sometimes told in a tone of reproach—inspired, I believe, more by ignorance than by injustice—*tu es ille vir!*—Thou art the man!—or, rather, "Why was it, that in 1848 you did not see that you were the man?"

In order to understand why I have not been that man, my most secret thoughts at that time must be understood, as well as the mysteries of the truly novel position in which France then found herself—gasping in the agonies of a sudden unforeseen revolution, and encompassed with the perils of a newly-born republic. In a few words I will unfold my most secret thoughts, and the real character of the situation in which a revolution so sudden had placed France, of whose foreign policy I had the conduct. You will then judge whether the circumstances of my position were such as that I—and I alone—could have aided Italy, could have secured her independence, or interfered as her mediator. Italy herself will know whether to condemn or acquit me. I will admit everything, both for and against me. In history silence is falsehood. He who knows not everything knows nothing. I will tell all.

First, it is essential rightly to appreciate the man, to comprehend truly my individual character and the genius of the part I played in that terrible and sublime moment when the republic burst from the clouds with the speed and blinding brilliance of lightning. A government, for the origin of which I had no respect, but against which I had not plotted, had just been engulphed, and vanished in three hours without a struggle. Within an hour, surprised, as I was, like all the world, I thought (as I still think) that the only means of re-establishing at once a solid foundation of things was to proclaim upon the ruins of the vanished monarchy a republic of necessity and of safety, in order to prevent anarchy, and to allow the people time to await the meeting of a national sovereign assembly, the only power—at all times legal—which could be evoked to impose order, and to command respect throughout France. I was not a radical Republican, a subversive Republican, a chimerical Republican, dreaming of the overthrow of the foundations of government and civil society, in order to create out of blood and fire a new world, perfect in three hours. New worlds are not born except after slow gestation, and the laborious childhood of centuries. I was an *improvised* Republican, a Republican from expediency, a Republican upholding everything which ought to be upheld in society under the penalty of death—order, life, freedom of religion, property, industry, legal freedom, the mutual respect of all classes of citizens, peace between nations in their mutual independence, and in the spirit of their treaties the public law of Europe.

Was I wrong to be a conservative Republican? The Republicans of another school tell me I was; nevertheless I was what I was. A man creates neither his own nature nor his own convictions, nor his own conscience. Right or wrong I was a Conservative Republican. Had I been different, nothing would have been so reasonable, or so simple as to let the flames of France, by the mere current of the wind that was then blowing, kindle the world. Out of the general conflagration would have come what alone could come—a heap of ashes quenched with showers of blood, forthwith to be trampled under foot by a military tyranny. In the eyes of the future the Republicans would have been the incendiaries of the old world. Sad title to the respect and love of the nations desolated with fire, and delivered over, as the Erostrati had finished, to the tender mercies of the Mariuses of the north and of the south. According to this theory, the first cry of the Republic should have been, "To arms!" Two couplets added to the "Marseillaise," the one against the upper classes, the other against property, would have finished the business.

France, roused from her bed, would,

Like a proud river peering o'er its banks,

have flooded her frontiers and her laws—and woe to the world! Such were not my wishes for the new republic. My wish was to show once for all to Europe that between France and the neighboring powers—respected in their frontiers as in their independence—there was nothing incompatible. Mutual inviolability is the foundation of peace upon which reposes the world. To violate this foundation is not only a crime, it is war—wholesale murder—it is human blood thrown away at hazard and broadcast over the whole continent of Europe. And by what right? By right of an opinion, of a theory, of a fancy, of a vanity, of a whim of Danton, (and yet even Danton proclaimed only a defensive war, and negotiated with Prussia.) I confess my weakness. My conscience—the conscience of a man who fears God—spurned that game of human bloodshed whereof the stake is the life of his fellow-men. Despise me but acquit me. I kept the republic from an offensive war as a crime to humanity and to God; in thought I accepted for the republic nothing but a defensive and patriotic war. It was this scruple of conscience alone which dictated the manifesto to Europe. Scruple, do you say? I admit it; but at times a conscientious scruple is the best policy. Remember what happened. The confederated courts were deprived of all right of attacking the republic; the nations, respected and re-assured in the possession of their territory, came over to our principles, and within six weeks French diplomacy was the arbitrator of the world, having done no violence to any nation and without firing a single shot. Nevertheless, I did not for a moment disguise from myself the fact that we should hear of throbbings and agitations in Italy; that Germany would "put on her instruments" in order to uphold her *alien* but prescriptive power in Lombardy. I knew from the days of my youth the hesitating, repenting, relapsing, in short, to use a Latin word, the *extemporaneous* character of Charles Albert. I mistrusted the unreasonable hurry with which he would advance his army, or which he would submit to from his people. With this anticipation, too soon verified, it was necessary for the republic to assume a strong position of expectation by the Alps. I issued a decree for the army of the Alps, consisting of 60,000 men, and echeloned from Lyons to the frontier of the Var. What was the meaning of the army of the Alps? In my mind it had a twofold meaning, first, to be ready to descend into Piedmont on the first sign of peril to that power; next, to be ready to put down the religious, civil, socialist, and democratic commotions which might at any moment burst forth in the south of France—more ruled as it is by passion than the north—at Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Toulon, throughout the basin of the Saone and the Rhone. Thus the army of the Alps, by the mere fact of its existence, held peaceful dominion over Italy in front, and kept quiet by its right flank the south of France.

Again, what was this army of the Alps to do in Italy if the unreasonable rashness of Charles Albert should declare war against Austria; if, as I felt certain, Charles Albert should suffer a reverse, and if Austria, flushed with victory, should advance to invade Piedmont? Then, by the right which belongs to us, and for the legitimate cause of securing our own frontiers towards the south and the east, our army would have come down from the Alps into Piedmont, would have occupied the country, rallied the remnant of the valiant Piedmontese army, opposed the Austrian army, and fought, had that been necessary, for the evacuation and the independence of the whole Peninsula. But at that time fighting was not necessary; the revolution fought for us, in Hungary, in Prussia, at Frankfort, at Rome, at Naples, in Tuscany, at Vienna; and Austria, which had no existence except in her single army in Italy, had no notion of putting all to the hazard of a single battle; she thought only of the procuring for herself honorable conditions of retreat. She herself proposed to negotiate for the retreat to the foot of the Tyrol; in return for the evacuation of Lombard Italy, she asked only for the payment by Italy of her Italian debt. In such extremities there is little doubt but that 100,000 French covering 60,000 Piedmontese in the plains of Piedmont would have achieved, by their mere presence, or by the prestige of their name, the freedom of Italy. This is the less doubtful when we consider that Turin, Milan, Genoa, Parma, Piacenza, Bologna, Venice, Florence, Leghorn, Rome, Naples, Calabria and Sicily, had already, with no less patriotic enthusiasm, taken arms; that this military movement, still somewhat hesitating in a country unaccustomed to arms, would have increased, multiplied, and acquired organization on the right flank of the French army, and that Italy, in six months, would have become a forest of bayonets, ineffective, perhaps, but full of heroic spirit, like that which called the militia to arms.

What would then have happened in Italy? We have not the secrets of fate, but we may assert that we should have had what France would have advised, and what is consistent with the old constitution of five or six Italys—namely, an united patriotic confederation of all these Italys under their various political character, and under the protecting mediation of France. The national and military union of the political diversities would have been somewhat analogous to the Hellenic confederation of the towns, kingdoms, republics of the Peloponnesus, and the islands under the protection of the Macedonian phalanxes. No doubt there would have been agitations, blind restlessness, anomalies, inexperience, collisions, rivalries, excess in attack, excess in resistance; but the active armed mediation of France would have been a dictatorship of common safety—accepted from necessity until the time when this amphyctyony of allies could be replaced by this amphyctyony of the Italians established and armed in their own towns. Since the middle ages Italy is more municipal than national; a municipal confederation is the necessary form of its constitution. You cannot prevail against nature. But what a municipal confederation would that be which had, as its municipalities, capital cities, such as Milan, Turin, at the foot of the Alps, Genoa on the right, Venice on the left, Florence, Leghorn, Bologna, at the foot of the Apennines, Rome in the middle, Naples at the top, Palermo and Messina in its waters? And what a revival of political, military, oratorical, and literary greatness might be anticipated from a nation of 20,000,000 of men, endowed with a mind, genius, and more reason than light-minded Athens.

Such were my thoughts on Italy. I know that they will seem offensive to those Italians who urged the impracticable scheme of an union without bond, and an emancipation without emancipators. My duty was not to flatter Italy, but to save her. I did not flatter her. I did not excite the unseasonable risings of 1848. I call to witness her ambassador and her patriots of that day. Let them say whether I did not use my sincere efforts to turn aside King Charles Albert from his scheme of aggression, in which I foresaw his destruction? Let them remember my words at the tribune, too full of meaning. All the songs sung are not Marseillaises. At the present time I speak my mind of this nation with all sincerity; ripe for independence—ripe for liberty—ripe in eloquence—ripe in genius—it is not ripe for arms. Liberty placed those arms in its hands; but it needed a people of soldiers and veterans in glory like the French to teach the use of them. You may improvise liberty, but you cannot improvise the armies to defend it. There must be armies around the cradle of a new-born liberty. Let the future confute me if I am wrong; but let not the earnest patriots abuse me. My prudent and temporising policy on their behalf was more Italian than the policy of Charles Albert; it is the same even now, but for other reasons.

But, reply the Italians, embittered by exile; but, say the radicals of the revolutionary war in France, wherefore did not the army of the Alps go down into Italy after the defeat of Charles Albert, to assume that noble part of armed mediator, or of a combatant for Italy, which you had designed for it at its creation, and which you had put off until the hour when Piedmont should be invaded by the Austrian army? Alas, it is not I who must answer this: it is a date full of sadness. The day on which the defeat of Charles Albert was foreseen at Paris was the day when the order of march for the army of the Alps was without a moment's hesitation drawn up by the government of the republic.

The fatal communist or democratical insurrection of June involved the resignation of the government. Whilst the government fought in the streets of Paris for the safety of the republic and of the Assembly; whilst it triumphed through the army which it had prepared by the general which it had appointed, by its own hand, being itself both leader and soldier, exposing its life to the fire in order to defend the national repsesentation, that same national representation—the people—conceived the odious suspicion of a secret complicity with its enemies, and hastily demanded back from it the Executive power, in order to confer it upon a dictator as patriotic but not more devoted to France. The fatal coincidence of the battle of Paris with the defeat of Piedmont, entombed in the same abyss all the plans and all the dreams. A stranger since that day to the government, I know not what were the thoughts and the necessities of the successive governments of the republic in regard to Italy. All I can assert is, that the events of June, notwithstanding their importance, would not have hindered me from sending the army of the Alps down into Piedmont. All France was up and armed in defence of her civilization, her families, her property, her altars, her representative sovereignty, against some handful of destroyers who were annihilated by their own madness. The power of France within herself was increased an hundred fold; her military power was re-established, after five months of an energetic re-organization of her armies; France had no need of 100,000 men in readiness on the Alps or in Algeria to preserve her from the communists who are her aversion; Italy had need of them that she might remain Italy.

Such were my wishes for Italy; such were the things I did for her without her knowing it; such were the things decreed both for her and for me by an opposing destiny in the days of June, 1848. In those days, not only did France bleed, but Italy perished. Let us bewail together the madness of these destroyers of liberty and of themselves; but make no charges against us—Italy and us. We are innocent; destiny is to blame.

Had I been Italian in blood as I am Italian at heart, could I have conceived more filial thoughts to Italy? Could I without violence to the other powers and with more lawful zeal for her have opened a fairer prospect of national, political and literary revival! Let reflection and conscience declare the truth.

WM. SMITH O'BRIEN.

From the Limerick Observer.

This honorable gentleman has been in some degree compensating for the tedium of his weary exile by revisiting the scenes of his early youth—those historic and picturesque spots over which

"His childhood's footsteps loved to linger."

Since his return to Ireland he has visited some of the most interesting localities in Munster and Connaught. The visit from which he this day returned to Limerick, has not been the least interesting or agreeable. He left, on Saturday last, on a visit to our esteemed fellow-citizen, Francis Spaight, Esq., at his noble mansion, Derry Castle, on the shores of Lough Derg, with the elegant demesne and enchanting scenery of wood and water. He proceeded yesterday, accompanied by the Right Worshipful James Spaight, Mayor of Limerick, on an aquatic excursion up the river, which afforded him much enjoyment. The ever-varying panoramic views on all sides, as the boat glided slowly up the lake, seemed to excite his warmest admiration; the natural loveliness of that dear old land, from which, at one eventful period, it seemed to have been decreed that he would have been separated forever. Arrived at the holy island, he examined with great interest Sir Turlogh O'Brien's monument, with its ancient, quaint inscription. He next visited, on the side of one of the hills of Derry—the graves of the Leinster men—the interesting legend connected with which we shall give in our next. We were much gratified to see so decided an improvement in Mr. O'Brien's health and complexion, since his return to his native land; showing an elasticity of body and resuperative power of constitution, which we fervently trust he may live many years to enjoy.

Answers to Correspondents.

TO FELICIA.
(FROM THE GERMAN.)

All the storms that rock my nature—
All the thoughtful calms that come,
As gray memories after action,
That in fullness must be dumb—

All the shadowy wraiths that haunt us,
Which men conjure from their glooms,
Becoming ghosts in thought to read
The future from their tombs——

All those storms, my own Felicia,
All those glooms—those living graves,
You can equalize by glancing,
As the skies o'er-rule the waves.

FINGAL.

"CORKMAN" writes us a letter concerning the duties of Irishmen in the coming Presidential election. We omit his complimentary sentences regarding ourselves, and come immediately to the body and soul of his communication. He says—"Three gentlemen are in the field, each of whom is backed by a numerous party, and it is said that owing to the mean, malicious and untruthful part taken by the organ that altogether advocates and represents the party, which has lately changed its name—that is the American party!—that Mr. Fremont will have a large portion of the "Catholic or Irish vote." Abuse of Irishmen and of the religion to which they have adhered with wonderful fidelity, characterize the leaders in this journal, and it would be desirable to put an extinguisher upon them. When a want of generosity, untruthfulness and a desire to falsify the Irish and their creed exist, it is desirable that every Irish gentleman should turn out and become a "brick." Where are your walls and fortifications, said one distinguished military leader to another whom he visited, for whose especial honor a splendid military pageant was got up—there, said the host, pointing to his troops, are the walls, and every man is a "brick." This sir, is an old story, and may be worth repeating; ior if the walls of the Constitution, founded by Washington, preserved and guarded as they have been by so many eminent men, are in danger, or partly pulled down, it is to be hoped that the derided, insulted poor Irishman who has contributed so much to the glory and greatness of this country, will rush to the gap, and that every man of them will prove himself a "brick."

Early in November, at the request of several officers and privates of the New-York State Militia, Thomas Francis Meagher will deliver a Lecture in behalf of the widow and child of the late Captain Patrick Kerrigan, Commandant of the "*New-York Irish Dragoons.*" From several letters received at this office, from Generals of Brigade, Colonels of Regiments, members of the Major-General's Staff, and several others—all of them distinguished in the *militia* and of high standing in the community—this effort to befriend the family of a true-hearted and whole-souled citizen, promises to be perfectly splendid in its success. It will be a magnificent Military event.

Mr. A. Henry, editor of the *West Alabamian*, writing to us from Carrolton, Pickens Co., Ala., says—"From extracts, I have formed a good opinion of your paper. I am rejoiced to know that you are on the right side in the Presidential canvass. Every Irishman who has a legal vote, should give it to old Buck next November, because, in so doing, he not only supports the best man—the only national man—but he helps to strengthen the democratic party; the party which has always stood up to, and protected the exile and emigrant (the Irish especially,) in the enjoyment of liberty, and protected him in his rights. Buchanan will carry Alabama by from 12 to 15, or may be 20,000 votes. Keep the Irish straight. Respectfully, &c."

"MALACHI"—It is a subject entirely outside of our province. It is difficult to say what occupation such a youth as yourself is best fitted for. At all events it is not by bothering strangers with letters that you will earn a livelihood in this country of energy and activity. Go about the first thing that offers and feel yourself capable of doing something. In a short time you will be able for anything, unless you are thoroughly good for nothing.

We are obliged to hold over our notice of the October Magazines until next week.

☞ Parties who receive the NEWS in a *white cover* will please regard it as an intimation that their subscription has expired, and do us the favor of an immediate renewal.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1856.

THE IRISH VOTE.

These words ought never to be mentioned. We sincerely deprecate the phrase. Political organizations, founded upon memories, hopes, and partialities of any country outside this Commonwealth, conflict with the integrity of the American Republic. Everybody knows what the American Republic means. It is bounded by the Pacific on the west, and the Atlantic on the east. Canada is a fringe—a very tattered one, on the north—and Central America a faded bouquet on the south. Botany and Republicanism will revive them both.

We sincerely deprecate every effort and syllable made or uttered to isolate the people, who thrown in here from Irish soil, have found their homes under the Flag of Washington. For it was he who made this Flag the symbol of a powerful and portentous nation. Such language may sound exaggerative, but we who have seen America from the Sierra Nevada to the Kaatskill, feel that no language is too exaggerative in the description of its promises, exuberant capabilities, and powers that are irrepressible.

As we have said, there should be no Irish vote here. There should be no Swiss vote. There should be no German vote. All these phrases tend to dislocate a great community which should be compact and indivisible. They tend—in fact they substitute different nationalities, each of them strongly marked and colored—for a people which should be a unit in political action, creed, enthusiasm, and hope.

No syllable has ever dropped from us—neither from pen nor tongue—to excite and perpetuate, within this commonwealth, this heterogeneous diversity of race. On the contrary, we regard this country as the great starting point—the promised land of patriots and inspired historians—men who feel that God has placed men upon this earth to do something nobler than fill their pockets, and exact exorbitant interest from the mendicant necessities of their poor brethren. We look up to it, not as the refuge—for that is a despicable word—but as the saving ark and regeneration of the world.

Not as the copyist and footstool of European princes, but as the great, stalwart, supreme Apostle of a new order of politics, social life, and national splendor, do we regard this confederacy of States, and vow to it, as we devotedly do, our heart, intellect, and blood.

But, heretofore, men have appealed to the diverse nationalities, the fragments of which have been flung in upon this land. Politicians—fluent and conscienceless reprobates—limitless gamblers in the great game of which Princes and Peoples are the stipulated stakes—statesmen even—orators of golden tongue—oracles of the pulpit, regardless of the noble Christianity in which all distinctive races should be submerged—have evoked the sentiment, and it may be the power, which, heading as it does this article, we deprecate and deplore.

However, deplore it as we may—deprecate as we may—even though Know-Nothings may legislate it down—it is a fact—a stubborn fact—and no fictitious phrase.

Being so, we are not to deal with it as we would with any speculative rumor of the day. We are to deal with it as we would with the Hudson, did we desire to cross it.

However created, provoked, magnified—whatever consequence or legitimacy attaches to it—there it stands—the Irish Vote. Desperate efforts are made by the followers of Fremont to have that vote. Their efforts are utterly and absolutely fruitless. They may publish Bulls, and O'Connell's Speeches, letters from James Haughton—scraps and scrapings from disordered epochs, and powerful but mere temporary demagogues—men of the hour and some floating phrase, but no erudite statesman or staunch patriot, with a successful country to give authenticity to his maxims—all their quotations and appeals, even those from the sarcophagus of O'Connell, are utterly unavailing.

The Irish vote—a substantial fact, as these Fremont men have by their sectional harangues made it—or if not made it, have in the political mass of the country notoriously thrown it out, and isolated from the aggregate in which it should be merged—this Irish vote, on religious grounds, on political grounds, from the intense love and loyalty the Irish race bear to the Constitution of the United States—of which their kinsmen, Calhoun, Jackson, and Buchanan have been the strict interpreters and champions—that vote shall be cast in a storm against them—that is against Fremont and for Buchanan.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

The age of Elizabeths of England and Catherines of Russia is gone by. Modern civilization does not favor the ambitious woman. In the past, she did not so much conquer the world by those gentler attributes which belong to woman, as startle it, by those more vigorous qualities which belong to man. But modern civilization, leading woman with graceful hand from those unbecoming positions into which feudal custom occasionally threw her, admonished her that, to enlist the sympathy and promote the welfare of Humanity, she must confine her lovely orbit within that sphere which the Creator designed it to adorn. The sphere of woman is the moral sphere. The moral agent, in the family circle which revolves round her sweet light, she becomes the most powerful and the most graceful agent for good upon the earth. The true friend of religion, the indefatigable inspirer of what is noble and lofty in man, the loving and disinterested adviser of the husband, the gentle, earnest teacher of the child—who can measure the beauty of the goodness a good woman can effect? If the impulses of a higher nature inspire, and education, and circumstances, and duty to those who, by the music of the blood, claim the tenderest cord in woman's soul, permit, who can expose with such chastening chastisement the iniquities of the wrong and the strong, and the sufferings of the righteous and the weak? Who can clothe with such consolation the heart of sorrow, or make so beautiful to the dying the avenue of the grave? The little hand of Jeptha can best slay the Holofernes of vice.

The time of Cleopatra, too, is gone by, because the time is gone by when homage is paid to vice and selfishness, on account of the fascinating drapery with which glorious endowment, acquired attainment, or incidental splendor of circumstance may treacherously surround the decaying disease. This age is past, and that of glory to women, who distinguish themselves in the field of moral heroism, has succeeded. The great obstacle to woman's triumphs in this beautiful sphere to which modern civilization has called her, is that ignorance, which too often clouds the female mind, and makes it unconscious of its own power and capability. The human mind is always slow to perceive the existence of powers, as long as the senses have not been struck with capabilities which only opportunity can shape into action. It is so with man, it is so with woman. It is the beautiful ambition of knowlege, and gentle cultivation of mind, which is not yet sufficiently developed in woman. Woman's spiritual nature is purer than that of man, but if unstrengthened by knowledge, it can only work by starts of intuitive impulse, instead of regular and directed steadiness. The animal character which marked the relations between woman and man, no longer exists in its primitive rudeness, but as long as man continues to flatter the fancy of woman, instead of appealing to her mind, it must still disfigure the communion of the sexes with its lingering trace. The grossness of the animal relation has become refined. Outward respect is paid to woman, but no respect is paid to her loftier nature, and no homage addressed to her intellect and mind. Hence it is, that woman does not feel the inducement to gather up her strength and shake off the cloud which hangs with dull weight upon her soul. As long as man grovels in materialism and selfishness, so long will woman trifle life away in silliness and frivolity. Woman's nature is passive, and leans upon man. As soon as he is fired with noble impulse, she gathers inspiration intuitively. When great revolutions rouse the apathy of man, she is the first to catch the holy flame. And once caught, there is no sacrifice with which her beautiful selfdenial will not feed it. Thus it was with the women of Carthage, who stripped the trailing tress to make a cross-bow for the warrior? Thus with the women of America, from whose patriotic fire our Revolution drew its strongest inspiration. But the question is, whether what is now an impulsive start may not be made a steady principle. Starred by sentimental, sickly youths, and foolish, fashionable old bachelors, so high that no man can reach her, she is only so stared at to be in reality lowered to a level to which no man will descend to raise her. Praised for the beauty of her eyes, the luxuriance of her hair, the gracefulness of her face—which pass away—she forgets to cultivate the beauty of her mind, the luxuriance of her soul, the gracefulness of her intellect—which last. Always left to guess at the drift of man's doings, never made to comprehend them, an ornament of Princes—a toy, a plaything, a spoiled child, a graceful drone, a thing to be cajoled, and carped at, to be looked up to fictitiously as an angel, to be the better in reality trampled on as a brute—to have her fancy tickled, her sweet smile awoke, but never to receive the manly homage of an enlistment of her feeling, or an elicitation of her thought. Yet woman is superior to man in power of feeling. Man is superior to woman in power of thinking. If woman's heart is touched, she acts. If a man's brain is stirred, he acts.

In few natures has this union found so beautiful a dwelling as in that of Florence Nightingale, the heroine of the East. Born of parents who are of the truest type of that rare, and where found, richest vein of the mine of mortality, the pure gentleman and lady, Miss Nightingale learned from a child to love what was noble, to scorn what was mean, to feel for those who were in sorrow, and to aid those who were poor. The family seat of Elmsly Park is bedded in one of those beautiful wooded vales of Hampshire, whose quiet beauty the engine has not yet blasted with his fiery breath. It is about two miles from Broadlands, the country seat of Lord Palmerston, between whose family and the Nightingales relations of the fondest friendship have long existed.

In the beautiful old English manor house, which sleeps in the soft valley beneath the shadow of a neighboring spire that rises above it as a sentinel Angel, and seems to gather in its peaceful fold all that comprises the perfection in its highest and loveliest sense of home, Florence Nightingale, with gentle culture, passed from childhood into youth. She has one sister, of the same beautiful nature as herself. There is no other child, and in the summer evenings the two girls might be seen, in the plain cottage bonnet and simple dress of an English lady, with the neat rush basket in hand, hastening to bring a few light luxuries to the bedside of some poor or sick cottager. As they passed, came from every side a blessing and a smile; and in many a humble home of Hampshire, the name of Florence Nightingale lingers as a household word. Miss Nightingale speaks seven languages, and is a proficient in various sciences. As her religion has been made a subject of discussion by some canting hypocrites of England, we may mention, that though from the absence of a clergyman of her own persuasion she attends when in the country the neighboring Episcopal church, she is in conviction and strict observance a Unitarian. Mr. Bonham Carter, member for Winchester, her cousin, has conformed to the Established Church, like many other English Unitarians, in deference to the false fashion which usually looks down upon all who are not of the select State creed. But the Nightingales have adhered with unshaken devotion to the Unitarian faith.

In person Miss Nightingale is frail and delicate. There is at times a shade of strange sadness passing over her pale and thoughful face, but when it lights it is full of sweet vivacity. And few can depict with more delicious archness the stupid sentimentality of a snob, or prude pretension of a pedant. Her lip is full at the same time of gentleness and strength. For several seasons Miss Nightingale mingled in the brilliant gaieties of London life, and though not physically beautiful, there hung

about her a grace, and thought, and a spirituality which lent a more interesting charm. But though possessed of ample fortune, she steadily refused to give to one that which was meant for many, and at the bedsides of the German hospitals studied for some years, and took her degree in that lovely science which she practised in the East. There, where all was chaos and confusion, and pestilence and poison, and filth and fetidness, this beautiful *vivandiere* of humanity, by her gentle rule made comfort and cleanliness. What all the miserable Ministers and strong soldiers of England failed to do, one woman, of fragile form but firm heart did. Her devotion dreaded no danger. Her sacrifice has softened suffering. Her duty has not blanched at death. The woman's heroism has redeemed the nation's shame.

Modesty and humility go ever in woman, as in man, hand in hand with genuine knowledge and conscious power. Women of the Nightingale nature instinctively shrink from notoriety. They love to discharge their heroic task from a simple sense of duty. But if they do not court notoriety they do not dread it, if unsolicited it is the creation of the beauteousness of noble deeds. With the soul's eye forced on heaven, the mind's eye grasping the interests of earth, not even the most delicate scruples of gentle reserve and graceful modesty can trammel the determination of such women, if Humanity bids them forth. Florence Nightingale stands not alone. She has, thank Heaven, many beautiful sisters, who travel on their lovely path unseen, and who even more than her, ask no reward but the smile of the angel who records their deeds above.

Among that beautiful band of Angels, who hovered with soothing wings over the bloody battle-fields of Inkermann and the Alma, were many, nay most, of an army of comforters, who need no great occasion to call them forth, but who silently and noiselessly wherever is suffering and sorrow, hold up the redeeming cup from the burning plains of Singapore to the wild prairies of Wisconsin. And now that Florence Nightingale has retired to her home crowned with a world's admiration, let it not be forgotten that there are in this city, and every great city in the world, a citadel of Catholic humanity, from which walk forth every day, a hundred Florence Nightingales,—those unsung angels, the Sisterhood of Charity.

A NATIONAL LOSS.

The *Adriatic* has not yet been wedded to the impatient sea. It lies—as Canning described the English war-ships in his speech at Portsmouth—sleeping on its shadows in the bold stream which washes on the East the docks and warehouses of this Venetian city. Sailors, merchants, statesmen, Grand-Dukes, and imperial Princes look for her eagerly.

She is to be the wonder of the ocean. What Cleopatra's silken-sailed galley was to the Nile—what the Bucentaur was to the calm waters which wash the lion-crowned pillars of Saint Mark—what the royal Harry was to the stately reign of the great Lutheran king of England—what the beaver-tailed steam monarchs, sweeping with their freight of crimson-coated battalions through the golden-gated Bosphorus have been in history, to the serene magistracy of Victoria—this noble structure, now anchored close within hearing of our city-bells, will be to this age and this republic.

So too with the *Niagara*, destined to bear in its staunch bosom the thunders of the New World—a fierce, but beautiful Amazonian of the seas—which, but the other day, this gay, brisk and fortunate community baptized. Wreaths of luscious flowers—the Magnolia of the South, and the still whiter glories of the gardens that border on the Canadian Lakes—fell upon her brow, as she leaped to life, with a buoyant plunge and tumult amid the waving kerchiefs, the saluting hands, and the uproarious thunders of our mercantile and federal ships. The Republic, with its great wings spread, and its trumpet pealing—as Michael Angelo would have pictured it—hailed the birth and baptism of its daughter, and through the heavens, above the seas, announced her swiftness, invincibility, and glory.

He who in his clear brain devised those perfect and potent structures—those Minervas of the deep—so full of grace, yet so full of fury, energy, and vengeance, lies tame and cold this night—gone from this earth in the activity and splendor of his brain. Shipwrecked in a squall of fortune, he lies stranded on an ignoble beach, with these proud monuments, with swelling sails, panting for their career of armed Democracy and Freedom, streaming from their stately spars, evidences to the world of his genius and calamity.

Thus God afflicts the world.

Thus God teaches this troubled planet—thus in vivid characters—vivid as the lightning in the Tropics—that the Humanity He saved once, which He watches, the glory of which shall be His glory, is not in the keeping of one favored brain—fruitful as it may have been—productive in gorgeous fabrics of skilled workmanship and scientific calculation as they may have been—but that, as the sun shines, as the storms blow, as the great rivers exhaust their lives in a depth, which, like man's life, no line can fathom, his bounteousness overlooks all wrecks and losses, and even in the half-finished works of those He has taken from us, leaves—as the brazen serpents in the wilderness—tokens of His watchfulness, and assurances of his Providence.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.—A BURIAL AND A BRIDAL.

The humblest writer on the Press leads a chequered life. He passes through the shadows and the effulgences which alternately divide this poor Earth into Elysium and Erebus. One day he congratulates his friend upon the budding hope of his house and fame. He walks along, and having met a schoolfellow whose footsteps have tracked through the desert the pompous footprints of Crusaders and buccaneers—the Richards and Pizarros of a presumptuous massacre and conquest—congratulates him upon his adventurous achievement.

Paris, under the rule of its equivocal Augustus ; Vienna, with its subdued pleasures and diplomatic neutrality ; Italy, with its confused intrigues and struggles for unity, and its lyric and historic aspirations for a resurrectionary stability and splendor—these, and a multitude of other names and topics, excite his sympathies, the hazardous goodness of his heart, and the fluent fervor of his pen.

Apart from these—low down, as it were, in the Valley of Life—come the roses which win his smile, or the cypress which with its cheerless shadow compel him to the saddest meditation.

Into these remarks we have been led by the occurrence of two events which have taken place since the last issue of this paper.

On Friday week, in the quiet, sweetly-colored aisles of Grace Church, surrounded by many of the oldest and most venerated citizens of this great city—with a crowd of healthful, prosperous, and proud young fellows round us and about us—with the solemn service of the dead breaking on our ears in muttered accents, from a gray-haired feeble minister of God—we looked upon the coffin of a friend, whose heart was sunshine to us, exiles and strangers as we were, in moments of the most tearful solicitude and trouble. Did we not throw a chaplet of tributary flowers upon that coffin, we should feel that a good, a gracious, and a grateful duty had been neglected. There are men who say that public life is a sterile ground in which none of the sweetnesses and piety of humanity take root. There are men—and in this day their name is Legion—who would, with an iron sword, preserve this life from all intrusion, the kindliest and most genial that could approach it.

Perish this harsh doctrine! Away with these stubborn preachers and panygerists of mere cash and falsehood! The world is as beautiful as it ever was, and they who in spite of Civilization, Commerce, and the Practical Good Sense of the Nineteenth Century, which after all is Hypocrisy enthroned, and nothing else—inculcate the contrary doctrine, we spurn rom us as we do thieves and loafers. If a good heart—a full, generous, guileless heart—quickness to perceive the malevolence of the intriguing world, and promptitude to repel it—if a chivalrous anxiety to see liberality of heart crowned with success, and the goodness of impoverished Patriotism and qneenly Republicanism—if an eager curiosity to detect and a swift promptness to expose the malignant spies and conspirators against the decency and happiness of society—if a brave young fellow, with the best of impulses, the kindliest and most impressionable disposition, and a future of social and civic honors crowding on his foreshadowed path through this our rich and stalwart Commonweaith, which path he would have noiselessly, unostentatiously, but firmly and right honorably trod—if such incidents and features in a young man's life deserve an epitaph, James Roosevelt has it from all those who knew him from childhood up to manhood, as he has it from one, a sorrowing friend, who but knew him, but yet felt his warmth and freshness, and the promise of a fruitful morrow, in the quick sunset of his day.

Over this black coffin, under the lid of which so many hopes and promises have crumbled into dust, we offer our condolences.

But, as we have said, the humblest writer on this poor press, passes from clime to climate—from clouds to sunshine, with a strange rapidity ; delicate men who write great histories in velvet-cushioned libraries, would say it was the rapidity—possibly the eccentricity—of a vagabond. But so it is. We obey our fate. From Erebus to Elysium.

Wandering about the world—having with his wild harp, from some obscure crevice of Glendalough, stirred the rebel blood of Ireland—having with his seraphic symphonies touched and kindled into the purest ecstasy, with his stanzas addressed to the "Sister of Charity," the most lawless and reckless scapegrace in and about Dublin—after having drained to the dregs, as Gerald Griffin did, in his London garret, the cup which all men of genius and sincerity, without any magnificent insolvencies to suckle from, find it profitable to do, even in this Democratic Commonwealth—wandering from the wooded outskirts of the Liffey, where he lived, as hundreds of brave young students did, hungering for the realization of the ideal which their love and converse with the stormy past, sustained by their intellectual identification, vehement and intense—for such it was—with the Bards and Chiefs of the antique and Medieval days of Ireland, evoked—wandering to these shores, through palmetto and magnolia groves, our gentle-minded, bright-souled friend, Richard D'Alton Williams, has found his shelter—his sweet shelter and his solace—in a poet's Elysium, at last. In a word, *Shamrock* is married.

Speranza, with her resonant, stately rhymes—*Mary*, with sounds as sweet and throbbing as the Shandon bells—*Eva*, with all the wild music of the Loughs and Brakes westward of the Shannon—*Desmond*, with the combined spirit of the "race of McCanra," waking all the echoes from Ceim-en-neigh to Cairn Thuathl—the poor weaver of Belfast, who wove in the midst of sordid linen such brilliant textures of Hope and Faith—Barry, who, with shrouded head and humbled cadences still lisps in canticles for the Irish Conscripts who fell in heaps at Inkermann—all the minstrels, loving and glowing, who urged a dead nation into life, surround the bridal altar of our friend *Shamrock*, weaving shamrocks with the white blossoms which bloom for him in the forest-gardens of the Mississippi.

THE LATE CAPTAIN KERRIGAN.

Several weeks have elapsed since the painful duty of noticing the death of this true-hearted Irishman devolved upon us. In the meantime his friends have not been forgetful of him. Those he left lonely—his wife and child—have been the objects of the most careful interest and solicitude. His old comrades in arms, from the moment their captain breathed his last, adopted his family as the favorites of their *corps*. To Lieutenant Greene the largest thanks are due for the modest but most generous evidence he gave of the feelings which in these few words, on behalf of the *Irish Dragoons*, we have so imperfectly expressed. At his suggestion, and with the full sanction and liveliest co-operation of the officers and privates of the Irish military organizitions of New-York, a lecture will be, in a short time—certainly before the end of November—delivered by the Editor of the Irish News. The object of the lecture is already obvious from these remarks. To provide a competence for the widow and offspring of a man whose purse and heart, whose hand and hospitality, were ever open when a forlorn countryman of his required its help and warmth—this is the pious and grateful aim of the lecture, to which, for the first time, we give this publicity.

Not for any vague and driftless project—not for any profitless expenditure of charity and enthusiasm—do we write these words. A good, gracious, substantial act is to be done—done by Irish soldiers in the service of the American Republic—and we feel confident that the intimation we whisper in these syllables—faint and inconsecutive as they are—will insure in the Tabernacle, before the snow falls, or the glorious red leaves have turned to white ashes on his grave, the grandest crowd of bayonets, plumes, and helmets that have ever flung brilliancy on that favorite Forum of our Democracy.

For this occasion—as pious, useful, and gracious, as ever drew gallant men together—let the Irish soldiers of our Militia reserve their zeal and husband their resources.

European Notes.

Europe is dull enough just now, the only occurrences which agitate it being the echoes of the gorgeous mummery attending the Coronation of the Russian Emperor, and the up-heaving of a fresh tide of chartist agitation in England, consequent upon the return of John Frost. A meeting of welcome to the exile was held at which were present ten thousand persons, Ernest Jones presiding.

Switzerland has repudiated the claims of Prussia on its canton. The *Suisse* journal announces that the Federal Council has replied to the note presented to it by the Prussian representative (M. de Sydow) in reference to Neufchatel, in which note the Prussian Government reserved its right of sovereignty over the canton.

In reply, the Federal Council declares that it cannot admit the right claimed by Prussia, for the reasons already expressed in the negative reply of the Federal Directory of the 1st and 6th of March, 1848 ; and the Council expresses regret that events in every way deplorable, should have given a motive for the renewal of the protest. According to the same journal, M. de Sydow had an interview with M. Stompfli, President of the Federal Council, from whom he demanded that the prisoners should be treated with kindness, and that the judicial inquiry and trial should not be too hastily conducted, as such a course might complicate still more the diplomatic relations of Prussia with the Confederation, and might create fresh difficulties.

We are glad to find that Mr. John Vance, of the 12th Ward, has received the regular Democratic nomination for the 60th Council District. Mr. Vance is a sound Democrat, and will, we are certain, receive the cordial and unanimous support of the Democratic party.

Literature.

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.*

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

They were packed like swine in the dark and suffocating entrails of the ship—tier above tier of human wretchedness and squalor, and in such confusion that decency and the distinctions of sex were speedily lost sight of. Girls of notorious character were on board, and not only associated freely with the rest, but exercised, through the sailors and mates, an authority which it was neither easy nor quite safe to resist. In company with the ruffians who "protected" them, they usurped the passengers' fire-galley from morning till night; nothing could be cooked without their leave: not so much as a drop of boiling water could be had to make tea for a dying mother, unless the daughter who asked it courted the favor of these prostitutes by a bribe, or purchased the assistance of some ruffian at a price not fit to be recorded. The captain replied to all complaints with an oath; the mates were leaders of the disorder, and, therefore, nothing could be hoped from them. The supercargo—of whom more anon—declared the idea of complaining when they reached New York, was about the best joke of the season—more substantial than the sea-serpent and quite as funny as the woolly horse!

The ship was as yet but ten days out and already the captain had proclaimed her short of provisions: half rations and a quart of water *per diem* must henceforth be the order of the day.

Among the passengers on board were two young girls from the County Wexford, with whom Ned Morgan soon struck up an acquaintance, and in whose behalf the best feelings of our hero were quickly interested. They were sisters, named Anne and Ellen Plunkett, and had taken a little state-room in the second cabin, where Morgan also stayed. Their dress and conversation bespoke them of a better class than the average of their associates, with whom they held as little intercourse as possible. In particular, they avoided the society of a Mrs. Muldoon, a handsome, flashy-looking, noisy woman, who declared herself en route to join her husband at Troy, but whose intimacy with the chief mate—a swarthy-visaged ruffian called Maine—was notorious to every one on board. Far from being ashamed of, or wishing to conceal this fact, Mrs. Muldoon, with a strange infatuation, seemed to glory in her infamy, and never lost an opportunity of displaying the power which the mate's protection conferred. At first she tried to curry favor with the Plunketts, but finding her advances firmly, though cautiously repulsed, every energy of her bitter spirit was thenceforward directed to make them feel her vengeance. Their room was kept by far the neatest and cleanliest in the ship, but Mrs. Muldoon complained of it as a nuisance, likely to breed disease. Maine answered with a grin, and said, "I guess I'll fix 'em for you!" In another minute he returned, followed by one of the stow-aways, with two buckets of greasy slops from the cook's galley. Pushing the door of the bedroom open, the two girls were discovered on their knees before an ivory crucifix, which hung above their berth. The boards they knelt on were cleaner than the captain's table; the spotless linen on the bed; the taste with which some simple draperies were arranged; the books which stood upon the shelf, and the prints which did their best to give an air of comfort to the naked walls—all these presented a picture, the like of which for cleanliness or cheerfulness could nowhere else be found on board that floating hell.

"Shall I do it?" asked Maine, taking a bucket from the stow-away.

"It's odious—it poisons the cabin!" replied his paramour, with a glance of triumphant malice. "It raaly ought to be washed out by somebody, for them girls is a disgrace."

Anne and Ellen had not risen from their knees. More astonished than frightened, they looked round to see of whom the parties could be speaking.

"Here goes then!" cried the ruffian, and in another instant the bed was deluged with the abominable mixture, the girls springing to either side in time to avoid the stream.

Maine was about to give them the other bucket, when a strong hand wrested it from his grasp; in another instant he was sprawling, apparently lifeless, on the floor—his head receiving a deep gash from the corner of a trunk against which he fell; while Mrs. Muldoon, who was staring open-mouthed at this unexpected rebellion, received the contents of bucket number two in her very teeth.

It was Ned Morgan, who had entered unobserved while the outrage was in perpetration, and gave it this peculiar turn. He had long looked indignantly on the scenes going on around him, and nothing but the remonstrances of O'Reilly, who knew the almost absolute power of a captain at sea, had hitherto restrained his indignation.

"Wait, Ned," said Casement, when the former urged resistance to allowing the poor ignorant passengers to be reduced to half their stipulated rations. "In that matter, the law would take the captain's part, as it supposes him best qualified to judge what will be the length of the voyage; but find out among the steerage-men three or four you may rely on, and whenever any positive outrage is attempted, then resist to your heart's content, and I will aid you to the last drop of my blood. This is but the tenth day out, and crew and officers grow more audacious every hour; wait till we are once clearly in the right, and we will give them a lesson they little dream of."

Such was the advice given the night before, and the opportunity then hoped for had been given much sooner than was expected.

While Maine was slowly recovering his senses, Mrs. Muldoon, almost inarticulate with rage and blind with slops, was thundering with her clenched fists against the captain's door.

In a few moments, Hezekiah Runt—a little, one-eyed, blaspheming, drunken beast, with the face of a rat and the soul of a glutton—rushed down the companion-way, and was followed by the supercargo and O'Reilly. The two former were armed with a brace of pistols each, which they levelled simultaneously at Morgan, at the same time commanding him to surrender.

A sweep of the empty bucket sent the pistols into the further corner of the cabin; another laid the supercargo beside the mate, and a third would infallibly have sent the captain to keep company with them, had not O'Reilly interposed.

The room began to fill. Some of the crew were attached to Maine from the fact that he winked at their debauchery and befriended them in every outrage; but the captain was universally detested. Had it not been for this, and another thing, it might have gone hard with Ned.

The other thing referred to was the presence of some half-dozen of the sturdiest and most respectable fellows in the steerage, who, inspired by Morgan's example, and encouraged by O'Reilly's countenance, now ranged themselves around the mutineer and declared they would stand by him to the last.

The captain was paralyzed; the supercargo glared in helpless amazement at a revolution so suddenly effected; the mate kept wiping the blood from his eyes, and seemed to ask himself was this a dream; while Mrs. Muldoon, the *te-terrima causa belli*, what with her tears, the greasiness, and her dripping garments, might have enacted the part of a Niobe, a Kitchen-wench, or a Cloacina just risen fron her bath, with equal picturesqeness and effect.

"You do not understand this matter," Captain, interposed Casement; "if you did," continued he, knowing that the bibulous little sea-dog was very open to flattery, "I am confident your high honor and sense of right would lead you to take part against your officer. But this is not the place for discussion," he went on to say: "Morgan, put down your bucket, and take your foot off the supercargo's neck. If the Miss Plunketts and any others who were present at the late outrage will follow us to the quarter-deck, I am sure I may promise for my friend Captain Runt that justice will be done."

The natural superiority of the speaker enforced obedience as if by magic. He spoke not in the tone of one commanding, but as if he were well assured that the mere expressson of his wishes and their obvious justice would at once be obeyed. An adjournment to the quarter-deck was made *nem. con.*, and the proceedings terminated in the ejection of Mrs. Muldoon from the second cabin, and the nominal arrest of Ned Morgan, who submitted (for the sake of peace and on Casement's representation that it would be as well not to push matters too far,) to be confined to his cabin for the next four-and-twenty hours.

But who shall paint the rage of the mate—the frenzy of the supercargo, or the jeers and shouts which greeted Mrs. Muldoon, as she was driven into the forepart of the ship!

"Throth it's a proud welcome she'll get from the honest man that's workin' hard for her in Throy," cried one.

"Shure since she got the mate herself, it was only dacint for Ned Morgan to give her the basting!" said another, in allusion to the grease and potato peelings which were tangled in her hair and clothes.

"Hould yer tongues, ye omadhawns," cried a third, "and make room for the great lady to go by! Give her a wide berth, ye cripples, and send a good letther of recommendation along wid her to her husband."

The triumph of the passenger-party was complete, and the humiliation of the officers proportioned to their former insolence. Regular watches were formed in the steerage, to guard the hatchways and allow no sailor to go down at unreasonable hours. The reign of the prostitutes was broken, and they were glad to take shelter in company with Mrs. Muldoon, in a space partitioned off immediately beneath the sailors' forecastle.

The supercargo, as we have hitherto called him, was in reality nothing of the kind. Before leaving Liverpool, he had been addressed as "Doctor"—a title in this country of very wide application, and no particular significance. The presence of a doctor on board, was one of the inducements held out to passengers by the shipping house: "The vessels of *our* line always carry a competent physician," they stated. "We would as soon, or sooner send a vessel to sea without a captain, for the mate *might* supply his place; but in case of an epidemic, (which God forbid!) who *could* supply the doctor's?"

The shipping agent almost wept as he anathamatized "that recklessness of life which induced *other* houses" to send their living cargoes afloat unprovided with a professor of therapeutics; and if any hesitating passenger wished to see the doctor—on the principle that seeing is believing—he was at once introduced to "Doctor George Washington Brand, of Tehuantepec College, in the state of Onondaga"—a physician to whose skill the shipping agent himself owed the lives of a wife and nine small children, who had been given over as incurable by all the most eminent authorities of England, not to speak of some German and Parisian professors imported specially for the occasion.

As soon as the vessel was fairly at sea, however, the doctor discovered that the whole statement was a mistake! His friend, the Captain, he said, had a medicine chest, (senna, epsom salts, and castor oil,) from which his friend, he was sure, would be happy to supply every drug that could possibly be needed; but as for himself, he held a kind of treble character. He was supercargo of the vessel—Director general of all the great lines of travel by which emigrants are conveyed to their destinations in the United States; and he also held a special appointment from Government to investigate and report upon certain gross and dangerous frauds which had recently been committed by unprincipled parties, and so forth, upon "the innocent and virtuous people daily landed on the quays of that everlasting republic, whose liberality," and so forth with a long *et cætera*.

Such was the substance of the statement which he made with much pot-house grandiloquence to the assembled and admiring steerage. He was a red-faced, broken-nosed, vulgar looking fellow, with a spotted belcher round his neck, a claret-colored velvet vest, mosaic jewelry, a bottle-green coat, and a white felt hat, stuck jauntily on one side of his head. His eyes had the cunning twinkle of petty larceny, and his lower jaw would have furnished an admirable illustration to any one lecturing on the subject of the passions which man shares in common with the brutes.

The villain was in fact one of the most notorious and audacious runners ever licensed by the municipality of New-York, to swindle the ignorant and defenceless. The pauper establishments were thronged with miserable victims who had given him their last dollar for tickets which proved worthless when presented. He had robbed them of their baggage—they were unable to go West, where labor was the one thing needful—and so it came to pass that some lay down and died of absolute starvation—some went mad, others were committed to "the island," and not a few took refuge from this bitterest disappointment, in the waters of the Hudson or East River.

The Grand Jury had grown weary of indicting him—the petty jury had made small fortunes by his acquittals. Like other runners of the old school, he had taken up politics as another branch of swindling; and "in his own ward," the influence of George Washington Brand (in his younger days he had been called Timothy—or Tim, for shortness,) was a thing which no candidate could afford to overlook, and for which the successful one had to pay exorbitantly.

Arrested on a thousand charges—for assault, seduction, rape, homicide, embezzlement—for obtaining money under false pretences, and obtaining it without any pretences at all,—for one and all of these offences, "the alderman of his own ward," became his bail, and the clerk found it convenient to allow him the picking of his own jury. The papers would have found it true economy to have had the fact of his arrest and bailment stereotyped. He was the oracle of primary elections—the patron of M. P.'s—a wholesale dealer in that quality of straw which is used for bail—a useful, though not recognizable friend to many of the highest officials in the corporation, and "a damned good fellow to boot," as was admitted in every grog-shop between Canal street and the Battery.

All these things was G. W., *alias* Tim. Brand, when his foot was ashore; but at present he was out of his element, and in the hands of an executive not open to corruption.

Ned Morgan found out and reported to O'Reilly that the fellow had already sold over fifteen hundred dollars' worth of railroad and steamboat tickets among the passengers. On examination, these tickets were found to be all struck off from one printed form—the railroad or canal line, place of destination, amount of luggage allowable, and fare being all filled in with ink in Brand's own writing. These he had sold as a great favor, and with many cautions to beware of the rogues who would surround them on debarkation. If they would give orders for their luggage to him, he would have the things conveyed to large and spacious warehouses in Greenwich street, supported by Government, whose agent he was, for this especial purpose—they should be kept there free of charge, and carried from thence to the various railroad depots on cars—also, governmental—for one sixth of the cost entailed by the ordinary conveyances. In this manner he had already got half the property on board into his hands as he fancied, and his trip seemed every way likely to pay him from ten to fifteen thousand dollars. But alas!

> "The best laid schemes of mice and men
> Gang aft agley—
> And bring us nocht but care and pain
> For promised joy."

Casement saw at a glance that these tickets were an infamous fraud. It was impossible on the very face of them that they could have been regularly issued. He called the passengers together and laid the matter before them in a few plain words. The Captain threatened to put him in irons; but the threat came trembling from his lips. One hundred and fifty sturdy arms were animated to defend the champion of the poor. "Wan of the rale ould stock too!" "Sure it takes the likes of him to know!" "An O'Reilly every inch of him?" "Orrah; dhroundin' id be a good death for the pot-bellied desayver, only he'd poison the fishes."

These and such like were the remarks which arose from the passengers assembled beneath the *Vulture's* quarter-deck.

"Let every thing be peaceable, my boys," cried O'Reilly; "don't be mad enough to let them get the law on their side against you. The first act of violence committed, I will abandon the contest. We are nearing shore now; the pilot will soon be aboard, and after him the officers. Let Mr. Brand, therefore, either refund every fraction of the money he has taken for these tickets—or arrest him, and hold him prisoner until you can deliver him over to the law."

"Why not take the money whether he will or no, and hang him to the yard-arm afther?"

"Och he's the divil's Brand, and we ought to lave a brand on him that he'll remember. Let us take our money first, and then drop him nately overboord."

"You see, Mr. Brand," said O'Reilly, as the cries of the passengers became more loud and furious, "you had better decide at once; for my power to restrain such passions as your conduct has aroused, is extremely precarious."

"Who's that O'Reilly that bids us be so quiet? May be its in lague wid the villain he is," cried a little sore-eyed fellow, whose drawl proclaimed him a native of the liberties of Dublin.

A clout on the side of the ear sent him spinning into the lee scuppers.

"You had better decide," exclaimed Casement, vehemently. "Give up the money, or I abandon you to your fate."

"I yield," said the ruffian, now thoroughly cowed, and suffering the most abject terror. "Only protect me. Will you promise?"

"I promise you on the honor of an O'Reilly," answered Casement.

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

"But have you power to protect me? They seem uncontrollably furious?"

"They shall kill me before they harm you," was the prompt response. "But you must be quick."

In another hour every man had received back his money, and the tickets were returned to the disheartened vender. Shortly after, when the pilot got aboard, his boat dropped under the stern windows of the cabin, and George Washington Brand slid ignominiously down, indebted for his life, perhaps, to Casement's firmness, but vowing vengeance deep and black as hell against both him and Morgan.

He is not a character to be soon lost sight of. We shall doubtless hear of him again. As for Captain Runt, he, too, was pretty thoroughly frightened, and now disowned the ejected supercargo altogether. He was called "supercargo," because he had been supercargo on other vessels; but he had no more official connexion with the *Vulture*, than had Mr. Casement O'Reilly himself.

Such is the power of one firm will amongst a multitude of lesser resolutions. There were scores on board as brave—yet had it not been for the calm purpose exhibited by O'Reilly, what scenes of misery and vice must the latter part of a voyage so begun, have evolved! What a mass of human wretchedness, without money, without baggage, without virtue, without hope, would have been spewed out upon the docks of Coenties slip, from the bowels of that ocean bird of ominous name!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEMORIES.

Memory's whispers still remind me—
Whispers soft and low—
Of the land I left behind me,
Long years ago.
Sounds that through the past are breaking,
Homestead doors their welcomes creaking,
Voices of my kindred speaking,
Long years ago.

The ruin 'mong the grassy pillows,
Where the dead lie low;
The church among the weeping willows,
White as Heaven's snow:
Liffey's stream, its sandy ridges,
Sunset's gleam where dance the midges,
Caught by swallows 'neath the bridges,
Long years ago.

Leafy members of the wildwood,
Waving to and fro,
Where the Congress of my childhood
Gather'd years ago.
Round me now their forms are sweeping,
Round me happy thoughts are leaping,
'Till my heart with joy is weeping,
O'er long years ago.

Wear they now those happy features,
All with mirth aglow?
Has misfortune changed their natures,
With its weight of woe?
'Till like, me by memory started,
They roam in thought, all broken hearted,
To that home from whence we parted,
Long years ago?

Fancy, oh! why dost thou linger,
O'er those years ago?
Tracing with impressive finger,
Scenes that bring me woe.
From that home which God had given,
Where we've early toiled and striven,
Father, mother, all were driven,
Long years ago.

Where the starry banner fluttered,
O'er the brave and free,
With such memories have I uttered
Oaths of fealty.
I cannot scorn my ragged brother,
Nor forget my Irish mother—
But can this one feeling smother
Of gratitude to thee?

No, Columbia! for if danger
Round thy pathway grows,
Then thou'lt see the Irish stranger
Grapple with thy foes.
Each slumbering sense to vengeance waking,
As he shrieks of fond hearts breaking,
When to his soul the past is speaking
Wrongs of years ago.

New Orleans. S. E. C.

The first play copyrighted in New York under the new law, was Mr. Charles Walcott's farce of "A Good Fellow." It was registered on the first day permitted by the statute. "My Wife's Mirror," (a farce by Mr. Wilkins, from a French story called "Le Miroir du Diable," in *Le Moniteur de la Mode* for March and April), was the second play entered here as copyright. A dramatic version of "Dred," by John Brougham, has already been entered, and will be published in a few days.

The *Daily Times* informs us that John Saunders, the founder and original editor of the *People's Journal*, has joined with Westland Marston, author of "The Patrician's Daughter," and other dramatic poems, in establishing a new illustrated periodical of literature, art, science, social progress, and family life. It is called the *National Magazine*, published weekly at four cents a number. It promises well.

THE GAEL.

BY JOHN O'MAHONY.

[This interesting antiquarian resume on the history of "The Gael" is from the pen of John O'Mahony, and is an admirable specimen of the ability and research which that devoted scholar has brought to his "labor of love," in translating old Geoffrey Keating's History, from the early proof-sheets of which we print the following. In reply to many inquiries, we may safely state that the delay in the publication of the work will be much to the advantage of the subscribers, as Mr. O'Mahony is devoting his most earnest attention to the annotation of the text. The subject has grown with the translator's love for the history and antiquities of the fatherland, and with the consciousness peculiar to him, he desires rather to exhaust the subject than to barely touch upon it. The publisher has procured an excellent map, exhibiting the locations of the old clans and septs, to further illustrate the pen-labors of Mr. O'Mahony on the same subject. This commendable feature did not enter into the original prospectus, and the subscribers may congratulate themselves.]

Gauls.—The Irish designated the earlier Anglo Norman and British invaders that had settled amongst "Sen-Ghaill," (*Shan Ghoill*), i. e., "Old Gauls," or "strangers." These settlers were also called "Strongbownians," from their leader, Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, and Stogul, who had received the nickname of "Strongbow," from his expertness in archery. These early colonists soon adopted the manners and habits of the Irish, with whom they quickly amalgamated, and they became, as the English writers of the day said of them, *ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*, i. e., more Irish than the Irish themselves. A marked distinction was therefore made between them and the "Nuadh-Ghaill"—*No-ghoill*, or later invaders. They never called themselves "Sasanaigh," or Saxons, nor was that hated term ever applied to them by the natives. They are always styled either "Brethnaigh"—*Brehnigh*—i. e., Britons or Gauls, as here. The term *Gall*, or Gaul, was not given to them as a generic name, though the vast majority of them were, in truth, Gallo-Normans by descent. They were so called merely because they were "strangers." Thus we shall see the Irish calling the Scandinavian sea-rovers, Finn-Ghaill and Dubh-Ghaill—*Doo-Ghoill*—i. e. "Fair and Black Strangers," though they certainly were not of the Gallic nation.

Gael.—In more ancient Irish manuscripts, this word is found written, Gaedal, or with the aspiration Gaedhal. It is now universally spelled Gaodhal, for the moderns, by a corrupt innovation, always replace the "ae" of the ancients by "ao."

Throughout this work, the form "Gael," shall be used in translating the word, wherever it is used in a national or generic sense. It has been received into the English language under this latter form, which represents pretty nearly its *modern* pronunciation. The editor rejects the form "Gadelian," because it disguises the dipthong "æ," which he considers an essentially radical element of the word, while it does not at all add to the facility of its pronunciation in English. He thinks the name of kindred origin with "Gaetulus," or "Gaetuli," a name by which a nation of northern Africa was designated by the Romans. This is the true national or generic name of that portion of the great Celtic family which inhabits both the Scottish highlands and Ireland. The manner in which it has been introduced into English, has misled many learned inquirers into comparative etymology, leading them to fancy that it had some relationship with the word, "Gallus," or "Gaul," other than that of most total opposition. To add to the errors already broached upon the subject, Dr. O'Brien, in remarking on the letter "a," in his Irish Dictionary, has devoted a large space to proving that these two most antagonistic words, "Gaedhal," or Gael, and "Gall," or Gaul, were originally derived from the same source, and had been in the beginning applied to one people. His object in this forced, and, I am sorry to think, wilfully deceitful attempt, was, apparently, to support some of the wild etymological fantasies of General Vallancey, and antiquarians of his school. Though the Doctor's reasons are beneath criticism, and perfectly ridiculous to any one who knows even a little of the Gaelic language, in which the words are as hostile to each other as *friend* is to *foe*, or as *black* is to *white*, or as any two terms can possibly be; still, I am induced to notice his imposition here, by the fact that he has thereby misled some really learned and truth-seeking writers, both at home and on the Continent. Moore quotes him as an authority upon what he calls *the adventitious letters interpolated by the Irish Bards.* The learned Thierry has been led by him to suppose that "Gallus," "Celta," "Gaul," &c., and "Gaedhal" or "Gael," were but dialectic variations of the same original appellation. As a basis for his assumption, Dr. O'Brien makes the following assertion, which, after his own etymological researches, he must have known to be unfounded. Having remarked upon that property of the Gaelic tongue, by which no two or more vowels coming together, can form distinct syllables, he goes on to say: "For which reason our bards or versificators, who frequently wanted to stretch out words, or by multiplying their syllables, according to the exigency of their rhymes, devised the method of throwing in between the two vowels an adventitious consonant (generally a 'd' or 'g' aspirated by 'h'), in order to stretch out and divide the vowels into two different syllables. As this consonant was "quite foreign to the natural frame of the word, so it entirely corrupted and disguised its radical form and structure."

Now I deny that our bards did devise any such method for "stretching out their rhymes," and I challenge examples, from any correctly written manuscript, that will show that the letters he would style adventitious, do not belong either to the *radical frame* of the word, or to its *regular grammatical inflection.* The proof that the letters are not adventitious, may easily be had, by comparing the words in which they occur with their *cognate terms* in other Indo-European dialects; in some one of which the letters, mortified or silenced in Irish, will ever be found fully sounded. The truth seems to be that these aspirations or silencings of medial and final letters, were *the peculiar mode of corruption* by which the Gaels *dissimilated* their tongue from the "Lingua prisca," or primitive language of the Japetian tribes of Europe and Asia.

Whether that *essential difference* and one or two other minor ones, was caused by either Semitic, Uralian, or Finnish admixture, is a question that well merits the investigation of the comparative philologist. It would favor our Phenician theories, did these peculiarities belong altogether to the *Gaelic*, but they pervade the whole family of the tongues called *Celtic.* To the candid etymologist, the retention of such silent letters, in the written and in the poetic language, will not seem to be *innovations.* He will rather consider it a *proof of the resistance given by the Irish ollamhs and bards to the linguistic corruptions of the vulgar.* For, if these ollamhs and bards did innovate, how is it that, isolated, as they undoubtedly were, from the learned of the world, they always chanced to hit upon the proper radical letter that should be inserted in order to make the *written word* correspond in outward appearance with its Greek, Latin, or Sanscrit cogener? Are we to suppose that these ollamhs and bards, whose education was purely local and professional, were skilled in the very recent science of comparative philology? Are we to believe all that the venerable Keating has transcribed for us of the royal schoolmaster, Fenius Farsa, and of that universal savant, Gaedal, son of Ethor? And yet we must either do that, and allow a knowledge of comparative philology to our bards and shanachies, *of which the most learned amongst modern philologists might feel proud*, or we must allow that these silent and aspirated letters, which pervade the whole frame-work of the Gaelic tongue, are not adventitious. But it is much easier to allow that these letters were pronounced at the time, when the words in which they occur *were first committed to writing*, and that the Ollamhs, Druids and Bards preserved their orthography thus unaltered notwithstanding the changes which the spoken language underwent from popular corruption. This is no place to cite many examples of the class of words I mean; for such I refer the learned reader to the erudite work of M. Pictet upon the Analogies of the Sanscrit with the Celtic tongues. Unluckily for Dr. O'Brien's assumption, the cogener of the word we spell Gaedal, but pronounce Gael, is still preserved in a neighboring Indo-European language. In the Cimbric or Kimric, i. e., the Welsh, the Irish or Gaels, are called "Guydhill," with the "dh" as fully pronounced as the "th" in the English word "whither." Now, our Cimbric neighbors were not first taught our name from books. They must have heard our forefathers, when first brought into contact with them, call themselves Gaedail or Guydhill, sounding the radical "a" fully. Otherwise, they would not have known that such a letter existed in writing. Their own language is subject to all the aspirations and mortifications of letters that ours is, but they write their words as pronounced, heedless of radicals. Now without abiding too closely to the date which the bards give as the time, when—

> "Miledh's sons first heard dread Ocean
> His music beat on Eri's shores,"

we must still put back the epoch, when Gael and Cimber met in western Europe to an extremely remote period, that is, to some period when the "d" was fully sounded in Gaedal. That it was not so sounded, when our Scottish kinsmen of Alba left us, some fourteen hundred years ago, we have living testimony. The Highlander aspirates or silences the same letters, in the same words as the Munster-man. It has taken some thousand years and odd centuries, to make a slight dialectic and euphonic difference between Scotch and Irish Gaelic. It must have taken another, at least equal period to make the wide difference that exists between the nevertheless closely-allied languages of Wales and Ireland. This one example is, in itself, irrefragable evidence that Gaedal is no corruption of Gallus, even were our own ollamhs silent on the subject. If the natives of the country called Gallia by the Latins, were the same as the Gael, their relationship must be proved by something more founded than the accident by which Gaedal has been corrupted, so as to have a faint resemblance in sound to Gaul. In the common Irish this day spoken, "Gael" means a "kinsman," while "Gall" means a "foreigner." In the Welsh and the Armoric Breton, also "Gall" or "Gal" means foreign. In the old Anglo-Saxon, its kindred term "Wallisc" meant, stranger; hence "Welsh" or "Wallisc" came to be applied to the British inhabitants of Cambria. The German form of the word "Welsch" means foreign also—Italy is their "Welschland" or "foreigners' land." The word is seen less disguised in the name of the Walloon guards, so famous on the Continent, and in that of the people called Walli. But why multiply examples? Finding thus that the word means *foreign* in all the languages where any form of it occurs, the editor holds, until further proof be adduced in support of the common opinion, that the ancient Celtic inhabitants of modern France and of northern Italy—the "Gallia" or "Welschland" of ancient Rome—*did never call themselves Galli at all*, but that "Gallus" perhaps means in old Latin what "Gall" means in Gaelic, and what the word, in more disguised costume means in every European tongue where it is found, the old Itali called their invaders from beyond the Alps "Galli," because they were "Strangers;" and that the name continued to be applied to the people to whom it had been most particularly given, after it had lost its primitive and more extended meaning. So of the Anglo-Saxon "Wallisc;" its English form, "Welsh," has lost its more general signification, and it is now forced as a national name upon the Cimbri, whether they will have it themselves or not.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE BONAPARTE FAMILY; comprising a Memoir of their Connections, with Biographichal Sketches of their principal Contemporaries, and a Summary of French History, including the Empire of Napoleon III. and the Russian War. By HENRY W. DE PUY, author of "Kossuth and His Generals." *Miller, Orton, and Mulligan.*

Napoleon, like all great men, was not only conscious of his power to be great, but delighted on occasions to impress others with the pleasant fact. "Come," said he to Talma, the celebrated actor, "Come to Erfurth, and you shall play before a

whole pit-full of kings." The point of the audacious epigram is rendered keen by its not very great exaggeration of an historical truth. At one period of his life he might, like another Sesostris, have had his carriage drawn by kings. There is a strange grandeur attaching to him in almost every phase of his heated and marvellous career. In view of the brilliant men by whom he was surrounded, and who grew out of the system he initiated, his lustre seems only the greater by the contrast. He is the most enduring and brightest of the galaxy. He was so thoroughly a man of action, and so much involved in the world's history, that scarcely a word he ever dropped but is considered public property. "I made my 'Iliad' in action," he said himself, and the world has sanctioned the mighty egotism.

Amid the number of works on Napoleon and the men he made and unmade, suggested by the recent career of one who is desirous to follow, if he dare not emulate, the prisoner of St. Helena, the present one is commendable. It will bring to mind, in its suggestive brevity, the details which fill up more pretentious volumes. The notices of the various members of the Bonaparte family are written with clearness, as are also the sketches of Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, Thiers, Lamartine, Guizot, Abdel-Kader, and numerous others whose names are familiar with French movements during the present century. The outline of the Russian War is impartially given, a commendation which may be generally accorded to the entire volume.

ROBERT EMMET.

The Life and Times of Robert Emmet. By R. R. Madden, M. D., M. R. I. A. With numerous Notes and additions, and a Portrait on steel. Also a memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet. With a Portrait on steel. *P. M. Haverty.*

What is known as Emmet's rebellion of 1803, was a faint echo of the brave '98 war for Irish Independence which preceded it.

Inspired by the grandeur as well as by the misfortunes of the latter, by its animated devotion and heroic sacrifices, by the energy of Tone, and the sagacity of Addis Emmet, by the active life of Putnam McCabe, and the stern death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; by the battle-fields of Antrim and Down, of Wicklow and Kildare; by the brilliant campaign of the Wexford men and their little Republic of twenty-three days existence; by the heroic frenzy of the Catholic priest-generals Murphy, Roche and Kearns, as well as the sacrificial ardor of the Presbyterian ministers Porter and Steele Dickson, nor less than the martyrdom of the Protestant clergyman, Jackson; inspired by all the genius, purity and honor that lit up the struggles of the United Irishmen, and surrounded their misfortunes with a glory which still commands the reverence of history, Robert Emmet and his friends sought to plant the flag of their country above the still wet graves and dripping scaffolds of the men who had been struck down in the attempt.

Born in Dublin on the 4th of March, 1778, (which date is now for the first time printed in Haverty's edition of the *Life and Times*,) Robert Emmet was but in his twenty-sixth year when he added his name to the long list of martyrs who dignify the sorrowful and startling pages of Irish History. His early youth was one of great application and severe study. Of a brilliant family, variously famous at medicine, the bar and politics; Robert displayed powers, which, had he lived, would inevitably have achieved a fame in the fields of intellectual labor, equal to that which his premature death conferred on him as a patriot and a revolutionist.

He was an old young man. The imaginative and oratorical faculty, which under other circumstances, would have broken loose in vivacious flashes, was comparatively reined in by the sombre character of the studies suggested by the occurrences of the day, and the intimate connection of some members of his family therewith.

A natural love of science also heightened his mental nature, while it subdued his youth; and forced him to be a deep thinker —unravelling questions of political and social economy, questions of men and governments at a time of life generally devoted to languid uselessness or wild dissipation.

Robert received his earliest instruction at Oswald school, "in Dopping's Court, off Golden Lane, near Bride street," after which he was under Samuel Whyte, noted as being a man of some literary pretensions, but more famous as the instructor of many celebrities, among others of Richard Brinsley Sheridan—whom he pronounced "an incorrigible dunce"—and Thomas Moore, in reference to whose youthful cleverness, the master said, "he must have been four years old before he was born."* From Whyte, young Emmet was placed under the care of the Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Camden street, who, "though a Protestant minister, was diametrically opposed to the persecution of his Catholic brethren, and failed not to instil into the mind of his young charge those doctrines which he held himself."

Thus equipped, Robert Emmet entered Trinity College in October, 1793, and after a brilliant course—which at once drew down admiration for his talents, and condemnation for the democratic theories to the illustration of which he applied them—he was expelled, with eighteen others, for declining on a certain visitation of Lord Clare, the Vice Chancellor, (February, 1798,) to give information on oath regarding the spread of United Irishism within the walls of the University.† "In the report of the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Lords, this extension of the conspiracy to the College, is termed a desperate project of the same faction, to corrupt the youth of the country, by introducing their organized system of treason into the university."

There is no doubt but that Emmet had long been convinced of the righteousness of United Irish principles, and that he was early in '98 a member of the order.

In the historical and debating societies of Trinity College, Emmet had kindled an unwonted enthusiasm, and although the discussion of political topics, especially touching the day, was forbidden, he frequently, by illustration or digression, brought the necessities of democracy vividly before his audience. For instance, after brilliantly reviewing the republics of antiquity, he referred to Cæsar carrying across the river but his sword and his Commentaries, and quickly applied his position to that of the Republican movement in France. "Thus," said he, "France at this time swims through a sea of blood, but while in one hand she wields the sword against her agressors, with the other she upholds the interests of literature uncontaminated by the bloody tide through which she struggles." Again Moore reports him as saying in one of those debates—

"When a people advancing rapidly in civilization and the knowledge of their rights, look back after a long lapse of time, and perceive how far the spirit of the then government has lagged behind them—what then, I ask, is to be done by them in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people!"

And again he touches broadly and suggestively the ills and means of his day. It was in a debate on the freedom of discussion. The late Judge Lefroy (who sentenced Mitchel in 1848,) had rebutted Emmet's argument, and the latter replied showing said one who was present,* 'extraordinary ability in his answer to the objections started." He concludes thus suggestively:

"If a government were vicious enough to put down the freedom of discussion, it would be the duty of the people to deliberate on the errors of their rulers, and to consider well the wrongs they inflicted, and what the right course would be for their subjects to take, and having done so, it *then would be their duty to draw practical conclusions.*"

The democratic idea had taken full possession of him. Everything he uttered tended to illustrate the principles of popular sovereignty, in contradistinction to the regime under which his country was suffering. His enthusiasm and learning, his fearlessness and promptness on those occasions alluded to, soon made him the centre and voice of a number of brave youths, like himself in everything save the power he wielded above envy as above competition. At the same time, he became obnoxious to the college authorities, who, fearful to exhibit the nationality extending within their jurisdiction by at once putting it down, sent, as Moore says, "a man of advanced standing in the University, and belonging to a former race of good speakers in the Society," to answer Emmet, and if possible, stay "the mischievous impressions" of his "exciting and powerful appeals."

It was all to no purpose, however. The wedge was in. It was held all the firmer by the very toughness which opposed its first incision. A dozen blows, attempting to extricate it, were idle before the effect of one blow to drive it in. Emmet was not the man to be blind or wavering on this fact. He had to leave.

The transactions which quickly followed the expulsion of the students from Trinity, the treachery of Reynolds the informer, the arrest of the United Irish Deputies at Oliver Bond's House, the almost immediate seizure of Addis Emmet and MacNevin, and the general disarrangement of the plans with all of which Robert Emmet was more or less cognizant, being frequently engaged as secret messenger between the parties involved, rendered it prudent that our young hero should retire during the suspension of the habeas corpus act.

In Paris he met many of the exiled chiefs of '98, and by and with their concurrence, aided by the intrigues of Talleyrand, and the favor of Napoleon, he undertook the mission to Ireland in 1803,—to which we shall revert in a second article.

* In Moore's Diary there is a pleasant sketch of this Schoolmaster. Among other things mentioned there, is that a second edition of Whyte's Poetical works appeared in Dublin in 1792.

† There appears to be a slight doubt as to whether he resigned or was expelled. He wrote a letter of resignation; (see Madden's Life, p. 9,) but that he was expelled, cannot be questioned. See Prefaces to Moore's *Poetical Works*, Appleton's ed., pp. 29, 30. Also, *Memoirs, Journals and Correspondence* of Thomas Moore, p. 40. Life of Corbet, quoted in Haverty's ed. *Life and Times*, p. 9, Savage's '98 and '48, p. 212. Etc.

* Rev. Dr. Macartney, Vicar of Belfast, who informed Madden.

Western Border Life; or What Fanny Hunter Saw and Heard in Kansas and Missouri. *Derby & Jackson.*

This is a political pamphlet, dribbled through a fiction, to make it more taking. It is the old thing of gilding the pill and sugaring the medicine. If the book were announced as a pamphlet against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the chances are that not even those opposed to that Act of Congress would care about spending money for what they have been so extravagantly dosed with many months previous, by sectional editors and voluminous newspaper correspondents. The book, therefore, was baptized with a name which, in the great desire for information concerning the West, and the fund of humor expected from a faithful daguerreotype of frontier life and customs, generally proves attractive. The author announces herself as a lady, and "Western Border Life" as her maiden effort. It has considerable talent in writing, and some of the characters are drawn with a bright and racy pencil. It is to be regretted that a subject of broader nature did not attract the author's attention and capacity.

Evelyn Marston.—*Harper & Brothers.*

This work opens at the time when destitution reigned among the weavers of Spitalfield, when frosts and famine were the inmates of every household, and the spinning-wheel, which brought comfort and happiness, was still. Most touchingly is all this *described*, and beautifully indeed are expressed the sentiments and feelings of their master, who regards them in a manner as his family, and attempts as much as possible to relieve their distress. His son, who inherits his father's nobleness and self-sacrificing spirit, is his companion in these visits of mercy. The exquisite touches in these characters, exhibit a mind of the highest order, and all who have the happiness of reading this book, will linger over the many beautiful thoughts and charming scenes, and regret when they finish the last page.

Mr. Disraeli, accompanied by his clever and wealthy wife, has left England on a continental tour. He is understood to have nearly completed another political novel, in which Lord John Russell is to get particular "fits."

CATHOLICITY AND FREEDOM.

From Sheil's Speech at Penenden Heath.

But you have been told by Lord Winchelsea that the Catholic religion is the adversary of Freedom. It may occur to you, perhaps, that his lordship affords a proof in his own person, that a passion for Protestantism and a love of liberty are not inseparably associated; but without instituting too minute or embarrassing an inquiry into the services to freedom, which in the course of his political life have been conferred by my Lord Winchelsea, and putting aside all personal considerations connected with the accuser, let me proceed to the accusation. Calumniators of Catholicism, have you read the history of your country? Of the charges against the religion of Ireland, the annals of England afford the confutation. The body of your common laws was given by the Catholic Alfred. He gave you your judges, your magistrates, your high-sheriffs—(you, Sir, hold your office, and have called this great assembly, by virtue of his institutions) —your courts of justice, your elective system, and, the great bulwark of your liberties, the trial by jury. When Englishmen peruse the chronicles of their glory, their hearts beat high with exultation, their emotions are profoundly stirred, and their souls are ardently expanded. Where is the English boy, who reads the story of his great island, whose pulse does not beat at the name of Runnymede, and whose nature is not deeply thrilled at the contemplation of that great incident, when the mitred Langton, with uplifted crosier, confronted the tyrant whose sceptre shook in his trembling hand, and extorted what you have so justly called the Great, and what I trust in God, you will have cause to designate as your everlasting Charter? It was by a Catholic Pontiff that the foundation-stone in the temple of liberty was laid; and it was at the altars of that religion, which you are accustomed to consider as the handmaid of oppression, that the architects of the constitution knelt down. Who conferred upon the people the right of self-taxation, and fixed, if he did not create, the representation of the people? The Catholic Edward the First; while, in the reign of Edward the Third, perfection was given to the representative system, parliaments were annually called, and the statute against constructive treason was enacted. It is false, foully, infamously false, that the Catholic religion, the religion of your forefathers, the religion of seven millions of your fellow-subjects, has been the auxiliary of debasement, and that to its influences the supppression of British freedom can, in a single instance, be referred. I am loath to say that which can give you cause to take offence; but when the faith of my country is made the object of imputation, I cannot help, I cannot refrain, from breaking into a retaliatory interrogation, and from asking whether the overthrow of the old religion of England was not effected by a tyrant, with a hand of iron and a heart of stone? whether Henry did not trample upon freedom, while upon Catholicism he set his foot; and whether Elizabeth herself, the virgin of the Reformation, did not inherit her despotism with her creed; whether in her reign the most barbarous atrocities were not committed; whether torture in violation of the Catholic common law of England, was not politically inflicted, and with the shrieks of agony the Towers of Julius, in the dead of night, did not re-echo? And to pass to a more recent period, was it not on the very day on which Russell perished on the scaffold, that the Protestant University of Oxford published the declaration in favor of passive obedience, to which your Catholic ancestors would have laid down their lives rather than have submitted? These are facts taken from your own annals, and with every one you should be made familiar; but it is not to your own annals that the recriminatory evidence, on which I am driven to rely, shall be confined. If your religion is the inseparable attendant upon liberty, how does it come to pass that Prussia, and Sweden, and Denmark, and half the German states, should be Protestants, and should be also slaves? You may suggest to me, that in the larger portion of Catholic Europe freedom does not exist; but you should bear in mind that at a period when the Catholic religion was in its most palmy state, freedom flourished in the countries in which it is now extinct. Look at Italy, not indeed as she now is, but as she was before Martin Luther was born, when literature and liberty were associated, and the Arts imparted their embellishments to her free political institutions. I call up the memory of Italian Catholic republics in the great cause which I am sufficiently adventurous to plead before you. Florence, accomplished, manufacturing, and democratic, the model of your own municipal corporations, gives a noble evidence in favor of Catholicism; and Venice, Catholic Venice, rises in the splendor of her opulence and the light of her liberty, to corroborate the testimony of her celebrated sister with a still more lofty and majestic attestation. If from Italy I shall ascend the Alps, shall I not find in the mountains of Switzerland, the sublime memorials of liberty, and the reminiscences of those old achievements which preceded the theology of Geneva, and which were performed by men, by whom the ritual of Rome was uttered on the glaciers, and the great mystery of Catholicism was celebrated on the altars which nature had provided for that high and holy worship? But Spain, I may be told, affords the proof that to the purposes of despotism her religion has always lent its impious and disastrous aid. That mistake is a most signal one, for when Spain was most devotedly Catholic, Spain was comparatively free—her Cortes assumed an attitude nobler even than your own Parliament, and told the King at the opening of every session in which they were convened, that they were greater and invested with a higher authority than himself. In the struggles made by the Spaniards, within our own memory, we have seen the revival of that lofty sentiment; while amongst the descendants of Spaniards, in the provinces of South America, called into existence in some sort by yourselves, we behold no religion but the Catholic, and no government of which the principle is not founded in the supremacy of the people. Republic after republic has arisen at your bidding through that immesurable expanse, and it is scarce an exaggeration to say (if I may allude to a noble passage in one of the greatest writers of our times), that liberty, with her "meteor standard" unfurled upon the Andes,

"Looks from her throne of clouds o'er half the world."

False, I repeat it, with all the vehemence of indignant asseveration, utterly false is the charge habitually preferred against the religion which Englishmen have laden with penalties, and have marked with degradation.

The Thomas Davis Guard.

This fine contingent of our "Independent Militia," (A. Maguire, Commandant,) had a target excursion to Weehawken, on Monday, the 15th ult. A spirited contest for several valuable prizes took place. Their target bears witness to the dexterity of the marksmen. On the ground, we are informed that they were vehement in their cheers for Buchanan and Breckinridge, and that they toasted, with all the honors so justly their due, the healths of John Mitchel and President Walker.

It is rumored that Mr. Cobden is employing the Parliamentary recess in the composition of a Democratic History of England.

A bust of Edwin Forrest went out by the steamer *Texas* to Mr. Thomas McGuire, who has built and named a theatre after the tragedian, at Sacramento.

Literary and Artistic News.

A Brussels correspondent of the Augsburg *Allgemine Zeitung* gives the following touching picture of a noted literary man:

"In the streets of Brussels may be seen, from time to time, an old, poorly clad man, with snow-white hair, a fine, expressive face, and beautiful, intelligent eyes. His black dress-coat is threadbare, and his cap so weather-stained that it would be impossible to tell the color of the cloth. His form is bent with gout, and yet he always walks very briskly, cane in hand. Sometimes he has a loaf of bread under his arm, a bottle of beer, or a little butter on a cabbage-leaf. Every time I pass him, I bow to him, though personally I do not know him. The man lives in a miserable garret in the Rue du Marais, where there is no fire in the winter; a poor bed, a few chairs, an old secretary, books and MSS., comprise his furniture. This man is Joachim Lelewel, now 70 years of age, the most celebrated Polish writer of modern times, who, during the Polish revolution, was Minister of Public Instruction, and since 1833 has lived at Brussels. He refuses all sympathy, from friends as well as admirers, but lives in self-imposed poverty, from the scanty income derived from his literary labors. A professorship of history, which the Belgian government, and afterwards the University, had offered him, he refused to accept. An old lady of noble birth died recently, who esteemed the learned Polish refugee so highly, that, though not knowing him personally, she left him a legacy of six hundred francs a year. I don't know whether he has accepted it."

"Malakoff," in a Paris letter to the *N. Y. Daily Times*, says: "The letter of M. Proudhon on virtue, has made a veritable sensation at Paris. Its publication has stimulated others, and now we have a perfect inundation of epistolary efforts in the same style. An old one written by the same gentleman, and two from the pen of John Jacques Rousseau, are among the number published. One of those signed by the hand of Rousseau, was in answer to a *danseuse* of the Grand Opera, who demanded of the great philosopher the road to virtue. Rousseau rather naively admits that, although he is not exactly the proper person to give advice upon such a subject, (not on account of his principles or his habits, dear reader, but of age, which was then sixty!) that yet he did not live upon such slippery ground as that of the Opera, and might, therefore, venture a word of advice; and here the man of sixty, who confessed on paper that he wished to be considered still in the category of men who are allowed to show gallantry to ladies, utters to the young lady the astounding proposition that a woman may even be virtuous on the boards of the Grand Opera!

Douglas Jerrold, one of the famed clique of London *Punch* satirists is coming to America to lecture. Jerrold commenced life as a sailor, and after six years of salt water experience became a compositor in a London newspaper office. His first literary achievement was an essay on German music, which the author, after the manner of Benjamin Franklin, dropped into that lion's mouth, the editor's box, where he was a printer, and two days after he had the delight of setting up his own article, none of the editors being aware of the author's name. Jerrold next dropped another anonymous article in the box on Fashionable Charity, which is written with all his peculiar vigor. This caused so great a stir that the editor, in his notices to correspondents, begged the author to call upon him—in other words, he was requested to "Stand and unfold himself." He did, much to the astonishment of the editor, who at once recognized his talents, took him from the case and put him to the desk.

The novelist, W. Gilmore Simms, of South Carolina, has enrolled himself among the lecturers for next winter's campaign. His subject will be "Rural Life at the South," and the novelty of the theme treated by a Southerner, as well as curiosity to hear the author of "Eutaw," "Guy Rivers," and "Katheline Walton," will insure large audiences. J. W. Redfield, his New-York publisher, is his agent with lecture committees.

It is a curious circumstance that a *bona fide* magnifying glass, identified by Sir Edward Brewster as decidedly and designedly such, was recently found by Mr. Layard in one of the temples of Nineveh. Mr. Layard says that many of the cuneiform inscriptions and other smaller sculptures are so delicately cut, and so minute, as to be almost unintelligible without a magnifying glass.

A distinguished doctor in Great Britain has announced his belief that the fashionable bonnet, worn on the back-comb, and only protecting the bump of philoprogenitiveness, is a fruitful cause of neuralgia! It begets ear-ache, tooth-ache, ulcerated gums, tic doloreux, and all that—but it gives promenaders a better chance to see lovely faces, and that balances the account.

The new volume, (the XIth) of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," brings the work down to the article "Humboldt." The Biography of Thomas Hood is accredited to R. M. Milnes, the poet.

We regret to hear of the continued and increasing illness of John G. Saxe. The stroke of paralysis which afflicted him during the last winter, seems to have terminated in a complete prostration.

Messrs. Francis, of New-York, announce a new poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the celebrated English poetess. It extends, we believe, to several thousand lines, and is not only the largest, but the best-sustained of all her works.

Dr. Buckland, the geologist who lately died at Islip, near Oxford, has been buried in a grave blasted out of the solid rock, and the cavity filled up with Portland cement, to keep it water proof.

Mrs. Le Vert, of Mobile, is about to publish her reminiscences of European society and scenery in a volume entitled "Souvenirs of Travel."

There is a rumor that Thomas Carlyle has abandoned his half written "Life and Times of Frederick the Great," and is about producing the biography of Washington.

Rev. Drs. Alexander and Hodge, of Princeton, have in the press "The New Testament. Expounded for general readers."

Major Neighbors brought to San Antonio from the Upper Brazos, an ærolite which weighs 400lbs.

THE BATTLE OF FAYAL.

From the N. Y. Herald.

Saturday (27th Sept.) was the forty-second anniversary of the battle of Fayal, which was fought between the privateer brig General Armstrong and a British squadron, consisting of the seventy-four gun ship Plantagenet, the frigate Rota and the sloop-of-war Carnation. The Armstrong, which was commanded by Capt. Sam. C. Read, was only 246 tons, and carried but seven guns and a crew of ninety men. The battle commenced on the night of the 26th of September, 1814, and ended on the morning of the 27th, the Americans obtaining a glorious victory, notwithstanding the loss of their vessel, which was afterwards burnt by the British. The loss admitted on the part of the English was 120 killed and 130 wounded. The impartial accounts, howeveve, report 160 killed and 150 wounded. The loss on the part of the Americans was only two killed and seven wounded. This is the most unprecedented and memorable naval battle on record, and was the strongest argument that Secretary Marcy could have used in his celebrated circular for not abandoning privateering. In the great battle off Cape St. Vincent in 1797, between the Spanish fleet, consisting of twenty-seven ships of the line and twelve frigates, and the English squadron, of fifteen ships of the line, seven frigates and two sloops, the English acknowledged a loss of only 73 killed and 224 wounded. In the fight with the Armstrong the English lost 87 more men killed than they did in this great conflict with the Spaniards. Admiral Jervis, who commanded the British squadron at Cape St. Vincent, was created an Earl, and had a pension allowed him by the King of £3,000 per annum, while Captain Reid, who is now in his seventy-fourth year, and his officers and crew, are yet waiting to be reimbursed by their government for the loss of their vessel.

KILKENNY ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the September meeting of this society, the following presentations among others, were received, and thanks ordered to be given to the donors:—

By Mr. M'Evoy, Urlingford; a large roll of "bog butter," found at Inch, in the Bog of Allan, near the place where the fine bronze cauldron which he deposited in the Museum last year, had turned up. The butter was found on the property of John Latouche, Esq., Harristown, in the middle of last July, by men who were engaged in cutting turf for Mr. Shea, of Urlingford, and had been nine feet beneath the surface. A few bones of animals were discovered under it, but it was not inclosed in any casing. The lump, resembling in shape exactly a modern roll of butter, was then quite perfect; but is now in three pieces, one fracture having accidentally taken place at the time of finding, and Mr. Shea having separated the remainder in the middle, in order to ascertain if any thing was concealed within it. This examination was without result. Some rudely, but pretty regularly formed firkins, containing butter and kegs of lard were discovered near the same place some years ago, but the finders broke the wooden casings, and applied the contents to farming purposes, melting down to grease the wheels of their cars, &c. Some ancient implements of warfare have also been found from time to time in the locality.

By Mr. Agent, Castle-gardens, Kilkenny: A Patrick's Penny, and a Kilkenny Penny token, struck by James Purcell, turned up in the Castle-gardens.

By the Rev. James Graves: Rubbings of an ancient Irish translation in the churchyard of Monasterboice, and of the inscription on the old bridge of Holy Cross.

The Secretary announced that the Marquis of Kildare had entrusted to the committee of the Society, for publication, a transcript of a valuable family M.S., being the memorandum book of Gerald, Earl of Kildare, commenced in the year 1518. This curious document contains the Earl of Kildare's "duties upon Irishmen," the form of doing homage, a catalogue of the Earl's library, a list of his plate; entries of the "chief horses, hackneys and harness, or armor, given by the Earl to sundry persons, English and Irish," and the obits of "diverse Ladys and Gentyllmen of the Geraldys," &c. The Noble Marquis had also given a donation of £10 to aid the publication of this valuable manuscript, by the Society.

A vote of thanks was passed to the Marquis of Kildare.

OGHAM AMULET.

The Rev. James Graves communicated the discovery of an amber bead inscribed with an ogham, which had been used as an amulet for the use of sore eyes in the county of Cork, and which had been purchased from its former owners, for Lord Londesborough.

OLD CHURCH OF BALLYHALE.

The Rev. P. Moore, R. C. C., wrote to inform the Society, that in a recent inspection which he made of the Steeple of the Chapel of Ballyhale, which was the belfrytower of the ancient church, he had discovered on west-side a niche, containing the Virgin and Child, under a Gothic canopy, such as is often seen on ecclesiastical seals, below which was a shield, bearing the Butler arms, a chief indented, all much weather-beaten. The church must have been originally a very fine building, and there yet remains two beautiful and ancient holywater fonts.

Among the correspondence were several interesting communications, which shall be published in our next.

Special Notices.

The Fashion of the Season in Gentlemen's Hats was introduced by GENIN on the 1st inst. New-York and the Union have for years accepted the Quarterly issues of GENIN as the governing styles of the day, and his Fall Hat for 1856 will be found to possess the highest claims to the admiration of men of taste and judgment.

sept27 3t **Genin,** No. 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

Cheap Fall Dry Goods!—Rich dress Silks, broche and woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, wollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

And at the Grand street Store,

Royal Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Three-ply, and every variety of low-priced Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain materials, Cornices, Shades, &c., ALL AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES!

oct4 3mos **Lord & Taylor,** 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand street, and new uumbers 47 and 49 Catharine street.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,

oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 18 tf

Doctor M. E. Foy, Surgeon, has removed his office to 170 West Nineteenth street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. OFFICE HOURS from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.

☞ To accommodate his patients in the Eastern part of the city, Dr. F. will attend daily from 2 to 3 P. M., at Ryerson's drug store, 185 Avenue B, between 11th and 12th streets. MIDWIFERY ENGAGEMENTS promptly attended to. Medicine and advice to the poor, gratis. sept18 3mos

Special Notices.

Agency of Nicaragua, No. 347 Broadway.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Government of Nicaragua GENERAL EMIGRANT AGENT in the United States, has established a permanent agency at 347 Broadway, room No. 2, up stairs. All persons desirous of obtaining information of any kind concerning Nicaragua will receive prompt attention by addressing the undersigned, personally or by letter, at the office of the Agency. According to the decree of the Nicaraguan government, dated November 23d 1855, emigrants are entitled to 250 acres of land, if single, and 350 acres are granted to families. The price of passage to emigrants has been fixed at a very low figure; and for those without means arrangements have been made with the "Nicaragua Emigration Company," to advance the price of their passage upon the transfer of a part of the land granted by the government. This secures to emigrants a LARGE GRANT OF LAND AND A FREE PASSAGE TO NICARAGUA. J. W. Fabens, Esq., for some time past Director of Colonization of the Government of Nicaragua, is now in this city, and may be found daily at the office of the agency. From his extended knowlege of the country he is enabled to give most valuable information concerning Nicaragua.

The splendid steamer TENNESSEE, will leave Pier 36 foot of North Moore-st., North River, on Monday, October 6th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and all persons desirous of emigrating to that beautiful country are advised to make early application at the agency.

Alexander C. Lawrence, General Emigrant Agent of

sept20 2t Nicaragua for United States.

"Musical." A young Lady lately connected with the profession in Europe *where she studied under the first and best masters* is desirous of giving to a limited number of pupils the advantage *of a good education on the Piano.* Any family who will kindly favor her with a trial may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trenor, 90 South 8th street, Brooklyn, E. D. 3mos

Guyon Cadets, Co. D, 9th Regiment. Attention!—The members of this Company are hereby ordered to attend a special meeting at their Armory on Wednesday evening, October 1, at half-past 7 o'clock. Punctual attendance is required as business of importance relating to our Target Excursion, which takes place on the 14th October, will be laid before the meeting. By order.

Thos. Murphy, Captain.

M. MCKENNEY, Orderly Sergt. sept27

Ladies returning from the Country wishing their supply of Shoes for the fall season, can obtain Ladies Gaiter Boots from 12s. to 20s., Slippers, Ties and Buskins, from 6s. to 10s., India Rubber Boots and Shoes of all kinds, with Boy's, Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes of all kinds and prices, at

sept27 4t **J. B. Miller & Co's.,** 134 Canal street, (West.)

The Great National Political

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

HAS already reached a sale unprecedented in the annals of political literature, and the cry is still for more. In order to meet the demand, the publisher has just issued the Sixth Edition of 16,000 copies. This map contains portraits of each of the candidates for President and Vice-President, their letters of acceptance, platforms of the respective parties, &c. Size 34 by 40 inches—showing the territorial boundaries, and a great amount of statistics interesting to all parties. Price, in pocket form, 50 cents; in sheet form 25 cents. Copies sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Address A. Ranney, Publisher, No. 195 Broadway, New-York. 2t4oc

Amusements.

GRAND POETICAL AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

MISS TERESA ESMONDE,

Will give one of her Readings from the IRISH AND AMERICAN POETS, before the Catholic Library Association at the BROADWAY TABERNACLE, on *Tuesday Evening, September 30, at 8 o'clock.*

DODWORTH'S BAND has been engaged and will perform between the pieces.

Programme:

PART I.

1.—O'Connell's Statue. Lines addressed to Hogan the Irish Sculptor. THOMAS DAVIS.
2.—Signs of the Times.....SPERANZA.
3.—The Pillar Towers of Ireland.....D. F. MCCARTHY.
4.—Gold.....PARK BENJAMIN.
5.—Sister of Charity.....GERALD GRIFFIN.
6.—The Geraldine.....Dr. SHELTON MACKENZIE.
7.—Convict Ship.—A tale of Ireland's Wrongs. Written exclusively for Miss Esmonde, by Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, authoress of "Fashion and Famine."

PART II.

1.—Selection from Hiawatha, (Famine.).....LONGFELLOW.
2.—Beauty, Wit and Gold.....THOMAS MOORE.
3.—A Prison Lay.....T. F. MEAGHER.
4.—My Land!.....THOMAS DAVIS.
5.—WEEP ON—WEEP ON!.....THOMAS MOORE.
6.—Molly Muldoon.....ANONYMOUS.

☞ Tickets 25 cents; to be had at the door on the evening of the Readings, of the Committee, and at the office of the *Irish News.*

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

MR. WALLACK will appear for *Eighteen Farewell Nights*, previously to his visit to Havana, where his health demands that he should pass the Winter.

"The Fairy Star," MISS AGNES ROBERTSON, will perform for *Eighteen Nights*, previously to a long series of engagements South and West.

MR. DION BOURCICAULT,

will perform during the engagement of "The Fairy Star," and will produce two new dramatic works, upon the composition of which he is now engaged.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

THE PEOPLES TEMPLE OF THE DRAMA.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

Triumphant Success of the Burlesque on the Opera of

MARITANA;

Which will be repeated every night this week, with a fine programme of

ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.

Concert at 7 3-4 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

In rehearsal—

DRED; OR, THE DISMAL SWAMP.

American News.

Commodore Armstrong, commanding the United States naval forces in the East India and Chinese Seas, has transmitted to our Government the correspondence between himself and the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir John Bowring, in relation to the seizure of John A. Phipps, (on board the American bark *Annie Buckman*, of which he was an officer, by a British police force. It appears from the official despatch, that as soon as Commodore Armstrong became aware of the proceedings above referred to, he earnestly protested against them, asserting the doctrine that the United States Consul had authority in that and all similar cases, and likewise complained of the discourteous treatment to which Consul Keenan was subjected, owing to his intervention in behalf of Mr. Phipps. To this communication the Governor replied, claiming that Hong Kong being a British possession, the authorities thereof were fully warranted in their acts, and entering into a recapitulation of certain points of international law in justification. The consul had previously been permitted to sit with the judge to hear cases affecting American seamen, but on this occasion the privilege of (courtesy merely) was denied. Having failed to settle the points involved, the American Commodore and the British Governor have referred the matter in issue to their respective Governments for a solution, (involving the rights of consuls in cases where the liberty of the persons of their countrymen is affected abroad).

Discovery of an Island.—Captain Dunn, of the bark Dragon, at Salem, from Pedang, reports that on the passage from the Fejee Islands to Shanghae, September 12, he saw an island, not laid down in his chart, to the northward, distant five miles. Got a good observation, and made its position in lat. 8.20, long. 167.46 E., by the chronometer. It is a small sand island, with low bushes, six miles in circumference. It is inhabited, and surrounded by a coral reef, a mile from the shore, and can be seen fifteen miles from the masthead. The same afternoon saw the Michaleff Group to the northward as laid down on the chart.

The Louisville *Courier* states that on the night of the 14th about 1 o'clock, Michael Kinney, who had been laboring for several days under *delirium tremens*, leapt from the roof of Pat. Tansy's house into the street below, striking upon a heap of brick, fracturing his leg in a severe manner, and causing a frightful wound in the forehead. His wounds were of the most frightful character, and the pain he experienced exceedingly distressing to those within the sound of his voice. His skull bone was crushed completely in, and, to save his life, the difficult and dangerous operation of trepanning had to be undertaken. It was supposed he would recover, unless the effects of the *delirium tremens* would produce a fatal result.

The Cincinnatti *Gazette* of the 19th inst., informs us that as Mr. Reed, editor of the Commercial, was passing the Enquirer office, Judge Walker of the latter paper, who happened to be stepping into the street, saluted him in a menacing manner, and approached with an uplifted cane. Mr. Reed drew a pistol from his pocket, presented it at Mr. Walker, and invited him to "come on," whereupon the latter retreated into the office and took shelter behind the door, where he also drew a pistol from his pocket; but no shots were exchanged.

Mr. Raymond Thomassy, a French gentleman of character and intelligence, has arrived in Norfolk, and intends to apply for the use of low lands on the sea shore, as near Norfolk as convenient, for the purpose of establishing an extensive salt factory, this important article of commerce to be made by solar evaporation, and with the aid of the winds.

We learn from the Winona *Republican*, that W. B. Bunnell, of Homer, in Minnesota Territory, has this season successfully experimented on the cultivation of sugar cane. Mr. Bunnell thinks it will succeed, without doubt, and next year will devote several acres to this crop, which has so generally been supposed to be necessarily confined to the extreme South.

The eastern side of the Blue Ridge Tunnel, Va., had progressed, up to about a week ago, 2,001 feet; on the western side 2,014 feet had been excavated, leaving about 285 more to be pierced. The work will be finished, the superintendent thinks, about the last of November. There are 165 hands constantly employed on the work.

The Troy *Budget* says, the fire which raged so furiously on the line of the Watertown and Rome Railroad, near Rome, last week, has burnt out, after destroying some five or six thousand cords of wood belonging to the N. Y. Central R. R. Co., and burning up a number of shanties, driving out the occupants, and doing damage to the Watertown and Rome Railroad track.

The value of exports, including specie, in Boston for the week ending the 20th inst., was as follows: American, $220,889 18; foreign, $52,283 82. Total, $274,173. The receipts of flour into this port for the week were 26,393 bbls.; of corn, 26,293 bushels, and of wheat 1470 bushels.

George Frank Lemon, an old Californian, left San Francisco in the steamer of the 5th ult. for the city of Mexico, having a contract with the Mexican Government to superintend the construction of a military road from Mexico to Acapulco.

A State Convention of the friends of Education in North Carolina, will be held in Salisbury on the 21st day of October next.

Gen. James Gadsden, late Minister to Mexico, is spoken of in the Charleston, S. C., papers to fill the vacancy in Congress occasioned by Governor Aiken having declined to serve again.

The Port Gibson *Herald* says that there has been used this year in Claiborne county, 16,840 tin cans, for putting up fruits, vegetables, etc.

David Hall, of Meredith, N. H., who threw Benjamin Dow into a well, has been sent to the State Prison for eight years. Dow did not "kick the bucket."

James Keefe, charged with forgery in Richmond, while under examination coolly possessed himself of the paper charged as forged, chewed it up and swallowed it in the presence of the court!

At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Livingston, Ala., travelling passports and cards of clearance were made out for Samuel Sherood, charged and convicted for tampering with slaves, giving them orders for whisky, &c.

An experienced farmer announces that he has discovered that a heavy crop of buckwheat, followed by a crop of oats, seeded with clover, will almost entirely eradicate the Canada thistle.

Hon. J. C. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, was greeted with a public reception on passing through Raleigh, N. C.

A western editor perpetrates the following: A flock of sheep composed of all "wethers" may be said to resemble our climate.

The Know-Nothing Convention, held at Rochester on the 23d, nominated for Governor Erastus Brooks, of New-York, and for Lieutenant-Governor, Lyman Odell, of Livingston county.

Secretary Dobbin writes from North Carolina that he is "comfortable and stronger," and that his health, so delicate when he left the city a few weeks ago, is improving.

The English mail steamer Tay was lost near Lopez Island, on the 30th of August. The mails, and the passengers and crew were saved.

The Ohio river at Cincinnatti was said to be lower on the 24th than ever before known. Droves of cattle have been driven across it at that point.

An ineffectual effort has been made to introduce the German language into the public schools of St. Louis.

Ten dollars a hundred has been offered for whole crops of new Tobacco, in the field, in the Green river (Ky.) counties.

The Fremont flag in Danvers was torn to shreds on Thursday night.

There was a heavy frost at Columbia, S. C., on the 24th. It is feared that the cotton crop has sustained much damage.

The State Fair at Cleveland, Ohio, opened on the 24th.

City News.

DEATH OF GEORGE STEERS, THE SHIP-BUILDER.

We are pained to announce the sudden death of George Steers, the renowned ship and yacht builder. On Thursday afternoon (25th inst., about three o'clock, as he was driving his horse and wagon to Little Neck, L. I., for the purpose of bringing home his wife, who had been boarding there during the summer season, the horse took fright near Calvary Cemetery, and ran away. Mr. Steers immediately jumped out of the wagon with a view of stopping the animal, when he was struck by the wagon and injured severely about the head. He was thrown prostrate and senseless to the ground, and lay in the middle of the road for some minutes. Soon after the occurrence of the accident, Councilman Boole, Mr. R. H. Bishop and Bernard Kelly, intimate friends of Mr. Steers, who were riding in a carriage, came along, and discovered the condition of the sufferer. Mr. Steers was then insensible. He was instantly taken into the coach, and driven rapidly to his residence, 91 Cannon street, New-York.

Dr. Freeman, the family physician, was immediately sent for, and on examining the patient, gave it as his opinion that the sufferer would not survive.

Mr. Steers continued insensible during the evening, and died at half-past ten o'clock at night.

Mr. Steers was, it is well known, the most successful ship-builder on this continent. In 1853 the celebrated yacht America, built by him, proceeded to England, and there won the prize awarded to the fastest yacht of all nations. Since then the yacht Julia was constructed under his supervision, and in every regatta where she entered she carried off the prize.

But the greatest triumph of Mr. Steers' life has yet to take place. The steamship Adriatic, of the Collins line, constructed by him and launched last summer, is now making preparations for her trial trip.

Singular Bottle Story.—Captain Beecher, editor of the English *Nautical Magazine*, has compiled within the last ten years the following curious voyages of bottles thrown into the sea by unfortunate navigators: A good many bottles thrown into the sea next to the African coast, found their way to Europe. The bottle seems to have anticipated the Austral Panama route, having travelled from the Isthmus of Panama to the Irish coast. Another crossed the Atlantic from the Canaries to Nova Scotia. Three or four bottles, thrown into the sea by Greenland mariners on Davis's Strait, landed on the north-west coast of Ireland. Another one made a very curious trip; it swam from the South Atlantic Ocean to the West coast of Africa, passed Gibraltar, went along the Portuguese coast of France, passing Brest, and was finally picked up on Jersey Island; the direct line touches at least all these places, and makes it more than probable that it took this route. One bottle was only found after sixteen years swimming, one after fourteen, and two after ten years. A few only traveled more than one year, and one only five days. This last was sent off by the captain of the Racehorse, on the 17th of April, in the Carribean Sea, and was found on the 22d, after having gone through three degrees of longitude in a western direction. Capt. McClure, of the Investigator, well known since the discovery of the North-West Strait, threw a bottle into the sea in 1850, on his way to Behring's Strait. It swam 3,600 miles in 206 days, and was picked up on the Honduras coast.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

The Democracy of the "Tenth Legion" had a large and enthusiastic meeting at Stroudsburg on 22nd ult. Henry Scott presided. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. John Van Buren, Dickerson, Cols. Wynkoop and Wright and Senator Broadhead.

This is worth remembering. The Know Nothing State Council of Iowa met recently in Iowa City, and resolved to support Fremont and Dayton.

Another item worth remembering. "All our American population are entirely opposed to the working of the mines by foreigners."—Speech of John C. Fremont in the Senate of the United States, Sept. 26th, 1850. See Appendix to Congressional Globe, vol. 22, part 2nd, page 1366.

Hon. Charles J. Jenkins, long a leading Whig of Georgia, has written an able letter, assigning his reasons for supporting Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency.

A well-informed German in the city of New-York states, that there are about 12,000 German voters in this city, of whom not more than 1,500 will vote for Fremont, and adds, these will make more noise till the election than all the rest.

From a bitter and whining article in the Jefferson Co. *Republican*, we gather that cheers for "Buck and Breck" were rather more numerous than those for Fremont, at the "great Republican meeting" in Jefferson.

The *Argus* of 23d says: "We can assure our readers, on recent and reliable intelligence, that, notwithstanding all the bragging of the Republicans, there is not the slightest danger that Mr. Buchanan will lose Pennsylvania."

Sixty-nine old line Whigs of Detroit have issued an appeal to their Whig friends of Michigan, urging them, as they value the Union and the Constitution of their country, to support the election of Buchanan and Breckinridge.

OBITUARY.

Died in Chicago, Ill., on Friday morning, the 19th inst., William Patrick, only child of Mr. Thomas P. Casey, formerly of Athenry, county Galway, Ireland, aged 9 months and 7 days.

At Charleston, S. C., on the 27th inst., in the 38th year of his age, John Hill, formerly of Castle Daly, county Westmeath, deservedly regretted by a numerous circle of friends.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

At St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, Edward J. Browner, of Auburn Villa, Rathgar Road, to Eliza, daughter of the late James Corr, of Callan, county Kilkenny.

At Carrickmore, Robert Kerr, of Sess, to Isabella, daughter of the late Alexander M'Farland, of Ballyhallaghan, county Tyrone.

At Aberdeen, George Dickie, M. D., of Belfast, to Agnes Williamson, daughter of Alexander Low.

In Cork, James F. Windle, Solicitor, of Tarbert, to Helena, daughter of A. M'Carthy.

Hugh M'Mahon, to Mrs. Catherine O'Hara.

William Stewart, of Brigh, county Tyrone, to Jane Ekin, of Drumnard, county Derry.

At Brighton, William O'Ryan, of Bansha Castle, county Tipperary, to Maria, relict of William Annand, of Norwood, Surrey.

At Delaware, Canada, William F. Bullen, to Ann Eliza, daughter of John D. Milne, formerly of the 9th Regiment.

At Waterford, Robert Jacob, to Hannah Maria, daughter of James Walpole.

At Ballymena, James Moore, of Lawn View place, to Ellen, daughter of Bernard O'Rawe, of Fountain-place, Ballymena.

At St. Paul's Church, Cork, Captain Wm. Thomas Levingston Hosking, son of Captain Thomas Hosking, of Ballydehob Mines, to Anne, daughter of John O'Hara, of Clonakilty, county Cork.

At Tralee, Patrick Devlin, 5, Middle Gardiner street, Dublin, to Jane, sister of John Higgins, Nelson street, Tralee.

At St. Patrick's Church, Waterford, William Hearne, to Ellen, daughter of the late John Foster, of Arundel-square.

At Belgarim, East Indies, Robert Mockler, Captain, 64th Regiment, to Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. J. Colthurst, of Lobeda Glebe, county Londonderry.

In Stillorgan church, Margaret, daughter of Robert Geoghegan, Carysfort Lodge, Stillorgan Park, to John Reilly, Leiutenant 8th Hussars.

At Langcliffe, Yorkshire, Joseph Birkbeck, son of the late John Birkbeck, of Anley House, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Lewis Mackesy, M. D., Waterford.

At Oranmore, Thomas Hazel, of Cashel House, Connemara, to Mary, daughter of George Hill, of Oranmore.

At Heavitree, near Exeter, John Clibborne, of Lisanisky, King's County, and of Apthrop Villa, near Bath, to Louisa Barbara, daughter of the late Bonner Collins, of Hatch Beauchamp.

Philip Quin, of Carrigoon, Mallow, to Mary Ann, daughter of Denis O'Connor.

At Odogh, James George Robertson, of Kilkenny, to Wilhelmina Margaret Alice, daughter of William Strangways, formerly of the 83d Regiment, Suttonsrath, county Kilkenny.

IRISH DEATHS.

At Ballingary, county Tipperary, aged 82 years, Mary, relict of the late Thomas O'Donnell, and mother of the Rev. Thomas O'Donnell, C. C., Boherlahan.

At Ontario-terrace, Rathmines, Jane, wife of Charles Ross, and daughter of the late Henry Cuppaidge, of Harold's Cross.

Owen MacNally, brother to the Right Rev. Dr. MacNally.

James Rankin, late of Stanhope street, Dublin, aged 70 years.

At his residence, 5 Vere street, Dublin, William Brady, aged 78 years.

At Ayrfield Coolock, aged 89 years, Sir Edmond Nugent.

In London, Sarah, relict of N. Whitworth, formerly of Drogheda.

At Gresham-terrace, Kingstown, Elizabeth, relict of William Gibton.

In London, Anne, wife of Robert Wyon, of Dublin.

Joseph Read, son of John Read, Somerville, Rathmines.

In Kildare, Clara Ann, wife of Captain J. Addy, of the Land Transport Corps.

At Straffin, county Kildare, aged 74 years, A. Hervey.

At Abbeyville, aged 75 years, Thomas Hemsworth.

At South Audley street, Dublin, Sir Richard Westmacott, R. A., in the 82d year of his age.

At 18 Myrtle Hill terrace, Sealy D. Freeman, son of the late Doctor Pahie, of Cuba House, Banagher, King's County.

At Rotherham, Yorkshire, A. Grant, aged 56 years, brother of James Grant, Editor of the "Morning Advertiser."

At Walworth, Anto Thomas Smith Miller, late of Dublin.

In Coleraine, aged 74 years, Anne, sister of the late Right Rev. S. Kyle, Bishop of Cork.

At Howth-View, Glasthle, Hugh H. Brady, son of the late Henry Brady, of Raheens Park, Clare.

Mrs. Catherine Lawless, relict of Thomas Lawless, of Gallstown, county Meath.

Ellen, mother of Stephen M'Kenna, of Great Patrick street, Dublin, aged 92 years.

Anne Jane, daughter of the late Captain Robert Neill, of Bangor.

At Tritonville, Sandymount, Elizabeth Jane, eldest daughter of C. Charlesworth.

In Tipperary, in the 84th year of his age, Leonard Keating, late of Garranlea, the senior Magistrate of the county Tipperary.

Of decline, aged 44 years, James Parker, of Garrykennedy.

At Edward street, Limerick, Mrs. Mary Benson, aged 70 years.

At Prior Park terrace, Clonmel, James N. Coyne.

At Coolemore House, county Cork, Herbert O'Donnell, J. P.

At Clonballa, King's County, Harriet, daughter of the late Daniel Melloy.

In Camden street, Dublin, William Barrington, aged 71 years.

In Kilkee, Benjamin Crabb, of Dublin, stationer.

In Tralee, Susan, relict of the late Dr. Sheehy.

At Kennitty, Thomas Hipwell.

In Nelson street, Tralee, Mrs. Mary Smith.

At Basseterre, St. Kitt's, West Indies, Captain James Spencer Quelch, aged 77 years.

At Plymouth, Philippa Vaughan, relict of Captain Queade, 40th and 77th Regiments.

At Chichester, Mrs. Snooke, widow of Major Henry Snooke, 18th Royal Irish.

In Rutland street, Limerick, Matthew, son of Michael Keane, baker.

In Thomas street, Limerick, after a few days illness, John Mannix, proprietor of the oyster tavern.

In High street, Limerick, Michael Coffey.

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TO PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

An elegant Gift for a father to present to his family! Send for one copy, and try it among your friends!—Wanted—Agents in every section of the United States and Canada, to circulate Sears' large type quarto Bible, for family use, entitled The People's Pictorial Domestic Bible, with about one thousand Engravings! This useful book is destined, if we can form an opinion from the Notices of the Press, to have an unprecedented circulation in every section of our wide-spread continent, and to form a distinct era in the sale of our works. It will, no doubt, in a few years become the Family Bible of the American people. The most liberal remuneration will be allowed to all persons who may be pleased to procure subscribers to the above. From 50 to 100 copies may easily be circulated and sold in each of the principal cities and towns of the Union. It will be sold by subscription only. Application should be made at once, as the field will soon be occupied. Persons wishing to act as agents, and do a safe business, can send for a specimen copy. On receipt of the established price, Six Dollars, the Pictorial Family Bible, with a well bound Subscription Book, will be carefully boxed, and forwarded per express, at our risk and expense, to any central town or village in the United States, excepting those of California, Oregon and Texas. Register your letters, and your money will come safe. In addition to the Pictorial Bible, we publish a large number of Illustrated Family Works, very popular, and of such a high moral and unexceptionable character, that while good men may safely engage in their circulation, they will confer a public benefit, and receive a fair compensation for their labor. Orders respectfully solicited. For further particulars, address the subscriber, (post-paid.)

Robert Sears, 181 William street, New York.

EVERY READER

will please notice the advertisement descriptive of Mr. Sears' Pictorial Family Bible, and send for the principal catalogue of all our Illustrated Works. To the uninitiated in the great art of selling books, we would say, that we present a scheme for money making, far better than all the gold mines of California and Australia. Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the publisher $25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works (at wholesale prices) carefully boxed, insured and directed, affording a very liberal percentage to the agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly. Address (post paid)

Robert Sears, Publisher,
181 William street, New York.

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Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the cheapest Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very best Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
68 Liberty street, N. Y.

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DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street.
FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms."
EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn.
GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y.
RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y.
P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall."
Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street.
M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.*
T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory.
WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms."
JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y.
M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn.
MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street.
W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa.
MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue.
JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City.
—— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.
P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia.
Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me.
JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond.
P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston.
GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta.
EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati.
JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

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REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

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Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

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15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

Improved Billiard Tables and Cushions.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

58, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug23 10t

Catholic Reading Rooms.—The Directors of the Catholic Library Association respectfully announce to the public that their Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery, will be open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 7 to 10 o'clock. Annual subscription, $1. By order.

M. T. Cozans, President.
JAMES O. C. TABB, Rec. Sec'y. sept13

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application, personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until enquiry has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.

sept6 8mos **Hatton & Co.**

Evening School will open Monday, September 29, at the corner of Little and Water streets, Brooklyn, within a few minutes walk of the Catharine, Rosevelt and Governeur streets Ferries. Ladies and Gentlemen will meet with the most polite attention from competent and obliging teachers. Several pupils of this establishment now hold first positions as Bookkeepers, Architects, Teachers, &c., &c. All those whose education is limited or wholly neglected can scarcely find so good an opportunity for supplying its wants. Hours from 7 to 9 P. M. Terms—to suit the times.

S. H. Coleman, Principal.

P. S.—The "Cosmopolitan Literary Club," meet in one of the School-rooms at half-past 7 o'clock every Saturday evening.

HUGH WINTERS, Sec'y. MICHAEL J. DEEGAN, President.
sept27 2t

Photographs and Ambrotypes.—50 Franklin street, New-York. Persons wishing to have a true life-like Photograph or Ambrotype taken, will do well to call at this place; the pictures there made are finished in the best style, and no trouble or pains will be spared to suit the most delicate taste.

The prices will be lower than in any other establishment in town, the proprietor not having the expenses of artists to pay for the coloring of the pictures, or salaries of operators, the work being done by the proprietor himself.

Persons having black plain photographs, and wishing to have them colored or re-touched in China Ink, can have it done at low prices. The proprietor will also re-touch for any establishment in the city or country, that will ask for it, and those he has been coloring for can have their work done at the same rates and prices.

Instructions will be given to pupils in Photograph and Ambrotype. Good collodion for sale, and all kinds of chemicals for the business prepared to order. (8m12jly) **A. Cosmes.**

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparent expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 3m19jly

Special Notices.

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood, deceased.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.
A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional district, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth wards of the said city and county.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressional district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.
City and county officers are also to be elected:—
A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.
A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.
Two Governors of the Almshouse, in the places of Isaac Bell, jr., and Simeon Draper.
Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, August 20, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140.
aug30

DENTISTRY.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

Only $1 50 for a fine Fashionable Hat.—What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50, when you can buy a better Hat for *only One Dollar and Fifty Cents!* Call on SMITH, and he will fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put on your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. No. 81 *Park Row*, under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman street.

N. B.—Also on hand a large assortment of Drab Beavers, Pearl and Cassimere Hats, from $1 50 to $2.
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Business Directory.

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WEST SIDE, OPPOSITE THE HAY MARKET.

HUGH DOLAN

TAKES leave to apprise his friends and the public generally that he has opened the above concern with a

New and Select Stock of Goods,

which will compare favorably with any in the market, and which he offers to his customers at prices which he is confident cannot be beaten in the city.

Gentlemen's Furnishing goods of every description at the lowest rates.

N. B. Particular attention paid to the making up of custom work. A good fit warranted in all cases.

☞ Remember 390 Bowery, opposite the Hay Market. 3m4oc

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *FALL IMPORTATION.* 1856.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

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IS now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

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Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

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Three-ply,	"	7s to 10s	"
Ingrain,	"	3s to 7s	"
Common Ingrain,	"	18d to 3s	"

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

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TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK AND VICINITY.

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All who are acquainted with the Carpet trade and have visited our New Store, acknowledge our stock the most varied assortment and best selected on exhibition in the city. The facilities we enjoy for purchasing cheap, and an experience of many years in connection with the largest houses in the country enables us to present to our lady friends and the public the cheapest and most select stock of goods in the city.

sept27 1m STEPHEN LEAHY, 93 Sixth Avenue.

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HATS, Caps, Ornaments and Flags made to order. Galvanic Plating Hotel and Express Letters, Dog Collars, Jobbing for Hardware Merchants, Firemen and Target Companies supplied. Orders for the improved Lightning Rod.

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Are prepared to do Printing of all kinds in the best style and on reasonable terms. PARTIES desiring printing for BALLS, PARTIES, EXCURSIONS, CONCERTS, or PUBLIC MEETINGS, are invited to give us a call.
8mjly26

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FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

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OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

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DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

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N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap261y

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Business Directory.

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NO. 82 BROADWAY

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known, and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers street.

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my81y

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AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

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30 ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

DAILY, weekly and Sunday papers, Magazines, and Cheap Publications. The trade supplied. Orders from the country solicited and promptly filled. JOHN HAMILTON,
tf S. W. JOHNSON.

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IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan,** Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Vanbrunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of WISE'S CORK MALT WHISKEY, which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm who import the same in New-York. ap261y

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(LATE DELMONICO'S HOTEL.

21, 23, 25, & 27 Broadway, New-York.

THE undersigned avails himself of this opportunity of informing his friends and the public that he has leased the above named house for a term of years, and has made extensive alterations and repairs, and omitted nothing that will tend to the accomodations or comfort of guests. The house having been newly furnished throughout in the most thorough and modern style, with a view to convenience and comfort, and as it will be conducted on the European plan, and with an experienced caterer, and thorough cooks, he hopes to give satisfaction to those who favor him with their patronage which has never failed while in other Hotels in this city.

Catholic families and clergymen visiting New-York will find in the arrangements of this spacious establishment, elegance, convenience, and comfort, at moderate charges. JOHN O'GRADY, JR.,
3m5jly Formerly of Judson's Hotel and the Brandreth House.

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LAFARGE HOUSE,

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3m19jly STONE & BURROUGHS, Proprietors.

Business Directory.

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209 FULTON STREET, BETWEEN CHURCH AND GREENWICH STS.
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THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has opened the above establishment for the sale of

PURE WINES, BRANDIES, &C.,

with an extensive assortment of

CHOICE CORDIALS,

by wholesale and retail, and would call attention of buyers to his Stock, consisting, in part of

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Otard, Dupuy & Co., Vintages 1836 and 1840.

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COLERAINE AND DUBLIN MALT WHISKEY,

(Imported by the subscriber to which he invites the attention of the connoisseur.)

HOLLAND GIN,

Meder Swan, and other favorite brands.

Together with a large assortment of

DUBLIN & LONDON PORTER, SCOTCH ALES,

and a select supply of genuine **Havana Segars,** of various brands.

Particular attention given to orders for families, and goods forwarded to any part of the City, Brooklyn, Jersey, &c. Country Orders with remittance, immediately attended to.

Having engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Dillon, (late with Archdeacon & O'Connor, Wall Street) customers can depend on all orders entrusted to his care, being promptly and faithfully attended to.

Parties residing up town can procure the above articles of T. & J. Russell, corner 36th street, and 6th Avenue: T. Russell & Co., corner 4th Street and 6th Avenue, and at the corners of 13th Street, 8th and 10th Avenues.

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MEDICAL men now very generally recommend the occasional use of pure ale to those in need of nourishment; and it is, undoubtedly, the most wholesome beverage for general use that can be found. This is not a new idea. In Queen Elizabeth's time our ancestors universally consumed it—from Elizabeth herself, in her palace, to the farmer in the field. In those days adulterated wines and fiery liquors may be said to have been unknown, and very heavy penalties were enacted against using anything except malt and hops in brewing. It is not at all extravagant to assert that the average duration of the life of a large portion of our race is a third less than it was two or three hundred years ago, and this is chiefly attributable to what we eat and what we drink. Even now the heartiest people that can be found are from the rural districts of England, who yet follow the old-fashioned diet.

All who use ale, whether as a beverage or for the purpose of nourishment, will find the ELIZABETHAN ALE most excellent. Being made on the Scotch plan, it is as pure and wholesome (if not equal in flavor) as the imported, while its cost is but little more than a common article. Families and retailers supplied at 120 WATER STREET, one door above Wall. oct4 3mos

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Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Ales, Wines, Liquors,

Segars,

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LONDON, DUBLIN, PHILADELPHIA,
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CHAMPAGNE CIDER, in quantities to suit purchasers,
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AND

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my81y

The Irish News.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, Editor and Proprietor.
JOHN SAVAGE, Literary Editor.

Three Dollars per Annum. Single Copies 6 Cents.
Publication Office, 29 Ann St., cor. of Nassau.

VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1856. NO. 27.

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AT HOME AND ABROAD,

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Information Wanted.—Michael Gorman, Stone Cutter, of New-York, will hear of something to his advantage by writing to his Brother-in-law M. McMahon, Neshkors, Marquette Co., Wisconsin. sept20 4t

European News.

The European news, to September 20, is quite uninteresting.

ARRESTS IN PARIS.

From Paris, the only item is an account of arrests of numerous members of the secret society of the Marianne, who, it is reported, intended to assassinate the Emperor as he returned from Biarritz. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, September 17, says :—" There was an unusual stir last night at the Prefecture of Police and at the Prison of Manzas, owing to the arrest of about thirty persons belonging to a secret society. This society, composed of revolutionists of the most violent and dangerous kind, held a meeting yesterday, at which it is said that it was decided to assassinate the Emperor on his return from Biarritz. I understand that the Police know all the members of this society, most of whom are old members of the Marianne, inhabiting the 6th, 7th and 8th arrondissements of Paris. The majority of them are artisans. Several of those arrested are very young, and appear intelligent and not uneducated. They have been placed in solitary confinement at Mazas, and are allowed to communicate with no one. The search made at their residences has brought to light nothing that compromises them, but the Police are prepared to prove the existence of the society, and to bring forward witnesses of its frequent meetings. This confirms the evidence as to the existence of a secret society, whose members are sworn to attempt the life of the Emperor. Fortunately, the Police are vigilant and sharp-sighted, and history is there to show us how rarely such attempts succeed. It is doubtless very difficult to form a society of this kind, into which some agent of the authorities does not find some means to insinuate himself, and even when that is not the case, at the last moment it is rare that all the conspirators preserve their firmness of purpose and of nerve."

It is positively asserted that the French government has given an order, dating from the 15th ult., prohibiting any further transportations to Cayenne.

OPENING OF THE SWISS ASSEMBLY.—The Swiss Federal Assembly was opened on the 13th, the second part of its session. The events of Neufchatel naturally occupy the foremost place in the opening addresses to both Chambers. The sentiments expressed on the subject by the President of the National Council and by the President of the Council of the States are exactly the same. The following is the language of the President of the National Council :—" Deplorable events have occurred in the Confederation, and blood has flowed. A party, forgetting all the events of late years, has displayed on the soil of Switzerland the flag of a foreign power. At the first moment, in the midst of the general surprise, the royalist party was able to haul down the federal flag ; but it was immediately after again raised aloft by the immense majority of the country, by the whole Republican party, which rose like a single man to oppose and cast out the foreign adherents. Thanks to the energy and devotedness of the Republicans of Neufchatel, the insurrection was stifled in its very outset. Let us congratulate them on having succeeded without the assistance of the Confederation. These events have once more proved how deeply rooted are the Republican convictions of our co-federates. Let us hope, gentlemen, that these circumstances will not lead to any annoying complications for Switzerland ; but whatever may come to pass, the Confederation will not forget the proof of ardent patriotism which the Republicans of Neufchatel have given, and it will know how to thoroughly protect them.

OPENING OF THE HOLLAND LEGISLATURE.

The session of the States-General was opened at the Hague on the 15th of September. We make the following extracts from the King's speech :

Gentlemen :—To my great joy, the war between the different Powers has ceased since I opened your last session, and re-established peace already discloses its beneficial results. During those difficult circumstances, we maintained with foreign Powers relations of good will and good understanding, and we have every ground for rejoicing in their continuance at the present moment. Our colonies and possessions in other parts of the world enjoy in general a happy tranquillity. Development of progress, moral and material, are manifest in them. We have, however, to deplore the great disasters that have afflicted some islands of the Molucca Archipelago. My Government, aided by public munificence, labors to diminish their sad effects. Though freedom of commerce with Japan has not yet been obtained, endeavors are still perseveringly made to arrive at that end. The lot of the slaves in the Western colonies does not cease to be the object of my lively solicitude. Measures have been taken tending to ameliorate their present condition, so as to prepare for their social reform, on which subject propositions will be submitted to you during this session. The internal situation of the country ought to inspire us with a profound sentiment of gratitude. Commerce, navigation, agriculture, and the different branches of industry, are in a state that leaves nothing to be desired. My attention remains engaged on all works that can insure the security and prosperity of the country. Railway projects give hope of seeing a network of ironway established throughout the whole extent of the country. The favorable state of our finances will not the less enable us to continue the redemption of our debt, a bill for which will be submitted to your deliberations.

Belgium.

FREE TRADE CONGRESS.

The International Free Trade Congress has opened its session at Brussels. The following account is from a London paper : King Leopold and the Duke of Brabant arrived at 12 o'clock on the 17th inst. The illustrious visitors were received on their arrival at the Hall of the Academy, by the leading members of the Government, as well as by the municipal authorities. They remained for a considerable time at the Congress, paying great attention to the proceedings going on, and making anxious inquiries as to the best means of securing the great object of the assemblage, viz : the amelioration of the physical and moral condition of the working classes in every country. His Majesty and the Duke of Brabant are the special patrons of the Congress, the expenses of which are paid by the Government. The three sections into which the members were divided, on the opening day, meet every morning at 9 o'clock, in their respective halls, when they discuss questions and adopt resolutions in relation to the particulars submitted to each respectively. The Hon. W. Cowper, the President of the British Board of Health, is Chairman of the third section. At about 12 o'clock, the business of those sections concludes, and the remainder of the day, up to 3 or 4 o'clock, is occupied by the Congress generally who are, during that time assembled together with the view of interchanging ideas, and considering the reports or statements of the various representatives present as to the progress made in their own respective countries, toward elevating the condition of the poorer and industrious classes, and satisfying their many wants. The Congress met yesterday for general business at 10 o'clock. M. Faider presided on the occasion, in the absence of M. Rogier, the ex-Minister of the Interior, who, in consequence of a domestic affliction, was obliged to go to Paris. M. Ducpetiaux, the honorary Secretary of the Congress announced to the members that, upon the presentation of their cards, they would be admitted to all the solemnities of the September *fetes*.

The order of the day for the consideration of the measures taken by the different countries for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes was then read. M. Suringar (Holland) gave an interesting account of the system practised in his country in regard to charitable establishments. At Amsterdam alone there were more than 300. He styled Holland the mother of land charity. M. Meyer (Switzerland) said that for the last three centuries the organization of charitable asylums was left in the hands of the people, the government only interfering in times of great distress. Pauperism was the canker of Switzerland—" the Canton of Zurich was another Ireland in minature." Nevertheless there existed charitable endowments equal to a capital of 450 francs for each poor person. M. Nittermayer (Baden) said that they were chiefly communes and voluntary societies which supported the charities of his country. It was his conviction that the most powerful remedy for pauperism was to be found in such associations as the present. Those associations could not exist without perfect liberty—the liberty of meeting together, and the liberty of the press. Belgium might well be considered as a privileged country—a model country (cheers,) M. Engel (Saxony) said—Among the measures taken in his country to relieve the indigent were corn-mills and bakeries established in the great centres of the population. The solicitude of the Saxony Government was directed principally to the reasonable feeding of the people. The individual man has not only a moral value, but he has also an economical value. Intelligence and physical force are his capital, though political economy might consider him only as a mere instrument of labor. It was then of the greatest advantage to a nation to attract to it as many men as possible, because they are the chief wealth of the country, and it was by liberty, and by liberty only, that we can augment the value of this capital (applause). M. Graeze (Sweden) complained of the falling off of hands which was felt in his country. The position of the agricultural classes was, however, very satisfactory. The schools of agriculture were well administered. From 1836 agricultural productions had doubled. In 1855 Sweden had exported four millions of hectolitres of corn. It was needless for him to say that the year of the war had greatly influenced her exportations. The manufacture of *eau-de-vie* had considerably diminished, while there had been an augmentation in the public revenues of about 5,000,000. It was to the modifications of the general legislation carried out in 1854 that must be attributed this favorable result. The Government of Stockholm had already taken measures to improve the habitations of the working classes. Thirteen habitations had been recently erected, which comprise 157 lodgements, of which the annual rent varied from 48 to 120 francs. There was also laid in the city the foundation of a perfect economic museum. Mr. A. K. Kersdyck observed that he had traveled through a great number of countries, but had never met with so few paupers as there were in this happy country of Belgium, which appeared to him to be peculiarly favored by nature. M. Faye (Norway) thought it was most useful for persons to initiate themselves into the knowledge of the manners, the habits, and even the popular prejudices of different countries. The best practical information was to be obtained in this way. The Government of Norway, influenced by this feeling, sent salaried envoys abroad, and when they returned they were able to instruct the people as to the best mode of drainage, &c. The precepts of those agents were followed, and the most valuable results had been gained. Norway suffered like Sweden in the want of hands. For example, a rich master of privateers being unable to find proper workmen to repair his vessels, had been obliged to send to Antwerp for them. Norway could well provide for all her wants without the use, or rather the abuse, of the *eau-de-vie*, which, he was sorry to say, was general. That was the only reason which obliged the country to seek for supplies of corn at a foreign port. That importation was now raised to more than 8,000,000, which were completely absorbed by the works of distillation. M. David (Denmark) said that the chief commerce of Denmark consisted in articles of food. The crisis of 1846 and 1847 had been surmounted without much difficulty, notwithstanding the inevitable rise in the price of provisions. This gentleman entered into long details on the subject of the construction of towns for workmen in his country, measures for which had been taken.

A correspondent of a London paper, writing on the 17th ult. says :—The Congress has selected the Presidents and Vice-Presidents of its bureaux from the delegates of the different nations present. There are England, France, Germany, Australia, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Netherlands, Portugal, Sardinia, and Brazil. The delegates appointed for England are Hon. William Cowper, and Mr. Ewart, M. P. During the first day's sitting, Mr. Ward was invited to open practical business by expounding the means adopted by benevolent societies and individuals in England for the amendment of the dwellings of the lower classes, and for the improvement of supplies of water, cleansing of drains, and divers other sanitary measures equally important. Among other interesting details, Mr. Ward who delivered himself with considerable fluency in French, stated in substance that one hundred English towns had organized a system whereby pure and soft water was distributed, and impurities carried off to a salutary distance, and thence rendered available for agricultural and fertilising purposes. Thus the expenses of the one are diminished by the proceeds of the other. According to calculation, the supply of the one costs three halfpence, and the clearance of the other one penny, per habitation per week. Thus also the mortality in towns where the system had been introduced had fallen 50 per cent., whilst the fertility of the neighboring lands had quadrupled. By an improved system of lodging, that is by altering and ventilating old habitations, and constructing model houses, a floating population of 30,000 souls had been lodged, with only ten cases of typhus, where before there had been 500 cases. Mr. Ward's highly interesting communications, accompanied by numerous plans and documents, were laid on the table, and our worthy countryman was rewarded by a vote of thanks. The President announced to the Congress that the Duke of Brabant had condescended to offer himself as their patron.

SPAIN.—A dispatch, dated Madrid, Sept. 16, says, the *Gazette* publishes a royal decree which re-establishes the constitution of 1845. An additional article lays down the nature of these offences of the press which shall be cognisable by a jury. It is also stated in the decree that the minimum duration of the session of the Cortes shall be four months ; that the existence of the Council of State is solemnly acknowledged ; that the consent of the Cortes shall be necessary for the marriage of the Sovereign, or that of the heirs to the crown, for the alienation of the royal patrimony, and for general amnesties. Paris correspondence relates that much discontent existed in Madrid, and that the Queen and O'Donnell are becoming equally unpopular.

Foreign Miscellany.

A YOUNG LADY DRAWN IN A LOTTERY.—Nearly a year ago a young lady in France named Sophie Van Behr, conceived the singular idea of disposing of herself in marriage by means of a lottery. She was thirty years old, was tired of a life of celibacy, and in despair at not finding a husband with enough means at his commands to suit her views. She announced, therefore, that her handsome but rather mature person should be disposed of on the following terms : She created a lottery with five hundred shares of a thousand francs each. Subscribers were to present themselves in person, in order that she might decide on their acceptability as husbands. The subscribers of course were to be single men. The subscriptions were placed in the hands of a notary as fast as made, and the drawing was not to take place till all the shares were taken, that is, when the sum of half a million of francs was complete. Not quite a year elapsed before all the shares were taken. The drawing recently took place in the office of the notary who held the subscriptions and the money, in presence of two magistrates. A thousand numbers were placed in an urn, the subscribers being numbered in order as their names were inscribed. The urn was thoroughly shaken up, a blind hand was thrust in, and No. 499 withdrawn. The happy individual who subscribed No. 499 was a Tunisian General, who had already occupied the public attention by his oriental caprices. But the lady was neither frightened at the turban, nor the beard, nor the religion, nor the harem of the happy barbarian, who hastened to marry her, and to pocket his five hundred thousand francs. The happy couple have left for Tunis, where they will reside.

A PEEP INTO LONDON.—Every year there are eight thousand children born in London, according to the *Edinburgh Review*, a competent authority. Yet the majority of the adult population, in spite of this, is country born—there having been, at the last census, out of one million three hundred and ninety-five persons, twenty years old and upwards, only six hundred and forty-five thousand born in London. Every sixteenth person of full age is a native of Ireland. There is always a permanent stock on hand, so to speak, of three hundred and fifty thousand marriageable but unmarried women. There are six hundred thousand scholars, six thousand schools, twelve hundred places of worship, and a million church-going people. Fifty thousand persons are always resident in poor-houses, prisons, and other institutions where they are fed out of public or private resources. Twenty thousand individuals are engaged constantly in killing and selling animal food ; thirty thousand in making and vending beverages ; and twenty-five thousand in doctoring, preaching, and managing law-suits. To complete the catalogue, there are thirty thousand clerks, two hundred thousand domestic servants, thirty thousand tailors, forty-thousand chair-makers, and one hundred thousand needle-women.

A paper published in British India, publishes a letter from a person at Karrachee, who says that he is determined to export 120,000 salted rats to China. The Chinese eat rats and he thinks they may sell. He says he has to pay one pice a dozen, and the salting, gutting, pressing and packing in casks, raises the price to six pice a dozen, and if he should succeed in obtaining the like price that rules in Whampoa and Canton, for corn grown rats, his fortune will be made.

The master of the American ship " Isaac Webb," of New-York, which was driven ashore in a gale of wind on the Welch coast, and afterwads towed into Liverpool, was fined £250 for having gone to sea short-handed, and succeeded in passing the customs authorities by shipping a full crew, some of whom were afterward discharged.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Post* states that since the publication of the new law in Turkey, 106 Christian churches have been repaired or constructed. The Sultan alone contributed 25,000f. to one building in the island of Candia.

A boat belonging to the ill-fated emigrant ship "Ocean Home" has been picked up. It contained Edward Harvey, second mate, Frederick Snow and James Mohaghan, seamen, and one passenger, name unknown.

The Russians are fortifying the entrance of the bay, and the banks below Nicolaieff.

The Sultan has bestowed the sword of Mejidoz on Admiral Houston Stewart.

Kars was formally restored by the Russians to the Turks on September 6th.

The English fleet has returned.

The Isle of Serpents is evacuated, and the "Gladiator" has left.

As the yacht *Torch*, the property of A. Graves, Esq., was entering the dock at Dunmore, on the anchor being dropped, the buoy rope caught one of the men, named William Mackey, by the left foot, carrying him overboard. By swimming he managed to extricate himself, and was taken ashore. It was found his leg was broken. He was taken to the Leper Hospital, Waterford, and was promptly visited by Dr. J. P. Mackesy, who set the injured leg. He is now going on well.

The importations from Ireland are increasing rapidly. The *Malakoff*, from Waterford, brought 50 passengers and a large cargo, consisting principally of butter, bacon, eggs, salmon, and poultry. A few mornings after, she arrived with a number of passengers, 300 sheep, 99 pigs, 11 cattle, and a large quantity of butter, bacon, and eggs. Almost all her passengers and cargo were despatched by the South Wales Railway.

A gentleman, styling himself Mayor P. Bolton, has been delivering a lecture in Wexford, on the Habitations of the Dead, showing that there are three intermediate and two final states, and that there were inaccuracies in the translation of the "authorized version" of the Bible in reference to Hell. As the admission was free, the attendance was not very select, and as some of the audience took it into their heads that the Major was "a swaddler," they did not vouchsafe him a very respectful hearing.

There has been a collection in aid of the funds for fitting out the convent in Athlone for the reception of the Sisters of Mercy. The collection was most satisfactory. Archdeacon O'Reilly gave the splendid contribution of £600, and £20 a year. Mr. Martin Carroll, pawnbroker, contributed the sum of one hundred pounds.

Irish News.

The sixth and last section of the Irish Census Report has just appeared in the form of a voluminous blue-book. It coniains a variety of tables relating to emigration, immigration, the army, agricultural statistics, &c., in the sister isle, occupying above 700 folio pages. These returns relate chiefly to the condition of Ireland in 1851—being, indeed, ostensibly founded on the census papers prepared and collected in that year, under the superintendence of Mr. M. Donnelly, the Registrar-General. The most striking fact, however, recorded in the document is presented in a preliminary table, wherein the Registrar-General brings down his estimate of Irish population to the most recent period, arriving at the conclusion that the number of dwellers in Ireland has regularly gone on diminishing year after year, and is now at least half a million less than when the census was taken on the 30th of March, 1851. Although famine and distress have disappeared, and the condition of the country become eminently prosperous, the population continues to dwindle under the influence of a strong and unchecked tide of emigration. Every year the estimated number of births has preponderated over that of deaths by more than sixty thousand on the average; but the increase arising from this natural cause has been more than counterbalanced by the outflow of population to the United States, to Canada, and to Australia. On this point, Mr. Donnelly has compiled the following table :

Years.	Excess of Births.	Emigration.	Decrease of Population.
March 30, 1851	49,319	179,507	130,188
January 1, 1852	64,453	190,322	125,869
„ 1853	63,189	173,148	109,959
„ 1854	62,085	140,555	78,470
„ 1855	61,298	91,914	30,616

The Registrar-General proceeds to remark upon this table : "It appears that the inhabitants of Ireland have, by emigration, decreased 475,102 persons from the 30th of March, 1851, to the 31st December, 1855, so that at the present time the population does not much exceed six millions; and it is probable that this number is still diminishing, owing to the emigrants from this country continuing to be greater in amount than the assumed excess of births over deaths." On the census day in 1851 the gross population of Ireland was returned at 6,552,385, and on the 1st of January last the number, according to Mr. Donnelly's computation, was reduced to 6,077,283. In the interval he calculates that 965,389 children have been born, and 665,045 persons of all ages have died in Ireland. The total excess of births was, therefore, 300,344; but against this increase must be put the departure of 775,446 emigrants direct from the Irish ports, to say nothing of the number—probably a large one—who sailed first for England, and thence departed on their more distant voyage.

The Very Rev. Father Molony, late Catholic Chaplain in the Crimea, has arrived in Ennis on a visit to his brother, Mr. Richard Molony, Mill street. The Rev. gentleman wears his Crimean medal, and appears in the very best health and spirits. He received a hearty welcome from his townsmen on his arrival.

Alderman Bianconi, J.P., Longfield, has sent another munificent gift of books to the library of the Mechanics' Institute, through its secretary, Thomas Dorney, Esq., and one of the candidates for the borough, Mr. Murray, has forwarded a donation of £25, in valuable works, through the Committee of the Institute.

The St. Mary's Protestant Church, Clonmel, with the exception of the tower, is to be taken down and rebuilt, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, at an expense of £3,000. The Directors of the National Bank have sanctioned the erection of a new bank in Dublin street, on a style similar to the one in George street, Limerick.

The Marquis of Waterford, Lorenzo Hickey Jephson, Esq., Lieut. Henry Jameson, B.M., Waterford, formed a shooting party lately, at Hollwood, county of Wicklow, the seat of Lord John Beresford. They shot, upon one excursion, no fewer than 80 brace of grouse.

We learn from the Munster *News* that a suit has been instituted by Mr. James Coffee, of the *Lake Hotel*, Killarney, against Mr. Finn of the *Victoria*, to prohibit the latter from including the word *Lake*, in the designation of his establishment.

J. H. Talbot, Esq., D.L., Ballytrent, has given, as the contribution of his son and daughter, a splendid window for one of the new Catholic churches in Wexford.

The question of closing the Cemetery of St Mary's, Clonmel, alleged to be overcrowded, has been brought before the next meeting of the corporation of that town, with what result we have not yet learned.

The lands of Lissenure, in the parish of Templetuohy, being the estate of the Clonmel Endowed School, have been visited by James William Muirland, Esq., appointed for the purpose by the Lord Lieutenant.

An Ordination has been held in the Tuam Cathedral. His Grace the Archbishop conferred the order of priesthood on the Rev. Thomas M'Walter.

Augustus F. Boyse, Esq., of Bannow, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Wexford, on the recommendation of Lord Carew, Lieutenant of the county.

The profession of two young ladies—Miss Madden, of Westport, and Miss Elwood, of Gort—has taken place in the Convent of Mercy, Castlebar. The Archbishop of Tuam officiated, assisted by the local clergy.

The appointment to the office of election auditor for the borough of Clonmel, has been conferred on Mr. Joseph Richard Kenny, son of Joseph Kenny, Esq., Mayor of Clonmel.

The poor schools under the direction of the Very Rev. Dr. Cussen, V.G., have been opened in Bruff, and were attended by a large assemblage of the children of the town and suburbs.

It was reported in Limerick that the late order for the abolition of the military districts in Kilkenny, Limerick, and Belfast, has been countermanded for the present.

Among the little news furnished by the Tipperary papers, we learn that Mr. Wright, of Foulksrath Castle, and Mr. McCreery, of Kilkenny, shot a white grouse in Clonbo bog.

It is supposed in ecclesiastical circles that the present Catholic diocese of Galway will be added to those of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora, and ruled over by the present bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Fallon.

Mr. George O'Connel, of Limerick, has been transferred from the 3rd West India Regiment into the line. He has exchanged with Mr. W. R. Gun, Ensign, 36th regiment.

It is probable that the Duke of Malakoff will be present at the national banquet to the medal-men, in Dublin. The *Globe* suggests the propriety of inviting General M'Mahon, the son of the Irish rebel, who led the veterans of France over the ramparts of the frowning defence which kept two great armies at bay for many months. The *Dublin Evening Post* suggests that there are other Irishmen in the French service, who might also be invited. Among many others, is General Corbet, who, with his brother, won distinction and rank under Napoleon. His gallant brother, now no longer living, went through the Russian campaign as an aide-de-camp of Marshal Marmont, and was commandant of Normandy, in Louis Phillipe's time, where he played the host to his friend the poet Moore, and to every other Irishman who may have chanced to come in his way.

Wm. Henry Dease, late of Rath, in the Queen's county, Esq., who died recently in London, bequeathed, principally to Catholic charities in Ireland and about London, in three per cent stock, £10,000, and in cash, the following legacies :—To Right Rev. Bishop Grant, £750, to be applied by him towards maintenance and support of Roman Catholic Mission at Woolhampton, Berks; to the poor of Monastereven, £40; to the poor of Ballybrittan, £30; to the poor of Portarlington, £10; to the said Right Rev. Bishop Grant, to be applied by him in and towards maintenance and support of Roman Catholic Mission at Newbury, Berks.

Eliza Rochford, a young woman about twenty-six years of age, threw herself into the river at Lower Ormond-quay, Dublin, a fortnight since. A man named Thomas Byrne, and another named Peter Flanagan, jumped into the river, and saved the life of the woman, though she was during the space of nearly a quarter of an hour struggling in the water, her clothes having helped to keep her afloat. Byrne, 30 Liffey-street, who was instrumental in saving this woman's life, is the person who saved Mr. Cabill from drowning in the river near Bachelor's-walk, the week before.

Mr. Herbert Webb Gillman, son of Herbert Gillman, Esq., of Clonteadmore, in the county of Cork, has sailed from Southampton, to enter on his duties at Ceylon. This gentleman has concluded a distinguished career in Trinity College, Dublin, by obtaining, as one of the two candidates selected from the University, the highest of the crown writerships in Ceylon, lately opened to competition. Mr. Gillman was the first from his college who obtained by examination a civil appointment in the East, and he is also first who procured a writership under her Majesty in Ceylon, by the test of competition.

At the examination for commissions in her Majesty's army, Captain Francis O'Brien, Lietrim Rifles, Jamestown Lodge, Drumsna, and George Studdert, Esq. Ennis, passed on from the University Civil and Military Institution, 26 Kildare-street, Dublin, having been prepared by William Stapleton, Esq. T. C. D., translator of 'Thiers' History of the Consulate and Empire of Napoleon.' Mr. Stapleton has recently published a literal translation of Vertot's *Revolutions de Suede*, for the use of pupils going up in French.

The *South Advertiser* has the highest authority for stating that the original programme of the ceremony of the presentation of colors to the 18th Royal Irish, which would have compelled them to assemble in a Protestant place of worship, was not presented to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant until after its publication in the newspapers. When he read it, he declared it to be a breach of civil and religious liberty, and countermanded it at once.

The *Univers*, in a recent number, acknowledges the receipt of £130 from the Irish Bishops, as their own subscriptions for the sufferers by the inundations in France, and £133 from the Bishop of Kilmore, as the subscription of his diocese, for the same purpose. The *Univers* of the 3d instant, acknowledges a further subscription of £64 8s. 6d., from the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, for the inundated, and £8 10s. from the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, as a subscription from the parish of Donoughmore, in his Grace's diocese.

Patrick O'Kelly, the Irish Bard, was one of the most impudent men alive. It is reported that when King George IV. visited Dublin, in 1821, he was informed that O'Kelly was a remarkable character, and then in Dublin, on which his Majesty allowed the poet to be presented to him, O'Kelly, who was lame, was presented, and the King, anxious to put him at ease, remarked, 'I regret to see that you are lame.' 'Yes, your Majesty,' said O'Kelly, 'we are all lame; the three of us.' 'What?' asked the King, 'three lame persons in one family! A sad calamity indeed!' 'Yes,' replied O'Kelly, in the great family of the poets! O'Kelly, Scott, and Byron, are all lame.'

The labors of the Jesuit Fathers in Athlone, continue to be attended by the population of town and country. Not only from Athlone and its vicinity, but from distant parts of the country, have the people come to participate in the devotional exercises. The Athlone *Sentinel* says that many of those heretofore believing in Protestantism, have by the teaching of the Jesuit fathers, become convinced of their errors, and entered the bosom of the Catholic church.

One of the first good effects of the Limited Liabilities Question urged in Parliament by the late Robert Potter, M. P. for Limerick, is a West of Ireland Fisheries Company, established in London, under Government auspices. The chairman is Sir John Burgoyne. It has been often urged that a better class of boats, supplied at Kilkee and off the coast of the Shannon and Galway, would be a great boon to the fishermen of the West; a fleet of such boats is now building, and operations were to have commenced early in October.

A correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman*, intimates that Mr. O'Flaherty, M. P. for the town of Galway, is about to vacate his seat, owing to his appointment to a government office, and that Lord Dunlo, on the Conservative interest, and Lord Dunkellin, on the Whig, will be candidates for the vacant seat.

A few weeks ago, a large wild duck by some means got into the lantern of the Cork Harbor Light House, Roche's Tower, and created a good deal of confusion by breaking the lamp glasses and extinguishing the lights. After the fowl was partially roasted, the keepers succeeded in capturing him.

Mother Mary Alphonsus, Superioress of the convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Tuam, has recently died. She was Superioress when the convent was established, eleven years ago. Her funeral was attended by a great number of clergymen and a large concourse of the inhabitants of the town and vicinity.

Professor Partington lectures this month, in October, Mr. G. Barker in November, and Mr. Parsons in January, before the Clonmel Mechanics' Institute. The committee are in treaty with Mr. D. C. Bell for a series of lectures in December. The Clonmel Mechanics' Institute is the most useful establishment of the kind in Ireland.

The following are the legacies of the Rev. Denis Murphy, C. C., Meath-street chapel, Dublin. To the Reverend Doctor Laphen, Parish Priest of Meath-street Chapel, or his successor, to be funded permanently in government stock, and the interest applied for the purpose of saying masses for the soul of deceased, £300; to the said Reverend Doctor Laphen, for the completion of the new church, building in the parish, £300; to ditto, for a stained window, £100; to ditto, for the poor of the parish, £200; to ditto, for the establishment of an infant school, £100; to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, £50; to St. Vincent's Hospital, £50; to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, £50; to the College of All Hallows, £50; to the Deaf and Dumb Institution, £50; to the Sisters of Mercy, £50.

The family of Captain Graves, who was recently assassinated by a boatman at Malta, has, for a long period, been resident in the North of Ireland, where the gallant Captain was personally known. Twenty-five years ago, when engaged in the survey of Lough Neagh, by orders of the Admiralty, he was frequently in Belfast, and took a warm interest in the efforts then made for the erection of the Museum. It was his invitation, and in his vessel, the *Beacon*, that the late William Thompson, Esq., visited the Ægean, in 1841, accompanied by their mutual friend, Edward Forbes, the late eminent Professor of the University of Edinburgh.

At the military barracks, Maryborough, Captain Rogers, Staff-Officer of Kilkenny district, invested James Grennan, late sergeant in the 88th regiment, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, awarded him by the Emperor of the French. Mr. Grennan was wounded in the arm, and received a gun-shot wound in the neck, which passed out under his left shoulder blade and unfitted him for further action. He was discharged on a pension of 1s. 6d. per day, and received the Crimean medal with three clasps.

From the *Down Recorder* we learn, it is confidently stated that a veteran, late of her Majesty's 82d Highlanders, who has seen nearly eighty summers, is about to lead to the hymenial altar a young and accomplished female, still in her teens, who resides not a hundred miles from Killyleagh.

The great Tenby races for 1856 took place on the 16th and 18th September. The shortest route from the South of Ireland to Tenby being by the way of Waterford and Milford, the owners of the steamer *Malakoff* carried passengers over and back at satisfactory rates.

A baker named Kenny, of Blarney-lane, Cork, while in a state of intoxication, leaped into the river at Northgate-bridge, in order to avoid the police. They, however, did not deem it their duty to pursue the unfortunate man into the river, and at least two hours elapsed before his body was found.

At the half yearly meeting of the shareholders in the Portadown and Dungannon railway, the report of the directors stated that the entire of the land was in the possession of the contractors, for which the sum of £6,322 had been paid. The engineer's report stated that the progress of the works had been satisfactory. Nearly all the rails for the permanent way, had been delivered. The Blackwater Bridge—the only work of sufficient magnitude to be likely to retard the opening of the line, would at once be proceeded with.

The dedication of the Augustinian convent of New Ross, took place on the 31st of August. The ceremonies of dedication were performed by the Right Rev. Dr. O'Conner, Bishop of Saldes. The church is a beautiful one. On the day in question, it was splendidly decorated.

The Tuam races came off on the Gurranes course. The crowds of peasantry were immense, and there was a large collection of the gentry. The weather was most favorable; but owing to the shortness of the notice given of the races, the sport was not so good as anticipated.

The rev. minister of a primitive Methodist Chapel in Runcorn, having by his eloquence failed to keep the whole of his congregation awake, walked deliberately down from his pulpit, and by tapping on the shoulder awoke a sleeping sinner, and then returned to his pulpit to descant upon the necessity of greater watchfulness.

A Clonmel Orange paper having stated that Mr. P. J. Mckenna, one of the friends of Mr. P. J. Murray, had used language at a meeting in Clonmel disrespectful to Mrs. Bagwell, Mr. McKenna denies the charge, and says the only allusion to that lady was that she had distributed proselytising tracts among the children of the National School at Marlfield, in consequence of which the school was closed.

The half-yearly meeting of the shareholders of the Dublin and Mullingar Railway was held lately at the Broadstone Terminus, John Ennis, chairman of the company presiding. The report of the directors, which was of a favorable character, was unanimously adopted, and a resolution, approving of a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, free of income tax, was passed.

On the anniversary of the taking of the Malakoff by the French forces, the artillery stationed in the garrison of Limerick went out and fired for nearly an hour at the King's Island.

Miss Catherine Hayes has arrived in Paris to enjoy some repose after her long journeyings. The father of Miss Hayes has been appointed leader of the choir at Swansea church.

There has been high mass and office at St. John's chapel, Limerick, for the repose of the soul of the Rev. Patrick Reeves, late P. P., of Drumcolloher.

Mr. Gallwey, a member of the Catholic University of Ireland was among the successful candidates at the late competive examination for admission into the College of Military Engineering at Woolwich.

Dr. Jones's election as medical officer of the Ardee workhouse, county Louth, has been approved by the commissioners.

Thirty thousand pounds have been subscribed towards the railway from Fermoy to Cork harbor and city.

The celebrated oyster beds of Burren and Poulbody are beginning to yield their rich treasures.

On the question of a short passage between Ireland and England, Dr. M'Cormac, suggests the plan of a sub-marine railway between the two countries.

Mr. Quain has been promoted to the Accountantship of the Provincial Bank at Limerick.

Viscount Dungannon has been appointed a magistrate for the Queen's county.

Benjamin Samuel Adams, Esq., of Sliman House, county Cavan, has been appointed a magistrate of that county.

The Lough Derg Regatta has taken place. There was great sport and a large attendance.

The Earl of Kingston, accompanied by his solicitor, Mr J. M. Cantwell, of Dublin, and Mr. Power, an English capitalist, recently proceeded to visit his castle and demesne, about a quarter of a mile from Mitchelstown. The *Cork Examiner* learns that the object of his lordship's visit was to collect information relative to the management of his estates during the long period of his absence, with a view of sustaining the suit at present pending in Chancery. The present trustee and mortgagee both of castle and estate is Mr. Thomas Joseph Eyre, of Bath. Mr. James Sadleir, as manager of the Tipperary Bank, originally held a mortgage on the castle and demesne, but on a recent application made by Lord Kingston before the Master of the Rolls, to have further security given for the receiver, Mr. Nicholas Sadleir, the official manager of the bank, consented to have Mr. Eyre, the then mortgagee of the estate alone, declared the mortgagee in possession of all. Mr. Eyre's claims on foot of his mortgage, and for advances are £100,000, which amount is disputed by Lord Kingston, who claims several sets-off, which, if admitted, will reduce it very considerably. It is understood that in November a motion is to be made in Chancery, on Lord Kingston's behalf, to have all the accounts of the estate taken up by the Master ; and that when his decision is known, and the entire amount of the charges fully made out, Lord Kingston will negociate to have them all discharged. The present annual rent of the Mitchelstown estate is about £18,000.

One of the reporters of the Dublin *Freeman* had lately the pleasure of witnessing, at the Albert Model Farm, Glasnevin, a trial of Mr. Hanson's patent potato digger. A large number of gentry, leading agriculturists, and scientific gentlemen, with a goodly sprinkling of ladies assembled on the potato field. The machine is of simple construction, strong and light. It is composed of a broad digger or "sock," which passes under and lifts the entire breadth of drill, potatoes, clay, and weeds. A series of prongs or iron blades revolve at right angles to the drill, breaking the clay, and, casting all against a sieve or screen, throws the potatoes on the surface without injuring one-tenth of what are usually cut with the spade or trenching fork. The ground is left smooth, fine, and in admirable order for receiving the seeds of the ensuing cereal crop ; the weeds are thrown on the surface, and are easily removed. The experiment was made on a drill 42 statute perches long, 26 of which make a statute acre. Two minutes forty seconds and two minutes six seconds were the periods taken to turn out two drills, including the time taken to turn at the ends—about two hours for raising one statute acre. This will require about ten to sixteen hands to pick up the potatoes, so that two horses with attendance would raise about five statute acres, equal to nearly three Irish acres, in the day.

The editor of *Saunders' News Letter* has been favored by Messrs. Pim and Blakely, of Dublin, with descriptive drawings of the new invention just patented, for the prevention of accidents on railways. By adopting this invention the engine driver, and all parties in charge of the train, will have, by means of a very simple apparatus on the line and a self-acting motion applied to the whistle of the engine, notice given to them of any train being on the same line within 1,000 yards. The greatest recommendation of this contrivance is its simplicity, and the certainty it affords of railway trains being enabled to run at the usual speed at night or in foggy weather. It is likely to add materially to the dividends of the shareholders, by preventing those heavy draughts upon the surplus revenue which result upon every serious collision.

On the recommendation of James Patterson, Esq., Inspector of National Schools, a premium of £3 has been awarded to Mr. H. F. Percy, teacher of the Whitehouse National schools, for neatness, good order, and general management, during the year 1855. These schools, which are attended by upwards of 300 pupils daily, are exercising a beneficial influence upon the important district in which they are situated, and reflect great credit on the patron, James Grimshaw, Esq., Whitehouse, and on Miss Grimshaw, to whose indefatigable exertions much of their success is to be attributed. Mr. Percy, on the recommendation of P. J. Keenan, Esq., head inspector, has also received from the Commissioners of Education, a letter, commendatory of the manner in which his evening school is conducted.

At the Limerick Petty Sessions Mr. Bourchier appeared on the part of the Messrs. Russell, to prosecute several girls who had left the employment of his clients. The Messrs. Russell give employment to upwards of five hundred young women, some of whom latterly took it into their heads to leave their employment in violation of their contracts. The defendants were directed by the Bench to go back to their employment, otherwise they would be sent to jail for 28 days. Mr. Bourchier said it was far easier for Sir Colin Campbell to handle his brigade of five thousand men on the heights of Alma, than for the Messrs. Russell to manage those five hundred women.

In the Customs Department Mr. D. Colquhoun has been promoted from collector ot Limerick to be collector at Portsmouth. Mr. J. Ross has been promoted from collector at Dover to be collector at Limerick. Mr. W. H. Holmes has been promoted from collector at Galway to be collector at Penzance. Mr. A. Thompson has been promoted from controller at Whitehaven to be collector at Galway. Mr. W. Tickner has been promoted from controller at Newry to be controller at Whitehaven. Mr. J. Hughes has been promoted from collector at Bridgewater to be controller at Newry. Mr. T. Jackson has been promoted from controller at Coleraine to be controller at Bridgewater. Mr. G. W. Claxton has been promoted from controller at Alloa to be controller at Coleraine.

The officers of the County Wexford Militia presented a gold snuff box to Sergeant Lee, at the archery meeting at Ballinkeele. Major Cliffe, in making the presentation, delivered an address. Lord Loftus corroborated the sentiments of Major Cliffe. Sergeant Lee was overpowered.

The Sisters of Mercy acknowledge the receipt of £20 from the Rev. William Murphy and the Rev. John Sinnott, as executors of the late Mrs. Eliza Hore, to be given to the deserving sick poor of Wexford.

The agent of Capt. Pirrie has demanded from the Belfast Town Council the sum of £830, which that gentleman lent them. They are not able to pay it back, and Captain Pirrie threatens immediate law proceedings. Meantime, the *Ulsterman* hears of uneasy Town Councillors making secret assignment of their properties.

Richard Deane Freeman, Esq., of the Clonmel branch of the Provincial Bank of Ireland, has been promoted to an accountantship at Tralee ; William Lane, Esq., succeeds on promotion, Mr. Freeman, as first clerk in this branch, with which he has been connected for the past few years. John S. Mason, Esq., replaces Mr. Lane.

One of the effects of the debate on Mr. Mial's motion for the disendowment of all sects in Ireland, has been the re-commencement of agitation in Ireland against the existence of the Church Establishment. A meeting has been held at Clonakilty, in the county of Cork, to petition Parliament for the abolition of the temporalities of the Irish church. More than 6,000 persons were present. The chairman was a Protestant, and the entire proceedings were characterised by agreement in the principle that the new movement should be directed, not against the Protestant Church as such, but against all State patronage of religion.

The *Cork Reporter* regrets to commmunicate the death of Dr. Chute, of Tralee. The doctor was in attendance on the lady of his relative, Richard Chute, Esq., Chute Hall, and left about 4 o'clock this morning, riding a young pony. Some time after, one of the workmen found the pony straying in the avenue, and the deceased lying on his face, with a wound in the head, in a stream which runs through the avenue.

A party of the 17th Lancers, celebrated for its participation in the Light Cavalry Charge at Balaklava, have arrived in Clonmel, under command of Cornet Seymour. The trumpeter, Gleeson, attached to the party, wears the Cross of the French Legion of Honor, and previous to his enlistment ten years ago, was employed at Caher Abbey Mills. The head quarters of the 17th Lancers have left Caher for Dublin, where the regiment occupy Portobello Barracks.

The number of immigrants to the United States since 1819, has amounted to a total of 4,212,624, of whom 2,343,445 were born in the United Kingdom. The year of the greatest immigrations was 1854, the number then having been increased to 427,833 by the influx of 206,055 Germans. Of the entire immigration since 1819, 1,747,930 out of the 2,343,445 British subjects are believed to have been Irish.

The London and West of Ireland Fishing Company have just published a map of Ireland, giving their principal curing stations, outlying stations, markets, and proposed routes. Waterford has been selected as one of their chief outlying stations. The markets of Gloucester and Birmingham will be supplied by the new route from Waterford to Milford, and thence by the South Wales Railway.

A meeting has been held in the Commercial Buildings, to address J. F. M'Mullen, Esq., Manager of the Cork Branch of the National Bank, on the occasion of his departure from that city, to undertake the office of Inspector of the Union Band of Australia. A subscription list was opened, and in a few minutes the sum of £150 was subscribed. It is proposed to present Mr. M'Mullen with a very beautiful testimonial of the respect in which he is held by the citizens of Cork.

The *Ulsterman* learns from a correspondent, that on the coroner's jury, which brought in a verdict of manslaughter against the Orangemen who murdered the young Catholic near Lurgan, was one man, at the hands of whose father, several years ago, the grandfather of the deceased Catholic met his death in a similar manner.

The Ennis Library Commissioners have accepted from J. Petty, Esq., C. E., a plan for the public library, and the local papers urge the completion of the contract for the execution of the building.

The Committee of the Clonmel Mechanics' Institute, acknowledge the receipt of sixty-seven volumes of valuable Miscellaneous Works, being a donation to their library, from Patrick Joseph Murray, Esq., now a candidate for the representation of that Borough.

The ship *Sardinia* has arrived off Kinsale from Australia. She there landed the mails which filled 36 sacks. These were conveyed to Cork, and forwarded by train to Dublin. The *Sardinia* has on board 55,000 ounces of gold on freight, and carries 130 passengers.

The Right Rev. Dr. Delany, accompanied by his Vicar-General, the Very Rev. D. Murphy, P.P., V.G., and several of the Clergy, have visited Spike Island Prison, for the purpose of administering Confirmation to a large number of the convicts.

Among the finest specimens of Cork skill which has ever been produced in the cabinet-making line, is a cheffonier, made by Messrs. Cox & Higgins, of Patrick-street. It is executed in the Louis Quatorze style. The entire is brilliantly polished, and the sides of the compartments are composed of plate glass mirrors.

The Lord Lieutenant has reduced, from fifteen to four years' penal servitude, the sentence of transportation, passed on Robert Moffat, of Killinchy, at the last Down assizes, for the manslaughter of his son, William Moffat. The unhappy man is in his 73d year.

Professor Anderson, the wizard of the North, has re-appeared after an absence of seven years, before a Dublin audience in the Round Room of the Rotunda, where he has set up a gorgeous temple. The proceeds of the first night's entertainment were given by Professor Anderson to the funds of the Lying-in-Hospital.

The Committee of the Mullingar Young Men's Catholic Society return thanks to Pollard Urquhart, Esq., M.P., for £2 received through his agent, T. M. Riggs, Esq., being his contribution towards their society.

Among the 110 Acts of Parliament abolished at one fell swoop, by an act of last session, was one passed in the reign of Henry VI., entitled *What Sort of Irishmen may come to Dwell in England.* Another act was against persons calling themselves *Egyptians.*

The new bridge of Bray has been opened for traffic by Mrs. Mason, of the Anchor Tavern, Bray, and Mr. Butler, of Loughlinstown. Being the first to cross the water, they were heartily cheered by all the men on the work, whom they liberally entertained in the evening.

Sir James Emerson Tennent has delivered a lecture in the Corn Exchange, Belfast, upon "The Habits of Wild Elephants and mode of Capturing them in Ceylon." The lecture was delivered in connxion with the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society.

Henry H. Briscoe, Esq., of Cloncunny, county Kilkenny, has been appointed by the Board of Supervision in Scotland, as Chief Superintendent to reorganize the Scotch Poor Law.

The Rev. Mr. Langley, Protestant curate of Taney, Dundrum, in the Archdiocese of Dublin, will succeed the late Rev. H. E. Prior, as Rector of St. Mary's, Clonmel.

The ship *Syro-Phenician*, Captain Nappye, has arrived in the port of Limerick, heavily laden with wheat from Berdianski. The value of her cargo, cost, freight, and insurance, is estimated at about £10,050. The *Wilhelm*, from Ibraila, also arrived with wheat for Mr. Richard Wilson.

SPEECH OF COLONEL DOHENY.

The subject you have invited me to discuss, is a subject of the greatest moment, and involves considerations of almost infinite importance. To sound its depths, to investigate its multiplex relations, to sift out the seeds of truth, enveloped by the rubbish of angry conflict, would require time, diligence and careful thought. But, like every other citizen, I am bound to form an opinion, and the grounds of that opinion I am always prepared to state. Therefore I am here.

In the outset, let me dispose of an objection personal to myself. It will be said, it has been already said many a time, that your fellow-citizens of the Celtic family are animated with an inveterate dislike of the Negro. This dislike is stigmatized as intolerance, and, in connection with it, the Irish are taunted with their own servitude in the land of their fathers. The caricature is familiar to you in which they are represented as boasting that they "war the natherel inimy of the Naygurs." Let the jeer pass; I meet the fact as a fact, and pronounce it a falsehood. The Irish are not the enemies of the Negro ; but many who pretend to be his friends are the enemies of the Irish. In London, Exeter Hall is sacred to cant—to the twin cants af Anti-Catholicism and "Anti-Slavery." In New-York, the Tabernacle is free to the same cants. The libellers who graduate at the former practice at the latter. Show me an instance at the one, or many instances at the other, where the meeting most teems with sympathy for the Negro, that it does not teem with hatred of the Irish. Do not the same cheers, the same intense vehemence, greet Garrison and Gavazzi, Leahy and Parker, Achilli and Henry Ward Beecher? Yes, sir, the same familiar tones welcome, the the same nasal invocation blesses the apostate priest, the rifle preacher, and the unbelieving rhapsodist. Some of these holy men, whose prayers ascend with everything "ism"-atical, overabound with benevolence. Their sympathy would even embrace the Irish, to whom they introduce the word of God in wholesome affiliation with "hot corn" and bon-bons, but only on the condition that they would betray the faith and traditions of their fathers. This love we scorn even more than we scorn their open hate. And do not wonder if we scorn everything coming from the same corrupting source—the same tainted breath.

I would be unjust if I did not admit that there are many men in the ranks of our opponents not ranging in this category. I do admit it fully, frankly, cheerfully. But they present themselves in evil company, under a discolored banner, and with a watchword which is a perversion of speech.

There is another objection as to myself They say, you are a pseudo-patriot ; you would resist oppression in your native land, and in your adopted one you are the instrument of the slave-power—you are *Pro-slavery!* I may answer, the ablest and the best of the fathers of the revolution resisted oppression while holding slaves, and after succeeding they owned slaves still. Why name names? Every one knows them. But I reject the answer. I repudiate the imputation. I am the instrument of no power. I am not in any sense "pro-slavery." I pronounce the phrase as applied to me a libel ; as used in this discussion it is a perversion or a pretense.

Let no one suppose that I stand here the enemy of the slave. Let no one suppose that I stand here the advocate of slavery. Let no one suppose that I seek to justify an outrage or a wrong by a Southern any more than a Northern. I claim that we are the slave's friends—his true friends. I claim that our opponents are the slave's enemies—his real enemies. Alas! for him he is the chattel proper of more than one owner—of his master in the first place, who at the same time is his guardian and often his nurse, and of the abolitionist to whom he belongs as a shibboleth and a hobby whereon to ride into power, and place, and wealth, while he, perhaps, despises him in his heart, and would not sacrifice a dime to save him from perdition. I may assume this ground precisely as our opponents assume its converse, and with infinitely more truth ; but I prefer to treat it as the solution rather than the basis of the argument, and this brings me to the argument itself.

But in order to argue we must first know distinctly what our opponents mean. Do they stand on "free soil" doctrine, or do they aspire to absolute "abolition" under cover of "free soil?" They have eschewed the designation of "Freesoilers" and that of "Abolitionists" for the more convenient and doubtful one of "Republicans." This latter has many phases; it were well if we could understand what phase we have in front of us.

Is it simply "free soil," a fundamental principle of which is, absolute and perpetual non-interference with the institution of slavery, within the states wherein it exists ?

All my lights on this question are from them and their organs. It has so chanced that, in this city, I have scarcely ever read a paper but the Tribune. I have therein read nearly daily professions of freesoilism and proofs of abolitionism. In one number, you will find an emphatic disclaimer of any wish to interfere with slavery, controlled by the internal laws of any state, and in another, or, perhaps the same number, the foulest abuse of the South and its institutions, shafts of satire barbed with gall flung at everything in which the South takes pride, sneers at her very manhood, a caricature of a Negro auction, or of a fugitive Negro pursued by blood hounds. The pictures of the South thus drawn are so revolting, so hideous, that it is impossible to conceive how the man who paints them, and from the fountains of his own gall supplies their foulest tints, could take the same South, so grim with guilt, by the hand and say, "*esto perpetua.*" Yet this is just what we read. It is this southern slavery, so utterly odious, if we are to believe the protestations of the same writer, that he is to guarantee for ever.

But the Tribune is not alone. There are many other journals of the same type if not of equal ability that use the same language in depreciation of the South. The northern press, too, issues innumerable books teeming with insults to the South and libels on her people. The writers of these books take pride and profit in holding up their country and countrymen to the scorn of the civilized world. Of the merits or demerits of the books I do not speak. Burns says—

> "Some books are lies frae end to end,
> And some great lies were never penn'd ;
> E'en ministers they hae been kenned
> In holy rapture
> A rousing whad at times to vend
> An nail't wi' scripture."

Without stopping to inquire whether the abolition books are "lies frae end to end," it is apparent they are bitterly, wilfully and wantonly insulting. They spare nothing—age, sex, home, family. They breathe hatred. Throughout them all there is not one aspiration for "free soil." Their authors are hailed in England as "anti-slavery," in fact, as "abolition" propagandists. The books, themselves, are redeemed from oblivion by a meritricious sentiment in society there, known as "anti-slavery." Not a glimmer of all this glare is attracted by the doubtful issue of "free soil ;" it is concentrated with burning intensity on slavery as it exists in the South, the very slavery which the Tribune protests shall be intact, the very slavery which the Freesoilers are pledged never never to disturb. Is it then that your publicists are mendicants of a foreign popularity under a false pretence—or is it that your politicians are mendicants of estic power under a fraudulent one—or is it yet that they

distrust and disbelieve one another as most people outside their ranks distrust and disbelieve both?

I wish we could meet on ground less doubtful. I wish our opponents would present a less equivocal issue if they meant abolition and have courage and honesty to say so; if among their classics they adopt the sublime sentiment—"*Fiat Justitia ruat cælum;*" they will present a question before which, I for one, would stand appalled. Do proclaim the "higher law," not as before, with precipitate intemperance, instantly sounding a precipitate retreat, but sincerely and resolutely; proclaim a "higher law" overruling the constitution, and annulling all legislation that derogates from the great charter of God to man, and whatever be the consequence, every generous mind will recognize the grandeur even though it be the guilty grandeur of your aim. And should ruin follow in your track, you would have at your side a well-recognized principle, universal, immutable and indestructible.

Let me, for a moment, consider the issue in this light. At the one side our republic secures to twenty millions of its citizens abundant and ample guarantees of liberty, abundant assurances of success in private enterprise, abundant scope for effort, the widest sphere for honorable ambition, the highest rewards for the achievements of genius. The basis of her empire are on both oceans—the key of the arch that spans between high in heaven. Her commerce girdles the world; the white wings of her activity take their undisputed way wherever there is water enough to float a bottom, or breeze enough to swell a sail. Renowned in arms, foremost in industry, prosperous and progressive in peace; the Pallas of nations, springing fully armed from the brain of revolution. Nor yet is this all. To an American, the republic is the object of a just pride and love. To the patriot, the world over, she is the deity of hope. Where the iron hath been thrust and its rust has become racy of the prostrate heart, her quickening spirit enters and tinges the soddened mass with celestial fire. To her as to a lone star, the patriot turns from every point of the earth whether he plots in the dark, dares in the field, or dies on the block. To you, Americans, she belongs materially, and now, to all men she belongs spiritually and immortally. Touch her sacred structure with a rude hand, and the thrill is felt at the uttermost fibre of struggling humanity. In its noblest sense and highest meaning, the Constitution of the United States belongs to mankind; the genius of the Declaration of Independence is omnipresent, irrepressible and omnipotent.

Yet, Sir, if the "Republicans" said, "We will not allow a single slave-cloud to dim the lustre of our mighty country; between the circling oceans we will not allow a single stain of slave pollution to set its mark"—if, Sir, they said this, and acted up to their words, I, for one, would hesitate in the presence of a question so sacred; and if most urgent considerations of expediency and of strict justice to our sister States compelled me to decide against them, I would honor from my heart the motives that inspired such lofty daring. Then one could comprehend the impassioned appeals to Sydney, to Russell, to Washington, to Miltеades, to Marathon and Bunker Hill, in the pompous rhetoric of Mr. Sumner of the Bay State. Then would the allusions have a moral and a meaning, efficacy and power, and an electricity of inspiration, compelling the reluctant forces of reason into enthusiastic sympathy. Then would the spirits of the mighty dead be suffused with a new beatitude when invoked by suffering weakness against guilty strength. But considering the connection in which Mr. Sumner disturbs their rest—considering the petty object that inspires his efforts and bounds his aim—one cannot understand his invocations, except as the declamations of a schoolboy, or the idle rant of delusion. One instance of a similar kind I recollect. It is to be found in the Fasti of the Old Bailey, and, I regret to add, the performer was a tipsy sweep. He had stolen a "quartern loaf," and he pleaded "Magna Charta." I don't know how the plea affected the spirits of the Barons of Runnymede, but I think they could be scarcely less startled than that of Miltiades, when invoked to consecrate the felony of a Massachusetts squatter with a Beecher's rifle, branded "The Word of God."

But perhaps it may be said the real object of the "Republicans" is universal emancipation. It may be said, and not without plausibility, that they aspire to cripple the energy of the South—to check her efforts for expansion—to blacken and defame her character, her honor, her traditions and her institutions—until, having worn out her energies and lied away her life, she might become an easy prey. If this be so, is not the Free Soil doctrine a pitiful pretence—a pretence at once false, fraudulent and cowardly?

But let us take them at their word; let us be charitable even to them. I accept the issue as they propose it, and narrowed to the question presented in the case of Kansas. What is the "crime," the "curse," the "disgrace," at which they pretend to revolt? Is it not that one man owns another, that he buys, and sells, and lashes him as he would a beast of burden? Is not this the "inexpiable sin?" Well, is the sin, the crime, the disgrace, the deeper or more damnable because it exists in Maryland rather than in Alabama, or in South Carolina rather than in Arkansas? Not in the least. The "crime" is the same wherever it exists—in Florida or Kansas, by the equator or at the pole. If a slave pass from Missouri into Kansas, he will be no more a slave than before. If he remain at Missouri, he will be no less a slave by remaining. His condition will in no way be altered by the change. No man contends for a proposition so absurd as that it will. If slavery were legalized in Kansas, no man will contend that there will be one slave more born. If it be excluded, no man will contend that there will be born one slave the less. The assumption to the contrary rests upon considerations and ideas so grossly abhorrent that I dare not approach their discussion. Then it is not the condition of the slave, for it will be no better and no worse in either event; then it is not the number of slaves, for they will be no more and no less, that excites this pious horror and puritanical commotion, strife, and bloodshed on the borders of Kansas. The facts are unanswerable. And so, is not the term "Anti-slavery," the watchword of the party, a swindle and a cheat? And is not the term "Pro-slavery," with which they brand us, a wilful libel?

But they say it will extend the slave power—it will give that power more members in the house. I answer, no. The slave power can only be extended by the increase of the numbers of slave-owners. If by emigating to Kansas they will be there entitled to new members, they will lose the same numbers where they leave. Do not history, experience, and, above all, the frequent boasts of the Free Soilers themselves show, that the population of the North increases in a ratio far higher than that of the South? At this moment has not the North a great preponderance in the House of Representatives? That preponderance day by day gains new weight. Trust me it is such preponderance that imparts its insolence to your present proceedings. You are no longer afraid of any domination by the South. In the excess of your own passions is the germ of domination visible. No, Gentlemen, adding Kansas and Nebraska to the South, would not give the slave-power a preponderance, and you are dull indeed or you know it.

I now proceed to discuss Mr. Sumner's speech more especially; but before entering on that subject I have a preliminary word to say.

It will be, I suppose, readily allowed, that this is a canting world, and, that of all its canting centuries, the present is the most canting. But sir, "liberty of speech," "liberty of the press," "impunity of debate," as used or abused in our time, are the crowning cants of all. "Liberty of the press," once had a hallowed meaning, and commanded sacred respect. The press to-day is more a commercial speculation than an exponent of principle or a vindicator of right. It publishes not the assertion of the truth, but *what sells*. It has no commission from God, or nation, or party, or man. Its office is self-assumed; and it owes responsibility to its subscribers only. Yet even now, when honestly and decently fulfilled, the mission of the press is a high and holy one. When it scourges the tyrant, chastises the criminal, shields the weak and checks the strong, and when it does it in a spirit of honorable justice and on established proofs, the "liberty of the press is the expression of a sentiment all but divine; then it is "the delegated voice of God," and it should be guaranteed by the suffrages of the true and the blood of the brave. But sir, the mission of Paul was the mission of Judas, and the execration of the latter sounding through all time, is ni exact proportion to the reverence for the other. The more sacred the trust a man betrays, the more damnable his treachery. If there be then an editorial Judas in his garret, *his* sanctuary is no more sacrosanct than a dunghill. When he searches in his own heart for the foulest motives that could inspire evil-doers, and imputes them to his neighbor, because he differs from him, he is not exercising the liberty of the press, but the licentiousness of a corrupted nature. He himself defiles the shrine for which he claims sanctity. The caitiff steals the incense from the altar where he ministers, and sells it for base coin.

"Liberty of speech!" Is it a higher right than the liberty to sneeze, the liberty to cough, the liberty to expectorate, albeit these latter are not exactly guaranteed by the Constitution? But although a man's right to expectorate is undoubted, has he a right to spit the expectoration in his neighbor's face? Has an editor or a legislator a right to come up to a man in the street, and say you are a "*scoundrel*" and a "*liar*," and a "*villain*" and a "*ruffian;*" "your motives for acting as you have done, were *lust, gain, greed*—you are a drunkard and a knave." Does he expect that his privilege will shield him? Can he justly complain if he get more than he give? I do not suppose there is a second opinion on this point. What difference then does it make if the same things be said in the solitude of a garret, or the solemnity of a debate? Not the least. No place, no privilege, no occasion justifies a crime, or redeems indecency from filth and ignominy. He who is guilty of it, blots out his privileges, however high or sacred, with his own tongue. He has made his own arena, and no matter whether in the senate-chamber, the public house, the public street, or the retired editorial sanctum, if he get the worst of it, he has no right to complain. If indeed there be any difference between assailing a man with a foul tongue to his face, and on equal terms with him, and assaulting him in the same manner behind his back, a thousand miles away, or shielded by some privilege, it is in favor of the former. The street rowdy is at least redeemed from the skulking cowardice of the literary assassin.

Do I therefore justify the assault on Mr. Sumner? By no means. I hate broils—I abhor the duello; but they who renounce the right of physical satisfaction, ought never insult. Good behavior, like charity, should begin at home.

Mr. Sumner tells the senate in that spirit of liberality in which lofty culture loves to indulge, the exact position of Kansas on the map. He describes its latitude, its longitude, its bearing. He has discovered that it lies midway between the ocean—a fact no doubt of commanding importance in reference to the issue. He excels in its exuberance, its face of beauty, its bosom of fecundity, its air, its waters, and warming with the inspiration of his theme, he essays this lofty flight—

"And now it has already drawn to its bosom a population of freemen larger than Athens crowded within her historic gates, when her sons, under Miltiades, won liberty for mankind on the field of Marathon—more than Sparta contained when she ruled Greece, and sent forth her devoted children, quickened by a mother's benediction, to return with their shields or on them—more than Rome gathered on her seven hills, when, under her kings, she commenced that sovereign sway, which afterwards embraced the whole earth—more than London held, when on the fields of Crecy and Agincourt, the English banner was carried victoriously over the chivalrous hosts of France."

The application of the references is not clear. Did the Senator aspire to stimulate the Kansas squatters to deeds of equal renown? Was his object the instruction of the senate. Or did he deign to awake its astonishment at his marvellous acquirements?

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew."

But whatever his aim, the references are unfortunate as illustrations of the value of excluding slavery from Kansas. Athens, when she won Marathon, Sparta when she ruled Greece, Rome, under the sceptre of her kings, and, in a grander time, when from the corels of her seven hills she shook the pillars of the world, each and all had institutions of slavery. England, crowned with the glory of Agincourt, had every Saxon serf within her borders, bound to the soil like clods "adscripti glebs," and owning no greater respect and no higher freedom.

Mr. Sumner, after this flourishing invocation, exclaims—

"Against this territory so fortunate in position and population, a *crime* has been committed."

This proposition embraces the entire scope of Mr. Sumner's speech. I shall treat it under three heads.

First, what constitutes *crime*, and how far the charge of a crime is the exercise of the privileges of debate, or the freedom of speech?

Secondly, what this peculiar *crime* consists of.

And thirdly, whether it was committed against the interests of the slave or the interests of the Freesoilers in the soil of Kansas.

There can be no crime without a wilful criminal intent, resulting from a consciously guilty motive. This is the rule of law, of logic, of reason and of religion. A man may do wrong, inflict injury, sow seeds of evil, and yet be guilty of no *crime*. His judgment may err, his intellect may fail,—he is mortal, and law and mercy, and reason and God respect his frailty. But Mr. Sumner condescends no allowance for an erring judgment, for a warped intellect, for clouded reason, for even folly or fatuity—he has not the charity to suppose that those who differ from him, are fools—he brands the members of Congress as *criminals*—criminals with malice aforethought—"conspirators" who leagued in the dark to commit this foul "crime;" this "crime of crimes," with a full consciousness of its infamy and the baseness of their own motives. If a public writer sustain them, his "pen is venal"—if a journalist uphold them, his "press is prostituted"—if a politician adhere to them, he is "bought"—if a lawyer advocate the law they have passed, his is a "subtle tongue"—if a judge enforce it, he is "corrupt." In the whole range of motives governing human action, Mr. Sumner can discover none but the foulest and most corrupt. And this sir, is "liberty of speech," and for this is claimed the impunity due to the privilege of debate. It is not debate—it is not discussion. Abuse is not argument—nicknames are not logic. Sir it is the licenteousness of a rankling suspicion, generating the worms which feed upon itself until all untamed things assume their crawling forms and disgusting hues. "Freedom of speech!" it is a violation not alone of the proprieties of speech, but of reason, decency and morality, and insulting not only to his hearers, but to common sense and the ordinary usages of civilized society.

The speaker having discussed at length the "Missouri compromise," thus disposed of the use made by the Republicans of the murder of Keating:

There is another class of imputations for which the Republicans are equally distinguished. If a Southern man, or a Democrat, commit an outrage of any kind, it is instantly attributed, not so much to the man as to the institutions among which he lives, or the policy he upholds. Thus has been treated the assault on Mr. Sumner—thus the "murder" of the Irish waiter Keating. It is quite refreshing to witness their sympathy for the latter, though it has not assumed quite so indignant a tone as that for the former. This reasoning from a man to a party is not a fallacy, but a cheat. It is somewhat savage as well as illogical. It seeks to enlist the passion of revenge excited by the unfortunate or wilful act of one man. It invokes national prejudices, stung by outrage. It is dragging the hands of faction through the blood of murder, to inscribe its banner with a lie. Whether the homicide of Keating be murder or not—whether it be unprovoked and brutal, or admits of some palliation, I deplore it, and would have the wrong-doer punished. But, supposing it a murder, and the murderer escaped unhurt, does his crime change truth to falsehood, or right to wrong? Are we to abandon what we deem just, and cling to what is unjust, because the former is tainted with its support. A murderer eats—are we to fast? He wears clothes—are we to go naked? He looks on the light of the sun—are we to pluck out our eyes. He is a republican—must we become monarchists? The logic is preposterous. But for its brutality—its depraved pandering to passion, there is nothing to redeem it from contempt. But really, thus coolly to watch over that fearful deed—thus to catch the froth on the surge of murder to daub it on the escutcheon of faction, is in my mind, a more revolting crime—if not so heinous—than shedding the blood in the heat of passion.

I stoop not to question the sincerity of this sympathy for the "Irish waiter," for that would be imitating them. I take leave to say, however, that their guiding lights—those Americans, who are animated with a laudable desire to rule America, while, perhaps, they would not shed the blood of one Irishman, would politically extinguish them all; would set a badge of degradation upon them, and have them walk apart from the rest of the children of men. I do not charge this policy on all the republicans; but on their own principles and arguments, by their association, not with one but tens of thousands, they all stand condemned. One instance more.

There lived in the Bay State—the now *indignant State*—one Doctor Webster. I think he was a "northern man with northern principles," full of pious sympathy for his poor black brother. He had a friend who lent him money in his distress. He was deeply thankful. He prospered. He had an interesting family, among whom he was the very exemplar of benevolence, charity and religion. His friend and patron called to remind him of his loan. For this crime, he laid him dead at his feet. He went home, having stowed away the corpse, and patted his daughter's face with that soft hand of benevolence which had slain his friend. And that hand, the next day and the next cut up the body of his victim. Why tell the rest? He was convicted of this incredible atrocity. He was condemned. Do I remember aright, or were there not very earnest efforts made to rescue him from doom by northern gentlemen. Were I to attribute his crime to the "free schools," the "high culture," and "religious superiority" of New England, I would be justly met with scorn. But I repudiate the argument; and yet it is the same—precisely the same as that whereby Brooks' assault *is* charged on southern institutions, and the homicide by Herbert on the Democracy. Before quitting this subject let me remind the "Republicans" of a grave omission of theirs. Among all the crimes they have imputed to slavery and Democracy, they have not included the first and greatest—the murder of Abel by his brother Cain. Is the story a fable? or would the fact occur without there being a slave oligarchy in the Garden or a Rumhole at the gate.

After a searching investigation of the character and proceedings of the Emigrant aid Society and the Northern emigration, Col. Doheny concluded as follows:—

I can understand those of the brotherhood who adhere to Fillmore. They are at least intelligible. They are consistent. What they were they are and will be to the end. They have been weakened by desertion. They have their former friends and brothers for bitter foes. These men in joining them betrayed themselves; but in deserting them, they betrayed both themselves and their confederates. Fidelity so rare, and under circumstances all but desperate, redeems the grossness and unscrupulousness of their dogmas. But with the "Republicans," what was black yesterday is white to-day, and will be saffron to-morrow. They charge the Fillmore brethren with being "dark-lanterned," "secret," "sworn" and "foresworn," while the Fremont branch are light itself; "genuine Americans," "true," "noble," and above all—"wary," "judicious," of keen scent and a steady eye in the direction of the spoils. Thus they discriminate, while every one knows and they well know, that the two branches are absolutely identical in every article of their abhorrent creed, save one—religious proscription—in which the Northerns are so far in advance as actually to proscribe the others for the singular crime of not being proscriptive enough.

Some of the "Republicans" were Clay Whigs. They spit on his policy and throw nettles on his grave. Some of them subsidized the genius of Daniel Webster. They curse his memory. Their old political associates receive their foul-mouthed vituperation. They have broken all political ties, trampled on all faith. Those who are with them—no matter whence they came—are "the People." Those who are against them are "Ruffians"—"border" or otherwise. Cheers for them are "enthusiasm." Cheers for their opponents are the "howl of the mob." Those who speak for them, are "eloquent." Those who speak against them "bawl." All their meetings are "numerous," "respectable," "intense." All other meetings are gatherings of "rowdies." The offscourings of Eastern cities whom they have hired and sent to Kansas—armed bullies—are "respectable settlers." Those who go there from the South, are "invaders." The stealing of a Negro is a "virtue!" The murder of his captor, the pink of sanctity. Let a man belonging to themselves dare to hesitate in any atrocity and woe be to him. He is hunted down with keener scent and more ferocious instinct than those of a bloodhound. Look at Dunn; was there ever unfortunate slave more mercilessly pursued—more savagely lacerated? On their tongues and pens words have totally lost their meaning. The whole agitation, whether in journal, speech or correspondence, is one unvaried waste, whence reason and decency and truth have been rooted out. Their abnormal elements are so heterogeneous, that their fusion in any chemical alchemy is impossible. Only in the intoxication of fanaticism can they unite. In this the Teetotaler takes the hand of the Drunkard; the "Freelover" that of him of "Woman's Rights," and mutually embracing they dance to a "Rapper's" music from the spheres. They seem to me to resemble nothing in nature except, perhaps, a jungle of briars and weeds and thorny

shrubs—a wild rose and stink weed, nettles and hemlock, dock leaves and fox-glove—lashed and intertwined by a sudden storm.

Every sect, and section, and phase of fanaticism is embraced in the fold, except the unfortunate Mormons. Nor could they be excluded without a betrayal of their own convictions by leading Republicans, who stoutly maintained that a man has an absolute right to practise what social infamy he pleases. Nor would they change their minds if Brigham and the saints had as many votes as they have wives. But perhaps the proscription was to give new assurance to the "brethren." It could not fail to show them that others may in turn be proscribed. Be the motive what it may, the thing is intolerance, as rank, as unrepublican and unconstitutional as the proscription of the other section, yet in the dark. Theirs, in fact, is elevated to a principle, while the proscription of the Republicans, like everything else, is stamped in the image of policy. Every word spoken, every act done at the Philadelphia convention, was based on the one consideration—what would best serve the end. Hence the rejection of Seward. Hence the selection of Fremont. Hence the proscription of the Mormons. Hence the juggle to deceive the Catholics and the "brethren"—all from the impure source of a miserable expediency.

I fancy I have given you some pretty accurate specimens of the "liberty of speech;" and here my argument closes.

I have hitherto abstained from speaking of James Buchanan. To eulogize him may be misconstrued—and he needs none. Enough that he accepts our principles in their plenitude, and will stand or fall with them. If we add to this, that he has lived an active, a blameless and an honorable life, all is said that needs saying. His colleague is a young man, but ripe in learning and in wisdom, and mature in the influence he has acquired in his native State, and the undivided love she bears him. Nor shall I say ought of our opponents. If faults they have, let them rest. They cannot enter into the lofty considerations that should govern the issues presented in this contest. These issues are as between us and the "Republicans"—shall the union be dissevered?—as between us and the "Americans"—shall the Constitution be overthrown? The two principles which our opponents seek to subvert are at the base of our republican institution, and supply their highest functions with the activity of operative life. The lives of all the candidates are in the hands of God—they may pass away before the contest begins, or soon after it is over—but those principles are immutable; let me hope imperishable.

But while I do not laud our candidates, because it may seem indelicate, or disparage our opponents, because it would be undignified and unjust, there is one man more intimately identified with the great question now in issue than any other, for whom I may be permitted to express the admiration his genius and courage commaud, and affectionate regard his friendship and kindliness have inspired. He has made this issue. Standing on the broad ground of the Constitution, he has dared to vindicate its principles in defiance of the howling of fanaticism. For this he has been assaulted with the foulest weapons in the armory of Billingsgate. Every puny gabbler and foul mouthed orator has a shaft levelled at him. I scarcely need name Stephen A. Douglass.

Against such a man calumny cannot prevail. Born of the people, and sharing in their simplicity and purity of conception; bred among the children of the people, and imbibing their artlessness and love of truth; joining as a boy in the sports of the youth of the people, and learning from them the honest rustic sense of fair play; inheriting as a man the toil of the people and facing it like a man; only dropping the axe of the workman to clutch the gubernatorial fasces, Stephen A. Douglas has sprung to be the chief among chiefs in the United States Senate—filling many intermediate offices, untrue to no principle, unfaithful to no friendship of his life, unchecked by difficulties, unawed by conspiracies and calumnies, stern, steadfast and untiring—and carried with him through all, the fervid uncorrupted heart and freshness of the people.

I have spoken of the "South" and of the "North." I beg of you to believe that I repudiate from my heart the distinction which these words on other tongues are intended to invoke. My excuse is the necessity of being intelligible in my argument. I do not believe the distinction finds a place in any natural heart. It is a condition of the excess of liberty to run into anarchy. That tendency is the fountain source of every fanatical "ism." All these isms having once broke off from the normal law of order, no matter how incongruous the extravagance that inspires each sect, naturally unite against established usage. Notwithstanding this there is not a northern state in which there is not an efficient minority nearly equal to them, all and nearly in every state larger than the largest one. If in this state we could divest ourselves of them all, if every man were governed solely by the considerations suggested by the doctrines of "free soil," there would be a majority of, at least, twenty thousand voting with the South because it would be voting with justice. So, too, would it be in other states. It is a libel, then, a wilful and malicious libel to say that the North is "republican." It is a libel to say that the southerners are not democratic from principle; in the South was the cradle of democracy—there is its home. North and South, East and West, we are brothers all. Together we shall stand, together fall. We place ourselves upon the Constitution, and inspired by its generous and Catholic spirit, let us, too, appeal to a "higher law"—the Divine command which, probably is of equal force North and South of 36.30, and take for our motto—"Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

MILITARY DEFENCES OF WATERFORD.

From the Waterford News.

Lord Stuart de Decies, and young Lord Carew, who take such a deep interest in Waterford, as well as Lord Waterford, Lord Huntingdon, Sir Richard Musgrave, and those other active gentlemen intimately connected with the County Waterford Railway, should all be solicited for their support and influence. The influential people and press of Clonmel, be it told to their credit, are straining every nerve with the view of getting the barracks, which of right belong to Waterford. And why? If the great maritime cities be suffered to remain unprotected, what will become of the small inland towns? Troops up country would not be able to stave off a resolute invading army in the port of Waterford. How could they? A few men could stop a railway by breaking down a bridge, or by throwing a few rails over the ditches. But a few men in Duncannon Fort, or a couple of old revenue men in Tramore, Annestown and Bonmahon, could not stop desperate battalions from capturing and fortifying themselves in the city of Waterford. At present 50,000 of the brilliant and daring captors of the Malakoff are prying into the fine fields of beautiful Spain—looking out for *squalls*, as the saying is—and who knows how soon they may be hovering near our own coasts? The Crimean campaign has demonstrated this fact, that when once an invading army has made a sure footing and entered into a country, neither ships nor sailors can root them out of it. When William the Conqueror landed in England, he sunk his ships, in order that his legions could have no chance of retreat. At the last siege of Rome, the insurgents thought themselves secure when they had the city fortified. But, one fine morning Gen. Oudinot entered their ports, and soon after pitched his camp before the city. Every one knows the result. The insurgents had to yield. The first landing of the allies in the Crimea, without a struggle being made on the sea-shore by the Russians, is supposed to have been one of their greatest blunders. A few ships sunk in front of Sebastopol, set at defiance all the sea-forces in the world. In like manner a few old hulks sunk in the Waterford river, at either side of Passage, would keep at bay the whole British fleet. From these considerations the danger of leaving our chief seaports unprotected, must appear patent to persons even of less note than those who rule the destinies of the British empire.

MR. MEAGHER, M.P.

From the Nation.

Mr. Meagher, Member for Waterford, we perceive, has presented the Mechanics' Institute of that city with the following Parliamentary Reports for the session of 1856:

"The Joint Stock Companies' Act; Wreck Chart of the British Isles for 1855; Geological Survey; Estimates, &c.; Civil Services; Loan Fund Board of Ireland, 18th annual report; New Palace, Westminster, report No. 1; Irish Reproductive Loan Fund."

As a general rule, we do not attach a very high importance to Parliamentary Reports, nevertheless, the above papers cannot fail to be interesting and useful. There are other reports lately issued which we would like to see included in the above list—viz: that on the use of the torture in India, for the purpose of extracting revenue from the plundered natives, and that containing the correspondence between the British and American Governments respecting the affairs of Central America.

It is the duty of a representative to look after and procure for the use of his constituents, copies of interesting Parliamentary Reports; and the representative who discharged the duty is deserving of thanks, when we find there are so many who neglected it. Why has not every Irish representative acted in this matter like Mr. Meagher? They have all had the same facility for procuring these papers that he has had, and there is no county town or city in Ireland without some educational institute, to whose members they might prove advantageous. The negligence of Irish members in this regard is only another proof of their forgetfulness of the means by which they procured their seats, and a disregard of the objects for which they should hold them. They expect people to make great sacrifices to send them to Parliament, and once there they think only of their own private concerns, and will not take the trouble of obtaining for the use of their deluded constituents copies of useful parliamentary reports, which may be had for the asking. We respectfully suggest to members of mechanics' institutes, &c., in other places outside Waterford, the propriety of intimating to their representatives, that, inasmuch as they have not the manliness to vote like Mr. Meagher, it would be desirable if they had the thought to act like him in regard to Parliamentary reports.

SMITH O'BRIEN'S SPEECH AT CAHIRMOYLE.

Fellow-Countrymen and Friends—Though since my arrival in Ireland I have studiously discouraged the assembly of large multitudes, who might otherwise have been disposed to greet me with congratulatory demonstrations, I confess that I am rejoiced to see collected around me to-day so many of my kind neighbors. I am glad to have a public opportunity of thanking them not only for the solicitude which they have felt respecting my own lot, but also for the affectionate care with which they have befriended and protected my family during my absence.

My thanks are specially due to the tenantry of our estates for the fidelity and integrity with which, during a period of unexampled difficulty, they endeavored to fulfil their obligations. I trust that their conduct will never be forgotten by my successors through future generations.

Disappointments, privations, and sufferings fall lightly, comparatively speaking, upon those who possess a happy home. My home has been rendered happy, not only by the possession of every domestic blessing, but also by the attachment of the population who surrounded me. Twenty-two years have elapsed since I first came to settle in this county, and during that period no one circumstance has occurred which could tend to interrupt or impair the kindly sentiments which I desire to cherish towards my neighbors in the west of the county of Limerick. Or rather I should say that you have never lost an opportunity of offering to my family and myself the most unequivocal testimonies of your affection and respect. Nor can I ever forget that I had been established at Cahirmoyle little more than two months, when I was called forward to represent the county of Limerick, and that you sustained me in that position, during fifteen years, on terms more honorable than, perhaps, ever subsisted between a member and his constituents.

Let it not be supposed, however, that when I speak in this manner respecting the inhabitants of the county of Limerick, I am insensible to the feelings which have been manifested towards me elsewhere. Seldom have I met an intelligent foreigner who has not sympathised with the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland, or who has failed to evince his regard for me when he learned that I was an exile, because I had striven to ward off those sufferings and those wrongs. For the same reason my name has been mentioned with honor in the colonies and America, where the Irish settlers cherish towards Ireland feelings more intensely national than those which at present prevail in this country.

I may add, I trust without arrogance, notwithstanding all that has been done to eradicate the sentiment of Irish patriotism, I have reason to believe that if I had given notice that I should arrive in Dublin on the 7th anniversary of my transportation, the 9th of July, I should have been greeted with as large a "monster meeting" as ever assembled within the precincts of the metropolis; and that scarcely a week had elapsed after my arrival, when I was offered the representation of the county of Tipperary by a body which acts as the organ of a majority of the freeholders of that county, and who, I have no doubt, would have been able to give effect to their choice in case I had acceded to their request. I have been informed also that the electors of my native county, Clare, are desirous that I should occupy the vacancy which will probably arise at the next election by the retirement of one of the present members.

These manifestations of opinion I attribute not to my own merits, nor even to the entire concurrence in my political views, but to the generous nature of the Irish people. They would reproach themselves, even if they did not fear the reproach of other nations, if they were to exhibit coldness and indifference towards those who suffer in an attempt to save them.

My determination to stand aloof from the British Parliament continues unaltered. You kindly allude to the probability that my son may hereafter represent the county of Limerick. At present he is under age, and will be occupied for several years with the studies necessary to fit him for the bar, to which profession he is destined. If he prove his capacity for public affairs by successful exertion in his profession, I will not dissuade him from adopting whatever career he may consider most useful to his country. In the meantime, I am happy to inform you, that I place unlimited confidence in his devotion to Ireland. For myself, many considerations of a domestic kind would at present render me reluctant to pass six months out of every year in London; but these considerations might perhaps hereafter be overruled, if I were not convinced that my time can be not only more happily, but also more profitably spent in my native land. I have no desire again to waste night after night in witnessing or taking part in the discussions of questions relating to Ireland, which are to be determined by the votes of English and Scotch members, who feel no concern about them, and who often do not even take the trouble to attend the discussion, but simply vote as they are directed by the leaders of the English Parliamentary party. Nor shall I conceal from you that my sentiments respecting the interests of this country, are not in harmony with those which at present prevail amongst the influential classes in Ireland. When in 1843, I avowed myself to be fully convinced that the only effectual guarantee for the permanent welfare of our country is to be found in the restoration of its legislature, I did not profess this conviction only as a means of extorting secondary advantages of either a personal or a national kind for the people of Ireland. I adopted it as a stern reality, the furtherance of which would probably for several years require many personal sacrifices on the part of those who became the champions of their country's rights, and which specially demanded an entire separation from all connexion with English governments and English parties. Within the short space of ten years I have seen almost every man who was a prominent leader in the Repeal agitation (except those who were driven into exile,) become a stipendiary or a supporter of the British Government, I have no desire to impugn the motives or conduct of any man, a change of circumstances sometimes justifies changes of opinion; and I always prefer to impute even to doubtful actions, honorable rather than base motives; but when I find that these chances have been sanctioned—and in some instances encouraged—by the constituencies of Ireland, I am compelled to conclude that my opinions are out of date, and that Irish patriotism no longer means what it appeared to me at Tara in the year 1843.

"Let me not be misunderstood. I never maintained, nor do I now maintain, that it is the duty of Irish patriots to seek separation from England by forcible means. Under all probable circumstances when in 1848 this country was reduced by misgovernment to a condition more abject than any that it had known, even in the worst period of its disastrous history, and when we were deprived of all constitutional methods of redress, by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, I thought, and I still think, that resistance was justifiable. I thought then, and still think, that if we had been supported by the Irish nation in the struggle which we commenced, we should have been able to secure for Ireland within a few months, or perhaps a few weeks, the inestimable blessing of self-government. A year's residence in Belgium, which, during the last twenty-five years has been one of the best regulated nations of Europe, has confirmed me in the conviction that a government founded on a successful revolution may become the most stable of all governments. But it is vain to speculate upon what might have happened if we succeeded in '48, in establishing the national or legislative independence of Ireland. Fate decided against us, and since the occasion required a victim, I rejoice that I, who was mainly responsible for the abortive movement, became one of the chief victims, rather than that others should have suffered—many of whom followed the path of danger in consequence of the implicit confidence which they placed in their leaders.

"I accept our defeat as a decree of Providence; and if the people think that we can be more happy under the government of the Imperial Parliament, than under that of a Local Legislature, I am compelled to acquiesce in that preference. I acquiesce in it with the less reluctance, because this country is now comparatively prosperous, and because some of the evils which gave occasion for discontent have been mitigated.

"Personally, I had no ground for complaint when I first became an auxilliary in the national effort which was made to obtain a Legislature for Ireland, and in 1848, I put to hazard everything that was most valuable to me for the sake, not of myself, but of my suffering fellow-countrymen. I trust, therefore, that I shall be able to live happily amonst you, my kind friends and neighbors, even though the aspirations which I once cherished for the glory and grandeur of my country may never be realised.

At the same time I hold myself perfectly free to take whatever part in Irish affairs, best befits an Irish patriot. I never would have returned to Ireland if fettered by any conditions other than those which are imposed by social duty on every Irishman. I shall, therefore, occasionally take the liberty to offer advice upon public affairs to all who are disposed to listen to my suggestions—but for the present I desire to enjoy repose during a few months, if it were only that I may have an opportunity of studying the altered circumstances of this country. In penning this long answer to your kind address, I have thought it right to abandon all reserve. In doing so I do not seek to pledge you to conformity with my opinions. There is one point at least upon which all who have met here to-day agree. We all love Ireland, however we may differ as to the mode of serving her. To me it is delightful to feel that, whatever the faults of the Irish race, they are endeared to me by their kindly, genial, and generous character. Since we last met, I have seen almost every variety of the human species, from the lowest to the highest type of humanity—French, Spaniards, Belgians, Germans, Italians, Greeks, Africans, Asiatics, and even Aborigines of Australia. I have been brought into contact with some of the most accomplished and some of the most brutal specimens of the human race; I have seen no where a people amongst whom I would so willingly dwell as among that people with whose destinies the destinies of my family are inseparably identified. Since last we met I have wandered through many a beautiful scene in foreign lands; I have gazed on the snowy summits of the Alps and the Appinines; of Etna and of Parnassus; but I prefer a home within sight of the Galtees. I have traversed the most lovely lakes of Switzerland and of Italy, but for me Loughderg and Killarney have charms which exceed those of Zurich or Como. I have crossed the vallies of the Po and of the Nile, far-famed for their exberant fertility; but their fertility can scarcely surpass the evergreen verdure of the rich fields of my own native land. It is truly delightful to me to find that imagination and the yearnings of absence, which is said to "make the heart grow fonder," have not exaggerated for me the charms of my native country; and that I can here realize to myself the sentiments which induced me when returning home from distant lands to exclaim with the poet, respecting Ireland—

"It may not brightest be, or best;
To me it spreads a mothers's breast;
Its springs well from my inmost heart—
Its skies my heavenliest dreams impart—
Its earth enshrines my parent's tomb—
Its air, amid life's darkest gloom,
Breathes hope into my withering soul.
Swiftly ye loitering billows roll—
Swiftly ye lagging coursers fly!
Once more beneath my longing eye
In thy familiar charms expand
Mine own—my blessed fatherland."

Answers to Correspondents.

Owing to the press of political and other matter on our columns, we have been obliged to exclude the *Personal Recollections*, and an exceedingly interesting letter from our indefatigable friend, *Kilmainham*. We purposed finishing *Pat Costello* this week. *Kilmainham* and he shall appear in their proper places, next week.

A friend of ours in this city—a near relative of the illustrious orator—has favored us with an original manuscript of John Philpot Curran, containing several pieces in poetry and prose, which have never yet appeared in print. Among the latter, we have an eloquent and philosophic essay on the comparative merits of Elective and Hereditary Monarchy. The charter song of the *Monks of the Screw*—of which Order Curran was the Abbot—is to be found in this rare collection. Many of the stanzas are new to us, and, if print ed, would be new to the world. They have been omitted from every version of the song which has up to this been published. We shall not hoard up and hide the pearls and emeralds of this antique casket. Having the permission of the owner—who in return has our warm thanks forthe privilege accorded us—we shall display them in our windows, as the Christmas holidays draw near.

Belthazzar, as well as a crowd of other salamanders, rages about our notice of the Nenagh riots. It's miserably below the mark, it seems. Well, if it doesn't suit *Belthazzar*, *Belthazzar* may put it in his pipe and smoke it. The exasperated patriot in Baltimore (who sent us three postage stamps, enclosed in a glowing letter of hideous grammar, at the commencement of our editorial career,) may do the same.

We have received a long and deeply entertaining paper on Dublin theatricals, from a gifted Irishman, formerly of Castlecomer, County Kilkenny, but now and for some years past, a resident of Syracuse, in this State. "Reared in a coal-bed," he says "he's going to be buried in a salt-pan." The first opportunity we have, his paper shall see the light. Probably this day week at furthest.

The *Sunday Dispatch* is wrong in stating that Mr. Meagher did not declare his intentions until late in autumn of 1852. He declared them early in the summer of that year.

In our last issue, in the article entitled "The Sister of Charity," an error was manifest. *Jephtha* was printed for *Judith*.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1856.

OUR SECOND VOLUME.

In compliance with the request of many friends and subscribers, we close our first volume with the last number, and commence a second with the present.

The reasons are sufficiently pointed and agreeable that we should do so.

It is suggested, that for the purposes of reference and reading, half-yearly volumes would be much more convenient than yearly ones. That there are double as many pages in the Irish News as in the generality of the weeklies, and four times as many as in most of such periodicals; further, that from the amount of original and carefully selected matter we publish—every number containing nearly as much as the monthly magazines—the desire to bind our journal is a unanimous feeling.

These considerations are grateful to us; and we comply with the request, feeling that such an arrangement will be of "no consequence" to those who do not purpose to preserve the Irish News, while it is but common courtesy to please those who do us and our opinions so much honor. Still further to aid those who intend binding the News, we shall in a few weeks issue a full and complete index, with title-page to the first volume, and give a list of the many distinguished writers—Irish and American—who have contributed to it; that is, if these ladies and gentlemen will grant us permission. Our readers will then see that many of those bright intellects which shed lustre upon Irish literature in Ireland ten years ago, have rallied round the Irish News as the only organ in America, calculated from its scope, literary character and impartiality, to be, as it avowed in its first issue it aspired to be, the reflection of the Irish at home and abroad.

We might say much in the way of retrospect, but fortunately the very stress laid on the request to make half-yearly volumes, shows how cordially our labors have been appreciated, and spares us any lengthy reference to the course we have pursued. We can do it in a paragraph.

Our News depatrments, Irish, American, and Foreign, are not, as is usual in weeklies, a mere reprint of the matter of the dailies, but are a condensed epitome—a history, in fact, of the note-worthy movements of the day. In the Editorial department we have discussed the leading home and foreign topics which agitate the politics of the two hemispheres; and have faithfully fulfilled the duty we owe America, by honestly regarding, from thorough conviction, all foreign movements from an American position. In the Literary department we have devoted large space to Essays and Reviews of an instructive and critical nature, keeping in view the mental necessities of the large mass of Irishmen here, who are growing into strong, vigorous-minded and influential American citizens. In this department, also, Poetry, which some of the journals in Ireland remarked, recalls the spirit which lent such a charm to the politics of Ireland during the late struggle—sketches of men, politics and scenes, and a nouvelette, have been introduced; all of which, combining information and amusement, historical facts and fiction founded thereon, have found much favor.

With every reason to impose continued carefulness and devotion in the management of the Irish News, we open the Second Volume of our record of the World's eventful History.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC DEMONSTRATION—VINDICATION OF THE SOUTH.

The Democracy have met. In the grandeur of their united strength—in the colossal proportion of their numbers—the Democracy of the State of New-York have met.

The bone and sinew, the strength and muscle of our population—the dwellers in our cities, towns, and villages—men of all trades and professions—the farmer, the laborer, the mechanic, the merchant—all came together in the central town of our lordly river. It was a noble demonstration, stimulating the energies and quickening into active life, the will and determination of the masses.

And why was this? Why on this morning in October did the Hudson bear on its bosom so many overladen vessels, whilst on the land every vehicle of travel was alike crowded, and the roads trembled with the myriads marching in solid column, with music and banner, to this great Poughkeepsie convocation?

Because Patriotism incited it. Because through this great nation, from one end to the other, its great heart is throbbing with the apprehension of grave and imminent danger. Because Democracy is clear-headed as well as warm-hearted, and this demonstration was required to place on record, whatever may come, that the Democracy of the State of New-York were true and loyal to this Republic, their country, whole and entire, and its Constitution.

Never did the Democrat—the Union-man—find a loftier exponent of his sentiments, an abler reasoner, a more convincing advocate, than he found in Senator Hunter, of Virginia. The occasion found in him a fit representative, worthy the patriotic statesmen, eloquence, and chivalry of the South, and the great expounders of the political truths, the cardinal principles, which unite and regulate the Union of the States.

There were, at the outset of his truly great speech, Congressional statistics of a remarkable character, in refutation of the charge that the Southern States have violated faith—have made compromises and broken them.

It has been generally stated that Missouri was admitted as a State into the Union, by an agreement with the Northern States that Slavery should be prohibited North of 36,30; but by the Congressional statistics we allude to, Senator Hunter clearly indicated the action of the North and South on this subject.

Missouri applied for admission in 1820. The Bill was presented to the House, with two amendments from the Senate, one a Slavery restriction, and the other to apply the restriction only to the territory North of 36,30, acquired from the State of Louisiana.

On a proposition to strike out the Slavery restriction, the North voted more than five to one against striking it out—the South unanimously for it. On the other amendment, that of prohibiting Slavery North of 36,30, which in fact is the southern boundary line of Missouri—the North voted ninety-five to five in favor of such prohibition—"so that it appears that the North did not vote for the admission of Missouri in 1820, without this restriction."

In further confirmation of this narrative of Congressional action, it appears that, in 1827, the question of the admission of Missouri was finally concluded. Mr. Mallory, of Vermont, proposed that the Slavery restriction should be applied, as the condition of its admission. The North voted, twelve to one, in favor of the Restriction, and on the final vote for its admission the North voted against it.

The Republican party at the North, with John C. Fremont as its leader, holds as the one only principle of its organization, that the Labor of the South shall never be permitted, under any privilege or pretext whatever, to pollute what is termed in its arrogant oratory, "The sacred soil of Freedom."

To attempt the restoration of the sectional line of 36, 30—to do aught in contravention of the principle of non-intervention on the subject of Slavery in the Territories, is to dissolve the Union. The evils which would follow from the Presidential success of this fanatical Abolition party, Senator Hunter clearly and logically made manifest. There is not a subject connected with Slavery, and the relation which the South bears to the North, he did not examine. He displayed the industrial powers and accumulated wealth of each, and the shares they respectively contributed to the Union. In the expenditure of its resources, he showed clearly the North secured by far the larger share of the disbursements.

He made apparent the important part the South performs in the prosperity of the Union. And dead indeed must he be to all love of country, or deplorably insensate to the consequences of the act, who, after hearing or reading such a speech, could cast his vote for a party that, with an insidious cry for freedom, would jeopardize and destroy that prosperity.

He was nobly seconded by Col. William S. Preston, of Kentucky, and other able speakers. We commend the proceedings of this demonstration to every citizen, no matter what may be his party, as a clear statement of the sentiments and convictions of the South, and as an exemplification of the reasons why the democratic party at the present crisis regards the election of James Buchanan as President, as identified with the safety and preservation of the Union.

Where is the evidence of a compromise therefore, when the North did not vote in favor of the admission of Missouri at all? If such a compromise had been made in 1820,—the North violated it in 1821, by voting against the admission of Missouri,—bur no such complaint was ever made against the North, and the measures were disposed of in the ordinary way of legislation.

Missouri came into the Union as a slave state, but coupled with the declaration that no more states should come in with the institution of slavery, north of 36, 30. The South acquiesced in the application of this rule, until the Nortn itself chose to cancel and nullify it. Texas came into the Union, and the line of 36, 30, was applied to it. Next came the Mexican territory, with California, and the South proposed the application of the same line. To this the North objected.

Then came the compromise and adjustment acts of 1850 and 1851, which established the principle of non-intervention. It was this principle that gave California to the North, and the whole territory acquired from Mexico.

The question following this was the Kansas and Nebraska Territorial Bill. In all these matters the North had many strings to its bow. It was 36, 30—non-intervention, total Exclusion, or Free Soil, as best suited its interests. Be consistent, says the South, and give us a uniform rule. If the principle of Non-intervention be right, that of Exclusion must be wrong—your line of sectional demarkation should therefore be extinguished. It was extinguished; and the principle of the settlement of 1850 and 1851 of non-intervention was applied to the Nebraska Act.

This act of simple justice, of consistent and honorable conduct of one portion of this confederacy to the other, has been misrepresented, perverted and maligned.

CROWNED CONSPIRATORS—THE WESTERN ALLIANCE.

Although the war in the East is over, and peace reigns throughout Europe, and though American readers are no longer entertained, upon the arrival of each steamer, with accounts of brilliant victories, or bored with the stereotyped cry of "Nothing new from the seat of war," yet the facts connected with the establishment of peace, and the indications that may be derived therefrom, possess a significance and an importance to every one interested in the welfare of the American Republic, far beyond the simple question involved in the war.

When the war first broke out, it was predicted that if Turkey did not fall a prey to Russia, it would certainly be divided between its powerful allies, England and France. Recent events would seem to indicate that they were playing for a much higher stake, and that the ultimate object, in the alliance between those two Powers, was to prescribe the laws and control the destinies of the greater part of the civilized world. Their union reminds us somewhat of the Roman triumvirate of Augustus, Antony, and Lepidus, by which the world was divided between them, and the enemies of each proscribed. In the present instance, the same spirit of vindictiveness—the same desire for aggrandizement—is manifest as in the case of the Roman triumvirs, but fortunately, as yet, the power has been wanting.

The first act of aggression, was the attempt of the present occupant of the Tuilleries to compel the press of Belgium, which for some time past has enjoyed perfect independence, to adopt a tone better suited to the taste of his Imperial Majesty. And bravely, firmly, nobly, did that little State—the most liberal of European monarchies—repel this attempted invasion of her national rights. The matter has rested, and the effort may be considered abortive.

The next movement was one chiefly designed for the benefit of England. As it was well known that the United States were extremely desirous of having the principle settled in relation to the right of neutrals in time of war, the Paris Conference declared that principle to our entire satisfaction, but coupled with it a proposition for the abolition of privateering, and required us to swallow both or none. To accept the latter, in the present state of our naval force, would be to leave our commerce—in case of war—entirely at the mercy of such a maritime Power as England. Upon that proposition our Government has virtually put a negative, and there, it is probable, the matter will rest, although a portion of the foreign press talk of coercion as the last argument to be used against us.

At the Peace Congress of Paris, the representatives of Sardinia presented an elaborate and interesting protest, remonstrating against the tyrannical interference of Austria in the affairs of Italy, which has reduced that country to a mere appanage of that empire, and praying for protection against further encroachments. This was a case which might well be supposed to enlist the reputed liberal tendencies and constitutional sympathies of England. But Austria was a powerful nation, with

whom it was not well to quarrel. The protest was unheeded, and Austrian bayonets still regulate the domestic affairs of Italy.

But though the great Western Alliance has declined acting in favor of Sardinia, against the oppression of Austria, it has been unable to resist the inclination to meddle with the internal affairs of the kingdom of Naples. No doubt those affairs greatly need reformation; no doubt there is in that State a vast amount of misgovernment and tyranny; but we respectfully beg leave to doubt the motives of the great Alliance, in attempting a correction. The attempt proceeds, not from any sympathy with the wrongs and sufferings of the Neapolitan people, but simply from a spirit of self-preservation. Oppression, beyond a certain extent, inevitably ends in revolution. Revolution is contagious, and the unwise excesses of a petty tyrant like the King of Naples may fan, from a little spark, a flame which shall overspread all Europe. It is not surprising, therefore, that France, especially, should be desirous of persuading or coercing the King into a more moderate system of tyranny. By the last steamer, we are informed that England and France have concluded to withdraw their representatives from the Neapolitan Court, and will supply their places by four line-of-battle ships and a corresponding force of frigates.

The next movement will probably be upon Spain. Louis Napoleon is itching to obtain the principal direction of affairs in that quarter; but as his object in so doing savors much more of self-interest than of the alleged object of the Alliance—the desire to preserve the peace of Europe—it is probable that in this matter he will not have the cordial sympathy of his powerful ally.

The moral to be derived from all this is simple and evident. The American people should regard with a jealous eye every movement of this great Alliance, for we know not at what moment their hands may be turned against us. What we require is an administration that will give us an active, vigorous foreign policy, that will firmly maintain the Monroe doctrine, and cause the American name to be respected in every part of the world. In our future relations with Europe we do not want at the helm a man of the timid, negative character of Fillmore, or one who, like Fremont, would be engrossed by one internal sectional question, to the disregard of all others. But in the person of James Buchanan we should have a President, who, uniting with the wisdom and experience of age, the ardor, vigor, and progressive opinions of youth, would carry into all our foreign affairs those principles of republicanism which lie at the foundation of our government, and a man who would, if necessary, fearlessly maintain them.

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES.

In the course of a few paragraphs, the other day, the *Daily Times*, enumerating the *Catholic* papers of New-York, placed us amongst them. The compiler of devotional statistics in our daily cotemporary is slightly in error. Perhaps we should say, he is greatly in error. The paper we edit has no claim to the peculiar position the generous statistician assigns us. We neither profess nor pretend to conduct a religious paper, Catholic or otherwise. Neither by disposition nor study do we feel justified in usurping a theological chair. Doing so, we should feel we were hypocrites. Doing so, thousands would laugh at, if they did not go further and reprobate, our irreverent pretension.

What we have been, we still are, and hope to be for ever. From the first hour in which we took our chance for good or bad repute in public life, to this moment, we have strongly discountenanced and rebuked the practice of introducing religious dogmas into political discussions. Over and over again have we in Ireland insisted, that this practice profaned religion, whilst to politics it imparted an additional acerbity and mischief. Had the practice been abandoned, Ireland would long since have risen with a serene and radiant strength to a position in the world, which, as a nation, seems now as remote from her as when Wolfe Tone died.

True to the inspiration of our earlier days, true to the conviction this moment uttered, we write no word calculated in our judgment to perpetuate in civil life those distinctions which in Ireland have given rise to the fiercest factions, and flung her down, a prostrate and imbecile province, at the foot of England. In this country—the noblest feature of which, where all is noble in its origin and growth, the equality of every creed and form of divine worship before the law shines purely forth—we were the saddest recreants from the liberality and wisdom of our youth, did we presumptuously dictate from the editorial desk that which, by the most sacred right, belongs exclusively for promulgation to the college and the pulpit.

In a word, we write not for Irish Catholics, not for Irish Protestants, not for Irish Infidels, if any such strange savages there be. For Irishmen of every denomination in the Christian world—for the Irishman who accepts the Thirty-nine Articles as well as for the Irishman who abides by the Council of Trent—for the Irishman who belongs to the Kirk as well as for the Irishman who prefers the naked Meeting-house, founded by George Fox, to the most sumptuous Cathedral which fills the air of Italy with its music and its incense—for Irishmen, as the sun impartially sees and blesses them, are these pages open, and to their service in this Republic are they devoted. Not, however, to group them off from the vast multitude into the midst of which they have made their way, but thoroughly to identify them with it—a solid contribution from Irish soil to the monument towering above all thrones and spires to the memory of Washington.

PRESIDENT PIERCE IN CONCORD.

The welcome given this eminent gentleman in his native town must be deeply gratifying to every one, who, regardless of the calumnies and passions of the day, recognise in the Chief Magistrate of the Republic, the supreme expression of the People's will. Ansaldo Ceba chastely and wisely writes, that "obedience prepares man for empire, and whilst he should not imitate the obsequious veneration of the Persian, should cheerfully render the magistrates merited honors, as those whom the laws of a free state have placed in dominion." To those who, in this country, would act contrary to this teaching, permitting their personal disappointments and vindictiveness, or their political ambition, to get the better of them—to get the better of them so far as to urge them not only to evince but instigate in others a disrespectful attitude towards the President—nothing sufficiently deprecatory can be said.

Some people, in and out of Concord, forgetful of the honor of their country, their fellow-citizen, and themselves, insolently and menacingly, it appears, forbade President Pierce to visit New-Hampshire. The true-souled people of that State, assembling in thousands upon thousands to welcome Mr. Pierce, have haughtily and nobly rebuked the insult, and trampled on the threat. Eloquently and proudly, too, did the President himself confront, and in these words reprimand and humble the turbulent factionists who warned him from his home:—

"Are comparative strangers to the people of New-Hampshire—men who have not a personal acquaintance with one hundred of the assemblage now present—men who have never sacrificed for their country in their whole lives one hour of ease—who have never encountered, and who never expect to encounter the slightest of danger for its honor and its rights—to dictate when and under what circumstances it is proper for me to breathe my native air and tread my native soil? I have answered this question to-day by my presence, and you have answered it by meeting me here."

From our heart we applaud these words, warmly congratulating President Pierce upon the triumphant hospitalities, which have awakened in his honor the echoes of the White Mountains.

THE DAILY NEWS.

We perceive that our neighbor, the *Daily News*, has been recently enlarged and otherwise beautified by type and arrangement. The *News* has been for some time the liveliest and brightest gossipp of the morning press, as well as holding in the political world a well-merited pre-eminence for the force and untiring zeal displayed in its Democratic articles. It has been the vigorous defender of popular sovereignty—the Union and the Constitution. Apart from the merely local questions with which it sometimes fills space, but which we gladly overlook, it is thoroughly commendable for the breadth of purpose, clearness of argument, wealth of illustration, and pungency of style which have characterized the political essays, which, day after day, continue to unriddle (no hard task by-the-way) the tough fictions and wire-worked netting of the Fremont press.

We are glad to hear that the *Daily News* has achieved a daily circulation of over twenty-one thousand. This speaks well for the Democracy, and is only just to a paper that has spoken so well for it.

SMITH O'BRIEN.

The last mail but one brought us a pleasant letter from O'Brien. Not intended for publication, however, all we can communicate from it is the personal assurance of the good health and happiness of our friend—such happiness as it has not been his fortune to have experienced for many years. Kindly and affectionately he inquires after the companions of his captivity and exile now in America.

At the same time this letter reached us, we were handed a presentation copy of the *Principles of Government*—the work written by O Brien in his Tasmanian exile—and which copy he requested a mutual friend in Dublin to forward us. Along with our own, came copies for Mitchel and McManus. Each copy contains a written remembrance of his companionship and friendship.

The last mail brought us his speech at Cahirmoyle. The London papers praise it. Throughout Ireland it has been universally applauded.

Testimonial to the Late Thomas Devin Reilly.

The following are the names of the Managing Committee of the Devin Reilly Testimonial Fund: John Mitchel, Michael Phelan, Patrick Lynch, Danl. E. Sickles, Dr. Drew, Gen. Ward B. Burnet, O. A. Lochrane, Macon, Ga.; Terence Bellew McManus, San Francisco; Wm. Mitchel, John Brougham, John O'Mahony, W. D. Holly, John Savage, Robert Tyler, Philadelphia; John Cochrane, Michael Doheny, Captain Hogan, Adjt. McCartan, Thos. Francis Meagher, Joseph Brenan, New-Orleans; W. E. Robinson, John Folan, James Roche, Thomas Lynch, Dr. McGowan, Chairman; Captain W. F. Lyons, Secretary; P. M. Haverty, Treasurer.

The following subscriptions have been received: John Brougham, $25; Daniel E. Sickles, $25; Dr. Drew, Pearl street, $25; Michael Phelan, $25; Dr. O'Reilly, White street, $25; W. Stuart, $25; Patrick Lynch, $10; Adjutant McCartan, $10; Thomas Lynch, $10; John E. Devlin, $10; John Mullin, $10; Hugh Collender, $10; W. L. Cole (*Irish American*), $10; W. O'Donnell, $5; W. O'Brien, Brooklyn, $5; P. Mulligan, $5; Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, $5; James Hueston, $5.

All Subscriptions and Communications to be addressed to the Secretary, Captain W. F. Lyons, 29 Ann street.

OUTRAGE ON ROBERT EMMET.

The morning papers, during the past week, informed us that this estimable and venerable citizen was denied a hearing in Montgomery Hall. In the midst of intolerant cries, and a scene of scandalous vulgarity, he was compelled to retire. This is too bad. It is wicked in the extreme. A name sanctified by blood as pure as ever flowed down the scaffold—as ever cried to Heaven for freedom—has been most foully scoffed at. That name ought to be sacred even amongst the most riotous of rabbles.

Were they Democrats who so infamously sinned against gray hairs and the traditionary glory which surrounds them? It is said so. If so, let the guilty parties know that such excesses defile Democracy—cover it, as it were, with loathesome sores—and drive thousands from it.

Were they Irishmen who yelled down the eldest surviving relative of the gallant youth who staked his fortune and was strangled for them? If so, let Irishmen remember that the blackest page in their country's history is that which tells the world how Harry Grattan, the Deliverer of Ireland, was in his old age stoned on Carlisle bridge, close to the scene of his glories, and brought down upon his feeble knees bleeding to the pavement. And why? For that he saw fit upon a question of great public consequence to differ—as Robert Emmet now differs—from the majority of his countrymen.

Let Irishmen take heed lest they add another black page to the one already written.

THE EMMET GUARD.

Our inability to attend the excursion of this distinguished company of the State Militia annoyed us deeply. We had confidently promised ourselves the gratification of doing so. In our present position, however, we are not masters of our time or wishes. Our promises of pleasure are dreams which may be accidentally fulfilled, or they may not.

The officers and men of the Emmet Guard will generously acquit us. Had it been in our power—at all in our power—we should have been on the field, and at the table with them. Endeared to us by many recollections, we have long wished for an opportunity to meet them face to face, take them by the hand, and exchange with them the cordial greeting and the generous cup. When we were prisoners, the welcome they gave our comrades, Doheny and Rielly, gladdened us to the heart. The flash of their bayonets, the ring of their cheer, broke in upon us in our cell in Richmond prison, and woke us into bounding life.

On arriving here, one of the earliest acquaintanceships we formed was with their late Captain, Judge Magrath. Our riper knowledge of him was such, that the news of his death, reaching us on the Pacific, darkened the bright waters over which we moved, and a mist overcast them for a time. But apart from all personal considerations, the name they bear was enough to draw us closely to them. For that name we would do every thing—be it to gratify or serve them—it was in our power to do.

Col. Doheny's Speech.—We print elsewhere a speech delivered by Col. Michael Doheny, in Hermitage Hall, on last Tuesday evening, on the invitation of the 17th Ward Club. He is clear, fervid, argumentative and convincing. The oration we have the pleasure and privilege of publishing is a sound Democratic effort, and worth that attention we claim for it. The greatest compliment we can pay it, is to refer the reader to it. It speaks for itself.

A LECTURE

Will be delivered before the Mechanic's Hibernian Institute, at Hope Chapel, by J. M. Harrington, LL.D., on Tuesday evening, October the 14th, at 8 o'clock. We bespeak for our friend Mr. Harrington, who is a young lawyer of undoubted talent, a very flattering reception on this his first appearance before a New-York audience.

Literature.

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.*

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVE-TAKINGS AND REGRETS—A LETTER OF IMPORTANCE—MONSIEUR AND MADAME DE CASCALES—THE BANKER AND HIS OFFER.

"I part with thee,
As wretches that are doubtful of herafter
Part with their lives, unwilling, loath and fearful,
And trembling at futurity."

Rowe.

"His eye inspires such trust—so full it is
Of a most clear and honorable spirit—
That we were fools to ask for other bail
Than his plain yea or nay."

Johnson.

Before leaving the vessel, on her arrival at Coenties slip, both Casement and his companion were anxious to take the Miss Plunketts under their protection; for they feared, and not without reason, that Brand might have got ashore from the pilot-boat before them, and they had seen enough of him to know that he was not a person likely to abandon any scheme of vengeance without a struggle. The girls had incensed him in the first instance by refusing either to buy his tickets or acquaint him with their place of destination; in the second, by having been the innocent causes of the outbreak which led to the overthrow of misrule on board, and the consequent failure of his schemes against the pockets of the passengers; lastly, they had rejected all his overtures of acquaintance, and Ellen, whose beauty had aroused his desires, utterly refused to speak to him, and even claimed the protection of our two friends when he persisted in pressing his suit.

Aware of these things, Casement and Ned Morgan were anxious at least to put the girls on board the train or steamboat which was to convey them to their destination; but, though frank and confiding upon every other point, neither Anne nor Ellen would consent to this, nor furnish them with any clue to the part of the country for which they were bound.

"It's a poor return for all your kindness," said Anne, who, though scarcely five-and-twenty, had all the air of a mother when speaking of her younger and more volatile sister. "But we cannot help it. For my own sake, and for Ellen's still more, I thank you and shall ever pray for you on my bended knees: but the friends we are going to—" and here her voice trembled as she forced herself to continue—"told us above all things, to let no one know our destination. They said there might be some one here to meet us, and there might not: if no one asked for us, we were to follow the instructions in this letter. And now I am going too ask you,"—she went on with increasing hesitation—"to ask you something that makes me blush, for I know it will seem ungrateful—it is, that you will neither of you attempt to follow us, nor try to find out where we go!"

Poor Ned was terribly put out; for though Anne was no beauty, in the common acceptation of the word, her neat and comely figure, dark eyes and pleasant face had made a conquest of his heart. Her sedateness and piety—her gentleness and almost motherly thoughtfulness, had inspired him—perhaps from contrast with his own rollicking and joyous humor—with feelings which did not easily brook the prospect of an everlasting farewell!

Nor did the prospect seem much more agreeable to our hero, who, nevertheless, would certainly have been surprised, and probably indignant, had any monitor whispered that the gay and fairy-looking Ellen occupied more than a due share of his anxieties.

"Then you don't want to see any more of us, Anne," said Ned, in a tone of utter despondency; "I wouldn't so much care if I knew you wor safe—but it's too bad intirely not to tell us where you're goin'."

"Here's a man inquiring for the Miss Plunketts," shouted the chief mate from the gangway; and presently an individual of sleek and clerical exterior advanced to where the sisters stood.

He welcomed them with great apparent zeal, but urged haste as an excuse for not giving them any present account of their relatives. "Get your traps in readiness," he said, for a carriage waits at the end of the pier, and I am weary of the abominations and deceit which are practised on the stranger in this city."

The speaker's countenance was by no means prepossessing: he squinted and his cheeks were almost as yellow as the juice which stained the ends of his white cravat and shirt bosom.

"Then you are the person," said Anne, unfolding the letter of instructions, "who was to meet us when we arrived?"

"Of course, my dear," replied the other, carelessly taking the letter out of her hands, and reading it while she still seemed to hesitate as to whether he was justified in this proceeding or not.

"Pray get your cloaks and bonnets, my dears, and point out to me your luggage," resumed the clerical guide as soon as he had finished the perusal. "Your good father was not quite well when I left him—let me beg that you will not alarm yourselves; he was not quite well, I say, but your presence will do more for him than the doctors."

The stratagem—if stratagem it was—succeeded beyond hope. The girls, alarmed for their father's health, forgot to press inquiries as to the stranger's authenticity. Maine was more civil than could have been expected; their trunks were quickly landed and placed in the carriage which the stranger had in waiting.

"Good bye," said Anne, returning the pressure of Ned's hand, as he assisted her down the gangway. "Perhaps we may meet again in this world—but if not, then God have you in his holy keeping!"

"Good-bye, sir," said Ellen to Casement, in a voice far different from her usual laughing tone; "I shall never, never forget your kindness, your goodness, your tenderness and courage: but you will forget a poor girl like me the moment she ceases to require your care?"

"Never, by heavens!" exclaimed Casement, hurriedly, and with an earnestness which even he himself would be puzzled to account for. "If you have not made life dear to me, you have at least shown me that there is less cause than I imagined to grieve for what is past and gone. But we shall meet again, shall we not?" he added, still retaining her hand in his.

"They say that where there's a will there's a way," answered Ellen, now resuming her natural tone of artless coquetry:—"and so, I suppose, if you really desire to find us out, we shall meet some of these fine days when least expected; but you will have to travel far, I'm afraid," she added, with a return to the quivering tenderness of tone which she had formerly betrayed. "You will have to follow that—" said she, pointing to the setting sun—"for thousands and thousands of miles, I am told; and what could bring a gentleman like you into parts so wild as those? No—no! I must not think of it; we part, Mr. O'Reilly, and part forever!"

What meant the tears which she now strove to hide? Was her nature so sensitive that taking leave of a mere friend could produce the deathly pallor which overspread her fair bright face?

"Come! come! young ladies," cried the harsh voice of their new conductor. "The carriage waits, and this is no time for fooling."

"Good-bye," said Casement, as he handed Ellen into a seat beside her sister. "Be sure that we shall meet again; something tells me we shall, and that our second meeting will be one of longer duration and more familiar ties."

It was an act of common courtesy to kiss her hand before closing the door: it was simple gratitude which made her press his fingers as she said farewell.

"Drive on!" croaked the harsh voice of the conductor; and in another instant O'Reilly and Ned found themselves standing alone on the deserted pier, their trunks lying close beside them and the world before them whence to choose and realize their future settlement.

Wonderful as it may appear, our hero had of late almost forgotten his good uncle's letter: perhaps change of climate may have caused his indifference—perhaps a sea-voyage has the effect of abating curiosity. Be these things as they may—it is certain that the anxiety he once felt to touch American ground that he might read that letter, had entirely abated; and equally certain it is that, far from thinking each week a year until made acquainted with the secret, no weeks of his past life had seemed to go by so rapidly as the last three spent on board the *Vulture* in Ellen's company.

"I didn't much like the looks of that fellow, sir," said Ned. Only he took the girls away so suddent, I'd have liked to ax him a few questions. He reminded me of Squintin' Dick, the swaddler, that had to lave the counthry on account of settin' fire to Father Casement's haggard. Didn't your honor mind him?"

"Tut—tut!" replied Casement impatiently, "I didn't pay much attention to the fellow; but I saw that his hair was black, while Squinting Dick, as you call him had a mop that might be mistaken for a fox's brush. Yet, stay," said he, as if recalling the feature's of the conductor again; "the hair might easily be dyed, and now that I think of it, your conjecture does not seem so far astray. The blue goggles he wore make a great alteration in any man's appearance, and it is just possible you may be right."

This was a painful thought, but the matter admitted of no present remedy; they had nothing but a mere conjecture to rely upon, and if they had, of what service could even positive proof have been under the existing circumstances.

They put up at the Astor House, where, contrary to Casement's remonstrances, Ned insisted on registering their names as "Mr. O'Reilly and servant." In vain the former pleaded that Ned was an independent immigrant, as rich in money, and probably richer in those qualities which would secure a fortune, than the man whom he persisted in calling master. He might as well have talked to a stone. Ned's fidelity was inexorable.

It was at last agreed upon, as a sort of compromise, that they should nominally continue master and servant so long as they remained irresolute as to their future course. But as soon as they left New-York, on their way to the farm which O'Reilly wished to buy, then Casement was henceforth to dress himself in farmer's gear, as became an immigrant with a very limited capital, and Ned was to do violence to all his old associations by endeavoring to regard the "heir of the Castleronan O'Reillys"—as he persisted in calling him—in the light of a companion and partner. They were to club fortunes in the purchase, and, as Casement's did not then exceed sixty guineas, while Ned had thirty-five, the proportion (taking into account the latter's better adaptation to the life of a pioneer), did not seem an unequal one. Meantime, it would take them a week to look around the city, settle on their future course, and procure such an outfit as the life they decided on might need.

At any other time, or under any less exciting circumstances, Father Casement's letter would have been read with tumultuous agitation. It stated the writer's belief that the children brought home by Matthew and passed for his own, were such neither in law nor in fact. It added that this suspicion was shared by the late family solicitor, who took a warm interest in Casement's fortunes, and by whose advice the rumor that he was going to Australia had been circulated. Of the attorney, it added, "I don't thing your uncle did a wise thing when he dismissed him; for an attorney, Tom Cassidy is the honestest one I ever knew. But he never forgets an injury, and seldom fails to find some means of repaying it fourfold. He saw, he tells me, a certain lady whose visit to Castleronan caused a good deal of talk at the time. He tracked her and found that, though short of money to pay her coach fare from Dublin, she returned in a coach and four, and put up for a few days at one of the best hotels. The last heard of her, she had taken passage to New-York, under the name of Amelia Livingston. Mrs. or Miss you may supply at will, as, if Cassidy's conjecture be the true one, she is rightly neither. Your uncle, shortly after, borrowed the sum of four thousand pounds, which he remitted to Messrs. Treadwell & Brown, payable to the order of Madame Julia de Cascales. Now, Tom is of opinion that Madame Julia and Amelia Livingston are one and the same, and farther, Tom is prepared to take his book oath that—whoever may be the father of 'the brats'—Madame Julia *alias* Livington is most distinctly their mother. Matthew, you know, gives out that his wife is dead, and is doubtless prepared to support this assertion with certificates of marriage and baptism, which it would be very difficult to disprove, if he chose to suborn false witnesses, &c. Cassidy, therefore, reported that you had gone to Sydney, in order to throw your uncle off his guard by leading him to imagine that this point (legitimacy) would never be disputed. He further bids me tell you, that any information as to Madame de Cascales would materially assist him. I have therefore drawn the enclosed draft for one hundred and fifty pounds on Messrs. T. and B., who may or may not be respectable people, for aught I know. It is payable, you will see, to Mr. Charles Jones—Cassidy not thinking it advisable to let your name appear, as they are possibly in correspondence with your uncle. You must exercise discretion in such questions as you think fit to put, and if you inquire for Madame de Cascales directly, be prepared with some excuse to divert suspicion, should they appear to entertain any."

The letter thus concluded: "The draft is a loan, payable on your return to take possession of Castleronan. Use it wisely, I trust you will; use it honorably, I know you will. Spend it cheerfully when needed, and if ever you see a case of real suffering, that money can alleviate, remember that the gold in your pocket was given by persons almost as poor, to the poor priest who has now had charge of them for close on to forty years."

At any other time, we say, this letter would have caused Casement the most tumultuous agitation. Had he known it before leaving Ireland, no power short of a packed jury could have compelled him to emigrate. His hasty temper would have led to an explosion, and then, with old Matthew on his guard, all hope might indeed be abandoned.

But now, he looked on the discovery with a composure which he fancied arose from philosophy alone. These conjectures might or might not be true. What object could old Matthew have for putting Cuckoos' eggs into the old family nest? If the children were really his, though not legitimate, what moral right would Casement have to rob them of their father's inheritance? At any rate, he resolved to prepare himself for either fortune by securing an independence in the land of his present adoption.

"It is a noble thing," he sighed, "to inhabit a land where man is valued for his worth alone, and woman for her virtues and beauty. Where no artificial barriers can be raised between the heart and its affections."

This may have been philosophy, but if so, it belonged to that modern class with which love is largely concerned. He tried to cheat himself into the belief that his reflections were suggested by Lady Alice and the past. It needed but a little more experience to show him that they arose from Ellen Plunkett and the future.

On visiting the establishment of Messrs. Treadwell & Brown, he was introduced to the senior partner, who received him with an urbanity and warmth such as our Wall street bankers do not commonly exhibit. So distinguished (to use a modern idiom), was his reception, that not a clerk who witnessed it but would have lent him a hundred dollars on the mere security of the banker's smiles.

"I have received a letter on your house," began Casement, as he was about to search for it in his pocket-book.

"From your uncle, no doubt?" interposed Mr. Treadwell, rubbing his little withered hands together and working hard to force a smile into the puckers round his mouth. He must have noticed our hero's astonishment, for he went on immediately to explain:

"Such a face at that of Monsieur de Cascales is not easily forgotten!"

Here was a predicament of a wholly unexpected and most embarrassing nature, which called for immediate action. It was clear that Matthew O'Reilly must have been known to the banker under the fictitious name of de Cascales. Should the nephew therefore acknowledge the relationship, and endeavor to find out all he could of his uncle's past career under that assumption? or would it be more prudent to content himself with what he had already learned, and deny all knowledge of the individual referred to?

There was but an instant for decision, and the family estate might be won or lost by his next few words. He remembered Cassidy's advice, and the report that he had gone to Australia. The relationship, at any sacrifice of the banker's good opinion, must be disowned.

"Pardon me," he said with a smile, as he handed the banker an open letter, "whoever Monsieur de Cascales may be, I must be very like him, for I was told so by another party something less than two months ago. I am not acquainted, however, with any person of that name—at least," he added, as if suddenly recollecting himself, "with no gentleman of that name. There was a lady, if I mistake not, called Cascales on board the ship in which I came from Liverpool."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

Now the blazing God of Day
Hides his face in the West;
Twilight hazes cease to gild
Nature's dewy breast.
Sadly will the cricket's chirp,
From the groves and ferns,
Quiver on the chilly breeze
Till the sun returns.

Hushed are all the pretty birds,
That so free and gay,
Twittered through the sleeping woods
All the rosy day.
Harsh and dismal groans are heard,
From the frog in the brook,
Where he squats, with solemn mien,
In his slimy nook.

Now the lonely whip-poor-will,
Perched on mossy rail,
Tells his wild and plaintive story
To the sighing gale.
Glitt'ring dew-drops, lightly falling,
Bathe the grass and trees,
While the songs of katydids
Float upon the breeze.

Weirdly roams the lightning-bug,
Over pond and brake,
Gleaming through the murky air,
Like a fiery flake.
Hooting screech-owls flit the gloom,
Fierce of eye and will,
Hunting for unlucky mice,
Owlets mouths to fill.

On ev'ry sturdy forest limb
A pigmy tree-toad hums,
'Mid the shadows, rank and dense,
Where starlight never comes.
But why let Night our souls annoy,
With regret, or sorrow;
Will not the sun that shone to-day
Shine again to-morrow?

BELSHAZZAR.

THE MAGAZINES.

HARPER for October opens with an instructive disquisition on the "Cooking of Men." The title must not lead the reader of the contents astray as to the subject. He must not imagine it a paper for the instruction of missionaries, detailing, after Sydney Smith's suggestion, the manner in which savages, not in search of civilization, carve up the gentlemen who desire to confer that benefit upon them. Nor is it an essay following up Thackeray's blundering view of Dean Swift's bitter satire on English rule in Ireland, when he proposed that to prevent famine they should cook up the children. The article in question is not based on either of those ideas, but is devoted to that much-argued question—the races of men, and especially to the manner in which the climates cook them. The writer argues that there is no direct connection between the geography of a place and the complexion of its inhabitants, but that there is between heat and color. How a person keeps warm is matter of indifference so as the warmth is produced; it is all the same, whether by the naked sun, or by double blankets, sets of furs, over-coats and the like; and by these means, says the writer, the temperature around Europeans of our day is very different from what it was in the time of Cæsar. A couple of sentences will give a perfect and suggestive cue to the article. Here they are:

"The weapons with which the brunette is extinguishing the blonde are tongs, pokers, and feather-beds. If this spread of domestic comforts and keeping the people warm in the winter is persisted in much longer, the time will soon come when not a fair face will be seen."

Another exceedingly interesting paper is, "Insects and Insect Life." It is finely illustrated. "A visit to Red River," and "Wild Life in Oregon," follow up with spirit the home notes of travel which Harper has been giving us in happy profusion. They are really beneficial, and worth a dozen old wire-drawn narratives of European meandering. They are fresh, descriptive, observant, and tell us something *new*, inasmuch as they deal with the land we live in. Europe is "used up." There is "nothing in it" that is not better known than trusted. The comic illustrations this month are not equal to the place they occupy, coming after recent achievements. "Little Dorrit" is continued, and in the literary department we have a very clever article on Emerson's "English Traits." (*Harper & Brothers*)

PUTNAM'S October number is refreshing. Subjects from the Childhood of the great Haroun al Raschid, as who were not, we read with eagerness the opening paper. The very pleasant article entitled "What is Poetry?" and proposing a reply to that never yet, and never will be, answered question, is evidently from the same pen that gave us the "Poetry of War" in the last issue, and several others of a like congenial character lately. Some of his judgments in the present article are to our mind correct, and have been "time out of mind" received as such. If it is nothing new to regard Scott's "Marmion," Moore's "Silent, O Moyle," Campbell's Lyrics, &c., as "poetry," it is certainly good to remind newfangled readers and writers that such works actually exist. "Gipseys and their Ways," "Military Array of New England in the Olden Time," and the Editorial Notes, will be read with great pleasure and profit. (*Dix, Edwards & Co.*)

MRS. STEPHENS' ILLUSTRATED NEW MONTHLY (October), which, commenced well, continues to improve. The Tales are much above the usual style of the every-day novelette, while the Novel by the editor, "Lost Jewels," sustains that lady's reputation. It is written with power and elegance. In the present number we have the opening of a new tale, entitled "Harold," by the author of "Blanche Dearwood." The artistic taste displayed in this magazine is worthy of high commendation. We are glad to hear that Dallas will continue the "Poetry of the Pencil." Dallas is a very effective draughtsman, with a fine poetic feeling swaying his pencil. He gives a sentiment in almost every line. The "Things we Talk About," and the notes on books, are as usual pointed and sensible. This magazine should we imagine, become fashionable. It is chiefly devoted to amusement, is elegantly gotten up, has a handsome appearance, is presentable before society—in fact is as dainty as a bouquet. (*E. Stephens.*)

Godey's Lady's Book, which we have not seen for some time, renews its acquaintance with us in the present month. It appears to be very much improved, both in typography and style and were it not for a very foolish engraving, very unwisely daubed at the opening, we should regard this as a capital specimen-number of a lady's work-table assistant. There is a great amount of matter which we think our fair friends would estimate highly. The stories, to be sure, are almost too lady-like. They are pretty, but a little more hearty, strong womanliness, would not hurt them. We have, however, a beautiful fashion plate, innumerable patterns of innumerable parts and peices of dress, and a dainty serenade by that favorite composer Crouch, the author of *Kathleen Mavourneen.* These make up for the objectionable picture, (The Star of Dawn) which we consign to the waste-basket.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for October, contains a great variety of prose and verse, the best of which is a happy translation of a fragment entitled "My Ladye Love," from the Provençal of Rene le Bon. "Eastern Derwiches," by *John P. Brown*, is worth perusal, and some passages in a piece entitled "Tiberius at Capreæ," exhibit considerable wealth of diction, force and poetic feeling. The ease-loving editor takes exception to the "poetry of War," in *Putnam's* September issue, and even thinks the very title "*poetry* of war," shocking. This is rather lackadasiacal.—*S. Hueston.*

THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE, is a neatly printed and well illustrated periodical. The October number contains a large assortment of papers. One of the most readable and curious is "Fashions in English Costume." The illustrated papers descriptive of the city of Washington, are well worthy of attention. "The United States Patent Office," is the leading article of the number before us, and is accompanied by some good cuts. In the editor's olio, the "Yankee Doodle" is illustrated by a clever series of sketches. *J. McEmerson & Co.*

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW for October is a strong number. The chief article refers to the "Presidential Election," and especially to the question of people voting from any religious point of view. Dr. Brownson gives expression, more in detail, however, to the same ideas which we embodied in our articles on that question. As we condemned heartily and emphatically "the Irish Vote" as a distinct, however effective, arm of the Democratic force, he, also, in almost the same words deprecates a Catholic party in politics, acting purely as religionists. As we sincerely opposed "every effort and syllable made or uttered to isolate the people who, thrown here from Irish soil, have found their homes under the Flag of Washington," so Dr. Brownson avows that, purely as a Catholic, he belongs to no political party. He desires to hear nothing said of "the Catholic Vote." He says, "we have no political interests, sympathies, or tendencies, as Catholics, different from those of the great body of the American people, and no political reason for forming ourselves into a distinct or separate political party. * * We vote, if at all, as American citizens." This is right and manfully sustains what we have expressed, and what has met, we are proud to understand, with the respect of the best men in American politics as well as the body of our adopted fellow-countrymen. As far back as August 23d, we advised our readers that—

"In such a contest as the present, every man should vote from an American position, solely and thoroughly in an American spirit, with the determination to acquit himself loyally to the Commonwealth. He should not consider what may benefit Ireland, or Greece, or Schleswig-Holstein, but what will best serve the noble country from which he derives a new existence. Still less should religious partialities determine the complexion of his vote.

"In presence of the Constitution there should be no sect, no race, no selfishness whatever. All sects and races should be one in citizenship and patriotism. Neither in the name of religion nor under the remnants of a foreign flag should the emigrants from Ireland, or any other country outside, isolate themselves within the Union. Beneath the Stars and Stripes, amongst the millions who claim it as their inviolable ensign, there should be but one heart, one mind, one arm. In politics, Irishmen should thoroughly Americanize themselves. So should Germans and Slavonians—Asiatics and Europeans—all who come here."

We are well pleased that Dr. Brownson has lent the vigor of his pen to the promulgation of these sound doctrines. There are other articles of interest and power in the *Review*, which we commend for perusal. *J. B. Kirker.*

HOUSEHOLD WORDS and the SCHOOLFELLOW, are as usual, excellent and admirably adapted to their respective readers. With regard to the former, we perceive that Messrs. *Dix, Edwards & Co.*, the enterprising publishers, have made arrangements by which the weekly edition of that periodical will be issued coincidently with the appearance of the same in England.

We have received the Prospectus of a new Weekly Paper, to be entitled the *Catholic Visitor.* It is the intention of the proprietors to make it a family journal, devoted to religion, literature, poetry, arts, science, agriculture and general news. The paper will be independent of all political parties and associations. The editorial department will be conducted by an experienced gentleman of ability. Religious intelligence, foreign news, legal reports and domestic intelligence will form the leading features of the *Visitor*, each number of which will contain an appropriate engraving. J. A. Tiernan & C. S. Greene, South Third Street, Philadelphia, are to be the proprietors and Publishers.

Number 23 (October) of "Harper's Story Books" (The Alcove) is like each of its predecessors, a beautiful addition to the juvenile library. We really cannot commend too highly the character of the engravings in these dainty monthly vo lumes. They are drawn well, engraved well, and printed well.

MISS ESMONDE'S READING.

The announcement that this highly gifted and talented young lady would give one of her Readings at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, drew together, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large and most attentive audience, who testified by their loud and enthusiastic plaudits how much they were delighted with the efforts of the fair Reader. Miss Esmonde's entertainment was indeed one of no common order. The taste displayed in her selections, together with the grace and beauty of her delivery, conferred upon her audience an intellectual treat that will long be remembered.

Miss Esmonde seems to unite, not only the keenest and truest appreciation of the author's meaning, but also identifies herself thoroughly with the spirit of the composition. On Tuesday evening she was greeted by loud and repeated bursts of applause, which evidently proceeded from the hearts of her listeners.

Among the gems of the programme, those that awakened the most enthusiasm were the "Convict Ship, a Tale of Ireland's Wrongs," by the authoress of "Fashion and Famine"—Mrs. Stephens—by whom it was written expressly for Miss Esmonde; and the "Prison Lay," by Thomas F. Meagher. There was a deep pathos in her voice as she alluded to the wrongs of her country, that caused many an eye to be wet with tears of sympathy, while many a heart throbbed with pride and pleasure, as she told them of the glories of the Geraldines. In those of her selections which were of a lighter order, Miss Esmonde was equally at home. She caused the heartiest laughter by the piquant and inimitable manner in which she delivered the mirth-provoking history of "Molly Muldoon."

These entertainments of Miss Esmonde cannot but aid the cultivation of a sound literary taste, and we trust that she will, on a future evening, find the weather more propitious. Literary Societies would do well to secure the services of this talented lady during the coming season.

Literary and Artistic News.

The musical automaton at the Apollo Rooms is a very curious affair. It is the invention of M. Van Oeckelen, a native of Holland. The figure is that of a troubadour, with cap and feather, and a huge clarionet in his grasp, which he fingers as naturally as possible. They screw him up in the back and set him going, and, when once set a-going, he goes for five minutes or so, without stopping. The manipulation of the keys by the fingers of the image is a remarkable instance of mechanical ingenuity. One set of levers operate the fingers of the right hand, and another the left, and still another turns the eyes, or rolls them up sentimentally, if one of the twenty tunes chances to be of the sentimental order. The automaton does his work handsomely, and makes a good bow.

We noticed, says the *N. O. Delta*, Sept. 21st, about a week since, the arrival in the city of Professor Moore, of Iowa, on his way to South America, to make a scientific exploration of the Andean regions of Equador. We have now the pleasure to note the arrival of Professor E. C. Francis, of Keokuk, Iowa, who joins Professor Moore, and will go out with him on the same mission. They expect to start on the 5th of next month, and to be occupied in their investigations about eighteen months. In addition to their zoological researches, we are informed that they intend to make instrumental measurements and examinations of some of the mountains and volcanoes of the Andes, about which little is now accurately known.

Miss Laura Keene's new theatre will be completed about the 1st of November. The contract required it to be done by the middle of October, but that has been found impossible. The walls of the building, the rear of which is on Crosby street and the entrance through an archway from Broadway, are nearly up, and the framework of the interior already in its place. The floor of the parquette will be some five feet below the curb-stone.

The *True American* is the name of a new journal started in Alleghany City, Pensylvania. The first number has just reached us. It is a spirited and well-written sheet, edited and owned by James J. Sweeney, who, with Buchanan and Brekinridge on his standard, gives a trenchant evidence of his democratic faith. We wish the *True American* success.

Mlle. Catherine Hayes has arrived in Paris to enjoy a season of repose after her unprecedentedly long journeyings in the antipodes, the two Americas and the East Indies. The fair *artiste* returns with a brilliant reputation and a splendid fortune. It is satisfactory to learn that neither her health nor her voice have suffered by the fatigue of travel.

A journal in competition to *Charivari* is announced in Paris. It will be called *La Comédie.* Five or six young men of the Quartier Latin are also about to bring out a new literary journal, entitled *Voltaire.* And yet another new Parisian journal bears the doubtful title of *Personalities.*

Two musical celebrities are now on their way to this country from Europe. Thalberg, the great Pianist, will arrive in the Africa, and Angri, a Contralto from the Italian Opera of London, is a passenger on the Arago. These artists will, we understand, give concerts in this country.

Mr. Philip J. Forbes, the former Librarian of the New-York Society Library, is now engaged as agent to sell shares in that Institution.

The Posthumous Memoirs of Henry Heine will soon be put to press.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Life of George Washington. By J. T. Headley. Illustrated. *C. Scribner.*

The Old Regime and the Revolution. By Alexis De Tocqueville, author of "Democracy in America. Translated by John Bonner.....*Harper & Brothers.*

Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical; or, The Conditions and Course of the Life of Man. By John William Draper, M. D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New-York. Illustrated with nearly 300 Engravings.....*Harper & Brothers*

MILITARY NEWS.

PARADE AND TARGET EXCURSION OF THE COLUMBIAN ASSOCIATION.

From the Boston Daily Times.

It is well known to our citizens, that after the fiat of Governor Gardner against certain military companies in this city, the *Columbian Artillery*, Captain Cass, voluntarily surrendered their charter. The members thereupon formed themselves into an association called the "Columbian," and since their disbandment as a military corps, they have kept up a civic organization in all respects highly creditable to themselves as citizens, both native and adopted. Yesterday was celebrated as the annual parade and target excursion of the association, when about one hundred men appeared, one half with partial military equipments, and the remainder in citizen's dress. They were accompanied by Gilmore's Salem Brass Band, under the temporary leadership of Mr. Flagg. The following is a list of the officers of the association:—Thomas Cass, Captain; Cornelius Doherty, First Lieutenant; John White, Second Lieutenant; Michael Hooton, Third Lieutenant. James Wheelan, Esq., had the immediate command of those in citizens' dress.

About ten o'clock, A. M., after parading through several of our principal streets, the association proceeded to Liverpool wharf, where they took the steamer *Mayflower*, Capt. Rouell, for Long Island. Arriving at the Island, they found the Long Island House opened expressly for their reception, by Mr. O. H. Hinckley, the well known host of the Maverick House, East Boston, who, with the able co-operation of Col. Wm. Mitchell, had made the necessary preparations for the accommodation of the association.

After a hurried collation, the association proceeded to the target ground, the neck of land between the hotel and the light-house, a spot admirably adapted for the purpose. The association fired by sections, and after three shots by each man—the target at sixty paces distance—it was decided by the judges—Messrs. Wm. Murray, Thomas Sullivan, and James Wheelan—that the prizes, consisting of three heavy and beautifully wrought silver medals—should be distributed as follows:—First prize to Daniel Kelly, a veteran member of the association. Second prize to Mr. Patrick Hanley. Third prize to Mr. Thomas Harraday.

The target practice over, the association repaired to the hotel, where a bounteous dinner was soon in readiness. Captain Cass presided, and Mr. Cornelius Murphy officiated as toast-master. We regret that our limits will permit us to give but a brief outline of the interesting proceedings at the festive board.

Captain Cass, after presenting the prizes to the winners, congratulated the association upon its creditable appearance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and said that as they had and should conduct themselves this day, so would they be inspired to have another similar celebration, and so also would other associations of a like character be incited to follow their example. (Cheers.)

The toast-master proposed the first regular toast:—

The Columbian Association—When as a military organization, foremost to respond to the call of the authorities in protecting law and order, and when proscribed for their birth-place foremost to bury their charter with the weeds a the *garden* of their oppressor. (Loud cheers and music.)

Lieut. Cornelius Doherty responded, and referred to the unjust aspersions that had been cast upon the corps in consequence of a disturbance that had occurred in the same place in 1854. He denied that the Columbians were in any manner responsible for that disturbance, and said that it was owing to the unfair and unjust reports in certain partizan presses that the public received an impression unfavorable to the company. Lieut D. proceeded to speak of the patriotic spirit which always pervaded the corps, and highly complimented those members of the press who did not sympathize with their oppressors. He concluded with a sentiment in honor of the press of the United States, which was loudly applauded.

Second regular toast:—

The President of the United States—Honored as the people's choice, and as the chief magistrate who displayed such courage and ability in putting down fillibustering schemes, and protecting the industrious citizen as a free man in a free nation. (Cheering, and music.)

Mr. Wm. Murray being called upon, referred to a series of patriotic measures of the President, and after applauding the noble stand taken by the Columbians in not suffering their charter to be taken from them, concluded with a sentiment complimentary to the State of South Carolina, which was well received.

Third regular toast:—

Ireland—The land of our birth. The United States—the land of our adoption. May the latter continue to rise in national greatness, and by her just appreciation of virtue stand a model for imitation and the dread of despots; and may the former shake off the yoke of her oppressors, and be classed once more among the nations of the earth. (Rapturous cheering.)

Lieut. James Gallagher responded, and gave a sentiment in honor of the Columbian Association, which was received with cheers and music.

Fourth regular toast:—

The Press of the United States—The reflex of the People's sentiments. May America never know the want of such a Press, to scourge the enemies of peace and support the friends of virtue and good order. (Applause.)

Responded to by a member of the Boston press.

Fifth regular toast:—

The City of Boston—(Loud cheering, and music.)

Sixth regular toast:

The Memory of George Washington—The Father of his Country—the renowned Warrior and the wise Statesman. May the model Patriot's example be the beacon light to guide struggling nations to freedom.

This sentiment was received standing, in silence, the band playing a solemn dirge.

Seventh regular toast:

The Army and Navy of the United States—The two requisite weapons to defend the rights and liberties of the people. Our valiant soldiers remind us of Washington and Montgomery.

Capt. McCafferty, formerly Commander of the Bay State Artillery, but serving as private on this occasion with the Columbians, was called up, and briefly alluded to the oppressive act of Gov. Gardner in disbanding the corps he once had the honor to command. He concluded with a sentiment not at all complimentary to the despotic power that deprived so many good citizens of their just rights.

The invited guests were toasted, and remarks made by Messrs. Hanley, Glancey and others.

Capt. Cass reminded the association that the time for leaving the island was approaching; and after again referring in congratulatory terms to the highly respectable appearance and conduct of the association, and stated that they were not anxious for active State military duty, unless their country called upon them, gave—

The Day we Celebrate—Endeared to us by the most pleasing recollections, may each annual recurrence find us enjoying the pleasures of the festive board and united in the bond of brotherhood. (Loud cheering.)

Cheers were given for the Salem Brass Band, the Boston *Times*, Col. Mitchell, Mr. Hinckley, Dr. Darby, and others, and the company all rose from the tables, all apparently well gratified with the exercises. Before departing for the city, Mr. Jas. Darling and others sang several enlivening songs; and altogether it was an occasion to which the Columbians can recur with feelings of pride and gratification. We should state, before concluding, that Mr. Thomas Kelly, who won the first prize, being a member of the association not in military attire, modestly declined receiving the trophy, but the association unanimously insisted on it, and he therefore accepted it. Hurrah for the "Columbians!"

Montgomery Guards of New York and Philadelphia.

From the Trenton Gazette.

These distinguished companies met last week at Trenton for target practice. The prize for the best shot was a large and handsome silver medal, manufactured for the occasion, at the joint expense of the two companies.

The New York company arrived at the State street depot at half-past ten o'clock, and were received by the Sarsfield Guards, Capt. Traverse. They numbered twenty-seven muskets, and were accompanied by Shelton's brass band of twenty-one pieces. They were escorted by the Guards to the South Trenton depot, where the Philadelphia company arrived at half-past eleven o'clock. They were accompanied by the Artillery Band of Philadelphia, with thirteen peices.

The three companies formed, and presented quite an imposing sight—the Philadelphia company numbering 41, the New York 27, and the Trenton company 21 muskets—making, with the musicians, a total of 128 men on parade. They then marched out to Locust Hill, on the Milham road where the visitors were welcomed to Trenton by F. S. Mills, Esq. After a collation, prepared by the Sarsfield Guards, had been properly disposed of, the target shooting commenced.

The prize was won by John McLaughlin, of Philadelphia, whose string of three balls measured but ten inches. The next best string measured twenty-four inches, and was shot by John Murphy. The prize medal was presented on behalf of the companies by F. S. Mills, Esq., and was received by Capt. Harvey, of Philadelphia, on behalf of the winner. The total number of shots in the target was fifty-five, of which thirty-five were fired by the Philadelphia company. There was one shot in the bull's eye fired by John McLaughlin.

The prize having been delivered, the collation finished, and the speeches made, the companies took up their line of march for Trenton—marched up State street to Calhoun's lane—countermarched down State to Warren—thence to their quarters in South Trenton, where they were entertained by Lieut. Gibben, of the Irish Volunteers. Both companies left from the State street depot by half-past six o'clock lines for New York and Philadelphia, after a day of enjoyment, marred by no accident.

Guyon Cadets, Co. D., 9th Regiment N. Y. S. M.

At a special meeting of this company held at their armory on Wednesday evening Oct. 1st, Capt Murphy in the chair, the following preamble and resolution were moved by private J. Cullen, seconded by private P. Morris, and carried unanimously.

Whereas, We have learned with deep regret, that our worthy and esteemed Lieutenant Peter Halpin is about to leave us, to recruit his health in the classic plains of his native land,

Therefore, resolved, We the rank and file of this company cannot part with him without placing on record, our appreciation of his moral worth as a soldier and a man. Whether it be to promote the interests of Christianity, the cause of Fatherland, or individual benevolence, his liberality is alike commendable and generous. By his unassuming manner, and gentlemanly deportment as an officer, he has merited our warmest esteem, and well-wishes for his future prosperity. Ever ready to respond to the call of duty, we will hail his return to our ranks with pleasure and pride. We fervently hope an all-wise providence will, ere long restore him to health, and return him safe to the bosom of his family.

LETTER FROM NICARAGUA.

On Board the Tennessee,
Sept. 21st, 1856.

We expect to land to-morrow, and as I shall not have any time to write by this ship when we land, I take this opportunity to give you a short account of our trip. On our getting clear of the jurisdiction of the United States, we mustered all hands on deck, and enrolled the men in four companies. Charles A. Walters, Company A, one of the party arrested on board the *Northern Light*, Captain Rachielwitz, Company B, Captain Russell, Company C, Captain Grant, Company D, of British enlistment notoriety. Each of the gentlemen took command of their companies and marched them to the quarters assigned them on board.

The second day from New-York, we spoke the bark *Orlando*, of Boston. On coming alongside, we ran up the Nicaraguan flag, and gave three cheers for Walker and the Republic. I am sorry to have to state that we lost one of our men. It is supposed he accidentally fell overboard. His name was Emile Sohman. On Thursday, a meeting of the officers was held to elect a major. The choice fell on Captain Walters.

A most interesting ceremony was performed this day (Sunday); the baptizing of a young fillibuster, by the Rev. Mr. Deal. The Nicaraguan flag was held over the little fellow by the four captains. By general consent he was called William Walker, and adopted as the Child of the Regiment. Capt. Wilkins, who is well known in New-Orleans as an agent of General Walker, and the lady of Capt. Rachielwitz were the sponsors on the occasion.

I have nothing more to mention at present beyond this; that all the men are in good health and spirits, and long for the day when they are to try their strength and courage against the Costa Ricans. I will write as soon as I get to Granada. It is now late, and as to-morrow will be a busy day, I shall wish you good night. Ever yours most truly,

M. F. Nagle.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

"Association Rooms,"
164 Hanover Street, Boston, Oct. 1st, 1856.

Thomas F. Meagher, Esq.

Sir:—I enclose you a report of the target excursion of our "Columbian Association," the members of which were proscribed some two years ago, by Governor Gardiner, from serving in our State militia. Since their disbandment they have been known as the *Columbian Military and Literary Association*, and have maintained a splendid Hall and Library. We have military exercises every night. Our Association consists of three hundred members, at present, and we daily receive recruits. Knowing that your sympathies are cordially with us, I feel it my duty to inform you of how and what we are doing.

Yours respectfully, Thomas Cass, President.

American News.

A short time ago, says the *Pennsylvanian*, a large gang of negroes belonging to Baltimore, left that city on a pic-nic excursion. On their return, two Irishmen said something to them at which they took offence, when a number of the negroes got out of the omnibuses and commenced an assault upon them. Several citizens who saw this, went to the assistance of the Irishmen, when the whole of them were attacked by the blacks. A public house near was then attacked by the woolly heads, and the keeper severely beaten. Seeing a liberty pole erected by the Democrats, in the vicinity, the negroes gave three cheers for Fremont, pulled down the American banner, and trampled it in the dust beneath their feet. If these things can be done while Fremont is only in nomination, what atrocity may not be expected should he be elected?

The accounts from the West, represent the present crop of tobacco as being meagre beyond former years, and the crop in Virginia is a small one. The editor of the Marlboro *Gazette*, who has made diligent inquiry as to the quantity of tobacco, the growth of this year in Maryland, says he is assured that it is far below the average yield. In a few sections of Prince George's county, the crop is fair—in other places not one half as large as usual.

Charleston, Sept. 30, 1856.—W. R. Taber, Esq., editor of the Charleston *Mercury*, was killed on the 20th ult., in a duel with Edward McGrath, on the third fire. The death of Mr. Taber, is probably owing, directly or indirectly, to a series of very personal and bitter attacks which, within a few days past, have appeared in that paper, signed "A Nullifier," and applied to the Hon. A. J. McGrath, who is up for office, in place of Wm. Aiken, who declined a re-election. The Mr. McG. who fought with Mr. Taber, is a brother of the candidate for Congress.

B. B. Botts, Esq., son of Hon. J. M. Botts, has published a card in the Richmond *Whig*, denouncing Mr. Pryor, editor of the *Enquirer*, in severe terms. Mr. Botts says nothing but his physical incapacity, occasioned by rheumatic attacks, has prevented him from inflicting personal chastisement on Mr. Pryor. He then proclaims that Mr. Pryor's conduct towards his (Botts') father to have been brutal, ruffianly and cowardly to the last degree, and invites him to a duel. He declares Pryor to be a bully, a blackguard, a posted coward and a poltroon, and uses language that must cause a meeting.

The widow of Henry Clay publishes a letter in defence of her son, James B., against the animadversions of the Louisville *Journal* and other papers. Her letter purports to have been written without the knowledge of Mr. Clay, and emphatically denies the rumor that there was a difference between the venerable statesman and his son.

The Fayetteville (Tenn.) *Observer* says an abolitionist named McKee, was discovered prowling around in that locality last week. He had been tampering with the negroes thereabouts, trying to induce them to run off; but they, more honest than he, exposed him, and forthwith he was treated to a free ride on a rail, a bath in the creek, and a respectable blacking, after which he was started off North.

A farmer in the town of Howard, Winnebago County, Illinois, raised the present year, 3,200 bushels of wheat on eighty acres, being forty bushels to the acre. Another raised 405 bushels on nine acres; being forty-five bushels to the acre. This was spring wheat; the kind called the Canada club wheat.

A convention of the officers and soldiers of the revolutionary war and the war of 1812, or their descendants, is called to assemble at Bemis' Heights, Saratoga county, on the anniversary of the surrender of Burgoyne's army, the 17th October, 1777.

The London *Advertiser* says: Mr. John Smith, of Andover, Massachusetts, to show his regard for this, (Brechin, in Wales,) his native place, has pledged himself to give the sum of £1,500 for education, 500 for building and £1000 for endowment.

Mr. and Mrs. Fisher "had some words," which resulted in separate beds for the night, during which the lady hung herself by the bed-clothes from her own chamber window, and was found dead. They lived in Chicago, and Mr. F. was a teamster, and somewhat addicted to drink.

Bishop Hopkins, of Vermont, recently officiated at St. Paul's Church, Burlington, assisted by three sons, in orders, one being a minister and the others deacons.

The President has fixed the two new Land Offices for Minnesota as follows: for the North-West District, at Ojibwa, and and for the North-East District, at Buchanan.

The consumption of lager beer in the United States is becoming enormous. It is stated that over 60,000 barrels will be manufactured this year in Milwaukie alone.

On the day of the Franklin Statue Inauguration, not less than 100,000 people went into Boston on rails.

A letter from Marlon, Texas, reports that A. E. Moore, Esq., his wife, and an adopted daughter, twelve years old, were deliberately shot on the 26th ult., by some cold blooded assassin.

City News.

At the immense meeting of the Democratic mercantile and commercial interests of New-York, to hear ex-Governor Floyd, of Virginia, on Thursday, October the 2d, in Wall street, an unlucky reporter of the *Tribune*, somewhat noted for the oddity of the commodity that covers his head, was the subject of much merriment and almost of a serious row. The *Daily Times* thus reports the miseries to which his brother in short-hand was subjected. Having left the stand, the *Tribune* reporter "had proceeded some distance up Wall street, on his way to his office, when a number of the roughs, on the outside of the meeting, made some remarks upon the 'enlarged peculiarities' of his hat. They differed inopinion as to its size and style. Some said it was a sugar-loaf crown, while others as loudly asserted that it had a 'bulge.' Some said the brim was three feet wide; while others were equally positive that it was not more than eighteen inches wide. The discussion as to the width of the brim soon took a wide range, and the desire for a personal examination increased in a proportionate degree. Those who didn't like it knocked in the crown, poked it over his eyes, and otherwise treated the hat in a very disrespectful manner. The excitement increased. Having spoiled the crown of the hat, they began to jostle the wearer. The excitement was now serious. The people retired from Gov. Floyd's address, and ran to see what was going on. The hat and the reporter formed the centre of a vast mass that

swayed to and fro, carrying the reporter with it. There was now some danger that the reporter might be injured, although until this time the danger sustained was evidently only in consequence of an imprudent desire for fun." He, however, escaped with a fragment of the sad but unconscious cause of his misfortunes.

Shortly after nine o'clock, on the night of the 2nd inst., a fire broke out at the southeast corner of Barclay and Washington street, occupying lots Nos. 80, 82, 84 and 86 on the former street, and Nos. 217, 219 and 221 on the latter, owned by Christian H. Lilienthal, tobacconist. The building was new, and in an unfinished state; seven stories were erected, and the eighth so far advanced that it was in contemplation to lay the roof early next week. The total loss will not fall far short of $75,000, only a portion of which is covered by insurance.

President Pierce arrived in this city about ten o'clock on the night of the 30th September, by the New-Jersey Central Railroad. He was met at the depot at Jersey City by Police Justice Connolly of New-York and Mr. Libenon, who accompanied him across the ferry and to his quarters at the Astor House. Shortly after the President's arrival at the Astor, he was waited upon by John Cochrane, John McKeon, J. R. Broadhead, Postmaster Fowler, and others, who greeted him warmly, and welcomed him to the city. The President was accompanied by Sydney Webster (his Private Secretary), Gen. Anderson and J. D. Hoover. He left by next morning's boat, on his route to Concord.

An Association has been formed in this city, styled "The Self-Sustaining Humanitary Institute." Its object is to dispense with intermediates, or middle men, and bring the producer and consumer together, thus saving the purchaser many dollars that are now paid to an unnecessary agent.

Mary Mount, a native of Ireland, and aged 78 years, was found dead in bed on the 30th ult., at her residence, No. 72 Cannon-street. Dr. George B. Bouton, who made the *post-mortem*, was of opinion that death was caused by excessive use of intoxicating drinks.

John Deary, an Irish laborer, aged 46 years, was killed on the 30th ult., at Bloomingdale, by the falling of the chimney of a house about which he was at work.

The parishioners of the United parishes of Moira and Maghera-lin have presented a handsome purse, well filled with sovereigns, as a testimonial of affection to their pastor, the Rev. Patrick M'Key, P. P.

MARRIED.

In Chicago, on the 20th September, at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. P. Y. Morris, Francis Murphy, Esq., of Dubuque, to Miss Eliza A. Kehoe, of Chicago.

OBITUARY.

Died, on Saturday morning, October 4th, William Chambers Cotter, aged 2 years and 7 months, only son of James and Bellemira Cotter, 224 Sixth Avenue.

A bright-souled, merry-hearted, beauteous child, though young in years, his death has caused a pang to many a loving heart.

At Syracuse, on Wednesday, September 24, at the residence of her father, No. 39 Butternut street, of consumption, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, Helena Anne Carroll, aged 20 years, 5 months and 2 days. May her soul rest in peace—Amen.

Irish American and Cork papers please copy.

Mr. Leahy's Advertisement which will be found on the last page of the *News*, faithfully recounts his business.

The young men of East Brooklyn should not overlook the advantages they can derive by attending the "*Cosmopolitan Literary Club*," and Mr. Coleman's Evening School.

The Board of Managers of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, respectfully announce that the Annual Festival for the Benefit of the Institution under their care, will take place at the Academy of Music, 14th street, on Tuesday the 14th of October. There will be two series of performances as last year. The afternoon performance will commence at 2½ o'clock, P. M.; the evening performance at 7½.

The entertainments for the occasion will be under the direction of John Brougham, Esq., who has kindly volunteered his valuable services.

ATTENTION!

To Military Companies.

BEAUTIFUL EMBLEMATIC WREATHS AND BOUQUETS,

For Target Excursions, constantly on sale, or made to order at the shortest notice, and at any price.

Ladies about making a presentation to their military friends are most respectfully invited to make a visit to the old established Book Store 366 Bowery one door above 4th Street.

Robert Coddington, Proprietor.

N. B.—Always on sale a fine assortment of Invitation Note Paper and Envelopes, Books on Military Tactics, Works on Ireland.
The Irish News for sale as soon as published every week. oct11 4t

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THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. Fredricks, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. Gurney, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

Charles D. Fredricks, late Gurney & Fredricks, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

Facts which are Known.—Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhibited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M.,

Charles D. Fredricks,
Late Gurney & Fredricks, No. 585 Broadway,
opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
oct11 3mos

Special Notices.

"Musical." A young Lady lately connected with the profession in Europe *where she studied under the first and best masters* is desirous of giving to a limited number of pupils the advantage *of a good education on the Piano.* Any family who will kindly favor her with a trial may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trenor, 90 South 8th street, Brooklyn, E. D. 3mos

Ladies returning from the Country wishing their supply of Shoes for the fall season, can obtain Ladies' Gaiter Boots from 12s. to 20s., Slippers, Ties and Buskins, from 6s. to 10s., India Rubber Boots and Shoes of all kinds, with Boy's, Misses and Children's Boots and Shoes of all kinds and prices, at
sept27 4t **J. B. Miller & Co's.,** 134 Canal street, (West.)

The Fashion of the Season in Gentlemen's Hats was introduced by Genin on the 1st inst. New-York and the Union have for years accepted the Quarterly issues of Genin as the governing styles of the day, and his Fall Hat for 1856 will be found to possess the highest claims to the admiration of men of taste and judgment.
sept27 3t **Genin,** No. 214 Broadway, opposite St. Paul's Church.

Doctor M. E. Foy, Surgeon, has removed his office to 170 West Nineteenth street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. Office Hours from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.
☞ To accommodate his patients in the Eastern part of the city, Dr. F. will attend daily from 2 to 3 P. M., at Ryerson's drug store, 185 Avenue B, between 11th and 12th streets. Midwifery Engagements promptly attended to. Medicine and advice to the poor, gratis. sept13 3mos

Furniture.—F. Fitzsimmons respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial Furniture, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. oct11 tf

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer Baltic, will close at this office on Saturday, the 11th day of Oct., at 10½ o'clock, A. M.
Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

The Great National Political

MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

Has already reached a sale unprecedented in the annals of political literature, and the cry is still for more. In order to meet the demand, the publisher has just issued the Sixth Edition of 16,000 copies. This map contains portraits of each of the candidates for President and Vice-President, their letters of acceptance, platforms of the respective parties, &c. Size 34 by 40 inches—showing the territorial boundaries, and a great amount of statistics interesting to all parties. Price, in pocket form, 50 cents; in sheet form 25 cents. Copies sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Agents wanted. Address A. Ranney, Publisher, No. 195 Broadway, New-York. 2t4oc

DR. SHANAHAN,

SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,

Can be consulted at his Office, No. 169 West 38th street, between 7th and 8th Avenues, New-York. oct11 4t

WM. IRWIN,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES,

No. 174 Bowery, opposite Delancey street, New-York.
oct11 *Quick Sales and Small Profits.* 3mos

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

This Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

Mr. Wallack will appear for *Eighteen Farewell Nights*, previously to his visit to Havana, where his health demands that he should pass the Winter.

"The Fairy Star," Miss Agnes Robertson, will perform for *Eighteen Nights*, previously to a long series of engagements South and West.

MR. DION BOURCICAULT,

will perform during the engagement of "The Fairy Star," and will produce two new dramatic works, upon the composition of which he is now engaged.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,
WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....John Brougham

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

A New Extravaganza entitled

Times in the Moon,

"Written expressly for Buckley's Opera Troupe"

Preceding which—

ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 3-4 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

LECTURE, BY JAMES ROCHE,

At the Stuyvesant Institute.

Subject:—**Galway—Its two Sieges—Its Position for an European American Packet Station,**

On October 20th, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Tickets 25 cents. For sale at this Office; Col. Butler's, 417 Pearl street; Captain Corcoran's, 42 Prince street; Haverty's Book-store, and Dunnigan's Book-store.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL

OF THE

EMMET LIFE GUARD.

ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the Guard and at this office.

☞ The Life Guard pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Capt. P. T. Lynch, Chairman.

A. O'Toole, Sec'y.
James Watson, Treasurer. oct11

Mechanic's Hibernian Institute.—Lecture.—On the Adopted Citizens of America, at Hope Chapel, 718 Broadway, on Tuesday, October 14th, by John M. Harrington. Tickets 25 cents.

Publications.

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Educational—English, French, Music, etc.

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Ivison & Phinney,
321 Broadway, New-York.
oct11 1t

IS COL. FREMONT A CATHOLIC.

We find the following letter from Mr. McMasters, the editor of the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal*, in a Western (Columbus, O.) paper called the *Capital City Fact:*

Office of the New York Freeman's Journal,
Friday, Sept. 5, 1856.

Sir :—No such article as you refer to has appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, nor would I admit it, even to injure the prospects of the candidate of so bad a party as the Black Republicans, because the *religion* of Mr. Fremont, if he has any left, has nothing to do with his claims for office—or should have nothing to do with it at least.

What is more to the purpose, is the personal veracity of Mr. Fremont. *If you can get any one to induce him to say, over his own signature*, what he seems to authorize his friends to say for him, viz: that he has never professed to be a Catholic, then I *will brand him publicly as a liar*, as I know the whole story of his life in Washington, and know that, daily and for years, he professed to be a Catholic, and nothing but a Catholic. That he professed to be so when he was married. That he avowed himself such to his brother officers in the army, and to men in civil life—to Protestants and Catholics who I know and could cite as proof. But J. C. Fremont dare not, over his own name, deny a fact that I can have sworn to by twenty distinct affidavits of highly respectable men and women, priests and lay, Catholic and Protestant, viz: that for twenty years he professed himself a Catholic, and denied having any other belief in any other religion.

A man who will lie about a serious fact in his own history ought to be denounced, if he pretends to run for President, even of so mean a coalition as Black Republicans and Choctaw K. N's. *If Colonel Fremont will assert that he has never given himself out as a Catholic, I will clap the hot iron on him quick and sure.*

At the same time allow me to say that if you are a Democrat, I am ashamed of your seeking to hurt even Fremont, bad as he is, on a religious question. But, if you are a Hindoo, it is perfectly in keeping with the rest of your principles.

Yours, &c., J. A. McMasters,
Editor and Proprietor of *Freeman's Journal*.

On this letter the *Day Book* says :—

We publish a letter from Mr. McMasters, editor of the *Freeman's Journal*, of this city, in regard to the position which Mr. John C. Fremont occupies before the public in regard to his religion. He has denied, time and again, to clergymen and laymen, that he is, or ever has been, a Catholic, yet Mr. McMasters challenges him to say so over his own signature, as he will thereupon prove him a *liar!* The matter has now come down to a serious issue. The public generally are not so much interested to know what Mr. Fremont's religion is, as they are to know whether he has been guilty of intentional and wilful deception. Some of Mr. Fremont's warmest friends now doubt his honesty, and nothing will satisfy them but a direct statement from him. It is really a most unfortunate position for a man aspiring to the office of the Chief Magistrate of twenty-four millions of people. The letter of Mr. McMasters, however, is a stinging epistle, and the Fremont men can no longer laugh or ridicule the matter out of countenance. Let us know whether Mr. Fremont is a man of truth or not. Either Mr. McMasters or Mr. Fremont has told a glaring, unscrupulous *lie!*

The *Daily Times* calls on Mr. McMasters to come out with his proof and not to wait for a letter from Mr. Fremont. It says: "If he (Mr. McMasters) is not the veriest sneak that ever lived he will waive this condition and bring forward his affidavits."

WAS HENRY CLAY A HIGHWAY ROBBER?

From the Union.

In the *National Intelligencer*, Mr. John Barney, whom we take for a Know-Nothing Whig, is permitted to say of the Ostend Manifesto and Mr. Buchanan :

"The principles there asserted by him are those of the highway robber, when he asserts it a duty, if Spain refuses to sell Cuba, that we must take possession, because necessary to our self-preservation."

Rather than accept Mr. Barney's version of the Ostend manifesto, let us quote the precise words of that instrument upon the subject in review. They are as follows :

"After we shall have offered Spain a price for Cuba far beyond its present value, and this shall have been refused, it will then be time to consider the question—Does Cuba, in the possession of Spain, seriously endanger our internal peace and the existence of our Union? Should this question be answered in the affirmative, then, by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power; and this, upon the very same principle that would justify an individual in tearing down the burning house of his neighbor, if there were no other means of preventing the flames from destroying his own house. Under such circumstances, we ought neither to count the cost nor regard the odds which Spain might enlist against us."

Now, let us learn whether this sentiment is peculiar to Mr. Buchanan and his associates in the promulgation of that manifesto, or whether they are not the sentiments of great statesmen in both the great political parties into which the republic has been for many years divided on political subjects. In the "Life and Speeches of Henry Clay," by Mallory, volume first, pages 207 and 208, may be found the following passages from Mr. Clay's defence of President Madison's seizure of West Florida :

"It cannot be too often repeated, that if Cuba on the one hand, and Florida on the other, are in the possession of a foreign maritime power, the immense extent of country belonging to the United States, and watered by streams discharging themselves in the Gulf of Mexico, &c., &c., are placed at the mercy of that power.

* * * * * *

I have no hesitation in saying, that if a parent country will not or cannot maintain its authority in a colony adjacent to us, and there exists in it a state of misrule and disorder, menacing our peace, and if, moreover, such colony, by passing into the hands of any other power, would become dangerous to the integrity of the Union, and manifestly tend to the subversion of our laws, we have a right, upon the eternal principle of self-preservation, to lay hold upon it. This principle, alone, independent of any title, would warrant our occupation of West Florida."

Upon what plea is Mr. Clay to be pronounced innocent by those who denounce Mr. Buchanan in terms so charitable and so dignified?

The engine depot of the various railroads at Atalanta, in Georgia, has been destroyed by fire. Loss $100,000.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

The jolly hirelings of the New-York *Herald*, says the Belfast (Me.) *Journal*, made a statement that there are but five Buchanan papers of any account in Pennsylvania, whereupon the Easton *Argus* publishes a list of sixty printed in English, and twenty-two in German, which all go for Buchanan.

William Carey Jones, son-in-law of Col. Benton, and consequently a kind of brother-in-law of Fremont, publishes a letter in the *Pennsylvanian* of Friday, which shows that he considers his country's interests paramount to family ties or personal friendship. Mr. Jones is an ardent supporter of James Buchanan. In regard to Fremont it may be said that those who know him best, stand farthest aloof from him.

At a meeting for public discussion in Wilmot's District, Penn., a delegation of 100 Fremonters asked to be received on the Democratic side, and went over and delivered their banners into the hands of the Buchanan men!!

A large number of the most prominent and influential old line Whigs of California are supporting Buchanan. Among them, we observe the name of Jos. G. Baldwin, Esq., author of "Flush Times in Alabama," and "Party Leaders," and the leading editor of the San Francisco *Herald*, the only paper in that city which opposed the Vigilance Committee. A correspondent of the *National Intelligencer*, in speaking of this gentleman says: "He has employed his pen in this crisis with wonderful power and effect."

Amongst our files of American papers to hand, says the Limerick (Ireland) *Observer*, we have the New-York *Irish News* (T. F. Meagher's paper), and the Boston *Pilot* to the 30th ult., both of which quote largely from us. It appears from both those influential journals that the powerful Irish party in the United States support Mr. Buchanan for the Presidency, a fact which we commend to the notice of the Irish journals at home, who are writing up Colonel Fremont as warmly as if their support or opposition signified a straw to any of the candidates, or could influence the election in the most distant manner.

A new feature has been introduced into political meetings at Wheeling, Va. At the conclusion of a discussion which recently took place near that city, a number of beautiful young ladies appeared upon the speakers' stand, and sung two songs in favor of Buchanan."

Hon. S. D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, has "come out" against the Democracy. The N. Y. *Day Book* says, this Ingham was one of the first Cabinet of Gen. Jackson, who quarrelling about some petticoat question, was dismissed by the Old Hero, and who has since sunk into oblivion. It is over twenty-six years since this Ingham was dismissed from the Democratic party.

The N. Y. *Daily News*, already a bright and spirited sheet, has been enlarged. This betokens a steady growth and increased popularity.

The *Journal of Commerce* also announces a large accession to its daily subscribers, giving it now a circulation of about 7,000. These facts show that Democratic principles are popular, and that the people are determined to support the papers which uphold their interests.

The *News* asks, why was Bennett so tender-footed, when he published Thomas Addis Emmet's letter to Rufus King? He left out a note that was appended to that letter in allusion to Sir John Temple. See the American *Citizen*, published in 1807, by Dennison and Chatham, now in the City Library. There is an asterisk, near the name of Sir John, and the note at the bottom of the page explains what Mr. Emmet meant by "The caprice of fortune." The note reads thus: "Mr. Rufus King in early life was a servant to, and wore the livery of Sir John Temple, a near relation of Mr. Emmet."

GOVERNOR CLARKE IN CANADA.

Governor Clarke has been in Canada. Among many addresses presented to him was one from the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston, which, with the Governor's reply, we give from the *Kingston Herald.*

To His Excellency Myron H. Clarke, Governor of the State of New-York.

The St. Patrick's Society of the City of Kingston beg respectfully to offer you its cordial welcome to Canada.

Representing the Irishmen of this city, the Society would be remiss in its duty if it did not tender its respect to one filling your distinguished position in the Empire State of the neighboring Union; for the Society cannot forget that the United States, and particularly that portion of which you are the chief head, have for years afforded an asylum to our exiled countrymen.

It has, however, to respectfully express its deep regret that in some parts of the Union within the past few years, a spirit of hostility has been evoked against our countrymen. It has faith, however, in the acknowledged justice and integrity of the American character, and confidently anticipates the check of so great an evil. We believe that the United States will perceive, with the mother country, that the valor and patriotism of Irishmen have been and will continue to be as a right arm of power to the Empire.

The Society desires that you will convey to Mrs. Clarke and family the assurance of its respect, with the hope that their stay in this Canadian city will be agreeable to them, and that they will take back to the seat of your Excellency's Government pleasant reminiscences of their visit to us.

J. O'Reilly,
Pres't S. P. Society.

Kingston, 25th September, 1856.

REPLY.

Mr. President and Gentlemen :

It affords me great pleasure to meet you at this time, and I return you my sincere thanks for the kind expressions with which you have addressed me.

The sons of the Emerald Isle form no inconsiderable portion of my constituency, and I bear cheerful testimony to their patriotism and good conduct as adopted citizens. 'Tis true a fleeting prejudice against them has lately sprung up in the United States; but I am happy in believing that it is again subsiding as rapidly as it arose.

And I may remark that the party of proscription to which you have alluded, has already abandoned to a great extent its original platform, and now relies on quite a different issue.

With a Constitution recognizing on every page the great doctrine of Equal Rights, it is not possible that such an anomalous state of things can long endure among our people.

I shall carry with me, on leaving this hospitable city, the memory of this honor you have done me, as among the pleasantest incidents of my visit.

Accept my cordial acknowledgments for the personal good will you have manifested in your very friendly address.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

August 28, at the Church of the Conception, Marlborough street, Dublin, Anthony Metcalf, of Ballyline Park, county Wicklow, to Mary, daughter of David Morgan, of Liverpool.

September 17, at York street church, Kingstown, John Kyle, of Cork, Hon. East India Company's Service, to Mary, daughter of the late James Morrow, of Crevagh, Dungannon.

September 18, at the Church of the Conception, Marlborough street, Dublin, J. J. Fitzpatrick, son of P. Fitzpatrick, of Ballinakill, Queen's County, to Columba, daughter of the late P. Hart, of Watling street, Dublin.

September 16, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Major A. R. Garrett, of the 46th Regiment, to Elizabeth Harriet, daughter of the late Colonel King, for many years on the staff of the army in Ireland.

September 16, at Glasnevin church, the Rev. William West, of Chittoe, Wiltshire, to Alice Cordelia, daughter of R. Mallett, C. E., of Delville, county Dublin.

September 13, at Birkenhead, J. Green, of Chester, to Jane Elizabeth, daughter of the late T. Haslam, of Dublin.

July 23, at Georgetown, John F. Caulfield, son of James P. Caulfield, of North Great George's street Dublin, to Philipa, relict of Colonel Bibb.

June 18, at St. Kilda, Australia, Edward B. W. Sandwell, Solicitor, of Melbourne, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Kidd, of Rutland square, Dublin.

September 16, at Glanmire, Richard Townsend Gray, late Captain in the 50th Regiment, son of the Rev. R. D. Gray, of Myrtle Hill, county Down, to Jane Alicia, daughter of the Rev. W. R. Nash, Rector of Kilbonane, county Cork.

September 16, at Holycross, John Lecky Phelps, to Georgianana, daughter of Major Robert H. Maunsell, of Beakstown House, county Tipperary.

September 11, in Limerick, George, only son of J. Belshaw, of London, to Mary, only daughter of the late R. Tuthill, of Limerick.

September 9, at Queenstown, the Rev. Francis Hopkins, Curate of Ballycotton, to Susanna, daughter of the late J. Wherland, of Cork.

September 9, at Ennisnagg, William G. Turner, late Lieutenant in the 26th King's Own Borderers, to Sarah, daughter of the late T. Hartford, of Kilkenny.

September 11, at Castleconnell, Richard Maunsell, son of Joseph G. Maunsell, of Limerick, to Frances, relict of Henry Bailey, and daughter of the late Richard M. Yielding, of Belview, county Limerick.

September 11, in Galway, the Rev. James Lancaster, Rector of Kiltennel, county Wexford, to Anne, daughter of the late James O'Hara, of Lenaboy, and granddaughter of the late Archbishop of Tuam.

September 11, in Armagh, J. M. Shaw, of Belfast, to Emily Maria, daughter of J. M'Kinstry, of Armagh.

September 11, at Rutland, county Carlow, Hardy Eustace, of Castlemore, to Anna, daughter of John D. Duckett, of Duckett's Grove.

September 9, at Ayr, William H. Sproull, Solicitor, of Belfast, to Bonnella, daughter of the late A. Macdowal, of Nether Cullean, Ayrshire.

September 11, in Nenagh, Peter B. Cooke, Ensign in the Tipperary Light Infantry, to Kate Mary, daughter of the late John Devane, of Nenagh.

September 12, at the Friends' Meeting-house, Cooladine, in the county Wexford, George Thompson, of Belfast, to Anna, daughter of the late Thomas Mason, of Enniscorthy.

September 13, at Attanna, the Rev. George L. Shannahan, to Emily, daughter of the late John Mosse, of Ballyconra, county Kilkenny.

September 10, in Glasgow, Charles Shannon Livingston, of Merryflats, to Helen Shaw, youngest child of the late Henry Ferguson, of Belfast.

September 11, at Sullington, Sussex, Commander H. King, of the Royal Navy, to Charlotte, daughter of the Rev. George Palmer, Rector of Sullington and Parham.

September 11, in London, Lucius H. Fitzgerald, Barrister-at-law, to Mary Katharine, daughter of the late Admiral the Hon. Sir J. Talbot.

September 6, at Stoke, Colonel L. Smythe O'Connor, of the 1st West India Regiment, Governor of the Gamba, to Ann, relict of Captain C. Murray, of the 76th Regiment, and daughter of Robert Scott, of Outland, Plymouth.

September 11, at Woolwich, Edwin Ward, Barrister-at-law, to Agnes Mary, daughter of the late Lynch Talbot, Captain in the Royal Artillery.

September 11, at Sheffield, Captain Henry T. Richmond, of the 98th Regiment, second son of S. Richmond, formerly of the 49th Regiment, to Esther, daughter of the late John Wilson, of Oakholme.

August 26, at Quebec, Ambrose Hickey, Barrister-at-law, second son of the Rev. William Hickey, Rector of Mulrancan, county Wexford, to Emily, daughter of the late Robert Shore Milnes Sewell, Advocate.

June 10, at Geelong, Australia, Henry James, son of the late Robert Neill, of Belfast, to Isabella, daughter of William Gray, of Geelong.

June 14, at Melbourne, Australia, Arthur David Harvey, late of Queenstown, county Cork, to Elizabeth Jones, late of Dublin.

IRISH DEATHS.

September 13, at 22, Kildare street, Dublin, Maryanne, widow of Bryan Molloy, formerly of Millicent, county Kildare.

September 11, at Sandford-terrace, Ranelagh, aged 68 years, Edmond French Boys, formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the 45th Regiment.

September 14, at Blackrock, Catherine, relict of T. Falkiner, of Osberstown Hill, Nass.

September 12, at Worthing, Sussex, Alfred, son of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne, of Rathfarnham Castle.

September 11, at Loughrea, Edward, son of the late Captain Pigott, of the 84th Regiment.

September 7, in Limerick, the Rev. Mr. Reeves, an old and respected clergyman, formerly parish priest of Dromcolloher.

September 14, at Seaview-terrace, Eliza, relict of Richard Reade.

September 14, at Holywood, Jannette, wife of Professor Craig, of the Queen's College, Belfast.

At Walsall, Staffordshire, James R. Newsam, formerly of Belfast.

September 12, the Rev. Robert L. Joyce, son of the late John Joyce, Comptroller of Customs, Cork.

September 8, at Instow, Devonshire, Cadwallader, only son of Cadwallader Edwards Palmer, and grandson of the late Very Rev. Joseph Palmer, Dean of Cashel.

At Willesden, Middlesex, Harriet Margaret, relict of W. H. Holmes, of Manor House, Kilrea, county Londonderry.

In London, after a premature confinement, Elizabeth Hesther Rose, wife of John H. Jephson, and eldest daughter of the Rev. A. M. Evanson, Vicar of Aghnameadle, diocese of Killaloe.

September 9, in Cheltenham, Pierce Moore, son of the late Henry Moore, of Cremorgan, Queen's County.

September 8, at Sandhurst, Louisa Augusta, wife of Lieutenant Colonel P. L. Macdougall, and daughter of Lieutenant General Sir William Napier.

July 8, at St. John's Antigua, Hugh Thompson, aged 80 years, formerly of Londonderry.

September 1, in Paris, Madame Marie de St. Cecile, Abbess of the Convent of St. Elizabeth, and sister of Sir J. Walmsley, M. P., aged 60 years.

September 10, at Brighton, Wm. P. Jervis, formerly of the 2d Life Guards.

At Thurso, suddenly, Lieutenant Colonel John Ramsay, late of the Bombay Fusiliers, fifth son of the late Lieutenant General John Ramsay.

July 1, at Peshawur, Bengal, Captain Croker, of the 24th Regiment.

August 1, at Poona, Bombay, Lieutenant Mainwaring, of the 24th Regiment.

September 9, at Bagnalstown, county Carlow, Susan, daughter of P. Mahon, proprietor of the Maid of Erin Hotel, William street, Liverpool.

September 14, at Kilmacow, county Kilkenny, Andrew Walsh, Superintendent of the Male Training Establishment of the Commissioners of National Education.

September 11, at Kinallen, parish of Dromore, county Down, aged 88 years, Elizabsth, relict of William Doake.

September 15, at Blackhall-parade, Dublin, at the advanced age of 87 years, Barnaby Nanry.

Arthur Knox, son of George Knox, of Brownstown House.

At Airfield, St. Dolough's, Sir Edmund Nugent, in the 90th year of his age.

At Bray, John Wills Brown.

In Dublin, the infant child of Charles T. Walmisley.

In Bandon, Anne, relict of the late Henry Bowles Legres, Surgeon.

Lucy Yielding, daughter of the late Jeffrey Egar, of Tralee.

Special Notices.

CHEAP FALL DRY GOODS!

Rich dress Silks, broche and woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, wollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

And at the Grand Street Store,

Royal Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Three-ply, and every variety of low-priced Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain materials, Cornices, Shades, &c., all at very Economical Prices!

Lord & Taylor, 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand street,
and new numbers 47 and 49 Catharine street.

oct4 3mos

Holloway's Pills.—They Never Fail.—Other Remedies may relieve pain, but these Pills expel disease. They cleanse the blood, remove obstructions from the bowels, invigorate the digestion, calm the nerves, and renovate the constitution. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London, and by all Druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per box.

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the cheapest Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very best Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
66 Liberty street, N. Y.

sept13 3mos

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street.
FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms."
EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn.
GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y.
RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y.
P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall."
Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street.
M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.*
T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory.
WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms."
JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Irish News Guard,*) drill each night at the Eagle Rooms.
EDWARD K. BUTLER, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y.
M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn.
MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street.
W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa.
MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue.
JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City.
—— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.
P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia.
Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me.
JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond.
P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston.
GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta.
EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati.
JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York; also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASH OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

Improved Billiard Tables and Cushions.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 18, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug23 10t

Catholic Reading Rooms.—The Directors of the Catholic Library Association respectfully announce to the public that their Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery, will be open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 7 to 10 o'clock. Annual subscription, $1. By order.

M. T. Cozans, President.
JAMES O. C. TABB, Rec. Sec'y. sept13

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application, personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until enquiry has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,

oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 13 tf

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparen expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

MRS. HAYES' SYRUP.

For Dysentery and Bowel Complaints.

WARRANTED to cure the worst cases in less than twenty-four hours, if used according to directions. It has stood the test of thirty-five years and has never been known to fail, even when the most eminent physicians had pronounced the patient beyond the reach of medicine. Over two thousand satisfactory references and certificates can be produced, sufficient to prove its superiority over all other preparations for these complaints.

The Syrup can be given to a child a week old with perfect safety. It is pleasant to the taste, and harmless in its composition, it being free from opium, alcohol, &c. Prepared and sold by Mrs. M. Hayes, 175 Fulton st., Brooklyn. Sold also by Joseph W. Hayes, 159 Atlantic st., H. Parker, cor. of Fulton Avenue and Cumberland street, M. Evans, corner of Myrtle and Classon avenues, Brooklyn. In New-York by F. C. Wells & Co., 115 Franklin street, C. H. Ring, 92 Broadway, T. T. Green, 862 Broadway, Guion, corner of Bowery and Grand streets, W. S. Dunham, 476 Broadway. In Williamsburg, J. D. Norvill, 26 Grand street. In Newark, by R. VanBuskirk, cor. of Market and Broad streets. 3m19jly

Special Notices.

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood, deceased.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.
A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.
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Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressional district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.
City and county officers are also to be elected:—
A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.
A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.
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Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, August 20, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES O. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140.
aug30

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Advertised for the 7th of October, at Hastings, is POSTPONED until MONDAY, October 20th, in consequence of THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER'S Lecture on the 7th.

Tickets 50 cents each. The green tickets only are good, the white tickets are recalled.

The steamboat and barges will leave Broome street, E. R., at 7, Peck Slip, half-past 7, Pier 3, N. R., at 8, Spring street at 9 o'clock.

JOHN H. RYAN, Sec. JOHN FOLEY, Chairman.

There will be a DRILL of all who wish to take a part in the proceedings EVERY FRIDAY EVENING, at the Eagle Drill Rooms, at 7½ o'clock, by F. Maguire, of the Fitzgerald Guard; J. Huston, of the Brian Boroihme Guard, and J. O'Connor, one of the old veterans of '98.

TENTH EDITION OF THE GREAT NATIONAL POLITICAL MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, is now ready. Size 34 by 40 inches. Containing portraits of Buchanan, Fillmore, Fremont, Breckinridge, Dayton and Donelson—the platform of the respective parties—letters of acceptance—a large amount of statistical matter, &c. This edition of 16,000 copies will be sold at the following rates, and sent by mail free of postage. Single copies 25 cents. 12, 25, 50, or any number above 12 and under 100, to one address, at the rate of $12 50 per hundred. 100 copies to one address, $10. 500 or 1,000 copies to one address, $8 per hundred. Politicians of all parties, now is the time to act; and the above map will fully set forth the claims of your respective candidates to the suffrages of the people. Address your orders, which will be promptly supplied, to A. RANNEY, Publisher, 105 Broadway, N. Y. oct18 1t

Special Notices.

INFORMATION wanted of ROBERT A. COX, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 43 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer Arago, will close at this office on Saturday, the 18th day of October, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for California, &c., per U. S. steamer George Law, will close at this office on Tuesday, the 20th day of Ober, at 1 o'clock P. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

Publications.

EVENING FREE SCHOOLS.

EVENING SCHOOLS FOR THE EDUCATION OF MALES.—Notice is hereby given, that EVENING SCHOOLS for the education of Apprentices or others, whose ages or avocations prevent their attending the Day Schools, will be opened on *Monday Evening, October 6th*, at 7 o'clock, for a term of twelve weeks, in the rooms of the Male Departments of the following School Houses:

1st	WARD, SCHOOL HOUSE	No. 29, 97 and 99 Greenwich street.
4th	.. .. ..	William street, near Duane.
5th	.. .. ..	No. 44, Corner North Moore and Varick streets.
6th	.. .. ..	No. 23, City Hall Place.
7th	.. .. ..	No. 31, Monroe street, near Montgomery.
8th	.. .. ..	No. 38, Clarke street, near Broome.
9th	.. .. ..	No. 8, Corner Hudson and Grove streets.
10th	.. .. ..	No. 20, Ludlow street, near Delancy.
11th	.. .. ..	No. 15, Fifth street, near Avenue C.
12th	.. .. ..	No. 39, One Hundred & Twenty-fifth st., Harlem.
"	.. .. ..	No. 43, Manhattanville.
14th	.. .. ..	No. 32, Baxter street, near Grand.
15th	.. .. ..	No. 35, Thirteenth street, near Sixth Avenue.
16th	.. .. ..	No. 11, Seventeenth street, near Eighth Avenue.
18th	.. .. ..	No. 40, Twentieth street, near Second Avenue.
20th	.. .. ..	No. 33, Thirty-fifth street, near Ninth Avenue.
22d	.. .. ..	No. 28, Fortieth street, near Eighth Avenue.

Evening Schools for the Education of Females.

NOTICE is also hereby given that EVENING SCHOOLS, for the education of Females will be opened on *Monday Evening October 6th*, at 6½ o'clock, in the Female Departments of the following School Houses:

1st	WARD, SCHOOL HOUSE	No. 29, 97 and 99 Greenwich street.
4th	.. .. ..	No. 26, James street, near Chatham.
6th	.. .. ..	No. 24, Elm street, near Leonard.
7th	.. .. ..	No. 31, Monroe street, near Montgomery.
8th	.. .. ..	No. 38, Clarke street, near Broome.
10th	.. .. ..	No. 20, Ludlow street, near Delancy.
11th	.. .. ..	No. 15, Fifth street, near Avenue C.
14th	.. .. ..	No. 21, Marion street, near Prince.
15th	.. .. ..	No. 35, Thirteenth street, near Sixth Avenue.
16th	.. .. ..	No. 45, Twenty-fourth street, near Eighth Avenue.
18th	.. .. ..	No. 40, Twentieth street, near Second Avenue.
22d	.. .. ..	No. 28, Fortieth street, near Eighth Avenue.

A SCHOOL FOR COLORED PEOPLE (Males and Females) will also be opened at at the School House in Laurens street, between Grand and Broome streets, at the same time.

Experienced Teachers have been engaged, and everything provided that will be required to conduct these Schools, and afford thorough instruction to pupils, free of charge. Application for admission must be made at the School Rooms as soon as the Schools are opened.

An additional term of nine weeks will commence on the 5th day of January, 1857.

Executive Committee on Evening Schools:—ANDREW J. PERRY, WILLIAM JONES, Jr., ALBERT SMITH, FLORENCE MCCARTHY, ELIPHALET BOOTMAN, GEORGE WHITE, WILLIAM SINCLAIR. oct4 1t

LITTELL, SON & CO., BOSTON.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

THIS work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the EDINBURGH, QUARTERLY, and other Reviews; and BLACKWOOD'S noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious SPECTATOR, the sparkling EXAMINER, the judicious ATHENEUM, the busy and industrious LITERARY GAZETTE, the sensible and comprehensive BRITANNIA, the sober and respectable CHRISTIAN OBSERVER; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the UNITED SERVICE, and with the best articles of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, NEW MONTHLY, FRASER'S, TAIT'S, AINSWORTH'S, HOOD'S and SPORTING MAGAZINES, and of CHAMBERS' admirable JOURNAL. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from PUNCH; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of THE TIMES. We shall increase our variety by importations from the Continent of Europe, and from the growth of the British Colonies.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday, price, (free of postage) *Six Dollars* a year. Remittances for any period will be promptly attended to.

Complete sets of the *First Series*, in thirty-six volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principal cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale at Seventy-two Dollars. The Second Series began in 1858.

Any volume may be had separately, at Two Dollars, bound, or a Dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents; and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

☞ A few advertisements of Books, Patents, or other matters of general interest, will be added, at reasonable rates.

Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly at the Office of Littell's Living Age,

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Every number of this work contains articles of leading interest; grave and earnest, yet not heavy; popular, and yet of abiding value. To these are added, in profuse abundance and great variety, Tales, Poetry, Voyages, Travels, and whatever—within the bounds of sound taste and good principles—may be included under the large head of Light Reading. But mere light reading soon becomes wearisome, unless there breathe from it spirit and heart, life and soul.

We promise a Magazine that shall be more and better than mere amusement: a Book suited to the leisure of the old and wise, and yet abundantly attractive to the young and ardent. It will freely provide for the imagination, as well as for the Reason and Memory.

For *Three Dollars a Year*, received at the office of publication, the Panorama will be sent, (free of postage,) to any post-office in the United States.

Two Copies, Five Dollars a year; *Five Copies*, Ten Dollars a year. Clubs to pay their own postage, which is three cents a number, payable *quarterly in advance.*

The first number was issued in July, 1855. It makes two large volumes a year. We can supply orders for back numbers or volumes.

Both Works are Published by Littell, Son & Company, Boston.

oct18 tf

Shipping.

THE NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL

United States Mail Line.

The ships composing this line are the following:

The ATLANTIC .....Capt. Eldridge.
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The PACIFIC .....Capt. Eldridge.
The BALTIC .....Capt. Comstock.

These ships have been built by contract, expressly for the government service. Every care has been taken in their construction, as also in their engines to insure strength and speed; and their accommodations for passengers are unequalled for elegance and comfort.

Price of passage from New-York to Liverpool in first cabin, $180; in second do., $75. Exclusive use of extra size state rooms, $325. From Liverpool to New-York, 30 and 20 guineas.

An experienced surgeon attached to each ship.

No berth can be secured until paid for.

PROPOSED DATES OF SAILING.

FROM NEW-YORK.		FROM LIVERPOOL.	
Saturday	Oct. 11	Wednesday	Oct. 1
Saturday	Oct. 25	Wednesday	Oct. 15

Edw'd. K. Collins & Co., No. 56 Wall street, New-York.
Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool.
Stephen Kennard & Co., 27 Austin Friars, London.
R. G. Wainwright & Co., Paris.

The owners of these ships will not be accountable for gold, silver, bullion, specie, jewelry, precious stones or metals, unless bills of lading are signed therefor, and the value thereof therein expressed.

Shippers will please take notice, that the ships of this line cannot carry any goods contraband of war. ap26 6m.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,

Old Black Ball Line of Liverpool Packets.

CERTIFICATES

Furnished for Passage to and from Liverpool, on the 1st and 16th of every Month, by the following splendid ships:

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Isaac Wright	" E. Abeel.
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REMITTANCES.

Drafts, for £1 and upwards, on the Royal Bank of Ireland, and on Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., Bankers, Liverpool and London, payable on sight.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,
38 Burling Slip, N. Y.

Agents in Liverpool, Baring Brothers & Co.,
OLD LINE PACKETS,
Pier 23 East River, foot of Beekman street. 6m

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Old Black Star Line of Packets. 1856.

Passage from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, secured at the lowest possible rates by this old-established line, sailing from Liverpool to New-York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonage.*
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hanley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,400
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,500
SILAS WRIGHT (new),	Freeman,	2,000
SOUTHAMPTON,	Furlong,	1,600
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 18th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; or persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
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THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following six magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,	Manhattan,
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Harvest Queen,	Columbia,
Isaac Webb,	Yorkshire,
Isaac Wright,	Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,
Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my8 3m

Shipping.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL	FROM PHILADELPHIA
Every alternate Wednesday.	Every alternate Thursday.

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including fare from or to New-York and cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

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Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
Baltimore—Foard & Rodgers.....Hartford, Ct.—A. Rose.
Boston—Thompson & Co.....New-Orleans—Jenkins, Williams & Co.
Buffalo—Robt. Hager.....Pittsburg—John Thompson.
Chicago—Lull & Mayer.....Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati—J. F. Meline & Co.....Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS
ON
BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

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William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

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No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

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Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
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PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

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ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19 1y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 662 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19 1y **Thomas Maher.**

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sept6 6mos **Hatton & Co.**

Business Notices.

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HATS, Caps, Ornaments and Flags made to order. Galvanic Plating Hotel and Express Letters, Dog Collars, Jobbing for Hardware Merchants, Firemen and Target Companies supplied. Orders for the improved Lightning Rod.

☞ *California and Australia Goods in time for the Steamers.*

J. Parkes, No. 198 Fulton, below Church street, New-York.

sept27 8mos

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Are prepared to do Printing of all kinds in the best style and on reasonable terms. PARTIES desiring printing for BALLS, PARTIES, EXCURSIONS, CONCERTS, or PUBLIC MEETINGS, are invited to give us a call.

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COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my3 1y

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HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

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JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

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PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Special Notices.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

European News.

FROM LIVERPOOL TO THE 27TH ULT.

Leading Topic—Naples.

Italian affairs are the chief topic in Europe. An expedition to Naples was the point of attraction. The Anglo-French alliance has issued an ultimatum which was retained in Paris, to allow, it is said, "an opportunity to the Neapolitan Government to make the necessary concessions. The expedition is formidable. Eight steamers were provisioning at Spithead, and the *Cæsar, Colossus, Dauntless, Malacca, Gorgon, Perseverance,* and *Urgent,* British auxiliary steamers, are ready to sail. The French contingent consists of the *Bretagne, Ulm, Algeciras,* and *Napoleon*—ships of the line—and of the *Isly, Duchayla,* and *Mgere,* steam frigates and corvettes.

The expedition is said to be very unpopular in France. Sardinia takes part in the expedition, and will send ships for the protection of the Sardinians there.

A Vienna letter states that the English and French Ministers had notified Austria of the intended expedition against Naples, to which the Vienna Cabinet interposes no obstacle. This, however, is doubtful. Prince Petrulia, the Neapolitan Envoy at Vienna, has resigned—the cause of the resignation is not stated. It is understood that immediately M. Brenier, the French Minister, leaves Naples, the Marquis Antonini, the Neapolitan Minister, will withdraw from Paris to Brussels. Meantime, hopes are entertained of receiving during the present week, by telegraph, such an answer from Naples as would supersede the necessity of the fleet's sailing. The London Star of the 26th ult., says: "Something serious has certainly occurred to stay the Anglo-French mission to Naples, for it has not yet sailed. There is a statement that King Ferdinand has fortified his coast and is likely to secure the enthusiasm of the army." There is another report that, if compelled to yield, he will proclaim the Constitution of 1848, and thereby present his compliments to Palmerston and Napoleon. It may be that eventualities are foreseen by the two men who rule France and England, or they may have heard that Naples would be supported by Austria and Russia. At all events, the game, whatever it may be, does not go on well."

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, (September 21,) announced that the premature intelligence of the withdrawal from Naples of the English and French Legations produced a fall of a quarter per cent. in the funds.

"It is difficult to predict the extent of the effect which this unfriendly demonstration will have on the public of Naples; but if things are carried on further and French and English ships of war appear in the bay, many think that an insurrection may be expected. The King appears to be taking every precaution in anticipation of rebellion against his government. The accounts that reach us from Naples are discordant as to the temper of the nation, but, after carefully weighing them, and making allowance for partisan statements, one remains pretty well convinced that great discontent and a strong revolutionary spirit exists there. We shall see what effect the withdrawal of the Ambassadors will have upon King Ferdinand. If none, England and France must necessarily, one would think, take a further step, or their attitude will not be worthy of their position."

The next day, (22d ult.,) the same correspondent writes:

"The tone of the Paris papers of to-day shows that the belief is general that France and England have abandoned fruitless remonstrances for positive demonstrations. It is stated that Ajaccio is to be the rendezvous of the combined squadrons, and that the French ships will leave Toulon immediately. * * * The funds have fallen again to-day. It is said that Baron Hubner is expected at Marseilles, whence he will proceed to Biarritz to see the Emperor. I have been told that letters received from Naples give grounds for expectation that he may be the bearer of good news, but perhaps the wish is father to the thought, for many here would be very glad to see the affair settled by the King of Naples yielding to the reasonable demands of the Western Powers."

Summing up items of news and rumor, the Paris *Debats* adds:

One circumstance may perhaps cause some delay in the execution of these movements, and that is the absence of the King of Naples from his capital. It is, in fact, stated that he is at present at Gaeta, and that it is at that place that he proposes to receive the communications of the Allied Courts. The consequences of the Congress of Paris commence, it will be seen, to develope themselves, and the measures now taken with regard to Naples were contained in principle in the conference and in the protocol of the 8th April, which has been so frequently spoken of. * * * * As far as regards the measure which the French and English Governments are now adopting towards the Court of Naples, we think that its bearing—at least its immediate bearing—must not be exaggerated. It is said that the *Moniteur* will in a few days publish a note explaining the object and meaning of the determination which has been come to by the Allied Powers. This note will probably be couched in terms not of a nature to encourage any revolutionary movement. It is probable that this note will much resemble the language made use of in the Congress; that it will repeat that the two Governments do not interfere in the affairs of Naples except in a conservative interest, and for the purpose of maintaining, and not disturbing, European order; and it is not unlikely that an energetic protest against any attempt at disorder will be appended to it.

SUBSCRIPTION FOR MUSKETS IN GENOA.

The *Risorgimento*, of Turin, of the 18th of September, says that it has received from Genoa a list containing the names of 500 subscribers, towards the purchase of 10,000 muskets, accompanied by the following letter:

BASLE, Switzerland, Sept. 1, 1856.

SIR—Of all the subscriptions, called national, which have hitherto been opened in Piedmont, none is more entitled to that name than the one you have proposed in your patriotic journal for the purchase of 10,000 muskets, to be given to the first Italian province which will rise in arms against the common enemy. Consequently, and it being my conviction that Italy ought to assert her independence, and that it is the duty of every Italian citizen, whether he inhabits the country or resides abroad, to assist his brethren, by every possible means, in arming themselves against the oppressors of his country, I request you, Mr. Editor, to inscribe my name on the list of that eminently national subscription for 150 francs, the price of a Swiss carbine, which I will shortly forward to the Committee by a safe conveyance. I remain, &c.,

ALLEMANDI, General.

Count de Cavour, President of the Council, subscribed 500 francs for the purchase of the 100 guns of Alessandria.

SPAIN.—Madrid letters of the 19th of September mention the resignation of seven Cavelera, from which probably arose the report that O'Donnel had resigned. The *Espana* announces that the Council of Ministers, on the entreaty of the Queen, have stopped the sales of the Church property, and that consequently the ministerial crisis had ceased. Marshal Sevans, the new Spanish Minister to France, is to go to St. Petersburgh on a secret mission, and will return in about a month.

TURKEY.—The Frontier Commission was at Belgrade on the 8th of September, and it was expected that the survey would be completed by October. The Frontier Line is marked off by a furrow under a plow. The Turks are fortifying both sides of the Danube with, it is said, the approbation of Austria. The Turkish troops have also moved from Widin to Kalafat on the left bank of the river.

THE QUESTION OF THE PRINCIPALITIES—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF A SETTLEMENT.

The correspondent of the London *Times* thus speaks of the note from the Turkish Government to its Ministers resident at the different European Courts. The motives that induced the Turkish Government to take this step, are the agitation got up in the Principalities as well as in the west of Europe, about the union of Moldavia and Wallachaia, and the decided opinions which several of the European Governments have expressed on the subject; although calm, and couched in friendly language, it is not without a certain dignity, and one can read, even through the polite language of diplomacy, the resolution of the Turkish Government not to give way on the question of the Union.

After a short introduction, in which it is said that the Porte thinks it important to express its views on the question of the reorganization of the Principalities, and, after repeating that his Majesty the Sultan wished not only to maintain all the privileges and immunities granted by his ancestors to the two Principalities, but likewise to develope by-means of a revision of their organic laws, their welfare and prosperity, the document goes on to put forward the views of the Sublime Porte with respect to this reorganization.

In order that this reorganization be worthy of the wise thought of conservatism which suggested it to the Conference of Paris, the Turkish Government thinks that two principles ought to be kept in view—namely, the maintenance of the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire; consequently, the sovereign rights of the Sultan and the development of the moral and material welfare of the Molde-Wallachian population.

Guided by these principles, the Turkish Government declares itself quite ready to make all the improvements which may be judged necessary in the internal administration of the Principalities, as it thinks it not only a right, but a duty to defend the rights of all classes. But while the Porte is willing to guarantee such an independent and national internal administration, it cannot consent that the form of their government should be opposed to the constitution of the empire to which they belong.

GREECE.—Athens letters say that the English and French Ministers have drawn up a list of new Ministers, which they demanded should be appointed, but the Queen refused to accede to their demands, alleging as her reason for not doing so, the absence of the King.

THE BRITISH TREATY WITH HONDURAS.

The Liverpool *Albion* publishes the copy of a communication from Don Leon Alvarado to the Governor of the Republic of Honduras, advising him of the conclusion of the negotiations with England, and specifying the terms of the Treaty. The letter is dated, "Legation of Honduras, London, Sept. 15, 1856; 35th Anniversary of the Independence," and intimates that the negotiations with England are concluded. Although claiming the Bay Islands, Honduras was willing to leave them free to the enterprise of the world, on condition that her sovereignty were recognized and the Musquito Territory were returned to her. The United States accepted these conditions, and England saw in them a means of getting out of a disagreeable question. The ambassador then announces that the Treaties are concluded as follows:

1. The restitution of the sovereign rights of Honduras over the Islands of Ruatan, Bonacca, &c., and declaring them "free territory," governed by its proper municipality.

2. Acknowledges the territorial limits of Honduras marked in the map by Hon. G. Squier—say from the river Wans o Segovia to the river Negro.

A Tribunal of Reference, composed of one citizen of Honduras and one British, and—if necessary—an impartial third of any nation, will fix the boundary, indemnify the Mosquito Indians for the losses which they suffer, and adjust all claims whatsoever.

3. Memorandum of the basis of negotiations:

Senor Minister:—True wisdom teaches that a nation should march with the circumstances of the day. Honduras now enters a new political life; her steps should therefore be, to declare:

1. That she knows no enemies or parties, and forgives all past offences.

2. Cultivates friendly relations with all who will accept of them.

3. To avoid all compromises, offensive or defensive leagues, so common in America, and so disastrous.

4. To form no league, diet, or confederation.

5. Invites all her neighbors to regulate territorial limits, and to examine the claims made by Copan on the part of Florida, and in six or eight months the titles should be exhibited.

6. Prohibits or abolishes from the public press all politics, give regulations for education, &c.

In announcing this treaty, Don Leon Alvarado expresses his thanks to Mr. Marcy, to Lord Clarendon, to Mr. Dallas, to Mr. William Brown, M.P., to Mr. Squier, &c., for their several shares in effecting this Treaty.

Foreign Miscellany.

Mr. Dallas, as the guest of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, had dined with the Heats Agricultural Society, and made a speech in return to the toast of lasting concord between America and England.

Louis Napoleon and family are making the most of the rural enjoyments at Biarritz, including bull fights.

The Bank of France has raised its rate of interest to 6 per cent.

The London *Times* says:—"We believe we are correct in stating that a division of the See of London is contemplated, and that this was the reason why the vacant bishopric was not filled by translation. The See of Durham will also be ultimately divided, but at present it was thought more desirable to fill it by translation rather than by a new appointment. We may add that, except in the case of the archbishoprics, the principle of "translation" has been definitively abandoned.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* understands that the entire number of arrests made on account of the plot discovered against the life of the Emperor is 49. Some of them were made subsequently to the night of the 16th instant. A portion of the prisoners were seized when assembled together, and others were taken at their own places of residence.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* alludes to a report of its being the intention of the United States to form an alliance with those European Powers that may be disposed to adopt as an article of law the immunity of merchant vessels, and merchandise from capture in time of war, even by men of war.

On the evening of the 21st of September, the nuptials of the Princess Louisa of Prussia with the Grand Duke of Baden were solemnized in the Royal Schloss, with all the prescriptive solemnities.

The Emperor of Russia has confirmed the organic statues of three steam navigation companies destined to facilitate trade throughout the ports of the South of Russia and the Mediterranean.

Sir Robert Peel has taken a dog-cart with him to St. Petersburg and his smallest tiger. The hon. baronet is apparently intent on "astonishing the natives.

It is stated that establishments are in process of formation at the French settlement of New-Caledonia for the reception of political and other criminals.

At a meeting of the Board of Directors of the East India Company, Mr. Lewin moved that the annexation of Oude was an unjustifiable act of speculation. The motion was negatived.

By order of the Lisbon Board of Health three Brazilian ships were sunk at the Quarantine, because they were infected by yellow fever. By last accounts cholera was decreasing at Lisbon.

The United States ships *Congress, Constitution,* and *Susquehanna* were at Palermo on the 18th of September, and would leave in a fortnight for Genoa.

The vintage in Italy was generally satisfactory. The crops of maize was good, and rice was abundant, but silk was not so favorable.

The *Gazette* publishes the Treaty between Great Britian and Siam. By it British subjects may trade freely with all the ports of Siam, but may reside only at Bangkok.

Lord Hardinge, late Commander-in-Chief of the Army, is dead. His age was 71 years.

The *Presse D'Orient* intimates that the differences between England and Persia are not likely to be promptly adjusted.

The Limerick papers record the death of a respected citizen of Limerick, whose name was not more generally known than his character was regarded with esteem and kindly feeling. Mr. Marshall for twenty-five years held a prominent position as an auctioneer through the south and west of Ireland, during which period many hundreds of thousands of pounds passed through his hands. His dealings were always characterised by the strictest honor, probity and punctuality, and his arrangements were always so complete and effective as to leave nothing to be desired on the part of the owner of property entrusted to him for disposal, and nothing to complain of on the part of the purchaser in the shape of misrepresentation. He did much for the improvement of agriculture, and was for a number of years past the Honorary Secretary of the Limerick Races, which, by his untiring energy and active business habits, were always brought to a satisfactory issue. He was also Secretary to the Limerick Coursing Club, and the members of that body will feel a deep loss, apart from their personal friendship and regard for him.

In Dublin, the continued beautiful weather, which has enabled farmers to save, seasonably and thoroughly, the harvest produce, is still as bright and promising, though cold, as at any time since its commencement; and it has exercised a favorable influence, to some extent, upon trade, which will soon, no doubt, experience a further improvement, when the pressure of rural operations has passed and the produce of the crops begins to get into circulation. The stock market, which had been so much depressed during the past five or six weeks, has experienced a rapid rebound. The cattle and provision markets are largely supplied, though prices did not yield in proportion.

With deep regret we announce the death of the Rev. Bernard Kirby, of Dublin, who, for nearly twenty years past, has prominently distinguished himself as an earnest laborer in the cause of the hopeless female outcasts in connection with the Olivemount Institution, of which he was the founder. The illness which has terminated in his death originated in his unceasing labors in the good cause to which he had so long and so earnestly devoted himself.

A very long and angry public inquiry has been just brought to a close in Clonmel respecting the alleged insecure storage of powder in that town. The Magistrates have taken steps to have the powder more safely placed than, it seems, it was some time since.

Color-Sergeant Michael Downey, lately a pay-sergeant in the 68th Regt., is under close arrest, for misappropriation of large sums of public, and several sums of private money intrusted to his care for the payment of his company.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Colonel Hastings Doyle to be Inspection of the Irish Militia, and the Commander of the forces, and has directed him to visit every depot of that body in this county, to report on the selection and efficiency of the staff, their barracks, &c.

Joseph Kenny, Esq., J. P., Mayor of Clonmel, has been appointed by order of his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant in council, a Director and Governor of the Clonmel Lunatic Asyum.

On the 2nd of October, the Agricultural Exhibition of the Tipperary Uuion, established by Lord Stanley, was to have been held in the town of Tipperary. Lord Stanley was to have delivered the prizes awarded by the judges.

Five Officers of the Tipperary Light Infantry have applied for a Court Marshal, arising out of the reprimand given to the corps by the Commander of the Forces.

We find from the Waterford papers, that the Bilberry road is gradually improving under the influence of the crow-bar.

Irish News.

A whale-fishing brig, called the *W. F. Safford*, 172 tons, belonging to New-York has arrived in Queenstown from Nova Zembla. On her voyage, she captured three whales, from which nearly eight tons of oil have been obtained. A new system has been introduced by which it would seem that this valuable animal is more surely, safely, and speedily destroyed than by the old means. The credit of introducing the present mode belongs to the Captain of the *W. F. Safford*. The fish are now shot, and after the ball enters the flesh it explodes in the body on the same principle as a shell. Captain Roys, the master of the whaler, is at present merely engaged in an experimental trip, and his ship is in Cork Harbor for the purpose of enabling him to judge of its suitability as a place of despatch for the fishing grounds. It is his intention in the summer months to fish in the North Seas, and in the winter to visit the coast of Patagonia.

An inquest has been held before Thomas O'Meara, Esq., coroner for the district of Tipperary, on the body of a man named Thomas Dwyer, of Refadda, who died in consequence of wounds which fractured his skull, at Garryshane. The deceased was returning home after being paid some money, he was overtaken by two men named Thomas Dwyer, of Donaskea, and William Loughnane *alias* Davern. They induced the unfortunate man to accompany them down a bye-road, and when he was next seen, he was lying by the side of the road bleeding profusely. As Sub-constable John F. Noble, of the constabulary depot, Phœnix Park, was passing along the quays of Dublin, he perceived a man whom he instantly recognized as the Thomas Dwyer named in the coroner's warrant. The man was arrested, and has since been committed by Major Brownrigg, Inspector General of Prisons, to Clonmel gaol, where he now awaits his trial at the spring assizes of 1857.

The tide of emigration, according to the Tuam *Herald*, has not reached its highest mark. Great numbers are still leaving Ireland for America and Australia. There is a counter tide of returning emigrants—persons who have amassed some wealth or who have fallen into an ill state of health; but the numbers are merely fractional compared with the outward bound movement. The great cause of the present impulse is the difficulty of getting land upon reasonable—in a word—any terms. Almost all the land of the country is let or being let only for grazing purposes. This, says the *Herald*, coupled with the absence of security for tenant industry in Ireland, forms the main cause of the yet continuing efflux of the population.

The Waterford *News* has heard from influential quarters that there is no chance of obtaining one of the large barracks for Waterford, but there is a prospect of getting a small one for 2,000 men. A detachment of the Royal Artillery has arrived at the Artillery Barrack. The men were mounted on their guns. Some of the troops wore Crimean medals. These are the first men that entered the barrack since the departure of the Waterford Artillery. The *News* further adds that Lord Seaton, Commander-in-chief of the Forces, was in town and inspected the neighborhood of Lisduggen, and other places in the vicinity of Barrack-street, where, it is hoped, the new barracks will be erected. He spoke favorably of the locality.

On visiting Hampstead Heath a short time since, a correspondent of the Clonmel *Chronicle* informs us, he found that the two fir-trees, which over-shadowed the little eminence where the *supposed* dead body of John Sadleir was discovered, have been completely cut away to the roots by visitors anxious to secure some relic of the tragedy. The name *Sadleir*, is cut out on the grass in large letters, and the places where the razor and silver mug were found are marked for the observation of the curious. The broad dyke which surrounds the hillock has been bridged over with stones, which, notwithstanding the dryness of the present weather, are rapidly sinking from the moist nature of the ditch.

A young soldier of the 18th Royal Irish, named MacDonnell, a native of Dublin, was blown to atoms before Sebastopol. A few days since, we learn from the Tralee *Chronicle*, that before the regiment was removed to the camp at Curragh, the widowed mother of the brave boy had his medal with four clasps presented to her. In the course of the evening, the poor woman "laid out" the medal on the kitchen table, and having procured four mould candles, collected the neighbors and kept up the "wake" until an early hour the following morning.

From the Limerick *Reporter* we understand that the reading of the reply of Smith O'Brien to the Address of the people of Newcastle and Rathkeale, was frequently interrupted by applause. There was waving of hats and handkerchiefs and every possible demonstration of enthusiasm. The proceedings soon after broke up, the meeting cheering for Mr. O'Brien and family, Thomas Francis Meagher, and the other exiles. In the evening there were illuminations in Newcastle, and a display of fireworks.

The factory in Kevin-street, Dublin, owned by Messrs. William Fry & Co., has been the scene of great festivities, in celebration of the recent marriage of two of Mr. William Fry's sons, Mr. William and Mr. Thomas Fry. This eminent firm, takes occasion annually to afford the hundreds of persons in their employment an opportunity of enjoying themselves at an evening party in some of the extensive apartments of the factory. The members of the firm, their families, and numerous friends of both sexes, attend, and every effort is made to promote the happiness of the people present.

Some boys amusing themselves bowling a metal bullet in Abbey-street, Wexford, were spoken to on the impropriety of the act, and the risk of being taken up by the Police. They at once desisted, and one of them began to hop it on the granite flagging. After some half score trials, it burst in four pieces exhibiting a perfectly white centre. A bye-stander took it up, and found the ball to be a nodule of dark flint, having a core, or centre of pure chalk, shaped like the yolk in the centre of the egg.

An election to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Dr. J. E. Currey, as medical officer to the Lismore dispensary has taken place. Dr. Managan, a resident physician, and who had been the acting medical attendant to the institution since the resignation of Dr. Currey, after the diplomas and testimonials of the different candidates had been read, was declared duly elected.

A respectable buyer of stock informs the Waterford *News* that the carriage to Waterford of every pig he buys in Dungarvan, costs him 4s. He therefore says that he never goes to Dungarvan and Lismore, when he can get pigs or cattle elsewhere. Were there a railway to Dungarvan, the carriage of a pig would not exceed 1s.

The Waterford *Chronicle* says it's enough to make the blood in a man's temples boil, to witness the degrading exhibitions of vain folly to which whole masses of brave, honorable men, under authority, are sometimes subjected by their superiors. An English lady, who happens to be amusing herself here in Ireland, takes it into her head to present a piece of music, her own composition, to the first regiment that entered Sebastapol—18th Royal Irish—now stationed at Kildare Curragh. Major Campbell, who is at present the commanding officer, arranges that his men shall appear in "detached groups," parades the band of the regiment, and keeps them playing all day, while a mess-room full of Dublin guests, summoned for the "interesting occasion," partake of a sumptuous "*Dejeuner*," and sip "recherche" wines. Fifteen hundred heroes, hot-foot from a tremendous battle-field, called out by the commanding officer, to see him receiving, on their behalf, a piece of home-made music, from some feather-headed Englishwoman! What (the *News* indignantly asks) would the English people think, if some young lady from Waterford went over to London, to present the Guards with some verses on their Crimean glories, and that their commanding officer called out his band, and summoned his officers for the occasion?

A recent rencontre with the Police at Kilmuckridge, turns out more serious in its results than anticipated. One of the countrymen, named Francis Edwards, who was lodged in gaol for the assault, has since died of bayonet wounds he received in the affray. It appears that Constable Byrne, with Sub-constables, John Walsh, and Christopher Walsh, were on patrol, in Kilmuckridge, when they arrested deceased for disorderly conduct. Immediately a party in a public house rushed out, and were joined by several others, who rescued Edwards, when the latter forcibly wrenched the carbine from sub-constable John Walsh, and struck him in the skull with it so violently, that a fracture is apprehended. In the scuffle the unfortunate man received the fatal wounds which terminated his existence.

Mr. Spring, clock-maker, Ellen street, Limerick, has received the following curious directions for the repair of a flutina:—"This poor patient is very far gone this time—quite prostrate. You may observe that by neglect, his *cranium* has got ungilded, and, by hard work, his *bowels* are all *disarranged*. Even by force of labor, his equilibrium has been, in a great measure, detached from his body. Try all your skill on him this time—for nothing short of your own perfect abilities, could restore him to his speech."

The third and last meeting, for the season, of the Wexford Archers, came off at Ballinkeele the seat of John Maher, Esq. The first prize was adjudged to Miss Bell. A handsome prize presented by the Hon. Lieut. Col. Carew, for which the ladies were handicapped, was also gained by Miss Bell, and a valuable Ring presented by Lord Henry Loftus, to be shot for annually, fell to the lot of Miss Richards. Dinner soon after came off in the Marquee, to the enlivening strains of the band of the Wexford Regiment, now kept up at the expense of Lord Carew and the officers of the Regiment.

The *Fermanagh Reporter* is gratified to learn that the historic grounds of Devenish Island are about being enclosed, so as to preserve what remains of the ancient churches and monuments. This noble act, says the *Reporter*, for which every Fermanagh man and Irishman, who knows the history of his country, will feel grateful, is to be forthwith carried out by George Wood, Esq., and the entire expenses are to be defrayed by Anthony Denny, Esq., proprietor of the island.

The ceremony of laying the foundation stone of a new Catholic Church, has taken place in the picturesque litte town of Tramore. The old chapel, where the preliminary ceremonies took place, was densely crowded; and groups of people, who had been unable to obtain admission, knelt around the door, and on the tombstones in the Churchyard. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford.

Private Reedy, of the 55th Regiment, who was shot in the thigh in the late militia riot in Nenagh, has had his leg amputated in the Military Hospital of that town. The limb was removed from the upper part of the thigh.

The Cork *Examiner* informs us that Father Matthew's delicate state of health has rendered it necessary for him to seek the genial warmth of Queenstown. On entering the steamer, which was to take him down the river, he was greeted with the warmest demonstrations of sympathy and reverence.

Dr. Mangan, resident physician, in Lismore, has been elected medical officer to the Lismore Dispensary, in room of Dr. J. E. Curry, resigned. There were four candidates for the appointment—Dr. Mangan, Dr. Poole, of Ardmore, Dr. Quinlan, of Ballyrafter, near Lismore, and Dr. Herbert of Clonakilty.

The arrivals of Irish provisions in London, two or three weeks ago, were 18,438 firkins of butter, and 1,098 bales bacon, 16,200 casks butter, and 775 bales bacon. Of bacon, the supply landed, of Irish and Hamburg, of prime quality, was barely sufficient for all wants.

The editor of the *Kilkenny Journal* has been shown an ancient medaleion of Greek or Roman art, found near Gort, in the County of Galway. It represents a bust of Minerva in strong relief, and exhibiting a great deal of excellence in the execution. The material is bronze, and the shape is oval.

Mr. T. O'Brien, M. P., and other gentlemen, have been in Carrick-on-Suir, for the purpose of establishing there a branch of the Hibernian bank. The building formerly occupied by the Tipperary bank has been taken for the purpose.

Thirty-four well-dressed, and comfortable-looking persons, principally young girls, have recently left Clonmel for Liverpool. The greater number of them have been sent for by relatives residing in America.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walshe, Bishop of Ossory, has administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to nearly 200 persons of various ages and sexes, in the parish church of St. Patrick's, Kilkenny.

Sir T. Redington is to be chief of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the state and management of the District Lunatic Asylums in Ireland, with a view to increased buildings and classifications of the inmates.

Mr. Daniel Hughes, formerly of the Agricultural Bank, after landing at Melbourne, purchased a lot of land, which he lately sold to the Government at a profit of £10,000.

The member for Dungarvan, John Francis Maguire, was announced to appear on the hustings of Clonmel.

By the new arrangements, Carrick, Ross, Dungarvan, and Ballinamult, will cease to be military stations.

Miss Catherine Hayes will sing at the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, previous to her departure for America.

At the great annual fair of Banagher, the number of sheep sold, amounted to 9,000, being in excess of last year's sales, of about 3,000. The business of this day was appropriated to the sale of horses, which for many years has not been equalled. Several buyers for the army picked up large lots of young horses, and for which prices were given from £30 to £45. Hunters were in great request, and sold from £60 to £120. Mr. Clarke, of Portumna, sold one at £110, and another at £65. Mr. Sherlock got 70 guineas for a four year old Frenchy. Rev. Mr. Egan got 60 guineas for a horse which was offered to be sold last week at £20. Mr. Henry Kenny, Lismore Castle, obtained £50 for a three year old colt. In fact such a good fair has not been in Banagher for years.

A farewell ball has been given at Fethard Barracks by the officers of the 17th Lancers. Amongst the fashionables present, were—Messrs. Thomas B. and Samuel H. Barton, Grove, and the Misses Barton; Captain and Mrs. Sankey, Coolmore, and Captain Harman; Mrs. and Miss Hayman; Mrs. Maher, Tullamaine Castle; and Miss Butler, Garnavilla; Captain Richard Orlando, and Mrs. Kellett; Mrs. Millett, Lismortagh, and Miss Johnson, Cork; Captain Hugh Gough, T. A.; Mr. Ross, 17th Lancers, commanding detachment, en route from Cashel to Dublin. The band of the regiment was in attendance, from Caher, and dancing was kept up until four o'clock in the morning.

The laborers employed on the estate of John C. Anderson, Esq., of Bushmills, were sumptuously entertained on the cutting down of the harvest. They assembled in a large store at "Bushmills Old Distillery," and after partaking of dinner and a plentiful supply of whiskey, commenced dancing, which was kept up with great spirit till an early hour next morning. John C. Anderson, Esq., the present heir to the Anderson estate, at Bushmills, arrived about a fortnight before, from Melbourne, Australia. On the evening of his arrival, the inhabitants of Bushmills gave him a most hearty welcome. The houses on the Anderson property were brilliantly illuminated.

The *Cork Reporter* speaks of the convict M'Cready, who has undergone the extreme penalty of the law, in front of the county gaol, having been convicted at the last assizes of having killed Sergeant Guinea, by discharging a loaded musket at him, in the Fermoy Barracks. The unhappy man had since his sentence, deported himself with the utmost propriety of conduct, attending with the most marked attention to the religious ministrations of the Roman Catholic chaplain of the prison. M'Cready was reconciled to the fulfilment of the terrible sentence.

A conference has taken place between Mr. Kinderley, a director, Mr. Clarke, traffic manager of the South Wales railway, Mr. O'Connor, secretary of the Waterford and Limerick railway, and Mr. Cotton, traffic manager of the Waterford and Kilkenny railway, for the purpose of arranging through fares to London by the *Malakoff* and South Wales line for merchandize from Waterford, and down the Limerick and Kilkenny lines. The result, we learn from the *Waterford News*, was most satisfactory.

Mr. Edmond Walsh is taking down his late dwelling-house, corner of Barronstrand street, Waterford. It held out for a long time against the corroding effects of time, and the assaults of the agitators for the opening of the street. The house once down, it is to be hoped that the others will speedily follow. How is it, the *Waterford News* indignantly asks, that the Corporation is idle, whilst a private individual is taking down his own house? Is the Corporation waiting for November?

A poor, honest, struggling woman, named Mills, residing in Ballytruckle, Waterford, and who, but lately, received £20, sent her from a relative in the United States, has had her box forcibly broken open by her son, a lad of 16 years old, who, immediately on obtaining the money, disappeared, and has not since been heard of. His mother made the complaint at the Police-office, to Mr. Hanrahan, but on being informed by him that no steps could be taken for his apprehension, unless upon her sworn informations, she declined doing so, and went away.

The Waterford papers regret to learn that some miscreant has written an anonymous letter to the lady of Nicholas O'Neill Power, Esq., Snowhill, threatening the destruction of her life if, in the words of the notice, "she did not part that murderer, Patrick Hogan," who is now acting as steward at Snowhill. The notice was in the shape of a note, enclosed in an envelope, badly written, and bearing the Waterford post-mark.

A Stocktonian was, a few days ago, describing to an Irishman the monsters who visited him during an attack of delirium tremens. 'But,' concluded he, in a consolatory key, 'it is all imagination, you know.' 'By me sowl,' replied Paddy, evidently disconcerted, 'I am not so sure of that. It is strange you never imagine you see angels flying at you at such times!'

The festival of the Stigmata of St. Francis, was celebrated with particular devotion in the Church of the Capuchin Convent, Walkin street, Kilkenny. High Mass was solemnized, and an effective discourse was delivered by the Rev. James E. Tommins.

An accident has occurred on the Midland Railway, near Oranmore. The train got off the rails about two miles from the station. Several of the passengers, among who were Mr. Kerin, of Dublin, and Mr. O'Farrall, Solicitor, of Loughrea, were seriously injured, by having their ribs and other bones broken.

Mr. James Hogan, late of Emill, near Moneygall, and now teacher of the Ballyegan Agricultural National School, Parsentown, has received a premium of £3 for the order, cleanliness, and discipline observed in his school, and the efficiency with which it is conducted. He received another premium when in charge of the Emill School.

The officers and men of the Great Western Railway are thinking of paying a well-deserved compliment to their chief engineer, Mr. Wilson, by presenting him with a beautiful service of plate, purchased from Messrs. Waterhouse and Co., of Dame street, Dublin, consisting of a claret jug and complete coffee and breakfast service in the Louis Quatorze style, with dinner and dessert forks and spoons.

Rev. Timothy Hanrahan and Rev. Michael Walsh, both of the diocese of Limerick, having finished their studies at Maynooth, have received the Order of Priesthood at the Convent of Mercy, in Limerick, at the hands of the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan.

One of the tenants lately evicted from the Creggs Estate, County Mayo, writes to the *Tuam Herald*, stating that having expended nearly £1,000 in buildings and permanent fixtures upon his holding, he has been turned out, without getting any compensation for his outlay.

Several tons of cabbage have been sent from Limerick to Rathkeale, and proves a profitable speculation to those concerned in the traffic.

Mr. Dargan, the railway contractor, has concluded a contract for the completion of the Limerick and Ennis line, for the sum of £53,000. Mr. Dargan takes 300 of the Company's shares in part payment of the contract, and enters into a bond for the completion of the railway in fifteen months. He has also engaged to takes shares to the extent of £10,000 in the Kilrush and Kilkee Railway, the construction of which is to be taken up by the Foynes and Limerick Railway Company who, by placing steamers between Foynes and Kilrush, will enable travellers to make the journey from Limerick to Kilkee in about three hours.

Three or four weeks ago, at the Petty Sessions of Killaloe, John M'Keough was prosecuted by Mr. Alton, for having leaders of greater length than 20 feet, to his eel-weirs. Defendant is tenant to the Commissioners of Fisheries, one of whom, Mr. F. Fennell, appeared to sustain the legality of the weirs. He contended that the law, as regards the length of leaders, applied exclusively to salmon weirs. Mr. Alton argued that it applied also to eel-weirs. The Bench were unanimously of the same opinion, and forthwith convicted the defendant in a penalty of £1 1s.

A troop of the Royal Artillery lately passed through Carlow. As soon as they were freed from duty, though saturated with wet and fatigued after a long march, they proceeded to the Mercy Convent to return thanks to the nuns who had been in the Crimea, for their kind attention to the sick and wounded. What adds more weight to this touching scene of gratitude, observes the *Carlow Post*, is the fact, that of the whole party only one was a Catholic.

Reports have been prevalent in Dublin, of the appointment of Mr. Justice Ball, as the Judge of the new Court of Appeal in Chancery. The Attorney-General, they said, was to have the vacant seat in the Common Pleas. The new Court of Appeal was to have been constituted soon after the opening of the Michaelmas Term. It will consist of the Lord Chancellor, with a new Judge of Appeal, (whose salary is to be £4,500), and one of the Common Law Judges.

Mr. Warner has favored the editor of the *Waterford News*, with the view of some of his casts of the most eminent men of past times, including Shakspeare, Milton, and O'Connell. They all reflect great credit on the skill of the artist, who is a native of Stratford-on-Avon, in England. The likeness of the late O'Connell is inimitable. We learn from the *News*, that many of those who differed in opinion from O'Connell, have given Mr. Warner orders for his likeness.

The *Limerick Reporter* refers with pleasure to the consecration of the new stone altar, and the solemn dedication of the church itself to St. Mary of the Annunciation, in the city of Limerick. The altar is the gift of Mrs. Christina Mary Hogan. The design, by Mr. McCarthy, of William's Park, Dublin, is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, and is every way worthy of one of the most distinguished pupils of the great Pugin.

The proceedings taken in reference to the ruined Tipperary Bank, continue to excite the liveliest interest. Mr. Stanislaus Lynch, according to the wishes of the official manager, Mr. McDowell, recently attended at Phelan's Hotel, Clonmel, for the purpose of receiving payment of bills due at the branch of the concern in Carrick.

The consumption of tobacco has increased to such an extent, in Ireland, that the old manufactories, notwithstanding the immense additions they have received within the last few years, are insufficient to provide for the demands.

Mr. Marsh, the well-known Cork auctioneer, has made a very successful *debut* before a Limerick audience, at the sale of Mrs. Nason's household property in Mallow street, in the management of which he evinced consummate tact and judgment. The prices realized were excellent.

At a meeting of the Carrick-on-Suir Town Commissioners, it was agreed, on the motion of Mr. Phelan, T.C., to have the resolution of the 22nd August last, read, pledging the meeting to the project of establishing in town a branch of the Hibernian Bank.

By the last mail we learn that the Mayor of Waterford has left for London, for the purpose of urging on the attention of the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, the claims and eligibility of Waterford for one of the proposed barracks. The Secretary at War, Lord Panmure, will also be waited on for the same purpose.

The Managing Committee of the Waterford Mechanics' Scientific Institute acknowledge the receipt of 27 vols. of Parliamentary Reports, &c., 118 Reports of Bills, and other Parliamentary Papers of the Sessions of 1855 and 1856—a donation from Robert Keating, Esq., M.P., to the Library.

The *Waterford Chronicle* says that when Lord Seaton, the Commander-in-chief, was in Waterford, he praised Waterford; but next day, when he went to Clommel, he praised Clonmel ten times more.

The Very Rev. Dr. Yore has presented to the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Cabra, county Dublin, the sum of £120, received by him for the clerical services rendered to them by him in his capacity of Rector of St. Paul's.

Several persons in the vicinity of Rathkeale have received by the last mail from Australia large money orders from their friends in that country and cheering accounts as to the state of business in the Antipodean regions.

From the *Cork Constitution* we learn that the prosecution of *Connors*, in the case of the Blarney murder, had cost the country $3,000; and a post-office case, where the value of the property stolen was about 1d., cost £800.

Charles M'Cready has been executed at the county goal, Cork, in the presence of three or four thousand people, for the murder of Sergeant Owen Guinny, of the 68th Durham Light Infantry, at Fermoy Barracks, in May last.

Several buyers from Meath, Westmeath, and other distant parts attended the last fair of Rathkeale in consequence of the facility afforded them by the railway for the transmission of their stock.

John R. Hewson, Esq., of Russellstown House, has been appointed agent over the Tipperary estates of Augustus Stafford, Esq., M.P.

Four of the Redemptorist Fathers opened a mission, three weeks ago, at Bree, county Wexford, the parish of the reverend Philip Devereux.

The parishes of Rockhill, Bruree, and St. Coleman's Well, have contributed £261 towards the funds for the erection of St. John's Roman Catholic Church, Limerick.

Correspondence.

Dublin Letter.

DUBLIN, Sept. 27, 1856.

Smith O'Brien's speech at Cahirmoyle is the great topic of gossip all round. They discuss it in the United Service Club Stephen's Green. Grave, gray-whiskered officers of her Majesty's army—old fellows like Joe Bagstock—smack their lips as they sip their Burgundy, in the shadow of the lemon-colored curtains of the coffee-room. They say it's sensible—dev'lish sensible—dev'lish gentlemanly. Young Lancer officers, grouped in front of the great pier-glass of the news-room, twist and sharpen their moustaches into cobbler's awls, dawdling out their approbation of that "demnition fine slap-up speech." In social parties, in dim, decent, cosy chambers—inside the gates of Trinity College—over brightly-covered tables—tables reflecting in their varnished depths carnation-hued crystal jugs, and amber-tinged decanters, and porcelain plates rolling over with clustered luxuries from the hot-house—the moderation of tone, subdued elegance of composition, and delicate toleration of adverse opinions—all its merits are exquisitely discussed. All this takes place among the Fellows—the comfortably-pensioned aristocracy of the Elizabethan University—and amongst them are McDowell, once the warm friend of Davis, and Ingraham, the author of the *Memory of the Dead*. Cracking their nuts and jokes, they say—of course, they say—it's an admirable production—it's so gentle, courteous, modest.

In an atmosphere infinitely less refined—within walls infinitely less redolent of the nectar and ambrosia of the gods—the speech in question has been, and is still, the fruitful subject of debate. Over tumblers of punch—punch, made with brown sugar, and stirred with spoons, every second one of which has a different crest, or no crest at all, and instead of being pure silver, is pewter, or iron and tin-foil—sit the metropolitan relics of the Repeal Association—Arkins, Reynolds, and Ray—thumping the table, and swearing O'Brien, after all, is the man.

The newspapers—daily and weekly—hither and thither—lengthways from the Boyne to the Blackwater—crossways from the Hill of Howth to the Poldoody oyster-beds—all echo this sentiment. No public document ever before elicited such unanimous approval. Even Judge Keogh looks better than ever, under his wig, since reading it. The London *Examiner*, striking his pen on it, flashes into a thousand encomiums. "Queen Victoria," exclaims this exhilarated antiquity, "has not a more loyal subject than Smith O'Brien, of Cahirmoyle."

How exuberantly grateful these Provincials are for the slightest favors which, negatively or still more equivocally, a man, who despises them in his soul, may bestow upon them!

O'Brien, as all the world knows, is urbane, kind, forgiving, sensitively reluctant to hurt a human being—even the wickedest and most malignant—sensitively so to a fatal excess. To a fatal excess, I say. For, relieved in a great measure from the terrors of conscience, by the extraordinary leniency they experience at his hands, all these political tricksters and swindlers exult in their impunity, and in their hilarious hysterics, drain their glasses and toss up their hats for the man who has only whipped them with flowers. It is this which astonishes them, and in their astonishment they explode into praises, the indecent profusion of which only establishes their ignoble deficiency of manhood. For all their meanness, hypocrisies, perfidies—for all their reckless promises to the people, and, as a matter of course, their reckless violations of the same—they had conscience enough left to expect, some day or other, from some one competent to inflict it—competent to inflict it with a vengeance—the severest castigation. But, as I have said, from the proud strong hand that had the power to scourge them, they have received the sweetest clemency, and so they kiss that hand, and over convivial cups, from the attic to the kitchen, they cry out it is the jewel of a hand!

And yet, if these recreant public men of Ireland—these riotous Repealers of 1843—these men, who from the turbulent tripod of Conciliation Hall disturbed the soul of the country with prophecies which their own want of truth, their own treacherous selfishness, served to defeat—if these men had still an impressionable spot left within them—if they had not been hardened into flint by the rottenness in which they have been steeped—as fragments of oaks have been hardened by their submersion in bog-holes—they would have been touched to the quick by the allusions (minutely worded as they were) which O'Brien made to those who had "saw fit to change their opinions."

O'Brien says that he will not impugn the motives of these gentlemen. He says he won't. But saying he won't, he does it. His reserve, after all, graceful and considerate as it is, serves the delinquent parties not a whit better than the pacific disposition of the Quaker did the British marine on board one of the American frigates in the Revolutionary war. Two ships came together—fastened their deadly iron coils about each other—locked themselves mutually in a murderous grip on the brink of the bottomless abyss—for such the ocean was to those gladiators, flinging curses at each other, thick and fast. The one carried the *Lion*. The other the white *Stars* and the blood-red *Stripes*. A marine, leaping on the quarter-deck of the Republican war-craft, with levelled bayonet, was temperately collared by a Quaker, who, unarmed and undismayed, curiously and complacently surveyed the fight.

"Friend," he whispered, "I fight not, but thee must go overboard."

And overboard the bristling intruder went—the Quaker, without a ripple on his brow or cheek, counting the bubbles which, as it were noted and checked off the depth of the watery fathomless shaft down which, with weights upon his heels, he sunk irrecoverably to sulphureous perdition.

And so it is that O'Brien, with the most sensitive scrupulosity, slips the political prevaricator—the pledge-breaker—the recusant Repealer—the brazen-faced repentant from Nationalism to the most submissive Vice-regal Provincialism—slips him, with the most mellifluous syllables, overboard. Down he goes! down he goes! Without a curse—without a storm! But down he goes, for all that. O'Brien "won't impugn their motives"—but his tenderness is as killing as the roughness of another.

KILMAINHAM.

MAYOR WOOD—LETTER FROM COLONEL DOHENY.

MY DEAR MEAGHER:—When I wrote last on this subject, I expected that the opponents of the Mayor of New-York would attempt to show some act or omission of his in his present office of which they could complain, or which they could at least cavil at. They have not ventured on such an attempt, and, considering the character of the charges they do make, it is certain, if they could find a fault, or even the semblance or shadow of a fault, they would loudly urge it. He therefore stands clear on this point, the most essential—in fact the only one of solid consequence presented by the issue.

No higher testimony could be offered in his favor—none more conclusive against their claim or pretense, than their own most eloquent silence. He has political enemies in all sections and sects. I heard two gentlemen, high in the confidence of both the so-called "American" and "Republican" parties, discussing the probability of Mayor Wood's re-election. Both were vehemently opposed to him. Either—from the bitterness of their tone—would sooner see a demon in the civic chair; but they seemed mutually to admit that the chances against him were desperate. One proposed, as a dernier resort, that the "Republicans" and the "Americans"—that is to say, both branches of the Know-Nothings, for the Republicans are, in fact, as our old friend Lord Derby said of the Irish Orangemen, "the rotten rump of that rotten faction," sprinkled over with a few straight-line or straight-laced Whigs—should mutually accept from each other the nominees for Mayor and City Judge. I mention this to show that he has enemies in all organizations. The Whigs detest him—the Temperance men abhor him. The Hard Democrats are in wrath with him, as appears by the *Daily News*. Now is it not strange that all these sections or factions cannot supply one man bold enough to charge Mayor Wood with official misconduct. Surely if they could they would. Men do not stoop to what is vile from instinct or by nature. They in general prefer fair means to foul. If they had legitimate weapons to use against an opponent they would use them instead of weapons dipped in poison.

Now let us test those to which they have recourse. Some one has written what he calls Mayor Wood's Life; the value of which may be tested by the author's avowal, that he ministered to the darkest passions for hire. When one couples this avowal with the undertaking—base enough without a base motive—the whole proceeding seems so abhorrent that it would be unjust to our nature to believe for a moment that it could have any other effect than that of exciting general disgust.

There is one charge, vehemently urged before his former election, which is echoed and re-echoed by every party, viz: his partnership proceedings with Marvine. You will remember that this case is not finally decided; and it is therefore wanton and unjust to urge it so loudly; for I believe it is an admitted principle, that subjects under investigation should not be prejudged. I cannot conceive anything in political warfare more repugnant to every sense of decency, than this. But supposing that the case, instead of being "adhuc sub judice," were irrevocably decided against Wood, what then? It amounts simply to this: that he represented to Marvine that the vessel he supplied for the partnership—which no doubt belonged to him at the time—cost a great deal more than she really did. I have myself been concerned in some partnership cases, and I have read several others, and I find the invariable practice to be, to prove, not the represented, but the real value of the stock which belongs to one of the partners before the partnership. This was not done in this case; but, on the contrary, a course was followed which seems to me irregular and illegal. Is there anything more common, than for sellers to represent that they paid so much for their goods? What would be thought of a man who buys goods on such representations, bringing an action for the difference between the real and the represented price. And yet it is precisely similar to what has been done in Wood's case. Legally, I see no distinction. Morally, there certainly is none. If it be lawful to misrepresent the price when you are selling to a stranger, it is lawful when you are selling to a partner. What was it to Marvine what the bark cost? His sole business was to see what she was worth.

The other points in the case are of a similar character. Wood bought all the goods. Marvine knew their prices. He took them at these prices. If Wood got the credit, what was that to Marvine? The whole question was, Were the goods worth the money charged by Wood? And that question Marvine was bound to determine for himself.

And, furthermore, I must say, that I have often seen suits at law, where the prevailing party was the wrong-doer. Courts of law are governed by inflexible rules of evidence, and many and many a time it has occurred, that a man, having a most undeniable right, is defeated for want of evidence, or through the means of false evidence against him. Therefore it is, that it is most unjust to deduce grave immoralities from decisions of this kind, and especially when the decision is appealed from.

It is urged against Mayor Wood, that the person who fills the Civic Chair ought not to be a prominent party man. Why? Is it not to secure equal justice to all? If this be the real end in view, would it not imply that the present Mayor was influenced in his official duties by a party bias?—that he warped justice in favor of one party and against another? If so, when, where, for, or against whom? He was charged with getting up prosecutions against derelict officials in this city. It was said he was officious, intermeddling and tyrannical. Be that as it may—I offer no opinion either on the prosecutors or prosecuted—one thing is certain, the prosecuted were not selected from any

one party; and some of them belonged to Mayor Wood's most ardent supporters.

"'Verbum non amplius addam."

Sincerely yours, MICHAEL DOHENY.

Bridgeport, Conn., Oct. 3d.

EDITOR IRISH NEWS:

DEAR SIR:—Our "Montgomery Guards" had a parade and target excursion on last Monday. They turned out forty-one muskets, and presented a truly soldier-like appearance. I observed a very decided improvement in their evolutions, and their shooting was quite as good as usual. The first prize was won by Private John Lane, who, bye the by, is a credit, in appearance and address, to the "Montgomeries." The second and third prizes were won by Privates P. O'Donnell and Bernard Nugent. So you see the privates had it all their own way. The company entertained their friends in a most hospitable and agreeable manner in the evening. Everything, from first to last, passed off most happily. DOLPHINS BARN

LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

From the Nation.

A letter, bearing the well-known signature of the illustrious Archbishop of the West, has been given to the public, and with good reason has largely occupied the attention of the Dublin papers. Living and laboring for the cause of religion, justice, and charity, when that great and good Prelate raises his voice it is in defence of that sacred cause; the maintenance of truth, the defence of God's poor. In him, at least, virtue, public and private, ever found a friend, when treachery and deceit found, alas, but too often a champion where they ought to have met a foe. When a flood of corruption covered the face of the country, and honesty and truth seemed to have disappeared for ever, they found sanctuary with him; when a people bowed their heads in mute and sinful despair, beholding the triumph of fraud, the ruin and betrayal of all their hopes, and the exaltation of their betrayers, one voice was heard, even in that dark hour, with words of assuring, cheering, sustaining hope—the hope that is strong to the last, and overcometh all things. It spoke of confidence in God's providence, of the ultimate triumph of truth, and the retribution which sooner or later was sure to overtake the guilty traitors. And so, many an Irish heart, exiled for ever to a foreign land, prays gratefully to Heaven for the friend who never deserted the poor, but stood by them in the day of distress, who withstood the exterminator and the faith-robber, when others looked on with sealed lips and folded hands, with criminal apathy or guilty silence. Far away in the mines of England we have heard his name named with accents full of gratitude and veneration by the poor fellows who regarded him as the faithful guardian of the old father and mother at home; the protector of "the cabin-door fast by the wildwood." His splendid letters, full of scathing rebuke of the exterminator, of appeal for the noble peasantry being scattered over the earth—have been spelled out at the firesides in England by English-born children of Irish parents; children who inherit the parents' love and veneration for one they have never seen, and probably never will see.

The letter we publish to-day, like all the rest, is a powerful effort on behalf of our poor people; a masterly appeal for justice and manumission for the poor but chivalrous Irishmen who fight for England with the slave's collar on their necks. Never was appeal more opportune, never more powerful, more irresistible. Never did the mean spirit of Catholic servility receive a more trenchant scourging. On a recent occasion we adverted to the unhappy position of the Irishmen serving in the English army. We showed how they were driven by inexorable necessity into the service of England. They never disgraced the country of their birth by cowardice; they lavishly poured out their heart's blood—for what? Not for home or country—not in defence of their altars and firesides; the peculiar aggravation of their humiliation consisted in the fact that the very power in whose support and defence they bled, was that which denied them the attributes of freemen, and rendered their position that of mere mercenaries. We saw that any act of bravery or spirit that could be pointed to as performed by English troops in the late war, was the work of those poor fellows; and we grieved to think that such valor should be unrequited, that such men should fight with servile manacles on their limbs, and fall in a cause in which they had no interest, save as the paid soldiery of England. We read in the same papers the list of our countrymen who fell in England's cause at Sebastapol, and those who were evicted by English laws at Connemara—the name of the son who fell by the Russian bullet, and the father who was slain by landlord law. Scutari and Beicos received the wounded Irishman at the moment a workhouse became the home of his aged parents. When "peace was proclaimed," the English-born soldier, with gladsome heart, sought the old rooftree, while through burning tear-drops the Irish soldier gazed upon the blackened rafters and desolate walls of his once happy, though humble home. The soldier who fears not death is truly brave—the Irish soldier was asked to meet death by those who refused him the consolations that take from death its sting. He was deprived of the greatest strength soldier or citizen ever knew, the ministrations of religion; for the Englishman, who fought as a freeman, those were plentifully supplied; for the unfortunate Irishman there was no such boon, until his masters were coerced by selfish considerations to permit it to a limited extent. The endurance of privations unparalleled, spiritual and corporeal, did not shake the indomitable courage of the hardy Celts; they returned home, feeling that though England might have cause to hang her head for defeat, they at least were victors. Mimicking, as usual, the London fashion, the aristocracy and landlord class in this country declared that the unequalled bravery of the troops, especially the Irish portion, deserved all possible gratitude and praise, and in order to exhibit those feelings they propose—not to raise the Irish soldier to an equality of rights and privileges, as he bears an equality of danger, and exhibits an equality, if not a superiority of bravery, with his English comrade—not to recompense his services by removing the galling badge that renders his position ignominious as compared with that which he ought to fill. No; they propose to bestow upon him a "transient display of convivial hospitality," as the Archbishop designates it—to give an hour's food, where they ought to give a life's freedom. The Catholic Irish soldier is to sit down and eat his pudding, like the contented and grateful *employé* of a liberal master, and buckle on his knapsack next morning, the bond slave he was before.

And Catholics were found amongst those who offered this insult to the Catholic soldiers; who talked of how those soldiers had "fought for their country!" And *quasi* liberal journals, venal as servile, were found to write up this "dance in chains" as a national ovation—a great popular demonstration. Not a word of allusion to the anomalous and ignominious position of the Irishman in the service of England; not a voice aided our own in pointing out that he fought in fetters—that he battled for no country of *his*, for no faith or fireside dear to *him*, until the great and illustrious advocate of the Catholic Irishman spoke out, and forthwith the bell-man of the *troupe* rattles his instrument, and, in the best words he can master, declares that the Archbishop has said exactly what he has said, or intended to say, or was about to say, or would have said, perhaps, if "an honest penny" were as likely to be turned by saying as by not saying it. Meantime, he endeavors to convey that the words in which the illustrious Prelate forcibly and clearly points out the true way of honoring and rewarding the Irish soldiers, and the glaring mockery of the proposed plan, is only another way of applauding the whole scheme; and so with suspicious haste he bells the announcement that the Archbishop has joined the party. But the bitter wails and lugubrious wit of the *Mail* and the *Packet* reveal the true state of the case—their ill-concealed rage is humorous to behold—a dinner they may have on as large a scale as money can procure, but they know that all the blarney in a tun of Maderia will not make the soldier forget the reward he ought to receive, but is denied. He will contrast the conviviality of a night which a few noblemen have kindly given him, with the boon which has been demanded for him, as a well-won right, by the soldier's true friend, the loved and venerated Archbishop of Tuam.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PARTY—SECRET SOCIETIES.

From the Paris Correspondent of the Times.

The revolutionary movement in France has two great centres, which are perfectly distinct and independent of each other. They are sometimes opposed, but often act in conjunction, according to circumstances. The one has always had its principal seat in Paris, where the projects and systems are devised; the head-quarters of the other are at Lyons, where the mass of the people is more easily and more surely acted upon. In fact, Paris is, in the revolutionary scheme, the head that plans—Lyons the arm that is expected to execute. In the associations of Lyons may be found men of nearly all political color—red, white, blue, and black; and, so far from being exclusive on account of different shades of opinion, they seek, on the contrary, to draw within their sphere all the elements of discontent that are to be found in the surrounding provinces.

At Lyons the party generally most remarkable for audacity, is that of the "Revolution"—this term being now particularly applied there, as throughout the empire, to the Republicans, Socialists, and Communists—the agglomeration of men who are in a state of material destitution, and consequently of discontent; or who are, in fact, incendiary agents, whose main object is the overthrow of all public order, utterly reckless of consequences, and who, provided the work of destruction be done, care very little about what is to come after. Among the divers theories and systems that prevail in that general association the most prominent is that of 1793—in fact, of Robespierre, St. Just, Marat, Chalieu, and Babœuf, who are all regarded in the light of sages and guides in articles of revolutionary faith. The institutions of St. Just appear to form their code of morals; their idea of the constitution would be modelled on that of Robespierre; and their legislation based on the doctrines of the *Ami du Peuple* of Marat.

The origin of this sweeping Jacobinism is traceable to the Lyonnais. It is spread through the districts that are watered by the Rhone and the Saone, and is found on the banks of the Loire, and by these channels of communication it makes its way through a considerable mass of population of naturally ardent character, and whose social condition renders them apt instruments for political convulsion. It descends the Rhone, and passes on to the Isere, reaches the Alpine districts, and penetrates to Marseilles. This sort of geographical distribution is not without interest, as it proves that the most active propagandists, the more persevering, and the more reliable of all those agents of the great centre of action, are chiefly those whose occupations connect them with the rivers, such as the raftsmen, or *flotteurs* of the Nievre, and the *debardeurs* of the Yonne. These rivermen are of a wild and independent character. Their fathers were among those who never ceased to conspire under the restoration. They composed the mass of Liberals known as forming the *Drapeau Liberal*. They know by heart every song that Beranger has ever written; and they perpetuated the traditions of the empire and cherished the flame of Bonapartism in the hearts of the peasants. What the rivers just mentioned, have left undone, is attempted to be completed by means of the railroads, and across the valley of the Loire the propagandists of the Lyons school reach the Rive de Gier and St. Etienne. These last two are the fortresses of the Socialism of Louis Blanc, exalted and inflamed by local hatreds and passions among the iron and coal men, who abound in these districts.

The topographical sketch already given, enables us to follow the revolutionary movement in its course more easily. The blacksmiths, the ironmongers, and the miners of the Rive-de Gier and St. Etienne have always been the most ready allies in all such emergencies. The poor miners in particular, with bodies exhausted by excessive labor, poorly paid, and incessantly goaded to exasperation by the petty chicanery of village lawyers, have been found always ready to rush on at the first summons against the *bourgeoisie* and the *proprietaires* who are the objects of their hatred.

The secret societies of the department of the Allier do not present a very menacing character; they exist, but mostly want the power of initiation. They invariably wait for the *mot d'ordre* from Lyons and Paris, and while in that expectation, maintain an utterly passive position. They are discreet, cautious, and suspicious—qualities which are said to be peculiarly characteristic of the peasants of the Allier, and which exclude a readiness to assume the offensive. In other times, however, the Allier had a regular revolutionary chief at Donjon—a man of action, of a decidedly energetic nature, and a Jacobin by temperament. He had organised and commanded, with arms in hand, the Bourbonnaise movement in 1851. He was imprisoned, condemned, and transported to Algeria. Donjon is, with La Palisse, the highest point of the revolutionary agitation of the Allier. Those of the association who held the rank corresponding to that of sub-officers in the army used to receive their orders from a former member of the French Assembly now in exile; he has been an old Montagnard since 1830, and was named a Commissioner-General after the revolution in 1848. The Allier was one of the departments that sent Red representatives to the National Assembly after that catastrophe; among those were Madet, Fargin Fayolle, Ledru Rollin, and Laussidat, who are now either transported to the colonies or in exile.

The department of the Nievre is different from the one just described. It can hardly be affirmed that the Nivernais is a Socialist Republican, or by character disposed to Jacquerie, though some sanguinary revolts have taken place at Corne and at Moulinsen-Gilbert. The Nivernais suffer a good deal from the oppression of the wealthy proprietors. The remains of the old feudal noblesse and the inheritors or acquirers of real property, in number from two hundred to three hundred persons, keep the county, which is chiefly covered with wood or laid out in meadow, in their own hands. The wood and the crops are sold, but the proprietors do not reside on the soil to which they owe their fortune, and the proceeds are spent abroad. Beyond his small stipend, the laborer receives few acts of kindness, and no portion of the wealth which is spent at Paris or elsewhere, returns to him. He is attached to the soil, but he has no house that he can call his own—no enclosure—no land, and, of course, but the smallest savings. He lives from hand to mouth, the victim of usury, and without hope of bettering his condition. When employed, he earns about 25 sous a day without food, and 10 with. His great resource against illness or destitution, is when his wife goes up to Paris as a nurse. His moral and intellectual condition is very low, and his ignorance complete. It is not surprising that these men should be easily beguiled by propagandist agents, who make the strongest appeals to their passions and their necessities. Under this influence, when they vote, they vote Red; and when a collision takes place, their fight is a Jacquerie. From 1789 the choice of the Nivernais was fixed on the candidates of Jacobinism. St. Just, though representative from Aisne, was a native of Decize, a town of the Nievre. Milot and the brothers Gambon were natives of the same department. The "flotteurs" of the Nievre and the Loire are their principal agents and their messengers. By them is transmitted the summons of convocation, as well as the supply of arms. Once roused from their habitual inertness, these men are capable of anything; it was they who organised in December, 1851, the insurrection of Clamecy. The central points of Socialism are La Charite, Cosne, Fourchambeault, where the workmen were said to be irritated by fines and stoppages, and at Clamecy.

There is reason to believe that some of the exiled who have been allowed to return to France, have not renounced their former convictions, or abandoned any of their hopes; that they are again desirous of trying the chances of conspiracy, and are still laboring to spread the infection and plant it where it had not previously penetrated. The *sabotiers*, or makers of wooden shoes, and the *forgerons*, or blacksmiths, are said to be those who are most easily seduced. Several among the smaller class of advocates and attorneys are said to be infected with Socialism, and communications and correspondence are kept up with the revolution committees abroad by means of the flotteurs, the mariners, and the hawkers of cheap publications, who, under the pretext of selling their wares, carry to the remote villages the instructions and orders of the distant demagogues.

BISHOP ENGLAND ON SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

From the United States Catholic Miscellany, December 9, 1843.

We understand that considerable attention has been excited by a document going the rounds of the papers under the title of a Bull of Pope Gregory XVI. against Slavery,' and several inquiries are made as to the meaning of the document, and the truth of the charge that the Catholics have concealed or suppressed it in the United States for the last four years.

On recurring to our own files, we find that the document itself, not a 'bull,' but an Apostolic Letter, was published in the *Miscellany* of March 14th, 1840, and that our late lamented bishop, in his two first letters to the Hon. John Forsyth, then Secretary of State, published likewise in the *Miscellany*, October 3d and 10th, 1840, fully explained its true meaning. We cannot now say whether it was published in the other Catholic papers of the day, as we have not regular files; but we are under the impression that such was the case. In the acts of the Councils of Baltimore, there is a record of its having been formally read and accepted by the prelates in the Council of 1850. So much for Catholics concealing or suppressing it. It was likewise given to the public through other channels. It is found, for example, in the appendix to Mr. Forsyth's address to the people of Georgia, on the nomination of General Harrison for the Presidency. And yet, in just three years it is again trumpeted through the land as something new and hitherto unknown! Truly, we can somtimes be hoaxed.

As to the meaning of the Apostolic Letter, we can see no room for doubt. His Holiness speaks of reducing Indians, Negroes, and such others, into slavery; of assisting those who engage in that inhuman traffic, and through desire of gain, and to foster their trade, go so far as to excite quarrels and wars in their native country. He opposes the continuance of the evil which several of his predecessors, whom he names, endeavored with imperfect success to repress. They speak explicitly of reducing freemen, Indians in South America and Negroes in Guinea, to slavery. In one word, he condemns what our own laws condemn as felony—the Slave Trade. Domestic slavery, as it exists in the Southern States, and in other parts of the Christian world, he does not condemn. This is evident from the tenor of the Apostolic letter itself, from the declarations made concerning it in Rome, and from the fact that, at the fourth provincial council of Baltimore, in which the majority of bishops were from the slaveholding States, it was accepted without any one's thinking it interfered at all with our domestic policy. We apprehend there is a vast difference between the slave-trade and domestic slavery. At least our own laws make the distinction, punishing the one and sanctioning the other. It is absurd, then, to conclude that because the Apostolical letter condemns the piratical slave-trade, it is also aimed against domestic servitude.

There is no danger—no possibility, on our principles—that Catholic theology should ever be tinctured with the fanaticism of abolition. Catholics may and do differ in regard to slavery, and other points of human policy, when considered as ethical or political questions. But our theology is fixed, and is and must be the same now as it was for the first eight or nine centuries of Christianity. During that period, as Bishop England has ably shown in his series of *Letters to the Hon. John Forsyth*, the church, (lett. xvi.) by the admonitions of her earliest and holiest pastors; by the decrees of her councils, made on a variety of occasions; by her synodical condemnation of those, who, under pretext of religion, would teach the slave to despise his master; by her sanction and support of those laws by which the civil power sought to preserve the rights of the owner; by her own acquiring such property, by deeds of gift or of sale, for the cultivation of her lands, the maintenance of her clergy, the benefit of her monasteries, of her hospitals, of her orphans, and of her other works of charity, repeatedly and evidently testified that she regarded the possession of slave property as fully compatible with the doctrines of the Gospel; and this whilst she denounced the pirate who made incursions to reduce into bondage those who were free and unoffending, and regarded with just execration the men who fitted out ships, and hired others to engage in the inhuman traffic. In Catholic theology the question is a settled one; and no one would be recognised as a Catholic who would utter the expressions we have heard from the lips of American abolitionists who call themselves Protestants: "If the Bible allows slavery, it should be amended." "The Christianity of the nineteenth century should as far excel the Christianity of the early church, as that did the old Jewish law," &c.

The line of conduct prescribed especially to the Catholic clergy, is laid down by the venerable and learned Bishop of Philadelphia, in his standard work, *Theologia Moralis*, vol. i., tract v., cap. vi., and tract viii., cap. iv. From the first cited chapter we translate the following paragraph:

"But what is to be thought of the domestic servitude which exists in most of the Southern and Western States, where the posterity of those who were brought from Africa still remain in slavery? It is indeed to be regretted that in the present fulness of liberty, in which all glory, there should be so many slaves, and that to guard against their movements, it has been necessary to pass laws prohibiting their education, and in some places great-

ly restricting their exercise of religion. Nevertheless, since such is the state of things, nothing should be attempted against the laws, nor anything be done or said that would make them bear their yolk unwillingly. But the prudence and the charity of the sacred ministers should appear in their effecting that the slaves, imbued with Christian morals, render service to their masters, venerating God, the supreme Master of all; and that the masters be just and kind, and by their humanity and care for their salvation, endeavor to mitigate the condition of their slaves. The Apostles have left us these rules; which, if any one should neglect, and, through a feeling of humanity, endeavor to overturn the entire established order, he would in most cases but aggravate the condition of the slaves. The Pope, in the before mentioned constitution, omitted not to lay this before us: 'For the Apostles, inspired by the Holy Ghost, taught slaves to obey their temporal masters, as they would Christ himself, and to do the will of God cheerfully: and they also gave a precept to the masters to act kindly towards their slaves, to give them what is just and reasonable, and to refrain from threatening them, knowing that the Lord of both is in heaven, and that with Him there is no acceptation of persons."

How strictly this instruction is complied with, and how beneficial are its effects is known to every one who has any knowledge of the character of Catholic slaves. They are everywhere distinguished as a body for orderly habits and fidelity to their masters; so much so, that in Maryland, where they are numerous, their value is 20 or 25 per cent. above that of others.

We have said this much, not to vindicate the Southern clergy of our church from the charge of abolitionism, for we believe it has never been preferred against them, but simply to satisfy the inquiries of some of our fellow-citizens, whose attention has been drawn by recent events to this subject.

PROSPERITY TO IRELAND.

From the Kilkenny Journal.

At this delightful period when the air resounds with a jubilee over the modern Golden Age, the Report of the Irish Census Commissioners strides like a spectre into the Banquet Hall. With a sublime audacity, inspired by the complete consciousness of our inability to resent the affront, England submits to public scrutiny one of the darkest records of her dominion in Ireland—the history of the ten years from '41 and 51; and so callous have we become to the story of our own sufferings, that it scarcely excites as much sensation as would the last new novel of Dickens or Thackeray. Frigid Political Economists analyze it as a curious study; balmy Whig philantropists think the result rather satisfactory on the whole; and the *Times* gleefully chuckles over it as a memorial of successful statesmanship. And yet it is the history of the short period of ten years, during which the enormous number of TWO MILLIONS of the Irish people perished of famine!

Let us glance at a few of its revelations. We are not quite certain that all the statements of the Census are to be relied upon, but in general the best sources of information seem to have been resorted to, and considerable care taken in testing the accuracy of the reports. Here and there, however, we are still left to mere conjecture, as to some of the most important data which such a Commission should have developed, For example, the actual number of deaths by famine, during that dreary decade, can still only be speculated upon. The figures under this head, however, understated as they are, inspire one with horror. In 1842, there were only 187 deaths by starvation; in 1845, three times the number—516; next year they amounted to 2,041; in 1847 the deaths amounted to 6,058! And, passing over the year's '48 and 49, how many of the Irish starved to death, think you, in 1851—the great and glorious year of the Exhibition of all Nations? No less than *six hundred and fifty-two!* Ireland was supposed to be in ecstasies about that magnificent event, while nearly a thousand of her wretched people were dying of hunger. But as we have said, these figures are not at all an adequate indication of the deaths by famine. Even the *Times* admits this. "It is difficult (says the great British organ) to ascertain the deaths by actual starvation, because much mortality that is referred to fever, to cholera, and other maladies, is *primarily due to the insuffieiency of food;* and then, again, those deaths which are attributed to 'infirmity, debility, and old age,' and which in the years of famine are very numerous—in 1847, for example, being *more than twenty-two thousand*—are not easily distinguished from the cases of downright starvation."

But this is not all. Who shall tell the number of gaunt victims, who passed away in their lone misery, on the bleak roadside and in the dingy hovel—no friendly hand to reach them even a drop of water—no eye but God's to witness their dying agony. "No pen," observes the Report, "has recorded the numbers of the forlorn and starving who perished by the wayside or in the ditches, or of the mournful groups, sometimes of whole families, who lay down and died, one after another, upon the floor of their miserable cabin, and so remained, uncoffined and unburied, till chance unveiled the appalling scene."

Of course it was in the rural districts that the famine committed most terrible havoc; and the Commissioners enable us to form some estimate of it by giving the rural population of 1841 and 1851, the number of square miles of arable land, and the number of inhabitants on each square mile during the two years. Let us glance over a few items. In our own county of Kilkenny, in 1841 there were 236 to the square mile; in ten years the proportion dwindled to 185! In Kerry the number dwindled from 416 to 216! In Longford from 361 to 253; in Clare from 377 to 229; in Cork from 334 to 221; in Donegal from 472 to 231. On the whole, the *rural* population of the country alone was diminished *one-third!*

But enough of these sickening details for the present. In fact we feel that we are quite "behind the time" in lamenting them at all; and "sensible" people actually regard them as symptoms of "Irish progress and prosperity." Hear how philosophically the *Times* comments upon the matter:—

As the famine which brought the Israelites to Egypt ended in the happiest results, since by means of it they obtained the land of Goshen, it is every day becoming more apparent that the fearful miseries of 1846 are destined to prepare another Goshen for the people of Ireland. The improvements which have been made in the distribution of lands, in the culture of the soil, in the encouragement of manufactures, and in minor points, are blessings to be enjoyed by the Irish themselves, and to be felt in their influence througout the whole of the United Kingdom.

Such is the prevailing cant of the day, and unfortunately it is not limited to the truculent *Times,* but promulgated by many an Irishman who is happy over his own mess of pottage, whatever betide. The people have disappeared and are still disappearing, into the pauper grave or the emigrant ship; but then, English and Scottish capitalists are "consolidating" the land, our breeds of stock are improving beyond calculation, and the landlords are at perfect liberty to do what they like with their own.

So, "Prosperity to Ireland!"

HOW M. P.'S ARE BOUGHT OVER.

From Mr. Roebuck's Speech at Sheffield.

What I would impress upon the people's minds is, that their only hope of reform in the administration of this country is through a reform of the Commons' House of Parliament. It is not simply in the House of Commons, it is in the constituencies of this country that reform must take place. And now let me say one word about yourselves. You are called upon by the law of England, it is said once in seven years, but in fact much oftener, to elect members of parliament. Whom do you select? I judge by the result. Now what occurs? I speak in a town far from London—a manufacturing town—a new borough called into existence by the Reform Bill; and I tell you what has occurred in my own observation. You have returned men to parliament who, the moment they got up to London, have forgotten you. You have chosen men to go to parliament who, the moment they have got there, have been overwhelmed, have been utterly destroyed, as it were, politically speaking, by the influence to which they have been subjected. Mr. So-and-So has a wife. Going to London, he desired to go into society, and Mrs. So-and-So to take her place as the wife of a member of parliament. Now I recollect some time ago telling the story I am about to repeat to you, as a singular illustration of the influence of society upon a member of parliament. When Lord Melbourne's administration was coming to an end, his majorities were very small; and any man who stood out, who had scruples upon that occasion, became of importance. Now there were certain men who could not obtain importance in any other way, who suddenly found themselves beset with scruples. They did not know how they were going to vote. Thereupon they were fastened upon by the whippers-in, and they were beset to ask how they were to vote. There was one gentleman, and he came from the manufacturing districts, who suddenly was beset with scruples. Coming events cast their shadows before, as was wittily said after a majority of only four for ministers. The coming event was that they were going out, and he discovered that his vote was a matter of great importance, and he gave the ministerial whipper-in to understand that at that moment he was unsettled how to vote. Now that was a very significant statement. The whipper-in knew what it meant, and he immediately set about to know how he could gain Mr. So-and-So's vote. And how do you think he gained it? By offering him a place? No; that was not his weak side; but he sent him an invitation to the Queen's ball. The man from that time was caught—he was bound to the ministerial chariot-wheel—he voted for the ministry, and swelled the majority from four to five.

WILLIAM RUSSELL—THE CRIMEAN CORRESPONDENT—THE RUSSIAN CORONATION.

From the London Times.

We confess to some pleasure in the thought that for once, at least, our columns exhibit an achievement for which all our readers must have a profound appreciation. Till they have tried it—which possibly they have no wish to do—they may think it no very difficult task to report a trial or a speech, to write a leading article, to compose a diplomatic dispatch, or even work out a problem in high mathematics. They don't know but what they could do these things, if they tried. But there is one thing that almost everybody has tried to do, and desired to do most earnestly, and has been conscious of a very ignominious failure. That is to describe fully, exactly, forcibly and graphically any remarkable scene that one may happen to have witnessed. Our correspondent at Moscow had to get up at four, and to fight his way through crowded streets to a gate of the Kremlin, where, as he says, "a mass of officers, of ladies in full dress, of mujiks, of well-clad *burgeois,* of strange peasants from distant countries, of tchenovniks in official costume, blazing with stars, and orders, and crosses, fret and fume at the narrow entrance, which is blocked up with carriages, horses, droschkies, and soldiers. Such is the first move, and such the first scene of a day every minute rising in variety, splendor and interest, and creating fresh necessity for keeping the mind, and the heart, too, open to every impression." The eye, however, and the pen that were not thus overwhelmed by the fatal charge of Balaklava and the dread confusion of Inkermann have happily been equal to sights and sounds scarcely less surprising and stunning than those of a battle, though peaceful and painless. Yet—as we cannot add to this description, we will content ourselves with calling attention to its merits—will our readers just observe how completely the writer has been able to keep up the quickness of his observation, the keenness of his perception, and the freshness of his taste for the picturesque or the quaint throughout a day of which every minute made new demands on those delicate faculties? The minute distinctions of rank, of service, of honor, in the generals and staff of the army; the semi-barbarous head-dress, the singular decoration, the unusual color or material; the costly or beautiful regalia and jewels; the veterans of the French war, with their obsolete uniforms and historic recollections; the grotesque pomp of heraldry; the great names of Russia and the late war, the two Gortschakoffs, Biruleff, Menschikoff, Luders, Stalipine, Todleben; the representatives of a hundred races differing from time immemorial in aspect, dress, religion, and character; the strange architecture and peculiar arrangement of the edifices round this marvellous scene; the vast and gorgeous city showing itself beyond them; the feverish movements of the crowd; the signals of the long ceremonial; the arrival of the various embassies, with their national characteristics, their persons, their uniforms, their manner and gait; the solemn acts themselves, the dignity and grace of the chief personages, the beauty of their dress, the simple reverence of their bearing; the frantic devotion of the people, the shrill tones of ecstatic loyalty, a thousand living pictures, a thousand echoing sounds, a thousand breathing forms, a thousand throbbing pulses, are all seized in rapid succession—the work of one day—fixed in perpetuity, and transferred from mortal gaze and cold oblivion to the imperishable pages of history. Yes. In all his sixty million subjects, in his hundred races, and his names of terror—in that devoted band of servants that stand round the throne of the Czar, he had not on that day a more useful and effective friend than the skillful Irishman who was recording for all the world, on tables more enduring than brass or stone, the greatness of his power, the magnificence of his court, the loyalty of his subjects, the devotion of his church, and the simple, natural affection of his family. What will strike a discerning mind still more than this is, the unflagging spirit which could be alive to the humorous and ridiculous in the midst of strong impressions of a wholly different character. Another pen might have described the antique magnificence of the French equipage as it drove up to the doors of the cathedral to set down the ambassador, without noticing the little outbreak of impatiencewhich distinguished anEnglish coachman and "help" disguised in French pageantry. Another eye might not have caught the white gloves of the "veterans" soiled by contact with their blackened moustaches. The fine old Austrian gentleman in puce velvet, pearls, and high-heeled boots, stands out a picture by himself—a day's work for some men. Others might easily have omitted the striking juxtaposition of the Turkish embassy and the Cossack and Greek spectators; the odd contrast presented by the scarlet uniforms of the Italian and Spanish diplomatists; the musicians not knowing when to begin and when to stop; and last, but not least, the Jew behind the clock-tower improving the occasion by the sale of bad *gazeuse* and donkey sandwiches, of which, as long as the demand lasted, he had, with no visible stock, the mysterious means of keeping up a perpetual supply.

Commenting on this article, the *Ulsterman,* published in Belfast, remarks:

This is an eulogium well merited. And not the least hand-some part of it is the acknowledgment (not often willingly made by English journals when they celebrate our men of genius) that Russell is an Irishman. Indeed, Irishmen have made a grand figure in this past war. Not only have they, in the rank and file of England's army, proudly upheld their traditionary valor, but their pens have been the truest depicters of the terrible incidents of the battle. Russell, the Irishman of the *Times,* Woods, the Irishman of the *Herald,* and Murphy, the Irishman of the *Daily News,* have as well supported Ireland's literary character with their pens, as the Irish soldiers maintained her fame for valor with their swords.

MORE AMERICAN ANNEXATION

From the Leinster Express.

A new annexation is about to be effected by the United States, which is by far the most useful ever attempted, and which will prove equally unobjectionable to the most fastidious conservator of the "balance of power." The American Minister, Mr. Dallas, at a banquet of the Cutlers' Company at Sheffield, alluded as follows to the projected telegraphic communication between the Old and New worlds:—

"You have probably heard already that the irresistible and insatiable cupidity of my countrymen is about undertaking a daring exploit of annexation (laughter)—an annexation that will at once embrace these islands (laughter), and ultimately include all Europe, Asia, and Africa. I have actually in my possession a piece of the line recently forged to bind these three venerable continents to the new one of Columbia.

The preliminary soundings have been made,—the cable is in process of fabrication, and thus we may before many years expect to see realized, in a plain manner of fact application of science, more than the boasted celerity of the fairy Puck, that he would "put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." Little thought the immortal bard of Avon when he penned the line, that the wildest freak of his exuberant fancy could by any agency ever be fulfilled. Distance is no insurmountable obstacle, and time itself will be the medium of communication between Valentia, in Ireland, and St. John's in Newfoundland. America is already laced with electric wires; a little more and they will cross to California; and shortly afterwards a Pacific line must be added as a completing link in the magic circle that will surround the globe. But it is not merely as a scientific wonder that this project is invested with a deep interest, it is from its commercial utility, and the close connection in social relationships that must unite the nations of the earth, linked when so together, that we regard it as one of the most important events in this age of improvements. Not many years ago and a reply received from America within a couple of months would have been thought very expeditious; at present nearly four weeks are occupied in the process of question and reply; and soon it will not require as many minutes to give an order and receive assurance of its fulfilment—to offer a sale and receive its acceptance. In many a counting-house, communications from one part to another are not more rapidly made than they soon may be executed between the great mercantile communities of the eastern and western hemispheres. The value of such dispatch is well-known in commercial circles, and the rapid intercourse effected by the introduction of steam, if not actually the cause of, is an essential assistance to, that great increase in traffic which has taken place between the old and the new countries. Such links as these bind so closely, that the danger of hostilities between these nations is materially lessened. For many of the great purposes of civilization, the United States would then be as near to Europe as England is to France, and our Canadian colonies would be within as easy reach of the mother country as Ireland is of the sister kingdoms. These are the triumphs which confer substantial benefits upon society, and before which the ensanguined trophies of war sink into utter insignificance. From the care taken in the survey, and from the scientific skill already displayed in the management of the undertaking there can be little doubt, should the weather prove favorable for laying down the cable, that the enterprise will be eminently successful.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

From the New-York Herald.

For eight years, at least, France has been in an unsound financial condition. Even under Louis Philippe, the annual public deficit was much larger than a mercantile nation would consider safe; after his expulsion things from bad got worse, the debt was increased, the revenue fell off, makeshifts were eagerly resorted to by the ministries of the day, and when Louis Napoleon assumed the direction of affairs, the kingdom was on the verge of bankruptcy. Has he done anything towards a wholesome remedy? In plain truth, he has done nothing but spend money and stimulate speculation. He and his creatures founded the Credit Mobilier, that fraudulent version of the United States Bank, helped it to declare dividends not earned, suffered its managers to knock its stock up and down for purposes of stock-jobbing, encouraged it to embark in all sorts of wild speculations, hardly any of which have ever proved really remunerative, and crowned it the leading financial institution of France. In the way of economy Louis Napoleon has set up the most expensive court seen in France since the days of the old empire, has plunged into a war which must have cost him $400,000,000, the whole thrown away without hope of return, has kept the people from revolution by sustaining the price of bread below that of flour, has dispensed with productive items in the customs duties, has spent millions upon millions in improving Paris. Not in a single act of his reign can we discover any intelligent purpose to retrench or to save money. On the other hand, he has not increased the productive power of the country. In none of the branches of French industry has the increase been larger than usual since he became Emperor, and one of the most extensive producing interests—the wine interest—has enormously fallen off. Add to this, that, while setting the example of extravagance himself, and imposing the same conduct on his court, he has tried to help it along with the people by fostering their natural proclivity to gambling, and has given his sanction to more joint stock companies than ever existed under the old regency—and cause enough will be seen to tremble for the financial stability of France.

James Aldrich, well known in the literary circles of New York, died last week. In 1840 he was editor of a paper called the *Literary Gazette,* and in 1842 he visited Europe as correspondent of the *New World,* of which Park Benjamin was editor. He ranks as a fine poet in Dr. Griswold's collection, and is author of the well-known "death-bed scene:"

"Her sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close;
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

"But when the sun in all its state,
Illumed the Eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise."

Answers to Correspondents.

TO MY MUSE.

ON A "DECLINED" POETICAL CONTRIBUTION.

My faulty Muse,—presumptuous jade,
What wild work in my breast you've made;
The rhyming freak of late we've played—
In faith 'tis shame:
Sir Critic says he'll not parade,
And you're to blame.

He says ours was no lofty flight
O'er fancy's wild Olympic height,
Albeit I've writ night after night
In plain, bold rhyme,
That which he says—(and sure HE's right)
Is out of time.

For me, I own not e'en a fault—
I merely wrote just as I thought,
Of wrongs with which the world is fraught;
But you, my muse!
To aid me sing, as minstrel ought,
Should ne'er refuse.

"I sung the tale as it was told,"
In words that simple were, and bold;
Not in the language stern and cold,
That Glass and Art,
A rapture o'er the hearing hold;
BUT NOT THE HEART.

If well I have not sung my song,
My head and not my heart, was wrong;
Yet best the blame should e'en belong
To my dull pen,
I'll strive to mend,—and then, ere long,
I'LL TRY AGAIN.

ALBANY, Sept. 29, 1856. J. B.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 2, '56.

T. F. MEAGHER, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—Your correspondent "Kilmainham" is in error as to the pension of "Sheares Armstrong," the annual "blood-money," of which he had too long been the recipient, having been discontinued by the administration of George Canning some thirty years ago. Nor did the vexation of the pensioned Iscariot of '98 end with the deprivation of his dear-bought stipend! His mansion, over the river Brusna, in the village of Ballycumber, was entered about two years since, by a worthy burglar; and a gold medal commemorative of his achievements upon the "green table," as the "Saviour of Ireland"(!) was numbered among the spoils abstracted by the intruder. Thus passed away the last material memento which linked the name of Armstrong with the fate of his victims. But "Kilmainham" is right as to the *nom de plume* of "Sheares'"—opprobriously attached to his patronymic, and the odium of a blighted name has, indeed, outlasted its miserable recompense of medals and pensions.

It was my fortune in '46—7, as an independent rate-payer, associated with the Magistrates of the barony of Garrycastle, for the purposes of the Parliamentary Relief measures of the time, to have a place upon the Bench, of which "Sheares Armstrong" was Chairman, and from close and frequent personal observation I can bear testimony to the correctness of "Kilmainham's" remark of "a most forbidding aspect," and I can assure you that more persons than "crying children" have been awed into silence by "threatening to call Sheares Armstrong."

Yours, respectfully,

KINGS COUNTY.

We are constantly receiving a number of letters on legal business, from different parts of the United States, and also from Ireland, requesting opinions upon vague and doubtful claims, or making inquiries concerning the property of deceased relatives, &c. &c. We have hitherto been in the habit of procuring the desired information, and answering such letters, at no small expenditure of time and trouble, and have incurred expense, which, even in the very moderate item of postage, amounts to a considerable sum in the course of a year. The result of our inquiries is generally the same. If a nephew writes to us that his uncle died in New York, and that he is the next of kin, we find on inquiry, that the deceased either left a will, or had a large family of children who were his heirs at law. We communicate the fact to the supposed heir, and never hear from him again.

In justice to ourselves, we are compelled to adopt a different rule for the future. The time of a professional man, is as much a part of his capital, as the stock in trade of a merchant; and to ask a lawyer to give a day to making inquiries about your business, in the hope of future business which will pay, is precisely the same case as if you were to step into a dry goods store in the evening, and politely request the proprietor to give you the profits of that day's business, upon the promise that you will afterwards deal with him.

For the future then, we shall consider ourselves under no obligations of courtesy or otherwise, to answer any letter of the character alluded to, unless it contains a reasonable fee, to compensate us for the trouble and expense in attending to it and answering it.

☞ JOB PRINTING NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY executed at the *News* Office, 29 Ann street, N. Y.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1856.

GREAT LEGAL CONTROVERSY.

IMPORTANT TRIAL — NORTH *versus* SOUTH.

This important controversy has produced greater public excitement than any we have known in the annals of litigation. It was tried before the Supreme Court of the People by a Jury duly empanelled. It was an action of trespass (*quare clausum fregit*), brought by a *Mr. North* against a very beautiful lady named *South*, for the destruction of a certain fence or boundary wall, and damage *fesant*, caused by the black cattle of the Defendant straying into and enjoying the green pasture land of the Plaintiff.

The defence was an absolute denial of any cause of action. *Mrs. South* averred that the land did not belong to Plaintiff, but had been left for public use and benefit as an unreclaimed Common. The Plaintiff's privileges therein were not paramount to her own, and her black cattle were free to use the same, without hindrance or molestation from Plaintiff or any one in his behalf.

Eminent counsel appeared and conducted the case for the respective parties. The inquiries, during the progress of the trial, took a wide range. The most prominent were:

Who put up the wall?

Who knocked down the wall?—including an examination into the law of "knock down" in general.

On this point, counsel cited Brooks, on Capitol Offences; Law of Sumnerry Proceedings; Cane, on Assault and Battery. And, Whether the knocking down the wall was not abolishing a public nuisance?

The testimony, on the various points involved, was somewhat conflicting, but manifestly in favor of *South*. *North's* witnesses stated, that on the occasion of the marriage settlement of a certain *Miss Souri*, a mutual relative of the parties, more than thirty years ago, it was agreed between Plaintiff and Defendant the wall should be put up. It remained up, after being erected, until *South's* people knocked it down.

On the part of the Defendant, many witnesses conversant with all the facts and circumstances of the case, testified that the wall had been originally erected as a matter of mutual convenience to both parties. Within a very recent period, *North* agreed that the settlers on, and cultivators of, the waste lands, should determine for themselves whether or not they should erect fences to prevent the incursions or pasturage of the black cattle. He, the Plaintiff, having agreed to remove the wall, wanted still to keep it up, contrary to his agreement. *North* and *South's* tenants had joined together and knocked the wall down as a useless incumbrance.

When the testimony had proceeded thus far, *North* could no longer keep silence. He rose up, and said:

"May it please the Court, I did not consent to the agreement about the erection of the wall in the first instance. I was opposed to it. I directed my agents to oppose it. But some of them would not listen to me, and carried the measure through. After the wall had been put up, however, I did not care much about it, one way nor the other, until"——

Here *North* was interrupted by a fidgetty old fellow in court, named *Botts*, who was very much excited while *North* was speaking. He roared out:

"I think *Mr. North* had better sit down and not make a fool of himself. He should leave his case in the hands of his counsel."

North, acting on this advice, took the hint and sat down.

Mr. Wise, of counsel for Defendant, then addressed the Court. He said:

"I hope this gentleman *Botts* shall not be permitted to interrupt the proceedings in this manner. I request that he be not allowed to make any statements, unless on the stand as a witness. I propose to contradict and impeach his testimony, fully and conclusively."

Botts attempted to reply, but was prevented, by the Court commanding silence, and the constables giving to him their immediate attention.

After the examination of other witnesses, from whom much important testimony was elicited in favor of *South*, and much sparring between counsel, as to the admission and pertinency of certain documentary evidence, as far back as 1787–1820, and '21 to 1850 and '51—the counsel for the Defendant vested their case.

Plaintiff's counsel, by way of rebutting testimony, then called to the stand, as a witness,

John M. Botts, who was examined at great length, and occupied two whole days in the giving of his testimony. This was owing to his great garrulity, and his statements about his own private and personal quarrels. He seemed to be anxious to prove himself a great original Know-Nothing. He had long ago, he said, before the time of the great Henry Clay, declared, he knew "no NORTH, no SOUTH, no NOTHING."

He appeared to be particularly vindictive against *Mrs. South*, from the circumstance she had withdrawn an agency he had held in her behalf at Washington. He said he knew that *South* wanted the wall up—and then she wanted it down. In fact, in his opinion, *South* did not know her own mind on any subject—was very fickle and changeable.

Cross-examined by *Mr. Wise*—Declines to answer whether or not he has made a wager as to the result of this cause, or whether or not he is to be benefitted, if the Plaintiff obtains a verdict. Did know a certain Captain Tyler. Does not remember, whether or not, he said he would head him off or die. If he did say so, he must have headed him off, as he, *Botts*, is not dead yet, and does not mean to die at all, if he can help it.

Knows a thing or two about horses. Has a large bet on a horse-race soon to come off. Has betted his money on a bob-tailed nag, called *Phil More*, against *South's* stud, *Old Buck*. Admits he has hedged, so as to save himself, on a Woolly Horse, owned and entered for the same race by *Abby Lishon*. Is very friendly with *Abby*. Thinks *Mrs. South* quite jealous of her on his account. Feels himself quite frisky. Considers his dancing days not over yet. Has no ill feeling against *South* on account of her taking from him the Washington agency—oh, no; not in the least; by no manner of means howsomever. Thinks *North* should have kept up the War, or rather the Wall. Considers also *South* did wrong in allowing it to be taken down, because her cattle are now likely to stray away and be lost on the Common. Thinks they should be penned up and packed closely together in a tight enclosure, but is well aware there is a great difference of opinion on the subject.

After much eloquence of Counsel in the summing up of the case,

The Court charged the Jury: They should discharge from their minds everything likely to disturb a dispassionate judgment or decision of the case on its merits. They should decide it, without prejudice or favor, bias or partiality, for either party.

If they considered *North* had an exclusive title to the domain—prescriptive rights that could not be impugned—they should find a verdict in his favor.

If, on the other hand, they should be of opinion that *South* had established that the Land was a Public Common—that *North* had arrogated to himself exclusive jurisdiction over the soil, without law or authority, and to the prejudice of the just and equitable rights of *South* to the free and uninterrupted use thereof equally with *North*, they should find a verdict in favor of Defendant.

The Jury, without leaving their seats, immediately returned a verdict for the Defendant. It was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of popular favor.

The Counsel for the plaintiff, evidently much chagrined, demanded a "polling" of the Jury. They were "polled" accordingly, the voice and vote of each juryman staunchly maintaining the verdict.

Mrs. South received the warm congratulations of her friends, who gathered around her, from all parts of the country, while *North*, acccompanied by *Abby Lishon*, in a fainting state, was seen to sneak quite chop-fallen out of Court.

THE FIREMEN—THE CHIVALRY OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

We have seen no King's head crowned. We have been present at few, indeed, of the European spectacles which fill ancient abbeys, like Westminster, or ancient palaces, like the Kremlin, with such heaving waves of splendor. In fact, we have never solicited a ticket for a royal show. The only pageants we have witnessed were those emphatically of the People. Two of these remain in our memory, the grandest pictures of the past we have lived through. The one was in Dublin, on the occasion of O'Connell's *levee* in the Rotunda. The other was in Paris, the day the deputations from the various nationalities—Poland, Italy and Germany—rolled, like a vast river reflecting some gorgeous sunset, from the Column of July to the Hotel de Ville, with their banners, tricolor scarfs and plumes.

In the first, stood a colossal figure in the centre of a crowded scene, of which the spires of St. Patrick and St. George, and the Record-tower of a gloomy sprawling Castle, were the salient points of the frame-work. There he stood, the impersonation of his race, receiving from noon to sundown the congratulations of tens of thousands. Chief-magistrates in their scarlet robes and golden chains, carrying their white wands of office, bore to him the prayers and greetings of ancient cities. The Trades of the Metropolis, glittering with the insignia of their different callings, rendered to him their homage. "Never," exclaimed Davis in an ecstasy of eloquence, "never on our soil was a prouder pomp. It was a parade which might have graced an Emperor's triumph."

In the other—in that thrilling scene on which the towers of Notre Dame and the victor of Austerlitz from the summit of his brazen spoils looked down—it was something far greater than Russia, with her countless hosts of subjugated tribes, which moved along. It was something far more beautiful and touching than the sight of an old and prosperous nobility, with uncovered head yielding, on bended knee, reverence to a gentle girl-queen in the mausoleum of the Edwards, the princes, soldiers, poets and statesmen of an empire a thousand years old. It was Europe with her chains broken, with the palm-branch in her free hand, returning thanks to God for having called her from the dungeon. A vision only—the swiftly-passing vision of a summer day in history—it was, with exultant song and flashing weapon, prophetic of what Europe shall be when the masters of the Democracy take the place of their victims in the vaults of Speilberg, the snow-wastes of Siberia, the deadly morasses of Cayenne.

The parade of Monday—the marching of the Firemen of New-York, with their brothers from near and distant cities—in scenic splendor and moral grandeur far outstripped the solemnities we have spoken of, though both were orations of the People. From a crevice in the vast crowd which gazed with gratitude, and pride, and wonder on that well-ordered army of brave young citizens—most, if not all, so intelligent, handsome, and athletic—we, too, looked out with a throbbing heart, and thinking of the freedom from which has sprung a chivalry so pure, generous, and dauntless, rejoiced in the destiny which has interwoven our hopes and labors with the American community.

THE REV. DR. MORIARTY IN BROOKLYN.

Our friends in Brooklyn, we perceive, are about to have the advantage of hearing once more the glowing eloquence of the Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, of Philadelphia, whose lectures, de-

livered some years ago, many of them still remember with pleasure. It has been announced that he will deliver five successive lectures in the Church of the *Star of the Sea*, Court street, South-Brooklyn, commencing on Monday, the 20th of October, and continuing each evening to the close. The lectures will commence each evening at seven and a-half o'clock.

He should have a large audience every evening, for his powers as a lecturer are well known, and one of the objects of this course is to enable the venerable Pastor of the *Star of the Sea* to pay for the painting of his church, which wants only that adornment to be certainly the most beautiful in Brooklyn.

The Greenwood cars, from Fulton and Hamilton Avenue Ferries, are constantly passing its doors.

BISHOP ENGLAND ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

We publish in the present number the first of a series of powerful letters on the subject of American Slavery, from the pen of the late most eminent divine, the Right Reverend Bishop England, of South Carolina.

They were addressed to the Hon. John Forsyth, then Secretary of State.

As some importance is said to be attached to an alleged Bull of Pope Gregory XVI., now being extensively republished by political schemers, we have considered it necessary to reproduce the letters of Bishop England, as authentic evidence on the subject. We shall continue their publication until the four numbers composing the series, are completed.

The alleged Bull, Bishop England shows to be a mere Rescript, or opinion of the Pope, to which no other deference was due from Catholics, than it was entitled to from their own conscientious convictions.

Bishop England it is well known, always spoke as an oracle. His intimate knowledge of the subject of Southern slavery, and the cultivated resources of his mind, particularly qualified him to discharge what he considered a duty in the letters he addressed to Mr. Forsyth, with the ability of an American statesman.

MUNICIPAL POLITICS.

The fact of our not having a vote, ought sufficiently to explain the propriety of the silence we observe respecting the candidates for the different offices and posts of honor in the gift of the citizens of New-York. Add to this, that having been resident in New-York for little more than a twelvemonth (though we have been in the United States for nearly five years), we do not feel qualified to express an opinion on so delicate a subject as the conflicting merits of the candidates present. The gentlemen, therefore, who have begged us to speak out, will forgive the neutrality we have seen fit to maintain. Letters, it is true, which warmly support some of the more prominent claimants, have appeared in our columns, and continue to do so. Coming from parties who hold themselves publicly responsible for their opinions, we could not feel ourselves at liberty to exclude their communications. Upon all such questions, and from all such parties, it is a duty we owe our readers to make public any correspondence we receive. For the accuracy of the opinions set forth in such correspondence, however, we do not by any means or to the slightest extent pledge ourselves. Politically we commit ourselves to no sentiment, whether of hostility or preference, which has not been expressed in our own words and writing.

On the Presidential question, a different course has seemed proper to us to pursue. It is a question in which the world is interested. The consequences involved in it—the results growing out of it—will affect countries lying far away from America, and other ages besides this one in which we live. The magnitude of the question will be our apology, if it excites our interest, and the interest excites some study, a fund of warm sympathies, and reiterated good wishes. It would go hard with us to take up the European papers, as every mail brings them to us, and to find the organs of state-craft in France, in Spain, in England—the apologists of O'Donnel, Napoleon, and Lord Palmerston—writing down Buchanan, without using to some extent, in favor of the United States, the privilege which utter strangers cultivate under such aristocratic auspices to the present disparagement, and it may be, the future detriment of the Republic. All the choice organs of European absolutism support Colonel Fremont in his pretensions to the Chief-Magistracy. They are equally eloquent and earnest in their depreciation of the merits of Mr. Buchanan. From which fact it has long since become evident that the great question now pending in America is of a consequence, which as it engages the attention of thousands abroad, justifies us in the position we have assumed beside it on the spot.

OULART HILL.

Oulart Hill has been well called the Lexington of the Irish war for independence in '98. Here it was that Father John Murphy, the noble Priest-General, with his outraged parishoners, lit the torch of insurrection, and commenced the brilliant campaign, of which Wexford was the memorable theatre in that year of flame and vengeance. Immortal be the memory of Murphy, of Boolavogue, who exhorted the people to conquer or perish! For ever honored be those men who, revolving about his brave heart, like spokes round the axle that holds them, raised the flag of Ireland on Oulart, and scarcely left a royalist to carry the news to Enniscorthy!

Some of our Militia companies, which were to have gone through the evolutions of that memorable Whit-Sunday (May 27th,) on the 7th inst., at Hastings, postponed the *fete champetre* until Monday next, when we are certain they will attract a host of admiring friends to witness even a feint of '98. We beg to call attention to the preparatory drill which takes place at the Eagle Drill Rooms, at 7 1-2 o'clock, Friday, 17th inst.

NOTES FROM NICARAGUA.

The latest news from Nicaragua is very interesting, and, if it is to be credited, very important. The point and pith of it is this:

First, that Gen. Walker, at the head of eight hundred men, is still in Granada, revolving in his mind the taking formal possession of San Juan del Norte.

Second, that having done so, he will proceed to Costa Rica, and probably take possession of it.

Third, that he is about to confiscate to the Nicaraguan Government all property for which the present "owners" or dwellers thereon, cannot produce satisfactory title-deeds.

Fourth, that great dissatisfaction existed among Gen. Walker's troops, some forty of whom, including some of the General officers of the army, declared their determination not to serve any longer; and—

Fifth, that after having twenty-four hours to re-consider their rashness, and still persisting in it, the General ordered them out, and shot every mother's son of them.

This spicy programme of things done, doing and to be done, is furnished by the Panama and Aspinwall newspapers, sources or mediums of intelligence, we may remark, which in the present case must not be considered of sufficient purity to warrant the wholesale use of their decoctions, without at least the public being made aware of the ingredients.

These papers are notoriously opposed to President Walker, and to the means by which a handful of gallant Americans are disentombing from beneath the effete and deadening influences of Spanish dominion, one of the brightest and most prolific spots in the world. These journals intentionally desire to deter Americans in the States from sympathizing with the Liberating party of Central America; and from their position, in being the traffickers of news-items on the Isthmus for the steamers, are well calculated, even with slight effort, to give currency to many fables, or so to jumble up fact and fiction, that in the startling panics of the latter, the resolute power of the former is made but of secondary importance.

We do not believe that forty men, knowing General Walker's firm character, would be so stupidly foolish to attempt a mutiny; next, we don't believe that they had any notion of it; and—consequently, that the shooting affair is one of those over-drawn incidents by which men blindly desirous to injure an enemy, frequently expose themselves. Rivas remains fortified in Leon, with his own forces, and a combination of Guatemalans and Salvadorans, amounting it is rumored (by the same authorities) to twenty-five hundred men. He is only waiting, they say, until the dry season, November, sets in, to attack Walker. We fear if the rainy weather continues until he does so, they will have, as Professor Merriam would say, "an elongated wet turn" in the "paradise of Mahomet."

The allied States of Salvador, Honduras, and Guatemala "are getting a small naval force" in readiness; while Costa Rica, ruined almost in its commercial prospects, gives vent to its great dissatisfaction against President Mora, on account of the terrible loss of life, resulting from the late invasion of Nicaragua, and which has affected nearly every family in the Republic. They are preparing however to repel, as best they can, the talked of invasion of General Walker, and for this purpose have posted five hundred men on the frontier in Guana Costa, under General Canas.

THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

Thirty miles eastward of the isles of Arran, at the head of one of the noblest estuaries in the world, stands the town of Galway. A sombre, most picturesque old town it is. Vast square-built houses—the same as one meets in Malaga and Cadiz—with a good deal of ragged finery, in the way of heraldic shields and scrolls above the doorways, chronicle the days when the merchants of this Moorish-looking seaport supplied the whole of Ireland with Spanish wine.

Right royal days they were. For Galway merchants and their galleys, they were Venetian days—Venetian in adventure, wealth and splendor. Sir Oliver St. John, in 1614, writes of these merchants, that they were rich and great adventurers at sea. Old Heylin speaks of the place as "a noted empire of great fame with foreign traders."

The swarthy features and raven hair of the people indicate their community of blood with the chevaliers and ladies of old Spain; and we have the fastidious Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her most polished phrases intimating, that these people are, for the most part, so finely formed, so naturally graceful, that almost every peasant girl might serve as a model for the sculptor. On a Fair day, in those narrow streets, where the shadow is ever deep and motionless, and some ancient gateway intercepts the avenue which conducts to a church, of which the chimes in the dusty tower is all that is left of the glory of its youth, the red woollen hoods which cover those heads, give a rich coloring to a picture which, architecturally viewed, is one of the most romantic in Ireland.

Behind these features lies a history, which, under the magic of an eloquent pen or voice, could be woven into an Irish epic, nobler even than Carolan himself could have sung. There is the Invasion of the Normans—the driving out of the ancient Septs—the war waged against the O'Flaherties—the prosperous doings of the Tribes—the episode of Lynch Fitzstephen—the persecution of the Burkes and Kellys. There is the story of the second siege it stood, when Ginkle, trampling his Irish foes under foot from Aughrim to Lough Corrib, forced its gates, and brought the Tribes upon their knees.

Yet the past of Galway is but the antique altar, above which shine forth prophecies of the eminence and fortune it could attain were justice done it. Inaugurated as the mail-station between New-York and London—authorized to be the starting and receiving point of the steam-traffic between Europe and America—the traditionary glories of its Spanish trade would fade off, like white clouds, in the irradiation of a new prosperity. As it is, the arabesque reminiscences that cluster massively about it, and the glowing speculations its suggests to the patriot, the merchant, and the shipwright, render this old town of Galway a grand subject, indeed, for a popular address.

Our friend, James Roche, who, as a member of the local press, was for a long time identified with the labors, interests, and hopes of the City of the Tribes, delivers a lecture next Monday evening, in the Styvesant Institute, on this subject. In no other hands we know of could this ancient casket of Irish oak—perfumed with the wine of Xerxes, and so curiously carved—be exhibited to such advantage. It will be a pleasant, a bright, an instructive evening, and we must all be there.

EVENING FREE SCHOOLS.

No matter what health, strength of mind, or elasticity of thew and sinew, the day-laborer, artizan, or shopman, may bring to the States' wealth or his own physical comfort—no matter how philosophers may look upon them as, and tell them they are, the foundations of Society—no matter how politicians may flatter them, while they use them as the machinery which propels themselves into power—no matter what railroads, aqueducts, and public buildings they can fashion, still—without the rudiments of a popular education—they are inferior as citizens, and in every capacity of usefulness, to the humblest man who can read and write; and who, by thus comprehending the true merits of the political movements of the day, which holds Society in its position, are better enabled to add with tenfold strength his acquiesence or opposition to their support.

Popular education is the life and soul—the blood, brains and body-guard of a Republic. Freedom of opinion—which cannot exist without popular knowledge—is the foundation of the State. It is the fountain of the Faith which enlightens it, and the guaranty of the strong will, which shall preserve it. Therefore it is that every man should zealously apply himself to the attainment of that which yields such benefits, and indicates such just and necessary responsibilities.

In this country there is no excuse for not possessing the first principles, at least, of all that is needed in the way of education for the ordinary duties of life. In this Republic every citizen is a sentinel, and should not only know but *understand* the password—which is the Constitution.

For those who in early life were debarred from the attainment of such rudiments and principles, other means are offered, which should be hailed by every young man, as a premature legacy, and by every old one as so many years added to his life. We allude to the Evening Free Schools. Here the laborer and mechanic—they who have been earning for their wives and little ones the bread of life—may achieve that "salt of existence" which preserves humanity and dignifies labor. Here may the bright lad upon whom has devolved the care of feeding a widowed mother, learn, when his manual labor is done, that he is worthy of Grecian and Roman tribute, and receive those seeds into his brain, which may grow into healthy laurels around it.

We earnestly entreat the attention of our readers to this subject, and to the announcement in another portion of our columns, which exhibits the localities devoted to this noble and needful project. It can be fraught with nothing but good, by keeping our youth from the dens which entice them at every corner of the city. The name of our friend, Judge Florence McCarthy, which we recognize among the Executive Committee, is a guarantee of the faithfulness with which the management will be conducted.

Literature.

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.*

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

"Very singular, indeed!" muttered the man of capital and caution. "Singular that you should be so like him, and singular again that you should have made the voyage with his wife. She is uncommonly quick, as far as I have seen of her. Did not she remark the extraordinary resemblance?"

Here was a new dilemma, for which a new evasion had to be forthwith coined. He had gone so far that retreat was no longer possible?

"She never did," he quietly returned: "In all probability she never saw me. The distance between first and second cabin passengers, though only the thickness of a board, is, socially, a gulf over which the keenest vision cannot lift itself. A majority of ladies," continued Casement, bitterly, as he thought of Lady Alice, "would not recognize their own son or husband from the quarter deck, if they saw him taking his meals in the steerage. Is it likely, then, they would notice a resemblance where the original must remain unknown?"

"For a man of your years," observed Mr. Treadwell, with a smile, "you seem to have had a large experience. Are you in search of employment?"

"I am. That is to say, I mean"—stammered Casement.

"Suppose I were to offer you a seat at that desk," continued the banker, pointing with the feather of his pen to a high stool which stood in front of a ponderous ledger.

"Ah, sir," answered Casement, again evasively, "are not heavy securities required from those who aspire to such offices?"

"But suppose," urged Mr. Treadwell, more seriously, "suppose I dispense with these, and ask nothing but your face; what then would be your answer?"

The clerks who overheard this last remark dropped their pens in amazement. "That fellow's fortune's made," whispered the cashier to the teller, "if he only knows how to take the ball at the hop." Apparently he did not, for he answered:

"I would say, sir, that your dealings with Cascales must have been large and satisfactory in no common degree, since even a resemblance to him is a passport to your good opinion."

"There is sterling stuff in this fellow," thought the banker, who had as warm a heart within that shrivelled kernel as ever beat within the breast of any eccentric old bachelor in Christendom. "Another of these hungry hounds would have jumped at my offer and held me to my words. You are mistaken, sir," he said aloud. "My first transaction with Cascales was a draft for nineteen thousand dollars, payable to his wife, and cashed about three weeks ago. When I knew him here, he was miserably poor; he said he was going back to claim a large property in England, out of which he had been kept, through some legal technicalities, for more than twenty years. Some friends raised a subscription for his return, to which I contributed my mite. That is absolutely all I know concerning him."

"And his wife?" said Casement, determined to press on while the man of wealth continued so communicative.

"As for her," said Mr. Treadwell, shrugging his shoulders and puckering a more complex wrinkle between his brows, "I know nothing, and care still less. She seemed haughty and exacting, and their life was not a happy one. He has got cheaply clear of her, if the payment made through me was a full acquittance of her claims. She has gone West, I suppose, as she took some credits on the bank of Cincinnati."

"A full acquittance of her *claims!*" thought Casement. "Persons do not usually speak in these terms of the *rights* which belong to wives." He would have given much to ask the question suggested by these thoughts, but prudence bid him hold his peace and trust to time for a development.

"To come to the point at once," said the banker, who imagined that our hero would have jumped at his offer, had he not been restrained by an overwhelming modesty, "I judge from your appearance that you can read and write, and know at least the rudiments of arithmetic?"

Casement bowed.

"Then take off your hat, step up to that desk there, and take your seat. You are a stranger in search of employment, I see; and your salary shall commence at seven hundred dollars. Are you content?"

"I am grateful beyond measure," sighed the young man, "and shall think better of my face from henceforth, for the substantial compliment you have paid it. Nevertheless, I must decline; I am going westward to clear a farm and settle. You look astonished; but the life of a pioneer is not without its charms for one of hardihood and a vigorous will. In another dozen years I may have built a town!"

"Cash the order of Mr. Charles Jones for one hundred and fifty pounds sterling," cried Mr. Treadwell to the chief cashier. "Young gentleman," continued he, turning round so as to take a better view of O'Reilly from head to foot, "I admire your spirit, and earnestly hope you may never have cause to regret this decision. I am busy now—so leave me; but if ever you come this way again drop in to see me, and remember that for you there will always be a vacancy in our establishment."

CHAPTER V.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF NED MORGAN—THE POLICE CALLED IN—A PORTRAIT DRAWN FROM LIFE.

"Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call
And ask them for my friend. Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night—
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains."

Shakespeare.

"There is much mystery in a tangled skein,
And yet—once given the clue—how quickly all
The knots and intricate coils can be unwound!
Go seek a lawyer—mark me well, an honest one—
(If such there be?) and let him hear thy tale."—*Ford.*

Not a little elated by the success of his first effort in diplomacy, Casement returned to his hotel, and sat down to give a full account of all his discoveries to Father Casement and the attorney. The letter addressed to the former was a long one—it contained a full account of the voyage, but merely alluded to the sisters as "two interesting peasant girls," an outrage upon whom had led to the maritime revolution of which Ned Morgan was the active chief.

The interview with Mr. Treadwell was reported almost with stenographic accuracy; and infinite were the surmises and conjectures to which each detail gave rise.

In a postscript, it was added that the priest might make himself easy as to the writer's present feelings with regard to Lady Alice. "I have seen but little of the world since seeing you," it said; "but that little has been enough to show me the error of my own judgment, and the superior depth of yours. I confess that I mistook for true and ardent passion, what was really no more than the mere fancy of a boy. Lady Alice had many dazzling qualities; but she lacked those finer sensibilities, that airy mirthfulness and artless grace, which beautify even the humblest forms of womanhood, and give assurance of unending fidelity and esteem."

The sentence looked awkward after he had written it. Could the priest by any possibility associate the allusions towards its close with the hurried mention of "two interesting peasant girls," made in the earlier part of the voluminous dispatch? Should he strike it out altogether? Alas! the paper was thin, and a partial erasure would only call more attention to the incriminating paragraph.

"Let it go," he muttered, as he folded up the rustling sheets and crammed them with some difficulty into a capacious envelope. "Why should I be ashamed to own that Ellen Plunkett has given me new views of life? She is modest, beautiful and pure; and we stand in a country whose maxim is equality. As a friend, I shall always have a deep regard for her; to think of her in any other light would of course be extremely absurd."

After sealing the letter he looked up at the clock, and was surprised to find that it was already after midnight. For the first time, it occurred to him that he had neither seen nor heard of his faithful follower since leaving the hotel that morning, to call on Messrs. Treadwell and Brown, and close upon the heels of this reflection—quick as the riflering follows the flash—came the memory of Brand's threatened vengeance.

"I must see to this at once," he cried, throwing on his cloak and hat, and making down to the great reception-hall, where Ned was commonly to be found.

None of the waiters had seen him; they had been dull all night, they said, for the want of his queer stories and merry laugh. Maybe it was only a bit of a spree, after all, and he'd come home by morning.

Satisfied in his own mind that this conjecture was not correct—for Ned, though as fond of a glass as the next man, was never known to exceed—Casement called one of the waiters to guide him, and made his way at once to the bureau of the Chief of Police.

The Clerk, who heard him very patiently to the end, admitted that the case looked suspicious, and that the enmity of Brand was in itself a sufficient cause for just alarm. "The best I can do for you," he said, in conclusion, "is to place a watch on Brand, and find out what he has been doing this evening. Perhaps, after all, this may be a false alarm; your friend may have been seduced into some tippling-shop, where they hocussed him for the mere purpose of robbery. I have great hopes that you will see him, either alive or dead, before tomorrow noon. If not, you can then come back here, and we will see about a search."

This was cold comfort indeed, but our hero was obliged to put up with it. All night he paced the streets, but nothing came to him from Ned. Next morning he ascertained that Brand had not been visible in any of his usual haunts—"and that," said the clerk, "bodes no good, I'm afraid, to the man whose life you say he threatened."

Can you not arrest him on suspicion?" inquired Casement, impatiently. "I can swear to the very words he used, and there are fifty others who heard him."

"Arrest him!" cried the Clerk, with a sardonic grin. "And have half the biggest officials overhead coming down to go bail for him—contending which should have the honor—before he was rightly bolted in his cell! Besides, the threat was uttered out of the jurisdiction of the court, and of any criminal act there is not the remotest evidence. I tell you, too, that if you wished the fellow to account for his time, he could get dozens of legally respectable witnesses to swear that he was foremost and devoutest in their company at a grand prayer meeting held yesterday in the Broadway Tabernacle. You are a stranger, I see, and, therefore, it is the more necessary to caution you. If you had Brand arrested now, he would be free in half an hour, and you would occupy his cell on a charge of perjury and false imprisonment. Be careful where you go, and how you go; never venture into unfrequented streets after nightfall, and look as religiously to the loading of your Colt as if on it depended your temporal and eternal salvation."

With this advice, which sounded oddly from such a quarter, Casement took leave of the really good-natured officer, and bent his steps towards the chambers of a celebrated legal gentleman, whose advice he had been recommended to take.

The lawyer received him courteously and seemed to take an active interest, almost amounting to personal sympathy, in the fate of the missing man. He was a young man himself—indeed, a very young one, to have attained such eminence in a profession where all the brightest intellects of the country were engaged in a gigantic competition. As a politician, too, he might have risen to the very pinnacle of power—for his eloquence was confessed, and his sincerity had never been called in question: but place had no charms for him to compensate the loss of independence; and, though appealed to by his own party in all great emergencies, and responding with an enthusiasm which never failed to triumph, he left the field the moment victory was won, and abandoned to other and more greedy hands the collection and disbursement of the spoils.

Young, handsome and accomplished, never were the garments of political and legal fame worn with a more graceful ease. Not a hair of his heavy moustache was out of place—not a wrinkle appeared on his high and massive brow to speak of studious days and nights of sleepless vigil and acquirement; no affectation of peculiarity proclaimed him conscious of superior genius, and, therefore, anxious to attract attention. On the contrary, so elegant his toilet—so perfect and unencumbered his style of manner and address, that it would seem as if he wished to meet the carpet-knights and mere butterflies of fashion on their own ground, and show them that it was possible for a man to attain a far higher grace than that they aimed at, and yet be none the less an active student and sublime expounder of that oldest law which tells us, that in the sweat of man's brow he shall henceforth earn his bread.

Born of Irish parentage, he inherited with his blood a hatred of every despotism—with his birth an unfaltering devotion to those principles which are embodied in the Constitution. A working-man himself, in the noblest usage of the term, he was an unflinching advocate of the workman's rights, and the bitterest foe of those monopolies, which form the worst and meanest tyranny of wealth. His private character corresponded with his public worth, and his friendship was as generous as the sun.

After listening attentively to the whole story, from its commencement in the *Vulture* to the last interview with the clerk of the police-office, Mr. O'Grady—as we shall call him, in lieu of a better name—pronounced that the case was one requiring the promptest and most energetic action. "In my professional character," he said, "there is nothing as yet to be done. Even if an angel from heaven came down to tell you that the man was murdered, you would have to trouble him a second time to show you the corpus delicti before any steps could be taken. Such is the law, and there are solid reasons for its being so. Nevertheless, in my private capacity, I believe my influence may assist you. Come over to the Chief's office, and between us we will see what can be done towards putting some vigor into the search. At present, the disappearance of 'a mere Irishman' is not regarded with any particular regret—nor do the officers think it would pay them well to be active in pursuit of Brand. But, heavens! if it were near election time, and the Irish vote stood in doubt, such an incident as this would furnish steam enough to set all the police machinery from here to New-Orleans in motion."

Casement listened attentively, but failed to find any legitimate connection between politics and a simple matter of police: he was unsophisticated, as yet, in the practical philosophy of "political excitement," and could not imagine any circumstances under which the murder of a countryman could be used as the means of influencing a party vote. One thing he clearly saw, however; to wit—that Mr. O'Grady's appearance in the matter greatly altered and enlivened the perceptions of the officers of justice; they had been dozing over the matter before, but were now as wide awake and alert as if poor Ned had owned a corner lot in the fifth avenue, and employed two liveried negroes to drive him down to Wall-street every morning.

"Then you do not think, Bullock," said Mr. O'Grady, addressing one of the police officers as he turned to leave—"you do not think that any advertisements would be advisable?"

"As things stand," promptly responded that officer—a red-faced squab-looking little Englishman, with eyes as piercing as a brace of gimlets, and hands and feet that would have been in keeping with a body twice his size—"As things stand, I should say not, sir. Hif we keep quiet, they'll think 'es a mere himmigrant for 'oom nobody cares;—this may put them hoff their guard a bit, though them runner coves his *huncommon* wary!"

The emphasis layed on the penultimate word, was not without a thrill of admiration. The man-hunter could appreciate the cunning and strategic skill of the hunted; it is this feeling which gives the perilous life of the detective a charm almost chivalrous in the eyes of those who are fitted by nature for such business. It is the ambition of conquest under one of its least promising forms—to meet cunning with superior guile—to fight treachery with treachery, and turn against the criminal those very resources upon which he relies for immunity or escape.

"You are a stranger?" said Mr. O'Grady, as Casement paused to thank him and say farewell, at the door of the lawyer's chambers. "Have you any relations here, and where do you put up?"

"To your first question, none," answered the other; "to your second, at the Astor."

"At the Astor—and yet he must be poor!" muttered the lawyer, musingly. "Pardon me, my dear fellow," he quickly added, seeing that Casement had still enough of old-country pride to color crimson at the imputation of poverty—"pardon me a thousand times! It is sometimes my misfortune to think aloud when I am out of court. The command of nerve required there, in some cases, is so intense, that a little relaxation of caution afterwards, is absolutely requisite. I was thinking, however, that a gentleman of your appearance and evident position, seldom thinks of emigration until after fortune has played him some awkward trick. As to poverty, in this country, thank God, it is no reproach; to use an expressive Irishism, many of our greatest millionaires were born 'without a shoe to their foot.' If you are not engaged this evening, I should feel honored by your company."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTH.

(From the back pages of a Reporter's Note-Book.)

Of all the rambles and scrambles through the country which professional duty has obliged me to undertake since the commencement of the Presidential campaign, none has been accompanied by so many pleasant incidents, or is associated with so many agreeable recollections, as a recent visit I paid to the good old State of South Carolina. I left New-York at four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, the 28th of September, in that good ship, the *James Adger*, and arrived at the city of Charleston on the following Tuesday, at about half-past eight in the morning. Charleston, as everybody knows who knows anything, is the commercial capital of South Carolina, and what is more, one of the finest cities in the Union. Its situation is rather low, and the country behind it, is too flat to warrant us in claiming for it much of the picturesque. The approach from the harbor, however, is beautiful. On the right lies Sullivan's Island, with its low, tropical-looking houses, its magnificent hotel, and Fort Moultrie, great in revolutionary annals, on its further extremity. On the left, a pretty undulating fringe of shore, green as emerald, stretches away as far as the eye can reach, until lost in the blue haze of the horizon. In front rise the tall spires and white towers of the city, bathed in a flood of golden light, and springing, as it were, from the very bosom of the bay.

> "I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
> As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand,"

The city, viewed internally, is clean; the streets, spacious; the buildings, generally handsome; the stores elegant; and its business aspect indicates wealth, prosperity, and progress. The greatest drawback is its unhealthiness during the warm months. This sometimes becomes so serious, that people not acclimatized, rarely venture on visiting it during the summer. During my brief stay in it, I ascertained that yellow fever was quite prevalent, and observed as one of the consequences, that the hotel where I took up my quarters—(which has the reputation of being the best in the city)—had not probably more than twenty passing guests on its register. Incautious or prolonged exposure to the night air, or the hot sun, frequently proves fatal to strangers. Everybody whom business brings to Charleston during the sickly season, should keep as much within doors as possible at all times, and, if obliged to remain overnight, go to Sullivan's Island, which is but a short distance out in the harbor, and is unequalled for salubrity, by any sea-side resort on the continent.

I can hardly describe the pleasure I experienced in meeting some old friends in Charleston, whom I had not seen for several years before, and who, with a hospitality that used only to be Irish, and with a warmth of friendship and nobility of kindness that are seldom found anywhere out of the South, did their best try to make my stay agreeable. I am bound to say they succeeded to perfection. To one fresh from the North, and habituated to Northern feelings and character, the quick sensibilities, overflowing good nature, chivalric tone and convivial temper that form the prominent traits of our Southern brethren, cannot fail at first sight to appear somewhat extravagant. This impression soon wears away, however; and even if it did not, it is an extravagance with which nobody can be displeased. Certainly I, for one, regretted my inability to enjoy more of it.

That amiable tar-and-watery old fogy, Bishop Berkeley, once took the liberty of remarking that, "The Southern wits are like cucumbers, which are commonly all good in their kind—but at least are an insipid fruit,—while the Northern geniuses are like melons,—(query, water-melons?) of which not one in fifty is good; but when it is so, it is an exquisite relish." I am inclined to the belief, that if the good Bishop had known anything of pickled cucumbers, he would have changed his simile, and I am certain that if he had known as much about the South as I do, he would have changed his opinion. The allusion to the melon is, I must admit, rather striking. There is something very suggestive in it of the strongminded Women, Transcendental Philosophy, and Black Republicanism. He was very much mistaken as to what he deemed to be the insipidity of the South. There is nothing insipid about it. Why, the very first thing I heard mentioned, after setting foot on the wharf at Charleston, was the fatal duel that had been fought on the previous evening between Edward McGrath and young Taber, of the *Mercury*. It monopolized the conversation at the hotel breakfast table, and was the theme of general comment everywhere. But withal, nobody seemed to regard it as an unexpected or unusual occurrence. Its sad termination, and the position of the parties to it, alone seemed to secure for it so much public attention, and to elicit so much public feeling.

Mr. Taber was a young man, influentially connected, though personally, I believe, rather unpopular. His abilities were of the first order, and his prospects of attaining future distinction as a public man, brilliant in the extreme. He was fearless, almost to audacity, and enjoyed considerable reputation as a duellist. McGrath, though a young man of a family remarkable for talent, was regarded as one of those quiet, easy, harmless, good-natured fellows who never trouble themselves about anything, and glide so smoothly down the stream of life, that not a ripple is left to mark their track. And yet see the Celtic recklessness of the man when his feelings were aroused. Stepping forward as the voluntary champion of the good name of his brother, he indited a sort of wholesale challenge, peremptorily demanding of both editors of the *Mercury* an immediate retraction, or immediate satisfaction. Taber replied as haughtily, and accepted the challenge. They met at the race course on Monday afternoon. A large number of people, having heard of the projected duel, assembled on the ground. The principals were arranged by their seconds, at the stakes which had been sunk by the friends of Hatch and Cunningham, when those gentlemen fought their bloodless battle at the same place a few months before.

On that very occasion, Taber acted as Cunningham's second. A singular incident occurred at the close of that affair which it may not be out of place here to relate. When all was settled and the parties were about leaving the field, some one suggested the advisability of pulling up the stakes. "Oh, no," said Taber with a laugh, "never mind; let them remain for the next comers." He little thought that he, himself, would be one of the next comers, doomed never to return alive.

> "But life is sweet, and mortality's blind,
> And youth is hopeful and Fate is kind
> In concealing the day of sorrow;
> And enough is the present sense of toil—
> For this world is to all a stiffish soil—
> And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
> From the debts not due 'till to-morrow."

Magrath knew little or nothing of the management of a pistol, and nothing whatever of duelling. Both he and his opponent exhibited the utmost *sang-froid*. The distance between them was but ten paces. It was arranged that they should fire "on the rise," that is, when in the act of raising, instead of whilst lowering, their weapons. Just imagine the scene. The seconds take their places. The trembling spectators retire still farther from the neighborhood of the duellists. "Gentlemen," say the seconds, "are you ready?"

"Yes," is the reply.

"Prepare to fire!"

"Fire!—One—two—three!!"

The reports are heard almost simultaneously, a slight smoke envelopes the combatants, and their friends run up to them. Neither is found to be hurt. An effort is made at reconciliation, but without effect. The pistols are again loaded, the principals again take their places, and again the words, "Fire!—One—two three!!" are heard This time McGrath's bullet raises the dust—near Taber's foot, possibly striking his boot, but no further injury is done. A second and more prolonged effort at an amicable adjustment follows.

"What do you require?" is asked of Magrath.

"I shall be satisfied," says he, "with a withdrawal of the objectionable articles and the expression, on the part of the editors of the *Mercury*, of regret at their appearance."

"No, no," Taber replies in his quick, nervous manner—"no regret—never, sir!—I shall disclaim them, but never express regret for their publication!"

All peaceful interference is now seen to be futile.

Again, the pistols are loaded, and the principals walk up to the posts. The crowd recedes—the seconds take their stand—the pistols are presented—the order—"Fire!—One—two—three!" is given—the quick rat-tat is heard before the last word is uttered, and Taber is seen to stagger backwards, reel and fall. The people rush up and see the blood oozing out of his forehead. "Back, gentlemen," shouts the Surgeon—"clear off, that we may have room to aid the wounded man!"

Alas, poor fellow! he is now beyond aid from human agency. A spasm or two, and all is over with him—here.

This duello code is a marked feature of Southern Society, and has always been in vogue among races characterised by strong sensibilities and excitability of temper. It is not my business here to enter into a disquisition on the ethics of it, but I cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that it is a very absurd manner of settling quarrels. Something, it is true, may be said in its favor. But what of that? I do not doubt that something might be said in favor of the devil, and I am thoroughly convinced there never was a bad thing in existence in regard to which something good, or tending to good, might not be advanced. I can readily conceive of circumstances in which one man would be not only justified, but bound to kill another, but no strength of fancy could devise circumstances under which the obligation to kill would be mutual—unless it be in war, and I question even that. Let me make a quotation from the *Tatler*, and with it, wind up the subject.

"*Mr. Sage.*—I have never read of a duel among the Romans, and yet their Nobility used more liberty with their tongues than one may do now without being challenged."

"*Sir Mark.*—Perhaps the Romans were of opinion that ill language and brutal manners reflected only on those who were guilty of them; and that a man's reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the person's throat who had reflected on it; but the custom of those times had fixed the scandal in the action; whereas now it lies in the reproach."

I left Charleston at ten o'clock on Thuesday night, and travelled without interruption until four o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. My route lay between Charleston and Columbia, and thence on the Greenville road to a little village named Greenwood, some 215 miles from Charleston, and about 30 north of the Savannah River. The road from Charleston to Columbia passes through the most dreary country the eye of traveller ever rested on. Tangled brakes of stunted pine, alternating with dismal marshes or blighted corn-fields, and not a hill to relieve the wretched monotony, constitute the never-changing prospect. Well-cultivated fields stretch down to the road. Pleasant farm-houses, embedded in oak and magnolia, with the smoke of the negroes' huts rising up out of the dense groves, here and there meet the view, and gladden both eye and heart. The whole face of nature is changed. Even the very steam-engine—(to my surprise I found it named after that venerable warrior, *Brian Borhoime*)—seems to derive new vigor from the altered circumstances, and rattles away with accelerated speed. Greenwood, the point at which I made a two days' halt, is one of the most lovely little spots imaginable. Traversed by interminable winding lanes, bordered with spreading oaks and evergreens, a stranger might begin at one end of it, and travel round and round without ever being able, without inquiry, to gain the place from which he started. I went to take a stroll one evening before tea, and foolishly neglecting to observe the bearings as I passed along, made a false turn in coming back, and wandered hither and thither until half-past nine o'clock, when, despairing of being able to fine the way home myself, I was obliged to make inquiries of a person I was fortunate enough to meet, and ascertained that I was then proceeding in a direction actually opposite to that in which my entertainer's house was situated. The houses of the farmers and planters are small whitewashed cottages, with parterres of flowers in front. Each, being considerably removed from its neighbors, is buried in a grove, so that the traveller is unaware of its presence until some sudden turn in the lane, or clearing in the wood, brings him right face to face with it. The air of the place is so thoroughly rural, and quiet and secluded, that it recalled to my mind a passage in the preface to Cowley's Poems, which may have been penned by him when, finding himself no longer with that royal vagabond, Charles II., and excited by the glowing accounts of the new country across the ocean which the English adventurers who had settled Charleston brought back, he may be led to form a scheme of happiness for himself which he seems to have indulged until he had totally forgotten its absurdity. "My desire," says he, "has been, for some years past, though the execution has been accidentally diverted, and does still vehemently continue, to retire myself to some of our American plantations; not to seek for gold, or enrich myself with the traffic of those parts, which is the end of most men who travel, but to forsake this world for ever with all the vanities and vexations of it, and to bury myself there in some obscure retreat, but not without the consolation of letters and philosophy."

Greenwood would have been the very spot for him, though it may be questioned whether it would have fulfilled all its expectations. Like Dr. Johnson, I have not yet been able to discover that content is the inhabitant of any particular region, or that a man may set sail with a fair wind, and leave behind him all his cares, incumbrances, and calamities.

By the way, I wonder to which of the political parties Mr. Cowley would have attached himself were he here now. Being rather fond of peace, he would, perhaps, have voted for Buchanan; or, mayhap, seized with the laudable ambition of sharing in the spoils of politics, he would have imitated the example of our northern *literati*, and, like Howadji Curtis and the virgin Willis, taken to spouting freesoilism, or writing letters in favor of Fremont. It is no great matter now, however. With Mr. Toots, we consider it "of no consequence." Mr. Cowley was thoroughly sick of politics, we have no doubt, when Charles turned the cold shoulder on him, and may have taken the wise resolution of having nothing to do with them in future.

The general impression of the South, in the minds of Northern people, is a sort of mingling up of bowie-knives, revolvers, slave-drivers with broad-brimmed hats and long whips, shrieking negroes, blood and murder, and all that. I was very agreeably disappointed when I came to mix with the people. I could see none of the horrors that I had been taught to believe existed among them. I found the range of intelligence considerably more extensive than one is apt to meet with in the country districts of the North. I could discern none of those social corruptions that are said among us to disfigure Southern society.

I found a people sober, intelligent, high-minded, patriotic, and kind-hearted. One thing I missed, to-wit—the squalid misery of the laboring classes of the North. I saw no poverty. And you may depend on it, the absence of poverty is a very superior feature in any community.

Another very interesting trait, or class of traits, in Northern society, never shows its face among our Southern friends. The people have no penchant for *isms*; and, let me tell you, they manage to get on wonderfully well without them. There are no cadaverous, sapless, man-forsaken females, turning politics into into a burlesque, philosophy into farce, and religion into a reproach. There are no long-haired fanatics preaching a millenium of free-love. There are no Hiss committees, no convent-burners, no addle-pated ranters, no Know-Nothings. There are no "ministers of the Gospel"—save the mark!—sermonizing from the text—"Go ye into the world and shoot at every creature," turning the church into the play-house, and making rowdyism of religion. But, it may be urged, "slavery is there." Well, sir, what of it? You are not responsible for it. You have no business with it. Look around you, and you will see slavery every where—aye, under your very nose! Slavery ten thousand times worse than any involuntary physical servitude.

"Still, slavery is bad."

Granted. But how are you going to remedy it? Are you an American, and would you ask your fellow countrymen to do the work of the slave? Are you a foreigner, and would you ask a European to do it? No, sir; you know better. Just mind your own affairs, then, and let slavery alone. Slavery, like every other social institution, has its dark side; and it would be well, perhaps, if we could get rid of it. But we can't, in our time, and should therefore confine our efforts to alleviating the evils that accompany it.

"It is a strange fact," observed a Southern gentleman to me, one day, "that the harshest, most exacting, and most abusive slave-owers among us, are Northern men. They have no sympathy with the slave; no consideration for his inferior capacity, and no confidence in his integrity. Even the Northern women, who sometimes come down here to teach our schools, exhibit a repugnance to the slave that is strangely at variance with their professions of love for them at the North, and with what we would expect from the tender hearts of the sex. We, on the contrary, look on our slaves as part of our family. They grow up among us, their children mix with our's from their earliest childhood, and affections are formed in that way which the growth of years only serves to strengthen."

The truth of these observations my own experience, brief though it was, fully served to confirm. I saw the slaves in South Carolina treated with an indulgence which completely took me by surprise, and which, I thought, our Northern Pecksniffs might imitate with advantage.

It was not my intention, in commencing this letter, to say anything whatever of Slavery; but I was irresistibly led into it when I began to think of the villainous cant in relation to it, to which my ears had been accustomed in the North.

Again, it is urged against the South—South Carolina particu-

larly—that the public sentiment of the people strongly savors of disunion. Well, friends, having to stop sometime, I shall here, in the elegant phraseology of the Empire Club, "dry up." As to disunion, don't agitate yourselves. Keep cool and vote for Buchanan. That's all. Sometime again, when I have fresher materials and more leisure, I may take another dive into the Note Book.

LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET. By R. R. MADDEN, M. D., M. R. I. A. With numerous Notes and additions, and a Portrait on steel. Also a MEMOIR OF THOMAS ADDIS EMMET. With a Portrait on steel. *P. M. Haverty.*

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

Robert Emmet, deep in the study of military tactics, spent the early autumn of 1802 in Paris. He had interviews with Bonaparte and Talleyrand, from which he augured success, inasmuch as the patched-up peace between France and England could not, from the ambition of the former and the intrigues of the latter, be of long duration. He had not much faith in the actual sympathy of either of those personages; but felt that under the inspiration which guided both, the disruption of Ireland would be a grand point towards furthering the projects of France against England. Of Bonaparte's temporary sincerity to aid Ireland under the exigencies of his mission, he had no doubt. "He thought, however, that Talleyrand rather desired the establishment of an independent republic in Ireland, and that Bonaparte did not. His only object was to aggrandize France, and to damage England; and so far as that object went, to wish well to any effort in Ireland that might be ancillary to his purpose." The political movements—the "dreadful notes of preparation" for war—in France and England, under favor of the temporary treaty of Amiens, dated March 27th, 1802—the diplomatic dodging going on between the statesmen of the two powers—the virulent abuse of Bonaparte by the leading English journals, and the unsatisfied demands of M. Otto, the French Minister at London, touching the Bourbon princes and the French emigrants in England, as well as those "obnoxious, seditious and unbecoming publications" alluded to, fully convinced the hopeful and brooding Irish exiles that war was inevitable.

The fire of '98 was still smouldering on many a bleak and disquieted hearth-stone in Ireland. There were horrible memories in mens' minds—memories all the more desperate that they were pent up, and to such memories, and for the men who held them, war was as the giving speech to the dumb and light to the captive.

The design on Ireland, was not that of Robert Emmet solely. All the Irish exiles in Paris and Belgium, with the exception of Arthur O'Connor, appear to have been engaged in it, or at least cognizant of the fact.* Emmet, from his connection, enthusiasm and ability, became the leading agent of the movement. Of the party in Paris, Thomas Russel had the most influence. This we are given to understand by O'Connor, to whom the French Government communicated the project.

Robert Emmet arrived in Dublin in October, 1802, and though secretly in communication with the revolutionary leaders, went into society, and did not seriously, or apparently so, apply himself to the fulfilment of its plans, until the declaration of war in March, 1803, when that cheering intelligence aroused the energy and foresight with which his name is so grandly linked. The funds at his disposal were less than ten thousand dollars of his own fortune, and some seven thousand furnished for the purpose by Philip Long, a patriotic and wealthy tradesman, of Dublin, who entered fully into the project.

Lawless accompanied Emmet to Ireland. Thomas Russell, regarding whom Tone said, "I think the better of myself for being the object of esteem of such a man," and who had but quitted his prison at Fort George, came to Ireland to lead the men of the North, over which district he was appointed General-in-Chief. Putnam McCabe's presence in the country is made memorable by his felicitous escape from the soldiery at Belfast. O'Dwyer was at the head of a brave band of mountaineers in Wicklow. Nicholas Gray, Bagenal Harvey's aide-de-camp in Wexford during '98, was in the movement. The indefatigable weaver of Templepatrick, James Hope, who had been the secret agent of the leading men of '98, and who, with McCracken, led the insurgents at the gallant fight of Antrim, was still unceasing in his allegiance to the cause, and deeply trusted by Emmet. Many brave and good men, men of substance and sinew, in Dublin and the counties, gave their courage—and in many instances their lives to the daring project of the young and brilliant Emmet.

That he was capable of banding so many good and desperate men together, and of swaying their councils, overcomes any objection which self-protective "wise-men" may bring against his youth. Men with "liberal" notions are apt to call Emmet a "sad enthusiast;" and Dr. Madden, who writes his life, does it with a too cautious spirit. Their is too much sentimental shake-headativeness in it.—Too much of the "Patience and Perseverance" school of politics. His biography is more an apology for, than a defence of the life of Robert Emmet.

To follow the details of Emmet's rising, in all its preparatory energy, caution, and desperation, we wish not. It must be carefully read and examined to be fully appreciated. Suffice it, that he was untiring and managed so adroitly that the appearance of quiet was undisturbed in Dublin, and although, as stated in Plowden and others, the authorities had some intimation of what was going forward, it was not until July 14—when the people gathered round bonfires to celebrate the Anniversary of the French Revolution—that they could be made to believe the fact, which the accidental blowing up of one of the insurgent powder depots in Patrick street, on the 16th, more fully confirmed.

With that explosion United Irishism virtually was blown into barren fragments.

The rising took place on the 23d July. The scaffolds of Emmet and Russell, and some twenty others, alone remain to make it memorable.

If the period was not fruitful in results, it is deeply impressive in its history for Irishmen, and all other men, who, either having or seeking freedom, can appreciate the struggles and sacrifices made to obtain it. Every historical student must have the history of such a period and of such men. Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. Haverty for this publication, which, in addition to the matter originally published in the Dublin Edition of 1847, contains a life of Thomas Addis Emmet, made from the combined labors of Dr. Madden and Charles Glidden Haines. General Haines had the particulars of his brocure* from the illustrious exile, himself.

The publication of Addis Emmet's life at this particular juncture, has an interest apart from, and in addition to its revolutionary character, in the celebrated letters addressed by him to Rufus King, a noted federalist, who sided with the British Government against the Irish revolutionists, and was instrumental in preventing their coming to America previous to their imprisonment in Fort George. These letters are exceedingly powerful, and were addressed to Mr. King when he was candidate for that office, for which his son is at present put forward by the Fremont party—that of Governor of the State of New-York.

In addition to these matters of interest we can safely recommend this edition of the life of Robert Emmet as the best extant. Madden's life has been somewhat amended in the text; and the character of the men and the times more fully illustrated by copious notes and extracts from numerous recent authorities. In fact everything touching the subject, which could elucidate or throw light on a great variety of topics connected therewith has been diligently sought, and judiciously used by the publisher. Two admirable engravings of the brothers, executed by a young and able Irish artist, Mr. O'Neil, are well worth the price paid for the volume. Mr. O'Neil's burin, of which we shall have more to say, is destined for a career of profit as well as reputation. In conclusion we may add that Mr. John Savage contributes to the work an original biographical sketch of the venerable patriot and orator Robert Holmes.

We learn that Mr. Haverty intends to publish in uniform style those splendid series of historical tales, illustrating the period of Silken Thomas, by Samuel Ferguson, entitled "Hibernian Nights Entertainment."

COMIC MISERIES.

THE HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, from Chaucer to Saxe, &c., &c., with notes, explanatory and biographical. By J. PARTON. *Mason Brothers.*

At the first glance, one is apt to think this book a good one, he finds so many pleasant things in it. At a second glance, he is sure to find something dull; and at a third glance, if the reader be one who knows where to put his finger on the really humorous poetry of the English language, he is very much dissatisfied with Mr. Parton's acquaintance with the humorous writers, or rather writers of humor, from Chaucer to Saxe.

It is no easy matter to be, so to speak, the Boswell of a hundred Johnson's in the comic way. It takes a man as much wanting in actual literary power as Jamie Boswell was, to give a clear and thorough reproduction of a loquacious and polysyllabic old Tory-Titan like Sam Johnson. In such a case, much depends on the absolute narrow-mindedness of the note-taker, who has no eyes, ears, or comprehension for the words of any creature save the one whose ponderous and unceasing twattle he sets out, in complete abnegation of all else, to record. In getting up a volume like the present, the work is of a much different nature, in as much as the hero-worship with which Boswell started out is wholly wanting, and would be much out of place. A want of discrimination is Boswellian, and we find no fault on that score, but a very acute and despotic discrimination is a necessity for the compilation of a work like Mr. Parton's; or, to speak more correctly, a work like what Mr. Parton's should be; but what it is not. It is heavy in matter as it is in shape, and is no more a collection of the humorous poetry in the English language than a laughing hyena could be substituted for an organ-grinder's monkey. The grins become so broad that they grow frightful. If one half the book provokes laughter, certainly the lamentation induced by the residue more than overbalances and wipes out the pleasant memories. In this respect, it somewhat, and in a literal sense only, resembles Oliver Goldsmith, who—according to Johnson's epitaph—

> "Whether to move laughter
> Or draw tears,
> Was a powerful master."

In his preface the editor says, he "expected to be embarrassed with a profusion of material for his purpose;" and if his book be taken as a fair representative of its title, the reader will agree with him. But there was no necessity to make a book half the size of the present to carry out the idea faithfully: at the same time, it is our humble opinion, a book twice the dimensions, if necessary, could have been compiled, and be a better exponent of the title. Such a book, to be sure, would be rather dangerous, as the amount of fun would kill more people with laughing than might have beeen carried off by a more virulent, if less contagious, epidemic.

From Barham (*Ingoldsby*), Wolcott (*Peter Pindar*), Thackeray, and *Punch* we have by far too much. Of the sawdust and orange peel snobbery of the latter we have over eighty specimens, while of the New-York *Lantern*, which, during its existence, compared most favorably with its London prototype, we have but one specimen—the author of which (unmentioned) was the late William North. From Miss Phœbe Carey's comic muse we have not even one. The Irish humorists of our day are completely overlooked. Lover, Lever, Freke Slingsby of the *Dublin University Magazine*, McCarthy, Richard D'Alton Williams, M. J. Barry, Keneally, Brougham, and many others are entirely omitted. Among the numerous omissions we may mention as most flagrant the complete overlooking of such well known writers of the "humorous" as Oliver Goldsmith, George Colman, John Taylor, author of *Monsieur Tonson*, and Lockhart, whose *Captain Paton* alone, published in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, is a fund of fun.

An editor of such a book should not rashly dash at Barham, Thackeray, *Hudibras*, and *Punch*—as rashly tear out dozens of pages at random, print them off, and label them "the Humorous Poetry of the English language."

A tragic French fool, one Beauvallet, lately took observations on Broadway, went home, that is to Paris, and wrote a book on *America*. Think of a book on America, without a spark of the life (that turns the whole machine) lying anywhere between the Mississippi and the Hudson, Dubuque and New-Orleans, not to mention the Bowery, being in it. Of course the book was harmless, just as harmless as Broadway, which is no more than the latest fashioned moustache on the face of the Republic. On something of the same principle, Mr. Parton compiled his book of humor. He went over the old, beaten, fashionable path, without visiting the rivers of fun, the towns of drollery, the prairies of wit that lie far removed from the parched and gaudy Broadway, sacred to blasé Joe Millers, and pleasant pundits of the nondescript character, whose chief wit consists in completely misspelling the words Dr. Johnson underwent the praiseworthy drudgery to arrange.

Let the editor, however, not be disheartened. Much greater men could not understand a joke; unless, indeed, it was a very, very old one. He has been fortunate in the choice of a subject, as any work with such a title must necessarily have a fair sale. We learn that this one is in the third edition, which fact is a strange enough indication to its being what we think it—a great sell!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

United States Magazine, October.....*J. M. Emerson & Co.*
Ailey Moore, a Tale of the Times, &c. By Father Baptist. (J. B. Kirker.).....*Dunigan & Brother.*
Brownson's Quarterly Review, Oct..... " "
Oration delivered before the Democracy of Principles of Chemistry—embracing the most Recent Discoveries in Science, &c. By John A. Porter, M. A., M. D. Professor in Yale College.....*A. S. Barnes.*
Sander's High School Reader—embracing a comprehensive course of instruction, &c. By Charles W. Sanders, A. M. Author of "A Series of School Readers.....*Ivison & Phinney.*
The American Debater. Being a plain exposition of the principles and practice of Public Debate, &c. By Jas. N. McElligott, L. L. D., author of "The Analytical Manual," &c. Third Edition.....*Ivison & Phinney.*

Letter to Captain Isaiah Rynders, President of the Empire Club of New-York, from T. F. Meagher.

OFFICE OF THE IRISH NEWS, Saturday, Oct. 11, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: I have been honored with an invitation from you, as President of the Empire Club, which invitation I sincerely regret it will not be in my power to accept. At the close of the week the business of the office presses so urgently upon me, that I am compelled, at that time, invariably, to decline many agreeable engagements. No engagement I know of would gratify me more than the one you have so flatteringly proposed.

A Democrat in heart—from nature as well as by conviction—I rejoice in a thorough identification with those who constitute the bone and sinew of Democracy, and from whom this majestic Republic derives its robust life, adventurous activity and wealth.

Not on the bankers, with their vaults of gold—not on the proud proprietors of ships and acres—not on the dainty patrons of the Opera, and the silver-tongued oracles of fashion—does America, in her unity of sovereign States and nobility of freedom, depend. These are but the superficial ornaments which grow out of and contribute, here and there, picturesque details to the staunch solidity of the Republican fabric.

Without question, it is well to have the great moneyed interest pronounce from its stately portico, as it did the other day in Wall street, in favor of those principles which the gallant men you command have been organized to conserve and propagate. A sanction formally expressed by this interest—expressed, too on the very spot from which it has multiplied into a prodigious power—a power which successfully competes with the commercial aristocracies of Europe, the most affluent even, such a sanction serves to indicate, clearly and emphatically, that the Democratic party is a conservative confederacy, the principles of which are, at the one and the same time, the foundation-stones of the Commonwealth, and the stars which, night and day, reflect in heaven its magnificent altitude on earth.

But the pillars of the Exchange may fall, and the street in which they rear themselves may become as silent as a street in Tripoli—and the sheriff's writ may humble the flaunting splendor of the palaces in which the lords of cotton bales and pig iron seek expensively to obliterate their origin—and yet the Democratic party will continue to be in political action what it now is, an invincible supremacy.

For shooting its roots deep and wide into the heart of the country—being bone of its bone, and flesh of its flesh—being, in fact, the whole country concentrated into disciplined action—no reverse of fortune, striking down the loftiest heads that lift themselves above the multitude, can chill its spirit or impair its strength.

So long as the Declaration of Independence can be read—so long as the wisdom of Thomas Jefferson inspires the masses, and the intrepid patriotism of Andrew Jackson evokes from them a cheer—so long as the Capitol collects within its walls the repre-

* Lawless was thoroughly acquainted with his intentions, and thought favorable of them. * * * Dr. MacNeven, Hugh Wilson, Thomas Russell, William and Thomas Corbet, Hamilton and Sweeny, were intimate and confidential friends of Robert Emmet, as well as of his brother; several of them, there is positive proof, concurred in the attempt. All of them it may be supposed were cognizant of it. All these surviving friends are agreed on one point, that the project did not originate with Robert Emmet. Madden, p 37. Haverty's Ed.—The statement regarding O'Connor, is made in his own words. He says the plans "were not communicated to him. They were divulged to him by the French Government."

O'Connor also alludes to the fact that in 1802-3, some of the United Irishmen in Paris "were opposed to him;" which probably may be explained by a knowledge of certain difficulties between himself and Putnam McCabe. The latter had lent O'Connor $28,700, on an assignment of some property in Ireland, which was the cause of much litigation and many serious misadventures to the latter, who died in Paris, 1821, poor.

* Memoir of Thomas Addis Emmet. By Charles Glidden Haines; with a Biographical Notice of Mr. Haines. New-York, 1829. Mr. Haines died in 1824.

sentatives of the American people, from the Penobscot to the Rio Bravo—and the one dome and crowning flag typifies the unity of the States, whose chosen citizens deliberate for the common weal beneath them—so long shall the Democratic party be the party of the Constitution, its strict interpreter, and triumphant champion.

I beg you to be so good as to assure the members of the Empire Club of my cordial confidence and regard, and believe me, my dear Sir,

Most respectfully, yours,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

To Captain Isaiah Rynders, President of the Empire Club.

THE IRISH NEWS GUARD.

This company, owing to the zealous exertions of a few young men—who can justly boast of the result—is now fully organized.

To announce that they consist, for the most part, of the Edward Fitzgerald Guard, while under the efficient command of M. F. Nagle—now correspondent for the *Irish News* in Nicaragua and Lieutenant in the army of that Republic—is to give assurance to all who take an interest in the Irish contingent of the militia in this city, that, if properly officered and uniformed, they will be a creditable addition to the ranks of that admirable organization.

At present, the Guard, numbering fifty-two members, drill each Tuesday evening, at the Eagle Rooms, under the direct command of their Captain, Edward K. Butler. At Mr. Meagher's recent address before the Catholic Library Association, they made their first appearance in public, bearing aloft the insignias of their native and adopted lands—the "Starry Flag of Liberation" and the Irish Tricolor. On their entrance, they were most cordially greeted by the entire audience.

In a few weeks, we understand, they contemplate a target excursion on a grander scale than usual, and with more than the ordinary accompanying festivities. Meantime, they are as cordial supporters of Buchanan and Breckinridge as the *News* itself.

The John Scott Musketeers, *G. W. Flynn*, commandant, will make their annual target excursion to Ward's Hotel, Mott Haven, on Monday, October 20th, leaving their quarters, No. 7 Frankfort-street, at 7 A. M. They are composed of persons that have charge of the various steam-presses in this city.

American News.

The ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the Troy University took place on the 1st instant, in presence of a large number of visiters and citizens. His Honor Mayor Slocum called the assembly to order, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Smalley. Dr. Baldwin commenced an address on the ground, and (the weather being foul) finished in the North Baptist Church. Dr. McClintock and Mayor Slocum also spoke. A Bible, History of the University, by Prof. L. Barber; place of organization and place of study for the University, by Dr. McClintock; Map of Troy; Troy City Directory; Corporation Laws of Troy; Troy Almanacs; the leading New-York city papers; daily and weekly papers of Troy; Report of the Board of Education of Troy, and other publications, were deposited in the corner-stone.

The N. O. *Picayune* of the 30th ult., says Dr. Branch T. Archer, the father of the Texas Revolution, died at the residence of Mrs. Wm. H. Wheaton, in Brazoria county, on the 22d ult. Dr. Archer came from Virginia to Texas in 1831, and from his fine intelligence and social qualities, very soon became a popular man. He had served in the Virginia Legislature. He was elected to the consultation of 1835, and by that body made its President. On its adjournment, he was sent, with Wm. H. Wharton and Austin, as Commissioner to the United States, was elected to the first Congress in 1836, and from 1839 to 1841, was Secretary of War. Since that time, he has been in retirement, enjoying the society and friendship of his old friends, who entertained great respect for him. Dr. Archer was a polished gentleman, a ripe scholar, and an eloquent speaker.

Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, has addressed a letter to the *New-Orleans Delta*, covering a circular addressed by him to the Bishops of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Florida, and the Carolinas, on the necessity of organizing a system of Southern education, and building up Southern religious institutions as a part of a general system of defence.

Hudson Carlisle, junior, who served, with great honor to himself and credit to his country, throughout the Mexican war, died in Philadelphia on the 1st inst. He was brother to the Hon. R. M. Carlisle, a member of the State Legislature.

The Legislature of Texas have appropriated $60,000 for the purpose of equipping and fitting out emigrants for Kansas. Companies to consist of not less than sixty each, and the amount of each company not to exceed $12,000, to defray their expenses and subsistence in Kansas for three months.

It is said that Brace, who was recently executed by the Vigilance Committee, in San Francisco, amused himself during his confinement by composing rhymes. While under sentence of death, and awaiting execution, he perpetrated the following:

"The Vigilants they say,
Sent Cora and Casey away,
And they erected a scaffold accordin'—
They pulled away the prop,
And down went the drop,
And they landed on the other side of Jordan."

A St. Louis paper says that the grasshoppers have eaten up the entire tobacco crop of Franklin county, and the last that was heard from them, they were seated on the corners, *begging every man that paseed for a chew.*

The Woodstock (Va.) *Tenth Legion* publishes the death of Christian Dellinger, at the advanced age of 92 years. He served in the revolutionary war at the age of 17 years, and was present at the siege of Yorktown.

There are in the city of New Albany, Indiana, three thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven children between the ages of five and twenty-one.

City News.

The Sunday *Times* thus chronicles the latest great excitement. The opening of Phelan's new billiard rooms, on Broadway, immediately adjoining Grace church, was one of the grand events of the week. From six to seven thousand persons have already visited these rooms, and a large proportion of which were ladies. What a glorious arrangement, to be sure, to be able to take one's wife, or sweetheart, along to see one "carrom on the red," and make scientific touches in obedience to the fixed laws of mathematics. The ladies are extremely anxious see these rooms, and Mr. Phelan, we understand, intends to set apart an afternoon for their accommodation, and will issue tickets of admission for the occasion. Why should not ladies play at billiards? What say you, Mr. Phelan, to the suggestion of giving them a day in a week to handle the cue without interruption? They would have to take off their hoops, though, in order to achieve shots requiring them to "make a long arm" across the table. Mr. Phelan's rooms are truly magnificent. Thousands of dollars have been expended in fitting them up, and they have not been expended in vain. A more comfortable and beautiful resort cannot well be imagined. Mr. Phelan may take the credit of having inaugurated an entirely new era in the history of the game of billiards. His saloon is certainly as much of a feature among the elegant and notable sights of the city as the Crystal Palace. We do not think that anybody will visit New-York without dropping in to see Phelan. The opening days and evenings were rendered doubly attractive by the "crack" playing displayed on the unequalled tables. Five of the best players in the world were there. Messrs. White and Bird, from Philadelphia, played some unsurpassable games, and Mr. Myam (familiarly known as "The Pony,") made many exhibitions of his wonderful skill and science. By the way, another famous player, Mr. Lake, has been engaged by Mr. Phelan, to give instructions in the game to gentlemen, and a room for his pupils has been handsomely and luxuriously fitted up in a convenient corner. *On dit*—that Appleton & Co. will shortly issue Phelan's long expected book on billiards. We are persuaded that this work will have a large sale, a good practical elucidation of the game being something never before embodied in a volume.

California News.

By the *George Law* (Aspinwall, 4th inst.,) we have news from San Francisco to the 20th Sept.

After the storm has come the inevitable calm. San Francisco is as quiet and harmonious as a country village.

Since the sailing of the last steamer, there has been rains in various portions of the State. On the 5th, a destructive fire broke out in Marysville, in which some forty buildings, mostly occupied by Mexicans and Chinese, were destroyed. The town of Colusi was entirely destroyed by fire about the same time.

The settlers of Sacramento held a meeting on the 7th, to consider the recent decision of the Supreme Court of this State, declaring the right of claimants of inchoate grants to eject settlers previous to a final confirmation by the United States Congress. They passed resolutions to maintain their possessions at all hazards, until the decision of the United States Supreme Court.

From all portions of the mining region we hear the most favorable accounts. Extensive preparations are being made in anticipation of the rainy season, to work the dry gulches and ravines where there is no water. We continually hear of "rich strikes," and it is probable that there never were more favorable prospects in the mining region than there are at present. The Indians prediet that there will be a great deal of rain this winter.

The Young Men's Democratic Club will not admit any one to membership who belongs to or endorses the Vigilance Committee. During the Committee's reign, a letter, from the second in command, under the Governor, of the State Army of Suppression, dated at Sacramento, and sent to this city, came into the hands of the Committee before it reached the one to whom it was directed. There was a great deal of talk about it, and the matter went before the United States Grand Jury, who, after examining many witnesses, dismissed the case, exonerating the Post Office from blame. The letter contained items in regard to the Vigilance Committee.

Herbert arrived by the last steamer. The heavy petitions requesting him to resign, and abandon affection for this state, had been presented to him.

OBITUARY.

Died, in Boston, on October 2nd, of Consumption, Mrs. Anne Manning, daughter of Mr. John Crowe, Printer, of the city of Cork, Ireland, aged 31 years.

Cork papers please copy.

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oct18 6t **J. S. Andrews,** 140 Nassau street, New-York.

ERIN GUARD OF BROOKLYN.

At a meeting of the Erin Guard, held at People's Hall, corner of York and Pearl streets, on Friday Evening, October 3, 1856, it was unanimously—

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to the ladies who presented the Guard with a number of most beautiful wreaths on Wednesday, October 1, 1856, the occasion of their third annual target excursion. Also, that the same be tendered to Madame Graen, of 201 Atlantic street, for the excellent manner in which she embroidered a sett of colors for the Company.

It was also—

Resolved, That the thanks of the Company be tendered to the invited Guests for the liberal and handsome manner in which they responded to their several invitations.

PRIZES.	PRESENTED BY	WON BY
1—Gold Watch	James McMahon	Owen Murphy.
2—$10 gold piece	Robert Bradley	Neil Doherty.
3—	Daniel McGonigle	Thomas Ackley.
4—Silver watch	Patrick O'Hara	John McDonald.
5—$10 gold piece	Martin Kalbfleish	Patrick Grenney.
6—$5 gold piece	Nicholas Waldron	B. McDonough,
7—	James Conroy	George Mullin.
8—	Hugh McLaughlin	John Taggart.
9—Gold locket	James Lowrey	Charles Curren.
10—$5 gold piece	Patrick McGonigle	James Moodey.
11—Gold pen and pencil	Henry Breslin	Bernard Doherty.
12—Silver goblet	John McCready	Lawrence Bonner.
13—$5 gold piece	William Hasket	James Seary.
14—	David C. Aitkin	Patrick Murray.
15—	Arthur Moyniham	Henry Corr.
16—	—— ——	Redmond McKenna.
17—Silver goblet	George Doherty	Daniel Breslin.
18—$5 gold piece	Ald. Cashaw	James Curry.
19—	Ald. Pell	Patrick Malone.
20—$3 gold piece	James McKenna	B. O'Donnell.
21—Silver goblet	Dr. Ferrier	Patrick Farron.
22—Gold pencil	James Tiner	Neil Ruddy.
23—$3 gold piece	Patrick Haines	James Rorke.
24—Silver goblet	Patrick McCaffrey	James Catchecise.
25—Gold breast pin	John Corr	John Lynch.
26—Silver cup	Mr. Van Camp	Michael Doherty.
27—$3 gold piece	Patrick Cassidy	William Quigly—No. 2.
28—	Hugh Bell	James Tamony.
29—Order $6 boots	Edward Ruddy	Patrick Crossen.
30—$2 50 gold piece	James Mullin	William Quigly—No. 1.
31—Order $6 boots	Michael Higgins	John Boswell.
32—Gold breast pin	Peter Harison	And. McDivitt.
33—	T. Fitzgerald	William Lucas.
34—Order $6 boots	George Sweeny	John Lafferty.
35—Gold breast pin	John McGeehan	Joseph Baily.
36—Order $5 boots	Michael Kelly	Thomas Mullin.
37—$2 50 gold piece	J. Riley	Patrick McLoughlin.
38—Order $5 hat	A. Gettins	John McKeege.
39—	M. McNamara	Patrick Gillen.
40—Ladies Brooch	F. Darbey	James McLoughlin.
41—Order $5 vest	A. Cole	William McGinness.
42—$4 hat	Samuel Dewall	Michael Bonner.
43—$3 hat	Henry Briody	John Mullin.
44—$4 hat	Francis Mackey	Daniel Fitzpatrick.
45—$3 hat	W. E. White	James Donnelly.
46—$5 hat	Patrick Brawley	Daniel McGeehan.

It was moved and carried that the above Resolutions and List of Prizes be published in the Irish News, Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, and *Irish American*.

JAS. DOHERTY, Chairman.

John Lafferty, Sec'y.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellec ual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

Mr. Wallack will appear for *Eighteen Farewell Nights*, previous'y to his visit to Havana, where his health demands that he should pass the Winter.

"The Fairy Star," Miss Agnes Robertson, will perform for *Eighteen Nights*, previously to a long series of engagements South and West.

MR. DION BOURCICAULT,

will perform during the engagement of "The Fairy Star," and will produce two new dramatic works, upon the composition of which he is now engaged.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,
WITH A POWERFUL
Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....John Brougham

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7¾.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,
Opposite Niblo's Garden,

Every night this week, the grand original new Moon-alogue, entitled

ALL MOONSHINE!

Or, High Times in the Moon!

In which George and Bishop Buckley will perform the great miracle of
ANNEXING THE EARTH TO THE MOON.

Preceding which—

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 3-4 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

In rehearsal—

DRED; OR, THE DISMAL SWAMP.

LECTURE, BY JAMES ROCHE,

At the Stuyvesant Institute.

Subject:—**Galway—Its two Sieges—Its Position for an European American Packet Station,**

On October 20th, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Tickets 25 cents. For sale at this Office; Col. Butler's, 417 Pearl street; Captain Corcoran's, 42 Prince street; Haverty's Book-store, and Dunnigan's Book-store.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL
OF THE
EMMET LIFE GUARD.
ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the Guard and at this office.

☞ The Life Guard pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Capt. P. T. Lynch, Chairman.

A. O'Toole, Sec'y.
James Watson, Treasurer. oct11

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Lectures for 1856.

Dr. McElheran will lecture on the Phisiognomy of the white races of men in America, illustrated with Portraits and Cranial Forms, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Thursday evening October 23, at 8 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents; can be had of Dunigan & Brother, Sadlier & Co., P. O'Shea, 789 Broadway; and at the door on the evening of the Lecture. oct18 2t

Attention!—"Irish News Guard."—The Company meet for drill and admission of members for their first annual Target Excursion, on Tuesday evening of each week at the "*Eagle Drill Rooms*," corner of Chrystie and Delancey streets. The Guard cordially invite additions to its ranks.

P. J. Wall, Sec'y. **E. K. Butler,** Captain.

Extraordinary Revelations of Sadleirism.

From the Dublin Correspondence of the London Times.

The *Tablet* puts prominently forward the following information of a singular fact which has come to light within the last few days, the accuracy of which, in the main, is guaranteed by the informant. The story, however seemingly romantic, comes, nevertheless, within the range of probabilities. Amiable and accomplished as the late Earl of Shrewsbury was admitted to be, his Lordship, it is said by those who knew him intimately, had not the ordinary share of vulgar common sense which is often alloted to the less gifted and exalted :

"A will has been discovered among the papers of the late Earl of Shrewsbury bequeathing his estates to the late John Sadleir, absolutely and unconditionally. The existence of this will was unknown to Mr. Sergeant Bellasis and Mr. Hope Scott until within the last few days. It is of a date anterior to the will in favor of the infant son of the Duke of Norfolk, and is understood to have been made previous to the short stay of the Earl in London when he took his seat in the House of Lords. The subsequent will was not, however, made in consequence of the public exposure which followed the suicide of John Sadleir ; but before returning abroad the Earl was advised by a dignified ecclesiastic to place his affairs in the hands, and seek the counsel of Catholics of known probity and honor, and we believe that the executors of the existing will were recommended to him. The Earl, however, never made these gentlemen acquainted with the disposition he had previously made of his property, and it is understood that he overruled the advice they tendered to him in many respects, and especially in not leaving anything to his nearest relatives. The intention of the Earl was that his property should be applied by John Sadleir to charitable and ecclesiastical uses, and no plausible reason can be alleged for his choice of the person to whom he confided the distribution of his property, except that his own solicitor and the solicitor of John Sadleir were one and the same person. It is, of course, not to be supposed that this gentleman was acquainted with the Sadleir frauds, or even with the fact of the speculations in which John Sadleir was involved. It is probable that so astute a man as Sadleir would, so far as possible, keep from the knowledge of his Catholic solicitor everything which would tend to lower his opinion of him, and seek other and less scrupulous advisers to carry out the details of his frauds and speculations."

ABDUCTION OF SLAVES FROM LOUISIANA.

From the Bayou Sara Chronicle.

Quite a commotion took place in our quiet village on Saturday morning last. Early in the month a negro man and his wife were stolen from the plantation of J. A. McHatton, of east Baton Rouge. They were taken up the river by a young man named Wise. As the owner of the negroes was in Kentucky, a telegraphic dispatch was sent him, giving information that the negroes had left for the west. He overhauled them in the possession of Wise, at Cairo. Wise and the negroes were brought back on Saturday last, and committed to jail in Baton Rouge. Information was obtained from the negroes that a woman named Mason, who had been living about here for some time was implicated in the abduction of the slaves. An officer was sent from Baton Rouge to arrest her. It appeared that the negroes had stolen from their owners a large amount of silver ware, which the woman acknowledged to be in her possession. The articles were found in a house in Jackson, that had been rented to Mrs. Mason and her husband. Both Mason and his wife were sent to Baton Rouge to answer the charge of receiving stolen goods, and aiding and abetting the escape of negroes.

We have been informed that the man and the woman have been living in our town during the last two or three months. The woman has been engaged in telling fortunes. She has been quite liberally patronized in this line of business by quite a number of ignorant and superstitious white persons, and any number of negroes. It appears that her house has been a perfect den for the latter.

The man, when arrested, had in his possession a number of blank certificates, with the signatures of Governor Walker and Charles Gayarre, Secretary of State. Those papers must have been purloined from the Governor's office.

BUCHANAN AND THE PRESS.

At a meeting, says the N. Y. *Sun*, of the T. F. Meagher Club, held on the 6th inst., in their rooms, 125 Grand-street, the President, John Duffy, in the chair, it was unanimously resolved, on motion of Edward Hughes, seconded by Mr. McShane, that the members should exert all their influence in support of James Buchanan as the Democratic candidate for President of the United States.

Senator S. A. Douglas has commenced the campaign in Illinois. He addressed the Democracy of Chicago on the 8th inst., and intends to canvass the whole State. The "little Giant" promises that Illinois will roll up a majority of 25,000 for the Democratic candidate.

It is astonishing, says the Waterford (Ireland) *News*, how apt some papers in this country are to take their tone from the English papers. If the Liberal journals in Ireland knew anything about parties in America they would not be writing up the Know Nothing Col. Fremont, to the prejudice of the democratic Buchanan. Such work should be left to journals of the *Evening Mail* class, which are not unmindful on that topic we see.

We perceive the old soldiers are for Buchanan. Sixty-two U. S. pensioners were paid off last week, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, by Captain Joel Green, the Pension Agent at this place. As an indication of the true spirit that animates the veterans, it may be stated that they were for Buchanan to a man.

The Pittsburgh *Daily Union* of the 6th inst., prints the following from the Boston *Daily Bee* of the 22d April last: "Col. J. C. Fremont was born in France, January, 1813. His father was an emigrant from France, and his mother a native of Virginia." The Constitution of the United States requires that the office of President shall be filled by a native-born citizen of the Union.

IN MEMORIAM.

From the Mobile Daily Register, Oct. 2.

"A dispatch to one of our cotemporaries, brought us yesterday the melancholy intelligence of the death of Wm. R. Taber, Jr., the editor of the Charleston Mercury.

Mr. Taber was a young man, scarcely twenty-eight, but possessed of fine abilities, which had been carefully cultivated. He had already made his mark in the community in which he lived and won for himself a reputation but rarely attained at so early an age. A singularly graceful and impressive speaker, wielding a pen as terse and pungent, as it was undeniably polished and brilliant, and above all a high-souled gentleman, he was eminently fitted to wear with dignity the honors which crown success in the political arena. But alas! these brilliant endowments, which threw around his early manhood the promise of a bright future, serve but to gild the grave, in which, with the genial, social virtues that endeared him to his friends, they lie entombed.

To a community which knew him not, the announcement of his death comes but as a ripple on the ceaseless current of passing events ; but to us, it was a painful shock, and we trust we may be pardoned, if we step aside a moment from the great whirl of politics, to lay a solitary flower on the grave of our departed friend.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

On the 18th instant, at Newbawn, Patrick Meyler, of Gentstown, to Kate Mary, daughter of the late Tobias Rossiter, of Newbawn.

At Dalkey, Robert McDermott, son of William C. McDermott, Barrister-at-law, to Anna Mary, daughter of the late Francis Cruise, of Dublin.

At St. Paul's, Edinburgh, Lieutenant Colonel A. Lorn Campbell, Bengal Light Cavalry, to Jemima Janet, daughter of James Paterson, M. D., late of the 42d Highlanders.

September 18, at Stanway, Essex, Robert Otho Travers, late Captain in the King's Dragoon Guards, son of the late Thomas Otho Travers, of Leemount, county Cork, to Louisa Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Joseph Turner, of Little Olivers, Essex.

September 19, at Norton Stockton-on-Tees, Thomas Robinson Grey, Major of the 1st Durham Militia, son of the late Lieut. Colonel Grey, of Norton, to Lucy, daughter of Major General Mills, of Willington House, Durham.

September 18, at Norwich, Francis Laurie, of Hollymount, county Mayo, to Mary Emily, only surviving daughter of John Underwood, of Carlisle.

At Tullow, county Carlow, P. Muldowney, of New Abbey Mills, Kilcullen, to Marianne, daughter of James Lawlor, of Tullow.

In the Parish Chapel of Shrule, Robert J. Morgan, M. D., of Moycullen, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Mathias Commins, of Shrule, county Mayo.

At Amiens, Charlotte, youngest daughter of P. M. Murphy, Q. C., to Ernest Charles de Witasse de Fontaine, of Chateau Fontaine, in the department of the Somme, France.

In Dublin, Henry. son of the late William Chance, of Birmingham, to Mary Letitia, daughter of George L. Bennett, of Glenefy, county Limerick.

September 22, in Rathkeale, John Hayes, of Ballingarry, Schoolmaster, to Miss Susan Bennett, parochial Schoolmistress of Rathkeale.

In Rathfarnham church, Robert Henry Peare, son of H. Peare, of Peare Mount, county Dublin, to Amelia Elinor, daughter of Thomas S. Eyre, J. P., of Eyreville, county Galway.

In St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Samuel, son of the late W. H. Talbot, of Ennis, and grandson of the late Samnel Talbot, of Ballytarsna, Roscrea, to Kate Ellen, daughter of the late Thomas Hunt, of Upper Baggot street, Dublin.

September 21, at St. Mary's Church, Kilkenny, John Monk, of John street, to Joanna, daughter of Garret Kelly, of High street.

In Monkstown church, William Jones, of Chester, to Nannie Lizzie, daughter of Thomas Anthony, of Kingstown.

Captain Peto, son of the Rev. James Peto, to Emily Caroline, relict of Colonel Macpherson, and youngest daughter of the late Robert Jessop, Mount Jessop, county Longford.

May 24, at Melbourne, Victoria, Rowland Farrer, 21st Regiment, Madras N. I., eldest son of the late Henry Farrer, of Scaleby Hall, Cumberland, to Sarah, daughter of P. Niall, of Clare, and sister of the Rev. P. W. Niall, of Melbourne.

September 23, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Henry Bastable, of Baggot street, Solicitor, to Selina Elizabeth, daughter of John Jackson, late of Leinster Vale, county Dublin.

At the Friends' Meeting House, Baltimore, Alfred Clarke, son of Joseph Clarke, of Southampton, to Isabella Blessing Mason, daughter of Joshua Mason, formerly of Staplestown Mills, county Carlow.

IRISH DEATHS.

In the North Presentation Convent, Cork, in her 76th year, Sister Mary Paul, one of the oldest members of that much-valued community. The deceased was sister-in-law to the late John Maguire, of Cork.

September 22, John Aubrey Jephson Norreyes, member of the Middle Temple, and son of Sir Denham Jephson Norreyes, of Mallow Castle.

September 21, at Passage West, William Kirtland.

September 20, at Adare, county Limerick, William Benson.

At Mitchelstown, on the 11th inst., Edward Ffennell, formerly a Lieutenant in the 20th Regiment of Foot, aged 64 years, an old Peninsular officer.

September 18, at Sallymount, Ranelagh, Louisa Margaret, wife of Thomas P. Carr, of Mallow, and daughter of the late Hon. Colonel Richard St. Leger.

September 19, at Liliput, Donnybrook, Jasper John Barry, Inspector of Revenue Police, son of the late Garret Barry, of Rose-hill, county Cork.

At the North Strand, Limerick, the wife of John Doherty.

At Morelands, county Clare, Mary Madden.

At George's-quay, Limerick, aged 88 years, Richard Jackson.

On the 24th of August, in Demerara, of yellow fever, aged 25 years, Thomas Trousdell, mate of the barque *Minstrel*, son of the late John Trousdell.

At Canning-place, Passage West, Thomas Haines, late of Mallow, aged 81 years.

In London, Ernest Robert James, son of Joseph Myles, late of Limerick.

September 22, at Killenaule, Catherine, wife of B. M'Craith.

September 18, at Cappamore, Thomas, son of Head Constable Thomas Maher.

September 22, at Rathmines, Emily Constance Elizabeth, daughter of John Massy.

At Cowes, Lieutenant Colonel White, late Adjutant in Limerick.

Joseph Wrightson, Editor of the *Weekly Despatch*, London.

At the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, Emily, wife of Colonel Prosser, Lieutenant Governor of that establishment.

September 19, at Coolnastud, Sarah, relict of John Higginbotham.

At Thirlstane Castle, the Right Hon. Eleanor, Countess of Lauderdale, aged 94 years.

At Enniscorthy, Joseph Carroll, aged 71 years.

Political.

7TH WARD.—TO THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATS AND CITIZENS GENERALLY OF THE SEVENTH WARD.—Awake to your rights and put down the frauds and violence of primary elections.

The committee appointed by the Democratic Electors of the Seventh Ward, opposed to the present corrupt and demoralizing scenes perpetrated at our primary elections, present the following ticket for the suffrages of the Democratic Electors of the Ward, at the election to be held on the 4th of November, 1856 ; and in thus doing, we call upon you to sustain this ticket composed of gentlemen respected alike for ther integrity as citizens, and well qualified to discharge with honor and ability the duties of the offices for which they have been respectively nominated, and who condemn the present mode of conducting our primary elections, which but express the voice of ballot-box stuffers and not the wishes of the people.

SEVENTH WARD NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
THOMAS H. FARRAN.
FOR ALDERMAN,
SAMUEL HURLEY.
FOR ASSESSOR,
RICHARD O. GRADY.
FOURTEENTH COUNCIL DISTRICT,
PETER ZEGLIO.
FIFTEENTH COUNCIL DISTRICT.
JAMES L. JOHNSON.
SIXTEENTH COUNCIL DISTRICT.
ABRAHAM BROWER.
SCHOOL COMMISSIONER,
GEORGE W. FARLEY.
TRUSTEE,
JOHN MURPHY.
TRUSTEE,
JOHN WNGONER.
INSPECTOR,
OWEN McCABE.
CONSTABLES,
CHRISTOPHER F. KLENCK, MICHAEL SHANDLEY.

M. T. Runyan, Secretary. M. Dougherty, Chairman.
October 18. 3t.

FIRST WARD

Democratic Republican Regular Nomination.

FOR ALDERMAN,

oct18 WILLIAM WILSON. 2t

Special Notices.

Information Wanted of Andrew Arthur, Gunmaker, lately of Petaluma, California, supposed to be in Nicaragua ; was formerly in Walker's expedition to Sonora. Information addressed to M. Arthur, 95 Cranberry street, Brooklyn, or this Office, will be thankfully received.
California papers will please copy. oct11

CHEAP FALL DRY GOODS!

Rich dress Silks, Broche and Woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, Woollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

And at the Grand Street Store,

Royal Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Three-ply, and every variety of low-priced Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain materials, Cornices, Shades, &c.

ALL AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES!

Lord & Taylor, 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand street,
oct4 3mos and new numbers 47 and 49 Catharine street.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—What are their CREDENTIALS?—They are approved by the most enlightened governments, sanctioned by the highest medical authority, and declared infallible by recovered thousands, in all diseases of the skin, glands, and secretive organs. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London ; and by all Druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per pot or box. oct18

DENTISTRY.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

Only $1 50 for a fine Fashionable Hat.—What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50, when you can buy a better Hat for *only One Dollar and Fifty Cents?* Call on SMITH, and he will fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put on your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. No. 31 *Park Row*, under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman street.
N. B.—Also on hand a large assortment of Drab Beavers, Pearl and Cassimere Hats, from $1 50 to $2.
sept6 3mos **Conklin Smith.**

A Lady, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, Restores Blindness, Amaurosis and Sore Eyes, of any standing ; Removing Cataracts, Scums, Films, &c., without operation or pain. Persons wearing spectacles prematurely, enabled to do without them by recovering the natural tone of the eye. That the worst of cases are cured by her.
May be seen at the Infirmary from 10 A. M., to 2 P. M., No. 679 Sixth Avenue. The poor attended to on Fridays. oct18 3mos

Drs. Gilbert & Kennedy, Treat Cancers, Tumors, Ulcers, &c., without Surgical Operations. Office 746 Broadway, corner of Astor Place, New-York.
Certificates from Ex Gov. T. M. Tucker, Judge F. W. Huling, Capt. Isaiah Sellers, A. S. Baldwin, M. D. ; Hon. T. Butler King, Gen. Narcisso Lopez, Capt. Wm. Leathers, W. P. Allison, M. D. ; Judge Alex. Walker, Col. Maunsel White, Thos. E. Bond, M. D. ; J. S. Peacocke, M. D.
Permission to refer to Ex Gov. James C. Jones, Hon. Frederick P. Stanton, B. F. Palmer, Inventor of Palmer's Artificial Leg ; Francis Grice, Naval Constructor, Navy Yard, Philadelphia ; Proprietors of the Girard House, Philadelphia.
☞ Send for a Pamphlet ! oct18 4t

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the CHEAPEST Hair Preparation in existence ; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the VERY BEST Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.
Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept13 3mos 63 Liberty street, N. Y.

Furniture.—F. FITZSIMMONS respectfully calls the attention of his customers and the public to his stock of elegant and substantial FURNITURE, (not made for the auction room) consisting of rich Parlor Suites in rosewood ; oak Dining and Chamber Sets of every description ; Upholstery in all its branches executed in the best mechanical manner. Prices unexceptionable. Warerooms No. 8 Astor place, near Broadway. oct11 tf

The Hacking Cough and Soreness of the Chest of the season are immediately relieved by one of DR. ALLCOCK'S India Rubber Porous Plasters. Those who have used them affirm them to be the excelsior of plasters. For local pains of the back, chest or side, caused by a bruise or sprain, they are unrivalled. Sold at 25 cents, at 43 Canal street, Dr. Allcock's wholesale and retail office. oct18 3t

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated ; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,
oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS
THAT NEED NO MARKING.
Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhibited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M.
CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,
oct11 3mos Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y. JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Irish News Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at the Eagle Rooms. EDWARD K. BUTLER, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. W. H. LYONS, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y2ljune

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.

JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.

JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.

M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Bosten remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

☞ For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

Improved Billiard Tables and Cushions.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 89 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug28 10t

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood, deceased.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.
A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional district, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth wards of the said city and county.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressional district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.
City and county officers are also to be elected:—
A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.
A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.
Two Governors of the Almshouse, in the places of Isaac Bell, jr., and Simeon Draper.
Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, August 20, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140. aug30

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eageriy asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparen expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot,* **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

Special Notices.

Catholic Reading Rooms.—The Directors of the Catholic Library Association respectfully announce to the public that their Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery, will be open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 7 to 10 o'clock. Annual subscription, $1. By order.

M. T. Cozans, President.

JAMES O. C. TABB, Rec. Sec'y. sept13

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application, personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until enquiry has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 13 tf

"Musical." A young Lady lately connected with the profession in Europe *where she studied under the first and best masters* is desirous of giving to a limited number of pupils the advantage *of a good education on the Piano.* Any family who will kindly favor her with a trial may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trenor, 90 South 8th street, Brooklyn, E. D. 3mos

Ladies returning from the Country wishing their supply of Shoes for the fall season, can obtain Ladies' Gaiter Boots from 12s. to 20s., Slippers, Ties and Buskins, from 6s. to 10s., India Rubber Boots and Shoes of all kinds, with Boy's, Misses and Childrep's Boots and Shoes of all kinds and prices, at

sept27 4t **J. B. Miller & Co's.,** 134 Canal street, (West.)

Doctor M. E. Foy, Surgeon, has removed his office to 170 West Nineteenth street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. OFFICE HOURS from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.

☞ To accommodate his patients in the Eastern part of the city, Dr. F. will attend daily from 2 to 3 P. M., at Ryerson's drug store, 185 Avenue B, between 11th and 12th streets. MIDWIFERY ENGAGEMENTS promptly attended to. Medicine and advice to the poor, gratis. sept13 3mos

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856. *FALL IMPORTATION.* 1856.

Arthur Donnelly,

98 BOWERY, (West side,) BETWEEN GRAND AND HESTER STREETS Is now prepared to exhibit his New Spring Styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

Comprising every grade and every description, from the *Cheapest Fabric* to the *Richest.*

Importing his goods direct and thus saving the commission and interest which most dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other Carpetings adopted to all varieties of taste, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at 14s to 18s	per yard.
Velvet,	" 10s to 16s	"
Tapestry,	" 6s to 12s	"
Brussels,	" 7s to 12s	"
Three-ply,	" 7s to 10s	"
Ingrain,	" 3s to 7s	"
Common Ingrain,	" 18d to 3s	"

English and American Floor Oil Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everything else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap19ly Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

READY-MADE CLOTHING

And Furnishing Establishment.

390 BOWERY,

WEST SIDE, OPPOSITE THE HAY MARKET.

HUGH DOLAN

TAKES leave to apprise his friends and the public generally that he has opened the above concern with a

New and Select Stock of Goods,

which will compare favorably with any in the market, and which he offers to is customers at prices which he is confident cannot be beaten in the city.

Gentlemen's Furnishing goods of every description at the lowest rates.

N. B. Particular attention paid to the making up of custom work. A good fit warranted in all cases.

☞ Remember 390 Bowery, opposite the Hay Market. 3m4oc

CARPETINGS FROM AUCTION.

TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK AND VICINITY.

Stephen Leahy,

93 Sixth Avenue, between Waverly and Clinton Place,

BEGS to call the attention of the ladies to his large and varied stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloth. The collection comprises goods of every grade and style, from the richest and most beautiful of foreign manufacture to the lowest price domestic.

All who are acquainted with the Carpet trade and have visited our New Store, acknowledge our stock the most varied assortment and best selected on exhibition in the city. The facilities we enjoy for purchasing cheap, and an experience of many years in connection with the largest houses in the country enables us to present to our lady friends and the public the cheapest and most select stock of goods in the city.

sept27 1m STEPHEN LEAHY, 93 Sixth Avenue.

Men's Furnishing Goods.

84 William Street, corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

GEORGE M. TRACY,

HAS now on hand a choice stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, nearly all of which are made *under his own inspection*, of the choicest fabrics and newest styles. Merchants will find this a desirable place to make their selections. Annexed is a catalogue of some of the articles:

Hosiery and Gloves.	Improved Napoleon Ties.
Silk Beaufort Ties.	Stocks, in great variety.
Linen Collars.	Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs.
Silk Albert Ties.	Dressing Robes.
Fine Shirts.	Travelling Shawls.
Cravats and Stocks.	Silk Under-shirts and Drawers.
Suspenders.	Silk and Gingham Umbrellas.

His Shirts are of superior make and quality and warranted to fit. Persons wishing Goods for their own use will be served at retail as well as wholesale, at the lowest prices. oct4 2mos

ATTENTION!

To Military Companies.

BEAUTIFUL EMBLEMATIC WREATHS AND BOUQUETS,

For Target Excursions, constantly on sale, or made to order at the shortest notice, and at any price.

Ladies about making a presentation to their military friends are most respectfully invited to make a visit to the old established Book Store 366 Bowery one door above 4th Street.

Robert Coddington, Proprietor.

N. B.—Always on sale a fine assortment of Invitation Note Paper and Envelopes, Books on Military Tactics, Works on Ireland.

The IRISH NEWS for sale as soon as published every week. oct11 4t

JAMES CRAFT,

FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and Single counting-room DESKS, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office Desks from 3 to 6 ft., of Mahogany, blackwalnut and oak; cases for Books and pigeon-holes. Office chairs, cushions, lounges and Office Tables of every description. my17 tf

McLOUGHLIN & McSHANE,

(Successors to THOS. ANDREWS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CHOICE TEAS, COFFEES, WINES, BRANDIES, AND GROCERIES,

61 *FULTON STREET, near Cliff street,*
NEW-YORK. 3m

SHIP STORES SUPPLIED.

CALL ON

THOMAS LYNCH,

OF the "FULTON SHADES," Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn, for the best XX and XXX ales, brandies, and segars.

P. CUFF,

RECTIFIER AND DISTILLER,

NO. 306 EIGHTH AVENUE.

NEW-YORK.

Dealer in Foreign Wines and Liquors.

☞ Goods sent to all parts of the country. Orders of all kinds promptly attended to. y jly26

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of *HAVANA SEGARS*, &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 121 PEARL STREET, New-York.

N. B.—Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap26 1y

Business Directory.

MEAGHER & CAMPBELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY

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VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1856. NO. 29.

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Communications of a private nature should always be marked so. Those connected with the editorial department are to be addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, and those on business to Richard J. Lalor, Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau.

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I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

New-York, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

Washington, December 27, 1845.

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oct18 tf

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oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

AGENCY OF NICARAGUA, NO. 347 BROADWAY.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Government of Nicaragua General Emigrant Agent in the United States, has established a permanent Agency at 347 Broadway, Room No. 2, up stairs. All persons desirous of obtaining information of any kind concerning Nicaragua, will receive prompt attention by addressing the undersigned, personally or by letter, at the office of the Agent.

The price of passage to Emigrants has been fixed at a very low figure; and for those without means, arrangements have been made *with the Nicaragua Emigration Company to advance the price of passage*, upon the transfer of a part of the land granted to each emigrant by the government of Nicaragua. This secures to Emigrants a *large grant of land and a free passage to Nicaragua.*

The splendid steamship TEXAS, will sail from Pier No. 35, foot of Barclay street, North River, for San Juan del Norte, on Friday, the 24th of October, at 3 o'clock, P. M., and all persons desirous of *emigrating to that beautiful country*, are advised to make early application at the agency.

Alexander C. Lawrence, Gen'l. Emigration Agent of Nicaragua for the United States.
oct25 tf

Special Notices.

Attention!—"Irish News Guard."—The Company meet for drill and admission of members for their first annual Target Excursion, on Tuesday evening of each week at the "*Eagle Drill Rooms*," corner of Chrystie and Delancey streets. The Guard cordially invite additions to its ranks.

P. J. Wall, Sec'y. **E. K. Butler,** Captain.

A Card.—Orphan Asylum.—Archbishop Hughes acknowledges the receipt of a note from a distinguished merchant of this city enclosing his check for $200 "towards meeting" (to use his own words) "the more pressing necessity of the Orphan Asylum." It is not to be wondered if the necessity of the orphans, now numbering nearly a thousand, under the care of the Sisters of Charity, should indeed be pressing, having no reliable resources except what the providence of God provides through the charity and kindness of a generous public. In acknowledging the receipt of this liberal donation, the Archbishop almost regrets that he is not at liberty to give the name of the donor.

New-York, Oct. 14, 1856. oct25 1t

The Young Man's Hat.—New Styles of the Cashmerette.—In announcing another importation of this useful, becoming and popular soft Hat, Genin would premise that he has secured the monopoly of the fabric in this market, and that no genuine Cashmerette can be obtained, either by dealers or the public, except from his establishment.

The first consignment of the article—and it was a large one—was sold with a rapidity unexampled in this branch of the Hat trade, and a craving demand for the fabrics have ever since existed, which until now, he has been unable to supply.

The present importation is of superior quality, and embraces a greater diversity of shapes and colors than the last. Such is the immense popularity of this style of Hat in France and England, that the Paris manufacturers are kept almost constantly employed in meeting the home demand, and find it difficult to provide for a Transatlantic market. All the surplus they can at present produce, has been contracted for by the undersigned, and will be forwarded as fast as it accumulates. The first grand furore for the Kossuth Hat was not equal to the rage for this elegant, convenient and durable business sporting and Travelling Hat for young men.

The Cashmerette is a fixed fact in the undress equipment for Young America.

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Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of Irish News Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

☞ **PostOffice.—Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer Ericsson, will close at this office on Saturday, the 25th day of October, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

☞ **Post Office.—Notice.—Change of Hour.**—The Eastern Mail, by Steamboat, will, on and after Monday, October 20, close at *Three o'clock, P. M.*

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says: "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the cheapest Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very very best Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say, that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

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N. B.—Also on hand a large assortment of Drab Beavers, Pearl and Cassimere Hats, from $1 50 to $2.

sept6 3mos **Conklin Smith.**

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, Sept. 22d, 1856.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the FIRST MONDAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Police Justice for the Third Judicial District of the City of New York, composed of the Eighth and Ninth Wards of said city, in the place of Abraham Bogert, Jr., removed.

Also, a Counsel to the Corporation, in the place of Lorenzo B. Shepard, deceased.

Yours respectfully.
N. P. STANTON, Jr., Dep. Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
New York, August 20th, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,
o25 Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

Holloway's Pills.—Wherever Civilization has penetrated, these Pills are in demand. The stomach, the lungs, and the intestines, are the organs most assailable by disease in all climates, and upon these, the remedial action of this medicine is rapid, thorough and invariable. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London, and by all Druggists, at 25 cents, 62½ cents, and $1 per box.

The Hacking Cough and Soreness of the Chest of the season are immediately relieved by one of DR. ALLCOCK'S India Rubber Porous Plasters. Those who have used them affirm them to be the excelsior of plasters. For local pains of the back, chest or side, caused by a bruise or sprain, they are unrivalled. Sold at 25 cents, at 48 Canal street, Dr. Allcock's wholesale and retail office. oct18 3t

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Price of passage from New-York to Liverpool in first cabin, $130; in second do., $75. Exclusive use of extra size state rooms, $825. From Liverpool to New-York, 30 and 20 guineas.

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No berth can be secured until paid for.

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FROM NEW-YORK.		FROM LIVERPOOL.	
Saturday	Oct. 11	Wednesday	Oct. 1
Saturday	Oct. 25	Wednesday	Oct. 15

Edw'd. K. Collins & Co., No. 56 Wall street, New-York.
Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool.
Stephen Kennard & Co., 27 Austin Friars, London.
B. G. Wainwright & Co., Paris.

The owners of these ships will not be accountable for gold, silver, bullion, specie, jewelry, precious stones or metals, unless bills of lading are signed therefor, and the value thereof therein expressed.

Shippers will please take notice, that the ships of this line cannot carry any goods contraband of war. ap26 6m.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,

Old Black Ball Line of Liverpool Packets.

CERTIFICATES

Furnished for Passage to and from Liverpool, on the 1st and 16th of every Month, by the following splendid ships:

James Foster, Jr.	Capt. J. W. Porter.
Neptune	" E. W. Peabody.
Harvest Queen	" E. Young.
Isaac Webb	" J. M. Bayer.
Great Western	" W. G. Furrier.
Manhattan	" T. Dixon.
Isaac Wright	" E. Abeel.
Columbia	" C. Hutchinson.
Fidelia	" W. A. Macgill.
Yorkshire	" C. A. Marshall.

REMITTANCES.

Drafts, for £1 and upwards, on the Royal Bank of Ireland, and on Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., Bankers, Liverpool and London, payable on sight.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,
38 Burling Slip, N. Y.

Agents in Liverpool, Baring Brothers & Co.,
OLD LINE PACKETS,
Pier 23 East River, foot of Beekman street. 6m

WILLIAMS & GUION'S

Old Black Star Line of Packets. 1856.

Passage from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, secured at the lowest possible rates by this old-established line, sailing from Liverpool to New-York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonage.*
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hanley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,400
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,500
SILAS WRIGHT (new),	Freeman,	2,000
SOUTHAMPTON,	Furlong,	1,600
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 18th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; or persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLACK BALL LINE

OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,	Manhattan,
Great Western,	Neptune,
Harvest Queen,	Columbia,
Isaac Webb,	Yorkshire,
Isaac Wright,	Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,

Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 28 East River, opposite this office. my3 3m

Shipping.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA



STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL	FROM PHILADELPHIA
Every alternate Wednesday.	Every alternate Thursday.

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including fare from or to New-York and cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

Or to their Agents in

Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
Baltimore—Foard & Rodgers.....Hartford, Ct.—A. Rose.
Boston—Thompson & Co.....New-Orleans—Jenkins, Williams & Co.
Buffalo—Robt. Hager.....Pittsburg—John Thompson.
Chicago—Lull & Mayer.....Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati—J. F. Meline & Co.....Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS
ON
BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON, } Vice-Presidents.
HUGH KELLY,

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19 1y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19 1y **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Ageney, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Business Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

HATS, Caps, Ornaments and Flags made to order. Galvanic Plating Hotel and Express Letters, Dog Collars, Jobbing for Hardware Merchants, Firemen and Target Companies supplied. Orders for the improved Lightning Rod.

☞ *California and Australia Goods in time for the Steamers.*

J. Parkes, No. 198 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 3mos New-York.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my3 1y

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HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

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PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments,

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19 1t

Special Notices.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

A Lady, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, Restores Blindness, Amaurosis and Sore Eyes, of any standing; Removing Cataracts, Scums, Films, &c., without operation or pain. Persons wearing spectacles prematurely, enabled to do without them by recovering the natural tone of the eye. That the worst of cases are cured by her.

May be seen at the Infirmary from 10 A. M., to 2 P. M., No. 679 Sixth Avenue. The poor attended to on Fridays. oct18 3mos

European News.

The British Mail steamer *Persia* from Liverpool on the 4th, arrived on the 14th inst.

DISTURBED STATE OF EUROPE.

The subjects of interest in Europe continue to be three,—the pressure upon Naples, the Belgrade boundary, and the question of the Isle of Serpents. To these may be added the question of the Turkish Principalities.

The London *Star*, of Oct. 3d, has the following paragraph :

Private letters received from Paris confirm the rumor as to the great anxiety felt in all quarters respecting the condition of France, and more particularly in reference to the Emperor whose state of health gives serious cause for alarm. On the Bourse there appear to be successive and heavy falls in the value of the funds, more than sufficient to create alarm and provoke predictions about the future.

Respecting the proposed demonstration against Naples the only reliable information is given by the *Nord*, of Brussells, in the shape of a letter from Vienna, of date September 26, stating that the Austrian representatives at Paris and London had recieved urgent instructions from their governments to induce the Western Powers to adjourn the execution of their maritime demonstration, and to await the result of the Austrian envoy's, Gen. Martini's, mission to Naples. The letter adds that there is every reason to believe that the Western Powers will show sufficient consideration for Austria, and accede to her request. Rumors were circulated in Paris that the expeditions had been definitely countermanded, but these rumors are premature, if not unfounded.

A Frankfort journal states that Britain has addressed to Russia a second note on the subject of the Isle of Serpents, and that the tone is more peremptory than that of the first note. The journal adds that mutual irritation has been much augmented thereby.

The British Government has recently brought forward a plan, which finds favor with Austria, and, it is said, with France, for the settlement of the Turkish difficulties with Montenegro.

Marshal RANDON has left Algiers to assume the command of the expedition against the Kabyles. Generals YUSEF and RENAUD are acting against the insurgent districts, which are expected speedily to make submission.

Madrid letters are to the 27th ult. A royal decree removes the sequestration from the property of Queen MARIA CHRISTINA. The creation of a Colonial Department is again talked of. All ex-military officers who did not present themselves to the authorities on the 14th July last, as well as those who did present themselves, but who have no property in Madrid, are ordered to quit the capital, and not to approach it nearer than 20 leagues.

All information to hand confirms the supposition that the Austrians will not evacuate the Danubian Principalities until the question of the Bessarabian frontier be definitely settled. At the present moment Austria has some 14,000 men in Wallachia and Moldavia, and is making commissariat contracts for their prolonged stay.

It is reported that a considerable increase of Austrian force in the Roman legations is to take place immediately, in consequence of recent additions to the French force in Rome.

From Greece we learn that Albania is overrun by banditti, and the frontier provinces are in an equally troubled condition, but intelligence from the city of Athens, to the 20th ult., describes the state of things there as calm. The difficulties existing between the French admiral and the Greek Government are adjourned, but not settled.

A telegraphic dispatch from Trieste, anticipatory of the overland Indian mail, brings dates from Calcutta to the 22d, Bombay 29th, Hong Kong 9th, and Shanghae 1st of August.

Preparations were being made at Bombay for a military demonstration in the Persian Gulf. Cholera prevailed in the Punjaub, and at Bombay.

The publication of the Russian Manifesto seems to have created quite an excitement in England, and the relations between the two powers again look squally. The London *Times* says :—"The doctrines of interference in the affairs of a neighboring State remains just where it was before the passage of the Pruth by the Russian forces and the Congress of Paris. A man may, even violently, enter his neighbor's house which is in flames, although he damages some of his neighbor's property in so doing, to guard his own habitation from harm. That is what France and England might do ; but as we have shown, it is not what they are about to do to Naples. A man may also enter his neighbor's house for the express purpose of stealing his valuables and cutting his throat because he is 'a sick man.' That is what Russia did with respect to Turkey. She interfered, and her interference was checked.

FOUR WEEKS LATER FROM NICARAGUA.

The steamer *Texas* arrived on Saturday evening from San Juan del Norte, bringing 742 passengers, $155,563 on freight, and California dates to September 20.

The *Texas* got aground while under the pilot's charge, in the harbor of San Juan, on the 5th instant, and was detained about thirty hours. She was got off by assistance from H. B. M. steam sloop-of-war *Victor*, Capt. D'Arcy, having been obliged to discharge her passengers and part of her coal. From Cape Florida she met with a succession of heavy N. E. gales, and put into Norfolk for supplies.

In Nicaragua everything was quiet. There had been no trouble upon the Transit route, the San Juan river being high and the route in most excellent condition. The wharf at Virgin Bay is nearly rebuilt, so that the steamers now land their passengers upon it. At San Juan del Sur, the wharf will be completed before the next arrival of passengers from the United States. General Walker was concentrating his forces at Granada, to await an attack from the combined armies of the Central American States. Walker's army now numbers 1,500 Americans, having been joined by Colonels Kewen and Saunders, and 150 recruits by the last San Francisco steamer. The enemy number about 3,000, mostly natives. It was expected that a decisive battle would be fought about the 10th instant. Capt. Peter Shepherd, aged 77 years, died at San Juan del Norte, October 4. He was the oldest white resident of that place, and the original grantee of the famous "Shepherd Grant."

But a few weeks ago the enemy succeeded in placing several hundred men on the ranch of San Jacinto, by carrying them along the unoccupied north side of the Managua lake during the night. They were joined by several men from Chontales, and when the news arrived at Granada the citizens were seized with fear lest they should at once attack the city, San Jacinto being only about thirty miles distant ; but as they remained quiet and a sufficient force being stationed at Tipitapa and Cocos, the only points where they could cross the Estero Panaloya (which connects the Managua Lake and that of Nicaragua), the fears soon subsided. In order to reconnoitre the enemy's position two companies went to San Jacinto, but finding the position very strong, did not attack them. They had a small skirmish, in which they killed some forty or fifty of the enemy, and had one killed and a couple wounded. The General being satisfied that they could do no mischief whatever there, gave orders not to attack, but to keep an eye upon them, and thus San Jacinto would have been left quiet but for the zeal of a few citizens, who, contrary to the advice of General Walker, attacked it. As might be expected, they were repulsed, and suffered some loss. Everyone says that they fought well on both sides, and had it not been for the houses, the enemy, although he outnumbered the volunteers ten times, they would have driven him ingloriously from the field ; in proof of which I may state that they took the walls and one outhouse.

About forty-eight hours afterwards news came, that the enemy had arrived from Leon at last. With what joy did our hearts beat, for now, surely, they were in our hands. But contrary to all expectations we learned—mark what comes,—that Major Waters had evacuated Managua, which was well fortified ; that the troops from Tipitapa had been ordered to fall back upon Massay. First, surprise and fear, then admiration, then general rejoicing. The enemy had left Managua and were going up to Massaya, joined by the troops from San Jacinto. All went according to the President's wishes, and he had stationed 700 men ready to attack them all, in two places, only ten miles from each other—when the New-York steamer brought us some 200 new ones. The news spread like wildfire—900 men to oppose 1,500 Spaniards! There was a spontaneous illumination of the city—the enemy who were near Massaya retreated.

It was a fine evening, that of the 24th of September, when both lake steamers were signalized from the beach. But little commotion took place, as nothing was expected except the arrival of a few horsemen. Not ten minutes after, Geo. Gist, one of the aides-de-camp came up, his horse in a foam and galloping as if striving to outrun the wind itself. He cried aloud to the Americans and natives assembled before headquarters—"203 new ones, boys!" Did you ever see a spark entering powder ? "Hurrah," cried thirty or forty men, and for five minutes there was noise enough to frighten any amount of the enemy, for in five minutes there were some 400 or 500 together there, and the cry was "Still they come."

It was in the night that the "new ones" came up—the "New York Volunteers," as they were called ; and I assure you that they presented a good, healthy and gallant appearance. Everybody was satisfied.

Well, the enemy retreated, and we did not have a fight, as many hoped and had wished. But let the next steamer come, and we shall have one soon.

The following is a list of the killed and wounded in the affair at San Jacinto :

KILLED.

Col. Byron Cole, H. Soule, Wiley Marshall, Isadore Peilson, (killed going up) Wm. H. Drinker, J. H. Jackson, George Cook, Robert Mlligan, Lieut. Reeder, Sherman, Lieut. Hutchins, Corporal Cullum.

MISSING.

Chas. Callahan, R. Wheaton, E. H. Lewis.

WOUNDED.

Lieut. Julius Keel, Dan Flowery, ——Crane, Lieut. Crowell, Capt. W. Lewis, Lieut. Musgrave, J. Rogers, Erasmus Norton, Capt. Will Morris, Chars, Fisher.

By decree, the flag of the republic is changed very materially. It now consists of two blue stripes with a white stripe between them, the latter twice as wide as the former. In the middle of the white stripe is to be a red star with five points.

Major HEISS has been dispatched from Nicaragua as Envoy from that Republic, empowered to ratify the treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation entered into with the United States in June last.

El Nicaraguense, of Sept. 20th, says : At 5 o'clock, P. M., on the evening of Friday, the 19th inst., Second Lieut. JENNINGS ESTELLE suffered the extreme penalty of the law, by being shot on the Plaza, for the murder of second Lieut. CHARLES GORDON, in the guard house, in the city of Granada, while acting as officer of the guard.

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS ON PARADE.

From the Correspondent of the Times.

It was near 1 o'clock when the Emperor made his appearance on the right of the line. He was followed by a very large staff of General officers, by a numerous Etat-Major, and by a suite of foreign officers and strangers who were invited to be present, and who were mounted on horses from the Imperial stables. The Emperor wore the uniform of a General-officer—a helmet with plumes of cocks' feathers, white, yellow, and black ; a dark-green frock-coat, with gold lace collar and cuffs, shoulder-straps, and red riband, and a star and cross on his breast, and scarlet pantaloons, with gold stripe. He rode a horse of great symmetry and grace, which moved with paces as regular as those of a veteran soldier. As his Majesty approached the line she quickened his pace into a gallop, and rode from the proper left to right at full speed, followed by a wavy cloud of plumes, flashing steel, gold and silver, and hazy dust, all down the line, the troops presenting arms, the standards and eagles being lowered, and each regiment cheering as the Emperor passed. Turning up to the left again, the brilliant Staff, rode at an equally rapid pace along the second line, and in like manner passed the front of all the divisions. The cheers were measured, and the sound of so many voices crying out "Long live the Czar," mingled with the strains of the national anthem, had a very fine effect. The Emperor then rode to the front of the marquee, and dropping his sword, saluted the Empress ; his Staff, Aides-de-Camp General, Aides-de-Camp, and the foreign officers placed themselves on the left of the marquee, and the march past began from the right of the line. First there came a squadron of Gendarmerie à Cheval in blue, with white facings, and helmets, mounted on very fine horses. Then came the Circassian escort of the Emperor — the same showy handsome cavaliers, with surcoats of fine chain armour, of whom I spoke in a former letter. The art of manufacturing this very flexible armour is said to be extinct, and most of the head of the breast pieces worn by these wild horsemen are of great antiquity ; there are, indeed, reasons for believing that some of them belong to the time of the Crusades.

The corps of cadets, three battalions strong, next passed, and it was interesting to observe how these young soldiers, consisting for the most part of the sons of the noblest families in Russia, seemed emulous of the bearing and sternness of hardened warriors. Every one is armed and clad and carries his pack like a common soldier ; and in their ranks marched two of the Imperial Princes. On arriving before the Emperor and the marquee in which the Empress was placed, each company of Infantry cheered loudly, and the Circassians, with wild hurrahs, suddenly put their horses into a gallop and dashed past at full speed, checking them as quickly at the other side. The eagles and standards were carried on the right flank of each battalion by non-commissioned officers and a guard, and as they passed every officer and soldier in the crowd saluted them. The Emperor also dropped his sword and raised his hand to his helmet when they came before him. With pointed toes, depressed at a sharp angle to the ground, and measured tread the Guard began to march past and the admiring attention of the vast assembly of spectators. The Preobrajenski Regiment is the senior regiment of the Russian army, and owes its origin to a band of the youthful companions of Peter the Great, while he was as yet a little boy at the village of Preobrajenski, in the neighborhood of Moscow.

The men are on an average six feet and half-an-inch in height, but the effect of their stature is increased by a high casque of black patent leather, with brass plaque-plate and spike, from which waves a flowing crest of black horsehair ; they wear a tunic of dark green with red facings and double breast, white side belts, and white trousers, and they carry a cowhair knapsack, patent leather cartouch-box and brass mountings, and tin canteen. Each man is armed with a short thick sword in addition to his bayonet. The band is richly and fantastically dressed, and in the front of it there marches a giant of a drum-major, upwards of seven feet high. Many of the soldiers are six feet three inches, and they are nearly all stout, well proportioned, and athletic men.

The Pawlovsky, or the Regiment of Paul, presents an appearance which would be grotesque if it were not imposing. All the men — pray do not laugh — have cocked noses. Every soldier with a *nez retrousée*, who is of the proper height, is sent to this regiment, which was formed by Paul in one of his eccentric freaks, and a very determined pug is eligible if it be accompanied by sunken eyes and high cheek bones. But more than this —the men, clean shaven, like all Russian soldiers, except on the lip, wear their moustaches brushed upwards towards the ears, which gives them a strange and savage aspect. This bizarre and ferocious appearance is increased by the shape of their headdress, which is like a sugar-loaf with one side cut away—an angular section of a cone, with the round side to the front. On this side the shako, or whatever it is, consists of a brass plate ; at the back it is of bright red cloth. From the top there is a curious tuft, or pompon, sticking out horizontally, so as to be parallel with the lower part of the wearer's nose. The brass front is religiously preserved should it have been pierced by a ball, and is worn only by deserving soldiers. Some of them have been perforated in two, three, or four places in the days of Catherine II. and in Suwaroff's campaign, where the regiment greatly distinguished itself, and on the under part of each plate is engraved the name of the soldier who wore it when the ball of the enemy came in such unpleasant proximity to him. Should one of these plates be worn out with age its forms are scrupulously imitated and the hole renewed with the greatest care. The regiment when at the march past always carries bayonets at the charge. Altogether the look of these four thousand and odd men, all of whom are over six feet, is very novel and striking, and if they are half as ugly in the fight as they are on parade they must prove most formidable antagonists. They are dressed like the other regiments of the Guard, with the exception of the helmet. The Marines of the Guard were much admired, but the greatest amount of interest was excited by the battalions of the Militia of the Imperial family, which are raised entirely from the serfs of the Romanoff estates. They are all sharpshooters, and are armed with excellent rifles. Their dress consists of a dark green frock, cut in the old Russian fashion, loose trousers, and boots coming up to the knees, into which the trousers are tucked.

After the Guard came the splendid regiments of the corps of Grenadiers. It should be mentioned that among the finest battalions of the former are the newly organized Chasseurs, armed with a new rifle, and the Sapeurs, who are a well equipped, useful-looking body. The march past of the Guard lasted one hour and seven minutes—that of the regiment of the Grenadier Corps occupied nearly half an hour. Each corps was followed by its field batteries, all brass guns, mounted on the well-known green carriages. Each battery consists of eight guns of the same calibre—namely, one of 12 lb. or 14 lb., as far as one could guess. It is intended to use only one kind of gun for cavalry and infantry, for the Russians are of opinion that the light field guns have been rendered useless by the use of the long-range rifles, and they are adopting the system of artillery introduced by the Emperor Napoleon into the French army. Would that our authorities would open their eyes to this question, and institute some experiments in continuation of those begun in the Crimea ! The horses were splendid, and surprised those Englishmen present who thought that no good quadrupeds of the kind could be seen out of England. The heavy roll of 12 batteries, with all their pomp of spare horses, caissons, &c., and the march of the artillerymen, did not cease till 30 minutes had elapsed, and then, blazing with gold and silver, the Chevalier Guard of the Emperor came up at the head of the 12 regiments of cavalry of the Imperial Guard and of the line.

It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty and condition of some of those regiments, and more particularly was one struck with the appearance of the horses and men of the Hussar regiment of Grodno. The Gardes Cheval, the Grenadiers of the Guard, the mounted Sappers and Pontonniers, the Cuirassiers, the Hussars, and the Lancers, the Cossacks came in for their share of praise, and puzzled one to decide which was the most imposing and effective looking. All the horses were turned out in marching order, with a bag of oats at the saddle, and every third man carried behind him a small copper stable bucket, which fitted to the end of the roll of his great coat or blanket. The Cavalry went past in a front of 65 file. After they had saluted, each squadron wheeled round to the left, and drew up in line, extending more than a mile on the ground on the proper right of the plain ; and now the very finest spectacle one ever saw was presented in a manner as grand as it was startling. When the squadrons had dressed into a splendid line, a certain number of the officers slowly rode out in front, and came towards the line of spectators, till they were within about fifty paces, when they halted, and took up points in a line parallel to that of the cavalry, who were distant from them about 650 yards. Then at a given signal the whole of this tremendous body of Cavalry, uttering loud cheers, and flourishing sabres or couching lances, burst into a gallop, and charged full speed towards the people and the Emperor's *cortége*.

The effect was overwhelming : the earth seemed to shake under the tramp of 15,000 war horses, — their force seemed sufficient to annihilate whole armies, — they swept over the ground like some prodigious wave or a roller of the great Atlantic—in a second they were close at hand, and it seemed as if nothing mortal could check that glittering flood. The women shrieked and fled, and some of the ruder sex turned tail and sought refuge in the rear of the lines. The alarm was groundless. The horses were well in hand, notwithstanding the great speed at which they advanced, and on arriving at the line of officers the billow of Centaurs was arrested as if by magic, and the front suddenly halted in wonderful order amid the tremendous cheering of the people.

Irish News.

Previous to the sailing of the *Persia* from Liverpool, a severe storm commenced in the Channel, and continued until Monday. The *Wanderer*, of Liverpool, was wrecked off Skerries, and the bodies of two men, a woman and a child were picked up. The brig *Irene*, of Maryport, Thompson master, got on shore a short distance north of the Nannywater, on the Laytown strand. The *Irene* was laden with timber, consigned to William Boylan, Esq., from New Barracks. All hands were got safely off at Laytown. The *Mercury*, of Stornaway, William Roberts, master, went ashore nearly opposite the Maiden Tower, inside the Drogheda bar. She was after discharging a cargo of herrings in Drogheda, brought from Wick. To prevent impending destruction, it was thought well to scuttle her. A ship-rigged vessel apparently, went ashore on the bar of Drogheda harbor. A heavy sea was breaking over her on Monday. Two colliers ran foul of each other off Bray head; both vessels went down almost immediately; the crews had barely time to take to their boats, by which means they reached the shore in safety. In the very height of the storm, the *Pride of Erin* steamer, Capt. Kelly, left Dundalk, on Saturday evening, at ten, and reached Liverpool at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when she landed a live cargo of cattle, sheep and pigs, for the markets of Monday. The screw-steamer *Shamrock*, from Plymouth for Dublin, has put into Penzance, with loss of bowsprit, long-boat, bows badly stove, fore compartment full of water, and other damage, having been in collision on Thursday night off the Longships with a large steamer. Two of the *Shamrock's* crew are missing, but are supposed to be on board the other steamer. The *Faugh a Ballagh*, Drogheda steamer, Captain Philip Heaney, which left Liverpool on Friday night, gallantly encountered the fury of the storm, with a large number of passengers on board. Many on board at the time despaired of ever reaching the land; but Captain Heaney, with his well-known intrepidity, brought the steamer safe into the harbor. He states that he has seldom, if ever, witnessed so fierce a sea. He passed the *Irishman* steamer, which left the quays of Drogheda with a cargo of cattle. The latter, when Captain Heaney saw her, made very little progress, although some eight hours at sea at the time. Apprehensions were felt as to the safety of the *Irishman* and two other Drogheda boats at sea. A Prussian ship, laden with timber from Quebec, ran aground on the Whitehouse Bank, in Belfast Lough. The Captain and crew escaped to the shore. The schooner *Greyhound*, 21 days from Lisbon, laden with corkwood, and bound for the Isle of Man, has put into Dublin harbor in distress. Her captain and crew, consisting of five men, secured the best moorings they could, but between two and three o'clock she broke loose, and, impelled by the gale, dashed with great violence against the wall of the New Coal Quay. A steam-boat took off the men and brought the vessel into the Coal Quay Harbor, where she sunk in a very short time. The yacht *Erin*, five tons, the property of Mr. Scott of Dalkey, broke from her moorings in the Coal Quay Harbor, and having dashed several times against the wall, became a total wreck, and sunk in less than fifteen minutes. The yacht *Nautilus*, owner, Mr. Walker, of Eccles street, also became a total wreck in the Coal Quay Harbor. A barque of upwards of 700 tons burden, having on board a cargo of timber from America, belonging to Mr. Edwards, of Wicklow, was stranded on the bar.

We regret, says the Limerick *Reporter*, to record the death of the Dowager Lady O'Brien, mother of the Earl of Inchiquin, which event took place yesterday, the 29th inst., at Dromoland, the seat of the Earl of Inchiquin, county Clare. The Dowager Lady O'Brien enjoyed until within the last three weeks or a month comparative good health; but an accident precipitated the sad event which has caused deep mourning in the distinguished family circle, and wide sympathy among many relatives and friends throughout the United Kingdom. The deceased Lady was daughter and co-heir of William Smith, Esq., and was born in 1774. She married the late Sir Edward O'Brien, of Dromoland, in 1799—and had several children, with the eldest of whom, Lord Inchiquin, she has for many years resided. The estates inherited in her own right as co-heir to William Smith O'Brien, Esq., in the county of Limerick, fall into the possession of William Smith O'Brien, Esq., to whom she was most affectionately attached, and at whose trial in Clonmel in 1848 she remained till its termination, and with whom she constantly remained in Clonmel, and afterwards in Dublin until his exile. Mr. Smith O'Brien only returned to Cahermoyle on Wednesday from a visit to his honored parent.

Woodstock. — *Viator*, writing to the *Waterford News*, thus describes a visit recently made by him to Woodstock: "My approach to that earthly paradise was made by a passage over the Welch mountains, where they intervene between Woodstock and Knocktopher. I commenced my ascent to the latter through Derrynahinch, and, having arrived at the summit of the range, I was lost in admiration of the various splendors that lay before me on every side. I must pass by for the present a detail of all that I beheld, and hurry on to the description of the object of my visit, Woodstock, the noble demesne of Colonel Tighe. This splendid residence is situated on an acclivity emerging from the banks of the river Nore, as it sweeps by the ancient town of Innistiogue. It is bounded on every side in such a manner as to render it an almost perfect seclusion from the busy world, and to make it at the same time a most happy garden of thought. The majestic avenue conducts the visitor upwards from Innistiogue to the mansion and pleasure grounds, beneath the shadow of a luxuriant foliage of the various trees that now change their hues and announce the approach of nature's rest for a season. Entering the pleasure grounds, one is stricken by the princely grandeur that reigns throughout and so enchanting are all its parts, that to the eye is introduced a realization of the Eastern beauties of poetic creation."

The Tipperary *Free Press* reports that on the night of the 27th ult., four persons crossed the Asylum wall at Clonmel, for the purpose of plunder. The watchdog gave the alarm and the watchman immediately challenged them; they set upon him, and after a gallant defence on his part, in which he desperately wounded one of the party, they succeeded in overpowering him —they beat him in such a frightful manner, fracturing his skull and wounding him in several places, that he subsequently died. The wounds inflicted on some of the scoundrels by the brave defence of Ryan, the watchman, led to the apprehension of the entire gang by Constable Goulden, of the Irishtown police.

It is reported in most of the Irish papers that Mr. Michael Joseph Barry, author of "Lays of the War," and for many years Editor of the *Southern Reporter*, has been appointed Secretary to the New Lunatic Commission, of which Sir Thomas Redington is chairman. The salary is £600 a-year.

A very curious point, says a correspondent of the *Tablet*, will be raised in respect of the claim of Lord Talbot to the title, which, if it be decided against him, will furnish another example of retributive justice. The proof of the pedigree on on which he founds his claim involves, it is said, the proof of a marriage solemnised in England by a Catholic Priest, which, by the law then in force, was illegal, and, perhaps, for this does not quite follow, void. If it should be pronounced void, it would be curious that a Protestant claimant should lose what would have been his legal rights but for the malice of the dogs of Hell who dared to enact that a marriage solemnized by Holy Church was void.

Parties connected with the Cork Charitable Loan Fund have embezzled a large portion of the funds. The *Cork Examiner* says, that a large number of the security papers for loans—that is the vouchers for monies advanced, have disappeared, while there is a defalcation in the cash to a very large amount. The books not having been regularly kept, the amount to which this deficiency has reached cannot for the present be ascertained.

The heavy floods which accumulated in the fields and the Boyne having overflowed its banks, led to the destruction of large quantities of corn, which were swept away in the flood, in the neighborhood of Lowth. Some sheep also were swept away in the same neighborhood. A great quantity of corn in sheaves floated down with the stream in the Boyne, and were actively picked up at the quays by poor persons.

On the 18th ult., an altercation arose between two men, named Francis Conolly and Patrick Conolly, in the town of Bundoran, when the latter struck Francis with a knife or dagger on the back of the neck. Death ensued in a few minutes. Conolly has been lodged in Lifford jail to await his trial. We understand, says the *Tyrone Constitution*, the wretch has been for some time in America, where he has probably accustomed himself to the use of the knife or dagger.

We are happy to see in Limerick, says the *Chronicle*, one of its distinguished heroes, the Hon. Eyre Massey, eldest son of Lord Clarina, who never was a day absent from the commencement to the termination of the war. He shared in all the dangers of the different battles, and passed many a gloomy night before the walls of Sebastopol. This young and estimable staff officer is crowned with medals, and his bravery was marked by the Emperor of the French, who presented him with the Legion of Honor.

The far-famed mountains of Wicklow are likely to rival in their auriferous products the Australian diggings and the California gold-fields. Another large nugget has been found there by the same parties who were fortunate enough to make a similar discovery a few weeks since. The present one is said to weigh 2lb "of pure, clean gold," and was found in the clay-state rock. The names of the lucky finders, according to a letter in the *Freeman's Journal*, are John Regan, Garret Kelly, and Michael Byrne.

The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, in Carrick, is in a position to continue its labors, and through its agency, relief is afforded to those who otherwise would pine in sorrow and want. The Rev. P. Byrne, Administrator of the parish; the Rev. Dr. Power, and the other curates, along with Dr. O'Ryan, Mr. Daly, Mr. Feehan, and others, are persevering in their endeavors to sustain this excellent society.

The Irish College of Physicians have devised a plan to guard against accidental poisonings which had become numerous from mistakes in dispensing drugs. The precautions are:—1. That angular bottles or vessels, and none others, be employed in the dispensing of all medicines intended for external use. 2. That round bottles or vessels, and none others, be employed in the dispensing of all medicines intended for internal use.

Two convicts on Spike Island, named Edmund Power and Patrick Norris, have been committed to Cork jail for the murder of John Reddy, one of the turnkeys. Power had been reported to the Governor by Reddy for misconduct, and punished, which caused him to commit the offense. The murderous blow was inflicted with a piece of iron, while the turnkey was in the act of closing the cell.

Mr. McDonough, Q. C., has been addressing a public meeting in Carrickfergus with a view of explaining his political views to the electors of that borough whose suffrages he is about to seek. He was in his blandest mood and made a lengthy speech which is praised by the liberal journals of Belfast. It was mere sound, however, and did not touch the real evils which afflict the country.

The tremendous floods in the river Dodder have done much damage to the walls and land at each side of it. The water rose so high at the weir below Rathfarnam bridge as to overflow the mill-pond, and drive a massive wall in upon the river that completely flooded the opposite grounds.

Towards the latter end of last month the Jesuit Fathers, opened a mission in the church of Killaloe, under the direction of the Rev. Fathers Healy, Fortescue, and Roan. For a considerable time before the commencement of the ceremonies, the church was crowded with one of the largest assemblages ever congregated within its walls.

The finale of the Newmarket-on-Fergus elopement is, that Miss Kate Halpin, at the age of fourteen years and four months, was married with the consent of her enraged parent, Mr. John O'Donnell, the lucky swain, receiving £200 as her dowry.

The death of the Rev. Dr. Kirby, the benevolent founder of the Olivemount Institution, near Dublin, for the reclamation of unfortunate females, is reported. He fell a victim to the discharge of the arduous duties which his position imposed.

A committee of gentleman have been organized in the Co. Wexford to collect funds for the erection of a monument to "the fallen heroes" of the Crimea.

The Sisters of Charity, Clonmel, gratefully acknowledge a donation of £3 from Charles Bianconi, Esq., Longfield, for the benefit of the sick poor under their care.

J. A. Hewston, Esq., of Russellstown House, Tipperary, has been appointed agent to the extensive estates in Limerick and Tipperary, of Stafford O'Brien, Esq., Blatherwicke Park, Northamptonshire.

At a meeting held in the new Cathedral, Kilkenny, for the purpose of collecting funds for the completion of the building, the sum of £1,000 was raised upon the spot.

The Very Rev. Dean Dooley, President of Castlenock Seminary, has been on a visit with his relatives in Carrick-on-Suir for some days past.

The *Mayo Telegraph* informs its readers that a requisition is in progress, inviting George Henry Moore, Esq., M.P. for that county, to a public dinner at Castlebar, during the course of next month, as an humble acknowledgement for his undaunted valor, in defence of the people and their rights in the House of Commons. It is but just, adds the *Telegraph*, that while Limerick is hailing with cheerfulness the return from exile of her faithful son, William Smith O'Brien, Carlisle listening to the twaddle of her representative, Sir J. Graham, and Liverpool inviting the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and her *quondam* representative, the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, that Mayo—independent, patriotic Mayo, though in the opinion of the Earl of Huntington "a den of savages"—should evince her gratitude to her truly patriotic and noble member—to one who had stood firm amid the desertion of friends, on the right and the left, to the cause of Ireland—to one who, like a watchful pilot, has warned the vessel which he is steering, of the fatal breakers ahead.

Professor Dickie, of the Queen's College, Belfast, has delivered, in the Corporation Hall, Derry, the first of his course of lectures on "Zoology," intended primarily for the members of the "Young Men's Literary Association." The spacious hall was absolutely crowded, both in the body of the house and in the gallery, while the utmost attention was manifested throughout the entire assembly. Dr. Dickie announced that the Dublin Association were prepared to give prizes to any of the young men who might choose, at the termination of the course, to undergo a voluntary examination on the subjects taught; while, on his own part, after the termination of each lecture, he himself would willingly devote an extra portion of time to the private instruction of candidates for the honors proposed, in order to prepare them for the required examinations.

An inquiry has been going on in Corporation Hall, Derry, the object being the adjustment of the claims of those whose property will be injured or destroyed by the new line of quays. Dominick M'Causland, Esq., barrister-at-law, presides as assessor, the arbitrators being in each case mutually chosen by the claimants and the Commissioners. A large number of the gentlemen of the long robe are employed, Mr. Joy, Q.C., being the leading counsel for the Commissions. Mr. Fitzgibbon, Q.C., has been brought down specially by one of the claimants; and Messrs. Major, Q.C., Leathem, Carson, Hamilton, and Mehan, of the North-West Bar, are, as we are informed, also engaged in the arbitration. The inquiry is likely to occupy several days.

Samuel M. Greer, Esq., has entertained his tenantry at dinner, at Springvale, his summer residence, Londonderry. After the removal of the cloth, Mr. Greer presented the tenants with the title deeds conferring fee-farm grants of their respective holdings on them. The tenantry, in return, presented Mr. Greer with an address, handsomely engrossed on parchment, expressing their feelings of gratitude to their landlord, for his kind behavior towards them. After spending a pleasant social evening, the tenants left by the late train for Londonderry, greatly pleased with their new and improved positions.

The Jesuit Fathers are holding a mission at Killaloe. They are assisted by about twenty priests from the immediate parish and the neighboring districts. The mission was opened by the Very Rev. Dr. Healy. The Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan; the pastor, the Very Rev. Dr. Power; the Rev. Mr. Connellan, C.C.; the Rev. Mr. Hayes, C. C.; were in attendance. There were Grand High Mass, a most effective sermon, and benediction by the Bishop.

The result of the recent investigation at Tullamore has not yet been officially made known, but it is understood that Mr. Reade, the county inspector, has been permitted to retire on a pension. He will be replaced in the King's County by Mr. Nobart, from Donnegal. Mr. Anderson, sub-inspector, Parsonstown, will be appointed county inspector, vice Reade, and Mr. Anderson will be replaced at Parsonstown by sub-inspector Hill, from Ballickmoyer, Queen's county. Sub-inspector Coe is to be removed from Frankfort.

The inhabitants of Nenagh are greatly incensed at the conduct of the Hon. C. O'Callaghan, Colonel of the North Tipperary Light Infantry, in causing the staff of that regiment to be removed from Nenagh to the village of Clogheen, in the South Riding, and most remote part of the county. Major Dundas has received a reply from Mr. O'Callaghan to the memorial, signed by every party in the town. The reply is, that as far back as July, the Lord Lieutenant had decided that the staff should be quartered in Clogheen, and that he could not interfere with his Excellency's arrangements.

Mr. Richardson has just completed a beautifully elaborate tomb and recumbent statue to the late Lord Ormonde, to be placed over the family vault, in the south transept of the Cathedral Church at Kilkenny. At the head and feet of the effigy are portrait statues of his six children, and in the panellings of the tomb are shields of arms and the collar and order of St. Patrick, divided by beautifully carved foliated spandrels from natural leaves and flowers. At the four angles are angels holding scrolls.

An excursion train has recently left Omagh for Coleraine, from which place parties were sent on to the Giant's Causeway, returning in time for the evening train. The beautiful scenery of Derry, and of the Coleraine line to Magilligan, Downhill, and the adjoining districts, were thus added to the gigantic wonders of the Causeway.

Notices are posted through Clonmel that the household furniture belonging to Mr. James Sadleir, M.P., late of Clonacody House, is to be brought at once under the auctioneer's hammer, in pursuance of an order from the Court of Chancery in O'Flaherty *vs.* M'Dowall.

The Rev. Dr. Manning, of London, has caused a letter to be addressed to the Dublin *Evening Mail*, in which he condemns the use of bribes, in food or clothing, for the purpose of religious conversion.

Samuel Maxwell Alexander, Esq., of Newtownlimavady, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Londonderry, on the recommendation of Sir R. A. Ferguson, Bart.

There have been races near Jenkinstown, county Kilkenny, at which there was very fine running, and a large attendance of the people.

The *Cork Examiner* says that the equinoctial gales have broken with unusual violence this season, and have been accompanied with very heavy rains.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has appointed Colonel George Gore Ousley Higgins, M.P., to be a member of the Loan Fund Board of Ireland.

The following letter has been addressed by the Archbishop of Tuam to the Rev. P. O'Connor, R. C. C. Croghan, Boyle, in forwarding his subscription for the relief of the poor creatures who have been made the victims of landlord oppression, because they resisted the temptations of the proselytising schemers, and adhered with fidelity to their ancient faith :—

TUAM, Sept. 23, 1856.

REV. DEAR SIR :—Your zealous appeal in behalf of the poor and intrepid confessors of Croghan has duly reached me. I lose no time in forwarding my mite to help to alleviate their sufferings and encourage them to perseverance. Allow me to remark that such exhibitions of distempered bigotry in continual conflict with meek and patient religious fortitude, are not confined to your part of the country. Freaks equally cruel and fantastic have been played in other places too, with no other result than to show forth the utter discomfiture of their agents, the fidelity of the persecuted cottiers, and a still firmer attachment to the religion for which they are enduring such miserable persecutions. But whilst we deplore the blindness of those poor bigots who may not know what they are doing, we should not forget that a portion of the blame which is entirely cast upon them may be reasonably shared with different persons. Against those infirmities of which the indulgence becomes dangerous to order, good laws generally provide so as to guard them from the injurious consequence that might result from unrestrained licence. And if the zeal of a proprietor becomes so excited as only to tolerate apostates from their creed on those lands from which the conscientious tenants are evicted it then becomes the duty of the law-makers, and law repealers, and law reformers, to consider seriously the bearing of a law on the public weal which allows a licence so destructive to humanity and religion. As it is not the evil doers alone that sin, but likewise those who consent to their evil doings, it is a serious question whether some of our law-makers who are sent into the great Legislative Council by those very people who are thus aggrieved, may not in some measure, be parties to the inhumanity and religious persecution, of which so many of them are the victims.

And if it be an obvious conclusion that from apathy or some other cause no serious attention has been devoted to rectify the terrible evils that result from such irresponsible and cruel caprice as to send God's creatures adrift upon the world because they refuse to show dishonor to the Mother of God, then the question comes further home beyond those law makers, to those who send them to parliament, who should conscientiously inquire if they had done their duty in endeavoring to have those bad laws annulled, and the religion of the people protected. Should they arrive at the conclusion that those solemn duties were not performed by those to whom they were confided, would not they too be parties to those persecutions if ever again they were to send to the legislature those who could connive at such deep injustice. This is a question which ultimately comes home to us all. You are with a most laudable zeal exerting yourself to check this evil in your district, and applying for subscriptions in favor of those whose courage in defence of their faith is not less noble than that of their brave countrymen who return with barren trophies from the war. Another clergyman makes similar efforts on behalf of his flock equally persecuted. Yet those efforts to stay these great evils must be feeble and inefficient compared with the salutary influence of which a change in the law would be productive. If, then, the freeholders do their duty—if they make their representatives honest by being honest themselves, and by refusing to share in any sordid patronage which may be the price of the neglect of guarding the religion and the homes of the people—you and several other devoted and pious priests will witness the disappearance of this fell spirit from the land, and be spared the painful necessity of soliciting subscriptions to shield your flock from such dire persecutions.

I am, rev. dear sir,
Your faithful servant,
† JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.

We learn from the *Clonmel Chronicle* that whilst some boatmen were landing a pleasure party near the Rabbit-Burrow, in Tramore, the tide being unusually far out, they espied some dark object above the water. The men immediately rowed towards it, and found it to be the fluke of a large anchor, which was firmly imbedded in the sand. Having procured the assistance of another boat's crew, they contrived to get around it some strong ropes, which they also secured to the boats, and after considerable exertion, managed to drag the huge anchor from its long resting place and to tow it towards the Lady's Cove, where it was landed. It measured twelve feet in length and nearly eight in breadth, and from the fact of its being greatly corroded and thickly incrusted with rust and sand, and also from its being discovered between the shore and that part of Tramore Bay where the Sea Horse (transport) was lost on the night of the 31st of January, 1816, having a wing of the 59th Regt. on board, and where no large vessel probably ever ventured before, it is firmly conjectured that this anchor belonged to that ill-fated vessel, and is, therefore, viewed as an object of considerable interest. It is a singular fact that on the 31st of January, 1847, during a heavy gale of wind, a sword, encased in a leather scabbard, was cast upon the shore about the place, and although 31 years had elapsed, the name of the maker was perfectly legible upon the blade, and from circumstances which afterwards transpired it was proved to have originally belonged to one of the four officers saved on the melancholy occasion.

The *Derry Standard* reports the expulsion of a poor woman and her four children, from Durham, England, by the poorlaw authorities, on account of her poverty. In vain the unfortunate creature pleaded that she had lived long enough in Durham to be entitled to remain—in vain she reminded them of the fact that three of the children were born in England—in vain she assured the authorities that she wanted nothing from them, as she was able and willing to support herself and her family, by the labor of her own hands—in vain did her husband's relatives join in the pledge that no parochial assistance would ever be demanded by her from the official charities of the city of Durham. Everything was of no use—the law must be obeyed in all its heartless rigidity. The poor woman was accordingly driven from her little home, and sent back to Derry. She states that she had some furniture, and that she had to leave it behind, not being able to sell it, and an acre of growing potatoes were similarly lost to their unfortunate owner.

The *Newry Examiner* states that at the general examinations held at the Pontifical College, Rome, on the 4th of September, Mr. George Conroy, son of Nicholas Conroy, Esq., Dromiski, Co. Louth, obtained four first premiums for proficiency in Theology and Sacred Scripture, and a gold medal, a distinction reserved for superior merit only.

At the annual meeting of the proprietors of the Ulster Bank a highly respectable report was furnished.

A number of the admirers of honest journalism, in Belfast, have resolved to mark their repudiation of the temporizing West British servility of many pseudo national journals, as well as their approval of consistency and patriotism, by presenting a testimonial to Mr. Holland, editor of the *Ulsterman*, a paper which has been a faithful guardian of popular rights in the Northern provinces. The testimonial consists of a beautiful gold watch, manufactured for the occasion by the eminent jeweller and goldsmith, John Donegan, of Dame street, Dublin, whose workings in the precious metals are unapproached by anything produced in Ireland. On the back of the watch is a circular wreath of shamrocks, in green enamel, with a harp in the centre. On the dial-plate is a beautifully engraven Irish landscape, with abbey and round tower in the distance, and in the foreground an Irish harper, with a wolf-dog by his side.

Anticipating the *Gazette* by a day or two—as on a similar occasion recently—we have, says the *Dublin Nation*, to announce the consummation of another place-beggar's hopes; another Government tool has got his reward—Michael Judas Barry, who has lately been touching his lyre in the most loyal strains at the Castle gate—having, in fact, "bided his time" as only the author of that sage and poetic advice could—has at length received what he schemed and sung for—he has been appointed Secretary to the Lunacy Commission, of which, we understand, Sir Renegade Redington is, most fittingly, to be Commissioner.

The *Kilkenny Moderator* states that the Lord Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin, held an ordination in the Cathedral of St. Canice on Sunday last; when three clergymen received Priest's and five gentlemen Deacon's Orders, viz :—Samuel Charles Elgee, A.B.—son of the esteemed rector of Wexford—and John Alexander, A.B., Deacons, for the diocese of Ferns; and Thomas Cooper, A.B., for the diocese of Leighlin. Jonathan Hardinge A.B., under letters Dimissory from the Lord Bishop of Meath. Rev. Thomas Hudson, A.B., and Rev. Thomas Bushe Willis, A.B., for the diocese of Ossory. Rev. Eckersall Nixon, A.B., for the diocese of Leighlin.

Mr. Frederic Pemberton, the locomotive superintendent of the Dublin and Wicklow Railway, has accepted the situation of locomotive superintendent upon the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway. Mr. Pemberton was formerly locomotive superintendent to the Cork and Bandon, and Waterford and Kilkenny Railways. The officers and servants of the Dublin and Wicklow company are making a handsome subscription, with the view of presenting him with a testimonial of their feelings toward him, and the townspeople of Bray purpose inviting him to a dinner, prior to his departure for Russia.

The *Munster News* states that the ardent admiration of the people for Smith O'Brien, increases every day, and whether his consent be given or withheld, no event is more probable than the election of William Smith O'Brien, by two, if not three, of the great constituencies of the province of Munster, when the next dissolution of Parliament occurs.

Mrs. Archibald, daughter of O. D. J. Grace, Esq., M.P. for Roscommon, and widow of the late Thomas Archibald, Esq., M.P. for Kildare, has taken the white veil at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Thurles. The Right Rev. Dr. Brown received the vows of the postulant, and mass was offered up by the Coadjutor Bishop of the diocese, the Right Reverend Dr. Gillooly.

The Lord Lieutenant has approved of the following promotions in the Irish Convict service, upon the recommendation of the Directors: Michael Plunkett, Esq., to the clerkship of the Grangegorman Convict Prison, vice F. Lynch, resigned; Geo. Sproule, Esq., to be trades clerk at the government prisons' stores, vice Plunkett.

At a recent meeting of the Waterford and Tramore Railway Company, it appeared that during the half-year ended 30th June last, there was an increase of £144 in the receipts compared with the corresponding half-year of 1855; £87 of this increase belonged to passenger and £57 to goods traffic. The increase in the number of passengers was 1260.

The Southern Coursing Club were to have met on the 7th of October—the dogs to be drawn at Warner's house at 20 minutes before ten o'clock. The Committee of the Club were determined to continue the rule of not allowing gentlemen mounted to ride after the dogs when coursing, which is attended with considerable danger to pedestrians.

Sir. Robert A. Ferguson, Bart., M. P., Lieutenant of the county of Londonderry, has appointed Henry Rowley Miller, of Moneymore, Esq., an ensign in his county regiment of militia, in room of Robert M'Crea Holmes, Esq., promoted.

The *Kilkenny Journal* understands that the *Celtic Union* is preparing for a brilliant display, to atone for its long apparent inaction. The result will shortly appear in the publication of several works of great literary value and national interest.

The new Cathedral of Longford has been consecrated. Eighteen thousand persons assisted at the ceremonies. The sale of tickets produced £800. The Lord Primate, the Most Rev. Drs. Cullen and Macnally, and several other prelates, officiated on the occasion.

The stackyard of Mr. Rankin of Aird, near Stranraer, was recently consumed by fire. The yard contained 20 corn stacks, 7 wheat, and one large hay stack. Only one was saved out of the whole. The loss, it is said, will not amount to less than from £400 to £500.

The Rev. C. P. Meehan, the gifted author of "The Confederation of Kilkenny," who has already written so much and so well, is engaged upon another literary work, the nature of which will shortly be announced.

Professor Magauran, a gentleman well known in the scientific world, is about to deliver a series of Lectures in Kilkenny. He has lectured in Carlow and Clongowes Colleges with great success.

The hand-loom operative weavers of Drogheda have held a meeting, for the purpose of maintaining the just reward of labor, in consequence of the strike of the hands employed at the power-loom weaving in the Green Hills Mill.

Mr. J. H. Greene, late editor of the *Sligo Independent*, has delivered an interesting lecture on the "Landscape Peculiarities of Ireland," for the Catholic Young Men's Society of St. Joseph's, in one of the spacious school-rooms, Edgar street, Liverpool.

The death of Lord Hardinge, has created a vacancy in the representation of the borough of Downpatrick, by the elevation to the house of Lords of the present member, the Hon. Charles S. Hardinge, now Viscount Hardinge.

The Bishop of Bangor, has completed the triennial visitation of his diocese. He looked hale and hearty, although in the 84th year of his age.

A correspondent of the Carlow *Sentinel* inquires what became of the body alleged to be that of John Sadleir, which was shipped in the month of Feburary last, in one of the City of Dublin Company's steamers, at the Custom House? It was deposited in a shell, regularly booked and docketed; but since that period no one living can tell, except the parties concerned, what became of it, or where it was interred, as our correspondent affirms that it was never heard of in Thurles, Tipperary, or Clonmel, where inquiries took place subsequently upon the subject, with a view to ascertain the place of burial. That the body found at Hampstead Heath, and interred in a neighboring cemetery, was raised and sent to Ireland is a fact placed beyond doubt; but from the moment of its arrival at the Custom House-quay, all further knowledge of it terminates.

The Rev. Mr. Elder, formerly well and favorably known amongst the citizens of Derry, has delivered a lecture in the school-room of the First Presbyterian Church, for the purpose of explaining the state and prospects of Presbyterianism in New Brunswick, where he has been, during several years, a resident minister. Mr. Elder has been officially deputed to the Free Church of Scotland, and to the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, with the view above stated, and in order to solicit assistance on behalf of the Church in New-Brunswick.

The annual meeting of the proprietors of the Northern Banking Company has been held at the Bank, in Victoria-street Belfast, at which the usual business was transacted. William Coates, Esq., chairman; Charles Murland, Esq., John F. Ferguson, Esq., Robert Patterson, Esq., Michael Andrews, Esq., Henry H. M'Neile, Esq., James Alexander, Esq., were appointed the Managing Committee for the ensuing year.

At Derrynieve, near Kish, in the parish of Drumkeeran, co. Fermanagh, William Crawford, aged 108, recently died. The week before he died he was on the top of a rick of hay, making it up. He was never known to have been ill until an hour before he died. Another man named Jones lives in the same parish, aged 107; and a woman turned 105.

A respectable farmer, named Gunning, while returning from the fair of Drumkeeran, county Leitrim, stopped at a public-house, a short distance from Dunkeeran, where he had some whiskey. On remounting, his saddle slipped out on the animal's withers, turned, and threw him on his head, breaking his neck instantaneously.

THE IRISH CENSUS—THE CENSUS OF THE SLAIN.

From the Dublin Nation.

A few weeks ago, the world beheld one of those wondrous and startling coincidences which some men are satisfied to call chance, but which others more wisely call Providence. We allude to the extraordinary coincidence, by which at the very moment England was engaged in extolling her own superior system of government, her virtues and humanity, there was laid at her door the most awful indictment ever recorded—the slaughter of one million, three hundred and sixty-one thousand and fifty-one human beings, and the expatriation of two million, eighty-seven thousand, four hundred and ninety-four others—in all about three and a half million souls!

Within the land, where this tragedy was enacted, there is grown each year more food than its population could consume; from that country in its agony, in its agony of hunger-death, ships sailed away loaded with the fat of the land. In vain flocks and hand herds, and golden corn, covered the land; a human system chose to regard these things as sent by God for the special purpose to which custom had assigned them, and by no means for the people's use. And so, one million, three hundred and sixty-one thousand and fifty-one persons were condemned to death by hunger in a land full of food, rather than English laws should be altered!

To any one who witnessed the horrors of that dreadful time—who saw the loaded granaries, the ravenous stare of famine-madness in the eyes that glowered upon a bit of horseflesh—who saw every tie of humanity violated, that the rules of political economy might be preserved—who saw the trap coffin ply its trade in Ireland, that the corn merchant might flourish in England—who saw the corn grown and cut down in Ireland shipped to England, to be held there till famine made it worth its weight in gold, and then shipped back to Ireland at usurer's price—to one who witnessed all this, it is hard to deal with this census blue book in blue book style. Eight years have failed to blot these scenes from the memories of those who witnessed them. Here in this country there dwelt a race of poor, ill-used, hardy, contented peasantry. They were warm-hearted, chivalrous and hospitable; faultless they were not; they inherited the slave's vices, the marks which are invariably found on the Bondman, but which disappear in the Freeman. But their virtues were their own, and in no country in the world was greater moral purity, in no other country were the social ties—those foundations of society—more strong and enduring; in no other country on the globe was there a population more worthy of preservation, more capable of becoming a bulwark of civilization, religion and morality. Seeking to palliate the crime, the English journals have taken to slandering the dead—they assert that the slaughter of the peasantry was a blessing, in as much as it rid the earth of cumbering idleness, laziness and vice!

A foreigner reading the English papers would conclude that the Irish famine victims were a race lower than the Hottentots, as lazy as Turks, as immoral as Britons; hating education and improvement, detesting cleanliness, rejecting religion, opposing law; swarming like locusts on the land, their extirpation was deliverance for the country. All this is asserted by the English papers of a people who, in all that sheds lustre on humanity, had not their superiors in the human family.

We know that under any government not desiring the extirpation of our race, the food of Ireland would have fed the people of Ireland; we are not blind to the fact that in other countries, with less cause, man's decrees are altered to accord with the exigencies of a like kind. In our case, it was resolved that the law should take its course; the elemosynary kindness of good Englishmen joined that of the world at large, and charity was bestowed in vain where right was denied. We refuse to blaspheme God's Providence, because we know that many millions of pounds sterling worth of food left Ireland during the famine. We do not hold that the loss of three million souls is a blessing; we hold it to be a calamity, in a moral, social, religious and political point of view. Nor is it true that prosperity has resulted or could result from such a loss. The tranquillity and improvement of this unfortunate exhausted country is the improvement of convalescence—the quietude of one whose veins had been almost drained of life's purple tide, but who begins to feel returning life and strength. England in the day of trial had her choice, to save our people or preserve her "institutions," she made her choice and the Census of the Blue Book tells with what result. Political economy has been preserved intact, but one million, three hundred and sixty-one thousand and fifty-one victims fell; from their shroudless and coffinless graves, they call on the vengeance of civilized Europe to strike and smite the authors of that massacre.

ENGLAND, IRELAND, INDIA, AND ITALY.

From the Dublin Telegraph.

We subjoin the principal part of an article from the *Univers*, commenting on a reply in the *Times*, of the 2nd instant, to certain observations in the *Verona Gazette* on the relative condition of Ireland, India, and Naples. We consider the *Univers'* article, which we have given almost in its entirety, as the best retort courteous that has yet been given to the *Thunderer's* flippant and incoherent rejoinder to the temperate but overwhelming arguments of the *Gazette*. To M. Jules Gondon, the truly gifted writer of the article which we translate from the *Univers*, the Catholic people of Ireland owe a deep and lasting debt of gratitude, for his uniform advocacy of their cause. It is, perhaps, not so generally known to them as it ought to be, that on every occasion where their religion is assailed by the British press, or their rights denied by the British Government, this, their dauntless champion, wields his powerful pen in their defence. His line of argument is always clear and sound, his conclusions just, and his language, though convincingly forcible, simple in the extreme. We intended at first to give his replication in two parts; but on consideration, we preferred exceeding the ordinary length, rather than injure the force and sequence of the whole, by dividing it into separate portions. After quoting a portion of the *Times* article to which we have referred, Mr. Jules Gondon says:—

Consult the historians of every country, of every period, and every creed, and they are all unanimous when they narrate the conquest of Ireland, the means by which England there established and maintained her dominion. Are not the laws and statutes of the empire themselves accusing witnesses, whose evidences can never be rejected? Does not every page of the Parliamentary annals form some act of accusation? From the days of the conquest to a period very near our own times, is not the history of Ireland written in blood and tears? Do not her annals present the history of a tyranny the most barbarous that has ever weighed down a nation? Let any one even now run over the pages Augustine Thierry, Gustave de Beaumont, the historians of England, nay, even the records of Parliament, and it will be found that she appears ever in the same character. Can it be possible that a journal calculates so much on the ignorance of its readers as to maintain that England is a stranger to the miseries of Ireland? Has not English policy, during so many centuries, been conformable with a truly implacable fidelity to the views of one of Elizabeth's councillors, who said:—

"If we undertake to bring this country to order and civilization, it will soon acquire power and riches. The inhabitants might then conceive the idea of rendering themselves independent. Our principle should, therefore, be to encourage disorder; for whilst Ireland is rent by its internal dissensions, it will not attempt to separate from the Crown of England."

These counsels were soon acted upon, and Ireland was not long before it became a vast desert. This work of extermination was urged on with such success that the Governor of Ireland, Lord Grey, wrote to the Queen that—

"Her Majesty would soon reign over nothing but ashes and dead bodies."

* * * * * * *

Have the Neapolitan States ever known the misery, poverty and agony of Ireland? Without going back to past ages—without recalling the fearful condition of the people after the conquest, or the religious persecutions, has our generation not been a witness of periodical famines, which exhibited to Europe the horrible picture of the Irish population literally dying of famine? England, it is true, imposed on itself a few sacrifices to soften the rigors of the plague; but Ireland nevertheless saw its sons perish by hundreds of thousands. The unfortunate creatures who died of hunger, were found on the high roads, the byways, the towns and their suburbs.

CHARITY OF THE HOLY SEE TO IRELAND IN HER DISTRESS WHEN NEGLECTED BY ENGLAND.

And why should we not say that if hunger has not made the most frightful ravages, it is because Catholic charity has extended to Ireland its fraternal hand, at the instance of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is the Head of the Church, the Pope, whom it pleases the English to calumniate and to outrage, who by a solemn appeal to Christendom, furnished Ireland with the means of sustaining and saving a portion of her children. What part of Italy has ever been reduced to such misery. Has England at any period had to exercise its charity towards the Roman Neapolitan States?

DIMINUTION OF POPULATION BY FAMINE, DISEASE AND EMIGRATION.

Since the famine years the general condition of Ireland has been ameliorated, and it was with pleasure that we stated this a few days ago; but at what price has this amelioration been purchased? Is it not well known that famine and emigration have, during the last two years, diminished the population of Ireland by no less than TWO MILLIONS of its inhabitants?

The population thus reduced naturally finds it more easy to satisfy its wants. Wages have been raised because hands are wanting. Two millions of the inhabitants have been sacrificed to obtain this assuagement of misery and this commencement of prosperity.

Is there in Italy—is there in the kingdom of Naples—any portion of territory whose inhabitants have been seen thus to fly their mother country, to roam beyond the ocean in quest of a hospitable soil? The Irish emigrate to America to escape the oppression which still to this day, and at the very time we are writing, weighs heavily upon their countrymen. For a considerable portion of the Irish people the concessions made to the ideas of liberty have had no other result than that of letting them die on their native soil, or of constraining them to expatriate themselves. Yes, the *Times* is right in saying that the King of Naples has not followed towards his subjects the policy of which the sovereigns of England have furnished an example.

ENGLAND ACKNOWLEDGES HER PERSECUTION OF IRELAND.

The *Times* acknowledges that the Catholics of Ireland have been persecuted! Its readers ought to have been astonished at this avowal; and yet ought they not to feel still more surprised that this journal should cite the discontinuance of persecution as a proof of generosity? What concessions, forsooth, to the ideas of liberty! Who will dare to doubt the liberal sentiments of the British Government? For the last three centuries a religious persecution the most sanguinary and barbarous has raged in Ireland; and all that can be said is, that during the last twenty-five years England no longer acts the cut-throat towards Catholics, their priests are no longer banished, and their children are permitted to receive the education from which they were previously excluded. The cry is no longer heard in England that it is absolutely necessary to exterminate the Irish to man, rather than permit Catholicism to exist there; and yet in all this, no one will admire British generosity!

BRITISH TOLERATION.

The toleration of which the *Times* boasts is indeed worthy of the admiration which that journal seeks for its country, since Protestantism, essentially and naturally a persecutor, rarely resists its instincts as such when it can abandon itself to them with impunity; but is it, after all, really true that persecution for religion's sake has ceased in Ireland? Would it not, on the contrary, be persisted in, in spite of the progress which liberal ideas have made? Would not the *Times* be nearer the truth if it said that in proportion as the spirit of liberty has increased in the popular mind persecution has changed its form?

CONTINUANCE OF PERSECUTION IN A NEW FORM—THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.

England no longer sheds Catholic blood in Ireland, but persecution has not ceased. Is the baneful existence of a Protestant Church in a Catholic country not an act of permanent persecution? Does not the Anglican Establishment in Ireland retain possession of the property of the Catholic Church? Are not six millions of Irish Catholics obliged to provide by various taxes for the support of the Protestant clergy? After having thus borne the burden which the State Church has imposed on it, are not Catholics obliged to provide for the wants of their own Church? Have they not to support their bishops, their priests, their religious houses? Have they not to educate their children, and maintain their poor, whilst the State liberally supplies all these wants for a bare million of Protestants, scattered over the country? Active persecution may have been transmuted into legal oppression; but the Catholic finds himself exposed to that persecution face to face in the principal circumstances of life. Whilst a child, if he frequents a public school, he is hindered from making the sign of the cross, and continual attempts are made to substitute the reading of the Protestant Bible in lieu of his Church's prayers.

RESTRICTIONS ON EDUCATION AT THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

As the young grow up, they have to encounter impediments in receiving instruction at certain Establishments. If they are to be educated in the Catholic University, the government will not allow them to take the same degrees that they can obtain on leaving the Protestant Universities.

PARTIALITY IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF OFFICES AND APPOINTMENTS.

Later in life when they wish to take office under any administration, their religion as Catholics will then probably be an obstacle in their way, and if they succeed in surmounting it, they are pretty certain of never rising very high amongst the governmental hierarchy. The best appointments in the State are, even in Ireland, reserved for the English or the Scotch, or for Protestants of some kind or other.

OBSTRUCTIONS IN TRADE AND COMMERCE.

In commerce, the Irish have to contend with the restrictions intended to protect the trade of England, and their natural industry is placed in such circumstances, that it can never enter into competition with England. In the army and the marine, the Irish can hope for little promotion, and, whether on land or sea, they are most frequently denied either chaplain or religious service.

OPPRESSION OF THE TENANTS AND SMALL FARMERS.

What may be said of the position of the small farmer, left wholly under the omnipotent rule of a landlord, to whom the law grants a legitimate right to exercise every iniquity, and every injustice.

ENGLISH TYRANNY EXERCISED TO IRISHMEN AFTER THEIR DEATH.

Finally, it might be supposed at least that the Irishman would find at the moment of death that liberty of which he was deprived when living. No such thing. England has framed laws destined to shackle his will, if he wishes to dispose of his property for the advantage of the Church, which Protestantism has robbed and plundered.

FRUITS OF EMANCIPATION—IRISH VOTES IN PARLIAMENT.

It is true that Irish Catholics "have a place in the legislature"—but why did not the *Times* add that the Parliamentary representation is managed with such adroitness that the Irish members are always in so great a minority as to prevent their votes from carrying a single measure of utility to their country. O'Connell said in 1844 that after the passing of the Reform Bill Ireland ought to have had from 150 to 175 representatives, and yet it has never been allowed to have more than 105. And how long has Catholic Ireland had a place in this national assembly? And what struggles had it to go through before it obtained this favor? Impartial history will tell us whether Emancipation, limited as it is, was on the part of England owing to a desire to satisfy liberal ideas, or whether it was not wrested from her under the most serious apprehensions, with which O'Connell and his followers, and tatterdemalions, according to the expression of the *Times*, knew so well how to inspire the Ministry of that day.

THE PRIVILEGE OF IRISH REPRESENTATION IN PARLIAMENT CONTRASTED WITH ITS ADVANTAGES—WHAT THAT PRIVILEGE HAS COST.

Of a share in the national representation, it is true, the Neapolitan is deprived, and he appears contented that public affairs should be carried on without his having to take part in their cares. But what are in reality the great advantages which Ireland derives from the honor of sitting in Parliament, since she cannot contrive to shake off the oppression which overwhelms her? Is it then to be apprehended that if she had not a voice in the councils of the nation, she would, thanks to the liberal and generous spirit of England, be much worse treated than she is? In this point of view she really gained something in 1829. But does she not voluntarily give her seats in Parliament on the condition of seeing an end put to her religious oppressions, and of entering into the full enjoyment of all the liberties which England reserves for itself exclusively?

IRISH SUFFERINGS FAR MORE INTOLERABLE THAN EXCLUSION FROM REPRESENTATION IN NAPLES.

The Neapolitans would certainly not accept the satisfaction of having a national representation at the price of the sufferings and privations which we have just enumerated.

DISTRIBUTION OF PUBLIC SITUATIONS AND OFFICES IN NAPLES AND IRELAND—A CONTRAST.

As to the obtaining of public places and situations, every one is admissible to them at Naples who is able to fulfil the conditions regarding capacity, which in England constitutes the most feeble of titles to them. Let Ireland be asked if she is satisfied with the manner in which places are bestowed in the civil administration. The unequal distribution of public offices is, on the contrary, one of the grievances of which she complains most bitterly.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND NOT TO BE ENVIED BY THE NEAPOLITANS.

Is there, then, in the condition of Ireland—taken altogether, such as we have described it—anything to excite the envy of the Neapolitans? Is it not rather Ireland that envies the condition of the latter? The arrogance of the *Times* has raised even in Ireland itself a general indignation, and the people would be delighted to consider as serious the ironical invitation addressed to the King of Naples, requesting him to convey, through his ambassador in London, counsels favorable to Ireland.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER IN REPLY TO THE "TIMES."

The argument based on the condition of Ireland in answer to the counsels of amelioration given to the Italian Governments is, therefore, just and correct. England has felt all its force and application, and it is on this account the *Times* is so wrathful. It is because the contrast shown between the condition of the Italian States and that of Ireland has produced in Europe an echo which galls England, that her journals have sought to give a different turn to public opinion, by directing it to another point, by raising other questions, and by indulging in new recriminations. It is for the purpose of stifling that echo of opinion that the *Times* is all at once seized with so lively a sympathy for the State exiles of Cayenne, and that it is so deeply affected at their position, and the discipline to which they have been subjected. It is to make us forget Ireland that the *Times* entertains us with—

"The atrocities which are committed at Spielberg, in the dungeons of Monteau, Verona, Pesth, and the several other fortresses in which cruelties are daily practised at which human nature revolts."

It is to turn our eyes from the oppression of the Irish who, according to the *Examiner*, are the negroes of England, that the *Times* pretends to assert that—

"Lombardy is in chains, that Hungary is depopulated, and Bohemia tortured by the most revolting religious persecutions."

And, in fine, that England has not, according to the *Times*,

"In the middle age of its history, pages so dark as that their horror has not been surpassed by the Austrian Government for some years past."

The tactics of the *Times* will not, however, gain their object. In spite of its abusive declamation we bring it back to the point at which we set out. That journal would make a better use of its talents, if it seriously called the attention of the English Government to the anomalies and inquiries which shock the observer who studies with impartiality the condition of India and Ireland.

ENTERTAINMENT TO COUNSELLOR McCUNN, OF NEW-YORK.

John H. McCunn, Esq., of New-York, has been entertained at a public dinner at Newtownlimivady, county Derry. The entertainment was attended by a large number of the merchants and other inhabitants of the town, as well as by the leading resident farmers of that part of the country. John McCunn is a native of Myroe, and landed on the shores of America some sixteen years ago, friendless and penniless. Being one of those men who unite with first-class abilities the power of an iron determination, he succeeded in hewing out a path for himself among the citizens of the New World, and is now one of the most affluent barristers practising in the city of his adoption. He has also been elevated to the rank of Colonel in the N. Y. S. Militia. About two months ago he returned to Ireland, on a visit to his aged mother and other relatives, and, in order to place them in a comfortable position, and to provide a summer residence for his own family when visiting Ireland, purchased the beautiful country-seat of Farm-Hill, near Coleraine, formerly in the occupation of Major Title.

The dinner took place in Mercer's Hotel, Newtownlimivady. George Proctor, Esq., Solicitor, occupied the chair. The Vice-Chair was filled by Mr. W. Douglas, merchant, Newtownlimavady.

To the toast of—

"The People—the only legitimate source of power"—

Mr. Hemphill, jun., responded, in an able and eloquent speech, examining the political system of Ireland, and criticising those laws which, in their present state, are felt to operate injuriously on the country.

The Chairman then called on the company to fill bumpers, as he was about to propose the toast of the evening. Newtownlimavady, he said, had produced men, and many of them, who, no matter what might be their profession, were not afraid to stand among their fellows (cheers.) Newtownlimavady was the birthplace of one of the first English judges of the present day, Baron Martin—a man who was an ornament to the British bench (cheers.) Twenty years ago, when Dr. Cooke, the great Presbyterian divine, was addressing an audience, he thought it was an exceedingly good joke, speaking of the ubiquity of the Caledonians, to say that "if they were to travel over the whole globe, and go to the North Pole, they were sure to see a Scotchman sitting astride upon it" (laughter.) It was a curious fact that his language, a few years later, might have been used with almost perfect truth, in regard to the Newtownlimavady men, because, if the worthy divine had been present at the discovery of the North-west Passage, he would have discovered one of our townsmen—certainly not sitting astride of the pole—but walking on the deck of the very vessel in which Commodore McClure accomplished the other hazardous achievement (loud cheers.) Yes, there was scarcely a man in that room who did not recollect the gentleman in question—Dr. Armstrong—(loud cheers)—a Newtownlimavady man. The services of Dr. Armstrong during that celebrated voyage were so highly prized, that those on board, to mark their sense of his kindness and ability, presented him with a magnificent gold watch, valued at ninety guineas. And now they had the honor of another Newtownlimavady man, no less distinguished in his own sphere, in the person of their guest of that evening (loud cheers.) They were all proud to meet Mr. McCunn, to welcome him among his old friends, and to do him honor. Of course it was not in their power to confer on him any material honor in their humble entertainment; but for that their guest did not care, as money—of which he had plenty—(laughter)—could procure it for himself; but he was sure he did value the expression of kind feeling on the part of his old schoolfellows, when, after many a struggle in the race of life, and after having overcome difficulties, which few other men could surmount, he came back to his native land—to tread once more those fields where he had played when a child—to gaze again on the alpine scenery of their mountains—to wander by the river Roe, where, with those early friends whom he now saw around him, he had often "peddled through the burn" (loud applause.) They had met to show him honor—honor where it was due. And, when Mr. McCunn returned to the land of his adoption, the people of that country would know—for the news would be carried to them on the wings of the press, which he was glad to see represented there that evening—the feelings entertained towards him in Ireland (cheers.) His many friends across the Atlantic would thus see the estimation in which he was held by his old companions, as evidenced by the large number of men who had assembled at that banquet—a banquet which was to be taken as a slight endorsement of his moral worth (hear.) He would not detain them longer, but would give—

"The health of John H. McCunn, Esq., of the American Bar, and Colonel of the United States Militia." (The toast was drunk with all the honors, and with the utmost enthusiasm.)

Mr. McCunn, who appeared much moved, then spoke in reply. When nearing his native shores, after a long absence, he had thought he would have been permitted to spend a few days in quiet retirement—to see his old mother and his beloved brothers, and then to pass away again—but it seemed they had it otherwise ordained (hear.) The kind expressions respecting himself which had that night been employed in his presence, would for ever be treasured up in his dearest recollections. They would give him new energy, and would inspirit him to other and greater efforts in a foreign land—they would cheer him on in his path of labor in the far West—they would enable him to accomplish enterprises in his profession which he would never be able to achieve, were it not for the scene he had that night witnessed (cheers.) They would plant in him a new heart, give him new courage, inspire him with fresh energy, confer on him greater

self-reliance, and teach him the value of those good wishes which emanated from the ardent depths of the Irish heart (cheers.) They would also teach him to remember his native land—not, indeed, but that he had always, and at all times, fondly recollected her (hear, hear.) Often, in the still hours of the night, when the labors of the day were over, he had sat down to meditate on the land he had left. In spirit he had again visited his birthplace—he had "peddled through the burn," as when a child, and in imagination trod those fields which had so often re-echoed the shouts of their youthful amusements. What, then, had been his feelings when he again beheld those shores which, a few years ago, he had left a poor boy, afterwards thrown in a strange land, naked and penniless, without friends and without money? (cheers.) Thus he had been, when he first landed in America; and what had he done? Why, he had made up his mind to struggle for a position—he had determined that, if his country required a helping hand, he would assist her—he resolved that, if his poor old mother was spared days, she should have a son able and willing to help her (loud cheers.) His mind he made up to accomplish thus much, and they all saw how he had done it (hear, hear, and loud cheers.) But he trusted his race would not end there—it would be too bad if it would (hear, hear.) He was yet a young man—only thirty-two or thirty-three years of age, he believed—and he felt as though he were only beginning the world; and this demonstration on his behalf—the warm feelings they had exhibited, and the kind welcome they had given him—never would be effaced from his memory. They would excite his ambition to greater deeds, and carry him through difficulties which he would have been unable to surmount were it not for their kind approbation that evening (loud cheers.) That night would be long remembered by him. He had many kind friends there, but equally kind hearts were waiting to welcome him on the other side of the water. Not only the dear partner of his life, but others—his friends in business, and those whom he had been unable to assist in a foreign country—would be waiting to receive him with open arms. Well, with what sort of feeling would they welcome him when he appeared before them with those sentiments of approbation by which they had that evening endorsed his conduct—when they were told of the warm hearts and warm hands that had received him in his native country? He surely had spoken truly when he said no moment of his life was to be compared with that (hear.) Rejoiced as he was to meet them there that evening in Newtownlimavady, he was not so vain as to imagine that the demonstration had been made so much in honor of himself as of the principle which he represented—that of firmly holding by whatever a man has undertaken, and going through with his honest determination (cheers.) It was the principle and not the man—and that was the principle which he had always professed. He thought he had almost said enough (no, no.) To know that he had been welcomed as he had been that evening—by his townsmen, by his old schoolfellows, by many gentlemen who were to him utter strangers—how must it cheer the heart of his aged mother in her humble cottage—how must it cheer the heart of his brothers—how would it cheer the hearts of his friends at the other side of the Atlantic? And, if these would feel so deeply, what must be his feelings on the present gratifying occasion? He would detain them no longer, but begged to return them his heartfelt thanks for the honor he had that evening received at their hands. Words could not express the feeling which filled his heart, nor could he adequately convey his sense of the compliment; but, so long as life was extant—so long as the pulse throbbed within his body—so long that hour, with their kind faces and their kind hearts, would he ever remember. (The speaker was loudly cheered on resuming his seat.)

The Chairman then proposed "The American Nation." (Loud cheers.) England boasted herself the asylum of the unfortunate refugees of all nations, and she might do so truthfully and with pride; but what country offered an asylum to the poor exiled Irishman? America—the United States of America. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) They owed a deep debt of gratitude to the American nation, for it had for many years been the asylum of the unfortunate Irish refugees, whom oppression and mismanagement had driven from their own shores. Some forty or fifty years ago, when Mr. Sampson, an ancestor of the present Mr. Sampson, agent to the Fishmongers' company—a man respected wherever he was known—was driven from this country, the American Bar, by a vote of their body, received him with open arms as a man and a brother. (Cheers.) Young Emmet was also received by them in the most fraternal manner, and their guest of that evening, who was a member of the same profession, found in the United States, not only an asylum but a position of eminence, and a lasting fortune. (Loud cheers.) They would, therefore, drink—"The American Nation." (Cheers.)

Mr. M'Cunn again rose, and observed that, as he was the only American citizen present, he presumed the task of responding to the toast devolved upon him. (Hear, hear.) Although he was an American citizen, he was also an Irishman. Never could he forget the old land—never could he forget his origin; nor, at the same time, would he forget the country that had taken him in when he was a stranger—that had taken him in her maternal embraces—that had nourished him and cherished him—that had clothed him when he was naked. Forget her!—rather that his arm should wither from the trunk than that he should forget that great, and good, and glorious republic. (Applause.) Again, to his Irish friends America was deeply and especially interesting, for there his countrymen could obtain any eminence in the State to which their talents and industry entitled them. They had their General Jackson. Who was he? The son of an Irishman, but born in the United States. Now, where was there a "fellow" for Jackson? Where was there a man in any land who had stood up for the liberties of his country like Jackson? Where could they find one who battled for the rights of man so nobly as General Jackson? (Cheers.) Then they had their Buchanan—Buchanan, who was now the Democratic candidate for the chief magistracy of the Union. Who was Buchanan? Why, the son of an Irishman, and at the present day his uncle resided in Omagh. (Tremendous cheering.) Yes, the father of Buchanan was a '98 man—he had to fly from his native country; and now his son was nominated for the highest post in the United States of America—that of President. And, what was more, he would get it. Yes, he was certain of it, for he belonged to the rolling Democratic ranks, who, when the struggle came to a crisis, carried everything before them, in their irresistible weight and majesty. (Cheers.) This much he would say—that the United States had their best and most lucrative positions open, ready to receive Irishmen. (Cheers.) Why, therefore, should he forget that land? (Hear, hear.) Why should he forget that land which had brought plenty to a mother's house—that land which, he hoped, would bring plenty to his own house—that land which brought relief to many a hungering heart in this country, when famine and pestilence were abroad in Ireland. Let them look at the progress made by America. Sixty-seven years ago, when the colonists had deemed it necessary to sever the link which bound them to the mother country, the population of the United States was 2,000,000; it was now 32,000,000. (Cheers.) What would be the numbers of her population if she continued to increase in the same ratio for the next fifty years? Where would the little island of Great Britain be by that time? (Laughter.) It was, no doubt, rather an unusual thing for the child to give advice to the parent—(laughter)—but still he would say, "Take good example from America, and remedy those defects which prejudice and class distinctions have imported into your laws." Of course, it was not for him to dictate to that company as to their political duties; yet, as an Irishman it was difficult to say why he should not express his opinion on that point. One of the defects which existed was the imperfection of their electoral system. (Hear, hear.) As independent men, he thought they should urge, with all their might, the adoption of vote by ballot. (Loud cheers.)

"The Clergy" was the next toast. It was well received, and was responded to by the

Rev. N. M. Brown. He referred to the social influence of the pulpit, the benefit of clerical ministrations generally, and the flourishing condition of those countries where evangelical religion was taught and practised. It was to be regretted that he was the only member of the clerical body in attandance, but he presumed the absence of his brethren was unavoidable. For his own part, he felt proud to do honor to a man, the more he knew of whom, the more highly he respected. From public report he had known him to be "a man in earnest," but he now knew him as a man of cultivated intellect, indomitable perseverance, and great mental powers. (Cheers.)

The healths of Mr. Patton, Mr. Matthew Cherry, and of Mr. Robert Proctor, having been proposed and acknowledged, the proceedings terminated, several remarkably good songs having very much enhanced the evening's delightful entertainment.

BISHOP ENGLAND ON SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

To the Hon. John Forsyth.

Sir,—Though I have had the honor of an interview with you only once, and that several years since, at Milledgeville, when you were Governor of Georgia, I presume we are sufficiently acquainted, each with the character of the other, to warrant my addressing you not as a stranger. For you personally I have high regard; for your public conduct in many places of trust and honor, I have great respect; the administration in which you hold so prominent a place, has my full confidence; and did I take an active part in politics, it should have my feeble aid.

I have been opposed elsewhere, in the performance of the duties of my spiritual office, by the leading abolitionists of the United States, upon the ground of my being a bishop in the Southern slaveholding states, and for having reproved Mr. O'Connell's assaults upon our planters more than eleven years ago; and my judgment and feeling are now what they were then. Yet I do not consider Mr. O'Connell a brute, though I have often told him that his charges were unwarranted and harsh; nor do I think it would be proper to "stop his wind," though I greatly disapprove of his vituperation of our country; and as regards the anti-slavery folks in Great Britain, you may judge of my attachment to them, and my respect for their love of liberty, when I tell you, that for years, whilst I resided in Ireland under the operation of the persecuting code of Britain, I witnessed the yearly display by the anti-slavery society of the preparation and presentation to parliament of two petitions; one for abolishing the slavery of the negroes in the West Indies, the other for riveting the chains of the white slaves in Ireland, by continuing to enforce the penal laws against the Roman Catholics. Mr. O'Connell, at that period, had, as one of his humble associates in the effort to procure the repeal of those laws, the individual who has the honor to address you at present; and frequently has that individual listened with delight to the exciting eloquence in which Mr. O'Connell portrayed the sanctimonious hypocrisy of a heartless band, that, with words of pity on the lips, with wailing in the tone, with woe upon the visage, and bigotry where the heart should have been, persisted, year succeeding year, in this course, until the Catholic extorted his partial freedom against their will! Mr. O'Connell has not, I hope, more charity than I to forgive those whom God has commanded me to forgive, if I expect pardon for my own sins; but I shall not be found with Mr. O'Connell, banded with men whom I believe to be unchanged in their principles, though not placed in the same circumstances which formerly gave a better opportunity for showing them such as they are.

I have now, sir, reduced our ground of examination to a more narrow space. That space is the letter of the Pope and its circumstances.

I assume you to have insinuated that the letter was written under influences proceeding from the British isles. Upon what do you build this insinuation? It becomes a man in your position, in such a case, to speak out, and to have no reserve. Your position affords ample opportunities of learning the influence at foreign courts. Do you know of any influence which the anti-slavery folks of the British isles had in this case? If you do, you owe it to us of the South in particular to exhibit it, and to let us know its extent, as well as its object.

Now, sir, I am of opinion that British influence has had as little connexion with this letter as Georgian influence had; because, in the first place, this is by no means a novel procedure on the part of the Holy See. The Pope tells us, that he did it from a sense of duty. "We deem that it becomes our pastoral solicitude." And though statesmen, in general, pay very little regard to the declaration of motives in state-papers, you will allow me to say that I have had repeated opportunities of satisfying my own mind as to the personal character of the present supreme Pontiff; and with me, his declaration of a motive is conclusive evidence, and settles my opinion.

The very tenor of the document shows that he acted not in a novel or unusual course, but in perfect accordance with the principle which influenced the body over which he presides, from its very origin, during successive centuries. Why then seek, in British influence, a cause for his conduct on the present occasion?

He mentions similar acts of several of his predecessors; Pius II., in 1462, when Edward IV. was King of England, and the rival houses of York and Lancaster gave to the British people other occupation than that of interfering with the Portuguese and the negroes in Africa; Pope Paul III., who wrote in 1537, succeeded Clement VII., in whose pontificate the kingdom of England was separated from the Holy See; and it will scarcely be asserted that the apostolic letter issued by this Pope, on the 29th of May of that year, was the result of British influence. You will not say that the British, who, in 1639, were regarded as the most virulent opponents of the Holy See, had influence, and used it to procure that Pope Urban VIII. should issue a similar apostolic letter on the 23d of April, exactly the day after Charles I. had cast the lords Brook and Say into prison, and was so perplexed by the Scotch Covenanters. Nor will you venture to assert that it was British influence procured that a similar apostolic letter should be issued by Benedict XIV. in 1741, when, under George II., the execution of the penal laws against Catholics was in full vigor. And though the anti-slavery societies existed in Great Britain and Ireland during the pontificate of Pius VII., in the first portion of the present century, yet were the penal laws, to a considerable extent, also in full vigor; and you scarcely expect us to believe that this society, which presented its annual petition for the persecution of Catholics and the abolition of negro slavery, had great influence with his holiness. Thus, sir, I give you some of the reasons for my opinion that your insinuation against the Pope is wholly without foundation.

I now proceed, sir, to establish another distinction, which I am astonished you could have overlooked. The distinction between the "slave-trade," as prohibited by the United States, and the engagement in which would be a high crime, I believe a felony, in any one of their citizens, and the continuance of "domestic slavery" in any of the States by the authority of that State, and with the existence or regulation of which the government of the United States has no concern whatsoever.

The British Anti-slavery Society, Mr. O'Connell, and the American abolitionists, are equally opposed to both, in all places, and at all times; and they specially wage war upon us at the South for the continuance of this "domestic servitude." The Pope neither mentions nor alludes to this latter in his apostolic letter, which is directed, as were those of his predecessors, solely and exclusively against the former. Yet, sir, you confound his letter with the deeds of the societies; and you use the vague expression, "an apostolic letter on slavery," instead of the precise one, "against being engaged in the slave-trade," which we should expect from so able and experienced a diplomatist, holding for years the high office of Secretary of State of these confederated republics.

I should suppose, sir, that, to a deeply read and experienced statesman, who has been in Italy, Spain, and I believe other parts of Europe, not merely for idle tour-making, but engaged with courts on public business, the precise and fixed meaning of the expression, "traffic in negroes," would be as familiar as "household words," and that Mr. Forsyth would not stand in need of being reminded by me, that, in the language of continental Europe, it is precisely and exclusively what the United States knows as criminal trading in slaves; that it is not at all applicable to what is known amongst us as "domestic slavery." The Roman Catholic Church, which is that of those nations to which I more particularly allude, has always observed this distinction; and it is one as obvious as that which exists between the words "foreign" and "domestic."

The Pope's letter specially describes the traffic, in three places. In one it says "reduced (in remote lands) Indians, negroes and other unfortunate beings, into slavery. This is the first ingredient in the crime, viz: *reducing those who were free into slavery*, and this in remote lands, which belonged to those so reduced in slavery, and by foreign invaders. The citizens of Georgia have not reduced any such persons into slavery. The letter then designates another class as criminal by becoming accessories, "or the traffic *in those who had been made captive, by others who* did not hesitate to encourage or profit by such unworthy actions;"—now by the laws of the United States since the year 1808, it would be criminal in one of our citizens to go to Africa and there reduce a negro into slavery, from freedom, or to purchase and ship for a foreign port a negro so enslaved by another, or to introduce him into Georgia or any other place in the United States. This is what is commonly known as the "slave-trade" or "traffic in negroes," and this is precisely what these several Popes reprehended and declared to be unlawful.

In the next place, it is described by an extract from the letters of Pope Urban VIII., in precisely similar terms, who *reduce into slavery*, evidently contemplating persons previously free, and then respecting *the same persons;* that is, those who had been *reduced into* slavery; *buy, sell, exchange*, or *give them away; separate them from their wives and children;* the next expressions could not be, by any effort of ingenuity, used respecting "domestic slaves," such as are in our states, *despoil them of their goods, or possessions*, because in the canon law as well as in the civil law, the *mancipium* or "domestic slave," had no property of possession, except what was permitted to him as a *peculium* or allowance. Carry or send them to other regions, which is incompatible with "domestic slavery," but precisely the character of the "slave-trade," *or in any manner deprive them of their liberty*, which the domestic slave never had, and of which he could not be deprived; *retain them*, that is, *in servitude*, &c.

I now proceed to show from the enacting words, if I may use the expression, of the apostolical letter of his holiness Pope Gregory XVI. that only the "slave-trade" is condemned.

It *admonishes and conjures earnestly* in the Lord—1. Not to molest unjustly. 2. Not to despoil of *their goods*. 3. Not to *reduce into slavery*, negroes or any other race of men. 4. Not to render countenance or assistance to those guilty of such practices. 5. Not to be engaged in the sale or purchase, in the inhuman commerce by which negroes are sometimes devoted to intolerable labor. That this commerce is what our laws condemn as the "slave-trade," and not that sale and purchase which must frequently occur in domestic slavery, is manifest from the consequence which is described, following as a matter of course from the traffic, "through the love of gain held out to the first possessors of the negroes," that is the African chieftains; "dissensions and perpetual wars are fomented throughout the regions which they inhabit,"—and upon all these considerations he prohibits the teaching that "this traffic in negroes," that is, the "slave-trade" is lawful.

Thus, sir, it is manifest that you would be equally justified in placing our federal government, under the administration of Mr. Van Buren and yourself, in company with British and American abolitionists, as you were in placing his holiness Pope Gregory XVI. there. It is not a little strange, sir, that whilst you exhibit him, and by implication me and my flock, as allied with the abolitionists,—the abolitionists themselves, by a select division to whom it was entrusted in New York, drew up a petition which they forwarded to Hayti for signatures, and which was presented to President Boyer, by the general of division at Port au Prince, requesting that no communication should be held with me as envoy from this same Pope Gregory XVI., upon the ground that he was not averse to southern slavery, and that I was an enemy to Daniel O'Connell, and to negroes? Yes, sir, in a conversation which I held with President Boyer, he acknowledged to me the receipt of the petition, when, to spare him the trouble of an examination to discover my sentiments, I informed him that I was aware of the origin and history of the document, and had requested the interview for the purpose of giving the necessary explanation. He has more common sense than most of the abolitionists, and makes more just allowance for the position of the southern planters than do their fellow citizens; and he had the candor and honor to declare that though he must depracate slavery in every shape, yet from what I told him, he was happy to feel that there were great humanity and very creditable feelings of kindness to their slaves in the great bulk of the southern proprietors, and, he added, that he would be devoid of every principle of honor were he to deny the kindness and affection of many of the Spanish proprietors to their slaves in the eastern part of Hayti, previous to the revolution.

In my next, sir, I shall give additional reasons to show that our holy father, Pope Gregory XVI., is not the associate of the abolitionists, and that the Catholics of the South should not be rendered objects of suspicion to their fellow-citizens.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Respectfully.

† John, *Bishop of Charleston.*

Answers to Correspondents.

ACCIDENT.

Our readers will, we trust, kindly excuse the delay in the issue and some confusion in the advertisements of this week's News. It was caused by an accident, which, just as we were going to press, broke up all our printers's work for days before, and involves much expense and trouble. While lowering the second form from the composing-room, the machinery used for that purpose gave way, precipitating types, chase, leads, rules, &c., down four stories, and reducing all to a lugubrious mass of mince "pi."

We have been agreeably surprised and suddenly favored with a communication which accompanies a paragraph or two from a letter written by Benjamin Franklin, to a friend of his in Ireland, from which, for the first time, we learn that America would have assisted Ireland, as France assisted America, had there been (at the time the letter was written,) an attempt made to disenthral Ireland from Great Britain. The letter is dated from Versailles, Oct. 4th, 1778.

"We hope (writes Franklin,) that the political Quixottes of Great Britain will no longer be able to disturb the peace and happiness of mankind, and which Providence has permitted, perhaps to show the monstrous abuse of power; yet, lost to all public virtue as they are, we wish they may turn from their wickedness and live—and doubt not the noble and determined efforts of America will meet the full and unanimous approbation of every virtuous Briton, when they shall be able to distinguish between the mad pursuits of Government, and the true interest of the People. But as for you, our dear and good friends of Ireland, we most cordially recommend to you to continue peaceable and quiet in every situation of your affairs, and endeavor to supply by mutual good-will the defects of administration; but if the Government whom you at this time acknowledge, does not, in conformity with her own true interest, take off and remove every restraint on your trade, commerce and manufactures, *I am charged to assure you that means will be found to establish your freedom in this respect, in the fullest and amplest manner;* and as it is the ardent wish of America to promote—so far as her other engagements will permit—a reciprocal commercial interest with you, I am to assure you they will seek every means to establish and extend it; and it has given me the most sensible pleasure to have those instructions committed to my care, as I have ever retained the most perfect good-will and esteem for the people of Ireland."

John Knox.—You are perfectly correct. In 1774 Washington proposed "to settle his lands on the Ohio and Kenhawe with (as he said himself,) Palatines, or people from Ireland and Scotland." And for their encouragement, he writes—

"It may not be amiss further to observe, that I see no prospect of the people being restrained in the smallest degree, either in their civil or religious principles, which I take notice of, because these are privileges which mankind are solicitous to enjoy, and upon which emigrants must be anxious to be informed."

See Washington's Writings, p. 886. Afterwards, when President of the United States, he proposed to give up the culture of his own farms around Mount Vernon, and settle them with "good farmers, from Europe." This proposal is to be found in his letter to Arthur Young, dated Philadelphia, December 12th, 1793. From all of which, and from a great deal more which could be brought to bear upon the point, it is perfectly clear that Washington, so far from regarding "foreigners" with distrust, considered them worthy of the firmest confidence and most generous encouragement.

From a friend in Mount Lebanon, Bienville Parish, Louisiana, we have received a very complimentary and interesting letter, from which, with sincere pleasure, we give the following extract:—

"It is probably known to you that Joseph George Cormick was the compatriot and fellow-sufferer of the late Dr. McNevin. They had been confined together in Kilmainham, and subsequently at Fort George. When liberated, my uncle George came to Augusta, Georgia, where my father, John Cormick, (who had been equally implicated in the troubles of 1798, and fortunately escaped,) was there settled, in commercial business. Joseph died young, and his compatriots erected to him a neat and appropriate monument, for which his friend, Dr. McNevin, furnished the accompanying inscription. That monument now adorns the Cemetery, at Augusta, and by its chaste and modest beauty of design, contrasts favorably with more ambitious structures. It may interest many of your readers to see in the columns of the *News* these lines, alike honorable to the dead, and to the undecaying friendship of the survivor."

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

JOSEPH GEORGE CORMICK.

Of firmest soul, opposed to guilty power,
Of gentlest manners in the social hour,
Was all his useful worth too weak to save
The valiant Cormick from an early grave?
In vain it proved, to guard that heart sincere,
By honor hallowed, and to freedom dear—
Else this cold marble might not now disclose
Virtue's short span, and friendship's lasting woes.

WILLIAM JAMES M'NEVIN.

Slow and Easy.—You have adopted the wrong motto. To be behind time is to be behind the age. No merit can compensate for slowness in these days. Young Rapids,—"*keep moving*,"—"*Push on*," is the spirit of the life about us. Every nerve is strained to be "up to time," in the head-to-head struggle to get foremost. The sharp ring of the merchant's nervous tread, startles the composure of the unaccustomed ear. At the 'go ahead' of the porter's energetic accent, one flies on one's way as if the houses were falling, while the tortuous interweaving of carriage and omnibus, leaves one scarce a nerve. The bank-clerk counting over a bundle of notes, with an electric knack that is like a feat of legerdemain. The cars on the city roads do not stop for men to get on and off, while at the ferry, every passenger manages to leave the boat before she is secured. We all lend ourselves to this haste and rush. If you cannot come into the spirit of the times, you can hardly hope for success, and may conclude that you came into the world a hundred years too late.

In regard to *Smock Alley*. The Wellington Testimonial in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, (O'Connell christened it "the over-grown mile-stone,") was erected by public subscription. It cost a $100,000. A Mr. R. Smirke designed the monstrosity.

The interesting letter with which we have been favored by *B. O. R.*—*apropos* to our remarks upon Robert Emmet, and the outrage offered him the other evening—will appear in our next issue. No delay—not a day's—would have occurred, had it come to hand time enough for publication.

The *Personal Recollections* are discontinued until the *Fortunes of Casement O'Reilly* have been brought to a close.

DECLINED.—"Leah Cim," your verses to Mary, are in the most antique order of exploded similes. For instance—

"My Mary's eyes are brighter
Than the moon's silvery ray;
My Mary's voice is sweeter
Than the seraph's heavenly lay."

JAMES LYNCH, Baltimore.—We have attentively read your communication. The nature of the subject has irritated you beyond the limits of publication.

Peter Sinnot. Perfectly right. There is a queer, gloomy, incomprehensible ruin, just at the junction of the Suir and Barrow, below Dunbrody, called Buttermilk Castle. Popular tradition informs us that it was built by the Monks of Dunbrody, not only as a toll-house, but as a curing establishment for the fish taken for the use of the Abbey.

☞ JOB PRINTING NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY executed at the *News* Office, 29 Ann street, N. Y.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1856.

GOD SAVE THE UNION!

"To the efficiency and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable."—Washington's letter to the Governors of the several States.

The Election for Presidential Electors, in November next, will determine, for good or evil, the political problems which for some time past have been discussed before the people. Considering the interests of the Union—its strength, consolidation, and future integrity—to be seriously involved in the result, we devote our columns to the examination of the prominent question to be decided.

The Preamble to the Constitution of the United States declares, that:—

"We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

The expression of popular opinion at the present time, as to what shall be the policy by which the affairs of the Government are hereafter to be conducted, is seriously to determine whether or not "justice shall be done, the public tranquility preserved, the general welfare promoted."

A faction, called an Abolition Party, located chiefly in Massachusetts, were long regarded as a band of fanatics, blind to the dictates of reason, but recklessly bent on creating excitements on the subject of Slavery. For many years they enjoyed but a feeble existence. They were derided and despised, looked on as numerically weak, and morally wicked.

They are now strong and stupendous in their might, seeking in the name of "Republicans," or "North Americans," to trample on the rights of nearly one half the States of the Union.

The present contest is between them and the Democratic party. Between James Buchanan and John C. Fremont. Between union and fraternity with the South, or a selfish isolation of political principles and power for the North.

The party upholding Millard Fillmore, the American or Know-Nothing candidate, is too restricted in its views—too narrow in its limits, to deserve any mention in the impending struggle for great national interests. It is entirely out of the struggle.

The question which now agitates this Republic, is one which exposes the Southern States to obloquy, unmerited and measureless. In the Territories owned by the United States no Southern man can be supposed to emigrate without the implements of field labor and the hands that are to use them. The Republican party of the North endeavors to prohibit the introduction of this labor into the Territories because it is Slave labor. Although the Territories are the common property of the Union, it seeks to exclude the Slave-labor of the South, for the purpose of preventing, as it alleges, the extension of Slavery, and preserving the soil for Free labor. It seeks to do this, declaring that "It is the right and duty of Congress to prohibit Slavery in the Territories."

On the occasion of the acquisition of territory from Mexico, the South proposed to the North to carry the line of the Missouri Compromise—the line of 36.30—westward to the Pacific ocean, although it gave them but three degrees and a-half on the Pacific coast, leaving to the North the whole available portion of it, to the extent of twelve and a-half degrees. This measure passed the Senate, but was voted down in the House by a Northern majority.

Here, where an opportunity was afforded to test the sincerity of the North on a question of such vital importance to the welfare of the country, it refused to be governed by the principle which had been established by the Missouri Compromise. It declared itself in favor of non-intervention—of permitting the inhabitants of a Territory to settle the question for themselves. This last measure was adopted by the Compromise and Adjustment Acts of 1850 and '51, by which Congress agreed not to interfere with Slavery in the Territories. It was also re-affirmed by the joint action of North and South, in 1854, constituting the fundamental principles of the Kansas and Nebraska bill.

In all these measures, the majority in Congress were with the North. It has adopted these measures, and rejected the proposition of the South, that the matter in controversy should be settled by the Supreme Court of the United States,—the only earthly tribunal competent to decide the question. If the Supreme Court had been organized for no other purpose as a distinct branch of the government than for this alone, it would seem to have amply fulfilled the object of its creation.

This proposal, embodied in a bill known as the *Clayton Compromise*, passed the Senate, but was voted down by a Northern majority in the House, in the same manner as had been the proposal of the South, to extend the line of the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific.

The refusal of the North to submit to this decision, was said to be owing to the objection that it was unsafe to commit such a question to the decision of Judges who by a majority of one, were natives of the South.

What could the Southern States have done, which they have not done, to settle this vexed question?

What would the North have? It would have the Territories, wholly and exclusively to itself. Can it enforce such a wish with propriety and justice?

It is a matter of no moment whether or not Congress has the right to prohibit slavery in the Territories—the question being would it be expedient and proper so to do.

The South would now regard any sectional line of demarkation as a stigma and a stain—while the principle of non-intervention by Congress, would seem best adapted to reconcile conflicting parties with the duties both owe to the Union.

Let not Congress use its power either way. If it be sovereign to prohibit, it is alike sovereign to plant Slavery in the Territories. It has already decided, after mature consideration of the subject, that the question of Free or Slave labor in a Territory, should be left to the settlers themselves.

The disturbances that have arisen in Kansas, were the natural result of jealous rivalries, brought into violent antagonism, where each party considered it a sacred duty to resist and overthrow the intolerance of the other. These disturbances have passed away—order has been restored—the peaceful settlement of the Territory continues without interruption. Its organization as a State, will be the result of its own legitimate choice.

To those who have any sympathy with the Republican, or Abolition party, we address ourselves, and implore them to consider well the consequences of casting a vote for John C. Fremont. If he be elected Chief Magistrate of this Union, as the exponent of the principles of his party, the Southern States of this confederacy have every reason to consider such Election a positive declaration of war against themselves.

The accusation of the North that the cry of disunion comes from the South, is a shallow and heartless pretence, to disguise the truth and hide the deformity of its own aggressive acts.

The South stands but on the defensive. It repels by every legitimate means the assaults of the North. But when the Constitution is disregarded—a "higher law" appealed to, justice subverted, and in the language of Washington, "the cement of the confederation annihilated,"—then the voice which says there is *disunion*, is not a false one, but a real outcry of alarm, which should bring dismay and terror to every true heart within the Union.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTION—THE KEY STONE TRUE.

Buchanan is elected. Pennsylvania, from her multitudinous counties, rolls out a Democratic majority. The majority, at the very least, is five thousand. Small as it is, it decides the Presidential contest. Small as it is, it steadies the timid and confirms the bold in their most exulting hopes. Small as it is, it paralyzes the vicious propagandism of the Seditionists congregated under the banner of Fremont—repels them, as it were, from the very heart of this great Union, and sends them shivering back to the congenial coldness of Cape Cod and Vermont.

Proud thanks, the most generous gratitude, trumpet-tongued jubilee, and the glory of Triumphal Arches and Mural Crowns to the soldiers of the Key Stone State!

Most righteously have the Conscript Fathers—men matured in the service of the Republic—youths, noble in heart and genius—merchants who from their dusky Counting Houses send forth white-robed Missionaries to every corner of the world—the myriad laborers who with trowel and axe, with plough and crow-bar multiply the power and fruitfulness of this Commonwealth—sailors from the top-mast, swarthy-faced sea-captains who have seen the dull sepulchres or busy marts of every clime—subterranean toilers in the black caverns underlying the Alleghany and Monongahela, springing up with blazing torch and thrilling cheer—most righteously have these millions, of every craft and calling, made the earth and heavens tell the unconquerable vitality of the Democratic heart.

For a Life-Guard it has been. Not Cocles on the cloven bridge; not Scavola, with his arm plunged elbow-deep into the basin of the burning tripod; not Curtius upon the brink of that fatal chasm in the Forum; not the Spartans in Thermopylæ; not Tell, winging the arrow into the heart of Gessler, and so saving from the Demonism of Despotism the white sublimities of his native Switzerland; not Arnold Delwinkelredt, burying in his heart the collected spears of the Austrian chivalry, and with a last grand cry, which still echoes through the world, commending his children to the charity, and his name to the proud custody of mankind; not the Irish soldier, standing on the bridge of Athlone and three times beating back the Williamite battalions, and pouring his blood into the Shannon, to deepen the red fosse between the native Irish and the invaders

of the Reformation; not any of these, or a thousand other soldiers or sentinels of Freedom with which we have been accustomed to familiarize ourselves from childhood, have done the service which Pennsylvania has within this week done, and which is the text of our sincere but insufficient praise.

All over the Union, with the Democratic party—the enormous Phalanx—the countless compact crowd—which supports Buchanan for the Presidential chair—supports him with dauntless nerve, proud brow, and a beckoning hand, which like a sword in the sunlight flashes prophetically on the sea where the enemies of the Union in a rushing hurricane of loyalty are destined to be swept down—all over the Union, with the Democracy there is joy, boundless and irrepressible, for the victory won by Pennsylvania.

On Tuesday last, headed by Dodworth's magnificent Band—a band which might lead any army over Zaharas or Alps to triumph,—the young men of this city—the bright, bold Democratic youths of this grand city—with fleets and warehouses in the shade of which Carthage dwindles into a speck of fiction,—these manly fellows, amid the benedictions and the exulting ecstasies of New-York, went forth to welcome, on the very spot from which the British enemy in a spasm of affright, set sail—the Key Stone Club—the Prætorian Cohort—the impregnable and impenetrable Life Guard of the American Democracy.

Over this election there bursts no exaggerative joy. Over this election there is no reckless superfluity of eulogistic adjectives. Over this victory in Pennsylvania there are triumphal arches—the flowers decorating which no political breeze blowing from the icy caves of Abolitionism in November shall blight. It is a victory which decides the destiny of this Union. Pennsylvania has gone the Democratic ticket. Buchanan is elected!

RE-OPENING OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Maretzek, descending from his Orchestral throne, having uttered his words of subdued scorn against the proprietors of the Temple in front of the gorgeous veil of which he had so long waved his magic wand, was a spectacle that in the days of the Lesbian lyre would have moved the gods of Greece. Even Pluto would have wept. As for the daughters of Mnesnosyne, covering their faces with their wings and palm-branches, they would have overflowed the fountains of Helicon and Pindus with bright tears of exquisite sorrow.

The *Herald*, has with a dramatic pencil—a pencil such as Martin or Danby only could have used—given us the violent contrasts which the roseate dawn and grim eclipse of the Opera instantaneously effected in the social sphere. With this rapid and vigorous master of the pencil, the sudden obscuration of the Opera is *Paradise Lost* without the hope of *Paradise Regained*.

From the drooping willows and melancholy dripple of the fish-pond in Washington Square, to the Egyptian stolidity of the reservoir on Murray Hill, and all through the shadowy seclusions of brown stone branching off from the main limb—Fifth Avenue—up and down which the richest blood of this city flows—there have been countless sighs from loosened corsets, and in the midst of crumpled wreaths, carnation-colored saucers, and other beautiful but mysterious ware, dejected Queens of Proscenium and Private boxes have sat in dishevelled toilette. Ever since the dark catastrophe, the Union Club and Phelan's palatial billiard-room, at the corner of Tenth street, and close under the chaste shadow of Grace Church, and other less luxurious resorts, have been crowded by the disconsolate moustached worshippers of the Muses. Ever since, creamy Cashmere cloaks, Andalusian fans of pearly lustre and rustling fibre, braided fillets and ivory lorgnettes, are at a discount. Bouquets have withered by the bushel, and the slim artist who in the saloons of the St. Nicholas and Metropolitan has heretofore made for himself a bed of clover by their sale, dwindles into the slenderest stem. *Bouquet John* is, indeed, a melancholy *Jacques*. Beck, Bulpin and Stewart stagnate in a dead sea of unmarketable novelties.

The lordliest bazaars which tempted the budding loveliness, the wealth, the wrinkled dowagerships, or the desperate aspirations of the successful vulgar, have turned off their gas, shelved their shawls, swept away their ribbons with the leaves that have fallen on the door-steps, and reconcile themselves apparently to sackcloth, ebony, and ashes. In a word, Broadway on both sides is one great *Maison de deuil*—one long sunless vista of sable bombazine and crape—one dismal swamp—one dreary prolongation, from Union Square to Bowling-Green, of the rival houses of Weed and Meyer.

Suddenly, right through and over all this gloom, there explodes a glory which renews the city. Apollo, in the guise of Caliban, descends upon the stage, to which Max Maretzek, crowned with bays—a Chorophean Coriolanus—disdainfully bid farewell. Silk skirts, velvet flounces, powder-puffs and rouge-pots—all the varied glories of the Fall revive. There is a breezy gaiety, a rustling joy, a wavy brilliancy of flowers and feathers, a triumphant glow playing on a thousand cheeks, a sprightly tripping of sandalled fairy feet, which gladdens our heart, eye, and ear, with the sounds and hues of a festive season, brighter than that which filled with beauty the pure depths of Mahopac, or fringed the cliffs of Newport.

George Law has taken the place of Amodio before the Academic footlights. He made his *debut* there last week, in peach-colored hose, bronzed breast-plate, bright yellow buskins, and a Continental hat. Shouldering a hod, he went through his difficult *role* like a thousand of bricks.

The particulars will be found in our *City News*, furnished by the expert pencilman of the *Herald*.

DR. McELEHERAN—THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

With very great pleasure we direct the attention of our readers to the announcement of this distinguished gentleman's lecture before the Catholic Library Association. The subject—*the Physiognomy of the White Races in America*—will be deeply interesting, and in this day, in the midst of so much hubbub about the Anglo-Saxonism of the American Republic, will, no doubt, serve to remove many vulgar impressions which prevail to the prejudice of the Celtic race. In scientific knowledge of the Human Family, Dr. McEleheran has no superior. In Ireland—indeed, we fearlessly say, in Europe—he stood high amongst the highest notables who there illustrate the scientific world, elevating it into an Aristocracy, the grand tone and title of which the most reckless leveller, from the Seine to the Vistula, will reverently recognize.

The Irish public cannot forget—impossible they could—the demolition the *London Times* suffered from the bold, unerring, skillful hand of John McEleheran. Until he faced up and grappled with the *Thunderer*, the *Thunderer*, in his abuse of the Irish race, their morals and their intellect, had full swing. But this young David—armed with a handful of facts—with a sure hand, a keen eye, and a fearless heart—going forth in the name and for the glory of his people—brought the Goliah of the European Press upon his back. McEleheran did what O'Connell, with all his ruthless rhetoric and merciless profusion of nicknames, was powerless to do. He silenced the cowardly but gigantic slanderer of the faith, the blood, and genius of old Ireland.

For which reason, as for many others, there should be an enthusiastic audience crowding the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening, the 23rd of October. We have no doubt but there will. Irrespective of the merits of the lecturer, the spirited and generous efforts made by the officers of the Catholic Library Association to ensure a course of intellectual entertainments to the citizens of New-York, will meet in overflowing houses their just reward.

STEAM FROM GALWAY.

We are delighted to find that the letters of our friends, O'Neill and Harvey, of Boston, regarding this project—letters which appeared in the News a month since—have been copied into most of the Irish papers, and have elicited from them the heartiest commendation and assurances of sympathy with the noble wishes those letters intelligently and with such forcible earnestness expressed. Direct steam communication with America appears to be the question which excites at this day the most ardent anxieties and most effective unanimity of opinion amongst the influential men of Ireland. Politics seem to have fallen there to the lowest tide-mark. Repeal is not two inches deep. Tenant-Right is but a straw upon a very thin and obscure rivulet. Dr. Cahill, in his elephantine letters, vainly labors to resucitate the ancient antipathies which the Protestant Church-Establishment provoked. These antipathies have lost their sting, and like a thistle in September, are more disposed to be soft and downy than otherwise. On the whole, the institutions and laws of England appear to have gained at last the largest measure of approval, confidence, and support. On the whole, Irish Patriotism, as Smith O'Brien with a delicate and gracious irony observed in his speech at Cahirmoyle, has become a different thing from what it professed to be at Tara—the Mount Sinai of the Irish Exodus to the Promised Land—and a very different thing from what it solemnly pledged itself to be in the Rotunda, the first anniversary of the imprisonment of O'Connell.

Neither in scorn nor with the least unfilial impiety do we write this of Ireland, our Mother-land. If she chooses to subside complacently into Provincialism—if at length she sweetly accepts the rule she has so long haughtily disowned and with heroic purity resisted—it is not for us, as Smith O'Brien with a tranquil yet mournful dignity observed—a dignity all the grander for the tender modesty by which it was inspired and sanctified, made beautiful and holy as the sacrifice of the martyr—it is not for us to question the decision of the nation. So be it, if it be the will of God!

But in the absence of such exciting topics as the portfolio of Irish political Agitation used heretofore to furnish, and in the depth of the chilling season which has succeeded the tropical intensity of heat that raged for the last forty years in Ireland—it is consolatory and gratifying to find, that the project of Steam-communication with America, on so slight an intimation, has been so promptly taken up, so earnestly considered, and so enthusiastically urged. If the wealthy, zealous, and educated men of Ireland devote themselves to this project—give themselves heartily and thoroughly to it—if with the powerful Parliamentary interest they can readily command, they insist on it as a measure of national consequence—twelve months, at the farthest, would see a magnificent chain of steamships flashing across the ocean between Ireland and America. And is it not a project on which all parties—the Rebel as well as the Imperialist—should unite? Is it not one, which without requiring the smallest sacrifice of principle from any man, is calculated to identify, compactly and permanently, all political hostilities, all religious confraternities, all sects and parties, in one colossal convocation, of which the commercial splendor of Ireland would be the vital thought, as it would be the consummation,—solid, fruitful, and not only to our race and island, but to all the world—most glorious.

DEMOCRACY IN THE TWELFTH WARD.

Close to the quiet shades of Trinity Cemetery, the Democracy of the Twelfth Ward, on the evening of the 15th inst., held the most numerous and enthusiastic meeting that has ever been seen in that vicinity. The night was fine, and the brilliancy of the moon looking down on the dense assemblage, rendered almost unnecessary the two large blazing tar-barrels placed at each end of the meeting. The chair was occupied by Richard F. Carman, Esq. Able and stirring addresses were made by Hon. Levi S. Chatfield, ex-Attorney-General; H. B. Perkins, Esq., of Fort Washington; Mr. Goepp, of Pennsylvania; Conrad Swackhammer, Esq., and others. Mr. Chas. M. Connolly, Jr., read a series of resolutions, strongly endorsing the Cincinnati platform, and the various nominees of the party for National, State, and County officers. The audience was orderly and tentive, but the legitimate enthusiasm manifested in favor of Democracy, heightened by the cheering news from Pennsylvania, was such as almost might have roused the tenants of the neighboring churchyard. From the appearance of the meeting, we anticipate that the 12th Ward will do efficient service to the National cause on the 4th of November next.

BISHOP ENGLAND ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The first letter of this most eminent Divine and Scholar, on this subject, appears in the columns of the present issue. Last week, an introductory notice, by the Editor of the *Catholic Miscellany* of Charleston, appeared. Accidentally, it was attributed by one of our editors to the pen of Bishop England. Irish Catholics—especially those who are in any way tempted by the propagandists of Abolitionism, to forego their loyalty to the American Constitution, the obligations it imposes, and the duties it exacts—will find in these letters a wise and noble spirit—calm, erudite, and pious—to guide them. After reading them—for we publish another letter next week, and another the week after, from the same pen—not an Irish vote—not a solitary Irish Catholic vote—will be found for Fremont, in the ballot-box, on the evening of the first Tuesday in November.

The Irish vote—the Irish Catholic vote which the Fremont orators and writers, pamphleteers and bill-stickers, have labored to evoke in favor of Sectionalism and Sedition—will be a unit—swift, sure, and telling—for Buchanan, the Sovereignty and Unity of the States.

NICARAGUA.

We have heartily shaken hands with Major Heiss. He has returned not only with official authentications from the Presidency of Nicaragua, but with the most gratifying accounts of the resources of the country and the ability it possesses to maintain itself a power amongst the recognized nationalities of the world.

No doubt, a desperate struggle—with the loss of many gallant fellows—has been and still continues to be the severe condition on which the triumph and permanent security of this young Republic depends. No country has achieved its freedom without loss of blood, and in most instances that triumph has been the ultimate result of generous lives, sacrificed under a cloud of obloquy, and without the prospect of a commemorative monument.

Thus, with only few friends in the world, to cheer, and back them, have General Walker and his chivalrous followers fought their way, and fighting their way from the Pacific to the entrances on the Atlantic side, established a Commonwealth—a solid and pure Republic—which shall one day assert itself, a decisive Majesty between the oceans which it overlooks.

The election of Buchanan confirms Central America, under General Walker, as an indissoluble link between the Eastern and Western frontiers, and establishes him the Armed Savior of nations that have sunk into abject inactivity, amid the luxuries of a wanton nature, and the ruins of a civilization which no scholar has yet had the hardihood to disinter.

John M. Harrington, L. L. B., delivered a very interesting lecture at Hope Chapel, on the 14th inst., to a large and respectable audience, on the duties of adopted citizens to this republic, and the tendency of their influence to extend and strengthen the inititutions of the country. The lecturer handled his subject in an able, logical manner, and was frequently applauded by the audience.

Literature.

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.*

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

There was something so cordial in his manner, as he handed a card with his address, that Casement, though out of tune for society, did not feel himself at liberty to refuse. If only for Ned Morgan's sake, the influence of such a friend should not be thrown away. He accepted; and has since confessed that, in spite of all the anxieties which oppressed him, he never passed an evening more memorably pleasant before or since. His host received him in the library; they were alone, and a few bottles of choice wine and some cigars of exquisite flavor, completed the material entertainment. But how infinite and varied was the intellectual feast! The rich and gilded walls were adorned with master-pieces of ancient and modern art. The furniture, though gorgeous as wealth could make it, did not seem extravagant. Good taste presided over all—every article had a use, and was in harmony with the picture of which it formed a part. They talked of art and philosophy—of the drama and ethics—of political economy, and the principles which underlie the construction of all genuine song.

The host evidently did not talk for the display of his own acquirements; he led the conversation adroitly from subject to subject, as if anxious to guage and measure the extent of his companion's capacities. As often did he seem struck by the brilliancy and quickness of our hero's remarks, as did Casement by the extent and completeness of the other's general information.

His manner did not invite confidence by any active demonstration; but it gave assurance that implicit trust might be reposed in his friendship, honor and discretion. Casement felt the irresistible attraction; and before the third cigar had burned its precious life away, (expiring phœnix-like amid ambrosial clouds,) Mr. O'Grady was in possession of all the important points of O'Reilly's history—the episodes of Lady Alice, and the peasant girl being alone reserved, as not properly belonging to a legal or criminal consultation.

With Casement's permission, Mr. O'Grady had taken rapid notes of all the chief points connected with Matthew's return and the question of his children's legitimacy.

"It is like a dream to me," he said, "that I have either seen some man whose features yours recall, or have known something of a transaction in which one Madame de Cascales was involved. I must think the matter over to-night,—for certain portions of your story seem unaccountably familiar. Of course, you will not be leaving New-York for some days—at all events, let me know always where a line will reach you? It is just possible that some news of this Madame may hereafter be thrown in my way; for, according to the theory I have formed of your case, the large remittance made by your uncle, is but the first instalment of a debt whose payments will be rigidly enforced."

"Then you have formed a theory!" cried Casement, eagerly. "To me it seems all chaos—there is neither beginning nor end to it. The most puzzling thing of all is, to imagine what could have kept a man of his temper and habits so many years away from the enjoyment of a splendid property. Does your theory account for this?"

"It takes the fact for its foundation," answered the lawyer, with a jocular assumption of the mysterious in his tone. "But, come; you must not press me too hard upon the point. It is time you were home and abed; for ten to one, old Bullock will require your company to-morrow on one of his portentous excursions Fat as the little fellow is, still it will require a fleet foot and long wind to keep up with him if he once gets warmed into a chase."

CHAPTER VI.

THE REV. RICHARD DERMODY—A SUSPICIOUS COACHMAN—TWO LAMBS IN THE LION'S DEN.

"He said—although I wot the outward show
Is not true witness of the secret thought,
For that some men so subtle are, I trow,
That what they purpose most appeareth nought;
Yet dare I say Godfredo's means, I know,
Such knowledge hath his looks and gestures wrought,
You shall first prisoner be, and then be tried,
As he shall deem it good—no judge himself beside."

Fairfax's Tasso.

After Anne and Ellen Plunkett had waved, as they thought, a last adieu to their late protectors, it was not without some qualms of misgiving that the elder sister began to recall upon what slender evidence the pretensions of their present guide had been admitted.

He had jumped aboard so hurriedly, and given orders so decisively, that, in her bewilderment, she never once thought of cross-examining him as to his acquaintance with her family and friends. Between the anxiety of seeing to her own and sister's luggage, and the pathetic leave-takings of Ned, she had allowed the clerical-looking gentleman to read the letter snatched rudely from her hand—said letter containing far more than enough to enable any clever impostor to sustain such a character as that in which the reverend personage beside her was now performing.

She blamed her own imprudence, but never ventured to imagine that there was any real danger. Her respect for the cloth forbade the idea that any villain—however lost—could assume that garb in which to deceive the unwary. The old Spanish proverb which tells us that, "When the devil wishes to hide himself most secretly, he gets behind the Cross," had never reached her ears.

Nevertheless, she would like—if only out of curiosity and natural affection—to ask him some questions as to the present state of those to whose affectionate welcome he was now conveying her. Alas! the good man was asleep, and every effort to arouse him was answered by a deeper snore.

"Let him lie as he is," said the driver, looking back into the carriage, "I guess he's travelled some to meet you last night and I know my way."

The speaker's hat was slouched over his eyes, and his face had far more mufflings than the condition of the weather seemed to call for.

But his voice! What could it mean. Surely she had heard that voice before—but where? She turned to look at Ellen and saw her worst fears confirmed by the breathless pallor and terror-stricken eyes which seemed to cry for help. She, too, had heard the voice before, and knew it as the bird knows the rattle of the snake. But where?

For the first time, Anne remembered that their guide had never given them his name. Thoroughly frightened by she knew not what, the elder sister now shook and pinched him with such energy that the somniferous clergyman could no longer remain insensible.

"What is it, my dears?" he asked, awaking only partially and giving symptoms of an immediate relapse.

"Stop the carriage, sir!" cried Anne, excitedly. "I desire to get out—to know where we are—and where we are going—and what is your name—and what proof you have that you are the man you pretend to be?"

The clergyman looked at her with a stare of fixed surprise as she rolled out this torrent of interrogatories. If the amazement was not natural, it was most admirably feigned. John Brougham himself could not have better simulated astonishment.

"To answer categorically," said the clergyman, putting a pause between each syllable, and letting fly each word as if it were a chain-shot—"I never pretended to be any one—my name is Richard Dermody—my style the reverend—as to proofs, I little thought that any would be asked for, when, on the entreaties of your worthy father, who is now in failing health, I undertook the burden of your care. As to stopping the carriage at present, you see it is impossible; for the carriage is on a ferry-boat, and the ferry-boat is on a mighty river; but with God's blessing we shall soon reach the other side; and then, after a drive of some miles, you will be at the railroad station, after which I shall commend you to the protection of the Saints."

Suspicions lightly aroused are often yet more easily allayed. It repented Anne of her hasty words; and the prospect of being left to pursue their journey alone did not sweeten the bitter thought of having offended a worthy and pious gentleman who had already done his best to save them from the perils of what they looked upon as a dangerous city.

"Then, you do not return with us to our father's?" she inquired, in a tone of deferential apology.

A snore that threatened to exhaust the air, and cause the sides of the vehicle to collapse inwards was the only answer.

The sisters turned to each other for mutual consolation; and soon, dismissing their anxieties, were engaged in balancing the probabilities, pro and con, for another meeting with their late protectors.

The carriage had long since left the ferry-boat and houses in its rear. The road over which it passed lay between sickly cornfields and market-gardens of the most unpromising appearance. The soil was sandy and uneven. The horses paced ankle-deep in dust along the deserted highway. Here and there as they advanced, clumps of scrub oak began to dot the shelving inequalities of the landscape. A lazy Dutchman, pipe in mouth, stared after them as they clattered by. A toppling shanty, with a green mud-puddle before its door, in which a group of ragged children were at play, suggested thoughts of fatherland to every patriotic Irish mind.

Turning, at last, from the highroad into a lane so little beaten that its surface, except the cart-ruts, was covered with grass and weeds, the carriage now plunged into a thickly timbered country, and groaned and jolted, as its wheels came in contact with the numerous logs which lay across its path. Its main growth consisted of scrub oak, with an occasional scraggy hemlock or dyspeptic cypress, lifting itself upward toward the copper sky. Its soil produced bull-frogs and mosquitoes, and every blackened stump had a fungus overgrowing it, flaccid and hideous as the liver of a dissected murderer. Such a path would have made a most appropriate avenue to the lake of the Dismal Swamp, as sung by Moore and sketched by the inimitable Porte Crayon.

The sisters had been silent for some time; the jolting made conversation impossible, and the silence left their minds disengaged, to receive the disheartening impressions of the landscape.

Could it be? or was she dreaming—or was he? Anne thought that the Rev. Richard Dermody was taking a furtive peep out of the corner of one squinting eye, while the other pretended to be closed in the deepest and most weary slumber.

"All right, Dick!" shouted a voice that there was this time no mistake about, as the coach drew up in front of a large, ruined farm-house, while the driver leaped to the ground and threw the reins to a ragged negro, who received them with a grin.

Your servant, ladies," cried Brand, thrusting his horrid head in at one window, while the Rev. Richard Dermody, *alias* Squinting Dick, made a hasty exit through the opposite door.

Screams, shrieks, entreaties, frenzied struggles, all were vain. Assisted by the black, and an old hag whose tongue proclaimed her a countrywoman, the girls were speedily gagged, bound hand and foot, carried up the crazy staircase, and thrown upon an iron bedstead in one of the central rooms, to which no light had access.

Utterly helpless, and half suffocated, they heard their captors descend the stairs, and from the loud uproar of laughter and the clink of glasses, which ascended from the chamber underneath, it would seem that the feat just accomplished was one of pride and exultation.

Oh, prayer, prayer, prayer! in every hour a blessing—in the darkest hour a gleam of more than earthly hope! Praised be the great God for it, that no human shackle can control thy wing! Praised be His mercy for it, that while the soul inhabits its house of clay, thy power can lift it higher than its chains—higher than its prison-house—higher than the throne of the oppressor—higher than the stars that wheel around more distant suns—high even as the throne of the Most High, whose ear is open to receive thy hallowed breath!

The sisters prayed.

* * * * * *

Some half-hour afterward, a heavy foot ascended the stairs, and Brand appeared, carrying a large fluid lamp in his hand, which he deposited on a mildewed table covered near an inch thick with dust and decaying blue-mould. The room had apparently not been entered for long years. There were some chairs in it, a trunk, the bed on which the sisters lay, the table afore-mentioned, a worm-eaten clock-case, and a gilt frame which contained a mirror, as Brand discovered on brushing off the dust.

The ruffian seemed amused by this. He cleaned it hastily, carried over the lamp, and stood for some moments admiring his beauty in the glass. This action did not proceed from vanity alone; he intended by this exhibition of coolness to impress the sisters with a deeper sense of his security and power.

Putting the lamp back, and striking one of the chairs against the floor to shake the dust off, he next arranged his handkerchief across its seat, tucked up his coat-tails, and sat down within a hand's breadth of the bed.

"This is really a most delightful reunion, ladies," he began. "To meet with those on shore who were our companions in the perils of the sea, inspires a sentiment of satisfaction which I am sure you thoroughly reciprocate. This room is not in a good condition, but it rests with yourselves to change it from a prison to a bower of love. The house is far removed from all the busy turmoil of the world—a fact which to heavenly-minded people such as yourselves and Squinting Dick, must recommend it highly. Let me add, however, that its proprietors are peculiarly opposed to noise; they have a latent monomania, in fact, which a scream or shriek is sure to awaken into active madness. I sent a very amiable young lady here some years ago, but the negro could not stand her screams; she fell a victim to his frenzy, or rather fell down a dark stone well, some eighty or a hundred feet in depth, which the late proprietors had taken the pains to bore in the back yard. It is a convenient arrangement in some respects; but it is deplorable to imagine how much its uses might be misapplied.

"I have now said enough, I trust," said the ruffian, rising and withdrawing the gags from their lacerated mouths, "to convince you of the importance of silence."

Their jaws had been so strained and cramped that articulation was impossible. They could not even close them; but, ghastly pale and horror-eyed, they lay before him with open mouths and frozen hearts, two incarnations of such agony as is shadowed forth by Rembrandt, in his lurid picture of The Plague.

Happy it was for them, perhaps, that to scream was physically impossible. They tried to shriek as they felt his coarse familiar touch, but the sounds only gurgled in their throats—the tongue and jaws were powerless.

"You are now free," he continued, in the same mocking and exultant tone; "but let me warn you that the staircase from this room leads down to the eighty-fathom well."

Pale and motionless they lay before him on the dusty and dusk-shadowed couch. Very silent—very motionless—very cold; he thought for a moment that the old Dutch clock had resumed its ticking. Pooh! It was only the throbbing of his listeners' hearts.

"For a brief space I must leave you," he said; "and would you know the errand which tears me from your coveted embrace? A fast-sailing schooner drops down the river to-morrow night; her papers are all regular; the Custom-house officials wink. She is in ballast for South America—thence home with a cargo of hides. Her papers say so. Bah! The hides will be stretched over the bodies of living animals! She goes to the barracoons of the Slave Coast for a cargo, and will be burned as soon as she has landed it in the Brazils. I have thought much about your friend Ned Morgan, and have come to the conclusion that a voyage in this vessel would improve his health. If opportunity occurs for making Mr. O'Reilly his companion, they shall not be separated. If not, I have a different fate—a shorter and a bloodier one—in store for him."

"Adieu, my dear girls," said the ruffian, giving a whistle, which brought the negro to the door—"From your own sensations while gagged and bound, you may realize what will be the sensations of Ned Morgan when he finds himself stowed away in like manner among the rats and empty water-casks of the lower hold. They say rats sometimes eat a living man when they find him helpless; at any rate, if alive at the end of the voyage outer-bound, he will fetch a high price from the negro dealers of the interior. The King of Dahomy, I doubt not, would give two hundred of his ablest-bodied savages in exchange for the mere whim of having a white-skinned slave to fan flies away from his ebony brow."

Very silent—very motionless—very cold, they lay before him on the dusty and dusk-shadowed couch. Again he fancied that the old Dutch clock had resumed its ticking. Pooh—pooh, what nonsense! It was nothing but the throbbing of his listeners' hearts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

MY GENTLE BOY.

The gentle boy that calls me wife,
Has stately form, and manly life;
Yet swells the cry of playful glee
When children gather round his knee.

Dame Nature catches him at times,
And leads him to her lonely wilds;
But sure he seeks his sweetest rest
Upon the pillows of my breast.

He saw the hills of Cintra grand,
And Mafra's tower, and Belem's strand;
But still, he proves the Lee-waves know
A surer balm for human woe.

With Sunday fine, we hear the falls
That murmur by old castle-walls;
And truly can his pencil trace
The form and tint of Nature's face.

And many lonely nooks are ours,
With pendant buds, and mossy bowers,
And glades that show the distant sea,
And mazy windings of the Lee.

With skillful hand he works to stay
The lambs secure, and wolves at bay;
And pours for me, the songs at night,
That cheered his honest worldly fight.

My gentle boy has lips that rise
Not often to the proud and wise;
But pour a tide of love and glee,
When fondness sets his kind heart free.

My gentle boy has brows that show
The deepest sense of human woe;
And when his forehead sinks to rest,
The trace of suffering unexpressed.

And yet my boy has eyes for glee,
Like morning rustling in the tree;
With fringes soft as silken grass,
Where sunlight and clear waters pass.

And then his teeth can gleam as white
As snow upon the mountain height;
With lips as pure as morning lifts,
When laughing forth her freshest gifts.

My gentle boy has hazel eyes,
With shadows caught from evening skies;
And day-dreams stir those crystal wells,
Where joy, and grief, and passion dwells!

Blarney Lake, Ireland. SHINE BRADSTONE.

OUR ARBOR.

Placed on the breast of a steep-sloping hill,
Whose base is washed by a murmuring stream,
Our rustic arbor holds its rough-hewn sill,
And charms the senses like a fairy dream.
Behind its arches, climbing up the bank,
The locust, hemlock, pine, and oak abound;
And no entangling weed, deformed or rank,
Taints the perfume of the flowers around.

Below, in the shade of the drooping limbs,
The mirthful fish desport the livelong day;
The sucker, revelling in his sluggish whims,
And pike, low crouching for his nimble prey.
Above, in the dense foliage, thick and cool,
The robin hops, and trills his merry song,
While the quick swallow, skimming o'er the pool,
Twitters a greeting as he flits along.

The gaudy oriole, in bright red coat,
Betimes and oft drops from his swinging nest,
And though no music fills his pretty throat,
Yet he charms the eye, while he does his best.
A winding path, that leads from peak to base,
Directs the pilgrim to our cool retreat;
Where contemplation sweet the mind may grace,
And care nor guile dare ne'er the bosom greet.

Here man may learn, from ev'ry object near,
A lesson pleasurable, profound, and good;
From mighty trees, that gorgeous crests uprear,
May learn to love the paths of hardihood.
And, as the stout oak-leaves repel the sun,
And shield from harm the humble buds beneath,
So he with sturdy arm should Wrong restrain,
And crown the lowly with the victor's wreath.

Gaze on the flowers; think what fragile forms
Lade all the atmosphere with rich perfume,
And learn from them that they who seem the least—
Their port being meek—may oft in grandeur bloom.
Where will we find a gayer, purer heart,
In all the castles of the world's domain,
Than does Innocence to the bird impart,
As he flits the mazes of his sylvan realm?

Ah! well might one, with such companions near,
And soul responsive to the Muse's voice,
From Satan's wiles in safety ever steer,
And teach to man the raptures of his choice!
Such are the scenes, and such the lessons taught,
Within the shadow of our fragrant bower;
Such pious precepts sure were cheaply bought
By the still fleeting of a thoughtful hour.

BELSHAZZAR.

MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHIN NA MBO.

The Sun o'er the Slaney was shining.
And brightening its waves in their flow,
While in grief on my breast was reclining
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

She knew while a hope was remaining,
At Oulart, New Ross, and Arklow,
I fought for my country's unchaining—
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

So, far from old Ireland, to-morrow
Her tyrants compel me to go,
And leave you behind in my sorrow,
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

When I find in the land of the stranger
A home for the love you bestow,
I'll come back and bear you from danger,
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

Then Fate shall no longer us sever,
Our days will in happiness flow,
I'll cherish and love you forever,
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

But when there's a chance of redressing
The wrongs of my country, I know
I'll bring to her battle your blessing,
Ma Colleen dhas Cruthin na mbo.

Philadelphia, Oct. 17, 1856. GARRYOWEN.

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN ABROAD.

Translated from the Biographie Universelle.

DON GONSALO O'FARRELL,

A General and Minister of War to the King of Spain, was born at Havana on the 22d of January, 1754, of a family originally Irish, and of the highest respectability. He was brought to Europe when very young, and placed for his education at the College of Soreza, which had at the time the reputation of being the best directed educational establishment in the world. Young O'Farrell distinguished himself there by extraordinary abilities, and, after having completed his studies, passed thence into Spain, where he joined the army as a cadet. Shortly after, he was admitted into the Military School at Avila. Having received a commission, he was appointed Professor of Mathematics, but did not hold the office long, as he was made Director of the Military Academy for Cadets at Port-Sainte-Marie, near Cadiz. In 1780, when Spain, in alliance with France, decided on entering into the war which Great Britain was carrying on against her trans-Atlantic colonies, O'Farrell obtained permission to repair to France, for the purpose of serving as a volunteer in the expedition which was then in preparation to make a descent on England; but, this project not having been put into execution, he availed himself of the opportunity to visit the various military establishments and fortified places in France. The following year he served under the command of the Duke de Crillon, in the expedition against the Isle of Minorca, occupied by the English. This expedition was terminated at the commencement of 1782, by the taking of Mahon. Thence O'Farrell repaired to the siege of Gibraltar. After the unfortunate issue of this enterprise, he was preparing to take a part in the vast expedition which the two powerful allies were meditating against the English colonies of the Antilles, but the peace of 1783 put an end to the project, and O'Farrell continued to serve in the infantry. In 1788–9 he was Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regiment of Tolesa in garrison at Cueta; the year following, the Colonel of the Regiment of Asturias having lost his life in the earthquake which destroyed the station of Oran, O'Farrell was appointed to succeed him. The fortifications at Oran had been in a great measure destroyed; the Moors put themselves in readiness to profit by this catastrophe, to attack the town and take it from their enemies, but the Spanish Government took the precaution to destroy the remains of the fortifications, and recal to Europe the garrison which they had kept there for almost three hundred years. The Regiment of Asturias was sent to Cadiz, thence to Ferrol; Colonel O'Farrell, recalled to Madrid, was appointed Secretary to a Junta of General Officers, charged to draw up a set of rules for the Army, and this occupation kept them there till the war broke out between Spain and the French Republic, when he was sent to the Army of Navarre, in which he served during the campaigns of 1793–4. Having been wounded at the actions of Lecumberri and Foloso, he was made Lieutenant-General after the campaigns. At the beginning of 1795, Don Joseph Urrutia having been called to the command of the Army of Rousillon, in order to retrieve the losses which the Spaniards had there experienced, chose General O'Farrell for his Chief Staff-Officer; the latter assumed the command of a body of troops, supported with advantage the battles of Bagnola and Bascara, overran the Cerdagne, made himself master of Puycerde, where he captured three thousand prisoners, and was stopped in the midst of these successes only by the news of peace, which was signed at Bale on the 22d of July, 1795. Recalled to Madrid, he resumed the labors which war had interrupted, and made one of the Junta of Generals appointed to make a report to the King on the reinforcement, organization, discipline, administration, and instruction of the army, and was named as Commissary of the Spanish Government to determine the boundaries between France and Spain. He was at the same time charged, in concert with Don Thomas de Merla, General of Artillery, to mark out the places where fortifications could be constructed, and draw up a new plan of defence and fortifications on the frontiers of France. The Commissioners were not sufficiently informed on all the points, and their work, remaining without execution, was buried in the office of the Minister of War at Madrid. In 1798 O'Farrell was made Inspector-General of the Spanish Infantry. Meantime the alliance formed at Bale between Spain and France was drawn closer still. A treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was signed at San Ildefonso, on the 19th of August, 1796, by Prince de la Paix, and General Perignon, Envoy of the French Republic. In consequence of this treaty, Charles the Fourth collected a squadron and an army of debarkation, which sailed from Ferrol, under the command of General O'Farrell, in 1799, and repaired to Rochfort, in order to join the army which the Executive Directory destined, they said, to make a descent on Ireland, but the secret object of the French Government was to effect the passage of the troops into Egypt, for the purpose of reinforcing General Bonaparte there. When the Chevalier d'Azara, Spanish Ambassador at France, was made aware of this double-dealing, he made a strong representation of the difficulty the allied fleets would have, to pass through or overcome the English fleet which covered the Mediterranean—of the dissimulation of the Directory towards a friendly government—and he obliged them to renounce the project of conveying the new troops into Egypt. The Spanish Division received orders to re-embark forthwith, after a long sojourn at Rochefort, and return to Spain. On his return, O'Farrell was sent Ambassador to Berlin. This selection caused some surprise; his appointment was attributed to one of those intrigues so frequent at courts, for the removal of men whose merit or honesty gives umbrage to the ambition of courtiers; but we can only perceive, on the part of the Spanish Government, in thus sending to a military monarchy a general of tact and experience, an intention of penetrating deeply into the secret military organization of this power. The mission was not marked by any important act.

After a considerable sojourn in the Prussian capital, OFarrell obtained leave of absence, travelled through Germany, made a tour of Switzerland, Italy, England and France, studying the military institutions of the countries he visited, everywhere collecting observations and information which he transmitted to the government at home. He returned to Madrid in the month of June, 1805, and received orders in January, 1806, to assume the command of a division of the army, composed of about seven thousand troops, which was dispatched to Tuscany, for the purpose of replacing, in the garrisons of the kingdom of Etruria, the army which Spain withdrew from them in order to direct it against Naples. In the month of October of this year, when the circular of Prince de la Paix to the Intendants and Corregidors of the Spanish monarchy, became the first signal of misunderstanding and that mutual defiance which secretly sprung up between the two courts, the Viceroy of Italy sent orders to O'Farrell to separate the regiments of his division, and distribute them into cantonments which he indicated. The Spanish General replied that he did not receive any instructions with reference to the proclamation of Prince de la Paix, that consequently he regarded as altogether unnecessary the precautionary measure which the French required; that, if they attempted to coerce him into it, he would shut himself up in Lehorn, and there defend himself against every attack.

This measure which did not meet the approbation of the French, would have given the English a foothold in the north of Italy; Generl O'Farrell was no longer disturbed, and harmony having been apparently re-established between the two powers, his division passed under the command of the Marquis de la Romana, who conducted it into Germany when Napoleon requested a body of Spanish troops to reinforce his army. O'Farrell remained in Florence and departed thence in order to accompany to Madrid the Queen of Etruria, who repaired to the Peninsula for the purpose of taking possession of the government which was assigned her by the treaty of Fontainbleau (27th October, 1807), in exchange for the Italian States. Shortly after his arrival at Aranjuez, Prince de la Paix offered him the post of Governor to the young King of Etruria: this he declined, and endeavored by urgent remonstrances to open the eyes of the Court to the hostile designs of Napoleon, to overcome the irresolution of the King, to dissipate the illusions with which the latter still tried to amuse himself, and to induce him to resist by force the first attempt at invasion on the part of the French. His counsel was not attended to; a French army advanced on Madrid without encountering any resistance; the weak-minded Charles the Fourth was forced to abdicate on the 17th of March, in favor of his son, and Murat entered Madrid on the 23d of the same month. Ferdinand the Second hastened to collect around him men who were held in the highest estimation and general repute in Spain. Azanza and Jovellanos were recalled from exile, O'Farrell became Director-General of Infantry, and a few days after (5th April, 1808,) Minister of War. But circumstances did not permit him to attempt anything; the enemy had penetrated into the heart of the Kingdom: every resource was wanting; disorganization, treachery, and fear had corrupted every one, and the young Monarch himself did not know on what to detemine. O'Farrell advised his Sovereign, in as much as resistance was altogether out of the question, to prevail on Napoleon to recognise him as King. This counsel was prudent and wise, but the Emperor of the French had other views, and Ferdinand, in adopting this line of conduct, only hastened the moment of his fall. O'Farrell was forthwith sent, with the Duke De L'Infantado, to General Savery, who had just made, by order of Bonaparte, a formal demand for the liberation of Prince de la Paix. He announced to this General that Ferdinand the Seventh had resolved to meet Napoleon at Burgos, and succeeded in obtaining a promise from him that there would not be a discussion till the two Monarchs had had an interview; Ferdinand set out on the 10th of April, leaving the administration to the care of a Supreme Junta of government, composed of Don Antonio, his uncle, who presided, and the Ministers. On the 16th of April, General O'Farrell was sent for by Murat, who informed him, after having alleged various causes of complaint, that he had orders from the Emperor not to acknowledge any other sovereign in Spain but Charles the Fourth, from whom they had extorted a protest against his own act of abdication - he added that he was about to announce it to the people by a Proclamation, of which he presented him with a copy. O'Farrell replied that neither the authorities nor the nation would pay any attention to his proclamation, and that Spain had no other King

but Ferdinand. "Very well!" exclaimed Murat, "cannons and bayonets will force you into obedience." Next day, this General desired the Junta to send two of its members in order to confer with him on this same subject. Alanza and O'Farrell were deputed, and they forthwith repaired to Murat's residence. The conference lasted four hours. The Grand Duke de Berg reproduced the old arguments—that Charles the Fourth had been compelled to resign, that he had implored the protection of Napoleon, and that the latter found himself in consequence forced to sustain him. The Spanish ministers having triumphantly refuted all these reasons, Murat concluded by declaring that he had definite orders which he was bound to obey. The conference broke up, and the Junta approved of the answers of its deputies. On the 2d of May, a fierce insurrection having burst forth in Madrid against the French, occasioned by the departure of the Infant Don Francisco for Bayonne, O'Farrell and Azanza exerted themselves to the utmost in order to calm the popular fury and prevent the effusion of blood; their efforts were in a great measure crowned with success.

O'Farrell continued to resist, to the very ast moment, the pre tensions and threats of Murat. After the departure of the Infant Don Antonio, this general announced to the Junta that he deemed it proper, with the interest of order in view, to join their deliberations. A few days after, he repaired to the assembly of the Junta, in order to renew his demand. Gil Azanza and O'Farrell opposed this claim, but a plurality of votes having acceded to it next day, O'Farrell required the secretary of the Junta to act on his opinion and protest. He appeared no more at their meetings, and requested to be allowed to divest himself of his office. However, in less than a month after such loyal and courageous behavior, on the 6th of June, 1808, General O'Farrell accepted from Joseph Bonaparte the office of minister of War. Napoleon, they say, showed some distrust of him, and thought he had a leaning towards the English, though his name alone—recalling an Irish origin—should have dissipated such doubts. Nevertheless, O'Farrell held his post until the fall of him who had entrusted it; but one would have some difficulty to single out any act of an administration held on such feeble tenure. The authority of Joseph was not acknowledged at all, in many provinces. Even in those occupied by the French troops, it was uncertain, feeble, shackled, and reduced almost to a nullity. O'Farrell followed his new master, when he fled to Vittoria, after the battle of Baylen, on the 17th of July, 1808. In concert with Azanza and the Ministers Mazarredo and Caburrus, he prepared at Buytrago—about the commencement of the month of August—a memoir, which was presented to Bonaparte by Azanza and Urquijo, the object of which was to suggest some means of mitigating the unfortunate consequences to the Spanish people of their alliance with France. O'Farrell was present at the battle of Ocana, which was gained by Marshal Soult over the army of the Central Junta, and he succeeded in saving from execution twenty-two thousand Spanish prisoners, whom the French soldiers, greatly exasperated, were about to slaughter by way of reprisal. He accompanied King Joseph in his journey to Andalusia, after the success of this battle, endeavoring to render him popular among the Spaniards, to inspire him with an interest for his new country, and withdraw him from the abject dependence in which his brother held him. These efforts were vain; Joseph fell from the throne of Spain, and those who had followed his party were forced to fly with him. When, in consequence of the treaty of Valengay, Ferdinand was re-seated on his throne, O'Farrell wrote him, on the 10th of April, 1814, a letter, in which he asserted his devotion, explained the motives of his conduct, and sought to justify it. The following are the most important passages of this remarkable document:—"Sire: As long as I was able to be useful to your majesty, I have invariably fulfilled my duty and given constant proofs of my zeal, equal—if not superior—to that which has marked, without degenerating for a single moment, my forty and more years of services. But when the events, provoked by a sovereign whose ambition no longer encountered in continental Europe any barrier sufficient to arrest its march, dragged your Majesty from the throne of your fathers into the deplorable depth wherein my country beheld herself, I believed myself forced to abandon the party who could not save her, and in so doing followed the advice which the paternal solicitude of your Majesty addressed to your subjects. A great number of those, guided by a different mode of viewing things, or more fortunately situated, wished to act by themselves and keep aloof from the effervescence of passion which, if it sometimes secures the independence of a country, very frequently destroys forever its internal tranquillity. I apprehended that such a line of conduct would envelop in mourning, for a length of years, our beloved country, and oblige Spain, after countless losses and sacrifices—which could not ameliorate the condition of your Majesty—to succumb to her conqueror, and receive from him conditions still more harsh than those he then dictated. But the event has proved that this line of conduct was as honorable for those who had sworn to support it, as advantageous to Spaniards who witness the restoration of the lawful heir to the throne, and the sovereign whom their hearts desired. On this occasion of general rejoicing throughout the entire country, permit me, sire, to offer, at the foot of your Majesty's throne, the homage of my loyalty and submission, which I am ready to employ in any way your royal and sovereign will may be pleased to order. Condescend, sire, to permit a similar homage to be made by those who have been employed in that portion of the administration with which I was charged, and who share my lot. I can assure your majesty that all are, and have never ceased to be, Spaniards, and that their wishes for the honor of Spain identify them with a generous nation, governed by a monarch for whom, with one accord, we pray a long and prosperous reign!" This act of submission remained without a response. The sentence of the Central Junta of government, which, since the month of November, 1808, had declared O'Farrell and his colleagues traitors to religion, to the King, to their country—had confiscated their possessions, and pronounced against them the penalty of death, received confirmation. He took refuge in Paris, where he lived in retirement, assuaging the bitterness of his long exile by the study of letters and science. About the close of his life, however, the King of Spain restored him to his former rank and honors. O'Farrell died in Paris, on the 19th of July, 1831. His mind was highly cultivated—he possessed extended and varied acquirements. All the details of the military art were familiar to him. *The nobility and integrity of his character have never been placed in doubt.* A memoir of O'Farrell, by Don Andrew Muriel, has been published in Paris, 1831, an octavo of 82 pages.

OMEGA.

Literary and Artistic News.

If Cork, says the *Dublin Nation*, can boast of distinguished names of her sons in the highest branches of painting and sculpture—such as Barry, Maclise, and Hogan—Limerick has no need to hide her head with respect to her contribution to the promotion and preservation of the Arts and Sciences. We have seen oil-paintings executed by the children of some of the poorest among our laboring classes, painted at the Christian Brothers' School, which for tasteful design and harmony, and effective coloring, would do no discredit to the drawing-room of any gentleman in the country. Casually passing by the studio of a native artist a few days since—Mr. G. Glynn, of Roche's street—we were struck with a figure of nearly life size, and of perfect anatomical proportions in every part, affixed to a large wooden cross, representing our Redeemer in the last stage of His passion on Calvary. In our judgment, the modelling and casting of such a work deserves for the talented artist a very high degree of credit, which, we believe, no rival in his profession would fain dispute.

A trial, setting forth the secrets of collaboration, is reported from Paris. This was the contest betwixt M. le Marquis de Prato d'Armesano and Il Conte Pietro Adolfridi Tadini, on grounds like the following:—The Marquis, it appears, had contracted with the Count to write five melo-dramas, price £40 each,—the Count to find the ideas, the Marquis strictly to follow them, and merely (says the official report) "to be responsible for purity of style and the harmony of verse." The work was to bear the Count's name, and two-fifths of it,—a "Ruy Blas" and an "Ettore Fieramosca,"—were produced, in entire agreement with the conventions. On delivering Nos. 6 and 4.—"The Count of Montreuil" and the "Chevalier de Bourbon,"—the Marquis resolved to have his share in the glory, and demanded of the *Tribunal de Commerce* to justify him in forcing his name before the public, as the Count's better half. The Court declared its incompetence to deal with the matter.

A paragraph contributed to *Notes and Queries*, by a corrrespondent styling himself "Juvernus," has been going the round of the press, describing an interview which the late Mr. O'Kelly, the poet, had with George IV., on the occasion of that monarch's visit to Ireland, and in which O'Kelly, is very unjustly described as guilty of a most arrogant piece of vanity. An intimate friend of the bard's has favored us with the true version of the anecdote which he often had from the lips of the latter; and according to which it was the King, who observing that the poet was lame, remarked with a smile that Scott and Byron labored under the same corporal defect, and suggested that it was an excellent subject for an impromptu. O'Kelly, laughing, agreed that it was, and without a moment's hesitation repeated the following parody on certain well known lines:

"Three lame bards in three sister nations born,
The first for the thistle—the second for the thorn;
The third for the shamrock, which never will decay,
While the rose and the thistle will yearly fade away."

There are in the United States one hundred and twenty-two colleges, with more than a thousand professors, and having more than twelve thousand students. They have extensive laboratories and astronomical instruments, and libraries containing more than a million of volumes. There are about forty medical schools, with about two hundred and fifty professors and five thousand students. There are forty-four theological schools, with one hundred and twenty-seven professors, and between thirteen and fourteen hundred students. There are sixteen law schools, and about six hundred students.

Macaulay continues in Venice—the most insalubrious and unsavory Autumn residence in Europe. On his return he will resume his History. A calculation, says the *Daily Times*, has been made, on the "rule of three" principle, that if it took four volumes to narrate what was done in eight years, it will require sixty octavos to record the events of the hundred and twenty years intended to be covered by the whole of Macaulay's History. And if it took ten years to write the four volumes already published, Macaulay must live exactly a century and a half more to *complete* the work!

Mr. Putnam has issued the third volume of the people's edition of Irving's *Life of Washington*. It has a likeness of General Putnam, after Trumbull's portrait. In this volume the narrative is brought down to the close of 1779, when Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis went on their expedition "for the capture of Charleston and the reduction of South Carolina," both of which feats they did *not* accomplish.

The library of four thousand volumes, lately belonging to Professor Lucke, of Germany, and purchased for the use of the Divinity School in Cambridge, chiefly by the generosity of Col. Benjamin Loring, of Boston, has arrived in safety at the institution for which it is designed.

Stringer & Townsend have just issued their twenty-volume library edition of Cooper's best novels and romances. The text has been revised from the author's latest corrections, and the volumes are particularly noticeable for the beauty of the paper, print and binding.

Thomas de Quincy is a contributor to the new English periodical called *The Titan*. In the September number he has an article entitled "Storms in English History; a glance at the reign of Henry VIII."

"Austrian Dungeons of Italy," by FELICE ORSINI, containing a frightful account of Austrian tyranny, has been translated and published in London, where it commands a great sale, and has excited vast indignation.

The King, we may add, offered the poet a present on the occasion of £50, which the latter, with true Celtic spirit, declined to receive.

In the *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle* there is a notice of Brigham Young the Mormon, in which he is called *Brigham le jeune.*

It is worth mention that fully two-thirds of the cheap books published in London during the last three years, are reprints of American works.

Mr. R. G. Horton's clever *Life and Public Services of James Buchanan*, has been republished in England. The author's name, however, is given as Norton.

Military News.

Letter from Nicaragua.

GRANADA, Oct. 1st 1856.

I arrived here on the 24th of last month. Our voyage up the river San Juan was without any incident, except that we lost one man overboard. We stopped one night at the fort of San Carlos. The officers took a small boat and went ashore to see the men stationed there. They received us very kindly. They were all in good health and spirits. Next day the Lake Steamer came down and took us to Granada. Our arrival was unexpected and took them all by surprise. We were escorted into town by the military band. A few days before we arrived, some volunteers, to the number of fifty, went to San Jacinto, where they met the enemy, numbering five hundred men. Our men had to retreat, but not before they killed one hundred of the enemy. There was an attack meditated on Granada the day we arrived, but our advent saved the city. Government scrip was down to two-and-a-half cents in the dollar. It rose next morning to ten, so you can form some idea of how much we were wanted. All the parties in our organization, who held any rank, were confirmed in it, except Charles A. Walters, whom, as I informed you in my first letter, was appointed Acting-Major on board the Steamer. He was commissioned as Captain, which leaves me still 1st Lieutenant. However, I am quite satisfied until I shall do something to distinguish myself. I like the country. I think that after a short time it will afford the finest opportunities for realizing wealth. All we want is men of capital to develope the resources of the country.

I called on Gen. Walker. He is a man who says very little, yet thinks a great deal.

I have been very busy since I arrived, drilling the men, drawing their arms, clothing, &c. I have not had a minute to myself as yet. This is the only letter which I have had time to write. You will let all my old friends know how it is, so that they will excuse my not sending even a line to any of them.

I have just had orders to serve out ammuntion to the men, and make them sleep on their arms. There is a report that some of our piquets were cut off, but I cannot say positively, there are so many reports going, and the General keeps his mind to himself. One thing is certain—there will be an engagement very soon.

One of the companies that came with us was ordered to Massya, at daybreak this morning. The Company I belong to are attached to the 1st Infantry, and I think that we will be sent to Rivas.

Captain Rakielewicz, one of the four officers who came out in the *Tennessee*, was broken, and is to be sent home by next Steamer. He is confined to his quarters. The reason of all this is not known.

I send you a number of *El Nicaraguense*, with the list of our appointments. If published in the *Irish News*, send a copy to my father. Give my best regards to all friends. The chances are we will have a brush with the enemy to-morrow or next day. If so, and that this should be my last letter to you, ever remember your friend, M. FLOOD NAGLE.

Battalion of New-York Volunteers.

Arrived in Granada, Nicaragua, by the Tennesse—Official List from El Nicaraguense.

COMPANY A.

CHARLES A. WALTERS—*Captain.*
M. F. NAGLE—*First Lieutenant.*
JAMES S. JUDGE—*Second Lieutenant.*

1 C. Armstrong,
2 Robert Archer,
3 Fred. Abott,
4 Henry Adams,
5 Richmond Burns,
6 G. Blair,
7 Thomas Burns,
8 F. B. Chrissy,
9 Mich. Considine,
10 Isaac Clark,
11 Richard Doe,
12 Charles Dougherty,
13 A. S. Fairchild,
14 John Fitzgerald,
15 Thomas Gibbons,
16 John Haskins,
17 John Hennessy,
18 William Harris,
19 George Howard,
20 William Jackson,
21 William Kaylor,
22 E. R. F. Latson,
23 Samuel Leonard,
24 John Moony,
25 Henry Mowray,
26 James Morrow,
27 E. W. Moosman,
28 H. McLord,
29 William Manning,
30 Henry Manning,
31 Charles Brockington,
32 Henry Rodman,
33 William Byan,
34 A. Roth,
35 Thomas Stewart,
36 James Smith,
37 P. Shannon,
38 W. G. Turner,
39 C. C. Van Houten, 1st Sergeant.
40 James Welsh,
41 H. W. Wheeler,
42 John Welsh, 2nd Sergeant,
43 James Warrin,
44 James Racker,
45 Patrick Everett,
46 John Corcoran,
47 J. F. Taylor, 3d Sergeant.

COMPANY B.

CHARLES RAKIELEWICZ—*Captain.*
F. LAWTON—*First Lieutenant.*
G. VON HILL—*Second Lieutenant.*

1 John Colbrig,
2 Charles Wenzel,
3 Joseph Sauer,
4 Franz Neier,
5 Charles Krauss,
6 John Axt,
7 John Beyer,
8 Edward Bibra,
9 John Bruns,
10 John Dietz,
11 William Fliegel,
12 Theodore Fick,
13 Julius Frank,
14 Henry Felz,
15 William Giesson,
16 E. Henken,
17 Joseph Hoene,
18 Oscar Henritzsch,
19 J. Kuperfschmidt,
20 Leopold Klorthhe,
21 Edward Knndig,
22 T. Krothenhauer,
23 Arthur Hopper,
24 John Lenz,
25 Charles Lupus,
26 Philip Meyer,
27 Charles Moosfield,
28 Augustus Muller,
29 Charles Mazewsky,
30 B. Martin,
31 Robert Newmann,
32 Charles Peters,
33 Charles Roschere,
34 Edward Rhein,
35 Joseph Schem,
36 T. Schrempiff,
37 Charles Scriba,
38 Charles Schmidt,
39 Theodore Swevert,
40 C. G. Staehhi,
41 J. Schermasser,
42 Dion Straub,
43 Emile Seibt,
44 C. Ummerlin,
45 Ferd. Wessenberg,
46 Edward Wilke,
47 Otto Weher.

COMPANY C.

HIRAM RUSSELL—*Captain.*
A. McK. PITTMAN—*First Lieutenant.*
WM. NORTHSIDGE—*Second Lieutenant.*

1 Patrick Butler,	24 H. F. James,
2 Thomas Brooks,	25 Edward Craft,
3 Samuel Brown,	26 Thos. King,
4 P. Connelly,	27 James Lovelace,
5 Thomas Carroll,	28 James Landreth,
6 William Charles,	29 Patrick Larrigan,
7 Geo. Carpenter,	30 H. F. Miller,
8 D. Cormollan,	31 W. G. Martin,
9 Edward Corey,	32 J. W. Loughlin,
10 Edward Clark,	33 Wm. McCarthy,
11 John Denham,	34 Pat. O'Donnegan,
12 W. Davidson,	35 Thomas Pidgeon,
13 Dennis Elliott,	36 William Rose,
14 Patrick Everitt,	37 J. A. Smith,
15 M. Taney,	38 Charles Smith,
16 R. W. Forman,	39 Thos. Winters,
17 John Foote,	40 John Barnacle,
18 Alfred Gray,	41 Oscar Cromroy,
19 Ben. Hardin,	42 J. Lyster,
20 James Haynes,	43 D. W. Wilkins,
21 J. Henderson,	44 J. W. Austin,
22 Charles Gehrels,	45 D. Cook,
23 David Johnes,	46 Thomas Fitzgerald.

COMPANY D.

LEWIS E. GRANT—*Captain.*
A. STRULLER—*First Lieutenant.*

1 Otto Wucke,	23 Henry Ponce,
2 Emile Barrera,	24 Wm. Sommer,
3 Herm. Schmidt,	25 Dan. Schrader,
4 P. Buile,	26 John Vitta,
5 C. Bauman,	27 F. Consigne,
6 John Dumas,	28 Francis Coussone,
7 T. R. Dohn,	29 Phil. Bramagan,
8 S. Dariff,	30 W. P. Copland,
9 Theodore Ditt,	31 Henry Isaacs,
10 Henry Dalton,	32 Philip Leondra,
11 Anton Gabbeltz,	33 Jos. Schugman,
12 F. Grantz,	34 Fred. Dirkop,
13 Theo. Heronaren,	35 James Muller,
14 S. Harnheim,	36 Wm. Gannelly,
15 Pierre Instirre,	37 John Hargen,
16 Leop. Kroztowsky,	38 James Finnegan,
17 Robert Kempf,	39 J. J. Schuyler,
18 Jules Leblond,	40 James Dale,
19 Henry Merteors,	41 James Hall,
20 Charles Prentz,	42 — O'Neal,
21 Henry Paulson,	43 W. M. Agate,
22 G. Pazzi,	44 Pat. J. Rivers.

City News.

GEORGE LAW'S FIRST APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE.

From the Herald.

Mr. LAW—like a man going to execution—slowly and solemnly divests himself of his great coat, and shoving his hands to the very depths of his capacious pockets, measuredly trod to the little table in front of the chairman, and, amid cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs and other like signals of popular favor, commenced his speech—a wag in the gallery irreverently calling out "George, mind to put in the railroad."

MR. LAW'S SPEECH.

Fellow citizens—(pause)—we have met to-night under a call of the North Americans—(He takes one hand out of his pocket, thinks, and puts it back again)—favorable to the election of Col. Fremont. (Loud hurrahs.) We have met to look over the past (*con expresione*), to confer together (a long pause) and see how we can provide a remedy for the evils which now trouble our country. (Looks round complacently after finishing the sentence—suppressed laughter.) the extension of slavery in the Territories has overshadowed every other question in the Presidential canvass. (He goes on swimmingly.) The question which we considered to be settled in 1850 has been again re-opened. (Here Mr. Law made several efforts to clear his throat, and the audience heartlessly laughed at them.) And that question now—(a long pause—no prompter)—seems to threaten to swallow up every other interest and to destroy—(another pause—he is trying to recollect)—the liberties which we possess, and which our fathers fought for in the Revolution. (Bravo! bravo!) While we have anything to do it is well to look where we are—(laughter, which seems to disconcert him, and he makes several tugs at the dish-cloth in his throat)—to look at the evils, and to look at the remedy. (Bravo!) The constitution gave the power to Congress—to—to—legislate, and to pass such rules and regulations as might be necessary for the Territories. (Good.) In the several States of this Union the legislative power of those States are the power of legislating for them so long as they don't interfere with the preservation of the constitution and the power yielded to the general government. (Meaning rather cloudy—George evidently getting oblivious—the laughter becoming more irrepressible.) These were considered wise provisions by our fathers. With these provisions in reference to the States and in reference to the Territories (with emphasis) we have lived (takes two steps backward) since 1787 up to the present time.

For the purpose of removing that evil we have met to-night. These men that have represented us truthfully and honestly we propose to sustain and we propose to re-elect. These that have misrepresented us we propose to put aside, and to take others in their places. (Cheers and laughter—further pulls at the dish-cloth in the throat.) The democratic party is now organized—(a pause—he steps forward, pulls his hand out of his pocket, fills a glass of water and drinks it, to the intense amusement of the audience—holds its power and strength at the South. It has united all the Southern States in its support. It has become the great propagandist—(got out with fine effect)—of slavery. (He renews his efforts to clear his throat, and the audience laughed immoderately thereat.) It thinks by—(a pause—he rubs his nose, then puts the hand again in the pocket, and tries to remember—the action and the attitude are irresistible, and roars of laughter greet him from all sides.)

Mr. Law (parenthetically and apologetically)—Never mind, gentlemen—we'll get along by and bye. (Continued laughter.)

Mr. Shaffer—I hope the house will be as orderly as possible.

The "as possible" was another provocative of mirth, and the shouts of laughter continued, while Mr. Law kept rattling his keys at the bottom of his pockets.

Mr. Law (resuming where he had left off—They think to extend slavery—(a minute's pause—pleasantly filled up with laughter—calls to order—cries of "Go on George" and immense fun all round—George sinks his chin on his breast, and, when he recollects, proceeds)—and by the excitement that they may get up on that question, to rule and control the government of this country. (Another awkward pause, and intimations to "Go on." Let us then at the North unite (finger raised) for the purpose of putting down that sentiment and that feeling!) It's too late in the day—(he takes two strides backward and speaks forcibly)—to talk about revolution when the people govern. (Cheers—a pause—he rubs his nose gently and continues.) It's too late in the day to talk about disunion when these thirty-one States and twenty-three millions of people, all linked together by railroads, by canals, by ties of relationship, and by all the interests of trade. I am willing to undertake to do what I can in an election; but I am the last man who will undertake to get up revolution and disunion. (Roars of laughter.) Those who do undertake it have a job on hand which they little consider the amount of. (Applause.) When they talk to the free North about coercing us to vote for who they think proper to direct, they talk without knowing to whom they speak. (Splendidly declaimed—much applause.) The spirit of '76 exists—(hunc)—and when it is lifted up it will become as intense as three millions of people is to 23 millions. (Loud laughter.) Virginny, (sic) the State of the great Apostles of liberty—of American liberty—has reduced itself in the estimation of all by that act—an act that the despotism of Russia could not do worse on its poorest subjects. (Laughter.) There has been a conspiracy—as dark, and as daring and as heartless as that of Catiline of Rome. (Applause and laughter.)

We propose to put an honest man in their place (cheers), and a man of intelligence and patriotism, that has done good service to his country; (applause) and if they talk to us of disunion, if we do so, we'll tell them "you've scuttled the ship and we're baling it out, (laughter), and if you don't behave yourselves we'll throw you overboard." (An immoderate outburst of laughter) That's the idea that I have—(puts both hands in his pockets with an air of intense self-satisfaction and receives the laughing plaudits of the house.) Gentlemen, the election approaches—(solemnly spoken.) A few weeks, and it comes around. The evils that has been inflicted on the country is now crowded into the space of some three weeks. It becomes us to remedy them—shall we do it? (Cries of "yes.") Then we'll elect John C. Fremont. (Tremendous applause, during which Mr. Law thrusts his hands in his pockets, and smiles benignly.) There is now a candidate before the people on whom we can rely for this great deed. (Applause.)

Mr. Law once more thrusts his hands in his pockets—he had abstracted them to give effect to the last sentence—turns his back soberly upon the audience, and returns to his seat on the back benches, saluted as he goes with cheers and good humored demonstrations of applause.

FACTS THAT SHOULD BE KNOW.

AN OPINION AND ITS BASIS.

Dr. Maloun, a French physician, is said to have been so fond of drugging the sick, that when one of his patients had swallowed a dozen or two of his prescriptions without wincing, he seized the poor victim's hand in an ecstacy of admiration, exclaiming, "My dear sir, it really affords me pleasure to attend you—you *deserve* to be ill." The remedial system of Prof. Holloway, with whose fame all the world is ringing, is in beautiful contrast with this wholesale indiscriminating use of the materia medica. It comprehends only two preparations—but they would seem to include the antidotes for nearly all maladies. As a case in point, (for we cannot discuss so vast a subject in a couple of paragraphs,) we may instance the extraordinary success of Holloway's pills in fever and ague. This complaint, we are informed by medical men, has greatly extended its ravages of late years, and assumed a more malignant form. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that it prevails in every section of the country at this saason, and in the fall, and that it baffles the skill of our most eminent medical men. One of its worst features is, that it paralyzes industry at the busiest seasons of the year, and if not fatal in itself, lays the foundation of many dangerous disorders. A remedy, therefore, that will at once break the chills and restore the strength and energy of the patient, must be of inappreciable value in our agricultural districts. Friends upon whom we can rely and who have had full opportunities to form a correct judgment, ifform us that Holloway's pills are a positive specific for the complaint. They have been tried in the rice fields and cotton plantations of the South, in the valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, on the unhealthy banks of Red River, on the Western prairies, and among the cane breaks and swamps of Louisiana and Texas, with the same happy results; and multitudes who have heretofore trusted to quinine and other dangerous curatives, and found them of little or no use, now rely entirely upon this powerful yet harmless vegetable remedy.

We state these facts, derived from competent sources, as matters of general interest. It has become of late years so much a matter of course to extol every new remedy that came up, that the respectable journalist requires *proof* as the basis of his commendation. We have taken the precaution of examining the credentials of Prof. Holloway's preparotions before endorsing them, and with the consentaneous testimony of half Europe to sustain the result of our own inquiries here, we feel no hesitation in sending this article to our readers.—(*Texas News.*)

It has been mentioned at Lloyd's, in London, as a most remarkable occurrence, that the last set of Australian steamers and packet-ships have arrived at Cork and Kinsale a full week before their stoppage at Liverpool. The White Star packet-ship *Sardinia*, arrived at Kinsale from Melbourne; and, for the first time, the mail-bags in several wagons and vans—and intelligence of the arrival of upwards of £200,000 in gold—was transmitted by Irish railways to Dublin, and thence to London. It now remains, the *Limerick Chronicle* suggests, for the Irish government to turn their attention to establishing a permanent packet-station for the passengers and mails either at Kinsale or Cork. Passengers, as in the case of Miss Catherine Hayes and Dr. Scoresby, who arrived by the preceding Australian packets, are always anxious to land on *terra firma*, and see something of Ireland.

OBITUARY.

Died in Boston, on the 12th inst., MICHAEL J. PLUNKET, son of Michael and Mary Plunket, aged 11 years.

The deceased was a scholar, attached to the Sunday school of Father Walsh, in Albany street, and is deeply regretted by his young friends and associates.

Although of tender years, he was endowed with wisdom and knowledge far exceeding the average of youth of his age; his death was sudden and unexpected, which sends still greater affliction to the hearts of his beloved parents, and his surviving brothers and sisters—yet they are consoled that he died in the odor of sanctity.

But a few hours before his death he requested his mother to send for Father Haley quickly, for he was going to die, and after having received the last consolations of religion, his spirit, too pure for this deceitful world, winged its flight to that blessed country, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Weep not for me, gentle Mother!
Sister! shed no tears for me;
The longest day is short, Brother!
Then haste! prepare to follow me.
Prepare to meet me, on that day,
When the world shall all in ashes lay;
And when the last dread trump shall sound,
Oh! may we then with Christ be found.

THE KEY STONE CLUB IN NEW-YORK.

We take advantage of the delay in getting to press, to mention that the gallant Key Stone Club that has taken so active a position in the battle which has been fought and won in Pennsylvania, returned the visit of the Empire Club of this city on Tuesday. The Club numbered over 200 men, carried appropriate banners, and were accompanied by a splendid band. The Democratic Clubs of New-York turned out in great force to give their brethren of Philadelphia an appropriate welcome.

The day was fine, and the streets were filied with citizens gathered to witness the procession, which, after marching through the principal thoroughfares, filed through the Park, and proceeded to the Governor's room, where they were received by the Mayor, whom they hailed with enthusiastic cheers.

In the afternoon a deputation from the Keystone Club did us the honor of visiting the *Irish News* Office, and we were happy to hear from them that the majority in Pennsylvania for Buchanan in November will be rolled up seven-fold.

The big gun of the Empire Club thundered out a glorious welcome. There was a great meeting in the Park in the evening, eloquent speeches were delivered, and there was decidedly a glorious time for the Democracy of the Empire City.

DIED.

On Friday the 17th inst., at her residence 118 East Thirty-seventh street, after a long and severe illness, which she bore with Christian resignation, in her 36th year, Maria, the beloved wife of Michael Quinn, late of 36 Lower Camden street, Dublin.

Her remains were followed to Calvary Cemetery by a large concourse of friends and relatives by whom she was much esteemed and beloved.

Dublin and San Francisco papers please copy.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellec ual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

MR. WALLACK will appear for *Eighteen Farewell Nights*, previously to his visit to Havana, where his health demands that he should pass the Winter.

"The Fairy Star," MISS AGNES ROBERTSON, will perform for *Eighteen Nights*, previously to a long series of engagements South and West.

MR. DION BOURCICAULT,

will perform during the engagement of "The Fairy Star," and will produce two new dramatic works, upon the composition of which he is now engaged.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,
WITH A POWERFUL
Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 7¾.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

Every night this week, will be produced, by particular request, the grand burlesque opera of

TROVATORE,

in three acts, and all the principal scenes.

Preceding which—

NEGRO MINSTRELSY,

of a superior order.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

In rehearsal—

DRED; OR, THE DISMAL SWAMP.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL
OF THE
EMMET LIFE GUARD.
ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the GUARD and at this office.

☞ The LIFE GUARD pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.

A. O'TOOLE, Sec'y.
JAMES WATSON, Treasurer. oct11

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Lectures for 1856.

DR. MCELHERAN will lecture on the Phisiognomy of the white races of men in America, illustrated with Portraits and Cranial Forms, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Thursday evening October 23, at 8 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents; can be had of Dunigan & Brother, Sadlier & Co., P. O'Shea, 789 Broadway; and at the door on the evening of the Lecture.

oct18 2t

LECTURE

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE CAPT. KERRIGAN
BY
THOS. FRANCIS MEAGHER.
SUBJECT:
The Irish Lancers in South America.

At the TABERNACLE on Monday Evening, November 17.

Tickets 25 cents.

The Rev. Dr. Moriarty Lectures throughout this week at the Church of the "STAR OF THE SEA," Brooklyn.

Tickets of admission to each Lecture, which begins at 7½ P. M., 25 cents. For sale at this Office.

American News.

An accident, says the Toronto *Globe*, has cast a gloom over many circles in our community. Two young gentlemen, Mr. Selby Cameron, of the firm of R. D. McI'herson & Co., and Mr. J. L. Talbot, barrister, embarked in a skiff for the purpose of visiting one of the houses at Sunnyside, recently purchased by Mr. Cameron. It is not known how the boat was upset, but they were seen by persons living near the Humber, clinging to the boat, which was floating bottom upwards and drifting from the shore. No boat could be procured to go to their rescue, and they were soon beyond the view of the spectators. There were sailing vessels not far off, when the accident happened, and there is a possibility, to which hope still clings, that they may have been rescued, and are now on their way to some distant port on the lake. Mr. Talbot was the eldest son of Mr. H. W. Talbot, proprietor of the Leinster Express, Dublin. He was trained for the Irish bar, but, on the conclusion of his studies last spring, he emigrated to Canada, and had made all the necessary arrangements to pursue his profession in Toronto.

The Newark *Advertiser* says the humbug of Captain Kidd's treasure has been revived. Mr. Harrington, the celebrated diver, having been applied to by a person in New-Jersey, who pretends to have an instrument that will unvaryingly point out metal, even if it were 300 feet under water, and with the use of which, he says, he has found the safe of the steamer Lexington and also the long-sought-for "Kidd vessel," which lies ten feet under the mud, and with about twelve feet of water over that besides.

An extract of a letter from Rome mentions a fatal accident as having occurred to the Rev. James O'Reilly, a Roman Catholic clergyman of the diocese of Hartford, Conn. Mr. OReilly was in feeble health and was recommended to bathe in the Sulphur Lake, near Tivoli. Being an excellent swimmer, he ventured beyond the limits of safety, and, overcome by the exhalations of the lake, perished. His body was found but life was extinct.

Some of the crack oarsmen of New-York have challenged the Union Club, St. John's, N. B., to engage in another encounter for $2,000. The crew is considered superior to that which was lately defeated on Charles River. The Halifax Boat Club, in answer to the recent challenge of the St. John Club, express a wish to meet the clubs of New-York, Boston and St. John's in this city, next summer, each putting up $1,000.

At a camp meeting on the 6th inst., at Shady Grove, Tenn., thirty-five persons who had dined at the tent of Mr. J. F. Shaffel, wene taken sick with the usual symptoms of having taken poison, and the Negro woman died. The rest are recovering, and it is supposed that the poison was prepared by a Negro belonging to the family.

Female wages in California continue very high. Advertisements in San Francisco papers offer $60 a month, and $40 for a girl. A letter says—"It would astonish you to see some of our servant girls in full rig in Montgomery street. A $75 blue velvet dress, a $30 bonnet, gold chain and big cameos to match, are not at all unfrequent.

Ex-Judge T. C. Haliburton has taken a final farewell of Nova Scotia, as a place of residence. Clifton, his beautiful seat at Windsor, was sold some weeks since, and the old Judge has taken his passage for Liverpool, to make his home in Great Britain for the remainder of his days.

The steamer *City of Savannah* sprung a leak during a violent gale, on Tuesday last, when off Cape Hatteras, on her passage from Savannah to Baltimore, and in spite of the exertions of the crew, she sank on Thursday. The officers and crew were taken off by the bark *Sylph*, and arrived at Baltimore on Saturday night.

The clock business of Connecticut, which has been driven so extensively for several years, has completely run down. These clocks have been sent to every part of the world, and amongst the largest markets for them were Great Britain and China.

The "Calliope," or steam-organ, which of late has attracted some attention, is to be introduced upon several Western railroads.

November 20th has been appointed by the Governors of the states of Maryland and Missouri as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

THE PRESS ON BUCHANAN.

The recent State elections indicate the complete triumph of the Democratic party in November. The *N.Y. Herald* of Sunday morning says:—

"The late result in Pennsylvania, in connection with the unexpected success of the Democracy in Indiana, indicate pretty clearly the election of James Buchanan as our next President by a handsome majority of the Electoral College."

The *Daily News* says—"The official returns received from Pennsylvania confirm us in the belief that the Democratic majority in the State will certainly reach 6,000 or 7,000. Of the 25 Members of Congress elected, 15 are Democrats, a gain over the present number of 9, and both branches of the Legislature are Democratic. Never was a battle more boldly fought or more nobly won than that of Pennsylvania.

"In Ohio, the Democracy have also done nobly. A large majority against us is conceded, but they have elected six certain, and probably eight members of Congress, which are all gains.

"In Indiana, we have swept the board; carried Governor by about 5,000 majority; Lieut.-Governor, both branches of the Legislature, which secures us a U. S. Senator; and six certain of the eleven members of Congress. The House as well as the Senate of the United States is now safe."

"The first returns from Pennsylvania," says the *N. Y. Daily Times*, "do not wear a very brilliant look for the Fusion ticket; but then they do not come from that section of the State where the Democratic opposition had anticipated a triumph, though the Democratic gains are suspiciously large. It is not safe to judge from present appearances. The Buchaniers, however, are making the most of what they have got thus far, and are rather cheery in their demonstrations of joy."

Under the caption of *Fright of the Fremonters* the N. Y. *Herald* of Monday the 20th inst., states:—We have received several letters from various quarters, severely reflecting upon our course in telling the exact truth in relation to the present campaign, and which truths have, it seems, created a tremendous panic in the Fremont camp.

The searching scrutiny, says the Detroit *Free Press*, to which Mr. Buchanan's private and public life have been subjected since his nomination to the Presidency, marked as it has been with unsparing malignity in too many instances, has resulted in inspiring his friends with increased confidence in his exalted qualifications for the responsible duties to which the voice of the nation is soon to call him. His private life presents a character in which virtue, morality, fidelity and frankness are beautifully combined. Malignity itself has been unable to discover even a trace of any characteristic inconsistent with the purest integrity. He is, emphatically and confessedly, an "honest man," and therefore stands upon the only sure pedestal of true greatness. No public man has ever undergone a more severe ordeal, and none has ever had more cause to congratulate himself that he has made virtue the polar star by which he has governed his long career. Passing from his private to his public record, we speak but the sentiment of thousands of our countrymen when we say that Mr. Buchanan stands to-day on a more elevated platform as a statesman than he did when his friends and his foes turned back, after his nomination, to study his political character in a series of public services covering more than forty years. The examination of his record has baffled the hopes of his enemies, while it has increased greatly the admiration and confidence of his friends. The investigation proves this general and material fact, that Mr. Buchanan has taken his position on all the great questions that have arisen, since he first entered the Federal Legislature, with a degree of deliberation, and after such mature examination and reflection, that, after a lapse of more than thirty years, the impartial man rises from the retrospect with the conviction that he has been a wise and consistent statesman.

The South, says a contemporary, which has ever been Democratic, supports the Democratic candidates, not as sectional, but as constitution loving men. Her reasons are brief. 1. They maintain State equality, and a faithful adherence to the stipulations of the Constitution. 2. They present the only rallying point for national men to beat down the enemies of our peace and of the Constitution. 3. They combine elements, which once dissolved, can never be re-united upon the basis of a defensive alliance with the South in maintaining the principles of the Union of our Fathers.

The following papers in California support Buchanan and Breckinridge. They present a battery capable of great execution, being the leading papers of California in ability and circulation:—Daily San Francisco *Sun*, Daily San Francisco *Globe*, Daily Stockton *Republican*, Daily *State Journal*, Daily Marysville *Express*, Daily Batte *Record*, Weekly *State Journal*, Weekly *Express*, Weekly Shasta *Courier*, Weekly Sierra *Democrat*, Weekly Trinity *Times*, Weekly Galaveras *Chronicle*, Weekly Columbia *Gazette*, Weekly Mariposa *Democrat*, Weekly Placer *Herald*. Making in all a total of seven dailies and nine weeklies, or sixteen in all.

BIRTH.

October 11, at Bloomington, Illinois, the lady of John P. Hely, Civil Engineer, of a son.

Kilkenny *Journal* please copy.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

At Monkstown, Edward, son of the late Jeffrey Browning, of Caras Court, in the county Limerick, to Eliza, daughter of the late R. T. Mahony, of Blessington street.

At Brentigby, Leicestershire, James Fletcher Corbett, of Rock House, Gloucestershire, to Clarissa, daughter of the late St. George Gregg of Dublin.

At Millbrook, near Southampton, John Easther, to Lavini Theresa, relict of George F. C. Coleman.

At Tewkesbury, John W. Fletcher, of Upton upon Severn, to Caroline Chambers, only daughter of Humphrey Brown, M. P.

At St. Andrew's Church, Westland-row, Thomas Kinlan, of Grafton street, to Mary, daughter of the late Denis Connell, of Nassau street.

In St. Peter's Church, the Rev. R. J. Moffett, Chaplain of St. Stephen's, to Margaret Elizabeth, daughter of F. Higginson, of Burlington-road.

At Queenstown church, Captain Frederick Charles Hanson, of the steam screw ship Dodo, to Hannah, daughter of Edward Burke, Russian Consul of the same port.

At the Friends' Meeting House, Limerick, Thomas Fisher, of Dublin, to Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Robinson, of Limerick.

At Killough Castle, John Edward Venables Vernon, of Clontarf Castle, county Dublin, to the Hon. Rosa Gertrude Harriet Daly, daughter of the late Lord Dunsandle.

At the Meeting House of the First Presbyterian Congregation, Thomas Garrett, of Belfast, Solicitor, to Mary, daughter of Wm. Burden, M. D., Professor of Queen's College, Belfast.

John Emanuel O'Farrell, 24 Blessington street, Dublin, Solicitor (Clerk of the Crown, county Longford,) to Maria, daughter of John M'Manus, of Gurteen House, county Longford.

At St. Michael's Chapel, Limerick, John Hanrahan, George street, grocer and wine merchant, to Christiana, daughter of the late Thomas Ryan, John street.

At Taney church, county Dublin, George Philips, of Dublin, to Mary, daughter of the late William Allen, of Leefield, Staffordshire, and niece of William Dargan.

George Mansfield, to Mary, daughter of D. Walsh, of Manglin, Ballincollig.

At Cork, John H. Hartnett, to Mrs. Margaret Holland, both of Cork.

At Tuam, John Ferguson, of Castleblakeny, to Miss Kelly, daughter of Martin Kelly, of Carramoneen.

At Claregalway, Francis P. Monahan, San Francisco, California, to Teresa, Delia, daughter of James O'Brien, of Loughgeorge, county Galway.

At Headford church, George St. George Tyner, to Isabella, daughter of the Hon. and Very Rev. Robert Plunkett, Dean of Tuam.

At St. Pancras Church, London, William R. Unthank, of George street, Limerick, to Hannah, daughter of the late Robert Hatton, of Lee-bank, Cork.

At Rathfarnham church, Robert Henry, son of H. Peare, Pear Mount, county Dublin, to Amelia Elinor, daughter of Thomas Stratford, J. P., Eyre Villa, county Galway.

IRISH DEATHS.

At Dublin, Andrew George Malcolm, M. D.

At Sirmount, county Cork, aged 95 years, S. M'Carthy.

At 5 Parliament street, Dublin, Mrs. Rebecca M'Lean, aged 79 years.

Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Speer, of Ardee.

In Tralee, Jane, relict of John Crumpe, Surgeon.

At 5 North William street, Dublin, James Murphy.

At 26 Summer Hill, Isabella, relict of Edward Duncan, formerly of Dublin.

At Blackrock, Catherine, relict of T. Falkiner, of Oberstown Hill, Naas.

At Airfield, St. Dolough's, aged 90 years, Sir Edmund Nugent.

At Kingstown, Mary, wife of the Rev. Henry B. Poer.

At Lodge Park, Straffin, Arthur Henry.

At Bushfield, Robert Fair, aged 64 years.

At Dublin, Benjamin, son of Benjamin Norwood, of Nelson street.

Soulden, son of Lieutenant Oakeley, 55th Regiment.

At Boulogne, Alexander Clendining.

At Blackrock, Cornelius Curtin.

At Bandon, Stewart James Tresilian, M. D.

At Shuttle Hill, Coleraine, Richard Yates, aged 62 years.

Matilda Evans, daughter of the late John Evans, of Strabane.

John Hamilton, senr., Esq., Surgeon, in his 67th year.

At Holywell street, Milbank, John Bernard Sale, in his 78th year.

In Wimpole street, Cork, Sophia Elizabeth, daughter of the late Charles Rousseau Burney, of Bath, and niece to Madame O'Arblay, in the 78th year of her age.

At Skerries, county Dublin, the wife of Nathaniel A. Hamilton, of 39 Lower Dominick street.

At Comaher, county Westmeath, Thomas M. Vignoles, son of the Very Rev. the Dean of Ossory.

At Bridport, killed by accidentally falling from the cliffs east of the harbor, Ada, daughter of George Symes, M. D., in the 18th year of her age.

At her son's residence, 17 Kildare street, Dublin, Mary, relict of George Dean Holmes, in the 75th year of her age.

At Elvidge's Hotel, Kildare street, Dublin, Christopher Clarges Patrickson, late Colonel 43d Regiment.

At Stepney, at an advanced age, Edmond Fennell, formerly of the extensive firm of John Meade Thomas, and Edmond Fennell.

At the Parsonage, St. Helen's, Lancashire, Anne, the wife of the Rev. Doctor Carr. She was sister of Samuel Cooper, of Killenure castle.

At Spout road, Nenagh, Michael Cronin, Carpenter.

In Peter street, Nenagh, Mrs. Magrath, relict of James Magrath.

At Ringdufferin, Jane, daugter of the late Ross Mahon, of Castlegar, county Galway.

In Dublin, the beloved wife of Capt. Lewin, of Cloghan House, county Mayo.

In London, Mrs. Clarke, wife of Michael Clarke, late of Limerick.

At Blackrock, Lucy, relict of Thomas Lynch, late of Patrick's Hill, Cork.

At Ballycotton, Honoria Emily, daughter of John Wilkinson, of Cloyne house.

At Athy, James Ryan.

At Maryborough, Mark Morgan.

Charlotte Wilhelmina, relict of Westby Percival, of Knightsbrook, county Meath, and Carrickmakeegan, county Leitrim, J. P., and daughter of Major General Thomas Hawkshaw, H. E. I. C. S.

At Monck street, Wexford, at the venerable age of 81 years, John Roche.

At Slaney street, Enniscorthy, Nannie and Robert, children of Michael O'Dempsey.

Special Notices.

Information Wanted of Andrew Arthur, Gunmaker, lately of Petaluma, California, supposed to be in Nicaragua; was formerly in Walker's expedition to Sonora. Information addressed to M. Arthur, 95 Cranberry stre et, Brooklyn, or this Office, will be thankfully received.
California papers will please copy. oct11

CHEAP FALL DRY GOODS!

Rich dress Silks, Broche and Woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, Woollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

And at the Grand Street Store,

Royal Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Three-ply, and every variety of low-priced Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain materials, Cornices, Shades, &c.

ALL AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES!

Lord & Taylor, 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand street,
oct4 3mos and new numbers 47 and 49 Catharine street.

Political.

7TH WARD.—TO THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATS AND CITIZENS GENERALLY OF THE SEVENTH WARD.—Awake to your rights and put down the frauds and violence of primary elections.

The committee appointed by the Democratic Electors of the Seventh Ward, opposed to the present corrupt and demoralizing scenes perpetrated at our primary elections, present the following ticket for the suffrages of the Democratic Electors of the Ward, at the election to be held on the 4th of November, 1856; and in thus doing, we call upon you to sustain this ticket composed of gentlemen respected alike for ther integrity as citizens, and well qualified to discharge with honor and ability the duties of the offices for which they have been respectively nominated, and who condemn the present mode of conducting our primary elections, which but express the voice of ballot-box stuffers and not the wishes of the people.

SEVENTH WARD NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
THOMAS H. FARRAN.
FOR ALDERMAN,
SAMUEL HURLEY.
FOR ASSESSOR,
RICHARD O. GRADY.
FOURTEENTH COUNCIL DISTRICT,
PETER ZEGLIO.
FIFTEENTH COUNCIL DISTRICT.
JAMES L. JOHNSON.
SIXTEENTH COUNCIL DISTRICT.
ABRAHAM BROWER.
SCHOOL COMMISSIONER,
GEORGE W. FARLEY.
TRUSTEE,
JOHN MURPHY.
TRUSTEE,
JOHN WAGONER.
INSPECTOR,
OWEN McCABE.
CONSTABLES,
CHRISTOPHER F. KLENCK, MICHAEL SHANDLEY.

M. T. RUNYAN, Secretary. M. DOUGHERTY, Chairman.
October 18. 3t.

FIRST WARD

Democratic Republican Regular Nomination.

FOR ALDERMAN,

oct18 WILLIAM WILSON. 3t

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY's establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY's colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY's plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY's Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,
oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS
THAT NEED NO MARKING.
Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully fellowing his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhibted. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M. CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,
Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway
oct11 3mos opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Irish News Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at the Eagle Rooms. EDWARD K. BUTLER, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Fawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York; also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stics, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

Improved Billiard Tables and Cushions.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this conntry, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug23 10t

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood, deceased.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.
A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional district, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth wards of the said city and county.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressional district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.
Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.
City and county officers are also to be elected:—
A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.
A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.
Two Governors of the Almshouse, in the places of Isaac Bell, jr., and Simeon Draper.
Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, August 20, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140.
aug30

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparen expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot*, **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

DRS. GILBERT AND KENNEDY,

TREAT

CANCERS, TUMORS, ULCERS, &c.,

WITHOUT SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

OFFICE 746 BROADWAY, COR. ASTOR PLACE, N. Y.

CERTIFICATES FROM

Ex Gov. T. M. Tucker.	Hon. T. Butler King.	Judge Alex. Walker.
Judge F. W. Hugling.	Gen. Narcisso Lopez.	Col. Maunsel White.
Capt. Isaiah Sellers.	Capt. Wm. Leathers.	Thos. E. Bond, M. D.
A. S. Baldwin, M. D.	W. P. Allison, M. D.	J. S. Peacocke, M. D.

PERMISSION TO REFER TO

Ex Gov. James C. Jones. Hon. Frederick B. Stanton.
B. F. Palmer, Inventor of "Palmer's Artificial Leg."
Francis Grice, Naval Constructor, Navy Yard, Philadelphia.
Proprietors of the Girard House, Philadelphia.

☞ Send for a Pamphlet! oct18 4t

Special Notices.

Catholic Reading Rooms.—The Directors of the Catholic Library Association respectfully announce to the public that their Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery, will be open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 7 to 10 o'clock. Annual subscription, $1. By order.

M. T. Cozans, President.
JAMES O. C. TABB, Rec. Sec'y. sept13

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until every has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 18 tf

Shipping.

THE NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL

United States Mail Line.

The ships composing this line are the following:

The ATLANTIC .....Capt. Eldridge.
The ADRIATIC .....Capt. West.
The PACIFIC .....Capt. Eldridge.
The BALTIC .....Capt. Comstock.

These ships have been built by contract, expressly for the government service. Every care has been taken in their construction, as also in their engines to insure strength and speed; and their accommodations for passengers are unequalled for elegance and comfort.

Price of passage from New-York to Liverpool in first cabin, $180; in second do., $75. Exclusive use of extra size state rooms, $325. From Liverpool to New-York, 80 and 20 guineas.

An experienced surgeon attached to each ship.

No berth can be secured until paid for.

PROPOSED DATES OF SAILING.

FROM NEW-YORK.		FROM LIVERPOOL.	
Saturday	Oct. 11	Wednesday	Oct. 1
Saturday	Oct. 25	Wednesday	Oct. 15

Edw'd. K. Collins & Co., No. 56 Wall street, New-York.
Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool.
Stephen Kennard & Co., 27 Austin Friars, London.
B. G. Wainwright & Co., Paris.

The owners of these ships will not be accountable for gold, silver, bullion, specie, jewelry, precious stones or metals, unless bills of lading are signed therefor, and the value thereof therein expressed.

Shippers will please take notice, that the ships of this line cannot carry any goods contraband of war. ap26 6m.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,

Old Black Ball Line of Liverpool Packets.

CERTIFICATES

Furnished for Passage to and from Liverpool, on the 1st and 16th of every Month, by the following splendid ships:

James Foster, Jr.	Capt. J. W. Porter.
Neptune	" E. W. Peabody.
Harvest Queen	" E. Young.
Isaac Webb	" J. M. Bayer.
Great Western	" W. G. Furrier.
Manhattan	" T. Dixon.
Isaac Wright	" E. Abeel.
Columbia	" C. Hutchinson.
Fidelia	" W. A. Macgill.
Yorkshire	" C. A. Marshall.

REMITTANCES.

Drafts, for £1 and upwards, on the Royal Bank of Ireland, and on Messrs. Baring Brothers & Co., Bankers, Liverpool and London, payable on sight.

C. H. MARSHALL & CO.,
88 Burling Slip, N. Y.

Agents in Liverpool, Baring Brothers & Co.,

OLD LINE PACKETS,

Pier 23 East River, foot of Beekman street. 6m

WILLIAMS & GUION'S

Old Black Star Line of Packets. 1856.

Passage from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, secured at the lowest possible rates by this old-established line, sailing from Liverpool to New-York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonage.*
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hanley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,400
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,500
SILAS WRIGHT (new),	Freeman,	2,000
SOUTHAMPTON,	Furlong,	1,600
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 18th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; or persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLACK BALL LINE

OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,	Manhattan,
Great Western,	Neptune,
Harvest Queen,	Columbia,
Isaac Webb,	Yorkshire,
Isaac Wright,	Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,
Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my8 3m

Shipping.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL	FROM PHILADELPHIA
Every alternate Wednesday.	Every alternate Thursday.

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including fare from or to New-York and cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

Or to their Agents in

Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
Baltimore—Foard & Rodgers.....Hartford, Ct.—A. Rose.
Boston—Thompson & Co.....New-Orleans—Jenkins, Williams & Co.
Buffalo—Robt. Hager.....Pittsburg—John Thompson.
Chicago—Lull & Mayer.....Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati—J. F. Meline & Co.....Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

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BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON,
HUGH KELLY,
} Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19ly **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19ly **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Ageney, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Business Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

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Alexander C. Lawrence, Gen'l. Emigration Agent
oct25 tf of Nicaragua for the United States.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug28 10t

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ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,500
SILAS WRIGHT (new),	Freeman,	2,000
SOUTHAMPTON,	Furlong,	1,600
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of their departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 18th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; or persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLACK BALL LINE
OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr., | Manhattan,
Great Western, | Neptune,
Harvest Queen, | Columbia,
Isaac Webb, | Yorkshire,
Isaac Wright, | Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,
Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line," which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my8 3m

Shipping.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL	FROM PHILADELPHIA
Every alternate Wednesday.	Every alternate Thursday.

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $80; from Liverpool, $40, including fare from or to New-York and cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

Or to their Agents in

Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
Baltimore—Foard & Rodgers.....Hartford, Ct.—A. Rose.
Boston—Thompson & Co.....New-Orleans—Jenkins, Williams & Co.
Buffalo—Robt. Hager.....Pittsburg—John Thompson.
Chicago—Lull & Mayer.....Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati—J. F. Meline & Co.....Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS
ON
BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY, } Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19ly **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19ly **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Business Notices.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my8 1y

HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*,) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Bóller and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 139 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Special Notices.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

A Lady, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, Restores Blindness, Amaurosis and Sore Eyes, of any standing; Removing Cataracts, Scums, Films, &c., without operation or pain. Persons wearing spectacles prematurely, enabled to do without them by recovering the natural tone of the eye. That the worst of cases are cured by her.

May be seen at the Infirmary from 10 A. M., to 2 P. M., No. 679 Sixth Avenue. The poor attended to on Fridays. oct18 3mos

Only $1 50 for a fine Fashionable Hat.—What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50, when you can buy a better Hat for ONLY ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? Call on SMITH, and he will fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put on your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. No. 31 PARK ROW, under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman street.

N. B.—Also on hand a large assortment of Drab Beavers, Pearl and Cassimere Hats, from $1 50 to $2.

sept6 3mos **Conklin Smith.**

European News.

The news from Europe to the 11th inst., brought by the *Arabia*, is unimportant. There have been no new developments in reference to Naples, or the other vexed questions which disturb the diplomats and monarchs. Everything is in an uncertain, unstable position, and the interruption of the hollow truce, concluded at Paris, and the breaking out of a more formidable war than that recently closed on the shores of the Black Sea, seems to be generally expected at no distant day.

The Collins steamship *Atlantic*, from New-York on the 27th of September, arrived out at Liverpool, on Thursday, the 9th inst.

The steamship *Canadian*, from Quebec, arrived at Liverpool on the 8th inst.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament has been further prorogued to November 30th.

The English Telegraph Companies gave a grand banquet to Professor Morse in London on the 9th. W. F. Cooke, Esq., presided, and Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New-York, was one of the honored guests.

Prof. Morse has succeeded in telegraphing over the united wires of the magnetic telegraph of the English and Irish Company, a distance of 2,000, miles at the rate of two hundred and ten signals per minute, thus proving the practicability of an Atlantic communication.

FRANCE.—The monthly return of the Bank of France shows a decrease of bullion equal to two and a half million pounds sterling, but the deficit has not caused so much depression as was anticipated.

The Congress for the settlement of the points of disagreement between Prussia and the Allies will forthwith assemble in Paris, at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs. It is anticipated that the whole matter will be arranged in one or two sittings.

Telegraphic accounts say that the Austrians, 4,000 strong, have occupied Galatz, and other points on the Danube. If this is true, and Turkey has consented to the occupation, the Danubian Commissioners will return home. It is, however, expected that Austria will be called on to evacuate the Principalities at once, by the Congress at Paris, and that she can adopt no other course than obey.

Intelligence has been received in *Paris, that orders have been given to a Russian squadron to prepare for sea, and that the destination of this squadron is Naples.* Of course, with such a demonstration we can have nothing to do. If the Emperor of Russia chooses to send his ships to Naples or elsewhere, so he does not violate the Treaty of Paris we have not the slightest title to challenge the exercise of his discretion. This demonstration either means nothing or something. If nothing, the sham will soon be found out; if something, all we can say is, that the Russians are welcome to set sail for the Bay of Naples whenever they please, and to stay there as long as they can. The only direct effect of the demonstration will probably be, that the French and English Governments may think it necessary to increase the number of their ships upon the Neapolitan station. Such is the present aspect of this affair."

Mr. Crampton has been made a Knight Commander of the Bath, as a tribute to his enlistment services in America.

The *Ericsson* which arrived on Friday brings no later dates than those previously received by the *Persia*.

The Viceroy of Egypt has determined to establish steam communication between various points on the shores of the Red Sea, and has chartered a steam navigation company, with a capital of ten millions, of which the Government will furnish three millions.

ITALY.—The direct news from Naples to the 29th ult., intimates that the king is still determined to resist all demands and remonstrances, but some of the German papers report that he has been induced to make certain concessions, and that De Martini, the Austrian ambassador at Naples, will, it is hoped, complete what Baron de Hubner has commenced. Martini is the bearer of an autograph letter from Francis Joseph to the King of Naples, in which he is implored, in the name of the relationship of the two courts, not to draw down misfortune, not only on Naples, but on the whole of Italy. Meantime, Ferdinand has sent, or is about to send, a very voluminous dispatch to the European powers, containing a defence of himself and his government. The opinion, however, is becoming more general that the Neapolitan question will be settled without a hostile demonstration, notwithstanding that rumors to the contrary continue to be perseveringly circulated.

Two English ships of war, with Admiral Dundas on board, were at Ajaccio, and more were expected.

The French fleet continued at Toulon.

A strong Russian fleet commanded by the Grand Duke Constantine, is to go into the Mediterranean, merely as a guard of honor to the Empress mother, in her tour in Italy.

A Spanish fleet is on hand, merely as police of the Spanish Islands.

The Austrian squadron is to cruise in the Adriatic, solely for exercise.

A letter from Rome in the *Weekly Register*, written during the early part of last month, says:—"The dear old Jesuits still sit early and late in their confessionals, and preach away in heavy cloaks as in cold weather. As Padre Curci said, when preaching during the Novena of St. Ignotius—'Have patience, my good people—I know you feel the heat; but if you suffer sitting still, how must I feel it preaching.' Even most of the German historic painters have deserted Rome this summer; there is not a studio to go to, scarcely, if one had the energy to attempt it. Ovenbeck is away at Perugi, Cornelius at Frascati, Seitz, at Castello, Szoldatics in Hungary. Only Flaiz remains, busily engaged in a splendid picture which will one day figure as an altar piece in a chapel built by a noble-hearted individual somewhere in the north of England.

SWITZERLAND.—M. De Salinac Fenelon, the French Ambassador to the Swiss Confederation, paid an official visit, on the 1st inst., to M. Stampeli, the President of the Confederation, for the purpose of asking from him, in the name of the French Government, an amnesty for the Royalists of Neufchatel. It is believed that the Federal Government would assent to this only on condition that the King of Prussia shall renounce his claim on the Principality.

DENMARK.—The Fatherland newspaper, not a good authority, announces that the question of the Sound Dues is settled.

England and Denmark have come to an agreement that the Land Transit is to be reduced.

TURKEY.—Uneasiness is felt for the tranquillity of Syria. There is nothing of importance from Turkey proper.

INDIA.—The Indian Government has opened a new four-and-a-half per cent. loan for an unlimited amount, which had disturbed the money market.

AUSTRALIA.—At Melbourne, wet weather had caused a temporary depression in trade, and there was a decrease in the gold production, but there were signs of a revival, and a season of more activity was looked forward to.

IMPORTANT FROM NICARAGUA—TWO BATTLES FOUGHT—WALKER VICTORIOUS.

A summary of the news brought by the *Tennessee* from Nicaragua has been telegraphed from New-Orleans. We are without details, but there is enough to show that General Walker has triumphed over the combined forces of the enemy, and completely routed them in two pitched battles. We expect interesting details of both engagements from Lieutenant Nagle in his next dispatch. The following are the particulars at hand:

General Walker finding the enemy advancing on Massaya, withdrew the small force there, when the enemy, 4,000 strong, occupied the town.

General Walker then left a small force at Granada, and advanced towards Massaya with 1,000 men, and meeting the enemy on the 12th inst., near the city, repulsed them, driving them back to Massaya, where a battle was fought, lasting until midnight.

At daylight a courier arrived from Granada, stating that 1,400 Guatemalans and natives were besieging Granada. Gen. Walker, on receiving this information, immediately marched to the relief of Granada, and arrived on the heights surrounding the city on the morning of the 13th, at ten o'clock, and finding the city barricaded by the whole force of the enemy, he charged upon them and drove them from their posts, capturing their commanders and all their field-pieces, and routing them from the city with great slaughter.

The total loss of the enemy was 1,100. General Walker's loss was 16 killed and 30 wounded.

General Walker would immediately march on Massaya and Leon. His troops were in the highest spirits.

The citizens of Granada held the government buildings 22 hours against the forces of the enemy, and were vigorously defending the place when General Walker arrived.

Messrs. Lawless, Wheeler and Ferguson, American citizens, who have had no connection with Nicaraguan affairs, were murdered by the natives.

REMINISCENCES OF OTHER DAYS.

OLD NEW-YORK.

Grant Thorburn, that relic of a by-gone generation, writes to the *Home Journal*, giving these curious reminiscences of New-York as he found it more than sixty years ago:

New-York was an old city in 1794—now, after a lapse of sixty-two years, it has assumed a new aspect, and looks like a new city. I first stepped upon American soil in that year, and as I landed from the ship at Governeur Wharf, Front-street crossed the head of the wharf, and South-street lay in the bottom of the river. The corner of Front and Wall-streets was occupied by John Jones, and the old Coffee House stood on the corner of Water and Wall-streets. Both sides of Wall-street, between Pearl and Nassau streets, were inhabited by "Uppertendom," such as General Hamilton, William Jauncey, McEvers, Barnwall, McVicker, Keese, and Mrs. Daubney, who entertained the members when Congress sat in the old Federal Hall, at the head of Broad street. Immediately after landing, I traversed Front street, from Cornwall to Moore streets, then called *Canvass Town*, near Whitehall Slip. It was here that the great fire commenced when Lord Howe held possession of the city. The conflagration swept both sides of Broadway, including Trinity Church, and extended nearly up to old St. Paul's. Canvass Town was inhabited by flocks of wild fowls, known by the name of Mother Carey's Chickens. They sang like nightingales, and often would the midshipmen from the fleet and the soldiers from the barracks congregate around the Whitehall dock and listen to the siren notes of their songs. But the fire consumed the boughs and branches which contained their nests, and left the trunks of the trees standing. The sailors then went and brought spars, ropes, and old sails from the ships, and covered the roofs, and the birds remained in their nests. Hence came the name of Canvass Town. As I entered Broad-street, near its foot stood the old Royal Exchange. On the ground-floor a butcher was selling beefsteaks—on the second story Gardiner Baker kept his museum; a dozen or more of Bergen "squatters" were trying to dispose of their stock of crabs, clams and muscles, and all were talking together and creating a compound jargon of High Dutch, Mohawk and African, accompanied by laughter loud and long, resounding towards the shores of Gibbet Island. On their sloops sat Conrad W. Ham, Wm. Nitchie, Abram Brinkerhoff, and Frederick Depuyster, with their genial rotundity and long pipes; true Dutch specimens, as described by Washington Irving—that is, like beer-barrels set on skids. There, too, sat Dr. Anthon, from the land of William Tell. He was my first family physician. A circumstance which transpired in connection with his attendance at the birth of my eldest child, I will relate simply for the benefit of mothers and nurses. When only a few days old my child began to scream, and soon fell into fits. I called in Dr. Anthon, who looked at the child and inquired when he was undressed.

"Not since he was born," said the nurse.

Immediately the pins were withdrawn, and the child sank at once into a profound sleep. The infant had grown to be a grandfather—his life having been preserved through the fidelity and thoughtfulness of Dr. Anthon. From him sprung a group of children and grandchildren, among whom are doctors at law, physic and divinity, many of whom are now living, and most worthy descendants of the great parent stock. On the east corner of Broad and Garden-streets (the latter Exchange-street now,) stood the ferry-house. In former days they steered and landed not at Pauld's Hook, but at Blazing-star—a landing-place further down the river. On the south corner of Wall and Broad-streets stood the watch-house—the only one in the city at that period. Then the old Dutch Church—Dr. Harper's—stood in a garden near William-street; Dr. Rodgers' church stood in Wall-street, near Broadway; the French Church was in Pine-street; Drs. Mason and Boymain were in Cedar-street, near William-street; between Broadway and William-street, near Cedar-street, was Dominie Labaugh; there was a German church in Nassua-street, near Fulton-street; there was a Moravian church in Fulton-street, (near where the *Home Journal* office now is), and Dr. Pilmore's church (Episcopal) stood in Ann-street, near William-street. Altogether there were nine churches, all located below the Park, mostly all of them swept away from the streets of the city, in the course of forty years! The City Hotel, which filled the space between Cedar and Thames-streets, I saw built in 1794; seven years ago it was transformed into a rag-fair. The sugar-house in Liberty-street, which stood a hundred years, and ought to have stood a thousand years more, is now filled with nothing but old rags. Nothing *ancient* is tolerated in New York. The old Brick Church, too, is to be levelled with the dust. There, sixty years ago, I heard Drs. Rogers and McKnight startle the walls of the church and the hearts of their hearers, with their extempore pulpit eloquence. Would that there were more of such churches and such ministers at the present day!

MILITARY TENDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES.

(*From the New York Daily Times.*)

The Earl of Ellesmere said in a speech made some time during the Crimean War, that if he were asked which he considered the most warlike people on earth, he should say those of the United States of America; and a recent British writer in this country remarks incidentally, "The fact, that there is such intense application of American ingenuity in the manufacture of fire-arms proves, we think, that there is a strong tendency to to military ambition in the American mind."

There is, no doubt, much truth in this latter observation; the greatest and most important improvements made in fire-arms during the past twenty-five years have originated in this country, and yet during the whole of this period we have been at peace with the whole world, excepting only our very brief war with Mexico. But, still, the improvements of the instruments of destruction and defence have gone on with such activity as though an enemy had been all the while at our doors. The recent visit of one of our steam frigates to an English port has awakened the utmost wonder and surprise at the completeness of her armament, the superior force of her metal, and the admirable arrangements of her interior for fighting. The steam frigate, the *Merrimac*, is the smallest and the last one of the six lately constructed that we would have thought of sending abroad as a show ship, or an example of our steam navy. Yet her model and equipment have been the themes of the most remarkable commendations in the English press. The marvel of all this is that England has recently made enormous additions to her navy, and since the Crimean war commenced has built an immense number of steam frigates and line-of-battle ships, yet none of them, it seems, is equal to the most inferior of the six steam frigates which have recently been added to our navy rather as experiments than as force for which we are likely to have any employment. We certainly do not allude to these things in any boastful spirit. Our superiority in ship-building is acknowledged even by our competitors, and our skillfulness in the use and manufacture of fire-arms is patent all the world over. The commendations bestowed upon the *Merrimac* only corroborate the theory of Lord Ellesmere and the writer we have quoted. A superiority in the manufacture of the implements of warfare certainly indicates a warlike propensity in the people.

Since the *Merrimac* has made so great a sensation among our English cousins by her visit in Southampton, we hope when the *Niagara* goes to sea she will be sent to Portsmouth, or some other of the great naval stations of England, where she may be seen and examined by those who will be capable of appreciating her splendid model and formidable arrangements for active service.

The Dublin *Freeman* in a spirit of intense nationality says that Ireland has produced some of the best dancers the sun ever saw. James Silvain, of the Royal Academy, Paris, and the favorite pupil of Conlon, is an Irishman. He has been selected by Fanny Ellsler, Madame Taglioni, and Cerito, as the first dancer in the world; and he has danced with all these celebrated artists at all the principal opera houses. Having left Ireland whilst a child, he was noticed by Conlon, who perceiving in him a wonderful genius for dancing, took great pains in developing his talents. He was obliged to change his name in Paris, not because he was ashamed of being Irish, but because having his veins full of royal Milesian blood, he had to Frenchify himself to give his family bread. He was the best of sons, a kind brother, and a warm-hearted Irish patriot. He would never allow his friends to call him by any other name than that of Sullivan. In the year 1848, when Ireland was in a disturbed state, he visited Bantry Bay, with a view of finding out some of his relatives. The police in that quarter, taking him for a French spy, arrested and put him in prison. He was released, but not without much difficulty. At the hotel, he gave all his relatives, poor and rich, a princely entertainment—he showed by his generosity that he was a true Irishman.

The editor of the Dublin *Freeman* has seen the first of a series of views illustrative of Irish scenery, and drawn by Irish artists. The work has been undertaken by Mr. E. J. Harty, of Ulster Chambers, Duane-street, by whom the landscapes are drawn on stone, and it is designed to embrace all the most celebrated and interesting points of view in every part of Ireland. At present four of the prints drawn by H. M'Manus, Esq., R. H. A., and embracing some charming scenery in the vicinity of Delgany, and Greystones, in the county of Wicklow, have been published. They are admirably drawn, and have been transferred to the stone in a style highly artistic, and with great feeling and delicacy of touch. The contrast between them and the very best of those views of Irish scenery which crowd the shop windows about Dublin is infinitely in favor of the former, yet they are not only so much better, but are also much cheaper. If the plan of executing in the same style a large number of illustrations of the fine scenery, of which every county in Ireland can boast its share, be fully carried out, a national benefit will be conferred on society.

The Vice Chairman of the Clifden Board of Poor Law Guardians, had the misfortune, lately, to lose a valuable mare somewhere or somehow, and he asked the Guardians of the union to admit her orphan foal to the workhouse, to be cared after and fed, and groomed, and national schooled, as never before was an incipient horse in any country. The sages of the union, acknowledging the quality of mercy—that it is blessed in him that gives and him that receives—took the orphan foal to their bosom, and declared on their books that a foal six weeks' old, the property of Mr. Redmond Joyce, Deputy Vice-Chairman, whose dam had been drowned, has been taken into the workhouse for the purpose of safe keeping for a short time:—Ordered that the foal be permitted to stop in the yard for a few weeks'. These entertaining facts we derive from the Galway *Vindicator*.

Immense quantities of eels have been lately taken in the Fane river, and in other streams near Carrickmacross. There were seven cart loads of them at Dundalk market, and Mr Rice, proprietor of the Carlingford Oyster House, brought up on Monday not less than 35 cwt. of them for the Liverpool and Dublin markets.

Irish News.

The vice-chairman of the Clifden (Connemara) board had the misfortune, he alleges, to lose a valuable mare somewhere or somehow, and he asks the guardians of the union to admit her orphan foal to the work-house, to be cared after and fed, and groomed, and national schooled, as never before was an incipient horse in any country. The sages of the union acknowledging the quality of mercy that is blessed in him that gives and him that receives, take the orphan foal to their bosom, and declare on their books, 13th August, 1856—"Resolved—That a foal six weeks old, the property of Mr. Redmond Joyce, deputy vice-chairman, whose dam had been drowned, has been taken into the workhouse for the purpose of safe keeping for a short time—Ordered, that the foal be permitted to stop in the yard for a week." And this is signed by the proper officers!

A year or two since, says the *Tipperary Vindicator*, the village of Enniskeen was the hot-bed of souperism, and unfortunately eight or ten poor hungry creatures took the temporal gifts offered them, and refrained from attending Mass; but to say they were converted to the Establishment, save to the loaves and fishes it has in its keeping, would be mere moonshine. With the return of plenty or the approach of death, they left the conventicles of proselytism and returned, with two exceptions, to the Catholic Church. The other day one of them, named Hugh Deary, became seriously ill, and sent for the good and zealous curate of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Beggan, who at once attended, and received the prodigal back to the one fold.

At the establishment of Mr. J. Deering, watchmaker and jeweller, Castle-place, Belfast, may now be seen a large urn, or basin of copper, elegantly shaped, and of curious workmanship, which was recently found in a bog in the townland of Raffery, townland of Killinchy, county Down. It is two and a half feet in diameter, and stands eighteen inches in height. The curved portion, which connects the widest circle of the vessel with the aperture at top, is united to the lower portion by a row of brass nails. It is likewise here and there ornamented with small crosses, and is furnished with two large handles. It was lifted from a depth of fifty feet underground, and is in excellent preservation. An engraving of this antique is to be executed for the "Ulster Archæological Journal."

A Tenant at Will, says the *Dundalk Democrat*, informs us that Lord Clermont is about to collect the "famine arrears," and that his bailiff has noticed the tenants to that effect. He will strike 25 per cent. off these debts, and charge the debtors about 9s per acre yearly in addition to their rents, till the remainder is paid off. Next week we shall have a word or two to say on the subject. We are also informed that the tenants are not willing to accept leases of their farms for 21 years, as the cost is very high. We believe it would be better for them not to accept such leases, and next week we shall give our reasons for saying so.

A correspondent of the *Waterford News*, states that Mr. John Hayes, publican, of Kill, accompanied by his daughter, went to milk cows on a farm which he held, adjoining the village. The cows having been milked, he directed his daughter to return home, whilst himself drove the cows to a sheltry part of the land. His family not finding him return at a reasonable hour, went in search of him, and did not succeed in finding him until Tuesday afternoon, when they found him drowned in a drain of water in a field near his own land. The deceased, who carried on the spirit trade in Ballybricken recently, was not, it is said, in a sound state of mind this time back.

The Dublin *Telegraph* informs us that after the marriage of John Power, late Head Constable, to the daughter of Richard Collender, he was presented at the *dejeuner* with a magnificent silver tea service from Lord Stuart de Decies, and the surrounding gentry, in token of their esteem. Mr. Power gave his generals in the Crimea, (where he had been Chief Commissariat Storekeeper during the entire campaign) such satisfaction as to elicit their approbation so strongly, that on his return to London, a few days since, he received from the Lords of the Treasury a suitable appointment.

The Dublin papers report that during the late storm in that city the Liffey was covered with masses of agricultural produce, hay and corn, and even the bodies of drowned animals, also large trees which had been torn up by the roots. The *Usk*, a small paddle steamer, trading between Dublin and Wexford, broke from her moorings in the river and came broadside on in contact with a large barque, the *Harriet Carr*. The steamer received such injury by the collision that she broached to and filled.

A Court of Inquiry assembled at Fermoy, on the 13th ult., to investigate a charge of misappropriation of the public stores to a large extent, preferred against Barrackmaster Major Daniels, by Barrack Sergeant Carey. The result of the investigation completely exonerating Major Daniels, and convicting the Barrack Sergeant of gross falsehood and malicious aspersions, Sergeant Carey was immediately suspended from his duties, and an order was received at Fermoy, on the 22d ultimo, for his summary dismissal from the service.

After the consecration of the new Catholic Cathedral of Longford, the Bishop of Ardagh entertained at a sumptuous dinner, at the episcopal residence, in most hospitable style, the prelates and a considerable number of clergy and laity. The dioceses from which clergy attended the consecration were those of Ardagh, Elphin, Meath, Clogher, Kilmore and Dublin.

At a recent meeting held in the church of Enniskillen, to take into consideration the most practical means of enlarging and affording more accommodation in the convent at the East Bridge, at present occupied by the Sisters of Mercy, Dean Boylan subscribed £100, and the Lady Abbess £200 for that object.

Exeter Hall missionaries recently held a meeting in William street, Kilkenny, at which the Protestant Bishop of Ossory presided. The quiet Catholic inhabitants of the marble city don't like to be annoyed by the intrusion of those fanatics.

The Tipperary Union Farming Society have held their second anniversary show and dinner in the town of Tipperary. About one hundred and twenty gentlemen sat down, and Le Comte Jarnac occupied the chair.

The extensive mills at Kilmainham, Dublin, have been turned into a factory for the production of Roman, Portland, and other cements. A few years since there was no such establishment in the country.

Constable Carey of Kingstown, at the imminent risk of his life, dashed into the waves and rescued a sailor from the wreck of the *Robert and Mary*, at that port during the late storm there.

It was my misfortune to see, says a correspondent of the Cork *Examiner*, 10 or 11 families evicted on the 29th ult., up at the cottage part of Clonmoyle, the property of Mr. Henry Leader, who purchased it lately in the Encumbered Estates Court. Five or six of these were the families of widows. The scene was a painful one. Your kind heart would have bled at witnessing the affection with which some of the creatures clung to their dwellings, and the grief they appeared to suffer in parting with them. Most of them, however, were readmitted into the houses for a time, with a promise to some, as the houses were to be levelled, that they would be allowed to take away the roofs if they left quietly. The parties responsible for the rents were very well able and most willing to pay the rents assumed hitherto, and a much higher rent—in fact any reasonable rent that might be imposed, in future, and to give ample security for the punctual payment of it, if permitted to continue in possession.

At the late great fair of Ballinasloe, on the 7th instant, Mr. Colter, of Lincolnshire, bought 14 horses, at prices varying from £50 to £250. Mr. Pat Taafe, county Roscommon, sold a hunter at £170; a second at £160, and a third to Lord Cowper, at £120. Mr. Dawson, a dealer from Dublin, purchased a hunter from Mr. Stone, of Frankford, at £150; another from Mr. Armstrong at the same figure, and a third from Major Yelverton at £120. Mr. Dillon, of Johnstown, sold a hunter to Mr. Balfe at £120; Mr. Parsons Battersby sold a colt, three years old, at £80. Mr. Magrane, a dealer, purchased a colt four years old, at £175. Mr. Hartigan, of Liverpool, bought a hunter from Captain Winter at £200. Mr. Courtenay, of Cork, sold a hunter at £100.

A fine young man, named John Stafford, son of Mrs. Stafford, while out bathing with his brother in a part of the sea coast called Ballyvooney, near Stradbally, was drowned. His brother, after several attempts to rescue him was obliged, in consequence of the roughness of the sea, to desist. The deceased was lately married, and his wife, who was a witness of the sad scene, wildly rushed into the waves, and would doubtless have met with the same fate as her husband if her brother-in-law had not, at the imminent risk of his own life, succeeded in dragging her out.

This morning, says the *Cork Examiner* of the 8th instant, the *Donald M'Kay*, a large emigrant vessel, bound for Melbourne, put into Queenstown, bringing with her the melancholy intelligence of the death of her surgeon, Dr. Trayer, who had been for many years the respected and assiduous house physician of the Cork South Infirmary, and who had determined on going to Australia for the benefit of the sea voyage. It appeared that on Sunday, when the ship was off Cape Clear, he got ill, and died in the short space of three hours. As the vessel could not well proceed without a surgeon, she was in consequence put back to Queenstown.

On the 4th instant, a match of hurling took place between the parishes of Kenmare and Templenoe (Co. Kerry)—the former encouraged by Mr. Trench, agent to the Marquis of Landsdown, and the latter by Richard Mahony, Esq., D.L., Dromore Castle. The Kenmare hurlers won the first game after a short contest; the second game was undecided, having continued over an hour; the Templenoe men seemed to have the best of the play. Mr. Mahony, who has made himself most popular among his tenantry and neighbouring peasantry, provided liberal entertainment in Kenmare for the Templenoe hurlers after the match was over.

Application having been made to the Commissioners of Irish Fisheries to take the necessary steps for exercising the powers given to them under the Fishery Acts, to rescind their bye-law of the 25th October, 1854, prohibiting the use of trawl-nets, at all times, within that part of the Lough of Belfast, within a straight line drawn from Grey Point, in the county of Down, to Kilroot Point, in the county of Antrim, and to make such other bye-law restricting the use of trawl-nets within said Lough of Belfast, as may seem just and expedient, the commissioners intend holding public meetings to inquire into the subject.

The *Dublin Freeman* says that Marshal Pellissier, Duc de Malakoff, was expected to arrive in Dublin on the 4th inst., on a visit to Lord Gough. Several persons were waiting at the Kingstown Railway terminus, anxiously expecting the arrival of the gallant Marshal, but they were destined to be disappointed. The Marshal's arrival in this city is hourly expected; a steamer has been placed at his service by the Dublin Steam Packet Company to convey him to Ireland.

A man, named Pat Farrell, of Anameadle, near Toomavara, committed suicide by drowning. Farrell was only a week out of Nenagh gaol on bail, where he was confined since sometime early in August last, for being the principal in the riot which took place in Toomavara about that time, in which the skull of a man of the name of Brien was fractured.

A brogue-maker was going to his home in the town of Tipperary, after having finished some work, when he was attacked by a man who attempted to stab him. He put up his hand to ward of the blow of the knife, but he unfortunately received it in the arm. The poor brogue-maker was near being destroyed, the blow took effect near a vein which, had it been severed, would have bled profusely, and thus probably cause death.

The Secretary of State for War is causing the whole of the pensioners residing in the several districts in the United Kingdom to be examined by competent military officers for the purpose of proving their identity with the individuals originally admitted on the pension list.

At a meeting of the rate-payers held in Dungarvan, it was resolved that a loan should be raised on guarantee to construct a Railway from the City of Waterford to Fermoy.

The creditors and shareholders of the Tipperary Bank have entered into a compromise for the purpose of avoiding litigation, which was likely to swallow up all the available funds.

At the October monthly fair of Kilkenny, fat heifers went from £12 to £15. Fat bullocks from £14 to £16. Stores from £8 to £12. Yearlings from £4 to £6. Bacon pigs, £3 per cwt. Stores, £2, to £3 each; bonhams, 25s. to 30s. per couple.

The Kilkenny Coursing Club have made arrangements for a 20 dog match, to be run off in November.

The Mining Journals say that in Ireland mining interests are quite in the ascendant, and a more encouraging state of things gradually comes over all home undertakings connected with this branch of commerce.

A court of enquiry is being held in Londonderry to investigate the question of compensation for the entering on and taking possession of the property adjoining the river, necessary to the carrying on of the contemplated new quays.

The case of Messrs. Grierson, proprietors of the *Daily Express*, has been up in the Bankrupt Court, Dublin. They owe £71,000.

At the recent sessions of the QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, held in Dublin Castle, degrees, certificates and diplomas were conferred on the following gentlemen:—Alexander Cuthbert, M.R.C.S.E., Belfast College; Richard Day, M.R.C.S., Cork; David B. Jacob, L.R.C.S.I., Belfast; Edward L'Estrange, Galway; Edward Louis M'Sheehy, L.R.C.S.I., Cork; John Moorhead, A.B., Galway and Belfast; William Roche Rice, M.R.C.S.E, Cork; David Walker, Belfast, received the degree of M.D.; Henry Cowan, Belfast College; Charles J. Hooper, Galway; Patrick Ford, Galway; John Ferguson M'Callan, Belfast; James Young, Belfast, obtained the degree of A.M.; Pierce Arnold, Galway College; Acheson George Bartley, Belfast; Joseph Corkey, Belfast; Bennett Clear Davidson, Cork; Hugh Clarke Graham, Belfast; George Wray Hamill, Belfast; Francis B. Hurley, Galway; John Brown M'Bride, Belfast; Thomas M'Cowen, Cork; John M'Parland, Belfast; Timothy O'Brien O'Feely, Galway; Arthur Herbert Sinclair, Belfast; Daniel Tierney, Galway; Thomas Wall, Cork; Walter Augus Watts, Galway; William Taylor Whan, Belfast, received the degree of A.B. The diploma of Elementary Law was conferred upon Timothy O'Brien O'Feely, Galway, and Robert Seeds, Belfast. Certificates of first medical examination were obtained by John William Collins, Cork; Henry Talbot Dann, Cork; Richard B. Davidson, Belfast; William M'Cormac, A.B., Belfast; James M'Crevy, Belfast; Daniel Murry O'Hara, Belfast; Robert Stewart, Belfast.

The Mayor of Kilkenny has received a letter, of which the following is a translation, from the French Minister of Finance, acknowledging the receipt of the money subscribed in Kilkenny, for the relief of the sufferers from the late inundations:—"Paris, September 17, 1856, Minister of Finance, Central Cash Office. MR. MAYOR—I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of the draft of £129 5s. 2d., the sum contributed by the inhabitants of Kilkenny, under the title of 'relief for the victims of the late inundations in France,' which you have addressed direct to me. The agreeable duty of thanking you, Mr. Mayor, both for this remittance and the very kind letter which accompanied it, devolves upon me. I acquit myself of this duty with the greater satisfaction, as it renders me the medium of conveying sentiments of the deepest gratitude, which this manifestation of the sympathy of Ireland for our unhappy fellow-citizens has again awakened here. I have the honor of being, Mr. Mayor, your very obedient servant, the Cashier, Central Paymaster of the Public Treasure, J. ROUMA."

A faction fight took place at the fair of Castlemot, on the 7th inst. It appears that a number of persons were returning home from the fair of the night in question, and on arriving near Ricketstown, a quarrel arose, which resulted in the whole party resorting to sticks, with which they belaboured each other in a most unmerciful manner. A man named William Spragg, had his skull frightfully fractured, and when raised up, a portion of the brain was found protruding from an orifice made in the head by a blow of a stick. He was removed to the county infirmary, but no hopes are entertained of his recovery. The following persons were arrested by the police, and committed to the county prison, by Mr. Denis, J. P., of Fortgranite, charged with being implicated in this lamentable affair:—James Kavanagh, Edward Joyce, Edward Byrne and Richard Pilson.

So active has become the competition in the passenger traffic with England, that arrangements have been recently made by the City of Dublin Steam Company, and the Great Southern and Western Railway Company for carrying passengers between Kilrush and Liverpool at the very low rate of 8s. per head. Out of this sum, the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company receive 3s., leaving for division between the other two companies, 5s. for carrying each passenger a distance of 270 miles, or at the rate of less than a farthing a mile.

A threatening letter was recently sent to Abraham Coates, Esq., Agent to the Earl of Stradbroke, over the Ballymacarberry Estate, stating that the writer would have "the pleasure of meeting him (Mr. Coates), before long, with Powder and Ball!" Mr. Coates has offered a reward of fifty pounds for such private or other information as will lead to the discovery of the writer.

The Dublin *Evening Mail* reports the death of Arthur, Lord De Freyney, which took place at his residence, in London, on the 29th ult. The deceased Peer, who was in his 69th year, was long known in the House of Commons, as Mr. French, of French Park, in the County of Roscommon, which county has been represented by a member of the family for several generations in the Irish and Imperial Parliaments.

During the late storm, the yachts *Blue Bell* and *Cygnet* broke from their moorings in Kingston harbor, drove on shore and became total wrecks.

John M'Carthy, Esq., of Lathduane, Mill street, county Cork, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace, on the recommendation of the Earl of Bandon.

The half-yearly meeting of the Londonderry County Grand Orange Lodge was held at the Farmer's Hotel, Moneymore, on Thursday, the 2nd Oct.

So great has been the extent of draining throughout portions of the county Galway, during the last year, that several spring wells which have not failed for the last twenty years, have become completely dry.

Traffic of the Limerick and Foynes Railway Company (17 1-4 miles open) for week ending Saturday 27th Sept., 1856: Passengers, parcels, &c., £68 3s. 0d. Goods and cattle, £32 0s. 11d. Total, £100 3s. 11d.

A man named James Ward was drowned when crossing a river, as he was leaving the town of Carrickmacross. He has left a wife and family to lament his death.

Sir Richard Annesley O'Donnell has been presented with an address by the parishioners and Catholic clergy of Bunnishools, Newport, as an appreciation of his qualities as a landlord.

The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Kenmare has subscribed £500 towards the building of the Presentation Monastery at Killarney, which will almost complete it.

The literary session of the Cork Young Men's Society will open with a lecture from the President, on a subject that will prove a most decided novelty, *The History of Cork*.

James Butler, Esq., Broomville, has been appointed a magistrate of the county of Carlow, on the recommendation of the Earl of Besborough.

Edward Burke, Esq., of Waterford, has made the princely donation of £500 to the fund for building a new Chapel at Tramore.

Lieutenant William Sterling, of the Royal Artillery, died suddenly in an epileptic fit, at Newbridge Barracks, on the 26th ult.

The people of Wexford have paid a mark of respect to the Rev. Dr. Devereux, a Protestant landlord, by turning out and ploughing some forty acres of his demesne. At about one o'clock the Newtownbarry Chapel Band arrived, amidst the deafening cheers of at least 1,000 spectators. Shortly after, the Kilrush Chapel Band made their appearance, and were likewise cheered by all. Both Bands struck up the enlivening air called "Speed the Plough," with several other old Irish tunes, in a masterly style. After some time the Bands, accompanied by some hundreds, left the ploughs to do their work, and proceeded to the Dr.'s splendid mansion house, the doors of which were thrown open, and a *Cead Mille Failtha* for all. The ploughmen had their task (40 acres) turned up at 4 o'clock. They, with many others, in all about 180, sat down to a good and substantial dinner, with lots of strong ale and plenty of the "native." There were three celebrated Irish pipers, the Byrnes, from Bagnalstown, in attendance. Dancing commenced at 8 o'clock, in which the ladies and gentlemen of the Dr.'s family were pleased to join. At this hour there could not have been less than 1000 persons enjoying the merry dance. They were all supplied with plenty of coffee, tea, strong ale, and lots of the "native," and other refreshments, during the night. The dancing was kept up until after 6 o'clock in the morning, after which there were three cheers given for the best of landlords, the good Dr. Devereux.

Speaking of the late storm in Dublin, the *Telegraph* says:—The wind could scarcely be said to come from any distinct quarter, but rushed in fearful gusts, howling and raging through the empty streets as it seemed from every point of the compass. The police on duty, and the few belated wayfarers who had to pass homewards through the city at that advanced hour were obliged to fly to whatever temporary residence they could find. The rain came down in *douches* or unbroken sheets of water, and to add to the horror of the night, several flashes of lightning broke forth, giving a momentary and dismal illumination to the scene. In Fleet-street (Lower) where a large sewer was open in course of repair, flashes of bluish light were observed darting along the course of the sewer. At Carlisle bridge the water was seen pouring in a regular flood from the centre towards Sackville-street, whilst against the abutments of the bridge on the east side the water of the river, lashed into foam, and broke with great violence. One of the yachts lying near the bridge broke from her moorings and drifted down the river. Fortunately for the safety of property in Dublin and the immediate vicinity, the storm did not continue at this pitch of fury just then for any length of time; but it was in the direction of the coast that the most serious fears were entertained for the fate of every vessel afloat in the channel at the time. We understand that outside the force of the sea was felt from the southward and westward, veering occasionally somewhat to the west. The sun went down amidst continued wild weather on Saturday evening, leaving many persons in a state of fear and apprehension as to the safety of friends known to be at sea, and probably in the channel during this fearful storm.

This far-famed locality, (Killarney), in the words of Macaulay, "The most beautiful tract in the British Isle," where the stranger and the foreigner sojourn with so much delight because of its majestic and lovely scenery, writes the *Nation*, is, we regret to say, like many other places in Ireland, the abode of much poverty and wretchedness. The destitution of the numerous peasantry must have often shocked the visitors of the lakes. This is no exaggeration but stern fact, for, though of late the condition of the people has been considerably alleviated, yet there remains enough of misery to form an unseemly blot on a district so favored by nature. Happily for the poor of Killarney, religion has extended its protecting influence over them—it has thrown its warmth over the young and untutored female, and by its holy teachings directed the infant minds to higher and nobler objects. Even here in the midst of poverty, the zealous, pious, and indefatigable Sisters of Mercy—how worthy of that divine name! have established their schools of industry and mercy for the benefit of these poor people, instructing the young, training the more advanced in their industrial school, and protecting in their temporal House of Mercy the young women from the many temptations that surround those who are exposed to the bitter and depressing cares of poverty.

We are glad to observe, says the *Tuam Herald*, that the Council of the Tenant League are resolved to hold their annual meeting in the course of the present month. The council would commit a mistake if they abdicated their position or their function of speaking periodically to the tenant electors of Ireland. A central organization is required, and required now more than ever, when so many elements of corruption are at work to debauch and demoralise the public mind. The Parliamentary recess is passing by without a stir being made in behalf of Tenant Right. An apathy prevails, unpardonable as it is unmistakeable. This is an error, and a serious error. We know as a fact that the convictions of the old friends and advocates of the cause are still unaltered, regarding its justice and the necessity that exists to secure its steady and satisfactory settlement. The tenant classes, also, are made every day to feel the evils consequent upon the insecurity of their position. Present prices will not always continue; the potato blight may again return, and again the fruits of the industry of the tillers of the soil will be absorbed in paying high rents. The result will be another famine, mitigated, perhaps, in its extent and intensity, but still severe enough to prove afresh the necessity of such a change in our land system as will enable the tenant to accumulate in and on the soil a store on which to draw in the days of his distress.

On the 2nd inst. at the Presentation Convent, Drogheda, the interesting and edifying ceremony of a reception took place. Miss Margaret Markey, called in religion, Mary Catherine, youngest daughter of Owen Markey, Esq., Reynoldstown, and sister to Rev. John Markey, C. C., Clogher, received the white veil from the hands of the most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate of all Ireland, in the presence of a numerous assembly of her friends and a large concourse of clergy. His grace delivered a most eloquent and instructive sermon on the occasion.

The Galway *Mercury* states that it is in contemplation to commence on an extensive scale the Cathedral Church of Loughrea. A returned emigrant from the United States, adds the *Mercury*, gives a most glowing account of the enthusiasm manifested by our expatriated countrymen, who, on seeing the new cathedral announced in the Irish papers, opened a subscription and expected that before twelve months they would be able to remit one thousand pounds to the Loughrea committee.

Traffic of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company (77 miles open) for the week ending Saturday, 27th Sept., 1856: Passengers, parcels, &c., £672, 1s. 2d. Goods and cattle, £379, 6s. 4d. Total, £1,051, 7s. 6d. Corresponding week last year, £1,074, 13s. 8d.

"I question if ever perfect potato seed has been sown, except by fortunate accident, it being necessary to have a variety of kinds in the same field, the blossoms of each being a perfect flower, having male and female insects visiting them for food, carrying with them Pollen of one kind into that of another, which accounts for the different sorts that may be obtained from the same apple."

The truth of this was tested lately in Kilkenny, £5 being offered for an apple containing a *variety*. Three competitors had the seed from an apple sown separately, and neither had a variety. Therefore the £5 is still open for competition, with this year's apples, and if not taken £10 will be given for an *apple containing varieties*, next year, open to the world; as perfect potatoes can never be given without it.

The Newry *Examiner* has much pleasure in stating that at the general examination held at the Pontifical College, Rome, on the 4th September, Mr. George Conroy, son of Nicholas Conroy, Esq., Dromiskin, in the County Down, obtained four *first* premiums, for proficiency in theology and sacred Scripture, and a gold medal, a distinction reserved for superior merit only.

As the train from Waterford to Limerick was passing at a short distance from the Kilsheehan station, on the Clonmel side, some malicious person threw a stone which struck the plate glass window of a first class carriage. The glass was shattered to pieces, but fortunately the stone did not enter the carriage, as it struck partly on the lower side of the mahogany sash and partly on the glass.

The 30th Anniversary show and dinner of the Iverk Farming Society were recently held at Pilltown. The show of stock &c. was extremely good, and gave the utmost satisfaction to all concerned. The attendance of farmers and gentry was large. The Earl of Bessborough, accompanied by the Countess, (who takes a very warm interest in the success of the Iverk Society) was in attendance.

Miss Farrell, daughter of Mr. Matthew Farrell, of Ballybricken, Waterford, has been received, by name in religion of Mary Joseph Ursula, into the order of Sisters of Charity, at Harold's Cross Convent, and at the same time and place, Miss Russell, also of Waterford, was also received by the name in religion of Mary Joseph.

So great, remarks the *Limerick Observer*, is the want of confidence now felt by some of the trading and farming classes of the district, that although there are Branches of the Bank of Ireland and of the National Bank established in the town of Tipperary—it is said that their customers exhibit a very odd mode of manifesting that want of confidence by dividing their deposits into the Limerick and Clonmel branches of the same Banks for additional precaution and safety!

Maurice Power, Governor of St. Lucia, and late M. P. for the county of Cork, has arrived at the residence of his sister at Queenstown, on a visit for a few days. He will not return to St. Lucia, having been appointed to the Governorship of Grenada.

With respect to the rumoured intention of several of the Irish constituencies at the next general election returning Mr. Smith O'Brien as a member of Parliament, it appears to be forgotten, says a letter in the *Times*, that a person having been once convicted of high-treason can never after sit in the House of Commons.

The *Cork Examiner* publishes a subscription list which has been opened to complete the repairs of Imogeelo, Dungournly, and Clonmult chapels.

Queen Victoria has been graciously pleased to give orders for the appointment of J. F. Crampton, sometime her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America, K. C. B., to be Civil Division.

The following is an extract from the remarks upon the potato read before the Literary and Scientific Institution of Kilkenny, in 1852, by our fellow-citizen, Daniel Ferguson, Esq.:

Three persons, named John Michael Corkerry, James Morley and John Long, have been committed to Cork jail, charged with the murder of Thomas Scott, who was beaten by a crowd of persons in Barrack-street, Cork.

The O'Connell Statue has been sent to Paris to be cast in bronze. Hogan, the sculptor, has proceeded thither to superintend the process.

Denis Florence MacCarthy, in a letter to the *Evening Post* protests against placing the statue of Thomas Moore, about being erected in Dublin, in a corner of the Dublin Society's premises in Kildare-street.

The renowned ventriloquist, Gallagher, is giving his humorous entertainments in Belfast, before crowded audiences.

The corporation of Cork have voted £1,150 towards the laying out of a public park for the benefit of the citizens.

Messrs. Fennessy & Son have commenced the planting of the Public Park at Waterford.

John Adamson, Esq., Sub-Inspector of Constabulary at Birr, is appointed County Inspector, and to be stationed at Letterkenny, county Donegal, in the room of James Reid, Esq.

Patrick Hobert, Esq., County Donegal, County Inspector, succeeds Wm. Beed, Esq., as King's County Inspector.

John Besnard, Esq., J.P., for Cork city, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County.

A county Limerick gentleman is shortly to be married to the daughter of a Peer of a neighboring county.

An Irish gentleman won £3,000 by the St. Leger stakes at Doncaster.

The *Mars* sailed from Waterford on the 3d for Liverpool, and had on board upwards of 200 emigrants for the United States.

Correspondence.

DUBLIN LETTER.

DUBLIN, Oct. 10th.

All your old friends here are thoroughly gratified with the course you have taken during the Presidential campaign. It gladdens them heartily to find that at the very outset, promptly and unequivocally you declared for James Buchanan. If it be of any advantage to the great good cause he represents—the triumph of which in the first week in November is to be decided in his person—the intelligent sympathy of Ireland, be assured, is with both. That is—to make myself perfectly clear—the mind and heart of Ireland is with the American Democracy, as interpreted by the Cincinnati programme, and with James Buchanan as the chosen exponent of the great principles it enunciates. And why? Why this intelligent sympathy? Why this complete identification of the Irish heart and mind with that eminent statesman and the principles—and may I not add, the future?—of which he is in this serious contest the strong and lofty impersonation?

In the first place, there is a very correct understanding prevailing here regarding the Constitution of the United States, the relations which subsist between the several States, and their common relationship and subordination to the Federal Government established at Washington. Strange to say, this understanding exists—and not merely exists, but has taken root in the public opinion of the country, and there clings firmly and fastens itself ineradicably—despite of the denunciations which O'Connell repeatedly flung out against the citizens of the Southern States, and the system of labor—"the involuntary servitude"—which from the beginning of their existence has been sustained there. Strange, too—strange, indeed—that the man our generous and trustful people for so many years listened to with chivalrous obedience, and whose advice, even where that advice did violence to their best instincts whilst it insulted some of the dearest memories they treasured, was in so many instances so impetuously followed—strange, indeed, it is, that his view of Southern Slavery, organized as a Labor Power, met with little or no response, and that his Abolitionism—a flake of snow upon the breast of the rushing deep river—fell and left not a momentary impression on the surface. Yet such was the case. Such is the fact. The most reckless sycophant who trades in speeches or pamphlets, or any other species of political small-ware, on his name, dare not aver the contrary. Undisputed and indisputable, it is the fact—a phenomenon, if you will, viewed in relation to the spontaneous credulity and precipitate loyalty with which they echoed his words on every question. But it is the fact—undisputed and indisputable—that upon the subject of African slavery in America, the colossal Tribune was with his favorite people as powerless as a child. James Haughton—the Sensitive plant of Irish Politics—who with all his fine flowers shrunk within his milk-white stem the instant any adverse opinion, the slightest even, approached him—and so became a very unpicturesque and fruitless stalk in his flower-pot on Sir John Rogerson's Coal-quay—even this crystal-veined James Haughton—he who lived on the Political Economy which starved the People—even he, without eloquence, stalwart frame, animal or spiritual fire, on this question, was influential as O'Connell. O'Connell, on this question, being nothing, what was James Haughton? That's a question which it concerns the world—the Irish Race or the American Republic—very little to interrogate or decide.

But that the Irish people refused to accept the teachings and dictation of O'Connell on this question—the question which now agitates your glorious Commonwealth to its very depths—is to me a decided proof that the Irish people instinctively—that is, from the light which Heaven flashed upon them—had a clearer knowledge of America—of its political organization, and its regularly constituted functions, compromises, and interests as a Democratic Republic Confederation—that the great towering Constitutional Irish lawyer himself—Daniel O'Connell, of Derrynane Abbey, in the county of Kerry—who stormed the British Commons—flung their Penal Code against the Catholics into the fire before their faces—dragged the ponderous chain of gold from off the neck of Orangeism—wore it triumphantly in the presence of the Brunswick Queen herself—and was, for the last twenty-five years he lived, the terror of the Tory and the master of the Whig Administrations—the two official factions which alternately appropriate the spoils wrung, in the shape of revenue and taxes, Civil Lists and Military Estimates, from the myriad serviles of Great Britain and Ireland, India, Canada, and Halifax—brown skins and blue noses included.

Well, in a letter of this sort, of course, I'm not going to inquire into or elucidate the American Constitution, and the maxims of Jefferson and others. Although—to tell the truth—if that were needful, I could do it. For I am almost—within a few months of the time—an American Citizen you know—in fact, every body who reads the IRISH NEWS knows—that *Kilmainham* has been in America for four years a resident—that he has been twice across the Isthmus at Nicaragua—without a cent expense, through the princely liberality of the Company of which K. T. Garrison was the agent and head-administrator in San Francisco—and that he has been once round the Cape of Good Hope in a ship, the keel of which was laid in Boston, and the flag of which, when questioning strangers, as the wide wild waves went by us, were the inextinguishable Stars and the ineffaceable Stripes. And then again, I was for a year an editor in Pittsburgh, previous to my being a very subordinate satellite of the Sun—South corner of Fulton and Nassau—for another twelvemonth or so. Wherefore—if I wished to do so—I feel I have a right to talk about the American Constitution, and every other question—like a strong stream from a marble lion's mouth, fronting a great public fountain—flowing and gushing, and tumbling turbulently (or otherwise) from it. But I don't. What's more—I won't. I just state the fact—leaving the logic, and even the common sense, to yourself.

Read on. All I shall say is this. Young as I am, I have been an old follower of O'Connell. I was so when we were at Clongowes together. I was so, when in the Library of that pious, erudite, and salubrious establishment, we held a *Precursor Meeting*—George Abraham in the chair, and Edward Buckley (now a Parish Priest somewhere in the county Wicklow) as Secretary. But on this subject of American Slavery neither I nor any of the Young Irelanders ever agreed with him, nor (as I have emphatically affirmed) did any portion of the Irish people. Hence it's too late for politicians in America to be quoting him against the Democratic Party, with the hope of bringing over the *Irish Vote* to Fremont, Sectionalism, and Civil War.

K[illegible]

BISHOP ENGLAND ON SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

To the Hon. John Forsyth.

LETTER II.

SIR—I proceed to give additional reasons to show that the letter of our holy father, Pope Gregory XVI., regarded only the "slave-trade." At the late council in Baltimore, that document was formally read and accepted by the prelates of the United States. Did it contain anything contrary to their judgment, respacting faith or morals, it would have been their duty to have sent their statement of such difference to the Holy See, together with their reasons for such dissent. Did they believe it contained the correct exposition of Christion morality, and were aware that in the ecclesiastical province of the United States, under their churge, there existed practices in opposition to that exposition, it would have been their duty to use their best efforts to have such practices discontinued, and to refuse sacraments to those who would persevere in the immoral conduct which it denounced.

Thus if this document condemned our domestic slavery as an unlawful and consequently an immoral practice, the bishop could not have accepted it without being bound to refuse the sacraments to all who were slave-holders unless they manumitted their slaves; yet, if you look on the prelates who accepted the document—for the acceptation was unanimous—you will find, 1st, the Archbishop of Baltimore, who is also the Administrator of Richmond, having charge of the slave-holding territory of the States of Maryland and Virginia, and the District of Columbia; 2d, the Bishop of Bardstown, having charge of the slave-holding State of Kentucky; 3d, the Bishop of Charleston, having charge of the slave-holding States of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia; 4th, the Bishop of St. Louis, having charge of the slave-holding States of Missouri and Arkansas; 5th, the Bishop of Mobile, having charge of the slave-holding State of Alabama, and the Territory of Florida; 6th, the Bishop of New-Orleans, having charge of the slave-holding States of Louisiana and Mississippi; and, 7th, the Bishop of Nashville, having charge of the slave-holding State of Tennessee. They formed a majority of the council, and were in charge of all the slave-holding portion of the Union. Amongst the most pious and religious of their flocks are large slave-holders, who are most exact in performing all their Christian duties, and who frequently receive the sacraments. The prelates, under whose charge they are, have never, since the day on which they accepted this letter, indicated to them the necessity of, in any manner, adopting any new rule of conduct respecting their slaves. Nor did the other six prelates, under whose charge neither slaves nor slaveholders are found, express to their brethren any new views upon the subject, because they all regarded the letter as treating of the "slave-trade," and not as touching "domestic slavery."

I believe, sir, we may consider this to be very conclusive evidence as to the light in which that document is viewed by the Roman Catholic Church.

Since the issuing of this document, the Holy See has been in treaty with Portugal, which has, first and last, been most deeply engaged in this cruel traffic, and I have good reason to believe that one of the stipulations without which the Holy See will not conclude the treaty is, that the Portuguese government will act as ours did upwards of thirty years since, and prohibit this desolating, criminal, and inhuman system of murder, ruin, and desolation. What Southern planter would deliberately sanction a system of which the following passage of a letter from a highly creditable person, is but the description of a trifling appendage?

"SIERRA LEONE, JUNE 18, 1840.—The slave-trade is by no means extinguished upon this coast; it is, however, more covertly conducted. From the most accurate sources of information, I can fairly state that not one out of seven slave-ships is caught by the British cruisers. There is more secrecy, but the trade is nearly as frequent as before, but more profitable, and for that reason more alluring. A few days ago I visited a captive slaver. In a space which a moderate-sized French bedstead would occupy, I have seen forty-five unhappy wretches packed, without regard to age or constitution, like herrings in a barrel. I saw them fed after being captured. On a shell about the size of a half-crown piece, was deposited a pinch of salt, for which a father and four children contended, each endeavoring to scramble for a portion to eat with his rice. I have seen four children packed in a cask I thought impossible to contain one."

It is against this desperate traffic, in which Portugal and Spain have had so enormous a share, that the Pope's letter is directed, and not against domestic slavery, [of] the existence of which he is conscious, but respecting which he uses no action, and which rests upon a totally different basis, as it is perfectly unconnected with cruelty such as is above described.

If you will permit myself, sir, to be a witness in this case, I can inform you, that in different audiences which I had of his Holiness upon the subject of religion in Hayti, I urged, amongst other topics, to induce him to make a selection of a different person as his envoy, my peculiar position; I stated that my being a bishop of the diocess, within the limits of which was contained the most numerous negro slave population that is to be found in any diocess in the world, would render me unacceptable to the Haytian government, and that being engaged to transact the ecclesiastical organization of that island, would probably render me unacceptable in my own diocess. His Holiness met me by stating the very distinction to which I have been drawing your attention. "Though the Southern States of your Union have had domestic slavery as an heir-loom, whether they would or not, they are not engaged in the *negro traffic*;" that is, the "slave-trade."

Thus, sir, I trust I have succeeded in showing that this letter of his Holiness, which you describe to be "an apostolic letter on slavery," does, in fact, only regard that "slave-trade" which the United States condemn, and not that domestic slavery which exists in our Southern States.

But, sir, I regard this subject as one of great moment at the present time, and likely to become much more troublesome before many years shall elapse; I shall, therefore, enter more deeply upon its elucidation.

Respecting domestic slavery, we distinguish it from the compulsory slavery of an invaded people in its several degrees. I shall touch upon the varieties separately. The first is "voluntary;" that which exists amongst us is not of that description, though I know very many instances where I have found it to be so—but I regard not the cases of individuals, I look to the class. In examining the lawfulness of voluntary slavery, we shall test a principle against which abolitionists contend. They assert, generally, that slavery is contrary to the natural law. The soundness of their position will be tried by inquiring into the lawfulness of holding in slavery a person who has voluntarily sold himself. Our theological authors lay down a principle, that man in his natural state is master of his own liberty, and may dispose of it as he sees proper; as in the case of a Heebrew—(Exodus xxi. 5)—who preferred remaining with his wife and children as a slave, to going into that freedom to which he had a right; and as in the case of the Hebrew—(Levit. xxv. 47)—who, by reason of his poverty, would sell himself to a sojourner or to a stranger. Life and its preservation are more valuable than liberty, and hence when Esther addresses Assuerus—(vii. 4), she lays down the principle very plainly and naturally. "For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed and slain, and to perish. But if we had been sold for bondsmen and bondswomen, I had held my tongue." The natural law then does not prohibit a man from bartering his liberty and his services to save his life, to provide for his sustenance, to secure other enjoyments which he prefers to that freedom and to that right to his own labor, which he gives in exchange for life and protection, Nor does the natural law prohibit another man from procuring and bestowing upon him those advantages, in return for which he has agreed to bind himself to that other man's service, provided he takes no unjust advantage in the bargain. Thus a state of voluntary slavery is not prohibited by the law of nature; that is, in a state in which one man has the dominion over the labor and the ingenuity of another to the end of his life, and consequently in which that labor and ingenuity are the property of him who has the dominion, and are justly applicable to the benefit of the master and not of the slave. All our thologians have from the earliest epoch sustained, that though in a state of pure nature all men are equal, yet the natural law does not prohibit one man from having dominion over the useful action of another as his slave, provided this dominion be obtained by a just title. That one man may voluntarily give this title to another, is plain from the principle exhibited, and from the divine sanction to to which I have alluded.

In one point of view, indeed, we may say that the natural law does not establish slavery, but it does not forbid it—and I doubt how far any of the advocates of abolition would consent to take up for refutation the following passage of St.Thomas of Aquin—1, 2, q. 94, a. 5, ad. 2:

"The common possession of all things is said to be of the natural law, because the distinction of passions and slavery were not introduced by nature, but by the reason of man, for the benefit of human life; and thus the law of nature is not changed by their introduction, but an addition is made thereto."

As well may the wealthy merchant then assert, that it is against the law of nature that one man should possess a larger share of the common fund belonging to the human family for his exclusive benefit, as that it is against the law of nature for one man to be the slave of another. The existence of slavery is considered by our theologians to be as little incompatible with the natural law as is the existence of property. The sole question will be in each case, whether the title on which the dominion is claimed be valid.

I know many slaves who would not accept their freedom; I know some who have refused it; and though our domestic slavery must upon the whole be regarded as involuntary, still the exceptions are not so few as are imagined by strangers.

It may be asked, why any one should prefer slavery to freedom? I know many instances where the advantages to the individual are very great; and so, sir, I am confident, do you; yet I am not in love with the existence of slavery. I would never aid in establishing it where it did not exist. St. Thomas gives very briefly one of the principles upon which the answer may rest, and Aristotle sustains him—(*in* 1 *Polit. c.* 3 *circa fin.* T. 5)—in his view. St. Thomas is proving that the law of nations is distinct from the natural law, and answering an assertion that slavery is of the natural law, because some men are naturally fitted for slavery:

"This man is a slave—absolutely speaking, rather a son—not by any natural cause, but by reason of the benefits which are produced; for it is more beneficial to this one to be governed by one who has more wisdom, and to the other to be helped by the labor of the former. Hence the state of freedom belongs principally to the law of nations, and to the natural law only in the second degree, not the first."—2. 2. q. 57. a. 3. ad. 2.

The situation of a slave, under a humane master, insures him food, raiment, and dwelling, together with a variety of little comforts; it relieves him from the apprehensions of neglect in sickness, from all solicitude for the support of his family, and in return, all that is required is fidelity and moderate labor. I do not deny that slavery has its evils, but the above are no despicable benefits. Hence I have known many freedmen who regretted their manumission.

In examining the case of the voluntary slave, sir, we have then discovered some of the grounds upon which Catholic divines, however they may deprecate its existence, teach that slavery is perfectly compatible with the natural law, and that it has been introduced by the law of nations.

It will be useful to draw your attention, sir, to another distinction made by our divines, and which many of our speculative philosophers disregard. The natural state of man, in the day of his innocence, was very different from that in which he is placed since his fall; and the good gentlemen, in their abstractions, appear to forget the consequences of that original transgression. Death, sickness, and a large train of what are now called natural evils, are by Roman Catholics considered to be the consequences of sin. Slavery is an evil, and is also a consequence of sin. Thus St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo, A. D. 425, in his book "Of the City of God," lib. xix. c. 15, informs us that slavery is the consequence of sin. "The condition of slavery is justly regarded as imposed upon the sinner. Hence we never read *slave* in the Scriptures before the just Noe, by his word, punished the sin of his son. Sin, not nature, thus introduced the word."

St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, A. D. 390, in his book "On Elias and Fasting," c. v.: "There would be no slavery do-day, had there not been drunkenness." And St. John Chrysostom, Bishop of Constantinople, A. D. 400, Hom. xxix. in Gen.: "Behold brethren born of the same mother; sin makes one of them a servant, and taking away his liberty, lays him under subjection." I could multiply quotations, but it is not requisite. Catholic divines are agreed in the origin of slavery, as of all our infirmities and afflictions, is to be found in sin. Hence it is overlooking one of the essential ingredients in our present condition, for a person who believes in the fall of man, as every Catholic must, to reason upon abstract speculations without taking this important fact into consideration. And besides looking generally at this fact and its results, he should consider the full force of the sentence (Gen. ix. 25), "Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." Let him add to this the two succeeding verses, in which Sem and Japheth are promised the service of Canaan. It certainly was not then against the divine law for Sem and Japheth to use the service of Canaan.

Pope Gelasius I., A. D. 491, in his letters to the bishops of the Picene territory, the present march of Ancona, in Italy, writing against the Pelagian heresy, states slavery to have been a consequence of sin, and to have been established by human law.—Labbe iv. col. 1176—E. And in the book xix., "On the City of God," chap. 15, St. Augustin argues at length to show that the peace and good order of society, as well as religious duty, demand that the wholesome laws of the state regulating the conduct of the slaves, should be conscientiously observed.

Slavery, then, sir, is regarded by that church of which the Pope is the presiding officer, not to be incompatible with the natural law, to be the result of sin by divine dispensation, to have been established by human legislation, and when the dominion of the slave is justly acquired by the master, to be lawful, not only in the sight of the human tribunal, but also in the eye of Heaven; but not so of the "slave-trade," or the reducing into slavery the African and Indian in the manner that Portugal and Spain sanctioned, which they continue in many instances still to perpetrate, and which the apostolic letters have justly censured as unlawful.

The distinction will, I trust, be rendered more obvious as I proceed.—I am, sir,

Respectfully,

† JOHN, *Bishop of Charleston.*

BRITISH INTERFERENCE IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

From the London Morning Star.

We said yesterday, that the country should count the cost before it permits the government again to break the peace of Europe; to-day, we are anxious to declare that if the peace is to be broken, we ought to know the true cause. Before our fleet is sent to the bay of Naples, in Heaven's name let us have a sight of the diplomatic notes. We want to see the text of this new quarrel. We, the public, who shall have to pay the money, and to find the soldiers, and to suffer the sacrifice, should beforehand know exactly what has been said and done to precipitate the crisis; what reasons have been assigned, what evidence have been adduced, what tone has been adopted, and what principle is at stake. We want to know all that Lord Palmerston and the Emperor of the French have said to the King of Naples. Notes have been sent which threaten war, and why should those who have to bear the burthen and suffer the consequences be left in the dark as to the contents of these notes? When are they to be published? The statement which Lord Palmerston has, through his editorial agents, sent forth to the world is that no remonstrance can bring King Ferdinand to his senses, and that the time has come to drop entreaty and to send ships of the line to hover round his coast. Further, the editors are instructed to say that in this matter England will act for herself, even though deserted by every European power. Not that he intends the frigates to open fire upon Naples. His lordship is prepared to reserve fire for the present and only to make ready. But see how this policy operates. Other nations make ready too, and the whole continent will again grow jealous and distrustful of England. And in a moment, with exasperated feelings and extended preparation, the tempest may break out, and despotic monarchs may rush into the field of battle to divide the spoils of Europe. Our Government hurries on to the very edge of this appalling precipice, and it does so by blindfolding the public mind. It keeps back every despatch, every interpollation, every note. It won't tell us what it has said, or what it has done; but it instructs its newspaper organs to browbeat and hurl defiance against another country, and to threaten that, single-handed, England will ride upon the whirlwind and open the gulf for a new deluge of human bloodshed. Our Government does not reason but rant. It withholds the indictment from the public eye, and employs others to rave and storm against an accused culprit. It hires writers to let loose the language of fury and wrath, but it will not give them the diplomatic letters. No parliament sits to ask their contents. No powerful opposition stands up to make the minister responsible. No public voice protests against the arbitrary and despotic power which rules our nation; and under such circumstances, the Premier claims the right to brag and intimidate, whilst he withholds the articles of impeachment, the names of the witnesses, and the character of the offence charged against a kingdom. And thus our executioners may be sent to the city of Naples, and they may put the people there to death before we have heard their defence, or given them a public trial, or found them guilty. Give us the papers, my lord. Let us see them. We mean the "notes" that you and others have sent to Italy. Their contents may be all right enough, and full of the highest feeling, and worded in language which angels of bliss would employ. But, on the other hand, these documents may be the very reverse of this—inconsistent, declamatory, and mysterious. They may be sophistical, meaningless, and absurd. And give us the real texts of the answers which have been returned. The people of this country are reasonable beings—they have some notion of politics, and they cannot shake themselves free from all responsibility in matters which involve life and death and the convulsion of a continent. The public ought to judge as well as the cabinet, and before a single engine of destruction is sent abroad from a constitutional country, the citizens of that country should be placed in possession of the correspondence that has failed to promote a satisfactory understanding. If our British policy is just and generous, one would think there is no need that it should be sheltered from the light of day. Only the deeds of evil, according to the Christian axiom, have need of the darkness chosen rather than the light because they are evil deeds. "Every association," said M. Volney, "which has mystery for its basis and secrecy for its means, is a league of robbers against society—a league divided in its very bosom into knaves or dupes, or in other words, agents and instruments." With equal truth he might have applied that accusation to Cabinet Councils which accomplish their purpose by secret and mysterious documents. But how long are we to be victimized by the process? Is the secret correspondence about the partition of Turkey forgotten? How do we know there is not another about the partition of Italy? Only the other day, in Paris, when the representatives of the great powers of Europe had met together to adjust the Eastern dispute, there were clandestine conferences for other purposes, and protocols between nations which were concealed from other nations represented at the conferences. Diplomacy has become a trick. Its language is elaborate and double; its object is advantage and ascendancy; its weapons are craft and cunning; its agents are designing and deep. There was a time when the diplomatic profession would have been repudiated in this country as worthy only of the hangman or the serf, and it is remarkable that the word "diplomacy" is not to be found in our old English dictionaries, for the thing itself had no recognised existence in our old English constitution. But in an age when compromise and deception are esteemed the best principles of legislation and policy, the diplomatist is received into the highest circles, and a government of clever diplomatists is regarded irresistible—international jealousies, armaments and wars. The field upon which the diplomatic profession operates is the wide world, and all the land dominions of the globe are placed under the crafty arrangements of a subtle science. Governments have to arm themselves to the teeth as a protection against each other's dishonesty; and Christian Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century is given up to the notes and protocols which excite violent agitation, and strengthen that military power that ever impedes progress and destroys liberty. Consuls, ambassadors, plenipotentiaries, and agents paid by secret service money are more than ever fully employed in sowing the noxious seeds of perpetual strife; while princes, kings, emperors, and statesmen employ their time in intrigues to extend their authority, and to weaken neighboring states. Meanwhile, those untold and growing millions of the human race called the people—that vast and accumulating multitude of men who, descended from the same God in Heaven, ought to be inheritors of only one country on earth—they who toil and spin, who work and pray, and who produce all the material greatness of every country, are made the victims of this diplomatic subtlety, and the slaves of those whose power would perish if once they were free. Then

here is a new danger arising from the same system, for the sovereigns of Europe have their eyes turned towards the plains and kingdoms of Italy. But in the name of humanity and justice again we demand the dispatches. We do so all the more earnestly because we do not believe that English or French intervention will be employed for the good of the Italian people. We challenge the production of all the documents that bear upon the case. We call aloud for these secret and diplomatic papers to be placed at once in the hands of the public, and until they are forthcoming we shall not be moved from our deep seated belief that armed demonstration in the bay of Naples will not be in the cause of liberty and justice, but for the purposes of power and plunder.

CELEBRATED IRISHMEN.

From the Kilkenny Journal.

"HONEST TOM STEELE."

"How prized, how honored once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud can be!"

The life of Thomas Steele was one of no ordinary character; it was from an early period, to the last moment of his eventful career, one living romance, a dream of some sixty years, chequered by sunshine and winter clouds—now dazzling in the gorgeous drapery of a July noonday, and soon changing like the wind into the centre of a December snow-storm, cold and bleak as the world which it enveloped. But who shall write "Tom Steele's" history? No man; for none knew him. He seemed, as it were, destined for other pursuits than those of his fellow-beings; and if circumstances and impulses caused him to mix in the beaten track, yet he was a man who dwelt in the world alone, his own thoughts being his companions, and the exuberance of his fancy conjuring up kindred spirits to join in his sojourn on this earth. Few men in the eventful age in which he lived, were better known to the public, and yet few ever knew him well. The closing scene of his existence every one must deeply deplore, and charity forbids one to say more than this, that a mighty mind had been turned from its healthy course by an overwhelming combination of direful circumstances, which, it is deeply to be deplored, he had no fortitude to resist; yet none can now fathom motives which for ever lie entombed in the narrow house which covers his remains. Born to a princely fortune, Steele was a real prince of nature's own fashioning. A true Protestant in religion, he was educated in that creed, and obtained the highest honors in the several English Universities. But it was in science that he particularly distinguished himself, and I believe there was not a scientific institution in Europe of which he was not admitted a member—honorary or otherwise. At an early period of his life he began to distinguish himself amongst his countrymen, by his love of freedom—civil and religious; and this was the more remarkable, as it was not fashionable, nor indeed quite safe in Ireland at the time, for a Protestant gentleman to favor the "Papists," either by word or action. Steele soon became popular in Munster, although he was decidedly the last in the world who quoted the "*vox populi.*" His love of liberty carried him so far, that he embarrassed his property by raising a regiment and hiring a ship to transport them to join the Spanish patriots. This unfortunate affair is too well known to require further notice here. He was early in the field of Catholic Emancipation, and was amongst the first—if indeed not the very first—to enlist under the banner of O'Connell, which he never deserted until the day of the Liberator's death, an event which certainly hastened the earthly race of the honestest man that Ireland ever saw. Amongst the myriads of followers who kept about O'Connell and sailed in his wake, Tom Steele was the only man who was thoroughly disinterested in his admiration of the great Tribune. Steele had no purpose to serve but that of his country and his fellow-man, and his affection for O'Connell was as pure and sincere as the holy love of angels. O'Connell had flatterers, and sycophants, and parasites, and spies, and deceivers, and hypocrites in religion and politics, always about him. It was impossible for him, placed in the position in which he was, to avoid such; he could not help it. Such a state of things was inseparable from his position. The vast majority of such persons—99 per cent. of them—had some other object beside that of redemption from slavery of the Irish Catholic people in view. Steele stood alone untainted with such a sin. If he differed with his "august leader," as he always styled O'Connell, he did so on broad intelligible grounds; not upon questions of trifling detail. However, it very seldom happens that he did differ with the "Liberator," but his agreeing with him was the conviction of his mind—not the blind obedience of a slave to his master. Steele almost worshipped O'Connell, and he was sincere in his devotion towards him. He was the only man who proved his loyalty to the last; in a word, he was the only true and sincerely honest man who ever walked in the footsteps of that great man. I cast no slight on others by asserting this, which I maintain as a fact beyond the power of contradiction. Steele was one of O'Connell's greatest advocates at the Clare election, the result of which opened the portals of the Commons House of England to Catholics, against whom they had been closed for so many centuries. In fact, it was Steele who first conceived the idea of that election; and a very rare and valuable print, representing O'Connell, Steele, and O'Gorman Mahon, about to start for Clare, is still in existence. The attitudes of the three are excellent—the likenesses inimitable; but, unfortunately, this print is very scarce indeed. I only know of one in existence, and that is the possession of a valued friend, Mr. John Brownrigg, of No. 7 Denzilless-street, in the city of Dublin, who prizes it as a gem, which it really is. Few men ever lived who cared so little about self as poor Steele. His fine property was ruined in the service of his country, or given away for the benefit of persons who ultimately betrayed and deserted the man who had cherished and helped them to fame and independence. As an illustration of how little he cared about self, I may mention, that when a national subscription was proposed in order to redeem his property and present it to him free from all incumbrances, he indignantly spurned the proposal, and refused to accept of the offer. He had done, he said, nothing to merit such an offering, and come what might, no one should ever say that he had accepted of anything at the hands of his country. He might be poor in purse, but his integrity he would preserve, and so he did to the end of his life.

Steele was playful as a child; yet he was witty and sarcastic occasionally, with telling effect. He was full of amusing anecdotes, and as a story-teller, he was second to none. He would keep the "table in a roar" for a live-long night; and no matter what was on the *tapis*, he had as good a tale to tell. "That," he would say, "reminds me of a story I once heard," or "of what happened to me on such an occasion; and then he would proceed with something uncommonly good, all the better for being original—for above all men he could not bear to tell or hear an old story, a dry joke, or pointless attempt at wit. He used to relate an anecdote of a worthy priest, who resided up the Comera mountains, in the county of Waterford. The good man happened to govern a parish, the inhabitants of which were anything but governable. At that time faction fights at country fairs and markets were very considerably in vogue in that part of the country. The good priest did all in his power to put down such shameless and lawless exhibitions, but his success was not at all equal to his energy. At last, having, like the old man in the fable, tried every expedient to no purpose, he resolved on trying what virtue there was in a black thorn stick, and having attended a fair-green one day, where two factions had agreed to try their powers in a pitched battle, it was not long before an opportunity presented itself to test the efficacy of his new design. The parties fell to it hard and fast, when on a sudden the priest made his appearance in the midst of the combatants, and, without heeding either party, he dashed away right and left at them, and in a very short space of time he had done more than a squadron of dragoons could have effected—for he cleared the fair, as all individuals engaged in the *melee*, ran off in all directions, none of course daring to return the compliments paid them by the good man. The matter was noised about a good deal, the more so as the experiment was repeated three or four times subsequently with the best success. At last, some persons laid the affair before the bishop of the diocese, not in true colors, but deeply exaggerated, and the priest was cited to answer for his conduct before his superior. The bishop, in the mildest tones, laid the whole affair before the priest, who listened with great attention. His Lordship wound up by telling the priest that he should not have acted so, as that was not the manner the Apostles took to enforce the Gospel. "True for you, my Lord," said the poor clergyman; "but, my Lord, you will please to recollect that the Apostles had not to preach the Gospel up amongst the Comera mountain men!" This really happy reply caused the bishop to laugh outright, and he therefore gave the priest full liberty to do as he pleased; and before the end of twelve months from that time, the most unruly and riotous parish in the district became a model for all religious duties. Steele was inexhaustible in such stories as this. He was particularly fond of military engineering, and often wished that

"His shroud had been the bloody rain
And thunder-smoke of the battle plain."

But alas, he was not doomed to die so. He was a man of wonderful energy and sternness of purpose, and, his moral and physical courage was beyond all doubt. He cared little about personal appearance, yet he was generally dressed in a peculiar manner. He was most remarkable for his liking of white trowsers, even in the depth of winter, and up to the time of the institution of the Repeal Volunteers in Ireland, he always wore such a garment. When the latter body was started by O'Connell, poor Steele adopted the dress of a colonel belonging to it, which he never after cast aside, except on occasions when he dressed in the magnificent green uniform of the 82nd club, in which he looked, indeed, like a general. His athletic and commanding figure was most conspicuous in this gorgeous dress. He was the most social companion in the world when in the midst of friends, but reserved among strangers. On the 8th of October, 1843, when the government made no secret of their intention to slaughter the people who had determined to attend the great repeal meeting at Clontarf, Dublin, Steele's influence was most remarkable. With a green branch in his hand, he paraded the road between the metropolis and the village, and induced the people to return home, and thereby he saved thousands of lives, for the artillery was there ready to be discharged at a moment's notice. His conduct on that day is well remembered in Dublin. I shall go no further, as it would be alike painful to myself and other friends of the illustrious dead. He sleeps his last long sleep in the cemetry of Glasnevin, near to the tomb of the great leader whom he loved in life, and the following simple but true inscription points out the everlasting resting-place of as noble hearted an Irishman as ever walked the earth—it is, "HONEST TOM STEELE."

D. F. McCARTHY—THE "DESMOND" OF THE "NATION"—ON THE PROPOSED SITE OF THE MONUMENT TO TOMMY MOORE.

To be sure, Leinster House has its associations, and the learned society therein located its traditions and its living activities in favor of art; but considering the bucolic nature of the exhibitions so frequently held upon its lawn, and taking into account that Moore was by no means a pastoral poet, his standing in everlasting bronze amid the sights and sounds that are to be seen and heard twice or thrice a year within that well-boarded enclosure, seems somewhat of an incongruity. To consign the wittiest man of his generation to the perpetual iteration of bulls—to fill the ear attuned to the notes of the dying swan with the gabble of geese, destined for daily death and deglutition—to fix the tired-out literary writer still drooping o'er his pen—and to make the inspired singer of the melodies of Erin, whom the artist so happily represents as just catching the linked sweetness and sorrow of the *Coulin*, or some other grand old Irish song, be stunned in reality by an Irish variation of the *Ranz-des-Vaches* from the short-horns around him—all these considerations, it must be confessed, present the poet in a rather ludicrous point of view.

The wishes of the living Moore should also, I think, weigh somewhat in the selection of a site for his statue. When Dublin began to be proud of her brilliant son (first having learned that he was well received in good society in London), the Royal Dublin Society, to its credit, was the first, and I believe the last, that ever thought of making some provision for the struggling bard, when it offered for his acceptance one of its best salaried appointments. The poet, however, declined the proffered post, though coupled, as he himself says, with the permission of "residing on the premises." Little did the self-reliant bard think that the society would one day have its revenge, and that he who scorned to recline in the easy chair of the Librarian, or to sit perched behind the awful desk of the Secretary, would be compelled for ever to stand a brazen janitor at its gates.

Taking for granted that the decision of the committee will be re-considered, the question is, where are we to put the statue? The Byron of Thorwalsden spent some twenty years in seclusion and sawdust beneath the London Custom House. The Moore of Moore, I trust is not destined to endure an equally ignoble eclipse. I think the original site in College-street, a good one. A public monument ought to be visible from various points of view, and this one of ours could there be seen from the openings of about twelve different streets and quays. But its claims are not merely optical. If we compare small things with great—Dublin with London—they will be found much graver and deeper. The spot where George Canning stands at Westminster, facing the venerable hall of St. Stephen and the modern miracle of Barry, in the presence of all of the greatest, best and wisest that can arise in England for a thousand years, is probably the proudest in the world. But next to it (though how inferior in dignity to one that stands at the very central heart of a great empire whence all its arteries are fed!) and equal to it in being the place past which every thoughtful, observant and inquiring visitor to our city must go, is the first selected site in College street. It is *beside* that University which, though no very fostering or discerning mother to him (not having been able to afford subscribing even for one copy of his Anacreon, poor old lady!) is ever associated with his fame; and it is *before* that classical temple, eternalized by the eloquence of Grattan, where for eighteen years of his life at least, Moore could not have doubted the possibility of Irish freedom, and the splendor of Irish independence. To think of the glory of Grattan in that region seems desolate without turning to the genius of Moore! Byron has blended their names in one immortal and too-truthful stanza—let Art combine the Statue of one with the Temple of the other.

To be sure, the Temple has now become a Bank, and it has been suggested that no poet but the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" would feel at home in such an unusual position. Now, though our poet was "of imagination all compact," it may be said of him that he understood the realities of life as well as any one, and that for its uses, conveniences and sustainments he "knew a Bank," perhaps as well as dainty Ariel or even Mr. Rogers himself.

A new site has been recently suggested—namely, inside or through some opening of the splendid railing of the College Park in Nassau street. If there were any great central street opening there, to which the statue might form an appropriate termination—or, if the College would take away from the *singularity* of *one* statue standing awkwardly opposite either Dawson street or Kildare street, by giving the solitary poet a file of not unworthy companions (her own children)—among others say a Swift, a Goldsmith, a Burke, and a M'Cullagh; or, in days to come, a Hamilton or a Rosse; then, indeed, the boulevard by the old trees of Trinity would be one of the first situations in the city. But if not, then, emphatically *no*. Where then are we to place our statue? An incorrigible friend of mine suggests that we cannot put "the poet of all *circles*" into a *square*. Let that mathematical difficulty save the Bard of Erin from the dismal angle to which for a moment he has been doomed. The angle, however it may be smoothened or stuccoed, plastered or painted, raked or rolled, can never be the *right* angle at which pilgrims to the shrine of our poet from the east and the west of the world are to meet. If the venerable Cathedral of St. Patrick is never to become for all of us, for all the sons of the Gael, a Valhalla for our heroes, whether of "sword or pen," like the Abbey of Westminster, let us not at least inaugurate a miserable "Poet's Corner" beneath the cracked chimney-pots and blackened foliage that congenially harmonise at the back entrance of Leinster House.

A RAMBLE THROUGH WEXFOBD ON FOOT.

By a Correspondent of the Wexford Independent.

I dropped my ramble where the Flying Shilmalier dropped its passengers, over the central arch of the bridge of Enniscorthy, and there again I take it up. I bade farewell to my ex-military fellow-travellers, and bent my way to the Cathedral to visit the grave of our late good Bishop, who had been but a few days interred. When I entered the Sacred Edifice, a solemn silence reigned over all—broken only by the sound of my own foot-fall, as I passed over the tiled floor of the nave, towards the rails of the Sanctuary.

A solitary female was reading her prayer-book, at the railing, and as I stood looking at the grave, one of the women whose business it is to sweep the church, passed near me, with a dust-pan in one hand and a sweeping-brush in the other, who in an under tone said—"*it is a poor sight to see him there.*" Nothing appeared to have been stirred since the day the funeral obsequies had been celebrated—the windows were still veiled in black, and the columns of both sides of the nave were wrapped in the same mourning.

On turning round to depart, I observed the mural monument in memory of the late Right Rev. James Keating. The inscription is in Latin, but the panegyrics of the living cut into the cold marble over the dead, all come to this—born, lived and died.

On my return down the street, the white old windmill-tower of Vinegar Hill came right in view, and a sudden thought flashed on my mind to visit it for the first time in my life. It is needless to say, that old stories of it had grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. In my younger days I had listened with commingled feelings of delight and horror to tales of deeds of bravery and of blood enacted there, from the mouths of parties who were present on its crest or summit on that eventful day, which crushed the hopes of the insurgents, and extinguished the fire of rebellion in Wexford, in the summer of 1798. I repassed the bridge, took the road to Solsboro for a short distance, turned to my right up a lane, followed it for some time again, wheeled to the right through another extremely narrow lane, or *borheen*, and in a few minutes more I was standing in front of the old circular tower, which I am proud to say appears to be kept in a very good state of preservation. From the appearance of the stone-facing to the ditches on either side of the narrow lane, I infer that it is to-day of the same width as it was in '98, and if so, there must be some anecdotes of blood and slaughter concerning it still remembered.

I now took my stand upon the rock to the right of the tower, and as the sky was clear and bright, I had a fine view of the greater part of the country. To the eastward of me was Oulart Hill, now possessing more interest for me than ever, from the nature of my thoughts at the moment, and the place at which I stood. A Shilmalier "gunsman," who had been at the hill, often told me the victory was the effect of mere chance. When the people saw the soldiers approaching, they were for running away, and some actually did so, but seeing their retreat likely to be cut off by the party of yeomen cavalry, they returned, lay down behind the ditch, waited the near approach of the redcoats—fired—rushed—and made smooth work of the poor North Corks in a very small space of time.

Again, as my eye ran down the valley of the Slavery I had a view of celebrated Three Rocks. The flat about the tower does not occupy a rood of land, very little more than what a Barony of Forth man would call a good "mill ring." The ascent to it from all points, save that towards the town, is easy, but from the town it is steep and abrupt.

Mr. Redmond's laudable anxiety to fish up from the sea of oblivion our local poets and poetry, our local songs are nearly all nearly out of *vogue*. The dance-house, the wake-house, and I might almost say, the village public-house, as Mr. R. knew them in his boyhood, are amongst the things that were, and the songs which made the cobwebs quiver on their collar-beams, are seldom or never heard. The ample kitchen chimney-corner of the farmer no longer echoes the voice of the singer, whilst the large bright turf fire blazed under the supper-pot, and the flax-wheels of the young women whizzed on the kitchen floor.

A literary treasure has turned up—no less than a second copy of the first edition of *Hamlet*, the quarto of 1603. During the week (says the *Athenæum*) an Irish bookseller has been mysteriously hawking about London this precious work, which has hitherto possessed the rarity of a manuscript. The only known copy belonged to the Duke of Devonshire, and was reprinted a few years ago. We have now, therefore, a complete copy of the original text of *Hamlet*, and the newly-recovered leaf contains, we are told, a new and important reading. Of course many hearts are sore at missing such a treasure. It found its way, however, into the possession of Mr. Boone, the bookseller, in Bond street, at the cost, we believe, of £70, and subsequently into the hands of a well-known and indefatigable Shaksperian collector, for the moderate price of £120. We have Messrs. Boone's authority for stating that the book, which by the terms of sale to Mr. Halliwell remains in their possession for three months, may be seen at their establishment in Bond street by Shaksperian and other students.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1856.

THE CONSTITUTION AND FANATICISM—THE FOREIGN VOTE.

In the present distracted state of public affairs, it is not a little remarkable that what is called the Foreign Vote, is almost without exception, arrayed on the side of the Union, with the Democratic party, in favor of James Buchanan.

In the many disputes regarding the best interests of the country, this Vote has been always in favor of bold and expansive views of National policy abroad, and strictly uniform and conservative measures at home.

The element which has been so fiercely assailed because of its alleged want of sympathy with Republican principles, which the American or Know-Nothing party has waged war against, as dangerous to the liberties of the country; which that party has gone into secret conclave, and with solemn conjuration conspired to destroy; in the hour of darkness and danger, is found a solid bulwark of defence, staunchly supporting the integrity of the Constitution and the indissolubility of the Union.

When the Confederacy of the States was first formed, it was apprehended by the Statesmen and Patriots who created it, that many influences would militate against the harmonious working of the system—that they would repel rather than attract the forces necessary to blend together in the confirmation of one solid, compact body.

The Federalists were for imparting powers to the General Government, which the Democrats wished jealously to withhold.

But time dispelled erroneous opinions, and the trial of a second war with England gave strength to the Union, and established a sisterly affection among the States.

The increase in material power, in agricultural and industrial resources, in Trade, Commerce and Population, has since that period been such as to place this Union among the first of the powers of the world.

It has clearly demonstrated a doubtful problem in the theory of Government; it has been a noble vindication of the exercise of the prerogative of man to chose his own rulers; a glorious attestation of the value of Civil and Religious Liberty.

The flag which has protected the commerce of the country, has invited to its shores the oppressed of every clime. With hearts glowing with affection for this Republican form of Government, devoted to its principles, as the just and truthful expression of their political creed, Irishmen have united their destinies with it. By their industrial strength and numbers, they have developed its resources and augmented its material and national power. They found the country free, and they have aided in making it great.

After centuries of persecution for the sake of Religion, they beheld the dawning of a new era. Across the Atlantic in the American world, they beheld man regenerated, freed from the despotisms of other climes, and in the enjoyment of Civil and Religious Liberty.

In reverting to the past—for an oppressed people have long memories—they remembered the civil wars and contentions which had brought carnage and desolation on their own fair land.

It was the zealot, the fanatic, the morose and gloomy Puritan—the ruthless Cromwell and his followers—who placed their country a prostrate and bleeding victim, at the feet of the Saxon adventurer.

They were familiar with the political machinery that accomplished this—the embodiment of sectarian views in the Statute Book, the Penal Laws to enforce them, the unjust Judges, the packed Juries, the perjured informer, the lawless or the Godless Governor. They came to a country free from all these calamities—free from any domination of class—free from an Established Religion, and from all persecutions in its behalf.

When years of toil have brought the reward which industry is certain to secure—when their children, born in the land, have won honor and station—fought as they themselves have fought, for the glory of the American Flag, and bled or died as the fortunes of battle have determined—what do they behold?

From Massachusetts, from the spot where the Puritan Pilgrim first made himself a home, the same Puritanical spirit rises after long years of dormant life, and true to its former instincts' in the name of righteousness, preaches intolerance and persecution.

It makes the Slavery of the Black Race in the United States, the specious pretext for its sinister aims. It has the stiff-necked arrogance, as of old, with an intelligence suited to the Spirit of the Age; but it has the same bigotry at heart, the same unconquerable lust for dominion.

It seeks to rule these United States, to control the affairs of this free country, to be the dominant principle in its governmental supremacy, to dictate its National policy, legislate on morals and unite Church with State.

Irishmen have suffered too keenly from this spirit of old, not to know it now, in whatever garb it chooses to appear.

Who will submit to its dictation—in the name of Abolition or Free Soil—when on the merits of these questions, there is no right, no truth, in its behalf? Must the provisions of the Constitution which binds the States together, be disregarded? Must reason and common sense be overborne, to give place to the irrational views of intolerant enthusiasts?

Will the cry of "Freedom" be sufficient to hallow every outrage committed in its name?

There are no delusions so shallow as popular fallacies. The Free Soil doctrine, which would exclude Slave Labor from new territories, by arbitrary enactment is a false one—no assumption of right, so absolutely wrong. Can this exclusion be supposed to benefit the Slave? Will his position in one State or another add more or less to his physical or moral welfare? Will not the extension of Slave Labor over a wide surface, restricted as it must naturally be, by the causes which call it into existence, yield innumerable benefits to the condition of the Slave, and ameliorate the evils of thraldom?

Writing from Monticello, April, 1820, Thomas Jefferson has said—

"Of one thing I am certain, that as the passage of slaves from one State to another would not make a slave of a human being who would not be so without it, so their diffusion over a greater surface would make them individually happier, and proportionally facilitate the accomplishment of their emancipation, by dividing the burden of a greater number of coadjutors."

Or if it be supposed that weakening the power of the Slave States in the Senate of our Union, and placing it in a minority, is a sure step towards the emancipation of the Slave, it is a fatal and absurd delusion. It may be said, however, that the preserving the territory for Free Labor, is of service to the Union, by keeping it free from Slavery, which would stifle its energies and destroy its otherwise active life. But this, even if it were true, in the effect imparted to the individual State, would be destroying the Union itself by the very means taken to benefit it.

It would be a total disregard of the rights of the Southern States, leading as a certain consequence, to a rupture, dangerous to our existence. By the laws of Congress at the present moment there is nothing to prevent the settlement of all agitation on the Slavery question, in a peaceable manner, in accordance with the wishes of the people of a Territory.

But, say the Republicans—the Abolition Puritans—we shall secure Kansas to freedom, if we can but elect John C. Fremont to the Presidental Chair!

Can any true lover of his country give his support to this man and his measures, when they perpetrate a flagrant violation of established rights?—when the questions involved are but of doubtful expediency, at least? when the wisdom of human legislation is too narrow-sighted to determine what would be the ultimate result of even honestly-intended benefits to Free or Slave Labor by arbitrarily restricting their limits?

All this, too, is to be done at the dictation of that old Puritanism that lives again in the guise of modern Abolition.

The love which every loyal heart cherishes for these United States—the allegiance of every adopted citizen—instigate an unfaltering opposition to principles so hostile to the stability of the Union, and which, if not arrested, will inevitably overthrow it.

In the coming struggle for political ascendancy, this Puritanical party must be overcome; for, if it succeed, it will rule this country with a rod of iron, reviving the persecutions of the past, crushing the hopes and happiness of millions of the human race, and destroying the most glorious fabric dedicated to Freedom ever erected on earth.

THE DEVIN REILLY TESTIMONIAL—LETTER FROM MITCHEL.

Reilly's old friends are gathering about his grave from every quarter. To-day we publish a communication from the truest and warmest of the comrades with whom in Irish politics he was identified. Between Mitchel and Reilly there existed the utmost affection, strengthened and intensified by a thorough unanimity of sentiment on all questions relating to Ireland. They felt, thought, labored, and together nobly revolted against England. In our generation, they were the first to revive the republicanism of Wolfe Tone, and inspire the National movement with the simple and direct principles which the United Irishmen were organized and sworn to enforce. And now that Reilly sleeps beside the Potomac, and that his little household has been left a dismantled craft to the caprices of the sea of life, Mitchel, with a full heart and hand, comes forward to help the brotherly work, which, with the blessing of Heaven, is designed to rescue an honest grave from an ungracious obscurity, and give peace of heart, and sunshine, and a few of God's good gifts to a widowed home.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Oc. 15, 1856.

MY DEAR MEAGHER:

As my address is now Knoxville, and not Tuscaleechee, the copies of the *Irish News* containing the excellent address on the subject of the "Reilly Testimonial Fund," and the names of the Managing Committee, &c., came to me a full month after their respective dates. As I was too far off to be consulted, I feel obliged to the movers in this affair, that they have taken my full and zealous concurrence as a matter of course, and so placed my name on the committee. Certainly no man in America is so strongly bound by all ties of gratitude and affection, to promote the movement, whether in honor of the memory of our brave friend, or for the substantial benefit of those he has left behind him in this cold world.

I send my subscription—twenty-five dollars—which you will please to hand to Mr. Haverty.

Faithfully yours.

JOHN MITCHEL.

Thos. F. Meagher, Esq.

Immediately after the November elections, effective steps will be taken to bring the movement to a successful maturity. Whilst the elections are pending, active proceedings in behalf of the Testimonial, are necessarily suspended; or if they be not suspended, so many exciting incidents and questions of a more immediate consequence interfere, that they are naturally of a less efficient character than they would otherwise be. After the elections, lectures will be delivered in Boston, New-York, Philadelphia, and other of the larger cities, in aid of the funds. In the meanwhile, it deeply gratifies us to find, that several of the Irish papers have published the address of the Managing Committee, and that some of the old Club-men of '48, in Cork and Dublin, are generlousy moving in the matter.

FREEDOM'S NEXT BATTLE-FIELD.

Again is the United States about to become the battle-field of Freedom. The contest in November will be only second in importance to Bunker Hill or Saratoga. The old despotisms of Europe, were shaken to their foundations in '48, have gathered sufficient strength to keep down the people at home, and prosecute their conspiracies against the suffering and discontented nationalities of the Old World. But so long as this grand Republic remains intact, enlightening by its example and emboldening by its strength the hoping and oppressed people of every clime, tyranny is not safe in Europe. It is in danger at the Tuilleries, surrounded by its spies and armed mercenaries—it is in danger at Naples, with its yawning dungeons and clanking fetters—in Vienna, with its superb military despotism—in Moscow, with its barbaric pomp, and in England, with its sham Constitutions, scheming diplomacy, aristocratic insolence, and Asiatic plunder. This is the only country in the world where the People rule. The advocates of Monarchy may call it a government of rowdies—a reign of the bowie-knife and revolver; a small street brawl may be magnified into a social revolution, and the swift justice executed upon the guilty offender may be designated red murder. But it cannot be gainsayed that from the ranks of the People, men are taken and placed in the highest offices of the State. No outside, exclusive class exists in this country, who claim an hereditary right to fill the offices of honor and emolument—to crowd the army, and the navy, and the Church, with the brainless and impotent progeny of a worthless aristocracy, or to quarter a host of dissipated gentility upon the hard earnings of the poor. The People have the reins of government in their own hands. If they be loosely or tightly held, that is entirely their own affair. In short, the government of this country forms a glorious exception to all the other governments of the world. Labor is here the patent of honor—industry is the noblest escutcheon. In Europe, they are the marks of inferiority—the badges of slavery. To keep the laboring classes down and rob them of the fruits of their toil, aristocracy is elevated and royalty is deified. This Republic is a living repudiation—a withering rebuke of all this humbug, and is consequently looked upon by European monarchs as a potent menace to the standing Despotisms which ride rough-shod over suffering Humanity in the old world. This American Republic, though separated from them by three thousand miles of ocean, is the only stumbling block that interposes between the return of the kings and rulers of Europe to the gloomy tyranny of the Middle Ages. It is no wonder that they regard with jealousy and hatred the commercial prosperity and territorial expansion of the Union. No wonder that they are anxious to have fifteen stars blotted from the Constellation that illumines the Western hemisphere and sheds its quickening rays upon the Democratic masses of Europe. It is natural that they should use their influence to break up and divide this Republic into a North and a South, whose arms should be raised against each other in suicidal strife. The name of Democrat is a terror to the kings of Europe, and they accordingly array themselves against the Presidential candidate of the Democratic party of America.

It is a curious fact, that the whole of the Press of England, from the organ of the Court down to the least influential mouthpiece of Aristocracy, have become campaign papers in the Black Republican interest. They are all opposed to James Buchanan,

He is a man not unknown to the Courts of Europe. If he were not a stern Republican, who could not be tampered with—if he were false to the Union—if he could be used or cajoled by the wily diplomatists of England, there would be no opposition to his election. This English and French interference in the affairs of this independent Republic is a piece of impertinence that should not be tolerated. Has it come to that pass with the American people, that Queen Victoria and Louis Napoleon, the Duchess of Sutherland and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, shall select a President for the United States? Is "Dred of the Dismal Swamp," or the Declaration of Independence to become the political text-book of the free men of this Union? Shall charlatans and traitors—shall foreign governments and soulless Abolitionists mar the work of Washington and pave the way to the destruction of the Union?

It is brought up as a grave charge against James Buchanan, that he attended a conference of American Ministers at Ostend, to take counsel, at a very critical period of European affairs, regarding certain matters which might probably endanger the integrity of the Union or disturb its peace. This charge is made against him by the venal Press of his own country, which, with slavish sycophancy, pay adulation to the Courts of Europe. Every member of the Ostend Conference was a monarch in his own right, was as free to meet at Ostend as the representatives of monarchy were to assemble at Aix La Chapelle, Vienna, or Paris. They met to look after the affairs of this Hemisphere—to see that American interests should not be compromised, and that none of the great European Powers should be permitted to obtain a permanent foothold in our neighborhood, where they could interfere with the extension of our commerce, or threaten our shores in a time of war. For this patriotic vigilance, the Ostend Conference is denounced by the Black Republican organs of America, and is anathematized by the English Press. But the Cincinnati Platform endorses it, and upon that Platform James Buchanan has taken his stand. Shall the self-respect, dignity, and freedom of the Republic be sacrificed to the predominance of English, or French, or Austrian influence on this Continent? No! The turbulent factions that have been stinging the Republic for the last two years, and infusing their poison into its veins, will disappear with the mosquitoes, on the 4th of November.

The man who sits in the chair of Washington, Jackson, Jefferson, and Monroe—who, unsceptered and uncrowned, exercises an authority more potent than the Cæsars', and takes charge of a confederacy grander in its design and more glorious in results than ever Roman consul or Greek monarch swayed, must be a candidate acceptable to the people of every section of the Union—that man is James Buchanan.

CAMPAIGN DOCUMENTS.

We have heard it remarked by some of the clearest and oldest heads of the Democratic Party, that the present contest for the Presidency has elicited a greater number of intellectual efforts than previous contests, for many years past, gave rise to. The grave nature of the controversy—the priceless interests at stake—freedom, commerce, and national glory of the highest order—the prospect of the evils to be averted or incurred—every circumstance quickens the wit, whilst it inflames to the fiercest intensity the patriotism of every citizen who desires to see the equality and unity of the several States of the Union preserved, and through them the supremacy of Republican institutions secured on an impregnable foundation in the world.

The speeches of Senator Hunter and Governor Floyd—the letters of Robert J. Walker and Rufus Choate—are not less remarkable for their deep research into the Constitutional history and Commercial statistics of the country, and their impassioned adjurations to all good men, promptly and compactly to unite and ward off the peril which menaces the Republic.

Of the former, delivered at Poughkeepsie, we have already written at some length, having studied it previously with great advantage, in consequence of the solid information it contains, and with infinite delight, owing to the lofty tone and splendid illustrations with which it abounds. To the speech of Governor Floyd, we make no special reference, it having been delivered in this city—under the portico of its most impressive public edifice—and in the presence of thousands representing the capital as well as the labor—the ships as well as the sinews—of New-York. Special reference to it we felt to be unnecessary. It was a scene visible to the most populous of the great cities, which from the rice-fields of Georgia to the pine-forests of the Penobscot, stud the Atlantic seaboard. It was a scene of which the furthest flock-owners beyond the Texan Colorado, have heard by this, and by the account of which they will in the midst of their rude cares be deeply moved.

Indeed, we have seldom, in the political world, looked upon so grand a picture. The broad and towering back-ground of dark-grained stone—the colossal columns fashioned like those which upheld the master-piece of Phidias, in the sunny air of Attica—the clustering spars, discernible from the crowded roof-tops, and thickly fringing the warehouses and wharfs for miles—the massive, stately, and boldly-sculptured stores and counting-houses rising up all round, reminding one of the grand things told of Florence and Genoa by Schlegel—the dense multitude in front of these, blocking up the thoroughfare to the right and left, as far as one could see—the steps of the Exchange between the columns, grouped with the substantial men of the city, ship-owners, bankers, merchants whose argosies are "bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, a third at Mexico, a fourth for England," and other notables—and then, foremost of them all, this fine old Virginia gentleman, speaking as a brave Athenian would have done in the Pnyx, for the Laws, the Democracy, and the Immortal Gods.

Following close upon this great manifestation of the City against the Seditionists who would cripple and coerce the South, or failing in this—as fail they inevitably would, for there is flint and steel in the gallant South, and she stands right loyally by the Constitution in this mortal strife—would isolate, impoverish, and prostrate the North;—following close upon this impressive lesson read to the Seditionists at the Merchant's Exchange, we had the letter of the Hon. Robert J. Walker to the Democratic Committee of Pittsburgh. A more telling appeal for the Union—a more valuable defense of the South—a more severe and appalling admonition to the reckless experimentalists of the North—has not all through this busy and stormy campaign appeared. Written in a popular style, it interweaves the most solid facts and statistics with the sentiments of the genial, high-spirited, and true-hearted patriot, and does so with an exquisite felicity of order and effect. His picture of the calamities flowing from the extinction of the Union is sketched and colored with a hand of terrible truthfulness and power. It is the warning of an experienced statesman—one who has faithfully served the Commonwealth in one of the most responsible and sacred offices which could be confided to a citizen—and the old and the young of every party, North and South, now on the very eve of the fatal day—the day that is to decide the destiny of the Republic—should take these solemn words to heart, and be prepared to sacrifice everything—political associations, social considerations, political ambition, political rewards, everything—everything on earth—rather than these predictions should come to pass.

"No man values more than myself the countless blessings and benefits of the Union. But just in proportion as are its great advantages, will be the unspeakable disasters which would follow from its overthrow. I have never believed in a peaceable dissolution of the Union. If the disaster comes, it will be attended by civil war, and the sword will be the umpire. How can it be be peaceful? Who is to arbitrate between the North and the South? Who is to have the army, the navy, the national banner, the public treasure or revenue, the Capitol of the Union, the Government archives? and how are we to divide the public lands and common territory? What compact or treaty of peace between the contending parties can take the place of the Constitution? and how or by whom are the new governments to be formed and pacified? No, my countrymen; if in the madness of sectional passions and geographical prejudice, you overthrow the Constitution framed by Washington and the sages of the Revolution, you can never provide adequate substitutes. Those who have achieved our country's ruin, can never re-gather the scattered fragments of the Constitution, and rebuild the sacred edifice. No, it will be war, civil war, of all others the most sanguinary and ferocious. The line which separates the North from the South will be known in all history as the line of blood. It will be marked on either side by frowning fortresses, by opposing batteries, by gleaming sabres, by bristling bayonets, by the tramp of contending armies, by towns and cities sacked and pillaged, by dwellings given to the flames, and fields laid waste and desolate. No mortal hand can lift the veil which conceals the unspeakable disasters of such a conflict. No prophet vision can penetrate the dark abyss of such a catastrophe. It will be a second fall of mankind, and while we shall be performing here the bloody drama of a nation's suicide, from the thrones of Europe will arise the exulting shouts of despots, and upon their gloomy banners shall be inscribed, as they believe never to be effaced, their motto,

'Man is incapable of self government.'"

Colonel Doheny's speech before the Brooklyn Union Club—the greater portion of which appeared in this paper three or four weeks since, and has since been published in a pamphlet—came in fortunately in the midst of these noble efforts we have enumerated. Fortunately, for it forcibly dwelt upon certain points which the gentlemen we have named, in their letters and addresses, left uncovered. Fortunately, for it broke ground at a time when the most impetuous efforts were being made to dislodge what is called the Irish Vote from its long-established concentration in the constitutional forces of the Democracy. Pope Gregory, O'Connell, and a battalion of other influential authorities had been disinterred—political St. Patricks disentombed from anything but Free Soil—to convert the disciples of Jefferson to the Exeter Hall faith of Ward Beecher.

Two points particularly strike us in this most useful and admirable speech of our friend, Colonel Doheny. In the first place, he repudiates the attempt that has been over and over again made to seduce the Irish-born citizens from the Democratic party on account of Herbert, who killed poor Keating in Washington, being a Democrat, and the Democratic party being held falsely and foully by the Abolitionists and Sectionalists responsible for the crime.

On the subject of the Missouri Compromise, he is as equally conclusive.

Mr. Sumner calls it a "compact," "a solemn compact," and the "*crime* is its repeal." A legislative compact is, in its very terms and idea, a manifest absurdity. The assumption of the power to do any legislative act, is in its own nature an assertion of the power to undo it. Legislative action is the exercise of omnipotence by the legislature within its own sphere, and that omnipotence it cannot forfeit or abdicate for an occasion. This would be divesting itself of its highest function. So far as to abstract constitutional right. If then a Congress be incompetent to bind itself, "a fortiori," it is incompetent to bind another Congress.

With these letters and speeches circulating amongst the people—as they have thoroughly done for the last six weeks—confirming sound opinions, and keeping false ones at a distance, no one can have the slightest fear for the result on Tuesday next. The same guns—which from Brooklyn Heights announced the nomination of James Buchanan as the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency, will, as sure as that day comes round, announce in due season his election to that, the highest office in the gift of any people on this earth. James Buchanan is elected.

THE ENGLISH NOMINEE.

The *London Times*, October 7th, is very indignant that our Government should dare to interfere with British intrigue and philanthropy in Central America. English aggression is "*protection.*" The extension of the American influence on American soil is "*fillibustering.*" White serfdom and factory enslavement is "British freedom," and the domestication of the colored races is "tyranny." The Thunderer announces that our conduct will have the effect of putting the official power of this country into other hands. John Bull still dreams that this is one of his provinces. We are undutiful, and he is indignant. He says, "The Democratic party has now had its swing," and that, "It is high time for a transfer of power to other hands." He appeals to the respectable Anglo-Saxons—that is, his friends the Orange Lodges, the Know-Nothing rowdies, and Plug-Uglies of Baltimore.

While England has endeavored to create a ruffianly fanaticism to divide the Democracy, she appeals to the vanity of wealthy snobbery, and threatens exclusion from Court circles. Americans shall be debarred of the privileges of flunky trappings and the crab-walk in the august presence of royalty. Fremont and Stowe shall enjoy the favors extended to Gen. Tom Thumb. They are the drawing-room pets, "Ango-Saxon cousins," and almost subjects; the American crutches of old gouty John Bull.

It is a great thing, this great international system. It means the government of the world by a few royal and aristocratic families. By it, has been ruined, Spain, Portugal, Ireland, Greece, India, and every country that drifted or was forced into the whirlpool of diplomacy and imperial *protection*. The Democracy of this vast republic are animated by a spirit, fatal to the huxtering intrigue, dark conspiracies, secret societies, family quarrels, and combined monopolies of "the great European system."

More than once by open violence and fillibustering piracy, have the lords endeavored to regain their lost foothold. Beaten back, they secretly plot and bribe and embroil and divide. Well may we be the object of their unwearied anxiety, for our system is fatal to their system.

Buchanan does not please the English oligarchy. He assimilates to the old rebel, Washington. He has imbibed the Monroe doctrine. Old Hickory stiffens his back bone. He bends not to my Lord Clarendon. Buchanan and the Democracy are therefore denounced. They are unmanageable by the imperial *system*.

We remember how the Rowcrofts, Garrisons, Blackwells, Schoulers and other English born subjects, with the Irish Orange Lodges, took the lead in the Know-Nothing conspiracy, and how the English press and the Irish orange aristocrats, Lord Dungannon, Dr. Drew, &c., exulted over the Know Nothing storm, as a British triumph.

The poison which the English know so well how to administer, seemed to work effectively. Distracted and weakened, the Democracy appeared to fall back at the advent of the disunion champion—Fremont—the English nominee. The game goes on. Already the mockery of a divided army is terminating in the fusion of the Fremonters and Know Nothings. Let the old guard of the Democracy stand to their arms. America is threatened with no ordinary danger. Fremont is not merely the leader of disunion fanatics. He is the nominee of the Imperialism of Europe, as opposed to the Republicanism of America. "Bleeding Kansas," is but the stepping stone to monopolies in church and state, a standing army and privileged preachers, as they exist in "mother country," so fondly and frequently alluded to.

If native treason, and Irish Orange fanaticism, backed by the wealth of the wealthiest oligarchy that ever the world saw, could defeat Buchanan, he would be defeated, and the lordly enemies of the Democracy would make this election another terrible crisis in the history of America. But the combined free men of this great and extending Republic will march shoulder to shoulder, in dignity and order to the polls, and defeat the *English nominee—John C. Fremont.*

Literature.

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.*

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

"Pete," continued the villain, now turning to the negro, "step in here, and let the ladies have a full view of your comeliness."

"What you say, Massa?" inquired the Negro, stepping in as ordered.

"Let the ladies see your beauty and good looks, you black woman-killer," answered Brand, with a grin almost as broad as that which showed the white teeth in the other's ebon setting. "Do you rememer my instructions, Pete, and if so what are they?"

"Not to have no noise anyhow, Massa, and to spread a carpet fit for ladies to walk on from the bottom of the staircase to the well in the backyard."

"There's a gold eagle for you, my jewel of fidelity?" said Brand, once more turning round to where the sisters lay. "You hear him, ladies, and you had better heed him too! He is a fellow that will stand no fooling, and who thinks no more of a life than I would think of playing pitch and toss with the devil for my soul. It would be 'heads I win' with him, and 'tails you lose;' for a number of pious people think that he is sure of me in either case."

He left, but not before the Negro had brought up a tray of bread and meat, a decanter of some kind of liquor and a jug of water. The door was then bolted and barred on the outside and the sisters could hear his last directions, as he descended the crazy stair.

"I shall not be back till the day after the schooner sails—probably the day after to-morrow. Let them have all they want until then; but if they scream, you may have your will at them and then do what you like with their bodies. Should there be any symptoms of pursuit, upset the spirit casks on the floor below and then set fire to the building. Never mind its burning, for I mean to get it insured to-morrow for a couple of thousand at any rate—or five, if I can get them. It is a mere shell and would become a heap of ashes in less than ten minutes by the watch. Their screams could not be heard outside, even as it is—much less when such a fire had enveloped the whole building in an armor of roaring flames. Even if they were heard for a moment before being suffocated, lament the loss of your two cousins who were staying with you on a visit. Who could disprove your statement? The ashes of a white woman, I should guess, are much the same as those of a black: the bones of both are white, and they would furnish pretty pickings to the coroner."

These horrible instructions acquired a four-fold horror from the fact that, apparently, it was not the speaker's intention to have the sisters overhear them. Threats made to them directly, might be made to intimidate, and without any design of being carried to extremities: but these were the confidential instructions of the arch-ruffian to his instrument—there could not be a doubt, therefore, of their entire sincerity.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SCHOONER TAKES IN CARGO—A BUNDLE OF SOME INTEREST—QUEER TASTE SOME LADIES HAVE—THE SCHOONER'S NAME.

"Helpless and dumb, he heard the rogues discuss
What plan of murder would them suit the best—
With other things of high import to us,
Which, when he cometh here, shall be confest;
For they to him did bare their inmost breast,
Thinking him dead, or like to be so soon."

Fletcher

Two days after the arrival of the sisters and their imprisonment in the farm-house, a large three-masted schooner, clipper-built and apparently quite new, dropped anchor just within the mouth of one of the bays along the New-Jersey shore, and hoisted a signal which was immediately replied to from a timber-yard on the opposite side of the bay. A sloop shortly after stood across from the yard in question, and lay to along side of the schooner. The hatches were then removed from both vessels, and in less than half an hour, the whole material for a slave voyage was transferred from the coaster to the hold and decks of the sea-going craft.

While this operation was going on forward and amidships, three men were seated aft on the quarter deck, who apparently enjoyed the most sublime unconsciousness of danger either sublunary or celestial.

There was Brand, enthroned in a Boston-rocker—his feet elevated against a hen-coop, a cigar in his teeth and a bottle of the best Otard within easy striking distance of his hand.

To his left sat Squinting Dick, no longer disguised in the sad-colored garments and blue goggles which he wore when we first beheld him. Dick's vest and stock had in them all the colors of the rainbow; a heavy curb chain crossed the former, and the brightest of glass diamonds glittered impudently in his bosom. His trowsers were tight—his hat a Wide-awake—his coat a Shanghai, with a gold ornament on its collar, proclaiming him a member of some secret order. The device was a death's head and cross-bones, surmounted by a dark lantern and one shining star. Dick had evidently "made a raise," partly, no doubt, by the sale of the sister's baggage—which belonged to him as the entrails of the deer are the perquisites of the successful hound; and partly by the liberal pay which Mr. Brand, as theatrical manager, allowed to the higher grade of "artists" in his employ.

Facing these two, sat Maine—the late mate of the *Vulture*. He was dressed in working style, and the furious oaths which he let fly at the sailors and lightermen in the fore part of the ship proclaimed him to hold some position of authority.

Between the three lay something heavy and not quite motionless, tied up in a sack. Following the outline and indenntations of the bundle, it took the figure of a man with his knees tied up to his neck and his wrists locked together below his ankles. A twenty-four pound shot was fastened to the lower corner—the mouth being firmly secured with double knots on every lashing. Whenever the bundle stirred, Squinting Dick or Maine brought down a heavy boot-heel on that part which should have been a human head—supposing our surmise as to the contents to be correct.

Something like a moan would be heard after one of these iron poundings.

"Blast me," muttered Maine, in a voice which had all the fury of a yell compressed into the hissing of a whisper, "Blast me, I say again, Dick, if that last kick of your'n ha'n't dislodged the gag! We'll have him screamin' like forty thousand airthquakes jest in no time, and then, I guess, every one of them dod-rotted lightermen will be charging an extra V, jest to keep their mouths shet about his! Curse it, Brand, why didn't you overboard and have done with him, as we were spanking down the bay? If we were caught with him aboard, the trading business would be jest a fly-flap to it! Don't think you're so safe, nuther," he added, turning round uneasily to scan the entrance of the bay. "If one of them cussed revenue cutters was to double that point there, I guess we'd find ourselves in queer-street."

"Shut up, you chicken-hearted fool!" cried Brand, leaping to his feet as he spoke, and shaking his clenched fist in the other's face. "I've made it all right in New-York, don't I tell you! Even if the cutter were to come, would it be any harder to pitch him over the bulwarks here?"

"Shut up yourself," answered Maine, in the same fierce whisper, or by the God that's over us, I'll let you see who's cap'n of this craft! Would you heave a fellow overboard in still water, and it not more'n a few fathoms deep. Go to the side there, and drop a shirt button over; you can count the thread holes in it as it lies on the bottom. No, no, Brand, you don't catch me in any such scrape as that! When the schooner's under full sail, and in deep water, I wouldn't mind; the crew might swear what they pleased, but the body could never be found. I'll put my neck into the noose as far as the next man, when I'm well paid for it; but as to keepin' it in there, when you begin to tighten the noose and the other fixins after this fashion—then, by Heavens, you may count me out."

"Never mind it," said the runner, who began to be convinced of his imprudence. "There's no such danger as you speak of, and you'd better get the boat lowered astern and see to the alteration of the name. The lady was particular upon the point; and if she finds you haven't got it done when you get to sea, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the cargo landed safe on Cuba."

The captain called a couple of the men aft, and the stern boat was lowered from the davits until its keel just touched the water.

"Take your paint pots with you and step down lively lads," he said. "Paint the new name along the streak where the other has been painted over. What is it we are to call her, Brand? I never can think of the name of that wild-cat Mexican."

Brand took from his pocket-book and handed him a slip of paper, which Maine then passed down to the men.

"Do it as quick as you can, my lads," said the runner, leaning over the taffrail; "never mind how roughly, for she hain't got much scholarship, though she talks like a queen."

"Aye-aye, sir!" answered the foremost painter, dipping his brush into a pot of scarlet paint; "we'll put a flourish round it and then it 'll be sure to please."

When Maine and Brand resumed their seats, Squinting Dick pulled out a newspaper and asked the latter to read one of the advertisements inserted under the head of "Personal."

"Let's have no secrets," interposed Maine; "let it be read aloud for the good of the company."

"Here it is then," said Dick, "but you little know the value of it. Attention now, while I read; and when I'm done, I'll explain how it's little less than a gold mine that I've hit upon."

He then read the advertisement, which ran as follows:—"Anne and Ellen Plunkett, sisters, from Ireland, who landed from ship *Vulture*, at Coenties Slip, on Tuesday last, are earnestly requested to address a line to their distressed father, care of John Hancock, box 249, at this office."

"For my part," said Brand, gruffly, "I can't see how you're to make any profit of it, except by selling me, and that would be a rayther dangerous game. If the old man is anxious to find them, he must go to work in a different way. He can have 'em, though, in ten days or a fortnight, free gratis for nothing and all expenses paid," added the ruffian with a grin. "You may then sell him the secret, with all my heart; but charge a good price for it, Dick, for I hate doing anything small; and besides, Mrs. Haskins has a few vacancies which I promised her should be shortly filled."

"Then she shall have them," answered Dick, with a burst of generous recollection. "The last time I was in trouble she stood my friend; she shall have them, you may depend on it and yet the secret is a gold-mine, none the less."

"Will you enlighten our darkness, then?" asked Brand, with a slight sneer.

"Let me alone, and I'll tell you," answered Dick, contemptuously. "You're up to all the ropes on this side of the water, Mr. Brand; but there are mysteries on the other too deep for your simple comprehension."

"Explain—explain yourself;" cried the runner, impatiently.

"Well, I found it all out by the letter which I took from them when we met. You remember how careful they were to let no one—not even this lover of theirs"—he continued, giving the sack another kick with his sharp heel—"know to what part of the country they were going. They made a secret of it, and the letter explained the why. You see, their father—whose right name is McCarthy—was long ago engaged in some of what are called the Whiteboy conspiracies of the South of Ireland; these conspiracies are leagues the people make to keep the landlords from destroying them any faster than the law allows. This McCarthy—John McCarthy is his name—(for you see I saw him this morning in answer to the advertisement)—this John was a kind of a leader of the Whiteboys, and was present at a collision they had with the constabulary down near Ballinabola Cross, where a magistrate, called Fortescue, was shot dead in his saddle.

"It was believed then, and couldn't well be otherwise, that Fortescue was shot by some of his own men—for the ball entered at his back while he was in front of the peelers. Be that as it may, he was thirty-first cousin or thereabouts, to the Lord Lieutenant; so they made a great fuss about his death, offering five hundred pounds for the capture of McCarthy, as the ring-leader, and hanging and transporting as many innocent people for being accessories as the police chose to swear against.

"McCarthy, it seems, escaped, and settled in Western Illinois, where he purchased a large tract of country, the value of which has been increased a hundred-fold by the construction of a railroad. In fact, I should guess from what he told me—though he still retains the manners and appearance of a well-to-do Wexford farmer, and nothing more—still I should guess, I say, that there can be few richer men in Illinois.

"The night before last, after leaving the girls in the farm house, I went and laid the whole case—as I found it in the letter—before the British Consul, expatiating on the fine chance it would give him to display 'energy' by putting the extradition laws into force. He was delighted at such an opportunity of proving his zeal—promised me double the reward—and a clerk of his and myself were just about to set off post haste for Illinois, when next morning this advertisement appeared, as if the victim were unwilling to cost us any unnecessary trouble.

"I saw McCarthy this morning before coming aboard—described his daughters to him so that he wept for joy—told him then, that they had formed an unfortunate intimacy during the passage, with two young men, in whose company they left the ship. He thanked me—though his heart was wrung—and paid me handsomely for my trouble, (which was in fact a pleasure;) and after having done this up in the neatest style, I went straight to the Consul's office, who applied for a warrant before I came away. Doubtless," continued Dick, with one of his most hideous smiles, "the father of the girls ere this is safe and sound in irons which will never be taken off him till he is hung in front of Wexford gaol."

"By Heavens! Dick, you deserve to be made a bishop," shouted Brand exultingly. "I was afraid we'd have to use force with the girls; but with this knowledge, we can terrify them into any thing we wish, and hang their father into the bargain. It's a splendid opportunity, Dick—but how much did the Consul give you? How much, I say—for you know I must have my share?"

"N-n-n-nothing," stammered the artist, irresolutely. "He promised me five hundred pounds, but has given me nothing."

"You lie, villain!" shouted Brand, seizing the other by the neck, and pressing his hard thumbs across the wind-pipe until the roots of Dick's tongue became visible. "I gave you all the plunder the girls had with them, and you never would have heard of them, but for me. I'm entitled to the full half of the blood money, and by G—! I mean to have it. I tell you solemnly, Dick," he added, slightly relaxing his grip, "that I am going halves with you in whatever comes of it; and if you are not agreeable, I can readily put you where the money will do you little good."

"You shall go halves, Brand, certainly," gasped the more cowardly villain of the two—"only you took me up so quick; I meant to make that proposition myself. I did, upon my honor as a gentleman!"

"Enough, then!" said Brand, with a broad grin. "Having received an assurance of that kind from a person of your character and position, I at once retract any injurious remarks that may have escaped me. If that apology don't satisfy you, Dick, you must be hard to please. I quote it stereotyped from the Congressional reports."

"Have done with your eternal quarrellings," interposed the Captain. "I want to know what kind of a she-devil it is that we have got below in the cabin? And is the fellow along with her a brother, as she pretends, or is he a lover, or only a husband?"

"Much the same as her husband, any way, I guess," replied the runner; but "whether married or not, is a question we have no concern with. He's an old friend, at any rate—for they lived together in Texas as man and wife when I was engaged down there in the smuggling business, about six or eight years ago. I had been in Texas before; in fact it was my hiding-ground, whenever New-York became too hot to hold me.

This Pedro, who is with her now, was at last arrested for stabbing one of the Custom House officers, and was condemned to death. While there is life, there is hope, however; the sentence was commuted into imprisonment in the chain-gangs for life—but here you see him well and hearty, with money in his pocket, and a mistress, once handsome, though not always true to him, for his companion.

"After his arrest, though she had then two little children, she took up with a young fellow called Mowbray—a mere lad I had brought down with me on the occasion of my first visit.

"Let me see," he continued, as if striving to associate some half forgotten ideas in his mind. "It must be fully twenty years since I first saw the boy, who was not then more than five or six years old. He was born, Dick, in the very farm-house where the Plunketts are now confined; and I picked him up under peculiar circumstances, which, while appealing very strongly to my

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

particular sympathies, excluded him from those of the rest of the world. His father was hung, I believe, for the murder of the boy's mother, and a gentleman whom he suspected of too intimate connections.

"It occurred to me that young Mowbray might hereafter be useful to clean my pistols and boil coffee; and as none of the Christian souls on Long Island would touch such pitch, lest they should be defiled, I took him along with me, and he grew up in Texas. As he advanced in years, he became one of my boldest helps; and after Pedro's arrest, my *protege* succeeded him as lieutenant of the gang, and lover, it was said, of the Donna Isabella.

"It was known that Pedro had long been jealous of him; and there were suspicions that this youngster had been at the bottom of the first lover's arrest. What became of him, I do not know; but it could easily be ascertained from Pete—the negro at the farm-house—who remained with Mowbray after I came home, and did not rejoin me here until about six months ago. I have an indistinct recollection of his telling me that Mowbray was shot while attempting to assist in the escape of some prisoner. It could hardly have been Pedro he wished to liberate; and, now that I think of it, it would almost seem to have been in some part of the States the attempt was made. When I see Pete next—which will be this evening, I hope—I must ask him."

But to return to the Donna, the next I heard of her she had by some means acquired a large sum of money, and was anxious to embark in this business along with her first lover, who had escaped and rejoined her. She had intended going to the regular Portuguese house; but I met with her by accident, and she was persuaded (not without some trouble, to be sure,) to trust the agency to me.

"Thus it was," said Brand, in conclusion, slapping Maine upon the shoulder, "that I have been able to make you commander of this goodly craft. I thought it right to tell you these things beforehand, that you might know what kind of people you have now to deal with. Try any humbug with her, and she'll knife you even faster than Pedro, whose hand is forever wandering to his dagger hilt. But do your duty by them—land the cargo safe where they wish you, and you'll be able to buy a ship for yourself out of what you make by this single voyage."

"Brimstone and furies!" bellowed Maine, suddenly leaping to his feet and pointing to the long tongue of land which formed the further promontory enclosing the bay. Brand's story had interested him so much that he had relaxed his usual vigilance while it continued.

Behind this strip a small black funnel was now seen advancing, and presently, having cleared the extremity of land, a little steam tug stood across the mouth of the harbor and bore down directly on the schooner.

"Sold, by heaven!" yelled the runner, seizing one end of the sack, and beckoning Dick to take hold of the other. "Over with him!" he shouted fiercely—"it's our only chance."

"Your only chance to be hung, you mean," cried Maine, laying hold of him and pulling him astern. "Down with you into the boat, and you, Dick, along with us. I guess the lady may be captain of her own ship for this voyage."

So saying, he shoved the runner into the boat which the painters had just abandoned, and then jumped into her himself. The artist, livid with terror, had already cut away one of the davit ropes, and Maine severed the other with an axe.

"Give way, you dog!" he yelled, seizing the bow oar himself and tossing the other to Dick. "Keep the schooner between us, so that we cannot be seen from the steamer's decks."

Dick pulled for his life, and as the boat shot out from beneath the vessel's counter, he looked to see her name and the words

"Isabella De Cascales"

were gleaming there in scarlet characters, as if they had been writ in blood.

[to be continued.]

FINEEN DHU'S PROPHECY.

Cold and buried was Fineen Dhu,
In the depth of his grave, for long, long years;
His head was marked by an ancient yew—
The clay on his breast was wet with tears.
Tears of fervor, and low complaints,
Were mingled with sobs and earnest prayer;
Whoever has been to the graves of saints
Will know what halo was round him there.

Cold and buried, so long he lay,
His looks, his accents, were nigh forgot;
But some words he uttered ne'er passed away—
Too sacred kept in the peasant's cot;
And uttered beside his evening fire,
They filled the hearer with dread delight,
Or nerved his bosom with bold desire—
The theme of many a wondering night.

And these were the words the old man said,
When death was loosing his prisoned soul:
"No grass shall grow o'er my buried head,
Till years appointed above me roll;
But when a sorrel at length shall rise,
And shade my grave with its leaf of green,
Then war shall blacken these happy skies,
And roll its thunders o'er all the scene."

Young men came to their drooping-time,
And sank, at length, in the parent clay;
Children grew to their golden prime,
And weeping, fled from the land away.
Winters lingered, and summers came,
And snows succeeded to skies of blue;
But spring and winter were all the same—
No verdure flourished o'er Fineen Dhu!

But why did the young men leave the land?
Or why did their tears so thickly fall?
Because of the tyrant's ruthless hand—
Because of the nation's hopeless thrall!
The people suffered—and yet no flame
Of Freedom quickened their bosoms through;
But ever their hearts remained the same—
As bare as the grave of Fineen Dhu!

But man and nature cannot be changed;
Hearts *will* kindle, and grass *will* grow.
Time's revealings may be deranged,
But naught can hinder their future flow.
Seeds long-buried at length shall bloom—
Old predictions shall yet be true;
Life shall spring from the meanest tomb!
Why not from the grave of Fineen Dhu?

When tyrants harassed, in days gone by,
The Helot hurled them back the blow;
And none so weak but have dared to die—
Why not in Ireland the case be so?
Weeds have flourished on Memphis' walls—
Flowers have blossomed, and thistles, too,
Above the marble of Shadmor's halls!
Why not on the grave of Fineen Dhu?

Slowly, slowly, the Heavens' design
Was formed; and when on the saint's cold bed
The dew in the evening cold did shine,
His clay with a fruitful strength it fed.
And soon a leaf, from the barren mould,
Most strangely quickened, appeared to view;
A leaf of sorrel; and when unrolled
It quickly strengthened and daily grew.

And soon and sudden there came a day—
A day of clouds and of lurid light,
Of rending thunder and distant fray,
Of noise, and rumor, and sore affright—
And across the valleys, and o'er the plains,
There swept a dozen disordered bands
Of royal troopers, with shattered reins,
And broken sabres, and bleeding hands.

And down afar, from the blackening height
Behind them, a roaring cheer was sent—
A lengthened peal of volcanic might,
Like thunder shaking the firmament.
And a dozen answering shouts rang out
From hill to hill, through the smoky air,
As if a demon prepared the route
From ev'ry summit that threatened there.

The troopers scattered to right and left,
Some o'er the river, some round the road,
Some by the village, some down the cleft;
And some through the churchyard's calm abode.
And there, desiring a spot of rest,
Came one who lay by an ancient grave;
And the blood flowed from his mangled breast
On a lonely sorrel that there did wave.

A peasant gazed from the churchyard stile,
On the bleeding man, with a face of grief;
But his pity changed to a fearful smile,
When he saw on the grave the promised leaf.
And he cried: "The Heavens have owned our cause!
With Freedom's blossoms the earth is bright—
Here goes to wrestle with England's laws—
On yonder hill I shall be to-night."

* * * * * * *

Is there a prophet—a man of prayer,
Whose eyes the future can well divine—
While yet he moves in the nether air,
Oh, let him give us a warning sign!
We'll trample passions and sordid cares—
On books and banners his deeds we'll write,
Mingling his name with all our prayers,
Till Death or Freedom shall crown the Right.

F. O'R.

MODERN GREEK LITERATURE.

Modern Greece; A Narrative of a Residence and Travels in that Country, &c. &c. By Henry M. Baird, M.A. Illustrated *Harper & Brothers.*

The title of this work sounds strangely on the ear. The words *Modern* and *Greece* seem a very inapt and unnatural combination. It seems an invasion of scenes, deeds and feelings the very history of which supplies the place of imagination, so remote from all latter-day earthliness appears the glory, the heroism, the beauty, the cultivation, the simplicity and grandeur that inspire and irradiate all that which, from wistful childhood to appreciative manhood, we have been accustomed to associate with the word Greek. To us that word conveys the most anti-modern meaning of any phrase in or out of use. To us it out-antiques the antique, is "older than the hills," is symbolical of the most ancient elegance, and never can be linked with the word "modern" without instantly suggesting the mock-heroic.

Who would go to Greece if it were "modern?" Travellers do not travel from Thermopylæ to Tenarum, from Ithaca to Ceos, to note the sayings and doings of nineteenth century Greeks, or if they happen to do, the nineteenth century Greeks may thank the shattered marble of Pentelicus and the pagan beauty of Doric ruins for the recognition. Why, here Mr. Baird gives us over sixty illustrations to his "Modern Greece," all of which, with the exception of a view of the University of Otho at Athens, a Greek Church, a peasant woman of Exarcho, and a few landscapes, have no more to do with "modern" Greece than has Prometheus. The illustrations are of mysterious mounds, of cleft columns, of oracular stones, of eloquent dust, of weird things that "syllable men's names," and speak in the voluble awe of tradition of the gods of Greece, and never so much as remind one of the nineteenth century at all; save that, indeed, in the shadow of the beatifully-haggard visage of the Parthenon, the wandering student meets a small antiquated form, absorbed in the dust and ruin of ages, from which he only awakes to see if the intruder be not Lord Elgin, or some other modern civilized foreigner or ignorant native, come to steal or smash up the history of the land. The little man is the "Old Mortality" of Hellas—Mr. Pittakes, the "Inspector-General of Antiquities within the Kingdom of Greece." He is the best informed of the Greeks in ancient topography, and is thoroughly devoted to his favorite pursuit, which is, says Mr. Baird, "to see that the statuary and works of art, discovered from year to year, are not carried out of the country, or broken up for lime by the ignorant peasantry." It is thus we are reminded of the nineteenth century.

When the past has been so eloquent, the present struggles at a disadvantage. Mr. Emerson did the cute thing when he entered the philosophic arena, and announced himself as having "no past" to his back. He thereby got rid of all odious comparisons, and was only responsible for his own steps forward. As he had not the good fortune to be born in some other age, he determined, like a wise man, to adopt all the plans of the age that preceded him—that was his right as the heir of the centuries—and knock into utter oblivion all those who projected them. Unfortunately, however, for "modern" Greece, it is not a live Yankee like Ralph Waldo Emerson, and cannot devour the past like so many pumpkin pies, and stand a self-opinionated epitome of the devoured. It must be content with the past, however it may shroud the present struggles of the little land.

Mr. Baird makes a very presentable book, a great portion of which, as was to be expected from a student, devoted to loving parlance about the scenes, and architecture, and ruins, the names of which have been whipped into every school-boy.

Travelling extensively, both in Northern Greece and the Peloponessus, he visited almost every site sacred to the history and literature of the country. Interlaced with descriptions of those visits and scenes, are clever glimpses of the manners, customs, religious ceremonies, and other incidental phases of the still-life existence of the modern dwellers on the soil—who bear very slight, if any, resemblance to the race immortalized by the poets and sculptors of the anti-Christian era. At a wedding party in Athens, the author had an opportunity of witnessing a large gathering of the "upper circles." There, as here, the latest Paris fashions were in the ascendant, although there were some gentlemen clad in the genuine Albanian costume. These, the author insinuates, were "free and easy people," who desired "to pass for the more independent class of society." The ladies were more remarkable for a fresh, healthy look, than for delicacy of feature. The observant Baird hints, however, that these beauties were not warranted to wash, and that the "belle of the ball-room makes but a sorry figure next morning." He continues:

"All the tight-lacing in the world could not give an Athenian young lady the wasp-like contour which is the admiration of French dress-makers and misses in their teens. Disguise it as they may, there is a tendency to *embonpoint* among the ladies, many of whom waddle about with a grace which would seem charming in the eyes of our Dutch progenitors. The men, on the other hand, are a lean, lank race."

The freshest portion of Mr. Baird's volume are the chapters devoted to "modern Greek literature." Notwithstanding the cold shiver such an announcement gives us—still thinking of *the* Greece—we must not disregard the raiseworthy labors unfolded to view, nor undervalue the hopes which the revival of Greek literature raises in the minds of good and zealous men and scholars. We will not dwell on the dim state of Greek letters before the revival which now may be about a century old, but, with Mr. Baird's aid, present some notice of those writers to whom it is principally due, as well as some who are contemporaneous with us.

Adamantius Coray (or Coraes) is the father of the movement. He was born at Smyrna, 27th April, 1748, and was at an early age sent to a school where, as he says himself, "the master gave very little instruction, accompanied by overmuch chastisement." This school was a type of all the rest in Greece at the time. Education was at a low ebb, titles of "most learned" and "most wise and learned" being lavished upon all who could decline a noun or conjugate a verb. A studious nature soon taught young Coray to despise these titles. With difficulty he succeeded in obtaining instruction in Italian and French, and afterward Latin, from Bernard Kenn, chaplain to the Dutch Consul at Smyrna. In 1732, then being more than thirty-four years old, he went to France to study medicine. He remained here (Montpellier) for six years, when he made Paris his permanent home. He soon acquired the reputation of being one of the ablest Greek scholars, and the First Consul employed him lucratively. Coray longed to diffuse among his countrymen the knowledge he had acquired. He deplored the state of ignorance into which they had fallen, and, with a view to at once give them the best authors, and prepare the mind for their reception, he commenced in 1805 the publication of the principal Greek writers, with copious notes. An edition of Isocrates was the first, and it raised yet higher the reputation Coray had already won as a critic. Plutarch's Lives, Strabo's Geography, the Politics of Aristotle, his Nicomarchean Ethics, the Memorabilia of Xenophon, Plato's Gorgias, and the speech of Lycurgus against Leochares, succeeded each other at short intervals, and were followed by the Strategies of Polycenus and of Onesander, Æsop, Xenocrates, and Galen, Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch's Politics, Epicletus, Arrian, and several others, making in all thirty-nine volumes. "The utility of such a series can be estimated only by those who consider the rarity of such books in Greece, and the still greater scarcity of dictionaries, works on classical antiquities, and annotated editions." Coray prefaced each volume with a dissertation which, in many instances, had but slight connection with the text. Thus he sought to convey such thoughts as the state

of the people suggested to him. Many of the more important of these prefatory tracts have been collected in separate form. However devoted to his country, Coray was opposed to the Revolution of 1821. He believed in a gradual intellectual progression, and expressed his faith that freedom, "after twenty, or at most thirty years, would have been surely and absolutely obtained, with incomparably fewer evils." He died at Paris, April 1833, having lived four-score and five years.

Neophytus Doukas, a scholar of merit and of considerable learning in his country's literature, was accounted next to Coray, from whom he differed in toto as to the construction of the modern Greek tongue. Overlooking the changes of twenty centuries, and the consequent necessities of language to meet the ideas which have sprung up since, Doukas insisted on a rigid adherence to the ancient language, and struck out every word of foreign origin. He attempted the re-introduction of a quantity of tenses, cases and constructions which had fallen into disuse: so that his paraphrases accompanying his editions of various writers, are said to be as obscure as the original. He was very industrious, and though barely acquainted with Latin or any modern language, overcame many obstacles. He edited and annotated Sophocles, Euripides, Homer, Æschylus, Theocritus, Pindar, Anacreon, and Aristophanes—in all twenty-four volumes. "His notes are valued, but not read." Being a younger man, he survived Coray twelve years. After his death, Œconomus headed the school of philology which sought to restore the Greek by obsolete words and "involved construction of sentences."

Demetrius Galanos, an Athenian, went in 1786 to Calcutta, to instruct the children of some mendicants there. He acquired the English, Sanscrit, Persian and Hindostanee, and in a few years devoted himself entirely to the Oriental languages. Going to "the holy city of Benares," he clothed himself like a Brahmin, and in the space of forty years achieved extensive knowledge of Indian philology, and "made such attainments in their virtue and wisdom as to be regarded by the English Colonists and other Europeans, as well as by the most pious Brahmins, &c., as a most holy and learned man." He died in 1833, aged seventy-two, leaving nearly half his property, $6,000, and all his papers to the principal Academy in Athens. The funds were employed in building the University where his MSS. is preserved—six volumes octavo having been published, under the supervision of Mr. Typaldos, the librarian. "They consist of translations of various poems, and collections of wise and moral sayings, some of which, according to the assertion of learned Europeans, were previously unknown in Europe, and were published for the first time through the Greek version."

Neophytus Bambas, late venerable professor of Rhetoric to the University of Athens, was a man of extensive erudition. "A monk by profession," says Mr. Baird, "he had few of the prejudices which disgrace that class in Greece." He with two assistants translated the Bible into modern Greek, for the British and Foreign Bible Society; but he is better known to his countrymen as the author of several works on the Elements of Philosophy, Ethics, and Rhetoric, and of several Greek grammars, one of which, containing a comparative view of the ancient and modern forms, "seems written in a truly philosophical manner." Probably his most most important work is his volume of notes on several of Demosthenes' Orations. Mr. Baird regrets that "the learned professor of late years attached himself more and more to the Russian party," and adds with a sigh, "in the recent excitement at Athens among the students of the University, we understand that his pen was employed in inciting the people to the invasion of Turkish territory." Bambas was evidently something more than a Rhetorician!

In the way of History there is not much to show, the labors of that department, being chiefly confined to translating from English histories of Greece, Oliver Goldsmith's being the favorite, and the ordinary text-book in all the common schools of the kingdom. This is as bad, or rather as good, as Tommy Moore's "Lalla Rookh" being sung in the streets of Ispahan. To modern history, i. e. the revolution, several personal narratives, important to future historians, have been contributed. The principal of them is the "Memoirs of the Revolution," by Germanos, Archbishop of Patras, who was one of the conspirators who met at the Monastery oof Hagia Lanra, and the first to raise the standard of revolt. His work embraces the first three years of the war. He died in 1825. Speliades has commenced a work of the same nature—one volume of which is published. A. L. Marmonkas has collected in a volume all the Constitutions and official papers from 1621 to 1832; and Mr. Tricoupes, Greek Minister at London, has recently published a work on the same period.

Now come we to a batch of poets. Panagiotes Sautsos is, we learn, by many considered the best contemporary poet. The first volume of his complete works contains "Blackabas," "The Traveler," and the "Messiah," all tragedies. Of course we have not seen them, and must take Mr. Baird's word, that in style they are purely Hellenic, though the author did not stick *ula* Daukas to the ancient syntax. The greatest fault our author finds with Sautsos, is his "egregious self-conceit," where he compares some lines from his tragedy, the "Messiah," with some famous passages in Homer and Tasso, and even presumes to speak of them as equally beautiful!

Alexander Sautsos, brother of the foregoing, is a descriptive and satirical poet of considerable popular power. His late poems have been almost altogether political, the author being as much opposed to the government and ministry of Otho as he was to the Capodistrian administration. His writings, from their nature, are eagerly read, which gives them a double importance in the eyes of government, which has on sevreal occasions given Sautsos serious trouble.

A. Ranabes is quoted as a poet of great reputation, as well as an elegant prose writer, and professor of Archæology in the University of Athens. His dramatic poem of Phrosyne, founded on incidents in the history of Ali Pacha, of Epirus, is highly commended.

Athanasius Christopaulos is introduced to us as a "new Anacreon." We scarcely know, says Mr. Baird, whether his productions should be classed with the *literature* of modern Greece, for they are found rather in the mouths of the people, and in collections of popular songs, than in books. "He aspires only to the lyric, and in it excels all his rivals. He writes for all, and with freshness and simplicity. His muses, said a brother poet, inspired in the midst of flowery meads, and written by soft murmuring rivulets, have the fragrance of the rose and the myrtle, and glide naturally as streams of water." Younger bards, such as Salomos and Coumanaudes, are but mentioned. In the way of fiction, we have no announcement, save of an abundant supply from the French of Sue, Dumas & Co.

We must not forget our Old Mortality friend. Mr. Pittakes, who has devoted his life to antiquities, has published all the inscriptions to be found about the capital, with much antiquarian information, in a book entitled "L'Ancienne Athenes," and recently a more extensive work on the same subject. The formation of an Archæological Society for the same purposes, has published some useful works, and promises to be of great utility. A work against the prelacy of the Church, by Pharmakides, is alluded to as having created a great sensation when published.

These literary notes at least exhibit a desire of the Greeks to remember that they live in Greece, a fact with which the world at large is but very scantily acquainted. How few really are aware that there is a kingdom of Greece? We constantly hear of Rome—thanks to our painters and sculptors abroad, and the Know-Nothings at home—but of Greece, we hear no more than of Babylon, Tyre, Sidon, or Carthage. She might as well be, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "an allegory on the banks of the Nile," as "modern Greece." Will the new literature create a recognition—will it claim a hearing on its own soil? If it does, we shall hear of modern Greece.

We have received the ninth number of Gentillucci's "Life of the Blessed Virgin," published by Dunigan & Brother (J. B. Kirker), Fulton street. It is elegantly printed, the illustrations and engravings being very fine. When complete, it will form a most interesting work and become a valuable acquisition to the religious productions of the day.

Literary and Artistic News.

The Irish Banshee.—Dr. O'Donovan gives the following suggested explanation of some of the circumstances which may have given rise to the comparatively modern notion of the wailing of the Banshee previous to a person's death. He gives it on the authority of a friend, who indulges in philosophical experiments on many subjects, and who relates the following incident as having occurred in his own family:—"In November, 1820, when I was in attendance on a near and dear relative's death bed, in an old castle in the county Westmeath, I heard a most extraordinary sound, resembling that of an Æolian harp, but also having such a strong similitude to the human voice, it was more nearly allied to singing than to instrumental music. I never heard anything like it before or since. Had I been superstitious, I should have at once considered it to be the song or wail of the banshee. The sound appeared to me to be everywhere in the room, and not to come from any one point; and I feel certain that the servants in the house at the time might, with a little stretch of their fancy, have placed it anywhere except in the real *locus* from whence it proceeded—and that was the throat of the almost unconscious invalid. Under the circumstances in which I was placed I could not escape examining into the nature of the extraordinary sounds; and I found they were due to an involuntary action of the organs of voice, coupled with the spasmodic breathing of the patient, which changed every moment, producing a sort of ventriloquistic singing or melody, which was exquisitely harmonious, and perfectly unearthly, as was observed by one of the listeners, who did not venture to form an opinion as to the nature of the sounds she heard. The sound heard on the occasion referred to is not, I feel certain, the only instance of its occurrence, for I have heard of others; but sensible people generally do not like to speak of such things, and servants, nurses, and, indeed, others who have heard of banshees, and would believe in their existence without investigation, have attributed such sounds to their agency. I have known a shutter closed, when a window-sash was not entirely shut down, emit sounds not unlike the Æolian harp; but this was not the sound I refer to above. It was exactly what I have described, and, only for the circumstances under which it took place, would have been a matter deserving of notice and admiration. The other circumstance to which I refer was the death of one of those birds called willie-water-wagtails, which killed itself by striking itself against one of the windows of the bed-room the day of the night we heard the sounds deseribed. This trifling event was made curiously interesting by a sister of the sick person, who was living in the house, stating over and over again, from day to day, that she felt sure her brother would live till after a bird of this kind should kill itself at the window, for one had done so in several previous cases where members of our family had died in that room. Indeed she went so far as to maintain that it was always the case, and was preserved as a tradition in the family. I certainly gave little heed to what she said, till I was startled from my reading at the window indicated by a bird of this kind striking the window with great force, and falling on the window-stool stunned, and thence rolling off on the roof of a pantry or office beneath, off which I, in a few minutes after, picked up the bird dead, and brought it to the lady who had actually predicted the fact. It satisfied the family that the time was at hand that all had been looking to for some weeks."

Kilkenny Archæological Society.—The Kilkenny Archæological Society are about to publish in their annuary, "The Proceedings of the High Commissioners of Inquiry into the Grievances and Social State of the English Pale, anno 1537;" "The Book of Gerald, Earl of Kildare;" "Correspondence and Papers relative to Carew's wars, and Sir Edmond Butler's Revolt in 1569;" "Pedigrees and notices of various families of the South-East of Ireland;" "Records and Notes relative to the principal Monasteries and Ecclesiastical Houses, Churches, &c., of the South-East of Ireland;" "Records and Notes relative to the principal Castles of the same district;" inquisitions relating to lands, &c. &c.

Mrs. Ellen K., wife of W. E. Channing, Esq., died in Boston on Monday, 22d ult., at the residence of Dr. Walter Channing, at the age of 36 years. The deceased was a daughter of the late Hon. Timothy Fuller, and a sister of Margaret Fuller. She was a lady of rare accomplishments, and was very highly esteemed by a wide circle of friends.

Our readers may not be aware that the laws, or rather the custom of law in Denmark, gives perpetuity to copyright. On a late occasion, the children of Gelenschagez, who has been called the Shakspeare of Denmark, addressed to the Minister of the Interior of that State a petition for a grant of the copyright, for a hundred years, of their father's works. The reply of the minister informed them that in the opinion of the Procurer General, there was no occasion for any grant of the sort, and that by the law of the land, there was no doubt of the right possessed by the heirs of a deceased author to the exclusive right for ever of publishing themselves, or assigning to others, the right of publishing.

A Selection, in three volumes, of the Correspondence of Herder, is in course of publication, and from the interest and importance of the contents, is expected to command considerable attention. Professor Duntzer is the editor of the work, which will contain letters from Goethe, Schiller, Klopstock, Jean Paul Richter, Lavater, Jacobi, &c.

A curious collection of letters, relating to Wallenstein and the Thirty Years' War, has been discovered among the records of the Collalto family, in their castle at Pirnitz. These interesting documents are published by Herr von Chlumezka, Keeper of the Records at Brunn.

M. de Lamartine, who for some time has been in Macon, France, where he is suffering from rheumatism, has received from the Emperor of Brazil one hundred thousand francs as payment of five thousand subscriptions to the Familiar Course of Literature.

"*The Street*," is the title of Schillaber's new lecture-poem, for delivery before lyceums and literary societies. It is said to be full of "good things." Shillaber is widely known as the veritable Mrs. Partington.

Miss Harriet Martineau has published a selection of her articles from the *Daily News*. Strange that some of the best and most "spicy" *leaders* of the day should be written by an old lady.

The *Illustrated Monday News* is the title of a new periodical announced to be published at the office of the *Klatteradatska* (the German Punch), at Berlin.

The fourth portion of the Dutch translation of Macaulay's England has just been published by the house of H. C. S. Ery, at the Hague.

REMINISCENCES OF THE IRISH REBELLION—DEATH OF A '98 VICTIM.

(*From the Dublin Telegraph.*)

The October of life is fast carrying down the stream of time the few flickering leaves that clung for a while to their native stem: all are passing off in their turn to the deep vale of eternity. It is not long since I heard of the demise of one of the truest and bravest of the Wicklow insurgents of '98, and one of the few who could not be persuaded to take advantage of the amnesty act of a faithless Government, but preferred a subsultry or guerilla warfare. The subject of this brief sketch was James Doyle, of Athgo, county Dublin, near Rathcoole. His father was a wealthy farmer of the parish of Rathdrum. James was born in the townland of Ballinacor, where of first stood the castle of the famous chief, the unbending Teagh M'Hugh O'Byrne, and many were the tales of bravery and indomitable daring, of the repulse and defeat, did he hear in his boyhood from his father's workmen as they ploughed and harrowed up the ancient demesne around the old ruins of the lordly O'Byrne. In '97, when the squireen magistrates of that county were riding rough shod over a gallant people, he became an United Irishman, being then twenty-five years of age; and his associates soon raised him to the rank of captain. He was one of a deputation of twenty-four captains who met in the latter end of that year to elect an adjutant-general for the county, when, with acclamation, they appointed Garret Byrne, Esq., Ballymanus, to that important dignity; and they had no cause to regret it. If antiquity can claim respectability, he was of a first and noble family in the county Wicklow.

Doyle commanded his company, with a high reputation, at Mount Pleasant, Tubberneering, Gorey, Arklow, Kilcoven, and Vinegar Hill. After their defeat there he joined the southern division of the Wexford army, and was the first man to enter the town of Castlecomer, and set fire to the first house to distract the garrison; but after this division had to disperse he made his way by night to the northern division lying at White Heaps, and was at Carnew, Ballyellis, Ballygullin, and marched with that division under their two gallant Generals, Edward Fitzgerald of Wexford, and Garret Byrne of Wicklow.

On their defeat at the unlucky Boyne, and not succeeding in drawing out to action the northern counties, he returned, and, with the most daring of the remaining few, encamped in Glenmalure, where he continued with O'Dwyer till the end of the year and came off unscathed through all the skirmishes they had with the royal troops. It was he who first met with H. Downes and his party of King's County deserters, and conducted them to the encampment of Glenmalure, always actively engaged, and still protecting, when an occasion required it, the defence of his Protestant neighbors. And some of them afterwards gave him a generous return. One morning, at the dawn, as he and a companion of his name Kinshela, were descending a steep side of Lug-na-Coille, both going to their fathers, they perceived some persons advancing at no great distance, for there was an intense fog. They soon perceived them to be in military uniform. Unperceived by the soldiers they lay down in a deep chasm cut by the mountain torrents. The intruders were advancing in a direct line to the place where Doyle and his friend lay. It was impossible to escape, for there were nine of them. They had recourse to a stratagem that was practised before with some success. One wore a hat and the other a helmet of one of the fallen Britons. They placed both on the edge of the water-cut so as to appear as the heads of men, and, from a few yards distance, they addressed them in the military phrase:—

"Who comes there? Surrender this moment or you die; you are in the middle of our forces; escape is impossible; lay down your arms this moment, and advance one by one; we give you quarter." This bold address, coming from a quarter where they could perceive nothing but, as it were, two heads, astounded them not a little, and they stood for a moment. The soldiers now began to suspect that all was right on the other side. "Advance," said Doyle, "one at a time; pile your arms and leave them there, or you fall this moment." The arms were piled, they took off their caps and cheered, and then advanced to meet their concealed friends whom they sought. They had deserted from Arklow, and were going in quest of O'Dwyer. Gen. Sir John Moore was at this time encamped at the Glen of Imael, county Wicklow, and his second in command was the gallant Marquis of Huntly. It was grousing season, and a party of the officers proposed a day's shooting. It was to be a glorious day on the Wicklow Highlands. All was bustle; double guns were in requisition, a leash or two of the best trained spaniels were

obtained from Dublin, it was a lovely morning, the zephyrs played lightly across the purple heath-bells. Some powerful spell should have been over the man that could have withstood that morning's invitation. At the appointed hour there were but two veterans ready to start for the mountain tops. They were both captains. They would have no postponement, and with two soldiers, and a native guide to act as marksman, after ascending they got on a flat, carpeted with a promising crop of young heath, a covey of grouse sprung up, and off went three or four shots in succession, and the well-known cry of "Mark!" rang through the rocks and chasms of the lordly Lug-na-Coille. Their fowling-pieces had been scarcely lowered when a dozen outlaws stood before them, with brazen and wide-mouthed blunderbusses pointed to their breasts, and with terrific and menacing voice called on them to surrender or die. "Stir not a finger or foot or you are down." The sportsmen stood petrified at the almost magical scene. "Ground your arms!" was again vociferated, "for you are in the centre of us." The order was obeyed, and Captain —— stepped forward to deliver up his gun. "No, no, gentlemen," said Doyle, "you are here as sportsmen, not as enemies, and on that score we war not with you, and will not compel you to surrender your arms." Delight beamed in the eye of the gallant soldier when he heard that magnanimous expression fall from the lips of the peasant outlaw. "Enjoy your sport," continued Doyle, "we will give you no further interruption." The canteen was uncorked, and Captain ——— filled a measure of the mountain drops," and said in homely phrase: "Here's your health. You are a noble set of fellows." He then filled a measure for each, and in return they toasted his health, as they filed off to a distant part of the mountain. At the time the shots were fired, the outlaws were lying asleep on a bed of heath in one of the deep ravines that was cut by the mountain flood, and were only awoke by the shots just fired over their heads. A night or two after, Doyle and his young friend Kinshela went to the home of the latter to get some refreshment and repose.

On arriving, they were brought to a tent where the general, the Marquis of Huntly, and some other officers were sitting. Lord Huntly had just been bantering the officers on being surprised by the outlaws. When Captain ———, who was present, turned quickly to Doyle. "What," said he—"it is not long since you and I met before. A prisoner now, and two days ago you were the victor." And turning to the general and marquis, he said, "General, this is the man I was telling you of; and I never can forget his noble generosity." The general and his lordship started up from their seats, and closely reguarded the prisoners. "So," said Lord Huntly, "the other day you captured some of our officers, and now are captured yourselves." "It is all the chance of war," said Doyle. The general and Lord Huntly entered into conversation with them, and offered them protection. They thanked them for their kindness, but said that a protection was of little use—that it would not stop a yeoman's ball. General Moore looked seriously at Lord Huntly; for, some short time before that, a yeoman named Finton, met a young man in the vicinity of General Moore's camp, demanded who he was, and asked why he dared to be there without a protection? "I have one," said he, and while drawing it from his pocket, Finton shot him dead. And although General Moore offered £100 from his own purse for his apprehension, he was never arrested. And another person was shot at the head of Glenmalure, by the Rathdrum yeomen, with the Marquis of Huntly's protection in his hand, and only a few miles from the camp. Lord Huntly ordered refreshments for the prisoners, and gave each of them a piece of money, and insisted on their taking General Moore's and his protection, promising them that the yeomen should be restrained. They now endeavored to stay at home, but the spirit of party was too high, and some young yeomen, and old ones too, with whom he had been on terms of friendship, had now become his deadly enemies, and yet had no charge of cruelty against him; for unless in battle, he was all on the side of mercy. Such was the case between him and a young man of the Rathdrum Cavalry, whose residence was near him. He heard that Doyle used to be coming home to his brother's at night, and retiring to some other place of secresy before day; and many an hour's rest his quondam friend lost in watching to shoot him. Doyle was apprised of this, and paid a similar attention to the other's movements. But the unlucky moment did not present itself to either. Matthew Davis, his own neighbor, and one of his own company, swore against him. This Davis was one of the gang that swore away the life of that ever to be lamented young gentleman, William Byrne, Esq., of Ballymanus. To avoid the dangers that surrounded him, he went to Dublin. Here again James Doyle had the spy on his back, and his lofty spirit had to bend to the protection of a British man-of-war, where he remained nearly four years in the Channel fleet, on board the London, (98,) where he had to endure the insulting epithets of "Irish Papist," "Croppy and Rebel," from his brother tars. Paid off after the peace of Amiens, he returned home in the spring of 1803. His father had removed from the county Wicklow, and settled on the farm of Athgo, ten miles S. W. of Dublin, at which place some of the outstanding men of '98 used to visit, and received the generous hospitality of the family. Arthur Devlin, one of his old companions in arms and relative, and the well known agent of Robert Emmet, paid him several visits, and endeavored to draw him into that conspiracy. He even called on him on the morning of the 23d of July, but failed in drawing him out, although his soul was with them. Still the hospitality of the family was extended to the proscribed.

After O'Dwyer had made his terms of surrender with Government in the December of 1803, one of the men, John Mernagh, Glenmalure, refused all accommodation with the Government. He left his native mountains in Wicklow and went to Doyle's, where he was kindly received. But the faithless demon pointed him out, and a troop of the Green Horse, a company of Foot, and some of the Newcastle Yeomen under Captain Church, of Pearmount, on the night of the 12th of February, 1804, surrounded the house, and after a dreadful resistance Mernagh was taken. Doyle's aged father and three sons, and likewise Larry Cullen, the tailor, were captured, and, as a reward for their hospitality, were honored with twelve or fourteen months' confinement within far-famed Kilmainham, as state prisoners.

Doyle himself escaped from bed, naked, through a window, and after a mile and a-half's run, took shelter among Lord Cloncurry's plantations, where he remained without shoe or stocking, or any covering but his shirt, the ground covered with snow, until the succeeding night threw its shades on his pathway, when, unobserved, he endeavored to get to a friend's place. All he suffered in the rebellion in fighting, marching, countermarching, and insults on board the man of-war, were, in fact, as nothing in comparison to what he endured during the twenty-one hours that he remained in this pitiable condition under the elements. The incarceration of his father and brothers seemed to have satisfied the misanthropic humor of Tom King of Rathdrum, and Doyle was no more the object of a hunt. Some years after this his old friend of the Rathdrum cavalry also removed to the neighborhood of Athgo, and still resides there. The asperity created in '98 had subsided, and they became as warm friends as ever. Indeed J. W. has been through life a generous warm-hearted fellow, and often over a tumbler of punch the two old friends (and enemies in turn) while away the evening hour over some tale of the past, disclosing to each other the stratagems for arrest, informations lodged, plans of defeat, and escape.

A truer patriot, or a more courageous man, did not exist than James Doyle of Athgo. He is gone! and may his soul rest in Abraham's bosom.

EFFECTS OF LAGER-BIER.

Doctor Dixon, in his *Quarterly Scalpel*, thus analyses lager bier and its effects both mentally and physically upon those who constantly indulge in its use:—

"There can be little doubt that by retarding the decomposition of the tissues in the human organism, lager-bier causes an unnatural deposit of fat all over the system in persons of sedentary habits, for we find that they suffer more from its injurious effects than those who by active exercise accelerate its conversion into its elements, carbonic acid and water. As an instance of this, compare the effects of lager-bier on our clerks and young men about town, and the German Turners, and the difference of its effect, or rather the effect of the counteracting influences which are working against it, will be immediately perceived.

"In women who take little exercise, lagar-bier acts as swill does on stable cows: it accelerates the secretion of milk, but furnishes it with no caseine or other nitrogenized substances, by which alone the infant can be sustained. The child will, consequently, have a watery and soft appearance, and be destitute of healthy color; it will be liable to effusion of water on the brain, and die readily from croup or scarlet fever. In such cases we have frequently observed the child improve by being weaned, even if fed upon the ordinary heterogenous compound called milk. We believe the taste of lager-bier is naturally disagreeable, and that it is destructive to beauty. Women preserve unimpaired their natural tastes for a longer period than men; in fact, they seldom become as vitiated in their tastes as men. I have observed that they seldom drink beer. In all the saloons you generally see some other drink before them. We know that by women in Europe it is considered vulgar to drink beer, although we never were informed why.

"It is little wonder that the German nation should remain subject to the rule of thirty six petty tyrants, when in fact beer, by its properties, destroys all fine distinctions, and its habitual use grinds the edge from our critical faculties. The beer-drinking portion of the nations of Europe will furnish us with an example. * * * * * *

"Its effects upon the external form, and upon the *action* of man, is already beginning to awaken attention. The depressed and broad heads; the flat though wide shoulders and breast; the straight back, and cow-like tread of its victims, is already known to keen observers.

"A great change takes place in the eye, when lager-bier is habitually drank. It has invariably a turbid and sleepy look, while its muscles are so much relaxed as to make it, as it were, hang in a defenseless state.

The effects of lager-bier in other respects are marked. The diameter of the head between the ears appears enlarged, and with it the back part of the jaws, giving to the countenance a three-cornered look, so characteristic of the Low Dutch face; the neck becomes thick, often hanging over the shirt-collar in wrinkles, in the region where phrenologists locate the organ of amativeness; the skin becomes red, with a blown-up, spongy surface, from which large quantities of fatty matter of an offensive odor are produced, giving the whole surface a greasy and disagreeable aspect. The habitual imbibers of this beverage are generally obliged to hold their cigars to their mouths, which being used chiefly as funnels for their favorite drink, seem incapable of muscular tenacity.

* * * * * *

The effect of lager-beir on the voice is very marked; and the rapid decay in the voices of the tenor singers of the German glee clubs, who lose not only the quality of the tone but the high range, produces in such societies always a great want of tenors; it has become a by-word among them to call a harsh, drawing voice a *beer-barrel* voice. This fact is well known to opera signers. * * * * * The offspring of such fathers [beer-drinkers] are all inferior in stature, and stinted in intellect, whilst those who marry later in life are often childless.

"Those whose souls appear to be the tail end of their appetite, say that lager-bier produces a good appetite; but we are reliaby informed that, although it may do so, it vitiates the taste."

At the October fair of Belfast sheep was again a short supply. Those forward sold from 6d. to 6½d. per lb. Springers sold at very high prices. Store pigs sold at 6d to 7d per lb.; suckers, at from 16s to 22s each. In the horse fair there was a very lean turn-out, bone being more evident than flesh. At Mr. Robinson's bazaar, Chichester-street, there was a large number of good farm horses disposed of by auction, rating in price from 20*l*. downwards. There was also a number of first-class horses disposed of by private sale, at the same place, at prices running from 20*l*. to 60*l*. The total number offered for sale amounted to 213 horses; 759 black cattle, 785' pigs, 233 ship, 3 calves, and 8 goats. Total number of stock, 2,001.

Michael Dundon, and several others, convicted at Ennis assizes, for attempts at assassination and burglaries and sentenced to transportation for life, have just returned from Bermuda to their native country, under what are called tickets-of-leave.

MILITARY NEWS.

On Tuesday, the 14th ult., the "Guyon Cadets," Capt. Thomas Murphy, went on their annual target excursion, to Hamilton Park, accompanied by Shelton's Brass Band. They looked well in their new over-coats, and presented a very creditable appearance. The array of female beauty, eighteen valuable prizes, and a pleasant entertainment, rendered the occasion one long to be remembered. Prizes were received from Capt. Phelan, Capt. Murphy, Lieut. Halpin, Lieut. Glynn, Messrs. Maher, Commerford, Berry, Kane, Connor, Tyrrell, Dean, Barry, Tully, Lynch, and some fair friends, whose names they do not desire to see in print. A letter of apology was received from T. F. Meagher, Esq. Capt. Lyons delivered the prizes to the sharp-shooters, after which several quadrilles, polkas, &c., were gone through in a manner which showed how well all were pleased with their day's enjoyment. The Company numbered thirty-five muskets, and the arrangements were complete, no expense being spared to make the occasion as pleasant as circumstances would permit.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, James T. Turner, of Silverton, Devonshire, to Olivia Anna, daughter of the late Francis William Hamilton.

At Taney church, Frank White, of Loughborough, to Sarah, daughter of John Barton, of Stonehouse, Donnybrook.

In Kilkenny, Richard Burnham, to Olympia, second daughter of Thomas Prim.

At Monkstown, Edward, son of the late Jeffrey Browning, of Caras Court, county Limerick, to Eliza, daughter of the late R. T. Mahony, of Blessington street.

In Dublin, Richard S. Mahony, J. P., D. I., Dromore Castle, county Kerry, to Mary Harriet, daughter of the late John Walker, of Shannon Grove, county Limerick.

At Brentingby, Leicestershire, James Fletcher Corbett, of Rock House, Gloucestershire, to Clarissa, daughter of the late St. George Gregg, of Dublin.

At Ennistymon, Wm. Francis, to Isabella Mary, daughter of the late B. Moran, of Lahensy House, county Clare.

At Kilbeggan, Henry Lynch Talbot, Captain in the Royal Artillery, to Henrietta Sophia, daughter of the Rev. E. Wilson.

At Cheltenham, A. Manera, of the 96th Regiment, to Marianne, youngest daughter of P. Thompson, of Cheltenham.

At Amiens, Ernest Charles de Witasse de Fontaine, to Charlotte, daughter of P. M. Murphy, Q. C., Dublin.

At Askeaton church, Alexander Henry Murray, Captain Royal Artillery, to Martha Frances Vincent, daughter of Thomas E. Davenport, J. P., of Ballinacourty House, county Limerick.

At Bray church, the Rev. Ferdinand Cotter Spiller, eldest son of William Spiller, Esq., of Uplands, Bandon, to the Hon. Anna Maria Bingham, daughter of the late Lord Clanmorris.

In London, Alfred Howse, Surgeon, L.R.C.S.L., and L.A.C., to Lucy Elizabeth, daughter of John Conroy, A.B., T.C.D., of Annesley Cottage, North Strand, Dublin, Solicitor.

At Waterford, George F. Hare, to Ella, daughter of St. George Freeman, of Waterford.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Gerrard Tyrrell, of Dalkey, to Kate, daughter of the late Captain Atkins, of Cooladangan, county Wicklow.

At St. Mark's Church, William P. Grimshaw, of White House, Belfast, to Maria Julia, daughter of the Rev. Charles Campbell, Rector of Ardglass, county Down.

In Kilkenny, Anthony Creaven, of the South Mall, Cork, to Annie, daughter of the late Louis Rourke, of Kilkenny.

At the Chapel, Sandyford, William Nolan, of Flora Ville, county Kildare, to Jane, daughter of John Elliot, of Ludford Park, county Dublin.

At Templetuohy church, county Tipperary, William Leake Clarke, of Melbourne, Australia, to Anne Jane, daughter of Minchin Rudd, of Templemore.

At St. Michan's Church, William D. Love, of Oakfield, county Kildare, to Rosanna, daughter of the late Edward Burgess, of Dublin.

At St. Peter's Church, Dublin, William Henry, son of the Rev. William Herbert, of Dundalk, to Margaret Sophia, daughter of the Rev. Dawson Dean Heather, D.D., of 8 Eagle terrace, Upper Leeson street, Dublin.

At St. George's, Hanover square, London, Alexander R. Johnston, son of the late Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, of Carnsalloch, to Frances Ellen, daughter of the late Richard Bury Palliser, of Castlewarden, county Kildare.

IRISH DEATHS.

In Dublin, the wife of Captain Lewin, of Cloghane House, county Mayo.

In Galway, Mr. Chatfield, Comptroller of Customs.

In Anne street, Dublin, Oliver M'Manus, for over fifty years a servant in the employment of Dr. Gibson, J. P.

B. E. Quadling, R. N., Inspecting Officer of Coast Guards, Achill, aged 65 years.

At Laughtilube, county Londonderry, Michael Kane.

At Lower Mount street, Dublin, aged 86 years, Joseph Gabbett.

At Athenry, county Galway, William Robinson.

At Brussels, Commander Hamilton Fitzgerald.

W. Owen Jackson, Barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple, aged 56 years.

At Winkfield, Berks, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Fitzgerald King, son of Robert, second Earl of Kingston, in his 78th year.

At 116 Grafton street, Dublin, Edward Ponsonby.

Anne, wife of Richard W. Harrison, of Belfield, Raheny.

In Cork, Sophia Elizabeth, daughter of the late Charles Rousseau Burney, of Bath, and niece to Madame O'Arbiay, in the 78th year of her age.

In Cork, Anastatia, eldest daughter of Richard Walsh, M. D.

In Derry, Jane, daughter of J. Henderson, of Lisdillen.

In Wicklow street, Dublin, Elizabeth Flanagan, aged 62 years.

At Sirmount, county Cork, aged 95 years, S. M'Carthy.

At 49 Middle Abbey street, Patrick Francis, son of John Dennan.

At Tamlagh Rectory, the Rev. M. Carpendale.

At 28 Richmond street, Dublin, Phillip Dwyer.

At Castellmare, near Naples, the Hon. Mrs. Massy Dawson.

In Dundalk, Robert Macan Johnston.

At South King street, Kate, wife of Wm. Ward.

At Irishtown, county Meath, Jane, daughter of the late Patrick Russell, of Davidstown.

Of scarlet fever, Mary, daughter of Miles Jackson Mason.

At 5 Parliament street, Dublin, Mrs. Rebecca M'Lean, aged 79 years.

At Ardee, Catherine, daughter of the late Dr. Speer.

In Dublin, Andrew George Malcolm, M. D.

At Gosden, near Guildford, aged 47 years, Colonel Frederick George Shewell, C. B., 8th Hussars, and late Brigadier General of the Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea.

At Toulouse, Richard, second son of the late Peter, Count D'Alton, of Greenan's town, county Tipperary.

At Hollybrook, Donegal, Richard Coote, M. D., son of Sir Charles Coote, Bart.

At Henry street, Henrietta, daughter of the late James Drabble.

At Windsor, John Siddall, veterinary surgeon of the Royal Horse Guards, (Blue), after a service of 52 years in that Regiment, of which he was the last remaining member present at Waterloo.

On board H. M. S. Espiegle, aged 31 years, at sea, on the 18th of August last, off the Island of Cuba, George Henry Edwards, M. D., Acting Surgeon of the same ship, youngest son of the late Captain John Edwards, formerly of the 20th Light Dragoons.

At Gowran, county Kilkenny, William Shortall.

In Dublin, Mary, relict of George Dean Holmes, aged 76 years.

At Enderby Hall, Leicestershire, Joanna Maria, daughter of John Edmond Roach, of Kilvare, county Dublin.

Margaret, relict of James Nugent, of Streamstown House, county Westmeath.

In Dublin, William M. Phillips, late of Tullamore.

Special Notices.

PRICES REDUCED.

Fine Black Cloth Frock Coats	$ 6
Fine Black Dress Coats	$ 6
Fine Brown Frock Coats	$ 6
Fall Raglans	$ 6
Cassimere Business Coats	$3 50 to $ 6
Black Cassimere Pants	$2 50 to $ 5
Fancy Cassimere Pants	$1 50 to $ 5
Rich Moire-Antique Silk Vests	$ 6
Zephyr Cassimere suits	$ 6
Complete genteel Black Cloth suits	$12

Evans' Extensive Clothing Warehouse,
oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

Musical.—A young lady lately connected with the profession in Europe, *where she studied under the first and best masters*, is desirous of giving a limited number of pupils the advantage of a *good education on the Piano*. Any family who may kindly favor her with a trial, may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trener, 90 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring, by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

The Hacking Cough and Soreness of the Chest of the season are immediately relieved by one of DR. ALLCOCK'S India Rubber Porous Plasters. Those who have used them affirm them to be the excelsior of plasters. For local pains of the back, chest or side, caused by a bruise or sprain, they are unrivalled. Sold at 25 cents, at 43 Canal street, Dr. Allcock's wholesale and retail office. oct18 3t

A Lady, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, Restores Blindness, Amaurosis and Sore Eyes, of any standing; Removing Cataracts, Scums, Films, &c., without operation or pain. Persons wearing spectacles prematurely, enabled to do without them by recovering the natural tone of the eye. That the worst of cases are cured by her.

May be seen at the Infirmary from 10 A. M., to 2 P. M., No. 679 Sixth Avenue. The poor attended to on Fridays. oct18 3mos

☞ PostOffice.—Notice.—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer Hermann, via Southampton and Bremen, will close at this office on Saturday, the 1st day of November, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

American News.

We learn from the Memphis papers that there is great excitement in Union county, Arkansas, on account of the discovery of a plot among the negroes to rise in rebellion on the 15th of this month. Fortunately, the plot was discovered in time to prevent one of the most bloody massacres in the whole annals of insurrection. The plot was very extensive, and the negroes who were taken up and made to confess, implicated others twenty miles off. Some of the negroes say the rising was to take place the day of the Presidential election. The men all being from home on that day, the plot was to murder the women and children first, and then attack the unarmed men at the polls. Several white men have been implicated, and notified to leave the country in a given time, or be hung. The letter states that on the Colorado the excitement is intense, and that several negroes have been hung. The plot seems to have been very extensive, reaching as far as Texas.

The seven o'clock morning train from Philadelphia to New-York, Thursday, made a very narrow escape from a terrible accident, near Uniontown, N. J. It appears that a team of oxen were drawing a large log in advance of the approaching train, which was going at the rate of forty miles an hour. The conductor and engineer both seeing the impending danger, endeavored to slacken the speed of the engine, after which they jumped from the cars. One of the engineers, in jumping off, seriously injured himself, sustaining severe bruises about the head. The engine struck the log and ran on the track with it for a quarter of a mile, and thus a serious accident was fortunately prevented.

From the west coast of Africa we have advices dated at Old Calabar 29th and Fernando Po 30th of August, Bonny 3d, Lagos 6th, Accra 8th, Cape Coast 9th, Liberia 13th, and Sierra Leone 18th of September. At Old Calabar trade was brisk. In consequence of the ill-treatment of a ship's master by the natives, the Europeans had sent to Fernando Po a vessel of war, to make inquiries. Fernando Po, Cameroons, Bonny, Accra, and Cape Coast Castle, were healthy. Much rain had fallen at Liberia, Sierra Leone, and Bathurst, but those colonies were healthy.

We have dates from Buenos Ayres to the 15th of August. It was anticipated that the coming season, in a business point of view, would be the most favorable ever known. The revolution in the province of Santa Fe had been attended with no important results. General Orono had been arrested and imprisoned at Rosario. At Montevideo political affairs were in an unsettled state. Colonel Battle had been appointed Minister of Finance, in place of Lecoq, who had been compelled to retire.

There was a new feature at the Agricultural fair held at Cleveland, Ohio; a show of fish raised artificially. They were chiefly spotted brook trout, from six months to two years old, and were in a large tank with glass sides, supplied with a running stream of water. Drs. Garlich and Arckley, who furnish the exhibition, have quite a "fish raising" about two miles from Cleveland. In the pond are thousands of fish, principally trout, all raised by artificial means.

An important arrest, says the Syracuse *Standard*, was made in this city on Tuesday afternoon. The prisoners are the captain and his wife and hired hands of the canal boat *Cornelia*, of the Western Transportation Company, who are charged with pilfering goods from the boat while on the trips between Albany and Buffalo. The business of stealing and selling goods by boatmen has become so extensive that the company feel the necessity of making examples of the guilty parties.

Robert Selleridge's cotton and woollen factory, in Philadelphia, was totally destroyed by fire, on Thursday. The loss is estimated at $80,000. Insured for $40,000. Nearly 400 hands are thrown out of employment by this fire.

A very destructive fire occurred in the flourishing little town of Tuskegee, Ala., on the night of the 9th inst., by which nearly an entire block of the town was destroyed. The office of the *Republican*, together with all the materials, was destroyed.

The schooner *Kalos*, from St. Martin's, laden with salt for Philadelphia, went ashore, on Wednesday last, at Currituck Beach, and is a total loss. Captain Child and four of his crew were lost.

A new machine has been invented that will manufacture, out of cold lead, 200 bullets of four different kinds, in one minute.

Wolves are committing ravages in several portions of Canada West. Two women have been recently devoured by them in the township of Mornington.

On the 15th instant a grand banquet was given by the French residents at Montreal to M. Desplace, the friend and representative of M. de Lamartine in this country.

Senator Clayton is now ill in Delaware, and his physician entertains fears for his perfect recovery.

City News.

Celts and Anglo-Saxons.

The floor of the Tabernacle was completely occupied on Thursday night, to listen to a demonstration from Dr. McEleheran on "The physiognomy of the American race." Upwards of one hundred large cartoons of the human head and face were cleverly used in support of his position that the strongly marked Yankee physiognomy is absolutely and purely Celtic. Great interest and laughter was excited. A sketch of a Paddy with a short pipe and battered hat was unmistakeable. The Doctor removed his pipe, clapped on him a goatee, and, *presto*, he was a Frenchman. Away with the beard and his military cap, and there stood revealed the noble features and brow of Washington. So the resemblance of Heny Clay was made out of a drawing of an old Irishman—the long oval head of Napoleon the third, of Palmerston and Russell were similarly elicited, and an undoubted old Welshman started up into a Southern planter. Some hideous Anglo-Saxon faces were drawn from the colliery districts in England; correct, certainly. He showed that there never was an Anglo-Saxon who had a head and face that could be mistaken for that of the Celtic Emmet or Daniel O'Connell. He maintained that the Virginians are all Celts, not Saxons; that their progenitors came from the South and West of England, the neighborhood of Wales. The Anglo-Saxon head and face, said he, are those of the North-American Indian, bating the color; and the resemblance between the lower-class peasantry of the mining districts and the Indian physiognomy is certainly striking. He observed, that climate alters some things, but not the type. The lecture gave great satisfaction.

Little do the ladies think, dream or imagine, when they put on the skirts that enable them to take up so much room in the world, that the poor creatures who manufacture the embellishments, do it on the verge of starvation! Little do our fair partners know of the eager eyes, the parched throats, the hollow cheeks, the feeble cries of infant hunger, and the stifled groans of famished maternity, that surrounded every thread of the garment as it passed through the loom intent on the adornment of beauty or the gratification of a little personal pride! The skirt-weavers of our city are now on a "strike against the attempt of their employers to reduce their wages from the poor pittance of eighty-seven cents per day to the still more miserable pittance of seventy-four cents! We deeply sympathise with the weavers in their unfortunate position, and trust that public opinion may assist them in the ultimate acquisition of their natural right to a comfortable subsistence for themselves and their families.

The P. Smith Guard, a splendid body of men, commanded by Captain John Mullahy, passed through Fulton street, Monday last, on a target excursion. They did us the honor of saluting the Irish News office, by presenting arms and giving three enthusiastic cheers. They numbered about sixty muskets and appeared to have been carefully and efficiently drilled.

This will be the last week, at Buckley's, of "*Il Trovatore*," which is one of the best burlesques, musically as well as funnily considered, the Buckleys do. Negro minstrelsy will be given, as an accompaniment, every night. A week from to-morrow night "*Dred*" will be produced, with G. S. Buckley as old Tiff.

A very heavy and daring burglary was committed in Broadway early on Saturday evening. The store of Messrs. Martin & Lawson, No. 364 Broadway, corner of Franklin-street (east side, Sixth Ward,) was robbed of over $7,000 worth of silks and velvets.

A. C. Peabody, Esq., has accepted the appointment of Justice of the Supreme Court, tendered him by Governor Clark.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

Mr. Wallack will appear for *Eighteen Farewell Nights*, previously to his visit to Havana, where his health demands that he should pass the Winter.

"The Fairy Star," Miss Agnes Robertson, will perform for *Eighteen Nights*, previously to a long series of engagements South and West.

MR. DION BOURCICAULT,

will perform during the engagement of "The Fairy Star," and will produce two new dramatic works, upon the composition of which he is now engaged.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....John Brougham

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7¾.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL

OF THE

EMMET LIFE GUARD.

ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the Guard and at this office.

☞ The Life Guard pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.

A. O'Toole, Sec'y.
James Watson, Treasurer. oct11

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

From the great success and most flattering reception of the burlesque opera of

TROVATORE,

It will be repeated all this week, together with

NEGRO MINSTRELSY,

of a superior order.

DRED; OR, THE DISMAL SWAMP,

Will be produced on Monday evening, Nov. 3, with a great caste—the celebrated G. Swaine Buckley in the character of Tiff.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

LECTURE

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE CAPT. KERRIGAN

BY

THOS. FRANCIS MEAGHER.

SUBJECT:

The Rock of Cashel—Its Kings, Priests and Soldiers—Its Poetry, Calamities and Glory!

At the Tabernacle on Monday Evening, November 17.

Tickets 50 cents.

FIFTH ANNUAL BALL

OF THE

Barry Benevolent Society,

At the Apollo Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, November 12th, 1856. The Committee has spared no trouble to make this one of the finest Balls of the Season.

John McMahon, President.
Michael Kirwin, Secretary.
2t no1 John Powers, Treasurer.

Special Notices.

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says: "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the cheapest Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very very best Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say, that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept18 3mos 63 Liberty street, N. Y.

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, Sept. 22d, 1856.

To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the TUESDAY succeeding the FIRST MONDAY OF NOVEMBER NEXT, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Police Justice for the Third Judicial District of the City of New York, composed of the Eighth and Ninth Wards of said city, in the place of Abraham Bogert, Jr., removed.

Also, a Counsel to the Corporation, in the place of Lorenzo B. Shepard, deceased.

Yours respectfully.
N. P. STANTON, Jr., Dep. Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
New York, August 20th, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET,
o25 Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—To deplete the system by bleeding and violent purging, is to deprive life's machinery of its motive power. These great remedies disinfect the blood and the secretions, and cure external and internal complaints, by destroying their seeds in the vital fluids. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62c., and $1 per box or pot.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

Political.

7TH WARD.—TO THE NATIONAL DEMOCRATS AND CITIZENS GENERALLY OF THE SEVENTH WARD.—Awake to your rights and put down the frauds and violence of primary elections.

The committee appointed by the Democratic Electors of the Seventh Ward, opposed to the present corrupt and demoralizing scenes perpetrated at our primary elections, present the following ticket for the suffrages of the Democratic Electors of the Ward, at the election to be held on the 4th of November, 1856; and in thus doing, we call upon you to sustain this ticket composed of gentlemen respected alike for ther integrity as citizens, and well qualified to discharge with honor and ability the duties of the offices for which they have been respectively nominated, and who condemn the present mode of conducting our primary elections, which but express the voice of ballot-box stuffers and not the wishes of the people.

SEVENTH WARD NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
THOMAS H. FARRAN.
FOR ALDERMAN,
SAMUEL HURLEY.
FOR ASSESSOR,
RICHARD O. GRADY.
FOURTEENTH COUNCIL DISTRICT,
PETER ZEGLIO.
FIFTEENTH COUNCIL DISTRICT.
JAMES L. JOHNSON.
SIXTEENTH COUNCIL DISTRICT.
ABRAHAM BROWER.
SCHOOL COMMISSIONER,
GEORGE W. FARLEY.
TRUSTEE,
JOHN MURPHY.
TRUSTEE,
JOHN WAGONER.
INSPECTOR,
OWEN McCABE.
CONSTABLES,
CHRISTOPHER F. KLENCK, MICHAEL SHANDLEY.

M. T. Runyan, Secretary. M. Dougherty, Chairman.
October 18. 3t.

FIRST WARD

Democratic Republican Regular Nomination.

FOR ALDERMAN,
oct18 WILLIAM WILSON. 3t

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. Gurney's establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. Gurney was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. Gurney has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. Gurney has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. Gurney has still in his employ the best of his old artists. Gurney has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. Gurney's colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. Gurney's plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. Gurney's Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. Gurney has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. Gurney received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, Gurney stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. Gurney has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. Gurney has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. Gurney attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. Gurney will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,
oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. Fredricks, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of sevcral of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. Gurney, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully fellowing his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

Charles D. Fredricks, late Gurney & Fredricks, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

Facts which are Known.—Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of businees, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhiited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M.

Charles D. Fredricks,
Late Gurney & Fredricks, No. 585 Broadway
oct11 3mos opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street.
FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms."
EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn.
GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y.
RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y.
P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall."
Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street.
M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.*
T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory.
WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms."
JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Irish News Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at the Eagle Rooms.
EDWARD K. BUTLER, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y.
M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn.
MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street.
JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa.
MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue.
JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City.
—— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.
P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia.
Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Bawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me.
JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond.
P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston.
GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta.
EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati.
JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of the Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

Improved Billiard Tables and Cushions.

MICHAEL PHELAN'S

MODEL TABLES AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

(*Patented February* 19, 1856,)

CORRECT in principle and perfect in action—so constructed as to insure mathematical correctness of angles when played upon, and warranted to possess the requisite elasticity in all seasons, having been tested by the best players in this country, and by them pronounced the most perfect of any hitherto constructed—are offered to the public as cheap as the ordinary tables of the day. Orders promptly attended to for fitting up private or public Billiard Rooms; new Cushions put on old Tables, &c.

Saloon and Salesroom No. 39 Chambers street, up stairs.

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

HATS, Caps, Ornaments and Flags made to order. Galvanic Plating Hotel and Express Letters, Dog Collars, Jobbing for Hardware Merchants, Firemen and Target Companies supplied. Orders for the improved Lightning Rod.

☞ *California and Australia Goods in time for the Steamers.*

J. Parkes, No. 198 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 3mos New-York.

ATTENTION!

To Military Companies.

BEAUTIFUL EMBLEMATIC WREATHS AND BOUQUFTS,

For Target Excursions, constantly on sale, or made to order at the shortest notice, and at any price.

Ladies about making a presentation to their military friends are most respectfully invited to make a visit to the old established bookstore, 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street.

Robert Coddington, Proprietor.

N. B.—Always on sale, a fine assortment of Invitation Note Paper and Envelopes, Books on Military Tactics, Works on Ireland.

The IRISH NEWS for sale, as soon as published, every week. oct11 4t

State of New-York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 12 1856.—To the Sheriff of the city and county of New-York:—Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to-wit:—

A Governor, in the place of Myron H. Clark.
A Lieutenant-Governor, in the place of Henry J. Raymond.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Cornelius Gardiner.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Thomas Kirkpatrick.
A Clerk of the Court of Appeals, in the place of Benjamin F. Harwood, deceased.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Thirty-five Electors of President and Vice-President of the United States.

A Representative in the Thirty-fifth Congress of the United States for the Third Congressional district, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth and Eighth wards in the city and county of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fourth Congressional district, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth and Fourteenth wards of the said city and county.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Fifth Congressional district, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth wards of the said city and county, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth and Sixteenth wards in the city of Brooklyn, in the county of King's.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Sixth Congressional district, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth and Seventeeth wards of the city of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Seventh Congressional district, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth and Twentieth wards of the city of New-York.

Also, a Representative in the said Congress for the Eighth Congressional district, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, Twenty-first and Twenty-second wards of the city of New-York.

City and county officers are also to be elected:—

A Mayor, in the place of Fernando Wood.
A City Judge, in the place of Elisha S. Capron.
Two Governors of the Almshouse, in the places of Isaac Bell, jr., and Simeon Draper.
Also, sixteen members of Assembly for said city and county.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Your's respectfully, N. P. STANTON, Jr.,
Deputy Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New-York, August 20, 1856.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLET, Sheriff of the City and County of New-York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, Vol. I, chap 6, title 3, article 3, part 1, page 140.
Aug30

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparen expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot*, **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

DRS. GILBERT AND KENNEDY,

TREAT

CANCERS, TUMORS, ULCERS, &c.,

WITHOUT SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

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Capt. Isaiah Sellers.	Capt. Wm. Leathers.	Thos. E. Bond, M. D.
A. S. Baldwin, M. D.	W. P. Allison, M. D.	J. S. Peacocke, M. D.

PERMISSION TO REFER TO

Ex Gov. James C. Jones. Hon. Frederick B. Stanton.
B. F. Palmer, Inventor of "Palmer's Artificial Leg."
Francis Grice, Naval Constructor, Navy Yard, Philadelphia.
Proprietors of the Girard House, Philadelphia.

☞ Send for a Pamphlet! oct18 4t

Special Notices.

Catholic Reading Rooms.—The Directors of the Catholic Library Association respectfully announce to the public that their Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery, will be open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 7 to 10 o'clock. Annual subscription, $1. By order.

M. T. Cozans, President.
JAMES O. C. TABB, Rec. Sec'y. sept18

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until every thing has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.

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A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 18 tf

Business Directory.

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING eurered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

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THOMAS H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2y1ju Collections promptly attended to, and liens carefully filed, &c.

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

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(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

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WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months.

JOHN FOLEY,

WATCHMAKER,

JEWELER AND FINISHER OF FINE WATCHS,

NO. 202 BOWERY,

Between Spring and Prince Streets, New-York.

Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jewelled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to. Jul25m

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John Kennedy's

STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. *

THOMAS GAFFNEY'S

SOAP AND CANDLE

MANUFACTORY,

825 EAST SENECA STREET, BUFFALO,

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William M. Smith,

The Public Favorite and only American Opposition

BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR.

The oldest established in the business.

WORK done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than by any other poster in the city. Work done either in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts or any kind of work. Office 28½ Spruce street, New-York, between William and Gold streets.

ap26tf

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 108 *BROADWAY,*

(Cor. Pine Street.)

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AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

Dr. Shanahan,

SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,

Can be consulted at his office, No. 169 West 38th street, between 7th and 8th Avenues, New-York. oc11 4t

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN BOOTS & SHOES,

No. 174 Bowery, opposite Delancey street, New-York.

Quick Sales and Small Profits. oc11m3

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

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HERALD BUILDING,) New-York.

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Business Directory.

CHEAP FALL DRY GOODS!

Rich dress Silks, Broche and Woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, Woollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

And at the Grand Street Store,

Royal Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Three-ply, and every variety of low-priced Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain materials, Cornices, Shades, &c.

ALL AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES!

Lord & Taylor, 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand street, and new numbers 47 and 49 Catharine street.

oct4 8mos

RICH CARPETING.

1856 **Fall Importation.** 1856

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 Bowery, (west side,) between Grand and Hester streets,

IS now prepared to exhibit his new Fall styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

comprising every grade and description, from the CHEAPEST fabric to the RICHEST.

Importing his goods direct, and thus saving the commission and interest which most other dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other carpetings adapted to all varieties of tastes, the following elegant descriptions :

Medallions,	at 14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	10s to 16s.
Tapestry,	6s to 12s.
Brussels,	7s to 12s.
Three-ply,	7s to 10s.
Ingrain,	3s to 7s.
Common Ingrain,	18d to 3s.

English and American Floor Oil-Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern, and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everythg else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)

ap19ly Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

Men's Furnishing Goods.

84 William Street, corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

GEORGE M. TRACY,

HAS now on hand a choice stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, nearly all of which are made *under his own inspection*, of the choicest fabrics and newest styles. Merchants will find this a desirable place to make their selections. Annexed is a catalogue of some of the articles :

Hosiery and Gloves	Improved Napoleon Ties
Silk Beaufort Ties	Stocks, in great variety
Linen Collars	Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs
Silk Albert Ties	Dressing Robes
Fine Shirts	Travelling Shawls
Cravats and Stocks	Silk Under Shirts and Drawers
Suspenders	Silk and Gingham Umbrellas

His shirts are of superior make and quality, and warranted to fit. Persons wishing goods for their own use will be served at retail as well as wholesale, at the lowest prices. oc4m2

READY-MADE CLOTHING

And Furnishing Establishment.

390 BOWERY,

WEST SIDE, OPPOSITE THE HAY MARKET.

HUGH DOLAN

TAKES leave to apprise his friends and the public generally that he has the above concern with a

New and Select Stock of Goods,

Which will compare favorably with any in the market, and which he offers to his customers at prices which he is confident cannot be beaten in the city. Gentlemen's furnishing goods of every description at the lowest rates.

N. B. Particular attention paid to the making up of custom work. A good fit warranted in all cases.

Remember 390 Bowery, opposite the Hay Market. 3m4oc

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and single counting-room desks, from 3 to 6 feet long. Office desks from 3 to 6 feet, of Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Oak ; cases for books and pigeon holes. Office-chairs, cushions, lounges, and office tables of every description. my17tf

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THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1836.)

45 Water street, New-York.

CHARLES M. CONNOLLY,

Commission Merchant and Agent for the sale of Manufactured Tobacco.

Has always on hand, at the above agency, a full supply of

Manufactured Tobacco,

Of all brands and descriptions, direct from the Virginia Factories, for sale on libberal terms. jly5 y

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JAMES CRAFT,

FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

PHAIR & CO.,

STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

22 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW-YORK,

Special Notices.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Wines and Liquors.

THOMAS RUSSELL,

209 Fulton Street, between Church and Greenwich streets, and across town at 111 Attorney street, corner of Rivington.

THE subscriber begs leave to imform the public, that he has opened the abovee stablishment for the sale of

PURE WINES, BRANDIES, &c.,

with an extensive assortment of

CHOICE CORDIALS,

by wholesale and retail, and would call the attention of buyers to his stock, consisting in part of

FINE COGNAC BRANDY.

The celebrated brand of Leger Freres, a superior article for medicinal purposes.

Pinet Castillon, vintage 1823 and 1842.

Otard, Dupuy & Co., vintages 1836 and 1840.

PORT WINE,

(J. & R. Osborn's Importation,)

COLERAINE AND DUBLIN MALT WHISKEY,

Imported by the subscriber, to which he invites the attention of the connoisseur.

HOLLAND GIN,

Meder Swan, and other favorite brands.

Together with a large assortment of

DUBLIN & LONDON PORTER, SCOTCH ALES,

and a select supply of genuine **Havana Segars,** of various brands.

Particular attention given to orders for families, and goods forwarded to any part of the City, Brooklyn, Jersey, &c. Country Orders, with remittance, immediately attended to.

Having engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Dillon, (late with Archdeacon & O'Conner, Wall street) customers can depend on all orders entrusted to his care being promptly and faithfully attended to.

Parties residing up town can procure the above articles of T. & J. Russell, corner 86th street, and 6th Avenue : T. Russell & Co., corner 4th street and 6th avenue, and at the corners of 18th Street, 8th and 10th Avenues.

"THE VINEYARD."

O'CONNOR & HOWARD,

PROPRIETORS.

17 WALL STREET.

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Ales, Wines, Liquors,

Segars,

Gunniss Double XX porter, Scotch and Alsop's Ale, English Pickles, Sauces, marmalades, Jelly, &c. &c. 3m16au

---

ELIZABETHAN ALE.

MEDICAL men now very generally recommend the occasional use of pure ale to those who are in need of nourishment ; and it is undoubtedly the most wholesome beverage for general use that can be found. This is not a new idea. In Queen Elizabeth's time our ancestors universally consumed it—from Elizabeth herself, in her palace, to the farmer in the field. In those days, adulterated wines and fiery liquors may be said to have been unknown, and very heavy penalties were enacted against using anything except malt and hops in brewing. It is not at all extravagant to assert, that the average duration of the life of a large portion of our race is a third less than it was two or three huudred years ago, and this is chiefly attributable to what we eat and what we drink. Even now the heartiest people that can be found are from the rural districts of England, who yet follow the old fashioned diet.

All who use ale, whether as a beverage or for the purpose of nourishment, will find the Elizabethan Ale most excellent. Being made on the Scotch plan, it is as pure and wholesome, (if not equal in flavor) as the imported, while its cost is but little more than a common article. Families and retailers supplied at 120 WATER STREET, one door above Wall. oc4m3

STUYVESANT SHADES,

No. 12 Stuyvesant Street,

Junction of 9th street, near Third Avenue, New-York.

Wines and Segars, of the best brands, always on hand.

oc25m3 **F. Fitzsimons,** Proprietor.

P. COTTER,

DEALER IN

LONDON BROWN STOUT, SCOTCH, & BURTON ALES.

Philadelphia Porter, Ale, Champagne Cider, and Soda Water.

Mercer House,

Corner of Broome and Mercer streets, New-York.

JOHN J. STAFF'S.

WINES, Liquors, Segars,
London, Dublin, and Philadelphia Porter and Ale,
Scotch, Burton, and East India Ales,
Champagne Cider in quantities to suit purchasers,
at 333 Broadway,
tf Corner of Anthony street, New-York.

WISE'S IRISH MALT WHISKEY.

IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan,** Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Van Brunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of **Wise's Cork Malt Whiskey,** which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm in New-York who import the same. ap26y

---

P. CUFF,

RECTIFIER AND DISTILLER,

NO. 306 EIGHTH AVENUE.

NEW-YORK.

Dealer in Foreign Wines and Liquors.

Goods sent to all parts of the country. Orders of all kinds promptly attended to. yjly26

P. COTTER,

DEALER IN

LONDON BROWN STOUT, SCOTCH & BURTON ALES,

PHILADELPHIA PORTER, ALE, CHAMPAIGNE CIDER AND SODA WATER.

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of Havana Segars, &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 85 Beaver street, New-York.

N. B. Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap26y

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NICHOLAS WALSH

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER,

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

The Irish News.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.
Publication Office, 99 Ann Street, Cor. of Nassau.

VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856. NO. 31.

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THE IRISH NEWS,

EDITED BY THE PROPRIETOR,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE

IRISH PEOPLE,

AT HOME AND ABROAD,

Will be published every Saturday, on and after the 12th of April, at 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau, New-York.

For retailers and carriers, $4 per hundred.
For Clubs, 4 copies to one address, per annum, $10.
" 7 " " " " $17.
" 10 " " " " $20.

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JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

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Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

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oct18 tf

Special Notices.

AGENCY OF NICARAGUA, NO. 347 BROADWAY.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Government of Nicaragua GENERAL EMIGRANT AGENT in the United States, has established a permanent Agency at 347 Broadway, Room No. 2, up stairs. All persons desirous of obtaining information of any kind concerning Nicaragua, will receive prompt attention by addressing the undersigned, personally or by letter, at the office of the Agent.

The price of passage to Emigrants has been fixed at a very low figure; and for those without means, arrangements have been made *with the Nicaragua Emigration Company to advance the price of passage*, upon the transfer of a part of the land granted to each emigrant by the government of Nicaragua. This secures to Emigrants a *large grant of land and a free passage to Nicaragua.*

Alexander C. Lawrence, Gen'l. Emigration Agent
oct25 tf of Nicaragua for the United States.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 18, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with goed horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug28 10t

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No other work of our day on the same subject can be compared to it. It is unrivalled for beauty of style and depth of erudition. It is the offering of the learned and devoted son of the Blessed Virgin, who enjoys the confidence and friendship of our most holy Father, to whom the work is dedicated. We are no more edified at the piety of the author, than astonished at the wonderful erudition displayed in this book. The translator has performed his task admirably.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

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This work translated from the Italian, and apparently well translated, is by an eminent author, is dedicated by permission to his Holiness Pius IX., and is spoken of in very high terms by competent judges. As far as we have seen it, we like it very much, and think it must prove a great favorite with the children of Mary and all devout Catholics.—*Brownson's Review.*

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FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

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New-York, December 29, 1851.

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THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

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COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19ly **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Ageney, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

Business Notices.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my8 1y

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HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 185, 187 and 188 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

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PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Special Notices.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.

my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

A Lady, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, Restores Blindness, Amaurosis and Sore Eyes, of any standing; Removing Cataracts, Scums, Films, &c., without operation or pain. Persons wearing spectacles prematurely, enabled to do without them by recovering the natural tone of the eye. That the worst of cases are cured by her.

May be seen at the Infirmary from 10 A. M., to 2 P. M., No. 679 Sixth Avenue. The poor attended to on Fridays. oct18 3mos

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Only $1 50 for a fine Fashionable Hat.—What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50, when you can buy a better Hat for ONLY ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? Call on SMITH, and he will fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put on your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. No. 81 PARK ROW, under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman street.

N. B.—Also on hand a large assortment of Drab Beavers, Pearl and Cassimere Hats, from $1 50 to $2.

sept6 3mos **Conklin Smith.**

European News.

By the arrival of the Atlantic at this port, on Tuesday evening, we have dates from Europe to the 15th ult.

The Asia arrived at Liverpool, 8 A. M., Monday the 13th. The steamer Khersonese had not arrived.

The important intelligence comes from Madrid the 12th, of the fall of O'Donnell and restoration of Narvaez to power.—O'Donnell has resigned and with him all his colleagues. The Queen has accepted their resignation. Narvaez is appointed President of the Council, and has already provided himself with thirteen associates. He has allotted the principal offices as follows: Pidal, Foreign Affairs; Seijas, Finance; Nocedal, Interior; Arrazela, Justice; Urbistondo, War; Lersundi, Marine. General Sanz is appointed Captain General of Madrid and General Pezuela Directory of the Cavalry.

The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* gives the following sketch of the new Spanish ministry:—M. Pidal, who is now for the second time Minister for Foreign Affairs, is, with his brother-in-law, M. Mon, an ardent partizan of Maria Christina. He was Minister of the Interior in 1845–6. He is an ardent and somewhat violent partisan, as becomes a member of the Moderado party. He more than once so forgot himself in full parliament as to speak of Lord Palmerston as the principal object of his hatred. Against his personal probity I have never heard anything said. He was made a Marquis, I believe, for the support he gave to the Spanish marriages. He is an advocate by profession. Seijas Lozano is also a member of the bar, of considerable learning, though of narrow mind. He is also a Moderado, and figured in various Cabinets. Nocedai, or as he was more familiarly termed Nocedalite, was at one time an ardent, almost a revolutinary Liberal. He modified his opinions as the chances of place opened to him, and became attached in 1847 to the Puritans or Tiers Parti, at whose head was M. Pacheco. He is an advocate of no great professional reputation. Abrazela, also a member of the same learned profession, has filled the high office of President of the Tribunal of Justice. He has been Minister of Grace and Justice in several Cabinets at Moderado-Christino, and is personally honest. Urbistondo was a general officer in the Carlist army until 1840; he deserted the cause of the pretender when it was in its decline, passed over to the Christino camp, and took advantage of the treaty of Bergara. He resided on half-pay in San Sebastian, and was implicated in the O'Donnell plot in 1841. Private papers belonging to him, and abstracted by a servant while he was living near Bayonne in 1842–3, showed that he was engaged with others in preparing the insurrection which in the latter year overthrew Espartero. He was not long after named Captain-General of the Philippine Islands, but was recalled after the revolution of of 1854. He is supposed not to have entirely forgotten his Carlist tendencies. General Lersundi figured as Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Bravo-Murillo ministry, and was one of those who was preparing the *coup d'etat* previous to the formation of the Sartorius or San Luis ministry. He was implicated in the Diego Leon insurrection in Madrid in 1841, when the project was to take off the Queen to France or to the Basque provinces. He succeeded in escaping to France, where he resided till the fall of Espartero in 1843. He is a native of Guipuzcoa; served as a private volunteer in the *Chapelgorris*, in the beginning of the war; was the *protege* of the Conchas, and was by them advanced to the superior ranks. He was made a Brigadier after the military insurrection in Madrid in 1848. He is a gallant soldier, but nothing more. General Sanz, Captain-General of Madrid, was Minister of War in the Cabinet that made the Spanish marriages in 1846, and was a member of the Senate. He was always a moderado. He has never been much distinguished in any way either as a general politician, or speaker. General Pezuela, a reactionist, is brother to the Marquis of Viluma, who is rather an absolutist in politics, after having been a revolutionist in 1819. General Pezula, a man of gentlemanly manner, has not been much distinguished for military talents. He has filled the post of Captain-General of Puerto Rico. His tastes are more literary than political, and some of his translations into Spanish verse from the Italian are of merit.

The Paris Journal des Debats contains the announcement: "That the pretensions raised by Russia with regard to the Isle of Serpents have been abandoned. Russia has given way, and the island will again become a possession of Turkey. The Belgrade difficulty remains as before."

The Neapolitan affair remains as before—all but settled.

Russia is said to have made the formal proposal for convocation of the (second) Plenipotentiaries to the Congress of Paris, France and Prussia have adhered, and the consent of England is alone waited for, but is with certainty anticipated.

The reported seizure of Galatz, by four thousand Austrians, was not true. Affairs in the Turkish settlement, are progressing slowly, but, on the whole, satisfactorily.

Denmark is reported to have consented to a reduction of the transit duties on goods passing through Holstein and Lunemburg, from five pence per cwt. to one penny.

Great Britain.—Government, that is to say, Lord Palmerston—has granted a pension of £100 per annum to the widow of the late Gilbert Abbott A'Beckett, and has contributed £100 towards the maintenance of Angus Reach, who is insane.

A burst of correspondence has taken place in the London papers, on the subject of Kansas. The letters are mostly mere expressions of opinion, with the exception of one from a Mr. Gladstone of Surry, who recently made a tour to Kansas, and gives rather a graphic sketch, in the anti-slavery interest, of what he saw there.

A new line of screw steamers is about to be established between London and Valparaiso. The first ship, the Chili, of 1,000 tons, will sail on November 20. She will proceed from Valparaiso to Coquimbo and Caldera, and will also forward passengers to the principal ports of Peru.

It is rumored that Lord Palmerston, without consulting the Queen, appointed Rev. Mr. French to the Bishopric of Durham, but the Queen, on reading the appointment in the papers, sent for Palmerston, "snubbed" him soundly, and cancelled the appointment.

The advices from Bombay, of date September 12, are filled with accounts of the preparations made by the Indian and British Governments to invade Persia. The reason of this invasion is the reported occupation of Herat by the Persian troops. A fleet is to be sent to the Persian gulf, with certain demands, which it is not expected the Shah will accede to, whereupon an invading force is to be sent to take possession of Kavrack, and Bushire as a basis of operations against Teheran.

Six regiments of infantry and three of cavalry, with field and siege trains, are already detailed for land service. The fleet will number twenty-two steamers with a large number of gunboats. In addition to the preparations large quantities of ammunition are being sent up the Indus to the direct assistance of Dost Mahomed and the Affghan party in Herat. It is expected that Persia will fight, but that she must speedily fall before the British force.

France.—Letters from Paris on the subject of the financial crisis are less unfavorable. The bullion of the bank is said to be increasing, both in Paris and at the branches, and it is added that some of the dealers who have lately drawn five franc pieces from the provinces for the purpose of melting, are depositing the bars at the bank for an advance of notes upon them. The police measures to prevent the purchase of coin at a premium, are also stated to have temporarily succeeded.

The French fleet destined to act against Naples, remained at Toulon on the 10th.

Gen. D'Orgoni, (a Frenchman) is in Paris, with a suite, as special envoy from the King of Ava to the Emperor Napoleon.

A camp of 40,000 men is to be established soon at Chalons-sur-Marne.

M. Gervais, Russian Councillor of State, passed through Berlin a few days since on his way to Paris, bearing the definitive resolution of Russia to the Emperor Napoleon, as to the assembling in Paris of the Diplomatic Congress to settle the affairs of the East, Naples, Greece and Neufchatel.

The following placard has been secretly posted in various quarters of Paris:

TO THE ITALIAN PEOPLE! INSURRECTION IS THE HOLIEST OF DUTIES!!

JULY 14, AUGUST 10, FEBRUARY 24, JANUARY 12, MARCH 22, FEBRUARY 9.

Brothers and Friends: Honor to you who have not been crushed by your many oppressors, who have not been discouraged by the most cruel deception! It is now centuries since the spirit of evil fell upon Italy, as the noblest prey it could devour, clutching you in its two talons—Papacy and Empire. For centuries this spirit has sucked your blood, and striven to poison your soul with its pestiferous breath. But your soul is immortal. That priest who returned to Rome, through a smoking breach—that Bourbon, in whose bosom beats the heart of Fiberius—those Austrian ravens that croak upon the harmonious banks of the Adige, all know and feel, and turn at the knowledge that intelligence and life have not abandoned their victim.

They all feel that the soil of Italy quivers under their accursed feet, and that there are there undaunted giants, such as were found formerly in the mountains of heroic Sicily. The blood of martyrs has fertilized your soil. You possess courage, intelligence and constancy, and you have that experience which is bought by long misfortune. You want but one thing—arms! You shall have them. You must have them. Already you have appealed to the true children of Italy. Every one of them has offered his mite, so that those who shall first have the honor to proclaim your emancipation may find ready to their hands the instruments wherewith to carry on the holy war.

Our hearts have leaped with joy as the news come to us across the Alps, that you are secretly storing up your first muskets, while waiting for the day of your deliverance. We also desire to come to your aid, and take part in your paternal union. Receive, brothers and friends, the produce of the French subscription; receive it not only as a proof of sympathy, but also as an offering of gratitude, for you are setting a great and useful example, that of extreme constancy under the weight of extreme oppression, and it is perhaps from you that the spark will proceed which is destined to re-animate the world. No nation has suffered more than Italy, and none, if there be justice upon earth, will have a prouder place among regenerate nations.

For the people and students of Paris,

The Committee.

Spain.—The Spanish Financial Commissioners have advertised an auction of the foreign redeemable debt, to take place October 31, for which purpose 385,000 reals have been assigned.

Gen. Breckendorff left Paris on the 9th for Madrid, to present an autograph letter from the Emperor of Russia to Queen Isabella.

Political offenders are not in future to be transported to the Phillippines or West Indies, but to the Ladrones or Mariana Islands, in the North Pacific Ocean.

Marshal Narvaez had arrived in Madrid, and had an interview with the Queen. Espartero is preparing for publication a manifesto concerning recent events.

According to official returns, the sale of national property, to the 30th September, had produced 786,138,000 reals.

Austria.—According to the Milan *Gazette*, the Emperor and Empress of Austria will visit Milan in January, 1857.

Orders have been given to build three ships of the line, immediately, at Pola.

The Verona official Gazette, of the 9th, in an article on the Neapolitan question, says that no serious apprehension should be entertained as to its final result, as Russia, Austria and France can have but one and the same opinion respecting the rights of an independent sovereign and the sanctity of treaties.

Italy.—From Naples we learn nothing of interest, excepting that preparations for defence continued. The statement in the German papers that the King of Naples had addressed autograph letters to Queen Victoria and to the Emperor of the French, asking to be admitted to the Paris Conference, is denied by the Neapolitan Embassy in Paris.

Gen. Martini arrived at Naples Sept. 28.

Advices from Ajaccio of the 8th, mention the arrival there of part of the English fleet, namely, ships-of-the-line Duke of Wellington and Conqueror, two steam-frigates, and two corvettes. Other ships were expected from Malta. The American ship Supply was at Naples.

Arrival of the Asia.—By the arrival of the Asia, we have three lays later intelligence from Europe. The news, however, is unimportant. The difficulties of the Paris Bank had not been overcome. Everything wears a gloomy and unsettled appearance in political circles. There has been a slight demonstration of rowdyism in the Spanish capitol. "General Narvaez has assaulted Senor Guel y Rente, the husband of the Infant Josefa. Narvaez met him at the house of General Aleson, the new Captain General of the Phillippine Islands, and on ascertaining who he was, he cried out, in the presence of the lady of the house and several visitors: "Ah! you rascal! you coward! clear out. You lied respecting me in the Cortes. Take this; and this; and this!" suiting the action to the word, and striking him repeatedly. Guel did not return the blows, but merely tried to avoid them, calling out—"For heaven's sake, Duke, what do you mean?" The persons present interfered, and put an end to the affair. Guel subsequently sent a challenge to Narvarez to fight him with small swords, which Narvaez accepted. The Queen, hearing of it, sent for Narvaez, and forbade him to fight. Guel has been ordered to retire immediately to San Sebastian, where his wife resides.

California News.

The *Illinois*, bringing California mails of October the 6th, 393 passengers, and $1,681,957 in freight, arrived at this port on Tuesday evening. The *Alta Californian* of the 6th furnishes a summary of the news since the sailing of the last steamer, from which we make the following resume:

A pumpkin has been raised near Marysville, which weighed more than two hundred pounds, and girths seven feet and four inches.

Mr. Osenberg, a merchant of Jackson, Amador county, committed suicide by shooting himself.

John Roberts, who was sentenced to be hung, has had his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

About 15,000 head of cattle are recruiting in Carson Valley. These have all come across the Plains this year, and it is estimated that 25,000 persons and 30,000 head of cattle will arrive during the season.

Two Digger Indians fought a duel, a few days since, at Volcano, with bows and arrows; both were wounded.

Hugh C. Murray, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who was elected to that position by the American party, has withdrawn from that party and joined the Democracy. Judge Terry has done the same.

Four women, in company with several men, made the ascent of Mount Shasta, being the first that ever reached its towering summit.

A man named Chips was shot, a few days since, and killed, at San Juan, by one Hargrave.

The total amount of treasure shipped from California during the month of September, was $4,570,371 18.

Dr. John Marsh, for twenty-five years a resident of California, was found murdered, a few days since, on his farm, near Martinez.

A grizzly bear, weighing 1,250 lbs., was recently lassoed, near Sonoma.

Dr. Armstrong was murdered a few days since, at San Andres, by a man named C. Colebrook. Colebrook was taken by the people and hung.

About $100,000 are being expended in Grass Valley, in the erection of quartz mills.

It is said that $10,000,000 a year is derived from the sale of water, for mining purposes, in Mariposa county.

A. A. Cohen, late receiver of Adams & Co., has been discharged from confinement, by order of the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court has recently decided a suit in favor of Mesick vs. Sunderland, by which the former gets a title to one third of the city of Sacramento, worth $3,000,000.

Jeptha R. Marsh, sentenced to be hung on Friday last, has been reprieved till an application can be heard for a new trial.

Three hundred and fifteen bushels of barley were raised this season, on three acres of land, in Napa Valley.

William Stephens was killed a few days since at Vallecito, by the Postmaster, McMurray.

There have been a number of highway robberies in the interior. A fight was had a few days since, near Auburn, with Tom Bell's gang, in which one of the latter was killed.

Madame Lola Montes has been drawing crowded houses at Sacramento.

San Francisco is still reposing, but there are indications of an approaching restlessness, which will probably culminate at or about election day.

The streets are nightly becoming more noisy, and we believe that many are delighted with the adjournment of the Vigilance Committee.

On the 19th, the Russian Consul's residence was entered, and robbed of jewelry, plate, and other valuables.

On the 20th, a son was born to Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, the celebrated actress. She will play another engagement at the Metropolitan.

On the 27th, an old State Prison convict, named Frank Dumas, who was being sentenced, in the Court of Sessions, on a new conviction for larceny, cut his throat, but survived. He subsequently tried to hang himself, but did not succeed.

Mining accounts are favorable.

The proprietorship of the San Francisco *Globe* has passed into the hands of George H. Simonton & Co., who claim for it a large and rapidly-increasing circulation. Mr. Simonton, the Editorial Manager, is a native of this city.

OREGON.

Governor Stevens was at last accounts in the Walla-Walla country, endeavoring to treat with the Indians, but only the Nez Perces showed a willingness to come to the council.

From the general demeanor of the savages, there does not seem to be a very good prospect of a speedy peace.

A telegraph is being constructed from Portland to Corvallis.

The honey bee, it has been ascertained, will do well in the country. Excellent water has been found in Polk county for making salt.

A woollen factory has been erected at Salem, and the growing of this staple is likely soon to be greatly increased in the Territory.

A large amount of property used in the Indian war was soon to be sold.

Captain Bowman of the U. S. A., had become insane, and escaped from his friends while they were taking him to Dalles. His body was afterwards found nearly consumed by wild beasts.

Reliable information had been received from the Colville mines, stating that additional gold discoveries had been made; on the strength of which many were going in from the north to try their luck in those diggings.

The latest intelligence from Governor Stevens was to the effect that he had held an interview with nearly all the hostile chiefs, and that they were more friendly, and disposed to enter into a general treaty of peace.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

There was great hostility towards the whites at Vancouvers. The trouble was occasioned by the English executing an Indian, who had murdered another, in order to possess himself of a fascinating squaw.

NEW GRANADA.

The news from New Granada is unimportant. A return of the votes taken for President of the republic shows that Ospina (conservative) had received, so far, 88,955, and that General

Mosquera (national) had 23,073 votes, but the result was not officially decided.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The news from the South Pacific is interesting. In Chile, President Moutt was to be inaugurated on 18th of September, when the celebration of the anniversary of independence would also come off. The republic was progressing in commerce, in mining interests, exhibitions of products of native industry, and the spread of savings banks. Her exports of breadstuffs to Australia during this year were very large.

In Peru the liberty of the press was entirely destroyed, and President Castilla had advised foreign merchants that in case of another outbreak he could not protect them. Bolivia appeared tranquil, but a revolution was dreaded. Ecaudor was peaceful.

The Kingston (Jamaica) *Colonial Standard* of the 28th inst. says :—"It was reported shortly after the arrival of the Parana yesterday, that a revolution had broken out in Hayti, against the Emperor Solouque, which was likely to result in the latter's deposition."

AUSTRALIA.

By way of San Francisco we have later Australian and China news. The price of gold remained at £7 3s. 10d. Very heavy rains had retarded mining operations for a brief period, but hopeful accounts had been sent in from the mines, and many persons had started for the diggings. The gold shipped from Melbourne during the year amounted to 1,693,173 ounces. Trade was quite active at both places. The Fourth of July was celebrated at Balarat with great *eclat*.

There is much said about devising some method for checking the large influx of Chinese into the colonies.

The weather during July had been cold and inclement, with much sickness.

Flour had improved, fine being worth £24 per ton ; seconds, £22 ; wheat 8s. 9d. per bushel.

CHINA.

So far as anything definite can be learned in regard to the rebellion, success seems rather to incline to the side of the insurgents ; out the whole country is in a miserable condition, with no very flattering prospect of early improvement.

In view of the disturbed state of affairs, the British populations petitioned Admiral SEYMOUR for adequate protection, and had received assurance that they should be suitably defended from the attacks of the contending factions.

An army of 30,000 rebels had defeated 4000 Imperialists, killing a large number, including their Chief.

IMPORTANT FROM NICARAGUA—BATTLES OF MASSAYA AND GRANADA.

The news which supplies the following deeply important and interesting narrative of events in Nicaragua, is supplied by the New-Orleans papers of the 23d and 24th ult., to which it was furnished by the arrival of the steamer *Tennessee*.

On the advance of the army of the League towards Massaya, General Walker, for the further purpose of alluring them to the place, knowing it was an easier prey than Leon, withdrew his small forces from it. The League with a force of men occupied the town on the 11th Oct., upon the knowledge of which Gen. Walker leaving a small force in Granada, marched with 1,000 men. As he approached the town on the morning of the 12th, the enemy in full force sallied out. They were immediately repulsed, and driven through the town, Walker's men literally paving the way with the dead bodies of the League. Flying before the Americans, the enemy occupied the plazas and the houses in the chief points, from which however, during the day General Walker drove them to the main plaza, which he himself gained by eleven o'clock at night. Cutting his way through the walls of the houses and dragging his howitzers along. After these brilliant successes, and while waiting for day-break, news arrived that the enemy to the number of 1400 were besieging Granada. The brave fellows, who had fought from early morn until midnight, were hot foot for Granada, with their intrepid and decisive leader. Arriving about ten o'clock next morning, (13th,) he found the city barricaded by the whole force of the invaders. Giving the word to charge, the victors of Massaya seemed to have acquired fresh vigor—they dashed upon the enemy, drove them from post to post through the city, with great slaughter, capturing their field-pieces and commanders, and not leaving a vestige of them. The enemy lost at Granada 400 killed, and at Massaya 400 killed and 300 wounded, making in all, 1,100 men. General Walker's loss, in both engagements, was only 16 killed and 28 wounded—none of the wounded mortally.

The *Daily Times* of the 31st ult. was permitted to copy the following letter from General Walker, written immediately after the late battle at Granada, Nicaragua, which gives some figures differing from those furnished to the papers.

GRANADA, Monday, Oct. 13, 1856.

Dear Sir : Since you left, we have had several encounters with the enemy. After being delayed several days by the failure to arrive of the howitzer carriages and other apparatus, I marched for Massaya on the 11th, with upwards of 800 men. Early in the morning of the 12th, we attacked the enemy, getting possession of the small Plaza of Massaya and driving them all into the main Plaza, when early this morning, (about ten o'clock,) I received the news that some 600 or 700 of the enemy had attacked this place. I immediately marched hither, and the enemy were driven away and dispersed with small loss on our part. Altogether the loss on our part has been very small, for the number of men engaged. The enemy have suffered severely, not only in their killed and wounded, but also from desertions. The force driven from Granada to-day, was made up of Guatemalans and Chamorristas—the relics, these last, of the party at San Jacinto. Many of them were killed. The guard-house is filled with wounded and prisoners, and the whole force was dispersed. Their Guatemalan allies will never do the enemy any more service.

Your obedient servant,

WM. WALKER.

The following account by Captain R. L. William's of the Nicaragua army is exceedingly interesting :

About the 1st of October, the order was given for the out garrisons at San Carlos, Rivas, Tipitapa and Managua to concentrate on Granada. Shortly afterwards the advanced guard at Massaya was ordered to fall back also upon the capital. It at once became evident that Gen. Walker had determined to draw the enemy on, and choose his own ground for the battle.

On the evening of the 11th he left Granada with 1,100 men for Massaya. This is a town situated some fifteen miles from Granada, containing about 7,000 inhabitants. Nature has endowed it with many advantages. It has two plazas ; in the centre of the principal one stands a large church, on either side a few shops. The houses are principally built of adobe. It was there that Gen. Walker had determined to meet the force of the Allies. The troops marched nearly all night over a very muddy and slippery road, and before the morning of the 12th were before the town which were in possession of the enemy, who were said to be about 4,000 strong.

Being advised of the approach of General Walker, they had advanced on the road from the town with a strong body of troops. Either side of the road was lined with high bushes and cactus. At daybreak General Walker formed his men in column, and ordered a charge at once. The rush was made, and the enemy broke and fled before the head of the column could reach them. The Americans kept on and followed the enemy into the town, where they were strongly posted in the plazas and streets. After a gallant fight which had lasted all through the day and evening, General Walker was in position at 11 P. M., with his howitzers before the main plaza, ready to open upon the enemy in the morning. The artillery had been brought within the walls of the houses, which were cut for that purpose. The troops were ordered at this hour to sleep on their arms. They had fought hard, and they slept well.

About 12 1-2 A. M., an express from Granada arrived, advising Gen. Walker that that city had been attacked at noon of the day before, by a force of nearly 1,400 men. These were from the Hacienda of San Jacinto, and had been joined by bodies of troops from San Salvador and Guatemala, with a few Chamorristas. They had advanced upon Granada by a different road from that leading to Massaya, and had surrounded the city, attacking it on all sides. There were very few troops, which, with the American citizens left in the city, did not amount to over 150 men. These took possession of the ordnance department, guard-house, hospital and principal church, all on the main plaza, and the ladies took refuge in the house of the American Minister, and some of the foreign Consulates, this handfull of men defended the plaza successfully for 22 hours.

The enemy ransacked every house in seach of Americans and money. Mr. Lawless, Rev. Mr. Wheeler, and Mr. Ferguson and son were dragged into the streets and murdered. General Walker's residence was pillaged, and his papers scattered over the floor in the wild hunt for plunder. About 10 A. M., of the 13th, the gallant band in the plaza had the first intimation that succor was at hand in the booming of the howitzers and the rattle of the musketry in the attack of General Walker on the enemy at Jalteba Church, about three-quarters of a mile immediately behind tne Ordnance Department.

Immediately on receiving the news brought to Massaya by the express, General Walker evacuated that town with all his troops and commenced a forced march for Granada. At 10 A. M. he attacked the enemy, who were posted in force on the height of the Jalteba Church, and charging at once, captured two field pieces and drove them at the point of the bayonet into and through the city. The route commenced almost without a second's struggle, and the enemy dispersed in every direction. But on all sides they were met by parties that General Walker had ordered to make a detour round the city, and their dispersion was complete.

It was estimated that about 400 of the allies were killed at Massaya, and an equal number at Granada. Nearly every house, on the evening of the evening of the 13th, when our informant left, was filled with their wounded. The loss of the Americans in both engagements was only sixteen killed and 35 wounded. We have not been able to learn the names of any of the killed. Among the wounded are Captain Bell, Dr. Scott, Capt. Hardy, Mr. Tabor, editor of the *Nicaraguense*, Captain Green, Harbor Master, Captain Pickersgill and Major Gilles.

The enemy were reported to be retreating from Massaya, and Gen. Walker would advance northward as soon as his troops had had some little rest.

Captain Williams informs us that his baggage was packed ready to start when the attack took place. He was rifled of everything by the enemy, in the assault on Granada. In his trunk were nearly two hundred letters, for persons in the United States, but he was able to gather up only a few of them, and many of these without their envelopes, after the rout of the enemy. Those he saved have been mailed here.

A company of Gen. Walker's troops are stationed on the San Juan river, at the mouth of the Serapiqui, and about 100 recruits arrived at Greytown, in the *Tennessee*. They would proceed to Granada at once.

Captain W. informs us that he learned from one of the men who returned from the battle of San Jacinto, that Mr. Callahan, our late esteemed correspondent, was last seen wounded and nearly exhausted, pursued by some cavalry, and endeavoring to get into the bush. In this he did not succeed, as the horses were nearly upon him at that time.

It was reported that General Mendez was the second in command of the enemy at Massaya, and was shot dead.

At the time the steamer left, Gen. Walker was to march the following day to Massaya and Leon. His troops were in the highest spirits, and eager for the march.

Of the wars between the present members of the "Western Alliance"—Messrs. Bull and Crapeau, the following is a clear index :—1141, one year. 1161, twenty-five years. 1211, fifteen years. 1224, nine years. 1294, five years. 1339, twenty-one years. 1368, forty-two years. 1422, forty-nine years. 1492, one month. 1512, two years. 1521, six years. 1549, one year. 1557, two years. 1562, two years. 1627, two years. 1666, one year. 1689, ten years. 1702, eleven years. 1744, four years. 1756, seven years. 1776, seven years. 1793, nine years. 1803, eleven years. And, lastly, 1815, when this calculation was made, and the war then subsisting, fourteen years, making within a period of 700 of years, 266 years of desolating war !

Here is a method by which every man can have his Almanac on *hand*. By counting the knuckles on the hand, with the spaces between them, all the months with thirty-one days or less, will come in the spaces. January, first knuckle ; February, first space ; March, second knuckle ; April, second space ; May, third knuckle ; June, third space ; July, fourth knuckle ; August, first knuckle ; September, first space ; October, second knuckle ; November, second space ; December, third knuckle.

On the evening of the 9th ult., a number of robbers effected an entrance into the church of Rathronan, near Clonmel, for the purpose of plunder. The only portable article which they could discover was a poker, which they carried to the nearest farmer's house, and having managed to get to the other side of the door, they left in exchange for a new suit of clothes belonging to the owner of the mansion. Another party of robbers attempted to force an entry into Mrs. Cahill's, Bagwell st,. but upon an alarm being given they fled.

Irish News.

A LETTER FROM SMITH O'BRIEN—HIS GOLD CUP.

The following letter has been addressed by Smith O'Brien to the editor of the *Nation*, in reference to the refusal of the British Government to admit free of duty the gold cup presented to him in Australia :

Cahirmoyle, October 13, 1856.

SIR : Having seen in your publication of the 11th an extract from a Liverpool newspaper, in which it is stated that the gold cup which was presented to me in Australia remains in Belgium, because I decline to pay a duty which will become receivable by the Belgium exchequer in case it leaves that country, I beg to inform you that such is not the fact. The circumstances under which it remains in the hands of my friend Mr. Corr Vander-Maeren, of Brusselles, (son of one of the Irish refugees of 1798), are these. When I was in Melbourne, it was arranged that the cup should be sent to London to the care of my banker for transmission to Ireland. Upon its arrival in London, the officers of the customs refused to allow it to be introduced into England, except upon payment of 10 per cent on the value (£800), together with 17s. an ounce upon the weight. I did not learn the exact sum demanded, but as nearly as I can compute, they required payment of above £180 for duty on this cup. I was informed however that it might be re-exported, and the Finance Minister of Belgium kindly offered to allow it to be imported into Belgium free of duty, under bond for its re-exportation, with an understanding that this bond might be renewed from year to year, until it suited my convenience to remove it. Accordingly a friend was prepared to carry it to Brusselles, free of cost to me, but he was informed at the Custom house in London, that it must be re-shipped in a formal manner, under invoice, &c., in consequence of which formalities, its conveyance to Brusselles cost me nearly eight pounds. It now remains in the hands of my friend Mr. Corr Vander-Maeren, and will be removed to its eventual home in Ireland as soon as circumstances will permit. I may observe that I have been informed, upon the highest authority, that it has been customary in London to admit free of duty pieces of plate presented to individuals in consideration of public services. I believe also that similar indulgence has been extended to the case of plate presented in consideration of private friendship or of other motives. Even as an object of art, its introduction at the Custom House free of duty might legally, I am informed, be permitted by the authorities. To me its marketable value is of little account, but as a memorial of Irish *feeling* it is inestimable, and I regard it rather as a national monument than as personal property. It is somewhat singular that the British government, which professes to set an example to all other nations of liberality in regard to its fiscal regulations, should impose a duty of nearly twenty-five per cent. upon the manufactures of its own colonies. I trust that this feature of the English Custom house Tariff will not escape the notice of the English Free Trade Congress, which is now sitting at Brusselles. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

WM. S. O'BRIEN.

To the Editor of the *Nation*.

The *Clonmel Chronicle* reports a series of attacks made upon soldiers of the 47th depot stationed at Fethart, and attributes them to the ex-militia men. About eight o'clock on Sunday evening last, a pane of glass was broken in the house adjoining the barracks, occupied by Lieutenant Colonel Sankey, commanding the depot of the 47th regiment quartered at Fethered, in this county, by some persons unknown, who threw a stone through the window. On the same evening, about 9 p. m., as Corporal Skudamore of the 47th, was about entering the barrack gate he was jostled by four men unknown. On the corporal stepping aside a stone was thrown at him, but fortunately it missed him and struck the gateway. At half past six o'clock on the same evening, as Private John Consedine, 47th, was walking along the Killenaule road in the direction of Fethard, he was met close to the fair green by a laborer with a spade on his shoulder. He was coming towards him in a military double quick pace. On seeing Consedine the man bawled out, "Here I am, a North Tip ; where is the b———y soldier that could say a word to me?" He collared the soldier, but passed on without commttting any further act of molestation. As Private Wm. Higgins, of the same regiment, was walking by the Green, he was met by two men, one of whom shouted, and said —"You red ———, it was you who struck my brother." This man gave Higgins a blow of his fist and knocked off his cap. About seven o'clock, as Corporal Joseph Plunket, of the 47th, was passing along the road from Clonmel, he was met about half a mile from Fethard by a large body of laborers—about 100 in number—coming in detached parties from the direction of that town. They all passed him on the road without molesting him, except a party of five men, who appeared the "worst of liquor," and were singing and shouting as they approached him. One of them said — "You b——y soldier, I'll knock your brains out." This man drew his spade to strike the corporal, who passed by without any injury. Private Joseph White was met about the same place by another party of laborers, one of whom caught him by the breast and asked him "if he had been at the Nenagh battle?" The soldier replied he was not there, upon which his assailant begged his pardon, saying that he was not the man he wanted.

A correspondent of the Dublin *Nation*, writing from Ballintubleen, near Westport, says : I have received within the last few days a letter written by a wounded soldier in Chelsea General Hospital to his poor aged father, inclosing a small remittance of money. In this letter he states, on recovering from the effects of his wounds, he would return to Westport. But with a heavy heart he regrets being forced to say, that he cannot call it a home. In the beginning of the bad times, the father's humble dwelling was razed to the ground—the father himself obliged to seek relief in the workhouse, and his two sons forced by due necessity to join the ranks of the gallant Connaught Rangers. One of them fell by a Russian bullet in Sebastopol, and the other, the writer, returns to England disabled for life ; and, more poignant to the poor fellow's feelings than all, is the galling thought that, on returning to his native country, there remains for him no home nor rooftree to shelter him. What a commentary is this one case alone on the inadequacy of the proposed public banquet to honor the gallant services of the Crimean soldiers as they deserve ! And how powerfully does it illustrate the wisdom, humanity, and patriotism of the views taken by his Grace of Tuam, with his accustomed ability, in his reply to the Secretary of the Crimean Banquet !

The *Limerick Observer* reports the death in that city of Mayor E. N. Finley, from the effects of wounds received before Sebastopol,

A row of very serious nature, and which resulted in the death of a herdsman, took place at Ballinasloe fair. It appears that the deceased, who was only about nineteen or twenty years old, was one of the herdsmen of Mr. Carr, of Ahascragh, and that he was assisting in getting a lot of sheep, belonging to a nephew of Mr. Carr, at the Brackna Gap, where, at the same time, some of Mr. Tully's men were also trying to get out a lot of that gentleman's sheep. In the confusion consequent on the enormous quantity getting out at the gap, some of the two lots got mingled, which led to a row between the two factions, in the course of which the unfortunate deceased got a blow of a sheep crook on the head, which completely fractured his skull, and from the effects of which he died in about three or four hours after. The man who actually struck the blow has not been discovered, nor is it at all probable that he will be able to be identified.

An accident took place on 7th ult. at Camas, two miles from Cashel. A number of persons were attending an auction held at Camas, and they adjourned to a loft, which was too weak to bear so many, for on a sudden they were precipitated with boards and rubbish, when the confusion and struggles for extrication were appalling. After much difficulty, the unfortunate parties were rescued from the debris, with few injuries of a serious nature. Some had their ribs or limbs fractured, and others sustained severe contusions, but none were so injured as to endanger their lives.

The late storm in Ireland did considerable damage in the neighborhood of Cavan, to whatever of the grain crops remained in the field, and deluged the country, so that what were one day green plains became vast lakes. From Creehan upwards of £100 worth of turf, in clamp, were carried away, with planks, haycocks, &c. The railway was so flooded at Tunnymore that the train was obliged to stop for three days at Crenard, and coaches, cars, and other vehicles had to be sent out to bring in passengers and goods from thence.

Thomas Kinch, sub-constable and orderly to William Caldwell, County Inspector, Limerick, was brought up at the Police Court on 10th ult., on charge of stealing a £10 note and silver pencil case. It appeared in evidence that Mr. Caldwell, on going his official tour of inspection, left prisoner in charge of his lodgings, having left in his desk a £10 note, a silver pencil case, and a gold watch. On his return he found the gold watch much injured as if endeavoring to open it; the £10 note and silver pencil-case gone, and his desk ransacked.

Patrick Jordan, a slater, while employed in repairing the roof of the house of Mr. Ryan, pawnbroker, Quay Lane, Limerick, missed his footing, while climbing round a chimney, and fell from about the height of fifty feet into a backyard attached to the premises. He received awful injuries, and was immediately conveyed to Barrington's Hospital, but died before he reached that institution.

Mr. Arthur Moore, late Assistant-Secretary of the Poor Law Commission in Ireland, has succeeded Mr. Muggeridge in the secretaryship of the Wicklow Railway, the latter gentleman having assumed the duties of a parliamentary agent. The directors of the company, at a recent special meeting of their board, passed a complimentary resolution to their late secretary.

A letter from Tralee mentions that a portion of the property of the late Mr. Spotswood, situated in the barony of Iveragh, in the county of Kerry, which in 1851 was sold to a Mr. Lindsey, of Cork, for 1,200*l*, was resold in Killarney by Mr. Justin M'Carthy, auctioneer, for 3,700*l*., the purchaser the Rev. John Chute, son of Mr. Arthur Chute.

The new Catholic Church of Louisburg, Mayo, the foundation-stone of which was recently laid by his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, though simple and inexpensive in an architectural point of view, yet promises to be one of the most beautiful structures for religious worship in the archdiocese. The probable cost of the edifice, with tower and spire complete, will be about £2,500. The style adopted by the architect is the early decorated Gothic.

While England has been helping the Turks with Irish soldiers to resist the aggressions of Russia, the tyranny practised by her in Ireland for some centuries has obtained for her the following charming result: A late census return shows that 5 per cent. of the people are unable to speak English, and not one-fourth of the whole can speak or understand their native tongue.

A Belfast paper reports that Mr. Charles Longtre while proceeding in a gig to his residence, Fortwilliam, was thrown out of the vehicle, and received a rather severe injury on the head. When lifted from the ground he was insensible. He is now recovering.

The Rev. Dr. Duhig, C.C., Thomondgate, a most respectable, talented, and pious young clergyman, has been directed by the Lord Bishop of Limerick to proceed to Australia, for the purpose of receiving the contributions of the Catholic people in that distant region, towards the new cathedral of St. John's.

At the Waterford October Fair, milch cows brought from £12 to £16; three year old heifers, £8 to £10; two year olds £6 to £8; yearlings £4 to £5 10s.; bacon pigs, 14s.; store pigs in great number, and all sold. There was a large show of horses of inferior quality.

A fierce opposition in steam communication between Liverpool and Waterford has just commenced—the contending parties having lowered their freights to one-half the established rates; and it reports be true, are still resolved to submit to further serious deduction.

The Catholic cathedral of Kilkenny will, we learn, be consecrated about the end of October or in November. This splendid cathedral is a good pile, being the most prominent object in the city. The tower of the new cathedral may be seen at a long distance from the city.

The order for discontinuing the services of the general and staff of the Kilkenny district has at length been received, after the true circumlocutory fashion in which business is done in lord Panmure's office.

Miss Margaret Purcell, daughter of the late Thomas Purcell, Esq., of Kilkenny, received the black veil on the 8th ult., at Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham. Ten other ladies were professed on the same occasion.

On the 8th ult., the Catholic Bishop of Waterford administered the sacrament of confirmation to 600 children, in the parish of Trinity Without.

The Very Rev. Dean Gorman, V.G., has subscribed £50, and Mr. Sergeant Shee, M.P., £20, for the new Catholic cathedral of Ossory.

The Protestant Bishop of Limerick (Dr. Griffin) has contributed £5 to the Sisters of Charity of that city. The Lord Lieutenant gave £2.

We have observed, with much satisfaction, says the *Freeman's Journal*, that all the Liberal journalists of the North have expressed their sympathy with the efforts now being made by the Liberals of Carrickfergus to open their borough and free it from the odium of being a mere appendage to a lordly larder. Mr. Macdonough, Q.C., who is so well known for his rare forensic powers, has been unanimously chosen by the Liberal party of the town as the person to lead the struggle for freedom of election, and we rejoice to find that they have had the wisdom to select for a leader in such a fight a man who, for ability and tact, stands second to no man at the Irish Bar. Mr. Macdonough does not come up quite to our standard of popular politics; but we nevertheless wish him every success in his contest with the odious system of nomination, because we believe his triumph will be a triumph of Liberal views, and that his accession to the house will be a great addition to the practical power and intellect of that assembly.

A game-keeper, named William Cumberland, in the service of A. U. Gledstanes, Esq., J.P., was recently shot by poachers on the Ballymacan mountain. He died in about three hours after receiving the wounds. It appeared that the deceased, seeing a party of five men, armed with guns and accompanied by three terriers and a greyhound, poaching on the mountain, proceeded in pursuit of them, along with seven men, but having only two guns in the party. When close on the poachers, one of them warned Cumberland to return, or he would shoot him; but this deceased refused to do, and followed a short distance till he secured the greyhound. One of the men then turned and shot Cumberland in the arm and legs, lacerating both severely with slugs. He fell on his knee, when another miscreant ran up and lodged the contents of his gun in the poor fellow's breast. Another of Cumberland's party seized the dog, when the poachers fired three shots, wounding two of the men in the face and another in the breast. One of the pursuing party then snapped a flint-gun at a poacher, which missed fire; but Thomas Cairns, deceased's son-in-law, fired and struck one of the fellows, who fell. He rose and fell again, but succeeded in getting off, owing to the confusion created by Cumberland's wounds.

An adjourned meeting of the principal landowners and proprietors anxious to extend railway accommodation through Tuam to Castlebar, and from Athenry to Longhrea, was held at Gill's Hotel, Fort. There were present the Marquis of Clanricards, Sir Thomas Burke, Stephen Roche, Esq., High Sheriff of Galway; Lord Clanmorris, Thomas Seymour, Esq., D.L., Monivea; Denis Kirwan, Esq., D.L.; G. D. Hearne, Esq., Kirkaldy; Courtney Kenny, Esq., James Smith, Esq., Loughrea; Thomas Tully, Esq., Rofarn; Robert D'Arcy, Esq., J. H. Cowan, Esq., James Dillon Meldon, Esq., Robert Power, Esq., &c. &c. The meeting, which was a private one, was held for the purpose of "considering the expediency of offering a guarantee not exceeding 5 per cent. interest on an outlay of not more than £6,000 a mile to any company which may construct a line from Loughrea to Tuam, with an intention of further extending the line to Gort and Ennis." A requisition in accordance with the above, was unanimously adopted and numerously signed, calling on the High Sheriff to hold a public meeting of the country for the purpose. In pursuance of the requisition, the High Sheriff appointed the 18th ult., for a public meeting in the Court House, Galway.

The *Freeman* says:—"Mr. C. M. Ormsby, the intelligent officer of the Incumbered Estates Court, has compiled and issued his seventh annual report of the proceedings of the court, from the filing of the first petition to the concluding day of the seventh session of the commission on the 31st August, in the present year. It is unnecessary to say anything of a document so interesting and useful. It shows at a glance the enormous changes in the distribution of landed property which have been silently effected in Ireland through the operation of the Incumbered Estates Court. We may just mention that the gross sum obtained by the various sales, public and private, amounted to £18,299,350 14s. 9d., of which English, Sotch, and foreign purchasers paid £2,510.306, or little more than one-ninth of the whole. So far as relates to the operation of the Incumbered Estates Court, Ireland emphatically belongs to the Irish."

The *Mayo Constitution* reports the death of B. E. Quadling, Esq., R.N., Inspector Officer of Coast Guards, Achill, aged 65, on the 27th of September. The deceased officer served fifty-four years, having entered the navy in 1803, at the age of 11. He was present at the battle of Trafalgar, in the Hydra, Capt. (now Admiral) Mundy, and took part in many of the brilliant engagements, under Lord Cothrane, during the war, for which he received the war medal. He was also awarded a gold and silver medal for saving life. After the close of the war, he entered the Coast Guard, in which service he was actively engaged for 36 years, and distinguished himself by taking an armed smuggling cutter with his galley.

On the 10th ult., at the Mayor's Office, Clonmel, Thos. Ryan, on the Cashel Road, stated that on the previous night six men knocked loudly at his door demanding admittance, stating that they were the police. He and his wife got out of bed, and opened the door. He saw that they wore caps and had red stripes down their trowsers, and believing from their representations that their intentions were not friendly he attempted to close the door; they resisted, but he succeeded in so doing, though not till his wife received a severe contusion. They began to batter the door, but his loud cries for assistance frightened them, and they decamped.

The annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland will next year be held at Waterford, and promises to be a most successful one. The Mayor of Waterford is at present in Paris, where he proceeded for the purpose of inducing the French government to suggest to the landed proprietors, stock-breeders, implement-makers, &c., to send over their contributions to the Exhibition. The Chevalier de Mornar has promised, on behalf of the Minister of Agriculture, that the Imperial government would give every assistance to the Exhibition, and would forward the contributions from France at their own expense.

A company, independent of all other companies at present in existence, and formed by parties in the county Wexford, is about to construct a line of railway from Wexford to Enniscorthy, at an estimated cost of £100,000, for a landing wharf, at the south side of Wexford river, as also for laying down a tram-road on the bridge now being constructed over the Slaney, to be continued along the quays, and to the lime quarries at Drinagh.

Rev. Vladimir Petcherine, a distinguished native of Russia, and now of the order of the Redemptorist Fathers, delivered a sermon in the Catholic Cathedral of Waterford, in aid of the funds for the support of the Sisters of Charity. The great and splendid church was crowded in every part. The sum of £170 was realised.

The riches of the Irish sea, says the Dublin *Tablet*, are well known, and the Dutch and Americans, who are thought good judges how to employ their capital to advantage, have either paid large sums for leave to fish on the Irish coast, or have offered to employ a large capital in the fishing trade there. As far back as the reign of Charles I., Captain Symonds informs us, the Dutch paid £30,000 for leave to form a fishing station on the island of Innisboffin, off the coast of Mayo, and about the year 1800, the Americans offered to employ a capital of £100,000 on the Irish fisheries, but were refused permission to do so. All evidence concurs to show that the fish in those seas are not only abundant, but of superior quality.

The *Banner of Ulster*, reports that the number of damask looms set up in the houses of country weavers, has been nearly doubled within the last few years, and at present immense quantities of this class of goods are produced. The demand is great, and will be so for a short time. The scutch mills which were kept back for want of water, are now in full work, and large quantities of the new crop of flax may be expected at the coming market. Rates are 6s. to 7s., and 7s. 6d. to 8s., as in quality, for hand-scutched, and 7s. to 7s. 6d. for milled.

The Lord Lieutenant recently paid a visit to the Marchioness of Downshire, at Garron Tower. As his Excellency was driving from the Ulster Railway terminus, a slight accident occurred. The leading horses of his carriage turned rather undignifiedly and eccentrically round a lamp-post, and smashed the people; but no other injury was done.

On the 10th ult. a fire took place in Gowron, Kilkenny, at Mr. Jones Tobin's. One of the servants brought a lighted candle into the stable, and incautiously stuck it against the wall. While he was engaged at his work, some wood became ignited, and the whole stable was soon in a flame. The adjoining barn, containing a quantity of hay and straw, was also burned down.

In recognition of the zealous labors of the Christian Brothers, in diffusing the benefits of a sound and religious education in this town, Mr. Bianconi, J.P., Longfield, has sent a donation of £10 to the Very Rev. Dr. Burke, toward the funds for aiding the Brothers in their efforts, which have been extended with increased expense during the past year.

The Earl of Portarlington recently gave a harvest-home to his tenants and laborers. Covers were laid for one hundred. That's the way to do it. Give them one banquet in the year, rob them of the fruits of their labor, and let them starve until next harvest-home day.

In Carlow a woman named Cleary and four of her children had retired to rest, in a room on the second floor, and in about half an hour afterwards the walls fell in, burying its inmates in the debris. Fortunately, in the fall of the rubbish, two of the rafters alighted on the head of the bed, and forming an angle, thus protected the mother and her children from being crushed to death.

The "British Princess" (485 tons register), of Belfast, M'Arthur, master, with timber, from Mirimichi, last from Valencia, where she ran ashore waterlogged, arrived in the Shannon on the 11th inst., in tow of the "Black Eagle" and "Telegraph" steamers, not being able to carry canvas. She was bound round with chains to keep her together.

A man named Nash, a native of Newton, in the Queen's County, was accidently drowned in the river Barrow, on the night of the 11th ult. The unfortunate man after passing over Graigue Bridge, which connects Carlow with the Queen's County, about nine o'clock, missed his way, fell into the water, and was immediately drowned.

The *Limerick Reporter* states that orders have been issued to several militiamen to hold themselves in readiness, as it is not unlikely that their services may be demanded speedily. Many persons employed at industrial pursuits are not pleased that they should be thus warned to be in readiness.

Wm. Emerson, Esq., has been promoted from the appointment of accountant, which he had so ably held in the Belfast Branch of the Provincial Bank, to the responsible post of manager of the Drogheda Branch.

The forms and cooking utensils of the North Dublin Union have been placed at the service of the Crimean Banquet Committee and accepted. Chained spoons and tin saucepans for the army of Sebastopol!

Mr. Henry Brennen, of 8 Gardiner's Place, Dublin, has made a present of six hogsheads wine for the Crimean banquet, and four thousand pint bottles have been supplied by the Dublin Glass Company's Works to receive the vinous donation.

G. N. Harvey, Esq., Brazilian Vice-Consul, has been appointed Vice-Consul for the kingdom of Portugal, for the Port of Cork and district, in lieu of A. S. Lima, Esq., resigned.

The Seminary founded at Tralee, shortly after his elevation to the ranks of the Hierarchy, by the Right Reverend Dr. Moriarty, has been placed in connection with the Catholic University.

Baron Pennefether, of whose decease the London press put forward the announcement, recently drove through Clonmel, in the apparent enjoyment of good health.

The gentlemen of Clanmaurice and Iraghticonnor are about to seek for themseves the advantages of railway extension to Tarbert. The subject was warmly canvassed at the dinner of the Kerry Farming Society.

At the College street Police Office, Dublin, a lad named John M'Garey, aged sixteen years, appeared to answer the complaint of the Guardians of the South Dublin Union, for having neglected to support his wife and child.

It was stated at the police-office, Cork, that the prosecution of Dunning, in the case of the Blarney murder, has cost the country £3,000.

The Rev. Bernard Scott, the much-esteemed curate of Urlingford, Kilkenny, has been promoted to the parish of Windgap, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Moylan, P.P.

The household furniture of James Sadleir, ex-M. P. for Tipperary, has been brought under the hammer, and sold for the benefit of the creditors of the bank.

Mr. Martin Crean, so well known in Dublin, as the agent of the Liberal party, has established himself in London, as a parliamentary agent.

C. G. Grey, Esq., of Ballykisteen, Tipperary, has been appointed agent over the estates in Limerick and Tipperary, belonging to Stafford O'Brien, Esq.

The sister of the newly created Lord Fermoy, is now the Honorable Mrs. Kelly, wife of James Kelly, Esq., late M.P. for Limerick.

Correspondence.

KILKENNY, October 15, 1856.

In this marble city, wherein we are blessed with fire without smoke and water without mud, there so seldom occurs anything beyond the dull routine of business, that I am almost constrained to cry out "I have no news!"

Yet, it usen't to be so with Kilkenny. Times there were when news and gossip were as plenty as Smithwick's Ale—as plenty as the hearty souls who, at that time, might be seen congregating round and inside the CLUB HOUSE any day on which the Fox Hounds would not be out. Aye, as plenty as the beggars who beset and perplexed every soul that ever mounted a car in Rose Inn street or Coal Market. In either of which stations, I never was at a loss to find out for a half-penny to a beggar the name of a passenger, which I otherwise could not discover. No matter whether he was ever before in Kilkenny or not, these detectives would snuff him out. Long ago, in the times of which I speak, there stood on John's Bridge the most eloquent beggar I ever heard soliciting alms. He was a blind man who, in contradistinction to a fellow-sufferer with stentorian power vociferating his appeals at the other side of the bridge, pathetically admonished each passer-by with these words—*I'm saying nothing!* Never did I know him to deviate from that solemn appeal save once, which occurred as I was one day passing by, eating gooseberries, when he whispered, "Arrah, master, give me a gooseberry!" But he, too, like the gossippy times, has ceased "saying nothing!"

Jenkinstown Races went off in fair style. After them the princely young proprietor gave a magnificent *fete* to the gentry of the County. The house was gorgeously decorated. It surpassed anything I could have imagined would there meet my gaze. Yet in the midst of all this grandeur, I could not help noticing that one thing was wanting. What was it? It was not the proud inheritor—the inheritor not alone of his ancestor's princely demesne but their royal blood—for he was there, with his lofty mien and noble brow, conspicuous to all. But where was she, who before the altar of his faith and her faith, seven or eight years ago, for better or for worse, took him as her husband? Where was she, who violated the most sacred of ties, and in the midst of all the fondness which a loving husband could bestow—fled from his halls—blasting his young bright hopes and leaving his hearth desolate? Ah! she but followed in the wake of an infamous grand-mother, whose deeds she well knew of, and whose full-length portrait—with a necklace of the jewels of the Crown which had been presented by her royal paramour—was daily before her eyes in Slane Castle before she changed her maiden name of Conyngham to that of Bryan.

These followers of Madame Vestris and Mr. Duncombe are an ignoble crew to dilate on. Yet despite this sadness which I felt in the gorgeous halls of Jenkinstown, there was one consoling fact, namely: the polluted and seducer were not Irish but Saxon.

At the old race-course of Johnstown—that renowned spot for the purest of Spa-water—there have been other races, got up of course by the laird-of-the-manor, Charles Hely, Esq., of Foulks-court. He is a good sort of man—rather eccentric—yet jogs along very fairly at home at the Petty Sessions or Board of Guardians; but he made a sorry fool of himself in a blind ambition to append an M. P. to his name some seven years ago, whereby he lost his weight in gold. He will hardly try that game again.

At our next general election, I hope to see John Greene, our present worthy Member, and George Bryan (in place of Sergeant Shea) as his colleague, triumphantly elected, as earnest lovers of Ireland and the Irish, to represent our county in the British House of Commons.

By the way, in the last *Waterford Chronicle* I find the editor has taken the liberty of using, without crediting from your IRISH NEWS, the commencement of your tale, entitled "Casement O'Reilly." It's a bare-faced piracy, which you should denounce. But perhaps you allow your old town's-fellows to rob with impunity.

Yet, in truth it is only second to what my friend the editor of the *Kilkenny Journal* has attempted. Second, mind you, I say, for in place of robbery he attempts murder. Under the editorial pen he has announced the death of Dr. Mackenzie, of New-York, while I find in your last issue to hand, you credit the said Doctor with $10, as his contribution to the Devin Reilly Testimonial. I am glad the Doctor still lives. Were it only for the jealous care he has evinced in re-producing the productions of our literary men in America, I hope he'll never die!

However, the editor of the *Journal*, and all others concerned, should know that they won't find a mere myth—an airy nothing—in

ST. CANICE.

COST OF TRAVELLING BETWEEN ENGLAND AND IRELAND IN FORMER TIMES.

The traveller on his way to Ireland before the introduction of steam, took ship, and might be several days on the water, where there was no steward ready to supply all ordinary wants. This traveller had probably arrived at the seaport after a long journey, and the precise time for saling depended upon wind and weather. Hence the necessity of being supplied with a basket of provisions for the voyage. This was a source of considerable profit to the landlords of the inns of seaports. The charges were exorbitant. The bottle of brandy—an invariable accompaniment of each basket—was charged one guinea. A diary is preserved of a journey to Dublin from Grosvenor square, 12th June, 1787, in a coach-and-four, accompanied by a post-chaise and pair, and five outriders. The party reached Holyhead in four days at a cost of £75 11s. 3d. The state of the intercourse between this country and the sister island at this part is strikingly set forth in the following entries: Ferry at Bangor, £1 10s.; expense of the yacht hired to carry the party across the channel, £20 7s. 9d.; duty on coach, £7 13s. 4d.; boats on shore, £1 1s.; total, £114 3s. 4d. Visitors to the metropolis had much to say of the lions and their keepers, the beefeaters of the Tower. This was the London sight most famed. To show a country person the lions, or to lionise, has become a common form of expression. At length came the four-horse mails to Bristol, in 1784, and the "Quicksilver mail," to be in turn superseded by the railway locomotive. A coachman, instituting a comparison between the two modes of travelling, thus summed up: "I know that if anything goes wrong, there you are (making a sign of upsetting); but by the rail, if you meet with an accident, where are you?"

AN IRISH PATRIOT AND REBEL OF '98.

From the Dublin Telegraph.

Beneath high Heaven's azure vault,
A finer youth ne'er stood—
With him each action, word and thought,
Were useful for Ireland's good:
While virtue, liberty and truth,
Among mankind abounds,
All men will prize that Irish youth,
The famous Henry Downs.

Paddy's Resources.

Henry Duan or Dunn, Saxonised Downs, was a native of the parish of Blackditches, near Blessington, county Wicklow. He served his apprenticeship to a master boot and shoemaker in Nicholas-street, which terminated in 1797. He subsequently enlisted in the King's County Militia. I am not certain whether it was antecedent to or subsequently that he became a United Irishman. He went with his company from the camp in Loughlinstown to Bray. While in Bray, they were allowed to go to Mass, and on one Sunday while marching from the barrack to Old Connaught, outside of the town, and then a miserable thatched shed that served the double purpose of chapel and school-house, with their band playing, a person named Moore, threw himself on his knees in the dust before them, and in a vociferous manner cried out, striking his breast with violence, "Now, you craw-thumping set, you are going to thump your craws." The band separated to the left and right, and the men followed without uttering a word, with the exception of one, and he kept on his course. This extreme bigot was afflicted for years by the hand of God with a large wen on one of his cheeks, larger than a man's hand when shut. As the young soldier approached him, without speaking one word, he planted a kick with all his force on the diseased jaw of the wretched man, and for some time after his life was despaired of. That young soldier was Henry Downs, and it was wondered at that he was not tied up to the triangles or shot that evening—for Armstrong and his brother officers almost every morning entertained themselves with the drummer's dexterous application of the "cats" on the back of some unfortunate Papist soldier. The very name of Armstrong evokes everything that is base and bad in man. It was reported that evening that the Wexford popular army was approaching in great force, and the regiment was sent off to oppose their advance, and this it is thought saved the indignant Downs.

Subsequent to the defeat of the Wexford and Wicklow forces under Edward Fitzgerald, of Newpark, county Wexford, and Garret Byrne, of Ballymanus, county Wicklow, Downs and three or four of his comrades in arms, resolved to join the rebel camp in Glenmalure, and some time in the night left their quarters in Wicklow with regimentals, accoutrements, and arms. About two miles from the town, on the old road to Glanely, their footsteps were heard by a party of three or four of the local cavalry that were out on patrol. The usual challenge of "Who comes there," was given by the horsemen. "King's County" was the quick reply. "Advance King's County and give the countersign," for the horsemen supposed them to be on duty. Downs levelled his piece, and as he pressed the trigger with his finger, he said "Have at, avic." A volley was discharged, and two or three of the patrol fell. Two miles from that was the village of Glanely, an outpost to Wicklow, with a serjeant's guard in it. The fugitives called up a publican and got some refreshments, and regardless of their enemy being so near, they slept till daylight. They passed near the garrison of Rathdrum, then the head-quarters of a regiment or two, and arrived early in the camp of Glenmalure. Downs was much admired here for youth, size and fine manly appearance. There was nothing forbiding or ferocious in his countenance. Among his new friends, none of which lacked of courage or determination, he was one of the boldest and one of the first and last in all their mountain skirmishes. He marched with Holt and O'Dwyer in their attack on Blessington, halting in his own neighborhood. Convenient to it, in Baltiboys, lived Ben Eves, a harmless, good natured man—half Quaker, half Protestant—always doing good, either in screening the Government informer or allowing his house to be a temporary hospital for the wounded rebel. Indeed the latter he could not resist, and to refuse the former, he would be denounced as traitor, and free quarter or death would follow. His nearest neighbor, a Protestant named Barber, envied him. Eves was not a married man, but kept a foundling girl. Barber (though he had a very fine woman as a wife,) sighed for Ben's girl. Not being able to accomplish his design, he framed a sure plan to take away the life of his harmless neighbor. He well knew the implacable hostility that the outstanding rebels had to informers, and to brand a man with that epithet, was almost certain death. Barber went to the rebel camp and told some of the men there to beware of Eves—that he was gone to Blessington to betray them, that it was an old trick of his, and that he kept and protected the most base and profligate informer with his wife, supplying them with money to support their scandalous extravagance, while they were worming themselves into the confidence of their neighbors to betray them at the Castle. This informer, who went by the name of Smith, and occasionally by that of Johnson, was fresh in the recollection of some of the rebels, and they supposed him to be Cooper *alias* Morgan, an Englishman, the celebrated Wicklow informer of '97 and '98.* This was enough: poor Eves was condemned without a hearing, and Holt ordered up a party to bring him to the camp. On being brought out, he was shot, and it was said that Downs killed him. Shortly after, it was discovered that Eves was innocent of the charge imputed to him, upon which Downs was seized with remorse, and he resolved to quit the insurgents' camp. Barber had but a short triumph—the insurgents became so incensed at being imposed on, that in a few days after, they shot him. Downs changed his uniform for a suit of his native mountain frieze, and went to Dublin, where he knew another deserter from the same regiment resided.

Downs sent him word to meet him at a certain public-house, and on going there he met Kearns, a favorite companion of his. Downs had with him a young man named Barry, from Buca, near Glendalough. They all three went into a carmans' inn in one of the lanes off Francis street, where their countrymen much resorted. Kearns had just gone on a message for Downs and left him and Barry waiting, and at that moment the redoubtable Major Sirr walked in disguised as a farmer. He called for a quart of porter and sat down in the taproom, when two or his attendants shortly after came in; but none of the party recognised one another, and more of those worthies kept lounging about the door. The Major arose, took the quart in his hand, and approaching Downs with an affected gleam of generosity on his countenance as if he, through friendship, was going to drink to him, thus addressed him: "I think I know you." "How do you know me?" was the quick and abrupt reply. "Your name is Downs, and I arrest you." Downs, with the fury of a tiger, plunged a dagger at his breast, but its point was stopped in one of the links of the chain armor which he had under his disguise, and the force meeting with such resistance, snapped the dagger in two, severely wounding the hand that endeavored to send it home. The Major bent down, and Downs, thinking he was disabled, turned round to defend himself from an attack behind, and was instantly engaged with the other two. Two others rushed in and attacked Barry in the rear while he was aiding his friend. One of them seized Downs from behind round the waist, and dragged him down to the ground, assisted by three others, when he was secured, after receiving several blows on the head—

The cowardly villain forward made
Our hero to arrest;
But the Irish Casca broke his blade
Against the ruffian's breast.

Alone some time the youth withstood
'Gainst all his trained bloodhounds;
I'll fight till death for Ireland's good,
Says Erin's martyr, Downs!

Barry, who was another powerful yeoman also, stabbed one of his antagonists and got away, and escaped a grave in Bully's Acre, or in the dung-heap on Arbor Hill, for one in the city of Grand Cairo, where he died of wounds he received in the 54th Regiment fighting against the French under the gallant Sir David Baird. Downs was tried by court-martial and found guilty, and was sent, with a person named Wall from the Dublin Militia, to be hanged, to which place the King's County Militia had been sent from Wicklow, on the 22d of September. A brother of his, John Downs, a bricklayer, resided in Greek street; he was a fine-looking fellow, a courageous man, and one who loved Ireland dearly.

* At page 417 of the second vol. of the first series of Dr. Madden's "Lives of the United Irishmen," the following item in the secret service money occurs: "December 29, 1797, Ben Eves, of Blessington, what he advanced to Johnson, alias Smith, £14 4s. 4½d." This was the same Eves.

NORTHERN TOADYDOM.

From the New Orleans Delta.

Lafayette is dead. The cockades we wore to welcome him are moth-eaten, but Danvers wanted a holiday and a hero, and fortunate Danvers has found both.

Peabody, the illustrious, has been received with banquet, civic crown, and triumphal arch. Mæcenas Everett shed his light on the festival, courting the financial Augustus in his usual flow of silver rhetoric, while the posterity of the witch-burners, who must always be mad on some subject—either religion, money, or slavery—went deranged, for this occasion only, in honor of the hero banker. Now that the junketting is over, and the cannon have stopped firing, may we mildly ask—who is Peabody?

We have never dined with the banker, nor hobnobbed at his table with the waifs of English nobility; therefore we violate no hospitality in asking again—who the devil is Peabody?

Is Peabody a prophet, a poet, a philanthropist? Has he squared the circle—discovered a new star or comet—written an epic, or solved the mystery of the Northwest Passage? No! but he has done more than these. He has got riches, and—what may surprise people in this neighborhood—obtained riches without cheating corporation, city, or company.

Though long a resident in England, his rise may be dated from the period when he was established as a banker in London, by the house of Wetmore & Co., of New-York. Having no partner, and being quick in decision, as well as having a thorough knowledge of his department, he owes to his promptitude in action the possession of five millions, accumulated in less than fifteen years. When we have added that he is a man of amiable and benevolent (though not unusually benevolent) disposition—that he has given many dinners to his countrymen in London, and also thirty thousand dollars to his native town of Danvers, Massachusetts, we believe that the history of George Peabody, Esq., is written.

We have indulged in this preamble to note a marked difference between Northern and Southern society.

We have in Louisiana and the South many men of large wealth—men who feast their friends and who have given four times thirty thousand to our various Southern institutions; their names are hardly mentioned, except in private circles, but the reflection of every reader will enable him to recall them.

Yet we do not think it proper to go down on our knees and receive them with an ovation like that which the vassels of a feudal baron offered him on his return from a foray against the infidels in Palestine, or which a duke would receive from the suffragans of his Grace's closeborough, where every elector was dependent on his bounty.

But the grand public reception lately at Danvers is to us redolent of toadyism, and a disposition to adore mere wealth. Surely there is nothing astonishing in the fact that a boy of Danvers has become wealthy and is benevolent. Many men have returned home rich from foreign lands. But none, like Peabody, Esq., have become associates of noblemen, or cultivated amiable relations between America and England by eating whitebait with the titled statesmen of Albion. It is to his rank in English society that these Northern honors have been paid. An Englishman of rank in the North is received like a Pasha in Syria or Egypt.

Papas feast and mothers adore him, and daughters are prompt to quit home, country and friends, if but the chance is afforded. A French Count is received into the secret recesses of fashionable life, and with tact and energy rarely fails in compensating his tradesmen and paying for his bouquets from the fortune of the object of his adoration. On the contrary, in the South foreigners of distinction are received without surprise or effort, but as gentlemen; with easy, frank and careless courtesy, they are treated with the best our households and neighborhoods afford, and we have no apologies to offer for any differences between foreign and Southern customs, nor any idea that our mode of life is not as good and as pleasant as that of Chatsworth or Windsor Palace. Foreign gentlemen or noblemen bringing us letters establishing their characters at home, are invited to our houses and plantations; we show them our crops, greasy negroes, poor cattle and fine horses; in the sugar region we strike batteries for them, and allow them to inhale the vapor of the train, besides teaching them to wade through mud to shoot snipe and ducks in our canals and lagoons. In the cotton regions we hunt the deer and the bear, bewilder the cockneys in impassible cane-brakes, plunge them into boggy bayous, and astonish these jumpers of five-foot yielding hawthorn hedges by following full tilt on horseback the fox and the yelping pack over a single log bridging a wide deep channel. Our young women ride with them (not in buggies, thank Heaven, but on the back of a true Southern pet and production—the horse), flirt, listen with a laugh nestling in the sleeve to their

"big talks," give them the mitten if they propose, and end by marrying their young neighbor, who is just beginning life with a rifle, ten negroes, four mules and a yoke of oxen, by opening a place in Isaquena, or the Tenas, or the Atchafalaya.

If our genius is not mechanically inventive, it is because we are an agricultural, not an artisan race; and strong must be the attachment of our planters to a pursuit from which not even fevers, overflows, or loans of twelve per cent., with first mortgage on land and negroes of ten times their value, have been able to drive them.

They might have got rich with ten times the ease in Iowa or Wisconsin, but they loved Southern institutions, and have adhered with patriotic perseverance to their native soil.

The same energy and patient battling for long years with disheartening difficulties would have given them twice the income from any other pursuit. But the day may soon arrive when the planter, refusing to borrow at ruinous rates, will find his bank in his cotton-bales piled high on his plantation, to be sold only at his own whim and pleasure, and the South will no longer be compelled to sacrifice her capital to pay the interest of her debt.

In this episode of Southern life, our festival at Danvers is well nigh forgotten, and the triumph of Peabody ignored.

No such man-worship as this scene at Danvers could occur in the South. The men live—or have lived—among us, who with far less wealth have contributed far more to New-Orleans and other Southern towns, but they have not therefore become heroes nor our people toadies. We know of none among us capable of such idolatry, although we are aware it is remembered how many gentle "swallows" have heretofore "but wantoned in the South, while in the North long since their nests were made,"and feathered with the down of amiable Southern geese; and when we consider the taste and patriotism that would allow our public libraries to burn down without replacing them, and then order second-hand statues of the hero of Chalmette, represented in the sublime attitude of lifting off his hat, while mounted on a chubby charger rearing in a cramped attitude, in order to enable him to balance successfully like a quadrupedal rope-dancer on his hind legs. We doubt much, however, if the good people of Danvers have gone to the expense of a dinner and parade merely from gratitude from a former benefaction. They hope for more. They have the shrewdness of their race, and make no outlay without expectation of return. They know the value of flattery, and have administered it. But one grave error has been committed. They should have remembered that Peabody has lived long in foggy England, and has forgotten the customs of his Puritan friends. Had Bordeaux and Champagne mingled their bouquet with the odors of flowers and fruit, who can tell to what magnificence of future benevolence the heart of Peabody, Esq., might not have been inspired?

THE BAGPIPES IN RUSSIA.

The correspondent of the London *Daily News* gives the following account of the debut of a *Highland piper* in the saloons of the elite at Moscow:—

For the fifth time since we arrived in Moscow Lady Granville threw open her splendid saloons to the Russian noblesse, and it would be hard to find a more distinguished company than assembled at the ball of last evening. There were the Grand Duke Constantine and his beautiful wife, the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Grand Duchess Marie, and several other members of the imperial family. There were princesses and countesses without number, and amongst the men might be recognised the most distinguished names in the military or diplomatic circles of Russia. Lady Granville danced with the Grand Duke, but his lordship was too busy all night in making his guests comfortable to join the Terpsychorean pastime. M'Allister, Lord Stafford's piper, was in attendance in the ante-room in full uniform, kilt and phillibeg, it being the intention of the noble host that, in some interval of the dance, the Russian guests should be made acquainted with the peculiar characteristics of Highland music. But the bardic soul of M'Allister was impatient of restraint. For some moments he remained standing in the ante-room, beating time to an imaginary reel, and champing like a war horse impatient of the bit, until at last, what with the strains of rival music from the band, the intoxicating influence of a thousand wax-lights reflected from the porcelain walls, and the bright forms of beauty that flitted to and fro before the gaze of the bewildered Highlander, flesh and blood could hold out no longer; the inspired Gael shouldered his pipes, and striking up a pibroch that would awaken the dead, marched, with measured tread, as if at the head of his clan, into the centre of the brilliant ring round which grand dukes and duchesses were at that moment dancing the polonaise. Loud above the puny attempts of catgut and brass rose the wild martial note of the bagpipes. The musicians threw down their instruments in despair, the company ceased dancing, and M'Allister was in a moment the centre of an admiring circle, completely absorbed in his pibroch, and beating time with as much accuracy and *sang froid* as if unconscious of the presence of the foremost of the world's *elite*. I watched the effect of this strange music on the unaccustomed ears of the Russians with great interest. They were at first evidently astounded, the officers putting their hands to their ears, and the ladies crossing their hands and gazing on the kilted Æolus in mute surprise. But soon it became evident that there was a sympathy between the warlike race on the one side and the warlike music on the other. Both ladies and gentlemen chatted, smiled, and listened; and when, shortly after, the Grand Duchess Constantine, one of the most beautiful women in Russia, retired to another apartment, she sent for M'Allister, who played "The White Cockade" in a manner that elicited her imperial highness's gracious commendation. From that moment he became the fashion, and several times in the course of the evening he played again to admiring audiences. I may mention before parting with our musical friend, that since his arrival he has been quite a lion amongst the Russians, who follow him in crowds through the streets. There is much speculation amongst the mujiks as to his real character and functions, but the most prevailing impression is that he is the chief of all the foreign ambassadors, and that, with a fastidious refinement of hateur, he prefers walking, on the ground that none of the carriages are grand enough for his notions of personal dignity.

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.

The total number of the population amounts to 63 millions, the principal elements of which give results unknown to the rest of Europe. The clergy of the Russian church stand for the enormous number of 510,000; that of the tolerated creeds, 35,000; the hereditary nobility, 155,000; the petty bourgeosie, including discharged soldiers, 425,000; foreigners residing temporarily, 40,000; different bodies of Cossacks colonised on the Oural, the Don, the Wolga, the Black Sea, the Baikal, the Baschkirs, and the irregular Kalmucks, 2,000,000; the population of the towns, the middle and lower classes, 5,000,000; the population of the country parts, 45,000,000; the wandering tribes, 500,000; the inhabitants of the trans-Caucasian possessions, 1,400,000; the kingdom of Poland, 4,200,000; the Grand Duchy of Finland, 1,400,000; and the Russian colonies in America, 71,000. At the accession of the Emperor Nicholas the census then taken only gave a population of 51,000,000.

THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

At a banquet lately given to the Earl of Cardigan—the Black Bottle martinet of the English Army—his Lordship enlightened the hardware gentry of Leeds upon the duties of a Cavalry General, and tried to mitigate, as much as possible, the pounding which his Hussars received in the disastrous charge at Balaklava:—

"One would really suppose," says the Earl, "that when a charge of cavalry is ordered, the general officer commanding a brigade has nothing to do but to wave his sword and gallop off, his men following him, and come into personal contact with the enemy's troops. Gentlemen, no such thing is the case. In the first place, it is his duty to keep his regiments together. Secondly, it is his duty to lead them at such a regular pace, under any fire to which they may be exposed, that when they come in contact with the enemy they may attack them with a proper and full impetus. Further, it is necessary that, under whatever fire they may be exposed during the advance, the general officer should keep the allignment of his regiment. I believe there was no person who was present—and there are many persons present who were spectators (for the hills on all sides were covered with our own troops and those of our allies)—that was no one so present who will deny, that the leading of the regiments of the light cavalry brigade into the battery, on the day of the battle of Balaklava, was a firm, satisfactory, and compact one, well and gallantly supported by the three other regiments belonging to the brigade, which came on in succession, under their respective commanding officers. It has also been suggested, and the idea has been entertained, that it is the duty of a general officer commanding cavalry, to fight the enemy with and among private soldiers, after coming into contact with them. No such thing is the case. The greatest authority we have ever had in this country is that of the late noble hussar, Lord Anglesea. Under the names of Lord Uxbridge and Lord Paget, he frequently commanded cavalry, and distinguished himself in every way, and had the reputation of being the best cavalry general that ever lived in this country. He has been known to declare that he never, during his career, raised his sword or used it against an enemy, except on one occasion, in self-defence. There is one more fallacy which at times has been suggested, with regard to the duties of a cavalry general. It is, that a general officer of cavalry, leading his first line, after getting among and attacking the enemy, is to halt and receive the second line, before bringing his brigade out of action. This is not the case. A general officer commanding the first line has nothing to do with anything but the regiments he immediately commands. Those who follow in support are under the superior officer of each.

But, even supposing such a thing was practicable in any common charge of cavalry, of one body of cavalry against another, even against infantry, can anybody living imagine that it would be possible for a general officer leading the first line of cavalry in the affair of Balaklava, attacking 18, 19, or 20 heavy guns to the front, a battery on each flank, and the hills covered with Russian riflemen—can anybody suppose that when entering such a battery, vomiting forth shells, round shot, and every missile of war, a general officer can lead his line over the battery, and after coming into combat with 5,000 Russian cavalry, which was the force stationed beyond the Russian guns, he could turn his horse round and wait for the second line? I had brought the attacking line up to that battery; they were there employed, some of them in cutting down the gunners—and it was there that the great loss of life took place. It was then, or immediately afterwards, that many a gallant spirit departed this life—it was there that such men as Hotham, and Goad, and Montgomery, of the 13th Light Dragoons—as Winter, and Webb, and Thompson, of the 17th Lancers—it was there that they met their death; it was there that White, and Morris, and Sir W. Gordon were cut to the ground; it was there that one of my aides-decamy was wounded, another taken prisoner, and then, or some time later, another met his fate like the rest—I speak of Captain Lockwood, of the 8th Hussars, than whom there never was a more gentlemanly or a more gallant young officer. This slaughter took place both among officers and men, for the men gallantly followed their officers wherever they went. At the same time, in the supporting regiments, both Packer and Fitzgibbon, of the 8th Hussars, Cornet Houghton, of the 11th Hussars, and others whose names I am afraid I can't recollect, were cut off. After this had taken place, I proceeded to Lord Raglan to report the circumstances of the charge, and his Lordship expressed to me his marked disapprobation of what had been done, stating that such an attack was totally contrary to the principles of warfare—that is, the attacking a battery in front with cavalry. I have only to say on the subject, that there never was a more uncalled-for attack, inasmuch as we had seen this Russian battery with a large body of heavy cavalry in its rear at least 20 minutes; and when this attack was ordered, they were neither advancing nor retreating.

AN INCIDENT IN THE ATTACK ON THE MALAKOFF.

Bayancourt's history of the Crimean expedition contains the following incident in the successful attack upon the Malakoff: "An event to which many thousands of men owe their safety, deserves to be mentioned. At the commencement of the attack a Russian officer had thrown himself, with about sixty men, into the Malakoff, of which there remained but the basement crenelated and sufficiently sheltered. From the embrasures of this little fortress, these soldiers maintained a murderous fire against our troops at musket's length: for the space was very confined, and the passage by which the companies pressed forward to support the attack was very narrow. Officers and men fell, decimated by this invincible fire. When the first confusion of the attack had passed over, and we were able to look about and count our numbers, General M'Mahon ordered his engineers to surround the tower with lighted fascines, so as to blind the Russians by the smoke, and to make it impossible for them to continue their fire. But the flames had scarcely surrounded the tower, already enveloping it with a circle of fire, when the general suddenly reflected that the fire might gain on the tower, and bring about an explosion of the powder magazine; he immediately ordered the fire to be quickly extinguished, and made known to the officer that the bastion belonged to us, that all resistance on his part was useless, and that to prolong it would be to uselessly expose himself and his men to death. The combat was impossible; the brave Russian officer who had so energetically resisted from the commencement of the attack, consented to surrender. The commandant of engineers had ordered earth to be thrown upon the burning fascines in order to stifle the flames. The first strokes of the pickaxes in digging up the soil, caused the discovery of an electric wire which communicated with the tower itself, which the Russians had mined. The soldiers instantly seized upon the utensils with which they could meet; shovels, bayonets, pickaxes, everything were employed; for the danger was perhaps imminent. In a few seconds, a circular trench dug around the tower brought to light two other wires, destined to blow up some very considerable powder magazines established in different parts of the work. The artillery took up on the following days from the Malakoff more than 40,000 kilos of powder."

SLAVES FEASTING SLAVES.

From the Dundalk Democrat.

The "grand banquet" to the army that was twice beaten before the Redan, is to take place on the 22d inst., in an old tobacco store beside the rat-tenanted Custom House of Dublin. There is not an old dodger in the country; there is not a sleek, slavish Whig in the land; there is not a place-hunter, or place-beggar from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, who have not been pressed into the service of the Banquet Committee; and there is not a shoneen or satrap or West Briton from North to South, from East to West in this outraged and plundered country, who have not given their mite to sustain the humbug. It is an affair of which we are heartily ashamed. Had the army wielded their swords for Irish interests—had they rushed to the charge shouting "Irish Independence for ever"—or had they even in the bloody battles in which they were engaged, won honor and renown before the Russian hosts there might be some excuse for the nonsense at present tolerated in the country. But the contrary is the fact. They were late at the Alma; they were all but annihilated at Inkermann; they were slaughtered at Balaklava, and they were twice obliged to take flight from the Great Redan. There, in a few words, is the history of the English portion of the war in the Crimea. That the reader may observe that this is not our individual opinion, we shall quote a portion of an article from the *Times* of the 4th ultimo; an article meant to disparage the fulsome boasting of some people, who would fain persuade the world that the English army had done great things in the East. The *Times* remarks:—"England failed utterly in playing a great part in the late campaign. From the beginning to the end, mistakes, quarrels, short-sightedness, want of skill, want of common professional knowledge, marred the exertions of the British army. From the first reconnoisance in Bulgaria to the last attack upon the Redan there were, on the testimony of high placed officers themselves, proofs of unmistakeable incapacity and folly. The men died, the horses died, the hospitals were without store, the camp without victuals. A brigadier-general of cavalry executes a movement which the general of division declared to have impaired his forces, while the general of division orders a charge which his subordinate takes every occasion to sneer at as indicative of ignorance and worse. No such oratory as has been lately listened to should be allowed to blind the public to facts which less partial communities daily comment on. While in the eyes of both allies and enemies our army was reduced to a contingent by the incapacity of its chiefs, no provincial speeches at home can permanently raise the character of the men who thus worked its ruin, and lowered the national fame."

There is the verdict of the *Times* on the feats performed by the army in the east—"it worked its own ruin—and lowered the national fame!" How often have we, in the course of the war, said the very same things, while blockheads, and sycophants were lauding its prowess to the skies? And this is the beaten, ruined, blundering army which is to be feasted in the tobacco store by Irish slaves and West Britons! We are ashamed of the entire business, and we wonder how any men, no matter how depraved in mind, could bring themselves to enact such follies before the honest people of the country.

We do not deny that some of the men in the ranks showed great prowess and heroism, and we are always ready to give honor where it is due; but we look upon the army as a whole, and we say the result of its labors and toils in the Crimea is, in the words of the *Times*, that it "worked its own ruin, and lowered the national fame." It has done nothing for Ireland, and can claim no honors at her hands. It has not struck one blow for her interests, nor raised one arm for her glory or renown. On the contrary, it is here at present ready to strike for British tyranny, and assert her will over the fair face of our island.

If, then, this nonsensical Banquet takes place in the old tobacco store of the Dublin Custom House, let the toasts have reference to the blunders, the mismanagement and failures in the Crimea; and let not the raw coffee, the cold hospitals, or the famine, and destruction of the troops be forgotten. Let lamentation and grief be the order of the day, and let chairman and speakers honestly proclaim with the *Times*, "That England failed utterly in playing a great part in the war; and that her army worked its own ruin, and lowered the national fame."

ARMAMENT OF THE MERRIMAC.

The *London Post* thus discourses of the powerful armament of the U. S. frigate *Merrimac:*

We shall offend no transatlantic sentiment of national vanity by averring that the American naval authorities are trying a conclusion in the armament of the *Merrimac*, United States frigate, at this time lying in Southampton Water, with a truly go-ahead faith in the virtue of extremes, a quickness of adoption, to which we slower people make no pretensions, and which we have not been accustomed to consider prudent. It is our sluggish over-cautiousness, perhaps, which induces us to see the workings of a principle in other hands before adopting it ourselves, and we shall regard with more than common interest the working of the armament of the *Merrimac*.

Lest our remarks prove caviare to the multitude, let us briefly explain. A paragraph has been running the round of the papers respecting the American giant frigate, the *Merrimac*. She is enormously large and enormously strong, and carries an armament of enormous weight; finally, she has discarded solid shot altogether, and is to fight with shells alone. Her guns are curiously, and, as it seems to us, beneficially modified from the old construction, in accordance with the deductions of Dahlgren, which is, however, collateral to the main point. The gist of the thing is as follows: The *Merrimac* is boldly committed to the full adoption of that which has not been unaptly termed the *incendiary principle*, as first developed by Paixhan, and her armament is the most terrible shell armament wherewith any ship has hitherto been supplied.

Now, it is a fact to be remembered, that the shell system, as distinguished from the solid-shot system, was first devised by Paixhan with especial reference to the destruction of ships—not fortresses—and he did our navy the honor of selection for his ideal target. We have only adopted the incendiary system in our ships of war to a limited extent, and Sir Howard Douglas, our most distinguished author on naval gunnery, has in his book advanced strong objections to the adoption of whole broadsides of Paixhan's guns. The armament of the *Merrimac* is in opposition to these deductions; and one is naturally anxious to ascertain the reasons which have induced the American naval authorities to act, in opposition to an authority whom they hold in great esteem. One is anxious, moreover, to be made aware—and the thought evokes curious sensations—whether the authorities who committed the *Merrimac* so fully to the incendiary system concede the general principle that horizontal shell-firing from heavy ordnance is chiefly effective against ships? In short, the *Merrimac* is turned out of hand seemingly with the object of trying a system *à l'outrance*. It behooves us, slow-moving people, to keep all our eyes open, and profit by the experiment.

Answers to Correspondents.

We congratulate our friends in Pittsburgh, (Pa.,) on the establishment amongst them, at Masonic Hall, Fifth-street, of a branch of the enterprising publishing and wholesale forwarding house of T. R. Callender, of Philadelphia.

We have had intimate business relations with Mr. Callender for some time, and rejoice in this opportunity to give publicity to strong feelings of admiration which we entertain for his uniform urbanity and straight forward business tact.

"New-York, October 20, 1856.

"Sir—In animadverting upon Irish ingratitude to an Emmet, in your publication of the 11th instant, you state that Mr. Grattan 'was stoned upon Carlisle Bridge, close to the scene of his glories, and brought down upon his feeble knees, bleeding to the pavement.' As an eye-witness, from a window overlooking the transaction, I will describe what did occur. Messrs. Grattan and Shaw were chaired, from Green street Court House, through Capel street, Mary street and Henry street, as far as Cole's Lane, when a gang of the lowest *canaille*, composed of Smithfield cattle-drivers or go-boys, and Cole's Lane (market) basket boys, rushed upon the procession, throwing it into disorder, and in the *melee* some missile struck Mr. Grattan upon the forehead. He and Mr. Shaw were then taken by their friends from the car or chairs: Mr. Shaw's friends hurrying him down Henry street to Sackville street; and Mr. Grattan's into Preston's, an extensive cabinet-maker's, facing Cole's Lane, the immediate scene of action. Whilst they were being removed, a heroic young man, I believe named Callaghan, wrenched a leg from one of the chairs and floored more than fourteen or fifteen of the cowardly assailants, some of whom ran the car into Cole's Lane, Sampson's Lane, and an Alley way at the rear of the house in which I resided (147 Henry street). After they had fled with the car—the whole interruption not having occupied more time than I have taken to describe it—I heard a tremendous knocking at the stable door, on my opening which the rabble wheeled in, *sans ceremonie*, the carriage frame and left it 17 hours in my care; and afterwards sold it for £14. When taking it away, they to'd me they were in dread of the Liberty boys, an opposite faction on the south side of the city, who had taken some time before (per force) White's chair from them—it being customary in those days to let the victors retain and dispose of the same. On resuming my former position, I perceived the balcony, fronting Preston's house, filled with gentlemen—Mr. Grattan, a venerable looking old man, standing in their midst, with a bleeding gash in his forehead, and Lord Charlemont pointing to it, whilst addressing the people beneath, as to the base return for a long life spent in their service. A rush of citizens crowded to the place on the first alarm and Mounted Police and Dragoons followed. During the time the gentlemen were speechifying, Mr. Grattan got into a carriage at the rear of Preston's, in Prince street, and made for home—the people still loitering up and down, determined to give him a hearty reception.

"It is now nearly 89 years ago, and I regret that a new generation should allow a rowdy electioneering mob to represent Irish ingratitude to a Harry Grattan.

"Enclosed you have my address.—B. O. R., A Former Member of The Protestant Association for the Repeal of the Union in '47-8."

The occurrence is described in Madden's Commentaries on the Career and Character of Henry Grattan, as we related it. "After passing Carlisle Bridge," says the author, "a base and execrable gang assailed him with ferocity. His friends around him were greatly alarmed; but though Grattan was stricken in years and shattered in his constitution, he displayed his charateristic personal courage. One of the wretches was but too successful, and succeeded in giving him a fearful blow that cut open the old ma's face."

The cause of the attack was his previous vote in favor of the Insurrection Act, which greatly exasperated a large portion of the citizens who forgot the services of the Patriot in, what they considered, the supporter of the Government.

Dungarvan, Co. Waterford, Oct. 11, 1856.

Sir—I have much pleasure in handing you the enclosed Irish Bank-Note, value twenty shillings British; one dollar of which you will please appropriate towards the fund being now raised in your noble city, having for its object the two-fold purpose of erecting a monument to the memery of that high-souled, talented Irishman, T. Devin Reilly, and of ministering to the cares of his bereaved Widow and Orphan—a work worthy, no doubt, of the names of the warm-hearted, generous men who form the Committee.

You will please forward me, as usual, for the balance the Irish News for twelve months, or for whatever period it will cover, as I cannot say what number of cents the discount may be.

I perceive in No. 24 of the News, under the head of answers to correspondents, the Editor's reply to "an indignant correspondent," which I think is letting him down too softly. Yet, still it may be the better way to treat with silent contempt such Know-Nothing noodles. What a bulwark he must have thought his Club of fifty (making the unit one) would be to the Irish News.

I can imagine that correspondence such as his must tend largely towards its circulation, and I should not feel surprised if ere this that subscriptions poured in—in the ratio of fifty to one each of the indignant correspondent's half hundred Clubmen—so as to show the indignant sense of feeling entertained at such penny dictatorship, by men of free and independent minds

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

James Boland.

Richard J. Lalor, Esq., "Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, New-York."

A correspondent writes to ask us, "if General Walker in Nicaragua is not precisely in a similar position to Strongbow in Ireland, and if the army under Walker are not doing what the Anglo-Normans did in Ireland?"

Not precisely! The institutions of Ireland at the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion partook more of Republicanism than Monarchy. The elected chiefs were the Presidents of their respective clans—learning flourished—the Arts were cultivated and prosperity abounded. Strongbow was sent to Ireland at the instigation of a traitor. Walker went to Nicaragua at the request of the patriotic Democracy, whose rights were trampled upon by Serviles—who resembled more the insolent, tyrannical Hidalgos of old Spain than the citizens of a free Republic. Walker goes to Nicaragua to elevate, not to pull down—to spread and consolidate Republicanism—to free the People, not to enslave them. The English went to Ireland to extend monarchical sway, to rob, deteriorate and destroy. There can be no parallel between the volunteer soldiers who battle for the rights of the People, and the invaders who exterminate the People that a *class* may dominate—such a class as the Anglo-Norman aristocracy were and are.

Crescent, (Saratoga Co.) Oct. 26, 1856.

Thomas F. Meagher, Esq.

Sir,—I have no apology to give, for troubling you with the following request;—more than that, it is the desire of my countrymen in these parts. A person from Troy—a Mr. Deadee—delivered a political address in this place, on last night, for the benefit of J. C. Fremont and his party, abusing Buchanan and Democracy in such terms as "bellowing slaves," "hoodwinked fools," &c., and promising to Irishmen, a repetition in America of the drama of 46 and '47 in Ireland, "in case James Buchanan were elected." Not only his prophecies, but his fervent prayers were offered for such a soothing result. Now Irishmen could listen to all this, and smile; but in the course of his speech he stated that he "was a political refugee in '48," and that "Queen Victoria had offered *three thousand pounds* for his head! He boasted of his intimacy with you, and John Mitchel—that he was educated at the same school with you—using the prestige of both names to recommend his doctrines to us. I understand he is in the habit of doing this all over the country. He intimated also, I have heard, (though not in his public address,) that your opinions and Mr. Mitchel's were undergoing a change, with regard to the Democratic party, and favorable to Black Republicanism. Now, our request is, that you state in the *Irish News*, how much of truth there is in his assertions; and what authority he may have to speak for others? As for me and those of my kindred and acquaintance—whom I respect for truth and manhood—we look on the events and results of "'48" in Ireland, with more of shame and grief, than of triumphant material to be paraded on the stump, in order to affect the result of American elections. There could not be, in my opinion, a wiser doctrine for Irishmen, than that put forth by you, and Mr. Mitchel, of purging from American politics, all Irish, or other foreign abstract issues.

That Providence may in its mercy bring round a *time*, and give us the opportunity to prove to the world that we are able, and have the courage to make it what "'48" should have been, is what all true Irishmen ardently pray and look for.

I remain your friend and admirer.

Patrick Walsh,
An old member of the *Swift Club*.

We print this letter in full—it asks important questions, and contains serious and very grave advice. All Irishmen in America should read it, and be guided by it. The individual it alludes to, is some impudent person of the name mentioned in this letter, introduced to us in Troy, this time twelvemonth. That's all we know about him. If he has said and done what is alleged of him by our correspondent, he is an utterly truthless impostor.

The decision of the Court Martial in the case of Captain Heuston, 69th Regiment, has terminated in the acquittal of that gentleman. Next week we shall publish in full the official paper, signed by the Brigadier-General, communicating it. Being re-arrested, however, we forego any comments oe the proceedings until they are finally disposed of.

A young correspondent from Providence, sends his first effort, of which we print the first stanza:

Oh Erin! Fairest isle upon the bosom of the sea—
Why dost thou still in bondage pine—nor strike for liberty?
Why dost thou sit so lonely there, like maiden in a dream?
Awake, awake, and courage take, by wearing of the green.

"Norma."—"My own true love," commencing

"What will I do love,
Without my own true love,"

is the silliest nonsense. Look out for a new love.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1856.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN—THE UNION VICTORIOUS.

It is a cold dim morning. The yellow leaves, heavy with last night's rain, strew the pavements of our spacious avenues, and the public squares. A keen wind hurries through the skeleton trees. The horses under the drays, the stages, and more exclusive equipages, seem to labor in cold blood. It is a cold dim morning.

But all through the leaden skies a beautiful light—such a light as that which Church pours in upon his gorgeous foliage—is breaking. The spires of Trinity and St. Pauls', and the white towers of the marble churches in the newer portions of the city, glisten in the glorious light. The forest of majestic spars which girdles the city, reflects the fresh rays, and the breasts of the throbbing rivers, North and East, warm in the deepening hues of gold and crimson.

There are glad tidings—tidings of exceeding joy—uttering themselves everywhere about us, as the sunshine widens. On a thousand faces, as they hurry past our window, there is a flashing pride. Sinewy-limbed mechanics—laborers—craftsmen of every calling—students hastening to the colleges and University—merchants hastening to their marts—all look joyous, buoyant, bright, as if it were the first day of summer.

The Constitution—the Laws—the Union—have had a victory such as Jefferson would have commemorated in some immortal document, full of strength, chastity, sublimity. A victory such as Webster, from the pedestal of the mighty monument overlooking Charlestown, would have announced with all the thunders of his eloquence. A victory such as the Poets of the Revolution, and all who have since then echoed in more majestic harmonies the deeds done under Washington, would have sung in numbers pregnant with a diviner fire than that which woke into martial hymns the lyre of Tyrtæus and that of Kœrner. A victory such as the great orators of the American pulpit may well proclaim in the midst of loud anthems and hosannahs throughout the cities and the hamlets, the homesteads of the prairie, the vineyards of Ohio, and the mines of the Sacramento, richer than those of Ophir.

The black peril which overhung this country yesterday—which filled every wise and good man with the saddest forebodings—which has moved the soul of the People to its deepest deepths, and darkened it with fear, anguish, and all the emotions which precede a furious civil strife—this peril, thanks be to God! has passed away. But yesterday, and the land trembled on the verge of an unknown future. To-day, and the future into which it enters is illuminated. There are no terrors now before the People, their statesmen, and their law-givers. All is bright, disentangled, solid. The Republic is preserved. Another period, full of peace, unity, brotherhood, and all the prosperous activity of a compact and inseparable Commonwealth, opens to the historian, who, from the highest posts in the public service—the Secretaryship of the American Navy and the Mission to England—secludes himself to chronicle the struggles, labors, and splendors of his conntry.

We do not exaggerate. No false rumors stimulate us. The event we speak of, is anchored immutably in the waters of Time. The antagonists of Democracy own it. Frankly they concede it. What is more, they furnish us with the authentic statements and the deliberate convictions, from which we appeal to our readers, and with a bounding heart, bid them rejoice.

What says the *Herald*?

"The Presidential election, judging from the returns as far as received, appears to have gone for Buchanan. The October Pennsylvania and Indiana elections seem to have completely reversed the popular tide, which, up to that time, had been rising and swelling in favor of Fremont."

Again—

"It may be doubted whether, from their immense expenditures of money, time and labor, their game has paid for the candle; but we presume that they will consider themselves as indemnified for their outlays, exertions and troubles ten times over, in the assurance that with the aid of the Irish Catholic vote for Buchanan, the Union is safe for four years longer."

With equal candour and equanimity, the *Times* writes:—

"At the time we go to press our returns of yesterday's election are very incomplete. They indicate, however, the election of Buchanan. He has carried Pennsylvania and New Jersey; and unless he loses some of the Southern States, which have been generally conceded to him, his election is already more than probable."

The *Tribune*, not less frank, is more explicit:—

"We have lost a battle. The Bunker Hill of the new struggle for Freedom is past; the Saratoga and Yorktown are yet to be achieved. A party of yesterday, without organization, without official power, without prestige, and latterly, almost without hope, has not overborne the oldest party in the country, with its hundred thousand office holders, its eighty millions of annual expenditure, its million and a half of votes trained by the habits of a lifetime to vote without question or hesitation whatever bears its label. The Republican party called into being by the Nebraska Iniquity of 1854, having a substantive existence in but sixteen States, has beaten one of the rival parties which boasts of their compact organizations in all the States, but has failed to beat the other in its first Presidential canvass. James Buchanan is *our* next President, and John C. Breckinridge Vice-President."

Wherefore, let there be joy on earth and in heaven throughout this noble land! Let the young men and maidens, old men and children, rejoice! Rejoice, ye mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and cedars, and all people! Rejoice, and praise the name of the Lord, for he hath exalted the horn of His people!

Oh God! look down upon the land which Thou has loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell;
Nor, while the grass grows on the hill, and streams flow through the vale,
May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail!
God keep the fairest, noblest land, that lies beneath the sun;
"Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one!"

OLD IRELAND.

We receive our Irish exchanges regularly from every part of the old land—from the beautiful City of the Lee and the Madien city of the Foyle, sitting on her church-crowned hill, like a chief tain on his clan-girt Rath. From the tone of these journals we are led to infer that a perfect political calm reigns in Ireland. The turbulent waters of civil and religious strife appear to have settled down into the calm placidity of a summer lake. The Janus of agitation is closed, and no fiery orator—except at a Tenant League dinner—denounces Saxon oppression or deplores the fallen state of his country. No indignant editor throws off a fierce Philippic against foreign or local misrule. Judging from these signs, we, on this side of the Atlantic, might be induced to believe that Ireland was prosperous, happy, contented, free and independent—that there was no grievance to be complained of, no wrongs to be redressed, no sufferings to be alleviated. But amid all this apparent prosperity and quiet, we occasionally hear of an odd estate being cleared of its human occupants, by one of those new landlords manufactured in Henrietta street, and must therefore infer that the calm is only upon the surface, and that popular discontent only lacks an utterance.

It is gratifying, however, to find that since the press of Ireland has partially abandoned politics, that it is usefully employed in disentombing the historical records of the past—of reviving historical reminiscences, which had been so long neglected in the tumult and turmoil of political warfare. Biographies of men who shed lustre on the pages of Irish history, in the several walks of literature and art, are being collected and published. Men who stood upon the hill side with their tall pikes in '98—who fought at Vinegar Hill, Oulart and Arklow, and traversed the glens of Wicklow with Holt or Dwyer, are being introduced to the Irish people. Their deeds, their escapes, and their sufferings, form excellent pabulum for the young generation that is growing up in the old land. Irish scenery, whose romantic beauty and legendary associations had either been unknown, untold, or forgotten, is now made the theme of pleasant articles in many of our exchanges. This is a new feature in Irish Journalism, and cannot fail to bear golden fruit. It is the only compensation we have for the eloquent appeals which formerly greeted us, and might be thought sufficient to have aroused the dead chivalry of the land, and collected them in ghostly array against Ireland's enemies in the Golden Vale, or up on the Hill of Tara.

MORE POWER TO WALKER!

The star of Walker is in the ascendant, notwithstanding the menacing attitude of the British fleet in the waters of San Juan del Norte. His last brilliant victory has set speculation at rest respecting the future of Central America. The petty despotisms which have ruled, unchecked and unseen, over that magnificent portion of our hemisphere, and reduced its population to

the most degrading level, is destined to disappear before the onward march of the "man of destiny."

Hitherto republicanism in the states of Central America was another name for the most irresponsible despotism. Henceforth it will become a reality. Modeled after the free institutions of the United States, Nicaragua will become one of the most prosperous and happy countries on this great continent. Its resources will be developed, manufactures established, and a high order of civilization introduced. For social disorder, domestic tranquillity will be established, while commerce will be forced to pour its golden treasures into the capital of the regnant state of Central America. That gallant dash upon Massaya—that furious charge upon the foe at Granada, quick as lightning and crushing as the thunder-bolt, has cleared Walker's path to future victories and further conquests.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

The *Canadian* arrived at Quebec on Tuesday, bringing four days later news. The monetary embarrassments still continue, while the political relations of the principal Governments have not improved. The King of Naples is still determined to keep his dungeons open, and insists upon his right, as an independent Sovereign, to treat his subjects as he may see fit. He repudiates the dictation of the English and French Governments, that went to war with the Emperor of Russia for threatening the sovereign independence of the Sultan. As far as precedent is concerned, his Majesty of the two Sicilies has the best of the argument.

If Louis Napoleon has a right to drag Frenchmen from their homes in the dead hour of the night, and transport them, unheard and untried, to the pestilential swamps of Cayenne—if the Queen of England's satraps have a right to pack juries and hurry off political offenders to Bermuda, or Van Diemen's Land, and there compel them to mix aud associate with the vilest criminals—why not the King of Naples pounce upon any of his subjects who may wear a moustache, or utter the fatal word Liberty, and chain them in a loathsome dungeon twenty or thirty feet below the level of the sea, where their friends can see them—chained to be sure—once a month? The old besotted Bourbon does no more than the other despotic rulers of Europe are doing and have been doing for centuries. Oppression is the hereditary right of Royalty, and why should it be infringed upon in Naples, while it is sanctioned in Russia, in Turkey, in Prussia, in Austria, in France—wherever, in fine, a throne stands or a sceptre is raised against the liberties of the people.

Bourbon, thou reasonest well! But does it not strike your royal understanding that the People are tired of their Regal Masters—that the flash which lit up the Heavens in '48, and brought Royalty on its marrow-bones, was only the warning sign—the herald of that storm which may burst at any moment all over Europe?

It is not because Neapolitan tyranny is hated and condemned at the Courts of France and England, that diplomatic relations have been broken off, and the combined squadrons ordered to the waters of the Mediterranean, but simply because persecution has rendered kingly rule so odious in Italy, that revolution has become a political necessity. The point of endurance has been passed, and the time for armed resistance is only a matter of expediency. It is to compel reforms which will disarm resistance and prevent the breaking out of revolution, that would sweep Europe like a prairie-fire, England and France have assumed an attitude to the king of Naples which conflicts so directly with the part they have recently played in Eastern affairs. They neither intend to subvert the throne, abridge its prerogatives, nor encourage his down-trodden subjects to raise the flag of revolt, and give the sign for which millions, panting to be free, have kept a long and weary vigil. The interference of England and France is a delusion and a sham. It will neither bring the king of Naples to a sense of his danger, nor prevent the catastrophe which they dread. The king has appealed for protection to Russia, Austria and Prussia, and thus matters stand at present.

THE FAIR AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Next Monday the Ladies of New-York inaugurate a movement, the object of which is to raise a fund for the purpose of establishing in this city an hospital, to be placed under the control of the Sisters of Charity. Seldom has such genuine interest been manifested as this holy and munificent project elicits. Gentlemen of the first culture, social excellence, wealthy, brilliant as wealth and accomplishments can render them, have for weeks past devoted themselves to it.

Day and night, they have been busy gathering in those dainty and winning stores, the sale of which will go far to realize the intentions of their good hearts. The fair will last upwards of ten days. There will be music, flowers, beauty, every attraction convoked during those days under that stately dome in the sweet cause of charity.

A paper, too, will be published on the spot. It is to be called the *Page of the Fair*. To its crystal columns, glittering with the choicest wit and poetry and eloquence of New-York, we refer our readers for all further particulars regarding this useful, pious, and gracious work. May God bless it!

GOD PRESERVE THE UNION.

Brothers, there are times when Nations
Must, like battle-worn men,
Leave their proud, self-builded quiet
To do service once again:—
When the banners blessed by Fortune,
And by blood and brain embalmed,
Must re-throb the soul with feelings
That long happiness hath calm'd.
Thus the Democratic faith that won
The Nation, now hath need
To raise its ever stalwart arm,
And save what twice it freed.

So friends fill up
The brimming cup
In brotherly communion—
Here's blood and blow
For a foreign foe,
And God Preserve the Union.

There are factions passion-goaded,
There are turbulence and wrath,
And swarthy dogmas bellowing
Around the People's path;
There are false lights in the darkness,
There are black hearts in the light,
And hollow dwarfs are mimicking
The Jove-like People's might.
But ah! the Democratic strength
That smote an Empire's brow,
Can with its regnant virtues tame
Mere home-made factions now.

So friends let's band
For Fatherland—
In brotherly communion,
Let every mouth
Cry "North and South,"
And God Preserve the Union.

While the young Republic's bosom
Seems with rival passions torn—
Growing from the very freedom
Of the speech within it born:
Europe, in its haggard frenzy
To behold no earthly sod,
Where its white slaves may unbend them,
Or bend but to Freedom's God—
Europe madly hails the omen—
Strains its bloodshot eyes to view
A native treason toiling at
The work it strove to do.

So friends let's all
Like a rampart wall—
In granite-built communion,
Stand firmly proud,
'Gainst the kingly crowd—
And God Preserve the Union.

Since that day, when frantic people
Round the State House rose and fell,
Like an angry ocean surging
Round some rock-reared citadel—
When the Quaker City trembled
'Neath the arming People's tramp,
And the Bell proclaimed to iron men
Each house in the land a camp—
Democracy has kept that Bell
Still pealing sound on sound,
Until its potent energy
Has throbbed the wide earth round.

So let it ring,
So let it bring
Us brotherly communion;
Here's heart and hand!
For life and land!
And God Preserve the Union!

FINANCIAL FRAUDS AND HEROES.

The tremendous Presidential excitement which justly and necessarily excluded all other topics from the newspapers, was well nigh robbing four or five public characters of that notoriety which they eminently deserve, and to the attainment of which they most enthusiastically devoted their own talent and the funds of the public to an almost unlimited extent.

Such an obscurity as that which the silence of the Press confers, would probably be the most painful and heart-breaking to such persons. It is the vanity and the ambition of all criminals to be minutely, graphically and extensively reported in the papers—to divide the public gaze with the returns from Pennsylvania—to out-interest the latest news from Europe—to be talked of in the same breath with Louis Napoleon, Ferdinand of Naples, or Marshall O'Donnell. Vagabonds, swindlers, robbers, and murderers out of prison, they are very important notabilities in their cells. They are heroes. Their hands actually have been against every man, or in every other man's pocket, and society with its mighty arms has felt it necessary to cabin, crib and confine occasionally a "solitary poor devil" for its own protection.

What greater evidence of power than to inspire such fear in the community to shake up, for instance, such solid phalanxes of solid men as congregate about the solid and solemn-looking buildings in Wall street, New-York, and State street, Boston?

Such men, who have the "fatal facility" of imitating other people's names on bits of paper, and coining money in the "operation," carry ruin in their vest pockets—earthquakes in memorandum books—and wield a power of utter demolition and unlimited commercial catastrophes in a pen and ink.

There is no denying the power or the ability of such fellows, yet at the risk of making heroes of them, we must heartily agree with society in handing them over to a tender turnkey and the refreshing inquisitiveness of the city reporters.

Within the last month, a large and not unromantic addition has been made to the already plethoric and closely-printed volumes devoted to the lives and "services" of noted criminals. Patriotic pamphleteers, who analyze "astounding forgeries," and weave around them a first-class "yellow cover," have good reason to get down on their bare knees, for unto them Providence has been unduly bountiful.

It is not every month that half-a-dozen real, telling heroes turn up—good-looking, dashing vagabonds, who have figured in the best houses "up town," after figuring in the better halves of the said houses "down town"—who have on hand a series of love-scrapes, any one of which would be pith and marrow for a "thrilling tale of city love and life"—who have run through every mode of metropolitan existence, from pinched clerk to princely speculator—from the white-washed attic to the luxurious brown-stone mansion; from pavement-shattered shoes to the sweltering rugs and buffalo robes of the brilliant barouche, upon whom rascality seemed to riot in gold, and swindling but to shower success, and who, lifted by fraud into a finanical fanaticism, lived so fast that they ultimately ran away with themselves.

What facts for the used up and brain-tired penny-a-liner—for the voracious paragraphist—for the reporter, heart-sick of every-day occurrences and the eternal routine of rival politicians. Huntington, of New York, George Gomer, *alias* Beaumoir, *alias* Imbart, *alias* Dutton, *alias* Rechard, *alias* De Gorge, &c., &c.; Andrew Finlay, of Cincinnati, Thomas P. Wight, of New York, and Nichols, of Cleveland, Ohio, present, in the lately published statements of their alleged forgeries and frauds, a mass of ability, audacity, rascality, recklessness, and, we may add, romance unparalled.

The extraordinary nature and extent of those forgeries are only equalled by the carelessness exhibited by banking-houses, money-trafficers, and the supposed cautious, far-seeing, and sagacious potentates of the commercial world.

Huntington's affairs develop a stupendous series of frauds. It appears that he initiated his "operations" by forging the signatures of some fifty houses, all well-known, and accounted responsible firms. That he should not have been almost immediately detected, is something to startle the imaginati on, and shake the faith of outsiders in the business capacity of Wall street.

Gomer's transactions were more brilliant, though not so hazardous, or so open to immediate detection. He travelled from one end of the country to the other, forged letters from distinguished houses, introducing himself, on their strength speculated largely and successfully for some time, to the amount of nearly $100,000.

Thomas P. Wight is a very ambitious young man, who after running a flaring comet course for ninety days had at the end of that period more "stars" on his trail than follow the respected luminary alluded to. His case is decidedly romantic, and embraces a trip to Europe. Some cunning people think that "as a revelation of 'sharp practice,' Wight's little affair" throws the operations of Huntington completely into the shade. The schedule of liabilities laid at his door make a total of $75,637 and 95 cents.

After such persons our other heroes may seem somewhat diminutive, but it is not their fault if it is so. Andrew Finlay was arrested at the instigation of two well-executed forged checks on the Bank of Albany, the one for $4,000 and the other for $3,000. Nichols was arrested in this city on a requisition from the Governor of Ohio, on the charge of forgery. Sum about $15,000.

The most important of these forgers were very free in society, and lived up to almost "every cent they made." They were lavish in their expenditure, and, no doubt, allowed the traders, horse-dealers, wine-sellers, and "fast ladies," with whom they had dealings, to swindle them only less extensively than they had swindled others. The appetite for costly things and *recherche* fare which they assumed when "solid men," has not vanished with the Tombs. They are represented as making imprisonment "tolerable" by living like "fighting cocks."

When the cases come to be thoroughly analyzed (if ever they do), we fear that many more will have to vacate chairs in Wall and other streets of similar importance.

Literature.

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.*

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEEFSTEAKS AND BRAVERY—THE DETECTIVE'S PLAN—ITS EXECUTION AND THE RESULT.

"Like mummies brought to life by chemic process
The creatures seemed, when we did lead them forth;
So wasted were they, timorous, wo-begone—
So wedded to despair, so loath to hope."

MASSINGER.

On the morning after Casement's pleasant visit to the lawyer, he was aroused at an early hour by feeling the disproportioned hand of Sergeant Bullock laid gently on his shoulder.

"Hup with you, sir," cried that distinguished individual—late an ornament of the London detective force. There was a smile of anticipated pleasure round his mouth, and he rubbed his huge hands together, as if to get rid of the superfluous electricity with which his finger-ends were charged. "The game's afoot, sir, and it's time the 'unters should be afoot as well."

Our hero did not need to be twice told; he dressed himself and seized his pistols with an alacrity which won from Mr. Bullock an approving smile.

That officer's faculties had been enlivened in this affair by the douceur of a twenty-dollar bill, and the promise of two like it, contingent on a successful issue. This liberality, joined with Mr. O'Grady's influence, was perhaps requisite to elevate the disappearance of a "mere himmigrant"—and an Irish one at that—into an importance worthy of the sergeant's official recognition. Still, Bullock was a kindly-natured fellow, in his own rough way, and a shrewd and indefatigable officer when once fairly started on a trail.

"That's right, sir," said he, as Casement removed the caps off his pistols, to see that thr powder was well up in the nipples. "It does me good, sir, to 'ave promise of a day's sport with a gentleman as hunderstands 'uman nater and percussion caps so huncommon."

The compliment was undoubtedly sincere, but its oddity provoked a smile.

The detective would not budge until his companion breakfasted. "There's no 'urry, sir," he gravely insisted. "Brand went off last night in hanother direction, which is being watched by hothers. You'll need all the henergies of a stout 'art and a beefsteak, most likely, before the day's work's done."

"Where now?" asked Casement, as, after having concluded a hasty meal, he took his seat beside the officer, in an open wagon.

"To Williamsbugh, fust," rejoined the energetic Jehu, at the same time giving his horses a cut which made them travel faster than the statute in that case made and provided would approve. "Hafter that, to the Long Highland Barons, where two of my lads are halready waiting us."

Not being much versed in suburban geography, our hero naturally enough concluded that the "Long Highland Barons" must be name of some tavern, or hotel, whose proprietor was a reminiscent Scotchman. The barrens of Long Island are almost as poor, but cannot show so old a pedigree.

"You see," explained Mr. Bullock, as the horses flew along the road over which the sisters had been driven two days before, "you see, sir, this is honly a speculation on my part. It's the toss-up of an 'apenny whether your servant hever was 'ere or not."

Having made this statement to break the force of any disappointment that might ensue, he then explained that the information upon which he acted amounted to nothing more than that Brand had recently claimed a house out in this neighborhood, his title to which seemed very questionable, though no one felt inclined to question it; and that he had insured this house the day before, for the sum of five thousand dollars, in an Insuranc Company with whose President he was on terms of reciprocal service.

"Not another company in New-York would 'ave taken it, sir, at hany premium," added Mr. Bullock, after an elaborate detail of the steps which had preceded this discovery; "for you must know, sir, that it's what the vulgar calls an 'aunted 'ouse, and the title Brand claims it hunder is little short of a traggedy."

"What tragedy do you refer to?" inquired Casement—amused by the officer's pretended contempt of a superstition, which had vidently its full weight in his mind. "What causes this particular building to be haunted, and what is the nature of the questionable title?"

"There was a hawful murder there," replied Mr. Bullock, in a solemn whisper—to gve its full effect to which he had pulled up his horses, and now permitted them to move forward at an easy walk. "The man that built or howned the 'ouse—I don't know rightly which—got jealous of a gentleman who was in the 'abit of visiting a lady that should 'ave been the howner's wife; but whether she was or not is nothing to the story. The howner was a Henglishman, the lady French—and them is two ingrediente that you may boil and boil, but they'll never rightly mix. One day the visitor was found dead in the woods, a short distance from the 'ouse; and on searching for the lady," continued the sergeant, here bringing his team to a full stop, "she was found at the bottom of a thirty fathom well that 'ad been digged hin the rear of the premises."

"And what became of the murderer, may I ask?" said Casement, whose curiosity was excited by an evident reserve of meaning in the sergeant's manner.

"There! I knew it—I knew it!" shouted Bullock, giving his horses the rein again, and whipping them once more into an English gallop. "Hevery one that 'ears it hasks, what became of the murderer? Now to my mind it was never clear—though people say it's my prejudice because Mowbray was a Henglishman—but to my mind it was never clear that the man was guilty, and that's what makes the tragedy more hawful still."

"Then, by what title does Brand claim it?" interrupted his companion, who began to feel a vague and yet vivid interest in these disclosures.

We must talk that over some hother time," replied the officer, resuming once more his air of official mystery. "It's henough wen a man like Brand hinsures a place, we may nat'rally look out for mischief. The buildings 'e hinsures are bound to go within a week. But here are my lads, you see," he added, pulling rein abruptly at the spot where the carriage with the sisters and their reverend guide had diverged from the main road. "What luck, boys?" he cheerfully shouted to the men who emerged from a coppice, on seeing him approach. "'Ave you come on hanything that looks like business?"

The men addressed were to all appearance two country bumpkins, as verdant as ever furnished food to Peter Funk. If they had walked up Chatham street, every Israelite in that new Jerusalem, would have rushed forth to share in plucking the apparent rustics.

In a few concise words, which proved them men of a very different stamp, they summed up the result of their reconnoiterings and pointed to the wheel marks, still fresh in the swampy soil.

"Great care will be needed," said the most simple looking of the two in conclusion. "As I approached the farm-house through the brushwood in the rear, I heard or thought I heard the sound of a woman washing clothes. Crouching down and pressing forward very cautiously, I saw an old woman at work over a tub of linen. A branch no thicker than a knitting-needle broke, but it was enough to alarm her. She started for the back door, screaming at the top of her voice, and before she reached it, out rushed a villainous Negro with a pistol in each hand, followed by an old Irishman similarly armed, who appeared to be the woman's husband. To stir might have spoiled our scheme. I therefore lay quiet while they looked round the yard, and presently they went in again, cursing the old woman's folly."

The detective's plan was quickly formed: it was simple in detail, as are all really great strategic movements. The second-class tactician embarrasses his mind with a whole host of complications, the failure of any one of which must inevitably disorganize the whole. The man of genius in these matters moves straight to his point, and makes up by perfection of execution for the lack of minuter embellishments.

"Good boy!" said Bullock, patting the last speaker on the shoulder, "I couldn't 'ave done better myself. 'Ow far may it be, think you, from here to the farm-'ouse by this bridle road?"

"Three quarters of a mile, I should reckon," answered the patted man.

"Now, set your watch by mine," said Mr. Bullock, pulling out a clumsy chronometer, that might have been considered a beauty in Queen Anne's reign—"for heverything will depend on punctuality to the 'alf quarter of a second. 'Ow long would it take, think you to get from the place you hoccupied this morning wen the old 'ooman 'eard you, to the back door hout of which the nigger came?"

"Wall, I reckon it could be done at a pinch in half a minute sharp," answered the other, as he compared watches and set his own to match.

"Hall right, then," replied Bullock, with an approving smile. "Hit's nine o'clock precisely now. You can get there in 'alf an 'our, I suppose, making due hallowances for caution?"

"In shorter time if you need it," answered both the officers.

"Never be in a 'urry, my boys," continued the detective, gravely. "Be in that place at 'alf a minute before 'alf past nine, and henter the back door at 'alf past nine precisely, when you will 'ave the pleasure of seeing me a-hentering by the front."

Not another word was said. The men started forward with full confidence that whatever Bullock plotted he must surely succeed in accomplishing, and that faith was already nearly as good as victory.

Waiting about a quarter of an hour to give his men the needful start, the detective then resumed his seat, beckoning Casement to get in beside him. "It'll take me five minutes to talk to 'em and survey the place," he muttered. "I must be there in less than ten minutes at the farthest."

"'Ouse, ho!" he cried, as he drew up opposite the opening at the back of which the farm house stood. "'Ouse! 'ouse!" he repeated in still louder tones, as his appeal remained unanswered.

Nothing could be more decorous or innocent than his appearance as he handed the reins to Casement, and rolled himself down to the ground with an unwieldiness very foreign to his nature. He saw—though his companion did not—that he was watched by two pair of suspicious eyes from a slit in one of the parlor shutters.

Having walked half way towards the front door, he then turned back as if irresolute.

"Surely," he cried, as if addressing Casement, but quite loud enough to be overheard by those inside, "Surely this cannot be the 'ouse Mr. Brand was a speaking hof. A man so respectable as 'im could never want to put five thousand on such an 'ouse as this!"

"It's the only one to be seen," replied Casement, who had been given his cue. "If it be not the right one, perhaps they could direct you where to go."

"I don't like the looks of the place hany 'ow," retorted the timid Mr. Bullock, making as if he would retreat to the carriage. "It's a hugly place at best, and who knows but there may be mad dogs or Hirish people living hinside of it?"

Seeing him completely disheartened and about to turn back, our hero jumped down and began to remonstrate. Half-persuading, half-dragging the old man after him, he began to approach the door at which the negro and the old hag now made their appearance conjointly.

"Do you know where a Mr. Brand resides in this neighborhood?" asked Casement, in his most ingenuous tone. "He wishes to effect an insurance of five thousand dollars on some house he has here; and my uncle [pointing to Bullock] has come down to survey the premises."

"It's no sort of 'ouse," retorted Bullock, tearing himself away from the other's grasp and again beginning his retreat towards the wagon. "If that be the 'ouse, it haint worth five 'undred, much less five thousand, and much as I'd like to hoblige Mr. Brand, it can't be given."

"But it may be better than it looks," urged the nephew, again drawing his uncle backward towards the door. "Just step into the hall to say you've been inside it, and then you can swear with a clear conscience. You needn't go further than the hall, and you know what a man Brand is, if you disappoint him."

The ruse was completely successful. Brand had spoken of the insurance, and so this important part of the pretence was corroborated by the negro's evidence. The reluctance of the old gentleman to go inside, had also a *per centra* effect—for had he seemed eager to do so, the negro would have stopped him with a leaden messenger.

"Well, as Brand's such a friend of your's, Tom," said the old gentleman, somewhat softening, "I don't mind if I do strain a point to hoblige 'im; and if these good people in the door way 'ave no objection, I'll just step hinside, to satisfy my conscience."

"We're willin' massa," grinned the negro, drawing back a step into the hall, but still keeping his right hand inside his waistcoat, on what both Casement and the detective knew was the end of a pistol. "We have no 'jection massa, provided you come no furder dan de hall."

"Bad luck to the fut they should place inside of it, if I had my will!" exclaimed the old woman, bitterly. "Yis! yis! ye'se may mock me an' make fun o' me, for how I was frightened in the back yard this mornin'; but its another kind o' tale that ye'll have to tell some o' these fine days out here, afore it's long."

"Well, if I must, I must," said Mr. Bullock, with fear and reluctance admirably feigned. "God bless my soul," he continued, pulling out his watch, "it now honly wants twenty-nine minutes to ten, and we have need to be back in Wall-street before heleven."

In pulling out his watch, a large roll of bills had likewise been drawn from his fob-pocket, and fell, apparently unnoticed, at his feet.

"Walk in, Massa," said the negro, making as he spoke, a dart forward, to secure the booty unperceived. He dropped his hat over the money, and the old Irishman and his wife were eagerly watching him, when suddenly they found themselves pushed out of the house by Casement and the officer, who had now gained the inside of the hall.

Pitching headlong over the black, all three lay in confusion for a moment; but the surprise was brief. The two assistants flung themselves on the old man and woman, and had them handcuffed handsomely before they knew it. The negro gained his feet, and regardless of the revolver which Bullock had levelled at his head, took steady aim at O'Reilly, whom he intuitively looked upon as the chief of his assailants.

For once, the faithful weapon failed; mildew and the damp of that swampy atmosphere having destroyed the caps. Dashing the useless weapon into Bullock's face, the black made a rush for the house, resolving to overturn and set fire to the spirits. Had he gained the front parlor as much as a quarter of a minute before his pursuers, no living soul (the negro's self excepted) would ever have re-issued from the burning pile.

But Casement's turn to fire had come at last, and his right hand had not forgot its cunning. The miscreant fell, with a shattered ankle, just inside the door, and in another moment Mr. Bullock, with the aid of his subordinates—for the ruffian was most powerful—had disarmed him of his remaining weapon, and left him powerless on the ground, with his wrists tied behind his back.

Leaving the negro lying apparently helpless, in the hall, and the other officers outside to take care of the old couple—who still struggled fiercely with teeth and tongue—the detective and Casement rushed rapidly through the cobwebbed and fungus-covered rooms, and came to a full pause in front of the central door on the top-landing—that leading to the windowless chamber in which the sisters had been imprisoned.

"Within there, ho!" cried Casement, beating with his clenched fist against the iron-bolted panels. "Within there, Ned! Ned Morgan, I say, if you're a live man, answer me!"

Both listened for upwards of a minute, but nothing could be heard, save the shrieks and imprecations of the old couple ascending from the floor below.

Had the sisters been removed, then, to some other of Brand's numerous dens? Or had the negro, as threatened, already carpeted a way for them from the foot of the fatal stair-case to the mouth of that deep dismal well?

"It is I—it is Casement O'Reilly, come to help you," shouted the young man passionately, redoubling his clamors against the door. "Answer me Ned, for God's sake, if you are within!"

There was no response.

Meantime Mr. Bullock had been busy with a turnscrew and other carpenter's tools, which he drew from a side-pocket, unfastening the various bolts and padlocks with which the door was made fast.

"Break it open with a hatchet," cried O'Reilly, now nearly mad with anxiety and terror.

TO BE CONTINUED.

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

THE DAY-DREAMERS.

The gifted of this earth, do they not seem,
Pursuing still an echo and a dream,
That to the dim intangible Ideal,
Offers a sacrifice the present Real?
That potent present which surrounding them,
Points to no visionary diadem,
But to the dark brown furrows of the soil,
Which yield the mellow harvest of their toil—
Shows them the rough plain road their feet must climb,
With strength and patience, to no height sublime;
But to the white-walled cities and the towers
That they shall rule with labor—wrested powers—
Until the vineyard and the olive trees
Shall bless the long calm evening of their ease.
Ah, haughty Genius spurns these gifts away—
He claims the sceptre of a prouder sway.
The boundless ether and the untraversed stars—
The planets white and silent in their cars;
And wide and wildest realm, man's restless soul,
This—this he burns to conquer and control—
To kindle all its depths with his own fire,
As sways the master's hand the shaken lyre.
Oh! rapt star-gazer, sometimes from thy throne
Must thou descend and find thyself alone.
The twilight deepens on the purple hills,
The upward curling mist the valley fills;
Among the trees the lights begin to shine,
And groups are dancing 'neath the trellised vine.
Here, where your pallid wreaths of flowers you bind,
Their careless laughter comes upon the wind.
Hard-handed Labor, pleased his task is done,
Goes whistling past thee in the setting sun.
Why pour your thoughts that breathe and words that burn
Unto the careless winds that ne'er return;
That, sweeping far upon their sounding wing,
Drown in their own hoarse chant the strains you sing.
Along the mournful margin of the seas
The golden fruit of your Hesperides?
You toss where, with the sea-sand and the wrack,
The climbing tide flingeth them scornful back.
Will they e'er blossom on the barren crags,
Where the lone Pine trees wave like tattered flags,
And all the night the white and hurrying feet
Of the quick waves upon the white shore beat?
And yet 'tis well that every age hath brought
These wild-eyed, pale enthusiasts of thought—
These Priests of Nature, isolated, lone,
Rapt worshippers forever by her throne.
Only for them the trampling crowd would press
On through the green earth's unmarked loveliness,
And see no glory in the silent sky,
Nor hear the waters glide in music by—
Like Esau, for his pottage, cast away
The empyrean fire that vivifies their clay.
Though on the dark cold bosom of the years
The seed is sown, still, still it re-appears:
Beautiful and ever various comes it back,
Springing in flowers along life's dusty track.
The wearied traveller of the after day
Blesses the bloom that cheers him on his way,
And flings him there, upon the moss to rest,
And lays their fragrant clusters on his breast,
Full often bending with a thirsting lip
Into the fountains they have found to dip.
Among the barren crags some wandering youth,
Dreaming the golden dreams of love and truth,
Shall find the fruit upon the dinted sand,
And lift it, rapt and wondering, in his hand,
To see its glorious beauty shining through
The clinging seaweed and the soiling dew,
The rust of time mpatient off he flings,
And brings it glittering to the court of kings,
Where it doth grow, a wonder and a name,
A new-born light, a late arisen fame.
Though fame should never come, the glowing soul
Hath found a voice, hath won its wished-for goal—
Hath given its hidden treasures lavish out,
Flinging their golden lustre all about—
Hath felt the kindling rapture few may know,
As forth its rushing thoughts in music flow—
Hath finished grandly its allotted task—
What more from Earth can e'er the spirit ask?

ENUL.

FRESH FICTION.

THREE PER CENT A MONTH, or the Perils of Fast Living. By CHARLES BURDETT; author of "Never too Late," &c. *E. D. Long.*

LORIMER LITTLEGOOD, Esq. A young gentleman who wished to see life, and saw it accordingly. By FRANK E. SMEDLEY, Esq. Author of "Frank Farleigh," "Lewis Arundel," &c. *E. D. Long.*

DAISY'S NECKLACE: and what came of it. (A Literary Episcode.) By T. B. ALDRICH. *Derby & Jackson.*

This book narrowly escaped being an excessively clever one. While the author is to be commended for eschewing those improbable intricacies and eccentricities of plot which most of our popular novelists apparently only live to create, he may probably be censured for going on the other extreme and not giving us plot enough. The leading interest settles on the young merchant Robert Arnold, whose reckless ascent into fashionable pre-eminence at Newport, Saratoga, and New-York, and descent into the hands of the note-shavers of Wall street—into "three per cent. a month," and much worse terms, and ultimately into forgery, to stave off the impending crash, forms the thread on which the narrative is wound. From the commercial basis of the story, the details—however necessary—become tedious, and are barely relieved by the other characters who are introduced as a moral set-off against the fast man's de
withstanding the absence of a murder, a mistress, or a single mysterious disappearance, and that the old merchants are good, kind gentlemen, still the work has a deep interest, exhibits a minute knowledge of Wall street nature, and a thorough acquaintance with the commercial skeleton which, padded with fictitious paper, is supposed to give a tone to society, and is worshipped, toadied, and "eaten out of house and home," by those well-dressed people who, while they aid to make the bankrupt, privately condemn the extravagance they partake of, laugh at the vain fast man—who thinks he is society—for a fool, and with much arithmetical jocosity count up how long such a state of things can exist. These disinterested astrologers can predict the "smash up" almost to a day.

Mr. Burdett follows the course of Arnold with a power chiefly derived from the simplicity of the narrative. He tells the tale as an actual chapter of commercial life, and, in the main, does not strain after effect; he leaves that to his hero. In the case of some of the minor actors, where an effect is sought, the pathetic is sometimes carried to the brink of the nonsensical, and in a couple of instances mars otherwise deeply affecting and naturally wrought scenes. Considered in its entirety, the book is a good one, calculated to effect good, and ought to be widely read. If anything were wanting to add an interest to its pages, and ratify the identity of its recitals with real life, the startling cases of fast-living, forgery, and financial fraud exhibited in the operations charged on George Gomer, Huntington, T. P. Wight, and Andrew Finlay, to say nothing of Carpentier, Grelet, and the French railway robbery, would be more than sufficient to direct attention to Mr. Burdett's minute pages.

"Lorimer Littlegood" is one of those novels of London life which the unfledged scholars of Mr. Dickens' school so delight in quilting together. Not devoid of talent, humor, and a certain theatric aptitude for getting his characters into situations from which he does not satisfactorily extricate them, the author lacks the combinative and analytic faculty, as well as the consciousness of fidelity to nature, or that catching grace of diction with which Dickens makes a book character, when he lacks a real one. Nearly all of Mr. Smedley's "people" are entertaining to a certain point in their history, after which they are tiresome; chiefly, we imagine, from the giving out of the historian's energy, or capacity to follow them. The story, like the foregoing, is one of money-getting and money-spending, the turning point of which, as in the famous Branch and Matsell case, in our city, is the abstraction of an important page from a public register. By the non-appearance of this piece of paper, Lorimer Littlegood—a clever, good-natured fellow, who had been left a fortune by his father, to the spending of which he is specially devoted, in London—is suddenly cut short in his frolics. One Bennoch, the drunken husband of a washerwoman, is established as the rightful heir. He sets up a fine house and lives a life of wretchedness in luxury, infinitely worse than that which surrounded him in his obscure alley. Bennoch is incorrigible. Good luck does not raise his morals. He pines beneath the chains of decency, and giving a "blow out" to his companions of the gutter, falls dead-drunk into eternity.

The raising of the Bennochs was brought about by the craft and villainy of one Weasel, a lawyer, who hoped, "in virtue" of Bennoch's drunkenness and inability to manage his monetary affairs, to get the cash into his own hands. This is prevented by Mrs. Bennoch, who, on the death of her husband, makes another lawyer, one Falcon, guardian to young Bennoch. Falcon, almost another Weasel, has visions of fingering the cash, when lo! Bennoch junior comes to a sudden death by being flung from a carriage. Falcon, not to be disappointed, makes love to Miss Bennoch, who marries him, in the idea that he is going to restore the money to Littlegood, who had been excessively kind to her in her days of poverty. Mrs. Shaddles, an ill-used housekeeper to Weasel, finds out the stolen page from the register which deprived Littlegood of his patrimony, and in revenge denounces Weasel, who, however, has the old woman sent to jail, and thus we are left without a "happy denouement," a "virtue rewarded," or a "villainy exposed." Mr. Smedley evidently has not a spark of "poetic justice" about him.

If Mr. Smedley's labors evince a horror of "poetic justice," Mr. Aldrich's little volume displays a due and dutiful homage to the goddess who "goes it blind," to have justice done in all sorts of novel ways. "Daisy's Necklace" is very daintily gotten up, and the publisher has aided the author to the heart's content of both to literally make a book. We have a couple of blank pages between the chapters, some of which occupy but two pages, while the average is not more than ten or twelve. This arrangement looks neat and gives quite an airy and light character to the production, not altogether, however, in keeping with the story, the chief, and almost only, fault of which is that the two opening chapters are unmitigated twaddle. They are devoted to the sayings and doings of two children, the oldest being ten years. There is neither beauty nor sentiment about them, they are so extravagantly unnatural. There appears to be a morbid desire on the part of writers now-a-days to create philosophical hop-o'-my-thumbs. Little Dombey who died, because Dickens could not keep him alive, has been the sickly progenitor of a whole gallery of weazened minded babies; who have taken the place in English Literature so admirably occupied in German Romance, by the elfish dwarfs and filagree fiends of Teutonic imagination. Your little Dombeys, little Evas, little Katies, little Belles, little Mortimers, and such little devils generally, are tedious extravaganzas on the innocence, beauty, and simplicity of childhood.

There is much pretty writing in the chapters we allude to; and the germ of a sweet and abiding interest, which, with more reliance on nature and less on ambition, might have been a touching opening to the narrative.

For the tale itself, it is good, creating an anxiety on the part of the reader which he little expects to be demanded of him. The style is very crisp and refreshing, and we might cull some exquisite passags as evidence of the author's originality of expression, as revealing an appreciative eye for dramatic effect, a quaint sympathy with the humorous and the picturesque, and a poetic feeling of a distinct and suggestive character. There is unmistakeable power in Mr. Aldrich, but there is also, an affectation, and an eccentric attempt at ease, under the difficulty of hard straining for effect, which young authors are too prone to encourage in themselves. It were a pity to allow such things to pass unnoticed, especially in the case of a writer of such exceeding promise as Mr. Aldrich. He does not need stilts. The firmer he keeps his feet on the ground, the surer is his literary footing.

OUR SANCTUM.

Extract from a letter to an inquisitive acquaintance in Ireland.

We are at the corner of Ann and Nassau-streets. We rent two rooms. The outer one is dedicated to finance. The books are kept there, bills made out, paid and posted. The papers, as they come from the press-men, are brought in there, folded up, enveloped, directed, mailed. It is the Exchange of our establishment. Generally speaking, a noisy vestibule, to which every one has the freest access. The strangest sort of people look in there. Two days ago, one of the Canadian rebels, who had been transported to Van Diemen's Land, and who had just returned from that Island of Saints, paid us a visit. He was an old man, with big shoulders, a weather-blistered face, enormous hands, and blue white-spotted kerchief loosely rolled round his throat. He wanted a dollar. A wandering Jew—recently converted—and just landed from Ireland—made a call for a similar purpose. Dressed as a clergyman, he undertook to expound the doctrines of Rome. Abandoning the Old Jerusalem, he aspired to the New one, and purposed—in a course of popular lectures—to indicate the golden road thereto to others. Very greasy, saucily easy and fluent, his face was intensely red. His nose was just as striking. It was a prize carrot. The outline of his black cloth gaiter-boots was very broken and bulbous. He was troubled with corns. He troubled everybody else with his uncontrolable tongue. It was the tongue of a Chameleon. Ample as his ruby mouth was, it was inadequate to restrain it. He was not only fluent, but copious. Not only copious, but exhaustless. He had been a Repealer, but abandoned politics when O'Connell—his political Moses—died. His fathers had called him Abraham by name, but he desired to be esteemed a true son of St. Patrick in heart. Saying this, he slipped his hand towards the pocket of his trowsers. It was empty. He smiled. Becoming a bore, we abruptly cut him adrift. The other day, he turned up in Wisconsin. To give you a full and complete list of the various gentlemen who visit us—almost every one of them on business utterly disconnected with the paper, and interesting only to themselves—to give you such a list, would be altogether out of the question. The labor would take days. Some other time you shall have it. But, for the present, I have written quite enough about the profane part of our establishment. For the present, then, I shut the door upon it, mentioning hurriedly to you merely that an inventory of its furniture and other appurtenances, are of the most modest, though miscellaneous description. There's a fire-proof safe—every safe is fire-proof. There's a counter—something very like, in architectural design, what they have in our populous bar-rooms here—behind which a brisk boy, who clatters instead of talks—his name is Milestone—perpetually writes out addresses on brown paper envelopes, and with a sedate, genteel, mild face, and a tranquil manner, hands out single copies of the *News* to detached and desultory customers.

There's a dust-broom, also. There's a mahogany desk—such a one as you seldom meet in a banker's establishment—full of pens, ink, correspondence, and loose change—over which an excellent gentleman, of the most astute sagacity and imperturbable assiduity, presides—rather, I should say, bolt up against which he sits whilst the office is open. That is, from the cool of the morning, to the first dusk of the evening. He's as patient as a martyr tied to a stake. Heaven knows! he requires all the patience Heaven has sent him. Innumerable posters and woodcuts disturb the monotony of the walls, in an angle of which, enthroned on a spectral cane-bottomed stool, he is for the best part of the twenty-four hours laboriously detained. There are a couple of other young gentlemen connected with that bustling department outside. Active, intelligent, good-humored and frank, they flash merry anecdotes and repartees over the more cumbersome business of the office, and with the volatile magic of boyish spirits convert the stupidest labor into genial exercise, poetry, and pleasure. The door, excluding them from the sanctuary we inhabit, exhibits a wood-cut of Edwin Landseer's noble painting of the *Monarch of the Glen*. For it we are indebted to the liberal and splendid enterprise of Frank Leslie. It covers the upper panels of the door, and allegorically intimates to all visitors—Israelites, Canadians, Patagonians, and everybody else under the sun—that we are, and have been, for Buchanan. So much for the vestibule. Now for the Sanctum.

The Sanctum is a small room—very small room—sixteen feet by ten, and twelve in height. It is lighted by a solitary window. Furnished with a muslin shade or blind—a skimpy piece of drapery of a yellow complexion and plentifully spotted with fly-stains—it enables us, whenever we have a mind—to see all that is passing through the cramped streets—the pitiful lanes—of which the building we hail from constitutes the corner-stone. We see drays, buggies, express-wagons, carriages, dust-carts—each drawn by a pair of panting dogs and a remorseless lazy man—a native of the Netherlands invariably—and every other kind of vehicle on wheels, ceaselessly winding, with more or less agility, their tortuous way right under our solitary window. By-the-bye, we can never get this window dusted. An old black man—we call him Kansas—pretends to sweep out the place every morning, but I've never yet detected him doing any thing in that line. It seems to me he performs two functions only in life. He sneezes perpetually, and chews tobacco as un-

remittingly. Opposite us, we have the work-shop and sales-room of a distinguished Alderman of the city. Boot and shoe maker by trade, his time is equally divided between public and domestic interests. In a spacious cellar under him, there is a Lager-Bier restaurant. A German tailor, Schneider by name, plys his bright needle and crunching shears in the next shop to the worthy Alderman, whose patronymic is Hely. The proprietors of the Lager-Bier cellar are M. & C. T. Ducker. A suggestive and instructive name. For one has to duck into their subterranean saloon for a drink. A periodical depot comes next after Schneider's establishment. Cheap knowledge of every description is to be had there. On the second floor of the same house, a Lithographer, named Faust, turns stone into bread. St. Kevin had another knack. Meeting a stingy old woman near Glendalough, one day, the Saint asked her for a bit of one of the loaves she was carrying. She said she hadn't a bit to give. "The divil take the bit," she said. Now this was the devil's own lie, for the old woman had three quartern loaves under her cloak. So, to punish her, St. Kevin turned her bread on the spot into quartz. Over Alderman Hely is one Townsend, a prodigious printer. His sign-board runs several feet across the face of the building. The name, in gilt letters, protrudes from a background of brick-dust. At the corner diagonally opposite us, a devout member of the Synagogue dispenses warm clothing gratuitously to the needy and the seedy of the neighborhood all round. A canvas awning, winter and summer, stretching over the side-walk, partially obscures the soft goods and splendors of this benevolent bazaar. Next door to which we have the office of the *Daily News*—the unswerving champion of the unterrified Democracy. Every hour of the day, groups of anxious Democrats darken its portals—like Lord Brougham's Sybil at the door of the House of Lords—and by their mysterious winks and nods intimate to all the world, as it pours through Nassau street, that within those portals the secrets of the American future are written upon something less fugitive than Cumæan leaves. Strong, the publisher, laughs and grows fat over his *Yankee Notions*, and other comic publications, next door to the *Daily News*. Then follows Rogers' mammoth Tailoring Emporium, within the golden walls of which breeches for the whole of Scotland are piled up. Of these, however, and of Ackerman's banners—though they hang on the outer wall—we can only catch a glimpse. So, too, with the *Mirror* office, and O'Connor & Collender—the famous billiard-table and patent combination cushion manufacturers—whose modest little white sign-board is a mere speck of snow in the dusky vista of Ann street. That's enough about the outside. Now for the inside of the Sanctum.

Of this holy seclusion I have given you the dimensions. The furniture and decorations remain to be spoken of. I must first tell you, however, that the walls which enclose us, are of the thinnest boards (mere shavings, in point of fact, as Micawber would say) over which has been pasted the most melancholy description of paper representing showers of blue milk. Three port-holes in these wooden walls admit the smoke and noise of the contiguous tenants of the building. Mrs. Partington, if she only knew them, would have called them "contagious." The noise they make is fearful. I allude especially to those who occupy the apartment next our's on the Nassau street side of this bewildering Babel. Who they are, or what they are, or whence they came from, I have not been as yet able to discover. I have never seen them. But Heavens! I have heard them. From morning till night, the shrieks which proceed from that quarter would have been enough to drive Job mad from his dung-hill. From morning till night, the most agonizing concussion of hammers goes on, mingled with the clanking of chains, the rattling of sheet-iron, the stunning reverberation of some huge metal wheel, which is ever and ever going round and round, creaking, groaning and grunting, like a thousand of hogs on board a Waterford and Bristol steamer. And then we have uproarious clashing of cymbals, and beating of terrible triangles. What they are, it is impossible to conjecture. Sometimes I have fancied they must be a company of colossal comedians, rehearsing the *Castle Spectre*, or some thundering tragedy founded on the fable of the Cyclops. I would not believe they were mortals, were it not that, occasionally, I catch a rumbling articulation of names, which strikes me as if some one were reading out the Post-office directory from the first to the last letter of the alphabet. And then, again, I find that about dinner-hour, there is a partial cessation of the metallic uproar, though even then an excrutiating buzz continues, as if a swarm of wasps with brazen lungs had their nest in there. Every day, with an aching ear and a breaking heart I pray for the hastening of that hour, and in this prayer my brother editors fervently unite. The port-holes I have mentioned, are for the purpose of facilitating through funnels the escape of the smoke which rises from our stove. Of course, we can only use one of them at a time. But we can pleasantly shift our stove from one side to another as we please. It strikes me it would be a good plan to smoke our Cyclopean neighbors out, for one of the port-holes happily opens into their resounding cavern. 'Twould be a fair return for the agonies they have caused us, and the damage they have done. Damage—I repeat the word emphatically—for our writing-desks have been so incessantly shaken with their hammering, grinding, and sawing, that now they can hardly stand upon their legs, whilst the wooden walls have been splintered to the most woeful and freezing extent. The gaps and crevices, ravines and chasms running all through them from the ceiling to the carpetting, are enough (the very sight of them) to shiver the warmest spirit to death. Having mentioned writing-desks, I am happy to inform you we possess three. There are three of us here—one for each desk. Monaghan, Dublin, and Waterford—like the leaves of the shamrock—unite in one stem in this beseiged corner. The division of labor between us is delightfully equable. Monaghan has the births—Dublin the marriages—Waterford the deaths. Those three events, you know, constitue the history of the world, and we turn out a small edition of that history once a week. Over Monaghan's desk—right in front of him—hangs a vast map of the United States. Three pioneers, fully accoutred, could easily conceal themselves under it, lying at full length. Over Dublin's desk, the calm and noble face of Thomas Addis Emmet—as Aubrey, the painter, saw it in Paris, in 1803—looks out benignly. Over Dublin's left shoulder, the plain emotionless features of General Walker admonish the little brotherhood of the Sanctum to be decorous, silent, industrious and resolute. I recollect that Chateaubriand in his Memoirs says that America achieved her liberty in silence. Walker instructs, governs, wins his victories after the same grand fashion. A profusion of long scraps and cuttings from foreign and other newspapers are pinned against the wall right under General Walker At first sight, a visitor might take Dublin for a tailor. Those long shreds of paper are suggestive of the patterns and measures used by the profession, of which a roast goose couchant on a horse-shoe forms the ancient crest. A capacious basket of open work yawns on the right of Dublin, into which, as literary editor, he showers the faded flowers stolen by intruders into the groves and gardens of the Pierides. It is a fatal basket. Not less so than that which received the heads of the the decayed Nobility in the days of the Jacobins. Falling from a black moulding, a beautiful perfect map of South America, on a large scale, confronts and delights the eye of Waterford. Delights him, for it ever recalls his days in Pernambuco—the first he breathed in freedom since the gates of Kilmainham shut with a clank upon him. On one side—the left side facing Waterford—Robert Emmet stands in the dock of Newgate with folded arms, bent brow and defiant eye. It is the engraving which Haverty, of Fulton street, has given us in his valuable edition of the life of the noble young martyr, and that of his brother, whose monument, with the solid simplicity of his character, overlooks the graves of St. Paul's in Broadway, and the tumultuous life that rushes through that unrivalled thoroughfare. A breathing likeness of James Buchanan is pinned to the pasteboard partition immediately below the engraving by Kimberly, representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence. A sprawling daub, professing to be a *Political Map of the United States*, occupies two square feet of the wall next to the book-shelves, along which are discordantly gathered the choicest selections, with and without binding, of ancient and modern geography, rhetoric, theology, romance and social philosophy; together with a pair of wrinkled boots (on the lower shelf), *Congressional Reports of the Troubles in Kansas*, a cotton umbrella with two broken ribs, and a bundle of Parliamentary Blue-books on *Prison Discipline* and *Australian Gold-fields*. A broad table, covered three inches deep with American exchanges, completes the furniture and wealth of our establishment. The Irish exchanges occupy an enormous arm-chair on the right of Monahan. A light summer coat of Dublin's gracefully dangles from a nail in the door-frame. Mentioning which, I have divulged to you all the secrets of our Sanctum.

ON BEARDS.

The *Knickerbocker* for the present month contains a capital chapter on Beards and their political importance past and present. In these days of palatial shampoo shops, of esthetic tongs and exquisitely granulated hair-combs, when dead-heads are dyed into new life, and bald-heads, red-heads, block-heads and dunderheads are rubbed, scrubbed, twizzled and frizzled into "glossy jet," warranted to wash or the "money returned"—when old gray-headed Benedicks have recourse to "Batchelor's hair-dye," and fortunes are spent in advertising unguents, restoratives, and other liquid and greasy promoters of hair "in every style," it is not without a twinge that we contrast the importance of the hair and beard in olden times with the barbarously mercantile position into which the progress of civilization has dragged those heretofore suggestive appendages.

Formerly the profusion, or want, of hair was the distinctive badge of heroes, like the long-haired Spartans, the flowing-bearded Romans who held out against Brennus and "his long-haired and long-moustachoed" Gauls, the long-locked Britons who met Cæsar, and who, following the fashion of the beardless Romans, bared their chins, and were in turn whipped into the mountains of Wales by the bearded Saxons. The nobility of the Franks lay in their lengthy curls, and "scant hair met scant courtesy," until the closely-cropped Cromwellians put their trust in God, kept their powder dry, and to all intents and purposes lathered the profusely-curled and daintily-bearded Cavaliers of Charles at Marston Moor and Naseby. Hair to a great extent has lost its political significances, at least in this country. In Europe, the Republicans cultivate the beard. Here every second man one meets is only some hair-dresser's advertisement.

In the *Knickerbocker's* notes the author does not forget the hair-history of Ireland. We make the following extracts:

"In the sister kingdom (Cinderella?) of Ireland, the ultra-Irish always have been and are still somewhat distinguished from the English by the cut of their hair.

"Here is an extract from an Act passed in the reign of Henry VI., (1422, 1461:)

"'Wherefore it is ordained and agreed that no manner of man that will be taken for an Englishman shall have no beard above his mouth, that is to say that he have no hairs upon his upper lip, so that the said lip be once, at least, shaven every fortnight, or of equal growth with the nether lip; and if any man be found amongst the English contrary hereunto, that then it shall be lawful to every man to take them and their goods as Irish enemies, and to ransom them as Irish enemies.'

"An Act of Edward IV. ordains that 'the Irishmen dwelling in the counties of Dublin, Myeth, Wrial and Kildare, shall go apparelled like Englishmen, and wear beards after the English fashion, swear allegiance and take English surnames.'

"In the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was passed ordaining, 'that no person or persons, the King's subjects within this land, (Ireland,) being, or hereafter to be, from and after the first day of May, which shall be in the year of our Lord God 1539, shall be shorn or shaven above the ears, or use the wearing of haire upon their heads like unto long locks called glibbes, or have or use any haire growing on their upper lippes, called or named a crommeal.'

"The poet Spenser is also very bitter against these glibbes in his pamphlet about Ireland; but alas for poor human nature, those three thousand and twenty-eight acres of plundered Irish land which he received sadly mystified his mental vision, and made those whose paternal acres he so much enjoyed seem black as midnight to his eyes. He says:

"'They have another custom from the Scythians, that is, the wearing of mantles and long glibbes, which is a thick curled bush of hair hanging down over their eyes and monstrously disguising them, which are both very bad and hurtful.'

"And elsewhere:

"'But for the Irish glibbes, they are as fit masks as a mantle is for a thief; for whensoever he hath run himself into that peril of law that he will not be known, he either cutteth off his glibb quite, by which he becometh nothing like himself, or pulleth it so low down over his eyes that it is very hard to discern his thievish countenance.'

"In the reign of James I., May 20, 1615, Lord Deputy Chichester instructed the Lord President and Council of Munster 'to expel and cut off all glibbes.'

"'For some years this statute was rigorously enforced, but Charles I., in the tenth year of his reign, caused an act to be passed at Dublin repealing this and other statutes, and allowing the Irish to wear mustaches and glibbes as well as their national dress.'

"The distinction between the cuilleen and the glibbes may have been that the former were ear-locks, and the latter a mass of hair covering the forehead. In fact, I have a vague recollection of having heard some such explanation given of the cuilleen, and after reading and hearing about them often noticed precisely the same style of wearing of the hair among the newly-arrived Irish on our wharves and in our streets; that is, cutting it very short behind and on the crown, but leaving long ear-locks, with sometimes a sort of curling fringe along the top of the forehead.

"The Orangemen have for many years designated their opponents of the native Irish party from this time-honored custom, 'Croppies,' and one of their means of 'getting up a faction fight' was and is to march in procession behind music, playing 'Croppies lie down,' 'The Battle of the Boyne,' and other such tunes, until the opposite party can endure it no longer. It is indeed but some three or four years since, that some Orangemen got up a procession here in New-York, and played these very tunes along the streets, but happily without the result they wished for."

In *Hardiman's History of Galway*, under date 1522, we find a bye-law of the corporation thus: "That no man be made fre unless he can speke the English tonge and shave his upper lippe weekly, *sub pœna* 20s."

In 1536 Henry VIII. sent over to Galway certain instructions—"Gyvyn at our manor of Greenwych, the 28th day of April, in the 28th year of our reign"—one of which runs thus:

"Item, that everie inhabitant, as well within the said towne, as the suburbs of the same, do shave theire over lipps, called *crompeaulis*, and suffer the haire of there hedds to growe, till it cover their eares, and that every of them weare English capps."

The writer in the *Knickerbocker*, whose historical research is commendable, is erroneous in his allusions to the *Coolans* or Glibbs, They were not "ear-locks." The Irish took as much pride in their mantling locks as the Spartans, and Gauls, and Danes, and most of the ancient warlike nations. It is told of a Danish warrior, that being about to be executed, he begged "That his hair might not be touched by a slave, or stained with his blood." In Walker's Historical Essay on the Dress and Customs of the Ancient and Modern Irish," we have the following, which (with what we have already given) will add to the preceding writer's notes on the subject:

"Amongst the early Irish, he says the Beard was cherished with as much solicitude as formerly amongst the Orientals. Nor did they restrain the growth of the hair on the head, but throwing it back from the forehead, allowed it to flow about the neck, calling those suspended locks Colums or Glibbs, and taking an honest pride in them. On the capital of a pillar, found amongst the ruins of Glendalough, in the county of Wicklow, is exhibited a youthful head with the genuine Irish Glibb. The statute of Henry the Eighth, which obliged the Irish to cut off their Coluns, gave occasion to a song, of which the air is now universally admired."

The researches of Dr. Mac Dermott, as shown in his profuse and interesting Commentaries on the "Annals of the Four Masters," also prove that the Coolun was not an "ear-lock." In his notes on the *Statute of Kilkenny*, which in A. D. 1367, inaugurated the penal laws, and the penalty of high treason against every act or mode of expression by which the Irish might be distinguished from the English of the Pale, he follows up with notices of the laws enacted under the Henrys and Edwards, which as before cited, ordered the Irish "to cut off their Glibbs or *flowing locks*, and shave their upper lips at least once in a fortnight—otherwise to be punished as Irish enemies." This the Irish resisted. "They were extremely partial," continues MacDermott, "to wearing *long flowing hair* and beards on their upper lips, and notwithstanding these penal enactments, the Irish continued for centuries to use only their own language, manners and customs."—(*Annals of Four Masters. 4to. Dublin*, pp. 143, 550.)

Ware comes to the conclusion that so far from the Irish succumbing to the *Statute of Kilkenny*, it was quite the contrary, and that the old English settlers of the Marches adopted the Coolun. He says, (*chapter* 9,) "it appears by an act made in a parliament held at Trim, in 1446, by which as a mark of distinction between the English and Irish, the wearing of the *beard on the upper lip* alone, was prohibited, under a heavy penalty."

That the Irish—as Dr. Mac Dermott says—continued for centuries in the exercise of these ancient customs, is proved by many authorities. Shane O'Neill, the famous Ulster Chief—whose prowess excited the English hate to such an extent that by "war or diplomacy," they were determined to reduce him—visited the Court of Elizabeth in the middle of the 16th century. The chiefs

> ——"gallant train, in London town appears
> With *curling hair* and saffron vest, with battle-axe and spears,
> And worthy lords and burghers stare to see the 'rascaille kerne.'"

And no wonder that they should stare. He flung all their statutes to the air, and appeared as a prince visiting a princess. Leland, the historian, says—"He appeared in London, attended by a guard of Gallowglasses, arrayed in the richest habiliments

of their country—armed with the battle-axe—their heads bare—their hair *flowing on their shoulders*," &c. As another evidence of both the nature of the Coolun, and the tenacity with which the Irish held to it, we will to this mere string of facts—add another from O'Halloran, who writes—"Until about the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Irish wore the *Glibb*, or *long flowing hair*, and also the *Crombeal*, or beard on the upper lip."

There is a memorable latter-day illustration of the Irish-ness of the custom—thus: In one of the annual debates on the "Maynooth question," Colonel Sibthorpe as usual—he had been forty years in Parliament and never lost such an opportunity—with a brainless fury denounced the Irish, their clergy and their customs. A storm of cheers and laughter broke out as he took his seat. O'Connell immediately rose—"The gallant Colonel," said he, "should be the last man to speak disparagingly of the Irish people, for in doing so he maligns his own blood and kindred." Here there were vehement cries of "Hear, hear," wild laughter, and indiscriminate uproar. Colonel Sibthorpe's voice was the loudest of all. Tauntingly and defiantly he repelled the imputation of O'Connell. "He denies," said O'Connell," the gallant Colonel, the honorable member for Lincoln, denies that he is an Irishman." ("Hear, hear," shrieked the Colonel.") "I'll convict him of being one by act of Parliament." "Hear, hear," again cried the Colonel derisively and defiantly, and in the challenge he uttered three-fourths of the hostile House concurred.

O'Connell deliberately rose from his seat below the "gangway," walked to the library, deliberately took down one of the huge statute-books, and with it under his arm, as deliberately returned to his place. Solemnly adjusting his spectacles, coughing into his yellow handkerchief, scrupulously settling his wig, twitching it on this side and on that, he read out one of the statutes prohibiting the growth of hair on the "over-lip," under the penalty of being considered a mere Irishman, and being dealt with accordingly as such. The house shook with thunders of delight. O'Connell had completely triumphed.

To cover his retreat, Colonel Sibthorpe crossed the house, took the statute book from O'Connell, and intimating pantomimically that the "great demagogue" was wrong, and that he would prove him so, ralapsed into the library and oblivion. Any one acquainted with the celebrities of the House of Commons, as Grant, in his "Random Recollections," has given them to the world, need not be reminded that the point and force of O'Connell's quotation of this penal prohibition of the beard, lay in the fact of Colonel Sibthorpe's face being impenetrably covered with the rudest whiskers and moustache—so much so, that, according to Grant, no one would have known he had a mouth to speak.

These presents, greeting to the *Knickerbocker's* well-read correspondent.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

HARPER.—Mr. J. S. C. Abbott's *penchant* for French History finds vent this month in a vivid description of the St. Bartholomew massacre, what led to it, and what followed it. He gives us, in a picturesque way, the leading facts of French history, from the incursions of Ferdinand of Arragon into Navarre, then under Catherine de Foix, to the establishment of her great grandson, the famous Henry IV., (of Navarre), upon the throne of France. The period is one of intense interest, and brings us in contact with the fiend Catherine de Medicis, with Claude, Francis, and Henry, the three unfortunate Dukes de Guise, well named the *Butchers*, with the ruthless Charles IX., the weak Henry III., the heartless Marguerite de Valois, and a crowd of others, who under the intolerant inspiration of the period became famous, and seared their names on history with fire and sword, the poison-cup and the dagger. Mr. Abbott's statement that religious toleration is only to be met with in the United States, is somewhat reckless, to say the least, at a time when a professedly bigoted and intolerant party were strong enough to set up a candidate for the Presidency. "Up and down among the Andes," is a pleasant paper, in which the Rip Van Winkle-ism of Spanish-American life is sententiously revised. "Something about the Horse," by T. B. Thorpe, is a happy combination of extensive research and keen observation. The attraction of the subject is enhanced by the judicious and appropriate use of ancient history in its notes on horse-flesh. Mr. Thorpe must be a "fast nag," himself, for from the time he takes the horse from its post-diluvian stable in Mesopotamia, until he pulls up at Snedikers, on the Jamaica road, Long Island, he "gets along" at a pace to rival any "two-forty" on the turf. "Run for the Doctor, Joe!" is a much more suggestive paper than its comical opening promises. "Passages of Eastern Travel" continues to be very readable, and is accompanied by good illustrations, one of which, the "View from Philœ," is especially note-worthy. "Little Dorrit," some short tales, and the usual monthly record, (literary and historiaal), make up the number.

Mrs. Stephens' New Monthly is fully established as a worthy accession to our periodical literature. Each number has necessarily stamped the management as one which not only wielded great pen ability, but exhibited what is quite as necessary in such an undertaking—care, judgment, and a pains-taking desire to give a unity of interest with a variety of topics. The present issue is the best yet. Two chapters of Mrs. Stephen's novel, "Lost Jewel's," lead off with well-sustained vigor of style incident; after which we have two excellent illustrations by Strother, "Characteristic Sketches South of the Potomac." They are indeed truly characteristic, and respectively convey a pleasant life-history. They are touching and happy commentaries on the "Southern Institution." Under the head of "Firesides of the Revolution," Mrs. E. F. Ellet contributes three sketches of families of South Carolina during the period indicated. The reminiscences are deeply imbued with the chivalrous excitement of the period—full of life and startling adventure, and are written with clearness, concentration, and a vivacity congenial to the subject. The capital Illustration entitled "The Tiff," will come home to numbers of our young friends "of both sexes." Talking of illustrations, those of Delaroche are the least noteworthy in the number. Mr. Bunce continues his "Harold," and we are presented with Mrs. Stephens' vivid poem "The Convict Ship," which Miss Esmonde lately read with so much applause at the Tabernacle, and of which we have made previous notice. These, with "Things we talk about," are the leading features, and are as much as we could conscientiously read in one number. (*E. Stephens.*)

The Knickerbocker is unusually pleasant, being cram-full with short racy papers, chief among which are Mr. Leland's "Power of Argument on a Dutch Baker," Mace Sloper's "Observations," Paul *Sragvack* "Musings of a City Railroad Conductor," and the Editor's Table. "A Voice from California" is an enthusiastic pean in favor of the Freedom of the Press, which is of course correct in principle, and the eloquence of which is only marred by the author's descent to a defence of the Vigilance Committee, which inaugurated a reign of error in San Francisco. The opening paper of the number, "Souvenirs of Saunterings," devoted to clever historical resume of the political power and partisanship, exhibited in the shape of the beard and the cut of the hair we elsewhere notice more at length. (*S. Hueston.*)

The United States Magazine opens with a paper reviewing Inland Steam Navigation, from the earliest attempts of Fitch, Rumsey, Fulton, &c., to the moving palaces which glide over the Hudson at present. The Arts in America, biographical notices of Horace Greeley, James G. Bennett, and Col. Fremont, with a continuation of the papers on the Public Departments at Washington, and some slighter sketches, make a bright number. Nearly all the articles are well illustrated. (*J. M. Emerson.*)

Dr. James N. McElligott's "American Debater," published by Ivison & Phinney, is a most useful hand-book, being a perspicuous exposition of the principle and practice of Public Debate; showing the qualifications necessary to form a successful orator and indicating the means of acquiring them, with the rules to be observed in deliberative bodies, numerous questions for debate, the forms of a constitution for literary societies, and an outline of debates illustrating the points recommended by the author.

Godey's Lady's Book is radiant with patterns and designs, all of which, as far as we can judge, are admirable. There is a very handsome pattern for a slipper, printed in colors, which is worth the price of the number. We are sorry to see Mr. Cranch, the composer, making such a fool of himself as is evidenced by the words of the song entitled "The Squatters. (*E. D. Long.*)

Literary and Artistic News.

The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted many other figures on their camp standards; but Marius, A. C. 102, made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. From the Romans, the French under the empire, adopted the eagle. The emperors of the Western Roman Empire, used a black eagle—those of the East, a golden one. The sign of the golden egale, met with in taverns, is in allusion to the Emperor of the East. Since the time of the Romans, almost every state that has assumed the designation of an empire, has taken the eagle for its ensign. Austria, Prussia, Russia, Poland, and France, all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. The emperors of Austria, who claim to be considered the successors of the Cæsars of Rome, use the double-headed eagle, which is the eagle of the Eastern Emperors with that of the Western, typifying the "Holy Roman Empire," of which the Emperors of Germany (now merged in the house of Austria) considered themselves as the representatives. Charlemagne was the first to use it—for when he became master of the whole of the German empire, he added the second head to the eagle, D. D. 802, to denote that the empires of Rome and Germany were united in him. As it is among birds the king, and being the emblem of a noble nature from its strength and innate power, the eagle has been universally preferred as the continental emblem of sovereignty. Of the different eagles of heraldry, the black eagle is considered the most noble, especially when blazoned on a golden shield.—*Notes and Queries.*

Two very interesting MSS., written by the late Chevailer O'Gorman, A.D. 1800, were presented to the Ossianic Society of Dublin for publication, by Dr. Joli, Rathmines, and the Secretary was directed to convey the thanks of the society to Dr. Joli, for his kindness in giving them those MSS. for publication. The first volume is entitled "A Memorial on the Dal Cassian Race, and on the Divisions of Thomond at the Invasion of the English, A.D. 1172; to which is annexed a short Essay on the Fenii, or Standing Militia of Ireland.' The volume contains a list of the several families of the Macnamaras, who were named from the houses or lands of inheritance they severally enjoyed; also a list of the several castles in the baronies of Bunrath and Tulla, with the names of the persons who erected them. The next volume is entitled "Remarks on some of the Laws and Customs of the Scots or Antient Irish," and both will form one of the early publications of the society.

The trade in second-hand woodcuts, says the London *Leader*, is considerable, the use made of them being abominable. It is not two years since a great manufacturer of cheap publications was accustomed to take a monthly expedition to Paris, where he bought the old blocks at the offices of illustrated periodicals, and returning employed his clerks to "write up to them," which was done with much educational flourish and infinite deception. Having been used in England, the wood engravings were next exported to America, and we have lately encountered them in this this third form, illustrating a third class of literature. The same building has figured as a Rock Temple in India, the interior of a Tomb in Egypt, and to the Napoleon Shrine in Paris. We have met with the same figure as Zaidee, as the heroine of a Spanish story, and as the daughter of Herodias; and we should not be surprised to behold its fourth appearance as a Princess of Oude.

One of the drollest occurrences in the annals of gallantry is related of Gibbon the historian, who was short in stature and very fat. One day being alone with the beautiful Madame Crouzas, he dropped on his knees before her and made a declaration of his love in the most passionate terms. The astonished lady rejected his suit, and requested him to rise. The abashed historian remained on his knees. "Rise, Mr. Gibbon, I beseech you, rise!" Mr. Gibbon still held his posture. "Mr. Gibbon, will you have the goodness to get up?" "Alas! madam," faltered the unlucky lover, "I cannot." He was too fat to regain his feet without assistance. Madame de Crouzas rang the bell, and said to her servant, "Lift up Mr. Gibbon."

A letter from Leipsic, of the 26th, states that the musicians of the most distinguished *dilettanti* of Germany have just formed, under the aupices of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, a sosiety having for its object to render popular the compositions of Handel. The society intend to publish a carefully-revised edition of the works of the immortal composer, which will be sold at a price to bring it within the reach of all those who cultivate the science. It will appear on the 14th of August, 1859, which will be the 100th anniversary of the death of Handel.

Ex-Judge Haliburton, author of Sam Slick, the Clock Pedler, has taken a final farewell of Nova Scotia as a place of residence. Clifton, his beautiful seat at Windsor, was sold a few weeks since, and the old Judge has taken his passage for Liverpool, to make his home in Great Britain for the remainder of his days.

An old satirist thus lampoons the ladies of his day:

"What is the reason—can you guess—
Why men are poor, and women thinner?
So much do they for dinner dress,
That nothing's left to dress for dinner."

An exhibition will be opened in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, about the middle of December, by the Art Manufacture Association—a society just established in Scotland, under the presidency of the Duke of Hamilton, for the purpose of encouraging the application of arts to objects of utility and ornament.

Herr Ahorn, the sculptor, who executed the celebrated lion modelled by Thorwalsden, and carved out of solid rock, at Lucerne, died recently at Constance. He was one of the most eminent artists of the day.

Humboldt celebrated the eighty-ninth anniversary of his birth on the 14th ult.

MILITARY NEWS.

THE FULTON GUARD.

This Company, composed of a number of respectable young men, presenting a favorable type of our volunteer citizen soldiery, is rapidly completing its arrangements for a contemplated parade on the 10th of November inst. On that day, they intend to take up their line of march for Port Richmond, Staten Island, expecting to muster some sixty-two muskets, under command of Captain W. G. Cowles, there to engage in friendly rivalry for a number of beautiful prizes, which have been presented to the Company by their friends. The other officers, as far as we have learned their names, are: James Lynch, orderly sergeant; John Brosnan, treasurer; and Thomas McLorley, secretary.

We wish them a pleasant time. With respects of

JOHN O'ROURKE.

TO THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, Esq.

A terrible accident occurred in London previous to the sailing of the Canadian, on the 22d ult., for Quebec. The Rev. Mr. Sturgeon, a Baptist preacher, was speaking in Concert Hall, Surrey Gardens, when there was raised the cry of fire, and the audience rushing towards the doors, several persons were trampled to death.

At the great Leinster fair, held at Navan, Mr. Finnegan, of Allinstown, sold a lot of heifers at £11 5s each, and a lot of springers at £14 10s. Mr. Michael Maginniss, of Navan, sold a lot of springers at £12 10s, and a lot of milch cows at £13 10s. Mr. Martin, of Church, got £11 10s for a lot of bullocks, 18 in number. Mr. Richard Caffrey at Navan, sold a lot of bullocks at £10 each, and a lot of weanlings at £4. Mr. John Weild, of Dundalk bought a large lot of bollocks, for exportation, at £13 5s each. Garrett Cullen, Esq., Tara Hall, got twenty guineas each for a lot of springers. Mr. Harvey, of Tribley, sold a lot of fat heifers at a high figure. John Bolton, Esq., Cullon House, sold two lots of bullocks, the first at £13, and the second at £12 a head. James Bradley, Esq., Moortown House, sold a large lot of springers to a Newry gentleman at from £16 to £19 a head, and Mr. Richard Sullivan a lot of bullocks at £13 10s. There was a large number of weanling calves, which brought from £5 to £6 a piece, according to quality; and a good show of yearlings, which averaged £7 each, at which price Francis Elliott, Esq., of Slane, sold his lot. The sheep fair was one of the largest ever held in Leinster, and the class offered for sale better than has been seen in Navan for many years.

Among the sufferers of a recent collision on the Manchester Railway was Mr. Thomas Henry, Beragh, county Tyrone. Mr. Henry received very severe injuries; the patella of the right knee fractured, severe contusion of the left leg, a wound on his head, and severe bruises on his chest and right side.

BIRTH.

In San Francisco, California, the wife of George W. Guthrie, Esq., of a son.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

In consequence of the removal of the Association to their New Rooms, 889 BROADWAY, corner Thirteenth-street, the Reading-Rooms will be closed until Monday, 10th instant.

nov8 1t S. S. HAUGHY, LIBRARIAN.

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine FASHIONABLE HAT! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.

N. B.—Best quality, $2, as good as any Hats sold in this city for $4 or $5.

SMITH, No. 81 PARK ROW,
sept6 1yr Under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman-st.

☞ **Post Office.—Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer Atlantic, will close at this office on Saturday, the 8th day of November, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Post Office Notice—The Mails for California, &c., per U. S. steamer Illinois will close at this office on Wednesday, the 5th day of November, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News**, throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

American News.

The land warrants for 160 acres of land each, for military service rendered at Baltimore in 1814, have just been issued by the Department to Dr. F. A. Muhlenberg and Emanual C. Reigart, Esq., of Lancaster, Pa. These gentlemen both served with Mr. Buchanan, in Capt. Shippen's Company of Volunteers, who marched to the defence of Baltimore in 1814, all of whom continued in the army until honorably discharged by the Government. Mr. Buchanan's name was the first enrolled in the company, and he is also entitled to a land warrant, but declines applying.

The venerable Amos Kendall, who has been claimed by the opposition as hostile to James Buchanan, published a letter in the *Pennsylvanian*, in which he pronounces that assertion a "preposterous fabrication." He says: "Without judging the motives of others, I have to say for myself, that I could not support Colonel Fremont without the guilt of treason upon my conscience. In my estimation, his election upon the Platform of his supporters would be a long stride towards the destructiou of our Government."

The gold mines near this city, says the Augusta *Chronicle*, in South Carolina, are becoming, we are pleased to learn, a most important interest, and some of them are being worked with much more energy and capital than in former years. The mines in the lower part of Abbeville district, South Carolina, worked by a New York Company known as the "Dorn Mining Company," are said to be now yielding very rich ore, from veins worked at a greater depth than formerly attained in that region. They are drained by a powerful pumping apparatus, worked by steam.

It appears that the Fremonters have letter envelopes with a portrait of their candidate engraved upon them. Some of the brethren seem to think it unnecessary to place postage stamps on such envelopes, but, singularly enough, Uncle Sam's deputies refuse to recognize Col. Fremont's phiz as good for three cents.

Late accounts say that at St. Louis the river is reported nearly at a stand, with five feet to Cairo. No change in freight rates to New-Orleans, and no immediate prospect of a rise in the upper rivers. Weather warm, and business dull on the levee.

A New Orleans paper publishes a letter from General Gadsden, which intimates that the new American Minister will not find the Government to which he is accredited in existence, and states that Alvarez and Vidaurri were both advancing on the capitol, in order to overthrow President Comonfort.

Telegraphic communication between the Vineyard and Nantucket will be opened in a day or two. The cable and wires are already extended to Chappaquiddick. The wire is not run on poles, as usual, but is buried about a foot deep in the earth.

In a case of sudden death, recently, in Warren county, Miss., a coroner's inquest was held, and the verdict was, that the deceased came to his death by the will of God, or some other disease unknown to the jury.

Ex-President Van Buren and his son Smith Van Buren, were thrown from their carriage. The ex-President had an arm broken, and his son was slightly injured.

A large and venemous copper-headed snake was killed on Hanover street, Baltimore, lately. How it got there is a mystery.

Kansas news says fever and ague is quite prevalent in those parts. It is "awful on the white-livered Yankees," who choose to lay and shake to death rather than expend five cents for medicine.

City News.

Dining Service of the "Adriatic."—At the store of Mr. E. V. Haughtwout, Nos. 561 and 563 Broadway, for several weeks past there has been on exhibition the table service, lamps and outfit for the state-rooms of the "Adriatic." The whole cost of this service, &c., is $25,000 and it embraces entire 15,000 pieces. The table-ware is of the finest quality—double thick French porcelain, and the entire of this alone consists of near six thousand pieces. The water-pitchers are ornamented with gold, with the name of the steamer inscribed upon them. The cut glass is of the finest quality, in the style of the old English hollow diamond, and consists of about two thousand pieces. The covered dishes, castors, tea sets, baskets, forks and spoons, are very rich, and comprise over two thousand pieces. The table cutlery is made of the finest steel, with ivory handles—the steamer's name on each, and consists of some 1300 pieces. The other ornaments of the table, consisting of silver and plated goods, are very beautiful. The state rooms are all furnished with French china wash-basins and toilet articles. The lamps throughout the ship are of the French Mechanical description, with suspensions and brackets of magnificent design. This superb ocean set has attracted great attention.

Gen. W. S. Harney, was in the city for a day, en route for Florida. This distinguished soldier and most successful Indian negotiator, has but just returned from the snbjugation of the warlike Sioux and Dacotahs on the frontiers of Kansas and Nebraska, and forthwith the President and Secretary of War ordered him to put a final period to the Seminole hostilities in Florida. Gen. Harney was the friend and protege of Andrew Jackson, and having had experience in Florida, there can be no doubt that within six weeks after his arrival in the land of "sun, sand and flowers," no more will be heard of Indian disturbances in that quarter.

The *Texas*, from this city, Oct. 25, carried out 250 men to General Walker. A Telegraph from New Orleans, dated Oct. 27, informs us that the Tennessee sailed with 350 for the same destination.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

We are pleased to learn that the more intelligent of the medical Faculty are fast approaching a true estimate of Dr. Wesley Grindle's celebrated "Magic Compound," for the treatment of all pulmonary complaints. Some of our most conservative physicians, who have the greatest dread of quackery, have been compelled by the sheer force of the evidence produced before their eyes to admit that the doctor does cure consumption, and strongly recommend the compound to their own patients when all their own remedies fail. This is at once a compliment to the discoverer of this great medicine, and an assurance to the public that this compound is indeed a "magic" compound, and that it is destined to save the lives of thousands who would otherwise go down to early graves.

Like all great scientific discoverers, Dr. Grindle had to contend with much prejudice, and encounter strong opposition. But, mighty in the consciousness of holding in his hands one of the most blessed boons to mankind, quietly, and without resort to the usual methods of trumpeting his discovery to the world, he took measures to show the excellence of his prescription by its actual working on the human lungs. Astonishment at once took possession of his enemies, as they saw the wonderful cures effected by his compound, and gradually they laid aside their prejudices and became the doctor's friends, and the advocates of his cause, placing his name in that bright galaxy of great discoveries which spans the scientific world; and he has now the satisfaction of feeling that he is an acknowledged benefactor of his race, and his medicine one of the institutions of his country.

But the intelligence of this wonderful discovery has swept over the wide waters of the Atlantic, and orders are rapidly pouring in upon Dr. Grindle from all parts of Europe, for his invaluable renovator of weakened and decayed lungs. The English physicians, never so backward as their transatlantic brethren in acknowledging merit, although it appear not in the prescribed form, at once have adopted and prescribe the "Magic Compound." In fact, it is fast becoming, both in England and America, an integral part of Materia Medica.

We do not know but we may offend the modesty of Dr. Grindle, for we know him to be averse to laudation, but we have ourself seen enough to satisfy us that measured language will not do him and his medicine justice, and we have no hesitation in recommending the compound in all cases of pulmonic affection and debility.

For the information of those who may wish to avail themsalves of this valuable medicine, we quote the Dr.'s prices as follows:

Prices.—One box, $3; three boxes ordered at one time, $8; half-dozen, $14; one dozen, or any number greater, at the rate of $2 a box.

The postage in the United States, not over 3,000 miles, is fifteen cents a box. Over 3,000 miles, fifty cents a box. In all cases where the postage must be pre-paid, the amount should be enclosed in money or stamps.

His general depots are No. 54 White street, New-York, and No. 70 South Third street, Philadelphia. All orders addressed to Dr. W. Grindle & Brother, to either of the above places, will receive instant attention.—*N. Y. People's Organ and Advocate.*

IRISH MARRIAGES.

In Wicklow Church, Thomas Gelletlie, formerly of Melrose, Scotland, to Miss Francisca Tuke, daughter of the late Francis Tuke, of the county of Wicklow.

In Mark's Church, Edmund Calvert, of Walton le Dale, Lancashire, to Charlotte, daughter of John Nathaniel St. George, of Great Brunswick-street, Dublin.

In Waterford, George Hare, to Ella, daughter of St. George Freeman, of Waterford.

At Churchtown Church, by the Rev. J. Stevenson, John Kingston Maybury, of Slatefield, county Kerry, to Kate, daughter of Bartholomew W. Pardon.

At Castlejordan, Robert J. Lloyd Peyton, son of Charles J. Peyton, of Corrigard, county Roscommon, to Kate, daughter of the late William Orme Handy, of Ormotu, in the King's County.

In the Roman Catholic church, Maynooth, Peter, son of Walter Dorly, of Belgard, county Dublin, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Magee, of Maynooth.

In London, Henry M. S. O'Brien, son of the late Donatus O'Brien, of the county Clare, to Eliza, daughter of the late James Ruddell Todd, of Portland Place, London.

At Ballaghey Church, James M. Bruce, Commander R.N., son of Rear Admiral Bruce, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific, and of Ballyscullion-house, county Londonderry, to Bessie, daughter of John Hill, of Ballaghey Castle, county Derry.

At Lordship, Torrens M'Cann, merchant, Newry, brother of the late Surgeon M'Cann, Dundalk, to Annie, daughter of the late Andrew M'Donald, Rockmarshall, county Louth.

At St. James's, Piccadilly, Charles, son of H. Magniac, of Colworth, Bedfordshire, to Augusta, widow of Colonel the Hon. T. V. Dawson, daughter of the Right Hon. J. W. Fitz Patrick, Queen's County.

At St. Margaret's, Lee, Dr. Holton, second Queen's Royals, to Emma Anne, daughter of commander J. S. Keatley, R.N.

At Cawnpore, East Indies, Lieutenant R. C. Cross, Adjutant 17th Bengal Native Infantry, to Catherine Diana Homfray, daughter of the late Robert Shedden Homfray, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Jeremiah Homfray, Knight.

IRISH DEATHS.

At 27 Monck place, Dublin, Henry M'Connell, after a long illness.
Mark Moran, eldest son of the late J. Moran.
At Ahoghill, William Weir, postmaster, aged 74.
At Primrose Mount, Randalstown, Miss Maria Jane Davison.
Robert, infant son of John M'Dowell, merchant, Newry.
At Rath, Mrs. Cassin, formerly of Ballyduff, county Kilkenny.
At Windsor Hill Newry, aged 76 years, Thomas Hill.
In Kilkenny, Hannah, widow of the Rev. Eland Mossom.
Philip Dwyer, father of the Rev. J. Dwyer, of Enniskillen.
Eliza Chivers, wife of Major Macadam, county Clare.
At Blackrock, the youngest daughter of the late Thomas O'Flyn.
At Killuna, Richard, son of the Rev. John N. Wright.
At Clontarf, at the residence of his mother, James, son of Mrs. M'Knight.
At Upper Queen-street, Captain Alexander Lewis, late of the 49th Regiment, aged 87 years.
At Lisnarick, near Coleraine, the Rev. Samuel Carlisle, aged 67 years.
At Bellhill, Kilkeel, Jane, widow of the late James Marmion, upwards of 100 years of age.
On the 23d ultimo, at Alexandria, Egypt, Captain John Hegarty, of Londonderry, master of the *Catania*, of Belfast.
At Ballykerne, near Ballingarry, county Tipperara, Kate Ryan, daughter of the late John Ryan, in the 20th year of her age.
The Rev. Mr. Harty, P.P., of Moor, near Ballinasloe, in the county Roscommon, very much regretted.
At 11 North Portland Place, Eliza, relint of Thomas Howard.
At Fredericton, New Brunswick, aged 21 years, Henry Chalmers, son of the Hon. John S. Saunders.

Special Notices.

PRICES REDUCED.

Fine Black Cloth Frock Coats	$ 8
Fine Black Dress Coats	$ 8
Fine Brown Frock Coats	$ 8
Fall Raglans	$ 8
Cassimere Business Coats	$3 50 to $ 8
Black Cassimere Pants	$2 50 to $ 5
Fancy Cassimere Pants	$1 50 to $ 5
Rich Moire-Antique Silk Vests	$ 8
Zephyr Cassimere suits	$ 8
Complete genteel Black Cloth suits	$12

Evans' Extensive Clothing Warehouse,
oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

MONEY SAVED
IN BUYING BOOKS ON THE GIFT PRINCIPLE.
Great Sale of Books at $1 each, Which includes Wolks sold at $1 25.
A GIFT WITH EVERY BLO.
Orders from the country *will be sent by Mail or Express, with dispatch.*
☞ Catalogues of the Books and Gifts send to any address.
oct18 6t **J. S. Andrews,** 140 Nassau street, N. Y.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

Mr. Wallack will appear for *Eighteen Farewell Nights*, previously to his visit to Havana, where his health demands that he should pass the Winter.

"The Fairy Star," Miss Agnes Robertson, will perform for *Eighteen Nights*, previously to a long series of engagements South and West.

MR. DION BOURCICAULT,

will perform during the engagement of "The Fairy Star," and will produce two new dramatic works, upon the composition of which he is now engaged.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.
The People's Temple of the Drama.
Open every night,
WITH A POWERFUL
Star Company.
Lessee and Manager.....John Brougham

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.
NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,
Opposite Niblo's Garden,
THE DRED-FUL MYSTERIES
OF THE
Dismal Swamp Revealed, by Geo. Swain Buckley, and R. Bishop Buckley.

MONDAY, Eve. Nov. 3d.—First night of an original Musical Parody, in two acts, many Scenes, Songs, Tricks, and Tableaux, entitled
DISMAL OF THE DREAD SWAMP.

Old Tiff, and Dismal of the Dread Swamp.....G. Swain Buckley
Tom-Tit, a Tit-tillating, precocious Colored Infant.....R. Bishop Buckley
Frisette, a Quadroon, with a white heart and a fair voice....Miss C. Hiffert

In the course of the parody will be given a living illustration of a "Tom-Tit on a Pump-handle," and a Grand Tableau of "The Temple of the Union."

Previous to which,
NEGRO MINSTRELSY,
of a superior order.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

Illustrated
LECTURES,
On the Natural History of Man.
Scientific Societies, &c.,
Are respectfully informed that
Dr. McElheran
Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.
Address Dr. McElheran, 136 McDougall Street, New-York. no14

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL
OF THE
EMMET LIFE GUARD.
ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,
At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.
Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the Guard and at this office.
☞ The Life Guard pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by them to produce the best Ball of the season.
Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.
A. O'Toole, Sec'y.
James Watson, Treasurer. oct11

LECTURE
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE CAPT. KERRIGAN
BY
THOS. FRANCIS MEAGHER.
SUBJECT:
Contrast between Royalty and Republicanism—Europe and America!
At the Tabernacle on Monday Evening, November 17.
Tickets 50 cents.

FIFTH ANNUAL BALL
OF THE
Barry Benevolent Society,
At the Apollo Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, November 12th, 1856. The Committee has spared no trouble to make this one of the finest Balls of the Season.
John McMahon, President.
Michael Kirwin, Secretary.
2t no1 John Powers, Treasurer.

Sporting!—Young Men desirous of forming a Foot-Ball Club are requested to meet at the *Grape Vine Cottage*, 45 Second avenue, to make arrangements for a parade on St. Stephen's Day, (26th Dec.) This being the first affair of this kind, it is expected there will be a large attendance. 1t. nov 8.

Special Notices.

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says: "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the cheapest Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very very best Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say, that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.
Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept18 3mos 63 Liberty street, N. Y.

Attention!—"Irish News Guard."—The Company meet for drill and admission of members for their first annual Target Excursion, on Tuesday evening of each week at the "*Eagle Drill Rooms*," corner of Chrystie and Delancey streets. The Guard cordially invite additions to its ranks.
P. J. Wall, Sec'y **E. K. Butler,** Captain.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y. JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Irish News Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at the Eagle Rooms. EDWARD K. BUTLER, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y3ljune

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.

JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

—For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat*," Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by **J. Parkes,** No. 195 Fulton, below Church street, sept27 3mos New-York.

ATTENTION!

To Military Companies.

BEAUTIFUL EMBLEMATIC WREATHS AND BOUQUFTS,

For Target Excursions, constantly on sale, or made to order at the shortest notice, and at any price.

Ladies about making a presentation to their military friends are most respectfully invited to make a visit to the old established bookstore, 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street.

Robert Coddington, Proprietor.

N. B.—Always on sale, a fine assortment of Invitation Note Paper and Envelopes, Books on Military Tactics, Works on Ireland.

The IRISH NEWS for sale, as soon as published, every week. oct11 4t

Holloway's Pills.—Feeble constitutions.—Thousands of persons with weak constitutions, die early from sheer debility. Nature should, in such cases, be assisted with Holloway's Pills. They give tone and stamina to the system, and vigor to the circulation. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62c., and $1 per box or pot.

Post Office.—Notice.—Change of Hour.—On and after MONDAY, the 3d day of November, the Mails will close as follows:

Eastern Mail by Railroad,.....at 2 P. M.
New-York and Erie Railroad Mails.....at 3 P. M.
North Mail by Hudson River Railroad.....at 3½ P. M.

November 1, 1856.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Musical.—A young lady lately connected with the profession in Europe, *where she studied under the first and best masters*, is desirous of giving a limited number of pupils the advantage of a *good education on the Piano*. Any family who may kindly favor her with a trial, may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trener, 90 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 882 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring, by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

A Lady, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, Restores Blindness, Amaurosis and Sore Eyes, of any standing; Removing Cataracts, Scums, Films, &c., without operation or pain. Persons wearing spectacles prematurely, enabled to do without them by recovering the natural tone of the eye. That the worst of cases are cured by her.

May be seen at the Infirmary from 10 A. M., to 2 P. M., No. 679 Sixth Avenue. The poor attended to on Fridays. oct18 3mos

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparen expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

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JAMES O. C. TABB, Rec. Sec'y. sept18

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VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856. NO. 32.

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JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

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Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 18, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856.
aug28 10t

Publications.

Contemplate the Life of Mary!

EDWARD DUNIGAN & BROTHER,

151 Fulton street, New-York,

Are now publishing in semi-monthly parts at 25 cents each and under the express approbation of the

MOST REV. JOHN HUGHES, D.D.,

Archbishop of New-York,

The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary,

OF HER MOST CHASTE SPOUSE

St. Joseph,

AND HOLY PARENTS

St. Joachim and St. Anne.

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The Life of the Blessed Virgin, is by the Rt. Rev. Romuald Gentilucci, Chamberlain to Pope Pius IX, is dedicated to and honored with the suffrages of His Holiness, and approved by the Master of the Sacred Palace.

Gentilucci's work will ever be remarkable for its unction and beauty of style, no less than for the deep knowledge which it displays of the writings of the Holy Fathers, and all the monuments of ecclesiastical history that can, in any way throw light on the Life of the Immaculate Mother of Our Lord, as handed down in the loving tradition of the faithful from the age in which she lived.

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The work having received the approbation of His Holiness, himself, as well as of the illustrious Archbishop Hughes, it only remains for us to say, that it appears to be gracefully translated into our language, and the style in which it is produced, is really superior, both as to its general appearance, as well as to the clearness of the design, and execution of the illuminated borders which adorn every page of the work.—*London Register and Catholic Standard.*

No other work of our day on the same subject can be compared to it. It is unrivalled for beauty of style and depth of erudition. It is the offering of the learned and devoted son of the Blessed Virgin, who enjoys the confidence and friendship of our most holy Father, to whom the work is dedicated. We are no more edified at the piety of the author, than astonished at the wonderful erudition displayed in this book. The translator has performed his task admirably.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

We cannot too highly recommend it to the consideration of our readers whether we regard the intrinsic value of the work, itself, or the beauty and exquisite ensemble of its getting up.—*Truth Teller.*

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FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

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New-York, December 29, 1851.

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oct18 6t **J. S. Andrews,** 140 Nassau street, N. Y.

European News.

By the arrival of the *Canada* at Boston we have dates from Europe to the 25th ult. Financial embarrassments and political excitement, in regard to the Neapolitan question, form the leading features in the news.

The *Moniteur* says that when the Congress of Paris broke up, the great powers saw elements fraught with danger to peace in Belgium, Greece, and Naples—that of these States, Naples alone refuses to accept friendly advice, and that in consequence the Western Powers will cease to hold diplomatic intercourse with her. The British fleet is somewhere in the Mediterranean, and the French fleet continue at Toulon ready for sea. Meantime the dispatches are contradictory—while one statement says the ministers will not leave Naples for some months, another asserts that Baron Brenier, the French Envoy, has announced to the Neapolitan Government that if he did not receive a satisfactory communication within two hours he would present his last instructions—said instructions being doubtless to demand his passports. The statement that the Emperor of Russia has urged the King of Naples to avoid a rupture by making some concessions, seems to be confirmed by numerous communications in the Continental papers. The advice of the Emperor, it seems, was that King Ferdinand should change some of his Ministers, and place Prince Satuano at the head of the Government. While warning him against the ill-will of England, the Emperor is further represented as having recommended to the King to trust the moderation of the Emperor of the French, and to accept him as a mediator. The Austrian *Gazette* has received a communication from Naples, to the effect that King Ferdinand, to show his conciliatory disposition, will not recall his Representatives in Paris and London in consequence of the recall of the French and English Ambassadors in Naples. They will only leave those Capitals in case their passports are sent to them. The only authority for this statement is the Austrian organ, which only professes to be able to say what the demands of the British Government really are: First, a change of Ministry—second, abolition of the present Police system, and third, a general amnesty. On the same authority it may be stated that the French Cabinet would be satisfied if a general amnesty were granted. The hopes of a speedy reassembling of the Paris Conference begin to be shaken. The resistance is said to come from the English Government, whose views seem to prevail. The captain and crew of the lost brig *Collingwood*, from Quebec, were rescued by the *Volga*, Jefferson, of Boston, from St. John for Hull.

Great Britain.—The Parliament has been further prorogued till Dec. 16.

The citizens of Dublin gave a banquet on Wednesday, the 22d ult., to nearly 4,000 troops who served in the Crimea. The Mayor of Dublin presided, supported by Lord Lieut. Carlisle, Lord Gough, Talbot, and many other gentlemen. The city of Edinburg will give a similar banquet on the 31st ult. Mr. John Arrowsmith, cotton broker of Liverpool, avows himself the author of the story in the London *Times*, of "Duels and Murders in a Georgia Railway Car," and reiterates the truth of his statement. The affair is incomprehensible and excites much curiosity.

Aurelia Saffi, a Roman Triumvir, has been engaged by the Italian Emancipation Committee to lecture throughout Great Britain to stir up enthusiasm for Italy.

Mrs. Mary F. Stone, sister of Cyrus W. Field, Esq., of New York, died at Paris on Wednesday the 22d ult.

France. — French correspondence gives prominence to accounts of the Imperial gaieties at Compeigne, where the Emperor is enjoying hunting by day and fancy balls by night, in the style and costume of LouisXIV. Numerous arrests have recently taken place at the Department of the Deux Zones, where a secret society of a dangerous description has been discovered. The society was organised by tens and hundreds, all trained to obey orders for the destruction of the rich. Sixty persons were apprehended, but the peasants, armed with pitchforks, attacked the escort and rescued the prisoners. New arrests have also been made in the Faubourg St. Antoine within a few days. The report of the Bank of France is rather more favorable, although the Bank has adopted yet more stringent measures, and will not make any advance at present on Railway shares or rents. Commercial bills having sixty days to run are always objected to, so that virtually the term is reduced to forty-five days.

Spain.—Accounts from Madrid speak of a new Ministerial crisis, the effect being to throw Narvaez overboard, and restore the Absolutists. The Marquis of Villana, the head of the Absolutist party, is spoken of as the coming man, but he, in the meantime, declines the responsibility. It is said that O'Donnell is put in command of the Household Guard, as a check upon Narvaez. Count Berkendorff, the Russian Envoy, has had a cordial reception from the Queen. A daughter has been born to the Duchess of Montpensier.

Italy.—The Grand Duke of Tuscany, taking alarm at the demonstration against Naples, appears disposed to grant some concessions to his people, by reviving, with some modifications, the Constitution of 1848. The Paris *Constitutionel* asserts, as if from a sure source, that in consequence of the negotiations between Austria and Rome, the Austrians are about to withdraw, and will retain only two points, Ancona and Bologna. A treaty has been concluded between Russia and Naples, placing the ships of the latter, in Russian ports, on the footing of the most highly-favored nations.

Switzerland. — The Neufchatel prisoners have been dismissed. The Federal Government is making an effort to be represented in the Congress of Paris.

Turkey.—The Sultan has sent orders to Redschid Pasha to form a new Ministry, but Redschid declines. The real cause was a difference of opinion with the French Minister, respecting the union of the Principalities. An attempt has been made to induce Mustapha Pasha to take office, but he refused. A dispatch from Constantinople says that Gen. Guyon has died of cholera.

Austrian Occupation of the Principalities.

The Austrian *Gazette* of Vienna, of October 16, says:—Some journals assert that Austria has concluded with the Porte a secret treaty relative to the prolongation of the occupation of the Principalities. Such a treaty is in no respect necessary, as the existing one clearly declares that the evacuation of these Principalities depends solely on the arrangements to be entered into between the Porte and Austria. Even admitting that the enactment of the treaty of Paris, which says that foreign troops must evacuate the country within six months, were applicable to the Austrian occupation, based on a separate treaty, we may remind the Paris journals that the treaty in question contains a number of other provisions which have not yet been executed. According to it, for example, the commission on the Principalities ought to have long since assembled at Bucharest, and have commenced its labors, but it has not done so. We do not believe that we are in error in stating that, as soon as a decision shall be come to with regard to the Principalities, and new institutions shall be established in those provinces, Austria will not delay in putting an end to an occupation which has cost and still costs her a good deal of money, and which is not for her interest alone.

The *Ost Deutsche Post* of Vienna also contains an article destined to justify the occupation of the Danubian Principalities by Austria. It opposes this occupation to that of Greece by the allies, and asserts that the former is justified by right, whilst the presence of the Western Powers in Greece can receive no justification whatever. It asserts that the non-settlement of the Bessarabian frontier demands the presence of the Austrian army in the provinces, as it has given rise to the reappearance of the English squadron in the Black Sea. It does not suffice, it says, for the treaty to be signed, it must likewise be carried into execution. "Austria," says the article, in conclusion, "has the same duty to perform in watching over the execution of this treaty as the other contracting Powers, and the presence of the Austrian force, justified moreover by treaty, is calculated to accelerate the satisfactory execution of the measures provided by the treaty of Paris."

Dr. Rae in Scotland.

At the Lochaber Agricultural Society's dinner (says the Edinburgh *Courant*) an incident occurred which formed a very interesting *finale* to the day's proceedings. A gentleman, apparently a tourist, arrived at the hotel just as the party were to sit down to dinner. He asked, and was immediately granted permission to join; throughout the evening he made himself particularly agreeable, and his health was proposed as "The Stranger," and very cordially drunk. On rising to return thanks, he said, "In the course of my life, I have seen some rough days and many pleasant ones. I have lived ten months in a snow-house, without once warming myself at a fire. I have had my moccasins cut off my legs with a hatchet. I have had to kill my own food with my own gun; and I have been reduced to the necessity of living on bones—but all these things are easily forgotten when I meet such a pleasant party as is now before me. As I am an entire stranger to you all, and as I have received so much kindness from you, it is but fair that you should know who I am; my name is Rae, and you may have heard it associated with the Franklin Expedition." At this announcement the astonished party started to their feet, and gave Dr. Rae a most enthusiastic reception. The cheering lasted several minutes, after which Dr. Rae showed some of the articles which had indicated the probable fate of Sir John Franklin and his party. These consisted of a piece of gold and two silver watches, a small anchor, several coins, a spoon, with a crest engraved on it, &c. Dr. Rae had been on a visit to Edward Ellice, Esq., M.P., at Glenqucich, and was on his way to Castle Menzies.

Position of the Different States in regard to the Sound Dues.

From the Cologne Gazette.

Russia and Sweden signed the original protocol of the 9th of May, 1856, on condition that the other States would also do so. Oldenburg also adhered to the propositions of Denmark, and it was only on account of his absence that the representative of that power did not immediately sign the protocol. It has been known for some time past that Prussia approves of the principle; and lately, some secondary difficulties having been removed, the affair is nearly settled with that power. It is positively stated that Austria will not separate from Prussia in this question. France and England have given their consent, although no formal convention has been concluded with those States, not even with England, although the contrary has been stated. The consent of Belgium, Spain and Holland is expected, if it has not already arrived. As to the United States of America, it is thought that when all the other Governments shall be in accord, they will at least consent to pay a sufficient sum towards the expenses of keeping up the lighthouses.

A Romance in Real Life.

A short time since, a young girl of remarkable beauty and fashionably dressed, but whose demeanor and features betrayed an infirm mind, was encountered one stormy evening in the streets of the Martyrs, in Paris. An honorable man living in the neighborhood, M. Saville, defended the unfortunate girl from the indiscreet curiosity of some young men, took her home and confided her to his wife, who bestowed upon her the greatest attention. To all questions as to her name and family, the insane girl remained deaf. She placed herself at a writing-desk, and began to compose and write verses which betrayed a violent passion, the probable cause of her madness. Some days after M. Saville wrote to *The Constitutionel*, which had announced the previous details, that the girl was dead. Once only, during sixty-two hours she had consented to take any nourishment. The efforts of science had failed to triumph over her resolution; and after two hours of frightful convulsions, she had died with the name of Robert on her lips. The sole indication by which to trace her individuality, was the mark "E. B." on her linen.

Not long after, *The Gazette des Tribunaux* gave the following details which complete the touching and dramatic history: Emily Bertin, daughter of a rich iron-master in Belgium, was destined by her father's choice to marry the son of a brewer, whose fortune equalled her own. But the young girl had disposed of her affections. The object of her love was a young man named Robert Duval, a writer and artist but little favored by fortune. Emily, as appeared by the fragments of her poetry, was devoted to literature. She was of an exalted and romantic character, and passed much of her time in writing. When her father, whose inflexibility she well understood, ordered her to renounce it, and prepare to marry immediately the brewer's son, she communicated the fatal injunction to the young artist. They endeavored to discover the means of eluding it. Emily could imagine nothing but a double suicide. Robert, whom another plan had suggested itself to, begged her to postpone awhile her terrible design. The same evening he went to a saloon, where he knew he would meet the brewer's son. A quarrel took place between the two young men. A blow received by one of them was followed by a duel, in which Robert was killed.

The day after this Emily Bertin disappeared, taking with her her jewels and a small sum of money. All attempts to find her in Belgium were without success. When the fact of a young girl's being found in the street of Martyrs and M. Saville's letter were seen by M. Bertin in a Parisian paper which he took, it struck him it might be his daughter. He took the road to Paris imediately and sought M. Saville's house. There he was shown the effects and verses left by the insane girl. All his doubts were dissipated, the tears burst from his eyes, and he appeared the prey of the most profound grief, accusing himself of being the cause of his child's death. M. Saville was shown a touching letter left by Emily previous to her flight, which, like her poetry, revealed the possession of real genius.

Neapolitan Prisons.—The political prisoners (says the *Times'* correspondent) lately set at liberty, have been restricted to a residence in their province. Antoinetta Pace was not liberated at the same time, perhaps for want of sureties. Avitabile has permission to remain in Naples. In referring to the absurd false statements of a portion of the French press, that there were not more, perhaps, than one hundred political prisoners now remaining, I might have given the following evidence of Capt. Acuti on the recent trial. When he was Commander of the Bagni of Procida, there were 1,450 prisoners, of whom 600 were political. Capt. Acuti was Commander of the Bagni about a year ago, and supposing one half have since been liberated, which is certainly not the case, we have yet 300 for one prison only still remaining, to take no account of those who in the provinces are daily arrested for reasons and under circumstances that would appear incredible out of this country. That some have been released cannot be denied, but the majority were such as had been arbitrarily arrested by a simple order of police, and confined without trial or sentence. Poor Amodio, too, once, I think, deputy for Potenza, has been liberated; he had become mad in prison! Death has reduced the numbers, as in the case of the consumptive patient Zueli, confined in chains in the damp prisons of Montesarcoio. Lanza and Mambrini have been permitted to return on conditions extorted from them, which must forever fill their friends with regret. I cannot proceed to individualize all who have returned to enjoy a doubtful liberty, under the surveilance of the police, and within the grasp of a power which may at any time consign them again to a prison. An amnesty, indeed! It is a mockery of concession.

A Runaway Railway Engine.—On the evening of the 19th inst., the people in the neighbourhood of the railway at Southampton were greatly alarmed at seeing an engine proceeding towards the terminus with great speed, without either driver or stoker. It crossed a densely populated street and three carriage ways, and entered the shed at the Southampton terminus, demolishing five empty carriages, and knocking down the lower portion of the shed. The fragments of the smashed carriages and shed formed a barrier which prevented the engine from getting out to the dock road. Mr. Watkins, the Southampton railway superintendent, immediately started for the engine depot at Northam, about a mile and a half from Southampton, believing that the engine had run away from thence. This proved to be the case. A collision had occurred on the line which separated this engine from the coke wagons it was drawing, when the driver, through fear, jumped off and omitted to shut off the steam. His engine consequently proceeded to Southampton at full speed without a driver, and caused the damage above mentioned. The passenger engine was seriously damaged, the driver and stoker were knocked off, and the passengers in the train were violently shaken, but fortunately no one was seriously injured.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

There is a good, although I fear rather apocryphal story told in connection with the Aberdeen harbor. When the trade to the West Indies was first opened up, it is said that the magistrates of Aberdeen were tempted to try their fortunes in what promised to be such a lucrative business, and sent a vessel out there on speculation. The many anxious gazers from the Castlehill for the arrival of the "shippie" were at length rewarded, and when safely moored in the "harbourie," the civic dignitaries paid it a visit. After having exhausted the accidental wonders which had been brought home, the provost and bailies retired to the cabin to partake of the skipper's good cheer. While thus engaged a monkey, which was part of the importations, amused with the tie of the provost's wig, honored it with an occasional pull, much to the good man's annoyance. "Odd, laddie," he would say aside," "ye'd better be quiet." "What't the matter with you, provost?" said the captain, overhearing one of the chief magistrate's remonstrances. "It's that laddie o' yours," was the reply. "What laddie, provost?" "That ane there, wi' the rough foul face, an' the sair e'en." "That's nae a laddie, provost;" it is a monkey." "Is't, is't?" said the worthy dignitary, "fat better keen I. I thocht it was some o' your sugar-maker's sons come o'er to our university to get's education."

An English paper reports that a shocking accident, which happened during the drill of the big gun exercise (firing at a target placed out at the little Nore), caused by the bursting of one of the long 32-pounders, whereby one private named Richard Tucker Lamble, was killed on the spot; Wm. Newton (bombardier) had both feet nearly pinched off—one has already been cut off; Wm. Smith seriously injured about the loins. Both, however, are progressing favorably. The gun in question burst in several pieces, the muzzle end flying over the ramparts, the breech in various directions. The large piece that killed Lamble carried him some ten yards from the gun, and literally cut him in two. Several soldiers were knocked down by the fragments of the gun-carriage.

We (*Shipping Gazette*) publish our monthly summary of wrecks, from which it appears that during the month of September the number of wrecks reported was 127. In the month of January the number was 265; in February, 174; in March, 145; in April, 157; in May 112; in June, 84; in July, 104; and in August, 88; making a total in the past nine months of 1,259.

The *Sport* says: — "The Emperor and Empress went on a shooting excursion in the park of St. Cloud. Her Majesty wore an elegant costume of green cloth, composed of a skirt and jacket, ornamented with gold buttons, and a round hat with a plume of feathers. Two sub-officers of the Chasseurs of the Guard attended on the Empress to carry her fowling-pieces. Her Majesty killed nine pheasants out of 53 shot during the excursion.

It is stated that at one of the last public receptions at Moscow, the Czar said to the Piedmontese General Broglio—"Tell your king that I recommended my mother to him;" and turning towards Prince Esterhazy, he added — "Do not be surprised if I love and esteem open enemies."

"Here you bogtrotter," said a dandy to an Irish labourer, "come tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to whiskey punch." "Ah! sir," quickly replied Pat, "your honor is a gentleman."

Correspondence.

Waterford Letter.

WATERFORD, Nov. 24th.

I feel that my correspondence with the *Irish News* does not do justice to it. I am very dull and lazy. The letters I send you are few and far between—very far between. That's not my fault, however. Were I living in New-York, and writing to Waterford, the case would be different. But living in Waterford, and writing to New-York, I am condemned to a sterility of incidents, and the utmost lethargy of style. Heigho! Even had we a Repeal Agitation, with Alderman Delahunty full of foam and flame, descanting on the wrongs of Ireland, something interesting might flow from my pen. Next year, to be sure, you'll have something new from Waterford. The Royal Agricultural Society holds its annual meeting here. We are to have all the live beef and pork of the four Provinces gathered within our ancient walls, and with them all the live lords and noble noodles from Dungarvan to Dungannon. France, too, has through one of her masters—the Minister of Agriculture, I believe—promised to contribute largely to the bucolic display. Were Marshal Pelissier to pay us a visit on the occasion, the exhibition would be complete. Our Mayor interests himself immensely in the coming event. He does so in every thing concerning the good and credit of the city. To him we are indebted for the prospect of having our neighbors across the Straits of Dover—the dumb as well as the talkative—with us during the cattle show. Bless my soul! How old Waterford will shake with delight and stare with wonder at the scene! Depend upon it, you shall have letters from me every day during it. Letters worth reading, too, I promise you.

The Testimonial to Father John Sheehan has just been put up in St. Patrick's Chapel. It consists of a plain white tablet, inclosing a medallion portrait of the good and gifted priest. An angel surmounts it, holding a crown over the likeness of the head which was once the seat of so much learning, eloquent thought, and intellectual power. The inscription on the tablet reads thus :

"A.M.D.G.—This monument has been erected to the memory of the Rev. JOHN SHEEHAN, P. P., by his friends of different creeds and denominations, to testify their high appreciation of his worth as a citizen, his eloquence as a preacher and his zeal as a pastor. In him religion found an able advocate, and his country an uncompromising patriot. He died on the 18th of February, 1854, in the 65th year of his age and 42d of his sacred ministry. This distinguished priest was the revered pastor of St. Patrick's during the space of 25 years.—*Requiescat in pace.* Amen."

The entire is the work of the Messrs Farrell, of Dublin, and is eminently calculated to extend the celebrity of those artists. It is a pity, however, it does not occupy a prominent position in a less dusky edifice. St. Patrick's, from one end of the year to the other, is filled with the sorrowfullest shadows. Prayer-books are of little use there. Beads are the only devotional invention which can with facility be used. So dim and melancholy the old Chapel continues to be the twelve-month through, that one might imagine the Tennebræ was eternally going on there. Yet, after all, it may be the fittest place for this modest little monument to poor Father John. For he loved his parish, and this was the only chapel in it. He loved both. More than this—if a pure pride be a nobler emotion than that of love—he was proud of St Patrick's—chapel and parish—both. I have often heard it said that, over and over again, he might have had a wealthier parish, but no consideration of the sort could tempt him to leave the one to which his heart was so fondly wedded. Old Halfpenny, his clerk or sacristan, shared this affection fully. Awkward and comical as the venerable sacristan was—perpetual as his blunders were—Father John wouldn't have parted with him for all the world—not even for that stately and magnificent sacristan—so fair and so full—who showed you the heads of the three Wise Men in the cathedral of Cologne, and about whom you so often told me when we were closeted together in your little red room on the Mall. Innumerable are the anecdotes they have in every house in Waterford about Father John Sheehan, and Halfpenny his clerk. One specially amuses me. Father John, you remember, always made it a rule to give a course of sermons during Lent. They began the evening of the first Monday after Ash-Wednesday, and ended the Friday evening immediately preceding Palm-Sunday. Controversial sermons for the most part, Father John had to quote largely from the Fathers. During these sermons, the chapel was lit with candles. St. Patrick's couldn't afford gas. One evening, Father John was in the middle of a passage from St. Jerome (it was a very long passage) when the candles on either side of him, on the ledge of the pulpit, grew altogether too dim. Father John moved St. Jerome up close under the wick of one of them, and staring with all his might through his spectacles, did his best to read on. All to no purpose. The carrotty snuff of the candle threw a cloud on the book. "And," says Father John, making another desperate attempt, "and St. Jerome says—snuff the candles, Halfpenny"—and Father John sat down until the sacristan with his brass snuffers threw more light upon the passage.

The subscriptions for the new Catholic church of Tramore are pouring in with a glorious tide. I have seldom witnessed such eagerness, interest, and enthusiasm in favor of any similar project. But Father Nicholas Cantwell is beloved, and Tramore is a beautiful little spot—the pride of our country—and a new Church is wanted. You've often been in the old one, and you will remember how disproportionate in size and accommodation it was to the congregation which on Sundays and Holidays used to pour into it. Pour into it! Why, hundreds were compelled to keep out of it. There they used to be—and there they may still be seen—whilst Mass is going on—kneeling on the graves in the yard outside—two here—three there—half-a-dozen away at the wall behind the sacristy—and ever so many on their marrow-bones about the doors, with their heads against the door-posts. A meeting took place last Sunday week in the vestry of the present chapel. Father Cantwell himself was in the chair. Sandy Sherlock, of Killaspy; Tom Strange; Alderman Slaney; Edmund Power; and quite a number of your friends were present. Progress was reported. It appears that the stone for the contemplated structure will be gratuitously supplied from the quarries on the estates of Grogan Morgan, of the county Wexford. The newspapers of the adjoining counties—the *Kilkenny Journal* and *Tipperary Free Press* for instance—warmly contribute their services in aid of the movement. I fervently pray that Father Nicholas Cantwell—one of the noblest priests in all Ireland—will be spared to see this glorious work brought to its consummation—will be spared to hear the holy bell from the lofty tower pealing loud above the sound of the waves, as they roll in from the Atlantic.

I know you will forgive my writing so much upon this one topic. As a son of old Waterford you will be interested in it and as for me, who could be more interested in it than your devoted friend,

THE METAL MAN.

Letter from Dublin.

DUBLIN, Oct. 20th.

I took a run down to Clongowes last week. My object was not so much to pay a visit to the college, as to have a look at some of the old scenes we used to ramble through when we were boys together. Leaving the Dublin train at Salins, I set out on the road to Clane. Clane is something between three and four miles from Salins. A mile and a half from the latter place, I turned off into a bye-road to Bodenstown churchyard. The world knows by this the noble fellow that's buried there. Davis has told us all in that glorious lyric of his, commencing with—

"In Bodenstown churchyard there is a lone grave,
And round it the wild winter winds rave."

Words which flow in and ebb like the strong deep tide among the caves of Slyne Head. A lone grave, sure enough, it is. The ruins in the churchyard are such as you see all over Ireland. The two gables and lateral walls of a chapel, years and years and years ago gone to ruin. Dark and thick is the ivy clinging to the crumbling stones. A dusty brown for the most part, the stones here and there are mottled with the gray frost of age. No architectural beauty redeems the mean poverty of the ruin. It might be the ruin of an humble farm house, for all the evidence to the contrary. Within the walls, the green mounds under which the dead sleep are scarcely visible, such a rank growth of hemlock, dock-leaves, nettles, deadly night-shade, and briers fills the inclosure. The slime of snails varnishes the damp masonry, and spiders weave dusty rags in the four corners. There are two or three alders in there, too, knitting their roots in and out of the human bones in the fat mould, and across the branches, close to the stem, the spiders knit their dingy fabrics also. One might think the flesh even of the dead would creep in such a place as that. Outside the walls the graves are more numerous. In truth, they are hardly to be counted. They press upon each other—lap over one another—run into one another—so promiscuously. A low stone wall incloses the graveyard. A few rough shaggy bushes—furze and brambles—work their way out of it, through the loose stones, at different points. Otherwise, it would have a dismal look.

Close to the southern wall of the ruined chapel—side by side with it—lies the large heavy slab of black marble which marks the spot where Theobald Wolfe Tone sleeps. For years the great republican Rebel lay there without the slightest recognition. Still there was a tradition whispered through the neighborhood, that such a one was buried in Bodenstown, but in what exact spot it was impossible to tell. I myself recollect being there, fifteen years ago, vainly trying to discover some clue to the secret. With the help, however, of Dr. Madden, Davis was enabled to ascertain clearly what had so long remained a mystery. And so, they set a subscription on foot among the young Nationalists in Dublin, and with the money they had this broad slab of native marble plainly wrought and laid upon the breast of the noblest Roman of them all. McNevin, and Duffy, and, if I don't mistake, Doheny, as well as Davis and Madden, were present when the gentle solemnity took place. There is a simple but expressive notice of the dead carved upon a stone, from the pen of Davis—it is such a one as Wolfe Tone would himself have written of a generous, brave, and gifted comrade—so pure, loving, direct it is. I took it down in pencil, but at this moment cannot lay my hand upon it. You shall have it in some future letter. And there lies Wolfe Tone—the man who dared all, risked all, but lost all for Ireland! There the noble fellow lies—in a desolate, ugly, old churchyard—an outcast, as it were, in death—whilst the kings who wronged (as only kings can wrong) the land his blood was shed for, show their saucy heads in the public places of the very city where he died.

Such was the first station of my pilgrimage in Kildare. I performed many others, and in due time you shall have them all from your friend,

KILMAINHAM.

The Belfast *Ulsterman* reports that, as the Rev. Mr. O'Kane was returning from a sick call in Ballykillbeg, and had got as far as Ballydugan, he was met by six ruffians, on a jaunting-car, who immediately, on recognizing him, one pulled a pistol out of his breast and fired at him, but fortunately the motion of the car saved the reverend gentleman's life. The driver plied his whip to the horse, and the bloodthirsty scoundrels got off, cheering like hellhounds. Next day the proprietor of the car refused the Rev. Mr. O'Kane the names of either driver or passengers.

We regret, says the *Tuam Herald*, to be compelled to record an increase in the tide of emigration this season. Numerous batches pass every day through this town, on their way to ports of embarkation, from Mayo and the north western portions of Galway. The emigrants of this year are, for the most part, the sons and daughters of apparently comfortable parents.

The *Wexford People* states that Mr. Clifie, of Belview, his son and two daughters, have been received into the Catholic Church.

Irish News.

Napoleon was accustomed to wear a coat of mail under his clothes, and which he rarely went without. On his departure once for Belgium, he thought it best to guard against those dangers with which he was threatened—having all Europe leagued against him—by every means in his power. He accordingly sent for a clever workman, and asked if he thought himself competent to make a coat of mail of such texture that no weapon whatever could penetrate. On the artificer answering in the affirmative, Napoleon agreed to give him 18,000 francs, the sum asked. On the day fixed, the man brought his work to the palace. Napoleon quickly examined it, and ordered the workman to put it on himself. The man obeyed. Napoleon took two pistols, saying, "We shall now see whether this coat of mail is of the texture you promised me." He fired at his breast; the cuirass resisted. "Turn around." The man obeyed. The second ball struck his back, and with the same result. The poor artificer half dead with fright, thought these trials would be sufficient, but he was mistaken in his calculation. Bonaparte next armed himself with a long fowling piece, and made the same experiment on the shoulders, back and breast of the trembling patient. Happily the cuirass resisted, and saved the inventor from so cruel a trial. "How much am I to pay you," said Napoleon, "after this noble exploit?" "Eighteen thousand francs," stammered the affrighted artificer. "No such thing, sir," said Napoleon, "I shall give you thirty-six thousand francs," and gave an order on his treasurer for that amount.

An attempt is being made on the part of landowners, merchants and others interested in the trade of Macroom, and the prosperity of the surrounding district, to get up a railway from Cork to Macroom, along the valley of the Bride. A provisional committee has been appointed for carrying out the object, and some preliminary meetings have been already held. A circular has been issued by the committee, which estimates that the traffic passing into Cork from Macroom for one year, ending 27th Oct., 1855, at the low rates of 5s. per ton on goods, and 2s. each, on the average, for second and third class passengers, for the entire distance of twenty-four miles, would produce an income of £6.p40; and the traffic between Macroom and the intermediate stations, cannot be estimated at less than £1,000.

The *Clonmel Chronicle* states that those having the custody of the very little property left available for his creditors by that greatest of public robbers, John Sadleir, have for some days past been engaged in destroying the very fine herd of deer, which were such an ornament to the demesne of Kilcommon, and which, independent of their beauty, are just now of much value, and have been making away with them to feast their friends with the venison belonging to the dupes of their unprincipled employer, and which should, even though a comparative trifle, have been made available to help the paltry dividend his estate will pay.

The *Dublin Freeman* reports that Hossan, the sculptor, has returned from Paris, whither he had taken his noble colossal statute of the Liberator to have it cast in bronze, and where he has made an arrangement for the purpose, with Messrs. Eck and Durand, the most celebrated founders of works of sculpture in the world. The statue is intended for Limerick, whose citizens have borne the expense attendant upon the operation of casting, &c.

There is not a space of ground in Paris allowed to be vacant, as government insists on the landlords converting it to some use, and the result is, that more houses have been built in that city within the last four years than in London in the last eight years.

Le Nord says that the Grand Duke of Tuscany "complains of the crowd of English tourists who invade his state, and who put themselves in communication with the revolutionary chiefs, thereby encouraging agitation."

Letters from Austrian officers of the Principalities give anything but a pleasing sketch of their experience. They are shunned by all the respectable inhabitants, and the greater number appear to have no other solace than gambling.

The Duke of Sutherland has intimated his intention to contribute £500 to the fund of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, for endowing churches in localities destitute of the means of religious instruction.

On the 16th ult., an extension line of railway from Randalstown to Cookstown, was publicly inaugurated by the Lord Lieutenant. The day was rather unfavorable, but the attendance was very numerous, and comprised the *elite* of Belfast and the surrounding districts.

The Mayor of Limerick is collecting funds in Liverpool, Glasgow and other seaports trading with that city, to erect there a Sailors' Home.

George Henry Moore is to be entertained at a public banquet, in token of his services, as a member of parliament, in the cause of Tenant Right.

The *Wexford Guardian* reports that during the eclipse of Monday, 13th ult., a large vessel went ashore at Blackwater. Unhappily, three of the crew met an untimely grave.

A gentleman named Meldahl, recently committed suicide at the Italian Hotel, Queenstown, by taking a quantity of laudanum in a glass of wine. The unfortunate gentleman was a Swede by birth, and was married in Queenstown.

The Colthurst estate, situated near Kerry, and consisting chiefly of head rents, were recently sold at a very high price, and bought in trust for the English capitalist.

G. N. Harvey, Esq., Brazilian Vice-Consul, has been appointed Vice-Consul for the kingdom of Portugal, for the port of Cork and district, in lieu of A. S. Lima, Esq., resigned.

There have been a great many conversions to the Catholic Church at Templemore lately, and amongst them is Mrs. Carden, of that town.

The consecration of the new and handsome Church of St. Patrick, Magheracloone, took place on Sunday, the 9th ult., in the presence of a number of the Clergy of the diocese of Clogher, and of a large assembly of the laity of the surrounding country.

During the week ending the 18th ult., 150 persons left Belfast for New York.

The head quarters of the Resident Magistrate for the county Wexford have been changed from Enniscorthy to Wexford.

Mr. Gillespie has been elected Resident Apothecary in the Cork South Infirmary.

The *Waterwitch*, 400 tons, lately sailed from Dublin to Buenos Ayres, with a general cargo and 115 emigrants. In reference to which the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says :—"The emigrants are all from the neighborhood of Mullingar, and belong to the most respectable of the farming tenantry of that district, whence we learn what perhaps is very little known, that an emigration upon a limited scale, but attended with the most beneficial results to the working classes who have gone out, has been steadily going on from the county of Westmeath for the last fifteen or twenty years, and the community of Irish in Buenos Ayres amounts in number to 12,000 souls, all Roman Catholic, well provided with an excellent clergyman residing among them, and of whom the Rev. Anthony Fahey has for many years past held a prominent position among his flock. This reverend gentleman has, we understand, been the instrument of founding among them a hospital, and latterly a society of the Sisters of Mercy for the education of the rising generation. The pursuits from which the Irish in Buenos Ayres derive so much advantage, are shipbuilding for the port and agricultural pursuits generally for the supply of the city. The value of the production of wool in the province of Buenos Ayres 15 years ago, did not exceed £100,000. Now its yearly value approximates close upon a million, and meets with ready markets in Belgium, France and England. The Governments bordering on the River Platte act with the greatest kindness to the Irish, and as the latter are all the religion of the country, it harmonizes the two races. We understand the Irish emigrants to Buenos Ayres improve greatly in active and steady habits after a residence of four years, and fortunes of from £5,000 to £50,000 are quite common among them. The yearly sums transmitted to the county of Westmeath regularly increases in amount, the object of the senders being to assist their relations, or to pay the passage of those whom they may have induced to join them. The persons who sailed by the *Waterwitch* have gone gone out at the earnest solicitation of their friends."

A medical gentleman was recently employed at Ballymena, county Antrim, to extract a patient's tooth. It was a grinder of large size, apparently sound, and so firmly seated that it broke in the effort for its removal. On examining that portion of the tooth which came off with the instrument, a very extraordinary worm-shaped animal was found adhering to the centre of it. On being carefully removed, without injury, it proved to be five-eights of an inch long, lively as an eel, of a blood red color, and about the thickness of a woollen thread. On viewing it through a microscope of limited power, it appeared to be ringed or jointed in its formation. No legs were visible, and it moved by erecting its body, arch-like, in the centre, and projecting either end at pleasure—for it appeared to have a head at each extremity. One of the heads was large, flat and broad in proportion to the creature's size, with a capacious mouth and two black eyes, set very widely apart, and projecting from the upper part of its head. The other head was smaller, and a lengthened snout, and a mouth opening from the underneath. This case is regarded as one of great novelty, if not entirely without precedent.

The annual show of the Portlaw Agricultural Society, which is under the fostering care of the Marquis of Waterford, was held on the 20th ult., at Portlaw, and was in every respect most successful. The attendance of the local gentry and farmers, in the locality was large ; and the stock—in cattle, pigs and poultry—was in fine condition, and exceeded the last show. The friends and supporters of the society dined together in the evening—the Marquis in the chair. The dinner was in every respect *recherche*, and, altogether, along with the viands, which were supplied in abundance, was done ample justice to by the company at large, which mustered over 200.

There is no truth whatever, says the Limerick *Reporter*, in the statement which has been made, that the aged Patrick O'Brien, immortalized by the pencil of our great Irish artist, Haverty, as the Limerick Piper, is dead. The contrary is the fact. The old man, however, who has reached near ninety years of age, is living in poverty in Nicholas street, Englishtown, parish of St. Mary's, and any contribution for him, given to the Rev. Mr. Ryan, C.C., St. Mary's, or any of the Catholic clergy, will be thankfully acknowledged.

Mrs. Margaret Knox, the wife of an opulent farmer, residing at Ballybricken, in the county of Limerick, and connected with many respectable families in the county and in Tipperary, died suddenly on the evening of the 18th ult. Her death created a great sensation in the neighborhood, and rumors of a mysterious nature were afloat regarding the sad occurrence. The Coroner was sent for and an inquest held. The jury returned a verdict of having died from natural causes.

At the Limerick Petty Sessions, Anne MacCormack, a countrywoman, was prosecuted by Mr. John Lane, on behalf of the Market Trustees, for exposing for sale in the market two firkins of butter, alleged to have been fraudulently made up. Mr. Lane pointed out in each of the firkins what he conceived to be the fraud, half an inch of inferior butter being placed around the lumps. She was fined. 20s in each firkin.

At the fair of Rathkeale all the pigs were bought up by buyers from Waterford, Clonmel and Limerick—a Mr. Connell gave £10 for one pig ; bacon was about 50s. per cwt. There was a good demand for small cattle, but few of a superior description were purchased.

According to a recent resolution of the Board, the Limerick and Foynes Railway will not open to Askeaton, as was expected, but will remain as at present, until completed to Foynes. The works are being executed by that model contractor, Mr. Dargan, with great vigor, and will be finished by July next.

Some cowardly ruffian threw a stone at the Guard of the train returning to Rathkeale, on the 19th ult., near Adara. It weighed about four pounds. The poor man had a most miraculous escape, as the stone hit the door of his van quite close to his head.

At the Rathkeale Quarter Sessions, a man named Brophy, who was employed on the railway, got twelve months' imprisonment and hard labor, for stealing some goods from the Rathkeale station, on the night of the 27th ult.

Mahony Vincent Watson, Esq., youngest son of Alderman Watson, of Limerick, distinguished himself by superior answering in science and classics, in his examinations, as senior sophister, Trinity College, Dublin, last week.

A potato digging machine has been on trial at the Model Farm. The operation gave general satisfaction to the farmers present. The time required to turn out a statute acre, would be about one hour and fifty minutes.

The mission conducted by the Fathers of Vincent de Paul, closed its labors on the 19th ult., in Maryboro'. Nothing could exceed the zeal, piety, and devotion of the people.

The consumption of tea in Ireland is greatly increasing. In 1839, duty was paid on 4,008,148lbs.; this was less than-a-pound per head per annum of the population. In 1854, the number of pounds paid duty on was 8,549,841, or nearly one and a-third pound per head—an increase more than double. This result is a pleasing contrast to what Professor Johnston, in his Chemistry of Common Life, says, when speaking of tea :—"All Europe has chosen its prevailing beverage. Spain and Italy delight in chocolate ; France and Germany, and Sweden and Turkey in coffee ; Russia, Holland, and England in tea, while poor Ireland makes a warm drink from the husks of the cocoa, the refuse of the chocolate mills of Italy and Spain." Tea appears to be replacing tobacco ; as one increases the other decreases. Tobacco paid duty in 1839 on 5,128,850lbs ; in 1854, on only 4,896,042lbs. The public, if not the revenue, must benefit by the result.

Constable P. Arthur, and Sub-Constables Kenny and M'Cracken, says the *Nenagh Guardian*, have been awarded a half-chevron each, for services rendered during the late militia disturbances in Nenagh. It will be recollected that the two latter were the men who, at much personal risk, on the night of the 7th July, succeeded, by means of a ruse, in conveying, notwithstanding the vigilance of the mutineers, a message to the military authorities in Limerick and Templemore, and on which troops were next day dispatched to the relief of the town.

The Rev. Patrick Boland, R. C. C., has been transferred from Maryboro' to Carlow at his own solicitation. On leaving Maryboro' the pupils of the Christian Brothers' school, presented the rev. gentleman with a copy of the Holy Bible, beautifully bound in morocco, and richly gilt. The pupils also presented the Rev. Mr. Boland with an address expressive of their gratitude for his more than paternal care of them while he was in the parish.

On the 13th ult. an assassination took place at the Cunagh camp. On that day a soldier of the 56th, while on sentry in the B division, got into dispute with a man of the 18th Royal Irish, the result of which was, that a stone was flung at the head of the former, immediately after which the 18th man ran away, but was followed by a comrade of the sentry, and by him bayonetted in three different parts of the body till life was extinct. The occurrence has created great sensation in the neighborhood of the camp.

The Waterford papers state that potato digging progresses fast, and on the whole, the crop is a good one ; but there is still enough of black ones to show that the disease is still in the country, and that it may again break out in a more malignant form. The turnip crop is near as good as usual ; the high price of labor appears in nearly every field, for the crop, in nearly every instance, is but very imperfectly worked.

Mr. Mark Perrin, son of Judge Perrin, has been appointed Secretary to the Lord Chancellor, in the room of Mr. Maziere Brady, who had been appointed Clerk of Affidavits, in the room of Mr. Hogan, who retires on two-thirds salary. The emolument of Mr. Brady's new office amount to £600 a year. The situation is one for life.

The Sisters of the "Good Shepherd" Convent, Limerick, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £2 from John H. Leyden, Esq., Black River, America, per Robert M'Mahon, Esq., and £1 from Very Rev. Mortimer Collins, P.P., Shanagolden.

Sir John Fitzgerald, Bart., M.P., for the county of Clare, has given £30, and Lady Fitzgerald has contributed £20 towards the building of St. Mary's-on-Fergus Catholic church.

Commissions have been signed by Viscount Lismore, Lieut. of the county, in the 2nd or North Tipperary Regiment of Militia. Ensign Henry Vowell to be Lieutenant, vice Thomas M'Craith, promoted. Ensign Robert Ely to be Lieutenant, vice Richard Acres, resigned.

Lota Lodge, the residence of Smith Barry, Esq., lately rented by Lord Midleton, took fire on the morning of the 22nd ult., and was burned to the ground. It cost £10,000 to build by the celebrated architect, Morrison.

Lucan Bingham, Esq., Sub-Inspector of Constabulary, for many years stationed in Tulla, county Clare, has been transferred to Mitchelstown, county Cork, vice Sub-Inspector M'Guire, removed to Tralee.

Government have decided that the widows of superannuated officers of the Constabulary should receive a similar annuity as if their husbands had died even on active service in the force.

The Mining Company of Ireland have arranged to work the mines discovered by Francis Lisabe, Esq., on Nagheramenagh, county Fermanagh, the estate of Mr. Johnston, near Belleek.

The Seminary founded at Tralee, shortly after his elevation to the ranks of the Hierarchy, by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, has been placed in connexion with the Catholic University.

On Sunday, the 19th ult., the sum of £140 was collected for St. John's Cathedral, Limerick, in the parishes of Croagh and Kilkenny.

Prof. Ornsby, of the Catholic University, is to deliver two lectures on "The Life and Times of Cicero," before the Cork Young Men's Society.

B. Hanrahan, Esq., Carr street, Limerick, has sent a ton of coal to the Young Men's Society, Limerick, for use in their rooms, Charlotte's Quay.

Caran Smith, formerly Recorder of Limerick, died in Dublin, on the 18th ult., at the age of 70.

Sub-Inspector J. S. Watkins has been transferred, at his own request, from the district of Glenties (county Donegal) to Tullamore.

County Inspector John Duncan, of the Constabulary, Tipperary, has been promoted to the rank of Second Class County Inspector.

At the recent registry of votes in Athlone, the conservatives claim a triumph.

Sub-Inspector Ireland, Tralee, has been transferred to Shinrone, and is to be replaced by Sub-Inspector M'Guire.

The *Wexford Independent* says that Capt. Green, of Ballyharty, has raised potatoes six inches in diameter.

The body of the late Baron De Robeck, who was drowned in the river Liffey, on the 30th of September, has been found.

W. Cairns, Esq., Drogheda, has received the Commission of the Peace from the Lord Chancellor for the county Meath.

The Sisters of Mercy, Rathkeale, most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £5 from Lord Southwell.

The Liberal votes of Waterford, obtained a majority over the conservatives, at the recent Revision Court held in that city.

At a meeting of the cess payers of Galway, held in the Court House on the 18th ult., the following resolutions in reference to railway extension in the county were adopted —"That we approve of a guarantee of 5 per cent upon a sum not exceeding £6,000 per mile being given by the county for the purpose of constructing a line of railway from Anthenry to Tuam, provided that a bill be brought into parliament during the next session for the purpose, and that our county members, and the members for the county of the town, be requested to support the bill in the lower house, and the peers of parliament resident in this country be requested to support it in the House of Lords." "That we pledge this county to further guarantee at the same rate an extension of the line from Tuam to the borders of the county of Galway, in conjunction with the county of Mayo, so as to connect Athenry and Castlebar." "That we pledge this county to guarantee at the same rate a line of railway from a point on the present line to Loughrea and thence to Gort, and to support a bill for that purpose."

The Derry *Standard* reports that on the 14th ult. in an affray between two men at the Sion Mills, near Strabane, on last Tuesday evening, a person named Allen was so much injured as to render his death almost certain. According to the information received it would appear that Allen was land steward to J. Herdman, Esq., of the Sion Mills, and for some time past a feeling the reverse of friendly had existed between him and the coachman, a native of Dublin. The coachman was accused by Allen of having ill-treated a valuable horse belonging to Mr. Herdman, which charge the former denied. On the evening of Tuesday the two men were drinking in a public house, when an altercation arose between them, blows were given, but nothing very serious resulted until the parties reached the road. Allen was going home when he was overtaken by the coachman, and beaten in a most inhuman manner. The unfortunate man was removed to his own house, where he now lies in a very dangerous state. The other is in custody.

The directors of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company are about to hold an extraordinary meeting to discuss a subject of considerable importance just now—namely, the establishment of railway communication with Fermoy, under the new military arrangements the largest garrisoned town in the south of Ireland. At present there are two undertakings before the public—one projected by the company, the other by the inhabitants of the town. The former is intended to connect Fermoy with the Great Southern Line at Mallow, or some other point selected, with a view to communication with Dublin as well as Cork ; while by the latter it is proposed to communicate with Cork city and harbor by the shortest route. The company is also seeking for powers to make a railway through Nenagh to Limerick, which, if completed, would tend to prevent any of the Dublin traffic going over the Waterford and Limerick line.

On the night of the 14th ult. the constabulary, it is supposed, acting on private information, arrested in Hearn's public house, Ballinamon, county Leitrim, six persons, on most of whom papers connected with Ribbonism were found. When the police entered six persons were in the room, one of whom, a person far above the ordinary class of persons heretofore supposed to be connected in any way with Ribbonism, was at first permitted to depart, but after they had seen the contents of the papers, they immediately followed and arrested him in his own house. They all remain in custody, Mr. Kelly, R. M., having refused to take bail, although in the case of the person above alluded to it was offered to any amount.

On the 11th ult. Mr. Thomas Hickey, the great Celtic scholar of the South, breathed his last in his humble quiet cottage near the town of Killenaule, county Tipperary, having attained his 80th year He was a patriot of the loftiest sentiments, pure and unsullied in his motives ; and though an old man, yet full of fire and enthusiasm. He never despaired of Ireland's freedom. Mr. Hickey was professor of Irish for upwards of twenty years, in St. John's College, Waterford, during which time he was respected and highly esteemed by the professors and students of that college. Very many priests of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore studied the Irish language under his direction.

On Friday morning, says the Belfast *Ulsterman*, Superintendent M'Ghee's attention was called to a man named Thomas Keenan, who with his wife and child, were landed on the quay from the Glasgow boat, having been sent across by the parochial athorities at Paisley. The man had been 19 years in Scotland, and the woman 11, and they both originally belonged to the county Cavan. The woman suffered greatly from the sea sickness, and was near her confinement. Captain M'Bride, with his customary attention, gave them breakfast, and assisted them with money to reach their home. On Wednesday last, a man, seventy-seven years of age, was sent to Belfast by the parochial authorities of London. Captain M'Bride gave them refreshments, and sent him away in search of his friends.

There have been, says the Tralee *Mercury*, several sudden deaths in our town during the week. Among them we notice that of Mr. Michael Gorman, an industrious and old inhabitant, who on preparing to go to bed on Thursday night, after eating a good dinner and good supper, fell dead. On Wednesday, Mr. Thomas Quilter, a respectable young man residing near Tralee, shortly after riding into the residence of a relative, died immediately on his arrival.

The *Wexford People* reports that the barque Irrawady, of Glaswow, Captain Thomas Miller, bound to Rangoon and Mulmain, with a general cargo, went ashore on Blackwater bank, the wind blowing at the same time from S. S. E. Her crew consisted of 15 men, including the captain, three seamen, were unhappily drowned. Great quantities of wreck have discovered floating about the harbor.

A grand ball was given on the evening of the 16th ult. by his Grace, the Duke of Devonshire, to the inhabitants of Lismore.

The inhabitants of Whitegate have returned thanks to Lord Fermoy, for a large and valuable house which his lordship has generously given them for public schools.

The annual exhibition of stock, farm produce, &c., of the Rathdown Farming Society at Bray exceeded those of previous years.

The members of the county and city of Cork Medical Protective Association have addressed a memorial to Lord Palmerston, complaining of the working of the Medical Charities Act.

Mr. Gillespie of Cork, has been elected resident apothecary to the Cork South Infirmary, vacant by the death of Doctor Trayer.

In Galway thirty thousand herrings were taken one day last month.

Waterford papers complain of an inadequate supply of water in that city, as well as its being inferior in quality.

REMINISCENCES OF A '98 CORRESPONDENT.

From the Dublin Telegraph.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD AND ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

"In the latter end of '97 the leaders of the United cause established a newspaper entitled *The Press*, to forward the movement for the liberation of Ireland. The first seventeen numbers were published by Mr. Whitworth, an Englishman, in Upper Exchange street, Dublin. The subsequently celebrated Peter Finnerty, who was to have been a compositor on it, was introduced to Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor, who found him to be a man of great talent, tact, and patriotism. They at once decided that he should be employed at the publishing office, in Church lane, College Green, where he had to conduct some very important correspondence for the United Irishmen. His name was to *The Press*, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald on several occasions expressed his entire approval of Peter Finnerty's conduct.

"The first editor was Mr. Brennan, a very able writer; but a man of questionable integrity, as subsequent events proved. Brennan having been committed to gaol for debt, he wrote to the proprietors, to the effect that if they did not 'pay his debts immediately he would place all the MSS. which he had in his possession in the hand of the castle authorities.' Brennan's threat was treated with contempt; and Arthur O'Connor wrote to him in these words: — 'If you wish to act a base, dishonorable part towards us and the holy cause you have engaged to sustain, we must regret it — we must likewise regret having been associated with a man capable of such baseness. Do your utmost. Posterity shall decide upon the rectitude of the cause you have expressed your intention of betraying.'

"In a few days after, Brennan was liberated by the Government, who no doubt perceived that he was worth purchasing; but I am not aware of his having appeared before the public again in connection with politics.

"The aspect of Irish affairs looking very perilous, and prosecution following prosecution, Mr. Whitworth declined printing *The Press* any longer. Mr. Stockdale of Abbey street, brought out the 18th number, and continued to print it as long as it was permitted by government.

"When Finnerty was found guilty of a libel, another name was obliged to be entered at the Stamp Office. Arthur O'Connor's name was then attached to it. Although there were upwards of three thousand copies struck off each publication day (Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings), the day that Arthur O'Connor's name was announced as printer, it got a rise of fifteen hundred, and increased to six thousand, which was the utmost that could be printed in time by the presses in use at that period. The name of Arthur O'Connor was every where received with enthusiasm by the people—particularly in the counties of Kildare and Meath. In truth, almost all Protestants who espoused the United cause, were generous, disinterested, noble-minded men, who truly loved Fatherland. What a contrast with the low, mean, heartless 'Souper Protestants' of these days!

"At the time Finnerty was sentenced to be pilloried at the front of Newgate, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Arthur O'Connor went to Green street to encourage him while in the pillory. There were several thousands present, and the people seemed much excited. When they reached the guard of soldiers, Lord Edward endeavored to pass one of them. The soldier raised his gun and was about to strike him, when the High Sheriff, Mr. Pemberton, immediately advanced, and ordered him not to act without orders. He then gave directions to the officer in command of the guard to allow Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. O'Connor to pass. They both continued near Finnerty during the time he was suffering the penalty. Lord Edward Fitzgerald exclaimed in a loud voice — 'Keep up your spirits, my boy. There are bright sunny days in store yet for Old Ireland! Cheer up, my boy! The poor people never forget those who have suffered for them.' After this short address poor Peter Finnerty looked as happy as one of the primitive martyrs at the stake. The High Sheriff seemed puzzled as to how he would act; but owing to his mild and kindly addresses to the people, all passed off quietly. I could perceive, however, that the officers and soldiers were inclined to fire on the people; and a large number of the populace had arms concealed on their person.

"Immediately after leaving Green-street, Lord Edward and O'Connor went to Stockdale's office. Having entered into conversation about what had taken place with the soldiers, Lord Edward took two small pistols from his waistcoat pockets, and said that if the soldier had struck him he would have shot him dead. If that had taken place, I am confident the entire guard would have been disarmed in a few minutes, for the crowd was so close to them at that moment, that they would not be able to use their muskets. Lord Edward Fitzgerald was the most determined man I had ever seen. Nevertheless, he was mild and gentle to all those who had communication with him on public affairs.

"So hostile were the low Orangemen to the *Press* newspaper, that the messengers who carried the papers from the printer to the publishing office in Church-lane, were on several occasions waylaid, in consequence of which the printers formed themselves into a guard to protect the newspapers the men were conveying. One night a printer named Hardy (a lion-hearted, generous soul) and myself went for that purpose. Hardy was armed with a large pistol, and a short black-thorn stick; and I had a piece of metal from the printing office, about two feet long and an inch thick. We had left the messengers safe in Church-lane; and consequently went through College Green, Trinity street, and St. Andrew street. As we passed into William street, Hardy, by the light of the old oil lamps, observed Major Sirr advancing at a distance, and immediately determined on shooting him as he came up, by discharging his pistol in the Major's face, as he was supposed to have worn armour about his body. Having an extreme objection to the assassination, I strongly urged my friend Hardy to abandon all idea of committing a crime so revolting to every Christian sentiment. He yielded to my entreaties; and in another moment Major Sirr passed us, little knowing what a narrow escape he had for his life. The Major surveyed us from head to foot, my anxiety was intense, for I feared the warm Celtic blood of my friend Hardy on meeting a man so universally disliked by all true-hearted Irishmen.

"Counsellor Sampson was the conductor of the *Press*. The paper continued to be printed until the 68th number, when a guard of the Cavan Militia, under the command of a rampant Orangeman, Maxwell, came and seized the office, carried away all the newspapers that had been printed, and destroyed the type, presses, &c., in a wanton manner. Major Sirr and his colleague, Jemmy O'Brien, were both present. The Major searched the house for treasonable papers, but there were none of that character kept there. The Liberty was our head quarters for anything in that shape. Major Sirr was, on this occasion, in his usual cool, calculating temper. As to Jemmy O'Brien, he was nothing short of a cowardly robber, in addition to his perjuries and murders. When he visited the houses of persons on pretext of searching for papers, he repeatedly went to their desks, cabinets, &c., and finding guineas in gold, immediately exclaimed—'Major, I have here an unquestionable proof of treason; they seem to have no confidence in the banks; they are evidently preparing for the plunder of the loyal and well-disposed.'

"Major Sirr.—'The case looks very bad, indeed, O'Brien. I am fully aware that the Romanists are seeking gold in exchange for notes every day. It looks suspicious. We must watch them closely.'

"The idea of preferring a charge of robbery against O'Brien or Sirr, would have been considered as an act of madness; for the word—the mere assertion—of either would weigh down the oaths of twenty respectable Catholics of '98.

"While the *Press* continued to be printed at Stockdale's, one of the apprentices, William Purcell, was passing through Back lane, and hearing some noise proceeding from a public house, he stopped to ask a man at the door what was the matter. The fellow immediately collared him, and he was dragged in. Purcell then discovered that he was in the custody of no less a personage than Jemmy O'Brien, who had been placed at the door by Major Sirr. The major had got information that Sergeant Downes, of the King's county militia, who had been appointed to a post in the rebel army, was in the house, and went with his party to arrest him. Downes had his regimentals on, and as soon as he saw the major enter the room he attempted to draw his sword, but his arm was seized by the powerful grasp of O'Brien, and he was immediately surrounded by the whole gang. Purcell and Downes were then handcuffed, and marched to the castle guard-house. Sergeant Downes asked Purcell his name, and as he thought his young companion was alarmed by his confinement, desired him to keep up his spirits, as they had no charge against him, and only seized him to prevent his giving any alarm; but (said he) as to me, before the next day's sun will set I will be in eternity!

"After talking for some time to Purcell, he laid down on the guard bed and slept for some time. When he awoke, he rallied Purcell again, as he appeared to be much fretted, and said he would give him a song. He accordingly gave, in very good style, 'Paddies Evermore.' At six o'clock in the morning, a guard arrived at the door, and commanded Sergeant Downes to be led forth. Downes then bade Purcell farewell, and was conveyed to the camp at the Naul, tried that day by a court martial, and immediately shot! Poor Downes! I knew him well. His fate was deeply regretted by all who were connected with the movement. Indeed, I saw the big tears running down Arthur O'Connor's face, when he heard the melancholy intelligence. Sergeant Downes was only thirty-five years of age, and about five feet and eleven inches in height. He was, I believe, a Protestant.

"About the same time, Mr. Astley, who kept the amphitheatre in Peter street—now the Molyneaux Asylum—made himself extremely obnoxious to the citizens of Dublin. He ordered his musicians to strike up 'Croppies lie Down,' and other insulting airs, twice every night, for the amusement of the low Orangemen who frequented the house; but friend Hardy, who was so anxious to dispatch the major, repaired with about thirty Liberty boys to Astley's, and having taken their position near the musicians, all was quiet until the orchestra commenced playing 'Croppies lie Down,' when Hardy started up and exclaimed—'Come, boys! now is the time. Forward!' In a few minutes all was confusion—broken heads and broken instruments. The Orangemen rushed to the rescue of Astley's party, but Hardy himself knocked them down in half-dozens, and retired with his party, after soundly thrashing the Orangemen. Astley's theatre never recovered the shock of this melee. The Kilkenny militia were on duty, but did not interfere. Doubtless the Ballyragget boys felt no sympathy for the Orangemen who only received their deserts.

"It is nearly fifty-nine years since I witnessed the scenes here detailed, and I recollect them as well as the incident of a year ago! They were sad times, and I hope the rising generation will never have the folly to do any act which may place them in the power of the Orange agents of England—for the Orangemen of 1856 are the same unpatriotic, bigoted, and uncharitable creatures towards their Catholic countrymen that their grandsires were sixty years ago. The leopard seldom changes his spots, or the tiger his ferocious disposition."

MAJOR SIRR AND HIS VICTIMS—JEMMY O'BRIEN'S WIFE.

As I remarked on a former occasion, not one amongst the old Orange school ever attempted to vindicate the memory of Major Sirr. It was quite impossible. He had a museum at the Castle, composed of many valuables—pictures, antiques, old coins, &c. When Lord Anglesey was Viceroy of Ireland, he "induced the Major" to give up Lord Edward Fitzgerald's watch to his family. I have heard it stated that he had Robert Emmet's missing watch in his museum. Such was not the case. Emmet's watch was found two years after his execution, in the hollow of a tree at the top of the garden of the house in Harold's cross. It was supposed that he got on the wall to effect an escape, and that on the approach of Major Sirr (who informed him he had the whole place surrounded) and the confusion attendant on the scene, the watch dropped. This watch was very valuable. The name of the maker, Boutelier, Paris, was on the case. Inside was engraved "Sarah Curran." The subsequent history of this relic of patriotism and romance was very interesting, and would extract a tear from the most heartless opponents of the old country's cause. Major Sirr had a pistol of very peculiar foreign workmanship amongst his collection, which belonged to Henry Sheares; also a ring, which the beautiful and devoted Maria Steele had presented as a *souvenir* to poor John Sheares. Her hair was encircled in it, and the poor victim of English cruelty valued it much. This ring was stolen from the Major in July, 1814—the treatment which Mr. Russell, an extensive builder, received from Sirr and his employers at the Castle, was of the most heartless character. They violated every constitutional right of the subject in his case, and could prove nothing against him. They, however, ruined his trade, and broke his heart. Mr. Russel was a zealous Catholic, and a good citizen.

The illustrious Henry Grattan gave Major Sirr one of the greatest castigations he ever received—not even from Curran; but the Major had no heart—the sensitive plant, with all its nicety of feeling, could never find a resting-place in his bosom.

Jemmy O'Brien had £200 at the time he was arrested for the murder of Hoey, and he left it in the care of Majors Sirr and Sands. He had apartments at the Castle, and was married to an English girl (I am informed) connected with Secretary Cooke's establishment. On the night of the day O'Brien was executed at Newgate, his wife was confined of a son, and on the following evening she was ordered by Major Sirr to quit the Castle. She then sought for the money which her husband left with the above named gentlemen; but was informed that they "handed it over" to the Crown. Mrs. O'Brien seemed a match for the "two Majors." She knew much of their vile doings in Dublin. Sirr remarked to Sands, "This woman has a shocking tongue; she would assert anything." To which Sands replied—"'Tis best to drop her easy; she has good back stair interest yet—I will give her £5." Major Sirr—"I will give her £10." In a few months after, she was placed on the Pension List at Dublin Castle, under the assumed name of Mrs. Sarah Dunne, which she enjoyed for years.

It is understood that selections from the Correspondence of Miss Mitford are in preparation by Rev. W. Harness, her executor and friend of many years.

A LECTURE ON CORK.

D. F. McCarthy recently delivered a lecture on Cork, before the Young Men's Society of that city. We quote the following summary of his discourse from the *Cork Examiner*:

I propose for your consideration the history of our native City. One might have imagined that for a Cork man to speak of the history of Cork, to Cork people, would be trite. Yet I believe you will admit, I could scarcely have selected a less hacknied theme. It is absolutely novel. Perhaps there is no one topic about which the generality of Cork People know less. I cannot remember having heard a lecture, a discourse, or an essay upon it, or any thing appertaining to it. Even amongst our most cultured classes, for ten persons who could recite to you the fortunes of a fourth-rate Italian, or German, or English town, scarcely one can tell of the various races that trod the very soil on which we stand, and whose very blood, in mingled current, flows in our own veins.

Yet I must not waste much time pleading that this should not be. It is not honorable, either to our patriotism or our intelligence. The Hottentot knows nothing of the land he treads: will refined and intelligent Cork people adopt a Hottentot precedent? It is said that the story of our city is very simple, and contains few remarkable incidents. Granted. Is it not easier to know; is it not less excusable not to know it? True knowledge, like true charity, begins at home. We have had enough of patriotism that rants, boasts, fights; let us have a little of the patriotism that knows, thinks, loves. For my part, I can scarcely believe in the affection that is ignorant, and is content to remain ignorant, of its own object.

Having stated that Cork was founded in or about the year A.D. 600, the lecturer proceeded at some length to describe the train of facts at home and abroad to which that date is an index—the confusion and barbarism that prevailed in Europe consequent on the fall of the Western Empire, and the barbarian colonization—the sanctity and learning fled "to take up its winter quarters" in Ireland, according to the expression of Gorres. Cork, he said, grew out of that state of things at home and abroad. If they were not so, it would not have been.

And now let me ask you—*who founded our City?* You know who founded Rome and Athens, and Corinth, and Constantinople. Who founded Cork? Perhaps not one in twenty of Corkmen could tell. But some one whispers a dear and well known name—Saint Finnbarr! Yes; our City was founded by a Saint, who was also a priest, a monk, and a scholar. Its founder had been reared by a Roman Priest, and himself knelt at "the footstool of the Apostles." Religion, learning — the Church of God and the authority of Rome—these, then, are not strange to Cork; they are native to it. But who was Saint Finnbarr? You remind me that a mere name is no better than a mere date. It, also, must have a definite idea behind it. And you rightly ask me, what definite idea does the name, Saint Finnbarr, represent? Lochan, the fair-haired, was a Connaughtman. He sprung of a Celtic sept, whose house lay on the Atlantic shore near where now stands the town of Galway. He was educated at Banchor, on the banks of Lough Erne, under St. Comgall, and a Roman Ecclesiastic, Macrobius, who was himself a pupil of Pope Saint Gregory the Great—of course long before that Pontiff had reached the purple, Lochan learned the lore of the ancients, and caught the enthusiasm of the time. Vowing himself to God, he vowed to do something in the great movement with which the nation and the world were throbbing. Solitude matured his purpose and purified his character. St. Comgall singled him out from a cluster of saints, and despatched him at the head of a mission to the southern parts of the island. Like so many of our saints, Lochan, or as he was then called, Fioun Bharra, or, as we say, Finnbarr — "the fair-haired" — seems to have had quite a poetic appreciation of natural beauty. It was in the midst of the lovely lake, called henceforward after him, Gougane Barra — or the hollow or recess of Saint Finnbarr — that he made his first attempt. That attempt was a success. Clan O'Leary mustered about him; throughout Desmond his fame ran; the dark valley resounded with the hum of scholastic and missionary labor; and from the heart of the hills rose the high song of worship. In some years he sought a wider field, and aimed at a greater work. He followed the stream whose source he had consecrated. Just at the point where it swells forth into a deep and stately river, he found another stately valley — less romantic, indeed, than the first, but fit to be the site of a great city. And on the sunny side of the hill, whose northern abutment we call "Gill Abbey," whose southern slope touches the waters of the little lake we call the "Lough," he planted his monastery, built his church, and opened his school. This work, too, prospered. Students and monks, scholars and saints, from far and near, gathered around the fair-haired Abbot, or grew under his rule. With a saint's instinct he thought his work incomplete until it had received the blessing of Rome. Accompanied by two like-minded friends, St. Maidoc of Erns, and Saint David of Menevia, in Wales, he crossed rough sea, and lands that man's passions had made more perilous than the ocean. It was by the hand of Pope St. Gregory the Great, that the first bishop of Cork was consecrated. As ever, St. Peter's blessing seemed fruitful. The school grew to the proportions of an University. The church crowned the ascent. The *peillicesor* wooden cottages of the students encircled the lake. A *Brugh* or village sprung up on the *Corcach* or marsh beneath. And before the mortal of its founder was shrined in silver beneath the high altar of his Cathedral, in the words of the chronicler, "a desert had been changed into a great city." Such was then Cork. The lecturer proceeded to give a picture of Cork a thousand years ago—its abbey, its university, its town, crowded with strangers, and the manners of the chiefs that frequented it and lived around it—especially the Court of the *Righ-Corcach* or King of Cork—the MacCarthiagh Mor. The Danish invasion was now described —who the Danes were—whence they came — how they settled down—how the peaceful little monastic city was now plundered and dismembered by these terrible sea pirates—how they were resisted — how at length they were not only conquered, but converted — how, finally, they turned their maritime skill to purposes of trade, founded some of our best civic families, and laid the basis of the commercial prosperity of Cork. The election of Gill Adha, Bishop, as described by St. Bernard of Clairvaux was a curious and characteristic narrative. The Norman invasion was next recounted—how Norman nobles with their ladies and troubadours, Saxon artisans, Aquitanian merchants, Gascon rovers settled down in the little Irish city, made their own of it, and made common cause against the native race — how the history of Cork for four hundred years might be summarized in the sentence "that it was an Anglo-Norman Fortress and Colony on the sea-board of a hostile Irish country." Speaking of the merits of that long contest, the lecturer said—"It appears to me that of both parties, the clash of whose arms scarcely ceased to resound in and about our city for four hundred years, that neither was wholly wrong. Each had some right upon its side; each had a claim on our sympathies; each sustained the struggle with astonishing courage, energy, and endurance. The Celt and the gallant families that became more Celtic, that he had a clear right to resist invasion. The colonists had no less right to keep what had descended to them, and to fight for their homes and their lives. And while we heartily sympathised with the great old race that resisted for centuries the conquerors before whom the greatest nations of the world had yielded, we must

admire, too, the proud little city — state, standing out alone for ages in a land of foes, making its own laws, asserting its own rights, extending its trade, and preserving its integrity against all odds, and through all dangers.

Let us pause for a moment in the reign of Elizabeth, and have a glimpse of the town as it was then. Cambden, a cotemporary, tells us that "it is of an oval form enclosed with walls, and encompassed with the channel of the river, which also crosses it, and is not accessible but by bridges, lying along, as it were, in one direct street, with a bridge over it. It is a populous little trading town, and much resorted to—but so beset with enemies on all sides that they are obliged to keep a constant watch as if the town were continually besieged, and dare not marry out their daughters into the country, but contract one with another amongst themselves, whereby all the citizens are related in some way or other." Its port was much frequented by strangers, both for the advantage of fishing in the harbor, and for purposes of trade. The inhabitants were industrious and opulent. They travelled much, and many foreign merchants resided with them. The mayor and bailiffs, with the advice of the town council, governed the city. They were practically almost independent of external authority; and their edicts had nearly the force of laws. They levied taxes, regulated commerce, and modified the English laws of property; they did not value much privilege of representation in parliament—sometimes refused to attend—and sometimes declined to yield the subsidies they did not vote. The Mayor was admiral of the harbor and river. His jurisdiction extended a mile all round the city; but practically, I suppose, it seldom exceeded the circuit of the city walls; for we find that incessant watch had to be kept on the gates, night and day; and that when the citizens "walked out for recreation" they should be "with strength of men attended." Some of the greater city families, however seem to have singularly combined the martial with the mercantile character. We have seen that the Barrys had a castle at Shandon, and the Skiddys within the walls. So it was with others. The Roches built Shippool castle—the Sarsfields, Garrycloyne. The Meades had a fortress at Meadestown, and the Martels at Ballymartle. Thus, while the artisan took his turn at defending the walls, the stout Burgher merchant left his counting house to don his arms and sally out of his castle at the head of his retainers like a feudal lord. And so they lived and fought for centuries. With the 17th century we turn a new leaf of civic history, and for the two hundred years following, the annals of the city may be summarised in the sentence, it was a Protestant town throughout the great Catholic struggle. The lecturer detailed the history of that struggle—how Cork at first sided, as usual, with the Crown—how the old Catholic families resisted when they found it was going too far—the refusal by the Catholic mayor and chief citizens of Cork to proclaim James I. unless he guaranteed liberty of conscience—the effects of the rising of 1641 in Cork—Lord Inchiquin—Prince Rupert and his Cavaliers in Cork—Oliver Cromwell and his troopers in Cork—the expulsion of the Catholic families from the city—James II. in Cork—the siege under the great Marlborough—the Penal times—the ferocity of the persecutors—the heroic steadfastness of the persecuted—the comparative leniency of the Protestants of Cork—how Protestant ladies succoured their Catholic sisters, and Protestant gentlemen protected Catholic property—how the Catholics founded the beef and butter trades of Cork—a curious picture of Cork in the early part of the last century by a cotemporary—the Volunteers in Cork—'98 in Cork—the return of prosperity—the mercantile house of Callaghan and others—literary and educational progress—Hely Hutchinson's election and Reform—how the old Catholic race that formed the city, and was twice so ignominously expelled from it, has at length conquered in the great contest of centuries—how better than that, both parties have to a great extent combined in social, commercial, and even political life. The old divisions are scarcely to be recognised, the old watch-words are scarcely ever heard. 'So,' he said, 'let it be!' May the errors and sorrows of the past be the beacons of the future—may the jar of political or polemical contest be never again heard in our little valley. Surely they have spilled enough of blood in it! Surely they have wasted enough of lives! We have all something to forget—all something to be ashamed of—all something to be proud of. Let us all lay hands and hearts together, and strive only who best shall do his private duty—who best shall serve our common city—and who truliest and kindliest shall show form in word and work that the basis of all religion is 'to love God above all things, and our neighbor as ourselves.' If the force of this lesson be in anywise illustrated by what we have been considering—alike by what is glorious and what is sad—it is not in vain that we have spent some time in looking back through ages at 'The History of Cork.'

THE USE OF IRELAND.

(*From the Nation.*)

When the Nigger, with satisfaction and pride hears some balmy orator expatiate upon the noble end for which the African race were destined—the use and service of the white man—the cultivation of the sugar cane, the tobacco plant, and the snowy cotton for the pleasure and comfort of the superior race; or, when a Scotch duke exhibits amidst highland plaudits, a prize stag, and some specimens of matchless grouse, and black cock, the growth of districts once encumbered by human beings—then, not till then, will the world exhibit a parallel for "the Beasts" at Athlone.

There has been a rare show there; beasts, quadruped and biped, at their ease exhibited themselves; and of the two, the latter may safely claim the larger share of prizes, for all that constitutes an animal useful for British purposes. There were fat oxen and fat fools, fat pigs and fat place hunters; horses with four feet, and asses with two; all unparalleled for pinguidity. There were rams and ewes of various breeds, whose fat proportions were developed on the fields and pastures where once lived the men and women, and children, who had been driven to slave away their lives in the mines of Wednesbury, and morasses of America. Mangel Wurzel and prime Swedes were piled in heaps like shells before Sebastopol; the richness of the soil of Ireland was there displayed; the bounteous store of God's providence was set forth as if to show how horribly it must have been marred, when a people have famished and still fly from a land so blessed.

But as the eye of the surgeon regards the human frame as an anatomical subject; as the artist sees in the meadow's slope a subject for the pencil, while the farmer sees in it a banquet for his kine, so did the eye of the English Viceroy, Lord Carlisle, see in the beasts and turnips of Athlone, nothing but beef, mutton and vegetables for the English dining table; nothing in the production of the Irish soil save the advantage for his country to which it might be turned. A noble mission this, truly, for this country of ours—once the mother of heroes and sages, wise men and good in college and in camp; no longer to bear nobler offspring than oxen and swine. This old island, which has given to history some of its greatest names—the country that, in Alfred's days, sent scholars to instruct our English neighbors—in Victoria's must be content to send beef and butter to feed them. Such, at least, is the English Viceroy's idea of Ireland's mission among the nations of the earth.

To some, it may seem a strange one for even him to hold; some there may be to think that, even from a British point of view, the use of Ireland to England might be of a higher nature; that the service of the handmaiden might be a little less humble; and her lot to breed—not short horns, and Devons, but Wellingtons, Cannings, and Burkes to fight England's battles, to grace her Senate, to ornament her literature. Some there will doubtless be found, even in England, to sigh over the fallen destiny of the country of a Goldsmith, a Sheridan, and a Moore. Its people flying from it as from a plague-stricken land; its children scattered wanderers from pole to pole, finding a home and protection in any country but their own—finding in most countries honor and distinction, wealth and fame denied them at home. Hewing down the forests and building up the palaces of America, the pioneers and the architects of civilization—rescuing from anarchy and ruin the relics of a Catholic Monarchy in Spain—twining fresh laurels round the standards of France—toiling in the mines of England—raising up a new nation in the antipodes—but whether backwoodsmen, soldiers, scholars, or statesmen, exiles still, ever dreaming of the green valleys where once stood the homestead, where now stands the cattle-shed and the sheep-pen. This is a fate which, even to a stranger, might seem a sad one for a land like this—no Norfolk Island, discovered a few weeks ago and peopled by the scourings of English jails, but an old country, once a queen among the nations—one to which Europe owes something, to which learning and civilization owe a great deal. Yet, this is the lot to which an English Viceroy blandly consigns us, and for which he bids us rejoice and be thankful.

No more presume to dream of freedom, as if we were Sardinians or Australians; no more to hope the hope that gladdens the breasts of men in other countries; no more to feel the ties that bind the human heart in fatherland! Ireland is to be the cattle-shed, the farm-yard the dunghill of Great Britain. For this flattering prediction Lord Carlisle was honored by bellow and bray at Athlone. It is, at least, well that one should hear the views and intentions of those who at present hold our destinies in their hands; it is well that the Irish still remaining in Ireland should know what is projected for their country when emigration and extermination have done their work, and when political corruption has rotted the lands core. England has at last hit on a plan for keeping Ireland quiet. Even Englishmen when naturalised in Ireland have been found most obstinate and troublesome in demanding for the country of their adoption the freedom enjoyed by the country of their birth. Papists have been rebels, Protestants have been rebels, Irishmen have been rebels, Anglo-Irishmen have been rebels. One hope remains, one experiment is yet to be tried. Bullocks and rams, calves and pigs, may prove loyal subjects and salute the House of Hanover every evening, lowing out "God save the Queen."

SKETCHES BY THE WAYSIDE—THE DEATH OF KINGS.

From the Tipperary Vindicator.

No. I.

"For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
How some have been deposed—some slain in war;
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd;
Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping killed;
All murder'd."

SHAKSPEARE.

In the dark nights of winter, when the sky is covered with black clouds—when the wind moans pityingly without, and the rain falls thick and fast—when the fire has burned down, and the smouldering embers shoot forth little flames which cast fitful lights on the wall,—I love to sit by the open window, to feel the blast play round my forehead, and the rain beat on my face, and there, in the darkness, to ponder on the last ending of the former kings of this world. There is something awful and inexpressibly affecting in the thought that those before whose nod thousands of beings trembled, should, in their turn, too, tremble and bow down before the Great Monarch of All, who ruleth prince and peasant justly and impartially, and who teacheth them, in his own good time, that they were placed here to rule, not for themselves alone, but as his vice-gerents. And if they have been more exalted during their lives, so often have their deaths been more terrible. "Of tallest trees the roots delve deepest;" and so when misfortunes fall on a Sovereign, they seldom are light and partial, but sweep down and overwhelm him with the fury of a mountain torrent, swelled by the winter rains and the melting snows. The annals of all nations bear witness to the truth of this assertion, and none more so than those of Ireland. Some authors allege that the first inhabitants of this island were the dispossessed tribes of Canaan, and it would seem as if the curse which had been pronounced on them, had pursued them from their sunny eastern home to this far distant isle of the setting sun. In no other nation have so many monarchs fallen by the sword, by treachery, and by poison,—and, as century after century the sad annals unfold themselves, the soul sickens and the heart throbs with disgust at the unvarying details of crime, perfidy, and ingratitude—and to turn then and pursue the history of some nations, is like inhaling the pure ocean air after escaping from the stifling, sweltering atmosphere of a manufactory. Let us commence with the first page of Irish history. It was in the young world's dawn, while yet the grass waved on the Capitoline hill—while the wolf made his lair in the Esquiline, and ere a single temple had crowned the banks of the Elissas, that the first colonists came to Ireland. Hither they came, a dark-eyed, swarthy Eastern race, and dwelt here many years, until at last a fearful plague broke out among them, and they and their monarch perished miserably on the Hill of Howth. Years passed on, and the island lay desolate, and then came Nemedius with a gallant train of warriors to take possession of the fair and deserted land. Here for many years he dwelt in peace, but then a fine body of African pirates arrived in their light vessels, and devastated the country with fire and sword. Nemedius vainly opposed them, and fought as only one can fight when battling for crown and life. Various conflicts ensued, but at length Nemedius's son Arthur, and Jobean, his grandson, were slain; and so, wearied, dispirited, and broken-hearted, he retired from the hopeless contest, and took refuge, with some followers, at Oilean arda Neimtriodh, now the greatest island in Cork harbor.

The beautiful situation and calm tranquillity of all around failed to afford balm to his wounded spirit, and after a few months had elapsed the old man died of a broken heart, and a sad and portentous ending for the first monarch of Ireland. The Eastern pirates hold the island for a short period, and yield, in their turn, to the Firbolgs. But though the races have been changed, the same dark fate still pursues the island monarch. The Tuatha de Danaans invaded the land, and Eocha, sovereign of the Firbolgs, dies, king-like, sword in hand, fighting against the dark-haired strangers, at the battle of Moyturey, in Mayo. Nuagha of the Silver Hand succeeds to the vacant throne, and peacefully dies, and the crown descends in a direct line until Eathur, Teahur, and Reahur, wear it in common. In their reign another race land to win the kingdom, urged hitherto by an old prophecy that in the Island of Destiny they should found a mighty empire. The struggle was long and doubtful, but finally the three brothers are slain at the battle of Failton, in Meath—Eathur falls by the sword of Amhergin, Teahur by that of Heber, and Reahur is struck down dead by Heremon. The three monarchs, with their wives, thus perish, and Heber and Heremon, the leaders of the Spanish strangers, divided the kingdom between them. The olden prophecy is fulfilled, and the sons of Milesius, at length, possess the land over which their descendants are so long to reign. But they are hardly settled in their various principalities when division—the eternal curse of Ireland—with his black pinions overshadows the land, and the same tragedy that stained the infant Rome, centuries after, is played with tenfold horror in Ireland. Various circumstances, slight at first, had gradually estranged the brothers: their love changed to the bitterest hate. Heber was the first to draw the sword; he attempted to gain possession of some land in Heremon's territory; a fierce civil war occurred, and at length Herber was slain at the battle of Geisiol by Heremon, who thus became sole monarch of the island. Once the bond of peace was broken, it would seem as if all love had departed for ever from the hearts of the brothers. Amhergin, the gentle Amhergin, the head of priesthood, and earliest of our poets, in a fit of passion murders Caicher, and he himself is assassinated by Heremon. This was the dominion of the Milesians commenced, and years afterwards Heremon himself, brotherless and wifeless, his mind tortured by remorse, dies at Airgiodross, and his three sons succeeded him, all of whom, in their turn, are slain by the four sons of the murdered Heber, and these, too, are destroyed, after a reign of but a year, by Iriel the Prophet, who announced that he had come, a heavenly messenger, to destroy the immediate descendants of the fratricides. There was a brief respite from internal dissension; and, passing over those monarchs who had the good fortune to die in peace, we come to Aongus. He was a gallant warrior and a great monarch. He sternly repressed the feuds of the petty chieftains, gave his banners to wave in the cold breeze of the Orkneys, defeats the inhabitants and the wild Picts in more than thirty pitched battles, checks the piracy of the rude Islemen;—and then, oh! what an ending for such a life! he is treacherously slain by his own subjects, as unarmed and unattended he hunted one day on the mountain of Slieve Cua in Munster. Thus it has ever been. In the long line of illustrious Irishmen, nearly all, with very few exceptions, have met their death by the perfidy or ingratitude of those very countrymen whom they had tried so hardly to serve. Then Laogase Loro, the son of Ugene, once more wears the crown, and the old tragedy of Heber is enacted again, for he is basely and barbarously assassinated by his brother Coblagh. His son fled to his relatives in Gaul, and, after a weary exile, he returned with a numerous army, and the usurper expiated his crimes by his death on the field of battle. There was a short interval of peace after his death until Conare More ascended the throne, in the first year of the Christian era. He was a great and wise monarch, and unwonted tranquillity prevailed throughout the kingdom; but after a reign of more than thirty years, he perished miserably by fire in his castle of Brighean da Deargh, and his successor, Luagha, too, ends his life yet more sorrowfully, for he lived to see his children and people alienated from him; and so, unwilling to endure the tortures of a desolate and crownless life, he terminated his existence by slaying himself.

JERPOINT ABBEY.

This religious house was originally founded by Donough O'Donoughoe, king or prince of Ossory, in the year 1180, for Cistercian monks. This fraternity was one of the richest and most influential of the monastic orders in Ireland. It spread itself over the most fertile provinces of the country, and engrossed so much wealth and political influence, that no less than twelve of their religious houses had abbots who sat and ranked among the peers of the land as lords of Parliament.

This institution was once collegiate, and it is said that more than seven hundred students were resident within its walls. The ruins of it are very extensive. The church was a cruciform structure, and consisted of a nave, the roof of which was supported by a range of six pointed arches, with a corrresponding number of massy columns. Above and between these pointed arches are the remains of six clerestory windows, narrow and rounded at their tops. The western or great window of the nave, consists of three distinct arches, separated from each other by a single mullion with rounded tops also. The steeple which is over the cross of the transept, derives its support from four massy square pillars, and the arches which spring from them. The two arches of the transepts, and that belonging to the nave, are of the pointed form; the arch which leads to the choir or chancel is circular.

This singular deviation in point of form between them, makes it very probable that the choir was the work of a different period; although the eastern or altar window, which is now built up to smaller dimensions, is also of the pointed form. Such an anomaly in the character of its architecture can only be accounted for by the foregoing supposition, or that it was built about the period when these styles—the circular and the pointed—were undergoing that change which occasioned the one to supersede the other.

The roof of the choir is a circular arch of stone, quite perfect and in the chancel of it are the tombs of the founder, Donough O'Donoughoe, and Bishop O'Dullany, of Ossory, sculptured in rude though bold relief.

The roof of the steeple over the cross transept, is curiously groined with springers, that are supported on each side by neat and ornamental corbels. The nave and transepts are uncovered.

ST. CANICE'S CATHEDRAL.

The church of St. Canice at Kilkenny, is the episcopal seat of the diocese of Ossory. It forms, like that of Christ Church, Dublin, a cross, and is considered by Ware, or his editor, Mr. Harris, the largest cathedral in the country, except those of the metropolis.

The present church was erected upon the original ecclesiastical foundation, which was either raised by St. Canice, or dedicated to him. The episcopal chair of the see of Ossory was removed to this place from Aghaboe, in the Queen's County, by Bishop O'Dullany, who it appears held this see in the year 1180. Though the building was begun by him about this period, it was not completed till 1286; so that above a hundred years were occupied in finishing this structure. Like most buildings of a similar kind, it has had its revolutions of prosperous or adverse fortune, according to the zeal, the liberality, or the taste of those bishops and dignitaries, who, from time to time, have had the care of administering its revenues—sometimes suffered to moulder nearly to decay, and at others re-edified, and almost restored to its original appearance; but after all its changes, there is more of the original structure and form preserved than in any building of the kind we know of in the country.

The nave is divided into three parts, a centre and two lateral aisles, by a range of five arches, supported on each side by massive piers of black Kilkenny marble, which present to the eye a variety of vistas of a most magnificent effect.

Answers to Correspondents.

Derrynane.—Daniel O'Connell always enjoyed an exuberant flow of spirits, and relished a joke intensely. On the occasion of a contest for the representation of Dublin, with Mr. West—a most awkward individual, whom Lord Plunket designated "*Sow West*,"—he humorously quizzed him upon the beauty of his appearance. In reply, Mr. West said, "If you saw Mr. O'Connell without his wig, he does not present a face which has much to boast of." O'Connell, immediately pulling off his wig, stood close by West, and exclaimed, "There, now—which of us is the better looking? My wig is off!" The sally was received with universal applause. O'Connell looked admirably. The skull he exhibited, for volume and development, could not be surpassed.

Kilkenny—"The Triang'e Field," in which the Volunteers were reviewed, previous to their march to Dublin, and in which Harry Flood shot the Hon. Mr. Agar, is near the old boundary of Dunmore Park. Sir John Davis, who was James the First's Attorney-General for Ireland, says, that around that old residence of the Butlers was the first inclosed deer-park in Irel and. It formerly extended to the bank of the Nore. When we were last there, traces of the old boundary were here and there still perceptible.

Jerpoint.—Yes, "Poulacuilla" is a most delightful glen. It is situated but a few miles from Woodstock, and is approached by a crystal stream, flowing from the Nore, at the extremity of which a cascade of great beauty, rolls in mournful tones over rugged fragments of rock, and descends a craggy precipice of great height. From the fissures of numberless cliffs, which overhang the boatman's head, as he plies the oar beneath, shoot forth stately old trees, ameliorating and diversifying the character of this pensive glen.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1856.

A BREACH OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ALLIANCE.

By the arrival of the *Baltic*, we are in possession of news from Europe four days later than that previously received by the *Canada*. Monetary affairs occupied the serious attention of financial speculators. Royal gamblers in bank stock and railway scrip, do not sit firmly on their commercial thrones. There is a general apprehension that a monetary revolution may break out in London or Paris at any moment—a revolution more formidable than the uprising of February, or the rebellion of Jack Cade. The Austrians still remain in the "Principalities," and some say contrary to the demands of the Sublime Porte, while Austrian journals stoutly deny the "impeachment." At all events, the legions of Francis Joseph are still on "Turkish soil," and an English fleet still keeps possession of the Euxine. It looks as if there were some work to be yet done in the East—another dose to be administered to "the sick man" of Stamboul. Although diplomatic relations have been broken off with brother Bomba, no demonstration of a menacing character has yet been made against the capital of the Two Sicilies, and the amiable Bourbon, "whose crown and dignity" has been offered insult by his royal intermeddling neighbors, has not found it necessary to let slip his Lazzaroni and Swiss mercenaries, to cut the throats of half his loving subjects in Naples. They are on hand, however, and can be unleashed at a moment's notice. But the occupation of the Principalities, the possession of the lighthouse on the Isle of Serpents, the presence of the English squadron in the Black Sea, the diplomatic squabble with the contemptible despot of Naples, dwindle down to the smallest speck of insignificance in presence of the reported misunderstanding between the governments of France and England. The English press have changed the tone of slavish adulation hitherto observed towards the man of December. He is no longer their "august ally;" and free comments are occasionally made upon his acts. Some of the English organs, more bold and honest than the rest, have been rudely stripping the imperial purple from his shoulders, and treating him simply as his infamies deserve. But this is by no means pleasing to his Majesty. He feels himself a veritable monarch, and, although his throne is not very stable at present, he cannot allow John Bull to treat him with as much vulgar familiarity as if he were a special constable, keeping the peace for Queen Victoria in London. The official organ of the Tuilleries, consequently, published the following paragraph, which contains a menace, rather than a remonstrance—a dark threat under the mask of a friendly warning.

"Various organs of the English press have for some time past been in the habit of diffusing calumnies against the French government which are the more odious as they are concealed under an anonymous mask, and allow no other answer than contempt. We understand the respect which the liberty of the press receives in England, and in thus noticing its errors we confine ourselves to appealing to the good sense and good faith of the English people to warn them against the dangers of a system which, by destroying confidence between the two governments, would tend to disunite the two nations, whose alliance is the best guarantee of the peace of the world."

The English press rejoins with bitterness and defiance, while it is reported that the British Government have intimated to the French Government, that explanation will be required, regarding that part of the note which refers to the alliance being endangered."

Without a friend in Europe—without an honest ally amongst the whole family of nations—England must either remain the subservient tool of Louis Napoleon or imperil her existence as a sovereign power. The days of her pride and her strength, and her prestige have passed away. The first hostile arm raised against her in Europe will be the signal for a general coalition of her secret enemies, which will wipe her from the map of nations. With her wealth, her commerce and her intrigues, she has been the most formidable opponent of republicanism in the old world—once stricken down, freedom's banner would be up, and freedom's challenge cry ringing out in a hundred capitals, king-crushed and bayonet-ruled to-day.

THE LADIES' FAIR.

These are bright times at the Crystal Palace. The Fair transcends the liveliest expectations. Not since it was opened by President Pierce, in the summer of 1853, has there been so rare a scene spread out under its noble dome. Indeed, we are strongly inclined to the opinion that the present far exceeds the former spectacle, brilliant and impressive as that was. The array of beauty, winning wit, goodness, sweetness, all the graces and all the virtues, now brightening and exhaling the fragrance of the kindliest natures all through those long-drawn aisles, is itself worth many a gold dollar to look at. The stalls are laden with the daintiest specimens of needle-work, jewelry, painting, embroidery—all the exquisite products of the gentler arts—and a thousand other treasures of themselves sufficient to loosen the tightest pocket and melt the stoniest heart. Were they to fail—had they no genial influence—the queenly merchants of the Palace would be sure to triumph in the beauteous cause of Charity.

We fear, however, these few remarks trespass on the special domain and property of our sparkling little brother, *The Page of the Fair*. Every one interested in the success of the movement should buy that paper. It contains the fullest information respecting it; and, along with a profusion of poetry and humor, gives us a carefully compiled index to the different stalls, and the articles and goods each stall contains.

Considering the object for which the Fair was organized, every good citizen in New York must feel delighted at its success. The erection of a Hospital—open to the poor of all religions and countries—and to be placed under the wise and tender rule of the Sisters of Charity—is an object, every event tending to realize which, cannot fail to inspire in the community at large the deepest satisfaction. Well may the noble womanhood of the city devote themselves to such a service! Well may the rich, and the gay, the gifted, and all who can afford the leisure and the means, join with heart, hand, and brain! Heaven blesses such festivals of love—love which provides for the poor, the shelterless and sick—and the efforts on earth, animated by this love, are remembered for ever in the hymns of Angels, and are recorded in the Book, which promises that even the cup of cold water, given in His name, shall not be forgotten.

THE CRIMEAN BANQUET.

There has been feasting and rejoicing in the ancient capital of Ireland—a display of flags, banners and the sound of martial music unseen and unheard by the banks of the Liffey since the battallions of the Irish Volunteers filed through College Green before the grand old Senate House. But how different the two occasions! Then a nation's army, bearing the nation's flag and wearing the nation's uniform, celebrated a triumph of national independence. Their bright arms flashed in the morning sun, and they received the congratulations of the surging multitude. But now, within the shadow of that noble Custom House, whose chaste architecture might bear comparison with the most finished structures of ancient Greece, but whose empty warerooms and silent corridors are typical of the despoiled land—there, within the shadow of its grandeur, four thousand soldiers were feasted—men who bore the arms, and wore the livery, and fought the battles of the stranger. That the Irish contingent maintained the military character of Ireland, no one questions. It was proved by that fierce and fatal charge on the plains of Balaklava, on the heights of Inkermann, and by that gallant dash into the heart of Sebastopol, while the Russian flag yet flew defiant from the ramparts of the Malakoff, and the guns of the Redan swept the English reserve, like chaff, into their trenches. While proud of these acts of gallant daring—even when performed in the service of England, every one of whose victories have increased the power of Ireland's mortal enemy—we could not join in any such ovation. We know there are honest-hearted and well-meaning Irishmen who believe that the Crimean banquet was the celebration of a national triumph. But it was nothing of the kind. Those soldiers deserved well of England. They fought and bled and starved for her, in the trenches before Sebastopol. Their praises have been chaunted in the "lays of the war" by a servile poetic place-hunter; but he could not sing of those who fought and died in the Crimea as was sung of the heroes of Cremona:

> News, news in old Ireland, high rises her pride,
> And high sounds her wail for her children who died,
> And deep is her prayer—God send I may see
> McDonnell and Mahony fighting for me.

The news of Crimean victories was not received in Ireland with rejoicing by the masses of the people, and they have accordingly held aloof from the banquet as something resembling the Saturnalia which greeted England's bloated monarch in Dublin thirty-two years ago. More power to the people!

CAPTAIN KERRIGAN—THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Mr. Meagher is absent this week in Boston, where he delivers his lecture on *Gerald Griffin* before the Columbia Military and Literary Association, which Association consists chiefly of the four military companies disbanded by Governor Gardner for the crime of having Irish born citizens in the ranks. Mr. Meagher returns in time to address the citizens of New-York in the Tabernacle, on Monday next, the 17th instant, in aid of the widow and child of the late PATRICK KERRIGAN, Captain of the Irish Dragoons of the N. Y. S. Militia. We understand, and have been confidently assured, that the occasion, in point of numbers, brilliancy, and enthusiasm, will be all and everything that the most earnest sympathizer with the widow and child of this true-hearted, whole-souled Irishman could wish. The 9th and 69th Regiments, the Napper-Tandy Artillery of Brooklyn, Emmet Guard of New-York, Montgomery Guard of Jersey City, and several other uniform companies, will be present. It will be a splendid military tribute of thousands of generous and gallant men to a dead comrade, and from it, we are sure will flow, no small measure of happiness to a house of mourning, and the lonely ones who in poverty wear out the dark hours of life within it. Already, we have been informed, two thousand tickets are disposed of. The subject will be—*The Contrasts of Royalty and Republicanism—Europe and America.*

BUCHANAN TRIUMPHANT.

Like the croaking of birds of ill omen, the sinister rumors of the Black Republican organs fell upon the ears of the Democracy during the two first days of the week. False telegraphic dispatches from Tennessee and Illinois divided those states between the condidate of proscription on the one side, and the foreign abolition and disunion nominee on the other. However, those little specks have not gathered into a cloud. All is now bright, joyous and triumphant. Defeated, routed, annihilated, at all important points, the enemies of the Republic have no longer a political existence in the Union. The Democracy and their veteran chief have signally triumphed over the treasonable and persecuting *isms* of the day. Not a single star has fallen from the bright banner which keeps sentinel over the liberties of the Republic. Intolerance, bigotry and the impertinent intermeddling of foreign powers with the internal affairs and social institutions of the country, have been rebuked. We trust the lesson which has been read to the enemies of republican governments—at home and abroad—by the irresistible Democracy, will not be lost upon the rabid fanatics of New England. The battle has been nobly fought and won. God save the Union.

JOHN BROUGHAM AND THE BOWERY.

With sincere gratification we learn, that the friends of this excellent and gifted gentleman purpose giving him shortly a benefit on a magnificent scale. No one better deserves such a tribute. Exhaustless industry, the most liberal spirit, wit, eloquence and fancy—every resource that can ensure intellectual pleasure to the public and crown his theatre with their praises—he devotes to the profession of which he is a pillar and proud ornament. As for his munificence, it is as extravagant almost as his glorious *Pocahontas*. The friends of the Catholic Orphans of New York know this, and gratefully await an opportunity of testifying their great indebtedness to the services he has, over and over again for years, gratuitously rendered their noble cause. This week he gives $500—the proceeds of Bowery Theatre tickets sold in aid of the "Ladies Fair at the Crystal Palace"—sanctifying by charity the profession which his scholarship, high tone, correct taste and affluent genius have long since exalted and enriched.

DR. M'ELHERAN IN THE ACADEMY OF MEDICINE.

We call the attention of our readers to the report of Dr. M'Elheran's lecture on Ethnology, delivered in the Universty, before the Academy of Medicine.

The unusually large attendance, the warm applause of the learned assembly, and the vote of thanks proposed and seconded by two of the most venerable members of the Faculty in America, may be considered the greatest triumph that Dr. M'Elheran has yet achieved.

This question of the extension of races is of vast importance considering the international relations and future destiny of America, which must be influenced in a great measure by the ties of consanguinity.

By means of his large collection of portraits and diagrams, Dr. M'Elheran makes science plain and interesting to the public. Lecture committees will do well to remember that he is ready to receive engagements.

COLONEL DOHENY AND LIEUT.-GOVERNOR RAYMOND.

We feel sincerely gratified in publishing the following letter in answer to the irresponsible insolence of the *New-York Times*:

"THE MERE IRISH."

The *N. Y. Daily Times* is eminently "Anglo-Saxon," and, in consequence, pre-eminently arrogant, abusive, and mendacious. The true Anglo-Saxon is always of this stamp. He is not satisfied with any native superiority he may possess, but looks rather to the depreciation of his neighbor for the true standard of his own elevation. The human family, according to him, has but one aristocratic branch, of which he is himself the rightful head. His policy, morality, religion, good faith, honor, and "pluck," transcend those of all others, not because of their innate worth, but because they are his; and the same qualities in others are inferior, simply because they are *not* his. The world knows how far-famed in this particular is the *Times* of the Strand. But let me come to our Beekman street Manikin, who, moralizing from the frozen side of the hedge, thus maligns:

"As for the Irish, they have gone in a drove—as they always do go—for the regular Democratic ticket. They will probably never do anything else, as long as they remain Irish—and it takes at least two generations to convert them into Americans. They seem to lack the faculty of individual action, or of exercising a personal judgment on public affairs. They vote in herds, and are, of course, managed like other herds, under the control of skillful and experienced drivers."

The voting in "herds," as far as facts are concerned, means, that they voted together, and together against both Fillmore and Fremont. But the intended sting is in the metaphor, which insinuates that they voted without any more consideration than steers or hogs.

The conclusion that because they voted together they therefore voted blindly is as fallacious as it is insolent. It is puerile, as an argument; it is malignant, as a slander. In voting as they voted, even though it would take "two centuries to Americanize them," they voted with the son of Henry Clay and the son of Daniel Webster; they voted as these statesmen voted in life and would vote if now living—that is, to preserve the Union and the Constitution in their integrity. They voted as Calhoun would vote—as Madison would vote—as Jackson would vote—as the ablest, and truest, and noblest Americans, living or dead, would vote and have voted. But I claim no exemption from blame for myself or my race, because we have voted with these illustrious men living and dead. I demand our full rights to exercise our judgment. I ask no favor. I insist on equality. I scorn this arrogant dictation to us as a people. If, then, we own our own franchise, have we fulfilled the trust as becomes Americans?

We had before us two candidates; one representing the "American" party (falsely so called), the other the still more falsely self-styled "Republicans." The one relied on double proscription—proscription for creed and proscription for birth-place. The first is a direct and flagrant violation of the Constitution. It falsifies its holiest principle. It falsifies the communion of brotherhoods which was first to dawn on and hallow the emancipated country. It falsifies the promise held out to the nations, through the Constitution, the laws, and the history of the Republic, inviting to its bosom the suffering children of men. And this attempt to trace a lie on history, freedom, fame, and pledged faith, was planned in a midnight conspiracy, secret, oath-bound, and accompanied by circumstances the most repugnant to liberty and to the spirit of our institutions.

On this ground alone could we vote for Millard Fillmore. I do not disparage him. I do not decry him. But I could not vote for him without treason to the Republic, and worse than treason to my own convictions.

I pass by the other article of proscription, as this is enough in reference to one candidate.

I now come to the other candidate. Ostenibly there was but one issue between him and Buchanan—"Free Soil;" but incidentally several others engrafted themselves on this. One, which was decisive in determining of the vote of every citizen of Irish blood, who was in his heart a republican and aspired to preserve our institutions, was an act done in the Philadelphia Republican convention. It is well known that the American convention split. A bare majority sided with Fillmore: a most powerful minority bolted. That minority was strong in its unyielding bigotry, in the iron hatred it bore to the Catholic and "Foreigner"; but above all to the former, wherever born. It afterwards set up itself, and became more powerful than the majority. The Republican convention, which was afterwards held at Philadelphia, hugged it to its bosom, and entered into brotherhood with it.

The manner of the affiliation was disgraceful. A committee of the convention drew up a code of principles, in which there was a declaration that the party thus solemnly pledging themselves to "Free Territory," would proscribe no man for his faith or birthplace. On this being read, up rose a sage—I think, David Wilmot—and said in substance that, although he was not proscriptive—Heaven forbid he should be!—yet, he strongly urged that so plain a word would be offensive to a great number, and that thereby Pennsylvania would be lost. On this suggestion, the anti-proscriptive assurance was abandoned. Now, whether did that man betray his own convictions, or wilfully deceive those—to please whom he shrank from asserting them. It is clear there was deceit somewhere, either to his conscience or to them. It is clear the convention at both sides made a disgraceful compromise—cemented by a mutual fraud. It is clear the abandonment of the anti-proscriptive was a pledge given to the proscriptive doctrine. Independent then of other reasons, how could we vote for the man committed to this juggle? Leave out the man and take the platform: is there one honest voter who respects civil and religious liberty who could sustain it? We, of Irish birth, long and stoutly struggled for that sacred privilege; we often sorely bled for it; and having vindicated it at home, are we to join hands with those who would commit it to the coils of a treacherous political snake? Nay more, could any man vote for the Philadelphia platform and respect the Truth? I say—and I say it boldly—NOT ONE!

In face of this treachery, was it not "blind ignorance" in the Irish to "herd" in voting aginst the platform that betrayed them and ignored the Constitution? If they did not, they would be fools, or dupes, or cowards.

The *Times* thus glibly continues:

"Besides this, there is nothing that an Irishman loves like the opportunity to tyrannize over somebody; and nothing that he hates like a Negro."

This is the grossest perversion of history and fact. In no country, when Ireland was a nation, was there so little actual slavery. In no country was slavery less a subject of traffic. It was altogether abolished with the pagan religion. There was never any serfdom in Ireland. The chief neither owned his clan nor the land the clan tilled. Their title was equal to his, and so was their position. Not so the Anglo-Saxon—the real Anglo-Saxon—he was himself a slave, bound to the soil. But the upstart in learning is usually as shallow in his calling as other upstarts in gentleness and courage.

To assert that an Irishman hates a Negro, is as untrue as the pretense that the Negro's condition—his slavery or freedom—were in any way to be affected by the result of the late election, is false and fraudulent. "Ignorant" as the Irish are, there are few of them that do not know that the words, "Liberty, Freedom, the benefit of the Negro," are high-sounding delusions, simple frauds for duping fanaticism. An Irishman does not hate a Negro, but he hates the false pretender that, under cover of liberality to the Negro, which is a lie, meditates the proscription and enslaving of other men.

The *Times* becomes witty and indulges in a coarse joke about the Irish believing "every cock and bull story that jumps with their inclination." This is of course attributed to their "ignorance and credulity." It has so chanced that there were then cock and bull stories addressed to their "credulity" which the *Times* and its colleagues did hope "would jump with their inclination," and yet they did not believe them; and yet they spurned them and the little "artful dodgers" who invented them. One of these was Fremont's Catholicity. Of this story the *Express* was the dupe, and not the inventor. It was palmed off, as I think, by some "Republican," for it could in no way serve Fillmore. His hopes lay South, where Fremont could not get a vote, and it was well known, that Fremont would more than double his vote North. The only possible effect of the story woold be to filch some Catholic votes from Buchanan in the North-west and New-Jersey. But be the inventor who he may, it was daily paraded before the people, by the "Republicans" by way of denying it. If the first denial were a denial, then the second and third up to the five hundreth, were not needed. But there is not yet a denial for the good reason that the real object was to keep up the delusion, in view of "Irish credulity." At last the delusion grew into a book, and was thrust into every house where an Irishman was supposed to reside, in company with the bull of Pope Gregory and Mr. O'Connell's opinion

The republicans, in thus circulating the quasi denial of Fremont's Catholicity, were guilty of a fraud and a pretence. It was a pretence, because the object was not to make the people believe that he was not—but to make them suppose he *was* a Catholic. It was a gross fraud to address themselves to religious considerations, treachery alike to the state, to religion and to conscience. It was an attempt to seduce the Irish Catholic from his duty to the Republic. And this is the second time the attempt has been made, and made in vain. The invocation of the papers also, was not a fraud, but a double falsehood. First, it was not a bull; secondly, it concerned the "slave trade"—a subject which was no more involved in this issue, than Mahomet's coffin. Mr. O'Connell's opinion, as used in the canvass, is another fraud, and not a pious one either; for it referred to slavery in the abstract, which the "Republicans" are pledged never to disturb.

That these were thus fraudulent and false in every issue, and in the pretences on which they rely, should venture to assail those who were not duped by them, can only be reconciled on the principle that the vilest and most prostituted are always first to vituperate.

There is an esteemed friend of mine, and brother lawyer in this city, named Chauncey Shaffer. He is a good fellow, and has an intense desire to have a hand in "ruling America." He has strong spiritual affinities and buoyant lungs. When the angel Gabriel visited our mortal sphere, he held most intimate relations with Chauncey. The angel's horn blew blasts most thrilling, but not quite so lusty as his colleague's lungs. They both discoursed much through horn and lungs on the influence of a certain Babylonish female, wearing scarlet petticoats. But alas, even for "grace," when in close connection with things mundane! That of Chauncey was unstable; to use a literary phrase in vogue nowadays, it "caved in." For where think you he has been seen of late, with bent back and wearied limbs and out of breath? Why, circulating certain contraband wares of that most crimson of naughty maidens! And is it not too bad, now that after all this warping and winding and blowing, and coaxing and bullying and bellowing, "the Irish vote in a herd," and did not even listen to these charming seducers, and did think too, perhaps, that my friend Chauncey, though "rayed in radiant angel form," was addicted to very unsavory politics.

I have dealt with only one day's labor of the *Times*—that of Nov. 3. The next day it renewed the charge. After speaking of the Germans at home, and asserting their vast superiority over the Irish,—a subject on which I shall say nothing, because I know nothing—it says, that "they are much more easily and readily Americanised than the Irish." If the other assertion be no truer than this, it is not only an ignorant, but a wilful slander. The Germans—to their credit be it said—preserve their own customs, pastimes, traditions, morals and manners here much longer than the Irish. They have their Sunday dance and Sunday game and sunny Sunday holidays, which they enliven with their native airs, in their native tongue, while the Irish are almost instantaneously absorbed in the American element.

And again, hear the *Times*:

"They" (Germans) "bring with them to this country much less of their home quarrels and domestic dissensions, and seek much less to perpetuate on our soil the wranglings and snarlings of political life at home."

I don't know whether the Germans have any "political snarlings at home," but I take it, it is Irish snarling the writer has in view, in accordance with the habit of this punica fides print.

If so—and it is so—I can assure him that an importation of that canine quality would be a vast improvement to political *discussion* on "our soil," for I never knew two dogs, or even two curs, no matter how cross-grained or cross-bred, that would gnaw each other so indecently, and so sneakingly, as some politicians of "our soil." Decent dogs fight it out. Politicians that I know run into holes, there to crunch in safety the last joint of their opponents' bones. Decent dogs don't call each other foul names. That is the peculiar privilege of women lost to womanhood, and such are the weapons of "Republican" *men*. And not only men, but the guides of the country—the lights of the press—the beacons of civilization. According to one set, the other sets are damnable—damned even in this world. And each set returns the compliment with interest. So that on their joint authority, the whole are "ruffians," "traitors," "perjurers," "thieves," and "robbers." The *Times* may indulge in these exercises in respect to American politics and politicians as long as they will serve its end. But it had better let "Irish political snarlings" rest. It is utterly ignorant in respect to Irish politics, and it is incapable of comprehending the tone and spirit in which they are conducted, even if it were not. There is excitement there, and the struggle is between the governing and governed classes; but the candidates never sink the gentleman in the politician, never trench on decency, and never invade the inviolability of private life. 'Tis rather unsavory logic that the result of "perpetuating political wrangling" should be "rushing in bulk"—a new sample of the "concordia discors." But let it go.

What principally excites the ire of the *Times* is, that the Irish "vote in *bulk*." How could they go together if they thought? Admirable logic! Must some of them vote against their convictions, to show that they think? Is his idea of thinking that it must result in a lie? He is welcome to it if it be. How did the descendants of the Puritans vote in the Bay State? Was it not "in bulk?" Are they clannish and ignorant because they went in shoals? The English do not vote together, exclaims the *Times*. Certainly they don't, for they don't vote at all. One quotation more.

"The Irish do not act upon knowledge, or upon principle. They are the tools of demagogues. Their actions are decided, not by appeals to their judgment, but by the orders of their superiors, or the most dishonest appeals to their credulity or their hatred."

Here are three sentences, very curt, very pert, and very impertinent. There is no attempt at proof, no bungling at inference. They stand alone, unsustained by even hollow proofs or shallow argument. The answer must be more curt—they are three untruths—no other is applicable.

The Democrats appealed to nothing but principle. The "Republicans" did not appeal to principle at all. The Democrats did not invoke the prejudices of their religion. The "Republicans" did—they falsely invoked the religion, the Pope, and Mr. O'Connell. The Democrats did not "appeal to their hatreds." The "Republicans" did, in the case of Keating—the most cold-blooded, the vilest, the meanest appeal ever made to human passion.

But besides, the Irish did not vote in bulk. They divided in this city, to the heart's content of the *Times*—some voted for Wood, some for Libby, some for Bleecker, and some for Whiting And so as to the other candidates.

The *Times* condescends to except a few Irishmen from the sweeping charge of ignorance. I, at least, spurn the compliment, if by possibility I be included. I say, fearlessly, that the education of the present generation of Irishmen at home is superior to that of the same generation here. Their school system is better, their scholars are more competent, their education is of a higher order.

I regret exceedingly to be obliged to use arguments of this character. There is no man living, wherever born, who has higher respect or admiration than I for the institutions of this country, its unexampled prosperity, its unrivalled activity and industry. No man living who has a more intense desire to see it progress and prosper, but there are in it, as in every other country, narrow and little minds; and when they grossly and wantonly assail and slander a whole race, it would be cowardly not to return them blow for blow. I regret, too, that the style of the assault tempted me to the use of language, in which I would not otherwise indulge, and I trust, on a comparison of the attack and defense, the latter will be found excusable.

As for the threat to revive Nativism unless we can get the Irish to vote different ways, we make the *Times* a present of it. If it come to that, we shall see who shall be proscribed. We defied persecution at home; we defy, and shall trample on it here.

MICHAEL DOHENY.

Literature.

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.*

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

CHAPTER VIII.

BEEFSTEAKS AND BRAVERY—THE DETECTIVE'S PLAN—ITS EXECUTION AND THE RESULT.

"No need, young gentleman," answered Bullock, quietly, as he withdrew the last screw from the last hasp. "Let s get a light now, to see what's inside—for the door's open."

Drawing forth a pocket-lamp and a box of lucifers, a light was struck. But just as the parties were about to enter, there was a heavy crash, and then the clock, which had fallen forward on the floor, commenced striking. As it lay across their path, Bullock stooped to pick it up and replace it against the wall. In doing so, a letter which had been deposited, probably, between the glass and dial plate, fell out, and as Casement hurriedly glanced at the superscription, the clock—which had not moved for years—struck the last notes of twelve. A lapse of twenty years, at least, had passed since that iron tongue had last been heard! A long dark night for somebody—a night which was about to pass—and it would seem as if the senseless mechanism had sympathies with the brighter dawn which its exulting clamors heralded.

Hastily hiding the letter in his bosom, with emotions which he could not pause to analyze, Casement now awoke from his momentary reverie, and who shall describe his astonishment at the scene which met his gaze?

The sisters, apparently dead, lay locked in a last embrace upon the funeral couch. The door had never been opened since Brand's departure. The lamp had gone out sometime during the first night of their imprisonment. The food deposited by the negro on the table, was abundant to sustain life for twice the period. But they feared it might be either drugged or poisoned, and so it remained untouched, until at last when the pangs of hunger had become so acute that they would gladly have eaten it—even though assured that it was certain death—to get rid of the insupportable torments they were then enduring; when they had reached this condition, we say, they found they had not strength enough to rise, and turning face to face, with a last kiss and a last lingering prayer, the sisters resigned themselves to death, and were now in the last painless torpor of the trance which immediately precedes dissolution.

So altered were they—so gaunt and hollow-cheeked and white—their faces smeared with dust and tears, and their finely-rounded figures so emaciate—so unlike were they in every respect to the fair girls he had taken leave of three days before, in all the bloom of youth, simplicity and beauty, that Casement could not believe such a change was possible, and deemed they must be some miserable victims who had been confined here for months—for years; and were now at last released by whatever writ of the spirit-world is equivalent to the *habeas corpus* of the world below.

"They live," said Bullock, turning his lamp upon their faces. "Let us carry them down," continued he, picking up Anne in his right arm, and taking along with him the bottle of wine, which stood untasted on the table; "you follow me with the hother, and the fresh hair will revive them.

They got down none too soon; for the negro had dragged his mutilated body into the parlor, upset the spirit-cask with shoulder, and was now busily endeavoring to ignite a match he held between his which teeth, and was rubbing in that manner against the damp and dripping wall.

The villain must have known that, crippled as he was, his own life would have been the first forfeit of the hellish deed. The others in the house might possibly have escaped by great presence of mind and activity; but for himself, with his garments saturated in the fiery flood, his ancle shattered, and his hands bound behind his back, what hope was left?

Seizing him by the collar, Bullock dragged him out, and handcuffed him to the old man, who was already handcuffed to his wife.

The detective next applied himself to the restoration of the sisters, and exhibited a tenderness and skill for which few acquainted with him in rougher scenes would be likely to have given him credit. Putting a few teaspoonsfull of brandy into a wine-glass of water, he fed the girls alternately, while Casement and one of the assistants chafed their hands and feet with spirits. The other policeman was sent inside, with instructions to convert the food found in their room into soup. This was quickly done, and the officer returned in less than a quarter of an hour with a very creditable specimen of cookery. Meantime, while the sisters gave symptoms of revival, our hero related their history in full, so far as to him was known.

"I know the cove that played the clergyman," said Bullock, still continuing to feed the sisters as he spoke; "e's one of the artfullest dodgers that the hold country 'as sent hover. "You," he continued, addressing the officers, "fetch out a mattrass, and whatever pillows and blankets you can find. These gals will soon be all right hagain, and then we'll 'ear what's become of the hother fellow"—meaning Ned.

His words, though spoken at random, and more from a desire to quiet Casement's alarm than with any real hope that what he said would come to pass, were quickly proved prophetic. Youth and unbroken constitutions befriended them; nourishment was all they needed; and in less than an hour from the time of their first discovery, Anne was able to relate all that happened them since their departure from the *Vulture*. Ellen did not speak—but what a heavenly smile was that which lighted up her thin shrunk lips, and restored the lightnings to her eye, when her gaze—long wandering vacantly around the group—first rested upon Casement's face as he knelt beside her, chafing one of her white hands in his, and breathing words of tenderness and hope! How tremulous was the pressure which the wasted fingers gave! How much more eloquent than words the glance which implored him not to leave her! He kissed her hand in mute acknowledgement and promise; and the "efficacy of this treatment" (as the doctors would say) was proved by the first faint blush of color which reappeared on her ashen cheeks.

"And Morgan," said Anne, who had been talking to the detective; "oh, now I recollect it all; he is on board the schooner; he was to be gagged and tied as we were, and stowed away among the lumber in her hold!"

"Sharp's the word," said Bullock, leaping to his feet, and bringing his great hand down on Casement's shoulder with a force that almost took away the other's breath; "the girls are well enough now, and we must hact pretty lively, if we want to lay 'old of hour man. Brand went down to Staten Island last night, and, sure as heggs his heggs, Ned Morgan must he haboard the three-masted schooner that dropped down the bay this morning. Never mind it, girls; these hofficers will take care of you, and we'll be back in double-quick. You wouldn't detain us," he added, addressing himself pointedly to Anne, whose manner in speaking of Ned had not escaped his lynx-like vision; "you wouldn't detain us, young 'ooman, would you, when hevery minute may be hanother chance lost for the poor fellow's rescue?"

The sisters consented eagerly; and Bullock, promising to send a wagon for the prisoners and a carriage for the exhausted girls, once more took the reins and drove off, accompanied by Casement, at a speed never witnessed in Long Island except on the neighboring race-course.

While the tug-boat was getting up steam, the necessary warrants were applied for and procured. A strong posse accompanied the officer, as it was expected that Brand would make a desperate fight. They boarded the schooner just in time to save Ned from suffocation, but not in time to arrest the more important actors in the outrage. Squinting Dick and Maine had plied their oars to some purpose before their flight was discovered, and when it was, their boat was in water too shallow to be followed by anything of a larger craft.

"God of my fathers!" exclaimed Casement, as he leant over the stern-rail, and tried to decipher the inverted letters; "she is called the Isabella de Cascalles!"

"That is my name, signor," said a female voice, with a strongly foreign accent; and turning round he found himself face to face with the lady whose mysterious connexion with his uncle it had become the chief object of his life to understand.

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. MULDOON DOES SOME INVOLUNTARY GOOD—THE CONSUL'S "ENERGY" IS DISAPPOINTED—NOW BACK TO CASTLERONAN.

"The shadow of imputed crime,
Far down his future path was thrown;
It haunted him in every clime
To him revealed alone.
A bitter lot, oh God! thou knows't
That mortal sufferer has to bear—
Who feels, when others envy most,
The gnawings of despair."—WHITTIER.

For the three or four days following the events described in the preceding chapter, it may be well imagined that both Casement and Mr. O'Grady were pretty busily employed.

Not only was the lawyer excited by the strange aspects which the case assumed, in a criminal point of view, he was still more deeply interested by the curious reference which each fresh development seemed to bear upon the question of the Castleronan heirship.

Brand, who might have thrown some light upon the matter, had escaped for the time being, along with his accomplices; a circumstance which Mr. O'Grady, knowing the difficulties of conviction, did not much regret.

"He will not dare," said he, "to show his face in the city for some months, and by the time he returns, we will be better prepared to meet him."

The mysterious lady and her quasi husband had been released on merely nominal bail, there being no evidence of their ownership, and both swearing stoutly that they had embarked as simple passengers. The schooner, however, was declared forfeit, in the absence of any claimant, leaving the dark-eyed lady a second time almost as poor as when she had to beg her coach-fare down to Castleronan.

But, poor as she had become, the lawyer was soon convinced that neither bribes nor threats would avail to wring from her the secret in which, as she imagined, lay unlimited wealth. With her companion there appeared more hope; for though he asked a price ridiculously large, still he did ask one, and would doubtless listen—if not to reason, to starvation then—when what little funds he at present had were exhausted.

Things were in this condition, when Ned Morgan chanced to remember that Brand had made some allusion to the negro arrested at the farm-house, as a person who had full knowledge of everything relating to the mysterious lady. Pete, as he was called, was in the hospital, undergoing treatment for his fractured ankle, and Mr. O'Grady had there some interviews with him, the result of which may possibly appear hereafter. The lawyer also had several private conferences with Mr. Bullock; but if Casement knew of these things at all, he imagined that their subject-matter had reference to the abduction of the sisters, and never dreamed of any nearer interests involved in the investigations. For Ned, having told his story first to Mr. O'Grady, had been duly cautioned by that prudent gentleman to suppress—while relating to Casement the conversation so strangely overheard—that part of those disclosures which more particularly related to the past history of the Senora.

"An' why not, may I ax, sir," inquired Ned, who, of course, knew nothing of the discovery made by Casement at the banker's. "What's the use of bein' tied neck-an'-heels in a sack, wid a swate prospect of bein' dhrowned like a puppy, at the back o' that, if one isn't to speak of what he heard while in durance? Besides, sir, I don't like the notion of keepin' a saycret from the man that keeps few from me; an' though, av coorse, it can be nothin' to him, still your cautionin' me so sthrictly not to mintion it, only makes my throuble greater."

"I cannot explain my reasons just at present, Ned," answered the lawyer, seriously, "and so you must act as you think best. But I tell you candidly that your silence upon the points named may be of the utmost importance: for you and I, between us," he added confidentially, "now hold the key which may restore Castleronan to its rightful heir; and you surely would not mar such a prospects by an untimely whisper."

"An' do you mane to tell me that what I overheard that murdherin' villain say about the Mexican Wild-cat can have anything to do wid the ould place beyant? It's Castleronan I mane," he added, seeing that Mr. O'Grady looked puzzled. "We call it the ould place amongst ourselves, for the rayson that the ould stock have lived in it ever since St. Pathrick was a gorsoon."

"Everything—everything," answered the lawyer quickly; "and now I know that I may rely on your discretion. Promise me only to keep that secret for a few days more, and in return I'll promise you such news as will cause you to bless your kidnappers."

"Faix then it must be the best o' news to make me do that, sir," rejoined Ned, with an incredulous grin. "I'm not misdoubtin' what you say, you see; but you know there are some things that can be done, an' then again some others that can't."

"It is the best of news, and you will find it so if you only wait," said the lawyer cheerfully. "I have almost completed my evidence, and as soon as sergeant Bullock returns, you and I will tell Casement all about it."

The assumption of confidence in the latter part of the sentence had the desired effect; it effectually sealed Ned's lips. To have partnership in a secret with Mr. O'Grady—though he really knew not what the secret was—was an honor which no imprudent zeal must be allowed to forfeit. The lawyer was a keen judge of human nature, and had not missed his calculation when relying on Ned's pride as the best guarantee for silence.

Added to all the other business which crowded on Mr. O'Grady's attention at this time, was the extradition case of John McCarthy, in which he had been retained, at Casement's suggestion, as counsel for the prisoner.

The consul, finding that Squinting Dick, his first model informer, could not possibly appear, next offered a large reward to any one who could identify the present John McCarthy, otherwise known as John Plunkett, of Illinois, with the McCarthy indicted by the grand-jury of the County Wexford, Ireland, for the crime of wilful murder.

The advertisement of course was not so broadly worded; but such was substantially its spirit and design.

Meantime a *habeas corpus* had been sued out, the return to which fell due upon a certain day: and then, if identity were established, the judges declared they had no option but to remand the prisoner until further advices could be received from Europe for the completion of the evidence. If the identity were not proved, of course the prisoner must be instantly set free.

The Consul in this matter had three difficulties to contend against; or rather one great and radical difficulty out of which the others grew. In the first place the charge was inherently and wholly false—a mere pretext got up to screen the real perpetrators, the police; and many innocent men had already suffered transportation on account of it. In the second place, all the independent papers of the country viewed the transaction in its proper light, and lent their powerful voices in the prisoner's favor. Thirdly, and as a sequence to the former two, it became clear, that no one except he spoke the truth, or was an absolute master in the art of perjury, could hope to pass muster under such a cross-examination as the identifying witness would be compelled to undergo.

A true witness was not forthcoming, and the case was too prominent to allow a false one to be safely used, when suddenly a gleam of light broke in on the darkness of the consular despair, in the shape of a fellow-countryman, who came down from Troy, in answer to the advertisement, and stated that he had been well acquainted with the prisoner long ago, "which is what he won't deny," he added, "if he's the same John McCarthy I used to know in Wexford."

It's an old saying and a true one, that put one Irishman on a spit, and you'll get as many as fifty to turn him.

This candidate for a niche in that gallery of which Jemmy O'Brien is the presiding genius, had undoubtedly—as he stated—known McCarthy in the old country; for on visiting him in his place of confinement, the prisoner held out his hand, addressed him cheerfully by name, and kindly inquired after his prosperity and health.

"I would not care a pinch of snuff for it," said Mr. O'Grady, when discussing the matter with Casement and Ned Morgan, whom he sent for, on learning that the Consul had at length found a credible witness—"I would not mind it in the least; for we could admit the identity and beat them out of Court on the merits—but the fact is, that I fear the anxiety will kill my client. He is wretchedly nervous, and grows thinner and weaker every hour, and if he be remanded to-morrow, the chances are that he may die before his case comes up for final argument."

"Ah then, might I ask your honor what kind ov a rapscallion this witness is?" inquired Ned—whose thoughts, to confess the truth, were running on some possible exploits with a shillelagh having for their object the summary incapacitation of the Consul's "friend."

"Oh, he seems a soft-headed stupid fool himself, who partly

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

does not understand, and is partly sorry for the mischief he is about to do. But he has a wife with him—a flaming shrew, who equally hungers for the reward, and is flattered by the idea that this business will increase her importance. By heaven," continued O'Grady, with a bitter laugh, "one would think, to hear her talk, that she expects an autograph of thanks and a diamond necklace from Queen Victoria, by the first current packet! The officials, of course, flatter her conceit, and between them they have persuaded that poor jackanapes, the husband, that he will be the biggest man in Troy, when he gets back there, if he can only accomplish this job successfully.

"In Throy, sir," did you say? In Throy?" exclaimed Ned, starting up from his seat, and looking the very picture of bewildered hope.

"Certainly," answered the lawyer, much surprised, for Ned was usually cool. "He is a stove-smith or tinsmith, or something of that sort up there, and his wife has only just come out to him from the old country."

"A stove-smith, and from Throy, and his wife's only just come out, and she a flamin' vixen," almost shouted the excitable Ned. "Just answer me wan question more, lawyer darlin', an' then I'll be contint to die! Isn't the poor spalpeen's name Muldoon?"

Never before was there such a mixture of the ludicrous and solemn, as appeared in Ned's face and tone while he asked this question. One syllable he pronounced as if his life depended on the answer; the next, as if it were barely possible to keep his risibles in even moderate subjection.

"The name is Muldoon," answered Mr. O'Grady, now puzzled in his turn—"perhaps you know something of him?"

Ned looked at Casement—Casement looked back at Ned; and then the two gave way to that reaction of laughter which is always strongest where the most powerful emotions of an opposite kind have been previously excited. They laughed until they cried again; the lawyer caught the infection, and was soon the loudest of the three. It was some minutes before this "passion of the ludicrous," having exhausted itself in protracted peals, again permitted them to resume the discussion.

Having related what they knew of her, Ned was immediately voted a committee of one to wait on Mrs. Muldoon, and endeavor to persuade that right-minded lady to use her matrimonial influence on the other side. He succeeded, as might have been expected, to admiration—reminding her of how intensely her conduct had been appreciated on board the ship, and giving her six hours to take her husband out of the city, unless she wished that luckless individual to hear of divers matters not calculated to add rose-leaves to the hymeneal couch. Mrs. Muldoon (to borrow a phrase from Louis Napoleon) at once "appreciated the supremacy of the crisis," and began to take another view of her duty towards the commonwealth, of which she aspired to become a citizen. A moment before, her "juty" told her that a man like McCarthy should be expelled from the body-politic about to be adorned by her own incarnation of all the virtues and graces: but now, so effectual was Ned's pleading, such an act would be one of base subserviency to British despotism, and she wondered "how a dacint man like her husband could ever have thought of taking part in such a dirty act."

To conclude this episode—Ned saw them off in the cars before returning; and next day the case was of course dismissed in the absence of any evidence of any kind.

The seeming misfortune operated a substantial good: the tone in which the independent press had taken up the matter showed very clearly that it was not a case which British influence would act wisely in pressing. The true nature of the accusation—its baseness and fraud—were clearly proved; and the prosecution was soon after officially discontinued, because pressing it could do no good, while its abandonment might be magnified by hireling prints into an act of gracious and benevolent condescension.

McCarthy grew young again when relieved of a terror which had weighed like a stone upon his springs of life. Like many others of his class, he possessed no moral courage, though personally as brave as a lion; and it was this unfounded fear of an inquiry which he should rather have courted, that had hitherto induced him not only to conceal his name, but also the large fortune which a sudden rise in the value of land and his own successful industry had accumulated.

To Ned his gratitude for the protection extended to his daughters and his own immediate release (though he never knew exactly how the latter feat had been accomplished,) took the substantial form of a heavy dowry to Anne, a farm beside his own in Illinois, and the paternal blessing on their union at such time as it might hereafter take place.

To Casement his gratitude was still more fervent; but the position of the latter rendered its expression a point of more delicacy than he would entrust himself with handling.

In this emergency he applied to Mr. O'Grady to help him; and the results of that consultation, and of other consultations had between our hero and the lawyer, compel us — none reluctant—to return in our concluding chapter to that stately home from which our faithful history set out.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NOVEMBER.

I.

Look where the crisp, sun-painted leaves,
In russet clouds fly past,
While creaking boughs, and naked crests
Bend in the wailing blast!
The gorgeous robe that Summer hung
Upon the chestnut tree,
Beneath fell Autumn's blighting breath,
Lies scattered o'er the lea.

II.

No longer laughs the mocking-bird,
Within the silent dell,
Where through the long, bright, summer days
He played the mimic well.
To warmer climes, and brighter skies,
The jocund warbler flew,
Long ere the Frost King killed the buds
That Summer loves to strew.

III.

Low-whistling quails now strut the field,
Where late the waving grain
Upreared its myriad golden spears,
And beautified the plain.
Along the dreamy woodland aisles
The robin's note resounds,
And still woodpeckers loudly drum,
Within their olden rounds.

IV.

The farmer and the giddy squirrel,
Alike from toil set free,
Now loll before the blazing hearth,
And in the hollow tree.
While one complains of scanty yield,
Viewing his loaded hut,
The other, in his woodland lodge,
Contented cracks a nut!

V.

Wild-screaming ducks, and long-necked geese,
Now seek the lakes and streams,
Forsaking shallow, sedgy ponds,
Where ice already gleams.
Bleak is the wind—the foliage dead,
And humid shadows fall,
While over all there hangs a gloom
That keeps the soul in thrall.

VI.

Yet ev'ry change that Nature brings
With deepest good is fraught,
Though oft her motive lies beyond
The grasp of human thought.
Without some pain, we could not know
The luxury of health,
And if all men alike were rich
What joy would spring from wealth?

BELSHAZZAR.

ACADEMY OF MEDICINE — LECTURE ON ETHNOLOGY.

BY DR. M'ELHERAN.

The Academy of Medicine met in the University on Wednesevening, Nov. 5. Seldom has there been a larger attendance of professors and the elite of the Faculty. The chapel was nearly filled. It was proposed by the Secretary, Dr. Foster, seconded, and carried unanimously, that Dr. McElheran, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, be invited to address the Academy on "The Comparative Anatomy of Human Crania."

The lecturer said that he would have sought the high privilege of addressing them two years ago, but he had found the field of his investigations still widening, and he was anxious to come before the Academy with an essay as complete as possible. From our works on Archæology, our museums, and from dentists, hatters, &c., he had reaped a rich harvest of facts. This world's-fair of human specimens, where the sons of men stand side by side, is the greatest school for the student of Ethnology. Whatever credit his work might attain, is therefore due to the free spirit and kindly co-operation of the members of the profession in his adopted country.

The lecturer maintained that Ethnology has hitherto been only an empiricism, because the transcendental doctrines of development, such as they are, have been misapplied or entirely disregarded by Ethnologists. He contends that nature has repeatedly changed her mode of operation, and that she converged her forms in approaching Man, who presents the most distinct evidence of antagonisms, of unity and variety, and of a versatile vital principle, the *animus* which is not to be confounded with the *anima*, or soul.

He believed that the true doctrine of development, which he briefly elucidated, and the radiating degeneracy of the human family from the Celtic centre—supported the dogma of original unity. But races have been stereotyped, and evidently as permanently distinct as if they had been created separately. Oppressed Celtic types have repeatedly regained their true position physically and mentally, but no inferior Gothic or other carnivorous race ever rises above a certain level; for in them the vital principle itself seems impaired. They are *stereotyped*.

The lecturer demonstrated that the brain and skull of the herbivora is superior to those of the carnivora, and that therefore we must have a new classification of animals.

He divides men, according to natural history, into *omnivora*, *herbivora*, *carnivora*. These are the Types, found under various Forms, *infantile*, *athletic*, *intellectual*, in the several continents of the world. We find Ethnology a chaos of contradictions, because authors have not discriminated between forms arrested in development, accidental *types*, and permanent *stereotypes*. The common facts of natural history, which elucidate these phenomena, have been disregarded. Transcendental anatomy explains the varieties of forms; that is, degrees of development. Man is naturally omnivorous, but he degenerates and diverges into the other stripes. This fact supplies a philosophic basis for Ethnology, including phrenology and physiognomy. The oval-headed, fine-limbed, *beau ideal* of the Celtic nations is the central type and perfect form, contrasting with the Goths, Kalmucs, and other square headed carnivora, and with the true Negroes, Hindoos, and other narrow-headed herbivora. The unmixed, carnivorous Anglo-Saxons, have crania like the red savages, being generally broad, short, and distorted. And such is the common characteristic of the Gotho-German at this day. The average white American head is a regular long oval, like the Irish, Welsh, and Highland Scots. The Aborigines of the Old World were and are degenerate in proportion to their distance from the Celtic Mediterranean, degradation being most rapid southward into Africa and northward into Europe and Asia. Degeneracy is more gradual eastward.

The great trunk of the Celtic or central type, stretches through India, where it is modified. In China it is enfeebled and stereotyped. It terminates in Central America, which was the high central realm of the New World, as Celtica was of the old. This radiating degeneracy of men is like a process of crystalzaation, the centre is most perfect—the superficies amorphous. The outer rind of the tree of life is most *suborganized*. These observations apply to races in their *aboriginal* nativities. The Anglo-Saxons, for example, still retain the evidences of their descent from the outer rind of humanity in north Europe.

In 1850-51, he made statistics of complexion, &c., of the inhabitants of Great Britain. He was the first to analyze that conglomeration of races, and to demonstrate that the Celtic type of Shakspeare and Wellington is dominant. His published address to the British Association, and his memorable controversy with the *Times*, in October, 1852, had extinguished Anglo-Saxonism in Britain, but the false theory still prevails in America. His friend and teacher, Dr. Knox, of Edinburg, although merely theorizing, had inoculated our whole scientific and public press with Anglo-Mania. He (Mr. M'Elheran) had spent years of travel, and study investigating this special subject. He made and compared collections of portraits of the Celtic and Saxon races—specimens of which he now exhibited. By a combination of anatomical and artistic skill he had thus been enabled to enlighten dubious history. Beginning with living facts, he had traced the Celtic type back through Italy, Greece, Asia Minor and Egypt, in illustration of their monuments, collections of crania, portraits antique statuary, coins, etc., particularly in the new gigantic work, the *Tresor de Neumismatique*. While even the latest writers, Nott, Davis, &c., still erroneously dogmatize over a few crania, he had broken up new fields of inquiry, in the reports of hatters, dentists, hair-dealers, &c., and produced aggregate millions of facts in proof of our Celtic origin.

The history of emigration and the peculiarity of our language, so different from the Saxon dialects of East and North England, prove that our ancestors came from the Celtic South and West of England, and the other persecuted Celtic parts of the three kingdoms—not to mention Celtic Spain, Celtic France, and Celtic Belgium.

The Celto-Germans from the borders of the Rhine, probably out-numbered the Gothic immigrants from North Europe, whose type has been submerged in the general Celtic tide. The true American type is therefore not a hybrid Anglo-Saxon, but a pure bred Celtic race; as their language, their history, their physique, and impulsive, versatile genius testify.

This lecture, which fixed the attention of the learned assembly during two hours, was very profusely illustrated with cranial forms and portraits of the Celtic and Gothic races. By merely changing the head-dresses and style of wearing the hair, the lecturer demonstrated that the physiognomy, as well as the phrenology and lathy figure of the French and Gaelic peasantry is exactly and unquestionably the same as the typical Americans, such as Washington, Jackson, Taylor, Clay, Webster, &c. And that the Anglo-Saxon is like the red Indian and other carnivorous savages.

The Academy expressed their approbation of the demonstrations by prolonged rounds of applause.

It was proposed by Dr. J. F. Francis and seconded by Doctor Smith: That the thanks of this Academy be tendered to Dr. M'Elheran for his able and lucid exposition of this intricate subject —The Developments and Causes of Variety in Mankind. Passed unanimously.

Considering the vast future of our country and the international interests involved in the question of race, this discourse of Dr. M'Elheran may be considered an event in our history, as well as a triumph over the popular Anglo-Saxon error.

Literary and Artistic News.

The modest and fragrant violet seems to have derived its name from the Latin *via*—a way—from the frequency of the wildflower by the roadsides. It was the national flower of Athens, which city, personified by sculptors and painters, was represented as a majestic female, wearing a wreath of violets. The Athenians were originally from Ionia, so called from its abundance of violets, the flower being termed in Greek *Ion*. The classic poets of old feigned that Ia, daughter of the Phrygian King, Midas, and wife of the handsome shepherd Atys, being persecuted by the addresses of Apollo, who had become enamored of her, she was changed into a violet to avoid him. The Romans crowned their domestic gods, the Lares, with violets. Pliny thought a bride more interesting when surrounded with garlands of violets. Mahomet compared himself to the violet. He said, as its odor surpasses that of all other flowers, so his doctrines excelled all others. At the Floral Games instituted at Toulouse, in the fifteenth century, by Clemence Isaure, for the encouragement of poetry, the first prize awarded to the most skillful competitor was a Golden Violet; the second was a silver Eglantine; the third a silver Marigold. These competitions of the *gaya scientia*, were held in a magnificent garden, perfumed with the floral creation, on that happiest of days the first of May. The marble statue of Clemence, in the old Town Hall, was crowned with flowers, and an eulogium was recited in her honor. These pleasant, innocent, happy games continued until the Revolution. A pretty device was once invented by a Norman Knight, for a beautiful and accomplished but very retiring lady—a violet almost hidden beneath its leaves—and the motto, *Il faut me chercher*. The violet has derived from Napoleon le Grand a place in French history. It was a token for those of his followers who were in the secret of his intended return from Elba in 1814. These were bouquets of early violets; and in order to discover who were of their party, the watchword was, "Do you love the Violet?" If the reply was simply "Yes," the questioner passed on, perceiving that the stranger was not one of the initiated. But if the latter repied, "Well," then followed the countersign of recognition, "It will

reappear in spring." And they bestowed upon the Imperial exile the symbolical name of "Corporal Violet." The printshops in Paris exhibited engravings representing a bouquet of violets, with a bud below the full-blown flowers. In the outlines of the violets the profiles of Napoleon, Maria Louisa, and their son were ingeniously traced—Napoleon's under a green leaf folded so as to represent a cocked hat, Maria Louisa opposite to him, and the child in the bud beneath.

Mr. Thackeray has published his great attack on the Celtic Character—"Barry Lyndon," a novel that was a failure when first printed, but is now enjoying, thanks to the since acquired reputation of the author, a large sale. The secret of Mr. Thackeray's horror of Ireland and everything Irish is known only to himself; but it is so vivid, so endaring, and so undisguised, that one might almost think that he himself was an Irishman. A stranger never before favored us with such an aversion, and the phenomenon is worth studying.

The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia was issued in 1780, and the subscription price was fifty dollars per annum. The daily paper of that date was not so large as a sheet of common foolscap, and a dozen of them contained about as much reading matter as one finds in a two-cent daily of the present day.

Prince Napoleon is about to publish a book, illustrated with numerous engravings, giving an account of his recent tour in the north of Europe.

English papers state that a statue of the late Duke of Wellington has just been inaugurated at Manchester.

Military News.

FOURTH BRIGADE NEW YORK STATE MILITIA

BRIGADE ORDERS.

New York, Oct. 20th, 1856.

By a Brigade Court-martial, of which Colonel Junius Stears of the 12th Regiment, is President, and Capt. Jacob F. Fauth, and John Kennedy of the 10th Regiment, members, was put on trial, Captain James Huston, of the 69th Regiment, on a charge and specifications preferred by Colonel Jas. R. Ryan, his Commanding Officer, of disobedience of orders.

The Court, "having duly deliberated on the evidence on the part of the prosecution, and having fully considered the same," found the accused not guilty of the specifications and charge.

The Commandant of the Brigade, having considered the proceedings in the case, disapproves of the same. He can find no warrant for the action of the Court, in rejecting the testimony of Colonel Ryan as incompetent, on the ground of his presence in Court during the examination of the previous witness.

The Court could have directed the withdrawal of all the witnesses, except the one under examination: and had the accused "applied for such an order, it would not have been competent for the Court to refuse it." No such application or order, however, was made, and objection to the presence of the witnesses must be regarded as having been waived; and the Court could not legally exclude the testimony of any one of them, on the ground alleged.

Even "if a witness should remain in Court, or return to it after being directed to withdraw, it is no grouud for rejecting his testimony, though it may affect his credibility." (O'Brien, p. 203.)

"It is the general practice, on the day of meeting, for the Judge Advocate to present to the Court lists of the prosecution's and prisoner's witnesses. But this does not preclude either party from producing, so long as his case is not closed, such witnesses as he thinks necessary; and though they may have been in Court during all the preceding part of the trial, the Court cannot legally refuse their evidence." (O'Brien, page 282.)

There having been no proper ground for excluding the testimony of a competent and credible witness, the proceedings under the circumstances, in the judgment of the Commandant of the Brigade, have but little better claim to be regarded as a trial, than if the testimony of any and all the witnesses had been rejected from the beginning.

It is hereby ordered that the said Brigade Court-martial be, and the same is, hereby dissolved.

Captain Huston is relieved from arrest, and will report to his Commanding Officer for duty.

By order of

John Ewen,
Brigadier General Commanding.

Robt. Taylor, *Brigade Major and Inspector.*

Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York State Militia.

Head Quarters, New York City, Oct. 28, 1856.

The above Brigade orders are hereby promulgated for the information of the members of this Regiment.

Captain James Huston, having reported for duty and having been re-arrested on charge and specifications preferred against him by Captain Michael Corcoran, Lieut. James S. Lyons is hereby ordered to retain command of Company K, to issue, without delay Regimental Orders, No. 30, with the Brigade order attached, to the members of said Company, and to perform such other duties appertaining to the command of said Company as may be necessary, until further orders.

Commandants of Companies will cause a copy of this order to be served on each member of their respective commands.

James R. Ryan, *Colonel Commanding.*

The *Waterford Republican Musketeers*, Capt. John Slater, intend making their first annual Target Excursion on Monday, Nov. 17. The Company will meet at the Eagle Drill Rooms, corner Christie and Delancey Sts., and proceed from thence to he River House, Harlem.

Guyon Cadets, Co. D., 9th Regiment.

COMPANY ORDER.

You are hereby requested to Assemble at the Eagle Drill Rooms (with overcoat and side belt) on Monday evening, Nov. 17, at seven o'clock for the purpose of attending the Lecture of Thomas F. Meagher, in aid of the widow and family of the late Capt. P. Kerrigan.

By order of

Capt. Thos. Murphy.

N. B.—All military gentlemen desirous of attending the Lecture are requested to meet (in uniform) at the above time and place.

Shelton's American Brass Band will be in attendance.

The first annual Target Excursion of the *Irish News Guard*, E. K. Butler, Captain, comes off on the 13th inst. The *Guard* have been assiduous in their preparatory arrangements to secure a most brilliant, pleasant, and successful excursion. They will meet their guests at our office, at 9 o'clock, A. M., and thence proceed, at once, to their shooting ground at the Red House, Harlem.

The *Thomas Davis Cadets*, under the efficient command of their Captain, James H. Anderson, will proceed to Hoboken, on their first annual Target Excursion, on the 20th inst., starting from *Hermitage Hall* at 7 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

REVOLUTIONARY MEN AND WANTS.

From a Correspondent of the Petersburgh Gazette.

In the immediate vicinity of the spot (Leetown, Jefferson county, Va.) from which I address you these lines, are the dilapidated and antique residences of three distinguished Major-Generals of the American Revolution. Within a radius of one mile and a-half, lived long and weary years, Charles Lee, the sinister hero of Monmouth; Horatio Gates, the loser of the battle of Camden and the Southern campaign; and Adam Stephen, the early friend of Washington. In this little village—on whose golden forests I am gazing—under the shadows of the great woods here, remote from camps and the flashing world, these three warriors rusted out the remainder of their lives in inglorious repose—the swords in moth-eaten scabbards, no more to be drawn. Here, if I mistake not, two of them died, and soon even these lingering memorials of them will crumble and disappear, as their figures are fading from the general mind!

Lee's house is a hundred paces from the little assemblage of houses called by his name, and is an oblong building of stone, with chimneys at each end and midway, low, with a rude porch, depending, as it were, above the rough door, and a few outhouses. Gates lived somewhat further from the town, in a plain, undecorated building, and Stephens occupied a mansion probably built by the earliest pioneers of the valley, in which every thing is small and confined but the fire-place. But that is neither small nor confined; it is grand—enormous! Around it, how many good companions must have gathered, in the olden day, aud what sounds of revelry shook the rafters overhead! You may read of Adam Stephen in Spark's edition of the writings of Washington, and there you will find that, among the hardy gentlemen who stood shoulder to shoulder with the young chief at Winchester, when the Indians ravaged the valley a hundred years ago, was Lieutenant Stephen. A landed proprietor hereabouts, he doubtless resented the trespass of the Indians upon his grounds, stretching towards the foot of the great North Mountain; at least we know that he did good service. He was afterwards an effective officer of the revolutionary struggle, but left the army, about the period of the battle of Princeton, disgusted at something or other, and so came hither and lived and died.

Of Gates and Lee more is known. The story of the woful quarrel of the latter with Washington at Monmouth you may read in full in the recently published third volume of Irving's great work. It is probable that history will show that Lee was not so much in the wrong as the world supposes. That he made a blunder in ordering his forces to retreat, and that his retreat very nearly ruined all the plans of Washington and lost us the battle. This is certain; but it was probably an error of judgment, not a want of courage. In Leutz's great picture he sits his horse sullenly before the chief, whose hot anger flames out. All that he did and said after was sullen, too, unfortunately. High words, indignant correspondence, Washington cold and haughty, Lee raging; then a court-martial, suspension for a a year, and Lee in utter disgust threw up his commission, and came hither "to hoe tobacco, that being the best school for a general," he said with a sneer at Washington. And here in this poor and obscure dwelling, as I have said, rusted out the sharp spirit of Lee, and fell into dust and oblivion. With few neighbors, no friends, surrounded by hounds and horses and making the chase his only occupation nearly, thus lived the General and died. One day, long afterwards, says a tradition of the neighborhood, Washington sent his old adversary a note, saying that he would call on a certain morning, and see him, and that he hoped all past contention and bitterness had been forgotten; he was coming to see him as an old comrade in arms, as a friend.

On the day fixed for the visit, Lee sent away all his servants, placed upon the locked front door a paper with "No meat cooked here to-day," written thereon, and then followed his servants, leaving Washington to knock in vain. He never returned; and with the passing year, the eccentric soldier grew more morose and repelling. The ground floor of his house was divided by chalk lines merely, forming thus four compartments. In the first he kept his books; in the second was his bed; his saddles and hunting-gear in the third; the fourth was used as a kitchen. He could thus sit in one spot, he said, with grim humor, and overlook his entire household. Tired of his dogs and his silent misanthropy at last, he commenced his "Queries, Political and Military," an attack on Washington; but the world declined listening to him; and then, tired of life, the cynical spirit of Charles Lee fled to other realms. His last words were: "Stand by me my brave Grenadiers!" and so he ended.

A word now of the third of my trio of warriors. Horatio Gates came to the old house yonder after Camden. It was the gates who had taken Burgoyne, and whose popularity at one time overshadowed Washington's. But now, alas! how fallen. The breath of an indignant public opinion had blasted him, and his laurels were all seared and withered. He had lost the battle of Camden—had been deposed from the command of the army of the South, to make way for Greene; over his head lowered a heavy cloud of public execration almost, and Congress, it was said, had prepared its thunderbolt to strike him. But the bolt never fell. The sad soldier's sorrow was respected. They left him to die in peace here—enough punishment that the magnificent drama of the Revolution was played out, independent of one who had enacted so splendid a part in the earlier acts.

These three old wooden houses are the visible remains of three vigorous lives—in them, to the musing eye, the spirits of Gates, and Lee, and Stephen hover around them still, speaking in every whisper of the pine tree and the oaks—those ancient oaks of the noble, English looking "chase," which murmur yonder beneath the window—through whose lengthened vista appears the lone mansion of General Adam Stephen. Here, within a gunshot almost of each other, these men of history reposed—though not happily we must conclude—after all their struggles. The current of the Opequon, resonant in old days with savage shouts, and dyed with blood, murmured by them, and perhaps spoke to their minds of other days—typifying human things which ever bud and flow, and change like the skies of autumn yonder—the gorgeous leaves whose colors vary with each day.

Court Scandal in Paris—The Emperor and Empress.

Paris Correspondence of the Manchester Guardian.

During all last winter the conduct of his Imperial Majesty had been anything but what can be termed regular, and his health had been much the worse for his excesses. The brain showed manifest signs of weakness, and considerable alarm was felt by those around him. One fair lady, in particular, had been the object of the Imperial attentions, but a coldness had ensued, when the journey to Plombieres effected a reconciliation. At Plombieres, unfortunately, more than one witness can speak to the exceeding irregularities committed. Upon his return those nearest the Emperor were painfully affected by the often-repeated proof he gave of cerebral perturbation. The word 'absences' was used to characterise this state, but these "absences" were upon one or two occasions so strong, that between those most immediately called upon to watch and assist in guiding the progress of circumstances, the near eventuality of a regency was more than once seriously discussed. The Emperor was most solemnly warned by his medical attendants, but he left Paris for Biarritz undetermined to stay at the seaside, and without giving up his project of returning to Paris alone. However at Biarritz his resolution was at length taken to remain during the whole time of the Empress's stay, and when he returned to St. Cloud it was the positive opinion of all his medical advisers that the crisis had been for the moment entirely warded off, but that he absolutely must resolve to lead a regular life, under the pain of the gravest possible consequences.

Now, as the chronicles of palaces are matters of history, I will enter into some few other details that indirectly bear upon all this. For the first eighteen months or two years after his marriage, it is a matter of European notoriety how strictly the Empress was imprisoned in an etiquette which it was Louis Napoleon's vanities to render starched and stiff as that practised at the courts of what are termed the "legitimate" monarchs of Europe. Like all things affected, this was carrried to a perfectly ridiculous pitch, and the Empress, by a life so contrary to all her antecedents and habits, was made proportionably unhappy. This gave way, however, from the moment when, by concessions in his own interior, the Emperor sought to secure indulgence for his behaviour out of doors; and the result is, now, almost free permission for the Empress to resume the habits which were familar to her as Mdlle. Montijo, and which, however innocent they may appear to us, are regarded by public opinion in this country as unpardonable eccentricities. For instance. two little acecdotes will suffice to illustrate the position. Very shortly after her marriage, the Empress declared that she would go out and take a walk on the streets of Paris; her grand mistress, the Princess d'Essling appeared, self summoned, and said the proceeding was contrary to etiquette, but that, if her Majesty chose, she was willing te follow her Majesty in a carriage and go whither her Majesty thought fit. A scene ensued, the Empress was angry and flew to the Emperor to be supported against Madame d'Essling; but the Emperor very gently but inflexibly supported the grand mistress, and the Empress found that her liberty was lost. The other day, when the Emperor left for Plombieres, Madame d'Essling appeared ready to mount guard over the Empress, to whom she very quietly observed, that the instant the Emperor was absent, the duties of her office called upon her not to leave the Empress! "That is what we shall see," was the indignant reply; and a telegraphic despatch to Plombieres upon the very instant demanded if it was intended to appoint a *duenna* to watch over the actions of the imperial prince's mother? This time the reply was that the Empress was at liberty to do as she liked with Madame d'Essling. In this aspect everything is altered, and the pony phætons driven by the Empress herself, her attendance at bull fights dressed in the Spanish cotsume, and her shooting at St. Cloud, attired in a sort of fancy dress, all these seemingly little incidents are signs to those who live in the close intimacy of the imperial court. You must live in the heart of French society to know how severely these various fancies of the Empress are judged by high and low, and by the imperialists as much as by others; but Louis Napoleon has lost the right to gainsay his wife's wishes, and he could now with great difficulty compel her to that frigid dignity, to that perpetual observance of decorum which French prejudice in all ranks exacts from persons of exalted rank.

One of his oldest friends, speaking to me yesterday, of Louis Napoleon, said, "I think I see him now before me," as he went one day with the Empress and all their suite to inspect the works at the Elysee. The Empress with a bound, nearly a jump, crossed some planks, when, in an instant, the Emperor, telling her sharply to stop, came to her side, took hold of her arm, and said in a loud tone of great displeasure, "Do walk as you ought to do, Eugenie; what will all those people think of you?" and my interlocutor added, shaking his head, "I am afraid he would not stop her now; I am afraid he has no longer the right to make any observation."

In answering the question, "war or famine—which the most destructive"—the *London Times* gloats absolutely over the efficacy of the "infernal machine" invented by the British rulers for the destruction of nearly 2,000,000 of the Catholic population of Ireland. Here is the reasoning of that London paper:—

Nicholas Markey, Esq., of Walshestown, gave his usual harvest home dinner on Sunday, the 19th ult., to over 100 of his laborers and neighbors. The repast was of the most substantial kind, and was served up in abundance, with copious libations of ale, porter, and whiskey punch.

SARAH CURRAN'S GRAVE.

The Rev. J. Beechinor, Parish Priest of New Market, county Cork, has addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Limerick Reporter*, respecting the grave of Sarah Curran, the betrothed of Robert Emmet:

"*Dear Sir*—As it were duty of either a historian or writer to do justice to the memory of the great, I cannot conceal my surprise how the above-named 'compiler,' in his sweet words 'The Exile,' should have committed so great a mistake as to tell his readers that the remains of our celebrated countrywoman, Sarah Curran, are deposited in the garden of her father, at the Priory, near Dublin. This misstatement was contradicted by some anonymous writer of yours, under the initials 'W. C. G.,' on the 16th April last; but learning from several respectable and well-informed persons, from different parts of Ireland, that they never noticed this anonymous contradiction, I now beg to assure Mr. Finden and the public, that he has been completely imposed on, from whatever source he has drawn his information, as the following facts will clearly prove.

"About seven years ago, the grave of Miss Curran, in the churchyard of New Market, was opened to bury a near relative, and the breast-plate on her coffin was found beneath. It was in a high state of preservation, and contained the following inscription: 'Sarah Sturgeon, died July, 1808.' The plate was for several days in the hands of the present Mr. John Hartney, postmaster of New Market, who gave me therefrom the above inscription. Now I fancy any impartial person would be satisfied from the above facts alone, that the remains of Miss Curran—or rather Mrs. Sturgeon—lie here among us, beneath the green sod in the churchyard of New Market. But lest that fact may not be deemed sufficient, let me state that her husband, Major Sturgeon, sent over from Sicily—where she died—a beautiful marble slab, which by some accident was misdirected to 'Newbury, near Mallow,' where it still lies, instead of at New Market, its original destination. But, to make assurance doubly sure, I here insert—at the particular request of the parties—the names of some of the inhabitants of New Market who attended the funeral of our heroine, and who still distinctly remember the day and the late hour in the evening when the procession arrived. In short, the interment of Miss Curran—the name she is best known by—in New Market, is as well-established a fact in this neighborhood as any fact in history. And when I tell you, sir, that I have been Parish Priest of New Market for 26 years, you will readily admit I have had ample time to test the accuracy of my statement. I therefore hope Mr. Finden will, in some future edition of 'The Exile,' correct the mistake he has been led into—I am sure unintentionally—for he may with as much truth say that the great Curran, her father, was born in Dublin, instead of New Market, his birth-place, as that his daughter Sarah, is interred at the Priory—a place so called from the Priory near New Market, where Curran, Baron Yelverton, Counsellor Kellett, and the famous Arthur O'Leary, so often met after the Cork summer assizes, and where the song called the 'Monks of the Screw' was composed and often merrily sung. I request a place, Mr. Editor, for these remarks, in your next number, as I think it but right to remove a wrong impression from the public mind. I am, dear sir, your obedient servant.

A younger daughter of Curran's was really interred in the garden of the 'Priory.'"

ROYAL PLUNDER.

The whole amount of net public English revenue averages £55,000,000 a year, but of this however £28,000,000 is disbursed to pay the interest on the National Debt. This leaves twenty-seven millions sterling for all other payments. Let us see what they are. The Civil List is the whole payment made to Royalty for its support, and to maintain what is called the "honor and dignity of the Crown." The actual amount placed at the Queen's own disposal is £385,000 per annum. However, besides all this money she gets what may be called money's worth, for she occupies several palaces (on the repairs and keeping up of which a good deal of the public money is annually expended,) and is exempted from all taxes—postage stamps excepted—which every other person in her realm has to pay. She faithfully promised, through Sir Robert Peel in 1842, to submit her salary to the Income Tax, but she contrived to evade doing so. Prince Albert, as her husband, has a separate allowance of £30,000 a year, which his wife has contrived to double, by heaping on him a variety of profitable appointments. His Royal Highness, who possesses large accumulative propensities, not only receives £30,000 a year as Governor of Windsor Palace, but also condescends to accept £300 a year as Constable of that Castle—his wife's residence. There are other Royal pensioners. England continues to pay £50,000 per annum to Leopold King of the Belgians—an amount settled on him in 1816, when he married the Princess Charlotte. There are also annuities of £30,000 to the Queen's mother; of £17,000 to the Duchess of Gloucester; of £6,000 to the Duchess of Cambridge; of £6,000 between a couple of Cambridge princesses, and of £12,000 to the Duke of Cambridge. This last named gentleman has pay as General in the army, and Colonel in the the Guards, besides having salaries as Ranger of Hyde and St. James' Parks. He was lately appointed Commander-in-chief of the army, at a salary of £9 9s. 6d. a day, or £3,385 a year; but as the person holding this appointment gets double pay if he also be a Field Marshal, it may be safely prophesied that ere long, His Royal Highness will hold the "baton," carrying with it the increase of revenue. As the command he holds is administrative rather than active, the Duke of Cambridge will probably get on very well—though he did not superlatively distinguish himself in the Crimea. We may take disbursements in one shape or another, to Queen Victoria and her family, as close upon £600,000 a year.

The seven o'clock train on Tuesday evening, (the 14th ult.,) says the *Limerick Reporter*, conveyed two eminent personages of Oriental royalty, with their attendants to our city, namely—His Royal Highness the Rajah of Scinde, Ameer Modleigh, and his son the Imperial Prince, and heir apparent to the Crown of that extensive and important Indian territory. They were met by special omnibuses from Cruise's hotel, where apartments had been engaged by William John Shaw, Esq., Secretary and managing Director of the City of Limerick Steam Company, to whom the Ameer had letters of introduction from the Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company at Southampton. His Highness was attired in a flowing tunic of heavy green silk, most richly embroidered with deep gold embroidery, and a turban of white muslin ornamented with costly jewels. His son, a most intelligent and beautiful looking youth, about twenty years of age, wore a superb robe of Irish poplin, manufactured by Messrs. Atkinson, of College-green, Dublin, on which was displayed in rich relief the Irish harp, shamrock and wolf-dog. The expressions of His Royal Highness, through Mr. Coffey, his travelling secretary and interpreter, were most kind and friendly towards the Irish people; and his acceptation of their kindly feelings, as manifested towards him were warm and cordial in the highest degree. Among his attendants were His Highness's two chief cooks—the principal of them Ougley Ben. There were two pipe-bearers, and two chief valets or yeomen of the guard. Next came in full and grand Oriental costume, the chief of the Royal Body Guard, bearing a vast "yatachan" or sword of state, emblematic of the Imperial dignity of his royal master. Then came two valets carrying richly-finished and decorated arquebusses. On arriving at the hotel they were shown to their apartments by Mr. Thomas Cruise, son of the proprietor. There they all partook of Coffee, after which their cooks came down to the fire-place at the bar parlor and there prepared the evening meal for the Imperial family. In this process they would allow none of the servants of the hotel to approach them. They tolerated, however, the presence of young Mr. Cruise, and when the mess, consisting of boiled milk, candy, butter, honey, herbs, rice, currie and various other savory ingredients in the exclusive possession of the Indian cooks, was ready, they allowed Mr. Cruise to taste it, handing him a portion thereof on a large silver dessert spoon. After he had tasted it he handed the spoon back to the head cook of the Ameer, but what was his surprise to see him throw it back as far a distance as he could, declaring that it could be no longer used again after an infidel had profaned it with his touch. Accordingly, one of the bar-maids took it up, and no manner of objection being raised thereto in any quarter, very properly made her own of it as a memento of the Rajah of Scinde's visit to Limerick. At half-past eleven o'clock His Highness left on a visit to Lord Dunboyne, at Knockpogue Castle, county Clare.

"In March, 1851, the number of men and women in Ireland was reduced to 6,552,000 from 8,175,000, their number in June, 1841. In other words, the Irish population had absolutely decreased in ten years by more than 1,500,000. This, of course, was the effect of the famine and its concomitant pest. No extent of emigration, such as was possible for Ireland could explain it. Emigration at the very utmost could only have kept the numbers of the popluation at or near the same level; it is entirely contrary to experience to suppose that it could both have neutralized the average annual excess of births and then reduced that level so signally. Emigration has undoubtedly contributed its own effect; but, after making all possible allowances for this, a very large proportion remains to be accounted for, and nothing else will account for it but the death and the plague. And what an idea of their intensity is impressed on us by the multitude of their victims! More than a million human beings stricken down in less than three years by hunger and disease!—a population nearly equal to half of all Scotland—more than half that of London proper—fully equal to that of four first-rate English cities—larger than that of one of the Canadas and exceeding that of some half dozen other not unimportant English colonies! Men talk of war as if it were the great destroyer of life. But what have two years of this war, with all the means and appliances of the destructive art, and—more deadly still—with the combined horrors of disease without remedies, and climate without protection—of tents and clothing that exposed men already prostrate under typhus or dysentery to the piercing blasts and cutting sleet of the Crimea—what have they done in comparison with that pest which slew its countless victim in the stillness of a two years' unbroken peace? Even if the loss on the side of our enemy be allowed to include the mortality among the inhabitants of the Crimea, or that motley band which may have accompanied the Russian armies without sharing their dangers in the field—the total am't of those who perished on their side and that of the allies will not equal the victims of the Irish famine. The cost has been enormously great—perhaps the benefit purchased is equivalent.

Lord Clermont, says the *Dundalk Democrat*, is collecting from some of his tenants the arrears which accumulated in the famine years. The rich landlord insists that these debts, with the exception of 25 per cent., shall be paid him, while poorer landlords generously forgave their tenants every penny of the arrears which they incurred during the years of distress, when Ireland was covered, as it were, with a black pall, the emblem of death and desolation. What, in the name of wonder, induces him to act this miserable part? Has he not money enough for his wants? Could he not resolve to do one generous turn in his life, and say to his tenants—"These debts were contracted when famine cast its dark shadow on the land; and as I hope to be forgiven myself, I will release you and let you go free." Lord Clermont is offering his tenants leases, but the cost of these instruments, ranging from £14 to £16, we are told, deters them from accepting them. In our opinion, they would be much better without them. All the good they could derive from such leases would be, that the landlord could not raise their rents during their term. But when the leases expire they may, probably, be asked to surrender their holdings; and, should they demand compensation for their improvements, they would be told that nothing of the kind could be given, as they had enjoyed these improvements during the term of the leases. We think, then, that they would be much better without these short leases, for public opinion would give them more protection than a lease for 21 years, and they would always have the right to claim compensation for permanent improvements.

At Clonakilty, on 14th ult., a riot took place on the occasion of polling to determine whether that place should be put under the Towns Improvement Act. At the close of the proceedings, the numbers were 40 for the adoption of the measure, and 38 against. The success of the popular measure, though only carried by a majority of two, was evinced in great cheering. Large mobs paraded the streets, and towards night the throng proceeded to deeds of violence against the persons and houses of the opponents of the measure. The entire town seemed to be in possession of the mob, who proceeded from house to house, smashing windows, and venting their dislike on persons and property with hardly any check. A plot was formed to attack Mr. W. Jones, but that gentleman fortunately escaped. The mob buried him in effigy; they got a coffin with his name upon it, and having triumphantly carried it through the streets, they buried it in a bog with every circumstance of contumely and derision. Several persons were hurt severely with stones, and among others the police were seriously bruised. One man had his thumb broken.

Mr. Henry Roche, the master of a National School in Mountrath, has invented an ingenious machine for teaching mathematical geography. From a wheel, revolving on its own axis (a fixed upright iron rod), hangs a globe representing the sun, and with the wheel a second one of equal diameter is connected by a band. It is made to revolve round the former wheel on a frame—or we might, to be clear, call it a horizontal lever. But for this connection, the second wheel would revolve on its own axis, whereas now, at all periods of the revolutions of the lever, it presents the same surface to the same point. The shaft of the revolving wheel is continued downwards and bent, at its lower part, to an angle of 23 1-2 degrees, and upon it is placed a globe representing our earth. Moving the lateral arm, or lever, round the upright rod which forms the axis of the first wheel, the globe approaches and departs with increasing and decreasing velocity, and in short the little globe revolves precisely as our own great one does, placing before the young scholar's eye, in simple guise, astronomical knowledge without which the meaning of such expressions as "tropics," "polar circles," "zones," "ecliptic," &c., would be enigmas. Without a single word from his instructor he can see why we can find every length of day and night between six months and six minutes.

A quantity of coals, packed in a large, but close coal store, at the gas works, Enniscorthy, were found to be on fire. Notwithstanding that every exertion was made by breaking down the walls of the store and getting out the coals, the fire continued until next evening, and we regret to hear that much damage is done to the store. The coals are quite charred, and thus deprived of the property for producing gas.

At the October Fair of Cootehill, county Cavan, there were 20,000 persons present. Springers ranged as high as £15. There was a considerable number of sheep, which rated at 25s. to 55s.; hoggets at 22s. to 45s.; and stores at 19s. to 36s. There was a reduction in the price of store pigs, but bacon pigs sold very high.

The Annals of Tighernach.—Competent authorities have decided that the earliest and most trustworthy annals are those of Tighernach, whose death is thus recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters," at the year 1088:—"Tighernagh Ua Braein, chief successor of Cairan and Coman, died at Imhaidh Cairain (St. Keeran's bed); he was a paragon of learning and history." Casting aside all the very early bardic legends relating to Ireland, he "makes the historical epoch begin from Kimbaoth and the founding of Emania, about the 18th year of Ptolemy Lagus, before Christ 289," (*recte* 305) and says, "*Omnia monumento Scotorum usque Kimboath incerta erant.*" "The quotations from Greek and Latin authors, in Tighernagh, are very numerous; and his balancing their authorities against each other manifests a degree of criticism uncommon in the iron age in which he lived." Five copies of this valuable work exist—two in Oxford, two in the Royal Irish Academy, and one in the library of the University of Dublin which last to be the most perfect. It is written in the Irish character throughout, upon paper, foolscap size; but being imperfect at the end, the name of the transcriber, or any reference to the original from which he wrote, had been lost. "The handwriting," says Mr. Curry, "is one with which I am not acquainted, but I believe it to be as old as 1650 at least; there are 98 pages, and no date appears in the original hand down to the year 1308; but the preceding dates are in the hands of Roderick O'Flaherty's time, if not his own."

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Oct. 15, in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, the Rev. George Finlay, to Isabella, daughter of the Rev. Gilbert King, rector of Langfield, county Tyrone.

Oct. 16, at the Westleyan Centenary Chapel, Stephen's Green, Dublin, by the Rev. T. N. Hull, Thomas H. Evans, to Anne Alicia, daughter of John Fannin.

Oct. 23, at Booterstown, Francis Sullivan, Navan, to Fannie, daughter of John Rogers, Woodberry, county Dublin.

Oct. 21, in St. Anne's Church, William Johnston, of Kinlough House, county Leitrim, to Sarah, daughter of the Rev. W. A. Percy, rector of Kiltoghert.

Oct. 18, at Donnybrook Church, Edward J. Locke Pring, to Fanny, daughter of Wm. Hayes, of Trimleston, county Dublin.

Oct. 22, at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Blackrock, Henry Talbot, Shrewsbury-terrace, Rathgar, to Maryanne, daughter of the late Fred'k. Robt. Bailey.

Aug. 26, at Kingston, Canada West, David Rutherford, son of the late John Rutherford, of Rutland-square, to Emily Dorothea, daughter of Geo. Sinclair Gordon.

Oct. 16, at St. Patrick's, Cork, David Basil Duane, Professor Catholic University, to Eliza Margaretta, daughter of James Keane, Affghan House, Cork.

Oct. at Armagh, near Tralee, Daniel O'Connell Ffrench, eldest son of the late Nicholas Joseph Ffrench, M.P., and grandson of the late Daniel O'Connell, M.P., to Nora Mary, daughter of the late Maurice O'Connor, M.D., of Tralee.

Oct. 14, at Askeaton, Peter H. Roe, Surgeon of the Gold Coast Corps, to Grace, daughter of E. Westropp, of Ballysteen, county Limerick.

Oct. 15, at Tynan, Edward Chaloner Knox, Captain in the Royal Tyrone Fusiliers, to Alice Hewitt Cardine, daughter of the late Acheson St. George, of Wood Park, county Armagh.

Oct. 16, at Passage, Cork, Richard Welstead Day, M.D., to Annie, daughter of Wm. Browne, of Mount Prospect, Passage West.

Oct. 14, at Lurgan, county Armagh, Charles Chapman, of Soldierstown, Moira, to Margaret Anne, daughter of George Ruddell, of Laurel Mount, Lurgan.

Oct. 15, in Belfast, James Reid, of Lisnow, Lisburn, to Lizzie, daughter of G. Roberts, of Belfast.

At the Roman Catholic Church, Castlerea, B. T. O'Brien, of French Park, to Rose, daughter of Edw'd. M'Dermott, of Castlerea.

Oct. 15, at Cheltenham, Nathaniel Montgomery, of Cullies House, county Cavan, to Amelia Mary Anne, daughter of the late Lieutenant Colonel Holmes.

Oct. 16, in Paris, Walter Trevor Stannus, son of the Dean of Ross, to the Hon. C. Geraldine Vesey Fitzgerald, daughter of Lord Fitzgerald Vesey.

Sept. 23, at Kemptville, Canada West, the Rev. John Strutt Lauder, to Henrietta S. Lyon, daughter of the late J. B. Lewis, Captain in the 88th Connaught Rangers.

Oct. 22, in the Parish Church of Eirke, county of Kilkenny, by the Rev. J. T. Marsh, Mr. Robert Baskin, of Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin, to Kate, eldest daughter of Richard Ringwood, Esp., Tillavolty, Johnstown, county of Kilkenny.

IRISH DEATHS.

Oct. 21, Robert Brownrigg, of Norrismount, in the county of Wexford, D.P. aged 67 years.

Oct. 13, in Gloucester-street, Captain James Galbraith, of the Royal Tyrone Fusiliers, son of the late John Galbraith, of Roscary.

Oct. 16, at Fitzwilliam-square, West, aged 75 years, Eliza, widow of William Campbell, M.D., formerly of Fermoy.

Oct. 21, at her residence, 11 Sinnott Place, Miss Agnes Byrne.

Oct. 22, at his residence, 58 Smithfield, Michael Gaffney, corn factor.

Oct. 21, at Mountpleasant Avenue, James W. Alcock.

Oct. 17, at Greenville Lodge, Rathmines, Isabella Rose, wife of Digby P. Starkey.

Oct. 15, at Mellifont View, Kingstown, Mary, wife of J. Walsh.

Oct. 21, at Norrismount, in the county of Wexford, Robert Brownrigg.

Oct. 11, at Coleraine, the Rev. Samuel Carlisle, pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Congregation of Clabber.

Oct. 13, at Omeath, county Louth, Catherine, widow of James Bell.

Oct. 16, in Tralee, suddenly, Mrs. Mary Power Den, late of Tinhallow House, county Waterford.

Oct. 17, in Belfast, Elizabeth Bell, one of the Society of Friends.

Oct. 14, at Graystone Lodge, near Moria, county Down, William, eldest son of John Duglas.

Oct. 17, George, son of the late Rev. W. D. H. M'Ewen, of Belfast.

Oct. 18, at Thurles, aged 66 years, Miss Bradshaw, eldest daughter of the late Geo. Bradshaw, of Corbally, county Tipperary.

Oct. 19, at Ardsallagh House, county Waterford, Olivia, relict of Dominick Ronayne, M.D.

Oct. 14, at Aclare Castle, Dunleer, county Louth, aged 82 years, Mrs. Plunkett.

Oct. 20, John, son of John Bouchier, of Baggotstown, county Limerick.

Oct. 16, in Bath, aged 83 years, Louisa Christina, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Tolson.

Oct. 9, in Paris, Thomas R. Bruce, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, of Benvenue, Rostrevor, county Down.

Aug. 18, at Lahore, Bengal, Ensign Robert O'Dell, of the 81st regiment, son of Major H. E. O'Dell.

June 17, at Amherst, Australia, Thomas Jefferson, third son of the late Ths. Jefferson Stamper, of Monaline, in the county Wicklow.

Sept. 2, at Dum-Dum, near Calcutta, Lieutenant F. P. Drought, of the 53d regiment, youngest son of the late John T. Drought, of Whigsborough, in the King's County.

Oct. 16, at 3 Merrion Row, Mrs. Maryanne Levey.

At his residence, Phibsborough, Henry M'Connell.

Quite suddenly, Mrs. Patrick Knox, of Inch St. Laurence, county Limerick.

At Carrigrenane, County Cork, Arthur Morton, eldest child of Capt. Charles Tuckey.

At Ballingarry, county Limerick, Richard Maunsell, third son of Rot. Odell, Esq., M.D.

American News.

THE FRAUDS AND OUTRAGES IN BALTIMORE.

The Baltimore *Republican* of the 5th says: "There is not a man in this city who does not know that the bloody tragedy of yesterday, called an election, was a mere *horrible mockery*—that thousands of illegal votes were polled by the opposition of Democracy, and that thousands of honest voters were prevented from giving their votes by the organized and armed bands of ruffians who at an early hour took possession of the polls, and kept possession throughout the day. In several of the Wards, the *majority* of the Know-Nothings is greater than the whole legal vote, and yet the Democrats were scarcely permitted to poll a vote. These facts were early reported to the Mayor, and were treated by him with perfect indifference; his police force were enlisted everywhere on the side of the rowdies, and the increased vote which they received shows conclusively that their services were very effective—*against the Democracy.*

"The course of the Know Nothing press, including the *American Patriot*, has been such as to encourage and stimulate the state of things which has brought such disgrace upon the city. The *Patriot*, with a vulgarity and indecency only equaled by the *Clipper*, sneered at the Governor, and ridiculed his desire to maintain the peace of the city, and complimented Mayor Hincks upon his refusal to accept of any aid, thus showing a perfect understanding among the coalitionists as to the plan of carrying the election in this city. We would ask what the coalitionists have accomplished by their violence, and fraud, and murders?"

The following is a list of the killed and wounded, as far as we have been able to ascertain:

KILLED.—Albert B. Clark, John Parker, Washington Daity, Jas. Woods.

WOUNDED. — Richard Pryor, fatally; Wm. Bright, Thomas Divins, Edward Elliot, officer Hand, John Anderson, Jas. Wm. Hinton, Bridget McCadden, German woman, Hack Quinn, Mrs. Hount, James Wilson, German, unknown; German, unknown; James Wilson, boy; Martin Haley, Daniel White; man unknown; German, unknown; Samuel Jackson, dangerously; boy, unknown, fatally; —— Hitzelberger, fatally; John Haupt, Callender Patterson, fatally; Columbus Johnson, Simon Haupt, fatally; Samuel Benjamin, fatally; John C. Owings, Thomas McDonald, fatally; Owen McDonald, Wm. Sproule, boy, fatally; John Mayor, fatally; Basil Root, Patrick Green, Robert Parkhill, James Dryden, Chas. Chenowith, Washington Tate, fatally; —— Fell, dangerously; James Bishop, Barney Culley, Wm. McCafferty, Jacob McCurdy, Charles Ensor, Jas. Klumeyer, James Barvey, Wm. Herbert, Philip Dagner, Chas. Smith, John Kinsey, Henry Shulter, John Metier, Thomas Lamb, Jno. Ryan, —— Wills, William Williams, Samuel Smith, Byd Mitchell, John Holbrook, Joseph Brown, Thomas Bartlett, fatally; James Norris, boy; Thomas Murray, officer Stephens, Nicholas Gill, Samuel Miskinnis, fatally; George Benjamin, Peter Havilan, fatally; —— Stansbury, —— Jones, fatally; William Chambers, James George, Daniel Root, Charles Bowers, John Parkhill, James Hooper, boy; David Huxford, Jas. Mondon, S. B. Whitelock, Thomas Burgess, C. Colgate, —— Wyatt.

A colored man, named Henry Washington, residing on Gallows Hill, was in the Belair market when the fight began in that neighborhood, which so frightened him that he fell dead. Coroner Stevens summoned a jury of inquest, who returned a verdict of death from disease of the heart, produced by fright.

DESTRUCTIVE TORNADO IN ILLINOIS.

The village of Littleton, situated about 15 miles from the Illinois River, in Schuyler County, was visited by a most destructive tornado or whirlwind, on the 23rd ult., by which nearly every house in the place was entirely destroyed, and several persons injured, some of them it is feared fatally. We obtain the following particulars from a private letter received in this city yesterday:—

Beginning at the south end of the village and on the east side of the street is Jacob Sowers' house, which is completely demolished, and the furniture destroyed, broken up and carried off with the wind. Mr. Sowers' arm broken and otherwise injured. Next the Baptist church all torn to pieces, and scattered in all directions; part of the roof was found about two and a half miles distant. The Methodist church next, brick, was torn down to the foundation. This was a very strong, well-built house, but now a mass of ruins to the ground.

Next was Wm. Snyder's house, occupied by Z. Abbott and Mr. Edmonson. This was very much wrecked, windows, &c., torn out, and the timbers thrown into it, but the body of the house is still standing though moved from its foundation several feet. Part of both families occupying it were slightly injured. Next was Rev. Mr. Stewart's (Baptist minister) house, entirely demolished with its contents—occupied with himself and wife—not injured. Next was Dr. Davis' house, office, barn and smokehouse. These were good new buildings—all, with their contents, destroyed. Some of the Doctor's books and papers were picked up from one and a half to two miles distant.

Next was Isaac O. Smith's house, occupied by Prestly Cordell, and a small house owned by same, and occupied by Alexander Simpson, all with their contents destroyed—Mrs. Cordel, badly bruised and injured—child one week old injured some, but not considered dangerous. Next Mr. Nicholas' tavern and barn. The house was much wrecked—roof all off, and moved from its foundation—the north end of it stove in—furniture much injured—the barn a total wreck, and a valuable horse killed. Next on north side of the road opposite the tavern, Elijah Wilson's house and blacksmith shop all leveled to the foundation. Mrs. Wilson was cut on the head and bruised. Next north of the Main-street, Talbot Crawford's dwelling was entirely destroyed, with Rev. Mr. Shelly's furniture, all of which is lost or much damaged.

On the west side of the street, at the south end, Wm. Hill's house and stable torn down, contents generally destroyed. Mrs. Knowles, who was there on a visit, is badly injured, supposed fatally—ribs broken and otherwise badly cut and burned. Mrs. Hill was also injured, but not considered dangerous. Mr. Hill was also injured some. Next, Kanada Odell's house and contents destroyed; family escaped uninjured. Next, Dr. Window's house, occupied by Mrs. Dale and five children—lost everything she had, even her cow was killed—the house torn to the ground, family not hurt. Next, Wm. Hill's large wagon and blacksmith shop, which is yet standing, but very much wrecked, and considerably injured within and without—his books, notes and papers are lost.

Next, Mr. Crawford's store and warehouse, which are about demolished. They are not so effectually carried off as most other buildings, but are moved from their foundations, and so much wrecked that they could not be repaired without taking what little there is left apart in building. Mr. Crawford, who was in the second story of the building, was somewhat injured, not very bad; but Mr. Wm. Crawford, father of Mr. T. Crawford, is supposed to be fatally injured.

Mr. Devitt's house was not very much injured; the porch in front is partly torn off, and the back shed torn; several timbers drove in through the walls. The front of his store was torn about one-third off, the balance was left hanging loose, his fence nearly all thrown down and hay-stacks blown off. So far as we have learned, all the damage done by the storm was at Littleton, except some fences blown down.

The people of Rushville have contributed about $1,000, and those of Macomb $150, for the benefit of the sufferers by the dreadful calamity.

In a quiet little village on the Western Reserve, in Ohio, says the Prescott *Transcript*, there lives a man who, physiologically considered, is certainly one of the wonders of the world. His joints are completely ossified, turned to bone, and he is not capable of making the slightest movement, except alternately opening and shutting two fingers of his right hand. His body is as rigid as iron, and it could not be bent backward or forward without breaking some of his bones. This singular process of ossification has been going on in his system for more than twenty years. He is now about 46 years of age, and has not had the use of his limbs, so that he could walk, since he was 19. Ossification commenced first in his ankle-joints, gradually extending itself through his system until he was entirely helpless. Since that time he has been entirely under his mother's care, and she watches over him with an anxiety which only a mother can feel. When about 16 years old, he became entirely blind from some unknown cause, and has remained so ever since. At about 30, he suffered greatly from the toothache, and finally he had his teeth all extracted. A year or two afterwards his finger and toe nails all came off, and were supplied by others growing out from his fingers and toes at right angles, and presenting the appearance of horns. What is still more singular with regard to his nails, if the end of the nail is cut off, it will bleed freely. Such is the condition of this remarkable man at the present time. He has been visited by a great number of scientific men, from all parts of the world, but all have failed to give any plausible reason of the cause of his transformation from flesh to bone. Singular as it may appear, although his jaw-bone is firmly set in his head, he not only talks freely, but fluently converses with his friends and those who visit him on all ordinary topics of the day, and he shows himself well-informed and of good mind. He is always cheerful, appears contented and happy, and it seems probable that he will live for many years to come.

On the 7th inst., Major Benjamin Perley Poore, the late Fillmore candidate for Congress in the Sixth District, had arrived in Boston, with his wheelbarrow and barrel of apples, which he wheeled all the way from Newburyport—a distance of thirty-six miles—in two and a-half days. The job was in fulfillment of a bet with Colonel Burbank, the Fremont State Senator elect, that Fillmore would get more votes in Massachusetts than Fremont. The Major, wheeling his apples, was escorted up State street, about two o'clock, by the Fillmore Clubs of Boston and Charlestown, a military company, and a mounted cavalcade of citizens. The novelty of the performance collected many thousands of the people, and the Major was greeted with tremendous and tumultuous applause on all sides. He delivered the apples to Colonel Burbank, on the steps of the Fremont House, where both gentlemen delivered congratulatory speeches mounted on the barrel. At least ten thousand people were present.

We have dates from Tampico to the 20th ult. Gen. Garza had taken active measures to oppose the progress of Vidaurri, and the greatest alarm and excitement had prevailed throughout the entire region. At latest accounts, however, tranquility had been somewhat restored, upon the receipt of a report that terms of accommodation had been agreed upon between Garza and Vidaurri, and that the latter had agreed to recognize Comonfort's government.

Special Notices.

PRICES REDUCED.

Fine Black Cloth Frock Coats	$ 8
Fine Black Dress Coats	$ 8
Fine Brown Frock Coats	$ 8
Fall Raglans	$ 8
Cassimere Business Coats	$3 50 to $ 8
Black Cassimere Pants	$2 50 to $ 5
Fancy Cassimere Pants	$1 50 to $ 5
Rich Moire-Antique Silk Vests	$ 3
Zephyr Cassimere suits	$ 8
Complete genteel Black Cloth suits	$12

Evans' Extensive Clothing Warehouse,
oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

AGENCY OF NICARAGUA, NO. 347 BROADWAY.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Government of Nicaragua GENERAL EMIGRANT AGENT in the United States, has established a permanent Agency at 347 Broadway, Room No. 2, up stairs. All persons desirous of obtaining information of any kind concerning Nicaragua, will receive prompt attention by addressing the undersigned, personally or by letter, at the office of the Agent.

The price of passage to Emigrants has been fixed at a very low figure; and for those without means, arrangements have been made *with the Nicaragua Emigration Company to advance the price of passage*, upon the transfer of a part of the land granted to each emigrant by the government of Nicaragua. This secures to Emigrants a *large grant of land and a free passage to Nicaragua.*

The new and splendid Steam-ship Texas, 1800 tons, will sail from the pier at the foot of Beach-street, North River, for SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA, on Monday, Nov. 24th, at 3 o'clock, P. M., to connect with the steamer.

Alexander C. Lawrence, Gen'l. Emigration Agent
oct25 tf of Nicaragua for the United States.

NOVEMBER!—Ladies, Winter is Coming; and if you wish Cloth Button BOOTS, with warm Linings, Gaiter Boots and Shoes of all kinds—Boys' Misses, and Childrens' Boots and Shoes, with India Rubber Shoes of all the various styles, (Goodyear's Patent,) the very best kind manufactured, patronize J. B. MILLER & CO.,
nov15 4t No. 134 Canal-st.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.
Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

☞ Post Office.—Notice.—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Havre, per U. S. steamer Fulton, will close at this office on Saturday, the 15th day of November, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

MR. WALLACK will appear for *Eighteen Farewell Nights*, previously to his visit to Havana, where his health demands that he should pass the Winter.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

From the great success of

DRED

OR THE DISMAL SWAMP,

It will be repeated all this week.

OLD TIFF, and Dismal of the Dread Swamp.....G. Swain Buckley
TOM-TIT, a Tit-tillating, precocious Colored Infant.....R. Bishop Buckley
FRISETTE, a Quadroon, with a white heart and a fair voice....Miss C. Hiffert
Mr. Percival and the rest of the admired troupe in prominent characters.

Previous to which,

NEGRO MINSTRELSY,

of a superior order.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no14

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL

OF THE

EMMET LIFE GUARD.

ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the GUARD and at this office.

☞ The LIFE GUARD pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.
A. O'TOOLE, Sec'y.
JAMES WATSON, Treasurer. oct11

LECTURE

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE CAPT. KERRIGAN

BY

THOS. FRANCIS MEAGHER.

SUBJECT:

Contrast between Royalty and Republicanism—Europe and America!

At the TABERNACLE on Monday Evening, November 17.

Tickets 50 cents.

FIFTH ANNUAL BALL

OF THE

Barry Benevolent Society,

At the Apollo Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, November 12th, 1856. The Committee has spared no trouble to make this one of the finest Balls of the Season.

JOHN MCMAHON, President.
MICHAEL KIRWIN, Secretary.
2t no1 JOHN POWERS, Treasurer.

Sporting!—Young Men desirous of forming a FOOT-BALL CLUB are requested to meet at the *Grape Vine Cottage*, 45 Second avenue, to make arrangements for a parade on St. Stephen's Day, (26th Dec.) This being the first affair of this kind, it is expected there will be a large attendance. 1t. nov 8.

Special Notices.

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says: "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the CHEAPEST Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very VERY BEST Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say, that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept13 3mos 63 Liberty street, N. Y.

Attention!—"Irish News Guard."—The Company meet for drill and admission of members for their first annual Target Excursion, on Tuesday evening of each week at the "*Eagle Drill Rooms*," corner of Chrystie and Delancey streets. The GUARD cordially invite additions to its ranks.

P. J. WALL, Sec'y **E. K. Butler,** Captain.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

☞ Removal.—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Lieut. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at "Centre Market Rooms." JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Irish News Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at the Eagle Rooms. EDWARD K. BUTLER, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITOH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of the Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stiles, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARES," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 3mos New-York.

ATTENTION!

To Military Companies.

BEAUTIFUL EMBLEMATIC WREATHS AND BOUQUFTS,

For Target Excursions, constantly on sale, or made to order at the shortest notice, and at any price.

Ladies about making a presentation to their military friends are most respectfully invited to make a visit to the old established bookstore, 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street.

Robert Coddington, Proprietor.

N. B.—Always on sale, a fine assortment of Invitation Note Paper and Envelopes, Books on Military Tactics, Works on Ireland.

The IRISH NEWS for sale, as soon as published, every week. oct11 4t

☞ **Post Office.—Notice.—Change of Hour.**—On and after MONDAY, the 3d day of November, the Mails will close as follows:

Eastern Mail by Railroad,.....at 2 P. M.
New-York and Erie Railroad Mails.....at 3 P. M.
North Mail by Hudson River Railroad.....at 3½ P. M.

November 1, 1856.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Musical.—A young lady lately connected with the profession in Europe, *where she studied under the first and best masters,* is desirous of giving a limited number of pupils the advantage of a *good education on the Piano.* Any family who may kindly favor her with a trial, may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trener, 90 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

A Lady, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, Restores Blindness, Amaurosis and Sore Eyes, of any standing; Removing Cataracts, Scums, Films, &c., without operation or pain. Persons wearing spectacles prematurely, enabled to do without them by recovering the natural tone of the eye. That the worst of cases are cured by her.

May be seen at the Infirmary from 10 A. M., to 2 P. M., No. 679 Sixth Avenue. The poor attended to on Fridays. oct18 3mos

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Unlike the Mineral preparations that drive the virus of eruptions and sores into the vital organs, this marvelous Ointment discharges the poison before it heals the flesh. The Pills inevitably cure Dyspepsia, and all bilious disorders. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62c., and $1 per, box or pot. nov14

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparen expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

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oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

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Judge F. W. Hugling.	Gen. Narcisso Lopez.	Col. Maunsel White.
Capt. Isaiah Sellers.	Capt. Wm. Leathers.	Thos. E. Bond, M. D.
A. S. Baldwin, M. D.	W. P. Allison, M. D.	J. S. Peacocke, M. D.

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Ex Gov. James C. Jones. Hon. Frederick B. Stanton.
B. F. Palmer, Inventor of "Palmer's Artificial Leg."
Francis Grice, Naval Constructor, Navy Yard, Philadelphia.
Proprietors of the Girard House, Philadelphia.

☞ Send for a Pamphlet! oct18 4t

Special Notices.

Catholic Reading Rooms.—The Directors of the Catholic Library Association respectfully announce to the public that their Reading Room, No. 257 Bowery, will be open every evening (Sunday excepted) from 7 to 10 o'clock. Annual subscription, $1. By order.

M. T. Cozans, President.
JAMES O. C. TABB, Rec. Sec'y. sept13

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until every thing has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. RECEIVING DOOR. sept 18 1f

Business Directory.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

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THOMAS H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2y1ju Collections promptly attended to, and liens carefully filed, &c.

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

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All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months. *

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Between Spring and Prince Streets, New-York.

Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jewelled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to. jul26m

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STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

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Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. *

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SOAP AND CANDLE

MANUFACTORY,

825 EAST SENECA STREET, BUFFALO,

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William M. Smith,

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BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR.

The oldest established in the business.

WORK done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than by any other poster in the city. Work done either in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts or any kind of work. Office 28½ Spruce street, New-York,

ap26tf between William and Gold streets.

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EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my31y

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1856 **Fall Importation.** 1856

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JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

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Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856.

aug28 10t

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No other work of our day on the same subject can be compared to it. It is unrivalled for beauty of style and depth of erudition. It is the offering of the learned and devoted son of the Blessed Virgin, who enjoys the confidence and friendship of our most holy Father, to whom the work is dedicated. We are no more edified at the piety of the author, than astonished at the wonderful erudition displayed in this book. The translator has performed his task admirably.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

We cannot too highly recommend it to the consideration of our readers whether we regard the intrinsic value of the work, itself, or the beauty and exquisite ensemble of its getting up.—*Truth Teller.*

Profusely illustrated with engravings and vignettes, this work is brought out in such an elegant style, as to make it, exclusive of its literary merit, a fitting library companion to the magnificent edition of the Bible of the enterprising publishers.—*Detroit Vindicator.*

The work is one of devotion and merit. We do not know who translated it, but it seems better than average translations.—*Freeman's Journal.*

This work, translated from the Italian, and apparently well translated, is by an eminent author, is dedicated by permission to his Holiness Pius IX., and is spoken of in very high terms by competent judges. As far as we have seen it, we like it very much, and think it must prove a great favorite with the children of Mary and all devout Catholics.—*Brownson's Review.*

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European News.

The British and North American mail steamer *Europe*, from Liverpool, about 11 o'clock A.M. of Saturday, Nov. 1, arrived Nov. 13th, with a number of passengers, &c.

The Neapolitan question remains precisely as it did. The only additional incidents being that the government of Naples has addressed a circular, of moderate tone, to its diplomatic agents, and that the King has sent Monsieur Thomas d'Agiout, a Frenchman in his confidence, to Paris on a secret mission.

A dispatch states, although perhaps on no authority, that to the French request to evacuate the Danubian Principalities, the Austrians have returned a flat refusal.

This matter of the Principalities has assumed prominence over other topics. The French Government journals assert definitely and explicitly that the Porte has demanded, in due form, that the Austrians shall evacuate the Principalities and the British the Black Sea, but that they, by a secret mutual understanding, refuse to leave. The English journals, under the immediate inspiration of the Government, deny, on the contrary, that any such demand has been made by the Porte.

The journals generally—British, French and German—speak in undisguished terms of the completion, or progress towards completion of an alliance between England and Austria, and between France and Russia.

The statement now is that Russia has proposed, as a compromise, to refer the question of the Isle of Serpents and of Belgrade to Constantinople for settlement.

The London *Times* strongly dissuades capitalists from investing in the Russian railroad concessions. The railroads conceded are two thousand five hundred miles, requiring forty millions sterling of capital.

The Swedish Chambers have been opened by a speech from the King, promising liberal measures. A very doubtful rumor was current that King Oscar would visit St. Petersburgh.

The Turkish Ministry yet hold office—the Sultan having refused to accept their resignation.

News from Bombay to October 3rd, mentions the expedition against Persia was still in preparation, but had not sailed. Inundations and cholera had ravaged the Punjaub and Scinde. From Shanghae, dates are Sept. 14th. The season's supply of tea was expected to be short. Further success of the insurgents is reported.

There has been an active demand for money during the week in the English market, as well for commercial purposes as in the Stock Exchange, at the full bank rates of interest. The next return of the Bank of England was expected to show some improvement, and the impression was rather more favorable as to the position of the Bank of France. It will, however, require some time to confirm these favorable symptoms.

The Anglo-French Alliance Falling to Pieces.—The news is important as regards the changing aspect of relations between France and England. Public rumor no longer hesitates to say that an Anglo-Austrian alliance is necessary to counteract the threatened alliance between Russia and France. Official information being kept carefully from the public, we have no means of knowing how far these new alliances have progressed. Such hints as are given on the subj cet come from the Paris correspondents of the London journals.

The *Times'* Paris correspondent says :—Whether well founded or not, the opinion is very general, that not only does there exist a serious difference between France and England, on more than one point, but also that the latter has been completely reconciled to Austria, and that the former is now on more than friendly terms with Russia; and the Austrians in Paris boast that it is not possible for the two cabinets to be on more amicable terms than those of Vienna and London. That a corresponding sentiment prevails between Russia and France is equally believed, and a certain ex-minister of Louis Phillippe is said to have recently offered to wager a reasonable sum that England and Austria on one hand, and Russia and France on the other, would soon be more openly hostile.

The *Times* correspondent quotes a letter from Munich, which says :—"England is by no means satisfied with France, who seems indifferent about requiring from Russia the execution of the treaty of March 30; and England, perceiving this disposition, draws closer to Austria."

At the risk (*Daily News* correspondent) of uttering what the *Moniteur* may perhaps denounce as an "odious calumny," I feel it an imperative duty to say emphatically that, instead of being in harmonious relations, the cabinets of London and Paris are at this moment almost at daggers drawn. The difference between them on the question of the execution of the treaty of Paris is most serious, and as to what is to be done with Naples they are absolutely at sixes and sevens. The French Government, I learn from a good source, is apprehensive that England may be driven to occupy the Island of Sicily, in order, in case of a convulsion in Europe, to give her a *point d'appui* equal to that which France and Austria have acquired for themselves by their respective occupations of Rome and Lombardy. I really cannot explain the approximation of the English cabinet towards the policy of Austria, but by the conjecture that diplomatists must have reasons of which the public are ignorant to suspect a secret alliance between France and Russia.

I observed that the *Nord*, the Russian organ at Brussels, speaks now in almost identical terms with the French Government journals of the questions on which the French and English Governments are understood to differ. Moreover, I notice that the *Verite*, a new paper, published under Government auspices, reproduces the following extract from German papers :—"The Danube does not believe in the continuance of the Anglo-French alliance."

The Paris writer of the London *Morning Post* take a different view of the case, and says that the diplomacy of England and France, *despite the intrigues of a third power*, is united on all great questions calculated to insure the tranquillity of Europe.

The Paris journal *Des Debats* also professes itself aware of the shifting ground of the alliance. It says :—

"European politics are now subject to singular transformations, and the execution of the treaty of Paris prepares for us each day some fresh surprise. One of the most curious is the reconciliation that has been accomplished between England and Austria, which the journals of the two countries now confide to Europe. The memory is too full of the bitter and violent polemics indulged in only a short time ago by the English journals, with respect to what they termed the machiavelism and duplicity of Austrian policy.

"But now everything is changed; the most important English journal—the *Times*—openly defends this very policy, and it asserts that the Cabinet of Vienna has the best reasons in the world for not evacuating the Danubian Principalities. The organs of the Austrian Government opine on their part that England has no less excellent reasons for maintaining her fleet in the Black Sea. This is not all; they applaud to the skies the particular claims acquired by the English Government and its representatives at Vienna, to the friendship of Austria, by combining their mutual efforts against the union of the Principalities, formally supported in the Congress of Paris by the first Plenipotentiary of England, Lord Clarendon. At Vienna the game is now considered as won."

The Czarina's Vow.—The *Journal de Moscow* publishes the following letter, addressed to the Metropolitan of the city, by the Empress Dowager of Russia : "Most eminent Metropolitan Philarete. During the years of sore trial which Providence permitted our country to experience, I formed an inward vow, while raising my prayers to Heaven for the cessation of the war, to bring, at the conclusion of peace, an offering to the Monastery of St. Serge worthy of the sacredness of that retreat and of its historical renown. To-day, when Russia enjoys the long desired peace, and has celebrated with joy the coronation of my beloved son, the Emperor Alexander, I proceed to accomplish my vow in sending to your Eminence a chalice adorned with precious stones, given to me at the commencement of the war by my husband, of imperishable memory, and therefore associated with the sweetest recollections. May this offering ever form part of the treasures of the Monastery, as a sign of my thankfulness for the innumerable benefits which the Lord has deigned to shed upon Russia, so dear to my heart. Commending myself to your Eminence's prayers, I remain ever your affectionate," &c.

Trouble Brewing.—Arrests have again taken place, in consequence of the strike among certain classes of the workmen. Placards still more menacing than those I have already alluded to continue to be posted on the walls of houses, and they assume indifferently a Legitimist, Orleanist, or Revolutionary color. It is not by night only that these placards are affixed, but sometimes in the noonday, under the eyes of the police. The persons who are said to be employed in this work bring small sheets of paper, which are already prepared with wafers, and they take their stand against a wall, holding their hands behind their back, as if they were merely resting themselves. They soon quit their position, and leave the placard sticking to the wall, without the police agents noticing them. It is only in an hour or two afterwards that the groups who stand reading the paper attract their attention, and when they come up to the spot they find such words as these : "Vive Henri V.!" "Vive le Comte de Paris!" "Vive la Republique!" "A bas Napoleon!" "Mort aux Proprietaires!" "Le Pain a 10 sous," &c. The Paris paper have been "invited" to abstain from giving, indirectly or implicitly, the difference between the real price of bread and that at which it is sold to the public.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

An inquest was held at Tickhill, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the body of a man named Kiddall Smith, a farmer residing in that town, who was found drowned in the small river Town, on Saturday evening, under the following circumstances : Deceased left home about eight o'clock to take some cows to a field at a short distance from his house, and having with him a shepherd's dog. Between 9 and 10 o'clock the same night a man named John Harrison, who was walking from Harworth to Tickhill, had his attention attracted by this dog, which came up to him barking and jumping, and then running in the direction of the river. Harrison at first drove the dog off, but at last followed it to the stream, in which the deseased was found lying on his back, with only a small quantity of water over his face. As the man was subject to a disease of the heart, it is supposed that he had dropped down under an attack of the spasm.

Origin of the French Wars. — In the Anecdotes of Fashion it is recorded that when Louis VII., in obedience to the injunctions of his bishop, cropped his hair and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with his usual appearance, very ridiculous and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All which, probably, would have never occurred had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of our spirited and vindicitive Queen Eleanor.

A short time since the Rev. Reginald Shute, rector of St. Mary's Step, Exeter, cited his curate, the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, before the bishop of the diocese, alleging that the latter had been guilty of an act of drunkenness, and had used improper language towards the rector. The deacon (Mr. Wyatt) pleaded guilty to the main charge of drunkenness, which took place so far back as July last. The bishop intimated that he would communicate his judgment in writing in a few days. The rector and curate in question both belong to the Tractarian or High Church party, and this scandal has been much commented upon among their parishioners, with whom neither has been for some time popular.

Two colliers employed in the mines of Charleroi, in Belgium, performed a gastronomic feat a few days ago, of unusual extent. A repast was prepared for 14 persons, which these two gourmands undertook for a bet to devour, and which they actually accomplished in presence of the other twelve. The operation lasted four hours, during which time these men of wolfish appetites devoured two hams, weighing seven pounds, ten pounds of potatoes, a rabbit weighing three pounds, and a six pound loaf, all of which they washed down with a considerable quantity of beer.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* says, that the Austrian government is greatly annoyed at the conduct of the French Cabinet; complaints are made that Count Waleswki does not display sufficient firmness towards Russia, and that he and Count Morny are on such excellent terms with the St. Petersburgh Cabinet that it will be able to manage matters as it pleases in the conferences in Paris.

At the Cape of Good Hope a witch doctor has perverted the minds of many natives by a prophecy that very shortly two suns will appear, that a desperate collision will take place between them, after which a period of profound darkness will ensue. All people, white or black, who wear trousers, will then be swept off the face of the land by a whirlwind.

Sir Henry Young, the Governor of Tasmania, has issued a proclamation making the gold coinage of the Sydney mint a legal tender, being, we believe, the first of the colonies of the Australian group that has taken this common sense step.

The presents sent by the Emperor of the French to the Pope, on the occasion of the baptism of the Prince Imperial, consist of a piece of Gobelin tapestry and a baptismal font. The tapestry represents the Descent from the Cross, copied from the *chef d'œuvre* of Caravaggio in the Vatican. The font is of Sevres porcelain, and ornamented with the symbols of the four Evangelists.

It is stated that the Princess Maria Elizabeth of Saxony widow of the late Duke of Genoa, brother of King Victor Emmanuel, has just celebrated a morganatic marriage with the Marquis Orapallo, ex-orderly officer of the late duke.

Lieutenant and Adjutant Saunders, 2nd Regiment of Light Dragoons, British German Legion, was recently dismissed that corps in the presence of all the officers and a portion of the men of each regiment, for insubordinate conduct to General Stutterheim.

The gentlemen who had been so long associated with Mr. A'Beckett, in connection with *Punch*, have caused the remains of the lamented magistrate to be removed from the Boulogne cemetery to that at Highgate, where they were deposited on Thursday last.

From October, 1854, to the present time, there have been no less than 38 suicides committed within the city of London, 29 of which were men and nine women. During the same period there had been 85 attempts to commit suicide, 26 of which were by men and 59 by women.

The Register General estimates that there are nearly 400,000 surnames in England. Among them there are 51,000 families bearing the name of Smith, and 51,000 that of Jones. The Smiths and the Jones alone are supposed to include about a million of the population.

M. Lindenberg, the principal editor of the *Gazette Patriotique* has been found guilty of defaming the Prince of Prussia. He has been condemned by the Tribunal of Potsdam to nine months' imprisonment and the deprivation of all civil rights. General Gerlach appeared as a witness.

The British steamer Magicienne has returned from a cruise to Sebastopol. She found the city as the Allies left it, with no trace of clearing away the ruins. The Russians have begun repairing the fortifications of Anapa, but have not re-occupied Sujet Kaleb.

The accounts of the recent earthquake in Egypt were exaggerated. At Cairo, however, much alarm was felt. Among other incidents Mlle Rachel rushed from the house in her nightdress.

Advices from the Cape of Good Hope to August 21 report business very dull, provisions dear, money scarce, and another Caffre war threatening.

The flagstaff of the Redan, with the wheel of the carriage of the gun on the right hand of the breach, with several shell, have been brought home by Captain Cumming, at the evacuation of Balaklava.

Lord John Russell is at Florence, where he has taken a villa until spring, and where he has been joined by his relative, the Earl of Mento, who encouraged the Italian revolutionists in Rome, when Lord John was Prime Minister.

Jules Gerard, the lion-killer, has been robbed of 70,000 francs confided to him by a friend to buy land in Algeria.

The customs union between Parma and Austria has been dissolved.

A camp of 40,000 men will soon be established at Chalons-sur-Marne.

THE LONDON TIMES ON JAMES BUCHANAN.

The London *Times*, after groaning over the loss of the State election in Pennsylvania, as foreshadowing the defeat of Fremont, makes the following insolent and ruffianly assault on our President elect :—

Mr. Buchanan has been the most ductile and flexible of politicians. He has been a Federelist and is now a Democrat, Pro-Free Trade and Anti-Free Trade, and pro and anti almost everything else about which parties in America have warmly disputed. He is not a man of great resolution or violent counsels, but he possesses a peculiar facility of effacing himself and yielding implicitly to the influence of those who surround him, often persons of inferior judgment to his own. *He is a thorough-paced demagogue and unscrupulous partisan, and, though unexceptionable in private life, has grown gray among all manner of intrigues and manœuvres.* In this country we have not forgotten how adroitly he kept alive the quarrel with England which Lord Clarendon strove so earnestly to terminate, not from any wish to involve the two countries in war, but because he saw, or fancied he saw, from the continaance of the dispute, an electioneering apvantage to himfelf. Europe has not forgotten the unseemly spectacle of the Congress of Ostend, when the representatives of America in Europe met together, under the presidency of Mr. Soule, to hold a conference on the best manner of attacking the governments of friendly States, and acquiring the lands of weaker powers. The same principles which were laid down in that congress by Mr. Buchanan and his associates have been embodied by the Democratic Party in the Cincinnati Platform, the manifesto under which they proposed to fight the Presidental campaign.

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To such persons as are the advisers of Mr. Pierce and will be tne advisers ofMr. Buchanan, *foreign war is immeasurably preferable to domestic defeat, and the acquisition of a new Slave State*, to oppose to the next free territory from the Northwest that may demand admission to the Union, *is cheap at any expenditure of blood and treasure.* There are some civil discords that incline to peace, others that urge directly towards war. It remains to be seen whether the furious commotions of Repnblican American be of the former or latter character. For England the course of policy marked out by events is clear and obvious. We cannot forbear sympathizing with the party which would check the extension by armed force of the degrading and debilitating institution of Slavery into the countries insulted for its operations, and utterly hostile to its extension. But in the future President of the United States, whoever he may be, we recognize nothing but the elected chief of a friendly Power. Whatever his antecedents, whatever his professions, we will persist in believing that the chief of the people of America will, when once elected, rise to the dignity of his position, and, casting off his more questionable antecedents, will know how to maintain at once the dignity of the Republic, and the respect due to the feelings and interests of foreign and friendly Powers.

Irish News.

What might our readers think (asks the *Wexford People,*) could be seen in New Ross on Thursday last? An auctioneer in Tottenham's big house "selling off" to make way for the Sisters of Mercy, and a few tradesmen fitting up another house (not equal to the servants' apartments of the house he had left) for his future residence. This big house is a palace, with a garden and pleasure ground well stocked with fruit trees, and surrounded by a wall twenty feet high. It is situated within a a few yards of the parish chapel, is built as if intended for a convent, and capable of locating forty inmates. The Sisters of Mercy were anxious to establish a house in New Ross, but could not obtain a proper residence. The people, too, were wishful to have the Sisters amongst them; they got up a memorial to Mr. Tottenham, setting forth the great advantage it would be to New Ross and its neighborhood if he would permit the Sisters of Mercy to become occupants of his dwelling on such terms as they might propose for it. The memorial was signed by a large number of lay people and seven priests. A proposal was sent in, and the result is, that this pleasant concern is now ready for the Sisters. There will not be so spacious a convent in Ireland, nor one more likely to meet with the hearty wishes and support of the population in the neighborhood.

The following details will convey an idea of the size of the Crimean banquet:—There were laid 250 hams, 230 legs of mutton, 250 pieces of beef, 500 meat-pies, 100 venison pasties, 100 rice puddings, 260 plum puddings, weighing one tun and a-half, 200 turkeys, and 200 geese, 2,000 rolls, 3,500 lbs. of bread, 3 tons of potatoes; 3,500 quart bottles of Dublin porter, and 3,500 pint bottles of port. There were 8,000 plates, 5,000 knives and forks, 5,000 table spoons, 5,000 desert spoons, 100 dozen of carving-knives and forks, and a proportionate supply of mustard, salt, and pepper-stands. Amongst the statistics of the tables, it may be stated that there were six accommodating sixty men each, twenty-eight for seventy-two men each, fourteen for eighty men each, and sixteen for thirty-six each, one for eighty, press table and officers, 140, and head table thirty-six. There were 3,000 troops of the line, all wearing Crimean medals, and many of them Crimean beards. Of this number 1,500 were from the regiments stationed in Dublin, and 1,000 from those on the Curragh. The remainder were from various stations throughout the country.

We regret to state, says the *Wexford Independent,* that an accident occurred to young Messrs. Timpson and Jefferies—sons of two of our most respectable citizens—from the imprudent use of fire-arms, of a very serious character. They were proceeding up river, accompanied by other young persons, in a boat towards Ferrycarrig, and had just reached the Point of Park, when Mr. Jefferies took up a gun to fire at a water-fowl, which burst in the act of being discharged, breaking the index finger of his left hand in two places, and laying open the cheek, breaking some of the teeth, and inflicting a wound in the head of Mr. Timpson, who was sitting by his side. No serious consequence is apprehended to Mr. Jefferies, and it is hoped that Mr. Timpson will also ultimately recover.

We have just learned, says the *Galway Mercury,* that Mr. R. L. Johnson, of 48 Mary-street, had the shop windows of that establishment brilliantly lighted with peat gas on several nights during the week, and that this illuminating agent far surpassed in beauty and cleanliness the coal gas. Any private house requiring much light, can erect its own machinery at a comparatively small outlay. A street can join, and supply their locality at a nominal cost. One sod of hard turf will yield a supply of beautiful gas for two hours, superior in every respect to that of imported coal. There is no disagreeable odor, and this is a great advantage.

We perceive by recently published agricultural statistics, that in 1856, in the county of Waterford, there were grown there, 26,200 acres of wheat; 30,862 of oats; 7,368 of barley, bere, rye, peas and beans; 19,946 of potatoes; 12,150 of turnips; 3,496 of other green crops; 49 of flax; 17,304 of meadow and clover, showing a total of 117,184 acres under cultivation. There was an increase in the acreage under every crop except barley, bere, rye, beans, and peas, in which there is a falling off of 3,103 acres. The increase in the acreage of potatoes, is 1,100.

The *Waterford News* reports that while the schooner *Edmond Jones* was on her voyage from Cardiff to that port, and off Connibig light-ship, it blowing a gale at the time, the boom-guy parted, and the boom coming aboard, struck the captain and knocked him over into the angry sea. The captain, fortunately, caught the reef pennant, which was hanging in the water; but the vessel was driving so fast before the wind, that he was unable to get on board until the crew had succeeded in bringing the vessel by the wind and throwing him a strong rope, by which means his life was saved, after having been half an hour in the water.

The *Limerick Observer* informs us that on the 2d ult., at the petty sessions of Tomglony, a mill owner was fined, at the prosecution of Mr. Alton, for having a net set in one of the watercourses of his mill. Although it appeared that the defendant was in Dublin at the time the offence was committed, yet this plea did not avail, as mill-owners are liable to the consequences of any breaches of the fishery laws which may occur in the neighborhood of their premises—no matter who the actual offender may be.

On the 23d ult., a respectable farmer, named Simon Breen, and his wife, went to Kilrush market from the parish of Kilmichael, with a car-load of corn. On their return home, about 7 o'clock in the evening, the cart was upset on the road-side, when Breen and his wife were thrown under the cart and killed. Another party returning home, found Breen and his wife quite dead under the cart.

The *Wexford Independent* reports that on the 23d ult., a fine vessel called the *Sphynx,* struck on that unlucky shoal—the Blackwater Bank—where, in all probability, she would have become a total wreck, only that the Glasgow tug-boat, which had been fortunately engaged at the time, saving the cargo of the *Irrawaddy,* at Cahore, proceeded to her assistance, and succeeded in towing her into deep water.

We (*Derry Journal*) are gratified to learn that Mr. Sherrard, a respectable merchant of Derry, who had lately to pay an excise penalty, under circumstances of extreme hardship, the fault having been entirely that of a Liverpool manufacturer, in whom Mr. Sherrard naturally reposed confidence, from the high character of his establishment, has recovered full compensation from this manufacturer for the loss and expense to which he had been put.

At the Bulmullet Quarter Sessions, an application was made at the suit of the Marquis of Sligo, the Earl of Lucan, and others, against the Protestant Archbishop of Tuam and the Ecclesiastical Commissions, to vary the tithe redt-charge. Mr. Buchanan, for the appellants, said he had applied to the court to appoint an arbitration to ascertain the average price of oats for the seven years preceding, in order that the tithe rent-charge payable in lieu of compensation for tithes in the parish of Aughavale, Kilgeever, and Aughagower, might be diminished. Having detailed the procoeding required by the statutes, and stated that the average price of oats, when the composition was made, was 15s. 2d. per barrel; and that the average for the last seven years was expected to be 12s. 6d., making a difference against the tithe-owners, and in favor of the tithe-payers of 14 to 17 per cent., proceeded with the necessary proofs. The court made the order accordingly, and by consent, the Clerk of the Peace (who was solicited by both parties to act) was appointed arbitrator to make his return at Westport Quarter Sessions. Similiar proofs were giveu as to the parishes, and the proceedings so far terminated. This was the first successful application in this county; a similar one some years ago failed, by the average price being two and a half higher than would affect the existing rent-charge.

The *Dublin Evening Packet,* a tory journal, publishes the following particulaas of an attack upon the police; but the *Nation* says that it requires *confirmation.* We should think so. It bears the mark of improbability on the face of it:—

"About ten o'clock on Sunday night last, (the 26th ult.) Constable Phillips and seven of the Ballymahon constabulary were on patrol at Moigh, where they discovered an armed party, consisting of over two hundred persons, who appeared to be in council on the road. The Constabulary crouched under the hedge, and crept along unobserved until within a few yards of the party, and then went forward and demanded their intentions. At this time one of the party, who appeared to be their leader, called out to his men to fall in and front, which was promptly obeyed, when they rushed forward and endeavored to disarm the police.

At this moment a fearful collision took place. Several of the mob were knocked down, and the constable succeeded in capturing a gun from one of the party after much difficulty. The policeman almost lost his carbine, it having been seized by five or six of the mob; but the bold and determined resistance of the police, who had their belts torn off in the struggle, caused their assailants to give way for a moment. Again the mob made a fearful attack on the police (who had loaded and fixed bayonets), endeavoring to regain the captured gun. The road was well contested for nearly a mile by the small but gallant Constabulary party and their numerous assailants; the snapping of the fire-arms was quite audible, and stones were showered as hail.

The police succeeded at last in arresting seven of the party, all natives of the county Westmeath, some of whom had come upwards of fifteen miles. Informations have been sworn against the parties, who are returned for trial to the next assizes at Longford.

At the Bandon Sessions, Mr. D. Connor, J.P., made his second or third endeavor to deprive a man named Crowley, of his spirit license. Mr. Conner's hostility was provoked, it appears, in the following manner:—Crowley had been strongly solicited for his vote, when Mr. Frewen was a candidate for the county, and had refused, and ever since he got no peace. Mr. Conner, of Mauch, it appears, wrote him a note, which has been preserved as evidence of the influence brought to bear on him. On the next occasion that the new law presented an opportunity, an attempt was made to deprive him of his license. The attempt, however, was defeated.

In reference to the statement which appeared in our last, says the *Ulsterman,* that the Rev. Mr. O'Kane, of Downpatrick, had been fired at while retutning from a sick call, at night, we have seen a communication from the respected young priest himself, in which he states that our correspondent was misinformed. Father O'Kane says he *was* returning from a sick call, when he encountered a nnmber of Orangemen on a car, who were coming from the Quarter Sessions. They were noisy and "jolly," and one of them fired off his pistol. But Father O'Kane says he had no reoson to suppose that the pistol was fired at *him.* And he adds, that he has, often and often, been out late at night on sick calls, and never yet met with molestation from anybody.

A letter has been received by the Town Clerk of Cork, from the Crown Solicitor, calling attention to the fact that the corporation have omitted to levy three half yearly instalments of ministers' money for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and intimating that an information would be exhibited in the Court of Exchequer against the corporation on the first day of next term (3d November), at the suit of the Crown, unless the demand be forthwith paid.

A deputation of the following Foremen Millers, including some of the Engineers.—Richard Luther, Robert Lynn, Patrick Flanaghan, Wm. Conway, John Cooney, William Dwan, and Richard Comerford, waited on the merchants and mill proprietors of Clonmel, Messrs. Wm. Davis, Thomas and Abraham Murray, Thomas Samuel Grubb and Sons, Thomas Hughes, and Sons, and Pim Brothers, who, in the most humane and praiseworthy manner, abridged the hours of labor from 7 to 7 in winter, and from 6 to 6 in summer.

On the night of the 24th ult., the shop of Miss Ryan, Queen-street, Nenagh, was entered by burglars, and some groceries taken away. It was fortunate that the same evening she removed a tin box from the shop where there was a good deal of cash deposited, as the object of the burglars was evidently to take away the box which they must have previously set their eyes on. On the same night the house of Michael Guilfoye, of Silver-street, was entered by a back window, and some property taken away.

A porter, named Dwyer, met with a melancholy death at Dundrum station on the Great Southern and Western Railway, on the 23rd ult. He was in the act of crossing the line when the up train from Cork passed over his body, mangling him in a most horrible manner.

The mill owners of Belfast are adopting the weekly-payment system to their workers.

A considerable number of shares in the Kilrush and Kilkee Railway Company have been taken.

The young men of Belfast have established a literary and debating society in that town.

The cattle trade between Wexford and Liverpool, is rapidly increasing.

Thomas Gallway, of Killarney, agent to Lord Kerware, has had a narrow escape from death, by brain fever.

We are informed, says the Dublin *Tablet,* by a correspondent that the claim to the Earldoms of Shrewsbury, Wexford, and Waterford, which our readers are aware, is about to be preferred by Major William Talbot, of Castle Talbot, in the county of Wexford (brother of the late estimable countess), has been formally lodged with the Secretary of State, to be laid, in due course before her Majesty. The pedigree has been made out, and traced through six intermediate generations, down to Major Talbot, by Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, with the help of a barrister who has gained considerable experience of peerage cases. The common ancestor between Bertram, the last earl, and Major Talbot, is found in John, tenth earl, who died in 1653, and who left, says Burke, *with other issue,* an eldest surviving son, Francis, who succeeded as eleventh earl, and a son, Gilbert, throngh whom the title descended to Gilbert, thirteenth earl, who, it will be remembered, was a Priest of the Catholic Church. It is among the "*other issue*" mentioned here that Major Talboi claims to have found an immediate ancestor; and if this descent be formally established when the matter come before a Committee of Prileges in the House of Lords, on the meeting of Parliament, the claim of Lord Talbot of Ingestre, we presume, will not have to be entered upon at all, inasmuch as his lordship does not pretend to be descended from a common ancestor with the late earl later than John, the secodd earl, who fell at the battle of Northumberland in 1460, present to lay the pedigree before our readers in an extended form, but we hope to be able to do so shortly. Major Talbot is the only surviving son of the late Matthew Talbot, Esq., of Ballynamony (now called Castle Talbot), county Wexford, by his second wife, Jane, Countess of D'Arcy. He was born about the year 1790, and is unmarried. In event of his succeeding in establishing his claim to the peerage, his next brother and heir presumptive is Mr. John Hyacinth Talbot, of Ballytrent House, county Wexford, who sat in parliament for many years as the representative of New Ross, and is a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for his native county. He was born in 1794, and married first, in 1822, Anne Eliza, only daughter and heir of the late Walter Redmond, Esq., of Ballytrent House, a banker in the town of Wexford, who died in 1826, leaving him three daughters, who are now Lady Power, Lady Redington, and Mrs. O'Neill Segreave. He married secondly, in 1852, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir John Power, Bart., of Roebuck House, county Dublin, by whom he has issue a daughter Emily, a son, John Hyacinth, in whom the earldom will eventually vest, in event of Major Talbot's claim being admitted as established by the House of Lords.

Protestant proscription is not yet extinct in Ireland, but it is on its last legs. The enlightenment of the age threatens to disturb its banquet on the loaves and fishes. At a meeting of the Dublin Protestant Association, held on the 19th ult., the following resolutions were adopted:—"That desiderating as we do national righteousness as the keystone to national prosperity, we are thoroughly persuaded that without a National Church, in which the pure Word of God is taught and promulgated, and His sacraments rightly administered, with its lights standing on the hill of nationality, trimmed and protected by the State, the Church in return rectifying that which may be inclining to evil in the State, this or any other nation never can attain to the Scriptural ideal of a righteous nation. That we view with contempt and indignation the sinister efforts of those in England who, enjoying the liberty and toleration procured for them by the Church of England, have leagued themselves with the Irish Papists in order to effect the overthrow the Irish branch of the National Church, and with it their own liberties. That we look upon them as religious, political, and social *suicides,* unfit to be trusted with their own liberties; and, therefore, we call upon all our Protestant members of Parliament with the firmest indignation to scout from the House of Commons any attempt to be made to re-open the question of the settlement of the Church as by law established; and we earnestly request every Protestant constituency to press this view of the questton on their representatives, to the end that libertinism in matters of religion. and revolution in matters political, may be prevented."

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty (Kerry), and the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh (Ossory), have affiliated to the Catholic University, the schools in Tralee and Kilkenny which are under their care—namely, the St. Mary's Grammar School in Tralee, and the Seminary in Kilkenny. According to the regulations of the University, Grammar Schools, which come up to a certain standard, may be affiliated, at the recommendation of their respective Diocesans, on the conditions that they are to be subject to formal inspection, and that the pupils are to be examined once a year by persons deputed by the university. To each of the affiliated schools a prize will be given by the University to the pupil who acquits himself best in the examination; and a certain number of full Burses, lasting during the four first years of residence in the University, are offered annually to the competition of the pupils of Affiliated Schools, who are over sixteen years of age.

We understand, says the Waterford *Independent,* that several of the Arklow men, charged with having taken an active part in plundering the wreck of the *Irrareaddy,* at Cahore, as mentioned in our last publication, have been arrested, and informations sworn against them. Ten arrived on Thursday at the goal under a strong escort of police, and two more in the evening were brought in and committed by Mr. Greene, J. P., also charged as participating in the plunder. Several men in order to avoid being captured, abandoned their boats and took to the hills, whilst others put to sea and have not yet landed. There can be no doubt that many more will be made amirble to justice in a short time, as their names and persons are known.

In addition to the complimentary address from the inhabitants of the town and district of Fermoy, to Mr. John Bourke Curtayne, on the occasion of his retirement from the Provincial Bank, preparatory to his acceptance of an engagement abroad, the many private friends of that gentleman presented him with a handsome and valuable gift, as a token of their esteem.

The *Cork Examiner* states that the Cork Police Office has been long a disgrace to the city. It is unwholesome, inconveniently placed, and totally destitute of the requisite accommodation for magistrates, solicitors, press, police, criminals, spectators, or in fact any one class of the numbers who choke it up on any occasion of the least excitement.

Mr. Thomas Price, proprietor of the *Carlow Post,* while returning from Baltinglass, had his leg broken at the ankle, and sustained several other severe injuries, by the horse running away and dashing the car against a large stone at the angle of a road.

Sir Thomas Esmonde, Johnstown Castle, has given £10 towards the repairs of the Wexford Franciscan church.

A short time since, a private at the Fermoy barracks absconded, taking with him £50 belonging to his officer.

Mr. Edmond Burke, of Charlotte's Quoy, Limerick, has in his possession one of those rare and valuable coins — a Queen Anne's farthing, which was found in the county Galway, about a fortnight ago, and which is in the best preservation. The obverse has the head and bust of the Queen—the reverse the Royal Arms, as in the modern florin, with the date 1711.

At Miltown Malbay Petty Sessions on the 16th ult., Dr Geo. Wolfe was, at the prosecution of the Apothecaries Hall, bound over to take his trial at the next assizes of Ennis on a charge of acting as an apothecary without being duly licensed to do so by the hall.

At the Curraghmore horse-sale the entire value of the stood offered for competition by the Marquis of Waterford was over £9,000. Those sold were — 30 Sires and Hunters for £2148 19s; 11 two years old, £263 10s. 6d.; 18 yearlings, £1490; 11 brood mares, £266. Total £5068 9s.

In Cork, on the 22d ult., Mr. Russell D. Connell was charged with larceny and embezzlement of money the property of the Cork Charitable Loan Bank, in which bank he had been a clerk. The magistrates granted information, but took bail, himself in £200, and two sureties in £150 each.

A farmer named James M'Cullagh, residing at Lurgan Green, committed suicide by hanging himself in his own stable, on the 23d ult.. He was formerly in the employment of Lord Claremont, as baliff. Domestic troubles and drink impelled him to the frantic and criminal act.

It is stated that Sir John W. Ramsden will retire from the representation of Taunton and become the member for Huddersfield, nearly the whole of which town belongs to the honorable baronet.

In Derry, the building of the Magee (Presbyterian) College is already far advanced. The walls are now six or seven feet high above the ground, and give earnest of an extensive and elegant structure. The material of which the College is being built, is Scotch sandstone.

The Picture Window in the Down Catholic cathedral was fired into on Monday night, 20 ult., and the damage done to it is much greater than that inflicted by the stone throwers of the preceding week.

A fight recently occurred in Kinvala, county Galway, and one of the parties engaged was so severely injured that he died soon afterwards.

One of the Irish railway officers, whose name is not given, has absconded, taking with him a sum of money belonging to the company.

Mr. George, one of the members for the county Wexford, is making exertions to have a life-boat and carriage placed at Copore, on the Wexford coast.

At the petty sessions of Kilmallock, John Toomey and Thos. Finn were convicted at the prosecution of Mr. Alton, for fishing in the close season, and fined 10s. each.

There was not a single crown case at the Dingle Quarter Sessions.

Capt. Harvey offers to subscribe £1,000 to aid the formation of a railway between Wexford and Enniscorthy.

Mr. Newry has been elected Coroner for the Ardel district of the county Lowth, in opposition to Dr. Verdon.

The Right Hon. Judge Keogh has been on a visit at Drumcondra, the seat of Sir Colman O'Loghlen, Bart., Q. C.

Constabulary for the protection of Clonmel at night have been sent to that town from Dublin.

The magistrates of Bannagher district have applied to the Inspector-General to allow Head Constable Companion to remain at Bannagher.

Mr. Roe, County Inspector, is about to retire on pension.

The Constabulary of the West Riding of Galway, have subscribed £20 towards the Crimean Banquet Fund.

The Constabulary of the city and county of Waterford have contributed £13 14s. 7d. towards the same object.

Correspondence.

Kilkenny Letter.

KILKENNY, October 30, 1856.

Both you and your correspondent, "THE METAL-MAN," have said that Waterford never changes. So, too, might I say about Kilkenny. 'Tis wonderful how stationary things and people are amongst us these five or six years past. The same streets, the same houses—aye, the very same names over the shop doors. Doubtless, many of your readers may think this odd—for when we are removed from friends and places and things we love, we imagine they must be changing. But 'tis not so. I repeat what you said of Waterford, Kilkenny never changes!

Those remorseless scissors of yours—so exacting in hunting out every item of news from your exchanges (what a holy show you must make of them)—rarely leave anything for us poor correspondents to relate. So you must not wonder if I sometimes send the same as you get from our local prints.

I am sorry to have to say we are about losing our editor, Mr. Doyle, who has so ably and faithfully conducted the *Journal* during the past year. He is bound for Australia. I send you his "Farewell," which I consider fully and truthfully bears out the patriotic fidelity for which I have more than once given him credit.

"A FEW WORDS OF FAREWELL.

"DUBLIN, Friday.

"It has become my painful duty to bid farewell to the readers of the *Kilkenny Journal*. For nearly twelve months I have had the honor of conducting their local organ of public opinion; and I now retire from its guardianship because I am retiring from Ireland altogether. Weary of a political atmosphere, which has at last become almost thoroughly tainted by English influence, I am on the eve of a voyage to Australia, where I can preserve a pure conscience, and perhaps secure a prosperous career.

"I trust I have fulfilled all my engagements satisfactorily. I have certainly labored with genuine sincerity and zeal. To promote the interests of the Church and the cause of Irish Independence, I have never omitted an exertion since I first lifted a pen in the fair city of the Nore.

"I shall never forget the kindness which I have received from the generous people of the noble county of Kilkenny; and its glorious scenery will be one of the most delightful reminiscences when I shall be fifteen thousand miles away. I could not trust myself to speak of the respect and affection with which the Catholic Clergy in particular have inspired me; and there are two or three lay friends, whose genius and generous hearts I can never, never forget.

"With these few friends I bid farewell to Kilkenny.

"JAMES DOYLE."

May he be more successful in his new home than he has been in this which he loved so fondly—if not wisely.

The collections for the completion of our new Cathedral have exceeded all our most sanguine expectations. It's another of the many proofs of how our people love their old religion. They may indeed be justly proud of this noble edifice. It's a splendid structure, of unrivalled beauty and elaborate decoration, offering to the eye at every point a lightness of finish of pinacle and of tracery—only equalled by the columned aisles and hues of varied dye, which the rich stained glass windows fling in golden carpeting along the floors of the interior. The flooring is to be of marble and Portland stone, set in compartments, to work out a regular design, with a passage from the great door in the end of the nave to the altar of encaustic tiles. The floor is now the only delay to retard the solemn opening. Everything else is ready. The altars, vestments, thuribles, &c., have all been purchased in Rome. So the great work draws to a close. May the mighty Bishop (Kinsella), who conceived and inaugurated its erection, be now enjoying an eternal repose!

Our Quarter Sessions have just gone by. As has been the case during the past fifteen years, they were presided over by Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, Esq. Of course you know him. He's a patriot of long standing—one of those who struggled earnestly with the old Catholic Association for the emancipation of his co-religionists. True, he did not belong to the Old or Young Ireland parties; yet he has always proved himself a zealous upholder of religious liberty. I believe his standing aloof from the late national movements may be traced to the charges made against him by Shiel and O'Connell, for the abstraction of certain documents belonging to the Association. However, he never denied having taken them. On the contrary, I believe he claimed them as his own, and I heard him boast of having bullied O'Connell, whom he said—"stoodied at St. Omars!" As to his taking office—so, too, did Shiel, and many of Dan's own boys. His worship is, however, a mighty droll looking specimen of legal jurisprudence. He's an ugly looking man even when he desires to be courteous and look most blandly; but when he opens his jaws to imbibe strawberries and cream, his plethoric countenance becomes awful. He complimented the Grand Jury on the peaceful state of our county—sentenced several miscreants for cow-stealing, hen-stealing, clothes-stealing, &c., and vanished from the City of the Nore!

On the 24th inst., the first regular meeting of the Kilkenny Hounds took place at the CLUB HOUSE, in Patrick street. It far surpassed what we have had of late years. In point of *eclât*, it nearly came up to those bright old times which our city knew long ago, and to which I reverted in my last letter. Then it was that silver goblets sparkled with bright wine, and pantries and larders were savory and odoriferous with the fat of the land; and the far-famed "Hole-in-the-Wall" was the scene of so much mirth and joviality. The Hounds are now under the management of Lord St. Lawrence, son of the Earl of Howth. The admirable condition of the men, horses and dogs, augur well for the winter's sport. 'Twas a sight far more precious to my vision than all the military displays which could be held, either on the Curragh or in Phœnix Park, till Doomsday. The hearty, vigorous aspect of the men, all determined on enjoying the manly sport of the day; the impetuous ardor—denoted by flashing eye and airy motion—with which the trained old hunter followed the dogs to the covert, told me what I so often felt, that man and horse, with one guileless heart, go bounding along through the bracing breeze, after the sweetest of music—the baying of a noble pack of Fox-hounds. Among the crowd of gentry who turned out, with their bright scarlet coats and well-appointed knee-breeches and top-boots, I was delighted to perceive some of the old stock. Sir John Power, and Captain Ponsonby (a true lover of a good cigar), and John Wade, and Clayton Savage, and Horace Rochfort—a determined soul, long regarded as one of the foremost riders—were all there. A ballad written by Theophilus St. George, characterizing the most prominent riders, portrayed Rochfort as calling out to his horse—"*No balking for me, take your leap and be d——d!*"

Some other time I'll give you a more lengthy sketch of the celebrities immortalized in this ballad. Other reminiscences also, there are concerning the CLUB, which whenever my news items run short you must have.

I like to have something good to say of my fellow-citizens, and just now an organization has sprung up from which I anticipate the best results. I allude to the establishment of "The Young Men's Society." They have submitted their rules to the Bishop, who has not only approved of them, but invoked blessings on their heads, and promised to assist them in every way, whilst they continued to act in accordance with the rules they submitted to him. The objects of the founders of the Association are truly noble. They mean to inculcate among the fellow-citizens no sectional animosities, but true charity, and a due appreciation of pure literature—a love for the sublime and the beautiful—which, whilst it teaches that Kilkenny should not forget the great names which she has given to the world—Berkley, Bushe, McNevin, and, perhaps, even your own St. Canice (don't laugh,)—will surely prove to a rising generation that Heaven did not decree Ireland should for ever be the draw-farm of England. High honor to our present Mayor, William Lannigan, for his share of this good work.

Now you must be tired of

ST. CANICE.

Letter from an Officer of the National Guard of Paris.

CORK, 10th October, 1856.

I have just spent two months in Ireland, and I cannot resist the the temptation of giving you my opinion on all I saw during my ramble, which extended from Dublin to Cork, and down to the city which had the honor of giving you birth. You are aware that I have lived entirely abroad for the last twenty-five years, and you know, I believe, that my love for the old country is as warm and deep as when I left it in my schoolboy days; and purer, perhaps, than if I had lived in it during that quarter of a century of sorrow and misery. My ideas will no doubt on many things be those of a foreigner; but my feelings are those of a patriot, and a disinterested one, too—for under the present régime, or any régime except a Home-government, I would not live for millions in that land of slaves. Although I have wandered from North to South, and seen many a spot sacred and dear to you, I have no intention of inflicting on you a description of the beauties which nature has lavished on our poor country, and which would fall far short of the brilliant souvenir they have left on your sensitive and poetical mind. Besides, these glorious treasures of our dear home have caused me more grief than pleasure—more humiliation than pride; for beside the noble mountain, along the fertile valley, and close by the stately mansion, I saw the roofless and tenantless huts, and the mud cottage—I saw barefooted women, and half naked children—I saw rags, misery and hunger. I felt that even now that the country has been blessed with a rich and plentiful harvest, that the population is reduced to half what it ought to be, and that this poor island, our home, is the worst governed, the most wretched and degraded country in the world. I have stood up for it abroad. I have defended our honor and not disgraced it when called on to act the part of a citizen or a soldier; but *entre nous*, I feel scarcely courage enough now to stand up in defence of such a land of willing slaves. I hope sincerely I may be mistaken, for my heart bleeds at the thought; but from all I have seen and heard, I consider the poor peasant the only representative of the Irish character which, like the language of the country, is becoming obsolete.

With a few consoling and honorable exceptions, I scarcely met a sincere and disinterested patriot among what might be called the respectable portion of the population. All national feeling apart even from political creeds, seems to be dead.

To begin with the Capital and the Dublinois, as the French call the inhabitants of that *Ville endormie et endormente*, as a visitor lately termed it. The city looks dark and gloomy. There is no stir in the streets—no activity, no movement of business. The very horses seem to move more slowly, and to have lost their spirit too, and the vessels lie lazily on the water. There are large and splendid shops, but beside them there are tenantless houses. At the corner of the principal streets groups of men and women in tattered garments seem waiting for charity or for some chance occupation. The very policemen have a *desœuvré* air, and seem to have nothing to do.

The comfortable and fashionable part of the population seem to have undergone a complete metamorphosis in their efforts to become West Britons. The men are stiff and pompous. The women *gauche* and slovenly. Dress, though the study of their lives, and evidently for both sexes extravagant in texture, is tasteless and shapeless. There is a stupid uniformity of costume, originating in the slavery of imitation. Of the beauty of the women I can say little, as they have, in imitation of the English, disguised themselves with large straw or velvet hats, with demi veils, which hide their faces. These frightfully ugly things look like *south-westerns*, and entirely hide the features thus masked.

From what I could learn there is a progressive kind of Flunkeyism, which extends from the very humblest individual to the highest—from the *Gamin* in the streets to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant. I traced the *filiari* in this way, passing no doubt many *grades*.

The friends, attachés and employés of this noble *fonctionaire*, the Lord Lieutenant, seem to consider it their right to snub the sprigs of nobility and aristocratic *Cawtholics* of Irish birth, who in their turn consider it their privilege to look down on mere country-gentlemen; and these clownish rustics, with an increased disdain, spurn professional gentlemen and retired merchants aspiring to mix (that is the word) with them; and these in their turn, after being snubbed by the said rustics, step out themselves (particularly if they keep a carriage or a yacht) and forgetting their own origin—and the origin of their fortunes—look with contempt on the *Bout quier*, who paid them their fees and made their fortunes, and so on down to my friend the *Gamin*.

The Castle (the Tuilleries of Dublin) is the great aim of every class in society, and there are no "platitudes" that they do not commit, to get inside the walls of that prison-like Museum.

The *beau ideal* of the ladies' ambition is officers' society, and of late they have had them cheap enough. The briefless lawyer, the patientless doctor, and other idlers, having got commissions either in the great militia or in the *grande armée*. Gray-headed ensigns and lieutenants, who, in their black gowns or black coats, would not be looked at, find favor now with the ladies, and by them are transformed into heroes. But, *apropos* of heroes, we had a great meeting here in Dublin to give a great dinner to the heroes of the said *grande armée*. The speeches were numerous and long. The author of "The Lays of the War" made one, and he was applauded, it is said, by some of the very identical soldiers who took him to prison between their bayonets in 1848! They *then* looked upon him as a madman—and such he thinks he was, I suppose, to-day. He has been just appointed to some commission in Lunacy, with £800 a year, by the Government he was then conspiring against, and which he must consider mad, for giving so much to a man from whom they had nothing to fear and little to hope.

I wonder does he ever sing for friend Keogh and his Sadleirite companions—

"Oh, trust me, 'tis churlish and silly,
To ask *how* the bumpers filled up;
If the tide in the heart be not chilly,
What matters the tide in the cup!
Oh, ne'er may that heart's tide, ascending,
In shame on our foreheads be seen,
While it nobly can ebb in defending
Our own glorious color—the Green!

M. J. B., 1848. *Songs of the Nation.*

With the exception of the above great demonstration, and a sham fight outside Kingston harbor—in which his Excellency displayed great skill and courage—there was no public exhibition worth mentioning.

I was near forgetting the Flower Show at Salt Hill, at which the aristocratic part of the population and some of the *Cawtholics* figured; very few of the latter, however, were invited, admitted, or present at the dinner. His Excellency made a great speech on the colors, shades, and perfumes of flowers. He obtained a prize for some unknown specimen of some unknown flower, on which the author of "The Lays" will no doubt write a sonnet. I was shown several celebrities—judges, lawyers, doctors, and poets, and had the honor of seeing for the first time in my life, the illustrious Captain John, of whom I had read and heard so much. I was disappointed in the martial appearance of the ex-hero of Conciliation Hall. He is the leader of the *Cawtholics* now. Heaven knows to what next he will turn his hand!

One feature that struck me forcibly, as a proof of the want of spirit of the people, is the insulting and bigotted language placarded about the streets, against the religion of the majority of the nation. Allow me to give you *verbatim* part of one I copied, and which still hangs out in Sackville street:

"Proclamation
"To the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Whereas:
"It having been affirmed and proved again and again by Protestants, that the following articles in your creed are novelties in Religion, and unknown to the first early Fathers of the Church, and not found in the bible, namely:
"1. Invocation of Saints.
"2. Worship of Images.
"3. Auricular Confession.
"4. Extreme Unction."

Twenty-five different other *errors* follow, and an invitation to the people to abjure these *deadly errors*.

In no country in the world, except Ireland, would such insult be put up with, even by a minority professing the religion thus reviled!

To return, Dublin is the fountain-head—the very focus of flunkeyism. In every class of society there is the most absurd and ridiculous *singerie* of high life. I saw many a type of Moliere's *bourgeoise gentilhomme*, among the parvenus; pompous ignorance glossed over by affectation; clownish manners enlivened only by purse-proud assurance and impudence. The very accent is two-fold; a *neglige* brogue for every day use, and an Englified genteel one for high people and great days.

Now for the South, where the hearts are warmer and where there is less mannerism and affectation, and far more intellect and genius. Cork—the beautiful city, as its inhabitants call it—looks less dull and gloomy than the capital, although some parts of the suburbs are miserable, and even in some of the best streets are houses that have been tenantless for years; still, there is a stir, a look of business about the place; the shops are not empty, and the quays are alive with business and activity. There is, perhaps, more apparent poverty, but it is of a less degraded and digusting nature. Even the beggars look more intelligent and *eveille* than those I saw in Dublin; they seem to have the consciousness of their degradation, and a vague sort of conviction that it is not all their own fault. Your hear less of those humble, supplicating sentences: "*Throw us a penny, your honor,*" "*Throw us the but* [of the cigar], *captain,*" &c. They give you a blessing, which often—if not paid for—they change into a curse.

The hospitality of the Cork people, which is of the most genuine and disinterested nature, gave me many opportunities of judging them, and I must do them the justice to say that, as far as comparison goes, I think both the men and women are far superior in intellect, in education and taste, to their countrymen in the North. In literature, art and science, and above all in wit, they surpass them. The narrow forehead, the small cunning-looking features, and compressed brain, you rarely see here. Nature has nowhere, I believe, been more lavish in her distribution of the treasures of the mind. What a pity, that with such noble faculties, the majority of the well-informed part of the population are devoid of every sentiment of nationality, and are mere scoffers of patriotism. They differ from their brothers in the North only in not becoming such slavish imitators of their masters. How often have I, when admiring this treasure of learning and science, when contemplating the productions of genius, when listening to their original wit, felt sick at heart to think that such souls, such brilliant intellects, have never felt or feel no more that deep spell, that thrilling and ennobling sentiment, that *amour sacre de la patrie*, which exile, oppression and despair have not extinguished in the patriots of other countries.

The old generation of rheumatic politicians, gray-headed magistrates, knighted mediocrities, and enriched parvenus, the great heroes of Emancipation, Repeal, and other humbugs, are gradually disappearing, however, and are only tolerated and valued for their antiquity—a new and I trust a more useful set of men are coming forward. Too sceptical, perhaps, and wanting in enthusiasm, but less empty in brain. Men who have not passed their lives entirely at home, but who, by comparing their own poor country with others, have learned how backward she is, and how visionary were all the vaunted great things proposed and executed for her prosperity by their fathers. Men who are, at least, practical in their views, and in whom the material prosperity of the country has something to hope, and from whom, when other countries show the example, and break their chains, something may be expected. Politics have not become a gossip or a trade among them, and so far they are superior to their predecessors. Tuft hunting exists, but not to the same degree, as in Dublin, and the ridiculous distinctions between people of different fortunes, or birth, is not so absurd. Genius and talent are passports everywhere, and titled mediocrity meets less adulation here.

There are "*coteries,*" but they are not formed of different classes, but from congeniality of tastes and habits. Jealousies, antipathies, hatred and envy, exist as they do everywhere, and Cork is more "*la petch ville de province*" than Dublin, but solid acquirements and real talent and worth make up for the inconvenience of gossip and curiosity. There is a little too much ambition to appear above the position people are placed in, and too many are given to show and dress, but it is not flunkeyism—it is a rivalry in elegance and taste.

Unfortunately, the city is losing every day men highly gifted and full of energy and worth. Having no scope for their exertions—feeling that strangers have every position worthy of their talents or ambition, they abandon the land of their birth, to seek a home or a fortune in America or Australia. Except for the base crouching beggars who stoop to the British Government, and belie their past lives and deny their God and their religion, there is little chance of advancement here for the Irish.

The peasantry about Cork are less ignorant and more patriotic than those about Dublin. They have not by any means given up the hope of seeing their country free, and separated from England, and would, if an occasion presented itself, show more energy than their friends in the towns imagine they possess. They are looking more healthy, and have a bold independent manner that contrasts strongly with the stiff Northerns.

But the bell rings, and the train is just going to start for your dear old city, and I must bring my letter to a close. We just got a glimpse of Clonmel, where we stopped for a few minutes. I left a hearty curse with the judges, jury, and Government that, combined together, sent you and your fellow patriots into exile. They dared not send you to the scaffold.

The engine snorted in chorus, and off we fled. The town of the *Saddlers* is quite deserted, I am told—more than a dozen houses empty in the principal street. But the Jail is standing, and the Court-house open, and both ready to receive and condemn any man daring to say that his country is misruled, or impeach the Government that condemns it to ruin and disgrace.

Waterford is more gloomy than ever. The Quay—the noble Quay—is silent and bare. The houses facing the river are many of them empty, and some fallen into ruin. At sunset you meet no one but policemen, sailors, and a few tattered beggars or applewomen, shivering with cold and hunger. The suburbs are in ruins—houses roofless, others shut up, evidently for years. No stir of business or pleasure. There is more poverty than I ever witnessed before, and the boasted material prosperity of the country has not reached this gloomy and almost abandoned city.

The great efforts of the Sisters of Charity and the nuns of the two Convents, save the poor children from the vice, corruption and ignorance to which they would otherwise be abandoned. The poor children I saw at St. Mary's Convent, clean, well-educated and healthy, under the guidance of the most perfect women on this earth, gave me a hope that our Celtic race is not yet extinct. The daughters of the wealthy are also preserved from the epidemic of imitation now so fashionable. In that beautifully located convent, they receive an education fully equal in point of acquirements and talent to the best organized schools on the continent. And they have before them the example of every virtue. If the British Government had one hundredth part of the zeal for the good of Ireland, that these noble women have for the children, rich and poor, confided to their care, how different would the poor country be to-day!

Of those who are dear to you I have already spoken. Of matters of local interest you know more than I do, being a stranger in the city. I have only to add that your name is venerated and respected, and that here and elsewhere, when calumny dared to throw a stain upon it, public opinion threw back the infamy on the authors.

With warmest wishes for your happiness and success,
I remain, &c., J. P. L.

EXTERMINATING THE IRISH.

From the Belfast Ulsterman.

This is the work which England has been laboring at for nearly seven centuries without success. She almost effected the humane and Christian task in the time of Oliver Cromwell, when the population was reduced to about eight hundred thousand souls—when cargoes of Irishmen and women were sent to sea in ships that were sold for slaves in the West Indies. Cromwell laughed, and said the work was done.

But when the claw of the tigress was taken from the throat of the nation, the people sprung up again, and prolifically increased, spreading over the land where they, its children, were abhorred as aliens; and pouring a rich tide of manhood to the far end of the earth.

Famine again came, and seemed about to do the work in which the tyrant had failed; and again the English legislature laughed grimly like Cromwell, and said what a glorious thing it would be if the Atlantic flowed over Ireland for 24 hours, and washed its troublesome population away like rats.

Still the famine and the plague did not desolate the land. Six millions and a half of people yet remained. But a new agency of destruction has come into play; the Encumbered Estates Court. The land of the country is passing into new hands. English lawyers and Scotch grocers; and the alien masters of the Irish serfs are sweeping the peasantry from their homes.

A Pollock is desolating Galway. Thousands of human beings, warm-blooded, warm-hearted men and women, are driven from the scene of their childhood. Their cottages are pulled down; their hedges are levelled; and thousands of four-footed beasts—more loved than man by modern "civilization"—browse over the fields they lived and labored on. And rivals of Pollock in the fattening of sheep and the extermination of human beings, are doing like work in other places. In little more than a year five hundred thousand souls have been swept from the face of this island.

And still the work goes on. What in the bye-gone centuries England could not do by massacre and persecution, the new proprietors are trying to effect with the sheriff's writ. We learn from the *Cork Examiner* that, on Monday last, eleven families were cleared at one swoop from an estate in that county recently purchased in the Incumbered Estates Court. The expulsion of the eleven families was only a precursory movement; for a larger number remaining behind have got notice that their houses, too, shall be pulled down about their ears. This story of extermination is published in the *Examiner*, and as a commentary upon the affair—revolting, horribly grotesque—that paper and the *Freeman*, both commenting on it, tell us that the landlord, who thus makes a clean sweep of a people, is nevertheless, "a kind-hearted humane man"—a "well-disposed man." Is not this monstrous?

But, most grotesque of all—the *Freeman* perpetrates the following extraordinary sentence:—"We do not attribute to the purchaser of the property on which this occurred any harshness of feeling towards his tenantry!" Is not this startingly gentle and considerate? A man buys an Irish estate; and the first thing he does is to sweep the people off it. And the Tenant League Editor of the *Freeman* is so mealy-mouthed (God save the mark!) that he will not attribute to this man "any harshness of feeling to his tenantry!" Is it not sickening in a country where the present population are swept off the land like vermin, to read such hideous stuff in a "popular journal?" No wonder that the so-called Tenant Right movement should be a failure, when one of its leaders who looks on so calmly at the extermination of the people, is as sensitive as a waiting-gentlewoman lest he should hurt the feelings of a "kind-hearted, humane" landlord who flings some sixty or seventy human beings out on the highway at one swoop.

Palmer, the murderer of half a dozen of people, was a gentlemanly, agreeable fellow of affectionate manners; but we don't remember that anybody called him a "kind-hearted, humane man." An Irish landlord sweeps the peasantry off his estate wholesale, to replace them with brute beasts, and two popular Irish journals call him "kind-hearted and humane," and "well-disposed," and the editor of one of them is nervously anxious not to attribute to this benevolent person "any harshness of feeling" to the tenantry whom he exterminates. Verily, the Irish peasantry ought to be proud of their newspaper champions and tenantright leaders.

Well, now, we won't accuse this man of "harshness of feeling" either. We give him the credit of simply following his instincts. He wants to be rich as fast as he can. Tenantry are a trouble—quite "a bore;" and sheep and oxen are pleasanter to deal with. He has no "harshness of feeling" to the peasantry; but he likes them not; he does not care about them; he much prefere fat beasts; so he pitches them out on the road side, and levels their cots, to make way for the brutes.

Such is a model of a "well-disposed, kind-hearted, humane" landlord, after the new rule of morals laid down by our philanthropic cotemporaries.

So goes the work of desolation. Stick to it, landlords of Ireland. Ply the crowbar merrily. Clear the Celts of the soil. The laws protect and support you in the goodly work. The people submit to their doom. And popular Irish journalists and tenant league leaders stand at your elbow to proclaim that you are "kind-hearted, humane, well-disposed men," and gallantly to deny that you exhibit any "harshness of feeling" to the human creatures whom you hunt away like rats.

DISTINGUISHED WEXFORDMEN.

The honor and glory of Wexfordmen being dear to us at home and abroad, says the *Wexford Independent*, it is with no ordinary feelings of gratification that we have to add another glorious name to that galaxy of Heroes which has thrown a halo round the 'Model County.' Having read in a recent number of *L'Echo du Nord* that it was the intention of the French government to extend the ramparts and fortifications of Lille; and that the Governor of the fortress, General Heron, had been summoned by the Minister of War to Paris, to give such evidence as his experience in that citadel mght suggest, it struck us that the name belonged to Wexford—and that it was worth making some inquiries on the subject. Accordingly, we mentioned the impression that was on our mind to Mr. J. R. Crosbie—late Mayor of Wexford, who replied—"your conjectures are quite right, for I have just received a letter from the gallant gentleman, which is at your service." From that letter we have infinite pleasure in taking the following extracts, which will be perused with interest by our readers. A Wexford man, Governor of one of the greatest fortresses in the world, is no ordinary occurrence; and such airs as "God save the Queen," "Patrick's Day" and "Paddy O'Rafferty" on an Irish Bagpipes, must sound strangely in the ears of our French neighbors:

"I learned you were Mayor of Wexford some time ago. This good news was given to me by an Irish gentleman, who is an officer of the English army. He left Sebastopol lately, where he assisted with his regiment in the different battles; on his way home he passed through France, and after having taken the Redan, the Tower of the Malakoff, and Sebastopol, he naturally wished to see the finest fortress or citadel of first rank that we have in France; and yesterday he came here to see and visit the fortress of Lille, of which I am the Governor for the last six years.

"He was very agreeably surprised in finding in me a countryman, and I felt great pleasure in showing him, as I do to all Irish and English tourists, or travellers, all the works, batteries, fortifications, and curiosities of the place. In our conversation on Ireland, and the county of Wexford particularly, he easily perceived how happy I was to talk on that subject, and on his return to the hotel, he very kindly sent me, as a present, a parcel, or lot, of old newspapers, printed in Wexford, about three years ago; they formed his chief amusement in his tent, when he was far away from family and friends, at Inkermann, near Sebastopol, and the same old Wexford newspapers give me now great pleasure in reading them. This poor fellow was severely wounded during the war in the Crimea, where the brave and valiant armies of France and England, united together by the noblest sentiments, marched side by side to conquest and victory; their mutual confidence, courage and energy, placed the glorious colors of England and France on the proud fortifications of Malakoff and Sebastopol. The French General who came with his brigade to the succour of the English army, at the battle of Inkermann, is my brother-in-law, you may easily conceive his great pleasure in thrashing the Russians, and in retaking from them the English redoubts.

"I have just read in one of my precious Wexford papers, an article printed long ago, and headed 'A Wexfordman in the French army.' Its author mentions his having heard the band of one of our regiments, commanded by Charles Sutton, playing Patrick's Day. The reigment was then marching down from Paris, to come here; when it, and Charles our friend and cousin, stopped with me for two years in the fortress under my orders.

"I am sorry the author of that article of news did not come on here. I am sorry he did not come to see my fortress, as I would have been very happy to have given him the agreeable surprise of hearing here, by the bands of the three regiments in quarters, in the citadel, not only "Patrick's Day," but "God Save the Queen," "Paddy O'Rafferty," "Donnybrook Fair," &c., &c., and if he preferred them, Tom Moore's Melodies, that I

got over, with a bagpipes, from London. I have often surprised thus many Irish and English travelers, and if our author in question had entered the Citadel of Lille, he would have seen not one, but two, Wexfordmen in the French army, and have heard our bands playing "God Save the Queen," &c., &c., at least all the bands that come here under my orders."

[General Heron should have left his English loyalty behind him on Vinegar Hill.—Ed. Irish News.]

A NOBLE LESSON.

From the Evening Mail.

Mr. Wm. Dargan has taught his countrymen many a noble lesson of energy and self-reliance, by the example of his own life and career; but we have no hesitation in saying that the noblest lesson he has ever inculcated is that contained in a short speech delivered at the opening of the Cookstown Railway. He says:

"Since I was ten years old, I have been hearing that we are unable to take care of ourselves—that we are unable to do anything for our own prosperity, and that we must have English capital, English judgment, English enterprise, English management, English everything."

Every Irishman will recognize the truth of Mr. Dargan's reminiscences, but how seldom is an Irishman found at once willing to assert the practicability of Irish independence, and prepared with an example in support of his argument? Mr. Dargan, we believe, was never enrolled on the lists of either the Young or Old Irelanders, but there he stood, at Cookstown, in the presence of Her Majesty's representative, himself a living assertion that Ireland may achieve prosperity if her sons will only learn to depend upon their own ability, energy, and industry, and draw boldly upon resources immediately within their reach. In a few figures, jotted down from memory, while he sat listening to the chairman proposing his health, Mr. Dargan amply supported his argument by a pregnant example:

"We have," he said, "now spent about eighteen millions of money in this country. Twelve millions of that have been eminently successful, and yields a most remunerative return to the shareholders. Two millions are still struggling, but in the hope of a successful issue not being yet developed. Three millions have also been spent and developed, and that being the result, I think that I may, without making any invidious comparison, explain how this happened. These twelve millions have been the management of our individual people, our noblemen, our gentlemen, our men of business, of our own peculiar neighborhood. The two millions not productive, but still paying from one to three per cent, are under the management of our towns and country. The three millions which have produced nothing are purely English capital and English management. I do not say this for any invidious purpose, nor do I say it under any but the most generous and good feeling toward our English neighbors, who so kindly came forward and invested their money, which, I am sorry to say, is not productive."

No one will doubt the sincerity of Mr. Dargan's concluding sentence; and, in truth, had he been less desirous of teaching his countrymen than gratifying their vanity, he might have pointed to the management and dividends of many of our lines of railway, in proof of a very great superiority of practical business capacity on this side of the Irish Sea. The lesson was received with loud cheers by those to whom it was addressed, and we trust it may sink deep into the understanding of all Irishmen. We want no element of prosperity but self-reliance, and Mr. Dargan has shown that, even in that, there are men among us who know that—

"By how much we endeavor,
By so much courage mounteth for the occasion."

IRISH ABBEYS AND CHURCHES.

From the Irish Reporter.

Cork Cathedral.—The ancient Gothic church dedicated to St. Finbar was taken down in the year 1725. The present one, a plain, uninteresting structure, square tower-steeple, was erected a few years after.

Waterford Cathedral.—The ancient cathedral, which was probably the work of the Danes, was removed some years since, and replaced by a beautiful church of Grecian architecture. In the arch-diocese of Cashel there are numerous remains of abbeys and other conventual Gothic churches.

Clonfert Cathedral.—The church of Clonfert is said to have been erected by John, Bishop of Clonfert, in the year 1270. It was once famous for its seven altars, dedicated to St. Brendan, the original founder of the bishopric. The beauty of its western front has been formerly commemorated by Ware, and according to some other writers it is still, considering the age in which it was erected, deserving of admiration.

St. Fenton's Church.—In the neighborhood of Howth, near Sutton, there is a small chapel or oratory dedicated to St. Fenton, remarkable for little else than being the smallest place of worship in existence; its dimensions not exceeding twelve feet in length, by about eight feet broad. There is, however, a small belfry attached to the end of it, over the pointed arch entrance, and the eastern wing forms a rude cinque-foiled arch, but very small.

Cashel Cathedral.—The cathedral of this place is a modern structure of great beauty, but the ruins of the ancient church are situated on the summit of the rock of Cashel. These remains, together with those of Cormac's chapel and the ancient round tower, form, in conjunction with the bold and rocky hill on which their foundations rest, a pile of ruins truly magnificent. From the best accounts now extant, this church was founded about the year 1086, by Donald O'Brien, of the royal house of the kings of Munster. Some, however, think it older, and ascribe it to Cormac, the founder of the chapel. Sir James Ware has said it was founded about the time of the English invasion, but Dr. Campbell, the author of the Philosophical Survey, has corrected this mis-statement, and quoted the ancient record in support of his assertion. The architecture of the church is of such an early style as evidently corroborates this account, from which it appears that, with the exception of Christ Church, Dublin, these remains are the most ancient of any of our pointed Gothic cathedral churches. When this cathedral was originally built, Donald, the founder, converted Cormac's chapel into a chapter house for the use of the church. About 200 years after its erection, having fallen into decay, it was re-edified under the primacy of Archbishop O'Hedian. Connected with this cathedral there was also another building—the episcopal palace—but being unfortunately fortified and converted into a garrison during the civil wars, it was besieged and almost destroyed by the assailants. The cathedral suffered at the same time nearly equal dilapidation, but its final ruin was afterwards effected by Archbishop Price, who—from what motive is now uncertain—about the year 1746, unroofed the building.

Callan Abbey.—There is at this place the ruins of a friary, which was founded and endowed by James, Earl of Ormond, about the year 1440. The building was originally a handsome Gothic structure, but was nearly destroyed with the rest of the town, at its capture by Cromwell. There are, however, some vestiges of the choir and tower still remaining, which denote the former beauty of its style of architecture. The ruins of the parish church also exhibited some fine specimens of Gothic, but so dilapidated by time and the ruthless hand of war, that at the present day the few of them which remain excite regret rather than admiration.

Bective Abbey, or as it is sometimes written, Bectiff Abbey, was founded by Murchard O'Melaghin, king of Meath, in the year 1146, for Cistercian monks, according to Ware and Archdall. The abbot was of that superior class who sat in parliament as spiritual lords, and were called mitred abbots. The wealth of this monastery was very great, as appears from the catalogue of the various lands in their possession at the dissolution. The ruins of it, situated on the Boyne, between Trim and Navan, are extensive, and comprise several beautiful specimens of pointed arches and other remnants of Gothic architecture.

Ferns Cathedral is situated at a village of the same name in the county of Wexford. It was formerly of more importance than at present, being then esteemed the metropolitan church of the province. This distinction, however, in those times could not be considered a local honor, as it is attached to the senior bishop of the district. The present cathedral is a modern parish church, which has been erected adjoining the ruins of the ancient Gothic cathedral. Some remains of the original structure are still extant on the boundaries of the bishop's demesne, to which they are a venerable ornament.

SKETCHES BY THE WAYSIDE—THE DEATH OF KINGS.

From the Tipperary Vindicator.

No. 2.

Luagha's son Crintha ascended the throne in the year of Christ thirty-nine, and after a long successful reign, perished by a fall from his horse. His son reigned after him, and was succeeded by Fiatagh Fin, who after a few short and unhappy wars was slain by Fiacha Finola, grandson of Brinthan. We now arrive at a remarkable period in Irish history, and at the great civil war between the original inhabitants and the Spanish conquerors, which desolated the country for upwards of twenty years, and which almost surpassed in horror the awful scenes of the first French revolution. Like all successful invaders, the Milesians had treated the vanquished race with great severity. They were jealously excluded from all offices of rank and emolument, and the meanest descendant of Goadhal was esteemed superior to the proudest of their nobles. For long years they had lived in this state of oppression, cherishing the remembrance of their ancient glories, and filled with the bitterest hate against those who had subdued them. There is no hatred so intense and bitter as that which a conquered race bears to those that have enslaved them; time cannot dissipate it, kindness cannot extinguish it, and severity adds to it but fresh intensity. It spreads through the land like a train of powder, which neeeds but a daring hand to fire and overwhelm all in ruin. There was at this time in Ireland, a bold and crafty man named Cabre Rin Cait, one in every way fitted to be the leader in a popular movement. Designing, ruthless, and fearless, with a heart dead to every feeling of mercy, he devised a scheme which, atrocious and bloody as it was, promised, if successful, to extinguish for ever the dominant power. Fiacho and his nobles were invited to a grand banquet at Moyern. For nine days the feast continued. They banqueted on the pleasant green sward, attended by the obsequious conspirators. There was brought the fresh salmon from Lough Corrib, and the speckled trout; the herrings from Galway bay; the stately deer from the wilds of Connemara; and the huge casks of meal from Mayo. Day after day nobles came pouring in. In the day they hunted, and every evening rested from their toils and feasted. The brimming methers passed quickly round the board, the inspiring songs of the bards lent new intoxication to the scene, and in the madness of their mirth they spurned their obsequious attendants and dashed the liquor in their faces. These bore the insults patiently and in silence, for they knew the time for a stern reckoning was at hand, and on the ninth day as the revellers sunk down on the ground and slept the dull heavy sleep of intoxication, the conspirators commenced their deadly work. It was a calm, beautiful night; the breeze softly stirred the forest trees, and musically murmured amid their leaves, and the moon cast a soft gentle light over the bloody scene. There lay the haughty conquerors at the mercy of those they had oppressed, who now stood over them with exulting faces and sparkling arms, about to exact a terrible expiation for their injuries. The signal was given—the axe and knife commenced to do their deadly work — soon the green grass grew red with blood, as noble after noble fell. "This for thee," murmurred Cabre, as he plunged a skaine into the heart of the sleeping monarch, adding another to the long list of Irish Kings who had perished by violence, and when the morning dawned, there lay the King and his nobles cold and lifeless, while the exulting crowd, amid the very scene of slaughter, solemnly crowned the successful leader of the revolt as their monarch.

A few nobles still held out for Tuathel, son of the murdered Fiacha, and after a long and desperate struggle, the Milesians recovered their former dominion, and the exile resumed the throne of his ancestors. Truly it was no good fortune for him. Better had he lived and died in banishment; for his reign was bloody and disastrous, and he too experienced nearly as sorrowful a fate as his brother—for at the battle of Moyline, in Ulster, he was slain by Mal, who seized the throne which he himself had rendered vacant by slaughter. He did not long enjoy his ill-acquired rank. Four years after, as he hunted one day alone, he was surprised by a band of armed men. Their leader advanced towards him. He was young and tall, and his fair hair, fell in long curling locks on his shoulder. "Knowest thou me, O Mal?" he exclaimed. "For many a moon have I tracked thy step; as thy shadow have I followed thee. Night and day have I been waiting for the time when I could claim thee as mine own. So it is come! The god of day shall hear thy prayers no more, and thus does the son of Tuathel revenge the murder of his parent." With that he raised his sword, and the moment after, the headless, palpitating corpse lay at his feet. Feilin, a rare exception to the general rule, died a natural death, and was succeeded by Cathire More, who after a reign of thirty years, fell at the battle of Moyacha, in Meath. Con of the Hundred Battles ascends the vacant throne. From all accounts of this monarch, we discern a striking resemblance between him and Charles XII., of Sweden. Both brave and gallant warriors, but rude, impatient and tyrannical—reckless of their subjects' lives as of their own—unhappy when at peace—living but for war.

Con speedily reduced the neighboring monarchs to subjection; but to effect this, he inflicted the thousand miseries of war on his kingdom, and, at length, his subjects, however proud of his fame, longed heartily for a moment's peace, and determined to throw off his authority. In this, however, they were forestalled, for having had some trifling dispute with his brothers, they, unmindful of all the benefits which he had showered on them, unmindful that at the same breast they had been suckled, that the same father had offered prayers for them together, determined to assassinate him, and Con, after escaping scatheless the dangers of one hundred fights, fell basely and ignobly by the hands of hired bravos, in a wood near Tara. He was succeeded by Conare, who was slain by his brother-in-law, who, however, by this, failed to secure possession of the crown—for Art, son of Con, was declared monarch by the universal consent of the nation. Not long after he ascended the throne, he banished his nephew Mac Con, who was chief judge of Ulster. He retired into Albania, but soon after returned with a powerful army, with which he landed in Galway bay. Art encountered him at Athenry A desperate battle ensued—for both parties knew that on this single action depended their life or death. At length the King of Connaught fell—his troops gave way. Art in vain endeavored to rally them, and so, finding the contest hopeless, collected a few chosen followers, he charged desperately into the very midst of the enemy, and there fell, sword in hand, and covered with wounds, and Con, his successful antagonist, reigns in his stead. He did not long enjoy his dangerous pre-eminence—for he was driven from the throne by Cormac Ulfada, and perished miserably afterwards, being assassinated by a Druid in Munster. Cormac was succeeded by Gaibre Liffeachair, who too fell on the field, being slain by his revolted soldiery at the battle of Gabhra in Meath. Two sons of Mac Con then seized the crown, which seemed to be worn only to obtain misery for its possessor. One brother slew the other, and the survivor, not long after, fell beneath the swords of the soldiers at the desperate engagement of Ollarbha. Fiacha Streabthuine then ascended the throne. He waged a long war with the people of Munster, and while his son was absent there with the greater portion of the army, the three Collas raised the standard of rebellion, and the unfortunate monarch was slain by them at the battle of Failton. The eldest of the Collas then seized the crown, but after a reign of four years, he was compelled to fly the land by Muireadhach Tireach, son of the murdered Fiach. He, too, fell in battle, and was succeeded by Caolvacha, the last monarch of the race of Ar, who, in the first year that he bore the sceptre, perished miserably by assassination, adding another to the long dark roll of the unfortunate Kings of Ireland.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF UPPER SCINDE.

From the Nation.

Dublin has been enlivened to an unusual extent during the past week, by the presence of his Royal Highness Ali Moarad Khan, King of Upper Scinde, the Prince, his son, and a numerous *suite* of attendants. The distinguished party have taken up their abode for the brief period of their sojourn in Dublin, at the Imperial Hotel, Sackville-street, the doors of which are besieged daily by crowds eagerly on the watch for a glimpse of the illustrious Orientals. The Imperial Prince is an object of wonder and amazement to our worthy burgesses, who see in him the realisation of much they had previously deemed incredible in eastern tales. And indeed the costliness of his costume, the dazzling array of gems of priceless value that glitter on his person, are not more indicative of the stranger's rank, than the stamp which nature has set upon his brow—the lofty and dignified mien—the proud and noble bearing that mark one born of a governing race, a Prince of blood as pure, of lineage as high and ancient, as European King or Kaisar can boast.

There is something peculiarly interesting to us Irishmen in the visit of this illustrious Prince; the circumstances under which he is amongst us, give him a powerful claim on our attention and respectful sympathy. Even thus did the Royal Princes of Erin leave their rightful thrones and homes to sue in vain for justice at the court of the plunderer and spoliator. Here in Ireland Ali Moarad Khant reads a country, in which all the machinations to which his kingdom has fallen a prey—duplicity, treachery, ingratitude, broken faith, covetousness and fraud—were exercised, with a like result centuries ago, by the very same power, England. He must be struck not alone with this coincidence; the Irish national color, green, is that dear to his heart, as the color of the standard under which he so often led his cohorts to victory. Ireland does, indeed, offer peculiar attractions to this royal stranger.

Since his arrival he has occupied the most of his time in visiting not mere objects of curiosity, but the various institutions, manufactories, &c., where a knowledge of the country, its productions and manufactures may be learned. He is an attentive student of everything in this line; he has visited the principal houses in the various trades in the city, and given enormously extensive orders. Our manufacture of arms has had a large share of his attention. He has visited the establishments of Messrs. Rigby and Messrs. Truelock, both of whom he has largely patronised.

On Thursday he announced through his Secretary, his intention of visiting on that day, the principal and most extensive of these wonderful institutions, the 'Monster Houses'—that of Messrs. Cannock, White & Co., Henry-street, where he arrived about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by his son, the Prince, Secretary, and Armourer. The royal party were received on their arrival by two of the firm, Mr. Macnaught and Mr. Lombard, who accompanied them through the entire extent of those vast premises, over which they were conducted by one of the superintendents, Mr. Freemans. Every department formed the subject of minute inquiry and examination on the part of the royal visitors. The *furore* to get a glimpse of them on the part of the hundreds who happened to be present when they entered, swelled by crowds who forced their way from the street, suspended all business for the time, not only in this establishment, but in most of those in Henry-street and Mary-street, which were all rapidly deserted on the news that these lions were in the locality. The royal party having made many costly purchases, and given extensive orders in several departments, and having partaken of some refreshment, took their departure about half-past five o'clock.

In passing through the maze of counters on the ground floor, which was thronged with curious sight-seers, anxious to get a glimpse of the gem-bedecked Prince, he good humoredly remarked to one of his attendants, that the three hundred strapping fellows employed as assistants in the concern, would make a fine show in the Eastern military uniform.

We may observe that in the Secretary to his Royal Highness, we claim not only a countryman, but a fellow-citizen. Edward Lees Coffey, Esq., many years a resident in India. The Prince could make no better selection. An acquaintance with the history of his own unfortunate country, cannot fail to qualify Mr. Coffey as an invaluable counsellor to a Prince the victim of British avarice, and perfidy, and ingratitude.

Alban Butler.—It is well known from the memoir of the author prefixed to the Edinburgh edition (1800) of the "Lives of the Saints," that Alban Butler died President of the College of St. Omer's, May 15th, 1773. It is remarkable that his nephew, Mr. Charles Butler, who compiled the above memoir, and placed a monument to his memory in the College chapel, says nothing of the circumstances of his death. We are informed that his death was caused by a dose of poison accidentally administered to him through the carelessness of a surgeon of St. Omer's. The fact, it would seem, was not made public at the time, through the wish of the family to conceal the painful circumstance, a wish which was the more easily gratified on account of the absence of all *post mortem* inquiries on the Continent.

Answers to Correspondents.

Our recent visit to Boston afforded us a sincere delight. The reception we met with from the President, Secretary and other officers of the Columbian Association, was courteous and cordial in the extreme. The Tremont was crowded with an intelligent and enthusiastic audience. The supper at the Parker House, after the Lecture, was a display of the most elegant and profuse hospitality. Wit, song, patriotism, and social eloquence heightened the flavor of the choice wines and fruits. The pleasant and manly union of several Irishmen, hitherto separated on such occasions, was the crowning feature of the scene.

We promised ourselves the pleasure of saying something very brilliant about John Brougham's miraculous feat of last week. That trip of his to Philadelphia, beats the most dazzling wonder of the *Arabian Nights*. But a crowd of importunate business, (several days waiting to be attended to,) compels us to forego the pleasure we anticipated. The New-York Press, however, and the Philadelphia and Boston papers also, have so conspicuously chronicled the event, that we feel our regret in thus hurriedly glancing at it, considerably soothed. It will not, however, be thoroughly soothed until we find ourselves seated in the Bowery on the occasion of the contemplated benefit to the Manager, who has annihilated time and space, and made two cities happy.

AN IRISH LOVE DITTY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

[Translated by M. Doheny.]

My Mary roon, thou apple bloom,
Let not that wooing Munster man
Blight thy blue eyes, with coaxing lies,
Which oft he tries where'er he can.
I'd rather far, my darling star,
As fair ones are, thou'dst live a maid,
Than wed a lover, a lying rover,
The world over who has betrayed.

I deemed my storeen, so young and glowing,
That thou wert going to steal with me
Each evening bright, and Sunday night,
To glad my sight on yonder lea.
O'er hill and hollow, my love I'd follow,
And ne'er should sorrow disturb thy rest;
If I were thine own, and thou wert mine own,
My head reclined on thy whitest breast.

Dost mind the night, of cloudless light,
When on the height of Mullaghmor,
I kissed thy hair, and forehead fair,
Young beauty rarest o'er and o'er.
'Tis thou indeed, who hast decreed,
My heart to bleed, to cure no more;
My heart of hearts is torn in parts,
By thy dear arts, my sweetest star.

A correspondent furnishes us with the following extract from an article of General Vallancey, inserted in the second volume of the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," relative to the colony planted in the far-famed "Baronies of Forth and Barjie," Wexford, by Hervey de Montmorency, under a grant from Dermod MacMorough:—

"When we were first acquainted with this colony, a few of both sexes wore the ancient dress; that of the men was a short coat, waistcoat, and trunk breeches, with a round hat and narrow rim: that of the women was a short jacket, a petticoat, bordered at the bottom with one, two, or three rows of ribband, or tape of a different color; the dress of the head was a kircher. The people of these baronies live well, are industrious, cleanly, and of good morals; the poorest farmer eats meat twice a week, and the table of the wealthy farmer is daily covered with beef, mutton, or fowl. The beverage is home-brewed ale and beer, of an excellent flavor and color. The houses of the poorest are well built and well thatched; all have out-offices for cattle, fowls, carts, or cars. The people are well clothed, and are strong and laborious. The women do all manner of rustic work, plowing excepted; they receive equal wages with the men. The professed religion here is the Roman Catholic; there are about one hundred Catholics to one Protestant. Marriage is solemnized much in the same manner as with the Irish. The relations and friends bring a profusion of viands of all kinds, and feasting and dancing continues all the night; the bride sits veiled at the head of the table, unless called out to dance, when the chair is filled by one of the bride-maids. At every marriage, an apple is cut into small pieces, and thrown among the crowd; a custom they brought from England, but the origin of it has not descended with it."

Sarsfield. There is a most beauteous variety of scenery in the vicinity of Lucan. The meanderings of the Liffy are there marked by a captivating alternation of hanging-wood, acclivitous rock, and gentle slope. Between Chapel Izode and Lucan the banks are cultivated to their utmost capacity, and produce an abundance of most delicious strawberries. We believe it was Montmorency who compared it to Heidelberg, in the Palatinate of the Rhine, overhanging the lovely Necker. The family of Sarsfield located on the manor of Lucan, in the sixteenth century. William Sarsfield, of Lucan, was knighted in 1566, for his services against Shane O'Neill, Dynast of Tyrone, and the noble Patrick Sarsfield was made Earl of Lucan by James II.

Tipperary. Amongst the brilliant geniuses cotemporary with Curran on the Munster Circuit, "Pleasant Ned Lysaght," as he was familiarly designated, held a distinguished place. Madden says, that if Ben Johnson had known him, he would have had a fine subject for "gathering humours." That he might have given the poet a stock subject for seizing all the points of Irish character in its essential features. That he was a thorough Irishman—brave, brilliant, witty, eloquent, and devil-may-care. Thos. Davis says: "We have but one good Volunteer Song." It was written by Lysaght, after that illustrious Militia was dissolved." The song breathes praise of Grattan, "the man who led the van of the Irish Volunteers. It, with his "Sprig of Shillelagh" and "Kate of Garnavilla," will be sung and admired while a Celt exists.

"The *Royal Hospital, Kilmainham*, Dublin, was founded in the reign of Charles II. for "such officers and soldiers of his Majesty's army in Ireland as are, or may become, unfit for service from age, wounds, or other infirmities." The Duke of Ormonde laid the first stone in 1680. At that time the Phœnix Park, which is now confined to the North side of the Liffey, contained 71 acres to the South of the river, which land had formerly belonged to the Knights Templars, and subsequently to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. The walls of the chapel and some remains of a priory belonging to those Knights were then existing. The stones of the ruins were carefully removed, and compose part of the chapel appertaining to the present institution.

Eblana.—Thomas Cloney was one of the bravest and most disinterested of the gallant Wexfordmen of '98. Fearless, compassionate, high-minded and unbending, his career from the day he joined the insurgents to the close of the eventful campaign—to the brilliancy of which he so vigorously contributed at Three Rocks, Fooke's Mill, and New-Ross—was one to recommend his name to the loving care of all true Irishmen. He was the son of an honest farmer in comfortable circumstances, named Denis Cloney, of Moneyhore, situated within a few miles of Enniscorthy. Thomas was about 23 years old when his heart and arm were called on to succor his fatherland. '98 over, he suffered much persecution, but after being imprisoned, tried and passed for several years from the hands of one official to an other, he was at last "set at liberty." His unwavering magnanimity to the Royalist prisoners, during the campaign of Wexford, was the chief reason why he was not, like Harvey, Kelly, Colclough, and others, hanged. During the struggling and victorious days of the Catholic Association, Thomas Cloney, as usual, was on the side of truth and justice. His "honest and manly spirit" in the cause was duly recognized by a resolution in the New Catholic Association, January, 1827; and in 1830 the Government added its testimony to his worth and patriotism, by including him with O'Connell in the arrests of that year. The names of the parties so honored will no doubt be of interest to you. They were as follows: D. O'Connell, Edward Dwyer, Secretary of the C. A., Thomas Cloney, John Lawless, John Redmond, Thomas Steele, Richard Barrett, and John Reynolds. Cloney died in 1850.

We refer J. Williamson, for a reply, to the address of Robert J. Walker, the speeches of Governor Floyd and Senator Hunter, of Virginia.

"The old Land"—Not up to mark. To E. O'N., we say ditto.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1856.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Mayor's Office, New-York,
Nov. 13, 1856.

Acknowledging our dependence on Almighty God, and duly sensible that to his mercy we are indebted for continued peace, prosperity, and general public health, while other communities, less favored, have been sorely afflicted with pestilence and devastation, we are now called upon to return thanks to the Author of our being, the Protector of our lives, and the Dispenser of all the blessings we enjoy.

With these sentiments, and in pursuance of custom and the proclamation of his Excellency, Myron H. Clark, Governor of the State of New-York, recommending that Thursday, the 20th day of November instant, be set aside as a day of Praise, Thanksgiving, and Prayer, I recommend the people of this city to observe that day as such with all due reverence and solemnity.

Given under my hand and Seal of the Mayoralty, the day and year aforesaid. Fernando Wood, Mayor. [L. S.]

These suggestive words reflect as well as inspire the deepest feelings and the brightest thoughts which grow from the struggles, hopes, and successes of an active and powerful community. This proclamation is a text from which every heart—whatever its religious creed, theological, technological, or political partizanship—may preach, and in the honest eloquence of thanks, create no rivalry to mar the universal and sublime happiness that consecrates the day.

In the midst of a commercial prosperity unequalled—a prosperity which, through very excess of duty, it would seem, cannot protect itself. After a political struggle unparalleled in the annals of the Republic, and no where more formidable or more relentless in its partisanship than in this State—after a season of health, wealth, and prosperity; after a series of threatened European disruptions, in which the inviolability and simplicity of the Republican system was sustained, and the audacity of the English system rebuked and humbled—after passing through these arduous phases of political and domestic history, it is well that we, forgetful of all differences, take breath, and remembering we are brothers, join our voices in the one prayer—the one fervent ebullition of praise and thanksgiving to the Father and Protector of all.

THE RED STAR OF NICARAGUA.

The flag of Nicaragua has been recently changed, and a Red Star substituted for the five volcanoes. That star is now in the ascendant. It is the star of victory, of hope, and of vengeance. It flames redly in the Southern sky, pointing the path to future conquest—guiding the gallant soldiers of the North on the track of the barbarous marauders who have dared to invade the soil, and plunder the homes of the rejuvenated Republic of Nicaragua. By late accounts, the reported victories of Walker are fully confirmed. The enemy has been signally repulsed, and driven in utter confusion from Granada. Every steamer from the United States to *San Juan Del Norte* brings fresh recruits to the Nicaraguan army, now numbering two thousand fighting men, and additional supplies of arms and ammunition, Minnie rifles, mountain howzters, and saucy looking field-pieces. The English fleet still rides at anchor in the bay of San Juan. The English don't like General Walker, for he is not a recognised filibuster according to the international polity of kings. Nicaragua is not a member of the royal family of nations, and Walker is a "*mere*" republican. Though England has filibustered from the Shannon to the Ganges, she has latterly become a paragon of national morality in all matters connected with our Western hemisphere. She now only aspires to be the meek distributor of Exeter Hall bibles and Manchester cotton, except when a slip of territory is to be annexed, or a royal house sacked in India, then she is a thorough-paced filibuster, bold, bare-faced and utterly without conscience.

The slanders circulated by that portion of the press of the United States, which delights in paying court to everything Anglo-Saxon, have been laid bare by the recent news from Granada. In order to prevent reinforcements from reaching General Walker, until the coalition against Nicaragua had been completed, and the schemes of the intermeddling European powers fully matured, it was daily paraded in the columns of those journals, that forty men of the Nicaraguan army had been shot for mutiny upon the plaza of Granada. This stale slander is now contradicted by *El Nicaraguense.* No men belonging to the army have been shot for insubordination, for none existed. The army is loyal to its general, full of ardor and patriotism, and impatient again to meet the enemy. One of Walkers officers having been taken and shot, he promptly retaliated by shooting two of their's in return. When Granada was attacked, in the absence of Walker, there were only one hundred and fifty men under the command of General Fry to oppose a force of a thousand men.

They never for a moment thought of retreat. Their resolution was sternly taken. They threw themselves into the principal houses around the Plaza, occupied all the strong points in that quarter, and swept the enemy down with well-directed vollies, whenever they made their appearance. "But," says the *El Nicaraguense*, "the hottest of the fight was centered about the guard-house. The position of this building rendered it open to the shots of the enemy from three sides. In fact, shots could reach it and do deadly execution from all parts of the large palza, as well as from nearly all parts of the lesser plaza of St. Sebastian. Captain Swingle, of the Ordnance, was very active in defence of this post, assisted most nobly by Theodore Lane. The latter gentleman is said to have proved himself on this occasion to be the very type of endurance and courage. While assisting in defending this post, the Hon. Thomas Basye received two wounds, neither of which is dangerous. The hospital, too, was an important place, and was defended under the supervision of the Hon. Judge Wilkins. This gentleman's military experience was now found of much advantage. Between the hospital and the guard-house, on the opposite side of the Plaza of St. Sebastian, is situate the residence of Col. Wheeler, United States Minister. Its fortunate location saved it and the lives of all its occupants. The commander of the attacking forces was heard several times during the night to offer large rewards to any person who would go and tear down the American flag which was in front of the Minister's door; but there was not one man found courageous enough to attempt the daring venture. The enemy did not gain one single important position after they had been in the city two hours, and in their hopelessness they offered the most liberal terms to the citizens if they would lay down their arms and surrender as prisoners of war. To this they invariably replied, "Americans never surrender," and with three cheers for General Walker, poured fierce volleys again into the positions of their enemies. Their assailants next tried to intimidate them by telling them that General Walker had been beaten at Massaya, and that before many hours there would be a force of four thousand strong brought against them, and that those flushed with their recent victory would easily overcome them, and murder every American man, woman, and child they saw. But the reply, "Let them come — Americans never surrender," and three cheers for General Walker, and another murderous volley, was what they got for their attempted deceit and duplicity. In the morning, the already large force of the enemy was augmented by about three hundred men from Massaya, making in all ten hundred and fifty men. Many are of the opinion that there were as many as twelve hundred of the enemy here before General Walker returned. Nearly one-third of the entire force which came into Granada must have been killed." The reinforcements, now on their way to Nicaragua, will enable Walker to crush the united forces of the enemy, and carry the war into their own country, if he be inclined to punish their insolent and unprovoked aggression, or extend still further the boundaries of his young republic. The Red Star is culminating to the point whence it will shine forth a guiding light to all the oppressed of Central America. Long may it blaze on the banners of the liberated state.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESS.

The law holds the editor of a newspaper responsible for any libellous matter that may appear in his columns, and exacts a commensurate penalty. The Press is legally, morally and honorably accountable for what it publishes. But as matter may appear in a newspaper of a personal and offensive character—which the law cannot take hold of—the injured party is naturally driven to seek redress according to that code which is older than the statutes, more venerable than the common law, and is recognised by every high-toned gentleman. We don't see why editorial poltroonery should be allowed to shield itself behind

the assumed privileges of the Press, while it assails private character and brings grief and sorrow into many homes. Where the code of honor is observed, the newspaper Press stands higher, and Society itself puts on a more dignified and chivalrous bearing. If a man deliberately writes down and circulates a vile slander, he has no right to dictate to to the injured person the mode of redress which he should have recourse to. It is contemptible to hear parties laying down the law in such matters, and appealing for protection to what they term civilized society, while their writings betray anything but civilization, decorum, or common decency. For our own part, we write nothing for which we do not hold ourselves personally responsible.

MR. MEAGHER'S LECTURE.

Thomas Francis Meagher delivered a lecture at the Tabernacle on Monday night, for the benefit of the widow and daughter of the late Captain Kerrigan. The audience—numbering about three thousand persons—was, perhaps, the most brilliant ever assembled within the walls of that building. The wealth, the beauty and chivalry of the city were fully represented.

We observed the following military companies in attendance: The City Horse Guards and Guyon Cadets, Ninth Regiment, the Emmet Guards, 10th, the Irish Dragoons, *Fag-a-bealac* Guards, Brian Boroihme Guards, and the Emmet Life Guards, (of the 69th). The Napper Tandy Light Artillery, (70th Regiment,) the officers of the Seventy-fifth, the Irish News Guard, and Patrick Henry Guard.

On the motion of the Hon. John Cochrane, the Hon. John Kelly was called upon to preside. After a brief address he introduced Mr. Meagher to the audience. The lecture referred to the contrasts between Republicanism and Monarchy, Europe and America, and occupied nearly two hours in its delivery.

News from Nicaragua—Letter from Lieut. Nagle.

Just as we go to press, we receive a most interesting letter from this gallant young officer. His account of the fight at Massaya and the rout of the enemy from Granada is intensely graphic. From his own words—and those who know Michael Nagle are aware that he is the last man in the world to exaggerate his own merits—we perceive that he has already done all we promised for him. His was a foremost, effective, and fearless part in both engagements. He writes in the best health and spirits—bears testimony to the gallant daring of several of those who accompanied him from New-York—and sends fondest remembrances to his groups of friends.

His letter shall appear in full next week.

Convent-Searching in New Orleans.

We perceive by the New Orleans *Delta* of the 7th inst., that the Mayor of New Orleans, acting upon the information of one of his police, has been imitating the despotism, bigotry, and intolerance of the Massachusetts Know-Nothings, who violated the sanctity of conventual life last year in Boston. Under the plea of searching for arms and munitions of war in the Charity Hospital, a batch of police visited that institution, and proceeded even to ransack the private apartments of the Nuns. It is time that a stop should be put, in this free country, to such insolent intrusion.

RELICS OF THE REVOLUTION.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 3, 1856.

Sitting in one of the parlors of the Girard House, and in the midst of excitements having their origin in the discussion of those political issues upon which the People will express their decision to-morrow—with the clear manly voice of Kenneth Raynor, of North Carolina, in my ears, attempting in vain to incite a select few of his fellow Know-Nothings to abandon the Chief of that faction, and to fuse with the party, to check the progress of which they were, at first, called into existence—with the calm, thoughtful, massive head of ex-Senator Truman Smith, the particular counsellor of the Republican candidate before me, whose mind, more suited for Cabinet consultation than Congressional effect, was, no doubt, deeply occupied in the consideration of the probable success of some political suggestion connected with the coming strife—with these and other objects of attraction (or distraction) partially engaging my attention, a thought was suggested by the sight of a bust of Franklin. Why not devote this day, it occurred to me, in a pilgrimage to the graves of the most eminent of those whose patriotism and valor achieved our Independence and created a Nation; and whose wisdom and virtue gave form and stability to that independence by the Constitution of '87, to the operations of which alone is to be ascribed the fact of a People ascending, in the comparatively short period of seventy-two years, from a situation in which scarcely any other nation would have dreamt of Freedom through self-reliance. At any time the thought would have been to me irresistible—but now it assumed the shape of duty. Now that that People were arrayed in two great geographical sections against each other, striving not against a foreign enemy, but each for the mastery on questions of public weal, the policy of which had been defined and settled at the laying of the foundations of the Union—now, when civil strife exists, raging and menacing that Union, I should go to those localities associated with the name and labors of the Fathers of the Republic!

Would that the Nation may return to seek the original sources from whose vitality it received the strong impulse which has directed and borne it hitherto in its course of success, and by which it is expanding through a continent with an energy and force unexampled in the history of the human race—subduing the farthest recesses of nature, and filling the wilderness with the beneficent fruits of Civilization and Christianity.

I had on former occasions visited Carpenter's Hall, 3rd and 4th streets, a few yards from Chestnut street, where, in 1775, the Continental Congress—in secret session—first sat; where John Adams first invoked the spirit that was destined at no distant day to annihilate monarchical prejudices, and to revolutionize empires, and poured forth that flood of reason and patriotism which the genius of Webster has labored to portray to us, and before which went down, in that Congress, the fallacies of the sophist. It pained me when I saw that this, *the real* birth-place of American liberty, had not been preserved and set apart with that pious reverence that preserves and sets apart the Hall of Independence. But few visitors go there. It has been allowed to degenerate into an Auction Store—and when I visited it last, it was filled with a crowd of people attending to the purchase of the stock in trade of a bankrupt collection of Italian curiosities, and other works of Art. This building is nearly in its original state—more so than the Hall of Independence, and the room where the Congress sat (except by its present occupation) has suffered no change. Washington and Patrick Henry were men of that Congress—they were not members of the Convention of 1776, from which the immortal Declaration emanated.

Leaving Carpenter's Hall, a minute's walk brought me to the corner of Market and Fourth Streets. It is a place where few visitors go. It is an old building—originally a dwelling-house; the first floor of it has recently been changed into a shop, and the the second story is occupied by a vender of *Yankee Notions!* Yet few localities have more claims upon the attention of the visitor, and on few others will the young Republican (American or European), upon whose soul the light of Liberty has beamed, gaze with deeper feelings and veneration, and, I will say, awe. And why? Because, in that room, on that second story, to the windows of which are those old wooden shutters, Jefferson *drafted* that immortal Declaration. During the sittings of the Convention, he occupied that room, and where Franklin, Roger Sherman, John Adams, and Daw, to whom the duty of preparing the draft was committed, held their deliberations. In my mind's eye I witnessed the scenes that had transpired in that room, as pictured to us by a member of that committee. Jefferson reading the draft as prepared by him to his fellow-members—Adams impetuously dictating, dogmatically persisting in verbal amendments—Jefferson restraining his warm nature, and Franklin smoothing down the asperities of the contention.

I had now been at the spot where the "ball of the Revolution was first set in motion," and where the Declaration was prepared, and it remained to extend my pilgrimage to the Hall where the Delegates from all parts of the country—from the North and the South, the East and the West—were convened; and where each, pledging "their lives, fortunes, and sacred honors" to the principles enunciated in that document, sent it forth in the cool of the morn of the Republican cause. The history and architectural appearance of Independence Hall is too widely known for mention here. *This* building is seldom neglected by visitors; it is of so great resort that the City Council have been obliged to have a person there in daily attendance for convenience of access. I have been frequently there, but I felt a desire to go once again and see an object which always had interest to me. Among the relics preserved in the Hall, is a broken window-stone. It lies on a pedestal, at the feet of "Pater Patria," and an inscription charactered thereon informs the reader, that, standing on that stone, the Secretary of the Convention, on the 4th July, 1776, read to the people the Declaration which assured them that the colonial yoke was to be borne no longer, and that they were a nation. The Secretary was Charles Thompson, an Irishman.

I saw the broken window-stone again, and I think I learned a truer scheme of American policy and a higher theme for American eloquence, this day, from the sermon in that stone, than from the fierce and indiscriminate denunciation of the itinerant orator of North Carolina.

Having here finished my visits to the buildings which the acts of the Fathers of the Republic make conspicuous, I moved my steps to the tombs wherein they are quietly inurned; and of these I shall say something another time. L.

COLUMBIAN MILITARY AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION OF BOSTON.

At the close of his lecture before this Association, last week, Mr. Meagher delivered the following remarks:—

GENTLEMEN:—The duty you honored me with an invitation to perform has been brought to a close, and I have now only to express my respectful acknowledgment of the distinction you conferred, and my sincere thanks for the cordial attention with which you heard and favored me. Permit me, in doing so, to remined you, that immediately upon the notification of your wishes, I assured you of my willingness to comply with the request your Secretary did me the honor to communicate. This disposition on my part was eager; liberal as my limited means would permit; prompt as other engagements would suffer it to be. It was thus eager, liberal, and prompt, from the knowledge I had acquired of the origin, character, and object of the Association you constitute. Wherever I know that a grievous injustice has been done my countrymen, native or adopted, I feel irresistibly impelled to take their part. Wherever I know that imputations, derogatory of their truth, probity, courage and fidelity as citizens, have been uttered, my irrepressible impuse is, has alway been, and ever shall be, to repel the calumny, and resent the outrage. And it required few, if any, inquiries, for me to understand, and be thoroughly convinced, that the gentlemen whom I have now the privilege to address, had been subjected to such treatment as I have intimated. It was a notorious fact—a fact announced with official consequence from the Council Chamber of this State—that every company of the State Militia, presumed to consist of citizens born elsewhere than in America, was disarmed and dismissed the service of the Commonwealth. With a labored eloquence, which augmented its publicity, this fact was made known to the four winds by the Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts. Instantaneously the telegraph communicated it to the thirty-two points of the compass. Simultaneously almost, the fifty thousand papers which enlighten the mind of the country, multiplied its notoriety by the column, the paragraph, by all the letters of the alphabet indefinitely combined, and by many choice words not to be found even in the best edition of Webster's dictionary. Some approved—others condemned—some spared the rod—others damned with faint praise. Between them Governor Gardner acquired a publicity for his proscriptive edict which no other act of his, before or since, has had, for better orfor worse, the infelicity or blessing to achieve. The *Bee* — his stinging organ — contributed its mellifluous hum to the rising storm, and in the midst of it accumulated no small stock of honey from the thistle of discontent. The *London Times*, which has an ink-bottle deep and black as the bottomless pit—to furnish profane knowledge with to all the world, and which—the most insatiate bully that ever lived—busies itself with every quarrel that breaks out under the sun—the *London Times* assisted the *Boston Bee*—and with its hipopotamus roar compensated for the delicate intonations of its fragile cotemporary. Which being the case, there was no necessity for me, as I have said, to inquire whether or not it was the case, that you, gentlemen, officers and privates of the Columbian Artillery of the Massachusetts Militia, had been most ungraciously, most offensively, most intolerantly dealt with. Knowing that you had been so dealt with—America learning it—Europe, Australia, the world hearing of it—I felt eager to identify myself with you, and from such a position as you have assigned me this evening to congratulate you on the spirit which had convoked, inspired with strength, and imparted dignity to this Association of citizens, gentlemen, and soldiers.

Though sorely tempted to animadvert upon the act of the Governor who declared you unworthy to bear arms in the service of the State—who in doing so has eminently rivalled those statesmen and Pro-consuls, who, year after year, for centuries, have systematically disarmed and then as systematically coerced the Irish race at home—disabling and then despoiling—reducing to ignominious weakness, so that they might with impunity instigate to madness—crippling the strong man so that they might put out his eyes and put him to drudge as a slave; though sorely tempted to remind him that in doing what he has been guilty of in your regard, he has in an excessive measure returned evil for good, requiting loyalty by a merciless ingratitude, branding the arms which under his predecessor, at a momentous period, were prompt to sustain the magistracy, the laws, the good order of this city, and the fundamental provisions of the Constitution, and that in depriving you of your legitimate weapons on the ground of your Irish birth, the blood which flows in your veins, and the faith which as an inextinguishable fire from Heaven burns in your souls, he has to all intents and purposes denied the authenticity of the most glorious portions of the American annals—those which commemorate the assault upon Quebec, where Montgomery fell—those which commemorate the crossing of the Delaware, in which the Irish Regiment of Pennsylvania, under Walker, made their way not in boats nor on rafts, but leaping from fragment to fragment of the broken ice — those which commemorate the field of Cerro Gordo, where James Shields was pierced through and through, from breast-bone to spine; though sorely tempted to remind the Governer of Massachusetts—this potentate of penal edicts—of these and other illustrious circumstances, the lesson taught by which he disregards with such a bigoted insensibility, and though provoked to ask him with a haughty confidence, when and where did the Irish born citizens of America, in arms for the Republic, prove recreant to their trust—when and where did their hearts fail them under its inviolable ensigns—when and where did their bounding blood turn cold—when and where did they refuse impetuously to follow with their bayonets the flashing signal of their captain—when and where did they slink from their post, conspire with the enemy, and sell the pass; though sorely tempted to do all this, I shall be silent. Other times have come.

I shall not think of apologizing to citizens who have been proscribed—who have been pronounced unworthy to bear arms in the service of the State—any political allusion I consider it seasonable to make. I shall not apologize for the congratulations I offer them on the good fortune which to their race, their creed, and citizenship has resulted from the great contest for the Presidency. Other times, I say, have come. Governor Gardiner may cultivate a plant of stunted growth and bitter leaves, but a tree of stately growth strikes its roots deep into the soil of Pennsylvania, stretches its arms to the North and to the South, to the East and to the West—sheltering the children of every clime who come to it, and in the profusion of its foliage and the vigor of its limbs attesting, that whilst bigotry is but a sour shrub and found only in regions manured with the bones of Witches, liberty—liberty of conscience, of creed, of worship—liberty and citizenship to all men, no matter from whence they come—is the American oak, the strength, beauty, worth, and majesty of which find increase with its years. This sour shrub—this bitter black dwarf—shall be plucked up from the republican soil of America, and be dealt with as the barren fig tree; whilst the giant of the forest towers above it—excels it in all things, and for all time survives it!

Literature.

THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY.*

HIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA.

BY GARLAND O'HALLORAN.

CHAPTER X.

Conclusion.

TOM CASSIDEY AND THE PRIEST — AN ANXIOUS INTERVIEW AND EXPLANATION — "ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

"Oh Time! thou beautifier of the dead—
Adorner of the ruin—comforter
And only healer when the heart hath bled—
Time! the corrector when our judgments err—
The test of truth, love,—sole philosopher!"

BYRON.

ONCE MORE IN IRELAND.

It is a bright December day in the fall of the same year which witnessed the sudden death of Burrowes O'Reilly and the emigration of his son. The snow has fallen to an unusual depth, but the sun shines radiantly above, and the brown streaks which seam the landscape announce that a brisk thaw has already set in upon the highroads and open slopes.

The cottage of Father Casement — to which we have to beg the reader's company—stood on a narrow strip of meadow land between the river and the village; and from the windows of its little cosy parlor, a full view could be had of the mansion house of Castleronan, to which a private path had been opened during the life-time of the former occupant.

Father Casement had wheeled his chair back so that from where he sat he could command a full view of the path and house; and the random answers which he gave to his companion, and the eager glances which he repeatedly sent across the snow, alike proclaimed that his mind was otherwise occupied, and in momentary expectation of beholding some event in which he took the liveliest interest.

On the other side of the fire sat Tom Cassidey, the village attorney, who had spent some hours in an attempt to obtain from the Priest a consistent account of discoveries which aroused all his professional ardor, but which, with all his acuteness, he was as yet unable to comprehend. Tom was dressed in a suit of professional black, with a white neck-tie, and drab gaiters buttoned well up above his knees; his face was florid, his eyes like two gray opals with a diamond set in the heart of each, and such thin white locks as still remained around the base of his head, were gathered back in a queue which stood out at an uncompromising angle above his collar. On the whole, for an attorney, his appearance was decidedly in his favor; the cunning which lurked in the wrinkles round his mouth was counteracted by the genial candor of his features when regarded as a whole, and an observant physiognomist would have agreed with the Priest, that "whether as a friend or foe, Tom Cassidey was not the man to have a lukewarm heart."

"I suppose," said Father Casement, turning round once more to the fire, "I suppose we must look on his staying there so long as a good sign. If he and Matthew hadn't come to some kind of terms, we'd have seen him on his way back here before this. Just touch that bell, Tom," continued he, "and let us have some more hot water. Not another look I'll take along the pathway, till I see his shadow on the window-pane, for the more I look for him the longer he'll be sure to stay."

"Two very excellent resolves, my friend," replied the attorney; "for another tumbler, such a cold day as we have of it, is not to be despised; and to aid you in not looking, if you'll allow me, I'll draw the curtain?"

"Do so—do so; anxiety only grows by what it feeds on. I have every confidence in my nephew's moderation, but Matthew's temper has been so soured by the fearful injustice of which he was so many years the victim, that I can never know a moment's peace until the result of this interview is ascertained."

"I wish you would let me know the rights of it," exclaimed the attorney, fidgetting in his chair and handing back his empty tumbler to be filled. "I understand that Matthew was unjustly condemned for a double murder, which was, in fact, a murder and a suicide — the lady he lived with having killed the man whose attentions laid her open to suspicion, after which she made away with herself in a way so unusual as strongly to favor the imputation of foul play. But after the lapse of so many years, and without any clue to guide him, how did Casement recognize his uncle in the person convicted of such crimes under the name of Matthew Mowbray? or how could he have obtained that perfect proof of Matthew's innocence which has induced the law-officers of the crown — of the state, I mean — to confess that the verdict of 'guilty' was a fatal error? This is the part which bothers me and gives the whole transaction a cast of the miraculous ——"

"Miraculous you may well say," interposed the Priest with solemn earnestness; "for if ever the hand of God was made visible in these latter days to correct the errors of human judgment, it has been made so here. When I review the whole chain of agencies which conducted Casement to the very farm house where the supposed murders had been committed, and there revealed to him the letter, intended for his uncle, in which the unhappy woman confessed the deed already done and announced her intention of the suicide which followed,—when I recall the fact that this letter must have escaped the scrutiny of thousands attracted to the premises by the horrible fascination of great guilt, and that it was literally thrown at my nephew's feet by the fall of a clock which commenced striking as if to emphasize the close of a long day, — and when we add to this the strange coincidence of Ned Morgan's kidnapping, through which the chain of evidence was unconsciously completed,—taking all these things into account, I say, he must indeed be a most hardened sceptic who will refuse to recognize the finger of Divine interposition."

"What kind of a lawyer could Matthew have had, to allow such a letter to pass unnoticed?"

"He must have been an omadhawn," replied the priest, giving way to a smile at the attorney's professional excitement. "Matthew, it must be confessed, seems a poor judge of legal timber; for if he had studied his own interest, would he have dispensed, since his return, with the services of Mr. Thomas Cassidey—a gentleman, of whose eminent abilities, Tom, your friends sometimes weary of hearing you expatiate"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the attorney, "that is a fair hit, and I own it was fairly earned. But tell me—for in truth it puzzles me—how did a letter of this importance escape detection for so many years?"

"She must have placed it against the dial of the clock, thinking that in that position it could not fail to be seen. But somehow, it slipped down out of sight between the woodwork and the glass, and as the house lay untenanted until a dare-devil called Brand came back and claimed it as the property of Mowbray's—that is, Matthew's—son, it might have remained there till eternity, had not the will of Heaven decided otherwise. The fact is that poor Matthew was paralyzed by the position in which he found himself. He employed no counsel on his own behalf, and either would not, or could not, give any save a total and strenuous denial of the offences charged, to the counsel appointed by the court. He was a stranger, without friends, in a strange land; and as telling his true name and rank could only have cast an additional slur upon his family, he preferred, I suppose—and I cannot deny that I honor him for the resolution—to suffer whatever might be his fate in silence."

"It's a wonder they didn't hang him, if he had no friends, and would give no account of his antecedents."

"It would indeed be wonderful, were we not well assured that Providence protects the innocent. But what can be keeping Casement so long? It is his first interview with his uncle—for you know he only returned the day before yesterday—and I await the upshot of these disclosures with fear and trembling."

"Then had Matthew no idea of his business before he called?"

"None, save a very affectionate note, couched in the most delicate and guarded language, in which Casement stated that he had been absent for some weeks, in America, and had chanced on a discovery in which his uncle, he felt sure, would take the deepest and most joyful interest."

"And what was the reply? Such an intimation must have alarmed him beyond measure."

"There came no written answer, but Jenkinson, his man of business—your successor, Tom—came over here, and after an unsuccessful attempt to pump out the secret, to-day—Christmas eve—was appointed for the decisive interview. Remember, Tom, I only tell you these things in confidence, and as the family solicitor. Should Matthew not prove intractable to reason, they must be buried and passed over as if they had never been."

"Then what induced him to pass off those children as his own, for personally he does not seem to like them? He christened them 'the brats' on the first day of his arrival; and the epithet, like one of O'Connell's, has stuck like bird-lime."

"They are not his children," replied the priest, rising up as if no longer able to control his anxiety, and pulling back the curtain. "Well, well," he exclaimed, "not a sign of him yet, and it will soon be growing dark. Let us hope, however, that the length of the interview is a proof of its mutual satisfaction."

"But if they are not his children, what could induce him to place cuckoos eggs in the family nest?"

"They have not a drop of his blood in them; but he undoubtedly believes them to be his grand-children. And as their father—as he imagines—died in procuring his liberation, it was a generous impulse, though a wrong one, which prompted him to undertake that father's place."

"But how, my dear fellow? Explain yourself, for the thing sounds like a romance."

"Ah, Tom, need I tell you that there are romances in real life which would be set down as gross and impudent exaggerations, if the novelist were to attempt to use them? But it certainly is odd," he went on, again returning to the window, and pulling back the certain with a nervous hand, "that Casement should remain so long."

"Sit down, sit down, my dear sir," urged Tom Cassidy, placing his hands on the priest's shoulders and playfully pushing him back into the chair. "The longer you look for him the longer he'll be, and I'm dying, meantime, to have the history of the children."

"Well, since I must, I must; but touch the bell again and let's have some more hot water. When Matthew was imprisoned, and under sentence of death, a son he had by the lady for whose supposed murder he was about to suffer, was taken away by a rapparee called Brand, and brought up in a wild kind of way on the debatable land between Mexico and the United States. This son grew up to manhood, and formed a connexion with the woman whom your sagacity rightly presumed to be the mother of Matthew's 'brats.'"

"Phew," whistled the attorney, "then they're a kind of left-handed grand-children, after all!"

"No more than you are, sir," replied the priest, with energy; "they are the children of a Mexican, called Pedro de Cascales, who had been arrested and condemned to the galleys some time before the lady took up with her second lover. It seems that young Mowbray, as he was styled, forgot all about his origin, until the facts were recalled to him by an old Indian smuggler to whom they had been related by Brand nearly twenty years before. Passing through such a channel, you may be sure the tale did not lack a very lavish embellishment; and Mathew's son now learned for the first time that his father had been an English gentleman of enormous wealth—so ran the story—who had been imprisoned for life for various murders, but who had undoubtedly secreted a vast fortune somewhere before his arrest, as not a penny could be afterwards found, though he had hitherto lived in a sumptuous country palace on Long Island!

"Actuated by the hope of this reward, or, perhaps—let us hope—by some nobler instinct of filial love, the son at once determined to set his father free, if he were still alive. In order to induce his *chère amie* to accompany him in his Northern pilgrimage, he represented the riches which must be theirs in case of success, and that determined her to share his enterprise. They arrived in New-York, accompanied by the children, who, for convenience sake, were passed as young Mowbray's own.

"The son procured some interviews with his father, who, on account of his long confinement and calm endurance of the inevitable evil, had been allowed many privileges; they arranged a plan of escape, and settled that after quitting the prison precincts they would separate for greater safety, and meet again at the house which had been hired for the Señora. The plan succeeded so far as the prisoner was concerned; but young Mowbray was observed lurking under the outside walls, by one of the keepers, who, thinking him a prisoner attempting to escape, first called on him to stand, and then fired with an aim too fatal. The ball went crashing through his brain.

"Mathew, who was not aware of this, reached the rendezvous in safety, and waited impatiently for his son's appearance. He knew that the Señora was his son's wife or mistress, and naturally concluded that the children were also his—a belief which the lady, more especially when she heard of her lover's death, took every means to play upon and encourage.

"Actuated, I suppose, by a generous gratitude, Matthew determined to adopt them as his own and take them back with him to Ireland. A subscription was somehow set on foot, to which the bankers contributed; and as he could not use the name of Mowbray, and would not allow such a woman as the mother of his son's children showed herself, to know his real name, he adopted that of Cascales, and under that designation returned to France."

"You delight me—you astonish me—you amaze me!" exclaimed Tom Cassidy, in an ecstasy of professional admiration; "not a silk gown of them all could make a clearer statement! But how did the Señora find him out here, if he was so anxious to conceal himself?"

"Who can resist a woman's cunning," replied Father Casement, with a smile. "She gave an envelope addressed to herself to the eldest 'brat,' instructing him to post it whenever he should arrive at what appeared to be his journey's end. This envelope had the postmark 'Castleronan, Ireland,' and when she arrived here a few inquiries only were needed to point out the gentleman who had returned from long foreign travel."

"I wonder she trusted him out of her sight at all! Still more the children ——"

"Pshaw, man, they were only an incumbrance she was glad to get rid of on any terms. Besides she couldn't help herself; he promised her wealth if she would allow him to go alone, but declared that, rather than take her, he would surrender himself to the authorities. You see she had no alternative; and so she apparently placed confidence in his word, while secretly employing her elder child as a spy."

"It is a tangled web altogether; but what has become of her?"

"Oh! with the three thousand pounds which Matthew sent her, she procured the liberation of her first lover, and together they engaged in a very laudable enterprise of which Casement will tell you more."

"And as I live by bread," exclaimed the attorney, who had been standing at the window for some time, "here is your nephew coming across the meadows. But who can his companion be? His figure is so muffled in that cloak, that I cannot distinguish it, except that it is not Jenkinson."

"Joy, joy!" cried the priest, clasping his hands together, while the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks. "It is the right owner of Castleronan, and the rightful heir of the O'Reillys, walking arm and arm. Oh, Burrowes, your death-words were, indeed, prophetic! Oh, sister, your dying fears were vain!"

* * * * * * * *

Little more remains to be told. Casement soon after took a second trip to America—ostensibly for the purpose of settling some small annuity on the Señora, whose silence it was deemed most prudent to secure; but he had really a much dearer and more delightful object, which the reader, if possessed of any sensibility, will not be slow to guess.

Before his return, however, he received a visit from the father of Lady Alice, who seemed anxious to impress on him the fact that nothing but the most rigorous coercion on his (the father's) part, had produced the seeming change in sentiment which had been painfully apparent in the conduct of Casement's affianced bride.

"I thank you, my lord," returned our hero, coldly—"but I have not forgotten the lesson 'on the different gradations of society' which the Lady Alice, your daughter, was good enough to read me at our last meeting. I am about to return to America, and shall probably be absent for some months. When I return here, it will be in company with one for whose happy inexperience of society I would bespeak your daughter's compassionate and sisterly regard."

Ned Morgan is happily settled and thriving beside his father-in-law in Illinois. He was anxious to return to Ireland; but it would never do to have one sister in the mansion, and the other in the game-keeper's lodge. Besides, McCarthy made his consent conditional on Anne's remaining, and Mr. O'Grady's picture of "manifest advantages,"—as comprised in the marriage settlements—was not without due weight.

Squinting Dick escaped, but only for a time. His peculia

talents were so prominent, that he has been engaged under very strong security, to do "the State some service," for the period of fifteen years. Mr. G. W. Brand is still, we believe, at large, and has taken to the honorable profession of peripatetic philanthropy. He seldom visits New-York, however; but in "the rural districts," under a Reverend *alias*, his ministrations have been most effectual.

THE END.

AILEY MOORE—A NEW IRISH STORY.

AILEY MOORE—A Tale of the Times; showing how Evictions, Murder, and such-like Pastimes, are managed, and Justice administered in Ireland. Together with many stirring incidents in other lands. By FATHER BAPTIST. 2 vols. *Dunnigan & Brother, (J. B. Kirker.)*

The very full title-page of this work indicates the nature of the contents of these volumes, and prepares the reader for the concomitants of the "feast of reason and the flow of *blood*" with which he is, according to his taste, to be entertained or excited. All Irish stories, even those professedly of a lively nature, draw much of their dramatic character from the misfortunes which surround the cabins of the peasantry; and while the political novelist seeks beneath their tottering roof-trees, and around their chill hearths for the inspiration that gives a withering force to his pathos and a vengeful eloquence to his patriotism, the lighter story-teller instances from and upon the same premises, the native vitality of the race, which apparently no proscription can bow, no religious persecution degrade, no variety of labor exhaust.

Exterior pressure seems futile to crush out the indigenous vivacity, love, and humor of the Irish peasant. These are things resistless as the elements. Unchainable as the air or the ocean, and as ever varying. In their very variety they are recuperative, and support each other as the seasons of the year.

Whether this "fatal facility" for self-content—whether this marvellous power of holding within one's self the ceaseless capacity of making misery bearable to those to whom it is an atmosphere; and a thing of comical reminiscences to those who go among the Irish peasantry—whether this is a benefit to the Irish race, or any other people so constituted, or otherwise, is a question of deep and serious import, and one upon which hinges a world of political speculations, which would be as much out of place in a critical notice of a fiction as in the fiction itself. The question, however, would not be uninteresting as a subject for suggestive discourse in some of our young men's debating societies.

"Ailey Moore" is in fact a religious treatise, made interesting for general perusal by the interweaving of a touching though desultorily conducted story; or perhaps we should say by the grafting of a clever series of sketches, dove-tailed together, so as to be secondary, and at the same time lead the reader anxiously to the author's primal desire. There is a great deal of character in the performance, and the dramatis personæ embrace many admirably drawn figures. Shaun na Dhirk, who is the great motive power of the *story*, and good father Mick Quinlivan, who is the beautiful representative of the Catholic feeling and principle of the work, are distinct and recognizable people. Ailey Moore herself reminds us strongly of Mary Martin in Lever's last work. She is held in the same veneration and love by the peasantry. Her kindness to them is the same. Her watchfulness as unceasing, and her confidence in them as great. Ailey is a more fragile though not less delicate being. She has not the dashing characteristics of her bright and loveable Galway sister, (for they are of the same family of angels upon earth.) Ailey, moreover, is a Catholic, and in that faith finds all her strength. It is her inspiration, her resource, her hope. The chief point of difference between Father Baptist's and Mr. Lever's heroine is in the happy fate of that of the former. Her troubles and her goodnesses are rewarded by a good husband, and she lives happy. Another character which strikes us forcibly as an ambrotype from the Cro' Martin gallery is our author's Joyce Snapper, the attorney and land agent. He is the counterpart of Lever's Joe Scanlan. The likeness extends even to the gig and horseflesh of each. The one, as the other, is a low-bred, consequential, sneaking, audacious, time-serving rascal, though for the credit of the Galway attorney we must say, he never descended to be the accomplice of murderers. Like Mr. Scanlan, Mr. Snapper, under a similar routine of circumstances, aspires to the hand of the heroine; and in his chagrin, and self-complacent might of power and purse, very strongly resembles the former person.

Biddy Browne, the beggarwoman, and her grandson Eddy, are to the life. The reverend and angelical pair, Mr. and Mrs. Salmer, (for, as the author says, they cannot be separated) are full lengths which we cannot pass by without contemplating, as they are leading representatives of the principle, or want of principle, against which Father Baptist has written his work. Look at them:

The Rev. Joram Salmer, was a man of four or five and thirty, and might, for all the world could pronounce, be five, or even ten years older. He was very thin, lank, and tall, with hands and arms which swung to and fro as he walked, as if they did not know what on earth brought them where they were, and would willingly part companionship with their owner. A most unexceptionable cravat of pure white, bore up his chin. His mouth was very huge, his nose very straight and high, his small black eyes made perpetual but vain efforts not to look cunning; devotion seemed to them a continuous drill, and all were fixed upon a face so wan and parchment like, that it was an oppression of weakness for such nose, and eyes, and mouth to quarter themselves upon it.

Mrs. Joram Salmer, of whom we speak with great respect and fear—every one feared Mrs. Salmer—Mrs. Joram Salmer was a fitting partner for perfection like that of her lord. She was very long, like him, and had many of his facial and general traits. Her ears, it was remarkable, were very far behind, and her nose far and pointedly before; in fact, they looked as if antagonist powers had been drawing them in different directions. Her eyes were large, and of no color that we ever heard of; but they always seemed in a trembling balance upon the two ends of a beam; and her mouth was kept quite rigid, unless when she spoke, when the size of the under lip showed that it had been kept under severe discipline. Now this face, haloed round by a crimped, close, fair muslin border, and surmounted by a large cylindrical-looking cap, was quite satisfactory to Mr. Salmer, and we question whether enemies' remarks thereon can be at all justified. Biddy Browne contended that there was no such face for spoiling a handsome bonnet, but we protest against any paticipation in the remarks or evil judgings of any parties who did not esteem Mrs. Joram Salmer as she esteemed herself, wherewith we proceed with our story.

To this pair was entrusted the evangelizing of the peasantry of Kinmacarra, a proceeding which had been either too much for, or grievously neglected by their predecessors in that locality.

Gerald Moore, who may be taken as the hero, is another illustration of the principle that guides and supports his sister Ailey. The chief interest centres on him, inasmuch as innocence and manly virtue, triumphantly struggling against the wiles and plots of villainy, always demands our deepest emotions and most anxious sympathies. So much for the leading characters.

The author avows himself a clergyman, and considering his purpose, may be excused for the minor defects of his labor of love. He takes occasion—on rather slim pretences—of taking the reader into his confidence touching the politics of Rome. He also exalts to saintship Louis Napoleon and Eugenie, and visits with curt, but wholesale anathema, some noted leaders of the European revolutions. We suppose the author, like other people, is entitled to his opinion, but we doubt his taste in marring the excellence of the work by such ebullitions of furious praise and condemnation. He writes admirably—sometimes brilliantly, and always exhibits an ease, force, freshness, and point, rarely to be encountered. The book is decidedly attractive, and will be read with much pleasure for its manner alone.

"ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE."

Yes! "all's fair in love, law, and electioneering." So we have heard, so we have been taught, and so we have seen verified a thousand times. Moralists may not sanction this popular adage. But let the moralist once get into the Court of Cupid, the Court of Chancery, or the Presidential canvass Court, and his casuistry may probably yield and give way to the promptings of human nature, which some one has waggishly termed, "a rascal all over the world." Love rules alike in every clime and condition of society. It is seductive in the cottage, irresistible in the court, and, even in the camp, the stern warriors do it unfeigned homage.

"ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE," is the title of a new play—not yet published—which has dropped from the gifted and facile pen of John Brougham. When Brougham writes or acts, every one is prepared to receive a rich treat.

Graceful, natural, artistic, on the stage;
Vivid, humorous, and pungent, on the page.

The plot is well laid and pleasingly developed, without any of that straining of the parts, which jars upon the mind of an audience and destroys the effect of many plays which, in other particulars, possess a high order of merit. There is a pleasing grouping of the characters, an artistic arrangement of the principal incidents and persons, which cannot fail to render this play highly popular when brought out by an extensive company. There is a hero and a heroine—who ever saw play without those important characters?—a hero and a heroine, we say, who appear pretty much like all such characters. They are, however, more than ordinary specimens of that respectable class, and can, by a clever delineator, be made to play their parts as if they were not *acting*. There are some characters so drawn, and so far removed from their proper spheres, that even the best actors feel it impossible to impart a touch of the real or natural to the parts they perform.

Count —— is enamored of Eva; his love is secret, pure, and fervid. Eva is the daughter of Herman, the huntsman of the Count. Young Eva, with a woman's heart, a woman's affection, sincerity and devotion, also secretly returns the passion. There is a magnetic connection between hearts which unite the affections—an unseen, an unknown, an undefinable attraction which none but the Searcher of Hearts can solve. Bertha, the sister of Eva, with that keenness of perception which, in such tender matters, peculiarly belongs to the gentler sex, discovers the attachment of Eva for the Count, and resolves to ascertain if her passion—that imponderable fluid of the affections—had permeated the heart of the Count. Bearing a most striking resemblance to her brother—who is the Count's page—she dons his attire and waits upon the Count, and tells him that Otto, one of his huntsmen, was paying his addresses to Eva. The intelligence at once struck the right chord. A flash of jealousy burst forth, and he declared that he would not permit the marriage. However, after a fierce conflict with his feelings, he resolves, in a moment of hot pride, to ask the hand of Ida, the daughter of Baron Altenburg. Bertha brings the message, in her assumed capacity of page, and Ida at first refuses the proffered hand, but finally consents, at the command of her father. Bertha returns disappointed and crest-fallen; but while she was absent the chief huntsman had been thrown from his horse and, believing himself to be about closing his accounts with all sublunary affairs, he tells Eva that she was not his daughter, but the child of Baron Altenburg—that she had been sent to his wife to be nursed, who substituted her own for the Baron's. The reputed daughter of the Baron dies, and the Count is next introduced in company with Eva, telling the tale of his love. Eva does not disclose to him her real position, but allows him to woo her as the huntsman's gudarteh. At this connection, Bertha returns with the message of Ida, accepting the Count's offer, but he declines and vows to wed Eva. In the last act, lady Eva is restored to her father and meets the Count in the baronial hall. He does not recognize her, with her deep veil and rich attire, and believing that she is Ida, declares his love for the huntsman's daughter, breaks off the match, and is about to fly to the peasant's cot and marry Eva. When, lo! the veil drops, the Baron joins their hands, and the curtain falls upon the happy lovers. There are a couple of under-plots which fill up the entire piece, and complete what cannot fail to be a most interesting and popular play.

THE LAST BROTHER.

Faint lay the boyish clusters of his hair,
With a chill shadow deepening on their gold;
Around the marble brow and placid cheek,
And o'er the crimson of the curved lip,
The pallid death came settling shade by shade,
Swimming along the azure of his eyes
That drooped within their lids, and ope'd no more;
The parted lips relapsed into a smile—
And he was dead.

Reverb'rant shut the passless gates of life;
Without the closed portals, lone we stand.
Our clasped palms eloquent in silent prayer.
And dost thou send no sign? O lured, and lost!
Hast thou not seen, through all thy nights of pain,
Through the swift darkness closing round thy way,
Thy sisters' souls go with thee to the shades?
The last faint clasp is loosed, and thou art gone,
With thine unsandaled feet upon the path,
So dread and dark, where we can follw not.
Would we not fling this clinging life away,
Even as a faded festal robe, to share
The path that thou must tread companionless?

On what wild shore thou leavest us alone—
An unknown shore that stretches wide and dim—
Watching the latest ripple of the tide,
That swift and dark bears thee from us for aye.
And where will be thy gentle hand to guide
O'er rocks and treacherous sands, our feeble steps,
Trembling at every shadow on the shore?
Thou beautiful! can Hades wait for thee?
Thine was no vulgar being, where the clay
Quenches in some rude mould the captive soul;
But like an antique statue, formed and wrought
With all the divine symmetry of limb
The Grecian chisel shaped into the block,
Teaching its stillness to contain a soul—
A face e'en thus in boyhood, pale, yet bright
With the first sunbeam of unwoken power—
Beneath its clustering rings of dark brown hair
An eye of deepest beauty, and a lip
Haughty and curved—e'en such as might have been
Apollo's, when disguised among the hills
He wore the shepherd's garb unrecognized.
How we went happy, singing in the sun,
Seeing no coming cloud in all our sky,
And dreaming of the brother tall and young,
Pacing his college halls with some old book,
While o'er the music of immortal words
The unquiet lip went murmuring, like the sea,
Bippling along the golden shore at eve.
We said—he forgeth armor for the strife,
In hostile thronged arenas of the world—
Like a young knight shall he come forth equipped
In all his shining arms, for his first field.
Alas! that morn of fight did never come.
Within the chapel where he watched the night,
The shining arms lie rusting on the ground;
How can the soul, immortal though it be,
Abide that untold hour that doth divide
Future and past, eternity and time;
When trembling on the shadowy verge, it sees
All it hath loved and known, receding far,
While up and round the whirling clouds divide,
And all the dread Eternal and Unknown,
Unfold to view?
But lo! One goes before thee on the way,
As thou dost pass the closing gates of life—
He takes thy hand — young spirit, fear thee not.
The beauteous one, with flowing garments on,
Garments of Bozra, dyed with crimson stain,
Cometh from Edom, his apparel red,
Like them that tread the wine-press, and his face
Radiant, yet pale, illumes thy darkened way.
Young brother, fare thee well! awhile we part—
And yet we part not. Still thy memory lives,
Serene and deep, a presence in our souls.
Even as forest fountain, curtained in,
Amid the dark green wilderness of leaves
Far o'er it, in the fluttering foliage high,
Their summer lays the wandering wild birds chant
In the light sunshine; and the careless winds
Sing through the rippling leaves, but reach it not.

ENUL.

As Ranney, 195 Broadway, has published Meyer & Minden's sectional Map of Minnersota. It is elegantly got out, and bound in duodecimo form, and will be found useful to persons travelling in that section of the country.

A prize of 10,000 francs has been offered by the Duke de Luynes, a known art-patron, to the person who shall discover the most important new process for the improvement of potography, especially for a means of fixing sun-pictures and making them durable. Artists of all nations are invited to compete, and the award will be made by the committee of the Photographic Society of France, of which M. Luynes is a member.

A very crowded meeting was held in the court-house at Stirling, on Wednesday week, for the purpose of concerting measures for the collection of subscriptions to the Wallace Monument Fund in the burgh and county of Stirlingshire.

Signor Rossini has returned to Paris for the winter, with health entirely restored.

TALKING STATUES.

[No. I.]

A NIGHT IN THE CORK EXHIBITION.

The reader who has visited the Exhibition will, it is hoped, understand the allusions in the following paper. For the information of others, it may be necessary to mention that the objects of art introduced, are the "Eve," and "Psyche" of M'Dowell; Foley's "Youth at a Stream;" Heffernan's "Susannah;" Hogan's "Drunken Faun;" Lawler's "Venus;" "The Lost One" (described as the youth bearing the drowned boy), by Thomas Farrell, of Dublin; and the "Hunter Reposing," and "Bard," by his brothers Joseph and James Farrell; the "Sleeping Child," by Christopher Mooney; the bust of Miss Catherine Hayes, by E. A. Foley; and the figure of Erin. This last, however, as described, is purely ideal, but legitimately brought in, as Hogan's figure of "Hibernia" occupied a position in the Fine Arts' Court, and suggested it. It may be as well to add that Erin is described as wearing a *blue* mantle—as blue, not green, is the heraldic color pertaining to Ireland now.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

'Tis nothing to the reader why I happened to be there at such an unusual time, and on that point I don't mean to give any explanation whatever—but I found myself in the centre of the Fine Arts Hall of the Irish National Exhibition, at Cork, at a pretty advanced period of the night of the 12th of September. I had been soundly asleep for a couple of hours previously, on one of Jones's sofas, during which interval my faculties had been partially absorbed in a confused dream, wherein the Earl of Eglinton, fishing in a Claddagh hooker, was attacked by the Danes, under Brian Boroihme, but retreating behind Telford's oran, discharged several volleys of Booth and Fox's prepared feathers, with such effect, from one of Captain Norton's rifles, at the old monarch, as to convert him into a fine specimen of the Aquila Kerriensis, which was immediately laid hold of by Dr. Harvey, and incontinently thrust into his ornithological case, at which precise moment St. Patrick awoke me, by ringing his bell in the most violent fashion, quite close to my ear.

I started suddenly to my feet—all was still and silent.

The moonlight shone quietly down through the glazed canopy above me, and poured its serene radiance through the noiseless building. The effect was beautiful in the extreme. The pure white statuary seemed spiritualised by the magic of the hour, and my eye wandered in breathless admiration, from one glorious creation to another, till it rested, spell-bound, on the lovely, the divine Psyche of M'Dowell,

> "Her's is the only face in heaven
> That wears a sadness in its joy,"

thought I, as I gazed on that pensive countenance, with its ineffable gentleness and quiet beauty, "and how that sadness does touch the heart. Surely, Mythology has nothing to compare with that fable of the Soul, raised by Love to immortality, and trembling in doubt, if she were indeed made a participator in the deathless existence of the celestials. And how wondrously has the sculptor here given shape and reality to the poet's thought!"

The first stroke of midnight sounded as I spoke, but my gaze remained rivetted on the face of Psyche. One after another came the twelve notes that told the "witching hour," each seeming fainter and more indistinct than the preceding, till the last sounded like a far-off echo. Meanwhile, though my eyes moved not for an instant from the lovely object before them, I felt conscious of a change in the atmosphere of the hall, though what change I could not guess. It seemed as if the moon-light had gradually given place to a warmer and less silvery radiance, and this altered light, too, appeared more immediately diffused around the form on which I stood gazing. A deliberate tinge of the faintest rose-color began to overspread the pure whiteness of the statue. Strange, surely, but stranger still, the hue, at first uniform and hardly to be perceived, grew brighter on the softly pensive face before me, and deepened into a rich carnation on the parted lips. Was I dreaming, or did a sigh upheave the twin rose-buds that now contrasted with the veined transparency of that girlish bosom? I would have rubbed my eyes to test their wakefulness, but some power had paralysed my movements. I fixed my gaze more intensely on the statue. The hair, drawn back from the still snowy forehead, seemed as though it had been steeped in sunshine, and the blue depths of the downcast eyes were fathomless. Looking downward, I saw the delicate feet, fair as summer-lilies, just visible below the folds of the drapery that wrapped the lower limbs, and, at that instant, the white butterfly fluttered into the air, and alighted on its mistress's brow. The figure was no more inanimate, and Psyche, glowing and immortal, was before me.

"Oh, Bacchus!" exclaimed a loud and husky voice, a little on my right hand, manifestly struggling through a violent yawn, "what an infernally uncomfortable posture you left me in so long! My back will never be right again. Silenus pity me! Not a drain left in my flask either. By the crown of Ariadne, I'm the most miserable animal in the universe!"

The rigidity of my limbs had been suddenly removed, and I was no longer motionless. Astounded at what I saw and heard, I looked, tremblingly, in the direction of the voice, and there beheld Hogan's Faun, in a condition very unlike sobriety, lifting himself from the ground, and grumbling heartily all the while at his situation.

"Good gracious," cried I, "what can all this mean? That's no statue, surely. 'Tis a real live Faun, and no mistake. The fellow seems coming this way, too;" and I slunk behind the large lob-table.

"By the son of the Theban Semele," cried the Faun, staggering along the hall, with his empty flagon, "I never was so thirsty, 'in all my born days,' as that Irishman, Hogan—Pluto seize his unlucky soul—used to say, when he was educating me to whiskey-drinking. Cerberus bite the limbs off him! for taking advantage of me when I was in liquor, and making a show of of me as I did. The fellow pretending, too, that I was turned out of his workshop. By the vineyards of Falernus, if I had a hold of him, I'd break his head with his own mallet. But, what's to be done for a drink? Oh! if I had some of that same Irish stuff of Hogan's, wouldn't I be a lucky dog? What's that stave he used to sing about it?

> "Whiskey, drink divine,
> Why should drivellers bore us,
> With the praise of wine,
> While we've thee before us!"

Whoop—hurroo!—that's the stuff to get drunk upon. Hogan, I say, Hogan, you rascal, I'll forgive you for your shabby trick, if you bring me a bottle of the native. By the great Dionysius, I'm as dry as a lime-kiln. But, sure, there must be some of the article here. Isn't this the Irish National Exhibition? Ino despise me, if I don't make a search for it. Hurroo—whoop! Here goes for a foray." And he staggered by me, towards the northern hall, hallooing and singing, in the most uproarious manner.

I glanced towards Psyche, as the turbulent individual went by, but she seemed wholly unruffled by his proceedings. Her face wore the same sweetly pensive look, the same divine serenity as ever, and she sat calm and motionless as marble.

A voice, soft as the south wind, and full of divinest music, whispered almost at my ear, "Why so pensive always, Psyche? Will you never trust the amaranthine wreath which Jupiter has awarded you? Will you ever doubt the eternity of your existence?"

The girlish brow was raised—the dove-like eyes turned on the questioner with an expression of earnestness, such as I had never yet beheld—an expression which is fixed indelibly in my memory, and with tones that thrilled through my entire frame like magic, the young Psyche answered—"Oh! sweet Venus, can I believe that Love is mine immortally?" Tears started into her sapphire eyes, as the words were spoken, and she bowed her lovely head again.

"Immortally!" said Venus. "Why doubt what has been so solemnly engaged for you? Is not Love immortal, and are not you?"

The butterfly fluttered from the brow of Psyche to her bosom and nestled over her heart. Her smile lost its sadness, and a reliance stole across her face, which words cannot tell the like of, for there is nothing like it.

The Faun was distinctly visible, in the eastern hall, where he was evidently proceeding in the most riotous manner

"It is the tree of knowledge," said a bland, insinuating tongue behind me. "Thou fairest of created beings, the fruit, if thou wilt but taste of it, will make thee as superior to the angels in power, as thou art in beauty. Why should'st thou pause?"

I turned abruptly round. There, in all her dazzling loveliness, stood the mother of the human race, gazing on the archtempter, and drinking in the first words of flattery that fell on the charmed ear of woman. Was it, indeed, flattery that told her that *her* beauty surpassed that of the angels? There, fresh from the hands of her Maker, his "last, most perfect work"—unsullied by a single sin, untouched by a single sorrow—in the full happiness of her new existence—had creation aught, in its whole domain, to rival her? Did not God's own angels pause in their flight over the terrestrial paradise, to gaze on the wondrous charms of her who had been given as a companion to the new-made Adam?

There was a slight rustling, as of a serpent moving through the grass. For a moment my senses became confused. I saw nothing, but a voice sounded in the air, saying—"She has fallen. The fruit of the tree of knowledge has been tasted, and death and sin will be the heritage of man. Want, and sorrow, and crime, and suffering, shall, through successive ages, overshadow the earth, which is to be the dwelling place of her children. But, through want, and sorrow, and crime, and suffering, the beauty of their erring mother shall never pass from amongst her daughters. Fairest object of God's fair creation, long as the ill of which she was the parent shall affect her race, so long will her loveliness, too, remain—not as man first beheld it, bright as the sunlight of a cloudless noon, but taking a thousand different aspects amid his various destinies, and, alas! her own. As the radiance of the morning rainbow — as the lustre of the evening star—as the moonbeam on the placid waters — as the meteor in the stormy sky—amid doubt and danger, guilt and death — that which was to have been the crowning happiness of his home will be the unfading solace of his exile. She has fallen; but woman shall for ever be to man as she was to him first created, when, in the ecstasy of his delight, he called her Cavah!"

The words ceased. I raised my eyes to look again at the figure of Eve, but she had disappeared.

The voice which had before spoken, said on the instant — "You have seen the mother of the human race. Look around on the first sorrow which she brought into the world — death."

I obeyed. A youth, beautiful in proportions, firm and elastic in tread, moved past me, bearing on his shoulders the lifeless form of a younger boy, whose dripping hair, as it fell backwards from the pure and finely developed forehead, told how it was that his brief span of life had ended.

"Bear him gently to his mother," said the spirit-voice, in softened tones, inaudible save to myself; "she pays a bitter penalty for *her* mother's sin. Born amid such agonizing doubts and fears—nursed with such sleepless yearning love—watched over in sickness with such pain and suffering, and reared to such golden promise — is this the end of all? Woman, woman, let not man upbraid you; for on you, frail being that you are, falls the full retribution of the primal error!"

The tears started to my eyes as I listened. The figure slowly passed. As I looked after the youth, the radiant face of Psyche once again attracted my attention; her lovely lips were moving at the moment, and, as if in a trance of bliss, she uttered softly, "I am, then, indeed, immortal, and love is mine immortally."

And I felt that there was a deep meaning in the words, and that death was but a passing shadow on the stream of eternity.

The sound of voices at the northern extremity of the hall aroused me from my reverie; and, loooking in that direction, I thought I beheld two beautiful forms on the steps of the vestibule. I stole gently towards them, and, to my surprise, discovered that they were those of Eve and Venus — the latter gazing with evident amazement at her companion, while some trace of envy seemed to mingle with the admiration displayed in her looks.

"You are not a goddess," said Venus; "yet you are surely too lovely for aught else. You have not that harsh expression which made the imperious Juno so objectionable, and you do not exhibit that air of fancied superiority which Minerva puts on, because of her boasted learning; you certainly are handsomer than either of them. Who are you, beautiful being?"

"I am a woman," said Eve, with a look of deep ingenuousness. "Are you not one also?"

"No," answered Venus, "I am a goddess."

"And what is a goddess?" asked Eve. "I see no difference between us, but that you are so very beautiful."

"A goddess," replied Venus, laughing archly, "is a myth. I am the poet's dream of beauty."

"You have a strange language; I do not comprehend it. What is the poet."

"And you can ask! Woman not know her worshipper? It cannot be!"

"Indeed," replied Eve, "I never knew a poet."

"Listen to me," said Venus; "I am not mortal, yet am I, whatever else may be said of me in fables, skilfully contrived, of mortal birth. I am your child, fair Eve, but an impalpable and unembodied one, born in the hour when Adam first beheld you. In that instant he became, what you were now puzzled to hear named—a poet; gazing on you, his fancy warmed, and felt the power to vivify. Ideal beauty, then was born — beauty like yours, and yet unlike; at once like yours, and like to that of all your loveliest daughters: various as all, and beautiful as each—now fair as morning, now as evening dusk; with tresses golden as the sunlight now, anon as black as the raven's plume; changeful in shape and stature; but to each most perfect, as I bear some strong resemblance to the form or face of some beloved woman—such am I."

"I knew not that I had such a lovely and mysterious child; where is it that you dwell?"

"I could not answer that question," said Venus; "for, in fact, I am ubiquitous. My votaries find me everywhere. Hidden deep in the rudest block of shapeless marble, the poet sculptor has discovered me, and has not been content until he has revealed me to the world."

"How very singular! But what is the cause of your being here?"

"Why are any of us here?" answered Venus, *more Hibernico.* "The National Exhibition, of course, has brought us all. By the way, what an interest your daughters seem to take in it."

"Wonderful," said Eve; "and, indeed, when I met you now, I was just coming to look at what attracted so much of their attention in this northern hall. You know I was obliged, like yourself, to remain continually in the Fine Arts' Court, till this moment, and I could not come to look at the laces, and the crochet, and soforth, that I heard them perpetually talking about."

"What do they want of all these things? I don't understand why it is they don't remain in their original condition the same as you and I do."

"Oh," said Eve, with a sigh and a blush, "the fault is mine. I brought clothes on them, with all their other misfortunes, by trusting to that nasty, slippery serpent: but, indeed, I see no necessity for the way they spoil their appearance, in the use of them. I wore very little myself, but I would not appear as I do, only that M'Dowell left me no choice. He took my petticoat away."

This was said with such *naiveté* that it was with difficulty I refrained from laughing loudly.

"I should greatly like to know," said Eve, continuing, after a moment — "if my daughters, whom I saw at the Exhibition, are like their mother in shape. It is quite impossible to tell, with all those clothes. I have seen lovely faces amongst them, many exquisitely beautiful hands, and now and then got a glimpse at a charming neck and throat, but beyond that it is all clothes — clothes—clothes — clothes. Is it not very provoking?"

"You noticed Susannah, of course," said Venus, in reply. "She, at least, bears a pretty strong resemblance to you in every way. She is very lovely."

"Yes, but Susannah never adopted these modern fashions. Her Jewish dress is quite different from what those girls wear."

"The men are just as great a riddle," said Venus; "queer-looking things, with round boxes on their heads, and a great wall of silks and linen round their necks and faces, instead of beards and whiskers."

I felt that the conversation was presumed to be private, and that I really had no right to remain a listener; but my curiosity got the better of my propriety, and I did.

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

MR. MEAGHER'S LECTURE BEFORE THE COLUMBIAN ASSOCIATION, BOSTON.

From the Boston Post.

Mr. Meagher's lecture at Trenton Temple last Wednesday evening, drew one of the largest and most enthusiastic audiences that we have ever seen in that fine hall. At eight o'clock, Mr. N. J. Bean, the Secretary of the Association, arose and explained to the audience, in a brief and lucid address, the objects of the Columbian Association, its antecedents and origin. Its objects, under the present organization, were of a literary character; it had merged from the Columbian Artillery into its present form, after the disbanding of that corps by Gov. Gardner; and still it lived and would continue to live, in defiance of high-handed injustice. The Columbian Artillery was formed on the 17th of October, 1798, and had been in existence for a period of about fifty-six years. Mr. Bean then closed by introducing the lecturer, who was received with the most enthusiastic acclamations.

Mr. Meagher prefaced his lecture with an able description of the characteristics, the vicissitudes, and the traditions and poetical superstitions of the Irish nation and people. He had paid a high tribute to the great literary merits and simplicity and purity of the subject of his lecture, Gerald Griffin; described the trials and sufferings he had passed through in the modern Babylon, in his struggles for literary distinction. The eloquent lecturer also read copious extracts from Gerald Griffin's works, the poetical portions of which were refreshingly natural, and abounding in sympathy and pathos. A humorous description of an Irish village school from "The Collegians" produced among the audience the most boisterous outbursts of merriment. Mr. Meagher closed his lecture by describing the piety and Christian benevolence of Gerald Griffin.

After the lecture Mr. Meagher made a long and powerful address to the Columbian Association, in which he promised to ever identify himself with them in resistance to all arbitrary insults to the people of the country to which he belonged, or of their descendants.

Military News.

"THE IRISH NEWS GUARDS."

This company, under the command of Captain Edward K. Butler, and numbering sixty-two muskets, had their first target excursion to the Red House on the 13th inst. They mustered at the Eagle Drill Rooms, marched down the Bowery, through Chatham and Chambers-streets into Broadway, and thence to Ann-street, where they saluted the "*Irish News*" office. They were neatly uniformed, marched well, and presented a dashing, soldier-like appearance. Shelton's band gave out the grand old spirit-stirring airs of "the Harp that once through Tara's Hall," "Garry Owen," "White Cockade," "Patrick's Day," "Hail Columbia," &c. As they proceeded up Broadway, "drums beating and colors flying," and bayonets flashing, the uninitiated were puzzled to know what the tricolor of green, white and orange, that waved beside the stars, symbolised. Some said it was a French Red-Republican flag; others that it was the filibustering flag of General Wm. Walker, whereas it simply represented the Irish confederate banner of '48, typifying the liberty, equality and fraternity of Catholic, Protestant and Presbyterian, who had joined hands and struck a league against the common enemy of their country. The sight of that little strip of green, evoked old memories, awakened slumbering recollections, and stirred the heart with glowing emotions. It was the color under which Sarsfield fought, bled and conquered. It was the color unfurled by Owen Roe on the plains of Benburb—under which O'Donnell and O'Neil marshalled their clans to victory—it met the foe in Limerick breach, and never yet went down unavenged in close of battle. Yes, it stirred old memories, brought us back to home scenes, and we were proud to see it borne by the "Irish News Guard," on republican soil.

The *Guard* had a bright and pleasant day at the Red House. Their shooting was excellent. The shattered and closely riddled target bespoke marksmen of the keenest class—sharp-shooters of no ordinary calibre. The dinner was superb, and was done ample justice to by the entire company. Captain Butler presided, and, after the viands were thoroughly discussed, proposed the first toast—"Thomas Francis Meagher," which was received with loud cheers. Mr. R. J. Lalor responded in a brief and appropriate speech, and in conclusion, gave the health of Mrs. Meagher, as good as she is beautiful, and many happy returns

to her of the anniversary—of which we are on the eve—when she became the wife of Thomas Francis Meagher. The announcement of the toast was received with three enthusiastic cheers and one cheer more. Mr. Roche being called upon, responded in suitable terms. His observations were repeatedly interrupted by loud applause.

The next toast was, "The health of John Mitchel," which was received with the most enthusiastic cheering. Mr. Haverty responded.

The Chairman then gave, "Our Adopted Land"—received with rapturous applause. This toast was responded to in an able and eloquent speech, by Mr. Eugene O'Sullivan.

The next toast was, "Our Guests," which was spoken to by Mr. E. J. Talbot, who proposed "The Irish News Guard." Capt. Butler responded, and then gave "*The Irish News*, and Mr. Roche." Mr. Roche returned thanks.

The Chairman then gave, as a concluding toast, "Lieutenant Nagle of the Nicaraguan army, and success to the cause he fights for." This toast and sentiment were received with three cheers and a tiger.

The judges then proceeded to measure the target, preparatory to the awarding of the prizes—forty in number. During the interval the company amused themselves in a general war dance. After the distribution of the several prizes, the company returned to the city at nine o'clock in the evening, after having spent a most delightful day. They marched from Fourteenth Street down Fourth Avenue to Astor Place, then down Broadway, through Grand to the Eagle Drill Rooms, where they dismissed, having previously arranged for attending Mr. Meagher's lecture on Monday night, for the benefit of the late Captain Kerrigan's widow and child.

The *Guard* are required to meet on Friday evening, the 21st instant, at the "Eagle Drill Rooms," by eight o'clock.

The *Waterford Republican Musketeers*, Captain Slater, went out on their first Target Excursion, to the "Red House," Harlem, on Monday last. *En route* they favored us with a salute. They numbered 35 muskets. They were tastefully accoutred, well officered, and presented an excellent appearance—as, with the stars and stripes and Irish *Tricolor* proudly waving, they marched, counter-marched, and presented arms, to honor us.

The Seventy-fifth Regiment in the Crystal Palace.—The Seventy-fifth Regiment, under command of Colonel McCann, visited the Ladies' Fair at the Crystal Palace, on Thursday evening, accompanied by Bohn's military band. The gay uniform of the officers, the fine soldier-like bearing of the men, and the stirring music of the band, added considerably to the attractions of the evening, while the funds of the Fair were much increased by the liberality of the gallant 75th.

American News.

The U. S. Steamer *George Law*, from Aspinwall on the 3d, arrived here on the 18th with 674 passengers and upwards of a million and a half dollars in freight. The *Alta California* of October 20th, furnishes the following summary of the fort night's news:

In this city the Republicans and the People's party have united upon a local ticket, thereby rendering the election of the reform candidates for our municipal offices well nigh certain. There is also but little doubt the Legislative delegation from from this district will consist of men pledged to vote for an amnesty act, and to carry out generally the views of the party favorable to the Committee.

Great attention is being paid to political affairs throughout the State, and how California will cast her vote on the Presidential question is a matter of entire doubt. The reception of the Maine news has no doubt acted favorably on the Republican cause, and inspired its supporters with additional hope of success. Still this does not appear to have impaired the confidence of either of the other parties in their ability to carry the State.

Miss Mary Provost, lately from the New-York Theatre, made her first appearance before a San Francisco audience on the evening of the 13th, at the American. She was well received, and became quite a favorite. The same evening, Madame Lola Montes commenced an engagement at the Metropolitan.

A smart shower fell in this city on the evening of October 7, being the first rain of the season. It extended throughout the interior and continued during a great portion of the night in the mining districts, raising the rivers and causing much inconvenience to miners upon some of the streams.

An Indian recently killed another of his race in Los Angelos from no higher motive than to possess himself of $2 and a new pair of shoes, which he knew the other had about his person. Murders among these people are frequent in that section, and are often perpetrated with even less inducement than the above.

The juvenile portion of our community have been seized with the newspaper mania. Since the 1st, two boy papers, one the "Eagle of Freedom," and the other the "Young America," have appeared. Although small, they do the young idea considerable credit.

A notorious highwayman, known as Tom Bell, has been taken and executed in Tulare county. Several reputed to be of his gang have been arrested.

Robberies and murder have been less frequent in the mountains for the last week or two, since more stringent measures have been adopted for their suppression.

The proclamation of Governor Johnson, declaring this city in a state of insurrection, has not yet been withdrawn.

John S. Robb, well known from his connection with the press both here and in the East, died at Sacramento on the 5th of October.

Mr. A. Clute, of Albany, N. Y. was drowned at Belina Bay, a few weeks ago, from the capsizing of a boat in which he was attempting to land.

The Pioneer Guards, formerly a portion of the Vigilance Committee force, had a target festival on the 10th. The shooting was the best ever seen in the State.

The Democratic election for delegates to nominate County and Legislative officers, was held on the 11th inst., and resulted in the triumph of the Broderick faction.

A fine specimen of California grown cotton was exhibited at the fair.

Los Angelos.—The grape crop in this section has been abundant the present year beyond all precedent.

Central America.—From Costa Rica the intelligence is to the 6th ult. The *Star and Herald* says:—

General Canas was still on the frontier, watching the Walker party, and a large additional force is to be sent to join him immediately. Private advices state that 1,000 men had already marched, and 500 to 1,800 more were soon to follow. A public meeting was held on the 5th of October at San Jose, in which it was uaanimously agreed to carry on the war with vigor. The Bishop of San Jose made an offer to government of all his private property, and many influential citizens contributed largely to the expenses of the war.

From Nicaragua, the news is no later than that previously received direct.

From New Granada we have Isthmus papers to the 1st instant.

The Panama *Star and Herald*, of the day named, furnishes the following respecting the suspension of relations between Great Britain and New Granada:—

By a sailing vessel, which arrived at Aspinwall on Thursday, from Carthagena, we have received the important information that Mr. Griffith, H.B.M.'s Charge d'Affairs at Bogota, having failed to arrange with the New Granadian Government the old standing Mackintosh's claim, has broken off negotiations with the Government, and given notice that the Admiral of the British West India Squadron has been ordered to enforce the payment of the claim.

Oregon.—The Indian troubles in this Territory have recently been renewed, and threaten to become more serious and extensive than ever before. Governor Stephens, who had advanced into the Walla Walla country, for the purpose of negotiating a general peace with all the tribes in that quarter, had been obliged to evacuate the same, together with such U. S. troops as had accompanied him.

Miscellaneous American News.

Lieutenant Berryman, who was sent out by the Navy Department, in the ship *Arctic*, to ascertain the depth, by soundings, from Newfoundland to Ireland, with reference to the practicability of a submarine telegraph, has submitted his report, together with the maps and charts, to the Navy Department, which will be published in the reports accompanying the Secretary's Annual Report. It is very brief and to the point. He starts out by making soundings every thirty or forty miles, varying from one hundred fathoms to two thousand and seventy-five fathoms; no place beyond the latter figure, that being the deepest point. In almost every sounding he brought up various kinds of curiosities, such as shells of every description, gravel, quantities of mud, &c., all of which have been deposited in the Smithsonian Institute. On his return he made the same experiments of soundings with the same success. No where did he find any obstructions or impediments in the way, and establishes clearly and conclusively, and beyond a shadow of doubt, in his judgment, the practicability and feasibility of the submarine telegraph between those two points. He says, that the whole thing can be accomplished in ten days after everything is in readiness. During the month of July, in his judgment, is the time it should be done. He further says that the wires would sink down into soft muddy bottom, and that nothing could possibly interfere with them. This settles beyond doubt all question as to the practicability of connecting the two continents by a submaire telegraph.

Railway Celebration.—The celebration of the opening of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, from Quebec nearly to Lake Huron, came off at Montreal on the 12th instant. The principle feature was a splendid banquet, at which speeches were made by the Mayor of Montreal; the Governor-General of Canada; Senator Wilson of Massachusetts; Sir Wm. Eyre, commander of the British forces in Canada; Col. Tache of the Canadian Parliament; Gov. Kent of Maine; Judge Day; the Mayor of Toronto, and others. The city was thronged with strangers from all parts of Canada and the Northern States. During the day there was a great procession of the people, and a torchlight procession.

Another of those frightful accidents at sea involving the destruction of a steamer and a great loss of life has taken place. The steamer Lyonnaise left this port on the 1st inst., and was struck by a large ship on the morning of the 3rd inst., and was so injured that the next day the steamer was abandoned by her crew. Some 16 persons were saved by the boats, and 40 are believed to have perished.

Latest from Nicaragua.

The steamer *Texas*, brings Granada news to the 1st inst. Everything is quiet since the battle. Gen. Walker was awaiting the arrival of the recruits from the United States before marching upon Massaya and Leon. In the meantime, General Henningsen, who succeeded General Goicouri, has been very active in drilling his brigade with the mountain howitzers and mortars, which arrived after the battles of October 12th and 13th, and instructing the men in the use of the Minnie rifle, many of whom have already attained great proficiency.

Walker's army now consists of about two thousand fighting men, including the reinforcements under Col. Jaques. They are in high spirits, and extremely anxious for another engagement with the enemy. The brutal and unprovoked murder of unarmed American citizens at Granada on the 12th ult., created the strongest feeling of indignation throughout the Nicaraguan army.

The *Nicaraguense* says:—

"It cannot be said that it happened by accident, or while the soldiers were in such a state of excitement as not to be aware of what they did; for as yet they had not been engaged in any action, nor had they a shot yet fired upon them by any of the citizens of Granada. The residence of Mr. Lawless is situated about midway between the large plaza and the Jalteba Church. His house was the first they came to inhabited by Americans, and without provocation or cause, while the American flag was flying over the door, and against his protests, they first robbed him of all that was valuable in his house, and then dragged him out from under the folds of that flag, which should have made his person sacred, and shot him with coolness and deliberation.

"As if to add to the atrocity, they were not content with taking his life. Being an American citizen, instead of protecting him while living, was the cause of a continuance of outrage upon his remains after death. Seven bayonets were trust through his body after he had been shot."

It was expected that Walker would fight a decisive battle about the 8th or 10th inst., unless the enemy retreated too rapidly before him.

The steamer *La Vergin* arrived at Granada on the 30th ult., from Rubaldo in Chontales, with a full freight of cotton, corn and rice. Every thing was quiet in that department. The accounts from the mines were very favorable. Another silver vein has been opened, and extensive copper mines had been discovered in the neighborhood of Boac.

A Topographical and Geological survey of the State is to be made. Prof. Jas. T. Hodge, of New-York, has been appointed State Surveyor and Geologist.

Among the passengers of the Texas are Don Fermin Ferrer, formerly Provisional President of the Republic of Nicaragua, and Secretary of Hacienda and Public Credit, and now Minister Plenipotentiary to the U.S.; Hon. J. H. Wheeler, U.S. Minister, who returns on account of his health; Col. J. H. Fabens, bearer of despatches; Col. B. F. Anderson, N. A., and Col. G. B. Hall, N. A.

The English fleet remains at San Juan Del Norte, as at the latest dates.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Oct. 23, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, John N. Maxwell, son of the late Robt. Maxwell, barrister-at-law, of Clonleigh, Donegal, to Susannah, daughter of the late George A. Fullerton, of Tockington, Gloucestershire.

In the Presbyterian Church, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin, George Mayne, to Miss Marianne Bryans.

Oct. 28, in the Presbyterian Church, Mary's-abbey, William Shaw, surgeon, to Ellen, daughter of Abraham Bell, of Bellview, Lurgan county, Armagh.

Oct. 29, at the Church of St. Nicholas, Dublin, Henry Marlow, of Walsall, Emma, relict of John Dillon, daughter of R. Lynagh.

Oct. 25, at Lewisham, Suffolk, Richard Fairlie, of Dublin, to Annie, daugh of Wm. Allan, of the Grove, Lewisham.

July 2, Thomas, son of the late B. Ford, of Dublin, to Lucy, daughter Hugh M'Mahon, late of Stephen's-green.

Oct. 23, at Monkstown, James A. Eames, M.D., of Londonderry, to Helen daughter of John Hutton.

Oct. 25, at Monkstown, the Rev. Andrew Hogg, to Caroline, daughter of th late James Brush, of Glenbrook, Bray, Wicklow.

Oct. 21, at Rathkeale, county Limerick, James Cussen, of the Nation a Bank of Ireland, to Mary, daughter of the late John Hall, poor law inspector.

Oct. 21, at Bantry, Henry Walter Garde, M.D., of Timoleague, county Cork, to Alicia, daughter of the Rev. John Murphy, vicar of Bantry.

Oct. 23, at Bantry, Valentine Joyce, to Anne, daughter of the late Robert Gosnell, M.D., of Cork.

Oct. 16, at Strabane, county Tyrone, James Moore, silversmith, to Bridget, daughter of Gen. and Lady Hart.

Oct. 22, at Skeirke, John Leonard, of Hillview, county Kildare, to Jane, daughter of the late W. Paine, of Ballinacarrig House.

Oct. 22, at Clonmore, county Carlow, A. C. Harrison, to Charlotte, daughter of Dr. Clendinnen, of Clonmore Lodge.

Oct. 23, at Clonmore, John Costerton, of Canton, China, to Caroline Elizabeth Henrietta, daughter of H. H. Briscoe, of Clonconny House, county Kilkenny.

Oct. 23, at the Presbyterian Meeting House, Cork, Francis Wm. Allman, to Susan Anne, child of Rich'd. Dowden (Richard).

Oct. 25, at Cahir, Michael Flynn, M.D., of Caherna-league Lodge, county Waterford, to Eliza Ebba, daughter of the late Patrick Quinn, of Cahir.

Oct. 28, in Dundalk, Terence Cusker, merchant, to Teresa, daughter of Owen Duffy, of Dundalk.

Oct. 21, in London, Fred'k. James Fullom, of the Ordnance Department, to Emma Read Evans, daughter of the late Capt. W. S. Payne, of the Royal Artillery.

July 17, at Melbourne, Australia, Anthony O'Connor, solicitor, formerly of Mallow, county Cork, to Jane Mary Agnes, daughter of the late John De Vera Hunt, of Hunt's Grove, county Tipperary.

Oct. 23, at Struttgart, Captain Baron Henry de Hugel, son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry de Hugel, to Adeline, eldest daughter of Jules Benedict, of Manchester-square, London.

June 28, at Buenos Ayres, Edward Thomas Mulhall, son of Thomas Mulhall, of Erin Lodge, county Carlow, Attorney-at-law, to Sarah Eliza Eboral, daughter of Jas. Eborall, of Ranchoss, Buenos Ayres.

In Eirke, county Kilkenny, Robert Baskin, of Upper Buckingham-street, Dublin, to Kate, daughter of Richard Ringwood, Tillavolty, Johnstown, county Kilkenny.

IRISH DEATHS.

Oct. 24, in Nelson-street, Dublin, aged 82 years, Thomas Christian, solicitor.

Oct. 25, in Grafton-street, Dublin, Mary Jane, wife of Gerald Bellew, aged 42 years.

Oct. 29, at 32 Lower Sackville-street, Dublin, Geo. R. Tracy, son of the late Harping Tracy, of Cork.

Oct. 25, at No. 1 Portland-street, Wilhelmina, daughter of the late John Ingham, of Johnville, county Cavan, solicitor.

Oct. 30, John F. Drake, A.M. M.B. T.C.D., aged 43 years.

Oct. 24, at 1 Great Longford-street, Catherine, relict of Christopher Byrne.

Oct. 27, of dropsy, Edward W. Hill, son of the late Thomas Hill, M.D.

Oct. 27, at Cole's-lane, Thomas Tancred.

Oct. 27, at Northumberland-road, Mount-street, Henry Theophilus, son of the late John W. Trousdell, Comptroller of Customs, at Belfast.

Oct. 24, at Weston Park, Lucan, Patrick Peppard, in the 66th year of his age.

Oct. 18, at Crogham House, county Donegal, Annie, daughter of James Cochrane.

Oct. 19, at Agheralane, Ballybay, Frances Harriet, wife of Ths. Lucas.

Oct. 22, at St. Helena Lodge, in the county Roscommon, Hannah, daughter of the late John Maguire, solicitor.

Oct. 22, at Claremount, county Mayo, aged 68 years, Emma, widow of Lieut. Colonel Valentine Blacker.

Oct. 23, at Manis House, in the county Clare, Charlotte, daughter of the late J. Healy.

Oct. 23, in Belfast, James Quinn.

Oct. 27, at Rathgranaher, Henry Jackson.

Oct. 26th, at Shepperton, Newmarket-on-Fergus, Wm. J. Owen, late Captain 90th Light Infantry, son of the lato Lieut. General Owen.

Oct. 29, at Cork, Mary Frances, daughter of Thomas M'Cormick.

Oct. 4, at Versailles, France, Eliza Palmer, aged 81 years, daughter of the late Chs. Palmer, Rahan, county Kildare.

Oct. 7, at Rome, the Marchesa Orsoli, sister of the late Colonel of the Pontiff's Noble Guards, and of the late Mrs. Patrick M'Namara, of Limerick.

June 11, at Goulburn, New South Wales, Honoria, relict of George Henry Greene, Captain in the 57th regiment, and daughter of the late Daniel O'Sullivan, of Ahill, in the county Cork.

Oct. 16, at Cowhill, near Dumfries, aged 83 years, Vice Admiral Chs. James Johnston. He entered the navy in 1786.

Oct. 24, at Highgate, near London, aged 84 years, J. D. Holm, the friend and executor of Spurzheim, and a most distinguished phrenologist.

Oct. 29, at Phibsborough-road, Jane Weld Neville, wife of J. P. Browne.

Oct. 26, at Hardwicke Hospital, Constable T. Werrall, A 144, a native of Knocknakeran, Ballyfin, Queen's County.

Oct. 29, at Hardwicke Hospital, of fever and dysentery, Constable John Corbally, of the B division of the Dublin metropolitan police, a native of Edenderry, King's County.

Special Notices.

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says: "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the cheapest Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very very best Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say, that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predileciions." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept13 3mos 68 Liberty street, N. Y.

Information wanted of Margaret Ustice and Jane Crowley, who came passengers by the Isaac Wright, on her last trip from Liverpool, by Richard Tracey, 11 Jay street, Brooklyn, in care of Mr. Owen Gilligan, or at this office. no22

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News**, throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct16 4t

THE CLAN GIBBON.

From a Correspondent of the Cork Examiner.

Edmund Fitz-Gibbon, known as the White Knight of the Valley, who flourished here, seated at Galtee Castle, in the 15th century, could command and possessed—

"Warlike clans,
Romantic glens,
Stupendous peaks,
And crystal lakes.
Woodstock bowers
And lofty towers,
Fertile fields,
Exuberant yields."

The great antiquity of the name of Gibbon exceeds and surpasses all the other names that I find on record in Ireland. In the year of the world 1048, we find the family of Saul punished by God, for his perfidy to the Gibeonites; and, in the days of Solomon, we find the Gibeonites building the Temple. The branch of this magnanimous family who settled in Rome, assumed the name of Gibbeline, and their potent valor was such in the 12th century, that they expelled the Guelphs and placed General Hapsburgh on the throne of Austria. The Milesians, who arrived in Ireland, from Spain, in the year of the world 1372, brought a branch of the Gibbelines; and we find their noble descendant seated at the beautiful Ballygiblin, near Mallow, who flew from the fury of the ruthless Cromwell, after the battle of Discarroll, in 1647, and took refuge in Connaught, and built a castle near the romantic Cong, in Mayo, known in our own time as Castle Gibbon. We find the Clan Gibbons of South Munster allied by marriage to the Geraldines, who flourished in this province from the 12th to the 15th century.

Edmund Fitz-Gibbon, the Knight of the Valley, whose illustrious ancestor gave name to the luxuriant principality of Clan-Gibbon, which reached from the copious banks of the river Blackwater to the lofty summit of the picturesque and verdant Galtees, left no male issue by his lady, the daughter of Sir John Fitz-Gerald, of Ashskeaton Castle, so celebrated from the magnificent ruins of its once great abbey, but left four daughters; the eldest of them married her kinsman, the unfortunate and last Earl of Desmond, who head was sent as a present to Queen Elizabeth, by Sir Walter Raleigh. The second daughter married Charles MacCarthy, of Macroom Castle, better known as Earl of Mountcashel. The third daughter married Sir Toby Butler, uncle to James Duke of Ormond, at the time seated at Kilcash, near Clonmel. The fourth married Sir William Fenton, by whom she had no male issue. The eldest daugher of the Attorney General Fenton married her kinsman, Colonel Fitz-Gerald, the son of Sir James of Strankally, near Youghal, who killed Sir John Norris, of Mallow, at the battle of Moycollop, near Lismore, in 1619.

On the marriage of the rich heiress of Galtee Castle with Sir Robert King, of Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, the chief of the barony of Clan Gibbon became possessed by the Lords of Kingston, in addition to the Rockingham Manors, wrenched from the plundered and persecuted MacDermotts, Princes of Coolavin.

The magnificent ruins of Galtee Castle, for centuries the residence of the Clan-Gibbon family, is romantically situated in a beautiful glen, watered by the serpentine river Funchen, which separates the counties of Cork, Tipperary, and Limerick. Nature enriched this charming locality with picturesque scenery and fertile fields, flowing with milk and honey. The collateral branches of this ancient house are the earls of Clare—now seated at Mountshannon—the Fitzgibbons, of Castlemahon, from whom William Fitzgibbon, Esq., the much esteemed mayor of that Southern emporium Cork City, boasts his unsullied lineage, who has distinguished himself as a good citizen, an eminent merchant, and an upright, conscientious magistrate.

The arms of the Fitzgibbons is the Wild Boar that could never be conquered; their motto—"This hand is hostile to tyrants." But the Earl of Clare has assumed the motto, "Nil Admirari"—to be astonished at nothing. The Clan Gibbons, interspersed through the counties of Limerick, Mayo, Clare, and Cork, are descended from the same illustrious and magnanimous ancestor; but the usurpation of Cromwell, in 1649, and that of the Prince of Orange, in 1690, expelled the several branches from their ancient inheritance.

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,
oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS
THAT NEED NO MARKING.
Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhibited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M. CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,
Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway
oct11 3mos opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

Official Notices.

Mayor's Office, New-York, Nov. 13, 1856.—Acknowledging our dependence on Almighty God, and duly sensible that to his mercy we are indebted for continued peace, prosperity, and public health, while other communities, less favored, have been sorely afflicted with pestilence and devastation, we are now called upon to return thanks to the Author of our being, the Protector of our lives, and the Dispenser of all the blessings we enjoy.

With these sentiments, and in pursuance of custom and the Proclamation of his Excellency, Myron H. Clark, Governor of the State of New-York, that Thursday, the 20th day of November, inst., be set aside as a day of Praise, Thanksgiving and Prayer, I recommend the people of this city to observe that day as such, with all due respect and solemnity.

Given under my hand and seal of the Mayoralty, the day and year aforesaid. 2t FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Proclamation! — Mayor's Office, Nov. 10, 1856.—Whereas, on the evening of the 18th of October last, Terrence Frawley, a resident of the City of New-York, while passing through Mott street, opposite or ner number 65 in that street, was stabbed and has since died from the wounds then and there received; and whereas there is good cause to believe that the said Frawley was so stabbed by a man named Dominick O'Donnell, Now, therefore, I, Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New-York, by virtue of the authority vested in me, do offer a reward of two hundred and fifty Dollars, for the arrest of the said O'Donnell. Said reward to be paid on his delivery to the keeper of any of the prisons of this city.

no22 FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Custom House, New-York, Collector's Office, November 1, 1856.—Notice to Importers.—Importers are notified that all goods left in the Appraiser's store, No. 12 Broad street, after being examined by the Appraisers, whether the same have been originally entered for warehouse or not, will be treated as unclaimed goods and sold. The Appraisers' stores are not warehouses, under the warehouse act for the storage of merchandize in bond, and no property can be permitted to remain there after the legal examination has been made. It is the duty of importers to have their goods transferred to some private bonded warehouse, immediately after this examination, or withdraw them if the duty has been paid, and should this be neglected they must incur the risk of having their property transferred to the United States Stores at the Atlantic Dock, and sold as unclaimed.

m1no22 HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellec ual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

MR. WALLACK will appear for *Eighteen Farewell Nights*, previously to his visit to Havana, where his health demands that he should pass the Winter.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,
WITH A POWERFUL
Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.
NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,
Opposite Niblo's Garden,

From the great success of
DRED
OR THE DISMAL SWAMP,
It will be repeated all this week.
Previous to which,
NEGRO MINSTRELSY,
of a superior order.

On Thursday, November 20th, Thanksgiving Day,
A Grand Afternoon Concert,
commencing at half-past two o'clock.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL
OF THE
EMMET LIFE GUARD.
ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the GUARD and at this office.

☞ The LIFE GUARD pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.
A. O'TOOLE, Sec'y.
JAMES WATSON, Treasurer. oct11

Sporting!—Young Men desirous of forming a FOOT-BALL CLUB are requested to meet at the *Grape Vine Cottage*, 45 Second avenue, to make arrangements for a parade on St. Stephen's Day, (26th Dec.) This being the first affair of this kind, it is expected there will be a large attendance. 1t. nov 8.

Lectures.

A LECTURE
Will be delivered by
Richard O'Gorman, Esq.,
Before the
CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
At the
Broadway Tabernacle,
On Thursday evening, December 4th at 8 o'clock.
SUBJECT.....

Tickets twenty-five cents. To be had at the Catholic bookstores, at the rooms of the Association 839 Broadway, and at the office of this paper.

LADIES' GREAT FAIR,
At the Crystal Palace,
NOW OPEN.
A Grand Concert

Every evening, by Dodworth's Celebrated Band. Fair opens at 12 o'clock M., on each day. Admission twenty-five cents.

Illustrated
LECTURES,
On the Natural History of Man.
Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that
Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

LECTURE
FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE CAPT. KERRIGAN
BY
THOS. FRANCIS MEAGHER.
SUBJECT:
Contrast between Royalty and Republicanism—Europe and America!
At the TABERNACLE on Monday Evening, November 17.
Tickets 50 cents.

LECTURE IN PHILADELPHIA,
BY
Thomas Francis Meagher,
For the Benefit of the
ST. JOHN'S ORPHAN ASYLUM,

At NATIONAL HALL, on Thursday, November 27th. **Tickets Fifty Cents.**

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.
Lectures for 1856—7.

THE Directors of the C. L. A. respectfully inform the Catholic public that they have engaged the following eminent gentlemen to lecture before them during the present Fall—viz.,

REV. DR. MANAHAN,
REV. DR. CUMMINGS,
REV. DR. MCCAFFREY, and
RICHARD O'GORMAN, Esq.

Due notice will be given of the date of each lecture. no22tf

Special Notices.

PRICES REDUCED.

Fine Black Cloth Frock Coats	$ 8
Fine Black Dress Coats	$ 8
Fine Brown Frock Coats	$ 8
Fall Raglans	$ 8
Cassimere Business Coats	$3 50 to $ 8
Black Cassimere Pants	$2 50 to $ 5
Fancy Cassimere Pants	$1 50 to $ 5
Rich Moire-Antique Silk Vests	$ 8
Zephyr Cassimere suits	$ 8
Complete genteel Black Cloth suits	$12

Evans' Extensive Clothing Warehouse,
oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

AGENCY OF NICARAGUA, NO. 347 BROADWAY.—The undersigned having been appointed by the Government of Nicaragua GENERAL EMIGRANT AGENT in the United States, has established a permanent Agency at 347 Broadway, Room No. 2, up stairs. All persons desirous of obtaining information of any kind concerning Nicaragua, will receive prompt attention by addressing the undersigned, personally or by letter, at the office of the Agent.

The price of passage to Emigrants has been fixed at a very low figure; and for those without means, arrangements have been made *with the Nicaragua Emigration Company to advance the price of passage*, upon the transfer of a part of the land granted to each emigrant by the government of Nicaragua. This secures to Emigrants a *large grant of land and a free passage to Nicaragua.*

The new and splendid Steam-ship Texas, 1800 tons, will sail from the pier at the foot of Beach-street, North River for SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA, on Saturday, Nov. 22, at 3 o'clock, P. M., to connect with the steamer Orizaba, from San Juan Del Sur.

Alexander C. Lawrence, Gen'l. Emigration Agent
oct25 tf of Nicaragua for the United States.

NOVEMBER!—Ladies, Winter is Coming; and if you wish Cloth Button BOOTS, with warm Linings, Gaiter Boots and Shoes of all kinds—Boys' Misses, and Childrens' Boots and Shoes, with India Rubber Shoes of all the various styles, (Goodyear's Patent,) the very best kind manufactured, patronize J. B. MILLER & CO.,
nov15 4t No. 134 Canal-st.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No.* 322 *Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at corner of 11th st. and First Ave. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*Irish News Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at the Eagle Rooms. EDWARD K. BUTLER, Capt.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York; also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

BOSTON EMIGRANT SOCIETY.

OFFICE, CORNER OF SOUTH AND BEACH STREETS.

THE object of tho Society is to protect the Emigrant from imposition. The Office is open daily from 7 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Emigrants and others furnished with employment. The Society, having made the necessary arrangements, is prepared to furnish tickets of transportation to every section of the West. Persons procuring tickets at this office may rest assured that they will reach their destination by the best route, with the least delay, and the lowest cost.

MARTIN GRIFFIN, President.
JAMES FERGUSON, Rec. Sec. | JAMES DACEY, Cor. Sec.
JAMES FLYNN, Treasurer.
M. J. FENELON, Agent.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 58 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARES," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street, sept27 3mos New-York.

ATTENTION!

To Military Companies.

BEAUTIFUL EMBLEMATIC WREATHS AND BOUQUFTS,

For Target Excursions, constantly on sale, or made to order at the shortest notice, and at any price.

Ladies about making a presentation to their military friends are most respectfully invited to make a visit to the old established bookstore, 366 Bowery, one door above Fourth street.

Robert Coddington, Proprietor.

N. B.—Always on sale, a fine assortment of Invitation Note Paper and Envelopes, Books on Military Tactics, Works on Ireland.

The IRISH NEWS for sale, as soon as published, every week. oct11 4t

☞ **Post Office.—Notice.—Change of Hour.**—On and after MONDAY, the 3d day of November, the Mails will close as follows:

Eastern Mail by Railroad.....at 2 P. M.
New-York and Erie Railroad Mails.....at 3 P. M.
North Mail by Hudson River Railroad.....at 3½ P. M.
November 1, 1856.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Musical.—A young lady lately connected with the profession in Europe, *where she studied under the first and best masters,* is desirous of giving a limited number of pupils the advantage of a *good education on the Piano.* Any family who may kindly favor her with a trial, may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trener, 90 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 882 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

Stammering, &c., Permanently and Radically cured, by the successful Dr. JONES, without pain or operation, generally in from one to four hours. He is so sure of being able to cure any and all cases, that he requires no pay until he is successful. Office rooms No. 571 Broadway, (opposite Metropolitan Hotel), New-York. no22

Holloway's Pills—Delicate Females who are harassed and debilitated by complaints peculiar to their organization, are uniformly relieved by Holloway's Pills. For hysteria, spasm, hot flushes, sick headache, pains in the back and loins, they are a safe and reliable remedy. Sold at the Manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists at 25c., 62 1-2c., and $1 per box.

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparent expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot,* **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

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CANCERS, TUMORS, ULCERS, &c.,

WITHOUT SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

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Ex Gov. T. M. Tucker.	Hon. T. Butler King.	Judge Alex. Walker
Judge F. W. Hugling.	Gen. Narcisso Lopez.	Col. Maunsel White.
Capt. Isaiah Sellers.	Capt. Wm. Leathers.	Thos. E. Bond, M. D.
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PERMISSION TO REFER TO

Ex Gov. James C. Jones. Hon. Frederick B. Stanton.
B. F. Palmer, Inventor of "Palmer's Artificial Leg."
Francis Grice, Naval Constructor, Navy Yard, Philadelphia.
Proprietors of the Girard House, Philadelphia.

☞ Send for a Pamphlet! oct18 4t

Special Notices.

Mercantile Clerk's Agency, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel, New-York.) Merchants and Storekeepers in every State and City in the Union, can be supplied with efficient and trustworthy Clerks on application personal or in writing. No Clerks will be introduced to employers until every has been made into their character and business qualifications. Clerks can be introduced to respectable situations.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 13 tf

A Lady, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, Restores Blindness, Amaurosis and Sore Eyes, of any standing; Removing Cataracts, Scums, Films, &c., without operation or pain. Persons wearing spectacles prematurely, enabled to do without them by recovering the natural tone of the eye. That the worst of cases are cured by her.

May be seen at the Infirmary from 10 A. M., to 2 P. M., No. 679 Sixth Avenue. The poor attended to on Fridays. oct18 3mos

Business Directory.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING eurered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

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THOMAS H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2y1ju Collections promptly attended to, and liens carefully filed, &c.

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Between Spring and Prince Streets, New-York.

Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jewelled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to. jul26m

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Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

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The Public Favorite and only American Opposition

BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR.

The oldest established in the business.

WORK done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than by any other poster in the city. Work done either in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts or any kind of work. Office 28½ Spruce street, New-York, between William and Gold streets.

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THE METROPOLITAN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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(Cor. Pine Street.)

CASH CAPITAL $300,000.

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WILLARD, FELT & CO,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

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1mos (near Broadway.)

Dr. Shanahan,

SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,

Can be consulted at his office, No. 169 West 38th street, between 7th and 8th Avenues, New-York. oc11 4t

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Quick Sales and Small Profits. oc11m3

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 FULTON STREET,

HERALD BUILDING,) New-York.

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Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856 **Fall Importation.** 1856

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 Bowery, (west side,) between Grand and Hester streets,

IS now prepared to exhibit his new Fall styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

comprising every grade and description, from the CHEAPEST fabric to the RICHEST.

Importing his goods direct, and thus saving the commission and interest which most other dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other carpetings adapted to all varieties of tastes, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at 14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	10s to 16s.
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Brussels,	7s to 12s.
Three-ply,	7s to 10s.
Ingrain,	3s to 7s.
Common Ingrain,	18d to 3s.

English and American Floor Oil-Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern, and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everythg else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)

ap19ly Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

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TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK AND VICINITY.

STEPHEN LEAHY,

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BEGS to call the attention of the ladies to his large and varied stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloth. The collection comprises goods of every grade and style, from the richest and most beautiful of foreign manufacture to the lowest price domestic.

All who are acquainted with the Carpet trade, and have visited our New Store, acknowledge our stock the most varied assortment and best selected on exhibition in the city. The facilities we enjoy for purchasing cheap, and an experience of many years in connection with the largest houses in the country, enables us to present to our lady friends and the public, the cheapest and most select stock of goods in the city.

sept27 3mos STEPHEN LEAHY, 93 Sixth Avenue.

CHEAP FALL DRY GOODS!

Rich dress Silks, Broche and Woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, Woollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

And at the Grand Street Store,

Royal Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Three-ply, and every variety of low-priced Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain materials, Cornices, Shades, &c.

ALL AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES!

Lord & Taylor, 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand street,

oct4 3mos and new numbers 47 and 49 Catharine street.

Men's Furnishing Goods.

84 William Street, corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

GEORGE M. TRACY,

HAS now on hand a choice stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, nearly all of which are made *under his own inspection*, of the choicest fabrics and newest styles. Merchants will find this a desirable place to make their selections. Annexed is a catalogue of some of the articles:

Hosiery and Gloves	Improved Napoleon Ties
Silk Beaufort Ties	Stocks, in great variety
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Silk Albert Ties	Dressing Robes
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Suspenders	Silk and Gingham Umbrellas

His shirts are of superior make and quality, and warranted to fit. Persons wishing goods for their own use will be served at retail as well as wholesale, at the lowest prices. oc4m2

READY-MADE CLOTHING

And Furnishing Establishment.

390 BOWERY,

WEST SIDE, OPPOSITE THE HAY MARKET.

HUGH DOLAN

TAKES leave to apprise his friends and the public generally that he has the above concern with a

New and Select Stock of Goods,

Which will compare favorably with any in the market, and which he offers to his customers at prices which he is confident cannot be beaten in the city. Gentlemen's furnishing goods of every description at the lowest rates.

N. B. Particular attention paid to the making up of custom work. A good fit warranted in all cases.

Remember 390 Bowery, opposite the Hay Market. 3m4oc

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and single counting-room desks, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office desks from 3 to 6 feet, of Mahegany, Black Walnut, and Oak; cases for books and pigeon holes. Office-chairs, cushions, lounges, and office tables of every description. my17tf

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THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1836.)

45 Water street, New-York.

CHARLES M. CONNOLLY,

Commission Merchant and Agent for the sale of Manufactured Tobacco.

Has always on hand, at the above agency, a full supply of

Manufactured Tobacco,

Of all brands and descriptions, direct from the Virginia Factories, for sale on libberal terms. jly5 y

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PHAIR & CO.,

STEAM JOB PRINTERS,

22 Beekman street, New-York.

Wines and Liquors.

THOMAS RUSSELL,

209 Fulton Street, between Church and Greenwich streets, and across town at 111 Attorney street, corner of Rivington.

THE subscriber begs leave to imform the public, that he has opened the abovee stahlishment for the sale of

PURE WINES, BRANDIES, &c.,

with an extensive assortment of

CHOICE CORDIALS,

by wholesale and retail, and would call the attention of buyers to his stock, consisting in part of

FINE COGNAC BRANDY.

The celebrated brand of Leger Freres, a superior article for medicinal purposes.

Pinet Castillon, vintage 1823 and 1842.

Otard, Dupuy & Co., vintages 1836 and 1840.

PORT WINE,

(J. & R. Osborn's Importation,)

COLERAINE AND DUBLIN MALT WHISKEY,

Imported by the subscriber, to which he invites the attention of the connoisseur.

HOLLAND GIN,

Meder Swan, and other favorite brands.

Together with a large assortment of

DUBLIN & LONDON PORTER, SCOTCH ALES,

and a seleet supply of genuine **Havana Segars,** of various brands.

Particular attention given to orders for families, and goods forwarded to any part of the City, Brooklyn, Jersey, &c. Country Orders, with remittance, immediately attended to.

Having engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Dillon, (late with Archdeacon & O'Conner, Wall street) customers can depend on all orders entrusted to his care being promptly and faithfully attended to.

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ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

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Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

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ROBERT J. DILLON, } Vice-Presidents.
HUGH KELLY,

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

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John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
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COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

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COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

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Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Ageney, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

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FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S Spring style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets. my31y

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The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

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AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

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of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

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One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,

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FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhibited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M. CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,

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Special Notices.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street,* (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

European News.

By the *City of Washington*, arrived at Philadelphia, we have European dates to the 5th. The state of political affairs has not been materially changed since the arrival of the previous mails. The money market continues tight, and there was also a downward tendency in bread stuffs and cotton.

The Danubian Principalities.—The London *Times'* correspondent states that the influence of Russia in the Danubian Principalities increases from day to day. The same writer says that England is quite as inclined for the proposed conference as Austria.

The Black Sea.—A Vienna dispatch of the 2d instant, states that on the 23d of October, the Porte, together with England and Austria, had settled that the occupation of the Black Sea and Danubian Provinces should be prolonged. The British squadron at the Isle of Serpents had been reinforced.

France.—Discontent prevailed amongst the manufacturing districts of France from apprehended commercial reforms. Corn was declining at various points, although at Toulon, Borde aux and Marseilles, the average price was maintained. Private letters from Paris do not indicate any decided change in financial matters. Although the condition of the Bank is improved there is no return to confidence.

The Neapolitan Affair.—The Neapolitan squadron had not sailed from Toulon. The Neapolitan Minister remained at Paris, and showed no disposition to leave.

Spain.—A decree has been published in Spain establishing the laws of 1844 regarding the press.

Persia.—Constantinople advices state that the ultimatum of England has been forwarded to the Shah of Persia. The Persian besieging party of Herat had taken possession of the environs of that city, and were fortifying them. A later dispatch says that the Affghans have been defeated by the Persians, and 6,000 prisoners taken.

Wm. James Robson, convicted of frauds on the Crystal Palace stock in England, has been sentenced to twenty years imprisonment in a penal establishment.

A collision took place on the North Western Railroad, by which upwards of fifty persons were severely injured, some of them being frightfully mutilated.

BREAKING UP OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

The Anglo-French alliance, says the *Liverpool Post*, may be considered as nearly at an end. Both countries are at an entire enmity on the Eastern question; and it is now admitted that the manœuvres of the French Government were successfully concentrated by the exertions of Lord de Redcliffe. It does not follow, however, that his lordship or the Government which approves of his conduct is right; but the inference is in their favor, for the British fleet still keeps the Black Sea, and is receiving augmentations. Austria and England are certainly agreed respecting the policy to be observed towards the Principalities; and if this fact required further confirmation, it will be found in the hostility of the French and Russian organs of this new alliance.

The Turkish problem, however, remains still to be solved. The liberal edicts obtained during the pressure of hostilities are comparatively *nil*. The measures, good in themselves, cannot be enforced, for the social and political machinery is wanted. "One of these edicts," says the *Times*, "admitted the Christians of the empire to give evidence in courts of justice; another, if our memory does not fail us, abrogated the law of capital punishment on the conversion of any Mohammedan to Christianity. How the former edict was acted upon, and what obedience to it obtained, we know from Dr. Sandwith, who describes, in his recent book, the proceedings of a court of justice in one of the provinces of Asiatic Turkey, and the gross ill-treatment of a Christian plaintiff, owning to the court only allowing Ottoman testimony, though the edict for the admission of Christian testimony had been out two years."

The force of the latter edict may be collected from the fact that Sir H. Rawlinson, in his speech at the late meeting of the "Turkish Aid Mission Society," describes the old law of capital punishment for conversion as still in force, which, no doubt, is practically the case. If this is all the result of Turkish edicts, it almost amounts to a confession that our diplomacy at the Ottoman Court for years past has been useless, so far as regards this object, and that we have been applying all our skill and weight to move a machinery that does not move Turkey.

What is to be done, inquires the *Times*, in the absence of a natural medium for moving Turkey—i. e., when the Government is almost ineffectual for that purpose? Is there any other medium which can be used for that purpose besides the Government, and is there any other influence which can be exerted when diplomacy has failed? Dr. Hamlin, in his speech a day or two ago at the meeting of the Turkish Aid Society, tells us that this is not a case for diplomacy and Government communication, but for popular means of influence and methods of action.

RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE ANGLO-AUSTRIAN ALLIANCE.

(*From the Le Nord.*)

We cannot avoid mentioning a fact which, in our opinion, is a most important one. Russia is the object of an accusation from the Cabinet of London, and probably also from that of Vienna, which, in this question, goes hand and hand with England. And on what does the accusation bear? It cannot be the affair of Belgrade, for Art. 20, of the treaty at Paris, is formal on that head. It can, therefore, only be the question of the Isle of Serpents. But the declarations of the Cabinet of St. Petersburgh have been so clear and categorical on the subject of that isle, that it would be really an insult to our readers to recur to them. We may, nevertheless, remark, that this Cabinet has repeated to satiety that that islet could never become the subject of any dispute, since Russia had always had possession of it without the slightest objection on the part of Turkey, since it could never become a strategical point of any importance, and its only value to Russia was that lying on the road to Odessa, it served to keep up a light-house, which is indispensable to the numerous vessels going to that port. Russia besides has declared, and it is the principal point in the whole affair, that she referred this question to the Congress of Paris. Since therefore Russia only sent her six soldiers there, because foreigners had come to take possession of a light-house which belonged to her, was it not natural, supposing both parties to be animated with equally conciliatory feelings. that things should be allowed to remain in *statu quo* until the decision of the Congress, by the authority of which, when once admitted by all, that the settlement of questions arising out of the late war, could not be disputed? What, however, do we now see? Scarcely has Russia declared that she will accept in good faith the decision that may be come to in common by all, than England and Austria refuse to submit to that decision, and, by so doing, deny the competence of the Congress. In other words, the Cabinets of London and Vienna, for reasons which we will not at present examine arrogate to themselves the right of deciding by themselves questions which properly belong to all the powers that signed the treaty of Paris, and in which they are, strictly speaking, both judges and parties.

The royal mail steamship *Niagara*, from Liverpool to Boston, Nov. 8, brings dates from Europe three days later than the preceding news received by the *Washington*.

There is little important news by this arrival.

Additional symptoms had manifested themselves of a close union between France, Russia and Prussia. It would appear that France supports the unconditional admission of Russia and Prussia to the second meeting of the European Conference, while England is said to oppose the admission of the former and Austria the latter.

Treaties of commerce between Russia and France, and railway treaties between Russia and Prussia, were in preparation.

Neapolitan affairs continued without change.

There had been nothing of interest received from Spain.

On Thursday evening, the 6th instant, the Directors of the Bank of England held a protracted sitting, in the course of which they deliberately considered the expediency of making a further change in the rates of discounts, with a view to arrest the continued outflow of gold to the Continent. The withdrawal of a considerable amount during the last few days, and the certainty that the demand must continue unless it be interrupted by large arrivals from Australia, are understood to have engaged the attention of the Board, and the resolution not to make any change for the present was arrived at by a majority of only one.

The condition of the Bank of France had shown no improvement.

Admiral Dundas was still at Malta at last advices, which are to Oct. 31.

Cape of Good Hope advices of Oct. 3rd, say that fears of a Caffre war are passing away.

The British Government advertises at Lloyds for a ship to convey some hundreds of emigrants to Nova Scotia, it being the intention to grant free passages to laborers and their families to that colony.

In Lord Palmerston's speech at Machester, he used the following expression, which has been the subject of much report:—"I hope the peace will be lasting, but its endurance must depend on the fidelity with which its conditions are fulfilled. If that power which provoked hostility faithfully carried out the treaty, then, no doubt, peace would be preserved."

By a letter from Vienna, in the Cologne *Gazette*, we learn something about the diplomatic correspondence which resulted from the intention of Russia to erect new fortifications on the Finnish coast, in the Bothnian Gulf. We are told that this matter has come to an amicable understanding, as far as the relations of the French Government to Russia are concerned, but the British Government, it is said, still maintains that in these fortifications there is an invasion of the articles of the Treaty of Peace, by which the erection of fortifications on the Aland Islands is interdicted. Count Morny is represented as having declared to Prince Gortchakoff, in reply to a direct question, that France had no objection to the erection of the proposed fortress.

The new Turkish Ministry is reported as follows:—Grand Vizier, Reschid Psha; Minister of War, Omar Psha; Minister of Marine, Red Pasha; Minister of Finance, Saffette Pasha. In the meantime Faud Pasha will hold the Portfolio of Foreign Affairs until Ali Pasha, to whom it has been offered, consents to accept it.

The Emperior Alexander has addressed a letter to General Luders, granting him leave of absence for a year. One expression in it has attracted attention. The Emperor says:—"Appreciating your efficient services, I hope, if circumstances give me occasion to recall you to employment before the expiration of the period named, you will come to resume your duties with the zeal and alacrity which have ever signalized your military career."

In France rumors continue of a probable modification in the Ministry. It is said that M. De Persigny's visit to the Emperor is connected with these rumors.

The Emperor continues the revels at Compiegne, where his third and last batch of guests have just arrived, including the Ministers of Russia, Sweden and Holland, and Marshals Pelissier and Baraguay D'Hilliers.

These protracted country entertainments give offence to the Parisians, and among the placards surreptitiously posted on the walls are some headed "Le Roi Samus." The celebrated painter, Paul de Roche, is dead. He was 59 years of age

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTIES.

In an address presented to Lord Palmerston by the President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, the follow passage occurred:—

"It would not be doing justice to the commercial community of Liverpool, were no mention made of that question which most deeply affects it—the late difficulties or threatened difference between this country and the United States. There is, my Lord, but one expression of feeling among us as to the manner in which your Lordships and her Majesty's advisers disposed of that, which at one time threatened to be a question that might involve us in a desperate contest with America. We feel, by the mode in which your Lordship and her Majesty's advisers settled that question, you not only consulted the dignity of this country, but in spirit, and, in fact, satisfied all the interests concerned. My Lord, for that we feel deeply indebted to your Lordship and to her Majesty's Government."

To this Lord Palmerston replied, with considerable embarrassment of manner, as follows:—

"I was sure, gentlemen, that the policy which we recently adopted in our difference with the United States must meet with your approbation. We felt, that while, on the one hand, it was necessary to maintain the dignity of the country, that it was also necessary to show that even the calamities of war with a neighboring race would be encountered if there was a necessity for it upon adequate grounds. We felt that, while it was necessary to show this, we ought to waive all minor and party considerations—that we ought not to take advantage of circumstances which might, perhaps, have justified the expression of angry feelings, that it was more dignified to look at what we believed to be the friendly feeling of the great mass of the people of the United States, rather than to take too much notice of circumstances in a narrower sphere that might, perhaps, have justified feelings of irritation. The result has fully borne out, I think, the wisdom of that course. I am sure that in proportion as our prosperity increases, and in proportion as our enterprise is developed, in the same proportion we may look to cementing permanently those ties of friendship and good will which exist, and ought to be perpetuated between the people on the two shores of the Atlantic."

A FRENCH MENACE TO ENGLAND.

In a semi-official article in the *Constitutionel*, on the questions at issue between France and England, that journal says:—"The presence of the Naval Squadron of England in the Black Sea, and of the Austrians in the Principalities, are henceforth only an arbitrary and violent means of preventing a solution of the difference which Russia has been the first to propose in offering to submit the question to its natural judges. Is it desired rather to have recourse to arms? Is war again desired? Does the English Ministry itch to enter again upon hostilities without France—not certainly to assure the execution of the treaty of Paris, but impudently to rend it to pieces in the face of the world, with the object of satisfying an ambition that had been for the moment disguised. We repeat, it now depends upon the Cabinets of London and Vienna to put an end to the pending disputes, and to terminate the anxieties to which the present situation gives rise. Let the consent to the reassembling of the Plenipotentiaries be given without making arbitrary and inadmissable exclusiveness a condition—exclusiveness which would completely change the character, and be an additional breach of the treaties. Let us add that, if a peaceful solution is desired, this is the only proposal for that purpose that can be decently made."

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The *Bulletin de Therapeutique* contains a paper read by Dr. Esohschricht before the Physico-Medical Society of Wurtsburg, on the variation of the average duration of life in the different professions. From the statistics drawn up in Bavaria it appears that among the members of the medical profession the highest rate of mortality exists. Three fourths of the medical men die before the age of 50, and ten-elevenths before 60. Of 1,600 medical men in Bavaria in 1852 four only had passed the age of 80; and of these four none had devoted themselves to the practice of medicine exclusively. The united ages of the oldest ten physicians amounted to 792; while the united ages of the oldest ten in each of the other liberal professions presented the following numbers:—Roman Catholic priests, 878 years; professors in the schools, 875 years; Protestant ministers, 865 years; lawyers, 885.

An English surgeon has broached the idea that a strong indication of consumptive symptoms is to be found in a mark at the reflective edges of the gums, of a deeper color than the adjoining surface. The absence of this streak in men affected with inconclusive symptoms of consumption may, he says, be interpreted favorably in case of such suspicious indications, but in women rather less weight is to be attached to this negative sign. In the female sex the presence of the sign is almost conclusive evidence of the existence of tubercular elements in the blood; and when in either sex, it coincides with a pulse not materially altered in frequency, but change from the sitting to the standing posture, the presence of the phthisis may, without having recourse to asculation, be assumed.

The following is a "correct list" of the name just given in baptism to the infant daughter of the Duchess of Montpensier: Maria de Regla, Francisca de Assis, Antonia, Luisa, Gernanda, Amalia, Felipa, Isabel, Adelaide, Christina, Josefa, Joaquina, Justia, Rufina, Lufgarda, Carolina, Bibiana, Polonia, Gaspara, Melchiora, Baltasara, Ana, Aguada, Lucia, Francisca de Paulia, Ramona, Todos los Santos, Brigidia Dionisia.

THE FRENCH PRESS ON ENGLAND.

From the Gazette de France.

The conduct of England since the cessation of the Crimean war, affords a subject of profound reflection to the civilized world, and it is impossible that France, in remarking this conduct, can refrain from casting a bitter glance at the past. But let us first examine the present. How is it that Europe does not enjoy at this day that perfect security, that confidence in the future, which should have followed the conclusion of a peace procured by the moderation of France and the resignation of Russia? This is caused alone by England, who entered the Congress of Paris without attempting to disguise her disinclination, and was, so to say, compelled by the unanimous will of the continental nations. She, therefore, in taking part in the pacific conferences spread the seeds of war and of revolution. If we are at this day in a financial crisis which threatens every fortune, if the springs of trade are rusty, if the social existence is troubled, these circumstances proceed from the precipitate confidence of the public in the conclusion of peace. But how could it have been imagined that the decisions of a Congress would have been openly violated by two of the contracting powers? The fault of our merchants and capitalists has been to have trusted England. It may be affirmed without contradiction that if England had not stirred up the embers of the conflagration which ravaged Italy in 1848, if she had not supported Austria in the indefinite occupation by that Power of the Danubian provinces, in order to be justified in occupying the Black Sea with her own vessels, Europe would at this day enjoy profound peace. Thus, one nation has arrested the development of universal civilization, and obstructs the expansion of wealth and the welfare of the working classes.

From the Assemblee Nationale.

We differ from the opinions of the Constitutionel on only one point. Our cotemporary appears surprised at the pretentions of Austria and England, which it combats, while we are only surprised that they have been advanced so soon. We had certainly not believed that matters would proceed so rapidly. There is even a display of clumsiness on the part of the Cabinets of Vienna and London in thus unveiling their secret plans, and we recognize in this conduct the turbulence of Lord Palmerston rather than the habitual temporization of the statesmen of Austria. But we had never doubted that the idea of England was to obtain possession of the Black Sea, and to establish herself there on the ruins of the Russian navy. It was even clearer to our eyes that the desire of substituting her influence in the Principalities for that of Russia was the mainspring of the resolutions of Austria. When we saw peace concluded on the conditions which in a certain measure were laid down by France, we did not believe that those projects were abandoned, but we repeat that we had not expected to see them brought to light in so short a space. These intentions are clear enough to-day. England, who openly regreted eight months ago that the war had not lasted long enough to demand a port in the Black Sea, a footing in Asia Minor, intends to remain at least in that sea, the neutrality of which does not satisfy her. Austria, again, is not contented with the free navigation of the Danube.

The intentions of the two powers cannot be misinterpreted.

But what is the attitude of the Porte? Amid the contradictions of the Vienna and Paris journals, the question admits of no solution, and, notwithstanding the rapidity of the means of communication, some days will probably pass before we become acquainted with its intentions. But were even the Divan to give way before the pretensions of England and Austria, it would not follow, in our opinion, that France is compelled to acquiesce in them. The late war was not waged in order to substitute the influence of Austria and England for that of Russia. Should Turkey fall so low as to submit to this double occupation, this species of disguised dismemberment at the moment when her independence has been placed under the guarantee of all Europe, we should be more justified in protesting, in the name of those principles for which we have lavished so much blood and treasure. France demands nothing in the Black Sea nor in the Principalities. But it does not follow that her disinterested policy is to be turned against her for the advantage of others. This appears to be the opinion of the Government, and we are happy to agree with it on this point. With respect to the Danubian Provinces, it is necessary, in order to proceed to a study of the new organization which has been promised them, that their territory be completely evacuated by the Austrian troops. This necessity was proclaimed by the whole world six months ago, and were France alone to demand the evacuation to-day, we have no doubt she would obtain it.

From the Union.

While the claims of this unfortunate (Turkish) Government appear to attract very little attention, the pressure of the embassies redoubles. It is a struggle of influence, which undermines the Ministry, and leads to resignations. Ali Pasha, and Fuad Effendi, being menaced, offer to resign, and only recall their resignations on receiving a letter of approval from the Sultan. Redschid Pasha agitates under a well-known influence and with a spirit of bravado. Omar Pasha becomes the favorite candidate of England, and aspires to the Seraskierat, from which issues the order that sent him into a species of exile. Such, in a word, is the state of matters which, grave enough in itself, promise to give rise to future complications from the fact of the unity of opinion which reigns between England and Austria on most of the Eastern questions. In the midst of these somewhat suspicious reconciliations what becomes of France? By a singular contrast, it appears that on all the questions in which she was of the same opinion as England at the termination of the Congress, she now differs. The immediate evacuation, the union of Moldavia and Wallachia, form to-day a subject of dissention. Now, it is not France that has changed, and certainly this consideration should lead her to reflect. For our part we are not surprised at present events, and have for some time past entertained our suspicions, which we hope that England will not confirm.

American News.

We have received a letter from Michigan, dated Nov. 11th, 1856, which gives the following facts :—The steamboat *Superior*, from Chicago for Lake Superior, and owned by Spencer & Co., of Chicago, was wrecked on the Pictured Rocks, about the 3rd or 4th of the present month. These Rocks run for a distance of 18 miles, and terminate at the entrance of the Grand Island harbor, which is about 130 miles from here, the northern part of the island being about 40 miles from Marquette. She was an old boat, and had been on this route three summers ; she was commanded by Capt. Hiram J. Jones, than whom a more singularly unfortunate man is rarely to be met. About seven years ago he lost the *Franklin* at Thunder Bay ; he lost the *Albany* in the winter or fall of '53, at Presque Isle ; in '56 he had the *E. K. Collins* destroyed by fire in the Detroit river, near Maldon, and in '56 he lost the *Superior* in Lake Superior, and with her, himself. The *Superior* had a large amount of freight for the various points on the Lake, besides passengers and crew, to the number of 80 or 90. Fifteen made their escape, at least survived the wreck, for they know not by what miraculous agency they are alive, and their description of the heart-rending scene is truly painful to hear. The fifteen saved consisted principally of the crew, the captain, clerk, steward, engineers being lost ; and as the books, &c., of the boat are also lost, it will be impossible to ascertain the correct number who found a watery grave, or anything further about them. The first mate was saved, and, like others, had suffered severely from his feet and hands being frozen. He says Capt. Jones performed his duty like a man ; that the storm was such that, from the disabled and leaky state in which she had been for hours before she was driven on the rocks, all hope of safety had been given up ; that Jones told him, as he had lost three boats before he would lose himself with the fourth ; but, said the poor fellow, "Tell my poor mother I've done my best." His body had been picked up by the *General Taylor*, close to the wreck, and is now on board that boat, to be given over to his widowed mother and orphan daughter in Detroit. The body of a female was also picked up close by the captain's. She was unknown, and was interred here shortly after the arrival of the *General Taylor*, this afternoon. This is the most melancholy accident that ever happened on Lake Superior, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the day is far distant which will witness such another catastrophe on any water. The propeller *L. B. Webb*, had been slightly injured near Grand Island, during the storm which wrecked the *Superior ;* the *Webb* put into Grand Island ; her captain sent a boat's crew, under the first mate, down to this place for some things he wanted ; the first mate, whose name is Lester, acted without the necessary precaution in this climate, that is, he acted too fool-hardy, and the consequence is, that he was frozen to death. His remains are also on board the *General Taylor*, to be handed over to a young wife in Detroit.

Gen. Garland, U.S.A., accompanied by his aid, arrived at St. Louis, says the *Republican* of 12th instant, a day or two since, from New Mexico. The Indians of that Territory are, we learn, comparatively quiet, and begin to have a proper appreciation of the strength of our military force. General Garland has been engaged in active service in the military department of New Mexico for more than three years, and has done much towards bringing the Indians to a proper respect for the whites. He is on his way to the East.

It is stated that Dr. John W. Gorham, of Boston, has been appointed United States Consul at Jerusalem. We shall next hear of a line of steamers on the Sea of Galilee.

Mr. Samuel Swartwout, well known as the Collector of New-York port during the Administration of General Jackson, is dead.

The Baltimore *American* says :—Scarce a day passes of late that we are not called upon to record the shooting of one or more persons in the city.

It is stated a personal difficulty occurred in the streets of Raleigh, North Carolina, between Hon. Kenneth Rayner and the editor of the *Standard*, growing out of Mr. Rayner's speech in Philadelphia, preceding the Presidential election, and the strictures of the editor named thereupon. Mr. Rayner inflicted several blows upon his adversary with a cane, when they were separated and bound over in four thousand dollars each, to keep the peace.

The President has officially recognized Emil Spangenburg as Consul of Hesse Darmstadt for the State of Wisconsin and Territory of Minnesota ; Ernst Carl Angelrodt as Consul of Wurtemburg for the States of Missouri and Illinois, to reside at St. Louis ; Joseph Degnoodt as Vice Consul of Belgium at New Orleans, and Herman Gelpke as Consul of the Dukedom of Anhalt-Dessan for the State of New-York.

In Granada, Nicaragua, a few weeks since, Col. Alex. Jones, paymaster of Walker's army, was married to Miss Mary H. Musgrave, of New-York. Colonel Jones was one of the original "fifty-six" who entered the country with Walker. This is the first American marriage that has taken place in Nicaragua. The bridegroom has several relatives in Richmond.

In the neighborhood of Cincinnati there are more than 2,000 acres in grapes. The profits per acre average, taking one year with another, about $300. Cost of planting ranges from $100 to $300 per acre. The expense, with ordinary land, need not exceed $150 per acre.

The Falcon schooner, bound from Nova Scotia to Liverpool, made her passage from Halifax to Valencia, in fifteen days, of which time she lay to for two days, thus making but thirteen days' sailing between the two ports, and without a square sail, which would have still shortened the time.

Gen. Cass, who is 75 years old, within the space of six days, last month, delivered eight addresses, traveled a distance of 500 miles, and accomplished nearly the same amount of labor the week following.

A few days since, near the village of the Neshoto, Manitowac county, Wis., a large bear carried off a child five years old, in the presence of its mother, into the woods, and destroyed it. The bears are said to be very numerous up there this season.

A new bill for the better prosecution of the Liquor Law has passed the House of Representatives in Vermont, by seventy majority.

It is said that 400 persons in Connecticut were deprived of their vote this month, by the new constitutional provision requiring that they should know how to read and write in order to vote.

Contracts for deepening the Mississippi have been concluded with the Messrs. Craig & Righton, of Kentucky. They contract to execute the work and maintain it four years and a half for $320,000.

Thomas Hopkins, formerly Judge of the Common Pleas Court, and during the last eight years President of the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company, died on the night of the 17th at Boston.

Since the election of Mr. Buchanan, his residence at Wheatland is again becoming the Mecca of the political pilgrims from all parts of the country.

In Eastport, Me., Mr. Norton, butcher, committed suicide by tying his hands behind him, and jumping into a hogshead of water.

A lump of solid gold was exhibited at the late State Fair held in Raleigh, North Carolina, from the Portis mines, valued at $600.

At the latest date from Salt Lake city, small-pox was prevailing to a considerable extent.

Bears are said to have made their appearance very numerously in the pine districts of New Jersey, and are causing great alarm.

The tops of the Catskill mountains are thickly covered with snow.

Judge Matthew Knox, first Probate Judge of Chickasaw, Miss., was killed a few days since, by falling from a tree.

R. Barnwell Rhett is nominated in the Charleston *Mercury*, as a proper candidate for the Governorship of South Carolina.

ANTIQUITY OF HOOPS.

From the Pittsburg, (Pa.,) Saturday Chronicle.

If there were no better evidence of the shallowness of fashion, the entire lack of invention among its leaders would be sufficient.

Scarcely has a generation passed away, until their habit, the subject of many a witticism, suddenly becomes the ruling mode. The bell crowned hat, that has excited the risibilities of many an effeminate fop, now covers his own shallow pate. The standing collar of our ancestors, forgotten for a term, again threatens to lop off the ears of a succeeding generation. Stump toed boots, disappearing for a century, are once more the rage ; and among the gentler sex the old forgotten hoop is trundled out again.

As many may be ignorant of the antiquity of this now prevailing fashion, they may be enlightened when they are informed that over two hundred years ago they were the subject of Addison's keen satire, when they were familiarly known by the now obsolete term of farthingale ; and among the Italians by a term expressing the peculiar necessity which gave rise to their adoption. Restricted to their legitimate use, which would prescribe a proper limit to their size, they might have passed without exciting the ludicrous comments that have been made on them. But like every change in style, when it gets into the hands of those who dress not to express good taste, but to display their vanity, it has become so greatly exaggerated that it is impossible for many, on seeing the enormous proportions of some who thus abuse it, to repress at least a "slow wise smile."

"You know, sir," said Addison, "it is recorded of Alexander the Great, that in his Indian expedition, he buried several suits of armor, which, by his directions, were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present petticoats happens to be hung up in any repository of curiosities, it would lead into the same error the generations that lie some removes from us, unless we can believe our posterity will think so disrespectfully of our grandmothers that made themselves monstrous to appear amiable. *When I survey this new fashioned rotunda in all its parts,* I cannot but think of the old philosopher, who, after having entered into an Egyptian temple, and looked about for the idol of the place, at length discovered a little black monkey enshrined in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, to the great scandal of the worshippers—'What a magnificent palace is here for such a ridiculous inhabitant.'"

Irish News.

A Letter from Wm. Smith O'Brien.

In answer to an invitation to attend a public banquet in Dundalk, given on the 6th inst., by the people of Louth, to Tristram Kennedy, Esq., M. P., Mr. O'Brien, addressed the following letter to the Secretary :

"Cahirmoyle, Ardagh, Newcastle West,
Oct. 29th, 1856.

"Dear Sir—I have had the pleasure of receiving your most obliging letter of the 24th inst., by which, in terms the most complimentary, you invite my attendance at the banquet which is to be given on the 5th November, to Mr. Tristram Kennedy, Member for the County Louth.

"If I had not prescribed to myself, as a rule of conduct best suited to the present circumstances of my position and to my opinions, abstinence from participation in political movements, I should have had great pleasure in accepting this invitation. I should have attended the banquet in order to testify my respect for Mr. Kennedy and the constituency which he represents. Though I have but a slight acquaintance with Mr. Kennedy, and though, in consequence of my absence from Ireland, I have not been able to watch attentively the votes of the Irish members, I have seen enough of his public conduct to justify me in believing that he is a faithful and honest representative of the Irish people.

"I also approve of the policy of Parliamentary independence of which he continues to be an advocate. I am convinced that if the Irish members were, as a body, to hold themselves aloof from all connection with English governments, there is no political advantage which they might not secure for their country—not excepting the restoration of the Parliament of Ireland.

"I am not insensible to the force which lies in the argument of those who say that the Irish are entitled, as long as Ireland shall be connected with England, to a fair share of the administrative patronage of the empire ; but it seems to me that this legitimate object can be obtained without degrading the representation of Ireland by rendering them factors or brokers for the acquisition of situations for their constituents.

"Let the Irish nation advocate and maintain the principle that all offices ought to be bestowed, not as rewards for political tergiversation, but as the honorable recompense of services rendered to the state, and charge their representatives with the task of enforcing this principle, rather than with that of trafficking for the benefit of influential individuals, and it will soon be seen that Ireland will obtain her fair share of all situations of emolument in the empire.

"To a certain extent this has been admitted by those who, in and out of office, advocate administrative reform. Entrance into official life is now to be obtained in several departments of the state, by merit and capacity, ascertained by public examination. The recent examinations have shown that in this competition Irishmen are successful far beyond the proportion which the population of the kingdom would indicate. Why should not this principle, which has already been found capable of useful application in lower grades of official stations, be applied to the higher ranks? Every one can name individuals of the highest merit in the various professions, who have been neglected, because they would not stoop to solicitation. If there were a healthy state of public opinion, with reference to such matters in this country, no government would dare to leave unnoticed the deserving, or to purchase the votes of the representatives of the people, by promoting those who had nothing to recommend them, except what is well known by the name of 'Parliamentary interest.'

"For my own part, I have no hope that Ireland will be respected among the nations of the earth, until the Irish representatives shall be regarded as a pure and incorruptible body ; and this will never be the case until the constituencies of Ireland shall select men in consideration of their capacity and uprightness, rather than on account of their dexterous manipulation, or of their pliability to the influences of ministerial management.

"It is because I believe Mr. Kennedy to be one of those who are desirous to uphold the honor and interests of the Irish nation, rather than to allow our country to be jobbed, as a provincial farm, for the benefit of England, that I would willingly award to him whatever amount of homage my attendance could testify ; and it is because his constituents set a useful example to the rest of Ireland in upholding an independent representative, that I would feel proud of becoming their guest on the occasion.

"I have the honor to be your obliged, faithful servant,
"William Smith O'Brien."

Speaking of the *Merrimac* steam frigate, the *Waterford News* says :—"Not the least interesting incident in connection with her is, that her commander (Prendergast) is the son of an Irishman, and that Irishman was a native of our own city of Waterford. This information is from the lips of the commander himself, who last week paid a visit to his father's native city, for the purpose of seeing a cousin of his now living amongst us. Mr. M. Prendergast, iron merchant, Barronstrand-street. Such a fact is only another instance of the inherent genius of the Irish race, who are every day exhibiting themselves in the foremost ranks of life all over those countries where their nativity is not fettered.

Speaking of the Agricultural Exhibition which is to be held in Waterford next year, the Dublin *Nation* says—the Exhibition promises to be the most attractive and remarkable held in Ireland. Not merely will it be equal or superior to those of the Dublin Society in its display of domestic produce, animals, and implements—Waterford has besides invited All Nations to exhibit on the shore of the Suir, and expects to see Norman bulls and Spanish sheep beside the cows of Kerry and the mutton of Meath. In Paris, his Worship had a highly gracious interview with the distinguished official who superintends the Department of Agriculture—and the French Government have undertaken to send not merely a display of the various cattle of France and the agricultural implements in use throughout the country, but to send them in charge of peasants from the various districts, in their respective provincial costumes. A French Commission will also report upon the Exhibition. We have reason to know that this remarkable favor was conceded with the best grace by the representative of the French Government, and with expressions of great good will towards Ireland. A similar application was made at the Spanish Embassy, and entertained with particular, courteous, and zealous attention by the Secretary of Legation, Don P. Comyn, a gentleman who is nobly proud of his Irish descent. The American Ambassador, in a similar spirit, most frankly and warmly promised his services to the project, and though unable to offer any official assistance from his Government, communicated with a warm recom-

mendation the nature of the design to the authorities of the various States. It is hoped that the Belgian Ministry will also assist the project with its usual enlightened liberality.

On the 29th ult. a Maritime School was opened in Limerick. We have been given to understand, says the Tipperary *Vindicator*, that two classes will be immediately formed, and that the hours of attendance will be, for the first class, from four o'clock to six, p.m., and for the second class, from seven to nine, p.m. These classes will be open gratis, as well, we understand, to the pupils of the National Schools as to the pupils of all the other seminaries in the city, who may think proper to avail themselves of the benefit which may be derived from a naval education. Natural astronomy, navigation, and mathematics will be taught by Mr. Murphy, a most efficient master, practically taught at Greenwich for the especial purposes of this school. All the necessary scientific requisites for the instruction of the pupils have been supplied and sent down by the Board of National Education. The Leamie Institution, in which this school has been opened *pro forma*, will be only temporarily occupied, as a site on which a school will be erected with an observatory adjoining it, has been taken in the immediate neighborhood of the Sailors' Home, which is at present being erected in Frederick street.

At the great Munster Fair, which commenced on the 30th ult., good milch cows were in great request, and fetched from £15 to £16. Calves of good description were equally sought for, and were bought up at most remunerative figures. A bull of the ordinary description was purchased for £30, which was considered an enormous price. There was great request for all such cattle, the average prices being £15 for the common run. Stores were not so brisk in demand as fat cattle. Milch cows and good calves were in excellent condition. There was neither demand nor price for anything of an inferior description.

Amongst a series of entertainments, says the Cork *Examiner*, given by Francis R. Leahy, Esq., on the occasion of the visit of the Earl of Cork to his estates in this country, was an evening concert at Shanakiel House, to which a distinguished party comprising the rank and fashion of the city were invited. The programme of the entertainment was chosen with great taste, and included selections from the operas of "Norma," "Il Barbiere," "La Semiramide," &c. The artists were, the Misses McCarthy, Messrs. Blake, Reeves, J. Roche, A. D. Roche.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Keogh, of Kilbride, county of Carlow, has been appointed resident magistrate in place of the Hon. Martin French, resigned. The Lord Lieutenant has conferred a good service pension of £100 a year upon Nicholas Kelly, Esq., resident magistrate at Ballinamore, county Leitrim, as a mark of his Excellency's approbation of Mr. Kelly's services in reference to the discovery and bringing to justice of the murderers of Miss Hinds.

An internal abscess, which had annoyed Mr. Robson, the comedian, for a considerable time, and had often caused him the worst apprehensions, suddenly burst while he was rehearsing a part on the stage of the Dublin Theatre. Everybody was much alarmed at the time, but under skilful medical treatment the favorite actor was able in a night or two to resume his performances.

Among the petitions presented to the Encumbered Eestates Court during the last week of October was another of the Sadleir property, yearly value £209 15s. 9d., with an incumbrance of £15,000! The total amount of nett rental posted for sale up to the 7th of February next reaches £60,000 per annum, probably representing a capital of £1,200,000.

Richard Costello, late Clerk of the Croom Union, who was sentenced at the last Limerick Assizes to twelve months' imprisonment, was, on the 20th ult., discharged by order of the Lords Justices, in consequence of ill health, having remained three months in prison.

The Committee of the Waterford Mechanics' Institute acknowledged the receipt of the following, viz., Catalogue of Articles deposited at the Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Maryland Institute, being a donation from Hugh Jenkins, Esq., Baltimore, United States, to the library.

The Sisters of Mercy, Ballinrobe, return their most sincere thanks to his Grace, the Archbishop of Tuam, for his having forwarded to them a munificent present of a handsome silver remonstrance, thurible, cope, &c., for the use of the convent chapel.

The lands of Lisnagonague, near Thurles, containing 122 statute acres, and held under a lease of lives renewable for ever, at the yearly rent of £53 14s 4d, with £4 5s for tithe rent charge, were sold at Boyton's Hotel, Thurles, by Mr. William Ryan, auctioneer, to Timothy Corcoran, of Templemore, for £950.

On Saturday, 25th Oct., a young man, named John Walsh, an apprentice at the Neptune Iron Works, Waterford, had his right hand entangled in the cog-wheel of the planing machine, by which he had completely cut off the first and middle fingers.

A man named John Logan, who was employed in tarring the stern of the Una, Belfast, in Prince's Dock, fell off the small scaffolding on which he was standing into the water, and was drowned before any assistance could be offered.

The Hon. M. French, R. M., who so efficiently and satisfactorily discharged the duties of resident magistrate, for a period extending over twenty years, has been allowed to retire on a pension of £400.

The Very Rev. Dr. Russell and four other Fathers of the illustrious Order of Preachers have been holding a mission for 3 weeks in the town of Listowel.

The Cork *Examiner* states that the reduction to half pay of the lieutenants of the regiments of infantry recently serving in the Crimea, will not take place.

The Rev. John Gragan, P. P. of Kildalkey, county Meath, died after a few days' illness at the residence of his brother near Killyon, King's county, in his 69th year.

Father Petcherine, the Redemptorist, is dangerously ill in the county of Wexford, where he had been on a Mission at Tintern with others of the Redemptorist Fathers.

The Inspector from the department of Art in London has awarded medals to the best works executed in the Waterford School.

The corporation of Waterford are making an effort to light Ballybricken with gas.

The Earl of Brandon, died of apoplexy at his seat, Castle Bernard, on the 31st ult.

On this day, (29th ult.,) says the Loughrea correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman*, about half-past ten o'clock, John O'Hara, Esq., the sub-sheriff of the county, preceded by a force of 40 police (although it is alleged he sent a requisition for only a dozen,) under the command of Mr. Walker, S.I.P., and in charge of Mr. Higgins, H.C., passed through this town to the estate of Dartfield, to put into execution a civil bill ejectment decree against John Egan, he being one out of three against whom ejectment decrees were obtained at the last quarter sessions of Ballinasloe. The other two tenants having given up possession of their holdings, were re-admitted as caret kers; but this man refusing to act similarly, the present severe step was taken against him. Upon the arrival of the sheriff and police, there was not—like this time last year—any attempt at resistance. No persons were present, save the poor women of the village, whose piercing cries rent the air, and formed a dire contrast to the joyous notes of the huntsmen's bugle, and the cry of the county fox-hounds that were passing at the time of possession being taken from John Egan. By this event, Egan, his mother, and two children, were put out of doors, and the house levelled to the ground by the baliffs and their assistants, who were all engaged in this town for that purpose. The barn attached to John Egan's house, and wherein one of the families evicted last November, was suffered by him to reside, was also taken possession of, and demolished in the same manner as the dwelling-house.

As the Chester and Holyhead Company's express boat, the Cambria, Captain Warren, which left Holyhead for Kingstown, on the 29th ult., neared the Kish bank, she perceived a large brig in distress, with her ensign "union down" in the main rigging, her rudder gone, and her hull more or less damaged. The Cambria at once bore down towards her, when she perceived the brig's boat, with six of the crew in it, calling out for assistance, and saying the brig was in a sinking state, having six feet of water in her hold. Captain Warren immediately got the crew on board, and at once proceeded to get the brig in tow. She turned out to be the brig Eliza, of Dundee, 245 tons, Mr. Farquhar Finlayson, master, bound from Liverpool to Genoa, with a valuable cargo of iron, crates, and cotton on board.

The solemn and impressive ceremonial of the profession and reception of four young ladies, who entered the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, took place on the 25th ult., at Loughrea. The ceremony commenced with the reception of three postulants, who were invested with the white veil by the venerable Bishop of Clonfert, the Right Rev. Dr. Derry. Their names were—Miss Davy, daughter of Thomas Davy, Esq., Curragh; Miss Dillon, niece of the late Archdeacon Dillon, Ballinasloe; and Miss Hall, of London. After the conclusion of this ceremonial, Miss Louisa Smyth, second daughter of James Smyth, Esq., Masonbrook, made her solemn vows in a clear, distinct tone, and received the black veil.

The *Clonmel Chronicle* states that on the evening of the 26th ult., as Michael Kenna, tenant to Hugh William Bradshaw, J.P., Philipstown House, was returning from the village of Emly, towards Duncummin, where he lived, he was waylaid by a man, who struck him several blows on the head with a blunt instrument, and then escaped across the fields. His skull was fractured in various places, and when the unfortunate man was found, he was bleeding profusely, and lying on the road-side. Medical assistance was promptly procured; but he sank rapidly, and died on Monday evening. No arrest has yet taken place; but every exertion is being made by the authorities to have the guilty parties made amenable.

Two provisional battalions, says the *Limerick Chronicle*, are to be concentrated in this garrison—the first to be commanded by Colonel Stack, with the 9th, 16th, and 17th depots; the second to be formed under Lieutenant Colonel O'Halloran, and to be composed at present, of the 11th and 20th depots. Lieutenant Colonel O'Halloran is a very experienced officer, and entered the service in 1808. He is son to the late General O'Halloran, of this city, and is married to the niece of the distinguished General Sir R. Williams, commanding Royal Artillery at Woolwich.

The *Cork Constitution* reports that several parties were drinking in a public house at Carrigtwohill, amongst whom were two men named Murphy and a man named Denis Shea. These three persons retired to a yard situate at the back of the house, and while there, a dispute arose among them, in which it appears that Shea struck one of the Murphys. The two of these then attacked him, and beat him so severely that he died in a few hours. The Murphys were arrested, and detained to await the result of a coroner's inquiry.

Mr. Macdonough, Q.C., again visited the constituency of Carrickfergus, in order to ascertain more particularly than he was able to do on his previous visit, the sentiments of the constituency in regard to matters in which they are at present deeply interested. He waited on the Very Rev. Dean Bull, and several other influential men of the district, and his reception by all parties, was of the most flattering kind. There is little doubt of his return at the approaching election.

Monsieur le Commandant Dech, says the *Waterford News*, stepfather of N. A. Power, Esq., J.P., Bellview, and P. W. Power, Esq., J.P., Pembrokestown, and brother-in-law of Colonel Snow, has been appointed by the special choice of the Emperor of France, to command his Majesty's life guards during the hunt at Compeigne, which will last fourteen days.

An establishment in connection with the Soupers' Ragged School in Waterford, and which was under the immediate supervision of a zealous clergyman of the establishment and some ardent ladies, has been shut up within the last few weeks, the inmates—principally young females—having either dwindled to nought or become ungovernable.

For the last fortnight, says the *Limerick Chronicle* of the 1st, we have had weather of the most beautiful description. Wheat sowing is going on rapidly, and large tracts of ground are being laid out for potatoes. The potato digging has turned out most luxuriant, without the slightest indication of disease or blight.

A valuable brood mare, the property of Thomas W. Jellico, Esq., was stabbed on the lands of Marehill, Limerick, and the poor animal, which was with foal, perished of the wounds inflicted upon her. A reward of £20 has been offered for the apprehension of the perpetrators of this outrage.

The Limerick papers state that Mr. Bernal left that city for Cork, where he goes specially for Mr. O'Brien, of the Grand Parade, to sell by auction one of the largest bookseller's stocks in the South of Ireland. So extensive and valuable is this stock, that its sale was likely to occupy an entire week.

At Limerick quarter sessions, the Knight of Glin was opposed by 36 creditors—his debts amounted to £3,500. Petition dismissed and remanded to gaol.

The Right Hon. Francis Blackbourne, Ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland, has been appointed Lord Justice of the New Court of Appeals under the act of last session. The new court will hear all appeals from the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, and the Incumbered Estates Court, and will be composed of the Chancellor, the Lord Justice of Appeal, and any of the Common Law Judges that the Chancellor may call upon to sit with them. The new court will not sit until Hilary Term, as the new act does not come into operation until the 1st of January, 1857.

A Society of Catholic Irish have addressed a petition to the government of Mexico, through one of its consuls in the United States, asking permission to establish themselves in the territory of Mexico. The *New Orleans Catholic Standard* says:—This may afford a good opening for Irishmen who have been acclimated in New Orleans, to emigrate to another land where they will be treated less as an inferior caste than they are here.

A farmer named Patt Knee, near Gort, was in in the act of putting a roof on a barn, when one of the rafters gave way and the poor man was precipitated head foremost to the floor beneath. His skull was fractured, besides other contusions on his body. He is under the care of Dr. Nolan, but little hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The *Cork Examiner* of the 29th ult., states that an apple tree, the property of Mr. Andrew Moynahan, butter merchant, Watercourse, is at present producing fruit for the second time this season. The first crop appeared about the usual period, and afforded an average yield—while the present crop has already attained a considerable size.

Whilst the Macroom car was proceeding up George's street, Cork, the horses were suddenly brought to a stand, in consequence of which, constable Dudley, of the Coachford station, who occupied a seat on the car, was thrown on the ground, receiving a fracture on the right arm.

Mr. John Quinn, auctioneer, sold the lands of Cross, at Dobbyn's Hotel, in Waterford, by public auction, at the large sum of £1,120, or about twenty-four years' purchase. Mr. M'Cheasty, of Ballymorris, bid £1,115, and it was knocked down to Head Constable Thomas Doyle for £1,120.

Some of the sailors of the brig "Endeavor," Drogheda, set fire to the ropes in the hatch, and before the fire could be extinguished the decks had to be broken up, and her bottom opened, after which she immediately sank.

At Ennistymon a young baby about a fortnight old, deserted by its unnatural mother, was found lying in one of the boxes in the Roman Catholic Chapel. It has since been admitted into the workhouse.

John Dennan, 49 Middle Abbey-street, Dublin, acknowledges the receipt of £5 from Charles Sheils, Esq., Liverpool, per Geo. M'Bride, Esq., in aid of the funds of the Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers' Society.

Scarletina and small pox are very prevalent at Killaloe, and fatal in some cases. The disease is also very rife in Kilrush and its neighborhood.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Richard Gregg, Esq., of Oakville, to the Commission of the peace for the county of Cork.

Mrs. Ellen Brown was killed at Mungret, by the running away and upsetting of a horse and car, in which the deceased, accompanied by her son and a Mr. O'Shea, were returning to Court Bridge from Limerick.

The Rev. Thomas Brady, P.P., of Castletara, having applied to the Earl of Lanesborough for a site for a chapel, his lordship kindly told him to select for himself one on his estate.

The constituency of Tralee is reduced from 247 to 227. Sir Edw. Denny, Bart, is disfranchised as an elector of Tralee, though the owner of the town.

At a sermon preached in Dundalk by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of All Hallow's, in aid of the schools under charge of the Sisters of Mercy, the sum of £150 was realised.

The Directors of the Great Southern and Western Railway, are about to take steps for the formation of a branch railway from Mallow to Fermoy.

A child named James Smaller, was poisoned by eating a piece of ornamental confectionary found in one of the hampers among the *debris* of the Crimean banquet.

The non-commissioned officers of the 17th Lancers dined together in the Mess-room of Portobello Barracks in commemoration of the battle of Balaklava. Sergeant-Major Woodin presided.

In room of Mr. G. Baker, who has been promoted to another locality, Mr. David Fitzgerald has been appointed to the Waterford terminus.

It is stated, from the generosity displayed by Mr. Brennan in gratuitously giving wine to the Crimean Banquet, all the Regimental messes in Ireland intend to deal with him.

The Protestant Orphan Bazaar in Waterford realised the sum of £200.

Professor Melville of the Queen's College, Galway, has been lecturing before the Mechanics Institute, Waterford.

Viscount Mountnorris has commenced a canvass to fill the second vacancy in the Irish representative peerage.

Operations upon the Limerick and Ennis Railway are about to be resumed by Wm. Dargan.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Charles Dean, Esq., Gurrane, Fermoy, justice of the peace for the county of Cork.

The Very Rev. Fathers Rinolfi, Furlong, Gastoldi, and Vilas of the Order of Charity, have held a mission at the chapel of St. Nicholas, Galway.

John H. Talbot, Esq., D. L., has returned to Ballytrent, county Wexford, from visiting Sir T. N. Redington, K.C.B., at Kilcornan, county Galway.

Count Boutourlin and Captain Meagher have been staying at Ballytrent, for the last few days, on a visit with John H. Talbot, D.L.

Colonel the Right Hon. W. F. Tighe and Lady Lousia Tighe, have returned to Woodstock from Bessborough House.

The Hon. Mrs. de Montmorency, family and suite, have returned to Castle Moynes, county Kilkenny, from Douglas, Isle of Man.

Edward Warner, Esq., M.P., Mrs. Warner, family and suite have left Ballyconra House, county Kilkenny, for Bushy Park, county Dublin, the residence of Sir R. Shaw, Bart.

Correspondence.

Letter from Nicaragua.

GRANADA, October 21, 1856.

In my last letter I told you we expected to be attacked next morning. We were disappointed. The enemy had another plan, which was well laid, and was very near succeeding. General Walker, finding they would not advance to encounter our troops, determined on giving them battle. Consequently, on the 11th inst., at 11 o'clock, we were assembled on the Plaza, where Gen. Walker and Staff having made their appearance, we took up our line of march for Masaya, which is 16 miles from here, over a wretched road. In fact it can't be called a road. It is nothing but a path through the woods and marshes. Having rained copiously and continuously the previous night, we waded knee-deep in mud. Not two men could go abreast. Our artillery had to be carried on mules and oxen. We arrived at Masaya at 10 o'clock, P. M., hungry and thirsty, and lay down on the road-side, in the mud, to take a little sleep. We were very soon aroused, however, by an attack on our out-post, which was stationed near an old house which the enemy took possession of. There was a sharp conflict for some hours. Those of our men engaged were under the command of Capt. Russell, who came out with me. He did his duty like a man. He was hard pressed by the enemy, who several times charged the house; yet, he each time repelled them with slaughter. Barnacle, who was a member of the "Edward Fitzgerald Guard," was in his Company, and was shot in the arm. He is now nearly recovered. During most of this fighting I slept quite soundly. On the first shot being fired I sprang up, but finding I could not take any part in the conflict, I turned over and went to sleep as coolly as if I was in my old snuggery, 134 Bowery.

As the sun rose next morning, we were up and preparing for work. The foe took a look at us, and we bade them good morning with a booming shell, which scattered them in all directions. After a few shells had been thrown into the town, the First Rifles were ordered to charge. They did so, and took the small Plaza which the enemy abandoned on our approach. We halted there for about half an hour, and some of our lads were lucky in finding a breakfast ready, which had been cooked by the enemy. My Regiment and the 2d Infantry were then ordered to advance to the main Plaza, which was barricaded on every side and defended by cannon. We did so, under a sharp fire, without a chance of returning the "favor," as it came from behind the hedges and houses. After some time spent in this kind of fighting, we were recalled. Company B, 1st Infantry, which I belong to, was then ordered to advance on the right of Colonel Sanders, who was then advancing in another direction on the Plaza. We cut our way through, until we found ourselves far in advance. Captain Walters and I consulted then as to what we should do: he was in favor of returning, as we did not know the town, and might be cut off; while I urged that we should remain and send for orders. Ultimately he agreed with me, and the 2d Lieutenant with two men was sent to Gen. Hornsby for instructions. The General ordered us to advance as far as we possibly could. This we did, till within 20 yards of the barricade, which position we held until the army retreated. At this point we met a party of the enemy making for the barricade, upon whom I ordered our men to fire, which they did, killing some seven or eight. Our next move was to fortify ourselves in a house which I found on examination was capable of a good defense. I set all hands at loop-holing the walls which was soon done. Next I went to work and erected a barricade from our door, which would afford an opportunity for firing on the enemy. We had it just finished when they opened a masked battery, and soon demolished all our work. Our position was now a very critical one, for none of us knew the town or the number of the enemy, and we formed the extreme advance and right of our army, and were likely to be surrounded without a morsel to eat. Still no one murmured—no one feared. In this state we remained till about 2 o'clock, A. M., next day, when we got orders to return to where we started from.

The fighting in other parts of the town was hot during the day; but, as I had not an opportunity of seeing it, I shall not speak of it.

Now for the worst of it. The enemy, finding that Granada was weakly protected when we had left, attacked it and took possession of the entire city, except the Plaza, which was held by the citizens and a few men who were not able to march with us—numbering in all about 150. As soon as General Walker received this news, we started for Granada. The enemy had posted a strong force about two miles from the town on a slight elevation, which they barricaded and defended with two pieces of cannon. Their position commanded our approach. We approached within 200 yards before we knew of their presence. On their first fire we were commanded to fall into the bush. Dire confusion ensued. There was no one to form the men—no one to give any command. In view of this state of things, I went into the middle of the road, and asked the men if they would follow *me*? They did so, until we got another discharge of canister which made them again halt. I again got them to advance, and again they took to the bush. At this time John Walsh, one of our old companions of the "Edward Fitzgerald Guard," was shot in the neck. He stood by me all the time like a true man! Thank God he is recovering fast. After a pause, some one in the rear of our column said—"Why not charge?" The men asked, "Who will lead?" There was no reply. I then volunteered to lead them. They gave me a cheer, and we dashed at the barricade, bearing down all before us. Lieutenant Peters and I were the first who sprang at the enemy's cannon. We each pistolled our man, and thus ended the fighting on the road.

Our force then went into town on the run—six of them with myself dragging our prize cannon—a six-pounder—along with us. On arriving in the Plaza, finding that our enemy had possession of a house which commanded the middle of the Square, I took the six-pounder into the opposite building, double shotted it, and fired. Thereupon, they partially retreated. From the heavy charge which we put into the gun, it was dismounted. However, we tied it up, and again gave them a flavor of our "grape," which drove them out. This ended the fight on the Plaza

During all this, throughout the city our men had hard fighting—the enemy being in all the houses, and having barricades erected on the corners of the streets. They soon got beaten, however, threw down their arms, and ran in every direction.

The force that attacked Granada consisted of about 1000 Guatemalans and San Salvadorans, joined by some Chamoristas, who were for some time in the vicinity of Tipilapa, all under the command of General Savala. The number of killed and wounded is not known, as the enemy filled the wells and sinks with their dead. I should say there were some 400 killed and wounded. We took 65 prisoners—one a Colonel, second in command. The force in Massaya was said to be 3,000. Our force, all told, was about 900 men.

I snatch a few moments from the very brief time allowed for sleep to send you these few lines. I intended to say much more, but after marching, counter-marching, fighting, piquet duty, and in the midst of preparations for an immediate renewal of it all—for we march again on Masaya to-morrow—I can't do it. I continue to like this country well. When—peace is restored—our arrogant invaders duly punished—British interference scouted—the Red Star waves triumphantly over this rejuvenated Republic, and capital freely flows to us from every part of your glorious Confederation—then are we certain of an unexampled prosperity. As it is, Granada is a sacked city. Those fellows plundered everything while they had possession of it. They even appropriated my clothes, so that I have now left but the flannel shirt and pantaloons I fought and beat them in. I expected to have received the IRISH NEWS from you ere this. Tell Connor and all the rest of the boys, that I will write a long letter, for their special edification, when I can get time. Meanwhile, then and ever, I charge them and you to hold in fond remembrance—as I do each and all of you—your old friend and comrade,

M. FLOOD NAGLE.

HISTORY SET RIGHT—IRELAND NEVER CONQUERED.

To the Editor of the Irish News.

SIR: I have been reading in one of the journals a report of a lecture delivered in New-York, by Mr. Simms, respecting the high revolutionary claims and character of the gallant State of South Carolina. In it there is a passage, stating that while the Scotch and Germans of that state sided—in general—with the mother country, in the war of liberation, the French, and, above all, the Irish, ran with alacrity to defend their adopted flag against the arms of England. This is one of the many facts of which the race of Ireland should be eternally proud on this soil. I was going to say, it was all owing to the Celtic blood. But then those Scots—the Williams—are Celts too, by all accounts. My thoughts then went wandering from ethnology to history, and I came to another fact—still more important than the one I have mentioned—and the more curious that it is against the idea of almost all the historic writers and readers.

Philosophic historians tell you that the conditions of Scotland, whatever they are, are owing to the fact that the country was not conquered. Dr. Arnold used to say that the day of Bannockburn ought to be celebrated by the Scotch as national festival, and Athenree lamented as a national disaster. He meant, of course, that Scotland was not conquered, and that Ireland was. He ought to have known better. The truth being that it is Scotland which was conquered, and that Ireland never was. I say this in small caps.

Let us look to the facts of the old times. The Plantagenet pretension to the throne of Scotland, so gallantly resisted by William Wallace and others, began to be successful in the time of Henry VII., who gave his daughter to the King of Scotland, in the vehement desire of seeing a grand-child who should unite the crowns; and in the reign of Elizabeth, all Scotland—the poor young King, the nobles, the commoners, and the clergy—lay protestant and prostrate, under the feet of that bold, contriving woman. Then Scotland was conquered once for all. Religion, of course—the change which allowed the nobles and their followers to take all the Catholic Church lands—was the agency which took away Scotland's independence and made her one with England.

As regards Ireland, Elizabeth died a baffled woman. She laid the doughty Douglass on his back; but she could only bring Tirowen to his knee—and that was, no doubt, as much owing to his gallantry in respect of a female, as anything else—for that chief was a gay, wily sort of man. Except what was inside the Paling, all Ireland was resisting or rebellious to the heart's core; and inside the Pale was much the same. In 1715 and and 1745, a few of the Highland clans followed their chiefs in Scotland—fighting for the ambitious views of these last, and not for the Stewarts or for their country. (In this respect, I think Macaulay is right, for once). In 1782, the leader of Irish opinion stood up for independence; and in 1798, the Protestants and Catholics (if the former were on the whole numerically weakest, they must have the credit of having begun the business,) rose, with the ancient hatred of the O'Neills, O'Briens, and Moores, and so forth, and again advanced that old invincible plea. It is the very same, up to our own day, as everybody knows; and the fire still smoulders under the ashes.

Scotland was a conquered country, and her people show it at this day, as they did about two hundred years ago. Ireland, in spite of all the beatings she has got, has resisted, in almost every generation. She never behaved like a conquered country; never knew when she was beaten, and is very like to go on for some time longer, in that same old condition of ignorance—as the English moralists are so fond of saying.

I wish to set the historians right—for Ireland is not yet conquered, and never was. I also wish to have a good crow—but rather good humoredly, as this is Thanksgiving Day—over those Scotchmen who ignorantly pretend they were never conquered, and as ignorantly say the Irish were. With Christopher Sly, I bid them "look in the Chronicles." No wonder, indeed, that the Sawnies were on the side of the English in our 1775. They couldn't be anywhere else. They are never anywhere else, here or there. They are more English than the English themselves. Such was the rebellious virtue of Ireland, that she could make her adopted sons more Irish than her own children; and the charm does not seem to be yet lost. Conquest has so far quelled the Scots, that they do not show any remembrance of Wallace—any love of what he died for. They take to republicanism far less cheerfully than the English. Ireland's unconquered spirit led her children into the thickest of our revolutionary struggle, on the right side, and they still show themselves foremost under the colors of the republic, as everybody knows—and as John Bull saw, the other day, on the decks of the Merrimac in Southampton water. They really exhibit more signs of a conquering than a conquered people. It may be just as well they should all come away from the island to the continent. In any case, may they never more be "sick, sore or sorry," says

OLD CROSSBARRY.

THE CASTLE OF DONEGAL.

The ruins of the old castellated mansion of Donegal are not only interesting as affording, to use the words of Sir R. Colt Hoare, "a good subject for the pencil," but still more so as a touching memorial of the falling fortunes of a long-time powerful and illustrious family, the ancient lords of Tyrconnell. These ruins are situated on the north bank of the little river Easky, or the fisby river at the extremity of the town, to which, as well as to the county, it has given its name. This name, however, which signifies literally the Dun, or Fort of the Foreigners, is of much higher antiquity than the castle erected here by the O'Donnells, and was, there can be no doubt, originally applied to a fortress, most probably of earth, raised here by the Danes or Northmen anterior to the twelfth century; for it appears unquestionable that the Irish applied the appellation Gaill exclusively to the northern rovers, anterior to the arrival of the English. Of the early history of this dun or fortress there is nothing preserved beyond the bare fact recorded in the annals of Ulster, that it was burnt by Murtoch M'Loughlin, the head of the northern Hy-Niall race, in 1159. We have, however, an evidence of the connection of the Danes with this locality more than two centuries earlier, in a very valuable poem which we shall at no remote time present to our readers, addressed by the Tyrconnell bard, Flan Mac Lonan, to Aigleann and Cathbar, the brothers of Domhnall, from which the name of Donnell is derived. In this poem which was composed at the commencement of the tenth century, the poet relates that Egneachan, the father of O'Donnell, gave his three beautiful daughters, Duibhlin, Bebua, and Bebinn, in marriage to three Danish princes, Caithis, Torges and Tor, for the purpose of obtaining their friendship, and to secure his territory from their depredations; and these marriages were solemnised at Donegal, where Egneachan then resided.

But though we have therefore evidence that a fort or dun existed here from a very remote time, it would appear certain, from a passage in the Annals of the Four Masters, that a castle, properly so called, was not erected at Donegal by the O'Donnells till the year 1474. In this passage, which records the death of Hugh Roe, the son of Niall Garve O'Donnell, at the year 1505, it is distinctly stated that he was the first who erected a castle at Donegal, that it might serve as a fortress for his descendants; and that he also erected, as it would appear, at the same time, a monastery for Observantine Franciscans near the same place, and in which he was interred in the seventy-eighth year of his reign. From this period forward the Castle of Donegal became the chief residence of the chiefs of Tyrconnell, till their final extinction in the reign of James I., and was the scene of many a pretty domestic feud and conflict. From a notice of one of these intense broils, as recorded in the Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1564, it would appear that shortly previous to that period a tower called the New Tower, had been added to the older structure. This tower being at that time in the possession of Hugh, the grandson of the builder of the original castle, while the latter was inhabited by his fraternal nephews. Con, the son of Calvarch, then Prince of Tyrconnell, in the absence of his father, attempted to get possession of both, and nearly succeeded, when he was made captive by O'Neill.

Towards the close of the great war with the Earl of Tyrone in 1601, the castle, as well as the adjacent monastery, having been placed in the hands of the Queen's troops, through the instrumentality of Nial Garve O'Donnell, it was besieged and taken by the celebrated leader Red Hugh O'Donnell, who afterwards blockaded the English in the monastery, from the end of September to the end of October following. But though the besieged were reduced to the utmost extremity, in consequence of the explosion of their powder by some accident, which reduced the greater part of the monastery to ruins, they maintained their position with undaunted bravery, and O'Donnell finally raised the siege, and passed into Munster to join the Spaniards. It appears, however, from a contemporaneous poem, addressed to the ruins of this castle, that O'Donnell did not depart from his native territory, never to return, till he had reduced the proud castle of his ancient ancestors to a ruined pile, assigning as a reason that it should never become what its name indicated—a fortress for strangers!

Whether this castle was subsequently repaired or reconstructed by Red Hugh's brother Rory, the Earl of Tirconnell, during the few years for which he held his earldom previous to his flight to Rome, does not appear from any document which has fallen under our notice, and we are inclined to believe he did not do so. But be this as it may, the existing ruins retain no feature of a castle of the 15th century, but on the contrary are in every respect characteristic of the castellated residences of the reign of James I.: so that if it be of Rory O'Donnell's age, he must have rebuilt the mansion from its foundation. It appears, however, at least equally probable that the present structure may owe its re-erection to Sir Basil Brooke, to whom the grant of the castle was made in 1610. But it is certain at all events, that he repaired the castle and resided in it until his death, 1633; and two chimney-pieces which still remain are unquestionably of his time, as the arms on one of them testify. These arms, which are sculptured on two shields, are, on the first, those of Brooke impaling Leicester—the family name of Sir Basil's lady; and on the second, those of Brooke only. These chimney-pieces, which are very splendid specimens of the architectural taste of the age, are faithfully represented in the second volume of the *Dublin Penny Journal*, and are accompanied by an excellent notice from the pen, as we believe, of Sir W. Bentham. In this notice it is stated

that the Castle of Donegal "was granted by patent, dated the 16th November, 1610, to Captain Basil Brooke, for twenty-one years, if he should live so long, with one hundred acres of land, and the fishing, customs, and duties extending along the river from the castle to the sea. Captain Brooke was knighted 2nd February, 1616, by Sir Arthur Chichester, knight, Lord Deputy, and had a re-grant of twenty-one years, or his life, of the castle by patent, dated 27th July, 1620, and on the 12th February, 1623, he had a grant of the fee of the castle for ever."

According to the same authority, this "Sir Basil Brooke was a scion of the family of Brooke of Norton, in Cheshire, and his lady was Anne, daughter of Thomas Leicester of Toft, in that county. Henry Vaughan Brooke, Esq., Member of Parliament for the county of Donegal, was his descendant and heir-at-law, who left the estates of his family to his nephew Thomas Grove, Esq., who took the name and arms of Brooke by royal sign-manual in 1808. He died without issue, and the estates of the family went to Thomas Young, Esq., of Lough Esk, who also took the name of Brooke by royal sign-manual, dated 16th July, 1830, and is the present possessor."

During the troubles of 1641, the Castle of Donegal was garrisoned for the king by Sir Henry Brooke, the son of Sir Basil; but was taken in May, 1651, by the Marquess of Clanricarde, who was joined by the Ulster forces under Sir Phelim O'Neil, when the O'Reilleys and MacMahons joined with him. But the castle was shortly afterwards abandoned by him, on receiving intelligence of the advance of Sir Charles Coote, into whose possession it then fell. Since that period the Castle of Donegal has never we believe, been used as a residence, and no care has been taken to save it from the ruined state in which it now appears. It is, however, to the credit of its present possessor that he has taken every care to delay as much as possible the further ravages of time on a structure so interesting in its associations with the past.

It is, indeed, impossible to look on this venerable pile without carrying our mind back to the days of its proud but unfortunate chiefs; and in our feelings of pity for their fate, indulging such sentiments as one of their last bards has attempted to express in the poem addressed to its ruins. It is a composition of Malmurry Mac-an-Ward, or the son of the bard, and was written on the demolition of the castle by Red Hugh O'Donnell in 1601.

THE BOOK OF LEINSTER.

From the Dublin Nation.

In verification and confirmation of the authenticity of our early annals, we procured extracts from some of the earliest Irish MSS. and bardic histories which remain in this country, and inserted occasional entries therefrom in the Table of Pestilences, for the purpose of showing the authorities upon which the annalists founded some of their assertions. These MSS. consist of prose tracts, poems, and fragments of history, all compiled anterior to the Twelfth Century, and chiefly contained in the "Book of Leinster," a large folio vellum MS. preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and consisting at present of 350 pp. —a portion of a much larger work. The MS. was formerly known to writers and the learned, as "The Book of Glendalough." Mr. Curry states:

"Its contents are tracts on the early colonization of Ireland, the wars, battles, manner of death, &c, of her kings and great men; descending from the Pagan to the Christian times, and even down to the time of compiling the book. The prose tracts are summed up in poems generally, giving additional details by various authors, down to the days of Gilla na Naemh O'Duinn, a priest, and I believe tutor to Dermod MacMurrough. The greater part of the historical poems have relation to Leinster, but there are several on general Irish history and chronology. It contains besides, various very ancient romantic and historical tales, with pedigrees of Irish saints, as well as of the principal Irish families, and also the "Dinn Senchus," a topographical tract in verse, on the origin of the names of various remarkable places in Ireland. It originally contained a copy of the Wars of the Danes and Irish, which would be now of great value, but only one leaf remains. It is, in short, one of the most valuable of all our ancient Irish MSS., and must have been compiled in the early part of the life of Dermod MacMurrough, King of Leinster; before the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion—say about 1130. It is not necessary here to go into all the internal evidences of this probability contained in the volume itself, but the following memorandum will be deemed important and interesting, as it supplies an authentic date of sufficient proximity to that period for resting this opinion upon, as well as showing that the volume must have been the property of Dermod himself, at the time of writing it; for it is evident that the writer was an immediate author or attendant of MacMurrough. This entry is an insertion on the top margin of folio 200: 'O Virgin! it is a great deed that is done in Ireland this day, that is the fifth of the calends of August, viz: Dermod, the son of Donagh MacMurrough, King of Leinster and of the Danes, has been banished over the sea by the men of Ireland. Alas, alas! O Lord! what shall I do?'

"This occurrence took place A. D. 1167, and the men of Ireland here mentioned were those of Breifney and Meath, and the Danes of Dublin, with such of the Leinster men as had revolted and joined the standard of his enemy, Tiernan O'Rourke. There is even an earlier memorandum than his at the top margin of folio 27, A, which says: 'On yesterday, Donnell, son of Congalach O'Conor Faly, was killed,' &c. And the annals of the Four Masters, in the year 1161, thus fix the date of that event: 'Domhnall Ui Failge [Offaly] was slain by the clan Maclughra.'

"Now, any Irish scholar will perceive at once, that these insertions are as old as the times to which they refer, yet neither of them is in the hand-writing of the original scribe; clearly showing that they were events which took place, and entries made after the book had been written.

"Among the poems of most note, as affording references to pestilences, or the deaths of remarkable persons, is one commencing: 'You talented, learned men of Conn's land,' consisting of 104 lines, by Eochaidh O'Flinn, who died A. D. 984, describing the taking of Ireland by the heroine Cæsair, and afterwards by Partholan, with the names of the rivers and lakes of Ireland in Partholan's time, his own death, and the subsequent death of the colony that descended from him. Another is a poem of 148 lines, by Flann, of Monasterboice, who died A. D. 1056, on the deaths of the Tuatha de Danann chiefs, and begins: 'Listen, O you learned without blemish.' 'Noble Erin, Island of the Kings,' is a poem of 632 lines, on the Conquests and the Kings of Ireland, from the earliest time down to the introduction of Christianity, A. D. 432. It was one of the principal documents upon which O'Flatherty found his chronology. The writer, Giolla Caomhain, author of the 'Irish Nennius,' and who died A. D. 1072, also wrote another chronological poem of 220 lines, beginning with, 'All the annals hitherto.' This tract commences with the Creation, and subsequently carries down Irish history to the author's time. The poet divides his chronology into different eras, synchronizing the reigns of the Irish Kings, with the Assyrian and other dynasties, and giving the length of the reign of each monarch; thus endeavoring to carry back our chronology to the remotest times. Another poem in the same book begins: 'Noble Erin, Island of the Kings,' and described the reign and manner of the death of the Kings of Ireland before St. Patrick's time. It also contains a poem by Flann, of Monasterboice, on the manner of death of the Christian kings of Ireland, from Leary to Brian Boroimhe."

PARIS IN 1856.

From the N. Y. Daily Times.

The accounts from Paris are truly disastrous. The true state of things there, studiously withheld by Napoleon from the knowlegde of the French people, reveals itself in the private letters which we receive, and which, under the garb of commercial communications, fortunately foil the Argus eyes of the French Post Office. The state of things revealed there reminds us forcibly of the days of Louis XVI. Put a plebeian Emperor in the place of the old legitimate King, and the aristocracy of wealth in place of the aristocracy of blood, a Spanish noblewoman in place of an Austrian princess, the stern, unbending mind of Louis Napoleon in place of the soft, wavering, pliable heart of Louis Capet, and all the other features of both epochs—fraud in the higher, disgust in the middle, and want in the lower classes, blindness in the ruler, inanity in the clergy, impotence on the press, levity in literature, scandal in the theatres, debauchery in morals, cynicism in ethics, and depravity in society—all will, with some slight modifications, be found to be the same.

Again the cry for bread makes the inmates of the Tuileries shudder and tremble. Corn merchants, who speculated for a rise in flour, have again to look out for their necks. House-owners, who speculated on a rise in rents, have again to look out for their lives. Eugenie, lovely as Marie Antoinette, a bright, tearful, tender thing, gives precisely as she did, her jewels to the poor. But alas! the Mirabeaus and Lafayettes are no longer there to resist the rabble. Those feeble types of Mirabeau which the France of this day possesses, have given umbrage to the sulky Louis, and no reconciling element now stands between him and the people. But all this is not apparent on the surface. The surface of Paris is as gay and smooth as ever. Guizot, Thiers, De Tocqueville, are buried in the past. Auguste Comte writes tracts for the Twenty-ninth Century. The hotels are full of English and Americans. Rothschild is as witty as ever. Rachel has gone to Egypt to hurl her imprecations at Ristori from the foot of the Pyramids. *La diablesse, toujours classique!* But Jules Janin still remains at his post, and has entered into partnership with Beauvallet, the truthful and brilliant historian of the Rachel troupe. The lady at the Buffet of the Cafe Veron wears still the same fascinating smile, and the French gentleman of the old *regime* still sips his *bouillon* at the Cafe de la Bourse with the same classic grace. Madame Fould's soirees are brilliantly attended. Fould has a foible for horses and military men. Broken down English Derbymen, and officers of the army and navy, with a fair sprinkling of Fould's relatives, and a charming bevy of *agents de change* and speculators in *haute famine* make up the bulk of the circle. Dark-eyed Jewesses—the hair dressed *a la Eugenie*—whisper forth with oriental voluptuousness the latest fluctuations in the rents, and the Algerine officer of engineers, who stands by, ogles them with African intensity, twists his sunburnt moustache, and exclaims—"*En voila des coquines!*" A sinister but aristocratic-looking individual glides about the *salon*, exchanges a furtive glance with Fould, and bows to Madame in an abrupt manner. This is Emile Girardin, Emile of the *Presse*. Since Madame died he assumes melancholy. But what is this stir and general whisper and titter? Little Oppenheim is taken with a violent pain in his bowels. Fould seems uneasy. The English Derbymen raise their glasses. General sensation. All seem lost in dismay. The creator of all this trouble is a dark, terrible-looking, yellow-faced man, evidently a Portuguese, and a Jew; the former clerk and present rival of the Rothschilds. It is Pereira! Pereira of the Credit Mobilier. The swindler of former years was—at least in look—a gentleman. But this Pereira carries around him the foul perfume of the Ghetto. Notice his crapulous smile as he hands a bouquet to Madame Fould. Now he expostulates with Girardin. "Well matched!" exclaims a shrill little voice, a little hunchback's voice, Wolfgang Emden by name; a modern Æsop, the wit of the party—a regular *farceur*, a kind of buffoon to Fould, who playfully pulls the little fellow's ears, whenever he has had a crack digestion and money matters look bright.

And now watch Pereira! That gentlemanly looking man he is speaking to is Baron d'Argout, the governor of the bank.

This is a true picture of Paris society in 1856. The Paris Wall street has it all its own way, gives its tone to the ladies, dances the Cancan, and crowds the theatres. *Vive la Banque! Vive Pereira!*

Just round the Cafe Veron, taking the third turning left from the rue Richelieu, a little rue—rue d'Amboise—leads on its right to a still smaller street—rue du Petit Temple—which in its turn leads to a narrow lane, or rather *cul de sac*, where a *cafe* called the Cafe a la Croix d'Or, also presents a fair gathering of the usual French cafe-house stamp. But the singular feature of this is that many who enter do not remain in the *rez de chaussee*, nor do they take to the staircase to the right, that leads to the billiard room, but to a staircase to the left, where they are never seen to return to the cafe, but disappear nobody knows how. At the top of the staircase, a little old man asks for a ticket. This ticket, after having been found to be correct by the old man, gives admission to a small corridor, at the end of which the ticket-holder is led by a boy into a room where about seventy men are assembled.

On the walls are portraits of Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, while the figure of Jesus Christ stands upon a desk, in the shape of a crucifix. Behind the desk stands a man of about 28—thin, pale, and with sunken eyes, and rather bilious look. He holds a paper in his hand, and reads the names of six or seven hundred persons, simply stating their occupation and place of residence. Bankers, brokers, rentiers, flour-dealers, importers, embracing men of almost all professions, but chiefly commercial men. As he reads, each man writes it down. Not a word is spoken besides. Only when he is done, he says, "*C'est le tour de numero dix-sept.*" Monsieur Numero Dix-Sept steps to the desk, and goes through a similar operation as his predecessor, and reads a list of some five hundred persons, while every one present as before, takes the names down. But not a word is spoken. Besides the reading out of the names and the calling out of the *tours* of the different numbers, not a word is spoken. All disappear as silently as they came. This is one of the Marianne societies.

In the meanwhile the bulk of the Parisians, the honest *bourgeoise*, the virtuous middle classes, have all gone to sleep or to concoct a future stock of honest *bourgeoise! Va, Gaillard!* There is also a small class of people who live to themselves, sporting with fancy, lovers of art and literature—intellectual, artistic people. They alone sleep in normal health—they cultivate their own mind and heart, and taste, and take no part in the affairs of Paris. They have little cliques; but never go to parties. French transcendentalists? Elegant intellectualists! Peace be with them. *Bonne nuit.* But higher above them hangs the moneyed crowd—there is dissipation, recklessness, orgies during the night, and frauds during the day, and from low, low down, comes up coldly and shrilly the cry for bread, bread—and God, what a cursing and gnashing of teeth!

But though the night is in its centre, still are the Boulevards as gay as ever. Women still haunt the streets. The *cafes* are still full. From Madame Fould's *salon* comes still the sound of music. Pereira stands flirting with one of the dark daughters of Zion! Jolly is Pereira. At the hotel of the Minister of Police *mouchards* run in and out. In the Cafe de la Croix d'Or there is still a flickering of light; the little withered old man still stands at the top of the staircase—silent men still pass in, and the reading of names is still going on, and Louis Napoleon is still thinking and smoking. Heavens, what thought and wha smoke!

Morning comes again, and Paris looks as bright and gay as ever. The provinces strive to emulate the fascinating cheerfulness of the Parisians. Lyons, Bordeaux, Marseilles, Strasbourg, Metz, Lillie, Orleans, Rouen, Havre, have their brilliant *cafes* and charming dames of the *pave*. Their Rue Lafittes and Foulds, and Pereiras on a small scale—fraud of course at the top, and starvation at the bottom of the social ladder, and disgust and insanity and drudging honesty in the middle classes, and "mariannes" and priests to say amen! But what heeds it? On the surface, all looks smooth and sunny. Bread and house-rents, however, grow dearer and dearer—the dark, starving masses of Paris and Lyons begin to howl. The police have not arms enough to clutch the malcontents. But who knows about those subterranean doings? The press is gaged, and small reports and bulletins of the Bourse are revised by Louis himself, and Pereira is a clever fellow. *Vive Pereira! Vive la Bourse!*

A LOOK AT LOUIS NAPOLEON.

From the Dublin Nation.

I was walking one evening along the Boulevards des Italien, with John Hogan, who had just come to Paris to have the superb statue of O'Connell, which he has designed for the city of Limerick, cast in bronze. We had been sitting amid the myriad group of loungers, whose cane-bottomed chairs clustered in front of the Cafe de Paris, watching the motley crowd that sallied by, in which you might mark every civilized and every uncivilized tribe of mankind, from the flame-eyed Algerian to the servile Ethiop; from the Russian Boyard to the everlasting Yankee—all donning a certain French varnish for the day, and all bearing it better than the race of Bull, whose name is Legion. The coffee with due encomiums had been daintily sipped, and we were wandering away with the stream, when to our stranger eyes became, visible therein an unusual stir. Groups gesticulated into clusters, the clusters cohered into a crowd, which bore away down a street to the left, and there took order. The shopkeepers were hanging out brilliant flags round the corner, and some, under the inspection of the police, loyal salutations in gas. So we ascertained that his Imperial Majesty, who had returned from Biarritz a few days before, and had been staying, to our great disappointment, at St. Cloud, had come into town suddenly, and was about going to the Opera. We took up our station accordingly opposite to the grand entrance, and waited as patiently as possible the hour, which it took for the police to prepare the way.

I suspect his Majesty is not habitually guilty of that reckless hardihood about his imperial person, which is ordinarily attributed to him. I know, the precautions which I could observe quietly, subtilly, and skilfully taken on this particular occasion, seemed to me to insure him against dagger or bullet far more effectually than if he had been cased in triple mail. The French Police have the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus—or to speak not so classically, and more correctly, it is still inspired by the genius of Fouche. As the crowd consolidated along the approaches to the Theatre, the disposition of the *Sergens de Ville* were gradually made. As you moved, one after another keen eyed constable surveyed your face with scrupulous scrutiny, and when you become stationary you stayed there as if you were locked in a parade, conscious of a surveillance, which penetrated the whole mass like electric light. The vivacity of the Parisian mob evaporated, grimace and gesture grew far less piquant and buoyant under the subtle stern eyes of those Familiars of the new Bastille of Mazas. You should gradually suspect, too, that in blouses, albeit worn quite a la Faubourg St. Antoine, and broadcloth cut after the last British fashion, at your very elbow stood the genuine *Mouchard*. While we were talking freely of the Imperial regime, I remember we were struck by the too furtive and attentive professional look of a neighbor, who could not conceal his discomfiture when we turned our tongues to a gibberish mixture of Italian and Irish.

When the police had made their precautionary surveys and soundings, the process of guarding began. A battalion of the Zouaves—still the pets of Paris—trotted down, lithe, sinewy and fierce as tigers—broke into pickets and occupied all the accesses of the place. There was something savage in the contrast of these wild Mamelukes on foot—the turban on their shaved heads, kirtled in scarlet, gaitered in yellow, and armed to the teeth—with the over oppressive civilization of the rest of the scene. They looked as if an *emeute* would have been perfect pleasure to them—and, doubtless, it would be. But they were hardly standing at such ease as is possible for their untamed nature, when, with steady stately step, a company of the Foot Guards dropped in sentinels along the street. Midway thereupon an occasional dragoon vidette sat like a statue on his horse. Old Police Officers continually peered through all these elaborate arrangements, and obviously considered them, as they were, perfect. An officer now and then galloped down to see if all was right, and galloped back to report accordingly. Five or six *Cent Gardes* in an undress uniform of green and gold, and red, which is handsomer than the full dress of any rank in the British service, then rode down, and looked about them, and saw that all was safe, and so vanished at the back of the Theatre.

In a few minutes more, you could hear far off that full voiced murmur, not overwhelmingly loud, or oppressively enthusiastic, with which the French cheer—and with a clatter of arms and a crash of hoofs, the cortege rolled down from the Boulevard. First came the Court *Piqueur*, in an Irish-looking Napoleonic livery of green, flourishing his long whip, and magnificently mounted. After him charged a troop of Guides, cocked pistol in hand—a cavalry as agile, as awful as the Spahis. They were followed by a squad of Chasseurs of the Guard; and then, before the Emperor's carriage, rode the Cent Gardes. I could but see a rush of silver cuirasses, gold helmets, and varnished jack-boots, close behind which pressed a close carriage simply appointed. There was a slight check in the speed of the cavalcade as he passed the place where we stood. Thus I could see his face for a minute, as he bowed forward—slightly, not ungracefully acknowledging the salutations on all sides, apparently as mild a mannered man as ever cut a throat or struck a *coup d'etat*. The face is exactly the face that one sees in the shop windows and on the coins. It has apparently improved in expression with the man's prosperity—it certainly does not wear the feline look with which he used to be portrayed even by flattering artists. The mean lines of poverty and the rigid wrinkles of the prison have, we suppose, faded. He is not in very bad health. I could observe that the cheek looked bronzed and healthy, as though Biarritz had dashed new blood into that fragile frame. And that was all. Of the Empress, I could only see a graceful head with ambrosial locks gently bending. The crowd of courtiers hurried on, and the rear guard of dragoons.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1856

EVACUATION DAY.

Where are the artists? Where the writers of romance, the painters, the dramatists, the epic poets? Why have we so many glowing volumes about the Nile, Omoo and Typee, and other scenes to which distance lends enchantment? Why comes it that the career of the First Napoleon lures the scholarship and talent which should be employed in the illustration of lives, labors, and victories identified with the fortunes of the Republic? Why should the genius of America—artistic and antiquarian—leave unheeded the episodes which intersperse the Iliad of the Revolutionary War? New-York, in possession of the British troops, furnishes heaps of material for the picture-gallery, the library, the theatre. Bocaccio, Tasso, Dumas, Vernet have not worked on themes of more thrilling interest than those suggested by the gossip, traditions and chronicles of that epoch.

The Middle Dutch Church in Nassau street—gutted of its pews—for many weeks the gaunt prison-house of 3,000 Americans—with the Dead Cart rumbling up to it every morning, to carry off from six to eight victims who had perished in the night; the desolate burials of the prisoners on the mount—an old redoubt—at the corner of Grace and Lumber streets; Cunningham, the truculent Commissary of the prison, torturing the prisoners or poisoning them with arsenic; Lord Rawdon's troopers prowling through the city after night-fall, breaking into houses, and robbing everything they could lay their hands upon; the gaol-hulks rotting in the stagnant pool at Wallabout, with their freights of human flesh breeding the deadliest disease and pestilence; the Mall, running along the front of the grounds where Trinity church now stands, crowded with the gay and fashionable loyalists of the day, promenading to the music of one of the English or Hessian regiments; Governor Clinton's old Dutch mansion in Pearl street, with its important front of six dormer windows, and gardens extending through Water street, which then overlooked the river; the old City Hall, at the head of Broad street fronting Wall, with its whipping-post and pillory, and its gallery leading out over the main door-way from the Senate chamber, where George Washington, in a suit of dark silk velvet, steel-hilted small-sword by his side, black silk hose and shoes with silver buckles, made his sworn pledge to Chancellor Livingston, "on a superb quarto bible," as the author of the *Annals of Philadelphia* tells us; and a thousand other scenes, personages, and events, invite the studious, the patriotic, and the nobly gifted.

But, above all, there is the crowning incident of the Revolution—the Evacuation of New York — the day when General Washington, at the head of a detachment of his victorious army, escorted by a company of Westchester light-horse, entered the Bowery from Harlem, whilst the baffled enemy, under Sir Guy Carleton, dropped into their boats at the Battery, and, before they reached the Narrows, saw their dishonored flag torn down, and the Stars and Stripes flying in its stead—a vision of glory in the Heavens, announcing the consecration of the New World to an eternity of freedom.

On this earth, among nations, an anniversary more joyous does not recur. Year after year—glowing with memories of patriotism, eloquence, wisdom and heroism—it dawns over this prosperous city, and shows us what a world of wealth, industry, happiness and busy intellect, has grown up over the ruins of English dominion in this country. Justly and right creditably does General Sandford parade the First Division on that day. Justly, right creditably, and most usefully does he signalize by that brilliant and impressive array of citizen-soldiers, the extirpation of the enemy, under whose rule America would have to this day remained a handful of crippled colonies—an abused appendage of a covetous and plundering Empire.

Throughout the State, officially it should be, as in the hearts of the people it truly is, Thanksgiving Day.

THE END OF THE ENGLISH AND FRENCH ALLIANCE.

After centuries of hostility between England and France—centuries of war, conquest, and mutual reprisals—a hollow truce was formed between those ancient rivals. The guns of Waterloo were yet booming in the ears of France, when a royal pageant—an imperial farce—was witnessed in the Chapel of the Invalides. The Queen of England, in presence of her imperial *cousin*, was bending over the tomb of Napoleon, doing homage to the remains of the chained eagle of St. Helena, and the "august ally" looked on with an eye of grim delight. There were triumphal entries into London—a gathering of Lords and Commons and civic dignitaries, and a feeble attempt to muster the decimated ranks of the Guards into a military salute. Louis Napoleon is in the House of Brunswick. The press of England is loud in the praise of the Queen's imperial guest. His sagacity and foresight, prudence and firmness, were the themes of every pen—his praise was hymned by every Briton's tongue, and the happy alliance, so unexpectedly consummated, was pronounced eternal. The arbiters of empire and the promoters of civilization were to dictate not only to the monarchs of the East, but they even proclaimed their intention of setting limits to the republican ambition of the West. Charged with the importance of their mission, and dazzled with the glitter of its presumed results, the alliance did not perceive the dark chasm already opening at its feet. At first it was a slight fissure—it is now broad, black, and bottomless, sufficient to swallow up all royal friendly relations in the old world. The smoke had hardly rolled away from the battlements of the captured Malakoff, and the last soldier of England's shattered attack had scarcely been gathered into the trenches from under the guns of the inviolate Redan, when jealousy and dissension became manifest in the ranks of both armies. The one conquered, the other was defeated; and the feeling of dissatisfaction, thus engendered in the latter, imperceptibly spread among the officers and commanders. It finally reached the statesmen of both countries, and was felt by the great mass of the people. The ink was still wet on the Treaty of Paris, when this dissatisfaction became audible throughout England. Although silent in the court, it murmured through the press, and found a bolder expression in the voice of the multitude. England felt humiliated and her prestige completely destroyed. Peace had been proclaimed before England was allowed to redeem her character in the presence of Europe. The sapless laurels gathered by her fleet at Bomarsund, and the shameful repulse before the Redan, had not been redeemed by one wreath of victory. The glory was all to France, the dishonor and defeat belonged to England. Her schemes had been frustrated, and her policy checkmated. She desired the destruction of the Russian fleet, and a naval position in the Black Sea. During the whole of the w , England maintained her diplomatic influence at Constantin ple. Her ambassador was perfectly acquainted with all the intrigues of the Divan. He was a favorite with the Sultan, and although imperious to his *attaches*—reckless of the lives of the British soldiers; although he allowed the garrison of Kars to be starved into capitulation, and became obnoxious to charges of the gravest import, still he was sustained at his post, that the diplomatic influence of England might prevail in the East. But affairs have at length arrived at a point beyond which they cannot proceed without involving Europe in a general war. The hollowness of the alliance is at length revealed, and the whole press of Paris daily assails the duplicity of England. The *Constitutionel*, the Emperor's official organ, is outspoken in its condemnation of the course which England is now pursuing. The *Gazette de France* charges her with their financial embarrassment, and the disturbed state of Europe to-day. The *Assemblee Nationale* accuses Lord Palmerston of "turbulence," and the statesmen of Austria of "tergiversation," and asserts that "the idea of England was to obtain possession of the Black Sea, and establish herself there on the ruins of the Russian navy." Austria, in occupying the Principalities, and England in keeping a fleet in the Black Sea, are accused of a conspiracy against the integrity of Turkey, when it was supposed her independence had been established. The *Union* is equally severe on England, and states that France now differs with her on all the questions at present in dispute regarding the treaty of Paris.

Thus ends the unholy alliance between *La belle France* and *Perfide Albion*. Russia and France on the one side, Austria and England on the other, with the minor monarchies cowering under their toppling thrones and Prussia neutral, will probably complete the programme of the next European royal struggle. We say royal struggle, because the people will not take sides with either. Ambition and despotism, avarice and duplicity, are now opening a path to freedom from the besotted courts of the East. The next hostile shot fired by the august allies will be at once a signal and a knell—a knell for the decayed monarchies that have so long revelled upon the industry of their trampled subjects—a signal to the brave young spirits who are to lead the liberated hosts from bondage, and plant a new flag upon every historic battle-field and king-crowned capital in Europe.

THE NICARAGUAN CONTROVERSY.

A most important and interesting correspondence, exposing some state-secrets of the Nicaraguan Government has been given to the public. The correspondence embraces,

1. Letters of a private nature, which passed between the President of the Republic of Nicaragua and one of his military officials, General Domingo de Goicouria.

2. A statement from Major John P. Heiss, refuting the ideas, ignoring the plans, and questioning the honesty of the purposes of the latter.

3. A note from Mr. Edmund Randolph, accusing the same Nicaraguan official of "dishonest and treacherous intent."

4. A lengthy communication to the N. Y. *Herald*, signed "Lo Mismo," purporting to give "Walker's true position in Nicaragua," the article being in fact an echo of the Costa Rican circular issued some four months ago, ostensibly by seven men of General Walker's army, and afterwards (see I. News, Sept. 27) exposed by Mr. W. T. Johnson, for himself and comrades, as a "tissue of falsehoods," to which his name was appended without his consent.

5. A brief note to the *Herald*, from Louis R. Lattimer, Lieutenant First Rifles, N. A., stigmatizing "Lo Mismo" as "a liar and a coward," who "dare not acknowledge his name."

Such are the sources of much public comment, and not a little excitement in political and "filibustering" circles.

Enthusiastic sympathizers with the cause of Nicaragua may regret the publication of those documents, thinking it injudicious at this period to make the defection or personal pique of any of President Walker's staff a subject of public controversy. Yet, upon a rigid and fearless reviewal of the disclosures made, and of the reasons which led to their publication, there are few, we think, who will not regard the whole case as ultimately beneficial to the cause of which General Walker has been and is the sole brain and recognized head; a fact, let us here remark, apparently not sufficiently understood by his late Brigadier-General Goicuria.

Of President Walker, it is needless to speak. His name is in the archives of the heroic. It is the historic property of the world. The exaggerated abuse of his enemies—recounting the marvellous individuality of the man, who, with a muteness almost mysterious, inspires confidence—not less than his brilliant successes, has handed his name and deeds to the historians and romancists of the future.

Of General Goicuria it is needful to remark, that he is a gentleman of many estimable qualities, a Cuban exile who has sacrificed much for the love of his native land, and whose position among the patriots of his country was rendered the more distinct and respectable from the fact that to the possession of wealth and spirit, he added mental talents of no ordinary character, and an energy sufficient to guarantee a prominence to his other qualifications.

That he feels himself aggrieved, we have no doubt. From *his* view of the uses of Nicaraguan glory and independence, we are even willing to believe that he might think himself honorably justified in pursuing a course which could be excused on no other ground than that of a supreme allegiance to the fortunes of Cuba, and the reckless use of all means in furtherance thereof. But we are forced to see the points at issue by a different light. It is not as a Cuban revolutionist, but as an officer of the Nicaraguan army, and an official of the State, that we must regard General Goicuria. Viewing him as such, the issue he has had the temerity to draw with his chief, becomes of very easy access.

Discipline is life itself to Nicaragua in her present struggle. A rigid and persistent adhesion to those forms which are half the strength of a military power, engaged in consolidating a democracy and giving it a prestige which inspires its defenders and deters its enemies, must be observed and enforced, else the elements of success become a scattered mass of irresponsibility—a mad variety of strength without system, and headlong wildness without rein.

General Goicuria outraged this vital principle of strength and duty: first, by meddling in negotiations without having any powers from his Executive, and second, by not promptly obeying the instructions of his Chief, in not going to negotiate where his instructions directed. These assumptions of individual responsibility, certainly were sufficient to guarantee the instant erasure of his name from the official list of Nicaragua, especially as he was not within reach of a formal impeachment and court martial.

Instead of going to England according to his commission, General Goicuria delayed in New-York, and as Major Heiss shows, was intent on raising and sending, ostensibly to Central America, a force of some eleven hundred men, after writing distinctly to the President of Nicaragua that he *could not now in any way whatever continue in connection with him.*

"Even if this movement," says Major Heiss, "was intended with the best motives, I was satisfied that an independent expedition to Honduras, or any of the other Central American States, would not meet with the approbation of General Walker. It would immediately array the hostility of the United States and Great Britain against Nicaragua, and they would, no doubt, take decided steps to prevent it, as well as to prevent any further emigration to Nicaragua."

Major Heiss states, that notwithstanding General Goicuria's representation "to some few friends" of Nicaragua, "that his purpose was to advance the cause of General Walker," he (Heiss) believed it was the reverse. Major Heiss may have reason to suppose so; for us, we would rather infer that the armament was intended by some means for the Cuban cause, to the postponement of which, General Goicuria it would seem, was impatiently adverse. He avows that Cuba was his first love, and that he entered the Nicaraguan service to make it a stepping-stone to the attainment of that nationality, in whose defence he had won his spurs. This was natural and praiseworthy, but even taking the matter on these, his own grounds, he did not keep faith with General Walker, there existing between them a compact, the first clause of which runs thus:—"General Walker

pledged his word of honor that he will assist and co-operate with his person and his various resources, such as men and others in the cause of Cuba, and in favor of her liberty, after having consolidated the peace and the government of Nicaragua."

This treaty, or compact, has been published by General Goicuria, and is, we take it, authentic. According to this stipulation, General Walker was not in a position to aid Cuba, or devote himself to that purpose yet, and General Goicuria, who held a commission under General Walker, had no moral or official right to further any project save that in which his General was engaged. He broke his terms of the compact.

Thus is General Goicuria in the wrong on either side. A reader of his letters of advice to President Walker would be more likely to imagine the writer a joint occupier of the presidential chair than an official, subject to its guidance and countenance; and his many pressing, and almost petulant allusions to the sale of the transit right, would give grounds of suspicion that he was interested in the success of those capitalists, who are known to be unreserved enemies of President Walker's supremacy in Central America. In connection with this point of the controversy one important fact has been made public, which shows that, "while Vanderbilt was claiming the protection of this Government, he was, at the same time, very desirous of making terms to Nicaragua, offering large sums of money to have the privileges of the old Transit Company restored to him." Major Heiss wisely recommends this very important point to the careful attention of Secretary Marcy.

General Goicuria states that he adhered to the cause as long as he considered General Walker a man of "honor, and faith, and ordinary sagacity." As to the honor and faith we cannot see that General Walker has in this matter forfeited either. If Goicuria ever held him to be a man of sagacity, he must so hold him now, for General Walker's course has never wavered. His policy to-day is the same as it was when he landed with his fifty-six men. This very fact—the calm consisteney of his onward march—has created a favorable opinion where his "filibustering" was denounced.

In conclusion, it is beyond argument that an over-sensitiveness of General Goicuria led him to publish those papers, which are more of a charge against, than a defence of him. On the whole, General Walker rises to a more stable and dignified position from this controversy.

Since the foregoing was in type, Major Heiss has published a second letter, the chief point of which is a reply to Mr. Vanderbilt's correction of the statement made in Major Heiss's first communication, and was reiterated with increased emphasis—thus,—

"I am not apt to misunderstand a man's meaning, and not having any peculiar interest whatever in the Old or New Transit Company, I cannot be charged with an intention to do Commodore Vanderbilt injustice. I will, therefore, repeat, that in May or June last, he stated to me, that he had an agent in Nicaragua, and that General Goicouria was that agent.

"I am perfectly willing that my name shall go before the country on a question of veracity with Commodore Vanderbilt's.

"JOHN P. HEISS."

The clouds are quickly disappearing. The Red Star is in the ascendant. It is a Fixed Star.

ENGLAND—NEW AND OLD.

The sectional party arrogating the distinctive title of "American" accuses the Irish of ignorance, political and international. It is said, that two generations must pass away before the Celt can comprehend the genius of Americanism. The knowledge of liberty is an abstruse subject—an occult science—to be learned only in the dark caverns of Know-Nothing American mysteries. We must enter with bandaged eyes and be born again in an "American" lodge, that our souls may be illuminated. We must drink the hell-broth of Puritanical bigotry, that our hearts may throb in fraternity.

In all humility we confess that the policy, as well as the Spirit-rappings of New England, are beyond our grasp. We cannot understand how citizens so peculiarly "American," and so desperately "Republican," are yet the only section on this continent—not even excepting Canada—who keep up an obtrusive sympathy with Old England—the den of aristocratic pirates.

The realm of Arnolds and Blue Lights, is still as English as the Hartford Convention could desire. New England society is the propaganda of Old Englandism. That is—limitation of the franchise, a standing army, a State church, and a plutocracy.

The Hon. Mr. Geo. Marsh, of Burlington, Vermont, delivered the introductory lecture before the New England Society. His subject was—*England—New and Old.* It was one of those efforts to preserve a lively affection for the Mother country. So far we sympathize. The *mother country* is our birth-place, and we rejoice to see "*real Americans*" more lively than ourselves in filial gratitude. But the sympathy between England—New and Old—may be carried to extremes; and it will amount to virtual treason if based on political alliance. It may be our ignorance, but we maintain that none but a New Englander would attempt to represent the sham constitution of Old England as glorious, and the people of Old England as free.

Mr. Marsh said—

England—New and Old—occupy the same position in two hemispheres. Each is the focus of freedom, each the aspiration of oppressed humanity in their respective continents. I speak not of their governments. Englishmen, though ever vigilant to protect their own liberties, are apathetic towards what does not touch themselves.

And again:

The American and English nations and governments are feared and hated by other powers, for they know that liberty is the basis of their systems. Therefore, tyrannical potentates endeavor to fan dislike and jealousy between them—first favoring one and then the other; and by a thousand arts of intrigue strive to raise discord between them, so as to eventually crush out freedom. We are not called upon to give physical aid to assist any to work out their liberty. Every country, every oppressed nationality, has the power to work out its own freedom, if it wish to be free; and the twenty-five millions of Italy may at this very moment be striking the blow which shall set them loose from their oppressors. But when the dread period shall arrive, if ever, when the fire on the altar of liberty is quenched, upon England, New and Old, rests the responsibility of its extinguishment.

In other words, liberty depends upon the intimate friendship of New and Old England, against the Southern States, the Papistical Irish, and the rest of mankind.

So we, ignorant Irish, are informed that England, New and Old, are the friends of Liberty, hated by the tyrants who endeavored to sow discord between them. "Each is the focus of Freedom—each the aspiration of oppressed humanity in their respective Continents." But yet, this profound politician tells us that "they are apathetic towards what does not touch themselves;" and "We are not called upon to give physical aid to assist any in working out their liberty." That is to say—if our ignorance can penetrate it—we need not aid Central American Republicanism against British aggression, nor pay for Negro Emancipation. Our duty is fulfilled if we incite the Negro to cut his master's throat. New-England, with breeches-pockets buttoned and at a safe distance, is "the aspiration of oppressed humanity." The slave-drivers of Old England, having stolen and used the Negroes, persuaded the old ladies to buy out the property. New England will not repeat the humbug.

But to return to our international sympathies. Old England on her part, is "laboring in the vineyard of the Lord." While her monstrous pirate fleet is kept in perfect discipline, New England is graciously informed that Her Majesty's sacred person will be conveyed for adoration to Canada. Let emigration of the Irish to Canada be encouraged, and Royal visits inaugurated!

The *London News*, Oct. 22d, says:

"Her Majesty will, it is said, at no very distant day pay a visit in person, accompanied by some of her family, to this, the greatest and most populous of her transmarine possessions. The Queen could do no more useful or patriotic act; and richly does Canada merit the compliment of a royal visit. It has outlived all the calumnies of its Tory detractors, and has demonstrated that Colonial self-government is far more compatible with and provocative of loyalty, than the rule of a family compact, or government from Downing street. Canada, we cannot doubt, whether it continue its present connection with England—and there is now no reason why it should not—or resolve itself into an independent monarchy, is destined to have large influence over North America. In either contingency, nothing is more desirable than that the influence of English civilization should continue to prevail in Canada, and through Canada diffuse itself more generally over that Continent; and a visit from Queen Victoria, surrounded by her family, would do more to promote that influence, and secure all its blessings, than any step that could be suggested. Why, then, should it not at some early and convenient time be taken? That, indeed, would be a visit worth recording."

English civilization is to diffuse itself from Canada over this benighted and democratized continent! This is certainly laughable, but the power of England is not to be laughed at. We have just escaped from the danger of having her *nominee* for President of the Republic. The first-class British organ quoted above, says that Buchanan is a filibuster, and that he will endeavor to extend the Republic, and drive forth English protection and freedom.

But they say:

"Under the presidency of Mr. Fremont we may expect a policy which will, on the contrary, diminish the exterior complications of the United States, by giving greater attention to domestic affairs."

Our ignorance cannot comprehend this, unless it mean that Fremont, Stowe & Co., would keep the country in such a civil war of excitement about Negroes, that British policy might progress unnoticed and unmolested, in Cuba, Panama, and South America.

New England plays the game of Old England. The black Ace of Spades is always trump. Puritan banditti enter convents, burn churches, and tar and feather priests. Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and the whole South are disgusted with Northern Republicanism. England in the mean time weaves her her web of alliances.

The English rejoice now over the prospect of a confederacy of South American States to serve as a check upon the North, and build "a stable foundation for the *balance of power* in the New World."

Our readers will not be surprised to learn that the Republic of Chili has in Congress proposed a confederacy of Southern States against the Republic of North America. We see no objection to this, if the Southern Republics acted for themselves alone, against Northern aggression. But Walker is not the emmisary of aggressors. He is the defender of American liberty against the plots and the fleets of European despots on this continent.

From the tone of the British press, it is easy to discern the origin of the Chilian manifesto against this country.

General Walker, personally, may be a selfish or a righteous man. Let his people see to it. But we believe that the citizens of this Republic do well to keep an armed watch in presence of the bribery, the intrigue, and the robber-fleet of England, in the Gulf of Mexico. The English aristocracy are a genteel gang of pirates; their whole history is a sanguinary record of piracy and filibustering. We sincerely trust that our Government will never follow the example of the Mother Country, by invading the rights of free and peaceable neighbors. But, notwithstanding the sympathy of New England, we shall not fail to keep our eyes upon the diplomacy and brute-force of Old England.

We offer our opinions in all humility, not having matriculated in the Know-Nothing Lodges of Vermont. Our Irish ignorance must be excused.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Charity Fair at the Crystal Palace, closed last Saturday, with the most opulent success. Upwards of $30,000 have been realized. The Hospital, to the erection of which this munificent sum has been devoted, will be one of the noblest institutions of the city, notwithstanding the misrepresentation of the bigots of the *Express*, who state that Protestants are to be excluded from it. The sick of all creeds are to be admitted.

John Mitchel has left Knoxville on a lecturing tour. He has already appeared in Nashville and St. Louis. From which place he descends the Mississippi, calling at Memphis, Natchez, and Baton Rouge, on his way to New-Orleans. He will most probably be with us about Christmas. His lectures have met with a brilliant success. We heartily congratulate him.

John Martin is at present sojourning at Pan, Basses Pyrenees, in France. He is in excellent health. For the present, his visit to America has been deferred.

Izod O'Dogherty has returned to Ireland with his youthful, beautiful and gifted wife—*Eva of the Nation*—and is practising at the Medical profession, of which he is a highly accomplished member.

Smith O'Brien remains at Chairmoyle. His letter to the Secretary of the dinner given in Dundalk, the other day, to Tristram Kennedy, one of the Members for the county Louth, is a gallant reiteration of the principles and convictions which compelled him to take up arms against the English garrison in Ireland. In the course of a few weeks, we are happy to inform our readers, the columns of the *Irish News* will be enriched with contributions from the pen of our noble-hearted, noble-minded friend.

Catherine Hayes—our glorious country-woman—has made her first appearance in London, after her brilliant and prosperous voyage round the world. Her reception was enthusiastic, and her success most splendid. Her voice has immeasurably improved in volume, intensity of expression, and all the higher attributes. Limerick may well be proud of her, and all Ireland should feel grateful for the fresh flowers of fame this glorious girl has won for the lyric wreath of the old Land of Song.

MISS TERESA ESMONDE

Will, we are sincerely glad to announce, favor her numerous admirers in this and the adjoining cities, with a selection of Readings from the Irish and American Poets, previous to an extended tour through the Eastern States.

On Monday evening, December the 8th, we hope to meet, at the Stuyvesant Institute, a full attendance of our readers enjoying a pleasant and instructive entertainment, such as this gifted young lady never fails to render, and for which she deserves the most generous support.

ATTACK UPON THE IRISH SERVANT-GIRLS.

Lieutenant-Governor Raymond—Editor of the *New-York Daily Times*—has made a mean and cowardly attack upon our poor, hard-working and virtuous country-women in America. Mean, for it is neither high-minded nor gentlemanly, nor even decent in an Editor—especially a Lieutenant-Governor—to obtrude the mysteries of his kitchen or his garret upon the public. It is cowardly, for many of those poor, but noble girls, have no protectors, and Lieutenant-Governor Raymond—Editor of the *New-York Daily Times*—insists upon the irresponsibility of the Press. In all the domestic virtues, in every trait and feeling which make a household honorable and happy, in morality, industry, honesty, and delicacy of sentiment, those maligned Irish servant girls, will compare favorably with the most pretentious models of excellence whose society his Vice-Excelleney cultivates.

A BRITISH LIE.

A late number of the *London Times* charges the Editor of this paper with having expressed a desire to become a Slavehold er. The anonymous bully lies. The only slaves Mr. Meagher would wish to have, are the kind his ancestors several hundred years ago possessed—light-haired, blue-eyed Saxon Slaves.

A Word About Ourselves.

Mr. Meagher lectures in Tremont Temple, Boston, Tuesday, December 2nd, and before the Young Men's Democratic Club of this city, in the Academy of Music, Tuesday, December the 9th. *Royalty and Republicanism* is the subject he has chosen for both occasions.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

EIGHT HOURS IN HAVANA.

Nothing lies between us and the yellow walls of the Moro, unless the calm purple sea, which here and there throws in on coral reef, and rock, and broad patch of sparkling sand, the white fleeces it had borne from the storm. Nothing lies between us and the fair white city of Havana, with her crown of palm-leaves, and marble fountains, and shadowy gardens, where the perfume of fruits and flowers never dies, unless this same calm purple sea. The sun lights up those yellow walls, and shows us clearly—grinning out from many a grim nook and crevice—the huge guns behind which the flag of Isabella flies defiant. High above these grinning guns, rises the tall light-house, and at the base of this light-house springs out a wooden platform with a balustrade. The sun, too, lights up the brown arches and the dusky belfry-towers of the Cathedral, where Columbus sleeps; lights up the white faces, and the green balconies, and the rainbow-painted basements of the houses springing up behind the staunch sea-wall; which, too, is mounted with grim guns and dotted with silent, slow-pacing sentries. And here, close on our right, with the spray and fresh sea-breeze playing in upon the grated windows, and waking in many a poor soul delirious thoughts of freedom, stands the great prison built by Tacon, in front of which Narcisso Lopez died.

The paddles are in motion. The Stars and Stripes run up, and we head directly for the harbor, lying in close to the Moro. Through the smoke of our furnaces, we see groups of soldiers, in gray uniform, here and there along the walls. Some one comes out at the edge of the platform at the foot of the light-house, and hails us from a height of two hundred feet. Captain Windle stands prepared,—trumpet under his left arm. The paddles slacken. There's a gush of steam. The passengers open their eyes all over the Moro, and look as though they expected thunder. The voice from the edge of the platform—two hundred feet above us—roars out something in a strange tongue. Captain Windle answers him through the trumpet—

"Empire City!—New Orleans!"

The voice once more roars out. Then all is still—the platform vacant. The paddles resume their work with their wonted speed. The Captain comes down from the hurricane deck, hangs up his trumpet, and passing round to the Purser's room, pleasantly wishes us all good morning. The passengers breathe again. They take to making curious searches along the shore, and some of them joke as heartily as if they were on the Mississippi.

There's a gouty German, in gold-rimmed spectacles, on board, whose peculiarities quite fascinate the crowd. He speaks the Anglo-Saxon tongue with a surprising fluency, but appears to have paid particular attention to the choice phrases, with which such popular celebrities as Mr. Sam Weller, Mr. Montague Tigg, and the renowned Dick Swiveller have familiarized the public. He comes from Coblentz—is fat and lame. Evidently is not in the best of health, but, nevertheless, possesses an active appetite. His thirst is mighty, too. In quenching it, his resources are exhaustless. Sherry now. Champagne by-and-bye. Pale ale directly. Port on the top of that. Brown stout before he turns into bed. It is not of the Moro; nor the Palacio de Gobierno; nor the Grand Teatro de Tacon; nor the crowded shipping in the noble basin through which we glide; nor these rude gondolas that swarm about us with their swarthy oarsmen; nor the rolling of the drums along the staunch sea-wall; nor the ringing music of the bugles from the parade-grounds behind those solemn bastions overhead; nor the stately spars and graceful mouldings of those war-ships, with the Red Cross drooping from the peak, and the red-coat of the English marine glittering above the bulwark; nor of that lovely island, whose fruits and flowers, whose orange trees and royal palms come down to the water's edge to greet him, and whose treasures are untold. Not of these, nor any of them, does our companion from the Rhine this moment think. His thoughts are centered in the cook. Or if they wander for a moment, it is to haunt the breakfast-table—on which the breakfast is not yet laid—and in the dreariest mist and melancholy, hover round the pantry. For a while, fare-thee-well, Pale Student of the Rhine! We've come to anchor.

A large boat with a white canopy, swept by eight oars, bears down upon us. The Spanish flag, dangling from a flag-staff in one corner of the stern-sheets, dips and splashes in the sparkling water. The men at the oars, wear white cotton shirts turned up with blue, and straw hats having a broad black band. It is the Port Officer's barge. The Purser is at the head of the starboard gangway, with the necessary papers, ready to receive the gentleman. The Captain stands a little in the back ground, and the occupiers of the state-rooms, in a motley crescent form behind him again.

The barge shoots up. The oars are lifted. A gentleman in bright blue dress-coat and brass buttons, white trowsers, white waistcoat, black silk hat, weak eyes and delicately colored spectacles, red and white silk stockings, and the daintiest patent-leather pumps, trips up the steps. The Purser moves down to meet him. They salute, shake hands, move off together to the Purser's room. The door closes. To the uninitiated, the rest is all a mystery.

Two gentlemen have followed the gentleman in the delicately-colored spectacles and patent-leather pumps. One is tall, and advanced in years—very brown—tough-looking—solemn—spare. The other, fairer, younger, stouter, less solemn, and more flexible. Both dressed in white, like the waiters at a *table d'hote*. They keep their hats on, however, and the hats display on the left side, a patch of red cloth, with a small brass button inserted in it, bearing the initial of the Spanish Queen. These gentlemen are supposed to take possession of the ship. They light their cigarettes, and commence their melancholy march up and down the deck.

In the meanwhile, other boats have crowded round us. Two of them from the English men-of-war. In half-dress uniform, there sit in the stern-sheets of those handsome boats, young officers of Queen Victoria—eager for the news—eager for the last paper—eager to hear what tidings have sped to them from the Crimea. On the larboard bow, a flat-boat, piled with oranges, and green pine-apples, bananas, and cocoa-nuts, has been made fast. The Pale Student from the Rhine spies the precious freight and hastens to it. An aged Creole, in ragged garments, guards the green and golden treasure. The German hails him in curious English. No result. The German tries a French salute. It is a blank discharge. The German appeals to him in the deep gutterals of Coblentz. The Creole is impassive, and heeds him not.

The Pale Student then makes faces, quotes from Mark Tapley and Sam Weller, grumbles for breakfast, and limps back disgusted to the quarter-deck.

The other passengers have been busy looking down the gangway, prying into all the boats, taking and comparing notes meanwhile. They have been particularly busy with the Port-officers' barge, and have been endeavoring to make out who that silver-embroidered sleeve, lying out a little beyond the awning, belongs to. Some think the Captain-General. Another fancies the Archbishop. A New-Yorker swears it must be the Chief of Police.

All conjectures end where they begin. Nothing positive is discovered. Nothing can be seen but the embroidered sleeve. Whoever owns it remain buried in the white hood astern. The mysterious gentleman in the Purser's room, however, emerges into light, and bowing with the airiest elasticity, slides to the gangway, and down the gangway, hopping through the oarsmen, into the stern of the barge. The barge slips off. Then the English officers have their turn. And then the agent of the company. And then the friend of some officer on board.

The gong beats. "That's good!" exclaims the Student of the Rhine.

After breakfast, the Purser tells us we may go ashore. Down the gangway, then into a small boat, across the harbor to the *Muelle del Luce*—the only wharf at which passengers from the New Orleans steamer are permitted to land. Here you climb up into something like a ferry-house, and are directed by a man, with a long white coat, red epaulettes, musket and bayonet, to a little office; in which, seated on a tall stool, we find our friend with the delicately-colored spectacles, and the dainty patent-leather pumps. Another official stands beside the stool. They make out *permits*. We pay a dollar for each *permit*—exchange salutes—light segars—produce our *permits* at the gate, and then break loose through town.

The town is full of soldiers. Every five yards, we strike against a blue check blouse, blue check trowsers, gaiters of the same, panama hat with red patch and brass button, waist belt of black leather. The gentleman thus harnessed for the field, carries a clean musket. The musket carries a bayonet.

Through divers narrow streets; through lines of sluggish mules, burdened with baskets and kegs, bundles of vegetables, and other produce; through countless *volantes*, some stationary, some beginning to move, others pulling up, others flying nimbly over the hard white pavement; past stores of various kinds, some poor, some rich, some very dusty, others very clean and gaudy; under linen awnings, painted like summer clouds or garden backgrounds in the theatres, and stretched on slight iron bars across the thoroughfare, from house to house; through all such and many such passages, and scenes, and sights, and wonders; and then we pull off our hats, and breathe and cool ourselves beside the fountain of Ferdinand, fanned by the majestic palm-leaves of the *Plaza das Armas*.

Fronting us, we have the palace of the Captain General, and on our right, barracks for the infantry. The whole place swarms with soldiers. Most of them in the blue check blouse. Here and there a blue coat, with red facings and gold epaulettes. We drive out beyond the walls—soldiers every foot of the way! We go into Le Grand's or Dominica's to have a cup of coffee or a *petite verre*—soldiers all round! We call upon a tailor—he's cutting out a blue check blouse, and twenty tailors are hard at work, with goose and sleeve-board, shears and needle, upon blue check blouses, all about him! We look into the shoemaker's—he's at work on belts and buckles! The harness-maker? He's over head and ears in pistol-holsters, cartridge-boxes, shoulder-straps and pouches! Every man, every lad we meet, has the panama hat, with the brass button and red patch stitched upon the side. Havana is in arms! Havana is in state of siege! The troops of the line have been distributed throughout the island. The city is garrisoned by volunteers.

Towards noon, a curious regiment enters the beautiful spacious Square, which lies outside the walls, close to the Fountain of the Indian in the *Paseo de Isabel*.

An artillery regiment—the guns, four pounders, mounted on mules—the muzzles overlooking the tails—the breech or but being planted between the shoulders of the animal. The officers are mounted on small, stout-built, sprightly horses, and wear the *sombrero* with the red sash, and gold epaulettes. The privates, besides the cavalry sword with its steel scabbard, carry a carbine slung by a belt of yellow polished leather across their shoulders. Various evolutions are performed—all by the sound of the trumpet. Quitman, beware! The martial mules of Spain prick their long ears and switch their braided tails, and point their mountain-pieces at you! The back-bone of the mule shall in these days eclipse the wonders done in Sampson's time, by the jaw-bone of a kindred beast!

We dine at Dominica's. The floors are marble. The tables marble. The fountain in the centre, marble. All marble. We dine upon an *omelette*—drink a bottle of light burgundy—light a cigar, and with serenity digest the temperate meal. This done, we purchase another cigar, and through multitudes of soldiers drums and trumpets, betake ourselves to the Cathedral, there to look upon the spot where the immortal son of Genoa the Superb, lies dumb and deaf amid the turmoil and the glory of the world his dauntless spirit called to light.

One side of the Cathedral, as we mount the steps in front of it, stands a row of little buildings. Very old, dusty, crumbling buildings. Warehouses, one would think, for old clothes, rusty nails, mouldy boots and shoes. Fit for nothing else. A door in the end of these buildings—the end nearest to us—swings upon its hinges. We enter. It is a very small, dark, discolored room. Old books, with parchment covers, upon the floor—the floor laid down with red tiles and broken earthenware. A round table in the centre. Old books upon that, too; Spanish newspapers; a bundle of old pens; five or six ragged cigars; a dirty inkstand; and behind them all, an ill-shaved priest, in a torn gown, and an enormous black hat of pasteboard, and a pair of broken shoes, with stupendous silver buckles in them.

The holy man looks up with startled modesty as we enter. We beg pardon in imperfect French, being wholly ignorant of the Spanish tongue. We give him to understand that it is the tomb of Christopher Columbus we desire to see. We offer him a cigar.

The holy man calls an idle youth from another room of the ruined building, and motions us to depart. We bow to the kind old gentleman, bid him farewell in French, and throwing away our cigars, follow the youthful guide into the temple where the wondrous sailor sleeps. The boy shows us a plain white slab. A likeness of Columbus is loosely sculptured on it, and at the foot of the humble tablet we read the inscription—

O Restos, e ymagen del grand Colon!
Mil siglos durad guardados en ea orna
Yen ea remembranza de nuestra a Nacion.

And such is the monument which man has consecrated to the discoverer of a world greater than the old. But from the beginning, there has been, and to the end, there shall be for him a nobler monument—one built for him when the seas went down, and over the beautiful face of the creation the stars sung through the eternal vaults their first hymn of joy.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS ON SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION.

William Gilmore Simms delivered a most interesting and useful discourse on the 18th inst., before the "Young Men's Lecture Association." The subject was one thoroughly congenial to the nature and intellectual resources of Mr. Simms, who, as a delineator of Southern patriotism, heroism, customs and manners during the revolutionary era, stands unrivalled. In the various novel and romances, founded on, and illustrative of the history of that period, which have made the name of Gilmore Simms a leading one in American literature, we may behold the loving care bestowed on the memories which itis the privilege of the historian to chronicle and the poet to enshrine in the loftiest numbers. In these historical romances we may behold the almost religious zeal with which Mr. Simms has collected the hitherto unpublished heroic incidents—the domestic reminiscences of Southern firesides—the stirring scenes of Southern camps—the local glory, so to speak, of the Time and Place, which alike reflect pride on each other. This is not the place to enter on an analysis of the characteristics of Mr. Simms' various works; but it cannot be out of place to state that besides being probably the most voluminous American author, he is *the* one, *par excellence*, who has devoted himself to the illustration by history, novel, poem and essay, of Southern glory, mind and manners. His lecture, consequently, on "South Carolina in the Revolution," could not be otherwise than attractive; and if the lecture-room was not as full as it might be, we are inclined to think it was owing to a want of due publicity, regarding Mr. Simms' presence and purpose amongst us. For ourselves, the first we learned concerning the lecture was the report of it in the daily papers, the morning after its delivery; and with the aid of which (especially the *Daily Times*,) we give an outline of the distinguished gentleman's discourse, and beg to draw the attention of our Know-Nothing friends to Mr. Simms' notice of the Irish colonists of the Revolutionary days.

For eighty years, the lecturer said, the people of South Carolina had reposed in the faith that their mind, morals and manhood were of a merit to establish for them a perfect claim to the respect of all good men; that they had given not a few of the greatest men in the country to her struggles for liberty and individual renown; that nothing could take away or diminish the glories of their past, whatever might be thought of her performances in the present. But their history, it would seem, must undergo revision. The old chronicles—the grateful traditions of three quarters of a century—were pronounced to be mad delusions—and there were those who proclaimed that the ancestors of whom they were so proud to boast, were, in fact, false to their duty and to their country, recreant to their trust, heedless of their honor, faithless to their brethren, traitors in the cabinet and cowards in the field.

These were the allegations poured forth with a malignant sort of satisfaction, seemingly with no other purpose than to goad and mortify the pride and sensibilities of a hated party. Whether true or not in substance, the assault was gratuitous and wanton, and grossly subversive of all social propriety. Was it true?

The pith and marrow of Mr. Simms' lecture was devoted to a reply to this question. How was it (he asked) that South Carolina was identified with so many hard-fought fields—so many heroic names—and so many bright pages in the history of the Revolution? Were Marion, Sumpter, Moultrie, Gadsen, Rutledge, Laurens and Pickens, mere make-weights in a struggle to which they could afford neither soul or intellect? If so, his tory was an invention, and the Revolution was not. He was not going to review the miserable politics of the day, but he sought to prevent an outrage on national history. He sought to vindicate the generals and statesmen, the patriots and warriors, in

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the U. States, for the Southern District of New-York.

whose career the whole nation were interested. The blow he sought to avert was made at the dead and the living—at the past, the present and the future, robbing the one of laurels made sacred, consecrated forever by their tears and blood, the other of all those monuments by which the future generations were to be taught becoming lessons and examples. To tear away from the hearts of men their living faith in the virtues of their sires, was to destroy the very hopes of a people along with all their honest pride and more prolific impulse—it was to deprive them of all the noble stimulants which goad a people to great performances. What then must be the morals of a party which could strive for such an object?—what the desperate necessities of that party which could justify a policy so profane and barbarous? South Carolina asked no favor. She demanded justice. She required that while we exposed her faults, we did not suppress her virtues.

It was alleged that the public services of South Carolina during the Revolution were greatly disproportioned to her strength and ability. In 1776 the population of South Carolina was 300,000. This population was scattered over a forest country, covering more than 30,000 square miles. South Carolina furnished 35,000 soldiers to the war. Massachusetts had a population of 352,000, and her contribution to the war was 88,000 men. We were not to suppose that these were individual soldiers sent from either State to the war; the enlistments being for a short period, often three or six months, the same men, their time being expired, were re-enlisted. The population of Massachusetts was all comprised within an area of ten thousand square miles. They could be easily brought together. That of South Carolina, rating but three persons to the square mile, could be assembled with only great delay and difficulty. The people of Masachussetts were homogeneous, and from a single stock; that of South Carolina was made up from all European nations, and almost half of her people were born British subjects, a large portion of whom had been less than ten years in the country. They were, accordingly, so many foreign enemies in her heart. The settlements in South Carolina in '76 lay chiefly along the great watercourses of the country. The colonists had planted at first along the seaboard, and had only begun to penetrate the mountain region. Some of the first settlers were purely Irish, others purely Scotch, others Germans, others French Huguenot. A wide waste of swamp and forest lay between these settlements. The French and Irish settlers readily subscribed to the Revolutionary movement; but with the Scotch, since '45, their instincts were all loyal. Even Flora MacDonald, romantic rebel as she was in Scotland, became, with her whole family, as warmly devoted to the British in North Carolina as she had formerly been to the Pretender. The Germans, too, were mostly with the crown. These were the facts, and for these he offered no apology. Nor needed he to apologize for that people. The day had gone by when the loyalists of America were properly subjects of reproach. They were faithful to their old traditions, faithful to the laws, faithful to their instincts. We had accordingly no quarrel with them now, but with these facts before us, and a thousand other such, which time did not suffer him to state, was it not a wonder that South Carolina should take part in the Revolution at all, particularly as she had no such cause of complaint as threw the Eastern Colonies in rebellion? Hardly one of the acts of oppression which prompted New England into resistance prevailed in South Carolina. She was then, as now, a purely agricultural country; she did not employ machinery; she was not a competitor with British manufactures. She lost no vessel by forfeiture. The King's arrow on her forest trees, in the boundlessness of her wide domain, abridged no man's liberty. Would it have been wonderful, then, if there had been many who could see no good cause for the conflict? Wonderful if all of British birth should ally themselves with the royal rather than the Republican cause? He would tell them who did so, and who did not. The Scottish settlements everywhere, a large proportion of the Germans, the great majority of the English, and most of the Quakers, espoused the cause of the crown. What remained to the Republicans? The entire agricultural population, the entire mechanics, the entire lawyers and professional men mostly, and the Irish colonists, with few exceptions—these were the parties who, in South Carolina, asserting abstract principles rather than present necessity, raised the banner of revolt in sympathy with Massachusetts—when she was stricken by the foe. By looking at her history we would see that no colony of this Confederacy ever showed itself so prompt—very few half so prompt to share the troubles of Massachusetts. But in that day—yes, in that day—Massachusetts could send as a special ambassador to Carolina one of her chief men, Quincy, imploring sympathy and succor. And he obtained it. Yet even then there was one far-seeing Carolina planter who said to him:—"I foresee that we shall only exchange one tyrant for another: the tyranny of New-England for that of Old-England; and I confess, for one, I prefer to submit to the usurpations of the one rather than the other." How prophetic was that man's language, let the present hour declare! In spite of all the odds against them, the patriots of South Carolina threw themselves into the breach amongst the first in behalf of Massachusetts. And he (Mr. Simms) contended that purer patriots never were found. He denied that any one had a right to inquire into their mere numbers when called upon to recount her achievements; and when those achievements neutralized her deficiency of numbers, they enhanced the glory of each several deed. Through bloody civil war to which no other State was subjected, contending against odds the most unequal, against an enemy within and an enemy without, almost entirely deserted by her sister States, never receiving any assistance whatever from the New-England States, and, finally, with the very moderate succor furnished by the State south of her, coming out triumphantly, though bleeding at every pore—this was the true issue in the briefest possible compass. The number of her loyalists, so far from disparaging her claims, rendered them brighter and more glorious. Her fame was greater in degree with the numbers who were thus within her own bowels laboring for her destruction. Her merit consisted in being able, while contending with a home faction, to make contributions of wisdom, strength, patriotism and valor to the common cause, which no other State in the Union had rendered, though placed in circumstances a thousand times more favorable.

Mr. Simms adverted to the measures adopted at an early period by South Carolina, towards forming a Continental Union, as a proof of the sincerity of her republican sentiment, recounted the part taken by Carolina in the revolutionary war. If, he said, in conclusion, the future was to witness a contest between ourselves, and this great Empire was to be subjected to the horrors of a civil war, let the issues be unmixed. If South Carolina be now imbecile as to the past, there needed no argument to prove the fact. It would prove itself in action. No State gained anything by showing that South Carolina was faithless as a friend and worthless as a foe. Let her establish the fact in either case, and what followed? Was the argument meant to make her submit quietly without a struggle—submit that she might escape from blows and bondage? Ah, what real power confident in itself ever descended to such a miserable artifice? Better, braver, nobler they should oppress her with the mailed hand and the biting weapon.

THE CONVALESCENT.

[In Ireland, there is now a perfect calm—peace is over all her fields. Her case required, and it has received, a severe treatment—but she is *cured*.—*Cor. of a London paper.*]

The dear Old Land, they say, is *cured*—
Released from every pain—
No wildness in her calm blue eye,
No fever in her brain:
'Tis true, the spectral hue of death
Still pales her beauteous cheek,
But the wild throb from her heart is gone,
And her pulse beats low and weak.

And her Saxon doctors loudly boast
Of their cunning and their skill,
In *curing* the Old Land for aye,
With their famous Famine Pill.

Ah, well she may, the poor Old Land,
In calm despair bow down—
The best blood from her veins is gone,
Her buoyant vigor flown.
Purged of a million stalwart sons,
Whose bones strew every plain—
A million more, the wide world o'er,
Wand'rers beyond the main.

Oh, truly they boast how well they knew
The treatment of the case—
How quickly their Starvation Pill
Blanched her rebellious face.

They may give o'er their doctoring now,
And turn elsewhere their skill—
They'll bleed her as they always did,
But she will not need their Pill.
For low she lies, the Poor Old Land,
And may, for bitter years—
Till the Tyrant's doom, from the venging womb
Of Time, shall dry her tears.

Till then let Saxon doctors boast
Of their cunning and their skill,
And exult o'er the myriad victims
Of their famous Famine Pill.

Oh no, ye gentle doctors all,
Fear not for your patient now,
'Twill be long ere the red rebellious blood
Shall again suffuse her brow:
She needs no more starvation now,
A gentler course remains—
Slow leeching will keep down the blood
In her dry and shrunken veins.

Then e'er let her Saxon doctors boast
Of their cunning and their skill,
And how quick they *cured* the dear Old Land
With their famous Famine Pill.

New-York. J. Q. W.

The announcement of the London Publishers for the forthcoming season, include some works by old favorites, and some by older notorieties. Among them are a volume of poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, a new serial by Thackeray, novels by Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Gore, Shirley Brooks, and others, a Life of Falstaff, by Robert Brough, illustrated by Cruikshank, a Christmas Book by Richard Doyle, in which the quaint and comically eloquent pencil of the artist will follow the fortunes and misfortunes of "Brown, Jones and Robinson in the Highlands;" a fresh book of travels by Mansfield Parkyns, etc.

A new translation of Beranger's *Songs of the Empire, the Peace, and the Restoration*, has appeared in London from the pen of Robert Brough. The book is very favorably received by the critics; the specimen extracts we have seen exhibit great ease, heartiness, and musical spirit. In a favorable article in the *Illustrated Times*, the writer sums up the qualifications of a translator of Beranger thus:—

"We cannot give unqualified recommendation to this delightful little volume, because to do so would be to assume, as a fact, that Mr. Robert Braugh is—not a Frenchman, to the manor of that ilk born and bred—at least one of those Anglo-Frenchmen, or Franco-Englishmen, about whom the Chevalier Bunsen has written so learnedly, and of whom Anthony Hamilton, in the first instance, and H. Evremond, in the second, were types. For the perfect translator of Beranger should, we opine, to the lexicographic lore of Mr. Spiers, the polyglott attainments and critical accumen of M. Philaréte Chasles, and the metrical facility of the late Dr. Maginn, unite a mind thoroughly saturated with French politics, French literature, and that peculiarly French code of moral philosophy, of which the joyous Roger Bontemps was the Aristotle, and the immortal King of Yvetot, the Epicurus. The faultless Beranger translator should be, in fine, a person capable of editing *Punch* and the *Charivari* at the same time, and writing simultaneously the "*Chants du Caveau*" and the "Homeric Ballads."

"The American Poulterer's Companion" is a very handsomely printed and profusely illustrated volume, devoted to a specialty, the importance of which is duly chronicled herein. Mr. C. N. Bement, (the author,) is well known by his devotion to the culture and improvement of poultry. The first edition of this work, published some eleven years ago, was the pioneer of all works on the subject. The volume now before us, in its minute and extensive perfection, contains a Practical Treatise on the breeding, rearing, and general management of various species of domestic poultry, with one hundred and twenty portraits of fowls, chiefly taken from the life, by Mr. Van Zandt, of Albany, with views and plans of coops, nests, feeding-hoppers, &c. Well may we say, with Shakspeare—

"So fair and *fowl* a book we have not seen."

It is published by the Harpers.

A Child's History of Rome. By John Bonner, author of "A Childs' History of the United States." 2 vols. *Harper and Brothers.*

Mr. Bonner has here given us two precious little volumes, which will be hailed not less by the author's professional brethren as a fresh instance of that writer's mental industry, than by the up-growing generation as something to make study attractive, and thereby really beneficial. The familiarity of the style does not at all detract from the classic dignity of the subject; and in its sustained equanimity, clear, conversational and copious, is, we take it, a triumph of which Mr. Bonner may be proud. It is a most difficult task to fitly accomplish such a work as the present—a history, which being interesting to, because thoroughly within the comprehension of childhood, also possesses every needful point as a remembrancer for these of more advanced years. We heartily recommend it.

The Musical Bouquet and Institute Choir, is a collection of songs, duets, trios and choruses, collected and arranged by Wm. B. Bradbury and Charles C. Converse. We have a great and pleasant variety, from several eminent composers, with some dainty contributions from unknown but promising music-writers. We perceive that Denis Florence M'Carthy's bounding lyric, commencing—

"Ah! my heart is weary, waiting,
Waiting for the May,"

is printed in this collection, as in several others, without mention of the author's name. John P. Knight's world-famous "Beautiful Venice," is arranged as a duet by Wm. Dressler, but no mention is made of the orginal composer. The editors would do well to render honor where honor is due. It is just that we mention these omissions, with the exception of which, the work is well worthy of our good wishes. (*Ivison & Phinney.*)

Littell has skimmed the cream of the cream in his choice for the *Living Age* of this week. Each selection is a prize article, and when all are so good it is difficult to point out the best. It contains the *Shingle Movement*, from Household Words, and an interesting account of the pious bravery of Mother Angelique, the Abbess of Port Royal. *Shakspere and his Native Country*, from Fraser's Magazine, and a favorable criticism of Mrs. Stowe's *Dred*, from the *Examiner*. The *Living Age* always contains a scientific paper. *The Physiognomy of the Human Form* from the Quarterly Review, is a valuable *resumé* of some late German and French works.

"Hewet's Illuminated Household Stories for Little Folks" promises to be an exceedingly welcome addition to the libraries which our publishers are getting up for the young folk. Hewet's series is chiefly addressed to the *younger* branches of the domestic circle, and embraces the dear old stories which have delighted generations, elegantly printed, and illustrated in a highly creditable manner. The designs are by W. H. Thwaites, and engraved by Loomis, and other artists of exceeding taste and ability. A particular feature is the frontispiece to each volume, which is printed in oil colors.

Literary and Artistic News.

CORK SCHOOL OF ART—DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

The Committee of the Cork School of Art, says the *Cork Examiner*, having determined to avail themselves of the annual examination as a fitting occasion at once to vindicate the proficiency of the pupils, and to afford to the citizens of Cork an intellectual treat, resolved to have the prizes awarded publicly, distributed in the Athenæum, and, at the same time, to hold in that building an exhibition of such treasures of art and *vertu* as the city and the surrounding neighborhood could afford. Accordingly, on Friday night, the 29th ult., the house presented a gay and animated appearance.

The chair was taken by the Mayor, who, in a few appropriate words, opened the business of the meeting.

Alderman Scott then briefly ran through the history of the Cork School of Design, from the period of its first foundation up to the present time. He reported that, after an interval when it had been closed up by direction of the Department of Art, it had re-opened, and there were now attending the school from 180 to 200 pupils; who, under the direction of the Committee, and with the able assistance of Mr. Raimback, the head master, had obtained so many medals as to leave Cork second to no city in Ireland. In addition to that, there were in the national schools of the city 450 pupils under Mr. Shiels, a gentleman giving great satisfaction to the Committee, and working out the operations of the school with great ability.

Medals were awarded to the following students: Thomas Petty, 1 medal; John Morrogh, 1 do; Henry O'Shea, 1 do; John S. Morgan, 3 do; Jane White, 2 do; Alice Wright, 1 do; William Patterson, 1 do; Elizabeth Max, 1 do; Augustine O'Leary, 1 do; Jane Morgan, 1 do.

Certificates of honorable distinction were also awarded to the following students:

Local Prizes.—Michael O'Leary, design for medal; Henry O'Shea, ditto; Fanny Harrington, design for lace: Jane Morgan, 2nd ditto.

Local Examinations.—Wm. H. Hill, mechanical drawing; Wm. Patterson, 1st perspective; Wm. Hill, 2nd perspective; Henry O'Shea, 3d perspective. Wm. Patterson, laws of color—five times up for reward.

London Prizes for Examinations.—Wm. H. Hall, perspective; Edward Martin, do; Wm. Patterson, do; Abraham Cross, geometry; Sarah Fullwood, do; T. Harlowe, do; Mary Long, do. Augustine O'Leary, model drawing; Micheal O'Leary, do.

Mayor's Scholarship.—Senior Scholar, H. O'Shea; Junior Scholar, John Morrogh.

The name "California" is already found in the history of the conquest of Mexico by Berial Diaz, a companion of Corles. But there it is only applied to a bay. By and by it was given to the whole country north of that bay. Its origin is uncertain. Some learned men started the opinion that it ought to be derived from the Latin "Calida fornax," (a hot oven,) and that it was given to the peninsula because the first discoverers suffered there much from the heat. Some other derivations of the name California from the Latin may be found in Clavigero's history of Mexico. Clavigero makes the remark that Cortes was very fond of such Latin words. Probably it is a misunderstood or corrupted Indian name. Because it was for a long time supposed that it was a large Island, and that many small islands belonging to

st, some called the country "Las Californias," (the Californias). One hundred and thirty-six years after Cortes, about the middle of the seventeenth century, some geographers called these supposed Californian islands "Islas Californas," (King Charles Islands,) in honor of Charles II, King of Spain, who intended to conquer the whole. What we now call "Upper California," was called by the geographers of the sixteenth century "Quivira."

The origin of the word "Canard" when employed to signify some unfounded story, is not generally known. The following are the terms in which M. Quetelet relates in the "Annuaire de l'Academie" (article on Norbert Cornelissen), the manner in which the word became used in its new sense: — "To give a sly hit at the ridiculous pieces of intelligence which the journals were in the habit of publishing every morning, Cornelissen stated that an nteresting experiment had just been made, calculated to prove e extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty of these animals ad been placed together, and one of them having been killed nd cut up into the smallest pieces, feathers and all, and thrown o the other nineteen, was most gluttonously gobbled up in an xceedingly brief space of time. Another was then taken from the nineteen, and being chopped small like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other, and so on to the last, who thus was placed in the position of having eaten his nineteen companions in a wonderfully short time. All this, most pleasantly narrated, obtained a success which the writer was far from anticipating, for the story ran the round of all the journals of Europe. It then became almost forgotten for about a score of years, when it came back from America with amplifications which it did not boast of at the commencement, and with a regular certificate of the autopsy of the body of the surviving annimal, whose œsophagus was declared to have been found seriously injured. Every one laughed at the history of the 'canard' thus brought up again, but the word remained in its novel signification."—*Galignani.*

The Paris School of Medicine is greatly annoyed just now by a determination on the part of one of its gravest professors to make a *debut* at the opera as a tenor!

The whole literary production of Russia, in 1855, consisted of 1,200 works.

TALKING STATUES.

[No. 2.]

A NIGHT IN THE CORK EXHIBITION.

The reader who has visited the Exhibition will, it is hoped, understand the allusions in the following paper. For the information of others, it may be necessary to mention that the objects of art introduced, are the "Eve," and "Psyche" of M'Dowell; Foley's "Youth at a Stream;" Heffernan's "Susannah;" Hogan's "Drunken Faun;" Lawler's "Venus;" "The Lost One" (described as the youth bearing the drowned boy), by Thomas Farrell, of Dublin; and the "Hunter Reposing," and "Bard," by his brothers Joseph and James Farrell; the "Sleeping Child," by Christopher Mooney; the bust of Miss Catherine Hayes, by E. A. Foley; and the figure of Erin. This last, however, as described, is purely ideal, but legitimately brought in, as Hogan's figure of "Hibernia" occupied a position in the Fine Arts' Court, and suggested it. It may be as well to add that Erin is described as wearing a *blue* mantle—as blue, not green, is the heraldic color pertaining to Ireland now.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

"That occurred to me, too," replied Eve, at first; "but that Greek Hunter, near Psyche, is rather a modern young man, and is very well proportioned; and then the Youth at the Stream, just opposite where I stood, is remarkably handsome."

"Oh! is he not a beautiful creature?" said Venus, with animation. "He is nearly equal to Apollo."

"Or to Adam, when I first saw him," added Eve. "Poor Adam! I have seen nothing of him for an age. They hardly bring him into public places at all, and I generally have to remain without him in them."

I saw a kind of malicious smile upon the lips of Venus, and guessed it arose from some passing thought of Vulcan. She gave no expression to the thought, however, but said, playfully resuming the subject—

"The little children, too, are quite the same as formerly. You observed the Baby Asleep—Moore's—on the pillow nearly opposite to you."

"Indeed I did, a dear, pretty little creature it is. Besides, I studied the legs and arms of numerous babies in the Exhibition, which were visible enough; and I am sure they all are as they ought to be. But I am very uneasy, indeed, about my poor daughters. In fact, I saw several very pretty-faced creatures amongst them without body enough for an infant of a year old. A waist that one can put one's arm round is very well, but if one can put one's hand round it, it is neither useful nor ornamental."

"Oh, horrid!" exclaimed Venus, "I wouldn't suffer my waist to be diminished an inch in circumference for the world. But it all comes of wearing those vile clothes."

"They must, as I told you, wear some; but I cannot understand why they put on those tight things they do now. They might have loose, easy draperies, falling gracefully over their forms, and allowing every limb and muscle its free, natural play. It makes me melancholy to see the way in which they disfigure themselves now, in point of appearance, to say nothing of the sacrifice they must make of health and comfort. If I could have spoken to them I would, but I was unable. However, I hope the very fact of seeing me as they did, may teach them a practical lesson on the subject. But let us look at some of those things in the cases"

They moved up the steps, and I stole after them, to observe their proceedings. Venus did not appear to set much value on the articles of dress; but her companion evidently admired the laces and the crochet greatly. She put on a polka jacket of imitation point-lace, and asked the goddess if it was not becoming; but Venus fell into an immoderate fit of laughter, and protested that it looked quite ridiculous without something else. She then added a crochet robe, but the goddess still objected, insisting that it would not do to dress exclusively in lace and crochet. Other fabrics were then tried, and disposed in various fashions on the lovely form of Eve; and at length a rich blue tabinet, and a gorgeous crimson velvet, arranged in full flowing draperies, leaving one white shoulder and half a snowy bosom bare, and suffering a foot to appear, exposed to a little above the ancle, produced a costume that my eye decided to be positively beautiful, while even the fastidious Venus said that the wearer looked almost as handsome as if she wore no robe at all.

"Drink of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen—
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality."

"Reality!—As I'm a Faun, 'tis the real thing, 'and no mistake.' Horatius Flaccus, my old friend, why did not the gods permit you to taste Irish whiskey? What a jolly soul you would have been if you had imbibed it, instead of those resinous potations of Macænas, thick stringy abominations—Lyæus punish the compounder?—not like this transparent honest fluid in the glass barrel. There isn't a headache in a hogshead of it. Holla, there, you nymphs, gliding in there among the tin canisters! Holla, there, my jewel! where are you going to? By the powers of delf, you'll not get off without a kiss, for old acquaintance sake, swift as you are—here goes for a chase."

But a crash at the same moment plainly informed me that whoever or whatever might be the fair object of my friend the Faun's pursuit, had no need to fear being overtaken by that mirthful personage. Down he had evidently come, and the fall seemed to have entirely changed the tenor of his emotions, for the first words I caught after the disaster were—

"Æsculapius, assist me — what a tumble! May the fate of Actæon be mine if I ever again bother my head about one of you, you deluding hussies. Here are my bones aching, like the foot of Vulcan when he was kicked out of Olympus, and came sprawling on the isle of Lemnos, with a sprained ancle. And the 'blessed liquor' running waste in all directions. Thunder and turf! was ever such a disaster known—just as I had come across the divine fluid! May all nymphs, and naiads, and dryads have the luck of the fifty daughters of Danäus, and be condemned to the perpetual filling of bottomless tubs, as a punishment for that mischievous minx causing such a loss of the Milesian liquid. But grief is a dry article, and requires moistening; here's for a draught—hip, hip, hurrah! Bacchus be praised, isn't it great stuff!"

During this very uproarious interval I had left the northern hall, and stolen quietly into the eastern, where, stretched right across the passage by the whiskey manufacturers' contributions, the Faun, with his head leaning against one of the counter supports, was indulging in "potations bottle deep" of the "mountain dew," of which he seemed so much enamoured. He gradually began to subside somewhat in turbulence, and to give utterance to few sounds, save a very drunken and suppressed humming of verses, taken at random from various ancient and modern bacchanalian songs—Irish lyrics being predominant—and now and then a hiccup of marvellous intoxicated character. I felt no disposition to make his closer acquaintance; but anxious to know what being it was that he had seen amongst the tin-plate articles, and whose attempted pursuit had led to his disaster, I crept softly along by the southern passage, and entered the outer compartment, where the fair creature should be found. I looked around for a little while in vain, but at length I heard some one saying, in a very pleasing voice—

"Oh! I have it at last; this must be it surely, and it does seem quite equal to what I heard them all say of it. One could defy all the elders in Jerusalem to get a glimpse at one when those nice curtains are drawn. 'Tis a very elegant contrivance, indeed; I'll get into it."

"God bless me," said I to myself, "that's Susannah, positively, that is getting into the Eglinton bath—I had better cut. If I were caught here, I might be treated like those rascally old Rabbi. I'll take to my heels forthwith."

And, with a very reasonable degree of speed, I made my way back into the eastern hall again.

As I reached the entrance of the Fine Arts' Court, a hum of many voices in that direction convinced me that something unusually exciting was going on there. I hurried my steps thither, and observing much bustle and movement at the southern end of the hall, I ascended the steps at the entrance, in order to obtain a better view. The case of the stir was evidently some object on the right of the great organ, and looking anxiously in that way, I observed that a young and graceful female form was the centre of an animated group, who seemed urgent in their appeals to her to do something that she appeared timidly to decline. At length she yielded to the entreaties that were addressed to her, and, leaning on the arm of a young man, who bore an ancient Irish harp, advanced to the front of the organ, and made three profound inclinations, with an air of combined dignity and gentleness that was winning in the extreme. The anxious crowd around her drew back as she took up her position, and gazed on her with mingled admiration and attachment, together with that eager look which denotes the expectation of some refined and elevated enjoyment. Isolated as she now stood, I could observe her face and figure with distinctness. The former was one in every respect attractive—the features regular and handsome, the brow smooth and finely shaped, the lips full, yet delicately moulded, and the entire countenance lighted up by an expression of bright intelligence, varied at moments by a pensiveness which flung a passing shadow over the features the clouds and sunshine of an April sky. The head was symmetrical, and set finely on the bust; and the rich auburn hair, through whose waves gleamed here and there a golden thread of light, was admirably in keeping with the character and complexion of the fair owner. The figure, I have already said, was slight, graceful, and shrinking, and was robed in a simple dress of white, of modern fashion. I could not doubt who stood before me—it was Catherine Hayes herself.

As I gazed, the young minstrel who had led her forward touched his harp. The symphony resounded grandly through the silent hall. The figure of the songstress seemed to dilate as she listened to her native "*Gra machree,*" and at the first chord of the accompaniment, her voice gushed into melody to these words—

Wake, mother, wake; a deathlike trance
Has bound thy soul too long!
That soul that sped the warrior's lance,
That roused the minstrel's song.
Loved Erin, hear thy daughter's voice—
Upraise thy drooping head,
And let the wond'ring world rejoice
To find thou art not dead.

* * * * * *

Mute as marble stood the listeners, throughout that glorious and impassioned burst of song—mute as they who, at the voice of Nourmahal, when she breathed her enchanting melody—

"Stood hushed and wondering,
And turned and looked into the air,
As if they thought to see the wing
Of Israfil, the angel, there."

Nor did the sounds of vulgar plaudits desecrate the air through which it was wafted as its echoes died away. It sank into the spirit's utmost depths, unmingled with aught that could weaken its influence. A divine essence, it was absorbed into the soul, and thrilled through it, in silent yet all-pervading music.

How long? A moment, possibly, but it might have been an age. I had no consciousness of time—no consciousness, perhaps, of anything. My thought had been, as it were, a voiceless remedy. I knew no more.

Yet I must have been conscious of something more—conscious that, beside the figure of that fair being, now kneeling, with uplifted head, there stood another female form, whose air of maternal dignity contrasted finely with the delicate frame of her young companion. Yet, matron as she seemed, she, too, was of proportions which had almost the delicacy of maidenhood—

"Her form was light,
And her eye was bright,
But a tear stood trembling there;
And her wan cheek showed
That the bygone night
Had been one of sorrow and care."

There was, however, despite that fragility of appearance, a queenly majesty in her aspect, and a pride in her bearing, that told she had known what it was to rule; and, though uncrowned, she wore a regal mantle. On its blue folds were broidered a rose, a thistle, and a shamrock, with the motto, "*Tria juncta in uno;*" while another royal robe of richest green was beside her, and lying on it an ancient crown and sceptre. A noble dog crouched at her feet—a dog such as we only see in the pictures of a by gone time Those present gazed upon the group with wonder, in which a reverential awe seemed mingled; and I felt my soul so subdued by the majestic mien of that statelier form, that I sank on my knees, involuntarily, as I gazed.

"Sweet daughter," said the queenly female, in tones slightly tremulous, yet solemn and full of melody, "thy voice is no unworthy one to awaken me; nor is this scene one which my eyes can dwell upon with other feelings than those of pride and hope. Here, amid the genius of my children, I behold that which announces to me a future that, if no dark destiny interpose, may outshine those glories of the past, that so long have been the dream of my sorrowing slumber. Here, where the illustrious dead, to whom I have given birth, are reanimated by the art of the illustrious living—my children, too—and where the imagination groups together, what vulgar reality keeps sundered from each other;—here, where sculpture and painting summon before me the poets, the orators, the statesmen, the warriors, whom in other days I nursed, whom I nurse to-day;—here, where the thoughts that I have inspired stand embodied, beautiful and enduring, beyond even my human children;—here, where all is mine, and pays me homage, I feel yet a queen. What I see here all owns me as its sovereign, and I see here what conquers the conquerors of sovereigns—Time and Death. Mute lips are here, whose eloquence shall yet speak through ages, whose songs shall be clothed with imperishability. But to thee my words are unnecessary. I shall not further pursue the theme. I have wakened, fair daughter, at thy call. The spell that thralled my senses is removed. My reign will have new glories from this hour. Behold the dawn!"

At the instant a golden haze gathered over the scene, in which the figures before and around me seemed to melt like those of a dissolving view. A numbness crept upon my frame, and my limbs felt weak, beneath the burthen of the body. I sank from my kneeling posture to the ground. Languid, and overcome by a strange and unaccountable sensation, I stretched at full length along the floor. I saw nothing; but I heard the voice of Faun, first distant, and then nearer and more near. Quite close to me, it was the most drunken voice I ever listened to. It was expressing a rollicking determination on the owner's part to go home in his own clothes. I had a ludicrous, but very distressing, conviction that he had none. He staggered almost over me. I was utterly miserable, but could not stir one inch. He passed; his voice grew a little fainter, but made me very wretched, by an intimation that he would not go home until morning—in fact, "till daylight did appear." I thought he might stagger back again, consequently; but he didn't. His music died away. "Mine, immortally mine," said another voice, in a low whisper, at my side. Psyche was again before my eyes. How divinely beautiful! Was the sunlight brighter on those golden tresses? Was the pure tint of that lovely brow more pure? Was it a dream?

The saffron hues of early dawn streamed into the Fine Arts' Court. All was in profound repose. Eve stood revealed in her womanly loveliness. Psyche sat motionless, with the butterfly at her feet. The Faun was lying, in his position of lamentable discomfort, as stiff as gypsum could make him. Susannah was modestly seated, as if trying to hide herself from observation, with nothing. Venus looked nearly as modest, with a similar difficulty as to clothing. But 'tis useless to proceed. Busts and everything were arranged in their places, just as usual. Where was I?

At that precise moment I opened my eyes, and looked curiously round my bed-room. My blinds were not down—I never keep them so. My shutters were open—they always are. There was, melancholy to relate, no one there to whom I could tell all that happend. Accordingly, I turned round and fell into a doze; then I awoke, shaved, dressed, breakfasted on fried ham and eggs—a very capital dish at breakfast—and wrote the whole out for my friend Poplar. If he publishes it, he has to blame himself.

Address of the Catholic Library Association.

To the Catholics of New-York:

The New-York Catholic Library Association cannot more briefly indicate the objects which prompted its formation, than they are expressed in the language of the Constitution, which is as follows, viz.:

1st. The dissemination of Catholic and useful knowledge. 2d. To forward the moral and intellectual advancement of its members. 3d. To create among its members a spirit of harmony and good feeling, that will be conducive alike to their interests and pleasures. These to be attained by establishing a Library and Reading Room, and by Readings and Lectures when practicable.

In bringing our Association into public notice, we believe that there is very little argument or persuasion needed to convince the Catholic community of the advantages to be derived from the establishment of such an institution.

The members of this Association are Active, Associate, and Honorary. To the active members, who must be Catholics, and each over eighteen years of age, and who must be proposed one month before election, are entrusted the care and management of the Association. For this class of members the initiation fee is one dollar, and monthly dues twenty cents in advance. Any person may enjoy the privileges of the Library and Reading Room, as an Associate Member, on paying the annual sum of one dollar in advance. Honorary membership may be conferred upon eminent Catholic gentlemen, or patrons of the Association.

The means necessary for the successful establishment of any institution of this character, are seldom within the immediate reach or control of those who actively engage in the enterprise, whilst small contributions from those who approve and sympathize with their efforts, might enable them to accomplish the object in contemplation—the beneficial effects of which the most sanguine among us may not venture to calculate.

We therefore earnestly invite the attention of our fellow-citizens to the objects we have in view, and solicit their co-operation with us, in the hope that their encouragement may be instrumental in advancing the interests of religion, and the dissemination of useful knowledge and information, and, as a necessary consequence, promoting the welfare of our beloved country, and furnishing a guarantee for the perpetuity of its wise and beneficent institutions.

M. T. Cozans, President.

James O'C. Fabb,
Luke F. Cozans,
T. S. Haughey,
} Publishing Committee.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Life of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. By M. De Marles, continuator of De Lingard. From the French. By M. J. Ryan. Boston.....*P. Donahoe.*

The American Poulterer's Companion. A Practical Treatise on the Breeding, Rearing and Management of Domestic Poultry, &c. &c. By C. N. Bement.....*Harper & Brothers.*

A Child's History of Rome. By John Bonner, author of "Child's History of the United States," two vols.....*Harper & Brothers.*

Westward Empire; or, The Great Drama of Human Progress. By E. L. Morgan, author of Republican Christianity, &c.....*Harper & Brothers.*

Littell's "Living Age." Boston.....*Littell, Son & Co.*

The O'Briens and O'Flaherties. A National Story. By Lady Morgan, with Introduction and Notes. By Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. 2 vols.....*Redfield.*

Lake Ngami; or Explorations and Discoveries during four years' wanderings in the Wilds of Southwestern Africa. By Charles John Anderson. Numerous illustrations.....*Harper & Brothers.*

Beaumarchais and his Times. Sketches of French Society in the 18th century. By Louis De Lomenie. Translated by Henry S. Edwards.....*Harper & Brothers.*

Harper's School History. Narrative of the General Course of History, from the earliest period to the establishment of the American Constitution. Engravings..*Harper & Brothers.*

Gentellucci's Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Illustrated. No. 10. (J. B. Kirker.).....*Dunigan & Bro.*

Military News.

The *Cotton Brokers' Guard*, Captain Michael Doran, went out on a Target Excursion to "Belview Gardens," on Thanksgiving Day. They numbered 51 muskets—shouldered by men whose physical and intellectual appearance was deservedly much admired. The Guard were generously furnished with no fewer than twenty-eight prizes, for each of which they feel grateful; but especially so, for the magnificent one of the Messrs. Bramwell, Talcott & Bramwell, and also Mr. E. B. Dean's. Heller's Band discoursed the sweetest music throughout the day, and the enjoyment of the Guard, during their well-contested shooting, and subsequently at an elegant repast—where wit and wine flowed free—was intense and unimpaired. D.

The *Patrick Henry Guard*, Captain Robert Mansfield, on their return from their Target Excursion to Clifton, Staten Island, on Thursday, the 20th inst., honored us with a cordial salute. The company mustered fifty-five muskets, besides having a large number of pioneers. Whitworth's band accompanied them. In shooting for their thirty-two prizes they completely riddled their target. On their return, they supped at Brooks' Assembly Rooms. Toasts, speeches, song, wine, mirth and wisdom ruled supreme, extended throughout the night and far into the morning hours.

The *Thomas Davis Cadets*, consisting of a body of spirited young fellows—earnest followers of the truthful teachings of him whose name they bear, and banded to practice them—had a Target Excursion, to Hoboken, on Thanksgiving Day. They mustered thirty-nine muskets, and had a joyous time, both on the ground and on their return to the Rainbow Hotel, where they dined.

The *O'Connell Guard*, Captain Sedgwick, numbering some twenty-five muskets, well supported, went on their Target Excursion on the 19th inst. We have to thank them for the favor of a salute *en passant*.

In the account of the military who attended Mr. Meagher's lecture for the benefit of Captain Kerrigan's family, the *Irish Fusileers*, Captain Corcoran, were quite unintentionally omitted. They were there in full force.

The *Taylor Guards*, Captain John Deegan, paraded sixty muskets and shot for thirty-seven prizes, on the 18th of Nov. Mr. John Murphy very efficiently acted as their Secretary.

The uniformed and all other members of the *Young Ireland Rifles*, Seventy-fifth Regt. N. Y. S. M., and of Company C, 75th Regiment, are requested to assemble at 200 Sixth-street, on Monday, Dec. 1, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

B. J. McDermott, Captain.

James Foley, O. S.

THE LIMERICK PIPER.

(*From the Tipperary Vindicator.*)

"Great Haverty that painted me,
Will hear with sad emotion
His Piper's fall—just under the wall,
Where he so long held his station."
O'Brien's Lamentation.

Poor Patrick O'Brien—the Limerick Piper—now, and for some months past, absent from his old head-quarters on the Military-road, and supposed by many persons to have been dead, is still alive, but we regret to add, in great penury.

The notice to this effect published in the *Vindicator* induced the writer to visit the domicile of the poor old man. About three doors from the corner of Newgate Lane, on the left hand-side as you approach the Castle Barracks in Nicholas-street, poor O'Brien resides. Entering a long dark hall and ascending two flights of a very rickety stair-case, in the back room lies this aged Minstrel. The apartment is well lit, fairly ventilated and clean. On the skeleton of what must have been at one time a four-post beadstead, lay a miserable pallet, on which was stretched poor O'Brien, with scanty covering, principally consisting of the shreds of the clothes he was in the habit of wearing when he was able to go abroad. Extreme old age—he is approaching to his 90th year—and the effects of a bad fall sustained by him during last winter's frost have completely prostrated him. His voice is still strong, and his intellect as clear as ever—his recollection of olden times perfect, and his inquiries after persons whom he knew to have assisted him from time to time, show that he possesses a most tenacious memory.

He was born in the small village of Labeesheeda, in the county Clare, and educated, as was the fashion amongst the peasantry of that day, at a college held in a neighboring bog, commonly called a Hedge School. In this academy Horace, Sallust, Livy and Homer, were in more requisition than the English grammar. His knowledge of Latin he still retains to a respectable extent, and can put and answer questions in that classic tongue.

His parents were in easy circumstances—possessing a small farm of land. The son exhibiting an aptitude to learn, they were desirous to afford him the best education their circumstances could command. He was accordingly left at school longer than the period usually allowed for the instruction of youths of his class. His proficiency was such as to give promise of a prosperous career; but, alas, his sight from too close application, soon gave way. He was afflicted with a cataract which resulted in total darkness before he had reached his six-and-twentieth year. Owing to bad times—high rent—low prices, and partial failure of the crops, the family means soon dwindled. The Blind Boy having no other recourse, turned his attention to music. He procured an Irish Bap-Pipe, and learned to play upon it. He had some poetic taste—a thorough knowledge of the Irish language, and not at all deficient in English. With these aids he composed some agreeable ballads—got by heart the effusions of other bards, and contrived by great industry and exertion to keep himself alive. It is now many years since he first came to settle in Limerick, where he very soon became a favorite with the young and the old. There were none that seemed to enjoy him more than the honest kind-hearted soldiers from time to time quartered in this garrison, and none more generously contributed to his support than the red coats. It was often amusing to witness some of these jolly fellows returning at Tatto to their barracks—with their heads often lighter than their hearts, stop on the military walk—call on O'Brien for an Irish jig or a Scotch reel, and ply hard and fast at the gay dance for the few moments they had to spare, and pay the Piper handsomely when the exercise was over. Many a weary nurse had the cross little darling she was compelled to keep out for air and exercise, lulled into peace by poor O'Brien's hunting chorus or his "*modereen rue.*"

In his youthful days O'Brien must have been possessed of a good figure and handsome features and well proportioned symmetry. Some twelve or fourteen years ago our admirable Irish artist Haverty, of whom as, an Irish painter, we all feel justly proud, during one of his professional tours through the South, having caught a glimpse of our friend O'Brien, was struck with that simple peculiarity allied to genius, struck with the fine head and figure of the man. "It was just such a head as Guido might have painted"—so he induced O'Brien to give him a few sittings, and he produced a picture into which he has introduced the piper's daughter, then young and with no mean pretensions to good looks. This work was so highly esteemed that the Irish Art Union went to the expense of having it engraved and distributed as a prize amongst their numerous subscribers.

The poor piper is no longer able to obtain the little aid that would be necessary for his support, by any exertions of his own. We trust that the generous public, to whom he has been so long known, and for whose amusement and pleasure he has so often catered, will not fail to give the little aid now required. The Rev. Mr. Ryan, the estimable and highly respectable curate of St. Mary's Parish, who is very constant in his attendance on him, will receive, with great thankfulness, the contributions of those who may be so charitably disposed as to assist this helpless creature, as anything given towards the same object to any of the respected Catholic Clergy of the city, will find its way to his humble bedside, and be dispensed to the best advantage for poor Patrick O'Brien, the Limerick piper.

Tenants on Encumbered Estates.

From the Patron.

A large portion of the soil of Ireland has changed hands since the creation of the Incumbered Estates Court, but before that tribundal will have concluded its functions, a still larger portion of the land of this kingdom will have to pass under its jurisdiction; and as each year brings some amendment in the law under which the court is constituted, we feel that Mr. Sherman Crawford has done good service in fixing attention on the operation of the present law on the occupying tenantry. We have ourselves been recently making some investigations on the subject, and, though we are not at present able to present the requisite series of statistics to demonstrate the fact, we have satisfactorily ascertained that there has been a larger number of tenants evicted from lands sold under the Court than from all the other lands in Ireland. In fact, the large evictions that have occurred within the past few years, all took place, not under the court or by its direction, but consequent on sales by the court. For these results the commissioners are in no wise blameable.

They carry out the law as they find it, and we have more than once observed that wherever the law gives them the power to extend protection to a tenant in occupation, they have exercised that power to the fullest extent. Nevertheless, the fact is, that the large evictions have been of the tenants of lands sold in the Court; and if any means existed for procuring accurate statistics on the subject, we have little doubt that the figures would show that four-fifths of all the ejectments that occurred in Ireland since 1848 have occurred on lands which passed under the anctioneer's hammer.

The Charleston (Va.) *Star* says the streets are filled every day with persons leaving Virginia for the West. There has not been so much emigration for years for Virginia. Sometimes there can be seen eight or ten families moving together, who intend forming a Virginia settlement of themselves in Missouri, Kansas, or some other portion of the West.

The newspapers in Michigan are complaining already that the mails are delayed by snow storms.

OBITUARY.

Loved in Life—Honored in Death.—Died in Boston, in the 62d year of his age, on Wednesday, Nov. 19th, James Barry, who for thirty years has carried on the Grocery business—known to the community as an "honest man" who, without usury or avarice, accumulated a handsome competency, leaving to an afflicted family the inheritance of a good name! He was truly—husband, father and friend! Careful, yet benevolent—"the poor walked from his door with a full sack; and he turned wormwood into sweetness with his smile: but now his wife is desolate, and his full and plentiful home has no master!" The multitude who accompanied him to his final resting-place—evidencing that the memory of a good man is blessed!

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
Though darkness and sorrow encompass the tomb,
For the Savior has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy light through the gloom.

O'N.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Oct. 30, at St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Richard Stephens, of Calcutta, to Thomasine, daughter of the late William Taylor, Dublin, of Leeson-street.

At St. Peter's Church, the Rev. Robert T. Heatly, son of the late Rev. S. S. Heatly, Vicar of Drummaul, Randalstown, to Elizabeth Jane, daughter of the late Gustavus Brooke, of Dublin.

Nov. 4, in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, Robert Crossfield, of Douglas, Isle of Man, to Sophia, daughter of Vicars Boyle, of Leeson-street.

May 20, at St. Paul's Church, Arran-quay, John Gray, only son of John Gray, Calcutta, to Isabella, daughter of the late Richard Dodd, Gillingstown, county Meath.

Nov. 5, at the Church of St. Andrew, Westland-row, Thomas Scully, M.D., of Clonmel, to Cecelia Alice, daughter of James Duggan, H. C. of Galway.

Nov. 5, at the Metropolitan Church, Charles Clery, of Riverstown, county Cork, to Rosanna, daughter of the late John Dignan, of Mount Talbot, county Galway.

Nov. 4, at St. Paul's Church, Daniel Kinsella, of Linkerstown, county Carlow, to Rosanna, daughter of J. Fallon, of Arran-quay.

Oct. 9, at Union Chapel, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin, William Lemon, to Miss Maxwell Gardiner Wright.

Nov. 2, at Maynooth, Thomas Carr, late of Maynooth College, to Catherine, relict of Thomas Magee, Leinster Arms Hotel, Maynooth.

Nov. 4, at Tomgraney, John Frost, solicitor, Ennis, to Dora Maria, daughter of Mathew Reddan, Shannon View, and grand-daughter of Captain Bridgeman, Rathloobe, county Clare.

Nov. 4, at Dunsandle Church, Major Horatio de Vere, of the Royal Engineers, son of the late Sir Aubrey De Vere, Bart., of Curragh Chase, county Limerick, to Anne C. Burke, sister of Major C. Burke, of St. Cleran's, county Galway.

Nov. 4, in Limerick, David, Ashworth Somerville, of Ballincollig, to Margaret Everina, daughter of the late Benjamin Watson, of Cahirhurly.

Oct. 28, at Doon, John Parker Ross, of Castleview, to Ellen, daughter of the late Newport White, of Kilmoylan.

Oct. 30, at the Friends' Meeting-house, Cork, Thomas G. Howell, of Brighton, to Maria, daughter of the late John Power, of Glen Mills.

Oct. 30, at Derryglossary, George Booth, of Lara, county Wicklow, to Georgianna, daughter of Thomas J. Barton, of Glendalough.

Oct. 28, at Burt, Geo. Franks, jun., solicitor, to Jemima, daughter of Joseph Gilmore, both of Londonderry.

In Liverpool, Wm. Dennis, son of W. Rylie, of Waterford, to Henrietta Underwood, daughter of the late John Lawrenson James, coroner, of Carnew, county Wicklow, and niece of the late Lieut. C. Underwood, of Strabane, county Tyrone.

Oct. 28, at Shrivenham, Alfred Sartoris, to the Hon. Mary Barrington, daughter of the Hon. Baron Alderson.

IRISH DEATHS.

Oct. 28, Stephen Robert, son of Isaac Bomford, of Ferrens, county Meath.

Nov. 1, at 69 Philsborough-road, John Richardson.

At Seapoint-terrace, Clontarf, Thomas Mulhall, solicitor, late of Erin Lodge, Carlow.

Oct. 26, Brevet Major Longworth, late 81st regiment.

Nov. 2, at Mount Dillon, Dundrum, Captain George Daniell, of the Royal Navy.

In Dungarvan, aged 68 years, Miss Honoria M'Grath, sister of the Rev. Maurice M'Grath, parish priest of Modeliga county Waterford.

Oct. 30, at Comber, county Down, Matilda, wife of the Rev. W. D. Crommelin, incumbent of Comber.

Oct. 29, at Callan, in the county Kilkenny, of scarletina, Michael, and on the following day, Selina, children of Geo. H. Lowe.

Oct. 27, at Moorefield House, Kildare, Frederick Moore, formerly Captain in the 12th Lancers, son of the Hon. Ponsonby Moore.

Oct. 31, at Belville, Athlone, Gustavus Jones.

Oct. 24, at Ballyvernon, near Bangor, Down, Mary, wife of W. H. Moore, M.D., formerly of Fonthill, Jamaica.

Nov. 1, Maryanne, the beloved wife of Charles Henry.

Oct. 31, at Killaghter rectory, county Donegal, Bessy, wife of the Rev. Joseph Welsh.

Nov. 2, at Croom vicarage, county Limerick, Mary Jane, daughter of the Rev. Edward Croker.

Nov. 2, in Waterford, Alderman Laurence Foristal.

Nov. 1, in Banagher, the Rev. Courtnay Turner, rector of that town.

Nov. 3, at Castletown, county Fermanagh, aged 74 years, John Brien.

Oct. 22, at his residence, Cappoquin, of bronchitis, Mathew Phelan.

At Summer-hill, Nenagh, Captain Hicks, formerly Barrack-master of that town.

Nov. 1, at Ballycastle, Mayo, Thomas Ross, the son of Ninian M'Dougall, Lieutenant in the Revenue Police.

Oct. 30, at Carrigduve, Blackrock, Cork, Robert Morrogh.

Oct. 30, at Moyode Castle, county Galway, aged 83 years, Anne, relict of Henry S. Persse.

Nov. 2, at Torquay, Devonshire, Peter Kirk, of Thornfield, Carrickfergus.

Oct. 29, at Maida-hill, London, Adelina, daughter of the late Thomas Cole, of the county Kilkenny.

At Darlington, in the county Durham, W. M. Williams, son-in-law of the late Ald. Wallnutt, of Limerick.

Oct. 26, at Stevenson House, near Haddington, Mary, daughter of Vice Admiral Sir John Gordon Sinclair.

Oct. 26, at Woolwich, Colin A. Brownrigg, M.D., Deputy Inspector of the Royal Naval Hospital, author of the *Convict Ship*.

Oct. 28, at Blackheath, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Williams, of the Royal Engineers.

Nov. 1, at Blackrock-road, Cork, Margaret, widow of Francis Seymour, some time Lessee and Manager of the Theatres-Royal, Cork, Limerick, Belfast, and Glasgow, and niece to Harry Milward, formerly an eminent solicitor in Cork.

FROM THE YOUNG FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

Whereas, By the terrible calamity which befel our country, in the lamentable loss of the steamship *Pacific*, with her precious freight of life and treasure, we, The Young Friends of Ireland, have to deplore the demise of one of our most worthy and esteemed associates, in the person of John McIntee. Having been associated with us for many years in all the relations of society, we ever found him true to its interests and anxious for its advancement. By his gentle demeanor and courteous behavior, he at once attracted our attention and commanded our admiration. Full of sympathy, he was ever lavish in the distribution of charity, the friend of religion, the generous benefactor of the poor. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the regretted death of our respected friend, our Society has lost a devoted and zealous member, our city a faithful and exemplary citizen, and his family a most loving and affectionate relative.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the relatives of the deceased in this their irreparable affliction, and tender to them our heart-felt condolence.

Edward Mills, President.

James E. Mills, Secretary.

Special Notices.

Lecture at the Odeon.—Mr. James Roche will, at the request of several friends, Lecture at the Odeon, in Williamsburg,, on Tuesday, 2d of December, on—Galway and its Sieges, History, and Position for a Packet Station between Europe and America. Tickets 25 cents: to be had at Mr. Wall's, cor. 2d and north 8d sts.; Mr. McCadden, Grand street, near 1st; Mr. Walsh, 95 South 6th street; Mr. McGinn, Sexton of the Catholic Church, and at the door of the Odeon the night of Lecture.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

Remove every morbid affection, perfectly cleanse the blood from all foulness, and renovate weak and enfeebled constitutions to perfect health and vigor. Established One Hundred and Five years. Principal office, No. 43 Canal Street, New-York. Twenty-five Cents per Box. nov29.

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine Fashionable Hat! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only One Dollar and Fifty Cents? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.

N. B.--Best quality, $2, as good as any Hats sold in this city for $4 or $5.

SMITH, No. 31 Park Row,
sept6 1yr Under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman-st.

Doctor M. E. Foy, Surgeon, has removed his office to 170 West Nineteenth-street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. Office Hours from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.

☞ To accommodate his patients in the Eastern part of the city, Dr. F. will attend daily from 2 to 3 P. M., at Ryerson's drug store, 185 Avenue B, between 11th and 12th streets. Midwifery Engagements promptly attended to. Medicine and advice to the poor gratis. sept18 3mos

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says: "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the cheapest Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very very best Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say, that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept18 3mos 63 Liberty street, N. Y.

Information wanted of Margaret Ustice and Jane Crowley, who came passengers by the Isaac Wright, on her last trip from Liverpool, by Richard Tracey, 11 Jay street, Brooklyn, in care of Mr. Owen Gilligan, or at this office. no22

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

HOW PAT BURKE ARRESTED HIS OWN CORPSE—A CURIOUS CASE.

Not often does one see his own funeral. Charles V. of Spain did, and so did Pat Burke of Eleventh Avenue; but he arrested his corpse while on the way to the cemetery.

Pat's is a strange story, but it is veritably true.

Pat is a laboring man, and when work is not brisk in the city, he goes to the country in search of it. He went out of town on Friday, and on Saturday his loving wife, Catherine, was brought the painful news that he had been killed on the Hudson River Railroad, at Tarrytown. She hastened to the place indicated, and there beheld and fully recognised the mutilated remains of her darlin' Pat. She put the body in a handsome mahogany coffin, and had it conveyed to her residence in the city. Here friends and neighbors assembled mournfully. The "pipes and tebaccy" were bought, the snuff passed round, and the corpse was "waked" in the "rale ould style."

The funeral was to take place on Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock, and at that hour the hearse and a large number of nice carriages, well filled with mourners, drove up to the residence of the widow Burke. The widow wept, and would not be comforted. She kissed the cold lips of her departed husband again and again, and it was with difficulty she could be prevented from taking one more last lingering look at him who was no more.

The coffin was placed in the hearse and the cortege moved slowly along towards Calvary Cemetery.

* * * * * * *

In half an hour after Pat. Burke appeared in the flesh at his own house. He saw at once that something had taken place. Thoughts of elopements and murders rushed wildly through his brain. Greatly frightened he bolted up-stairs and into the apartments of a neighbor, without as much as saying "by your leave." Two women to whom he was well known fainted when they saw the apparition, and were with difficulty revived. At last when they had sufficiently recovered to speak, they were asked by Pat. in loud and excited tones.

"What's the matter? where's me wife? Spake quickly!"

"She's gone to yer funeral, sure, Pat.—ain't ye dead?"

"Amn't I dead! what in the —— de ye mane, woman? amn't I *here?*"

"Arrah, Pat, jewel, you know yer dead! Sure wasn't I at yer wake meself?"

"Then, where's me corpse?"

"Gone to the burying-ground half an hour ago, amock, but ——"

Pat stopped for nothing more. He fancied how things stood, and rushing wildly from the house pursued his corpse up the avenues. He ran fast and long, and had the satisfaction of overtaking his funeral just as it was about to go on board the ferry-boat that plies to Calvary Cemetery.

"Sthop there," he cried, springing forward and seizing the head of the horse attached to the hearse. "Shtop there, I tell ye, or, by the powers, I'll massacray every mother's son of ye."

Then, rushing back to the next carriage, which contained his wife, he pulled open the door, and exhibited himself freely perspiring and greatly agitated..

The scene that ensued (as the magazinists say) may be imagined but cannot be described. The Widow Burke fainted, as did all the other women in the carriage, while the men struggled for exit through the other door. The uproar spread and the aid of the police would have been called, had not the Widow recovered from her swoon and fully recognized the presence of her dead husband.

As it was, many were not a little angered at Pat's unwarranted interference, while Pat, on seeing the corpse, was greatly chagrined that his wife should mistake "such an ugly spalpeen for her purty Pat," but when he saw his wife's pale face and tearful eyes, he thanked his stars that he had such a loving wife, and that he was not yet dead.

The hearse and its contents were turned round and driven to the dead house at Bellevue Hospital, while those who had left the wake-house mourning returned to be merry.

All admitted the joke to be a good one, except Pat, who avers that it's no joke to be buried before one's time.

An inquest upon the corpse was held yesterday at Bellevue Hospital, by Coroner Hills, and a verdict returned "That the unknown deceased came to his death by being run over on the Hudson River Railroad at Tarrytown." It was then interred in Potter's Field.

DEATH OF MAJOR EATON—GENERAL JACKSON'S FIRST CABINET.

Major John A. Eaton died in Washington on Monday, the 17th instant, in the 70th year of his age.

The famous cabinet of President Jackson, which "came together like a unit," and was dissolved, as so many ministries have been in Europe, by a pretty woman, consisted of Martin Van Buren, of New-York, Secretary of State; Samuel D. Ingham, of Pennsylvania, Secretary of the Treasury; John H. Eaton, of Tennessee, Secretary of War; John Branch, of North Carolina, Secretary of the Navy; William T. Barry, of Kentucky, Postmaster General; and John M. Berrien, of Georgia, Attorney General. John C. Calhoun was Vice President, and Alexander Macomb Commander of the Army. Of these all are now dead except Mr. Van Buren, who "still lives" at Lindenwold, and Samuel D. Ingham.

John H. Eaton was born in Halifax, on the Roanoke river, in North Carolina, in the year 1787, and was educated in the University of North Carolina, near Hillsborough. After leaving the University, he emigrated to Tennessee, where he became a member of the bar, and entering warmly into politics, rose so rapidly, that in 1818, at the age of thirty-one, he was selected by the Governor to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate.

Mr. Eaton continued in the Senate nine years, and was upon the whole a popular member. His literary abilities were respectable, his gestures graceful and appropriate, and his voice remarkably fine. He was regarded as an ultra partisan, and never for a moment swerved from his friendly fidelity to the hero of New-Orleans, whom he supported industriously and effectively, not only in his official capacity, but in numerous and able anonymous contributions to the press. The most celebrated of his productions in this line were a series of letters signed "Wyoming," which were praised as masterpieces of cogent reasoning and classical diction. Nothing submitted to the public had a more powerful influence in persuading the people of the eminent fitness of General Jackson for the Presidency. In 1817 he had signified his attachment to him by the publication of an elaborate and voluminous "Life of Jackson," which is now much sought after as one of the rare and curious books in American history.

Immediately after the inauguration of General Jackson, he sent Major Eaton's name to the Senate for confirmation as Secretary of War. It was said that Major Eaton was very well satisfied with his position in the Senate. He continued to hold it, however, until his marriage with the widow of Purser Timberlake, of the navy, whose mother kept the boarding-house in which he lived when in Washington. Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Ingham refused to call upon her—others followed their example, and the result was an entire breaking up of the Cabinet, in April, 1831. Mr. Van Buren went as Minister to England, Mr. Barry was sent to Spain, and on his death, at Liverpool, a few months after, Major Eaton was appointed his successor. From the time of his return from Madrid, Major Eaton was never prominently connected with public affairs.

THE THREE MONOPOLIES.

THE LAST BARRIER SURMOUNTED.—The practice of Medicine has been in the hands of three sets of monopolists. First, the Pagan Priesthood, second, the Pagan philosopher, third, the more modern Christian monopoly known as the "Faculty of Medicine." Thomas Holloway, whose remedies have restored suffering millions to health, broke through this last monopoly, and scattered its solemn fallacies to the winds. He started the grand idea that the *principle* of the disease existed in the elemental fluids of the patient's body, and he proferred to the sick two preparations, (the result of years of research and experiment), designed to act specially upon this primitive cause of fever, pain, debility, and functional derangement. His whole *materia medica* was comprised in a Pill and an Ointment. His simple plan of treatment was to attack inward disease through the internal secretive organs and the circulation, and the external disorders through the pores of the skin.

The remedies proved to be remedies indeed. They performed their allotted work. The people of England adopted them, as if by common consent. They were introduced under the government patronage into most of the nations of Europe. Soon they pervaded British India. Even exclusive China admitted them. In this country, such a vast demand for them sprung up, that Professor Holloway was constrained to visit the United States, and establish a central manufactory and depot in New York for the supply of the Western world. They are now to be found throughout Spanish America, the West Indies, the Canadas, and, in fact, in every region where the white man exercises dominion or influence. Even the last of the medical monopolies, the "Faculty" itself, no longer disputes the value of these inestimable curatives.—*London Morning Chronicle.*

Benjamin Jones, a prominent citizen of Petersburg, Virginia, has committed suicide by cutting his throat.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellec ual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

Every night this week

A new Burlesque on the Opera of

The Bohemian Girl.

Arline.....Miss C. Hiffert
Thaddeus.....G. S. Buckley
Florestine.....R. B. Buckley
Count Arnhim.....W. Percival

Mr. Basquin and the rest of the admired company, in prominent characters.

Previous to which,

NEGRO MINSTRELSY,

of a superior order.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 889 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.

JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL

OF THE

EMMET LIFE GUARD.

ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the GUARD and at this office.

☞ The LIFE GUARD pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.

A. O'TOOLE, Sec'y.
JAMES WATSON, Treasurer. oct11

Sporting!—Young Men desirous of forming a FOOT-BALL CLUB are requested to meet at the *Grape Vine Cottage*, 45 Second avenue, to make arrangements for a parade on St. Stephen's Day, (26th Dec.) This being the first affair of this kind, it is expected there will be a large attendance. 1t, nov 8.

Lectures.

A LECTURE

Will be delivered by

Richard O'Gorman, Esq.,

Before the

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,

At the

Broadway Tabernacle,

On Thursday evening, December 4th at 8 o'clock.

SUBJECT....The Days of Chivalry!

Tickets twenty-five cents. To be had at the Catholic bookstores, at the rooms of the Association 889 Broadway, and at the office of this paper.

Illustrated

LECTURES;

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7tf

LECTURE IN PHILADELPHIA,

BY

Thomas Francis Meagher,

For the Benefit of the

ST. JOHN'S ORPHAN ASYLUM,

At NATIONAL HALL, on Wednesday, November 26th. **Tickets Fifty Cents.**

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

Lectures for 1856—7.

THE Directors of the C. L. A. respectfully inform the Catholic public that they have engaged the following eminent gentlemen to lecture before them during the present Fall—viz.,

REV. DR. MANAHAN,
REV. DR. CUMMINGS,
REV. DR. MCCAFFREY, and
RICHARD O'GORMAN, Esq.

Due notice will be given of the date of each lecture. no22tf

Special Notices.

PRICES REDUCED.

Fine Black Cloth Frock Coats	$ 8
Fine Black Dress Coats	$ 8
Fine Brown Frock Coats	$ 8
Fall Raglans	$ 8
Cassimere Business Coats	$8 50 to $ 8
Black Cassimere Pants	$2 50 to $ 5
Fancy Cassimere Pants	$1 50 to $ 5
Rich Moire-Antique Silk Vests	$ 8
Zephyr Cassimere suits	$ 8
Complete genteel Black Cloth suits	$12

Evans' Extensive Clothing Warehouse,
oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

NOVEMBER!—Ladies, Winter is Coming; and if you wish Cloth Button BOOTS, with warm Linings, Gaiter Boots and Shoes of all kinds—Boys' Misses, and Childrens' Boots and Shoes, with India Rubber Shoes of all the various styles, (Goodyear's Patent,) the very best kind manufactured, patronize J. B. MILLER & CO.,
nov15 4t No. 134 Canal-st.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Official Notices.

Proclamation!—Mayor's Office, Nov. 10, 1856.—Whereas, on the evening of the 15th of October last, Terrence Frawley, a resident of the City of New-York, while passing through Mott street, opposite or ner number 65 in that street, was stabbed and has since died from the wounds then and there received; and whereas there is good cause to believe that the said Frawley was so stabbed by a man named Dominick O'Donnell, Now, therefore, I, Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New-York, by virtue of the authority vested in me, do offer a reward of two hundred and fifty Dollars, for the arrest of the said O'Donnell. Said reward to be paid on his delivery to the keeper of any of the prisons of this city.

no22 FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Custom House, New-York, Collector's Office, November 1, 1856.—Notice to Importers.—Importers are notified that all goods left in the Appraiser's store, No. 12 Broad street, after being examined by the Appraisers, whether the same have been originally entered for warehouse or not, will be treated as unclaimed goods and sold. The Appraisers' stores are not warehouses, under the warehouse act for the storage of merchandize in bond, and no property can be permitted to remain there after the legal examination has been made. It is the duty of importers to have their goods transferred to some private bonded warehouse, immediately after this examination, or withdraw them if the duty has been paid, and should this be neglected they must incur the risk of having their property transferred to the United States Stores at the Atlantic Dock, and sold as unclaimed.

m1no22 HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Bremen, per U. S. Steamer WASHINGTON, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 29th day of November, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

nov 29 1t ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at corner of 11th st. and First Ave. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

—For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stiles, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object,* and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS,*) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees,*

GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 139 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 58 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARES," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

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O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,

sept27 8mos New-York.

☞ **Post Office.—Notice.—Change of Hour.**—On and after MONDAY, the 3d day of November, the Mails will close as follows:

Eastern Mail by Railroad,.....at 2 P. M.
New-York and Erie Railroad Mails.....at 3 P. M.
North Mail by Hudson River Railroad.....at 3½ P. M.

November 1, 1856.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Musical.—A young lady lately connected with the profession in Europe, *where she studied under the first and best masters,* is desirous of giving a limited number of pupils the advantage of a *good education on the Piano.* Any family who may kindly favor her with a trial, may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trener, 90 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, L. D.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

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Stammering, &c., Permanently and Radically cured, by the successful Dr. JONES, without pain or operation, generally in from one to four hours. He is so sure of being able to cure any and all cases, that he requires no pay until he is successful. Office rooms No. 571 Broadway, (opposite Metropolitan Hotel), New-York, no22

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eageriy asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparen expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

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JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**
NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

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So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

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Hull's Truss Office, No. 4 Vesey street, Astor House. Of Twenty years standing. At the above establishment, those suffering from Hernia, can obtain speedy relief, as the proprietors, in addition to their world-renowned Trusses, make it a point to keed on hand every style of Truss that has in any way received the commendation of the public. Together with a new style of Supporter for Prolapsus Utero, which has given entire satisfaction to hundreds who are wearing them. Also a Separate Office, attended by a competent Female, exclusively for Ladies. Trusses applied to children from two weeks old and upward. Mothers should not neglect their children one day, when they discover them suffering from Hernia, (Rupture) as the sooner the remedy is applied the sooner the cure.

Instruments for all kinds of deformity made to order. Shoulder-braces, &c. constantly on hand. N. B. Ladies attended to at their private dwellings, if required. Advice and assistance given to the poor gratis. tf no22

Business Directory.

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Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the State of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

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Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jewelled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to. ju128m

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Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. *

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(Cor. Pine Street.)

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EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my31y

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AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

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3mos (near Broadway.)

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Business Directory.

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1856 **Fall Importation.** 1856

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 Bowery, (west side,) between Grand and Hester streets,

IS now prepared to exhibit his new Fall styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

comprising every grade and description, from the CHEAPEST fabric to the RICHEST.

Importing his goods direct, and thus saving the commission and interest which most other dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other carpetings adapted to all varieties of tastes, the following elegant descriptions :

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of every imaginable width, pattern, and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everythg else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

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All who are acquainted with the Carpet trade, and have visited our New Store, acknowledge our stock the most varied assortment and best selected on exhibition in the city. The facilities we enjoy for purchasing cheap, and an experience of many years in connection with the largest houses in the country, enables us to present to our lady friends and the public, the cheapest and most select stock of goods in the city.

sept27 3mos STEPHEN LEAHY, 98 Sixth Avenue.

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Rich dress Silks, Broche and Woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, Woollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

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ALL AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES!

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Hosiery and Gloves	Improved Napoleon Ties
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Suspenders	Silk and Gingham Umbrellas

His shirts are of superior make and quality, and warranted to fit. Persons wishing goods for their own use will be served at retail as well as wholesale, at the lowest prices. oc4m2

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And Furnishing Establishment.

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HUGH DOLAN

TAKES leave to apprise his friends and the public generally that he has the above concern with a

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Which will compare favorably with any in the market, and which he offers to his customers at prices which he is confident cannot be beaten in the city. Gentlemen's furnishing goods of every description at the lowest rates.

N. B. Particular attention paid to the making up of custom work. A good fit warranted in all cases.

Remember 390 Bowery, opposite the Hay Market. 3m4oc

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DOUBLE and single counting-room desks, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office desks from 3 to 6 feet, of Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Oak ; cases for books and pigeon holes. Office-chairs, cushions, lounges, and office tables of every description. my17tf

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Commission Merchant and Agent for the sale of Manufactured Tobacco.

Has always on hand, at the above agency, a full supply of

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Of all brands and descriptions, direct from the Virginia Factories, for sale on libberal terms. jly5 y

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IMPORTER of the various and best brands of Havana Segars, &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 85 Beaver street, New-York.

N. B. Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap26y

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THE subscriber begs leave to imform the public, that he has opened the abovee stahlishment for the sale of

PURE WINES, BRANDIES, &c.,

with an extensive assortment of

CHOICE CORDIALS,

by wholesale and retail, and would call the attention of buyers to his stock, consisting in part of

FINE COGNAC BRANDY.

The celebrated brand of Leger Freres, a superior article for medicinal purposes.

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COLERAINE AND DUBLIN MALT WHISKEY,

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HOLLAND GIN,

Meder Swan, and other favorite brands.

Together with a large assortment of

DUBLIN & LONDON PORTER, SCOTCH ALES,

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Particular attention given to orders for families, and goods forwarded to any part of the City, Brooklyn, Jersey, &c. Country Orders, with remittance, immediately attended to.

Having engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Dillon, (late with Archdeacon & O'Conner, Wall street) customers can depend on all orders entrusted to his care being promptly and faithfully attended to.

Parties residing up town can procure the above articles of T. & J. Russell, corner 36th street, and 6th Avenue : T. Russell & Co., corner 4th street and 6th avenue, and at the corners of 13th Street, 8th and 10th Avenues.

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MEDICAL men now very generally recommend the occasional use of pure ale to those who are in need of nourishment ; and it is undoubtedly the most wholesome beverage for general use that can be found. This is not a new idea. In Queen Elizabeth's time our ancestors universally consumed it—from Elizabeth herself, in her palace, to the farmer in the field. In those days, adulterated wines and fiery liquors may be said to have been unknown, and very heavy penalties were enacted against using anything except malt and hops in brewing. It is not at all extravagant to assert, that the average duration of the life of a large portion of our race is a third less than it was two or three huudred years ago, and this is chiefly attributable to what we eat and what we drink. Even now the heartiest people that can be found are from the rural districts of England, who yet follow the old fashioned diet.

All who use ale, whether as a beverage or for the purpose of nourishment, will find the Elizabethan Ale most excellent. Being made on the Scotch plan, it is as pure and wholesome, (if not equal in flavor) as the imported, while its cost is but little more than a common article. Families and retailers supplied at 120 WATER STREET, one door above Wall. oc4m3

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Wines and Segars, of the best brands, always on hand.

oc25m3 **F. Fitzsimons,** Proprietor.

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Philadelphia Porter, Ale, Champagne Cider, and Soda Water.

Mercer House,

Corner of Broome and Mercer streets, New-York. ylaug2

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London, Dublin, and Philadelphia Porter and Ale,
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Champagne Cider in quantities to suit purchasers,

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FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 12, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows :

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows :

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance ; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts ; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.

Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.

Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856. aug28 10t

The Irish News.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM. SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.
Publication Office, 29 Ann Street, Cor. of Nassau.

VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856. NO. 35.

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Answers to Correspondents.

THE IRISH NEWS,

EDITED BY THE PROPRIETOR,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

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☞ Subscribers, Agents, and Advertisers will please send in their orders early, and observe that our terms are invariably, payments in advance.

Communications of a PRIVATE nature should always be marked so. Those connected with the editorial department are to be addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, and those on business to Richard J. Lalor, Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau.

☞ Subscribers, residing in New-York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, who pay in advance, will have their papers neatly enveloped, addressed, and delivered on each Wednesday through Boyd's Express or some similar medium.

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FORAS FEASA AR ERINN;

OR, GENERAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.

From a Manuscript Copy of the Original Irish of the Rev. and Learned GEOFFREY KEATING.

With Notes, Historical, Topographical, and Explanatory,

By JOHN O'MAHONY, Esq.

The work is now in course of preparation, and will be speedily published, in one large octavo volume of about 600 pages, with plates. Price to Subscribers, $2,00. The book will be got up in superior style, and furnished to the address of Subscribers giving their names to a duly authorized canvasser, or to P. M. HAVERTY, Publisher, 110 Fulton street, N. Y.

☞ A list of Subscribers will be printed in the work.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 10, 1856.

Dear Haverty—I wish you to put down my name as a Subscriber to Mr. O'Mahony's translation of "Foras Feasa ar Erinn."

That is a book long wanted, and which the Celtic Society ought to have given us long ago. If William Elliott had lived, it would have been accomplished. And it will be no small credit to you, if you can bring out here in America, a work long acknowledged to be a *desideratum* in Ireland; executed, too, by a scholar so competent both to translate and to illustrate it with notes as Mr. O'Mahony. I hope it is well advanced in its preparation.

Faithfully yours, JOHN MITCHEL.

CELTIC UNION PULICATIONS!

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PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tt

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,

oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After successfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhibited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M. CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,

Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway
oct11 3mos opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

Special Notices.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street,* (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

European News.

By the arrival of the British steamer *Persia*, we have dates from Europe to the 15th ultimo. We have accounts of some gigantic frauds in the share transfer office of the Great Northern Railway in England, by which the company will lose nearly a million of dollars. These defalcations, like those lately committed on the Great Northern Railway in France, are attributable solely to the utter absence of conscientiousness, and indifference to their responsibilities exhibited by the Directors of railways. In addition to this, we learn that the cashier of one of the branches of the Bank of France had disappeared with 400,000 or 500,000 francs, say $100,000. His family offered to make up the deficiency, but the Bank refused, as he possessed a fortune of his own.

A violent gale occurred in the Mersey on the 12th ult., during which three fine American ships—the "Samuel M. Fox," and "Silas Wright," bound for New-York with emigrants, and the "Louisiana," for New-Orleans—while being towed out to sea, were driven on shore and wrecked. Fortunately, however, no lives were lost.

The English papers announce the re-establishment of cordial relations between England and France; but there is not sufficient foundation for such an announcement. The Bank of England has raised its discount to 7 per cent. upon all bills.

The London correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* thus delicately announces an approaching interesting event: "I have good reasons for believing that our gracious Sovereign is in a condition to render the direct succession to the throne a matter of even greater certainty than it is at present; and that in the month of March next it is most probable another prince or princess will be presented to the nation." The London *Post* says, Sir A. Cockburn will be elevated to the Chief-Justiceship of the Common Pleas; and that Sir Richard Bethell will succeed to the office of Attorney-General. No arrangement has as yet been made with respect to the appointment of Solicitor-General. With regard to the cessation of the Imperial festivities in France, the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "It is certain that the invitations to Fontainebleau have been countermanded, to the great satisfaction of all men of sense, and of the real friends of the Emperor. His Majesty has yielded to public opinion; it would have been more graceful had he done so sooner; but even at this late hour, it is not unwelcome, nor has the news been received without pleasure. He has learned from the English press, and not from his own journals, what public opinion really was on the subject; and one of his friends in particular, whose devotion to him dates long before his prosperity, but whose frank language never has found favor with his courtiers, recently informed him how the people thought and spoke of these continued festivities." In reference to the diplomatic rupture between the Western Powers and Naples, the Ministerial organ says: "It is quite true that the Neapolitan Ministers have received intimations that their presence is felt by the English and French Cabinets to be no longer advisable at the Courts of London and Paris, and, consequently, passports are very much at their service."

According to advices received by the *Ausburg Gazette*, from Rome, it is positively known there that the Neapolitan Minister of Justice is drawing up a new list of the persons who are to be amnestied. The Pope is employing all his personal influence on King Ferdinand II., and hopes to be able to persuade him to put an end to his misunderstanding with the Western Powers "by a judicious compliance with their wishes."

We read in the Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times*:—"The Russians have made another attempt to land at Serpents' Island. They sent a steamer there to land provisions, water and clothing for seven men, as well as different materials for the lighthouse. Captain Vansittart, of her Majesty's ship *Magicienne*, the superior officer in command of the station, went on board, and informed the Russian commander that he could not allow him to land, but that he was ready to take off in his boat the provisions and clothing, though not the materials for the lighthouse, as the latter had been in a perfect state since the 16th of the present month, displaying a splendid revolving light after the best model, and with the latest improvements. He offered likewise to take the commanding officer with him on shore, and allow him to communicate with his countrymen. While the conversation was carried on a boat pushed off from the Russian steamer towards the island, but was prevented from landing, and the Russian steamer departed *re infecta*, after having given over the provisions and clothing."

The *Nord* announces that the Commissioners of the five great powers are to settle at Constantinople the question of the Principalities and the Black Sea, Bolgrad and the Isle of Serpents; but the Paris correspondent of the London *Times* is assured that, as respects that Commission and the meeting of the Congress in Paris or London, nothing is yet decided.

The King of the Belgians opened the Chambers in person on the 12th ult. His speech referred almost exclusively to local subjects. From Spain we learn of the appointment by royal decree of the members of the established Royal Council. The Vice-President is M. Martinez de la Rosa; M. Calderon Collantes, Ruiz de la Vega, General Campuzano, and twenty-four other persons less generally known, are named ordinary members of the Council. There is a report that on the anniversary of the Queen's birthday the state seige will be raised. A telegraphic dispatch of the 10th ult. from Madrid, states that a circular has been promulgated prohibiting the press from discussing religious questions, matters relating to foreign sovereigns, and Socialist doctrines.

The projectors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company have published an announcement of their anticipation "that they will have the cable completed in time to lay it in the Summer of 1857, and under any circumstances, not later than the Spring of 1858."

The Indian mail was to leave Alexandria on the 6th Nov., with advices to Calcutta to Oct. 9; Bombay, Oct. 18; Madras, Oct. 15; Ceylon, Oct. 16. Preparations continued on a large scale for the expedition to the Persian Gulf. A detachment from the Persian army before Herat had captured the Affghan city of Furrath, sending the governor a captive to Teheran. The dates from Cabul are to the 1st of Oct. Herat still held out, The Directors of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway have issued an advertisement for tenders for a line from Wassma to Nagpore, a distance of 487 miles. The native troops at Peshawur were suffering very severely from fever. The Bombay money market was easy. The government loan was making little progress. The prices of imports were steady. At Calcutta there was no material alteration in the condition of the market.

DEFENCE OF RUSSIA FOR THE NON-PERFORMANCE OF TREATY STIPULATIONS.

(*From the Le Nord.*)

The English journals at first appealed boldly to the prejudices and passions of the people. Being well convinced that they cannot persuade public opinion, they endeavor to stem and overwhelm it by their imperious and haughty declamations. But amidst all this turbulent flux of assertions, we seek in vain for any new reason in favor of the refusal of Austria and England to evacuate the Principalities and the Black Sea, as France calls for, by the terms of the treaty of March 30. It is always the same declarations about the ambition of Russia.

The Isle of Serpents! We ought really take no notice of that petty affair. Russia occupied the rock before the war, and has desired to occupy it since for the sake of general commerce. Russia confides in the Powers which signed the general treaty, and it is, no doubt, not a very abominable crime to have dared to count on their justice and wisdom. The reproach of having demolished certain works of attack or defence in the fortresses restored to Turkey in Asia, would be more grave if it were more precise and better founded.

International law on this point has very uncertain principles, and Vattel does not hesitate—after having established that the holder must restore the fortresses in the condition in which he found them at the moment of peace, to declare that if some works have been added he can demolish them. As to the affair of Bolgrad, that is the object of the fiercest declamations of the English press; according to it, it is a formal violation of the treaty. What, however, does the treaty say? "The new frontier shall pass to the south of Bolgrad." What say Austria and England? That the new frontier shall pass to the north of Bolgrad. There is, consequently, a manifest contradiction. And yet the terms of the treaty, which is deposited in all the chancelleries of Europe, are formal. The Congress of Paris clearly said to the south. But it is said that the Congress of Paris made a mistake—that it ought to have written the north. It is possible, in fact, that the Congress of Paris may have made a mistake. But, if so, what other authority than itself can correct an erroneous decision? Who can amend a treaty, if not the powers which concluded it?

Evidently imaginary grievances, pretexts and simulated motives are sought for, in order to break a peace, the conclusion of which compromises political ambitions, or to gain over the weakness of allies surprised by such clamors. The English journals no longer reason—they have no serious argumentation to bring forward. They declaim, they insult, they calumniate, they do violence to public opinion. That has been the part played in Europe in all times, and perhaps European Governments have been wrong hitherto in not opposing to this instrument of domination, which the English Government knew so well how to use in order to agitate their people, not interdictions or restrictive measures, which would perhaps only add to its force by repressing it, but a similiar power, capable of resisting it as they oppose cannon to cannon.

From the London Star.

We most earnestly bespeak the attention of our readers to the present political situation of this country in its relations to the rest of Europe. It is vain to disguise from ourselves that the aspect of affairs is becoming most serious and menacing, and that there is every probability, unless an energetic public opinion interposes, that we shall find ourselves involved in another war, more fierce and deadly than the last, and under conditions infinitely less favorable to ourselves. What are the facts? We shall endeavor to state them as clearly and as calmly as possible, and all the more so as it is the evident aim of the ministerial journals to conceal them from the public in a cloud of bluster and blarney.

The first fact, then, that stares us in the face, is this: That England stands at the present moment almost alone in Europe. The French alliance, of which we have boasted so long and so loudly, is virtually, if not formally at an end. We do not mean to say that there is any thing like an open diplomatic rupture. We do not mean to say that the appearances of concord and professions of endearment may not be kept up more sedulously than ever. But we do say that, notwithstanding the superficial, patching recently effected by the intervention of M. Persigny and notwithstanding the leaded type of the ministerial journals, there is between the two Governments an utter divergence of opinion on every subject of general European interest. They differ on the mode of dealing with the Italian question, and hence the ridiculous abortion in which the loudly-vaunted Neapolitan intervention has issued; they differ on the future constitution to be given to the Danubian Principalities; they differ on the prolonged occupation of these Provinces by Austria, and of the Turkish waters by England; they differ on the interpretation of the article in the Treaty of Paris relating to the limitation of the Bessarabian frontier; they differ as to the time, the place, and the circumstances under which the Congress should be reassembled; their policy at Constantinople is one of open antagonism, the two Ambassadors engaged in incessant intrigues to circumvent and trip each other up; and above all, they differ broadly, glaringly, irreconcilably in their estimation of the spirit and intentions of Russia, as witness the language of the French Emperor to the Russian Ambassador, compared with that of Lord Palmerston at Manchester and the Mansion-house. This being the case, may we not ask what are the points of agreement on which, in the face of so many points of repulsion, the *entente cordiale* can be supposed to rest? We recite these facts not with pleasure, but with the deepest sorrow and regret. But they *are* facts, and what avails it to deny or disguise them?

Political Soirees in London.

Ernest Jones, the Chartist leader, gave his second political soiree at St. Martin's Hall. The attendance was large and the platform was ornamented with several silk banners, containing inscriptions which asserted the right of the working-man to partake to the fullest extent of the products of his own labor.

Mr. Jones, on presenting himself, was loudly cheered. He said, in pursuance of his promise he had the pleasure of again meeting them, for the purpose of conveying some political and social instruction to the public of this country, and he was happy to be able to inform them that the hall had been taken for the next four months. [Cheers.] These efforts were made with the assistance of some friends to the spread of social and political truth, and especially of Mr. Gregory, an eminent merchant of the city of London, and the author of an admirable work on misrule in high places. [Cheers.] Some portions of the press supposed that he was pecuniarily interested in these "soirees," but he was there gratuitously, and Mr. Gregory, who acted as the treasurer, would apply any profits that remained after the expenses had been paid to the propagation of political truth. [Cheers.] Politics were hitherto confined to the tavern and pot-house, and it was the object of the "soirees" to introduce them on a more appropriate stage, and to accompany them with musical and social recreation. [Cheers.]

The first part of the musical programme, was then proceeded with. It included the Song of the Day Laborers, and a Song of Resurrection, two odes written by Mr. Jones, and sung by Mr. Lowry and two other vocalists.

Mr. Jones then proceeded to deliver a discourse "On the Fabric of the British Constitution," which he described to be founded in the darkness of the middle ages, and to be one of the vilest shams, and greatest legislative curses ever inflicted on a people. The British Constitution, he said, represented two elements alone, land and money, but was mainly founded on the monopoly of the land. He traced the history of the country from the period of the Norman Conquest to the present time, and endeavored to prove that all the legislative enactments of Parliament were founded the principle of monopoly and a landed aristocracy. Mr. Jones thus concluded: As the land is the fountain of all material blessings, so a landed aristocracy is the fountain of all social curses. All others are but the side currents, flowing out from that polluted source.

Leave the land untouched and Heaven itself will never grant you happiness. The land—it is the sacred altar, whence labor, that true worship, sends from its fields and gardens the sweet incense most acceptable on high; the land—it is the safety of a people—the emerald shield that God has given nations to hold between themselves and misery; the land—it is the radiant armor that clothes the shining limbs of liberty. My countrymen, we have been bereft of that defense. Its glorious guard has been stripped from you, leaving you naked, shivering to the blasts of want. Join with me for the re-conquest of the land, it is the task of the age—the mission of the century. You talk of unchaining yourselves; unchain the land, and your own chains will fall. The franchise is the bond that binds your hands; but land monopoly is the dungeon that surrounds your bodies.

Reception of the Russian Ambassador by the Emperor Napoleon.

The *Moniteur* publishes the address of the Russian Ambassador at his reception, on the 11th inst., at the Tuilleries, and the Emperor's reply. Count Kisseleff spoke as follows:

"Sire: The Emperor, my august master, in appointing me his Ambassador to your Imperial Majesty, charged me to devote all my care to cultivate the relations of friendship which unite the two Empires. I shall consider myself happy if, at the end of my career, I may have contributed to cement between France and Russia that union which secures to the general peace one of its most durable guarantees. In the name of my august Sovereign, I have the honor of presenting to your Imperial Majesty the credentials with which I am furnished, and I venture to hope that you will receive with kindness the homage of my profound respect."

The Emperor replied:—

"Monsieur le Comte: Since peace was signed, it has been my constant endeavor, without weakening my old alliances, to mitigate, by generous conduct, (*de bons procedes,*) whatever might seem harsh in the strict execution of certain conditions. I have learnt with pleasure that my Ambassador at St. Petersburg, animated by these sentiments, has known how to win the esteem of the Emperor Alexander. The same reception awaits you here—do not doubt it; since independently of your personal merit, you represent a Sovereign who so nobly knows how to impose silence on the sad memories that war too often leaves, in order that he may only think of the advantages of a sincere peace by means of friendly relations."

A Fatal Duel.

A letter from Aix-la-Chapelle, in *Galignani's Messenger*, describes a fatal duel, which took place near Manheim, on the 28th ult., between Monsieur D——, a French journalist, and a Prussian officer named B——. In consequence of some observations of an offensive nature made by B——, in speaking of the French Government, D—— requested him to retract the language which he had uttered. Matters would probably have been arranged satisfactorily, had not D—— become impatient at the hesitation of the Prussian officer, and permitted himself to call the latter a coward. A duel was instantly decided on, and as it was already half-past five in the evening, no time was to be lost. The antagonists, therefore, crossed the Maine, and proceeded to Ludwigshaven, a neutral territory situated in Bavaria. The pistol was the weapon chosen, and the two adversaries placed themselves in position and fired at a given signal. Neither was injured, but that circumstance increased the rage of the principals who refused to listen to the conciliatory language of their seconds.

The Prussian officer was particularly violent, and asserted that fear alone prevented D—— from pursuing the duel to death. It was then decided that in order to allow no chance of escape to one of the antagonists, a single pistol should be charged, and that the principals should choose the arm with their eyes closed, and then fire at three paces. This was accomplished by the pair, who then took their ground. The Prussian fired first, but fortune had betrayed him, as D—— remained unhurt. The latter, in his turn, aimed at his adversary, who, pale and with contracted features, awaited his fate, which was no longer doubtful. The finger pressed on the trigger, but by a providential chance the cap alone exploded, the pistol not going off. The seconds of D—— then declared the honor of both parties satisfied; but the Prussian officer insisted on blood being spilt, and, after a lengthened discussion, he obtained that a duel with swords should take place. The seconds insisted however, that at the first blood drawn the affair should then terminate. The principals then placed themselves in position, and after a severe struggle, D——, in parrying a feint, exposed his body to the the sword of his adversary, who delivered two thrusts in succession, the first of which struck the right arm, and the second pierced the chest of the unfortunate D——, who expired a few minutes after.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

An occurrence of a very remarkable kind took place at the Custom-house, Pill, near Bristol. One of the boatmen was in the act of entering the watchroom for the purpose of looking out, when he heard a curious hissing noise, and on attempting to ascertain by what it was occasioned he saw a large snake on the floor. The creature at first crested himself up, but in a moment darted into a corner, and coiled himself up. The man immediately got his Jersey shirt, for the purpose of throwing over it, when the venomous reptile again began to rear its crest, apparently with the intention of darting at his assailant. The surveyor, Mr. Fairburn, anticipating danger, very discreetly gave orders to kill the reptile, which was affected with a piece of rope. The snake, which is of a foreign species, and exceedingly venomous, measures twenty-eight inches in length, and has a

bright yellow mark round the neck. It is conjectured that it must have by some means been brought from an African or other foreign ship, on board of which the officers had been to rummage. At the time when it was discovered there were several children about the place, and a bedroom close to the watch-house is slept in by some of the younger branches of Mr. Fairburn's own family.

The Russians use wooden spoons, with a very short handle and a very capacious bowl. The bowl will hold about as much as a tumbler. It was one of these spoons, says Mr. Russell of the *Times*, which so alarmed the Irish soldier, through the medium of his own false but very natural logic. The first night the gallant 46th had to march into the trenches before Sebastopol, they met a regiment returning from their 24 hours sojourn in that interesting resort; and of course they had a halt of half a minute or so; for the new-comers, so suddenly plunged into that maze and mud and misery out of the pleasures of Windsor and shipboard, were anxious to hear whatever they could about a place so unpleasantly novel. One of the veterans, who spied a friend among the 46th, as a token of his regard handed him one of the utensils mentioned above, and said, "Here, Jemmy! here's a Rooshian's spoon that we tuk in a rifle-pit last night; you'll find it handy for yer soup, when ye get any." His friend, the recruit, surveying its enormous dimensions with the greatest horror, exclaimed, "Oh! Sergeant Jones! am I to be expected to fight the fellows that feed themselves with spoons like that?"

A writer in the Edinburgh *Review*, for September, estimates the number of actual natives in London at less than one-half of the whole population; in other words, more than half of that population consists of country people! London is an *omnium gatherum*, not only from all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, but from abroad as well. There are no less than 110,000 Celts from Ireland in London, 37,000 Devonshire people, 34,000 Hampshire people, and so on. The 30,000 Scots are a modest contribution by comparison with the country English and Irish in London; and, therefore, the Scots seem scarcely to merit the reputation they have for "coming south." as far as regards the great English centre at least. There are even 30,000 foreigners resident in London, 10,000 of them German, and 70,000 French.

The brief held by the celebrated William Pitt at the Devon summer assizes of 1781, and believed to be the only one in which the famous statesman appeared as counsel, is in the possession of the Rev. J. P. Hugo, vicar of Exminster, near Exeter. The title of the action was "Williams, gent., *v.* Peyton, jun., Esq." Pitt was retained for the defendant, and the retainer and fee paid with the brief only amounted to the modest sum of five guineas. It does not appear from this interesting document whether the future politician and premier gained or lost his cause.

Mr. Henry Hill, owner of Rogerthorpe, winner of the Goodwood Cup this year, has challenged the Yankee Division to run, at weights for age, any one of their horses, to be named at the time of making the match, and by way of accommodating their avowed taste for a heavy stake, and a scope of ground, the distance to be four miles, and the stake £4,000.

At a meeting of the Glasgow Town Council the committee appointed to inquire into the possibility of procuring a site for a public park on the south side of the river, reported that they obtained an offer of a very eligible property, containing 143 acres, for £30,000.

The fund raised for the purchase of a qualification for Mr. C. G. Duffy, in Victoria, exceeds £4,000, and as money in Australia realises 10 per cent. interest, Mr. Duffy is now in possession of £400 a year.

Intelligence has been lately received in Australia that two missionaries and their wives have recently been murdered and eaten by the savage islanders of one of the New Hebrides.

The Austrian Government has prohibited in its dominions the work entitled "The Austrian Dungeons," published in English, by Felice Orsini. All translations of the work are equally prohibited.

There is talk in Paris of a project for opening a monster cafe on the Boulevard St. Denis, which is to contain no less than 86 saloons, each of which will have a special decoration, typical of one of the departments of France.

A correspondent of the *Times* suggests that on each side of Blackfriars' Road, trees should be planted, to try whether they will not grow as well in London as they do in Paris.

It is a significant fact that out of 104 gendarmes who were sent to Cayenne three years ago, as a guard for the prisoners, only 60 are now living.

Prince Frederick William will be in England again, it is said, on the Princess Royal's birthday, and will remain till near Christmas.

The oldest general in France, and even (as some say) in Europe, Baron Despaux, is just dead. He entered the army in 1778, and was made general of division in 1794.

All Sepoys now enlisted in the Indian army are liable to be sent wherever the exigencies of the service may require.

The King of Prussia has just entered into his 62d year, having been born Oct. 15, 1795.

There are about sixteen thousand enrolled pensioners in the United Kingdom.

Russia has definitely excused Persia from payment of the indemnity for the expenses of the war of 1827.

The *National Gazette* of Berlin has been seized for an article on the present state of the Anglo-French alliance.

A Swarm of Bees Worth Hiving.

B patient, B prayful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as Solon, B meek as a child,
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure you make matter subservient to mind.
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true;
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few;
B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine;
B careful of conduct, of money, of time.
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courteous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, BECAUSE thou art dust;
B patient, circumspect, sound in the faith;
B active, devoted; B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent, and pure;
B dependent, B Saint-like, and you'll B sure.

A stone was thrown at the carriage which was conveying Captain Butler, R. M., of Boyle, to his house. The missile passed through the window of the carriage, and lodged in the vehicle, convenient to the gentleman.

American News.

Within a week more than one hundred vessels have arrived at Gloucester from the Bay of St. Lawrence, with fares from ten to three hundred barrels of mackerel. Many of these vessels came home with from fifty to one hundred barrels after an absence of three or four months. The season at one time promising to terminate so favorably, will wind up in many cases in a most disastrous manner, and the crews have but little money coming to carry them through a hard winter. The larger part of the fleet have now arrived, and such is the small catch of mackerel, that the prices must greatly advance, as the supply cannot meet the usual consumption. The prices of mackerel, from some cause, have been much depressed, and have made even large trips much less than last year in value.

A runaway couple from Waterville, Me., one day last week, went to Farmington and were married. Their enjoyment of the honeymoon was interrupted after a day or two by the arrival of the young lady's father, who took forcible possession of his daughter and was about to carry her home. The affair getting noised about, however, the villagers assembled about the hotel, and insisted that the man should have his wife, giving the father five minutes to surrender her or they would take her out of his hands. The old gentleman was obliged to give in, and the runaway couple were restored to each other's arms in the presence and amidst the huzzahs of the crowd. The old gentlemen finally came round, as fathers alway do in such cases, and an amicable adjustment of difficulties occurred.

The Detroit *Tribune* says that some ten days since Mr. Wm. Sloan, of Kentucky, arrived in that city, having in charge 15 slaves, whom he is desirous of settling in some favorable location in that State or Canada. They are manumitted by the terms of the will of Thomas E. Chambers, of Spencer County, Kentucky, who, besides giving them their freedom, bestowed upon them twenty thousand dollars to provide for their settlement in the North.

It is said that a considerable business is done in selling bogus railroad tickets and conductors' checks for tickets, in many of the more prominent cities of the West. Those wishing to travel on railroads, should never purchase tickets of persons who hawk them about. The regular offices of the companies are the only safe places at which genuine tickets can be obtained.

We find in the Lockport *Courier* an account of the suicide on Sunday last, near Geneva, of Lieutenant Truman K. Walbridge, 4th Artillery, U.S.A. Lieut. Walbridge had been ordered to his post at Florida after a brief leave of absence. He left New-York, but returned to Geneva, and put an end to his life, as stated, by shooting himself with a pistol.

Gas pipes are laid on Staten Island for nearly ten miles, and all within 60 days, passing through the villages of Clifton, Stapleton, Tompkinsville, New-Brighton, Elliotville, Factoryville, and Port Richmond. During the month of January all these villages will be lighted.

The late John Black, of Ellsworth, Me., left a legacy of five thousand dollars for the Perkins Institute for the Blind in Boston. He also left three thousand dollars for the Marine Hospital at Augusta for a library. His legacies foot up seventy-five thousand dollars.

A gentleman who died in Botetourt county, Va., a few months ago, devised his entire property, estimated at $10,000, to one of his sisters. After his death, that sister destroyed his will and divided the property equally between a brother and sister and herself.

It is said in the Texas papers that salt works have been established in that State, about fifty miles above Austin, on the west side of the Colorado. The salt is said to be a superior article, and the best offered in that market.

There is a want of water at Newark. The recent dry weather has stopped the operations of one of its largest manufacturing establishments, throwing about 1,200 hands out of employment.

It appears by an official statement of the condition of the public debt of Virginia on the 30th of September last, that the actual amount is $26,914,949. The debt was reduced $10,200, and increased during the past year $2,184,670.

The Boston *Traveller* says: We hear almost every day of frauds committed by means of insolvent or bogus insurance companies, which are located in other States, but send their agents into the towns of Massachusetts soliciting policies of insurance.

A. F. Hoppel, contractor of the excursion train of the North Pennsylvania Railroad, who was tried on the charge of manslaughter, in causing the death by negligence of about twenty persons by a collision of trains, has been acquitted.

Ex-Governor Slade, of Vermont, has recently arrived West with another bevy of female teachers, ticketed for Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Iowa. This makes 450 who have gone out under the Governor's care.

The Governor of Georgia has appointed an experienced engineer to survey the Okefenokee Swamp, for the purpose of determining the feasibility of draining it, and thus preparing the way for its sale and cultivation.

The Democrats of the District of Columbia celebrated the Presidential victory by a procession on the 27th ult. The ceremonies concluded with an oration and an illumination.

The New York Canal Commissioners announce that they will close the Canals December 10, unless they are sooner closed by ice.

Navigation has closed at St. Paul's. Passengers from Hastings report that the ice in the Mississippi extends a distance of five or six miles.

William Pinckney has been recognised by the President as Vice Consul of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, at Key West, Fla.

The reformed Dutch Church in the United States has increased from 171 churches in 1846 to 397 in 1856; in ministers, from 280 to 368; in communicants, from 32,209 to 40,413.

Govenor Casey, of Delaware, has appointed Joseph P. Comegys, Esq., of Dover, to fill the vacancy in the United States Senate, occasioned by the death of the Hon. John M. Clayton.

Hon. Wm. Hall has been unanimously re-elected Secretary of State of North Carolina. Mr. Hall is the oldest public servant in the State.

Alexander Falconer, the defaulting Treasurer of the Petersburg and Weldon Railway, was convicted on the 25th ult., and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

Considerable excitement has been occasioned in Detroit, by the discovery that a German in that city has been using horse-meat in the manufacture of sausages. The sale of horse meat is legalized in Paris, Brussels, and generally throughout Germany, the only difficulty being to overcome the prejudices of the eaters.

By an official statement of the condition of the public debt of Virginia on the 30th September last, it appears that the actual amount is $26,914,949. The debt was reduced $10,200, and increased during the past year $2,184,670. The State is the owner of a large amount of bank and internal improvement stocks, some of the latter unproductive.

On the 11th ult. the son of James C. Sloo, editor of the Shawneetown *Illinoisan* entered the office of John E. Hall, the Clerk of the Circuit Court at Gallatine, Illinois, and deliberately shot him dead. The murder was the result of a political controversy in the paper.

John Nehr, convicted of murder in Buffalo September last, and sentenced to be executed on last Friday, had his sentence commuted by the Governor to imprisonment for life in the State Prison at Auburn.

Robert Gatz, editor of the Milwaukee *Atlas*, was run over by a train of cars on the Lake Shore road on the 19th ult., and instantly killed,

The Memphis *Appeal* expresses anxiety in relation to the conduct of the negroes in that quarter. It appears that they have a habit of largely frequenting two-penny drinking shops.

The Court of Claims resumed its session at the Capitol on the 25th ult.

The President has been suffering in health in consequence of close attention to business. He is, however, now convalescent.

Elisha Smith, Jr., late Chief Engineer of the Boston Fire Department, died at his residence in Boston, on the 24th ult.

At a recent census of Nebraska Territory, the population is found to be 10,116; number of votes 4,006.

A young woman fell dead while shouting at a revival meeting in Vernon, Connecticut, last week.

The Governor elect of Florida is Madison Stoke Perry, formerly of Fairfield District, South Carolina.

City News.

ALL THEY BOAST TO BE.—Two champion safes of Herring's patent have passed through the trial by fire and stood the test. One was contained in the store of E. H. Herrick, No. 28 Coenties slip, and the other in the upholstery warehouse of O'Sullivan & Fay, No. 436 Pearl-street, destroyed on Friday night last. The safes were exposed to the flames, and the books and valuables they contained were preserved uninjured. It is needless to say that the proprietors of these establishments at once ordered the Champion Safes, with the newly patented improvements of the ingenious manufacturer. The certificates of Mr. Herrick and Messrs. O'Sullivan & Fay are evidences of their estimate of the value of the safes, built by S. H. Herring & Co., and sold at their depots, corner of Water and Pine-streets, and No. 5 Murray, near Broadway.

Mr. Geo. P. Fox, the celebrated Tailor and Draper, having retired from nearly as many various locations as he has introduced various improvements in dress—viz: No. 65 Chambers street, Nos. 237, 306, 321, 331½, 333, 581 Broadway, (and former house residence, No. 1 East Thirtieth street, Fifth Avenue,) is now to be found, in all his glory, at his recently purchased store, house and lot, No. 47 Amity Street, near Broadway, at which place he offers, on reasonable terms, the best and newest articles appertaining to the Tailoring business, to the public, friends or customers.

It will not be the adventurous alone, says the *Daily News*, who are attracted to the new land of promise in Central America, but men of action and judgment will find there ample field for success. The opportunities offered by the Government of Nicaragua to settlers are most liberal. Land is given to the colonists and a free passage. The agent here is Col. Frank Anderson, whose statements may be implicitly relied on. He knows the climate and the country, and will give advice to those who propose to colonize in Nicaragua. His office is at No. 3 Broadway.

Lieut. John T. Walker, of the Navy, committed suicide by hanging himself, on the 25th ult., at his lodgings in Chambers-street. He was under orders to join the sloop-of-war, *St. Marys*, at Panama, and would have proceeded to his destination in the steamer *Wabash*. His family reside at Erie, Pa. No cause has been publicly assigned for the commission of the act.

A number of persons of both sexes met on Evacuation Day at the Broadway Tabernacle, and inaugurated a "Women's Rights Convention." The usual assertions of the supremacy of the softer sex, and the ordinary unblushing infidelity, were mixed up with an explosion and advocacy of free love, and a new rendering of the Lord's Prayer.

Tom Thumb's mother was robbed on the 24th ult., at the 27th street railroad depot, of her carpet bag, which contained $700: $300 in bills, and a check for $400. About noon the check was returned through the post to the Paying-Teller of the Nassau Bank, accompanied with a note, regretting that the check amount was not in bills, &c.

If people *will* make a chimney of their nose, says the Ohio *Farmer*, the best way is to furnish cheap fuel. We are, therefore, pleased to find, on page 207, vol. 2, of the Patent Office Report, for 1855, a "preparation of maize leaf, as substitute for tobacco; patented February 20, 1855." To soak maize leaf in a diluted extract of quassia and capsicum, in the proportion of one pound maize leaf to four ounces of quassia, and half an ounce of capsicum, will produce, it is said, a good substitute for tobacco, in the manufacture of cigars. Now a better substitute exists without any patent, in the sun-flower leaf, gathered and cured in the same manner as tobacco. It is far finer in flavor, burns equally well, and is not so nasty. We are not sure but the inside of many of our "Havanas" is sun-flower leaf.

On the 10th ult., a serious accident took place at the Cork terminus of the Cork and Bannon Railway. A porter, named Redmond Barrett, was engaged in shifting some horse-waggons, when he was partially knocked down by the buffet of one of the waggons, and stumbling across the rails, the wheels of the waggon passed over his foot, mangling it in a horrid manner. He was removed to the South Infirmary, where every attention has been paid to him, but he resolutely refused to permit the limb to be amputated, although informed by the medical men that the operation is absolutely necessary.

Irish News.

PARDON OF POLITICAL CONVICTS.—The following paragraph appears in the *London Observer*. Lord Palmerston's stale slander about a breach of parole is impudently repeated. "This high act of royal clemency" is not worth a counterfeit halfpenny: "The Queen has signified her pleasure that a full and free pardon should be granted, under the Great Seal of Great Britain and of Ireland respectively, to all persons suffering under the consequences of conviction for political offences. This full and gracious measure will be of the greatest consequence to many of those suffering punishment or privation for political acts, especially those like Mr. Smith O'Brien, O'Doherty, &c., in Ireland, and Frost, Williams, and Jones, in England, who were convicted of high treason, and sentenced to death, with all the accompanying disqualifications consequent upon so serious a crime. What had hitherto been been done merely remitted the punishment inflicted in each case, but a pardon under the Great Seal restores the individuals to all their civil rights and station as they stood before trial. They can now possess and inherit lands, and enjoy all the privileges and dignities in the State. This high act of royal clemency, of course, does not include those who broke their parole, or incurred the additional penalty of flying from the sentence of the law."

The world, says the *Limerick Observer*, is familiar with Gallagher's story of the man who, having taken cold for the first time in his life, was unable to account for it except upon the supposition that, having slept the night before in a field, he had forgotten to shut the gate after him! At the last fair of Quin, a respectable man, a native of "the Land o' Cakes," having sold some cattle, turned homewards. At Bradford he resolved to stay the night, ordered his dinner, drank only a bottle of porter or so, and looked out at the stars. What influence those silent gazers from the Empyrean may have had upon him we cannot tell, but he altered his mind about his lodging, and set out, as he thought, to continue his journey. Mistaking, however, his right hand for his left, he turned back upon his road, and got pretty far in the wrong direction, when, feeling tired, he turned aside into a field, where the Phooca would seem to have fairly taken possession of him, and conjured up before his disordered fancy visions of the snug inn at Bradford, and a bedchamber comfortably furnished. Taking a thornbush for the back of a chair, he hung his clothes upon it, the hat adorning one bough, the coat another, and the precious waistcoat—the pockets of which contained the large sum of money which he had received at the fair—was thrust carefully into the dyke amongst the branches. Neck-tie and unmentionables were next deposited; shoes and stockings carefully placed by the side of the supposed bedstead—the ditch—and turning down the misty bedclothes, the deluded farmer turned in upon the downy grass with nothing on him but his shirt! A short nap most probably sufficed, for, failing to warm himself by drawing his imaginary coverlet closer, he at length became, like the poor Parisian poet in La Esmeralda, painfully conscious of the fact that he was freezing! He turned out to look for the bed-clothes, and was surprised to find that the floor of his room had become overgrown with grass. He turned round to look for the bed he had just risen from, and lo it had vanished. He set about searching for the very house itself, but nothing, save leafless hedges, and rough low walls could he see, until, pursuing his search, he passed through a gate and found himself upon the high-road without the slightest clue as to where he was, or how he came to be on an unknown road in his shirt at the dead hour of the night! He pushed on at all hazards for a mile or so, until he reached a gentleman's lodge, where he knocked, and was of course refused admittance at such an hour, and under such suspicious circumstances. Meantime his host at Bradford not knowing his change of mind, became alarmed at the non-appearance of his traveller-guest to claim his bed, and knowing that he must have had a large sum of money with him, the landlord very considerately and with the most praiseworthy alacrity gave information to the police, whom the Inspector or Sergeant in charge at once despatched in various directions. One of the parties met the shivering sprite, covered from up in the Chief's large cloak, and taking up the slender clue he was able to give them of the place to which he "had been so strangely transported from his comfortable bed at Bradford," over traced out the field where his clothes still fortunately adorned the bushes, and where the money in his waistcoat was still stowed safely away, "*invested* in the Clare Bank!" which proved for the nonce a safer one than the Tipperary for the unco canny Scotsman.

On the 11th ult. the Tenant League held the first meeting of the session in Dublin. Speaking of it the *Nation* says:—"It was earnest, hopeful, and enthusiastic, and its light should bring cheer to those who once upheld the cause, but now look on with apathy, while a few men gallantly stand to the old colors and maintain against heavy odds the only struggle now being waged in defence of the Irish race. The faithful tenantry of Ireland, whose hearts neither war nor want could banish their faith in God and love of Erin, are being slowly pauperised and driven off the old soil for want of a measure of the commonest justice, for want of a measure their countrymen might obtain for them if they would only combine and make a little exertion. At the present moment those who wish well to the tenant cause, but who fold their hands and do nothing, who only doubt and despair, are the most guilty parties in the country. It is idle to say that because there is no famine in the land, the people require no defence. At the best of times the landlord and tenant law as it stands is a terror and a scourge to the people, and unfortunately we have too much reason to think our trials are not yet ended. Neither the famine, nor the plague, nor England have done with us yet, and it is now, while there is something like the glow of health in the country, that something can best be done to shelter and secure the people against these bitter foes. Let those who will, desert the cause of the Irish Tenant, but let those who profess to care for it, and hope for its success, rally round the national army, strengthen it, and improve it if they can."

On the 23d ult., Constable William Johnson proceeded on some duty with his party, and, after scouring the mountains of Glenlark, county Tyrone, and traversing several other smuggling localities, discovered in the townland of Strahull, an extensive excavation, adjoining a dwelling-house, containing eight large sacks full of ground malt, a copper worm, and a number of casks, some of which contained illicit spirits, and several other articles. The same party at the same place, observed marks of ale in the kitchen of the same dwelling, and in prosecuting the search, they ultimately raised, within a small space of the place, a sunk barrel, containing eighty gallons of pot-ale.

Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, the Attorney-General, has subscribed £5 towards the establishment of a free library in Ennis.

A steeple-chase match, which excited considerable interest, came off on the 8th ult., over the Clonkelly course, Parsonstown. Heats between Mr. Walsh's br. g. Prince Ernest, and Mr. Blake's (18th Royal Irish) br. g. Kangaroo, The former ridden by Mr. Hand, 63d Regiment, and the latter by Captain Butler, 57th Regiment. Owing to the well-known character of the horses and jocks, a large attendance was on the course. At the first heat, Prince Ernest went away with the lead, which he kept to the first wall, where Kangaroo collared him; both then ran head and head until they came within two lengths of the winning-post, where Paince Ernest was landed first by a short neck. On the second heat, Kangaroo went off first, closely followed by the Prince. After crossing the first fence, the riders put on the steam, and the horses ran head and head to the high bank near the road, at which Prince Ernest overjumped himself, and threw his rider, who quickly regained his saddle. At this time, Captain Butler sent his horse along at top speed, but on coming to the high wall, the horse endeavoring to swerve, went through it, and spun his gallant rider. The Prince came up, jumped the wall in style, went on with the running, and came in an easy winner.

We have been recently led to notice, says the *Limerick Observer*, a building which is fast progressing, in the rear of Trinity Church, and opposite the intended railway terminus, the Protestant Orphan Hall, which is mainly intended for that most interesting and inoffensive charity, a charity which intereferes not with any opposite creed, and is entirely unconnected with politics. The plan of the building was executed by our young and talented fellow-citizen, Mr. William Fogarty, who bore off the prize from several able competitors, and the works have been entrusted to Mr. William Doran, as contractor. It will present a handsome front of 84 feet, with a square tower at one end and beautiful portico entrance annexed. There will also be a richly ornamented entrance at the other end, rising to the second or gallery story. The doorways, windows, quoins, &c., are of the most elaborate kind, beautifully wrought in chiselled limestone, and, when finished, it will exhibit a *coup d'œil* not to be surpassed for elegance and taste. It will, when the galleries are completed accomodate nearly 1,200 persons.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 9th ult., the house of a man named Dennis Dooley, a shoemaker, who lives in Grove-street, Roscrea, was attacked by persons armed with stones. On Dooly's son (John) presenting himself, he was assaulted by three persons, who knocked him down and killed him immediately by repeated blows of stones on the head. The police, under the charge of Head-constable Routledge, were soon on the spot, and succeeded in arresting two men (brothers) named Carroll, who had stones in their pockets, one of whom is a soldier on furlough, and who has been identified as having taken part in the outrage. The deceased was a well-behaved young man, and belonged to the Tipperary Militia Artillery.

On the 5th ult., a deputation from Arklow had an interview with the Chief Secretary, in presence of the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, at the Castle, to present a memorial to the Lord Lieutenant, on behalf of the fishermen who had transgressed the law in taking goods from the wrecked ship Irrawaddy. The Rev. Mr. Redmond, who was the spokesman, pleaded forcibly for the men. He stated they had acted in ignorance of the law, but had now become sensible of their error, and were sorry for it. The reverend gentleman detailed the humane services rendered on numerous occasions by the fishermen, saving hundreds of lives and a large amount of property in danger of perishing at sea. Mr. Horsman said the matter would receive the best and most favorable consideration.

The Galway papers report that a very disgraceful and wanton outrage was committed at St. Vincent's avenue, in that city. The Rev. Peter Daly has enclosed a narrow strip of ground adjoining the mill-race, which is very deep there, and planted it with evergreens and flowering shrubs. The little plantation was not only a great improvement, but served as a fence to guard against fatal casualties of such frequent occurrence in localities less protected. Some persons, it is supposed, in the reverend gentleman's absence and the darkness of the night, crushed, mangled and mutilated the shrubs, and stripped the bark off almost every one of the more forward trees, so as effectually to mar their future growth.

The first horse fair in the town of Aughnacloy was held on Wednesday, the 5th inst. The attendance of buyers far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, and the show of horses was most promising, the sales being principally effected amongst those varying from 20*l* to 35*l* in price. One dealer refused a *bona fide* offer of 67*l*, made by an officer of the 10th Hussars. From the extremely favorable impression made on all parties concerned, there can be little doubt of the fair, in a short time becoming of first importance. It will be continued on the first Wednesday of each succeeding month.

The Common Council of Clonmel have held a special meeting, with a view to consider what steps it is essential to take with respect to the question of Ministers' Money, and to submit communications from the Mayor of Waterford, and to obtain the sanction of the Council to his Worship's meeting those officials in conference in Dublin, with several members of parliament, to consider what course should be adopted with respect to the bill for the payment of this vexatious impost, which received the Royal assent during the last session. The majority of the Council are averse to the collection of the tax.

The weather, remarks the Boyle *Gazette*, during the potato digging has been so favorable that almost the entire of that root has been secured, and the quantity and quality has been found to surpass in proportion of ground occupiedany crop for the last 20 years. Excellent potatoes sold in Moeil at 2s. per cwt. Market prices range at 2s. and 2s. 4d. per cwt., and considerably more when purchased in small quantities by the poorer people.

The *Galway Mercury* informs us that Lord Viscount Gough gave a most hospitable feast to near one hundred and fifty of his tenants, at Loughcooter. After the feast, dancing commenced, and continued up to a late hour. The whole terminated with three loud and long continued cheers for the worthy and hospitable occupant of Loughcooter Castle.

A mendicant, named Curran, from Galmoy, was a short time since, arrested in Kilkenny, when there was found upon his person the sum of £14. The Mayor committed him to jail for 9 months, as an imposter, and sentenced him to pay for his own support during his imprisonment.

The Lord Lieutenant has granted the sum of £10 for distribution amongst Thomas and Hugh Langan, William and Thos. Gannon, in consideration of their praiseworthy conduct in capturing a gang of sheep-stealers lately convicted and sentenced to four years' penal servitude at Moate sessions.

The Limerick papers report the death of Major M'Namara, which took place at his residence, Ennistymon-house, on the 11th ult. Major M'Namara represented the important county of Clare in parliament for many years, and few men whom Providence has placed in so high a position as that held both by hereditary right in fortune, and by the elective voice of his fellow-countrymen in rank, have ever won and held the friendship and esteem of his equals, and the love, respect and veneration of his tenantry, dependents, and humbler constituents more thoroughly and generally than the deceased. The extensive estates of the late Major go to his eldest son, Lieut.-Colonel M'Namara.

A notorious burglar, named Eaden, was recently captured in Belfast. In a previous attempt to arrest him he was found comfortably seated in a room in company with other members of his fraternity. One of the detectives surprised Eaden, but he failed in seizing himbef ore he leaped out of a window into the street. Another constable had been stationed under the window, in the expectation that Eaden would try to make his exit by the door of his den, but he was considerably astounded when Eaden jumped upon his head from the window above, and both of them fell to the ground. In a moment the burglar was up and away.

While the officers and some guests invited to meet General Maunsell, were dining at the Infantry Barracks, Waterford, the bed-room of an officer immediately overhead was entered, and a drawer burst open at the back, and a sum of upwards of £30 abstracted, the most of which, however, consisted of a check on the Bank of Ireland. The robbers entered another room, but did not succeed in obtaining any booty. The thieves locked the doors behind them, and carried away the keys with them.

The *Carlow Sentinel* states that the parishioners of Painestown presented the Rev. J. P. Garrett with an address and a testimonial of esteem, on the occasion of the rev. gentleman's removal to the parish of Kellistown, with the living of which he was presented by his Excellency the Earl of Carlisle. The address was read by H. Bruen, Esq., after which they presented their late beloved pastor with a valuable gold watch as a token of their affectionate remembrance of his zeal and unremitting attention to their spiritual wants, while under his ministerial charge.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 11th ult., one of the Bangor cotton mills, known as the New Mill, took fire, and for upwards of two hours it raged with great violence, threatening destruction to the entire premises and the dwellings of the inhabitants who reside in the neighborhood, a number of whom were obliged to remove their stock in trade and household goods. There has been a very great destruction of property, although the building itself has escaped with but little damage. This is either the fourth or fifth time this mill has been on fire during the past four years.

The Dublin *Evening Post* states for some weeks past the Commission for inquiring into the condition of the Lunatic Asylums and the state of the laws relating to those institutions, has been in active operation. The members of the commission are—Sir Thomas Redington, Dr. Andrews, Q. C., Mr. Lutwidge, Mr. Wilkes, and Dr. Corrigan. The Commissioners have met daily at No. 6, Fly place, where witnesses have been examined. The Commissioners are now engaged in inspecting the various district lunatic asylums.

Mr. Hemans, an engineer, son to the distinguished poetess, has been appointed to survey a new line from Goragh Wood to Armagh. The staff of this gentleman have been busily engaged for some days past in making the necessary surveys so as to determine the best line of country for the proposed line of railway to traverse. All the other requisite steps are being taken so as to be ready at the meeting of Parliament to obtain the bill authorising the construction of the line.

The mate and two men of the schooner *Mars*, of Milford, from Kilrush, for Liverpool (oats), report that vessel to have sprung a leak and foundered at sea between Skillig Island and Bull Rock. These men landed at Blackball Coast Guard Station in one of the ship's boats, and supposd that the captain and two remaining men of the crew got to land at the Kerry side of Kenmare river.

The Rev. Mr. Beggan, of Inniskeen, anxious to preserve the minds of the children, whose religious instruction is committed to his care, from being contaminated by souper teachers, is taking every legitimate step to guard them from the snares being laid on Colonel Lewis' property.

The fifth exhibition of the Amateur Poultry Society of Dublin, is intended to take place on the 14th of January, and two succeeding days. The committee have issued their prize lists, which appear to be very enlarged, and a five pound cup is also offered for the best collection of poultry of at least three varieties.

It is reported that some of the Directors of the Waterford and Limerick Railway have opened a negotiation for the disposal of the line to the Great Southern and Western Railway, and three per cent. is named as the amount which the latter company was to pay to the original proprietors.

On the night of the 10th ult, a party of burglars succeeded in effecting an entry into the Messrs. Murphy's house in Jervis' Place, Clonmel. Having regaled themselves with the contents of an excellent pie, they borrowed 7lbs. of beef, some wearing apparel, and table linen.

The landed proprietors in the neighborhood of Aughnacloy and Clogher are taking steps to have a line of Railway constructed from the Ulster extension, at Glaslough, to the Derry and Enniskillen line, at Fintona.

A Battalion of the military train is to be formed at the Curragh camp, to be completed to 470 men and 400 horses. The several cavalry regiments in Ireland have sent detachments of troop horses to join the new corps.

The weather during the last week, says the *Sligo Independent*, has been beautiful; a full-grown ripe strawberry, sent to our office, was grown in the open air in the garden of William Chambers, Esq., of Cloverhill.

On the 8th ult., Mr. Margaret Kirby, a respectable widow lady, holding a large farm at Kilpeacon, fell accidentally out of her car on her return from the market at Limerick, and was killed.

The Ballinasloe *Star* says that a large number of the peasantry from Galway and Roscommon are leaving this season for America.

A melancholy circumstance took place at Castletown, Berehaven, on the evening of the 9th ult. A poor woman, the wife of a farmer named Trokerry, while crossing the Cloghane river, some four miles west of the town, was swept away—the river

being very much flooded at the time, owing to the heavy rain which had previously fallen; her remains were discovered far down the stream, frightfully mutilated—she leaves after her a large and helpless family. It is somewhat remarkable that the son and nephew of this poor woman met their death in a similar manner, exactly in the very same place, about this time twelve months.

The *Dublin Medical Gazette* reports that Mr. Sony, the eminent writer on the brain, says, in a late clinical lecture on that frightful and formidable malady, softening of the brain, "I would caution you as students from excesses in the use of tobacco and smoking, and I would advise you to disabuse your patients' minds of the idea that it is harmless. I have had a large experience of brain disease, and I am satisfied that smoking is a most noxious habit. I know of no other one cause or agent that so much tends to bring on functional disease, and through this, in the end, to lead to organic disease of the brain, as excessive use of tobacco.

On the 5th ult. an accident, involving the loss of two lives, took place in Beresford street, Waterford. A man named Kearney and his helper a laboring man named Edmond Power were engaged in slating a house, when the platform on which they stood gave way and the two men were precipitated to the ground. Melancholy to relate, Kearney was killed almost instantaneously, the other man was conveyed to the Leper Hospital, where he soon after died of the injuries he received.

About four o'clock, on the morning of the 6th ult., a collision took place off Cape Clear, which resulted in the total loss of one of the vessels. The schooner Mary, of Cork. The schooner, which was on its way to Cahirciveen, came into collision with the Mangerton steamer of Limerick, bound to London with a general cargo, and went down about twelve o'clock, having floated for hours after the collision. The steamer during that interval picked off the crew, and dropped into Queenstown with them on Thursday afternoon. This is the second vessel which the Mangerton has run down.

A respectable and crowded meeting of the friends of temperance was held in the Town-hall, Waterford, on the 7th ult., Rev. Mr. Ryland in the chair. The chairman, Dr. T. L. Mackesy, Mr. Edward Elliott, Dr. Elliott, Mr. William Draper, Mr. W. S. Thompson, Rev. Mr. Wiltshire and others addressed the meeting in forcible and argumentative language in favor of the object they had in view.

Between the 23d July and 17th ult., 55 vessels laden with grain, sailed from Taganrog for Cork; from the 10th May to the 13th ult., 38 corn-laden vessels left Ibrail for Cork; and from the 30th May to the 20th ultimo, 33 vessels similarly laden, sailed from Galatz for Cork. From the 13th ult. to the 15th inst., 26 vessels arrived at Queenstown, laden with grain.

Mr. T. D. Moleyns, Q.C., of the Munster circuit, has been appointed Crown Prosecutor at Limerick, vice Mr. Michael Barry, promoted to a judgeship at Perth, Western Australia; and Mr. Denis C. Heron has been appointed to a Crown Prosecutorship for the county of Clare vice Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald Q.C.

John Julian, Edward Mitchell, John Le Breton, and Philip Amy, were convicted at the Head Police-office, Dublin, on a charge of attempting to smuggle a quantity of contraband tobacco on board the *Falcon*, from Guernsey, and were severally committed for six months. The seizure was made by the Kilmichael coastguards.

In compliance with the application of the householders of Rathfriland, county Down, the Lords Justices, in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant, have issued an order to the local magistrates to convene a meeting for the purpose of considering the carrying of the Towns' Improvement Act into operation in that town.

On the night of the 12th ult. a respectable farmer named Patrick Kennedy, was found dead on the public road near Knockgraffon. It is supposed that, when returning from the fair of Clonmel, the horse got into the ditch and upset the car, from which he must have fallen violently on the ground.

A meeting of the merchants, traders, and inhabitants of Enniscorthy and its vicinity has been held in the Market House, for the purpose of considering what steps ought to be taken in order to carry into immediate execution the deepening and improving the river Slaney.

The College of St. John's is rapidly progressing under the auspices of its learned President, the Rev. Dr. Cleary. The number of students, lay and clerical, frequenting it, amount to one hundred and twenty.

The children of the Ardoyne National School presented their late teacher, Mr. W. Erskine, with an address on the occasion of his removal to Comber, expressive of their respect and esteem for him.

The National Life Boat Association intend to place life-boats at the following stations:—Wicklow, Arklow, Cahare Point, and Westport. They further intend, if circumstances permit, to place life-boats at Rosslare, Kilmore, and Ballycotton.

The clerk of the Clonmel Union has received a communication from the commissioners, to the effect that the guardians have no right to interefere with the rating of the Christian Brothers' School, notwithstanding the decision of the Assistant Barrister.

The connection of Fox, Henderson & Co., as contractors and creditors of the Bandon Railway has completely ceased, they having received 10,000*l* in cash, and 7,000*l* in preference shares in full liquidation of all claims on foot of contracts.

There are ten miles of the Cork and Youghal railway line ready for the reception of rails. Further progress of the work is impeded, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the land.

Father Petcherine, the Redemptionist, who was seized with typhus fever, at Ballycullane, county Wexford, has completely recovered.

Viscount De Vesci is a candidate for the vacancy caused in the representative peerage by the death of Viscount Hawarden.

The number in the Tuam workhouse at present, is only 224, whilst on the 24th February, 1849, the number in receipt of relief from the rates, amounted to 14,857.

Lord Inchiquin will be elected an Irish representative peer. There are four vacancies by death.

At the last fair of Clonmel, the Waterford buyers expended over £6,000 in the purchase of pigs.

A second steam boat is daily expected on the line between Waterford and Milford.

Common tobacco in Waterford has risen four and five pence in the pound.

Any day during the past month, says the *Nation*, the ardent admirer of England, that home of the free, champion of humanity, foe of aggresssion, and protector of weak nations, &c., might have seen an instructive sight in this city. His Royal Highness Meer Ali Moorad Khan Talpoor ex-Rais of Khyerpoor, Upper Scinde, has been visiting Ireland; and who and what he is, or rather was, is an investigation which we commend to all loyal West Britons who parroted the cry of "Russian aggression" during the late war. He is one of the plundered victims of a Power as false, as rapacious, and as brutal as ever violated justice or outraged humanity. Those who have seen him will set just value on British lies about barbarians and savages; those who know the particulars of his story—the "old, old story" of British perfidy, will be able to estimate British "morality and civilization." Though deprived of his rightful position and authority, the Prince still takes ranks as an independent Sovereign, and, his yearly income is now about £150,000; even after the last grab of the pious and Christian "India Company"—by which he was "civilized" out of nearly £100,000 per annum. His personal appearance does not at all support the British idea, though it suggests ample room for still further "civilizing" him, inasmuch as his wealth is enormous. His dress is of green silk embroidered with gold, and on his finger he wears the celebrated "Mountain of Fire," a diamond valued at £4,000—a scandalous oversight on the part of Queen Victoria's swell mobsmen; some supplemental cause of quarrel will doubtless be discovered so as to "ameliorate him out of this gem." Through all his vicissitudes, he has, moreover, preserved the great appanage of the throne of Scinde, the sabre of Tamerlane! This extraordinary weapon has been valued at £20,000; hilt and scabbard are literally frosted with diamonds, pearls, and rubies, on a ground of massive gold. In the suite of the Prince is a Beloochee Sword Bearer, who carries this royal and historic heir-loom, never upon any account surrendering custody of it for a moment to any one. During the stay of the Prince in Dublin, he had manufactured for himself and son two gorgeous dresses of gold embroidered Irish Poplin, *bearing the national harp and shamrock*. Indeed it is a fact we commend to the particular attention of the traders of Dublin, that His Royal Highness of Scinde spent more money in one day in patronising Dublin manufactures and encouraging Irish industry, than the Queen of England and all her children during the whole period of her visit to this kingdom.

At the New Ross Quarter Sessions the case of Whelan *vs.* Tottenham, came up for hearing. It was an action of ejectment of the lands of Ryleen, held by the plaintiff, a small tenant farmer, under Charles Tottenham, Esq., M. P., which has been a case of peculiar hardship on the plaintiff. It appears that the sum of 60*l*, being one and a half year's rent, became due on the 1st of May last, on which occasion Mr. Tottenham brought his action of ejectment for non-payment, and took possession of the lands under a decree obtained at the June sessions. At the time possession was taken there was a large crop growing on the lands, valued at 110*l*, but which was disposed of by Mr. Tottenham for a sum of 73*l*! The sale having taken place, Mr. Whelan tendered his rent and costs, which Mr. Tottenham declined taking, as he had in the mean time let the lands to another tenant subject to redemption. The action now brought was for recovery of the lands from Mr. Tottenham and the tenant in possession, and a decree was pronounced for the plaintiff. In the mean time, in consequence of these proceedings, Whelan had suffered a most serious injury, having lost the difference between the value of his crops and the price at which they were sold, together with the loss of his credit, and the possession of his land from the period at which possession was taken to the present; and having been in the mean time thrown on the charity of his neighbors for support of himself, his wife, and six children.

On the 10th ult., as a man named Patrick Sheehan, a servant to Mr. Leech, near Waterfall, was walking on his master's lands, in company with the butler, who carried a gun loaded with shot, a hare started out before them. Sheehan made an attempt to catch it by the legs, and at the same instant the butler, who was three or four yards off, raised his gun and fired, when the entire contents passed through Sheehan's leg, fracturing thigh bone and causing extensive laceration of the muscles and tissues of the part, which caused death immediately after his removal to the Infirmary.

The skin of the famous boar, Sir Roger Bacon, the property of Captain Croker, has been tanned and dressed, and measures nearly 8 feet square. It can be seen at the office of the Royal Agricultural Society.

A contract has been entered into for placing light-ship upon the Black Water Bank, off the coast of Wexford. Life boats will also be placed at different parts along that dangerous and iron bound sea-board.

The Queen has created Lord Talbot de Malahide a Peer of the United Kingdom, by the same style and title which he bears in the peerage in Ireland.

Doctor Boxwell Quinlan, a graduate of T. C. D., and a Medical pupil of the Catholic University, has been appointed to the third Dispensary, Queen street, Dublin.

At the consecration of St. Peter's Catholic Church, Warrenpoint, the collection amounted to £305.

A man named Michael Meany was recently killed by falling through the opening of the transept in the Kilkenny Cathedral.

The Town Council of Waterford has voted a subscription of £50 to the expenses of next year's exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society, appointed to be held in that city.

The inhabitants of Balturbet have held a meeting to devise measures for establishing railway communication with the districts lying Westward of that Town.

The Waterford *Chronicle* reports that a certain noble lord of a neighboring county is on his way to Rome to abjure Protestanism.

Government has decided on increasing the barracks at Templemore for the accommodation of troops at a cost of £25,000.

The Young Mens' Society of Cork gave a soiree recently in that city.

The twelve constables sent to Clonmel at the request of the Corporation, will cost the town £250 a year.

Mr. Welby Pugin is on a visit to J. H. Talbot, Esq., at Ballytrent.

The Poor Law Commissioners have decided that convents are not exempt from taxes under the Poor Law Act.

On the 11th ult. the first frost of the season made its appearance in Ireland.

THE BIG SHIP.

(*From the Boy's Own Journal.*)

The voyager up and down the Thames has noticed with astonishment, during the last eighteen months, the slow growth of a huge structure on the southern extremity of the Isle of Dogs. At first, a few enormous poles alone arrested his attention; then vast plates of iron, that seemed big enough to form a shield for the gods, reared themselves edgeways, at great distances apart; and as months elapsed, a wall of metal slowly rose. Sooty engineers, when questioned about it, tell you it is "the big ship;" and that is all that you can hear of it.

The great ship, or *Great Eastern*, as she is sometimes called, although building in the midst of the largest collection of seafaring people in the world, stands a wonder and a puzzle to them all. And, indeed, the moment you are inside the works, you feel the reason of the strange eye with which the maritime population view the monster which is slowly growing up, and overshadowing not only the ship-yard itself, but the portion of the new town immediately in the neighborhood. Where are the merry ship-carpenters, caulking away with monotonous, dead-sounding blows? Where are the artizans chipping with the adzes, rearing up one after another huge ribs, and laying the massive keel? Where are the bright augers gleaming in the sun, as sturdy arms work out the bolt-holes! None of those old accustomed sights and sounds of ship-building are to be found; but in their place we see the steam arm welding some iron shaft as "the mast of some huge admiral," or punching inch-plates of iron as quickly and as noiselessly as a lady punches card-board.

The *Great Eastern* is, in fact, built of iron; and such a ship of iron!—not less than 680 feet long and 83 wide! There are few persons, however, who will thoroughly comprehend the full meaning of these figures. Neither Grosvenor nor Belgrave-square could take the *Great Eastern* in; Berkley-square would barely admit her in its long dimension, and when rigged, not at all. In short, she is the eighth of a mile in length; and her passengers will never be able to complain of being "cooped up," as four turns up and down her deck will afford them a mile's walk. Her width is equally astonishing. From side to side of her hull she measures 83 feet, the width of Pall Mall; but across the paddle-boxes her breadth is 114 feet—that is, she could just steam up Portland-place, scraping with her paddles the houses on either side. With the exception of the sky-lights and openings for ventilating the lower saloons, her deck is flush fore and aft. However splendid this promenade might appear with respect to those of other ships, we question if it is at all too large for the moving town to whose use it is dedicated. Room must be found for the holiday strolling of between three and four thousand persons, whilst she is careering through the heated atmosphere of the tropics.

The manner in which this moving city rather than ship will be propelled with the speed of a locomotive through the ocean, is not the least noticeable of the arrangements connected with her. The builder has, we think wisely, decided not to trust so precious a human freight, and so vast an amount of valuable cargo to any one single propelling power, but has supplied her with three—the screw, the paddle, and the sail. Her paddle-wheels, 56 feet in diameter, or considerably larger than the circus at Astley's, will be propelled by four engines, the cylinders of which are six feet two in diameter, and the stroke 14 feet. Enormous as are those engines, having a nominal power of 1,000 horses, and standing nearly fifty feet high, they will be far inferior to those devoted to the screw. These, the largest ever constructed for marine purposes, will be supplied with steam by six boilers, working to a force of 1,600 horses—the real strength of the combined engines being equal to 3,000 horses. As the screw and the paddles will be both working at the same time, the ship will be pulled and pushed like an invalid in a Bath chair, and each power will be called upon to do its best. The calculated speed of the ship under steam is expected to average 15 or 16 knots, or nearly 20 miles an hour. We all know, even on a calm day, what a wind meets the face looking out of a railway train going at that pace, and consequently it can be understood that sails except on extraordinary occasions, would act rather as an impediment than as an assistance to the ship's progress. It is not probable, therefore, that they will be much resorted to, except for the purpose of steadying or steering her. In case, however, of a strong wind arising, going more than twenty-five miles an hour in the direction of her course, she is provided with seven masts, two of which are square rigged, and the whole spreading 6,500 square yards of canvas.

It is obvious that some special means must be adopted to direct this vast mass of iron as she flies on her course, threatening, by her speed, destruction to herself and whatever may cross her path in the great highway of nations. The usual contrivances will not apply. No speaking trumpets, for instance, could make the captain on the bridge heard either by the helmsman, or the look-out at the bow, more than three hundred feet away. Even the engineer, sixty feet beneath him would be beyond the reach of his voice. As in the railway we have to deal with distances which necessitate the use of a telegraph, and the *Great Eastern*, in this respect, will be treated just like a railway. On ordinary occasions a semaphore will, in the daytime, give the word to the helmsman, whilst at night, and in foggy weather, he will be signalled how to steer by a system of colored lights. The electric telegraph will also be employed to communicate the captain's orders to him, and to the engineer below.

The anchors of this mighty steamer would with their accessories, alone form the cargo of a good sized ship. The ten anchors with which they will be fitted, together with their stocks, will weigh fifty-five tons. If we add to this ninety-eight tons for her eight hundred fathoms of chain-cable, and one hundred tons of her capstans and warps, we shall have a total weight of two hundred and fifty-three tons, of material dedicated to the sole purpose of making fast the ship.

But we fear our readers have now scarcely a proper idea of the vast proportions of this vessel. Suppose, then, we give a comparison of her length, with the length of other ships. The lines below will do this better than words. The first lines represent the *Great Eastern;* the second, the *Persia*, the largest vessel now afloat; the third line, the *Duke of Wellington*, the huge 130-man-of-war, the largest in th the navy; and the fourth represents one of the gun-boats lately built for the Russian war.

[———————————]
Great Eastern.
[———————————]
Persia.
[———————————]
Wellington.
[———]
Gun-boat.

Her great proportions will, indeed, almost deceive her passengers into the idea that they are sojourning in some noble mansion. Let us imagine her saloons blazing at night with gas, which will be manufactured on board and supplied to every part of the ship; let us picture to ourselves her magnificent sweep of deck filled with promenaders, listening to the band as she sails over a summer's sea; annoyed by no smoke, for, in consequence of the use of anthracite coal, none will be emitted from her five funnels; and distressed by no motion, as in consequence of her length she will stride with ease over the waves of the Pa-

cific. We might also dwell for a moment upon the mighty larder of our leviathan prepared for her flight of five-and-thirty days, without a stoppage, across the ocean desert, with a whole town on board; or we might draw a comparison between her and the Ark (which by-the-by had not half her capacity), as she receives on board her flocks and herds to furnish fresh meat for the passage. But we believe we have said enough to enable those who have not visited the rising edifice, to realise the vast extent of this latest experiment in ship-building. And as a contrast to this fair side of the medal, let us fancy her rushing through the night in full career—an arrow 27,000 tons in weight, propelled by a bow of 3,000 horse-power. Can we, without a shudder, contemplate the possibility of a collision with such a resistless force? a line of battle ship with a thousand hands on board, cleft in two as swiftly as the apple by the shaft of Tell.

Every precaution will, indeed, be taken to avert such a catastrophe. The electric light will be fixed at the mast head, so that in dark nights the ship will carry a moonlight atmosphere wherever she goes. In case of any fatal injury to herself, which could not well happen, boats have been provided capable of taking off her passengers, even if counted by thousands. Thus she will have two screw steamers of 90 feet in length as paddle-box boats, and in addition to these she will carry a large number of the new collapsing, or bellows boats, as the sailors call them. These curious structures, the new invention of the Rev. B. L. Berthon, expand and shut like a Gibus hat or the hood of a carriage, occupying so little room that half a dozen of them of a large size can be stowed away in the same space as would be occupied by an ordinary jolly-boat, and seem to be as easily opened as a parasol or umbrella.

But there is little chance of any great accident happening to the Big Ship; that she should founder (a thing almost too dreadful to think of, since she will carry four thousand passengers) is nearly impossible. This arises from the fact that she is built in watertight compartments, having no connection with each other; so that if one part of her were to get stove in, only that compartment would suffer; and if she should even snap in halves, would float; she would live on the seas like a divided worm. Our readers, in fact, must regard the Big Ship, not as a huge house, but as a terrace, or a row of houses, having no communication one with the other; and as the houses of a terrace have all doors leading into the street, so the leading compartments of the Big Ship have all doors leading to the deck. The comparison holds good, too, in another respect—size; for in each of the compartments of this gigantic vessel you might drop one of the largest hotels in London. The compartments have iron walls.

IRISH SURNAMES.

From a Correspondent of the Dublin Nation.

During occasional visits to the step-sister country, and sometimes even at home, I have met with persons of undoubted Celtic origin—Irish often by birth, oftener by parentage—who seem to me somewhat in the predicament of the spoiled potatoes I have been speaking of. The efforts they make to divest themselves of their nationality, which they seem to consider a badge of disgrace, are in all cases ludicrous, in some rather curious and interesting. Remodelling the surname, if pronounced too Hibernian, is generally the first step taken in the process of Anglicisation. Upon this point, I shall take the liberty of offering some of the results of my observations and experience to the reader.

There is a class of Irish surnames which easily get an Anglo-Saxon look by a mere change in the spelling. Thus, by a very simple process, Neill became Neale. Haly is turned into Haley, Kealy into Cayley, and Reilly into Riley or Ryly. The addition of a letter sometimes works the desired change. A descendant of Brian Boroimhe, slipped down from O'Brien into Bryan, calls himself Bryant at last, and shabbily refers his lineage to a Devonshire or Cornish source. Boylan becomes Boyland; Gartlan changes himself into Gartland or Garland; Nowland takes the apparently humble patronymic of Noland, but boasts, perhaps, the while, that King John *Sansterre* was the founder of his family. There are other names in which a syllabic alteration is necessary. Thus, Langan becomes Langham, and Brennan Brenham. Cochrane is quite as Celtic a name as Corcoran, but then it is not Irish, and the bearer may, if he has impudence enough, assume the Dundonald arms, reasons sufficient to induce the son of a Cork Corkoran to call himself Cockrane in England. What dozens of Milesian Farleys have mis-pronounced themselves into Farlys! What scores of Herlehys and Hurleys claim kindred with

"Harley, the nation's great support,"

whom Swift backed so determinedly! There is the name of MacParlan or MacFarlan—the son of *Partholanus*—ye gods! could any man desire a more nebulous origin? Yet, the degenerate descendant of that historic personage, first suppressing the unmistakeable "Mac," loses himself in a Farland!

The number of Houlihans who figure as Hollands and Wheltons are incalculable. And when again a genertion or two, the Whelton is still farther sublimated into Wilton, who will even dread that so blooming a pink of aristocracy had its root in an Irish bog? Mr. Bingley, whose father's name was Bigley in England, and had previously been Begley in Ireland, would anathematize you if you hinted at his Celtic origin, notwithstanding the stubborn fact. Have we not been told that the Nestor of the House of Lords himself—that "old man eloquent"—John Singleton Copley, Baron Lyndhurst, is not only the son of an Irish mother, Miss Singleton of the County Clare, but is also, paternally the descendant of a Celtic Collopy? We have been told this, I say, but it is incredible; for how, in that case, could the noble and learned lord have spoken of us as "aliens in blood?" Where did the ancestors of Mr. Delane of the *Times* come from? Was the name originally Delaney or Dilane? This is a difficulty which I do not undertake to solve. The Spillanes, from Munster, became Spelmans and Spillers in Middlesex. Langenian Kinsellas are the progenitors of London Kingsleys and Kingleys. Connacian Conroys do not wait for a trip across the channel to proclaim themselve Kings. Mooney, from Monaghan, makes Money of his name and "small blame to himself for that," he thinks noble and reasonable gentlemen, Maidstones and Villierses, do the same every day. Paddy Rooney is a name only fit for a stage Irishman; but Sir C. P. Roney is a chum for the Marquis of Chandos.

Thackeray ridicules a Mr. Clanchy who put a "De" before his name. The same affectation of Norman or Gallic descent, is remarked in a gentleman who transforms Pentony into De Pentheney. It is not many years since Lord Ventry, with the aid of the Herald's Office, discovered that his family name was not Mullins, but De Moleyns. But the most ingenious metamorphosis of this kind was that of the Mr. O'Malley, who called himself De Maillet. We may call this cooking the potato *a la maitre d'hotel!*

If you met, as I did once, a Mr. Grosvenor, who had nothing of the aristocratic in his appearance—who was not well dressed and who spoke with a decided brogue, you would probably be prevailed as I was, to reconcile the patronymic with the person. Can this man I ask myself, be akin to the Marquis of Westminster? Nothing of the sort, as it turned out; the Prince of Pimlico was no relative of his, seeing the man's real name was Grogan. The hon. member for Dublin is not ashamed of the name I dare say, but he can afford to call himself what he likes. My poor friend, perhaps, could not. In the same way, caterpillar Cavenaghs emerge into butterfly Cavendishes, Dinneens into Dennys, and Mulvihills into Melvilles. Absurd as all this, we can understand the vulgar motive, but it is harder to account for the miserable severity that makes one of the stout O'Riordan's, of Muskerry, hide himself in a Ritherden.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF WATERFORD.

Waterford is one of the most ancientmaritime ports in Ireland. It was known A. D. 155 by the name of *Cuan-na-grian*, the harbor of the sun. Its present name is supposed to be a corruption from the Scandinavian of *Vador Fiord*, or the father. It is a county of a city, in the province of Munster, 52 deg. 15 min. N., 7 deg. 7 min. W., ninety-seven miles S. S. W. of Dublin, 111 N. E. of Cork, and eighty-four miles W. of Milford Haven. It comprises an area of 10,059 acres, of which 669 are in the city. The corporation, styled the mayor, aldermen and burgesses of the borough of Waterford, consists of ten aldermen and thirty councillors, elected by the five wards into which the city is uow divided, viz., South, West, Custom-house, Tower, and Centre wards. The mayor for 1854 was elected from the town councillors. The borough returns two representatives to Parliament, being favored with one of the additional five members granted to Ireland by the Reform Act. This city is delightfully situated on the south bank of the Suir, which, in its course from its source, waters Thurles, Holycross, Cashel, Clonmel, and Carrick, and is a river of considerable magnitude when it reaches Waterford, where it is joined by a tributary stream, the John. It is admirably situated for commerce from its proximity to the west coast of England; and, although eighteen miles from the sea, the largest merchant men can come up opposite the quays, which are decidedly the handsomest in Ireland, or probably in England, being a continuous line of 1,240 yards in length, and forty feet in width. There are only about twelve feet of water close to the quays, even in spring tides; but vessels drawing upwards of twenty feet lie afloat on the channel, and discharge or load their cargoes by means of floating stages, and rise and fall with the tide; and when the quays were erected or enlarged in 1705, it was a great mistake not to have extended them into deep water. At the western extremity it is united to the suburb of Ferrybank, in the county Kilkenny, by a wooden bridge 832 feet long, by forty feet wide, supported by forty sets of oak piers on stone abutments. It was constructed, as well as those of Derry, Ross, and Wexford, by Mr. Cox, a native of Boston, at a cost of £30,000, raised by shares of £100 each, £90 of which was paid up; and they were recently worth £170. It was opened in 1794; and the tolls produce about £4000 per annum.

In 853 Waterford was first attacked by the Danes under Sitrick, who estgblished a regal dynasty there, which continued until the Anglo-Norman invasion. Imar, one of the kings, in 995, devastated the county Kildare, and succeeded Auliffe in the occupation of Dublin. His son Reginald, erected a castle on the quays of Waterford, in 1003, a portion of which is still perfect, and is called Reginald's tower. It was held as a fortress by Strongbow, and used as a mint in the reign of Edward IV., and converted into a police barrack in 1819. In 1038 Waterford was burnt by the King of Leinster, and again in 1088 by the Danes of Dublin. It is said the Danes of Waterford did not embrace Christianity until 1096; but it is probable like those of Dublin, that it was at a much earlier date. It was then, however, formed into a see; Malchus, the first bishop, being consecrated by Anslem, Archbishop of Canterbury. The advance guard of Strongbow's invading force, consisting of ten knights and 70 archers, under Raymond le Gros, so called from his great corpulency, landed in this neighborhood in May, 1170, and was soon after joined by Harvey de Montmorisco, or Montmorris, from Wexford. They intended trenching themselves here, until the main body had arrived, and threw up a small fort, and seized on the cattle of the surrounding district. This so alarmed the inhabitants of Waterford, that they determined on attacking them before they were reinforced; and with that intent 1,700 undisciplined men, marched out of the city towards the fort. Raymond, perceiving their disorderly approach, and holding such enemies in contempt, left his entrenched position and attacked them; but they returned his charge with such vigor that he was obliged to regain it, and would, in all probability, have been forced to surrender, had he not driven out the cattle which he collected there on the assailants [this was also done by the insurgents at the battle of Ross], which threw them into such disorder, that his small force obtained a decisive victory over them; 500 of these are said to have been slain, and 70 taken prisoners, among whom were some of the principal inhabitants; and, although there were large sums offered for their ransom, they were put to death in the most cruel manner by this ferocious barbarian. According to Cambrensis, his own historian, these unfortunate captives were brought to the rocks like men condemned, where their limbs were first broken, and then cast headlong into the sea. Thus in the first onset did the English who, according to the bulls of Popes Adrian and Alexander, were to civilize the wicked and barbarous Irish, lay the groundwork of that savage and atrocious system of warfare which was perpetuated through so many centuries, with unmitigated fury. Notwithstanding this act of aggressive cruelty, this small force was allowed to remain unmolested for four months, until joined by Strongbow from Milford Haven, with 200 knights and 1,000 archers, all chosen men, who effected their landing on the eve of St. Bartholomew in 1170. MacMurrough, with his Irish forces and Anglo-Norman auxiliaries from Wexford, formed a junction with them, and an assault on the city of Waterford was determined on. The inhabitants had been reinforced by the neighboring Irish chieftains, and, under Reginald, their King, were prepared for a vigorous defence. The assailants were twice repulsed, although led on by the redoubted Raymond. On the third assault, however, a breach was made, and the besiegers entered the city, which became a scene of indiscriminate slaughter. Mac Murrough now sent for his daughter Eva, and scarcely had the carnage ceased, when her ominous marriage with Strongbow was celebrated. Henry II. landed here in October, 1172, with 500 knights and 4,000 soldiers. Strongbow, as previously arranged, made a formal surrender of Waterford to the monarch, and did homage to his principality of Leinster. MacCarthy, Prince of Desmonde, followed his example, and the inhabitants of Wexford tendered their submission with Fitzstephen as their prisoner, whom they charged with acts of the greatest atrocity. The monarch feigned displeasure, and ordered Fitzstephen to be imprisoned in Reginald's Tower, from which, however, he was soon after released. On his departure for Dublin, he placed a garrison in the city under Robert Fitzbernard and other knights, and it was soon after extended and surrounded with walls, and a charter granted to the inhabitants.

ANCIENT TOMBSTONES—CHURCH-YARDS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

From a Correspondent of the Dublin Telegraph.

Tombstones, inscriptions, &c., are of ancient origin—more ancient, perhaps, than Christianity itself. The primitive Christians, and those of the Middle Ages, rarely forgot to erect them. I have seen inscriptions on tombstones bearing date 1340 and 1370 in parts of Ireland. There were a few in the county Galway, of the twelfth century. About forty-five years ago there were to be seen at Kilconnel Abbey, (near historic Aughrim) and in old graveyard at Ballydonnellan, also in the same county, the shattered remains of stones bearing date 1220 and 1272. In England I examined many inscriptions and found some more ancient still. In a venerable-looking cemetery in Leicestershire, in the year 1840, I saw a dilapidated stone; the characters were very nearly defaced; but I wet my handkerchief in the stream at hand, and, after a fashion, restored the letters of the rustic artist who was then, perhaps, some 650 years sleeping near the shade of a neighboring yew tree, through whose green drapery the sad, melancholy moan of the autumnal blast, could not disturb his long, quiet rest. The following is the substance of the inscription, for the spelling, style, &c., was of a very quaint order indeed:—

Companions of Childood! Friends of Youth! Strangers! as you journey on this way, I ask you for the love you bear the holy Virgin Mother, to remember in your prayers her whom the village once called the innocent, the beloved, and the beautiful Mary Bede. Her gentle limbs rest here until the Resurrection. A.D. May, 1240.

Many relics of antiquity associated with the dead have been rescued from the hands of the modern Goths and Vandals, by the learned Dean of Clonmacnoise (Dr. Butler), who takes a deep interest in the topography of the ivy-clad ruins of the ancient abbeys which are to be found in Meath. The venerable Dean is known to almost every antiquarian of distinction in Great Britain.

The old burial customs of the Irish were marked by many singular features; likewise those of the Anglo-Saxons, Normans, &c. The entrance into most churches was either at the west end or the south side. Persons buried at the north side escaped the notice of their friends; and, as alleged, were often forgotten in their orisons at church. The "north side" consequently became a condemned spot; and in time none save those guilty of some very grave offence, were buried there: lunatics, who had destroyed themselves, were buried at this side, and sometimes out of the east and west directions of other graves. It is said to be alluded to in "Hamlet," where the philosophic Dane bids the grave-digger cut *Ophelia's* grave straight. The same was observed with respect to persons who were executed.

If I can judge by the style in which monumental inscriptions in public cemeteries are executed at the present day—particularly in Ireland few of them will be legible in seventy or eighty years hence. Many of them that were chiselled some 25 years ago, are actually fading now. I have inquired as to the cause, but have not received a satisfactory reply. Some attribute it to the quality of the stone used. I have found the cutting in marble to be much after the same fashion. What is the cause?

REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF FRENCH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

In a recent article on the penal Colony of Guyana, the *Moniteur* stated that several political prisoners had found means to escape, but it gave no details. A private letter brings some particulars on the subject of considerable interest. At the beginning of this year several political transports, confined in the Devil's Island, conceived the idea of escaping. They cut down some trees and built a schooner; but, owing to an accident in launching, the schooner struck and went to pieces. Nothing daunted, they set to work again, and with such planks of the schooner as they were able to pick out of the water, and the stump of a large tree which floated down the Amazon River, they constructed a raft, on which, on the 7th of August last, seven men embarked in search of liberty. For four whole days they floated nearly at random on the sea, and at the end of that time, when their slender stock of provisions was entirely exhausted, their raft went ashore on a mud-bank.

Two of the party—one an Italian named Planori, and another a Pole named Bogenski—left the boat and waded along in the mud, hoping to find a habitation. They were so weak that they soon found themselves unable to draw their legs out of the heavy soil, and their companions learned some days later that their dead bodies, half devoured by crabs, had been seen by a native. The five who had remained on the raft, finding that their companions did not return, and being convinced of the hopelessness of looking for them, resolved to put to sea again. But to do this, it was necessary to construct another raft, it being impossible to get the old one off the mud. For an entire week they floated up and down along the coast upon such pieces of wood as they had been able to detach from the raft, and during all this time they had nothing to eat but raw crabs, and nothing to drink but salt water. At length they were fortunate enough to find a house, where they received succor. The names of these five men were Guerard, Bouguel, Carpezal, Chabaire, and Babin de Candre, of the Department of the Indre and the Loire.

A fortnight after their departure from the Devil's Island, the other prisoners then learned the issue of an enterprise which it might have been thought utter madness to undertake. A burning desire to risk their lives in a like manner for their liberty, ran through the colony. With the help of Government timber collected for building purposes, they found means to construct rafts, each capable of holding twenty men. Saturday, the 13th of September, was chosen for the departure of the expedition—Saturday being the day on which a week's provisions were served out to the prisoners. Thirty-four men in all got away on board the rafts. On the first raft were Messieurs Pordaye, de Tours, Bijon, Chauvin, Attibert, Gueren, Caillet, Devau, Salem, Carrieri, Dime, Boudon, Jeanfrais, Pan Herrey, Montfalcon, Scronde, Paul, Bivart, Meunier, and Dessalie. On the other were M.M. Frouin, Gueguard, Tourmace, Desbole, Trisson, Aisans, Icar, Bouselle, Dunaux, Vivant, Bonassieux, Bardiget, Angeliaume and Mauvian.

The weather was stormy for two days. On the 16th it became fine, but the night following was frightful. On the morning of the 17th, however, the twenty men on the first raft landed on a Dutch possession, inhabited by natives, who gave them so bad a reception, that they resolved at once to start into the interior of the country on foot. After a painful march of several hours, they slept in a wood, where they suffered greatly from insects; and the next day, finding no place of rest, they could think of nothing better than making their way back to their raft; but they found that the natives had taken away the sail, and being therefore unable to proceed to sea, they were too glad to pass the night in an empty hut. On the 18th the natives took them to the commandant of the Dutch Tibron Company, who received them very kindly, and gave them a boat, with a letter to some natives, ordering them to conduct the party to Paramaribo.

They left on the 20th, and on the 27th landed safely at Paramaribo, the capital of the Dutch Guyana—a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, situated about four hundred kilometers northwest of Cayenne, and nine kilometers from the sea. There they were kindly treated by the authorities, and were as surprised as delighted to find their five friends who were the first to escape from the Devil's Island. The other fourteen men on the second raft also arrived at Paramaribo on the 20th. The Dutch authorities, not knowing whether they were ordinary convicts or political convicts, thought right to keep them in prison, where they were up to Sept. 30, but they were to be released two days later.

Answers to Correspondents.

We have to complain of some of our Irish exchanges for making wholesale appropriations of original matter from our columns, without the slightest acknowledgment. The *Waterford Chronicle* has been, week after week, with the coolest and most systematic piracy, transferring to its pages THE FORTUNES OF CASEMENT O'REILLY, utterly ignoring the source from which it was derived. We do not like to complain of our old fellow-citizens; but we must, nevertheless, expose such premeditated pilfering.

THE DELIGHTS OF FINN MACCUMHAL.

FROM OSSIAN.

[Translated by Michael Doheny.]

To Mac-Cumhal, fair formed, it gave rarest delight
To be lulled by the waters of Essro by night,
And to list to Drumderg's rushing rivulet's song,
And to hunt under mists the green valleys along.

And the black-birds sweet warbling in Carna's oak-screen,
And the red-deer, love-lowing afar in *Moyneen*,
And the billows of Rory, when lashing the strand,
And the fawns as they danced o'er the bard hallowed land.

And the hunting-shout loud on the lofty Galtees,
And the gull's low complaint on the chill winter breeze,
And the love notes of hinds on the far Knockmeildown,
And the raven on battle-field, poised to sweep down.

And the white swans' descent, and barks dashing their waves,
And the clashing in battle of warrior's glaives,
And *Bran*, hot on the scent of a wolf, by his side,
And the rills from the mists that Slieve Mis' summits hide.

And the shrill shout of *Oscar*, on starting the game,
And the hounds in full cry through the vale as they came—
And to sit among Sages as evening declined—
'Twas enjoyments like these that absorbed the King's mind.

And delightful to *Oscar*, the clashing of spears,
And delightful the first note of battle he hears,
And delightful the crash of the foe when he yields,
And he hot in pursuit o'er incarnadined fields.

"*Irish News Guard.*" Yes; the Band which escorted the military to Mr. Meagher's Lecture, last week, was generously supplied, gratis, by its liberal and patriotic manager. It is known as *Shelton's Band*, but is at present under the able direction of Mr. Oliver Dewey. Moreover, we have to inform you, that the occasion you refer to was not at all the sole one on which he gracefully accorded a like generous and charitable aid. He deserves well that the entire Irish-American contingent of our militia, in this and the adjoining cities, should on every opportunity cordially reciprocate those favors.

Thomas Fitzgerald, Lynn, Mass.—We have not received your renewed subscription. Mr. C. Doorly never had, or never shall have, any authority delegated to him to act as our Agent. Those who forward their subscriptions through him, do it at their own risk. Our Agents—as you must have seen it repeatedly announced in the *Irish News*—are always provided with a written authority from Mr. Meagher—over his own signature.

S. Chicago.—There are about four hundred pages of O'Mahony's translation of Keating stereotyped—it will be ready about Christmas. The delay will be more than compensated for by the additional matter given—the notes already inserted, being more than was originally intended for the whole work.

Maurice Walsh.—Your elaborate notice of the Testimonial and Dinner to be presented to Mr. Michael Barry, at Mrs. Luby's Academy, 275 Bleecker-street, on the 9th instant, was unavoidably held over until this week.

New-Haven.—Miss Teresa Esmonde will give a "Reading," from the American and Irish Poets, in your city, on the 11th inst., at Brewster's Hall.

Mr. Savage is much obliged by the information communicated by Mr. F. McNally, Pine Bluffs, Arkansas. It will be used in a future edition.

☞ Parties who receive the NEWS in a *white cover*, will please regard it as an intimation that their subscription has expired, and do us the favor of an immediate renewal.

☞ JOB PRINTING NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY executed at the *News* Office, 29 Ann street, N. Y.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856.

JOHN MITCHEL—AN APOLOGY.

We devote a large space this week to Mr. Mitchel's lecture. The reading of it will prove a very wholesome duty. It is thoroughly refreshing now-a-days,—when ponderous platitudes are exhibited as "Philosophy" in one portion of "our leading journals," and barking irresponsibility "crowds out" common sense and common decency from the uncommonly cunning, and flippantly discourteous editorial columns of the other—when strong-minded women and weak-hearted men conspicuously attract the public gaze—it is we say, at such a time, peculiarly refreshing to listen to the strong words of an honest, clear-thinking, single-minded man like John Mitchel.

As Mr. Mitchel's theme was European Politics, and as he took particular and early care to state that when he used the word "Republican," he made no reference to any American party, we may (probably) be entitled to an especial liberty in referring to it.

Mr. Mitchel grapples with the European question—Poverty *vs.* Power—with that capacity for which he is so exceedingly remarkable. "Europe" is the skeleton of his discourse, Ireland is the heart. There is a trenchant sarcasm and an analytic comprehensiveness in it which, at the same breath, subdues us with the power of the despotism so vividly depicted, and animates us with the scorn and hopeful vitality which equally animates the lecturer.

It gives us a fraternal pleasure to read in the papers of Mr. Mitchel's success. He was interrupted by applause at the utterance of almost every sentence in St. Louis, and was given a public dinner. A man so popular, of course, was as good as a bank to the local newspapers. They talked about him, they reported him column after column—they took his life—that is, one of them at least, on its own statement, made a memoir of him.

This one was the *Leader*, edited by Dr. Huntington, who is well known as an enthusiastic convert to Catholicism, as a novelist of undisputed talent, though of somewhat equivocal taste, and, lastly, as a journalist, who writes a paper much better than he edits it. Altogether Dr. J. V. C. Huntington is an able, high-spirited, and so far as his paper and published acts evidence to us, a right honestly inclined man. His paper, aspiring to be popular, very naturally undertook to talk largely of Mr. Mitchel. We have not seen the biography below alluded to, but we have seen a paragraph copied into the N. Y. *Herald*, and accredited to the *Leader*, which was much of a pattern with some of the nonsensical stuff with which some New-York dailies offend the patience and good-nature of their readers. From the allusions in the article quoted below, a reader can glean sufficient to make the apology thoroughly comprehensible, and to exhibit its author as a man above conscious misrepresentation as above fear. We quote Dr. Huntington's article (of the 20th Nov.) entire, and think it unnecessary (now at least) to refer more particularly to the fact in support of which it was written:

We learn with regret that a passage in our biographical notice of Mr. Mitchel, on Saturday, has led some of our friends here to the inference that he was chargeable, in our opinion, with some deviation from honor in the surrender of his parole. Mr. Mitchel himself has also felt wounded by such a supposition. The wound is perhaps greater as inflicted by one who, while differing widely from his sentiments, admires his genius and sympathises with his misfortunes. As this fact has been communicated to us in a form to which the most sensitive honor can take no exception, it gives us sincere pleasure to say that our article is misinterpreted. If, especially, as we understand is the case, the officers to whom Mr. Mitchel surrendered his parole, would have been justified in shooting him down instantly, so that he incurred the risk of life, it may well be conceded that he gave them all the advantage which he was bound in honor to give. O'Brien, whom every one allows to be the soul of honor, sanctioned Mitchel's course beforehand, and publicly approved of it afterwards; this ought to be conclusive. Mitchel, in fact,—we have no hesitation in saying it frankly—is the person among the Young Irelanders for whom we have the greatest admiration. He has more genius than all of them put together; he has shown more candor and moral courage than most of them; he has probably gained as little by his revolutionary career, and lost as much as any, except Smith O'Brien; and we are pleased to think that such a man, with capacities for nobler things than hopeless revolutions, has no stain upon his course which, in the country of his adoption, would impede an honorable and useful career.

THE BOGUS BRITISH FLEET.

The presumed invincibility of England by sea and land, has been long the bugbear of the old nations of Europe. The lesson taught by America in this connection, seemed to be partially forgotten. The victories of Lake Erie, of Fayal, and the sweeping of the seas by Paul Jones, did not sufficiently open the eyes of the cowed monarchies, or remove the impression made at the Nile and Trafalgar. The victor of Waterloo was worshipped after the hero of Saratoga had modestly retired into his republican seclusion. With the ultimate evacuation of America by the British, the triumph of New-Orleans gradually ceased to be the theme of national rejoicing. The banners of England were illumed by the light reflected from former victories. She grew fat upon her conquests and invincible upon the reputation of generals and soldiers who had passed for ever from the battle-field. But it was a false prestige—a fraudulent pretense of strength that enabled her to sway the councils of her neighbors and mould the diplomacy of the great nations of the continent after the Anglo-Saxon idea. The last war, however, has laid bare her weakness, and driven her from that bad eminence whence she exercised so disastrous an influence upon the struggling nationalities that were led to regard her as the arbitress of their destinies. As a military power, she has ceased to hold even a secondary place among the nations. Her army is inadequate to the protection of her own shores, in the event of a general war, and her navy has at length been stripped of its terrors—not by a disastrous conflict on the high seas, nor a shameful flight from an enemy—not by its signal repulse by the forts at Sebastopol, nor its impotent demonstration before Sweaborg—but by the frank admission of that brave, burly outspoken old tar, Admiral Napier. He recently made a speech at Southwark, and devoutly returned thanks to Providence, through whose mercy he was not captured by the Russian fleet in the Baltic. In the course of his remarks he repeated the following conversation between himself and the Archduke Constantine:—"'Will you allow me', I said, 'to speak plainly to you? Why did you not come out to meet us at Kiel? We were then badly manned and badly disciplined. If you had come out, I don't know what the consequences would have been.' 'Ah!' said the Grand Duke, 'if I had screws I should have come out to meet you. I did not know that you were so badly manned until it was too late.' And I think, added the gallant Admiral, that it was lucky he did'nt come." The brave old Admiral had ships enough, but they were inadequately manned. Old land lubbers had been drafted from all the Coast Guard Stations in the three kingdoms, and placed aboard the fleet. The great majority of these men were superannuated fishermen, who had never seen a gun fired, and were totally unfit for maritime warfare. The fleets of England were bogus displays, bogus in the Baltic and Black Sea, and would have been captured by the first broadside of an enemy. Even the *London Times*, the great Anglo-Saxon bully, that has been impudently thrusting English supremacy into the face of this young and vigorous republic, admits the utter inefficiency and feeble condition of the English navy. It says:—"Thus we know what we might have expected had a fleet of old lumbering vessels, manned by the least maritime of all nations, come out to meet the splendid armament of the people who call their country the mistress of the seas. For the first time in history an English admiral with 20 sail of the line would have trembled at the sight of an enemy in the open sea." Truly, now that we know all, we may say, with Sir C. Napier, that it was "lucky the Russians did not come." Shall we have any more gasconade about "the mistress of the seas" from the English press, after this unmasking of her weakness—after this shameful hauling down of the flag that "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze?"

POLAND AND IRELAND.

The Polish Democrats resident in New-York, celebrated the twenty-sixth anniversary of the breaking out of the Revolution of 1830–31, on the 29th November. The meeting was not so public as usual, but not less enthusiastic. The occasion was suggestive.

A great English Bard—Thomas Campbell—catches the ear of the world by lamenting the fall of Poland; and after the lapse of a generation, a greater Irish Bard, writing of the history and hopes of his own country, supplied the Poles with the War odes of a fresh Pan Slavic resurrection. They rushed to battle and immortality chanting the Irish melodies. The pathetic and passionate music to which Moore wedded the fervid eloquence of his imagination, but reflected the slumbering ire and the stubborn vitality of the heroes of the Forest of Elders—of the terribly glorious days of Bialolenka and Grochow. There was a congeniality of feudal strength, of fitful sorrow, of luminous grace, of valorous passion and woe between these Polish men and Celtic melodies which is truly significant of the inspiration and influences which suited them to each other. They were alike children of strength and sorrow, and when they ceased to be national, they ceased to live.

Between the Pole and the Irishman there ought to be a strong sympathy, if as is said, misfortunes make friends. Between Poland and Ireland, there are many historic parallels. The one as the other is in its present position by the domineering of the aristocracy and the relentless rivalry of "great houses." The Polish nobility as a class, is the most worthless, and debased order in Europe. Every attempt to place Polish nationality on a firm basis—to give it a healthy tone, has met with the contempt and scornful opposition of this party—and as there are within the boundary of what was Poland, little else but nobles and serfs, and as the latter are prohibited the use of arms, (as in Ireland) the opposition of the former was effective. This position of affairs naturally breeds political, religious and social dissensions which but more fully color the historic likeness of Poland and Ireland.

Both warlike, sympathetic and generous as a race, they have been fighting for men when they dreamed they were fighting for principles—have been butchered upholding a family, when they thought they were freeing a nation. But though these historical indices should refer the Pole and the Irishman into each others' arms, the history which Europe has been lately, and is enacting now, keeps them asunder. In the Russian War, the Pole hoped to find the realization of his hopes. So did the Irishman. With the Alliance—with England the Pole hoped for salvation. In the arm of the Russian the Irishman beheld the chastisement of England. The Pole went for vengeance. The Irishman went for vengeance—both for liberty; and, yet, neither dared love the other for fear of insulting the rude and heartless patrons which both were forced to adopt.

OPERATIONS OF THE INCUMBERED ESTATES ACT IN IRELAND.

The operations of the Incumbered Estates Act in Ireland have been extravagantly praised by all the journals of Great Britain. Old gray-headed staticians have framed formidable tables—tables of deep arithmetic lore—showing the net results of the land mart in Henrietta street. Philosophers in the profound science of political economy have written ponderous essays upon the constitutionally agrarian revolution which had quietty dispossessed so many of the landocracy of the country, and substituted for the ancient lords of the soil thrifty shop-keepers, retired tailors, English capitalists, and Scotch speculators. Lecturers of the old fogy stamp, from each of the three Queens Colleges, have been travelling over the kingdom, handling the subject with white kid gloves, and declaiming in pompous rhetoric upon the blessings vouchsafed the country by the wonderful facility established through the Incumbered Estates Act for the transfer of real property. But none of those parties have considered the effect this act has had upon the occupiers of the soil—upon the men whose

toil and capital had made it valuable—who had drained the swamp and the marsh, cleared away the rocky surface, and made the barren mountain side fruitful as the Golden Vale. Those political economists only saw that several millions sterling had been brought, as they erroneously supposed, into circulation by means of this new land mart; but they forgot that a large portion of this money had been abstracted from other channels of circulation, and that with a change of proprietors there came also a change of occupiers—that the homesteads of the peasantry had been cleared away to make room for sheep-pens—that where the yellow harvest waved there is now but the browsing flocks and the solitary shepherd.

The whole land system in Ireland is wrong, for the tenant-at-will system leaves the farmer completely at the mercy of the landlord. Where there is not an independent yeomanry, holding their farms in perpetuity from the government of the country, there can be neither freedom nor prosperity. A free constitution on paper is quite a different thing from a free farmer, owning the produce of his own labor, subject only to fair tribute for such privilege. Such land tenure has not existed in Ireland from the days of her chiefs. Since foreign rule was established in the country, the soil of Ireland has been absolutely in the possession of a small number of English and Scotch adventurers, who exacted whatever rent they pleased from the inhabitants, and evicted them from their holdings whenever it suited their convenience. Levelled villages, and half depopulated estates, can yet be seen in every part of the country. From the mouth of the Shannon to the estuary of the Foyle—all along the wild and rugged coast of Clare, Galway, Mayo, Donegal and Derry, the blackened and roofless walls still mark the desolating progress of the exterminator. It was hoped that a change of proprietary would produce a change of policy, and that the new landlords would be more lenient to the old occupiers. Such is not the case. Evictions are still ruthlessly carried on in Ireland. The action of the Incumbered Estates Court has merely produced a change of masters. A horde of griping Shylocks have taken possession of a large portion of the Irish soil. They are generally an avaricious and utterly inhuman pack, who, sustained by British law, immediately commence to clear every human being from their newly-acquired domains. The old custom of tenant-right is ignored, old ties are rudely broken, and the wholesale eviction of the people is promptly executed.

It has been ascertained that four-fifths of the evictions have recently occurred on lands purchased in the Incumbered Estates Court. The respectable farmer sinks into a daily laborer, becomes the inmate of a poor-house, or a homeless outcast in the crowded hold of some emigrant vessel, to seek bread in a strange land. From the facilities afforded by the Incumbered Estates Act for eviction, the dispersion of the brave, genial, loving old race, who have passed through the persecutions of the penal days—through days of pestilence, famine and of war—is being rapidly accomplished. Property, sold for £18,299,350 14s. 9d., has already changed owners. If four-fifths of the evictions, as Irish journals confidently assert, have taken place on the purchased lands, the Incumbered Estates Act must have been to the peasantry a fearful engine of destruction, and to the country a curse instead of a blessing, for,

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

THINGS IN CALIFORNIA.

DEMOCRACY TRIUMPHANT.

The Democratic standard has been bravely defended and gallantly borne to victory by the citizens who have initiated a mighty empire on the golden shores of the Pacific. Representing, as it does, more than any other State, the characteristics of the United States, California has nobly stood by the honor and integrity of the Union.

The last steamer brought us the allegiance of the Californians to those principles of Democratic majesty under the auspices of which their cradles, in every village of the vast Republic, were blessed with the influences that Truth, Justice and Success inspire. The Democratic victory has been complete, and the opposition writers lament that though there are twenty-five thousand voters in California, from anti-democratic districts, in the north and east, they could not be influenced to vote against Buchanan. In no single county heard from has Col. Fremont a majority.

As was general over the Republic—so was it in California—the success of the Democracy was ushered in by an unusual calmness and quiet on Election day. It was the conscious calmness of a great duty about to be performed. The papers congratulate the people of the Young State—so lately the prey of civil war—on the grand spectacle, the like of which—citizens turning out *en masse*, and without molestation or difficulty depositing the ballots upon which the welfare of the Nation, to a great extent, depended—had never been witnessed before.

CELESTIAL ROWS.

A large portion of the news is taken up with the detail of a Chinese war, which was going to be carried on in one of the mining districts. It will furnish nutriment to the scribblers who deal in the mock-heroic. The dispute thus came about. A misunderstanding arose some time since between two rival mining companies, who are headed by two Chinese warriors bearing the euphonious names of Sam Yap and Yan Wo, about a mining claim situated on the Stanislaus River. In order to avoid the "law's delay" they agreed, says the *Columbia Gazette*, after much palaver, to meet in the lists, and with lance other weapons known to chivalry of old, in conjunction with a few of the improved "killers" of the present degenerate days, to wit, six-shooters, to settle the affair. The following highly celestial production is a translation of the pronunciamento of the aggressive party—the hereafter immortal Sam Yap's :—

Challenge of the Sam Yap Company, at Rock River Ranch, to the Yan Wo Company, at Chinese Camp.

There are a great many now existing in the world who ought to be exterminated. We, by this, give you a challenge, and inform you beforehand, that we are the strongest and you are too weak to oppose us. We can therefore wrest your claim or anything else from you, and give you notice that it is our intention to drive you away before us and make you ashamed of yourselves. You are nothing compared to us. We are durable as stone, but you are pliant as sponge. Your force would have no more effect against us than an egg would against a stone. You want to coax us to come to terms. That, we refuse. We mean to fight you, and expel you all from your localities. If you don't stand and fight us, we will consider you no better than so many brutes: and as such we will harness you to our own desires. There are plenty of us, well equipped, and ready, at any time, to meet and fight you whenever you choose; and would make you run into holes and hide yourselves. But we need not go to that trouble. We have only to speak, and you'll become affrighted. You won't stand like men; you are perfect worms; or like the dog that sits in the door and barks, but will go no further. If you won't accept the challenge, we tell you, by the way, to go and buy lots of flour, and paint your faces; then go in your houses, shut the doors, and hide yourselves, and we'll kill every man of you that we come across. Shame! Shame!

The Yan Wo's did not profit by the advice of the Sam Yaps. They continued to differ in opinion with the latter, and probably sent as scornful and warlike a missive back as that which threatened them with utter extermination. Pursuant to this state of celestial excitation a fight occurred near Mound Spring, on the Sonora road, about fifty miles from Stockton on the 25th of October. There was no general engagement, but several skirmishes took place, in which four men were killed and as many wounded. There were about two thousand five hundred combatants engaged on both sides, all armed and equipped. Many had firearms. A stop was put to hostilities by a Sheriff's *posse*, assisted by citizens. Some two hundred and fifty of the followers of Confucius were arrested, which put all the rest into confusion, and terminated, for the present, what promised to be a regular celestial row.

HERBERT—CRIME—MISCELLANEOUS.

This notorious individual had been again agitating public opinion. The San Francisco *Bulletin*, in an article on his departure for Washington, named him as a "Monte-dealer," "rowdy Congressman," "murderer," "double murderer," &c., and further states that Herbert had dogged the steps of the Editor of the *Bulletin*, to avenge the repeated attacks of that paper. Mr. Herbert in reply, issued an address to the People of the State, in which he calls on his opponents for the proofs to sustain their charges.

The arrest of a man named Bill Gristy, *alias* Bill White, one of the gang of bandits headed by the lately executed Tom Bell, has led to some remarkable revelations of extensive crime in the State, The prisoner gives the names of the gang, of the noted public places at which they stopped, details of many exciting scenes, and stipulated with his captors that, should his confession prove true, they were to use all their influence to procure his release.

Kennovan, an Irish pedestrian, has just completed the great feat of walking on twenty-four-foot plank 106 consecutive hours, without sleep or rest. Agriculture is extending and the prospects of the State generally are improving.

READINGS FROM THE POETS.

MISS TERESA ESMONDE.

Frequently have we been impressed with the conviction that, were there more public renditions of the productions of the best Poets, more certain would be the establishment in society, of an earnest appreciation of their works. There is a peculiar and thrilling charm in the reading of poetry, which, even to those unskilled in the Divine Art, produces an immediate and touching effect; while to the refined and intellectual mind, it is a treat of unequalled pleasure and gratification. Poetry—true poetry—delivered with correct conception and sincere feeling, creates, perhaps, the liveliest and most heart-stirring emotions that ever enter and pervade the breast of mankind. Like the floating air of approaching music, it steals upon the ear—reaching and subduing the heart at once, and, pouring throughout our entire being, plunges us into an infinite enchantment of delight—enthralling our senses—affording delicious calm—until, awaking from the spell, we are surprised and deeply grieved to find ourselves dragged from Paradise into the common-place and dreary sphere where, we regret to learn, our "local habitation" still exists.

The effect of poetical composition depends, chiefly, upon the correctness of the conception and delivery. There are poems in the language, the characteristics and attractions of which, it is extremely difficult to conceive;—certain it is, many require study to deliver. Those, however, who can *feel* poetry while reading it, certainly must they be preferred to those who simply "have it learned and conned by rote." There should be a visible *heart* in the deliverance, or the ear, so sensible to truth, receives unwillingly the text, and awaits in vain the feeling—to which every cord of the heart would thrill with responsive joy. To hear the noble impulses of our nature rendered sweetly—truthfully—full of affection and good will—is enough to cause even the most depraved heart to stand still, and ponder awhile o'er its tablet of memories, recalling many a dear scene of home and happiness, in other days, when the conscience was free from reproach, and a mother's knee held the head when the prayer was uttered.

When we believe commendation can be pronounced, because it is merited, we never fail to give it; and it is with a sincere and heartfelt pleasure that we mention the name of a lady justly entitled to the admiration of lovers of poetry. We allude to Miss Teresa Esmonde, whose "Readings" heretofore have been faithfully chronicled in our columns. There is a refreshing spirit and earnestness in her delivery, which is peculiarly grateful to the sensitive and appreciative heart. Her selections, moreover, are of a happy and judicious kind. The Harp of Erin is touched by her generous sympathy, and the genius of American verse remains at her side, remembered. As the Prisoner of Chillon welcomed the song of the bird which stole in upon the despair of his lonely heart—so, gladly, will her many admirers welcome the announcement of the "Readings of Miss Teresa Esmonde."

That a large assemblage of those who love poetry—poetry truthfully delivered—will greet her appearance on Monday next, we cannot for a moment doubt; and knowing, as we do, how well she merits their attention, we trust in being able to record "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

HURRAH FOR GALLANT WALKER.

(Air.—*The Green Immortal Shamrock.*)

It is the fate
With men a great
And noble end pursuing,
Their acts to find
A jealous mind
With evil wish construing;
Whose highest aim
Is to defame
The world's best benefactors—
Even Washington,
The purest son
Of Freedom, found detractors.
So doth Walker,
Unconquered Walker,—
Noblest man
To fight or plan,
Is glorious, gallant Walker!

Among the first
Is England's worst,
With lies of foul invention,
Because she knows
He doth oppose
Her arrogant pretension.
Long may he rule,
With courage cool—
Men, and to victory lead 'em—
Success attend
The chosen friend,
Of universal Freedom!
Heaven speed Walker,
The noble hero Walker—
Foremost man,
To fight or plan—
Hurrah! for gallant Walker!

PHILA. GARRYOWEN.

COMING LECTURES.

We have perused, with intense pleasure, Richard O'Gorman's brilliant lecture—on "*The Days of Chivalry*"—prepared for the Catholic Library Association, and to be delivered before them at the Tabernacle, on Thursday, the 4th inst. Those who will hear him deliver it, can't fail to derive the utmost pleasure and instruction.

Thomas Francis Meagher will deliver a lecture at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday, the 9th of December, upon "Royalty and Republicanism—Europe and America."

John Mitchel will lecture in the Tabernacle, on Thursday, the 11th of December.

Colonel Doheny will deliver a Lecture at the Tabernacle Monday, December 21st, on the Rock of Cashel, its legends and its history, its poets and its kings. The subject is full of deep interest, and will be elaborately and eloquently treated by the distinguished lecturer.

Literature.

LAMARTINE'S CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED CHARACTERS. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Author of the "History of the Girondists," etc. Vol. III. *Harper & Brothers.*

With all Lamartine's obtrusive egotism, lackadasaical sentimentality, and political foolishness, it is impossible to read one of his works without pleasure. Not recognizing such a thing as responsibility in a historian, his writings devoted to "history" or biography are so effectively draped in the luxuriance of his fancy that they partake more of fiction than fact. He abhors dates, and aims only at the purpose of the painter and sculptor in concocting striking groups of men and women, and turbulent city scenes, with strongly-marked foregrounds and monumental perspectives.

He is a finished painter, but skilled more in what our artistic readers will understand as *glazing*, than in a bold reliance on his capacity to harmoniously use the original pigments. He is remarkable less for force than for finish; less for great depth of feeling than for superficial elegance of tone; less for breadth of light and shade than a dainty excellence of illustration, which is always attractive, if it fails to be impressive.

His style, though dangerously freighted with the flowers and fruits—the buds and blossoms of a romantically read and luxuriantly petted fancy, is nevertheless peculiarly popular. There is more poetry and romance in the masses than they get credit for; and of which no greater instance can be adduced than the power exercised over the multitude by the popular orators of every country. The phraseology of every great orator is romantic, embracing at once the suavity, the force, maybe the turbulence, but surely the *esprit du corps* of those he is addressing. Thus his power. As by his tongue he has expressed the feelings of the people, the people identify their heart with the one which has inspired the tongue to vindicate them.

Lamartine beautifies the truisms of the populace. He has no philosophy of his own. His mission is to make sentences, and he does that admirably. He, be it said, values and appreciates his mission. To him, the world is not; or at least is *not much* without Lamartine. He, in his own mind, has been a great necessity to the century.

Whether this third-rate planet will cease its perambulations when he shuffles off his mortal coil, or that he shall, by his last will and testament deposit us in some safe hands, is a question which we are wild enough not to care a continental—red cent about, however it may render sleepless the nights and irksome the days of the picturesque ex-President of the Provisional Government of 1848.

The present volume of his "Celebrated Characters," is a twin-brother of any other historico-biographic volume issued by the author. It has the same disregard for historical reference, and the same fascination of diction. It is alike remarkable for its poverty and its wealth. It is poor in original scope, but rich in treatment. It is full of beauties, clever antitheses, bright turns of expression, poetic appreciation, and a clearness remarkable when we consider the rhetorical affluence and prodigality of the author.

Of the five essays which compose the volume, those exhibiting French character—on Bossuet and Madame de Séveigné—have, evidently, demanded the most loving care of the author. The paper on Antar, the poet and prophet of the desert, the precursor of Mahommed is—what it aspires to be—a glowing reminiscence of Eastern travel and a study of Eastern poetry. That on William Tell is lyric and picturesque, and we think the most deliciatel written of the series. As for the article on Milton, it is a dreadful mutilation of fact, and a wretchedly French distortion of a strong, steady English republican. Either as a piece of history or a critical essay, it is ridiculous. There is scarcely a fact in Milton's life which has been recognised here by M. de Lamartine, and as for his appreciation of the poet of "Paradise Lost," it may be summed up in the Frenchman's own words, that the great epic is but "the dream of a Puritan who has fallen aleep over the first pages of his Bible."

After an extended discription of the Alps, the scenic grandeur of Switzerland, its wild beauty, its men and women, the oppression it labored beneath, and the noble peasant movement which initiated its freedom, the author concludes his bright and useful sketch in this poetic peroration:—

Happy are they who are thus identified with their country! Posterity seeks not to inquire minutely into their title to fame, but associates them with the greatness, the virtue, the durability of their race, and invokes blessings on them, down to their latest descendants. It is thus in the case of the unpretending pensant, William Tell: the simple honesty of his character bears a striking analogy to the primitive and pastoral people who commemorate forever his name and actions in their national traditions. His image, with those of his wife and children, are inseparably connected with the majestic, rural, and smiling landscapes of Helvetia, the modern Arcadia of Europe. As often as the traveler visits these peculiar regions; as often as the unconquered summits of Mont Blanc, St. Gothard, and the Righi, present themselves to his eyes in the vast firmament as the ever-enduring symbols of liberty; whenever the lake of the Four Cantons presents a vessel wavering on the blue surface of its waters; whenever the cascade bursts in thunder from the heights of the Splügen, and shivers itself upon the rocks like tyranny against true hearts; whenever the ruins of an Austrian fortress darken with the remains of frowning walls the round eminences of Uri or Glaris; and whenever a calm sunbeam gilds on the declivity of a village the green velvet of the meadows where the herds are feeding to the tinkling of bells and the echo of the *Ranz des Vaches*—so often the imagination traces in all these varied scenes the hat on the summit of the pole—the archer condemned to aim at the apple placed on the head of his own child—the mark hurled to the ground, transfixed by the unerring arrow—the father chained to the bottom of the boat, subduing night, the storm, and his own indignation, to save his executioner—and finally, the outraged husband, threatened with the loss of all he holds most dear, yielding to the impulse of nature, and in his turn striking the murderer with a death-blow. The artlessness of this history resembles a poem: it is a pastoral song in which a single drop of blood is mingled with the dew upon a leaf or a tuft of grass. Providence seems thus to delight in providing for every free commuuity, as the founder of their independence, a fabulous or actual hero, conformable to the local situation, manners, and character of each particular race. To a rustic, pastoral people like the Swiss, is given for their liberator a noble peasant; to a proud, aspiring race such as the Americans, an honest soldier. Two distinct symbols, standing erect by the cradles of the two modern liberties of the world, to personify their opposite natures: on the one hand *Tell*, with his arrow and the apple; on the other, *Washington*, with his sword and the law.

Of Madame de Seveigné, Lamartine is a great admirer. He purposely overlooks or barely hints at the heartless side of her nature, when she sneered at the famine stricken people of Burgundy. He devotes himself chiefly to exalt her character as a model mother; and recounts with tiresome eulogy and minuteness her feelings at having parted from her daughter. "No woman ever was so completely a mother," he exclaims, forgetting that this passion, which amounted almost to a madness, was in her peculiar case a mere concentration of a selfishness as remarkable as it has become historic. As to her capacity as a letter-writer, and the uses of her correspondence, Lamartine is redundantly appreciative.

The highest tribute of our author's allegiance to the genius and mission of Bossuet is summed up in the one word—Priest! "If," he says, "after having studied, in all their details, the actions, works, opinions, faults, virtues, style and language of so eminent a person as Bossuet, we desire to sum up in one word his general character, the word which presents itself to our mind as descriptive of the man is—Priest. The priest in all his majesty, his authority, his intellectual pride, could not be better represented than in the person of Bossuet!" To illustrate and expound this idea, Lamartine devotes over one hundred pages. He revels in twisting and unravelling the acts and eloquence of the great orator,

Lofty stature, an imposing atitude, collected features, refined action, a deeply-toned voice, regulated by the soul and not by art; a dignified bearing, derived as much from birth as from professional habitude, and a deep feeling of superiority—not as a man but as a medium selected to convey the Divine word to attentive hearers; and, finally, that indescribable confidence which the presentiment of future glory gives at the commencement of their career to the chosen band destined for immortality; such were the leading characteristics of Bossuet in the pulpit. The man was forgotton in the inspired missionary. The auditors felt that they were not listening to a measured discourse, but to a torrent of rushing eloquence. They retired more excited than charmed; they had no time to think of admiration, which the orator had no thought of producing. Of all the feelings of contempt which he felt for the world, none were more sincere than those he expressed for human approbation, and this sincerely quickened his natural eloquence: his words came from such a height that they crushed all in their descent, even the orator himself; hence it was that they carried such weight, and resounded so loudly when they fell.

The sermons of his hero—of which remain only notes and rough sketches— Lamartine characterises as "landmarks in space, between heaven and earth, by which to trace the windings and intricacies of inspiration."

Altogether the work will well repay perusal.

DEATH OF PAUL DELAROCHE.

The death of this eminent artist was annouced by a late mail from Europe. His loss to the art of which he was so grand a master, is one which cannot be estimated too highly, or too deeply deplored. His fame was not alone the property of France. It was European and American; the works which first initiated his success being founded on remarkable events and scenes from English history. He is well known here by engravings of these historical pictures; and his manner, to some extent, has been conveyed to New-York artists and critics by the exhibition at Goupil's of the original study of his famous "*Hemicycle des Beaux Arts*," and his "Marie Antoinette, before the Revolutionary Tribunal." A New-Yorker, Woodbury Langdon, Esq., is the possessor of Delaroche's "Napoleon at Fontainbleau."

A striking attribute of Delaroche's genius was its cosmopolitan grandeur. He did not look at every subject he illustrated with the eyes of a Frenchman; but thoroughly identified himself with the nationality he pictured. These works on English history are of such a nature as to make England rival France in sharing the glory springing from his pencil, and as zealous a care-taker of his reputation as if he were an Englishman.

An outline of the career of the great artist, may be summed up thus:

He was born in 1797. "His father was appraiser of works of art at the Mont-de-Piété, and encouraged his son's inclinations in the direction of art. The young Delaroche at first applied himself to the study of landscape, and afterward entered Gros's studio for the purpose of learning drawing. Gros was at that time the most celebrated of the dissentients from the school of David, but his pupil always observed a strict neutrality between the classic and romantic styles, and endeavored to create for himself a manner in harmony with the ideas and manners of his time. His first picture, 'Naphthali in the Desert,' he painted at the age of twenty-two, and it was exhibited in 1819, but excited little attention. From this period he went on constantly improving. In 1824 he produced his paintings of 'St. Vincent de Paul,' 'Joan of Arc,' and 'St. Sebastian,' and in 1827, the 'Siege of Trocadero.' This last picture was an order on account of the civil list, and gained the artist the Cross of the Legion. About the same time appeared the 'Death of Queen Elizabeth,' a work which was much admired, and is now in the Luxembourg. Since 1831 the principal works which M. Delaroche has produced are, the 'Murder of the Children in the Tower,' 'Richelieu going up the Rhone,' 'The Death of Mazarin,' 'Cromwell contemplating the Body of Charles I,' 'The Execution of Lady Jane Grey,' 'Stafford going to Execution,' 'A Portrait of Napoleon, in the Uniform of the Grenadiers, walking in his Private Apartment at the Tuileries,' and a 'St. Cecilia.' Most of these works are well known to every one through engravings, and they are well distinguished by that variety of effect, exactness in detail, and careful execution, which are this painter's peculiar characteristics. But one of the most celebrated of his works is the decoration of the Circular hall in the Palais des Beaux-Arts, which he began in 1837, and was not completed until 1841. In this work, which is now in process of engraving, the painter has covered the wall with the illustrious artists of all ages, from Apelles and Phidias to Raphael, Poussin and Rembrandt, interspersed with a few allegorical figures representing ancient and modern art. 'Every one,' says a French critic, 'must be impressed with the grandeur of the work.' Among M. Delaroche's later works are the decoration of the Pantheon, and the painting by which he is best known in this country, 'Napoleon crossing the Alps,' and his 'Portrait of Napoleon,' mentioned above, which the artist was induced to exhibit in this country, in consequence of a copy having been exhibited as the original."

LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND, with extracts from his Speeches and Writings. By CHAS. K. MCHARG. *C. Scribner.*

This book must necessarily find its way to the bookshelves of all historical students, for strange as the announcement may appear, it is the only work yet published which conveys in a consecutive, historico-biographical manner, the career of that double-faced and single-minded wonder, yclept Talleyrand. Single-minded, in being all things for Talleyrand, Talleyrand was double-faced that he might the more powerfully contribute to the attainment of his single ambition—power. However largely he figures in the memoirs of his cotemporaries, and however effectively his intellect contributed to shed around Napoleon, by advice and pen-labor, much of that political sagacity and diplomatic decision which astonished the world, it is a remarkable fact and forcible commentary on human greatness, that until Mr. McHarg gathered the fragmentary and various memories of his great and strange and powerful career, no complete book-monument recorded the complete victories of the wily statesman and diplomatist. Mr. McHarg has executed his work well, and though from its nature we might desire somewhat more of detail, still, we must be thankful for what we have got. The style is clear, full, and even. We warrant the reader to be deeply interested from the first page to the last. The volume contains a very characteristic portrait of its hero when in the sere and yellow leaf.

THE INVITATION.

My lover brave has eyes of light
To cheer us through the trackless night;
His forehead stands in stormy seas,
Like sea-beat rocks of Hebrides.

My lover brave has eyes that hurl
The fire of scorn at knave and churl;
His foot is strong; and swift to save
As bird on wing from wave to wave.

Beneath gray rocks and castle walls,
Where o'er round stones the river falls—
In summer air—oh, happy day—
His blue eyes stole my heart away.

I'm sure he's near—my heart so burns;
A moment stay, till he returns:
By sunset, on the Lee below,
His little boat will swiftly row.

Oh, Mary, stay till he returns,
He'll sing you songs from Moore and Burns;
Your face will glow, your tears will start,
He'll stir the life-blood of your heart.

I'll show you then my secret mine—
His heart—a bed of gems divine;
He'll mould your brow in whitest clay,
And add you to his friends to-day.

Then, Mary, stay, and share to-night,
Our song, and dance, and wild delight;
Ten thousand welcomes ere we part
Shall greet you from his glowing heart.

SHINE BRADSTONE.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

When twilight lingers on the hills,
And shadows haunt the dreamy vale,
While tired swains their teams release,
And at the frugal board regale,
Then perched on high, in leafy tent,
This bird proclaims the death of day:
Securely hid, he strikes the knell,
And until midnight tolls away!

Unseen amid the sombre leaves,
He never trills with hope of praise;
The stars gleam coldly on his path,
And song is all that cheers his days.
Amid the foliage zephyrs sigh,
The roses weep with pearly dew;
No tuneful throats his woes rehearse,
No gorgeous landscapes meet his view.

Yet, bird of night! thy plaintive voice
On Sorrow's cheek oft dries the tear,
While in the breast to virtue steeled
Remorse is roused with frantic fear.
Thou comest like an honest friend,
When shadows loom upon our path,
To cheer the soul whose yielding faith
Misdoubts escape from future wrath.

BELSHAZZAR.

Mr. E. M. Ward, has returned from Paris with a portfolio of sketches for the picture of Victoria at the tomb of Napoleon—commissioned by the Queen. Louis Napoleon and Eugene are to give the artist sittings in December.

JOHN MITCHEL ON EUROPEAN POLITICS.

Mr. Mitchel delivered a brilliant lecture at the Hall of the Mercantile Library, St. Louis, on Saturday evening, 22d ult. The St. Louis *Republican*—which reports the discourse very fully—states that the Hall was crowded by a large and intelligent audience. The delivering of the discourse occupied one hour and forty minutes.

He remarked that he was to solicit the attention of his audience this evening to the affairs of a distant portion of the world, to ask them to turn their minds away for a little space of time, from their own glorious land—the affairs of which, for the past six months, have been of more absorbing interest—to look with him across the sea. "Separated as we are by a world of water," said Washington, "from other countries, if we are wise, we shall surely observe those relations which Nature has appointed." Like every word that fell from the lips of Washington, that was wise and true; but the Atlantic is not one quarter the width that it was in Washington's day. There is no world of water now; the Atlantic is no barrier, but a beaten highway, whereon a Maury has almost set up finger-posts, and what is even a more impressive circumstance is this, when the telegraph wire is once finished to Newfoundland, a Board of Admiralty sitting at the War Office in London, can whisper the word of command to armies in this country in five minutes. Here are elements introduced that dry up the Atlantic almost. The movements of Europe are not only interesting to us, then, as the movements of the parent whence we all sprang, but for this reason, that they have come so close to us.

Republican Refugees are continually making appeals to American opinion in this day. In fact appeals are ever coming across the seas to America. Republican Refugees claiming and appealing to American sympathy, for the good cause, which they have left bleeding at home. What the views and expectations of these refugees are, he thought he ought to know, having in fact, the honor to be one of them himself.

But when he said Republican, it would perhaps be well to explain his meaning—for fear of mistake—for words change their meaning so fast now-a-days, in these times of party strife. When he said Republicanism, he did not mean Ethiopean or Black Republicanism. [Loud cheering.] On the other hand, the Monarchs of Europe have their agents at work, in a thousand channels, to conciliate the American people on their side and against their people. He need hardly observe that the most active in that direction, is the monarch of Great Britain. So that it may be assumed that there is the expectancy, that in the trouble of coming years, this Republic shall have some part to play—some word to say. The suffrages of the American people are courted, their influence, or at least, their sympathies, are wanted, on one side or the other. Now that the smoke of the American's own periodical family controversy is allayed, perhaps it might be as good a time as any to look across the sea, and see how it fares with our heavy laden brethren of Europe.

The prophecy is easy and delightful; it was not his province, but he would try to fall in with that current of prevailing sentiment, and depict the prospects and position of the European people, and this he would do as smoothly as he could. We all know that peace has been proclaimed in Paris, this very year, and this with illuminations and rejoicings perhaps more than enough. Now, has there been peace in Europe, or is there no peace? True, peace has been proclaimed; the semi-barbarian Russians, as we are diligently taught to believe, have been taught a lesson—they have received a check, land marks have been established in the nations, thus far shalt thou come and no farther. War—there is no war any longer; war is bound over to keep the peace. Bellona, a strong-minded female, has grown old, we are told, though she has not lost any of her teeth, and she has been put into bonds, she may go to the school-marm, in the school of human progress, and learn lessons of Antoinette Brown. [Laughter.] But more, we are called on to enjoy the gladness of the time. Justice is returning with her scales of justice. What more? Swords have been beaten into plough-shares. That is to say, that the guns and bayonets have been taken from the militia, and replaced in the Government armories, that they may not do harm in the hands of freemen.

THE STATE OF THE FUNDS.

Let him add what brilliant touches he could to the picture, and make it as bright as possible. The British funds are not down or up, but balancing themselves with considerable cunning on nothing. France glories in her newly established *credit mobilier*, in which a franc can represent ten thousand, as long as his Imperial Highness lends the credit. Not only so, but Crimean heroes also, are above par. Many a Mademoiselle of France and many an English maiden rejoices in her Crimean lover, though his sleeve hangs loose without an arm. Fortunate men, they, for they are the last to be wooed from the battle-field. Hereafter, among civilized nations, the suitor and the bridegroom shall have two arms, and be without cross, medal or star. Is this an exaggeration? Why, the treaty of Paris, by the third article, announces not peace only—peace is nothing—but the perpetual friendship of these powers, Russia, Austria, France, Prussia, and Sardinia. What an affectionate band of brothers they are! [Laughter.] Peace and perpetual friendship is absolutely between them, and if such be the case between the European Governments, who will refuse them joy? But as to the people, that is quite another matter, as he would presently show.

It must be remembered that throughout all these rejoicings and illuminations, through all the festivals and glories of royal christenings and coronations, men are all around to be found who persist in seeing no peace at all, but only a short armistice, who say that this inevitable war was not only not yet finished, but not begun; that the great game of the war was not yet made up,—the stakes not yet ascertained, the match not arranged, and partners not drawn. But the Emperor of France says the war is ended. Moreover, they said that the ruling elements had not begun to move at all, the men of the European Democracy. That the war, in short, had not yet been crowned with the revolution that has had its martyrs for forty years. It has only cast its shadow forth, this to come shall be the war, the other being but the semblance. That war which Princes, Prelates, Serene Highnesses and Millionaire Stockholders have not yet begun to believe in, but which every thinking man in Europe knows must burst out, and when it comes, Princes, Principalities, and Serene Highnesses must go down to perdition loaded with the heavy curses of the world. [Cheers.]

WHAT OTHERS THINK.

He knew that such prophets of war had arisen, and by all the organs of public opinion—he meant by this the organs of the dominant classes—they had been laughed at. It is the policy of these organs to deny it altogether, and what is strange, even here in America, so apt are we to take our opinion from the powers of Europe—even here in America, in this Republic of the United States—in this republic which exists by a revolution—that stands on a revolution—there is a disposition to the disbelief in the fact of revolution among the population of Europe. Americans are too apt to flatter themselves that they alone know how to win and wear liberty. He desired candor; let his audience take a look with him this day, at the actual condition of the European people. He said European people in contradistinction to the ruling classes, under Dukes and Serene Highnesses. Let them turn their eyes away from coronations and regal christenings, and consider how it fares with the farmer, the artisan, the mechanic—in short with the people who supply all that imperial pomp and power.

THE PEOPLE.

It is a fact, and let Americans realize it themselves if they could, that in all the German States, in Austria, throughout Italy and France, every farmer and artisan is under the surveillance of the police, not one of them can move from his known and registered place of residence, without passports, vises and countersigns. They must be passed by the police; the police must know where they sleep at night. And why is this precaution taken? Why, lest these men should be conveying communications between revolutionary societies—lest under pretext of looking for work, they should be carrying communications amongst secret organizations.

These societies are well known to exist. Societies of a revolutionary character are known to be spread to the very remotest quarters, and to be all in the posture of awaiting the moment to spring. They are in Northern Italy, covered as it is with Austrian troops and overspread with Austrian forts from end to end, where every traveler whatsoever, by railroad or otherwise, if in the opinion of the Austrian sentry or police, he smells of Young Italy, if his beard be cut in republican style, if they do not like the color of his hair, is liable to be dragged out, sometimes half a dozen times a day, and sent to prison or back whence he came, or wherever in their opinion the interests of society may require. In France, the paternal Emperor is obliged to make arrests nightly. In Southern Italy, which is governed by Bomba, he is obliged, though it hurts his heart, to govern his subjects with severity.

In England, liberal England. He (speaker) thought he almost heard some one of his hearers say, "What is he going to say of England?" [Immense applause.] What is there that this inveterate revolutionist is able to bring up of that land?—that land where Harriet Beecher Stowe lately assured her friend, the Earl of Harrington, there was nothing to prevent the absolute happiness of the humble people, except—what? Nothing but strong liquor. Indulgence in strong liquor—that is all that she sees to be mended. [Laughter and applause.] Now, as to England, he would not detain by generalities—he would not deal in general terms. England, also, is covered over with revolutionary societies. He would not remind his audience of the two hundred thousand able-bodied paupers living in their work-houses on public rates, but he would mention one or two facts of recent date, and from them such inferences as could be, might be drawn.

THE CRIME OF POVERTY.

He found in the Halifax *Guardian*, of October 6th last, a proceeding of a Board of Poor Law Guardians and magistrates. Five men, described as very respectable working men, out of employment, were brought up before these magistrates, charged with nothing in the world but with having no money, and with having applied at the workhouse the previous night for a night's shelter, which, by the way, was refused them. They were guilty of the crime of poverty. These five respectable working men out of employment, were committed to a felon's cell in the jail, and sent to hard labor; "for," said he "they are candidates for hard labor—they are looking for work—let them have it on the tread mill." [Cheers.] The report goes on to state that the *innocent* Mayor of Halifax remonstrated. "How is that," said the Mayor, who did not feel authorized to commit men to prison unless they had committed some offence. "But what is a man to do," quoted Mr. Farnham. "Why, they must go to jail." In vain some suggested on that occasion, that if they were turned from the door of the poor-house, they would fill up the jail, and and what advantage would it be. In vain they urged there would be no gain, inasmuch as they were still supported by the county, and men out of employment, would get in jail for a shelter, so that in this happy, prosperous country, there was a number of respectable laboring men out of employ, that are happy to get into jail to secure bread to eat.

But if he be fortunate enough to get into the workhouse, how was it? He (speaker) would give a fact. In the city of London, two of the richest parishes are St. Pancras and Mary-le-bone. They are two of the wealthiest parishes of London. Each has its Workhouse Bastile, and it has come out, by mere accident, that, in each, they are in the habit of flogging women—of keeping them in order by flogging—poor women, guilty of that unpardonable offence against the London Holy Ghost—poverty. [Loud applause.] A small publication has been got up since the revelation of this treatment, and it is sold by hundreds and thousands of copies, among the working classes: it is entitled "*Dred, a tale of the Mary-le-bone Workhouse.*" In the style of the work, well-known under a similiar title, it asks, where is the Earl of Shaftsbury and the Duchess of Sutherland? Where are those men who keep audiences sobbing, as they detail the sufferings of the blacks of this country? Alas! for Mary and Sophia Elizabeth, for their names have become "familiar as household words," their skins are white. Exeter Hall has no tears for them.

In short, to those familiar with the almost fabulous luxury of the upper classes, and who have heard of the hideous, obscene poverty of the lower classes it is apparent that, in England, as elsewhere in Europe, monarchs are balancing themselves unsteadily over an abyss of revolution.

PRETENSE VS. REALITY.

The great powers are pretending to be busying themselves at this moment about fixing the proprietorship of the Isle of Serpents, and settling the boundary of Bessarabia, but any one knows they are preparing against the day opened in 1848—a day coming swiftly and surely. That day when the Domocracy, surging beneath the throne, shall rush out once more—when real war shall lift its head again from Palermo to Dublin, when Berlin, London, Paris, Vienna, and all the great capitals, shall once more roll and shake like the ship in the trough of the raging sea.

It has been said that the day of revolution is over in England. Oh, no! It is only beginning. That feudal sort of arrangement that has lasted so long, is worn out at last; it has become scandalous before God and man; society is all sick, and surely waiting till the old worn-out garment is removed and pinned down by bonds. A man, no radical demagogue and no Chartists, has cast the horoscope for him; he says the speaking classes will speak, and their voice must produce the earthquake. He would entreat his audience to believe that those two hundred million people cannot go on, weltering forever, in the cellars; they cannot be forever driven back by the bayonet, although they have been so long crushed. Every man that has risen up has been triumphantly got rid of, silenced or bought over with the people's money to desert the people, or if that bargain could not be negotiated, he has been pinned down in a dungeon, or shipped off to the uttermost end of the earth. [Loud applause.] Some of those men who have thus perished, were the best men that these countries have produced, and he (the speaker) did not fear to say the loftiest intellects and the most loving natures were they who sunk extinguished in dungeons under ground, or who withered away in the jails of Venice, where in cells below the Adriatic an Austrian Chief-Governor could, by opening the flood-gates, cool his seditious felony up to his neck in water, or when in the open dungeons of Italy they could roast him to death by the radiated heat of the sun, or who had sunk under the tortures of Cayenne. So from hour to hour they die. Young men becoming prematurely bald, gray, wrinkled, decrepid or idiotic. So old men joyfully mounted the scaffold to save themselves from worse than death. Does any one believe all that devotion has been in vain? Has the Maker made the choicest of His creatures only for that—to die as dogs die? Have they been gifted with God-like brains that they may be run into madness forever? Is this for nothing? Have they had kindled in their souls an endless detestation for falsehood, meanness and tyranny, only that the false and mean tyrants of the earth should trample them under foot? Has he poured into them that rich blood only that it should be shed upon the barren earth and bear no fruit? No! Believe the universe not built on that principle, and he would give three reasons, which, to his mind, are satisfactory proofs of disbelieving that the cause for which these men lived and died had vitality.

SIGNS OF VITALITY.

First. Because the life and death of these men has not been taken as a warning, but as an example, to the choicest youth in Europe. The question is not how to avoid the sad fate, but which of us is worthy to follow in the footsteps of these men. Maranchelli comes from his dungeon after many years of confinement; and behold the report of him produces more sedition and more seditionists than can be put in Austrian jails.

Smith O'Brien [Immense cheering.] He though the audience might well cheer at hearing mention of that noble name. [Cheers.] O'Brien, after six years of ignominious bondage, embittered by cruelties that Austrian and Neapolitan will have to study to come up to, comes home not as a felon, but with head high and with defiance on his lips, and he braves them in all their power, and at this moment no man is so universally revered as he. This being the case, he had no fear of the revolutionary spirit dying out.

Secondly, It is perfectly within the remembrance of all in Europe—it could not well be forgotten, for it is but eight years ago—how easy a King or crowned Duke is frightened and driven over the world without his even waiting to pack up his portmanteau. The extreme facility with which this kind of game is started, hunted and driven to tree, is another ground from which he concludes the game of King-hunting is not yet entirely given up. [cheers.]

The third reason is, that men in those western countries of Europe have not yet become so very chary of their lives or their blood, so much afraid of being killed, that the reigning dynasties can hope to keep them intimidated by the mere force of the bayonet forever. These men are America's own kinsmen—cousins. It may be possible to divert them for a time by spectacles, but frighten them no one ever can. They know that Paris is fortified, that Madrid is to be so, and that Dublin is being filled with armed bands; they know that, they see it all, but they know also that on a certain bright morning in '48, King Louis Phillippe, the richest, strongest, wisest tyrant in Europe, the once courted of all, after ten years spent in surrounding himself with ten thousand men, fought in the nest he had built for himself, one hour and a half, and threw them the crown, without the head, and then fled. [Cheers.] Yes, it is impossible to keep these Parisians forever under the influence of fear. He would remark that no day dawns on Paris, that that day does not rise on fifty thousand men at least, who are perfectly ready to go forward and raise up barricades, singing their merry songs as they do the work before them. We may conclude that *Mourir pour la Patrie* is not yet banished forever. That imperial ditty, *Partant pour la Syrie*, has not yet driven away the souls of men accustomed to tramp through palaces to the stormy music of the *Marseillaise.* [Loud applause.]

This is so in his own country and in Southern Italy, but enough he had said to show that without revolution it was to enact the play of Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark.

PEACEFUL SIGNS.

But suppose no revolution is brewing at all—that all the monarchs of Europe stood staunch at home—looking at the state of affairs that they have the impudence to call peace in Europe.

First, there are four million of bayonets—nearly four millions of troops armed in Europe after disbanding the militia, to keep the peace. Americans would not call that peace.

Next, in Turkey, the original occasion of the late war, there has been continual civil war since her protectors took her ailments under consideration. Take one other fact. The Peace Commissioners were sitting in Paris, consummating their blessed work of securing justice and civilization, asserting the rights of the weak against the strong, when on the part of Sardinia enters Count Cavour; he memoralizes the commission, on the part of his master, that neither justice nor civilization can ever begin to trive in Northern Italy, while the Austrian military oppress the people; that the Austrians are raising up the spirit of young Italy. Foolish Count, to appeal to England for liberty, or to France for justice, for Austria is strong; she has three hundred thusand men, and she is fresh, for she has not been torn by battle. It is inconvenient to bully Austria, and it is concluded, that the thing to do good to young Italy is not liberal institutions but Austrian dungeons, and lead taken inwardly. [Laughter and applause.]

THE BIG BULLY.

England then finds it inconvenient to begln to bully Austria, but, in order to bully somebody, she turns on the King of Oude. She makes short work of him, she swallows King and Kingdom, and that, too, without any of his own favorite sauce. She then turns to America, makes—well, she makes demonstrations in the West Indies and in Canada, sends ships, and troops, and military stores to Halifax—reviews at Spithead, with great pomp, her thundering fleet—and she improves the occasion, through her Ministerial organs, to read a homily, to give warning to any nation that may happen to have an expansive seaboard.

Singular to say, in the middle of these demonstrations, her Ambassador is sent home in disgrace from Washington. [Cheers.] Sent home, not, I am proud to say, while her hands are full of the Russian war, but when she had put that to an end for the present—when she had not had enough of fighting—just when her men were fuming with vexation at that work cut too short—while her hand is uplifted, and her voice is raised to frighten, her Ambassador is sent home with such ignominy as never before. [Applause.] What does she do? Send home Mr. Dallas? Declare war? No; my Lord Palmerston takes a very decided measure, indeed, and dubs the disgraced Ambassador Knight of the Bath; it ought to be Knight of the Horse-pond. [Loud cheers.] America proves intractable—hard to bully; so Lord Palmerston looks around, like a true bully as he is, to see who is weak, and who has got no friends. [Laughter.] Greece is taken care of by France, so that, in looking over the map of Europe, Palmerston sees no fairer game than Ferdinand of Naples. Now, Ferdinand is compelled to rule his subjects with a great deal of severity; he shuts up many of them in dismal dungeons, without charges being preferred against them, or trials granted. He has banished a good many of them, like the rest of Kings, to foreign countries. In all this, he imitates feebly—he follows the example of England and France; but, just at this moment Lords Clarendon and Palmerston feel scandalised at his unconstitutional mode of governing, and the Emperor of France is feeble in health, and his nerves cannot bear it. A squadron is sent to sea.

BOMBA A READER OF HISTORY.

King Ferdinand calmly concentrates his troops, mans his forts,

shots his guns, and tells these philanthroic powers to mind their own business. [Immense applause.] Now, King Ferdinand is even so ill-bred as to make the hardest annunciations—he alludes to India and to Ireland. He has read the newspapers, he has read history, he knows the story of 1848 in Ireland. He knows that when the Queen of England thought she was surrounded by some revolutionary movements, she suspended the Habeas Corpus Act, and seized hundreds and thousands of men and shut them up, and never brought them to trial to this time. King Ferdinand knows this, and he retorts on Lord Palmerston with great effect. But he has read also how England, with its liberal and enlightened government, has a system by which it can rid itself of two millions and upwards of its enemies by an artificial famine, and indeed he envies them the secret. Indeed, he (the speaker) believed no despotic Government on earth ever conceived such a foul system, and, perhaps, if King Ferdinand knew the way, he would try it, but he was willing to believe he would not. King Bomba has also read how England is obliged to have recourse to torture in India to collect her taxes. He knows of no familiar of the Inquisition in the world who ever knew how to torture a man's body for the saving of his soul so cunningly as British officers can tear and sear the India farmer. So he says, take your own harpy claws off Ireland, rule India with less savage barbarity, and then I may perhaps listen to you.

He dwelt so long on this, not only to show the kind of spirit which Byron declared was the *primum mobile* of English society, but to show the complication of European affairs.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, &c.

It is well remembered how Russia threatened Turkey about the Christian Greeks three years ago, and now England attempts the same thing, Russia comes in and says, abide by your own rule; do not presume to interfere with the rights of sovereign King Ferdinand; like case like rule, and if you attempt to fire one broadside into Naples you must prepare for war with me. [Cheers.] Now what to do in this contingency? The fleet was commissioned, the squadron had set sail, the ultimatum was drawn out. The fleet cruised out, they bore up toward and drifted to leeward, but they never went up to Naples. From the highest tower the King of Naples could not see even the top-sail of one of them. Not only that, but placards were stuck up on the walls of the city to this effect: Lost or strayed, somewhere in the Mediterranean, two good fleets; whoever signals them as being seen to the Minister, shall be rewarded. [Laughter.] But strange to say, at this moment a powerful Russian fleet sails into the Mediterranean merely to guard her trade and merchant shipping. And Spain at the same instant sent all her fleet into the same waters, but merely as a kind of maritime police. Sardinia, too, sees, what is going on, and Austria commissions her fleet to cruise in the Adriatic, hard by, but only for exercise. At the same time the American Consul at Naples thinks it just wise to make a requisition on the Commodore of his nation, that he had better be in the Bay of Naples, to be there too. Is it not strange that in one year after this peace these brothers should have to be watching over each other?

The truth is, the English have got up this measure to get hold of Sicily, but France has no idea of suffering England to take Sicily. Palmerston talks of his Italian intervention with a view to raise up an insurrection in Naples, then of crushing it and settling Bomba on his throne; and, lastly, of taking Sicily as the price. France sends to watch the English fleet, Austria to watch both, and Russia thinks they are all worth watching. What perpetual friendship!

But, in the meantime, while such is the state under which the Western Powers exist, England particularly presumes to have the right to interfere. Young Italy haunts them in their dreams!

In the meantime, while these things are going on in Italy, the peace is assuming an alarming aspect in the East. The frontier of Bessarabia has not begun to be settled yet, to say nothing of the Isle of Serpents. In fact, Lord Palmerston's organs complain of these barbarous Russians for giving Lord Clarendon false maps. These same barbarians who gave Lord Dundee false charts, and let some of his ships go ashore in water fabulously marked on charts as being twenty feet, and who extinguished all the lights of the lighthouses when Napier wanted to go up, remain barbarous. So that with such barbarians to deal with, it is impossible to say how soon the details of this tiresome peace will ever be settled. In the meantime, Turkey, poor Turkey, lies lost and powerless. It is no longer a sick man; the man is dead, dead as ever was, and shortly there will be a battle over his corpse.

CHRISTIANITY VS. BARBARISM.

But one slight advantage that has come to it is, that Turkey has got the reopening of the trade in the free-born white women of Circassia—the traffic in Christian slaves. While Russia predominated in that sea, the sale of the Circassians was stayed; Russia called the trade piracy,—contrabrand, and treated it so, to the great curtailment of Moslem life; but when the Christian Allies came into the Black Sea, as the champions of civilization and justice, when they shut up the Russian fleet in fortified harbors, the trade was re-opened with greater vigor than before. Such is one fruit of the intervention of the Western Powers between Turkey and Russia. Now, this opening of the traffic in white slaves has become notorious that the Bishop of Oxford, a member of the House of Lords and a son of William Wilberforce, of Abolition memory, this Bishop, after long pondering of the circumstances, thought that a decent respect for lawn sleeves and silk apron required that he should do something in the matter; that he should calmly, and in a Christian-like manner, advert to the circumstances in Parliament, so he mentioned it in Parliament. He was instantly satisfied by his noble friend, Lord Clarendon, by his being assured that the attention of Government was turned to that painful thing, and moreover, that Schamyl, the Circassian Chief, was opposed to it. The Bishop knew that all this was false—that Schamyl was not opposed to the trade—that he had warred against Russia for years to maintain it, but he was satisfied that he had done his duty, and he sat down with all the becoming satisfaction that a man feels who has done a good action, and the trade remained, and still remains, growing more horrible every day. And, since the day the Bishop so called the attention of Government to the fact, we find that the trade has been increasing to such an extent that the old stock of slaves had become utterly valueless, and murder has become more frequent in Constantinople. Every night sacks, with the mangled corpses of females, are thrown into the Bosphorus. He would read two sentences by English authors, relied on by the Bishop, to give some idea of what the trade is. One says that at present the only trade carried on in Constantinople is that in white women, and this seems to be extraordinary active at present. Another—and, to his credit be it said, he disproves of it—writes from Constantinople, regretting to see that the Slave-Trade is on the increase; every boat from the port of Abazia brings in ten or a dozen white Christian women for the market in Constantinople, while even the Austrian steamers do not refuse to bring cargoes of hundreds into port. Think of this British nation that is so filled with horror, righteous and virtuous horror, at the black Slave-Trade, that it sends out one fleet to stop the trade in blacks on the African coast, and sends another to open the traffic in white slaves. [Applause.]

What a profoundity of hypocrisy in that Bishop and all the rest of the bench of Bishops, to sit by in Parliament and help with their votes, and give by their votes all the sanction of religious association to all the abominations of English rule in East and West. So for Cabool, burned down, and so with Ireland, starved. Lo! unto you hypocrites, the gory soil of India will long cry out for vengeance on your hoary heads. Not a Circassian girl will float in a sack down the Bosphorus, strangled by the bow-string of her master, when he is tired of her beauty, but it will cling to your souls to curse you to perdition.

BRITAIN'S HOPES AND FEARS.

It is well-known that one main object of England, after justice and civilization of course, (laughter,) was to extend her influence in India, and to check that of Russia. With that view, both of these powers have been courting Persia, of course with the view in the end, he need hardly say, of swallowing her. Persia thinks of the two the least desirable friend is England; of the two she prefers Russia as a friend, and England for an enemy, and he believed her instinct was right. Just when the Peace Commissioners began to make all smooth in Turkey, intelligence came bursting in from the East that the Persians were on the way to an advanced post of India, and that Russia was building and manning a powerful navy in the Caspian Sea. England takes sudden alarm, a fleet is instantly sent to the Gulf of Persia with an ultimatum at the cannon's mouth. It is well known that no British force could march through Persia; long before they should reach Teheran they would meet the Russian bayonet, and what would become of them, with no French to preserve them, their allies so far off? (Applause and laughter.) So that it is clear the Russians will get leave to work their wicked way in Persia.

We find that the British power is not yet ashamed to boast of British justice and philantropy—not ashamed to turn round to America and revile her with the charge of intending to break a treaty. The ministerial organs pretend there is an intention to take Panama, and the *Times* refers to it. Think of it, to be shut off—God help us—from the diplomatic circle—to be held for Arabs and Gypsies—drawn off from civilized society, with whom it is impossible to be classified—to be stigmatized as a people bound by no compacts, respecting no law, dreaming of no justice, by whom? By the land tyrant of India the treaty breaker of the Carnatic, the fire burner of Cabool, (immense applause,) who makes allies to deceive them, and conquests only to rob? But whether or not, it seems America is out of the pale of society according to the *Times* newspaper. He thanked God there is one Government which can be said to be out of their pale, and he thought there was another Republic, the youngest Republic, whose President and Chief is WILLIAM WALKER. Immense cheering.

A SUMMING UP.

He had referred to the state of things in Italy; it is much the same in Spain, throughout Germany and Switzerland. These brothers who swear in this year to be eternal friends, are throughout Europe eyeing one another, and those cordial and friendly allies, England and France, are beginning to feel that their interests are not quite similar, that their feelings are not in harmony, and never were; that their temporary association for temporary purposes is at an end, and that the sooner the show is at an end the better. England wants Sicily, and France declares she shall not have it. The English papers are already holding up their pious hands in horror of the cruelties of the French Emperor towards his prisoners at Cayenne, which it would appear was only discovered some few weeks ago. The French Emperor retorts on this by pointing out the condition of Ireland, for that country is good to point a moral, and if we cannot wrest it from the grasp of the British Government, we can enjoy a smile at seeing it thrown in her teeth. What care they for the angry man—for the Bank of France with a deficit—what care they for placards posted at night and which are torn down—the police will care for that—what care those crowned heads? Is there not peace in Europe? Consider the coronation of Russia, is not that the very apotheosis of peace? He felt almost compelled to pity these figures married and given in marriage, dancing in an atmosphere light, and redolent with perfume, not knowing the moment when their dance may turn to the terrible sword-dance, with a bloody figure at the end of the hall, reflected in every mirror, advancing slowly, but steadily and surely, arrayed in bloody garments, with clanking chains, that points the finger to martyred sufferers, and on its forehead written the name "Revolution and Retribution." [Cheers.] He pretended to be no prophet; he could not say how long protocols would pass to and fro, but he could say that the elements of revolution were at work, and as surely as the elements of war are peace, so the end of such a peace is war.

MAKES HIS BOW.

In conclusion, he thanked the audience for their patient attention. His had been an ungrateful task, for no one loves to listen to talk of war. He had, however, not been saying what was desirable, but what the signs of the times showed. It signified nothing to say he (speaker) was a Revolutionist; he was not a Republican because he was banished, but he was banished because he was a Republican.

Mr. Mitchel then retired amidst prolonged applause, which lasted until the majority of his audience had dispersed.

JOHN BANIM'S FIRST LOVE.

From the Irish Quarterly Review.

He was just eighteen years of age, about the middle height, and of good figure. His face was oval, and though not handsome, his high broad forehead, and his dark-hued eyes, teeming with life and spirit, saved him from the designation, ugly. And now the common fate was his. Tennyson sings of youth—

"In the spring, a young man's fancy lights turns to thoughts of love."

and our poet-painter was no exception to the rule. He was the admirer of every pretty girl in Kilkenny, and between rhyming, painting, flirting, and book-lending, his entire time was fully occupied.

One evening, whilst he was sitting at tea with his mother, the good woman abruptly said to him,—

"John."

"Well, mother?" was the response.

"Whom do you love, John?" she continued.

"Well, mother," he replied, "upon my word there are so many of them that I am afraid I can't particularize; but let me see"—and, counting his fingers, he added, "there's Mary, and there's Anne, and there's Kate, and there's Jane."

"John, John," cried the mother, smiling at the confession, "you know well that is not the answer I thought you to give to the question—long ago you knew it and would say, 'I love God above all things, and my neighbour as myself for the love of God.' I see, John, your boyish days are over."

Truly, the boyish days were over, the catechism was forgotten, and the dream of youth was upon him.

At one of the schools which he attended, as the teacher of drawing, was a young girl, named Anne D——, a boarder in the establishment, and a pupil of Banim's. She was a fair, bright-eyed girl, in the full, fresh beauty of seventeen, artless, innocent, and pure-minded. The young teacher, the poet, and the painter, forgot the grave moral of the history of the tutor Abelard and the pupil Eloise, and, day by day, a deep, whole-heart passion grew within her breast, and each attendance at the school served but to strengthen his affection. He dared not tell her of his love, but love, when the youth is only in his nineteenth year, and the maiden in her eighteenth, cannot long lie hidden, and soon each read in the eyes of each, that tale of passion which was to end but in the death of one—in the long and lingering agony of the other.

When Banim found that this girl loved him, he seemed another being. He concealed his affection from all; he told his brother that his mornings were devoted to sketching the landscapes around Kilkenny, but these early morning hours were the trysting times when he and Anne D—— roamed along the quiet banks of the Nore, or strolled through the fields, accompanied by an under governess, who aided the young lovers, and devised means by which the absence of her charge might escape detection.

For both it was a happy dream—for them—

"Love took up a glass of Time, and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in music out of sight."

Mornings of love, days of loving musing, nights of dreaming love, rarely continue unnoticed by those who are intimate with the lover, and Banim's brother having discovered this secret of his morning's walks, was made his confidant in the confession—"I loved Anne D—— as boy never loved girl before."

Banim's nature was impetuous, and having assured himself of his mistress's affection he resolved to wait upon her father and demand her hand. A year had passed since he first loved her, and he would not be satisfied until he called her his wife. He was not twenty years of age, his profession was no more than sufficient to support him, his friends were reduced in circumstances, owing to the inability of some persons to repay certain sums of money lent by old Michael Banim, but all prudential considerations were despised by the lover, and so he went forth, accompanied by a friend, to seek the consent of Anne's father.

Anne D—— was the illegitimate daughter of a gentleman residing in a neighboring county. He was a surly, rude-tempered old man, and replied to Banim's request of his daughter's hand with sneers and scoffing. The young lover retorted the insulting expressions used; both parties were violent, and recriminations were ended by the order of the old man that Banim should at once leave the house. He returned to Kilkenny, dispirited and heart-sick; he had never permitted himself to contemplate a rejection of his suit, and when he, the same evening, obtained an interview with Anne D——, it was one of tears and sorrow—it was the last time he ever spoke to her, save clandestinely.

The doors of the school in which Anne resided were closed against him; all communication was barred between them, and by stratagem alone could he tell her how deeply and how truly she was still beloved. All means of addressing her were tried, and those who watched Anne, and her fellow-pupils, as on Sunday evenings they left the Church, might have observed a figure clothed as a countrywoman, in long grey cloak and full deep hood, stealing close to Anne's side—this was Banim disguised, and it was on these occasions that he contrived to press his mistress's hand, whilst he placed within it a poem, or letter, telling her to love and hope. In this manner, and by transmitting notes in his sister's school-basket, he was enabled to communicate with her.

Anne's father induced a female relative of the girl to call upon her at the school, and by a pretended sympathy, endeavor to discover if her love for Banim were real and deep. The plan succeeded; Anne told the whole story of her heart—it was considered that absence alone could cure her girlish folly, and her father arranged that she should be secretly removed from school, and placed in the hands of one of her mother's family. She was removed, but Banim discovered the day and hour at which she was to leave, and the route by which she was to travel. He found that the chaise, bearing Anne and her female protector, was to pass by his father's door—he took his place by the threshold, and as the carriage rolled by, he rushed, bareheaded, before the vehicle; to avoid the danger of overturning him, the horses were suddenly and violently checked, Anne leaned from the window, pale and terrified, and sobbing bitterly, the lovers' eyes met but for a moment, the carriage moved quickly onward, and John Banim never more in life saw Annie D——.

He re-entered the house, and uttered no cry, but sat in stony sorrow; a small parcel was placed in his hand, it was addressed to him, the handwriting was that of Anne, he tore it eagerly open—it contained his own miniature which he had painted for her, and which for months she had wore, concealed in her bosom; the parcel also contained his letters and verses. He examined the miniature closely—it bore no secret line; he pored over the papers in hope that they might conceal some covert intimation that this return of all his offerings was not Anne's own free act—but all was as he had written, not one line or word to tell him she was faithful—he paused a moment, looking upon the miniature, and then dashing it to the ground, crushed it to atoms beneath his feet—tore the letters and verses into fragments and as he scattered them away—as the memory of all his hopes and joys came back upon him, when he thought of their vows and promises he cried, bitterly and fiercely, "Curse her—curse her—to abandon me and break my heart!" and burst into angry tears.

No commiseration could soothe him; no attention could win a smile, or word of pleasure from his lips. His constant complaint was, that Anne had abandoned him, although no earthly power could induce him to forget or abandon her. Now she was false, false as only a heartless woman can be, and in his despair he wrote such lines as the following;—

Thou that in youthful folly's bow'r
Wouldst lavish thus an idle hour;
Thou that wouldst fondly hope to win
The love a woman's heart within—
Go, heart of hope, to pleasure's sleep,
But let it be nor long nor deep.
Go, taste the bloom of woman's lip,
But only taste and lightly sip—
Go, if it suit thy sparkling soul,
On passion's frantic wave to roll;
Partake of ev'ry boasted feeling
Of all that's worth a lover's stealing;
But give thy lightest pleasure hour
Alone, to love's delusive power;
Pledge not thy faith a hair beyond
The sigh of sense or passion fond.
Let not one vital chord of thine
Round faithless woman's heart entwine—
No youthful hope shall perish then,
As fickle woman roams amain;
No fainting pulse, no brimming eye
Shall note the wanton trifler fly:
No riven heart-strings there shall break,
When woman spurns her bondage weak;
And not a withering pang shall wait
To blast thy hopes and gloom thy fate.

But Anne was not faithless, and to the last hour of his life Banim regretted his doubt of her affection—he learned but too late that

"—— Love is love for evermore."

The house to which Anne D—— had been removed was situ-

ated about twenty-five miles from Kilkenny, and the affection that still lingered in Banim's heart induced him to open a new correspondence with her. He sent the letters by trusty messengers; he knew that they had been deposited in places with which Anne was acquainted; he wrote again in all the fervor of his earlier love, but to none of his letters was there a reply. Anne was not faithless; she received one only letter, and that the first, all gloomy and half upbraiding; she was detected in the act of reading it, and the succeeding letters were intercepted.

Anne made no complaint. She thought of the past-by days of joys—of the mornings when out by the sunny river she had heard the tale of love, as only youth in its spring can breathe it, whilst around the path of the poet-painter and his fair bright idol—

"The summer murmur'd with her leafy lips,"

and pining for the loss of all her heart held dear, her cheek grew pale, her step lost all its bounding lightness, and her eyes shone with that terrible brilliancy which shows the wasting of life, and then it was plain that the fiend Consumption had seized her. She never struggled against the disease; she was removed from the school in Kilkenny in the month of September, and whilst Banim was condemning her as a heartless mistress, she was expiring with his love the sole treasure of her life,—and in the November following her removal from school, a period of less than two months, Anne D—— was dead.

Banim was informed of the melancholy catastrophe, the day succeeding that of her decease, and then came the full tide of sorrow upon his heart, for in hearing she was dead, he heard also that her lov for him had been the cause of all her griefs, and in her agony his name had been the last upon her lips.

When he discovered that she was no more, he merely said to his brother, who was appalled by the pain displayed in his features, "Anne D—— is dead," and returning to his bed-room, remained in solitude and silence.

He rose early the following morning—it was cold November weather, the rain was falling, and a gloom was in the sky and upon the earth. Banim left his home, wishing once more to look upon the victim who had been so dear in life, but who now, in death, was dearer, than ever. He was too poor to hire a chaise; he borrowed a horse, but he could not endure the slow, steady pace of the animal, and when about a mile from Kilkenny sent it back by a country child, and continued his way on foot.

He never knew by what route, or how, he traversed the twenty-five dreary miles which lay between him and the corpse of his beloved, but night had closed around the dripping weary man as he reached the farm-house where the body of Anne D—— lay. None of her relatives were present as he entered, and but few friends sat around. He stood beside the dead one's head, and the long black lashes of the closed eyes resting upon the pallid cheek, the shrunken features and the worn look of her whom he had once thought so beautiful, from whom he had so recently parted in all the glory of her youth, terrified him, and he gazed upon her, but shed no tear. His face of agony attracted the attention of those persons who had gathered by the coffin, and as he stood beside its head, one of Anne's half-sisters recognised him, called him the murderer of her sister, and demanded that he should be thrust from the room.

At first Banim felt indignant at this cruel conduct, but suddenly he thought that if Anne had never loved him she might be then living happily; had she never seen him she might be joyous and in health, but now she was a wreck of hope, of peace, of life, and scarcely daring to look upon her, he tottered from the room. He had eaten nothing since the preceding day, he felt no hunger, but, entering an out-house, sunk upon the wet straw of a car-shed, and there, in a stupor of grief, continued until he heard the funeral guests assembled.

He rose, re-entered the house, and being permitted to stand beside the coffin, saw the face of his Anne for the last time, as the coffin-lid hid it for ever. He followed the body to the churchyard, stood by as the earth was piled up, and when all had departed, cast himself upon the fresh green mound that marked the grave of his first love. He never could recollect where the night succeeding this day of woe was passed, but the following morning his brother met him about ten miles from home. Leaning upon the arm extended to him, he trailed his limbs along until he reached his father's house; with his brother's help he ascended to his room, and though from the time they had met upon the road no word had been spoken by either, yet when entering his apartment he appeared to recognise it; the feeling of consciousness was but momentary, and he sunk upon his bed, powerless and senseless, prostrated in mind and body.

During the twelve months succeeding this day Banim merely existed. His whole system seemed shattered. His head ached so violently, that in his paroxysms of pain, his body rocked with an involuntary motion so violent, that as his head rested upon his brother's breast, it required all the latter's strength to curb the violent swaying of the sufferer. "It seemed," he said, "as if the brain were surging through the skull from rear to front, and from front to rear, alternately." He lost all anxiety for his profession or for literature, no occupation could interest him, he could rarely be induced to leave the house, and when he did go abroad, he quickly became wearied; he seldom spoke—and thus his first love laid the seeds of that frightful suffering, which, during the greater portion of his existence, rendered him one of the most miserable of men. The three nights of suffering and exposure to which, at Anne D——'s decease, he was subjected, broke down the stamina of life, and left him, at twenty years of age, a victim to spinal disease, which, but a few years later, reduced him to a crippled body, whilst gifted with a mind active as ever genius possessed,—his fate, indeed, was harder than that of Tantalus.

The first symptom of returning health evinced by the sufferer was the composition of some verses. They show the weary spirit that would free itself from all recollections of the past and would

"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain."

Sorrow, however, at nineteen, cannot be very deeply seated, and he must be melo-dramatic indeed, who fancies that in plucking it from its bosom, his heart may form his root; and thus, as time rolled on, Banim found that the world had its joys still, even after all his woes, and so, for him, once more arose the bright blue days—

"Full of the sun, loud with a thousand larks."

The condition of the University of Virginia is said never before to have been so good as at present. The number of students at this early period of the season is larger than at the close of the last session, which was larger than any previous period in the history of the University. There are now 602 students from the following States:—New-York, 2; Pennsylvania, 1; Ohio, Delaware, Maryland, 10; District of Columbia, 10; North Carolina, 6; South Carolina, 43; Georgia, 31; Florida, 7; Alabama, 49; Mississippi, 34; Louisianna, 39; Texas, 7; California, 2; Arkansas, 1; Missouri, 3; Kentucky, 11; Tennessee, 9. Making in all from other States, 272; from Virginia, 330—total, 602.

Literary and Artistic News.

We take great pleasure in announcing that Mr. T. Addison Richards, the distinguished artist, will give instruction at his Studio in the University, or, in private classes, to Art-Students professional or amateur;—especially to ladies or gentlemen who may desire to prepare themselves as Teachers. His course of studies embrace—the use of the lead pencil and the crayon; perspective; landscape painting, in oil and water colors; designing and drawing on wood and stone, &c. Our art-loving friends would be repaid by a visit to Richard's studio, in one of the sky parlors in the University.

The Rev. Spencer Northcote, a gentleman who has within the last few years joined the Catholic Church, delivered a lecture in Liverpool upon the Roman catacombs. The catacombs are the excavations under the city of Rome and the vicinage, used as places of sepulchre. In the early periods of Christianity, the disciples of our Lord worshiped in those catacombs, as being the places where they would be most free from the interruptions of their Pagan persecutors, and there also they deposited their dead. Their chapels there were decorated by paintings, and their tombs by inscriptions, many of which are now brought to light for the first time. The Rev. Mr. Maitland, chaplain to the late Bishop of London, we believe, has written a very learned work on those subterranean depositories, and to them also Mr. Northcote, since his change of faith, has given much attention. His lecture was directed to show that the decorations and symbolical figures used so largely in Roman Catholic churches are similar to those which are daily discovered among those catacombs, and which are admittedly of the early Christian ages, he also quoted inscriptions copied from the tombs in those regions, which show that the belief in the efficacy of the intercession of the departed just, for those yet living. We may also state, says the Liverpool *Daily Post*, for the satisfaction of archæologists, that Mr. Northcote says that 11,000 inscriptions have been collected and that these with illustrative drawings and descriptions will be soon given to the world.

The method of portrait-painting introduced in Paris by Horace Vernet the well known artist, consists, first, in mixing the colors with olive oil, which avoids the drying of the colors and the cleansing of the brushes. When the painting is finished a layer of the absorbing earth is applied to the back of the canvas, the oil is absorbed, and the painting becomes a pastile or crayon drawing. The earth is then removed and a coat of flaxseed oil is substituted, which penetrates the colors, and the work is done. This method is said to be superior to any other practised in this beautiful art, and the pictures are described as of peculiar excellence.

Ernest Jones, the Chartist Leader, is holding political *soirées* in London. At his last he delivered a lecture on "an ancient fabric, founded on the darkness of the middle ages—the British Constitution." He confined himself, on this occasion, to the fundamental basis and chief evil of that Constitution, "the hereditary landed aristocracy." In his next he was to treat of "one of its main pillars—the Established Church."

There appear at present in Italy 311 newspapers—partly political, partly scientific and artistic. They are distributed over the Peninsula, in the following way:—85 appear in Lombardy, 87 in Sardinia, 5 in Parma and Modena, 33 in Tuscany, 30 in the Papal Dominions, and 56 in the Kingdom of both the Sicilies. The number of newspapers published in the little Kingdom of Saxony is 220, in Austria 281, in Bavaria 178, in Wurtemburg 99, and in Hanover 89.

The London papers are unanimous in praise of the American actor, Mr. James E. Murdoch, who has been playing at the Haymarket. He performed Young Mirabel, in the comedy of the Inconstant, for twenty consecutive nights, and on the 20th ult., opened as Rover, in O'Keefe's comedy of Wild Oats, which the *Times*, *Post*, *News*, *Chronicle*, and *Herald* all unite in placing as the finest light comedy personation seen for many years in England.

The proprietor of the New Orleans *True Delta* finding that the business of his paper, now well established, is too much for one person to manage, is desirous of disposing of a third or half interest to a respectable person. "Any gentleman anxious to become associated in a newspaper of assured standing and brilliant prospects, will find this a most eligible opportunity."

Among the prizes for the present year at Harvard College are two for the greatest skill in mathematics, the first of $300, and the second prize of $200. These are styled the 'Boyden prizes,' and are by far the most generous of any that have ever been offered at any of our American colleges.

Calbert Vaux, an architect of established fame, is preparing a work on villas and cottages, with a series of designs of houses, illustrated by about three hundred engravings. Mr. Vaux was the partner of the late Andrew J. Downing, who did so much to improve the rural architecture of our country. Mr. Vaux gives plans for every style of country house, at every imaginable price, ranging from $1,500 to $40,000.

The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter the Great was its senior editor. The Imperial Autocrat not only took part in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

The Boston Public Library, has 28,080 volumes, exclusive of those already received from the last liberal donation of Mr. Bates, and of tracts, 12,380; last year the library contalned 22,617 volumes, and 6,407 tracts. Of the additions the past year, 1,865 volumes, and 5,330 pamphlets, have been donations.

A collection of idols and other curious antiquities from Mexico, obtained by an officer of the United States Army during the late war, has been added to the Antiquarian Cabinet in the Museum of the College of Charleston. They were presented by a lady of Charleston.

The Hon. Mrs. Granville Whyte, who is now residing at the Brevoort House, *is* the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," "The Ogilvies," "Agatha's Husband," &c. Miss Mulock *is* her *nom de plume*, by which she is as well known in England, as Queechy is by hers, or L. E. L. by hers.

Meetings have been held through Lincoln, England, with the object of raising funds for a suitable monument to the late Sir John Franklin. The people of Spilby, the birth-place of Sir John are particularly active in the matter.

Schiller's portrait, after the bust of his friend the great sculptor Danneker, and the painting of Hageman, has been lithographed by Beneke, and published by T. H. Kleefish of this city. The size is about half the size of life.

A volume of Poor Richard's Almanac—the original edition—sold recently in New-York for $62. This may be appreciating Dr. Franklin, but it is making a queer use of the advice he has given us.

A complete edition of the works of Frederick the Great will shortly be published in Berlin, in thirty-two volumes.

"The Great Autumn Cup," the gift of the Captains of America and the stevedores of Liverpool, to be run for at the forthcoming Autumn Meeting at Liverpool, is described by *Bell's Life*. The cup is executed in the *Renaissance* style, after the design of an amateur artist. The cup and cover stand 2 1-2 feet high, and are of solid silver. On one side is engraved upon a shield—formed by the twining together of the flags of the two nations, guarded by the British lion and surmounted by the American eagle—"Liverpool Autumn Meeting," and the names of the stewards, sufficient space being left for the insertion of the fortunate winner of this magnificent trophy; and on the reverse is a view of the port of Liverpool, with one of the American steamers "steaming out" for the "States," a portrait of whose President adorns this side of the cup. The whole is exquisitely chased in bold relief, and on the top of the cover is a beautifully designed thorough-bred mare and foal, whilst the handles are formed of horses most classically arranged.

Professor N. M. Hentz died at the residence of his son, Dr. C. A. Hentz, at Marianna, Fla., on the 4th ult. Prof. Hentz was a French gentleman of varied accomplishments, and well known as a teacher in many seminaries of learning in different parts of our country. He was associated with the distinguished historian, Hon. G. Bancroft, as a teacher at Northampton, and subsequently at Cincinnati, and at Chapel Hill, N. C., as Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres. Mr. Hentz was not only successful as an instructor, but largely enriched the scientific literature of our country. His treatises upon natural history have placed him among the first scholars of our country in this department of learning. It is less than a year ago that the death of his accomplished wife, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, was announced.

(Communicated.)

BY M. W.

The testimonial to be presented to Mr. MICHAEL BARRY, by his friends, previous to his leaving New-York, will take place on the evening of Tuesday, the 9th December, 1856, at Mrs. Luby's Academy, 275 Bleecker street.

Those who wish to participate in duly honoring the ever-faithful friend and servant of Irish Freedom—the faithful watcher of the poor people's interests in years of Famine—the honest opposer and exposer of the swindlers who were among the Relief Committee of that time in Cork; the perpetual advocate and staunch supporter of Father Matthew in the cause of Temperance—and the silent, true friend in time of need—can do so by coming to the Dinner to be given him on the evening above mentioned, or by forwarding their aid to the Testimonial through any of the undersigned gentlemen.

Adjutant C. Murphy, 44th street, near 9th Avenue, is the Treasurer. All favors will be acknowledged at the Dinner.

Mr. B. is obliged to return to Ireland to recover his health, now impaired by long illness; he is a member of the "Fitzgerald Guard," of New-York.

Tickets for the Dinner may be had of any of the under-named, or at the IRISH NEWS office, 29 Ann street. The whole affair will be conducted in a highly respectable manner.

Gentlemen who wish, may bring ladies, as there will be a band present; and those who like to enjoy the pleasure of the ball-room, after Dinner, can do so. Mrs. Luby (that truly Irish lady) will there be the light and life of all. So let all who are to be present on the occasion prepare themselves for one of the happiest evenings they ever enjoyed in New-York.

Give to goodness honor due,
Drink to the poor man if he's true;
And ne'er forget that Star's the best
That's worn not on but in the breast.—E. C.

NEW-YORK.—Robert McCafferty, Col. Butler, Col. M. Doheny, Major Barry, Dr. Drew, Adjt. de Courcy, James Roche, Adjt. Murphy, Col. Hagerty, Mr. Haverty, Dan. Brady, Mr. Walsh, Mr. McSorly, R. Walter Jones, Michael Creedon, Thos. Costelloe, Capt. Lane, Lieut. Dungan, Charles Mulcahy, Capt. Burke, John Aherne, Frank Ashe, Lieut. Thos. Clarke.

BROOKLYN.—Michael O'Connor, Capt. Johnston, John Connell, J. H. McBride, Mr. Flannery.

WILLIAMSBURGH.—Ed. Wall, Maurice Walsh, Charles Fisher.

JERSEY CITY.—Mr. Donovan.

OBITUARY.

With heartfelt regret we receive the intelligence of the death of our highly esteemed young friend ROBERT EMMET, fifth son of Thomas Addis Emmet. The sad event occurred at Pilatka, East Florida, on the 24th ult.

HO! FOR NICARAGUA!

A Free Passage

AND

GRANT OF LAND!

PERSONS desirous of emigrating to Nicaragua, in accordance with the provisions of the Colonization Decree of the Republic, dated Granada, Sept. 9, 1856, will be furnished with a free passage on application to the undersigned at No. 3 Broadway, where all further information may be obtained.

4t6dec COL. FRANK ANDERSON, Emigrant Agent for Nicaragua.

WM. PERRY,

ANATOMICAL BOOTMAKER AND CHIROPEDIST,

NO. 85 SIXTH AVENUE,

Near Fourth Street.....New-York.

DEFORMED or Club feet restored by means of the boots. Walking, riding and Waterproof boots made, however difficult to fit the foot. Repairing done with dispatch.

Corns, bunions, nails of the feet cured permanently and attended to.

dec6m3 WM. PERRY, 85 Sixth Avenue, New-York.

Brady's Photographic Palace of Art.—Who would not desire to possess a memento, so perfect and life-like of a dead relative or friend, as can be furnished by the photographic art? What more acceptable present can be given or received than one of Brady's splendid, almost speaking portraits, which reflect the expression as well as the features of their originals? Those who desire beautiful portraits of the members of their family, should take care to have them in the highest style of art. Strangers visiting this city, will find no spot more interesting than BRADY'S DAGUERRIAN GALLERY AND PALACE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART, No. 205 Broadway.

Dr. Wm. O'Gorman,

OFFICE,

423 Broome st.,

tf6dec New-York.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Ulcers and sores drain the system of its vital energy. Their diseased action is kept up by virulent matter in the vessels of the glands and skin. This matter is neutralized by the disinfecting operation of the Ointment. The Pills cure indigestion in all its forms. Sold at the Manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists at 25c., 62 1-2c., and $1 per pot or box.

☞ Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. Steamer ——, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 6th day of December, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

dec6 1t ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for California, &c., per U. S. Steamer ILLINOIS, will close at this office on FRIDAY, the 5th day of Dec., at one o'clock, P. M.

dec 6 1t. ISAAC V. FOWER, Postmaster.

Information wanted of Margaret Ustice and Jane Crowley, who came passengers by the Isaac Wright, on her last trip from Liverpool, by Richard Tracey, 11 Jay street, Brooklyn, in care of Mr. Owen Gilligan, or at this office. no22

Important to All.

We are happy to announce to our readers that Dr. WESLEY GRINDLE, of New-York, so justly renowned for his unprecedented success in the treatment of Pulmonary Diseases, has, by the earnest solicitation of the people of this community, established a house in Philadelphia, No. 70 South Third-street. His house in New-York is No. 54 White-street. The business here is conducted by his brother and partner, JOSIAH S. GRINDLE.

His MAGIC COMPOUND, from what we have seen and heard, seems to be a remarkable cure for that hitherto *terrible foe to human happiness and life* PULMONARY CONSUMPTION! Hundreds have actually been permanently cured, who were pronounced incurable by the most skilful physicians, and given up to die. It is, no doubt, a fact, and statistics are being collected to prove the assertion, that in towns where Dr. Grindle's medicine has been, and is being used, the mortality from this disease has greatly diminished! *And in exact proportion to the sale of the medicine*, there has been an astonishing decrease in the number of deaths from Consumption.

This, then, is no quack nostrum, but a great remedy! And we cannot too strongly recommend it for the cure of all pulmonary complaints, and do candidly advise the afflicted to obtain it at once. Dr. Grindle has persevered until, at least, we verily believe he has found the very remedy destined by Providence for this disease. Reader! do not allow your friends to fall into early graves, when you have the means within your reach to snatch them from that frightful doom.

For the gratification of our readers, we quote the Doctor's following prices:—One box, $3; three boxes, ordered at one time, $8; half dozen $14; one dozen, or any number greater, $2 a box. The postage in the United States, not over 3000 miles, is fifteen cents a box; over 3000 miles, fifty cents a box. In all cases where postage must be prepaid, the amount should be enclosed in money or stamps. We are authorized to say that all orders addressed to Dr. W. Grindle & Bro., Philadelphia, or New-York, will receive prompt attention.—*Philadelphia City Item.*

We regret to learn, says the Athlone *Sentinel*, that the quantity of diseased potatoes in this neighborhood is found to be far greater than was anticipated. In the digging in of the crop it has been discovered that a large number are unsound, and in some instances where they had been sown in rich land the crop is scarcely worth gathering, being nearly all black. It has also been remarked that when potatoes are housed the disease rapidly extends amongst them. As the crop is a very abundant one, it is expected that there will be a plentiful supply notwithstanding; but it is indisputable that the disease has manifested itself in no inconsiderable degree.

On the 6th ult., on the lands of Artagle, near O'Brien's bridge, two men named Skehan and Macmahon, were at work, and quarrelled in consequence of a bit of tobacco. They had a regular stand up fight, and were put asunder, and all seemed over, when about an hour afterwards Skehan went over to Macmahon, who was under him in a drain, and gave him a blow of a spade which split his skull, inflicting a frightful wound. Macmahon is since the occurrence speechless. Skehan has absconded.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—A very melancholy and fatal accident happened to a son, aged five years, of the Rev. Robert Fleming, at his residence Conyngham road. The poor child, while eating lunch, was unhappily choked, a piece of meat sticking fast in his throat. Medical aid was promptly called, but without effect.

Mr. Pierce Sinnott, of Galbally, near Castlebridge, Co. Wexford, died suddenly at his residence on the 8th ult. He went to bed in the enjoyment of good health, and was found dead in the morning.

Last accounts from Ireland state the farmers were actively employed in digging in the potatoes and getting down the wheat.

After a sharp contest with Henry Denny Esq., John Kenny, Esq., was elected Alderman of the West Ward of the Borough of Waterford, in room of Alderman Foristal, deceased.

In the Callan Workhouse on the 8th ult., there were 392 inmates in the house. At the same time last year it contained 419.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Nov. 5, at Clonkeen Church, James Oliver Davies, of Clapinside Lodge, Galway, to Mary Egan, of Hullomack.
Nov. 6, at Newtownbreda, Down, W. Brown, of London, to Charlotte, daughter of the late A. M'Donnell, of Annadale.
Nov. 4, in Cork, the Rev. Samuel D. Sands, rector of Whitechurch, to Sophia Julia, daughter of J. Besnard, of Cork.
Nov. 11, at Kilroot, Lieutenant-Colonel Boyd, son of the late E. D. Boyd, of Ballycastle, county Antrim, to Frances Millicent, daughter of Conway R. Dobbs, of Castle Dobbs.
Nov. 5, at Wood Eaton, Oxfordshire, the Rev. John W. Hayward, officiating clergyman to the Forces at the Camp of the Curragh of Kildare, to Annetta Jane, daughter of Major-General Lane, of Jersey.
Nov. 5, at Abbott's Leigh, Major Bright, of the 19th regiment, to Catherine, daughter of Wm. Miles, M.P., of Leigh Court, Somersetshire.
Nov. 6, at Annan Hill, Charles Forbes, of the Bombay Civil Service, son of the late Major-General D. Forbes, of the 78th Highlanders, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late J. Dunlop, of Annan Hill.
Sept. 11, at Calcutta, James Short, to Catharine, daughter of the late H. Manning, of Dublin.
Oct. 1, at Ahmedabad, Bompay, Donald J. Macdonell, Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 2d Grenadier regiment, to Catherine Frances, daughter of the Rev. R. B. Eyre, of Eyrecourt, county Galway.
Sept. 25, at Colombo, John Bailey, to Katherine Cecelia Elizabeth, daughter of Sir H. G. Ward, Governor of the Island of Ceylon.

IRISH DEATHS.

Nov. 5, at Newtown, near Waterford, Mary Jane, relict of Joshua Eves, of Dublin, and daughter of Daniel O'Brien, of Prospect Hill, near Lisburn.
Nov. 8, in Lower Baggot-street, Dublin, aged 75 years, Elizabeth, relict of Robert Hunt.
Nov. in Upper Baggot-street, Dublin, Eliza Mary, relict of Patrick Carr.
Nov. 12, Margaret Anne Jane, only daughter of the late Michael Bennett, of Dame-st., Dublin.
Nov. 4, at 22 Sandwith-street, Mrs. Anne Magennis, aged 29 years, wife of James Magennis.
Nov. 6, at 11 Denzille-street, Johanna Gibson.
Nov. 5, at Dundrum Castle, Charlotte Jane, wife of Wm. Falls.
Nov. 9, at Rathmines, aged 81 years, Terence Hughes, of Lacka, county Kildare.
Nov. 5, at Kilrush, county Clare, Richard H. Donovan, M.D.
Nov. 5, in Downpatrick, the Rev. J. Milligan, vicar of Killaney.
Thomas John Smith, Esq., Fort Castle, Philipstown.
Nov. 5, in London, the Hon. George Massy, youngest brother of Lord Clarina.
Nov. 7, at New Ross, Doctor Carroll, aged 65.
Nov. 8, at 58 Thomas-street, Sarah Knowles, the wife of Richard Knowles.
Nov. 2, in Boyle, aged 87 years, Margaret, relict of J. Davis, formerly Quartermaster of the 8th Hussars.
Nov. 8, in Wicklow, aged 74 years, Thomas C. Smith, of Medop Hall, county Wexford.
Nov. 8, Wm. John Waldron, formerly of Lakemount, county Mayo.
Nov. 8, at Maryborough, Edward Saunders, son of the late Thomas Cannon, resident magistrate.
Nov. 11, Major Wm. Nugent M'Namara, of Ennietymon House, for many years M.P. for the county Clare.
Nov. 8, at Tenby, aged 85 years, John L. Puxley, of Dunboy, county Cork.
Nov. 5, at Wollaton Hall, Nottinghamshire, aged 87 years, Lord Middleton.
Nov. 4, at Carshalton, Surrey, aged 80 years, Gibbon C. Fitzgibbon, formerly of Hospital, county Limerick.
Nov. 9, Lieutenant-Colonel John Maclean, formerly of the 43d, 20th, and 46th regiments.
At Plymouth, Christiana, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Spinluff, formerly of the Enniskillen Dragoons.
At Dover, Lucy, widow of Captain J. N. Crampton, of the Rifle Brigade.
Nov. 8, at 12 Major-st., James Dempsey, aged 48.
At Ballintubber House, Geo. Tuohy, solicitor.
Oct. 29, in Rome, Georgianna, wife of Leckie Phelps, late of Melbourne, Australia, and daughter of Major Massey, of Plassy, county Limerick.
At Santa Cruz, of typhus fever, Francis Melville Whyte, son of George M. Knipe, of Erne Hill, county Cavan.
Oct. 14, at St. Louis, Missouri, Magdeline, relict of William Wightman, formerly of Lisburn, and eldest daughter of the late Isaac Patton, of Belfast.
Sept. 14, at Bombay, aged 75 years, Emily, relict of Henry Yielding Eager, formerly Paymaster of the 90th Light Infantry.
Sept. 10, at Calcutta, Lieutenant Henry Montgomery, of the Bengal Artillery, son of the Rev. Dr. Montgomery, of Dunmurry, county Antrim.
At Calcutta, Charles, eldest son of the late Charles Pigott, Esq., of the Bengal Native Infantry, and grandson of the late Colonel Pigott, of Slevoy Castle county Wexford.

Special Notices.

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete prcess (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**
nov29, 3ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine FASHIONABLE HAT! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.
N. B.—Best quality, $2, as good as any Hats sold in this city for $4 or $5.
SMITH, No. 31 Park Row,
sept6 1yr Under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman-st.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS
Remove every morbid affection, perfectly cleanse the blood from all foulness, and renovate weak and enfeebled constitutions to perfect health and vigor. Established One Hundred and Five years. Principal office, No. 43 Canal Street, New-York. Twenty-five Cents per Box. nov29.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

Double Opera Week.

Grand revival of the two great burlesque Operas,

Trovatore and Maritana,

with all the charming and popular music.

Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Dec. 1, 2, & 3,

Trovatore,

and on Teursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings,

Maritana,

with all the popular music.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 889 Broadway, between 18th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 3 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.

JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL

OF THE

EMMET LIFE GUARD.

ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the GUARD and at this office.

☞ The LIFE GUARD pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.

A. O'TOOLE, Sec'y.
JAMES WATSON, Treasurer. oct11

Sporting!—Young Men desirous of forming a FOOT-BALL CLUB are requested to meet at the *Grape Vine Cottage*, 45 Second avenue, to make arrangements for a parade on St. Stephen's Day, (26th Dec.) This being the first affair of this kind, it is expected there will be a large attendance. 1t. nov 8.

Lectures.

A LECTURE

Will be delivered by

Richard O'Gorman, Esq.,

Before the

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,

At the

Broadway Tabernacle,

On Thursday evening, December 4th at 8 o'clock.

SUBJECT....The Days of Chivalry!

Tickets twenty-five cents. To be had at the Catholic bookstores, at the rooms of the Association 889 Broadway, and at the office of this paper.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

Lecture at the Odeon.—Mr. JAMES ROCHE will, at the request of several friends, Lecture at the Odeon, in Williamsburg,, on Tuesday, 2d of December, on—GALWAY AND ITS SIEGES, HISTORY, AND POSITION FOR A PACKET STATION BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA. Tickets 25 cents: to be had at Mr. Wall's, cor. 2d and north 3d sts.; Mr. McCadden, Grand street, near 1st; Mr. Walsh, 95 South 6th street; Mr. McGinn, Sexton of the Catholic Church, and at the door of the Odeon the night of Lecture.

☞ **O. A. Brownson, L.L.D.,** will deliver a course of three Lectures on the CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION, at the Hope Chapel, No. 718 Broadway, on MONDAY, FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY, Dec. 8th, 12th and 17th, 1856. Tickets to the course, $1; single lecture, 50 cents; to be had at the Catholic bookstores, and at the door, on the night of the lecture. d6 1t

Special Notices.

PRICES REDUCED.

Fine Black Cloth Frock Coats	$ 8
Fine Black Dress Coats	$ 8
Fine Brown Frock Coats	$ 8
Fall Raglans	$ 8
Cassimere Business Coats	$3 50 to $ 8
Black Cassimere Pants	$2 50 to $ 5
Fancy Cassimere Pants	$1 50 to $ 5
Rich Moire-Antique Silk Vests	$ 3
Zephyr Cassimere suits	$ 8
Complete genteel Black Cloth suits	$12

Evans' Extensive Clothing Warehouse,
oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

NOVEMBER!—Ladies, Winter is Coming; and if you wish Cloth Button BOOTS, with warm Linings, Gaiter Boots and Shoes of all kinds—Boys' Misses, and Childrens' Boots and Shoes, with India Rubber Shoes of all the various styles, (Goodyear's Patent,) the very best kind manufactured, patronize J. B. MILLER & CO.,
nov15 4t No. 134 Canal-st.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE.
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Doctor M. E. Foy, Surgeon, has removed his office to 170 West Nineteenth-street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. OFFICE HOURS from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.
☞ To accommodate his patients in the Eastern part of the city, Dr. F. will attend daily from 2 to 3 P. M., at Ryerson's drug store, 185 Avenue B, between 11th and 12th streets. MIDWIFERY ENGAGEMENTS promptly attended to. Medicine and advice to the poor gratis. sept18 3mos

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says: "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the CHEAPEST Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very VERY BEST Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say, that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.
Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept13 3mos 63 Liberty street, N. Y.

Official Notices.

Proclamation! — Mayor's Office, Nov. 10, 1856.—Whereas, on the evening of the 18th of October last, Terrence Frawley, a resident of the City of New-York, while passing through Mott street, opposite or ner number 65 in that street, was stabbed and has since died from the wounds then and there received; and whereas there is good cause to believe that the said Frawley was so stabbed by a man named Dominick O'Donnell, Now, therefore, I, Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New-York, by virtue of the authority vested in me, do offer a reward of two hundred and fifty Dollars, for the arrest of the said O'Donnell. Said reward to be paid on his delivery to the keeper of any of the prisons of this city.
no22 FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Custom House, New-York, Collector's Office, November 1, 1856.—Notice to Importers.—Importers are notified that all goods left in the Appraiser's store, No. 12 Broad street, after being examined by the Appraisers, whether the same have been originally entered for warehouse or not, will be treated as unclaimed goods and sold. The Appraisers' stores are not warehouses, under the warehouse act for the storage of merchandize in bond, and no property can be permitted to remain there after the legal examination has been made. It is the duty of importers to have their goods transferred to some private bonded warehouse, immediately after this examination, or withdraw them if the duty has been paid, and should this be neglected they must incur the risk of having their property transferred to the United States Stores at the Atlantic Dock, and sold as unclaimed.
m1no22 HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.
Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.
Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.
Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.
Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.
Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.
Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.
Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.
Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.
Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.
Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.
Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.
Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.
Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.
Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.
Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at corner of 11th st. and First Ave. JOHN LANE, Capt.
Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.
Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.
Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.
Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.
Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.
Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.
Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.
Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.
Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.
Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.
Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.
Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.
Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.
Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.
Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.
Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.
Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.
Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.
Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y4jjune

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stiles, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object,* and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS,*) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees,*

GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 185, 187 and 188 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables combine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 58 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by **J. Parkes,** No. 195 Fulton, below Church street, sept27 3mos New-York.

☞ Post Office.—Notice.—Change of Hour.—On and after MONDAY, the 3d day of November, the Mails will close as follows:

Eastern Mail by Railroad,.....at 2 P. M.
New-York and Erie Railroad Mails.....at 3 P. M.
North Mail by Hudson River Railroad.....at 3½ P. M.

November 1, 1856.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Musical.—A young lady lately connected with the profession in Europe, *where she studied under the first and best masters,* is desirous of giving a limited number of pupils the advantage of a *good education on the Piano.* Any family who may kindly favor her with a trial, may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trener, 90 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring, by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

Stammering, &c., Permanently and Radically cured, by the successful Dr. JONES, without pain or operation, generally in from one to four hours. He is so sure of being able to cure any and all cases, that he requires no pay until he is successful. Office rooms No. 571 Broadway, (opposite Metropolitan Hotel), New-York, no22

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparen expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,
Aug23 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

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Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

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Business Directory.

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Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856.

The Irish News.

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JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR. JAMES ROCHE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1856. NO. 36.

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THE IRISH NEWS,

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Communications of a PRIVATE nature should always be marked so. Those connected with the editorial department are to be addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, and those on business to Richard J. Lalor, Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau.

☞ Subscribers, residing in New-York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, who pay in advance, will have their papers neatly enveloped, addressed, and delivered on each Wednesday through Boyd's Express or some similar medium.

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☞ A list of Subscribers will be printed in the work.

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Dear Haverty—I wish you to put down my name as a Subscriber to Mr. O'Mahony's translation of "Foras Feasa ar Erinn."

That is a book long wanted, and which the Celtic Society ought to have given us long ago. If William Elliott had lived, it would have been accomplished. And it will be no small credit to you, if you can bring out here in America, a work long acknowledged to be a *desideratum* in Ireland; executed, too, by a scholar so competent both to translate and to illustrate it with notes as Mr. O'Mahony. I hope it is well advanced in its preparation.

Faithfully yours, JOHN MITCHEL.

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Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

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Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 18, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856.

European News.

The Royal Mail steamship *Arabia*, from Liverpool on the 22nd of November, brings one week's later dates than those received by the Persia. The news is not important, business and politics being eqnally stagnant.

The American ship General Dunlop, while passing to the eastward, close to Europa Point, missed her stays, and went ashore, and became a total wreck. The crew were saved. H. B. M. steam-sloop Curlew, Capt. Horton, gave prompt aid, which the U. S. Consul at Gibraltar duly acknowledged.

Great Britain.—The ships James Baines and Lightning, had arrived at Liverpool with a million and three hundred thousand pounds in specie. In connection therewith, and with the absence of further withdrawals from the Bank, the Times anticipates an early return to the rate of six per cent., but says much will depend on the next advices from China and India.

The British Government has, at the request of Cyrus W. Field, Esq., of New-York, ordered a steamer to be fitted out under efficient officers, to examine thoroughly the coast of Ireland and Newfoundland, and to sound across the Atlantic between these parts to ascertain the best place for laying and landing the Sub-marine Telegraph cable. The Government has further agreed to guarantee four per cent interest per annum on the whole capital required to manufacture and lay down the cable between Newfoundland and Ireland.

Contracts for the whole extent of the Atlantic cables were signed in London on Tuesday, the 19th ult., one-half to be manufactured by Messrs. W. Keeper, Glass & Co., of London, and the other by R. S. Nowell & Co., of Liverpool. It is all to be completed and placed on board of two steamers, ready for sea, on or before the 31st of May next; and by the 4th of July next it is confidently expected that Great Britain and the United States will be in telegraphic communication.

Mr. Field and Mr. Brett, of London, were received on Thursday morning by the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester, and on the afternoon of the same day by the Commercial Association of that city.

France.—A Paris correspondent writes that the Emperor and Empress, with a select party, will, after all, go to Fontainbleau.

A treaty of commerce has been concluded between France and the Sandwich Islands.

Spain.—The reported arrangement between the Spanish Bourbons had failed. The Queen of Spain was kept in the dark as to the real project of the clerical party, which was her own eventual abdication and the marriage of her daughter to the eldest son of the Infanta, Don Juan.

A republican movement had taken place. At Malaga on the 18th ult., the garrison was attacked by persons proclaiming a Republic. The troops resisted and order was soon re-established. Five of the insurgents were killed. The garrison had seven wounded men. The latest accounts from Spain report the Malaga insurrection as having no political aim, but as simply intended for smuggling purposes. It was understood that all the prisoners had been executed. Further movements were expected, as the incorporation of the militia into the regular army had led to the desertion of vast numbers, who would be, it was thought quite ready for such attempts.

Portugal.—The elections at Lisbon had not been favorable to the Government, a majority being obtained by the candidates of the "Regeneration."

Sicily.—The Governor of Palermo has ordered a strict surveillance to be exercised upon all the French and English commercial vessels. It was probable that within a day or two the Neapolitan question, which had remained in a state of stagnation for a long time, would advance a stage one way or the other.

Denmark.—The Prussian correspondence of Berlin says: "We learn from a good source that the last notes sent to Copenhagen by Prussia and Austria fix the 10th of December as the period when those powers will bring the question of the Sound Dues before the German Diet. In the event of either representations being unattended by the Danish Government, it is announced that England has agreed to pay to Denmark as the price of redeeming the Sound Dues, a capital sum calculated on an annual revenue of £45,000. The British at present pay £70,000 yearly as passing tolls."

The Black Sea.—The Paris *Pays* contains the following explanation relative to the firing on the English gun-boat at Yenikale: "We believe the affair has been explained to the satisfaction of both parties. The gun-boat being about to pass the Straits, a gun loaded with powder was fired according to common usage as a signal. The captain explained to the commandant of the forts his reason for being in those waters. The first shot not having been heard, a second one was fired, and subsequently a third; after which the English vessel answered and accepted the required parly. The two commanding officers, Russian and English, having exchanged explanations, agreed to refer the matter to the two embassies at Constantinople, and this course having been taken, it was, we understand, amicably arranged."

The East.—Advices from Constantinople of the 13th inst., state that M. D. Bouteniffe had again endeavored to obtain from the Government the dismissal of English ships from the Bosphorus. The attempts of Terouk Khan had failed to effect with Lord Redcliffe a settlement of the disputes between England and Persia. An English frigate had arrived at Constantinople, and other ships were expected.

The London *Times*, speaking of the threatened disturbance of the Western Alliance, says in its issue of November 15:—"It is now for the first time formally made known to the world, through a perfectly official and authentic channel, that there exists a difference between England and France. This difference, in accordance with the conciliatory spirit which it has so honorably evinced, the *Moniteur* characterizes as of slight importance—a conclusion in which we regret that we are unable to concur. In differences between friends no good is ever done by undervaluing their importance and seeking to slur over matters that must be peremptorily settled one way or the other, in order to secure an appearance of immediate peace and reconciliation. We do not, then, think it is a subject of small importance whether the matters in difference between England and Russia be settled by a preliminary agreement or by a second conference."

And again—"If this Russian difficulty be not settled before the time appointed for the meeting of Parliament, we forsee infinite perils for the alliance in the discussion which must necessarily ensue."

THE WAR IN ASIA.

Bombay (Oct. 17) Correspondence of the London Times.

Respecting the operations of the Persian army before Herat, I have still nothing but contradictory reports to communicate. The Lahore *Chronicle*, which as I mentioned a month ago, spoke with confidence of the fall of the place, has now published two letters from Cabul, dated respectively the 5th and 14th of September, which (if they are to be believed) place that matter beyond the possibility of a doubt. They state that Prince Yusuf contrived to lull the suspicions of Esa Khan and his party, and getting the chief into his power, caused him to be put to death, and, displaying his quartered remains over the gates of the city, threatened the like punishment on any that ventured to resist the supremacy of the Persians. Awed and dispirited by the fall of their leader, the Affghans submitted passively to Yusuf and the Persian General, who proceeded to occupy the city in great force. The sons of Esa Khan speedily met the same fate as had already befallen their father.

Thus the Lahore *Chronicle*. But in the Delhi *Gazette* we find a letter from Cabul of later date—the 20th of September—from which it would appear that all was still uncertainty at the capital as to the position of affairs at Herat. The reports of the capture of the place are alluded to as propagated by one party, whose opponents on the other hand, maintained that it still held out. As I observed in my last, the success or failure of the Persians appears to be regarded in the light of a party question by the rival factions in Affghanistan, and to be traded upon accordingly. It is abundantly clear, I think, that neither of these conflicting reports are to be implicitly relied on. So says the Cabul letter-writer of the Delhi *Gazette*. Nothing, he declares, was to be trusted but despatches for the Ameer, from Herat direct, forwarded to the Governor of Cabul for his information, and such despatches he was hoping shortly to receive.

Bombay *Gazette* extra of this day reprints from an extraordinary edition of the Poona *Observer*, the following important, if true, intelligence relative to the Persian expedition.

In consequence of instructions received from Bombay by electric telegraph late yesterday evening, a sudden order was issued for the immediate march of the first Company 1st Battalion of European Artillery and the Reserve Details, which arrived the other day from Ahmednuggur, and they accordingly left Poona at a very early hour this morning for Oolwa, *en route* for the Presidency, to join the force proceeding to the Persian Gulf.

The orders for these movements were issued at 10 o'clok last night, upon the receipt of instructions by electric telegraph.

The troops under orders to join the expedition have for some days past been thoroughly equipped and ready to start at a moment's notice. The men are in the highest spirits, and are rejoiced at the prospects of the approaching cold weather campaign.

A report has just reached us that the force to be sent against Persia from the Bombay Presidency alone is to be increased from 5,000 to 15,000.

It is rumored that the orders for these movements of troops have been issued under instructions received by the Bombay Government from Lord Canning, by electric telegraph, and that the Government of India has received the final instructions of the home authorites for the dispatch of the expedition by the last overland mail. It would also appear that the dispatch containing the declaration of war against Persia was sent through our Ambassador at Constantinople. It is strange that duplicates of these dispatches were not sent to the Bombay Government, even as a mere act of courtesy.

The British Press on Mr. Buchanan's Election.

From the London Times, Nov. 17.

If we may believe the information communicated to us by the agent of the Associated New-York Press, Mr. Buchanan was elected President on the 4th inst., and will shortly be the Chief Magistrate of the United States. So ends the long struggle which has convulsed the Union during many months. The questions as to the preponderance of the slaveholding power and the extension of Slavery into new territories are resolved in a manner unfavorable to the hopes of the North and of that great portion of the English community which sympathised with Northern policy and traditions. But not only is the fate of Kansas decided by this event, but the foreign policy of the Union must be held to be deeply influenced in a sense contrary to the wishes of moderate men, both at home and in Europe.

It cannot be forgotten that Mr. Buchanan, when Minister to this country, gave but little assistance to the peaceful settlement of the questions that had arisen between America and England. It has been thought, and not without reason, that Lord Clarendon's endeavors to terminate more than one dispute *were baffled by the American representative, not with any wish to involve the two countries in war*—an event which he probably thought no amount of acrimony could bring about—but *because he saw in the continuance of this angry spirit an electioneering advantage to himself in his candidateship for the Presidency.* Nor can it be forgotten that at the Ostend Conference, where doctrines entirely subversive of the commonest rights of nations were promulgated, Mr. Buchanan took a principal part. The acquisition of Cuba by almost any means was adopted by the Conference as the keystone of a true American Statesman's foreign policy, and it may be inferred by analogy that aggression on other American States with valuable ports or territory would follow in due course.

With respect, therefore, to the event which has just taken place, we can only repeat the observations which we made when the Pennsylvania election showed that it was imminent. We cannot pretend to judge the public men of the Union except by the light which their own actions and the opinions of their countrymen furnish; neither would it become us to express immoderate joy or regret at the result of a domestic political contest in a foreign country; yet, as the American Statesman, by his own confession and by the common report of his countrymen, holds views inconsistent with the independence of certain neighboring States, we cannot but think that, so far, the endorsement of his claims by the majority of his countrymen is in fact to be viewed with regret.

It may reassure the world, however, to find that the Northern States, which have been so moved by this long contest, are disposed, now that it is over, to pay willing obedience to the new magistrate and the Government which he may inaugurate. Submission to the will of the majority is part of the American nature. It is therefore probable that in a few weeks much of the anger and exaggeration of the last six months will have passed away. We cannot agree with those who have been lately speaking of a disruption of the American Union. In past times the probability of such an event was often discussed in European circles, but the very notion was ridiculed by every American. He would say that the inviolability of the Union was an idea cherished by an American from youth to the grave, and that an eminent politician had been unable during his whole life to attain to the Presidency because he had on one occasion set up the authority of an individual State against the Federal Government.

But lately we have had native Americans debating not only whether such disruption might not be possible, but also whether it would not be advisable to effect it at once. The result of this election will set the matter at rest. It will be seen that the whole American people will acquiesce in the solemn verdict which has been taken. Perhaps there is not so much sincerity in the dislike to slavery as might be thought from the bitterness of the struggle; perhaps vested rights and the instinct of property prevail; at any rate, at present the North will acquiesce in all that the South has demanded; Kansas will be a Slave State, and the fugitive slave law will be strictly enforced, and everything will go on in the old way for four years more.

But, leaving the domestic institution, we have a right to criticise more freely the election in its bearing on international politics. We are the people most nearly concerned with the American Union; the citizens of the two countries are brought into constant contact; we have large dealings with the States which are most opposed to American aggression; we have, therefore, a claim to speak in the matter. If the antecedents of a long life may be used as a basis for judging a statesman's career, it may be thought that Mr. Buchanan is less the enthusiastic promoter of a policy in which he believes than the embodiment of the notions which are for a time dominant in the American Democracy.

The new President is rather a man who seeks for popularity and office than one resolute to carry out schemes on which he is fixedly set. He was not a candidate tor the Presidency because he wished to make aggression on Spain, but accepted strong language regarding Spanish rights because it would tell on the election for the Presidency. It may be hoped, however, that now he is at the summit of his ambition, he will disengage himself from those dangerous schemes to which he has seemingly committed himself. From this point of view Mr. Buchanan may, in spite of the Ostend Manifesto, endorsed though it was on the Cincinnati platform, be a President sufficiently scrupulous as to the law of nations. We trust, for the sake of America and the world, that this will be the case. But still it is impossible not to recollect that there are men who aspire to the same exalted position which Mr. Buchanan has already attained, and who may consider the persistence in the same doctrines as an advantageous policy. More than one of these is connected with the present Government, and may prolong the irritation and bickering which have marked the existing Presidency. Such men as Jefferson, Davis, and Douglas have been the evil geniuses of President Pierce, and may, perhaps, bring equal discredit on the Government of his successor. We trust that Mr. Buchanan, now that he is placed in the highest office that an American citizen can fill, will rise to his position, and administer to the affairs of his country with firmness and independence of judgment. The power of an American President is perhaps beyond that of an analagous Minister in a Free State; he is a sovereign irremoveable during his term of office, and may, if he chooses, be practically his own Minister. We sincerely hope that he will understand the true interests of the land he governs, and that, as far as regards England, he will endeavor to preserve those feelings of mutual esteem and good will which, within the last few years, have grown up so largely between the two conntries.

Officers of an American Ship Fined for an Asssault.

Cases of outrage, says the London *Times*, on board American packet ships while on the high seas and in the river are of frequent occurrence. Not unfrequently seamen jump into the streams on the arrival of ships at this port in order to escape the brutality from the mates, and numerous cases are admitted into the hospitals in which men have been beaten within an inch of their lives. Several days during the past week Mr. Mansfield, the stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool, was engaged in the investigation of charges against Wm. De Courcy, mate, Woodward, second mate, and Miller, fourth mate, of the large American cargo ship *Ocean Monarch*; and the evidence disclosed a series of brutalities of the most dreadful and disgusting nature. It was ultimately decided that the part of the river in which the assaults occurred was in the jurisdiction of the county magistrates, before two of whom (Mr. Theakstone and Mr. Tinne) the defendants were brought. De Courcy, against whom six cases of assault were proved, was fined £5 each in two cases, £2 each in three cases, and £1 in the remaining case—in all, £17. Woodward was fined 40s. each and costs in two cases; and Miller was fined 40s. and costs in one case. The money was paid in each case.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The ship Cuban, of this port, Captain Galloway, says the *North British* (Glasgow) *Mail*, which arrived here from Demerara on Wednesday, met with an extraordinary adventure on her homeward voyage. About 9.20 p.m. of the 16th inst., when in latitude 43,49 N. long. 29.50 W., the ship, which was running before the wind at the rate of 9 1-2 knots an hour, received such a shock that she heeled over several strakes, and her way was completely stopped, while the men who were sleeping in the starboard berths of the top-gallant forecastle, were thrown out upon their chests. Shortly after the shock, an immense whale rose at a short distance from the ship's quarter, and after lying motionless for a short time, as if stunned by the blow, swam towards the vessel, as if with the intention of repeating the attack. It was a moment of intense anxiety on board; but, fortunately, when close to the stern, the monster wheeled round in the opposite direction, and dived, throwing with his tail, as he did so, a quantity of blood and water on board. It was a moonlight night, and the bulk of the huge animal could be seen distinctly towering to a considerable height above the surface. When he dived, his tail appeared to those on board, to be from 30 to 40 feet out of the water. The pumps were sounded, but the ship was found to be making no water. From the force of the blow, and the fact that he heard a whale blowing a short time before the shock occurred, it is supposed that the fish made a regular attack upon the ship, and was not come in contact with while asleep. An estimate of its immense size and power may be formed from the fact of its bringing to a stand still a deeply laden vessel of 500 tons, and sailing at a rate of nearly ten knots an hour.

The celebrated English Cotswold ram "*Champion*," which has taken prizes at all the leading agricultural shows in England, Ireland and Paris, weighs about 400 lbs.

Correspondence.

"OUT WEST" CORRESPONDENCE.

State Fair—John Mitchel—Trip out West—Sale of the Delaware Reservation Lands—Speculators—Muster of the Squatter Sovereigns of Kansas—Appearance and Organization—Crowns and Regalia—Kansas—&c. &c.

We have had our State carnival of late, under the name of an "Agricultural and Mechanical Fair," at which, for five consecutive days, some thirty thousand daily visitors were congregated. The grounds being some three miles from the city, brought into requisition every species of vehicle into which, by an effort of contrivance, the means of sitting could be introduced; and so from the Town to the ground stretched a line of carriages, omnibusses, buggys, sulkys, rockaways, furniture vans, and baggage wagons, all crowded with "fair women and brave men," giving (if you could imagine the laughter and jaunting cars) a lively idea of the Donnybrook road in the olden fair time, from Leeson street bridge to Cold Blow lane. The Exhibition grounds cover some fifty acres, well enclosed, with some two hundred and twenty-six cattle stalls, various sheds and buildings for stock and machinery, exhibition rooms, &c., and ample apartment accommodation. The principal structure is the Amphitheatre, with a circumference of some twelve hundred feet, and capable of seating twenty thousand spectators (I write in the Age of Hoops) under cover; it is a permament structure, and the grounds will be used annually for a State fair.

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When having written the foregoing, some three weeks since, it so happened that I had to start for the West at an hour's notice, and left the Fair-grounds description mid-way—and as, in the present fast age, such dates are only tolerated for Indian and Australian news, I did not, on my return, venture to continue.

I had the pleasure of seeing John Mitchel on Monday last. He had delivered a lecture on Saturday to one of the largest and most intelligent audiences that ever assembled to hear a discourse in our city. As I had been assured by a gentleman who was present, I found Mitchel improved in bodily appearance since I last saw him—now eight years since—when I sat beside him in the pillar room of the Rotunda—on that stormy evening when resistance to the Search Act was discussed—and when, as he stood up to reply to an interrogatory of O'Gorman, I looked fixedly on him, and mentally concluded that, humanly speaking, he could not last a year. I believe firmly that the British Government saved his life by the worst intentions. He was invited to a magnificent dinner on Monday night by some fifty gentlemen, which (as you may predicate of any dinner partaken of by fifty sympathisers with the Confederates) was a most agreeable affair, and he has no doubt carried away with him a memory of the "Border Ruffians" which is altogether at variance with the ideas of his friend, Henry Ward Beecher.

At Fort Leavenworth, on the 17th inst., I had the opportunity of seeing the muster of the "Squatter Sovereigns of Kansas," the occasion was the "Sale of the Delaware Reserve Lands," about which, for some time past, serious fears of bloodshed were entertained; it being known that the sale would be by public auction to the highest bidder, which gave the outside speculator a chance to come in, and by his money take from the Squatter the land he had labored on through war and winter. In view of such a contingency the Squatters had organised thoroughly each Township, appointing a buyer and a "Squatter Court" to adjust conflicting claims, and determined to protect their right to the land, at Government appraisement, at any risk and against all odds. Approaching the time of sale, the speculators began to arrive in hundreds, so true is it "wherever the carcase is, there will the vultures be gathered together." On the boat on which I passed up the river there were some 180 passengers, the greater part of whom were going to attend the sale. On the 17th there could not be less than three millions of gold on the ground and an immense amount of subdued excitement. By this time, however, the speculators had concluded that it would not be safe to buy over the Squatters' heads, and consequently were reduced to the less profitable gambling of buying up claims. From many of those disappointed people you will have, no doubt, long letters in the Eastern papers when they get back, complaining that the professed openness of the sale was not guaranteed, and making strong appeals to constitutional rights and Abolitionism. The fact is, the sale was declared public and was so, and any man whose cupidity and conscience were equal had the privilege of bidding on a claim, nay of buying it—but that the enjoyment of it would fall to the lot of his executors was morally certain within twelve hours, and knowing this, fear supplied the place of honest feeling, and so he didn't bid.

Now, as to the Sovereigns themselves! You ask how did they look? They mustered some twenty-five or thirty hundred strong, and might be calculated on effectively delivering in 20 minutes twenty thousand arguments, warranted by Colonel Colt to be the most weighty and unanswerable in the range of logic. Those same Squatter Sovereigns were the most rugged, rough, royal, right-angled set of "ruffians" that I have ever seen; men to conquer a wilderness and found an empire; men to be respected for manliness and muscle, no less than for their rifle and revolver; men in whom all that is manly is emulated, and amongst whom more real chivalry would be found than on your entire seaboard, not excluding Virginia. You, ask "were they crowned?" Yes, Sir, their royal heads were graced with stovepipe, felt, and sombrero hats; coon, wolf, and squirrel caps, with composite styles, so various as to defy classification; and then, as mantles, there were white blankets, blue blankets, striped blankets, Indian blankets, bear-skin coats, stage coats, deerskin coats, hunting shirts, with home-spun pants, and cowhides, buckskin ditto, and Mocassins, &c. &c., all comprising the outer robing of the august assembly. In fact, it was a sight worth seeing, as those hardy pioneers poured into the Fort, and stood silent, but ready to assert, at any price, their undoubted right to the lands which their labor had subdued, and even Greeley would be constrained to admire them I doubt not, had he been there to see; nor must you for an instant suppose that when I use Greeley's term, "Ruffians", I mean anything more than a geographical distinction.

The seventh Township was the first sold, and sold at from $150 to $210 an acre. Owing to the organization no difficulties arose, except a feud between rival claimists, not involving loss of life, though it did of blood, as no speculator was fool-hardy enough to overbid the Squatter. Norman Eddy, the commissioner, made a well digested short speech, at the opening of the sale, which completely allayed an excitement that might have otherwise been serious. All political differences were forgotten, or rather set aside, in the common danger, and the "Ruffian" and "Beecherite" stood stoutly together, shoulder to shoulder, ready to "rub out" their mutual enemy, the land-shark. I do not pretend to say, however, that when the lands are perfectly secured by the Squatters that there may not be an occassional balancing of "old accounts;" and yet, now that Buchanan is elected,—Geary, Governor—and to fill a column of the electioneering matter of the *Tribune*—to 'kill a man in Kansas'—is not necessary, it is probable that there will be peace in the territory; and it should be—for the portion of the territory which I rode over (from Kickapoo to Leavenworth) is as beautiful a country as man could desire—picturesque as Wicklow, and in parts rich as the Valley of Sciota. I had intended giving some incidents, but find I have been already immeasurably prolix for one letter, and will, therefore, for the present, conclude—to take up, perhaps, in another letter—the thread of a Western Tour.

COSMOPOLITE.

St. Louis, Nov. 26, 1856.

American News.

Judge John C. Larue of this city, died suddenly at his residence on Magazine street, on the 10th ult. He had been in feeble health at intervals for years, but was recently much better than usual. The *N. O. Picayune* says, up to within a few minutes of his death he was comparatively well and in good spirits. The manner of hs death was as deeply touching as awfully sudden. His wife had been indisposed, and he remained home to keep her company. He lay on a low sofa, quite cheerful. She reclined along the floor, leaning on his shoulder, his arm about her—the child on the sofa, playing with its father. Suddenly the child asked abruptly, "Papa, what makes your eyes roll so?" and with a convulsive stretch he said to his wife, "My darling, I am dying." Not unused to spasms of illness, she answered, "Don't, dear—don't frighten me so." "I tell you," replied he, with emphasis, "I am dying." She started to get restoratives; he said "No, no." She rushed to the window, calling for servants, "A doctor! a doctor!" and turning saw his face distorted, and his hands clenched. His only words were, "No, no; let me die in peace!" when his face recovered a smiling expression, his limbs relaxed, and he breathed but two or three times again. Judge Larue was a native of New Jersey. He went to New Orleans about twenty-two or three years ago, and was engaged for some time as tutor in a family. He worked, at one time, as a printer, and early connected himself with the press in an editorial capacity. He was one of the early editors and proprietors of the New Orleans *Crescent*, and was a prominent candidate before the Democratic Convention for the office of Attorney-General, when Hon. Isaac E. Morse was selected. The Governor appointed him Judge of the First District Court.

The Adams Co. (Ohio) *Democrat*, Nov. 27, gives the following outline of a case of Lynch Law in Ohio:—On Friday night the house of Mr. Israel Morris, of Manchester, was broken into during the absence of Mr. M. The person of Mrs. Morris (who was alone with two small infants) was violated in the most shocking manner. When discovered next morning by the cries of the children, it was found that her jaw was dislocated, and otherwise injured to such an extent as to render her entirely helpless. When sufficiently recovered to speak, she said that in the conflict she had scratched the lip of her assaulter so that it bled freely. This led to the arrest of a brute Negro, named Bill Terry, who bore the mark upon his lip. An infuriated mob took him to the neighboring tree, and swung him by the neck until he confessed. He was then sent to West Union and confined. But the husband of Mrs. M. returning and learning the particulars of the crime, he aroused his friends, went to West Union, forced the jail, and returning with the Negro, swung him from a limb of a tree until he was dead.

Great excitement exists in Martinsville (La.) The Attapakas *Register* of the 22d ult. states:—We learn from a letter now before us, dated St. Martinsville, 18th ult., that the town has been thrown into great commotion by the intelligence that a servile insurrection had been detected, the object of which was murder and rapine. The day on which this nefarious project was to be put in execution was fixed for Christmas. The ringleaders, favorite family servants, have been arrested, viz: a mulatto boy belonging to E. Broussard, another to J. A. Bonnafon, and a third to Alcibiade Deblanc, besides many others in other sections of the parish. Strenuous efforts are being made to sift the whole plot, and bring the offenders to justice.

Gen. Persifer F. Smith, commanding the military department in the West, writes to the War Department, under date the 11th ult., that order and tranquillity have gradually resumed their sway in Kansas. The troops in the territory, with the exception of a squadron of dragoons and one company of infantry, who are to remain and guard the State prisoners, are henceforth to devote themselves to making preparations for a campaign against the Cheyenne Indians in the spring. The winter in Kansas has commenced with severity much earlier than usual.

The Banquet of the Democracy in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on the 3rd inst., in honor of the Presidential victory, was a joyous and interesting demonstration. The hall was finely decorated. The tables were bountifully spread, and the speeches and other exercises generally jubilant. Oliver Frost presided. Among the speakers were Hon. John S. Wells, Collector Peaslee, Col. J. H. George, B. F. Hallett, and several other prominent gentlemen.

The canal tolls for the season to the 15th inst., foot up $2,590,369, a deficiency, as compared with the same period in 1855, of $42,407.

All the prisoners in the Newcastle (Delaware) jail made their escape on the night of the 17th inst.

The Wheeling *Times*, (Va.) says: "A day or two since, some workmen engaged in subsoiling the grounds of Sheriff Wickham, at his vineyard in East Wheeling, came across a human skeleton. Although much decayed, there was not much difficulty in identifying it, by placing the bones which could not have belonged to other than a human body, in their primitive position. The impression made by the skeleton in the earth and the skeleton itself, were measured by the Sheriff and a brother in the craft *locale*, both of whom are prepared to swear that it was ten feet nine inches in length. Its jaws and teeth were almost as large as those of a horse. The bones are to be seen at the Sheriff's office."

It has been represented to the Post-Office Department that in many of the post-offices, particularly at the South, public documents are allowed to remain for weeks and months without being dispatched or delivered according to their address. Accordingly the Postmaster-General has issued stringent instructions on the subject, and such delinquency on the part of any postmaster, when reported to the Department, will be considered good cause for removal from office.

Charles Irving, of the Lynchburg *Republican*, it appears, took exceptions to an article in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, written by Mr. Bagby of Lynchburg, and sent him a challenge. The parties went to Washington on the morning of the 3rd inst. Mr. Irving was accompanied by Messrs. Pryor, Bocock and Keitt, and Mr. Bagby by Messrs. W. C. Corrie and W. L. Blanchard. On the arrival upon the ground of the parties the matter was amicably and honorably adjusted without a shot.

The editor of a Western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it the man said, "You can easily get it fixed." "Yes," replied the editor, "but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar." "Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor; here's the quarter, but I'll thank you to stop my paper at once."

Joseph Mitchell a poor drunken representative of the Penobscot tribe, says the Bangor *Journal* of the 4th inst., was found drowned near Roberts' wharf, above the toll-bridge, and it is supposed he fell in the previous night in a state of intoxication.

Reports received in Washington from the United States Surveyor-General for Utah, show that he has made considerable progress in surveying the settled portions of that vast and troublesome territory.

We see by the Baton Rouge *Advocate* that Mr. T. H. Hatch has disposed of his interest, and his connection with the paper ceased, which will hereafter be carried on by John M. Taylor & Co.

The Pointe-a-la-Hache *National* understands that Mr. Louis Duvigneaud, K.-N. foreign orator, is about to abandon Louisiana forever, and suggests that the honorable gentleman should settle somewhere in his native Island, Hayti. The *National* cautions Mr. D. to beware of Soulouque, as that august personage is somewhat jealous of his authority.

The slave Rich, convicted at the last term of the circuit court of Tallapoosa county of the murder of Eli T. Pouncey, his master, suffered the extreme penalty of the law on the 19th inst. So says the Dadeville *Banner*.

An accomplished swindler bearing the name of D. N. Dobelman, has been arrested in Philadelphia, on account of information given by Mestayer & Pergeline, importers, of this city.

On the morning of the 3d inst., locomotive No. 143, attached to the milk train of the N. Y. and Erie railroad, when near Sufferns station, exploded, killing instantly G. W. Vance, the engineer, and severely injuring H. Carey, the fireman and two brakemen.

Theatres in New-Orleans are taxed by the State $200, by the city $315, and for the Charity Hospital $500—total $1,015 per annum. A petition is about to be presented to the legislature to reduce the amount.

The Trustees of the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute will apply to the next legislature for an increase of their capital stock to $100,000.

Twelve city lots have been sold for the sum total of $14,322 50, in Janesville, Wis. Eight years ago they were purchased for three hundred dollars, which then was considered an enormous price.

A Yankee at Panama sought shelter at the American Consul's from an earthquake. He thought even the earthquake should respect our flag.

During a Democratic procession at Augusta, Ga., a spark from one of the torches set fire to a cotton bale and five hundred were destroyed.

The papers of Pittsburg suggest that a Convention of Delegates from the cities interested in the trade of the Ohio Valley be held, in order to agree upon a plan for the improvement of the river navigation which shall be satisfactory to all.

On the Rio Grande the crops are said to be fine, but some fears are entertained that the fields, immediately in that region, may be damaged by the overflow, as the second crop has not yet been gathered.

The Yazoo *Banner* is early in the field. It comes out with the names of Millard Fillmore and Willam L. Sharkey as candidates for President and Vice-President for 1860.

A gentleman in Norfolk, Va., has fifty hens that average twenty eggs per day, amounting to 7,300 per year.

The Postmaster of Plattsburg, Mo., was arrested and held to bail in $4,000, on a charge of opening a letter and communicating its contents.

Here is another case of Negro villainy:—"Abraham, a Negro, convicted in Onslow, N. C., of rape on a young lady, has been senteneed to be hanged on Friday, 28 inst."

The most spirited competition witnessed for some time in the Incumbered Estates Court, was that at the sales of Greenmount property in the county Louth, purchasing for Mr. Finlay Chester, by Mr. P. J. Byrne. Mr. Dease retired when the biddings reached £17,000. Mr. M'Clintock's solicitor and Mr. Byrne then continued the biddings till they reached £18,950, when Mr. Byrne bid £19,000, and the property was knocked down to him. Mr. Chester was warmly congratulated by a number of friends on his being declared the purchaser.

The Magistrates at the Cork Police have refused to accept bail for Minton and Russell D. Connell, the father and son charged with the recent frauds at the Cork Charitable Loan Bank. They were consequently committed to the city gaol, there to await their trial at the ensuing assizes.

Irish News.

HIGH SHERIFFS.

The following are the names of the gentlemen returned by the Judges of Assize to serve the office of High Sheriff for the ensuing year :—

Antrim—Robert Grimshaw, Esq., Whitehouse, Belfast; Andrew Mulholland, Esq., Springvale, Kircubbin; George Gray, Esq., Graymount, Belfast.

Armagh—William Kirk, Esq., Annevale, Keady; Stewart Blacker, Esq., Carrick Blacker, Portadown; George Dunbar, Esq., The Palace, Armagh.

Carlow—Charles Doyne, Esq., Newtown Park, Blackrock; Arthur Kavanagh, Esq., Borris House, Kilkenny; Denis William Pack Beresford, Esq., Fenagh Lodge, Bagnalstown.

Carrickfergus Town—John Legg, Esq., Glynn Park, Carrickfergus; William John Campbell Allen, Esq., Carrickfergus; Marriett Robert Dalway, Esq., Belle Hill, Carrickfergus.

Cavan—Theophilus Clements, Esq., Rakenny Tullyvin; James Arthur Dease, Esq., Turbitstown, Castlepollard; David Fielding Jones, Esq., Hollieswood, Belturbet.

Clare—Francis Macnamara Calcott, Esq., St. Catherine's Ennistimon; James O'Brien, Esq., Elmvale, Corofin; Lieutenant Colonel Augustine Fitzgerald, Carrigoran, Newmarket-on-Fergus.

Cork—Sir Henry Wrixon Beecher, Bart., Ballygiblin, Mallow; Lord Viscount Boyle, Castlemartyr; John Wallis, Esq., Drishane Castle, Mill street.

Cork City—John Bainbridge, Esq., Frankfield, Cork; John Nicholas Murphy, Esq., Clifton, Cork; Godfrey T. Baker, Esq., Fort William, Cork.

Donegal—Sir Frederick Heygate, Ballarina, Netownlimavady; Horatio Granville Murray Stewart, Esq., Whitehouse, Killybegs; Francis S. Mansfield, Esq., Ardrummin, Letterkenny.

Down—David Ross, Esq., Bladensberg, Rostrevor; John Harrison, Esq., Mertown, Belfast; Daniel Delacherois, Esq., Donaghadee.

Drogheda Town—Francis Brodigan, Esq., Piltown House, Drogheda; Thomas Carty, Drogheda; Richard Gradwell, Esq., Dowth Hall, Drogheda.

Dublin—The Hon. Richard Gilbert Talbot, Ballinclea House, Dalkey; Sir Jocelyn Coghill, Bart., Belvidere House, Drumcondra; Charles Colthurst, Esq., Lucan House, Lucan.

Dublin City—The Hon. George Handcock, Merrion-square, Dublin; Samuel Law, Esq., Kilbarrack House, Raheny; Sir James Power, Bart., Hartcourt street, Dublin.

Fermanagh—The Hon. Colonel Crichton, Knockballymor, Clones; Francis John Graham, Esq., Drumgoon, Maguire's Bridge; Lieut. Colonel Hort, Hortlands, Kilcock.

Galway—James Galbraith, Esq., Cappard, Gort; the Hon. Gerald Dillon, Clonbrock; Pierce Joyce, Esq., Merview, Galway.

Galway Town—Peter Sarsfield Comyn, Esq., Killeen Farm, Galway; Bernaad O'Flaherty, Esq., Ardvilla, Galway; John W. Lynch, Renmore Lodge.

Kerry—Edward Hussy, Esq., Dingle; Charles Blennerhassett, Esq., Ballyseedy, Tralee; Francis C. Bland, Esq., Derryquin Castle, Sneem.

Kildare—Harvey Lewis, Esq., Kilcullen; Francis Bonham, Esq., Ballintaggart, Ballytore; Penthony O'Kelly, Esq., Somerton, Kingstown.

Kilkenny—Michael Denn Keatinge, Esq., Woodsgift, Freshford; Howard St. George, Esq., Kilrush, Freshford; Lord Walter Butler, Garryricken, Callan.

Kilkenny City—James Sullivan, Esq., Coal-market; George Paul Helsham, Esq., John street; Robert Kane, Esq., M. D., William street.

King's County—John Lucas, Esq., Mount Lucas, Philipstown; John A. Drought, Esq., Whigsborough, Parsonstown; Jonathan Darby, Esq., Leap Castle, Parsonstown.

Leitrim—William Richard Ormsby Gore, Esq., Derrycarne; Edward Maguire, Esq., Gortoral House, Swadlinbar; John L. Touche, Esq., Harristown.

Limerick—Major George Gavin, Kilpeacon, Limerick; Caleb Powell, Esq, Clonsbarry, Barrington's Bridge; Heffernan Considine, Esq., Derk, Pallasgreen.

Limerick City—Thomas Cane, Esq., M. D., George's street; Limerick; Captain Michael Gavin, Barrington street, Limerick; Andrew Vincent Watson, Esq., Limerick.

Londonderry City and County—William Edward Scott, Esq., Hillsboro, Londonderry; Connolly Thomas M'Causland, Esq., Fruit Hill, Newtownlimavady; Samuel Maxwell Alexander, Esq., Newtownlimavady.

Longford—John V. G. Porter, Esq., Kilskeeny, Enniskillen; George Evers, Esq., Minard, Newtownforbes; Ralph Anthony Dopping, Esq., Derrycassan, Granard.

Louth—William Montesquieu Bellew, Esq., Barmeath, Dunleer; Henry Singleton, Esq., the Mall, Drogheda; Matthew O'Reilly Dease, Esq., Charleville, Dunleer.

Mayo—Captain Fitzgerald Higgins, Westport; the Hon. George Yelverton, Hazlebrook, Westport; Francis R. O'Grady, Taurane.

Meath—John A. Farrell, Esq., Moynalty; the Hon. Hercules Langford Rowley, Summer Hill; Sir John Dillon, Bart., Lismullen, Navan.

Monaghan—Thomas Barrett Leonard, Esq., Bellhus, Essex; Jessie Lloyd, Esq., Camla, Monaghan; Plunkett Kenny, Esq, Moyles, Inniskean.

Queen's County—The Hon. James Butler, Lamberton Park, Maryborough; John Grace, Esq., Gracefield, Ballylinan; Henry Grastan, Esq., Vicarstown, Stradbally.

Roscommon—John Talbot, Esq., Mount Talbot, Athleague; Daniel Henry Irwin, Esq., Beechwood, Roscommon; the Hon. Edward Crofton, Moate Park, Ballymurry.

Sligo—John Wing, Esq., Fortland, Easky; James Martin, Esq., Bloomfield, Sligo; John Woulfe Flanagan, Drumdoe, Boyle.

Tipperary—Edward James Power Lalor, Esq., Long Orchard, Templemore; the Hon. George S. Gough, Rathronan House, Clonmel; Thomas Sadlier, Esq, South Terrace, Borrisokane.

Tyrone—William F. Black, Esq, Leslop, Omagh; Sir John Marcus Stewart, Bart., Ballygawley House, Ballygawley; Frederick Lindsay, Esq., Loughry, Tullyhogue.

Waterford—Thomas Wright Watson, Esq., Kilmanahan Castle, Clonmel; Thomas Gore, Esq., Garryduff, Youghal; Sir Henry Winston Barron, Bart., Barron's Court, Waterford.

Westmeath—Adolphus Cooke, Esq., Cooksboro', Mullingar; Patrick Edward Murphy, Esq., Ballynacloon, Multifarnham; Howard Fetherstone Haugh, Bracklyn.

Wexford—Percy Lorenzo Harvey, Esq., Kyle, Wexford; John Rowe, Esq., Ballycross, Wexford; Richard Donovan, Esq., Ballymore, Ferns.

Wicklow—Thomas Acton, Esq., Westacton, Rathdrum; Joseph Salkeld, Esq., Connorn, Ovoca; Captain the Hon. Grenville Leviston Proby, Glenart, Arklow.

On the night of the 11th ult., the infantry barracks of Clonmel was entered by some parties unknown, and a quantity of arms, powder, &c., stolen. The burglars having scaled the walls of the barracks with impunity, forced open one of the stores, and took away several bayonets and swords which had been deposited there since the general seizure for arms made in the district since the troubled time of '48; they also abstracted a quantity of gunpowder, and broke into the armory, from which they took five stands of arms, all of which were new and branded with the usual mark. The premises occupied by Captain Inman, the officer in command of the Pensioners' staff, were forcibly entered and the desk of his clerk rifled of some papers, but fortunately no money was left in it; but the burglars still further signalized their daring, for they broke open a strong chest in which were placed for security, some articles of soldiers' apparel, consisting trousers and Crimean shirts, and some of these were also taken away. No clue has been obtained for the arrest of the parties.

About five miles from Blesinton, says the *Leinster Express*, there lived a very poor and a very old man, by the name of Clare. Within this present month he "shook off this mortal coil;" he died and was buried; but between these two events there was an interval, during which the neighbors gave Paddy Clare "a dacent wake." Although poor Paddy Clare was never known to "fare sumptuously every day," or any day, his mortal remains nevertheless were "clothed in fine linen"—so fine, indeed, that one of these sheets attracted the particular attention of some of the mourners on the occasion. Accordingly, on the day of burial, the discovery was made that Mr. Clare's person and premises were totally relieved of the aforesaid very white sheet. Information charging a suspected party was duly sworn by a near relative; but to the present no clue has been made as to the whereabouts of "Paddy Clare's winding-sheet."

A meeting of the county Leitrim Liberal Club was recently held at Carrick-on-Shannon, at which about sixty members attended, including the Very Rev. Dean Dawson, and a large body of the clergy of the county. Dr. Brady, the liberal repre-representative of the connty, attended, having arrived from London, for the purpose. The Club adopted a series of resolutions pledging themselves to sustain the registries, so as to ensure the re-election of their present representative, to whom a vote of confidence was passed. After the meeting the Club dined, when covers were laid for sixty. Amongst the speakers at the dinner were the Very Rev. Dean Dawson, Rev. Mr. Curran, and Dr. Brady.

A Waterford paper states that about two hundred people had assembled to witness two men fighting in Patrick street. The Police were quickly on the spot, and on arresting one of the pugilists, they were at once interfered with by a man, named Hannigan, who caught the Constable making the first arrest, and held him so as to force him to let his prisoner go. The Constable then brought Hannigan to the Tower.

The number of students present at the recent matriculation examination in the Belfast Queen's College, is greater than last year. The number of candidates for matriculation in each of the three Colleges for this year, so far, are, Belfast, forty-six; Cork, thirty-six; Galway, twenty-nine. The entries, up to this date, in the Belfast College, are an increase upon last year. There were about 200 students on the College roll at the close of last year.

A number of tailors in Kilkenny on charge of Mr. Brennan have been convicted on a charge of striking work, and sentenced as follows:

Holland—Two months imprisonment and hard labor, with costs of court, 2s. 6d.; and in default of payment six days imprisoment; Costelloe—Fourteen days, and 2s. 6d. costs; Holmes—One month, and 2s. 6d. costs; Barton—Fourteen days, and 2s. 6d. costs; Delany—Fourteen days, and 2s. 6d. costs; Stokes—Fourteen days, and 2s. 6d. costs.

Yesterday, in the Incumbered Estates Court, that portion of the lands of Croagh, in the county Limerick, the estate of Jos. Robt. Mahony, Esq., was purchased by Robert Ferguson, Esq., Barrister-at-law, for the sum of 4,200*l*, being at the rate of thirty-one years' purchase. Mr. Morrogh, in trust for Patrick A. Shannon, Esq., of Corbally, bid at the rate of 25 years' purchase.

Captain Francis Brown Foster, formerly a fire eating Young Irelander, and Mayor French, retired from the East India Company's service, are candidates for the representation of Galway in the event of one of the present members resigning his seat.

In Carlow Union, within seven years, the number of paupers have decreased from 2,900 to 374, the number now in the house; and this number consists exclusively of the aged and infirm, with children under fifteen years of age.

Mr. Edward Smith O'Brien, eldest son of Mr. William Smith O'Brien, of Cahermoyle, late M. P. for the county Limerick, has been admitted by the Benchers of the Queen's Inns as a law student during the present Term.

At a meeting of the Portumna board of guardians, the Marquis of Clanricarde in the chair, a very flattering address was presented to Dr. Coates on his resignation of the Erycourt Dispensary.

At a recent meeting of the Kilmacthomas Union, the guardians resolved that in consequence of the great decrease in the duties of the relieving officers, their salaries should be reduced from 35*l* to 20*l* each.

At a meeting of the Ardee Improvement Commissioners held on the 12th instant, Mr. T. W. Rossiter was appointed their agent for receiving the rents of their property, of which parties interested are to take notice.

Mr. Kenery has been elected Alderman by the Burgesses of Waterford, in room of the late Laurence Forrestal.

Capt. Maxwell Morris, late Paymaster of the Royal Limerick County Regt., has been appointed Paymaster to the 82d Regt., now stationed at Aldershot.

The Jesuit Fathers' Mission at Ennistymon is daily attended by all classes of the Roman Catholics.

The works on the Cork and Youghal Railroad have been discontinued.

The extensive stables of Chas. Branconi took fire recently in Clonmel, and suffered considerable damage.

It is certain that the Hon. Captain Bernard will put himself in nomination for the constituency represented by the late Lord Bernard, now Earl of Bandon.

At a late meeting of the Belfast Town Council, as reported in the *Whig*, the following amusing colloquy took place:

Mr. M'Geagh got up to address the council. He said, I wish to make a remark, in reference to a statement calculated to injure one of our public officers. It has been stated that Mr. Lindsay thought it not advisable to act on the authority of the Police Committee. I must state that this is calculated to injure Mr. Lindsay very much, if not contradicted. My impression is that Mr. Lindsay has never in any instance, refused to carry out the direction of the Police Committee. If an officer of the council refuse to obey the Committee under which he is placed, I, for my part, think he is not fit to be in the council. In reference to some remarks that has been made—

Mr. Rea—I call the gentleman to order; he should have said "have been made." (Laughter and confusion, amid which several members rose to their feet.)

Mr. Nelson—No; I say has is a better word. (Continued laughter and confusion.)

Mr. R. Lindsay—I call Mr. Rea to order, sir. (Great uproar.)

Mr. Rea—What I say is this, that the principle laid down at our last day of meeting should be carried out, namely, that a gentleman who cannot induce a verb to agree with its nominative case in number and person, should not presume to speak. It is very fearful to any person of a well regulated mind and possessing a nervous orrganization to hear a gentleman say—

The Chairman—Now, Mr. Rea—

Mr. Rea (continuing)—To hear gentlemen say, after repeated warnings, (laughter) that "remarks has been made." In this, the council-room of the Northern Athens, I protest against it.

Mr. R. Lindsay—I advise Mr. M'Geagh to disregard these attacks of Mr. Rea.

Mr. Rea—This is not the place to advise him.

Mr. Lindsay—I have to protest against our proceedings being turned into a burlesque. I have so protested before; but it seems Mr. Rea won't take advice. Now the more prudent course for Mr. M'Geagh to pursue will be not to notice this unbecoming interruption.

Mr. M'Geagh—I am very thankful to Mr. Lindsay for his advice, but—

Mr. Rea—You should be much more obliged to me for teaching you. (Laughter.)

Mr. M'Geagh—I have made up my mind not to notice the low dastardly attacks—

Mr. Rea—I call the speaker to order. (Cries of chair.)

Chairman—Mr. Rea, you must sit down.

Mr. Rea—He has used the word "dastardly."

Chairman—We'll adjourn if this is to go on.

Mr. M'Geagh—I shan't notice the miserable attacks.

Mr. Nelscn—Call him out. (Laughter.)

Mr. Rea—I'm ready. (Continued uproar.)

Mr. M'Geagh—Not being accustomed to speak in public, I might occasionally make a mistake; but in writing a letter, I never committed a blunder. (Great laughter.)

The old story, says the *Limerick Observer* of the 11th ult., of the fiddler who, in wading a ford, lost his fiddle, and was sympathised with by a friend who declared that "he pitied his *case*," and was answered that it wasn't the case he cared about at all, but the fiddle, was more than realised on Saturday in the New Docks of Limerick. An honest poor woman named Mary Ryan, who earns her bread as a basket-woman, at Newtown Market, was sent with a prime leg of mutton, which had been purchased by the captain of a ship at Mrs. Molony's stall, in the market, to be delivered at his vessel, lying in the docks. Having reached the dock, she cast about for the ship, but while engaged on this inquiry, the poor woman tumbled into the dock and sounded the depths of twenty feet of water. She was on the point of drowning, and had let go her hold on the leg of mutton, which went—not exactly "the way of all flesh," but directly to the bottom—when the accident was fortunately observed by Capt. Thornton, of the brig C. M. S., who instantly had a boat lowered and the poor woman was picked up as soon as she rose to the surface. On being brought on shore, every attention was paid to her, and the usual means of resuscitation were used by the dockmen, happily with effect, for after about an hour she recovered; and when she had acquired the power of articulation, the first words she uttered were—"Where's the leg of mutton?" which she repeated two or three times. At length the sailor who rescued her, losing all patience, exclaimed, "D—n the leg of mutton, isn't your life saved!" "What matter, agrah, isn't it paid for, and I'll have to make it good for Mrs. Molony, because, you see, she'll have to give another in place of it. The blessed God will protect me! But where's the leg of mutton? Arra wirra sthrue—I've lost my leg of mutton!" At length she was somewhat calmed down, and, forgetting the leg of mutton, she returned thanks to Providence for the preservation of her life.

At the last Mullingar fair there was a considerable number of buyers in the fair-green, and the price of horned stock and sheep ranged at an advance of fully 1*l* to 30s per head. The supply of horses was the largest ever seen in the town. Mullingar fair never presented so many first-class animals. I have been talking to all the veterinary surgeons that attended the fair, and they are not a few, and they declare that they never saw such a collection of magnificent animals. Weight-carrying hunters brought from 100 to 150 guineas, and in some few cases the price given exceeded the latter figure. The English dealers freely gave the price for really valuable animals, and few of the superior class of horses.

The following proprietors of drapery establishments in Waterford have, at the request of their assistants, consented to close their stores at 6 o'clock during the winter months:—Robertson & Ledlie, Hazleton, O'Donnell & Co., Campbell & Co., Murray, Tullis & Co., J. C. Walshe, W. S. Hill & Co., Kinsella & Co., Ryan & Co., D. Holden & Co.

Traffic of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company, (77 miles open,) for week ending Saturday, 1st November, 1856. Passengers, parcels, &c., 746*l*. 16s. 0½d.; goods and cattle, 531*l*. 12s. 8d.; total, 1251*l*. 8s. 8½d.; corresponding week last year, 1186*l*. 1s. 3½d.

Traffic of the Limerick and Foynes Railway Company, (17½ miles open,) for week ending Saturday, 1st November, 1856. Passengers, parcels, &c., 117*l*. 6s. 9d; goods and cattle, 24*l*. 16s. 1d.; total, 142*l*. 2s. 10d.

Traffic of the Cork and Bandon Railway Company, (20 miles open,) for week ending 1st November, 1856. Passengers, parcels, &c., 177*l*. 6s. 10d.; merchandize, cattle, &c., 116. 11s. 0d; total, 293*l*. 17s. 10d.; corresponding week last year, 314*l*. 10s. 11d.

The amount collected at the different chapels of Limerick on one Sunday for the Christian Brothers was £2021.6s.8d.

REFLECTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO WHAT IS CALLED THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

BY ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

From the Metropolitan Magazine for December.

It is complimentary to the liberal institutions of America, where no distinction of religious creed is recognised by the government, that there are more Catholic periodicals, of one name or another, published in this country than there are among the English-speaking Catholics of the whole world besides. Now, even in this country, the date of the origin of these Catholic periodicals, is within the memory of men who have hardly attained more than the meridian of human life.

A growth of periodical literature so rapid, may naturally be supposed to contain the tares as well as the wheat of laborious planting, and of a prematurely-expected reaping of the harvest.

Accordingly, there has been observable in the mode of conducting these periodicals, a certain amount of rivalship, involving, at the same time a very considerable amount of mutual hostility between one periodical and another, so that the benefits of religion which might have resulted from something resembling unity of purpose, and a right understanding of the principle of a Catholic press, have been so thoroughly neutralized, that it is becoming a question among its supporters, whether it has not already done more harm than good to the Catholic community.

The writer of this remembers when there was only one paper that could be classed—directly or indirectly—under the head of a Catholic journal, in the United States. It was published in New-York. It professed to defend the Irish character against obloquy, which was then as abundant as it is now. It was called the *Shamrock*. Incidentally, it was Catholic, in so far as the Irish were assailed, principally on account of their religion. This was succeeded—if the writer mistakes not—by the *Truth-Teller*.

The first really Catholic paper, and which happily survives, though but feebly supported, is the *Catholic Miscellany*, of Charleston, founded by the eminent Bishop England. Throughout all times this paper has sustained itself amidst great trials, with a dignity and erudition such as have not been surpassed by any Catholic periodical in the country. In the mere news department, it had little to offer that would be interesting to the Catholics of the North, except what would have been a repetition of matters with which they have been previously familiar. But in its editorial department—whether as regards the purity of the English language, the dignity of style, the force and at the same time elegance of argument—in dealing with an adversary, no Catholic periodical published in the United States, has yet surpassed the *Charleston Catholic Miscellany*.

Since then we have seen the rise of many Catholic journals, and the failure of more than a few. Those that survive, are before the mind and under the eye of the Catholic people of the United States. Without invidious comparison, it may be said, that each has its strong phase of merit, and its sinister aspects of possible injury to the cause which it professes, and by a confiding people is supported to advocate.

The only ground on which the writer of this paper would feel himself authorized to present his views in relation to the Catholic press, is a ground of zeal and interest for the universal harmony and union, not only in faith, but also in charity, of all the scattered members of the Church of God, who are to be found spread over the face of this now great empire, extending from the southern boundaries of Canada to the northern limits of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. These Catholics are not homogeneous in the order of natural birth, inasmuch as not all have been born in any one country; but they are homogeneous in the supernatural order, by which God has provided that they should be spiritually born into the ONE Church, which is not the church of any nation, but of all nations, without distinction—holy, Catholic, apostolical.

One of the greatest calamities that could fall on the Catholic people of the United States, would be, if allusions to variety of national origin should ever be allowed to distract their minds from that unity of hope and mutual charity which result from the communion of saints.

For some time past it has been observable that this so-called Catholic press has exhibited, especially in the North, divergencies well calculated to excite attention, if not alarm. On the one hand it has been assumed that the success of religion in this country depends on the continuous influx of emigrants, especially those of Irish origin, and that religion vanishes in proportion as the Celtic feeling dies out—that the national character of the American people, and more particularly as it affects the "first and second generation of emigrants," is hostile to the Catholic religion—that the best method of perpetuating the faith in this country, so far as the Celtic race is concerned, is to keep up and perpetuate a species of Irishism in connexion with the faith.

On the other hand, it has been assumed with equal confidence, but not on any better foundation, that our holy faith will labor under great disadvantages, and can hardly be expected to make much impression on our countrymen, until it can be presented under more favorable auspices than those which surround foreigners. In fact, that, if it were rightly understood, its principles are in close harmony with those of our constitution and laws—that it requires only a skillful architect to dove-tail the one into the other, and to show how the Catholic religion and the American Constitution would really fit each other as a key fits a lock—that without any change in regard to faith or morals, the doctrines of the Catholic Church may be, so to speak, Americanized—that is, represented in such a manner as to attract the attention and win the admiration of the American people. Now, in the opinion of the writer, the prevalence of either of these two systems would be disastrous to the cause of the Church.

The Church is not a foreigner on any continent or island of this globe. The Church is of all nations, and for all nations, as much as the sunbeams of heaven, which are not repudiated as foreign under any sky. In fact, truth, no matter by whom represented, is at home in all climes; and this not simply in matters of religion, but in matters of history, arts and science.

It may be admitted that if the twelve Apostles, when they carried the faith of Christ to the different nations, had been natives of the several countries in which they propagated Christianity, the success of their mission, according to the limited range of earthly wisdom, might have been greater than it was. But on the other hand, their success, the constancy of their testimony, and for the most part their martyrdom, gave evidence that they were men sent of God, and not sent by other men merely like themselves.

And so it has been. Those who had received the faith, carried it forth in their hearts and on their lips, under a divine commission, to those of other nations who had not as yet received it, bearing at the same time—as became witnesses for Christ—their lives in their hands. The Apostles were, by national origin, Jews; they became Christians by the grace of divine faith. They did not carry their Judaism to be established in other countries, but only their faith. And throughout the whole tenor of ecclesiastical history, this same order has prevailed. The faith once established, became, to a certain extent, indigenous in the several countries which had been the theatre of their labors.

But in the annals of Church history, there has never been a country which, in its civil and social relations, has exhibited so fair an opportunity for developing the practical harmonies of Catholic faith, and of Catholic charity, as the United States. Whoever would take the pains to examine how, under the influence of the Catholic principle, representatives of all nations have been blended into a unity, unexampled in the history of the world, need only trace the order of succession among the bishops and priests of the United States. Not to speak of the priesthood, if we confine our remarks to the episcopacy, the highest test under which nationalities could be profanely brought into comparison with Catholic sentiment and order, we may cite a few instances of the sees that have been longest established. The first bishop of Baltimore was an American. His coadjutor, who survived him but a short time, was also an American. The next bishop of that see was a Frenchman. His successor was an Englishman, and was succeeded by an American again, who in turn has been succeeded by an Irishman. The first bishop who lived to preside in the see of New-York was an Irishman. His successor was a Frenchman, and his successor is again an Irishman. The first bishop of Richmond was an Irishman; his succesor is an American. The first bishop of Cincinnati was an American, the second is an Irishman. The first bishop of St. Louis was a Frenchman, the second an Italian, the third is an Irishman. The first bishop of Natchez was an American; the second a Belgian. The first bishop of Charleston was an Irishman; the second an American. The first bishop of Louisville (formerly Bardstown) was a Frenchman; the second an American. The first bishop of Boston was a Frenchman—second and third Americans.

This is quite enough to show that the Church of God, in feeling as well as in faith, selects as vacancies occur, the prelate most likely to advance the kingdom of Christ, utterly regardless of such contemptible things, when they are foisted into the spiritual order, as nationalities. The first bishop of Nashville, of Wheeling, of Covington, of Erie, of Buffalo, of Albany, of Portland, of Newark, are all Americans by birth, and all of them, we may say, appointed by the unanimous suffrages of their seniors in the episcopacy, who forgot their own several birthplaces, in determining the most suitable prelates for these different sees.

If we turn our attention to the priesthood, it will be seen that neither pains nor expenses have been spared to train up and introduce into the sanctuary of the Church, such young men, natives of the country, as may have exhibited from time to time, apparent evidences of vocation to the sacred ministry. The bishops of foreign birth are precisely those who held this great purpose nearest to their hearts. The venerable bishop of Bardstown was very successful in his efforts to accomplish this object. The bishops of St. Louis were equally zealous, but perhaps not quite so successful. Indeed, the prelates of all parts of this country have labored with equal industry and zeal, to encourage vocations to the ecclesiastical state among the promising young men of the country.

Now, supposing the Catholics of foreign birth, the "first and second generation of emigrants," should or could go forth, following the course of the sun in search of the *El Dorado* of independent agricultural life, where every man might repose under *his own* vine and fig tree (that is, in case he should ever have a vine or a fig tree to repose under,) as poetically imagined in the organ of the Buffalo Convention, in its original *thema*, not in its discordant *variations*;—supposing all this, what then? Why, this: The bishops and priests of the Eastern, North-Eastern, and North-Western Dioceses, whether of native or foreign birth, will have, among other considerations, hardly Catholics enough left to keep the grass from growing green in the vestibules of the churches built by the departed "first neglected and second lost generation of emigrants." But then, on the other hand, the presence of foreigners having been removed, the bishops and priests will have ample time to address their ministry to those who are to the "manor born."

Now, in view of these facts, neither clergy nor laity can afford, as Catholics, to have any distinction drawn among them in our periodicals, as among natives and foreigners. In the Catholic Church there are no natives. There is the nativity of baptism subsequent to the natural birth. There is the adoption by grace of every soul, whether introduced into her communion during the period of infancy or in adult life. Neither are there foreigners in the Church of God—it is one Lord, one faith, one baptism.

It may be added, that something analagous happens in relation to the country itself. There is a civil or political nativity provided for by the laws, by complying with the conditions of which, those who wish to make this country their perpetual abode are recognized before the law as citizens; and the stigma, or calamity (if such it be) of having been born on foreign soil is thenceforward removed and wiped away.

If, therefore, the law of the land has blotted out the distinction between a native-born and a nationalized citizen, why should it be kept up in periodicals professing to be guided by the spirit and charity of the Catholic Church?

This is unbecoming. This is not Catholic. This ought to be left to our enemies. We shall still be weak enough when we shall be most intimately united for the purpose of resisting the hostile pressure from without.

The Catholics of the United States have been sorely tried, within the last few years, by the assaults made upon them on account of their religion. True, the sword of hostility seemed directed against foreigners; but when the occasion required, it was found double-edged. It has been said that previous to the breaking out of this feeling, what was considered to be, at least, a portion of the Catholic press, had given great offence to our Protestant fellow-citizens by its arrogant and sometimes insolent tone and invective. Here there is a mistake. The papers though advocating Irishism, to which this reproach would apply, were never recognized by the legitimate authorities of the Church as Catholic papers. But the Protestant community could not understand any such distinction. And whilst the conductors of such papers may have merited such a reproach in their imprudent and improper course, it conveys an indirect compliment, to the effect that Irish and Catholic must be one and the same. Within the last eight or ten years no small portion of this supposed Catholic press has been under the special guidance of editors born on the soil, but who had entered into the Church at a matured period of life. In dealing with their fellow-citizens on topics of religious controversy, dogmas of faith, doctrines, and even discipline, they have claimed the right and exercised it of speaking with a plainness, a frankness, a boldness in the ear of their countrymen which few persons trained from infancy in the Catholic Church would have felt warranted to employ. The spirit of the Catholic Church, is, indeed, a spirit of strength and energy—neither of which is impaired by the use of the most charitable language.

The divergency of views presented in some of these periodicals, and to which allusion has been made in a foregoing portion of this article, requires some little development. The actual condition of the Catholic Church in this country is a problem of deep interest not only to ourselves, but also to our co-religionists in Europe. Sometimes exaggerated views of the progress of religion in the United States are conveyed in our periodicals, so that our brethren in Europe become almost elated in view of the Church's anticipated triumph. Then, again, other accounts suggest only discouragement, and almost despair. We may take the following as a specimen of this latter misrepresentation. A paper, which is supposed to have considerable circulation both here and in Ireland, has recently published the following deceptive, if not malicious, statement:

(*From the American Celt, Sept. 27.*)

"We have concluded to transfer to our fifth page, the particulars of the late abominable prize fight, or man-slaughter, in the neighborhood of this city. We do so with feelings of deep disgust and humiliation. The names of nearly all the actors in that brutal conflict, suggest only too plainly their paternity. In New-York, as in San Francisco, Ireland, where the sheriffs of counties are this year wearing white gloves, to commemorate calendars without criminals—this same Ireland has here and on the Pacific the discredit of swarming the great cities with a horde of hardy, vulgar ruffians, unmatched in any former state of society. Most of these wretches are young men born here or in the English manufacturing towns, of Irish parents. Such was the notorious Sullivan, such was the Kelly in this last tragedy. Surely, surely, some one has a terrible account to give of our neglected first and lost second generation, in the English and American cities."

The author of the above remarks, which are at the same time insolent and untrue, seems disposed to whine over moral results which he himself had contributed in no small degree to bring about. If he had chosen, he might have selected many names of the first and second generation, against whom there is no reproach, but who, on the contrary, do honor both to religion and to the country which gave them birth. But the editor in question is a theorist; and he is in the habit of subordinating the fact of the case to the fancies of his mind. In statistics he will never boggle at a mistake of two or three millions in estimating the Celtic race on this continent. So, also, it suits his absurd idea to exaggerate, if, indeed, that were possible, the miseries of the Irish emigrants, as they may be found in the cellars and garrets of New-York. Now, the truth is best on all questions of this kind. That many of these emigrants have to undergo a certain amount of hardship and trial after their arrival in this country is unquestionable. But this is incident to their transition from one country to another. And it is but truth to say, that their abode in the cellars and garrets of New York is not more deplorable nor more squalid than the Irish hovels from which many of them have been 'exterminated.' And it is but truth to say that in their actual condition they are surrounded by appointments of civilization, and even the comparative comforts of a temporary home, which by no means await them, even in the contingency (which will never happen), that the philanthropy of a convention in Buffalo, should be able to pluck to the surface, from the fertile depths of Illinois prairies, a township to be called St. Patrick's. It is humiliating that an editor, professing to be a Catholic, should select infamous names, connected with infamous and brutal transactions, and fling them in the face of Ireland, and of the Catholic clergy in English and American cities as proofs that the second generation of Irish Catholics is lost. This we have already said is untrue. 1st. The names mentioned, by the writer's own showing, though they may be of Irish descent, are not of Irish birth. 2d. They could be counted at best, not as a fair specimen of the second generation, but as the lowest and most degraded exceptions in regard to its general character. 3d. We all know that Ireland itself has more than once furnished notorious characters of the same class—that is, bullies for the ring. 4th. We know that a generation, even in Ireland, the debris of the famine, was rapidly becoming a curse to the country, when the war with Russia presented an outlet which relieved the nation from the dangers of their presence. Again, we may add, that it is all nonsense for any writer to assume, or pretend, that there is nothing but piety and religion in Ireland. We would be the last to deny the hereditary constancy of the Irish people in clinging to their religion and practicing its precepts. But alas! it must be admitted that the same vices that prevail in this country are found also in the large cities of Ireland, and, indeed, in the large cities of all other countries, whilst, in proportion to the population, the aggregate of misery in those European cities is greater than it is here.

If the writer of the above extract had been pleased to look around him in the city of New-York, he could easily have discovered that neither is the first generation neglected, nor the second lost. He could have reported to his countrymen in Ireland or elsewhere, that within his own memory, and under his own eyes, colleges, seminaries, convents, schools, altogether ranging from the highest education to the very humblest elements of learning, have sprung up around him. He could have reported that within the same circle there are not fewer than two hundred ladies and gentlemen, the great majority of whom are devoted to God, in a religious life, who are directly or indirectly engaged in imparting Catholic instruction, blended with secular and useful knowledge. He could have reported that they have under their care an average of from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand Catholic pupils. This is mentioned inasmuch as the editor in question is on the spot, and he can verify the statement. Now, it is equally certain that efforts of a similar kind, perhaps even greater, have been going on in the large cities of England and America. And, yet, he has been pleased to overlook all this, and to wave the bad reputation of two or three ruffians, such as may be found in any country, in the face of Ireland, and of the clergy of the large cities of Europe and America, to prove that the first generation is neglected, and the second lost.

No doubt many are lost, but against this there is no infallible preventive in any country. The editor says that some one will have a terrible account to render. This account will not fall exclusively on any one individual. But the editor himself might reflect as to whether, in his publications of former times, he may not have contributed to the result he deplores and exaggerates. Has he any recollection of having warned the Catholics of both the first and second generation, against contributing one farthing towards the relief or restoration of our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., lest, forsooth, our Protestant fellow-citizens might suspect Catholics of loving God and their Church more than he and Kossuth, and other pseudo-patriots, professed to love what they call liberty? But this is only one instance of the manner in which journalists, supported exclusively by Catholics, tamper with their principles, alienating them from the strict and simple observance of their religion, under the plea of making them freemen.

In reference to this topic of the actual condition of the Catholic Church in this country, it is necessary to make just discrimination, before arriving at fixed conclusions. That the Catholic religion has lost not a few of the first generation, and still more of the second, is undeniable. But is this the only country in which such things have happened? Are we not inundated with reports of apostasies in various parts of Ireland itself? We know the agencies by which these temporary apostasies are brought about. The progressive and awfully persuasive powers of star vation render even a false religion, which offers bread and bibles, less odious from day to day, to the wretched beings who have no alternative left but a choice between death and falsehood.

The loss to the faith in this country is of a somewhat analogous character. Among grown up and instructed Catholics, an instance of deliberate apostasy—that is, renouncing the Catholic faith, and professing some other nominal creed, is exceedingly rare. But in vast numbers of instances the parents of children, who had emigrated to this country, died before they were able to make any provision for their unhappy offspring. In other instances, they lived or rather languished, under the trials incident to their condition, without having the ability to imbue the minds of their children with the principles of Christian doctrine

The consequence has been, that these children, taken charge of by the public, grew up entirely ignorant, and sometimes ashamed of the creed of their fathers. Under similar circumstances, similar results would occur in any country; and no one who is impartial, will for a moment pretend that results of this kind are necessarily an evidence of the withering influence which some of our Editors suppose to be exercised on the growth of Catholicity, by the civil and political institutions of the United States. There is a sense in which the Church may be said to have lost those children, but a truer form of expression would be to say, that she had never gained them—inasmuch as the Providence of God permitted that they never had an opportunity of knowing their religion. Consequently, in their case, there has been no such thing as a renunciation of the doctrines of Catholic faith, with which it was their misfortune never to have been acquainted.

If, on the other hand, we turn our attention to what would be a much truer test of the progress of the Catholic religion, there are abundant evidences to show that it is not retrograding. If we can point to instances in every State, in every diocese, almost in every parish, so-called, in which Protestants of the most cultivated minds, most unblemished personal characters, have borne their testimony, actuated necessarily by the grace of God, to the overwhelming evidences of the truth of the Catholic religion; if this testimony has not been in theory only, but reduced to practice, by their renouncing doctrines in which they had been reared, and embracing those of the one, holy, Catholic and apostolic communion, at the sacrifice of temporal interests, of long and cherished friendships, rising by that same grace of God superior to the tyranny of human respect; then who will say that our religion is not making progress in the United States, or that there is essentially anything in its requirements incompatible with the genius and feelings of the American people? Compare these witnesses, who in mature life bear such testimony to the truth of the Catholic religion, which they embrace, with the alleged falling off of the unfortunate offspring of emigrants or others, who really never had an opportunity of knowing what that faith is, and who consequently never could, as a moral act, renounce it, and the impartial reader will be enabled to judge, so far as the power and honor of the Catholic religion are concerned, how the balance might be adjusted between loss and gain.

Now it is certain, that the converts to the Catholic faith in the United States are very numerous, and, in point of respectability, many, if not all of them, entitled to rank in the first class of American citizens—natives of the soil.

Should we not, in gratitude to God, but in deep humility at the same time, feel great satisfaction at this result? These persons give a species of worldly standing to our religion, which, however, its Divine Founder did not leave to be dependent on the great ones of the earth. Among professional men, officers of the army and of the navy, lawyers, physicians, jurists, geologists, merchants, &c., &c., including a very considerable number of Protestant clergymen, the Catholic Church has welcomed to her fold, and taken to her bosom, no small number of distinguished converts. Among them, one of the earliest and most universally known, is the learned Doctor Brownson, editor of our only Catholic Review on this continent. His reputation as a writer, is European as well as American; and whilst he in his zeal is sanguine of hope, that the predispositions of his countrymen, whom he knows well, are especially adapted to the reception of the Catholic religion, we fear that the reality will not correspond with the anticipation. That the great mass of the American people are actuated by a general sense of justice, or perhaps what might be better expressed by the words "fair play," towards Catholics and their religion, is most freely and cordially admitted. That there is anything especial in the national character of the country, predisposing it to direct sympathy with our holy faith, is a proposition, the evidences for the belief of which, history has hitherto concealed. But, unfortunately, history has brought to light, in one place or another, all over the country, instances which prove but too well that the American people have inherited, even in their political freedom, the prejudices of their ancestors. Convents have been burned down, and no compensation offered to their scattered inmates for the injustice done them, or by way of repairing the broken faith of a Sovereign State, that had assumed to protect them in their legitimate rights of life and property. Catholic Churches have been burned down, while whole neighborhoods have been, under the eye of public officers, reduced to ashes. People have been burned to death in their own dwellings, or, if they attempted to escape, have been shot down by the deadly messenger of the unerring rifle. Crosses have been pulled down from the summit of God's sanctuary. Priests have been tarred and feathered. Ladies have been insulted for no crime, except that of having devoted themselves to the service of their Divine Master in a religious state, in the hope of conferring aid or consolation on their fellow-beings.

These things are undeniable—they are history. God forbid that we should implicate the great mass of our fellow-citizens in the dishonorable responsibility of such transactions as these. They were the works of what is called mobs; and mobs occasionally carry out their lawless and violent purposes in all countries. But we confess our disappointment at not having witnessed a prompt and healthy true American sentiment in the heart of the community at large, in rebuke of such proceedings, and, so far as reparation was possible, in making it to the injured parties whom they had failed to protect.

The learned editor of the *Review*, so far from being discouraged at this gloomy prospect pictured forth by one or two others in regard to the prospective decline of the Catholic religion from the period when European, especially Irish emigration, shall have ceased, or been sensibly diminished, is, on the other hand, buoyant in his anticipations of the progress which the Church is destined to make as soon as she is more generally and more widely represented by natives of the soil, and less so by foreigners, who, indeed, in a worldly point of view, must appear under disadvantages.

If one portion of what is called the Catholic press insist upon it, that our holy religion is mainly dependent, or destined hereafter to depend upon foreign, even Irish emigration, we must look upon such notions as a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. Emigrants arrive on these shores under the infallible destiny of dying out and leaving no successors, except such as may descend on our wharves day by day from the ship's side. To suppose that the Celtic race can perpetuate a Celtic posterity on this continent, is just as absurd as to imagine that the grains of wheat which had ben hermetically sealed in the cerements of an Egyptian mummy for two, three, or four thousand years, without the extinguishment of natural life, "according to its kind," and transplanted to this land, even in our own day, confided to the fertile soil by the expectant husbandman, should produce in his fields an Egyptian crop instead of an American harvest. We would beg, therefore, all Catholic editors to leave out any anticipation or speculation in regard to the perpetuation of any specific race within these United States. So far as we are Catholics, and especially Catholics born under British domination, we had no country until we arrived on these shores.

By the British constitution, we were entitled by natural birth to the full protection of its laws; but the very laver of regeneration which wiped away the stain of original or actual sins, was construed by that intolerant government—crime enough to sink us into degradation. So that the rights to which we are entitled by natural birth were being washed away, whilst the soul was being cleansed from defilement by the rites of our baptism.

We have renounced British domination, and thank God, the gates of a country which professes to acknowledge the equality of men have been thrown open to us.

But it does not follow that we have renounced, or that our posterity ever shall renounce the fidelity which we owe to God and our Holy Faith, and in the assertion of which we are warranted by the American Constitution.

On the other hand, the anticipations of some zealous Catholics who are not of Celtic origin, appear to us, and we make the avowal with regret, too sanguine in regard to the future success of the Catholic Church in the United States. Among these is Dr. Brownson. In the last number of his *Review* is found the following paragraph:—

"When the end we have to consult is not simply to hold our own, but to advance, to make new conquests, or to take possession of new fields of enterprise, we must draw largely upon young men whose is the future. These Catholic young men, who now feel that they have no place and find no outlet for their activity, are the future, the men who are to take our places, and carry on the work committed to us. We must inspire them with faith in the future, and encourage them to live for it. Instead of snubbing them for their inexperience, mocking them for their greenness, quizzing them for their zeal, damping their hopes, pouring cold water on their enthusiasm, brushing the flower from their young hearts, or freezing the well springs of their life, we must renew our own youth and freshness in theirs, encourage them with our confidence and sympathy, raise them up if they fall, soothe them when they fail, and cheer them on always to new and nobler efforts. O, for the love of God and of man, do not discourage them, force them to be mute and inactive, or suffer them, in the name of Catholicity, to separate themselves in their affections from the country and her glorious mission. Let them feel and act as American citizens; let them feel that this country is their country, its institutions their institutions, its missions their missions, its glory their glory. Bear with them, tread lightly on their involuntary errors, forgive the ebullitions of a zeal not always according to knowledge, and they will not refuse to listen to the counsels of age and experience; they will take advice, and will amply repay us by making themselves felt in the country, by elevating the standard of intelligence, raising the tone of moral feeling, and directing public and private activity to just and noble ends."

We confess our inability to comprehend or appreciate the meaning of this paragraph according to the words in which it is expressed. The Catholic young men of this country have had, so far as we know, every opportunity to realize the ideal of the eloquent Reviewer. And it is a matter of great consolation to know that hundreds of them, even in this city, are co-operating in various ways to correspond with the programme laid down in the foregoing remarks. Many of them belong to pious associations, Rosary societies, the admirable association of St. Vincent de Paul, and other devout sodalities. But when, or where, or by whom, they have been hindered from doing the work assigned them, or had the "flower brushed from their young hearts," is quite a secret and a mystery to us. We are equally in the dark as to any reason why the distinguished Reviewer should use in the depths of his zeal, the following solemn and emphatic language: "O, for the love of God and man, do not discourage them, force them to be mute or inactive, or suffer them in the name of Catholicity, to separate themselves in their affections from the country and her glorious mission." We cannot imagine after a retrospect of nearly forty years, when, or where, of how, or by whom, any thing has been brought about which would warrant this almost awful ejaculation. But no matter, it is a relief and a consolation to believe that one who knows his country and his countrymen as well as Dr. Brownson, should cherish such hopeful anticipations of the future, in regard to the Church of God. We could hope, but we cannot say, that we believe the general picture which he has drawn can be realized.

We regret exceedingly that many persons, at least so we have been told, are dissatisfied with some of the views put forward by Dr. Brownson. And we would regret it the more, if in reality he had given occasion for this dissatisfaction, by viewing the whole question from what might be called an original stand-point. At all events, there is this to be said, that if we have Catholic writers at all, their heads, their thoughts and their pens must be guided, not by another but by themselves, in their individual capacity, and under their indivinual responsibility. It may be added farther, that the liberty of the press on all subjects is not to be questioned in a country like this. At the same time, there is a censorship in this as well as in other nations. The difference is that in other countries the censorship of the press through the medium of government agents, is exercised, in general, previously to, or simultaneous with, the publication of an article—here it comes after. There it is the judgment of an individual who acts under state authority—here it is the censure of many individuals acting each one under the dictation of his own private judgment. Catholic editors, therefore, need not be surprised if, when they trespass too largely on the feelings of their subscribers, the circulation of their periodicals should be occasionally abridged.

We should be exceedingly sorry if anything of this kind should occur in the case of *Brownson's Review*. It is known to himself, at least, that many of his articles have not been such as to merit our poor approbation. But we are told by astronomers that there are spots on the sun. And, if he has written some things that might be offensive, he has written many others that are destined to perish never. When he and all of us shall have been consigned to the dust, those who are to succeed us will go forth among the pages of his Catholic Review, "prospecting," as they say in California, for the best "diggings." Nor will they be disappointed if they have tact and talent for philosophical, literary, and religious "mining."

But even should all other portions of his works pass away, there is one declaration of his that the writer quotes from memory, which is destined to be quoted throughout Christendom, just as long as the declaration of Fenelon on a certain occasion, when he condemned some of his own writings, because they were disapproved by the head of the Catholic Church. The circumstances and the persons differ from each other in several respects. Fenelon was an Archbishop; Brownson was a layman. Fenelon had condemned what he had written,—nothing that Brownson has written has been authoritatively condemned; but the declaration to which we have referred, and which is imperishable, was the gratuitous proclamation from Brownson's own pen, when he embraced the Catholic faith—when he had already acquired a philosophical reputation sufficient to make a proud man vain, he did not hesitate to give an example of humility, that will be an edification to the Catholics of future ages as well as of the present, in stating that he "had brought nothing into the Catholic Church except his sins." Now there is no great eloquence in this language. It amounts to a mere truism, because whether it be an infant of three days old or the adult convert to the faith, it is all the same.

We have other nominally Catholic papers published in New-York—one being what is called the Archbishop's organ. Of course it is to be assumed that the Archbishop's organ can never be out of harmony with all that is advantageous to Catholicity. And yet it has not been faultless. One thing, however, we must say, that during a period of several years when the mania of revolution and red republicanism was prevalent all over Europe extensively sympathised with by many of the people of this country, the *Freeman's Journal* never deviated from the principles of justice, and truth, and order, and social interests; and that, in fact, events have justified its course and foresight. There is another paper called the *Irish American*. If you should meet an "Irish American," and an "American Celt," side by side on the public way, you would be exceedingly puzzled to distinguish between them, they look one so much like the other—but especially the *Celt*.

There is this difference, however. The *American Celt* is a man determined to battle his way through life in this country; and to perpetuate his race, with its instincts and habits, through all future times. The *Irish American*, on the contrary, thinks that plausibility is the best policy which emigrants can adopt in this land. He and his partner, though of different creeds, are still of the same country. He makes known, from time to time, for the edification of his readers, that they never quarrel on the subject of religion, and the moral of his editorial would be "Go, thou and do likewise." He does not say that there is a sufficient amount of religion between him and his partner to quarrel about. But whenever some nasty bigot writes a scurrilous article, lampooning the Catholics in all the relations of life, our *Irish American* is sure to claim a little space in the vulgar newspaper that has published the insults, and then there is nothing more adroit than the manner of his approach. An idea of his communications may be formed from the following imperfect imitation:

Sir: I read your article against the Catholics. I regret deeply that you haven't a better opinion of us. And now, with profound respect, I would humbly beg leave to say, that I am a Catholic, though my partner is a Protestant; that I do not believe what you have said about our religion, and that I really am sorry that you have not a more kind and charitable opinion of us. (Signed) Editor of the Irish American.

A letter like this awakens a response from the calumniators of the Catholics, through the columns of this vile newspaper which had elicited the communication. So that the whole business becomes a double advertisement. The response will be to the effect that the Irish American is a very sensible man, entirely disabused of the errors of the religion which he professes—emancipated from all the superstitions of his creed, and the control of his clergy. In short, if all Catholics were like an Irish-American, the people of this country could get along with them.

The heading of our article implied that we should offer suggestions as well as reflections in regard to what is called the Catholic Press. This we shall do with much diffidence; but so far as depends on us, with a determination that they shall not be disregarded, at least in reference to the spiritual interest of our own diocese, and of the people committed to our care.

1st. We advise that Catholic periodicals abstain from every thing having even a tendency to infringe on the regular ecclesiastical authority by which God has been pleased to appoint that His Church should be governed. That they shall not presume to draw odious comparisons between the clergy of one section of the country and those of another; that they shall not arrogate to themselves the position of oracles or umpires, to decide where is merit and where is demerit; that they shall not single out a clergyman for premature panegyric simply because he is a patron of this or that journal, whilst they pass over in silence other clergymen, men of oftentimes more than equal worth. In short, that they be careful with regard to every topic of this kind.

2. We respectfully suggest that if they are religious papers, Catholic doctrine and the politics of the country be not blended together in the same columns; for too many of them have exhibited great industry in scattering the seeds of Catholic doctrine in the spring-tide, and, unfortunately for the honor of the creed which they profess to serve, have been seen with equal industry among the reapers, not of religion, but of politics, in the time of harvest. Of course, individually, editors as well as clergymen have a full right to cherish and express and exercise their political opinions in regard to all public questions. But a political paper ought to cling to its profession; and we say the same of a religious paper, especially a Catholic journal. If it be a Catholic journal, political partizanship should be scrupulously excluded from its columns. It is only when these papers exhibit a disposition to realize an amphibious life—now Catholic, and now political—that they become dangerous in the estimation of the American people, who cannot, it appears, get over the notion, that because they are partly Catholic, their politics are suggested or dictated by the ecclesiastical authorities of the Church.

3. We would say that the Church has no politics; that an editor, in his department, even whilst professing to promote the interests of religion, should remember the immense responsibility attached to his position. It is much greater than that of the merchant who deals in material things.

And, finally, that the Catholics of New-York and the United States, are bound by every sacred obligation, which they naturally owe to each other, to their families, to their pastors, to the the whole Church of God, to frown promptly and indignantly upon any newspaper that attempts, whether intentionally or not, to sow discord among them. This we know to be their own feeling in the diocese of New-York. The pastor of a congregation may be of one nation—his flock composed of several. Can they afford to be divided from each other, or to have the apple of discord thrown among them? A great number of Catholic families are of mixed origin, so far as natural birth is concerned. The husband was born in one country, the wife in another, and the children perhaps in another still. Can editors, professing to conduct Catholic papers, be permitted to infuse mutual distrust and discord into such peaceful and affectionate domestic circles, so as to excite prejudice in the minds of the children against their parents, or in the minds of the parents against their children? In brief, are the union, happiness, charity, family ties of a united Catholic people to be disturbed, or even trifled with, at the discretion, or rather indiscretion, either of this editor or of that other? We trust not. The Catholic people have it in their own hands to keep their editors in the straight way—at least so far as the interests of religion and the peace of the Catholic community are concerned. And the time may not be far distant when it will be their duty to exercise this power, by withdrawing their support from any paper, the moment it shall have given circulation to doctrines calculated to impair the Christian charity and mutual support, without distinction or comparison, by which the faithful of this diocese have been so long and so happily held together.

It has not escaped the observation of reflecting men, that during a recent period of very considerable political excitement, the Catholics, as a body, have borne themselves with great moderation and dignity. They are increasing in numbers, increasing in wealth, increasing in intelligence, and may we not believe and hope that they are increasing also in piety and attachment to their religion? They take but an abstemious part in the great questions which have threatened the disruption of the country. They have entire confidence that the general wisdom and patriotism of the American people, will be quite sufficient to preserve the Constitution and the Union of the States, and to maintain those principles of civil and religious equality, for which their noble and heroic ancestors made such ample (and in *their* intention) everlasting provision. † John Hughes,

Archbishop of New-York.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1856.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The most important documents, now-a-days, grow old in a week. From this premature deterioration the manifestoes even of the White House are not exempt. We are unwilling, however, to permit the last message of President Pierce to be placed in the archives of the past, without recording in these columns our admiration of the spirit which pervades it, and the gratification occasioned by the intelligence which on so many subjects of public interest it imparts. We are very naturally desirous, too, of rendering every volume we publish as complete a chronicle of the national transactions as it is in our power to make it, and the absence of any due mention of the document in question would be a serious defect.

A considerable portion of it is devoted to the exposition of the great constitutional question involved in the contest which, after so much excitement and alarm, fortunately terminated in the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency. A clear, forcible, most masterly vindication of the doctrine of the sovereign equality of the several States, is closed with a severe rebuke to those by whom the validity of that doctrine was menaced during the campaign.

In a dispassionate review of the position occupied in the late contest by the Northern States, the message truly shows—notwithstanding the unceasing and acrimonious statements of fanatics to the contrary—that these States have never assumed or arrogated for the Federal Government the power to interfere directly with the domestic concerns of the Southern States. However such an assumption may be recommended by parties who seem to glory in exhibiting themselves as unconscious of any law and outside the pale of allegiance to any government, it is a noble fact that the Northern States have not only disavowed such intentions, but, as the President states, have shrunk from conspicuous affiliation with those few who pursue their fanatical objects avowedly through the contemplated means of revolution. Many estimable citizens have allowed themselves to be overcome by the sophistical philantropy and rebellious benevolence of these parties, and after participating in the evanescent notoriety of the unconstitutional, and therefore untenable political fantasies of the hour, have taken anxious refuge in the sanctuary of the Constitution.

The strength of the Democracy at the eleventh hour—the complete triumph of law and order based on a sacred reliance in the principles of that document—principles which encircle the Union like a jewelled zone—was shown at the late election in a manner which is now creating astonishment in Europe, as it had done in America, on the 5th of November.

The secret of the Democratic triumph lay as much, probably, in the wild dogmas by which its conservatism was opposed as in its own brawny solidity, and of this truth the healthy national vigor of the President's Message gives conclusive proof.

Of the last Abolition Agitation the President laments that the theatre of operations was Kansas, and that the fight was carried on at the expense of the peace and happiness of the people of that territory. Kansas was made the battle-field—remarks the President—not so much of opposing factions or interests within itself as of the conflicting passions of the United States. Revolutionary disorder in Kansas has its origin in projects of intervention, deliberately arranged by certain members of that Congress which enacted the law for the organization of the Territory. And when propagandist colonization of Kansas had thus been undertaken in one section of the Union, for the systematic promotion of its peculiar views of policy, there ensued, as a matter of course, a counter-action with opposite views in other sections of the Union.

As a clear, acute and vigorous history and analysis of the political difficulties which have divided the people of the Union, this Message is entitled to particular praise, and will command the attention of posterity. As a bold and statesmanlike rebuke of the factionists, the Democratic party must be proud that such a document emanated from so eminent a representative of its faith; and for the very same reason the opposition cannot forget the power by which they have been chastised.

Topics of minor interest, touching pending negotiations with England, France, Denmark, &c., meet with due attention, and the chief suggestions of the Secretaries of the various Departments are stated with precision. As we devote considerable space to an exposition of those documents we take leave of the President's clear, forcible, and patriotic Message.

THE FRENCH REFUGEES AND THE EMPIRE CLUB.

As we write, a meeting is being held in the Hall of the Empire Club to take measures for giving a proper reception to the French Refugees who have recently escaped to this country from the pestilential climate of Cayenne. We trust that some substantial manifestation of the Democratic sympathy of America with the victims of European despotism will spring from the movement. Irish Exiles have been publicly honored in this country to the neglect of brave and gallant men of other nations who have fought, and bled, and suffered more in the great cause of freedom. We, therefore, the more heartily co-operate with the movement, and congratulate the Empire Club, by their tendering the use of their Hall, upon their prompt and cordial recognition of the claims of those sufferers to such an American reception as will be to them an honorable testimonial, and a national rebuke to the despotisms of Europe.

REPORTS OF THE SECRETARIES.

The Reports of the Secretaries form the fundamental history of the Republic. Those presented to us now are exceedingly able and interesting; and are highly creditable to the Cabinet as a body. They evince patient labor in the collation, and distinguished ability in their perspicuous arrangement. It is needless for us to reprint them entire, but as it is necessary that every good citizen should be acquainted with the actions of the Government to which he owes allegiance, we give a succinct review of all—an index rather by which the reader may refer to the original documents.

The Report from the Department of State being devoted chiefly to the correspondence, referring to Kansas, does not present any features or facts with which the general reader is not acquainted. We pass on to the other Departments.

INTERIOR.

The Report of the Secretary of the Interior, owing to the extensiveness of the duties coming within his Department, presents a variety of interesting topics. As an illustration of the amount of business in this office, it is stated that the records of correspondence for the year, relating to land surveys, cover ninety thousand folio pages. From the Report we learn that the quantity of land, exclusive of School Sections, surveyed since the last Report and up to the 30th Sept., was 16,873,699 acres. The quantity of land sold for cash during the last fiscal year is 9,227,878 acres, for which the sum of $8,821,414 was received; located with military scrip and land-warrants, 8,382,480; swamp lands approved to the States, 6,036,874; granted for railroad purposes, 15,680,865: making a total of 39,328,108 acres.

The land system has been extended with great success and rapidity along the whole Pacific slope, embracing California, Oregon and Washington Territories, and into Kansas, Nebraska, New-Mexico and Utah. This immense geographical surface has been organized into six new surveying departments. During the past four years there have been sold for cash 30,935,174 acres, for which there has been received $27,940,151; located for military bounties, 15,806,260; approved under swamp-land grants, 30,190,056; and granted for railroads, 17,036,282: making the aggregate of 93,976,772 acres, disposed of by direct grants. To the 25th November, 1856, there have been 265,268 applications under the recently enacted Bounty-land laws; 239,726 have been examined; 182,070 allowed and warrants issued covering 22,003,290 acres; 57,656 have been suspended or rejected, which is leaving 25,542 not yet examined.

The Secretary considers indigence the only true basis for a pension, and recommends that power be given to the Commissioner of Pensions to suspend, curtail or stop pensions when the reason for granting them has partially or totally ceased. On the 30th June, 1856, the number of Pensioners were 13,932; the amount disbursed to them, $1,360,694.

2,255 patents have been issued by the Patent Office since the 1st of January. The income of the office this year will be about $200,000.

Mr. McClelland again calls attention to the extraordinary expenses of the Judiciary, and earnestly recommends a radical change or modification of the laws relating thereto.

TREASURY.

The Report of Mr. Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury, exhibits the following facts:—

Income of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1856, from Customs, Public Lands, and other sources	$78,918,141
Expenditures of the Government:	
On Civil List	$25,274,330
Interior Department	3,872,827
War	16,948,197
Navy	14,077,047
Total ordinary	$60,172,401
Redemption Public Debt	12,776,391
Total expenditure	$72,948,792
Balance in Treasury July 1, 1855,	$18,931,976
Same balance July 1, 1856	19,901,825
The Public Debt, March 4, 1853	$69,129,937
Subsequently added for Taxes	2,750,000
Together	$71,879,937
Paid off since 4th March, 1853	41,142,808
Leaving present debt only	$30,737,129

The Indian treaty obligations which are irrespective of the public debts noticed, and exclusive of permanent annuities, amount to $21,065,591. The Foreign Trade for the fiscal year is—

In Exports	$326,964,918
Imports	314,639,942
Balance in favor of the United States	$12,824,976

The increase in the Foreign Trade, afforded $4,937,625 in customs revenue over the previous estimates.

The Secretary makes a most suggestive return stating that $1,407,518,894 is invested in the capital and debt of the United States, the separate States, 113 cities and towns, 347 counties, 985 banks, 75 insurance companies, 360 railroads, 16 canals and 15 miscellaneous corporations, from which he has returns, and that of this amount $202,922,937 is held by foreigners. From 1825 to 1856 inclusive, the cost of building, fitting and repairing Custom Houses, amounts to $9,116,987; revenue cutters, $7,670,045, and collection and other expenses attending the revenue service, $48,299,168.

The losses to the Government by failures and defalcations are $23,898,952, from the foundation of the Government, of which $6,213,345 is hopelessly lost by the death of the parties, without effects. The outstanding claims are equal to about one and a quarter per cent. on $1,886,136,014 received into the Public Treasury, or five-eighths of one per cent. on the receipts and expenditures.

Having failed to secure the production of domestic wool, Mr. Guthrie recommends a revision and repeal of the duties on that article. The Secretary argues for an extension of the Free List, for the remission of raw materials and a reduction on some other of the present schedules, believing such would beneficially increase the employment of our tonnage and the markets for our own manufactures. He recommends the withdrawal of the small-note currency as the best measures of "approximating a metallic medium," and upholds the levying of duties by *ad valorem* in opposition to the former system of specific valuation. He also calls the attention of Congress to his previous suggestion for a revision regulating the collection of revenues; and doubts the propriety of the Federal Government standing in the relation of creditor to any of the individual States which have failed to pay the interest on their bonds.

WAR.

The Secretary of War reports the successful termination of difficulties with all the Indians on the Western plains, excepting the Cheyennes, and the close of the Indian War on the Pacific. Much space is devoted to a reviewal of the present incomplete system of carrying on war with the Indians. Small posts are condemned as nearly powerless beyond their own limits. Being fixed points in the route of the emigrant, they afford the Indians an opportunity of observing the trains, and of thus determining on future operations. The present system also involves the frequent construction and abandonment of posts, and the employment of all the troops for a length of time at a labor, alike injurious to military instruction and the contentment of the men. A fort is scarcely made comfortable until the soldier has to leave it. To rectify these misfortunes and overcome to some extent the expense, embarrassment, and comparative uselessness of locating military posts in advance of settlement, Mr. Jefferson Davis suggests that within the fertile regions a few points accessible by steamboats or railway be selected, at which large garrisons be maintained, which could annually supply strong detachments for the Indian country, to be sent out when grass will suffice for the support of draft and burden. Such an arrangement he believes would insure the strength of the service and make it attractive.

The Report reviews the progress of the sea-coast fortifications and urges the importance of their immediate completion. Mr. Davis asks for a law for appropriations on a liberal scale for new forts, improvements in small arms, and the accumulation of munitions of war. He holds that in time of peace we should prepare for war. Under the present Congressional appropriations it would take forty years to supply each mounted piece at the forts with one hundred rounds of ammunition.

The Secretary's recommendation for a national foundry for casting guns, is renewed. Among the leading suggestions made for the further efficiency of the War Department, are the following: Increased pay to officers; a renewal of former recommendations, having in view a retired list of disabled officers; the establishment by Legislature of different rules, determining rank and command; and a legislative remedy for the frauds made by the continual enlistment of minors; and that pensions be provided for the widows and orphans of officers and soldiers the same as in the navy.

In view of the rights of the Hudson's Bay and Puget's Sound Companies being held by persons owing no allegiance to the Republic, but whose influence for evil over the Indians is unbounded, the Secretary recommends the extinguishment of these rights. The movements of the army in Kansas are narrated, and the various points we have touched, ably illustrated.

The authorized strength of the Army is 17,894; the actual strength on the 1st July, was 15,562. The number of enlistments during the twelve months ending September 30, was

4,440; the number of persons offering to enlist, but who were rejected for minority or unfitness, was 5,594. The number of casualties during the last fiscal year, by deaths, discharges and desertions, was 6,096, of which 3,223 were by desertion.

NAVY.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy details the operations of squadrons during the last year, enters at length into the expedition of Lieutenants Berryman and Page,—the former engaged on the survey of the bottom of the sea between Newfoundland and Ireland, having in view the laying of a telegraph; and the latter occupied in exploring the river La Plata and its affluents, the Parana, Uruguay, &c.—reviews the general state of his department, and makes some reflections based on the facts stated.

Amongst the suggestions offered by Mr. Dobbin, are the necessity of two squadrons on the Pacific station, to keep pace with the growth of our commerce there; the importance of ordnance and practical gunnery to keep pace with the gunnery-practice of the British service, which has ships for the teaching of that especial art; further means to promote enlistment in the service, such as increased pay, honorable discharges, superior quality of clothing and provision, improvements in berthing the men, surgical care, and the shortening of cruising from three to two years; a fostering care and a gradual enlargement of the apprentice system; a recommendation that vacancies (by death and resignation) be filled by regular promotion, or by the restoration of dropped officers to the active list; the establishment of a small corps of assistant pursers for store-ships and vessels on special service, at present not so furnished; the establishment of a Judge Advocate, the lawful enforcement of the law authorizing courts-martial rendering it necessary; that the Nautical Almanac be placed under the charge of a naval professor of Mathematics. Such is an outline of the suggestions made by the head of the Naval Department, from whom we further learn that the Naval Academy continues to prosper, that E. K. Collins has been notified of the discontinuance of his extra appropriation, and that the Navy and Marine Corps estimates for the coming year amount to $3,913,979.

POST OFFICE.

The Report of Postmaster-General Campbell, gives us a bundle of carefully arranged statistics, which exhibit the following interesting facts:—

On the 13th June, 1856, there were 25,565 Post-Offices, being an increase of 4,664 in four years. On the same date, there were in operation nearly 8,000 mail routes, the total length of which was estimated at 235,642 miles, costing $6,035,474. These mail routes were divided as follows: 23,323 miles railroad, 14,951 steamboat, 50,453, coach, and nearly 154,000 inferior grades. The increase during the last fiscal year was nearly 20,000 miles railroad, 332 steamboat, 1,250 coach, and 82,000 inferior grades.

In the four years ending July 1st, 1856, the railroad service was increased 10,177 miles, showing that within the period noted this description of service was more than doubled. On the 1st of December, 1855, the length of railroad routes had increased to 21,310 miles; the total cost at the date amounting to $2,403,747. The entire cost of the inland service on the 1st July was $6,526,028.

The California expenditures for the year 1856 were $10,500,286, and the gross revenue, including annual appropriations for free matter, $7,620,821. The deficiency is $2,787,000.

10,238 miles were added to the total length of routes in Nebraska and Kansas.

The Postmaster-General recommends the abolition of the franking privilege; the pre-payment of all printed matter; the repeal of the act of 1845 which confers discretionary powers on the head of this department to make contracts for the ocean steam-ship service; regular contracts with the Panama Railroad Company not exceeding $50,000 per annum, via the Isthmus; and a contract not exceeding $200,000 per annum, via the Nicaragua or Tehuantepec route, so as to give a weekly mail. Negotiations are being made for the reduction of the transit charge on United States closed mails, and the rates of postage between the United States and Great Britain to twelve cents a single letter.

THE BLACK SQUALL COMING.

Imperial, Royal and Serene navigators in all European waters have good need to shorten sail and put their piratical crafts in proper trim to meet the approaching storm. The Black Squall is coming! There will soon be shattered wrecks upon the stormy beach, and blazing thrones. Europe is one mass of discontent. It is whispered in the streets, it escapes through the columns of the muzzled press of France, it occasionally rolls out like an alarm-drum in the leading pages or *Special Correspondence* of the London journals. The signs are ominous—the hand-writing requires no interpreter—the Dynasties that have emptied the public treasuries are going to be abated, and their assets will be appropriated by the People. The Sick Man is is getting sicker, and his physicians pronounce his malady incurable. The Turkish question is more complicated now than when the Imperial doctor of St. Petersburgh volunteered his prescriptions. The correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Constantinople on the 7th of November, says:—"The Turkish empire is in a state of transition, and, as in every process of fermentation, the dregs come all to the surface and require skimming. The war has precipitated this crisis and brought it to its most critical state. This is the reason why, just at the moment when Europe flattered herself at having arrived at the solution of the complicated Eastern question, and when to those far off the danger seemed to be over, to those who have the whole system daily before their eyes things look blacker than before."

This admission from the correspondent of the organ of the British Government, dictating his letter under the eye of the British Ambassador, is sufficiently conclusive on the dangers which still menace the Turkish empire, and threaten to explode the hollow Treaty of Paris, and the still more hollow alliance of Queen Victoria and Louis Napoleon. The presence of a British fleet in the Black Sea, and an Austrian army on Turkish soil, proclaim to the world that, although the labors of the Paris conference, celebrated by balls, *fetes*, boar-hunts, and dynastic baptisms in France, by royal thanksgivings and dim-illuminations in London, by mediæval military displays and coronation rejoicings in Russia, a state of war still exists—a state of things by no means equable to the ruler of France, who will soon be compelled to make another raid upon the citizens of Paris, or a quick run once more for the white cliffs of Albion.

Should the dull perversity of England and the Punic faith of her Statesmen precipitate another war, Louis Napoleon cannot afford to draft his army a second time from France. He would be either an inglorious spectator of the struggle—which French chivalry could not tolerate—or be driven into a hostile attitude towards England. Any one of those contingencies are sufficiently dangerous to the rulers of either country. England feels that Russia has not been crippled nor even beaten in the late war. The fact of the most formidable armies in Europe being held at bay for twenty-four months before a single redoubt, and being unable even after it was captured by accident, to advance or retreat until the signing of the treaty of Peace allowed them to evacuate the Crimea, shows clearly enough that Russia has come out of the struggle more powerful than the Allies. England cannot afford to withdraw her fleet, and the Emperor of the French is not in a position to renew the war. "Things look blacker than before!"

France is upon the eve of another revolution, and France is the Standard Bearer of insurrection in Europe. Under the influence of sudden panic, created by military terrorism, she accepted the dictatorship of Louis Napoleon.

But a brave nation will not long submit to the irresponsible will of any man. The Paris correspondent of the *London Times* says that "the symptoms of public discontent to which I have more than once directed attention, appear to have at last opened the eyes of the authorities, and those whom the question touches more nearly." The person whom the question touches more nearly is the Emperor himself; but he will require to have more heads than eyes if he ever wears a crown. Again, the same writer says: "In France the administrative authority leaves nothing untouched; it can do no act without affecting the honor and property of its citizens. Since the 2d Dec., 1851, the sphere of its action has been considerably extended, but it is known that many of the persons engaged have not proved equal to that enlarged authority. The result is, as might have been expected, faults have been multiplied, and discontent among the people has proportionately increased. All this may pass in silence until such time as the measure of suffering is full, and the patience of the people exhausted. If it should be necessary some day to make an appeal to the country, the government would find that hardly one friendly voice would respond to it, but that it would hear one general cry of complaint, reproach and indignation. It may be asked if the Minister of the Interior is aware of this perilous state of things. Contrary to the general belief, I take it for granted that he is; and if so, he must, without loss of time, apply the necessary remedy. Will a second *coup d'etat* be attempted. I doubt it. The situation of affairs is not the same as that which, according to many people, excused or palliated the first; and no one knows better than the man who has most profited by it, that the same thing cannot be done twice within so short a period. It is fair to admit that the mind of the Emperor, all powerful as it may be, has been so much occupied with great questions of foreign policy for the last three years as to leave him very little time for the internal administration of his country. Yet he had better look to it. His authority is undermined by his own delegates, and his name is brought into disrepute by unworthy acts of which he is ignorant, but for which an entire people consider him responsible. He had better look to it before the moment comes when to him may be applied those terrible words which other rulers have heard before him, *'C'est trop tard!'*"

It is clear that France is on the eve of a revolution more terrible than any which she has yet passed through. The oppressed nations of Europe will actively sympathise with the French people. They will not await the result of the struggle which the erection of the first barricade shall have inaugurated. Promptly and boldly, the charging cry of the Revolution will be re-echoed from Palermo to Vienna. It will console the captive in his dungeon, and rouse to victory and vengeance the oppressed millions who have languished in bondage throughout the fairest portions of the old world. Verily, the long-postponed day of reckoning is at hand. The Black Squall is coming!

LETTER TO THE BOSTON DEMOCRATS.

Tremont House, Boston, Tuesday, Dec. 2, 1856.

My Dear Sir:—To the last moment I deferred a reply to the invitation which, as Chairman of the Committee of Invitations, you did me the honor to communicate. Up to the last moment I had indulged in the hope that circumstances would permit me to be present at the banquet which, to-morrow evening, in Faneuil Hall, is to commemorate the victory of the American Democracy in sustainment of the American Union.

But circumstances which I find it impossible to obviate compel me to be absent, and I am forced, in a few hurried words, to assure you that, in your just and glorious exultation, I heartily participate, and that, as one of the *foreign population*, I am, heart and soul, with the strict interpreters of the Constitution—with them in conflict, adversity, and triumph.

A Revolutionist under a Monarchy, I am a Conservative under a Republic. This sentiment I boldly utter on behalf of thousands of Irish immigrants, invested with or aspiring to the sovereignty of American citizenship. Such a sentiment, I well know, will wake the ancient memories and echoes of the Hall where the most memorable words of the foremost man of Massachusetts interpret, in letters of gold, the noblest scene of his majestic public life. I am,

Your obedient servant,

And faithful friend,

Thomas Francis Meagher

To the Chairman of the Committee of Invitations, Faneuil Hall.

POSTSCRIPT.

John Mitchel arrived in this city on Sunday night. Early on Monday morning we had the delight of meeting him. He is in admirable health and spirits, and comes to us crowned with golden opinions and the proudest intellectual successes. Nashville, St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit and Buffalo have been within a few days, one after the other, the crowded theatres wherein his merit as a public lecturer, and his patriotism, genius, and high spirit as a man, have been triumphantly recognized. We write on the eve of his address in the *Tabernacle*. His subject—*Foreign Influence*—will be nobly treated, and thousands will rapturously greet him in that hall, where the echoes of his brave heart and bright solid intellect still vibrate through the memory of the people. From New-York he proceeds to Boston, Philadelphia, and other neighboring cities. The heartiest welcome awaits him in each and all.

Richard O'Gorman's lecture before the *Catholic Library Association* has deservedly won the enthusiastic applause of all who heard it. In another column a synopsis of it will be found. Excellent as it is, it conveys a very imperfect impression of the vast field of historical matter over which the speaker passed, and the pleasant light and flowers he flung upon it. The honor, piety and chivalry of the grandest epochs of the European Past have, with an eloquent sympathy, a genial philosophy, and a gallant manliness, been vindicated by him.

The Very Rev. Dr. Cummings follows our friend, O'Gorman, before the same Association. His subject—*Catholicity and America*—is one of especial interest at this moment, and will be sure to attract an eager and overflowing audience. The lecture is announced for the 16th inst. The personal popularity of Dr. Cummings, must render the occasion a complete and cordial success.

From an extended tour through Europe, our distinguished scientific friend, Oliver Byrne, returned by the *Arago* to this city on last Friday. He has been a keen and studious observer of the political symptoms and tendencies of the Old World for the last few months, and communicates to us many important facts which lie deeper in the social life of France and England than Emperor or Queen suspect. The Black Squall is coming. America alone—*The Great Republic*—will ride it out.

Just as we were closing up, Lieut. Green, of the City Horse Guard, handed us a statement of the receipts and disbursements on account of the lecture recently delivered by Mr. Meagher, for the benefit of the widow and child of Capt. Kerrigan. The nett proceeds are over Nine hundred dollars. The statement will appear in full next week.

Literature.

ROYALTY AND REPUBLICANISM.

Outline of an Address delivered in the Academy of Music, before the "Young Men's Democratic Union Club," by Thomas Francis Meagher.

In minute matters the *New-York Herald* was microscopically correct. Having set out for Washington, a few days previous to his Inauguration, and having arrived in New-York, the *Herald* informed them, that General Pierce proceeded on foot from the cars to the carriage in attendance, carpet-bag in hand. The picture was a pleasant one, though somewhat different from that which recently represented Alexander, the son of Nicholas, proceeding to Moscow to be crowned. It forcibly suggested the subject of the evening—*the Contrasts between Royalty and Republicanism—Europe and America.*

The day the Crystal Palace was opened in New-York, these contrasts vividly impressed themselves on the speaker's mind. An attentive witness of the ceremony with which that noble palace, sacred to Industrial Art, was opened, he was a spectator of a similar scene elsewhere. The Atlantic had been dispossessed of half its terrors and domain. The *Adriatic*—with its fiery steeds rushing through the storm—would follow up the conquest. They should rear no dull obelisk to the brave ship-wright, fashioned by whose unerring hand, that giant of the waters leaped to life from the forests and the mines. His monument was built. Trampling on the billows, it would sweep the lightnings from its path. Mozart dies, when his eternal *Requiem* is complete. George Steers breathes his last, when his master-work is finished. But swift as steam might bear them to the shores of Europe, the mind outstripped it. From the Hudson to the Thames, was with it the achievement of a second. Thus, whilst seated under that Olympian dome, in presence of the Chief Magistrate of the United States, he was at the same time looking down from the gallery which overhung the great transept of the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park, London, and beheld the solemnities with which, under the auspices of Queen Victoria, that edifice was thrown open to the public. He was in two places at once. More than this. He was a spectator of two events, two years apart, at the one and the same time. In this instance, neither time nor space interposed the slightest difficulty.

There was President Pierce—having ridden up all the way from the Battery, at the head of the First Division, side by side with Major-General Sandford, the old Butcher Troop acting as escort—and his Excellency having been drenched to the skin, and having taken a glass of water in a Restaurant opposite the Palace—a glass of water with just enough brandy in it, as the reporter of the *Herald* delicately observed, to kill the animalculæ—there was President Pierce, in the midst of the People, talking and laughing to every one about him—as the tallest Republican finds it no difficulty or disparagement to do—and having neither a Mistress of the Robes, nor a Groom of the Bed-chamber, nor a Gold Stick-in-Waiting, to hand him his hat. Across the water, there was her Majesty seated on a chair covered with gold and crimson cloth, under an octagon canopy trimmed with blue satin, with the ancient body of Beef-Eaters, paralyzed with loyalty on either side of her, and a dense wall of dead-heads—such as Masters of the Buck-Hounds, Stewards of the Green-Cloth, Keepers of the Privy Purse and Conscience—keeping the ignoble crowd aloof, lest the breath of honest labor should come betwixt the wind and her nobility. Late in the evening of the day on which the Crystal Palace was opened in New-York, the speaker called at the Astor House to pay his respects to the President. On the steps he met the Chief of Police. The worthy Chief looked well there. He coincided with the massive masonry in the shadow of which he stood. His architecture assimilates with the Doric solidity of the pillars which sustain the vestibule of that hospitable house. Glaring benevolently at him through his spectacles, he observed there wasn't much fear, he thought, of the President being assassinated there that night. Whether Mr. Branch's suspicions concerning the birth-place and baptism of Mr. Matsell were correct or otherwise, that observation of the worthy Chief was conclusive, the speaker thought, of his knowledge and appreciation of the democratic institutions of America, and the spirit which animates her masses. Without sentinels, retinue, or spies—the welcome guest of a house to which the whole city have access—hundreds swarming up the stair-case to shake him by the hand—there stood President Pierce, the head of a nation whose commercial greatness overtops the world, as its Constitution instructs, and its liberty illuminates it—there he stood, without any of the expensive frippery of foreign Courts to detract from the simple grandeur of the magistracy with which he was invested—there he stood, receiving not the simpering sycophancy nor the starched courtesies of subjects, but the frank, utterly unaffected, promptly uttered greetings of men equal to him in freedom, religion, citizenship—equal to him, before the law and the public suffrage, in all the blessings which their Republican system of society conferred, and which the charter of its incorporation imperishably secured.

The incidents of the day to which he referred suggested other contrasts. The days of Louis the Fourteenth recurred to him. Dramatic days! Days when chevaliers and dames burlesqued Arcadian innocence in brocades and hoops, high-heeled shoes and powdered top-knots, or with less violence to nature, revived the loves, the wrangles, and symposiacs of the Gods. Corinthian days! Days of sumptuous sensuality, when one ripe favorite succeeds another in volatile succession, and a cast-off mistress consoles herself on six hundred thousand dollars a year. Asiatic days! Days of prodigality, material magnificence, and despotism—days when France, with all her poets, statesmen, soldiers, and philosophers, was but the cushioned foot-stool of a relentless egotist and incomparable spendthrift. In severe contrast to them appeared the days when Andrew Jackson discharged the duties of the Presidency. But the severity of the contrast was full of hope, consolation, goodness. The memory of the *Grand Monarque* was like unto the picture of Belshazzar's feast—gorgeous, sensual, gloomy—piles of golden wine-cups glistening through the shadows of an Assyrian architecture—but high above, the Hand-writing on the wall—the spectral warning of a retribution more terrible than that which deluged the city of the Chaldeans. The memory of the great citizen of Tennessee was like unto a strong oak in a fruitful plain—stretching its arms to the North and to the South, to the East and to the West—still and for ever growing—still and for ever drinking freshness from the soil in which its roots lie buried—still and for ever lifting its mighty head in majesty to Heaven, crowned with green leaves no storm shall disperse. From these celebrities of history—from the voluptuous architect of Versailles, as he said, and the honest master of the Hermitage—the speaker passed on to Washington and Bonaparte. He quoted Chateaubriand. Of these towering men, the author of the *Genius of Christianity* had with his superb pencil thrown off pictures—consummate master-pieces—the exquisite truthfulness of which in the one instance, the terrible truthfulness of which in the other, no rival artist in analysis of character had excelled. With a handful of citizens, Washington defends himself within the narrow but sacred circle of domestic firesides. He does not cross seas. He does not march from Memphis to Vienna. His battles are not those of Arbella and Pharsalia. He upsets no thrones to build others from their ruins. He acts as if he held the liberties of the future in trust. It is not his own destiny alone which controls him. It is the destiny of a new world. Washington leaves the United States as a trophy on his battle-fields.

Bonaparte has none of the features of this sedate American. In the tumult of notorious events, he desires only to create his own renown. Emulative of the Gods of Homer, he must compass the world in four strides. Appearing on the banks of every river, he inscribes his name suddenly in the archives of every people, and disbursing crowns to his family and soldiers, extemporizes his laws, victories and monuments. Each is rewarded according to his deeds. The fame of Washington expands with liberty from age to age. The fame of Bonaparte will remain to future generations, isolated from any benediction, an authority for tyrants, great and small.

Coming down to our own time, the speaker, in illustration of the two political systems which divide the world, introduced Louis Napoleon and James Buchanan—the one illustrating, as he said, the vices of Royalty—the other, the virtues of Republicanism. The *Coup d' etât* was described. Of that tragedy, Louis Napoleon was the Iago. The speaker had no apology to make for speaking thus of the most flagitious criminal of France. What though he was now at large; what though he sleeps in the bed of the Bourbon, and feasts sumptuously every day off his stolen plate; what though he dictates a message to his Baltic fleet from Windsor Castle, and dines in Guildhall, the guest of the Lord Mayor, old Turtle Chops, of London; what though his legions, returning from their feast of carrion in the Crimea, defile before him with cries of *Vive l'Empereur;* what though, as recent mails from Havre tell us, the imperial festivities continue at Compeigne, and Louis Napoleon enjoys hunting by day, and fancy-balls by night, in the style of Louis the Fourteenth; what of it—what recks it—what availeth it that a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul—there is a scar upon his forehead no crown can hide, though Cardinal or Pontiff should place it there—it is the blood of the people—the blood of the Second of December.

He, the speaker, was no worshipper of success. No worshipper of the Golden Calf. The swindler was still to him a swindler though he flaunt his spurious liveries through the streets, and forges a crest with which to legitimize the plate he has purloined. The fratricide was still to him a fratricide, though he wash his crimson hand in waters sweeter than those of Siloam, and drains the public treasury with the excesses of his charity. The tyrant was still to him a tyrant, though he amused the public with fire-works and cattle-shows, and, to popularize the baptism of his presumptive heir, proclaimed an amnesty to those whom his insatiate avidity for power consigned to chains, but to whom no amnesty could bring relief—for royal sunshine, special as it is, does not restore the shattered frame, the broken heart, the blasted hope, nor does the grave give up its dead. By the violation of his oath to the Republic, which, with a magnanimity to be found only in a Republic, cancelled the decree which shut him out from France, whose peace he had twice from no public necessity disturbed; by the corruption of the Army; by the intimidation of the Judiciary; by the peremptory suppression of the High Court of Sessions; by the disorganization of society, effected through the agency of spies, false alarms, and slanders against the Republic; by every crime a man, a citizen, or a prince can perpetrate, Louis Napoleon had set his foot upon that bad eminence, the conquest, the splendor, and the guilt of which Milton in his sublime epic two hundred years ago described—

> High on a throne of royal state, which far
> Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
> Satan exalted sat!

From this picture—the portentous consummation of royalty—it was time for them to avert their gaze, and in the sobriety, the justice, the equanimity and truthfulness of Republicanism, as exemplified in America, renew their hopes for the future of humanity. It was time for them—full time for them—to contemplate an example of good citizenship—citizenship rewarded with the civic crown, and in the enjoyment of the highest honor the Republic could confer, contradicting the aspersion that Republics always are ungrateful.

The speaker next enumerated the public services of James Buchanan, from the time of his taking his seat in the legislature of Pennsylvania to the close of his mission to England. His negotiation of the commercial treaty which, under the Presidency of Jackson, threw open the Black and Baltic seas to the merchants of America; his conduct on the question of the admission of Texas into the Union; his conduct on other questions of national consequence; his whole career, from first to last, was rapidly sketched. The narrative was unnecessary, the speaker felt. A cataract of speeches, pamphlets, letters, and editorials, rushing uproariously all through the contest just closed, had informed the world of all these dates and incidents long since. Enough to say, that having from his earliest manhood served his country faithfully—having honestly worked out his apprenticeship to her—now in the solid maturity of his years she rewards him with the largest share in the concern. Enough to say, that having with diligence, spotless rectitude, and the steadiest ability labored for years to consolidate her interests, augment her fortune and domain, extend her salutary influence, and establish her good name; never having, as that Prince of Darkness ruling France had done, disturbed the public peace to aggrandize himself; never having steamed up the Potomac, with a starved eagle under his arm, to pounce upon the Treasury; never having sought to corrupt the army, the clergy, or the magistracy; breaking no law, oath, or covenant; sturdily devoted to republicanism here, elsewhere, and everywhere, in London as well as Lancaster; without resorting to the least intrigue, treachery, or violence; without a speck of blood upon his hand or the shadow of a falsehood on his soul;—he is declared the First Citizen of America. On the Fourth day of March he will proceed to the Capitol, and there in presence of the Senate, the Messengers of the Electoral College, the House of Representatives, Ambassadors of Foreign Courts, Delegations from every State, officers of the brave and enlightened Army to whose custody is committed the Ensigns of the Republic, officers of the Navy whose wooden walls bear through the storm the thunderbolts of freedom—standing on the steps of the Capitol, in presence of this great audience, with head uncovered, he will call upon God—as God will be his Judge—to be the witness of the truth with which he consecrates himself to the high Ministry of the Commonwealth. In its modesty, pure decorum, sublime significance—with liberty to illuminate, the spirits of the Revolutionary Fathers to sanctify, and Providence to bless it—it was a scene which would infinitely transcend the Baptism of the *Child of France,* the Obsequies of Wellington, the Installation of the Eagles in the *Champs de Mars,* the Masquerades of Windsor, where a Duchess studs herself with a million worth of diamonds, or the Coronation of the Muscovite.

AWAY TO THE WEST!

Away to the West—the far-spreading West!
With its forests and prairies wide,
Where the Father of Floods, with unceasing flow,
Rolls onward an endless tide!

Away to the West, the God-given West,
And make thee a home on its soil,
Where Nature bland, with a generous hand,
With plenty will crown thy toil!

O quick depart, from the crowded mart,
Where e'en hearts are trafficked and sold—
Where Avarice lean, with merciless mien,
Turns life-blood into gold!

O why remain, in the servile train,
At the feet of Wealth to bow,
Where pamper'd drones rear palace-homes
By the sweat of the toiler's brow?

Away to the West, the free wide West,
Where no thrall the poor man chains,
Where all may be, as the wild winds free,
That sweep o'er the boundless plains!

'Tis there thou'lt feel, as never before,
That God is upon thy brow,
And that all who rest, on Nature's breast,
To Him alone need bow.

O who would be scorned, and humbly beg
From the rich man Labor and Bread,
When by honest toil, on God's free soil,
The Father himself, will feed?

Then hie thee hence to the Sunset-Land,
While yet in thy vigor and prime,
Where Nature awaits, with a "Welcome home,"
The wand'rer from every clime!

J. C. WATTERS.

THE MUSES—POLYMNIA.*

Each mood of the soul and each mode of the lyre
I alone, on Cytheron, control or inspire.
Each true lyric song-bird to me spreads his wings,
And aloft thro' Jove's ether soars, revels and sings!
The thunders of Pindar were caught at my shrine;
And Tyrtæus, in dreams, heard my whispers divine,
The lyre and the trumpet, the harp and the lute,
Soft measures Ionian, the rich Doric flute,
All thrill to my fingers and tremblingly tell
Inspiration's wild blasts from my altars that swell!
Combining alone, action, music and song,
With the strong rush of Passion I thunder along,
The celestial afflatus careering before,
While all hearts, hushed or glowing, bow down and adore!
I grasp the War-trumpet, and hark! at the blast
The trampling of cavalry, marshaling fast,
To the boom of the cannon and roll of the drums!
The continents ring and the islands afar,
When I summon Kings, armies and vultures to war.

* Personated by Miss Sarah Morgan.

The songs of Tyrtæus were sharper than swords,
And like sparks from steel clashing, the Marseillaise words.
Hear Dibden the Navy of Albion inspire,
See the young Teuton bard of the "sword and the lyre,"
Gallant Kœrner, the clarion of Germany's soul
When she rises in wrath against tyrant control!
The swift dithyrambic is mine as of old,
When Horace beheld the young God in the world,
And his tongue by the full view of Deity fir'd,
Uttered raptures unknown save to Vates inspir'd.
The harp at the feast and the song in the hall,
And the hymn at the Altar to me are due—all.
The solemn-ton'd organ's magnificent flow
Of triumph celestial, or heavenlier woe—
Whose full-swelling harmonies, countless combined,
Now roll like the ocean, now sigh like the wind—
Now seem spirit-voices from regions above
Replete with divine adoration and love—
Now mock the loud tempest, the chariot, the wings
Of the last avatar of the great King of Kings—
The organ *I* fashioned. Therein I infuse
The purest and best that belongs to each Muse.
It rose on my visions, resplendently bright,
As I dreamed on Parnassus, one star-spangled night!
I claim, for this matchless achievement alone,
To be Queen of the Muses on Helicon's throne.

Baton Rouge. SHAMROCK.

MR. SAVAGES '98 AND '48—THIRD EDITION.

In the space of six months Mr. Savage's work has attained a third edition, which, considering the almost total paralysis of the book-trade during the months occupied by the Presidential campaign, may be taken as a very decided success. There continues to be a steady demand for the volume—a large portion of the last edition having been ordered before it had gone to press.

The third edition has been very usefully improved. Forty pages have been added, embracing an Appendix and a copious Index, containing nearly twelve hundred references to political facts, military movements, and personal allusions in the text. The Appendix is peculiarly valuable to the historical student in giving the original addresses issued by the national bodies in Ireland during the revolutionary months of '48. Public documents are the bases of history, and in the various proclamations and addresses issued by the Irish Confederation, the Protestant Repeal Association, the Trades and Citizens of Dublin, the Students, etc., to the French Republic, to the people of Ireland, to the Protestants of Ulster, to the Political Clubs on Trial by Jury, and against Lord Clarendon, the reader may find a thorough daguerreotype of the public spirit of the day. These documents completely indicate the national mind of the hour. They at once illustrate the national hopes and the oppression which inspired them. They form a chapter of the European History of that eventful year to which every future writer on the subject must refer; and as they can be found in no other publication, their presence here must greatly enhance the historical value of this work. The price continues as before.

LAKE NGAMI; or, Explorations and Discoveries during four years wanderings in the wilds of South-western Africa. By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSON. (Numerous illustrations.) *Harper & Brothers*

From earliest youth, the author of this exceedingly interesting and clever volume, has been haunted by visions of African travel. The misty obscurity of the region to which his brain, as it were, became thus early affianced, but added force to his imagination. He beheld in its untravelled recesses, a star that led him on, and after encountering many obstacles, he at last in London was introduced to Mr. Francis Galton, author of "Tropical South Africa," who was about undertaking an expedition to explore the unknown regions beyond the boundary of the Cape of Good Hope Colony, and to penetrate, if possible, to the recently discovered Lake which gives the title to the present work. Discovering Mr. Anderson to be a congenial spirit, Galton made a proposal which was accepted, and the pair of travellers set out with an immense quantity of goods to traffic with the dusky barbarians on the one hand; and all sorts of scientific and artistic apparatus to take observations, and preserve objects of natural history and scenery on the other.

Mr. Anderson's book gives the experiences of two expeditions: one undertaken in 1850, and the other in 1854. In the first of these journeys the localities of the Damaras (scarcely until then known in Europe,) and of Ovambo, were explored. In the second, undertaken solely by Mr. Anderson, the newly discovered Lake was reached by a route heretofore deemed impracticable. The author not only describes the general appearance of the regions he visited, but he gives the most precise information he was able to collect in illustration of the geological, ornithological and general history of the country. He also, at considerable length, details the varieties of religion, the manners and customs of the native tribes visited by him in his journey. The illustrations, by Mr. Woolf, are very good.

THE DIAMOND ATLAS. With Descriptions of all Countries, exhibiting their actual and comparative extent, and their present Political Divisions, founded on the most recent discoveries and Rectifications. By CHAS. COLBY, A. M., editor of "Morse's General Atlas of the World. *Morse & Gaston.*

This elegantly printed volume contains geographical details of the western hemisphere. It is designed to be a valuable book, full and accurate in its information, and thoroughly achieves what it sets out to perform. The maps, though small in size, present a correct delineation of the natural features of the countries, with accurate outlines of their present political divisions. In the States in which the counties are subdivided into townships, the names of the latter are given on the maps by means of their initial and final letters. In the western states, which—says the editor—were surveyed under direction of the General Government, all the "base lines" and the "principal meridians" are correctly stated, so that the minutest locality can be ascertained in a moment. The maps of other countries are prepared with equal accuracy. The work is a small quarto, double columned, and must prove a most useful companion to the desk of the student, merchant, editor, lawyer, or citizen general interested in business. The descriptions are written with clearness, and the maps are engraved by the cerographic process discovered by Mr. Morse.

A NEW SYSTEM OF WRITING.

Mr. William S. Mac Laurin, a noted teacher of Penmanship for thirty years in this city, has received a Patent for a new system of instruction in his art. Mr. Mac L. remarks, that it has never been clearly seen that there is an essential difference between the ability to transfer to paper any form existing in the mind, and the habit of producing upon paper such form without any conscious effort of the mind. That such a difference does exist is clear enough. The mind of the business man—be he merchant, lawyer or editor—is generally so occupied with the *matter* of his writing that no thought can be spared for the *forms* of the letters. Any one who—like ourselves—is liable to receive from fifty to one hundred letters daily on all sorts of topics and from all sorts of people must be disagreeably impressed with this fact. Mr. Mac Laurin proposes to teach a good habit of writing, so that a pupil's hand, once formed on his system, will write gracefully, clearly and equally, as it were by second nature, irrespective of the influence, which the thinking properties of the brain works on the characters to be written. His system is exceedingly novel and interesting; and we doubt not, but that, after carefully going through the exercises laid down in Mac Laurin's complete course, which can be had of the author at 345 Broadway, the benefit derived will be very apparent.

PROSPECTS OF THE MAGAZINES.

Putnam for December brings the eighth volume of that brilliant periodical to a close. The last volume contains several exceedingly able articles—such as were worthy of the best days of Blackwood and Fraser. We make especial reference to such papers as the Poetry of War, and others of the like stamp, to which we have before alluded. Although we may differ with the Magazine in some respects, it must be admitted as a credit to American literature. In opening their ninth volume, the publishers have only to say that they mean to relax no exertions to render it thoroughly worthy of the favor it has already received from the public. They announce that due regard will be had to variety and popular entertainment, and while the *Monthly* will continue its survey of great public questions, it will not forget that its readers expect amusement as well as instruction. With this view, a new novel entitled "Witching Times," is commenced the present month. It is to be concluded in thirty chapters.

Harpers' December issue opens the fourteenth volume of one of the most entertaining and useful miscellanies ever published. In whatever point of view we take it, the work does credit to American enterprise, skill, tact, taste and talent. A great proportion of the earlier volumes was re-printed matter; but as the Magazine became a "household word," the proprietors gradually repaid popular support by supplying able, original, biographical and descriptive essays, notes of travel, and tales, with a monthly history of home and foreign events, until it has arrived at what it is at present, a most readable and instructive miscellany. Add to this the profusion of illustrations, admirable as they are, which crowd its pages, and the price demanded; and one cannot wonder that English people who are in the habit of giving half a crown (62 1-2 cents) for the British monthlies, look upon *Harpers'* as a miracle in the publishing way, to be only understood by a visit to America. The present issue opens with a delightful paper, exuberantly illustrated, on Washington Irving and his dear old house at Sunny-side. Are we wrong in thinking we recognise both the pen and pencil of Addison Richards thus happily illustrating the honored home of the "Literary father of his country?"

The *Knickerbocker* closes its forty-eighth volume this month. The number is a bright one, and gives evidence of the spirit in which the new volume will be conducted. The publisher's announcement informs us that "Mr. Cozzens will contribute a new and really original story, which will appear in every number; and Mr. Kimball will furnish a sketch or a story as often as his other duties will permit." The Up-River Correspondent will continue his letters, and Charles G. Leland ("Mace Sloper") shall still interest us with his "Observations." The writings of several highly accomplished lady contributors will grace the pages regularly. With these and other regular contributors, and the "Table" of Mr. Clark, whose long experience has made him *au fait* in his department, "Old Knick" will be able to present a monthly literary treat so varied that no refined taste can fail to be gratified.

Mrs. Stephens closes the first volume of her Magazine. Her success has been eminent and well-deserved. It is, without compeer, the most elegant lady's companion in the country. We take pleasure in recording that it is firmly established, and its circulation already more than a paying one. It met with more than the usual favor on its first appearance, and each month has but added to its stability. The publisher announces that in January a new novel will be commenced, entitled "*West Point*," by an officer of the United States Army, with graphical and characteristic illustrations by Dallas. This work is in a field hitherto untouched by the novelist, which is eminently an American one. We learn that it is a remarkable work, graphic, dramatic, full of character, and likely to make a sensation. The hero is taken through West Point, graduates at that institution, and undergoes a series of adventures, in an upward struggle from poverty to eminence. Mrs. E. F. Ellet's "*Firesides of the Revolution*," will be continued. The matter contained in this series, is all new, never having been published before, and was collected by Mrs. Ellet from private sources. A new feature is to be added to the monthly in the shape of illustrated fashions. This is undertaken in response to numerous requests from subscribers. The exquisite pencil of J. A. Dallas, who has given us already so many beautiful conceptions, and whose poetry of the pencil has been justly admired, and received the most flattering encomiums, will contribute largely. *Lost Jewels*, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, will still continue, illustrated as heretofore—while to the various literary branches, romance, criticism, papers on art, editorial gossip, tales, sketches, humorous papers, &c., well known authors will contribute, and render this Magazine, in its general literature, unexcelled by any other in the country.

Literary and Artistic News.

Mr. J. Wallace, Dentist, lately submitted to the Clonmel Mechanics' Institute some rare scientific specimens of concentric turnings, consisting of balls, cubes, cones, and a marked dice, within a sphere. These balls, he said, had been the pride of China, and the ingenuity with which they had been constructed had long excited admiration and surprise; public opinion, as a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* not long ago observed, assigning to the Chinese alone the palm for the wonderful design. But he (Mr. Wallace) anxious to spend a leisure hour, and to show that Irishmen in the path of discovery and science did not fear any discovery of skill—ventures himself to produce these same balls, cones, cubes, and a dice in a spherical form never seen or heard of before. The specimens were critically inspected, and found to be *unique* in every respect.

Somebody has given this miniature of a noted writer:—"Douglas Jerrold, a well-known contributor to *Punch*, and editor of various publications, is a man about fifty years of age, and in person is remarkably spare and diminutive. His face is sharp, angular, and his eye of a greyish hue. He is probably one of the most caustic writers of the age, and, with keen sensibility, he often writes under the impulse of the moment articles which his cooler judgment often condemns. Although a believer in hydropathy, his habits do not conform to the internal application of Adam's ale. His Caudle Lectures have been read by every one. In conversation he is quick at retort—not always refined. He is a husband and grandfather."

The Mormons in Copenhagen have a newspaper, called the *Skandinaviens Etjerne*, or *Star of Scandinavia*. In a late number of this paper, it is stated that the number of the "Latter Day Saints" in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, amounts to 2692 persons, among whom are 21 elders, 19 priests, 15 teachers, and 11 deacons. In Sweden, there are 340 Mormons; in Denmark, 2247, of whom 1208 are in Copenhagen. There are but 7 Mormons in Iceland.

It is said of Daniel Webster that when he once arrived at the Girard House from a hot, dusty, exhausting ride from Washington, the servant pouring more water into the glass than proportion admitted, he exclaimed, with a voice and look with which John Philip Kemble, as Coriolanus, might have rebuked the Volscian—"*Boy, don't* INUNDATE *the brandy.*"

M. Cabet, founder of the Icarian community at Nauvoo, died at St. Louis, on the 9th ult., of an attack of apoplexy. The community at Nauvoo was founded upon the ruins of the Mormon company of Joe Smith, and the buildings occupied by the latter were devoted to the use of the Icarians. The age of M. Cabet was about 69 years.

A gentleman in Detroit proposes to endow the Fine Arts Department of the University of Michigan with a series of casts from the most celebrated antiques. This will be done on a liberal scale. They will include copies from the best Greek sculptures—many of the Roman, the Assyrian and Egyptian. Professor Bradish will visit Europe in the spring to fulfil the purpose.

The statue of the Duke Charles de Mecklenburg was lately stolen from the garden at Potsdam. The metal was stolen from the original thief, and both the fellows were discovered through the sale of it at a very low price.

A fool, says the Arab proverb, may be known by six things—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, injury without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

The fifth number of a Bohemian translation of the dramatic works of Shakspere, published at the expense of the Royal Museum of Bohemia, has just left the press. It contains "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

An epitaph in an English churchyard reads:

Here lies I at length,
And my soul it at aise is;
With the end of my nose
And the tips of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

Cheltenham has struck a medal in commemoration of the visit to that town of the learned members of the British Association.

A German edition of the collective works of Francis Arago has just appeared at Leipsic, with an introduction by the venerable Alex. Von Humbolt.

It is reported that a rival to the *London Times* is shortly to be established in London with a subscription list of 100,000 and a cash capital of £500,000.

J. C. Derby, the well known book publisher in New-York, gave a brilliant fancy dress ball at his country seat at Yonkers, last week.

It is stated that there are ten time as many newspapers printed in the German language in the United States as there are in Germany.

The University at Greensboro', Alabama, seems to meet with much favor. Already the sum of $200,000 has been subscribed towards its establishment.

The present number of pupils in Girard College is 315. All are indigent orphans, in accordance with the will of the founder.

M. Goujon a young Astronomer of great eminence, and an assistant of Arago, died in Paris on the 1st inst.

Mr. W. H. Russell, the *Times* Crimean correspondent lies dangerously ill of fever at Simpheropol.

The "Book of Mormon" has been translated into the Hawaiian language, and a large edition printed.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Philadelphia has 1,05 members—709 active. Its receipts last year were $1,766.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble is to commence Shaksperian readings in St. Louis during this month, following them up throughout the country.

During the past year, Prescott the historian, has received an income of $20,000 from his literary labors.

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Eames, a well-known writer of both prose and poetry, died a short time since at Channahon, Ill., of consumption.

LOCAL CHANGES AND LOCAL FACTS

OF OLD NEW-YORK.

BY JOHN F. WATSON,
Author of the Annals of Philadelphia.

A gentleman eighty years of age, told me of his digging out the trunk of a walnut tree, at nine feet depth, at his house at the Coenties slip, near Pearl street.

He well remembered, in early life, to have seen a natural spring of fine fresh water at the fort, at a position a little north-west of Hone's house. There was also a fresh water well once at N. Prime's house near the Battery.

He saw the old fort cut down about the year 1788–9, when they found beneath the vault of the ancient Dutch church, once there, the leaden coffins of Lord Bellermont and lady. Vansant and Janeway were charged to remove them to St. Paul's Church.

He saw a linseed oil factory worked with wind sails, on a high hill of woods, about a quarter of a mile north-east of the Kolch. This was about the year 1790.

About the same time he saw a beautiful meadow, and flourishing grass cut on the declining hill back of the City Hall towards the Kolch.

The "tea water fountain," out by Stuyvesant's field, is now very good, and was in great repute formerly. The region of country near the prison, on the East river, has now excellent water. There "Knapp" gets his "spring water" for the city supply.

A lady of about eighty-six years of age said she well remembered when the locality of the present St. Paul's Church was a *wheat field.*

She also spoke of her remembrance of a "ferry house" in Broad street, up above "Exchange place," (then garden alley) to which place the Indians used to come and sit down in the street near there, and make and sell baskets.

The place called "Canvas Town," was made after the great fire in 1776. It lay towards the East River, and from Broad street to Whitehall street. It was so called from the temporary construction of the houses, and their being generally covered with canvas instead of roofs. Very lewd and dissolute persons generally were their tenants, and gave them their notoriety and fame.

While the old fort existed, before the revolution, it contained within its bounds the mansion of the governors (military chieftains) and their gardens. There governors Dunmore, Tryon, &c., dwelt. New-York was a military station, and as such it had always a regiment of foot and a company of artillery; also a guard ship in the bay.

Mr. Abram Brower, aged seventy-five, informed me that the lots fronting the Vly market were originally sold out by the city corporation, at only one dollar the foot.

He said the market in Broadway (the Oswego I presume) was once leased to a Mr. Crosby for only 20*s.* for seven years.

He remembered when only horse-boats ferried from Brooklyn, with only two men to row it, in which service they sometimes drove towards Governor's Island, and employed a whole hour. Only one ferry was used on the North River side, and then not to go across to Jersey city as now, but down to Blazing Star. Those who then came from Bergen, &c., used the country boats.

He said the Dutch *yachts* (then so called) were from one to two weeks in a voyage to Hudson and Albany. They came to, usually every night, "slow and sure." Then all on board spoke the Dutch language. [The mayor, Thomas Willet, in 1665, informs the corporation "he intends for Albania with the first opportunity, and prays its leave of absence."]

The last Dutch schoolmaster was Vanbombeler; he kept his school till after the revolution. Mr. Brower, himself, went to a Dutch school, to his grand-father's, Abram Delanoye, (a French Hugenot, via Holland,) who kept his school in Courtland street.

The first Methodist preaching in New-York was at a house in William street, then a rigging loft. There Embury first preached; and being a carpenter, he made his own pulpit—a true Puritan characteristic.

Mr. Brower, when a boy, never heard of "Greenwhich," the name was not even known; but the Dutch, when they spoke of the place, called it Shawbackanicka, an Indian name as he supposed. "Greenwich street" was of course unknown.

He knew of no *daily* papers until after the revolution. Weyman and Gaine had each a weekly one, corresponding to their limited wants and knowledge. The first daily paper was by F. Child & Co., called the New-York *Daily* Advertiser, began in 1785.

He saw Andrews hanging in gibbets for piracy; he was hung long in irons, just above the Washington market, and was then taken to Gibbet Island and suspended there; year 1769.

I notice such changes as the following:—

Maiden lane is greatly altered for the better; formerly that street was much lower near its junction with Pearl street; it was much narrower, and had no separate foot pavement; its gutter ran down the middle of the street. Where the lofty triangular store of Watson is seen up said street, was once a low sooty blacksmith shop, Olstein's, (a rarity now in the sight of passing citizens,) and near it a cluster of low wooden buildings.

In Pearl street, below Maiden lane, I have seen proof positive of the primitive river margin there; several of the cellars, and shallow ones too, had water in them from that original cause.

I perceive that Duane-street from Broadway, is greatly filled up; from one and a half to two stories there is made ground. The south corner of Duane-street, at Broadway, is sixteen feet filled up, and the same I am told in Broadway. South of this was originally a hill descending northward.

Where Leonard-street traverses Broadway and descends a hill to the Collect, was well remembered an *orchard* but a few years ago. Some of the Collect was still open fourteen or fifteen years ago (it is said), and was skated upon.

The original Collect main *spring* still exists on Leonard-street, having a house now over it, lettered "supply engine."

The Kolch waters still ooze through the new made filled in ground, into the cellars, especially in wet seasons.

When they dug out some of the Kolch ground, some used the earth as *turf*, thinking it had that quality.

The Collect street runs through the leading line or centre of the old Kolch channel, and has under its pavement a sewer to lead off the water. This street is the thoroughfare of so much water, as to make it necessary to incline the street deeply to the middle as a deep gutter-way. Indeed, so much water, "deep and broad," flows along it like a sullied brook, that it might be well called Brook-street; helped, as the idea is, by the numerous foot planks, as miniature bridges, laid across it at intervals for the convenience of foot passengers.

About the year 1784–5, property near New-York went down greatly; few or none had money to buy with. About the year 1785–6, Alderman William Bayard wished to raise cash by selling his farm, of one hundred and fifty acres, on the western side of Broadway and near the city. He devised the scheme of offering them in lots of twenty-five by one hundred feet; only twenty-five dollars was bid, and but few of them were sold. It was well for him—for very soon after feelings and opinions changed, and they who had bought for twenty-five dollars, sold out for one hundred dollars: and then, the impulse being given, the progressive rise has had no end.

A kinsman, G. T., told me, in 1828, that the out-lots of the city "went up" about twenty-one years before, when from the circumstances of trade, &c. they began to fall much, and soon after to rise again more than ever. He bought lots four years before at the rate of $850, which would now bring him $1,800. Twenty-one years ago he bought lots for $2,000 reluctantly, which he in six months after sold for $4,000. That purchaser kept it till four years ago at its minimum price, and sold it for $2,000! Some of his property, which five years ago he would have freely sold for $2,000, would now be valued at $12,000. The lot at the corner of Broadway and Maiden-lane was sold for $27,600, equal to $22 per square foot, This is, however, a rare circumstance, having had the accident of attaining to much front along the newly extended Broadway.

The Stuyvesants, Rutgers, Delancys, and others, have attained to great riches by the rapid and unexpected growth of New-York, voraciously calling on such "out town" landlords for their farms at any price! Old Mr. Janeway, who died lately, at fourscore, saw his few acres near the Chatham-street and Collect, grow in his long life and possession from almost nothing to a great estate. "While they slumbered and slept," their fortunes advanced without their effort or skill. Much the fact impresses the recollection of "Ecclesiasticus;" he saith, "There is one that laboreth and taketh pains and maketh haste, and is so much the more behind, (as many poor bankrupts know), and there is another that is slow and hath need of help, wanting ability, yet *he* is set up from his low estate!"

The head of Chatham street, where it joins the Bowery road, although now a hill, has been cut down in modern times twelve feet. From this point, following the line of Division street and thence down to the river, on the line of Catherine street, was formerly Col. Rutger's farm; it was opened as city lots about 36 or 38 years ago.

I found the once celebrated "tea water pump," long covered up and disused, again in use, but unknown, in the liquor store of a Mr. Fagan, 126 Chatham street; I drank of it to revive recollections.

I have been surprised to find, in so magnificent a city, such a mean collection of hovels, of feeble wooden fabric, as I see in the rear of the great City Hall and the stately houses along Chamber street; they lay on the line of Cross street, descending a present hill, formerly much higher and more rugged, having only foot-paths for clambering boys. The mean houses at the foot of the hill or street are now half buried in earth by the raising of the street ten feet; up to his neighborhood came once the *little* Collect; it forms the site generally of what was formerly Janeway's little farm.

The Magazine street here (because of the powder house once close by), now named Pearl, in continuation, as it runs towards the Hospital on Broadway, shows, I think, strong marks of having been at the period of the revolution, the utmost verge of city hopes. The range of Beekman and Vesey street had once bounded their expectations; and lastly, they extended to the natural lines of Pearl street as it crosses the city, and was there formed at the foot of the hills on its southern side. Before the Magazine street was formed, it was so essentially the imaginary line which bounded the Police of Justice, &c., that it was usual to designate the limits by the vague name of "the fresh water" side of the city. Thus referring to the great Kolch and its course of marshes, as separating all beyond in a *terra incognita.*

The houses No. 13 and 15 on Elm street, near the corner of Duane street, are singular evidence of modern innovation. They were originally good two story houses, and are now filled up in Elm street, nearly to their roofs.

In the rear of No. 48 Frankford street, is now a very ancient tar yard. This street, down to Ferry street, and from William street over to Jacob's street, is the region of what was formerly tan yards, and originally Beekman's swamp. An old man near here, said he remembered to have shot ducks here formerly. The father of another had told him he often gathered huckleberries; and fifty or sixty years ago it was common to exercise here in skating.

Mr. Lydigg told me that when the tanneries about here accumulated great hills of tan, it was the material of the boys (preparing for the revolution by sham fights). Here great tan redoubts, piked with cow horns, were defended bravely by the Pearl street and Fly boys against the invading urchins from Broadway. Sometimes the open field was resorted to on the present Park, where missiles of thwacking force was dealt with vigorous arm.

Mr. Jacob Tabele, aged 87, said that in his early days he heard much speaking of Dutch among the people and along the streets. He saw no lamps in the streets when a boy.

The powder house he remembered. A powder house, called the Magazine, on a rising ground (a kind of island) at the Collect.

In Nicholas Bayard's woods he often shot numerous pigeons.

He remembered they used to burn lime from oyster shells on the Park commons. This agrees with what Mr. Brower said, who imputed the name of *Collect* to the low Dutch for *burnt lime;* but it is more probable *Kolch* was the true name, from its meaning "fresh water" there.

He remembered ship-yards between Beekmans and Burling's Slips.

There was once some small houses of wood, where is now St. Paul's Church.

He has seen river water flow through the sewer up the Maiden lane as high as Olstein's blacksmith shop on the triangular square.

There was a very high hill, once called "Bayard's Mount," on which the Americans built a fort, and called it Bunker Hill, in the time of the revolution, now cut down. It stood on present Grand street, a little east of Centre market.

He remembered the "ferry house" so called, high up Broad street; had heard that the creek once run up there. The sign was a boat with iron oars. It was an inn with such a sign in his time.

He remembered seeing the block houses in a line of palisades, quite across the island; they went in a line from the back of Chambers street. They were of logs about one story high. They being empty, were often used by Indians who made and sold baskets &c. there. So said Ebbets also.

He remembered when boats could freely pass along the space now occupied by large trees on the Battery ground.

He well remembered the ancient City Hall (Stadt Huys) at the head of Cœnties Slip; said he often heard it had been used as a fort in Leister's civil war against the real fort at the Battery. He had often seen a ball then shot at it, and which was left in the side wall of the house (pulled down by Tunis Quick in 1828), on the south-west corner of Pearl street and Cœnties Slip. That ball is now in the possession of Dr. Mitchell, as a relic.

There were market houses at every one of the slips in his time; the one at the foot of Wall street, nigh the Tontine, was called the Meal Market.

Said he often heard of Lindley Murray (the grammarian) having leaped across Burling's Slip (about 21 feet) with a pair of fowls in his hands as he came from market. He believed it, and others spoke of it to me as true, and that his lameness afterwards was imputed to his efforts.

Mr. Tabele said there were but few streets paved. Broadway and other streets had all their gutter ways in the *middle.*

He remembered the Oswego Market in Broadway, opposite to Liberty street. When demolished, another was placed at the west end of Maiden Lane.

The Bear Market was the only one on the North River side. It took its name from the fact of the first meat ever sold in it having been bear meat, killed as the bear was swimming from the neighborhood of Bergen shore.

William street, from John street northwards, used to be called Horse and Cart street, from an inn near there having such a sign.

Mr. Thorburn, the seedman, told me that when they were digging in Broadway to lay the Manhattan pipes they came to the posts of the city gate once at Wall street. He also showed me a rarity in the first directory ever made for New-York, in the year 1786. The very names of that day are curious; so few then who were foreigners. Such was the novelty or uselessness of a directory then, when every one knew his neighbor, that no other was attempted till the year 1796; that one Mr. Thorburn also possesses.

Mr. Thorburn's seed-house is a curiosity itself—a rare conception on his part; and presenting to the eye of the walking passenger along the streets, a little *rus in urbe.*

An ancient house at the corner of Beaver lane and Broadway, of original two stories high, has its cellar wall exposed out of ground, thus showing the cutting down of Broadway six to eight feet at least. If we keep the idea of that elevation, we may form some idea of the primitive elevation of the ground whereon the fort stood; aged men have told me they thought the highest elevation of the parapet walls was about equal to the walls of the present houses near there.

Mr. Daniel J. Ebbets, aged seventy-six, who has been a very observant youth, and is now an intelligent gentleman of lively mind has helped me to many facts.

He says, the present Bowling Green was once an oblong square, and was well surrounded with large locust trees.

As late as the year 1787, he had assisted to draw a seine on the beach, where runs the present Greenwich street, say from Beaver lane to Battery, there they caught many fish and much of herring; the beach was beautiful; there boys and horses were wont to bathe and sport in the wave. A street to be there never entered the head of the sportive youth. A large rock (see it on Lyne's map) stood ont in the middle of present Greenwich street, then in the water, on which was a kind of rude summer-house, much to the mind and fancy of the boys; affording them a resort of much frolic and youthful glee.

RICHARD O'GORMAN'S LECTURE.

From the Sunday Dispatch.

Richard O'Gorman, Jr., lectured before the Catholic Library Association, at the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening last, on "The Days of Chivalry." The audience was of good size, the lecture a highly interesting and eloquent one, and received with the most rapturous applause. The lecturer began by saying that he owed an apology for occupying the position, and when the Society did him the honor to invite him to address them, was really puzzled to find a subject upon which they were not as well informed as himself. Of the Present it was not necessary to say anything additional, self-complacent and arrogant as it is. Of the Future we could but speculate—one as well as another. But something remained to be done for the Past—the contemned and slighted Past, generally voted old fogy and slow, a time when there was neither steam nor telegraph, newspapers nor clipper ships. But it might be that all this was overstrained, and that the world had not improved as much as it had advanced. He proposed to take up the Days of Chivalry, and show that in many regards they were not a whit behind this boasting age, that manhood was then as noble and self-sacrificing as now, and that the ages had all the light they demanded. The lecturer traced earnestly and forcibly the fall of the Roman empire—the overrunning of Europe by military conquerors; the founding of kingdoms among them. Then sprang strife and contention, bloodshed and bitter hate, the only law that of the sword. Upon this harsh discord fell a softening influence, that of the Church of Christ, and Rome the second began to rule the world as Rome the first had done. It came from the Catacombs, and lit up the world with glory. Goth and Hun and Visigoth found a common bond, and Christendom was established. Soon to strengthen this came a common bond of dander—the threatening of the Mahometan power. The lecturer rapidly sketched the rise of the deception of Mecca, its rapid success, the conquering of India, crossing the Mediterranean into Spain, and bursting upon France in the time of old Charles Martel. But Christendom was prepared to meet the shock, and at Tours three hundred thousand Moslems bit the dust and the waves were rolled back and Europe delivered.

In the course of his remarks he graphically sketched the origin of the Normans—(Rolf, the early filibuster, who being too large to ride on horseback, was prophetically surnamed "Walker!") the descent upon England, the subjugation of the Saxons in a single battle by the Normans—though he said that they had been seven hundred years subduing a smaller island to the west. Then followed the institution of knighthood—a mingling of bravery and devotion, of manly strength and the very tenderness of women. The lecturer graphically depicted the origin and progress of the Crusades, and showed the advantages which accrued to the world through them. At last, the lecturer said, the mission of the preservation of Europe was accomplished in the life of chivalry, and it fell into decay. The Knight of La Mancha became its type, and now it was looked back upon with ridicule—by the men of this fast age. And yet the wisdom of this was doubtful. There was something more necessary in the world than a cold utilitarianism. The days of chivalry, the lecturer said, were gone, their blades rusted, their banners tattered and moulded, even their kingdoms gone to decay; but their spirit lived yet, and he conjured all true men to bear it proudly, be gallant men, as they of old were belted knights, without stain and without dishonor, without fear and without reproach.

BRITAIN BREAKS THE TREATY.

From the Dublin Nation.

England is violating—openly, audaciously violating the Treaty of Peace; and Austria, spiritless Austria, is following her treacherous example. England occupies at this present moment the position in the Black Sea which Russia occupied previous to the war. Austria occupies the position in the Principalities which Russia also held previous to the war. The avowed objects of the war were to free the Principalities, not merely from Russian domination, but from all foreign domination whatsoever; and to neutralise the Black Sea. Austria now holds military occupation of the Principalities, and England's fleets rule the waters of the Black Sea.

What now becomes of the talk of Russian aggression—Rus-

sian ambition? For her occupation of the Principalities, Russia had the sanction of a treaty—Austria's occupation is in contravention of the very letter of the Treaty of Peace. Russia's position in the Black Sea previous to the declaration of war, had for years been recognised and sanctioned by the world. England now maintains her fleet in open contempt of the letter and the spirit of the Treaty of Paris.

The attempt on the part of England to justify her outrageous conduct by insinuating that Russia has not observed the Treaty of Peace, is a lie—a mean, British lie. Russia has observed, with scrupulous fidelity, every article of the Treaty. The dispute about Bolgrad and Serpents Island, she wishes to submit to the Congress of Paris, and has actually invited that Congress to reasemble, in order that it may pronounce a decision. Whatever that decision may be, Russia declares her willingness to accept. But what does England? She opposes the reassembling of the Congress. Conscious of the injustice of her cause, she does not wish to submit it to the abjudication of a lawful tribunal. Austria, meanly overlooking the injuries which at the hands of England she has sustained, is base enough to become her ally in perfidy.

The conduct of England has drawn forth the censure, the hearty and unanimous censure of the French press. The Anglo-French Alliance is broken, it is at an end; it never can be reconstructed. Thank God for this; it was an alliance that boded ill to the cause of human freedom.

The time has now come to test what metal the Emperor of the French is composed of. If he allow England thus to violate with impunity the treaty which France purchased with so much blood and treasure; if he tamely submit to the indignity offered to him and his gallant nation, there is no foul epithet which the English press ever applied to him which he will not have richly merited. If, however, he proves himself to be in this emergency the true impersonation of the great French idea, if he shows himself to be in reality the nephew of his uncle—'*le neveu de son oncle*'—the proud Spaniard will cheer him; Russia will sustain him; Germany will applaud him; America will recognise his greatness; and Ireland may yet see another victory and vengeance like that of Fontenoy.

THE PEERAGE OF TIRCONNELL.

From the Wexford Independent.

It is reported that the Tirconnell Peerage is about to be revived in the person of Lord Talbot de Malahide. Why this selection should be made to the prejudice of the old Milesian Family to which the dignity originally and essentially belonged (and by some members of whom it is still borne on the Continent even to the present day) cannot be matter of surprise to those who have watched the undeviating rule of action of our conquerors, since the earliest periods of British domination. It is indeed in keeping with that Saxon policy towards Ireland which strives to abase its ancient race—"the mere Irish"—and crush every germ of its Hiberno-Gælic nationality.

We say essentially belonged—for the reader of Irish history cannot be unmindful of the fact, that that portion of the North of Ireland formerly dehominated Tirconnell, now the County of Donegal, was the territory of the O'Donnells, of which they were the Kings, or Princes, or Chiefs. It derived its name from Conall Gubban, the progenitor of the O'Donnells, who was the son of Niall, of the Hostages, monarch of Ireland, about A.D. 400. Tir Conaill or Tirconnell signifying the territory of Conall.

There seems to be a strange fatality attending this Title as attached to the British Peerage, for it has passed through five different families since its first creation, and became successively extinct in each for want of male issue.

After the battle of Kinsale in 1602, and flight of Red Hugh O'Donnell, one of the greatest men Ireland ever produced, his brother Rory, having espoused the cause of the English and made his submission to the British Sovereign, ignobly relinquished the chieftaincy for a British Peerage, and was created in 1603, Earl of Tirconnell. Rory having soon after entered into rebellion, was attainted by act of Parliament; but had even this attainder not taken place the title would have become extinct a few generations after from failure of male issue.

The Earldom of Tirconnell was afterwards given to one of the family of the Fitzwilliams, in which, on failure of male issue, it likewise became extinct.

The next revival of this Peerage, was in the person of the celebrated Colonel Richard Talbot, who was created Duke of Tirconnell by James the Second. He died also without issue, in Limerick, in 1691, and was buried in the Cathedral. It is probably from this Talbot that the present noble expectant founds his pretensions.

One of the Brownlow family was then honored with the Peerage and created Earl of Tirconnell; and here again, as in the former instances, it lapsed from the same natural causes.

Subsequently, in 1761, Baron Carpenter was elevated to the Earldom of Tirconnell; and, a very few years ago, his descendant the last Earl, died, leaving no male issue, thereby causing for the fifth time the extinction of this British Peerage.

The delegates of the Tipperary Bank creditors have agreed to the principle of a compromise, and also to a recommendation to the creditors not to take proceedings. In the meantime, however, all sorts of proceedings are going on in every one of the courts, and the lawyers are having their pickings off the carcase. The multitude of law proceedings tearing away in various directions is enough to take any one's breath away, and raise a very reasonable doubt whether any thing will be left for the luckless creditors.

Mr. Allan Quirey, a farmer of Monkstown, met his death by accident, on the Ballymena Railway. He had been at a fair in Carrickfergus, and having arrived at Whiteabbey in a few minutes afterwards, was run over by a luggage train. Death must have been instantaneous, as the head was severed from the body.

At last Monday's market, says the *Dundalk Democrat*, a large number of young men and women attended to seek situations as farm servants. We were glad to observe that their appearance had been much improved. The wages for ploughmen ranged between £7 and £8 a year; and for boys' and girls' services, a considerable advance in wages has taken place.

Mr. George Little, cashier of the Midland Great Western Railway Terminus, Dublin, committed suicide in his office, by cutting his throat from ear to ear. He had locked the door before he committed the dreadful deed, and when it was burst open, he was found lying on his right side in a pool of blood. No reason is given for the rash act.

A charge of murder has been preferred against Patrick Flaherty, Michael Kane, and Laurence Burke, of Galway. It appeared that on or about the 4th ult., a tinker named Greahan, from Shell lane, was drinking with some, if not all, of the accused parties, in a house in Mainguard street, and that some difference arose between Greahan and some other of the parties while drinking there, the result being that Greahan went out, and on the other parties leaving he flung a stone at the person who had offended him, but instead of striking him, it hit Laurence Burke, his own drinking companion. The blow knocked the man dowu and left him in a state of insensibility for some time. Greahan went away; and the next place he was seen was in the basin of the canal where he was found drowned the following day. A woman named Devit now comes forward and proves that on the night of the quarrel she saw Greahan crossing the West Bridge, near eleven o'clock, followed by Flaherty, Kane and Burke, who pursued him through Parkavera, and that she saw Flaherty and Kane throw the unfortunate man into the canal, after he had called out to save his life. This witness is a person of immoral character, but she states that she told the occurrence she had witnessed to another person of her own class on the night of Greahan's wake, and some other person subsequently. There are some discrepancies in her testimony, but on the other hand, there had been no reward offered for her evidence that would lead to a conviction. The magistrates have sent the case for trial to the next assizes.

At the Waterford petty sessions, two respectably-dressed young men, named respectively, Wm. Harris, said to be of Liverpool, and Henry Milford, of Dublin, described as sailors, were brought up in custody of Sergeant S. Clair and John Harrison, police constable, on a charge of having broken into the shop of Mr. James Moseley, jeweller, Quay, on that morning, and taken therefrom a quantity of jewelry. Both prisoners were committed for trial to the next quarter sessions.

The Kilkenny *Moderator* reports that the stables of Mr. O'Donnell, near the Military Barracks, was set on fire, owing to the carelessness of a servant who left a candle sticking against the wall, and the valuable race-horse and hunter, Tyro, who won the first heat at the recent Tramore steeple-chase, was shockingly scorched about the head, stomach, and legs, so as that the poor animal survives in a most precarious and suffering condition.

The *Waterford Chronicle* reports that Professor Melville, of the Galway Queen's College, left Waterford, where he had been lecturing, without a formal vote of thanks having been passed him in public.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Mr. John Farrell, of Rathangan, county Wicklow, to Anne, daughter of Thos. Keogh.

At Monkstown, Wm. Shaw, of Rathmines, to Mary, daughter of G. Whitley, Kingstown.

James Ponsonby Cox, to Georgian Acheson, daughter of Acheson Lyle, Merrion square, South.

Thomas James Biddle, to Louisa, daughter of the late Henry Day, of Regent's Park.

In London, Captain John Doran, to Georgina Sultana, daughter of the late John Magrath.

In Belfast, Henry Allsop Ward, to Mary Robinson, of Wellington Place, Belfast.

At the Cathedral, Marlborough-street, P. W. Dillon, to Susan M. Shannon, Kilkee, Clare.

At Trieste, Signor Francisco Moy, to Georgina Sophia, daughter of the late George Swayne.

In London, Edward J. G. Clarke, L.L.D., to Mary Anne, daughter of Patrick O'Brien.

In Cheltenham, M. F. Davidson, of Singapore, to Maria Isabella, daughter of Major Gen. Forbes.

At Florence, Captain John M. Buggoyne, to Amy, daughter of the late Capt. Henry F. Smith, of the Royal Engineers.

At St. Paul's Church, Arran quay, Daniel Kinsella, of Linkerstown, county Carlow, to Rosanna, daughter of James Fallon, of Arran quay.

IRISH DEATHS.

On the 20th Nov. at 148 Great Britain-street, Edward Hayden, in the 87th year of his age.

Gibbon C. Fitzgibbon, county Limerick, aged 80.

In the 54th year of his age, and 34th of his sacred ministry, the Rev. Terence O'Reilly, P. P., Bohermien, Meath.

On the 5th ult., Thomas John Smith, Fortcastle, Philipstown.

At Guilford, Surrey, Major General Butterworth.

On the 12th ult., Michael Leagrue, 114 years of age. He was born, reared, and died in the parish of Hollywood, within 3 miles of Poulafouca Waterfall, county of Wicklow, and in the same burial ground lies the remains of his 3 wives and 21 children, and 4 still surviving him.

At Carrigduve, Blackrock, Robert Morrogh.

The Rev. Patrick Philigs, C.C., Cashel, in the diocese of Ardagh, at the Presbytery, county Longford, on the 10th ult. His mortal remains were conveyed to the new Cathedral, at Longford, and attended by a large concourse of the clergy and laity, were deposited in the vaults beneath the high altar.

Margaret Anne Jane, daughter of the late Michael Bennett.

Margaret, relict of J. Davis, 8th Hussars, aged 87 years.

John L. Puxley, of Dunboy, county Cork.

At Wellaton Hall, aged 87 years, Lord Middleton.

"T. F. MEAGHER CLUB."

Th's body will celebrate the Fifth Anniversary of the bold and honorable Escape from bondage of their distinguished countryman and patron, Thomas Francis Meagher, by a Grand Ball, to be given at Tammany Hall, on Monday evening, January 12th, 1857. The members have resolved to spare no pains or expense in rendering the entertainment worthy of the important event which it commemorates. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, one dollar.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Consumption---Watkinson's Pulmonacia.

A SAFE, reliable family medicine, warranted not to contain a particle of mercury or any other mineral poison; not a nine day's wonder got up to sell and humbug the public. He has used it for years in private families of friends, and now, at the urgent request of hundreds who have seen its remarkable cures, where every other remedy has failed, he offers it to the public to benefit and relieve those suffering with that fatal disease, so inherent to our changeable climate, carrying off its thousands to an early grave—Consumption. It has effected some of the most remarkable cures ever heard of; how some dear friend was saved from death, when all hope was given up, now lives and enjoys good health. Its rare qualities are not only in relieving consumptive patients, but for all diseases of the lungs, racking nervous cough, night sweats, bronchial affections of the throat, internal inflammation, where the blood is impure, it has no equal. The discoverer of Pulmonacia is Richard Watkinson, a gentleman of well-known standing in Philadelphia and New-York. Those that are acquainted with him know there is no quackery or humbug about it, as the number of certificates that can be obtained at the office will satisfy the most incredulous as to its value.

R. WATKINSON.

No. 448 Broadway is the only place in the city where it can be obtained. Price $1 per bottle.

dec13 3mos

WASHINGTON HALL.

JAMES McPYKE'S, No. **90** Prince Street, near Broadway, New-York.—This Establishment affords ample accommodation for Clubs, Committees, Families, Military Companies and all who desire spacious, elegant, and well-ventilated apartments for social enjoyment. Its proximity to all the leading hotels, renders this locality particularly desirable.

The Proprietor guarantees the best of the market, with a choice stock of Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c. Private Supper Rooms. Attentive servants, courtesy and kindness, the subscriber hopes to merit the patronage of an intelligent public.

dec. 13, 3ms. **James McPyke,** Proprietor.

Holloway's Pills.—Where are They Not?—Well may these Pills be called an Universal Medicine—for they are in demand throughout the habitable globe. Even the medical dogmatists who regard all deviations from college rules, as sacrilege, are electrified by the cures of dyspepsia, liver complaint, and dysentery accomplished by Holloway's Pills. Sold at the Manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists at 25c., 62 1-2c., and $1 per pot or box.

This day Published.

THE ADVENTURES OF

A ROVING DIPLOMATIST,

BY HENRY WIKOFF,

Author of "My Courtship and its Consequences."

1 vol. 12mo, cloth. $1 25.

CONTENTS.

Chap. 1—A Retrospect.
Chap II—France Republicanized.
Chap. III—The President's Ball.
Chap. IV—A Dinner at the Elysee.
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APPENDIX.

Letters on the United States.
do England.
do France.

The "Adventures of a Roving Diplomatist" is the piquant title of the long-looked for book of the Chevalier Wikoff, which is destined to create, perhaps, the liveliest literary sensation of the season. The author, from the eccentric nature of his career, has become invested with a romantic prestige that renders him to serious minds an object of curiosity, whilst the lovers of the marvellous regard him with unusual and peculiar interest"—*Herald*, New-York.

W. P. FETRIDGE & CO., Harpers' Buildings, Franklin Square, New-York.

1t

THE VICTIMS OF TYRANNY.

A great Public Meeting of the Nationalities of Europe and America will be held in the Hall of the Empire Club, in Canal street, on the evening of Friday Dec. 12, in honor and in aid of the political French prisoners who have recently escaped from Cayenne.

D. WEMYSS JOBSON, ESQ., Author of the "History of the French Revolution." will take the chair at eight o'clock, and the leading men of America and Europe will be present.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER

Will Lecture

For the Benefit of the widow and children of the late Alderman Patrick Kelly,

at the Tabernacle,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, 15th instant.

Subject.....Patriotism of the Poor.

Tickets 50 cents.

Merry Christmas and Happy New-Year!

LADIES, IF YOU WISH TO MAKE PRESENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS, you will find at MILLER'S, in Canal street, White Silver and Kid Galter Boots, Slippers and Cloth Button Boots, beautiful Embroidered Toilet Slippers for gentlemen. Also, Ladies' and Misses' Galter Boots and Shoes of all kinds, with Boys' and Youths' Patent Leather Boots, Congress Galters, &c. Forming usefull and appropriate gifts for the Holidays.

dec13, 4t. **J. B. Miller & Co.,** 134 Canal street.

PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT;

OR

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BY

WM. SMITH O'BRIEN.

One volume, 12mo. 460 pages. Price $1.

Sent by mail to any part of the United States, post-paid, on the receipt of the above sum.

For sale by all booksellers.

Address **Patrick Donahoe,**

3t18dec Boston, Mass.

NEW MUSIC FOR PARLOR AND SCHOOL.

THE

Musical Bouquet, or Institute Choir.

A New and Tasteful Collection of Songs, Duets, Trios, and Chorusses, with a complete and perspicuous Course of Elementary Instruction, designed for the Social Circle and the Schoolroom.

By William B. Bradbury and Charles C. Converse.

Price....63cts.

This beauiful work contains a much higher grade of Music than the ordinary collections of the kind. Most of the pieces are new, and are particularly rich in melody and chaste in arrangement. The accompanying words are also generally elevated, pure, and replete with the spirit of poetry. Mr. Bradbury's reputation as a composer will be a sufficient guarantee of the originality, grace, and animation of his part of the work; and in Mr. Converse the musical public will not fail to discern the indications of genius.

The Knickerbocker Magazine says:

"We have here something new, and something fair to the eye. In three points this work may challenge successful competition—first, in the character of its melodies; secondly, the beauty and tenderness of the words, with some exceptions; and finally in mechanical execution."

The Churchman characterizes it as "A capital assortment of songs, duets, trios, and choruses, including most of the popular productions of the day."

The Boston Journal commends its new music as "very pretty and well arranged."

Price 63 cts. Sent post-paid on receipt of the price.

Copies sent to teachers at half price for examination, with a view to its use in classes.

Published by IVISON & PHINNEY,

No. 321 Broadway.

Just Published.

CELESTINA; Or, New Sacred Minstrel. By V. C. Taylor. Price $1. Per dozen, $7 50.

BRADBURY'S SABBATH-SCHOOL CHOIR. Price 25cts. 1t

☞ **Post Office.—Notice.—Change of Hour.**—On and after Monday, the 3d day of November, the Mails will close as follows:

Eastern Mail by Railroad,.....at 2 P. M.
New-York and Erie Railroad Mails.....at 3 P. M.
North Mail by Hudson River Railroad.....at 3½ P. M.

November 1, 1856.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Bremen, per U. S. Steamer Arago, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 13th day of December, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

dec 13 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

MISCELLANEOUS.

National Characteristics.—It has been said that men will betray the characteristics of their nation in their conversation. It chanced that this point was under discussion by a group of passengers and the captain of one of our clipper ships, during a recent passage across the Atlantic. It was a fine day, and most of the passengers, both cabin and steerage, were upon the deck. The group above mentioned had been commenting upon the bluntness of the English, cautious shrewdness of the Scotch, and the ready wit of the Irish, when the captain, taking the segar from his lips, pointed towards the forward part of the ship, where, at different points, he indicated a native of each of the three nations. He then proposed to wager that he would ask each of them the same question separately, and that the answer of each would be an illustration of his national characteristic. This proposition being acceded to, it was decided that the question should be, "What will you take to climb to the masthead, and remain all night there?" and the party moved forward to put the experiment to the test.

The first one accosted was the Englishman, who was slowly pacing the deck. "John," said the captain, "what will you take to climb to the masthead, and remain there all night?" John glanced upwards an instant, and then exclaimed with characteristic bluntness, "I'll take five pounds." A smile from the group proclaimed the success of this trial.

The Scotchman was next approached; he was a sandy-complexioned, sharp-eyed fellow, and was seated upon a sea-chest darning a rent in an old pair of pantaloons. "Sawney," said the captain, jingling the silver in his pockets as he approached him, "what will you take to climb to the masthead, and remain there all night?" Sawney's ears pricked up at the sound of the coin, and as he slowly and cautiously measured the height with his eye, without rising from his seat, he replied, with the shrewdness of a true Scotchman, "I dinna ken, mon; what'll ye gie?"

The last one approached was the Irishman, who was carelessly leaning over the bulwarks, humming one of the lively melodies of his country; his old battered *caubeen* was cocked jauntily over his right eye, while his left was employed in executing a series of expressive winks at a group of the female steerage passengers who were upon the other side of the deck, "Patrick, my boy, what would you take to climb to the masthead, and remain there all night?" asked the captain. The Hibernian's blue eye twinkled as he turned it upward, and a look of irresistible comicality played upon his phiz, as he replied—"*Shure I think I'd take my death of cowld, your 'onor.*"

The Power of Seven.—Rome on the seven hills had seven kings. Seven times Jacob bowed before his brother Esau. It is also the number of purification, as when Naaman washed seven times in the river Jordan. Such illustration might be almost infinitely multiplied. Man, as we have before said, was assumed to grow by sevens. They were arranged thus:—After the first seven months, the first teeth come; after the first seven years, they fall, and others come in place of them; after the second seven years, puberty comes; after the third comes perfect womanhood and manhood. We say, therefore, to this day in England, when three times seven are complete, at twenty-one, a person is of age. During this seven years, he has been increasing in length; during the fourth seven years, he grows no more in length, but increases in breadth, and completes the definition of his perfect shape. During the fifth seven years, the man, perfect in form, is perfect in vigor, and during the sixth seven years, retains his powers unabated. In the seventh period of seven years, prudence is perfected, and thus during the period expressed by seven times seven, man is at his completest. Finally, when we come to ten times seven, at which ends the multiplication of the simple numbers, man has attained the appointed number of his days, three score and ten.

The *Exeter* (English) *Gazette* mentions the discovery of the immense value of a blue stone which had been for some years in the possession of Mr. Barstow Taylor, of Totnes, and who deemed it only an ordinary pebble until a few weeks ago, when his attention was more minutely drawn to it from the fact that a piece clipped from the principal lump was found to cut readily through a piece of glass. Upon this Mr. Taylor submitted the stone to a lapidary, who pronounced this stone to be a blue diamond of the second water, and of more than £5,000 in value.

A good substitute for potatoes has been introduced in France, the Clætophyllum bulbosum, yielding an abundance of tubers, of from half an ounce to an ounce each, very wholesome, and with a delicate vanilla flavor, containing twenty-one per cent. of starch. The Clætophyllum sativum is also said to be an excellent salad.

Special Notices.

Doctor M. E. Foy, Surgeon, has removed his office to 170 West Nineteenth-street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. Office Hours from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.

☞ To accommodate his patients in the Eastern part of the city, Dr. F. will attend daily from 2 to 3 P. M., at Ryerson's drug store, 185 Avenue B, between 11th and 12th streets. Midwifery Engagements promptly attended to. Medicine and advice to the poor gratis. sept18 3mos

Lyon's Kathairon.—The editor of the Rahway Republican says: "Those who have used this article are doubtless aware that it is the cheapest Hair Preparation in existence; but they must be aware, at the same time, that it is the very very best Toilet Article yet discovered, and we will venture to say, that, once having used it, these same individuals could not be prevailed upon to exchange it for any other. At all events we could not, and we flatter ourselves we are by no means alone in our predilections." Sold everywhere by all respectable dealers.

Heath, Wynkoop & Co., Proprietors,
sept18 3mos 68 Liberty street, N. Y.

HO! FOR NICARAGUA!

A Free Passage

AND

GRANT OF LAND.

Persons desirous of emigrating to Nicaragua, in accordance with the provisions of the Colonization Decree of the Republic, dated Granada, Sept. 9, 1856, will be furnished with a free passage on application to the undersigned at No. 3 Broadway, where all further information may be obtained.

4t6dec COL. FRANK ANDERSON, Emigrant Agent for Nicaragua.

Dr. Wm. O'Gorman,
OFFICE,
426 Broome st.,
tf6dec New-York.

Information wanted of Margaret Ustice and Jane Crowley, who came passengers by the Isaac Wright, on her last trip from Liverpool, by Richard Tracey, 11 Jay street, Brooklyn, in care of Mr. Owen Gilligan, or at this office. no22

Special Notices.

Electro-Magnetic Baths.—The Electro-Magnetic Baths having become permanently established as a remedial agent for the cure of Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Stiff and Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Ulcers, Tic Toloreux, Neuralgia, Pain in the Limbs, &c. &c., and for the positive extraction of Mercury and other Mineral Poisons from the human system, the Messrs. Sloan & Co. take this method of informing the public that they have fitted up and opened an establishment at No. 53 Sixth Avenue, where the Baths will be constantly in operation, under the care and direction of Dr. G. H. Doyle, Homeopathic Professor of Medicine. To those unacquainted with "Electro-Magnetism" as applied to the cure of disease, reduction and extraction of mineral poisons, &c., we would say that as a means of cure for the above enumerated diseases, it has received the almost universal endorsement of the various Academies of Medicine throughout Europe and the United States, and that the reduction of Metals by a Voltaic Current, is no new science: it is the application of the fact to its extraction from the system for which we claim originality. In it we dismiss all theories—we leave nothing to chance—we are not led by blind experience, but we follow unerring and never failing principles.

Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c, are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

Persons afflicted in any way with sickness, debility, &c. will do well to call at the office, examine the Baths, and receive full explanation of the treatment pursued. SLOAN & CO., 53 Sixth Avenue,
Between Fourth-street and West Washington Place.

P. S.—Physicians and Families supplied with Homeopathic Medicines, Books, &c. dec6 3mos

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in McLaurin's Patent Self-Instructing Process in Writing, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete process (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**
nov29, 8ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine Fashionable Hat! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only One Dollar and Fifty Cents? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.

N. B.—Best quality, $2, as good as any Hats sold in this city for $4 or $5.
SMITH, No. 31 Park Row,
sept6 1yr Under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman-st.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News**, throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,
WITH A POWERFUL
Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....John Brougham

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,
Opposite Niblo's Garden,

Monday evening, Dec. 8, will be produced, the Grand Romantic Fairy Opera of

Cinderella.

In four acts, new scenery, dresses, transformations, &c., and the following powerful cast—

Cinderella, (first time,")	Miss C. Hiffert
Dandini	G. S. Buckley
Baron	W. Percival
Pedro	R. B. Buckley
Allidora	J. A. Basquin
Prince	T. S. Wadelton
Chole	J. J. Mullen
Thisbe	R. Carroll
Fairies, Blackberry Sprites, &c	Company

Prededing which
NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

The Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 889 Broadway, between 18th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. Cohans, President.
James O'C. Tabb, Recording Secretary.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL
OF THE
EMMET LIFE GUARD.
ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the Guard and at this office.

☞ The Life Guard pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.
A. O'Toole, Sec'y.
James Watson, Treasurer. oct11

Sporting!—Young Men desirous of forming a Foot-Ball Club are requested to meet at the *Grape Vine Cottage*, 45 Second avenue, to make arrangements for a parade on St. Stephen's Day, (26th Dec.) This being the first affair of this kind, it is expected there will be a large attendance. 1t. nov 8,

Lectures.

A LECTURE
BY
John Mitchel,
ON
Friday evening, December 12.

Subject.....FOREIGN INFLUENCE.

Tickets 25 cents to gallery—reserved seats, body of the hall, 50cts. For sale at Hall's Music Store, Dunigan's and Haverty's book stores, at the *Irish American* and *Irish News* offices, and at the door.

Doors open at 7—Lecture at 8 o'clock.

REV. DR. CUMMINGS
WILL
LECTURE
BEFORE THE
Catholic Library Association,
AT THE
Broadway Tabernacle,
ON
Tuesday evening, December 16th, at 8 o'clock.
Subject....."CATHOLICITY AND AMERICAN LIFE."
Tickets 25 cents. To be had at the usual places. 1t

Illustrated
LECTURES,
On the Natural History of Man.
Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

Address Dr. McElheran, 136 McDougall Street, New-York. no7t4

☞ **O. A. Brownson, L.L.D.,** will deliver a course of three Lectures on the Characteristics of Modern Civilization, at the Hope Chapel, No. 718 Broadway, on MONDAY, FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY, Dec. 8th, 12th and 17th, 1856. Tickets to the course, $1; single lecture, 50 cents; to be had at the Catholic bookstores, and at the door, on the night of the lecture. d61t

Special Notices.

PRICES REDUCED.

Fine Black Cloth Frock Coats	$ 8
Fine Black Dress Coats	$ 3
Fine Brown Frock Coats	$ 8
Fall Raglans	$ 8
Cassimere Business Coats	$3 50 to $ 8
Black Cassimere Pants	$2 50 to $ 5
Fancy Cassimere Pants	$1 50 to $ 5
Rich Moire-Antique Silk Vests	$ 3
Zephyr Cassimere suits	$ 3
Complete genteel Black Cloth suits	$12

Evans' Extensive Clothing Warehouse,
oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

NOVEMBER!—Ladies, Winter is Coming; and if you wish Cloth Button BOOTS, with warm Linings, Gaiter Boots and Shoes of all kinds—Boys' Misses, and Childrens' Boots and Shoes, with India Rubber Shoes of all the various styles, (Goodyear's Patent,) the very best kind manufactured, patronize J. B. MILLER & CO.,
nov15 4t No. 134 Canal-st.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE,
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Official Notices.

Proclamation! — Mayor's Office, Nov. 10, 1856.—Whereas, on the evening of the 18th of October last, Terrence Frawley, a resident of the City of New-York, while passing through Mott street, opposite or ner number 65 in that street, was stabbed and has since died from the wounds then and there received; and whereas there is good cause to believe that the said Frawley was so stabbed by a man named Dominick O'Donnell, Now, therefore, I, Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New-York, by virtue of the authority vested in me, do offer a reward of two hundred and fifty Dollars, for the arrest of the said O'Donnell. Said reward to be paid on his delivery to the keeper of any of the prisons of this city.

no22 FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Custom House, New-York, Collector's Office, November 1, 1856.—Notice to Importers.—Importers are notified that all goods left in the Appraiser's store, No. 12 Broad street, after being examined by the Appraisers, whether the same have been originally entered for warehouse or not, will be treated as unclaimed goods and sold. The Appraisers' stores are not warehouses, under the warehouse act for the storage of merchandise in bond, and no property can be permitted to remain there after the legal examination has been made. It is the duty of importers to have their goods transferred to some private bonded warehouse, immediately after this examination, or withdraw them if the duty has been paid, and should this be neglected they must incur the risk of having their property transferred to the United States Stores at the Atlantic Dock, and sold as unclaimed.

mlno22 Heman J. Redfield, Col lector.

Office of the Receiver of Taxes, New Court-House, No. 32 Chambers street.—NOTICE.—In conformity with an act for the collection of taxes, passed April 18, 1842, I hereby give notice to all tax-payers who have omitted to pay their taxes for the year 1856, that unless the same is paid to me at my office, on or before the first day of January, I shall proceed to collect the same, by an addition of interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum calculated from the 16th day of last September to the day of payment.

m1dec13 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each —— evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES QUINLAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at corner of 11th st. and First Ave. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y11jne

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Stiles, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,

oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.]

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhiited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M. CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,

Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway

oct11 3mos opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

Brady's Photographic Palace of Art.—Who would not desire to possess a memento, so perfect and life-like of a dead relative or friend, as can be furnished by the photographic art? What more acceptable present can be given or received than one of Brady's splendid, almost speaking portraits, which reflect the expression as well as the features of their originals? Those who desire beautiful portraits of the members of their family, should take care to have them in the highest style of art. Strangers visiting this city, will find no spot more interesting than BRADY'S DAGUERRIAN GALLERY AND PALACE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART, No. 205 Broadway.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,

sept27 3mos New-York.

Medical.

CONSUMPTION!

FOR the treatment of Consumption. Of all diseases to which the Human constitution is liable, there is none which so pre-eminently claims the attention of the public and the Faculty, as that melancholy affection, popularly known as

CONSUMPTION.

The evil is so universally prevalent, that scarcely an individual can be found who is not more or less affected by its ravages, either in his own person or hereditarily, his nearest relations or friends. The spirit of inquiry upon this subject, however, as upon almost all others of human interest, have recently become aroused, and the question is eagerly asked by those who have seen the dearest object of their heart's best worship snatched away in the Spring-time and bloom of life, by the fell destroyer, Consumption,

¡WHY CANNOT CONSUMPTION BE CURED?

What is there in this disease more than any other, that so effectually eludes scientific investigation, and withstands the operation of Remedial Agents? Why is it that the Lungs cannot be treated successfully when diseased, as well as other parts of the human system? If we study the natural philosophy of man, and the goodness of the Creator right, we shall discover that there is in the great Materia Medica of Nature, a Remedy for every Disease to which the human frame is subject. CONSUMPTION is a simple disease, and, in its incipient stages, is as easily cured as many other diseases, in the successful treatment of which not the slightest difficulty or uncertainty exists, but in its advanced state, when it has obtained a firm grasp upon the vital energies, and paralyzed, as it were, all the healthful organs of the system, it then presents a more formidable aspect; it is obvious, therefore, how important it is that the physician should be well informed of the stage of the disease before he prescribes for its cure.

How ignorant, cruel and mercenary is the system of Quackery, which consists in the sale of Patent Medicine to cure CONSUMPTION. Some individuals, by reason of a deficiency of moral courage, blind themselves to their real condition by refusing to recognize the well-marked symptoms of the disease, while others in complaining are subject to ridicule, from their blooming cheeks and other signs of health, and thus the disease progresses to an advanced stage before medical aid is sought to check its fatal effects.

A synopsis of the symptoms of the first great cause of CONSUMPTION is hereto subjoined. Apparently trivial irritation of the throat, and internal membranes, produced by a cold. It is almost universally disregarded. This irritation becomes seated, and the lungs reduced to a confirmed state of unnatural expectoration, and eventually inducing inflammation there, which rapidly conducts the patient step by step through the different stages, until he becomes a victim to

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

During the first three or four weeks of his cough, it is usually slight, and occurs chiefly in the morning. This is usually regarded by the patient as of little consequence, and no idea is entertained that his cough in the slightest degree endangers the lungs, especially as it is attended with no apparen expectoration.

THIS IS THE FIRST FATAL ERROR.

This state of things lasts for months without exciting serious alarm; by degrees, however, the cough increases, and is particularly troublesome after any sudden exertion, such, for instance, as running rapidly up stairs, violent conversation or laughter. The cough begins now to be accompanied with the expectoration of a transparent frothy fluid, resembling saliva, and sometimes mixed with blood. As the disease advances, the cough increases without any exciting cause; the rest is broken by it, and in the day-time it is frequently accompanied by pains in the chest, and even vomiting; in females there is a suppression of the monthly period, and as the disease progresses, hectic fever, night sweats, diarrhœa, and swelling of the lower extremities, ensue.

ELI W. VONDERSMITH, M. D., wishes the public distinctly to understand that he is a regularly educated Physician, having graduated at the New-York University, and his great success in curing Consumption has arisen solely from the circumstance of his having devoted his time entirely to the treatment of diseases of the Chest and Lungs during the last twelve years. More than five hundred persons in this city have been under his care, and can be referred to as entirely cured by his treatment. In the treatment of this disease, no mercury, opium, nor any mineral substances in any form whatever are used. He would also add, for the information of those living in other cities or in the country, who are unable to visit New-York, that he can be consulted by letter giving a full and careful description of their case, and enclosing one dollar.

E. W. Vondersmith, M. D.,
Office for the Treatment of Consumption,

Aug28 3mos No. 158 Bowery, just above Broome st., N. Y.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot,* **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

Special Notices.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Musical.—A young lady lately connected with the profession in Europe, *where she studied under the first and best masters,* is desirous of giving a limited number of pupils the advantage of a *good education on the Piano.* Any family who may kindly favor her with a trial, may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trener, 90 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

Stammering, &c., Permanently and Radically cured, by the successful Dr. JONES, without pain or operation, generally in from one to four hours. He is so sure of being able to cure any and all cases, that he requires no pay until he is successful. Office rooms No. 571 Broadway, (opposite Metropolitan Hotel), New-York. no22

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No.* 322 *Canal Street,* (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

Business Directory.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

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THOMAS H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2y1ju Collections promptly attended to, and liens carefully filed, &c.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

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(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

7jun NEW-YORK.

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WATCH, CLOCK-MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months.

JOHN FOLEY,

WATCHMAKER,

JEWELER AND FINISHER OF FINE WATCHES,

NO. 202 BOWERY,

Between Spring and Prince Streets, New-York.

Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jewelled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to. jul2 m

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STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

THOMAS GAFFNEY'S

SOAP AND CANDLE

MANUFACTORY,

825 EAST SENECA STREET, BUFFALO,

NEW-YORK.

William M. Smith,

The Public Favorite and only American Opposition

BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR.

The oldest established in the business.

WORK done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than by any other poster in the city. Work done either in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts or any kind of work. Office 23½ Spruce street, New-York,

ap26tf between William and Gold streets.

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 108 *BROADWAY,*

(Cor. Pine Street.)

CASH CAPITAL $300,000.

JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.

EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my31y

WILLARD, FELT & CO,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

Wm. Irwin,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN BOOTS & SHOES,

No. 174 Bowery, opposite Delancey street, New-York.

Quick Sales and Small Profits. oc11m3

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 *FULTON STREET,*

HERALD BUILDING,) New-York.

my31y

NICHOLAS WALSH

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER,

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856 **Fall Importation.** 1856

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 Bowery, (west side,) between Grand and Hester streets,

IS now prepared to exhibit his new Fall styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

comprising every grade and description, from the CHEAPEST fabric to the RICHEST.

Importing his goods direct, and thus saving the commission and interest which most other dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other carpetings adapted to all varieties of tastes, the following elegant desoriptions:

Medallions,	at 14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	10s to 16s.
Tapestry,	6s to 12s.
Brussels,	7s to 12s.
Three-ply,	7s to 10s.
Ingrain,	3s to 7s.
Common Ingrain,	18d to 3s.

English and American Floor Oil-Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern, and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everythg else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)

ap19ly Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

CARPETINGS FROM AUCTION.

TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK AND VICINITY.

STEPHEN LEAHY,

93 SIXTH AVENUE, between Waverly and Clinton Place,

BEGS to call the attention of the ladies to his large and varied stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloth. The collection comprises goods of every grade and style, from the richest and most beautiful of foreign manufacture to the lowest price domestic.

All who are acquainted with the Carpet trade, and have visited our New Store, acknowledge our stock the most varied assortment and best selected on exhibition in the city. The facilities we enjoy for purchasing cheap, and an experience of many years in connection with the largest houses in the country, enables us to present to our lady friends and the public, the cheapest and most select stock of goods in the city.

sept27 3mos STEPHEN LEAHY, 93 Sixth Avenue.

CHEAP FALL DRY GOODS!

Rich dress Silks, Broche and Woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, Woollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

And at the Grand Street Store,

Royal Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Three-ply, and every variety of low-priced Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain materials, Cornices, Shades, &c.

ALL AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES!

Lord & Taylor, 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand street,

oct4 3mos and new numbers 47 and 49 Catharine street.

Men's Furnishing Goods.

84 William Street, corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

GEORGE M. TRACY,

HAS now on hand a choice stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, nearly all of which are made *under his own inspection*, of the choicest fabrics and newest styles. Merchants will find this a desirable place to make their selections. Annexed is a catalogue of some of the articles:

Hosiery and Gloves	Improved Napoleon Ties
Silk Beaufort Ties	Stocks, in great variety
Linen Collars	Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs
Silk Albert Ties	Dressing Robes
Fine Shirts	Travelling Shawls
Cravats and Stocks	Silk Under shirts and Drawers
Suspenders	Silk and Gingham Umbrellas

His shirts are of superior make and quality, and warranted to fit. Persons wishing goods for their own use will be served at retail as well as wholesale at the lowest prices. oc4m2

READY-MADE CLOTHING

And Furnishing Establishment.

390 BOWERY,

WEST SIDE, OPPOSITE THE HAY MARKET.

HUGH DOLAN

TAKES leave to apprise his friends and the public generally that he has the above concern with a

New and Select Stock of Goods,

Which will compare favorably with any in the market, and which he offers to his customers at prices which he is confident cannot be beaten in the city. Gentlemen's furnishing goods of every description at the lowest rates.

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ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON, } Vice-Presidents.
HUGH KELLY,

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

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William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
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PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19 1y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 123 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19 1y **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

Real Estate, Landlord and Tenant's Registry, and Boarding House Ageney, 510 Broadway, (opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel. Houses, Rooms, &c., rented; Rents, collected, Leases drawn, and every description of business connected with a General Agency transacted on liberal terms. Insurances effected, and Advertising attended to. No charge for Registration of Property for Sale or to Let.

sept6 3mos **Hatton & Co.**

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 13 tf

A Lady, M. D., Oculist and Aurist, Restores Blindness, Amaurosis and Sore Eyes, of any standing; Removing Cataracts, Scums, Films, &c., without operation or pain. Persons wearing spectacles prematurely, enabled to do without them by recovering the natural tone of the eye. That the worst of cases are cured by her.

May be seen at the Infirmary from 10 A. M., to 2 P. M., No. 679 Sixth Avenue. The poor attended to on Fridays. oct18 8mos

Hull's Truss Office, No. 4 Vesey street, Astor House. Of Twenty years standing. At the above establishment, those suffering from Hernia, can obtain speedy relief, as the proprietors, in addition to their world-renowned Trusses, make it a point to keed on hand every style of Truss that has in any way received the commendation of the public. Together with a new style of Supporter for Prolapsus Utero, which has given entire satisfaction to hundreds who are wearing them. Also a Separate Office, attended by a competent Female, exclusively for Ladies. Trusses applied to children from two weeks old and upward. Mothers should not neglect their children one day, when they discover them suffering from Hernia, (Rupture) as the sooner the remedy is applied the sooner the cure.

Instruments for all kinds of deformity made to order. Shoulder-braces, &c. constantly on hand. N. B. Ladies attended to at their private dwellings, if required. Advice and assistance given to the poor gratis. tf no22

Business Notices.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S FALL style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets.

Give him a call by all means. my31 1y

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES,

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

HERRING'S

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees,*
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 185, 187 and 188 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 18, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856.

European News.

We have had by the *Atlantic* European dates to the 26th November. The political news present no new features; but commercial affairs seemed to be more prosperous.

Mr. James Wilson had addressed to Cyrus W. Field, Esq., of New York, an official notification that the British Government engages to furnish ships to take additional soundings for the Atlantic Telegraph, and verify those already made. Also to furnish ships to assist in laying the cable; and further undertake to guarantee four per cent. upon the capital of £350,000—equal to £14,000 sterling, until the company's earnings reach six per cent. after which the guarantee will be £10,000 per annum for twenty-five years, or such larger sum as the Government messages may amount to, if charged at the ordinary rates of tariff, and the United States Government make a similar arrangement, the messages of the two Governments to be sent in the order of priority of receipt.

Among the projects for the next session of Parliament the following is mentioned:

An Atlantic Telegraph Company will submit proposals for laying down and working an electric submarine telegraph between the western coast of Ireland and Newfoundland.

The extraordinary activity which prevails in the Russian shipbuilding establishments of the Black Sea has long since awakened the distrust of England, and that power has lately applied to France for making a joint representation to Russia on the subject, it being notorious that at this moment the Czar has twelve men of war in the Black Sea. But the Cabinet of the Tuilleries has not deemed such an interpellation opportune at the present time.

The Berlin *Correspondenz Bureau* announces the meeting of a new Congress, and asserts, on the faith of "well-informed persons," that, besides Austria and Prussia, the Germanic Diet will be represented there, but only to contribute to the carrying out of the measures which may be adopted. It is assured that several of the Secondary States expressed a wish to that effect in the debate which took place in the Diet on the Neufchatel question, and the opposition manifested on that occasion by Saxony to the views of Prussia seems to be connected with this question of the German States.

The Neuchatel affair begins to wear a dangerous aspect. Accounts from Berne announce the arrival there of the Prussian Envoy, M. de Sydo. He is the bearer of a stringent, if not peremptory note, demanding the release of the royalists, and further requiring or requesting, a categorical answer with the least possible delay. Up to the last moment symptoms were apparent of the Federal Government being disposed to accede. Advices from Berlin say, that unless the matter is settled before the coming of the Chambers, the King of Prussia will have to refer to the subject in language from which there will be no retreating hereafter. The Swiss journals state that the Federal Government is neglecting no measure which prudence can command forthe defence of the territory.

In regard to this question, the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 20th Nov., says:

"Almost all letters from Paris correspondents contained in the papers of this morning state confidently that the Emperor had accepted the proposal, or complied with the request, made to him by General Dufour in the name of the Swiss Confederation, to act as mediator between it and Prussia in the Neuchatel matter, but that he had, at the same time, frankly stated his conviction that no mediation would be of any avail, unless the Confederation, as a preliminary step, at once set its Neufchatel prisoners at liberty, as an earnest of its good will to come to fair terms."

The London *Spectator* opened a powerful article on the state of the Anglo-French alliance with the following pertinent queries:

"Why, if the Emperor Napoleon is as hearty as ever in the English alliance, is the official antagonist of England, Count Walewski, at the head of the French Foreign Office? If the Emperor wishes to be understood, why does he employ a language of compliment to the new Russian Ambassador which suggests such equivocal inferences?"

From Paris we have not any stirring news of local character. The *Debats* announces that Marquis Antonini, the Neapolitan Envoy, received his passports on Friday, November 21, his departure was positively fixed for the 26th. The *Assemblee Nationale*, in an article six columns long, and headed "Let us be the friends, but not the tools, of England," replies to the attacks of the *Times*. *Galignani* states that the apology of the Fusionist paper leaves matters where they stood.

According to intelligence from Galatz, on Nov. 4, the European Commission on the Danube was officially constituted on that day, under the provisional Presidency of M. Bitter, the Prussian Commissioner. In conformity with instructions, Omar Pacha, the Turkish Commissioner, was appointed president, from his position as representative of the Sultan the sovereign of Moldavia, in which country the Commission is sitting. The plan of their future sittings was then settled. It was determined, at the demand of the French Commissioner, that the French gunboats, then at Galatz, should be sent to the Aljani banks, at the mouth of the Sulina, to re-establish order there, which was troubled in various ways; and that a Turkish war steamer, stationed at Sulina, should also repair to the same quarter with a similar object, and to take the requisite means to render the Aljani shallows again navigable.

Accounts from Athens to Nov. 14 announce the elections to have turned in favor of the Ministry, and that the allied troops would leave Greece soon after the return of King Otho.

The Paris *Monteur* contains a communication from Teheran, dated Oct. 22, by which it appears that nothing positive was known about the fate of Herat. It appears, however that the hopes entertained of getting possession of the city by friendly means were not realized. The data as to the real position of the besieged are exceedingly vague. It is said they suffer severely from famine, but that the Persian troops are little better off. Bokhara merchants, come from Herat within the last month, state that, at the time of their passing through the city, siege operations were scarcely perceptible, and that there was barely a blockade of the principal gates. Provisions, and even caravans, entered freely by all the other outlets.

The Paris *Presse* contains a significant announcement, in alluding to the Persian expedition. In the course of a description of the intentions attributed to the English Government in the Persian Gulf, which comprise the occupation of the Isle of Karrak, if claims that Island as belonging to France, saying:

"Karrak, it has been forgotten, belongs to France, in virtue of a treaty concluded in 1768 between M. Pyrault, our Consul at Bassora, and Kherim Khan, probably the wisest of the sovereigns who have reigned over Persia in modern times. This treaty is, doubtless, but little known; but that consideration does not diminish its importance, since no ulterior convention has abolished or modified it."

The Africa, from Liverpool, on the 29th ult., brings three days' later news from Europe than that we have already had by the Atlantic's mails. The only matter of interest is the firm stand which the glorious little Republic of Switzerland has taken on the Neufchatel affair. Prussia demanded the unconditional pardon of the royalist insurgents, and Switzerland directly refuses to comply with the demand. Austria, Bavaria, and Baden support Prussia.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* says that a private telegraphic dispatch, received in Paris, announces the taking of Herat by the Persians.

A *souvenir* of an event in naval history has been presented by Admiral Wallis to the gun-room mess of the British frigate *Shannon*. The memorial consists of a box made from wood of the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, mounted in silver, and bearing the following inscription:

"Box made from part of a beam of the United States frigate *Chesapeake*, captured in single combat by her Majesty's frigate *Shannon*, in Boston Bay, U. S., 1st June, 1813. Presented to the gun-room mess of the *Shannon*, as a perpetual memorial of that action, by Rear-Admiral Provo Wallis, senior surviving Lieutenant."

A fearful accident happened in the Southampton docks about half-past 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, on board the Royal West India mail steamer *Parana*, when three persons were killed and nine wounded by the bursting of one of the boilers. This fearful and very unexpected event (an explosion of low-pressure marine boilers being a very uncommon occurrence,) created the greatest consternation.

It is understood that the question of adopting an exclusively gold standard is again occupying the attention of the French Government. The Bank of France begins to accumulate specie.

We read in the city article of the *London Times:* "It is stated that £315,000 out of the £350,000 required as the capital of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, by whom it is hoped to establish electric communication between England and America in the early part of next Summer, has already been subscribed. £100,000 has been taken in the United States, £104,000 in London, £71,000 in Liverpool, £25,000 in Manchester, £14,000 in Glasgow, and £1,000 in Leamington. On Friday next the shares are to be allotted."

Interesting from Spain.

A private letter from Madrid, of the 19th, mentions the following facts:—The question of the fusion with the family of Don Carlos is advancing towards a solution. It is the desire of Russia, as clearly manifested by Count Benkendorf. The Queen wishes to treat it as an affair in which her family only, and not the nation is in any way concerned. A few of her ministers are opposed to this manner of viewing the question; but the Queen laughs at her ministers, and is determined to settle the matter directly and without any intervention, save that of private agents speaking in her own name and on her own behalf. A person from London, who has lately been presented to the Queen, is, it appears, charged by the Infanta Don Juan to act on his behalf at the Palace. The Government has tried to intercept the correspondence, and with that view all the letters from abroad are examined carefully, but none have been found from the person alluded to. Eventually the Ministry will be obliged to do all that the Queen, acting under the inspiration of the King, may command them. The ministers who on every occasion are thus obliged to give way, endeavor restrain her Majesty. They wished the police to get up an *emeute*, in order to afford a pretext for strong measures of repression. The affair of Malaga has been the result, but the game is a dangerous one—our ministers may be the first consumed by the fire they would kindle. The state of the public funds is bad. The Government have endeavored to prevent the fall, but they are exhausted—they have not a real of money in the treasury, and are thinking of a loan. Some days since, a *coup d'etat* in favor of an absolutist system was prepared. The Court insisted that it should go on, but it was assured by a certain ex-minister that it was better to wait for the meeting of the Cortes and a parliamentary check sustained by General Narvaez. The Court, however, which is every day more and more anxious for it, and the person who now holds the greatest influence, (the son of a well known Carlist of high rank) and the King, urged by the clergy, agree in opinion with the rest of the Court. It is known that the Government is on the best understanding with the King of Naples, who is the channel of communication with the Pope, and an active correspondence is carried on between Madrid, Naples, and St. Petersburg.

The late Insurrection Malaga, Spain.

The following are the details of the insurrection at Malaga on the 12th:—Rumors were spread amongst the people that an insurrection had taken place at Madrid; that eighteen battalions had taken part in it against the Government; that Narvaez had been wounded; that the Queen had declared herself absolute: that it was the Government which kept up the price of bread; that the most oppressive privileges of the clergy were about to be re-established, &c. All this created a great commotion, the leaders of the demagogical party, resolved to take advantage of it to effect a rising, especially as the garrison had been weakened by the departure to Africa, two days before, of a battallion of the regiment of San Fernando. The authorities hearing of what was projected, kept the troops in their barracks ready to act, and placed detachments of artillery and the civil guard at the Gate of the Custom-house, and other important positions. At nightfall a mob collected, and proceeded towards the Custom-house, crying, "The Republic for ever!" A carbinier happening to meet them, was immediately put to death. Their numbers having increased, they invaded the Plaza de la Constitucion. The military governor immediately published the following bando:

"*Whereas*, The people have made use of fire-arms against a carbinier, have cried "The Republic forever," and uttered other cries exciting to revolt, I hereby order, 1. Any assemblage exceeding two persons, and which shall not immediately disperse on being commanded so to do, shall be dispersed by force of arms. 2. No one can carry arms, even in virtue of previous authorization, unless the exercise of his profession shall require it. 3. Whoever shall spread subversive rumors, or do the least act of a nature calculated to endanger public security, shall be tried at once and shot. Inhabitants of Malaga! fully decided, as well as all the other authorities of this town, on whose co-operation I confidently count, to maintain at every price public tranquillity and to defend property, I say woe to any person who shall make the least encroachments on these objects—all the rigor of the law shall fall on his head."

Notwithstanding this bando, the people contined in the Plaza de la Constitucion, and the military governor at the head of his staff went to the Plaza to exhort them to disperse, but he was received by a discharge of musketry, and narrowly escaped being killed. On this a body of troops was marched to the square, and they dispersed the assemblage by force. The insurgents then went to different parts of the town, and especially the Faubourgs del Perchel and de la Trinidad. In these faubourgs they prepared for resistance; many of them were armed with muskets which they had preserved from the recent disarming of the National Guard, and with others pillaged from the shop of a gunsmith named Barerra, also with pistols and poignards, and they threw up barricades. When the men charged to stick up copies of the bando appeared they were fired at, amidst cries of "The Republic forever!" Presently the troops arrived, and they found themselves between two bands of insurgents. An engagement commenced, and it was sustained with great vigor on both sides until 11 o'clock in the evening, when the barricades were carried by the troops at the point of the bayonet, and the insurgents were dispersed in all directions. In the Calles de la Aurora and de la Guimbarda, barricades, formed of carts upset were defended by citizens of the middle class of society. Several of the insurgents were killed or wounded, the troops had some men wounded. About twenty of the insurgents were arrested with arms in their hands, and a court-martial immediately assembled to try them. The military governor it appears received an anonymous letter giving details of the plan of operations adopted by the insurgents, and stating that their intentions was not only to proclaim the republic, but to assassinate him and the civil governor. After the suppression of the revolt the governor published a second bando, ordering all persons, under the pain of severe punishment, to give up their arms, forbidding any assemblages, and even commanding the inhabitants to keep at home.

England against the Slave Trade.

There is one question, says the *London Post*, which must have occurred to these advocates of a revived Slave trade, and to which we would invite their serious attention. Have they made sure of the consent of England, in the event of their obtainiug a majority in Congress to repeal the law of 1820? We have perceived no reference to this momentous question in the journals that have yet reached us, and we are not a little surprised at the omission. Can it be supposed for a moment that we should be indifferent to the matter? Let not the men of the South deceive themselves on this point. England will never consent to a revival of the Slave-trade. Her abhorrence of it remains unmitigated and unconquerable; she has pledged herself to its suppression by innumerable treaties; she will not now abandon a policy which has, under the blessings of Providence, had the effect of extinguishing the traffic in every quarter excepting the colonies of Spain. We believe that France is equally earnest in this matter. Let the men of Louisiana and Carolina consider these things. They may rely on it that in their present efforts to revive the Slave-trade the opposition of the Northern States will not prove their only difficulty.

The Sound Dues.

The Voss *Gazette* publishes a document which the Dutch Government has just submitted to the States-General relative to the Sound Dues. The total amount of compensation which Denmark offers to accept is thirty-five millions of rix dollars, of which 1,408,060 would fall to be paid by Holland. It appears that the Danish Government has furnished the Dutch Goverment with a list of the States which have pronounced in favor of capitalization, but as the latter desires to have more exact particulars as to the Sound dues—so far as they especially regard Holland—it will take time to consider its answer.

MAJOR MACNAMARA.

From the London Correspondent of the Liverpool Albion.

A *memento mori* has been awakened in the breast of many a metropolitan this week by news from over the water of the death of that glorious old "son of the sea" (the English of the Milesian family name), Nacnamara. Mournfully will the tidings recall the figure, still fine in extreme age, of the gallant Major, in Bellamy's Kitchen of the House of Commons; or sauntering up the Haymarket, ever lingering instinctively to look in at the window of the pistol-maker's, opposite the Opera House; or in Bond street, gloating over the hair-trigger treasures of gun-making Bishop—himself a character much of the Major's spirit—as he still is in the flesh (and there's plenty of it) to this day. Macnamara was the *beau ideal* of the Irish gentleman of the olden time, that admixture of the courtier, soldier and man of fortune which one never sees now, and which none of the Irish romance writers have ever succeeded in delineating, except Lover, and he but once, in "Treasure Trove." The fustian, swaggering, melodramatic, bog-trotting, blarneying brigands of Lever and Maxwell bear not, and never could have borne, the smallest resemblance to the school of which the Major was the type, and in which quietude and punctilio, far more than fastidiousness and grimacing, were the characteristics. Self-respect and respect for others, the two essentials of the genuine gentleman were stamped upon him; and these joined to a winning cordiality of mien and raciness of utterance, made him an universal favorite, without the favoritism degenerating into the familiarity ventured upon towards others of the same stamp, or rather the same status—Dan Callaghan, for instance, the Member for Cork, of claretty and colloquial celebrity. But Dan was by no means the fellow of the Major in the sense now meant; and it was impossible to see the two men together, as they often were, without being struck by the resemblance they presented to Farren and Dowton, in Bunn's then popular (translated) play of "The Minister and the Mercer," in which the traits of the high-bred patrician, and of the under-bred though highly respectable plebeian, were brought out by the two great performers with a naturalness that was a miracle of art. His independence, and the polish which helped to preserve that independence, by repelling all approach to equality on the part of the "tail," rendered Macnamara anything but a favorite, at least politically, with a Daniel of far more judgment and infinitely greater influence than him of Cork. Notwithstanding the Major being O'Connell's second when D'Esterre was shot, and ready to play the same part when Peel pretended to be athirst for the blood of the Hibernian, but prudently shouted fee-faw-fum so loud (as also when he challeng-

ed those very shy fighters, Hume and Dr. Lushington,) that the police settled the matter, the Liberator did not like him. Unlike any of the rest of the "tail," the Major, who was the very type of chivalry in all things, held his seat for his own county Clare —for which he mainly helped to return the great Tribune in '28 —not in virtue of Dan's permission, but in right of his own popularity among the electors, whose idol he was as "one of the rale ould blood," sprung of a race who were ancient before Normans or Saxons or even Danes were known. Besides, he was a genuine Repealer, and showed the sincerity of his fascination with that "splendid phantom" in retiring from public life when the bubble burst. His independence of the Liberator—never paraded, but never disguised—caused him to be regarded with no great affection by their reverences, the political priests, who, however, greatly respected him; and among those who expressed that respect was about the very last man who might be expected to feel, or at least all who may have had the opportunity of observing the circumstance, will remember that much to the wonderment of the Dillon Brownes, Fergus O'Connors, and the rest of the boiling parliamentary potatoes, the Major never passed Sir Robert in the lobby without the latter relaxing into one of his most honeyed smiles, and a gentle inflection of his very kitchen pokerish back-bone; the Major reciprocating the courtesy as blandly as if he had him at twelve paces on Wimbledon Common, with surgeons for two, and a coffin for one ordered at the adjoining public house. Peace be with the gallant old warrior, who was ever ready to give, and to teach how to give, a quietus to others, and that, too, with so much ease and elegance that many a man would have deemed it quite a pleasure to have his brains blown out according to the Macnamara code, and quite a misfortune and degradation to run the risk of violating that etiquette!

RICHARD COBDEN ON THE MARITIME LAW.

The following letter to the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce was read at the meeting of the Directors, from Mr. Cobden, M. P.:

GLYN GARTH, near Bangor, Nov. 8.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Will you allow me to call your attention to a pending diplomatic negotiation in which our commercial and manufacturing interests are deeply involved? You will have observed a declaration made by the late Paris Congress against privateering. That resolution was afterwards submitted for the approval of the American Government, whose answer has not, I think, attracted all the attention it deserves from our mercantile community.

In substance, Mr. Marcy, the United States Foreign Secretary says:

"We do not maintain, like the great European Powers, large warlike establishments in time of peace, and therefore we should, in case of hostilities, rely on the public spirit and patriotism of our private citizens, who would, with the sanction of Government, convert our merchant ships into vessels of war. To deny to this improvised navy the right of making prizes of your mercantile shipping, while to the thousands of vessels constituting your royal and imperial navies this privilege is to be reserved, would be voluntarily to surrender our commerce to annihilation. On no conditions whatever will the American Government renounce the use of its mercantile marine in case of war; and the same power to burn, capture, or sink enemy's property which you give to your Imperial and Royal navies we shall give to our naval volunteers, whether they be called privateers or by any other name. But being anxious to promote the object aimed at by the Congress, we invite you to carry out your principle by going one step further—exempt private property on the ocean from seizure by Government-armed cruisers, as well as by privateers, and the United States will readily meet you on that broad ground."

Now, really, there is no logical way of meeting this proposition but by an instant acquiescence; and, had it not been misrepresented and dealt with in a flippant spirit by some of our journals, it must have received as unanimous an assent in this country as it has from all parties in the United States.

But, with this declaration against privateering at the Paris Congress two other resolutions were coupled, and, had their full scope been understood by our plenipotentiaries, it would have led them to propose to add to M. Walewski's protocol the very clause which has now been suggested by Mr. Marcy.

The Congress declared:

That the neutral flag covers an enemy's goods, with the exception of contraband of war.

That neutral goods, with the exception of contraband of war, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag.

These resolutions reverse the most venerated judgments of our Admiralty Courts, and, for the first time, impart the force of maritime law to principles which were resisted by England against the world in arms down to the close of the war in 1815. Without dwelling on the imperious necessity which led us during the late Russian war to abandon our ancient belligerent rights, let us look at the altered position in which we should be placed in case of a future rupture with a maritime power.

We will suppose—and it is a great stretch of the imagination, after all that diplomacy has achieved during the last three years —that we are at war with France. I remember hearing the late Mr. Samuel Gurney state, in the presence of the Prime Minister of the time, as the results of careful inquiry, that the amount of British property in ships and cargoes afloat, averaged from £70,000,000 to £80,000,000 sterling. It would be a liberal estimate to put down the amount owned by France at from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000. We should thus have twice as much private property exposed to the depradations of Government cruisers as our enemy. But under the new maritime code, which admits the competition of neutrals, it may fairly be questioned whether a merchant ship under either of the belligerent flags would long continue to find it profitable to keep the sea. Railroads, which transmit the heaviest commodities 500 miles with little detriment to their exchangeable value, have virtually put an end to blockades. France, in case of war, could use the ports of Belgium, Holland, or Germany, through which channels her commerce, even with England, might be carried on in neutrals; for, once on board an American or Dutch ship, French exports or imports would be safe from molestation. The same applies to British commodities, whether imported raw materials or exported manufactures; they would be liable to seizure only when on board a British vessel. Now, I ask, would it be possible for French and English ships and cargoes, which would be subject to a charge of 10 or 20 per cent. for assurance against risk of capture, to compete with the neutral flags which would be free from any such burden? And bear in mind that our loss would be three-fold that of our enemy, owing to the larger amount of our tonnage exposed to this unequal competition.

Or, let us suppose ourselves at war with the United States. It may be estimated that the value of American property afloat on salt water (a large part of their navigation is upon the interior lakes and rivers) does not exceed the half of our ours. Unless their late proposal were previously adopted, the old system privateering would be in force on both sides, to which we should offer two-thirds of the prey to their one-third. But the rights of neutrals which were proclaimed at the Paris Congress would admit all the European flags to bring and carry to and from England and America the produce of both countries without risk of capture during the war. Again, I would ask—could a vessel bearing the British flag keep the sea under these circumstances, with 500 or 1,000 armed American vessels cruising against our commerce? It is clear that nobody would charter an English vessel, and pay a heavy insurance against capture, when a neutral ship could be had free from any such charge. The practical effect, then, of the alterations made in our maritime law at the Paris Conferences, if we go no further, would be, in case of war with a naval Power, to transfer the carrying trade even of our own ports to neutral bottoms. It is then our interest especially, and beyond all other countries, to go forward in the path to which the Americans have invited us.

I cannot help regretting, as an Englishman, that the proposal did not originate with us. But the next best thing will be *to give it a prompt and hearty acceptance, and aid in securing for it, if possible, a world-wide acquiescence*. It is impossible to foresee all the consequences of such revolution in the rules of war. It is, I believe, the first time in the annals of the world that the powers of belligerents will be restrained and defined in the interest of individuals by written international law. Who can tell in what other direction the precedent may be followed? Wars will henceforward partake more of the character of duels between Governments than the old contests of nations. Private citizens will cease to be held responsible or liable to injury, unless they become participators in the strife. There will no longer be plunder and prize money to add the stimulus of cupidity to the passions of hatred and revenge; and we shall have one pretence less for constantly increasing the burden of war navies in proportion to the growth of foreign commerce, on the plea of protecting our mercantile marine. These are some of the obvious consequences of this proposed innovation upon the traditions and precedents of the last century. The mercantile world will, I trust, allow its voice to be heard upon the question by Government and Parliament: and it is in the hope that the chamber will throw the weight of its great influence into the scale of humauity and progressive civilization that I have ventured to trouble you with this letter.

I remain,
Very truly yours,
RICHARD COBDEN.

Thos. Bazley, Esq., President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Under the head of "who stole the Queen's dinner?" the Berwick *Advertiser* mentions that great exertion had been made by the fishermen in Berwick to obtain a fine salmon for her Majesty's dinner on the day she returned to Holyrood from Balmoral. One of 20lb. was obtained, and one of the fishers went in with it to the station. He called at a house to invite the owner of it to look at the "beauty," and remained but an instant, but on his return to the door, where he had left the creel, to his sorrow the fish had vanished, and never more was heard of.

First class in Oriental philosophy will stand up. Tibbets, what is life?—Life consists of money, a horse, and a fashionable wife.—Good? Next. What is death?—A paymaster who settles everybody's debts, and gives them tombstones as receipts in full of all demands. What is poverty?—The reward of merit Genius generally receives from a discriminating public. What is religion?—Doing unto others just as you please, without allowing them a return of the compliment. What is fame?—A six line puff in a newspaper while living, and your fortune to your enemies when dead.

An Irish officer, not very conversant with law terms, was lately tried for an alleged assault. As the jury were coming to be sworn, the judge, addressing the major, told him that if there were any among them to whom he had any objection, that was the time to challenge them. "I thank your lordship," said the gallant prisoner, "but with your lordship's permission, I'll defer that ceremony till after my trial, and if they don't acquit me, by the piper of Leinster, I'll *challenge* every mother's son of them, and have 'em out too."

The *Norlandspost on*, of Stockholm, says:—"The intelligence which we receive from Lapland, is very deplorable. The severe cold which prevailed in the month of August, destroyed nearly all the crops, which is an irremediable misfortune there, where there are no means of communication. The Laplanders are in great alarm, foreseeing a famine in the winter. The temperature in Lapland presented most extraordinary variations this year, severe cold having prevailed in July and August, whereas September and the beginning of October were as warm as summer.

A short time since about eighty of the farmers in the neighborhood of Tamlaght, county Derry, assembled on the farm of Wm. Magill, Esq., Innisrush House, to pay him a mark of respect, for the able and considerate manner in which he has managed the estate, on which they are tenants. They raised several acres of his potatoes, and thus materially advanced his farming operations. The whole party were entertained by Mr. Magill in sumptuous style, and parted at a late hour.

About sixty years ago, when cotton was worth from 1s. to 2s. per lb., about 130 bales were imported into Liverpool from America. Owing to some dispute between the importer and the ware-house owner, the cotton was "thrown into Chancery," and there it has remained until a few days since, when it was sold by order of the court, realising 4 1-3d. per lb.

In Mr. Ernest Jones's "Evenings with the People," he says: "At this moment the Duke of Argyle is prosecuting in the law courts one of his tenants for turning a vast extent of heath into corn-land, removing the barren heather, and growing corn."

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" inquired a lawyer of his clerk. "I did, sir, "What did he say, sir?" "He told me to go to the devil, sir," "Well, and what did you do after that?" "Why, then I came to you."

The Hon. John Berry, a member of the Arkansas Senate, died a few days ago, from the bite of a spider.

Field Marshal Radetzky attained the 90th year of his age on the 2d of November.

Valentine Vousden, the Dublin polynational mimic, made a most successful first appearance before a London audience on the 17th ult.

American News.

The Presidential Election.

From the Washington Union.

Having heard from California, we have now returns of the late presidential election from every state in the Union. The result is as follows:

FOR BUCHANAN.

Pennsylvania	27	Delaware	3
New Jersey	7	Mississippi	7
Indiana	13	Louisiana	6
Illinois	11	Texas	4
Virginia	15	Arkansas	4
North Carolina	10	Kentucky	12
South Carolina	8	Tennessee	12
Georgia	10	California	4
Alabama	9	Missouri	9
Florida	3		
			174

FOR FREMONT.

Maine	8	New York	35
New Hampshire	5	Ohio	23
Vermont	5	Michigan	6
Massachusetts	13	Wisconsin	5
Connecticut	6	Iowa	4
Rhode Island	4		
			114

FOR FILLMORE.

Maryland	8

RECAPITULATION.

Buchanan	174
Fremont	114
Fillmore	8

Buchanan's majority over Fremont, sixty electoral votes; over Fremont and Fillmore, fifty-two electoral votes. We have not received as yet the official returns from all the States; but from official, reported, and estimated returns, we make up the following comparative table of the aggregate vote of all the States:

	1852		1856
Pierce	1,585,545	Buchanan	1,736,000
Scott	1,383,573	Fremont	1,238,083
Hale	157,296	Fillmore	799,472
	3,126,414		3,767,555

The returns yet to come in will increase the aggregate vote at the late election to about three million eight hundred thousand, and Mr. Buchanan's majority over Mr. Fremont to about *five hundred thousand* votes, thus leaving the black-republican candidate in a minority of about *one million three hundred thousand* votes. It will be seen from the above table, that while the Democratic vote has been largely increased since the last presidential election, Mr. Fremont's vote falls off about one hundred thousand, as compared with the vote given for General Scott.

There are in this State (says the New Hampshire *Patriot*) many clergymen who are, and always have been, Democrats; and we can say of them, as the Providence *Post* says of similar men in Rhode Island, that "we have yet to learn that one of these men preached a political sermon or made a political speech during the presidential campaign. They were not invited to do so, for Democrats do not believe in carrying politics into the church, or in carrying their ministers into political strife. How much influence these clergymen, in view of their sacred office and their relation to their churches, might have exerted for the democratic cause, we do not know and do not care to know. It is pleasant for us, and for them, undoubtedly, to know that their robes are unsullied, and that they have passed through the fiery ordeal unscathed. Believing that a man may vote for Mr. Buchanan, or Mr. Fillmore, or Mr. Fremont, and yet be a good Christian, we are glad nothing has been done by these pastors to cool the religious ardor or wound the feelings of the conscientious supporters of either of these men; and we can most sincerely and earnestly say, so let it be forever."

There is, says the Dayton (Ohio) *Gazette*, a person at the Swaynie House named Charles Rothschilds, who is a close relation to the distinguished European bankers. He is a sharp, goaheaditive fellow, and is the mainstay of that valuable hotel. He remembers Baron Rothschilds distinctly, and expatiates upon the old gentleman's eccentricities with avidity. He is well educated, speaks Spanish, Italian and French with fluency, and descants upon banks and banking with the utmost freedom. His features are of the Grecian cast; a bright, intelligent blue eye sparkles above a prominent nose, and his broken English escapes through his lips indicating the greatest firmness. Having read much of the United States, he resolved to journey through it, and providing himself with everything needful, set forth greatly to the mortification of his relations, who refused him the slightest assistance. He figures as porter at the Swaynie, and backs his extraordinary independence by a very enviable supply of gold. He wears the air of a prince, and performs only such labor as he deems compatible with royalty. He has shown us his "monthly mail," which corroborates the facts we have stated. He may be seen at the Swaynie House at any time.

The following are the gentlemen selected by the General Assembly of Arkansas to fill the various state offices: T. B. Hanly, Supreme Judge; D. B. Greer, Secretary of State; Wm. R. Miller, Auditor of Public Accounts; John H. Crease, State Treasurer; J. W. Conaughey, Land Attorney, and State Collector. These gentlemen (says the Little Rock *Democrat*) are all democrats, and were the nominees of a caucus of the democratic members of the General Assembly.

The Rochester *Union* states that a property, by some believed to be of the amount of $140,000,000, is now held by the law officers of England, in charge for the descendants of a Lawrence, who died without known heirs. Mr. W. F. Lawrence, of Rochester, has investigated the matter, and intends to visit Europe in the Spring, with a fair chance of success. It is stated also, that G. F. Lawrence, pianist and organist, is one of the heirs of this immense estate.

There is probably more smoking done in New Orleans than in any other city in the United States, perhaps in the world, in proportion to the population. Cigar stores are in nearly every block of houses in the city. Nearly every man you meet in the streets has a cigar in his mouth.

About two hundred men, mostly from Tennessee and Mississippi, under command of Samuel Benton, Esq., left Memphis on the 26th ult., to join General Walker's army in Nicaragua.

Mr. Joseph Calhoun died in Dooley county, Georgia, on the 11th ult., at the advanced age of 100 years and 10 months. He was a soldier in the continental army, and received a severe wound at the battle of Brandywine.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* tells the following story of how a fortune was made by laziness. A few years ago, our hero, who was about the laziest man in the country, became possessed of some property in Chicago. Too indolent to take care of it, he gave directions to have it sold, and did actually dispose of it at various times, *but was too lazy to make out the deeds.* Meantime the property increased enormously in value, and the delays caused by the man's laziness placed him at the end of a few years in the possession of an estate worth some $200,000.

The steamer *Frank Keeling*, at New Orleans, from Columbia, Ouachita river, reports to the *Delta* that heavy rains commenced falling on Sunday, the 23d, and continued several days. The Ouachita had risen about twenty feet at Harrisonburg, and was still rising. About 120 bales of cotton, which had been lightered over the shoals and signed for by the *Frank Keeling*, were lost by the sudden rise in the river.

The statement that orders had been issued by the Spanish government that American gold coin should be received at the Havana Custom-house at par, is denied. American gold is only taken at the Custom-house at 10 per cent. discount, and in the trade, of course, at the same rate, although in some instances a greater discount is demanded.

Thirteen banks, with a capital stock of $385,000, huve been established in Wisconsin since the first of July last ; and eight more banks, with a capital stock of $400,000, are now organizing. The old banks have increased their issues during the same period some four or five hundred thousand dollars.

In the South Carolina Legislature, resolutions have been introduced, deprecating the continued agitation of the abstract theories relaring to the slave-trade and other matters, as dividing and distracting the State, and alienating from her the support and sympathy of other States.

The Lexington (Western Missouri) *Citizen* says that sleighs have been running freely in that town, and that the boys have fine skating on the ponds. So cold a spell for November has scarcely ever been known.

The remains of the late Lieut. Madison Rush, U. S. N., who was drowned in Minnesota, have been recovered and buried in Philadelphia by the side of those of the wife, to whom he had been married but a few months. Lieut. R. was the third son of Hon. Richard Rush.

Vigorous measures are being adopted to construct a railroad between St. Anthony and St. Paul. $75,000 of stock had been taken, and $125,000 more pledged. It was thought that the work of grading would begin early in spring.

The Boston *Times* says that a census of the town of Chelsea is now being taken, with the view of applying to the next legis lature for a city charter. In 1855, Chelsea contained a population of 10,151.

It is stated that, by a late arrival of two vessels from Leghorn, all the passengers who came, fifty-nine in number, were organ-grinders.

The land sales by the Illinois Central Railroad Company for the month of November amounted to $859,290 47—making the aggregate of sales up to the 1st of December $10,032,977 94.

The Madison (Wis.) *Argus* of the 2nd inst. says, a terrible storm is raging without, to-day. Snow is falling in large quantities.

A correspondent of the St. Paul *Times* says that there is a band of organized burglars and highwaymen in that vicinity, who intend to commence operations as soon as navigation fairly closes.

The new German paper at La Crosse—the *Nord Stern* (North Star)—is democratic, as it ought to be.

The Jersey City *Telegraph* runs up the name of Stephen A. Douglas, for President in 1860.

The citizens of Charleston, S. C., are about to purchase a splendid carriage, and present it to Mr. Buchanan.

THE DESTINY OF MISSOURI.

From the St. Louis (Missouri) Democrat.

There are few States in the Union that require as much money to do their legitimate business as Missouri. There is no city that requires as much, in proportion to its population, if we except New-Orleans, as St. Louis. The navigation, the trade, the manufactures concentrated here, are immense ; and every day adds to their importance. The products of the South that come up the river, such as salt, sugar, molasses and coffee, amount to millions. Those of the North that descend it—wheat, flour, corn, oats, hogs, pork, cattle, beef, horses, sheep, mules, hemp, tobacco, to say nothing of the smaller articles, such as apples, potatoes, beans, onions, &c.,—require in their purchase an amount of money almost incredible. The cash to buy all these productions must be concentrated here, and every business man knows, that if it could be had in such amount as the immensity of the above productions demand, the prices that the producers and the farmers would obtain for their horses, mules, hemp, tobacco, hogs, cattle, &c., would be largely more than they now receive. The fact is, the cash is not here, and a large per centage that should go to the producer is abstracted from his earnings, because of the little competition in the market. Missouri must review and re-establish her whole monetary and banking system. She must not overlook the importance of her position in the great confederacy. Slowly but surely she will find concentrated in her great emporium, all the vital elements that give command to empire. Geographically her position is central. Her navigation advantages are happily as excellent as her position is fortunate. Here, too, is the center of the greatest agricultural country in the world. At this point will also meet the great mineral staples of America, and with them will appear the mighty seat of their manufacture. Whoever examines these things will see that with such a centripetal combination of forces, the great medium of exchange, money, cannot fly off in an opposite direction. The great focus of business is naturally at the center. If, then, the center of business has got to be on the outside, it is in a wrong position, and when these United States cease to be a debtor nation, New-York will cease to be the center of the money and the business transactions of the continent. In view of this grand destiny to which our State is bound, may we not expect, yea, demand of our representatives, that they anticipate it by an enlightened legislation? A Missouri Bank, with twenty millions of capital, with suitable branches at proper points within, and, if possible, without the State, would be attended with advantages great and lasting. It would make our city the seat of manufactories, enable our merchants to pay the higest prices for all the products, not only of Missouri, but of Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Louisiana, Tennessee, Mississippi and Arkansas, and place our State in her true position in the great confederacy.

Irish News.

A fatal accident occurred on the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway, on the 21st ult., by which seven persons were killed and a number wounded. A collision between the down mail train and some ballast wagons took place at Dunkit, a few miles from Waterford. It appears that a number of men who were employed ballasting the line above the scene of the calamity, were standing in lurrys, with an engine attached, waiting on the side rail the arrival of the mail train from Dublin to proceed to their work ; but on the approach of the latter—which consisted of the engine and tender, followed by two goods wagons, two passenger carriages, first and second class, and three goods trains bringing up the rear—the engine driver observed the points were not regulated to let his train on the main line, and seeing a collision inevitable, he shouted with all his might to the men on the stationary train to jump off, which he did himself, and the collision immediately took place. The working men in the stationary train jumped from the lurry, and a high embankment being at the side they rushed to, all tumbled back again, and were caught by the train and cut to atoms. Four had their heads cut completely off, and one, who was the only victim who showed any signs of life after the collision, had his arms cut off. Brains, blood, and entrails, pieces of carriages, and engines, goods and luggage were everywhere visible, and all presented a scene too horrible to contemplate. The engine driver, who fortunately leaped on the side of the track where the down train should have passed, escaped almost unhurt. The engine of the down train, with the tender and goods wagon, were smashed to atoms, the tender standing on end. The following are the names of the men who were killed. John Kennedy, Patrick Murphy, John Hudson, James Myers, and Martin Doyle. All those killed were loborers, who had come from Thomastown, and were employed in ballasting the line. The wounded persons were: M. M'Emery, laborer ; J. Hunter, engine driver ; John Snow, fireman ; and Dr. White, Inspector of Lunatic Asylums, all of whom, as soon as assistance was procured, were removed to an adjoining public house, and properly attended to. Dr. White was removed insensible. It is deserving of remark here, that only for the indisposition of Sim Reeves, that gentleman, with the troupe of *artists* announced to appear in the Town Hall, Waterford, would probably have been in the train. Later accounts state that Dr. White was not so seriously injured as at first supposed.

On the 16th ult., an attempt was made to rob the Bank of Ireland in Carlow. About one or two o'clock at night, several persons got into the rear of the premises in question without being perceived, although they had to pass several wicked dogs, and having cut a pain of glass out of the window of the back door, they endeavored by means of a chisel or lever to force the lock of an iron gate which protected the back of the house. After several strenuous efforts they had to give up the task in despair. According to the regulations of the bank, a porter slept in the office, provided with arms, but being wrapt in the arms of Morpheus, he did not hear the noise. The ruffians then proceeded by means of a ladder, to try their luck on Mr. Stoyte's premises, which adjoins the bank, but in this they were likewise unsuccessful. They tore the wire-work which was on the outside of one of the windows, and cutting a pain of glass out with a diamond, one of them put in his hand and finding that a quantity of delf was laid beneath, fearing that their entrance would cause a crash, they abandoned the place and moved on to the next house, Mr. William Whitmore's where they were more successful. They effected an entrance and proceeded to break open doors, desks, drawers, &c., in various apartments. Having secured a number of silver spoons, knives and forks, and other valuables, they lighted on a mahogany box, belonging to the Friendly Brothers, which they conveyed to the yard, and broke open with some blunt instrument. It contained a gold snuff-box, value £50, a valuable silver corkscrew, case of pistols, and some papers ; but in their hurry, the first two articles escaped the notice of the thieves, and were found in the box.

An English Company has obtained a grant from the College of Dublin to go through their property and open up its internal resources as to ores of different descriptions. This they have succeeded in doing in the parish of Derrynoose, near Keady, County Armagh. Having commenced in January of this year, they have prosecuted the work of raising lead ore very successfully, and their operations are every day increasing ; so much so, that at first they had but three men, while now they have twenty employed, and last month paid in wages above £80. The company succeeded in obtaining the services of an agent or manager from Cornwall, named Captain Tucker, who is not only a practical miner, but also a chemist and surveyor of minerals. This manager has forwarded to Mr. Nunn, of Dublin, a box of lead ore of the best quality, to be placed in the museum of the College as a sample of the minerals their property contains. As the College possess thirty-two townlands, it is fully expected that each of these will produce minerals and coals, which this company will, in due time, turn to good account.

On the 15th ult., a shocking accident occurred in the mill of Dr. Barry, Kanturk. The water-wheel came to a stand without any apparent cause, and after a delay of nearly two hours, during which the miller was ineffectually endeavoring to put the wheel in motion, a part of it was removed, when it was found that a boy in the employment of Dr. Barry had fallen into the water-wheel, and had been torn to pieces between the buckets of the wheel and breastark, the head alone remaining entire.

A loving couple, Miss R——, from the neighborhood of Bruff, whose father could give her a fortune of £700, though she has not yet attained her fifteenth year, and Mr. M——, the son of a farmer in the same locality, took it on themselves to walk off together. The services of Constable Nash were called into requisition, who soon discovered their local habitation, and brought them back to Bruff, there to be united for better or for worse.

The Commissioners of Education, on the recommendation of their Inspectors, F. F. O'Carroll and A. Simpson, have awarded to Mr. Michael Mart, teacher of the Jonesborough Male National School, premiums for the years '54 and '55, for the order, neatness and discipline observable in his school on the occasions of their visits during these years.

The Clonakilty magistrates have refused to grant informations against the constabulary who were charged with stabbing some of the people during the late municipal riots in that town.

A Young Mens' Religious Society has been organized in Dungarvan.

Arrangements have been made by the merchants of Carrick-on-Suir to have that town lighted with gas.

A fire took place on Tuesday morning, in the Richmond Bridewell, situate near Harold's Cross, on the South Circular Road. The fire was discovered in the chapel about two o'clock by Deputy-Governor Delany, who had left his apartments on his way to the gate. He immediately gave the alarm ; the engine belonging to the prison was got out, and all the prisoners whose cells were endangered by the fire were released from their perilous position. The engine was worked by these convicts, who displayed great courage. One man, named Hughes, particularly distinguished himself. In little more than half an hour the Police and Corporation engines arrived. A guard of artillery was present to prevent the escape of any of the prisoners. Mr. Delany, while exerting himself and encouraging the prisoners who were working the engines, was severely hurt by a nail entering his foot. Under the chapel is the bakehouse of the establishment, and it is supposed that the fire was caused by the flues becoming over-heated. The amount of damage done cannot be less than $1,000.

On Saturday, 8th ult., a farmer named John Sanley left his house at Ballyglasson, in the county of Longford, to proceed to the town of Longford, about ten miles distant, for the purpose of paying rent, and purchasing some pigs. He had a sum of money in his possession, the amount of which is not known beyond that it was several pounds. As he did not pay the rent, nor return to his house as usual, his family were very much alarmed, and although a continuous search was made for him for a week, nothing was discovered of him till Saturday, the 15th ult., when he was found dead in a bog hole, in the townland of Curry, about two miles from his own house with his hands and feet strongly bound with a hay rope, all tied together. The persons who took him out of the water removed the tyings, before the coroner and jury had the opportunity of examining them ; but from their subsequent description it is supposed that it could scarcely have been done by himself. No money was on his person when found, which also adds to the suspicion of the case.

On the evening of the 18th ult., when it was quite dark, Constable Burke, and a party of the constabulary from the Ballymacarrett station found a middle-aged man lying upon the Newtownards line, about a mile from Belfast. His right cheek was nearly taken off, and the bone left quite bare ; and he appeared to have received very dangerous, if not fatal injuries in the head. There can be no doubt that the man, who was very much intoxicated, wandered upon the line in the darkness, and received the injuries by the train passing over him. He was conveyed to the General Hospital, where every attention was paid to him, but the hopes entertained of his recovery are very slight. On his person was found some money and a watch, on a paper in which was, " W. H. Allen, Donegore," and this is the only trace of his supposed identity.

It appears that a contest is likely to arise for the two vacancies occasioned among the Irish Representative Peers by the deaths of Viscount Hawarden and the Earl of Bandon ; besides Viscount De Vesci and Viscount Mountmorres, the Earl of Belmore has declared himself a candidate, and rather a close contest may be expected between the last two candidates. The latter nobleman has only recently attained his majority, but is extremely popular ; his uncle and predecessor was a representative peer for many years. Lord Mountmorres is in holy orders, and enjoys an Irish deanery.

Two men named Patrick Bingham and John Sinnott, engaged in blasting stones on the new line of Railway which is being constructed between Bagnalstown and Wexford, whilst at work on that part of the line running through the townland of Ballyellan, county Carlow, between Bagnalstown and Borris having set a blast to a rock without its taking effect at the expected time, proceeded to examine the cause of delay, when unfortunately the explosion took place, killing Bingham instantly, and so injuring the other that the sufferer at least will be rendered blind during his life.

While some of the porters on the Cork and Bandon Railway were engaged in moving a few carriages at the Cork terminus, one porter, named Redmond Barrett, incautiously placed his foot on the rail, when a wheel of the carriage that was then being drawn along passed over it, completely crushing all the small bones in such a manner that on his removal to the South Infirmary amputation was pronounced to be necessary.

The following is the effective strength of the English army at present quartered in Ireland :—

Royal Horse Artillery, 2 Troops ; Royal Artillery Battalion, 8 Companies in Field Battery ; Royal Artillery Battalion, 2 companies in Batteries, forts and towers.

Royal Engineers, Detachments on Survey and Officers.

Cavalry—8 Regiments, viz., 2nd and 3rd Dragoon Guards, 1st Royal Dragoons, 2nd Royal North British Dragoons, 8th Royal Irish Hussars, 16th and 17th Lancers.

Military Train, a Battalion at the Curragh Camp.

Infantry Regiments—Grenadier Guards (2nd Battallion), and 13 Regiments of the Line—viz., 1st Royal (1st Battalion), 4th King's Own, 18th Royal Irish, 33rd Duke of Wellington's, 38th, 50th, 51st, 56th, 60th Rifles (3rd Battalion), 77th, 94th, 99th regiments. Depots—2nd (or Queen's), 2rd Buffs, 9th, 13th Light Infantry, 14th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 21st, 28th, 36th, 38th, 39th, 47th, 48th, 57th, 59th, 62nd, 63rd, 65th, 67th, 88th and 95th.

Total—6 Depots and Depot Battalions, forming an effective force of 30,300 rank and file of all arms.

On the evening of the 12th ult., as the train which leaves Dublin at 12-40 was approaching Templemore about the hour of 4 o'clock, it met a serious obstruction at a place called Cobbs, by stones placed on the rails of both the up and down tracks. The life preserver of the engine was broken, but no other harm done. The engine-driver reported the circumstance at the next station, and men were sent to remove the stones off the second track before the arrival of the train. It was thought to be the doing of some idle stroller or some young urchins.

The Dublin *Freeman* has been requested to state that there is no foundation for the rumor that Mr. Handcock, M. P., for Athlone, is about to retire from the representation of the borough. The statement that he had accepted a colonial appointment, and which led to this rumor, is not correct.

A painter named Daniel Cavin, who resided in Queen street, fell into the river, at the head of Arthur's Quay, near Messrs. Harvey's store, Limerick. The tide was out at the time, and he fell on the rough stones, by which his skull sustained a compound fracture, which caused death within an hour, he had been taken to the hospital.

A most ingenious fraud has been perpetrated upon the Belfast Bank by some individual as yet undiscovered. It consisted in changing a bank note of small value into a 50*l* bank note, by inserting the word " fifty" in a note of 1*l* or 5*l* value.

On the 21st ult., a person, named William Read Vaughan, residing at 2 Annesley place, shot an unfortunate female, named Elizabeth Kelso, in an oyster shop in Hawkins' street, Dublin. It appears that the prisoner and Kelso were sitting alone in a room off the shop of the house No. 9 Hawkins' street, which is opposite the stage entrance to the Theatre Royal. The owner of the shop was alarmed by the loud report of a pistol in the adjoining room, and on going in found that the unfortunate woman had been wounded in the cheek by a shot discharged by a pistol fired by the prisoner. The alarm was at once given, and Inspector Lowry proceeded to the scene of the occurrence, and arrested Mr. Vaughan. Elizabeth Kelso was then in a fainting state, and was taken to Mercer's Hospital, where it was ascertained that the wounds inflicted are not of a serious character. When the woman was restored to consciousness, and questioned as to the occurrence, the only statement she made was, that she believed Vaughan did not intend to kill her. The prisoner, on being arrested, did not deny having fired the shot, but attributed it to accident.

A man and woman have been arrested on suspicion of the recent murder of Mr. Little, Cashier of the Midland Great Western Railway. An old hammer and a razor had been found in the Canal, not far from the office, where the murder was committed. This razor on being examined was recognised as being of superior manufacture. The blade, which is of fine steel and well finished, is fitted in a black handle. It appears to have been part of the toilet appointment of some respectable person. The razor was found within a few feet of the spot where the hammer was found, and there appears to be no second opinion as to the fact that it is the weapon with which the assassin completed his work of death, by cutting the throat of his victim, after having first knocked him senseless by the already fatal blows of the hammer.

A daring attempt at robbery was recently made in the house of Colonel Roberts of Waterford. At a late hour some persons effected an entrance into the house, and proceeded with their work of robbery; but in their movements they were heard by the Colonel, who immediately ran for his gun, the robbers got out and and made off down the garden; dropping on their way eight suits of clothing, which they had packed up in a bundle. Colonel Roberts, from his window, saw one trying to get over the garden wall'; failing, however, in his attempt to fasten his feet in the stones. In order not to be caught, he slipped off his boots and got over, and made his escape. The boots thus left behind turned out to belong to the coachman of Alderman Davis, whose house was robbed a few nights before.

Adam Hennessy, aged eighteen years, an apprentice at the Neptune Iron Works, Waterford, fell from the scaffold at the forepart of the new steamer, now being built there, a height of about sixty feet, and when taken up was insensible. Dr. J. P. Mackesy, was called to him, who had the injured man conveyed to the Leper Hospital, where he accompanied and examined him, and found that he had sustained severe injury of the spine, from which he expired about half an hour after his admission.

On the evening of the 15 ult. a woman named Hayer living at Rochestown, a short distance from Passage, left her house, leaving two children at home, one of whom was a boy five years and the other a girl three years old. The woman fastened the door on the outside, and, in a short time after she left, the neighbors discovered that the house was on fire, and, before any assistance could be rendered, the unfortunate children had perished in the flames.

The Derry *Standard* states that at the Petty Sessions court, a dellicate-looking man, about thirty years of age, named Martin Kelly, presented himself before the Mayor, with a removal warrant from Hartlepool, Durham, from which it appeared he was a laborer for the last eight years. Having lost his health, he applied for relief, and after receiving the same for some time, he, his wife, and three children were sent to Liverpool, and from thence to Derry, to travel or beg their way home to Raskey, county Sligo. The Mayor sent for the relieving officer, who gave an order for their admission to the Union Workhouse.

The Belfast *Daily Mercury* says there are thirty-two magistrates in that locality, ond only one of them is a Catholic, although of the 130,000 inhabitants in Belfast and Ballymacarett, one-third are Roman Catholics. The one Catholic magistratewas appointed by Lord Normandy. "Government," it says, "are willing to appoint two more," and the names of six Catholic gentlemen of wealth and position have been put forward.

It is a very remarkable that there is not a single northern lawyer on the Irish bench. Chief Justice Lefroy was born in Limerick. Chief Justice Monahan and Mr. Justice Keogh in Galway. Chief Baron Pigot and Mr. Justice Jackson in Cork. Baron Pennefather and Judge Moore in the county Tipperary. Baron Richards, county Wexford. Judges Crampton, Perrin, Ball, and Greene, Dublin.

A very melancholy accident occurred on the 15th ult., on the Bann river, at the new ferry. A woman named Nancy M'Cluney, belonging to Ballymena, was going to pay a visit to some friends in the county Derry, and in going into the boat that plies between the two counties, she missed her foot, and dropped into the river. The young man who had the boat in charge immediately leapt into the stream to rescue her, but she caught hold of him, and they were both drowned.

J. C. Connellan, Esq., Inspector-General of prisons, visited the Queen's Co. Goal for the purpose of making his annual inspection. Having gone through the several sections and classes, and examined the registries and accounts he expressed himself highly pleased with the great order and discipline which distinguished every department.

There are only 33 paupers now in the Belmullet Workhouse, county Clare, which was built for 800, and in which union there was at one time 2,207 persons receiving relief; the cost of the staff for the 33 paupers is £246 per annum, or nearly £8 per head.

At a meeting of the directors of the Ballymena railway company, a dividend was declared of 7 per cent., and a sum of £1,000 was placed to the rest fund. This is one of the largest dividends yet paid by any railway company in Ireland of the same length of line.

The Kilkenny *Moderator* under the heading of "A Military Mystery," announces that orders have been issued to the Colonels of Militia Regiments in Ireland to complete the quota of their respective corps. The *Moderator* remarks that the object of this filling up the regiments is known only to the Government.

A writ and summons have been issued against the "The Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of Belfast," at the suit of Captain William Pirrie, one of the unsecured creditors, for the recovery of £650.

An English company, says the Belfast *Mercury*, has obtained a grant from the College of Dublin to go through their property and open up its internal resources as to ores of different descriptions. This they have succeeded in doing in the parish of Derrynoose, near Keady, county Armagh. Having commenced in January of this year, they have prosecuted the work of raising lead ore very successfully, and their operations are every day extending, so much so that at first they had but three men—now they have twenty employed, and the last month paid wages above £80. The company succeeded in obtaining the services of an agent or manager from Cornwall, Captain Tucker by name, who is not only a practical miner, but also a chemist and surveyor of minerals. This manager has forwarded to Mr. Nunn, of Dublin, a box of lead ore of the best quality, to be placed in the museum of the college, as a sample of the minerals the property contains. The utmost wish of the owners has been realised in the production for so far, and when the work will be more extended, there is no doubt of its paying a handsome dividend. As the college possesses thirty-two townlands, it is fully expected that every one of those will produce minerals and coals, which this company will, no doubt, in due time, turn to good account.

A correspondent of the *Leinster Express*, writing from Athy, says a dreadful calamity seems to have seized the potato crop in that neighborhood. Potatoes that appeared perfectly free from disease when lifting, are now becoming damaged in the pits. Several instances have come under his notice, nearly all exhibiting rapid symptoms of decay. The market is largely supplied with the esculent, owing to the great many extensive growers of the crop being determined to sell the surplus quantity before any serious loss is sustained. The average market price is 3½d per stone for the picked ones; but a very large quantity that seemed to be giving way rapidly to the disease, are selling at the unusual low figure of one shilling per barrel.

The Road Sessions for the Barony of Forth, took place on the 17th ult. Present: Charles A. Walker, V.L., Chairman, John H. Talbot, D.L., Laurence Sweetman, Frederick Solly Flood, John Walsh, W. A. Armstrong, and John Greene, Esqrs. Cesspayers—James Howlin, and Thomas H. Rowe, Esqrs. and Mr. Flood brought forward a resolution in favor of the Railway Question, which was passed in the following shape:—"We the Magistrates and Cess-payers assembled at Road Sessions at Wexford, for the Barony of Forth, feeling the necessity of Railway Communication, any project having for its object the general construction of railways, calculated to bring the traffic from the interior of Ireland to the ports of Wexford and Enniscorthy, deserves our support."

The Derry Journal informs us that the staff of the London derry Militia were recently inspected at the Ebrington Barracks, by Colonel Doyle, who, in addition to the usual inspection on parade, examined the men apart, individually questioning each with regard to the length of his services, knowledge of discipline, &c. This inspection is believed to be preliminary to a further disembodiment, by which the more advanced in years will be removed; but whether their places will be fitled up by men fit for active service, is only matter of conjecture.

The emigration, says a Belfast paper, for the present year, considerably exceeds that of last year, both as to the numbers and respectability of the emigrants. During the last year, there were, we understand, 4,119 emigrants from this port, and up to the current month of the present year, there have been nearly 6,000 emigrants.

The strike on the Killarney and Tralee Railway has been amicably arranged, and for the first time the employers have struck to the employed. The men will be paid in future according as they work, at the rate of 1s 6d per day. This is all they required from the first.

Three sheep, the property of William Tunstead, a farmer, residing near Ballickmoyler, were killed by cutting their throats, and the carcases left on the field. A few nights previously, three goats, belonging to a person named Dempsey, who resides at Killeen Chapel, Queen's County, were killed in like manner, and their carcases left on the roadside.

Colonel Knox Gore, commanding officer of the Sligo Rifles, has received an order from government directing him to proceed at once with the enrolment of recruits to the number required to complete the strength of the regiment. Each recruit on being attested will receive the usual bounty.

A brig, the James Gold, of Sunderland, appeared dismasted off the coast of Ross, near Carrigaholt, on the 8th ult. On being boarded by the Coast Guards, she was found laden with timber; and in the course of the ensuing night went to pieces a little further to the east, at a place called Truscliff.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, has been pleased to appoint Edmund Burke Roche, Lord Baron Fermoy, to be Lieutenant General and Custos Rotulorum for the county and the city of Cork.

Edward King Tenison, Esq., has resigned the appointment of Lieutenant General and Custos Rotulorum of the county Lectrim, and his Excellency has appointed George Arthur, Earl of Granard, to be Lieutenant General and Custos Rotulorum.

Edward King Tenison, Esq., has been appointed Lieutenant-General and Custos Rotulorum of the county Roscommon. Mr. Tenison represented Leitrim from 1847 to 1852.

W. Muschamp Vesey, Esq., of Saintfield, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county Down, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Londonderry, Lieutenant of the county.

The Belfast Town Council's chattel property was recently seized, at the suit of a creditor, Mr. James Reyland, for the sum of £75.

A little girl aged two years, daughter of a man named Clarke, residing in Barrack street, Dundalk, was so seriously burned that her death ensued on the following day.

The following gentlemen have been called to the bar at the sitting of the Chancery court:

John Patrick O'Hara, Esq., A. M., T. C. D., only surviving son of Martin O'Hara, late of Claremorris, in the county of Mayo, merchant, deceased.

James Henry Monahan, A. B., T. C. D., eldest son of the Right Hon. James Henry Monahan, of Fitzwilliam square, in the city of Dublin, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

Charles Henry Foote, Esq., A.B., Scholar, T.C.D., eldest son of Lundy Edward Foote, Esq., of Upper Fitzwilliam st., city of Dublin, barrister-at-law.

Randal Wm. M'Donnell, Esq., A.B., T.C.D., fourth son of John M'Donnell, Esq., of Gardiner's row, city of Dublin, Poor Law Commissioner.

The Clare *Journal* states that orders from the War Office have been received to enrol men for the county Clare.

On the 17th ult. the remains of the late James Pim, treasurer of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway, were consigned to their last resting place in Mount Jerome Cemetery. The funeral was one of the largest that has taken place in this city for many years past, and was attended by nearly all the principal mercantile men in Dublin. But what is now somewhat rare in Dublin, a large concourse of respectable citizens accompanied the funeral on foot, and a body of the operatives employed by the railway companies with which the lamented gentleman was connected also attended to pay this last tribute of respect to the deceased.

Constable Peter Pender, Acting-constable Thomas O'Brien, and Sub-constable Cornelius Fitzgerald, of the Queens county, have resigned for the purpose of emigrating to Australia. These men were all of long service—the lowest being ten years connected with the force; they bore excellent characters; but seeing so little chance of competent provision for old age, they thought it better to try their fortunes in another hemisphere. Constable Pender had served two years at the Crimea in the Mounted Staff Corps, and the Commissariat department.

On the 15th ult. a large and influental meeting of the ratepayers of the barony of Lower Ormonde, in the county Tipperary, was held in Parsonstown for the purpose of adopting measures to oppose the imposition of the proposed guarantee upon the rates of Lower Ormonde, to secure interest at the rate of four per cent. on the money expended in constructing a line of railway from Roscrea to Nenagh.

Small pox, says the Clare *Journal*, is raging in a fearful state in Killaloe and in the neighboring townlands; several children have died from its effects, and several are now lying in a fearful state, young and old. Over 200 have been vaccinated during one week for cowpox, the greater part having had it before. It is considered here that it should be repeated every five years, or else it would not be a preventative against natural pox—so say the faculty.

The Dublin *Freeman* regrets to learn that a sad accident befel the Chief Secretary while hunting, on the 15th ult. with the Ward hounds. It appears that in a hard run of some two hours, Mr. Horsman, who is a first rate rider, was somehow or other thrown from his horse, and while in that state the hores, which was quite tired, rolled over him heavily, and severely injured him.

Michael Quin, Esq., one of the members of the Limerick Corporation, has resolved on withdrawing from the Council. Connected with the Town Council from its first formation under the Municipal Reform Act, he was remarkable for the stern integrity of his public principles, his honest and independent votes, and his manly advocacy of every measure calculated to advance the public interests.

Samuel Stanley, a private in the 60th Rifles, was brought up on remand, charged with having violently assaulted John Davis, by stabbing him in the arm and leg with a bayonet, at the Naas road, on the 2nd ult. A girl named Loftus, who had been walking with Stanley at the time of the occurrence, stated that Davis was the first assailant. The prisoner was sent for trial at the county sessions, but the magistrate said he would admit him to bail.

Henry Rivers, a fashionably-dressed individual, and a woman named Maria Andrews, were, on the 21st ult., brought up to the Head Police office, in custody of Sergeants Mears and Keegan, charged with picking pockets on the Great Southern and Western Railway. They were remanded for examination.

We were surprised, says the Kilkenny *Journal*, of the 15th ult., to witness a remarkable proof of the clemency of the season, inasmuch as Mr. Bryan, of Jenkinstown, kindly forwarded us, for inspection, peas, raspberries, strawberries, and white currants, now growing in his garden.

Mr. John Potter A. B., T.C.D., eldest son of Alderman Potter, J. P., of Kilkenny, has been admitted a member of the Dublin Royal College of Surgeons, after a severe examination of ten days.

An old woman, named Alice Hinds, died in the poorhouse of Clonmel, having reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and five years.

Mr. Melville, Chief Accountant in the Provincial Bank, Waterford, has been appointed Manager of the new branch about to be opened in Carrick-on-Suir.

Sir C. Coote, M. P., has signified his intention of subscribing £10 annually to the Royal Agricultural Improvement Society of Ireland.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Tuam, recently administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of children in Galway.

The Dublin and Kingstown Company have presented £2,500 to Mr. Jas. Pim, for his long exertions in the advancement of that company.

The vacant ribbon of the order of St. Patrick has been bestowed on Viscount Gough.

Henry Denny, Esq., has sent in his resignation as Town Councillor for the West Ward in Waterford.

OPINIONS OF THE IRISH PRESS ON MR. BUCHANAN'S ELECTION.

From the Dublin Nation.

Long life to James Buchanan, by the grace of God and the will of the people, President of the United States. We have watched with intense interest this election, and share the feelings which fill almost every Irish heart from Maine to Mexico at the result. To our race it is a signal triumph, for we cannot forget, and he never does, that the new President is of Irish blood. And he enters the White House at a most remarkable emergency in the history of the Union, when it may be possible for him to take as grand a part as that which was played by the last Irish President, Andrew Jackson. What effect his administration may have upon the interior policy of the Union, we can hardly hazard an opinion. We believe it will be to conserve the Union at all hazards and by all means. But for the Irish in the States and outside, this event means the downright discouragement of Know-Nothingism; it means the extension of the Union wherever "manifest Destiny" opens the way for legitimate annexation; it means that England must yield every inch of territory she has unjustly gained, and every pretension of authority she has presumed to put forward in Central America. In four years more, the world, old and new, will be likely to need new maps. On that of the United States, we dare say we shall see Cuba and Nicaragua at all events, perhaps another slice of Mexico, and a few of the West Indies, marked with superabundant stars. The young geographer will in vain search for a vestige of British authority along the melancholy coast of Mosquito, or on the woody hills of Ruatan.

The English nation is naturally rather wroth. Mr. Buchanan has of late been dwelling among them, and has studied their

statesmen, their manners and customs, their method of making war and of despatching diplomacy: never was an American statesman since Benjamin Franklin who had such an opportunity of studying them. He knows England as well as Louis Napoleon; and the fact is itself significant that at such a time those two great Western potentates should have had such opportunities of penetrating the character of their neighbor. On the questions at issue between the Governments of Washington and London, Mr. Buchanan has drawn his line as Ambassador, and it is one from which he cannot recede as President. It means the absolute retreat of England from Central America. He has, moreover, declared his opinion that if she does not go, there ought to be armed occupation. President Pierce supported his diplomacy to this point, and from this point President Buchanan undertakes the conduct of the business. So if there ever was danger of war with the States it is now.

In a country where so much is guided and influenced by the fluctuating policy of an unmanageble public opinion, it is difficult to speculate beforehand upon what may be the career of any statesman in authority. But there are several remarkable and characteristic circumstances connected with Mr. Buchanan's accession which distinguish his election from any in the dynasty of Presidents for many past years. He is the first statesman who has reached the position in consideration of eminent public services, since the time of the Founders of the Republic. It was a position hitherto denied to men of that stamp—to Webster, to Calhoun, to Clay, and reserved, owing to the rivalry which great public talents evoked, for some dashing soldier, like Taylor, who had cut through a lucky campaign, or a respectable lawyer, like Pierce, who could wait to be propelled by his party. Buchanan, on the contrary, is an old, experienced, and resolute party leader, thoroughly trusted, and perfectly representing the platform of his party, which never put forth such unbroken strength as in his election. In Congress, he hardly ranked below the three great statesmen we have named, whose names have passed together to immortal fame. He was Secretary, under Mr. Polk, during the Mexican War, which added California to the Union, and administered it with consummate ability. His diplomatic transactions in England would have made an illustrious character for an otherwise unknown man. Never was the honor of the States—of any State—so haughtily upheld, and the truth and dignity of a question of war sustained in a more masterly manner. Recalled from his mission to a yet higher honor, the Central American question is still reserved *in petto* to be the first glory of his Administration. In three months more, we venture to predict England's equivocation will be finally brought to an end, and her flag have faded from the horizon of San Juan.

But not merely is Mr. Buchanan himself a statesman of talents equal to his eminent position. It is already rumored that it is his intention to surround himself with a ministry of the younger and more energetic politicians of the Union, bold and able enough for any emergency. His principal Secretary will probably be the Senator of Illinois—the ready, adroit, and daring "little giant of the West"—Douglas. It has been expected for some time, we hear, that James Shields will be recalled from his Sabine farm and offered the bureau of Military Affairs by his old friend, the President. The *Times* already augurs ill for British interests from the men who surround his Excellency.

We cannot but look with hope to an administration of such brilliant promise. Even were Mr. Buchanan not of Irish blood or sympathies, we have an interest in the States commensurate with the fact that millions of our race are dwelling in those dominions—an interest which makes it almost as important a question for us to study the Chief of the Executive at Washington, as the Premier in Downing street. That his rule may be prosperous and courageous, and that in his day more stars may culminate in the firmament of the Union, is the prayer of many an honest heart in James Buchanan's fatherland.

From the Dundalk Democrat.

The greatest news of the week is the triumphant election of James Buchanan, the son of an Irishman—of the old stock—as President of the great American Republic. Honor to the men who supported and advocated his cause, and to those who returned him by their votes, amongst whom the Irish residents of the States stand out conspicuous. The votes were—for Buchanan, 163; for Fremont, 125; and for Fillmore, 8; giving Buchanan a majority of 30. On behalf of the people in this part of Ireland we beg to thank the noble supporters of Buchanan for the victory they have won. They have slapped Know-Nothingism in the face; they have given a blow to England which she feels in her inmost heart; they have boldly, manfully and bravely vindicated the great principles of the American revolutionists, and struck terror into the heart of despotism in every land.

The rascally press of England did its utmost by lies and slander to blacken the character of Buchanan before the American people, but it has utterly failed in its vile object. The Democrats in America are not going to be guided by the vile English press. Its censure they accept as praise, and its praise they receive as censure. Accordingly they have rallied round Buchanan, and borne him triumphantly to victory. The *Times* laments it deeply; but not being able to undo what has been done by honest men, it makes a virtue of necessity, and says "it will never allow any objections entertained to Mr. Buchanan's principles to prevent it from treating with respect and candor the acts of the chief magistrate of a great and kindred people."

There is no comfort found for the Great Briton in any quarter. All people repel his insolence, denounce his pride, and repudiate his friendship. And he may be assured, that should he exhibit any more of his domineering spirit in the West, James Buchanan will pay him home with interest.

From the Dublin Tablet.

The news of the election of Mr. Buchanan as President of the United States is an event which has been long foretold in the *Tablet*, and, since the casting of the Pennsylvania vote, has been generally expected. To us, as Catholics and Englishmen, it wears a double aspect. As the defeat of the northern bigots, the Know-Nothing fanatics, the savage persecutors of the Irish immigrants, the despicable, insolent, prying inquisitionists who intrude their vulgar curiosity into our convents, the hypocritical philanthropists who clamor against slavery while they can scarcely prevail upon themselves to allow a man of color to share in air and water, we rejoice in it sincerely. As the victory of fillibustering annexionists, of upholders and extenders of slavery, of men whose arguments are bowie knives, and whose persuaders are revolvers, we deplore it as sincerely. But neither of these views embraces the true bearings of the question. The great American people are neither Know-Nothings nor Fillibusters. They have decided for themselves, according to their right, who shall be their President. They are the best judges of their own affairs under the circumstances in which they were called upon to act. The common sense, the evident interests of a great and free people, will control the action of President Buchanan, as they would have controlled the action of President Fremont. Had the Know-Nothing party gained the ascendancy it is certain that the Catholic and the Irishman would have suffered. The Democratic party has retained its hold of place, and we may safely trust their enlightened views of their own interests to avoid forcing on a collision with the strength of England,

WHAT IS CALLED THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

From the Irish American.

The leader, in "*The Metropolitan*," (a Catholic monthly magazine, published in Baltimore, by Murphy & Co.) is from the pen of Archbishop Hughes. It has caused no inconsiderable interest in the American Catholic world. It will be found in full in this paper this week. Very few of our readers will pass it without perusal.

To them we leave the consideration of its main features, and come to that passage which immediately concerns *The Irish American*. We regret the Archbishop has deemed it necessary to introduce the name of our humble sheet, inasmuch as we never assumed nor aspired to the position of a religious journal. We give from week to week "News from Ireland," and such communications, letters, sermons and lectures as we, in our judgment consider fit. In no vain boast do we say that, without seeking what is called patronage, *from any quarter*, we have worked perseveringly and industriously to produce an Irish American *newspaper*, which has secured a circulation larger by far, than any of its class which has preceded or competed with it. It is to us a matter of just pride to declare that, in a business point of view, those who have purchased it and advertised in its columns, are prompt, correct and generous in their dealings. This circulation and these results we refer to with a view to contend that no journal can attain either influence or pecuniary independence if it have not professional qualities essential to success. We mean well selected reading-matter, interesting items of news, editorial opinion appropriate and forcible, valuable contributions, whether literary, scientific or political, industry and thrift in the management. Without such requirements, no patronage or expenditure can avail. With them, the chances of a successful newspaper enterprise are favorable.

We have neither pretended nor assumed to publish this as a Roman Catholic journal. We stated plainly and fully our plans and intention in our prospectus. From the terms of that document, we have not deviated. We never appealed for support to religious prejudices or passions. We ever believed that "so-called Catholic editors," had done and were doing more harm than good to the cause they affected to espouse. In this we are pleased to find we are endorsed by the able pen of the Archbishop. We plead guilty to the charge of uniting with a Protestant partner in the publication of an Irish-American periodical, devoted to our fellow-countrymen of all creeds and denominations; devoted to the land that bore us; devoted to rational liberty as it is understood in its noblest sense; devoted to the interests of our kindred on this broad continent; devoted to the purity, preservation and perpetuation of Democratic Republicanism; devoted to this great and glorious commonwealth, to the Constitution which watches over and protects all, and to the indissoluble union of its confederate States.

In the ultimate independence of Ireland, we firmly believe. This, we as firmly believe, can never be attained without a fraternity of Irishmen of all creeds, who, adhering firmly to their several religious convictions and confining them to their sacred and proper spheres, will come together and contend for the rights of a common country and a common nationality. We are convinced, too, that irritating language, intolerant harangues, bitter recriminations and vulgar abuse, (such as all enlightened and honest men must condemn,) do incalculable injury and create estrangements and divisions inimical to our objects.

If these views and desires, but imperfectly propounded by us, be "plausibilities," we must plead guilty of having recourse to them. We fear, too, that on this head, we are impenetrable; and that our course of "conciliation" must continue.

So much for the "Reflections," as far as they concern this paper. We suppose the right of explanation will be conceded to us. At all events we claim it. "Now the truth is best in all matters of this kind," in the language of the Most Reverend writer—so we point especial attention to his important suggestions.

We are afraid the Archbishop has not honored this paper with a steady perusal. If he had, we should have naturally expected some allusion to the very many articles we have written on the subject of keeping "religion and politics asunder;" to the numerous occasions on which we contended that there should be "no connexion between church and state." For several years we have had almost every "so-called Catholic" publication in the United States opposed to us in a controversy on this point. Of this our weekly readers are aware. We invariably quoted and replied to attacks of our opponents. They never inserted our defence except in garbled extracts. We, over and over again, advanced the opinion that the learned and pious ecclesiastics of the Church were its legitimate and ablest defenders, and that it and they required no aid from the pens of, oftentimes, ignorant and intemperate advocates. That such rash and uninformed persons, by their unsound and unrepublican theories, by their wild and impassioned appeals (by which such as he of the Boston Pilot and he of the Shepherd of the Valley had desecrated the name of religion) had been guilty of many criminal follies—had whetted the appetite, if not evoked the brutal passions of Know-Nothing mobs, and been the proximate cause of their ferocious consequences—we frequently and indignantly charged upon them. The poor Irish (that name being synonymous with Catholic,) were principally the victims, and had to suffer for the insanities of paper-pellet marksmen, ensconced behind the safe bulwarks of their editorial desks. When the fires of persecution, which they had contributed to kindle, had done their worst, these writers became alarmed. They altered their courses, and refrained (when it was too late) from urging their un-American political theories. Truth, we knew, was powerful, and, in the end, would prevail. It is to us a source of pardonable pride to find that the advice and suggestions of an eminent ecclesiastic repeat, with much eloquence and power, what we so feebly but so frequently put forward and called attention to.

The Archbishop has been pleased to give a specimen of our "plausibility" in the shape of a note addressed to some "bigot newspaper lampooner of the Catholics;" he pointedly remarks that "the whole busines becomes a double advertisement;"—and that in reply we are complimented by the enemy as being "a very sensible man, entirely disabused of the errors of our religion, emancipated from the superstitions of our creed, and the control of our clergy."

Touching the "double advertisement," we are bound to declare that such a compliment (*which we have always looked upon and treated as an insult*) coming from "a vile newspaper," is in a business view calculated to injure rather than to serve us—that is if such were likely to meet the eyes of our friends. The article under consideration is more calculated, we say with every respect, to bring us material aid in the shape of notoriety than any other production of the pen that we can now bear in mind.

If we believed our religion to be in error, or that it was a superstition, we should not belong to it; nor do we think that any one who professes it is more ready to acknowledge in his own person, or recommend to others to obey, the proper, legitimate and becoming "control of his clergy" than ourself.

It is quite true that our partner and we never discuss disputed points of creed. It is quite true that we never quarrel about matters of faith. We have been ever inclined to believe that those who so disputed and so quarreled had more religion on their lips than in their hearts.

These are matters we should prefer not making allusion to,

but the facetious introduction into the article of the "amount of religion between us (our partner and ourself) to quarrel about," and the burlesque imitation of the style of our epistolary correspondence, leave us no other alternative.

We conclude by repeating that this journal never was and never pretended to be "an organ of the Church"—that it never professed to be, never was in reality, is not, and does not intend to be a member of "what is called the Catholic press"—that it is devoted especially to the moral, social and political interests of Irish Americans—that it is engaged in the defence and support of the Irish race at home and abroad—that it is wedded to and shall make every effort it can to sustain the principles of Americanism, of Democratic Republicanism, and to perpetuate the integrity and solidity of this powerful and noble confederation of States—that in carrying these intentions into practical effect it solicits no patronage and begs no adventitious support. All it demands is *a clear stage and no favor.*

KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE.

From a Correspondent of the Dublin Telegraph.

The exploits of King Arthur have been borne on the zephyr of fame for a period of one thousand three hundred and fifty-four years; they were numerous and spread into and gilded the tales of most of the nations of Europe. When we consider his giant mind and stature, his position, and the age he lived in, we may be enabled to select from the bundle of romance, the feats worthy a man so great. His deeds of terror were written by Chaucer, Lidgate, Spenser, Warton, Drayton, Dryden, &c., by Geoffrey of Monmouth and Camden. This "good King," was son of Uthyr Pendragon, one of the princes of Britain; he was born A. D. 502, at Tintagal, in Cornwall, a principality then inhabited by the ancient Britains (or Welch), over whom his father ruled. From his infancy, like the Irish princes, he was trained to arms; and at the age of fifteen he was crowned with great pomp at Caerllean, on the river Usk, in South Wales, in the presence of four British Kings, each bearing a golden sword, while their queens in like manner carried four white doves. Immediately after the coronation, Arthur led his Britains against the Saxon army, which fell or fled before the well-guided arrows and prowess of his soldiers; and this was but the first of a long succession of victories won from the same people, the principal one of which was gained at Caer Badon, (Badon Hill, near Bath) in Somersetshire, where he was opposed by the renowned Saxon general, Cardic. The fame of his victories collected around him all the gallant knights of his nation; and these were so jealous of his favor, that each strove to be near his person. To prevent any bad consequences arising from the jealousies of his warriors, the king placed a "round table" in his council chamber, and commanded that each knight should take his seat by chance as he entered—without order or ceremony. And thus union and friendship were preserved—better than by the rule of the Irish monarchs, which ordered that each noble should take his place, in the Senate and hall, marked by his armorial bearings.

While Arthur created a spirit of emulation in deeds of glory among his companions in war, he did not neglect the advancement of religion, of which he was a zealous promoter, the more beneficial to his country at that time when Christianity had made little progress; and among the pious and the good none was found to ascend so far to heaven as the mighty Arthur—for really he stood eight feet above the level of his sandals! This giant stature fitted him nobly for the station he filled, and encouraged his gallant Britains who followed him to the battle-field, in breaking in many a bloody fight the power of the Saxon, and in chasing to their native hills the troublesome Picts and Celts. Thus did every soldier prove himself "a Briton," while the name and deeds of Arthur were the subject of every tongue.

But ah! how transitory is the glory of time. That gifted child of nature and fortune died the most wretched—the most insulted of mankind! He conducted a body of his world-famed warriors to chastise the Visigoths who had been troublesome to his nephew Howell, prince of Brittany, and after accomplishing this act of valor, he returned to his country—but to find that his brother Medrod, to whom he had committed the government while absent, had robbed him of his kingdom and his queen! A desperate action was the consequence, in which the base and wicked Medrod fell beneath the vengeance of his brother; and Arthur, the beloved parent of his people, sank, in the vigor and bloom of life on the field of Camlan. Lacerated and bleeding, he was borne from the bloody plain to the Abbey of Glastonbury, where in a few days he died of his wounds, and was buried in the abbey. So perished the "good King Arthur," the pride and power of Britain! "Perished!" No, "gentle reader," he but *disappeared*, while the renown and impress of his actions *governed* Albion for a thousand years! And this, even while the place had passed from memory "where a Britain had laid him," and remained hidden in the obscurity of time until discovered by Henry II., when reading some Welch manuscripts, 646 years after his death. From the minute description of the place of sepulture given in the Welch poem, Henry was guided to the spot, and on removing several feet of clay, the bones were discovered in the hollow trunk of an oak, which lay extended between two columns of stone, and covered with a ponderous flag. The bones were of a prodigious size, and all in proportion; that of the shin measured five inches more than the similar bone of a man six feet high! The skull was exceedingly large, and had in it the mark of ten wounds. On the under side of the flag which covered the coffin, was a leaden cross, on which was inscribed in rude Roman letters the following epitaph:—

Hic jacet sepultus inclitus Rex Arturius in insula Avalonia.

(Here lies buried the famous King Arthur, in the Island of Avalonia.)

That part of Somersetshire where stood the great Abbey of Glastonbury, was then called the Island of Avalonia.

I would publish a fac simile of the cross and inscription were it less troublesome to prepare a plate or cut for that purpose; but if "Inquirer" or any other gentleman be deeply imbued in the heart-softening tinge of antiquity, he has only to intrust his secret to the post office, to have his longings relieved by a "true copy."

I shall now close my account of King Arthur, with an old English rhyme, descriptive of the simplicity of the manners and times of that good king:—

When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly King;
He bought three pecks of barley-meal
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the King did make,
And stuffed it with black plums;
Large lumps of suet he put into it,
As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And all the court beside;
And what they could not eat that day,
The Queen next morning fried.

If the above be a fact, and it is so held, risum teneatis, amici,

Answers to Correspondents.

Holy Cross, is so called and distinguished, as being the site of a Cistercian Monastery, founded in honor of the holy Cross, of which a portion is said to have been preserved there by Donogh Carbragh O'Brien, King of Limerick. The extensive and picturesque ruins of the Abbey consist of the nave, choir and transepts of the church, with a lofty square tower, supported on four pointed arches. There are also several chapels, which, with the tower, are much more elegantly designed and finished than the rest of the structure; their roofs are delicately groined, their nave is separated from the aisles by four arches, and it has a west window of large dimensions. Among the tombs is one with a sculptured cross, without an inscription, which O'Halloran ascribes to the founder, and local tradition to the "*good woman*" who brought there the piece of the true Cross. On the south side of the choir are the remains of the pointed arches and twisted columns, within whose intricacies the Monks used to be "waked." A luxuriant foliage of ivy, when we were there last, mantled the ruins overhanging the margin of the gentle Suir.

Blackwater.—Quite right. Ned Lysaght—"pleasant Ned Lysaght," as Curran christened him—wrote the *Rakes of Mallow*. Lysaght was a brave, brilliant, witty, eloquent, devil-may-care Irishman—so, at all events, Daniel Owen Madden says of him. Davis credits him with the only good Volunteer song ever written.

"*The Beauty of the Strand.*"—The following remarks on the subject of Irish poetry or prosody, accompanied the exquisite Irish lay, which has been so exquisitely translated by our friend Michael Doheny:

"The following is a translation of a poem—if such it may be called—now for the first time published in any dress. The translator does not know its author—one or other of the Munster poets of the last or second last century—and he is indebted for the original to John O. Mahony, who learned it from some milk-maid, while milking on the 'Bawn.' It is distinguished by a simplicity as well as sweetness and delicacy, which, would seem to ascribe it to an earlier and more classic era.

The translator has attempted to preserve not only the sense and sentiment of the original, but the construction and sound of the Irish versification. He is not aware that any such attempt has been ever before made, except fitfully and imperfectly, by the late Edward Walsh, and rather by way of indulging a most prolific fancy, than with a view of giving a correct idea of the structure of Irish verse. Indeed, throughout his translation, his fancy seems entirely beyond control, and many of the images are his own. He is, however, incomparably the best Irish translator that has yet appeared—in fact the only one who understood the native tongue. Furlong, Dalton, and Lawson, the translators of the Ballads published by the Archœological Society, appear to be truly ignorant of Irish. Furlong's verse is thoroughly English both in construction and in sentiment. The character of Dalton's translations does not seem to be either English or Irish, and they certainly are not translations. In no one instance does he seize the character or the sentiments of the original, and he somewhere takes credit for supplying the sentiments "which would become the original bard to write." Clarence Mangan's noble rendering of "Dark Rosalind," though he understood not one word of Irish, is far truer to the genius of the original than any translation extant. But, nevertheless, it is not a translation, but a far nobler song than the original.

The intention of this note was to give a brief explanation of Irish prosody, and to illustrate some of its complex requirements by references to the above translation; but it has already grown too long, and the translator, reserving for another occasion a full explanation, will content himself here with a few general remarks.

The construction of original Irish poetry is entirely different from that of any language known to the translator. He shall only refer to one of its requisites or attributes here—there are several. It is called "concord," and consists in having two words in the first line beginning with the same vowels or with consonants of the same class. These words may be in any part of the line, and near and apart. In later times this led to the frequent, perhaps too frequent occurrence of the same vowel sounds in the same line. Irish poetry wanted rhyme except what was known in the Provencal as assonant rhyme, called in Irish correspondence. The rythme was measured by syllables and not by "feet." All poems were divided into "quatrains" or verses of four lines, and each line into seven distinct syllables. Modern poetry, such as this song, while preserving the rules of "concord," "correspondence," and all that can be so named according to English prosody and the same metre, is preserved in the translation. It consists in each line of a "spondee" or two long syllables and three "anæpests," two short and one long syllab'e. This measure is strictly observed throughout in the original; in the translation it is strictly observed in the four first stanzas, and in the others an "anæpest" is substituted for the "spondee."

This subject, only here glanced at, is one of deep literary interest and may hereafter be discussed more at length by the translator.

THE BEAUTY OF THE STRAND.

Translated from the Irish, by Colonel Doheny.

Adown by the tide, does the white-skinned abide,
My light, my delight, of the fairest the pride;
The sweet-scented rose, through the whole year that blows,
I'll toast and I'll boast of in Gaelic that glows.

How many a maid, in rich satins arrayed,
And lawn like the dawn, and choice gold rings inlaid,
My coldness upbraids—but their showiness fades,
Before thee my storeen, the flour of young maids.

Far dearer to me, than sleek kine on the lea,
'Neath mists to be roaming from home love with thee;
Sweet kisses I'd steal, sweetest ecstasy feel,
And wander, still fonder, through world's for your weal.

On Sunday when praying, my fancy is straying,
My fairest, my rarest, to where thou art staying;
Till passionate pain thrills my heart as my brain,
To bleed all unheeded forever again.

'Tis time I should tell, in what arts you excel,
How you write with pen light so exceedingly well;
How your voice on the breeze, coaxes fish from the seas,
The stag from the crag, and the thrush from the trees.

My rarest delight, could we spend the lone night,
Since he laves in the waves, till the sun bursts to light;
My head on your breast, and my spirit at rest,
Through the night on your white bosom darling caressed.

To a great house daltheen, 'tis whose baseness to clean
The squire's knives, and his gyves, my heart never shall lean,
But I'll take to the road, and I'll share his abode,
With a man, one who can, reap the crop which he sowed.

Aha! far away, does this heart from you stray,
To the pearl of a girl that's as bright as the day;
I would wander o'er Spain, over France and the Main,
Making love to that dove—how this love is sweet pain.

'Tis shameful to find, how one troubles his mind,
With the care of a fair one as fickle as wind;
Not the birds on the tree, can more numerous be,
Than the wiles and the guiles in her heart's mystery.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1856.

THE ENGLISH PRESS ON BUCHANAN'S ELECTION.

The ignorance displayed by the British press on public questions connected with this Republic, is only equalled by its insolent and audacious interference with our social institutions. It is the object of English statesmen to make the world believe that the world cannot move unless its *vis inertiæ* be overcome by the impetus of the myth styled Anglo-Saxonism, and that Anglo-Saxonism is at once the lever and sceptre by which the universe and the people thereof must be elevated and ruled. Anglo-Saxon energy, Anglo-Saxon civilization, invincibility, and manifest destiny have been paraded in every sea and on every shore, and rehearsed in every language, until a great portion of the human race acknowledged its inevitable supremacy. Late events, recent disasters, shameful compromise of national interests and honor, have broken this cosmopolitan faith. Anglo-political heresies are springing up in every quarter of the globe. Petty monarchs who formerly trembled at the dread name of England, now fling back taunts against remonstrance, defiance against threats.

The English press, however, still insists on the old privilege of advice and insolent dictation to countries where free institutions are the rule as well to those where it is the exception. The President of the United States of America is treated with the same want of courtesy and assailed with the same unbridled license as the veriest and most contemptible despot in Europe. It is time that the American people should rebuke the arrogant self-assumption and mischievous intermeddling in their national concerns, of which the recent Presidential election called forth such an unusual display. The old monarchical governments of Europe, of every class and shade of despotism—including the houses of Bourbon, Hanover, and Hapsburg—are alike hostile to republics. Their example is dangerous, their growth is menacing; their strength irresistible. If they cannot conquer them by open force, or plant the germs of dissolution in their soil, they invariably contrive to have their rulers well disposed towards them, and a party friendly to their policy nurtured under the shadow of their free institutions—a party, like Guy Fawkes, with muffled cloak and dark lantern, ready to lay the train, and apply the match on the first favorable opportunity. To accomplish either of those objects, the English press labored hard previous to the recent election, which has resulted in the triumph of the Democracy and the strengthening of the Union. The principles of Northern sectionalists were advocated, their acts applauded, their fanaticism, their prejudices appealed to, and the treasonable designs of some of the more outspoken leaders, broadly sanctioned. If Fremont were elected, the dissolution of the Union was fondly hoped for, a fact that shows how utterly ignorant our Anglo-Saxon political censors are, for the large Northern vote cast for Buchanan would form a barrier strong enough to resist New England or Old England aggression upon the principles of the Constitution. But, if the election of Fremont did not bear dissolution-fruit, it would have given to the United States a President friendly to England—a President supported by the whole press, and sustained by the whole mercantile influence of England in this country. Of course he would look lightly over the faults of his Anglo-Saxon patrons. Encroachments on Central America, and enlistment-violations in the heart of the Union, would be mere trifles in comparison with the preserving of "friendly relations."

The aggressive policy of England, so long and so silently carried out on this Continent, but vigorously checked by the determined and statesman-like action of the present Administration, might have been safely renewed. All those hopes and aspirations have been blighted by the election of James Buchanan, and the defeat of the foreign nominee has accordingly lashed the English press into such a rabid fury, that no deference is paid to the expressed will of the majority of the Republic, and the President elect is vilified and maligned by every organ of the British Government. When Louis Napoleon caused himself to be elected by his Prætorian cohorts, the English press, assuming that he was the choice of the French nation, maintained a dignified silence, or only wrote to support and extol the homicide of December. But they do not even maintain a decent silence in the case of James Buchanan, who has been constitutionally called to the Presidential chair. The London *Economist*, the organ of the Treasury, thus misrepresents the policy of the Democratic party, and vilifies Mr. Buchanan:—"It seems certain that Mr. Buchanan has been chosen President by a large majority. It is the victory of the party whose principles of policy are the extension of Slavery, the acquisition of fresh territory in order to aid that extension, and the destruction of the few remaining restraints on popular tyranny which the wisdom of the founders of the American Constitution had established. Three characteristics more fatal to peace and progress can scarcely be imagined. The Buchanan Government, if it be true to the avowed doctrines of its chief and his active supporters, will be violent and retrogressive at home, aggressive and filibustering abroad. We cannot forget that Mr. Buchanan has been deliberately and elaborately a mischief-maker—more dangerous even, because more decent, than M. Pierre Soule. He was the moving spirit of the Ostend Conference, where freebooting doctrines were consolidated into a manifesto; and the Central American was his own pet affair—not Mr. Pierce's—it was got up and kept alive by his perverse ingenuity alone. His elevation, therefore, of itself, is a fact disturbing and deplorable enough."

The London *Times* still hopes for the dissolution of the Union. The defeat which its clients have sustained does not destroy the chances of dissolution; it only postpones them. It believes it sees the North arrayed in deadly hostility to the South, and sneers at the Constitution, and prophesies all manner of evil: "The strength of the North is in its wealth, its population and its industry, advantages which the Constitution did not give and which its abrogation will not take away. When the contest, therefore, has reached its ultimate conditions, the South will find in the Constitution a shield, and the North an obstacle, and the position of the two parties with respect to it are likely to be reversed. The South is embarked in a career in which it cannot stop. It has scorned compromise, and boldly aims at supremacy. The point must be reached at last at which the North will concede no further, and it will then be seen if the Constitution is strong enough to restrain the furious antipathies hitherto content to fight within its limits."

The London *Press*, a Conservative organ under the control of Mr. Disraeli, chimes in with the *Times*, and believes that the apple of discord is only ripening, and that it hangs upon a bad bough, quite convenient for plucking. It says:—"The slavery question is not materially affected by this election; or, so far as it is affected at all, the election has only shown the insecurity of the foundation on which the Union rests. The difference between the two parties is irreconcilable; it is increasing in intensity; it admits of no compromise, and sooner or later it must come to that point when mutual repugnance will dictate terms of separation, or when hate will bring forth open war to determine the supremacy."

And again, in another part of the article, from which we quote, the same organ adds:—"The Slavery question has not been settled—it has only been postponed; and it is from its very nature of such a kind, that if no external events occur to give an unlooked-for stimulus to national feeling and to band all statesmen together, whatever their differences on questions of domestic policy, it must tend to wrench the Union asunder."

It broadly asserts that "for the first time since the declaration of independence there is a complete separation between North and South," and of course is gratified to think that on this assumption the Union is doomed. This same Conservative organ not only threatens this country with the displeasure and hostility of England, under certain contingencies, but with that of France also. We are told that the affairs of the West as well as of the East induced their alliance, and still form a strong bond to hold its loosened folds together. It says:—"We must acknowledge the force of that law by which a superior race extends its limits at the expense of an inferior race. But it is possible that the government of the United States, under the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan, may desire to proceed further. The district which commands the passage between the two oceans is yet in dispute. The neutrality of that territory was guaranteed by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, but we have no security, considering the points in dispute between the two governments, and the unsettled state of the region, that the administration of Mr. Buchanan may not attempt to incorporate the isthmus with the territory of the United States. On this question, and indeed on all questions of policy touching our relations with the United States, the interests of France are identical with our interests. France is pledged like this country, never to allow the territory of the isthmus to fall under the dominion of the United States, or of any other power. Should the government of the United States seek, on any pretence whatever, to abridge the rights or seize the possessions of European nations in America, be they mainland or inland, a firm resistance must undoubtedly be made. The Monroe doctrine, to which Mr. Buchanan is committed, admits of a placable and satisfactory interpretation; but it admits of one, also, of a directly contrary nature. While our alliance subsists with France, the statesmen of the Union must well know that no loophole is allowed them for encroaching on European rights. This alliance is as sure a guarantee against the cravings of ambition in the West as it has proved in the East. The election of Mr. Buchanan has supplied one more powerful reason why this alliance should be maintained, and will determine all honest politicians to discountenance those insidious efforts which are being made in both countries to undermine it."

It is made clear by the few extracts we have quoted from the English press that the triumph of Buchanan has been the defeat of the foreign candidate of the oligarchy of England and the Emperor of France. The brave men who stood by the Constitution unmasking the conspirators and planting the heel of the Republic

upon the head of the English serpent, have performed a noble duty to their country, and rendered a lasting service to the cause of human freedom. North and South, obedient to the instincts of self-preservation and honoring the free institutions which have made the United States a model for human governments, will fling back with contempt the impertinent interference of their old enemy with the free action of the people of America.

Although England forms one of the royal family of nations, and may be, therefore, hostile to Republican Governments, especially when they are intimately connected with the governments of Europe—that is not the only reason why she regards with a jealous eye the rapid progress in wealth, commerce, and territorial expansion, which the United States have made during the last quarter of a century. England has more vital interests at stake—something more than the waning shadow of royalty to contend for. She has her Canadian possessions nearer to our borders than her Indian empire is to the throne of the Czar. Her supremacy of the seas is endangered by the merchant navies of America. The Young Republic, if it would wield anything symbolical of royalty, might seize the trident of Neptune and rule the waves of every ocean. In short, the assaults of the English pens upon the President elect, his party, and his followers, are dictated by the most selfish motives, and are hostile to the the principles which govern the great masses of the American people.

MITCHEL'S LECTURE ON FOREIGN INFLUENCE.

Mr. Mitchel's Lecture, at the Tabernacle, on the 12th, as we anticipated, was a complete success. The enthusiasm of his reception was indescribable. The discourse was an exceedingly powerful one, every sentence being substantiated by a fact, which was rendered still more peculiarly effective by the keen, brilliant, and vigorous characteristics of the lecturer's well-known style. As Mr. Mitchel intends to deliver his useful and timely discourse elsewhere, we are of course prohibited from giving more than a clear outline of it, which we are enabled to do from his own manuscript.

The Lecturer commenced by saying he had no intention to raise a warning voice against naturalized citizens, to alarm his hearers by narratives of the intrigues of Jesuits, or harrow their feelings by stories of the burning of Protestants at the stake; for all those matters, are they not written in the newspaper of Brooks, the campaign novels of the Know-Nothings, and the archives of Lodge 1244. But, he continued, that there has been, from of old, a powerful Foreign Influence at work in this Republic cannot assuredly be denied; for George Washington, who said nothing in vain, uttered in his Farewell Address this paternal warning—"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence it behooves you to be at all times upon your guard." But that this could not have been intended to caution one class of citizens against the insidious wiles of another class was plain from the very fact that in this very document, the political testament of Washington to his countrymen, he addressed himself expressly to both classes of citizens—viz., to those who were born and to those who were not born upon American soil, in those remarkable words, "Citizens by birth *or choice*, of a common country." Citizens by choice or citizens by chance, it was all one to Washington. Both were Americans in those days; and both were with equal earnestness warned against Foreign Influence. What then was this foreign influence?

The lecturer proceeded to show that the only foreign influence dreaded by the Father of his country was neither more nor less than the influence of the British Government—that that Government, after it was compelled to give up its political predominance over these colonies had immediately addressed itself to extend and establish a commercial influence, the influence of opinion, of fashion, and above all, of literature—that the means of establishing this sort of influence was the fomenting of sectional and geographical dissension: for he wrote, in 1784, "Our newly acquired friends, the British, are already, and professedly, acting upon this ground, and wisely too, if we are determined to persevere in our folly. They know that individual opposition to their measures is futile; and boast that we are not sufficiently united as a nation to give a general one." From that day to this our newly acquired friends, that is our eternal and implacable enemies, the British Government and ruling class, have been but too industrious in this direction, and with too signal success; insomuch, that if America is no longer politically a subject colony, it is nevertheless, through that commercial, social, and literary ascendancy, a real and most useful province of the British Empire.

The lecturer next traced the several means by which this British influence has been confirmed—mentioned especially the entire literary provincialism of this Republic, and how completely Great Britain through that agency controls the opinions of America; for they who import their books, import their opinions; and this is true provincialism, and a real and most mischievous Foreign Influence.

As to the use made of this foreign influence—it was employed first against the Constitution and the sovereign rights of the Southern States; next against the Constitution and the civic rights of Irish born citizens. During the last Presidential campaign all the British influence was used for Fremont in the North, for Fillmore in the South. The Free Soil faction, which called itself "the North," was supplied with the cant of British philanthropy—the Know-Nothings, who had the presumption to term themselves "the Americans," were stimulated industriously by British true-blue Protestantism, by the delusion that the Americans and the English were of one great Anglo-Saxon stock, with a common blood and a common religion, and by the example of the English Ecclesiastical titles bill, and the wrecking of Catholic Churches in England. About three years ago began the Know-Nothing riots in New-York and Brooklyn. Who excited those riots? Gavazzi, an Italian renegade priest, who came here from England, and having done his mischievous duty, went back to England for his reward. Who led on the rowdy congregations? The British Angel Gabriel. Who wrecked the Catholic Churches of Newark? The Irish Orange Lodges, consisting of a species of Irishmen who were always willing tools of every British atrocity, and who, generally, like their British masters and owners, despised the citizenship of the country which afforded them a home. All these were foreign influences. To show the complete ascendency of the British over the Free-Soil agitators, the lecturer read some extracts from the Anti-Slavery lectures of Theodore Parker, and the late work of Emerson, entitled "English Traits;" some of these extracts showed Mr. Emerson to be completely inspired and possessed by the British spirit: for example, he declares that "nothing savage, nothing mean resides in the English heart"—that the English "are as good as they are handsome"—that they have "a resolution to see fair play," and in a paroxysm of Anglo-Saxon flunkeyism he exclaims, "Whilst they are some ages ahead of the rest of the world in the art of living, whilst in some directions they do not represent the modern spirit, but constitute it, this vanguard of civility and power they coldly hold, marching in phalanx, lock-step, foot after foot, file after file of heroes, ten thousand deep"—but the most amazing of all is this extraordinary avowal of the supernatural influence exercised over him by the mere look of an English audience. "It was an odd proof of this impressive energy, that in my lectures I hesitated to read, for its impertinence, many a disparaging phrase which I had been accustomed to spin about poor, thin, unable mortals, so much had the fine physique and personal vigor of this robust race worked on my imagination." Lectures which he had prepared in America, adapted to the poor, thin, unable mortals of these parts, he was actually ashamed to read before that race of demigods! Now, Mr. Emerson was a principal litterateur and lecturer of the Anti-Slavery faction; and the question is, was he, or was he not, acting under British influence? Why, he was inspired by those Britons, mesmerized by them, possessed by them as visibly, as if one saw him bodily entered by Dr. Rabelais' thirty thousand cart-loads of black devils.

Both those factions, then, the Free-Soil and the Know-Nothing, were created and sustained by foreign influence. Both those foreign influences had been baffled, defeated and routed by the last Presidential election; and the Lecturer was proud to say, as an Irishman, that no class of citizens in the Republic had been so unanimous and so resolved in resisting and baffling those foreign influences as the Irish. Buchanan could not have been elected, but that four Northern States had voted for him; in those four States his majorities were much less than one half the Irish votes in those States respectively. If those Irish-born voters had not been there—or if they had voted for Fremont, or for Fillmore, or if they had even been divided, as the German and native citizens were, Mr. Fremont would now be President of one half the disunited States. The Irish-born voters then, were the surest barrier against both those mischievous foreign influences and against all foreign influence. As for the ignorant cry against Catholics, it was to be treated with utter contempt; it was not to be reasoned with, but defied and ignominiously trampled under foot. So far as he, the Lecturer, was concerned, he had no spiritual guidance at present, and acknowledged no spiritual superior under heaven; he asserted for himself and stood upon and fully practised the sacred right of private stupidity; but asserted his absolute right, as a citizen, the moment he saw fit, to submit his private judgment or misjudgment to the jurisdiction of the Catholic Church, or of any other Church, whether its spiritual head resided at Rome, in China, in America, or in the Sandwich islands; and if he should do so, he would probably be not a worse, but a better citizen of the United States. At all events, one thing was certain, the Presidential campaign had proved that the most resolute champions of the American idea of government, and the firmest opponents of foreign influence upon this soil, were those voters who were accustomed to confess to a priest, who was ordained by a bishop, who was appointed by a Pope at Rome. Instinct and reason alike exhort us, Irish, to resist British opinion and to defy the cant of British sentimental morality. None are so deeply interested in the development of the genuine American idea, as we—none so strongly bound to make good the principle that America is to be ruled by Americans; that is, by citizens of the United States; and none so deeply concurred in laying to heart the text of Washington—"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, it behooves you to be at all times upon your guard."

THE DEVIN REILLY TESTIMONIAL.

On the 29th inst., John Mitchel lectures on the "Life and Death of Thomas Devin Reilly," for the benefit of the fund which is to perpetuate the esteem in which this brave young patriot was held, by exhibiting a careful, tender, and manly solicitude for the loved ones he has left behind.

The deep-seated affection which was mutual between Devin Reilly and Mitchel—the identity of the principles which made both famous, and the complete knowledge of his young ally and friend which Mitchel is possessed of, will render the lecture one of deep personal feeling and broad historic significance.

Those who cannot afford a subscription to the fund, can desire no better opportunity of testifying to the purity of its objects, than is afforded by the lecture. Let all such attend.

NICARAGUA—THE RED STAR STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.

The Central American War still continues to be a leading topic of conversation, speculation, and private and public comment. The contest which lately seemed to be drawing quickly to a triumphant and stable close, now appears to be raging with a vigor, the news of which took us somewhat by surprise, even though the public are now well accustomed to the vigorous, impromptu, and brilliant manœuvres of General Walker.

The energy and prompt foresight of the President of Nicaragua continues to astonish even those who are best acquainted with the characteristics which have made *his* the strong name of the middle of this century, and which have revived in his person the daring romance of the Spanish captains and filibusters—men such as Cordova, Cortez, Grijalva, Alvarado, and the old soldier who became their historian, Bernal Diaz del Castillo, whose conquest of Spanish America gave the country they took possession of a chivalric and picturesque though bloody history, which has alone preserved it from that obscurity to which a lazy, worthless and effete population would consign it.

As General Walker continues to render the faith of his friends invincible, he flings death and dismay with a still relentlessly avenging arm among the shattered, broken, flying ranks of the enemies of his State.

The latest news by the *Tennessee* confirms the account of the successes reported by the steamship *Texas* to the New Orleans press on the 12th.

By these advices we learn that four days' fighting at Massaya had ended in the complete defeat of the enemy, three thousand of whom, it is estimated, have fallen in the several battles which have taken place since October.

On the 10th ultimo, General Hornsby, with two hundred men, defeated eleven hundred of the enemy under the Costa Rican General, Canas. The enemy lost 200, while Hornsby had only 2 killed and 11 wounded.

Having found it necessary to evacuate Granada on account of the sickness which prevails so extensively among the white residents, General Walker determined to burn the place, that it might not again be fortified by the enemy. Not a vestige of the place remains.

General Walker had removed the sick and wounded to the island of Ometope, and was awaiting the arrival of the new recruits to attack Rivas, having left General Henningsen to remove the stores, and finish the destruction of Granada.

On the 23d of Nov., a brilliant naval engagement took place in the harbor of San Juan del Sur between the Nicaraguan schooner *Granada*, of two six-pounders and 28 men, Lieut. C. J. Faysaux commanding, and the Costa Rican brig *Eleventh of April*, formerly American brig *Dover*, of six nine-pounders and 114 men, well armed with minie rifles. The battle lasted two hours when a shot from the schooner struck the magazine of the brig and caused an explosion. Lieutenant Faysaux immediately lowered his boats, and picked up forty of her crew, many of whom were terribly burned. Among the rescued were the captain, second lieutenant and chaplain of the brig.

The brig had on board a large supply of stores, ammunition, and $25,000 for the allied army.

Thus is the Red Star still in the ascendant.

The flag of Hermando Cortez,—colored cross, gleaming on a black ground, and surrrounded by blue and white flames—was not more indicative of the man who bore it, and the successful programme of which it may be taken as the symbol, than is the Red Star of Nicaragua symbolic of the steady burning fervor of the Chief who inspires and conducts its destiny.

COLONEL DOHENY'S LECTURE.

Colonel Doheny will deliver a lecture at the Tabernacle on the 22nd inst., upon "The Rock of Cashel, its Kings, Priests and Soldiers—its Poetry, Calamities and Glory." The subject is deeply interwoven with some of the most interesting, historical, and legendary incidents in Irish history. Handled, as it will be, in the vigorous and lucid style of the eloquent lecturer it cannot fail to be highly attractive. We must all be there to take a glance at the Tower-crowned Rock of old Cashel of the Kings, and get a peep into the ivy-mantled ruins of Cormac's Chapel.

FRENCH COLONIZATION IN AFRICA.

The encroachments which France is steadily making upon the territories of the native tribes in Africa have excited the jealousy and alarm of England. While the British ministry privately protests, France extends her frontiers and increases her influence, and compels the Bey of Tunis to do homage to her flag. A correspondent of the London *Times* says, that "in spite of British protests, Tunis will eventually form part of French Africa, no traveler can doubt who listens to the conversation of Frenchmen, and who marks how easily the French move their columns across the frontier to punish a fugitive tribe, or how peremtorily they require the Bey to fire salutes upon their *fete* days."

Literature.

IRISH CELEBRITIES.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

NOTES BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

"At length," thus he writes home from London, whither he had gone to eat his way through a routine of bad dinners to the Bar, "at length I raised myself from the mournful reverie into which I had fallen, and set out in search of some old acquaintances. But I sought them sorrowing, for there was not one to be found." Amid the gaieties of Paris, he tells Plowden he "can see no one—that he is miserable in health and spirits." From Cheltenham, in the summer of 1817, he writes to a friend in Dublin, telling him, that "many recollections are lying like lead upon his heart"—that "as for hope, he had altogether closed his accounts with her"—that "she had been perpetually drawing upon his credulity"—and "was nothing to him but an insolvent swindler." He meets Henry Grattan one day, a little later, and tells him it is his wish "to go to Spain, borrow a beard, and turn Monk." Charles Phillips shows him to us in the decline of life, wandering about his beautiful grounds at midnight, seeing in the future nothing for hope, and in the past nothing but disappointment. And Thomas Davis points him out to us, weighed down by grief, in sickness and in utter loneliness of heart, bitterly weeping over the fate of Ireland, beside the grave of his little daughter, in a small grove, outside the garden.

A deep tone of sadness vibrates all through this noble life. All the flowers which beautify it, seem to have sprung from the earth where the dead are sleeping. The liveliest songs that made it musical, seem to have come from out the sad foliage of such trees as the cypress and the yew. Yet over all, and through all, there shone more or less intensely as the season changed, the light of a divine genius; and whether, like the river beside which he was born, it was shadowed by rocks and clouds, or sparkled in the sunlight amongst the white lilies, or grew still in a broad expanse over the ruins of other days, or kissed the ringlets of flowery islands, or deepened and darkened under the walls and ships and tumult of the great city, the current of his soul was ever fresh, ever beautiful, ever strong.

But if that melancholy mood of his was the prevailing mood; if, at every striking of the clock, it overcast his great career; if he cannot remind Lord Avonmore of those Attic nights they spent together, without drawing tears in quick profusion from the good old judge; if, to Lady Charlotte Rawdon [he cannot present a copy of Carolan's Irish airs, without writing on the title-page those words of sublime sorrow—"by the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept when we remembered thee, O Zion!"—if such were his prevailing mood, we find a sufficient reason for it in the scenes, the nursing, the incidents of his childhood.

He was born in a town called Newmarket, in the parish of Clonfert, in the barony of Duhallow, in the county of Cork, in the province of Munster, in the kingdom of Ireland. There were bubbling brooks and deep rivers, and moory up-lands and ravines, and large lonely mountains, and ruins of castles and ruins of chapels, all within sight and hearing of that house, in which, on the 24th of July, 1750, he, the son of James Curran, the Seneschal of the town, was swathed in swadling clothes.

Amongst these scenes he grew up. And as he grew up, he went to the fairs and the wakes and the weddings of the neighborhood for miles round. And he spoke there, with the boys and girls, the language of the country, and learned to love her music passionately. And from his mother, who, as Davis tells us, had "a waste of old traditions and passions lying grand and gloomy in her soul," he heard many a song and legend and wild story—many a wild story of ghost and hero and outlaw—of saint and rapparee and fairy.

No wonder his nature was such as we have found it to be. No wonder that through the golden atmosphere of his genius there was ever floating this pale mist, and that there were black clouds amongst the crimson, when the sunset came.

But that sadness was lit up, ever and anon, with loving thoughts, as we have seen; and with mirth and drollery, as we have yet to see. The river will ripple, and laugh, and sparkle sometimes. Nay! where its depth is deepest, where its brow is darkest, it will sometimes give a giddy whirl, and wildly play with trifles.

There he is in London, where a remittance of seven shillings and a boiled leg of mutton on a Sunday is a miraculous blessing to him; where, for the most part, he finds himself utterly spiritless and woe-begone; where, he falls into the dreariest dissertations concerning the vanity, and worthlesness and nothingness of life; there he is in London, waking up suddenly and making additions to his furniture—"for, my dear mother," he writes, "I have just purchased a fiddle." Then again we catch him flirting, or pretending to flirt, with a romantic young lady, who talks of the famous Edmund Burke by the familiar name of Ned, and who, to crown all, imagines she sings like a nightingale! "When it comes to this, however, as I have not the best command of my muscles," he honestly confesses, "I always propose putting out the candles." Every night we find him, in that same old dissipated city of London, for two hours at a time in a coffee-house where he watches with a roguish curiosity a knot of old politicians, who meet to discuss, over their pipes and pewter, the affairs of the day—domestic and foreign—and arrange the affairs of the nation. In his voyages of discovery—in his search after ordinaries and chop-houses and drinking-cellars—he thinks he has found out the cellar where Roderick Random eat a shin of beef for three-pence; and swears he has drank out of the identical quart which the drummer squeezed together, when poor Strap spilled the broth on his legs.

But his mirth carries him beyond all this, though it were reasonable enough for him to stop where Roderick Random had that cheap and plentiful repast. Our little Irishman grows positively profane—utterly reckless in his humor. Listen to him now! "In the house where I lodge," he writes to Jerry Keller, a famous wit at the Irish Bar, "there has been a man dead these two days. He is divided from me only by a partition. They visit him once a day, and so look him up till the next. And there he lies, without the smallest attention being paid to him—except it be a dirge from myself on the jews-harp, which I shall not omit while he continues to be my neighbor."

Well, a man who could joke about his own mishaps—who could light a fire on the dullest hearth by the side of which he happened to sit down—may be forgiven, if his merriment breaks out when the adversities of another are at an end, and death releasing the sufferer, takes possession of the wretched bed. That he did not spare his own calamities, need not be told. The world has laughed heartily, and to the end of the chapter cannot fail to laugh, at his rich and racy jokes; and those jokes, the world knows, were made at his own expense, just as much as, if not more than, at the expense of others. He jokes about his poverty. Jokes about not having a shilling in his pocket. Jokes about his seven miserable shirts, and writes to his mother to say he "wants only five more to make up the dozen." Jokes, too, about his dismal lodging on Hay Hill, Dublin; where, he says, his "wife and children were the only furniture in the apartment." Jokes about having "a family for whom he had no dinner, and a landlady for whom he had no rent." Jokes heartily about his not having this rent, and the probability of his never having it. "As to my rent," he whispers Arthur Wolfe, afterwards Lord Kilwarden, "it stands pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the National Debt."

Some years later—so late as 1812—when one might have not unreasonably supposed that the experiences of a long and stormy life had quenched the fire within him; had, at all events, so tamed his spirit, that it could no longer spread the flashing wing, and wheel and strike; even then, we find him, with all his seriousness, with all his sadness, now and then, as bright, as vivacious, as agile as of old. A deputation call upon him to stand as candidate for the representation in Parliament of the town of Newry. He goes down there, and finds himself face to face with General Needham—a steady and conscienceless adherent of the Government—a steady and remorseless enemy of the country. The contest lasts five days. Curran resigns on the sixth. Resigning, however—quitting the field—he lets fly a score of Parthian arrows on the foe. "You saw," he said, "the unfortunate beings who voted for him. A succession of poor creatures without clothes upon their backs—naked, as if they had been stripped for execution—naked, as if they had been landed from their mothers, and consigned to the noble General at the moment of their births—no part of them covered but their chins, as if nature had stuck a beard upon them in derision of their destiny."

Such jokes may sound strangely out of tune. Strangely out of tune, where the scene is a winter scene, and the wind passes through it like a wild lament. But they come from the Irish heart, and through that winter scene, and the cold wind, and over the face of swollen streams, they wildly, grandly, vehemently vibrate.

THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

In a ruined old house, the windows of which are broken—in a shadowy spacious hall, into which we enter through a door with a pointed arch and an iron grating—there runs a long deal table, covered with dishes, all smoking; decanters, all sparkling; fruit, all fragrant and fresh; having in the centre an immense earthenware bowl, odoriferous with floating lemons. On either side of this long deal table are seated some sixteen people, all clad in the strangest costume. Each one has a skull-cap. A large gown of light drab cloth, gathered round the waist with a rope, invests the frame from neck to heel. A leather string, falling from a hempen girdle, secures with a stout knot a horn-spoon of huge dimensions. Two fiddlers are in attendance. Two of the humbler brethren of the Order, habited in gowns of gray serge, are placing and displacing dishes, replenishing exhausted bottles, and with much gravity baling out the punch. We are face to face with the famous Monks of the Screw—a convivial club, composed of the brightest wits and the noblest men and orators of the time—of men, with very few exceptions, over whose ashes the fondest tears of Ireland have been shed.

There, for instance, is Dean Kirwan, the great preacher, of whom it has been grandly said that "in feeding the lamp of charity he exhausted the lamp of life; that with him the preacher's desk became a throne of light; that he shook one world with the thunders of another; but that the curse of Swift was on him—he was an Irishman and a man of genius, and used his genius for the benefit of his country."

There is Charles Kendal Bushe, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, with his sweet smile, eye beaming with benevolence, noble features, stately figure, and tongue of exquisite tone.

There is Peter Burrowes, with his good-humored face and portly figure, who rolls himself through the streets with his hands in his breeches pockets; his eyes glaring on his oldest friend as if he had never seen him; who to an intellect the most vigorous unites simplicity the most childlike; and of whom, amongst many other odd things, it has been told, so absent is he, that a brother barrister found him one morning, at breakfast-time, standing by the fire, with an egg in his hand and his watch in the saucepan.

Next to him is the Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of the University of Dublin, whom Charles James Fox pronounces to be "one of the most eminent jobbers in Ireland;" who had one of his daughters gazetted to a troop of dragoons; who, having attained the Prime Sergeantcy, the Secretaryship of State, and twenty other great places, insisted on a mayor's half-pay from the Lord Lieutenant; and of whom Lord Townshend, wearied out at his incessant applications for office, used to exclaim—"By Heavens! if I gave Hutchinson England and Scotland for an estate, he would solicit the Isle of Man for a potato-garden!"

And there is Barry Yelverton—soon to be known as Lord Avonmore—Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who had derived his ideas of civil liberty from the purest fountains of Athens and of Rome—feeding, as his eloquent and generous companion said, the youthful vigor of his studious mind with the knowledge of the wisest philosophers and statesmen—the anticipated Christianity of Socrates, the gallant and pathetic patriotism of Epaminondas, the pure austerity of Fabricius.

And there is John Egan, chairman or judge of Quarter Sessions of Kilmainham, better known as Bully Egan; a man of immense stature; as brawny, and almost as black, as a coal-porter; an honest, blunt, fearless fellow; with a good heart, high spirit, and rough eloquence; who, on being threatened with the loss of his Kilmainham Judgeship if he voted against the Union, unburdened his big soul in a tremendous phillippic against the government, winding up with the exclamation—"Ireland for ever, and be damned to Kilmainham!"

And there is Harry Grattan himself!

But who presides? Who is at the head of the deal table? Who the saintly Prior that regulates the feast? Who the ruling spirit of that quaint world of fun? Who that little dark man, with protruding under-lip, small flat nose, brown cheek, and "an eye like a live coal?" The same we have seen, years ago, in Newmarket, where, as he said himself, he was "a little ragged apprentice to every kind of idleness and mischief." The same we have seen going on board the ship at George's Quay, bidding good-bye to Ireland with a heavy heart. The same we have seen thumbing the Jew's-harp over his dead neighbor in London. The same we have seen on Hay Hill, Dublin, where he had "a family for whom he had no dinner, and a landlady for whom he had no rent." It is, as we all know, John Phillpot Curran! And there he is, in his drab gown and skull-cap, with his hempen girdle, and the blessed spoon and cork-screw dangling at his side—there he is, at the head of the choicest and grandest spirits that ever met together at the social board.

That the evenings on which they held their convivial chapters were the brightest ever known in Ireland, no one familiar with the men of whom the order is composed, and who bears in mind the exuberant drollery of their worthy master, can have a doubt—Curran's wit is as widely known as his name; every one—the world over!—has a little specimen of it, and wears it in a locket of Wicklow gold, set in Irish diamonds—a charm against the heartache and the blue devils, though their name were Legion.

Every one knows what he said, when some one told him Lord Clonmel, a great enemy of his, was about to die, at last: "I believe," said Curran, "he is scoundrel enough to live or die, just as it suits his own convenience." Every one knows what he said, on being told that a very slovenly and stingy barrister had started for the Continent with a shirt and a guinea. "He'll not change either till he comes back," says Curran. Every one knows, or should know, what he said about the Limerick banker who had an iron leg, and was notorious for his hardness of heart: "My dear fellow," says he, "that leg of his is the softest part of him." Every one knows, or should know what he said of Sergeant Hewitt's speech. "The learned Sergeant's speech," he said, "put me exactly in mind of a familiar article in domestic use, commonly called a candle extinguisher. It began at a point, and on it went, widening and widening, until, at last, it fairly put the question out altogether."

But he was gifted with something more than wit, with something more than genius, with something more than a genial, generous, impressionable, loving nature. He was gifted with an unconquerable courage. A courage which nothing could dismay, nothing intimidate, nothing could subdue. The Crown, with all its resources of fraud and force, he feared not. The Bench, on which the worst of men sat in judgment, he feared not. The Yeomanry, who used to crowd the Court and brandish their weapons in his face, he feared not. He had a spirit that could confront, grapple with, and defy them all. For the licentious nobleman who wrecked the hopes, the happiness and honor of the poor man's house, for the savage soldier who went prowling through the city, breaking open houses, and laying foul hands on gentleness, and innocence, and beauty, and everything that was sacred, and everything that should have been inviolable; for the spy who had wound himself into the confidence of his victim, had been welcomed to his fireside, had played with the ringlets of the children whilst weaving and twisting the halter for the father; for the wealthiest, the boldest, the most desperate criminal of them all, he had a blow which made them reel, and the mark of which they bore through life, and carried with them to the grave.

THOUGHTS IN AN ORCHARD.

The day is mild—not dark—and yet not bright,
And fairy gossamers bestrew the ground;
Some holy rapture now imparts delight,
And silent loveliness smiles all around.

The little throstle, with its plaintive note,
Proclaims that sullen winter soon shall come;
The social robin strains his dulcet throat,
And weird wood-birds peck the mellow plum.

The frozen sloe assumes a purple dye,
A magic mildness fascinates the scene;
And Fauns and Dryads, in quaint Fancy's eye,
Beneath the sylvan branches may be seen.

With rustic sceptre, now, Vertumnus reigns,
In these his haunts, with influence serene;
Here, mindful of her favorite domains,
Dispensing balm, Pomona strays unseen.

The halcyon beam is tremulous with mirth,
My spirit fain would hear som ærial voice;
The happy moments seem not now of earth,
All nature's glad, and heaven and earth rejoice.

Oh! that my hours were wholly spent as this;
That thus the mind from earthly care could soar!
Then could I smile in unalloyéd bliss,
Serenely live—nor ever wish for more.

November, 1856. M. O'REILLY.

MEMORY'S CALL.

Oh give me the scene, of my childhood's dream,
The home of my boyhood's hours,
The murmuring brook, in the forest nook,
The birds and the wild-wood bowers:
And again recall, my playmates all,
That merry throng of yore,
From the willow's shade, in the silent glade,
And the wide-world scattered o'er.

Then again we'll rove, through bower and grove,
And pluck the sweet jasmine,
Or repose again, in the fairy glen,
O'erhung with the trellised vine:
Through our forest home, once more we'll roam,
And chase the bounding deer,
And again recline, 'neath the branching pine,
To share our hunting cheer.

The feathery oar, we'll grasp once more,
And speed the light canoe,
Or the tiny sail, to the fav'ring gale,
We'll spread with a wild halloo.
O'er the glassy tide, we'll gaily glide,
Along each bay and cove,
And when noontide glows, invite repose,
We'll away to the shady grove.

When twilight shades, steal through the glades,
Once more to the village green,
With maidens all, from cot and hall,
To dance 'neath the starry sheen.
At the witching hour, to the moonlit bower,
We'll steal with our chosen maid,
With honey'd kiss, and tones of bliss,
Young love's sweet cause to plead.

But alas—alas! there is no recall,
Mine agéd lips but rave—
The tide of Time's an eternal ebb,
It knows no flooding wave:
No gentle sun can melt the frosts
Of Age on the hoary head,
Nor woo from their frozen graves the hopes,
And joys, long drooped and dead.

New-York. J. C. WATTERS.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

The Adventures of a Roving Diplomatist. By Henry Wikoff, author of "My Courtship and its Consequences." *W. P. Fetridge & Co.*

However one may be inclined to offer balm to the seared heart of Mr. Wikoff—however one may deplore the failure of his enthusiastic overtures to, and amatory designs upon his "former *fiancée*, Miss Gamble," it must be conceded by those who—waiving any consideration or re-consideration of his devoted principles—has his best interests at heart, that on the whole, in a monetary point of view, the diplomatic lover will be, if he has not been, more fortunate in his failure than had hymenial success crowned his arduous and ardent career in search of a "partner for *his* bosom."

Industry will have its reward; and the almost superhuman exertions of Mr. Wikoff will ultimately triumph over, or under, the wiles of the inhuman conspirators, who leagued to make the world believe he was a speculative Lothario, and the fair object of his frantic zeal, a woman of obdurate heart. But if Lord Viscount Palmerston and the whole diplomatic corps on the European continent have, by the application of their relentless hate and unceasing state-craft, succeeded, to some slight extent, in making the world believe Miss Gamble was above his hopes, the undivided passion, the still touching solicitude of Mr. Wikoff's nature, may reasonably console him*self* to the fact, that the lady was below so devoted and disinterested a love.

This, to be sure, may appease the demands of his pride; but, oh! can it restore his peace of mind? Ah! oh!

Were Mr. Wikoff a Petrarch, he would have singed his soul out in the slowly consuming fire of innumerable sonnets. Were he a Don Quixote, all the windmills in Holland would not have turned him from the difficulties imposed by the witchery of Love. Were he a Milton, in the promise of his spring, he would have consoled himself with the belief that his republican principles but furnished too strong grounds for his monarchical enemies to stand between him and his first love, and he would have dashed into a work against marriage. Were he some sensitive Keats, he would have perished, "heart-stifled," while some hungry critic, taking the opportunity to make himself famous, would give out that Wikoff died, not so much from the individual weakness of his heart, as from the strength of the critic's articles upon it. Were he a Tommy Moore, the thorn in his breast would never have been discovered beneath the profusion of rose-buds strung around his thorax: like the flippant devotee, he would have sung with arrant zest—

"To love you is pleasant enough,
But oh! 'tis delicious to hate you."

Were he a Free-lover, he would have madly sought in the fascinations of the many the "delights of the social circle" so unsociably withheld by the one. Were he a spiritual-medium, he would have rapped up all the deadly night-shades, from Helen of Troy to the latest faithless deceased, and by a tortuous examination of the secrets of their prison-house, find some filmy faith to support the solitude of his own. Were he an Angel Gabriel, he would have blown his horn to his latest breath, with all that brazen congeniality so identical between them. Were he a strong-minded old woman, of either or neither sex, his energy and eloquence would have made the lords of creation the laughing-stock of the century, and have raised the bloomer tunic as high above the knee of fashion as the crinoline hoop is distant from it.

Were he anything, or in fact everything, but the tender-hearted, philanthropic personage he is, there could be no answering for the lamentations his untimely end would inspire; the censure his heartlessness might demand; the stuffed ears his brazen horn would intimidate; the sociability his free-loving vengeance would smash up; or the probable revolution his political power would incite.

It is, therefore, fortunate for us—fortunate for society—fortunate, not only for America but for Europe, with which Mr. Wikoff evidently has relations of a startling and stealthy nature, that he is just the man he is. It is also, we think, very fortunate for himself that he is not anybody else—for had anybody else fallen in love with Miss Gamble, and undergone the consequences of of such a courtship, we take it as a fact indisputable, that nobody else could have made so much, indeed, anything like half so much out of the affair as Mr. Henry Wikoff.

Miss Gamble has been a veritable Egeria to Mr. Wikoff. She has inspired him to all that has made him a great notoriety. The mind of Numa Pompilius never was more the recipient of its best thoughts from his "young Aurora," the "sweet creation of his heart," as Byron apostrophised Egeria, than that of Wikoff has been the offspring of the Gamble. The Genoese prison was as good as a sacred grove to him; and as his Roman prototype, introduced all his laws and regulations in the name of his fabled goddess, so the American swain excuses his books in the name of the mythic influence of Miss Gamble's troth. Humbug is as powerful over the minds of the masses now, as its elder sister Superstition was in the days of the Roman monarch. Humbug is powerful, and being well disguised as Truth, must prevail.

After Numa Pompilius, the Wikoff. To be sure there are some slight differences between them. The former was honored for his quiet and solitary communings with Egeria, while "I," says Mr. Wikoff "was immured fifteen months in a Genoese prison for no other offence than obtaining a stolen interview with the object of my *penchant*." That this unjustifiable outrage was perpetrated by the British Consul, one Brown, the luckily luckless hero flattered himself he had made apparent in his former work.

The present one is undertaken to further exhibit the diplomatic machinations which were conjured against him—to show that Miss Gamble's maiden tenderness was only used as a pretext by, and screen for, the persecutors who made European affairs a secondary matter to the cribbing, cabining and confining of Henry Wikoff. To make the case more startling, the writer charges the cutest old fox in Europe with being the head and front of the conspiracy against him: the old fox aforesaid being "no less than the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, Lord Viscount Palmerston." Although a clue to the labyrinthine mystery which surrounded his fate was in possession of the author at the period of his former publication, he, with a generosity pardonably heroic, withheld the revelations which he now makes with poignant reluctance. The fond memories of his former secret relations with Lord Palmerston, plead strongly against publication. But alas for the sincerity of human friendship and the gratitude of English ministers, Lord Palmerston's behavior to his quondam American Agent has been "harsh." The latter has actually been accused of not having, and never having had any connection with the English government, a charge, which strangely enough rouses the ire of our American to a more than English official pitch. He is not at all ashamed of such connection, but on the contrary considers that disrepute and suffering were the natural consequences of not having a connection with the English government; and as Lord Palmerston, "for his own reasons," withholds acknowledgement from Wikoff, Wikoff, for his own reasons, believes his character as a roving diplomatist should not be impaired, impugned, or made doubtful by the chilling denial of so able a master as Palmerston.

Every one must see at a glance that Wikoff has been a very ill-used, although a very great man. A full and true account is herein given of when and how he joined the agents of Lord Palmerston, whose policy our American admits (p. 123) to be "intensely national." "He *will*," says Wikoff, "push English influence, and advance English interests, in every quarter and against everybody;" America of course included. A little farther on, the Chevalier becomes patriotic for a purpose, and reiterates many very comical things in a small space about the liberties of the world being centered in England. On these points he dribbles like a pious child of Exeter Hall. He desired to share Palmerston's onerous duties, and offered to undertake the conciliation and, we suppose, the civilization of America—for the latter always enters into benevolent British projects. His exertions to do likewise by France, and his "efforts towards disarming the hostility of the French press towards England, its government and institutions, were at the time highly praised and marvelled at." At least, so says Wikoff. The conciliation of America, however, did not meet the Minister's approval, and, in fact the Foreign Office was base enough to attempt a riddance of the astute Wikoff and his marvellous services, which the facetious and patronizing agent alludes to as an "ill-considered attempt" on the part of the said Foreign Office.

Hear our Roving Diplomatist summing up his Anglo-American policy:

"I never doubted at the time that Lord Palmerston's anxious object was to approach closer than ever before to the United States, for England was in danger of a league of Despots, who considered her free press a standing cause of disorder in Europe. Lord Palmerston himself was denounced as a 'firebrand' in every Court of the Continent; and, uncertain as was the direction France would take, it was, I conceived, a judicious policy in his Lordship to tighten the bonds of Amity with the Union, which would not have hesitated, by a spontaneous burst of feeling to lend her co-operation to rescuing the liberties of the world had the armies of Europe sailed towards England."

After taking this mighty Christian, patriotic and world-preserving view of the politics and policies of the day, is it to be wondered at that the soul of a Wikoff was "really surprised" that it had given "offense to the noble Foreign Secretary by advocating a policy so many motives combined to recommend!" Poor tender-hearted soul—his cards were played out—it was enough to shock the nerves of one less sensitive, not to say less sensible. Notwithstanding Mr. Wikoff had accepted the situation "without solicitation" and "at a sacrifice," and all that sort of thing; and was employed to carry out "a liberal—especially a pacific policy," (p. 261), he was—after being several times rendered supremely ridiculous by Palmerston's love of practical joking—snuffed out very unceremoniously. He begged hard to stay in, even at the curtailment of his salary "of a few hundreds." Out he went, however, and to this day believes himself a martyr to his patriotic desire to link his native country and his adopted one by a firm alliance.

In the narrative of which the points we stated may be taken as the pith, there is a great deal of good, bad and indifferent material, but all written with considerable freshness and vigor. Not the least interesting portions of the book are those taken up with the author's French experiences. We get glimpses of many notable and able men, whose characters or peculiarities are hit off with striking ability. From these we might pick out some pleasant figures and groups if our space permitted. Next to himself the author thinks Louis Napoleon a very remarkable man.

One word in conclusion.

Whether fact or fiction, and many times during its perusal a reader will pause to question if these adventures do not come under the latter head, the book will command an eager sale, though we doubt if it will draw Lord Palmerston or any of his officials from their silence. Future ages, we fear, will be unable to learn if Palmerston, or his successor Clarendon, was really in dread of Wikoff, or whether Wikoff ever did anything, save from some unaccountable reason woo, and not win, a lady by the name of Gamble.

A. Oakey Hall, Esq., at present District Attorney of our city, and well known as a gentleman of creditable literary taste and performance, gives us a Holiday story entitled *Old Whitey's Christmas Trot.* The scene is laid in the city, and there are several characters which well sustain the design of the book in being meant for the hearty and natural phase of our yearly existence which next week shall usher in. The story takes its name from a horse belonging to a clergyman who is persecuted by a pair of Wall street lawyers. The taking of the horse on execution, initiates the romance of real life, which happily and of course ends, as it should for Christmas time, with reconciliation, pleasant discovery, marriage and happiness. The book is a little quarto, published by the Harpers, and illustrated with sixteen very clever and characteristic sketches by Thwaites. In a pleasantly reminiscent "preliminary trot," the author delicately hints that were his book "more than a holiday trifle" he should feel as if there ought to be a dedication to his father's comrade and his own early friend, George P. Morris. The style of *Old Whitey* is somewhat after the manner—vivacious, facile and sketchy—of Mr. Hall's *Manhattaner in New Orleans*, published about five years ago.

A very suitable present for such as desire to ingratiate themselves with, and extend a more than temporary benefit to, the younger members of the domestic circle, is the collection of elegant little volumes, published by Redfield and entitled, *Dickens' Little Folks.* It is needless to criticise the lives and times of those young heroes of the novelist. Some are natural, some supernatural, but all are worth knowing, more or less. The series before us embraces the following circle of characters, described in the exact words of the author of their beings:—The Boy Joe and Sam Weller; Sissy Jupe; the Two Daughters; Tiny Tim and Dot, and the Fairy Cricket; Dame Durden; and Dolly Varden, the Little Coquette. Each volume contains a fine illustration.

History of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre, By John C. S. Abbott, is a reproduction—in handsome book shape, uniform with Abbott's series of histories—of the article in the November number of *Harpers' Magazine*, to the interesting nature of which we have before alluded. In addition to the illustrations, there is a handsome illuminated title-page. (Harper & Brother.)

The *Edinburgh Review* for October, in an article on "New Poets," comes slashingly down on Alexander Smith's "Life Drama," and desires "Festus" Bailey to know and understand that although his admirers believe he has written "poetry enough to have set up a dozen minor poets, yet he is no more than *such* a poet himself."

The eleventh part of Gentillucci's Life of the Blessed Virgin is at hand. The typography of the work is very fine, and the engraving in the present number—after VanDyke's Crucifixion—is worth the price of half a volume. (*Dunigan & Brother.*)

Science vs. *Spiritualism;* or, a Treatise on Turning Tables. Translated from the French of Count de Gasperin, by E. W. Roberts, has just been published in New-York. It is an important work, and we regret that we did not receive it in time to do full justice to it this week. He assumes that the phenomenon of Turning Tables is real, neither trickery nor jugglery, but that it can be demonstrated to be of purely physical nature, quite repudiating the spirits. He examines the Supernatural in general, touching upon the various sorceries and superstitions that have obtained from time to time, giving natural explanations of the pretended supernatural. Gasperin argues that animal magnetism is not the motive power of the Turning Tables, but some other and less known law of Nature; and as thousands have seen this new wonder in their own houses, it is fortunate that the matter has found such an able expounder and has been brought before the American public in a clear and candid manner.

Dr. Braun, secretary of the Archæological Society of Rome, died there the other day, as likewise did Luigi Canini, President of the Museum of the Capitol.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The adventures of a Roving Diplomatist. By Henry Wickoff, author of "My Courtship and its Consequences."....*W. P. Fetridge.*

Rome, Christian and Papal: Sketches of Religious Monuments and Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, with notices of the Jesuits and the Inquisition. By L. De Sanctis, D. D., etc.....*Harper & Brothers.*

New Granada: Twenty Months in the Andes. By Isaac F. Holton, M. A., Maps and Illustrations.....*Harper & Brothers.*

Dicken's Little Folks. Six volumes selected from Dicken's Works, in his own language.....*Redfield.*

History of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated.....*Harper & Brothers.*

Old Whiteny's Christmas Trot. A Story for the Holidays. By A. Oakey Hall. Sixteen Illustrations. By Thwaites.....*Harper & Brothers.*

Literary and Artistic News.

Mr. Herman E. Ludewig, a well-known German lawyer of this city, died on the 12th at his residence in Brooklyn, after a short illness, aged 47. Mr. L. came to this country about fifteen years ago, intending merely a temporary visit; but, in consequence of some private letters—touching on politics—which he wrote home, his friends him advised to remain. He pursued the legal profession with, we learn, considerable success. He was one of the most active members of the American Ethnological Society, and was also connected with the National Institute and New-York Historical Society. He was the author of a very valuable bibliographical work, the only one of its kind, entitled *Literature of American Local History*, New-York, 1846. A new production, a bibliographical list of Grammars, Dictionaries, &c., of the languages of the American Continent, is now in the press of Tubner in London. He leaves a widow.

The *Dublin Evening Post* notices a work of extraordinary interest, which just now excites the admiration of the learned, and which, probably, will be an object of curiosity to *virtuosi* for generations to come. It is an illustrated copy of Horace, not illustrated in the ordinary acceptation of the word as applied to publications, but illustrated, through the indefatigable zeal, refined taste, and unsparing outlay of the owner, with several thousands of engravings, collected throughout Europe, and comprising all that could be found worthy of a place in such a collection, and that might illustrate the scenes, characters, or subjects of the works of the great Roman poet in question—all these being now bound up with a copy of Horace, and forming with it four enormous folios. The pages of the letter-press, which is a large quarto, have been inlaid with extraordinary care and skill in leaves of a super-royal folio, and each leaf of the poetry is followed by a number of engravings applicable to it, and carefully attached to leaves of the same size. The prints, as far as the writer had an opportunity of examining them, all possessed some superior merit or interest, many of them being works of much rarity and value. The number of the prints cannot be less than four or five thousand, not counting separately the small ones, of which there are several on a page; and a great many of them could only have been procured at the sacrifice of valuable works of which they form part. The owner and collector of this unique and priceless Horace, is Robert Tighe, Esq., Chairman of the County of Limerick, whose knowledge in matters of art and literature is well known, and to whose taste this Horatian museum, as it might well be called, does infinite credit. If his favorite author could recross the Stygian stream to see his monument, raised after so many ages to his genius, he might well be proud of the tribute paid to him by the Irish Mæcenas. The work is bound in four volumes, in whole Russia, gorgeously gilt, and altogether in a grand and massive style, worthy of the unparalleled contents.

At the late meeting of the Cork Scientific and Literary Society, Dr. Porter announced a fact, which will be now for the first time learned by the world at large, that the author of the Law for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors, was Mr. Walter James Baldwin, of Macroom, brother of Dr. Baldwin, formerly member for Cork for a short time. In the neighborhood of Macroom, Mr. Baldwin is still famous for a duel which he fought with an officer, and in which he shot his antagonist. The misunderstanding is said to have arisen out of the party or sectarian dissensions which raged towards the close of the last, and far into the present century. The shooting of a "Protestant" officer was considered a great "Catholic" victory. Mr. Baldwin soon after this event went to London, where he passed the remainder of his life. In the duel with the officer, he narrowly escaped death himself, his adversary's ball, it is said, having passed through his mouth, carrying away two of his teeth, and coming out under his ear. The officer was shot in the very part where his cousin's, Daniel O'Connell's shot afterwards proved fatal to D'Esterre.

The London papers announce the death of Mr. David Bogue, the well-known London publisher, and one of the chief proprietors of the *Illustrated News*. He retired to rest in his usual health and spirits Nov. 18th, and on the following morning, on awaking, complained of a sense of suffocation. He asked for a cup of tea to be given him, and immediately afterwards became speechless, and in less than five minutes had ceased to exist. His enterprise as a publisher was evidenced in the numerous elegant gift-books and the admirable juvenile publications produced under his auspices. Mr. Bogue was formerly in partnership with Mr. Tilt, and on the retirement of the latter gentleman, carried on the business at 86 Fleet-street, by himself. He was about forty years of age, and has left a widow and five young children.

Lord Cardigan, the hero of "the charge at Balaklava," is about to be sued for libel. A Mr. Ryan, author of "The Lives of our Heroes in the Crimea," having been abused by Lord C. in a speech, Mr. R. reaffirms the truth of his positions, gives conversations which took place between the earl and his officers, "after his lordship retreated from the enemy's guns," and declares that he has instructed his solicitor to bring the Earl of Cardigan into court, there to justify. So fun is expected.

The Vienna papers announce that a Danish *savant* has translated the Runic inscription of the celebrated Piræus lion in Venice. According to the expounder, it announces that Harold Sigardson, half brother of Olaf, the Saint, one of the Viking pirates, in the year 1040, being called to the help of the Greek Emperor, with the aid of his Norman suite, conquered the Piræus, and levied tribute from the people.

Monsieur Pauter, of Geneva, has just published a book, entitled "Remarques sur le Dictionnaire de l'Academie Francaise," in which he has exposed the numerous mistakes which are to be found in that celebrated authority. M. Pautier's work, which must have cost him immense labor and research, will become an absolutely necessary supplement to the French dictionary.

The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia, was in 1780, and the subscription price was $50 per anaum. The daily paper of that date was not so large as a sheet of common foolscap, and a dozen of them contained about as much reading-matter as one finds in a two cent daily of our day.

Eugene Sue, the distinguished French novelist, has written to a friend in New-York, that the last of his series, sixteen in number, of novels on "The Mysteries of the People," is approaching completion. It will be comprised in two volumes. The author thinks it will be his masterpiece.

The grandfather of William H. Prescott, the historian, commanded the American forces at Bunker Hill, while the grandfather of his wife commanded a British ship-of war, which bombarded the American works in the same action. The historian has the swords of each, at his residence in Boston.

"I will tell you sir," said Mr. Porson, to an unfledged poet, "what I think of your poetical works: they will be read when Shakspeare and Milton's are forgotten," (every eye was instantly turned upon the speaker)—"but not till then!"

Martin F. Tupper, of England, has given a gold medal for the encouragement of Liberian literature, to be awarded to the author of the best essay on "The Future of Africa." All competitors must be Liberian citizens.

Mr. Mitchel has concluded an engagement with Miss Catherine Hayes, for a provincial tour in England, Scotland and Ireland, upon the completion of her present engagement at her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. F. H. Underwood, who is connected with the publishing house of Phillips, Sampson & Co., has prepared a lecture upon the subject of Book-publishing.

Lieut. aury declines the honor of the order of "Dannebrog, conferred upon him by the King of Denmark.

To some men it is indispensable to be worth money—for without it they would be worth nothing.

LOCAL CHANGES AND LOCAL FACTS

OF OLD NEW-YORK.

BY JOHN F. WATSON,

Author of the Annals of Philadelphia.

NO. II.

Then Mr. Ebbets saw no commerce, nor vessels along the North River side. The Albany sloops all went round to East River, and all their sailors talked Dutch, and all understood it enough for their business.

He was familiar with the plot of the old fort, and described it thus:—first, the green bank, which was sloping, was about fourteen feet high, on which was erected a wall of about twenty feet additional height. An old linden and two apple trees on the city side, were as high as the walls. Some barracks lay along the line of State street.

The Broadway, in 1772, extended only as high as the Hospital. Where the Hospital is was Rutger's Orchard.

There was a rope-walk (Vanpelt's) a little north of Courtland street, running from Broadway to the North River. All the old deeds on the north side of Courtland street, speak of fifteen feet of the said walk as in their lots. Another ran parallel to it from opposite the present Bridewell prison; and in its place, or near it, was formerly a range of British barracks; [as I think since, in the line of the present Scudder's Museum.]

The "brick meeting," built in 1764, on Beekman street, near Chatham street, was then said to be, in popular parlance, in "the fields." There Whitfield to preached.

Back of the above-mentioned barracks, and also behind the present jail, was a high hill, and on its descent a Negro burying-ground; and thence further down it was a fine meadow.

The British army gave the name of "the Mall" to their parade-ground fronting the Trinity church.

There were very fine Sun fish and Roach fish caught in the Collect Pond.

The City Hall, at the head of Broad street, (afterwards the Congress Hall) besides holding the courts was also a prison. In front of it, on the head of Broad street, he remembered seeing a whipping-post, and pillory and stocks. He had seen them lead the culprits round the town, whipping them at the cart-tail They also introduced the wooden horse as a punishment. The horse was put into the cart-body, and the criminal set thereon. Mary Price having been the first who had the infamous distinction, caused the horse to be ever after called "the horse of Mary Price."

So recently has a part of Water street been filled up, that he could now lead to the spot there, where could be found the body of a vessel deep under the present ground.

He verified the fact in Moulton's book, of a canal (or channel) of water running out of the present Beaver street, into the Broad street canal in primitive times. He said that half way between Broad street and New street, in Beaver street, there had been dug up two bars of lead, evidently dropped overboard from some boat. At same place was a cedar post, upright, having on it the lines of the ropes of boats once tied to it.

The Mineral Spring, No. 8 Jacob's street, quaintly enough called Jacob's Well, is a real curiosity, whether regarded either as an illusion or as a reality. The enterprise was bold to bore there one hundred and thirty feet, and the result is said to be that they found a spring. having the properties of the Saratoga and Congress waters. Some distrust it, but the proprietors say twenty-five thousand persons used it last year. It is a part of Beekman's swamp.

The house in Peck's Slip, north side, a yellow frame, No. 7, was pointed out to me by an aged person, as being in his youth the nearest house to the river, which was then so near that he could jump into the river then ranging along Water street, near to it. He said also that Walton House, close by on Pearl street, No. 324, had its garden in its rear quite down to the river. He said the hill called Peck's Hill, from Walton House to the Franklin Bank, at the union of Cherry and Pearl streets) was originally a much higher hill.

I went out to the Dry Dock and Steam Mill for sawing, &c., on the river margin of Stuyvesant's Swamp, or flats. It is a very wide extended wet flat, over which tides used to flow, now sluiced out. Some low grass meadows appear; but generally it is a waste, coming now into incalculable value to that family as building lots.

The adjacent hills furnish abundance of coarse sand and gravel material for filling up. At the point or hook, a little beyond the Dry Dock, I saw a small mount, on which, in the revolution, was a small redoubt, near which lay the King Fisher sloop of war.

I observed great digging down of hills and removals of earth going on, all about the Stuyvesant Mansion house and farm. Mr. Nicholas S—— told me they often came to Indian graves, known as such by having oyster shells interred with the bones and sometimes some fragments of frail pottery.

Just beyond "Peter's Field" and mansion, extending up to the Fever Hospital at Bellevue, is a great bend or bay, which is now all filling up with innumerable loads of earth from the adjacent high grounds; the whole having a long wharf in front, calculated to extend down to the Dry Dock, all of which is to be laid out in streets and city lots. It is an immense and spirited undertaking, affording constant business for the laboring poor.

Canal street is a grand undertaking, effecting a great benefit, by draining through a great sewer the waters which once passed by the former to the Collect. The street is broad and the houses genteel; but as this region of ground was once swampy, it is liable now to have wet or damp cellars throughout the range of Lispenard's Swamp to the northward, and from Lafayette theatre, (which is laid on piles) down to the North River. Chapel street, which runs southward from Canal street, follows the line of a former water-course (connecting with the canal formerly and now by a sewer) quite down to Leonard street, and has been all made ground, filled-in over the sewer.

From the inlets to those sewers is emmitted a strong offensive smell of filth and salt water, only, however, perceptible at the apertures, and never known to have any deleterious effect on health.

Mr. Wilke, President of the Bank, told me he once stood sentinel as a volunteer on the sand beach, close to the present old sugar house still standing nearly in the rear of the present City Hotel, on Broadway. Thus proving what I had before heard from Mr. Swords and others, that at the rear of Trinity churchyard, a little beyond where Lumber street is now, the boys used to swim.

Mr. Wilke also told me he knew the parties who, in 1780 fought a duel in the rear of the hospital ground.

In visiting Thomas Rammey, a good chronicle, I learned from himself and wife, several facts, to wit:—

Rammey had lived in Cross street; while there, he dug up remains of the old Magazine, and he could see evidence that water sometimes had enclosed it, (as Lyne's ancient map had shown.) His mother-in-law, if alive, would be one hundred and six years of age. She often talked of the block houses and palisades behind present City Hall; said the Indians occupied many places outside of their line, and used there to make baskets, ladles, &c., for sale. Many of them hutted outside the present Hospital towards the North River.

She well remembered they were used at times, in high waters, to have a ferry boat to take across the people in Chatham street, over where it crosses Pearl street which is still marked low ground. Lyne's map of 1729 marks this same place with a bridge.

She had a recollection of the wife of Governor Stuvesant, and used to go out to his farm near the flats, and there see numerous fish caught.

She remembered and spoke much of the Negro Plot—said it made terrible agitation—saw the Negroes hung back of the site of the present jail, in the Park. A wind-mill once stood near there.

The Jews' burying-ground was up Chatham street, on a hill, where is now the Tradesman's Bank.

She said the water once run from the Collect both ways; i.e. to the East River as well as to the North River. Sometimes the salt water came up to it from the North River in the winters, and raised the ice.

In her time the strand or beach on the East River was along present Pearl street generally; and at the corner of Pearl street and Maiden Lane, ther dwelt her brother-in-law, who used to keep his boat tied to his stoop to ferry him off by water.

She said Maiden lane got its name from the practice of women, the younger part, generally going out there to bleach their family linen: all of which was then made at home. It had a fine creek or brook, and was headed by a good spring. Some time afterwards, minor springs remained for a time in cellars there, and one was in Cuyler's house till modern times. The hills adjacent, clothed in fine grass, sloped gradually to the line Maiden lane, and there she bleached with many others.

She said that Broadway went no higher than St. Paul's Church.

She said "Chapel Hill," where is now Dr. Milnor's church, on Beekman street, was a very high mount and steep, from which the boys with sleds used to slide down on the snow, quite to the swamp below. With this agrees the fact told me by Mr. James Bogert, that his father, in latter times, used to ride up to it as a high apple orchard.

Mr. Rammey said, that behind the City Hall once stood an Alms house, built in 1710, and taken down about the year 1793; perhaps the burials behind it gave rise to the remark made to me by Dr. Francis, that along the line of Chambers street are many graves.

He says he used to be told that the real 'ferry-house' on Broad street, was on the north-east corner of Garden street, now Exchange place, and is lately taken down (and so others have also suggested to me); and that the other (No. 19), a little higher up (the north end of the Custom house store) was only a second inn, having a ferry boat sign, either in opposition, or to perpetuate the other. He said the boats were flat-bottomed, and used to come from Jersey. To me I confess it seems to have been a singular location for a ferry, but as the tradition is so singular and concurrent, I incline to think it was so called from its being a resort of country boats coming there to find a central place for their sales. I have heard the names of certain present rich families, whose ancestors were said to come there with oysters.

A man actually born in the old ferry house, at the corner, and who dwelt there forty years, described it as a very low one story house, with very high and steep pediment roof; its front on Broad street; its side along Garden alley had two dormer windows in the roof, much above the plate; shingle roof covered with moss; one hundred years probably of age; and an iron boat, and oars, and anchor for a sign; the "Governor's house" adjoined it in the alley. An old lady close by confirmed all this.

Mr. David Grim, an aged citizen to whom we are indebted for much valuable *data* given to the Historical Society, has estimated in detail the houses of the city in 1744, to have been 1141 in number, of which only 129 houses were on the west side of the Broadway to the North River inclusive; thus evidencing fully that the tide of population very greatly inclined to the East River.

Mrs. Myers, the daughter of said D. Grim, said she had seen the British barracks of wood, enclosed by a high fence. It extended from Broadway to Chatham-street, along poesent Chambers-street, exactly where is now the Museum. It had a gate at each end; the one by Chatham-street, was called "Tryon's Gate," after the name of the governor, from which we have derived since *there*, the name of "Tryon's Row."

About the year 1788, the whole of the ancient fort, near the site of the present Battery, was all taken down and levelled under the direction of Messrs. J. Pintard, Vansant, and Janeway, as city commissioners. The design was to prepare the site to erect thereon a house for General Washington, as President of the United States; but as the Congress removed to Philadelphia, he never occupied it, and it therefore became the "governor's house," in the person of Gov. Clinton.

In taking down the ancient Dutch chapel vault, they came to the remains of Lord and Lady Bellermont, in leaden coffins, known by family escutcheon and inscriptions on silver plates. These coffins, with the bones of several others, were taken by Mr. Pintard, who told me, to St. Paul's Church ground, where they all rest now in one common grave, without any notice above ground of "storied urn or animated bust."

The silver plates were taken by Mr. Vansant for a museum, but he dying, they fell into hands which, with much bad taste,

converted them into spoons! A story much like this is told of the use made of the coffin plates of Governor Paulus Vanderbrecke and wife, placed first in G. Baker's museum, and afterwards in Tammany Hall. Lord Bellermont died in 1701.

This brief notice of the once renowned dead, so soon divested of sculptured fame, leads me to the notice of some other cases where the sculptor's hand could not give even brief existence to once mighty names. I refer to the king's equestrian statue of lead, in the centre of the Bowling-Green, and to Pitt's marble statue, in Wall-street, centre of William-street. Both are gone, and scarcely may you learn the history of their abduction. So frail is human glory!

The latter I found, after much inquiry and search, in the Arsenal-yard, on the site of the Collect. It had before been to Bridewell-yard. The statue is of fine marble and fine execution, in a Roman toga, and showing the roll of *Magna Charta;* but it is decapitated, and without hands—in short, a sorry relic! Our patriot fathers of the revolution, when they erected it, swore it should be as eternal, as "enduring as marble." They idolized the man as their British champion,

"In *freedom's* cause with generous warmth inspired."

But the fact was, while the British army occupied New-York, their champion lost his head on some unknown occasion, and has never since been heard of! The statue itself was taken down soon after the peace, both as an inconvenience in the street, so narrow there in the busy mart, and also as a deformity. Alexander M'Cormick, Esq., who dwelt near the statue, told me it disappeared the night of St. Andrew, when, as it was whispered, some British officers, who had been at their revels, struck it off in revelry rather than in spite. No inquisition was made for it at the time; one hand had before been struck off, it was supposed, by boys. A story was told among some Whigs, that the Tories had struck off the head in retaliation for the alleged insult offered to the king, by drawing his statue along the street to melt it into bullets for the war. My friend, John Baylie, was present in April, '76, and saw the degrading spectacle. He saw no decent people present; a great majority were shouting boys. The insult, if so meant, was to the *dead,* as the statue was of George II., our most gracious king!"

"Then boast not honors. *Sculpture* can bestow
Short-lived renown!"

[Querie: should not the Society of Artists possess and repair such a piece of art as Pitt's statue?]

Before the revolution, and even some time afterwards, William street was the great mart for dry good sales, and chiefly from Maiden-lane up to Pearl-street. It was the proper Bond-street, too, for the beaux and shopping belles. Now Broadway has its turn.

Pearl street then had no stores, but it was the place of good dwellings; then Broadway had no stores or business, and had but a few scattered houses about the region of the new City Hall.

Before the revolution, the only road out of town was by the Bowery road, and was once called "the high road to Boston."

The Bowling Green was before called "the Parade."

Mr. Thomas Swords, aged sixty-six, told me he remembered to have seen the remains of an old redoubt by Grace and Lumber street (corner), the same which was presumed once to have terminated the northern line of the city along Wall-street. It was a hill there; then American prisoners were buried in time of the revolution; and he has seen coffins there in the wasting banks of the mount; at the foot of it, was the beach along the North River.

The grand-father of Mr. James Bogert told him that oyster vessels used to come up Broad-street to sell them; and in later times, water used to enter cellars along that street from the canal.

ACCOUNT OF THE KERRIGAN LECTURE.

NEW-YORK, December 8, 1856.

THOS. F. MEAGHER, Esq.

Dear Sir—Will you do me the favor to publish the following account of the proceeds of your Lecture for the late Captain Kerrigan's family, in the *Irish News,* and believe me very truly yours, A. P. GREEN.

1800 tickets sold, at 50 cents each		$900 00
His Hon. Mayor Wood		10 00
		$910 00
Expenses, Room Hire	$55 00	
Printing Tickets and Posters	36 00	
Posting same	7 00	
Door Keeper	2 00	
American Flag hire	2 00	
Advertising	6 00	108 00
Net Amount		$802 00

$700 has been placed to the account of Miss Kerrigan in the Emigrant Industrial Savings Bank. A. P. Green and W. L. Cole, acting as trustees.

There are several persons who have received tickets and have not yet settled, which are included in the above number sold. Those parties are particularly requested to settle. They will please call at the Grape Vine Cottage, when Capt. Murphy will settle with them. Otherwise their names shall be published.

Out of the above amount $100 has to be paid for a monument to Capt. Kerrigan, which is in course of completion by Mr. John Kennedy, at his marble yard, 35th street, corner of Broadway.

The Merchants' Insurance Company of this city have appointed J. L. Douglass, Esq., Secretary, vice G. W. Savage, resigned. Mr. D. commenced the duties of the office on the 1st inst.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Nov. 17, at Upper Rathmines, Anthony O'Neil, North-strand, to Eliza, daughter of Francis Purcell, of Rathgar-villa.

Oct. 9, at Union Chapel, Dublin, Wm. John Lemon, to Miss Maxwell Gardiner Wright.

Nov. 18th, at the Cathedral, Marlborough-street, Charles H. Kerns, Cambridge-terrace, Rathgar, to Kate Emilie, daughter of John Furlong, Lower Ormond-quay.

Nov. 20, in St. Andrews, Westland-row, Joseph Kelly, of Normanby, Rathgar, to Elizabeth Mary, daughter of P. J. Byrne, of Great Brunswick-street, Dublin.

Oct. 9, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, J. R. Robinson, M.D., of Wiesbaden, to Harriet Lucy, daughter of the late Edward Simmons Irwin, of Dublin.

Nov. 18, in Killargue Church, James H. Shaw, of Emo, in the county Westmeath, to Sarah Jane, daughter of the late John Palmer, of Drumkeel House, Leitrim.

Oct. 27, in the Church of the Virgins, Marcerata, Thomas O'Connell Fitzsimon, son of the late Christopher Fitzsimon, D.L., and Clerk of the Crown and Hanaper, to Marie Merope, daughter of Signor Pietro Rossi, of Macerata, in the Pontifical States.

Nov. 11, in Youghal, Walter Bullen, of Bandon, to Eliza Jane, daughter of the Rev. Adam Forde, Primitive Wesleyan Minister, Youghal.

Nov. 11, at Newbridge, Anne, daughter of the late Thomas Keogh, of Kinshellatown, county Wicklow, to John Farrell, Rathangan, Kildare.

Nov. 12, at Durrow, Samuel H. Fitzhenry, of Wexford, to Sarah Jane, only daughter of Samuel Chaplin, of Woodview, in the Queen's County.

Nov. 13, in Belfast, Silas Evans, of Newtownards, to Nannie, daughter of J. Paisley, Belfast.

Nov. 14, at Bangor, Thomas Young, of Lissue, near Lisbun, to Anne, daughter of Thos. Ruddell, of Knockaramer, Lurgan.

Nov. 14, in Moate, Henry Berkeley, son of the late James Geraghty of Holles-street, to Kate Anna, daughter of the late Robert J. Fearon, barister-at-law, of Garrison, Fermanagh.

Nov. 15, in Limerick, G. L. White, of the 55th regiment, son of J. C. White, late Captain in the 95th regiment, to Frances, only daughter of the Lieutenant Whitcomb.

Nov. 14, at Bellaghey, J. M. Bruce, Commander in the Royal Navy, son of Rear-Admiral Bruce, of Ballyscullion House, Londonderry, to Bessie Lucas, daughter of John Hill, Bellaghey Castle.

Nov. 18, at Banagher, Richard Burke, of Saint Brandon's, county Galway, to Ellen, daughter of John Briscoe.

Nov. 19, at Castletown Arra, Christopher John Keays, of Cork, to Jane, daughter of Christopher Keays, of Gortmore Cottage, Nenagh.

Nov. 12, in London, Edward J. G. Clarke, L.L.D., to Mary Anne, daughter of the late Patrick J. O'Brien, of Cork.

Nov. 18, at St. Oswald's Catholic Church, Liverpool, Daniel Powell, of Eaton House, to Christina, daughter of the late Cuthbert Dunn, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Sept. 27, at Trieste, Signor Francisco Moy, of Placenza. to Georgina Sophia, daughter of the late Geo. Swayne, of Middleton, county Cork.

Nov. 13, in London, Captain John Doran, of the 24th Bengal Native Infantry, son of Major Doran, formerly of the 18th Royal Irish regiment, to Georgina Sultana, daughter of the late John Magrath, of the Bengal Medical Service.

Nov. 11, at Chislehurst, John L'Estrange L. Buchanan, son of the late Lt. Col. Buchanan, of the Royal Engineers, to Julia Harriet Manners, daughter of the late Robert W. Pickwood, Chief Justice of the Island of St. Christopher.

Nov. 19, in St. Peter's Church, Thomas Barnes, of Whitehall, son of the late John Barnes, of Graigue, to Margaret, child of the late John Hill, of Coolderry, Tipperary.

Nov. 19, at the Cathedral, Marlborough-street, John Elliott, Rockfield, county Westmeath, to Kate, daughter of the late John Dodd, Sackville-street.

Nov. 22, in St. Anne's Church, Jasper R. M. Pyne, of Ballyvolane House, county Cork, to Louisa J. Garde, daughter of the late J. Browne, of Coolcower House, Cork.

Nov. 26, at the Catholic Church of St. James, Andrew Monahan, Drumlargin, county Meath, to Eleanor Mary, daughter of the late Oliver Shannon, Mount-brown.

Nov. 2, at Alexandria, Egypt, John Clarke Nelson, son of the late Richard W. Nelson, of Dublin, to Cecilia Emily, daughter of Robt. Bentley Lindsay, of Alexandria.

Nov. 18, at Drumcondra, Charles E. M'Kenna, to Jane, daughter of Thomas Hanly, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

Nov. 20, at Glasnevin Church, Edward Purser, C. E., East India Railway, Allahabad, son of John Purser, of Rathmines Castle, to Anna Jane, daughter of R. Delville, county Dublin.

Nov. 26, at Tuam Church, Edward Newman, son of John Newmann, Philipsburgh-avenue, Dublin, to Minie, daughter of P. O'Flanagan, of Lysadira, Galway.

Nov. 18, at Dunmurry, John Lindsay, jun., of Ballydown, Banbridge, to Martha, daughter of the late David Simms, of Seaview Cottage, Belfast.

Nov. 19, in Armagh, the Rev. Charles Lendric Maclean, to Catherine, daughter of the late William L. Kidd, M.D., of Armagh.

Nov. 20, at Castletown, Samuel N. Falkiner, of the 54th regiment, to Elizabeth Mary, child of Edw. Lee, Kilparteen, Nenagh.

Nov. 20, in Kilkenny, J. R. Crawford, Assistant Surgeon of the 69th regiment, to Jane Jemima, daughter of Henry Hatton, late of Prospect House, Wexford.

Nov. 26, at Kinnegad, county Westmeath, Francis M'Keon, Drumshambo, county Leitrim, to Anne M. M'Alroy, daughter of John M'Alroy, of Bracklin, Tullamore.

July 10, at Prahan, Melbourne, Australia, W. M. Ross, to Lilela, daughter of Major Hort, Dublin.

July 12, at Brighton, Australia, Joseph, son of the late J. L. Lawson, Surgeon, of Egremont, Cumberland, to Maria Anne, daughter of Bernard Hughes, of Richmond-hill, Rathmines, Dublin.

July 12, at Eastern Hill, Australia, Robert Hawley, of Melbourne, son of R. Hawley, of Oakham, Rutlandshire, to Annie, daughter of Miles Monckton, solicitor, formerly of Limerick.

July 16, at Melbourne, Arthur Seddon, to Sarah, daughter John Armstrong, South Yarra, Dublin.

IRISH DEATHS.

Sept. 10, at Salisbury Mills, Orange county, State New-York, Catherine, relict of John Chambers, formerly of Abbey-street, Dublin, aged 101 years.

Nov. 10, Theresa, daughter of the late Joshua Dixon, of Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin.

Nov. 13, in Molesworth-street, aged 80 years, George Melvin.

Nov. 14, at Cabra-parade, Jane Frances, wife of Chs. Collins.

Nov. 15, in Upper Baggot-street, Sarah Eleanor, wife of Wm. Smyth, and child of Dr. Chs. Butler, Abbeyview, Dublin.

Nov. 17, in the 27th year of his age, Pittman, son of George Langdale, of Dublin.

Nov. 16, at 68 Dame-street, Miss Ellen Barden, niece of Mr. G. Kane.

Nov. 16, at the Cottage, Sandymount, county Dublin, Miss Dorothy Armstrong, aged 82 years.

Nov. 17, at Highfield Lodge, Rathgar, Patrick Boylan, son of P. Boylan, No. 102 Grafton-st.

Nov. 17, at Ash-Grove, Upper Rathmines, aged 58 years, G. Watson.

At Willow Mount, Mrs. Ellen Reilly, relict Philip Reilly.

Sudcenly at Clonmore, King's County, the Rev. John Dunn, P.P., of Clonbullogue, aged 65 years.

At Clonfert, county Kildare, Alicia, wife of Stephen Whittle.

In Cork, aged 85 years, Charles Chamley, barister-at-law, late of Belcamp, county Dublin.

In Kinsale, aged 83 years, E. Hunt.

Nov. 11, at Bettystown, Jane, daughter of the late J. E. Fogarty, M.D., of Droheda.

Stewart Maxwell, son of the Rev. Peter Maxwell, of Birdstown, county Donegal.

At Levington Park, Westmeath, aged 95 years, Charlotte, daughter of Sir Richard Levinge.

Nov. 15, at Clermont, county Wicklow, Elizabeth, daughter of John J. A. Leonard.

At Garden Hill, Belfast, Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late Isaac Thompson.

George Crowe Hodges, of Williamsfort, county Clare.

In Limerick, Lieut. W. H. Moyle, of the 16th regiment.

At Porttane, Thomas Martin, aged 72.

At Lymestone, Devonshire, Lieut. Colonel R. Moore, brother to the Earl of Mountcashell.

At Pau, Nicholas, son of the late Nicholas Devereux, of Wexford.

At Bayswater, Susan Emily, wife of Lt. Gen. Sir R. H. Cunliffe.

At Inchkenneth, Argyleshire, aged 80, Lt. Col. Robert Macdonald, formerly of the Royal Horse Artillery.

Mich'l. Courtney, corn factor, Halston-street.

In London, Robert Halliday, barrister-at-law.

In Percy-place, aged 70, Captain Huge, of the 91st regt.

In Upper Pembroke-street, aged 85, Mrs. Whittell, sister to the late James Sanderson, of Clover Hill, county Cavan.

At Cowley-place, aged 77, Mary, relict of William Wood, Dublin.

11 Beresford-place, James Watt, Queen's Proctor, aged 59.

At 23 Eden-quay, Edward North, aged 53.

Nov. 24, at Stillorgan, Henry Darley, aged 87.

Mark Byrne, of Ballyville, county Dublin, aged 77.

At Seapoint-terrace, Monkstown, Mary, wife Geo. S. Carleton.

Nov. 28, Lieutenant-General A. Thomson, of Salure, House, county Galway.

At Coolaght, county Wexford, aged 105, Walter Greene.

At Roughty, county Kerry, Dorcas Mary, daughter of the late Captain M. H. Herbert, Royal Navy.

Ellen, relict of John O'Donovan, Millview, county Limerick.

Nov. 17, at Killabeg House, county Wexford, Deborah, relict of Edward Sparrow.

At Randalstown, Horace Neeson, M.D.

In Cork, Edward Newsom.

At Braciow, county Cavan, Hugh, son of the late Captain Mark Ker, of the Royal Longford Militia.

In Kinsale, aged 82, John Blake, son of the late Isidore Blake, Tower Hill, county Mayo.

At Carrace, near Tuam, Francis Blake.

Alice, wife of John Cahill, Wilkinstown, Dunshaughlin, Meath.

Suddenly, Charles, son of the late John Hassard, of Shea House, county Fermanagh.

Nov. 24, at Boyneview, Drogheda, John Conroy, aged 78.

Nov. 22, aged 72 years, Sophia, wife of the Rev. G. Richards, Prebendary of Coolstoff, county Wexford.

At Chapefield, near Coleraine, Hugh L. Lang, son of the late Rev. J. Lang, of Sharvogues, county Antrim.

At Blackrock, Cork, aged 84, the Rev. Charles Q. Coghlan, Prebendary of Tiuoleague.

At Carrick on-Suir, Thomas Dowley, brother to Rev. Dean Dowley, President of Castleknock Seminary, and of the Rev. Timothy Dowley, parish priest, Rathgormack.

Nov. 28, in Bath, aged 82, Julian Anne, Countess Dowager of Roden.

At Woodside, Sussex, Jane, daughter of W. Peyton, Carrick on-Shannon, county Leitrim.

At Newcastle-on-Tyne, Northumberland, M. B. Meredith, C.E., third surviving son of the late William Meredith, Esq., of Dicksgrove, county Kerry.

Oct. 2, at New Orleans. of Fever, Michael C. Russell, surgeon, son of James Crofts Russell, of Glashare Castle, Kilkenny.

Nov. 21, at the Square, Mitchelstown, county Cork, Mary, wife of Thomas Alleyn.

Nov. 21, at Ardmulcan, county Meath, Patrick, youngest son of Thomas Mullen, aged 19. The deceased was a student in the College of Meynooth, which he entered in his 17th year, having previously studied four years in Navan College, and one year at St. Vincent's, Castleknock.

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Just Published.

CELESTINA; Or, New Sacred Minstrel. By V. C. Taylor. Price $1. Per dozen, $7 50.

BRADBURY'S SABBATH-SCHOOL CHOIR. Price 25cts. 1t

P. P. P. Patent Porous Plasters.—Sore chests, weak backs pains in the side, deep-seated rhematic and nervous affections, soon benefited. Counter irritant, but so mild as to create no inconvenience. Sold by al medicine venders. The fresh made now ready, at principal office, 48 Canal street. Twenty-five cents each plaster.

4t T. ALLCOCK & CO.

Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 14 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 81 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Nothing tries the temper like malignant ulcers and painful boils. They almost tempted even Job to blaspheme. Fortunately, they are quickly healed by Holloway's Ointment, and the Pills are equally efficacious in stomach and liver complaints. Sold at Manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists at 25c., 62 1-2c., and $1 per pot or box.

The Barry Testimonial.—Those who have collected funds for the above object, will pay in all sums in their hands at a special meeting of the Committee, at MILITARY HALL, on FRIDAY, the 19th, at 8 P. M.

The accounts must be finally settled on THAT NIGHT, and the list published NEXT DAY. d20 1t

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe per U. S. Steamer ATLANTIC, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 20th day of December, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

d20 1t ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for California, &c. per U. S. Steamer GEORGE LAW, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 20th day of December, at one o'clock, P. M.

d20 1t ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Special Notices.

Electro-Magnetic Baths.—The Electro-Magnetic Baths having become permanently established as a remedial agent for the cure of Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Stiff and Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Ulcers, Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Pain in the Limbs, &c. &c., and for the positive extraction of Mercury and other Mineral Poisons from the human system, the Messrs. Sloan & Co. take this method of informing the public that they have fitted up and opened an establishment at No. 53 Sixth Avenue, where the Baths will be constantly in operation, under the care and direction of Dr. G. H. Doyle, Homeopathic Professor of Medicine. To those unacquainted with "Electro-Magnetism" as applied to the cure of disease, reduction and extraction of mineral poisons, &c., we would say that as a means of cure for the above enumerated diseases, it has received the almost universal endorsement of the various Academies of Medicine throughout Europe and the United States, and that the reduction of Metals by a Voltaic Current, is no new science: it is the APPLICATION of the FACT to its extraction from the system for which we claim originality. In it we dismiss all theories—we leave nothing to chance—we are not led by blind experience, but we follow unerring and never failing principles.

Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c., are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

Persons afflicted in any way with sickness, debility, &c. will do well to call at the office, examine the Baths, and receive full explanation of the treatment pursued. SLOAN & CO., 53 Sixth Avenue,
Between Fourth-street and West Washington Place.

P. S.—Physicians and Families supplied with Homeopathic Medicines, Books, &c. dec6 3mos

Genin's Festival Hat.—Determined to grace the holidays with the most aristocratic and highly finished specimen of an American Hat that has yet appeared in the fashionable circles of New-York, Genin has produced for the present season a dress fabric of surpassing beauty, equally adapted to the promenade and the drawing-room visit, and distinguished not alone for beauty of shape, fineness of texture and superior finish, but for the taste displayed in every minor detail which contributes to the general effect.

The model of Genin's Festival Hat is the Parisian Court style for the present winter, with a slight alteration; the crown is a little lower than the prevailing fashion, and the proportions more symmetrical.

A slight deviation from this style, somewhat more piquant and juvenile in its ensemble, has also been issued for young men.

Both these elegant fabrics are now ready, and they are issued by the undersigned, with the unqualified assurance that they are the most faultless and becoming dress hats that have ever appeared in this city.

That they will be the ruling styles of the gay season, no one who has seen them, and compared them with the winter issues of other establishments, expresses the slightest doubt. GENIN, 214 Broadway,
tf opposite St. Paul's.

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete process (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**
nov29, 3ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.
Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Musical.—A young lady lately connected with the profession in Europe, *where she studied under the first and best masters*, is desirous of giving a limited number of pupils the advantage of a *good education on the Piano*. Any family who may kindly favor her with a trial, may rely on their children being properly attended to. Address Mrs. Greene, care of Professor Trener, 90 South Eighth street, Brooklyn, E. D.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 882 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring, by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

Stammering, &c., Permanently and Radically cured, by the successful Dr. JONES, without pain or operation, generally in from one to four hours. He is so sure of being able to cure any and all cases, that he requires no pay until he is successful. Office rooms No. 571 Broadway, (opposite Metropolitan Hotel), New-York. no22

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No.* 322 *Canal Street*, (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.
Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

Merry Christmas and Happy New-Year!

LADIES, IF YOU WISH TO MAKE PRESENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS, you will find at MILLER'S, in Canal street, White Silver and Kid Gaiter Boots, Slippers and Cloth Button Boots, beautiful Embroidered Toilet Slippers for gentlemen. Also, Ladies' and Misses' Gaiter Boots and Shoes of all kinds, with Boys' and Youths' Patent Leather Boots, Congress Gaiters, &c. Forming usefull and appropriate gifts for the Holidays.
dec18, 4t. **J. B. Miller & Co.,** 184 Canal street.

"T. F. MEAGHER CLUB."

This body will celebrate the Fifth Anniversary of the bold and honorabl Escape from bondage of their distinguished countryman and patron, Thomas Francis Meagher, by a Grand Ball, to be given at Tammany Hall, on Monday evening, January 12th, 1857. The members have resolved to spare no pains or expense in rendering the entertainment worthy of the important event which it commemorates. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, one dollar.

WASHINGTON HALL.

JAMES McPYKE'S, No. 90 Prince Street, near Broadway, New-York.—This Establishment affords ample accommodation for Clubs, Committees, Families, Military Companies and all who desire spacious, elegant, and well-ventilated apartments for social enjoyment. Its proximity to all the leading hotels, renders this locality particularly desirable.
The Proprietor guarantees the best of the market, with a choice stock of Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c. Private Supper Rooms. Attentive servants, courtesy and kindness, the subscriber hopes to merit the patronage of an intelligent public.
dec. 18, 8ms. **James McPyke,** Proprietor.

☞ **Post Office.—Notice.—Change of Hour.**—On and after MONDAY, the 3d day of November, the Mails will close as follows:

Eastern Mail by Railroad,.....at 2 P. M.
New-York and Erie Railroad Mails.....at 3 P. M.
North Mail by Hudson River Railroad.....at 3½ P. M.

November 1, 1856.
Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Doctor M. E. Foy, Surgeon, has removed his office to 170 West Nineteenth-street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. OFFICE HOURS from 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3, and 7 to 9 P. M.
☞ To accommodate his patients in the Eastern part of the city, Dr. F. will attend daily from 2 to 3 P. M., at Ryerson's drug store, 185 Avenue B, between 11th and 12th streets. MIDWIFERY ENGAGEMENTS promptly attended to. Medicine and advice to the poor gratis. sept18 3mos

Information wanted of Margaret Ustice and Jane Crowley, who came passengers by the Isaac Wright, on her last trip from Liverpool, by Richard Tracey, 11 Jay street, Brooklyn, in care of Mr. Owen Gilligan, or at this office. no22

Special Notices.

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine FASHIONABLE HAT! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.
N. B.—Best quality, $2, as good as any Hats sold in this city for $4 or $5.
SMITH, No. 81 PARK ROW,
sept6 1yr Under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman-st.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.
It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.
The People's Temple of the Drama.
Open every night,
WITH A POWERFUL
Star Company.
Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.
NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,
Opposite Niblo's Garden,
IMMENSE SUCCESS.
Houses crowded to witness the Grand Fairy Opera of
Cinderella.
In four acts, new scenery, dresses, transformations, &c., and the following powerful cast—

Cinderella, (first time,".....Miss C. Hiffert
Dandini.....G. S. Buckley
Baron.....W. Percival
Pedro.....R. B. Buckley
Allidora.....J. A. Basquin
Prince.....T. S. Wadelton
Chole.....J. J. Mullen
Thisbe.....R. Carroll
Fairies, Blackberry Sprites, &c.....Company

Prededing which
NEGRO MINSTRELSY.
☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.
Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.
M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

THIRD ANNUAL BALL
OF THE
Young Men's Association,
FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE
Roman Catholic Orphans,
TO BE HELD
AT NIBLO'S SALOON,
On Tuesday Evening, January 6, 1856.
SHELTON'S FULL BAND ENGAGED.
Tickets to admit a gentleman and two ladies, $3.

HONORARY MEMBERS.
Andrew L. Byrne. | Michael J. D. McGlynn. | Oliver K. Mooney.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Theodore P. Kelly	Edward F. Mullen,	Peter Lynch
James A. Carolin,	Edmund F. Kelly	John A. McSorley
John E. McMenomy	Charles Hussey	Philip J. Cozans
Hugh Gaynor	John A. McLoughlin	Wm. H. Irwin
John M. Cooney	John Kelly	Richard Dalton
James Lynch	Peter Meehan	John McCartin
John A. Boyle,	Augustus O'Neil	Thomas Hussey
Edward C. Byrne	William J. Kane	Wm. Ahearn
Daniel Lalor	Oliver Sadlier	Wm Fitzpatrick
Edward I. Murray	Thomas Fay	Philip Clark
John Higgins	Nicholas Hussey, jr.	Michael Carr
John W. Rice	Andrew J. Smith	John J. Kelly
C. Watters	Daniel Sweeny, jr.	

WM. LALOR, President.
JAMES LYNCH, Treasurer.
JAMES T. DUNIGAN, Secretary
OSCAR SPENCE, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN W. MCKINLEY, 2d Vice-President.
8t20d CHARLES WRIGHT, Floor Manager.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL
OF THE
EMMET LIFE GUARD.
ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,
At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.
Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the GUARD and at this office.
☞ The LIFE GUARD pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.
Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.
A. O'TOOLE, Sec'y.
JAMES WATSON, Treasurer. oct11

Sporting!—Young Men desirous of forming a FOOT-BALL CLUB are requested to meet at the *Grape Vine Cottage*, 45 Second avenue, to make arrangements for a parade on St. Stephen's Day, (26th Dec.) This being the first affair of this kind, it is expected there will be a large attendance. 1t, nov 8,

Lectures.

REV. DR. CUMMINGS
WILL
LECTURE
BEFORE THE
Catholic Library Association,
AT THE
Broadway Tabernacle,
ON
Tuesday evening, December 16th, at 8 o'clock.
Subject....."CATHOLICITY AND AMERICAN LIFE."
Tickets 25 cents. To be had at the usual places. 1t

Illustrated
LECTURES,
On the Natural History of Man,
Scientific Societies, &c.,
Are respectfully informed that
Dr. McElheran
Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.
ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no14

☞ **O. A. Brownson, L.L.D.,** will deliver a course of three Lectures on the CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION, at the Hope Chapel, No. 718 Broadway, on MONDAY, FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY, Dec. 8th, 12th and 17th, 1856. Tickets to the course, $1; single lecture, 50 cents; to be had at the Catholic bookstores, and at the door, on the night of the lecture. d6tl

Special Notices.

PRICES REDUCED.

Fine Black Cloth Frock Coats	$ 8
Fine Black Dress Coats	$ 8
Fine Brown Frock Coats	$ 8
Fall Raglans	$ 8
Cassimere Business Coats	$3 50 to $ 8
Black Cassimere Pants	$2 50 to $ 5
Fancy Cassimere Pants	$1 50 to $ 5
Rich Moire-Antique Silk Vests	$ 3
Zephyr Cassimere suits	$ 8
Complete genteel Black Cloth suits	$12

Evans' Extensive Clothing Warehouse,
oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

HO! FOR NICARAGUA!
A Free Passage
AND
GRANT OF LAND.
PERSONS desirous of emigrating to Nicaragua, in accordance with the provisions of the Colonization Decree of the Republic, dated Granada, Sept. 9, 1856, will be furnished with a free passage on application to the undersigned at No. 3 Broadway, where all further information may be obtained.
4t6dec COL. FRANK ANDERSON, Emigrant Agent for Nicaragua.

Dr. Wm. O'Gorman,
OFFICE,
428 Broome st.,
tf6dec New-York.

I. E. Tate's Pannus Corrium Boot and Shoe store, for tender feet. A large stock of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters always on hand, in great variety, and made to order at the shortest notice, for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths—wholesale and retail, at the lowest Cash prices. Particular attention is requested to the Pannus Corrium or Leather Cloth Boots and Shoes, for those troubled with corns, bunions or tenderness of the feet. Its qualities for summer boots or shoes, surpass anything ever got up in this country for real comfort, as it keeps the feet perfectly cool, and at the same time is susceptible of the finest polish; for a dress boot more so than any French calfskin, with one half the labor. ISAAC E. TATE,
my 24, 3 mos. 427 Broadway New-York.

Official Notices.

Proclamation! — Mayor's Office, Nov. 10, 1856.—Whereas, on the evening of the 18th of October last, Terrence Frawley, a resident of the City of New-York, while passing through Mott street, opposite or ner number 65 in that street, was stabbed and has since died from the wounds then and there received; and whereas there is good cause to believe that the said Frawley was so stabbed by a man named Dominick O'Donnell, Now, therefore, I, Fernando Wood, Mayor of the City of New-York, by virtue of the authority vested in me, do offer a reward of two hundred and fifty Dollars, for the arrest of the said O'Donnell. Said reward to be paid on his delivery to the keeper of any of the prisons of this city.
no22 FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Custom House, New-York, Collector's Office, November 1, 1856.—Notice to Importers.—Importers are notified that all goods left in the Appraiser's store, No. 12 Broad street, after being examined by the Appraisers, whether the same have been originally entered for warehouse or not, will be treated as unclaimed goods and sold. The Appraisers' stores are not warehouses, under the warehouse act for the storage of merchandize in bond, and no property can be permitted to remain there after the legal examination has been made. It is the duty of importers to have their goods transferred to some private bonded warehouse, immediately after this examination, or withdraw them if the duty has been paid, and should this be neglected they must incur the risk of having their property transferred to the United States Stores at the Atlantic Dock, and sold as unclaimed.
m1no22 HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

Office of the Receiver of Taxes, New Court-House, No. 32 Chambers street.—NOTICE.—In conformity with an act for the collection of taxes, passed April 18, 1843, I hereby give notice to all tax-payers who have omitted to pay their taxes for the year 1856, that unless the same is paid to me at my office, on or before the first day of January, I shall proceed to collect the same, by an addition of interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum calculated from the 16th day of last September to the day of payment.
m1dec18 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street.
FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms."
EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn.
GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y.
RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y.
P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall."
Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy.
JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street.
M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.*
T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory.
WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at corner of 11th st. and First Ave.
JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y.
M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn.
MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street.
JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa.
MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue.
JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City.
—— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.
P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia.
Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me.
JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond.
P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston.
GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta.
EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN KLITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati.
JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgorery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y11june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art.

J. GURNEY,

oct4 8mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffiing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After successfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhiited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,
Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway
oct11 3mos opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

Brady's Photographic Palace of Art.—Who would not desire to possess a memento, so perfect and life-like of a dead relative or friend, as can be furnished by the photographic art? What more acceptable present can be given or received than one of Brady's splendid, almost speaking portraits, which reflect the expression as well as the features of their originals? Those who desire beautiful portraits of the members of their family, should take care to have them in the highest style of art. Strangers visiting this city, will find no spot more interesting than BRADY'S DAGUERRIAN GALLERY AND PALACE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC ART, No. 205 Broadway.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 58 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARES," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

58, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 3mos New-York.

Medical.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**
NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot,* **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Consumption---Watkinson's Pulmonacia.

A SAFE, reliable family medicine, warranted not to contain a particle of mercury or any other mineral poison; not a nine day's wonder got up to sell and humbug the public. He has used it for years in private families of friends, and now, at the urgent request of hundreds who have seen its remarkable cures, where every other remedy has failed, he offers it to the public to benefit and relieve those suffering with that fatal disease, so inherent to our changeable climate, carrying off its thousands to an early grave—Consumption. It has effected some of the most remarkable cures ever heard of; how some dear friend was saved from death, when all hope was given up, now lives and enjoys good health. Its rare qualities are not only in relieving consumptive patients, but for all diseases of the lungs, racking nervous cough, night sweats, bronchial affections of the throat, internal inflammation, where the blood is impure, it has no equal. The discoverer of PULMONACIA is RICHARD WATKINSON, a gentleman of well-known standing in Philadelphia and New-York. Those that are acquainted with him know there is no quackery or humbug about it, as the number of certificates that can be obtained at the office will satisfy the most incredulous as to its value.

R. WATKINSON.

No. 448 Broadway is the only place in the city where it can be obtainod. Price $1 per bottle. dec13 3mos

Publications.

LITTELL, SON & CO., BOSTON.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

THIS work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the EDINBURGH, QUARTERLY, and other Reviews; and BLACKWOOD' noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious SPECTATOR, the sparkling EXAMINER, the judicious, ATHENEUM, the busy and industrious LITERARY GAZETTE, the sensible and comprehensive BRITANNIA, the sober and respectable CHRISTIAN OBSERVER; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the UNITED SERVICE, and with the best articles of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, NEW MONTHLY, FRASER'S, TAIT'S, AINSWORTH'S, HOOD'S and SPORTING MAGAZINES, and of Chambers' admirable JOURNAL. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from PUNCH; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of THE TIMES. We shall increase our variety by importations from the Continent of Europe, and from the growth of the British Colonies.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday—price, (free of postage) six dollars a year. Remittances for any period will be promptly attended to.

Complete sets of the FIRST SERIES, in thirty-six volumes, handsomely bouud, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principle cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale for Seventy-two Dollars. The Second Series began in 1853.

Any volume may be had separately, at Two Dollars, bound, or a Dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents—and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

☞ A few advertisements of Books, Patents, or other matters of general interest, will be added, at reasonable rates.

Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly at the Office of Littell's Living Age,

Boston.

Every number of this work contains articles of leading interest; grave and earnest, yet not heavy; popular, and yet of abiding value. To these are added, in profuse abundance and great variety, Tales, Poetry, Voyages, Travels, and whatever—within the bounds of sound taste and good principles—may be included under the large head of Light Reading. But mere light reading soon becomes wearisome, unless there breathe from it spirit and heart, life and soul.

We promise a Magazine that shall be more and better than mere amusement: a Book suited to the leisure of the old and wise, and yet abundantly attractive to the young and ardent. It will freely provide for the Imagination, as well as for the Reaaon and Memory.

For THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, received at the office of publication, the Panorama will be sent (free of postage), to any post-office in the United States.

Two COPIES, Five Dollars a year; FIVE COPIES, Ten Dollars a year, Clubs to pay their own postage, which is three cents a number, payable QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

The first number was issued in July, 1855. It makes two large volumes a year. We can supply orders for back numbers or volumes.

Both Works are Published by Littell, Son & Company, Boston. oct18 tf

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Bremen, per U. S. Steamer Arago, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 13th day of December, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

dec 13 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Business Directory.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

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THOMAS H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2y1ju Collections promptly attended to, and liens carefully filed, &c.

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(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

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WATCH, CLOCK MAKER, AND JEWELER.

236 HENRY STREET, BROOKLYN.

All watches and clocks bought or repaired at my establishment, warranted for twelve months. *

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WATCHMAKER,

JEWELER AND FINISHER OF FINE WATCHS,

NO. 202 BOWERY,

Between Spring and Prince Streets, New-York.

Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jewelled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to. ju126m

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STEAM MARBLE WORKS,

35TH STREET, NEAR BROADWAY.

Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. *

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SOAP AND CANDLE

MANUFACTORY,

825 EAST SENECA STREET, BUFFALO,

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William M. Smith,

The Public Favorite and only American Opposition

BILL POSTER AND DISTRIBUTOR.

The oldest established in the business.

WORK done promptly and faithfully—cheaper, quicker, and better than by any other poster in the city. Work done either in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, or Jersey City. Boards lent for concerts or any kind of work. Office 23½ Spruce street, New-York,

ap26tf between William and Gold streets.

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FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

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(Cor. Pine Street.)

CASH CAPITAL $300,000.

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MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

Wm. Irwin,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN BOOTS & SHOES,

No. 174 Bowery, opposite Delancey street, New-York.

Quick Sales and Small Profits. oc11m8

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

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CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 FULTON STREET,

HERALD BUILDING,) New-York.

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NICHOLAS WALSH

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER,

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856 **Fall Importation.** 1856

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 Bowery, (west side,) between Grand and Hester streets,

IS now prepared to exhibit his new Fall styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

comprising every grade and description, from the CHEAPEST fabric to the RICHEST.

Importing his goods direct, and thus saving the commission and interest which most other dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other carpetings adapted to all varieties of tastes, the following elegant descriptions :

Medallions,	at 14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	10s to 16s.
Tapestry,	6s to 12s.
Brussels,	7s to 12s.
Three-ply,	7s to 10s.
Ingrain,	3s to 7s.
Common Ingrain,	18d to 3s.

English and American Floor Oil-Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern, and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everythg else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)

ap191y Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

CARPETINGS FROM AUCTION.

TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK AND VICINITY.

STEPHEN LEAHY,

93 SIXTH AVENUE, between Waverly and Clinton Place,

BEGS to call the attention of the ladies to his large and varied stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloth. The collection comprises goods of every grade and style, from the richest and most beautiful of foreign manufacture to the lowest price domestic.

All who are acquainted with the Carpet trade, and have visited our New Store, acknowledge our stock the most varied assortment and best selected on exhibition in the city. The facilities we enjoy for purchasing cheap, and an experience of many years in connection with the largest houses in the country, enables us to present to our lady friends and the public, the cheapest and most select stock of goods in the city.

sept27 3mos STEPHEN LEAHY, 93 Sixth Avenue.

CHEAP FALL DRY GOODS!

Rich dress Silks, Broche and Woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, Woollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

And at the Grand Street Store,

Royal Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Three-ply, and every variety of low-priced Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain materials, Cornices, Shades, &c.

ALL AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES!

Lord & Taylor, 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand street,

oct4 3mos and new numbers 47 and 49 Catharine street.

Men's Furnishing Goods.

84 William Street, corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

GEORGE M. TRACY,

HAS now on hand a choice stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, nearly all of which are made *under his own inspection*, of the choicest fabrics and newest styles. Merchants will find this a desirable place to make their selections. Annexed is a catalogue of some of the articles :

Hosiery and Gloves	Improved Napoleon Ties
Silk Beaufort Ties	Stocks, in great variety
Linen Collars	Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs
Silk Albert Ties	Dressing Robes
Fine Shirts	Travelling Shawls
Cravats and Stocks	Silk Under Shirts and Drawers
Suspenders	Silk and Gingham Umbrellas

His shirts are of superior make and quality, and warranted to fit. Persons wishing goods for their own use will be served at retail as well as wholesale, at the lowest prices. oc4m2

READY-MADE CLOTHING

And Furnishing Establishment.

390 BOWERY,

WEST SIDE, OPPOSITE THE HAY MARKET.

HUGH DOLAN

TAKES leave to apprise his friends and the public generally that he has the above concern with a

New and Select Stock of Goods,

Which will compare favorably with any in the market, and which he offers to his customers at prices which he is confident cannot be beaten in the city. Gentlemen's furnishing goods of every description at the lowest rates.

N. B. Particular attention paid to the making up of custom work. A good fit warranted in all cases.

Remember 390 Bowery, opposite the Hay Market. 3m4oc

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and single counting-room desks, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office desks from 3 to 6 feet, of Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Oak ; cases for books and pigeon holes. Office-chairs, cushions, lounges, and office tables of every description. my17tf

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WM. PERRY,

ANATOMICAL BOOTMAKER AND CHIROPEDIST,

NO. 35 SIXTH AVENUE,

Near Fourth Street.....New-York

DEFORMED or Club feet restored by means of the boots. Walking, riding and Waterproof boots made, however difficult to fit the foot. Repairing done with dispatch.

Corns, bunions, nails of the feet cured permanently and attended to.

dec6m3 WM. PERRY, 35 Sixth Avenue, New-York.

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of Havana Segars, &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 35 Beaver street, New-York.

N. B. Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap26y

Wines and Liquors.

THOMAS RUSSELL,

209 Fulton Street, between Church and Greenwich streets, and across town at 111 Attorney street, corner of Rivington.

THE subscriber begs leave to imform the public, that he has opened the abovee stablishment for the sale of

PURE WINES, BRANDIES, &c.,

with an extensive assortment of

CHOICE CORDIALS,

by wholesale and retail, and would call the attention of buyers to his stock, consisting in part of

FINE COGNAC BRANDY.

The celebrated brand of Leger Freres, a superior article for medicinal purposes.

Pinet Castillon, vintage 1828 and 1842.

Otard, Dupuy & Co., vintages 1836 and 1840.

PORT WINE,

(J. & R. Osborn's Importation,)

COLERAINE AND DUBLIN MALT WHISKEY,

Imported by the subscriber, to which he invites the attention of the connoisseur.

HOLLAND GIN,

Meder Swan, and other favorite brands.

Together with a large assortment of

DUBLIN & LONDON PORTER, SCOTCH ALES,

and a select supply of genuine **Havana Segars,** of various brands.

Particular attention given to orders for families, and goods forwarded to any part of the City, Brooklyn, Jersey, &c. Country Orders, with remittance, immediately attended to.

Having engaged the services of Mr. Thomas Dillon, (late with Archdeacon & O'Conner, Wall street) customers can depend on all orders entrusted to his care being promptly and faithfully attended to.

Parties residing up town can procure the above articles of T. & J. Russell, corner 86th street, and 6th Avenue : T. Russell & Co., corner 4th street and 6th avenue, and at the corners of 18th Street, 8th and 10th Avenues.

CHAS. J. MURPHY,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN

BRANDIES, WINES, GIN, RUM,

IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEY.

Segars, Ale, Porter, Cordials, &c.

Stores, Nos. 1, 4, & 5 Cedar street.

☞ Office, 133 Pearl street, a few doors south from the corner of Wall st., New-York. y6nov

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RICHARD P. KING,

Wholesale Dealer in Wines, Brandies, & Segars,

NO. 51 HARRISON STREET,

And Wholesale and Retail at

NO. 65 VESEY STREET,

3m13dec New-York.

ELIZABETHAN ALE.

MEDICAL men now very generally recommend the occasional use of pure ale to those who are in need of nourishment ; and it is undoubtedly the most wholesome beverage for general use that can be found. This is not a new idea. In Queen Elizabeth's time our ancestors universally consumed it—from Elizabeth herself, in her palace, to the farmer in the field. In those days, adulterated wines and fiery liquors may be said to have been unknown, and very heavy penalties were enacted against using anything except malt and hops in brewing. It is not at all extravagant to assert, that the average duration of the life of a large portion of our race is a third less than it was two or three huudred years ago, and this is chiefly attributable to what we eat and what we drink. Even now the heartiest people that can be found are from the rural districts of England, who yet follow the old fashioned diet.

All who use ale, whether as a beverage or for the purpose of nourishment, will find the Elizabethan Ale most excellent. Being made on the Scotch plan, it is as pure and wholesome, (if not equal in flavor) as the imported, while its cost is but little more than a common article. Families and retailers supplied at 120 WATER STREET, one door above Wall. oc4m8

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Business Notices.

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COWHY'S FALL style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

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AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

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MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

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Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

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possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

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SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

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One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

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THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

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Having been awarded Medals at both the

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As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*,) which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

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JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2. The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856.

European News.

The steamship City of Baltimore, from Liverpool to Philadelphia, brings European news to the 3d inst., which, however, is neither politically nor commercially important.

It was rumored that England had at length agreed with the other Powers to re-assemble the Conference of Paris, and it is said that the Congress will shortly meet at Paris.

There were rumors of disunion in the English ministry.

Geo. B. Matthew, ex-Consul at Philadelphia, who was dismissed for his complicity in the enlistment business, has been appointed Consul at Odessa.

Cotton is reported steady.

Breadstuffs had not materially changed.

The papers announce the sudden death of Dr. Hussey, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford.

There is no French news of importance.

The Madrid correspondence of the *Independence Belge* says that the question of the Cortes is definitely resolved and that Narvaez has yielded to the demands of the Court. The writer anticipates that some concessions will be demanded of Narvaez, which he will make, and then he will fall. The writer also predicts that before six months are over, Spain will be the scene of a bloody revolution, if the Court should persist in its present retrograde course.

Mr. Myers has taken the Spanish government loan.

The London *Post* says that if Russia persists in asking for a Conference it can only result in her confusion and diplomatic defeat, for England, Austria, Sardinia and Turkey, and, we doubt not, also our ally, France, will be prepared to maintain the absolute spirit and meaning, and the very text and letter of the treaty drawn up by an able French diplomatist, and signed with the pen and the quill of the Jardin des Plants. Of the ultimate result we have no fear, though a second conference had the power of altering the text or meaning of the treaty of Paris of March 30—but we maintain that a second conference has no such power, and that a resident Minister cannot vary or alter the general act of a Congress called together for the purpose of making a peace on conditions and terms already discussed, deliberately signed, solemnly ratified, and the terms acceded to and carried into effect by every country except Russia.

The King or Prussia made a speech on the opening of the Chambers, in which he uses the strongest language in relation to enforcing his claims on Neufchatel.

The Marquis of Antonini, late ambassador at Paris, has been summoned to Naples by the King.

The Prussian Minister has received orders to suspend all communications with the Swiss government, and to quit Berne.

The Swiss Federal Council had decided to decline the suggestion of the Emperor Napoleon for the liberation of the Neufchatel prisoners.

The expedition against Persia has failed.

Information has been received in official quarters that an insurrectionary movement broke out on the 22d ult., at several points of the province of Palermo. The government officials had been driven away at every point. A number of the ex-deputies of the Sicilian Parliament of 1848 were at the head of the movement. Troops had been sent against the insurgents, and a number of arrests had been made in the capital. At present the precise bearing of the movement is not ascertained.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Within the last twenty-five years all the principal features of the geography of our vast interior regions have been accurately determined, the great fields of Central Asia have been traversed in various directions, from Bokhara and the Oxus to the Chinese Wall; the half-known river system of South America has been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the Southern Pole has been discovered; the north-western passage, *ignus-fatuus* of nearly two centuries, is, at last, found; the Dead Sea is stripped of its fabulous terrors; the source of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from his keeping. The mountains of the moon, sought for through two thousand years, have been beheld by the Caucasian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chadda to the frontiers of the great kingdom of Bornou, Leichardt and Stuart have penetrated the wilderness of Australia; the Russians have descended from Irkoutst to the mouth of the Amoor; the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked, and are fast tumbling down; and the canvas screens which surround Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise. Such are the principal results of modern exploration. What quarter of a century, since the form of the earth and the boundaries of its land and water were known, can exhibit such a list of achievements.

I am not alone, says a writer in *Dicken's Household Words*, in my partiality for Irish Moss. There was a time when it was a fashionable dish; and it is still, everywhere in France and Great Britain more or less prescribed as food for invalids. The poor of Brighton use it instead of arrow root. The curly and mamal gristles are bleached like linen and cotton, and when dry will keep for years. An amiable and interesting writer—the late Dr. Landsborough—gives a recipe for cooking it, which is found to be excellent from experience:—"When used, a teacup full of it is boiled in water; this water being strained, is boiled with milk and sugar, and seasoning, such as nutmeg, cinnamon, or essence of lemon. It is then put into a shape in which it consolidates like blancmange, and when eaten with cream it is so good that many a sweet-lipped little girl or boy would almost wish to be on the invalid list to get a share of it."

It may not be generally known that any sum can be multiplied by 25, by simply adding two ciphers to the multiplicand (or sum to be multiplied), and then dividing by four. Take, for example, 68 and multiply it by 25; two ciphers being added make 6,800, which sum being divided by four gives the quotient (or answer)—1700. The reason why the amount is thus obtained is as follows:—two ciphers being added to 68, have exactly the same effect on that sum as if it were multiplied by 100, and the sum thus multiplied being divided by 4, gives the fourth part, or amount due to 25. Any sum may also be multiplied by 75 by the same rule in the following manner:—To the sum to be multiplied—say 68—add two ciphers, which make 6,800; divide by 4, which gives 1,700, or fourth part; and the said 1,700, or fourth part, being substracted from the aforesaid 6,800 leaves the remaining three-fourths or amount due to 75.

Mr. Frederick Percival, son of the late Spencer Percival, writing to the "*Press*" says:—"Had I a seat in the Legislature, *so cordially* do I hate all Papists, I would at the beginning of every session place a notice of motion on the votes of Parliament for the repeal of the odious act of 1829, and if the only voter in its favor I would *resolutely* divide against it. I am a Protestant, and as a Protestant I revere and almost to idolatry adore our most gracious Sovereign; but oh, and *absit omen*, if she became a Papist, I for one, and I have no doubt I should be followed by millions, nay, tens of millions, of staunch Protestants, would hoist the standard of rebellion against her. As a Protestant I would lay down my life to save hers. Humanly speaking, there is no salvation for this country except a return to *the High Church and old Tory principles* of my father. *Protestant ascendancy should be our motto.*"

It was generally reported and believed yesterday, says the *Court Journal* of the 28th ult., that there was a split in the cabinet about the provisions of the new Reform Bill, and that if the majority against the Premier do not give way to his lordship's opinions the ministry will be broken up. We thought there was something in the *Globe's* volunteered praises upon Lord John Russell a few evenings ago, and that the attempt of the evening Whig organ to galvanise the noble lord out of his present comatose state means more than met the eye.

On the 9th ult. Mr. James Mansfield, expired at the village of Debden, England, in his eighty-second year. He was an extraordinary character, for, though not above the ordinary height, he was of immense magnitude, measuring nine feet round, and weighing thirty-three stone of 14 lb. When sitting on his chair (made especially for his use, four feet wide,) his abdomen covered his knees, and hung down almost to the ground. When he reclined it was necessary to pack his head to prevent suffocation. He could only lie upon one side.

Dr. Cumming, in a letter to the *Times*, says:—"A paragraph has appeared in most of the newspapers, stating that the Duchess of Athol has been received by Dr. Manning into the Roman Catholic Church. In a more diluted form I read the same statement in several of the Roman Catholic organs also. I have authority for stating that there is no foundation whatever for the report."

It is considered probable that at no distant period the United States may be able to export annually 150 millions of bushels of Indian corn, which would realize about 20 millions sterling, and prove a greater source of wealth than the golden harvest of California.

A series of lectures and amusements for the men during the coming winter have been commenced at Aldershot. The Chaplain-General has given a lecture on "Eminent men who have served in the ranks."

Mr. Albert Smith made his re-appearance on Monday night, at the Egyptian Hall, London. The popular lecturer has made numerous additions to his attractive entertainment of the "Ascent of Mont Blanc."

The *Gazette de France* says, of England: "Let us draw up the visor of this nation, and expose the trader who wanders about the globe disguised as a knight."

The rumor is again current that the King of Denmark intends abdicating, and is desirous to retire with the Countess Danor to Switzerland.

Silver continues to be sent to England from the Continent to meet the Eastern demand.

The fog was so great in London on Sunday morning the 23rd ult., that the gas had to be lighted.

A treaty of commerce has been concluded between France and the Sandwich Islands.

THE DUEL BETWEEN O'CONNELL AND D'ESTERRE.

One of the few links which connected the past period of political agitation with the present time—so remarkable for the almost total absence of any "movement" of which the development of the industrial resources of the country is not the object—says the *Liverpool Journal*—has been severed by the demise of Major N'Namara, of Ennistymon-house, in the county of Clare. Nearly 42 years ago, the gallant Major acted as second to Mr. O'Connell, in his memorable and fatal duel with Lieut. D'Esterre, at the time one of the representatives of the guild of merchants in the old, exclusive Corporation of Dublin. Although *the* Catholic Association, whose organisation and operations were so instrumental in forcing the question of Emancipation upon the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, was not called into existence for some years subsequent to 1815, there yet had been numerous meetings of the Catholics held in Dublin, at which Mr. O'Connell was the principal as well as the most forcible speaker, and in one of his addresses in that year, he referred to the bigotry exhibited by the corporation towards their Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, winding up by calling them the "beggarly corporation," a name which stuck until the passing of the Irish Corporation Reform Bill. D'Esterre, who had been a Lieutenant in the Navy, and who had taken an active part in the suppression of the mutiny at the Nore, took up the cudgels in defence of the corporation, and sent a challenge to O'Connell, and the meeting took place on Wednesday, February 1st, 1815, at four o'clock, p. m., at Bishopscourt, in the county of Kildare. Previous to the opponents taking their ground, Sir Edward Stanley, who acted as second to Mr. D'Esterre, addressed Major M'Namara as follows:—"Well, sir, when each has discharged his case of pistols, I hope the affair will be considered as terminated, and that we leave the ground. Major M'Namara replied, "Sir, you may, of course, take your friend from the ground when you please. You, sir, are the challenger, and you may retire from the ground whenever you think proper; but I shall not enter into any such condition as you propose. However, it is probable there may be no occasion to discharge the whole of a case of pistols." And so it turned out: the principals took their ground, both being represented as displaying "the greatest coolness and courage," and, before the lapse of a minute, both shots were heard. Mr. D'Esterre's missed, but Mr. O'Connell's took effect in the thigh of his antagonist, about an inch below the hip. After spending the interval in considerable agony, Mr. D'Esterre expired at 2 o'clock, p. m., on the Friday following, and on the next day Mr. O'Connell received the subjoined letter from Sir Edward Stanley:—

"Royal Barracks, 4th Feb. 1852.

"Sir—Lest your professional avocations should be interrupted by an apprehension of any proceeding being in contemplation, in consequence of the melancholy event, I have the honor to inform you that there is not the most distant intention of any prosecution whatever on the part of the family or friends of the late Mr. D'Esterre.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient,

Edward Stanley.

Daniel O'Connell, Esq., Merrion-square."

To this communication Mr. O'Connell sent the following reply, in which he expressed his regret at the death of his antagonist—a regret which it is well known to his intimate friends he often gave utterance to in after life. In justice to his memory, it may also be mentioned that he offered to settle an annuity upon Mr. D'Esterre's widow, which that lady refused to accept:—

"Merrion-square, 5th Feb., 1815.

"Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and I beg of you to accept my sincere thanks for your very polite and considerate attention.

"It is to me a mournful consolation to meet such generous sentiments from those who may be afflicted at the late unhappy event. But believe me, my regret at that event is most sincere and unaffected; and, if I know my own heart, I can with the strictest truth assert that no person can feel for the loss society has sustained in the death of Mr. D'Dsterre, with more deep and lasting sorrow than I do.

"Allow me again to thank you, sir, for the courtesy of your letter—a courtesy quite consistent with the gentlemanly demeanor of your entire conduct on this melancholy transaction.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Daniel O'Connell.

Sir Edward Stanley."

The result of this duel was most unexpected by Mr. D'Esterre's friends in the Corporation. From the fact of his being considered a "first-rate shot," it was looked upon as almost a matter of certainty that his rather bulky opponent would not have left the ground in a whole skin; and that he did so, under all the circumstances, whether rightly or not, has been attributed by some to the firmness and decision of his second, the late Major Macnamara.

A HOPEFUL VIEW OF GEN. WALKER'S POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

We clip the following clear and able statement from the *Daily Times* of the 17th inst., to the editor of which journal it was addressed:—

Permit one who has shared largely in the events now distracting Nicaragua to make a few observations on the present state of that unfortunate country.

The accounts of the papers are confirmed in the general outlines of their statements by the most reliable private advices, but the latest letters do not coincide to the same extent in the inference of the press, that Gen. Walker is in a desperate situation. Difficult it is, but not desperate. Without being the eulogist of Gen. Walker, it is not to be admitted that something like two thousand Americans, with rifles in their hands, are to to be exterminated by three or four thousand badly armed and undisciplined men. If, as is stated, the Americans are short of provisions, their enemies are in a still worse condition. It must also be recollected that the Americans occupy the transit, and have on both sides open and prompt steam communication with their rich country and countrymen, who can, if they choose, supply them in ten days with food, clothing and munitions of war to any extent.

The *Tennessee* left—as the curtain often falls on the fictitious drama—at the crisis of the scene, but comparing the latest letters with the verbal accounts of the most trustworthy passengers, we have this summary of the late events.

The allies had concentrated their forces on the Isthmus, with the double view of seizing the treasure *en route* from California, and breaking up the transit. General Hornsby's dashing attack with two hundred men had made a serious impression, but had not dislodged the eight or nine hundred Costa Ricans and Guatemalans fortified at San Juan del Sur, to watch and capture the Californian train.

Virgin Bay, as every one understands, is the Depot of the Transit Company on Lake Nicaragua, and connects with San Juan del Sur on the Pacific, by an excellent macadamized road, of about twelve miles. This road General Hornsby traversed to make a flying assault on the enemy, and feel the strength of his position at San Juan del Sur. He carried the first barricade, and wrote to General Walker that "he could take the place and keep it, if it were not for his orders not to expose Virgin's Bay, and the passengers expected by the *Tennessee* to a repetition of the murderous onslaught perpetrated by the Costa Ricans more than a year since." "As the United States Government does not notice these outrages, and protect its citizens and commerce, we must do it for them." Under these orders Gen. Hornsby returned to Virgin Bay—to protect that end of the land transit, while Gen. Walker himself marched from Granada to San Juan del Sur, and drove out the enemy. Leaving one hundred and seventy-five men to protect San Juan del Sur and communicate with Gen. Hornsby's command at Virgin Bay—thus securing the free transit of the California passengers and treasure—Gen. Walker then returned to Granada with the intention of making that place untenable for the enemy and of concentrating his force on the transit and Rivas.

He established his base line of protection from Lake to Ocean on the 13th of November, and on the 15th we find him forty miles distant, besieging Masaya. On comparing accounts, it would seem that General Walker's object was to dislodge the enemy, and make that place untenable, also; but he only succeeded in part—for after a succession of sharp attacks, continued through three days, he fell back on Granada, to complete the chief feature of his plan. He dispatched the sick and wounded, the women and non-combatants, to the large Island of Ometepe, and after giving due notice to quit to the inhabitants, he embarked on one of the Lake steamers to meet the reinforcements from the United States, known to be on the way up the river to San Carlos.

He left Gen. Henningsen at Granada with 400 men, to destroy the town and bring away the military stores, after the inhabitants had left.

These men, with those stationed on the Transit Line, show an effective force of about 1,200 Americans holding possession of the most commanding points on the Isthmus, without counting the expected reinforcements or the detached and floating parties.

Immediately on the departure of Gen. Walker and his staff, the allies marched into Granada, and as some accounts state, have surrounded Gen. Henningsen in the Church of San Sebastian. How far it may be assumed that Gen. Henningsen was positively in a state of siege, it is impossible to say, as we have no distinct or reliable account beyond the last-known fact, that Gen. Walker had left the city to join his main force, and that Gen. Henningsen had collected his men, munitions, and transportation mules for the march to Rivas. He then occupied the Church of San Sebastian, on a height in an excellent defensive position, and was well supplied with artillery and the necessary munitions of war.

Including the last reinforcements, General Walker must have found himself on landing at Virgin Bay at the head of ten or twelve hundred men, independent of Henningsen's command, and with the means of transporting them by steam in one night to points within a league of Granada, where he could take the allies at disadvantage on flank and rear. It is hardly possible, therefore, to suppose he failed to relieve the Americans in Granada before their condition became desperate.

The California train having already been protected across the Isthmus by his decisive action, and having safely embarked its treasure and passengers on board the New-York steamer, Gen. Walker would be at liberty to throw all his force on Granada, and not only relieve Gen. Henningsen, but bring the war to a close in one decisive battle.

On a careful examination of all the probabilities, I believe this result may be expected with much better reason than we can suppose that a force of two thousand Americans will suffer themselves to be driven from the great Isthmus highway, and yield to their enemies that communication so important to all the States of the Union as well as to Nicaragua.

Yours. AMERICUS.

John P. Heiss addressed the following letter to the *Herald* of the 17th inst.

Walker's Position and Secretary Marcy.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 16, 1856.

A correspondent of the New-York *Sun* of this morning makes merry over the reported reverses of General Walker in Nicaragua, and particularly rejoices in the supposed disappointments of those who are here recognized as his friends. Among the number my name is mentioned, and the assertion is made that "mining grants have been awarded me, to be worked by a company formed in New-York."

This is positively false, as I have neither received, nor have I been promised mining grants, land grants, or grants of any character whatever, by the Rivas or Walker rule in Nicaragua. I visited Nicaragua as an American citizen, satisfied myself of the great value of that beautiful and productive country, and invested money, in hard dollars, in the purchase of property from natives who had a legal title to dispose of the same. Since then I have sustained General Walker, because I knew his motives to be just; and when a question arises between American progress and savage despotism, I trust I shall always be found on the American side.

The allusion that the "malicious Marcy will enjoy the prostration" of the cause in Nicaragua, and myself with it, may be very consoling to the *Sun's* correspondent; but if the "malicious Marcy" enjoyed the murders committed upon unarmed American citizens at Virgin Bay, on the 11th of April last, I did not. If the "malicious Marcy" received with pleasure the information that an American minister of the gospel, and defenceless men, women and children were butchered in cold blood by the combined forces of Guatemala and San Salvador, (who carried on their banners, "death to all North Americans,") at Granada, on the 11th of October, I would rather be the disappointed J. P. Heiss than the happy "malicious Marcy;" and if the latter can also enjoy in the "prostration of the Nicaragua cause," the massacre of 250 women, children and wounded American soldiers on the Island of "Ometepe" by the savages of Central America, he is entitled to all the benefits of the same—but as an American at heart and in principle, my sympathies are of a character directly opposite. If the "malicious Marcy" can say to the friends of Nicaragua, "Americans have no business in that country," I cannot agree with him. I believe that Americans have a right to emigrate to any soil in the universe, and when on that soil they are entitled to the sympathies of their countrymen.

When the American government sympathizes with the despotic savages of Guatemala, San Salvador and Costa Rica, against our own countrymen, I trust that I shall not fail to prove true to my American nature in the cause of humanity, but aid, to the extent of my power and influence, the cause of American progress.

If Walker had been driven out of Nicaragua by Nicaraguans, no American could have complained; but can an American at heart witness a combination of all the Central American savages against him and his brave followers without boldly coming up to his defence, notwithstanding his enemies may have the sympathies of the "malicious Marcy."

General Walker would never have had any difficulty with the natives of Nicaragua if it had not been for the invasion of the neighboring States. This was encouraged at first by the refusal of the United States government to recognize Nicaragua. If it had been left entirely with the natives of that republic to have decided upon, they would have sustained General Walker's rule, and Nicaragua would now have been prosperous and happy.

It is true that the position of General Walker may appear critical; but his present situation has been brought about by his endeavors to *protect the lives and property of American citizens on the Transit route to California*—a sacred duty which our own government has failed to perform. But notwithstanding these apparent reverses, I still have the greatest confidence in Walker's success, and the complete overthrow of his savage enemies. His enemies in this country I will leave under the especial protection of the "malicious Marcy" and the correspondent of the New York *Sun*. JOHN P. HEISS.

City News.

THE EMMET LIFE GUARD BALL, comes off on the 29th inst. at the City Assembly Rooms.

Capt. Lynch and his assistants of the *Guard* are so earnest and untiring in their exertions that it can't fail to be a brilliant success.

In a rich and varied assortment of Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths and Mattings, the *Houses* on the Bowery and Sixth Avenue rival the most extensive establishments in that trade on Broadway. In the Bowery, the store of Arthur Donnelly, and in the Sixth Avenue that of Stephen Leahy, is admirably stocked.

Mrs. Luby announces "*Assemblies*," on every other Wednesday evening during the season, at her Dancing Academy, 275 Bleecker street. The one that came off on the 17th inst. was a truly joyous re-union.

MR. L. SHORT, the polite and efficient Treasurer of the famed *Buckley's Serenaders*, announces his Benefit to take place on Friday evening the 26th inst. He should have an over-flowing house.

There are now seven churches of the Unitarian order in the city and vicinity, while a few years since there were but two societies. There are two in New-York, viz: Rev. Dr. Bellow's and Rev. Dr. Osgood's; three in Brooklyn, (one being in Williamsburg,) of which Rev. John Pierpont, Rev. Dr. Farley, and Rev. Mr. Longfellow are pastors; one at Staten Island, of which Rev. Mr. Parkman is pastor; and one at Jersey City, of which Rev. Mr. Frothingham is minister. The two former have splendid churches, with large and influential congregations in the city, viz: "Church of all Souls," and "Church of the Messiah." The "Church of the Saviour," of Brooklyn, (First Church,) own a fine edifice; and the churches of Staten Island and Jersey City have each comfortable edifices. The Second Church of Brooklyn contemplate building an inexpensive chapel ere long, and the Third Church (at Williamsburg is increasing in numbers and interest. We learn that preliminary steps have been taken for the organization of a Fourth Church in South Brooklyn, and a considerable sum is already received for a suitable building.

From present appearances the Adriatic will be able to make her trial trip immediately after New Year's. She has all her machinery and a large quantity of coal on board. Steam has been applied, and the wheels revolved with a force sufficient almost to drag the pier itself from its foundation. She will be the best modeled, the strongest, and most powerful steamship afloat, and we predict will beat the Persia before making three trips.

The *Post* understands "that an expedition is fitting out for Nicaragua in this city, and that 500 men are enlisted, or to be enlisted in it. They are mostly people of Irish birth or descent. The immediate destination of the expedition is Omoa, in Honduras, where they will land and then proceed to join Walker." We have not understood that more than one-half that number are so anxious to die of cholera.

The Chamber of Commerce have adopted a memorial praying Congress to make an appropriation for the removal of Hell-gate, Diamond and Coenties Reefs.

American News.

Mr. De Bow, in his compendium of the census, gives the value of the agricultural productions of the United States in 1850 as $1,320,691,326, and states that in 1854 it had increased to $1,600,000,000. The total tonnage of the United States in 1855 was 5,212,000; of which 2,535,136 tons consisted of seagoing vessels. The internal commerce of the country, in 1852, is thus stated by Andrews:—

Coasting trade	$3,319,439,372
Canal commerce	1,188,000,000
Railway commerce	1,081,500,000

The product of manufactures and mechanics, for 1855, it is estimated by competent authorities, will approach the value of $1,500,000; and the products of the seas, including fisheries, freights, transportation, etc., $1,200,000,000. In addition to the immense capital invested in commerce and manufactures in the United States, there is either improved, or under actual cultivation, not less than 113,032,614 acres of land. Within the last twenty-five years nearly $800,000,000 have been invested in railroads alone, and corresponding sums have been expended in other forms of internal improvements—ordinary roads, canals, improving the channels of rivers, harbors, &c.

The New-York *Atlas* craves attention to the following significant political facts:—Fillmore lost his own state, New-York; Donelson lost Tennessee, and now (as General Walker elegantly expressed it) the "amber of Gen. Jackson's greatness" alone preserves him from oblivion; Dayton lost New Jersey, and Fremont lost California. On the other hand, Buchanan recovered Pennsylvania for the democracy; and Breckinridge gloriously redeemed Kentucky from Know-Nothingism. The Presidential Electors of Maryland met at Annapolis, according to law, and gave eight votes for Fillmore. This is the number of American citizens killed in the election riots at Baltimore, by the Know-Nothings. A dead man for every vote, and every vote for a dead man!

A telegraph despatch from Louisville of the 15th inst. states that the *Courier* of that city says that on Saturday morning the Rev. Mr. Anderson, a preacher of the Methodist Church of the North, and chief of the Abolitionists of Madison, Indiana, was captured while on board the steamer Telegraph, and his carpet-bag taken from him. His carpet-bag was found to be filled with incendiary documents, proving that he had been engaged in running off slaves from the neighborhood of Carrollton. The papers found in his possession also implicate many distinguished Northerners. He was taken yesterday by the steamer Superior to Carrollton, where $600 had been offered for his capture and arrest.

John Mitchel says:—"The warlike hunters of the county of Blunt, (amongst whom he resides in Tennessee,) have had no idea until his recent settlement among them, that the British government survived the charge by which their fathers drove the red coats over their native mountains, and had positively imagined that Andrew Jackson made a full end of British power for ever; but since they find there are still more British regiments in existence, they are at sharper practice with their rifles, with which already they were so expert as to shoot a squirrel in the eye at one hundred yards." Depend upon it, says the *Day Book*, their rifles will be needed before the haughty aristocracy of Great Britain give up their warfare upon Democratic institutions.

The Albany *Transcript* gives an account of the operations of some ingenious villain in that city, who is filling his pockets by pretending to sell, but not actually selling, counterfeit coin. It seems that, having first baited with a circular, he sends *good* coin to the applicants at his shop, who, having bought a small lot and found it to pass without objection, send $50 or $100 for a larger supply, which he coolly pockets and shuts down the gate, leaving his fellow-knaves to whistle for their enemy!

Canadian papers give warning against two new and very ingenious counterfeits on Canadian banks. One is a note of the Bank of Upper Canada, altered from one to ten dollars, by an ingenious process. The other is a still more dangerous fraud, being a capitally executed $10 note on the Commercial Bank of Canada. This requires the shrewdest investigation to discover the deception.

The Alexandria, Va., *Gazette* announces the death of Gen. John G. Chapman, of Charles county, Maryland. He was one of the most estimable citizens of Maryland, had filled with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the people several important offices, and had represented his district in Congress.

Edgar M. Garnell, of Virginia, has been appointed assistant clerk in the Court of Claims, at a salary of $2,000 per annum.

The message of John Ross, President of the Cherokee Nation, represents the affairs of the Nation as in a prosperous condition. Civilization is progressing steadily, and religion and education receive marked attention. He represents the urgent necessity for providing for the payment of the national debt, and an increase of the school fund, and recommends as a means of accomplishing these objects, a retrocession of the neutral land. Respecting the complaints against persons connected with the American Board of Missions, of tampering with the slaves, he says, slavery being recognized by the laws of the Nation, is entitled to protection, and the agitation and disturbance of it by citizens of the United States is wholly unwarrantable.

A party hunting in Angelina county, Texas, found in a cave two human bodies completely petrified, dressed in a style neither Indian nor European. The features and dress were admirably preserved. A garment which must have resembled a hunting shirt, seemed to have been worn by each, and partly preserved by petrifaction, was distinctly visible, especially at its seams and folds. On the waist of one was a buckle of pure gold, almost three inches in diameter, securely imbedded in the body. The features were not much shrunken; the eyes were partly closed and even traces of the eyebrows could be seen plainly.

Lieut. D. D. Porter, commanding U. S. storeship Supply, writes to the War Department, on the 14th ult., from Smyrna, that he would sail for the United States on the 15th (the next day,) and expected to reach the mouth of the Mississippi by the 29th of January—there to turn over his cargo of camels to an officer of the War Department, prepared with a steamer to receive them and take them to Texas. Lieut. Porter had on board the Supply forty four camels—six of which were presented to the government by the Sultan; the remainder were purchased by Lieut. P.

In a company of fifty-five United States soldiers, it was ascertained that the enlistment of nine-tenths of them was from some female difficulty; thirteen of them had changed their names, and forty-three of them were either drunk or partially so, at the time of their enlistment.

Mrs. Mary E. Carter, who died a few days since in Albemarle county, Va., liberated a slave woman, thirty-twe years of age, and left her $200 per annum as a support. It now appears that the woman, having to go North if she accepts her liberty, positively declined, and preferred remaining a slave.

The Newark, N. J., *Mercury* relates a case of a boy, about twelve or fourteen years of age, who is kept at work at one of the factories of that city from 7 A. M. till 10 P. M., for which he receives $1 50 per week! The *Mercury* adds that this is "but one case of several in the same establishment."

A proposition is before the Legislature of South Carolina looking to the draining of large tracts of land in the middle and lower portions of that State. Millions of acres of rich lands are now overflowed by water, or in such condition as to be comparatively valueless.

Gen. Harney has suspended hostilities against the Seminole Indians in Florida until he communicates the intentions of government to them. At Tallahassee it was believed the war would be concluded by negotiation.

The people of Saratoga Springs are talking of applying for an amendment of their village charter, and perhaps, for a city charter, this winter.

Albert Pike of Arkansas, has received a fee of $160,000 in an important law-suit. Since that time he has announced his intention of retiring from the bar altogether, as his fortune is now sufficient to enable him to live at ease.

Judge Wayne, of Georgia, has so far recovered from the attack of paralysis he had in Raleigh as to proceed to Washington, and resume his duties as Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is stated the Supreme Court of North Carolina has confirmed the decision of Judge Manly that members of the Universalist Church are incompetent to testify in courts of justice according to the laws of that State.

A small pocket telegraph apparatus has been invented, not larger than a tobacco box, which can be attached to the wire at any point along the line, at the instant, and a message sent as desired.

General John J. Chapman, an eminent Marylander, and President of the National Whig Convention of 1852, died in Charles county on the 20th ult.

An effort is making in Rome, Georgia, to organize a company to engage largely in the production of iron from the ore, establish rolling mills, &c.

The Post Office at Huntsville, Paulding county, Georgia, has been discontinued, and mail matter will hereafter be directed to Stilesboro', Cass county.

In order to give variety and vigor to the Nebraska *News*, the editor says he has "gone up the river, and will frequently leave for a week or two."

Divorce cases have constituted the principal business of the Supreme Court now in session at Salem, Mass., and more than half the applications come from "California widows."

The *Pennsylvanian* reports that the Hon. Caleb Cushing intends to remain in Washington after the close of the present administration to practise his profession.

The roofs of several houses in the city of Louisville, and of the large mill on the Falls, were blown off during a gale on the 22d ult.

Maj. Louis Galley died in New Orleans on the 2d inst., after a painful illness. He was a native of France, and served in many of Napoleon's campaigns, ending with Waterloo.

Hon. Gabriel Canon has been chosen Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina.

A daily line of stages has been established between St. Paul and Dubuque via Cannon Falls and Decorah.

The Secretary of the Treasury has decided to construct the Marine Hospital at New Orleans, of iron.

Mr. Henry has patented a process for making cotton into yarn on the plantations, at little expense.

They have six inches of snow in the Wisconsin River Pineries.

A son of General Charles T. James, U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, was drowned on the 10th inst. while skating.

George N. Sanders was in Cincinnati on the 14th inst., on his way to his old home in Kentucky.

Dr. George H. Oliver, for two years a surgeon in the Russian army, has just returned to Boston.

Irish News.

The annual election of Aldermen and Town Councillors for the City of Dublin was held on the 25th ult. Annexed is the return :—South Dock Ward—Alderman Kinahan, Mr. Boyce, T. C. Trinity Ward—Alderman Rooney and Mr. Barlow. South City Ward—The return of Sir T. O'Brien, Bart., as Alderman, was opposed by Mr. W. Fry, who was elected by a majority of 17; Mr. Acheson was elected Town Councillor without opposition. Royal Exchange Ward—Alderman Chambers, by a majority of 135 over Mr. Taggart; as Town Councillor, Mr. Chambers, by a majority of 84 over Mr. Kelly. Mansion House Ward—Alderman Denis Moylan, J. P.; Town Councillor, John L. Wharton. Fitzwilliam Ward—Alderman B. B. Smith; Town Councillor John Ousley Bonsall. Woodquay Ward—Alderman Roe; Town Councillor, Philip Taggart (deputed as a candidate for the Aldermanship of Royal Exchange Ward). Merchants'-quay Ward—Alderman John Reynolds and Mr. John O'Neill were re-elected. Usher's-quay Ward—Mr. N. J. Lalor, T. C., was returned without opposition. Arran-quay Ward—Mr. Jameson, T. C. Inns-quay Ward—Mr. J. Scully, T. C. North City Ward—Mr. R. Kelly, T.C. Rotundo Ward—Mr. Thomas Vance, T. C. Mountjoy Ward—The return of Mr. Thomas Hatton, T. C., D. L., was opposed by Mr. F. Byrne. The numbers at the close were—For Mr. Hatton, 206; Mr. Byrne, 87. North Dock Ward—Mr. John Classon, the outgoing Town Councillor, was opposed by Mr. J. French. The numbers were—For Mr. French 130; Mr. Classon, 59.

From the report for the ten months ending 31st October, says the Belfast *Mercury*, it appears that the tonnage entering the port during that period this year was 645,256, which compared with the amount for the same period last year, shows an increase of 26,230 tons. The arrivals of Irish sailing-vessels, and cross-channel vessels have greatly fallen off, the decrease being 23,319 tons on the former, and 14,972 tons on the latter; there is an increase of 9,168 tons on vessels engaged in the foreign trade, and of 45,553 tons on the steamers. The revenue of the port exhibits an increase of £1,036, or about £1,209 on the whole year as compared with that of 1855. It is to be regretted that the great bulk of our exports to America, should be sent through Liverpool, Glasgow, and other ports.

A Loughrea correspondent of *Saunders's News-Letter* states that one of the houses out of which the tenantry were evicted on the Dartfield property, was set on fire and totally destroyed. Another correspondent gives an account of an attempt to destroy, by fire, the dwelling house, out-offices, and haggard of Mr. Corcoran, an extensive farmer residing at Breaghmore, in the King's County. Fortunately the flames were subdued before any extensive damage was done.

H. M. paddle sloop-of-war *Driver*, six guns, 280 horse power, Commander Alan H. Gardner, says the Waterford *News* of the 22d ult., arrived at this port at an early hour on Sunday morning, from Queenstown, and is now anchored opposite the Adelphi, in the middle of the river. The *Driver* has nearly 200 men on board, all told. During the war she belonged to the Baltic fleet, and was the first steamer that circumnavigated the globe.

Lord Fermoy, in addition to having the patronage of appointing clerks of the peace, deputy-lieutenants, and magistrates of the county and city of Cork, is by virtue of his office Colonel-in-chief of the Royal Cork Militia, North Cork Rifles, South Cork Rifles, North Cork Militia, South Cork and West Cork Artillery; and the appointment of the officers to these corps rests with his lordship.

The locality between Clonmel and Caher was the scene of several robberies a few weeks since, in one of which a man named Hickey was plundered of ten pounds. The depredators are said to be ex-militia men, and are reported to have been equipped with cross belts and armed with muskets.

At a recent meeting of the Kilmacthomas Poor Law Guardians the resolution reducing Dr. Greene's salary was rescinded by a majority of six to four. Dr. Greene is the medical officer of the Union, and £70 a year is all he is paid.

Michael Ahearn, an old piper, quite blind, with a fine little boy, not long since, applied for relief to the Clonmel Board of Guardians. With a bundle on his back, and a stick in each hand, this hapless son of Orpheus presented a most ludicrous figure in the room, and the appeal which he made to the guardians to provide him with a "Chanter," and thus save the union the expense of his support, excited much glee.

Mr. Cantwell—Let poor Mick in; if he could help it he would not come here.

Applicant—Success to you, Mr. Tom, and if I had my ould chanter I'd give ye all a tune (laughter).

Chairman—I am afraid, Mick, that is not the same boy you had here before.

Applicant—Oh, by the piper of Blessington, but it is; and though I cannot see you, I know you are fond of a jig (laughter). But will ye try, for the sake of old Carolan, and make me out an old chanter, and I will quit out of this street in a jiffey. Ah! it is a queer place to keep a musical janius (renewed laughter). Provide me a good pair of pipes and if I don't show ye fun, if ye are in humor for dancing, and I know ye are, God bless ye (laughter), there is not a shaver in Cork, I am certain (more laughter).

Mr. Daniel—Are you a Clonmel boy, Mr. piper?

Applicant—Wisha, indeed, I am, and my father danced to the "Wearing of the Green" before you were born.

Mr. Cantwell—We are sure you won't stay long with us here if we provide you with what you want, Mick.

Applicant—Be sure of it, my darling.

Mr. Cantwell—Mr. Murphy, try and make him out the pipes as soon as you can.

Master—I will, and till then I will lend him a flute (laughter).

The funny piper then withdrew.

At the recent cattle fair of Drogheda heifers a year and a half old sold from £6 to £7 per head, and those of a particular nice quality, in some instances, higher. Springers and milkers were scarce, and very dear.

The Maryborough Town Commissioners have obtained a patent to hold Twelve Yearly Fairs in the Town of Maryborough, on the 1st January, 24th February, 25th March, 14th April, 12th May, 5th June, 5th July, 5th Aug., 4th Sept., 23d Oct., 13th Nov., 4th Dec.

Fifty sovereigns have been presented by the High Sheriff of Cork to Head Constable Crowley, in acknowledgment of his services to the city in breaking up a formidable band of burglars by his vigilance and sagacity.

A correspondent of the Clonmel *Chronicle*, reporting the last hunt of the Marquis of Waterford's fox hounds at Mullinavat, says :—"At the hour appointed the sportsmen from the counties of Kilkenny, Waterford and Tipperary, began to arrive, and five minutes past eleven o'clock, the Most Noble the Marquis of Waterford, drove up in his phæton, accompanied by many of his hunting friends. His lordship mounted a magnificent bay horse, which he purchased for the sum of 400 guineas. On the word being given, the huntsman—Johnny Ryan—trotted off for the well-known cover of Killeen, the property of John Jones. Esq., Mullinabro, a strict preserver of foxes. The hounds were thrown in, and immediately was heard the joyful cry of 'he's found,' from Captain Jephson, when a brace of foxes went away, but unfortunately got on a cub, who ran a ring, and back to the cover again. At this moment the whistle of the train from Kilkenny to Waterford was heard; the noble master gave the word to stop the hounds, every person anxiously awaiting the absence of the disturber of this sport. When all danger was over, the hounds once more dashed at their game, and away went as fine a fox as ever broke cover, the pack close at him. Away they went, racing—pointing towards Mullinavat—then across the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway, which presented a very strong obstruction; some were fortunate enough to get over quickly; others not so. Reynard then went for the old cover of Ballymooney. At this time the pace was terrific—heads up and sterns down; then taking the mountain, the gallant pack, close at hand, ran him to the ground at Colnahaw. Time—38 minutes without hesitation. The only person up at the finish, and who rode the run from beginning to end, in his accustomed brilliant style, was Henry Brisco, Esq., Thivane, mounted on a thorough-bred black mare. Every one who was fortunate enough to see the run through at a long distance, was highly pleased, at the same time envying the person who was able to live with hounds, flying as they were. The distance from point to point, as the crow flies, was eight miles."

The best run, says the Dublin *Freeman*, that the oldest inhabitant remembers, took place with the Ward stag hounds, the 22d ult. They commenced at the Ward Union, Phidolph, near Kilrue, at ten minutes after one P. M., ran to within a mile and a half of the town of Trim, and finished at Culmullen, the pace throughout being unparalleled in the annals of hunting. Out of the field numbering more than one hundred, but a very few lived to tell the tale—namely, Charles Bindley, the Huntsman, Captain Stoddart, on his gray mare, Mr. Martin Kelly, of Donaymoor, riding his celebrated brown horse, one of the Mr. Ennis's of the Naule, Mr. Gustavus Frederick Hamilton, of the Guards, and two other gentlemen, who would prefer, perhaps, not seeing their names in print. The master of the hounds rode throughout this desperate run, as he always does, with others, who, although not absolutely going to finish, still made a gallant fight for it. The casualties were numerous, as might be fairly expected in so gallant a stag chase, an ugly one occurring to an English gentleman, one of the best sportsmen and hardest riders out, of which the least said the better, as it is not by any means unlikely he will be all right and going well to his hounds ere this day week. It is but fair to state that Mr. Tyrrell, of Strokestown, a sporting gentleman farmer, riding a gray horse, was amongst the select few who went well all through, and declined a stiff price for his nag on the way home.

Speaking of the linen trade, the *Banner of Ulster* says :—"The excitement created in the United States on the subject of the Presidential election having come to an end, the people on the other side of the Atlantic will now cool down to the quiet habits of business. We may anticipate a very full amount of transactions with those customers for the spring trade. Demand for eight-quarter sheetings has considerably improved, and markets are generally bare of that class of linens. Brown markets were well supplied with goods all the week. Weavers and drapers push on production to its fullest extent, and the rates of wages earned by energetic hands being above the average, give great spirit to the operatives. Lurgan was well attended by buyers on Thursday, and large quantities of goods found a fair market. Damasks continue to occupy a good share of public attention, and several makers of that variety of the fancy goods are extending their operations. Yarns are quiet. The famine prices for money have had a most injurious effect on the yarn market. Top qualities of warps sell at extreme rates. Some parcels of 100 lea were taken yesterday at 7s. 6d. per bundle. Flax is unchanged in prices; medium and fine ranges of the fibre sell at full rates; coarse parcels a shade lower.

The *Tuam Herald* informs us that Sergeants Goggins and Hanlon of the 88th Regiment were entertained to a banquet in Daley's Hotel, given by a large number of the townspeople who were anxious to testify their regard and pay a tribute of welcome to two natives of Tuam who had distinguished themselves in the most conspicuous manner during the sanguinary and dreadful campaign of the Crimean war. Both had taken part in the memorable battles of Alma and Inkermann, and in the storming of the Redan, and were present, without intermission, throughout the whole siege of Sebastopol. From the very first shot fired in the Crimea till its evacuation by the allied armies, the brave Connaught Rangers were always to be found playing a gallant and distinguished part; and, accordingly, on the safe return home of two members of the regiment, their fellow citizens availed themselves of the earliest opportunity to pay them this marked compliment as a tribute of their personal esteem. Upwards of eighty were present. The chair was occupied by Wm. Gannon, Esq., T.C., and the vice chair by P. T. Burke, Esq., T.C.

The remains of this much lamented lady, (Mrs. Phelps), says the *Limerick Observer*, arrived here from Rome on Friday last, by the night train from Dublin, and were conveyed to Plassy, where the Roman coffin, containing the body, was placed in a splendid mahogany sarcophagus, richly ornamented, on the plate of which was engraved :—"Georgina Phelps, died at Rome, November 4, 1856, aged 21 years." The funeral was numerously attended by the gentry of the neighborhood, and the remains were placed in the Maunsell family vault, St. John's. An impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. John Elmes, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Willis.

The Waterford papers state that the *Malakoff*, during some of her late trips from the port of Waterford, had on board dead pigs and dead sheep, packed in crates, and fit for the butcher's stall sent by parties in the county Tipperary for the London market. The transit of this meat from Cahir to London, via. Waterford, has occupied about thirty-six hours.

The Lord Chancellor has been pleased to appoint George A. Darnell, Esq., of Ballyartney, to the commission of the peace for the county of Clare on the recommendation of the Rt. Hon. Lord Inchiquin, Lord Lieutenant of the county, and brother of Smith O'Brien.

The Chief Secretary of Ireland, Mr. Horsman, has addressed a letter to Mr. Daniel Cullen, T.C., Limerick, intimating that the Lords Justices of the Privy Council have sanctioned a bye-law prohibiting the use of nets between the railway bridge and the weir at Curragower mill from the first of June in each year to the 11th of the following February. The effect of the bye-law will be to diminish considerably the means of support of several families in the North Strand, who mainly depend on fishing in the waters of the Shannon for their maintenance.

Edmond J. Synan, Esq., Barrister, Fedamore House, has subscribed 1*l.* towards the Library and Schools of the Young Men's Society, in Limerick; Patrick Sheahan, Esq, George street, 1*l.*; a Protestant merchant, 1*l.*; Mr. Wm. Mulcahy, Clonmacken, 1*l.*; Mr. John Organ, Newroad, 1*l.*; Mr. Patrick Hannan, Thomondgate, 1*l.*; David Garvey, Esq., T. C., 10s.; Denis Ryan, Esq., Broad street, 10s; Anonymous, 10s; Mr. James O'Halloran, Knock, 10s; Mr. Thomas Gleeson, Coonagh, 10s; Mr. Mathew Grimes, 10s.

The Committee of the Cork Athenæum held the first of their "Saturday Evening Musical Promenades" on the 22d ult., which proved very successful, as far as musical talent and ability are concerned; but, owing to the high charges, there were but few of the working people present. The committee have since resolved to reduce the charges for admittance to a small sum, which will be a great boon to the working classes.

On the 21st ult., a fire broke out in the premises of the back shop of Mr. T. G. Nairn, George's street, Limerick, which at first created considerable alarm; but the prompt assistance of a large body of police, under Major Caldwell, county inspector, and Mr. M'Leod, subdued the flames without any considerable injury to the property.

In the West Ward, Waterford, James Butler Hughes was elected town councillor in room of Mr. John Kenny, raised to the office of alderman. It is rumored that this young gentleman will be a candidate for the office of mayor for the ensuing year.

On the evening of the 28th ult., some soldiers of the 39th had a quarrel with some others of the 17th in a whiskey shop in Boherbuoy, Limerick, when a street fight ensued. The 17th were roughly handled by the 39th, and two of them, it is said, would have been killed were it not for the prompt interference of Constable Doyle and his party.

The Belfast papers announce the death of Mr. John Lamb, a gentleman long and honorably known in the commercial world. Mr. Lamb was a member of the Society of Friends, and the eldest son of the late J. Lamb, of Pear Tree Hill, Maize, near Lisburn.

The Cork *Reporter* records the demise, after a protracted illness, of the Rev. Michael Begley, P. P., on the 19th ult., at his residence, Springmount. The deceased clergyman was much respected by his parishioners, and by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The Right Hon. Colonel and Lady Louisa Tighe, have been receiving a distinguished circle of visitors, amongst whom were the Earl and Countess of Besborough, Lady Dover and the Hon. Captain Ellis, Lord St. Lawrence, &c.

A beautiful statue of the Madonna, bearing the Infant Saviour, has just been received at the Loretto Abbey, Gorey, from Paris—the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Ram to the Community of that splendid and useful Institution.

The Christian Brothers in Limerick, acknowledge the receipt of 10*l.* from the Very Rev. Dean Coll, P. P., Newcastle, to be applied to the clothing of the poor children attending their schools.

A well known character in Limerick, named Paddy Higgins, being pursued by Constable Nash, who had a warrant for his arrest rushed into the Shannon, and swam to the Clare side, and thus made his escape.

It is supposed that one of the men, John Murphy, implicated in the murder at the Lunatic Asylum, Clonmel, and who made his escape from the hands of the officers of justice, and fled, it has been said, to Dungarvan, has been arrested in that town.

A poor man, named Michael Duffy, who was for many years driver of the mail which runs from Carlow to New Ross, suddenly dropped dead, while laughing at some witty remark he had made.

Miss Bagot, daughter of Francis Bagot, Esq., of Ardfinan, has received the white veil at the Presentation Convent, Clonmel.

Head Constable Carrott, county Cork, has been permitted to retire on full pay of £60 per annum, after a long and honorable service of 31 years.

The total number of persons in the Workhouse of Wexford on the 22d of November was 567, and during the corresponding period of last year, 695.

A young lady who carries on an extensive business in Rathkeale, as grocer and spirit dealer, was robbed a short time since at the Limerick railway terminus, of £25.

On Tuesday the Earl and Countess of Cork, about two weeks ago, passed through Cork for Trabolgan, the residence of Lord Fermoy, whose guests they will be for a short period.

The parties in Nenagh on whom the 17th Lancers were billetted after the late militia fracas there have received 6d. per man per week.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, the eminent tragedian, who has won so many golden opinions by his clever impersonation of "Richelieu," is drawing immense houses at Belfast.

Mr. William Donnelly, officer of Inland Revenue, has been removed by order of the Commissioners from Bandon to Westport on promotion.

The tenants on Raheens, in the county Limerick, on hearing that Counsellor Ferguson was the purchaser, testified their delight by bonfires and illuminations.

The loss of the *Mary Macklin*, run down by the *Mangerton*, off Queenstown, laden with Indian corn, is said to be near 2,000*l.*

The Municipal elections for the city of Limerick, have resulted in the triumph of the liberal party.

The tails of several herds of cattle have been cut off, on the land of Coonogue, county Wexford, by some malicious persons.

Doctor Howlett has been elected physician to the Houghton Fever Hospital, Co. Wexford.

Loftus H. Bland, Esq., Q. C., and M. P., has been sworn in a Magistrate for the Counties of Dublin and Wicklow.

The half-yearly meeting of the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland was held in Dublin on the 26th November, at twelve o'clock.

THE IRISH PRESS ON JAMES BUCHANAN'S ELECTION.

From the Waterford Chronicle.

Buchanan has been elected President of the great Republic by a majority of 60 votes. This gives the death-stroke to the declinining power of American "Know-Nothingism," and leaves the old Democratic party at the head of the Republic. The *Times*, and many other of the principal English journals, are wroth at this. They would perhaps prefer seeing Fillmore or Fremont in the ascendant. One to persecute and proscribe the foreigner; the other to pass a code of laws that would inevitably separate the popular sovereignty into two great segments. Once separated, there would never again be national co-operation, and without co-operation, neither would there be power. England would rejoice at this, for with a deep, settled, latent chronic hate, these two great nations do hate each other.

England dreads the growing power of the States, and America, with feverish dislike, watches the "Foreign Intervention" of England. 'Tis the way—tendency and idiosyncratic bent of England to busy itself with the business of other States, and the current of American opinion sets right against this influx of foreign meddling. It is ever present to their minds, and on their tongue-tips, and history never named a race so jealous of interference with their national domain, moral and physical, as the Americans are. It is singular that the American people should have selected for the Presidency that man who was most censured by the English press, and denounced by the *Dublin Evening Mail* on account of his own antecedents and political principles, and that they should have rejected the two men who had the opinion of England and the Irish conservative journals in their favor.

We are happy to observe that the Irish Priests, Press, and People sided, universally and energetically, with Buchanan, and thus again had a strong hand in saving to the American people the threatened Constitution of their country. The new President is a high-hearted, clear-headed man. He has a patience, a resolute will, and a fine breadth of conception. Under his sway we look for peace, the spread of knowledge, and the continued growth of that ramificating commerce which has made America what her energetic sons are justly proud of.

From the Waterford News.

The last accounts from the United States bring the gratifying news, as we anticipated, of the election of James Buchanan to fill the proudest position in the world, President of the United States—the choice of out-spoken millions. We delight at this triumph of the Democratic principle on which the constitution is founded, over the disordered and brutal rowdyism of Know-Nothing infidelity; and we are sure every true Irishman at home will rejoice with us, as we know every Irishman in the United States, who has attained the proud position of citizenship, recorded his vote for James Buchanan, feeling that his election meant the preservation of the union of the States.

It is worthy of remark how this election has belied the inclinings and predictions of the press of New-York and London. Fremont, the Know-Nothing and disunionist, is said to be the richest man in the world, and the shining ore has a wonderful effect, it is said, on New-York daily journalism; and in London, the desire to frustrate and break up the onward march of the Republic, now surpassing England in everything, has called forth an amount of scurrility for which the London daily papers are *excelsior*. Mr. Buchanan's independence, too, whilst representative of the United States in England, created a hostile feeling towards him there, and is another cause to which his vilification may be attributed. He will soon have the power of resentment, but we trust he may use it temperately.

The offices of President and Vice-President are the only ones in the United States which the constitution prohibits a foreigner from holding, but the present election has elevated a man as near as possible to an Irishman, viz., the son of an Irishman, from the north of Ireland, like the father of the celebrated disunionist John C. Calhoun.

ANCESTRY OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

An Irish paper, the *Londonderry Standard*, gives the following account of the ancestry of the President elect.

James Buchanan is now President of the United States, and a brief notice of his historical lineage may not be uninteresting to some of our readers. The Clan Buchanan, though located in the Highlands of Scotland since the tenth century, derives its origin from the O'Kanes of County Derry, according to its oldest archives and traditions, as published in the year 1723, by William Buchanan, of Auchmar, under the title of "An Historical and Genealogical Essay upon the Family and Surname of Buchanan." This volume was reprinted at Edinburgh, in 1775, and it contains the accredited history of the sept, as drawn up by one of its chiefs from documentary and other sources.

The story is briefly this—Aslan Buidhe O'Kane was one of the Irish youths who, in the habit of ladies, had attended the celebrated banquet given by Turgesius, the Danish general, to his officers, and who, with concealed daggers under their dresses, dispatched their brutal enemies when the latter imagined they had in prospect only scenes of drunken licentiousness. When the Danes recovered from the surprise into which they had been thrown by the slaughter of their leaders, they inflicted terrible revenge upon the native Irish, and Aslan O'Kane, with a small band of attendants, passed over to the north of Argyleshire, near the Lennox, where he settled, and soon afterwards distinguished himself in the service of the Scottish monarch in two battles against the Danes of England. Extensive lands were consequently assigned to Aslan and his followers, who, during two centuries afterwards, were called "Mac Aslan"—in modern orthography. "M'Causland," this having been the original designation of the Clan Buchanan.

The name of Buchanan appears in the first instance to have been territorial—"*Buadh Chuanain*"—"*Cnanan's conquest;*" and it was not until the 13th century that it was assumed as a surname, a portion of the clan, however, still retaining their ancient family name of "Mac Aslan." In ancient charters the name of Buchanan frequently appears as "O'Quahuanan," ("Ui Chuanain,") with the regular Irish prefix, meaning descendants of Cuanan, or Conan, and between them and the Dungiven O'Kanes a friendly recognition of kindred, according to our author was constantly maintained. The powerful clan in question was divided eventually into the leading families of Auchmar, Arnpryor, Drumikill, Lenny, Carbeth, Auchneiven, &c., and from these principal stems branched off, in the course of time, a considerable number of sub-denominations, as the "M'Causlands," M'Millans, M'Wattles, M'Robbs, M'Collmans, M'Aldins, a section of the M'Kinleys, ("sons of Finley," &c., &c. The ancestors of the principal families of M'Causland in the North of Ireland are stated by our author to have been "Andrew and John Mac Auselan, sons of the Baron Mac Auselan, who went out of Luss to that kingdom in the latter part of the reign of James VI. Alexander, a son of Mac Auselan, held a comission in the army during the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., and he acquired "partly by debenture and partly by purchase, the estates of Resh and Ardstraw, in the county of Tyrone." Amongst the ancestors of the Buchanans in Ulster, our author mentions Robert, son of the Laird of Blairbenachan, a cadet of the Drumikill family, "who went to Ireland and resided in Glenmaqueen, in the county of Derry," also a cadet of the Drumhead family, named George, who is said to have resided in the neighborhood of Raphoe. This gentleman, we are informed, "purchased a pretty good interest in that kingdom," and had two sons, "the eldest succeeded in his interest; the youngest became a clergyman." From Finlay, son of Patrick Buchanan called "*Courrui*," or the "champion, in consequence of his daring character," are descended Alexander Buchanan, father of James Buchanan, now of Cremannan, who, with his sons, now reside in Ireland, the author adding in a subsequent passage "of Patrick, the fourth son of Patrick, the Courrui, is descended Finlay Buchanan, in Leggan of Tyrconnell, in Ireland, who has some brethren, and other relations of that race, near Raphoe, and some other places of that kingdom." A branch of the Carbeth Buchanans also settled in Tyrone and Donegal, one of its members, George, in Munster, while those of the same name in Down and Antrim are generally descended from the family of Wester Ballat, a cadetship of the house of Drumikill.

James Buchanan, the American President, is descended from a family of those early settlers in the North of Ireland. His grandfather, we believe, was a farmer in the townland of Tattyregh, parish of Drumragh, in county Tyrone, about four miles from Omagh. His father, the eldest of two sons, emigrated to the United States some time towards the end of the last century, and died in America, having never revisited his native country. Some of his relatives are still resident in county Tyrone, and occupy respectable positions in society.

A CHRONICLE OF THE DEATH OF SHANE O'NIALL.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

"Roughened his brow—his temples bared,
And sable hair with silver shared;
Yet left, what age alone could tame,
The lip of pride and eye of flame."—ROKEBY.

On a dark tempestuous evening in the autumn of 1567, a *curragh* or light boat was seen beating its way from the Tyrone shore of Lough Neagh, with a sail set which seemed large enough to capsize the tiny bark, and with two well-known kernes occupying the seats. One of these was a stout, weather-beaten, red-haired peasant, with a saffron roquelaire, such as was worn by the ancient Irish; the other, a smaller person, similarly equipped. The taller kerne steered the boat, and the other minded the sail, while a pair of oars lay along the gunwale beside them. The wind was against them and they made but little headway, while the short swell caused them to roll about, and often deluged them with spray. For nearly an hour they endeavored to proceed, without success, when at length the taller exclaimed—"Take down the sails, Con, in St. Mary's name; we must to the oars, or we shall not set foot upon the island to-night. I would we had better news to tell when we do reach it." Con obeyed, the mast was taken down, and seizing their oars, they gave way, and dashed through the water gallantly. The planks of the curragh creaked as the two stout peasants bent the ashen oaks with the strength of their pulling; and in a short time the trees of Ram's Island hove in sight. The sun had sunk, and the sky, which still retained its hue of departing light, threw a faint glare upon the water, rendering the surface of the lake more forbidding, as it tossed and rolled, seething and boiling, as fresh water only does. The curragh still went forward, however, cleaving the waves with her bow, and nearing the island every moment. At length they had but a short distance to traverse ere they landed, when Con, peering earnestly into the gathering darkness, said to his companion:—

"Look out by Foig-na-Gall, Teague. Is there not a boat out upon the lake to-night, as well as ourselves?"

His companion looked as he was directed, and replied:—"Thine eyes are are good, Con. There surely is a curragh behind us, and mine mislead me if she be not giving us chase. I hope in St. Patrick that she may not be one of the craft of Calvagh O'Donnell, who has overrun Ardboe. Hugh," he exclaimed, as a flash from the boat astern was reflected in the lake, and next moment the report of a harquebuss reverberated across the water, and its shot fell a few yards in their wake—

"'Tis the hell-hounds of Tyrconnell!" exclaimed Teague. "Pull, Con; for the life of the O'Niall, give way."

His companion answered his call so well that his pressure on his oar wheeled round and almost upset the curragh before Teague himself could obey his own command. In a few moments she righted, however, and was going through the waters as fast as the brawny rowers could drive her. The waves broke upon her brow with phosphorescent whiteness, and often swept over the hardy peasants from stem to stern. Meanwhile, the other boat was not idle; she followed the chase with a speed that showed the strength of her crew, and her own power of sailing. She was long and canoe-built, and pulled at least three oars a side. She was gaining every moment upon the boat of the O'Nialls, (for they were adherents of Shane a Diomas,) and they, on their part, redoubled their efforts to escape. At length the chase neared the shore without her occupants being aware of its proximity, and giving one strong pull, they ran high and dry upon the strand, with a shock which threw both out of the curragh upon the beach. In another moment, Teague was on his feet again, and raising a savage howl, he darted in amongst the bushes, followed by Con. The signal was answered from the centre of the island, and immediately figures appeared amongst the trees, coming down towards the shore. The boat which had been in chase now reached the land; the rowers lay upon their oars, and two persons sprang out upon the island and made for the wood. They had scarcely advanced a step, however, when the twang of a bow from the trees was followed by the fall of one of them, and immediately the O'Nialls sprang out of their cover and attacked the second. The boatmen came to the rescue, and a general fight ensued. The O'Nialls shouted the warcry of their sept, and the answer of "Tyrconnell-aboo!" declared the invaders to be, as Teague had conjectured, retainers of Calvagh O'Donnell, whose wife was at that time the mistress of Shane O'Niall. The fight was short. The O'Donnells were overpowered by numbers, and in a few minutes they had all fallen victims to their rashness, except one powerful gallowglass, who had been brought to his knees, and was struggling against the glittering skeine of one of the islanders. The O'Niall was deaf to his entreaties, however, and was just about to despatch him, when a tall man issued from the wood and exclaimed—

"Hold thy hand, Turlough Buie. Put up thy skeine, I command thee!"

This latter intruder was a tall and martial-looking figure, wearing a helmet of steel, upon which appeared conspicuously the "Blood-Hand," and enveloped in a Spanish cloak, decorated extravagantly with gold.*

Turlough Buie, the person addressed, loosed his hold of his victim in a moment, and retired from before the Speaker, who was Shane O'Niall himself.

"What was thine errand upon the lake, O'Donnell?" he asked, as he approached the prisoner. "Let thine answer be the truth, or by St. John thou shalt hang from the highest tree in the island."

"We were out along the Lough-shore, seeking those who robbed the Lord Deputy's courier of the letters which he bore for the O'Donnell, and we gave chase to thy kernes, knowing it to have been them," replied O'Donnell.

"Ha!" exclaimed O'Niall, starting and turning to his followers. "So Teague O'Hagan hath done his errand well. Where are the letters?"

"There is but one, my chief," said Teague, handing a letter to O'Niall.

"Off, some one, for Father Francis!" he commanded, as he received the letter and broke the large seal, which bore the royal arms of England.

A score started through the wood in obedience of his command, and in a few minutes re-appeared, accompanied by an old priest of the Capuchin order, of which the chaplains of the Irish chiefs of that day, were, for the most part composed.

"Here is need for thy skill, holy father," said O'Niall, as he handed the priest the letter, and motioned his attendants out of hearing of the contents. The priest bowed, and taking the paper, read as follows:

"From the Righte Noble Sir Henrie Sydney, Knight, Lord Deputie of her Majestie Elizabeth, Queen of England, to Calvagh O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

"Greeting—Right Trustie and Well-beloved: Her Majestie greeteth thee well, ande is not forgetfull of thy charges upon her behalfe. These are to advertise thee, that the traitore Shane O'Niall will receive no further mercie from the Queene; and that it is our intention to make a hosting into Tir-oen, and cut him off root and branche. In this, our engagement, we have the assurance of Maguire of Fermanagh, MacMahon of Monaghan, and of thyself, (chiefest of all), that they will render us all good aide and assistance. You will therefore, on having safely these presents, raise troopes and besiege his castle of Foich-nsagall, with as little delaye as may bee; all which you shall do at the coste and charges of the Queen's Majestie.

That Christe may keep thee, is the desire of

HENRIE SYDNEY,
Lord Deputie.

Given from the Castle of
Dublin. October, 15, 1567."

"Maguire and MacMahon!" exclaimed O'Niall, as the priest ceased reading, "and O'Donnell, too, against me! But by St. Patrick's staff, the Red Hand shall fight them yet, and this roguish Scot, M'Donnell, do not turn traitor."

He snatched the billet from the hand of Father Francis, and turning to his followers, he exclaimed:

"Hang up that dog, O'Donnell!" He entered the wood and took shelter in a little hut in the centre of the island.

The evening had worn on till midnight, and the unfortunate clansman of O'Donnell had long since been sent to his account. O'Niall was brooding moodily over the remains of a wood fire, which smouldered in the chimney of his hut, the head of the Lady O'Donnell, leaning on his breast, when one of the followers, who were keeping ward without, burst into the apartment.

"There are more of those hell-hound O'Donnells upon the lake, my chief!" exclaimed the gallowglass. "They are howling in their *curraghs* all round the island."

O'Niall sprang to his feet and rushed to the door of the hut, where the friar stood in the midst of the followers. A distinct low howl seemed borne upon the air, but from what point none could tell. It seemed now here, now there, all round the island; and momentarily some of the kernes who were acting as picquets round the shore, ran to the hut to tell that the noise was immediately beside their station. Meanwhile the sound continued, stopping at intervals, when a noise like the clapping of hands was heard, and the howl renewed again with greater vigor than before. An old woman, who was attendant upon the Lady Tyrconnell, sat down upon her knees in terror, and commenced counting her beads rapidly, and muttering her prayers. At length O'Niall looked at the group of frightened guards which surrounded him, and exclaimed, his eyes flashing with rage:

"Your fears are deceiving you, caitiff's! there is no sound abroad, nor a voice to stir the air."

"Canst thou not hear it, Shane O'Niall?" asked the old woman, springing to her feet and throwing her beads from her hand.

"Silence, beldame!" said the chieftain. "But it is little for thee to fear," he added, "when my doughty followers tremble so."

"Then, Blessed Virgin!" exclaimed she, "my fears are too true. If thine ears are deaf to the sound, the warning is for thee—it is the BANSHEE!"

A groan escaped the soldiers as the old woman ceased speaking, and O'Niall, spurning her with his foot, addressed them:

"I know, my clansmen, that ye will not fear an old woman's raving. The letter I seized from the courier of the Sassanach, tells me of the treachery of all my vassal *Tanists*. I must join me with Mac Donnell and the Scots of Clanhuboy. Let those who will follow me get off the *curragh* this moment."

A cheer rose from the kernes, and each answered that he would follow him to the death.

An hour had scarcely elapsed, ere O'Niall appeared upon the beach of the island, accompanied by the Baniernia,* Lady O'Donnell, where the retainers were congregated in a group, and four curraghs were moored, ready to cast off and bear them across to the Antrim shore. The night was more tempestuous than ever; the waves of the lake, rolled in and broke with an eternal murmur upon the gravel; and ever-and-anon the spray was dashed in the face of the group, as they looked out upon the water.

"Has each man his harquebuss?" demanded O'Niall.

"All," was the reply.

"Then, to the curraghs, and shove off; we are long enough in jeopardy. The O'Donnells suspect our retreat, and if the host of Tirconnell come upon us there is an end to the crying of *Shamdheary aboo!*"

The men obeyed with alacrity. O'Niall conducted the lady to the boat, and ordered his followers away. For a distance they rowed with but little difficulty; but, as they proceeded and began to get under the lee of the land, the breeze caught them, and they found that the waves of the lake were running very high. From side to side the boats rolled, sometimes endangering their equilibrium, and almost pitching out their occupants. O'Niall occasionally spoke to his men in tones of encouragement, and showed them the necessity of escaping from the vicinity of the O'Donnells. As he remarked on this subject to the men of one of the boats, who were murmuring greatly at the prospect before them, one of them replied:—

"If O'Donnell did take us, it were as well to be his soldiers as to be the soldiers of O'Niall.

O'Niall on hearing this reply, ordered his rowers to pull alongside the boat in which the speaker sat; in a moment he had laid hold of its gunwale.

"Is there any here who will second the proposal of that renegade, Maguire, who wishes to desert to O'Donnell!" he demanded.

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* The luxury of John O'Niall is celebrated by the contemporary Irish bards, as totally inconceivable. His affectation of magnificence in dress, &c., was so great, that he is commemorated to this day, by the peasants of the North, as "Shane a Diomas," that is, John the Luxurious.

"Better desert to O'Donnell than perish in the lake," said one of the boatmen.

The boats were, at this moment, rubbing against each other with the lashing of the waves, and the occupants could scarce hear each other talk. The answer of the boatman was inaudible to O'Niall; but again the wailing sound which had been heard on the island, rose in redoubled strength, and the clapping of hands, and the noise, seemed to come from the gloom which enveloped the lake, right a-head of the boats.

"'Tis the Banshee," exclaimed the kerne who had first spoken. "'Tis the Banshee for the death of an O'Niall; in the name of St. Patrick make for the island."

"An' it be the Banshee," said O'Niall, "it howls for thyself;' and, stooping down, he seized a stone which was part of his boat's ballast. The rebellious boatmen had just turned the head of their curragh towards the strand, when the O'Niall raised himself to his feet, in the stern of his own boat, and discharging the stone with the strength of a giant at the craft of the deserters, he drove a plank out of its bottom. Another moment, and the boat filled—gave one lazy whirl, and disappeared for ever.

The other boatmen, who had till now lain upon their oars, would have returned to pick up their companions, had not O'Niall commanded them to proceed, and enforced his order with an oath, that the first who turned his boat, should be shot dead upon the spot. Fear overcame their desire to save their fellows, and the boats rowed off amid the yells of the wretches, as their strength gave way, and they sank to the bottom.

Not a word was spoken by the followers of O'Niall after the acting of this bloody scene, but each pulled his own in silence, or looked out to see if they were nearing the land. A few miles' sailing, and the rising of the moon, showed them the dark woods of the Antrim shore, and run aground upon the shelving sand-banks on the beach.

Here they left their boats, and waded to the dry land, hauling the curragh of O'Niall and his mistress along with them.

As soon as the chieftain landed, he set out along the beach, telling the lady to await his return, and was, in a short time, amongst the dark pines, within a little distance of Edenduff-carrick, when, uttering a low whistle, he was immediately joined by a kerne, dressed as were those in the boats.

"What is thy news?" asked O'Niall.

"The M'Quillans have made a hosting against the M'Donnells, in route, and the garrison of Edenduff-carrick, is nearly exhausted by the departure of the Scots to the fight," was the answer.

"It matters not; though Edenduff were defended only by a gray-haird crone, I may not lift hand against the Scots. My father's vassals have deserted me, and I must become a supplicant to Alexander Oge MacDonnell, except, indeed, I again bow my crest to the Sassanach which I am half inclined to do," said O'Niall.

"O'Niall, I am thy foster-father," said the kerne.

"Thou art! and what of that?"

"Then, as the sharer of thy father's bed and board, I counsel thee from trusting in the false Sassanach Sydney. Last night the banshee cried round Edenduff, and she never was heard but for the death of an O'Niall."

"I'the name of the patron apostle, am I never to have done with idle tales of the banshee? I warrant me thou art so filled with old wives' lore that thou wilt not follw me to M'Donnell."

"It were a hard case, my chief, when I should desert the dog of O'Niall, and that thou knowest well."

"Then bring the steeds to the creek, and we will start ere day-break."

The kerne signified his obedience, and disappeared into the woods.

Half an hour had scarcely elapsed ere he was again joined by his foster-father, leading a pair of gallant steeds, which he had no sooner delivered to the chieftain's followers, than he returned and brought a second pair, which procedure he continued until he had a steed for every individual in the group.

"Now," said he, turning to O'Niall, "the sooner we leave here we shall be all the safer, for the MacQuillans will notice the loss of their steeds, and we shall be detected ere we escape."

O'Niall assented to his proposition, and in a few minutes they were mounted and had turned their faces towards Clanhuboy.

The moon had arisen the next evening, ere O'Niall and his "following" had reached the castle of MacDonnell, in the hills of Clanhuboy, and the warder had taken his place upon its battlements for the night, when the prince of Tyrone rode up to the gate of the court yard. But he hardly directed his foster-brother to sound the horn which hung at the gate for admission, when a hunting party arrived, headed by Alexander Oge himself. As soon as O'Niall perceived the Scottish chieftain's approach, he despatched a follower to request an interview with him apart from their respective clansmen. This MacDonnell readily granted. O'Niall stated his circumstances, and spoke of their former alliance, and of him having released the son of Sorlebag, whom he had confined so long. MacDonnell promised him the succor of the Scots of Down and Antrim; and, in a few minutes, all the parties were seated in the banquetting hall of the Scotsman's castle. The feast had been disposed of and the wine cup circled gallantly, and all was mirth and rivalry, when the harmony was interrupted by a dispute between a clansman of O'Niall and one of the MacDonnells. The O'Niall had asserted that the wife of a chief of the clan MacDonnell had looked favorably upon Shane a Diomas. Shane himself was inflamed with wine, and asserted the truth of the statement of his clansman; MacDonnell retorted with bitter words, and O'Niall threw his steel gauntlet upon the table, until every thing upon it rang with the violence of the shock. The challenge was accepted—a general fight ensued, and when peace was restored, the boding of the banshee was fulfilled—Shane O'Niall was slain, and his head, severed from his body, was presented in a week by the Scot at Dublin Castle.

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS IN IRELAND.

From the Dublin Tablet.

A great change is taking place in the midst of us, almost unobserved and unchronicled. As yet, neither the fact nor its importance appears to be generally appreciated—the fact that at length industry and thrift are making their way steadily into the homes of our poor, led in by little children, and wherever these good angels—indeed we might call them ministers of Providence—have been received, poverty already ceases to be wretchedness; the helpless are growing helpful.

It is a little history, which, if neither strange nor eventful, is yet full of interest for the thoughtful. It is one worth while conning over curiously—to be read backwards and forwards. There's a charm in it, though it relates but to the poor and simple; folk lore, if you will, but the man who is wise in interpretation, may see through it into the future, and be in a measure prepared for what is to come.

It will long be remembered what noble endeavors were made in many directions by members of all classes and persuasions in Ireland to come to the aid of this famine-stricken people. And surely not one of those great or good "deeds done in the days of shame" and woe ought to be forgotten, nor please Heaven, shall they, for they are recorded in the hearts of a proverbially tenacious-memoried people, and in the same lines with their saddest and deepest sufferings. Perhaps no better deed was done in those "bad times," than that of founding and conducting industrial schools, wherein the female children of the poor were taught to earn money-wages. While the laboring class, both in town and country, continued to subsist—all but exclusively—upon the potato, and that flourished, there was little or no want. The poorest cottier had his plot—an acre or half an acre of "garden;" "the pig paid the rent." Even in the towns, when employment failed the laborer, and he had nothing wherewith to buy a meal, he had only to send one of the children with a bag a few miles into the country, round about to the farmers' houses, and he could always count on a bagfull. Indeed, one of the first lessons taught by the *Bhanithee* to her child, was to run at once when it saw a beggar, and fill its little hands with potatoes to put in the bag. This, in fact, relieved the laborer from the necessity of unremitting exertion, required elsewhere to win daily bread, or to provide by forethought for the future. It was, unhappily, too true that the habits of industry and of thrift were very generally found wanting in the labor-class, as well in town as in country.

We do not, for it is needless to the argument, enter into the wider question—What part the state of the law of landlord and tenant had to do in bringing about this wretched condition of things? Ultimately, no doubt, it is all rightly chargeable upon the state of the law, which encouraged sloth, by the removal of motive to energy, and induced improvidence and excess by the denial of a right in the results of forethought and temperance: all, indeed, may be summed up as necessary correlatives to the relationship of landlordism and tenancy, as established by the land laws and by the same maintained. But immediately the potato was at the root of the poverty of the poor. Upon the famine's abating, the industrial movement by no means flagged. Its organization and guidance had fallen, mostly, into hands never idle—the most pushing people in, or rather, out of the world, whose motto is, "Think of rest, and work away," who have no resting place here below. In a single convent in Limerick, the good Sisters have been enabled to adopt and maintain on the produce of their own work two hundred orphan girls. In Cork, not only has British and foreign fancy-work been driven out of the home market, but an extensive trade in wool and crochet-work is being carried on with Britain, the colonies and America. The number of children there employed are to be counted by thousands. In Dublin, strange to say, the movement was late in being set on foot. It has as yet but a single school—"St. Joseph's Industrial Institute," Clarence street,—and that, though admirably conducted, and under the chief direction of the benevolent body who had a principal share in organising the movement in Cork, is yet, through want of the needful capital, unable to extend its operation proporionately to the requirements of the poor, even of the district in which it is situated. This, assuredly should not be, and we are confident, that once it becomes known, it will not long be.

The charm, however, lies in reading backward. It is told of a youth that upon being challenged to a duel, and invited to name his weapon, he responded, "I'll fight with anything, from a blunderbuss to a bodkin." Guns, pistols blunderbusses, we set aside, for the present at least, till after "the burning of the Treasury." Might we not win "our own again" by means of homelier weapons? See if we might not find the unguarded vital part of our worst enemies—those of our own household—and so end our woes, even "with a bare bodkin." Or a crochet-needle would do as well.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY—BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

From Gavan Duffy's Speech in Melbourne.

It has been insinuated indeed that Catholics ought to be deprived of political and religious liberty because they are denied in Catholic countries. This is intelligible ground to take but it means repealing the Emancipation Act, and, for my part, I would as soon sell my children to be slaves as allow them to live in a country where such a doctrine prevailed. But is it true that political and religious liberty are denied in Catholic countries? It is as true as that witches ride on broomsticks, that one Englishman can beat five Frenchmen, or any of the other fables of ignorance or prejudice. Pitt and Fox, Plunkett and Peel, answered it long ago. I have a tolerable familiarity with the present state of Europe, and I maintain that since the answers of these statements Catholic countries have continued to set the noblest example of religious liberty. Take Belgium, for example, the best governed country on the continent. There are more Protestants in Collingwood than in the entire kingdom, yet that Catholic people five and twenty years ago, selected a Protestant as their King, and endowed the clergy of the Protestant Church in the same manner as their own. Take Hungary—it is a Catholic country, yet the Hungarians placed Kossuth, a Protestant, in the highest office of State, and he declares the Catholic bishops were his warmest supporters. Take France—a quarter of a century ago the French set a memorable example of religious equality to the world. Take Poland—that Catholic country was the first to emancipate the Jews—an example which England has not followed to this very hour. There are Catholic countries which refuse civil and religious liberty; but why? Because they are governed by the old despotic system which prevailed at some time or other in every State in Europe. Is the fact of their being Catholic to account for it? America is Protestant, and she deals in Negro slaves; but is her Protestantism held answerable for that? She has twice decimated and plundered the Mormons for their religious opinions; does it follow that toleration is not permitted in Protestant countries? There are Catholic countries undoubtedly which refuse civil and religious liberty, but are there not Protestant countries which refuse them also? A Catholic is as ill treated in Sweden as a Protestant is in Naples; in Prussia, a Catholic is made as uncomfortable as a Protestant is in Austria. The Swiss Protestants have shown themselves as great tyrants as the Spanish Catholics. Even in this new world we have the same spirit, mitigated by the nineteenth century. The Church of England established a settlement at Canterbury, in New Zealand, and one of the fundamental rules forbade any person to attain political office who did not take the sacrament of that church. The Church of Scotland established a settlement at Otago, in New Zealand, and by its local laws no school is permitted to share the public grant for education which does not teach the catechism of the church. Look at the example England herself has set down to this very generation. Thirty years ago no Protestant Dissenter could sit in Parliament; it is but three years since he was admitted to the Universities. I had myself the pleasure of voting for the measure. He has still to pay church rates for the support of the establishment; and it is not a very long time since carting Quakers and burning the houses of Unitarians have ceased to be popular pastimes. These facts might teach us that there have been bigotry and cruelty wherever uncontrolled power existed, no matter to what creed it belonged. I decline to answer for the House of Bourbon or the House of Hapsburg; but I answer for the Catholics of Ireland, and I affirm they never denied civil and religious liberty. When you talk to an Irish Catholic of his creed being the symbol of persecution, and Protestantism the symbol of liberty, he may well think you mad. He or his ancestors never persecuted any one for religion's sake. In the reign of Queen Mary English Protestants fled to Dublin, and were sheltered in that Catholic city. In the reign of Queen Victoria a large number of Catholic constituencies elect Protestants as their chosen representatives. But in every generation for three hundred years, Irish Catholics have been robbed and oppressed, because they were Catholics; down to this hour, when they are compelled to support the richest church in the world for a handful of the population. It is realizing the fable of the wolf and the lamb to raise a cry of intolerance against those who have not inflicted but endured the pains of ascendancy. I have thought it my duty, gentlemen, to speak plainly and unequivocally on this subject; and I do not know myself if I would not have done so still more plainly and unequivocally if the bigotry had been that of Catholics against Protestants. I hate Catholic ascendancy and Protestant ascendancy alike, and while I breathe I will resist one and the other. I have been requested to answer a ludicrous charge made against me in a style and spirit worthy of Titus Oates, that I myself came to this country to promote sectarian triumphs. I cannot descend into the kennel, even to defend myself; let my life answer it. There are ten thousand Irish Protestants in this country, who were my contemporaries at home. You will find them at the bar, in the church, behind the counter, and in the workshop; let them answer it. Their opinion, whatever it is, will infallibly prevail in the end; and I am content to abide that verdict.

MODERN CIVILIZATION.

Dr. Brownson delivered his second lecture on Modern Civilization on the evening of the 12th at Hope Chapel. As our staff were present elsewhere on the evening in question, we are indebted to the *Tribune* for such notes as we present of the discourse.

Much of what was regarded as progress, Dr. Brownson questioned, as it was progress in the concrete only, and was the necessity for other changes in existing order to make it correspond with a previous change. The more remarkable progress manifested might be expressed by the term humanity—or philanthropy; the latter term he disliked, as it was a profession of an undesirable class of people—gentlemen who were lovers of humanity in the abstract, but great haters of men in particular—unless they chanced to be rogues or to have a black skin. This progress was manifested by the recognition of human rights. In ancient times there was no recognition of any rights by virtue of man's existence. The principle was the basis of true liberty, whether religious, civil, or political. It was the principle of the apostles. There was no regard among ancient nations for human life. The most enlightened were extremely cruel. The father could kill his child or his wife; and the creditor his debtor. Human sacrifices were common. But Christian law, which taught that every man had an immortal soul, and in the rights appertaining thereto all were equal before God, had infused into man the sentiment of humanity. This sentiment was first realized in the church when noble and ignoble, master and slave stood on the same ground of equality. This sentiment had spread into civil society, and had become an element in modern civilization, even in those countries which have but little regard to the teachings of our Lord. It was true that after the conquest of England by the Normans, a nation not more than half Christianized, the jurisprudence and laws of that country deteriorated, and were more cruel; yet during the past two hundred years there had been efforts made to ameliorate the penal code, and in some respects it had been carried to a contrary excess. Thus palaces were built for prisoners, who were better cared for, better fed and better clothed than the majority of the laboring classes in any country. In the provisions for the poor, too, paupers had been made. The ancient nations had no institutions for the aid of the poor, and this feature of progress did not develop itself until after the birth of Christianity, when hospitals were provided for the rich and poor, even in the time of the Roman Empire, and soon Europe was covered over with these institutions. But in those countries which had broken away from the Catholic faith there had been a retrograde movement in this respect. Poverty in England and America wasconsidreed very much in the light of a crime. The old New-England plan of giving out the support of the town poor to the lowest bidder was bad enough, but the plan of imprisoning them in poor houses, where they are taught to believe that they lack the elements of manhood, was worse. In Protestant countries, philanthropy expanded itself by building palatial prisons, so that those who were under the sentence of the law should suffer as little as possible. In Catholic countries, what one was struck with was the tenderness with which the poor were cared for.

In war, too, progress has been made. From ancient times, when prisoners were sold into slavery, or killed, we had reached a time when it was a principle to treat prisoners with respect, and on land to respect the rights of private property, through the influence of the pontiffs of the Church; and now the United States had taken the lead of all the European Governments except the Pontificial Government, to make the same principles apply to the sea as to the land. This accomplished, and war would soon become nothing but a duel between armed forces of nations, the folly of which would soon be seen, end it would die away, and peace would become the general order among nations. All of these things were good, but they had evil connected with them. So long as this progress was the result of Christian charity, which was a supernatural virtue, it worked supernatural effects; but during the past hundred and fifty years no small portion of the religious faith of the world was relapsing into the condition of the ancient Pagan religion. Since the peace of Utrecht, the English system had been gradually coming more in vogue in Europe, and that system was pure materialism, and this has grown even upon nations which had not entirely shaken off the Catholic faith. This materialism appeared not in the form of charity, but in the form of humanity—a natural sentiment—seeking, by means of State and civil legislation, to do what the Church had done by charity. But, carried away by this natural sentiment, the most dreadful revolutions had occurred. This sentiment, in its blindness, rushed to great extremes. It sympathized with the slave, forgetting the Constitution, and forgetting the security due the white as well as the black. We were now deluged with a watery sentimentality, while strong, manly feeling and energetic virtue, which could laud and defend itself, was hardly to be found. In the conclusion of his discourse, the lecturer spoke of the blind pursuit of wealth which, he stated, characterized our people. We needed lessons of religion to moderate our desires, and raise our affections from earth and to place them on things above.

David H. Strother, of Martinsburgh, Virginia, is the "Porte Crayon" of *Harper's Magazine.*

The chief objection to playing cards with ladies is, that they have such winning ways about them.

E. P. Whipple, of Boston, is said to be engaged in writing the life of Martin Luther.

Answers to Correspondents.

The following stanzas introduces a new contributor of promise:

PARTING MOMENTS.

On the green hillside, and the mountain's brow,
The golden sunlight lingered yet awhile;
The waving tree-top caught a radiant glow—
The mountain-stream flashed back its parting smile.

The mountain-stream, that down its rocky bed,
With fierce, wild energy, exulting rushed,
Breaking the stillness over nature spread,
With its wild music, when all else was hushed.

O, mountain-stream, that in thy onward course,
Dashing thy spray on the sweet wild flow'rs by,
Dost ever keep, unwearied by thy force,
Bear on thy waters my heart's wailing cry.

O, blessed sunlight, brightening Irish earth,
Linger awhile—let me drink in thy light;
For long my soul must pine in dreary death,
Ere thou shalt wake it from its starless night.

Ye fragrant gales that play around it now,
Waft to my soul the wild flow'rs balmy breath;
Ere ye again can cool my throbbing brow,
This heart may sleep the pulseless sleep of death.

Green hills and valleys of my native land,
Rich in old mem'ries and historic lore,
Bright rivers, mountains, tall, sublime and grand,
Shall I indeed behold you then no more.

I clasp the earth—a passionate embrace,
And burning kisses on the green turf press;
Hot, scorching tears bedew my pallid face—
My spirit faints in utter wretchedness.

Once more on these loved scenes I gaze around
The sun-lit valley, and the leafy dell,
Then while I sink, despairing on the ground,
My heart wails forth a bitter, wild farewell.

CERVA.

Here is a truthful, rollicking song for the Holidays:

THE UNITED AMERICAN.

By tyrants driven o'er the seas,
The pioneers of nations;
Our fathers joined in unity
For human exaltation.

CHORUS—Then let no British bigotry
Its blows and curses bandy.
We're united Americans
And Yankee Doodle dandy!

Hail! to the noble Democrats
Who raised aloft our eagles,
And hunted out the royal rats
And flogged the British beagles.

CHORUS.

'Neath banner broad, the stars of God,
Still hand in hand as brothers,
We'll worship at no royal nod,
Nor persecute each other.

CHORUS.

Behold! above the earth and sea,
Our eagles proudly soaring,
And happy homes and altars free
From British lions' roaring.

CHORUS.

Tho' English boors now sweep our shores,
In brutal force confiding;
We'll give John Bull a stomach-full,
And back him with cow-hiding.

CHORUS.

And as our fathers did before,
We'll whip the British handy,
And teach them what it is to fish
With Yankee doodle dandy.

CHORUS.

Shall Orange slaves and K. N. knaves
Repeal the Revolution?
No! By the bones of Washington.
Hurrah for the Constitution!

CHORUS.

'Gainst every home and foreign foe
We've bayonets when we need 'em;
Glory to Jackson and Munroe!
"Extend the bounds of freedom!"

CHORUS.

OLD SAM.

DECLINED.—An "*Irish Peasant's*" lines, addressed to the Sisters of Mercy, on the death of one of their community, are praiseworthy and commendable for the devotion exhibited, both in the choice and treatment of the subject; but are scarcely of sufficient literary merit to do full justice to the author's exalted feelings.

"R."—Your Christmas Song, beginning

There was a time—there was a time
When our hearts were young and gay,

is too palpably an echo of a couple of well-known songs. The "Emigrant's Farewell" is much better, though unequal. A couple of stanzas will shew that "R." is not devoid of poetic feeling and expression:

Her step lightly sounds as the young roe that bounds
At morn o'er the heath on the mountain—
Her smile pure and sweet as the sunbeams that meet
Aurora's first glance on the fountain.

How sweet would life be with a maiden like thee,
To love by the shores of the West,
When the sunset awhile would illumine thy smile;
Then sink on thy sweet bosom to rest.

"T. W. N."—Be not too anxious to appear in print. If, as you say, you are a boy, a few years' careful study will concentrate and render valuable the talent which you may possess.

"The old land."—This has the germ of a good lyric in it, but the spirit is diluted. "Crinoline" to the air of "All round my hat!" Why, friend, this is a perfect war-whoop.

Editor "Irish News." NEW-YORK, Monday, Dec. 22nd, 1856.

Dear Sir—The regrets expressed by Captain Rynders during the delivery of his admirable, appropriate and effective speech at the Tabernacle on Saturday evening, that he couldn't render the peculiar definition of the term *Filibuster*, suggests to me, that it may be worth your while to publish the following one, which I read somewhere several years ago:—

When *Ponce de Leon* discovered Florida, the French built a fort. Subsequently the Spanish captured it and butchered its defenders. The French were then so busily engaged at war elsewhere, that they had to overlook the outrage, but a Capt. Gourge prepared a private expedition and took revenge. It sailed from Cape Finisterre—then Finibuster.

The French are apt to change *n* into *l*, as *Menomine* into *Melomine*. Sailors are wont to be called from their Port of departure. Hence the term Fillbuster.

Yours ever, SAM SEBASTIAN.

"J. P. S."—Syracuse.—Due notice will be given of the publication of the new edition of Keating's General History of Ireland. It will assuredly be the best work for you, up to the date at which it closes. The price is announced at Two Dollars. You can get it by mail.

"GARRYOWEN."—Next week. "G. M. D."—Early in the new year.

"I. O. C." North Cambridge.—The work you inquire for can be had in this city.

"*Minion Solid*," sends us the following item:—

A HUNGRY PUBLISHER.—The errand boy from the printing office of John A. Gray having been hurriedly dispatched with revised proofs to Messrs. Mason & Co., Park Row, and taking his coat, ran off at the top of his speed. Arriving at Mr. Mason's office, he handed the package to that gentleman, and left. When he was half way back, however, he discovered that he had handed him his dinner, which was in his coat-pocket, in place of the proofs: and returning to correct his mistake, Mr. Mason almost choking with laughter, said, "Mr. Gray must have thought me very hungry, to send me my dinner all the way from Jacob-street!"

"COLUMBKILLE."—At Dunigan & Brother, Fulton street, you can satisfactorily expend what you desire for the purpose of making suitable Catholic presents. They have the most delightful and serviceable assortment of Bibles, Prayer-books, and religious gift books, amongst the chief of which is St. John's Manual, just published.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1856.

ADESTE FIDELES—CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

The sweetest, divinest festival in the Calendar has come. The opening beauties of the Spring, with the clear streams, deepened by the snows and rains of the vanished Winter, and the fresh songs of the glad birds waking out of their sleep and shelterless sorrow, bring with them no brighter day. The rich sunshine that steals the perfume of violet and rose, to send it back in subtle currents all through nature—fills the calm lake with diamonds and sapphires—makes the noon gorgeous with golden fruit and emerald foliage, and gives to morn and evening such a wealth of serenities, coloring, and harmonies—this rich sunshine dawns not on a day more grand or holy.

The Indian summer—the genial, translucent, favorite season of this city—with its famous tapestry of burnished leaves, the dreamy azure of its skies, the graphic outline of its mountains, the new sense of manhood it imparts, the sparkling blushes, and the world of brisk, hopeful, gay activities it calls to light—the Indian summer has no day more healthful to the heart—no day more fruitfully suggestive of good thoughts and purposes—no day more luminously evocative of old affections, faces, and remote scenes—no day more spiritually joyous.

Memory, heart, and intellect—even with those who who have been most wearied, wounded, and oppressed—even with those who have most acutely felt the thorns that beset this earth's pilgrimage—in the beautiful serene light of this season of love, revive. The shadows that darken the mirror of existence—shadows which from misfortune, or selfishness, or the ruins of early hopes descend—pass off in the glory which rests over Bethelehem. To all eyes—even to those that have been made sore with weeping—the consoling star is visible. To every ear come the sublime tidings of the attendant Choir of the Nativity, throbbing through a night of eighteen hundred years, and earth and heaven unite in one glad anthem.

Loved features that have been hid from us all the year, smile again upon us. Scenes which have been to us all this time past but as the remnants of a dream, return to us with the freshness and youth of some fair island just born of the sea. And even with the dead that are dear to us, our sympathies renew themselves with the force and purity of the waters which in the dews of the Autumn tumble down the face of Mangerton to the graves of Muckruss.

In the midst of the thanksgivings and festivities of this Christmas, it is an exquisite joy to us—a joy above all other joys—that our brother, Devin Rielly, is to have an evening devoted to his memory, and the service of the child and widow, who in their prayers and loving recollections, keep alive the virtues and the loss of the Departed, as well as the duties we all owe his character, his genius, and the relics of his household.

On Monday night, the 29th, in the Broadway Tabernacle, John Mitchel—who loved Rielly as no other comrade was ever loved before—speaks of his Life and Death. It is one of the holiest duties, as it will be one of the most fruitful charities of this season, for us to be there. All should be there. In the name of the Festival we celebrate—the Festival that brought peace to men of good will, to Shepherds and to Kings—all should be there.

AMERICANS TO THE RESCUE!

The meeting on last Saturday night, in aid of the Liberating army of Nicaragua, did honor to the citizens of New-York. It was a glorious gathering. The people were there in thousands. A gallant officer, General Ward Burnett, appropriately occupied the chair. The resolutions were well considered, effectively expressed, and to the point. They assert for the movement, of which General Walker is the military chief, a national consequence. In this they do not exaggerate. They simply characterize with truthfulness an epoch pregnant with vital advantages to America, or with grievous difficulties and calamities, as the voice of the nation so determines it. The speeches of the chivalrous and accomplished Chairman, of Generals Green and Wheat, of Captain Rynders and Mr. Oaksmith, fully expressed the spirit of the occasion, and did justice to the cause which is now driven to bay in Nicaragua by the savage blood-hounds of Carrera. On the whole, no public demonstration could have been more earnest and enthusiastic; and Messrs. Oaksmith, Fabens, Heiss, Alexander C. Lawrence, and the other gentlemen of the Executive Committee, have ample reason to congratulate themselves upon the success which crowned their generous labors.

WALKER'S DICTIONARY—A FEW WORDS FROM THE SPANISH ABOUT CENTRAL AMERICA.

General Walker is no lawless intruder, as the *Gaceta* of Guatemala, and the echoes of that press in this city, assert. It is well known he entered Nicaragua to co-operate with the Democratic party of that country, in their patriotic effort to conclude permanently the civil war which has been raging there for years. The Democratic party invited him to co-operate. Acting on their invitation, he did nothing more than what Lord Cochrane did in Chili and Peru, what General Devereux, with his Irish Lancers, did in Venezuela, what Byron did in Greece, or Lafayette did here.

Shortly after his appearance in Nicaragua, immediately upon the surprise of Granada by him, the fierce quarrel which the Democrats and Serviles had so long conducted, was brought to a generous and honorable settlement. A treaty was signed by the representatives of the two parties. The first clause declares hostilities at an end, and that peace and friendship is established between the two armies, those of Corral and Walker. A Provisional Government is inaugurated. Patricio Rivas is nominated Provisional President for fourteen months, or for a less period, if the President and a full Cabinet of Ministers should decide otherwise.

The salutary effect of this arrangement was soon visible. It was instantaneous almost. Peace pervaded the entire country. The arts and fruits of peace everywhere multiplied. Hardly an instance of disorder occurred. There was perfect contentment. For many a day, Nicaragua had not been so tranquil, prosperous, and happy. It was the only time for years, that the poor natives of Nicaragua—a people in whose veins no Spanish blood exists, and who compose four-fifths at least of the entire population—could securely rest in their little homesteads, and cultivate their sugar-cane, plantains, and frijoles. Contrary to the practice of the military chiefs who had incessantly compelled them to leave their homes and fight for one savage despotism or another against their will, General Walker left the native population at liberty to contribute or withhold military service to the State. He pressed no man into the army.

The result was a perfect confidence in the Government, of which, though not nominally, he was still the head. Had it not been for the jealousies of the neighboring States—jealousies envenomed by the agents of England and France—had it not been for the wanton invasion of her territory by Costa Rica on the South, Guatemala and San Salvador on the North—a remorseless brigandage which England and France have notoriously countenanced, instigated, and with arms, war-ships, and all the power of their Press sustained—had it not been for this, Nicaragua would have been to-day one of the most fortunate and flourishing Republics in the world.

Costa Rica led the way. Of the initiative in this bloody business—she is the guilty author. She it was who raised the deadly war-cry—*Death to all North Americans*—words now written in red letters on the allied banners as they sway to and fro against the walls of Rivas and Granada. *Death to all North Americans!* It has been no idle cry. The fifteen American citizens massacred at Virgin Bay in April last, whilst quietly and inoffensively pursuing their duties as *employees* on the Transit Route; the assassination of the Rev. Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Lawless, both citizens of America and both strict neutrals in Nicaragua: the wholesale slaughter on the island of Ometepee, where sick and wounded men, women, and children were hacked to pieces with the knives of the butchers who have been inflamed with this fiendish yell of Death to all North Americans; these events have told the world that it is no vain boast, no idle cry. Humanity demands that the American people—that the American Government—should promptly interpose. National pride dictates it. National interests of the weightiest consequence render it a positive necessity. Men begin now to ask, how came it that whilst Greytown was bombarded for an insult to an American officer, the cities of those remorseless bandits who sack the houses and spill the blood of American citizens in Nicaragua have been left untouched. Men ask, how comes it that a special Commissioner is despatched to Panama to inquire into the murder and robbery of California passengers by the police and rabble of that city, whilst the American Minister to Nicaragua is withdrawn, and the interests of this country are deprived of a representative where those interests are in imminent danger, and the American flag has no more respect paid it than if it were a piece of pirate bunting. Heavens! To think that this glorious flag, with all the splendor of the Heavens stamped upon it, should have lost the reverence due to it, and the inviolability it once possessed. President Pierce appears to have ignored the mag-

nificent promises, which, standing on the top-most step of the Capitol, the day of his Inauguration, he made on behalf of the Stars and Stripes, and the citizenship it symbolizes. We are forced to say—for it is our honest conviction—that had English subjects been dealt with as the American citizens of Nicaragua have been, Carrera would have had to express his contrition not only in the most penitent phrases, but in hard cash—in piles of large Spanish dollars on the counter down—for his mistake.

Aside, however, from considerations of humanity, patriotism, national pride and policy—the commercial interests, the territorial integrity, the geographical unity of these States demand that the Federal Government should vigorously interpose in Nicaragua. If the Panama Railroad is insecure—if the lives and properties of American citizens passing over it, are held to be in imminent peril—so much so that the Press, the Senate and the Cabinet debate the necessity of the military occupation of the road—a thousand times more precarious is the Nicaraguan route to California and elsewhere along the Pacific, and a thousand times—especially under present circumstances—is it incumbent on the authorities at Washington to provide for its safety. Should Carrera succeed in mastering the enemies of his truculent power in Nicaragua, there's an end to the safety, the comparative safety even, of the Nicaraguan route—unless, indeed, the Government at Washington anticipate his depredations and butcheries, and drive him back to Guatemala, with the vultures on his track.

The conservative spirit of this noble city should see that the National resources be not withheld from Nicaragua until it be too late, or the prodigious mischief of which Carrera is capable, has been consummated. Infinitely better to anticipate the mischief. Infinitely better to wrench the blazing torch from the hand of this wild ruffian of Santa Rosa—this cut-throat of the children of Los Altos—before he has fired the fabric which it has cost so princely a fortune to build up. A road over which nearly three thousand passengers travelled every month, and millions on millions of dollars, and millions of pounds of freight have been transported every year, is worth preserving by the merchants of America. No class of the community, in fact, are so vitally interested in this Nicaragua question, as the business men of New-York. The planting of American society and laws in Texas, has largely contributed to the prosperity of this towering city, and what Texas has done for New-York, Nicaragua will likewise do, if the citizens of New-York only stand by General Walker, and the movement of which he is the intrepid chief.

DEATH OF DOCTOR PUSEY.

A late steamer from Europe brought us intelligence of the death of one of the most celebrated theologians of our time, Edward Bouverie Pusey. Since the days of the Reformation, no revolution created so startling an attention, and so anxious a solicitude as that initiated by the so-called "Oxford Theology," of which Dr. Pusey was the recognised founder, and by which the tenets of the Church of England were shaken. He was the apostle of a theology that invaded the doctrines of a Church based on the teaching of Luther, and the practical beastiality of Henry the Eighth; and which, established by law as the religion of the British Empire, confers upon the British Sovereign the title of "Defender of the Faith."

The principles enunciated by him, in conjunction with Dr. Newman, have become the text-book of a new sect, that breaking from the Church of England, barely stopped short of a complete entrance into the Church of Rome. The influence of the studies undertaken for the purpose did not end thus: for Dr. Newman became a thorough Catholic, and the party heretofore jointly inspired by him, adopted the name of his coadjutor to designate its religious feeling in contradistinction to the various doctrines and doctrinarians of the time.

In illustration of the force with which the Puseyites made inroads on the Established Church, and as an identification of the sect with the famous Oxford professor, we call to mind a passage of Richard Lalor Shiel's speech, made in the House of Commons, in the Springof '44, reviewing the course of the Government officials in the Irish State Trials of the previous year. In a vigorous passage, referring to the distinctions made by the Government between Catholic and Protestant, he reverted to the theological disaffection among the latter. He desired to inquire on which side of the Tweed was "Protestant Truth" to be found. He looked in Perth, on the North for it. On the South, he looked into Oxford. What did he find? "It is Calvinistic," he said, "in the North—it is Armenian in the South: it is dressed in a black gown and a white band in the North—in the South it is episcopally enthroned, mitred and crosiered, and arrayed in all the pomp of pontifical attire. On the North it betrays its affinity to Geneva; on the South it exhibits a strong family resemblance to that Babylonian lady, toward whom, under the auspices of Doctor Pusey, its filial affection is beginning to return."

Shiel was a careful observer and brilliant compiler of the spirit of public movements. He understood well the points to which he spoke. The divisions in the Established Church, to which he with sarcastic truth pointed, were initiated in 1834 by the first publication of the now famous "Tracts for the Times," issued by Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman. In these Tracts the writers, with great research and learning, clear eloquence and most astute, if not subtle reasoning, avowed and supported a theory of Church-worship, having for its fundamental basis the doctrines of Apostolical succession. They propounded on these grounds a faith in the efficacy of the sacraments of the Church—not inferior to that held by the Church of Rome. Doctrines, so utterly at variance with those recognized by the English Church, could not fail to awaken an almost simultaneous outcry of heresy to the faith "Defended" by the Sovereign of Great Britain. The bitterest charge—that of attempting to "Romanize the Protestant Church"—was brought against him, and in 1843 he was suspended from preaching for four years. Against this, of course, the Regius Professor of Hebrew, and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, protested; and has at various times essayed fruitlessly to prove his adherence to the doctrine and worship of the English Church. Since Dr. Newman left him and the half-way theory, for the full faith of the Roman Catholic Church, Dr. Pusey has acted rather more on the defensive, being, it is stated, somewhat alarmed at the large accession of the alumni of Oxford to the Catholic faith.

Dr. Pusey has always contended and protested against the adoption of his name as the watchword of the party his learning and great ability created.

REVOLUTION IN SICILY.

As bursts the pent-up fire from the crater of Ætna, again the flame of revolution ascends from Sicily. In '48, from every church-spire in the land, the pealing tocsin sent forth the summons to arms, and silenced the boisterous carousal of the Neapolitan bandits, who kept watch over the tomb of Italian liberty in the beautiful city of Palermo. Sicily, awaking from her long slumber, burst her chains like bands of flax. There was a red sign in the heavens—Kings saw it and trembled—the People recognised it and took courage! The uprising of Sicily, the smallest and weakest of the down-trodden Nationalities—of Sicily going forth with its sling and pebble, to meet the Royal monster—shook the old Dynastic houses of Europe to their foundations. The thunder rolling from the Calabrian coast reverberated along the banks of the Seine. Paris was soon in arms, the cunning old King was besieged in his palace, and the surrender of the *Tuilleries* and the abdication of the crown demanded from the bristling barricade of the *Rue St. Denis*. A pause—a moment of wild suspense—and disguised Royalty, in a stage coach, is on its way to the regal almshouse of Claremont. There is a blazing throne in the streets of Paris, the *blouses* are in the House of the Bourbon, and victory crowns the Eagles of the People!

Late accounts from Europe report Sicily in successful revolt. She has given a second sign, which, coming from such a quarter, is ominous for the patched-up peace of Europe and the unobserved Treaty of Paris.

It now remains to be seen whether the Allied fleet will carry out their threatened demonstrations against Naples, or repair to Palermo for the preservation of law and order in Sicily. We believe the menacing attitude of the Allies against the royal-keeper of Neapolitan dungeons, the crowned leader of the ruthless Lazzaroni, was mere show. The broadsides of the British and French fleets were never destined to burst the prison-doors of Naples. When the final struggle comes in Europe, the Governments of France and England—with their Generals and Admirals, Tricolors and Union-Jacks—and all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, will be found on the side of Tyranny and against the People.

GEORGE STEERS.

We see it announced that the master-piece of the great naval architect of our time, the *Adriatic*, will be ready for her trial trip on New-Year's day. It is meet that a fresh year of enterprise and action should be inaugurated by the baptism of the great child of the forest and the mine, which, impressed with the genius of the ship-wright, will represent to other lands the physical strength, the intellectual beauty, and the commercial spirit of this.

What Pugin was to church architecture, George Steers was to these commercial citadels that stud the sea.

We understand that early in January the career of George Steers will be made the subject of a public discourse by William Ross Wallace. The theme is certainly a noble one, full of instruction and suggestiveness. The position held by the lamented ship-builder in relation to the spreading enterprise of the city, will attract a vast number desirous to be instructed in the details of a career which has become linked for ever with the commercial and naval history of the country. That Mr. Wallace will do the subject full justice we cannot doubt. His enthusiasm, the documents at his command, and his well-known eloquence, guided and sustained by that nationality which so distinctively mark that gentleman's poems and orations, must combine to render his lecture a complete success.

The poet who so bravely sung of the advent of Freedom on earth in his "Liberty Bell" of Philadelphia, is well qualified to chant a dirge over one who held the freedom of the sea.

Letter from Thomas Francis Meagher.

IRISH NEWS OFFICE, NEW-YORK, Dec. 20, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR:—At the last moment, I find it out of my power to attend the meeting at the Tabernacle. This I deeply regret. From the outset I have heartily stood by and supported the cause of Constitutional Republicanism in Nicaragua, The prominent columns of the paper I edit, week after week, give ineffaceable evidence of this. Of that cause Gen. Wm. Walker is the pilgrim and pioneer. In his bright successes he has had my congratulations. For his administrative labors, as he brought back peace and impartial stability to the beautiful and fruitful country, for whose regeneration his courage and sagacity were summoned into action, my words of commendation were not wanting.

Weak as they were, in a legitimate and generous and right noble cause, I did not hesitate, but was prompt to utter, publish and promulgate them. Those words are upon the record. Whatever be the event, they cannot be effaced. Whatever be the event, I would not withdraw them. Now that American Republicanism in Nicaragua is in peril—that intrigue strives incessantly with malignant tact and ingenuity to subvert, and a rabble barbarism, with a remorseless spirit of extermination assails, hems it in, and would drown it in a deluge of blood—conscience, justice, magnanimity insist upon my being its sympathizer, friend and advocate.

Adversity alienates no good cause from me. In the cowardly cry which now-a-days in this enlightened age—this age when materialism predominates to the profanation, the exclusion and ostracism of all that is chivalrous and beneficent, when all that is chivalrous and beneficent is beaten down, consigned to dungeons, or choked upon the scaffold—in this cowardly cry, with a peremptory protest, I refuse to join. With me, what is wrong becomes no right—nor do I submissively succumb to or tolerate it—because it soars, triumphs, and enthrones itself in imperial impunity above the world.

Italy—radiant, beautiful, divinely gifted—is a captive. Austrian bayonets precipitate themselves upon her from the Alps. The bayonets of Napoleon lock her in upon the South. Dukes of Tuscany and Kings of Piedmont, with their delusive programmes of Reform, distract, factionize, and paralyze her regenerative intellect within. Despite of the messages with which the Court of Naples have been menaced—despite the English fleet wavering about the Calabrian coast—despite of the French fleet lying under orders at Toulon—the Bourbon of Vesuvius has his lazzaroni knife upon the Roman heart. Italy is down. Down, say the European press. But, up or down, I am, as ever, the student of her history, the worshipper of her genius, the postulant for her freedom.

Hungary is down. Buda is no longer the citadel on which the proud families of an ancient nationality concentrate. The spies, the soldiery and hangmen of Vienna have made it their nest and bivouac, and Francis Joseph, Emperor of all the Austrias, rides through it and tramples on it as the Goth did once through the cornfields and vineyards of fair Lombardy. A suburban outcast, struggling for his daily bread, somewhere, somehow, in an humble cottage on the skirts of London, lives the man, who with his heart and genius raised the war for liberty in Hungary, and as the champion of that cause received here with a tumultuous enthusiasm, the welcome of the People, the Municipalities, the Militia, and the Senate.

Hungary is down. So say the European press. So the American press reiterate. But still I am for Hungary—for its exoneration, by arms, from the rule of Austria—for its recognition as a European nation, and its immutable stability as such—and for ever and a day, for better or for worse, I am for Kossuth, Hungary, and St. Stephen.

And there is Ireland. Ireland, too, is down. Down, as Hugh O'Neil would have blushed and burned to his heart to have seen it. Down, as Swift with his ruthless satire would have never let it come to. Down, as Grattan with all his gorgeous rhetoric about ish jurisprudence, and the fatality of French principles, would have never suffered it to come to. Down, as Fitzgerald, Wolfe Tone, Emmett—all rising from their graves, wherever they may be, and nameless though they be, would have covered their heads in their cold white shrouds—receding from the dull aspect, and shaken their spectral hands against it. Still for Ireland. Down as she is—with Queens, judges, journalists, and the world to the contrary saying so—I am for Ireland. Still am I, with all these adverse circumstances and consequential lecturing and logic, a devoted friend of Ireland; an inplacable enemy to those who would soothe her into a forgetfulness and forgiveness which in an ignominious tameness would obliterate her memory, her vengeance, her traditional hope and insular ambition.

This is all I write—it is enough. Not enough to elucidate and vindicate the cause, in the name, and for the prosperous consummation of which you are assembled. Yet enough—enough I have written—and at this vital crisis in American history I break through the silence I have heretofore observed, and assert that I represent thousands upon thousands of Irishmen in America, and I and they are with the gallant fellows who thus mght vindicate with steel and fire the supremacy of American laws, interests, enterprise, and manhood—and their political predominance on the Nicaraguan Isthmus—a predominance on which depends the commercial consequence and territorial inviolability of these United States.

With sincere esteem,

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Your faithful friend and servant,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

To General Ward Burnett, Chairman of the Meeting.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN TASMANIA—THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

Christmas in the middle of August! It is hard for any one to believe it who from the dawn of childhood has known the blessed day by the white robe it wears, and the holly and ivy wreath which with its glossy dark-green glory crowns it. Christmas in the middle of August! It is hard for any one to believe it who has looked out at midnight from his window, and in the solitary street, knee-deep in snow, has seen the Waits, in shaggy great-coats and mufflers, going through their pilgrimage from door to door, disturbing the reign of the silent stars with lame and melancholy music. Christmas in the middle of August! It is hard for any one to believe it, who has spread crumbs on the window-sill for the poor robin who has perched upon it from the shelterless snow without; who has heard the song of—

The Wren! The Wren!
The king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's day
He was caught in the furze;

and has given the merry, ragged young vagabonds who carried the wren in his nest, on the top of a wattle, a handfull of pence for the sake of old times, songs, and costumes. Christmas in the middle of August! It is hard for him to believe it, who from boyhood, year after year, as the Festival of the Nativity came round, and long before the sun had turned to silver the leafless trees, the hushed waters, and all the pale ruins of the Autumn, has listened to the echoes of the Hymn of Bethlehem rolling through the shadows and white aromatic clouds of Chapel or Cathedral, and in the mellowed light circling the Altar beheld the reflection of the glory which shone above the Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

Yet, hard as it is for some of us in these Northern regions to believe, it comes to pass. In the beautiful island of Tasmania—away off in the solitude of the South Pacific—Christmas-day is crowned with roses; and fruit and flowers, and all the beautiful things born of the sun and earth are laid at the feet of Him to whom the gold, frankincense, and myrrh of Kings were once brought from the glowing East. On that glad day—on that day of good tidings of great joy—it is Midsummer in Tasmania. No cold wind rushes through the deep forests. No storm gathers on the mountains which lift themselves abruptly from the plains. The broad lakes which send abundance of sweet waters gurgling and bubbling from the summit of those mountains, reflect in their bright calmness the towering pines which shelter, and the dark close walls of the dwarfish tea-tree which girdle them. Far below in their breathless depths is seen the wing of the wild duck, the native cormorant, or the pelican, passing from shore to shore, and in their solitary freedom restlessly shifting their haunts. On the sparkling sands—sands which the Bushmen tell you are thick with diamonds, so glittering are the grains—the black snake basks in the sunshine, or among the shrubs and stones which fringe them, lurks for the bronzed lizard gliding close to the ambuscade. The warm valleys, musical with the rippling rivulet which cools the air and keeps the rich mould green about it, look beautiful and blissful as though the Golden Age, redolent with the acanthus and Assyrian spikenard, had visited the earth once more. Flashing through the aisles and arches of the woods, the crimson-crested forests fill the air with rainbow-hues. All over the island, from Asbestos hill to where Cape Pillar towers above the terrible surges eternally beating at its base, it is a day full of beauty, fruitfulness, all the richest melodies of nature, and the brightest living things that anywhere bless the plenteous earth.

On such a radiant vocal Christmas-day, five years ago, my home was in the central mountains of that sunny island of Tasmania. I was the tenant of a little cottage, built of timber—stringy bark—cut from the forest, on the skirt of which, fronting a noble lake the cottage stood. It was Lake Sorel.

"After climbing," says Mitchel, "full two thousand feet, we stand at one moment on the brink of the steep mountain, and behold the plain of Ross far below; the next minute, instead of commencing our descent into a valley on the other side, we are on the edge of a great lake, stretching at least seven miles to the opposite shore, held in here by the mere summits of the mountain-range, and brimming to the very lips of the cup or crater that contains it. A cutting of twenty-five feet in depth would, at this point, send its waters plunging over the mountain to form a new river in the plains of Ross. At another part of its shore, to the northwest, a similar canal would drain it into the Lake river which flows along the foot of the mountains on that side. As it is, the only outlet is through Lake Crescent and the Clyde; and so it comes to fertilize the vale of Bothwell, and bathe the roots of our trees at Nant Cottage. No lake on earth is more beauteous than Sorel. Not so be-rhymed as Windermere is this Antarctic lake; not so famous in story as Regillus or Thrasymene; in literature, as Como or Geneva, is our lake of the Southern Woods. An unbroken continent of mighty forest clasps us round here. On the the north frowns the peak called Cradle Mountain, with its gray precipices rising out of the rich foliage—one peak merely of the Great Western tier, rising not more than a thousand feet from the lake, but almost four thousand above the sea. Opposite, and farther off beyond the Crescent Lake, rises the grand Table Mountain. Nowhere gleams and ripples purer, glossier water, mirrowing a brighter sky. Nowhere does the wild duck find a securer nest. The snow-white swan—that "on St. Mary's Lake floats double, swan and shadow"—floats not more placidly, nor flings on the water a more graceful reflection from her stately neck, than the jet-black, proud-crested swan of these Antarctic waters."

The position and appurtenances of the little cottage on the brink of this lonely, glorious lake, the true bright pencil of my true-hearted, nobly-gifted friend has thus described:—

"At the head of a quiet bay, or deep curve of the lake, facing one of the most glorious scenes of fairy-land, with the clear waters rippling at its feet, with a dense forest around and behind it, Meagher has built his cottage. A little wooden jetty runs out some yards into the lake; and at anchor, near the end of the jetty, lies the *Speranza*, a boat built at Hobart Town, and hauled up here, over mountains, through swamps and forests, a distance of eighty-five miles, by six bullocks."

This *Speranza* was the *Lady Lake.*

THOMAS DAVIS.

A SKETCH.

Look at that young man. He is about the middle height; his movements are quick, and indicate the nervous, sanguine temperament. His shoulders are stooped. He carries the habits of the study about him in the streets, and his brain is ever bent over and ahead of his body. As he paces onward, with quickness and intent, it would seem that the legs strove to overtake that *something* which is passing through his mind. His dress is not over-elegant or careful. Get a glimpse at his face and you at once perceive that energy, love, firmness and devotion are stamped there. My friend, Doctor Redfield, the physiognomist, would tell you that great force and affection beamed from that young man's mouth and chin; that strong passion and vigor lay there, and that ostentation played no part in his life-drama; that the nose indicated intellect, and the eyes versatility, activity and penetration of thought, and, were the hat off, his forehead would present a striking combination of these various faculties and powers. Follow him, if you will, and ere you have left him you will have visited—the workshop of the artisan, where he talked of Irish oak for furniture—the studio of the artist, to whom he has rapidly and brilliantly suggested and grouped a picture from Irish history—the Galleries of the Royal Hibernian Academy, where he has awakened new beauties in the painted imaginations of Danby, the chivalric groups of Maclise, or the portraits of Burton—the Library of Trinity College, where he has consulted an old manuscript and fixed a date—the Museum of the Irish Academy, where he has met Doctor Petrie and with him inspected some newly dug up Danish or ancient Irish relic—the Committee-room of the Repeal Association, where he threw new and friendly light upon some subject of angry debate. Probably he has led you to his editorial room, where he has corrected a handful of proof-sheets—visited half a dozen bookseller's shops and called on William Elliot Hudson, to hear him play over an arrangement of some glorious old Irish airs, which he had recovered from a blind piper in the wilds of Connamara or the glens of Munster.

Aye to all these places, and many more, will this young man, with the bent shoulders and eager face, lead you; and in all will he exhibit the extensive resources of his intellect in bright, happy suggestions, and from all will he bear away some lesson to be acted on, which other eyes are blind to, and to which other ears are deaf.

In the evening, at MacNevin's house probably, he will meet his literary and political friends, the nucleus of the party afterwards known as "Young Ireland," and suggest to them how best they may supply the wants of Irish Literature, or instigate the life of Irish Manufactures and Art, by pointing out the exigencies of the one and the necessities of the other, as observed by him in his day's inspection. Here Parliament will be reviewed, party questions discussed, an Irish policy settled, wit flashed, and the young man with stooped shoulders and the eager face, will perambulate the streets homewards, the old Irish air ringing through his brain and almost mastering his limbs, until he has found a translation in words of the meaning and melody, which he writes out with little correction, and in next Saturday's *Nation* we find a "Lament for the Milesians," or a "Fanny Power," with the well-known signature of "The Celt."

And that young man is "the Celt?" Aye, that young man! Would you know more of him?—Listen:

Thomas Osborne Davis was born in the year 1814, at Mallow, in the County of Cork, Ireland. The scenery by which the child is surrounded fills the fancy of the man. We receive impressions then as we do the letters of the alphabet, and they are alike imperishable in our memories; and alike capable of as great variety of grouping and suggestiveness under the guidance of Fancy in the one and experience in the other. The scenes of Davis's childhood were well calculated to add to his natural abilities all that was chivalrous, beautiful and national. In his poem entitled "The Rivers," he calls the locality of his birth and childhood "The Eden of Ireland." Characterizing his native Munster Blackwater and its scenery, in contradistinction to the river of the same name which flows through Ulster, he has these fine verses:—

"— far kinder the woodlands of rich Convamore,
And more gorgeous the turrets of saintly Lismore;
There, the stream, like a maiden
With love overladen,
Pants wild on each shore.

"Its rocks rise like statues, tall, stately and fair,
And the trees, and the flowers, and the mountains, and air,
With Wonder's soul near you
To share with, and cheer you
Make Paradise there."

Within a circle of ten or a dozen miles round the cradle-home of Davis, the air is thick with lay and legend, here hanging like a tattered banner over the castle of the O'Keeffes at Dromagh—here muttering through the venerable Abbey of Buttevant, or whining, dirge-like, through the ruins of the Augustinian Monastery at Ballybeg. Yon, Kanturk lifts its remnants of castellated antiquity, and west of Buttevant the ruined castle of Liscarrol has many a crimson tale of the civil wars.

Is there any doubt but that the youth rebuilt those ruins in his imagination, besieged or defended them, fought all their battles, and carried with him into manhood and his public life the victories and glories of his fancy? no doubt, they haunted him like, as Shelley says—

"The echoes of an ante-natal dream."

In addition to the liberal teaching of the rocks, streams, woods, mountains and ruins, Davis received a good education and entered Trinity College, Dublin. Here he read much, devoured books of great variety, and shelves-full outside of the College course. He received no distinction and had but a "moderate reputation for high ability of any kind." "He was not a dull, plodding, blockhead premium-man," says Mitchel. But, says Mr. Wallis, a nearly friend and associate, "His powers were like the nucleus of an embryo star: uncompressed, unpurified, flickering and indistinct. He carried about with him huge loads of what other men—most of them statists and logicians—had thought proper to assert; but what he thought and felt himself he did not think of putting forward."

Thus he continued reading, feeling, and thinking in silence until he was about twenty-eight years in this world, and all that he has given us in song, essay, political report, artistic suggestiveness, and statesmanlike force, was made voluble and put into readable shape in the three years which filled the interim between that period and his death in September 16, 1845. His beautiful and brilliant "Life of Curran,' prefixed to the collection of "Speeches," was published in 1840, but it was upon a sudden, on the starting of the *Nation* newspaper, he felt his strength and fairly spread his wings.

Through bitter need of his genius, kindness and love, how deeply may not the Irish of our generation sympathize with the words of the generous and tender-hearted Englishwoman, Miss Mitford, who exclaims—"Oh! would that he (Davis) had lived to write volumes upon volumes of such lyrics as the 'Sack of Baltimore,' and '*Maire Bhan Astor*,' such biographies as his 'Life of Curran,' and such criticism as his 'Essay upon Irish Song.'"

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Enwrapt as with a spell my spirit seems,
Within the golden summer of my dreams.
Fair dreams! within your shadow, my fleet hours
Go linkéd, bound with a loose wreath of flowers.
I sit within the crimson-curtained room,
And lo, there swims before me in the gloom—
The waving shadow of the shaken trees,
The willow's tresses shaking in the breeze;
And through the forest paths brown Autumn goes,
Tossing the whirling leaves like showers of snows,
Down with the stormy greeting of his breath
In red and rustling eddies to the earth;
Shaking from her faint clasp the scattered flowers
Pale Summer culleth in her faded bowers—
Summer, so late the fair and haughty Queen
Of all the forest empire, wide and green—
And singing as he goes a rugged song
That rings the woodland's sounding glens along,
That starts within his den the dappled deer,
And sends him sweeping on his far career,
Swift rustling through the dry and crackling shade,
His antlers gleaming o'er the open glade,
And by the forest waters flying fast,
His shadow on the tide a moment cast;
Then there are purple sea-shells by the shore,
Whereon the rippling tide comes sounding o'er;
And on the light blue waters far away,
I watch the laughing Nereids in their play
Upon the ocean crests so white and fair,
Shaking the shining spray from their loose hair.
And far above, amid the fissured rock,
Some fair flowers tremble o'er the ocean's shock,
In their aerial beauty sweet and far
Like the pale unreached beauty of a star;
Then there are mosses round the gnarled roots
Of old trees laden with the golden fruits,
And ivy clothing with a green decay
The ruined walls of ages passed away.
Would I could mould and marshal as I ought
Into fair forms these conscript bands of thought.
Could I—oh! there were music in their march,
And sunlight on the vales their banners arch;
But like unwary ranks that fear no foe,
The loose battalions wander to and fro—
Some on the crested hill's sweet summer side,
Some cast along the river's gentle tide;
Some culling crimson berries in the woods,
Some flinging fragrant blossoms on the floods—
Or rather is their bright unquiet flight
Like fire-flies glancing through the leaves at night;
Or like the gorgeous tints the red sun hath,
Left bright behind him on his parting path,
Fading to sullen gray when he is gone.
So shine the bright thoughts, swiftly speeding on,
As fade the transient glories from our sight
Into the dusky shadow of the night—
So fade they in the blank array of words,
And all the music ebbeth from the chords. ENUL.

Sander's "*Young Ladies' Reader*," published by Ivison and Phinney, is a very useful volume. It embraces a comprehensive course of instruction in the Principles of Rhetorical Reading, and a more than usually well-selected collection of exercises in Prose and Poetry, from a long list of popular as well as elegant writers. It has been the desire of Mr. Sanders to illustrate by his book the observation of the Younger Pliny, who says, "As in life, so in studies, the most beautiful and the most humane thing is, I think, so to blend the grave and gay, that the one may not settle down into melancholy, nor the other degenerate into levity." The Collector—whom we will take at his word—states that his labor "cost a deal of time and a deal of thought." The rules for reading—given by the author—appear to be well considered.

SMITH O'BRIEN'S MEDITATIONS IN EXILE.

PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT; or, Meditations in Exile. By WILLIAM SMITH O'BRIEN. In two volumes. *Dublin, James Duffy.*

The same, one volume, with notes. *Boston, P. Donahoe.*

If the present work were not of intrinsic worth and value, it would commend itself to all good and thoughtful men on other grounds. It would be impossible to regard it without deep interest when we know that in its composition one of the purest and noblest characters of our time found mental solace during a large portion of the six years' imprisonment he underwent for the cause of his native land. Divested of almost all the ordinary interests of life during this period, Mr. O'Brien naturally endeavored to create some occupation which would employ the time hanging listlessly on his hands, and lighten his anxieties, if not actually cheer his mind.

To such a mind philosophy afforded the surest comfort; and knowing the leanings of Mr. O'Brien's mind, and his long experience in public affairs, it is not to be wondered at that his lucubrations took a Governmental and Political shape, guided by that impartiality so characteristic of the man. The eminent exile informs us in his preface that had he been able to command access to the requisite materials, it is probable he would have undertaken to write a History of Ireland; his anxious desire being to connect his labors with the fortunes of the country, to the service of which his life "ever has been and ever will be devoted." This loving intention was rendered futile, almost at the outset, from the fact that the exile was entirely cut off from the opportunities of research into matters pertaining to the nationality of Ireland. The same scantiness of literary resources prevented him from entering on a new course of study. He was, therefore, obliged to generalize his ideas, and as he says—"to write as a citizen of the world, rather than as an Irish patriot." Thus it was that the happy thought of turning to account the experiences of his former life occurred to him. As he was, by English law, virtually dead to the present, he lived upon the past; and from the lessons which it taught him, has deduced those principles which are now set before us. That the distinguished author not unadvisedly takes hold of his subject, the following extract sufficiently well indicates:

"During a period"—writes Mr. O'Brien—"of more than twenty-five years, I have had such opportunities of observation in regard of political affairs as present themselves to but few writers. I have been a member of the British Parliament during eighteen years. I have taken a part in the most perfectly organized, if not the most formidable, 'agitation,' that is known to recent history. As an Irish country-gentleman, I have been engaged during many years, in the details of local administration, whilst performing the duties of grand-juror, magistrate, guardian of the poor, and in discharge of other similar functions. I have been associated with many voluntary societies, both in England and Ireland, founded for the propagation of knowledge, and for the advancement of social progress. I have undergone imprisonment of various degrees during a period of six years; and as a transported convict, I have witnessed not only many different forms of penal discipline, but also of the earliest processes of colonization. Under these circumstances, it occurred to me that I could not employ my time more usefully than in endeavoring to frame a synoptical view of society, and to develope, in a summary manner, principles of organization, legislation and administration, which are generally applicable to all free states, whatever may be the peculiar tendencies of their population."

Mr. O'Brien intends his work to be a suggestive, not a dogmatical one, and confesses that the experience of the past has taught him to distrust his judgment. In discussing some of the questions presented, the arguments are so nicely balanced, that—says the writer—I have sometimes found great difficulty in my own mind in deducing from them a peremptory conclusion.

Of the variety of contingent questions treated in illustration of the great theme, we cannot do more at present than enumerate some of the leading and most interesting, such as—The origin of different kinds of government; Centralized and local administration; Legislative institutions; Representation of the people; Legislative privileges of an aristocracy; Fundamental principles of legislation; on Police—Treatment of prisoners, and the administration of justice; on Sanitary arrangements; Public Works—Relief of the poor; Public Works—Popular amusement; Religious and secular instruction and education; Finance; Foreign and Colonial affairs; and Trade, commerce and industry.

This, however brief epitome of the work, will suggest the deep importance and public interest of the questions discussed.

In issuing an American Edition, the publisher, "fully conscious of the responsibility of ushering a new book on the principles of public duty into a state of society so baffled and beset with theories as this," thought proper to employ an editor to annotate the text with such notes as "American experience or Catholic principles would seem to call for." This task the Editor avows he undertook with "unfeigned unwillingness." His duty, however, has been a slight one—the notes being useless and to our mind completely uncalled for. The Annotator protests against Mr. O'Brien's using the word "Usurpation" in speaking of Louis Napoleon's progress to power. However, as there was no choice left by the publisher between printing Mr. O'Brien's disquisition with Notes, or not at all, we must tolerate this intrusion on a work which the name alone of the celebrated author should have prevented.

"Learning about Common Things," by Jacob Abbott, is a pleasant parcel of familiar instruction for children, given in a clear conversational manner, on that great variety of subjects which attract the attention and awaken the curiosity of our younger days. Mr. Abbott is a good friend of little children, and scarcely less so is the artist who happily illustrates the book. *Harper & Brothers.*

THE POETRY OF FIGURES.

The following specimen of Revolutionary verse, describing chiefly the losses of the British at Saratoga, published in the newspapers of the era, has a far greater interest for us now than much better "poetry." Some one said of Tom Moore that he could versify Euclid, and satisfactorily work out an Algebraic exercise in graceful rhyme. The author of the following evidently could have kept a set of books in verse:

Here followeth the direful fate
Of Burgoyne and his army great,
Who so proudly did display
The terrors of despotic sway.
His power and pride and many threats
Have been brought low by fort'nate Gates
To bend to the United States.

British prisoners by convention	2,442
Foreigners—by contra-vention	2,198
Tories sent across the lake	1,100
Burgoyne and his suite in state	12
Sick and wounded, bruised and pounded Ne'er so much before confounded,	528
Prisoners of war before convention	400
Deserters come with kind intention	300
They lost in Bennington's great battle, Where Starke's glorious arms did rattle,	1,220
Killed in September and October	600
Ta'en by brave Brown, some drunk, some sober,	413
Slain by high fame Heckerman, - - On both flanks, on rear and van, - - Indians, settlers, butchers, drovers, - - Enough to crowd large plains all over, And those whom grim death did prevent From fighting against our continent; - And also those who stole away, - - Lest they down their arms should lay, - Abhoring that obnoxious day; - - The whole make fourteen thousand men, Who may not with us fight again. - -	300 14,000

This is a pretty just account
Of Burgoyne's legion's whole amount,
Who came across the Northern Lakes
To desolate our happy States.
Their brass cannons we have got all—
Fifty-six—both great and small;
And ten thousand stands of arms,
To prevent all future harms;
Stores and implements complete,
Of workmanship exceeding neat;
Cover'd wagons in great plenty,
And proper harness no way scanty.
Among our prisoners there are
Six generals of fame most rare;
Six members of their Parliament,
Reluctantly they seem content;
Three British Lords, and Lord Bellearras,
Who came, our country free to harass;
Two Baronets of high extraction,
Were sorely wounded in the action.

A Mr. W. J. Knowles has "printed for the author," a book entitled "*Features of the Inauguration of the Franklin Statue in Boston.*" If the author is not completely successful, it must be admitted that his work is on the most approved model. An Exchange gives some extracts, from which we take a couple of Mr. Knowles poetical "features:"

"The form of Doctor Franklin, in front of City Hall,
The Boston people honor—the short as well as tall;
The country people like it—some put their glasses on,
Inspect his manly features, from morning until noon."

Mr. Knowles it will be seen deals in facts. There is—as people say—"more truth than poetry in him." As he does justice in the above stanza to the town and country folk who inspected the "manly features" of the doctor, the writer takes the subject of the statue itself into consideration in the following apostrophe:—

"Philosopher and citizen is stamped upon his brow,
A very serious thinker—to show what art can do;
'Tis Franklin kindly speaking to every thoughtful mind;
His native place was Boston—the history left behind."

Fifteen years ago, or thereabouts, Dmitrieff, a poet, was a Russian Minister for Home Affairs. He used to be greatly admired for his odes. An ode of his on the late coronation, has just appeared. The Russians—who are qualified to judge—speak of this lyrical effusion, from the pen of an author whom many had thought dead, as full of beauty and fire. A Moscow correspondent says that, in Nicholas' time, it would not have passed the censorship. One stanza says in purport—"Your throne is lofty, that you may be able to see suffering afar, among your subjects; it has steps, that your faithful people may approach you." This aged poet's ode has fairly beaten out of conversation all the usual verses of Court poets or courtier poets.

Ivan Dmitrieff was born in 1760, and consequently is now within a few years of being a centenarian. In "Talvi's" *Languages and Literature of the Slavic Nations*, he is credited with having exercised on the growing poetic literature of Russia a not less influence than that exerted by his contemporary, the historian, Karamzin, on the Russian prose. Dmitrieff had more taste and purity than any of his predecessors; and he was the first, says "Talvi," to prove by a great many poetical tales, fables, odes, etc., that imagination and correctness of language are not incompatible. He has a crowd of followers—amongst the most successful and best known of whom are Shukofsky, Koslof and Rosen, the translators of Byron.

Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, in New Haven, died in 1724, and was buried at the church in Wrexham, Wales. His monument, a plain altar tomb, bears this inscription—

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric' travelled, and in Asia wed:
Where long he lived and thrived, in London dead.
Much good, some ill he did; so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.
You that survive and read this tale, take care
For this most certain exit to prepare.
Where blest in peace the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the silent dust.

Literary and Artistic News.

The late robbery of fifteen thousand pounds' worth of old pictures, has cast a ghastly paleness on the faces of all owners of galleries. The fact—says the London *Athenæum*—that an unscrupulous lover of art has been able coolly to visit the collection of Lord Suffolk, and then and there, as lawyers say, to rip out with a certain sharp edged tool, otherwise called a penknife, we dare not say how many Carraccis and Raphaels, has made the hair of all picture-collectors who do not wear a wig, stand bolt upright. Will no picture-restorer restore these jewels? Will no warder of Warpour-street point out this poacher of a nobleman's preserves? Rumor with its thousand quivering tongues, has it that heavy stocks of life-preservers, with whistles at one end and rattles and "knocker-dusters," are being laid in at the Ellesmere and other London collections. The Pantheon alone, proud in a justifiable humility, fears no thieves, and laughs at marauders. Joking apart, however, there can be no doubt that no property is so much exposed to risk, as valuable pictures. Take Italy—in the great palaces of Rome on a wet day, long suits of rooms are left open to the visitor while the mumbling curator bustles off to his little tiled room to watch the stew that is hissing for him over the charcoal brazier. A bold, daring man, accustomed to pictures, with a sharp heavy knife, could in ten minutes, easily rip out some forty thousand pounds worth of pictures, roll them round him, and hide them under the voluminous folds of a *talma*, or a boat-cloak. Suppose a *carrozza* ordered at the door at the given hour, our patron of art tumbles in, hurries to his hotel, picks up his acquirements, and having previously got his passport *vised*, pulls off his false beard and wig, changes his coat, packs up his cloak or sells it, and is off in an hour's time by diligence to Civita Vecchia, catches the boat, and in three days reaches Marseilles, and—disappears. In three years from this time, Paris is startled by an "Extraordinary discovery of rare pictures at a Chateau on the Loire." During the vacation, our adventurer, who is a careful art-student, and accustomed to imitate the manner of old masters, has disguised every picture and hidden all their peculiar marks; his spare moments of literary leisure having been devoted to compiling a history of them, and of their concealment during the Reign of Terror. He realises incredible millions of francs, and retires to America, where he makes himself celebrated as a patron of genius and hidden merit; eventually becomes magistrate of his district, and is peculiarly severe on petty-larceny. There can be no doubt, however, in all seriousness, that valuable pictures need watching; for burglars, like other men, have their fashions, and the garrotte, chloroform, ring-dropping tricks, &c., have each had their day, like fardingales, toupees, hoops, and shoe-buckles. There is no doubt that conveyancers—*vulgo*, thieves—have discovered a new California, and collectors must be on the alert in detection of so valuable a source of revenue.

There is second-hand bookseller in Hobart Town, whose history is worth mentioning. He is a very steady and respectable man, whose prosperity is the result of his fair dealing. He was a carriage liner by trade, and was imported by a respectable carriage-builder there under the bounty system of 1840. He worked for his employer for three years under an agreement, and then set up for himself as a repairer. He had purchased a small piece of land on which he had built a wooden cottage, but not in a principal street. In 1843, however, the colony was in a state of depression, and he found he could not make a living by his trade. One day he went to an auction sale of books to buy a book or two for his own reading. There he found books going for next to nothing, and it occurred to him that he could make a little money by purchasing some and selling them. A gentleman present, whom he consulted, advised him to try, and he accordingly invested £12 or £15 in books—I forget which sum, but certainly not more than the larger. He carried them home, and was in the act of displaying them on a board, when a passer-by purchased 28s worth at a large profit on the prices he had just paid. "This," said he, telling his own story, "made me a bookseller." The business prospered, and ten years after his stock consisted of 14,000 volumes, all made out of the original £15. He now occupies a large shop in a principal thoroughfare, and has a large trade—several gentlemen of Melbourne, who has private libraries, corresponding with him when they require books not to be found in the shops of our dealers in the "literature of the day."

Four volumes of Herzog's Encyclopedia of Protestant Theology have been completed. About a thousand articles are contained in these volumes, averaging somewhat more than two pages each; they are written by about one hundred contributors, including some of the first names in German Theology, as Bertheau, Delitzsch, Ebrard, Hahnn, Hoffmann, Kurtz, Muller, Tholuck, Schwarz, and others. Dr. Geffcken, in a recent work, to which he has devoted twenty-five years of study, on Catechisms before Luther's times, in the fifteenth century, enumerates 98 Latin printed Bibles before 1500; and 14 High German, and three or four Low German translations of the Scriptures; these last were used by Luther but with few alterations, in the Historical Books, and in the Epistles and Gospels for Sundays.

Mr. Robt. Chambers, the well-known publisher and author, is the proprietor of Glenmorriston, and, notwithstanding his enthusiasm in behalf of popular rights and privileges, manages his estate much after the usual fashion. He erected at the opening of an attractive walk a board on which was inscribed, "No thoroughfare this way. Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law." A wag during the night painted on the other side of the board, *Chambers' Information for the People.*

The New-Orleans *Delta* states that Mr. Oliphant, an English gentleman of high literary as well as social position, the author of a work which has had quite a run in England under the title of *Shores of the Black Sea*, is in this country, on his way to Nicaragua. Mr. Oliphant is supposed to be the writer of the articles on *Circassia*, now appearing in *Blackwood*, and his journey will probably result in a graphic sketch of the resources of Central America.

The Georgia *Federal Union* say that the Chair of the Natural Sciences, Chemistry, &c., of the South Carolina College, having been made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Brumby, the trustees have invited Dr. Joseph LeConte, of the Georgia University, to fill it. Dr. LeConte will accept the appointment.

The State Library at Albany now embraces 43,634 volumes, of which 30,011, including 144 volumes of manuscripts, are in the General Library and 13,623 in the Law Library. This is an increase of 20,360 volumes in five years.

Col. H. Yoakum, author of the *History of Texas*, died at Houston on the 26th ult., of consumption. He was not only a man of talent and genius, but of great public spirit, and abounding in private and Christian virtues.

The London *Times* says that M. Kossuth realized £3,000 sterling, $15,000, by his series of lectures in Scotland last season, and that he has received eighty invitations for winter lectures in Great Britain.

Alphonse Karr, the French author, has this singular, yet truthful, motto upon his signet ring: "I fear only those I love."

A FANTASY.

BY P. W. M.

'Tis told somewhere in Eastern story,
That those who love once bloomed as flowers
On the same stem, amid the glory
Of Eden's green and fragrant bowers,
And that though parted here by fate,
Yet when the glow of life has ended,
Each soul again shall find its mate,
And in one bloom again be blended.

If this be true, how sweet the vision
Which Fancy sometimes weaves for me,
That *thou*, amid those bowers elysian,
My lovely flower mate will be:
And Oh! how oft, when time and distance,
Perchance, may part thee from my side,
Will I pine for that existence
Where Fate can ne'er our live divide.

Macomb, Ill.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the southern District of New-York.

THE REFUGEES.

AN INDIAN TALE OF 1812.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of the "Prairie Flower," "Artist's Bride," "Clara Moreland," "Forest Rose," etc. etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE MESSENGER.

As the setting sun of the 20th of August, 1812, threw a broad sheet of burnished gold over the western heavens, from the horizon almost to the zenith, a horseman, in a green hunting frock, with a rifle resting on the pommel of his saddle, and tightly grasped with one hand, while the other held the reins of his panting and foam-covered beast, dashed swiftly through the great, dark, gloomy forest which then stretched over a vast tract of country in the northwestern portion of the State of Ohio. Guiding his gallant steed over the moist, level ground, through a dense growth of ash, elm, oak, beech, cotton-wood and poplar trees, whose thickly matted branches made twilight of noonday, and darkness of twilight, he soon reached the banks of a dark, deep river, known as the Maumee, or Miami of the Lakes. Here he reined his travel-worn beast to a halt, threw himself from his back, and ran up and down the bank for the space of three hundred yards, in eager search for the ford, which he did not find. Then he looked up and down the dark stream, over which the shadows of night were fast setting, and re-mounting his horse, rode him into the water, and swam him across to the opposite shore. On reaching the right bank of the river, he again urged his weary beast forward through a gloomy wood—where night had already spread her Plutonian pall, and a solemn, awful silence brooded, disturbed only by the dismal howl of the prowling wolf, or the hideous screech of the ominous owl—and in fifteen minutes more he gained an opening, and drew rein at the door of an humble log-hut, through whose crevices a faint light glimmered. Throwing the reins upon the neck of his drooping beast, and tightly grasping his rifle, he dismounted quickly, and tapped lightly on the slab door.

"Who's there?" demanded a voice from within, with the intonation peculiar to the natives of New England.

"Eden Stanforth," was the reply of the horseman.

Almost instantly the door was thrown open, and exclamations of pleasure broke from two of the four persons present.

These four persons consisted of a tall, large, strong, hard-featured, muscular man, of middle age—a small, pale, sharp-featured, thin-lipped woman of forty—a long, lank, awkward youth of twenty, with pocked face, flaxen hair, light blue eyes, and freckled skin—and a plump, fair, brown-haired, hazel-eyed, comely maiden of nineteen.

"Why, Eden Stanforth, be you back already? Who on earth thought of seeing you here to night?" said the elderly female who had opened the door, which she still held with one hand, while with the other she took the hand of the young horseman.

For young he was and handsome, possessing a fine, manly form, in the full flush and vigor of early manhood, with an open, frank, honest, intelligent countenance, an eye clear bright and expressive, and with waving locks rolling back from a broad, high, smooth forehead, and clustering around healthy-hued cheeks and temples.

"I hoped to surprise you, aunt?" he said quickly, as he pushed in and closed the door; "for had I failed in doing so, I fear you would soon have received a surprise of a more terrible nature."

"Mercy on us! what's happened?" cried the aunt in alarm, while the others held their breaths to listen to the reply.

"First," said Eden Stanforth," "do you know that war has been declared between our country and Great Britain?"

"No!" exclaimed the uncle of the young messenger, starting up from his seat: "Is such the fact?"

"Such is the fact," pursued Eden hurriedly; war was formally proclaimed by our government against Great Britain on the eighteenth of last June—though it is said that when the imbecile, treacherous, and cowardly old Hull marched through here, on the last of the same month, he did not know it."

"Eden, what do you mean, by speaking in such disrespectful terms of General Hull?" inquired the brother of the young man's father.

"Would that my words were daggers, to let out his heart's blood!" cried Eden, fiercely. "Oh! woe the day that such a man was appointed to command such a gallant band as he has basely betrayed and sacrificed!"

"Eden, speak! explain!" demanded the uncle, who was a man of a few words.

"He has surrendered Detroit, his army, and all the forts, garrisons, and military stores within his jurisdiction into the hands of the British, without so much as permitting a single blow to be struck in our defence!"

"You don't tell me so!" exclaimed the elder Stanforth, turning slightly pale, and involuntarily clenching his hand.

"Mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Stanforth, clasping her hands in alarm; "what'll this do to us, Eden?"

"Put us to flight, aunt, to save our lives!" cried the young man excitedly. "The horde of Indians, collected under the leadership of Tecumseh, having now no check at the North, will soon be upon these defenceless borders, to slaughter, pillage and burn, and lay waste the country—even now I fear they are on their way hither."

"This is indeed startling news!" said the uncle, musingly; "war declared and Hull surrendered! Eden, you havn't made any mistake?"

"No, uncle—no mistake—for even I was one of the parties surrendered."

"You, Eden—you?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Tell me all about it as quick as you can!" said the uncle.

"I must be very brief, then, uncle," replied Eden, "for I have not yet been home. "Here, Peleg," he continued, turning to the young man before mentioned, who, with blanched features, open-mouth, dilated eyes, and trembling limbs, stood listening to every word, and looking from one to the other, in terror: "here, run over to our house, and tell the news, and set them at making preparations to leave at once, say I will be with them in a few minutes."

"I—I—don't want to," said Peleg, shrinking back, and looking fearfully around him. "I'd rather not."

"Are you afraid to go?" said Eden.

"No, I ain't," replied Peleg; but I don't see no use in going when you're going right along yourself."

"You are afraid, Peleg! so do not deny it," exclaimed Mabel, catching up a sun-bonnet, and putting it upon her head. "I will go, Eden."

"No, no, Mabel," cried the young man, taking hold of her, "you shall not go. I will go myself in a few minutes, and Peleg White can remain, to boast some other day of what he would have done had he been placed in a situation of peril." And then he added in a lower tone, and one that brought a deeper blush to the cheeks of the brave girl: "Mabel, your life is too precious to be risked without absolute necessity. Hasten to prepare everything for our voyage, for aunt is so nervous that we cannot depend upon her forethought. I must explain this matter to uncle before I go home, for you know how slow he is to act till everything is understood."

Saying this, Eden turned from Mabel Duncan to his kinsman and resumed:

"I was about to tell you, uncle, of Hull's disgraceful surrender. On visiting Detroit, some ten day's ago, with Macy and Walbridge, with the intention, as you know, of locating some lands on a branch of the Huron River, we learned with surprise that hostilities had actually commenced between the United States and Great Britain; and that Hull had just returned from Canada with his army, where he had thrown away some good opportunities of conquest; and that it was expected, as he had not attacked and destroyed Malden, the British would shortly attack Detroit. You know, uncle, I have always had some strong military predilections, and the moment I heard there was likely to be a fight within a reasonable time, in which I could participate, I resolved to attach myself as a temporary volunteer to the company of Captain Wilson, with whom I had some slight acquaintance.

"Well, to be brief, the enemy soon appeared in force, erected batteries, demanded the surrender of the fort, and, being refused, began a bombardment which they continued all one night with little effect. The next day, through the sheer carelessness and neglect of Hull, they effected a landing, and were marching up to attack us—and we, in glorious anticipation of victory, were eagerly waiting the signal to begin the chastisement—when to our utter amazement, chagrin and indignation, we were ordered to stack our arms and prepare to surrender ourselves prisoners of war."

"What! without firing a gun?" cried the uncle, in astonishment.

"Yes, uncle, without one single, solitary discharge of our rifles and muskets!"

"The old scoundrel!" exclaimed the uncle.

"He deserves hanging!" cried the young man.

"Is he a traitor, or coward, Eden?"

"Both, I think! Oh! uncle, just fancy the feelings of the brave American soldiers at being thus basely deprived of their arms, by their own general, and surrendered prisoner's of war to a foe they could easily have conquered."

"The man's mad, or else we've got a successful Benedict Arnold among us," said the other. "How did you get away, Eden?"

"The British General gave the volunteers liberty to return home, but took old Hull and the regulars over to Canada. As soon as I got permission to leave, I made a search for my horse, which I found in the possession of an orderly sergeant, who returned him to me for a small compensation. I then bought back my rifle, mounted my beast and here I am, happily in time to give you all warning of danger."

"This isn't a safe place, just now, that's a fact," said the uncle, with a serious shake of the head.

"There is danger, uncle, go which way we may; but it struck me we should be safer on the river and lake, in our barge, than in journeying through the forest which I have reason to believe will soon be swarming with Indians, if indeed it is not at this moment. We will endeavor to meet some American settlement, further to the eastward, along the southern shore of the lake—but even if compelled to take refuge under a British flag, it will be far better than falling into the hands of the savages."

"And our horses, cattle, hogs and sheep—what of them"? queried the uncle seriously.

"We shall have to leave them to the tender mercies of the wild beasts and savages," answered Eden, with a sigh; if we can save our household goods and ourselves, it is all we can hope to do at present."

"You're right, Eden." pursued the uncle in a tone of decision, addressing his young kinsman; "you're right, and there's no help for it. It'll certainly be best for us to take to the barge and drop down into Lake Erie. Now hasten to get your father, mother, and sister ready for the voyage. Come, Esther—come, Peleg—come, Mabel—let's set to work at once."

"I will soon rejoin you," said Eden.

And hurrying out, he mounted his horse and rode quickly away.

CHAPTER II.

THE MIDNIGHT DEPARTURE.

A little before midnight of the same day our story opens, a party of eight persons, four of either sex, were slowly and silently moving across a small opening to the right bank of the Maumee, where a clumsily built barge of middling size was fastened to the shore. Seven of this party of eight were laden with different household articles, which they immediately deposited among numerous others of a similar character which had been previously brought to the boat from their dwelling; and being now all collected on board, and having with them all they intended taking from their deserted homes, they forthwith loosed the boat and pushed it out into the middle of the stream, where, for the time being, it was allowed to float quietly down on the bosom of the current.

This party, as the reader has doubtless conjectured, consisted of our young hero, Eden Stanforth, and his father, mother, sister, uncle, and aunt, and Mabel Duncan, and Peleg White.

Having floated a short distance down the stream, Eden took counsel with his uncle and father, and it was decided the boat should be brought to an anchor some little distance from the shore, and that one should remain on the watch till morning—when, should their be no signs of the enemy, a warning message could be sent to the inhabitants above, which, in their haste to effect their own safety, our voyagers had neglected to do at first.

"I take shame to myself," said Eden in a whisper, for it was not deemed prudent to speak in a loud tone, lest a lurking enemy might hear the sound, and so be attracted to their place of concealment: "I take shame to myself, that I did not ride to Major Spofford's and give him warning, so that he might convey the news to the next, and thus spread the evil tidings and put all on their guard."

"It ought to have been done, Eden," said his father, "and if it can be done without too great a risk, we mustn't neglect it in the morning."

"If you think best, father, I will attend to it to-night."

"No, my son, no; you have done enough to need rest. Two days on horseback, and only one night's fitful sleep on the bare ground! Go and lie down at once, and trust your uncle Amos to watch the boat."

Eden did not require much urging to induce him to seek rest for the night; and speaking a few quieting words to his mother, sister, aunt, and Mabel—all of whom were more or less nervous and excited—he threw himself down on a loose pile of bedding, and was soon last asleep."

Not so the others, who were not so fatigued as Eden, and upon whom the exciting news had produced an effect calculated to banish sleep for several hours. At the request of Daniel Stanforth, the father of Eden, who had been for years an invalid, and whose constitution was so broken and impaired as to render him unable to bear any great fatigue, they all repaired to their places of rest, where they conversed in whispers for a long time, conjecturing as to the future, and narrating occurrences of the past, till each was prepared to hear an Indian in every sound, or see one in every shadow, or in everything having motion.

But as the night wore slowly away, without presenting in a tangible shape the objects of their fears, they all at last yielded to the requirements of nature; and even Peleg White, the most frightened one of the party, fell into a doze and began to dream.

Suddenly he started up with a wild, terrific shriek; and dropping down on his knees and clasping his head with his hands, began to beg for his life in a most pitiful manner. His shriek aroused all parties, and was echoed by the females, who fully believed the Indians were upon them; and for a few minutes a scene of the wildest confusion prevailed.

"Fool!" cried Amos Stanforth, Peleg's guardian, who reached him first, and who, seizing him by the collar of his hunting shirt, jerked him to his feet, and shook him till all the teeth in his head rattled; "Fool! coward! what d'ye mean by making all this fuss for nothing?"

By this time Peleg had become fairly awakened; and as he feared his guardian in anger almost as much as he did the savages themselves, he slunk away without uttering a word in his defence.

But further sleep for any of the parties after this, was out of the question; and Eden Stanforth—who at the first sound of alarm, had started up and grasped his rifle, ready to sell his life dearly in defence of those he loved—now turned his whole attention to quieting the nervous excitement of the females, all of whom, except Mabel Duncan, were still trembling from their late fright and apprenensions for the future.

"Come, mother—come, aunt, and you, Carrie—I am astonished you should permit such a cowardly jackanapes as Peleg White to frighten you all out of your senses. Let me entreat you to lie down again, and get what rest you can, for really I do not think there is any danger. I do not think the Indians have reached this quarter yet, or we should have heard something of them."

"From what I've heard of them, they generally move about pretty quiet," replied the father.

"Until they make an attack," said Eden, "and then they give vent to their most terrific yells. If they were about to-night, in this vicinity, it is quite likely they would have attacked some of our neighbors before this, and we should have heard their death signal."

"I don't feel altogether at ease," said the father, drawing his son aside, and speaking in a low tone, which reached no ear but Eden's; I feel strangely oppressed with something like a presentiment of danger; but keep this to yourself, not a word of it to the women folks, or we shall have Bedlam over again. There is Peleg! That boy ought to be gagged, to keep him quiet; and if any harm comes to us to-night, I shall blame him for it."

"I never yet saw a boaster that was not at heart a coward," replied Eden; "and Peleg has often annoyed me by boasting what he would do in case he should ever be so fortunate as to be placed in a position of danger."

"This is very gloomy work," said the father, "sitting here in this old boat on the river, on a dark night, watching for unknown foes; I wonder how long it is to daybreak?"

"The dawn cannot be far off," replied Eden. "Look yonder, over the tree-tops, to the eastward! I think I see the first streak of day now."

"The sky looks reddish in that direction, but I'm not sure it's morning," said the other. "What do you think, Amos?" he continued, addressing his brother, who was standing within a few feet of him, apparently trying to peer into the darkness, which the thick shadows of the heavy trees on the nearest bank rendered almost impenetrable to the eye.

"It's not the dawn, David, if I'm a judge," was the answer, in a low, cautious tone.

"What do you think it is, uncle?" asked Eden.

"Fire!" was the laconic reply.

"Ha!" said Eden, with a start; "then the Indians must certainly be about—perhaps have already begun their horrible work! Had we not better take up our anchor and drop further down the stream?"

"Hush! listen!" returned the uncle, in a whisper; your ears are younger than mine, and ought to be better—do you hear anything?"

All listened, each holding his breath to catch the slightest sound. Each, too, turned his eyes upon the nearest shore, and strove in vain to distinguish a single object in the awful blackness, which, in that direction, seemed to rise like a wall before them. It was a starlight night, but slightly hazy; and looking directly upward, a line of the heavens could be seen; and this line, and this only, could be traced to some distance either way, showing the course of the dark river, which made the opening in the grand old gloomy forest, whose giant trees and thick

undergrowth lined it banks on either side. From the position of the boat, being fairly in the dim light of the opening, it was possible for it to be seen by any one on the nearest bank who had become accustomed to the deeper darkness of the wooded shore; but for the same reason, it was impossible for any one on the boat, looking in that direction, to see ten feet into the gloomy shadows of the mighty forest.

"I hear only the slight rippling of the water, said Eden at length, in the same cautious whisper.

"I though I once or twice heard the snapping of a stick on the bank," rejoined his uncle, "though it might have been only fancy."

"Would it not be well to lift our anchor and drop further down the stream?" again suggested the young man, with not a little anxiety, as he thought of the precious lives aboard the boat, which might possibly fall a sacrifice to an unseen enemy, even then silently preparing to begin the work of death.

"I'm of that opinion," answered the uncle. "Come, let us lift it at once.

Eden and his uncle repaired to the windlass and were just in the act of giving it a turn, when a loud shriek from one of the females, followed by some half a dozen others in quick succession, caused them to desist, and grasp their rifles in fearful apprehension; but ere they had time to spring forward to ascertain the cause of the second alarm, three of the terrified parties were at their sides, clinging to them with trembling eagerness.

"Speak, Esther; what is it?" said Amos Stanforth to his half-fainting wife.

"Oh!" replied her sister-in-law, "we all saw the head of an Indian come peeping over the side of the boat!"

The above is all of this beautiful and highly interesting story that will be published in our columns. We give this as a sample. The continuation of it can be found only in the *New-York Ledger*, the great family weekly weekly paper, for which the most popular writers in the country contribute and which can be found at all the stores throughout the city and country, where papers are sold. Remember to ask for the *New-York Ledger* of Jan. 3, and in it you will get the continuation of the story from where it leaves off here. If you cannot get a copy at any news office, the publisher of the *Ledger* will mail you a copy on the receipt of five cents. Fanny Fern writes only for the *New-York Ledger;* Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., writes only for it; Emerson Bennett writes only for it; and nearly all the eminent writers in the country, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Emma D. E. N Southworth, and Alice Cary, contribute regularly to its columns. It is mailed to subscribers at $2 a year, or two copies for $3. It is the handsomest and best family paper in the country, and is characterized by a high moral tone.

MILITARY CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, December 10, 1856.

MR. EDITOR—

Having had the honor of an invitation from the "Georgetown College Cadets" to participate with them in a late parade, I deem it but right to furnish you with an account of their proceedings. On the 4th inst., this company, composed exclusively of the students of Georgetown College, preceded by Wither's Excelsior Brass Band, left the old college halls, and marching through the principal thoroughfares of Georgetown and Washington, proceeded to the White House, where they were ushered into the famous and gorgeous East-Room, and also into the presence of the Chief Magistrate, his Cabinet, and a select number of ladies and gentlemen. The Commander of the Corps, Chas. B. Kenny, Esq., of Pennsylvania, then addressed his Excellency, as follows:

"*Mr. President:* On the part of the "Georgetown College Cadets, and the noble institution which they represent here, in this chamber, the scene of so many exhibitions of American feeling and patriotism, hallowed too by the constant presence of America's noblest pride, I tender you the assurance of our utmost regard and esteem. My own emotions, at this moment, standing in the presence of him whom from our mother's knee we are taught to regard with reverence and awe, would indeed silence my tongue, had I not an honorable, a high and sacred duty to perform. When an institution which some of the most brilliant scholars in our country, the most profound philosophers and sagest statesmen are proud to call their "Alma Mater," has selected so unworthy a representative of her sentiments, he is at once entitled to your kind attention, he speaks what even the noblest ruler of men might be proud to hear and to deserve—the commendations of the good.

"You see here, before you, hearts young and ardent, glowing with the purest love of their country; congregated, too, from the very extremities of this mighty, indissoluble Union, a communion of States in the communion of their children, from the frowning forests of Maine to the glowing soil of California, the "Spes magnæ altera Romæ," all in one mind and with one voice testifying their affection to yourself, and their admiration of the manner in which you have discharged the awful duties of your office. We are not soldiers by profession; but we find in the exercises of the soldier an agreeable and profitable amusement, and to this we are the more incited when we reflect that the brightest and noblest names that adorn the pages of our country's history, have been alike distinguished in the cabinet and in the field. But in the names of all those you see around you, and in the name of that venerable institution which we love, while we express our high appreciation of your conduct as a statesman, we cannot omit the earnest mention of our thanks, deep and sincere, for the particular interest you have manifested in the "Alma Mater" of our choice. Alluding gracefully to the eminent public services of the President in piloting the Ship of State successfully through the furious political tempests which lately beset her, he concluded as follows—"In the name of our Company, then, I thank you for the truly American and constitutional manner in which you have administered justice to all; I thank you in the name of the Faculty of Georgetown College, who know how to appreciate worth, and pay a willing tribute to virtue; I thank you in the name of all the young and glowing hearts you see around you, in which the memory of this day will be fresh as now, when you, perhaps, will have been called to a higher and purer reward for your generous and patriotic labors; I thank you in the name of my native noble Keystone State, the bulwark of a nation's safety and hopes, that has stamped the seal of her approbation upon your public acts with more than 230,000 of her freemen's votes; I thank you in the name of every true-hearted American citizen, who cherishes the union and prosperity of our common country. And when you will have retired from the glories and cares of so mighty a government—when amid the beauty and grandeur of Nature, which make your own dear Granite State the Switzerland of America, your untrammeled spirit will find new and surer springs of pleasure and delight—oh! remember still the depth and sincerity of our regard—remember that you have a monument more enduring than brass—more lasting than marble, in the undying, eternal gratitude of your countrymen!"

Upon the conclusion of Mr. Kenny's remarks, the President replied happily and appropriately, to the effect that though the Cadets represented different sections of the country, they were still united in feeling; that no geographical lines could divide the interests and hearts of Americans—no blow could be struck at one section of the country witout injuring the section whence it originated. He complimented the Company highly on their appearance, and referred to the benefits of citizen soldiery; of the prodigies of valor performed by volunteers fighting on the fields of Mexico, all of which resulted from the habitual use of arms. In concluding, the President spoke in terms of high regard of the institution represented by the Cadets, and of its honorable President.

On leaving the White House, the Cadets proceeded to the Washington Seminary, where they partook of a collation, prepared by that "Taylor of Washington"—Charles P. Gautier, Esq. After full justice had been done to the good things, the following toasts and sentiments were offered:

By Capt. Charles Kenny, of Pa,—"My native Pennsylvania—as the arch can never be broken while the keystone remains firm, neither can our glorious federal arch be dissolved until the noble old Keystone State be severed in twain—until the back of the Alleghanies be broken."

By Lieut. Frank Ward, of Baltimore—"The Rev. President of Georgetown College—may such associations ever be honored with his presence, and may his hopes in respect to the Cadets be ever realized, as I trust they have been to-day."

By Lieut. F. Lancaster, of Pa.—"Liberty, Union and the Constitution!"

By Ensign Frank Neale, of Md.—Charles P. Gautier—may fortune attend him, as he supplied this plentiful banquet, where at weeping was banished but not gnashing of teeth."

By William Choice, of S. S.—

"Here's the grand fabric—our free Constitution,
As built on the base of our great Revolution;
And longer with Politics not to crammed,
Be Anarchy cursed, and Tyranny damned;
And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,
May his son be a hangman, and he the first trial!"

By Cornelius O'Flynn, of Mich.—"The Ladies of the District, God bless their darling little souls—may their smiles e'er continue to encourage the 'bould sojers' of Georgetown College, and may the gallant Cadets yet find among their chosen midst their future companions through life."

By Emile Rost, of Louisiana—"Frank Pierce—the President of these United States."

By Nicholas Hill, of Md.—"James Buchanan—his deeds speak his fame."

By Cornelius O'Sullivan of N. Y.—"The patriot martyrs of Ireland—'98 and '48."

Numberless other sentiments were proposed, and among the many eloquent speeches delivered, a real gem was produced by the Rev. Mr. Maguire, S. J., President of the College—who seemed to outdo even himself in this happy effort. At a late hour the Cadets set out for home to the inspiring strains of the "Geo. Town Col. Cadet Quick Step," and were everywhere greeted by the smiles of the fair sex, who expressed their admiration of the gallant students in showering bouquets and garlands upon them. They well deserved all the honors, as their military bearing and excellent drilling drew down the encomiums of the oldest Military men in the District of Columbia. They numbered 80 rank and file, and beneath their simple but neat uniforms beat hearts responsive to every dictate of Liberty—to every appeal of charity. May they long live to remember the 4th of December, 1856. is the wish of—

Your obedient servant,

JUSTITIA (of N. Y.) Washington P. O. D.

A LECTURE

Will be delivered by Capt. JAMES HUSTON, at Hope Chapel, 720 Broacway, on Monday evening, 12th January, 1857.

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Heavy and Fine Cloths for Ladies' Cloaks.

The above goods will be shown freely, without any unpleasant forcing to buy, and will be sold twenty per cent. below Broadway prices, where the rents are high. We are constantly getting in goods from auction.

No second price.

dec27

Holloway's Pills.—WEBSTER once said that the *reveille* of the British drum welcomed sunrise in all regions. EQUALLY universal is the presence of this potent remedy for diseases of the stomach, the liver, the bowels, and the minor secretive organs. Its praise is written in all languages. Sold at Manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists at 25c., 62 1-2c., and $1 per pot or box.

CARNIWAL HATS.

Manufacturers of the Gentlemen's Dress Silk Hats, which we offer the public for their approval and purchase. We withhold all comments on their style, relying upon the discrimination of our patrons who have for years liberally sustained us in our Quarterly Issues, and in the original idea of an Intermediate Style, expressly adapted to the "AMERICAN CARNIVAL," or New-Year Season. LEARY & Co.,

Leaders and Introducers of Fashions for Gentlemen's HATS,

d27 2t Astor House, Broadway.

Special Notices.

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine FASHIONABLE HAT! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.

N. B.—Best quality, $2, as good as any Hats sold in this city for $4 or $5.

SMITH, No. 31 Park Row,

sept6 1yr Under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman-st.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7¾.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

Grand merry Christmas Festival.

Houses crowded to witness the Grand Fairy Opera of

Cinderella.

In four acts, new scenery, dresses, transformations, &c., and the following powerful cast—

Cinderella, (first time,")	Miss C. Hiffert
Dandini	G. S. Buckley
Baron	W. Percival
Pedro	R. B. Buckley
Allidora	J. A. Basquin
Prince	T. S. Wadelton
Chole	J. J. Mullen
Thisbe	R. Carroll
Fairies, Blackberry Sprites, &c	Company

Preceding which

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

On Thursday (Christmas Day) a grand afternoon concert, commencing at half-past two o'clock.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

"T. F. MEAGHER CLUB."

This body will celebrate the Fifth Anniversary of the bold and honorable Escape from bondage of their distinguished countryman and patron, Thomas Francis Meagher, by a Grand Ball, to be given at Tammany Hall, on Monday evening, January 12th, 1857. The members have resolved to spare no pains or expense in rendering the entertainment worthy of the important event which it commemorates. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, one dollar: can be obtained at the door on the night of the Ball.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 3 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.

JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

THIRD ANNUAL BALL

OF THE

Young Men's Association,

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF THE

Roman Catholic Orphans,

TO BE HELD

AT NIBLO'S SALOON,

On Tuesday Evening, January 6, 1856.

SHELTON'S FULL BAND ENGAGED.

Tickets to admit a gentleman and two ladies, $3.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Andrew L. Byrne. | Michael J. D. McGlynn. | Oliver K. Mooney.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Theodore P. Kelly	Edward F. Mullen,	Peter Lynch
James A. Carolin,	Edmund F. Kelly	John A. McSorley
John E. McMenomy	Charles Hussey	Philip J. Cozans
Hugh Gaynor	John A. McLoughlin	Wm. H. Irwin
John M. Cooney	John Kelly	Richard Dalton
James Lynch	Peter Meehan	John McCartin
John A. Boyle,	Augustus O'Neil	Thomas Hussey
Edward C. Byrne	William J. Kane	Wm. Ahearn
Daniel Lalor	Oliver Sadlier	Wm. Fitzpatrick
Edward I. Murray	Thomas Fay	Philip Clark
John Higgins	Nicholas Hussey, jr.	Michael Carr
John W. Rice	Andrew J. Smith	John J. Kelly
C. Watters	Daniel Sweeny, jr.	

WM. LALOR, President.

JAMES LYNCH, Treasurer.
JAMES T. DUNIGAN, Secretary

OSCAR SPENCE, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN W. MCKINLEY, 2d Vice-President.

3t20d CHARLES WRIGHT, Floor Manager.

GRAND MILITARY AND CIVIL BALL

OF THE

EMMET LIFE GUARD.

ENGINEER CORPS 69th REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Monday Evening, December 29th, 1856.

Tickets $1, admitting a gentleman and ladies. For sale by the GUARD and at this office.

☞ The LIFE GUARD pledge themselves that nothing will be left undone by by them to produce the best Ball of the season.

Military Men will please attend in Uniform.

Capt. T. Lynch, Chairman.

A. O'TOOLE, Sec'y.
JAMES WATSON, Treasurer. oct11

Sporting!—Young Men desirous of forming a FOOT-BALL CLUB are requested to meet at the *Grape Vine Cottage*, 45 Second avenue, to make arrangements for a parade on St. Stephen's Day, (26th Dec.) This being the first affair of this kind, it is expected there will be a large attendance. 1t. nov 8.

Lectures.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

Official Notices.

Office of the Receiver of Taxes, New Court-House, No. 32 Chambers street.—NOTICE.—In conformity with an act for the collection of taxes, passed April 18, 1843, I hereby give notice to all tax-payers who have omitted to pay their taxes for the year 1856, that unless the same is paid to me at my office, on or before the first day of January, I shall proceed to collect the same, by an addition of interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum calculated from the 16th day of last September to the day of payment.

m1dec18 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

Special Notices.

Electro-Magnetic Baths.—The Electro-Magnetic Baths having become permanently established as a remedial agent for the cure of Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Stiff and Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Ulcers, Tic Toloreux, Neuralgia, Pain in the Limbs, &c. &c., and for the positive extraction of Mercury and other Mineral Poisons from the human system, the Messrs. Sloan & Co. take this method of informing the public that they have fitted up and opened an establishment at No. 53 Sixth Avenue, where the Baths will be constantly in operation, under the care and direction of Dr. G. H. Doyle, Homeopathic Professor of Medicine. To those unacquainted with "Electro-Magnetism" as applied to the cure of disease, reduction and extraction of mineral poisons, &c., we would say that as a means of cure for the above enumerated diseases, it has received the almost universal endorsement of the various Academies of Medicine throughout Europe and the United States, and that the reduction of Metals by a Voltaic Current, is no new science: it is the APPLICATION of the FACT to its extraction from the system for which we claim originality. In it we dismiss all theories—we leave nothing to chance—we are not led by blind experience, but we follow unerring and never failing principles.

Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c., are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

Persons afflicted in any way with sickness, debility, &c. will do well to call at the office, examine the Baths, and receive full explanation of the treatment pursued. SLOAN & CO., 53 Sixth Avenue,

Between Fourth-street and West Washington Place.

P. S.—Physicians and Families supplied with Homeopathic Medicines, Books, &c. dec6 3mos

PRICES REDUCED.

Fine Black Cloth Frock Coats	$ 8
Fine Black Dress Coats	$ 8
Fine Brown Frock Coats	$ 8
Fall Raglans	$ 8
Cassimere Business Coats	$3 50 to $ 8
Black Cassimere Pants	$2 50 to $ 5
Fancy Cassimere Pants	$1 50 to $ 5
Rich Moire-Antique Silk Vests	$ 8
Zephyr Cassimere suits	$ 8
Complete genteel Black Cloth suits	$12

Evans' Extensive Clothing Warehouse,

oct25 2mos Nos. 66 and 68 Fulton street.

HO! FOR NICARAGUA!

A Free Passage

AND

GRANT OF LAND.

PERSONS desirous of emigrating to Nicaragua, in accordance with the provisions of the Colonization Decree of the Republic, dated Granada, Sept. 9, 1856, will be furnished with a free passage on application to the undersigned at No. 3 Broadway, where all further information may be obtained.

4t6dec COL. FRANK ANDERSON, Emigrant Agent for Nicaragua.

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete prcess (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**

nov29, 3ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Merry Christmas and Happy New-Year!

LADIES, IF YOU WISH TO MAKE PRESENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS, you will find at MILLER'S, in Canal street, White Silver and Kid Gaiter Boots, Slippers and Cloth Button Boots, beautiful Embroidered Toilet Slippers for gentlemen. Also, Ladies' and Misses' Gaiter Boots and Shoes of all kinds, with Boys' and Youths' Patent Leather Boots, Congress Gaiters, &c. Forming usefull and appropriate gifts for the Holidays.

dec18, 4t. **J. B. Miller & Co.,** 134 Canal street.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News**, throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

Dr. Wm. O'Gorman,

OFFICE,

423 Broome st.,

tf6dec New-York.

Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 14 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 31 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street.
FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms."
EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn.
GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y.
RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y.
P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall."
Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy.
JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street.
M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.*
T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory.
WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at corner of 11th st. and First Ave.
JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y.
M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn.
MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street.
JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa.
MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue.
JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City.
—— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.
P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia.
Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me.
JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond.
P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston.
GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta.
EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati.
JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y11june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bundons, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themseives and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

WEEMAN'S IRON RAILING MANUFACTORY.

No. 26 Merrimac street, Boston, Mass.

Where he has been for the past thirty years.

ALL persons in want of IRON FENCES, suitable for cemetery, house, garden, Balustrades, &c., can, by calling on the subscriber, purchase a better fence at a lower price, than at any other establishment in the state, as he makes it his entire business.

jun14m6 EBENEZER WEEMAM.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art.

J. GURNEY,
oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS
THAT NEED NO MARKING.
Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffiing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of sevcral of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of businees, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are supe rior to anything before exhiited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, wouid do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,
Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway
oct11 3mos opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARES," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 3mos New-York.

Dr. McGowan, Physician and Surgeon, *No. 322 Canal Street,* (formerly 69, the numbers having been altered on the street,) a few doors from Broadway, attends to calls in every branch of his profession.

Special attention devoted to DISEASES of the EYE, SCROFULA, CONSUMPTION, etc. Advice to the poor, gratis, every Wednesday afternoon. sept6

Post Office.—Notice.—Change of Hour.—On and after MONDAY, the 3d day of November, the Mails will close as follows:

Eastern Mail by Railroad,.....at 2 P. M.
New-York and Erie Railroad Mails.....at 3 P. M.
North Mail by Hudson River Railroad.....at 3½ P. M.
November 1, 1856.

Isaac V. Fowler, Postmaster.

Medical.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**
NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot,* **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Consumption---Watkinson's Pulmonacia.

A SAFE, reliable family medicine, warranted not to contain a particle of mercury or any other mineral poison; not a nine day's wonder got up to sell and humbug the public. He has used it for years in private families of friends, and now, at the urgent request of hundreds who have seen its remarkable cures, where every other remedy has failed, he offers it to the public to benefit and relieve those suffering with that fatal disease, so inherent to our changeable climate, carrying off its thousands to an early grave—Consumption. It has effected some of the most remarkable cures ever heard of; how some dear friend was saved from death, when all hope was given up, now lives and enjoys good health. Its rare qualities are not only in relieving consumptive patients, but for all diseases of the lungs, racking nervous cough, night sweats, bronchial affections of the throat, internal inflammation, where the blood is impure, it has no equal. The discoverer of PULMONACIA is RICHARD WATKINSON, a gentleman of well-known standing in Philadelphia and New-York. Those that are acquainted with him know there is no quackery or humbug about it, as the number of certificates that can be obtained at the office will satisfy the most incredulous as to its value.

R. WATKINSON.

No. 448 Broadway is the only place in the city where it can be obtaincd. Price $1 per bottle. dec13 3mos

Publications.

LITTELL, SON & CO., BOSTON.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

THIS work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the EDINBURGH, QUARTERLY, and other Reviews; and BLACKWOOD' noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History and Commen Life, by the sagacious SPECTATOR, the sparkling EXAMINER, the judicious, ATHENEUM, the busy and industrious LITERARY GAZETTE, the sensible and comprehensive BRITANNIA, the sober and respeotable CHRISTIAN OBSERVER; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the UNITED SERVICE, and with the best articles of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, NEW MONTHLY, FRASER'S, TAIT'S, AINSWORTH'S, HOOD'S and SPORTING MAGAZINES, and of Chambers' admirable JOURNAL. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from PUNCH; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of THE TIMES. We shall increase our variety by importations from the Continent of Europe, and from the growth of the British Colonies.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday—price, (free of postage) six dollars a year. Remittances for any period will be promptly attended to.

Complete sets of the FIRST SERIES, in thirty-six volumes, handsomely bouud, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principle cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale for Seventy-two Dollars. The Second Series began in 1853.

Any volume may be had separately, at Two Dollars, bound, or a Dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents—and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

☞ A few advertisements of Books, Patents, or other matters of general interest, will be added, at reasonable rates.

Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly at the Office of Littell's Living Age,

Boston.

Every number of this work contains articles of leading interest; grave and earnest, yet not heavy; popular, and yet of abiding value. To these are added, in profuse abundance and great variety, Tales, Poetry, Voyages, Travels, and whatever—within the bounds of sound taste and good principles—may be included under the large head of Light Reading. But mere light reading soon becomes wearisome, unless there breathe from it spirit and heart, life and soul.

We promise a Magazine that shall be more and better than mere amusement: a Book suited to the leisure of the old and wise, and yet abundantly attractive to the young and ardent. It will freely provide for the Imagination, as well as for the Reaaon and Memory.

For THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, received at the office of publication, the Panorama will be sent (free of postage), to any post-office in the United States.

Two COPIES, Five Dollars a year; FIVE COPIES, Ten Dollars a year, Clubs to pay their own postage, which is three cents a number, payable QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

The first number was issned in July, 1855. It makes two large volumes a year. We can snpply orders for back numbers or volumes.

Both Works are Published by Littell, Son & Company, Boston.
oct18 tf

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Bremen, per U. S. Steamer Arago, will close at this office on SATURDAY the 13th day of December, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

dec6 13 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

New Advertisements.

REV. DR. MANAHAN,

Will lecture before CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AT HOPE CHAPEL, 720 Broadway, on Monday Evening, January 5, 1857, at 8 o'clock.

SUBJECT: ————.

Tickets 25 cents, to be had at the Reading Room of the Association, 889 Broadway; at Dunnigan's and O'Shea's Bookstores, and at the office of this paper. dec27

ATTENTION ALL!

AN EXTRAORDINARY ARTICLE

ELEPHANT HUNTING

In New-York.

BY PHIL. ROUGEQUILL,

Wherein "Men, Women and Babies" are handled without Gloves.

The Literary Journal!

A CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

Contains the first chapter of an intensely thrilling tale, by A. D- Munson, Esq.,

THE CHILD OF THE POOR-HOUSE.

Mr. M. was formerly editor of the New-York Ledger, and his story of *Ellen Ross* ran up the circulation of that sheet to 41,000. Do not fail to buy a copy.

This number contains, also, *The Pedagogue's Stratagem*, by Robin Wildfellow; *Occident in the East*, by a blood; *The Maniac Mother*, by Carrie D. Munson; *The Two Artists—a Tale of Italy*: choice Poetry, delightful Miscellany, Fun and Fancy adorn this unrivalled number; *with a brilliant Chess Problem by Myron H. Haseltine.*

G. H. S. SALTER, M. D., & Co., No. 335 Broadway.

DEXTER, BROTHERS, Agents, Nos. 14 & 16 Ann Street.

To Druggists and Grocers in the South and West.

Charles' London Cordial Gin, the first established and the only *Imported*.

This celebrated Gin, introduced into the United States by E. C. Charles, in 1851, has become so extensively counterfeited and imitated by one or two liquor mixers in New-York and Boston that it becomes our duty to advise with you on the nature of the poisons disseminated amongst you by these unscrupulous parties.

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, show that Charles' London Cordial Gin is the only London Gin really Imported into the United States, and sold in bottles; and the fact has been demonstrated and published in all the New-York papers, that the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made except by ourselves, has been one Pipe, imported in 1855. On the credit of this solitary Pipe, which would not fill six hundred bottles, *over one hundred thousand dozen*, of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," prefixed with different names, have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost twenty per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin.

If corroboration were necessary, Mr. Udolpho Wolfe of New-York, who keeps record of every import of Gin, has over his own signature published to the world this statement, and it remains (even by the parties who have adopted our title) an unanswered, confirmed fact beyond the power of disproof, that Charles' London Cordial Gin, is the only genuine article, and hence that all others are nothing more or less than Ohio spirits in their raw state impregnated with poisonous materials, to give flavor to the mixture.

The Genuine Charles' London Gin is distilled especially for the undersigned in London, under the surveilance of the British excise laws, and is imported solely by us. It bears the endorsement of over five thousand physicians, in Great Britain and the United States. It has stood the most severe tests of the most skillful chemists and essayists. It is the only Gin which has the approval of the most celebrated practitioner America has ever produced—Dr. Valentine Mott, of New-York, who in a letter to Mr. Charles, says, "It is the finest, the most reliable, and most vigorous extract of Juniper he had ever seen."

The genuine Charles' London Cordial Gin is for sale in quart and pint bottles, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled "London Cordial Gin," it is absolutely Charles'. To escape adulterated and poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the article be labelled London Cordial Gin, but be certain it is Charles'. Every other is injurious to health.

DEVENOGE & CHARLES,
dc27 3ms. 136 Pearl Street, N. Y.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS' BANK.

NEW-YORK, December 22, 1856.

Dividend Notice.—Depositors are hereby notified that a semi-annual Dividend, at the rate of six per cent. per annum, on all sums of $500 and under, and five per cent per annum on all sums of over $500, that shall have been deposited at least Three Months on the 1st of January next, will be paid to Depositors on and after Monday, Jan. 21. Interest not called for will be carried to the credit of Depositors, as Principal. The Bank is open for business daily from 10 A. M. to 2 PM.i and from 5 to 7 P. M., at No. 51 Chambers st., East of Broadway.

JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. [2t dec27] JOSEPH STUART, Pres't.

Business Directory.

THE METROPOLITAN

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 108 *BROADWAY*,
(Cor. Pine Street.)
CASH CAPITAL $300,000.
JAMES LORIMER GRAHAM, President.
EDWARD A. STANSBURY, Secretary. my31y

WILLARD, FELT & CO,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,
NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,
(near Broadway.)
8mos

Wm. Irwin,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN BOOTS & SHOES,

No. 174 Bowery, opposite Delancey street, New-York.
Quick Sales and Small Profits. oc11m8

JAMES CAIN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AND

CLOTHIER,

NO. 129 *FULTON STREET*,

HERALD BUILDING,) New-York.
my31y

NICHOLAS WALSH

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER,

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

Business Directory.

RICH CARPETING.

1856 **Fall Importation.** 1856

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 Bowery, (west side,) between Grand and Hester streets,

IS now prepared to exhibit his new Fall styles of

Foreign and Domestic Carpetings,

comprising every grade and description, from the CHEAPEST fabric to the RICHEST.

Importing his goods direct, and thus saving the commission and interest which most other dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other carpetings adapted to all varieties of tastes, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at 14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	10s to 16s.
Tapestry,	6s to 12s.
Brussels,	7s to 12s.
Three-ply,	7s to 10s.
Ingrain,	3s to 7s.
Common Ingrain,	18d to 3s.

English and American Floor Oil-Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern, and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, MATTINGS,

and of everythg else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 Bowery, (West side,)
ap191y Between Grand and Hester sts., N. Y.

CARPETINGS FROM AUCTION.

TO THE LADIES OF NEW-YORK AND VICINITY.

STEPHEN LEAHY,

93 SIXTH AVENUE, between Waverly and Clinton Place,

BEGS to call the attention of the ladies to his large and varied stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloth. The collection comprises goods of every grade and style, from the richest and most beautiful of foreign manufacture to the lowest price domestic.

All who are acquainted with the Carpet trade, and have visited our New Store, acknowledge our stock the most varied assortment and best selected on exhibition in the city. The facilities we enjoy for purchasing cheap, and an experience of many years in connection with the largest houses in the country, enables us to present to our lady friends and the public, the cheapest and most select stock of goods in the city.

sept27 8mos STEPHEN LEAHY, 93 Sixth Avenue.

CHEAP FALL DRY GOODS!

Rich dress Silks, Broche and Woollen Shawls, French and English Merinos, Woollen Plaids, Poplins, Valencias, Mous. de Laines, Alpacas, French and English Prints, Ginghams, Domestics, Irish Linens, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, Laces, &c., &c. Also—Fashionable Cloaks and Mantillas of plain and fancy cloths, rich black and colored Silk Velvets, &c.

And at the Grand Street Store,

Royal Velvet, Brussels, Tapestry, Ingrain, Three-ply, and every variety of low-priced Carpetings, Rugs, Mats, Oil Cloths, Curtain materials, Cornices, Shades, &c.

ALL AT VERY ECONOMICAL PRICES!

Lord & Taylor, 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand street,
oct4 3mos and new numbers 47 and 49 Catharine street.

Men's Furnishing Goods.

84 William Street, corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

GEORGE M. TRACY,

HAS now on hand a choice stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS, nearly all of which are made *under his own inspection*, of the choicest fabrics and newest styles. Merchants will find this a desirable place to make their selections. Annexed is a catalogue of some of the articles:

Hosiery and Gloves	Improved Napoleon Ties
Silk Beaufort Ties	Stocks, in great variety
Linen Collars	Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs
Silk Albert Ties	Dressing Robes
Fine Shirts	Travelling Shawls
Cravats and Stocks	Silk Under Shirts and Dr8wers
Suspenders	Silk and Gingham Umbrellas

His shirts are of superior make and quality, and warranted to fit. Persons wishing goods for their own use will be served at retail as well as wholesale, at the lowest prices. oc4m2

READY-MADE CLOTHING

And Furnishing Establishment.

390 BOWERY,

WEST SIDE, OPPOSITE THE HAY MARKET.

HUGH DOLAN

TAKES leave to apprise his friends and the public generally that he has the above concern with a

New and Select Stock of Goods,

Which will compare favorably with any in the market, and which he offers to his customers at prices which he is confident cannot be beaten in the city. Gentlemen's furnishing goods of every description at the lowest rates.

N. B. Particular attention paid to the making up of custom work. A good fit warranted in all cases.

Remember 390 Bowery, opposite the Hay Market. 8m4oc

KNOX'S

OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and single counting-room desks, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office desks from 3 to 6 feet, of Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Oak; cases for books and pigeon holes. Office-chairs, cushions, lounges, and office tables of every description. my17tf

WM. PERRY,

ANATOMICAL BOOTMAKER AND CHIROPEDIST,

NO. 85 SIXTH AVENUE,

Near Fourth Street.....New-York

DEFORMED or Club feet restored by means of the boots. Walking, riding and Waterproof boots made, however difficult to fit the foot. Repairing done with dispatch.

Corns, bunions, nails of the feet cured permanently and attended to.
dec6m3 WM. PERRY, 85 Sixth Avenue, New-York.

P. MONAGHAN,

IMPORTER of the various and best brands of Havana Segars, &c. &c. Country and city merchants supplied in bond or in store. Duties paid or unpaid. 85 Beaver street, New-York.

N. B. Sole Importer of the J. M. Vichot, La Union, and La Primavera brands. ap26y

Wines and Liquors.

CHAS. J. MURPHY,

IMPORTER AND WHOLESALE DEALER IN

BRANDIES, WINES, GIN, RUM,

IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEY.

Segars, Ale, Porter, Cordials, &c.

Stores, Nos. 1, 4, & 5 Cedar street.

☞ Office, 133 Pearl street, a few doors south from the corner of Wall st., New-York. y6nov

RICHARD P. KING,

Wholesale Dealer in Wines, Brandies, & Segars,

NO. 51 HARRISON STREET,

And Wholesale and Retail at

NO. 65 VESEY1 STREET,

8m13dec New-York.

ELIZABETHAN ALE.

MEDICAL men now very generally recommend the occasional use of pure ale to those who are in need of nourishment; and it is undoubtedly the most wholesome beverage for general use that can be found. This is uot a new idea. In Queen Elizabeth's time our ancestors universally consumed it—from Elizabeth herself, in her palace, to the farmer in the field. In those days, adulterated wines and fiery liquors may be said to have been unknown, and very heavy penalties were enacted against using anything except malt and hops in brewing. It is not at all extravagant to assert, that the average duration of the life of a large portion of our race is a third less than it was two or three huudred years ago, and this is chiefly attributable to what we eat and what we drink. Even now the heartiest people that can be found are from the rural districts of England, who yet follow the old fashioned diet.

All who use ale, whether as a beverage or for the purpose of nourishment, will find the Elizabethan Ale most excellent. Being made on the Scotch plan, it is as pure and wholesome, (if not equal in flavor) as the imported, while its cost is but little more than a common article. Families and retailers supplied at 120 WATER STREET, one door above Wall. oc4m8

P. COTTER,

DEALER IN

LONDON BROWN STOUT, SCOTCH, & BURTON ALES.

Philadelphia Porter, Ale, Champagne Cider, and Soda Water.

Mercer House,

Corner of Broome and Mercer streets, New-York. y1aug2

JOHN J. STAFF'S.

WINES, Liquors, Segars,
London, Dublin, and Philadelphia Porter and Ale,
Scotch, Burton, and East India Ales,
Champagne Cider in quantities to suit purchasers,
at 333 Broadway,
tf Corner of Anthony street, New-York.

WISE'S IRISH MALT WHISKEY.

IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan**, Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Van Brunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of **Wise's Cork Malt Whiskey**, which will be sold at a reduced price, ont of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm in New-York who import the same. ap26y

P. CUFF,

RECTIFIER AND DISTILLER,

NO. 806 EIGHTH AVENUE.

NEW-YORK.

Dealer in Foreign Wines and Liquors.

Goods sent to all parts of the country. Orders of all kinds promptly attended to. y1ly26

JAMES CRAFT,

FANCY CARD AND JOB PRINTER,

CORNER ANN AND NASSAU STREETS,

Entrance 29 Ann street, New-York. tf9au

THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY,

(ESTABLISHED IN 1836.)

45 Water street, New-York.

CHARLES M. CONNOLLY,

Commission Merchant and Agent for the sale of Manufactured Tobacco.

Has always on hand, at the above agency, a full supply of

Manufactured Tobacco,

Of all brands and descriptions, direct from the Virginia Factories, for sale on libberal terms. jly5 y

WASHINGTON HALL.

JAMES McPYKE'S, No. **90** Prince Street, near Broadway, New-York.—This Establishment affords ample accommodation for Clubs, Committees, Families, Military Companies and all who desire spacious, elegant, and well-ventilated apartments for social enjoyment. Its proximity to all the leading hotels, renders this locality particularly desirable.

The Proprietor guarantees the best of the market, with a choice stock of Wines, Liquors, Cigars, &c. Private Supper Rooms. Attentive servants, courtesy and kindness, the subscriber hopes to merit the patronage of an intelligent public.

dec. 13, 3ms. **James McPyke,** Proprietor.

Special Notices.

Information wanted of Margaret Ustice and Jane Crowley, who came passengers by the Isaac Wright, on her last trip from Liverpool, by Richard Tracey, 11 Jay street, Brooklyn, in care of Mr. Owen Gilligan, or at this office. no22

Information wanted of Catharine Heaney, aged nine years, who left Sackin, near Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, Ireland, about the 30th of September last, for the purpose of coming to New-York. Information of her whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration will be thankfully reeeived by her mother.

HO FOR NICARAGUA!

ALL Persons desirous of emigrating to that beautiful and productive country, to become settlers there in accordance with its colonization laws, may obtain a free passage and a farm of eighty acres, by applying at the Nicaragua Colonization Office, No. 347 Broadway, room No. 2 (up stairs.)
d27 3t ALEX. C. LAWRENCE, Agent.

TO BOOK, FANCY AND TOY DEALERS.—Your attention is directed to

A NEW ARTICLE

FOR THE HOLIDAYS,

"CHESS, CHECKER AND BACKGAMMON BOARD FOR THE MILLION;" being a new invention, whereby the above three games can be obtained at a cost not equal to the expense of purchasing the ordinary men alone for playing the game of chess. The article is gotten up in three styles, forming a neat and convenient ornament for the parlor.

Call and examine or send orders to
dec27 A. RANNEY, Publisher, No. 195 Broadway, N. Y.

The Irish News.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, Editor and Proprietor.
JOHN SAVAGE, Literary Editor. JAMES ROCHE, Associate Editor.

Three Dollars per Annum. Single Copies Six Cents.
Publication Office, 29 Ann Street, Cor. of Nassau.

VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1857. NO. 39.

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Personal Recollections—Another chapter about Pat Costello, the Kilkenny Attorney—A New-Year's Garland, intertwined with a Song for the Young, by M. O'Keeffe; "The Muses—Thalia," by Shamrock; "The Blackfins of Burran," by Garryowen—Books for the Holidays—Lit. and Art Items, &c.

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Answers to Correspondents.

THE IRISH NEWS,

EDITED BY THE PROPRIETOR,

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER,

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE

IRISH PEOPLE,

AT HOME AND ABROAD,

Will be published every Saturday, on and after the 12th of April, at 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau, New-York.

For retailers and carriers, $4 per hundred.

For Clubs, 4 copies to one address, per annum, $10.

" 7 " " " " $17.
" 10 " " " " $20.

For advertising.—Each square of eight lines,

Transient - - - - - - - - - - - - $1
Monthly - - - - - - - - - - - - $2
Quarterly - - - - - - - - - - - - $5
Yearly - - - - - - - - - - - - $16

N. B. Four lines, or under, constitute half a square.

Agents or Postmasters who interest themselves in procuring and remitting subscriptions, may retain 50 cents out of each annual subscription of $3.

☞ Subscribers, Agents, and Advertisers will please send in their orders early, and observe that our terms are invariably, payments in advance.

Communications of a private nature should always be marked so. Those connected with the editorial department are to be addressed to Thomas Francis Meagher, and those on business to Richard J. Lalor, Irish News Office, 29 Ann street, corner of Nassau.

☞ Subscribers, residing in New-York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburgh, who pay in advance, will have their papers neatly enveloped, addressed, and delivered on each Wednesday through Boyd's Express or some similar medium.

Printed by Watters Brothers, 47 Ann street.
POWER PRESS OF J. B. WILLIAMS.

Persons about making

Christmas or New-Year Presents,

TO

CATHOLIC FRIENDS,

Will regret it if they do not call on

Edward Dunigan & Brother, 151 *Fulton street,*

and examine their exquisite

Catholic Bibles,

Catholic Prayer-Books in all Languages and in the neatest bindings,

Standard Catholic Works,

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The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees,*
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Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 13, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856.

European News.

The *Canada*, from Liverpool to Boston, brings European dates to the 12th December. The news is devoid of general or political importance. Attempts to patch up the treaty of Paris by another conference, form the staple rumors of the day.

The steamship *America*, which left Liverpool on the 5th inst., and the arrival of which we have been expecting for a week past, encountered a furious storm when off Cape Clear, which swept her decks, and so disabled her that she had to put back to Liverpool, where she arrived on the morning of the 10th inst. The *Canada* was immediately got ready to take out the passengers and mails of the *America*, and left Liverpool as above indicated, Dec. 12.

The *Canada* reports the following ships at anchor at the bar on the 12th inst. :—*New World, Baltic, John Howell, Belmont,* and *Wm. Rutledge;* also reports passing on the 13th inst., fifteen miles westward of Fastness, the steamship Niagara, and on the 7th inst., in lat. 49, lon. 28, the American ship *Syphon*, bound west. A despatch from Bordeaux announces the arrival at that port of a vessel having on board the captain and fifteen other persons who were wrecked in the ill-fated steamship Lyonnais. No names or other particulars are given. A subscription has been opened in London for the widows and children of those who perished.

The ship *Adriatic*, Combes, from Liverpool to New-York, was wrecked on the 8th inst., near Dungarvan. Three men were drowned, but it is not reported whether they were passengers or crew. The vessel was likely to become a complete wreck. She had a full cargo, and 200 crew and passengers. It was thought that if the weather moderated the cargo in the between decks might be saved.

There was a ship at anchor near Wexford, with her masts cut away—supposed to be the *J. L. Warner* from New Orleans for Liverpool. The latest accounts stated that the Warner was still ashore, that her crew had been saved, and that her cargo would be if the weather moderated.

The ship *Annie*, from Quebec, grounded on the 5th inst., and was discharging her cargo outside the harbor of Aberystith. The Lalla Rookh, for Charleston, had put back to Liverpool with loss of sails.

There had been a succession of severe gales along the British Channel, with numerous casualties in the Channel.

The steamer *Troubadour*, bound to Dublin, was caught in a gale short of fuel, and to keep up the fires had been obliged to burn up 150 pigs in the furnaces.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A deputation from the Liverpool and London merchants had waited on Lord Clarendon to ascertain what is meant by the British demonstration against New Granada.

Father Matthew died at Cork on the 9th inst.

Felix Orsini, the Italian exile, was lecturing in London on Italian tyranny. Richard Cobden has published another letter on maritime law. The London *Times* has an editorial backing out of the Arrowsmith Georgia Railroad and revolver hoax. It is reported that Arrowsmith has returned to the United States. Dr. Livingston, the celebrated African traveller, has reached Marseilles on his way homeward. The corporation and citizens of Portsmouth have subscribed £1,000 to give a banquet to the American officers in command of the British bark Resolute. The naval service at Portsmouth contemplate a similar compliment.

Moussoul Bey, on the part of the Pacha of Egypt, had an interview with the Manchester Commercial Association on the subject of growing cotton in the district watered by the river Tigris.

The British government is about to lay a telegraph line across the Persian Gulf.

FRANCE.—It is rumored that Cardinal Moriot's mission to Rome relates to the coronation of Napoleon, which, should peace be consolidated, will probably take place early next year. A formal announcement has appeared in the *Moniteur* that the Congress of Paris will re-assemble this month. It is now reported that the Plenipotentiaries will be the same as before, Count Walewski representing France; Lord Clarendon England; Count Cavour Sardinia; and Ali Pacha Turkey. The Havre *Journal* has a Cayenne letter of November 5, stating that gold had been discovered in several parts of the colony. Many shipping casualties are reported from the Mediterranean.

SPAIN.—Madrid commereial letters say that the opinion was strongly against the new loan, and that the finance minister would probably resign.

Accounts from Madrid and Saragossa represent these cities as still agitated, although not in open outbreak.

PRUSSIA.—Prussia has communicated the resolutions of the Germanic Diet on the question of Neufchatel prisoners to the great Powers, inviting them to join in a collective decision, with a view to secure her recognised rights. It is likely that the Prussians of Neufchatel will have been judged by the time an answer to this circular is received; but as the Federal Council of Switzerland is said to have given a formal promise to the Cabinets of London and Paris that an amnesty shall be granted immediately after, the preliminary condition demanded by Prussia will be fulfilled, though indirectly. In the course of the negotiations on the question France and Austria have advised Prussia to abstain from military measures, but have promised positively to support her views.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor has consented to the convocation of the Protestant Synod in Hungary. The papers are full of accounts of the Emperor's visit to Venice.

ITALY.—The *Baltic* carried the intelligence that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to assassinate the King of Naples on the 8th inst. The announcements of the affair differ. The first announcement said :—At noon to-day there was a review, and while the troops were defiling, a soldier of the third battalion of Chasseurs rushed from the ranks and struck the King on the left side, knocking him down. The soldier was seized by Colonal Lalour. Another dispatch says :—The bayonet of the soldier struck the King on the right side, above the waist. A third despatch intimated that he was slightly wounded, and a fourth despatch that the soldier fired his carbine at the King, and that the would-be assassin was killed on the spot. The telegraphs from Italy are wholly in the power of the government, and hence the accounts of the affair are not reliable. The accounts from Palermo say that the insurrection which broke out there on the 22d ult., at the head of which was Baron Benhenda and a number of ex-Deputies of the Sicilian Parliament, had been suppressed, and that Baron Benhenda had been taken prisoner. From Messina everything is reported as being quiet. The police had seized a quantity of muskets which had been landed for the insurgents. Count Levatolli, an eminent liberal of the Roman States, had been assassinated at Ravenna.

TURKEY.—The dates from Constantinople are to the 1st inst. The Ministry of Reschid Pacha was well established.

RUSSIA.—The text of the note addressed by Russia, at the end of October last, to the Powers that signed the treaty of Paris has been published. It is accompanied by a circular demanding the re-assembling of the Congress. This circular contains an exposure of the steps taken by the Russian Cabinet with a view to the fulfilment of articles twenty and twenty-one of the treaty of Paris. As regards the Isle of Serpents, the Russian government says that the island was incontestably in possession of Russia before the rupture with respect to the Bessarabian frontier question. The memorandum mentions two instances of concession by Russia with regard to the course of the Upper Yalspuk and Bolgrad. The memorandum defines the view of Russia, and states that the map from which the frontier line was defined at the Paris Conferences was supplied by the French government. The memorandum also states that Count Walewski asked Baron Brunow whether the Court of Russia would abide by the majority of votes at the coming Conference, and that the Russian Cabinet had telegraphed an immediate reply in the affirmative, and hence that Russia was blameless for the present difficulty. We believe, says the *Debats*, we are able to state with some certainty, that England in entering the conference, distinctly declared that she would conform to the decision of the majority, whatever it might be. The relative position of the disputants is no secret. On the one side is France, Russia, and Prussia, and on the other, England, Austria, and Turkey. In the middle is Sardinia, which coincided occasionally with the opinions expressed by France. It is now stated she is oscillating between the two.

PERSIA.—The last despatches inform us that the alleged capture of Herat was still doubtful. The conferences opened by the English embassy with Ferouk Kean, appear likely to detain the latter at Constantinople for several months. The *personnel* of the English embassy had left Teheran. The statement that Russia had demanded from the Shah of Persia permission to occupy the territory of Moganis, is confirmed. There is also by way of St. Petersburg a doubtful report that 50,000 Russian troops under General Bernloff, are ready to march to the frontier of Persia on the first invitation of the Shah.

MISCELLANEOUS.

By direction of the assignees of Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Bates, Messrs. Plews and Wall offered at public auction, at the Mart, a number of policies of assurance on the lives of Sir John Deal Paul, Mr. Bates, and others. In the course of the sale the auctioneer stated, in answer to some remarks, that the bankrupts were then at the Model Prison, Pentonville, and he had been informed some time since, on what he believed to be undoubted authority, that they would not be sent out of the country, but they would, no doubt, soon get a ticket of leave, for he believed they deserved it. Eleven policies of assurance were sold for £8,362. The sale was well attended, and for some of the lots considerable competition took place.

Of all the seventy vessels that were scuttled or sunk in the harbor of Sebastopol between September 22 and February 17, there have been only one steamer, the Chersonese, and a few transports, raised; the result of the examination to which the others have been subjected by divers shows them not to be worth much expense being bestowed upon them. The ships of the line which were sunk at the entrance of the harbor had already been ten years afloat, and have now been imbedded in the sand there for two winters, so that they certainly cannot be worth much.

During a recent gale of wind in Holyhead harbor, causing a heavy sea, nearly two lengths (or about sixty feet) of the staying on the northern backwater were carried away. Several logs of the timber were found floated to the opposite side of the bay the following morning. This will occasion a serious loss to the contractors, and the weather continues unfavorable for pitching out additional lengths for depositing stones for extending the breakwater.

Douglas Jerrold, the famous English satirist, commenced his life as a printer's devil; and his first literary attempt, like that of Franklin, was written during his hours of leisure, and dropped into the copy-box of his employers as anonymous correspondence.

Mr. Thomas Underhill, of London, was killed at the Lime-street station of the London and North-Western Railway, near Liverpool, by leaping out before the train was brought to a stand-still.

The Parliament of England has been further prorogued to the 3d of February, then to meet for the despatch of public business.

The cost of sending the German Legionaries, with their families, to the Cape of Good Hope, is estimated at £800,000.

The Electric Telegraph Over the World.

From the London Post.

Benjamin Franklin was a man of acquirements in advance of his age. Studious of the nature of lightning, and versed in the science of electricity as then known, it was he whose sagacity first detected their affinity, and who, in 1752, first applied conductors to the protection of buildings, and his invention will be a constant safeguard to property to the end of time. He too took a prominent part in the War of Independence; he negotiated the treaty of alliance between the United Provinces and France which involved that country in an American and European war with Englaud in 1778, and probably led remotely to the great revolution of 1789; he signed the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain in 1783; and, first Minister from the new Republic to the mother country, received from George the Third the emphatic assurance that, as he had been the last man in England who had acknowledged its independence, so also he would be the last man to dispute it. But Franklin died in 1790, long before the heats incidental to that struggle which freed his country had subsided, and very bitter feelings prevailed between the two countries during the latter years of his life. But what would the father of electrical science have said if he had known that there were children in the world which he was leaving who would live to see the day that all England rejoiced that such was the triumph of science that the salute which inaugurated the 4th of July in New-York might be fired by English engineer officers in London?

Yet it is even so. In no great number of months the galvanic wire will connect England with the New World, and early in 1858 the electric current will carry a message or fire a gun across the Atlantic with a velocity that allows no appreciable measure of time. Wonderful as the project is, it is no mere speculation; the thing has already been accomplished. Already submarine telegraphs, concentrated in London, traverse St. George's Channel to Dublin, the North Channel to Carrickfergus, the Straits of Dover to Calais and Ostend, and the North Sea from Orfordness to the Hague. Nor are other countries behind hand—the Little Belt, the Great Belt, and the Sound are traversed by a line to Karlscrona, which connects Sweden with the rest of Europe. France communicates with her Algerine Governor by a line which passes from Spezia to Cape Corso over Corsica and Sardinia to the neighborhood of Tunis, and thence to Algiers by land. Even the inhospitable Euxine has received the beneficent messenger, and many an anxious mind has been relieved by telegraph from Balaklava to Varna; whilst preparations are being made to communicate in the same manner with Malta, Constantinople, Alexandria, Aden, and thence to Kurrachee, where it is to be connected with the Indian system.

The line which is to connect the New World with the Old, is to commence at Cork, and along its proposed route to St. John's—a distance of one thousand six hundred and eighty miles—the bottom of the sea is a plateau or long continued bank, as discovered by Lieutenant Maury in 1853, and so eminently suited as the resting-place of the submarine cable, that it has been called the telegraph platform. It is of a tolerably uniform depth, not more than has already been successfully encountered during the greater part of its extent, though deeper near the Irish coast than the shores of Newfoundland, and about two or three miles in breadth. This bank is composed of a bed of the most minute possible shells, so small as to be scarcely distinguishable by the naked eve, and of such a delicate and beautiful structure—apparently kindred to those microscopic shells which form some of our chalks and marbles—as to prove the complete stillness of the water at that depth. Indeed, it is well known that the disturbance caused by the waves, even of the most violent storm, ceases at a depth comparatively trifling. St. John's is two or three days nearer England than Halifax; and now that a dangerous reef, called the Merlin Rock, at the narrow entrance to the harbor—eighteen feet below the surface at low water—has been skilfully and successfully removed by the order and at the expense of the company, the largest steamers in the world can with safety pass in and out of that land-locked harbor, which possesses abundant facilities for coaling first-class steamers. Crossing Newfoundland to Cape Ray, the cable is laid down across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape North, whence, traversing Cape Breton Island, it is carried to Halifax, whence it distributes messages over the whole continent of North America. Amongst the most remarkable events of the age in which we live, will be the changes effected by this new agency of intercommunication. Rapidly as steam has bridged the Atlantic—however soon as we may expect a still greater rapidity of interchange of correspondence arising from the improved construction, and, to a certain degree, increased size of ocean steamers—still there will, some time or other, be reached a limit to the velocity with which these huge bodies can be moved—which limit, indeed, cannot be very far distant; and however great the rate of speed might be which science may hereafter command, it would still leave the great commercial world of America at a disadvaniage as regards its trade compared with the nations of Europe.

The facilities which this line will afford to commerce in the rapid interchange of orders and information, the certainty it will give to mercantile calculations, the comfort it will bestow upon severed friends and relatives, the pacificatory effect it will have upon diplomatic relations, by making it possible to settle difficulties almost before they arise—at all events before they are known to exist—are incalculable; but the area over which its influence will extend in North America may be measured by the fact that whilst at the end of 1852 the total length of electric wire in the United States amounted to 24,375 in March, 1854, according to a report presented by Mr. Shaffner to the Telegraph Convention, the total length of electric telegraph was no less than 41,392 miles; and from that increase, of more a thousand miles a month, we may fairly infer it now greatly exceeeds that enormous estimate—the expenditure upon which has been $6,671,800, or about £1,400,000. The Electric Telegraph Company's system in the United Kingdom, at the termination of the half year ending June 30, 1854, comprised 26,988 miles of wire, and the number of messages transmitted during the previous six months, amounted to 372,474. A curious but convenient peculiarity in the transmission of messages will arise from the difference of longitude—New-York time being about six hours behind London. It, follows according to the arrangement at present contemplated, that the messages which are forwarded from London from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon—our business hours—though they arrive simultaneously at the other side, do so, according to their time, between four and ten in the morning, and at their ten o'clock these replies until four will reach this country between four and ten in the evening, leaving them the whole night for consideration or obtaining information before our hours of activity recommence at ten in the morning. The cable will be itself 2,500 miles long, to allow for slack, and will be divided into two lengths, each on board a separate vessel. The ships will meet half way at a point previously fixed on, and having connected the two ends of the cable, will steam away, one towards Ireland and the other towards Newfoundland paying out the cable as they go, and intechanging signals all the way.

The Ports of New Granda to be Blockadbd by a British Squadron.

From the London Times, December 1.

Instructions will go by the mail of Monday to the Commader-in-Chief of the naval station at Jamaica to establish a blockade of the ports of New Granada, on the Spanish Main, in consequence of the government of that country refusing to carry into effect, after being repeatedly called on to do so, an agreement formally concluded with a British subject—Mr. James Mackintosh. Forbearance, it is known, has been carried to its utmost limit, not only by our present Foreign Secretary, but by his predecessors in office, in their dealings with this and the other Central and South American Republics, owing to the allowance made for their immaturity and the peculiar circumstances of their position. But, with the exception of Chili, which has pursued an honorable course, such as to cause its securities to take a leading rank in the European Money markets, they have almost all sunk to a depth in which every reliance upon their good faith has been extinguished. Each act of spoliation submitted to has merely been the precurser of something worse, until, relying upon their weakness and the indisposition of the British Government to use coercion, their treatment of British claimants has been such as to cause the sufferers con-

stantly to contrast their own position with that of citizens of the United States under similar circumstances. It may be hoped that the course now adopted in the case of New Granada will exercise a wholesome influence, especially on Venezuela and Mexico.

Russian Preparations to Support Persia against England.

The following appears in the Warsaw journal, the *Czar*, of the 30th ult. :—"While England, with much noise and ostentation, prepares an expedition against Persia, Russia, unostentatiously and noiselessly, is getting ready to come to the succor of the Shah. The Orenburgh *corps d'armee* has been considerably reinforced. It is commanded by Aide-de-Camp General Peroffski. The outposts of this corps extend to the very limits of the country of Turan, upon the rivers Oxus and Jaxartes; and the military flotilla of the Lake of Arel, placed under the orders of the same General, is brought by the above mentioned rivers to the frontiers of India. On another side, great activity reigns upon the Caspian Sea and in the army of the Caucasus. Transport vessels, having troops and war material on board, pass incessantly between Astrakhan and the port of Bakou, situated in the province of Shirvan, bordering on the Caspian Sea, belonging to Russia, and at the frontier of Persia. The new Lieutenant-General of the Caucasian provinces, Prince Bariatinski, has received fuller powers than his predecessors. He has lately inspected, on its way to its destination, the flotilla of the Caspian Sea, which has been considerably increased and partly left at his disposal. This flotilla can easily take troops on board either of the corps of Orenburg or the army of the Caucasus, and take them to the relief of Persia, disembarking either at Astrabad or upon the neighboring coast of Teheran. The corps which forms part of the army of the Caucasus, cantoned at Shirvan and Erivan, and commanded by General Khruleff, who distinguished himself in the Eastern war, can also succor Persia by land as well as by sea. Meanwhile the Russian Government neglects nothing in replacing the war material consumed during the late war, and continues to refill the exhausted magazines.

Correspondence.

Kilkenny Letter.

KILKENNY, December 12th, 1856.

Since last I had the pleasure of writing to you, I have been among some of my old friends in the upper part of our County. Many old scenes met my view, and many were the reminiscences called up by the sad aspect which things now wear. Yet, despite the worst that famine could accomplish, or those accursed sectarian doctrines which misgovernment never fails to propagate—neither, nor both combined, can ever make Ireland aught else than the Green Isle! To be sure, were there a beneficial Government, its beauty could be enhanced a thousand fold; but even now, when the landmarks left by the famine are, and will for a long time be painfully perceptible, all is still beautiful and endearing to the eye—beautiful, as though no ruthless hand had, for centuries, endeavored to strip off the garments in which Nature has so generously decked her.

There, for instance, is the vicinity of Freshford, through which I passed. What a Paradise it might be made. Yet, notwithstanding its ample demesne and magnificent mansion—embosomed in stately woods, which extend along for miles, on either side—it was for years cursed with an imbecile absentee landlord. Of course, the estate came under the hammer of the Encumbered Estates Court, and was knocked down to one of the English cousins of the infamous Sadleir. Yet, though the halls of some of the old tenantry have been deserted, and few have been found to kindle anew the bright fires which burned on the hearth-stones, the May-pole—in the middle of the Square—stands, and the magnificent Chapel—for the erection of which the good Protestant Rector, Rev. Luke Fowler, in his own Church, in presence of his congregation, has more than once eulogized the devotion and zeal of the Catholics of Freshford—with its superb front of finely-cut blue limestone—from the exhaustless quarries of Belville and Ballylarkin—towers grandly above the old village and the woods.

By the way, Mr. Paris Anderson (now I believe resident in America,) criticising the architectural beauty of this grand Chapel, designated it as "appertaining to the Barbaric order." Not understanding how the term could be applied to it, I made application to the Parish Priest, who kindly showed me the plans furnished by Mr. Dean Butler, the Dublin architect, but even from them I could not solve the question. I next tried at the principal shop of the village, but just as I was going to inquire, a little girl pushed in before me, asking for "a dozen of the best Angels." A dozen of the best Angels! This completely obliterated Mr. Anderson's "Barbaric order" from my mind. The shop-boy, however, with the utmost composure folded up a dozen of those angelic representations usually tacked on each side of a coffin; while I, confounded at the village with a Chapel of the Barbaric order, and a shop selling Angels by the dozen, rushed out.

In this locality I met an old friend, Mr. Murray Maher, the brother of our respected County Coroner, who returned from America some months ago. With him I had an interesting conversation, concerning the adopted home of so many of Ireland's sons. He had been through many of the States—particularly your Western ones—during the past ten years, and had returned to Ireland for the purpose of having an operation, for removal of cataracts which have injured his eyesight, performed by some of our Dublin surgeons. I fear he will never sufficiently recover to return to America. Amongst other things which he delighted me with was the warm hospitality which the Irish in New-York, and its vicinity, keep alive amongst themselves. His description was, to say the least, a pleasing one—one, too, which he seemed pleased with narrating. After his ten years in the West—where little social life can be had to cheer the laborer—he said, it was a new life to him to meet some of his oldest friends, and to find them—when their day's labor was over, coming together and cordially enjoying themselves after the fashion of the good old times of Ireland. Nor did they confine their social circle to Irish exclusively, for he said there were Americans amongst them, with bright flashing countenances, flinging their brilliant repartees—worthy of the fatherland of Franklin, and Henry, and Randolph. When he told me of their coming thus together—without reference to creed or politics—it was then I felt, no wonder these Irish-Americans should be watched so sedulously by a hostile English Press—no wonder that the howling fanatics of Exeter Hall—who took Mrs. Stowe to their bosoms, though she said their Shakespere "blew himself to shivers"—should be so bitter against them, when they find—notwitanding the woe they have experienced for past ages at home—once they emerge from the effects of fanaticism and misrule—they rise, and beckoned by the genius of America, shake their hands at their old bickerings—saying they were a curse—and unite lovingly together!

It was my fortune to have for my companion on the public-car an old friend, Mr. Lawrence J. Denn, at present the Clerk of the Urlingford Poor-house. To you, I need hardly say, that some of the most brilliant minds of Ireland have been obliged to toil through the direst calamities for their daily bread. Nay, more, I think you will go with me a step farther and say, 'tis because the flame of Genius has shot some of her transcendent beams on their brows, they are doubly doomed to the want from which ignorance and knavery so often emerge with golden coffers. There was poor Edward Walsh, the author of some sweet and musical ballads which appeared in the *Nation* prior to the eventful year of '48, obliged to accept the wretched office of School-teacher to the young convicts on Spike Island. It was just the same with my poor friend, when he accepted this office in Urlingford, which is far below what his acquirements would deserve.

One of the famous places which I visited was the Spa Hill, near Johnstown, to which, long ago, not only the people from the remote districts of Ireland, but from all parts of Europe, used to flock to drink the salubrious waters which spring from the interstices of its black rock. At those times, Ireland had her manufactures, and Kilkenny employed hundreds of brawny arms in the manufacture of her Blankets and Friezes; but now, since it is become more fashionable to wear English and French woollen goods—since Irish woollen goods "would hardly warm one"—of course her Mineral Waters should not be compared with those of Cheltenham or Biarritz. Yet, notwithstanding the "fashions of the day" have rendered the ample chair so long filled by old Katty Loughman—the dispenser of these waters—a useless situation, I for one can't forget all the brilliant writings of the most eminent Medical men in Ireland, proving its superiority to all other European Mineral Springs. Nor were they content with prose writing, for old Dr. Sherridan wrote the following verses about the Spa:

All you who would refine your blood,
As pure as famed Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyspellan.

If lady's cheeks be green as leek,
When she comes from her dwelling;
The kindling rose within it grows
When she's at Ballyspellan.

As to local news, there's scarcely a word—at least there's scarcely a word of good news—save a rumor that our Member, Sergeant Shea, is likely to obtain a snug berth from the British Government, which will cause a vacancy for the seat for the County. Should this prove true, some say the Hon. Mr. Ellis—a sprig of the nobility—will again aspire to the position for which, in one of my former letters to you, I nominated Geo. Bryan, Esq., of Jenkinstown. Should Mr. Bryan take the stand, the electors would indeed recall the days when they sent the English Hume, without the expense of one shilling, as their representative to the British Senate, if they did not triumphantly elect the grandson of old Major Bryan.

Concerning the other Elections we are likely to have, I know very little more than that there is not one candidate who would be likely to reflect credit on the constituencies. The *Kilkenny Journal* is out on the subject (without referring to Kilkenny itself,) and enumerates Clonmel, Downpatrick, Bandon, Athlone, and, probably, the city of Galway. The *Journal* makes mention of the different candidates about to solicit favors from the electors, speculates on their several chances, and winds up with—"Alas! for Ireland that she has no patriotic sons to contest these seats. All are despairing, and patriotism is at the lowest ebb."

Both our local papers are each week filled with discussions on this accursed Souperism which has raised such a ferment amongst us. I hate these sectarian bickerings, so I shan't go between the *Journal* and the *Moderator* (there's, unfortunately, neither moderation nor toleration on this vital point), but will away to my matins, as becomes—

ST. CANICE.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

From the Dublin Nation.

It must be true, for everybody says it—even the Russian organ begins to bewail with an aggravating irony—that the Anglo-French Alliance has come to an end. The French journals, without an exception, save one, the *Siecle*, have declared war against England; even the *Journal des Debats* bays deep-mouthed thunder across the Channel this week. France is a country where words come to blows rather rapidly. The government of Louis Napoleon too, is one under which, malgre the tone of independence taken by the *Constitutionnel*, so sudden and systematic a change in the whole tone of public opinion does not occur by accident or by spontaneity. For his Imperial Majesty is himself like Mr. Disraeli, a gentleman of the Press, and edits his own official organ. Under his regime, as under that of all all despotisms, the Press, while curbed in its freedom and vigor, gains in authority and significance—for it writes what is suggested by the State, or what it knows very well will be agreeable to the State—and leaders take the place of diplomatic circulars. We may therefore reasonably conjecture that the writers of Paris know they are indicting what will be exceedingly agreeable at the Tuilleries, as well as fragrant in the nostrils of the French public, when they return with their long-stifled vigor to the denunciation of perfidious Albion.

But this is not all. While decision is pending on the question of convening a second Conference, and England mournfully apprehends that, owing to the base desertion of Sardinia to the Russian side, she and Austria will be defeated—behold the first symptom of the new French Alliance! Russia and France have, it is said, called upon Austria to evacuate the Principalities. Russia and France act together at Vienna. Russia and France act together at Constantinople. Russia and France will be immediately acting together at London. It is a strange Alliance, this of the two Powers most formidable in the world for the strength of civilization and the strength of barbarism—yet, as we reflect that whatever is not Russian in Russia is French, the alliance seems far more natural that of England. All his life, Napoleon seemed fasinated, and yet shrunk from that idea—as if he felt that in the end, the star of Peter should eclipse his own.

His nephew appears to be disposed to give another trial to the English—and a trial that will try that jealous nation's patience. M. de Persigny has paid a visit to Lord Derby—Mr. Disraeli is on a visit to Paris. In revenge for the reflections made upon his Ministers, it would appear his Majesty is disposed to insist upon Lord Palmerston being dismissed from power—and in compliment to the British people, who are supposed to be ruled by themselves, so far cultivates the constitutional course as to consult the Opposition. The meeting between Louis Napoleon and Disraeli, who always held he would be "the future Imperator," must have been affecting. But the Emperor remembered, doubtless, that it was the Derby Ministry which actually formed the Alliance with him, now loosened by Palmerston—before whom his last grand Parliamentary battle looms apparently in these conjunctures.

He is likely, for the present, to carry Parliament with him, against Louis Napoleon, Benjamin Disraeli, and all the rest of the world, but he will carry War with him too.

WHAT THE POPE HAS DONE FOR ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

John Francis Maguire, writing from Rome to the *Cork Examiner*, under the above caption, says :—

That Pius the Ninth has done much for the antiquities of Rome, no one who visits Rome and looks around him with a vigilant eye can venture to dispute. Pius the Ninth has reared another gigantic buttress at the other end of the Collosseum, thus placing a limit to further decay—it might be for centuries to come. Besides this most important undertaking, he effected many beautiful restorations—namely, reproducing in travestine, or in brick, the same color as the old material, several arches with their simple and chaste but most beautiful decorations. Pius the Ninth has done much more than this,—he has improved on the example of his illustrious predecessors, and enabled the visitor to ascend the better preserved or loftier side of the building to within some twenty or thirty feet of the top, or about 125 feet over the leve of the arena. On the very spot on which many a martyr stood in the days of the more cruel of the Cæsars, a Cross is now reared aloft, and, following the beautiful outline of the arena, are placed, in niche-like altars, representations in fresco of the various stages of the Passion. At half-past three o'clock on Fridays and Sundays a procession may be seen winding its way beneath the entrance arches, preceded by a cross-bearer and two acolytes. A Franciscan Friar, clad in the coarse habit of his order, with sandalled feet and the white cord encircling his waist, walks in front, supported at each side by two members of a religious confraternity, whose ordinary dress is completely shrouded in a gown and cowl which leave nothing visible save the feet and the eyes. Other members of the confraternity follow. Then comes the procession of women, many of them ladies of high position, three in front, with a crossbearer in the centre—and as they walk they chaunt in simple but not unmelodious tones the hymns belonging to the particular devotion which they perform. The Franciscan then ascends the platform, from which he delivers a short but most impressive discourse, which is listened to with the greatest attention by the congregation, usually consisting of 100 persons of both sexes—the men standing on one side and the women on the other. The large crucifix is placed beside the preacher, and enables him to produce a powerful effect in addition to that created by his own earnestness and eloquence. The concluding appeal is invariably heard and responded to by a kneeling audience. The sermon concluded, the procession is again formed, and goes the circuit of the arena, chaunting sacred hymns while in motion, and stopping at each altar to recite the appropriate prayers belonging to each station of the cross. Even the most indifferent cannot hear these pious strains echoing between the arches and along the corridors of this great monument of Pagan pride and cruelty without some emotion, certainly not without associations of the past.

Thanks to the care of the Pope as well as to other causes, the Collosseum may be now safely enjoyed at a time when most strangers love to visit it—by moonlight—not in a spirit of romantic yearning, but because they know it presents a very beautiful appearance when so illumined.

I have only incidentally hinted at some of the other services which the Pope has rendered to the antiquities of ancient Rome.

Even in distant Benevento, a Papal town in the midst of the Neapolitan dominions, the Arch of Trajan has been isolated by the removal of houses on two sides, and its ancient sculpture brought fully to light.

Then the Pantheon, which owes its almost miraculous state of preservation to its fortunate conversion into a Christian temple nearly one thousand years since, has been freed, in a great measure by the present Pope, from the vulgar incrustation of mean buildings which had been built up against its eastern side. It has been carefully protected from further encroachment by a wall and iron pallisade, and the old level excavated and kept in excellent condition. Several of the great arches which form so striking a feature in the antiquities of Rome, including those of Constantinople and Septimus Severus, have been protected from one most formidable danger which menaced their safety—namely, the accumulation of water that came down from the Celian and Esquiline hills. Then every foot of the Forum Romanorum speaks of the solicitude of his Holiness for the preservation of its precious relics. He has undertaken and completed costly excavations, brought to light the base of several beautiful pillars, adopted precautionary to uphold tottering walls and pillars, and, perhaps, the most valuable work of all, has had collected and perfectly restored splendid pieces of frieze and cornice that once adorned the portico of the temple of Castor and Poelux. These restorations are a noble benevolence to the arts.

Then the Pope has lately unveiled the long hidden mystery of the Appian Way, which stretches for miles beyond the walls of Rome, and was the famous promenade of the ancients, who beheld the proud tombs of their ancestors on either side. In the progress of this great work of excavation many rare and beautiful things have been discovered, all of which have been carefully

placed in the public museum, to enrich still further collections, unrivalled in interest and almost inappreciable in value. The tomb of Tarquina has been recently saved from the destroyer, the waters being prevented from penetrating the interior and injuring the old Etruscan figures which adorn its walls. Amongst the excavations and discoveries lately made might be mentioned those on the Palatine Hall, where, in the Palatine Garden, other traces of the Imperial Palace have been made vsible, together with fragments of richly sculptured friezes, as well as part of the old walls of Romulus brought to light. In fact, on the mere antiquities alone, not at all including purchases for the galleries, no less a sum than 14,000 scudi was expended in the year 1855 —the gross expenditure of that year on works connected with the ancient and modern art, including renovations of various kinds, amounting to 244,000 scudi. This amount showed an excess of 37,000 scudi over that of 1854. For the year 1857 a much smaller sum is proposed, because of the pressure resulting from the general failure of the harvests; but so dear to the Holy Father is the work of restoring and preserving the monuments of Pagan antiquity as well as of Christian art, that 60,000 scudi have been demanded for the following year.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF IRELAND,

WITH A SYSTEM OF ARMAMENT, PLAN OF ORGANISATION, AND MODE OF WARFARE, ADAPTED TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES BEGGS.

The present aspect of affairs over the greater part of the world is portentous, at no distant day, of fierce convulsions and great organic changes. The relations of England with France, Russia, and America, are checkered with signs boding no good to that state. Russia is laboring with all the power she possesses to sever the alliance between France and England, and burns, in the event of her success in this particular, to enter into a war single-handed with the latter; America awaits an opportunity to annex the Canadas and the West Indies to the United States; while Louis Napoleon, that subtle and perjured despot, quietly bides his time, waiting for a fair opportunity to obliterate from the crest of France, the black indelible stain of Waterloo with English blood, the only detergent fluid that can utterly irradicate that dire stigma. Without one single friend, England stands alone, encircled by an ominous galaxy of potent and external foes, each one, under an assumed exterior of amity, calmly measuring her strength, and silently contemplating her ruin. They all seek her alliance, it is true, when they need it for the purpose of the moment; that purpose served, they relapse into their usual quiescent antagonism; while, owing to the precarious state of her internal affairs, her very existence as a nation, depends upon preserving peaceful relations with each of these states. Such at present is the anomalous position which Britain occupies; and, from the unsound and artificial state of her social system, the resources of the country in an extended sense, and a large portion of her community for their very subsistence, depend upon her mercantile relations remaining uninterrupted. It is obvious that a war waged against her by any of these states, of which there is every possibility, would, if not result in her immediate destruction, at least would mark her declension, when her downward career of rapid retrogression would commence. Generally, the people of all other nations are chiefly sustained by agriculture and the manufacture of the produce of their own soil, and depend principally upon the custom of their own countrymen for its disposal; but, unfortunately for England, a great number of her people solely exist by the manufacture of the produce of other climes, and both these and the mercantile community rely upon disposing of a very large share of these manufactures to the inhabitants of the colonies and foreign states, and also for receiving their supply of raw material and provisions from them; hence the interruption of her commercial relations—which would be the result of war—would deprive large masses of Englishmen of the medium of earning their bread, and ruin her merchants, the greater part of their property being always on the wave, an easy prey to privateers of marque, and thereby inevitably lead to a fearful and disastrous social revolution. In the last war the commercial relations of England were but slightly impeded, because, in that war she had, I may say, the world for allies; but in the next war she stands in danger of having the world, if not openly, at least covertly allied against her. With a national debt amounting to $775,314,694, up to the 31st December, 1855, the interest on which alone annually swallows up $23,267,361 of the public revenues, taxation would soon become intolerable.

These considerations calmly weighed, leave us no other alternative than the prediction of the utter prostration of England occurring sooner than most people imagine. And in anticipation of a circumstance of such solemn importance, it becomes a very natural and a very serious question, what would become of Ireland? Whether should she become an independent state, and feel herself for the first time fanned into vigorous nationality by the healthful breezes of disenthralled freedom, or sadly and sullenly bend her hoary head beneath the yoke of Russia, or France, or the United States? If it can be shown that she would, in the event of the fall of England, be able, in despite of her alien foes, to establish and maintain her independence and freedom, it would truly be the interest and the duty of her sons, with armed hands and warm hearts, to woo and win for her that position amid the nations which God and nature intended her to occupy. If not, motives of humanity would suggest to her the dire necessity of submitting to decennums of slavery, rather than shed the blood of her best and bravest sons in vain.

But, in the ascertainment and survey of the military resources and capabilities of Ireland lies the full and complete solution of these all-important questions. Therefore, acting under the influence of these considerations, and believing the necessity for doing so to exist, I feel desirous of presenting to my countrymen, for their information and advantage, a complete analysis of the unparalleled military resources of this country, and of the invincible power of which they are so amply possessed, to successfully confront and triumphantly repel any foreign invader, however powerful, who may dare to approach us influenced by conquest. In this undertaking I do not presume to be wiser or better than anybody else; but seeing a great and necessary work to be done, and seeing nobody doing it, at last I have resolved upon discharging that duty myself.

The military resources of Ireland may, in the abstract, be comprised under four denominations, namely:—Firstly, her insular position, and the peculiar texture, produce, and configuration of her soil, and the advantages arising therefrom. Secondly, a good commissariat. Thirdly, a sufficient male adult population, capable of bearing and wielding arms;—men ever form the chief and primary bases of all armies, and the first and greatest element of all military resources. Fourthly, arms and munitions of war. Any nation in being gifted with these great martial attributes, may indeed be justly termed a great military nation; and that Ireland is amply entitled to that proud appellation, I will make as clear as noon day.

The delineation of the superficial features and physical conformation of Ireland for military purposes properly belongs to the science of military geography; a science that reveals to the military student the basis of all military strategy, and is the very first and most essential branch of knowledge to every man aspiring to figure on the field of Mars. The general who is incapable of adapting his systems of strategy and tactics to the superficial peculiarities of the scene of operations is unfitted for command; and the army whose armament and tactics are not those which the nature of the ground would determine, would be utterly unfitted to cope with the one more perfect in these all-important particulars. For instance, in a country thickly studded with low hills, or intersected with quick-set ditches, the army composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, would be unequal and inferior to an army simply composed of riefmen and pikemen, because the range for artillery would be short, neither elevation nor depression could insure effect in firing, and a cannon ball would do no more execution than a rifle bullet, and could only imbed itself in the nearest ditch or hill without doing any injury; while, from under cover of the same ditch, the rifle marksmen would, while in security themselves, shoot down the artillerymen, who, in being obliged to stand by and man their guns, could not avail themselves of cover, and therefore the guns would be dismantled, and thus rendered an easy prey to capture. The cavalry really could not operate, because they could not charge up uneven hills or through hedged ditches, and if the infantry in either line or column attempted to do so, a death-groan would be their heartfelt response to the wild charging cheer of the opposing line of pikes. In woods, bogs, and on all craggy or very uneven surfaces, and in well and thickly enclosed countries, neither artillery nor cavalry can operate; while, in comparison with them, riflemen supported by lines or columns of pikemen are quite at home, and naturally become endowed with all the principles of superiority, because the very superficial nature of the arena forms the predominating component part of that superiority.

TO BE CONTINUED.

American News.

The St. Louis *Democrat* of the 18th ult., publishes the census returns of that city for the year 1856. They were furnished by the Deputy Sheriff. The *Democrat* thinks the estimate of floating population given, as far below the mark; and is satisfied that the population does not fall short of 150,000. A large class of our population follow the river and many who dwell in the city occupy stores and other buildings where it is impossible for the census takers to come at them. The tables exhibit the following facts:—

Total free white population	122,313
Free colored persons in the city	1,239
Slaves in the city	1,649
Fixed white and colored	125,201
Estimated floating population	15,000
Total population	140,201

The free white male and female population of the city is thus enumerated, as respects age and numbers:

Males, under ten years of age	17,019
Ten years of age and under 18	7,146
18 and under 21	2,394
21 and under 45	34,873
45 and upwards	2,753
Total males	64,817
Females under ten years of age	18,108
10 years of age and under 18	7,251
18 and under 21	4,032
21 and under 45	25,571
45 and upwards	3,164
Total females	58,126

Out of the whole population of the city there are but 15 deaf and dumb persons; of these five are males and nine are females, whites, and one black. The number of blind is 55—33 males and 22 females; and 14 insane persons—8 males and 6 females.

The St. Paul *Advertiser*, in an article on the Fur trade of Minnesota, says: The trade is almost entirely limited at present to the Pembina or Red River regions, and around the head waters of the Mississippi. The buffalo robes come almost entirely from this source, the buffalo ranges being restricted to the region north of the Cheyenne, and west of the James River. The Minnesota River country has fallen off in buffaloes very considerably—the whole receipts for export from that region not amounting to more than 1,200 robes. This does not include, however, the large numbers reserved for home consumption. The table given below, for which we are indebted to N. W. Kittson, Esq., exhibits the total exports of Furs from St. Paul for the present year: 64,292 rats, $11,572,56; 8,276 minks, $18,621; 1,428 martin, $3,570; 1,045 fishers, $4,702 50; 876 red foxes, $1,005; 3,400 coons, $2,550; 10 wolverines, $25; 364 badgers, $91; 2,032 wolves, $3,048; 405 otter, $1,417 50; 586 beaver, (pounds,) $882; 2,542 kitfoxes, $1,271; 610 bear skins, $6,700; 20 cross fox, $100; 8 silver fox, $400; 50 lynx, $125; 7,500 robes, $41,200. Total, $96,750 50.

Mr. Samuel Davis, one of the oldest merchants of Boston, died in that city on the 19th ult., at the age of eighty-one years. Mr. Davis was a native of Newburyport, but has resided in Boston since year 1804. He was for many years a jeweller at the corner of Washington and Milk streets. In early life Mr. Davis was an apprentice to the famous Jacob Perkins, one of the most ingenious mechanics our country has produced.

In 1833, says the *Clevelander*, after a long and severe spell of sickness, Stephen A. Douglas left Cleveland on a canal boat in search of a home and fame and fortune. He was then young and poor and unknown. Twenty-three years had passed away, and he returns to the same city with a world-wide reputation—an abundance of wealth—and is received by the roar of cannon and the loud huzzas of his party. Energy and industry will do much for man in this country.

It is said that parties have been for some time in correspondence with the Cuban and Spanish authorities for the privilege of laying a telegraph line between Cuba and the United States. It is proposed to lay a cable from the point of Cape Sable to the extreme southern point of Florida, to Havana, the distance being little over 70 miles—about the same stretch as that across the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Boston and Providence Railroad Company has declared a dividend of 3 per cent., payable January 1st.

The Salem (Massachusetts) *Gazette* of the 16th announces the decease of Mr. Thomas Norsworthy, of that city, who was nearly *one hundred years* of age. He was born in Devonshire county, England, May 7, 1758, and came to this country in 1816, previously to which he had served twenty years in the British army, under Lord Wellington and other officers, in India, Russia, Prussia, Spain and the West Indies, and for eleven years he was in the British navy, under Admiral Dockworth and other officers. He was engaged in *sixty-five battles* during these thirty-one years, and escaped without the loss of a limb.

James M. Beebe, Esq., President of the Board of Trade, Boston, lately gave an elegant entertainment to George Peabody the American banker. The company was large and *distingue*, and among the number were Hon. Edward Everett, Governor Gardner, McKay, the Dutch historian, Captain Gibson, of Dutch East Indian celebrity, Judge Merrick, Bishop Eastburn, Bishop Fitzpatrick, Rev. Drs. Blagden, Neale, Robbins, Waterbury, Anderson, and others of the clergy.

At the last meeting of the American Pomological Society, Col. Wilder, the President, stated that Catawba Brandy (made exclusively, we think, at Cincinnati,) has been purchased at five dollars per gallon, for exportation to France, for the purpose of flavoring foreign liquors.

The news from New-York concerning Walker's situation in Nicaragua caused much excitement in New Orleans. Walker's agents are very active there, and it was expected that a large number of recruits would sail for San Juan, by the steamer to leave on the 27th.

The schooner *Louis A. Surette*, from Boston for Argyle, went ashore at Cranberry Head on the 26th ult., and went to pieces. The captain and one of the crew were drowned. The remainder of the crew and passengers were saved.

Mrs. Susan D. Connor, wife of the late Commodore David Connor, died at Toroney, Devonshire, England, on the 3rd of November. Her remains will be taken to Philadelphia for burial.

A man and his wife are now living in Pawtucket, Mass., who have been the parents of twenty children, nineteen of whom were born in that town, and seventeen are now living. The father is forty-five years of age, and the mother forty.

The Glasgow *Daily Mail* says that one of the £1,000 subscribers in that city to the Atlantic Telegraph enterprise is Mr. Thackeray.

The Lowell *News* states that George R. Jackson, a shoemaker by trade and a believer in spiritualism, was conveyed to the State Almshouse at Tewksbury as an insane person.

James McDonald died at Port Stanley, C. W., on the 23rd ult., at the advanced age of 102; his wife, 100 years old, still survives. He was the oldest Presbyterian in Canada.

The President has brought into market 1,500 acres of land, lying in the north part of Iowa, which has caused an active demand for land warrants, at an advance of 3cts. per acre.

At the recent term of the Court of Common Pleas, held at Plymouth, 12 persons, convicted of liquor selling were sentenced to the House of Correction.

The New Orleans *Delta* does not consider the newspapers of Boston worthy of notice.

There is superb sleighing above Manchester, New-Hampshire, to Canada.

City News.

Amongst the numerous and attractive Balls to come off during this month, none deserve a more cordial support or will confer more unalloyed pleasure on those who accord it, than the following:—The *Young Men's*, at Niblo's Saloon, on the 6th, for the benefit of the poor little Catholic Orphans. The *Guyon Cadets'*, at the Assembly Rooms, on the 7th. The *Meagher Club's*, at Tammany Hall, on the 12th, and the *Montgomery Guard's*, at Niblo's Saloon, on the 27th.

On the 21st of December, John I. Coddington died at his residence, No. 228 Fifth Avenue, after a protracted illness, in the 73d year of his age. Mr. Coddington was a native of New-Jersey, and came to this city a poor lad in the year 1785. He commenced business as a wholesale grocer about the year 1800, and the firm of Smith and Coddington was an important one in the trade, and had a branch in the city of New-Orleans. The location of the firm was in Front street, near Beekman. For many years, and up to the year 1828, Mr. Coddington officiated as a director in the Bank of America. About that time he suspended payment, on account of an unfortunate commercial speculation, but afterwards honorably fulfilled all his engagements. He was an active politician and a warm Jackson Democrat, and in the early part of Old Hickory's administration he was elected to the State Legislature, where his services were deemed so valuable to the party that he was made City Postmaster, in place of Mr. Gouverneur, by General Jackson. This position he held until the end of Mr. Van Buren's term of office. During this time the Post-office was in the rotunda in the Park. By judicious investments in real estate, he acquired a large fortune, and was supposed to be worth over half a million of dollars at the time of his death. His bequests to the charitable societies were large, especially to the New-York Hospital, which owes to him a large tract of ground near Bloomingdale. John Lorimer Graham was appointed by Mr. Tyler as Postmaster, and since his deposition Mr. Coddington has not taken a very active part in politics. He was, however liberal in his contributions to the party, and was once on the Democratic ticket as a Presidential elector. He sympathized strongly with the barnburner democracy during the continuance of their quarrel with the hunkers, and in the last Presidential contest supported Mr. Fremont. His funeral was solemnized on Wednesday afternoon, 24th inst., at 3 o'clock, at No. 228 Fifth avenue.

The New England Society celebrated the 236th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim fathers by a banquet at the Astor House. Thomas H. Benton made a speech on the occasion laudatory of the people of New England. Speeches were also made by Mr. Hoxie, Dr. Storrs, William C. Bryant, Arthur Gilman of Boston, R. O'Gorman, Mr. Fillmore of the London *Times*, and others. Letters were read from George Peabody, N. P. Banks, Mayor Wood, Mr. King, Governor elect, John M. Botts, and other distinguished gentlemen. The affair was a very pleasant and agreeable one. A junior association of New Englanders in New-York celebrated the day by a supper and ball at the Lafarge House.

The President has officially recognised Richard Mullowney as Consul of the Republic of Paraguay for New-York.

Irish News.

In the case of Levington *versus* O'Connor, tried in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, on the 5th ult., the plaintiff obtained a verdict against the defendant for £200, for services rendered by his wife, as interpreter. It appeared from the statement of Mr. O. Hogan, plaintiff's counsel, that the defendant had, some time ago a cousin—Miss Julia O'Connor, of Paris—a lady of rank and fortune, who died in Paris, leaving by her will a considerable legacy to him, and that Miss Julia O'Connor had a sister, a Mrs. Tuite, who was a lady of great respectability, formerly resident in Ireland, but who unfortunately had been confined for a series of years in a *Maison de Sante*, or lunatic asylum, at Lyons, in France. Mrs. Tuite, who was entitled, under a deed of separation, to a large income in Ireland, was indebted in a considerable amount to Miss Julia O'Connor, but being said to be a lunatic, and consequently unable to assert her rights, it became, in a double sense, the interest of Mr. O'Connor, the defendant, to release that lady from her miserable condition. It would seem that Mrs. Tuite was not a continuing lunatic, although she had been for a long time in confinement, but being largely indebted to the deceased, Miss Julia O'Connor, and the payment of that lady's legacy to the defendant being more or less dependent on the realization of the debt, it was of the utmost importance to the latter that Mrs. Tuite should be freed from the lunatic asylum. The defendant, through the instrumentality of a mutual friend, a member of the bar, applied to Mr. and Mrs. Levington, who resided in Paris, to undertake the duty and responsibility of finding out all that could be found out about Mrs. Tuite. In reply to a communication to that effect, Mrs Levington wrote to the defendant stating that her husband had given her permission to undertake the matter, and on the 30th of October, 1855, an answering letter was sent by the defendant, wherein he accepted the tender of services on the part of the lady, and indicated the views he entertained and the means by which he proposed to carry out his purposes. Through the exertions of Mrs. Levington, Mrs. Tuite was liberated, and is now living in Ireland, and in receipt of £1,203 a year.

At a recent meet of Lord Fermoy's hounds at Knockeen, the cover of J. G. Nason, Esq. near Lemlara, the fox broke away to the north, and in a short time the body of the pack were in pursuit of him. He went straight for the covers of Noble Johnson, Esq., at Cooliquane, passing through them he went away to Ballyready and Ballyglissane, to Kilshanig, through the extensive woods of that place, and leaping the demesne wall, crossed the river Bridge, below the bridge of Rathcormack, and bore away for the rock of Castlelyons. The pace being too much for him, he was compelled to take shelter in a limestone quarry, into which the hounds hunted him in most sporting style, and killed him. He proved to be an old dog fox. The field at the "find" was numerous, but the line taken and the pace were much against all those gentlemen who (though well mounted), did not know the country. The distance run was nearly ten miles, which was done in forty minutes, including a short check at the commencement.

One of the last of the mythical line of "Irish Giants," in the person of "Shawn Nabontree," died at Connemara, Galway, on the 28th of November. He owed his soubriquet to his unusual stature, being a man of extraordinary athletic symmetry—namely, seven feet in height, and weighing over twenty stone. His family the "Joyces," have been for many years one of the wonders of Connemara, about whom tourists have "spun long yarns," as the representatives of the "Giants of the West," which their stature and proportions induced the belief that the "Joyce country" contained such specimens of the human family. He died at the age of seventy, and has left four stalwart sons, as worthy representatives, who boast that their kindred were never conquered by the Sassanach, yet Death has been more victorious.

Speaking of the Navan great winter fair, the *Dundalk Democrat* says: "There were several cattle dealers from the other side of the channel, who purchased largely for the English markets, at prices which must leave good profits when again sold, and a large number from Belfast, Newry, Dundalk, Drogheda, and Dublin, who bought both horned stock and sheep at high prices, As a proof of the vast amount of business transacted, we may mention that the Dublin and Drogheda Railway Company despatched from the Navan station during the day, no less than forty wagons, heavily frieghted with black cattle, sheep, and pigs, the produce of the finest county in Ireland.

At the Police Court in Limerick, his Worship the Mayor, encountered a wag who, for the manner in which he palliated the commission of a crime, with which he was charged, was by his Worship good-naturedly acquitted. "What is your name?" said his Worship, smilingly taking a synopsis of the seedy picture on the table. "Jim Murphy, yer Riverence." "Why did you go and get intoxicated?" "Well, plase yer riverence, my wife, d'ye see, happened to be confined, an' I felt so glad that I wint an' took a 'sup,' an' was thin *confined* myself" (laughter). Jem, being ordered to go home and eschew the "sperrits" for the future, took his *conge* of the bench, expressing many thanks for his safe *deliverance*.

The concert, says the *Limerick Observer*, advertised in our columns, will take place at the Theatre Royal on the 12th Dec., when the Irish *prima donna* will again revisit this, her native city, and home of her childhood. The charming *cantatrice* will, no doubt, receive that reception which is due to her high professional talent, for already all the reserved seats have been engaged for the occasion. Having, since her last tour through England, visited various climes, the Nightingale of the West returns to Limerick crowned with chaplets of fresh laurels from every quarter where she was received with boundless enthusiasm, and where her rare and brilliant qualities were fully appreciated.

The return of Michael Galway, Esq., R. M., to his residence at Abbeyfeale, after leave of absence for some time, gave rise to a general rejoicing in that locality. The inhabitants, to show their respect for this gentleman and family had the town illuminated. There were several displays of fireworks during the evening, which very much enhanced the rejoicings. The entire of the surrounding hills, to the distance of several miles, had also been a continuous vivid flame.

A correspondent writing to the *Dublin Freeman* says that Sir James Chatterton, whatever may be his politics, is a chivalrous and gallant soldier, and is about to receive the reward of his Peninsular services in the shape of the colonelcy in chief of the 12th Lancers, the regiment in which he first entered the army.

The barque Thora, from Liverpool, for St. Thomas, was run into by a two-funnel steamer, name unknown, off the Tusker, and was exceedingly damaged. The barque has arrived in Waterford for repair.

For the first time within our memory, says the *Dublin Nation* of the 6th ult., complete victory has crowned an honest Journalist, defending himself in a court of law against a prosecution designed to cripple or crush the liberty of the press. On last Wednesday, twelve jurors on their oath, a true verdict to give according to the evidence, declared that the *Wexford Guardian* did not libel Mr. M. P. Howlet, in designating him "a philosophic vagabond, who had roamed through many lands," with "change of profession as various as the climes he had passed through—now a Churchman, then a Mediciner." Moreover, these same twelve men on their oaths, declared that it was not libel to say of this Mr. M. J. Howlet, that he was "a booby who did not know how to lie respectably," nor yet to suspect that Mr. M. P. Howlet, the advocate of place-begging, "would sink his present profession in a snug government berth," for that "the character of a hungry apothecary (Mr. Howlet being in this "line," avers that—for reasons best known to himself—this hit was most injurious of all) was never much admired even in Shakespeare."

At an early hour on the morning of the 1st ult., about a quarter of an hour before the departure of the 7 50, a. m. up-passenger train from the Limerick terminus, for Dublin, Cork, and Waterford, a most Providential discovery was made by a man named Downes, a gauger at Killonan station (only 4¼ miles from Limerick), who, upon examination of the rails at that point, found that the "points had been blocked" with stones, and having called the prompt attention of the station-master to the circumstance, the rails were at once properly adjusted. This discovery was most fortunate, else the up-train would have met with a deplorable accident, similar to the fatal occurrence which took place at Dunkit, with the lamentable particulars of which the public is acquainted.

It is becoming a prevalent opinion, says the *Dublin Nation*, that the British Government in order to facilitate the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty, have given instructions to their functionaries at the Castle so to administer affairs as to bring the institution into general odium and contempt. Accordingly they have appointed a Lord Lieutenant, expected to be the last of his line, who according to one of the dull wits of the Lodge, cheerfully spends all his time in conjugating the reflective verb "se jackasser."

Mr. Love, reports the *Dundalk's Democrat*, formerly a slave in one of the Southern States of America, delivered two lectures recently in the Assembly Rooms, Dundalk, to large audiences. He gave ample details of the position of the slaves in America; described his own escape from bondage, and made such an impression that there was no one who heard him, who would not wish to see slavery abolished, and wiped root and branch from the face of the earth. We understand Mr. Love intends lecturing in Newry, and we bespeak a kind reception for him there.

On the morning of the 4th ult., a Dublin steamer named the *Sylph*, on her passage from London to Falmouth and Dublin, ran into a Dutch galliot off the Foreland. The night was very dark, and it is reported that the galliot had no lights, but that the steamer had. The galliot was partly cut down, and in ten minutes after the occurrence she sank. The crew consisted of six men and a boy, and out of these only four men were saved.

A vacancy having occurred in the rank of Head Constable in the North Riding of the county of Tipperary; the Inspector General has directed that twenty Senior Constables shall attend at the Constabulary office in Dublin, to undergo a competitive examination, in accordance with the regulations lately adopted for the grade referred to.

At the recent sale in the Incumbered Estates Court, of the county Waterford, property of John Kelly, Esq. stradbally three tenant farmers on the estate succeeded, after considerable competition, in purchasing the fee-simple of their several holdings. A few years ago those farmers were in very struggling circumstances, but "tempora mutantur!"

Lord Ashton and Frederic C. Trench Gascoigne have intimated their intention to the Rev. E. D. H. Knox that they will subscribe a sum of 50*l.* towards the building of a chancel and the general embellishment of Kilflynn church, in the county of Limerick, upon which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners are about to spend a sum of several hundred pounds in remodelling.

The Great Southern and Western Railway Company have given notice of their intention to apply, in the ensuing session of Parliament, for a Bill authorising the construction of a railway from a point upon their own line near the town of Tullamore to Athlone, where it will join the Midland Great Western.

It is rumoured that at least six of the Irish Regiments of Militia will be again embodied, and be sent over to England to supply the place of a similar number of regiments of the line, which are to be dispatched to India to form part of the expeditionary force to Persia.

On the night of the 1st ult., Michael Leonard, one of the dockmen at the Wellesley-bridge, Limerick, rescued from drowning, at imminent risk of his own life, a female named Earles, who threw herself into the river, near the basin, while under the influence of drink.

The committee at the late banquet given in Dublin to the soldiers who served in the Crimea, having met audited the accounts, and resolved that a ball and banquet be given in January to the officers quartered in Ireland who served in the Crimea.

The Reverend M. Casey, P. P., received a donation of £50 from Major Gavin, J. P., Kilpeacon, towards the funds for the erection of a new chapel and school-house at Crecora.

Patrick O'Brien, the celebrated old and blind Limerick piper died on the 29th of November, at his lodgings in Pump lane, in the Englishtown, at the advanced age of 94 years.

John Mayne, Esq., a young Irishman practising at the English bar, has received the appointment of professor of law in the Madrass College; value £820, per annum.

The proselytising Lieut. Col. Lewis has been compelled to close up his sectarian school at Inniskeen county, Monoghan, by the coercion of public opinion.

A religious mission, attended by large crowds of people, was recently commenced at Oranmore, Galway, by the Rev. Father Rinolfi, the Superior of the order of Charity.

Bernal Osborne, Esq., M.P., has disposed of his famous horse, Uncle Tom, at a large figure, to James Prendergast, Esq., Ardfinnan.

In Cashel union workhouse there are 729 inmates, and the weekly expenditure of the establishment, for provisions and medicine, is £21.

The *Nenagh Guardian* states that Lord Hawarden, the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Tipperary Light Infantry, presented Captain Andrews, Adjutant, with a handsome piece of plate from himself, as a just appreciation of the services rendered by Captain Andrews in promoting the efficiency and discipline of the regiment. The presentation took place at Lord Hawarden's family seat, Dundrum, Cashel.

On the 21st ult. two young ladies, Hanora, youngest daughter of J. Twomey, Esq., Mill street, and Margaret, second daughter of the late W. Keayes, Esq., of Castlelack, Bandon, were received at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roscrea. The Rev. Thomas Scannell, C.C., of St. Patrick's, Cork, delivered a most impressive discourse, the Very Rev. Dr. Blake, V.G., receiving the vows of the postulants.

Baron Richards having ceased to be a Commissioner of the Incumbered Estates Court, all matters and motions lately standing referred to his office, as well as motions pending before the full court, stand adjourned until notice is given; but sales heretofore advertised, or posted will be proceeded with.

The prospectus has appeared of the Athenry and Tuam Extension Railway Company, with a capital of 150,000*l.* in 10*l.* shares. The proposed line is to run from Foxhall, taking Tuam in its route, to Athenry, at which latter place it is to form a junction with the Midland Great Western Railway.

The Right Rev. Dr. Walshe has received from the Rev. P. Bermingham, of Geelong, formerly dean of the Lay College of Carlow, the sum of ten pounds, for the Presentation Convent Schools, the House of Refuge, the Friends of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, and the Catholic Institute of that town.

An interesting soiree was recently held in the Presbyterian Church, Union Chapel, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin, on the occasion of the pastor, the Rev. S. G. Morrison, being presented with a purse of £100, and a piece of plate, by the members of the congregation.

The first portion of the fleet of fishing vessels belonging to the London and West of Ireland Fishing and Fish Manure Company, consisting of six welled vessels and one cutter, have arrived at Galway, the head station of the company's operations on the west coast of Ireland.

A wretch named Slattery is in custody at Ennis, for having broken the eyes in the head of a female named Hanna Lynch, whom he had married a few years ago, his first wife being alive. The inhuman ruffian put his fingers into the poor woman's eyes and forced them out.

At the Kilkenny municipal election Messrs. Potter, Tidmarsh, and Aylward were elected as Councilmen for St. Canice's Ward; and Messrs. Michael Sullivan, J. Hart, and J. Hewiston for St. John's Ward.

In the Incumbered Estates Court in the matter of John Kiely, owner and petitioner, the extensive property of that gentleman, in the county Waterford, was sold and realised a very large sum. Mr. Kiely was himself a purchaser of several lots.

The Court of Common Pleas has fixed the record of Rathburne *v.* the stewards of the late race meeting at Gort, arising out of a dispute as to the winner of a sweep-stakes at the late meeting held there, for trial at Roscommon assizes.

A short time since the Bansha Post Office was burglariously entered, and some American letters and goods, the property of the Postmaster stolen therefrom. Four men have been arrested for the offence, and committed for trial at the Cashel Quarter Session.

Mr. Michael Kane, of Killaloe, Officer of Inland Revenue, has been transferred from Cambleton, Argyleshire, Scotland, to be Assistant at Cloughjordan, county Tipperary, Birr Collection.

Lord Donoughmore has been appointed a member of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Directory, in place of Colonel Snow, obliged to retire in consequence of his impaired health.

The schedule of insolvency filed in the courts at Dublin, during the last two months, by embarrassed traders from different parts of Ireland, are more numerous than during the years of famine and pestilence.

The Lord Bishop of Down and Connor and Dromore offered the living of Rathfriland to the Rev. E. J. Evans of Rosstrevor, who, however, has not accepted the appointment.

On the 1st ult., a pauper inmate of the Nenagh Workhouse, named Michael Minogue, aged 16 years, made a determined attempt on the life of the Master, Mr. Daniel Maher, whom he attempted to stab with a knife.

The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland has reported to her Majesty most favorably on the claim of Martin Tracy, Esq., of Streamstown, to the Tracy peerage.

Dr. White, who was injured by the accident on the Kilkenny and Waterford Railway, was progressing favorably according to late accounts.

The quarters of Pay-Sergeant Donnelly, of the 17th Regiment, stationed in Limerick, were entered by some burglar, and money to the amount of about £80 carried off.

The Magistrates of Waterford have decided that all persons attending funerals *bona fide* are exempt from charge at toll-bridges and pikes, when going and returning.

In many parts of the country potatoes stored in pits and in houses have been much damaged by disease. Some farmers complain of having lost half their potatoes since they were dug.

It is not true, as circulated in Cahir, that the staff of the Tipperary Artillery have enlisted "ticket of leave" men for that corps.

Lieut.-Colonel Massereene, Commandant of the Antrim Artillery, has issued directions for the enrolment of volunteers for that corps.

Peter Gallagher, of Strathnalaghta, says the *Tyrawley Herald*, died the other day near Crossmolina, aged 102 years. For fifty years he did not know what it was to be ill.

The murderer of Mr. Little, cashier of the Midland Great Western Railway, has not yet been discovered.

Jonathan Darby, Esq., Lissineeran, has been sworn in a magistrate of the King's county and county Tipperary.

Recruiting for the North Tipperary Militia and South Tipperary Artillery is being briskly carried on at present.

Mary Sullivan is committed to the county gaol for the wilful murder of her illegitimate child by strangulation, at Ballydehob.

A woman named Catharine McCarthy dropped suddenly dead at the Green-House, at Hospital, on the 4th ult.

BATTLES OF THE IRISH IN THE BRITISH SERVICE—TIPPERARY TACTICS—BATTLE OF CHILLIAN-WALLAH.

BY J. H. STOZQUELLER, ESQ.

"The air was calm and still, when a deafening roll of drums and a clamor of bugles summoned us to our appointed stations. The bivouac fires were still smouldering, marking where part of our army had passed the night—the last night for many a man of them in this world—but the heavy masses of dark infantry might be seen moving silently onwards, and the plain, on the eventful morning of the 13th of January, was marked by a cloud of dust.

"The position occupied by the Sikh army was a formidable one; its left centre was strongly posted in the village of Russoul, which was separated from the front chain of their batteries by a ravine of considerable extent; all the approaches were defended by strong batteries, and the space between our position and Russoul was filled by a broad belt of briery jungle.

"As our line advanced, some deserters made their appearance with the offer of information, upon which, however, it was felt it would not be expedient to rely; and, when we halted at a small place called Chota Arurao, the whole line was distinctly visible.

"Lord Gough had almost made up his mind to suspend any further operations for the day. Orders were issued to mark out the ground for our encampment, and the men were in the very act of falling out, when a flash of fire, followed by a loud report, was seen, and a cannon shot rolled close to where the Commander-in-Chief was standing with his staff.

"'By Heaven!' said his lordship, 'that is an invitation we cannot decline;' and, shutting up his telescope, he ordered the batteries to open their fire.

"Our heavy guns had been advanced well to the front, and in ten minutes the roar shook the very ground beneath our feet. Nor were the Sikhs idle; their balls came whistling through and over our ranks, sending many a man to his last account. The atmosphere was, indeed, so dense by the smoke, that accurate aim was out of the question. The only marks for our artillery were the lurid jets of flame as they proceeded from the enemy's guns; and our men went down by hundreds beneath that tremendous cannonade. The officers stood in little groups, whispering together that this sort of work could not last long. The fire was every moment becoming more deadly, when a staff officer galloped rapidly up to Sir Colin Campbell's brigade, which was directly in front of Shere Sing's guns.

"'You must carry that battery with the bayonet; nothing but cold steel will do.'

"'Now then, my lads, at them!' shouted Sir Colin; and, waving his hat in the air, he led them on to the assault.

"But cold steel was of little avail against a withering fire of grape. The round shot tore up the leading files, and the bravest soldiers went down in hundreds before that deadly tempest. All that valor could do was done, but in vain; our men wavered, and the Sikh horse fell upon their left flank completing the work of destruction.

"Meanwhile, the simultaneous attack made by Sir Walter Gilbert, with the flank movement under the command of Colonel Rosse, appeared to be more successful. They gained possession of the ground, but soon a cloud of cavalry fell on their flank; a brigade of infantry, and nine guns opened a deadly fire on their rear. The attacking party was completely outflanked, and the two brigades were separated. Christie, who had command of the Horse Artillery, unlimbering his guns, was preparing to fire, when the fatal order of "Threes about!" was issued, no one knows by whom, and down came the Fourteenth in full retreat; one gun was knocked over, another rendered useless; they dashed on at full gallop, knocking over everything that came in their way, and the gallant Christie, with most of his troop, fell, sword in hand, under the guns which he died for, but could not save.

"Then arose a scene of confusion, such as no British soldier, it is to be hoped, will ever see again. Huish went down, and a gigantic Sikh was raising his sabre for the final blow, when a pistol-shot from Major Stewart killed him. Men and officers were trampled in the dust; the Adjutant-General was cut to pieces; colors were desperately fought for, and seized by the enemy.

"But at this terrible moment, the Second European Regiment and the Seventeenth Native Infantry saved the fortunes of the doubtful day. They charged the Sikhs who were advancing upon Dawes' battery. Then Dawes, limbering up, dashed at them, burst through their line, and capturing their guns, spiked them on the spot. Having gained the summit of the ridge, he halted, and unlimbered his guns in the face of a tremendous fire. His gunners went down in dozens; he himself was severely wounded, but he held his ground, and in twenty minutes silenced the battery, and so saved this division of the army from destruction.

"The remaining division of the army was, meanwhile, hotly pressed by the enemy. The very air seemed teeming with bullets—it was like a storm of leaden hail—nor was there a moment's respite. The iron masses of the Sikh horse bore down upon them, inspired by the success of their former charge. The batteries poured in a torrent of grape, and there was every prospect of that division being utterly annihilated, when Colonel Fane, with his battery, some troops of the Ninth Lancers, and a few of the Sixth Cavalry, came to the rescue, and retrieved, in some degree the fortunes of the day.

"The charge of Mountain's Brigade had been more successful. They stormed the entrenchment against which the attack was directed, in the face of a deadly fire. The Twenty-ninth Regiment succeeded in spiking several guns, and sustained heavy loss.

"Moving in parallel with this brigade, went one whose destiny was far less fortunate. It was under the command of Gen. Pennycuick. As it neared the brushwood, a deadly fire opened upon them, which, trusting entirely to the bayonet, they did not return. The front ranks were thrown into confusion, and the gallant leader, while in the act of rallying his men, fell sword in hand in front of the guns. Then Brooks, waving his sword over his head, led on the men; mown down by hundreds, they passed on, with a courage nothing could daunt. They captured the battery and were in the very act of spiking the guns, when some regiments of the Hunnoo force, lying hid in the brushwood, came suddenly upon them. Then commenced a fearful slaughter. The enemy gave no quarter. Brooks fell covered with wounds. The senior Major was shot through the lungs, and most of the officers perished miserably in the jungle.

"The combat was now tremendous, and at that moment the position of our army was most critical. The attacking parties had been repulsed with dreadful slaughter, and the fire of the enemy was unabated in fury.

"Thackwell, on the extreme left, with White's Brigade, and the Artillery, under the command of Colonel Brind, held in check Outar Sing, who made several ineffectual attempts to turn our left flank, and a strong body of Sikh horsemen, galloping forth in compact array, seemed to menace us with a charge.

"The scene was now one of overwhelming excitement. The dark masses of the enemy seemed dashing down upon us, when Thackwell, riding along our line, where the Fifth Light Cavalry and the Third Dragoons were stationed, pointed for a moment to the advancing foe, and shouted—

"Forward! Close up! Charge!

"The word was scarcely spoken, when, with a loud cheer, we went at them with the speed of a whirlwind. A heavy matchlock fire was opened upon us, and saddles were emptied by the dozen. On we went—a crash—a roar—a cheer—swarthy visages scowling upon us—a struggle—the flashing of steel—we were in their ranks, and in another instant we were through them.

"'Well done, lads!' said the Colonel; the blood trickled from a wound in his temples as he spoke, and his sword was crimson.

"But we had done our work too well. We had broken the line, and carried away by the maddening excitement of the hour, we were beyond it, and the dark mass we had just penetrated, was forming once more in our rear.

"'At them again, my lads!'tshouted Unett, waving his cap in the air—'Third Dragoons—Threes about—follow me!' and setting spurs to his charger, he dashed once more at the enemy's columns.

"So sudden was our charge, so irresistible the impetus of our assault, that we were upon them before they were prepared. A terrific struggle, but a most unequal one, now ensued.

As the cavalry of the enemy gave way before us, they threw in a withering fire; hand to hand we fought our way; Thibet and Magnan were both wounded, and fifty of our men went down.

At this moment Brind's guns opened their fire upon the retreating ranks of the enemy. The carnage must have been terrific, for the long breaches in their lines showed where the squadrons of the cavalry had passed, or the round shot of the artillery had gone through them.

"That part of the day's work was at least well done.

"For the first time during the action, I now saw Lord Gough. His snow-white hair was streaming in the wind, and his face appeared flushed with excitement, as he rode up to the Twenty-ninth Regiment, which was close by us at the time, under the command of Congreve, my friend the tall Major, with another brother officer, being on horseback in front.

"I was not near enough to hear what he said. After a few minutes' conversation with them, he rode away to the right.

"'Well, Major, how much longer will that last?' I shouted.

"'Hard to say. Are you hit?'

"'Only a scratch.'

"The charge was a good one. But at this moment an aide-de-camp galloped up, and the gallant twenty-ninth had soon success in their own hands.

"It was a day of ill omen. Fought on the anniversary of the last massacre of our troops at Cabul, from the commencement its fortunes seemed beset with peril. The loss was deplorable; nor did the havoc cease when the fight was over; many of our wounded were cut to pieces where we had been obliged to leave them in the rear. One of my messmates was shot close to my side, but with the exception of loosening a shoulder-knot, I escaped untouched.

"Comment is now worse than useless. The memory of our disaster has been obliterated by subsequent glory. But it would seem abundantly evident that, had the artillery been allowed to do their work at the commencement, much of the catastrophe might have been averted. The bravery and determination of the enemy can only be equalled by their unexampled ferocity. They neither gave nor expected any quarter. The gashes inflicted by the tulwar, beneath the stroke of which our steel was shivered to splinters, were frightful. To oppose living bravery, however well drilled and organised, against batteries vomiting forth streams of fire, with any hope of success, is, to say the least of it, a most unfortunate error; and to have undervalued an enemy who fought with the coolness and accuracy by which the Sikh has always been distinguished, appears unaccountable. Single combats, in this eventful day, were of no unfrequent occurrence, and in these the Sikh soldier not unfrequently had the advantage. The weapon with which he is armed has a broader back, a thicker blade, as well as a keener edge, than ours, and affords him a signal advantage. Any attempt to record the feats of individual daring which occurred would be impossible. We fought as English soldiers always fight, but we were overborne by a tremendous power, and all that can be said of the fight at Chillianwallah is, that it may perhaps be regarded as a drawn battle.

"The morning which followed the memorable battle of Chillianwallah was one of the wettest I ever remember. About 8 o'clock the rain began to fall in torrents, and continued to descend during the greater portion of the day. The night had been one of intense anxiety; once or twice during its tedious progress, an alarm was raised that the Khalsa horse was upon us; at one time so prevalent was this impression, that the gunners of Huish's Brigade were ordered to unlimber, and they were in the very act of firing when it was providentially discovered that he had mistaken a party of the Third Dragoons for the enemy; they were wandering about in search of food and water.

"Nor can there be much doubt that, if the Sikhs had followed up their advantage by a vigorous attack during the night, our army, exhausted as it was by the conflict of the day, as well as the marches which preceded it, would have suffered terribly. But they lost the opportunity. Daylight came at last, and never was its dawn more welcome.

"At an early hour the Commander-in-Chief, surrounded by his staff, rode forth to reconnoitre; and the hopes of some, who were sanguine enough to hope the enemy would have retreated during the night, were doomed to be disappointed. The Sikhs still held the ground they had occupied on the day preceding. Their long range of tents, with the camp fires burning in front of them, were distinctly visible about two miles in our front.

"The wounded horses lay thickly on the field, and their moaning mingled with the feebler cries of human pain. Fancy may conceive the horrors of the scene, but all description must fall short of reality. Friends and foes lay mingled together, the bleached aspect of the English dead contrasting strangely with the swarthy hue of the native soldier. It was the war of race against race, and divided in life, their union was consummated in the grave at last. The field was literally strewn by military equipments and instruments of war. The surface of the plain—trodden down by the cavalry, and furrowed deep by cannon wheels—was covered by relics of the fight. Helmets and cuirasses, shattered fire-arms and broken swords, Prince Albert hats and Lancers' caps, Sikh bonnets and tulwars, uniforms of every description, loose plumes and accoutrements, drums and bugles, attested in ruinous display, to the awful severity of the struggle.

"In many places the dead lay three deep upon each other, and where the 24th Regiment had been so terribly cut up, upon searching the field, the colors, which were missing were found wrapped round the body of the officer who had carried them.

Were it possible to heighten the melancholy appearance of such a scene, it would be by attempting to describe the researches of the living, as they occupied themselves in paying the last mournful tribute which affection could bestow on the gallant dead. The bodies of the two Pennycuits—the son having fallen in defence of the father's body—were found, and, having been placed in a litter, were borne away. While I was gazing at the mournful spectacle, and occupied by the melancholy reflections, it could not fail to inspire, I heard a footstep behind me and a hand was laid on my shoulder; it was the tall Major.

"'Come along,' he said, 'this is sad work. They are going to bury poor Christie.'

"'Where is he lying?'

"'Close by here. The men asked leave to have him buried in the same grave with the rest of the troop who fell.'

"I followed the Major in silence as he led the way to a tree which stood at a little distance; near it was standing a group of officers and men. A pit had been dug, which was already full; close by a cap and a large blue cloak lay on the grass. We looked at each other in silence; the fate which had been his might have been ours. No one spoke until, in clear and deep tones, the chaplain began to read the solemn service for the burial of the dead. It was a touching scene—the mournful desolation and stillness of all around, the fixed countenances of my comrades, the melancholy looks of the men, as the chaplain, his head uncovered, read the well known words, which came with an awful solemnity home to us all."

ART IN THE SOUTH.

From the New Orleans Delta.

The *Delta* has advocated, long and earnestly, the cultivation of a characteristic literature in the Southern States, as one of the first and most obvious steps towards their intellectual emancipation from the trammels of Northern prejudice and bigotry. Its efforts, like those of John C. Calhoun, Gilmore Simms, Mr. Marshall, of Vicksburg, and other prominent individuals interested from time to time in the cause, have not been altogether successful; but something has been done—some good seed sown—some honest work achieved—and as year follows year, and necessity compels the adoption of a comprehensive Southern idea, the original scheme which many persons considered chimerical at first, may become a wholesome and honorable fact.

What we have said of literature during the five or six years gone by in the columns of the *Delta*—a small portion of which has been realized in our regular Sunday issue, of which we are not a little proud—is equally true of Art in the conventional meaning of the word. We cannot boast of many painters or sculptors in the South; in music we have achieved no inconsiderable success; but the delicate chisel and many-colored palette are almost unknown among us. In the hurry and scramble for money our cities, where Art can be supported alone, have forgotten themselves, have neglected their real interests, have lost sight of the Beautiful, which is only a synonym for the good, and consequently suffer from the anarchy and crime which periodically prevail in Louisville, Baltimore, and New Orleans. Even sedate and quiet Charleston, where the last remnant of true civilization—the duello—is still recognized, has done very little for the real intellectual life of her citizens. She has plenty of politics, but where are her paintings? She has a fine sense of scorn for her enemies, but where are her sculptors? We ask the question not for the sake of the alliteration, but in all sincerity and earnestness. In this wonderful nineteenth century, it appears, we require little or no Art—machines will suffice. And yet, admitting that Morse is a great inventor, would another Moore be unwelcome; or that Hoe manufactures unequalled Power Presses, would a second Hugo be *de trop?* We have Crystal Palaces and raree-shows (as the children call them) of every size and shape; would they be disfigured by the cartoons of a new Raphael, or the arrangement of their light and shade impaired by a stray suggestion from a modern Rembrandt? "A room hung with pictures," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, truly and finely, "is a room hung with thoughts;" and his aphorism can be extended and applied to a city with equal propriety. Our friend of the Opera Box, whom we greet parenthetically, will doubtless agree with us in this opinion.

These observations were suggested to us (as the clergymen say) by a visit some days ago to the studio of our neighbor and friend, Mr. Powers, an artist of whom our city has reason to be proud. A passing glance at his works convinced us that we have the elements, what Bacon would call the *principia*, of genuine intellectual work in our rough and somewhat headlong city, and a remembrance of the graceful fancies of our young friend Baker and of the efforts of Mr. Perry—a most promising student—confirmed us in the opinion. The studio in question is as plain, square, unassuming and well-lit as the character of the man who owns it. Nothing pretentious—nothing showy about it, like the Osgood rooms, which used to dazzle our fair dames three or four years ago; but everything in good order and good taste. A cheerful fire, pleasant pictures, educated talk—that is all we expected to find, and we found it.

Mr. Powers has spent the last two years in Italy and France—dreaming, working and studying in the great galleries, passing from sunny city to city, breathing the quiet atmosphere of European life, without forgetting the wild and weird beauty of his native land. He did not travel as a mere idler in search of a sensation—not as a James Harthouse, who "went in" for Jerusalem merely because it was Jerusalem—not as a gossip-collector or a plagiarist from the guide-books—but as an earnest student, observing, pondering, learning, with a frank spirit and a fearless eye. He has returned and settled down to work again, having brought with him many valuable reminiscences, fixed on strained canvas, of the pleasant scenes amongst which he moved and thought.

There, for instance, is the modern Roman matron, with her meek, over-worked look and somewhat quaint and peculiar headgear. The woman of to-day, very different, it is true, from the Lucretias or Cornelias of the "good days of old," which Macaulay sings so stirringly, but still the woman of to-day. We are face to face with a portion of nature; what care we if the face be sublime or not? We want the truth, and in this "study from life" we find it. Further on, you meet some other Italian women, not very poetical, but exactly the women who spin all day (for they have an inexhaustible distaff) while their husbands devour maccaroni and bask in the sunshine. We do not pretend that these works are master-pieces; some of them are actually unfinished; but they are very welcome to us in their naturalness and simplicity.

Yonder is a portrait of the artist's namesake—Powers, the sculptor—Powers of the "Greek Slave"—a fine, earnest head—hopeful, healthy and well-balanced; a clear, out-looking eye, quick to catch the salient points of an object, and capable, at the same time, of becoming introspective and looking within. Beside it is the "counterfeit presentment" of a Kentuckian gentleman—a poet and a thinker—residing at present in Florence; a very excellent painting, and, we presume, a capital likeness. There are many other sketches and fancies worthy of attention, but we have not leisure to enumerate them. It must be sufficient to say that a visit to Mr. Powers' studio will not be time or attention thrown away.

Answers to Correspondents.

We have received the following note from our accomplished friend, late Editor of the *Citizen*:—

NEW-YORK, Dec. 29th, 1856.

MY DEAR MEAGHER:

For the information of such of your readers as may be friends of mine, will you be kind enough to state in the next number of the *Irish News*, that my connection with the *Citizen*, terminated on the 26th inst., and also that all correspondence relative to the Reilly Testimonial, or other matters, may be addressed to me, at your office, 29 Ann-street, N. Y.

Yours faithfully. W. F. LYONS.

T. F. MEAGHER, Esq., Editor *Irish News*.

A distinguished correspondent writing to us from Columbus, Ohio, says:—"In the hot contest which I had in this District for Congress this fall—a contest unexampled for its fierceness and laboriousness—I found every mother's son (and daughter) of Ireland right at my side to the end. Not an Irishman failed us. By their united strength, I was enabled to change this District, which two years ago was 8330 against us, into 357 for us! Beating down the bigotry and zealotry of the political fanatics and preachers, and pulverising them into nothingness, by the cordial co-operation of the 'United Irishmen.' I wrote a lecture after the election, on "Irish Humor and its Peculiarities," have delivered it in your State, at Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester, &c. to large audiences, who attended for the *fun*, but who got some wholesome and serious notions I hope, of English rule over Ireland. I do not know whether you have seen any notice of it; but the Celtic peculiarities in contrast with the pigheadedness of Saxondom, were shown up in an unexpected manner to those who came to hear about Irish bulls and brogue."

The following letter was read at the Banquet recently given to Michael Barry. It speaks for itself:—

BROOKLYN, Dec. 9th, 1856.

MY DEAR DOHENY:

I am truly sorry that it will be completely out of my power to attend the Banquet to be given to our friend, Michael Barry, on this evening. You will please to express my regret for my unavoidable absence, both to himself and to his and our friends.

As his comrade in the ranks of the Edward Fitzgerald Guard, and his associate in the deliberations of the "E. M. A." organization, I have had ample experience of his sterling honesty of purpose and his truthful devotion to the cause of Ireland's redemption. In that organization, which we once hoped to have made, and which may yet become the FORLORN HOPE of Ireland, there was not one who was found more unswerving in his courage and more constant at his post, whenever there was work to be done, than was he in whose honor you meet this night.

Trusting that his return to his native air, may restore him to health, and enable him still to labor on for the freedom of Ireland, and to aid the efforts of our brotherhood, I remain

In fraternity, your comrade,

JOHN O'MAHONY.

MICHAEL DOHENY, Esq.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1857.

THE NEW YEAR—A LOOK BEFORE AND BEHIND—ONE WORD FOR ONCE AND FOR ALL.

At the end of a journey, it is natural for one to look back, measure the distance he has come, and relate the incidents of the road. In this season—in this season of all others—when the fallen leaves lie deep beneath the snow, and the rivers check their speed—one feels a resistless impulse to talk of what is past. Every Household knows it. The World knows it.

With little to invite us back upon the path along which it has been our fate to travel, it is difficult, and might seem most ungracious, not to do so. Thorns, ruins, clouds repel us. Once escaped, brighter fortunes dissuade us from reverting to them. But, as there have been many treasures disentombed from graves, there are many wise lessons to be educed from sad experience.

And so we re-open the volume that has been clasped with iron, and make the chronicle of disasters a prophetic gospel of energy, faith, and hope.

A few months ago, we threw ourselves into the rough field of Journalism. They were the humbler duties of the profession we assumed. Excited by no events abroad, our tone was moderate. It was reserved. Many said it was tame. Deeply conscious of the responsibilities which one who instigated a people to a revolt for liberty incurs, we preferred the ignominy of being considered spiritless—recreant even—than encounter liabilities which a baffled enthusiasm incited by our words, a fruitless bloodshed and an accusing conscience would exact.

The Russian War, throughout this Continent, stimulated hopes and projects, which, rational and feasible as they seemed at first to those who earnestly and proudly thought of Ireland, faded into mere dreams and prayers—passed off into little better than vague sympathies and gossip—when the immediate interests of the European Royalties were considered, and the condition of the communities under them was with a frank sobriety discussed.

Russia was not in earnest in that war. Had she been so, she could have opened batteries on the English fleet—on swarms of flag-ships and gun-boats—from Howth and Dalkey. Her agents in this country had from authorized sources assurances of an immense support, had the tide of war been turned from the Crimean to the Irish coast. But Russia has Poland—a thoughtful, proud, irreconcilable captive—close beside her—watching every motion her imperious mistress makes—and Russia dares not venture far. She may sink her Navy in Sebastopol, and protest in thunders against the Western Powers. That's all. But that's enough for the memory of Catherine and the romance of Moscow.

France was not in earnest. That is, Louis Napoleon—the Highwayman of the Boulevards—was not in earnest, in that Russian War. He meant to go so far—just so far—but no farther. An Usurper, he had to consecrate his Usurpation. Triumphal arches reconcile the French to the bondage of a domiciliary police. With them, military success is a remission of sins the most execrable. They tolerate the Demon overshadowed by the resuscitated Eagles of the Empire. The tenantcy of the Tuilleries is legitimized by the capture of the Malakoff. Beyond this, the Assassin of St. Cloud dare not go. He dare not launch upon a great war. The first billow would engulph him. For he is no more the Emperor of France, than Francis Joseph is King of Hungary, or Ferdinand Bomba is rightful lord of Sicily. He may appease, and for a time intoxicate his slaves. He cannot afford to copy—cannot afford to emulate his portentous Uncle—in experiments of perilous magnificence. Without a Waterloo disaster—or the probability of any such transcendent catastrophe—he is chained to a rock from which there is no safe or triumphant flight. He dare not move an inch beyond his chain.

As for England, she never meant to go to war. Mustering at Woolwich and maneuvering at Spithead, she flattered herself that a little diplomacy in Constantinople and the planting of the St. George's Cross in the mud of Gallipoli would completely serve her purposes. She meant no war. She dreamt that Protocols would suffice. She believed in her *Prestige*. Providence otherwise disposed. Ignorantly and insensibly she slipped into that terrible carnage. Ruinously she bungled through it. Gladly she retreated from it. Nothing on this earth could tempt her to take a second plunge in that Avernian swamp of blood.

Openly and advisedly, England will undertake no European war—certainly no American war—whilst Ireland has her head above the sea. Well aware that Ireland was to her what Poland is to Russia—what the people of France is to Napoleon the Usurper—England did not meditate a war with Russia. Having become involved in one, she did not wish to prolong it. She could not afford to do so. Ireland, untameable and implacable under wrong, indignity, and a memory of a thousand years—which is to her a crown of thorns—was a chain upon her arm.

Knowing this, the Russian War brought to us no hope. Therefore, justified us in making none of those appeals which many of our gallant young countrymen awaited and implored. We confined ourselves simply and exclusively to the chronicling of whatever events and sayings concerned the Irish Race within this country, and abroad, and to this unpretentious, though useful, duty we restrict ourselves until other times and men have come.

FATHER MATTHEW.

The Theatre Royal, Dublin, never before presented a spectacle so impressive. People said so who had been present when George the Fourth appeared there. The banquet given to Lord Morpeth was eclipsed. The welcome which broke out in thunders, and flashed from thousands of exulting faces, the night that Tommy Moore received the myrtle wreath within those walls, was magnificently outdone. Even that, with all its glorious ecstasy, was excelled.

It was Thursday, the 26th of January, 1843. The hour was noon.

From pit to gallery, the great house was crowded. Hundreds upon hundreds had to leave. After twelve o'clock there was not a footing to be had. The upper and lower boxes formed one dense, broad, compact belt of living splendor. All that was most beautiful in a city famous for its beauty was gathered there. Neither King, nor Statesman, nor Poet had brought around him such a zone of radiant votaries. Nor had such a multitude, pouring out from the workshops, the marts, the colleges, the private mansions of the Metropolis, given so grand a voice and aspect to any similar ovation on a former day.

The stage was thronged. The most eminent noblemen of the country were there. Clergymen, noted for their piety and erudition, were there. Every creed was represented. Orators of surpassing power stood side by side with artists—painters, musicians, sculptors—whose fame was in the ascendant, if it had not reached the zenith. From the oldest and wealthiest estates, from the most distant parts of the island, came territorial lords, who, until this day, had never met the people in public audience but as antagonists. Now they met them in good faith, to show their enthusiasm and their gratitude. The Professions had their delegates in this incomparable assembly. The Army even—so reluctant to trust its crimson finery in a civilian crowd—had sent its deputation of Colonels, Aides-de-camps, and Captains on furlough.

In a word, the Irish nation sat in council there. For one supreme occasion, the tribes, the races, the provinces were in unity convoked. For one paramount duty, they had but one heart, one hand, one voice. Gratitude inspired them. It was a passion, which, in the contemplation and consciousness of a national benefit of eternal worth, had possessed the masses, seized on every household, fused a thousand conflicting memories, prejudices, schemes and interests, into one joyous and overpowering ecstasy, and one man was the worshipped object of it all.

"I assure you," said the Duke of Leinster, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to take the chair on this occasion, and in every way in my power evince the respect and esteem I entertain for the Very Rev. Theobald Matthew."

"Were it possible for me," said the Marquis of Headfort, as he moved the first resolution, "to pronounce an eulogium, most willingly and gladly should I do so; but, my Lord Duke, the merits of Father Matthew are beyond all praise, and the result of his labors beyond any reward the world can bestow."

Then an old and venerable man—three and seventy years of age—rose up. At the sight of his gray hairs, the people uncovered their heads, and with the gentleness of children listened to his words. The heavy hand of time pressed upon him sorely. He spoke in so low a tone, as to be scarcely audible at the reporter's table. So the papers said next morning. But feeble and inarticulate as he was, the great audience caught these words as they fell from the lips of the venerable Judge Moore, and they carried them away, dutifully and devoutly, as they would the last prayer and lesson of some good patriarch, stretching forth his hand above them from his death-bed—

"The example of Father Matthew did more for his country—his acts conferred more lasting good upon the people—than those of any patriot or statesman who ever lived. He had not only reformed the habits of Ireland, but laid seeds which would yet fructify and flourish in the improved state of the country and the future greatness of her people."

When the old man, having uttered these words, retired, the Marquis of Clanricarde spoke of the merits of Father Matthew being fully acknowledged by all parties and persons—spoke of the meeting being a union of gratitude and benevolence—spoke of the respect and docility with which the people had heard and obeyed the teachings of their beneficent apostle—and then gracefully gave way to Thomas Wyse, Smith O'Brien, and O'Connell.

With a purity of diction, and an elevation of thought, and a philosophy worthy of the theme, the occasion, and his own celebrity, Mr. Wyse dwelt upon the revolution of which Father Matthew had been the author:—

"Such a reformation or revolution is not the revolution of a day, nor the revolution of years—it does not confine itself to two or three thousand, or to a class or a sect, but begins with an individual and extends to an entire community—a revolution which lays the solid structure of a nation's greatness in the cultivation of moral habits, and the performance of religious duties. It is an easy thing to make a law. It is not difficult to place on the Statute-book prescriptions and remedies for the disorders of the country. Thousands upon thousands propose their nostrums for the removal of various evils. But let us have the man who performs good not by words but by deeds—let us have the man who shows himself the real true apostle of political economy—the man who regenerates and reforms, at the same time that he hopes and promises."

"They met," said Smith O'Brien, "not to pay the homage of triumph to a conqueror, who had deluged many a field with blood—they met not to pay homage to rank and station with the customary adulation—they met to testify their profound respect and thankfulness to an humble clergyman, who had eradicated a great national vice, and subdued it for ever."

O'Connell followed. Never was the voice of this wondrous orator so touching. Never were his words so musical and golden. Never was his fine presence so impressive. Never did the subtle intellect break out in such copious streams of glory from their source in that deep, massive brain. Never before did he so unquestionably seem to the beholders the inspired oracle of a spiritual, chivalrous, imaginative people.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "Father Matthew is an instrument in the hands of Providence. He is a meet instrument of the Almighty—an instrument of light and worth. Beams from Heaven mark and enlighten his career—blight and misery vanish wherever he appears. On such a subject I have not words to describe my thoughts. Words are nothing when such a topic comes before the mind. There is no painting the rainbow, the ray that comes from the Sun, the angelic wings that hover round the throne of God."

Two days after this vast assemblage had taken place, Thomas Davis wrote in the *Nation* these beautiful and most noble words:—

"Theobald Matthew's mission was to convince the People, through their reason and affections, of the virtue, and wisdom, and duty of Temperance; and he did his work. He did it thoroughly, nobly, purely, wonderfully. He came clothed in plain humility. His words were the native household speech of the People. He opened the cabin door, and showed the sober man how the wife and children of the drunkard withered to supply his debauch. He rolled on the changes of time. Rent unpaid, and land untilled, and deficient food, and sick bodies, and

ruined affections, were seen in the train of excess. He pointed out to them the difficulty of amendment, and the impossibility of such impetuous minds as theirs compromising with vice, till they saw in his picture-words the drunkard hurrying to his fate as surely as the water, which has leaped the cliff, goes to break on the rocks at its base. And brighter visions came, too—comfort, for excess,—mirth, and music, and bold sports, for sottish indulgence—the pride of virtue, for the vaunt of vice. To have regenerated the People by such means, is the glory of him who taught, and of them who learned."

He in whose honor that vast multitude came together; whose praises were in the hearts and on the lips of those surging thousands; whose wondrous works were so extolled upon that memorable day; whose presence was eagerly sought for by the haughtiest notables of England; whose sweet influences fell like dew upon the rudest natures, and gave birth to flowers of divinest beauty where there had been the saddest wreck, and weeds, sterility and havoc; for whose footsteps the people of America listened with eagerness and love, and whose coming they hailed as no heroic guest was ever hailed before or since; he whose persuasion was to his own people as the miraculous touch which gave vision to the blind and life to those who had been dead, and whose fame was as the shining garments of the angel who announced the Resurrection to those who sought the sepulchre; in the centre of the beautiful grave-yard he had himself thrown open to the poor of every church, under the great stone Cross, this glorious good man—all that is mortal of him—sleeps. Beside that Cross—clinging to it in the agony of a breaking heart—kneels the Nation whose sorrow he consoled—whose cup of poison he changed to one of living waters—whose head he lifted up and crowned with lilies, when she had become a proverb of reproach among the Nations. As silent as the cities of Tyre and Edom shall Ireland have become, when in the shadow of that Cross, without the city of St. Finbar, the Irish heart forgets the noblest gentlest spirit that ever soothed it.

THE CIVILIZERS ON THE WALLS OF CHINA.

There is always something racy, spicy and enlivening at the annual dinner of the New-England Society in New-York. There is a flow of soul and a blending of social amenities which render those re-unions peculiarly pleasant. But on the stream of conviviality and eloquence, some puritanical conceit or Anglo-Saxon egotism is occasionally borne through the banquet-hall, and duly paraded in the columns of the press. At the recent New-England dinner, in the Astor House, Mr. Fillmore, who represented the *London Times*, indulged in a little Anglo-Saxon glorification, which gave proper zest to the proceedings of the evening. "You and ourselves," said he, "are the two branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race, and together, we are destined to be the civilizers of the world. Our courses are different. You go West—we move towards the East; and, as friends, we shall go onward, embracing the earth, until the two shall meet on the walls of China!" This promised pilgrimage to the walls of the Celestial Empire, was received with nine cheers for Old and New-England. This extensive tour of the two branches of the great Anglo-Saxon race is to be undertaken on purely philantropic grounds—Civilization is the word. England, of course, would neither import opium, nor calico, nor tax-collectors, nor the murderous policy of Clive and Warren Hastings. All her implements of torture and plans of spoliation and plunder wonld be left behind in the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay, or the recently civilized kingdom of Oude. This journey of civilization, however, is not likely to be soon accomplished by the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Because there is no such thing as a great branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. It was crushed, pulverized and trodden into the earth by the mailed knights of Normandy, on the disastrous field of Hastings. What remained of it, has since been digging in the mines of England or ploughing up its soil; in fine, it has been chained as a drudge and vassal to the car of its Celtic rulers. The aristocracy of England are Celtic, and with the exception of Sir Robert Peel, there has not been a Saxon Premier in that kingdom since the Norman conquest. So many obstacles interpose between this meeting projected by Mr. Fillmore, of the *Times*, that it is idle to seriously discuss it. The power of Russia has to be overcome before she can advance her red flag one inch towards the wall of China, or any other wall, and the present difficulty with Persia must be favorably arranged before even her Eastern possessions are secure. America may extend the bounds of civilization, advance her ennobling institutions, and press forward in the march of freedom until the whole earth is encircled in an eternal bond of Republican brotherhood; but England must halt. Limits have been already set to her ambition, and as a French paper has recently observed, her visor has been lifted, and the pedlar who has been wandering about the world, disguised as a knight, has been exposeed. But while Mr. Fillmore utters these stale platitudes, his journal abuses America as a Fillibustering nation, whose "aggressions" England and France are bound to resist.

England seems more intent upon extending her possessions in the West than in the East. American progress on this continent is jealously watched by the English government, and the motives of our people persistently misrepresented by the English press. Whenever any object is to be achieved or any cheat imposed upon the world, the representatives of England lose no opportunity, however small, to parade British magnanimity, and gain over, as allies, people whom they hate and fear as rivals. America repudiates such cant. She stands in no need of European aid, sympathy or assistance for propagating her ideas, advancing the standard of Republican civilization, or extending her dominions Westward. Long after the English flag shall have gone down, never to rise again, this Republic, composed of men of all nations, all races and creeds—of men standing upon the broad platform of human rights and in the equal enjoyment of the same constitutional privileges—even when the Plymouth Rock shall have crumbled into the ocean—this Republic then, as now, will be the great bulwark of human freedom, the home of the oppressed of every land, proudly declining to court the friendship of any despotism, haughtily refusing to succumb to its dictation, and scorning to be its accomplice in any schemes designed to bolster up its finances or prestige.

CAPTAIN HUSTON.

A requisition, addressed to this excellent officer, appea s in our columns. It has been signed by a number of the be.t men in the city. The names of the Captains of some of the oldest Companies of the First Division are attached to it. A crowd of the younger officers follow them. Nor is it all left with the bold soldier boys. Hundreds of civilians—gentlemen of solid worth and influence—unite with his military friends in tendering to Captain Huston this testimony of their respect, friendship and warm good wishes. In compliance with the request they have made, Captain Huston lectures in Hope Chapel, on the 12th of January. The subject he has chosen is truly seasonable in these times, when the vicious bigotry of the Old World, imported hither by the brazen trumpeters of Bedlamite conventicles, and multiplied *ad infinitum* by a swarm of diminutive lay-pontiffs and pedlars in counterfeit religion, has given rise to a black conspiracy against the rights of conscience, and produces, as in Baltimore lately, riotousness and bloodshed. Coming, as he does, from the North of Ireland—for years the stronghold of Orangeism, and the scene of many a butcherly onslaught instigated by bigots—Captain Huston will bring to the elucidation of his subject the experience of an observing, thoughtful and retentive mind. We sincerely trust to see Hope Chapel filled to overflowing on so useful, creditable and instructive an occasion.

THE IRISH STAGE—JOHN BROUGHAM AND THE BOWERY.

At the first dinner of the Eighty-Two Club in, the Pillar Room of the Dublin Rotunda, Mr. Dillon Browne, the Member for Mayo, speaking to the toast—*The Dramatists of Ireland*—mentioned in a sprightly way quite a number of quaint and curious facts. The first regular theatre established in Dublin was in Werburgh street, in the reign of Charles the First. Previous to this—in the reign of Henry the Eighth—plays had been performed in a peripatetic booth—in a theatre which folded up like an umbrella, and was transported hither and thither on wheels. The theatre in Werburgh street was erected by Mr. John Ogilby, Master of the Revels, during the Vice-royalty of the Earl of Stafford. John Ogilby was an enterprising man. He had hardly opened the play-house in Werburgh street, when he rang the bell for the curtain to rise in another Temple of the Dramatic Muse, in the odoriferous region of Smock-alley. Smock-alley was the scene of exuberant festivities for nights after the Williamite victory of the Boyne had been gazetted. An amateur company—Orange to the back-bone—took possession of the stage and green-room, issued invitations—free tickets, in plain words—and gratuitously murdered Othello. In 1695, George Farquhar cleansed Smock-alley from the smell of Orange peel, and in the character of *Sir Henry Wilder* has left a memory pious, glorious, and immortal, which should span the Boyne, with a glittering arch of peace. After Farquhar came Booth, and then a long procesion of celebrities—Quin, Cibber, Garrick—and after them, Barry, Messop, Woodward and Woffington—until Crow street snatched the masque and buskin from Smock-alley, and Smock-alley became religious.

These, and memories of a less ancient date, at this season play down upon us—in through this dusty window on our right, like colored sunbeams—and the narrow cell-like Sanctum we ply the pen and scissors from morn to twilight in, fills up with a gay and gorgeous crowd. All its raggedness, flimsiness of furniture, lean poverty of carpeting, its hideous heaps of dissected newspapers, black-crusted inkstands, confiscated manuscripts, broken-nosed goose-quills, and all the deformities and horrors of our dusky dungeon vanish. In the dawning light of the Youthful Year it expands and glitters. All about us are pedestals, chandeliers, and Caducci of burnished gold. All about us are mouldings and frescoes fashioned from the calcined vestiges of Herculaneum and Pompeii. All about us are wreaths of lilac, acanthus, and the laurel of the Vale of Tempe. And into the midst of all this dazzling drapery, coloring, and sculpture—in the midst of music, huzzas, and showers of olive leaves and shamrock—comes Sheridan, leading *Lady Teazle*—comes Brooks, introducing the *Constant Couple*—comes Congreve, claiming a favorable verdict for his *Double-Dealer*—comes Goldsmith, in his plum-colored suit, the very image of his *Good-Natured Man*, shoving *Tony Lumpkin* before the world—comes Maturin, slip-shod and cowering in the shadow of *Bertram*—come Shiel and Banim, hand-in-hand, beckoning *Damon* and *Pythias* to renew the epic story of their truth and love—comes Griffin, conducting with the tread and majesty of an Archon from the Academic groves, *Gysippus*, the Athenian model of his own goodness, adversity, and genius—comes, at last, John Brougham—genial, bountiful, exhaustless—with a heart that never fails and a wit that never flags—with a full chorus of his own bright, kindly, rollicking, reckless, tearful, tender, gallant, loving and loveable progeny tumbling at his heels—waving aloft the wand of Sheridan—

"Who ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine or bring down its showers,
Whose eloquence—brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave—
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave."

A call-boy enters. A messenger from Watters—the Typeking of the *Irish News*—by the twin souls of Faust and Guttenberg!

"More copy, Sir."

The enchantment is at an end. Of all we have dreamt, nothing remains but the grand old Bowery—the People's Temple of the Drama—and our friend, John Brougham, with his *Games of Life and Love!*

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF IRELAND.

We reproduce to-day the first portion of a remarkable pamphlet just published in Dublin. It treats of the military resources of the country, armament, organization, and successful mode of warfare of which it is capable. This essay, published and circulated in Ireland, where to drill, train or teach men the use of arms has been made a felony by the British Parliament, is peculiarly significant in the present unsettled state of Europe. The author treats his subject in a clear and simple manner, demonstrating to minds of ordinary capacity how the battle of freedom may be fought and won in the old land. From the geographical position and physical conformation of Ireland, intersected by rivers, dotted by lakes, ribbed and girdled by mountains, and presenting a continuous surface of hill and valley: there is not a country in the world better adopted for defensive warfare. There are passes in Connemara and in the Commeraghs where freedom may yet send for thher ringing, defiant rallying shout, and consecrate a future Thermopylæ. We shall continue in our future numbers the publication of this essay; and we earnestly direct to it the attention of the Irish military companies, to whom it cannot fail to be deeply interesting and instructive.

What holier or nobler charity than to assist and provide for the poor and destitute children? For that purpose, a course of lectures are about being delivered at Hope Chapel, Broadway. Four most eminent Lecturers are engaged. We trust the course will be attended by crowds. The Committee's advertisement appears elsewhere in our paper.

We learn that in compliance with the request of numerous friends of Nicaragua in this city, Col. J. W. Fabens, who has for some time past been at the head of the Colonization Department of that Republic, will give a lecture in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Monday evening next, to commence at half past 7 o'clock.

The lecture will treat of the climate, soil and productions of Nicaragua, setting forth the many advantages which it offers to the European and American colonist—topics upon which the Colonel's long residence in the country will enable him to speak with accuracy and confidence.

Lecture on the Life and Character of the Late Devin Reilly.

John Mitchel delivered a lecture on the above subject, at the Tabernacle, on Monday evening. It was a brilliant and vigorous effort—a fitting garland to plant on the grave of his gallant young friend, who had dared and suffered so much in the noble cause, which, thank God! still lives, although many of its brave defenders have sunk into distant and unknown graves. The house was not so full as we expected it should have been upon such an occasion.

Our Irish citizens did not rally to that work of charity and patriotism in such numbers as the genius dedicated by Devin Reilly and the heroic devotion of John Mitchel to the liberation of Ireland demanded. Every seat and corner in the building should have been filled. It is truly disgraceful that such was not the case. The lecture will be immediately published by Mr. P. M. Haverty, of Fulton street, for the benefit of the widow and child of our glorious gifted friend.

No Irishman—no Democrat—no Republican—should be without a copy of it. John Mitchel's noble oration on the Dead would have immortalized him, if his own genius and chivalry had not done so.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ABOUT PAT COSTELLO, THE KILKENNY ATTORNEY.

The eloquence of this patriotic gentleman could not be said to have been very copious. Indeed, it would be difficult to say he was gifted with any. He himself never professed to do more than offer a few observations on the question before him, whatever that was. This was his permanent exordium. Nor was it a rhetorical deception. Whenever he spoke, the approprianess was not less remarkable than the conciseness of his speech. He never failed to speak to the point. His narrative was exact. Intelligible to the dullest comprehension, it invariably steered clear of poetry on the one hand, and philosophy on the other. The same may be said of his argument. It always stuck to the point. Logicians might have considered it in many instances fallacious, but it was upon all occasions satisfactory to those who concurred with him in political opinion. What more was required?

Somewhat deficient in pathos, his invective was forcible. No effeminate elegancies of diction neutralized its vigor. What it wanted in polish, it made up for in sinew. His irony was keen. His wit was supreme. In comparison with it, all his other accomplishments were of little or no account. It was this which won him the popularity he enjoyed. It was this which captivated the courtier and endeared him to the demagogue. It was this which secured him the handsome emolument he draws quarterly from the Treasury in London. It is this which will perpetuate his memory in the convivial gossip and polite literature of Ireland, for many years to come.

Mr. Costello, every summer since the passing of the Emancipation Act, had been in the habit of making a tour through Europe. He carried his gold-headed cane and jaunty white hat with him wherever he went. It was not long before they became as familiar to the fashionable frequenters of the *Allée Verte* of Brussels, and *Grosse Garten* of Dresden, as they were to the jarvies of Dublin or the bathing-men of Tramore. With all his good humor, he had his personal dislikes. They were decidedly strong and deep-rooted. Nothing could soften them. Nothing could change them. A brother attorney, named Johnson, was an Orangeman—lived in Castlecomer—had often met Pat on the other side of an ejectment-case at Quarter Sessions, and had as often beaten his rival with costs. The political reasons for Mr. Costello's antipathy to Johnson were strengthened by professional experiences. The antipathy grew to be notorious. Every attorney in Kilkenny, County and City, knew of it. Every member of the Leinster Bar knew of it. Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, Chairman of the Kilkenny Quarter Sessions, was well aware of it. He referred to it at times impressively in his judicial decisions. Many of the Judges were informed of the fact. Torrens, Penefather, Dogherty were conscious of it. The only allusion they made to it, however, was conveyed through a smile.

Mr. Costello was a member of the Reform Club, Dawson street, Dublin. Of this Club, Sir Timothy O'Brien, John Hyacinth Talbot, John Reynolds, Sir John Power, the distiller of John's lane, were pillars of light. Eight or ten years ago, Mr. Costello returned from a trip up the Rhine. He had been to the Mineral Springs of Aix. In the *Bain de la Reine d'Hongerie*, he had steeped his wearied limbs. Doing nothing in Dublinbut swinging his gold-headed cane and cocking his jaunty white hat—all on the strength of his quarterly instalments from the Treasury in London—he was on the eve of paralysis. The baths of Aix-la-Chapelle were his only resource. He had steamed up serenely under the Drachnefels, and had felt his withered soul expand. In Coblentz he had seen the gigantic face of the clock of the Hotel de Ville open and shut its carnivorous mouth, as the Hours went down it. Up the steep slopes and winding avenues of Ehrenbreistein—avenues winding as the stairs in a Light-house—he had puffed and blown until he had reached the broad esplanade, crowned with its thousand guns of ponderous metal, rom which the heights of Pfuffendorf and the gentle waters of the Moselle are visible.

"So, Pat," they said, as Mr. Costello sauntered into the coffee-room of the Club in Dawson street, with his white hat and gold-knobbed cane, the morning he landed in Kingston, on his return from this trip on the Continent, "So, Pat, you've been up the Rhine with Johnson."

"I, up the Rhine with Johnson!"

The Coffee-room was silent. Alderman Keeshan, breakfasting at the further end of it, stopped cracking his egg, and looked up. Dr. Gray, of the *Freeman*, reading the *Saunders* over his chops, put down the paper and listened. John Hyacinth Talbot, with his back to the chimney-piece, brushed back his voluminous white hair, pulled down his blue cashmere waistcoat, and, whispering with a mouthful of humor to Sir Thomas Esmonde, who all the time kept twinkling and trifling, said—

"Be my faith, Pat's up for something."

"I, up the Rhine with Johnson," says Pat.

He threw down his hat on the table before him—hit the hearth-rug with the brass end of his stick—threw himself back—just as if he were going to offer a few observations just to the point—and licking his lips, as if to let the answer out easy, turned to Sir Timothy O'Brien, Nick Maher, of Turtulla, Pierce Mahony, and a group of other quizzical genial old fellows, whispering in the sweetest of oleaginous tones—

"I, up the Rhine with Johnson!—bedad I wouldn't go down the Dodder with him."

That was enough. More than enough. On the spot, Pat was invited to meet the whole company at dinner the next evening, at five; and the Dodder and the Rhine were, till long past midnight, the streams on which, like Venetian gondolas or Cleopatra state-barges, the most sparkling anecdotes, songs the most rollicking or touching, sentiments the most patriotic and chivalrous, dashed along into the roseate harbor of the morning, when all was still.

Three years after this—in the summer of 1846—I met my friend, Mr. Costello, leisurely and complacently moving up the Mall, in the city of Waterford. He had just come down from Dublin. Had just arrived on Bianconi's car from Kilkenny. Was on his way to Tramore. For, next to the springs of Harrowgate or the baths of Dobberan, he relished the easy dips he could take on the velvet strand, stretching away between the Rabbit burrow and the cliffs which lead to the Ladies' cove. Tramore was his favorite resort the summers he shifted his sail from the Rhine. It was just after the Secession of Young Ireland from the Repeal Association. Mr. Costello was a thorough O'Connellite. He followed him. He worshipped him. So he said. So, with his stick and hat, bringing both into emphatic play, he made an affidavit. The recent event was canvassed. I said little. Pat said much. It was impossible to put in an oar, so rapid and exuberant was the current of his antagonism.

"I tell you what, Meagher."

"What?" I replied.

"You're not a bad fellow," says he.

"That's fair enough," says I.

"But," says he.

"Well," says I.

"You're hard to deal with."

"Glad to hear so."

"I tell you what," says Pat, and he pulled himself straight up opposite the Mayor's office, with his back to the black railings running along the basement of the Town-hall, "I tell you what, that Smith O'Brien and ould Richard O'Gorman are the best of men."

"No better," says I.

"But," says he.

"But what?" says I.

"Well, they are the best of men, you know."

"You said that before."

"True enough," says he.

"Well now, it comes to this"—and with this, Mr. Costello, as usual, brought his inseparable gold-headed cane to bear on the point; and with a wink, a leer, and a luscious smack of his lips, turns to me confidentially and whispers—"it comes to this, Meagher, that Smith O'Brien and ould Richard O'Gorman are the best gentlemen we have—but they're crotchety, you know—crotchety, you know—they never give in."

"Never—that's true," I abruptly observed.

"Never give in," he resumed.

Costello paused for a moment, looked knowingly at me, winked, jerked his white hat on one side, flung out his famous gold-headed stick from his wrist towards the lamp-post right opposite him, and with his former confidential intonation continued—

"I tell you what, that good as they are, honest as they are, the best of living men though they be, so crotchety are they—crotchety is the word, Meagher—crotchety, you know—so damn crochety are they—so honest I mane—they wouldn't be—neither Smith O'Brien nor ould Richard O'Gorman—they wouldn't be a fortnight in Heaven, before they'd kick up another Paradise Lost."

Pat Costello, after all, was a good fellow. He wished well to the most of mankind. He, certainly, wished well to those whose political opinions were the shadow or the substance of his own, or in any way, by forced construction or incidental confusion of events and personages, approximated with those he found it his interest, or felt it his duty, to express. Had his necessities been greater, he would have been a Falstaff—an attenuated, but yet a jovial Falstaff—and his sympathies and witticisms, quickened by poverty, might have been larger, brighter, more profuse and elevated. As things were, he was, as I have said, a good old soul, and with his sayings and doings I have yet another column or two to fill.

A NEW YEAR'S GARLAND.

Our brilliant and witty contributors seem to have caught inspiration from the hopes, joys and sociability of the festive season.

On commencing the struggle with the New Year, the exhortation of M. O'Keeffe is well worthy of attentive perusal. Its teaching is wholesome, and our readers must not think it unsuited to "ripe middle age" because the author calls it—

A SONG FOR THE YOUNG.

WRITTEN FOR M. E. D.

Think of the future, and try to recover
Some gains that will pay for the loss of the past;
The mind when 'tis willing, must surely discover,
Material to feed its desires to the last.
Oh! work with new vigor, and never let sorrow
Drop into your bosom for crosses gone by;
Make much of to-day and much more of the morrow,
And guard against *rain* when the weather is dry.

Think of the future and make it your study,
To improve all the moments that come in your way;
The heart moved by action ennobled, is ready
To forward its mission and scorns delay.
The smallest may bloom with a little ability;
For wonders oft spring from the humble and low,
And honest exertion gives strength and stability
To the hopes that are fresh on industry's brow.

Think of the future, and make it the highest
And proudest ambition that swells in your breast;
Do not be o'erbalanced, stray-hearted, or biased—
Aside when your object is planned for the best.
To gloom with the cloud, or to roar with the storm,
Becomes not the spirit which energy steers;
There is nothing like keeping that poised uniform
Which tempers the mind amid sunshine and tears.

Think of the future—you have power in your arm;
You have health, you have strength—what more do you need?
And whether at the anvil, the desk or the farm,
Cheer on—for through God and yourself you'll succeed.
Cheer on for your country—be a native or stranger;
No matter what region gives true merit birth,
Honest industry will never endanger
Our stronghold of freedom—Columbia's earth.

M. O'KEEFFE.

Having fully made up one's mind to follow out or up this good advice—to "think of the future," "cheer on for our country," and look out for a rainy day, we feel relieved. The pleasures of the season crush out the meditations which will intrude even into the gayest clatter and the most jocund adaptation to the usages to which the young year is heir. As "Shamrock" sings, the reign of comedy commences. But listen to Thalia, reviewing her eight sisters and—with the aid and countenance of the witty Williams—giving an account of herself—

THE MUSES—THALIA.

Why, surely, Sisters, you have lost your senses:
At last the reign of Comedy commences
Among the Muses, from this merry moment;
Altho' no doubt, by you it was not so meant.
Who cares a Spartan letter for your splutter?
You only prove my reign, the more you utter.
Think of Uravia rambling thro' the firmament,
By moonlight too—which, surely, never *her* 'Ma meant.
And then, her starriness prepared to quarrel
About a shabby, scraggy sprig of laurel!
Melpomene, despite her high pretensions,
With obvious crustiness her juggling mentions.
She knows right well that tears to fill the Tiber
Like one clear laugh brace not the spirit's fibre.
Give me the silver murmurs of Illyssus,
Whose echoes taught me music such as this is.
There brave Calliope, whose mimic thunder
Might split old hickory at once asunder,
Abandons pulpit, rostrum, stump and forum;
Nay, in her fury, almost cuts decorum,
And, for some whithered, sapless, crumbling branches
A world of fustian at her sisters launches!
Then boasts Polymnia of her lyric splendor,
And sighs Erato, green as she is tender.
Sweet lyres! I grieve the former and the latter
Should jar their frames for such a trifling matter.
Clio, because dry chronicles she scratches,
Thinks that each Muse she easily o'ermatches,
Tho' men scarce read the telegraph despatches.
Euterpe thumps and hammers grand pianos—
The direst plagues that half-distracted man knows.
The queen of fiddlers and of ball-room tapers,
Terpsichore excels in cutting capers.
Spin, bound, chassee, hop, pigeon-wing and wriggle,
And all is flutter, chatter, fuss and giggle!
Nice reasons are they not? upon my honor,
Why the Muse-wreath should be conferred upon her!
We all, except myself, have little better.
Excuse my candor—each to me is debtor.
What have you all achieved, or can hereafter,
Unless I give you health and joy and laughter?
These are from Jove, on high Olympus dwelling—
In joy alone the Gods are all-excelling.
And as for men, our half-celestial neighbors,
Have they not real agonies and labors,
And passions countless, without your assistance
To multiply them, thro' all time and distance?
Be wise and just by truthfully confessing
That I to all am Heaven's divinest blessing.
Back to his native night I banish sadness,
And breath around health, innocence and gladness!
I was the only one with man that sported,
Before you all his earthly passions courted.
Not on benevolence your thrones are builded,
But tears and blood cement them howe'er gilded,
Except perhaps Urania's, yet her fictions
Puff up, depress, or lead to false predictions.
Trine, square and sextile! these the least absurd of it;
But man can live and die without a word of it.
For many a cause I justly rank before you;
But I shall not by longer prosing bore you.
Confirm my right—so dance your pulses merry!
Refuse, and you shall soon be sorry, very.
Left to yourselves, I'll dwell in Heaven hereafter,
And make, from starry floor to beamy rafter,
Olympus ring to Jove's unwonted laughter!
But, sisters, since ye all are rivals, follow:
Let's lay the case before the just Apollo.

SHAMROCK.

And while "Heaven's divinest blessing" and she *is* that—is laying the case before Apollo, let us hail, all hail the new and best poet of the Oyster—aye, greater than Kit North, Tim Tickler, or even the immortal Ensign O'Doherty, himself. Show us in the *Notes Ambrosianæ* no Oyster song as good as this. It transports us to the glorious coast scenery on the Clare side of Galway Bay, where, as "Garryowen," in all his glory, tells us—"The sea is a churn that works into butter the Black-fins of Burran." It is really a delicious lyric. It makes one smack his lips; it tingles the tongue and destroys one's peace of mind for a week. Read it friend—read it, and if you don't contract with the Ocean Telegraph Company to send you "quicker nor lightning" to the West of Ireland, that you may rival Neptune on the

Red Bank under the shadow of "Black Head," then you have not the taste you ought to have, nor the palate we gave you credit for:

THE BLACKFINS OF BURRAN.

(Air—*Oh think not my spirits are always so light.*)

The Princes Bay oysters are gems of the sea,
And the Morris Cove plants are delicious to me;
But none have I found in my foreign sojourn
To equal the plump little Blackfins of Burran.
The oysters of England—my curse on the crew—
Are as big and as tough as the sole of your shoe,
They taste of green halfpence and give one a turn,
That makes him then sigh for the Blackfins of Burran.
The oysters of Burran, the Blackfins of Burran,
Till I am in ashes and cold in my urn,
I nee'r shall forget then, wherever I turn,
The cream of the ocean—the Blackfins of Burran.
They are exquisite always, but chiefly excel,
In their own native beauty and brine on the shell,
With a trifle of lemon-juice no one need spurn,
To tickle his gums with the Blackfins of Burran.
I've read in Munchausen, where Holland gin grew,
With accounts for the milk in the cocoanut too,
But I know of myself where the sea is a churn,
That works into butter the Blackfins of Burran.
Stout succulent shellfish, how often I long
To meet you once more, amid wine, mirth, and song,
For Swift, Moore, and Sheridan, Canning and Curran,
Caught the salt of their wit from the Blackfins of Burran.
The pearl of great price that Marc Antony drank
In his punch, Cleopatra had brought from Red Bank,
Where Neptune, the thief, used with Venus adjourn,
To kindle new love on the Blackfins of Burran.
And don't you remember how often you strayed,
On the green sod of Erin with some little maid,
Who told you with eyes of the roguishest turn,
That your lips had a smack of—the Blackfins of Burran.
The Princes Bay oysters are gems of the sea,
And the Morris Cove plants are delicious to me;
But I ne'er will be easy until I return,
And smother with kisses the Blackfins of Burran.
The Blackfins of Burran, sweet oysters of Burran,
Till I am in ashes and cold in my urn,
I ne'er will forget then, wherever I turn,
The cream of creation—the Blackfins of Burran.

Philadelphia. GARRYOWEN.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Darley's *Margaret;* Estelle Anna Lewis' *Records of the Heart and other Poems;* Irving's *Life of Washington;* Headley's *Life of Washington;* Kirker's publications—*Catholic History, St. John's Manual;* Haverty's importations—*University Magazine,* Celtic Union Works, &c. Boston booksellers—Donahoe and Hickey—O'Brien's *Meditations in Exile, Life of Mary Queen of of Scots,* Mr. Hickey's stock, &c.

Without exception, Felix O. C. Darley's outline illustrations to Judd's New England novel *Margaret,* are the most creditable specimens of American Art yet published. The work is one which it is a national duty to sustain. Every man presuming to taste and culture ought to feel proud that he has the opportunity of placing such a work on his library table. Moritz Retzsch, by his illustrations of Shakspere, Goethe and Schiller, has made a reputation not confined alone to Germany or even to Europe. His works are highly prized here and find purchasers among those people who behold in Art the chiefest index to the growth of actual civilization. Darley's *Margaret,* not only will compare favorably with the best outlines of Retzsch, but we think he is free from the hardness of contour which occasionally breaks the more harmonious feeling of the great German's figures. It would be ungenerous in us, who have derived so much gratification and instruction from the works of the latter, to introduce into a paragraph any casual hypercriticism. It is not our desire to do it. Nor could we, on the other hand, do justice to Darley by any such course of critical inquiry. Suffice it, that the very fact of such a comparison being suggested to us, is the best proof, to our mind, that Mr. Darley is an artist in the front rank with one who previously had no compeer. This is the best recommendation we can offer, in lieu of more lengthy remarks on this glorious work. We see it stated in the *Daily Times* that the plates of some of the most elegantly illustrated books ever published in America were executed in Europe. The plates, it says, of the *Republican Court,* published by the Appletons, were engraved and printed in London, from original pictures sent from here, while the plates in the *Court of Napoleon,* published by Derby & Jackson, were engraved, printed and colored in Paris. The best illustrated editions of Longfellow have been printed in London, although they have been issued with the names of his Boston publishers. Audubon was compelled to have the plates of his great work on American Ornithology executed in Paris, but Downing could find no one in Paris to color the plates of his large work on American Fruits, and at last succeeded in finding the right talent in Buffalo.

In view of these facts, it is gratifying to learn that the plates of *Margaret* were engraved in this city. It matters little if Konrad Hüber is an European, when we know that citizenship of the Republic makes the man who holds it an American. It is a compliment to the public taste when men eminent in art, letters and science make America their home. The thirty illustrations "conveying" Margaret, are the fruit of eleven years of loving devotion and study on the part of the artist. Almost every phase of New England country life is touched, with a grace, fervor, versatility and truth, that exhibit the careful elaboration and concentrated force bestowed upon the respective individualities of the series. It is published by Redfield, Beekman street, who has issued, in various bindings, many books—including several by popular Irish authors—for the holidays.

It is not every day that a poet lives to see her various works collected into such a splendid volume as that just issued by the Appletons. We allude to the *Records of the Heart, and other Poems.* By Estelle Anna Lewis. It is no slight indication of the popularity of a writer, to say the least, that the waifs and strays, as well as the more ambitious efforts of his pen, take sufficient hold on the popular mind of his country, to guarantee their collection. Publishers are timid, and indeed authors who value reputation generally not less so, with regard to such wholesale aspiration for reputation and profit. Happy must the writer be, and thrice happy the publisher of such productions, which safely recommend themselves to the present and posterity.

The poems of Estelle Anna Lewis have always demanded and received that full appreciation from the most intellectual of even her rivals, which is only accorded when the claim is backed by great force, bright brain, and the elegant and substantial acquirement of scholastic resource. Mrs. Lewis possesses these requirements, and consequently has wooed the Muses with *eclat* and—that greater solace than popular applause—the appreciation of the poets. Edgar A. Poe, than whom the age has not seen a more æsthetic, ast ute and merciless critic, and whose slightest sentence of commendation or censure of his contemporaries, is eagerly approved by many critics, not only in America, but in England, and more lately in France—he has written that the lady, whose collected works we now *en passant* notice, was in the front rank of the female writers of this age and country. As we intend to review the poems more at length hereafter, we will only say that Poe's acute brain was not biassed in this judgment, and pass on to a recommendation of the work as a most suitable gift-book for those days of hearty good-nature, and the interchange of friendly and useful *souvenirs.* Mrs. Lewis's poems are exquisitely gotten up. Beautiful paper, clear type and elegant binding combine to render the externals unexceptionable. In addition, we are presented with several illustrations, (executed in America) from some of our most poetic, graphic and well known artists. Thus we have a bijou of pictures transferred on paper, from the pencils of Maclise, Huntington, Addison Richards, Cheney and others, engraved by the last named artist, Halpin, and O'Neill (he of the Emmet portraits in Haverty's edition of the *Lives and Times* of the Emmets.) A fine portrait of "Estelle" herself from a picture by Elliot, fronts the title page, from beholding which one will not wonder at the rare poetic feast behind it. It is published by the Appletons.

A *Life of Washington* is a book that ought to be found on the table of every citizen of the Republic. We especially recommend such a work to the perusal of our adopted citizens. The facts, the aims, the deeds of that great and pure man's career cannot be too often or too earnestly scanned by our fellow-countrymen. In it they will learn fully to appreciate the blessings they enjoy and the thorough senselessness and stupidity of those who would deny to them the franchise guaranteed by the Constitution, and the actual necessities under which that Constitution was framed. Washington Irving's life of the "Father of his Country," must, of course, be on the shelves of all those who can afford to purchase such a work, written by such a man. It is to be, and will be the monumental literary tribute of the first author to the first citizen of these United States. To speak of it is only to make an opportunity to write a paragraph. At this day when the name of Washington Irving is only less known than that of George Washington, it is almost superfluous to say that every one knows that such a work is to be had everywhere, and that all who could should buy it.

Next to that work there is one to which we charitably desire to draw attention. We say charitably, because we feel that we extend a boundless charity to one who would extend no charity to us, if we desired it, which, let us say in a political or any other sense, we do not. We allude to the *Life of Washington,* written by Joel T. Headley, our present Secretary of State, to which political position he was carried by a junction with the now effete, squashed, disabled, limping and senseless party the Know-Nothings. While we heartily and thoroughly commend Mr. Headley's admirable book, we pity any man who at the sacrifice of all manly principles rushes from the reputation he made as an author into the notoriety to be made as a politician. But we are not writing a political article. It is not our province. The Life of George Washington implores us to forget the partialities of a man in the remembrance that he is a man; and we happily forget the author of Washington's Life, reviewing the bright pages devoted to a history of that great man's career. Well, then, the book is a most readable and useful one, not entering into details too minutely, and yet not passing over anything necessary to be told. The style of the book is seductive, and is, to our mind, an improvement on the too redundant pages of Mr. Headley's former works. In saying this, we do not desire to be classed with those who condemn by wholesale our author's manner. It is true that he, in general, makes the most of any subject he takes in hand, but really this in his case is a recommendation. If, occasionally, his figures are too florid, and colored, mayhap, hastily, we must not forget the vivacity with which his facts are related, and the picturesqueness of his landscapes and battle-scenes. The author thinks it necessary to state that—lest he might be thought as entering the field against Washington Irving—his life was published serially, which we remember, in *Graham's Magazine,* before the other was announced. The Documents of some leading participators in the revolution were furnished to Mr. Headley while engaged on his work; and we can recommend it as a very valuable acquisition to such of our friends' libraries as may not be furnished with a life of the "General." It is furnished with a fine likeness of Washington, and forty engravings on steel and wood, is handsomely printed and bound, and makes a serviceable and elegant gift-book. Published by Scribner.

For our Catholic friends, Mr. James Kirker, (Dunigan & Brother,) has provided a suitable assortment of necessary religious publications. At such a season as the present their value as gifts receive a tender and lasting impressiveness. Good at all times for those professing the Catholic Faith, they are peculiarly adapted to the present, when love, sociability and friendship, inspired by the religious feelings, and made holy and happy for all time by the truths of which the anniversary is so brightly suggestive. We perceive that a Second Edition of the "Catholic Church in the United States" has been issued. For those who can discern where history should end and temporary politics begin, the book will be useful. There are many facts in it, but the manner in which they are put together is distinctive more of a rabid journalist than a clear-headed and impartial historian. Many persons will overlook this defect, consoling themselves with the facts in whatever shape they receive them. We will review the work more at length. A very prominent publication of Mr. Kirker's is "St. John's Manual." It is a Prayer Book, and Guide to the Public Worship and Services of the Catholic Church in the United States, with a collection of Devotional Exercises for private use. It professes to be, and with the sanction of the Catholic authorities, is, the best compilation from the Prayer Books, Office Books, Rituals, &c., known. A slight outline of its contents will be more satisfactory to those who need such a work than any lay recommendation. It contains sections devoted to a—

Calendar, Moveable Feasts, &c.; Summary of Christian Doctrine; Morning Exercise and Prayers; Evening Exercise and Prayers; Family Prayers for Morning and Evening; Morning and Evening Prayers for every day in the week; Instructions on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; the Ordinary of the Mass, with full explanations; Devotions for Mass, by way of Meditation on the Passion; Mass, in Union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus; Prayers for the Dead; Method of Hearing Mass spiritually, for those who cannot attend actually; Collects, Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holidays, including the Ceremonies of Holy week, with Explanations of the Festivals and Seasons; Vespers, with full explanation; the Office of Tenebræ; on the Sacrament of Penance; Preparation and Prayers before Confession; Instructions and Devotions for Holy Communion; Instruction and Devotions for Confirmation; General Devotions; Devotions to the Holy Trinity, to the Holy Ghost, to the Sacred Humanity of our Lord, the Holy Name, the Infant Jesus, the Passion, the Holy Eucharist, the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Virgin, to the Holy Angels, to the Saints, for particular seasons and circumstances, for the Pope, the Church, the Authorities, the Conversion of those in error; Prayers for various states of life, for Children, the Married, the Single, &c.; Instructions on Matrimony and the Marriage Service, Churching of Women; Instruction and Order of Baptism, &c., &c.; Devotions for the Use of the Sick; the Office of the Dead; the Burial Service; Manner of receiving Profession from a Convert. We have also Litanies of the Saints; of Faith, Hope, Charity, Penance, and Thanksgiving, by Pope Pius VI.; of the Most Holy Trinity; Infant Jesus; Life of Christ; Passion; Cross, Blessed Sacrament, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary, Immaculate Conception, Holy name of Mary, our Lady of Prompt Succor, Holy Angels, Angel Guardian, St. Joseph, St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Francis Xavier, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Alphonsus de Ligouri, &c., &c. No Prayer-Book in the language contains a greater number of Prayers, drawn from the works of Canonized Saints, and Ascetical writers, approved by the Church.

It is illustrated with fifteen fine engravings after Muller of Dusseldorf. Visitors to Dunigan & Brother will find a mass of useful gift-books at all prices.

Haverty, in Fulton street, has on hand, besides his own neat publications, a great variety of books—Irish, English, American, and French—many of which are quite suitable for gifts. Among his late importations from Ireland is, the *Dublin University Magazine,* complete to this year from the commencement. It embraces forty-six volumes—can be had for a couple of dollars a volume—and is a present certainly worth giving and receiving. Haverty has something to suit every taste. Our Musical friends can be supplied with the fine quarto edition of the *Spirit of the Nation.* Antiquarians will be delighted with that admirable work, the *Dublin Penny Journal;* and those who love the memories of Banim and other Irish Novelists, and delight in thought to revisit the *Streets of Dublin* can exercise their affections and longings over the pages of the plethoric tomes of the *Irish Quarterly Review,* of which Haverty has a complete set. Of the Celtic Union Publications, he has an assortment which includes *A History of the Invasion of Ireland by the Normans,* by G. H. Supple; *Traces of the Crusaders in Ireland,* by J. T. Campion, and *Versicles,* by Thomas Irwin. He will also send to those who desire, any one of the following volumes, by mail, on receipt of one dollar—Madden's *Life of Emmet,* Mitchel's *Jail Journal,* Meagher's *Speeches,* Savage's '98 *and* '48, Moore's *Lord Edward Fitzgerald,* Hayes' *Irish Ballads,* Barrington's *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation.* These are in every variety of binding, and quite suitable for the season.

Our friends in Boston are well supplied at the stores of Donahoe, in Franklin street, and Hickey, corner of William and Federal streets. Mr. Donahoe is magnificently supplied with religious gift-books, such as attract attention in Dunigan's in this city. He has besides a large stock of publications issued by himself, such as Smith O'Brien's *Meditations in Exile,* the *Life of Mary Queen of Scots,* and others of an historical, instructive and theological nature. This is a season of congratulation, and as Irishmen, we feel peculiarly proud in congratulating Mr. Donahoe upon the success which has crowned his labors as a publisher, in one of the most fastidious and exacting cities of the Union.

All the best publications from New-York, including those enumerated, are to be had at Mr. William Hickey's, Federal street. He has also a large stock of the best theological works, issued by the Catholic writers of England and Ireland.

The tourist who has pleasant memories of the old land, may revivify them on the pictures and pages of Mrs. Hall's splendid work. The mourner over the fall of Ireland into a legislative connection with England, may find a sad pleasure by perusing the pages of Barrington, in which the eloquent men, who made the Irish history of the era, are with almost equal eloquence portrayed. The hopeful military aspirant may seek in O'Connor's History of the Irish Brigade that consolation which the cessation

of the European war has denied him. For every mind, Mr. Hickey will find balm, delight and instruction. For this happy duty he is peculiarly qualified—never allowing the integrity of his nature to be warped by the temporary excitements of the hour, nor never lowering himself beneath the standard of those good works he distributes, and which preach the doctrine of toleration and Christian brotherhood. We trust he will need a fresh stock by this day week.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Record of the Heart and other Poems. By Estelle Anne Lewis. Illustrated by American Artists.....*Appleton.*
Dore. By a Stroller in Europe.....*Harper & Brothers.*
Principles of Government; or Meditations in Exile. By William Smith O'Brien, with Notes to the American edition.....*Boston, Donahoe.*
Mrs. Stephen's Magazine.....January, 1857.
Knickerbocker..... " "
Harper's Magazine..... " "
Harper's Story Books,.....No. 26.

Literary and Artistic News.

An Etymological Dictionary of Family and Christian names, with an essay on their derivation and import, recently published, contains some interesting information. Byron's couplet on the Poems of Amos Cottle, is familiar:

"Oh Amos Cottle! Phœbus, what a name,
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!"

But the compiler of this work thinks the nerves of the poet would have been still more jarred at such names as that of Preserved Fish, a distinguished merchant of New-York, within our recollection; or of Wonderful Pike, a resident of Providence about half a century ago. During the period of the Commonwealth in England, everything was intensely puritanical. Few, save scriptural names, were then used, and many of them were of the quaintest description. Then came into use the names of Remembrance, Faith, Hope, Charity, Patience, Perseverance, Prudence, Mercy, Desire, Grace, for the gentler sex; while men were christened Hopestill, Waitstill, Exercise, Resolved, Increase, Thankful, Comfort, Contentment, Zealous, and the like corresponding class of names were then used for females, such as Deborah, Susanna, Rachel, Judith, Dorothy, Bathsheba, &c. Unusual Scriptural names too were introduced, such as Adad, Shadrack, Abednego, Epaphroditus, Abimeleck, Melchizedek, Jahaleck, etc. The practice of adding a third or middle name, now universal, came into use about a half a century since. That of changing sterling old family names into such distortions as Addie, Lottie, Lizzie, Jennie, etc., was original with the women of this generation, and is, as every one knows, immensely popular with them. Such names as Eva, Ida, Ada, Cora, Nina, etc., have been introduced, chiefly through the aid of modern writers of fiction. The custom of using sacred names is much more common in some Catholic countries than with us.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* published some time ago a paper disclosing the pitiable style in which some literary works were concocted. A curious instance of this is adduced by a French paper. In every circulating library in France may be had on application a novel of a well-known author, in the middle of which two pages are wanting, the manuscript having been lost during the process of composition. The publisher had not the slightest notion of paying the author to fill up the blank, and the writer, on the other hand, was equally averse to oblige him gratis. In this incomplete state the book has gone through several editions. The amusing part of the story, however is, that the readers never perceive the existence of the *lacuna*, and on seeing the book on a recent occasion, the author was obliged to acknowledge to himself that the accidental omission was rather an improvement than otherwise. The London *Critic* reminds us of a story mentioned by a German critic, and related in the *Blatter fur Literarische Unterhaltung*. He had to write a review of a very popular novel. It was, like many fashionable English novels, in three volumes, and by a mistake of the binders, the title page of the first volume had been affixed to the third, and *vice versa*. As he was a man of orderly habits, he naturally began at what he considered the beginning, and thus went through the whole book *more Hebraico*. He never found out his mistake until one day, a conversation with the author set the matter right.

The Chicago *Democratic Press* of the 15th ult. announced the sudden death of Charles Boynton, editor of the *Lasalle Press*. Mr. Boynton was a young man, possessed of an energy of thought and action, a sound practical common-sense, and a fair literary taste, which rendered him not only a most valuable citizen, but also a useful editor. Situated in a region whose resources required to be developed and made known, he was highly instrumental in calling public attention to the mineral wealth that lies slumbering in the Lasalle basin. By his death, the coal-mining enterprise of Illinois loses an untiring advocate, Lasalle a most useful and valuable citizen, and the State an able editor.

Edward Everett indorses Colonel Benton's new work, in the following letter, dated Boston, December 20, 1856, and addressed to Mr. M. Turner:—"Dear sir: I have received your letter of yesterday, inviting me to become a subscriber for the proposed abridgment of the Debates in Congress from 1789 to 1856. I have already subscribed for it in this city. Colonel Benton's eminent talent and reputation as a statesman, his familiar acquaintance with our parliamentary history, and his untiring industry, are a sufficient guarantee for the faithful execution of this undertaking."

Keating's Ireland.

BROOKLYN, 27th Dec., 1856.

MY DEAR HAVERTY,

I regret to learn of those annoyances from your numerous correspondents to which the delay in issuing my translation of Dr. Keating's History has subjected you. As this delay has been entirely caused by me, and not in the slightest degree by you, I deem that I owe some explanation on the subject to your correspondents, and also to yourself, for you have much more reason to feel disappointed than they.

When about to commence the work, at the suggestion of my friends, I led both you and myself somewhat into error as to the time it would take me to complete its translation. This arose both from my ignorance of what is called "book-making," and from a wrong estimate formed by me as to the amount of actual labor to be done. As you may remember, I at that time proposed but to translate an Irish Mss. copy of the Foras Feasa, then in my possession, and to collate my translation of it with those already in existence, giving occasionally a note upon any obscurity or discrepancies I might meet therein. Had I confined myself to this intention, neither you nor the patrons of the work would have had cause to complain of any delay in its publication, and I would, perhaps, have been, myself, as well remunerated for one-third of my present labor.

But when I had collected the materials for proceeding with my task and had compared several Irish manuscript copies of the originals both with printed translations and with one another, I found that I should have done a work of very questionable utility, were I to content myself with giving a mere bald translation of my author, omitting to give notes explanatory of traditions and usages now forgotten by the vast majority of Irishmen. I deemed that had I done this, I might just as well have left Keating still untranslated by me, for he would have continued, nevertheless, incomprehensible to a great portion of those of my exiled countrymen, for whose more special use and information I have undertaken to interpret him. To present them with such a version, I considered to be little better than making use of the venerated name of Dr. Keating in order to make money thereby, at small cost either in labor or study. Now, whatever others may think upon the subject, I do not hold it legitimate to traffic upon the patriotism of my countrymen, by presenting them with a literary clap-trap of no possible utility to them. I, therefore, have set about elucidating the text of my author both with notes of my own and with historic quotations explanatory of his meaning and allusions wherever I thought they required it. This has nearly trebled my labor, and has added greatly to the bulk of the book. In addition to this, the collating of various readings and the consulting of authorities confirmatory of my version of doubtful passages, has consumed nearly as much of my time as either annotating or translating. Both you and the Irish public of America may then, I trust, well excuse my having disappointed you both by a few months, as to the exact time of the work's appearance. In the end, I trust, you will feel pleased that I have done so, and that I have not hurried it through the press, adding errors of my own to those already made by Dr. Keating's transcribers and one translator. I am then wading slowly through my Mss., assuring myself in every instance, to the best of my judgment, that I have mastered their proper meaning. You are aware that this has occupied my undivided and continuous attention for months past. Let those that intend to purchase the book know it likewise. It could not have been hurried on any faster without laying irreverent hands upon our old historian. That would not do, however impatient our good public might get.

You have told me, also, that I am swelling the work to a larger size, and that I am expending more time and labor upon it than its probable profit to myself may warrant. But this is not in my eyes so very frightful a contingency. I am most anxious, it is true, that it should clear the expenses of printing and publishing. That, at least, if report speaks correctly, it is certain to do. For myself, I shall not feel much chagrined, and shall feel not at all disappointed at finding it to do no more. It will be but some months of my life spent without worldly profit to myself at a work that may not be entirely useless or uninteresting to the scattered sons of the *Clanna Gaedhail*.

As the greater and more difficult part of the translation is now in type, our Irish friends and subscribers may well bear with me a little longer, until I shall have finished the whole, after my own fashion. It may be, that some will deem me to have wasted time and labor upon unnecessary, and perhaps valueless notes, but then it is my own time and labor that I waste.

I remain very sincerely yours,

JOHN O'MAHONY.

P. M. HAVERTY, Esq., 110 Fulton street.

P. S. You are at liberty to use this letter as you may think advisable J. O'M.

BARRY BANQUET AND TESTIMONIAL.

EDITOR IRISH NEWS:

Dear Sir—Will you do me the favor to publish the following account and vote of thanks:—

RECEIPTS.

Robert McCafferty, $17 25; Adjutant C. Murphy, $15; Thos. F. Meagher, $10; Col. Doheny, $5; Judge Emmet, $3; Felix Ingoldsby, $10; Downs & Son, $3; Alderman J. Steers, $10; Alderman Doherty, $5; Charles Mulcahy, $15; R. W. Jones, $12; Thos. Costelloe, $17 50; John Ahern, $3; Michael O'Conner, $3; John Connell, $1; Hugh Barron, $3; Lieut. Green, $4; Mr. Campbell, $4; Capt. Lyons, $1; D. Twohig, $1; Frank Ashe, $18; Lizzie M. Atkinson, $3; H. Greeley, $2; Col. Butler, $4; Col. Ryan, $3; Col. Hagerty, $3; Major Barry, $6; Lieut. T. Clarke, $3; Mrs. Donovan, $1; Mr. Donovan, $5; Patrick Murphy, $1; J. H. McBride, $1; Richard B. Connelly, $5; Judge O'Connor, $6; John O'Mahony, $5; Michael Creedon, $5; John O'Keeffe, $5; R. J. Lalor, $1; Captain Flaherty, $1; John Enright, $1; Nicholas H. Drew, $5; Dudley Persse, $2; Edward Wall, $2; Mr. Haverty, $5; Mr. Monks, $4; Denny Lyons, $3; Mr. Flahnery, $3; James Walsh, 2; J. Crowley, $1; Mr. Felix, $5; — McGurk, $1; Martin H. Murphy, $2; Mr. McSorley, $4; Martin Walsh, $1; P. O'Dea, $1; P. Delaney, $4; Dan Draddy, $1; Mr. Colter, $2; Mrs. Himes, $1; John Geoghegan, $1; for Tickets at the Door, $8; Cash, in small sums, $2 75.

EXPENSES.

To Oliver, ½ ream Notices	$2 50
"*Citizen*," ½ do. Collector's Circulars	3 25
Oliver, Notices	1 25
Military Hall, four meetings	5 00
Oliver, 300 Tickets and Circulars	5 00
Do. for Invitation Circulars	1 50
Postage paid by Walsh	0 00
Advertising in Herald three times	2 00
Blank Tickets and paper on dinner eve	1 00
Loan of plank for seats	1 50
Boys in hat room	1 50
Music	5 00
Jacob Day $72 for dinner; by cash	45 00
	$74 50
Maurice Walsh Dr. to J. Day	27 00
Total expense	$101 50
Gross amount collected	282 50
	181 00
Cash handed to Mr. Barry	170 00
On hand	$11 00

VOTE OF THANKS.

The thanks of the Committee are hereby tendered to the Editors of the IRISH NEWS and *Irish American*, for their gratuitous publication of everything concerning this affair; to Mrs. Luby, for her Academy, free of charge, and also to all the generous hearts who so freely contributed to this good object.

MAURICE WALSH, Chair'n of Com.

FATHER MATTHEW.

The late very Reverend Theobald Mathew, though generally identified with Cork, was not a native of that city, having been born on the estate of his father, Mr. James Matthew, at Rathcloheen, Thomastown, in the county Tipperary, on the 10th of October, 1790. His family was of very high respectability, both as regards antiquity and position. The peerage of Llandaff is held by one branch of the Matthews. Left an orphan at a very early age, Theobald was taken by Lady Elizabeth Matthew, sister to Lord Llandaff, to her own house, and there reared and educated. Arriving at the proper age, a Catholic tuition was provided for him, and the bent of his religious feelings was in no way interrupted by his relations. The desire to become a clergyman was manifested at a very early period, and he resolved to become a member of the Capuchin order.

At nineteen years of age he entered the Catholic college of Kilkenny, and his studies were completed partly in Spain and partly in Maynooth. In the Easter of 1814 (not yet twenty-four years old) Archbishop Murray, of Dublin, conferred upon him the distinguished office of which he became so illustrious a representative. His first mission was to Kilkenny, where he remained but for a brief period, after which he was transferred to the house of the Capuchins in Cork. The scene of his labors was a little chapel in an obscure lane off Sullivan's quay, founded by the celebrated Father Arthur O'Leary. Here the pecculiar virtues of his character almost immediately produced their effect; and soon "Blackamoor-lane Chapel," as the friary was called, became one of the most frequented in the city. His whole days almost were passed in the confessional. To his feet thronged the humble and the lowly, the wealthy and the gay. At five in the morning he might be seen at his pious task, which the absence of penitents alone brought to a close at night. Loved and revered, the fame of his piety and benevolence had gone far beyond the county before the young priest was twenty-six. Not content with his ordinary labors, he hired an old store next his chapel and converted it into schools for female children; and experienced the delight of witnessing 500 children at once attending them. During the year of the cholera, 1832, he was to be seen at all hours penetrating the most miserable lanes of the most wretched parts of the city. His love for doing good ever took a practical turn. The burial fees were at this time a great grievance on the poor. To remedy the evil, Father Matthew founded a cemetery, a large portion of which was devoted gratuitously to the poor, irrespective of their religious faith. His next idea was the erection of the Church of the Holy Trinity, which, owing to his financial embarrassments, remains unfinished.

About this period what may be called the public career of Father Matthew commenced. A society for the suppression of intoxication, founded in the year 1830, by some Protestant Presbyterian and Quaker gentlemen, had in vain struggled to counteract the vice which had spread to a fearful extent. At length, in April, 1838, Father Matthew lent it his aid. Thousands flocked to his feet, and soon an enthusiasm was evoked that spread over the whole country. Father Matthew was hailed everywhere with delight, and his progress was a continued ovation from place to place.

The authorities unbent their dignignity to do him honor, and the people followed and crowded around him with adoration. He administered the pledge to thousands at a time; at Nenagh to twenty thousand in one day; at Galway a hundred thousand in two days; between Galway and Loughrea to nearly two hundred thousand. From Ireland he went up to England and Scotland.

The Cork *Examiner* states that at one period the list of teetotallers in Ireland contained the names of no less than three millions.

In the famine years 1846 and 1847, Father Matthew received a flattering invitation to visit the eternal city. But during the existence of the terrible ordeal through which his countrymen were passing, he felt it his place to be amongst them. In the year 1849 he was prevailed upon to proceed to the United States, to gratify the wishes of the millions of Irish who have made it their home. On his arrival at New-York, however, the demonstration which awaited him was not that of a section, but was of a national character. He was received by the Mayor and Common Council of the city, waited upon by an *aid de camp*, sent especially by the President, and he was welcomed by hundreds of thousands of American citizens. Addresses from all quarters poured upon him; deputations from all the great cities of the States pressed to his presence, and he was feted as an honored guest in the White House. He was, in fact, in a perpetual whirl of excitement during his stay in this country. He was obliged continually fo give receptions, hold *levees*, and receive demonstrations, the mingled fatigues and excitement of which brought upon him two attacks of a disease from which he had suffered once before—paralysis. After recovering partially from the effects of the latter of these, he was advised to try the medicinal springs in the back-woods of Arkansas, and accordingly he spent the month of September in a log hut in that remote locality, eight miles distant from any other human habitation. From the time of Father Matthew's return from America he never recovered his health. He sought the more congenial atmosphere of Madeira, but in vain. For four years he lingered on, suffering under the malady which preyed upon his vital strength, but still unchanged in mind. Though weak and ill, says the *Cork Examiner*, he preserved the same winning sweetness of manner and the same thoughtful kindness for his friends. It seemed as if he never forgot a face, and those who went to visit him in his illness were divided between grief for the physical wreck which they saw before them, and admiration for the magnanimity of disposition which could preserve its sweetness amidst physical suffering and the failure of its highest and dearest hopes. Even in the retirement of his brother's home at Lehena, his gate was surrounded with poor applicants for the reception of the pledge, for alms, or spiritual aid. These he still received with the same kindness as when in the plentitude of his health and strength. Towards the close of the summer he went to reside in Qteenstown, where he continued gradually failing in health, until on Thursday, the 2nd December, he was attacked with a sixth paralytic stroke. He lingered on, quite conscious of his approaching end, until Monday, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, when, at half-past two o'clock, he breathed his last. He preserved the full powers of his mind until the very moment before his death. He died, apparently without

suffering. He breathed heavily for a while, and then the pure spirit had winged its way from the trials suffering, and disappointments of this world. During his last fatal illness his bedside was anxiously and tenderly watched by the Sisters of Mercy and the clergy of Queenstown.

A correspondent of the *Dundalk Democrat* writing from Cootehill, county Cavan, in reference to the hail storm which visited Ireland last August says :—"A most disastrous calamity of this kind befel the inhabitants of some townlands in the neighborhood of this town on that occasion. These lands occupy a space of three miles in length, by about two in breadth ; and over this area there fell successive showers of hailstone of enormous size, and with the most destructive velocity. This dreadful storm continued, with very slight intervals, for nearly two hours ; and, so great was the quantity of hail which fell on this devoted district, that (though the weather was then very warm), large heaps remained in some places until next day. It is needless to add that the effect was truly calamitous. Those who witnessed it declare that they had never before seen, or even heard of, any such destruction of property in so short a time. All the standing crops, which were then in their most luxurious stage of growth, were completely ruined. Beans and peas appeared as if threshed out of the pods, and even cabbages were riddled as if they had received a discharge of heavy shot. But the oat crop, which is the chief dependence of the small farmers here, was almost entirely destroyed.—Even the little that escaped the pelting, pitiless storm, did not ripen as usual, and therefore remained out in the fields until the heavy rains, which fell in September following, completed its destruction. It is a fact, that the produce of an ordinary stack of oats may be carried in a small bag to market, where few can be found willing to purchase it"

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, the eminent novelist, has just been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. He succeeds the Duke of Argyle, the present Postmaster-General. He was opposed by Lord Stanley, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, but elected by a considerable majority.

A Florence paper speaks in terms of praise of the productions of Mr. Barbee, the Virginia Sculptor, now pursuing his profession in Italy. His last work, "The Fisher Girl," is said to be a fine specimen of the sculptor's genius.

The South is hailing the appearance of a "Reply to Dred," in a novel entitled "Tit for Tat," by a lady of New-Orleans.

OBITUARY.

In St. Louis, Mo., on the 19th of December, of Consumption, Mr. James J. Lyons, late of the city of Cork, Ireland, in his 32d year.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Nov. 12, in Belfast, Henry Allsop Ward, of Chester, late Captain in the 18th Royal Irish regiment, to Mary Robinson, of Wellington-place, Belfast.

Nov. 13, at Rathkenny Chapel, Bridget Blake, of Ladyrath, county Meath, to Michael Cavanagh, of Rathland, Harold's-cross.

Nov. 12, at Castlebridge, John Manning Norton, of Ballinaclash, county Wexford, to Louise, daughter of the late Rev. A. Stevenson, rector of Castle-Ellis.

In London, Henry John Brown, late of the Rifle Brigade, to Ellen Maria, daughter of the late H. L. Orton, of Reading, Berkshire.

Dec. 2, at St. Mary's Church, New Ross, Henry Carr, of Arnestown Cottage, New Ross, to Charlotte Shaw, daughter of Richard Lett, of New Ross.

In London, Charles Hall Chambers, to Lillah Annabella, daughter of John MacLeod, Stipendiary Magistrate, Demerara.

In London, Daniel Cullimore, Barrister-at-law, of Ballyanne, county Wexford, to Eliza, relict of Robert Smith, of Ballinderry, county Antrim.

Nov. 29, at the Metropolitan Church, Marlborough-street, Michael Cunningham, of Drumlease, county Leitrim, to Catharine Cunningham, of Fawnlion.

Nov. 29, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough-street, William Ellard, of Limerick, to Anna Maria, daughter of Henry Joseph Dolphin, of Summerhill, Loughrea.

Nov. 27, in Belfast, William Fulton, of Lisburn, to Sophia Matilda, daughter of the late John Bolton, Linen Merchant, and sister of Captain Bolton, R.N., of Lisburn.

Nov. 27, at Templemore, George Gough Gubbins, eldest son of Jos. L. Gubbins, of Ballincolbo House, county Limerick, to Elizabeth, daughter of J. Bennett, of Templemore.

Dec. 2, Daniel Edward Heffernan, C. E., Charleville-road, Rathmines, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late George Beatty, of H. M's. Prerogative Court.

On the 3d ult., P. Western Joyce, of Glenosheen, county Limerick, to Caroline Jessie, daughter of the late Lieutenant John Waters, of Her Majesty's 21st Fusiliers.

At St. George's Church, St. Vincent, Garrett Kilkelly, of Barbadoes, to Victoria Polson, daughter of Anthony H. Hobson, Provost Marshal of St. Vincent.

Nov. 27, Frederick Lindsay, of Mountloy-square, to Charlotte, daughter of H. Charles Boyle MacMurrough Murphy, late of Hume-st.

Nov. 27, in the Catholic Church of Rathmines, Charles M'Cullow, of Balmarina Cottage, Albert-road, Sandycove, to Hannah Elizabeth M'Dermott, daughter of the late Michael M'Dermott, Ballymahon, Moy House, Longford.

At Doon, county Limerick, T. O'Regan, of Mount Earl, county Limerick, to Anne, daughter of D. Kilbride, of Cappawhite, county Tipperary.

Nov 27, Ernest John Ryder, of Ballynahinch, county Wicklow, to Jane, daughter of the late J. Keoghe, Esq., of Ballyclare.

Dec. 1, in St. Peter's Church, Sir James Marcus Stewart, of Balligawley House, county Tyrone, to Annie Coote, eldest daughter of George Powell Houghton, of Kilmannock House, county Wexford.

At 27 Gloucester-gardens, Hyde-park, Wm. Young, to Frances Wallace, only daughter of the late George Galbraith, of Nuriga, New South Wales.

IRISH DEATHS.

At Bunderan, Donegal, Mary, relict of James Aiken, of Pettigo.

At Youngstown, county Kildare, Charlotte, relict of William Ashe, of Narraghmore.

On the 30th Nov., at No. 12 Mespil parade, Miss Barnes.

Nov. 30, Anne Jane, relict of Michael Bennett, of Dame-street.

Nov. 26, in Queenstown, John Callaghan.

At 2 Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, Frederick Church, aged 58. 23 years of H. M's. Customs.

On the 24th Nov., in Drogheda, aeed 78 years, John Conroy.

Oct. 15, at Tabreez, of Asiatic cholera, Richard Cormick.

Nov. 28, at 15 Upper Grosvenor-street, General Sir Henry John Cumming, K. C. H., Colonel of the 12th Royal Lancers.

Dec. 1, at 11 Mountjoy-street, Maryanne Margaret, daughter of Stephen P. Curtis, Barrister-at-law.

At West Brompton, Catherine, relict of Lieut. Col. Dales, of the 4th King's Own Regt.

Nov. 23, at Plymouth, Isabella Adelaide, daughter of the late Gen. Dillon, of Lacken, county Westmeath.

In London, Ellenor Anne Flanagan, late of Bath, daughter of Michael Flanagan.

Nov. 29, at Howth-view, Booterstown, Lucinda, relict of Captain Chs. Frederick, who was killed in the Walcheron expedition in 1809.

Dec. 2, at Arran quay, in the 35th year of his age, Francis Gardiner.

Nov. 29, at Irishtown, James Glenville, aged 29.

In Liverpool, Francis Henry, born at Draperstown, county Londonderry. He was the founder of the Third Hibernian Mechanics' Society, and was President for 20 years—a society whose object was a provision in time of sickness or death, for its members or their families.

At Hamilton, Bermuda, of yellow fever, Lieut. George Hogarth, of the 26th Cameronians.

At Carton, county Roscommon, aged 56, Gilbert Hogg, J.P.

Nov. 22, aged 85 years, Rev. Walter M'Evelly, for forty years Parish priest of Moore.

At 12 Blackhall-st., Sarah, relict of James Miller, late of Thomas-st.

At 42 Porchester-square, Hyde Park, Major General Stephen Moody, H.E.I.C.S.

Nov. 21, Wm. Moore, of Moore-hill, Waterford.

June 24, at Lake George, New South Wales, J. F. Murray, M.D., eldest son of the late T. Murray, Paymaster of the 48th Regt., formerly of Limerick.

Dec. 3, at the North-strand, Dublin, Wm. Murray, aged 79. The decoased was the faithful domestic of the late Colonel Martyn, of Ballinahinch Castle, county Galway, for upwards of 30 years, and attended the gallant Colonel in all his continental tours.

At Kewmount, Lucan, aged 17, Lindsay, son of the late Lindsay O'Farrell, and grandson of the late Capt. John Armstrong, King's Co.

At Errew Lodge, John J. O'Flaherty, aged 84.

Nov. 30, aged 56 years, Isabella, relict of W. W. Simpson.

On the 29th Nov., Robert Steele, in his 82d year.

Oct. 20, at the village of Sanan, when journeying to Trebizond, Regina, wife of Richard White Stevens, H.B M.'s Consulate, Teheran.

At Queenstown, James Martin Sullivan, formerly of the 34th and 19th Regiments.

Dec. 2, at Nelson-st., Belfast, Mary, daughter of David Thoburn.

At 45 Marlborough-street, Sarah, relict of Thomas Warburton, King's county.

Dec. 2, at Clontarf, Eugenie Mary, daughter of Wm. White, of 8 Lower Abbey-street.

At the Willows, Upper Tooting, George Augustus, 3d son of the late Robert Williams, M.D., of Bedford-place, Russell-square.

Nov. 21, at Paris, suddenly, in the 43d year of her age, Mary, wife of John Winter, formerly of Rathgar, county Dublin.

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Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 889 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.

JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Lectures.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man,

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

REV. DR. MANAHAN,

Will lecture before CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION AT HOPE CHAPEL, 720 Broadway, on Monday Evening, January 5, 1857, at 8 o'clock.

SUBJECT: ————.

Tickets 25 cents, to be had at the Reading Room of the Association, 889 Broadway; at Dunnigan's and O'Shea's Bookstores, and at the office of this paper. dec27

A LECTURE

Will be delivered by Capt. JAMES HUSTON, at Hope Chapel, 720 Broacway, on Monday evening, 12th Januaary, 1857.

SUBJECT:—**Sectarianism---Its Evil Influences, and the best Remedy for those Influences.**

Committee of Arrangements:—William O'Donnell, M. D.; George Powell, James F. Markey, Henry Hughes, Councilman; Daniel Moran, John Foley, Hugh Donnelly, William Parr, John Healy.

Tickets 25 cents, to be had of the following General Committe:

Captains Michael Phelan, 16 East 11th st., Thos. McGuire, 7th st. and 1st avenue, J. Kenedy, cor. 35th st. and Broadway, M. J. Daly, 116 Chambers st., W. F. Lyons, Citizen Office, Felix Duffy, 22 White st., T. Murphy, 9th Regt., 192 East 25th st., Jas. F. Markey, 25 City Hall Place, Edward Kearns, Cherry st.; Major Richard Barry, 488 Pearl st., Adjt. John McCartin, 27 Perry st.; Lieut. John O'Donohue, 71 Chatham st., C. C. Keating, 26 City Hall Place, Jas. S. Lyons, 120 Chambers st., John Ward, 24th st. and 2nd avenue, C. Doris, 628 Hudson st., J. Cooney, cor. of Reed and Washington sts., Daniel Lusk, 230 Mulberry st., Jas. Cassidy, West Broadway, Solomon S. Reilly, 218 Canal st.; Wm. O'Donnell, M. D., Madison st., Henry Hughes, Councilman, 478 Pearl st., Joan Carroll, 498 Pearl st., William Cloary, 11 Jacob st., Andre Froment, cor. of Division and Catherine sts., Chas. McChesney, cor. of 26th st. and 1st avenue, John Foley, 202 Bowery, Thos. H. Hurley, 10 Centre st., Hugh Collender, 53 Ann st., Wm. Buck, 140 West st., George Powell, West Washington Market, Daniel Moran, cor. 23rd st. and 1st avenue, John Martin, 26 City Hall Place, Geo. D. Dowling, 98 Cedar st., Andrew Byrne, cor. of Centre and Grand sts., Thos. D. Conroy, 491 Pearl st, Martin Doyle, Centre st., John Healey, 3 James st., Hugh Donely, 14 Franklin square, M. Fitzpatrick, 67 Centre st., William Parr, 484 Pearl st., Charles Neary, 28 City Hall Place, John Sweeny, 133 Read street, John O'Dwyer, cor. of Grand and Centre sts., Arthur Dougherty, 493 Pearl st., John Shields, 148 West 17th street, Peter Conroy, 433 Pearl st., John O'Toole, 227 East 19th st., Joseph Markey, 84 Cherry st., Michael Sulliuan, cor. of 15th st. and 1st avenue, Edward McGuire, cor. of Stanton and Willett sts., Patrick McMahon, Washington Market, James Sommers, 283 10th avenue, John J. Kenny, 187 Allen st., John Cunningham, 2 Essex Market, Matthew McCaughern, cor. of 33d st. and 10th avenue, Daniel McCabe, 843 Pearl st., John Brown, Pearl st., Patrick Connor, cor. of Christy and Delancy sts., John Morriarty, 173 Chatham st.

WILLIAM O'DONNELL, M. D., Chairman.

JOHN HEALY, Treasurer.
JAMES F. MARKEY, Secretary. dec27

CATHOLIC LIBRARY BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Attached to the Church of the Nativity.—A Course of Lectures will be delivered before this Society, at

HOPE CHAPEL, BROADWAY,

on the following Thesday evenings:—January 13—20—27, and February 3d, 1857.

The proceeds are to be appropriated for the benefit of the poor children belonging to the Parish of the Nativity.

Tickets—admitting a gentleman and lady—to the Course, $1 00, to be had at the Catholic Book-stores.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Thomas Larkin,	James Cunningham,	Edward Carroll,
Joseph P. Flin,	Thomas Riley,	James Tracy,
Patrick Sury,	Michael Fogarty,	James Riley,
James Fore,	Wm. Walsh,	Francis Dunnigan.
William Byrns,	John Kelly,	Thos. Kelly,
John Quin,	Malagee Conboy,	Timothy Dwyer,
John Luyden,	William Krogh,	John Hehir,
Patrick Ward,	John McCan,	Robert Coddington.

JOSEPH KIERNAN, Chairman.

PATRICK MCCARTY, DENIS QUINLAN, } Treasurers.

WILLIAM BROPHY, Corresponding Sec'ry.

WILLIAM PRICE, MICHAEL NOONAN, } Rec. Sec's. j3tf

Official Notices.

Office of the Receiver of Taxes, New Court-House, No. 32 Chambers street.—NOTICE.—In conformity with an act for the collection of taxes, passed April 18, 1843, I hereby give notice to all tax-payers who have omitted to pay their taxes for the year 1856, that unless the same is paid to me at my office, on or before the first day of January, I shall proceed to collect the same, by an addition of interest at the rate of 12 per cent per annum calculated from the 16th day of last September to the day of payment.

m1dec13 HENRY H. HOWARD, Receiver of Taxes.

Special Notices.

Electro-Magnetic Baths.—The Electro-Magnetic Baths having become permanently established as a remedial agent for the cure of Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Stiff and Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Ulcers, Tic Toloreux, Neuralgia, Pain in the Limbs, &c. &c., and for the positive extraction of Mercury and other Mineral Poisons from the human system, the Messrs. Sloan & Co. take this method of informing the public that they have fitted up and opened an establishment at No. 53 Sixth Avenue, where the Baths will be constantly in operation, under the care and direction of Dr. G. H. Doyle, Homeopathic Professor of Medicine. To those unacquainted with "Electro-Magnetism" as applied to the cure of disease, reduction and extraction of mineral poisons, &c., we would say that as a means of cure for the above enumerated diseases, it has received the almost universal endorsement of the various Academies of Medicine throughout Europe and the United States, and that the reduction of Metals by a Voltaic Current, is no new science: it is the APPLICATION of the FACT to its extraction from the system for which we claim originality. In it we dismiss all theories—we leave nothing to chance—we are not led by blind experience, but we follow unerring and never failing principles.

Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c., are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

Persons afflicted in any way with sickness, debility, &c. will do well to call at the office, examine the Baths, and receive full explanation of the treatment pursued. SLOAN & CO., 53 Sixth Avenue,

Between Fourth-street and West Washington Place.

P. S.—Physicians and Families supplied with Homeopathic Medicines, Books, &c. dec6 3mos

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete process (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**

nov29, 3ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. GEO. B. MAGRATH, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y. JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at corner of 11th st. and First Ave. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITOH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y21jane

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,

oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffiing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhiited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M. CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,

Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway

oct11 3mos opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 58 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN; Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARES," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat*," Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c, made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,

sept27 8mos New-York.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring, by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York. Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 14 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 81 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

☞ **Removal.**—DR. J. M. CARNOCHAN, has removed his office to No. 45 Lafayette Place, near Astor Place. oct18 4t

Medical.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot*, **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Consumption---Watkinson's Pulmonacia.

A SAFE, reliable family medicine, warranted not to contain a particle of mercury or any other mineral poison; not a nine day's wonder got up to sell and humbug the public. He has used it for years in private families of friends, and now, at the urgent request of hundreds who have seen its remarkable cures, where every other remedy has failed, he offers it to the public to benefit and relieve those suffering with that fatal disease, so inherent to our changeable climate, carrying off its thousands to an early grave—Consumption. It has effected some of the most remarkable cures ever heard of; how some dear friend was saved from death, when all hope was given up, now lives and enjoys good health. Its rare qualities are not only in relieving consumptive patients, but for all diseases of the lungs, racking nervous cough, night sweats, bronchial affections of the throat, internal inflammation, where the blood is impure, it has no equal. The discoverer of PULMONACIA is RICHARD WATKINSON, a gentleman of well-known standing in Philadelphia and New-York. Those that are acquainted with him know there is no quackery or humbug about it, as the number of certificates that can be obtained at the office will satisfy the most incredulous as to its value.

R. WATKINSON.

No. 448 Broadway is the only place in the city where it can be obtaincd. Price $1 per bottle. dec18 3mos

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Special Notices.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, New-York, Aug. 18, 1856.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the following ordinance, relative to express wagons, carts, cartmen, &c., &c., having been adopted, its provisions will hereafter be enforced.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

AN ORDINANCE

To amend an Ordinanae entitled "An Ordinance for the licensing, and otherwise regulating the use and employment of express wagons, carts and cartmen, &c., &c., approved by the Mayor June 2, 1851."

The Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the City of New-York, in Common Council convened, do ordain as follows:

That section 2 of said Ordinance, relating to carts and cartmen, be amended, so as to read as follows:

SECTION 2.—The Mayor shall from time to time license and appoint so many and such persons as he may think proper, to set up and keep public carts in said city, Provided, that no one person shall be so licensed to keep more than three such public carts.

And he shall also license so many and such persons as he may think proper, to be public cartmen of said city, and he may revoke or suspend any or all such licenses at his pleasure. All persons licensed as foresaid, to keep public carts, shall be deemed to be public cartmen, within the meaning of this Ordinance; but it shall not be lawful for any person to receive or to hold a license to keep public carts, or to be a public cartman, unless he be a citizen of the United States, and resident within the State of New-York, and is the actual owner of the cart or carts, with good horses therefor, so licensed to be kept as public carts; and the Mayor may examine, under oath, all persons applying for or holding any such license, or the renewal thereof, touching their qualifications as aforesaid, and all licences other than to persons so qualified shall be void.

Adopted by the Board of Councilmen, May 9, 1856.
Adopted by the Board of Aldermen, July 15, 1856.
Approved by the Mayor July 30, 1856.

European News.

The Fulton has brought European dates to the 17th ult.

An accident to her machinery had compelled the return to Southampton of the United States mail steamer Hermann, which left that port for New-York, with the English, French, and German mails, on the 3d December. The Hermann encountered the most terrific weather in the Atlantic; the wind blowing a perfect hurricane for most part of the time, and the seas running mountain high. When about 900 or 1,000 miles from Southampton, the vessel laboring heavily, and but just able to make headway against the gale, the centre shaft carrying the side levers of one of the engines broke, and the shock damaged the position of the port engine, entirely disabling it. The ship was thus made completely dependent upon the power of the remaining engine.

It is a most providential circumstance that the perfect discipline prevailing on board the Hermann, and in the engine department, caused this serious disaster to be of no injury to the vessel. The slightest delay in ungearing and stopping the machinery would probably have broken the other engine, and the Hermann would then have been left to the mercy of the waves. As it was, the wreck of the broken machine was quickly disengaged, and the head of the ship put about for Southampton, steaming with one engine driving both paddle-wheels. The Hermann arrived at Southampton on the evening of the 14th ult. The passengers have signed a testimonial to Captain Higgins, expressive of their admiration of the great seamanlike skill, courage and praiseworthy conduct displayed by him throughout the whole of this trying period. The Hermann's mails and passengers were forwarded to their destination by the Fulton; and the valuable cargo, after being surveyed, would be re-shipped by the agents, Messrs. Croskey & Co., with every practicable speed.

Several other mail steamers from Liverpool and Southampton had put back to port damaged during the late violent westerly and southwesterly gales, which had been very destructive in their results.

The controversy respecting the extraordinary story anent "Railways and Revolvers in Georgia," is continued in the *London Times*, which published the narrative. In that journal of the 13th December, another letter appears from Mr. Arrowsmith, in which he stoutly persists that "the whole of my narrative is substantially true, and that the scenes therein described were but too real." He says:

"Never thinking to publish an account of these scenes, I did not provide myself (as I might have done on the spot) with any evidence; nor did I inquire nor learn the name and address of any of my co-passengers, so as to obtain evidence afterwards; therefore, my assertion stands unsupported."

The old Arctic discovery ship Resolute—recovered by an American whaling ship and presented to the British nation by the United States Congress—arrived at Spithead on the 12th of December, under the command of Capt. Hartstein, of the United States Navy. She was under American colors, but on letting go her anchors the British ensign was run up alongside the American; and on the following day, exchange salutes being fired, the Resolute changed her colors to British. On the morning of the 13th Capt. Hartstein landed at Portsmouth, and paid official visits to Chevalier Papalardo, the United States Vice-Consul, and the military and civil authorities. An invitation to a banquet from the Corporation and inhabitants of Portsmouth has been accepted by the captain and officers, but the day is not yet fixed and every mark of respect has been paid to the American officers.

The Resolute was towed up to Cowes on Monday, the Queen having intimated her wish to pay a visit to the vessel, and the steamship Retribution was also sent up to salute on the occasion, and several gun-boats and other ships were stationed in the roads. The Queen and Prince Albert, accompanied by some of the royal children, paid their visit about ten o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 16th, the English and American flags flying at the peak of the Resolute, and the royal standard was hoisted at the main as soon as her Majesty stepped on board. Capt. Hartstein received the royal party, the officers being grouped on either side in full uniform.

The following gentlemen assisted in the reception of her Majesty: Mr. T. R. Croskey, United States Consul; Chevalier Vincen Pappalardo, Vice-Consul; Mr. Harding, Vice-Consul for the United States at Cowes; Capt. Higgins, of the United States mail steamer Hermann; and Mr. Cornelius Grinnell, son of the projector of the American Arctic Expedition. Her Majesty, having received a cordial welcome, inspected the vessel, and retired amidst much cheering. An elegant *dejeuner* was afterwards served in the wardroom, when Capt. Hartstein proposed "The Queen and Royal family," and next, "The President of the United States," which were both drunk with much applause. "The British and American Navies and Armies" were toasted, and Capt. Hartstein's health was drank with loud cheers "The American Consul, Mr. Croskey, and his excellent Vice-Consuls," was responded to by Mr. Croskey in his usual felicitous style, and he concluded by proposing "The Union-Jack and Star-spangled banner," with an appropriate sentiment. Subsequently, Mr. Croskey proposed the health of Mr. Cornelius Grinnell, which that gentleman acknowledged in an eloquent speech. "The future success of the Resolute, and may she be again employed in prosecuting the search of Sir. John Franklin and his comrades," was proposed by Capt. Higgins, and seconded by Mr. Grinnell, and evoked cordial applause. The authorities of Southampton furnished a special steamer for the occasion. Capt. Hartstein was invited to dine and sleep at Osborne, and all the officers were invited to visit the royal grounds—a privilege of which they all availed themselves. The Resolute returned to Portsmouth on the following day.

The *Niagara* from Liverpool to Halifax on the 20th, brings three days later news than that already received by the *Fulton* to this port.

It was still supposed that the Congress of Paris would assemsemble before the new year, but nothing official had been stated. Count Walewski, it is said, proposes that some compensation should be given to Russia for the loss of Bolgrad; and Russia proposes to accept a piece of land between the River Tulpuk and one of its tributaries. A Paris despatch says that Austria is the only power that has not yet named a representative to the Congress, but Baron Hubner will probably represent Austria and Baron Bruno Russia.

Transports are being taken up in England for reinforcements to the Indian expedition against Persia. Eight regiments have orders to be in readiness.

Captain Horstein and the officers and crew of the Resolute are to return home in a British ship. From want of time they had to decline invitations to dine with the Geographical Society and other public bodies. Three thousand persons visited the Resolute after the Queen left. The Queen sent £100 to be distributed among the crew.

A great meeting had been held at Birmingham to protest against the continuance of the war income tax. Resolutions were passed that the law in its present form is unjust, oppressive, degrading, and not to be tolerated by a free people.

THE ANGLO-PERSIAN DIFFICULTY.—The following private telegraphic despatches have been received by the London *Times*:

MARSEILLES, December 10.

"The *Journal de Constantinople* of the 8th gives the following under the head of 'Serious News:'

"'On the 22nd of November, the Russian General Philipson, retook Soujah Kaleh, and drove out the Circassians after an obstinate resistance. On the following day the same General captured a Turkish brig and eighteen boats, under pretence that their papers were not regular. Some other boats escaped and got into Trebizonde, where the Consuls drew up reports of the affair. A proclamation by Persia accepts the war declared against her by England.

"The English," says the *Journal de Constantinople*, "have already taken possession of the islands of Ormutz and Karrack. Russian troops are concentrated on the Araxes. The friendly mediation of France is expected.

"TEHERAN, November 7.—There had been great rejoicings on the occasion of the capture of Herat. They were, however, rendered dull by the death of the Prince, presumptive heir to the throne, six years of age. The Shah is profoundly affected by his loss, although he has still two sons.

The *Correspondance Havas* publishes a curious plan of campaign in case of an intervention by Russia in favor of Persia against England. It is given in a letter from St. Petersburg, of the 7th:

Reports have reached the Minister of War from several of the Generals who command the different detached corps in Asia. It is stated that General Chruleff, who commands the most advanced position has submitted to the Minister a plan of campaign which could be successfully carried out by the troops under his orders. He was waiting, before moving, for the arrival of Prince Baryatinski, who was still occupied in inspecting the new Asiatic frontiers.

"The New Governor-General of all the Caucasian possessions has extended his tour of inspection on the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea, where Russian Generals had already commenced, in the time of the Emperor Nicholas, to erect four or five fortified stations, which will secure to Russia the possesion of that coast.

"All the war-steamers are now fully manned by the arrival of a large body of seamen from the naval ports. This squadron may at any time be used for the conveyance of provisions and military stores and troops stationed at Khiva, and to those who have taken possession of different islands in the Caspian Sea, and who are thus placed in the immediate neighborhood of the Persian port of Asterabad.

"According to the opinion of staff officers who have served in that country, all the military arrangements there have been made with so much order and regularity that the Russian columns may, at the first signal, enter Persia at three points at the same time. The first corps, composed of two divisions of infantry, with artillery and light cavalry, may without difficulty penetrate from Nachitscheran to Choi and Tabriz; the second corps in moving from Bakou, may proceed along the western coast of the Caspian Sea as far as Asterabad, where, supported by the Russian squadron, it would readily cross the fertile plain as far as Herat. The third corps may penetrate the Khorassan and into Khiva. These strategic combinations have been prepared from the first moment that information was received at St. Petersburg of the project of England on Persia.

On the other hand, a letter from St. Petersburg, of the same date, in the *Borsenhalle*, of Hamburg, says:

"The statement made by several foreign journals of a convention having been concluded between Persia and Russia, by which the latter is bound to assist the former, is completely unfounded. Neither is it true that there are Russian officers in the service of Persia.

"The two officers, MM. Duhamel, stated by the journals to be with the Persian army before Herat, are now in this capital, one in the Senate, and the other unemployed. The military movements made by Russia are solely confined to placing a corps of observation on the Persian frontier.

The *Corriere Mercantile*, of Genoa, has the following extract of a private letter from Messina, dated November 29:—"It is generally believed here that the movement has not been suppressed, but that, on the contrary, it is spreading through the districts of the interior. An expected insurrection is talked of at Castro Giovanni, a central point in the island. It is also said that several regiments of soldiery have joined the insurgents in the neighborhood of Cattoni Setta. Revolutionary proclamations have been placarded at Catania."

A St. Petersburg correspondent of the Konigsberg *Journal* states that it is understood in St. Petersburg that Gen. Birjuloff, who commands the troops on the Russo-Persian frontier, has received orders to enter Persia with 50,000 men at the first requisition made to him by the Shah of Persia. At the same time it is said that two *corps d'armee* have been set in motion towards the Austrian frontier. The correspondent then says, as a comment of his own on this statement, that Russia cannot look on as a passive spectator of the bold steps the British Government is taking towards Persia, or on the tergiversations of Austria; and that it will not be Russia's fault if new warlike complications arise. The conviction that the Anglo-Gallic alliance is at its last extremities gains, he says, additional strength from observing the trouble the English press takes to be friendly with Austria; as a military power on land is necessary for England to fall back on to enable her to act boldly in the East, she is now seeking on the Danube what she has lost on the Seine.

The *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* contains a communication, dated from the Polish frontier, which in some degree corroborates the statement of the movement of the Russian forces southward and eastward. It states, that the entire Russian army, which has hitherto been stationed in the south, is not only to remain there during the Winter, but also a considerable portion of it is to be moved further southward to the frontier of Bessarabia and the coast of the Black Sea. There is also a considerable movement of troops going on across the Don, for the purposes of strengthening the *corps d'armee* in Orenburg, which, it is generally understood, is destined to cross the Caspian Sea to Persia, for the purpose of protecting the Shah against European as well as Asiatic foes. Travelers coming from Astrakhan mention that the flotilla of the Caspian Sea is so numerous and so well appointed that it could, in a very short space of time, transport a whole *corps d'armee* to the close vicinity of Teheran.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In consequence of the statements made by Sir Robert Peel at a dinner at Stafford, Sir Charles Napier wrote to Lord Plamerston requesting a formal investigation. This was declined, but a friendly letter was sent him, expressing regret at the Admiral's epistolary and oratorical indiscretion. Lord Palmerston acquiesced in his judgment as to the inadvisability of attacking Cronstradt in 1854. A letter from the Grand Duke Constantine is also published, stating that he never uttered a word about Cronstadt to Sir Robert Peel.

From the end of the last month Gretna-green marriages and border marriages will be prevented. By an act of last session, it is provided that after the 31st of December no irregular marriage contracts in Scotland by declaration, acknowledgement, or ceremony, shall be valid unless one of the parties had at the date thereof his or her usual place of residence there, or had lived in Scotland for twenty-one days next preceding such marriage.

Dr. O'Shaughnessy, who had been training a set of young men in London for electric telegraph purposes, takes out to India, it is said, twenty-four such assistants at salaries ranging between £300 and £400 a year. Twenty were appointed—four more are wanted.

The Directors of the Royal Bank have given, as a recognition of the efficient services of their deputy manager, Mr. John North, an increase of salary of £200 a year. The salary of Mr. North is now £500 per annum.

The India mail brings news of the proclamation of war against Persia. The last division of the British fleet left Bombay on the 15th November. 5,000 troops were to occupy Karrack and Bushiro. The whole of India was profoundly tranquil.

The Congress of Paris, with the second Plenipotentiaries was to meet between the 20th and 25th of December. It was believed that everything would be arranged beforehand on the Bolgrad and Isle of Serpents questions.

From Constantinople, under date of Dec. 8, we learn that the Persian government had issued a proclamation recognizing the English proclamation of the declaration of war. The British have taken the Islands of Ormutz and Karrack.

Cholera has re-appeared in Scotland, on the banks of the North Canal, exactly as it did in 1832, by importation from Hamburgh, where it now prevails.

The idea for fortifying Sebastopol is again renewed, and Gen. Totdleben is mentioned as the officer who will be entrusted with the drawing up of the plans.

Many coach-builders in Paris are now busily employed in preparing sledges, which, it would appear, are to be the fashion this winter, provided there is snow enough to render them available.

A telegraphic despatch from Corfu states that the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands had dissolved the Parliament.

Berlin letters assert that the marriage of Prince Frederick William of Prussia is to take place on the 21st of November next, the day on which the Princess Royal of England completes her seventeenth year.

The Duke of Ossuna, charged with a diplomatic mission extraordinary from Spain, arrived at St. Petersburgh on the 9th of December.

The *London Times* has an article on President Pierce's message, which it considers, on the whole, as "conciliatory both in matter and manner."

At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, on the 15th December, Dr. Livingstone was presented with the Society's gold medal for his discoveries in Central Africa.

The quarrel between the Spanish government and the King of Prussia is said to have gone so far that the next step, unless prevented by powerful intervention, can only be actual hostility.

"Baron Nathan," the celebrated Master of the Ceremonies, at Rosherville Gardens, is dead.

Harrison, the Leeds Wizard, has been sentenced to four years' penal servitude, for bigamy.

The murderer of Cope, in London, Robert Marley, was hung at the Old Bailey on the 15th of December.

The new Turkish Ministry had been constituted, with Reschid Pacha as Grand Vizier.

Great severities are said to be practised on the political prisoners at Neufchatel.

Milano, the soldier who attempted to assassinate the King of Naples, was hanged on the morning of the 13th December.

The Russian general, Philipson, has re-taken Soujouk Kaleh from the Circassians, after a gallant defence.

The English Parliament is to meet for business on the 3d of February next.

It is stated that Mr. Gladstone will supersede Mr. Disraeli in the leadership of the opposition in the House of Commons.

Mr. George Holden, favorably known to the musical world, died at Liverpool on the 8th ult.

Mr. Andrews, the Mayor of Southampton, and candidate for the borough, is dangerously ill.

The appeal of Archdeadon Denison has been registered in the Arches Court.

The price of wheat in Spain continues to advance in spite of the efforts to keep it down.

Mr. R. H. Horne, author of "Orion," is a candidate for a seat in the Legislative Chamber of Victoria.

The navigation of the Baltic was re-opened on the 14th Dec., and several ships released from the ice.

The *Debats* announces the death of M. de Salvany.

As Mr. William Quinn, farmer, of Tinlough, near Granny Castle, was proceeding homewards from the fair of Waterford on the 1st ult., with a servant boy driving three cows, he was waylaid by a man who jumped over the demesne wall of Mullinabro', near Newrath, and felled him. The man was robbed of a Bank Cheque for £73—£18 in silver and notes escaped. As the servant boy returned from driving the cows to the scene of the attack, the robber decamped, and Quin, who died on the Thursday following was helped home by the boy and some friends.

The action for libel brought by Dr. Pierce of Newcastle, against R. Ellis, Esq., of Abbeyfeal will be tried at the county Limerick assizes.

American News.

Governors of the States and Territories.

FOR THE YEAR 1857.

States.	*Governors.*	*Term Exp's.*	*Sal's.*
Alabama	John A. Winston	Dec., 1857	$2,500
Arkansas	Elias N. Conway	Nov., 1858	1,800
California	J. Neely Johnson	Dec., 1857	10,000
Connecticut	Wm. T. Minor	May, 1857	1,100
Delaware	Peter F. Clausey	Jan., 1858	1,333
Florida	M. S. Perry	Oct., 1858	1,500
Georgia	Herschel V. Johnson	Nov., 1857	3,000
Illinois	Wm. H. Bissell	Jan., 1859	1,500
Indiana	A. P. Willard	Jan., 1859	1,400
Iowa	James W. Grimes	Dec., 1857	1,000
Kentucky	Charles S. Morehead	Aug., 1857	2,500
Louisiana	R. C. Wickliffe	Jan., 1858	6,000
Maine	Samuel Wells	Jan., 1858	1,500
Maryland	T. Watkins Ligon	Jan., 1858	3,600
Massachusetts	Henry J. Gardner	Jan., 1858	3,500
Michigan	K. S. Bingham	Jan., 1859	1,500
Mississippi	John J. McRea	Jan., 1858	3,000
Missouri	Trusten Polk	Dec., 1858	2,000
New Hampshire	Ralph Metcalf	June, 1857	1,000
New Jersey	Wm. A. Newell	Jan., 1859	1,800
New-York	John A. King	Jan., 1859	4,000
North Carolina	Thomas Bragg	Jan., 1859	2,000
Ohio	Salmon P. Chase	Jan., 1858	1,800
Pennsylvania	James Pollock	Jan., 1858	3,000
Rhode Island	Wm. W. Heppin	May, 1857	1,000
South Carolina	R. F. W. Alison	Dec., 1858	3,500
Tennessee	Andrew Johnson	Oct., 1857	2,000
Texas	E. M. Pease	Dec., 1857	3,000
Vermont	Ryland Fletcher	Oct., 1857	750
Virginia	Henry A. Wise	Jan., 1860	5,000
Wisconsin	Coles Bashford	Dec., 1857	1,250
Territories.			
Oregon	William L. Currie	Term expires with a change of administration.	3,000
Minnesota	Willis A. Gorman		2,500
New Mexico	David Merriwether		2,500
Utah	Brigham Young		2,500
Washington	Isaac J. Stevens		2,500
Nebraska	Mark W. Izard		2,600
Kansas	John W. Geary		2,500

The inauguration of the new State officers took place in the hall of the capitol, at 10 o'clock, on New Year's morning. The State government is as follows :—

Names.	*Salary.*
John A. King, Governor, Jamaica, Queen's county	$4,000
Henry R. Selden, Lt. Gov., Rochester, Monroe county, per day	—
Joel T. Headley, Secretary of State	2,500
Lorenzo Burrows, Comptroller,	2,500
Stephen Clark, Treasurer	2,500
Stephen B. Cushing, Attorney General	2,000
Victor M. Rice, Superintendent Public Instruction	2,500
Silas Seymour, Surveyor and Engineer	2,500
James M. Cook, Superintendent Bank Department	2,500
Nathaniel S. Benton, Canal Auditor	2,500
Henry Fitzhugh, Canal Commissioner	2,000
Samuel S. Wallon, Canal Commissioner	2,000
Charles B. Sherrill, Canal Commissioner	2,000
Norwood Bowne, State Prison Inspector	1,600
William A. Russell, State Prison Inspector	1,600
Wesley R. Blaisdell, State Prison Inspector	1,600
Ashbel B. Parmelee, Canal Appraiser	$4 per day and 5c. per mile for travel.
Henry H. Hull, Canal Appraiser	
William Wasson, Canal Appraiser	
N. P. Stanton, Jr., Deputy Secretary of State	$1,500
Philip Phelps, Deputy Comptroller	1,500
E. Peshine Smith, Deputy Sup. of Public Instruction	1,500
L. L. Doty, Deputy Treasurer	1,500
Alfred B. Street, State Librarian	1,000
Silas Seymour, Railroad Commissioner	—
William J. McAlpine, Railroad Commissioner	—
James B. Swain, Railroad Commissioner	—

The former being State Engineer and Surveyor is allowed $500 per year travelling expenses; Mr. McAlpine is elected by the Railroad Commissioners, and Mr. Swain appointed by the Governor and Senate; each of the two latter receive $2,500 salary and $500 for travelling expenses, paid by the Railroad Companies.

The Santa Fe mail arrived at Independence on the 20th inst. Mining operations in New Mexico were progressing favorably. Heavy snows were experienced on the Plains. Bent's Fort was attacked by the Kiowa Indians, and but for the interference of the Cheyennes would have been destroyed. The Kiowas gave the mail train much trouble. Captain Dodge, Agent of the Navajos, had been taken prisoner by the Apaches. Many Indian depredations are reported.

The total receipts of flour, wheat and corn at the port of Oswego, for 1856, have been: Flour, 184,143 barrels; wheat, 3,437,927 bushels; corn, 3,543,521 bushels. The total receipts of grain and flour, reduced to wheat, foot up, 13,612,497 bushels, which is an increase of 3,030,106 bushels over last year, and 7,183,739 bushels over the year 1854.

On the 30th ult. the Senate confirmed the nomination of General Persifer F. Smith to the Brigadiership created originally for General Shields. On the same day the House passed the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill, having previously struck out the item of twenty-five thousand dollars for the education of consular pupils.

Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, has instituted a shorter service in addition to the usual evening and morning prayer, which Service includes the magnificat and the Nunc Dimittis; the former, the Song of the Virgin Mary as given by St. Luke, and the latter the song of Simeon, as also given by St. Luke.

William Shimmin, Esq., a gentleman long known in Boston as a merchant of the old school, died suddenly on the afternoon of Dec. 20, at his residence in Beacon street, at the age of 79. He came to Boston sixty years ago. He engaged in the China trade in connection with the late David Sears.

Oregon dates are to the 26th of November. There is scarcely an item of moment. Leschi, a noted Indian warrior, had been captured in Washington Territory. There had been considerable rain in the Territory of Oregon.

A man named Berry, was arrested in Paterson last week, and fined five dollars for cursing and swearing. He has appealed to the County Court, giving bonds of security for the prosecution of the case.

Hon. Francis C. Gray, a distinguished citizen of Boston, died at his residence in Park street on the 29th ult.

NICARAGUA.

The *N. Y. Herald* of the 31st ult., publishes the following interesting matter:

SAN JUAN, Nov. 18, 1856.

The last time I wrote to you I stated that the war was over in this State and that we would have to go to other States to get a fight. Since then I have had occasion to change my mind. For some time we had constant rumors of the enemy beng about to attack us; and when the last passengers arrived Gen. Walker sent about 200 soldiers down to protect them. But everything passed off quietly and we had become careless when the following communication was handed to me:

VANGUARD DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF COSTA RICA.

To the Commander of the force, if any, or to the authorities of San Juan del Sud, November 7th, 1856, 4 o'clock, P. M.

"SIR—Within twenty minutes this division will occupy that post. Yourself and your command will be protected, and likewise the inhabitants, provided not one single shot be fired against my troops. If you allow any shot to be fired against me, I will not give protection to anybody. Your obedient servant,

"JOSE M. CANAS."

To the above I paid no farther attention than to bring my broadside to bear on the beach, when about half an hour later I received the following communication from Geo. H. Rozit, commercial agent United States, Nicaragua:

"SIR—I have just returned from Gen. Canas and Col. Bosquet. They have between 500 and 600 men, with artillery, and are now in possession of the Plaza. They wish me to communicate with you to the effect that if you surrender the schooner without firing a shot, the citizens will be protected, if not, they cannot answer for the result."

To this I replied:

"SIR—You may say to Canas and Bosquet that if they had come to the lower part of the town I would have fought them. But as I have not the prospect of driving them from the town, and as they promise protection if I do not fire upon them, I will leave the port. As to the surrender of the schooner, General Walker placed her in my hands, and I will surrender her to none but him. Your obedient servant,

"C. Y. FAYSSOUX."

Having waited until night set in, and having taken a number of citizens on board, and hearing nothing further from on shore, I let go my moorings and drifted out of the harbor. At 2 P. M., the 8th inst., being in the mouth of the harbor, I received the following note accompanied by a proclamation from the enemy, to the effect that all citizens who gave up their arms should be protected:

"DEAR SIR—We have assurance from high authority that the citizens of this place will be protected in the event of your not coming into the harbor. For the sake of humanity I pray you to keep off, or else we may perish. Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE H. ROZIT.

"N. B.—All have given up their arms."

To this I replied, that not having the power to protect them, I would not come in; but requested it to be stated to the commanding officer, that I would hold no communication with him.

On the morning of the 10th inst., I was close enough to see the enemy sending a large number of men out of town. I have since learned that Gen. Hornsby marched against their barracks on the Transit road that same morning, and had a little brush with them. On the morning of the 11th I ran into the mouth of the harbor, and caused, as usual, great confusion among the enemy. They several times hoisted a white flag, which I answered first with my colors and then with a white flag: but they would not send a boat off. Two or three times I was in reach of them; but would not fire first, for fear of compromising the citizens. The Consul told me that they asked him to haul down the American flag and hoist up the white to induce me to come in—saying, they wanted to fool the Yankees. But when I came within reach, they were ready enough to run away. On the morning of the 12th, we issued our last bread for breakfast. About 11 o'clock I perceived signs of confusion on shore, and headed in. The wind was too light to make much headway, and before I could get within reach, I saw the rascals running from the bushes in every direction and forming on the beach. If a little breeze had sprung up I could have had something more to say. When they had formed, they filed off through a small trail, and were not all gone when Walker's mounted men were after them, but could not overtake them. As near as I could estimate, there were about 400, who fled before Walker with but 250 men, through mountain passes which, in their natural state, could have been defended by 100 American schoolboys against a thousand soldiers.

Gen. Walker's reception of me was kind, and his approval of my entire conduct, in his mild, calm manner, was truly gratifying. I am rather proud to say he has in all instances, treated me with consideration, and seems to place confidence in me.

The Costa Ricans are the most civilized and honorable men in Central America. When they received my answer to the demand to surrender the schooner, they said they regretted my not surrendering, as three large vessels of theirs, well armed, and filled with troops and provisions, were on their way up, who would certainly not spare me. I also received several messages to look out for them, but they are not yet in sight. Having had the foremast of my schooner shattered by lightning, I had just succeeded in taking it out and repairing it when the enemy arrived at San Juan.

SAN JUAN, Nov. 26, 1856.

On Sunday last, the 23d, I saw a sail outside the harbor; at 4 P. M., directly after having seen her, I hove up my anchor, hoisted my flag and stood out for her. At 5,45 she hoisted Costa Rican colors; at 6, being within four hundred yards of her, she fired round shot and musketry at me; I kept the weather guage of her during the fight, with the exception of once for about ten minutes, when in raking her I fell to leeward. The result will prove to you that I beat him at the guns as well as in the management of my vessel. The greater part of the time his guns were useless from the position that I kept. It was as close and pretty a fight as could well take place—my little craft, officers and men, doing as well as any could do. We were 28 all told. The "Little Beauty," 84 tons, guns two six-pounders; the enemy's brig was about 250 tons, crew 114 men, with four nine-pounders. It was a glorious sight to see her flying through the air, but most horrible to see and hear the poor fellows struggling and crying to Gen. Walker to save them. We had but one small boat, with which we saved the captain and forty of the crew which were all we could pick up. Every attention was paid to them.

Lieut Vanslycke, who boarded the wreck 20 minutes before she sunk, and looked into her hold; said it was a horrible sight to see the wounded and burned lying there without the power to save them; she floated for one hour after she blew up and was burning nearly all the time. The boat could bring but one load from her—the captain and four men—the others were all taken from the water. Seventy-three were killed and drowned. I lost but one man killed and eight wounded—one of whom has since died, the rest are all right. My sails and rigging were cut up a little, but the hull was not injured. Some of the men who had been in the most desperate fights on shore said that they had never heard so many balls flying about. We appeared to have charmed lives. It was certainly most singular that so few were hit. The enemy say that nearly all our shot hit them, and that they were cut to pieces and sinking. The captain says it being night that he did not know how to surrender, or he would have done so. Five of the enemy have since died; three or four more will die, so at least eighty will have been killed by my little crew.

LA VIRGIN, Nov. 24, 1856.

CAPTAIN—Your despatch is just received. You have the thanks of the whole army for the gallant manner in which you have acted. In consequence of the action you are promoted Captain. Your commission to date from yesterday.

The wounded prisoners you will put ashore under the care of Dr. Flin, at the expense of Nicaragua. I will send over a detachment this afternoon or to-night to receive the other prisoners. If you have any recommendations for promotions send them to me. As for more men, you had better come over and make your own selections.

Your obedient servant.

WM. WALKER.

Yesterday I went over; the General came out to meet me in the street, and said to me that the whole army thanked me, that I had done more for the state than any other officer in it. He invited me to dine with him. At table he offered me wine, I refused; he made no remark at that time, but some time after he rose and said:—Gentlemen, as the Captain does not drink, I propose that we drink his health for his late gallant action.

GENERAL ORDER.

1st. In the name of the republic of Nicaragua, the Commander-in-Chief returns thanks to Capt. Cal. J. Faysouxs, Nicaragua Navy, for his gallant conduct on the 23d November—and the President, in the name of the republic, bestows on him the estate of "Rosario" in acknowledgement of his important services. By command of

WILLIAM WALKER, General Commanding in Chief.

By the same order James Hersey was promoted Captain; Ewing Morgan, 2d Lieutenant; Samuel Rosseau as Corporal.

The citizens of San Juan had a restless night; they saw us engage and fight; then night set in, they could see the firing, but but could not tell which was getting worsted. When she blew up they were nearly frantic, for they had heard me say that I never would let her be taken, that if I was whipped that I would blow her up. Early in the evening they sent to General Walker to say we were engaged; from that time until daylight couriers were frequently sent back and forth, bets were offered freely on me, although the Governadore, a weak man, had sent over at one o'clock at night there could be no doubt of it being my vessel that had blown up. In saying that the Bowleys stuck by me I say everything; he tried to get to me at night, but could not, but was the first man on board in the morning. She had breakfast and comforts for us all. I wish you knew them; none of the people of '76 were greater patriots than they both are—willing to sacrifice life and property. If I had been whipped every person admits the cause would have met a great check, none see it more clearly than the General; all supplies and communication with California cut off. General Canas had expressed a determination to seize the steamer. Should the brig have done so it would have been awful. The citizens were all getting ready to leave the place expecting the brig to come in and blow the town down I believe that I am generally liked both here and in the army. The brig will be a great loss to the enemy; and had money, ammunition, provisions, &c., for the army. At the close of the action I had left nine round shot, five canister, four chain shot—eighteen in in all; pretty, close was it not? I saw my shot diminishing very fast, took care not to throw away one; I came to the conclusion to use my ballast when they were all gone, but fortunately I had enough.

R. J. Downer, in the fight acted nobly: he sighted the gun that blew up the enemy; he is slightly wounded, a minie ball hit him on the leg; he will be on duty in two or three days; say that his general conduct has been good since he has been with me, that his father may be proud of his bravery. My estate is valued at $14,000, in this country a fortune. General Hornsby will take these letters to you; he has been a warm friend to me since I came to this country; he can tell you all many little particulars that I cannot write. I hope that you may get acquainted with him; he has many great and good points that require intimacy to bring out. I have many friends here that rejoice at my great success, but I know that none do half as much as my own dear mother.

The Sydney *Freeman's Journal*, referring to the return of Smith O'Brien to Ireland, says:—"The last mail brought us glad tidings! Our distinguished and patriotic countryman, Wm. Smith O'Brien, is about to be restored to his native land and beloved family. This act of imperial jnstice, although performed at the eleventh hour and with very little imperial grace, will, nevertheless, give very great satisfaction to every liberal and enlightened man, not only throughout the British empire, but in every part of the civilized world. Although Smith O'Brien did not see the bright dream of his life realised—his country free: although Erin still lies under the gloom of the old dark cloud; we cannot do him the injustice of ignoring his high and holy purposes—his glorious bold attempt—his remarkable honesty, honor, and consistency. He will return to old Ireland again; he will return, and his native land will receive him as the truest and the noblest of all the martyrs—Robert Emmet alone excepted—that have in the first half of the nineteenth century suffered in her glorious cause; he will return, and may God's blessing and his country's welcome; Heaven's protection and his country's enduring gratitude await and reward him! Would Smith O'Brien exchange *his* niche in the temple of history for that of his traitor *Honor* Judge Keogh? Would he? The right answer to this questions—uch a one as we should give—conveys an excellent lesson.

Lord Hawarden, Lieut. Col. Tipperary, L. I., has presented sergeant-major Martin Ryan, of that regiment, with a handsome gold watch, valued at 25*l*., and acting sergeant-major William McMahon, of the same corps, with a beautiful silver teapot, worth 15*l*., as a token of the esteem and regard in which they were held by the officers, all of whom, from the Lieut. Colonel down to the junior Ensign, subscribed towards the purchase of those articles.

Irish News.

A respectable farmer, named Rody M'Grath, says the *Tipperary Free Press*, entered the office of John Luther, Esq., J. P., and used exceedingly violent language towards that gentleman, who is land agent to Col. Hamerton, under whom M'Grath holds his farm. Mr. Luther having a farm to set at Clover Hill, M'Grath's brother tendered for it, but a gentleman from this town became the tenant, in consequence of which, prior to M'Grath's visit to his office, Mr. Luther had received three letters, threatening him with the vengeance of the writers, and vowing to shoot him in the open day. M'Grath was bound to the peace next morning, and in consequence of his conduct a search was instituted in his house, and such discoveries made as led to the arrest of his son, a young man holding a situation in the Excise, who was committed for trial to the next assizes, on a charge of being the writer of the letters, which bore respectively the signatures of "James Burke," "A real friend," and "A poor widow." Bail was tendered and accepted for his appearance, and he was forthwith liberated.

The statistical returns of Irish agriculture, as published by Government, show the breadth of land under flax in Ireland in 1856, as 106,826 acres, against 97,192 in 1855, being an increase of 9,684 acres, or ten per cent. The produce of fibre from this year's crop may be calculated at 27,000 tons, value £1,350,000 exclusive of the seed. The crop has been generally productive, and the fibre long and strong, with but a small proportion of the finer qualities. The period at which the treaty of peace was ratified was so far advanced in the season, that many farmers had already devoted land to different crops, which might otherwise have been sown with flax. The high prices for grain, which had prevailed throughout the war, did not immediately give way to such an extent as to induce farmers to diminish the breadth of their cultivation of the cereals. But for these two causes, the increase in the flax cultivation this year would, there can be but little doubt, have been more considerable.

On Thursday, (the 4th ult.), says the *Cork Constitution*, an order came down from Dublin, directing the re-embodiment of the Royal Cork City Artillery. The order for the re-embodiment of the North Cork Rifles arrived some days since. Placards have been extensively circulated calling on young men to join the ranks of the two regiments. Recruiting has been actively going on for the past few days. Each recruit is to receive £6 bounty, of which 10s. will be handed to him on attestation, and any party bringing a recruit, receives 5s. if the recruit is approved of. The standard for the North Cork Rifles is 5 feet 5 inches, and no recruit can be received under 18 years of age. The number of men required to make up the complement, is 350 for the North Cork Rifles, and 150 for the Royal Cork City Artillery.

Colonel Herbert, M.P., Lieutenant of this county, says the *Kerry Post*, has received instructions from the government to take immediate steps for completing the Kerry Regiment to its full establishment, of 1,232 men of all ranks. From the prestige obtained by our county corps during its recent embodiment, and the high character it won for itself both in this and the sister island, we have no doubt but that volunteers will now be forthcoming to fill up its ranks. Between the 17th November, 1854, and the period of its embodiment on the 15th of August, 1856, the Kerry Regiment enrolled 1,037 volunteers; of those 378 transferred their services to the line; thirty-six were discharged as unfit for service, and nine died, leaving the strength of the corps when disembodied, 560 men. It now requires 672 volunteers to make up its established quota of 1,232 men.

Whether well-founded or otherwise, rumors are very prevalent at this side of the channel to the effect that, in consequence of some ministerial "movements" now all but matured, an important change is about to be made in the Irish government. The report is, that the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Granville are to change places, and that Mr. Horsman will vacate the chief secretaryship for Ireland, and be succeeded by Viscount Castlerosse, M.P. for the county of Kerry, who moved the address in answer to the Queen's Speech at the opening of the session of 1854. However qualified the representative of England at the late coronation of the Czar may be for the office of Viceroy of Ireland, the removal of Lord Carlisle would be regarded with much disfavor by all classes and parties in the country, and very justly so.

The marble monument subscribed by his fellow-citizens to the memory of this gallant young officer, Mr. Kidd, says the *Armagh Guardian*, has just been fixed in Armagh Cathedral. The design is very chaste, being confined to the simple incident of the day on which he lost his life. It will be remembered that he had passed through the terrific fire of the Redan, brought half his company back to the trenches, the remainder being left under the walls; that after he had returned to the trenches, he saw a comrade lying in an open space, ran to bring him in, and when in the act of stooping over him, fell a victim to a Russian bullet. It is in this act and attitude Mr. Kidd is represented on the monument, the effect being well preserved by the sculptor.

Colonel Wynne, Government Railway Inspector, has inspected minutely the locality of the Dunkitt "sliding," where the recent accident occurred. What his report to the Government on the subject will be is, of course, not known. Meantime, Hunter, the efficient and intrepid engine driver, whose jaw was broken, has so far recovered the shock which he sustained, as to be in a condition to bear removal home to Kilkenny. There can be no doubt that the passengers by the mail train on the day of the fatal collision owe the preservation of their lives to the coolness and energetic exertions of this brave fellow.

Colonel Doyle, Inspector-General of the militia staff in Ireland, inspected the permanent staff of the Cavan militia, under the command of the Adjutant, Casselin, at the county barracks, Cavan, on the 3d ult., and having made a minute inspection, individually, of its members, expressed himself highly gratified with the thoroughly efficient state in which he found it, together with the extremely neat and orderly manner the stores of the regiment were arranged and kept.

During the last week of November, a shooting party at Besborough Park, Piltown, consisting of the Earl of Besborough, his lordship's brothers, Lords Frederick and Walter Ponsonby and Henry W. Briscoe, Esq., Tinvane-house, had excellent sport over the earl's extensive preserves; they bagged an unusually large number of pheasants. Lord Walter one evening got four otters in a main drain at Gurtarush.

It is intended to keep the troops encamped at the Curragh during the winter-months, and orders have been given to make the huts perfectly watertight, and coat the asphalted roofs with tar, &c.

Sir William Brooke O'Shaughnessy, says the *Dublin Freeman*, our distinguished countryman, on whom her Majesty has just conferred the honor of knighthood, is a native of Limerick, and obtained the appointment of Assistant Surgeon in the East India Company's Service in 1830, nearly at the same time he became physician to Sir Charles (afterwards Lord) Metcalf, Governor of Agra. A medical college having been established in Calcutta for the education of natives, he was appointed its professor of chemistry. His taste and genius being directed to scientific pursuits, he acquired a distinction that at once pointed him out as the fittest person to superintend the laying down the electric telegraph, when it was decided to extend to India the advantages of that discovery. Accordingly, in 1850, a line was laid under his directions from Calcutta to Diamond Harbor, at the mouth of the Ganges, from which the mercantile body of that city derived so much benefit that they presented him with a sum of £2,000, and, as he was then proceeding to London, requested he would sit for his portrait to one of the first artists at their expense—it is now in their council chamber. Under the direction of the Governor General, he has since completed telegraph lines from the seat of government to all the Presidencies. It is curious to observe, notwithstanding the taunts of the English press, how quickly Celtic energy and genius are re-occupying the position from which they were hurled by oppressive and penal laws, now that they can enter the list with any other race on a clear stage, whether at home, in the East, or in the West. Sir Wm. Brooke O'Shaughnessy is an instance of this. He is a descendant of one of the most ancient and illustrious of the old Irish families, who possessed a large territory in the counties of Clare and Galway up to the time of William the Third, but were held to have forfeited them in consequence of their fidelity to King James. Sir Roger O'Shaughnessy, who held a commission in the army of James, and whose portrait is exhibited amongst their family portraits in the gallery of the Ormonds at Kilkenny, was the last possessor of the Loughcooter estates near Gort, having left Ireland for France after the treaty of Limerick, with the army of James, and died there. The estates were held by the crown for some years, until an occasion arose on which it was necessary to bestow a suitable reward. There was a conspiracy to assassinate William at Kensington, called the Kensington Plot, which was discovered, and, perhaps, William's life saved, by a Mr. Prendergast, whom Macaulay describes to be a Roman Catholic gentleman of good family in the south of England. He was rewarded with a grant of the O'Shaughnessy estates. His son, who was created a baronet, Sir Thomas Prendergast, having died without male issue, they descended to Lord Gort through the female line. These estates have recently passed from that family through the Incumbered Estates Court to Lord Gough. We understand Sir William is now engaged in carrying out, by directions of the East India Company, a direct line of communication from London to Calcutta.

On the 4th ult. seven individuals were lodged by the constabulary in the Bridewell of Ballinasloe, charged with the homicide of a peaceable and inoffensive man, named Patrick Smith, a small farmer residing at a place called Addergoole, contiguous to the river Suck, and near Daly's Grove. It appears that the deceased, accompanied by a young man, an acquaintance, left the fair of Ahascreagh on Monday evening about eight o'clock, and on arriving at the demesne of Castlegar they were attacked by seven men, five of them named M'Dermott, and two named Mitchell. Smith and his companion bravely withstood this assault for some time, until they were joined by some other friends leaving the fair, by whose aid they succeeded in giving the M'Dermott faction the worst of it. Smith was still a mile from home, and to avoid further altercation he took refuge in the house of his father-in-law, which was close at hand, and remained there until after 12 o'clock, and he was here joined by his wife, who felt anxious at his lengthened absence. Thinking the coast clear the party left, but before they had proceeded far the M'Dermotts, who had been lying in ambush, rushed out and inflicted a fearful beating, with bludgeons and stones, on Smith and his wife. The poor woman who is near her confinement, in attempting to protect and assist her husband, was fearfully abused, and severely injured. One of the assaulting party at length exclaimed, "not to kill the man out," and having raised him from the ground carried him to an adjoining house, but as he entered a blow from a heavy weapon fractured his skull, and he lingered only until the next day, when death terminated his sufferings.

Immense supplies of sprats, herrings, haak, cod, &c., says the *Waterford News*, have been sold during the past fortnight at our Fish Market and Quays, at exceedingly low prices. Great quantities of the same are shipped daily by steamers to England. This unexpected take of fish on our coast is a great source of profit to our hardy and industrious fishermen and families, as well as to the consumers.

The *Dublin Freeman* says that the mortal remains of the late John Bagnall were conveyed on Sunday from his town residence, Mary's Abbey, to the family burial place at Celbride, and were there interred in the presence of a large assemblage of clergy, members of the corporation, poor law boards, and public and private friends of the deceased.

John Aloysius Blake, Esq., is unanimously elected Mayor of Waterford for 1857—the third year in succession of his holding the office. The annals of the mayoralty of Waterford, extending over five hundred years, present only one other instance of a similar occurrence. It took place in 1692,

Doctor Kane has been elected Mayor of Limerck. A resolution adopting the rotatory system has been agreed to, so that both political branches of the corporation will be alternately represented in the civic chair.

John M'Gowan, Esq., has been re-elected Mayor of Sligo.

Captain Edmond Power Lalor, of Longorchard, has been appointed High Sheriff of the county Tipperary.

The Lord Chancellor has been pleased to appoint O'Connell Fitzsimon, Esq., Glancullen, to the commission of the peace for the county Dublin.

Captain Shawe Taylor, Sir T. Burke, M. P., and T. Burke, Esq., of Annagh, are the purchasers of the Gregory estate, sold by private contract.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has appointed Captain Fitzgerald Higgins, of Westport, to the shrievalty of Mayo.

Alderman D. Smithwick has been elected Mayor of Kilkenny for the ensuing year.

Dr. John Coghlan has been unanimously elected Mayor of Wexford for the ensuing year.

Edmond Casey, Esq, has been appointed a deputy Lieutenant for the county Dublin.

Mr. Keirnan, who died at Kingstown, has left large sums to several Catholic institutions at Dublin and Kingstown.

Sir Fitzroy Kelly, it is announced, has been already retained for the petitioners in the appeal to the House of Lords against the judgment of Chancellor Brady in the Tipperary Bank case of "O'Flaherty *v.* M'Dowell." Great faith is placed in the soundness of the decision of the late Sir Michael O'Loghlin in the no less celebrated case of "Fawcett *v.* Hodges" (the Agricultural Bank), and counsel for the creditors of the Tipperary Bank appear to be tolerably certain that the highest legal tribunal will agree in the construction of the law as laid down by Sir Michael O'Loghlin.

Adjutant Lowe, Royal County Limerick Militia, has received instruction that an order will issue to enlist recruits to make up the regiment to the full establishment complement of 1200. When disembodied, the County Limerick Militia, under Lieut. Colonel Dickson, numbered 970, leaving only 250 to be added.

The Galway papers report that five or six laborers from Dunmore, who had been employed at the harvest in England, on their return home, when within three miles of Dunmore, commenced quarrelling, owing to the effects of intoxication. One of the party, a young man named McCormack, was left behind on the road, and has not since been found.

Captain W. H. Carroll, J. P., of Tullow House, county Tipperary, has given to the pastor of Silvermines, the Rev. Jos. McGrath, P.P., a commodious house for a national school, with some land attached to it, rent free; and he has also subscribed £5 towards the fund to sustain it, and meet the necessary expenses.

Mr. Michael J. Riordan, forage contractor, county Cork, who had been formerly connected with Limerick transacting business for the Commissariat department, received, through the Rev. H. Malone, of the Franciscan Convent, Limerick, the sum of £40 restitution money.

Mr. Jeremiah Gorman, Limerick, is engaged in the construction of two carved Tabernacles in gold in the Roman style of art, with carved candlesticks and crucifixes, for the Chapels of Tulla and Bradford, to correspond with those he has already erected in Killaloe.

At a recent meeting of the Ballymena Railway Company a dividend was declared of 7 per cent., and a sum of £1,600 was placed at the rest fund. This is one of the largest dividends yet paid by any railway company in Ireland of the same length of line.

A new and commodious Roman Catholic chapel, is about to be erected at Tiernevir, near Gort, on the property of Capt. S. Taylor, the old chapel being dilapidated.

A conditional order is granted against Dr. Rogers of Youghal, for not complying with the order of the Insolvent Court, which demanded a transfer of a portion of his property for payment of his debts.

Mrs. Coffey, wife of a respectable boot and shoe maker, in Waterford, committed suicide by cutting her throat with a razor. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

Joseph Kenny, Esq., has been re-elected Mayor of Clonmel for the ensuing year. He was proposed by Alderman C. Bianconi.

Adjutant Phillips, City of Limerick Militia, is enrolling recruits for that corps, at his office, Frederick-street, pursuant to the order recently received.

A strolling beggar named Patrick Walsh, from Dunkitt, in the county Kilkenny, died of starvation in New-Ross, on the 21st of November.

Michael Dwyer, a private of the 50th Regiment, was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment at Belfast Police Court, for assaulting two of the Constabulary.

At the late pig fair of Ardagh, 800 were sent out by a special train from Rathkeale to Limerick.

Sir Chas. O'Donnell, has been unanimously elected a member of the Royal Dublin Society.

A number of laborers are at present employed by Mr. Dargan on the Limerick and Ennis Railway, near Sixmile Bridge.

The marriage of Colonel Caulfield, M. P., to Miss Somerville, will take place on the 18th inst., in Dublin.

Sir William Fitzgibbon has been re-elected Mayor of Cork.

MR. DISRAELI IN PARIS.

From the North Whig, Ireland.

The family which, to distinguish itself from all other families, announced itself as "D'Israeli"—which is as if Jones were to advertise that, in future he desired to be called "Mr. English"—has always had a tendency to travel. They were at the emigration and at the flight; at the Waters of Strife, and in the Land of Promise. They were in Babylon, and in Rome, and in Bagdad. Certainly, the present Mr. Disraeli has declined to give their names, or even their address, previous to the fourteenth century; but we know that they are a very old family, always of the Jewish aristocracy; and we also know that, when Mr. O'Connell denounced the author of "Vivian Grey" as the descendant of the *im*penitent thief, who died beside our Saviour on the Cross, the passionate objection made by Mr. Disraeli was not to the date but to the character of the lineage. These pure Sephardim started from Syria with the heirs of the Prophet and the heads of the Faithful—having taken to the fashionable Mahomedanism of that day, as their present representative adopts as a convenience Anglican Protestantism; and from Africa they got into Spain. There they were good Moors and bad Catholics, according to the province they passed through in their wanderings. In the shade of the Red House (which it is painful to translate into its immemorial romance as "The Alhambra") they were the pets of Abul Hassan, and in Madrid they were the counsellors of Alfonso. The Inquisition could neither catch nor detect them. As Mesina Sidonias they went to Mass, made money, and flourished; and, by their general conduct, doubtless suggested Jesuitism to Ignatius Loyola ere he left his fatherland. But the old leaven was in these anti-Levites. They could not stay where they were prosperous. A dead lock occurred in politics, the peninsula became dull, and the Disraeli of the time went to Genoa, where first they of Israel assumed the name of Disraeli. They did well in Genoa, and then at Venice. But they could not long be quiet. In about the middle of the eighteenth century they went to England. They have done very well there. The first English Disraeli made a fortune. The second Disraeli made a literary fame. The third Disraeli married a rich wife, and became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Thus they have pretty nearly exhausted the country, and the tradition is, that, every hundred years, the tent of the Homeless One shall be struck.

It is with some apprehension, then, we read the announcement

that "Mr. Disraeli is in Paris." This is not like the recess scamper of the ordinary man. Lord John Russell has gone to Florence, and might go to Jerusalem, and nobody but his courier would pay any attention. Lord Palmerston went to Paris, about eighteen months ago, and no one wondered. Lord Stanley is most likely to go to Australia when the fast steamers are put on, and the world will take it as a matter of course enterprise. If Queen Victoria took a tour from Calcutta to Cabul, and a detour to Candia, looking in at Jamaica, it would be but a day's news. But Mr. Disraeli has been for many years a fixture in England, as curious, but as compact, as Stoneheague, the Wellington equestrian statue, or the Scotch. He "did creation" in his youth, the Desert, the Colosseum, the Parthenon, and the Baden gaming tables. But since 1828, we think he has been in England, eating his hot suppers and catching his colds with the exemplary regularity of a tide-waiter of domestic habits. When expelled from office in 1852, his health was greatly broken, and Lord Derby (disinterested) and his eminent physicians entreated him to neglect the British Constitution in favor of his own, and travel. But he refused; he would die in Pall-mall. Eighteen-hundred-and-fifty-six is departing, and Mr. Disraeli remains alive; yet not in England. The coming man has gone to Paris. This can scarcely be for his health; for Paris in December, is not nearly so healthy as London in December. It cannot be for amusement; for Disraeli never seeks amusement. He should have gone to Italy for health, or to Spain for amusement, just now—with the recreation, in both places, of finding out the tombs of his unknown ancestors. He goes to Paris at the moment when the government of Lord Palmerston and the government of Louis Napoleon are (according to the press) at loggerheads, and when the press of Paris and the press of Great Britain are quarrelling; and it might be suggested that he therefore make the acquaintance of the French capital, in order to cram himself with data for the sarcasm due from a leader of the Opposition. But there is no Opposition; or, if there be an Opposition, Mr. Disraeli is not the leader of it. We are driven to the surmise that Mr. Disraeli has gone to Paris as the runaway railway-director said he went to Boulogne, "to stay." The precedent of distinguished foreigners settling in Paris, are numerous. Mr. Disraeli cannot have gone with the designs of Cagliostro, or of Tom Paine. He cannot be seeking French citizenship, as Lord Brougham unsuccessfully sought it, to enjoy at the same time the rights of a British subject. Charles Fox went to Paris, as leader of opposition, to make the acquaintance of a great man, the First Napoleon, and to spite Pitt; but though there is some analogy, there is no parallel to this, in the visit of Lord Palmerston's competitor to the Third Napoleon. Mr. Disraeli seems to us to have gone to Paris, as Count Schomberg went to London—as the only place. England must have become insupportably dreary to him. He reached the highest point of success, four years ago, was then unequal to the opportunity, and has been going down ever since. He must feel that he is in the way. He sneered down and into disrepute all the public men—Peel, Russell, Graham, Clarendon, Grey, Wood; and it came at last that people saw that he was merely a critic who could create nothing; and the world as soon wearies of an Aristides being called the Unjust as the Just. He knows that the Tories want to put him on one side for Mr. Gladstone. He knows that he is too cosmopolitan, and too un-British, ever to obtain the confidence of any other party. A new House of Commons, which forgot, or never knew of his grand intellectual displays against Peel and against free trade, would probably jeer and be restive at the periphrastic analytical oratory of the used-up jester. In a word, Mr. Disraeli must feel that, in British politics, he has been an intriguer only; that among statesmen he has been solely a pedant about statescraft; and that the blunder traceable to race, religion, and idiosyncracy, is, by this time, irreparable. How natural, therefore, that he should leave us. A new country is a new career. His own maxim in "Coningsby" is, "Adventures are to the adventurous."

The Emperor of the French is his friend. In their youths they lent one another their red velvet waistcoats, and backed one another's bills of exchange. Each unertook to conquer a nation. Mr. Disraeli has failed with the English; but if he were Autocrat of all the British, Prince Napoleon an exile from France, might have relied upon perpetual help, and occasional secret-service money in Downing street. In character, they bear a close resemblance to one another. Each is at once cautious and audacious;—patient, furtive, feline—terrible in the spring when the time comes. The Emperor wants a good Minister, and Mr. Disraeli needs a large theatre. He probably cannot speak French like the Queen, nor write it like Count Hamilton; but, in a despotic system, a Burleigh is the man for Minister—a man careful as to his tongue, and profound at a nod. Louis Napoleon has been bidding right and left for ability of late. M. Thiers is, consequently, going to try to get into the Senate, and M. Emile Girardin has been disposing of his great journal. Mr. Disraeli may have heard of the market being opened, and may have thought himself a prize—carrying with him, as he would, a masterly knowledge of the British public, and much of the official traditions of the British policy. Essentially of an eastern or Italian genius, he might, well placed, obtain a fame not inferior to that of Machiavelli or of Mazarin. As there is, according to government organs, a perfectly cordial alliance, and every certainty of prolonged peace between the two countries, what injury could accrue from France and England now and then exchanging statesmen? At all events it would be a novelty, and we require news. But it would be awkward for Mr. Disraeli and for us if the government organs are unreliable.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF IRELAND,

WITH A SYSTEM OF ARMAMENT, PLAN OF ORGANISATION, AND MODE OF WARFARE, ADAPTED TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES BEGGS.

(Continued.)

Hence we see that the superficial features of the theatre of battle, not only decide the plan of strategy and the tactics to be adopted, but peremptorily dictate the very nature of the armament of the soldiers themselves. Military authors are not only unanimous in differing in opinion, but they also delight in revelling in long puzzling disquisitions, defining the nature of, and difference between strategy and tactics, which any person after reading would, at least, be just as wise as before he read them at all. However, the following brief definition of mine, will, I apprehend, suffice for every useful purpose. The selection of position, placing of ambuscades, choosing of places of arms, and *points d'appue*, or strong points on which to rest the flanks of an army, and determining the arms to be employed, and judging the lines of advance or retreat in front of an enemy, are comprehended in the science of strategy, together with the selection of places for outposts. The distribution and maneuvering of troops on the base of operations, the order of march and detail of encampment, charging in column or line, firings, and the establishment of outposts and picquets, are comprised in the science of tactics. I have introduced this sketch of strategy and tactics, with the view of being more intelligible to the reader in proceeding to show the natural military impregnability of Ireland. Owing to the insular position of this island, she is naturally fortified round by her external extremities. It is a disputed point between military engineers, whether a dry ditch or a wet ditch is the better in fortification. Whether or no, Ireland is environed by a wet ditch of great magnitude, if I may designate the imprisoning ocean by that term; and this encircling aquatic ditch, or natural fortification, is equally defensible on every point, and is accessible only by the one medium, a navy. In the attack of any other kind of fortification, or in the invasion of any continental state, an army and its requisites would suffice, but in the invasion and attack of our island fortress, not only an army but a navy is absolutely indispensable; and all the advantages arising from this material circumstance are not ephemeral, but are as immutable as the island itself. It is true, there are scarcely any artificial fortifications erected round our coast; but that is of no consequence, because, to be effective, the whole coast should be so fortified, a thing out of the question; and earthen strand batteries, erected on the spur of the moment, are as fully effective, if not more so, for the time being, and even this would be only necessary to protect our seaport towns, or the mouths of rivers. At any other point, it would be more prudent to let the enemy quietly disembark, and if possible, by a feint opposition, lure him a bit into the interior, when, by a well combined and directed attack, we might not only succeed in driving him back upon his fleet, but also capture his whole army, because, if closely and fiercely pressed, it would be impossible for him to embark.

But, before I proceed further, I feel it necessary to give a brief description of the method of disembarking an army in presence of an enemy. A point having been selected on our coast, the enemy's fleet sails to this point; the ships of war advance on the right and left, under the protection of whose fire the transports move as near shore as the depth of water will permit; the boats of the squadron being in readiness, each man, furnished with three days' cooked provisions, gets into the boats, who, with their arms and ammunition, are rowed forward; and as soon as there is only about two feet of water, on a signal being given, the men spring from the boats, rush forward, and form on the beach. The boats return for reinforcements, and when they establish a position on shore they then land their stores. It is evident that it would be most difficult for them to effect a landing were we, even without the aid of strand batteries, to oppose them, availing ourselves of the accidents of ground at that point. But it would be our policy to offer them but slight resistance, taking care though to kill a good number of them by our rifle marksmen, and retire slowly into the interior, drawing the enemy after us until they arrive at a certain point when, under cover, all our light troops are to halt and fall upon the enemy's flanks and rear in extended order, encircling them in a girth of deadly fire, while lines of pikes in position, one in rear of the other, will quietly await the advance of the foe, drive back his vanguard on his main body, and, by successive charges, drive him back upon the fleet, compel him to surrender, or perish beneath the crimsoned waves. I give this outline of coast operations here, in order to give an idea of the value of our insular position as a military resource; enhanced as it is by the fact of the outline of points of attack being extended to the disadvantage or weakness of the invader, while the inline, or points of defence, are compressed to our advantage and strength.

A great part of Ireland is covered with mountains, affording impediments more or less insurmountable to the forces of the invader, and offering to the inhabitants a considerable defence and security against the former. In such places cavalry is useless and artillery impracticable; and when the heights are occupied by riflemen, and the passes defended by pikemen, mountain regions may be said to be impregnable. It is said, very often, that the nature of the ground is as good for the one party as the other. This may be the case when two regular and disciplined armies are opposed to each other; but when a disciplined or foreign army is opposed to the natives, the advantages are all on the side of the latter, because they know the passes, and can take the first possession of them, of which the former must be ignorant; besides, the armament of disciplined armies, as at present, are not adapted for mountain warfare, while that of the natives are as if intended by nature for that specific purpose. Rivers always present important strategetical features for the consideration of military men, and there are many rivers and canals in Ireland which can be turned to advantage. They are natural lines of defence; they also serve to cover the flank of a position, or of an army on the march, or to arrest pursuit in case of retreat, and serve to inundate the country in cases of necessity before an invading force. Even a small rivulet will serve to cover the front and flank of a position, by placing a dam before the stream. The bridges and fords should be taken possession of, and the important ones defended by *tetes duponts*. Marshes, some of which are in Ireland, oppose insurmountable obstacles to the advance of armies, they being utterly impassable to every arm of military service, and serve to retard and harass regular armies, as the roads leading through them, if any, can be rendered impassable by the labor of a few hours. Bogs differ from marshes in being in some parts passable for infantry. Ireland is covered to the extent of more than a tenth of its whole surface with bogs, a circumstance of the most serious importance, as affording the people asylums of retreat of infallible impregnability. Breastworks of bog earth are easily thrown up, and, as proved in the late Danish war in Scleswick Holstein, by being made thicker than ordinary, are as proof against cannon shot as breastworks composed of upland earth; and shells falling in bogs sink into the earth, and, owing to the moisture, are smothered without bursting. And it is a fact that a bog affords a wholesome site for encampment, the atmosphere being cool and astringent in consequence of the great quantity of turpentine always existing in that sort of soil. Some of the hardiest men in Ireland live in bogs. Hence I look upon bogs as a native military resource of paramount importance. There are, properly speaking, no forests in Ireland, yet there is scarcely any county more beautifully wooded (serving as a cover for native troops) or more streaked with hedge rows, the timber of which will serve for field fortification, for hutting, and for fuel.

Another important superficial feature of Ireland is presented in the ditches and hedges. In no country are the dykes so deep, or the ditches so thick and so numerous as in Ireland. Every field is surrounded by a ditch, sometimes fringed with hedges and large timber, rendering the flattest plain a series of irregular field fortification of no mean strength, and affording to the people a resource in war of invaluable importance. As Corporal Trim said of France: "Ireland is a nation of ditches and hedges;" and from the manner in which they intersect each other, the parallel ditches become excellent successive *place de arms* for native troops, and the lateral ditches not only supply flank defences, but covered lines of advance and retreat. Farm houses and villages, serving as defensive posts, lend additional strength to these natural fortifications.

Cities and large towns, if properly defended by the inhabitants, are capable of opposing an insurmountable resistance to disciplined troops. In city fighting every sort of weapon can be used with effect, and all the inhabitants, men, women, and children, can be usefully employed against the foe. Every street becomes a defile, where every window, from base to garret, that bears upon the approach of the enemy is a secure position for a marksman, and the exterior of every roof screened by its own parapet is a little fortress; and, even if only garrisoned by women and children, is capable of disordering the best troops. Every brick chimney affords a decent magazine of ammunition. A brick, when administered from the top of a house, provided it hits his noddle, is an infallible remedy applied to a mercenary soldier's headache; no regimental doctor could ever doctor him half so well. And burly paving-stones are a cheap and serviceable specie of ammunition, only costing the labor of bringing them from the streets to the housetops. There is no pill in the regimental doctor's shop more calculated to change the effects of his debauched line of living, and to electrify a field officer's sensibilities, than a burly paving-stone scientifically applied to his person from a housetop. The person so applying this pill should not hit the field officer's horse, it being cruel and unfeeling to cause the poor animal unnecessary pain, but should feel that blended motives of humanity and state policy demand that the gift be exclusively bestowed upon the body of the imp of the devil on the horse's back; and if one paving stone has not the desired effect, another can be applied. But there is no use in paying more respectful attention to any individual than the circumstances of the case require; because, if a person was to put himself to the inconvenience of flinging all the paving-stones in the city at any one of those field officers, the ungrateful fellow perhaps would not, in the least, feel thankful after all. In addition to these, a system of barricades, properly arranged, defended by the rifle and supported by the pike, render a city absolutely impregnable against every foe. The high roads, their nature, and whether they pass through towns, woods, bogs, mountain passes and defiles, or over bridges, ferries, or fords, and the roads that run parallel with them, form important items in the consideration of every general, and also the nature of the country on every side of them; as on the line of march many considerations render it necessary that a large body of troops should not follow the same but parallel lines. Hence they become isolated and disjointed, and if the roads be blocked up, and the intervening space between the parallel roads occupied by guerillas, the divisions can be destroyed in detail and their baggage captured.

A regular army is never so defenceless as when unexpectedly attacked on the line of march, particularly when spaces of enclosed country lie between the advancing divisions. Railroads can, in time of war, be of no service to us, and to prevent the enemy using them they should be rendered useless for the time being. There are no fortresses of moment in Ireland, but that is of no consequence. At the time of the invasion of the Peninsula by the French, Spain was crowded with strong fortified places, and the defences made were in most instances obstinate, but in the end they were overpowered, and these fortified towns, which only retarded the conquest, subsequently made it more sure, and served as the means of maintaining and prolonging forcible possession of the country. In like manner, the late war with Russia may be termed the siege of Sevastopol, in the defence of which Russia put forth all her strength; whereas, if there was no Sevastopol, the resources of Russia, instead of being wasted in defending that fortress, would have been applied in defending the interior, against which the resources of the allies instead would have been wasted in vain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MITCHEL AND DEVIN REILLY.

From the Daily News, Dec. 30.

The lecture delivered last evening by John Mitchel, upon the life and character of Thomas Devin Reilly, we venture to say, was one of the most acceptable to the audience, as we know it was one of the most brilliant and pungent in style, of any delivered this season.

The Tabernacle was well filled above and below; and when Mr. Mitchel made his appearance at 8 o'clock, accompanied by Thos. F. Meagher, John Savage, Capt. W. F. Lyons, and other friends of the lamented Reilly, and several other distinguished gentlemen, the applause was deafening. And when, after a few pertinent remarks, Gen. Ward B. Burnett introduced the lecturer, the enthusiasm was again uproarious.

But at length, having gained an opportunity to be heard, Mr. Mitchel requested the reporters not to report the lecture, as it was the intention of the Committee to publish it for the benefit of Mrs. Reilly and her only child—and proceeded to the delivery of one of the most accomplished biographical and historical addresses to which we have ever listened. Through all its historical portion the lecturer was continually, and sometimes almost wildly applauded.

And after hearing such a discourse from such a man, concerning such a man, and in behalf the amiable wife and infant daughter, who survive the hero of the common and sacred cause of such a people; and after witnessing the effect of that discourse upon a sundered fragment of that people, it becomes suddenly easy for one "to the manor born" to understand how the Irish patriots continue to struggle against misfortune, and hope in the midst of despair, and so remain ever ready to strike once more for country, kindred, liberty and life.

The dead Reilly, the heroic descendant from a long line of heroes; he who created revolution and inaugurated rebellion at home by his scathing pen, and by the same pen defended justice and Democracy in the leading journal of the land of his adoption, leaves to his few surviving relatives no halting or small-souled friend in the living Mitchel. Of this the lecture last evening was abundant evidence. And to those who did not hear it, we are free to commend it when it shall come from the handn of the printer. We commend it for its subject; we commend it for its object, and we commend it for itself—for its force, its beauty and its history.

From the New York Sun, Dec. 30.

A very good audience was present last evening, at the Tabernacle, to hear a lecture by Mr. John Mitchel, on the "Life and Character of the late Thomas Devin Reilly," the proceeds being

for the benefit of the family of the deceased. Mr. Mitchel depicted the ardent, patriotic youth, hanging with delight on the inspired sentiments of O'Connell, when in the agitation for Emancipation, and the after effort to obtain freedom for his country, he moved the mighty masses of his native land. When the cloud came, and the prospect looked dark and lowering, young Reilly repaired to Dublin, and was engaged as a writer on the *Dublin Nation*, and subsequently became attached, in the same capacity, to *The United Irishman*, a journal which was distributed by its friends to every portion of the land. The lecturer read extracts from a file of that paper, written at the time by Mr. Reilly, one on the revolution of Sicily, the other on that of France, when Louis Philippe was compelled to fly, and which were coupled with remarks in relation to Ireland. It was this latter article for which the editor and proprietor of the paper was arrested and tried, and "who was happy," said Mr. M., "to assume all the responsibility, political, personal, and moral." Mr. Mitchel was himself the proprietor alluded to, and the reference to the *United Irishman* and the cause, elicited great applause. The consequences are known; Mr. Reilly also became the object of attack from the government, but escaped its power, and found an asylum in New-York. The orator presented a brilliant picture of the patriotism and high character of the deceased. The lecture, it is unnecessary to say, was truly well received.

ANTIQUITY OF IRELAND.

The following is an abridgment of two most interesting lectures, delivered by Martin A. O'Brennan, in Dublin, for the benefit of the "Irish Speakers' Society":—

The Carthaginians and the Irish are descended from one common parent country. Now we know to a certainty that the Carthaginians were descended from the Phœnicians, and I have shown already from Greek authorities that the Phœnicians must have had very early intercourse with this island. Is there then a reasonable man upon earth who will not rather believe that the Irish were a colony from Phœnicia than from Carthage, and that they must have been a colony from either the one or the other, the identity of their language has proved?

It being then established *whence* the Irish emigrated, the next point to be determined is, when it emigrated. And this, I think, may be pretty nearly determined by the Pagan worship of the Irish at the time of the introduction of Christianity into the island; I mean by such facts of their worship as remain undisputed. That the Pagan Irish worshipped the sun and moon, and ancient deities of the Phœnicians, and indeed of most nations, and that these were their principal deities, all writers are agreed; also that they did not worship images. Now, of this we may be certain, that the period when Christianity was introduced into Ireland, they worshipped all the Pagan deities that had been worshipped by their Phœnician ancestors at the time of their emigration. For though a people in that state of primitive civilization in which they were might have added to the number of their deities, we cannot suppose that they diminished their number; for this would be utterly inconsistent with their dark and superstitious state. Neither, for this reason, can we suppose that if the Phœnicians had worshipped images before the emigration of the Irish colony, that the Irish would not have continued to do so. I shall not, however, attempt to determine the precise instant when those Egyptian and Syrian deities, unknown to the Pagan Irish, were adopted by the Phœnicians, or when precisely the Phœnician worship of them commenced; but merely state that all the writers are agreed that it was at a very early period, when the Phœnician history is in great obscurity, and therefore without spending any more time about it, I shall apply to the Irish the observations of the learned authors of the "Ancient Universal History," in their account of the Numidians. They say, speaking of the sun and moon, as being the principal deities of the Numidians, "this is a convincing proof of their high antiquity, as clearly evincing that the emigration of the first colony which peopled this country preceded the introduction of image worship into the Pagan world."

This is assuredly the most reliable testimony in favor of the very early peopling of Ireland after the Flood. Nothing can be clearer than the Pagans who first came here would have brought with them their idols if such they had. Their not having done so places beyond all manner of doubt the fact that Ireland was colonized before the Milesian invasion, because, whether that era was 1,300 years before Christ, or later, history tells us that Greece, Troy and other eastern nations had their deities, and consequently the children of Golamh would have introduced their idols. It is true they worshipped divinities, such as the sun, moon, &c., but not graven images. If they did, we have no account of them until 1144 B.C., in the reign of Tighermas, whose idol was the same as that of Zoroaster of Bactria, or Crom Cruad, to whom altars were erected in a plain in Brefney, and had votaries until the days of St. Patrick. The theory that Ireland was not peopled until the time of Rome, is refuted by the very fact that the Milesians had not images. Therefore they too must have arrived here before image worship, unless we agree with Doctor Parsons, of London—already alluded to—who holds that the first inhabitants of Ireland worshipped the true God. He states that the offspring of Ham began to adore their ancestors as gods, when they abandoned the true God—but that the Clanna Phœnius adored the God of Heber. He adds that they introduced the true religion into the island, but afterwards the people were perverted: his work is deeply interesting.

Now, I maintain that in addition to the above passage, we have this matter-of-fact proof of the early migration of the Irish colony:—All, or most of their war instruments and weapons were of brass; there can be no attempt to deny this fact, as many of them are to be found in our country this very day; weapons of exactly the same shape and substance, found at Cannæ, supposed to be Carthaginian, are to be seen in the British Museum. This circumstance, Parsons concludes, places the migration about the time of Cadmus, but certainly anterior to the Trojan war. If it had been after, he states, the colonists could have brought with them more arts—would have introduced deities and image worship, which all scholars admit to have been in great vigor about the period of the seige of Troy. I need not refer to the penates, nor the images of the gods which the Trojan women worshipped and embraced on the night Troy was on fire. Nor is it necessary to direct your attention to Æneas, bringing with him his gods to Latium. Idolatry was widespread throughout Greece and Asia Minor fully 1200 years before. Wherefore it is clear that Ireland must have been peopled long anterior to that period. For history tells us that Golamh resided in those places, and no doubt would have brought with him image worship if he arrived later than 1200 B.C.

From such premises I draw these conclusions:—That Ireland was at a very early period known to the Phœnicians—what Dr. Parsons call *Clanna Fenius*—that it was colonized by them before the Trojan war—that they introduced here such arts as they knew—that letters, for which they were famous, were among those arts; they could not, Parsons adds, without the use of letters have preserved, for so many ages, their language uncorrupted, and retaining such a close conformity to the original. Besides, we all know that the invaders have ever brought their own language into the country conquered by them: the English did it here—the Normans and Saxons in England. Camden writes "The Anglo-Saxons flocked to Ireland as to the market of refined letters, and thence they seemed to have received the system of forming letters whereas they have clearly used the same character that is in use amongst the Irish." Wormins says that the Icelanders call one of their alphabets "*Ireletur*," or the "*Irish letter*." Doctor Parsons alleges that "from a thorough investigation of the subject, it will be probable that all the neighboring nations got their alphabets from Ireland; and that laws, fashions, and war, the sword, could never entirely destroy the ancient language of Ireland." Now in this place Parsons might have gone a little further and said, that this fact puts beyond all doubt, that the Irish language is an original one. He says there was no one like it but the Lybian or Carthaginian; and he in another place shows it could not be that. It therefore follows that we have in Ireland our alphabet from Gadelas or Gael of Scythia, 700 years before the wolf suckled Romulus, before a wall was drawn round the Eternal City of the Seven Hills. I am therefore no enthusiast when I believe that in our language there is something divine—that it can never be uprooted from the old soil. Pliny states, that Cadmus introduced into Greece sixteen letters, whilst others say the number was eighteen. Herodotus tells us that arts, sciences and letters issued out of Babylon. Now this, according to Moses, is most probable, and accords exactly with our own old writers as to what they relate with respect to Fenius Farsa, as I told you. Some learned men say that the Hebrew letters were anciently only seventeen, which is the number of the Irish—I cannot now be certain what was the precise form of the original Irish alphabet, as letters may change, though not the language.

Plutarch relates that when the tomb of Alcemena was destroyed by Agesilaus, the Greek of that day could not read the inscription on it. Lord Ross mentions that Greece and Carthage, being in a manner subdued by the Romans, adopted for a time the Roman characters, but afterwards took up their own, which was certainly Phœnician. It is stated that the Irish ancient numerals are identical with some of those of Phœnicia. This is only reasonable. For no matter what length of time or extent of seas and lands intervene, the language of all colonists will be identical with, or at least have a great affinity to that of the parent, whence they migrated. The posterity of the Irish soldiers who remained at the Alps after the death of Dathi, in the fourth century, retain yet a pure dialect of our vernacular. Mr. Beaufort says, "By (the Irish alphabet) we are empowered to assert that the Irish Druids had the method of communicating their doctrine and learning in writing. That the letters made of for this purpose bear a great affinity to those of the ancient Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Egyptians; in many cases they are exactly the same." The Druids of Ireland taught their pupils in groves, and imposed on the letters or characters they invented the names of trees, which possessed medicinal properties, thus teaching letters, and the science of medicine by one and the same act. We are told that St. Patrick gave us our letters!!! This is an egregious error, contrary to fact and history. It is most positive that we had our alphabet centuries before Rome was built; we had learning and letters fully at least 1300 years before St. Patrick was born in "Holy Tower, a Roman fort, not far from Calais, in France, where his father was with the Roman army." I will be able to prove my position from the evidence of facts before I have closed this lecture. It is true that St. Patrick gave the Roman alphabet to his pupil Fiagh, that thereby he might the sooner prepare him for holy orders. Not that the Roman characters were easier than the Irish, but the Roman missioner wished to establish an uniformity in the mode of instruction for his pupils and converts, especially for those intended for the Church, that himself and they might pray in the same language, composed in the same characters. There is an incident worth notice, that in fifteen days Fiagh could read and understand the Latin psalms. This could not be so unless he was thoroughly a proficient in the knowledge of some characters before that. You can all clearly see that it would be impossible for a man, wholly unacquainted with letters, to make such rapid progress in a language so learned and so difficult of attainment as the Latin is admitted to be. But Fiagh, afterwards St. Fiagh, Bishop of Sletty, was a graceful adept in the old Irish. Let us see what our own native writers tell us, and what no man ever has denied. We are told by them that when St. Patrick was crossing the country from the north to classic Mayo to celebrate the Lent and the Easter at Cnoc Aichle (Eagle Hill) called to visit Dubtagh, the Druid, and the great poet laureate of King O'Leary, and who was the first convert. During his visit he inquired if the distinguished convert could recommend any person for the mission. He was told that he had a comely youth, who was also a convert, but who was now gone to the north of Mayo, with a present of poems to the chieftain of that county; that when he had returned he would introduce him.

Now, I ask, how could Fiagh have poems to be given as a present, and of his own composition, if he was not a proficient in the use of letters, able to mould them into any shape. The hypothesis is quite absurd. Again, if Ireland had not the alphabet before the great apostle, it is very strange that the Roman characters were not continued in general use. I would be glad to learn who gave us the Celtic letters, what age, in what monarch's time?—the when, the where, the manner how he obtained them, would be an interesting piece of information. Our historians give no record of these things. The annals are silent on the point. And it therefore remains that they came to us as has been sufficiently shown by me. Parsons states that there is no alphabet like ours but the Lybian, and he shows that was Phœnician, not Roman. In the next place, the Roman alphabet has twenty-six letters, we have seventeen. How comes it that we lost nine of the number? The letters of the two alphabets have different names; that would not be if Rome gave us our letters. St. Fiagh wrote a life of St. Patrick in the Irish language. Hence it is clear that that was the language with which he was better acquainted. This in itself proves that he had letters before the apostle gave them to him. St. Seachnall, bishop of Dunshaughlin, another disciple of Patrick's, wrote a hymn in praise of his great master, and he used the Irish characters, though the language was Roman or Latin, through which Seachnall obtained his education and mission in Rome. He preached in Ireland for nine years, when he died and was buried in Dunshaughlin. These two latter incidents would be quite sufficient to establish a refutation of the calumny that we had no alphabet until St. Patrick gave it to us. I should have said that if the apostle introduced the alphabet, it would contain the same number of letters, the same order of letters, the same character of letters, as ours does, but in none of these instances are the Roman and Irish characters similar.

Until lately our alphabet ran thus: *Beith, tuis nion*, thence called "Beithlius nion," whereas the other is termed *alphabet*, as commencing with *alpha, beta*. The form and number are different, the Latin characters being seven more than ours, and more easily written, and for the latter reason also it is clear our ancestors would not give it up for one more difficult of manuscribing, if it were their original mode of writing. I have to apologise for having occupied so much time in refuting such a calumny, but as some parties, not linguists, nor historians, but they whose words written or spoken, because of their position, might mislead the unthinking, I deemed it my solemn duty to give the real state of the case in as plain a point of view as I could. I am rejoiced that this question can be handled as a purely literary one, having no reference whatever to religion or politics. All parties can hear it and arrive at their own conclusion. In the work entitled "Ancient Ireland," I flatter myself I exhibited this country in her real character, as before every other nation, in the number, brilliancy, and variety of her scholars, even in her renown in arms, and her fame in every accomplishment as regards the fine arts and polite literature of every description. It is objected to us that if our letters were from Phœnicia or the Scythians, our ancestors would have written from right to left as the Greeks, who borrowed their alphabet from the Phœnicians, did. I have to say that in the time of Heredotus the Greeks wrote from left to right. This we learn from his surprise at the Egyptians writing the contrary way (book ii., chap. 36). The Irish might have originally written after the same manner, but changed, as did the Greeks. I understand that inscriptions have been discovered in this country, executed from right to left. The Greeks called this system *Boustrophedon*, as it resembled the course of the plough; we call it the *reaper's path*.

TOM SHERIDAN OUT SHOOTING.

Tom Sheridan was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham (or rather Hampstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and his gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some neighboring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared, for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy. "Hallo! you sir," said the squire, when within half ear shot; "what are you doing here, sir, eh?" "I'm shooting, sir," said Tom. "Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire. "I'm here, sir," said Tom. "Here, sir," said the squire, growing angry; "and do you know where here is, sir?—these, sir, are my manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?" "Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over-agreeable." "I don't want any jokes," said the squire; "I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?" "Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing." "Sheridan!" said the squire, cooling a little, "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know that, sir—I—" "No, sir," said Tom, "but you need not have been in a passion." "Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan!" said the squire; "you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for you to talk; but if you were in my place, I should like to know what you would say upon such an occasion?" "Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in your place, under all the circumstances, I should say, I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment." The squire was hit hard by this *nonchalance*, and (as the newspapers say), it is needless to add, acted upon Sheridan's suggestion. "So far," said poor Tom, "the story tells for me, now you shall hear the sequel." After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards. In the course of his walk, he passed through a farm-yard; in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond, in the pond were ducks innumerable swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding; the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green. Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and, having failed at his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him; and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly, up he goes to the farmer, and accosts him very civilly. "My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer." "Of what, sur?" says the farmer. "Why," replies Tom, "I've been out all day fagging after birds, and I haven't had a shot. Now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?" "What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer. "Fairish!" said Tom, "fairish!" "And to have all you kill?" said the farmer, "eh?" "Exactly so," said Tom. "Half a guinea," said the farmer. "That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you a seven-shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket." "Well," said the man, "hand it over." The payment was made. Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fire with one barrel and then with the other, and such quacking and splashing, and screaming and fluttering, had never been seen in that place before. Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended. "Those were right good shots, sur," said the farmer. "Yes," said Tom, "eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?" "Why, yes," said the man, scratching his head, "I think they be; but what do I care for that? *they are none of them mine!*" "Here," said Tom, "I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance, not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness."

Answers to Correspondents.

The following song possesses a natural force, which recommends it to the honors of print:

THE GUARDS OF OUR HEARTHS!

Air—Contented I am!

Come, here's to the Walshes, from Clare to Cloughroe,
Around to Kilkenny and down to Drumboe—
The yeomen of freedom, when roused to the fray,
No foemen dare meet them, so headlong are they;
With glasses o'erflowing and souls high above,
Let's drink to the guards of our hearths and our love.
The brave hardy sons of six centuries gray,
Still young on the heath-hills of many a fray,
In futile commotion they seldom doth share,
For idle ambition so little they care;
But fearless for ever when put to the test—
The guards of our hearths in the gem of the West.

Still, meet one, or either, by Lee or Lough Neagh,
Or off by the Hudson—from home far away—
The store-room of riches you'll find in his breast,
And lockless the lid of its high teeming chest;
Yet jealous as others their rights still to care
Are the guards of our hearths and our girls so fair.
Come, hoist up your banner and call on the brave,
(Who fears now to meet with an honest man's grave,)
For Freedom to fight, while a hope gleams o'erhead,
'Neath the Shamrock and Harp—for the Green o'er the Red.
While Tyrants o'erthrowing wherever they rove,
Success to the guards of our hearts and our love.

Banks of the Lee, December, 1849. WOODSIDE.

"A BOY OF FOURTEEN," hopes we may find time to read his manuscript, which let us state is thirty sheets in length, written on both sides, with blots as numerous as there are spots on a leopard, and the lines being as zig-zag as a Connecticut rail-fence. Add to all this, that it is a poem! on the middle ages, too; and has no doubt neither beginning nor end. We suspect our "Boy of Fourteen" is an old codger of 140. There is evidently a difference of at least twenty years between the ages of the first and last sheets of the paper on which his "labor of love" is written in inks of all hues and colors.

SPA HILL.—The Dr. Sheridan from whom "St. Canice" quoted last week, was grandfather to the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was a clergyman, taught school in Ireland, and was esteemed a man of rare wit. Between him and Dean Swift a warm friendship constantly existed.

☞ PROPOSALS for the composition of the *Irish News*, will be received and considered, at the publication office, 29 Ann-street.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1857.

MEMORIES OF THE DAY—THE 8th OF JANUARY.

To every dweller in the Republic the memory of this day is associated with feelings not less exciting, proud, patriotic and thankful, than those conjured by, and memorial of, the date made immortal by the deeds at Lexington and Concord.

To Irishmen, as Irishmen, and apart from the just glory they take in the warrior who made the 8th of January an index to English disaster, the day suggests memories of men from whose actions profitable lessons of political forbearance may be adduced.

On the 8th of January, Daniel O'Connell—then commencing his career of agitation and but a short way on that path of renown he afterwards trod so proudly—publicly initiated his "right to differ" with the most famous Irishman of the day, Henry Grattan.

Grattan who had, under peculiar circumstances, inspired the latent energies of a nation and then allowed them to waste for want of proper action—who flung his fiery vehemence into the hearts and arms of the volunteers of '82—who organized a victory and after eighteen years beheld it a defeat—who rocked the cradle of what he thought Irish Independence until it went so dead asleep that he followed it to its grave—who, in fact, was the most powerful man who ever advocated a half-measure, or brought a nullifying sophistry to deny a whole one—he, after all his victories, after being a demi-god in Ireland—the founder and mourner of an Irish Parliament, was, in a state of "languid vitality," as Cloncurry states, a member of the English House of Commons. He still continued to be the friend of Ireland—as much as a member of an English Parliament can be. He continued to be the champion of the Irish Catholics. His past, his present, the memory of his power, his chivalry, his eloquence and the trust reposed in him by the great body of Irish emancipationists made him still the idol of a hopeful people, just emerging from the effects of '98, 1800, and 1803.

With this man, who "remained firm to his duty in the darkest adversity," as O'Connell himself said, and to do justice to whose name "would require an eloquence equal to his own," O'Connell had the temerity to differ.

The difference arose from what is known in the Catholic records of the period as the *Veto* question, which was then violently agitated, not more by the enemies, than amongst the friends, of Catholic Rights. The Vetoists were in favor of allowing to the Sovereign of Great Britain the right of nominating or appointing, or concurring in the nomination or appointment of the Irish Catholic prelates; their arguments being founded on the position held by Rome in relation to France, then the "chief enemy of British prosperity and the British name." The Anti-Vetoists believed such a clause utterly ruinous to the Catholic Faith; and as making the Sovereign actually head of that Church. Many protestants, friends of Catholic Emancipation, advocated the Veto, and the Catholic Board of Dublin, alarmed at the progress of the Vetoists among the English Catholics, passed a resolution pledging themselves not to act in the matter without the full concurrence of the Catholic prelates. Grattan, a Protestant, an immoveable prop of the British Constitution, an active leveler of "French principles," and who withal had been the leading Parliamentary advocate of the Catholics, refused to continue in communication with the Catholic Board on the terms of its late resolution. Between the parties letters passed which did not harmonize them, and on the 8th of January, 1814, Daniel O'Connell made a speech at the Board which concluded thus:

"Would to God that I could revive in the mind of Mr. Grattan his former feelings for the Catholics of Ireland!—that I could rouse him to that energy with which he formerly advocated our cause.

"What *securities did he ever speak of in the Irish Parliament?* What apprehension was about him for the Established Church in the year 1793, when he obtained so much for us? Where were his alarms *then?* and yet that, if ever, was the period in which the Established Church might have been in danger. What is there in the English air to alter the mental vision, so that it shall behold gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire, where before it saw nothing but the pleasant prospect of amity, strength and social security?

"Would I could conjure up the ghosts of the illustrious dead who so often aided him in his battle for his then own Ireland; and amid the group I would call up the phantom of departed Ireland herself to remind him of what he was, and what he ought to be, unsophisticated by the delusions of English politics.

"In the sacred names of the mighty dead, I would conjure him to return to the grand and simple principle of the right to perfect liberty of conscience! Whether he succeed or fail in that pursuit his ancient glories will brighten in the rays of these his later honors; and he will singly sustain, in degenerate days, the consistency, as well as the splendor of the first models of Grecian and Roman virtue."

Grattan continued to declare openly and unreservedly for the Veto. O'Connell as openly declared he would ever divide with the men who, "directly or indirectly consented to vetoism of any description." Grattan accused the Board, of which O'Connell was the soul, of an attempt to dictate to him. O'Connell, on the contrary, said, "I desire unanimity—I have endeavored to obtain it; but I now disclaim it for ever if it is not to be had without this concession." And thus was Grattan's decline, and O'Connell's rise, marked by an antagonism respectively based on principle, involving liberty of conscience and the right to differ.

From this episode, Irishmen and others of our day, may take needful instruction. Within a decade its counterpart may be found in Irish political history. Young Ireland differed from old O'Connell, exactly as O'Connell formerly differed with old Grattan. Yet those who are loudest in commendation of O'Connell's right to exercise his judgment in opposition to the great Liberator of '82, are also loudest in denunciation of Young Ireland for having had an opinion contrary to that of the Emancipator of '29. As O'Connell questioned the alarms and "apprehensions" of his primal leader, Young Ireland questioned the insinuations of its former chief. As the one beheld in Grattan's identification with English parties an inability to serve Irish interests, so the other beheld in O'Connell's affiliations with the English whigs a dereliction of Irish Rights. As O'Connell "would call up the phantom of departed Ireland," to show Grattan what he once was; Young Ireland would confront O'Connell with his own early struggles before *he* was "sophisticated by the delusions of English politics." As Grattan was conjured to return to the principle of liberty of conscience, so was O'Connell conjured to return to those principles on which he based his right to differ. And again, as Grattan accused the Catholic Board of assuming a tone of dictation, O'Connell made the same charge against Young Ireland; and as O'Connell replied to Grattan, so did Young Ireland reply to O'Connell, that its members desired unanimity—that, as is well known, they endeavored to attain it, but would not accept it at the cost of independent thought and speech.

Thus the position of O'Connell in 1814 and Young Ireland in 1846, are historical counterparts; and those who pronounce upon either or both, should be governed by a thorough knowledge of the necessities which provoked opposition, as just in one instance as the other. If the Catholic Board of Jan. 1814 had the right to differ, or even dictate to Grattan, there is no earthly reason why Conciliation Hall of 1846, or the Irish Confederation of January, 1847, should be denied a like privilege respecting O'Connell.

We have dwelt on this episode, suggested by the day, feeling that it is only in a calm comparison of the movements which make history that we can learn to exert that forbearance to others which every man and every party, at some time needs be shown to him and itself.

Whilst Irish Catholics were struggling against Irish fear and English prejudice, English arms were struggling to recover that power in America which had melted away over twenty-five years previous, when the leaden statue of George the Third was run into bullets, to defend the "rebellious" hearths by which they were cast.

On the 8th of January (1815) succeeding that on which O'Connell invoked Henry Grattan to forget English politics, Andrew Jackson, the son of poor Irish emigrant parents, concluded a chapter in the military history of Great Britain, the disasters of which are only equalled by the rugged splendor of him who hurled them on his hereditary foe.

As a child, in the log-house of the Waxsaw settlement, listening to his widowed mother recounting the deeds and sufferings of his grandfather at the siege of Carrickfergus, and the oppression under which her countrymen suffered, Andrew Jackson learned the first duty of a man to be, the expenditure of his life if necessary, in the defence of that freedom England denied to his ancestry.

As a boy of eight years, the echoes of Lexington and Bunker Hill kept the terrible panorama of English turbulence vividly before him. At twelve he passionately panted to follow his eldest brother to the defence of the scattered population of the South against the Royal troops inflamed to mad excesses by their continued discomfiture at the hands of the northern patriots.

The Waxsaw settlement, chiefly composed of Irish, was noted for its republicanism, and aroused the relentless hatred of the British troops. Hugh Jackson fell in the service of his adopted country, at Stono, in June 1779. The grief of his mother struck deep into Andrew's soul. He arose from the ordeal a hero. Was this English power, like a withering malison, to follow his people over the earth? He would give his life to prevent it! And the youth, with his now eldest brother, Robert, volunteered into Captain Davie's corps. His noble Irish mother like the Spartan matron, invoking the blessings of the Gods upon the arms that were to lead them to victory; or bear them as a bier, in death. At his first battle Andrew was thirteen years and nine months old. He participated in the unceasing warfare forced upon the settlement for several months. The brothers were at last captured, and until, owing to the restless and resistless devotion of their mother, they were exchanged, suffered all the inhuman barbarity for which the British became so infamously famous during the war. Robert survived but two days; and the mother, worn down with sorrow, with watching, and the dreadful fever caught in unceasing attendance on her neighbors, prisoners in the British ships in Charleston Harbor, she expired in a few weeks after, just outside the American line at the Neck.

Andrew was spared through war and want and woe, through the disasters of the field, the gnashing fury of captivity, and the more delirious rage of fever, to avenge them—to preserve and consolidate the liberties of a mighty confederacy, by avenging the blood of his dear Irish mother and brothers.

Who can wonder that the Iron had entered into his nature.

Heaven robed his youth in sacrifice to purify him—to make him strong for the mission, which Cobbett admitted he fulfilled when he wrote in 1834—"No man living ever did so much to humble England as Andrew Jackson."

With the memories of his youth about him, it is not to be marvelled at that the presence of his old foes at New-Orleans, in 1814, roused him to a state of almost superhuman energy. He had a great debt to pay. For four days and nights at a time did he resist sleep, to perfect his line of defence. He felt confident he would annihilate the enemy. The presence of the English flung terror among the women of the city. Their cries loaded the air. "Tell them," said Jackson to Livingston, "I am here; the British shall never reach the city!" The hero was desperately exasperated. Riding along the line, he would exclaim, "I will smash them, so help me God!" And God did help him.

When we consider the natural weakness of the place, exposed as it was to approach on all sides; the opposition raised by timid officials and truculent merchants; and the efforts of journalistic traitors to spread dissension among the undisciplined, ill-armed, and badly accoutred troops who were to be pitted against an ably-officered veteran army, the best Great Britain could muster, it must be conceded that no campaign in modern history was more brilliant than that in which Jackson successfully defended New Orleans. On the glorious 8th the English left seven hundred dead and over a thousand wounded on the field. The Americans had seven killed and six wounded.

We have said that the feelings inspired by the day are not less exciting than those suggested by the day of Lexington.

If the 19th of April, 1775, inaugurated the American Revolution, the 8th of January, 1815, set the seal upon American Independence. If Lexington has the honor of beholding the first blood shed for American Freedom, New Orleans was the altar of the last sacrifice in the same sacred cause. The one commenced the first War of Independence, the other closed the second.

Eight colonists fell at Lexington. Their blood, falling on the earth like a fiat from Heaven, called up the colonies to arms.

Seven Americans fell at New Orleans. Only seven, as though Heaven would not mar by a great domestic sorrow the exultant jubilation of a preserved Republic on its humbling a second time "the great enemy of mankind!"

ANGLO-SAXONISM—NATIVE AMERICANISM—FRAUDS UPON THE CELT.

Popular delusions and epidemic absurdities have their origin in that animalism which preachers call human depravity.

It is, certainly, a humiliating fact that each generation of poor Humanity has its own particular bubbles of falsehood, which claim the out-spoken admiration of a day.

We, in the middle of this Nineteenth century, are obliged to witness the progress of a vulgar error, called Anglo-Saxonism, which is not merely false, but fanatical; not merely untrue, but a conspiracy against the peace and unity of American citizens.

The origin of the Anglo-Saxon mania may be traced to the unwearied motherly care of England, who, in promoting and guiding the education of her dear children on this side of the Atlantic, has not forgotten the importance of ethnology. For very obvious reasons, the negro is a man and a brother, and should be placed among the Household Gods; and for other reasons, beneficent as they are British, the Irish are little better than cattle, and should be dealt with accordingly.

The extermination of inferior races and the extension of the Anglo-Saxon race is a new theory, originated in our own day.

It is one of those huge English lies periodically sent forth upon the world; more wide-spread than the plague or potato blight—more destructive than armies and navies—more insidious and malignant than the Bible-cant of Exeter Hall.

Since this Anglo-Saxonism obtained currency, the sufferings of the old Celtic race in the Sacred Isle, and in the Highlands of the Scottish Gael, are without a parallel. The Thundering Liar had no modesty in his abuse, and the British Parliament had no mercy in its laws.

The French conquerors and settlers of England, who, through deep policy, propagate this Anglo-Saxon discord in America, have themselves the utmost contempt for what they used to call *Saxon Porkers*, and what they now term the *Swinish Multitude*.

American citizens have been led astray by false English history, to serve the policy of the Norman French Lords. If the truth were told, that the ruling classes and the majority of the people in the United States are Celts, then the feeling of consanguinity might produce international Democratic fraternity. But this would not suit English policy. Hence this Anglo-Saxonism, to alienate Americans from Revolutionary France and rebellious Ireland, and to draw together New England and Old England.

It is only politicians who propogate the idea of an Anglo-Saxon superiority. Every scholar knows it to be false.

What say the latest and best historians and ethnologists? That the oval-headed Celtic type is seen in greatest purity among the North Italians, North Spaniards, Western French, and Belgians. They extend along the coast, more or less, into Norway, where the oval-headed Norse-men contrast with the square and broad-headed Swedes and other Scandinavian Goths.

In the British Isles, the Saxon race overran the whole east and middle of England. There the language and the blood became mixed. The majority of the inhabitants, however, were British.

But the West, and especially the South-west of England, as well as Wales, remained always purely Celtic, speaking their Gælic up to a late date. Ireland and Scotland, especially the North-West, have always been Celtic. Our language—Modern English as it is called—originated and extended only among the Western Celtic population above mentioned. To this day, the Gothic dialects prevail in the Saxonized counties of England and the East Lothians.

At the Reformation, the State-Churchism of Luther was rejected by the Celtic people aforesaid. They became Presbyterians, Puritans, Methodists, &c., or remained Catholic. Hence all these were persecuted and driven out; and hence we find that the early as well as the late immigrants to America were from the West and South of England—from Wales, and Scotland, and Ireland—coming to mingle their blood with the French and Spaniards in the North, West, and South.

The Spaniards, French, South-West British, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish have formed, then, the great tide of American Population. The Saxon and true Gotho-German of North Europe have never equalled the immigration of the Celto-Germans of the Rhine, the Belgians, and we may add, the oval-headed Norwegians or Normans. This small Gothic and Saxon element must, therefore, become absorbed and lost.

America is a combination of the old Celtic Nationalities, while Central and East England—and Central East and North Europe—remain Gothic in their blood and institutions.

Who were the Anglo-Saxons? They were gangs of barbarous marauders that infested the British coast, and ultimately swarmed into the land. They were not a Nation, but the scum of several fair-haired, flat-headed Gothic tribes of North Europe.

The Irish endeavored to Christianize them. They gave them letters, and all the civilization that ever they had. For centuries the Saxons sold themselves to the Irish. When they ceased to be savage pirates, the Saxons became the vilest slaves. Since the Norman conquest they have formed the most brutalised population in Europe—mere animals, without an idea of any God but that of their master, the Norman-French lord—bacon-eating boors in the field, or four-footed beasts of burden in the coal-pits.

What was the origin of this newly discovered Anglo-Saxonism? Did science conceive it? Does charity strengthen it? Does religion maintain it? Does the spirit of liberty propagate it? Or is it an overgrown English falsehood, a nondescript monstrosity that defies classification in natural history? A German, and not a German; an Anglo-Saxon, and yet a Briton; a dark-haired man claiming descent from the flaxen-haired Goth. Is this not a pitiable state of humiliation to which English writers have reduced American citizens, putting them on a level with the very dogs.

We are sorry to be obliged to write thus strongly, but the mischief as well as the insolence of this Anglo-Saxonism is a growing cancer that must be excised by the root. Popular hallucinations are pitiable, but this Anglo-Saxon delusion which English writers have propagated, is disgraceful to the intelligence of American citizens. It puts them in the position of *Foundlings*.

The *London Times* office is to Public Opinion, what the Bank of England is to the Commercial World. It manufactures a paper currency of falsehood, which is taken up and circulated by the servile or fanatical press in England and America.

But when deception has done its work, when English policy is accomplished, then no journal can surpass the London *Times* in the candor and truthfulness of its remarks.

We have preserved the following from the Thunderer, written after the Irish Emigration received a check from the Know-Nothing movement:—

"Nothing indeed is so remarkable as the rapid assimilation of English, Irish, Scotch, German, and even French nationalities, not to speak of some half dozen lesser distinctions of race, in the average American type. It might have been expected that the fact of this continual fusion, would have led the citizens of the Union to assume it as a political condition, to reckon upon it, to promote it, and remove all obstacles, and to hail as second only to those who signed the Declaration of American Independence, any one who should devote himself to the task of conciliating and harmonising the heterogeneous mass of Immigration. There are men who do this great work. There are others who do their best to hinder it. Thanks to the exertions of the latter class, the Irish Immigrant finds, if not actual persecution, at least the treatment of aliens and intruders. He is confronted by cold looks, by invidious rules, by factious demonstrations, and everything short of law and worse than law. No doubt this, as far as it goes, drives the Celt back to his own country. He will not make himself at home where he does not find himself at home."

The Britishers are abler politicians than the calculating race of this country are willing to admit. English policy drove forth the Irish when they were not wanted. The same policy, acting through Orange agents, promoted the Know-Nothing persecution to disgust and send them back.

The Anglo-Saxon doctrine has been the most successful stroke of policy, as it is the falsest theory that ever emanated from British statesmen.

It is the duty of every true American to put down this overgrown English lie.

The American language is Celtic. It differs from the Saxon dialects of England, and originated and spread, up to the present day, only among the Celtic population. The American forms of religion, opposed to the State Church, belonged to the persecuted Celts. The oval-headed, dark American physique is Celtic. The Presidents and greatest statesmen of America, from Washington to Buchanan, have been, with two or three exceptions, Celtic. The free and democratic spirit of America, inherited from France, Wales, Ireland, and the Scottish clans, and deadly opposed to the Gothic feudalism of England and Germany, is Celtic. Therefore let us hear no more of the flunkey Prince-Albert-Saxe-Gotha cant, about German and Anglo-Saxon superiority.

DEATH OF MRS. LYNCH.

No season—the happiest that brightens this earth—is without its shadow. The echoes of the grave are ever audible. No triumph, with its trumpets and chariots, has silenced them. No song of youth, or hope, or love, however thrilling and divine, has stilled those dread Voices of the Night.

And so, in the very dawn of this beauteous New Year, rosy and glowing with so many hopes and good resolves, comes a cloud of sorrow above the house of our friend, Patrick Lynch. And thus, in the midst of the congratulations we offer with a heart full to a crowd of generous natures, it becomes with us a mournful duty to assure him of our sincere sympathy and condolence.

In the adversities that have at times made our path rugged and dark, we have had the hand, heart, and warm words of our friend to cheer us. Now that it has pleased Heaven to visit him with the heaviest sorrow a man can have, he has from us all that a heart, made grateful by his own kind offices and consolations, can offer. He has the full measure of our sympathy. He has the assurance of the respect and admiration with which in life she, who has been taken from him, was ever regarded by us, and with which, now that the snow has fallen on her grave, she must for years be remembered by all who knew her.

RECEPTION OF THE RESOLUTE IN ENGLAND.

The generous and dignified action of our Government in returning to the English authorities the Arctic-ship *Resolute*, which was picked up by an American whaler, has been made the occasion of great rejoicing both at Cowes and Spithead. She was received not alone with one, but with three Royal salutes, and had the honor of a Royal visit. There was a blending of flags—a commingling of Stars and Stripes with Union Jacks and Royal Standards—and a perfect reciprocity of Royal and Republican amenities. Her Majesty conformed to the simple usages of this country, by dispensing with those appendages of Monarchy which are calculated to beget irreverence and ridicule. With the exception of two Royal Grooms, riding down to the Government dock to announce that her Majesty would be punctual to her appointment, the buffoonery usual upon such occasions was dispensed with. The Queen was received at the gangway of the *Resolute*, by Captain Harstein and his officers, with a bearing at once independent, dignified and genial. The Captain then delivered the following address:—"Will your Majesty allow me to welcome you on board the *Resolute*, and in accordance with the wishes of my countrymen, and in obedience to my instructions from the President of the United States to return her to your Majesty, not only as an expression of friendly feeling to your sovereignty, but as a token of love, admiration, and respect for your Majesty's person."

The customary introductions then took place, and her Majesty, having inspected the vessel, and condescended to remain on board about an hour, took her departure.

This little episode in the history of Royal receptions in England cannot fail to convey a useful lesson to the people of that country, who have been accustomed to see only loyal masquerades, and burlesques upon freedom and dignity of action. It must certainly convey to them a proper notion of the institutions and and sovereignty of American citizens. There was respect without cringing, and courtly demeanor without fawning.

This event also reminds our people of the rapid growth of the United States in national strength and commercial greatness. Seventy-nine years ago, the first American flag was first seen in British waters. The Stars and Stripes flew from the mast-head of the *Ranger*—Paul Jones swept the English Channel, from Whitehaven to Carrickfergus, carrying terror into the ports and harbors of the three kingdoms. The only Royal salute he received was from the broadsides of the *Drake*, which he captured in Belfast Lough.

Indeed, the whole proceedings were fruitful of pleasing reminiscences. Her Majesty and attendants might have been reminded, when they saw the Stars and Stripes displayed from the peak of the *Resolute*, "in graceful harmony with the Red Cross of St. George," that it was not the first time the American colors graced an English vessel. For the frigate *Macedonian*, captured in the war of 1812, was despatched to Cork, by this Government in 1847, with provisions and clothing for her Majesty's starving subjects of Ireland. There were no salutes fired upon that occasion, nor did Osborne cross over to Cove with Royal greetings to that messenger of charity and love!

The parade at Cowes and the thundering salutes at Spithead were state tricks got up to make capital with a generous and impressionable people. A storm is gathering in Europe, another war is impending, and England has not in that hemisphere a single reliable ally. Should the crafty ministers of Queen Victoria succeed in bringing the United States into an offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain, she might be able to maintain her influence somewhat longer in the councils of Europe, and retard the establishment of republican institutions in those countries where pretended sympathy caused her to be regarded as a friend instead of the most inveterate and formidable enemy the advocates of European progress could encounter.

Why has not her Majesty appointed an ambassador to the vacant post at Washington? Is such studied insult a work of respect for the government and people of America. Because, after all, that is a question which obtrudes itself amid those courtly congratulations, aristocratic festivities, scientific reunions, turtle feeds at Portsmouth, and popular rejoicings at Cowes and Brighton.

NOTICE TO OUR COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS.—A friend whose knowledge and avocations peculiarly qualify him for the task, has kindly undertaken to carefully revise, every week, the wholesale prices of all the items of country produce disposed of in the New-York market for us. It often occurs in the hurry incident upon the publication of a daily paper that slight errors happen, in regard to figures, which may considerably affect country producers. We therefore intend to keep our country readers correctly posted in such matters.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

PAT COSTELLO WITH SOME OF THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME—PIERCE MAHONY—PURCELL O'GORMAN—MAJOR TALBOT AND CONWAY OF THE CASTLE—A DINNER AT SALT-HILL.

Those who have been made at-all familiar with the incidents of the great prosecution, instituted against O'Connell, in the autumn of 1843, by the Government of Sir Robert Peel, will quickly recognise the name of Mr. Pierce Mahony in connection with them. Of the formidable defence in that case, he was the sustaining spirit. The forts and trenches, behind which the towering Tribune of Derrynane enthroned himself, were the work of this eminent attorney from Kerry. He was the Todleben of the siege which Conciliation Hall bore the hot brunt of for months. Shiel, Whiteside, Fitzgibbon were the conspicuous officers in the field. Mahony, the engineer, whose glory was half concealed by the huge mounds—the volcanic masses of earth, and stone, and timber—which rolled back the tide of war. The evening the special steamboat from Liverpool brought the news that the House of Lords had reversed the sentence of the Queen's Bench, Mr. Pierce Mahony might have been descried from the Kingstown jetty, standing on the paddle box, as the boat swept under the light-house, into the noble basin of which it is the sleepless sentinel. His burly figure was unmistakeable. The decorations he exhibited, fixed the public eye upon him. The observed of all observers, he carried a tall white wand in his right hand, and wore a broad white ribbon round his hat. Were it not pretty well understood that the boat was freighted with good news, Mr. Pierce Mahony might have been mistaken for a mute. A broad sheet of paste-board, inserted into a slit, surmounted the wand. It bore in black Romans the joyful intelligence of the Liberator's liberation.

A few years previous to this, the same gentleman had acquired a considerable celebrity as the author of the *Leinster Declaration*—a pompous repudiation of Repeal, signed by a crowd of titled and estated provincialists, headed by Ireland's only Duke. Frequently referred to by O'Connell with mimickry and scorn, it had associated Mr. Pierce Mahony in the popular judgment with the enemies of Ireland. Deep were the groans with which his name was frequently received at the meetings which preceded the tumult and catastrophe of 1843. Indeed, the pervading idea amongst the people attributed to Mr. Mahony the credit of indefatigably cultivating the acquaintanceship and patronage of every noodle who had a coronet on his carriage, or was born with a dozen silver spoons in his mouth. Were this the truth, Mr. Mahony was no exception to the general tendency of the profession he adorned. Paul Rooney, perpetually entertaining the officers of the garison, and every knight, baronet, or peer he chanced to fall in with, in his searches after title in Dublin, until in the *Hotel de Kilmainham* he broke down with his *Cruskeen Lawn* before the Emperor of Russia, is hardly an exaggeration of the Irish attorney, who, in plentiful practice, makes the most of his clients.

Towards the close of the struggle for Catholic Emancipation, Mr. Pierce Mahony was one of a deputation to London. Shiel, O'Gorman Mahon, Jack Lawless, Wyse, and other celebrities, were on it. A consultation with Mr. Brougham, Earl Grey, the Duke of Sussex, and the more illustrious champions of the Catholic claims, was the purpose of the deputation. During their stay in London, they experienced in the highest quarters the most brilliant courtesy. The hospitality extended to them was profuse. Shiel, if I recollect right, says it was prodigal. Entertained at a public dinner in the Freemasons' Tavern, with a Prince of the Blood in the chair, they were bewildered with invitations to the houses of the more liberal Nobility. The Duke of Norfolk gave a banquet in their honor, the splendor of which it would take the pen of the author of the Epicurean to commemorate. Pierce Mahony was in his glory. He never before appeared to such advantage. Meeting him in the Stephen's Green Club, at Burton Bindon's, or any place else, on his return to Dublin after this visit to London, his friends used to say—

"Why, Pierce, you've grown enormous!"

Pierce would cuckle over this. It was his cue to a personal narrative of dinners, luncheons, suppers, balls, and private interviews at great houses, which was only cut short by an invitation to him to finish it that evening over a good bottle of wine. From his own account, it would appear that Mr. Pierce Mahony was the most distinguished member of the Catholic delegation to London. He had compliments—compliments the most gracious—paid him. Compliments, he said, which, some-how or other it happened, were paid to none of the rest. Beside the great banquet given the deputies at Norfolk House, at which he assisted with the rest of the popular embassy, Mr. Pierce Mahony was specially invited to take fish with his Grace the last Friday previous to his starting for Dublin. His Grace being a Catholic, not only had fish for himself on a Friday, but provided it for those who concurred with him in religious belief. Mr. Mahony regarded this as a wonderful instance of condescension and thoughtfulness. He spoke of it loudly. His eloquence on the subject was a treat by itself. It was positively luxurious. No mock turtle was ever more luscious. To Pat Costello, however, it soon grew to be distasteful. Worse than distasteful. For Pat used to complain it gave him the night-mare.

"I'll spoil that fish dinner on him, as sure as he lives," says Pat.

Not long after this, the jovial old blade of Kilkenny met Mr. Pierce Mahony in the coffee-room of the Salt-hill hotel. It was a very bleak day. The remains of the winter's snow was on the ground. From the windows of the hotel the waves looked cold and wild. An angry breeze broke the white crests, flinging them in showers of foam against the storm-wall which defends the railway on the sea-side, and far over the railway itself. Out to sea, not a sail was visible. A solitary gull, sweeping down towards the strand at Sandymount, was the only living thing to be seen above the waters. The trees about the hotel were the very pictures of misery. They were thin, naked, starved. They were enough—the very sight of them—to give one the shivers. It was just such a day as to bring gentlemen of convivial natures into cosy groups about a fire-place. It was just such a day as to provoke an appetite for the best of dishes and decanters. It was just such a day as stimulates wit, prodigious good fellowship, and a love for all other good things.

Mr. Pierce Mahony and Mr. Pat Costello were the pioneers of a large party who had made arrangements to celebrate some political event—I believe the Whig majority on a late division in Parliament—by a dinner at Salt-hill—by making a regular night of it, in fact. Shortly after they came on the ground, old Fred Conway, of the *Evening Post*, appeared in his spectacles. Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman followed the *Post*. He wore a plentiful blue dress-coat—the broadest of skirts and brass buttons—an exuberance of shirt-frill and a bulwark of shirt-collar—and in his plump right hand grasped a fur cap and the ivory knob of a ponderous hazel.

He looked the lord of the house. The same masterly cartoon of good-health, consequence, ancient chivalry and hospitable cheer, as in strong outline and shadow he loomed up before me, a dozen years subsequently, in the front row of the dress-circle, in Hawkin's street Theatre, in the city of Dublin. It was a Command-night. The Earl of Clarendon occupied the Vice-regal box. Sir Edward Blakeney, the Commander of the Forces, glowed in crimson and gold in the box opposite. Uniforms of Hussar, Fuzileer, Rifle and Heavy Dragoon officers relieved the sombre monotony of black coats in the lower part of the house. Merrion Square, Stephen's Green, Fitzwilliam street, and all the other aristocratic regions of the city, had poured in their streams of perfumed finery above the Pit. The Gods had assembled in tumultuous force, and from the balcony of their dusky Olympus—close under the eaves of the frescoed roof—flashed their wit, and at intervals their humorsome ribaldry, on the minor, but more pretentious divinities below them. It was an Attic night. Helen Faucit trod the stage as *Antigone* in the sublime tragedy of Sophocles. The chorus, with their peals of song; the burning tripod; the chaste accessories of Corinthian column, vase, and curtain; the plenitude of the drapery in which the Grecian forms were clad; the loftiness of the sentiment which renewed the patriotism, the religion and the heroic poetry of the land of Homer Miltiades, the priests of the Parthenon, and the orators of the Arcopagus; the artistic excellence, physical power, enthusiasm and genius with which all was rendered, restored to an inferior day the full grandeur of the epoch. The magnificent anthem—*God Save the Queen*—with the ebb and flow of the ocean at midnight—sustained the illusion.

As was customary, *Patrick's Day* followed. The enchantment was dispelled. The Gods returned with a bound to Irish soil. Olympus, transformed into a Rath, shook with roars of delight. The Pit rose to a man. It was a sudden intoxication which seized the House. One portion of it alone escaped. One portion of it, alone preserved its coldness, imperturbability, and dull decorum. One portion of it alone was impervious to the national enthusiasm which that dashing, rollicking air inspired. The Dress-circle subsided into a pale stagnation. The military gentlemen pouted, sneered, twisted their moustachees, lisped, hemmed and hawed, and kept their cushioned seats. Their admirers did the same. It was not genteel for ladies, who received officers of the English army at their houses, to give way to any feeling when *Patrick's Day* was played. It would have lost them the patronage of the garrison—of Portobello and the Beggar's Bush—had they pretended to recognise the vulgar composition. Without the red millinery and epaulettes, what would the drawing-rooms of the Belgravia—the Faubourg St. Germain of Dublin—do? Without the blessed dragon-flies, with their glittering scales, what could the peach-skinned and gauze-winged moths and butterflies of the gardens and conservatories of the Squares, on either side the limpid Liffey, do? How could an Irish girl, who had the run of the Castle, marry any one but an English servant?

But the honest democracy overflowing the Theatre, cared nothing for the conceits and incivilities of the Dress-circle. They cheered as though there were no Dress-circle. They cheered as though no insipid Viceroy were present, or within miles. They cheered as if the House were their own. Absolutely cheered as if the island, from sea to sea, was theirs at last. And as the fiddles and drums finished off *Patrick's Day* with a crash, above the cheers and music the voice of Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman was heard, as if issuing from the ton of Hidelberg, calling upon the orchestra to give them *Garryowen*—

"Give us *Garryowen!*" he roared.

Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman was the same that night—that Attic night—as he was, a dozen years before, in the coffee-room of the Salt-hill hotel, waiting for his dinner.

The Assistant-barrister of the County Kilkenny had not been many seconds in the room, before my friend, Major Talbot entered. The Major blew very hard as he took off his hat, and wished the company good evening. For several years he had been on half-pay, and had lost his military waist. It would have no longer looked well in tight regimentals. An aldermanic gown was better adapted to the girth it had gained. The Major was loosely attired. Big coat, big shoes with drab gaiters, big waistcoat—a blazing plaid waistcoat—broad-leafed black hat, and a slovenly large wig of a deep purple tint—made up his dining, and, in fact, his every-day costume. Like most military characters belonging to the old school—the old Peninsular school, as he used to say with an emphasis—he was a stern conservative. His indisposition to everything like change, affected his toilette. It might be said literally to have affected his purse. But it was no empty boast, that he belonged to the old Peninsular school. The Major served gallantly with his regiment, the 27th Foot, all through the campaign under Wellington, in Portugal and Spain. At the siege of Badajoz, three ladders broke under him. Two balls in his left arm were continually quoted as evidence of his courage at Pampeluna. The balls were never extracted. It was with some difficulty, therefore, he managed to play on the flute. Constant practice, however, overcame the awkwardness his wounds inflicted, and at the time I became acquainted with him, he performed on his favorite instrument with facility and grace. His rooms, at the top of an old house in Aungier-street, two or three nights in the year echoed with hilarious anecdotes, the jingling of glasses, the sweetest of music. Whenever the conversation flagged, or a dispute arose, the Major, dilating at the head of his table, made it a point to interpose his flute. It had a magical effect. I chanced to be present one night when a discussion occurred between two elderly gentlemen, both very sensitive, pertinacious, and hot. The one, a retired Captain of the Bombay Artillery. The other, an incapable old Lieutenant of the old Dublin Militia. A passage in Napier's history of the Peninsular War, provoked the dispute. The controversialists warmed and stormed, looked daggers and threatened each other with coffee and pistols until the argument verged upon blows. The Major demanded silence, and pouring his soul through his cocoa-wood flute, after a few bars of *Di Tanti Palpiti*, succeeded in restoring the smiles of the feast.

Most of the company having arrived, the merriest talk was on foot. Conway had his quick quaint sayings *à propos* to the political events of the day, and the pretensions and blunders of his political opponents. O'Gorman had his reminiscences of the Catholic Association—of heroic times long antecedent to that—and the more degenerate times which found him presiding in the Kilkenny Court of Quarter-Sessions.

"The most ungracious—I might add, the most ignoble duty I have had ever to perform"—so he spoke.

"You may say that," said Costello; "for when you threatened the attorneys of the Court one day to apply for a translation to another County, Mick Hyland, you know, got up and assured your Worship there wasn't an attorney in Court who wouldn't back the humble petition."

The Major intervened here. He had a delicate little morsel of scandal to give them. Breakfasting at the Richmond barracks that morning, he had picked it up, pocketed it for the company that evening, but thought they might as well have it before they moved in to dinner. It would serve as a pickle.

Then, somehow or other, the conversation turned upon Shiel. Conway introduced the topic. He referred to the speech Shiel had just made upon Lord Stanley's Registration Bill. A glorious speech! Everyone there said so. Pat Costello vowed it beat his speech upon the adultery and death of the Duke of York. The Major swore it reminded him of a charge of bayonets in the Peninsula. Purcell O'Gorman decided it was excellent in its way—the time and place of its delivery considered—but was of opinion that Shiels' Catholic Association speeches had never been excelled by those he delivered in Parliament.

"What is there," he asked, "at all, to equal his speech on the King's visit?"

"Or his speech defending Father Brady at the Quarter Sessions of Cavan?" Mr. Costello suggested.

"Don't forget his speech on the meeting of the *Elect* in the Rotunda," said Conway, "where he described the sweet-spirited lispers of the Gospel, who taught the rigid doctrines of Calvin with the impassioned tenderness of Abelard."

"Pooh! Pooh!" exclaimed Purcell O'Gorman, "it's nothing to what he said about the Protestant Burial Bill, as it was called. Lord Rossmore was in the chair of the Association the day Shiel spoke of it."

"Give it to us," the Major cried out, pulling down his blazing red waistcoat, and stiffening his collar.

"By that Bill, my Lord, we are permitted to rot by the side of our Protestant brethren. Henceforth the honorable dust of a Protestant gentleman will be blended with and profaned by an ignominious commixture with Popish carrion, and the centipedes that revel on the sumptuous banquet provided by a Protestant prelate in the grave will sometimes turn, for the sake of a cadaverous variety, to the more slim repast supplied by a Popish curate."

"Well done, Purcell!" was Pierce Mahony's exclamation, as the quotation was finished. "But even that was nothing to what he let off in the Freemason's Tavern the time I was on the deputation with him to London."

"That's the time you dined with the Duke of Norkfolk," says Costello, winking to Conway, and nudging the Major.

"The very time," Mr. Mahony quickly replied.

And Mr. Mahony, who had been somewhat dull all this time, having had his special chord struck, went off with a volume of sound and deafened the company. The old story of the deputation to London was told over anew. With Mr. Pierce Mahony, it was the Old Hundreth psalm. The dinner at Mr. Brougham's house, where Daniel O'Connell sat between the Dukes of Devonshire and Leinster; the famous scene in the House of Commons between Peel and Brougham, when the patriotism, the misfortunes, and gray hairs of Hamilton Rowan were dragged into debate by the former, and were rescued, with such a terrible retaliation on Peel, by the heart, memory, and genius of the latter; the banquet at Norfolk House, in the room where George the Third was born, and where, besides those already mentioned, the Irish agitators met and hob-nobbed with Lords Fitzwilliam, Shrewsbury, Donoughmore, Stourton, Clifford and Arundel, Sir Francis Burdett, Messrs. Abercrombie and Denman; these, and several other incidents, were related by Mr. Pierce Mahony, as though it were the first time he told them.

"But what"—Mr. Costello put the question—"what about the fish dinner you had at the Duke's house?"

Nothing could be more gracious, more condescending, more thoughtful, more bounteous. It was Friday, and he had enough fish to do him for Lent.

"Blood-an-ouns!" says Pat, "and so, Pierce, they left you enough from the Parlor!"

ENGLISH APPROPRIATION OF IRISH INTELLECT.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

At this season of rejoicing, it is well that Irishmen should renew those memories which shed lustre on their country. The following essay, written in 1842, by Thomas Davis, outlines in a very suggestive manner a theme upon which Irishmen can dwell with much benefit to themselves. This paper is not included in the only volume yet collected of *Davis's Essays;* and, therefore, has a freshness (although many of the persons mentioned therein are now dead) quite in keeping with its bright epigrammatic style:

The late Allan Cunningham, in his "History of the British Literature of the last Fifty Years," says, "That with all her eloquence, feeling, and fancy, Ireland contributes little, at least less than she ought, to the literature of the empire; for what she pleases to send us we are thankful, the quality is good."

To the latter portion of the Scotch critic's sentence we assent, as completely as we dissent from its commencement. We admit that the quality of intellectual wares which Ireland contributes to the imperial literature is good; but we assert also that its quantity is great.

Irish Usher, Boyle, and Berkley, Swift, Sterne, and Goldsmith, Lucas, Burke, and O'Leary, Flood, Grattan, and Curran, are not without Irish successors.

What has Ireland lately contributed—what does she at present contribute to the mind-monopoly, and mind robbery of England?

The first dramatic writer of the day—writing in the English language—is James Sheridan Knowles; and he is first, merely because the grave has closed upon his countryman Griffin, the author of the best—far the best of modern tragedies—*Gysippus*. It cannot be for a moment contended that Talfourd or Bulwer can, as dramatists, be placed in the same rank as Knowles. The best performance of the first—his *Ion*—can scarcely be said to keep the stage. Its composition cost some fourteen years; less than half that period has been sufficient to consign it to oblivion. The *Athenian Captive*, and another drama, the *Massacre of Glencoe*, are no more. The comparison would indeed be odious were we to compare *William Tell* and *The Lady of Lyons*, *Virginius* and *Richelieu*, *The Wife* and the *Sea Captain*. The two most successful comedies, since the production of Sheridan's *School for Scandal*, viz., *London Assurance* (Convent Garden, 1841), and *Marriage* (Haymarket, 1841), are both the works of Irishmen.

In Poetry we contribute Moore.

In Oratory, we contribute—no! we are wrong—O'Connell is too Irish—too completely national to be confounded with anything English; we give them Sheil.

In Fiction, we have, or rather lately had, Maturin, Banim and Griffin; we still have Miss Edgeworth, the first of female writers; Lady Morgan, Colley Grattan, and though last, far indeed from least, Carleton. *Patronage*, *The Collegians*, *Tales of the O'Hara Family*, and *The Convicts of Lisnamona* are worth all the *Pelhams*, *Peter Simples*, *et hoc genus omne*, ever published. Boz is, indeed, an honor to England; and so justly appreciated is he by the English, that a considerable portion of their press prefer to *Pickwick*, *Nickleby*, and *The Clock*, the amusingly told stories of Lorrequer—*de gustibus non disputandum*.

In History, it is true, we are as yet deficient—I say as yet, for M'Cullagh and O'Callaghan have done much to create a thirsting in the Irish people for historical information; and ere long we shall begin to perceive the fruits of their labors. Still; a little time, and we shall have Irish historical writers, and, what will be infinitely more valuable, Irish histories of Ireland.

In Criticism, with the single exception—but it is a great one—of John Wilson Croker, we are also wanting. Croker was one of the principal contributors to the *Quarterly*. He was long the rival of the editor, and that editor was William Gifford. Croker was, moreover, an orator and a poet, and eminent in *both* capacities.

Among the most brilliant contributors to the periodical press of England are to be found Irishmen. *Fraser's Magazine*, so long at the head of the English monthlies, was never so popular as during the publication of the "Prout Papers," written by the Irish editor. There is scarcely a periodical in England which does not number some one or two of our countrymen among its contributors. Bating its very bad politics, our own *University* is equal to any, and superior to most, of the English periodicals of the same class.

It is an ascertained fact, that the overwhelming majority of the gentlemen connected with the London newspaper press are Irish.

In Science, we boast such names as Hamilton, M'Cullagh, Lloyd—men whose great scientific attainments are beyond question, and the first of whom has long enjoyed a European reputation.

In Cambridge, the science University of England, the Irish have eminently distinguished themselves, particularly of late years: we may find some mere Irish, with mere Milesian names, among the fellows and tutors.

There is a man who holds a high rank—the highest in the English army—but, although we might, we claim him not.

Turn we now to other matters, and we will find Irishmen occupying the highest position as musicians, painters, sculptors, and architects.

In Music, Balfe and Rooke (the original name of the latter was Rourke, but to satisfy the anti-Irish prejudices of the English, he was forced literally to "jump Jim Crow," and become *Rooke*) are the first in England. The operas of the former are numerous, and were on their production most successful; and if the second had produced nothing but his *Amelie, or the Love Test*, his fame as a composer would be fully established. The *Morning Post* says, that the celebrated "English" composer, Balfe, is now writing for the Opera Français and the Opera Comique at Paris. We hope that French ears will distinguish, and French hearts re-echo the music of our country—we have an idea that a grand medley might be composed of the *Ca ira* and the *Shan Van Vocht*, the *Marseillaise* and *Garryowen*.

In Painting, the President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sir Martin A. Shee, is a Corkman (*par parenthese*); the President of the Academy of Painting of New-York is also a countryman of ours. But honor to America! the country which has ever generously afforded an asylum to our exiled patriots—which honors them while living, and erects monuments to them when dead—the country which sympathises with us in our sufferings, cheers us and aids us in our endeavors to redress them, is worthy of all we can bestow. We will only rejoice the more in the glory of America, if we know we have in any degree contributed to its increase. In addition to these, there is Maclise, who, in his department, stands without a rival.

In Portrait Painting, a department of the art which the English have particularly cultivated, Rothwell is in the very first rank. In Water Color Painting, Burton is first. Sam. Lover, too, holds a high place in this branch. Lover is, indeed, what a *Lover* should be—a musician, a painter, a poet, and moreover, a novelist. H. B., the celebrated political caricaturist, a great satirist, and in his line, an unequalled artist, is an Irishman, his real name is Doyle.

In Sculpture, we have Hogan, Moore, and Turnerelli. Here there can be no competition on the part of England.

We may here express a hope that the day is not far distant when the pencil of the Irish painter, and the chisel of the Irish sculptor, will be employed on Irish subjects for an Irish Pantheon. Doyle, and Curran, and O'Connell already breathe in the marble of Hogan, Moore, and Turnerelli. Soon may we have a Pantheon for all the illustrious of Ireland, with the inscription from the French, "*Aux grands nommes la patrie reconnaissante*," translated into any language but the English, and within its walls the honored remains of our Tones, Fitzgeralds, Emmets, and MacNevins. And we will have it—and that before long—before the foot of the Saxon can have worn the inscription from the stones which in Westminster Abbey covers our Grattans, our Burkes, and our Sheridans—"*A toutes les glories de l'Irlande!*

In Architecture, who can doubt our taste and talent? Our deserted, yet queenly city is a demonstration. Look at the buildings which during the short space of Ireland's life time sprung up on all sides. We should mention the architect of the new houses of parliament—Barry (a name dear to the arts), is a native of Ireland.

All the names which we have mentioned belong to Ireland; they are appropriated by England; this should not endure, nor be endured. Ireland for the Irish, and the Irish for Ireland! Give unto Cæsar what belongs unto Cæsar, but let us give him more. Draw a line—a deep one, as deep as the channel between the nations. They are our superiors in nothing; in many things we are theirs. Their people are ignorant, boorish, besotted, immoral, swinish—aye, and cowardly. We have been speaking of mind. Some one has said that he should judge of a people by their amusements. What would such an observer think were the manager of a metropolitan theatre, in a Christian country, to produce as an attraction, not an old established favorite actress, but a woman whose only merit was the fact of being, an admitted, and known prostitute, and suspected——Oh! our masters!

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

A DOGGEREL, DEDICATED TO THE IRISH TENANT LEAGUE.

To guard their homes and liberty
Our fathers had to fight,
But lordly law protects us now,
We've got our Tenant Right,
The privilege of flight.

Chorus.—Then let us sing God save the Queen,
Without her we should perish.
The bayonet, bishops and the lords,
For evermore we'll cherish,
For evermore we'll cherish.

We shall maintain the right divine
Of consecrated noodles,
Though pauper babes in hunger pine,
While nurses 'tend to poodles,
The happy, happy poodles.

Chorus.

The lord is born the law to form,
And take the lion's share;
While we all fret and toil and sweat,
Or live upon the air,
And fatten on the air.

Chorus.

When famine sweeps the farmer's home,
And peace and joy forsake it,
When not a penny's to be had,
His lordship will not take it,
'Twould break his heart to take it.

Chorus.

The law is kind, the law is strong,
To punish, or to save.
The worker old gets his reward—
The Poorhouse or the grave,
The shelter of the grave.

Chorus.

While cruel acts of noble lords
Bring grief and destitution,
We can, for comfort, look upon
The British Constitution,
"Our glorious Constitution."

Chorus.—Then let us sing God save the Queen.
Without her we should perish,
The bayonet, bishops and the lords
For evermore we'll cherish,
For evermore we'll cherish.

Old Sam.

WINTER THOUGHTS.

NO. 1—THE DEAD YEAR.

I.

Yet another chief is carried
From life's battle on his spears,
To the great Valhalla cloisters
Of the ever-living years.

II.

Yet another year—the mummy
Of a warlike giant, vast—
Is nich'd within the pyramid
Of the ever-growing past.

III.

Years roll through the palm of Ages,
As the dropping ros'ry speeds
Through the cold and passive fingers
Of a hermit at his beads.

IV.

One year falls and ends its penance,
One arises with its needs,
And 'tis ever thus prays Nature,
Only telling years for beads.

V.

Years, like acorns from the branches
Of the giant oak of Time,
Fill the earth with healthy seedlings
For a future more sublime.

NO. 2—A FROSTY NIGHT.

I.

As one that worketh miracles, the Moon
Transfigures all the silence into light;
And filagreed with frost the hill-sides white,
And sloping uplands flecked with drifted snow,
Seem through their statued chill to whine a low
And plaintive croon.

II.

The groves that were in summer-time all song,
Profuse in clear soprano tones of glee,
Now hoarsely dull, like voice-cracked choirs dree
Their shivering existences, and make
Night mournful, as the dirges slowly take
Their woes along.

III.

The mountain gorges, that like arteries ran
With June-breath, hot as blood, are weirdly numb,
And here and there the trickling streamlets come
And break the frost in many a wild device,
Struggling athrough thin barricades of ice
That all the gullies span.

IV.

The lonely trees, scant-robed in crispy snow,
Stretching their bare arms upward to the sky,
Seem like poor buried souls, who did not die,
That waking, burst their sepulchres, and strive
With piteous plaints, to prove themselves alive
To their mad woe.

V.

As o'er the ghostly landscape peers the sight,
The moonlight teaming an unbroken flood—
The stars that in their planet coteries brood
Over earth's solitude—the distant trackless sea—
Roll to Thought's shore the ebbless tide—Eternity,
This vast, pale night.

John Savage.

WIFE *vs* LADY.

A writer in the *Evening Post* well says that the word lady, as a substitute for wife, is one of the most snobbish cockneyisms or flunkeyisms of the day—yet the instinct of imitation leads many men, who ought to know better, to recognise "lady" as the synonym of *wife*.

The author of this innovation is not positively known; but it is certain that he was the *lord* of a hotel—*aglice*, landlord—who very properly held *his* lady—*anglice*, landlady—to be "first among women;" and who, therefore, considered it the tiptoppery of grace to his newly arriving guests to receive them with, "How do you do, Mr. Spriggins? How is your lady?" Or, if the "lady" aforesaid arrived in company with her aforesaid lord, he, the *land*-lord, would direct his clerk to record in the register of arrivals, "S. Peterkin Spriggins, Esq., and lady." So much for the origin of the cockneyism.

The word "wife," as Cæsar says of the polar star, "has no fellow in the firmament;" it has neither synonym nor substitute; and any attempt to supply either, is a sort of philological affront to the original.

Lady, on the other hand, is to a certain extent interchangeable with *woman*. As a descriptive term, it serves to discriminate between the orders of society, and so far forth indicates position, cultivation, refinement. Yet it is by no means universally the superior word. For example:

"Oh, *woman*, in our hours of ease."

And, in Portia's reply to Brutus:

Brutus—You are my true and honorable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit this sad heart.

Portia—If this were true, then I should know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman;
A woman well reputed—Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?

In cases like these, *lady* would make but a sorry figure. And then, again, in the case of the other Portia, where Bassanio says:

"Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins. I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,

Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I am a braggart,"—

woman would fare quite as indifferently.

"Lady," in a personal address, as in Bassanio's instance, is the indispensable word; and so, also, as a descriptive and discriminating term; but as the synonym of wife it is an unwarrantable and depreciating vulgarism, quite worthy of an illiterate source, and quite unbecoming well-bred men.

Literary and Artistic News.

Francis C. Gray, who was known as one of the early contributors to the *North American Review*, and as an able writer on Prison Discipline, and who has filled several important civil stations in Massachusetts, died at Boston, on the 29th ult., in the 66th year of his age. He was a son of William Gray, known in his time as one of the most eminent, enterprising and wealthiest merchants of the United States. The Boston *Daily Advertiser* says of him:—"He was born in Salem the 10th September, 1790. He graduated at Harvard College in 1809, with the second honors of his class. After leaving College, he went through a course of legal studies in the office of Hon. William Prescott, and was admitted to the bar, but he did not pursue the profession for a considerable time. Possessing ample wealth, he became a man of letters, and devoted his powerful and well-cultivated mind to the pursuits of literature. He was private secretary of Hon. John Quincy Adams when he was Minister in Russia. He was one of the most brilliant and accomplished writers among us, and was an early contributor to the *North American Review*. He was the author of that valuable paper entitled "Remarks on the Early Laws of Massachusetts Bay; with the Code adopted in 1641, and called the Body of Liberties," which is replete with important historical information. The paper was published in the eighth volume of the series of the Collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society. In August, 1816, he delivered an oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, which was published in the *North American Review* for September of that year, and in August, 1840, he delivered the annual poem before the same society, which wes highly commended by the *North American* for January, 1841. In 1845 he published a pamphlet entitled "Prison Discipline in America," in which he made a powerful argument against the separate system of imprisonment or solitary confinement of prisoners. This pamphlet was noticed in strong terms of commendation in an able article in the *Christian Examiner* for March, 1848."

On the last visit of Jullien's band to Dublin he was accompanied a group of trumpeters of the far-famed 2nd Reg't of Zouaves—a corps whose deeds of daring and reckless bravery both in Algeria and in the more recent campaigns in the Crimea have made them not alone the subjects of popular curiosity, but also of that species of regard which dauntless heroism in the face of the enemy always produces amongst the people. The dress of the Zouave trumpeters besides, half oriental in its character, added not a little to the effect which their bronzed and strongly marked features and bold demeanor create, as they passed through the streets of the city. The arrangement for these concerts was made in the Rotundo Gardens, and was exceedingly well carried out. In the centre of the lawn was erected a light but substantial structure partaking of the character of a Turkish kiosk or pavilion. The interior lined with pink draperies, and illumined by a row of gas jets, traversed its entire circle at the back, whilst in front a pair of gas chandeliers shed their light on the performers. The concerts were, of course, most effective and successful.

Signor Felice Orsini, the celebrated Italian exile whose escape from an Austrian dungeon at Mantua, supplies one of the most exciting stories of prison-breaking on record, has been lecturing in London on Austrian and Papal tyranny. He is said to be the Kossuth of Italy. Orsini is about five-and-forty years of age, of middle stature, carries a black moustache and luxuriant beard, and is of gentlemanly appearance and manners. His handsome Italian countenance wears an expression at once manly, subtle, and resolute. He confesses with pride that he spent his whole life in conspiring and combating in behalf of Italian liberty and independence. He has been loaded with chains and lodged in a dozen prisons in Italy, and still devotes himself to labor and suffer for his native land.

The London journals are all rejoicing over a victory won by the *Daily News* over the Earl of Lucan, in a Court of Law. The *News*, it seems, very severely censured the Earl's conduct in the Crimea, for which he demanded a full retraction and apology. The Editor of the *Daily News* refused to retract, but offered to publish any letter which the Earl might see fit to write in reply. This offer was refused, and the Earl sued the *News* for libel. Upon the trial the defence called no witness, but contented itself with a cross-examination of the Earl himself, and submitted the case to the Jury as one in which there had clearly been nothing more than such an expression of opinion upon a matter of public interest as duty required. The Jury rendered a verdict of acquittal.

Professor Agassiz says that more than a lifetime would be necessary to enumerate the various species of insects and describe their appearance. Meiger, a German, collected and described 600 species of flies, which he collected in a district of ten miles in circumference. There have been collected in Europe 20,000 species of insects preying on wheat. In Berlin, two Professors are engaged collecting, observing and describing insects and their habits, and already have they published five large volumes upon the insects which attack forest trees

We learn from the Dublin papers that a succession of crowded audiences have assembled to witness the truly clever performances of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. As a personator of Irish character—says the *Nation*—the former has at present very few (if any, superiors; and we are happy to say that his acting up to the present, has been well received and appreciated by the Dublin public. Mrs. Williams has become exceedingly popular with the frequenters of the theatre, and her comic representations of American character and mannerism, continue to be received with the applause which they richly deserve.

Mrs. Siddons, when looking over the statues of Lord Lansdowne's gallery, told him that one mode of expressing intensity of feeling, was suggested to her by the position of some of the Egyptian statues with the arms close down at the sides and the hand clenched. This is curious—says Mrs. Jameson—for attitude in the Egyptian gods, is intended to express repose. As the expression of intense passion self-controlled, it might be appropriate to some characters and not to others. Rachel, as I recollect, uses it in the Phedre—Madame Rettich uses it in the Medea. It would not be characteristic in Constance.

Of Mrs. Pritchard, who preceded Mrs. Siddons in the part of Lady Macbeth, it was well known that she had never read the play—she merely studied her own part as written out by the stage-copyist; of the other parts she knew nothing but the *cues*.

A recent book, justifying Slavery on Scriptural grounds, announced as having been written by Hon. Howell Cobb, of the House of Representatives, is said to be the production of another gentleman of the same name.

Burke's was a complete failure, when he flung the dagger on the floor of the House of Commons, and produced nothing but a smothered laugh, and a joke from Sheridan:—"The gentleman has brought us the knife, but where is the fork?

Two young ladies dwell at St. Ives,
And each a-churching goes;
Emma goes there *to close her eyes*,
And Jane *to eye her clothes*.

We understand that Messrs. Derby & Jackson lost by the late fire in William-street, two thousand copies of the *Court of Napoleon*, which were awaiting the arrival of the portraits from Paris.

Sixty thousand silver roubles have been subscribed in St. Petersburgh, towards erecting a monument to the Russian officers and soldiers killed in Sebastopol.

Australian lecturing is a stage in advance of that "at home." In Sydney, the Governor-General himself, Sir W. Denison, has taken to the platform.

The house of Schiller at Goblis, was purchased on the last anniversary of the birth-day of the great poet, for 2100 thalers, by the association which bears his name.

Poetry is not only one of the best safeguards of youth, but its brightest ornament.

A *Young Mens' Magazine* is soon to be started. Mr. R. C. McCormick, Jr., author of "A Visit to the Camp before Sebastopol," is to be the editor.

Judge Halliburton, author of *Sam Slick*, on the 16th ult. delivered the first of a course of lectures before the members of the Manchester Athenæum.

Mr. Sheepshanks, an Englishman of fortune and distinction, has recently presented his collection of paintings to the British nation. This collection, valued at $300,000, includes some of the best productions of modern English artists.

Beranger and Lamartine are suffering from indisposition. It is said that the former has finished his autobiography.

A statue has just been placed in Trafalgar-square to the memory of Sir C. J. Napier.

LOCAL CHANGES AND LOCAL FACTS

OF OLD NEW-YORK.

BY JOHN F. WATSON,

Author of the Annals of Philadelphia.

NO. III.

David Grim, in his very interesting topographical draft of the city as it was in 1742–4, (done by him when seventy-six years of age, in the year 1813,) is a highly useful relic and gift of the *olden time*. His generous attention to posterity in that gift to the Historical Society is beyond all praise, as a work in itself *sui generis*, and not to be replaced by any other data. He was a chronicle, who lived to be eighty-nine, and to *wonder* at the advancements and *changes* around him! I here mark some of his facts:

He marks the "Governor's Garden," near the fort, as ranging along the line of Whitehall-street, next the fort, and there turning an angle of the fort and enclosing westward to the river. This also agrees with the report of others, who told me of seeing deer kept by the governor in front of the fort on the ground of the Water-Battery.

Mr. Grim marks the line of a narrow canal or channel in Broad-street, as open above the present Pearl-street, and there covered by the bridge or Exchange-house, or both.

He marks the localities of public wells in the middle of the streets.

He marks Rutger's farm as lying north-west of the Collect, and Winthorn's farm as south-east of the same.

At the foot of Courtlandt-street he marks the then *only wharf*. We know it was built there for the king's purposes, having thereon an arsenal reaching up to Dey-street.

Mr. David Grim told his daughter of there having been a market once held at the head of Broad-street. This agrees with what G. N. Bleecker, Esq., told me—as from his grandmother—who spoke of a market at Grand-street, which was in effect the same place.

In Bakewell's City Portrait of 1747, a fine perspective marks the great dock at the foot of Broad-street, as having a long dividing wharf projecting into it from Broad-street, and set on piles, which leads me to the idea of "the bridge," so often named there. It was probably the landing-place for the unloaded goods from vessels in the east and west mole on both sides of it.

A low market-house on arches, having a large dial-plate on its roof in front, is set at the foot of Broad-street.

The city corporation grants to Trinity church, in 1703, as I saw of record in Mr. Bleecker's office, the grounds there "for a burying-place for the inhabitants of the city forever; and upon any of the inhabitants of said city paying therefor to the Rector, &c., 3s for each corpse above twelve years of age, and 1s. 6d. for any under twelve years of age, and no more." This last emphatic word may seem peculiar when we reflect how very special and exclusively those grounds have been so long occupied.

In the minutes of council of 1696, I saw that a sewer of 1,100 feet length was recommended to be made in the Broad-street.

I saw in the city commissioner's office, that the population of New-York, in 1730, was only 8628; and in 1825, it was 166,-086.

David Grim told Mr. Lydigg that he had seen the river-water over Chatham-street and Pearl-street, and extending from the East to the North river; along the line of the Collect as I presume.

Mr. Brower and others have explained to me, that all along the present Grand-street, as it approaches to Corlear's Hook, were formerly very high hills, covered with apple and peach-trees. Much too of the present level of Harman-street, leading into Grand-street, was formerly hills of sixty feet height. The materials of these hills so cut down, furnished excellent gravel for new streets, and especially the means of extending their grounds out into the rivers.

Hudson's Square is a beautiful embellishment of New-York, redeemed from a former waste—once a sand-beach. The large growth of the trees and the abundance of grateful shade, make it, in connexion with the superiority of the uniform houses which surround it, a place of imposing grandeur. The continuous long lines of iron palisades, both round the square and before the areas of every house, and up the several door-steps, give a peculiar aspect of European style and magnificence.

The residences of Col. Rutgers and Col. Willet, though originally located far out of town, on the East River side, have been surrounded by the encroaching population; but as the encroachments have not been permitted to close very close upon them, they are still enabled to retain some grounds around them of rural appearance. Col Willet's house was formerly on a knoll situated on the margin of Stuyvesant swamp. Soon all such recollections will be obliterated by the entire different face of things now beginning to appear there.

David Grim said he remembered when carmen first took about the tea-water; it was about one-third of present prices. The water, formerly, was good at the wells and some of the street pumps.

He remembered when only one lamp was used in the street—say at the corner of Wall and William streets.

Mr. Brower told me street lamps came into use about ten years before. The carts at that time were not allowed to take any tire on their wheels.

The carriage of the mail between New-York and Philadelphia, even since the Revolution, was a very small matter; it was hardly an affair to be robbed, for a boy without any means of defence, took the whole in saddle-bags on horseback. Then they wondered to see it enlarged, and took it on a sulky; and by and by "the wonder grew," that it should still more enlarge, and they took off the body and run it in a large bag on the platform set on the wheels. It was then long deemed as at its "ne plus ultra;" whereas now it is a load of itself for a four horse stage! At that time the post always went to and fro from the "Blazing Star," vis a vis Staten Island, now unknown as a great thoroughfare.

General Washington's residence in New-York was at the house now the Franklin Bank. To that house he once went in procession. The house was kept by Osgood, and was then No. 1 in pre-eminence.

The house No. 176 Water street, was the first in New-York to change leaden sashes for wooden ones; leaden ones were general. Even Trinity Church had its leaden panes put in after the fire of 1778.

Dr. Hosack's map, showing the grounds of New-York as invaded by water from the rivers, marks Rutger's Swamp as united to the East River by a little creek to the eastward of Rutger's Slip.

At Corlear's Hook he also marks much marsh ground, uniting to the river by a small creek.

Beekman's Swamp is also united to the East River by a little creek next south-west of Peck's Slip.

Governor's Island, originally called Nutting Island, because of the the quantity of hazel and other nuts growing there, and furnishing the winter supply to the citizens. In later times, says Kickerbocker, it was cultivated in gardens for the colonial governors—"once a smiling garden of the sovereigns of the province."

It was originally a part of Long Island, however it may now appear to the eye on beholding so wide a separation of deep water. This widening and deepening of the Buttermilk Channel has been caused by the filling up of the south side of the city.

An old gentleman is now alive who remembered that as late as 1786, the Buttermilk Channel was then deemed unsafe even for boats to pass through it, because of the numerous rocks there. It was, however, so used for a boat channel, through which boats with milk and buttermilk, going to New-York market from Long Island, usually made their passage. My mother has told me that when she first entered New-York harbor, then a girl, she was surprised to see all the market boats traversing the East River rowed by robust women without hats or bonnets—their heads fitted with close caps—two rowers on each.

The same gentleman who told of the channel as he noticed it in 1786, had his attention called to it then by a Mr. Van Alstine. upwards of eighty years of age, who remembered when Governor's Island was separated from Long Island only by a narrow creek, which was crossed upon a log raised above the high tide, and having staked logs for a footway through the marsh then there on each side of the creek.

William Richards, of Philadelphia, famous there for pickling sturgeon, went on to New-York before the revolution, to plant lobsters in the neighborhood of New-York; before which time they chiefly imported them from Rhode Island. He had a vote of thanks of the Assembly many years afterwards. Lobsters after this probably became naturalized about Harlem.

In 1756 the *first* stage is started between Philadelphia and New-York, by Mr. Butler; three days through.

In 1765 a second stage is announced to travel between New-York and Philadelphia, to go through in three days, being a covered Jersey wagon, at 2d. a mile—owned in Philadelphia.

In 1766 another stage, called the "Flying Machine," to go through in two days, "in good wagons and seats on springs," at 3d. a mile or 20s. through. This also was owned in Philadelphia.

In 1756 the first British "Packet boats" commenced from New-York to Falmouth; each letter to pay four penny-weights of silver.

All newspapers went *free* of postage before the year 1758. It was then ordered that by reason of their *great increase*, they should pay 9d. a year for fifty miles, and 1s. 6d. for one hundred miles.

In 1755 the mail was changed from once a fortnight to once a week.

Mr. M'Cormick, of Wall street remembered when "Burnets Key" extended from Wall street up to Maiden Lane, in one entire line of front, and projecting out from Water street, beyond any other line of wharves. It was the bathing place of the city boys and of himself.

In 1702 New-York was visited with a very mortal sickness. Isaac Norris' MSS. letter says, "the great sickness—Barbadoes Distemper or Yellow Fever—as we had it in Philadelphia 3 yrs. before. Some hundred died there, and many left the town; so that as we passed it, it was almost desolate."

In 1743 a yellow fever, as it was called, visited New-York—"not imported;" but like it was in Philadelphia three years before; they had black vomit and spots. Vide R. Peters' MSS.

In digging for a lamp post, at the north-east corner of Reed street and Broadway, they were surprised to get up several human bones, and thus leading to the recollection of the former fact, that between that place and Chambers street was once the area of the negroes' burying-ground; it was on a descending hill, inclining northward.

In Lyne's Survey of New-York, he marks a lane called "Old Windmill Lane," lying between present Courtlandt and Liberty streets, extending from Broadway to present Greenwich street, and thence north-westward towards the river side, where the Windmill must have stood. It was then the most northern street on the western side of Broadway; all beyond was the king's farm.

The same survey fills up the head of present Broadway, with a long rope-walk, and a long line of trees, reaching from present Barclay street as high as the hospital.

At that time there was at the foot of the present Chamber street, on North river, a distinguished public garden and Bowling Green.

Among the names of street changed, are these:—Present Pine street was called King street; Pearl street was Queen street; Cedar street now, was Little Queen street; Liberty street was Crown street, importing the *Crown* supplanted by our *self-rule* since. The western end of Garden street, was a hill called Flatten barrack—a celebrated place for the boys in winter to sled down hill. Present Beaver street, east of Broad street, was Princess street; present Stone street, east of Broad street, was Duke street; John street now, east of William street, was called Golden Hill. The hill once there at its intersection with Cliff street, gave rise to the name of that along the Cliff. William

street, at its southern end, was called South street—say from Maiden lane to the East river.

There was, until a few years ago, a very large and notable wide-spreading tree at the Hall, at the corner of Wall and Broad streets. Under its shade was once a very clamorous public meeting, in the year 1794, to oppose Jay's treaty. It had in earlier years been a grateful rendezvous for holiday negroes. A gentleman and correspondent, who saw it cut down to make place for a rum vault, says, I could not but wish a curse on every rum cask which should ever usurp its place, wishing they might burst and scald the worms instead of the livers of men. There, says he, I had thirty years before listened to the stories of those Dutch worthies, Doct. Anthon, C. Ham, and J. Nichie, smoking their pipes in a summer evening under its shade, and bringing back the days and the tales of the negro plot and the Indian wars, &c.

In the year 1735, animosity ran pretty high between the military governor and his council on the one part, and the mayor and council on the other part. On this occasion, Zanger, the printer, took the part of the latter, which was considered *vox populi*, also; the consequence was, he was put under arrest and trial. The popular excitement was strong, and feelings extended even to Philadelphia. Andrew Hamilton, there a celebrated lawyer and civilian, volunteered to aid Zanger, and went on to New-York, and their effected his deliverance with great triumph. Grateful for this, the corporation of the city voted him "a gold snuff-box with many classical inscriptions, and within they enclosed the freedom of the city." The box might now be a curiosity to see.

I was shown the locality of an incident which has had more readers than any other popular tale of modern times. No 24 on Bowery road, is a low wooden house, the same from which the heroine of "Charlotte Temple" was seduced by a British officer. The facts were stated to me and the place shown by Dr. F.

In 1769 was a time of fierce and contentious election for Assemblymen; the poll was kept open for four days; no expense was spared by the candidates; the friends of each party kept open houses in every ward, where all regaled and partook to the full; all citizens left off their usual business; there were only 1515 electors, of which 917 were freeholders; all non-resident voters were sought for earnestly and brought to the city polls. John Cruger, James Delancey, Jacob Walton, and John Jauncey were the successful candidates by majorities generally of 250 to 270 votes.

On an occasion of election, Mr. Alexander M'Dougal, afterwards Gen. M'D.) was the author of an address "to the public" signed "Legion," wherein he invoked the public assembling of the people at the fields near De la Montagne's, (which is in modern parlance in the Park, near Peale's Museum) "in order effectually to avert the evil of the late base, inglorious conduct of our general assembly, who, in opposition to the loud and general call of their constituents, and of sound policy, and to the glorious struggle for our birthrights, have dared to vote supplies to the troops without a shadow of pretext. Therefore, let every friend to his country then appear."

For this stirring appeal, M'Dougal was taken under arrest by the Sergeant-at-Arms of the Assembly, who placed him in the county gaol. While he was there confined, forty five persons, "Sons of Liberty," (for "forty-five" was a talismanic number then) went to visit him in prison, to salute and cheer him. Not long after "forty-five" female "Sons of Liberty," headed by Mrs. Malcomb, (wife of the General) made their visit also to cheer the state prisoner, and to applaud "his noble conduct in the cause of liberty." It was this leaven that was carrying on the fermentation thus early for the revolution.

The gaining of the election caused the New-Yorkers in 1770, to recede from their non-importation covenants, and the Whigs of Philadelphia resolved to buy nothing of them "while governed by a faction."

The winter of 1750 was so peculiarly mild, that the navigation of the North River kept open all the season. Mr. David Grim saw, from that cause, Sir Peter Hackett's and Col. Dunbar's regiment go up the river to Albany in that winter.

The winter of 1779–80, on the other hand, was the extreme of cold, producing "the hard winter." Two great cakes of ice closed up the North River from Paulus Hook to Courtlandt street. Hundreds then crossed daily. Artillery, and sleds of provisions, were readily passed over; and even heavy artillery, was borne over the frozen bridge to Staten Island.

My friend, James Bogert, then a small lad, was with his uncle, the first person ever known to cross the East River, at or near Hell Gate.

The winters of 1740–1, 1764–5, 1779–80, and 1820–1, formed the four severest winters in 100 years, and were the only winters in which the North River could be crossed on the ice. The cold on the 25th Jan., 1821, was seven degrees below zero; being one degree lower than any former record. The cold in January 1765, was at six degree below zero.

> "Then the parching air burnt frore,
> And cold performed the effect of fire!"

I saw in the Historical Society Library, something very rare to be found in this country: the sixteen volumes folio of MSS. Journals of the House of Commons, in Cromwell's reign, say from 1650 to 1675, said to have been presented through the family of the late Governor Livingston. I suspect, however, they came through the family of Governor Williamson, because a great part of Col. De Hart's library went by will to De Hart Williamson in 1801. Mrs. D. Logan had before told me of having seen those volumes in the possession of Col. De Hart of Morristown, N. J., about the year 1800. She could not learn how they came into this country, although she found it was believed they were abducted by some of Cromwell's friends (who went out first to New England, and afterwards settled near Morristown) to prevent their use against those who might remain in England. Their ample margins had been partially used by a commanding officer of our army there, when paper was scarce, to write his orders!

Captain Kidd, the celebrated pirate, was once married and settled at New-York. As the trial of Kidd, which I have seen and preserved, states on the authority of Colonel Livingston, that he had a wife and child then in New-York, my inquiring mind has sometimes, looking among the multitude, said, Who knows, but some of these are Kidd's descendants? I observe, however, that the name is not in the New-York directory; Col. Livingston recommended him to the crown officers "as a bold and honest man." He had probably been a privateersman afore time out of New-York, as we find the records there stating that he paid his fees (in 1691) to the governor and to the king. Another record also states some process against one of his seamen, as deserted from him.

In 1695 he arrived at New-York from England with the king's commission, and soon after began and continued his piracies for four years. In 1699 he again arrived within the Long Island Sound, and made several deposits on the shore of that island. Being decoyed to Boston, he was arrested, sent to England, and executed at Execution Dock, on the 23d March, 1701.

To this day it is the traditionary report that the family of J———— at Oyster Bay, and of C———— at Huntington, are enriched by Kidd's spoils, they having been in his service, by force it is presumed, and made their escape at Long Island at Eaton-neck, which gave them the power afterwards of attaining "the deposits" above referred to. Both J———— and C———— became strangely rich.

The records of Philadelphia show that contemporaneous with this time, "one Shelly from New-York, has greatly infested our navigation with Kidd's pirates."

In 1712 a pirate brigantine appeared off Long Island, commanded by one Lowe, a Bostonian; he was a successful fellow, had captured Honduras. About the same time one Evans also comes on the coast.

The next year two pirates looked into Perth Amboy and New-York itself.

Lowe commanded the "Merry Christmas," of 330 tons, and his consort was commended by one Harris. [Another pirate, Capt. Sprigg, called his vessel the "Bachelor's Delight."] They bore a black flag; while off the Hook, they were engaged by the Greyhound of his Majesty's navy. He captured the least of them, having on board as prisoners thirty-seven whites and six blacks; all of whom were tried and executed at Rhode Island, and all bearing our common English names. Capt. Solgard, who thus conquered, was presented with the freedom of the city in a gold snuff-box. Lowe, in indignation, afterwards became cruel to Englishmen, cutting and slitting their noses. He had on board during the fight, as the prisoners told, £150,000 in silver and gold.

The gazettes of this period teem with their adventures. In that time the public mind was engrossed with the dread of them, and they had accomplices often on shore to aid them and divide the spoil.

In 1724 William Bradford, in New-York, published the general history, including two women, Mary Reed and Anne Bonny. We should like now to see that work.

City News.

The following are the names of the heads of departments of the city government for 1857. Democrats in Roman; Republicans in *italics;* Know Nothings in SMALL CAPS:

Fernando Wood.....Mayor.
Azariah C. Flagg.....Comptroller.
JOSEPH S. TAYLOR.....Commissioner of Streets.
Nathaniel S. Selah.....Comm'r of Rep and Supplies.
Jos. E. EBLING.....Comm'r of Streets and Lamps.
GEO. W. MORTON.....City Inspector.
Richard Busteed.....Counsel to Corporation.
Richard B. Connolly.....County Clerk.
Jas. C. Willett.....Sheriff.
John J. Doane.....Register.
A. W. BRADFORD.....Surrogate.
A. Oakey Hall.....District Attorney.
A. D. Russell.....City Judge.
Jas. M. Smith.....Recorder.
Myndert Van Schaick.....Pres't Croton Water Board.

By a comparison of the deaths which occurred in the last 12 months with the mortality of 1855, it will be seen that there is a decrease of 1,779 in favor of 1856. The most fatal diseases were consumption, convulsions, dropsy, fever, inflammation, marasmus, and cholera infantum. The number of deaths by yellow fever, or any of the various forms of fever, is not given by the City Inspector. Judging from the tables published, the general health of New-York is constantly improving, whether we regard the number of deaths from old age, or the diminution in the aggregate mortality compared with former years. The deaths in each month were as follows:

January	1,524	July	2,413
February	1,594	Aug.	2,630
March	1,769	Sept.	1,945
April	1,664	Oct.	1,650
May	1,466	Nov.	1,660
June	1,487	Dec.	1,458
Total			21,263

The District Attorney, on an application made to bail Lewis Baker, Patrick McLaughlin, James Turner, John Hyler, and Cornelius Linn, consented to the sum of $5,000 each. Mr. Jas. McCrea, of Seventh avenue, became bail for Baker in the amount of $5,000. Turner and McLaughlin had not procured bondsmen at the rising of the Court, but even if they had they would not have been set at liberty, as the District Attorney had another charge against them arising out of another case.

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(Revised every Week expressly for the Irish News.)

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1857.

FLOUR—Com'n to Extra State	per barrel	$6.15	a $6.75
Common to Fancy Western	do.	6.30	a 6.75
Extra Western	do.	6.70	a 8.75
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do.	6.80	a 7 —
Mixed to Extra Southern	do.	7 —	a 8.75
RYE FLOUR—Fine and Super	do.	3.50	a 5.25
CORN MEAL	do.	3.25	a 3.75
WHEAT—Canada White	per bushel	1.70	a 1.80
Western White	do.	1.68	a 1.80
Southern White	do.	1.70	a 1.80
All kinds of Red	do.	1.38	a 1.60
CORN—Mixed	do.	— 68	a — 71
Yellow	do.	— 71	a — 75
White	do.	— 71	a — 75
OATS—State and Western	do.	— 46	a — 50
Jersey	do.	— 44	a — 46
Southern	do.	— 39	a — 44
Rye	do.	— 88	a — 90
Barley	do.	1 —	a 1.80
White Beans	do.	2 —	a — —
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels		— —	a 4 —
Cotton—Middlings, per lb		— 13	a — 13¼
Fair		— 13	a — 14¼
Rice, per 100 lbs		3 50	a 4 50
Hops, per lb		— 7	a — 10
Pork—Mess per bbl		13.50	a 20.25
Prime, per bbl		16.75	a 17,12½
Beef—Country Mess		10.50	a 12.25
Prime		9 —	a 10 —
Dressed Hogs, per lb		— 8	a — 8¼
Lard, in bbls. per lb		— 12½	a — 13
Butter—Western, per lb		— 15	a — 20
State, per lb		— 20	a — 25
Orange County, per lb		— 20	a — 25
Cheese, per lb		— 26	a — 30
Potatoes—Carters, per bbl		— 9	a — 10½
Mercers, per bbl		3 —	a 4
Onions—Reds, per bbl		2.50	a 3.25
White, per bbl		1.62½	a 1.75
Apples, per bbl		3.50	a — —
Eggs, fresh per dozen		2.50	a 6 —
Limed, per dozen		— 26	a — 28
Feathers, Live Geese per lb		— 24	a — 25
Seed—Clover, per lb		— 50	a — 55
Flax, per bushel		— 12	a — 12½
Timothy, mowed, per bushel		2 —	a — —
Timothy, reaped, per bushel		2.25	a 2.37½
Sugar, New-Orleans, per lb		3 —	a — —
Molasses, New-Orleans, per gl		— 9	a — 11
Tobacco—Kentucky, &c., per lb		— —	a — 80
Seed Leaf, per lb		— 7	a — 16
Wool—Domestic fleece, per lb		— 10	a — 32
Domestic, pulled, per lb		— 34	a — 60
Hemp—Undr'd Amer'n per ton		— 34	a — 50
Dressed American, per ton		210 —	a 215—
Flax—Jersey per lb		240 —	a 260—
Hay, per 100 lbs		— 7	a — 11
Tallow, per lb		— 95	a 1.12½
		— 11¼	a — 11½

OBITUARY.

Died, in this city, on the 27th of December, 1856, MARY, the beloved wife of James Sheridan, and the daughter of Daniel McGrath, of Lismore, county Waterford, Ireland.

Mrs. Sheridan was aged sixty-two years and ten months.

May she rest in peace. Amen!

'Tis lonely to wander a stranger from home,
'Tis lonely indeed to be far from one's own;
But lonelier far is the heart-trying hour,
When shadows of Death o'er our path-way lower.

N. B.—Irish, Canada and Ohio papers please copy.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Dec. 4, John Wall, of Waterford, son of the late Captain Wall, of the 89th regiment, to Fanny, daughter of the late James Dickey, of Belfast.

Dec. 4, James Barlow, son of John Barlow, of North Great George's-street, to Julia, child of the late Arthur Knox, barrister-at-law.

Dec. 6, James, son of the late James Hunt, of Liverpool, to Charlotte, daughter of Segrave M'Cormick, barrister-at-law.

Dec. 4, Leslie Hugh Lawton, of Ballinlough, county Cork, to Fanny, daughter of G. Fontaine, Brigadier-General in the Belgian Service.

Dec. 10, at the residence of Mrs. E. O'Grady, Merrion-square, Sir Edward Fitzgerald, Bart., of Carrigoran, county Clare, to Julia A. Rose, daughter of the late E. O'Grady, Esq., and niece to Standish, Viscount Guillamore.

Dec. 11, Thomas Bradley, Ruby Lodge, Blackrock, to Charlotte, widow of James Waller, Upper Leeson-st.

Nov. 29, at Bassano, in Venetian Lombardy, John Ball, son of the Rt. Hon. Mr. Justice Ball, to Eliza, daughter of the Count Parolini, of Bassano, Groom in Waiting to his Majesty the Emperor of Austria.

Dec. 4, Frederick G. Benson, of Stephen's Green, to Jane Isabel, daughter of Francis Malone, Dunlavin, county Wicklow.

Dec. 4, in Limerick, William son of W. Gabbett, of Mount-Minnet, to Eliza, daughter of Dr. Richardson, of Savannah, U. S.

Dec. 3, at Richhill, Samuel Corrigan, of Fairlawn, to Constantia, daughter of Wm. Jenkinson, Mountpleasant, county Armagh.

Nov. 27, at Kilfinan, James O'Grady, of Upper William-street, Limerick, to Margaret, daughter Jeremiah M'Carthy.

Nov. 27, at Moynalty, county Meath, H. Foley, of College-Green, Dublin, to Kate, daughter of F. Kearney, Rosteen, county Meath.

Nov. 29, in Doon, Thaddeus O'Regan, Esq., of Mountcarl, county Limerick, to Anne, daughter Denis Kilbride, of Cappawhite county Tipperary.

Nov. 20, in Kilkeel, James Curragh, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Reid, M. D.

Dec. 9, at Quin, county Clare, John Copley, son of Hugh Singleton, of Hazlewood, county Clare, to Lizzie, daughter of the late Burton Bindon, of Clooney.

Dec. 1, in London, Thomas Fitzgerald, of Ballinapark, county Waterford, to Catharine, daughter E. Odell, of Carriglea.

At St. James's Cathedral, Melbourne, John A. Corbett, to Mary Anne Claringbold, of London.

In Kilkenny, J. R. Crawford, to Jane Jemima, daughter of Henry Hatton, Wexford.

At Melbourne, George Evans, of Geelong, to Anna Eliza, daughter of the late Rbt. Large.

At Rathmines, Mr. Frew, to Agnes, daughter of Joseph Fraser.

IRISH DEATHS.

At 141 Lower Baggot-street, Dublin, Margaret Anderson, formerly of Stephen-street.

Dec. 4, at 15 Church-street, Dublin, Mary, daughter of the late James Scally.

Dec. 3, at Mearescourt, Catherine Devonshire, relict of the Rev. F. A. Potter, of Clavendish-row.

Dec. 3, at Clontarf, aged 78 years, Elizabeth, relict of John Woods, of Abbey-street.

Dec. 6, at 10 Summer-hill, Mary, wife of Charles South.

Dec. 5, at Rostrevor, Anne Elizabeth, daughter of the late Wm. Rambaut, of Upper Dorset-st.

Dec. 7, at Ballygehen-avenue, Patrick Kiernan, Clerk of the Crown, county Leitrim, aged 68.

At Terenure-terrace, Roundtown, Wm. H. Luscombe, aged 81 years, son of the late Commissary-General Luscombe.

At Gortnamoyagh House, county Derry, aged 78, Martin Cathcart, M.D., formerly Surgeon of the 7th Dragoon Guards.

Dec. 7, at Ballickmoyler, Mary, wife of Patrick Kinsella.

At St. Mullins, county Carlow, Mary, sister of the Rev. Daniel Maher, parish prist of St. Mullins.

Dec. 3, at Maryborough, Sarah, daughter of the Rev. Ths. Harper.

In Carrickfergus, Eliza, wife of Robert Alexander.

In Cork, aged 70 years, Thomas Neligan, Lieutenant on half-pay of the 83d regiment.

In Bath, Henrietta Jane, daughter of the late George Bradshaw, of Pegsborough, Tipperary.

In London, Jane, wife G. H. G. Tarleton, daughter of the late Mrs. Mackay, of Armagh.

At Jamaica, Lieutenant Callaghan, brother of Mrs. E. W. Maunsell, of Limerick.

At Auckland, New Zealand, Wm. Davies, M.D., Colonial Surgeon, late of Kilcoady House, Cork.

At Alica Lodge, Dalkey, Timothy Byrne, late of 82 Grafton-st., Dublin, aged 63 years.

At Bray, county Wicklow, Michael Byrne, in the 61st year of his age.

In the 47th year of his age, William Burke, late of Cronovone, near Borrisoleagh.

At Michaelstown, Mary, wife of Thomas Alleyn.

At Carraroe, near Tuam, Francis Blake.

Mark Byrne, of Bettyville, county Dublin, aged 77.

Alice, wife of John Cahill, Wilkinstown, co. Meath.

At Seapoint Terrace, Monkstown, Mary, wife of Geo. S. Carlton.

At Blackhall-place, Henry Courtney.

Catherine Devenish, relict of the Rev. F. A. Potter.

Brady's Gallery.—No. 359 Broadway.

THE HOLIDAYS.

In anticipation of the demand for Portraits during the ensuing Holidays, Mr. Brady has enlarged his facilities for the production of the

AMBROTYPE.

The most perfect of pictures taken in an instant, durable, inexpensive, and elegant; the

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An entirely new style of miniature, equal to those on ivory, first introduced at Brady's Gallery; the

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BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's winter raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
y10jan GERALD GRAY.

Holloway's Pills.—ABERNETHY'S INSIDIOUS REMEDY, Blue Pill, pervades the system with a mineral poison, while Holloway's great medicine, composed exclusively of vegetable extracts, regulates every internal function, and leaves no sting behind. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62 1-2c., and $1 per box. j10

Information wanted of Margaret Ustice and Jane Crowley, who came passengers by the Isaac Wright, on her last trip from Liverpool, by Richard Tracey, 11 Jay street, Brooklyn, in care of Mr. Owen Gilligan, or at this office. no22

Publications.

KEATING'S IRELAND.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE

FORAS FEASA AR ERINN;

OR, GENERAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.

From a Manuscript Copy of the Original Irish of the Rev. and Learned

GEOFFREY KEATING.

With Notes, Historical, Topographical, and Explanatory,

By JOHN O'MAHONY, Esq.

The work is now in course of preparation, and will be speedily published, in one large octavo volume of about 600 pages, with plates. Price to Subscribers, $2,00. The book will be got up in superior style, and furnished to the address of Subscribers giving their names to a duly authorized canvasser, or to

P. M. HAVERTY, Publisher, 110 Fulton street, N. Y.

☞ A list of Subscribers will be printed in the work.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 10, 1856.

Dear Haverty—I wish you to put down my name as a Subscriber to Mr. O'Mahony's translation of "Foras Feasa ar Erinn."

That is a book long wanted, and which the Celtic Society ought to have given us long ago. If William Elliott had lived, it would have been accomplished. And it will be no small credit to you, if you can bring out here in America, a work long acknowledged to be a *desideratum* in Ireland; executed, too, by a scholar so competent both to translate and to illustrate it with notes as Mr. O'Mahony. I hope it is well advanced in its preparation.

Faithfully yours, JOHN MITCHEL.

LADY MORGAN'S NATIONAL STORIES.—Just published—

THE O'BRIENS AND THE O'FLAHERTIES. A National Story, being the first of Lady Morgan's Novels and Romances, with an Introduction and Notes, by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. 2 vols. 12mo. $2.

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THE HISTORY OF TEXAS, from its first settlement to the annexation, with Maps, Portraits and other Illustrations. By Col. H. Yoakum, of the Texas Bar. 2 vols. 8vo., cloth, $5; full library, sheep, $5 50; half calf, or morocco, extra, $7 50.

SINAI AND PALESTINE, in connection with their History. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. Cannon of Canterbury, with colored Maps and Plates. 8vo., cloth, $2 50.

KNIGHTS AND THEIR DAYS. By Dr. Doran, author of "Table Traits," "Habits and Men," &c. 12mo., cloth, $1 25.

Saturday, Nov. 22.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE. 12mo., cloth, $1.

Next Week.

DICKENS'S LITTLE FOLKS: SECOND SERIES.

A Series of beautiful Juveniles, selected from Dickens's Works, in his own language, with illustrations, by Darley, 18mo., cloth, 38 cts.; do., extra gilt, gilt edges, 50 cts.

1. THE BOY JOE AND SAM WELLER, from the "Pickwick Papers."
2. SISSY JUPE, from "Hard Times."
3. THE TWO DAUGHTERS, from "Martin Chuzzlewit."
4. TINY TIM AND DOT, AND THE FAIRY CRICKET, from the "Christmas Stories."
5. DAME BURDEN, from "Bleak House."
6. DODLY VARDEN, THE LITTLE COQUETTE, from "Barnaby Rudge."

The 6 volumes in a neat case, $2 25; extra gilt, $3.

nov22 J. S. REDFIELD, No. 34 Beekman-st.

Special Notices.

TAILORING—1856-7.

George P. Fox has removed to his recently purchased store, house and lot, No. 47 Amity street, near Broadway, thereby freeing himself from the exactions and unenviable trammels of a Broadway landlord, at a saving in favor of his customers at the rate of $5000 to $6000 per annum. The general arrangements, particularly the cutting and sewing departments, are admitted by those who have already patronized his new establishment, to be decidedly superior to any of his former stores, Nos. 321, 333, 581 Broadway.

3m27dec

To Druggists and Grocers in the South and West.

Charles' London Cordial Gin, the first established and the only *Imported*.

This celebrated Gin, introduced into the United States by E. C. Charles, in 1851, has become so extensively counterfeited and imitated by one or two liquor mixers in New-York and Boston that it becomes our duty to advise with you on the nature of the poisons disseminated amongst you by these unscrupulous parties.

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, show that Charles' London Cordial Gin is the only London Gin really Imported into the United States, and sold in bottles; and the fact has been demonstrated and published in all the New-York papers, that the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made except by ourselves, has been one Pipe, imported in 1855. On the credit of this solitary Pipe, which would not fill six hundred bottles, *over one hundred thousand dozen*, of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," prefixed with different names, have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost twenty per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin.

If corroboration were necessary, Mr. Udolpho Wolfe of New-York, who keeps record of every import of Gin, has over his own signature published to the world this statement, and it remains (even by the parties who have adopted our title) an unanswered, confirmed fact beyond the power of disproof, that Charles' London Cordial Gin, is the only genuine article, and hence that all others are nothing more or less than Ohio spirits in their raw state impregnated with poisonous materials, to give flavor to the mixture.

The Genuine Charles' London Gin is distilled especially for the undersigned in London, under the surveilance of the British excise laws, and is imported solely by us. It bears the endorsement of over five thousand physicians, in Great Britain and the United States. It has stood the most severe tests of the most skillful chemists and essayists. It is the only Gin which has the approval of the most celebrated practitioner America has ever produced—Dr. Valentine Mott, of New-York, who in a letter to Mr. Charles, says, "It is the finest, the most reliable, and most vigorous extract of Juniper he had ever seen."

The genuine Charles' London Cordial Gin is for sale in quart and pint bottles, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled "London Cordial Gin," it is absolutely Charles'. To escape adulterated and poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the article be labelled London Cordial Gin but be certain it is Charles'. Every other is injurious to health.

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To Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers—FETRIDGE & CO., proprietors of Balm of a Thousand Flowers, are making arrangements with over two thousand newspapers, all over the United States, at an expense of over forty thousand dollars, to advertise a new and improved article of pomade for the hair, to be called "*Woodland Cream*," which name they have adopted as a trade-mark. This cream will be superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. It will be put up in octagonal glass cups, with metallic tops—the whole enclosed in an elegant blue and gold wrapper similar to the balm, with the same scale of prices. Druggists will please send in their orders, as they will be filled in the order in which they come.

FETRIDGE & CO., Franklin-square, New-York.

Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 14 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 81 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellec ual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

ETHIOPIAN OPERA TRIUMPHANT.

By request, grand revival of the glorious burlesque opera, in three acts, of

LA SONNAMBULA,

which will be given on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, Jan. 5, 6, and 7, with the whole of the original music.

Preceding which

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

On Thursday (Christmas Day) a grand afternoon concert, commencing at half-past two o'clock.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

THIRD ANNUAL BALL

OF THE

Young Men's Association,

FOR THE

BENEFIT OF THE

Roman Catholic Orphans,

TO BE HELD

AT NIBLO'S SALOON,

On Tuesday Evening, January 6, 1856.

SHELTON'S FULL BAND ENGAGED.

Tickets to admit a gentleman and two ladies, $3.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Andrew L. Byrne. | Michael J. D. McGlynn. | Oliver K. Mooney.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Theodore P. Kelly	Edward F. Mullen,	Peter Lynch
James A. Carolin,	Edmund F. Kelly	John A McSorley
John E. McMenomy	Charles Hussey	Philip J. Cozans
Hugh Gaynor	John A. McLoughlin	Wm. H. Irwin
John M. Cooney	John Kelly	Richard Dalton
James Lynch	Peter Meehan	John McCartin
John A. Boyle,	Augustus O'Neil	Thomas Hussey
Edward C. Byrne	William J. Kane	Wm. Ahearn
Daniel Lalor	Oliver Sadlier	Wm Fitzpatrick
Edward I. Murray	Thomas Fay	Michael Clark
John Higgins	Nicholas Hussey, jr.	Philip Carr
John W. Rice	Andrew J. Smith	John J. Kelly
C. Watters	Daniel Sweeny, jr.	

WM. LALOR, President.

JAMES LYNCH, Treasurer.
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OSCAR SPENCE, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN W. MCKINLEY, 2d Vice-President.

8t20d CHARLES WRIGHT, Floor Manager.

Eighth Annual Civic and Military Ball of the Guyon Cadets.

(*Company D, Ninth Regiment N. Y. S. M.*)

At the City Assembly Rooms, 446 Broadway, on Wednesday Evening, January 7th, 1857.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Lieut. Peter Halpin, | Serg't. John Broderick,
" Laurence Glynn, | Private Thomas Dempsey.

CAPT. THOS. MURPHY, Chairman.

J. CULLEN, Secretary.

Tickets one dollar, admitting a gentleman and ladies.

Shelton's celebrated Cornet and Quadrille Band have been engaged for the occasion. j3 1t

MONTGOMERY GUARDS.

The Twentieth Annual Ball of this Company, will take place at NIBLO'S SALOON, on Tuesday Evening, January 27th, 1857.

Tickets—Two Dollars Each—may be had of any of the members, or of the Committee of Arrangements.

Henry Brenner, 71 Wall-st., | Chas. Leary, 345 Second Avenue,
Mathew Riordan, 94 Wall-st., | M. Maher, 188 Water, cor. Pine,
John Moore, 75 Oliver, | John Campble, 321 Water,
M. Reynolds, 45 Scamell.

HENRY BRENNER, Chairman.

CHAS. LEARY, Secretary. j3 4t

"T. F. MEAGHER CLUB."

Th's body will celebrate the Fifth Anniversary of the bold and honora bl Escape from bondage of their distinguished countryman and patron, Thomas Francis Meagher, by a Grand Ball, to be given at Tammany Hall, on Monday evening, January 12th, 1857. The members have resolved to spare no pains or expense in rendering the enter ainment worthy of the important event which it commemorates. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, one dollar: can be obtained at the door on the night of the Ball.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.

JAMES O'C. TABE, Recording Secretary.

Lectures.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

A LECTURE

Will be delivered by Capt. JAMES HUSTON, at Hope Chapel, 720 Broacway, on Monday evening, 12th Jauuary, 1857.

SUBJECT:—**Sectarianism---Its Evil Influences, and the best Remedy for those Influences.**

Committee of Arrangements:—William O'Donnell, M. D.; George Powell, James F. Markey, Henry Hughes, Councilman; Daniel Moran, John Foley, Hugh Donnelly, William Parr, John Healy.

Tickets 25 cents, to be had of the following General Committe:

Captains Michael Phelan, 16 East 11th st., Thos. McGuire, 7th st. and 1st avenue, J. Kenedy, cor. 35th st. and Broadway, M. J. Daly, 116 Chambers st., W. F. Lyons, Citizen Office, Felix Duffy, 22 White st., T. Murphy, 9th Regt., 192 East 25th st., Jas. F. Markey, 2 City Hall Place, Edward Kearns, Cherry st.; Major Richard Barry, 488 Pearl st., Adjt. John McCartin, 27 Perry st.; Lieut. John O'Donohue, 71 Chatham st., C. C. Keating, 26 City Hall Place, Jas. S. Lyons, 120 Chambers st., John Ward, 24th st. and 2nd avenue, C. Doris, 628 Hudson st., J. Cooney, cor. of Reed and Washington sts, Daniel Lusk, 280 Mulberry st., Jas. Cassidy, West Broadway, Solomon S. Reilly, 218 Canal st.; Wm. O'Donnell, M. D, Madison st., Henry Hughes, Councilman, 478 Pearl st., John Carroll, 498 Pearl st., William Cleary, 11 Jacob st., Andre Froment, cor. of Division and Catherine sts., Chas. McChesney, cor. of 26th st. and 1st avenue, John Foley, 202 Bowery, Thos. H. Hurley, 10 Centre st., Hugh Collender, 53 Ann st., Wm. Buck, 140 West st., George Powell, West Washington Market, Daniel Moran, cor. 23rd st. and 1st avenue, John Martin, 26 City Hall Place, Geo. D. Dowling, 98 Cedar st., Andrew Byrne, cor. of Centre and Grand sts, Thos. D. Conroy, 491 Pearl st, Martin Doyle, Centre st., John Healey, 3 James st., Hugh Donely, 14 Franklin square, M. Fitzpatrick, 67 Centre st., William Parr, 484 Pearl st., Charles Neary, 28 City Hall Place, John Sweeny, 138 Read street, John O'Dwyer, cor. of Grand and Centre sts., Arthur Dougherty, 493 Pearl st., John Shields 148 West 17th street, Peter Conroy, 483 Pearl st., John O'Toole, 227 East 19th st., Joseph Markey, 84 Cherry st., Michael Sullivan cor. of 15th st. and 1st avenue, Edward McGuire, cor. of Stanton and Willett sts., Patrick McMahon, Washington Market, James Sommers, 238 10th avenue, John J. Kenny, 187 Allen st., John Cunningham, 2 Essex Market, Matthew McCaughern, cor. of 33d st and 10th avenue, Daniel McCabe, 243 Pearl st., John Brown, Pearl st., Patrick Connor, cor. of Christy and Delancy sts., John Morriarty, 173 Chatham st.

WILLIAM O'DONNELL, M. D., Chairman.

JOHN HEALY, Treasurer.
JAMES F. MARKEY, Secretary. dec27

CATHOLIC LIBRARY BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Attached to the Church of the Nativity.—A Course of Lectures will be delivered before this Society, at

HOPE CHAPEL, BROADWAY,

on the following Thesday evenings:—January 13—20—27, and February 3d, 1857.

The proceeds are to be appropriated for the benefit of the poor children belonging to the Parish of the Nativity.

Tickets—admitting a gentleman and lady—to the Course, $1 00, to be had at the Catholic Book-stores.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Thomas Larkin,	James Cunningham,	Edward Carroll,
Joseph P. Flin,	Thomas Riley,	James Tracy,
Patrick Sury,	Michael Fogarty,	James Riley,
James Fore,	Wm. Walsh,	Francis Dunnigan.
William Byrns,	John Kelly,	Thos. Kelly,
John Quin,	Malagee Conboy,	Timothy Dwyer,
John Luyden,	William Krogh,	John Hebir,
Patrick Ward,	John McCan,	Robert Coddington.

JOSEPH KIERNAN, Chairman.

PATRICK MCCARTY, DENIS QUINLAN, } Treasurers.

WILLIAM BROPHY, Corresponding Sec'ry.

WILLIAM PRICE, MICHAEL NOONAN, } Rec. Sec's. j3tf

Special Notices.

Electro-Magnetic Baths.—The Electro-Magnetic Baths having become permanently established as a remedial agent for the cure of Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Stiff and Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Ulcers, Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Pain in the Limbs, &c. &c., and for the positive extraction of Mercury and other Mineral Poisons from the human system, the Messrs. Sloan & Co. take this method of informing the public that they have fitted up and opened an establishment at No. 53 Sixth Avenue, where the Baths will be constantly in operation, under the care and direction of Dr. G. H. Doyle, Homeopathic Professor of Medicine. To those unacquainted with "Electro-Magnetism" as applied to the cure of disease, reduction and extraction of mineral poisons, &c., we would say that as a means of cure for the above enumerated diseases, it has received the almost universal endorsement of the various Academies of Medicine throughout Europe and the United States, and that the reduction of Metals by a Voltaic Current, is no new science: it is the APPLICATION OF THE FACT to its extraction from the system for which we claim originality. In it we dismiss all theories—we leave nothing to chance—we are not led by blind experience, but we follow unerring and never failing principles.

Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c., are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

Persons afflicted in any way with sickness, debility, &c. will do well to call at the office, examine the Baths, and receive full explanation of the treatment pursued. SLOAN & CO., 53 Sixth Avenue,

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$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete process (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on receipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**

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☞ **Post Office, New-York, Dec. 27, 1856.**—There being a dispute as to the circulation of papers claiming the advertisement by this office of uncalled-for letters, notice is hereby given that the Postmaster will receive evidence and decide upon the fact under and pursuant to the regulations of the Post Office Department. A printed statement for the information of persons desiring to compete for the advertisement, fixing and defining the limits and boundaries of the territory deemed by the Postmaster to be embraced within the range of the delivery of this office, the time within which evidence must be submitted, and the particulars of the evidence required, and blank affidavits in which every detail to be shown, is properly and definitely embraced, will be furnished on application at this office.

j3 1t I. V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Dr. Wm. O'Gorman,

OFFICE,

423 Broome st.,

New-York.

tf6dec

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any orders left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at corner of 11th st. and First Ave. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y2ljune

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Daguerreotypes.

Mark the Facts!—J. GURNEY'S establishment, No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street, is the oldest and most extensive in the United States. GURNEY was the first to introduce the Art of Photography in this city. GURNEY has recently made important alterations and improvements in his establishment. GURNEY has now greater facilities for producing finer work in every branch than has heretofore been produced in this country. GURNEY has still in his employ the best of his old artists. GURNEY has recently added to the above a talented corps of American, French, and German artists. GURNEY'S colored Photographs of all sizes need only to be seen to be appreciated; they speak for themselves. GURNEY'S plain, unretouched Photographs were never equaled—so say artists and the best judges. GURNEY'S Daguerreotypes are universally pronounced superior productions. GURNEY has received more testimonials for his skill than any other artist in the profession. GURNEY received the only medal for Photographic productions at the late Paris Exposition—consequently, GURNEY stands at the head of the world in the Photographic Art. GURNEY has not removed any branch of his business to any part of the city. GURNEY has no connection with any other establishment in any part of the city. GURNEY attends personally to his patrons and friends, and has done so for the last sixteen years. GURNEY will be most happy to continue that attention, and will still endeavor to please all who may favor him with a visit to his Photographic Palace of Art. J. GURNEY,

oct4 3mos No. 349 Broadway, corner of Leonard street.

FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After successfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhibited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M. CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,

Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway

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Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 43 Ferry street, Albany, New-York. Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

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oct18 tf

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Information wanted of Catharine Heaney, aged nine years, who left Sackin, near Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, Ireland, about the 30th of September last, for the purpose of coming to New-York. Information of her whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration will be thankfully received by her mother.

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VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1857. NO. 41.

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T. F. MEAGHER'S SPEECH AT THE "Meagher Club" Ball—Old New-York—Military Resources of Ireland—Emmet Life Guard Ball—the Election—the N. Y. Tribune—Chemistry of Nature—Ernest Jones versus the English Church—Irish news from all quarters—European news—News from California—American—City news, &c.

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European News.

The news brought by the *North America*, Royal Mail Steamer, which left Liverpool on the morning of the 24th ult., is more interesting than previous advices by the *Niagara*. The Persian war and the difficulty between the Swiss Republic and the King of Prussia, form the most exciting topics of the day.

The Congress of Paris.—Contradictory statements respecting the Conference, continued to abound. The principal statement was in a letter from Vienna, dated the 14th December, which intimated that Count Buol had received from Count Walewski an official notification that France could not accept the interpretation of the Belgrade and Isle of Serpents question in the absolute sense determined on by England, Austria and Turkey, and that Count Buol had sent this unexpected announcement in all haste to the Emperor in Italy. The London *Globe*, the British Government organ, denies that there is any difficulty in the way between France and England. The London *Daily News*, believes that the difficulty does exist and that it will postpone the meeting of the Congress indefinitely. The Paris *Debvts* thinks that all hope of adjustment is not lost, and that the Congress may open within the time specified. The *Constitntionnel* thinks that the Congress will open early in January and that matters will be settled satisfactorily.

Prussia and Switzerland.—Diplomatic relations have been broken off between Prussia and Switzerland, and matters were becoming extremely complicated. No reply had been received to the 16th ult. to the note of the 8th, addressed by Prussia to the great powers on the affair of Neufchatel. It was, however, supposed that Russia and France would approve, while England and Austria, would disapprove of an armed demonstration by Prussia. Meantime, Prussia persists in her forcible measure. Prussia has notified the Germanic Diet that her own troops are sufficient for the exigency; and preparations are being made for the assembling of 30,000 men at Berlin by the 2nd of January under command of Gen. Von Groben, to march on Switzerland. The Swiss are behaving with the greatest gallantry. The population is called to arms and respond with enthusiasm. Twenty thousand men are to be yut under arms without delay, of which 10,000, under General Bourgoise, will defend Basle, and the other half, under General Ziegler, will garrison Scauffhausen. Tqe van and reserve of the army will operate in the field. Unlimited credits for military purposes have been voted. The Federal Diet is convened for the 27th of December.

Great Britain.—The war with Persia is not at present popular. The London *Times*, usually the Government organ, and the London *Press*, the Derby organ, both denounce it. Many English and several French journals think it will cause another war between Britain and Russia alone. On the 21st ult., Captain Hartstein, Lieutenants Wells, Stone, Hunter and Davidson, and Drs. Macoun and Otis, of the *Resolute*, were entertained at the Admiralty House, by Admiral Seymour, Commander-in-Chief. Mr. McCroskey, United States Consul, and Chevalier Pappalardo, Vice Consul at Portsmouth, were also guests, with a circle of naval officers. The officers were afterwards presented to Lady Seymour and family. In the afternoon, the agents of Lloyds, at Portsmouth, delivered a telegraphic message to Capt. Hartsteiu, from the Shipowner's Society of Liverpool, requesting permission to send a deputation from that Society to present an address. A reply was returned, that the deputation would be received on the following Tuesday, on board the *Resolute*. On Christmas Day the American officers will dine with Lady Franklin. On Sunday the *Resolute* was visited by some of the officers who set out in the Arctic search, in her and other ships, among them were Capt. Pullen, Capt. Richards, and Lieut. Pym.

On Tuesday, the 23d, a banquet was given to the American officers by the city of Plymouth, being the only public dinner they could attend. The run on the National Bank of Ireland had subsided. Baron Rocheau had been arrested at Liverpool for having come as a passenger in the steamer Persia without paying his passage. There was a decided difference of opinion on the Liverpool 'Change respecting the amount of the cotton crop. Buyers said the crop was large, while holders maintained a contrary opinion. Mr. Stuart's circular, estimating the crop at 3,300,000 bales, was posted on the arrival of the Persia, in the Exchange, but speedily disappeared, and was supposed to have been abstracted by a holder. It was reported on 'Change that the Government is arming all the gun-boats for active service, probably for the East.

France.—The private letters from Paris are not of a desponding character, although the Bourse shows continued weakness. The condition of the Bank of France still improves, and it is expected that the restriction against the discount of bills having more than sixty days to run will be rescinded this week. With regard to the rate of discount no alteration seems to be looked for, even under favorable circumstances, till January. Money is very scarce, especially on the Bourse, but the pressure is partly attributable to operations for the purpose on the part of rival financiers.

Spain.—A Madrid dispach of the 19th ult. reports that a revolutionary club had been discovered in the city. Arrests were made and papers seized.

Italy and Naples.—The principal powder magazine in Naples had exploded, and many soldiers were killed. A Government announcement says that bands of insurgents are still flying about in various parts of Sicily, bnt there is no fear of a general revolutionary movement.

Persia.—The news is far from definite. Advices from Constantinople, of the 13th ult., say that Ferouk Khan, the Persian Minister, continues his negotiations with Lord Stratford de Radcliffe, to adjust the difficulty. Ferouk is about to proceed to Paris. Persia continues her warlike preparations. The *Times* Paris correspondent states that the Russian army amonnts to 40,000 men complete, on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and is siill in cantonments. The Russian General had, however, sent three officers into the nearest provinces of Persia, to examine the situation of the towns and forts, and to take the plans of the routes by which a passage might be made for an enemy.

Switzerland.—Advices from Berne, on Monday, say that hopes of peace increase in official circles. Four fresh divisions are called out. The students of Zurich have volunteered for the active army. The popular enthusiasm is increasing. The Paris correspondent of the *Times* states that a letter had been received by the Emperor from Gen. Dufour, mentioning the effect that had been produced in Switzerland by the note in the *Moniteur*. The inference drawn is, that the Swiss will be obliged under the donble pressure, to grant the required concessions

The Paris correspondent of the *Globe* telegraphed the following:

Constantinople, Monday, Dec. 15.

The Persian General Murad Mirzah has marched into Cabul and occupied Turrah. The Viceroy of Egypt is expected at Constantinople.

ERNEST JONES VS. THE ENGLISH STATE CHURCH.

At the third political Soiree got up by Ernest Jones, in London, he thus pitched into the political parsons of England:

But the clergy are not even agreed in their own craft.

The one tells you a black garment, the other a white one, becomes them best: forgetting that the garment of honesty would become them best of all.

The one holds the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, the other denies its truth. According to one, sprinkling with water is necessary for an infant's admission into Heaven, according to another, it is not. For my part, I hold the water highly necessary, after the unclean hands of a bishop have been pressed upon its front.

The one says, flowers at the altar are an abomination, the other says they are good, if not too plentiful, as they perfume the Church: but the sweet savor of good works is unsought by both!

The one affirms that lights and choristers are requisite, as though a candle were necessary to find the road to heaven! The other tells you that it shows direct to hell; but both neglect alike the light of common sense and lamp of reason.

Such is the State Church. It is unscriptural in its very foundation. The very division between clergy and laity is such: the dependence on the temporal state; the distinction in rank; the titular and mitred clergy; the political power, and the parliamentary vote; the simony, pluralities, and non-residence; the doctrines of swearing, fighting and hanging; the tax on conscience, and the taint of gold.

I prefer that bill of attainder in the name of humanity, against the Church and its priests.

Christ opened eyes born blind, these blind eyes that God endowed with sight, that they may drag men through the mire of social misery, and plunge them deeper while they say their prayers. Peter reproved Simon Magus for trying once to buy the ministry from an Apostle, these buy it every day from a common auctioneer. The slaveholder is bad enough; he sells our bodies, but these do worse, for these men sell our souls. The Apostles received their call from the Holy Spirit, these receive it from a city alderman or country squire. Christ scourged all those who bought and sold in the Temple, these men buy and sell the very Temple itself. Christ said: "feed my sheep," but these men make the sheep feed them.

Such, brethren, is the Church. The religion of Democracy has been turned into the upholder of despotism, the teacher of fraternity into the warranty for plunder.

If I quote the Gospel against the priest, he tells me its democracy is spiritually meant. If one part is spiritual, the other is spiritual, too. If the promises to the poor are spiritually meant, spiritual, too, shall be the monopolies of the rich. Bid him take spiritual tithes, and spiritual Church-rates, live in spiritual parsonage houses, and hold spiritual pluralities. I wonder how they would like, when going to finger their eleven millions, to be told it was only spiritual money.

They tell us our treasury is in the future: that misery here is good, because it leads to bliss hereafter; that, therefore, we must abstract our minds from things of this world, bear meekly our sufferings, not envy the rich, but pay the parson, and bless the Church. Misery the passport to heaven? I say no; the road to heaven can never lead through hell. I tell them, if we must wait for heaven until we die, then we should wait for hell, too, till we are dead, and yet we live in it. We want our paradise here, as Adam had his, and we will have it.

And now I ask, revelling, as it is in our patrimony, what service is the Church doing at this very hour, to stay the notice of ejectment at our hands?

Ye priests! I summon you before the tribunal of enlightenment. "Come; and let us reason together." "Unprofitable servants!" what do you for your wages?

Do you teach us to understand the Bible? The schoolmaster teaches me to read, and God gives me a brain to understand. It is you, priests, who, since the days of Christ, have made the Bible an unintelligible enigma.

A French writer says, "The Priest takes the infant from the cradle, and accompanies it to the tomb." He does, and makes him pay handsomely for his company. They, indeed, take the child from the cradle, to distort his mind, darken his heart, and embitter his life. I read recently one of the most widely circulated publications of the "Religious Tract Society," the "Child's Companion." It is intended for children between ten and twelve. Every third page gives an account of the flames of Hell, and shadows the young mind with the gloom of eternity. It is a catalogue of death-beds, mostly through consumption. Amongst the rest, they boast of a poor little girl, who "died in the Lord." By their own showing, she clung to life, like a drowning wretch, terrified at hell. What must have been the teaching of the priest? Her last words were, clasping her emaciated hands, and lifting her terrified little face to heaven, "Oh! dear Lord Jesus! You promised me that I should not perish—you did promise me—you know you did!" and so she died, her child's heart trembling with an agony of terror. I denounce this as a murder, worse than the boilings of Elizabeth: a murder of the young innocent mind, a racking of the tender ignorant conscience. Is there no punishment to reach these spiritual assassins?

Then what do they for their wages? Yes! they take us from the cradle to the tomb! They glide before the poor when about to appeal to God against the injustice of man. They rein him back with their mental curb, when about to rush to the goal of Freedom! I think it was Pliny who said, if a religion had not existed, statesmen ought to have invented one, for it was the only thing that kept a people quiet in their misery. It is under the skirt of the priestly gown that the noble, the squire, and the profitmonger, trample on the very heart of industry. The political parsons of a political church tell the poor man he has no business with politics. If he has not, what business has he to pay a political parson? They tell him to despise the gifts of this life, and to look to the future for his reward: but, I say it is blasphemy to scorn God's beautiful world, it is ingratitude to reject his generous gifts, it is deadly sin to turn his Paradise into a hell.

Then what do they for their wages? Yes! they take us from the cradle to the tomb! They get hold of some old maiden aunt, whose soul is wrapped up in her two favorites—the parson and the cat. They make her look upon the earth as a pesthouse, the human race as moral lepers, and life itself as a calamity. But they force her to pay well for her enlightenment. Every week she contributes to some blessed charity—some little Hindoo neophyte, or Kaffir acolyte, or Mandshu proselyte, the parson taking the money and telling her the road to heaven lies through his breeches pocket. They can't let the poor thing even die in peace! for when her intellect is flickering out, her pulse almost stilled, her eye dimmed, and her hearing gone, they ply her thicker and faster with questions, till she gives a last convulsion, and expires. Then all the old maids of the village come together, and tell how good Aunt Elspee died in the Lord, and how that dear, good, tall, slender, pale, young, sentimental, evangelical clergyman assured them that she had gone straight to the very lap of Abraham! but a month's time discovers to her starving nephews that all her property is left to charity, and that the dear young parson has the care of it.

Let him take a spade and dig! he'll be more healthy himself, and more beneficial to his neighbors, than by feeding on the mental corruption of a maudlin civilization.

Then what do they for their wages? Oh, they distribute our charities. Ah, we have seen that, were it not for their twelve millions, no charity would be required. We boast of our charitable institutions: they are our national disgrace! they are the evidence of our mismanagement, and proofs of our people's poverty. Out upon their charities! Having stolen all, they return a farthing in the pound, and ask us to be grateful. Out upon their charities! as though we should take a crumb from the Churchman's table, when his whole feast is a robbery from the poor! Out upon their charities! In nine cases out of ten, they are the nests where the rich pension the used-up tools that have pandered for a life-long to their vices! Charities? Charity is a word that insults humanity itself!

Then what do they for their wages? Oh! they propitiate heaven when plagues and famines visit us. I remember your fasts and cholera prayers. It would have been better had you opened your money-chests to feed the poor, and ventilate their houses. That would have been the fast, of which Israel speaks, acceptable to God. They tell us God sent the cholera: it was not God who sent the cholera, it was despotism that sent it, God permitting. Whence did it come? From the East, from the countries where Tyranny keeps the people in misery, filth and hunger. Do you ever hear of its beginning in North America or Switzerland, Belgium or Norway? Bad laws sent it, misery and hunger invited it, and poverty suffered it. It raged among the poor of Poplar, but little did it rage among the magnates of Mayfair! Did the parsons stop it? Nay! It was their very existence, their robbery of eleven millions' worth of comfort from the poor, that increased the fury of the cholera among the dupes they had impoverished.

Then what do they for their wages? Oh! they build new churches, and though Christ said, "I came to preach the gospel to the poor," they say, "you shan't hear it unless you pay me two guineas for a pew." Ecclesiastical tradesmen living on their Gospel-shops.

Then what do they for their wages? Oh! they distribute bibles and improve the morals of the people. What! when crime, in proportion to population has increased, as six so one; and Rigby Wason tells us has multiplied by 400 per cent. the last 40 years? Yet they distribute bibles by steam, and build stone churches like mushrooms. Then, why don't they succeed? I'll tell them; because they begin their education at the wrong end. A starving and an oppressed people can never be a religious or a moral one. They try to build the roof before they lay the foundation. First educate the belly and then you will be better able to educate the brain. First give the loaf and then bestow the book. First wipe the tears of hunger from the poor man's eyes, then he will be able to read your lessons of morality. Prisons and churches won't cure him. He asks for bread, you give him a stone; he asks for work, and you give him a chain. You are bad physicians who tamper with the effect, instead of remedying the cause. Do you want to prevent a man from stealing? Then, don't merely punish him for the offence, but give him plenty, so that he has not the temptation. There is the fault in your legislation; there the flaw in your religion. Take away the cause—Poverty, and you will not have the effect—Crime. Willing idleness is the only fundamental crime against the canon of society. Parsons! you may preach to eternity, and in vain, as long as you preach to to the hungry and oppressed.

Then I ask you once more, what good have you done us? Nay! what evil have you not done us through three hundred years? I ask you once more, show us some service worth eleven million pounds per annum.

Working men! will you allow your property to be thus squandered, while your wives and children are starving? Tithes were to give subsistence to those who were poor, but now they turn those poor who have subsistence.

Dissenters! will you let your faith be treated as an offence, by a tax being laid upon your conscience. Every sixpence you surrender to the priest of Mammon is an act of worship to the golden calf. You are rendering to Cæsar that which is God's. The State priest does not toil in your vineyard. He does not toil at all. By law, a man may sue you, if you do not pay him for his work; but these men sue you if you do not pay them for their idleness.

State Churchmen! what shall I say to you? You are worse than the Pagans of old: they offered their wealth to the god, you render it to the priest; they adorned the shrine, you deck the minister; they raised a temple to the deity, you build a palace to the bishop. Your priests of simony profess to be the servants of God: generally it is the master who hires the servant, but here it is the servant who purchases the master. If the preacher must be paid, let him be paid for what he is worth, and if he is worthless, let him not be paid at all. Let him be paid by those for whom he does the work, and not by those for whom he does no work whatever. Let every man have a voice in electing his own pastor. Restore the enormous robbery of Church lands to the people. Remove the golden calf from the temple of the eternal God. Pay your schoolmasters more, and your parsons less. Look less to the Priest and more to the Deity. Fear less; love more. Look more at Heaven and less at Hell. Christianity is not a shadow but a substance. Christianity is not the religion of the future only, but of the present too. Paradise, you say, has been on earth, then Paradise can be on earth again. It is you, Priests! who prevent it. You darken the sky with your own shadow, and say, God created the gloom. But your reign of terror is nearly over. You, drag-chains of the world! your links are breaking. Onward and upward is the march of nations!

The Countess of Donoughmore has arrived at Muckross on a visit to Colonel Herbert, M.P.

American News.

The brig *Beauty*, arrived at Halifax on Saturday night, the 27th December, reports that on her outward voyage, on Nov. 7, in lat. 40, she picked up a whale boat, bottom up, starboard side stove, and oars lashed to thwarts, with a lugsail mast floating alongside. The boat contained a cask of water, and a life-buoy marked "Le *Lyonnais*, Havre;" also a white shirt and a fine cambric handkerchief marked "F. E." We, says the *Herald*, have examined the passenger list of the *Lyonnais*, but find no name corresponding with those initials. The *Lyonnais* was abandoned on the 3d of November, consequently but six days elapsed from the time of her disaster till the capsized boat was picked up by the *Beauty*. Mr. Poirrier, the agent of the Franco-American Steamship Company, has received no further intelligence in reference to the captain and passengers of the *Lyonnais*, who were stated to have arrived at Bordeaux.

The N.Y. *Herald's* correspondent at Washington states that the U. S. Supreme Court have come to a decision upon the important questions presented in the case of Dred Scott, recently argued before that tribunal. Judges Taney of Maryland, Daniel of Virginia, Wayne of Georgia, Catron of Tennessee, Nelson of New-York, and Grier of Pennsylvania, hold that Congress has no power over the question of slavery in the Territories, and that the Missouri compromise was unconstitutional, and therefore of no effect. Judges McLean of Ohio, and Curtis of Massachusetts, hold that Congress has power over the question of slavery in the Territories.

Robert Carter Nicholas died on his plantation in Terrebonna, La., on the 24th ult., of apoplexy. In politics, he was a Democrat. He was a captain in the United States Army during a part of the war of 1812, being attached to the division stationed on the Canada frontier, and afterwards promoted to the rank of colonel. He was for twelve years a Senator in Congress which post he filled with honor to the State and credit to himself. Col. N. was sent as *Charge d'Affaires* to Naples, by General Jackson. He was also Secretary of the State of Louisiana; and later, Superintendent of Public Education. He was about sixty-five years of age.

A recent canvass of the town of Chelsea, Mass., reveals the fact that there are some 5,000 persons residents in that town who do not attend church on the Sabbath. It was further ascertained that the church edifices now existing will not accomodate with seats more than 4,000 or 5,000 persons, thus leaving 5,000 or 6,000 of the 10,000 or 11,000 persons resident in Chelsea, who cannot obtain seats.

A bill has been introduced into the North Carolina Legislature, entitled "An act to encourage and promote matrimony." This bill authorises the Judges of Supreme and Superior Courts, and all licensed practising attorneys at law, to solemnize the rights of matrimony, under the same rules as Justices of the Peace and ministers of the Gospel.

While the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has been in existence thirty-two years, less than one-third of the mutes of the State have yet been educated. There are from one to twenty in every county in Kentucky.

Major Ben Perley Poore's success in Europe has been almost as great as in the United States. He has had the honors of a universal mention in the French press.

City News.

Ball of the Emmet Life-Guard—69th Regiment.

PRESENTATION OF A STAND OF COLORS.

The first Grand Military and Civic Ball of the above Company, (Captain Lynch,) took place at the City Assembly-rooms, on Monday evening, Dec. 29th. The spacious and elegant ball-room was well filled with a large and brilliant assemblage of citizens and military gentlemen. The fair sex were well represented on the occasion. Among the guests present, were Lieut. Col. Butler, Major Nugent, Capt. Corcoran, James L. Smyth, Esq., Lieut. Kelly, Major Taaffe, &c. After supper, the following toasts were drunk:—

Ireland—The land of our nativity. May her harp chant the hymn of her own freedom, and may her sons reign victorious in her cause.

Responded to by Major Taffee. Air—St. Patrick's Day.

United States of America—The land of Washington; the asylum for the oppressed, the modelizer for nations. May the Eagle and Shamrock get so identified with each other, that the former may plead at the cannon's mouth for the justice of the latter.

Responded to by Paymaster White. Air—Hail Columbia.

Memory of Robert Emmet.

No response. Dirge.

Universal Republicanism—The envy and enemy of despots; the guardian of mankind. May the day soon arrive when we will behold Ireland a "Nation once again." Air—Marsellaise.

Col. Butler ably and eloquently responded.

Col. Butler then proposed the health of Capt. Lynch and the members of the Emmet Life-Guard.

Capt. Lynch thus responded:

Ladies and gentlemen: For the toast proposed by Col. Butler, and so enthusiastically received by you, I feel very thankful, as it conveys the appreciation of my fellow-countrymen towards us for performing a duty which we owe as citizens to the land of our adoption, and as Irishmen, to the land of our nativity; and it brings likewise to my memory the proceedings of the past, and the object of the "Emmet Life Guard," which brought this Company into existence, which I will now briefly state. In learning the history of my country well, looking at her past and at her present; looking at her as a nation once proud and noble, but now nothing more than a mere province, robbed of her National Legislature, her commerce crippled, and her people slaves; looking at and knowing all this, myself and my associates commenced to think in the autumn of 1855, how we could help to heal her wounds and give her life and vigor, and raise her again to the grand position of a nation. We know that she is kept in chains by a foreign military force, and to talk of severing the connection without a military force would, in my mind, be talking trash and mere nonsense. We therefore came to the unanimous conclusion to organize a Military Association, to learn in reality to become soldiers; that a day might come, as most assuredly it will, when we will be called upon before the altar of our country to give her Liberty, and establish her National Legislature again, and an army and navy to enforce her laws and defend her against her enemies, revive her almost extinct commerce, open her vast mineral mines and her factories, that health, happiness, prosperity and plenty, may occupy the place of gloom, misery, discontent and poverty. To give my poor country freedom is the grand object of my life, and I can promise for the members of the "Emmet Life-Guard," likewise. To help to gain such a hallowed object shall be the height of my earthly ambition. We can then raise to our patron martyr a monument, and inscribe on it that "Ireland is a Nation." In conclusion, Ladies and Gentlemen, I, on the part of the Emmet Life-Guard, return you my sincere thanks for the kind and hearty manner in which you have so generously responded to the call of their first Ball, and it will always afford me a deep pleasure to meet with such intellectual and beautiful ladies as grace the ball-room with their presence on this occasion; to them I return, especially my hearty thanks. Captain Lynch resumed his seat amid loud applause.

Our Welcome Guests—We hail them with a *caed mille failtha.* Responded to by Capt. Corcoran. Air—Fly not yet.

The President Elect of the United States. Air—Grand March.

European Republican Exiles—The terror of tyrannical dynasties, and counsellors for human freedom. Air—Exile of Erin.

Army and Navy of the United States. Air—Star Spangled Banner.

The Governor Elect of the State of New-York—Responded to by Gen. Pitkins. Air—Governor's March.

The Irish Rebel—The terrible opponent of British law in Ireland, and advocate for Irish Nationality, whether in the prison or the ship, in the senate or the field, he is still the same stern foe to England and fearless friend to Ireland. Responded to by Major Nugent. Air—Tara's Hall.

Civil and Religious Liberty—The foundation of Republicanism; the helm of universal democracy. Responded to by Lieut. O'Conner. Air—Liberty Quick Step.

Irish American Military Organizations—The school of the patriot and soldier: what the laws of our native country denied, America gives; we arm for the maintenance and defence of the latter and for the regeneration of the former. Responded to by Surgeon Johnson, 75th Regt. Air—Garry Owen.

Literature. Air—Trovatore.

Irish Peasantry—Hospitable to strangers; noble to their friends; generous to their enemies, and brave in the midst of danger. Responded to by Mr. M. Keogh. Air—Sprig of Shillelagh.

Mechanics and Artizans of America—They have built for themselves a monument of fame which time shall never efface. Responded to by J. S. Smyth, Esq. Air—Grand March.

The Press—Responded to by a gentleman connected with the *Daily News.* Air—Liberty Tree.

The Ladies, and Mr. P. O'Connor of the Emmet Life-Guard. Responded to by Lieut. P. J. Kelley. Air—O'er young.

After supper the party proceeded to the ball-room, where the company was drawn up in line, and a stand of colors presented to it by Miss Atkinson, who delivered the following address:—

Capt. Lynch: I have the honor to present to you on this occasion, and as the representative of the ladies, this stand of colors, as a token of deep respect for you and the members of your command; and sir, in presenting you with this Flag, I deem it my duty to express a wish on behalf of the ladies, that should your adopted country call upon you to enforce her laws or defend her against her enemies, that you will heartily respond to her call. But should an opportunity present itself to you in your day of helping to free the land of our nativity from cruel oppression and wrong, it is our sincere desire that you should take this Flag with you to that land, to be borne in the midst of the battle against our common enemies, and we shall pray for your success. Not that we like bloodshed; but, we prefer death rather than disgrace. Accept this Flag then, and may your cause be as victorious as it has been honorable and just.

Capt. Lynch responded in brief and appropriate terms.

The Flag is a Sunburst on a ground of white silk, six feet six inches by six feet, and bears the inscription, "Presented by the ladies, Dec. 29th, 1856, to the Emmet Life-Guard, organised August 9th, 1855. T. Lynch, Commandant."

Dancing was kept up with great spirit, and the party did not separate until a late hour in the morning.

THE ELECTION—THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

The following able paper, from the New York *Daily News*, will be read with great interest:

NEW YORK, Saturday, Jan. 3, 1857.

That a new year should inaugurate new ideas, even startling and extravagant ideas, is to be expected in an age of progress. This is emphatically an age of progress, in which all things progress, though in a great many instances most of them progress *backward.* But that finesse and fraud on 'Change should make such rapid strides, while commercial integrity fades out of view, is not so astonishing or significant a feature of our progress as that the simplest calculations of arithmetic should result in a patent fraud and dangerous delusion. Nor is a game at snap at the financial board so ruinous to morality and social stability as a game at crib at the editor's table.

These reflections have been suggested by a close examination of the "facts," "figures" and "logical inferences," so called, which the "Republican" party have relied on to prove,

First, That Mr. Buchanan is the choice of only a minority of the popular vote.

Second, That although the "Republicans" are in a minority in the Electoral College, the joint popular majority against the Democrats is their majority.

And third, that therefore, they, the "Republicans," are already masters of success in 1860.

To this last, which is at best but false logic based upon fraudulent premises, I am sorry to find many of the Southern presses yield a precipitate belief, and already grope blindly about for some new issue upon which to maintain the interests of the South. Strange hallucination. These guides of opinion, being in a position not only tenable but indestructible, would shatter their own bulwarks to build pig-styes out of the ruins. But let me proceed at once to show that the first and second propositions above given, and assumed to be "facts" by the "Republicans," are absolute and gross frauds in their application.

Now a proposition may be technically true in the abstract and utterly false and fraudulent in the concrete or in a certain application of it. So it is with this. Here is the proof:

In the President's Annual Message he boasted that the Republic had sanctioned by its choice the conduct of his administration. He emphatically alluded to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The principle of that repeal implying the right of the South to emigrate to Kansas with their slaves was the main issue. No other was involved. It was in reference to it and upon it that the President announced the "decision of the country."

His doing so, was the signal for "Republican" uproar. He was charged, as usual, with "perversion," "misrepresentation," "littleness." Mr. Buchanan "the President of the minority"!! And the nicest calculations were made to show that everything but the Electoral College was against him. I had made up my mind to see it announced positively that 0 was the only figure to represent him everywhere except in the Electoral College. The *Tribune* actually blushed through its puritanical palor, such was its glee over the "decision of the country."

That glee was counterfeit—it was a fraud, whether deliberate or not matters little to the reader or the end in view. It is a fraud, palpable and patent to all others except the *Tribune.* Its main result, if it has any result, is deception, and such deception must conduce to the success of the "Republicans" in 1860.

I here transcribe the data of the *Tribune*, published therein at an after date, word for word and figure for figure:

"PRESIDENTIAL VOTE FOR 1856.

RECAPITULATION—FREE AND SLAVE STATES.

	Free States.	Slave States.	Total.	El'ct's.
Fremont	1,333,306	1,247	1,334,553	114
Buchanan	1,212,601	638,359	1,850,960	174
Fillmore	387,843	498,117	885.960	8
Total	2,933,750	1,137,723	4,071,473	296
Per cent. of votes	72	28	100	...
Per cent of Electors	59	41	100	...

Buchanan over Fremont, in all, 516,407; Fremont over Fillmore, 448,593; Fremont and Fillmore over Buchanan, 369,553.

The popular vote of the States going for Fremont is 47 per cent of all; his Electoral vote is only 39 per cent. Buchanan's States cast only 51 per cent of all the votes, yet give him 59 per cent. of the Electors.

The per cent. of actual votes and Electors is as follows:

	Votes.	Electors.
Fremont	30 per cent.	39 per cent.
Buchanan	45 per cent.	59 per cent.
Fillmore	25 per cent.	2 per cent."

The reader cannot well conceive how a schoolboy could be so stupid as to make this calculation, or a sorcerer so apt in delusion as to deduce from, or to pervert it into, the "foregone conclusion" of the *Tribune*, namely, that on the issue of the principle of the Kansas Nebraska act Mr. Buchanan is a minority President.

I reserve the absolute contradiction of this first proposition until I shall have dealt with the second.

It cannot be claimed for a moment that under any circumstances whatever the 498,117 votes cast for Fillmore in the South, or any one of them, would ever be cast for the policy represented by the "Republicans." If then, these votes be added to Buchanan's aggregate, his vote would stand 2,349,077. Add Fillmore's entire Northern to Fremont's aggregate vote, and his numbers will stand 1,622,396, giving the Cincinnati Convention a clear, undoubted, unquestionable majority of 626,681 over that of the "Republicans." On the issue already indicated, there is no fogy so stupid and no fanatic so unscrupulous as to dispute the certainty of the above vote of 2,736,920 being cast for the platform of Cincinnati on the Nebraska issue.

But is this all? Not by any means. The *Tribune* of this day admits that one-half the North Americans if informed they were bequeathed 1,000 negroes at $1,000 each, would not "repudiate the bequest."

It may fairly be assumed then, that those "Americans" who would accept the fat negroes would vote in favor of the principle of the Nebraska Act. Half of the whole vote of the Northern "Americans" would give Buchanan without the Southern or the South "American" vote an aggregate of 1,406,522, or a majority over Fremont of 71,969. But adding this 71,969 to Buchanan's majority, with the whole Southern vote, his majority would be 688,376.

But is it fair to say that only half the "Americans" of the North who voted for Fillmore would vote for the "Republican" policy? Not at all. They were but a fragment of the "Americans" of the North. They resisted every temptation, went in the face of inevitable defeat, and spurned the certainty of success which would await them as the perjured associates of the "Republicans." Nay, what was more, such was their aversion to the Anti-Nebraska party who solicited, courted and *kneeled* to them, that they preferred the success of the Cincinnati principles, wherein they were themselves anathematized, to their *own* success with the "Republican." So that not the half, but the whole of them to a man would, on that issue alone, vote for Buchanan. In that case his majority would be 760,345.

Let us pursue this inquiry further. On the last assumption, even in the North, the Anti-"Republican" party are in a minority. Their vote is 1,333,306; that of those opposed to them 1,600,444, leaving the former in a minority of 267,108. But let us see how the Electoral vote of the North will then stand:

Number of votes cast for Buchanan	62
New-York, where the majority against the "Republicans" would be over 41,000	35
Iowa	4
Total	101

"REPUBLICAN" VOTES.

Maine	8	Connecticut	6
New Hampshire	5	Ohio	24
Massachusetts	13	Michigan	6
Vermont	5	Wisconsin	5
Rhode Island	4		
Total			76
Majority against the "Republicans"			25

These are the real "facts" and "figures" which the leading "Republican journals so calculate, arrange, and befumble, as to delude the fanatics who blindly follow them, into the belief that they are in a majority, and their opponents in a minority. These are the "figures" and "facts" which appal the Southern press, and these are the "facts" and "figures" from which the London *Times* predicates the triumph of the North as a prelude to the crash of the Union—a consoling prophecy deduced with gratifying unction from the "growing greatness and progress of the North."

If the prophecy be as mistaken as the historic basis is reckless and false, then need we fear but little the evil augury of this sinister croaker. The majority in favor of forcing the Wilmot proviso on the South in the House of Representatives in 1819 was larger than the majority that elected Mr. Banks, after an unexampled struggle as Speaker to the same house in the present Congress. But it was not as large as the majority by which the future house will, on the fourth of December next, elect his successor and political opponent. Thus in twenty-seven years the "Republicans," "Free Soilers," "Abolitionists," or all put together have not advanced one step or gained one vote or progressed in anything save fanaticism, licentiousness and an utter disregard of the truth. ARISTIDES.

P. S. I have made no account of the number who voted under the delusion, caused by the clap-trap of "freedom;" whereas they were voting merely to give Kansas to the Puritans to the exclusion of the Cavaliers. Yet I know it was very considerable, and know further that a party never can obtain votes, "any more than a swindler can obtain money" on a false pretense so well on a second as a first trial.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF IRELAND,

WITH A SYSTEM OF ARMAMENT, PLAN OF ORGANISATION, AND MODE OF WARFARE, ADAPTED TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES BEGGS.

(Continued.)

As regards our commissariat, at present, I feel it only necessary to say, that owing to the amenity of her position, salubrity of her clime, fertility of her soil, the immense quantity of provisions ever available, and the superabundant supply of wood and water during all seasons, Ireland stands unrivalled in being replete with all the elements of an inexhaustible commissariat, which for convenience sake might be considered under two heads. Firstly, the store of provisions, bread, biscuit, meat, meal, flour, potatoes, etc. Secondly, the means of transport, which are a sufficiency of horses and carts, which must, of course, be procured through the medium of local requisition. It may be right to state here, as a general rule, which history supplies, that no matter what country may be invaded, the invader will be sure to find friends amongst the inhabitants of the country which he invades, who, either through envy to the state in which they live, or through baser motives, will lend all their support to the invader. In the event of such traitors turning up in Ireland, they should not only be shot, but all their property seized for the use and maintenance of our troops, which will lighten the necessity of levying heavy requisitions upon our friends, and prevent the traitors supplying and assisting the troops of the invader; a course, though harsh, which is justified alike by motives of policy and humanity.

According to the last census, the population of Ireland is represented as being six millions and a half; and it is to be taken for granted that the men of the military age amount to, at least, a fourth or fifth part of the whole body of the people. Assuming this data as correct, Ireland can send into the field an army of at least a million of men, leaving the remaining five millions and a half to carry on the business of the country. Ireland being chiefly an agricultural country, her sons, therefore, generally pass the whole day in the open air, exposed to all the inclemencies of the season. The hardiness of their ordinary life prepares them for the fatigues of war, to which their necessary occupations bear a great analogy, and to whom war would become somewhat a relief, as they would then be better fed and cared for than they were ever before, their present vocations being far more fatiguing than the duties which war generally imposes; and the necessary occupations of a ditcher prepares him to work in the trenches, and to aid in fortifying a camp as well as to enclose a field. The abstemious habits of the Irish people, the consequence of a dire necessity, existing in a land of plenty, having always reduced them to live upon the coarsest and simplest food—their drink milk or water, their food potatoes or the coarsest bread, their clothes the plainest raiment, and their lodgings the rudest huts; which, coupled with their pre-eminent superior physical prowess, their alertness and hardiness, their proverbial aptness and genius in war, and inherent love of campaigning; an army composed of such men—the very images of war, and knowing the country—are easily sustained, can march rapidly from place to place, and are of all the people in the world the most pre-eminently fitted to cope with the perils and vicissitudes of war, and achieve the grandest victories.

In order to fully develope my views in relation to the fourth order of military resources—arms and munitions of war, I feel it necessary to refer to the different topics which are involved in their due consideration. I have already stated that the superficial conformation of the theatre of military operations not only determines the species of troops to be employed, but actually decides the weapons with which the troops should be armed. The disciplined armies of the world are divided into three departments; namely, infantry, cavalry and artillery. Infantry occupies the principal "role," and is the chief and primary basis of all armies, generally forming four-fifths of the entire numerical force; it acts on all grounds alike, in defensive and offensive movements. It is divided into—First, heavy armed infantry—those armed with the musket and bayonet, whose object is to overthrow everything by its fire or physical force. Secondly, light infantry or skirmishers—those armed with the rifle and sword bayonet, whose duty is to harass, annoy, and occupy by individual fire and action. Thirdly, sappers and miners and military engineers; whose duty consists in erecting fortifications, both field and permanent, and assisting in their defence or attack. Cavalry is chiefly an offensive arm, whose peculiar characteristic is its velocity, in which its power exists while on a level surface; but on rugged or uneven ground it is only fit for show. Artillery, like cavalry, requires level ground to act upon, and is incapable of doing serious injury in the field, except when opposed to columns of men. The destructive power of a cannon ball, being confined to a few inches diameter, is but a mere point, and may be fired amongst men in pretty close column without doing more than killing or wounding a few men, and against a line it can at most but injure two men; whereas, if the number of men necessary to man a gun were armed with rifles, they would, in far less time, at one-twentieth the labor and expense, inflict infinitely more mischief on either column or line than their cannon could do. And when we consider that artillery can only operate in a few places; that enlightened warriors now only oppose to it a chequered line of skirmishers, instead of regular lines or columns, against which artillery fire is only wasted; and the cumbrous and expensive amount of ammunition and stores, and the quantity of forage always essential to keep artillery in an efficient state, and the little that it is capable of effecting after all; and now this effect is completely neutralised owing to the science of selection of position—it is quite apparent that, except in the attack and defence of fortresses, and in naval warfare, the maintenance of artillery as an arm of military service, but symbolises the military folly of the age. The same may be said of cavalry. A campaign in Ireland, now-a-days, would soon show the folly and absurdity of arming a man with a carbine and sword, and cocking him up on a horse's back to fight. No man who has made war his study, and has practically applied his mind to all its details, can now entertain a different opinion.

From the earliest period up to the present time, there have been many innovations in the art of war, there has been little or no progress; it has been trammelled by a sort of etiquette, which has clogged all improvement; and the changes which have taken place in armament and system, were the result of accident, or exacting necessity, rather than the offspring of deliberate military sagacity. It is now time that war throughout its entire details, should be conducted by the stern rules of common sense, and the full knowledge of its details be made public property; as nothing can be more conducive to the general interests of society, than the reduction of war to its simple, cheap and natural level; being sure, sooner or later, to lead to the effectual amelioration of the oppressed peoples of Europe. Let us, therefore, sift all that is stable, from both ancient and modern military armaments and systems, add new ones to them and adapt the whole as a new system of warfare. The best proof that the armament of the armies of old was in many respects superior to the armament which the discovery of gunpowder introduced, is exemplified in the fact, that there were ten times as many killed and wounded in the hand-to-hand struggles of yore, as in the battles fought with fire-arms; the best system of armament being that which is calculated to destroy the greatest number of the enemy in the quickest manner, without being liable to be neutralised in effect by the selection of position.

Therefore it is self-evident, that sound military science will generally discard both cavalry and artillery in the field, as arms of military service, and solely rely upon that chief element of war—infantry, and on infantry only, for the efficient prosecution of its designs; and in order to endow that great arm with the true attributes of invincibility, it must borrow its systems of armament from those of ancient and modern armies, and at once adapt itself to new, simple, and efficient principles of military science. Let the prejudiced conservatives of the errors of present military systems and practices, in perfecting brigades of cavalry, in casting cannon of the most prodigious weight of metal and length of range, and in inventing and perfecting warlike machinery of the most nice and complicated description, requiring the labor of numberless men and horses to work them, and needing a ponderous and unwieldy baggage train, calculated to retard, embarrass, and insure the defeat of any army, particularly when opposed to a nation of civilised warriors, who scorn to follow implicitly the errors of mere military fashions, simply because these silly fashions happen to be universal, but who adopt the systems of armament and principles of action which practical experience and sound sense absolutely pronounce to be right. We will dispense with armies of mere brute animals, with casting of cannon, and with the absurd appliances of warlike machinery. The only machines we will place our reliance on, are intelligent soldiers, endowed with cool courage and armed with bright steel. The only essential arms for our army are the rifle, the pike, horse-pistols for the pikemen, and swords and pistols for the officers; they need no other; with these, in conjunction with a simple system of military operations, they stand more than a match, on their own soil, for any single military power in Europe. Every man in Ireland that can afford to buy a good rifle ought to do so; and also a bayonet or sword-bayonet to match. Although the riflemen are not intended for charging, yet, in case of being attacked by cavalry, their only resource will be to form the rallying square, and defend themselves with the bayonet, until relieved by a charge of pikemen. The main duties of the riflemen will consist in supplying the outposts; in covering the line and masses of pikemen in position; in skirmishing in front of the enemy; in hanging upon his flanks and rear; and in encircling his columns of route, with a sparkling girth of deadly fire. A chief object of theirs will be to shoot down the artillerymen, and thus dismantle the enemy's guns. When riflemen cannot be had, their places must be supplied with musketeers and fowling-piece men. Men armed with muskets should procure bayonets to match them.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Speech delivered by Thomas Francis Meagher, before the T. F. Meagher Club,

IN TAMMANY HALL, MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY THE 12TH, ON THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ESCAPE FROM AUSTRALIA.

Mr. President, Ladies and gentlemen:

When you do me the honor to celebrate this anniversary with such bright festivities, the least I can do in return, is to offer my acknowledgments in person. The fear of being accused of egotism, might deter me from actively assisting in such festivities. But in no few instances, it becomes a duty to encounter such aspersions, where a large measure of public approbation is bestowed. A letter of thanks is a poor compliment to pay in exchange for the favors awarded by any great portion of the people. I prefer to incur the charge of egotism, rather than be exposed to the suspicion of ingratitude. Sins more grievous—a restless love of notoriety among the rest—I am willing to have preferred against me, rather than it should be said I disowned the act you have met to vindicate. That I have good reason to feel grateful to the Club whose congratulations I receive this evening, my memory, conscience, and heart assure me. Four years have passed since the first commemoration of my escape. On that occasion I gave expression to opinions, from which in no single instance during those four years has it been my disgrace to deviate. That you commend my fidelity to those opinions, this assemblage with its applause furnishes the best evidence. In the paper I edit, and for the sentiments of which I hold myself personally responsible, I have endeavored in an unobtrusive way to maintain the position I then felt it my duty to assume. As I have done, so shall I continue to do. Upon that subject—a political one—it would be inconsiderate for me to say more. Allusions to political conduct are out of season at this moment, when the greetings which throb around me, warm every thought I have, and should brighten into kindliness every syllable that escapes me. Such greetings are sunshine to the coldest natures. Even the snow, which sometimes falls upon natures the most genial and fruitful, should look beautiful in its presence. Even so, do scenes and faces, that have been familiar to me in my captivity, come to light; and for the land of bondage I renounced, sympathies renew themselves, which, long ago, the curse of convictism, flung upon its soil, awakened. It is winter here. It is summer—rosy summer—there. Here, the laughing waters, which, in the days of the ripening corn or the falling leaf, give life to many a glorious scene, are hushed. There, the harvest is yet upon the fields, the white fleece on its road to the sea-port has not many days left the farm of which it is the golden treasure, and the fruits are in full bloom. No contrast could be more striking. The aspirations excited by it, foreign as they may sound, will be forgiven. To a land so blessed; a land over which, one may say with truth, the scowl of winter never passes; a land of exhaustless promise, and beauty without intermission; to such a land, the purest and grandest destiny should be vouchsafed. In that land it has been my happiness to have met many generous friends. The native youth of the country—the growing generation of farmers, students, merchants, into whose hands the fortunes of the country are already passing—for intelligence, public spirit, hospitable impulses and gallant bearing, could well stand face to face, with the youth of any nation. It is a fresh and fruitful life they lead, who, beyond the frontiers of a new civilization, subjugate the wild soil, and over mountains never before trod by the white foot, and through forests impervious almost to the sun, advance the banners of social happiness and human grandeur. Such a life developes the noblest instincts, activities and schemes. Establishing a mature order of things, it escapes the infirmities which affect it when the desired maturity is attained, as the ripest fruit deteriorates when the summer is at its zenith. On more than one occasion, I have been made sensible of the brave heart and robust manhood such an existence generates. To the event you commemorate, that heart and manhood with a munificent temerity conduced. The severest penalties—imprisonment, fine, the loss of property, the loss of life—warned them from the enterprize. Into the teeth of them they dashed—deaf to every admonition—blind to every peril—to the rescue of a friend whom they had known for a few months only. For their services, they have my proud thanks. Should prosperity descend upon my path, the sunshine shall not efface, but enshrine, the remembrance of their devotion. Should poverty be my lot, the bright vision shall be all the brighter for the coldness and desolation through which it shines. In every fortune they shall have my grateful look, thought and prayer. In its career of industry; as it grows stronger, wealthier, and more beautiful in the freedom which at length has dawned upon it, and this great people through their immortal Declaration instructs it in the ways by which colonies emerge from their probationary state and consolidate their independence; in every step it takes to greatness, Australia, the country of their birth and love, for its success shall have my earnest aspiration. I have indulged in a long digression. From New-York to Hobart Town, it is upwards of sixteen thousand miles. But the digression, you will admit, was not only excusable, but commendable. Was not only commendable, but gracious. Heartily you will cheer the sentiment, that to the auxillaries in my escape something more than a word or two of thanks were due. Heartily you will associate them with me in the congratulations of this evening. Heartily you will drink their healths—drink them in deep bumpers—echoing the wishes I have uttered for themselves, their country, the propagation of republicanism, the supremacy of the people. Having thus spoken of them, I shall say no more. An act in which those brave fellows—young men of truth and genuine chivalry took part—with which they thoroughly identified themselves—no gentleman of honor questions. An act, commenting on which, at the dinner given him in Melbourne, on his release from exile, William Smith O'Brien took occasion to repudiate the compliment paid him by Viscount Palmerston, to the disparagement of John Mitchel and myself—an act, calling forth such a notice from such a man, no gentleman of honor questions. An act, the circumstances of which having been detailed by me in a letter, dated the 5th of June, 1852—which letter appeared in all the morning papers of this city under my signature on the 7th of that month—was endorsed on the 9th by the Common Council of New-York, in the resolutions offering me a public reception and the hospitalities of the city, an act, so published approved, stands in need of no further illustration. No gentleman of honor questions it. By the American public it has been ratified. To the gentlemen, then, who planned, aided and abetted the escape you celebrate, I call upon you with enthusiasm to drink!

On the 6th inst., a steeple-chase for £100 a side, came off at Jenkinstown, Co. Kilkenny, says the *Kilkenny Journal*, between Mr. Adderly's "The Queen," and Major Hibbert's, 50th Reg't, "The Robber," over an exceedingly stiff country, comprising more than five and twenty fences, many of them "raspers," a water jump upwards of fourteen feet across, and a double line of permanent railing, running at right angles from the Stand-house, opposite which, at a considerable distance, the start took place. A great amount of betting was made upon the result, and we understand large sums of money changed hands upon the occasion, the race coming off not exactly as was calculated upon. Mr. Adderley took the lead at starting, which he maintained, at an improving pace, to the line of rails, the first obstacle encountered. This his mare knocked against, when rising to the jump, and broke through. The succeeding rail however, she cleared in beautiful style, and passed the Stand-house in advance, his gallant opponent closely following in his wake. Arriving next at a formidable bank, both horses baulked, and were with difficulty got over, it being a stiff fence. Proceeding along, the water-jump next came in view, which Mr. Adderly charged with great spirit, his mare taking it clear off at either side in magnificent style. Here the race may have said to have terminated, for Major Hibbert's horse not answering to his call, instead of jumping, floundered into the water, throwing his rider to the opposite bank by which he lost his rein, and the horse breaking away, some minutes elapsed before he could be re-taken; Mr. Adderly in the meanwhile making good use of his time. On remounting, the Major attempted to regain his position, but finding it useless did not persevere, and Mr. Addderly cantered in an easy winner, amid the cheers of a vast concourse of people, who hailed his success with especial delight. With a liberality truly noble and generous, this highly popular gentleman contributed the sum of £50 in aid of the charities, on the evening of the race.

The deanery of Cashel is vacant by the death of the Very Rev. Samuel Adams. It is of the annual value of about £500, and in the gift of the crown. The deanery house of Cashel, (formerly the Archbishop's Palace,) is a handsome residence, and without any charge.

The Rectory and Vicarage of Drumgath, (Rathfriland,) have been presented to the Rev. Chas. Beresford Knox, A.B., Carrickfergus. The living was in the gift of the Lord Bishop of the diocese, and is of the annual value of £280 10 1.

Irish News.

The following article lately appeared in the *Constitutionnel*. At the present crisis, it has a certain significance: "Ireland has just given some signs of life. The first symptoms of its existence became evident on the event of Mr. Smith O'Brien's return. When the exile of 1848, who had thought the time then come to separate by force, the two countries, returned from Australia, where he had been transported, and made his appearance in his native land, his fellow-countrymen greeted him with acclamation. Deputations were sent to request him to return to public life, and accept a seat in Parliament, but O'Brien refused. It appeared to him quite useless, he said, to take a seat in an assembly in which questions relating to Ireland are judged by England and Scotland. He appears to have almost as little confidence in Irishmen themselves as in the men who represent England and Scotland. Smith O'Brien remembers that when in 1848 the suspension of the 'Habeas Corpus' seemed to give the signal for an insurrection, which would have obtained for Ireland a separate parliament, the Irish people refused to follow the standard raised by O'Brien, and he does not now wish to support the cause of the Irish people with more ardor than they do themselves, and run the risk of being sent back to the antipodes with English criminals. After having given this answer to his fellow-countrymen, the exile pardoned by the Queen has returned to private life, after merely stating, in a sarcastic way, that when his son's studies are finished, he will not oppose their giving him the votes he now declined. By this it is evident that Ireland has at last completely understood the hollow and unmeaning agitation that O'Connell carried on; and which was more embarrassing to himself at the end of his life than to any one else." Then comes a long article on Guy Fawkes and Captain John's agitation, ending with the following observations on the *Times*: "To-day it attacks the Catholic religion; for this paper is the organ of intolerant and Protestant bigotry, carried to the utmost extent—'au supreme degree'—and shows so much good taste in its attacks and sarcasms on the religion which is professed by several millions of British subjects. Let us hope that its destructive work will not be successful. We shall not, however, be surprised to see this paper promptly alter its sentiments. It has accustomed us to such sudden changes that there would be nothing surprising if we could count it very soon among the warmest partizans of the union with France.

The *Clare Journal* reports that Ennis was visited by a severe storm on the 8th and 9th ult. It raged with terrific violence, stripping several houses of slates, blowing down corn and hay stacks, and even levelled a house at Kilnamone. At Newmarket and Quin it was very violent. In the Shannon the waves rose to a great height, breaking over the usual boundaries in several places. In Ennis, about half-past three o'clock, the tide met the flood from the lakes, and being unable to find an exit from the storm blowing up the channel, overflowed its banks and laid the lower part of the town under water. The water extended a considerable distance up Church street and the Causeway, and Mill street, and although it caused considerable inconvenience it did no serious damage. Between Ennis and Clare it carried away a portion of the embankment which was recently erected under the superintendence of the Board of Works. While inspecting the injuries done to the bank, Mr. Kelly, civil engineer, was placed in considerable danger, the water rose above his knees, and were it not for his perfect knowledge of the locality, his life might have been forfeited. Several persons were struck by the falling slates, but the injuries they sustained were unimportant.

As the train which left Cavan on Monday morning, the 8th ult., at 9 o'clock, was approaching Mullingar, an axletree of one of the carriages broke, by which six passenger carriages were thrown off the line, and precipitated into a bog hole. Fortunately there were no passengers in that portion of the train. The engine got detached, and went off, and the remaining carriages, in which the passengers were, were impelled with violence against one of the six which had been forced off, but which was still partially on the rails. The consequence was that the first of the carriages having passengers in it was smashed, and the seats on which the passengers were sitting were broken in pieces, but the occupants escaped any serious injury. The engine and luggage vans being in advance were enabled to continue the journey, taking the passengers on to Mullingar.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Dr. Petrie read a paper descriptive of some Roman "gold coins of the period of the republic," recently found near Fontal Abbey, Rathfarnham, and presented through him to the academy by Mr. Glennon, of Suffolk street, into whose hands the coins had originally fallen. Dr. Petrie accounted for the frequent discovery of Roman coins in Ireland by the supposition that they were brought into the country by merchant dealers with Roman Britain.

On the 8th ult., a hooker, while out trawling in the Kenmare river was upset by a sudden squall at a time when it was supposed the men were getting in their nets. She immediately sank. One of the boatmen, out of four who could swim, was saved through the extraordinary courage of three men living on the lands of Faramore, tenants to the Marquis of Lansdowne. Notwithstanding the fearfully dangerous state of the waters they procured a small boat, and went out nearly, a mile when they found one of the crew named Downing swimming about and saved him. No trace of the boat or the rest of the crew.

The town and neighborhood of Fintona, county Tyrone, says the *Fermanagh Mail*, were thrown into a state of consternation on Sunday morning last, by the sudden demise of Alexander Buchanan, Esq., second cousin of the new American President. Another correspondent states that after looking at the funeral *cortege* of his brother, Beaver Buchanan, Esq., laid down on his bed and expired.

We are pained very much, says the *Dundalk Democrat*, to be obliged to state that some ill-disposed persons entered the Catholic Church at Drumintee, county Armagh, on the night of the 29th of November, and took from it an image of the Virgin and Child, and some altar ornaments, which in the most sacriligeous manner they broke, and scattered the fragments about.

There are only 33 prisoners of all classes in Louth jail—18 females and fifteen males. There is not a single case for trial at the quarter sessions, and only one case for assizes—namely, that of suspected infanticide.

Christopher Martin, aged 36, was killed by the train from Dublin to Kingstown, while crossing the railway at Serpentine Avenue on the 9th ult.

A sailor was flogged on board H. M. S. Advice in Waterford Harbor for desertion.

The stained glass window, says the Dublin *Evening Mail*, which, it may be remembered, formed a portion of the contemplated memorial of the services of the 18th, Royal Irish, during the arduous Crimean campaign, was placed in its position during the latter part of last week, in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The window, which is Gothic, to correspond with the architectural style of the building, is a singularly beautiful specimen of this decorative art, and consists of three compartments, the upper and lower of which contain armorial bearings, surrounded with a pattern of choice design, whilst the centre is devoted to a panoramic view of the city of Sebastopol, and more especially of the Karabelnia suburb, which the gallant 18th Regiment had the high distinction of capturing and retaining for some hours upon the else inglorious 18th of June. The view is admirably drawn, and the delicate tinting and softened appearance imparted to it by the field on which it is produced, combined to render this a most charming picture. Underneath the window is the marble tablet, with its brief and appropriate inscription, and flanking it at either side are the glorious war-worn relics—the shattered colors, which, like laurelled veterans, take their rest in a position of ease and honor; whilst beyond these again are the monuments erected to note the achievements of the same distinguished corps in the campaigns of China and Burmah, and more especially "in memory of the fallen." As an addition to the thousand hallowed reminiscences with which the cathedral is replete, no less than as a last record of the fame acquired by deeds of "The Irish Brigade" of our own day, the group is one that cannot fail of being regarded with the most intense interest.

Private letters, says the Dublin *Nation*, mention that Lord Dunkellin's late inexcusable indecency in introducing two girls at the late French Inundation Ball in Calcutta, whom he knew to be common prostitutes, had created great disgust in the native mind, and the *Hindu Intelligencer*, a native journal, after contrasting the more exemplary conduct before the world, and in society, of his countrymen, Hindoos and Mussulmans though they be, with that of Englishmen, as well as their higher practical ethics, with our Christian system of monarchy, finishes his remarks with this exultant ejaculation and exhortation to his countrymen:—"By Heavens! we are better off than our vaunting Christian rulers. Oh, save us from their contamination! Brahmins, read your Shasters, for they teach you a rigid morality and lead you to safer ways." With regard to Lord Dunkellin, he had been removed from his Military Secretaryship by the Governor-General, at the instance of the Bishop, and had gone to Bombay to join the expedition to Persia, so the *Hurkant* thus announces:—"The prevalent belief is, with reference to Lord Dunkellin's deportation, that 'the Bishop has done it all.' Twice from the pulpit he referred to the subject in strong language, and, as we have heard, in much stronger language at a public breakfast in his own palace. The Governor-General has given way and removed the offender, and it is extremely to be regretted that he did not at the same time see the question in all its bearings, and act with a nerve befitting the occasion.

On Friday, the 12th ult., Constable Thompson, and Sub-Constables Donning and Coyne, of the Newpallas station, succeeded in arresting Denis Ryan, of Emly, charged with the murder of John Kenny, of Duncummin, near Emly, in October last. The police of the surrounding district made simultaneous search for Ryan on several occasions, but up to the time of his arrest were unsuccessful in their endeavors to take him. Ryan was escorted to Tipperary, and lodged in Bridewell, where he awaits commital to the county gaol at Clonmel, for trial at the ensuing assizes.

A numerous and influential meeting of the nobility, gentry, merchants and ratepayers of the county Dublin, convened by the High Sheriff, was recently held in the Court-house of Kilmainham, "for the purpose of considering the adoption of a petition to parliament, praying that the additional income tax may not be continued beyond April, 1857, being one year from the termination of the late war, and also the period limited by parliament for its continuance, at the time when it was originally imposed."

At the recent examinations for commissions in the Hon. the East India Company's Service, held at Addiscombe College, in the beginning of December, Thaddeus Ryan, Esq., eldest son of John Ryan, Esq., J. P., Scarteen, county Limerick, obtained fourth place among fourteen young gentlemen, who, for "superior acquirements," were selected for commissions in the Artillery branch of that service.

On Sunday, the 9th of December, in Limerick, during the celebration of Divine Service, in St. John's Roman Catholic Chapel, on old man named James Mara, who is stated to have been a dealer in pigs, was observed by a portion of the congregation to fall suddenly upon the floor, and they having instantly gone to assist him, found him quite dead. The cause of death is stated to have been disease of the heart.

On the evening of the 14th ult., as the Holyrood steamer was entering the New Dock, Limerick, from London, the pilot, John Martin, accidentally fell from the ship's deck to the hold. On being taken up, the poor fellow seemed almost lifeless, his head being extensively mutilated.

Owing to the greatly increased pressure of professional duties, Dr. O'Connor has been compelled to resign the office of physician to the Cork Workhouse, an appointment which he has held since the formation of the union, some seventeen or eighteen years ago.

As soon as it became known in New Ross that the action for libel againgst the *Wexford Guardian* was unsuccessful, the people of that town, sympathising with the vindicated liberty of the press, raised lighted tar barrels in various directions.

At the police court, Limerick, recently, a sub-constable of police, named Michael M'Evoy, was committed to jail for one month for dereliction of duty—he having left his post for three days without leave.

John Ellard, Esq., Solicitor, has been elected Town Councillor of the Shannon Ward, Limerick, without opposition, in the room of Henry O'Shea, Esq., solicitor, who resigned.

Owing to the temporary illness of Miss Catherine Hayes, the concerts announced to come off in Limerick have been adjourned *sine die*.

On the 15th ult., a woman named Bridget Collins, fell off a ladder in the Irishtown, Limerick, while ascending to clean some windows, and had her shoulder blade broken.

A monster codfish, weighing 61 lbs., was recently caught at Kilrush.

The recent announcement of an appointment to the Profession of Law, in the Queen's College, Cork is premature, that office is still vacant.

During the recent storm a couple of covered railway trucks broke away from their moorings at the Junction, on the great Southern and Western Railway, to the utter astonishment of the officers in charge, and making head from the post, soon gathered speed that put them beyond chance of detention. Hardly was their motion discovered when they were "hull down in the horizon—"and they passed the next station, the wind roaring behind, at a rate that steam itself could scarce rival. The astounded Station Master knew not what to make of the fugitive carriages as they fled by his door—and the country people who saw them supposed the d——l himself was the driver. The carriages swept at a speed of forty or fifty miles an hour by the station at Pallas—and it was not until they had arrived at a far distance beyond that they were brought to an absolute stand. The storm was remarkable for the abrupt fury of its gusts, and it was in one of these unexpected tornadoes that the brace of machines broke loose and fled.

On the December fair day of Miltown, county Clare, a man named Patrick O'Connor received a blow of a stone from a drunken man, which inflicted a dreadful injury upon his face, breaking his front teeth, and it is feared endangering his life. Four persons apprehended by the police, were brought before the Petty Sessions bench. Three were admitted to bail and one man named Kelleher remanded to a future day, Dr. Costello declining to say the man was out of danger.

A poor woman named Mary Moore, who had been residing in London for many years, was recently sent back to Cork with three children. Her husband, who is an Englishman, is a tailor, but is out of work. She had to apply for parish relief, on which the English guardians sent her and her children to Cork, leaving her husband in London. Some of the city magistrates have taken the case into consideration, and money has been contributed for the purpose of sending her back to London.

In the Incumbered Estates Court, the total produce of sales for the week ending Thursday, the 20th November, 1856, was £198,039 6s 3d. The estates sold remarkably well, in some instances for nearly thirty years' purchase. The magnificent estate of John Kelly, Esq., of Strancally Castle, Waterford, was sold on Tuesday, and brought £73,000. Andrew Carbery, Esq., merchant, Dungarvan, appears the purchaser of one lot for £8,000.

The *Waterford Mail* informs us that the inhabitants of Stephen street, in that city have been greatly annoyed by the incurson of an immense number of rats which have made their way up through the large sewers which have connection with the river. A regular crusade has been waged against them, but up to the present we believe the rats have gained the day; they are said to be of large size and great ferocity.

On the 13th of December a large bonfire was lighted on the property of Sir Edward Fitzgerald, close to the village of Miltown, in honor of the baronet's marriage. Dancing and other amusements were kept up to a late hour by the tenantry. On other parts of his property, similar demonstrations of respect and attachment to their landlord were exhibited.

The squally and uncertain weather, says the *Belfast Ulsterman*, is not sufficient to deter the Irish emigrants, who still set out for Australia and America in considerable numbers. On the 16th ult. the *Semaphore* conveyed from the quay a crowd of decent-looking people bound for the new worlds of Columbia or Tasmania.

On the 10th ult., the ceremony of the reception of a Religieuse at the beautiful Convent of Cappoquin took place in the presence of a large concourse of clergy and friends of the young and amiable postulant. The young lady who received the white veil on the occasion is Miss Margaret Kelly, daughter of Mr. John Kelly, Bridge street, Carrick-on-Suir.

The *Limerick Chronicle* states that the Rev. J. Nash Griffin, Harold's Cross, Dublin, is indebted to his powerful eloquence for the endowment to Blueworth, netting £500 a year, and an excellent house, which was presented to him by a Londoner, who heard him lately preach at Harold's Cross.

Four troops of the 13th Light Dragoons are at Head-quarters, Cahir, a Squadron at Cork, and one troop at Clogheen. One troop is ordered to proceed from Cork to join Head-quarters. Sixty-two invalids have proceeded to Dublin, to be examined before a medical board.

A skull was found by some laboring men, while at work in Vicar's lane, Kilkenny, and on an investigation being held, it was supposed to be that of Ellen Freeman, who committed suicide some twelve years since, and on whose corpse the jury had returned a verdict of *felo de se*.

The number of pounds of tea entered for consumption at Belfast, for the week ending November 29, was 28,534 pounds, against 43,720 pounds the previous week, making a total of 1,649,188 pounds since 1st January last, against 1,709,781 pounds same period last year.

Head-constable Barrowes, of Fethard, has retired from the Constabulary, after thirty years' service, on a pension of £60 per annum. A vacancy is thereby caused, for which a competitive examination of the constables of the riding will take place shortly.

At a coroner's inquest held in the North Infirmary, Cork, upon the body of J. Lane, who died of injuries inflicted upon him by James Sullivan, on the 13th ult., a verdict of wilful murder was rendered against said Sullivan.

A fellow named Patrick Daly was sentenced, in Cork, to a month's imprisonment with hard labor, on a charge preferred against him, of threatening to take the life of Mr. Thompson, relieving officer.

Brush-making is at present in a prosperous state. The majority of the employers in Belfast have granted to the workmen a liberal advance of wages, which the latter have acknowledged in an appropriate resolution.

Several forged £5 notes of the Bank of England, remarkably well executed, and difficult to distinguish from the genuine notes, have lately appeared in circulation in the North of Ireland.

A man named Lalor, well known in Waterford and Tramore, and who had been for many years waiter at Cummins' hotel, fell from a window in the Fanning's Institution, and was so severely hurt that death ensued.

A man named Fitzgibbon, who is employed at Messrs. Bannatyne's mills, county Clare, shot three otters with one shot just above the flood-gates erected by the Board of Works.

The *great boon* of a day mail between Waterford and Tramore has been granted by the Post-Master-General, and the fact is duly chronicled in the Waterford papers.

There is a mule in possession of a farmer residing near Baltinglass, which had been employed in the transit of ammunition, etc., to Vinegar Hill, in the year 1798.

We deeply regret, says a Limerick paper, to announce the loss of a large sail-boat, with thirteen souls on board, which fatal disaster occurred on the Lower Shannon during the gale on Tuesday. The ill-fated craft arrived in Limerick on the 8th ult., with a cargo of corn, which having been sold the same day, the boatmen started from the quays next morning at an early hour, before the storm set in with violence. As is customary, a few persons from the locality of the Island, who were in town, availed themselves of a passage home in the boat, and accordingly, eleven persons, (nine men and two women) were on board. The crew comprised only two men; and when arrived at Beigh Castle, the storm being at its height, they cast anchor, and lost it, and had then to run for the Islands; unfortunately, the attempt proved ineffectual, as the boat grounded and upset, when the poor people were all drowned, and the smack broken to pieces! The farmers who owned the corn, were on board, and perished, with £150 in their possession.

We were visited, says the *Galway Mercury*, on Tuesday, the 9th ult., by a tremendous southwester, which blew with incessant fury. The streets were nearly impassable, from flying bricks, slates, and chimney pots, hurled in all directions. A great deal of damage occurred at the railway terminus. A man named Murphy, employed at the station, ascended to secure the zinc-covering; but he and a portion of the sheeting were carried away twenty feet, and the poor man was precipitated to the ground, receiving several injuries. Telegraphic communication between here and Dublin, is at present suspended, as a large number of the posts between Galway and Athenry were levelled to the ground. Some boats, near Renmore point, were smashed to pieces, and a rumor, which we trust will prove unfounded, is prevalent that some trawlers have been either lost or wrecked.

Four soldiers of the 55th depot are being tried by court martial, at Templemore, upon charges arising from the following circumstances:—About 10 p. m., a few nights since, they were it seems, intoxicated, and not in time to get into barracks—the gates being closed before 9 p. m., whereupon they made an attack on the house of John Kennedy, Esq., Wellington Lodge, which stands isolated just at the corner of the barracks, and made several attempts to force the hall door, but ineffectually. Mr. Kennedy, perceiving they were soldiers, refrained from firing out upon the party, and dispatched his servant by means of a back passage, to call up the guard. A picket quickly arrived, when some of the party made off; but four were arrested and taken into barracks. About one p. m., one or two others returned again to the house to force an entrance, but decamped after a short time.

On the night of the 5th ult., John Creghan of Tonecor, and his wife, returning from Athlone, had occasion to pass the ford of Killyan river on the new road between Ballinamore and Mount Bellew, when the flood, which was considerable, owing to the previous day's rain, carried their vehicle more than two hundred yards down the river. Fortunately they were, owing to a turn in the river, cast on a low bank, and a bright night favoring them, Creghan, with much energy and presence of mind, released his wife from her perilous state, and saved the horse by cutting the harness, but the cart and contents were lost.

In the case of Simon Byrne, a ticket-of-leave convict, who is at present awaiting his trial for attempting to steal sheep from the lands of Mr. Robert Hanlon, and an ass belonging to a person in Athy, besides other robberies, the police of Carlow have received a warrant from the Lord Lieutenant, directing that he be arrested on his leaving prison, and transmitted to Dublin, for the purpose of undergoing the remainder of his sentence in penal servitude, in consequence of his having violated the liberty granted to him to go at large.

We regret, says the Newry *Examiner*, that owing to the damages sustained by the growing crops in the vicinity of Inniskeen, county Monaghan, during the severe hail storm in August last, several farmers at present, subject to serious privations, are in fact, in actual distress. We trust the landowners in all the localities so seriously affected, will look after the afflicted sons of toil. We have hopes that Col. Lewis's kindness will redeem his abortive polemical zeal.

On the 4th ult. a large vessel went to pieces on the coast at Ardmore, county Waterford, and on the 8th ult. another vessel foundered near the same spot, during a heavy gale. Before she went down, a boat containing four of the crew, was lowered; but, after breasting the waves for a few minutes, it was swamped, and the four men drowned.

Lord Fermoy, Lord Lieutenant of the County, presided at a meeting of the landed proprietors, magistrates, and ratepayers of the town of Kinsale, and of the baronies of Kinsale and Courcies, which was held on Tuesday, in the Court-house, Kinsale, for the purpose of adopting measures for the construction of a bridge across the river Bandon, at the site approved of by the Lords of the Admiralty.

At a meeting of the members of the Limerick Chamber of Commerce, on Saturday, the following were elected Market Trustees:—F. Spaight, President; Robert Rodger, James Bannatyne, Richard Russell, Laurence Quinlivan, John Sharp, William Cochrane, William Spaight, and William G. Gubbins, Esqrs.

The number of persons qualified to vote at parliamentary elections for the county Wexford and its boroughs for the present year, is as follows:—For the county, 6,370; (these are divided into four polling districts, viz:—Gorey 835, Ennisorthy 2,263, Ross, 1,774, Wexford 1,498). For the borough of Wexford 314, for the borough of Ross 191.

A requisition to the High Sheriff of Dublin is in course of signature, to convene a public meeting to petition for a reduction of the income tax from 16d. to 7d. in the pound, after the 5th of April next.

Thomas Glencross, and Thomas Maur, firemen on board the *Killarney* steamer, were suffocated in the deck-house, while asleep on board, from the effects of charcoal, which was in the apartment.

The sword of Col. Terence O'Rielly, the last surviving member of the Irish Brigade, and which had often been used against the Sovereign of Britain, was presented on the 8th ult. to the Royal Irish Academy.

Messrs. Kerr, of Worcester, porcelain manufacturers, offer a premium of £10 to any member of the Dublin Chemical Society who will succeed in preventing the action of acids on figments employed in their line of business.

Mr. Alexander Fairweather, steward to George R. Johnston, J.P., Ratholina, county Longford, was attacked, and violently beaten by a party while returning home.

The returns of the Irish Banks of issue for the last four weeks, exhibit an increase of £183,783.

From the present report of the Commissioners of National Education, it appears they had in operation 5,178 schools, attended by 556,551 children. At the close of the year 1855, the number of schools in operation was 5,124, attended by 538,246 children, showing a decrease in the schools in operation of 54; and a decrease in the attendance of 18,305. It is gratfying to find that the decrease in attendance in workhouse schools amounted to 10,450, and the remainder of the deficit was undoubtedly occasioned by the numbers of comparatively young men drafted into the militia, which caused the withdrawal of still younger men from school, to supply the demands of the agricultural and labor markets. Thus, we have presented to us on the one hand, diminished pauperism, and on the other, increased improvement.

The reward at present for the discovery of the murderer of Mr. Little amounts to £415, consisting of the following items—The Midland Great Western Railway Company, £200; Mr. Little, Wexford, £100; Mr. Bond, £50; a few other friends, £65. No arrest as yet made.

The Coroner's jury which sat on the body of the late John Collett, Esq., M. P. for Athlone, found, that he committed suicide at his residence, Arnewood House, Salisbury, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol, while in a state of temporary derangement.

The Kilkennies, says the *Journal*, commenced on Monday, the 8th ult., to beat up for recruits, and within an hour upwards of of a dozen of the "boys" presented themselves for the shilling. The Fusileers require about 400 men to complete their full number.

The Incumbered Estates Commissioners have directed that for the future all motions to make absolute conditional orders for sale shall be heard before the Commissioner by whom the petition was fiated.

The wheat crop in Kerry has been 25 per cent. greater in breadth this year than in 1855; while the increased produce per acre has raised the quantity of wheat grown in 1856 to nearly twice that grown in 1855.

A murder has been perpetrated between Waterford and Tramore. The victim was a young woman, supposed to have been murdered by two young men, who have been arrested and held in custody.

There died lately at Omeath a man name Patrick Morgan, at the extraordinary age of 120 years. Morgan's occupation was that of a fisher, besides which he rented a small farm. His faculties were vigorous to the lsst.

Richard Brew, Esq. of the Clare Militia, eldest son of the late Reverend Richard Brew, rector of Tulla, has been appointed to an ensigncy, without purchase, in the 1st West India Regiment.

The South Down Militia is at present in want of a number of men to complete its strength, and recruiting has been briskly proceeded with in Ballynahinch, Dromore, Banbridge, and Rathfriland.

The amount of duty paid at the Belfast Custom-house, for the week ending Nov. 29, was £6,163 12s 10d, against £7,969 16s the previous week, and £7,526 3s 3d the corresponding period of last year.

On different points of the coast of the County Kerry, large quantites of wreck timber are daily washed ashore. The loss of shipping must have been enormous during the late gales.

The butter market of Tralee continues to be well supplied at this period of the season. The price paid on the 8th ult., was from 60s. to 70s. per firkin.

The Westmeath Militia is to be augmented to the full strength. The number required is only 150, to replace those who volunteered to the line.

William Wroy, employed at the bleach-works of Mr. Richardson, Belfast, was killed on the 8th ult. by a sheet-iron lid falling upon him.

There was an increase of 10,000 hogsheads of porter in the exports from Dublin during the last three months, over the corresponding period of last year.

Edmund Casey, Esq., and O'Connell Fitzsimon, Esq., Glancullen, have been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county of Dublin.

Limerick was visited by a severe storm on the 9th ult, when houses were unroofed, chimneys blown down, and several persons injured.

The guardians of the Cashel Union are about establishing an asylum for the blind at the auxiliary workhouse of Castlelake, near the city of Cashel.

On Sunday morning an old man named Peter Shine, from Rookseagh, sub-contractor for manure, in Athlone garrison, was found dead, by Gunner Costelloe, in a pit near the stable.

A man named Donovan was arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of Quin, of Tinlough, county Kilkenny.

Recruiting is actively carried on in the principal towns of Ireland, for the different militia regiments, which are to be filled up to the usual compliment.

Robert Mooney, Esq., Editor of the *News-letter*, died on the 18th ult., a little after two o'clock. It seems that the lamented gentleman was seized with paralysis on the day previous.

The Very Rev. Dr. Hally, P. P., V. G., Dungarvan, has purchased in trust for the nuns of Waterford some valuable property in the Incumbered Estates Court.

A National school teacher named Bowden, residing at Ballymiscow, was severely beaten a short time since when returning fron Belfast.

A regular line of packets has been established between Kilrush and Limerick.

The Fermanagh Militia, which corps requires 200 men to complete their ranks, have beat up for recruits.

The Royal Antrim Rifles, and Antrim Artillery, have beat up for volunteers.

The Tipperary Artillery and North Tipperary Light Infantry, have enlisted a number of smart young fellows.

A public meeting has been held in Belfast, to pronounce against a continuance of the Income Tax.

Captain Henry Lee is appointed a magistrate for the county of Waterford.

Mr. Molony has been appointed under-sheriff for the county Clare.

The 88th, or Connaught Rangers, are at Aldershot camp.

The Dublin *Freeman* states, that on the 18th ult., in reference to the murder of Mr. Little, an engine driver named Dowd, in the employment of the Railway Company, made a most important disclosure. He says that after midnight on Friday night previous, he had occasion to go into the yard at the rear of his house, which is situated near the carriage factory. While in the yard he saw a man come to one of the windows in the side of the building where the money was found, open it, and shove a plank through it, and rest one end of it on the window stool, and the other on a high embankment in a garden into which the window looked. Dowd says that the man was muffled up, and he saw him pass along the plank leading into the garden. He was dressed in white, and carried a bundle in his hand tied up in a red handkerchief. After reaching the garden he got over the hedge, and proceeded in the direction of Phibsborough, when the plank was pulled into the building by some one inside. Such is the statement which Dowd made to the police. On being questioned as to why he did not give information of the circumstance earlier than yesterday, he answered that he did not wish to bring any one into trouble, but in consequence of a conversation he had with another engine driver, to whom he had told what he had seen, and who advised him not to conceal the matter, he gave information. Dowd was subjected to close examination by the police, the particulars of which are kept strictly private for the present. On Dowd's statement becoming known at the terminus, it was rapidly circulated through the city, and gave rise to all kinds of rumors and conjectures.

An accident, without any serious result, occurred on the 9th ult. By the 2·15 p. m. train, from Newry to Gorah, two wagons, containing tow, caught fire by a spark from the engine. The engine-man, who first saw the fire, immediately gave his danger-whistle, and the guard at once applied his break. The remainder of the train was instantly detached. This having been done, in an instant, the engine-man then proceeded with the two burning wagons to a part of the line where there was a supply of water, and also men working on the Newry and the Junction lines. By the activity of those in charge of the train, and the men that had immediately gathered, buckets, &c., having been kindly supplied by the Rev. Mr. Hewitson, the wagons were saved. Except the loss of the tow, and the tarpaulin which covered it, there was no serious injury sustained.

The Belfast *Ulsterman* states, that the holy office of the dead was chanted for the happy repose of the soul of the Apostle of Temperance in St. Mary's Catholic Church, which was thronged to excess on that melancholy occasion by many of his faithful disciples, who attribute to him their advancement in religious and social improvement, and who will be happy to co-operate in a national memorial to the memory of one who shed so many blessings on his country.

The affairs of that noble pair of institutions the Royal British and Tipperary Banks, seem to promise well for no one but the lawyers. Already the latter is to be brought before the House of Lords on an appeal from the Irish Chancellor with respect to the interpretation of the Bankers' Act of George II., and the Royal British Bank, though it has not yet attained to such a lofty tribunal, has traveled from Vice-Chancellor Kindersley's Court to the Appellate Jurisdiction of the Lords Justices.

A letter from Wexford to a Dublin paper, says:—"There has been a large three-masted vessel lying in Tacomshane Bay, within a quarter of a mile of land, under great distress, since Thursday. They were obliged to cut away all the masts. A bottle has come on shore containing a note stating that she had a crew of twenty-six, and fourteen passengers. This day is so much calmer that I hope all may be saved."

Dr. Cullen having been waited on by a deputation of the Dublin Liberal Registry Club, authorised his Vicar-General to convey his Grace's desire that the clergy of his diocese shall render every availing assistance to the committee in endeavoring to procure liberal representations for the county of Dublin, but not to take part in any public meetings on political subjects.

Dr. Murphy, coroner, held an inquest at Barrington's Hospital, Limerick, on the body of Margaret Donohue, alleged to have been murdered by her husband, Thomas Donohue, chain maker. Ill treatment of the deceased after her confinement was proved, but no malice. Verdict—Manslaughter.

The Earl of Donoughmore, says the *Waterford Mail*, has been staying at Ardmore for the last week, engaged in visiting his tenantry and extensive estate in that neigborhood. His lordship, at his sole expense, has built substantial out-offices for each tenant and drained the land where required.

Sub-Inspector Binden has arrived in Belfast to assume the command of the constabulary in that town, in the room of Sub-Inspector Daley, who has retired from the service at his own request. Sub-Inspector Binden held an appointment in the Crimea during the war, and Belfast is the first station to which he has been appointed since his return home.

It is estimated that the high price realised this year for butter will make an addition of three millions sterling to the amount paid for produce to the farmers of Ireland.

Simultaneous collections have been made in all the chapels of the city and suburbs of Dublin, by order of Dr. Cullen, for the Catholic University.

The Poor Law Commissioners have reduced the salary of the Roman Catholic Chaplain of Baltinglass Workhouse to £50 per annum.

The Professorship of Mathematics, &c., in the National Board of Education, Dublin, is vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. M'Cauley.

The Rev. W. H. Hutchinson has resigned the visitorship of St. Peter's, Limerick, having been appointed to the curacy of Athlone.

About two o'clock on Thursday morning the 18th ult., a schooner was driven ashore on Kerry coast, and, as reported by the Inspector of Coast Guards, all hands were lost.

Ralph Cusack, Esq., Chairman of the Board of Guardians of the North Dublin Union, is a candidate for the representation of Downpatrick, in opposition to Richard Ker, Esq.

Mr. T. C. King, the popular and favorite tragedian, is again in the Queen's Theatre in Dublin, and nightly applauded for his excellent performances.

A Railway from Dublin to Navan, so as to provide direct communication between the capital and the county of Meath is to be constructed.

Colonel Larcom, Under-Secretary, has returned to Dublin, and resumed his duties.

There are 733 paupers in the Cashel Union, being a decrease of 196 from the same period last year.

In the Tipperary Workhouse there are 484 paupers, being a decrease of 174 from the same period last year.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1857.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Captain Maurice Walsh, of New-York, having set out to travel through America, is authorized to collect advertisements and subscriptions for this paper. Captain Walsh has our written authority, which he will present to those who may not be personally acquainted with him. A list of the subscribers' names, together with the respective sums paid by each, will be published each week.

THE OLD WIGWAM ON THE EIGHTH.

The Sachems and Great Braves of our village assembled at the Old Wigwam on the 8th. It is seldom such rejoicing united the chiefs of the Democratic Nation. The glory of the dead and the praises of the living—the traditional mementoes of the past and the fresh-won scalps of the present, bound as with a simultaneous war-whoop, the chiefs of the powerful tribes of the unconquerable and unterrified nation. Seldom have the Council-fires burned so brightly. The Great Spirit was pleased; and gave good "medicine" to the happy and victorious people of Columbia.

As the assembly in the Wigwam was not for counsel but rejoicing, the daughters of the Great People, they who tend the hearths of heroes, cheer their tents, and send them forth to victory—who prize most the sons who follow warlike sires who have made great their nation—who kindle fresh fires in the hearts of men—who raise the chant of victory for the living and wail the loudest over heroes gone—they were present, making the eyes of old Braves young again, and young hearts bound with speed of antelopes.

They met to commemorate the anniversary of the immortal overthrow, by their Great Grand Sachem Jackson, of the nation whose children, from father to son, and to son's son, have been, and are, the sons of Liberty; and also they met to congratulate each other and the people who worship Liberty on whatsoever hunting-ground or high place on earth, upon the election of their Great Chief Buchanan to the Presidency of the Confederated Tribes.

Is it wonderful then, that the earth shook with the tread of multitudes, and that the winter's air became as summer, when the prairies bloom and the hunters seek for peltry.

Many noted warriors spoke: but first Grand Sachem Delavan, thus:—

Daughters of the forest, Warriors and Braves of all the Tribes of Columbia: I bid you a cordial welcome to our Council Chamber on this the Anniversary of the day on which, forty years ago, our Great Grand Sachem, the immortal Jackson, drove back from our shores, disgraced and defeated, the enemies of Liberty. Come ye from the rigid North or from the sunny South, or from the grand hills and lovely valleys of the East, or from the great Prairies of the mighty West! All—all are welcome. The doors of our Great Wigwam are open—our Council fires burn brightly. The waters of the Great Spring are refreshing, and we smoke the Calumet of Peace and Good Will with all the Tribes of the vast Hunting-Ground of America. This is our gala day! Millions of the Sons of Liberty are now rejoicing in the elevation of our worthy Chieftain, Buchanan, to the Presidency; he will soon occupy the place once filled by our own dear Jackson—worthy successor of that noble Chief. Proud are we that our own home, the patriotic city of New-York, gave to our standard-bearer a majority of votes unparalleled—a majority of twenty-five thousand. Let us rejoice then, that the perpetuity of the Union is guaranteed, and that peace and plenty are over this the "chosen land."

And further spoke the Sachem truly; that the battle grounds of New Orleans gave lustre to the country's annals; that although the great captain, warrior and statesman of that day has been taken from our midst, still his Spirit is with us, to cheer us on in the glorious cause of Democratic principles, of which he was the great exponent; and that the noblest mission of a Brave would be, to cherish the memory of the great dead Sachem's deeds and emulate his bright examples.

Then the drinking cups were filled; each warrior felt his medicine was good; and in the Waters of the Great Spring they pledged their hearts and arms to the Sachem's words.

Ludlow, of Suffolk, who formerly presided over New-York from his high place at Albany, made a good talk. His ears have not been open in vain. He has heard great truths. His sense is pointed, and his words, wielded like a war-club, fell weighty. He prized the Unterrified, for they have withstood, by the force of principle, the wild and raging fanaticism of the painted faces, the Black Republicans, whose ears were closed against the truth of history, even as their tongues were loose against the friends of truth. He spoke the praises of Democracy, and walked its victorious path, from the days of the mighty prophet Jefferson to the sun-down of the Fourth of November, 1856. He is still walking that path.

Walbridge, of portly frame and bland expression, raised his voice, and all within the wigwam were still; Braves are always still on the trail of the foe. The speaker led them to that trail. His brains are steeped in the records of War, and his tongue is big with victories. He pictured the warriors of the Red Coat tribe, who had choked the eagles of the dread chief Napoleon, and sought the scalps of the Sons of Liberty. With strong words he told the story how—on the banks of the monarch stream, whose waters measure our great territory, and on whose broad bosom floats the wealth of the vast valley of the Mississippi, these Red Coat armies fell before the warriors of Jackson, more sudden than if stricken by a plague. The tongue of Walbridge made the great old story fresh.

Purdy—the Old War Horse, Elijah—who has snuffed many a battle, and who was never known to smoke a calumet in the Wigwam of the Whigs, magnanimously complimented the present Chief of the State, who, though a King by name, was a Long Islander by nature. He spoke of the emigrant braves who were called Filibusters. The "Old Horse" liked these Filly-busters, and emphatically gave his sentiments thus—

The minister from Nicaragua, Don Fermin Ferrer, and the Government he represents—May they cement the union of Anglo-American and Spanish-American Republics, even as the Isthmus of Nicaragua unites our double continent, and brings into harmonious connection the Oceans that wash its opposite shores.

Fermin Ferrer, who represents at the Grand Council Chamber of Washington, the gray-eyed man who has liberated Nicaragua, then spoke to the assembled Sachems. His cause is just; and his speech, like Spring, held promise.

Van Buren—son of Martin—whose tongue is forked with fires and keen words, and whose Wigwam is darkened with trophies, stood forth. The presence of so great a Chief and Medicine Man, made a tumult. Events of his nation fall into his memory as acorns fall into the earth—to grow up again. His knowledge of distant people is rich as dreams are to other men; therefore, large sense comes from out his mouth.

"We are told"—he said—"that the country is another Egypt! Every portion of the country which knows enough not to vote for Fremont, and knows too much not to vote for Fillmore, is to be called a second Egypt. New-York, with her Colleges, her University, her quarter million daily newspapers issued from the press; with her professions, her artists, her lawyers, her distinguished men in every department of science and literature, her independent and sturdy mechanics, her merchant princes travelling the globe to engage in the commerce and trade of the world, and whitening every sea with the canvas which carries that commerce over the whole world; why, if this is Egypt, where is Athens?"

He said our village was the pride of the Democratic Nation; that it took the lead, promptly, to denounce and annihilate those narrow-headed, way-ward offspring of the soil who would limit from their tents the lusty braves who did not worship the Great Spirit in the way they did.

And again the Sachem Delavan arose, and again the drinking cups were filled and emptied in honor of the living chief Buchanan, who, clear in intellect—mature in judgment—ready and fearless in danger—of unswerving patriotism and stainless private character—has passed through the fiery furnace of "Republicanism" and Know-Nothing persecution, without the smell of fire upon his garments.

Schell, so called from the hardness of his faith, reminded us that Buchanan, when "he could scarcely bear arms in 1814, was ready to battle in the cause of his country," under Jackson.

Burnett, a noted warrior in Mexico, spoke of the "Father of his Country," and that great sea-dog, Jones!

Mather, with voice of praise, hailed Breckinridge, the second chief of the United States, as an orator, a soldier, and a statesman, "without fear and without reproach."

Rose and Thomson, scribes as well as warriors—who keep records of the glories of strife, that the sons of the present and future may learn wisdom from the deeds and words of their fathers—came before the assembly by command of the Grand Sachem. Their thoughts were like watch-fires which burn steady. A good omen.

Perkins, a gallant brave, with full round voice, sung nobly in praise of the daughters of the nation. After which the chiefs, greatly elated, smoked the calumet—a pipe a-piece—to show that peace and good-will existed on the topic.

Cochrane, famous for his confabs with those "who go down to the sea in ships," stood before the Sachems of Tammany, as Herodotus did before the Greeks at Olympus; deciphering for them their history. From the founding of Tammany Society in 1780 to the present, he spanned its annals as by the flight of an arrow. Their ranks had preserved unity. "Our fathers," he cried, "buried the tomahawk; let it not be exhumed by their sons. The Wigwam is at peace! Brothers! do not disturb it!"

So say we!

STATISTICS OF THE BATTLE.

Colonel Doheny, in a clear and forcible letter addressed to the *Daily News*, under the signature of *Aristides*, demolishes the triumphant speculations of the *Tribune*, regarding the election of 1860. Our eloquent friend has hardly had time to take breath from the labors of the great campaign which has so victoriously closed in favor of the Democracy and the Union, than he sets to work again, devoting his quick intellect to the eradication of the fallacies which spring up from the ruins of Black Republicanism, and which are propagated as medicinal herbs for the recovery, sustenance and comfort of the routed partisans of Fremont. The letter has been transferred to our columns. It will instruct and thoroughly gratify every democrat, who, not content with the recent triumph of his principles, looks forward to the reiteration of them every Presidential election that takes place till Dooms-Day.

IMPENDING WAR BETWEEN SWITZERLAND AND PRUSSIA.

Recent advices from Europe represent that quarter of the globe to be in a very unsettled and precarious condition. The fierce struggle in the Crimea has failed to inaugurate an era of harmony and peace among the rulers themselves, or to satisfy the aspirations of their respective subjects. State-craft seems to check-mate itself at every move. The re assembling of the Paris Conference is still a doubtful question, while, in many quarters, the differences between France and England are pronounced irreconcilable. The filibustering expedition of the East India Company against Persia has, by this time, commenced active operations within the territory of the Shah, while Russia has probably advanced an army to his support. But more important still to the cause of freedom and the advancement of civilization than English buccaneering in the Persian Gulf, or the Persian raids into Cabool and Candahar, is the present rupture between the Republic of Switzerland and the King of Prussia. The Prussian monarch, having remained an inglorious and cowardly spectator of the last war, is anxious to redeem his character with his royal brethren by striking a blow at the independence and integrity of the only free country in Europe.

The ancient descendants of the Helvetii, who had bravely, though unsuccessfully, resisted the legions of Julius Cæsar, rebelled, about five centuries and a-half ago, against the cruelties of Austria. The arrow of Tell was still dripping with the life-blood of the tyrant Gesler, when the shout of victory and defiance rang out from the peaks of the Jungfrau to the confines of the Tyrol. Freedom had given birth to a new nation in the heart of Europe; and then was laid the foundation of that glorious Confederation of the Swiss Cantons, whose counterpart only exists on this side of the Atlantic. For five centuries Switzerland has preserved its liberties intact amid the wars, political commotions and royal conspiracies of which Europe has been so frequently the theatre. During the campaign of 1799 the north of Switzerland was made the battle-ground of the Austrian and French armies, from whose ravages the Cantons of Schaffhausn and Zurich suffered considerably. Still was the independence of Switzerland maintained inviolate. During the dictatorship of Bonaparte, he proposed a new Constitution for Switzerland, which, after some opposition on the part of the Swiss people and certain modifications by the deputies who met at Paris in 1802, was finally accepted. In 1814 the allied armies violated the neutrality of Switzerland, having entered it in overwhelming force, promising, at the same time, to preserve its future integrity.

Four Cantons were then added to the Republic, and their independence was subsequently guaranteed by the Congress of Vienna in 1815. Austria, however, reserved to herself a mountainous district, in the Southeast of Switzerland, called the Volteline, while Prussia exacted a nominal submission from Neufchatel which, nevertheless, belongs, both by geographical position and treaty stipulations, to Switzerland. The King of Prussia never exercised any executive authority over Neufchatel; nor was his right to do so for a moment recognised by the Swiss Confederation. But, recently, a royal conspiracy was organised in Neufchatel by some of Frederick William's partisans. The revolt was promptly put down, and the rebels arrested by the Federal authorities. The King of Prussia espoused their cause and demanded their unconditional release. This overbearing dictation was unanimously resisted, and the prisoners were ordered for trial on a charge of Treason against the sovereignty of the Republic. An intimation, however, was conveyed to the King, that the penalty of the law would not be exacted, but that the prisoners would be set at liberty after the law had taken its due course, and the independence of Switzerland thus vindicated. To this moderate proposition hostile threats were returned, which were haughtily flung back by the Swiss Diet. Napoleon advised a submission to the King. His advice has been declined; friendly relations have been suspended; the Prussian ambassador has been withdrawn from Berne, and both sides are preparing to have the dispute settled by the arbitrament of the sword.

Prussia is said to have an army of 135,000 men ready to march upon Switzerland. The routes and halting places are already marked out, and the only thing required to put this Royal filibustering host in motion is the signature of the King. We hope the same success which crowned the heroism and devotion of Tell and Hofer may await the arms of Switzerland upon the present occasion, and that the same red vengeance which was hurled upon the Austrian hosts, will crush again the invaders of the only soil in Europe which is still sacred to the cause of Republican Freedom.

In the late European war, the American people could not feel much interest. It was a war of Kings, waged for the preservation of Kingly power and the perpetuation of worn-out Despotisms. With either party the citizens of the United States could have no sympathy. Although their curiosity might be excited by the movements of great fleets and armies, or their admiration challenged by feats of heroism and daring worthy a better cause, still their feelings could not be so far enlisted by the nature of the contest as to wish success to either side. There were those, however, who had felt the persecution of Louis Napoleon or suffered from the oppression of England, that yearned and prayed nightly for the Czar. There was no repulse from the Redan or Malakoff—no vigorous and successful sally into the lines of the besiegers, that did not awaken in their breasts feelings of hope, joy and vengeance. But now the entire population—citizens native and adopted—must take a lively interest in the struggle which may have commenced ere this. One of the great military powers of Europe—a power, the discipline and effective force of whose army are held up as models of perfection is about precipitating 135,000 bayonets upon a small nation whose institutions and Government are similar to our own. Its population comprise men of every shade of religion. There is the largest amount of toleration for all creeds, and the widest margin of Civil Liberty is accorded to every citizen. The people are contented, prosperous and happy, and every man is trained to the use of arms. The Swiss are mostly engaged in agricultural pursuits, and being well drilled and trained in the use of arms—being ardent lovers of their country, and devoted confessors of the grand creed of Human Rights, sealed by the blood of many martyrs, they cannot fail to give a warm reception to any invader, however strong in his Royal alliances, or deeply girdled he may be by his mercenary ranks.

Dr. McElheran is announced to deliver the second of the course of Catholic Lectures before the Catholic Library Benefit Society, on the 20th inst., at Hope Chapel. The Doctor has chosen an exceedingly suggestive and intellectual subject—"The Beautiful, the Good, the True." The lecturer's capacity and scientific and artistic experience, admirably fit him to do justice to such a theme. One feature of the lecture we desire our readers to mark well—the proceeds are to be applied to the benefit of the poor children of the Church of the Nativity.

MESSAGE FROM SMITH O'BRIEN, TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

Although it is my intention to shun henceforth both the showy delusions of parliamentary life and the treacherous quicksands of "Constitutional agitation," I have not abdicated my right to express my opinions with respect to the interests of my native land or of mankind, and having reason to believe that it is the wish of a considerable portion of my fellow-countrymen, that I should devote my leisure hours to such an occupation, I shall make no apology for offering to you some observations upon the present circumstances of public affairs.

Seldom have I had occasion to invite you to co-operate with any movement that has originated at the other side of the Channel, but it seems to me that you ought not to remain silent with respect to the question now under debate in England as to the propriety of maintaining for another year the additional per centage of the income tax which was imposed to meet the expenditure occasioned by the late war.

Allow me in the first place to observe, that it is the application rather than the nature of this tax that is objectionable. A property tax is the most just of all taxes, and even an income tax, if equitably graduated, would be preferable to fiscal exactions which press upon the industry or enjoyments of the poorest classes of the community. If, therefore, the present income tax were applied to purposes useful to Ireland, I would rather urge a modification of its provisions, than a diminution of its amount.

But the question now at issue is, whether the British Government ought or ought not to be encouraged by the continuance of this tax, to subject the resources of Ireland to exhaustion, in order to maintain a war establishment for the promotion of objects in which Ireland has no imaginable concern.

I know very well that my views on this subject will not be acceptable to many among you. The Irish people are fond of fighting everywhere except on their own soil, in defence of their dearest interests; and the Irish farmer has been so much accustomed to associate the idea of war with the hope of high prices, that he is inclined to welcome war on any terms.

But let us calmly inquire what has the empire gained—what has Ireland gained by the late hostilities?

Having lived during the greater part of the last two years among the neutral nations of the Continent, I have no hesitation in assuring you that the prevalent sentiment of that portion of Europe which has remained a spectator of this collision is, that the events of the war have greatly tended to augment the prestige of France and of Russia, whilst they have equally tended to diminish that of Great Britain and Ireland.

The glory of success has been attributed exclusively to France. The glory of an heroic resistance has been awarded to Russia, which, single-handed, so nobly defended itself against the united efforts of four of the most powerful nations of Europe.

Though the war originated in a struggle for ascendancy in the East between France and Russia, I am not prepared to contend that England should have remained an indifferent spectator of the contest, or that she was at liberty to acquiesce in the occupation by Russia of the Danubian Principalities; but I am convinced that the Russians would never have crossed the Pruth if, instead of writing diplomatic notes, Lord Aberdeen's Government had promptly declared that the appearance of a single Russian soldier on the territory of Turkey, would be the signal for British intervention. So, on the other hand, the withdrawal of the Russian troops behind the Pruth, ought to have been seized as an occasion for friendly mediation by England between the contending parties.

But a cry arose that the British Lion ought not to be roused with impunity; and none can forget the *programme* of the mighty deeds that were to be performed by the naval and military heroes of the United Kingdom that was published at the banquet given by the English officials to Sir Charles Napier. With many a jibe which I shall not repeat, the foreigner asks what has been the fulfilment of these magniloquent boasts and menaces?

Great destruction, indeed, has there been amongst the fishing smacks of the Baltic, but Cronstadt still remains even unassailed. The Museum of Kertch is sacked, and countless hayricks are burnt on the shores of the Sea of Azoff. Such are the trophies won by the mighty navy of Britain in the Euxine and the Baltic, whilst in the far East disappointment—not to say reverses, have contributed to darken the lustre of its ancient fame. He sees a noble army perishing for lack of the common necessaries of life; he sees the richest government in the world asking alms and auxiliary succour from private patriotism in aid of gallant soldiers, whose bravery and fortitude deserved a more glorious end than that found in hospitals to which they had been consigned, not by the accidents of war, but by sheer neglect and improvidence. Is it wonderful that seeing these things, he should have lost all respect for the capacity of the public functionaries of Great Britain? The repulse at Balaklava—the surprise of Inkerman, which, but for the prompt succour of a French division, would have been a disastrous rout—the ignominous issue of the British assault upon the Redan, contrasted with the glorious capture of the Malakoff by the French, and lastly, the loss of Kars, have also brought disgrace not unmerited, upon British generalship, if not upon British valor.

All the accessory circumstances of the struggle have tended to confirm these impressions. An hundred defeats would not have so much lowered public esteem for the British character as it was lowered by the adulation bestowed by the Queen, the authorities, and the people of England upon the man who three years previously had been designated by the nearly unanimous voice of the British public as a detestable and unprincipled usurper; and there is not a politician in Europe who does not believe that the Peace of Paris was *imposed* upon the Government and people of England by the will and dictation of this much cherished ally rather than by their own national feeling.

Were I an Englishman, I should be little encouraged by this retrospect to consent to a continuance of the income tax, but an Irishman has still less reason to assent to its longer endurance. With characteristic generosity, Ireland forgot all her past wrongs and sufferings when appealed to by the nation which had caused those wrongs and sufferings for aid in this struggle, and lavished her blood and treasure in contending against a people who never inflicted upon her the slightest injury. In this struggle, Irishmen displayed their accustomed valor. But not to Ireland belongs the glory and the fruit of such sacrifices. If a disgraceful act be perpetrated by an Irishman, his country bears all the opprobrium of the deed. If, on the contrary, he performs an honorable achievement, his exploits are heralded as the performance of Anglo-Saxon energy. An amusing illustration of this tendency specially attracted my attention in the case of one of those Irish Patriots bearing a Milesian name who in 1848 were most eager to join in insurrection against England; and who was actually forced to fly from his native country and enter foreign service. Whilst he was simply, an Irish Rebel, no term of reproach was spared towards him, but when in foreign lands he had by his valor and conduct won the highest admiration, he was extolled by the British journals and statesmen, as a distinguished *English* officer.

Perhaps it will be thought that as I write in my own study, under the operation of an *amnesty* (*i.e.* of an act of oblivion), I ought to forget every circumstance that is humiliating to my country. It is not, believe me, a desire to utter sarcasms, which will be acceptable to but few readers, that induces me to write this letter. Still less, is it a desire to cast reproach upon any particular statesman, or to serve the interests of any particular party. To me all the British statesmen, and all British parties are equally indifferent. Regard for the interests of Ireland and for those of humanity at large is the only motive which induces me now to address you, but I would seriously ask you—I would ask even the British people—whether it is desirable by consenting to a continuance of the war Income Tax to encourage the minister, whoever he may be, to involve Ireland—to involve the empire in new collisions which may be infinitely more disastrous and more ignominious in their results, than that which has been recently terminated.

Within the last three months the ground work for at least two new wars has been laid by British impolicy. I allude to the case of Naples and of Persia. If the British Ministry had been allowed to proceed in its career, unchecked by the continental powers, amongst whom Russia was the most prominent, the city of Naples would probably have been bombarded before now. Far be it from me to undertake the vindication of the Neapolitan Government—I believe it to be one of the worst in Europe—though candor obliges me to confess that in travelling through the Neapolitan territories, including Sicily, I observed greater appearance of material prosperity than I have found in my own country, in what is called its most prosperous era. But, admitting that the Government of Naples is as bad as it is represented by its enemies to be, is this a sufficient ground for intervention on the part of England, in regard of its internal administration? It is not alleged that any British subject has suffered wrong from the Neapolitan authorities—it is not alleged that any foreign power menaces an armed intervention such as that of Russia in regard of Hungary—of Austria in regard of Tuscany—of France in regard of Rome—all of which questionable proceedings were calmly witnessed, almost without remonstrance by England. It is simply urged that the Monarch of Naples does not conduct the government of his country in a manner suited to English ideas; and accordingly a *demonstration* is made by the withdrawal of the British Ambassador—an act which is generally the forerunner of actual hostilities. That the Emperor of France should concur in such a proceeding is scarcely surprising, because his dynastic ambition would very naturally render him desirous to substitute a Murat for a Bourbon on the throne of Naples, but no such motive can operate in the case of England. If England were to occupy Sicily an European war would infallibly be the consequence, and if this *demonstration* be solely intended as an encouragement to the Constitutionalists of the two Sicilies to revolt against their government, a more fatal lure could scarcely be presented against them; for as in the case of the *demonstration* made in Italy by Lord Minto, it will assuredly be found too late that England will decline to give effective force to those Italians whom her policy shall have incited to rebellion. Not only therefore as Irish tax payers, but also as friends to the constitutional liberties of Italy, we ought to withhold all encouragement from this sort of trifling with the passions of an excitable people. It may be thought indeed by some patriotic Irishmen that this precedent will be useful at some future time, and that if ever Ireland be again treated as she was treated in 1848, the governments of America or of France will find in the present conduct of England in regard of Naples, an excellent precedent to justify intervention in behalf of the suffering people of Ireland. To this argument I find some difficulty in offering an answer.

Let us now turn to the East. How many of you know what are the circumstances, actual or antecedent, of a town called Herat? Can any one tell me what possible interest Ireland has in determining whether this town shall belong to Persia or to Affghanistan, or whether it shall be maintained by the rulers of the Eastern Empire of Great Britain as an *independent* state, in that sort of *independence* which was recently enjoyed by the kingdom of Oude? For my own part, I profess that I am unable to discover what moral right the British Government possess to interfere in regard to contention respecting a country which is situated at a distance of many hundred miles from its frontier; or what legitimate interest Great Britain can have in giving armed effect to such interference. I profess myself also incapable of understanding the *manifesto* which has been issued by the Indian Government in justification of this proceeding. I can indeed conceive that British rapacity may desire to plunder the rich cities of Persia, as it has already plundered half the cities of Asia. I can conceive that what is called "Anglo-Saxon enterprise" may covet the valley of the Euphrates, more especially when I find that it has been seriously projected to open a communication with India in that direction; and I can conceive that the terms of a vague and unintelligible treaty may be made the pretext for opening hostilities with a view to the eventful results. This game has been often enough played in the East. It was played in a most unscrupulous manner and with the most complete success, in the case of the Ameers of Scinde. But is this sort of policy justifiable when judged by that high-toned morality which the British public is so fond of arrogating to itself? Moreover, may it not be hereafter discovered that it will have been as inexpedient in its consequences as it is indefensible in its design? Pretexts of a similar character affecting this very city of Herat, formed the ground for the invasion of Affghanistan, which terminated in the ignominous destruction of a British army, and its total expulsion from the Affghan territory. If it be true that Russian intrigue has se in motion the alleged attack upon Herat by the Persians, is it not possible that Russia may support her Persian ally, by armed assistance, and if she bring fifty thousand auxilaries into the field, who can estimate the expenditure that will be needed before triumphs can be won in such a struggle?

During the year preceding that in which I was transported to the Antipodes, British Parliament advanced on loan eight millions with a view to the relief of the Irish nation when suffering from famine. I well remember the insulting language with which this aid was accompanied, and so great was the apparent magnitude of the effort, that it might have been supposed that England had exhausted all her resources in performing an act of unparalleled generosity—yet I find that last year an addition of thirty millions was made to the ordinary war esitmates of the United Kingdom with scarcely a murmur of dissension, and Ireland has been subjected to an increase of taxation which would have been much more than sufficient to have provided an interest upon loans that would have been adequate not only to have preserved the lives of the myriads who died of actual starvation, but also to have rendered the occurrence of the famine an era of unprecedented improvement. Does it not occur to the Irish tax payers that it would be better to expend the resources of Ireland in promoting substantial measures of utility, than to squander them in wars relative to the concerns of countries with which the interest of Ireland has scarcely an imaginable connection?

If this letter had not already extended beyond the limits within which I was desirous to confine it, I would have asked you to consider also what motive can induce you to encourage the continued occupation of Greece by the maintenance there of a British force, to the support of which your income tax lends its contribution? The occupation of the Pirœus was intelligible, and possibly excusable, during the war with Russia, but since the conclusion of the Peace I have not heard even the pretext of an argument which can justify its continuance; and I can myself testify that it is most galling to the high-spirited natives of that interesting country.

Had space permitted, I would have endeavored to convince you that instead of upholding the cruel domination of a Turkish minority, European statesmen ought rather to develope those noble elements of nationality which exist among the Christian population of Turkey in Europe, and that they would find in this population, constituting as it does a large majority of the inhabitants of that land, a much more effective barrier against Russian aggression than is to be found in the effete decrepitude of the Turkish Empire.

I would also have dwelt at some length upon the Irish views of these financial questions. About fifteen years ago I studied with much attention the writings of various patriotic Irishmen who endeavored, by many elaborate statements, to prove that inasmuch as England was subjected before the Union to a much larger amount of debt than had been contracted by the Irish Parliament, it was only reasonable that the interest of the ante-union debt of England should be borne exclusively by the English people. This separate obligation was calculated to amount to above fifteen millions sterling per annum, and it is argued that injustice was done by the gradual equalization of Irish with English taxation. At present, instead of a separate taxation, amounting to fifteen millions, the exemption enjoyed by Ireland from taxation common to the United Kingdom, amounts to a mere fraction. I may be excused, however, for neglecting to recal these considerations, since they appear to have been forgotten alike by the writers by whose arguments I was convinced and by the Irish public to whom they were addressed.

But truth and justice do not change with the varying expediency of the hour, and these arguments are as valid now as they were in the palmiest days of the Repeal Association.

For the present I can dispense with the cumulative force of this reasoning, as I trust that I have said enough to convince, not only the Irish, but the British reader, that a common effort ought to be made to check the tendencies which are encouraged by that deplorable facility with which nations open their purses at the suggestion or for the behoof of those who excite the passions of ambition, revenge, or cupidity.

If the observations contained in this address be deemed by you well-founded, you will instruct your representatives to resist the longer continuance of the war Income Tax paid by you, or at least to demand that it shall be applied to objects beneficial to Ireland.

That is your duty—I have fulfilled mine.

I have the honor to be

Your very faithful servant,

WILLIAM S. O'BRIEN.

Cahirmoyle, Dec. 29, 1856.

Literature.

HOLLY AND IVY—CHRISTMAS WREATHS FROM IRISH RUINS.

NEW SETTINGS OF OLD STORIES—STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Spending the Christmas holidays in the city of New-York, I dropped in, with a few friends, the night after St. Stephen's, to visit an Irish family. When the door was closed behind us, we found that with the lasses and the lads and the old people, and the friends who were there before us, we made a room-full. Each had a congratulation to offer; something old to commemorate; something new to tell; and we were not long in discovering that exile from the old land, good health, Christmas times and bracing weather, form a combination of incidents most felicitous in a social re-union. The Past was taken from its grave, and *waked* in the Irish fashion with mingled tears and laughter, solemnity and mirth. As for the Future, that was entirely forgotten—for time is never less thought of than when it is passing most quickly. The Muses began to drop in invisibly, through some chink or keyhole, where the frosty air durst not enter. Stories inevitably burst forth, and at this stage of the business, there was one individual who shone out with unrivalled lustre—this was the father of the family. In Ireland, he had told stories during a generation; had been the oracle of the Past, the referee in all disputed points of local antiquity, the Nestor of the parish, in so far at least as he undervalued all mere current events, the very marrow of persuasion in persuasion's strongest point—earnestness!

Somebody in the company had the temerity to mention an occurrence which dated back ten or a dozen years or more. At this the old Patriarch energetically drew his chair closer to mine, for we sat near each other, placed his hand upon my arm, and in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the company, demanded if I ever heard the story of *Gow Ardh na Tholoch*. Receiving a reply in the negative, and pleased with the silence which immediately ensued, he thus began—

THE STORY OF THE BEGGARMAN AND GOW ARDH-NA-THOLOCH.

"There was once in the county Limerick a rich man, and the name they had on him was *Mechaul-na-Fiola*, and the way he got his money was to inherit it—"

"What a queer way," broke in the wife of the Patriarch, "you have for beginning a story. A rich man, indeed! Sure *Mechaul* was but a beggarman,"

"Ah! then, woman, wasn't I going to say it if you let me. Just leave me to my own courses, or the story will never be told. Well, *Mechaul* was the last of a family of beggarmen, and all the money they ever made came by natural descent to him; and if this doesn't make him out a rich man, I'm wrong, and all the women in the world are right, and I wish them joy; but, as I was saying, *Mechaul* had more money than he could count—all in yellow guineas. So he sewed them up in a piece of a blanket and strapped the blanket around his body, under his waistcoat, and resolved neither to lessen nor increase them any more, but travel to foreign parts for the sake of improving his mind. So one morning, bright and early, he turned his face towards the county Cork."

Somebody present, who had been in six or seven States of the Union, inquired, with some pomp, whether "passing from Limerick into Cork was to be looked on as foreign travel?"

"Yes," answered the Patriarch, "that much on foot was equal to half round the world in a steam-coach. For before steam was invented, people gained more insight by travelling than they do now. I remember a saying used in my time, when a man showed any amount of knowledge about anything, somebody present was sure to say, 'what wonder, sure he travelled for it.' This proverb," continued the Patriarch, "I look on as sufficient proof that going from Limerick into Cork, when it was done in the right way—on foot—as *Mechaul* did it, ought to be looked upon as travelling."

Many of those present eagerly assented, and the Patriarch went on:

"Well and good then, *Mechaul* passed through Kilmallock and on to Mitchelstown, and then turned up the Galtees, and stopped there in meditation and affliction during the course of several days."

A young man who was on the look-out for a situation here inquired, how the beggarman got a living; "did he use his money or what?"

"He lived," answered the Patriarch, "like a gentleman or a Member of Congress, having his travelling expenses—I mean his bit and sup and his bed—provided by the public; and having his money in bank—I mean in the blanket under his waistcoat—while he was enjoying the beauties of nature."

This said, not ironically, but in a spirit of vindication, was received gravely by all present, and the story-teller triumphantly resumed.

"From the Galtees he turned back again to Mitchelstown and then to Doneraile, and from Doneraile to Buttevant; there he went to see the Abbey and the wall made of bones collected on the battle-field of *Uick na Nuiss*, where Culkitto was laid low. And lo, and behold you, while he was meditating above the bones, and saw that some of them were very large, the thought came into his mind that the fine men who owned these bones, had to give in to death like the poorest *sprissauns*. And I must die, too, said he, and then what is to become of what I have here in the blanket? So, to prevent himself from thinking, he began to whistle, and went his way. Well and good, from Buttevant he went to Liscarrol, to see Barry's Castle, and from that to Kanturk, the head of the boar; and from Kanturk he turned his face to Mallow."

"Rather crooked kind of travelling," said a Blackwater man who knew every inch of the County Cork."

"Crooked or straight," replied the Patriarch, "that's how he went. I only tell you the story as I heard it from my own aunt, who was told it at Nelly Corbett's wake, at Ballycrenan, by a woman who heard it at *Mechaul's* wake in *Tholoch*. But, to continue, from Mallow he tramped it on foot down the Blackwater to Fermoy, and from Fermoy he went to see Castle-Hyde, and from Castle-Hyde he went to Kilshannick, and from Kilshannick to Lisnagar, and at last he spent three nights in Rathcormack. From Rathcormack he went to Gurtroe, and from—"

"What matter is it," interrupted the Patriarch's wife, "how he went. Can't you tell the young men the end of it at once?"

"Ah! woman," he as hastily rejoined, "you don't know but 'tis spoiling a fine book you are. Sure 'tis in hopes of seeing all this in a book some day, that I'm taking so much pains. But the women always know best, of course. If I'm not let tell how he travelled, I'll stop altogether and leave you all in pain about the result; so you'd better let me go on. Well, from Gurtroe he went to Blue Bell, and from Blue Bell to Ballincurrig, and from Ballincurrig to Lisgoold, and from that to Ballinaclashy, and from that to Ballyedmond, and from that to Middleton."

"The most of them places," again interposed the woman of the house, "are up together, like beads on a string."

"I wish," returned the Patriarch, somewhat fiercely, "that we had all the women's tongues on a string; and then whatever is said in company would be said without any interruption. I tell you again it is in hopes of seeing this in all the papers or may be in a book, to-morrow or next day, that I'm going into so many particulars; but now 'tis in such a mixum-gatherum with your interruptions, that it won't be fit to be seen, let alone understood. Well, in Middleton he stopped a night in a decent man's house, and when he was going to bed, he unstrapped his piece of a blanket, and put it down on the floor to kneel upon for safety while he was saying his prayers. And while he was on his knees, he couldn't say his prayers rightly at all, with thinking of the bones he saw at Buttevant, and out of that proving to himself, his own death. 'When those two shin bones of mine,' says he, 'will be thrown up some day on a shovel out of the earth, where will be the gold they're kneeling on? Rolling in a coach, maybe, in some lord's breeches pocket, or piled up in a bank or hidden in the box of some miser, like myself; but in any case, no longer belonging to me.' He could not stand the thought but went into bed and soon slept, for he was tired, first putting the money under his head. But in the middle of the night a skeleton of big bones came to him, and said to him these words—'*Mechaul*, if you don't use your money, it will all pass over to *Gow Ardh na Tholoch*!' *Mechaul* woke with the fright and he heard the voice still saying the same; and what was curious, he got fonder than ever of the money, and hurried away from Middleton, to escape the Big Bones. So then he set out towards Cloyne, and when he got to Scariff Hill, he spent half the day looking out over the valley below and beyond the town of Cloyne with its Round Tower, to the Atlantic Ocean always beating against the cliffs that kept it out. A man came up and told him there was a prophecy going in those parts, that a ship would yet sail over the top of that Round Tower below, the highest in Ireland. And when *Mechaul* looked and saw the awful meaning it contained, when he saw the ocean apparently higher than the valley at his feet, and noted the white-capped breakers ever rushing with fury against the lofty iron-bound shore, 'Tis a good protection, surely,' says he, 'but if the world lasts long, that water beyond will flow over those towns below; and when the thing is once done, it will then be as completely done, as if some one cut a passage for the waves in five minutes. And no matter how long I live, when once I'm dead, my money will be as surely gone from me as if I lost it now.' Thinking this way, he was, when the man asked him to stop in his house that night. So he went to the house a little on the other side of the hill and stopped there, and in the middle of the night who comes to him but St. Colman, and says the saint to him, says he, 'if you don't use your money, it will all pass over to *Gow Ardh na Tholoch*.' Well, when he heard this warning for the second time, he went straight out of the house without knowing where he was aiming for, and late in the morning, he came out on the sea coast near Ballycotton, with the village of Tholoch under his feet. Here he went into a cabin to rest, and the fatigue of his journey made him sleep; and when he was fairly asleep he thought he saw a tall smith come in the door with a hammer on his shoulder, and motioning fiercely to him with his other hand, says the smith, 'If you don't use your money, it will pass over to *Gow Ardh na Tholoch*.' 'Indeed, then it never will,' says *Mechaul*, rushing straight out the door to the top of the cliff and flinging the piece of a blanket with all the money into the sea; 'whoever he is,' says he, 'he never shall have it, and thanks be to God, I'm done with it;' and he turned his face contentedly towards the village. Now, you must know that *Gow Ardh*, or the *tall smith*, lived in this village; and as he happened to be going, an hour after, along the path at the foot of the cliff, he saw a large bulk a few feet out on the point of a rock, just under the surface of the water. So he brought it in and found it was all gold, and taking it home to his wife, he explained the way it happened. 'But,' says the wife, 'the money isn't ours, and let us keep it 'till we find the owner.' 'I agree with you, woman as you are,' said *Gow Ardh na Tholoch*."

"I doubt if that's the way he spoke to his wife," said the woman of the house."

"Well," resumed the Patriarch, "I only tell you as my aunt told me, and if you wish to doubt the word of the dead, you're welcome to your taste. But the smith and his wife resolved to keep the money till they found an owner, and their minds were just made up, when in walked the beggarman, looking for a night's lodging.

"I saw you," says he to the smith, "in a dream this morning," telling at the same time the story of the money.

"And I found your gold," says the smith, showing him the blanket and asking him to take it.

"No," says *Meehaul*—says he, "I won't take it. The money is yours," says he, "by prophecy and prediction, and by your own deserving. Keep it," says he, "and my blessing go with it, and all I ask is a night's lodging in return."

"But the smith's wife," continued the Patriarch, "would not be easy with her nonsense, but baked three loaves of bread that night, and put eleven of the guineas into each loaf, and gave them to the beggarman next morning for the road. *Meehaul* set out, and when he got to the village, feeling very thirsty, he went to the public house and swapped one of the loaves for a pint of Beamish's porter, and he did the same with another loaf in another public house, and the same with the third in another; and then set off back again for Limerick.

Well, lo and behold you, the smith and his family were at mass next day, which was Sunday, and after mass they went to the public house to have their breakfast, and in cutting their loaf, out came the guineas; and then from that house they went to the second one where the beggarman called, and the same thing happened there, and from that they went to the third, and the same thing happened there; and so they had back their thirty-three guineas."

"I think," remarked a young man who had read Waverly, "that the last part is very awkward. If I were writing an account of it, I would say that the three loaves were sold in the same house."

"You have no right," replied the Patriarch, "to change a single iota of the story. I tell it to you as I heard it from my aunt, and she got it at Nelly Corbett's wake, at Ballycrenan. But to make a long story short, the beggarman came back in a year's time, to pay a visit to the smith, and he found him enjoying the money honestly and living on a fine farm; for when the smith's wife saw the money come back in the loaves of bread, she took it as a sign from Heaven that they were the rightful owners of the whole. "'Twas a happy day," says *Mechaul*, "I lost my money and you found it; for I am a better man in heart, and you better in pocket than either of us was before. Now I am come to make my soul among you," says he, "and to call for assistance on good St. Colman."

"You're welcome," said the blacksmith. Sit in that corner there," said he, "while you live, and when you die, I'll bury you decent." And *Mechaul* stayed with him, and when he died, he was buried decent sure enough, and 'twas at his wake the woman heard the story that told it afterwards at Nelly Corbett's wake, at Ballycream, to my aunt, and she told it to me;" so there's the story of *Gow Ardh na Tholock*, and if ever you intend to make a book, just send me in a letter, and pay my expenses, and *we'll* make a book that will be worth reading."

I thanked him for his kind offer, and bade the Patriarch and his family a long good night. F.

THE HISTORY OF CATHOLIC AMERICA.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES: A Sketch of its Ecclesiastical History. By HENRY DE COURCY. Translated and enlarged by JOHN GILMARY SHEA. *Dunigan and Brother.*

There is no intelligent Episcopalian, Puseyite, Presbyterian, Unitarian, Methodist, Baptist, Quaker, Shaker, Mormon, New Jerusalemite, or Jew, to whom a History of the Catholic Church in the United States should not—we may say would not—be acceptable; even as the historical record of any of these churches or sects in the Republic should necessarily be of interest and instruction to the intelligent reading and thinking Catholic. The history of Maryland, Virginia, or Massachusetts, is of not less intrinsic value to the student, who born, or settling in New-York, believes this State to be the greatest in the Union, than the history of New-York is to the Marylander, Virginian, or Yankee, who believes his own State to be that especial one upon which God has smiled most bounteously.

The annals recording the rise, labors and progress of the various churches, devotional organisations, fanatical factions and spasmodic sectionalists of the country, are important contributions to its History. They possess an attraction for the statesman, philosopher and honest student, far above that even which recommends them to their respective partisans. They are to the "religious" history of the country, what the State histories are to the History of the United States.

Apart from sectional feelings, the history of so important and prominent a profession of Christian faith as the Catholic, must present a multitude of deeply impressive subjects for meditation to the student. Its magnitude and antiquity must command a respectful attention from those who are even fundamentally opposed to its doctrines. Intellectual men cannot afford to look upon it but with sensations of wonder and awe, if not with enthusiasm and veneration. That instinct of human nature which makes us bow before great success in whatever shape, or by whatever means manifested or attained; and which seduces from the man of intellect and culture a submission equal to that forced from the ignorant, has made, and ever will make, men of the most ultra antagonistic doctrines unite in rivalling each other's admiration for the pristine beauty, mediæval grandeur, modern trials and all-time success of the Roman Catholic Church.

The politics and political convulsions springing from its necessities or rule; the arts, whose radiant resources, it would almost seem, exhausted themselves in illustrating it; the music it inspired, with a power mimicking its own,—these if no other, or more unearthly attributes, chain the most comprehensive intellects, against their worldly will it may be, to its earthly majesty, as the kings were fettered to the car of the Assyrian monarch. They cannot help it.

Typical of those—well known for an opposition to the tenets of Catholicity, amounting to a passion beyond the bounds of even theological asperity, who render indirect homage to these very tenets, while bowing before the magnitude they fear to comprehend,—are a few notable men, differing in their degrees of mental solidity, and of course varying in their views—but chiefly, however, in the mode of expressing them. We may regard these men as the representatives of a large intellectual class, and their opinions are consequently, if for no individual reason, valuable.

Old Samuel Johnson, whom Curran called an intolerable dog-

matist, a slave in politics and a bigot in religion; and whom Carlisle extolled as "the greatest soul in England in his day," gave expression to such sentiments of Catholic sympathy that he has been "misrepresented as leaning too much towards Popery in its entireness."* The author of Dr. Johnson's *Religious Life and Death*, devotes a very entertaining chapter to a review of his hero's opinions on Roman Catholics. He feels gratified in the knowledge that Samuel "rejected error under whatever countenance of authority it might be broached, and in common with all great minds loved truth in its solidity and simplicity;" and at the same time, in the same paragraph, warns his readers not to be surprised at Johnson's being more favorably inclined to Catholicity than Presbyterianism, because "his (Johnson's) principles and feelings were ever ranged on the side of authority, antiquity and establishment." In this chapter the Doctor defends and explains The Mass, Purgatory, Confession, The Efficacy of Prayers for the Dead, Invocation of Saints, &c., to which passages, as we are not writing a theological essay, we will refer only by name. His opinion on conversion, reported by Sir Walter Scott, well sums up, in effect, the opinions held by Johnson. "A man," he said, "who is converted from Protestantism to Popery, may be sincere: he parts with nothing: he is only superadding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything that he retains—there is so much *laceration of mind* in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." So much, *en passant*, for the burly sage of Bolt Court and his regard for "Popery."

Thomas Babington Macaulay, whom no one will accuse of undue affection for Catholicity, compiles into brilliant periods evidence of the capacity, influence and magnitude of the Church, past and present. He believes that all the progress with which the world has been visited during the two centuries and a half past, has tended to the benefit and extension of the Church of Rome. Looking upon it as "a work of human policy," he cannot see in the history of the earth anything so well deserving of examination. He says:

"The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique; but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the furthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin; and still confronting hostile Kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her community are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to one hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments, that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."†

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"Four times since the authority of the Church of Rome was established in Western Christendom has the human intellect risen up against her yoke. Twice she remained completely victorious. Twice she came forth from the conflict bearing the marks of cruel wounds, but with the principle of life strong within her. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults which she has survived, we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish."‡

Speaking of Thomas à Kempis, Johnson observed that "it must must be a good book, as the world has opened its arms to receive it." If the merits of the Church of Rome be judged on the same terms, and according to Macaulay's statistics (made in 1840) we have little difficulty in coming to a decided conclusion.

Young Kirke White, writing a letter of advice to his brother James, speaking of the formulas of the Episcopal Church, makes some shrewd remarks which are to the purpose. Alluding to the venerably ancient nature of many of the services, and to their having been used "from age to age ever since in our churches, with but few alterations," he continues,—"But you will say they were used by the Roman Catholics, who are a very superstitious and bigoted set of people. This is no objection at all, because the Roman Catholics were not always so bad, and what is a proof of this is, that there once was no other religion in the world; and we cannot think that church very wicked which God chose, once, to make the sole guardian of his truth."§ The conclusion to which this inevitably leads is one that completely upsets the faith professed by the gentle writer. In his honesty he annihilates the theological policy to the laborious study of which he sacrificed his life.

These few opinions, quoted from honest youth, eloquent maturity, and the convinced dogmatism of erudite middle age, are fitly identified with the opinion of large classes in the intelligent world. When the Church of Rome has commanded from such men such testimony to its intellectual and political prestige, its might and past mission, its grandeur, present power, and the possibility of never-ending progress in the future, we are prepared to hear Mr. Lynn-Lachlan Davis, author of that useful brochure *The Day-Star of American Freedom*, avow that the study of its history—which from the Crusades to the present, from childhood to hoary age, has exerted a magical influence over the dream of the Virgin, the meditation of the Matron, and the actions of men of every caste and type—elicits "a more passionate fondness than the 'Arabian Nights,' or the most truthful and enchanting picture man has sketched either of domestic manners, or of Oriental magnificence and renown."

Considering the history of this Church in the United States, considering what is given to us as its history—the material for it and the uses they have been put to—opened out so large a chart of inquiry to us, that we must defer to another day the opinion we have arrived at in such consideration.

* Dr. Johnson: his Religious Life and Death. p. 278.

† Macaulay's Miscellaneous Writings. Article on "Ranke's History of the Popes." p. 401.

‡ Ib. 403.

§ H. K. White's Letters in *The Remains, &c.*

WINTER THOUGHTS.

NO. III.—SNOW ON THE GROUND.

I.

Like a corpse the stark earth lieth,
Free from toiling Life's deceits;
And the Air, grown pale from watching,
Swathes her round with snowy sheets.

II.

Fold on fold wraps mutely round her,
Her calm breast no life-hope rears,
And she seems from heavens weeping,
To be tombed in frozen tears.

III.

But though rigid cold her bosom,
Gone her music—fled her bloom;
Still the shrouded Earth, like Juliet,
Is but tranced within the tomb.

NO. IV.—SUMMER ALWAYS.

I.

While the wind is fiercely howling,
Lilla dear, come anear—
While the wolf-like wind is howling,
Round the cottage gables prowling,
And the wintry clouds are scowling
On the mere:—
Let us, waking up the embers,
Love and youth and books revere,
Feel that howling bleak Decembers
Cannot make a winter here,
Lilla dear.

II.

While the outside world is shivering,
Lilla dear, come anear—
While the beggar earth is shivering,
Like a miser, old and quivering,
Unto Time his debt delivering
Of the year:—
Let us, clinging close together,
Though perchance we drop a tear
O'er the past, find summer weather
E'er in living, loving here,
Lilla dear.

JOHN SAVAGE.

INNER LIFE.

Twilight shadows gather round me,
Dimly glows the dying light;
Icy fetters that have bound me,
Melt before the radiant Night.

Mystic visions o'er me stealing,
Gleam of beauty uncreate,
Seraph music, Heav'n revealing,
Make my soul with bliss elate.

Through the gloom white wings are glancing,
Like the silent falling snow;
Spirit longings, soul entrancing,
Make my heart with fervor glow.

Ever, in this lonely dreaming,
On my soul there falls the light
Of two blue eyes sadly gleaming
Through the silence of the night.

Radiant eyes, so deep and tender,
Lighting up my lonely way,
With the calm light of their splendor,
With their pure and constant ray.

And a brow, upon whose whiteness
Sits enthroned the spirit's might,
Radiant with a soul-lit brightness,
Earnest love of Truth and Right.

And I know that 'mid life's changing,
As Time's currents onward roll,
That a soul with love unchanging,
Holds communion with my soul.

Weary heart, upon Life's ocean
Ever tose'd by wind and wave,
With a restless surging motion,
Vainly seeking Hope to save.

In the end, to rapture turning,
All thy sorrow here shall cease,
Like the dove to heaven returning
With the olive-branch of peace.

New-York, 1857. SERVA.

AMERICAN PRIVATEERS.

The Second War with England. By J. T. Headley, author of Napoleon and his Marshals, &c.; 2 vols. Fourth Thousand. *C. Scribner.*

Coming to us the day previous to the anniversary of Jackson's great victory, which closed the Second War with England, Headley's History has a peculiar interest. It refreshes the mind, and invigorates the heart to fight these battles o'er again. In this book, vividly written, and with a hearty national spirit, the leading facts of the War, both by sea and land, may be found. As a good specimen of the author's clear and picturesque style, the following chapter from the gallant history of American Privateering, may be taken. When one reads the details of the dreadful fight between the *Armstrong* and the British Squadron he may may not wonder that English statesmen exert themselves to abolish Privateering.

But the most desperate engagement probably during the war took place this year, between the privateer brig, *General Armstrong*, and the crews of an English squadron, in the port of Fayal. This brig, carrying only seven guns and ninety men, entered that port to obtain water, and her commander, Captain Reid, seeing no sail on the horizon, dropped his anchor. A few hours after, the British brig *Carnation*, came in, and anchored near her. Soon after, the *Plantagenet*, 74, and the *Rota* frigate arrived. Captain Reid, knowing how little regard English officers paid to the laws of neutrality, became very solicitous about the safety of his ship, and applied to the authorities of the place to know what course he should pursue. They told him he need entertain no fear, as the English officers knew the rights of a neutral port too well to molest him. Captain Reid, however, suspected it would be otherwise, and kept a close watch on the movements of the enemy. About nine o'clock in the evening, it being broad moonlight on the bay, and not a breath of air disturbing its glittering surface, he saw four boats rowing rapidly and silently towards him. When they came within hail he called out to know their purpose. The latter making no reply, and keeping steadily on, he bade them stand off. They paid no heed to his repeated orders, and were about to board when he gave the command to fire. After a short but fierce contest the assailants were driven off, and returned to their vessels. The news soon spread, and the inhabitants, with the governor, gathered on the shore to see the battle. About midnight, fourteen launches, filled with four hundred men, were seen to put off and steer straight for the privateer. Captain Reid, who, in the meantime, had cut his cable and moored closer in shore, knew he could not save his vessel; but indignant at this violation of the laws of neutrality, he determined the enemy should pay dear for the conquest, and the moment the boats came within range opened a tremendous fire upon them. They staggered under it, but returning it with spirit, continued to press on. But as they got nearer the carnage became awful. Every gun on board that privateer seemed aimed with the precision of a rifle, and the discharges were so rapid and incessant that it was with the utmost efforts that the boats could be pushed on at all. The dead cumbered the living, and the oars were continually dropping from the hand of the slain, crippling and confusing all movements. At length, however, they succeeded in reaching the brig, and cheered by their officers shouting "No quarter," began to ascend the sides of the ship. In a moment its black hull was a sheet of flame rolling on the foe.

Shrieks and cries, mingled with oaths and execrations, and sharp volleys of musketry rang out on the night air, turning that moonlight bay into a scene of indescribable terror. The bright waters were loaded with black forms, as they floated or struggled around the boats. The Americans fought with the ferocity of tigers and the desperation of madmen. Leaping into the boats they literally massacred all within. Several drifted ashore full of dead bodies—not a soul being left alive of all the crew—others were sunk. Some were left with one or two to row them. Overwhelmed, crushed and discomfitted, the remainder abandoned the attempt and pulled slowly back to the ships, marking their course by the groans and cries of the wounded that floated back over the bay. Only three officers, out of the whole, escaped, while scarce a hundred and fifty of the four hundred returned unwounded to their vessels. A hundred and twenty were killed outright. The loss could scarcely have been greater had the enemy fought a squadron equal to their own.

Our Consul, after this, dropped a note to the Governor, who immediately sent a remonstrance to Van Lloyd, commander of the *Plantagenet*, saying that the American vessel was under the guns of the castle, and entitled to Portuguese protection. To this Van Lloyd replied that he was resolved on the destruction of the vessel, and if the fort undertook to protect her, he would not leave a house standing on the shore.

The next day the *Carnation* hauled in alongside and opened her broadsides on the privateer. Reid, still grimly clinging to his vessel, returned the fire, and in a short time so cut up his antagonist that he hauled off to repair. That little brig, half a wreck, lying under the walls of the castle, fighting that hopeless gallant battle, vindicating her rights against such fearful odds, with none who dare help her, presented a sublime spectacle.

At length, his guns being dismounted, Captain Reid ordered his men to cut away the masts of the ship, blow a hole through the bottom, and taking out their arms and clothing, go ashore. Soon after, the British advanced and set her on fire. Van Lloyd then made a demand on the Governor for Captain Reid and his crew, threatening in case of refusal to send an armed force and take them. Fearing that the Governor would not be able to prevent their arrest, this gallant band retired to an old convent, knocked away the drawbridge, determined to defend themselves to the last. The English commander had no desire to place his crews again under the deadly aim of those daring men, and abandoned the project.

The American loss in this engagement was two killed and seven woudned. Thus dearly did England pay for this violation of the laws of a neutral port. That brig cruising successfully to the close of the war, could not have inflicted so heavy damage on the enemy as she caused in her capture.

The gallant bearing and patriotic feeling that marked these little cruisers are worthy of record, while the hair-breadth escapes—the tricks employed to entice merchantmen within their reach—the wit and humor exhibited in hailing and answering the hails—the saucy and irritating acts committed on purpose to provoke—the good-natured jokes they cracked on those they had first outwitted, then conquered, would make a most characteristic and amusing chapter in American history.

In the report supplied by the Paris *Moniteur* of M. Pousard's address, on the occasion of his reception by the French Academy, we find the following passage:—"It has been the fashion to proclaim that the dramas of the divine William (*sic*) embraced humanity under every aspect, whereas our classical writers only represent individuals. Goethe discovered in *Hamlet* a thousand things which Shakspeare, fortunately for himself, never thought of; everything has been adored in him, even to his bombast and his indecencies; the pecularities of his style have been copied, as had been those of Racine. That fanaticism has now somewhat calmed down, and there remains of it a just and well-founded admiration.

A GARLAND FOR THE GRAVE OF THEOBALD MATHEW.

The departure from earth of that great and good man, Father Mathew, has inspired the deepest sensation of regret which has been manifested for years by the public press of England as well as Ireland. His virtues and labors were of such a nature as to overrule any political feeling between the people who desire to honor his memory, and thus we find the *London Times* aspiring to do more justice—by a more extended notice—to the "Dead Apostle," than that accorded by even the most enthusiastic of the Irish Journals. Several poems have appeared, illustrating the life, and lamenting the death of the great reformer, a few of which—as they are just at hand—we string together in chronological order, as a meet and loving garland for the sacred grave.

The first was published several years since, and is a worthy invocation to an Artist about commencing a picture to illustrate the labors of—

FATHER MATHEW.

TO A PAINTER.

Seize the pencil, child of art!
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee;
Great thy hand and great thy heart,
If well thou dost the work before thee!
'Tis not thine to round the shield,
Or point the sabre, black or gory;
'Tis not thine to spread the field,
Where crime is crown'd—where guilt is glory.

Child of art! to thee be given
To paint, in colors all unclouded,
Breakings of a radiant heaven,
O'er an isle in darkness shrouded!
But to paint them true and well,
Every ray we see them shedding
In its very light must tell
What a gloom *before* was spreading.

Canst thou picture dried-up tears—
Eyes that wept, no longer weeping—
Faithful woman's wrongs and fears,
Lonely, nightly vigils keeping—
Listening ev'ry footfall nigh—
Hoping him she loves returning?
Canst thou, then, depict her joy,
That we may know *the change* from mourning?

Paint in colors strong, but mild,
Our Isle's Redeemer and Director—
Canst thou paint *the man a child*,
Yet shadow forth the mighty VICTOR?
Let his path a rainbow span,
Every *hue* and *color* blending—
Beaming "peace and love" to man,
And alike o'er ALL extending!

Canst thou paint a land made free—
From its sleep of bondage woken—
Yet, withal, that we may see
What 'twas *before* the chain was broken!
Seize the pencil, child of art!
Fame and fortune brighten o'er thee!
Great thy hand, and great thy heart,
If well thou dost the work before thee!

The following "Farewell" sonnet was addressed to the good Father, by John Savage, and published in the *Tribune*, on the Monday of Father Mathew's departure for Europe, after his American tour:

FAREWELL TO FATHER MATHEW.

Farewell, my friend!—the mad world's friend, farewell!
May airs propitious soothe your ocean way,
And Heaven to thee the debt of Earth repay.
Farewell! the word brings visions like a spell,
And down the cloudy future people's swell.
I see them hold their hearts upon their tongues,
Eager for sacrifice of speech—and throngs
Hold solemn homage at a festival;
And daring youth and hearty age there meet,
And maiden tears of joy bedew the shrine—
And starving Bacchus groans in his retreat:
Whille joyful babes of happy sires entwine
A wreath for Mathew's living shade! and down
Eternity's broad path they bear his deathless crown.

Nov'r 7, 1851.

A correspondent of the Dublin *Nation* contributes these calm and loving verses to the theme:

THE DEAD APOSTLE.

His call hath come—the pure and faithful spirit
That labored long, with patience and with love,
Hath left its earthly country, to inherit
The Christian's guerdon in the world above.

Here is a sad procession, moving slowly,
Of mourning hearts, and eyes with weeping dim;
There is a temple, calm, and bright, and holy,
Where angels string their harps to welcome him.

For ceaselessly his God and country serving,
To one high cause his health and life he gave;
He passed along his chosen path unswerving,
And Eire weeps her blessings on his grave.

His voice hath calmed the scenes of senseless riot—
Brought hope and peace to many an aching breast—
We may not question the celestial fiat
That changes now his suffering into rest.

By city, village, mountain—never weary,
So long as strength was left him, on he trod,
Working such changes within the homes of Eire
That all men owned his mission was of God.

Nor here alone. The exiles of his nation,
In their far homes beyond the waves he sought;
Long may his name, in love and veneration,
Live there and guard the lessons that he taught!

His toil was bless'd—tho' some, alas, have slighted
His gentle counsel, and *their* sacred oath;
How many hold unstained the faith they plighted,
And now, with grief and joy will think on both?

And would they honor him whom Heaven hath taken?
Would they repay his love with their good will?
Oh! let them hold his precepts still unshaken,
And teach their children to respect them still.

So manhood shall increase and strength be granted
To our endeavors, as the seasons roll,
Until the seed our dead Apostle planted
Bear tenfold fruit to bless his parted soul.

MAHRIADH.

The following, from the *Cork Examiner*, fitly calls to mind one of the dearest ambitions of Father Mathew's life—that of raising a Cemetery for the free burial of the poor:

FATHER MATHEW.

Beneath the Cross they laid the man of God,
More meet a shelter than the clayey sod,
For him whose noble heart had throbb'd and broke
To free its children from a sinful yoke.
He clung to it in life, nor would he leave
In death its shadow for a flowery grave.
The dying Priest expressed one wish alone,
It was to rest beneath that Cross of stone.

Beneath the Cross they laid that sainted one,
Whose sainted voice unto his standard won
Millions, who spell-bound at the mighty call,
Burst the vile bond which held their souls in thrall;
Its tones are mute, but long their echoes will
Ring in the poor man's home and cheer it still;
Peace he has brought, where despair had dwelt,
All creeds and nations have his influence felt.

Beneath the Cross they laid the honored dead,
Its fostering arms as if in welcome spread
To him whose hand was stretched in aid to all,
Whose ear was never closed to Sorrow's call,
Whose noble eye e'er shone with kindly ray,
Cheering the wretched through life's wintry way.
Apostle of the Cross, 'twas fit that he
Should rest at last beneath the hallow'd tree.

Beneath the Cross they laid him; it was just
That no vain monument confined his dust;
Noble his birth, yet with the poor he stood,
Untired, unaided in his work of good;
He claimed no honor, nor would he be laid
Where worldly hearts a mocking tribute paid.
In marble urns let other men seek rest,
The Cross alone should wave above his breast.

Beneath the Cross he sought his dreamless bed,
No marvel if we view the life he led,
Self-sacrificing, humble, gen'rous, pure—
Sparing not means nor health to serve the poor.
But words are weak, and language empty sound,
Read his best praise in tearful eyes around,
In the deep sobs which break forth now and then,
Amid the speechless grief of mourning men.

Beneath the Cross they laid him let us kneel,
Hushing our anguish, while we inly feel,
Though we shall meet his equal ne'er on earth,
He won the laurels due to priceless worth.
While mem'ry lives, his unforgotten name
Shall swell the record of our country's fame;
From age to age shall Mathew's deeds be given,
As those unmatched on earth and worthy Heaven.

Cork, Dec. 18. J. E. M.

LOCAL CHANGES AND LOCAL FACTS OF OLD NEW-YORK.

BY JOHN F. WATSON,
Author of the Annals of Philadelphia.

NO. III.

APPAREL.

"We run through every change which fancy
At the loom has genius to supply."

There is a very marked and wide difference between our moderns and the ancients in their several views of appropriate dress. The latter, in our judgment of them, were always stiff and formal, unchanging in their cut and fit in the gentry, or negligent and rough in texture in the commonalty; whereas the moderns, casting off all former modes and forms, and inventing every new device which fancy can supply, just please the wearers "while the fashion is at full."

It will much help our just conceptions of our forefathers and their good dames, to know what were their personal appearances. To this end, some facts illustrative of their attire will be given. Such as it was amongst the gentry, was a constrained and pains-taking service, presenting nothing of ease and gracefulness in the use. While we may wonder at its adoption and long continuance, we will hope never again to see its return. But who can hope to check or restrain Fashion, if it should happen to set that way, or who can foresee that the next generation may not be more stiff and formal than any which has passed, since we see, even nw, our late graceful and easy habits of both sexes already partially supplanted by "monstrous novelty and strange disguise!" Men and women stiffly corsetted, long, unnatural-looking waists, shoulders and breasts stuffed and deformed as Richard's, and artificial hips; protruding garments of as ample folds as claimed the ton when senseless hoops prevailed.

A gentleman of eighty years of age has given me his recollections of the costumes of his early days to this effect, to wit:—Men wore three-square or cocked hats, and wigs; coats with large cuffs, big skirts, lined and stiffened with buckram. None ever saw a crown higher than the head. The coat of a beau had three or four large plaits in the skirts, wadding almost like a coverlet to keep them smooth; cuffs very large up to the elbows, open below and inclined down, with lead therein; the capes were thin and low, so as readily to expose the close plaited neck-stock of fine linen cambric, and the large silver stock-buckle on the back of the neck; shirts with hand-ruffles, sleeves finely plaited, breeches close fitting, with silver, stone, or paste gem buckles; shoes or pumps with silver buckles of various sizes and patterns; thread, worsted, and silk stockings; the poorer class wore sheep and buckskin breeches close set to the limbs. Gold and silver sleeve-buttons, set with stones or paste of various colors and kinds, adorned the wrists of the shirts of all classes. The very boys often wore wigs, and their dresses in general were similar to those of the men.

The women wore caps, (a bare head was never seen) stiff stays, hoops from six inches to two feet on each side; so that a full dressed lady entered a door like a crab, pointing her obtruding flanks end foremost; high heeled shoes of black stuff, with white cotton or thread stockings; and in the miry times of winter they wore clogs, gala shoes, or pattens.

The days of stiff coats, sometimes wire-framed, and of large hoops, was also stiff and formal in manners at set balls and assemblages. The dances of that day among the politer class were minuets, and sometimes country dances; among the lower order hipsesaw was everything.

As soon as the wigs were abandoned and the natural hair was cherished, it became the mode to dress it by plaiting it, by queuing and clubbing, or by wearing it in a black silk sack or bag, adorned with a large black rose.

In time, the powder with which wigs and the natural hair had been severally adorned, was run into disrepute, only about twenty-eight to thirty years ago, by the then strange innovation of "Brutus heads;" not only then discarding the long-cherished powder and perfume, and tortured frizzle-work, but also literally becoming "round heads" by cropping off all the pendant graces of ties, bobs, clubs, queues, &c. The hardy beaux who first encountered public opinion by appearing abroad unpowdered and cropt, had many starers. The old men for a time obstinately persisted in adherence to the old regime; but death thinned their ranks, and use and prevalence of numbers at length gave countenance to modern usage.

From various reminiscents we glean, that laced ruffles depending over the hand, was a mark of indispensable gentility. The coat and breeches were generally desirable of the same material—of "broad cloth" for winter and of silk camlet for summer. No kind of cotton fabrics were then in use or known. Hose were therefore of thread or silk in summer, and fine worsted in winter; shoes were square-toed, and were often "double channelled." To these succeeded sharp toes, as piked as possible. When wigs were universally worn, gray wigs were powdered; and for that purpose sent in a wooden box frequently to the barber to be dressed on his block-head. But "brown wigs," so called, were exempted from the white disguise. Coats of red cloth, even by boys, were considerably worn; and plush breeches and plush vests of various colors, shining and smooth, were in common use. Everlasting, made of worsted, was a fabric of great use for breeches, and sometimes for vests. The vest had great depending pocket flaps, and the breeches were short above the stride, because the art, since devised, of suspending them by suspenders, was then unknown. It was then the test and even the pride of a well-formed man, that he could by his natural form readily keep his breeches above the hips, and his stockings, without gartering, above the calf of his leg. With the queus belonged frizzled side-locks and *tout pies*, formed of the natural hair, or, in defect of a long tie, a splice was added to it. Such was the general passion for the longest possible whip of hair, that sailors and boatmen, to make it grow most, used to tie theirs in eel skins. Nothing like surtouts were known; but they had coating or cloth great coats, or blue cloth and brown camlet cloaks, with green baize lining to the latter. In the time of the American war, many of the American officers introduced the use of Dutch blankets for great coats. The sailors used to wear hats of glazed leather, or woollen thrums called chapeaus; and their "small clothes" as we would now call them, were immensely wide "petticoat-breeches." The working men in the country wore the same form, having no falling flaps, but slits in front; and they were so full in girth, that they ordinarily changed the rear to the front when the seat became prematurely worn out. At the same time numerous working men and boys, and all tradesmen, wore leather breeches and leather aprons.

Some of the peculiarities of the female dress were these, to wit: Ancient ladies are still alive, who often had their hair tortured for hours at a sitting in getting up for a dress occasion, the proper crisped curls of a hair-curler. This formidable outfit of head-work was next succeeded by "rollers," over which the hair was combed above the forehead. These again were superseded by "cushions" and artificial curled work, which could be sent to the barber's block, like a wig, "to be dressed," leaving the lady at home to pursue other objects.

When the ladies first began to lay off their cumbrous hoops, they supplied their place with successive substitutes, such as these, to wit: first came "bishops," a thing stuffed or padded with horse-hair; then succeeded a smaller affair, under the name of *Cue de Paris*, also padded with horse-hair. How it abates our admiration of the "lovely sex" to contemplate them as bearing a roll of horse-hair under their garments! An old satire said,

"Thus finished in taste, while on her you gaze,
You may take the dear charmer for life,
But never undress her—for out of her stays,
You'll find you have lost half your wife."

Next they supplied their place with silk or calimanco, or russell thickly quilted and inlaid with wool, made into petticoats; then these were supplanted by a substitute of half-a-dozen petticoats. No wonder such ladies needed fans in a sultry summer, and at a time when parasols were unknown, to keep off the solar rays. I knew a lady going to a gala-party, who had so large a hoop, that when she sat in the chaise, she so filled it up that the person who drove it, (it had no top,) stood up behind the box and directed the reins.

Some of those ancient belles, who thus sweltered under the weight of six petticoats, have lived now to see their posterity, not long since, go so thin and transparent, *a la Francaise*, especially when between the beholder and a declining sun, as to make a modest eye sometimes instinctively avert its gaze.

Among other articles of female wear, we may name the following, to wit: Once they wore a "skimmer-hat," made of a fabric which shone like silver-tinsel; it was of a very small flat crown and big brim, not unlike the present Leghorn-flats. Another hat—not unlike it in shape—was made of woven horse-hair, wove in flowers, and called "horse-hair-bonnets," an article which might be again usefully introduced for children's wear, as an enduring hat for long service. I have seen what was called a bath-bonnet, made of black satin, and so constructed as to lay in folds, that it could be set upon, like a chapeau-bras; a good article now for travelling-ladies. "The mush-mellon"-bonnet, used before the Revolution, had numerous whalebone-stiffeners in the crown, set at an inch apart in parallel lines, and, presenting ridges to the eye, between the bones. The next bonnet, was the "whalebone-bonnet," having only the bones in the front as stiffeners. "A calash-bonnet" was always formed of green silk; it was worn abroad, covering the head, but when in rooms, it could fall back in folds like the springs of a calash or gig-top; to keep it up over the head, it was drawn up by a cord always held in the hand of the wearer. The wagon-bonnet," always of black silk, was an article exclusively in use among the Friends, and was deemed to look, on the head, not unlike the top of the "Jersey-wagons," and having a pendant piece of like silk hanging from the bonnet and covering the shoulders. The only straw-wear was that called the "straw-beehive-bonnet," worn generally by old people.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR AT NEW-YORK.

——"this is to show
Mankind, the wild deformity of war!"

New-York city having been held during the term of the revolution as a conquered place, and also as the chief military post of British rule, it becomes matter of interest and curiosity to the present generation to revive and contemplate the pictorial images of those scenes and facts which our fathers witnessed in those days of peril and deep emotion. I give such as I could glean.

The spirit of opposition in us began before the revolution actually opened.

The first theatre, in Beekman-street, (now where stands the house No. 26,) was pulled down on a night of entertainment there, by the citizens, generally called "Liberty Boys." The cause arose out of some offence in the play, which was cheered by the British officers present, and hissed and condemned by the mass of the people Soon after the people seized upon a Press Barge, and drew it through the streets to the park commons, where they burnt it.

After the war had commenced and New-York was expected to

be captured, almost all the Whig families, who could sustain the expense, left their houses and homes to seek precarious refuge where they could in the country. On the other hand, after the city was possessed by the British, all the Tory families who felt unsafe in the country made their escape into New-York for British protection. Painfully, family relations were broken; families as well as the rulers took different sides, and "Greek met Greek" in fierce encounter.

Mr. Brower, who saw the British force land in Kip's Bay as he stood on the Long Island sound heights, says it was the most imposing sight his eyes ever beheld. The army crossed the East River, in open flat boats, filled with soldiers standing erect, their arms all glittering in the sun-beams. They approached the British fleet in Kip's Bay, in the form of a crescent, caused by the force of the tide breaking the intended line of boat after boat. They all closed up in the rear of the fleet, when all the vessels opened a heavy cannonade.

I shall herein endeavor to mark the localities of position occupied by the British, especially of residences of distinguished officers, and also of those suffering prison-houses and hospitals where our poor countrymen sighed over their own and their country's woe.

All the Presbyterian churches in New-York were used for military purposes in some form or other. I suspect that they were deemed more whiggish in general than some of the other churches. The clergymen of that order were in general throughout the war, said to be zealous to promote the cause of the revolution. The Methodists, on the contrary, then few in number, were deemed loyalists, chiefly from the known loyalism of their founder, Mr. Wesley. Perhaps to this cause it was that the Society in John-street enjoyed so much indulgence as to occupy their church for Sunday night service, while the Hessians had it in the morning service for their own chaplains and people.

The British troops were quartered in any empty houses of the Whigs which might be found. Wherever men were billetted, they marked it.

The Middle Dutch church in Nassau-street, was used to imprison 3000 Americans. The pews were all gutted out and used as fuel. Afterwards they used it for the British cavalry, wherein they exercised their men, as a riding-school, making them leap over raised windlasses. At the same place they often picketed their men, as a punishment, making them bear their weight on their toe on a sharp goad. At the same place, while the prisoners remained there, Mr. Andrew Mercein told me he used to see the "Dead Cart" come every morning, to bear off six or eight of the dead.

The old sugar-house, which also adjoined this church, was filled with the prisoners taken at Long Island; there they suffered much, they being kept in an almost starved condition.

This starving proceeded from different motives; they wished to break the spirit of the prisoners, and to cause their desertion, or to make the war unwelcome to their friends at home. On some occasions, as I shall herein show, the British themselves were pinched for supplies, and on other occasions the commissaries had their own gain to answer, by withholding what they could from the prisoners. I could not find, on inquiry, that Americans in New-York were allowed to help their countrymen unless by stealth. I was told by eye-witnesses of cases, where the wounded came crawling to the openings in the wall, and begging only for one cup of water, and could not be indulged, the sentinels saying, "We are sorry too; but our orders have been, 'suffer no communication in the absence of your officer.'"

The North Dutch church in William-street was entirely gutted of its pews, and made to hold 2000 prisoners.

The Quaker meeting-house in Pearl-street was converted into an hospital.

The old French church was used as a prison.

Mr. Thomas Swords told me they used to bury the prisoners on the Mount—then on the corner of Grace and Lumber-streets. It was an old redoubt.

Cunningham was infamous for his cruelty to the prisoners; even depriving them of life, it is said, for the sake of cheating his king and country by continuing for a time to draw their nominal rations! The prisoners at the Provost, (the present debtor's prison in the Park,) were chiefly under his severity, (my father among the number for a time.) It was said he was only restrained from putting them to death, (five or six of them of a night, back of the prison-yard, where was also their graves), by the distress of certain women in the neighborhood, who, pained by the cries for mercy which they heard, went to the commander-in-chief, and made the case known, with entreaties to spare their lives in future. This unfeeling wretch, it is said, came afterwards to an ignominious end, being executed in England, as was published in Hall and Sellers' paper in Philadelphia. It was there said, that it came out on the trial that he boasted of having killed more of the ksng's enemies by the use of his own means, than had been effected by the king's arms! he having, as it was there stated, used a preparation of arsenic in their flour!

Loring, another commissary of prisoners, was quite another man, and had a pretty good name. Mr. Lennox, the other, being now a resident of New-York—I forbear any remarks.

There was much robbing in the city by the soldiery at times. In this, Lord Rawdon's corps and the king's guards were said to have been pre-eminent.

The British cast up a line of entrenchments quite across from Corlear's Hook to Bunker's Hill, on the Bowery road, and placed gates across the road there. The Hessians, under Knyphausen, were encamped on a mount not far from Corlear's Hook.

Mr. Andrew Mercein, who was present in New-York when most of the above-mentioned things occurred, has told me several facts. He was an apprentice with a baker who made bread for the army, and states, that there was a time when provisions, even to their own soldiery, was very limited. For instance, on the occasion of the Cork provision fleet overstaying their time, he has dealt out six-penny loaves, as fast as he could hand them, for "a hard half dollar a-piece!" The baker then gave $20 a cwt. for his flour. They had to make oatmeal bread for the navy. Often he has seen 7s. a pound given for butter, when before the war it was but 2d.

When Cornwallis was in difficulties at York Town, and it became necessary to send him out all possible help, they took the citizens by constraint and enroled them as a militia. In this service Mr. Mercein was also compelled, and had to take his turns at the fort. There they mounted guard, &c., in military attire, just lent to them for the time and required to be returned. The non-commissioned officers were generally chosen as Tories, but often without that condition. Mr. Mercein's serjeant was whiggish enough to have surrendered if he had had the proper chance. There were some independent companies of Tories there.

It was really an affecting sight to see the operations of the final departure of all the king's embarkation; the royal band beat a farewell march. Then to see so many of our countrymen, with their women and children, leaving the lands of their fathers because they took the king's side, going thence to the bleak and barren soil of Nova Scotia, was at least affecting to them. Their hearts said, "My country, with all thy faults I love thee still."

In contrast to this, there followed the entry of our tattered land weather-beaten troops, followed by all the citizens in regular platoons.

Then crowded home to their own city, all those who had been abroad, reluctant exiles from British rule—now fondly cherishing in their hearts,

"This is my own, my native land."

The Hessian troops were peculiarly desirous to desert, so as to remain in our country, and hid themselves in every family where they could possibly secure a friend to help their escape. 'Twas a lucky hit for those who succeeded—for they generally got ahead as tradesmen and farmers, and became rich. The loss to England in the "wear and tear" of those Hessians, formed a heavy item. It is on record that the Landgrave of Hesse was paid for 15,700 men lost, at £30 a head, £471,000 (being more than two millions of dollars), paid to his agent, Mr. Van Otton, at the Bank of England in 1786.

It is estimated that 11,000 of our Americans were interred from the British prisons at the Wallabout, the place of the present Navy-Yard. In cutting down the hill for the Navy-Yard, they took up as many as thirteen large boxes of human bones; which, being borne on trucks under mourning palls, were carried in procession to Jackson-street, on Brooklyn Height, and interred in a charnel-house constructed for the occasion beneath three great drooping willows. There rest the bones of my grandfather, borne from the Stromboll's hospital-ship three days after his arrival.

Two of the burnt hulks of those ships still remain sunken near the Navy-Yard—one in the dock, and one, the Good Hope, near Pinder's Island—all "rotten and old, e'er filled with sighs and groans."

Our ideas of prisons and prisoners—having ourselves been never confined—are two vague and undefined in reading of any given mass of suffering men. To enter into conception and sympathy with the subject, we must individualize our ideas by singling out a single captive; hear him talk over his former friends and happy home; see him pennyless, naked, friendless, in pain and sickness, hopeless, sighing for home, set wishing to end his griefs by one last deep sigh. With Sterne's pathos, see him notch his weary days and nights; see the iron enter his soul; see him dead; then whelmed in pits, neglected and forgotten. Such was the tale—if individually told—of 11,000 of our suffering countrymen at New-York.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Chemistry of Nature.

A SELF-ACTING LABORATORY.

The gastric juice which reduces the food in the stomach to a semi-fluid, and the bile which tempers this crude material and adapts it to the purposes of nutrition, are the two principal agents in the production of venus blood. As health depends mainly upon the quality and purity of tis fluid, a medicine which acts immediately upon its elements, discharging therefrom every tainted and unwholesome particle capable of feeding or creating disease, must necessarily be the true elixir of health—a sure antidote to the seeds of all internal disorders. In this consists the wonder-working power of Holloway's Pills. They seem literally to compel the stomach and the liver to do their whole duty, and to remove every impediment to its performance. We learn from their distinguised inventor, the *modus operandi* of his medicines, but our knowledge of their effects is based on our own observation as well as on the testimony of the world at large. We know that the victim of liver complaint, with attenuated frame, jaundiced skin, and lack-lustre eye, rapidly recovers strength, energy and a healthy appearance under the disinfecting, renovating and regulating influence of the Pills; and if the disturbance of the internal functions has produced external disease, that too disappears under the searching action of Holloways Ointment. The liver is a very susceptible organ. It always sympathises with the stomach, and intemperance in eating or drinking, over application to business, anxiety, sudden changes of temperature, an unwholesome atmosphere, and innumerable other causes, tend to derange and obstruct its action. What is the practice of the oracles of the faculty in cases of liver complaint? Their sole remedy is a mineral poison—*Quicksilver*, or one of its deadly oxides. Salivate! Salivate! Salivete! is the word. To cure one malady another is created. The liver becomes the battle ground between a dangerous disorder and a worse remedy; and if the patient escapes with life or without carious bones and contracted sinews, it is by a miracle. Holloways Pills on the other hand strike at the very source of the disorder, and at the same time give tone to the whole system. Let common sense determine whether it is better to annihilate the virus of disease by an inocuous vegetable preparation, or to administer *poison* by way of antidote.—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(*Carefully revised every week expressly for the Irish News.*)

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, Jan. 18, 1857.

FLOUR—Com'n to Extra State per barrel			$6.25	a $6.85
Common to Fancy Western	do		6.40	a 6.85
Extra Western	do		6.75	a 8.75
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do		6.85	a 7 10
Mixed to Extra Southern	do		7 10	a 8.75
RYE FLOUR—Fine and Super	do		3.50	a 5.25
CORN MEAL	do		3.12½	a 3.75
WHEAT—Canada White	per bushel		1.70	a 1.80
Western White	do		1.68	a 1.80
Southern White	do		1.70	a 1.80
All kinds of Red	do		1.38	a 1.60
CORN—Mixed	do		— 69	a — 71
Yellow	do		— 71	a — 75
White	do		— 71	a — 75
OATS—State and Western	do		— 47	a — 51
Jersey	do		— 44	a — 47
Southern	do		— 39	a — 44
Rye	do		— 90	a — —
Barley	do		1 —	a 1.32
White Beans	do		2 —	a — —
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels			— —	a 4 —
Cotton—Middlings, per lb			— 13½	a — 13¾
Fair			— 13¾	a — 14¼
Rice, per 100 lbs			3.25	a 4.25
Hops, per lb			— 7	a — 10
Pork—Mess per bbl			19.31½	a 20.—
Prime, per bbl			17 —	a 17.25
Beef—Country Mess			10.50	a 12.25
Prime			9 —	a 10 —
Dressed Hogs, per lb			— 8¼	a — 8¾
Lard, in bbls. per lb			— 12¼	a — 12½
Butter—Western, per lb			— 14	a — 20
State, per lb			— 20	a — 25
Orange County, per lb			— 26	a — 29
Cheese, per lb			— 9½	a — 10½
Potatoes—Carters, per bbl			3 —	a 4 —
Mercers, per bbl			2.50	a 3.25
Onions—Reds, per bbl			1.62½	a 1.75
White, per bbl			3.50	a — —
Apples, per bbl			2.75	a 6 50
Eggs, fresh per dozen			— 28	a — 30
Limed, per dozen			— 24	a — 26
Feathers, Live Geese per lb			— 50	a — 55
Seed—Clover, per lb			— 12	a — 12½
Flax, per bushel			2 —	a — —
Timothy, mowed, per bushel			2.25	a 2.37½
Timothy, reaped, per bushel			3 —	a — —
Sugar, New-Orleans, per lb			— 9	a — 11
Molasses, New-Orleans, per gl			— —	a — 80
Tobacco—Kentucky, &c., per lb			— 7	a — 16

Special Notices.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice of Application for the discharge of an insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes.

James Grant of New-York City, Notice first published January 12th, 1857, Creditors to appear before the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New-York, on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1857, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at his Chambers No. 25 Chambers street, in said city, to show cause, if any they have, why an assignment of said Insolvent's Estate should not be made, and he be discharged from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Statute for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts.

McCUNN & MONCRIEF,
Jan17 6t Atty's. for Insolvent, 29 Wall st., New-York City.

L. SILLIMAN IVES, LL.D.,

Will Lecture on

"Church and State Charities Compared,"

For the Benefit of the

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL,

At the

Broadway Tabernacle,

On Thursday evening, January 29th, at 8 p. m. Tickets 25 cents—to be had at the Catholic bookstores and of the members of the several conferences.

DR. M'ELHERAN

Delivers the Second Lecture of the course of Catholic Lectures, before the

Catholic Library Benefit Society,

On Tuesday evening next at Hope Chapel.

Subject....**The Beautiful, the Good, the True.**

The proceeds to be applied to the benefit of the destitute children of the church of the Nativity.

Tickets 25 cents, to be had at the door.

"Charity covereth a multitude of Sins!"

FIRST ANNUAL GRAND SOIREE

OF

ST. JAMES' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION,

AT THE

City Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening, Jan. 26, 1857. Shelton's Band.

Tickets can be had of the following committee:

Dr. Philip O'Reilly, cor. Madison and James sts., Dr. Purcell, do.; Dr. Richard Dillon, cor. Pearl and Rose sts.; Dr. E. D. Connery, 186 Henry st.; Judge Macarthy, 25 Oliver st.; Major R. Barry. 488 Pearl st.; Peter Kenny, 187 Allen st., John Kenny, do.; Andrew E. Mylott, cor 7th av. and 26th st.; James Molony, 218 8th st.; Denis Hogan, 14 Roosevelt st., Michael Carroll, do.; Geo. W. Casserly, 60 do; Timothy Coleman, 29 do.; P. O'Neil, 48 do.; Edward Nugent, 48 do.; A. McCaffrey, cor. Catherine and Henry sts., Richard Walters, do.; Bernard Murphy, 4 James st.; John Lynch, 61 do.; Edward Hart, 74 do.; John Healy, 2 do.; John Kelly, 12 Monroe st.; Edward Hart, 27 do.; E. J. Kelly, 19 Oak st.; Thos. Hussey, cor. Madison and Oliver sts., A. C. Reel, do.; Geo. Carr, 90 Madison st.; James Reilly, 35 do.; Philip Lyons, 225 do.; Michael J. Higgins, 42 do.; Jas. Grady, Catharine st.; Bernard McFeely, 144 Chatham st.; Francis Priest, 126 do.; John Donoghoe, 71 do.; Francis Hagerty, 3 Catharine st., J. Donnelly, 3 do.; John Marsden, 22 Catharine Slip; Edward Butler, 417 Pearl st.; Richard Fitzpatrick, 393 do.; Geo. Rice, 24 Vandewater st.; Bernard Duffy, 38 do.; Wm. Cleary, 11 Jacob st.; John O'Sullivan, 24 Rose st.; P. Mulvehil, 84 Oliver st.; Wm. Walsh, 84 do.; Denis Decourey, 8 Chamber st.. P. Crowe, 46 Frankfort st.; P. J. Tully, 38 do.; Michael Conroy, 36 do.; P. Hughes, 88 Cherry st.; John Oliver, do.; Thomas Fitzgerald, 14 do.; Edward Sweeney, 38 do.; Mich'l Hallinan, 109 do.; Stephen Lynch, 97 Gold st.; Chas. J. Dougherty, 261 William st.; Chas. Doherty 96 Cliff st., Geo. Hargan, 39 Henry st.; John Crowe, 15 Cherry st.; James Grady, 28 Catherine st.

P. G. DOWLING, Floor Manager. Councilman JAMES REILLY, Treas'r.
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TO BUILDERS AND ARCHITECTS.

IVISON & PHINNEY, No. 321 BROADWAY,

Publish a New and Improved Editon of an invaluable Work to Builders and Architects.

GOULD'S AMERICAN HOUSE CARPENTER'S ASSISTANT.

232 pages, quarto—price $3. A novel and easy System of Lines, founded on Geometrical Principles, for Cutting every description of Joints and for Framing the most difficult Roofs. It is intended as a summary of all past experience in this line, systematising the whole, and explaining the principles involved.

There is a great difference between a work that merely states right principles, and another that develops them—between a work that tells what should be done, and another that tells how this should be done. The "Carpenter's Assistant" is the latter of these. Without requiring erudite study, it imparts more practical skill in the business than could be obtained from an abstract knowledge of the whole range of geomical science. The tables are accurate, and the expositions remarkably simple and comprehensive.

The *Trade Journal* says of this work: "Every Carpenter and Joiner whose ambition reaches beyond the bench and the workshop, should make himself the owner, not of the book alone, but its contents. To just such instructions as he meets with in this work, is the writer of this paragraph indebted for his own advancement from the journeyman's rank to the position he now occupies. The whole work, which has been a very expensive one to get up, doe s great credit to the publishers, and when known generally, cannot but receive a cordial welcome from that valuable class of men to whom we are indebted for the shelter afforded by the "house we live in."

The above book furnishes an admirable opportunity for

TRAVELING AGENTS.

It is highly popular and has obtained a valuable reputation. Persons acquainted with the business, will find this a profitable book for circulation.

Price $3; a large discount to agents. IVISON & PHINNEY,
ja17 1t 321 Broadway.

GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

MADAME PAULINE HELD, the wonderful Animal Magnetizer, has opened her Rooms, No. 20 HOWARD STREET, near Broadway, for the reception of patients. No matter how obstinate or severe their diseases (unless Consumption), she engages to cure them; ordinary cases in three, and extraordinary cases not more than twelve visits. One trial will satisfy the most incredulous of the efficacy of her treatment. She uses no medicine and the patient never suffers a relapse. Call and judge for yourself. Consultation fee, Two Dollars. Can be seen at all hours from 8 to 1, and 2 to 6.

MADAME PAULINE HELD,
jan17 3mos 20 Howard street, near Broadway.

THOMAS LYNCH,

Provisions, Wholesale and Retail,

NO. 22 ESSEX-MARKEV, NEW-YORK.

Fresh, Salt, Corned, and Smoked Provisions. Shipping orders punctually attended to. Goods delivered to any part of New-York, free of expense.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. Steamer ERICSSON, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 17th day of January, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

jan17 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Literary and Artistic News.

It was John Randolph, and not John C. Calhoun, who originated and used the phrase, "*a wise and masterly inactivity.*" Mr. Randolph used it in 1827, when there was a majority in the House of Representatives opposed to the Administration, and Randolph, being the leader of the opposition, advised his party in a speech, "to throw in no medicine at all; to abstain; to observe '*a wise and masterly inactivity*;'" and the same phrase occurs very often in his speeches. John Randolph, of Roanoke, was also the author, and not Mr. Jefferson, of the declaration that the "Democracy in this country is the natural ally of slavery." And it was John Randolph who, as long as the Missouri agitation about slavery, declared, in earnest sincerity of heart, "I am persuaded that the cause of humanity to these unfortunates (slaves) has been put back a century—*certainly a generation*—by the unprincipled conduct of ambitious men, availing themselves of a good as well as a fanatical spirit in the nation."

Dr. Hoffman, following in the wake of Davy and Deville, has come forward as a discoverer of metals. In a lecture delivered by him lately at the British Royal Institution, he exhibited a bright glistening mass, somewhat resembling butter, and described it as ammonium—the metal base of ammonia. This is regarded as a highly interesting chemical fact, inasmuch as it strengthens the views entertained respecting the constituents of the atmosphere, viz., that they are metallic.

The first printed almanac that has come to us, published at Augsburg in the year fourteen hundred and ninety-nine, is wholly rhymed, and tells in rhymes, even upon its title-page, how it was made to describe the months as they are made by nature, and the influences of the stars; to give instruction as to meat and drink, on purging, bathing and the management of health; to teach how a child should be educated; also how the plague is to be be escaped—for which reason, it adds, this is a book of medicines.

Here is another extract from the Continental journals that puts the fool's cap on all the other stupid extracts—"Rossini, talking of the Operas Casse Voix, said, 'Look at Verdi! His operas are known to crack voices as easily as a squirrel cracks nuts. One season of his *repertoire* will take the edge off the finest voice in the world; his music eats into it like rust. And you will see with Grisi, if she sings much in Verdi's music, that her voice even will become Verdi Grisi!'"

Dr. Balfour, an able surgeon at Madras, has just published a curious volume of reports on cholera. He stated some years ago a theory that there were many places absolutely exempt from the scourge. Investigation has confirmed his opinion. In Madras alone there are thousands of villages which have never felt the visitation, though surrounded by infected districts. Minute lists are supplied, and each place is to be separately examined. At present the only facts known are that places which are in very exposed situations, or very well drained, are comparatively favored.

Great age this we live in! People don't laugh nowadays—they indulge in merriment; they don't walk—they promenade; they never eat any food—they masticate it; nobody has a tooth pulled out—it is extracted; young men do not go courting girls—they pay young ladies attention; it is vulgar to visit any one—you must only make a call; of course you would not think of going to bed—you retire to rest; nor would you build a house—you would erect it.

The well known traveller, Doctor Karl Scherzer, of Vienna, who has just published a new work, "Wanderings through the Central American Free States, Nicaragua, Honduras, and San Salvador," has been invited by the Archduke Ferdinand Max, to accompany the Austrian frigate *Novara* on her intended voyage round the world.

A word of news for the doctors. The number of students this year at the Medical School of Paris is exactly 1,000. Of these, 902 are for the degree of doctor, and 98 for the grade of health-officer; 126 are new inscriptions, 11 are from the schools of Strasbourg and Montpelier, and 84 are from the preparatory schools lately organized.

In the Imperial Library at Paris an interesting work on "Electricity as a Universal Agent," has been found. It was written by Count Tressau, and being printed so far back as 1738 is said to have forestalled the recent important discoveries in that department of science.

A new tenor has appeared in London, Signor Volppini, with the greatest success. He promises to fill the gap now felt. His voice is said to rival Tamberlik's, and his acting is said to be superior to that of the great *tenore robuste*.

Miss Ellen Conran has been re-engaged in Florence, at the Pagliano Opera, the largest house in Europe, and from thence goes to the San Carlo of Naples. The Italian papers speak in high terms both of her success and progress.

Thomas Hood, the younger, is to present this season his maiden work as author and artist—a gift-book seasonably published, and called alliteratively "Pen and Pencil Pictures."

The committee of the Royal Institution of Liverpool have thrown open to the public a new branch of that establishment to be called the "Museum of Applied Science."

Sir Robert Peel has promised to give £25 a year for four years for the purchase of books and pamphlets for the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institute.

A monument to the memory of Mrs. Ann Jane Barrett, the actress, has been erected on the lot belonging to the Boston Museum Dramatic Fund Association, in Elm avenue, Mount Auburn. The monument is eight feet high, executed by Carew.

Mr. R. H. Horne, the author of "Orion," when the last mail left Melbourne was a candidate for a seat in the Legislative Chamber.

It is said that Father Ventura will preach at the Tuilleries during Lent.

The Brooklyn Common Council passed on the 30th ult. the resolutions granting J. A. Dayton and associates the privilege of establishing a ferry at the foot of Fulton street, notwithstanding the objections of the Mayor. Only two members voted in the negative, namely, Alderman Kalbfleisch and Wardwell.

The flags of most of the shipping were displayed at half mast on the 30th ult. in token of respect for the memory of the late well known and wealthy merchant Benjamin Flanders.

On the recommendation of the Marquis of Clanricarde, Viscount Dunlo has been appointed a Magistrate for the county Galway.

Jonathan Darcy, Esq. of Lissineeran, has been sworn in a Magistrate of the King's County and county Tipperary.

Major-General Mansell has been recently inspecting the United military districts of Cork and Limerick.

A concert of sacred music was recently given at the Curragh camp.

The shop of Mr. M'Donnel, draper, Dunmore, Galway, was broken into recently, and a quantity of goods carried off.

The Board of Governors of the Lunatic Asylum of Waterford have received a communication from Dublin disallowing the salaries heretofore paid to the Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains, and directing that the same shall not be paid in future.

The barque *Edward*, of North Shields, was driven ashore on the east side of Dunworly Bay, on the 16th ult. in the gale, sixteen hands all saved by the country people. Cargo, deals and staves, from Quebec for London.

The town of Galway is to be made a district military station, and united with Gort, which is to be occupied exclusively by cavalry, and the barracks at Gort are to be enlarged for that purpose.

Captain Bruce, of Ballyscullion House, county of Derry, has made the reduction of five shillings in the pound to all of his tenantry who have paid the May rent, 1856.

William F. Black, Esq., of Lislap, will be High Sheriff of Tyrone for the next year, and Edward Greer, Esq., of Omagh, will be his Sub-Sheriff.

The house of Mr. Thomas Hannigan, who keeps a provision store at Waterside, Derry, a short time since was robbed of £10 and a silver watch.

Mr. James Patterson, late of Foyle College Academy, Derry, and eldest son to Captain Patterson, of Gortlee, has been appointed a cadet in the Royal Navy.

The Lords Justices have approved of the appointment of the Earl of Belmore to be a deputy-lieutenant for the county of Tyrone, in the room of Lord Claude Hamilton, resigned.

Mr. James Fallon is elected governor, and Sir Timothy O'Brien, deputy governor of the Hibernian Bank.

The Marquis of Sligo has contributed £10 in aid of the funds of the Sisters of Mercy of that town.

A detachment of the 50th Depot, from Belfast has relieved a detachment of the Third Buffs at Armagh.

The Moore testimonial is to be erected in College-street, Dublin.

A remarkable instance of longevity is mentioned in the Mexican papers—that of a lady who died at Actopan at the age of 139 years.

Sir E. B. Lytton has been elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University by a majority of 108 over Lord Stanley.

Lectures.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

CATHOLIC LIBRARY BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Attached to the Church of the Nativity.—A Course of Lectures will be delivered before this Society, at

HOPE CHAPEL, BROADWAY,

on the following Thesday evenings:—January 13—20—27, and February 3d, 1857.

The proceeds are to be appropriated for the benefit of the poor children belonging to the Parish of the Nativity.

Tickets—admitting a gentleman and lady—to the Course, $1 00, to be had at the Catholic Book-stores.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Thomas Larkin,	James Cunningham,	Edward Carroll,
Joseph P. Flin,	Thomas Riley,	James Tracy,
Patrick Sury,	Michael Fogarty,	James Riley,
James Fore,	Wm. Walsh,	Francis Dunnigan.
William Byrns,	John Kelly,	Thos. Kelly,
John Quin,	Malagee Conboy,	Timothy Dwyer,
John Luyden,	William Krogh,	John Hehir,
Patrick Ward,	John McCan,	Robert Coddington.

JOSEPH KIERNAN, Chairman.

PATRICK MCCARTY, DENIS QUINLAN, } Treasurers.

WILLIAM BROPHY, Corresponding Sec'ry.

WILLIAM PRICE, MICHAEL NOONAN, } Rec. Sec's.

j3tf

Special Notices.

TAILORING—1856-7.

George P. Fox has removed to his recently purchased store, house and lot, No. 47 Amity street, near Broadway, thereby freeing himself from the exactions and unenviable trammels of a Broadway landlord, at a saving in favor of his customers at the rate of $5000 to $6000 per annum. The general arrangements, particularly the cutting and sewing departments, are admitted by those who have already patronized his new establishment, to be decidedly superior to any of his former stores, Nos. 321, 333, 531 Broadway.

3m27dec

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's winter raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
GERALD GRAY.

y10jan

LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY.

EGAN & CO. invite the public in general to examine their very large stock of

Irish Linens, their own importation,
Silks and embroideries,
Hosiery and Gloves,
French and English Merinoes,
Blankets, Quilts, and Flannels,
Shawls and Cloaks.
Heavy and Fine Cloths for Ladies' Cloaks.

The above goods will be shown freely, without any unpleasant forcing to buy, and will be sold twenty per cent. below Broadway prices, where the rents are high. We are constantly getting in goods from auction.

No second price. dec27

Information wanted of Margaret Ustice and Jane Crowley, who came passengers by the Isaac Wright, on her last trip from Liverpool, by Richard Tracey, 11 Jay street, Brooklyn, in care of Mr. Owen Gilligan, or at this office. no22

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS.

NEW HALL, 585 BROADWAY,

Opposite Niblo's Garden,

ETHIOPIAN OPERA TRIUMPHANT.

By request, grand revival of the glorious burlesque opera, in three acts, of

LA SONNAMBULA,

which will be given on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings, Jan. 5, 6, and 7, with the whole of the original music.

Preceding which,

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

On Thursday (Christmas Day) a grand afternoon concert, commencing at half-past two o'clock.

☞ Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 25 cents: Orchestra seats 50 cents.

MONTGOMERY GUARDS.

The Twentieth Annual Ball of this Company, will take place at NIBLO'S SALOON, on Tuesday Evening, January 27th, 1857.

Tickets—Two Dollars Each—may be had of any of the members, or of the Committee of Arrangements.

Henry Brenner, 71 Wall-st.,
Mathew Riordan, 94 Wall-st.,
John Moore, 75 Oliver,
Chas. Leary, 345 Second Avenue,
M. Maher, 138 Water, cor. Pine,
John Campble, 321 Water,
M. Reynolds, 45 Scamell.

HENRY BRENNER, Chairman.

CHAS. LEARY, Secretary. j3 4t

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.

JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Special Notices.

To Druggists and Grocers in the South and West.

Charles' London Cordial Gin, the first established and the only *Imported*.

This celebrated Gin, introduced into the United States by E. C. Charles, in 1851, has become so extensively counterfeited and imitated by one or two liquor mixers in New-York and Boston that it becomes our duty to advise with you on the nature of the poisons disseminated amongst you by these unscrupulous parties.

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, show that Charles' London Cordial Gin is the only London Gin really Imported into the United States, and sold in bottles; and the fact has been demonstrated and published in all the New-York papers, that the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made except by ourselves, has been one Pipe, imported in 1855. On the credit of this solitary Pipe, which would not fill six hundred bottles, *over one hundred thousand dozen*, of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," prefixed with different names, have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost twenty per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin.

If corroboration were necessary, Mr. Udolpho Wolfe of New-York, who keeps record of every import of Gin, has over his own signature published to the world this statement, and it remains (even by the parties who have adopted our title) an unanswered, confirmed fact beyond the power of disproof, that Charles' London Cordial Gin, is the only genuine article, and hence that all others are nothing more or less than Ohio spirits in their raw state impregnated with poisonous materials, to give flavor to the mixture.

The Genuine Charles' London Gin is distilled especially for the undersigned in London, under the surveilance of the British excise laws, and is imported solely by us. It bears the endorsement of over five thousand physicians, in Great Britain and the United States. It has stood the most severe tests of the most skillful chemists and essayists. It is the only Gin which has the approval of the most celebrated practitioner America has ever produced—Dr. Valentine Mott, of New-York, who in a letter to Mr. Charles, says, "It is the finest, the most reliable, and most vigorous extract of Juniper he had ever seen."

The genuine Charles' London Cordial Gin is for sale in quart and pint bottles, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled "London Cordial Gin," it is absolutely Charles'. To escape adulterated and poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the article be labelled London Cordial Gin but be certain it is Charles'. Every other is injurious to health.

DEVENOGE & CHARLES,
138 Pearl Street, N.Y.

dc27 3ms.

To Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.—FETRIDGE & CO., proprietors of Balm of a Thousand Flowers, are making arrangements with over two thousand newspapers, all over the United States, at an expense of over forty thousand dollars, to advertise a new and improved article of pomade for the hair, to be called "*Woodland Cream*," which name they have adopted as a trade-mark. This cream will be superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. It will be put up in octagonal glass cups, with metallic tops—the whole enclosed in an elegant blue and gold wrapper similar to the balm, with the same scale of prices. Druggists will please send in their orders, as they will be filled in the order in which they come.

FETRIDGE & CO., Franklin-square, New-York.

Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 14 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 81 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y. JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at corner of 11th st. and First Ave. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport, y4ljune

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Daguerreotypes.

FACTS

THAT NEED NO MARKING.

Progression.

From Humphrey's Photographic Journal of Sept. 1856.

We do not approve of the plan of puffing the members of the Photographic profession by way of personals. This may do very well when one is trying to bring his works into favor with such as are susceptible to flattery, and measure out their support according to the amount of editorial ink used as bait. We feel confident that those who best know will agree with us as that it is no puffing, when we can say with so much truth, that the Photographic Art this day owes, in no small degree, its position in this country to Mr. C. D. FREDRICKS, a gentleman who was the first to introduce the Photographic process upon an extensive scale in America. Previous to his establishing himself here, he visited Europe, and, with an enterprise worthy of imitation, he was not satisfied with first securing what knowledge he could himself gain, but also engaged the services of several of the most eminent Parisian Artists. He then, in connection with Mr. GURNEY, opened an establishment on a plan unequaled in the world.

After succeesfully following his profession, in connection with Mr. G., for some time, he has opened a "Temple of Art" in this City, under his own professorship and supervision. We have honestly and candidly presented the foregoing, feeling that is justly due to a fellow-laborer.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS, late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, Photographs, Daguerreotypes, Ambrotypes, &c., No. 585 Broadway, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

FACTS WHICH ARE KNOWN.—PHOTOGRAPHS DAGUERREOTYPES, AMBROTYPES, &c.—The undersigned having removed the Photograph department and his Parisian artists from his old place of business, No. 349 Broadway, to his new and magnificent establishment, No. 585 Broadway, would call the attention of public to the fact that his Galleries, and the pictures made in them, are superior to anything before exhiited. Those desiring Photograps, Daguerreotypes, or Ambrotypes, executed by artists of refined taste, would do well to call and judge for themselves. Reception Rooms on the first floor, and are open from 8 A. M., to 10 P. M.

CHARLES D. FREDRICKS,
Late GURNEY & FREDRICKS, No. 585 Broadway
oct11 3mos opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat*," Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by **J. Parkes,** No. 195 Fulton, below Church street, sept27 3mos New-York.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring, by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York. Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

P. P. P. Patent Porous Plasters.—Sore chests, weak backs pains in the side, deep-seated rhematic and nervous affections, soon benefited. Counter irritant, but so mild as to create no inconvenience. Sold by al medicine venders. The fresh made now ready, at principal office, 48 Canal street. Twenty-five cents each plaster.

4t T. ALLCOCK & CO.

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete prcess (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**

nov29, 3ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

Dr. Wm. O'Gorman,

OFFICE,
428 Broome st.,
tf6dec New-York.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any order left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

Medical.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicines.**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot*, **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Consumption---Watkinson's Pulmonacia.

A SAFE, reliable family medicine, warranted not to contain a particle of mercury or any other mineral poison; not a nine day's wonder got up to sell and humbug the public. He has used it for years in private families of friends, and now, at the urgent request of hundreds who have seen its remarkable cures, where every other remedy has failed, he offers it to the public to benefit and relieve those suffering with that fatal disease, so inherent to our changeable climate, carrying off its thousanos to an early grave—Consumption. It has effected some of the most remarkable cures ever heard of; how some dear friend was saved from death, when all hope was given up, now lives and enjoys good health. Its rare qualities are not only in relieving consumptive patients, but for all diseases of the lungs, racking nervous cough, night sweats, bronchial affections of the throat, internal inflammation, where the blood is impure, it has no equal. The discoverer of PULMONACIA is RICHARD WATKINSON, a gentleman of well-known standing in Philadelphia and New-York. Those that are acquainted with him know there is no quackery or humbug about it, as the number of certificates that can be obtained at the office will satisfy the most incredulous as to its value.

R. WATKINSON.

No. 448 Broadway is the only place in the city where it can be obtaincd. Price $1 per bottle. dec13 3mos

Publications.

LITTELL, SON & CO., BOSTON.

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THIS work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the EDINBURGH, QUARTERLY, and other Reviews; and BLACKWOOD' noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious SPECTATOR, the sparkling EXAMINER, the judicious ATHENEUM, the busy and industrious LITERARY GAZETTE, the sensible and comprehensive BRITANNIA, the sober and respectable CHRISTIAN OBSERVER; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the UNITED SERVICE, and with the best articles of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, NEW MONTHLY, FRASER'S, TAIT'S, AINSWORTH'S, HOOD'S and SPORTING MAGAZINES, and of Chambers' admirable JOURNAL. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from PUNCH; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of THE TIMES. We shall increase our variety by importations from the Continent of Europe, and from the growth of the British Colonies.

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JOSEPH STORY.

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The Right Rev. John Timon, D.D., Bishop of Buffalo, the Right Rev. John Loughlin, D.D., Bishop of Brooklyn; the Right Rev. J. M. Young, D.D., Bishop of Erie; the Right Rev. David W. Bacon, D.D., Bishop of Portland.

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SWITZERLAND AND PRUSSIA.—The difficulty still exists between Switzerland and Prussia. The Republic was taking the necessary steps to repel invasion. The latest despatch, dated Berne Dec. 27th, says: The Swiss Diet has received from the Emperor Napoleon a proposition for an arrangement. Popular enthusiasm is increasing on all sides. The whole Swiss Union is organised militarily for the defence of the national territory. An appeal has been made to the Swiss women for the organization of *ambmlances* for the care of the wonnded.

We mentioned, says *Galignani's Messenger*, that the canton of Vaud had offered sixteen battalions over and above its ordinary contingent. Similar offers have been made to the federal government from all the other cantons. Permissions and passports have been everywhere refused to those who are liable to be called under arms, and the greatest activity is everywhere displayed in order to complete the war material in the arsenals. In several cantons the students have organized themselves into academical legions, and placed themselves at the disposal of the military authorities. The small cantons are equally full of enthusiasm for the common cause, and prepared for every sacrifice. It is said that in the canton of Neufchatel the royalists of different localities, and in particulrr of the Lague, have taken refuge, to the number of 200, in France. The Lausanne *Gazette* states that such of them as belong to the federal army will be considered as deserters, if they do not come forward when called on The *Saisse* and the *Bund* announce that all the line of the Rhine, from Bale to Constance, is at this moment full of the troops of the confederation. It was rumored at Berne, on the 23d, that the Baden government has given permission for the passage of the Prussian army through its territory. The *Bund* of the 24th says:—The Council of War, composed of superior officers, which was summoned on Monday to Berne, has already commenced its deliberations, though not yet complete. The federal administration of the telegraph is adopting every measure to render the telegraph as useful and extended as possible during the approaching military operations. As for money to carry on the war, the Confederation need feel no uneasiness, as it has credit and abundance of it. It has already received communications from Paris, asking whether, in the event of serious complications, it would stand in need of capital. Several bankers have already come to Berne to offer a loan. The Federal Council has convoked several financial men to prepare propositions to be submitted to the Federal Assembly.

The Berne correspondent of the Paris *Presse*, says:—The military preparations of Switzerland assume an importance far exceeding all that was seen in 1838 and 1847. The popular demonstrations do not allow a donbt to be entertained of the unanimity of the national sentiment. The cantonal governments and private individuals vie with each other in enthusiasm and sacrifices; and the Federal Council receives every day the most satisfactory assurances of devotedness, accompanied by offers of service and of money. There are at the present time already 15,000 men echeloned on the line of Basle-Reinfelden-Elestal, and as many from Rheinfelden to Schaffhausen. The various gymnastic societies of Switzerland have all offered their services, and there is some intention of forming all the members into a special corps. It is calculated that there would thus be a body of 2,000 young men, accustomed to every kind of bodily exercise, and capable of rendering the greatest service to their country. In all the cantons, officers of every rank, freed from military service, offer themselves for any duty that may be required; and their offers are at once accepted. The following are some of the superior officers of the federal staff:—Commander-in-chief of the engineers, Colonel Buchwalder; commander-in-chief of the artillery, Col. Fescher; commander-in-chief of the field train, Lieut.-Col. Wurstumberg; commander-in-chief of the wagon train, Major Fornara; auditor-in-chief, Ganzenbach; commissary-in-chief, Abys: physician-in-chief, Dr. Fugel; veterinary-surgeon-in-chief, Neeff. About 1,000 officers, sub-officers and soldiers of the Neufchatel mountains have sent an address to the federal government, in which they claim, as a favor, to be placed in the advanced guard, if an engagement should take place with the Prussians. The Federal counsel has referred this application to the military department. A report is generally current here that the federal government has contracted a very considerable loan, the amount being stated as high as 50 millions, and it is said that two London banking-houses have engaged to place the greatest part of it.

The *Bank and Handels Zeitung*, of Berlin, of the 24th ult., says it is rumored here in well-informed circles, that the question of Neufchatel will be arranged by a conference, independent of that of Paris, and meeting at Vienna or London, and that Switzerland will be admitted to it. We may add that this rumor is widely disseminated at Vienna. It is alleged that General Dufour has written another letter to the Emperor Napoleon, proposing the decision of Europe on the question. The General, it is said, asserts that it is not yet too late for negotiations and that the Federal Council could not cede before, because it was not treated with what it considered proper respect. He further says that Prussia has not given positive assurance as to what she will do with Neufchatel, even if the prisoners were set at liberty. Lastly, he says that Switzerland is quite ready to abide by a European decision.

SPAIN.—According to one of the ministerial papers of Madrid, of 24th of December, *General Santa Anna, of Mexico, has sent agents to Madrid to propose to re-establish monarchy in Mexico, with a Spanish prince as sovereign*, provided the Spanish government will grant him certain assistance. The *Epoca* opposes any such project, unless it be freely demanded by public opinion in Mexico and have the support of England and France.—The Archbishops of Valencia and Granada had sent addresses to the Queen, thanking her for what she has done for the church, and exhorting her majesty to continue "the glorious enterprise of Catholic emancipation in Spain."—It is said that the government has resolved on forming a naval squadron in the Mediterranean, consisting of the Isabella II., a ship of the line, a frigate and a brig.

FRANCE.—I am happy, says the Paris correspondent of the *Le Nord*, to be able to prove to you how well founded were the hopes I had expressed relative to a satisfactory arrangement of the Bessarabian frontier question. It appears a new line of frontier has now been definitely arranged. Bolgrad will be incorporated with Moldavia; the Isle of Serpent and the Dolta of the Danube will belong to Turkey, and Russia will receive in exchange and as an official compensation for this last concession and as a real equivalent for Bolgrad, a territory of 140 sqare miles, which would advance her territory to the second Yalpuk, and would easily permit her to establish a central administration for her Bulgarian population. In this manner all parties will be satisfied; Russia will lose none of her Bulgarian subjects; England and Austria will no longer fear for the Danube, and Turkey will be equally satisfied. It appears that the honor of the arrangements is due to the Emperor Napoleon, who first conceived the idea and has got it accepted, in principle at least, by all parties. The representatives of Russia have likewise approved, and have demanded, by telegraph, the ratification from their court. As soon as this answer shall arrive, and perhaps it has arrived by this time, nothing will oppose the meeting of the conference with respect to the plenipotentiaries. I may affirm that Russia will be represented in the conferences by the Baron de Brunnow, in addition to Count Kisseleff, as first plenipotentiary.

The Emperor and the Empress honored the Odeon with their presence the night of the 26th of December, to witness the representation of the "Cid" and "Madame de Montarcy." Their majesties, on entering the house, were most warmly received.—It is stated in a Paris letter in the *Emancipation* of Prussia, that the French government has sent a certain number of pardons to political offenders in French Guiana.

SWEDEN.—The liberty of the press has just achieved a triumph in Sweden. The four Chambers of the Diet have unanimously rejected a bill of last session, which erases from the constitution and places in the rank of the ordinary laws that which guarantees the liberty of the press. In the Chamber of Nobles, one of the ministers, (M. de Grippenstadt,) made a sort of apology for presenting the bill, saying, "Ministers are men, and as such are liable to commit errors." The rejection took place almost without discussion, in the Chamber of the Clergy and of the Bourgeoise. In the Chamber of Peasants fifty members spoke against the measure. The last speaker, in concluding, said:—"The liberty of the press is the tongue of the nation, and the wish now is to cut it out. Will you allow that to be done?" "No! no! a thousand times no! God preserve us from it!" was the cry of all the others.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Le Chevalier de Chatelain, a naturalised foreigner, has received a letter from the Home Office, England, says the *United service Gazette*, explaining to him that "no certificate, or other act of naturalization, granted by the British government to an alien, places him beyond the lawful power and control of his native country, unless he have received from the government of such country a certificate of denationalisation, or been released from his original obligations as a subject or citizen in soms other legal way." The chevalier complains of this rule as bearing hardly upon those Frenchmen who, like himself, were naturalised before the revolution of 1848, and who are unwilling to apply to the present government of France for a certificate of denationalisation or any other favor.

Two French chymists, Messrs. Wohler and Deville, have succeeded in crystalising the well-known substance boron, which has hitherto been known only as greenish-brown powder, or in combination with an acid, and they submitted specimens of the crystals to the Academy of Sciences a few days ago. These crystals possess a brilliancy and refractive power which nothing equals but the diamond, the hardest substance known. The specimens yet obtained are very small, and have a shade of red or yellow, but the colour is believed to be accidental, and they hope that further experiments wil lenable them to procure it colorless. Boron agrees with silicon in many of its properties, and is considered as intermediate between it and carbon. This discovery may soon put us in posession of a factitious diamond which the most experienced eye will be unable to distinguish from the genuine.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says:—Pray, insert the enclosed from the *Weekly Journal*, or *Saturday Post*, April 26th, 1718, for the benefit of our witty contemporary, *Punch*. It may give Mr. Leech a hint, which he will know how to turn to a good account:—"One day last week a gentlewoman unluckily stopped to buckle her shoe at a linen draper's shop, her hoop petticoat, of more than ordinary circumference, flew up, and an arch little chimney sweeper passing by at that instant immediately conveyed himself underneath the machine, and with a loud voice cried out, 'Sweep, sweep;' the gentlewoman being affrighted, leaped back, the boy struggling to get out threw madam in the dirt, and with much ado at least the devil got away and left the lady in no small confusion."

At the Western Circuit, England, John Riley was indicted for assaulting Alexander Carrick with intent to murder him. The prisoner pleaded "guilty," and then addressed the court in the most extraordinary manner ever heard; he would not care for being hung that moment if they would only let him have the ——'s life.

The Judge addressed him, saying he was a convict at Dartmoor, and he had gone behind a warder with a spade and in a cruel and cowardly manner had cut him on the head.

Prisoner—Cowardly! I don't call it cowardly. I should have been a —— fool if I had not tried to kill the ——. Talk about slaves! Let the public go to Dartmoor, and there they will see what slaves are. If they sprain their ankles they give them poison; if they have the tooth-ache they give them a dose of salts. I only speak for my brother convicts. If one complains of a warder, they put nine pounds weight of iron upon him; a set —— ! they never had any clothes on their backs till they got there.

The Judge—I want to say to you——

Prisoner—I don't care a —— what you say now, I can assure you.

The Judge—Have you done?

Prisoner—No; I have not done. You and all the rest of you are a set of —— swindlers. Hang me at once.

Eventually, after the prisoner had conducted himself in such a way as to make every other prisoner appear a polished gentleman, he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment with hard labor.

A writer in a Ceylon paper reports that the islands of Mauritius and Bourbon are largely supplied with pork from India, the meat of animals which have fed on numerous dead bodies of human beings consigned by a prevailing superstition to the sacred waters of the Ganges.

During the month of November the number of wrecks reported in England was 210. In the month of January the number was 265; in February 174; in March 145; in April 157; in May 112; in June 84; in July 104; in August 88; in September 127; and in October 199; making a total in the past eleven months of 1,665.

Coal, as is generally known, is the produce of buried trees. The first coal mines were worked in Belgium in the year 1198, and very soon after in England. There is now raised five times as much coal in Great Britain as in any other country; and it is estimated that there are in the three kingdoms more than 4,000 square miles of coal-fields as yet to cut out.

George Smith, who executed Palmer, has become insolvent. He filed his petition, and was thus described—"George Smith, late of Oakham, in the parish of Rowley Regis, in the county of Stafford, in lodgings, laborer, drover, of cattle salesman, and public executioner for the county of Stafford.

At ten, a child; at twenty, wild;
At thirty, tame, if ever;
At forty, wise; at fifty, rich;
At sixty, good, or never.

The expenditures between the years 1831 and 1855, sanctioned by the House of Commons upon royal and other commissions, for digesting, &c., the statute laws. exceeded £1,100,000. Yet after all this our statute-book is "wholly undigested, and devoid of any system whatever."

We hear, says the *United Service Gazette*, that Lieutenant-Colonel Jacob, of the Bombay Artillery, the author of the rifle shell, is by this time on his way through Scinde, in command of a small force, to assist the Affghans in their resistance to the Persians.

Some vagabonds broke into Colonel Colt's premises in Pall-mall, London, and actually carried away a number of revolvers. The fellows effected an entrance from the rear of the premises which adjoin the Duke of Norfolk's mansion in St. James's square.

The extension of our coast defences, says the *United Service* (English) *Gazette*, is very properly under consideration. A number of military officers have been directed to inspect and report upon suitable sites for the erection of forts and batteries.

It is an extraordinary fact that within the last 12 months upwards of 8,000 letters and newspapers have been posted in England without any address.

THE PERSIAN WAR—BLOCKADE OF GRANADA.

From Ernest Jones' Paper.

Another war—as though the contest with Persia were not enough. Another war—in the far west, to keep the balance with the war in the far east. Neither scale shall kick the beam—both shall sink heavily full of blood. Diplomatic intercourse is suspended with New Granada, and another kind of intercourse has begun instead: English war-ships, the West Indian fleet, have been ordered to operate against that republic.

There is something behind this. In the same way in which the question of the old world's commerce and Asiatic supremacy are being debated by the logic of bayonets against Russia in the Persian war, in the same way western commerce and new world supremacy are being contested with the United States in the war with New Granada. Ruatan and Belize, Honduras and Cuba, were prefatory skirmishes; the right of way at Panama and the pretectorate of the Mosquito coast were first steps in that direction. The Granada attempt is the second measure in England's policy of dominion and aggression.

There is something almost grand, in that world-grasping statesmanship, which has its eagle eyes in every quarter of the habitable globe, watching every opportunity of vantage. But, alas! there is a drawback to the grandeur: British statesmanship inserts "the thin end of the wedge" in the breast of the weak—but passes bowing by the stature of the strong. It could sacrifice honor and consistency to Russia and Austria; but tries to circumvent the former by falling on a weakened prey—the Persian State. The quarrel is in reality with Russia; not with Persia, and instead of attacking the great enemy at once, it is the miserable go-between, Persia, that has to bear the shock. This policy is decidedly a mistake—a fatal mistake: for, while England comes in direct collision with Persia, and exhausts armies and treasures on its deserts, Russia only indirectly appears upon the stage; its hosts and its influences remain almost untouched—Persia bleeds for it; Persia pays for it; Persia suffers for it; and the end of the Anglo-Persian war can only be, even if England prove victorious, that she will be weakened and injured by her victory, while Russia all the time has been recruiting its strength and nursing its finances. So fatal—so erroneous is a dastardly, hesitating policy. The question of Eastern supremacy must not—cannot be debated in the East; the sovereignty of Asia must not, cannot be decided in Asia—it is in Europe, on the plains of Poland and Hungary, of Finland and Bessarabia, that those problems have to be solved. In no other quarter can they receive a satisfactory solution.

The same with the West. It is, to all appearance, a very skilful policy on the part of Great Britain to insert a British wedge between North and South America, to cut off the Union from Peru and Chili, La Plata and Brazil, by absorbing or coercing the smaller republics like Mexico, Honduras, Venezuela, New Granada and their kin. England has facilities for this: she possesses Jamaica, and a chain of minor islands off the Central American shores, and her naval supremacy is not contested yet, even by the United States. It is, no doubt, also very plausible policy, to put forth Spain as a scapegoat, and make that power, by secret promises of support, organise an attack on Mexico. But what does this mean, after all? It is nothing more nor less than saying to the great republic, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; we are the sovereigns of the world, and we will compass your expanding ambition between iron limits. We have the Canadas on your north; they will prevent your stretching your great stature to the Arctic pole; we will have a chain of provinces on the south, that will debar you from extending to the Equator, and by degrees we hope to move our frontiers outward, crushing you up between narrower bounds, till we have crippled your commerce and destroyed your power, while the Atlantic and Pacific oceans shall be swept by our invincible fleet."

Such is the design of the British oligarchy. It seeks to grasp the world. France under Napoleon is a phantom, Austria a stuffed figure, Prussia a doll. Russia and the United States alone remain to contest the world with England, and England enters on the mammoth-contest. But as to the case of the East, so in that of the West, the tortuous policy of the British Government is a great blunder. Suppose her to coerce, even to annex, Honduras, Mexico, Venezuela, Granada, Cuba, and St. Domingo, what will she have gained? Refractory and rebellious dependencies.

Now, these countries hate the United States. A few years of British rule will change that hate to love. England will but have raised up allies for North America, where now are jealous enemies. Moreover, while this policy of annexation, coercion

——ession is being pursued by England at great cost, what the United States be doing? Doubling their strength; ..easing their resources; multiplying their numbers—centu..ing their wealth.

Then, when England is weakened by her American intrigues; when she has lost many men, much treasure, and even, perhaps, some ships, she will have, camped amid rebellious lands, surrounded by hating populations, to meet the concentrated, increased and irresistible power of a great free empire, mustering then a population of fifty millions, with a ring fence—with an army that needs but cross its own threshold to tread down a British dependency, while Britain has to defend those dependencies from a distance embracing half the circumference of our globe.

Who can doubt the issue? So fatal is the policy of striking the weak and passing by the strong. It may seem very grand to our shortsighted politicians, for England to be smiting Persia on one side of the world and Granada on the other. But grand though it may seem, it is very petty in reality; sounding policy though it may appear, it is in reality a very fatal blunder.

There is but one course of policy for England to pursue: strike Russia in Europe, and leave the New World to itself. America will take care of America, whether we choose or not.

American News.

The Presbyterian General Assemblies have been disputing for a long time concerning the propriety of a man marrying his deceased wife's sister. The legality of a nearer and more delicate relationship being established by marriage has just been decided by our Court of Appeals, says the Louisville, Kentucky, *Journal*, of the 9th inst. It is altogether proper, so says that learned tribunal, the highest authority in the State, for a man to marry his mother-in-law! The quartette of Judges came to this decision after this fashion, and upon the following case:—Ellen Bell married Samuel Bell, her son-in-law. Mr. B. died, leaving the interesting widow, and also several children by his first wife, whose grand-mother was at the same time their step-mother. These children refused to grant the old lady her dower, and hence the suit. The case was brought before Judge Pryor, the late learned and estimable Judge of the adjoining circuit. He decided that the marriage was void, as the parties were within the degrees of relationship fixed by the statute of 1798. An appeal was taken, and the abjudication of the lower Court was reversed. The Court of Appeals decided that there was no prohibition to such a marriage by the statute of 1798—that marriages within the Levitical degree are not void, though voidable. Accordingly, if any man desires to marry his mother-in-law he can go ahead. The law is on his side.

Times have somewhat changed in this city, says the *Richmond Examiner*, since Sam, with his regiments of oath-bound followers amused himself by making all the offices in this city political. The shades of Michaels, Strobia, Campbell, and of other old line Whigs, not less than those of many Democrats "untimely slain," dog the footsteps of that broken and disappointed adventurer, who only by bloodshed holds a precarious and crumbling fortress in Maryland. Jack Cade was a prosperous pillager one day, and a fugitive from justice the next. Sam's condition is almost as desperate in 1857 as was that of Cade when he was slain in the garden of a private gentleman of Kent whilst searching for food.

The father of John Adams was a worthy cobbler, who designed to bring up his son to the same trade, but on setting him to cut out the "uppers" for some shoes, John copied the pattern faithfully, embellishing every "upper" with the three-corned hole by which the pattern had been hung on the nail. "I saw," said the father, "that I couldn't make a shoemaker of him, so I put him to learning!"

Hon. Simon Cameron was on the 13th inst. elected by the Pennsylvania Legislature to the United States Senate for six years from the 4th of March next. The defeat of his competitor, Col. Forney, has created an intense excitement in the democratic camps at Washington and Harrisburg, and a corresponding enthusiasm on the part of their opponents.

The Marion, S. C. *Star*, says a frightful tornado passed through the upper portions of Marion District, some few days since. Considerable damage was done to timber and fences. Some few houses were blown down and their contents scattered about by the wind. In one instance a carpet bag was taken and carried a distance of one mile before it touched the ground.

Mr. Thomas Conlin, a native of Ireland, died in Woonsocket, recently, aged 67 years. The deceased was a soldier, under Wellington, throughout the entire Peninsular War, and in several severe engagements, among them the terrible storming of Badajoz, yet he escaped without material injury.

The New Orleans *Picayune* of a late date says, "The Lafayette horse cars were not running yesterday, in consequence, as we understand, of the murderous attacks which have recently been made on the persons who were employed to attend to the business of the road.

John Stevenson and Julia McCrea, of the Boston colored aristocracy, instituted lately a suit against the manager and lessee of the Howard Athenæum, to test the right of admission into the "family circle" of that place of amusement.

An application will be made to the next Pennsylvania Legislature to charter a new bank in Philadelphia, with a capital of five millions, with power to increase it to ten millions. It will be called the "Republican Bank."

The value of steamboats lost and damaged by snags the past year, on the Mississippi River, is $238,750; and the value of cargoes lost by the same agency is $285,104; making a total of $523,584.

A number of the leading citizens of Gadsden County, Florida, have written to the Tallahassee *Floridian*, to say that a report of the existence of fears of a servile rising in their county was entirely without foundation.

The number of deaths by small pox in Boston, in 1850, was 179; in 1851, 63; in 1855, 12; in 1853, 5; 1854, 118; in 1855, 182; in 1856, 78. During the six months ending with December, 1856, there were but four deaths.

A proposition has been laid before Congress to expend $150,000 per annum, for five years, for the improvement of southern and western rivers.

Mr. Houston offered a resolution in Congress which will have the effect of again bringing up the doings of the late Naval Retiring Board.

A company has been formed in New-York, says the Lynchburg *Virginian*, for the purpose of working the Montgomery, Va., coal mines.

There are between thirty and forty thousand Jews in California, and they have lately started a paper in San Francisco.

At the late municipal election in Macon, Ga., the Democrats elected their entire ticket, turning out the present incumbents, who are Know-Nothings.

A white man was "rode upon a rail" a few days ago at Knoxville, Tenn., for being too intimate with the negroes.

We learn from Havana that the health of Dr. Kane is improving.

City News.

Guyon Cadet's Ball.

The Eighth Annual Ball of the "Guyon Cadets," Co. D, Ninth Regiment, took place at the City Assembly Rooms, Broadway, on Wednesday evening, January 7. It was a very pleasant affair. The inspiring music of Shelton's Band added much to the evening's enjoyment. After midnight the company retired to the supper room, which was well provided with "good things." Among the toasts, which were drank with enthusiasm, were the following:—

"*The President of the United States.*" "*The Press.*" "*Ireland*—Vast is the ocean that divides but boundless the love that unites us." "*Civil and Religious Liberty*—God's noblest gift, man's dearest right." "*The Ladies.*"

On re-entering the ball-room, the military went through a few evolutions. Captain Murphy, some time since having notified his intention to resign his command, the "Guyons" took this opportunity of presenting him with a splendid gold hunting-watch suitably inscribed.

The military formed a hollow square, Capt. Murphy and his officers occupying the centre, when Mr. Cullen, Secretary to the Company, said—

Capt. Murphy—I regret the duty I am about to perform has not been allotted to one more qualified to express the feelings of respect and esteem entertained for you by the Company of which I have the honor to be an humble member. We have learned with deep emotion that you intend ere long to resign your command. You, sir, are well aware that every member of this Company will regret your resignation; but it is pleasure to us to know that you will remain with us in another capacity. We cannot part with you without making an acknowledgement of the prominent part you have ever taken to organize amd consolidate us as a military body. As a Captain, you have faithfully performed your duty with credit to yourself and honor to your command.

Mr. Cullen paid a handsome compliment to Capt. Murphy as a patriot, a soldier, and a man, and concluded thus—

When your children will have arrived to the age of manhood, may they view this little emblem of our friendship with feelings of honorable pride, and may it be an inducement to them to tread in the footsteps of their respected father. (Cheers.)

Capt. Murphy returned thanks for the gift and the manner in which it was presented to him, reviewed the past history of the Company, and bore willing testimony to the spirit of unity and brotherly love that animates its members. Many times, said he, have your patience and your pockets been called on to aid a brother member in sickness and adversity, and nobly have you ever responded to the call.

After this, dancing again, commenced which was kept up until 5 o'clock in the morning, when the company separated, well pleased with the evening's enjoyment.

The Ball of the "T. F. Meagher Club" passed off most brilliantly. Tammany Hall was crowded on the occasion with some of the best specimens of the manhood and womanhood of New-York. The music, the dancing, the supper, the conversation in the ball-room, the sentiments and enthusiasm at the festive board—everything was admirable and exhilarating. Mr. John Duffy, the estimable President of the Club, acquitted himself to the thorough gratification of all present. The other officers of the Club were unremitting in their attentions, and have left the happiest impressions on young and old. The Club maintains its prestige with undiminished spirit.

A full account of the Ball of the "Emmet Guards," 1st Co., 10th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., will appear in our military columns next week. The Ball came off at Niblo's, and brilliantly sustained the social reputation of the Guards. Captain Kennedy has good reason to congratulate himself upon the success which attends every effort of his officers and men.

"Montgomery Guard"—the old Montgomery Guard of the 11th Reg't—entertain their friends at the same place, Niblo's, on the 27th of this month. The Green coats and Bear-skins will, no doubt, muster in full force, and bring a crowd of beauty and sterling worth about them. The Montgomeries are always successful. Everything they undertake is perfect.

The evening previous, a grand *Soiree*, for the benefit of the School of the parish, will be given at the City Assembly Rooms, by the members of the St. James' Benevolent Society. The names of the Committee, which appear elsewhere, guarantee one of the pleasantest festivities of the season. The object is sure to make it so.

We sincerely regret it was not in our power to attend the lecture delivered by Captain Huston, on the 12th of this month, in Hope Chapel. Having had to attend in Tammany Hall the same night, we had to deny ourselves the pleasure which the address of the accomplished Captain afforded all who heard it.

Those who reside up town cannot fail to be very materially convenienced by the *elegant new* Clothing Establishment of Messrs. Townsend & Gray, 815 Broadway. The gentlemanly deportment and business experience of this firm, eminently entitle them to success. Their cheap and elegant supply of goods recommend them to a full measure of patronage. We trust and believe they will obtain it.

The Chamber of Commerce met on the 14th inst., and appointed committees to receive Captain Hartstein and the officers of the *Retribution*, in an appropriate manner. It is proposed to give a grand banquet to the British officers. It is also proposed that our popular Seventh regiment perform escort duty. The recommendation of the special committee of the Board of Councilmen, to appropriate $2,500 for the reception, was unanimously endorsed by the Board the same evening.

A bill was introduced in Congress for the establishment of a mint in this city.

Mr. Nowlan, says the *Courier and Enquirer*, an Irish-American engineer, has shown us his plan for uniting this city and Brooklyn by a grand bridge. This plan possesses merits, and if we are ever to have a bridge erected, it should receive the consideration to which it is justly entitled. As to the practicability of his undertaking he has no doubts. He proposes to erect the bridge from the foot of Fulton street, the ascent to it being gradual, commencing on one side at Peck slip, and the other at Maiden lane. The ascending way being of iron work, would not interferfere with the travel upon the street. The width of the bridge is to be 74 feet, its height 125 feet above high water mark, and the span of the arches 300 feet. The bridge is to be supported upon iron cylinders resting upon mason work. Such a bridge would necessarily be expensive, but it is supposed that it would pay a good interest. One peculiar feature in it is that in its construction neither bolt, screw, nor nut would be used. The *Scientific American* regards this plan as the most ingenious yet proposed.

The Board of Councilmen has appropriated $2,000 for the celebration of the anniversary of Washington's birth-day. A resolution to increase the pay of members to eight hundred dollars per annum was called up by Councilman Waugh, and afterwards amended by that gentleman, substituting eight dollars per night instead of four dollars—the present compensation—which was carried by 27 to 23; but when the committee rose they refused to concur in it, 34 voting negatively, and 23 affirmatively.

WHAT REPUBLICANISM ACHIEVES.

From the People's Paper.

Here we have an old monarchy with a German Royal family costing one million pounds per annum; a nationai debt of 800 million pounds sterling, costing twenty-eight millions per annum, and entailed by that German royal family, through German wars for German interests, a hereditary landed-aristocracy drawing a rental of 100 millions yearly from the people; a State Church robbing the same people of eleven millions more every year; a poors-rate equal to the revenue, and a pauper population equal to the inhabitants of some continental kingdoms—and debt, royal extravagances, pauperism, poor's-rates, taxation, and land rental, increasing constantly. That is what we have here.

On the other side of the Atlantic there is a young republic, with a native President who costs only £5000 per annum—a national debt of only seven million pounds, which might be paid off in one year, without the revenue of the country feeling any material drain; an income so large that the Executive seeks to reduce it by ten million dollars; no hereditary aristocracy drawing the life-blood from the people's veins, no State Church "spoiling" the people, as the Israelites were told to spoil the Egyptians, we are informed, but for a far less excusable motive; no paupers and no poors-rates worth mentioning; no foreign interests predominant in legislation; no war undertaken for the interests of an alien-descended family; no decay, no decline, no threatened ruin, but, on the contrary, prosperity, wealth, economy, happiness, and contentment. That is what they have there.

We do not forget the blot of negro slavery there, neither do we forget the blot of white slavery here.

Why is this difference?

Because in the one country there is a franchise restricted to one-seventh of the population, one-half of which seventh returns seven-tenths of the representation; combined with that useless, mischievous, and ridiculous institution called "monarchy."

Because in that country there is Universal Suffrage and a republic.

That is the difference between the two institutions as shown in their results.

Could there be a more striking comment on the relative value of the two?

President Pierce's last message, just given to the world, presents a picture of prosperity and good government—such as no other country in the world can show.

Similar prosperity might exist here under a similar government. The resources of America are, it is true, greater than our own, but the resources of Great Britain and Ireland are more than great enough to produce identical results. The cause of the difference lies in the difference between the institutions of the two nations.

Take a case in point. Holland was once a republic; it is now a monarchy. When it was a republic it was rich, prosperous, and happy. Its commerce filled the world; its fleets swept the seas; it had no debt; its treasury was always filled to overflowing, and its people were the envy and admiration of the world.

It became a monarchy, and its commerce decayed, its fleets vanished, its prosperity disappeared, and it has sunk as low as once it rose pre-eminent.

You may say, the rivalry of England produced those results; but, in the face of that rivalry, the United States rose from small beginnings, under a republic, while under a monarchy, Holland sank from consummated greatness. Take Sardinia; it flourishes more than any other Italian state. Why? Because it has more liberty.

Nay! Look nearer home. England rose to commercial greatness. Why? When was the foundation of that greatness laid. Under the house of Anjou? Under the house of Plantagenet? Under the Stuarts? Under the Guelphs? No! Under Cromwell. The few years of the republic laid the foundation of England's commercal and political greatness.

Has that greatness increased since? Yes. Why? Not because of monarchical institutions; but because those institutions were limited. Because, surrounded by despotic states, there was comparative liberty here. Had Cromwell never been—had the Stuarts succeeded in establishing despotism, England's commerce and England's greatness would have been on a par with those of Naples now.

Thus, in the exact proportion in which you approach a republic and recede from a monarchy, a country flourishes. In the exact proportion in which you approach a monarchy, and recede from a republic, a country decays.

England is decaying, and decaying rapidly, because monarchical and aristocratic influences have been obtaining the ascendant. By the term "aristocratic," we mean the moneyed oligarchy, as well as the landed. The former is as fatal as the latter. As moneyed oligarchy arises, so trade declines. The House and Flandrian cities of the middle ages prospered when free guilds prevented the monopoly of the individual capitalist. With their municipal freedom fell their trade.

Real greatness and real prosperity are inseparable from liberty, and monarchical and aristocratic institutions are incompatible within free trade, for they are fatal hindrances to the development of the resources of a country.

PROSPERITY OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

From the Cork Examiner.

The country in which we live, is assuredly not one of the richest or greatest in the universe. The poverty of Ireland has not altogether departed, and poor Paddy has many a day of toil and labor to go through before he can hope to attain the wealth, and consequent respectability, of Mr. John Bull. Yet to those who can carry their recollections back for a space of ten years, and think of the various forms of misery and calamity through which at the commencement of that period she passed, it must appear that no country has ever within the same period made the same progress; and, granting a continuation of a similar favorable state of things as that we now enjoy, or, even a condition not entirely so advantageous, but something approaching to it, it must be evident that the time would not be far distant when Ireland might take a place among the happiest and most prosperous nations of Europe. On a dim and possible future, however, we do not now mean to calculate. We simply wish to draw attention to a few of the most gratifying features of the present condition of this country.

The decrease of pauperism throughout the entire length and breadth of the land has been so often dwelt upon and exposed, that we need not advert to it further, than simply to say, there is not, we believe, one workhouse containing an able-bodied male pauper.

Why should there be? Labor, at a rate of wages which the imagination of the peasant only associated with England, America, and other El Dorados, is now scarce—to such a degree, indeed, that the introduction of machinery has become quite common, and even the use of steam upon some of our larger farms, is not unknown. The prices the peasant pays for his food are high; but still his weekly hire is quite sufficient not only to feed him well, but to clothe him decently. If you wish to judge of the condition of the peasantry, go to the parish chapel on Sunday, and see the congregation issuing from their devotion. Poor Paddy and his inalienable rags appear to have given place to a sturdy, well-fed, well-clad peasant; and though poverty is not banished, and misery, aye, abject misery still exists, yet as a whole, it is in far smaller proportions than even in the years which preceded the famine.

Contrast the appearance of the girls, smart, tidy—and smiling brightly in their Irish beauty—with the miserable creatures who seven or eight years ago might have been seen creeping out of the same place of worship; and if you be an Irishman, your heart will swell with pride and thankfulness looking on those future mothers of your race. But it is not necessary even to go into the rural districts to witness these proofs of improvement. Observe the streets of any city or large town on a Sunday or holiday, when the people come in from the country to make their purchases, and not only will their vast numbers testify to the large proportion of those who have money to spend, but their dress and demeanor will most certainly betoken decency and comfort.

We are led more immediately to those remarks by reading the account of a sale of property which took place lately in a county bordering upon our own, that of Kerry. In the minds of strangers, "the kingdom" is associated with glorious mountain scenery, placid lakes, grand ravines, roaring torrents, and all the other attractions which bring them in crowds to make their annual pilgrimage to Killarney. But few of them, we suspect, would be inclined to think at the same moment of the county of Kerry and improved farming, and of steady, peaceful and successful industry. Yet that such an association exists, a very few facts will be sufficient to show. The Locke estates, in the county of Kerry, being encumbered to the extent of £39,000, the English agents set apart for sale so much as they conceived would at fair prices produce £30,000; the net rental consisting of nearly £2,200. To the astonishment, however, of all concerned, the property realized, not merely the sum required, but brought within a few hundreds of £70,000, every penny of the purchase-money being paid by residents of the county of Kerry.

This fact is a pretty fair indication of the positive wealth which exists within that county; but there was yet one other feature which proves in a more peculiar and distinct manner the general advance of the country in prosperity; that was, the large purchases made by working-farmers, one of whom paid for his holding a sum so high as £6,010. Hitherto the possession of sums so large as this by working agriculturists, was almost unprecedented, and, where occurring in individual cases, was generally the result of mere pinching. In all the purchases, however, of this class of which we speak, no less than thirty years' rental was given for the land—so that its eventual improvement alone, and that to a very considerable degree, can adequately remunerate the purchaser for his outlay. This disposition to invest the accumulations made by fortunate enterprise—though we have thought it necessary to give only these few instances—is becoming far more general throughout the country, and affords a healthy contrast with the timrous state of mind of the peasant of former days, who thought the only way to secure his little hoard, was by hiding his guineas in the thatch, carefully wrapped up in the traditionary stocking-heel. Now we begin to see more and more these idle coins made productive—applied to the higher cultivation of the land or the better breeding of cattle, with a proportionately high remuneration following the industry of the farmer.

Let us hope that this condition of things may continue, and at no distant day we may, with the blessing of Providence, look forward to see many of our exhausted turf-bogs converted into smiling pastures, and our now arid hill-sides the feeding-grounds of sleek cattle; and we may hope too, that it shall be many a day before our lusty millions will be again compelled to cross the channel or the ocean to find employment for their strong arms.

WATERFORD OF TO-DAY.

From the Waterford Chronicle.

In a recent issue of the *Irish News* (New-York), we find a letter addressed to the gifted Editor of that Journal, signed "An Officer of the French National Guards," declaring Waterford "more gloomy than ever;" the "Quay silent and bare;" "*no stir of business* or of pleasure." "In Waterford," says this Correspondent, "there is more poverty *than I ever witnessed before*, and the boaster's material prosperity of the country *has not reached this gloomy and most abandoned city.*" Now, as we know Waterford, just as well as this Military Correspondent of the *News*, and as we know it to be *directly the reverse* of what the Guardsman represents, we have no hesitation in objecting to this picture of what we are happy to be able to call a most unreal state of things. We can tell him that, at this instant, labor, trade, and commerce are far more brisk and diffused than they have been for the last fifteen years.

At this instant, and at the dead of winter, a laborer's wages in this city, is from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 8d. per day. Tradesmen get these short December days, 3s. 4d. per day; and any thing like a sufficiency of laborers or trade-people cannot be got to do the city business. Yet, even in the "good times," this was not so. Again, competent clerks are certain of permanent and lucrative situations. Attorneys of short standing are making their £500 a-year, without the public knowing aught of it; and the seniors of these men are making from £1000 to £1,500 per annum. The long run of high prices has given the farmers capital, and capital has enabled them to till the land, and manure to make it yield.

There are now three railways entering the city—a few years ago there was not one. There are one half-dozen hotels more than there were ten years ago. We have now eight first-class steamboats plying between this Port and the great markets at the other side, and we have several excellent boats of lesser tonnage. Notwithstanding this, however, these vessels are frequently unable to take away the superabundant produce awaiting exportation. Within the last ten years, we have built new Court-houses and new Chapels. We are engaged in important public projects, such as public bathing-places and public parks; and as to the public amusements, of which the correspondent of the *News* declares we know nothing, we do really know that there is not a night in the week, during which there is not some lecture, concert, or spectacle going on at the Townhall. Hurrah for Waterford yet.

IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

From the Dublin Nation.

In the midst of national apathy and distraction Smith O'Brien stands out again before his countrymen and raises his voice to give them warning and sage counsel; moved by a love of his native land that neither time nor distance, nor suffering could chill or damp, he speaks to them the words that his wise head and warm heart dictate, and points out to them, and denounces the latest injustice of the British Minister. The question of the Income Tax is one that concerns the three kingdoms, but Ireland in particular, for if the Minister succeed in the swindle he has planned and continue to squeeze the War Income Tax out of the people until April, '58, and if in the fullness of his purse he will go war with Persia, and end by annexing a portion of that country or making a "treaty" after his own heart, England may gain something by it, another market may be opened for her cotton and Brummagem ware, but what in heaven's name will be the benefit to Ireland? To what shall we point, and say, there is our recompense, if indeed anything could be regarded as a recompense, for our participation in those cruel and immoral wars? Our oppressors and their vile press and some wretched prints in this country will tell us we participate in the "glory" of England. The "glory" God save the mark, that is to say we get our share of the ill-fame, the curses and the hatred heaped on England by all the peoples of the earth, near and far, civilized and barbarous, Italian, Indian, and Chinaman. This is our lot then, and we are told to feel happy in it—to pay and fight for England wenever and wherever she pleases, to carry her bloody flag over hill and valley, through steel and fire, while she is directing her best efforts to impoverish and degrade us, and spurning our poor people from her shores whenever for a moment in the hard struggle for bread, by any one of the thousand chances of life, accident, disease, or temporary lack of employment, they are forced to apply for a portion of that relief which the law allows to the inhabitants of the country.

This week we print a case taken from the Cork papers, one out of a hundred others most of them nearly as bad and others worse, which should stir the blood of every man, worthy of the name, in Ireland, whatever may be his politics or creed, to see that this cruelty, injustice and ignominy be no longer perpetrated on his fetlow-countrymen. Why what sort of men may we be who endure this? What nation the whole world round, so weak or so degraded that she would suffer even the poorest and most worthless of her sons to be thus carted and shipped off from the shores of another, in chains, sick perhaps, often nearly naked, and in all weathers. Ireland only on the face of the earth would see these horrors done and say or do nothing. In Prussia, a little time since, an Englishman was arrested and kept in durance for a few weeks, on a wrong suspicion, and forthwith he appeals to the British Minister, rnd makes a great rout in the British press about the indignity. An English gentleman is stopped in the streets of Naples, at night, and merely asked, "Who goes there," and immediately a correspondent reports the affair as if an earthquake had occurred; and only a few days ago a Neapolitan officer during or after a review, is said to have got into a carriage hired by an Englishman, and driven off to regain his regiment, the consequence of which was that the affair was inquired into, from one office to another, until the offender was found, when a satisfactory explanation or apology. Thus is the Englishman guarded and protected in all parts of the world, while our countrymen, who are told, forsooth, that Ireland is an internal part of the British empire, are cast like weeds from the shores of England, are banished like felons from the land in which, in many cases, they have toiled during long years, and abided by the law, and paid taxes. We ask the people of Ireland for how much longer do they mean to look on at tqese things, and make no sign? For how much longer will they be content to sweat and bleed for England, to contribute in every shape to her werlth, and be treated as her inferiors and her slaves.

IN IRELAND, BUT NOT OF IRELAND.

From the Evening Mail.

"The murder of Mr. Little," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "promises to add one more instance to the many previous examples of mysterious and unpunished crimes which are already on record in the Irish annals." Asking our candid contemporary's pardon, we must take the liberty to remark, that the murder of Mr. Little rather smacks of the motives to bloodshed which peculiarly characterize the most civilized metropolis of the world. In its object and its accessories it bears a horribly distinct similitude to a vulgar English assassination; nor can we doubt that the manner of its perpetration was suggested immediately by an outrage, of very recent occurrence, within one hundred yards of the temple of British justice in Westminster Hall.

The method adopted to stun the victim, by felling him while he was wholly unsuspicious of any evil intention, just as a butcher fells an ox before cutting its throat, was manifestly borrowed from the murderous and fatal assault on Cope, in Parliament street, Whitehall, last month. In both cases plunder was the object, and in order to effect that without resistance or discovery, a treacherous blow was dealt to the unwary victims, which deprived them instantaneously of consciousness and, of course, of the power of raising an alarm. An English convict, bearing a ticket-of-leave, was the author of the insidious act in one case, and his hand it was which showed what the celebrated Mr. Thurtell (a veritable John Bull, by-the-by, without the slightest possibility of mistake) would have called "*the* trick," to the slaughterer of Mr. Little.

So far, therefore, this fiendish act may justly be characterised as an English murder. It was done after the pattern most recently imported from the sister country; but whether the hand which wielded the murderous instruments be even native here, time alone can unfold. It is yet hidden in the cloak of mystery; but the insinuation of the *Morning Chronicle*, that its concealment is aided by the usual means which render the detection of crime in Ireland so difficult, is in this instance utterly groundless. Except the wretch who committed this crime, we are satisfied that there is not an individual of any rank or denomination in our community who would not gladly assist the pursuits and inquiries of justice to bring him to condign punishment.

The peculiar difficulty of unravelling this mysterious deed has nothing whatever to do with the strange workings and idiosyncrasies of our social system: it lies in the fact—of which there seems not a question—that the design and the act were known to only one human being; and he laid his plans so warily as to have prevented the discovery of the deed for so many hours, during which he was doubtless enabled to get rid of any overt evidences of his guilt. His extreme caution and self-possession were made manifest to the first glance at the scene of this fearful tragedy. The absence of all appearance of struggle shows that he had such a mastery over the foul and cruel fiend within him, as to bide his time, after gaining admittance, until the violent onset could be made with perfect security. A further evidence of calculating forethought is the pile of bank notes left untouched on the table, although they were more portable than coin, and the greater number of them being, probably, pound notes, were, therefore, not so liable to be traced to the previous holders. Does not this prove that even the cursed greed of gain, for which he did not scruple to shed innocent blood, could not constrain hifn to compromise the safety of his vile body by affording a possible clue to his detection.

Where so much cool circumspection exists, there must be also great power of controlling emotion, and taking measures quietly for secreting all evidences which it is necessary to keep out of sight. In tracking out such a criminal, justice has a deep and crafty game to pursue; but we are confident that he will be overtaken; and the *Morning Chronicle* may be certain that the efforts which are made to secure him, will not be baulked by any movement of popular sympathy or connivance "even in Ireland."

HERAT—PAST AND PRESENT.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

To the classical reader, Herat is probably better known by its ancient appellation Aria or Artacoana, an obvious corruption of Heri, the old Persian name for the adjacent territory. In the time of Alexander, it was already of some importance, and Major Price quotes a proverbial stanza purporting that, "originally founded by Lahorausd, it was considerably augmented by Gnshtausp, further enlarged by royal Bohmen, and finally completed by Alexander the Grecian." Like most celebrated cities in the East, Herat has undergone many vicissitudes. . . . Its situation is described as very beautiful. It stands in a fertile and well watered valley, thirty miles in length by fifteen in width, cultivated like a garden, and once covered with flourishing villages. As the emporium of commerce between Cabul, Cashmere, Bokara, Hindostan and Persia, it is dignified by the appellation of Bunder or Port, though no more on the sea coast than Bohemia. Its staple commodities are silk, assafœtida, and saffron. In the gardens around the city, and also within the walls, abound mulberry trees, grown for the sole purpose of rearing the silkworm. Pines are indigenous in the plains, the pistachio tree on the hills, and in both localities flourishes the assafœtida. Both Hindoos and Beloochees are as partial to this odorous plant as the Italians to garlic. The stem is roasted in ashes, the leaves boiled like any other green vegetables. Wheat, barley, and many kinds of fruit grow abundantly in this favored valley, while large flocks of broad-tailed sheep graze on the lower slopes of the hills. "Herat," exclaims its native historian, Khondemir, "is the lamp which gives light to all other cities. Herat is the soul, of which this world is but the body; and if Khorasson be the bosom of the world, Herat is allowed to be the heart." In the early part of the present century, 1810–12, the population was about one hundred thousand; but in 1837 it had declined to less than half that number. At that time it consisted of little more than four long bazaars, each containing about ten thousand inhabitants. How has it fallen since its splendors called forth the enthusiastic praises of Khondemir at the close of the fifteenth century? It then possessed a citadel, "renowned for its impregnable strength and solidity; of which the surrounding fosse is described to have been more unfathomable than the soul of the liberal man in his bounty, and the ramparts more lofty than to be spanned by the ordinary powers of the imagination." It could boast, besides, of many splendid mosques, colleges, almshouses, mausoleums, and caravansaras, and one library. A little way out of the town, on the banks of a river, stood a gorgeous college. From the varnished gilding on the walls the dawn of the morning derived its blushes, and the reflection of the lapislazuli, inlaying, lent its azure tints to the vaults of heaven." Of the numerous public gardens for the recreation of the citizens, the one called the "Ornament of the World" surpassed the wonders of fancy. Thirty-two years were consumed in laying out the grounds and planting them, and in adorning them with porticos, corridors, and pavilions. Like the flower-enamelled retreats of Elysium, its heart-expanding area exhibited one entire carpet of roses, and of every description of flower and flagrant shrub; the soul-refreshing air which breathed through every avenue, like the zephyr breeze of the earliest month of spring, possessed the influence of assuaging the sorrows of the most afflicted.

Temple and tower have long since crumbled away; the health-giving gardens have been trampled under foot; the names of Khondemd, and of his yet more illustrious fellow-citizen, Noor-eod-deer-Abdvirahman-ool-Jami, author of "Yussuf Zuleitha," have passed into oblivion; and the once stately streets are now filled with heaps of offal and carrion.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF IRELAND,

WITH A SYSTEM OF ARMAMENT, PLAN OF ORGANISATION, AND MODE OF WARFARE, ADAPTED TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES BEGGS.

(Continued.)

With regard to fowling-pieces, all the ball-proof ones should be selected, and the unserviceable ones thrown amongst old iron. There is under the barrel of every fowling-piece a stout rod of iron attached to it; a part of this rod can be filed off, and a notch left near the top of the muzzle, on which a bayonet or sword—the longer the better—can be fixed, in order to make the weapon as effective as possible. The fowling-pieces are light handy weapons in positions of short range, and are the fittest weapons for lads under the military age, and for stiff men over that age. In city fighting, fowling-pieces, horse-pistols, blunderbusses, and, in a word, every sort of arms and weapons, can be used with effect; but in the country the piece that kills at the greatest distance is absolutely the best. The chief and primary arm of Ireland's military force must be composed of pikemen, whose armament and equipment are so cheap and simple, that the very poorest man can at all times stand armed and equipped. There are many species of pike, but the plain blade, without hook or crook, will, in the end, turn out to be the best. The pike and handle should measure ten feet—longer would be unwieldy—shorter would be ineffective. Every pikeman should procure himself a horse-pistol, or, better still, a nine-inch revolver, and a leather waist-belt to be buckled in front, to which his cartridge and cap pouches are to be attached; and also a leather case, something similar to a dragoon's holster pipe, for his pistol, which is to be worn on the left side; when in the holster, the muzzle of the pistol points to the ground, the lock turned to the body. Without being so supplied with pistols and their specified accompaniments, the pikemen would sometimes be liable to be seriously annoyed by the enemy's cavalry, who could halt within pistol-shot range, and discharge their pistols in the pikemen's faces and then scamper away unmolested; but when the pikemen are also armed with pistols or revolvers, and well supplied with percussion caps and cartridges, an occasion of this sort can never take place without the cavalry being made to bite the dust for their civility. The duties of the pikemen will be few and simple. Charging will be their sole object, and to do so effectively, they must be practised in the sectional drill, and particularly practice charging in line and in column, and learn to move forward, swiftly, orderly and evenly, like a living wall, making their pikes' points tell together upon the enemy's line. I know that a prejudice, partly founded in ignorance and partly in tyrannic interest, exists against the introduction of the pike as a weapon of military service, and therefore I feel it necessary, on that account, to explain my views fully in relation to this very important matter. The chief design in arranging and distributing troops on the scene of active operations is to place them in such a manner as to enable them to wield their arms with greatest effect, and to advantageously and efficiently occupy ground, that they can effectively strike without receiving an adequate return of the compliment. Prior to the discovery of gunpowder and the invention of fire-arms, when infantry soldiers were armed with swords, spears and bows, it being essential to leave room between the men for the free use of their weapons in action, they always opened out for that purpose, as cavalry do now for the lance and sword exercise. The Romans, armed with swords, were drawn up in single rank at intervals, and also, with the same design, the Greek phalanx of pikemen. But military men, from the universal adaptation and application of projectiles, believing the shock of armies as of old no longer needful, discarded the old species of arms and the formations that suited them. Hence we see the lines now closed in, the men standing shoulder to shoulder, not (as is the case) for the purpose of placing more men under the enemy's fire, but in order to favor him with a closer and thicker fire of leaden hail. Although these tactical changes were generally accepted, after the lapse of some time it was, however, found that the shock of arms became necessary, and could not be avoided; hence the application of the bayonet. The chief battles during the late continental wars were decided by bayonet charges: and of these battles, Waterloo closed the scene; and lately the Alma and Inkerman were decided by the charge, and by the same chivalric medium the Malakoff was captured. These military historical facts, in bold relief, glittering in martial science, teach the keen-thinking soldier-student of liberty a new and grand application of an old arm accompanied by new tactics in war's grand domain. It was the application of the pike in war that encircled the bold brows of ancient democratic Greece and republican Rome with that red and glowing blaze of military glory which dazzles the world, even to this day; and the application of the same weapon, under improved principles, and the auspices of native genius, and the inspiration of native patriotism, may, sooner than we can now imagine, be mainly instrumental in striking down the flag of the invader, and preventing him from erecting his gaudy pavilion upon the verdant soil of Erin. The front rank of the Greek pikemen, as I have shown, stood apart from each other, and each rear-rank man a space in rear, midway between the two front-rank men. This weakness of order has been partially remedied by the Theben general, Epominandes, who, curtailing his breadth of front, deepened and strengthened his phalanx in rear, so that when the front-rank men fell those in rear supplied their places. In this order he used to choose a spot in the enemy's line, sometimes the centre and at others the flank, as at Mantinea, and charge right through it with his phalanx, and then taking the broken lines in the adjacent flank, obtained the victory. The Roman tactics were similar on many occasions. This was also Napoleon's system of charging with the bayonet; but, instead of being thin and checkerwise like the Greeks and Romans, his men stood close, shoulder to shoulder, rank behind rank, forming dense, deep, and solid masses, with which he used to charge and break the centre of the enemy's line; but he never succeeded against the English line, only two deep, with his columns, owing to their narrowness of front, as the English line at Waterloo, for instance, lapped round his front and flanks, wrapping their column in a girth of deadly fire, throwing it into disorder and confusion, and thus defeating it. With all his military genius and knowledge, if Napoleon had taken a leaf from the history of Epominandes, he might have gained Waterloo. At the battle of Mantinea, Epominandes showed a front as broad as that of the enemy, but supported his left flank with a deep phalanx of pikemen opposite the enemy's right, where he struck the fatal and successful blow. Had Napoleon charged the English with as broad a front as theirs, placing his grand column in the centre, instead of the battle of Waterloo being the name of the defeat and the disgrace of France, it would have been the denomination of her greatest victory and proudest glory. But, plainly speaking, Napoleon's deficiency in military knowledge gave Wellington the victory; and no fact more than this so convincingly exhibits the great value of precise military knowledge, more particularly as applied in relation to the charge.

There are two objections advanced by military men against the acceptation of the pike, as an arm of military service, which I will presume to dispose of now. The first is:—They suppose that each pikeman needs a certain clear space or, in other words, elbow-room to wield his pike; that this necessity precludes the possibility of pikemen occupying their own ground in sufficient numbers and strengh to be effective: and considering the distance they may have to travel over in this scattered order under the enemy's fire, before they reach his line, when they would be too few and too feeble against men standing shoulder to shoulder, this objection would, indeed, be well-founded, if the pikemen needed this supposed necessity of elbow-room; but I have taken the best means of proving this supposition to be false, in both theory and practice. I have drilled a strong company of pikemen in the pike exercise, the simplest and easiest exercise to be learned; and they can charge and go through all essential movements, shoulder to shoulder, in as close and compact array, as any company of musketeers can do. They charge similarly to a company of bayoneteers. The pike company stand with ordered pikes, as musketeers do with ordered muskets; each man's pike stands perpendicular at his right side, the but of the handle on the ground; the right arm pointing down at full length, holding the pike in its place. At the word "Charge," the front-rank make a half-face to the right; each man's pike is thrown point forward in horizontal position; left hand foremost, firmly holding up the pike; right hand holding the but of the handle on the right hip; rear-rank men sloping pikes as gunsmen slope arms; the whole move forward evenly stepping off with the left feet, in a smart trot, until they reach the enemy's line, when the rear-rank throws forward its pikes to assist the front in stabbing the enemy. In stabbing the enemy, the pikeman should be expert, and take care, each man, not to lock his pike by running it through more than one man at a time. A smart thrust, bestowing six inches of bright steel, ought to be sufficient to do for any reasonable enemy; and if not satisfied with that, he should get no more—we are not bound to be pleasing him. This applies to charges against infantry; but in charging cavalry, the front-rank men will charge the cavalrymen, and the rear-rank men the horses; taking care not to stab the horses' breasts, which would have the effect of making them push forward, but their noses, which would have the effect of making them bound backwards. Each rear-rank man should give the horse in front of him a smart prod on the nose, sufficiently effective to inspire that animal, for ever afterwards, with such a holy hatred of both pike and pikemen, as to be quite useless as a cavalry charger. Should the cavalrymen not be obliging enough to wait to be piked, then the pikemen will favor them with a volley of pistol bullets. As regards the second objection, which is, that the pikemen while advancing to the charge, are exposed to the fire of the enemy's line, until they reach it; suffice it to say, that this objection applies equally to bayoneteers, who also, in charging are exposed to the fire of the enemy's line, until they close with it, when the firing ceases, and the fate of the day depends on the success of the charge. Therefore, if this objection has any validity, it applies against charges entirely; but experience has shown that battles can only be effectively decided by the charge, and that really the fire of artillery and small arms are merely made use of to prepare for that grand event. The general's chief design in firing on the enemy's line, is to weaken and create confusion in it, while he brings up his reserve intact; and on the advantage derived from his line being complete over the shattered state of the enemy's, he founds his hope of success in the charge. When two opposing lines of bayonets meet, the line which has the advantage must succeed; and it is from the skill and success in firing on either side, that this culminating advantage is obtained. But the line of pikes needs not the fire of artillery or small arms, to give it the advantage over a line of bayoneteers, because their feebleness, owing to their thinness of order and toothpick-like armament, render them no match, but an easy prey to the long, strong, and deep files of the pikemen. All despotic or oligarchical governments, whose upas-like existence depends upon subsidized armed brute force, will diligently fulminate unceasing anathemas against the pike, owing no its "unpardonable defects," namely, its simplicity, invincibility, and cheapness; and the impossibility of legislative enactments ever divorcing the peasant from his pike. Whenever an army is the property of a despot or an oligarchical clique, and not that of the people, it has been, and always will be, the interest and policy of such despot or clique to cause the armament and equipment of such troops to be as complicated and expensive as possible, in order to raise the appliances of war, like every other luxury, above the reach of the democracy. But all the efforts and slanders of those crowned and uncrowned representatives of the sable monarch of the infernal deep, cannot for a moment prevail against the pristine splendor of the queen of weapons. The vivid lights which flash from its reappearance on the battle scenes, reveals a grand arcanum in the crimsoned field of Mars, which at once startles and awakens the tyrants of Europe to a full sense of the God-like redeeming might which ever slumbers in the peasant's stalwart arm. Had the peoples of Europe hitherto known the superiority of the pike as a weapon of military service, and how cheaply and easily it is to practically apply that knowledge, I feel certain they would not for a single day submit, spaniel-like, to be the mere goods and chattels of those useless and pernicious tom-fools, called kings and emperors. But it is well to promulgate this wholesome saving knowledge now itself.

I have very little more to say in relation to the armament of the people; but if I had liberty to offer my advice, I would recommend every man to procure either the rifle, or the musket, or the pike, in preference to fowling-pieces. It is for shooting men, not birds, that we may require fire-arms by-and-by. At all events, whatever be the weapons of the people's choice, every man should, at least, be armed. There is no time to be lost; it is wise to stand prepared. The hour, big with the fortune of Ireland and the fate of her children, may, for ought we know, be very rapidly advancing. And practise in the use of arms should, from henceforth, be more than a profession; it should be an essential grace, a necessary accomplishment, a paramount qualification, without which the man should be despised; because, then he would be no better than a sort of he woman. No exertion should be spared in inducing the people to arm, and to practice their use, and the man who will not do so, should be pointed out to the world, and to the ladies in particular, in his true colors. I would entreat each lady in the land, for God's sake and her own, never to marry a man that is not a patriot, and armed besides; because, if he is not a patriot, surely he must be a bad sort; and if he is not armed, he is truly no good—no good for her, no good for his country, no good for anything. It is a hateful to hear a conceited civilian, in whose dull mind a wise or patriotic notion never stirred, in whose base heart a noble motive never moved, in whose corrupt veins a manly drop of blood never ran, affecting to despise the soldier or contemn the profession of arms. To be a man, is one of the greatest honors to which the best of us can aspire; but, to be a soldier, adds dignity to that honor. All cowards hate the soldier, because they fear him, and envy him his superiority, and, therefore, pretend to despise him; as all slaves hate and envy the patriot, because they lack the virtues to imitate him. The soldier, so long as his services are not prostituted to the interests of the despot, or the unjust agrandizement of one state at the expense of another, but are devoted to the service of his fatherland and the maintenance of justice and liberty, is one of the most valuable members of society, and justly holds, as a citizen of the world, the highest position upon the scale of honor and respectability; and as every man is entitled to remuneration for honest services, faithfully rendered, so is the soldier. But above all, the patriot soldier, whose unforced devotion prompts him to take up arms, and volunteer his services at the shrine of the land of his nativity, by the generous nobleness of his nature, is risen aloft above his peers to the climax of truest glory, and justly merits the unalloyed respect and homage of mankind. He is the real, the truest, and the greatest philanthropist, because he freely gives his time and services, and risks his noble life in the sacred cause of universal charity.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Irish News.

At Clashmore Petty Sessions, on Dec. 8, a case of much public importance took place before the Bench of Magistrates, Messrs. J. Orme, R. M., George Roche, and Francis Kennedy. A man named John Bourke was prosecuted by Mr. Pollock, on behalf of the Youghal Board of Guardians, for inoculating children with the small pox, he not being, as was allegeed, properly qualified to do so. Several witnesses were examined in sustainment of the prosecution. The magistrates stated that there was no direct evidence of inoculation by small-pox, though they were of opinion the defendant was guilty of the practice. They, however, could not convict, and cautioned Bourke to be more careful as to the manner in which he conducted himself in future.

A melancholy occurrence took place, says the *Cork Examiner*, in Messrs. Murphy's brewery, Watercourse. It appears that a child of Mr. Daniel Forde, printer, whilst playing with some children in the brewery was put by them into a hole the mouth of which they covered with a door, telling him that he should remain there always. The poor little fellow was exceedingly terrified, and when, after being incarcerated for some time, his juvenile companions took him out, he was found to labor under a palpitation of the heart, the result of the terror which his situation had caused. The assistance of Dr. M'Evers was instantly obtained, and every means of remedy resorted to, but all failed to restore the child, who expired in the course of the evening.

Col. Hastings Doyle arrived in Bandon on the 23d, to inspect the South Cork Militia staff stationed in that town. He was received by Col. the Hon. H. B. Bernard, Captain Tuckey, Lieut. Walker, Quartermaster Cummins, and Dr. Toole, local surgeon to the regiment. He immediately inspected at the staff barracks the men and their arms and accoutrements, and afterwards the regimental stores, with which he expressed himself much pleased.

The Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, P. P., Midleton, very gratefully acknowledges the receipt of twenty pounds from Lord Midleton. This very liberal and generous donation has been given by his lordship to the Catholic inhabitants of the parish of Ballintowlas, to enable them to make a convenient approach to their chapel. The site of the chapel and adjoining graveyard have been long since given gratuitously by his lordship's family for the use of the Catholic people of this parish.

The *Dundalk Democrat* states that two young ladies, Miss Lawless, daughter of Mr. John Lawless, Dundalk; and Miss Maginness, of Newry, received the white veil in the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy in the latter town. The Right Rev. Dr. Leahy officiated on the occasion. A large number of the friends of both the postulants, and also of the clergy of the dioceses of Armagh and Dromore were present at the solemn ceremonies.

A soldier of the Eighty-eighth regiment named James Johnston, who had been confined in the military prison in Limerick, on his discharge appeared before one of the magistrates and confessed he had murdered a man named James Pickergill, in Hull, England. He said he never could find the least peace of mind since he was guilty of the horrible act. He lies at present in the city jail, till a communication be made to the authorities at Hull.

At the New Ross Petty sesions, at the prosecution of Smyth Ardagh, Esq., agent to Samuel Le Hunte Hobson, Esq., John M'Carthy was fined £2 with costs, for sporting on the lands of Ballymacar without permission—although he had taken out the necessary game certificate; and Patrick Evoy in the sum of £5 or one month's imprisonment, for sporting on said lands without license.

An accident occurred in Mahony's mills, Cloghroe, to one of the employees, John Walsh, which resulted in a severe fracture of his right leg. The man was at the time employed at the machinery, in which his leg became entangled. He was removed immediately after the occurrence to the South Infirmary, Cork, where his injuries were attended to by Mr. Gillespie, resident physician; but they are of so serious a character as to require amputation of the limb.

The London and West of Ireland Fishing Company have called upon the Harbor Commisioners of Galway to furnish them with returns of the vessels detained there for the last three years by contrary winds, with a view of enabling them to arrive at certain conclusions as to the number of vessels necessary to carry on their operations.

The Tarbert Pier is progressing fast towards completion. This great structure, when finished, will cost over £13,000. There will be 20 feet of water at the pier in the lowest state of the spring tide, so that ships of any burden may take in loadings and discharge cargoes at its side.

The Town Council of Waterford forwarded a resolution of thanks to the Earl of Clarendon for the assistance he afforded in securing the co-operation of the government of the Emperor of the French in the National Agricultural Exhibition, to be held in that city in August next.

Commenting on the annual dinner given to the tenantry of the Farney estate, Co. Monaghan, by that notorious exterminator, Evelyn J. Shirley, the *Dundalk Democrat* says :—"The fall of the leaf" always brings us to the verge of winter, and in the realms of Farney that period is celebrated for what is called the "Turnip Dinner," given in the Baronial Hall attached to Lough Feaah Castle, which, we have been often told, "has been built for the accommodation of the tenantry." Why it is called the "Turnip Dinner" we know not, except that there is more of that root on the table than is necessary, and that the poor "tenants at will" find more of it on their plates than of beef or mutton. We rather suspect that this is the reason why the November dinner is known by this particular name ; but at all events the people call it the "Turnip Dinner," and we are not going to dispute the validity of the title. Last year we could not discover in any of the public journals a report of the sayings and doings of the Lough Feagh glorification. At present we are more fortunate, for we find in last Saturday's number of a stupid landlord print published in Drogheda, a report of this year's "Turnip" eloquence. How well the reporter, whoever he was, knew where to send his report. How soon he discovered a congenial organ for his stupid nonsense ; a paper which closed its ears, lest it should hear the wailings of the 1,000 human beings sent off these estates, in the famine years, to rot and die in the Carrickmacross Workhouse. The "Turnip Dinner" of this year was quite up to its predecessors—the same fare, the same faces, the same nonsense, nothing but cant and romance.

A curious case, says the *Dublin Freeman* of the 13th ult., appears in the reports of the proceedings in the Rolls-Court this week, in which the purchaser of an estate in the Incumbered Estates Court, although actually put into possession of his purchase in September, 1854, was ordered to bring in all the rents he had since received, in consequence of there having been a Chancery receiver over the estate, who, by some omission, had not been discharged, and who, therefore, by some process of law we cannot understand, still held the control over the estate, although sold and paid for. The affair appears to be another of the many complications arising out of John Sadleir's affairs, the estate having been first sold to Mr. J. B. Kennedy, in trust for Mr. Robert Keating, who passed it on to John Sadleir, who likewise handed it over to the Globe Insurance Company, and they to Burmester and others, trustees for the London and County Bank.

On the 14th of December, a person respectably attired, while passing up Grafton street, Dublin, was seen to fall heavily on the flags. Major Anderson and Lieutenant Farrell, of the Royal Artillery, who were near at the time ran to his assistance, and conveyed him in a lifeless state to the shop of Mr. Madden, bookseller. Dr. Vance, of Suffolk street, and two other medical gentlemen, were in prompt attendance, but on examination they found he was quite dead.

The December fair of Tipperary was largely supplied with stock of every description. Fat cows sold at from £14 to £16 ; heifers, £11 to £14 ; yearlings, £5 to £7 ; calves, 35s. to 45s. each. Bacon was in active demand, and rated so high as from 56s. to 58s. per cwt. One gentleman sold a choice lot of store pigs at £5 14s. each.

Sir William Brooke O'Shaughnessy is grand-nephew of the late Right Rev. Dr. O'Shaughnessy, R. C. Bishop of the diocese of Killaloe, and nephew of the late Dean O'Shaughnessy, of Ennis. He is son-in-law of Francis O'Shaughnessy, Esq., of Limerick, and nephew of Mr. Richard O'Shaughnessy.

On a recent investigation of rate collectors' arrear sheets in the Tralee board-room, a guardian stated that parties well able to pay were returned in arrear, and instanced the cases of two Members of Parliament, Colonel Herbert and Mr. V. Scully, who were so returned. This statement got into the local papers, and has gone the rounds of the press.

Mr. John Kelly, of Drogheda, an excise officer, was attacked and robbed of money when passing the distillery in that town, on the 20th ult., by three daring ruffians, whose recent depredations caused terror in the neighborhood. The police arrested the fellows, named M'Teigh, Gough, and Daniel, who stand committed for trial at next assizes.

The Killocalla estate, near Glyn, in the county of Limerick, has been lately purchased in the Incumbered Estates Court, by private contract, at £9,000, by Charles Humphrey Minchin, Esq., of Rutland, in the King's County.

The People of Templedigan and Rathmore presented the Rev. Michael Warren with a purse of twenty guineas upon his removal to Ballygarret, as a memorial of the affectionate esteem in which he was held by all.

The Roman Catholic inhabitants of Cashel, in conjunction with the Roman Catholic clergy of that city, have memorialized the Lord Lieutenant to appoint the Rev. Newport B. White to the living of Cashel, vacant by the death of Dean Adams.

Pursuant to a numerously signed requisition, a meeting was held on the 21st ult. in the Chapel yard of St. Peter's parish, Athlone, at which resolutions denouncing the recent verdict of libel against Archdeacon O'Reilly, were passed.

A man named Bell recently undertook to sow an acre of wheat, near Sligo, in the space of twenty minutes, and accomplished the task to the satisfaction and surprise of all parties present.

A committee is being formed in the parish of Inniskeen, to collect contributions for the relief of the poor people whose crops were destroyed in August last by the great hail storm.

A lead and silver mine is said to have been discovered by the workmen in the excavations of the Limerick and Foynes Railway.

The Limerick and Ennis Railway Company have declared a number of shares forfeited, in consequence of non-payment of calls.

The tolls of the Waterford bridge, for the ensuing year, have been sold to Messrs. Joseph and Thomas Dwyer for £4,852.

There are 733 paupers in the Cashel Union, being a decrease of 196 since the same period last year.

Four fishermen were drowned in Derry during the recent gales.

The grocers of Cork have advanced the price of sugar one halfpenny per lb.

The Limerick and Castleconnell Railway will be opened next summer.

Operations have commenced this week on the Ennis line of railway at Corbally.

A great portion of the bacon manufactured in Waterford is now forwarded to London via Milford.

On the evening of Saturday, the 20th ult., a daring attempt was made to murder Mr. Galbraith Joynt, who resides at Bellisle, in the county of Clare, within one mile of Clonlara and five miles of Limerick. It appears that this gentleman some time since purchased a large property in the neighborhood, and was intending to effect some changes as regards the occupiers, or perhaps had done so. Mr. Joynt was returning home on Saturday evening at half-past four o'clock, and as he was approaching his residence, and passing the property purchased by him, an assassin from behind a hedge fired at him. He was driving along in a gig, and the contents of the gun, being duckshot, lodged in his hand, leg, and thigh. The horse was severely injured, and a great quantity of shot was lodged in the front of the gig. Mr. Joynt, though at the time suffering much agony, at once repaired to the police barracks, and informed the acting constable there stationed of the outrage, and further stated the parties he suspected of being guilty of it. The police at once went to the houses of the accused, and in one of them discovered a gun recently discharged, besides plenty of powder and shot. Mr. Joynt has sworn informations as to the circumstance before the resident magistrate, at Castleton, who was quickly on the spot. A searching investigation was held on the following Monday by the magistrates in the district, the result of which has been the arrest of four young men named Molony, whose families were amongst those noticed to quit. It was Mr. Edward Joynt, brother to the gentleman assailed, who was supposed to occupy the gig when the shot was fired. Such is the presumption, from the fact of his having been previously served with a threatening notice.

On the 20th ult. Mr. Murphy applied to the Master in Chancery on behalf of Mr. Thomas Joseph Eyre, to receive proofs of a certain bill of exchange for £17,000, indorsed by John Sadleir to his client, and accepted by William Kelly, manager of the Clonmel branch of the Tipperary Bank. He then produced the bill, which was at six months, dated the 26th of Nov., 1865, made payable at the County Bank, London, and purporting to be for money due and owing. There being no attendance on behalf of the official manager or his solicitor, the Master said that for the present he should only receive the document as exhibited to him. It was a monstrous thing that this bill of exchange should have been accepted by the manager in November, 1855, very shortly before the failure of the bank, for so large a sum as £17,000, when he knew perfectly well that John Sadleir at that time owed the bank some £200,000 or £250,000. In his opinion he ought to be indicted for fraud.

About twelve months ago, says the *Clonmel Chronicle*, a swarm of bees forsook a hive at the gardens of Kilcooly, and lodged in a crevice of the richly groined roof of the old Abbey on the estate. There they remained—strange inmates of that time-worn building—and during last summer the little colony busied themselves in forming their comb and filling its cells with their "luscious" hoard. Depending from the roof several flakes of white comb may now be seen, but it is so ingeniously worked into the crumbling ruin, that it requires a close observation before it can be discovered. Close to the Abbey the largest whitethorn tree, perhaps in this country, flourishes—it measures seven feet six inches in girth, and covers a wide area with its spreading branches. There are several others growing around of somewhat similar dimensions, and it is computed that they have stood for upwards of a century.

Saunders' News Letter reports that on the 17th of December, in Drogheda, a sale took place at the auction mart of Mr. Thos. Kelly of two chests of Pekoe tea, which were seized under a warrant of the Special Commissioners of Income tax, at the shop of Mr. Patrick Lynagh, grocer and spirit merchant. The sum claimed was £6 17s. 6d., being bought in for the original owner. A number of inhabitants attended the sale, who sympathised with Mr. Lynagh. Other seizures have been made for the same tax by the collector, and the goods distrained placed at the mart, to await the completion of the usual notice of sale. A strong feeling exists against the tax in Drogheda, and the collector has met with some difficulty in many quarters in raising it. A puplic meeting to petition against the tax is spoken of.

A more atrocious case of brutality than that recorded in our Police report of this day, says the *Cork Examiner*, we never yet heard of. A respectable man, whose double crime was that of poverty and sickness, was literally chained like a wild beast at his own fire-side, and thus dragged to the Cork steamer for transportation, in order that a Welsh parish should not be burdened with his support. God knows we can scarcely credit that such a deed of ruffianly violence could be attempted in these days. But there is the statement of its victim, and the admission of its perpetrator, to establish the atrocious fact. Talk of Negro slavery ; but what is the treatment of the Black by the American planter to the treatment of an Irish-born White man by an English or Welsh parish ?

Dr. Hayes, of Naas, held an inquest on the 20th of December, at Newbridge, county Kildare, on the body of a young man named Daniel Lalor, who was found dead under his car on the road from Newbridge to the camp. It appeared from the evidence that deceased was engaged at Newbridge by some soldiers to convey them to the camp about seven o'clock on the evening of Thursday last ; he returned to Newbridge immediately after leaving the soldiers at the camp, and was found dead lying under his car in a deep ditch at the side of the road, not far from the police barracks.

On the 20th ult. there was a fair in Tullamore, and in the night of that day a man named Joseph Delany was so badly beaten that his life is despaired of. Two men named James Maledy and John Maledy have been apprehended and fully committed to the County prison to abide their trial for the offence. John Maledy is a soldier belongining to the 21st Fusileers ; but James Maledy is a ticket-of-leave convict. He was sentenced to ten years' transportaion for a burglary at Tullamore quarter session, October, 1851, and he got his ticket-of-leave in October last.

On the 25th ult., the residence of Lieutenant Stoakes, R. E., Fermoy, was entered by a party of burglars, and a large amount of poperty, consisting of clothes, &c., to the value of £40, taken from it. One of the parties by whom the robbery had been effected left a tattered pair of pantaloons after him in the house, no doubt having supplied himself with a good substitute from the wardrobe of Mr. Stokes. This piece of bravado, however, led to the detection of two persons named Shea and Murray.

A child six years old, named Margaret Moylan, whose parents are in Australia, was burned to death on the 20th ult. in a field at Garbally, in the King's County.

The *Kilkenny Journal* states that Kilkenny is still a proclaimed district, and that no person is allowed to carry arms without the license of a magistrate.

It is with sincere regret, says the *Cork Examiner*, we have to announce the death of our brave and respected fellow-citizen, Lieut. James Martin Sullivan, formerly of the 34th, and late 19th Regiment of Foot, which took place at his residence in Queenstown. He was one of the bravest officers in his country's service, and one of the most ill-requited. Before joining his own regiment he was present in the Peninsula, as an attached volunteer, at the battle of Talavera ; he was present as Ensign of the Light Company of the 34th Regiment, commanded by Capt. Faunt, at the battle of Busaco ; and also present as Lieutenant of said company commanded by Capt. Fauncourt, with the second division covering the siege of Badajos ; also, at the surprise of the French division commanded by General Girard, at Arroya-de-Molina, on which occasion the Duke D'Aremberg, with the staff, band and drums of the 34th regiment of the French line, fell into his hands, he having had command of the advance guard on that occasion. The band and drums remained in *statu quo* for a considerable length of time, with the English 34th regiment, and on the occasion of Lieut. Sullivan having been honored by an invitation (many years after, the 34th Regiment having then quartered in Cork) to celebrate the above heroic action, the French band and drums were ordered into the room by Col. Stuart and played round the mess table, after the health of their old brother officer was drank, and a highly eulogistic compliment being paid him by Capt. Norcott, with whom he had served in the 94th Regiment for a considerable time. He was also at the storming of the forts and destruction of the *tete du pont* at Albuera, where he volunteered and led the forlorn hope against the fort of Mara Vita. After the Peninsular war he exchanged into the 19th Foot, and embarked for India, where he was present at the taking of Candy, in the Island of Ceylon, under the command of Lieut.-General Brownrigge. With this series of services (which alone should have commanded the common-place requital of a situation given every day by the red tapists to the relatives of those who never earned them) in conjunction with the services of his son in the trenches of Sebastopol, and at the Redan, he memorialed the late Commander-in-Chief for a commission for said son, and was most *graciously refused*, but *kindly permitted* to pay *twenty pounds* for his discharge. This refusal from a man who witnessed the bravery of the Lieutenant in the Peninsula!!! and almost at the same time promoted his own son, who never saw a shot fired, and promoted his nephew, the notorious and larking Ernest Vane Tempest, from the Infantry to the Cavalry, from which he was ignominiously dismissed, after the death of the Commander-in-Chief. Why was he thus refused ? Was it because in one of his son's graphic letters from the scene of action to the Press of his native city, the *Times* and *Daily News*, he merely stated the truth—that hundreds were sent to perform at the great Redan, that which thousands would have found difficulty in achieving. We had almost forgotten to say that he received the *tremendously enriching* reward of a medal and clasps for Peninsular bravery, as also did his son for his conduct at the great Redan.

Among not the least melancholy instances of the reverse, says the correspondent of the London *Herald*, which have overtaken members of all grades of society in Ireland during a few brief years, one has just come to light which has caused considerable regret here. Every one connected with the Dublin press at the time of the repeal agitation must remember the attention and undeviating courtesy of Mr. Francis Dwyer, the assistant secretary of the Association, and for some years private secretary to the late Mr. O'Connell. After fruitless endeavors to obtain employment of any kind, Mr. Dwyer, less fortunate than many of the patriots who figured prominently upon the stage of the Corn Exchange, is now, it seems, an applicant for admission within the cheerless walls of a Dublin workhouse. This is not creditable to the chiefs of the party—or clique, rather—who, in the hurry to provide for themselves, have altogether ignored the almost hereditary pretensions of a hard worked servant. Dwyer's father filled the post of Secretary to the Catholic Association up to the passing of the Relief Act of 1829, and had been previously one of the leading merchants in Cork.

The Revenue Police are actively engaged throughout Ireland in suppressing illicit distillation. At Swinford, county Mayo, under the command of Lieutenant Graves, they have succeeded in capturing three vessels containing about two hundred and thirty gallons of pot-ale They were hid under ground in the townland of Ballinaleck. Besides unearthing the above, the 33d party have detected several other places where illicit distilled liquor was usually hidden. Through the exertions of Lieut. Graves the system of defrauding the public revenue has almost been suppressed in the once notorious districts of Gallen and Costelloe.

At nine o'clock on the night of the 17th ult. the Brig Eliza, from Llanelly, for Cork, was driven in on Tramore Strand, close to the Race Standhouse : crew saved, and the cargo, (coal) will be landed safe. At ten o'clock same night the pilot cutter Gannet, and the brigantine Bolina were in collision off Waterford harbor, and both lost spars.

It was in consequence of the late decision of the Lord Chancellor in regard to Banks, that the run was made upon the National Bank in many parts of Ireland, but there was gold forthcoming to meet all demands.

A woman named Mary Donoghoe was recently arrested in Limerick on a charge of murdering her infant child, as well as concealing its birth. The woman is a widow and advanced in years.

Plunkett Kenny, Esq., has been appointed High Sheriff of the County Monaghan, and has given his brother, Mr. Charles Kenny, the appointment of Sub-sheriff.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill will visit Kilkenny on the 2d of February, 1857, when he will lecture for the Young Men's Society, established in that city.

Miss Catherine Hayes has in the kindest manner, promised to sing gratuitously for the benefit of the Musical Fund Association of Dublin.

A statement copied from the *Limerick Chronicle* into the *Evening Post* to the effect that the Rev. Mr. Doyle, of Ramsgrange had gone to Australia, is unfounded.

The inhabitants of Cootehill, county Cavan, under the Towns Improvement Act, have been allowed the privilege of electing nine commissioners.

A Gas Consumers' Company is being formed at Waterford—capital, £6,000, in £5 share.

John Malcomson, Esq., is appointed a Director of the Tramore Railway, in room of William Dargan, Esq., resigned.

During the past year, the deposits in the Waterford Savings Bank exceeded the withdrawals by the sum of £1,563.

Answers to Correspondents.

P Patrick of Canada West.—There are a class of men in every community, who take a peculiar interest in the honor and morality of their neighbors—who are always finding fault with somebody, and mourning over national degeneracy or individual depravity. Those carpers and moralists who are so exceedingly jealous of the honor and reputation of other men, are generally very lax regarding their own. The action of General Walker in Nicaragua, has been made the subject of severe censure by this class of pseudo philanthropists, and we ourselves have received an indignant protest from an unknown correspondent, against our support of Walker.

He calls him a "pirate," and his followers "assassins," and asserts that the same plea, put forward for Walker's entrance into Nicaragua, might be urged by "Cæsar and his Romans, to justify their invasion of Britain," and by "the Saxons to palliate their forcible occupation of that country" by the Danes, and the English for the invasion of Ireland. Our correspondent must be waking from a philanthropic dream. There is no parity in the cases he cites. The Britons did not send for Cæsar to relieve them from the incubus of an indolent and plundering aristocracy; neither were the Saxon robbers invited by any party to commit indiscriminate slaughter and robbery in Britain; neither were the pirate Danes solicited to invade Ireland, and Strongbow was sent to restore a petty king who fled from the vengeance of an outraged people. Strongbow was never elected President of an Irish republic, through the ballot-box by the almost unanimous vote of a grateful people, as Walker was in Nicaragua. Such comparisons are ridiculous. General William Walker—whose soldiers are not all "Yankees," as our unknown lecturer asserts, two-thirds of them being Irish—was invited by the democratic party of Nicaragua, to aid them in striking off the yoke of the aristocracy, or the landlords of the country, for which service certain portions of the public domain, the property of no individual, was to be granted to his followers. Right gallantly did he execute the work, and for the first time during a period of many years, civil strife had ceased in Nicaragua and an era of prosperity was about to dawn. But the jealous monarchical goverments of Europe, dreading the establishment of a strong republican state in Central America, incited the neighboring governments to make war on Nicaragua; and England dispatched a fleet to San Juan del Norte to superintend the Costa Rican invasion. The British Government supplied the Costa Ricans with rifles, and gave such other diplomatic aid and comfort as emboldened them to proclaim war against Nicaragua. The latest act of this British fleet was to aid, by the use of their gunboats, the Costa Ricans in capturing the steamers on the San Juan river, and stopping all legitimate and peaceful traffic across the Isthmus with California. This high-handed outrage upon vessels carrying the American Flag should not be allowed to pass with impunity. It demands the speedy action of our government.

As well might our correspondent say, if General Walker accepted an invitation from the Democracy of Ireland to aid them in overturning the present state of affairs in that country—of plucking up landlord tyranny by the roots—that he was a pirate and a robber. If, instead of going to Nicaragua, General William Walker had landed in the bay of Galway, and swept like a hurricane through Atherney's crumbling walls and over fortress-crowned Athlone, and planted the Sunburst on Dublin Castle, England would call him pirate, robber, filibuster; but Irishmen would, most undoubtedly, make him the first President of our Irish Republic, and reward his followers with a few of the located domains or shooting-grounds of the expelled landlords, and no Irishman would be base enough to re-echo the cry of pirate, rebel, filibuster.

If the doctrine of our correspondent were acted upon, the world would soon be reduced to a state of barbarism, and old wrongs would remain for ever unredressed. Columbus should never have discovered a new world—the Spaniards never occupied South and Central America, the war-paths and hunting-grounds of the Red Indians. Where savages scalped and butchered each other, should be war paths and hunting-grounds still, and the golden harvest which supplied aid to Ireland in the hour of her tribulation should have never ripened in the sun.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1857.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Captain Maurice Walsh, of New-York, having set out to travel through America, is authorized to collect advertisements and subscriptions for this paper. Captain Walsh has our written authority, which he will present to those who may not be personally acquainted with him. A list of the subscribers' names, together with the respective sums paid by each, will be published each week.

THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM—SWITZERLAND IN ARMS—THE WHITE CROSS OF THE ALPS—THE BLACK EAGLE OF THE RHINE.

Once more comes the shout of Liberty from the heart of Europe. Once more the arming of the People is announced from the defiles and summits of the Alps. Once more, as in Rutli of old, do the men of the Finsterwalden lakes and forests raise their right hands to Heaven, and swear to do as Tell of Burglen did. And once more the huge masses, lying dumb and stricken under bayonet and padlock, in workshop, mine, and dungeon, wake up everywhere, for the night is past and the day hath come again.

All other questions lose their interest in presence of this supreme one, which renews the heroic spirit and historic glories of the Swiss republic. The Isle of Serpents is of no more importance than the Isle of Man. Canton may be strewed in ashes all over the Flowery Kingdom, and no one heed the waste. Ferdinand of Naples might be flung down the throat of his own Vesuvius, and the accident excite little more than a paragraph, an ambiguous sigh, or a shrug of the shoulder. The plundering expedition against Persia—the red storm sweeping down the Gulf of Ormus upon the bearded Shah, with all the perplexities it portends is forgotten. The independence of Switzerland is menaced—the menace is trampled under foot, as the Bavarians were trampled in the Tyrol—and for Republicanism the game is once more a-foot. This is the event which overshadows every other. This the event which concentrates the gaze, the sympathies, the enthusiasm, the hopes of millions.

But with Switzerland it is an old story. Ever since the Duke of Austria made peace with the ancient Cantons of Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, Sevyern, Zurich, Glaris, Zug and Berne, over the grave of Gessler, and the wreck of his nobility, Switzerland has had to stand many a fierce blow from prince and pirate. The trophies of Miltiades disturbed the sleep of his rival on the field of Marathon. The homely wealth, virtue, happiness, and freedom of that beautiful nation seated among the Glaciers, has for centuries provoked the envy, cupidity and hatred of the crowned heads that fume and glitter about it, along the rivers to which it gives birth, and in the wide plains below. They hate it as Lucifer cursed the sun. It is to them a perpetual reproach and admonition. To those they hold in check—whose life and limb they own—it is an imperishable lesson, ever in the grandest tones inculcating manhood, the worthlessness of courts and King-craft, the wise economy, and productiveness, the comeliness, and pure glory of Republicanism.

Hardly had this Duke of Austria been eaten by the worms in the royal grave-yard at Vienna, when his son Leopold, laughing at his oath, as though it had been a drunken promise, renewed the war which his father had begun. Ravaging the country as he went along, he appeared before the walls of Sempach. Rutschman of Reinach, who commanded the advanced guard, mounted on a cart full of ropes, threatened to hang all the Burghers before sunset. How this threat was met, the world has been told. Every schoolboy knows it. Until the moon turns to blood, and the seas give up their dead, it will be recited in the schools. Orators—the precursors of revolution—kindling the people into heroism—have many a time recited it. Generation after generation, for the same high purpose, it will be repeated.

The Swiss confederates did not muster 1,300 men. They were miserably armed. Long swords and halberds were their only weapons. Leopold headed upward of 5,000 knights and noblemen. They were the pride of Austria—as gallant gentlemen as ever flung a gauntlet down. Yet, with all their grace, and strength and splendor,—with all their jewelled trappings and coroneted helmets—the hot July sun which blazed that day over Sempach, went down upon their death-bed. Two days after, 2,000 of them slept in their shrouds at Konigsfelden, with Leopold, their leader. Once more, over the Matterhorn, over the black peaks of Mount Pilate, over the eternal snows of St. Gotthard, went the cry of victory, and for a century no robber hand was raised against the white eagle of the Alps.

In 1496 Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, addresses himself to the Swiss deputies who accompany him to Inspruck.

"You are rebels to the Empire," quoth his Imperial Majesty, "and will oblige me at last to pay you a visit in person, sword in hand."

"Your Majesty," the Deputies made answer, with singular composure, "should abstain from such a visit, for the Swiss are rude-fashioned men, who have not yet learned the respect due to crowned heads."

Maximilian was too thickly covered with gold and velvet to take the hint. He was stupefied in purple. Not until he had lost 20,000 men, and hundreds of towns and villages, did he mend his manners. In a tone far different from that he had used at Inspruck, he yielded to the Swiss the high judicial power in Thurgau he had up to this disputed, and acknowledged, unequivocally, their independence as a nation. From this time and for three centuries after, neither Austria, nor the German Empire, nor any other Absolutism or Kingship, asserted any pretensions against the liberties of the Swiss Commonwealth. During those three centuries, that healthy and robust Commonwealth stood proudly up in the midst of the European nationalities, without stain, domestic calamity, or foreign insolence to hurt it.

The Thirty Years' War passed over it. Not a pine upon its mountain-slopes was shaken by that tempest. It was not until the French Directory was installed, that its peaceful and prosperous integrity was disturbed. The possession of the Swiss Alps, as a military necessity, was the ostensible object of the French invasion of 1799. Historians deliberately assert, that the robbery of the treasuries of Berne, Zurich, and Basle, where it was notorious considerable sums had been accumulated, instigated the Directory to the violation of the soil which should have been held sacred by them. Whatever the motives, the French and Austrians fought for foothold, inch by inch, upon it, and it was not until 1801, after terrible havoc had been dealt, that, consequent on the peace of Luneville, the independence of the ancient Helvetic Republic was by France and Austria recognized.

And so, striding over epochs and centuries, we come to 1836, when Severin, the Representative of Russia, and Bombelles, the Envoy of Austria, conspired against the only citadel of Freedom on the broad waste of Europe. According to Louis Blanc, the indifference of Morier, the English Minister, and the imbecility of M. de Montebello, permitted that conspiracy to prevail. Switzerland, these conspirators said, must no longer be the asylum of political refugees. It is in Switzerland, said Bombelles, that the enemies of Monarchy hold their regicide school, and this bloodthirsty school must be closed without delay.

The end of it was, that the Refugees—Louis Napoleon amongst the number—had to cross the border. "Never"—exclaims the splendid writer of the *Dix Ans*—"was the independence of a free State more openly set aside, more shamelessly trampled under foot." Justly did the *Bons Sens* of Paris write, that the Swiss Diet, when appealed to by M. de Montebello in support of the demand of Austria and Russia, might have reminded the Ambassador of Louis Phillippe, that his Master, when a sufferer under revolutionary tempests, was too thankful to find food and shelter in those tranquil valleys, which all parties, conquerors or conquered, ought alike to respect as a sanctuary, protected by the conscience of mankind.

And thus has that noble little Commonwealth—that only true Society in all Europe—been worried, age after age, under some one pretext or another, by the brigands and despots that surround it. Yet so, has it faced, repelled, and triumphed over all. For the good God, without whose knowledge the sparrow does not fall, has given unto the people of Switzerland—to her maids and matrons—to her youths and old men—the heart and arm of the giant, and their home among the mountains is impregnable.

And so shall the White Cross be seen high in the Heavens above the Black Eagle of the Rhine, should the day of battle come again.

FABENS ON NICARAGUA.

The friends of Nicaraguan Liberation, as well as those merely desirous for information on the subject, who looked forward to to Mr. Fabens' lecture with feelings of satisfactory anticipations, were not disappointed. The distinguished lecturer, lately United States *Charge d'Affaires* to Nicaragua, is peculiarly well qualified by education, personal observation and sympathy to make a reliable statement, and to do justice to the higher necessities of his theme. Consequently, the discourse was an exceedingly pleasant and timely one, furnishing us with points which we shall freely give for our readers.

Nicaragua has an area of about 100,000 square miles, equal to 64,000,000 of acres, being more than double the extent of territory comprised in the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. Her population is estimated at 250,000 souls, 10,000 of which are whites; the the remaining 240,000 are composed of mixed races. The surface of Nicaragua is agreeably diversified with hills and valleys, rolling plains, rich table lands, broad lakes and numerous rivers. Between the Great Basin and the Pacific, the chain of the Cordilleras sinks to an almost imperceptible ridge. On the Atantic side of the lake, the peak of Ometepec, rising near the centre of the lake itself, is said to have an altitude of six thousand feet. Approaching Nicaragua from the Atlantic, long before we catch sight of the low, swampy and heavily timbered lands of the Mosquito coast, we behold the peaks of Chontales and Costago, in Costa Rica, towering in the hazy distance. But on landing in San Juan we are saddened by the change of view. As far as the eye can reach, one beholds nothing but the low, sandy or alluvial tracts covered with an almost impenetrable mass of vapor, shrouding tropical vegetation. British filibusters, nicknamed merchants and mahogany cutters, with their marauding bands of Carib Indians, have fought successfully the wild beasts and the wilderness, and have obtained for themselves luxuries and opulence.

San Juan de Nicaragua, is not only the sole Atlantic seaport of Nicaragua, but also of Costa Rica, and a road is now in process of construction which, when completed, will bring all the produce of Costa Rica to San Juan, in lieu of Punta Arenas, on the Pacific, where it has heretofore been sent. A great drawback to the commercial prosperity of Nicaragua is her lack of good roads, bridges and canals. The only road in the country worthy of that name is the one constructed by the late Accessory Transit Company, from Virgin Bay to San Juan del Sur, a distance of twelve miles. It is now complete and in admirable order and it proves what may be done by native labor, directed by Northern intelligence and energy.

In the low lands on the Mosquito shore, as well as in the dense forests along the banks of the San Juan and Indian rivers, there is, more or less, intermittent fever and ague to be expected by new settlers. Mr. Fabens believes, that by proper attention to diet and other sanitary precautions, a Northerner may soon become acclimated, and in nine cases out of ten, escape an attack of fever. The attacks are ordinarily slight, easily broken, and very seldom attended with fatal results. During his two years' residence in San Juan de Nicaragua, Mr. Fabens found the inhabitants usually as healthy as in the North.

The atmosphere of the Lake is buoyant, and exhilarating.

The seasons in Nicaragua are the wet and dry, their limits varying according to the locality. In the larger portions of the state the wet season may be set down as commencing in May, and continuing till November; this, however, is ordinarily interrupted by a period of clear weather in the months of July and August, the showers during the first period are less intense and of shorter duration than the latter. During the dry seasons the heat upon the plains and lowlands is severe. A great mistake has been made by many in supposing that the country is more unhealthy during the rainy than dry season. Capt. Henderson, of the British navy, wrote home—"The wet season, as it is emphatically denominated, is not considered the season of disease here; it is totally otherwise in the whole of the West Indies. At the beginning of November, northers begin to blow, and last, with little variation, till March, during which time the mornings and evenings are of a pleasant coolness, and what in this country is understood to be a wet month, might be considered as a November day in England."

Mr. Fabens characterizes the commercial and agricultural resources of the State as "immense." The vegetable and mineral

kingdom are equally dazzling to the view. There is an abundance of horses, cows, bullocks, sheep and goats, which are chiefly raised for the value of their hides. There are numerous wild animals whose skins are commercially valuable. Birds and fish of almost every kind abound. Among the staple articles of production may be mentioned sugar, cotton, coffee, cocoa, indigo, tobacco, rice and Indian corn. The sugar cane is a native product of Nicaragua, and differs from that of Asia or the West Indies, and is said to be equally as good and productive. The cotton of Nicaragua is very good and productive; the same with the cocoa. The indigo and tobacco are equal in quality to those of Brazil. The mines are of fabulous richness. Gold and silver is found in great quantities. Such is Nicaragua —the "star of empire," which had reached its western limit in golden California, has entered upon its returning march. There are homes for the homeless; peace, order and contentment will take the place of strife, anarchy and terror; there are new fields for our pent-up capital and enterprise; independence and competency for ill-paid laborers. Mr. Everett, in his speech in the Senate on the first of March, 1853, said that if it had not been for political dissensions in Nicaragua, and if she had been occupied by a population like that which turned the waters of Lake Erie into the bed of the Hudson river at Albany, there would have been at that moment three-masted vessels of twenty feet draught navigating the Lake of Nicaragua on their way to the Pacific Ocean.

TREACHERY IN THE CAMP—DEFEAT OF COLONEL FORNEY.

In the great contest for the Presidency which terminated last November so triumphantly for the Union, of all the eminent men who fought in the Democratic ranks, none rendered such effective service as Colonel Forney, of Philadelphia.

The State election, which immediately preceded the Presidential, was the event on which the national destinies depended. The result of that election being determined, it was easy to foretell the issue of the more momentous conflict which was to follow. Both parties admitted this. Both parties, we say; for Mr. Fillmore and his handful of followers were of no account. No one thought of them. Buchanan and Fremont were the only antagonists in the field.

Had the Pennsylvania State election resulted in favor of the Black Republican ticket, the Fourth of March would have given the Hero of the Rocky Mountains possession of the White House. The bravest troops yield to a panic. The defeat of the Democracy in Pennsylvania would have inevitably spread dismay among the Democracy throughout the States.

To avert this catastrophe, efforts the most assiduous, generous and vehement, were required. By the concentration of his forces upon a given point, Napoleon acheived his greatest victories. The safety of the Union demanded, that upon the Northern Sectionalists in Pennsylvania the whole power of the Democracy should be brought to bear. The result proves that the necessity was adequately met. To that result, Colonel Forney, as we have said, with an incomparable ability contributed. Deprived of him, the Democracy might not have been beaten. The American Democracy depends for its vitality on no one man, whatever be his spirit, activity or genius. But, it is not only true, but essentially just to say, that without him—without Colonel Forney—without his experience, indomitable industry and pluck, the influence he exercises and the eloquence of which he is the master—the victory in Pennsylvania would not have been so thorough and complete.

For his services at so critical a moment, in a contest so vital and eventful, he deserved well of the Republic. Praises, it is true, fell fast and thick upon him. The people, everywhere, spoke of him with enthusiasm. Amid the huzzas, the artillery, the torches and triumphal music, which published to the world the national victory of November, his name was heard. It was the burden of many a song. It was the toast of many a Thanksgiving feast.

But the popular acknowledgments should not have stopped here. It is a shallow gratitude which votes funeral-cars and monuments to public men when dead, and is silent or reluctant whilst they live, and have the ripe intellect to appreciate high positions of trust, and other rewards for acts of paramount utility to the State. An opportunity a few days ago occurred, which enabled the Democracy of Pennsylvania to reprove this practice. of posthumous compensation.

Now, when he is in the flower of life, they might have sent their favorite Champion to the Senate. This would have been a distinction commensurate with his services, his masterly intelligence, and the promise he gives of a fruitful career in statesmanship. The opportunity has been scandalously abused.

Not by the Democracy of his State. Far from it. The perfidy by which Colonel Forney was victimized at Harrisburg has been replied to by the Democracy—from the Delaware to Lake Erie, from the Chestnut Ridge to Damascus—with a shout of execration. It is not alone the Democratic candidate for the Senate who has been betrayed. The entire Democratic party of the Union has been infamously swindled. Three traitors sold themselves as slaves to the Black Republicans—sold the pass, and over their yoked necks let in the enemy.

Thus has the stream of public honors been diverted from its course. Thus for a time, has it been made foul. Thus has it borne down through Pennsylvania Avenue, to the gates of the Capital, a certain Crœsus of the Quaker City, who, with all his argosies would have never got there, had honesty and patriotism willed it.

EUROPEAN INTERFERENCE.

LETTER FROM GEN. CAZNEAU, OF TEXAS, TO A DISTINGUISHED SENATOR, ON THE COURSE OF ENGLAND IN NICARAGUA, AND THE SUSPENSION OF THE NEUTRALITY LAWS.

Dear Sir—The steamers on the San Juan River, belonging to the Nicaragua Line to California—and entirely owned by American citizens—have been seized by the Costa Ricans and probably destroyed. They were taken while in the peaceful and lawful prosecution of their business as passenger boats, under the protection of the flag of the United States, and of treaty guarantees of the most unequivocal distinctness.

If Costa Rica was not under any obligation to respect the property and commercial rights of our citizens, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty most emphatically defines that it was the duty of England to defend the free navigation of the river San Juan, with her whole force then present, for it is an important section of the Nicaragua inter-ocean transit which she is bound to "protect from interruption and detention."

In return for the vast and unwarrantable concession made to England in that treaty in the abandonment by our government of the Monroe doctrine, and our solemn pledge never to occupy or take possession of any part of Central America, that Power bound itself in the strongest terms, to protect all the Isthmus transits from "delay, detention, interruption or confiscation." Her own commerce demanded an open and secure passage to the Pacific; but as Panama is sufficient for her uses, it is possible that feeling sure of holding that transit in her own command, she is more than willing to have the Nicaragua route suppressed. This transit is nearer the United States, and liable to be controlled by American institutions, interests and policy; and this annoys England.

Whatever the British Cabinet and the habitual defenders of the British system of anti-American policy may say in excuse of the fact, it is undeniable that this route to California has been three times assailed by the Costa Rican allies of England, and that on this last occasion American steamers were piratically seized, the route broken up, and the transit passengers turned to Panama from this their direct and lawful path to California. This outrage on American citizens was undoubtedly arranged under the cover of the British fleet, at the mouth of the river.

It is not supposed that the commander of her Britannic Majesty's fleet was imprudent enough to lend open aid to the plunder of a quarter of a million of American property, and the destruction of a commercial route, which his government was pledged, by the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, to protect from "interruption or confiscation." He only applied the requisite assistance, and lent his judicious connivance to the perpetration of this bold robbery, of which he knew—if he did not plan the details—long in advance. This plan was whispered in New-York, and I have good reason to believe was also perfectly understood, and many think warmly approved, for personal and pecuniary reasons, at Washington, by at least one member of the Cabinet. We know the means to effect it were permitted to leave this city, while honest emigrants, who anxiously desired to accept the free farms offered to them on the rich public domain of Nicaragua, were compelled by threats of legal persecution to forego this ready path to an independent home.

If England was inclined to respect the obligations of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, her fleet would have been charged to maintain the freedom of the Nicaragua transit, instead of conniving at its destruction; and our citizens have reason to appeal to their representatives in Congress, as we now do to you, to cause inquiry to be made whether our lives and property on the Isthmus are to be protected, or whether the Clayton-Bulwer treaty —and still more the Marcy-Palmerston treaty now before the Senate—means an absolute and unconditional surrender of every class of American rights in Central America to the will and policy of England.

Costa Rica was armed and incited by England to invade the soil of Nicaragua upon the plea of driving out Walker, when the whole country was in a state of perfect repose, and its hopes and industry had begun to revive under the Walker-Rivas administration. That this obedience to the new government was not the result of fear or force, is evident, as Gen. Walker had then but a few hundred Americans—all told—in the country, and the Costa Ricans were repulsed from the Transit, with the assistance of the native citizens.

The second attempt, in November last, to intercept and plunder the California treasure-train, was in very deducible connection with the recommendations forwarded by H. B. M.'s Consul, Mr. Manning, to H. B. M.'s "allies" in Guatemala and San Salvador. Even the bold assumptions of England were silenced by the discovery of their intrigues, and the withdrawal of Mr. Manning's exequatur and his expulsion from Nicaragua by Gen. Walker were submitted to without a word, rather than take the chances of the exposures of British complicity in these assaults on the United States commerce which this correspondence might betray to the world.

The seizure of the Transit river steamers under the eyes, and with the positive connivance of the British fleet at San Juan, is the seal of this war on American interests. There is a double object in this robbery—it is intended to cut off supplies and reinforcements to Walker, and so leave him and all the Americans in Nicaragua to be "crushed out," and at the same time destroy this American Transit.

There are many Texans among them, and we ask and expect Senator Rusk to demand of our government, in their name, and in the name of humanity, and in the name of American honor and interest, to protect our trade and travel on the Isthmus, and check this banditti system of wholesale robbery and murder.

Why is it that after having conceded to England the right to interfere and dictate in American affairs, we have no Minister on the ground to watch over and defend the few rights our government has left us? At this crisis the presence of Mr. Wheeler is most necessary on the Isthmus of Nicaragua; and it is the manifest duty of the President to send him back to his post by steam, and to force a clear passage for him up the river. Not to do this, is to deliberately doom to death two or three hundred women and children who have followed the fortunes of husbands and fathers to the scene of conflict. The inexplicable recall of our Minister at the critical moment, when the life of every American on the Isthmus was openly threatened by the "allies" of England, and when such as fell in their hands were instantly butchered, is in itself a gross neglect of duty, and may well be suspected as the premeditated withdrawal of the only check on the "crushing out" of the Americans in Nicaragua. There is now present no inconvenient witness, nor official defender, if American interests are outraged and American citizens murdered in mass by the open ferocity of Costa Rica or by the secret artifices of England.

Our unoffending travellers are entitled to this protection, even if we abandon our fellow-citizens, now serving under Walker's banner in Central American regeneration, to the knives of the Costa Ricans. These men are no lawless oppressors. They were invited by Nicaragua to assist in redeeming her from the convulsions of civil war, and the misery of an anarchy that had covered the land with blood, ruin, and desolation. The state lay a helpless and hopeless wreck on the ocean of civilization, and if the skill and courage of Walker saves the shattered craft, he is well entitled to salvage.

The war against the Americans was not made by the Nicaraguans, but by the states around it upon European instigation. And the entire British press, with a certain portion of our own, maintain the necessity of checking American progress on the Isthmus, and it becomes the representatives of the American people to inquire, how far it is politic and proper for our government to sustain this European plan of operations.

Let Congress meet this European interference, and the hostile atrocities of Costa Rica and the other barbarous "allies of England," by a suspension of our neutrality laws of 1818. Simply suspend these pro-European laws, until this class of unfriendly states—for whom they were expressly framed to serve—shall themselves respect the obligations of an honorable neutrality, and give us ample reparation for the past, and such guaranties for the future as will evermore secure the lives and interests of our citizens from a repetition of these outrages in our American waters and highways. WILLIAM L. CAZNEAU.

POSTCRIPT.

Dr. Shelton Mackenzie is now engaged in writing the Life of Henry Grattan, the Father of Irish Independence. It will include sketches of Grattan's illustrious contemporaries, with a strong infusion of anecdote. It will be published by Redfield, New-York, in one volume, to correspond with Dr. MacKenzie's edition of "The Life of Curran."

F. W. Pollard, A.M., will lecture before the Catholic Library Benefit Society, at Hope Chapel, on the 27th inst. The subject of the lecture has had an European reputation, unequalled, perhaps, in the annals of Church or State. The lecturer lifts the curtain which conceals from the common gaze the historic panorama of by-gone centuries, and brings forth one of the great bulwarks of the Church, the humbler of king's, the trampler upon royal privileges, Pope Gregory the Seventh—the great Hildebrand.

On Thursday evening, January 29, Doctor Ives will lecture at the Broadway Tabernacle on "Church and State charities," for the benefit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. It is a subject of deep interest to the community at large of interest to the philanthropist and the statesman, It involves questions that have been long debated by able men in both hemispheres. Apart from the ability of the learned and popular lecturer. and the intrinsic merits of the subject to be discussed, the charity to whose benefit the proceeds are to be appropriated cannot fail to attract a crowded audience.

The Royal Mail steamship has brought us dates from Europe to the 3d inst., being three days later than those received by the *Washington*. The Overland mail to England confirms the report of the bombardment of Canton by the English fleet. The U. S. ship *Portsmouth* had also opened her broadsides upon a Chinese fort in consequence of an insult upon the American flag. If England be determined to have a slice of China, in addition to her other Eastern appropriations, the United States are determined to have their own share also.

The Congress at Paris have re-assembled, and the Prussian-Swiss difficulty remained unsettled, but hopes were entertained of an adjustment without a resort to arms. The crumbling despots cannot afford to make war upon Republicanism, even in Europe. There is no other news of importance.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

AN ELECTION SCENE IN AUSTRALIA—ARISTOCRATS AND DEMOCRATS—AN APOTHECARY THEREABOUTS—THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH UPON WHEELS—FAT AND LEAN CELEBRITIES.

"Whose colors are these?"

"The blue, sir?"

"Yes," I continued, "whose are the blue?"

"Young Mr. Wagstaff's," said the hostler, "and his Committee-room's here, if you like to walk in."

"Presently, John."

"You'll have as much drink as you like, sir," said John, "if you'll only pin the blue rosette to your coat."

Saying which, John took a crumpled favor out of his waistcoat pocket, and, handing it to me, led off the pony (which had, by-the-by, a blue rosette under each ear,) to the stable.

The front door of the *Scotch Thistle* hung back, wide open. It was an unusual circumstance, and one denoting some great event; for, generally speaking, it was half closed; the entrance most used being the one in the gable-end, which led to the tap or bar-room. In the passage were prodigious signs of life. There were countless gentlemen in various costumes. Some in black broadcloth; others in blue flannel shirts; others in plaid shooting-jackets of different patterns. Some in shining silk hats of the latest importation; others in white felt wide-awakes; and a large proportion in knowing little straw hats, bound with black tape. But all were wearing the blue sash and blue rosette; and were tumbling out of one parlor and into another; and rushing up stairs and out to the yard at the back, where a great red coach was being put through a toilet worthy of the day.

Two strong partisans were knotting a number of streamers to the low iron railing of the roof; a postillion, in drab velveteen knee-breeches, was lashing the Union-Jack to the brass handle of the boot; whilst the old post-master of the village, with the assistance of the local coffin-maker and pound-keeper, was making fast a tall pole, with the flag of the Australian League mounted on it, to the back of the coachman's box. Sitting on the large stone trough, with his back against the pump, was Bill Cooper, the carpenter, shaping a cross-piece for a banner of white glazed calico, which bore the motto,

"Alexander conquered! So shall we."

And beyond, near the dog-house, (with the old dim-eyed mastiff, his chain quite slack, drowsily looking out with one eye across his nose at the entire proceeding) was Mr. Redwig, the barber, stuffing a red hunting-coat, and a pair of doe-skin knee-breeches with straw; and with such graceful auxiliaries as a cocked hat, a goose's wing, a pair of Hessian boots, very much worn at the heels, completing an effigy of his Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony—that distinguished officer, a great lover of field sports, being generally considered hostile to the interests of young Mr. Wagstaff.

Whilst these and other preparations were occupying the attention of the busy and excited parties in the yard at the back of the *Scotch Thistle*, the crowd in front of that hospitable establishment, and, indeed, all through the village, was growing more bulky and alarming every instant. Over the bridge—across the Macquarie river, and down the main road from Tunbridge, and in from the Bush, from beyond Beaufront, and Syndal, and Ellinthorpe—farmers, and sheep-owners, and shepherds, and sawyers, and kangaroo-hunters who had not been down in a settlement for a twelvemonth, and the wives and daughters of the wealthier settlers for miles round, were flocking in. Some in bullock-wagons, fitted up with cosy sofa-cushions and pillows for the ladies. Some in carriages, London built, with griffins and apes, and mermaids (all indicative of family descent) and other enigmas on the door panels. The carriages, for the most part, drawn by Bob, or Dick, or Towzer, the plough-horses; the fair occupants shining in ribbons and bonnets brought out from England by the last old London liner. Some again, in great old family gigs, or chaise-carts, or dog-carts. Most of the shepherds trudging through the sand and dust, in their steel-shod ankle-boots, smoking short black pipes, with red and yellow neckerchiefs swinging loosely about their broad brown throats and faces. The kangaroo-hunters afoot, too, in their coarse leather leggings, and brown jackets turned up with fur. And then, the young settlers, on their stock-hunters, swinging their heavy-lashed riding-whips, throwing their legs out of the stirrups—in the easiest, freest, wildest fashion, coming down upon the town. Young, handsome, hearty, daring fellows—fellows who could ride with a Cossack any day, and fear little to meet a Camanche with his rifle.

Then there is Mr. Gibson, the store-keeper, and "dealer in general merchandise" over the way, in his shirt-sleeves and spectacles, putting up his shutters, having made every other arrangement for a complete holiday. And there is old Tom Tucker, the blacksmith, locking up his forge, and bidding for a front seat in Billy Bolton's, the rich farmer's, four-wheeled gig, which had just pulled up to ask for letters at the post-office—the post-master having left his eldest daughter, Aloysius Josephine, in charge, for the day, of her Majesty's mail. And there is Mrs. Bolton herself, who always prefers riding, mounted on Poll, (Poll that has been on the farm at Jacob's Sugar Loaf these sixteen years)—the jolly old lady all in blue! Blue skirt, blue bodice, blue gloves, and a superabundance of blue ribbons in her bonnet—the bonnet being a dusky white beaver of capacious proportions.

Macduff, the baker, has a blue flag flying from the roof of his bakery, and so has the sexton of the Established Church, for young Mr. Wagstaff is one of the most respectable of the churchwardens; and so has Mrs. Cecilia Bunn, the Temperance lecturer, who, on Sunday evening last, delivered a most touching discourse in the vestry, concerning the three missionaries "that were baked," she said, "early last spring by the 'eathens of the Veegee hilands." Mrs. Cecilia Bunn is a widow (a widow these three months only), but, nevertheless, remains true to the principles of her ever-to-be-lamented and never-to-be-forgotten husband, whose principles were identical with those of Mr. Wagstaff—Mr. Wagstaff having employed Mr. Athanasius Bunn, as shoemaker, upwards of six years.

But the Wagstaff party has not entire and undisputed possession of the village, nor does the Wagstaff color prevail to the exclusion of every other.

At the further end of the street (the only street in the village) the Griffin party musters pretty strong. There is Mr. Clipper, the tombstone-cutter, for instance, out in his chaise-cart these two hours, with his wife and daughter and two sons. Mr. Clipper being the great organ of the Griffin party in the village and the surrounding country for a radius of two miles, the rest of the party wait for him to move on, before they think of it themselves.

There is Chester, the carrier, who wears cross-belts of red, and green, and yellow—the colors of Mr. Griffin, the Government candidate—and in front of his hat, just over the crape, (he's in mourning for his wife), displays an enormous cockade of the like complexions. The disconsolate but patriotic Chester has made up his mind to walk, for his best horse is lame since his last trip from Launceston, and the other wants shoeing; and old Tom Tucker, who enjoys a monopoly of the business, has sworn not to drive a nail for him till the election is over, and Wagstaff returned. Chester, though no speaker, is of vast service to his party. His accomplishments, as a long established ornament of the ring and cock-pit, are universally pronounced to be of a very high order; insomuch, indeed, that the public attribute his temporary absence in England to an injudicious exhibition of the same, some time during the Reform-bill agitation.

In one important element, however, the Government party is miserably deficient. It wants music. Wagstaff's committee has bought up every purchasable musician in the district, besides sending to Hobart Town for the Brothers of St. Cecilia, who, in marine blue jackets turned up with yellow, are destined presently to occupy, in full force and blast, the roof and back seats of the great red coach.

It is a grievous drawback for Griffin. Under the British Constitution, a band of music is an indispensable element in a parliamentary election. The nomination is dull without it; the contest ill-sustained; success impossible. The brightest lights of the British polling-booths and hustings have laid it down, that the chances of election are decidedly in favor of the party commanding the biggest drum.

Did time permit, it would be easy to dwell at some length upon the eminent advantages which, on such occasions, a band of music possesses, and the innumerable services, in various ways, it is competent to render. The instruments themselves are an invaluable addition to the force of enlightened opinion on either side, and, if skillfully employed, will be sure to elicit many notes and otherwise produce striking effects, far beyond their usual compass and attainment. I have seen an able and judicious drummer, somewhere in the south of Ireland, beat time effectively with the left drum-stick, whilst with the right hand he crushed the white hat and bewildered the brains of a portly Collector of the Port. A bassoon tightly grasped, is effective in a charge. The cymbals are speedily convertible into shields. Whilst a glance at one of the illustrations of the Pickwick Papers convinces us, that a good tenor trombone, pumped by a strong hand, is most effective in opening a passage or driving back a crowd.

With other elements of success, however, the Griffin party were well supplied. The district Constable was committed in their favor. The night before, he had, with his own hand, arrested and locked up three of Mr. Wagstaff's voters, insisting they were incapable of taking care of themselves, and recording that opinion in the fatal book, which, like the gates of the doleful region, lies open day and night for all such entries. In the eyes of many he seemed to bring the whole power of the law to bear against the interests of the Blue Cockade. Many, therefore, whose past careers peculiarly exposed them to his influence, were less enthusiastic in behalf of the Blue Cockade than they would otherwise have been; and some were known to compromise their principles and cheer against their convictions, when he was present or his approach announced.

Besides this formidable gentleman, the Griffins had secured the vote and countenance of the Medical Superintendent of the Government hospital and prison, and had also secured the vote and countenance of the Episcopalian chaplain attached to the same institutions.

The Medical Superintendent was a scholar, kept a gig, spoke precisely, and had danced at the Government House on three successive anniversaries of her Majesty's birth-day. In politics, a disciple of Mr. Canning, in religion, a staunch Romanist, in literature, a strict copyist of Dr. Blair, he was a model of moderation, morality and good taste. Republicanism he abhorred. On the floor of his hospital, he would have waved his last crutch and have died in bandages and blankets, protesting against the pernicious institutions of America. Delivered into his charge, with power to treat them as he thought fit, Cobbett, and Hunt, and other Radicals of that stamp, would have met with a fate similar to that of the Prisoner of Chillon, or Maroncelli at Speilberg. Raspail, Ledru Rollin, Kinkel, and all the more rapid progressionists of the revolutionary school, would have appropriately incurred a speedier fatality. Their mortal remains would have been, in a few days, devoted to the advancement of science. Given the colony to govern, this exemplary gentleman would have eclipsed the austere splendors of Dr. Francia, of Paraguay, and have left to Mr. Carlyle another instance of immutable severity to canonize.

As it was, his sphere and powers were unfortunately limited. His subjects were, for the most part, cripplers; and his disposable force, for carrying out his ideas of government, reduced to three watchmen, a matron, and a messenger.

His knowledge of the Scriptures (the Douay vesion) was pro-found—his knowledge of the Fathers no less profound. He took a deep interest in the Oxford movement, and had the Puseyite tracts all by heart. In controversy his efforts were incessant. Not a Bible-Meeting ever started in the colony, but the worthy doctor, putting on his spectacles, followed on the track. A dozen letters, pointed and barbed with the deadliest texts, tough with passages from Jerome and Tertulian, winged with the spirit of a Templar, went whizzing after the Chairman, and every other speaker on the occasion, through the columns (the gratuitous shooting-galleries) of some highly independent journal. On Sundays, he walked to mass, at the head of his numerous family, with an illuminated volume of hymns and meditations (bound in brass and brown velvet) in one hand, and a black walking-stick, embellished with the head of St. Dunstan, of Durham, in ivory, in the other. The Griffins had just reason to hail his accession to their ranks with the loudest canticles of joy.

The Chaplain was a man of a different type. The Doctor was thin—the Chaplain was fat. The Doctor was pale—the Chaplain was red. The Doctor above the middle height—the Chaplain five inches below it. Physic and poison, consumption and cholera, the chill of the winding-sheet, the constraint of the coffin—all were expressed in the former. Brown stout and beef, prodigious good health, the genial warmth of the English summer, all the choicest things (together with the powerful fragrance) of the English larder—all were blended in the latter. With divinity he was little troubled; still less with general literature; incomparably less with the love of the fine arts. He had the care of a motley flock; and he tended the lambs, and the ewes, and the wethers, with the easy punctuality with which the dull shepherds in the Bush watched over the sheep of a less celestial pasturage.

In early life he had broken his left leg—it had never been properly set—hence his walk was somewhat peculiar. His salary enabled him to purchase a pony phæton; enabled him, moreover, to keep a horse, a livery-servant, a coach-house and stable. The phæton was purchased at auction, and though very old and rusty, was sure and serviceable. It was a double gig, fitted up with a seat for two before, a seat for two behind, four wheels and two pair of springs. Before the Chaplain bought it, a Baronet of the United Kingdom owned it. For several years, the Baronet had been at the head of the Commissariat department of the colony, and having yearned at length for the white cliffs of his native land, had broken up his colonial household, and left his furniture and other chattels to be disposed of by auction. On the back panel of the phæton he left the heraldic Red Hand of his Order, flaming out through cracks and wrinkles. The Chaplain did not disturb it. He had an idea that it made him a Bishop.

On the morning of the election, a minute or two before the red coach turned out of the yard of the *Scotch Thistle*, the Chaplain turned the corner of the main street in his phæton, with his white horse before, and Tim, his livery-servant (a robber from Ceylon), in top-boots, drab coat, bulged hat and cockade, behind him. The white horse (he had a black tip to one ear, and a broad yellow patch on the right flank, as if from a burn) was covered with ribbons, special favors from Mr. Griffin himself. The horse, in fact, looked as if he had lost his head, and an entire milliner's shop was exuding from his throat. The Chaplain was embossed in ribbons; his whip bound round with ribbons; the splash-board of the gig festooned in like manner. As for the livery-servant! He was a perfect triumph of decorative art.

The Rev. Mr. Wilkins had to pass the *Scotch Thistle*. He did so rapidly, and through a storm of indignation.

"There goes the Bishop!" shouted the coffin-maker.

"Hurrah for Church and State" cried the post-master.

"How do you sell the ribbons?" roared the barber.

Tremendous cheers follow these exclamations, in the midst of which three dogs assail the white horse and phæton, and a large cauliflower hits the livery-servant between the shoulders. The Chaplain reserves his resentment for a more favorable opportunity. He continues his journey without stopping—flourishes the whip—cries out "Hurry on, Bob,"—whips Bob smartly—blushes and perspires furiously, and, without looking behind to see if the robber from Ceylon is safe, rattles down the street, amid the waving of hostile blue banners, and the beating of drums, and the most opprobrious outcries, and a squall of cauliflowers, turnips, deceased cats, and other ignoble missives. Greatly disturbed in mind and body, he arrives at Griffin's head-quarters—the decorated robber from Ceylon doubled up, half dead, behind.

The Medical Superintendent, more provident than the Chaplain, evades the main street by a circuitous route of half a mile; coming upon the ground the same moment as his dearly beloved brother, but in a far more stylish turn-out, and a serener condition of mind and shirt-collar. The Griffins receive him with loud cheers. He acknowledges the cheers with a sedate bow, and a painful smile. The Clergyman is too bewildered to return the compliments intended for him.

Some few other distinguished people having joined them, the friends of the Government candidate, after a good deal of picturesque disorder, fell into column, and headed by the Medical Superintendent and Chaplain in their respective gigs, proceeded to Campbell Town, a distance of six miles, at which place the election was authorized, by royal proclamation, to take place. In the absence of instrumental music, they enlivened themselves with copious whistling and shouting—*Rule Britannia* and *Nix my Dolly* being the anthems in which they most joyously indulged.

In the meanwhile, young Wagstaff's party hed been mustering fresh forces. The red coach had turned out with six gray horses in front of the *Scotch Thistle*. The Brothers of St. Cecilia had taken their seats. The most stirring airs had already roused to the highest point of exultation the adherents of the blue cockade. Bill Cooper, the carpenter, had completed the banner on which he had been at work, near the pump in the stable-yard; and with the inspiring intimation on it, that as Alexander conquered so should Wagstaff, it now flapped in the light breeze,

borne by a brawny bullock-drover from Mona Vale, amid "the fluttering of kindred devices and the cheers of thousands." So, at all events, the Campbell Town correspondent of the Launceston *Wallaby* stated in his letter three days after the election.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LE DERNIER ADIEU DU SOLDAT.

From the French of Jack Hinton the Guardsman.

[Our clever correspondent says he does not know the author of the French song of which he transmits the following spirited translation. Lever gives it in *Jack Hinton* as characteristic of the French in its uniting deep pathos with heartless recklessness of tone.]

Rose, this letter will inform you,
There is need of no alarm;
The French army is victorious,
Although I have lost an arm.
We have gained in glorious battles
Broken bones in each attack,
Captured arms and ammunition,
Of which two balls are in my back.

I inclose ten francs the surgeon
Gave to me to-day in bed,
Which he paid me for my body
For a "subject" when I'm dead.
As my Rose must lose her lover,
I shall die a happy elf,
As I know she'll have my value,
When she will not have myself.

I hope in God my poor old mother—
Who was in a dying way,
When I left her, now is sleeping
Calmly in her bed of clay.
'Twould break my heart if she were living,
With her love for me so great,
Ah! the shock of grief would kill her
At her son's untimely fate.

Take good care of, dearest Rosy,
My good faithful dog for one,
Never breathe a word unto him
That his master's dead and gone.
How he'd jump at my returning
Home, a corporal so fine;
If he knew he'd never see me,
Like a fool he'd whine and pine.

There is one thing sadly grieves me—
Dying in a foreign land:
When we die among our kindred,
Friends in sorrow press our hand,
And our names in village churchyard
Carve upon a wooden cross,
Where sometimes the kindly peasant
Comes to pray and weep our loss.

Adieu, Rose adieu, take courage,
Don't, for my sake, yield to woe,
Tho' the regiment now enrolls me
Ne'er again will let me go.
There go all things round me turning—
Ah! 'tis past—no more I see—
I'm receiving marching orders—
Farewell, Rose, remember me.

Phila. GARRYOWEN.

THE DRUID'S PROPHECY.

"Caicer the Druid, a famous prophet among them, foretold long before, that their (the Gadelian's) descendants, should be possessed of the most westerly country of Europe."—*Keating.*

"Far to the westward, rests an isle,
Of verdure bright and beauty fair;
From morn till eve the sunbeams' smile,
In balmy fragrance loads the air;
Clear, cool, and bright, the countless streams
Through verdant meadows seek the tide—
With flowering shrubs, the land of dreams
Blossoms and blooms on every side:
Clear inland seas reflect the hills,
The mountain peak and towering crag;
Through vales all musical with rills,
In careless freedom bounds the stag.
This isle, so rich in Nature's charms,
Is yours to conquer and possess.
O'er the dark Danan's* mystic arms
Shall flash the swords of righteousness,
And from your loins a race shall spring,
Whose fame through distant lands shall ring.
For valor, truth, and wisdom's smile
Shall light this consecrated isle;
While countless generations boast
The deeds of famed Gadelian sires,
Their might and prowess fondly toast,
Till Time grows old and Memory tires."

'Twas thus the Druid seer foretold,
To Scota's† sons their destined home;
Then launched their barks those warriors bold,
And steered into the trackless foam.
A westward course the chiefs pursue,
Till joy lights up the fearless band,
When to their distant watchful view,
Appears the green and beauteous land:
They joyous shout, "'Tis Innisfail!"
'Home of the fearless and the free!"
With rapture crowd the fluttering sail,
That bears them on to victory. KINCORA.

* The Fautha de Danans dealt in magic.

† Scota—the wife of Milesius, and mother of the Scoto—Milesian conquerors of Ireland.

NEW MEXICO.

El Gringo; or, New Mexico and her people. By W. W. Davis, late United States Attorney. *Harper & Brothers.*

Mr. Davis remarks there is no country protected by our flag and subject to our laws so little known to the people of the United States as the Territory of New Mexico. Those who will give this entertaining volume a careful perusal, will at once perceive the interesting nature of the subject and receive sufficient information on it as will in future obviate the want, to meet which the Author has devoted his knowledge and resources. The work is an authority, being mainly written from a diary kept by Mr. Davis during a residence of two and a half years in the Territory. In addition, the historical portions are almost wholly obtained from official records in the office of the Secretary of the Territory at Santa Fé. The illustrations are from drawings by Brevet Lieut. Col. Eaton, U. S. A., on duty in the Territory, and F. A. Percy, Esq., of El Paso, Texas.

New Mexico embraces an area of two hundred and seven thousand square miles; its boundaries being Utah and Kansas on the North, Texas and Mexico on the South, Arkansas River on the East, and the Colorado on the West. The Territory was obtained from Mexico by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, with the exception of a strip on the southern border purchased under the Gadsden Treaty. The physical formation, says Mr. Davis, "is a type of the whole of that extensive region known as the great American Central Basin, whose distinguishing features are extensive and arid plains, lofty and barren mountains, and narrow valleys along the water-courses. The middle portion is drained by the Rio del Norte and its branches, and the other principal streams are the eastern tributaries of the Colorado, and some of the western tributaries of the Arkansas."

This country was first known to the Spaniards of Southern Mexico about the year 1530. An Indian in the employ of Naño de Guzman, Governor of New Spain, attracted attention by the marvellous accounts of an extensive and rich country on the north with which, he stated, his father had formerly traded. He raised the adventurous ambition of the Spaniards by his descriptions of the country which contained, he said, seven large and beautiful cities, and abounded in precious metals.

Mr. Davis gives a short but interesting record of the early expeditions of exploration in the "country of the seven cities," which we must pass over to the year 1581, when Augustin Ruiz, a Franciscan Missionary having been murdered by the natives, the Viceroy of Mexico despatched Don Antonio Espejo with men and provisions to protect the missions. The accounts transmitted by Espejo, led the Viceroy to determine upon the permanent colonization of the settlement.

Mr. Davis translates the following passage from De Larenandière's *History of Mexico*, which gives a comprehensive view of the manners and customs of the people at the time of Espejo's expedition:

"The people were somewhat advanced toward civilization, with many manners and customs similar to those of the Aztec. Many of the men and women wore long gowns of cotton, tastefully painted, and some had coats of cloth colored with blue and white, similar to the manner of the Chinese. They were adorned with feathers of different colors. One of the chiefs gave him four thousand bolls of cotton. One of the tribes, called Jumanes, painted the face, arms, and legs in ridiculous figures. Their arms were great bows, with arrows terminated with sharp-pointed stones, very hard, and wooden swords armed on both sides with sharp-cutting stones, similar to the swords of the Aztecs. The latter they use with great dexterity, and could cut a man's body in two at a single blow. Their shields were covered with untanned bull-hide. Some of the nations lived in houses of stone four stories high, and walls very thick to keep out the cold of winter. Other slept under tents during the heat of summer, or lived in them all the year. There were found villages where luxury and comforts were noted. The houses were whitewashed, and the walls covered with pictures. The inhabitants used rich mantles with similar pictures, and subsisted on good flesh and corn-bread. Other tribes were somewhat more savage: they covered themselves with skins of animals, the product of the chase, and the flesh of the mountain bull was their principal food. Those nearest to the banks of the Del Norte, whose fields appeared well cultivated, obeyed chiefs whose orders were announced by public criers. In the pueblos of all the Indians were seen a multitude of idols, and in each house there was a chapel dedicated to the genius of mischief. They represented, by means of pictures, the sun, moon, and stars as principal objects of their worship. When they saw the Spanish horses for the first time they were no less astonished than the Mexicans, and were on the point of worshipping them as superior beings. They subsisted them in their most beautiful houses, and entreated them to accept the best they had. There were found in that great region abundant harvests of corn, flax similar to that of Europe, vines loaded with grapes, and beautiful forests filled with buffaloes, deer, stags, and every species of game."

The Viceroy therefore furnished an expedition to aid Espejo, at the head of which he placed Don Juan de Oñate, a native of Zacatecas, a man of note in his day, and the originator of the *idea* of planting colonies in New Mexico; but whether he moved in the matter before or after he conducted the re-inforcements for the protection of the missions, Mr. Davis has not been able to determine.

Oñate, however, presented a petition, dated September 21, 1595, asking permission to colonize; pledging himself to introduce "two hundred soldiers, horses, cattle, merchandize, and agricultural implements" into the country. He demanded as remuneration large grants of land, the ennobling of his family, a heavy loan of money, a fat salary, arms and ammunition, a supply of "six priests with a full complement of books, ornaments, and church accoutrements," and the right to reduce the natives to obedience. The petition, with some curtailment of its most extravagant demands, was granted.

The first mission was established at a place called El Zeguayo, and up to the year 1608, eight thousand Indians had been baptized. With the desire for gold, so characteristic of the Spanish pioneers, agriculture was neglected; mines were discovered in which the Indians were compelled to drag out a miserable existence from year to year. Oñate obliged them to embrace his religion, and in a short time the ancient rites were prohibited, the temples closed, the heathen gods destroyed. Several unsuccessful attempts at rebellion followed, until the year 1680 when an able and eloquent Indian of the pueblo of Taos, named Popé, united all the villages for a general rising. The Indians, although betrayed two days before the appointed time, succeeded in laying waste the country, in hunting the Spaniards from Santa Fé, which they occupied, and in rëestablishing their own religion. The following year an expedition under Governor Otermin, failed. The war continued for several years, and it was not until 1693 that the Spaniards under Bargas, regained possession, and until 1698 that the Indians were completely reduced. The history of New Mexico since, is the history of all the Spanish possessions—Indian warfare, domestic tyranny, internal conspiracies, fruitless revolution.

For a series of very bright and picturesque chapters on the manners and customs of the people, the natural outlines and resources, and many interesting, historical, and personal sketches, we must refer to Mr. Davis' book.

Tit for Tat. A novel by a Lady of New-Orleans—Fourth edition. *Garrett, Dick and Fitzgerald.*

To call the attention of those tender-hearted creatures who shed unmeaning tears on the pages of "*Uncle Tom*," to the barbarous cruelty of allowing human beings scarcely more than infants, to climb chimneys for the purpose of abusing them, is the object of this work. Here is more food to nurse their susceptible natures; for although these little slaves were originally white, they are soon black enough not to be excluded from the sympathy of the scrupulous Lady Stafford and those who harmonize their emotions with her. That those "chummies" or "chimney-sweepers," are however, excluded from the tender mercies of philanthropic English Dukes and Duchesses, the author of this book sets himself out to show. These benevolent people are too busy with Mrs. Stowe and the Black Swan. They are so deafened with shrieks for freedom three thousand miles away, that they have no ears for the wretched children who shriek for relief from torture on their own very hearth-stones. "Tit for Tat" is founded on fact, and created a sensation when published in England. The author acknowledges her obligations to the entire press of Scotland for its endorsement of her statements, and expresses her gratitude to the English Press for its unmitigated abuse. The London *Athenæum*, attributing the work to an American in London, and being slightly overbalanced by dogmatism and vanity, presumed to make such allusions as led to a suit for slander, in which the paper was forced to make a public apology and pay costs.

The author has from infancy believed that "the English Press could see no wrongs" to poor humanity, save such as were inflicted outside of Her Majesty's dominions; that if suffering from famine, it would cry, "This is a land of plenty," and that while injustice, oppression and cruelty stalks through the land, it blindfolds itself with a bandage it calls the British Constitution, which it looks upon as a sort of disinfecting fluid, against all social evils."

It will be seen that the author's opinions, so early formed, and so boldly luminated, recommends her book to a candid perusal.

The political and benevolent assumption of the British, is flung back to the necessities for it "at home," where charity ought always to begin; the facts of that wretched class of black beings, in illustrations of whose tortures the work is written, are woven into the details of a story of English fashionable life. Some well-known people are struck off under characteristic titles; and the *story* in terests a reader as a story. As a specimen of the author's style, we make an extract. A poor little "chummy" is stuck in a chimney. An attempt has been made to extricate him in vain; and the master-sweep is requested to try once more.

"Well, I will, sir; but I don't know how to manage it. When I was up last time, I hung to the young beggar's feet the whole of my weight, and that didn't pull him away. Perhaps you'll be kind enough when I sings out, to catch hold of my feet and hang on to me, and I will hang on to his, and that will be two men's weight hanging on to him. If that doesn't pull him down, nothing will."

"Very well. Up you go, then," said Mr. Hammersley.

And once more Tom went up the chimney, and, having arrived at the "strait place" where the unhappy Sam had stuck fast, he grasped in his relentless paws the little, slender, emaciated legs of this poor child. Then hanging the whole of his herculean body with its full weight to them, and finding that the poor, delicate child was not moved by it, he sung out, "Now, hang on me, below there, carpenter."

Quick at the word, the carpenter, a full-sized man, stepping up into the chimney and catching hold of Tom's foot, hung to him.

"Oh! oh! oh!" screeched the poor little creature, torn by this terrific violence, bleeding, bruised, and mangled by the sharp edges of the bricks, between which he had stuck.

"Hurra! he's giving way! Here he comes," cried Tom, and, with a violent sound, down all three came rolling into the grate.

"Pick him up—pick him up," said Mr. Hammersley.

Well might he say, "Pick him up!" Taking the poor child in their arms, streaming with blood, cut, insensible, and the life all but crushed out of him, they laid him on the kitchen-floor and sent for a surgeon.*

In a few minutes the surgeon came.

"You must take this case to the hospital," said he. "Do what we can for it, there's very little hope, and be as quick in taking him there as possible."

"Please, sir, hospitals won't admit sweeps, sir," said Tom.

"No, they won't as general patients; but this is a case of acci-

*For the harrowing details of this case, Samuel Whitt, see Lords' evidence, Answer 216, in Appendix.

dent—violent death. They will take this child in under the circumstances. Put him into your donkey-cart, and drive him off directly, and I will run beside you."

Once more the donkey-cart came into requisition, and Sam, who had so lately sat there, in life, but not in health, was carried—a fainting, insensible, bruised, torn, mangled apology for humanity—into the accident ward, where, before long, he ceased to enable his fellow-man to trade upon his mortal agonies.

Tom waited near the hospital until the porter came out, and told him that "his boy was dead."

When, getting into his cart without a word, he drove off slowly, saying, as he drove away, "Well, I'm blowed if I arn't down upon my luck! What does the boy mean by dying off in this way?"

"Ah, what did they mean, Richard Cobden? What did they mean, John Bright—Arthur Roebuck, of Sheffield, immaculate member!—Hastie, honorable member for Glasgow—Phinn, thou learned and liberal member for Bath—Hutchins, thou oracle of Lymington—and Bass, thou pale maltster for Derby? What did they mean? You, perhaps, can explain—you who threw out the bill for the relief of these poor wretches? Perhaps you will be good enough to explain to the British public what did they mean. Perhaps you will explain to the American nation what they meant by dying off in this most inconsiderate manner—little helpless wretches of eleven years of age! No! Will you not explain—at present? Perhaps, most honorable member of the House of Commons, you will prefer explaining this interesting matter to the English mothers of your constituencies at the next general election—and also the claim it gives you to their votes and confidence, and the honor you have brought upon your country by your conduct in Parliament!

We doubt if the work is written by a "Lady of New-Orleans," or any other lady; not that we mean to say that it is too well done for a woman; but that it bears those marks which rather inform us of a male hand in the book; at the same time that the dialogues between the fashionable ladies in London are written with a great deal of womanly knowledge of the weaknesses of her sex.

A NEW WORK FOR CARPENTERS.

The "American House-Carpenters' and Joiners' Assistant," by Lucius D. Gould, architect, Newark, must be of immense value to those for whose benefit it was undertaken. The book—which is a handsome quarto, illustrated with no less than forty-four pages of fine engravings of plans, sections, instruments, &c.—embraces a new and easy system of lines for cutting every description of joints, invented by Mr. Gould, and founded on geometrical principles; a new system of stair-building which certainly possesses the rare recommendation of being comprehensible and even interesting, on geometrical grounds, to one not used to handle "edge tools." The author also gives a complete treatise on mathematical instruments, mensuration, the weights and cohesive strength of the several materials used in the construction of buildings, &c.

Mr. Gould's object in publishing this elegant work is to furnish House-Carpenters with practical directions necessary for their occupation, lessening its labors, at the same time making the duty more intellectual. We think the author deserving of the best thanks of all people engaged in the business. He says "many a journeyman carpenter has found himself suddenly thrown out of employment, simply because he was ignorant of the rules by which he could perform some required task." To "post up" such individual sthe work is invaluable.

For more than twenty years, the author has applied the rules he now gives to the world, to the framing and connecting of timbers, the constructing of roofs, the mitring of planes and irregular surfaces at any angle, the mitring of circles, and to finding the joints in every variety of splayed work—thus the work has the stamp of experienced authority to recommend it. It is published by Ivison & Phinney.

A volume, entitled "Leoni di Monota and Other Poems. By James Barron Hope," has appeared in Philadelphia. The author, we learn is a Virginian. A correspondent of the Richmond *Examiner* says of the principal poem, "It is a dark tale of revenge and death, which will compare very well with Byron's Parisina. The interest of the legend commences at once and does not flag to the last line. The diction is smooth and polished, and many of the passages are highly poetical." Of the smaller pieces, the same writer says, "some of them are exquisite." Strong praise which may or may not be warranted for all we know up here. If Alexander Smith or Belshazzar Brown, or Hannibal Jones, or Nebuchadnezzar Robinson, or any cousin-german—or German cozen—of John Bull's family, writes on Life-Dramas, or Drams of Life, we are sure to know all about him, thanks to the publishing machinery that exalts frenzied versifiers into "new poets." In these matters, our critics are inclined to be generous before they are just. A young Virginian is surely not less entitled to the courtesies of the press than a young Englishman, Scotchman or Irishman. Let him be judged by his merits. If he is a poet, drag him out then. If the contrary, prove it, and squelch him.

Attention has been directed to another poetic publication, by the appreciative critic of the *New-York Daily News*. "The Arctic Queen," is the title of an "epic and heroic poem" of fifty-two pages, which has been received at the office of that journal. The most remarkable thing about it, next of course to the intrinsic merit of the production, is, that it is unhonored by the author's name, unadorned by title-page, and unindorsed by a publisher. The *Daily News* devotes nearly two colums to a review of the poem, and gives several extracts, which exhibit great force and picturesqueness of diction. The *Daily News* critic is probably a little excited on the matter, but he has the advantage of writing under the inspiration of the entire production; and we are willing to give him full credit for the generosity he exhibits in making so prominent a feature of what he believes to be good, even though by an unknown and unindorsed writer. It is clear, however, that the author of "The Arctic Queen" is by no means a "new hand." Our daily cotemporary and namesake talks thus:—"We are not aware of any recent production of the kind which surpasses it; and there are many passages in it which have few equals in any language. Germanic in its conception, and full of fabulous and mythical, yet perfect and tangible creations, the beautiful and startling grandeur of the author's handiwork calls to mind—as if it were the unconscious concentration and perfection of all of them—the heroic legends of Scandinavia and the universal North, holds one captive by the witchery of its transcendent portraiture of nature in her most awful aspects, and human life in all its depth of passion and height of aspiration."

A NEW-YEAR'S COGITATIONS.

The Baton Rouge *Advocate* publishes the following "off-hand and take-off" address for the new year, in which the author sums up the labors of the press and the multitudinous demands upon the moral and physical resources of its conductors in keeping pace with the politics, ethics, inventions, costumes, amusements, men, women, children, writers, fighters, and humbugs of the day. The author is an old friend, "Shamrock," (Dr. R. D. Williams), who—as the editor of the *Advocate* says—"wrote himself into notoriety and Newgate in the short space of four weeks very snugly," in Dublin, in '48:

The joyous Christmas brings to all repose—
A pause to sorrow, and a balm for woes;
All bosoms glow with gratitude and mirth
Once more to celebrate the Saviour's birth.
Man for a season shakes off earthly dust,
And he is generous who was scarcely just.
At such a time our simple words may win
That audience vainly sought amid the din
Of business, politics, ambition, strife,
That daily checquer the routine of life.
Thro' fiery heat, thro' storm, or rain, or snow,
From door to door, we silent gliding go;
Scarce named or heard, despite the gems we bring,
Like those who dive for pearls to crown a king.
Yet think of all we daily lay before
The lawyer's office and the merchant's store,
To soothe, instruct, amuse, inspire, adorn—
In peace advise, in public danger warn.
Glance at the page we drop within your door,
With varied chronicles illumin'd o'er.
Lo! speeches, leeches, articles and guns,
The price of cotton, the most pungent puns;
Electric telegraphs and talma cloaks,
A Sumner scarified, a score of jokes;
Some northern mania—table-knocking witches,
Men turned old women, women sporting breeches;
Rifles and Kansas, Mormonism, Greeley,
And Freedom-shriekers using "Free-love" freely.
See warlike parsons, 'stead of David's harp,
Lauding the organ patented by Sharpe,
With stranger antics of that land where still,
A new religion or a newer pill
Is surest road to affluence and fame,
And pigeon-plucking is the general game.
See, on a throne of wooden nutmegs stands
The goddess Humbug! At her false right hand
Great Barnum leers and winks, profane and coarse,
But devilish pious on his woolly horse.
Hear canting Beechers and tuft-hunting Stowes
Howl o'er the South's imaginary woes,
While thirty thousand girls in cold New-York,
Starve on four cents for sixteen hours of work!
Or seek, despairing. the remorseless tide,
The lapse of virtue, famine-struck, to hide!
There's "News from Walker," "Thugs in NewOrleans,'
Critiques before and rows behind the scenes;
Picnics, explosions, engines off the track,
A broken banker and a broken back;
Stump speakers, quacks, new hair-dyes and buffoons,
The fall of stocks, ascension of balloons;
"Militia muster," "Freemen's grand procession,
Collapse of hoops, a "Murderer's whole confession;"
A song, a sermon, Congress fights in session;
Tales, crimes, and accidents; "Despair and Mirth,"
"Gigantic skeletons," "Astounding Birth."
Fantastic fashions, marriages and death—
Regattas, races, skirts of awful breadth—
"A Buried City," the "Artesian Well"—
"A diplomat bamboozled by a Belle!'
Monongahela—Temperance—Splendid Boat—
"Arrest of forgers"—"Strayed, John Tompkin's goat;"
"A lady's bracelet lost or else mislaid,"
"Hurrah for Buck!" "Rip Sam!" and "Who's afraid!"
"New tax on chambers," and "decline of trade"—
"Last dodge of Palmerston," "the Czar's ukase,"
"Hell frozen out!" "All Europe in a blaze!"
"Sam Slick on *Natur*"—"Barnum's latest bam;"
"Chaotic Emerson"—"Carlyle on Sham."
All these and more, a hundred-fold we lay
Before the expecting public every day;
Bringing daguerreotypes of all that passes,
Whether concerning emperors or asses.
Surely the workers who supply the mind
With banquets bounteous, varied and refined,
In storm or sunshine, through the long year's round,
At this glad season will be worthy found
To share the fairy gifts and golden sand
Which Santa Claus is showering o'er the land.
Meanwhile we wish you from our hearts sincere,
A happy Christmas and a glad New-Year!

A glass has been discovered at Pompeii about the size of a crown piece, with the convexity which leads to the supposition that it is a magnifying lens. Now, it has been said that the ancients were not aware of this power, and the invention is given to Galileo by some, to a Dutchman in 1621 by others, while a compound microscope is attributed to one Fontana, in the 17th century. But without a magnifying glass, how did the Greeks and Romans work those fine gems which the human eye is unable to read without the assistance of a glass? There is one in the Naples Royal Collection, for example, the legend of which it is impossible to read without a magnifying glass.

M. Michelot, the celebrated comedian of the Theatre Français, died at his residence at Passy, in his 71st year. Mitchelot was with Talma, Fleury, and Mesdesmoiselles Duchesnois, Mars, and Georges, one of the glories of the French stage. He was equally successful in tragedy and comedy. His last great characters were the *Jeune Marie* in *Henri III*, and *Don Carlos* in *Hernani*.

The National Academy of Design has engaged its old rooms at No. 663 Broadway, for its next annual Exhibition, the thirty-second of the institution. The exhibition will open in May. T. S. Cummings, the artist, is engaged in writing the history of the Academy. Of the twenty-five artists who in 1825 were the founders of this institution, only five are now living.

Literary and Artistic News.

Sculptors in Rome.

From a letter by a sojourner in the Eternal City, we make some interesting extracts.

In one of the quiet streets leading into the Babuino, in the midst of a dreary expanse of blind wall, there is a *porte-chère*, with the word "Gibson" printed on it. Pulling the bell, the door soon opened, and revealed a little bit of fairy-land, forming a complete contrast to the dull and sleepy street outside. From amidst gleaming marble statues, we looked into a courtyard-garden, where the spray of the fountain was discernible amidst camelias rising to a tree-like height, orange flowers and roses. In sheds opening into this, the workmen were busy on statues in every stage of being, from the shapeless block of marble, to the perfect figure they were now cording in the packing-case which was to go to England to-morrow. Mr. Gibson soon came, all courtesy and kindness, as truly all the Roman artists are in showing their works to strangers. Nothing could be more obliging than the way in which he showed us his beautiful productions, and his explanations and descriptions were particularly valuable, as coming from the acknowledged head of living English sculptors. He is a Welshman by birth, but has been so long at Rome, (thirty-five years), that he speaks English with a foreign accent, and is little acquainted with his own country. He is not tall, has black hair turning iron-gray, piercing black eyes that look right at you, a low voice, and quick sharp manner. His conversation is extremely amusing; the words came forth in a continuous stream, seasoned with odd pithy sayings and a vein of satire. I was glad to see that he was dressed like a gentleman, and in this particular he does not give way to the vagaries of ordinary artists.

After showing us some statues, chiefly portrait-busts, which were just going off, he took us to another room to see the great work he was then engaged on. This was the colossal statue of the Queen, seated in a chair of state, with Justice and Clemency on each side. It is intended for the House of Lords. The figure is exceedingly graceful and dignified, and the face a very good likeness.

He was kind enough to explain the process of statue-making, which was rather more in the manufactory line than I expected, so different from the work of a painter, who has to do everything himself—the sculptor, on the contrary, takes very little charge of the marble. He begins by making the original model in clay, and then his work is pretty nearly over—at the beginning, as we should say, and he has then only to overlook and direct the workmen. From the clay-model a plaster-of-Paris cast is taken, and then the block of marble being selected, some of the men begin by roughly chiseling it into the general idea of the figure or group. When this is done, other and more skilful workmen proceed with careful measuring, and by degrees to make it exactly like the cast—the skill employed being of a higher character as it nears completion. "Look at that man," said Gibson, "he does nothing but the crown and ornaments: he is a very delicate worker." Thus the finished statue becomes a very costly thing, not only because of the expensiveness of the material, but also from the amount of labor bestowed on it. The sculptor comes at last, chisel in hand, to survey the completed work, and to give the last touches. It is evident that any number of copies may be made equally well from one clay-model; and in the studios, frequent repetitions of the same subject are seen. Mr. Gibson now took us into a room apart, where his *chefs-d'œuvre* are, to show us a statue we had heard talked of ever since we had been at Rome—his colored Venus, evidently the pride and darling of his heart. It is a Venus victrix, with the apple in her hand—truly a noble statue. The coloring is very, very slight—a faint flesh tint; a suspicion of gold in the hair, and tinge of red in the lips; the eyes are blue. It is undeniably an improvement there, for it gives life to the eye. Of course, it approaches nearer to life than the pure white we are accustomed to see; but there is something strange and unearthly in it. Gibson turned it round on the pedestal for us to see, and told the motives that had induced him to make the experiment, chiefly the example of the ancient Greeks who, he said, invariably colored their statues as well as their buildings. He spoke almost with pleasure of the violent opposition he was encountering from his brethren in the art, and seemed quite certain of eventually triumphing over all opposition, and that his method would be generally adopted.

The Queen's statue is to be colored, for she had given him permission to do as he liked. It will be the first of the kind seen in England. In the same room, there was a beautiful bas relief, the marriage of Cupid and Psyche. Such sweet faces! It was the duplicate, he told us, of one in the prince's possession, and had been ordered by the Queen as a birthday surprise for him. The generosity with which Gibson spoke of other artists was very pleasant. On taking leave, he gave us the address of Mr. Spence, a rising young artist, whose studio was close by, and we proceeded there.

The principal statue here was Highland Mary, which is very popular, and of which we saw several copies in different stages of development. There was an engraving of this in the *Art Journal* a few years ago. It represents the well-known scene of the parting, so familiar in painting, though this is the only instance in statuary: "The lovers met in a sequestered spot, near the banks of the Ayr, one standing on each side of a small brook, in which they laved their hands, and holding a Bible between them, they swore to be faithful to each other." The story is well told: the sweet Scotch lassie stands with a plaid over her head, the Bible clasped in her hand, and in her face, slightly bent forward, is the sad shadow of approaching doom, as she thinks of the lover she is never to see again, while a thistle in the rock at her feet marks the spot as Scottish ground. There was, too, an interesting monumental statue, or rather its plaster-cast—we saw the original a few days afterwards, in the burial ground which lies so pleasantly in the shadow of the Aurelian walls and the pyramid of Cestius. It is erected to the memory of an English officer, who died at Rome, and is hewn in stone.

We were anxious to see the studio of an Italian sculptor, to contrast the works of native artists with those of our countrymen. We were told that one of the first artists now living was Benzoni, and we found his works well worth seeing. He is a tall and handsome man, dressed in exactly the same way as his workmen; he kindly showed us round, describing the different statues in beautiful language. He seems a man of a devout and religious spirit. His allegorical figures of Religion with the Gospel, is thoroughly Christian in sentiment. Many of his productions are in England; among others, some copies of his beautiful Eve. He spoke of his early years, and pointing to a touching group of an old man raising a forlorn and tattered child, said he had sculptured it as a grateful memento of the support afforded him during his obscurity by a wealthy marchese. Benzoni excels in children. Few who saw the Great Exhibition in 1851, can forget two groups of his there, though possibly they may not remember the sculptor's name. I allude to Fidelity, the dog protecting the sleeping child from the snake; Gratitude, the same child taking a thorn from the dog's foot. These were portraits; and though merely trifles of art as compared with some of its grander inspirations, they attracted as much attention by

their grace and ease as any sculpture in the Exhibition. The morning's pleasant occupation left us with the impression that sculpture is in a very promising state at Rome. It is true that there is no one name prëeminent, as Thorwaldsen's was some years ago; still the works now produced may vie with those of any age in modern times.

Some old Mortality has been roaming the graves of the Poets. He tells us that Chaucer was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey, *without* the building, but removed to the south aisle in 1555; Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gray, Sheridan and Campell, all lie in Westminster Abbey. Shakspeare as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles' in the Fields; Marlowe in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger in the churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donns in old St. Paul's; Edm Waller in Beaconfield churchyard; Milton in the churchyard of St. Giles, Cripplegate; Butler in the churchyard of Paul's Covent Garden; Osway no one knows where; Garth in the church at Harrow; Pope in the church at Tickenham; Swift in the St. Patrick's, Dublin; Savage in the churchyard of St. Peter's Bristol; Parcell at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin; Dr. Young, at Walwyn, in Hertfordshire, of which place he was the rector; Thompson, in the churchyard at Richmond, in Surrey; Collins, in St. Andrew's church at Chichester; Gray, in the churchyard at Stoke-Pogis, where he conceived his Elegy; Goldsmith, in the churchyard of the Temple church; Falconer, at sea, with 'all ocean for his grave;' Churchill, in the churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the church at Dereham; Chatterton, in a churchyard belonging to the parish of St. Andrews, Holborn; Burns, in St. Michael's churchyard, Dumfries; Byron, in the church at Hucknall, near Newstead; Crabbe at Trowbridge; Coleridge in the church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott in Dryburgh Abbey; Southey in Crossthwaite church, near Keswick; Shelley 'beneath one of the antique wood-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome;' and Keats beside him, 'under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius.'

It will be remembered, says the *Mining Journal*, that in 1854 Dr. Sullivan, the chemist to the Museum of Irish Industry, made a careful inspection of the works of the Irish Peat Company at Kilberry, and published an elaborate report upon the products of the elaborate distillation of peat. In that report it was stated that a proposition had been made for preparing paraffine from the tar, which was one of the resulting products, and for obtaining from the aqueous liquor naptha, sulphate of ammonia, and acetate of lime. In the separation and purification of these products heat would naturally play a very important part, and a considerable quantity of fuel would be required, but by a very happy arrangement the fuel would be supplied by the gases which would otherwise be wasted. These waste gases it was proposed to employ as the sole fuel for raising steam to work the blowing cylinders for distilling the tar, in the purification of the oils and paraffine, and in the separation of the other products. It was anticipated that the paraffine could be advantageously used as a substitute for spermaceti in the manufacture of candles and a number of marketable oils. So far as regards the manufacture of candles, considerable difficulties were experienced in obtaining the requisite amount of whiteness and transparency. Messrs. Field, however, have succeeded in overcoming all obstacles, and were enabled at the recent meeting of the Irish Peat Company to exhibit candles made from the paraffine produced by that company, which had every appearance of the most superior sperm, whilst it is believed that they can be manufactured at a much lower price. The paraffine oil, which appears to be solid paraffine dissolved in an isomeric oil, is a highly valuable lubricator for machinery, and is coming into extensive use in the manufacturing districts.

The chair of archæology in the University of the Sapientia, vacant by the death of M. Orioli, has been filled up by the appointment of the Commander H. Visconti, a name well known. M. Visconti is a Commissioner of Antiquities, and Permanent Secretary of the Pontifical Academy of Archæology, and it is under his direction that the excavations at Ostia and the restoration of the Basilias of St. Alexander are being carried out.

The *Nottingham Review* states that steps are being taken to erect a monument to the late Fergus O'Connor, in the form of a statue, which will be a perfect representation of Mr. O'Connor, as he appeared in the place of O'Connorville.

Mr. Burke, proprietor of the Cork Theatre has presented Miss Lucy Escott with a splendid bracelet, in testimony of her high genius as a member of the National Opera Company.

Lord Palmerston has granted Mrs. Laurie, the widow of the author of "Foreign Exchange Tables," and other commercial works, £100 from the Royal bounty fund.

The Berlin journals state that a manuscript of about 100 pages of the philosopher Kant, which has hitherto remained unknown, has just been discovered in that city.

La Piccolomini has not sustained the hopes called forth by her first appearance. She has not much voice, nor was she trained in a good school. All her charms lie in her little face, and in her patrons. So says the Paris correspondent of the *Post*.

DECLINE AND FALL OF ENGLAND.

From the New-York Tribune.

That France is rapidly taking the leadership of Europe, and that the star of England pales before that of her ambitious neighbor, is now generally admitted. The one gained position in the recent war, while the other almost wholly lost it; and yet the events of the war itself are scarcely so significant as are those of the peace that since has followed. The Conferences of Paris are now reopened, and at whose dictation? That of France. England has yielded an assent at last, and while doing it most ungraciously, her journalists seek to amuse the world with assurances of the continuance of an *entente cordiale* wholly repudiated by those of France. Forty years since the latter was floored at Waterloo, and England reigned almost supreme in Paris. Now, the course of things is altered—the law being given by France and received by England. The change is great, but not, as we think, greater than is to be accounted for by the following facts.

In 1821, the official valuation of the real property of France was 39,514,000,000 francs, or nearly $8,000,000,000. In 1850 the Legislative Assembly ordered a new valuation, which was made in 1851, and the results of which are now, as we believe, for the first time given to the world. There results are found in the wonderful fact that in the short period of 30 years the money value of real estate has more than doubled—its present amount being no less than 83,744,000,000 francs, or above $16,000,000,000. Power having grown in every country with the increase in the value of land, we are led to find in this extraordinary growth a key to the changes that are now taking place. But forty years since, the total annual value of the land of Great Britain and Ireland was £49,850,000. Thirty years later, England showed a slight increase, but so recently as 1851 the total change effected amounted to only £3,000,000. Ireland, in the mean time, had greatly fallen, and the total value was probably even less in 1851 than it had been in 1813.

It will, however, be said that the French returns include houses in cities as well as land, while those of England are confined to land alone, and that some compensation may thus be found for the extraordinary difference above established. Such, however, is not the case. The increase of the population of the United Kingdom in the thirty years was little more than 33 1-2 per cent, and the number of houses grew in nearly the same proportion. Great Britain, however, is certainly richer than she was in 1821. She has more ships, steam-engines, railroad and other stocks. She has these; but how little they can be relied upon for bringing her movements up to a level with those of France will be seen by the following statements. The total annual value of lands, houses, factories, canals, railroads and other fixed property in England in 1815 was fifty-two millions. Twenty-eight years later, in 1843, the amount was eighty-five millions of pounds. In the same period there had been so great a decline in Ireland as to warrant us in assuming the increase not to have exceeded 50 per cent, in a period of nearly the same duration that gave in France above 100 per cent. Again, the total amount of capital that passed by will, subject to legacy and probate duty in 1817 and 1818, was £63,200,000; giving an annual average of £31,600,000. In 1847 and 1848, the average was £44,000,000; giving an advance of about 40 per cent. Taking the difference of these two quantities, and allowing that property passes by descent only once in three and thirty years, we obtain abot £400,000,000 or $2,000,000,000. In the same period the personal property of France has probably quite as much increased; but even if it has failed to do so, the small difference that can exist is no set-off against the extraordinary increase in the value of land that has been shown.

These facts prove conclusively that France is increasing in wealth at a rate twice more rapid than that of England, and wealth is power. The causes of the difference are, as we think, to be found in this: England has been gradually consolidating her land, and expelling small proprietors, whose places are now filled by day-laborers, whose condition is universally described as being a very wretched one. France, on the contrary, has been dividing her land, and adding to the number of men who own the soil they cultivate. The different effects of these two systems are fully established in the returns now before us—proving that while large proprietors have increased in their money value but a third or a fourth, *the smaller ones have been quadrupled and quintupled in their money value.* England has been changing her proprietors into hireling slaves, while France has been creating free proprietors. Such men as Ireland once produced are now no longer to be found. The hardy Highlander has been first starved and then transported—to make room for sheep. Hence it is that when France calls for soldiers she obtains the men who storm the Malakoff, while England, in return to a similar call, obtains those who fall before the Redan.

England now reaps the bitter fruits of a mistaken policy. Seeking to compel all other nations to limit themselves to the cultivation of the earth, she destroys her own agriculture, and expels the people who once gave value to her land. Her people are driven to the factory and the workshop, there to underwork the poor Hindoo, or they are forced to seek a precarious existence by means of trade. France, on the contrary, pursues a policy, by help of which mines are opened and factories built, thus bringing the market home to her farmers, giving value to her land, and creating men fitted for service in the field or in the workshop; for storming Sebastopol, or uniting with their fellow-men in the peaceful pursuits of an agriculture that improves from hour to hour and from day to day. Such are the results of the thirty years from 1821 to 1851. What are to be those of the thirty years that will close in 1881? The answer to us is clear: France is to take and hold the lead of Europe, and the power of England is to pass away.

LOCAL CHANGES AND LOCAL FACTS

OF OLD NEW-YORK.

BY JOHN F. WATSON,
Author of the Annals of Philadelphia.

NO. IV.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR AT NEW-YORK.

Our officers had far better fare; they had money or credit; could look about and provide for themselves—could contrive to make themselves half gay and sportive occasionally. Captain Graydon, of Philadelphia, who has left us amusing and instructive memoirs of sixty years of his observing life, having been among the officers and men (2,000) captured at fort Washington, near New-York, and held prisoners, has left us many instructive pages concerning the incidents at New-York while held by the British, which ought to be read by all those who can feel any interest in such domestic history as I have herein endeavored to preserve.

Having thus introduced Capt. Graydon to the reader, I shall conclude this article with sundry observations and remarks derived from him, to wit:—

After our capture, (says he,) we were committed, men and officers, to the custody of young and insolent officers; we were again and again taunted as "cursed rebels," and that we should all be hanged. Repeatedly we were paraded, and every now and then one and another of us was challenged among our officers as deserters—affecting thereby to consider their common men as good enough for our ordinary subaltern officers. Unfortunately for our pride and self importance, among those so challenged was here and there a subject fitted to their jibes and jeers. A little squat militia officer, from York county, with dingy clothes the worse for wear, was questioned with "What, sir, is your rank?" when he answered in a chuff and firm tone, "a *keppun sir;*" an answer producing an immoderate laugh among the haughty Britons." There was also an unlucky militia trooper of the same school, with whom the officers were equally merry, obliging him to amble about for their entertainment on his old jade, with his odd garb and accoutrements. On being asked what were his duties, he simply answered, "it was to flank a little and bear tidings." It must be admitted, however, that there were, at the same time, several gentlemen of the army into whose hands he afterwards fell, or with whom he had intercourse, who were altogether gentlemanly in their deportment and feelings.

At this beginning period of the war, most things on the American side were coarse and rough. Maryland and Philadelphia county put forward young gentlemen as officers of gallant bearing and demeanor; but New-England, and this, then seat of war, was very deficient in such material. In many cases subaltern officers at least could scarcely be distinguished from their men other than by their cockades. It was not uncommon for colonels to make drummers and fifers of their sons. Among such the eye looked around in vain for the leading gentry of the country. Gen. Putnam could be seen riding about in his shirt-sleeves, with his hanger over his open vest; and Col. Putnam, his nephew, did not disdain to carry his own piece of meat, saying—as his excuse—"it will show our officers a good lesson of humility."

On the whole, Captain Graydon says, "I have in vain endeavored to account for the very few gentlemen, and men of the world, that at this time appeared in arms from this country, which might be considered as the cradle of the revolution. There was here and there a young man of decent breeding in the capacity of an Aid-de-Camp or Brigade Major; but any thing above the condition of a clown in the regiments we came in contact with, was truly a rarity." Perhaps the reason was, that when the people had the choice of their officers, they chose only their equals or comrades. A letter of Gen. Washington to General Lee, makes himself merry with such mean officers; and General Schuyler, who was of manly and lofty port, was actually rejected for that reason by the New-England troops as their commander. [*Vide Marshall's Washington.*] Even the Declaration of Independence, when read about this time at the head of the armies, did not receive the most hearty acclamations, though ostensibly cheered for the sake of a favorable report to the world. Some under voices were heard to mutter, "Now we have done for ourselves." It was a fact, too, that at this crisis, Whigism declined among the higher classes, and their place was seemingly filled up by numbers of inferior people, who were sufficiently glad to show uniforms and epaulettes as gentlemen who had never been so regarded before.

As the prisoners were marched into the city, they disparagingly contrasted with their British guard. Our men had begun to be ragged, or were in thread-bare flimsy garments; whereas every thing on the British soldier was whole and complete. On the road they were met by soldiers, trulls, and others, come out from the city to see "the great surrender of the rebel army." Every eye and every person was busy in seeking out "Mr. Washington."

"There he is!" cried half a dozen voices at once. Others assailed them with sneers. When near the city, the officers were separated from the men, and conducted into a church, into which crowded a number of city spectators. There the officers signed paroles, and were permitted afterwards to take their lodgings in the city. The men were confined in churches and sugar-houses, where they suffered much.

The number of American officers who were thus brought into New-York, was considerable, and many of them boarded together at Mrs. Carroll's, in Queen-street, a winning cheerful lady, who had enough of influence and acquaintance with Col. Robertson, the commandant of the city, to get hold of a good deal of news calculated to interest and serve her lodgers. In the city at this time were such American officers as Colonels Magaw, Miles, Atlee, Allen, Rawlins, &c.; Majors West, Williams, Burd, De Courcey, &c.; and Captains Wilson, Tudor, Davenport Forrest, Edwards, Lennox, Herbert, &c.

Such officers took full latitude of their parole, in traversing the streets in all directions, with a good deal of purposed assurance. One of them, on one occasion, wearing his best uniform, to the great gaze and wonderment of many, actually ventured disdainfully to pass the Coffee-House, then the general resort of the British officers.

At other times, when the Kolch water was frozen over, and was covered with British officers, who thought themselves proficients in skating, it was the malicious pleasure of some of our officers to appear and eclipse them all. The officers occasionally met with cordial civilities and genteel entertainment from British officers with whom they came in contact; for, in truth, the latter valued their personal gentility too much to seem to be in any degree deficient in politeness and courtesy when they met with those whom they thought sufficiently polished to appreciate their demeanor. Yet it was obviously the system of the British army to treat them as persons with whom to maintain an intercourse would, on their part, be both criminal and degrading.

Our officers, it 'seems, but rarely visited their countrymen-prisoners, saying, as their reason, "To what purpose repeat our visits to these abodes of misery and despair, when they had neither relief to administer nor comfort to bestow? They rather chose to turn the eye from a scene they could not ameliorate." It was not without remark, too, that there was an impediment to their release by exchange, maintained by the American rulers themselves, who were either unable or unwilling to sustain a direct exchange, because they foresaw that the British soldiers, when released, would immediately form new combatants against them; whereas our own men, especially of the militia, were liable to fall back into noncombatants, and perhaps, withal, dispirit the chance of new levies. Perhaps the stoical virtues of the rigorous times made apathy in such a cause the less exceptionable. On the other hand, the British wished the prisoners to apostatize; and nothing was so likely to influence defection as the wish to escape from sickness and starvation.

Latest from Europe.

By the arrival of the *Washington* at this port we have additional news from Europe to the 31st inst, being four days later than what was previously received by the Asia. The Cunard steamer Arabia arrived at Liverpool at 9 A. M., on the 28th of December. Intelligence had quite unexpectedly been received from China, that on the 24th of October, the British fleet under Admiral Seymour had commenced the bombarding of the city of Canton. The bombardment had continued two days, and it was reported that the city walls had been breached and the Basque forts taken. Commerce was completely paralysed, and in the British markets a considerable rise in teas, equal to 1d. *a* 1 1-2d per pound had taken place. The cause of the hostilities was the seizure of some British sailors. The difficulty between Switzerland and Prussia had assumed no new phase, but the latest rumors favor peaceable negotiations. The British government have appointed a new minister to Washington, the name is as yet secret. The American ambassador had convened the diplomatic corps of the several European courts, and proposed to them the project of making a joint demand on the Federal Government for the release of the royalist provinces of Neufchatel. Austria objected to any American interference, and thus was this unauthorized and impertinent proposition laid on the shelf. If an American minister interfere at all, it should be to prevent the forcing of such condition upon Switzerland.

LECTURE ON POPE GREGORY THE SEVENTH.
(THE GREAT HELDEBRAND.)
On Tuesday Evening, January 27th, 1857,
Before the Catholic Library Benefit Society, at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway,
BY F. W. POLLARD, A. M.
Tickets 25 cents. For sale at the Catholic Bookstores, or at the door, on the above evening.
Doors open at 7. Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. ja25

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.
(ESTABLISHED 1851.)
Small Parcels forwarded by each Mail Steamer, to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the Continent, India, China, South America, &c.
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ja26 1y COLLINS & MARSH, Agents, 29 Broadway, New-York.

THE VORTEX WATER WHEEL.

From the Farmer's Gazette (Ireland).

Some inquiries have been lately made as to the applicability of the turbine, or horizontal water-wheel, for threshing or other agricultural machinery, where water-power can be obtained, the general knowledge of which has not been as extensive as its utility demands. The question was first publicly mooted by Sir R. Kane in his "Industrial Resources," which he followed up by a translation of a treatise on the subject by Moritz Bublman; after the publication of which several turbines were put up in Ireland; but the general interest in them became in some degree obsolete till lately, when it seems to have been revived. An improved turbine was shown at the national show at Athlone, by Williams Brothers, Kendal, Westmoreland, said to be of three-horse power, suited for driving agricultural machinery. We have lately learned that the subject has for some years engaged the particular attention of James Thompson, C. E., Balfast, who has invented and patented an improved turbine, which he names the vortex water-wheel, a descriptive paper of which, accompanied by explanatory engravings, he read before the British Association in 1855, and published in their report. It now appears upon enquiry, that Mr. Thompson's vortex water-wheel has been in use for some years, and that it has given great satisfaction both in Ireland and the sister countries. Mr. Hunter, of Dunadry, near Antrim, has one erected at Islandreagh Bleach-green, of which he speaks highly; it has been working for upwards of four and a half years, driving 20 beetling-engines, and working efficiently in back water. He will allow it to be seen at work. Messrs. Herdsman & Co., flax spinners, Belfast, and Strabane, have one at work for some years, for the purpose of driving the mechanics' shop machinery. John Wakefield, Esq., Sedgewich, Kendal, Westmoreland has one at work for the last two years at his saw mills, where it can be inspected any time, driving several circular saws and other machinery; and James Cropper, Esq., Burnside and Cowan head mills, Kendal, Westmoreland, has one working at his paper mills. Rurnside, who speaks highly of it and states that it possesses great advantages in back water and in dry weather. The mill is able to work more hours than it did before the introduction of the Vortex wheel. So much has the character of Mr. Thompson's Vortex wheel been thought of, and its worth established, that the Messrs. Williams, of Kendal, who exhibited the turbine at Athlone have made arrangements for their manufacture, and have erected one for a gentleman near Kendal, for driving farming implements, and another eminent firm in Glasgow has made arrangements for their manufacture. Mr. Thompson, who is a very talented engineer, read a paper before the Royal Dublin Society, in the end of the session of 1855, on the jet pump which he invented for draining swamps and shallow lakes; working models and drawings of which he exhibited and used in the exemplification of his invention. Having been in attendance on the occasion we were much interested in the subject, and had Mr. Thompson's permission to publish the article in the *Gazette*, but the difficulty in getting up a suitable service of engravings from Mr. Thompsons's models and drawings compelled us to relinquish it for the time, though we have not lost sight of it, which we hope at no very distant time to accomplish.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamer "George Law" arrived on the 13th inst., with San Francisco dates to the 20th ult. The news is important. The Supreme Court had rendered a decision to the effect that, by the Constitution of the State, no public debt could be contracted by the government of California exceeding the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, unless previously submitted to and ratified by a direct vote of the people. As none of the existing State debt has been submitted to the popular action, the whole amount, except three hundred thousand dollars, is virtually thus declared unconstitutional and invalid, and a fair opening is made for State repudiation. The decision, however, meets with no response, either among the people or from the press.

A meeting of merchants and business men of San Francisco was held, at which resolutions were adopted declaring that the faith of the State was regarded as being involved in the just and true payment of her entire indebtedness, constitutional or unconstitutional. A man named Jose Y. Limantour had been arrested by the United States authorities for presenting false and fraudulent papers before the Land Commissioner, whereby his claim, under an alleged Mexican grant, to a large part of the county of San Francisco, including half of the city itself, was confirmed. The fraud had been fully proved, and Limantour was in the custody of the Marshal. Business was represented as being dull, but a demand had recently sprung up for real estate, which caused a rise. The George Law brought upwards of a million and a quarter in treasure.

The news from Oregon, Washington and Utah Territories is interesting, but not important. Another Indian battle had taken place at Puget Sound, when twenty-seven savages were killed and the encampment of the party burned.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

In St. Peter's Church, Michael Lalor, of Dublin, to Frances, daughter of the late Capt. Jackson, of Limerick.

Dec. 16, Marcus John, son of Leonard Bickerstaff, of Runnemede, Dundrum, to Annie, daughter of John Pollock, Upper Leeson-st.

James Thomas Williams, son of H. Trotman, of Barbadoes, to Julia Elizabeth, daughter of the late R. G. Scot, Waterford.

Dec. 22, at Mount Talbot, Roscommon, Thomas Pennefather, son of Edward Pennefather, of Marlow, Tipperara, to Katharine Jane, daughter of Richard P. Lloyd, barrister-at-law, Herbert-place.

Dec. 17, at Modreeny, Captain Lloyd, of the 57th regiment, to Ruth Stoney, daughter of the Rev. De la Pore Robinson, of Ballynavin Castle, county Tipperary.

At Ballyclog, county Tyrone, Henry L. Keilly, solicitor, College-green, Dublin, to Isabella, daughter of the Rev. Henry Greene, Rector of Ballyclog.

At Kilroman, Henry W. Mahon, surgeon in the Royal Navy, to Mary, daughter of the late W. Thompson.

In Belfast, Henry H. Bottomley, solicitor, to Marianne, daughter of Rev. J. Potter, Windsor, Belfast.

At St. Andrew's Church, Westland-row, Geo. Dunlevie, Captain in her Majesty's 88d regt., to Margaret, daughter of Richard Emerson, Great Brunswick-street.

Dec. 18, at Simmonscourt Church, Fanny Susan, daughter of Thomas Ryan, of Pier View, Merrion, to Frederick C. Harrington, Sydney Parade.

In Armagh, Rev. Jas. Macauley, to Margaret, daughter of the late Thomas Wynne, Lisiea.

At Castletownroche, Cork, F. Bolster, of Ballygregane, to Ellen, daughter of the late W. Furlong, Wallstown.

At Kilkeady, co. Clare, Nicholas Butler, of Wallerstown, to Anne Matilda, daughter of the late W. Butler.

P. Famalaro, of Cardiff, Glamorganshire, to Sarah, daughter of the late W. P. Hodgson, Sligo.

At Kensington, H. T. Erskine, son of the Rt. Hon. T. Erskine, to Eliza Sarah, daughter of the late H. W. Hore, Pole Hore, Wexford, Commander in the royal navy.

In Liverpool, Charles, son of Henry Doubleday, to Ellen, daughter of the late J. R. Norcott, Doneraile, Cork.

In London, Captain Henry MacNeill, of the 20th regiment, son of the late D. H. MacNeill Hamilton, Newgrove, Down, to Marie, daughter of the late Count Jos. Ladislas de Szeliska.

In London, William Fleming, late of the 45th regiment, to Anna Charlotte, daughter of the Lieut. N. Fishe, Royal Navy, of Rosbercon Castle, county Kilkenny.

Dec. 18, at Toddington, Bedfordshire, the Rev. David Dickson, of Hill, town, Newry, to Barbara Maria, daughter of the late Joseph Andrew Lautour.

At Swindon, Capt. Henry Verschoyle, of the Grenadier Guards, to Clarissa, daughter of the late A. Goddard.

IRISH DEATHS.

Dec. 2, at Arran-quay, aged 35, Francis Gardiner.

Dec. 18, George, aged 20, son of George Robert M'Grath, of Rutland-square Dublin.

Edward, son of J. M'Manus, 155 Great Britain-street.

Mrs. Drury, daughter of the Rev. D. Stuart, Temple-street.

In Synge-street, Eleanor, wife of Charles G. Place, daughter W. Whitaker, Montpelier-hill.

At Harold's Cross, Matthew Joseph Nolan.

At Parkgate-street, Charles Gibney, aged 35 years.

Dec. 17, Mrs. Croker, wife of John Croker, of Ballynegard, county Limerick.

In Tralee, John, son of the late Wm. Pembroke.

At Churchmount, near Manorhamilton, Leitrim, aged 90 years, Jason Abercromby.

At Castletownroche, county Cork, Ann, relict of B. C. Cooke, M.D.

At Drumguin, Hacketstown, Mrs. M'Ardle, mother of the Rev. Michael M'Ardle.

Dec. 16, in London, Ellen, relict of James Cowan, of Carrickfergus, county Antrim.

At Bishopsteignton, Devonshire, aged 82, Gen. W. H. Gardiner, Royal Artillery.

At Verdala, Lieut. J. N. M'Cartney, of the 57th rgt.

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(*Carefully revised every week expressly for the Irish News.*)

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, Jan. 20, 1857.

Flour—Com'n to Extra State	per barrel	$6.30 a	$6.90
Common to Fancy Western	do	6.45 a	6.90
Extra Western	do	6.75 a	9 —
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do	6.90 a	8.75
Mixed to Extra Southern	do	7 — a	9.25
Rye Flour—Fine and Super	do	3.50 a	5.25
Corn Meal	do	3.12½ a	3.75
Wheat—Canada White	per bushel	1.70 a	1.82½
Western White	do	1.70 a	1.84½
Southern White	do	1.70 a	1.80
All kinds of Red	do	1.40 a	1.62½
Corn—Mixed	do	— 72 a	— 75
Yellow	do	— 75 a	— 76
White	do	— 75 a	— 76
Oats—State and Western	do	— 48 a	— 52
Jersey	do	— 45 a	— 48
Southern	do	— 41 a	— 45
Rye	do	— 85 a	— 92½
Barley	do	1 — a	1.32
White Beans	do	2 — a	— —
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels		— — a	4 —
Cotton—Middlings, per lb		— 12½ a	— 13½
Fair		— 13⅛ a	— 14
Rice, per 100 lbs		3.25 a	4.25
Hops, per lb		— 7 a	— 10
Pork—Mess per bbl		19.87½ a	20.87½
Prime, per bbl		17 25 a	17.87½
Beef—Country Mess		10.50 a	12.50
Prime		9 25 a	10 12½
Dressed Hogs, per lb		— 9 a	— 9¼
Lard, in bbls. per lb		— 12¼ a	— 12⅝
Butter—Western, per lb		— 14 a	— 20
State, per lb		— 20 a	— 25
Orange County, per lb		— 26 a	— 29
Cheese, per lb		— 10 a	— 10½
Potatoes—Carter's, per bbl		3 — a	4 —
Mercers, per bbl		2.50 a	3.25
Onions—Reds, per bbl		1.75 a	1.87½
White, per bbl		3 — a	4 —
Apples, per bbl		2.50 a	6 25
Eggs, fresh per dozen		— 28 a	— 30
Limed, per dozen		— 24 a	— 26
Feathers, Live Geese per lb		— 50 a	— 55
Seed—Clover, per lb		— 12 a	— 12½
Flax, per bushel		1.90 a	1 95
Timothy, mowed, per bushel		2.25 a	2.87½
Timothy, reaped, per bushel		3 — a	— —
Sugar, New-Orleans, per lb		— 9½ a	— 11⅛
Molasses, New-Orleans, per gl		— — a	— 80
Tobacco—Kentucky, &c., per lb		— 7 a	— 16
Seed Leaf, per lb		— 10 a	— 32
Wool—Domestic fleece, per lb		— 34 a	— 60
Domestic, pulled, per lb		— 34 a	— 50
Hemp—Undr'd Amer'n per ton		210 — a	215—
Dressed American, per ton		240 — a	260—
Flax—Jersey per lb		— 7 a	— 11
Hay, per 100 lbs		1 — a	1.12½
Tallow, per lb		— 11½ a	— 11⅝

Special Notices.

"Charity covereth a multitude of Sins!"

FIRST ANNUAL GRAND SOIREE

OF

ST. JAMES' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION,

AT THE

City Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening, Jan. 26, 1857. Shelton's Band.

Tickets can be had of the following committee:

Dr. Philip O'Reilly, cor. Madison and James sts., Dr. Purcell, do.; Dr. Richard Dillon, cor. Pearl and Rose sts.; Dr. E. D. Connery, 186 Henry st.; Judge Macarthy, 25 Oliver st.; Major R. Barry. 488 Pearl st.; Peter Kenny, 187 Allen st., John Kenny, do.; Andrew E. Mylott, cor 7th av. and 26th st.; J. J. Hanefri, 96 Oliver st.; Denis Hogan, 14 Roosevelt st., Michael Carroll, do.; G. W. Casserly, 60 do; Timothy Coleman, 29 do.; P. O'Neil, 48 do.; Edward Nugent, 48 do.; A. McCaffrey, cor. Catherine and Henry sts., Richard Walters, do.; Bernard Murphy, 4 James st.; John Lynch, 61 do.; Edward Hart, 74 do.; John Healy, 2 do.; John Kelly, 12 Monroe st.; Edward Hart, 27 do.; E. J. Kelly, 19 Oak st.; Thos. Hussey, cor. Madison and Oliver sts., A. C. Reel, do.; Geo. Carr, 90 Madison st.; James Reilly, 35 do.; Philip Lyons, 225 ditto; Michael J. Higgins, 42 do.; T. Cody, 32 Oak street.; Bernard McFeely, 144 Chatham st.; Francis Priest, 126 do.; John Donoghoe, 71 do.; Francis Hagerty, 8 Catharine st., J. Donnelly, 3 do.; John Marsden, 22 Catharine Slip; Edward Butler, 417 Pearl st.; Richard Fitzpatrick, 393 do.; Geo. Rice, 24 Vandewater st.; Bernard Duffy, 38 do.; Wm. Cleary, 11 Jacob st.; John O'Sullivan. 24 Rose st.; P. Mulvehil, 84 Oliver st.; Wm. Walsh, 84 do.; Denis Decourey, 8 Chamber st.. P. Crowe, 46 Frankfort st.; P. J. Tully, 38 do.; Michael Conroy, 36 do.; P. Hughes, 88 Cherry st.; John Oliver, do.; Thomas Fitzgerald, 14 do.; Edward Sweeney, 38 do.; Mich'l Hallinan, 109 do.; Stephen Lynch, 97 Gold st.; Chas. J. Dougherty, 261 William st.; Chas. Doherty 96 Cliff st., Geo. Hargan, 39 Henry st.; John Crowe, 15 Cherry st.; James Grady, 28 Catherine st.

P. J. DOWLING, Floor Manager. JOHN MARSDEN, Treas'r.
JAS. M. SHEEHAN, Sec'y. WM. O'DONNELL, Chairman.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice of Application for the discharge of an insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes.

James Grant of New-York City, Notice first published January 12th, 1857, Creditors to appear before the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New-York, on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1857, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at his Chambers No. 25 Chambers street, in said city, to show cause, if any they have, why an assignment of said Insolvent's Estate should not be made and he be discharged from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Statute for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts.

McCUNN & MONCRIEF,
jan17 6t Atty's. for Insolvent, 29 Wall st., New-York City.

GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

MADAME PAULINE HELD, the wonderful Animal Magnetizer, has opened her Rooms, No. 20 HOWARD STREET, near Broadway, for the reception of patients. No matter how obstinate or severe their diseases (unless Consumption), she engages to cure them; ordinary cases in three, and extraordinary cases not more than twelve visits. One trial will satisfy the most incredulous of the efficacy of her treatment. She uses no medicine and the patient never suffers a relapse. Call and judge for yourself. Consultation fee, Two Dollars. Can be seen at all hours from 8 to 1, and 2 to 6.

MADAME PAULINE HELD,
jan17 3mos 20 Howard street, near Broadway.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	50 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

MONTGOMERY GUARDS.

The Twentieth Annual Ball of this Company, will take place at NIBLO'S SALOON, on Tuesday Evening, January 27th, 1857.

Tickets—Two Dollars Each—may be had of any of the members, or of the Committee of Arrangements.

Henry Brenner, 71 Wall-st.,	Chas. Leary, 345 Second Avenue,
Mathew Riordan, 94 Wall-st.,	M. Maher, 133 Water, cor. Pine,
John Moore, 75 Oliver,	John Campble, 321 Water,

M. Reynolds, 45 Scamell.

HENRY BRENNER, Chairman.
CHAS. LEARY, Secretary. js 4t

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Lectures.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

CATHOLIC LIBRARY BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Attached to the Church of the Nativity.—A Course of Lectures will be delivered before this Society, at

HOPE CHAPEL, BROADWAY,

on the following Thesday evenings:—January 13—20—27, and February 3d, 1857.

The proceeds are to be appropriated for the benefit of the poor children belonging to the Parish of the Nativity.

Tickets—admitting a gentleman and lady—to the Course, $1 00, to be had at the Catholic Book-stores.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Thomas Larkin,	James Cunningham,	Edward Carroll,
Joseph P. Flin,	Thomas Riley,	James Tracy,
Patrick Sury,	Michael Fogarty,	James Riley,
James Fore,	Wm. Walsh,	Francis Dunnigan.
William Byrns,	John Kelly,	Thos. Kelly,
John Quin,	Malagee Conboy,	Timothy Dwyer,
John Luyden,	William Krogh,	John Hehir,
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JOSEPH KIERNAN, Chairman.

PATRICK MCCARTY, DENIS QUINLAN, } Treasurers.

WILLIAM BROPHY, Corresponding Sec'ry.

WILLIAM PRICE, MICHAEL NOONAN, } Rec. Sec's. j8tf

L. SILLIMAN IVES, LL.D.,

Will Lecture on

"Church and State Charities Compared,"

For the Benefit of the

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL,

At the

Broadway Tabernacle,

On Thursday evening, January 29th, at 8 p. m. Tickets 25 cents—to be had at the Catholic bookstores and of the members of the several conferences.

Special Notices.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's winter raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
GERALD GRAY.
y10jan

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y. JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at corner of Center and Grand st. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

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Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

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In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

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Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete prcess (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**

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Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any order left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

To Druggists and Grocers in the South and West.

Charles' London Cordial Gin, the first established and the only *Imported.*

This celebrated Gin, introduced into the United States by E. C. Charles, in 1851, has become so extensively counterfeited and imitated by one or two liquor mixers in New-York and Boston that it becomes our duty to advise with you on the nature of the poisons disseminated amongst you by these unscrupulous parties.

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, show that Charles' London Cordial Gin is the only London Gin really Imported into the United States, and sold in bottles; and the fact has been demonstrated and published in all the New-York papers, that the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made except by ourselves, has been one Pipe, imported in 1855. On the credit of this solitary Pipe, which would not fill six hundred bottles, *over one hundred thousand dozen*, of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," prefixed with different names, have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost twenty per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin.

If corroboration were necessary, Mr. Udolpho Wolfe of New-York, who keeps record of every import of Gin, has over his own signature published to the world this statement, and it remains (even by the parties who have adopted our title) an unanswered, confirmed fact beyond the power of disproof, that Charles' London Cordial Gin, is the only genuine article, and hence that all others are nothing more or less than Ohio spirits in their raw state impregnated with poisonous materials, to give flavor to the mixture.

The Genuine Charles' London Gin is distilled especially for the undersigned in London, under the surveilance of the British excise laws, and is imported solely by us. It bears the endorsement of over five thousand physicians, in Great Britain and the United States. It has stood the most severe tests of the most skillful chemists and essayists. It is the only Gin which has the approval of the most celebrated practitioner America has ever produced—Dr. Valentine Mott, of New-York, who in a letter to Mr. Charles, says, "It is the finest, the most reliable, and most vigorous extract of Juniper he had ever seen."

The genuine Charles' London Cordial Gin is for sale in quart and pint bottles, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled "London Cordial Gin," it is absolutely Charles'. To escape adulterated and poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the article be labelled London Cordial Gin but be certain it is Charles'. Every other is injurious to health.

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Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

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TO THE PUBLIC!

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JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

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oct18 tf

Business Directory.

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Business Directory.

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AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hanley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,400
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,500
SILAS WRIGHT (new),	Freeman,	2,000
SOUTHAMPTON,	Furlong,	1,600
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of the departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 18th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; or persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.

GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BLACK BALL LINE
OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,	Manhattan,
Great Western,	Neptune,
Harvest Queen,	Columbia,
Isaac Webb,	Yorkshire,
Isaac Wright,	Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,

Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line" which lay at Pier 23 East River, opposite this office. my8 3m

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON, } Vice-Presidents.
HUGH KELLY,

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap19ly **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap19ly **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 18 tf

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine FASHIONABLE HAT! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.

N. B.—Best quality, $2, as good as any Hats sold in this city for $4 or $5.

SMITH, No. 81 Park Row,
sept6 1yr Under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman-st.

To Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.—FETRIDGE & CO., proprietors of Balm of a Thousand Flowers, are making arrangements with over two thousand newspapers, all over the United States, at an expense of over forty thousand dollars, to advertise a new and improved article of pomade for the hair, to be called "*Woodland Cream*," which name they have adopted as a trade-mark. This cream will be superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. It will be put up in octagonal glass cups, with metallic tops—the whole enclosed in an elegant blue and gold wrapper similar to the balm, with the same scale of prices. Druggists will please send in their orders, as they will be filled in the order in which they come.

FETRIDGE & CO., Franklin-square, New-York.

Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 14 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 31 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

Business Notices.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S FALL style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets.

Give him a call by all means. my3 1y

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and subtsantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments,

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tt

HERRING'S,

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS*, which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees*,
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

Special Notices.

Electro-Magnetic Baths.—The Electro-Magnetic Baths having become permanently established as a remedial agent for the cure of Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Stiff and Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Ulcers, Tic Toloreux, Neuralgia, Pain in the Limbs, &c. &c., and for the positive extraction of Mercury and other Mineral Poisons from the human system, the Messrs. Sloan & Co. take this method of informing the public that they have fitted up and opened an establishment at No. 53 Sixth Avenue, where the Baths will be constantly in operation, under the care and direction of Dr. G. H. Doyle, Homeopathic Professor of Medicine. To those unacquainted with "Electro-Magnetism" as applied to the cure of disease, reduction and extraction of mineral poisons, &c., we would say that as a means of cure for the above enumerated diseases, it has received the almost universal endorsement of the various Academies of Medicine throughout Europe and the United States, and that the reduction of Metals by a Voltaic Current, is no new science: it is the APPLICATION of the FACT to its extraction from the system for which we claim originality. In it we dismiss all theories—we leave nothing to chance—we are not led by blind experience, but we follow unerring and never failing principles.

Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c., are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

Persons afflicted in any way with sickness, debility, &c. will do well to call at the office, examine the Baths, and receive full explanation of the treatment pursued. SLOAN & CO., 53 Sixth Avenue,
Between Fourth-street and West Washington Place.

P. S.—Physicians and Families supplied with Homeopathic Medicines Books, &c. dec6 3mos

European News.

The British mail steamer *Africa* arrived at Liverpool at 6.30 P. M., on the 4th inst.

The nomination of Lord NAPIER as British Ambassador to Washington, is confirmed.

The Archbishop of Paris was assassinated, evening of the 3d, by a discharged priest named VERGRES, of the diocese of Meaux. The Archpishop was performing religious services in the Church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, when the assassin, in plain clothes, stepped forward, and lifting aside the prelate's cape, plunged a Catalan knife into his heart, exclaiming "*a bas la deese!*"—(down with the goddess!)—an expression which the murderer afterwards explained to refer to the doctrine of the immaculate conception. The Archbishop fell to the pavement, and faintly muttering "*le mal heureux,*" expired.

The Paris *Moniteur* this day announces that the Conference has signed a protocol which put an end to the difficulties which have delayed the execution of the treaty of peace.

The provisons for the new boundaries are to take effect March 30, and at the same date the Austrian troops and the British fleet shall have evacuated the Danubian Principalities and the interior waters of Turkey.

The Commissioners of the Principalities will enter these provinces and proceed to the execution of their mission. At the conclusion of their labors, the Commissioners will report to the Conference, which will re-assemble and settle by a convention the organization of the Principalities.

The Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, brother of Prince Albert, has offered to mediate between Prussia and Switzerland. The Federal Assembly has issued a proclamation to the Swiss people. There are, it says, hopes of an honorable peace; but at all events, popular enthusiasm is prepared for the greatest sacrifice. The country will watch over the fate of the families and citizens it calls to its defence.

The London *Gazette* publishes official accounts of the hostile operations in China, confirming previous details. It is said that the French and English Governments have agreed to demand from China a satisfactory and ample treaty by which all countries will benefit, and which will enable them to have easy and regular communication with all parts of the Celestial Empire when necessary. The French squadron is about to proceed to the Chinese seas.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the 4th January, says:—"It is said that the French government has determined to abandon Tahiti, finding that it costs much and produces nothing, but on the other hand it is seriously occupied with the creation of the newly-founded colony, New-Caledonia. The island is rich and the climate is healthy, and is appropriated to receive a portion of the French Colony of Guiana. A permanent garrison of 700 or 800 men is to be established there. The French Government is likewise much occupied with the development of the Colony of Senegal. An expedition has been sent from Algiers to ascertain the practicability of establishing a communication between those two colonies by land."

A letter from Constantinople of the 22d ult., in the *Courier* of Marseilles, says:—"Although England has declared war against Persia, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe went yesterday to pay a visit to Feruk Khan. This step on the part of the British Ambassador, has caused great astonishment; for it is known that negotiations were definitely broken off. His Lordship has employed all his efforts to prevent, or at least delay, the departure of Feruk Khan to Paris. At the beginning he treated the matter with a high hand, but afterwards became milder, and at last did not disdain to go in person to the Persian Legation. It is evident that he did not expect the resistance which he has met with from a Power which he esteemed so lightly."

The *Montmorency*, from Melbourne, after a journey of seventy days, had arrived in London with one hundred thousand ounces of gold on board.

The Liverpool *Post* of the 7th inst., says: "There is every reason to believe that the steamer lost on the Goodwin Sands, is the *Violet*, which was due at Dover from Ostend on Monday, at 12 P. M., but had not arrived at a late hour on Tuesday night. A telegraphic dispatch from Ramsgate, received at 7 P. M., says all hands were drowned. Three bodies were found attached to a life-buoy, and the wreck lies on the sand. The officers and crew numbered seventeen and a post-office guard. The number of passengers at this time of the year amounts to about five or six. No precise details have, however, been received."

Mr. Brotherton, M. P. for Salford, died on the 7th inst., between 10 and 11 o'clock. He was taken ill in an omnibus, in company with Sir John Potter and Sir Elkanah Armitage, and removed to the house of Mr. Southam, surgeon, where he immediately expired.

The Prusso-Swiss War Question.

On the 7th inst., so far as known, the Neufchatel question had advanced no further towards a solution. The last despatch from Berne, dated Jan. 3, states that an ultimatum from France and England was expected to be received there. The last Prussian note on the subject, addressed by M. Manteufel, on the 28th ult., to the representatives of Prussia at Paris, London, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, has been published in the Berlin papers. It sets forth that up to that moment the King had contented himself with demanding the preliminary and unconditional liberation of the Neufchatel prisoners; but, that if the prompt accomplishment of this condition, the only one insisted on previous to entering into negotiations, be refused, the order for the mobilisation of the army will be given, after which matters will present an entirly new aspect. However, in the hope of the friendly arrangement through the other Powers, the King promises to withhold the order of mobilisation up to the 15th inst., provided the Swiss authorities do not hasten the trial of the prisoners before that date. On the other hand, through Switzerland the greatest enthusiasm prevails. There is but one thought—the common country is in danger; and it is estimated that should war ensue, nearly 400,000 men will be under arms for its defence, the old and young seem ready to march, in so far as their health and strength will allow them. The cantonal government of Geneva being in want of 800,000 francs for armaments, the sum was subscribed at the Town Hall in twenty-four hours.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Among the stores found in the *Resolute* were several puncheons of fine old rum, which had been put on board in prime condition at the outset of her career from Woolwich. One of these puncheons has been sent by Captain Hartstein to Prince Albert, doubtless as a spiritual relic.

The French butcher's bill for the Crimean war shows 309,000 soldiers and 41,974 horses engaged. Of the former 76,000, or about one-fifth only, died or were killed; 9,000 horses returned, the rest, the mortality being comparatively small, were sold to the Turks. There were 1,700 guns and 4,800 wheel carriages, 2,000,000 cannon balls, 10,000,000 lbs. gunpowder, and 66,000,000 ball-cartridges; 920,000 sand bags, 3,000 wooden huts, 60,000 bundles of faggots, 80,000 baskets of earth, and 1,000,000 bags of earth. The food included 30,000,000 lbs. of biscuit, 50,000,000 lbs. of flour, 7,000,000 lbs. of preserved meat, 14,000,000 lbs. salt meat and lard, 8,000,000 lbs. of rice, 4,500,000 of coffee, 6,000,000 lbs. of sugar, 10,000 head of cattle, 2,500,000 gals. of wine, and 1,000,000 of compressed vegetables; 170,000,000 lbs. of hay, 180,000,000 lbs. oats and barley, 44,000,000 lbs. of fuel, 1000,000 suits of clothing and shoes, 800,000 horse shoes and 6,000,000 nails. The fleet and transports carried 550,000 men, 50,000 horses, and 720,000 tons of material. Some of the English papers think it strange that the unconsumed portions of these stores were sent to their markets to be sold, as if in direct competition with their own, and add, that both, glutting the market, were "given away" at nominal prices.

A letter from the Indian Seas, published in the *Moniteur de la Flotte*, announces that M. d'Montigny, the French Envoy, had arrived at Hue, on the 10th of December last:—Hue or Hoe, is the capital of Cochin China, and the residence of the Emperor. The town is one of the best fortified in Asia, and most advantageously situated. The Annamite government is preparing there a maritime expedition, which to judge from appearances, will be one of the most formidable ever seen in that part of the world. The expedition is, it is said, to act against China, and a descent is to be made on the coast of Pe-Tche-Le. The Cochin Chinese fleet is completely organised, and comprises 1,200 war vessels, of all sizes, divided into three different classes. The ships of war of the first class, which are the size of our frigates, and carry from fifty to sixty guns; the galleys, which are propelled either by sail or by the oar, and the ordinary transport ships. Each division of the fleet is commanded by an admiral, under the direction of Prince Khang, a relative of the Emperor, who fills the post of Grand Admiral. His flag-ship is called the Mensk Knong Sih (the Commander of the Seas), and carries 62 guns. Her masts are gilt, and her sails are bound with white satin and gold fringe. There are a hundred thousand operatives employed in fitting out the expedition, which will be ready to sail in April next.

Meetings against the Income Tax have been held at several of the provincial towns in England—Huddersfield, Rochester, Cheltenham, Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse. At the Rochester meeting, the mayor, who is one of the local commissioners for the Tax, denounced it as being both unjust and despotic. From his experience as one of the commissioners, he said, he had long been of opinion that it afforded a premium for rascality, and was a curse to the country. At Huddersfield, the resolutions declared that now that the war had ceased, the tax should be reduced to the rate it would have been assessed at under the act of 1853, had the war not intervened; that the machinery for the assessment of the tax wss defective; a moiety of the general and additional commissioners should be periodically elected by those liable to the assessment; and that the inequalities of the tax should ce remedied by "differential duties upon different descriptions of income, according to their relative character of comparative permanence or precariousness."

Mr. J. A. Tobin, merchant; Mr. J. B. Brenicker, merchant; Mr. J. R. Jeffery, draper; Mr. Edward Heath, merchant, and Mr. R. Shiel, merchant, have been added to the list of magistrates sor the borough of Liverpool. The first two are Tories, and the other three ardent Liberals. Mr. Shiel is a Roman Catholic.

CAPTURE OF THE CHINESE FORTS.

From the Friend of China.

THURSDAY, OCT. 23.—This morning her Majesty's ship *Barracouta*, having a large party of marines on board, under the command of Captain Penrose and Lieutenant Burton, took in tow the boom boats of her Majesty's ships *Winchester* and *Sybil* and proceeded to the Barrier forts, followed by the *Coromandel* with flag, and having in tow some of the boats of the *Calcutta*. On reaching the Upper fort (Napier's), situated on a peninsula, she opened fire with shell, throwing them in first-rate style. The *Winchester* boats pushed in under shelter of her guns, and took possession of the fort. The *Barracouta* then shelled, first ino one, then the other of the forts, the *Coromandel's* had the boats' guns doing good work. Two forts opened fire, but it was of short duration, owing to the rapid movements of the boats. Lieutenant Dent, with boats of the *Sybil*, took possession of Howqua's fort. The guns (forty-five of them) were found loaded. They were spiked and the trunnions broken off, the carriages destroyed, and the doors of the embrasures torn from their hinges. A similar fate awaited the other forts. Promptitude and decision were the order of the day. The *Winchester* had some sharp firing with the braves, who wished to retain possession of the forts. Meanwhile the *Barracouta* steamed through Blenheim reach, shelled Blenheim fort, and anchored below the stakes near Macoa forts, the latter having already been taken by the boats of the *Calcutta*. The *Coromandel*, after the boats had finished by burning the buildings within the forts, took them in tow and proceeded to Canton. The officers engaged during the day were as follows: The *Sybil*—Lieutenant Dent and Chisholm, Midshipmen De Burgh, Price, Brooke and Hiperley; the *Winchester*—Lieutenant Bushnell, Mr. Mate James, Lieutenant Pellew, Mr. Midshipman Broome, and Assistant Surgeon Trerson; the *Calcutta*—Lieutenant Campbell and Beamish; Staff Surgeon Anderson on board the *Coromandel*.

FRIDAY, 24—This morning Commodore Elliot, in the *Barracouta*, crossed the barrier, and opened fire on the Bird's nest fort. This place was a mass of ruins in a short time. The *Sampson* soon followed, and took up a position opposite the Shameen forts. The Bird's nest fort having been taken possession of was left garrisoned, while the energetic Captain Hall, with the *Sybil's* and *Winchester's* boats, took possession of the Shameen forts.

SATURDAY, 25.—The greater part of the day was spent in destroying the guns of the Shameen forts. The Red fort being already in the charge of her Majesty's ship *Encounter*, in the afternoon the boats went down the river and gained the Dutch *Folly* without opposition, though a few hours previously there was close to it about twenty mandarin junks. These retired to a further distance and got rid of their guns. A strong party of marines was placed in the *Folly*, the boats returning to their former positions.

SUNDAY, 26.—A party of the Royal Artillery arrived, under command of Captain Rotten. They were stationed in the *Folly* with marines and blue-jackets, the latter to work two thirty-two pounders under command of Commander Rolland, of the *Calcutta*. The guns taken and destroyed were 437 in number, including some fine brass 24 pounders.

MONDAY, 27.—This morning, at 6 o'clock, the *Barracouta* proceeded to Sulphur Creek, about two miles and a half distant from the Shameen forts, where in the late war the troops disembarked to attack Gough fort. She succeeded in getting within shelling distance of the Tartar encampments. Some of the shells which fell on the Red Tower elicited cheers three times three from the people on the Factory housetops. The *Encounter* threw shells into the Viceroy's palace with unerring precision. The firing ceased at 6 P. M.

TUESDAY, 28.—The Hon Keith Stewart, with a strong reinforcement from the *Nankin*, arrived. The merchant Howqua requested an interview with his Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief. His Excellency declined treating with any but those high in authority. His Excellency, however, gave the Imperial Commissioner a little longer time to pause ere more blood should be spilt through his mulish obstinacy. The *Encounter* commenced shelling the palace, and the *Dutch Folly* opened fire at noon, clearing away the houses between the wall and water's edge. One of the houses caught fire, which spread rapidly toward the Chin-chew Hongs. This was subdued by midnight. During the day a strong party of the blue-jackets was employed in pulling down houses in Hog-lane. This lane is in dangerous proximity to the Factories in case of fire, and has been frequently a source of much terror to the foreign residents.

WEDNESDAY, 29.—An efficient breach having been made in the walls by the guns of the *Dutch Folly*—and no intimation from Yeh as to a wish for peace—preparation was made to attack the city by assault. The fort again commenced firing, the *Encounter* throwing in an occasional shell. At a little past one P. M., a party of 180 marines and some blue-jackets from ships embarked in boats; they were accompanied by two field-pieces, in charge of Lieutenants Bushnell and Twisden; the whole number being short of 300. After a short delay under the walls of the fort the boats disembarked the marines and blue-jackets, who were for shore duty. The ruins through which the men had to pass were still smouldering, and the air oppressively hot.

MONUMENT TO SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

From the Dublin Nation.

Until within a few weeks past it was perfectly legitimate for a British subject to worship Wallace as a patriot hero. At this moment "Scots wha ha'e" is considered, South of the Tweed, to be more dangerous than the "Rans des Vaches," more revolutionary than the immortal "Marsellaise." Our fair neighbors who, at one time or another, wept their sweet eyes' full over Miss Porter's "Scottish Chiefs"—that dear delightful book, nearly as drenching to pocket-handkerchiefs as the "Children of the Abbey"—must be rather astonished to hear papa wishing the glorious creature who "waved the fatal sword," consigned to oblivion or—Rhadamanthus. In fact, should the present temper of Mr. Bull last a few weeks longer, the Prince of Wales must doff his tartan and Queen Victoria cut Balmoral, or the Guelph dynasty come to be in danger.

"What's a' the steer kimmir?" Why "growls the loud thunder from Printing House square?" Never did mountain so large labor more dreadfully in bringing forth so small a mouse. The natives of that part of Britain called Scotland are desirous of paying a debt of gratitude, long due, and rendered only more weighty by the accumulated interest of five hundred years. William Wallace did more for the Scotland of his day than Nelson or Wellington for the England of theirs. To lead the fleets or armies of a rich and powerful nation ready to lavish its unbounded treasures in the prosecution of its ambition—to marshal panoplied hosts, perfectly disciplined, with a national organization to supply money and material, commissariat and transport—to defend their country from foreign foe—to twine laurels around its banners—these have been the merits and achievements of the great men of whom Englishmen are proud. But to brave the outlaw's fate—to awaken to life and liberty a prostrate and despairing nation—to lead to the unequal but glorious combat, untrained bands of volunteers—to wage a great war without organisation or support, without money, without arms, without any of the necessaries of a campaign—yet without these to rescue the liberties of his country, to cover its name with glory, and pave the way for its ultimate freedom, and, finally, to lay down his life on the scaffold—a martyr for Scotland—these have been the deeds of him whom the men of Scotland fain would honor. Over this confessor and martyr for Scottish nationality, there rises neither ancient cairn nor modern monument. It is at length proposed to do what ought long since to have been done—Scots are about to raise a memorial to the Scottish Patriot. At this the English journals have taken alarm, and Wallace and the Scots have come in for as much of disparagement and abuse as previously it had been usual for them to receive sympathy and laudation. Now why do the English condemn at home that which they applaud abroad? Would a monument to Tell or Sobieski, be a praiseworthy or objectionable underataking on the part of those for whom these heroes bled? It is suggested as an excuse for the onslaught on Scottish nationality, that the Wallace monument must be insulting to England, since it was against England Wallace fought. It is not to insult England but to honor Scotland this movement has been set on foot; it is not because he fought against England, but because he fought for Scotland, that Wallace is now about to be decreed a national monument. Had any hero in Scottish history equally signalised himself and served his country in a war against Ireland, France or Russia, and that Wallace had been the more highly honored, then, indeed, the thing would wear the aspect of an anti-English movement. This is the point to be considered, and it destroys the semblance of analogy in the case cited by the *Times*—that of England raising a monument to Queen Phillipa who overthrew the Scots. Queen Phillipa, fills no such place in English history as Wallace in Scotch, such a selection would, therefore, be invidious and insulting; that of Wallace is a necessity, natural and appropriate. If, then, Englishmen would not have the Scotch destroy their national records, to efface from their breasts all trace of feelings held to be at all times powerful incentives to valor and progress, let them not decry this desire to pay the debt which Scotland owes to William Wallace. How far would the English carry such an idea as this just noticed? Why not do away with the highland costume—why keep up a national distinction in the army, instead of dressing the soldiers of North and South Britain in the same uniform?

It is to be remarked that the argument that insult to England is meant by the Wallace monument, is not applied by the English people in case of their own heroes. Was it to insult France, that the grand column was raised in Trafalgar square, London? Was it to insult France, Dublin blocked up the finest street in Europe with a Nelson pillar, and erected the

overgrown milestone in the Park? "Oh! but Wellington is not long dead; Nelson belongs to the age in which his monument was raised," says an Englishman; "we do not go into the past to seek out victories to commemorate; if Wellington and Nelson were not honored in their own day, it would be foolish in a future generation to take the matter up." A great deal of this sort of argument has been used across the channel, but we would recommend Englishmen before they use it, to inquire whether it reflects great credit on their patriotism and morality, to satisfy themselves whether, judged by the true standard, the Scotch are not the people in a position to taunt and disparage the English in this respect. But in any case, who can see in this desire on the part of a people who have freely shed their blood in support of the British empire, to honor one who served them so well, aught to deserve the galling sneers and insulting taunts so needlessly and profusely indulged in by the English Press? Some of their statements are peculiarly interesting to us Irishmen. When we, without one of the many rights and advantages enjoyed by Scotland, asked for liberty to manage our own affairs, we were referred to Scotland as an instance of the prosperity consequent upon being governed from London. That country was described to us, by the English journals, as likely to outrival England itself, so great and rapid its progress in arts, science and commerce, since the abolition of a domestic legislature. To-day we find those journals declaring Scotland to be far gone in decline—a laggard in learning and commerce.

The real cause of antipathy to the Wallace Monument is not that it is insulting to England, but that Englishmen do not understand, and would appear to be incapable of appreciating the feeling of nationality to which this movement owes its birth. In all their history they have no parallel for Wallace; no hero who achieved for his country a similar task, unless we except Alfred. Whenever an invader planted his foot on Britain he remained—a conqueror. The Saxons came and held it until William I., a foreigner, with a foreign army, speaking a foreign tongue, touched the soil of England; his first battle was a victory, and made him King of England, Henry VII. overthrew Richard III. with an army composed, in point of fact mostly of foreigners. Williiam III., a foreigner, gained the English crown with an army of foreigners. If we are to argue from their past history, the English are so "practical" and regard nationality as so "absurd," that if a foreigner—say H. I. M. Napoleon III.—landed at Hastings to-morrow, many of them would, like "sensible business men," set to making cotton and smelting iron ore under his sceptre as readily as under Victoria's. Wallace was not a man of this stamp, and Glencoe was "cut off" and Culloden lost before the last foreign conquest of Britain was complete.

For our own part, we wish the Wallace Monument to be a success; although if any have a right to take offence at the language used by its promoters, it is we, as Catholics, and not our Protestant English neighbors: for assuredly "Popery" has received more "insult" from Professor Blackie and his fellow-orators than England or the English. But we are not only so un-English as to hold that the Scotch have a perfect right to honor, by monument or otherwise, those who served Scotland in council or camp, but we hold that of all such men, William Wallace is truly and richly worthy of the memorial it is proposed to raise.

American News.

Crime in Boston.

The Annual Report of the Boston Chief of Police, D. J. Coburn, Esq., is a voluminous document, from which the *Bee* of that city gleans the following facts and figures:—

The whole number of arrests during the year was 17,538. Of this number 8,979 were convicted; 13,700 were males, and 3,838 were females; foreigners, 14,067; Americans, 3,471; non-residents, 3,507; miners, 2,766.

The Tombs under the Court House were first occupied on the 22d April last, since which time 6,182 persons have been committed there from the several Police Stations.

The whole number of persons provided with lodgings at the various Police Stations was 9,537, of which number 7,114 were males, and 1,923 females; foreigners, 5,649; Americans, 2,388; non-residents, 5,263; minors, 1,541.

Among the persons arrested were for drunkenness, 6,780; assault and battery, 1,223; common drunkards, 935; simple larceny, 1,252; disorderly and noisy persons, 2,276; larceny from buildings and from the person, 598; suspicious persons, 319; vagrants, 282; violation of city ordinances, 199; stubborn children, 75; pickpockets, 92; robbery, 63; murder, 8; forgery, 14; idle and desolute persons, 118; escaped convicts, 11; adultery, 33; assaulting officers, 74; burglary, 285; assault with deadly weapons, 34; assault with intent to kill and murder, 27; and the balance for sundry offences, misdemeanors, &c.

In addition to the above, 5944 disturbances have been quelled without arrests; insane persons provided for, 130; fires extinguished without alarm, 93; injured persons provided for with needful aid, 148; persons assisted home, 681; persons rescued from drowning, 42; stores found open in the night time, 1,329; stray teams put up, 165; lost children returned to their homes, 467; sick persons provided for, 41; together with sundry other minor matters.

Amount of property taken from prisoners and lodgers while in temporary custody, and restored to the same subsequently, $44,802 44; amount of property reported stolen in the city, $60,795 01; amount of property reported lost in the city, $9,171; amount reported stolen out of the city, $53,014 43; amount recovered by the Police, $54,615 32; amount of property saved from fire by the Police, $3,344; amount of property now in possession of the Department, either retained as evidence or awaiting owners, $30,000; amount of fines imposed by the Courts on parties prosecuted by the Police, paid into the treasury, $23,490 04. Aggregate term of imprisonment by the Courts, 1255 years and 1 month. Amount of fees earned by the Police in the Courts, $4,641 40; amount received from the hack, truck and other licenses, $11,501 70; all of which has been paid into the treasury.

The people of Delaware have adopted an amendment to the constitution of the state prohibiting lotteries after January 1st, 1862. The governor has signed the amendment, and he asks the legislature to make the necessary legislation to carry the amendment into effect. In Maryland, lotteries will cease to exist on the 1st of April, 1859, in virtue of a provision of the state constitution.

Col. Matt. Ward, of Texas, was lately robbed of $12,000 on the Dangerfield road in that State, the thief having cut the straps of his trunk while the Colonel was driving through thick bushes. The same gentleman had his pockets picked of $1200 while in attendance on the Cincinnati Convention.

Mr. Neal, a Democratic member of the Iowa Senate, has introduced a bill in that body to repeal the Maine liquor law. The Democratic members of the Legislature are warmly in favor of the repeal of the law; but it is apprehended that the Black Republican majority will not allow the bill repealing it to pass, though the law is a dead letter in Iowa.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says the price of bread at Jefferson City, Mo., is raised this winter to $30 a week. The pay of the members of the Legislature amounts to only $21. The Legislature talk of adjourning to St. Louis.

The editor of the Worcester *Bay State* indulges in a little plain talk to his anti-slavery neighbors, and says of himself: "We wish them to realize that this paper is Border Ruffian throughout, from hoops to phylacteries."

Senator Harlan, of Iowa, has been re-elected to the seat which he lately vacated under the resolution of the Senate's Committee on Elections. He had 30 majority over his Democratic opponent.

The Indiana State Senate has been organized by the election of republican officers. The republicans are determined that no democrat shall be elected to the U. S. Senate, and will, therefore, not go into joint ballot.

The first negro brought into Virginia was landed from a Dutch ship in 1620. In 1623 there were about 1500 inhabitants in Virginia, of whom 20 were negroes.

In Buffalo, last week, an actor named Hill deserted his wife and children, and eloped with one of the most fashionable ladies of the place.

The two Houses of the Pennsylvania Legislature having failed to meet in Convention to elect a State Treasurer, it will require the passage of a new law to do so.

The Boston Concord and Montreal Railroad has been placed in the hands of Trustees, of whom J. M. Whiton is the agent. The road is indebted to the amount of $1,000,000.

A ride through the streets of Boston, just now, says the *Bee*, is rather productive of a sea-sickativeness in feeling. It is as billowy as the ocean.

Venison is selling from 5 to 8 cents per pound at Winona. At Dubuque it rates at 6 cents. Since the late snow it has been scarce.

The St. Paul (Minnesota) *Times* says that firewood is selling in that city for $9 a cord.

The scarlet fever is raging badly among the children of Springfield, Ohio.

City News.

Emigration in 1856.

The following table shows the ports whence passenger vessels have arrived in this city, together with the number of vessels and emigrant passengers from each port during the year 1856:

Ports whence sailed	No. of Vessels	No. of Pass.
Liverpool, Great Britain	215	69,499
London, Great Britain	49	8,875
Bristol, Great Britain	4	732
Newport, Great Britain	3	56
Cardiff, Great Britain	1	15
Sunderland, Great Britain	1	13
Southampton, Great Britain	1	222
Glasgow, Great Britain	14	2,032
Tralee, Great Britain	4	996
Belfast, Great Britain	3	436
Havre, France	78	17,091
Antwerp, Belgium	33	7,209
Amsterdam, Holland	1	15
Rotterdam, Holland	16	1,129
Hamburg, Hamburg	62	14,896
Emdem, Hamburg	1	80
Bremen, Bremen	76	17,671
Stockholm, Sweden	1	32
Gefle, Sweden	2	216
Gothenburg, Sweden	4	481
Leghorn, Italy	7	233
Genoa, Italy	4	296
Total	579	141,625

STATISTICS OF EMIGRATION.

John A. Kennedy, Superintendent of Castle Garden Emigration Depot, presented his annual report for the year 1856, on the 14th inst. It shows that 141,625 have been landed at Castle Garden, from 579 vessels arriving from twenty-one different ports of Europe. He furnishes the following tables:—

Table showing the Arrivals per Month, and Cash Means of Passengers.

Months.	Passengers.	Cash Means.
January	1,074	$38,155 84
February	2,229	103,947 14
March	5,707	227,895 11
April	7,033	521,586 08
May	19,905	1,875,953 11
June	19,538	758,914 24
July	16,292	773,802 14
August	16,295	1,285,782 33
September	14,483	1,133,994 04
October	16,765	1,524,837 00
November	17,836	1,127,103 00
December	4,378	210,104 00
Totals	141,625	$9,642,104 00

Table showing the Destination of Emigrants, their Cash Means, and the Average Means of each Man, Woman and Child.

Destination.	Passengers.	Cash Means	Av'ge cash per head.
Maine	148	$3,986 50	$26 93
New Hampshire	177	2,772 81	15 66
Vermont	250	5,357 50	21 48
Massachusetts	6,494	162,986 23	26 68
Rhode Island	1,354	29,921 69	22 09
Connecticut	2,262	99,581 39	43 44
New-York	55,055	2,101,656 80	38 17
New Jersey	3,242	295,430 66	91 12
Pennsylvania	11,749	694,785 48	59 13
Ohio	7,085	681,637 81	96 20
Indiana	1,388	150,184 72	108 20
Illinois	11,064	1,400,482 45	126 62
Michigan	3,296	331,076 38	100 44
Wisconsin	13,327	1,984,128 10	148 88
Iowa	2,380	3,42,583 75	143 94
California	778	167,608 25	215 43
Delaware	81	4,102 50	50 64
Maryland	1,164	60,704 28	52 15
Virginia	566	25,102 43	44 43
North Carolina	66	3,829 50	58 02
South Carolina	178	8,945 50	50 25
Georgia	47	8,207 00	174 61
Florida	12	667 00	55 58
Alabama	30	1,707 50	56 91
Louisiana	171	10,068 22	58 80
Texas	76	8,325 75	109 54
Arkansas	30	4,709 00	156 66
Missouri	1,064	109,122 19	102 55
Mississippi	14	1,380 00	98 57
Tennessee	178	11,308 50	63 51
Kentucky	460	25,317 75	55 03
District of Columbia	407	34,691 59	85 23
Kansas	11	3,288 00	298 81
Nebraska	2	300 00	150 00
Minnesota	427	56,043 00	131 24
Utah	1,574	32,036 38	22 82
Canada	8,526	652,328 35	76 51
Nova Scotia	2	15 00	7 50
West Indies	11	1,107 00	100 63
South America	30	1,722 50	57 41
Mexico	12	1,327 56	110 63
Australia	1	20 00	20 00
Uncertain	2,113	120,979 98	57 25
Unknown	4,187	— —	— —
Total	141,625	$9,642,104 00	$3,068 08

Two burglars entered a house in London terrace, between 8 and 9 o'clock on Saturday evening, and went coolly to work in picking up such valuables as they could find and placing them in a basket which they carried. The servant girl, who was in the back basement, hearing the noise, proceeded up stairs to the front room where the burglars were operating, and suddenly turned on the gas. The rascals fled precipitately into the street with their booty, and the girl followed closely after them, hallooing for help. The fellow who carried the basket had not proceeded many steps ere he was overhauled by his female pursuer who held him fast and snatched the basket from his hands. Not satisfied with this, she continued to hold and struggle with the fellow for several minutes, and would have compelled him to succumb, had he not artfully withdrawn himself from his overcoat and undercoat, both of which he left behind in the hands of the female champion, and then started off in his shirt-sleeves through the storm. The girl then returned to the house with the property and—fainted!

There were about a dozen fires in this city within the thirty-six hours ending midnight the 20th inst. A number of them were caused by the proximity of wood-work to pipes which were heated to an unusual degree in consequence of the cold weather.

LOCAL CHANGES AND LOCAL FACTS

OF OLD NEW-YORK.

BY JOHN F. WATSON,
Author of the Annals of Philadelphia.

NO. V.

MISCELLANEOUS FACTS.

"All pay contribution to the store he gleans."

The Indians, in the year 1746, came to the city of New-York in a great body, say several hundreds, to hold a conference or treaty with the governor. Their appearance was very imposing; and being the last time they ever appeared there for such purposes, having afterwards usually met the governor at Albany, they made a very strong impression on the beholders. David Grim, then young, who saw them, has left some Mss. memoranda respecting them, which I saw, to this effect:—They were Oneidas and Mohawks; they came from Albany, crowding the North River with their canoes; a great sight so near New-York; bringing with them their squaws and papouses (children); they encamped on the site now Hudson's Square, before St. John's church, then a low sand beach; from thence they marched in solemn train, single file, down Broadway to Fort George, then the residence of the British Governor, George Clinton. As they marched, they displayed numerous scalps—lifted on poles by way of flags or trophies, taken from their French or Indian enemies. What a spectacle in a city!

In return the governor and officers of the colonial government, with many citizens, made out a long procession to the Indian camp, and presented them there the usual presents.

The Indians were remembered by Mr. Bogert's grandmother to be often encamped at "Cow-foot Hill," a continuation of Pearl-street; there they made and sold baskets.

An Indian's remains, such as his bones and some ornaments, were lately found in digging at the corner of Wall and Broad-streets. Half-Indian Jack died at Hersimus, (N. J.,) on the 2d February, 1831, at the extreme age of 102 years. In the revolutionary war he acted as a spy for the British.

The palisades and block-houses erected in 1745, were well remembered by Mr. David Grim. There was then much apprehension from the French and Indians; £8,000 was voted to defray the cost. Mr. Grim said the palisades began at the house now 57 Cherry-street, then the last house out on the East River towards Kip's Bay; thence they extended direct to Windmill-Hill, [that is, near the present Chatham theatre,] and thence in the rear of the poor-house to Dominie's Hook at the North River.

The palisades were made of cedar-logs, of fourteen feet long, and ten inches in diameter: were placed in a trench three feet deep, with loop-holes all along for muskets—having also a breast-work of fuur feet high and four feet wide. There were also three block-houses of about thirty feet square and ten feet high. These had in each six port-holes for cannon—were constructed of logs of eighteen inches thick, and at equi-distance between the three gates of the city, they being placed on each road of the three entrances or outlets; one was in Pearl-street, nearly in front of Banker-street; the other in rear of the poor-house, and the third lay between Church and Chapel-streets.

This general description of the line of defence was confirmed to me by old Mr. Tabelee, aged eighty-seven. He described one gate as across Chatham, close to Kate-Mutz's garden, on Windmill Hill. The block-house on the North River, he supposed stood about the end of Reed-street.

The great fires of '76 and '78 are still remembered with lively sensibility by the old inhabitants. They occurred while the British held possession of the city, and excited a fear at the time that the "American Rebels" had purposed to oust them, by their own sacrifices, like another Moscow. It is, however, believed to have occurred solely from accident. Mr. Brower thought he was well-informed by a Mr. Robins, then on the spot, that it occurred from the shavings in a board-yard on Whitehall-slip; but Mr. David Grim, in his MSS. notes, with his daughter, is very minute to this effect, saying:—The fire began on the 21st of September, 1776, in a small wooden house on the wharf, near the Whitehall-slip, then occupied by women of ill-fame. It began late at night, and at a time when but few of the inhabitants were left in the city, by reason of the presence of the enemy. The raging element was terrific and sublime—it burned up Broadway on both sides until it was arrested on the eastern side

by Mr. Harrison's brick house; but it continued to rage and destroy all along the western side to St. Paul's church; thence it inclined towards the North River, (the wind having changed to south-east) until it ran out at the water-edge a little beyond the Bear-market, say at the present Barclay-street.

Trinity church, though standing alone, was fired by the flakes of fire which fell on its steep roof, then so steep that none could stand upon it to put out the falling embers. But St. Paul's church, equally exposed, was saved, by allowing citizens to stand on its flater roof and wet it as occasion required.

In this awful conflagration, four hundred and ninety-three houses were consumed; generally in that day they were inferior houses to the present, and many of them were of wood.

Several of the inhabitants were restrained from going out to assist at night from a fear they might be arrested as suspicious persons. In fact, several decent citizens were sent to the Provost Guard for examination, and some had to stay there two or three days, until their loyalty could be made out. In one case, even a good loyalist and a decent man—sometimes too much inclined "to taste a drop too much"—(a Mr. White)—was by misapprehension of his character, and in the excitement of the moment, hung up on a sign-post, at the corner of Cherry and Rosevelt-streets. Mr. N. Stuyvesant told me he saw a man hanging on his own sign post, probably the same person before referred to by Mr. Grim.

Mr. Grim has given to the Historical Society a topographical map showing the whole line of conflagration.

The next fire, of August, 1778, occurred on Cruger's wharf, and burned about fifty houses. On that occasion the military took the exclusive management, not suffering the citizen-firemen to control the manner of its extinguishment. It was afterwards ordered by the Commander-in-chief that the military should help, but not order, at the suppression of fires.

The Slips, so called, were originally openings to the river, into which they drove their carts to take out cord-wood from vessels. The cause of their several names has been preserved by Mr. D. Grim.

Whitehall-slip took its name from Col. Moore's large white house, or hall. It adjoined the Slip, and was usually called Whitehall."

Coenties-slip took its name from the combination of two names—say of Coenract and Jane Ten Eycke—called familiarly Coen and Anties.

The Old-slip was so called, because it was the first or oldest in the city.

Burling-slip was so called after a respectable family of that name, living once at the corner of Smith's Vly (now Pearl-street) and Golden Hill.

Beekman-slip after a family once living there.

There was only one slip on the North River side, which was at the foot of Oswego-street, now called Liberty-street.

Corlear's Hook, which means a point, was originally called Nechtant by the Indians, and was doubtless from its locality a favorite spot with them. There Van Corlear, who was trumpeter at the fort under Van Twiller, had laid out his little farm, which he sold in 1652 to Wm. Beekman, for £750.

The Negro-plot of 1741, was a circumstance of great terror and excitement in its day. Aged parsons have still very lively traditionary recollections of it. One old man showed me the corner house in Broad-street, near the river then, where the chief plotters conspired. Old Mr. Tabelee says, new alarms were frequent after the above was subdued. For a long time in his youth, citizens watched every night, and most people went abroad with lanterns.

Mr. David Grim, in his MSS. notices, says, he retained a perfect idea of the thing as it was. He saw the negroes chained to a stake and burned to death. The place was in a valley, between Windmill Hill (Chatham theatre) and Pot-Baker's Hill, now Augusta-street, about its centre) and in midway of Pearl and Barclay-streets. At the same place they continued their executions for many years afterwards.

John Hustan, a whiteman, was one of the principals, and was hung in chains, on a gibbet at the south-east point of H. Rutger's farm on the East River, not ten yards from the present south-east corner of Cherry and Catharine streets. Since then, the crowd of population there has far driven off his "affrighted ghost," if indeed it ever kept its vigils there.

Cæsar, a black man, a principal of the negroes, was also hung in chains, on a gibbet at the south-east corner of the old powder-house in Magazine-street. Many of those negroes were burnt and hung, and a great number of others were transported to other countries.

We must conceive, that on so dreadful a fear as a general massacre, (for guns were fired, and "many run to and fro,") the whole scenes of arrest, trial, execution, and criminals long hung in chains, must have kept up a continual feverish excitement, disturbing even the very dreams when sleeping. Thank God, better times have succeeded, and better views to fellow-men.

"I would not have a slave to tremble when I wake,
For all the price of sinews bought and sold!"

Roman Catholics, and the cry of "church and state in danger," was often witnessed on election and other occasions in New-York; also, "high and low church" were resounded. "No Bishop" could be seen, in capitals, on fences, &c. A man did not dare so avow himself a Catholic; it was odious. A chapel then would have been pulled down. It used to be said, "John Leary goes once a year to Philadelphia, to get absolution."

Hallam's company of players—the first on record—played at New-York in 1754.

William Bradford, fifty years government printer at New-York, died at the age of ninety-four, in the year 1752. He had been printer a few years at Philadelphia in the time of the primitive settlement.

In 1765, two women, named Fuller and Knight, were placed one hour in the pillory, for keeping bawdy-houses. If this were again enforced, would not much of the gaudy livery of some be set down?

A gazette of 1722, hints at the declining whalery along Long Island, saying, "There are but four whales killed on Long Island, and little oil is expected from thence."

But they have, soon after, a generous recompense; for in 1724 it is announced that at Point Judith, in a pond there, they took 700,000 bass, loading therewith fifty carts, 1000 horses, and sundry boats.

In the old Potters-field there was formerly a beautiful epitaph on a patriot stranger from England, a Mr. Taylor, who came to join our fortunes, to wit:—

"Far from his kindred friends and native skies,
Here mouldering in the dust, poor Taylor lies.
Firm was his mind and fraught with various lore,
And his warm heart was never cold before;
He loved his country, and that spot of earth
Which gave a Milton, Hampden, Bradshaw birth—
But when that country, dead to all but gain,
Bow'd her base neck and hugg'd the oppressor's chain
Loathing the abject scene, he droop'd and sigh'd,
Cross'd the wild waves, and here untimely died."

TRADE IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

From the Belfast Ulsterman.

When the insane revocation of the Edict of Nantes forced thousands of French Huguenots into exile, a number of them—the were linen weavers—found a welcome refuge in Lisnagarney, a little town within a few miles of Belfast, and now known by the name of Lisburn. At the same time a linen manufacturer of Picardy, named Louis Crommelin, a man of great talent and energy, who had taken refuge in Holland, was induced to come to Lisnagarney, and join his exiled countrymen. Rich and accomplished, he soon became the guide and head of the little colony. The still backward condition of the Ulster linen manufacture attracted his attention, and supported by the favor of of the king, he proceeded to apply to its advancement all his superior knowledge and higher modes of working. This French Celt introduced new and improved looms and other apparatus from Holland, devoting his mind to every detail connected with the trade, from the growing of the flax to the weaving of the thread and the bleaching of the cloth; and he induced his brother-in-law, Nicholas de la Cherois, and other countrymen to come and join him in his labors. To these strangers King William gave the support of royal favor and protection; and as the silk trade of Spitalfields owes its origin to the French exiles settled there—as the cloth trade of France received a powerful stimulus from the skill of the Irish workmen who went thither after their own manufacture had been destroyed at home—so is the progress of the linen trade of Ulster mainly attributable to the Huguenot weavers of Lisnagarney.

Fifty years ago there was only one small flax spinning mill in Ulster (built by a native of Cork)—and there are now eighty such mills in Ulster, forty of which are in and around Belfast alone—employing between 30,000 and 40,000 hands,

In the year 1777 it occurred to a benevolent citizen of Belfast, named Joy (father to the late Chief Baron of that name), that if some sort of occupation were found for the inmates of the local poor asylum, the creatures might be enabled to pass the listless hours more cheerfully. He set them to spinning cotton yarn, and taught them to weave cotton cloth, the produce of which contributed to their support, for, as good luck would have it, Mr. Joy was happily ignorant of political economy, and had no fear of the consequences of pauper labor—as the scientific cant is—competing with skilled industry. Now, when the Belfast philanthropist began his task there was not a single cotton loom in all Ulster. But very soon the new branch of productive labor spread beyond the walls of the workhouse; and it grew so fast that, in less than twenty-four years the number of weavers had multiplied to 13,500, and in a radius of ten miles round Belfast, upwards of twenty-seven thousand persons were getting employment one way or the other from this branch of trade.

As far back as the thirteenth century, by the tidal waters of the Lagan, about ten miles from where that dirty stream, flowing over a bed of mud, is discharged into the Atlantic, there stood a castle which formed one of the fortresses of the English pale. It was a most important position (the mouth of the ford, as its name is said to signify); and many a bloody fight was fought there, and more than once did this rude fortress change owners from Norman to Celt, and from Celt to Norman again. In 1604 Sir Arthur Chichester, King James's deputy became lord of the fortress of Belfast. The deputy brought over a little colony of peasants from his estates in Devon, and soon a small town grew up around the castle. The general plantation of Ulster, which took place four years after, quickened the progress of the town; and before a single generation had passed away, that marshy tract, where so many a bloody combat had been fought, became the home of a thriving community. The town got a charter, a corporation, and the privilege of sending two representatives to the Irish Parliament. Admirably placed, the mart and outlet of the wealthiest districts of Ulster, Belfast, in half a century from Chichester's first possession of it, became the foremost town north of the Irish metropolis.

ROMANTIC BEAUTIES OF FERMOY PREVIOUS TO THE BRITISH INVASION.

This manor, says a correspondent of the Dublin *Telegraph*, was the property of the Church, and the adjoining principalities in the possession of The O'Keeffe, who built those noble ruins, extant, in the deserted Glanworth, where the copious and serpentine Funchen displays crystal clearness and great beauty, and is surrounded by the luxuriant fields that adorn that rich vale. Count Fleming, a Norman general, who accompanied King John, after the barbarous murder of his nephew, Prince Arthur, into Ireland in 1199, was rewarded with lands on the banks of the Blackwater, and carried on a bloody war with O'Keeffe and his faithful retainers. The son of Count Fleming was enriched by King John with the great manor of Slane, on the banks of the Boyne, in Meath, and became the ancestor of the Lords of Slane, which the heirs of that illustrious house retained till forfeited for their adherence to the House of Stuart at the battle of the Boyne in 1690. The daughter of Count Fleming, who married Fitzhugh De Rupe, a Norman Baron, brought those extensive and fertile manors to the first of the name who flourished in South Munster. De Rupe built those magnificent but shattered ruins, known as Bridgetown Abbey, at the enchanting confluence of the Blackwater and the beautiful Awbeg, which Edmond Spenser, of Castlepookey, near Doneraile, panegyrized in his Fairy Queen in 1598. Edward the Fourth, in 1461, raised Richard De Rupe, who assumed the name of Roche, to the peerage as Baron and Viscount Fermoy, which honors that ancient family enjoyed till plundered and expelled by that scourge of God, Oliver Cromwell, and his mercenary regicides, freebooters, in 1649, and the patrimony of this puissant house was patched between an ignoble group of rapacious intruders, whose unrelenting and monopolising persecutions baffled the days of Nero, but as the chief of these British heroes are gone to give an account of their unjust stewardship and sacerdotal ravages, I don't wish at present to make this paragraph too long for your invaluable and historical journal.

Fermoy could at one time boast of a splendid Abbey and College. It is much improved through and by the assidious industry of the respectable inhabitants without any assistance from their new landlord, a Scotch absentee. Nature enriched it with wood and water, mineral springs, never-ceasing brooks; its Elysian fields adorned with fertility, perpetual verdure, and exuberance, that enhance its estimation as a garrison, market, and post town. A magnificent cathedral church, two splendid nunneries, a rectorial mansion, a sacerdotal glebe, an episcopalian church on the plan of Luther, an evangelical meeting-house, dedicated to that modern saint, Wesley; a Calvinistic canticle, dedicated to that day-star of piety, Jack Knox, who aided Lord Ruthvin in the murder of David Rizzio in 1553.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF IRELAND,

WITH A SYSTEM OF ARMAMENT, PLAN OF ORGANISATION, AND MODE OF WARFARE, ADAPTED TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES BEGGS.

(Continued.)

All the ammunition that will be required will be ball cartridges, and too much of them cannot be prepared beforehand. Every man should have a bullet-mould to match his piece, so as that the bullet would exactly fit; if too large, it will not do at all; if too small, when fired it will diverge from its proper direction, and will not carry more than half distance. The same may be said of balls for all arms, from the pistol to the cannon. The balls must not be too big nor too little, but must so fit that they can be driven home with the same rod, and be fired off with a sufficient charge of good powder—bad powder won't do at all, for a rifle particularly. The powder and bullets must be converted into serviceable cartridges, and scrupulously kept dry and safe until required. In running the bullets, they should, while the lead is in a fused state, add a little flour of sulphur, which will make the metal more dense and hard, and prevent air cavities; it will abstract more metal and leave less dross—a saving to be looked to when the metal is scarce; besides, a bullet intended to shoot a general, having air cavities, would be sure to go crooked, and hit some other fellow who, perhaps, might be in no way desirous of being shot. There should be arrangements made in every camp for making powder and gun-cotton. The component parts of powder are 75 parts of nitre, 10 of sulphur, and 15 of charcoal. Cylinder powder is made from charcoal burnt in an iron cylinder, and pit powder from charcoal burnt in common pits; but powder, to be excellent, should be made in a powder-mill. Equal bulks of nitric acid of a specific gravity of 1.50 and the strongest oil of vitriol of a specific gravity of 8.40, are the ingredients which make gun-cotton fit for springing mines. Fuzes should also be procured for this purpose. Intrenching tools are picks, crows, spades, shovels, hand-barrows, bill-hooks, saws, hatchets, and cross-cuts.

I have, from time to time, witnessed many discussions on the subject of accoutrements, and, from my own experience and judgment, I would be inclined to prefer for our infantry, accoutrements similar to those now used by the pensioners or the police; but their pouches must be capable of containing, at least, as many cartridges as the pouches of the infantry of the line. Any leather that will not draw out with wet, or shrink in with drought, will answer for the belts. Strong plain buckles are the best. The cartridge pouches must be covered with strong waterproof leather, in order to preserve the cartridges secure, dry, and serviceable. The percussion-cap pouches must be worn, fastened with runners on the waist belts, to the front on the right side, and well replenished with serviceable caps, which must be kept dry. Any shoemaker or harness-maker, or, in fact, any handy man capable of using an awl and an end, by having a pattern, can easily make the accoutrements, except the tin compartments of the cartridge pouches, which can be made by a tinker for 3d. or 4d. each. When leather cannot be obtained, the waist and cross belts can be made of sacken bound at the edges. The accoutrements for all the gunsmen should be similar, and their scabbards should be shod with brass at both ends, or with tin at least. The pikemen will wear waist belts, on which will be fastened, with runners, their cartridge and cap pouches; and their pistols will be placed in holsters attached to the waist belts, as already described. The gunsmen will all require to attach under their guns, by swivels, leather straps called slings, with buckles in the centre that will allow them to be made long or short at pleasure, in order to protect the fingers of the left hand from being injured in returning their ramrods, and that the men may sling their pieces on their backs in scaling rocks, escalading fortifications, or bursting through hedges or thickets. The haversack suits as a substitue for the knapsack, and is more simple, economical and complete, particularly for our men.

With regard to the officering of our army, I have now a few words to say. Generally, the armies of Europe are officered by men who obtain their commissions not for their integrity, genius, or talent, or for any practical experience essential to the discharge of their duties, which practical experence can only be acquired from serving in the ranks; but, simply because they belong to that class in society called the aristocracy—men full of themselves, and adorers of their imaginary consequence; ever great as Alexanders at home in the drawing room, but always puerile, effeminate, and exquisite ninnies in battle; a circumstance which they consider elevates them above integrity, genius, talent, manhood, and experience, and so high above the private soldier and non-commissioned officer, as not only to command them, but of right to command to themselves the respect and admiration of the world. What a pity that the men are not so vain and worthless as the officers? If they were, we could, with a few thousand hardy peasants, re-conquer Europe to-morrow, and establish justice as the first rule of European society. But such being the established etiquette of European armies, our men will have to conform their manners to it, or run the risk of having their urbanity doubted. They must, therefore, pay the most marked attention to the enemy's officers, and always mind to shoot them in preference to the privates or non-commissions. To shoot a private soldier, or even a non-commissioned officer, in preference to an officer, would be treating the officer with too much inattention and disrespect, and be in itself considered the grossest mark of vulgarity. Therefore, circumstances oblige our men to attend to the enemy's officers first; particularly when they are fatiguing their stuck-up, perfumed, deocrated, and self-esteemed persons, scrambling through our hedged ditches, to kindly save them such un-lady-like trouble, by politely knocking them over like cock-robins to gasp upon beds of thorns. Our army must, indeed, be officered upon very different principles. The efficiency of an army depends in a high degree upon the efficiency of its officers. Effeminacy, self-sufficiency, and absurd notions about one's birth, or the possession of riches, are precisely the first and greatest disqualifications for the exercise of command; but integrity, genius, talent, cool courage, and indomitable energy are, and should be always, the passports to military leadership. In truth, and in short, in order to be a good, able, and intelligent officer, the man should first be a good, able, and intelligent private. If the officer is not conversant with the duties of the private and non-commissioned officer, he must be incapable of superintending and directing the execution of such duties. But, in addition to a knowledge of the duties of the privates and non-commissioned officers and the superintending of them, there are various other duties which devolve upon the officer. He has not only to superintend the men in the execution of their duties, but he must look after the men themselves; and not only see that they are well fed and cared, that their arms, accoutrements, and ammunition are in serviceable order, but that they are well clad, wear good boots or shoes, and gaiters to protect their legs from

thorns; that each man on duty wears a slung haversack, divided into two compartments, to hold bread or biscuit and other necessaries, and be always provided with needles, thread, twine, and an awl. The officer cannot pay too much attention to these petty details, as the neglect of these and similar precautions might cause the loss of a battle. The better the men are cared, provided for, and kept in health and in working order, the more numerous and effective they will remain, and be the more able to accomplish great feats of arms. In fine, both officers and men should feel an equal interest in constantly and sedulously laboring to bring every circumstance in life, every contingency of the times, every possible phase and atom of earth and air, and every principle and phenomena of nature and art, as auxiliaries to their united physical exertions. Invariably the young men of Ireland have some leisure time, more or less, which is not devoted to business, and this leisure time should be employed in the study of military matters. Study is the natural parent of knowledge, and knowledge is power; but of all species of knowledge, than military knowledge none is more capable of endowing the people with power. With this power they have unity of action directed by system, and can neither be conquered, wronged, nor oppressed. Hence, I count military knowledge as a paramount element in the education of the man, and none but an enemy to the people would deprecate or decry such knowledge. To these congenial facts I would wish particularly to call the attention of farmers' sons in the country, and the sons of business men in town, who, from the invigorating nature of their daily avocations, are physically qualified to act as officers; and to fit them for the discharge of such duty in a mental sense, they absolutely need but to bring the large share of common sense they possess to bear upon the study of war, which, after all, it must be seen, is but a common-sense affair. From my own knowledge, I can speak for these men; and no matter what slanders may have gone abroad against them, the unconquerable spirit of liberty yet abides in their breasts, and the oracles of their conscience have not been silenced in the temple, nor their energies impaired, by the gloomy pall which seems to overspread the depression of the times. The spirit of liberty is immortal, and can never die; and wherever honest Irishmen live, we behold in them its chivalrous votaries, men of solid common sense, patriots of the highest cast, soldiers of the sternest mould, who, to-morrow, if necessary, with lion hearts, would welcome and excite wars, storms, and battle's thunders, and, in the full pride of Ierna's pristine chivalry, eagerly mount the gory whirlwinds, and ride them above the vanquished foe, through vales of fire, above the devil and his imps, into the ensanguined harbor of victory and glory. Such men are designed by holy nature to lead the way to fame, to be the evangelists of liberty, and the deliverers of mankind; whose very tones express the manly pathos of their nature; whose words give utterance to the grandest poetry of the soul, and the sweetest anthem of the heart—the sacred and soul-elevating language of liberty; that spirit-moving sentiment which evokes inspiration, and sends the floating flag of freedom in triumph through the foeman's adamantine ranks and opposing forests of blazing steel. There is no difficulty in selecting such men as these—they are easily known, and there can be no mistake about them. They can be distinguished by the general characteristic of great and good men, by their unassuming demeaner, by that chaste garb of commendable humility peculiar to themselves, which, while it always covers, always betokens the great attributes of the internal man—attributes which lie dormant, hidden, unparaded and unsuspected, until the magic touch of necessity's wand calls them forth in the full force of their native might and dazzling splendor.

Having thus necessarily pointed out the leading characteristics, and the fitting qualifications of the candidates for command, I will now discharge another essential duty, by pointing out the marks and characteristics of the men whose presence or meddling should not, for a single instant, be tolerated in any movement. Generally, the men of Ireland richly deserve the high character I have given them; but, I am sorry to say, there are exceptions existing amongst them, called snobs by some, and puppies by others; and, in order that these dark and base specimens of humanity may be known at the first glance, avoided and spurned, I will make a selection and give a definition of it:—Gold rings on its fingers, a moustache on its upper lip, a florrydoll watch-chain (gaudy and strong, as if intended to chain a convict, no inappropriate hint to the wearer) woven round its stay-bound waist; its hair outlandishly shaped, frizzled, perfumed, and bedevilled with pomatum; a gold pin in its breast, not entirely so long or so coarse as a harrow-pin; a distressing sidey on it, like a fighting-pig; always trying to talk grand, and its dull pate packed brim-full with an extraordinary high opinion of its worthless self. These are the infallible marks and signs of the fop and the fool, the unmistakeable indexes to the proud, puffed-up puppy, visible to the eye; but there are others of a stronger, and if possible of a more detestable and injurious character, visible only to the understanding, namely, a quantity of Christian names, as John James Laurence William Snooks, and a regular army of strange and absurd nicknames, which they cannot get, but which they wish they may get, and which they worship with all the blind, base, mephitic, and decomposing enthusiasm of idolaters, such as, Sir, Lord, Earl, Marquis, Duke, King and Emperor, called, in depraved and barbarian circles, the symbols of civilisation. At first sight, we might be inclined to ascribe downright idiocy to the wearers of such silly decorative baubles, and to those who glory in worshipping, or in assuming such mischievous, nonsensical, and repulsive titles; but, upon a nearer and more tangible view of these baubles and epithets taken together, and the circumstances which invariably environ them, we soon discover them to be the component parts of that flimsy veil, which eternally covers vanity and pride, malignance and perfidy, cowardice and baseness, folly and crime, sin and sorrow; the indubitable emblems, by which the slaves and sattelites of Satan upon earth are distinguished. Surely, after this, I need say no more to aid the people in making their election of officers, and scornfully flinging the culls aside.

Having explained, in detail, that which in reality are the military resources of the country, I will now, with a view to their practical developments, succinctly sketch the system by which these resources should be organised; simplicity and detail being the marked features of the system. The elements of war, as they exist in Ireland, to be concentered and efficiently organised must be taken in minute detail, and collected and organised by localities. There is neither mystery, difficulty, nor complication in the matter. Each parish should organise itself, and do so by townlands, in this manner:—The men of the military age in each townland who are equipped and supplied with arms, and who are willing to take part in the war, should form themselves into as many bands as there are species of arms, viz: pikemen, riflemen, musketeers, and fowling-piece men, in separate and distinct bands; each band appointing its own officer, each officer in return appointing his subordinates to act under him. Towns act similarly to townlands. This done, they get as many horses and carts as will compose a proportionate transport for their commissariat and munitions, which must be collected and carefully stowed on the baggage carts; and all the townlands comprised in the parish should act similarly and simultaneously with this.

The next move is to select a site for an encampment, which done, the several townland divisions, in regular order of march—baggage moving in the van, under the care of the baggage guard, riflemen in front, pikemen in the centre, and the musketeers and fowling-piece men bringing up the rear—will proceed to the ground selected for encampment, and on arrival each division will take up the ground allotted to it, and commence putting up its tents, or erecting huts. These sites should be selected with a view to convenience; but more especially on account of their natural strength of position, than any other advantage they may confer. The best and most convenient positions are towns or villages situate on commanding eminences. Towns or villages situate in hollows, or even on high ground, if commanded by neighboring heights within range of cannon are untenable; but, when a town or village is commanded by an adjacent eminence, affording room, accommodation and natural strength of position, this eminence should be seized upon as an excellent site for encampment, because it would give us command of the resources of the town or village, which would be of incalculable service, and there is generally a junction of the roads of the district at every town or village—a circumstance which would give us possession of the roads, and, therefore, absolute command of the district, and also give us the option of adopting, at pleasure, offensive, defensive, or obstructive warfare, or each in turn.

The boldest, most prudent and most capable man will be chosen parish chief, who will assume command of all the forces assembled on the ground of encampment. The first duty of this chief will be to make the following appointments:—A person to act as adjutant, to superintend the armament, drill, and discipline of the men; a person to act as quarter-master, who will look after march routes, cantonments, camp equipments, and munitions of war; a person to act as commissary to ensure the supply of rations to the men, make requisitions, and provide efficient transport; a person to act as engineer, to project such fortifications as may be necessary: and a medical officer for the hospital department. These should be selected according to their capabilities for their respective duties, be well mounted, and furnished with an adequate but limited staff. Aides-de-camp and orderlies should also be well mounted. This systematic division of the labors attendant upon such movements into so many defined departments, and the heads of these departments composing the staff of the chief, will lighten and facilitate his otherwise herculean labors, reduce them to order, and thereby enable him to carry on operations against the enemy with ease and success. The order of encampment should be as follows:—The riflemen, musketers, and fowling-piece men will form three separate divisions of tents or huts, the officers' tents being in rear of their own divisions. The tents for the chief and his staff will occupy the centre of the encampment. In one or more lines in rear of these will be the pikemens' tents, and in rear of these will be the station for the commissariat, military chest and camp magazines, over which a guard will be placed. The carts will be drawn up, heeled up if empty, behind which the horses will be provided for. The tents or huts for the vanguard and picket will be pushed forward to the front, the tent or hut for the rearguard will be placed a distance backwards, and the tents and huts for the flank-guards will be a distance from the flanks. The arms will be piled round the tent-poles inside the tents. The adjutant will choose a suitable parade ground in front of the encampment for the purposes of parading drilling and instructing the men. Should the position be an important one, it must be fortified. Should a town or considerable village become the position, the public buildings should be cleared out and converted into barracks for the use and accomodation of our men.

The first routine of duty will devolve on the quarter-master, which will be to ascertain the number of men and horses on the ground, and to calculate the quantity of provisions and forage that will maintain them for a given period; and on the receipt of this estimte the adjutant will supply the commissary with an armed party and a fatigue party unarmed, at the head of which he will proceed to make the first requisition. The best argement that can be made is that each parish will support its own forces. Therefore the commissary will operate within the limits of the parish, causing as little inconvenience and loss to the contributors as possible, giving his proper receipt for, and fair valuation for everything he receives, which he enters in his book, which must be paid for with interest by the nation at the conclusion of the war. The parish will be enjoined to supply the camp with fire-arms and powder, and every other camp requisite: as, fat cattle and sheep, bread, meal flour, and other articles of food; tarpaulins, oil-cloth, canvas for tents; bedding, cooking utensils, and camp equipments; horses and wagons for transport, and for officers and orderlies. Cattle and sheep can be driven, horses led, and loaded wagons conducted to the camp, under escort.

In camp, while no enemy appears, the different tradesmen, or as many as can be spared from drill in turn, must be set to work at their different occupations: hedge and house carpenters making pike handles, erecting huts, planting palisades, chevaux-de-frise, and placing lines of abatis. Blacksmiths must become armor-sergeants, make pike-heads, and learn to examine and repair arms, and perfect such other iron and steel works as may be necessary. Tinkers must be got to make the compartments for the cartridge-pouches, camp kettles, other tin vessels (air tight) for biscuit, and for the use of the camp, these being light, portable and convenient. Shoe and harness-makers will make and repair accoutrements for men, and harness for horses. Coopers will make and mend kegs and casks for holding ammunition, salt pork, beef, and spirits. Bakers will make bread for present use, and biscuit for the future. It is to be observed that the excellence of biscuit consists in the skill in kneading it, so as to express all the water, and it should be thoroughly dried in some room or secure place, near or over the ovens, and then cooled before packing.

In contemplating active or expeditionary operations, the commissariat will issue, at the least, three days' provisions (biscuit) to each man, which will be carried in their haversacks, and these haversacks ought to be covered with patent leather or painted canvas to keep out the wet. This was the habit of the Romans; it is now the practice of the French, each man of whom, on some occasions, carries 14 days' biscuit, and this enables them to make bold and sudden movements, thus placing within their reach the completest and most superb victories. Bread occupies too much space, and is in no particular so valuable a necessary as biscuit in war. Therefore the chief desideratum of the commissariat is biscuit. 100 lbs. of flour will produce only 90 lbs. of biscuit, while the same quantity of flour will produce 140 lbs. of bread, thus saving in biscuit one-third the space, a most important point for the bearer of the haversack. Besides biscuit is more wholesome, and is less perishable and precarious than bread; while in 90 lbs of biscuit there is more food than in 140 lbs. of bread. Neighboring wind and water-mills should be used to grind oats and wheat into meal and flour when necessary.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE GREATNESS THAT NEVER DESCENDS TO READ NEWSPAPERS.

From the London Examiner.

A respectable man has been defined one who keeps a gig, but a cut far above your respectable man is the man who does not read a newspaper. Members of the two Houses of Parliament never read newspapers They would not, indeed, touch a newspaper with a pair of tongs. No great man, no one pretending to importance, ever avowed that he read anything of which he had to complain, or upon which he had to comment, in a newspaper. It is always "brought under his notice," or his "attention was drawn to it." Never does it come naturally in his way in the course of his daily reading. The fact is always brought to his knowledge, as his articles of dress and use are brought to his hands. He is waited on with the news concerning himself, and would no more think of learning it by the use of his own eyes than he would think of brushing his own clothes or cleaning his own boots. All great folks have got friends who read for them. We are always mightily impressed when we see or hear that some one "has had his attention drawn to certain comments," which every one else has read with his own eyes; but seldom have we been more struck than by this commencement of a letter to the *Daily News*, bearing the signature of Morris Moore:

Sir: Certain passages of your first leading article of the 29th of November have been brought to my notice.

How grand this is! Certain passages brought to my notice! How high and mighty! A man of consequence, above all of no self-consequence, would have been searching all the newspapers for every syllable concerning himself, but Mr. Morris Moore, who has had a whole police after him, is waited upon with "certain passages" on a silver salver. After all, Mr. Morris Moore ought to be thankful to the abominable Prussian police, for if they had not laid hands on him, and made for him a grievance, the noise of which resounds through the world, rivaling the walls of Sir C. Napier, he never could have assumed the sublime airs of his address to the *Daily News*. He woke in the Berlin watch-house and found himself famous, and past reading newspapers on his own account. In his incarceration, he scorned the couch on which "delators" might have stretched themselves, but now he has his own "delators" to denounce to him passages in newspapers unpleasing to his self-love. This is a step in greatness well worth a night in the watch-house.

Irish News.

The annual meeting of the subscribers and friends of practical art and design, says the *Waterford News*, was held at the savings' bank, George-street, on the 22d ult., to receive the report of the past year, to audit the accounts, and to appoint a general committee. William Christmas, Esq., occupied the chair. There were also present—The Bishop of Cashel, the Very Rev. the Dean of Waterford, Hon. D. F. Fortescue, Thomas Dillon, John Coombe, Dr. Cavet, Dr. Carroll, Councillor Ryland, &c. There were also a number of ladies present, owing, perhaps, to the fact, that on this occasion, the distribution of the medals and prizes obtained at the recent examinations was to take place. The secretary read the report of the committee for the past year, which showed that the finances of the school were in a most satisfactory condition, there being a balance of £14 10s. to the credit of the school. The report then went to show that art education had within the past year been greatly diffused in consequence of the master's services having been engaged at the model school, and that nearly twenty medals, awards, and prizes, had been obtained by the pupils at the recent examinations. It further stated that six paintings had been forwarded to London by the inspector, to be exhibited as specimens of art, and that a gratuity of £20 had been voted to the master (Mr. M'Cloy) by the committee as a token of their appreciation of his zealous and efficient teaching.

The linen trade during the month of December was a dull one in the sales of goods; bleached linens have accumulated, but the average amount of stocks does not exceed that held at the close of the year 1854. In the damask and diaper trades there has been a steady demand for all medium and coarse fabrics, with a moderate inquiry for fine goods. Manufactures of this class of work have had very good orders all season, and the hands connected with the fancy trade were all busy at good wages. Cambric handkerchiefs have been made to better advantage, but the market is still quiet. At the several bleach fields in the north of Ireland the people are at full work, and large quantities of linens in the finished state are weekly turned out of the principal establishments. Brown markets were very fully supplied with goods at the commencement of the week. Armagh had a large share, and buyers took off immense lots of the white as well as the brown finish.

Mr. Thomas J. M'Carthy, son of Dr. M'Carthy, J. P., Kenmare, has been appointed to a junior clerkship in the office of the Solicitor of Inland Revenue, Custom-house, Dublin. Mr. M'Carthy's examination, which occupied three days, took place before Dr. Ball at Dublin Castle, and comprised, in addition to the leading English branches of knowledge, the first works of the principal French aud Latin authors, an extensive acquaintance with the latter being regarded as indispensable in this important department of the Irish Civil Service. So particular are the Civil Service Commissioners in requiring a high standard of qualification for this office, that upwards of a dozen candidates were at various periods during the last year and a-half (for which time this office has been vacant) rejected after an arduous examination.

While Mr. John Bland, builder, was being wound up on a scaffold for the purpose of examining the work he is getting done to the tower of Shinrone Church, diocese of Killaloe, the cable rope broke, and he fell a height of about 20 feet, escaping without any injury, save a broken leg.

William M'Caulay, a native of Ballaghy, near Antrim, says the *Belfast Mercury*, was deposited on the quay in a helpless and destitute state, from the Scotch steamer. This man lived for the long period of eighteen years in Glasgow, and was no portion of this time chargeable on any poor institution. Towards the latter portion of his time, he enlisted in Glasgow in the East India Company's service, and proceeded to India, when a severe course of duty, under a varying climate, brought on a disease in one of his legs, which ultimately ended in paralysis. He was in consequence disabled for duty, and was discharged without pension or emolument. The poor fellow returned to Glasgow and threw himself on the generosity of the poor-law authorities, who kept him for six months; but from their repeated taunts to him regarding his maintenance, he took himself to work, and for this purpose left the union. He tried to toil for his living in vain, his leg became worse, and he fell at his work, losing at the same time all power of moving. He now goes on crutches. M'Caulay was taken back to the union, but despite all remonstrances on the part of a sympathising friend, he was pushed away with a warrant in his hand, and transported to Ireland. He arrived in quite a destitute state, without a farthing to pay for his breakfast, and when found by Captain M'Bride, he was shivering with cold.

An accident, says the *Coleraine Chronicle*, of a very melancholy nature, occurred at the Derry Railway Station. A man named M'Beth, a fireman on the goods-train, was cleaning his engine, which, at the time, was a short distance down the line from the platform. As the five o'clock train for Derry moved away, he somehow got on the line in front and was knocked down, the engine and all the carriages passing over his body, in a slanting direction, from the right shoulder to the middle of the left limb. The lower part of his body was completely shattered, and his arm and both legs broken. His fellow-workmen gathered up his mangled remains, and laid them out in the waiting-room, when the Rev. Mr. Flanagan, P. P., performed the last rights of his church over the unfortunate man, who still breathed. Death, however, in a short time put an end to his sufferings. He was a native of Strabane, and was for some time employed on the railway.

A few days ago, says the *Armagh Guardian*, Osborne Kidd, Esq., of Tullymore House, in the vicinity of this city, received through the post, a sealed envelope containing three ten pound notes, accompanied by a slip of paper, on which the words "An Old Debt," were written. Neither the name of the party who sent it, nor the nature of the debt was communicated; but Mr. Kidd, while ignorant of both, is perfectly satisfied that the money was justly due, and will not have the least objection to the discharge of any similar "old debts" which may be outstanding.

There are at present in our county-jail, says a Louth paper, only twenty-nine prisoners of all classes. There is not even a solitary case for trial at the assizes; and the offences for which prisoners are paying the penalty of confinement, are generally such as are incidental to the best regulated community. At no antecedent period for the last ten years were there so few inmates of the work-house. At Christmas nearly all the local poor outside of the work-house were enabled to fare comfortably out of their own humble earnings, and there was no necessity for urgent appeals to the rich.

At an inquest held in Drogheda, on the 30th ult., the jury returned the following verdict:—"We find that Patrick Byrne died on the 26th of December, and that his death was accelerated by injuries received on the night of the 24th December, after leaving a dance-house in Magdalene street, by exposure to cold and falls received while under the influence of intoxicating drinks, he being of a diseased constitution. And we recommend the interference of the authorities to suppress dancing in public houses, it appearing to us that many evils result therefrom."

On the night of the 22d ult. as a cattle-dealer, named Smith, a resident of Kingscourt, was returning from the fair of Mullacrew to his residence, he was waylaid by a party of ruffians who beat him in a most unmerciful manner with bludgeons. Two persons named Dorman and Halfpenny, have been arrested for the assault.

At the Enniscorthy fair on the 23d of December, cattle brought from £10 to £14 each. One beast was sold for £17. Steers and heifers of good quality were sold from £6 to £10 a head; fat sheep from 30s. to 45s. each; stores from 20s. to 38s.; pigs from 50s. to 55s. per cwt.

A man named Middleton engaged in a drunken fight in Thomas-street, Armagh, with some men, was so cut and wounded, as to render his death almost certain. Two men named McKenna and Stuart, have been arrested for the offence.

A shoemaker named Heaney, residing in Brown-street, Cork, became suddenly indisposed, and died in the course of a few minutes. He was out walking in the early part of the day, and appeared in the enjoyment of excellent health.

On Christmas night a vessel, moored at the Kilkenny side of the Suir, at Waterford, was observed to be on fire. Prompt measures were taken to subdue it, but in vain. It then was deemed advisable to scuttle her, which was accordingly done.

The Rev. P. McKenna, for five years Catholic curate of Castleblayney, died recently at the house of the pastor, the Rev. Mr. McMeel.

A public banquet to George H. Moore, Esq., the Tenant Right member for Mayo, was to have taken place at Castlebar, on the 25th inst.

Lough Erne has been so deepened at Portora, that the steamboat *Countess of Milan*, can pass freely up and down to the lake.

Michael George Harrington, who was arrested on the charge of having murdered Mr. Little, Cashier of the Midland Great Western Railway company, has been discharged.

A public meeting has been convened in Cork for the purpose of taking measures to have a monument erected to Father Mathew.

Owing to the intensity of the frost, a portion of the rock-cutting at the north face of Goggin's Hill, on the Cork and Bandon Railway, fell in.

A boy named Wm. Hutchinson, of Belfast, had his hand so fractured by the discharge of a pistol, that amputation became necessary.

A man named Martin Walsh, his wife and two children, were poisoned at Tully, county Galway, by eating unsound mackerel.

Four men recently engaged in knocking down an old house in Hospital, county Limerick, found 100 sovereigns in the wall, of the reign of George the Third, and dated 1791.

At the petty sessions court of Carlow, three men were brought up charged with having carried off a young woman, named Catherine Hurihan, from her parents, under extraordinary circumstances. The case excited the greatest interest in the town and neighborhood, as during the investigation the court was crowded to excess by persons of both sexes; as usual the fair sex preponderated. Indeed the bench appeared to take no less deep interest in the proceedings, as no less than twelve magistrates were present. Since the attempted abduction of Miss Arbuthnot by Mr. Carden, the people have not heard so of systematic and well arranged a plan for carrying off a female, although in the present case the parties move in the humbler walks of life. Mr. Butler, the sessional prosecutor, attended on the part of the crown. The parties accused, who were undefended, were Thomas Dunne, James Keefe, and John Burn. Mr. Butler having stated the facts of the case, which will be found detailed in the evidence, and referring to the statute which bore on the case, proceeded to call the witnesses. Catherine Hurihan, an interesting young girl of 18 summers, was the first witness examined. She stated that on Saturday morning last, about six o'clock, she was proceeding to Carlow in a donkey's cart, accompanied by her mother and grandmother; when a short distance from the town her attention was arrested by observing a covered car secreted under a railway bridge, near which were three men. On coming near the vehicle, the prisoner Dunne, who was a servant in her father's employment, approached and dragged her off the cart; in his efforts to do so she pulled her grandmother along with her; she screamed and roared for help, but her parents being overpowered by the other men, they were unable to give any assistance; Dunne being unable to force her into the car, was assisted by a person whose name she did not know; when flung into the car, Dunne followed her, closing the door behind him, whereupon Keefe drove off as fast as he could, the third person keeping off her mother and grandmother; she remained insensible until they reached Athy, a distance of ten miles; her clothes were much torn and injured in the struggle; when they drove to Stradbally, three miles from Athy, Dunne, on recovering her self-possession, frequently asked her to marry him, but she declined indignantly to comply with his request. In answer to the bench the witness said it was against her will and desire to be dragged away from her friends and home. The prisoner Dunne here remarked that the witness had agreed on Friday night to elope with him. The prosecutrix repudiated the statement. Mary Hurihan, mother of the last witness, corroborated the testimony of her daughter; in her information she swore that John Burn was the third person engaged in the attack, but she believed she was mistaken as to the identity; with reference to Keefe, the car driver, she positively swore that he assisted Dunne in forcing her daughter into the covered car. The prisoners were sent for trial.

Justly celebrated as Muskerry ever has been for its fox hunting, says a correspondent of the *Cork Examiner*, yet never did it see a day where the blood of horses or the pluck of men went through so severe an ordeal as on Thursday, the 25th ult. The meet was at Clashanure, which having been skilfully drawn blank, Captain Rye proceeded to Farran, the beautiful residence of William Clarke, and scarce were the hounds in cover, when a noble old fox was found and broke away to the rear of the house through the lands of Ballineadig, in the direction of Elm Park, but suddenly changed his route and made for Clashanure; and here the few moments the "old gentleman" required to find out his quarters being denied him by those crashing hounds, he was forced to skirt along the banks of the Lee, and determinately laid himself down from Nadrid, but again finding his position so critical, he changed his course, and made for Aglish. At this stage of the run, to a spectator on the hill, the sight was truly magnificent, as the sun shone on the gay uniform of the hunt, and as I noticed Captain Rye in the front rank, as he always is, on his favorite horse "David," closely followed by the following gentlemen, who, never better than on the present occasion, sustained their well-merited character for pluck and determination in the field, and around the earth, where old Reynard found a place of safety, may be seen standing under the shadow of the old church of Aglish, Thos. B. Herrick, Chambre Baldwin, Quaile Hawkes, Captain Morgan, M. Popham, D. Hawkes, F. Harding, and E. E. Ashe, V. S., on "Pick-me-up," whose jaded appearance clearly told that in Muskerry fox hunting under the management of the worthy Captain, is nothing short of steeple-chasing, when we see a run of six miles, and which I have poorly attemped to describe, accomplished in the extrordinarily short space of fifteen minutes.

The persons who have been taken up charged with firing at Mr. Joynt, near Clonvara, in the county Clare, on Saturday evening, were on St. Stephen's day removed from Kilnavane Bridewell to Clonvara for examination before the bench of magistrates, but on arriving at the latter place, they were informed that their case would not be heard before that day fortnight.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has, on the recommendation of the Right Hon. the Earl of Kenmare, appointed the Rev. Benjamin Jordan to the living of Cahircorney and Kinsellane, in the diocese of Cashel.

David Lynch, Esq., Q.C. of the Leinster Circuit, has been appointed Assistant Barrister for the county Louth, in place of J. Perrin, Esq., who is obliged to retire in consequence of continued severe indisposition.

A girl named Ellen Regan, of Bandon, was recently sentenced to a month's imprisonment for an attempt to poison herself.

There is a decrease of pauperism in the Armagh Union. The number of inmates last year, was 343 in Christmas week; and this year it is only 268.

On Christmas Eve a man named Faherty, from Moycullen, fell into the canal at Galway, where the Swivel Bridge should have been long since, and was drowned.

On the 20th ult. the Marquis of Waterford met with a fall from his horse, which severely cut the noble Marquis's head, and rendered him insensible for nearly half an hour.

A man named John Egan, of Cavan, died a short time since from abscess of the jaw, caused by the extraction of a tooth.

A young lad named Horgan, of Macroom, was recently killed by the accidental discharge of a fowling-piece.

A man named Richard Groce, was killed by a fall from the window of a house in Fishamble-street, Cork.

A man named Jas. Hurley was drowned at Cork on the 19th ult., having fallen out of a barge into the river.

Patrick Feale, a laborer, was found hanging on a tree in the woods of Castletown, in the county Cork. It is supposed he was insane.

On the 26th ult. Lord Fermoy's hounds had their meeting at Knockeen; the gallant pack were scarcely thrown into cover, when they discovered their fox, and, after a short time, made two of them break, and went off in sporting style on a noble old fox, which gave them about twenty-five minutes of as fast a run as had been seen for many years, without a single check, facing first for Monenanig Mountain, traversed, and came back through Ruperah, Minane, Braziers' Pond, and into Michelsfort, where he had just time to go to ground; after which the hounds drew Fisher's cover, and to the delight of all, found a sporting fox, which led them a dance of eight miles, through Ballyvatta Bog, Ballina, Glengariff, Lemlara, through Kirby's Bog, facing towards Ledington, Ballinash and Naskenagh; finding the pace too fast and his position critical, he changed his course and traversed for Knockeen on to Carrig an, then going through Dunkelerick, when they ran into and broke him amidst the delight of the noble owner and all present. Thus ended this day's sport, to the entire satisfaction of a large field, amongst whom were some of the best fox-hunting gentlemen in the country.

Persons not having license to carry arms, are prohibited in Kilkenny to enjoy that privilege of freemen. The following is the clause in the arms' act which empowers the police to arrest any person who may carry a gun without the magisterial permission:—"And be it enacted that it shall be lawful to or for any person or persons whomsoever, to seize and apprehend any who shall be found carrying any gun, pistol, or other fire-arms, or any part or parts of any gun, pistol, or other fire-arms, or any sword, cutlas, pike, or bayonet, or any bullets, gunpowder, or ammunition, contrary to the provisions of this Act, and to deliver such person as soon as may be into the custody of a constable, or a peace officer, in order to his or her being forthwith conveyed before some justice of the peace to be dealt with according to law."

At the Ballybay Christmas fair of horses the show was considerable, and many excellent nags were paraded, some selling so high as £70; average price from £15 to £30 each, and a smart business was effected. Fat cattle, according to quality, brought from £9 to £15 each; dry cattle were a meagre show; £9 to £11 were the figures for three years old heifers, and two years old, £5 to £8 per head; yearlings £3 to £5 each; store bullocks from £5 to £9 per head. The supply of springers and milkers was excellent, and the demand very brisk; the former rated from £10 to £15 per head according to quality, and a good number exchanged owners. Bacon pigs maintained a high figure, from £2 15s. to £3 per cwt. being obtained; stores ranged in prices from £2 to £2 10s. each; sucking pigs £1 to £1 5s. each, an average of £2 5s. per couple. Milled flax from 8s. to 9s. per stone; hand-scutched do., from 7s. per stone downward.

We regret, says the *Derry Sentinel*, to find that a regular conspiracy against the letting of mountains in the county of Donegal to Scotch or English farmers has appeared in the northern parts of this county. Lord G. Hill, Mr. Olpherts, Mrs. Russell, Mr. Woodhouse, and other proprietors, have been disposing of their mountains to persons from England and Scotland for sheep grazing, and this has given great offence to the Glenswilly Decree men. It appears by sworn informations that on the 10th of December, instant, about 40 men, armed with pistols, sticks, and other weapons, attacked the house of Mr. Wright, at Alton, where they found James Sillico, his shepherd, and required him to quit the place in eight days. They told him they would not allow any Englishman or Scotchman to take mountains in that country, and would put a stop to such work, and to warn his countrymen not to come there.

S. Hewitt and Samuel Kidd, the only male convicts that were in Down jail, have been sent to Mountjoy Prison, Dublin. They were convicted at the last Downpatrick Quarter Sessions of burglary, and sentenced, the former to six years' penal servitude and the latter to four.

Nicholas Mahon Power, M.P., Faithlegg House, has given £5 towards the erection of the new churches in Wexford; and in sending the remittance he informed the Rev. Mr. Roche that only he was suffering from an attack of rheumatism he would go amongst his tenantry to collect for the same purpose.

Tradition says of Dunbrody Abbey, situated on the banks of the Suir, that it was built by the monks of Dunbrody, not only as a toll-house, but as a curing establishment for the fish taken for the use of the abbey.

The Earl of Clare ordered a very large supply of blankets and warm clothing of the best description to be distributed at Christmas among the poor and laboring classes in and about Mount Shannon.

Measures are on foot for the immediate establishment of an Agricultural Society in Limerick. The plan proposed is to revive the old Agricultural Society, and conjoin it with an Agricultural Club at the Athenæum.

Several sudden deaths and accidents occurred in Belfast on Christmas day, from apoplexy and other causes. One man was choked by a piece of meat sticking in his throat while taking his dinner.

It is stated that Wm. Johnston, Esq., Ballykillibeg House, Downpatrick, and proprietor of the *Downshire Protestant*, has addressed the electors of Downpatrick, as a candidate for the representation of his native town in Parliament.

The Rev. Ogle Moore, Rector of Blessington, has been appointed by the Lord Lieutenant, Dean of Cashel. The new Dean has been the uniform and disinterested supporter of the National Education System from its commencement.

The brothers of the Society of "Our Blessed Lady of Charity and Refuge of Sinners," Dublin, beg to acknowledge the receipt of the sum of £2 from Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams.

A beautiful young lady, the daughter of the possessor of one of the best estates in the county Limerick, is to be married to a young gentleman of extensive property in England.

The Directors of the Midland Great Western Railway have headed a subscription list, in aid of the family of their late cashier, Mr. Little, with the sum of £200.

The Dublin Corporation have unanimously passed a resolution calling for the total abolition of the Income tax.

The High Sheriff of Tipperary has been called on to convene a meeting for the purpose of seeking a reduction of the Income tax.

Francis Brodigan, Esq., of Pilton House, county Meath, has been appointed High Sheriff of Drogheda.

Richard Kelly, Esq., Chairman of the Tuam Town Commissioners, has got the commission of the Peace.

Three persons named McTeague, McDaniel, and Gough, have been arrested in Drogheda on a charge of coining.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1857.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Captain Maurice Walsh, of New-York, having set out to travel through America, is authorized to collect advertisements and subscriptions for this paper. Captain Walsh has our written authority, which he will present to those who may not be personally acquainted with him. A list of the subscribers' names, together with the respective sums paid by each, will be published each week.

SMITH O'BRIEN AND THE LONDON PRESS.

Silence has been spoken of as a great talent. In many instances it keeps people out of trouble. In some few cases, it has been known to work miracles. If it does not actually disarm hostility, it baffles criticism. If it fails to excite friendship, it usually propitiates respect. When one says nothing, it is easy for the most querulous to tolerate him.

The compliments with which Smith O'Brien was welcomed back to Europe by his enemies were too ostentatious not to be remembered easily, even now. The gifted gentlemen who enlighten the public mind of England with their indelible ink and elastic gold pens, were profuse in their commendations of the many traits and virtues our friend uniformly exhibits.

His equanimity was admirable. His urbanity, most gracious. His dignity, incomparable. His integrity above reproach, temptation, or suspicion. He was a perfect character. Worthy a chapter in some modern edition of Plutarch's Lives. If he had not the gorgeous genius, he certainly possessed the great heart of Henry Grattan. Without the dignity, he manifested all the courtliness of Charlemont. He was not less bold and brave than Curran, where humanity appealed to him, and wrongs cried for redress. In the midst of Irish agitation, he rose above it, uncontaminated. Popular and beloved, he did not debase his intellect by an obsequious concurrence, on every question and occasion, with those who cheered him. Independent of the Government, he maintained himself with a severe propriety and truthfulness before the people. Judged by the loftiest examples of public worth which history furnishes—judged by the maxims of an heroic and pure morality—O'Brien infinitely excelled O'Connell.

These, and many other praises did the gentlemen of the London Press offer as frankincense and myrrh to the illustrious scion of Kincora, as he turned his steps homeward from the mountains of Tasmania. With such anthems of adulation did these sweet choiristers of the Strand go forth to meet the Exile, to the bitterness and ignominy of whose banishment they had contributed with a plenteous scurrility. Foremost of them was the *Times*.

And this continued, more or less audibly, with more or less flourishes of poetry and rhetoric, so long as Smith O'Brien held his tongue upon public questions affecting Ireland. Just in the same way as, even here, it comes to pass, that "distinguished strangers" are public favorites until they venture an opinion upon public matters. Up to their doing this, not a word of offensive comment assails them. Up to their doing this, one might infer they were choice exceptions from the rest of creation, such graceful notices accompany all their acts. Their reserve in public life is applauded everywhere. It shows such good sense, the papers say. It is so discreet, so amiable, so dignified. Even high officials—stars of the first magnitude in Washington—speak of it as an admirable abstinence indicative of singular force of mind and wisdom. A primrose path the "distinguished stranger" treads, so long as he walks like a mute at a funeral, looking neither to the right nor to the left, nor uttering the faintest syllable on the way.

Once let him speak out, however, and the enchantment ceases. The favorite, once burdened with caresses, becomes a target at which every pedlar of the Press—every reeling spouter at a Ward-meeting thinks it his privilege to discharge any weapon, foul or fair, he can lay his scurvy hand upon. He declares himself a Democrat. The turbid flood of Black Republicanism opens on him. Abolition howls at him. All that is dangerous and traitorous in the Union precipitate themselves upon him, as did the noisome sea-birds of the Strophades upon the banquet of Æneas. From this time out, in the eyes of those who politically differ from him, he is the direct reverse of what they so glowingly described him to be whilst he was dumb, and opened not his mouth. But these are the penalties which every man, who desires to be something more than a statue of wax-work in a tailor's or peruquier's window on Broadway, has to encounter. Vulgar and cowardly as they are, he must accept them as inevitable.

That Smith O'Brien has incurred such penalties since his return from Australia, it would not be true to say. The storm is yet to come. Only the first mutterings—only the first premonitory spatterings—have been heard. But they are black. Black as Erebus. They portend a savage tempest. Proudly they will prove their hearts of Irish oak, if the woods of Chairmoyle bend not one of those days to the coming blast. Let the haughty master of these woods look out. He is no longer patronized by the British public. He has lost the confidence of the *London Times*. Viscount Palmerston wishes him back in the forests of the Derwent. The Queen already deplores her clemency. The contumaciousness of this ungrateful Rebel is too much for her maternal heart. So did Tyrone vex the soul of Elizabeth. So did his wild doings disturb the sleep of the Virgin Queen.

Devoutly we pray, that Smith O'Brien may continue to incur the displeasure of the English Press. Incurring this displeasure, he gathers round him, more and more, the love and homage of the Irish Race.

CONGRESS AND THE NEW-YORK PRESS.

On more than one occasion, the Editor of the *Irish News* has disclaimed, incidently perhaps, and not with the gravity and earnestness the importance of the subject required, all personal irresponsibility for what he may write or publish. As a journalist he has refused to accept any rule of conduct, in his relations with society, or with individuals, save such as is recognised between man and man, when face to face, and on equal terms. A subject has recently sprung up, social indeed, and ephemeral in itself, but important in its supposed or assumed connection with the "press," which renders a repetition of the disclaimer proper and necessary.

We embrace the occasion, then, to reiterate distinctly and emphatically, that we acknowledge the fullest responsibility for every thing appearing in this journal. On entering the sanctuary of journalism we have not hung up our manhood at the door, nor discarded the obligations which the exercise of its functions are liable to. We claim no exemption from the laws of decorum, the decencies, and amenities of social intercourse, the obligations of honor and propriety, or that great canon of religion, law, and reason, which assumes the innocence of even the deceived, until his guilt be proved. If we claimed exemption from the requirements of logic in our arguments, of accuracy in our information, and truth in our facts, the claim would be laughed at as utterly preposterous; and if we invoked the independence or irresponsibility of the press, we would be branded as fools by a sentence of universal contempt. There is no reason surely, why the "press" should confer irresponsibility on blackguards any more than on fools, and if it cannot shield the latter from ridicule, it cannot protect the former from resentment. On the contrary, insolence as well as folly, is more reprehensible on that very ground. If under cover of an editorial mask you stab your neighbor, and take shelter from his resentment in your "irresponsibility," you merely add cowardice to crime, and prove yourself an assassin instead of an inflexible or upright judge.

These are our opinions—our convictions—and they shall be our rule.

Let it not be supposed that we desire to derogate from the lofty claims of the "press," or deprive it of one of its legitimate privileges. By no means. Journalism is the noblest profession among, men it can only be practised among enlightened men, and its functions are the more exalted and sacred, when they are the reflex of high culture, and inflexible moral tone, and irreproachable loyalty of conduct; nor can true liberty exist where they are subject to arbitrary legal constraint. At a time when the editor of the *Irish News* could not possibly entertain the idea of claiming for himself the privileges he vindicated for the "press," one of his cherished aims was to secure its freedom not only from the restraints of a narrow law, but from the control of faction and the influence of prejudice. In his own country, and in this, whenever he has had a voice, he has claimed for "the press," as a sentiment, one of the first to which popular loyalty is due. It is not likely, therefore, that having aspired to its honors he would detract from its dignity, its utility, and its pre-eminence as an agency of progress, and a mediator between the conflictin g passions and interests of mankind. On the contrary, he would extend its rights and secure them in their full integrity.

But the press has *duties* and *responsibilities* as well as "*rights*." Unfaithful to the former, it inevitably forfeits the latter. The Press is an institution whose original function it was to convey information. By degrees it assumed the formation of opinion and then its control, and finally the direction of affairs of state, morality, religion and jurisprudence. First it was an instructor and a guide, lighting men in the path of progress by its intelligence; now it is a power, assuming to control them from the cradle, and exercising sometimes a mild and salutary, and sometimes a brutal and merciless espionage over their lives, their actions and even their inward thoughts and motives.

All power is grasping, usurping and tending perpetually to transgress its proper limits. Hence Executive functions, and those of legislation, jurisprudence, and even the municipality, are regulated and limited by positive laws. But the "press" is no creation of law, and should not be subject, except in cases of flagrant abuse, to legal restrictions. It is the creation and the embodiment of public opinion and public sentiment, and is legitimately controlled by their obligations. To criticise a fault, to denounce a misdeed, to stigmatise crime, is the "right" of the press within these obligations. But to criticise through malice, to denounce without adequate cause and through factious motives, and to impute a crime without actual proof, is a violation of its duties, and a sacrilege in the temple of reason at whose altar it ministers. Equally so is it, to enter the circle of a man's family, to expose his irregularities, his excesses or misfortunes. But if there be a superlative degree in the dereliction of the "press," it is when it recklessly assails, by averments, Legislators, Judges, Courts, and not only ruthlessly stigmatizes them, but imputes to them without exception and without proof, the foulest motives. It is painfully disgusting to see how far this has been carried of late. Let a case be submitted to a court, and the "press" will not only anticipate the decision, but discover its motives, and exhibit them in all their hideous deformity. Let a law be passed obnoxious to the faction a journal supports, and the "press," scorning to discuss its propriety or impropriety, justice or injustice, policy or impolicy, calculates with amazing minuteness, the bribes received by the law-makers. And so on through the whole range of executive, legislative, judicial and municipal duties, from the President to the Policeman, the "press" can see no cause for which it condemns, but personal motives and sordid aims.

Confining ourselves for the present to the imputations on the members of Congress, we come to the subject we alluded to at starting. A Mr. Simonton, a reporter or letter-writer of one of the New-York journals, wrote to that paper charging Congress with universal corruption, and intimating that an offer of a bribe had been directly made to him. The House of Representatives appointed a committee of inquiry, to investigate the truth of the charge, and they summoned the accuser to testify before them. Falling back on the "independence of the press," and what he was pleased to call the sacredness of "private confidence," he refused to testify. They ordered him into custody for contempt, and forthwith faction sets him up as a puppet, for the vulgar to gape at. He is feasted, lauded, lionized, for being convicted by himself of complicity with a suborner, or being a reckless calumniator.

The office of letter-writer at Washington is of recent creation and doubtful morality, His business is not to report what the members say or do, but to track their footsteps, to creep behind their chairs, to dog their associates, to ply their guests and their hosts, to give its proper construction to the tie of their cravats or the fashion of their coats, by any and all means to detect their motives or impute to them his own, and expose their eccentricities, follies, and excesses. To this there are of course honorable exceptions, and it is barely possible that the duties of the position may be discharged by honorable minds. But the duties themselves are more in accord with those of the informer and the spy. And if ever these functions are more disgusting and revolting than otherwise, it is when the floor and lobby of Congress, and the hotels of the members are the theatre of their exercise.

The irresponsibility of the letter-writer is a refinement on the irresponsibility of the "press." The editor is a thousand miles away, perhaps, but known—the libeller is unknown, and may occupy the next chair to his victim at dinner, or share his latest symposium. Then, Congress is the body entrusted with the honor, well-being, and virtue of the country. It fulfills the highest functions ever committed to the integrity of man. In its relation to the mighty interests of this country, its importance can scarcely be over-estimated. But in its moral relation to the struggles, aspirations and destiny of the human race, it should be of far higher significance, and far more sacred from the tooth of the slanderer and the evil eye of the spy. In proportion to the enormity of infidelity in a member of Congress, is the turpitude of accusing him without sufficient proof; and baser still, if possible, is the turpitude of withholding the proof if it be in the accuser's possession.

The fable of the boy crying "Wolf," "wolf," "wolf," so often that no one heard him when the wolf came, is sufficiently old and well-known, without this paltry repitition of it. But this is its least evil. The licentiousness of the "press," the groundless accusations of its correspondents, bring Congress, the Constitution, the Republic, and Liberty itself into disrepute. They are iron on the despot's heel, wherewith he grinds the bones of prostrate men, they are the darkest clouds looming on the patriot's eye. At home they mar our aspirations and chill our confidence. We feel as if under the influence of a hideous nightmare, in which all forms of things are distorted and discolored and all sounds inharmonious.

Turn we where we will, we see in the Presidential chair, in the Senate chamber, on the bench of justice, in the magistrate's room, nothing but ghouls and vampires; instead of officers, gaunt images of perjury and treason. If men could but believe what the "press" says of the administration of justice, the enactments of law, the motives and aims of all officials, the utter corruption of public sentiment, and the complete want of faith in every department, they not only should be indifferent to the disruption of the Union, but should evidently desire as the most needed of blessings, the ruin of the Republic, root and branch, so as that even its ashes would not remain. Nor could its destruction satisfy the stern requirements of virtuous indignation. To that end it would be needful to blot its name from the records of the

world, so that its very name may never pollute the tongue or jar upon the ear.

GUNPOWDER TEA IN CANTON.

The morning and evening papers, for the last week, have been heavily laden with accounts of the bombardment by Admiral Seymour of this Celestial city of bamboo and porcelain. In a military point of view, these accounts are uninteresting. As much so as the accounts we had, a couple years ago, of the demolition of Greytown by the gunners and incendiaries of the *Cyane*. Gunpowder tea is stronger than Bohea. The mortality produced by it is fearful. Fearful, certainly, among those devourers of opium and assiduous caltivators of crippled feet and pig-tails, who with hideous hieroglyphics on their gaudy banners, and boots stuffed with silver pieces to pay their passage across the River of Death, come tumbling head over heels, spear in hand, against the British.

Most of the public instructors of New-York—the *Tribune* with special emphasis and eloquence—condemn the butchery and havoc of which the British Admiral before Canton was the remorseless author. Clearly, it appears, there was no reason before Heaven for this terrible work of blood. The reply of the Chinese authorities to the Admiral completely exculpates them. They were guilty of nothing whatever—guilty not even of a venial infraction of any right or privilege belonging to the British.

But the British purse is somewhat diminished in bulk since that game of ball before Sebastopol. It is necessary for John Bull to recuperate his finances somehow, somewhere. Considering all things, it is easier to knock an Indemnity out of China, than out of Russia, or any other people nearer home. China, too, having made herself obnoxious to the civilized world, any outrage offered her—any robbery committed upon her—any truculent barbarity of which she may be made the victim—will be easily overlooked. On philosophic grounds, it will be justified. In the name of humanity, it will be pardoned. For the sake of civilization, it will be eminently sanctioned.

Besides, there have been memorable precedents for such doings as Admiral Seymour has initiated. The whole history of the British colonial empire is made up of such exploits. The conquest of Scinde—the conquest of the Punjaub—the confiscation of the kingdom of Oude—the Burmese war—these, and a thousand other chapters, tell the same story of successful rapine and triumphant ruffianism upon the most splendid scale.

And this is the superlatively moral and enlightened country, which with the myriad tongues of its huge Press, perpetually deprecates what it calls the aggressive spirit of the American Democracy, and anchors a whole squadron, under the Red Cross, in the harbor of San Juan, with a view to paralyze the generous efforts now made by that Democracy, under the auspices and genius of General Walker, to reconstruct, upon a true republican foundation, one of the finest countries in the world. The Devil quotes Scripture for his purpose. When Great Britain denounces Fillibusterism, she does so with her hands red with the blood of plundered nations, and with the spoils of India heaped upon her back—a tower of ivory and gold which yet shall crush her life out. To such a virtuous preceptor, the American Democracy are bound to pay the most pious and dutiful attention.

BARNEY WILLIAMS AT HOME.

New-York will be glad to hear that her favorite at the Broadway has achieved a complete success in Dublin. Since the days of Tyrone Power, there have not been such cheers heard in Hawkins st., as those that have greeted Barney Williams. Not a paper in the beautiful city of Corinthian columns and Italian domes, but writes pages in his honor. His success in London was wonderful; his triumph in Dublin is astounding. There's not from Cyprus to Iceland a more exacting audience than that of Dublin. This is true of the Forum. It is peculiarly true of the Theatre. The world knows it. Even Belfast—the Athens of Ireland—with the magnanimity of Aristides concedes it. And so, wearing a crown of green bays and shamrocks, handed him by the queenliest and proudest patron of the Drama, our friend returns to us before many days are over.

Improved by his trip, there's no doubt he will be. There's an elasticity in the old sod which imparts itself to every heel and toe which lovingly tries a jig upon it. There's a delicious moisture—a mountain dew—floating all over the darling island, from Killiney to Caranthual, which fertilizes the heart and brain, and brings out exuberantly all their worth and wit. From the sweet city of Cork, with the bells of Shandon pealing after him across the ocean, he'll be sure to bring a load of honey on his tongue. Whilst from the misty hills lying between Glengariff and Kenmare, and from the Arbutus woods of Glena Bay, and from the noggins of goat's milk and *potheen* to be found at the foot of O'Sullivan's Cascade or the Eagle's Nest, a wealth of poetry and inspiration will have transfused itself all through his genial nature.

As for his wife, they're all in love with her from Howth to Black Head.

The *Yankee Gal* has won a million hearts. She rivals her husband, the enthusiastic reporters of the Dublin papers say; and they tell us, that her *Mary Anne* was demanded again and again, the occupants of the galleries—the Immortal Gods themselves—catching up the spirit of the air, and chorusing with a vigor which must have astonished the performer. Both are *Born to Good Luck*, and whilst Mrs. Williams prospers with her *Connecticut Courtship*, we heartily pray that her husband may long continue to play the *Happy Man*. The brightest of welcomes awaits them on their return to America.

THE SIEGE OF GRANADA---GEN. HENNINGSEN'S REPORT.---TWENTY DAYS IN GRANADA.

The news from Nicaragua, by the *James Adger*, brought us, amid other matters of exciting interest, Gen. Henningsen's Report to President Walker, giving graphic details of his operations in Granada, from the 22nd of November, the day on which he took command of the Nicaraguan force in that city, to the 12th of December, on which he made good his escape. Henningsen's orders from President Walker were to destroy the place. On the 11th of December, a placard on the highroad, fronting the ruins of the last house of the city, held this ominous intelligence, "Here stood Granada."

For seventeen days, Henningsen's command was surrounded by the allied forces of Guatemala, Salvador and the Nicaraguan Rebels. For seventeen days it fought this force, which has been variously stated at from 2,000 to 2,800 men, the latter being their own estimate, though Gen. Henningsen doubts whether at one time the enemy had more than 1,500.

Our loss—writes Gen. Henningsen—amounted to, officers and men killed and wounded, about 120 officers, citizens, women, and children swept off by the pestilence; but of those he thinks that two-thirds would, at all events, have died if they had remained in Granada. The loss of the enemy cannot be less than 800 killed and wounded. Henningsen either saw or authenticated 200 dead and allowing only three wounded for one dead, which is at least forty per cent. less than experience warrants, it comes to the above results. We were informed by prisoners that they suffered severely from cholera and pestilence and desertion, and all the natives in the camp were taken sooner and more rapidly prostrated and carried off than the Americans.

The details of the report are marvellously interesting. The daily journals, have given it at length; and the effect produced by it, on men heretofore opposing or callous to Nicaraguan Liberty, is the greatest evidence of the force by which the exciting and heroic facts are conveyed. Presuming that our readers have carefully read the document *in extenso*, we aspire to do no more than present as a future aid to memory, a daily historical summary of the eventful period.

22nd November, (Saturday), being informed that he would be attacked on Sunday, Henningsen established two lines of barricades—one parallel with Mercedes church, the other below the Cathedral—and commenced burning the city up to that point. On the 23rd he erected a new line of defences, covering the plaza, and burned the surrounding block. Capt. Hesse, of the Sappers, charged to fortify the Guadalupe church, did not fulfil his orders.

The works at Guadalupe not being begun by daybreak on the 24th, Hesse and his lieutenant were removed; with little effect, however, as Capt. Green's company, sent to aid the Sappers, united with them in getting drunk. While thus situated, at 2½ o'clock, the allies suddenly appeared at two points; and while Henningsen and Lieut.-Col. O'Neill were respectively attending to the defence of these points, the allies surprised the Guadalupe, and massacred about twenty of the Sappers. Meanwhile a brilliant charge made by O'Neill upon a body of over 300 men, checked with prompt severity, the advance of the enemy. His brother, Lieut. O'Neill, fell; two riflemen were wounded; but the enemy were broken and pursued, with great slaughter, for over a quarter of a mile. The allies had over 50 killed and 150 wounded.

On the 25th, some house fighting; O'Neill and Capt. Green distinguishing themselves. On the 26th, Henningsen and O'Neill, after three attacks carried the ruins of the church of Esquipulas, and occupied them; Major Caycee having previously carried the huts opposite. On the 27th was continued the destruction of the city. An attack by Henningsen on the Guadalupe was not successful; the enemy gained the plaza; but Henningsen after blowing up the tower of the cathedral, which fell among the enemy, retook the church of Guadalupe, into which he removed all the sick, wounded, guns, men, &c., and made it his memorable head-quarters, leaving a detachment in the ruins of Esquipulas. The storming of the church was effected by three columns of twenty men each; the first led by Lieut. Col. O Neill, the second by Major Caycee, and the third by Major Schwartz, Gen. Henningsen accompanying the latter. "After occupying Guadalupe Church we found," says Gen Henningsen, "twenty unburied bodies of the Sappers, and Green's company; one charred, and with the hands tied, supposed to be Capt. Hesse; ten or twelve unburied bodies of the enemy, and some thirty graves of their men, covered only a few inches with dirt, and all killed in the preceding day's attack." Several of the sick and wounded died, and with a view of preventing disease an intrenched camp was established close at hand which the soldiers called Fort Henry, after the gallant major of that name.

They had at this time seven day's rations of flour and plenty of coffee, to eke out which they commenced to slaughter mules and horses. On Saturday 29th, the first ration of horse flesh was distributed.

On the 28th an epidemic broke out in the church; twenty of thirty cases died with cholera. Henningsen continued intrenching at Fort Henry, to which he removed his head quarters. This day a fugitive brought news of the landing on the lake having fallen into the hands of the allies. An invitation to surrender was received. It offered protection and passports to the garrison if they would deliver themselves up. Henningsen would not parley with men he knew to be liars, and offered to spare the lives of the allies if they laid down their arms within two hours, else within six months he would hang them up as high as Haman. The enemy made two unsuccessful attacks on the church.

On the 1st December, the intrenched camp being completed the heavy guns were removed thither, also the sick and wounded. The force was now stronger than before; for those who recovered from sickness exceeded the number of those who died. The enemy continued to make daily attacks on Henningsen's position, but were as usual beaten back. The general, under the cover of earth works now began moving towards the shore, and during the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th of December continued to make in that direction. On Sunday, the 8th, Capt. Grier, taken prisoner at the capture of the wharf at the lake, was sent by the allies with a letter from Gen. Zavala, Major General of the Guatemalan force, in which Zavala desired a conference with Henningsen, as he was anxious to save the life of the latter and his soldiers, and showing (after his fashion) that there was no hope for the forces of Walker. General Henningsen sent a verbal answer declining all parley except at the cannon's mouth.

On the 9th, the steamer appeared, but soon retired. "By this time we had cut up a small chain cable and cast round shot, by pouring into the mould, round the chain, lead, derived from breaking up the spare cartridges, for which we had no caps." In this manner, though they entered the Guadalupe with only twelve rounds of shot and shell and about ninety canisters, they raised the number of rounds to one hundred and seventy-five.

For seven days they had been without flour, were short of salt, and reduced to four horses and one mule. A dangerous panic began to spread, the men thinking that General Walker must have met with some great reverses. Many desertions took place. Henningsen's position was now very gloomy, and to keep the spirits of his men up, he found it necessary to attack some of the works of the allies, which did not prove very successful. On the 10th, Wednesday, the steamer *Virgin* came in sight, with which communication was effected at night.

Avoiding the principal intrenchments of the allies, Gen. Henningsen succeeded, after some hard fighting and the loss of about forty men, in forcing his way to the church, after which the allies abandoned and set fire to their works on the wharf, and during the night of the 11th, the embarkation of the united forces was accomplished.

Such is a mere index to those glorious twenty days, days that, however the horrors of their painful scenes may appal, shall be long remembered for the military achievements which, as Henningsen truly says—"have not many parallels in the history of irregular armies."

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

A very complimentary invitation informs us that the Erina Society of New-York, held their annual ball, in the City Assembly-Rooms, the 18th of February, for this most useful Association. The Honorary members of the Erina Society are men of excellent station in the community. Some of them possess great wealth. Others of them enjoy civic honors or grave commercial trust and consequence. All are eminently respectable in the best sense of the word. The names on the Committee of Arrangements are positive guarantees for the complete success of the Ball. Shelton's Band has been engaged. That's another brilliant fact prophetic of the occasion. We write so much *apropos* to the contemplated Ball of the Erina Society, for it is cheering and delightful to find one Society coming so generously and chivalrously to the assistance of another—the old nobly helping the young—and with the weight of its long-established influence and *prestige* recommending the latter to the warm friendship of the public.

THE STORM BLOWS OVER.

The Prusso-Swiss affair has been arranged. The royal Neufchatel prisoners are to be discharged from custody and banished. France, in return for this act of timely grace, guarantees the independence of Neufchatel. The great powers could not afford to make war on Switzerland at this juncture of European affairs—what a homage this to the power and spirit of Republicanism!

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

MORE ABOUT THE CAMPBELL TOWN ELECTION—AN IRISH DOCTOR—AN IRISH WIDOW—THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

The candidate himself, however, had not yet arrived. Whilst they waited his arrival, the susceptible multitude took note of every new comer, and hailed him with an enthusiasm proportionate to the popularity he enjoyed, his station in society, or the amount of services which, in a pecuniary or any other form, he was likely to render. The very wealthy proprietor of Ellinthorpe Hall (who had subscribed £100 to the election fund, and had promised £50 more, in case it was necessary) was vehemently greeted as he jogged in upon the ground, astride of his bay pony, and stripped his bald head to salute the banner of the League. There was great applause, too, when Mr. Mackelwhite, the influential Scotch farmer, drove in; and there was loud and long-continued cheering when Captain Skelton, formerly of the barque *William of Normandy*, and now the owner of 30,000 sheep and *Skelton Castle*, dashed up in his open barouche and four.

But the applause which welcomed these gentlemen was nothing to that which broke out, and rang again and again, and over and over, when Dr. McGillicuddy, the ould Irish doctor, spurred across the bridge, mounted on his famous race-horse, *Garibaldi*, and drew up with magnificent fuss, close beside the big red coach—*Garibaldi* proudly fretting and foaming, and the McGillicuddy himself gasping violently to get out a cheer.

The doctor was an immense favorite. True, upon all occasions, to the honor of his native land; overflowing ever with the eloquence of which it is said to be the exhaustless fountain; retaining, in its full force and flexibility, the mellifluous brogue, which, even in the din of war, has won the hearts of stern old soldiers, and bade them, in more peaceful campaigns, turn in winning gratitude to the people whose peculiar privilege it is; full of genial, generous, rollicking, headlong fun; an enthusiastic Catholic, ever ready to resent the slightest insult flung upon the religion of St. Patrick and St. Bridget—if need be to fight a dozen duels on their account, and, like Gallagher, the devout ventriloquist, to bless himself with the sign of the cross before he pulled the trigger; Irish in name, in heart, in voice; Irish in every mood, syllable and tense; Irish from the tip of the crown to the sole of the foot; Irish before and Irish behind, the doctor was the idol of his countrymen—their oracle and champion.

He was proud of his pedigree. He had a map of the McGillicuddys tacked to the door of his dispensary; and the silver drinking-cup of his grandfather stood, full of dust and cobwebs, amongst the graduated glasses and compounding mortars on the chimney-piece. His library was small, but contained "The Annals of the Four Masters," "Walker on Irish Costume," "O'Connor's Dissertations," and a mildewed edition of "the Cambrensus Eversus." After dinner he loved to recount the glories of the ancient days, when the white-robed bards were in full play, and the red deer were plentiful, and the veils of the beautiful daughters of Findalve were bound with a golden bodkin, and the princes of Ulster appeared at the English Court with their Galloglachs, bareheaded, armed with hatchets, and in yellow surplices dyed with saffron.

The calls on his professional services being few, he devoted most of his time to the growing of wheat, the sports of the field, and the business of the race-course. Not a kangaroo-hunt took place within miles of him, but James McGillicuddy was there, in his red coat, doeskin breeches, blue bird's-eye cravat, and top-boots. Foremost in the field, nothing failed him, nothing scared him. No scrub too close; no ground too broken; no fence any way too trying; he dashed through the worst; tore through wattle trees, and rocks, and swamps—cleared everything before him—left everything behind him—and what his horse baulked at, he did himself.

On the race course he was not quite so successful, though fully as adventurous. In six years he won but one race. The year before this election, he had entered a favorite horse for the Governor's Cup, at Green Ponds (the doctor, by-the-by, had called this horse after St. Lawrence O'Toole, a deceased archbishop of Dublin); had trained him at great expense; staked considerable sums upon him, and, with the certainty of his winning, had speculated deeply in poultry and tulip roots. The heavenly horse, however, broke down, and the doctor, who was a staunch O'Connellite, peremptorily changed his name, in derision and disgust, to that of *Young Ireland*.

Young Wagstaff, the popular candidate, was the eldest son of Robert Wagstaff, Esq., of Mona Vale. The old gentleman hailed from the Isle of Man; had been born there; had realized a handsome fortune there, or thereabouts, by privateering in the Napoleonic war, (his political opponents averred it was by the basest smuggling,) and having emigrated shortly after the Treaty of Vienna, to Van Diemen's Land, had purchased a vast tract of land along the Macquarie river, two miles above the town of Ross—the busy scene of this day's great proceedings. On this property he had built a commodious house, popularly known as Wagstaff's Warehouse; and on the extreme point of a high, beautifully-wooded hill behind it, he had built a tall, round tower, in which it was his intention to be buried, and which the public alluded to invariably as Wagstaff's Lookout.

He was a man of few words, few ideas, but great muscular action. A severe blow from a cutlass had left, across his left temple, an indisputable token of hs early difficulties and pursuits. His friends spoke of it with levity as his *letter of marque*. Brought up in the midst of such rude fellowship, and having had few opportunities of acquiring the graces of social life, his wealth was to him rather an incumbrance than otherwise. He was completely at a loss how to make use of it.

He bought carriages, and hammer-cloths, and silver-plated harness; gold hat-bands, yellow velvet knee-breeches, white stockings, plated buckles, cravats, pomatum, and powder for his footmen, butlers, and coachmen; he bought dinner-services, which it was a feast in itself to look at; tea-urns and tea-pots, egg-spoons, fruit-knives, fish and soup-ladles—any one of which would have been a sumptuous testimonial to the greatest benefactor the world ever saw; he had his carpeting and furniture designed from the bath-rooms (so the upholsterer persuaded him) of Louis Quatorze; he had his walls panelled and frescoed in imitation of the Villa Pamfili (so the painter and glazier, a profound sycophant, convinced him) and, to crown all, as he never could discover what crest, motto, or heraldic device specially belonged to his family, adopted that of his native land. Hence it was, that on the handles of his knives and forks, his soup-tureens, hammer-cloths, livery-buttons, bed-linen, table-cloths, and family Bibles, the Three Legs of Man figured away as Wagstaff's coat-of-arms.

People laughed at him, to be sure; and, reverentially thought no more of his grandeur than they did of her Majesty's mail-coach, with all its crimson blazonry, post-office authority, and music. He was rich, and the Golden Calf, even with a chosen generation, was an object of adoration. Devoted to agriculture in all its branches—devoted to subsoiling, thorough-draining, fencing, sheep-washing, tobacco-raising, and stall-feeding—he employed a multitude of hands, and so secured the interest and sympathies of the laboring population. He gave large dinner-parties. He gave balls and pic-nics. He occasionally ventured on private theatricals. Thus he secured the favorable consideration of all the genteel or pretentious people of the neighborhood—the consideration of all who were unable to compete with him in the splendid profusion of his entertainments, and derived from his patronage (from the fact of their being invited from time to time to his festivities) the reputation of being highly respectable and thriving.

Thus strengthened, old Wagstaff determined that the Legs of Man should move another step up the social ladder. Political events favored the experiment. The colony had just received a new constitution. Under certain restrictions regulating the franchise, etc., the colonists of Van Diemen's Land were empowered to elect a given number of representatives to a Legislative Assembly; which Assembly were to pass whatever laws they deemed fit for the improvement, and, to some extent, for the government of the country. These laws were to be subject to the approval of the Privy Council in London. Two-thirds of the Assembly were to consist of members chosen by the popular vote; the other third of members appointed by the local vice-regal Executive. Heretofore the laws immediately affecting the colony had been made by a Council, nominated solely by the crown.

A crisis had arrived. The eyes of Europe were upon it. The world stood still to watch it. So the orators and editors of the young colony declared. The ambition, the patriotism, the political influence of the free colonies had now an opportunity for development; and men, who, for various reasons, had declined the privileges with which the colonial government had previously offered to invest them, now came forward, hat in hand, soliciting those same privileges from the new power—the electoral body which the Parliament of Great Britain, amidst the loudest babble and confusion of tongues had called forth. Even now, trained as they had been, in the austere school of mere Red Tape officialism; trained as they had been to look exclusively to the nominees of the Crown for every assistance, favor and advantage, a healthy spirit had broken out among the principal men of the colony, and, with thorough earnestness and enthusiasm, many of them, as has been said, aspired to be the representatives of the peope, where they had, in times past, with contemptuous indifference or positive hostility, refused to be the representatives of the Crown. That which the popular vote would give them, was esteemed to be the higher and nobler order of representation. It would be the measure and expression of their social influence; the good opinion in which they were held; the position, weight, and power, which openly, amongst their neighbors, their friends and foes, they had fought for and acquired. The representative aspect given to them by the Crown, or rather, by the second-rate subordinates of the Crown, might give the measure only of their obsequiousness and gentility.

Besides, there was now a grave question pending between the free colonists and the servants of the Crown. The latter were obstinately in favor of the continuance of convictism in the colony; were obstinately in favor of the colony still being, and for years continuing to be, the depository of the crime which the ermined authorities at home had shipped off, or might find it, hereafter, expedient and wholesome to export. Their salaries, in truth, depended on the perpetuity of the curse. Their stipend was in a dunghill. The same flood that would wash away the foul garbage, would leave them without a penny. Hence, we have seen the Medical Superintendent in his gig and grim inflexibility, devoting himself to the cause of Mr. Griffin: whilst his dearly-beloved brother, the disabled chaplain of the Government hospital and prison, disguised himself, and his old horse and equipage, in the cockades and sashes of that gentleman.

To this system—to this forced importation of idleness, mischief and wickedness into a fair island, which Nature had made so inviting to all that was active, manly, most excellent and beneficent, and which latter would have flowed in spontaneously but for the coerced intrusion of the former—the free colonists were vehemently opposed. Against it they had been at war upwards of ten years; against it they had petitioned and protested; against it they had held meetings all over the country; eaten innumerable dinners; drunk incalculable toasts; against it they had signed pledges, binding themselves solemnly to the disuse of convict servants; and, in the spirit of this pledge, they had gone so far as to break off all social and private intercourse with the Government officials, from the Lieutenant-Governor down to the Medical Superintendent, who had declared themselves, or were known or suspected to be, the friends of Transportation; against it, last of all, they had organized themselves into a formidable League—a League embracing the colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, in Australia Proper—which League was designed and sworn to resist, by every possible constitutional means, the introduction and settlement of fresh convicts in the country.

To give efficacy to this League, a treasury of £50,000, two local secretaryships, and a Parliamentary agency had been established; whilst a flag—five stars on a blue field—had been adopted as a popular type of the Confederacy. It was this flag which now floated from the roof of the big red coach in front of the old *Scotch Thistle*. And this, the first election for members to serve in the Legislative Assembly of the colony, was too important an occasion for the members of the League to contemplate, without a demonstration of their force and a contest for supremacy.

Consequently, in every district, empowered to return a representative to the Assembly, a member of the League had published an address, pledging himself against the Government, and, for the honor and happiness and good name of the colony—their adopted country—calling on the constituency to elect him. In most instances, a candidate on the Government side, also, appeared. The friends of the former were called Abolitionists; friends of the latter, Pollutionists. In no instance, however, did the two parties so rancorously meet and so desperately fight, as in this of the Campbell Town election. The League had put forward its best man. The Government had done the same.

Cambell Town, (in Van Diemen's Land,) though a very small town when compared with Edinburgh, or Dublin, or Brussels, or Madison in Indiana, is important enough, considering the size and interests of the country in which it is situated. It is the fourth largest in the Island, Hobart Town, the seat of Government, being the first; Launceston, the northern port, being the second; Oatlands, the capital of the midland districts, ranking as the third. Pridden's "Australia," or West's "Tasmania," explains all this.

The town consists of one entire flourishing street, and three broken and very languid ones. The former is ornamented with three hotels, two butcher shops, several tailors' and milliners' establishments, half a dozen private residences (the doctor, the principal lawyer, a Parisian daguerreotypist and professor of languages, a widow from Wales, along with a retired color-sergeant and a Baptist preacher, inhabit them), and, last of all, the Episcopalian church, in a green field, speckled with white headstones and tombstones, hemmed in with a frail fence of the native oak and gum tree. The Police office is situated in one of the smaller streets. It is the vital institution of the place. Without it, Campbell Town would expire.

The principal hotel is kept by an Irish widow. She is broad, mature and sprightly. She has radiant round cheeks, black eyebrows (finely pencilled) the snowiest teeth, a mighty arm, a noble waist, and a ponderous foot. She prides herself on having the most fashionable hotel in the country.

"Sure," she says, "the Governor stops here, and the Members of the Council, and his Lordship, the Bishop, and that's what Mrs. Morrison, above at the *Blue Bear*, can't say.

The Widow's name is Kearney. She left her native town of Prosperous, county Kildare, Ireland, fifteen years ago, and, with much composure, buried her husband two years ago last June. She has been busy for the last six months, superintending the completion of a monument, destined to make known to an ignorant and heedless public the countless virtues he possessed. The monument is composed of green and gray marble. It represents an ancient shield, has the name of James Kearney in the centre, and the consolatory ejaculation of

"Erin go bragh!"

in gilt letters at top.

Mrs. Kearney is a patriot. She tells everybody she was born in Prosperous, and boasts, with swelling heart, that Prosperous was the place where the "boys" burned the barracks over the heads of the North Cork Militia, in '98. She wears a profusion of green silk and satin, going to mass every Sunday; has likenesses of Brian Boroimhe, Daniel O'Connell and Father Tom Maguire in her principal parlor; and entertains several friends (including the priest) at a sumptuous dinner, on Patrick's Day. This feeling decides her course on the present occasion. She sides with Griffin and the Government, just for the sake, she says, of the green they have mixed up with the red and yellow. A large flag, in which those colors have been set forth, swings from the middle window of the second floor, whilst the widow's cap is enlivened with delicate little tricolor ribbons, corresponding with the flag. Some people hint it is, because the Governor stops there that Mrs. Kearney avows herself a Griffin. But Mrs. Kearney repels the imputation; and those who know her best receive it with a smile. That she is not actuated by base considerations, the fact of her being on the unpopular side of the contest should be a sufficient evidence. Five panes of glass broken by the public, and her front door defaced with contemptuous inscriptions, in chalk and charcoal, bear witness to the brave disinterestedness of her conduct. But some people hint, again, that the popular side is not, after all, the paying side; and that the Government party, small as it is, runs up a larger bill at Mrs. Kearney's, in the course of the year, than ten thousand of the Great Public would have the means or the disposition to do in the course of ten years. But it is thus that, in every age, in every clime, the noblest sacrifices are explained away, and virtue, here below, fails to reap its due reward.

The hotel, at the other end of the town, is kept by a gentleman, one time a burgher of Liverpool. Some difficulties, however, of a trivial nature, brought him face to face with an enlightened jury of his countrymen; to which circumstance his residence in the fairest island of the South Pacific is somewhat logically ascribed. The fact is, in a bewildered moment, he had the infelicity to mistake an old Colonel's boots for his own, and never having discovered the mistake until a certain very grave functionary awoke him one morning from the delusion, he was indicted for an illegal appropriation of goods, to which it appeared he could lay no reasonable claim. His name is Engle-bert. Long since emerged from the discolored mist in which his

early labors in the colony were enveloped, he now shines in the genial light which encompasses ever and pervades the temple dedicated to the refreshment of the traveler. He has spanned his doorway with an effulgent rainbow, and, under that arch of promise, he looks complacently on the fast subsiding waters of his affliction, and, far off, ahead, beholds the gladsome peaks of a new creation, tipped with gold, jutting up and glittering in the recovered sunshine. He is a reformed man, is Englebert. And of such a one as he, whose penitence, the gentlest, noblest Teacher of the world has said, "the Angels weep with joy to celebrate," it is not altogether too profane for us thus to speak. Not even though this paper gives but the lighter impressions of a scene, which to a young community was one of no slight moment, and, with all its oddities and grimaces, had much sound worth and goodness, in hidden veins, branching out and vibrating through it.

The Rainbow was a handsome building—had, at all events, a handsome face. It was built of stone—a light brown stone; had two front doors; one opening backwards into the main hall and office—the other the same way, into a large room, used occasionally for public meetings, public dinners, subscription balls, agricultural exhibitions, and Ethiopian serenaders. Outwards, these two doors opened upon a stone platform, running along the entire front of the house, and descending to the level of the street by six tiers of steps. On this platform, the nomination was to take place.

The Returning Officer, the Police Magistrate of the District, had already come upon the ground. He had the proclamation authorizing the election, under his right arm, in a brown paper portfolio. Fidgetty in the quietest of times, his restlessness this morning verged upon delirium. With short staccato steps, in a sparkling little boot, he beat up and down the platform, pulling off and putting on his hat, a white one, with very broad brim, turned up with green; pulling his wig, a brown one, with long flat side curls, sometmes in the rear and sometimes by the forelock; pulling up his shirt-collar; tightening the cravat; now buttoning up his coat, (a claret colored dress-coat, with very stiff, short tails,) and then ripping it all up again; by every conceivable operation, impetuously endeavoring to ease the irritation which a keen consciousness of the greatness of the occasion, acting on a highly impressionable nature, had produced. The Head Constable was likewise at his post. His stout figure, red face, gray hairs, short legs, short neck, glazed cap, brass buttons, canary-colored walking-stick, and capacious waistcoat, (the pattern copied from a draught-board) were all there. A strong detachment of his force, in blue flannel shirts and black leather waist-belts, was close at hand; whilst on the little bench, outside the Police office, a special messenger, smoking his pipe, and writing his name with his bayonet in the brick-dust before him, sat ready to swing himself into the saddle at a moment's notice, and speed away to the neighboring stations, to call in reinforcements, in case any serious violation of the peace took place. The arrangements of the Head Constable were admirable. It was clearly impossible that any attempt to throw off the crown of England, and substitute the red bonnet of Republicanism, could that day succeed. So strong was this conviction, that quite a number of ladies (the Baptist preacher's wife and others equally fashionable) had taken up a position inside the church-yard, right opposite the platform, and were now, with various emotions, awaiting the arrival of the candidates, and their respective forces.

But it was past two o'clock, past noon, when they came in sight, and as the serious proceedings of the day then commenced, and as they continued to a late hour that evening, we must hold them over for a week.

RETROSPECTIONS.

In this gray eve of the opening year,
What shadows around me throng!
The years of my childhood re-appear,
Dim faces remembered long;
They speak in the tones I knew so well,
Their soft touch is on my hair,
And visions of sunny glade and dell
Come brightly around me there.

Sweet is their speech of the lanes and trees,
Green lanes where the primrose grew,
Of soft June days and the hum of bees,
And the lark's song up the blue;
Of rushes around the reedy marge,
Of a lake all blue and calm,
Where often we launched the mimic barge
In the summer breeze of balm.

But I said, oh! years ye have come and past,
And we cannot stop to grieve,
Afloat on a river rushing fast,
For the sunny spots we leave;
They may be fair with the morning's sheen,
With the dew on grass and bough,
But down the stream there are glades as green,
And as soft airs fan the brow.

There are roses floating on the tide,
We can see them even here,
And the lovely shore on either side
Shines up through the waters clear.
A breath as of aromatic woods
Comes floating upon the air,
And many a shallop skims the floods
With fluttering pennon there.

They say there are rocks and shoals before,
And none, where they wait, may tell;
But we lift in the sun the flashing oar
And trust to the river's swell.
We will not escape the peril dim,
Looking back with a dreamy eye,
To where some shores in the distance swim
To a fading line of sky.

ENUL.

HISTORY OF CATHOLIC AMERICA.

The Catholic Church in the United States: A sketch of its Ecclesiastical History. By Henry de Courcy. Author of "Les Servantes de Dieu en Canada," etc. Translated and enlarged by John Gilmary Shea. Author of the "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi," "History of the Catholic Missions," etc. *Dunigan & Brother.* (J. B. Kirker.)

SECOND ARTICLE.

In a previous article we have outlined, from the writings of anti-Romanists, the necessity of the history of the Church of Rome in Europe to the history of the world. We have shown—irrespective of the sectional feelings which have agitated Christianity since the time of Luther—the might, power, extent, and intellectual influence of that church, when—as Novalis (Freidrick von Hardenberg) says—Rome was a second Jerusalem—"the holy residence of Divine government upon earth;" when—says the same forcible and comprehensive German, in his brilliant fragment entitled "Die Christenheit oder Europa"—Princes referred their disputes to the Father of Christianity, and willingly cast down their crowns and dignities at his feet—and when monarchs, like Charles the Fifth, "as members of this sacred society," deemed it glorious "to pass the evening of their life in heavenly contemplation within the walls of some retired monastery." Speaking of the influence of the Church on the human mind, Von Hardenberg enthusiastically continues, "How salutary, how comfortable to the inmost nature of man was this govrnment, is sufficiently evident from the powerful expansion of his mental powers, the harmonious development of every talent, the vast height to which individuals arrived in every branch of art, and of the knowledge of life; and above all, the flourishing commerce that was carried on, in spiritual as well as temporal matters, from the confines of Europe to the remotest shores of India. These were the beautiful natural features of true Catholic or Christian times."*

The continuation of Catholic history into the United States is a subject of surpassing interest.

From the early struggles of the missionaries among the wild savages of the untamed forests, to the wrecking of the Catholic chapels in St. Louis, Philadelphia, Newark, and other places by the savage Know-Nothings of our own day—from the martyrdom of Father Padilla and Brother John of the Cross, who were pierced with arrows on their mission in what is now the diocese of Santa Fé, only half a century subsequent to the discovery by Columbus, to the riding on a rail of Father Bapst in the Christian and civilized state of Maine—from the days when the Dutch settlers of New-York paid a ransom of one hundred golden pieces to the irate Mohawks, to excuse the generosity of Arendt Van-Corler, the Commander of Fort Orange (Albany), under whose sheltering arm Father Isaac Jogues escaped from the barbarous treatment of the Iroquois Indians, only to meet death at the stake in 1646—from the early baptism of the Onondagas, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas and Mohawks of New York by the Jesuits, the conversion of the Red Men of the Rio Grande by the brethren of St. Francis of Assissi, the begging of the powerful tribe of the Abenakis of Maine in 1646 for a French "black gown" to be sent among them; the advent of the Spanish Dominicans into the hunting-grounds between Florida and California; the perishing of Father Menard in 1661, amid the primeval forests west of Lake Superior, on a mission he projected to the Sioux; the eloquent and energetic labors of his follower, Father Alluoez, around the Great Lakes; the planting of the Cross amid the Illinois by Father Marquette, after discovering and exploring the Mississippi in 1673; the laying of the corner-stone of the State of Maryland by the Catholics in 1634; the erection of the first nucleus of a settlement in such States as Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois, by those early settlers who gathered round the humble missionary posts of the Jesuits:—from the days of those heroic men and heroic deeds, to the days and deeds among which we live—from the first raising of the humble house of Christ in the shadow of the Indian temples in New Mexico to the consecration of Father Maginnis's noble church of St. Mary, the Star of the Sea, under the heights of Flatbush, Long Island, the struggle of the Catholic Church in America is replete with the most marvellous adventure, devotion, suffering, glory, and success.

Its early history is without parallel in the heroic self-sacrifices by which it is ennobled and handed down to us. With the new field presented by the discovery of America, the sons of the Church seemed to have received a strength, capacity and endurance, prophetic of the future greatness of the mighty Confederacy into the recesses and grand wilds of which they were among the earliest pioneers.

It is a noble ambition to disentomb the records of these struggles; to collect the histories of the brave and pious men who undertook to bring the effulgence of the Holy Cross into the pagan twilight of the dense forests; to set up the Altars of Christianity amid the lurid flames of sacrifice offered to the Great Being, in the "high places" and hunting grounds of the Red Man; and to consolidate, by peaceful and loving exhortation, the labors of the pioneers, who were made reckless by the dangers they wooed and overcame.

To be such an historian, to condense faithfully and in no partisan spirit the annals suggested by the brief outline we have given, demands a combination of intellectual requirements and acquirements the possession of which is rarely vouchsafed to one brain.

To do justice to such a theme, the historical enthusiasm of Louis Blanc, as exhibited in his "Ten years," and the analytic breadth displayed in Augustin Thierry's "Norman Conquest," the loving earnestness of Thomas Davis, and the picturesque pen of Prescott; the chivalrous force of Michelet and the Indian erudition of Schoolcraft; the clearness of Bancroft, and the power of grasping details like Napier, the fervid antithesis of Lamennais, and the rapid grace of Macaulay,—these qualifications, welded together and surrounded by the piety of Fenelon, the purity of Bourdaloue, and the eloquence of Bossuet, are necessary to do full justice to the splendid theme—could alone fitly measure the ever-various and still crowding phases of that exciting history.

Having such an idea of what the Catholic history of America ought to be, and of the ability essential to compile it; it will not be thought remarkable when we express an opinion unfavorable to the work before us. It is a failure, without anything to recommend it, save the collection of certain facts, the importance of which is marred very much by the unartistic and rude manner in which they are flung together.

One who has given more study to the subject than we could, and who has an opportunity of consulting many original documents for a Catholic history—Bishop Spalding—says that materials are abundant, but they are scattered, unconnected and often vague. "The inquirer who wishes to trace the origin and progress of our various missions has to contend with many difficulties," for the missionaries themselves labored much more than they wrote.† In his life of the excellent Bishop Flaget,—who was identified with the early history of the Church in the West and South for forty years, and though the first bishop sent to the West, lived long enough to behold eleven new Dioceses spring up within the territory over which he once solely exercised episcopal supervision—Spalding has attempted to *indicate* a history of the West, such as might be judiciously adopted and improved by other writers respecting other portions of the Republic.

The memories of Friar Mark, Padilla, Marquette, Jogues, Rasles, Marest Le Moine, Ménard, Brebenf, Lallemand, White, Altham, Brock, Carroll, Lewis, Cheverus, Flaget, Neale, Alice Lalor, Foundress of the Visitation Nuns of America,* Elizabeth Bayley Seton, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the Unite ‡ Egan, England, Devlin, Concanen, Conelly, Dubois, Power, and the long line of missionaries, bishops and pastors, coming down to Archbishop Hughes and Doctor Pise in our day; and embracing every nationality, linked under the mighty symbol of salvation,—these memories are worthy to be embalmed and enshrined in the prolific history of a country which, though but in premature manhood, rivals and overtops the nations of Europe, which centuries of experience and "policies" have not consolidated.

The divine unity of feeling and harmony of purpose exemplified in the public labors, if not in the private lives of these men, well indicates to the historical student the philosophic equanimity which should be a leading feature of any work, however imperfectly, devoted to their memory. This beautiful guide-mark the author of the present work has allowed himself to rudely neglect. Hence, the spirit of the work is not Christian. A History of Catholicism!—it is most un-Catholic in humanity, unity, and genius. Pretending to re-illume the labors of good men, it affords most reasonable grounds for discontent (in a historical sense) by the narrow-mindedness of the author, who, assuming to review the pillars of a common church, sacrifices all sense of Christian love and justice, by insinuating a doubt as to the strength, beauty, or symmetry of any, save that one pillar against which he has taken it into his little head to lean.

As that one pillar supports our author's body, our author becomes ecstatic as to the grandeur of that especial prop, and will scarcely, not even vaguely, recognize the other pillars which actually keep the roof of the Temple over him. Thus, we are presented with Mr. De Courcy's examinations of the stuff of which this one pillar is built, as a history of the complete Temple; than which a more audacious piece of business could not have been expected from a professed "Know-Nothing." We are given a badly written and mentally-attenuated French view of French labors for religion in America as a sketch of the Catholic Church.

The grandeur and force of the French Missionaries deserve more than M. De Courcy could imagine of them; and he should not have touched their sacred memories to isolate them from the fraternity for whom and with whom they struggled for one end. It exhibits a daring enthusiasm which, from its sectionality, is deprived of the commendation which occasional recklessness in a good cause favorably solicits. It was unkind to one party and unjust to all the others. Frenchmen, Spaniards, Englishmen, Belgians, Italians, Poles, Russians, and last, but as Brownson says, "certainly not least," Irishmen, have shared the dangers and glory of struggling for and building up the Catholic Church of America; and it is an unlovable office, a cold, heartless, frivolous and rebellious office to disrobe and dissect any one party, to the insinuated discountenance of any other. One might as well inquire who made the priest's vestments while the sacrifice of the Mass was being performed; or put one bead on a string and call it a rosary. Browns on says well: "No nationality has the monopoly of the glory of founding and promoting Catholicity in the United States. The writer who provokes invidious comparisons between the various nationalities of which our Catholic population is composed, is our enemy and not our friend."

In other respects this volume is exceedingly objectionable.

* Die Christenheit oder Europa. (Christianity, or Europe.) By Novalis (Freidrick von Hardenberg.) Translated from the German by Rev. John Dalton. London, 1844.

† Life of Bishop Flaget, by Bishop Spalding. Preface.

* This lady, we learn, (page 79) was born in Queens county, Ireland, about 1766. She was brought up at Kilkenny, and was early distinguished by her great devotion. She counsulted Bishop Lanigan on her desire of adopting the religious vows in Ireland, but her family, emigrating to America, would not part with her. She landed in 1797, confided her projects to Father Leonard Neale, and under his counsel devoted herself to the praiseworthy duties with which her name is associated.

‡ Rev. Charles J. White has written an interesting life of this devoted woman, published New-York, 1858.

The style of thinking in which the author indulges is provocative of those feelings which it is the aim and province of Religion to quell. Numerous pages are taken up with an examination of what the author calls "the efforts of infidelity to thwart the temporary mission of Archbishop Bedini" to this country. Just imagine a man engaged in compiling a serious outline of Catholic history, forgetting his duty in the unattractive foolery of abusing the mountebank Gavazzi aad refuting the diatribes of the New-York *Express;* going away from the boundaries of his subject to give *his* version of the doings of Carbonari lodges in Italy, the murder of Ugo Bassi, and a general commentary on European revolutionary movements under Kossuth, Mazzini, Garibaldi, &c. What have such things to do with a Catholic history of America? What? only to prolong or re-arouse the wild feelings, which just such unscrupulous and vindictive scribblers as this one, more than any other cause, created in the hearts of political hawks, ever on the watch to pounce on what seems easy prey.

The body of this plethoric "sketch" of the ecclesiastical History of the Catholic Church in the United States is composed of the decomposed or very dead letters of Mr. Henry De Courcy, while in America, to the *Ami de la Religion*, the *Univers*, we believe, and other French periodicals devoted to a discussion of Catholic and controversial matters. These letters have been translated, enlarged, and hitched together by Mr. John Gilmary Shea, who unfortunately challenges criticism by taking part of the burden of authorship upon himself. Whoever advised Mr. Shea to this rash act, does not deserve that gentleman's friendship. Mr. Shea more obviously is entwined in the deadly clasp of these pages. In the dedication to Monsignor Cajetan Bedini, DeCourcy recognizes him as the accomplished associate of his labors; and in the preface Mr. Shea gives us a commendatory notice of Mr. DeCourcy, and says, "from the close friendship which united us, and our daily intercourse during the progress of the work, it would be difficult now for me to state what portions are exclusively mine."

One thing, however, is certain, Mr. de Courcy, from whatever source he derived his items, wrote letters to the *Ami de la Religion;* and more unconnected, higgle-de-piggledy contributions to French journalism and American Catholic history could not well be concocted.

The style suggests the sensation experienced on looking at a Negro sawing pine knots with a rusty tool. It is at once rough, squeally, convulsive and spasmodic; the author, in the one paragraph, bringing dates together, the last of which should only be reached after a consecutive series of necessary facts; and frequently putting allusions in the text, which should be given in notes.

Of the numerous facts which have fallen into such unfortunate hands, the following, referring to a clergyman who commands the respect and admiration due to personal suavity and mental accomplishments of great elegance and extent, has the merit of being a candid recognition of the useful labors of Dr. Pise; a recognition the more to be noted and reproduced, inasmuch the peculiar audience he wrote for has been tardy in awarding that full meed of credit which this paragraph indicates.

"Among the clergymen who joined the Diocese of New-York during the Episcopate of Bishop Du Bois, we cannot omit to mention the Rev. Charles C. Pise, so well known by his popular writings in prose and verse, and as an accomplished scholar and preacher.

"Before coming to New-York, he had published a succinct Church History, and subsequently wrote the Lives of St. Ignatius and his companions, several volumes of poems, tales, a work on the Doctrines of the Church, and several minor treatises. In fact, he first endeavored to give the young Catholics of America reading which would be attractive and innocent. Like many good works, this at first found many assailants, and, borne down by the fierce criticism of the Catholic reviewers, the publisher of these popular Catholic works was compelled to stop the publication. All, however, now admit the necessity of a literature of this kind, of which Dr. Pise must be considered the founder." Pp. 407–408.

This paragraph, to the good intentions of which we subscribe, is about as fair a specimen of the style as may be found in the volume. Yet the incoherency of it must be apparent at a glance. The writer twice uses the word popular, referring to works which had to be stopped. If they were popular as they deserved to be, all the Catholic reviewers in Christendom would not have forced the publisher to interdict the pen of so good and so able a man as Dr. Pise. Cash, not criticism, is the publisher's index.

In leaving this fat pamphlet of 600 pages, we do so very willingly, admitting at the same time that a reading of the facts here so jumbled, has given us a strong desire to see some man who has ability, mental and documentary resources—a genial heart and a sound head—say Dr. Pise for instance—take hold of the subject. If a history cannot be produced such as the talent we indicated above would ensure, let us have a decent, loving, comprehensive tribute to the founders and fathers of the American Catholic Church.

Sir William Don was, by the last mail, playing in Limerick. The *Observer* of that city makes his appearance the opportunity of writing on the misfortunes of the *Haute Noblesse* of France beggared by the first revolution. Of the late Louis Phillippe and his ponderings, wanderings, and school-teaching in England and America; and although regarding young Don's misfortunes as less romantic and less national, still it views his conduct as not the less commendable, in that, finding himself ruined, he had the courage and the industry to turn to material account those accomplishments which had obtained the plaudits of refined audiences when exhibited for mere amateur amusement.

"The young baronet worth £6,000 a-year who, when aide-de-camp to the Lord Lieutenant, drove his four-in-hand through the streets of Dublin, was not a more honorable or respectable man than is the actor who attends his morning rehearsals at ten o'clock, works until all is perfect, appears again before a public audience at night, and gains their loud applause by his legitimate labor and genuine genius, pays off his creditors by the fruits of his honest toil, and lays by for himself a future store, the foundation, we hope, of another fortune, which, although it may not, and cannot equal the first, will bring to its enjoyment the gratifying thought that it was hardly, and fairly, and honorably won."

"Malakoff" gives some illustrations of the Prince Napoleon's sayings and doings as a man of science and antiquary. As President of the great exhibition of 1855, he "oh'd" and "ah'd" from object to object, saying *that* was not *the* one he desired to see, after which two large volumes of *Scientific Journeys of Prince Napoleon to the Great Exhibition*, written by somebody else, recorded his exceeding knowledge. Next, the Prince, to the amusement of the Academy, undertook the protection of the Aluminium discovery, and lately presided at a smelting of this metal, sixty miles from Paris. Then he took a scientific, choreographic and bacchic voyage (for they danced and drank enormously) to the North seas. From thence he has brought back a museum of *cric-a-brac* of a supreme mediocrity which if they had been bought in the curiosity shops of Paris, where they seem to have come from, nobody would give himself the trouble of a visit to the Museum of the Palais Royale. All this—says "Malakoff"—is to be crowned by a magnificent two-volume quarto work of designs and letter-press on this same voyage and its results, as seen in the Palais Royale Museum, to be paid for out of the public treasury, so as to help the Prince on towards the door of the Academy of Sciences. If the *Constitutionnel* is yet alive when the Prince's scientific voyage appears, we hope it will not forget its criticism published a few days ago, on Commodore Perry's Voyage to Japan, in which it claims that the 550 pages of long-drawn-out matter which that book contains, would have been much more profitably contained in two columns of a journal, or in fifty pages of a pamphlet.

In addition to these arduous labors, the Prince is building a palace in the Avenue Montaigne, which exteriorly is in the style of Herculaneum and Pompeii, interiorly gothic, and the structure of which in general, is a straggling attempt over a large space of ground, to reproduce a something that indistinctly recalls to mind the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. As an experiment in the introduction of a new style of architecture the Government of course pays the expenses.

Literary and Artistic News.

Mr. James, the novelist, and H. B. M.'s Consul at Richmond, has written the following letter to the Editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger:*

My dear Sir: In some late numbers of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, I have seen renewed a discussion which began and terminated in London many years ago, in regard to the originality of the celebrated poem of Mr. Wolfe on the Burial of Sir John Moore.

The poem is undoubtedly his own, and was never denied but in jest.

Not long after Mr. Bentley, the well-known publisher, started his *Miscellany*, the very beautiful French imitation, (for translation it can hardly be called) which you have reprinted, appeared in that periodical, with a few lines in prose impugning Mr. Wolfe's claim to originality. Most people moving in literary circles well understood that the whole matter was a mere joke; but it gave pain to some of Mr. Wolfe's surviving friends; and happening to sup with the author of the imitation, known to the public by the name of Father Prout, I mentioned the fact to him. I know not whether he has ever given his real name to the world; but suffice it that he was a clergyman of the Church of Rome, a most erudite, and also a most amiable man, the last person in the world intentionally to inflict a wound upon any one.

He told me he had been grieved to hear some time before that he had given pain; and he proposed to correct any wrong impression, not by a bold avowal of the jest, but by carrying it on to such a pitch as to make it refute itself.

His plan was to write several notices of the poem in the character of different literary men, each claiming the origin for a different nation, and each giving a version of Mr. Wolfe's poem in a different language. He showed me two, if not three of these versions, which he had already written. One, if I remember right—for I speak of things that occurred many years ago—was in German and one in Greek; and each was as perfect and as spirited as the imitation in French. Whether he ever carried out his intention of publishing these in the way proposed I do not know; for a few days after that pleasant and memorable evening, I left England and was absent for some years; but the marvellous combination of learning, genius and wit in Father Prout, can never be forgotten by

Dear sir, your's faithfully,

G. P. R. James.

"Father Prout," of Water-grass Hill, is the famous *nom de plume* of the Rev. Francis Mahony, who—said O'Connell, in Feb. 23, 1843—"ought to have been a Liberal, but who has long been a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine.*" In the Liberator's opinion Mahony had not written anything worth preserving, except the "Bells of Shandon," from which, however, all who do not allow their political feelings to over-rule literary justice will differ.

Father Prout, *née* Mahony, is about the age of the years in this century. For many years he has ceased to exercise the functions of the priesthood. His chief literary labors have been as a journalist. He is known as one of the Editors of the London *Globe* and the sometime able Roman correspondent of the London *Daily News.* In the Augustan days of *Fraser's Magazine*, when it was chiefly written by Dr. Maginn, Thomas Carlyle, Thackeray, and Father Prout, the contributions of the latter were among the most attractive articles which made that periodical famous. "Father Prout" unites, in an eminent degree, great learning and great facility. He is a ripe scholar, a brilliant wit, a writer at once terse, rich, whimsical and deep, and is equally at home in prose and verse.

A new Society, by the name of the "Boston Ancient Music Society," has been formed in Boston, for the purpose of cultivating more fully a taste for the old songs. The Society numbers among its members many of the first singers in Boston.

The Scotch press (says the *N. O. Delta,*) has always supplied a liberal element in British politics. Since Jeffrey first pitched into the old abuses, aided and backed by Sidney Smith and Brougham, down to the present palmy days of the Edinburgh *Herald*, its influence has been always in favor of popular reform. It has been tinctured overmuch—the Scotch literature we mean—with religious and controversial animosities and characteristics, but even the High Tory bigotry of Blackwood, the bitter conservatism of Christopher North and his associates, was relieved by many social traits of the most amiable and attractive kind. If John Wilson assailed every species of liberalism, he attacked every species of snobbery too, and so far as his political writings were concerned, assuredly Emerson's theory was applicable—for there was obvious "compensation in nature." In return for every reform he opposed, he suggested a hundred others equally valuable, and while he sneered at the revolutionary spirit of the age, he was actually carrying out a hundred revolutions, marked, unmistakable and decisive in their character. The best intellect of Scotland, Whig or Tory, is opposed to the centralising principle of the English Government, though it sometimes manages to express itself in a ludicrous way, as in the recent construction of a national platform by the English party. The people recognise and adhere to the grand principle of States' Rights, and are still as independent, practically speaking, of the Central Government, as they were in the days of Bruce. Their poets, philosophers and papers are intensely Scottish, and rarely or never accommodate themselves to the opinions, style or idiom of any other nation; and perhaps in that very fact consists the secret of their remarkable influence on the political projects and social theories of England.

A writer in the *Evening Post*, seeing the statement that the "long-disputed question, whether Purcell or Handel was the author of the grand music of the Old 100th, has been set at rest by a discovery made a few days since in the Lincoln Cathedral Library, of a French Psalter, printed in 1546, containing the identical music of that tune," says that neither Handel nor Purcell was the author, was demonstrated so long ago as 1776, when Sir John Hawkins published his History of Music, and Dr. Charles Burney issued his equally celebrated work. Since their day, it has been common to attribute the tune to Luther; but that he is not entitled to that credit, is amply demonstrated in Haresgal's History of the Old Hundreth Psalm Tune, (published by Mason, Brothers, New-York, in the spring of 1854, in which the venerable tune is traced to an English Psalter, of the date of 1681, preserved in the library of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.)

Homer was a beggar; Plato turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Bœthius died in jail; Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for a few shillings; Camoens, the writer of the "Lusiad," ended his days in an almshouse; and Vaugelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts. In England, Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spencer died in want; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for £15, and died in obscurity; Otway perished of hunger; Lee died in the streets; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Steele was in perpetual war with the bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle, to save him from the grasp of the law; Richard Savage died in prison for a debt of £8; "*Hudibras*" Butler lived in penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

From Weber's experiments on the electric conductivity of copper, and from measurements made by Professor Thomson on specimens of the cable now in process of manufacture for the Atlantic Telegraph, he thinks it highly probable, that with an alphabet of twenty letters, one letter could be delivered every two seconds between Newfoundland and Ireland, which would give, without any condensed code, six words per minute; and that to perform this, no higher battery than from 150 to 200 small cells of Daniell's (perhaps even considerably less) would be required.

A letter from Paris, says:—"Mr. Thackeray, who was here lately, but who is now delivering lectures in Edinburgh, has a contract from a publishing-house in London, for the writing of a volume of a certain length, at £6,000. Mr. Thackeray was calculating lately how much this could come to per line, and estimated it at three shillings, (English.) And yet he was so lazy, that he held the contract several months without writing a line. It is a romance, and as he intends to kill off his hero in America, you may expect a certain amount of criticism on American manners and customs."

MILITARY NEWS.

The eleventh annual ball of the first Company, New-York Emmet Guards, was held at the City Assembly Rooms, 448 Broadway, on Monday evening, January 19th.

The Company made a splendid appearance, and the ball, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was well attended. The services of the Washington Cotillion Band were secured for the evening.

The dancing continued until a late hour, when a sumptuous supper was served—after which Captain Kennedy prefaced the toasts of the evening, by the following remarks:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am happy to have this opportunity of greeting so many valued friends and fair ladies this night to do honor to the Emmet Guards, by their presence, and in welcoming them to our festivity.

The flourishing state of the Company, gives increased zest to our meeting, and I know there has been nothing wanted on our part, to make it as pleasant as any it has yet celebrated.

It is unnecessary for me to detain you longer, as there are many gentlemen present to address you, who will give a more eloquent exposition of our principles.

I will now read a letter received from the former Commander of this Company; one who fills a position which his ability and integrity adorn, and who in this, as in every position he has filled, proves himself worthy of the confidence reposed in him.

House of Representatives, Washington, Jan. 10, '57.

Dear Sir:—The invitation of the Emmet Guards to me to be present at their annual ball to take place at the City Assembly-rooms, New-York, on the 19th inst. is received.

I regret that my duties here at the period for which the ball is to take place, will prevent my accepting the honor and pleasure I am sure it would afford me.

Having been many years a member of the Company, and spent many of the happiest days of my life in the association of its members, I can speak from practical experience of their universal kindness towards myself and those who have had the pleasure of their company.

Therefore, I regret the more that I cannot avail myself of

being personally present, that I might spend an hour or two with those whom I esteem so highly. But, if not present in person, I will be with you in feeling and friendship.

While perusing these lines, my memory reflects back upon the scenes that have happened since the time when I first enrolled my name as one of your members, while those whom we loved and respected, have passed away, we cannot but cast a sorrowful look at the many pleasures we enjoyed in their presence. "Peace be to their ashes." And may a kind and beneficent Providence show them mercy and love.

Please excuse my apparent melancholy, for I should dwell on livelier subjects, and those more fitting for the social and pleasant time of your evening's enjoyment. Therefore I trust that nothing may occur to mar the festivity of the evening, and that all may go on as merry as a marriage-bell, and each and all present may enjoy themselves to their heart's content.

In conclusion, allow me to give you "the Emmet of Ireland's wrongs," who sought by his patriotism and invincible bravery, to place her foremost among the nations of the earth; and though he failed, he has left upon the hearts of his countrymen, and the lovers of liberty throughout the world, an imperishable love for his memory, that the milleneum alone can efface from them. His dying speech stands equally with anything of a literary character for purity of thought and manly courage that is now upon the world's history, and like our own "Declaration of Independence," breathes the pure air of Heaven's inspiration.

Please convey to the menbers my warmest regards; and it is the desire of your humble servant, I can assure you, that their path may be the straight one to immortality.

Respectfully yours.

JOHN KELLY.

JOHN KENNEDY, Captain of the Emmet Guard, New-York.

When the applause, consequent on the reading of this letter had subsided, Captain Kennedy, in compliance with the request of the honorable gentleman, gave as the first toast of the evening—

"*The Father's of the American Revolution.*"

Mr. John Boyd spoke as follows:

Captain Kennedy, Ladies and Gentlemen—The Fathers of the American Revolution need no laudation. The fruits of their wisdom and their patriotism surround us, and the increasing tide of prosperity that has succeeded them is their noblest panegyric. In no other country do the laborer, the mechanic, the man of letters, and the man of mercantile pursuits, after their daily occupations of labor, of study, or of profit, unite in a common brotherhood by festivities such as this. In misgoverned countries, from the circumstance of wealth, of birth, or the action of an unnatural law in society, they are the almost exclusive enjoyments of a class. Through the Revolutionary Fathers, we also enjoy the blessings of rational freedom, and the inheritance of a nation, teeming with all the gifts bestowed by the God of nature for the temporal happiness of man. They have revived the brightest examples of the ancient and modern world, and proved to oppressed humanity that it had not—that it has not yet become incapable of regeneration. Though they were the descendants of the most intolerant nation on earth, and with few exceptions the inheritors of that intolerance, the most cherished of her subjects, and the best judges of her motives and her policy, yet they were the first to rebel against her domination, and sink their intolerance in the cause of liberty; and so have left to the enslaved nations—particularly to Ireland, the victim of that same domination—a justification of rebellion, an incentive to perpetual disaffection, and the example of their religious toleration, by which alone she can ever be exalted to nationhood.

It may, indeed, be said, that once rebels, their tolerance and philanthropy were the offsprings of necessity. This may be so, yet it does not render the example they have left us the less worthy of imitation; and how different would be the condition of Ireland to-day if our forefathers, who had a ten-fold necessity for such a policy, had adopted it?

We are all aware that Ireland has given to the cause of liberty men as learned, as exalted, as chivalrous as they; men who, like them, pledged at its altar "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors," and who, through every peril, sustained as nobly the vows they had registered; but for want of this saving principle, their sacrifices were vain, and their fruits but noble epitaphs, the sad and ever-recurring memories of exile, ruined homes, severed kindred, and broken hearts. It is said that the first glorious thing is to conquer in the cause of liberty, and the second glorious, to die for it. If this were so, fame would attribute different niches in the temple of liberty to the Fathers of the American Revolution, and to the martyrs and patriots of Irish liberty. But the characters of true patriots should not be judged by the effects of their actions, and the generous people of Ireland will never believe in Scotch utilitarianism;—who die for liberty,—"do well, act nobly, angels can no more," is the emanation of another poet, not less known to fame than the former. So, leaving the sentiments of the poets to cancel each other, I do assert that if the lapse of ages finds this country as it now is, "free, sovereign, and independent," and Ireland in the enjoyment of the national happiness prophecied for her by her poets, her saints and her sages, it will be by the maintenance, on the one hand, and the adoption, on the other, of the charter of human liberty established by the Fathers of the American Revolution.

"*Ireland a Nation.*" Judge B. O'Connor responded.

"*The prosperity of the American Republic.*" Mr. Thomas Boyle responded as follows:—Captain Kennedy, ladies and gentlemen: I feel some diffidence in obtruding on an assemblage such as this; yet, sir, as you have seen fit to call on me, in obedience to your call, I rise, more for the purpose of declining your kind notice than of saying anything on a subject so far beyond my capacity. The prosperity of the American Republic, our country, is happily a subject that has never failed to elicit the best and warmest feelings of her citizens; and such feelings united with the energy and industry we every day witnees around us, are the best guarantees of that prosperity. In a nation where the people are frugal, industrious, liberty-loving, and able to defend liberty, it may be said, under divine auspices, that that people must needs be free and prosperous, and such would be the conclusion if the word liberty were understood alike by all. But what appears liberty to one, may seem the reverse to another. Difference of opinion begets difference of action, and so we see in this country, beloved no doubt by all its people, its social happiness, its prosperity, aye, even its very liberty in apparent danger. And this state of things so often arising in this envied land gives hopes, no doubt, to the monarchies of Europe, particularly to our ancient implacable enemy, that this great example of man's capacity for self-government is yet but an experiment, that may, and at no distant period, terminate in anarchy and all the evils consequent on such an event.

But, thank God, no difficulty has yet arisen that has not been corrected in a proper manner by the sound action of constitutional majorities, and in the recent political, sectional, and sectarian strife through which we have so lately passed, we have damped the ardor and darkened the hopes of these enemies—vigilant and meddling agents. The rights of suffrage enjoyed here by naturalized citizens, has been exercised with such discrimination, as to have won for them the confidence of the wisest and best of the land. And if the men whom they have assisted to place in power, exercise their functions with as much moderation, and foresight, we may look forward to the increasing prosperity of the Republic, until most of us present shall have been reckoned with the past.

To you, Sir, as Captain of a company, bearing a name that calls up the history of his country's wrongs in the mind of every Irishman, a few words on the relative condition of Ireland and her oppressor may not be out of place. If Ireland be humbled, England is not the more exalted. If Ireland lost her late throw for liberty, England has lost that prestige which made her name greater than her actual prowess. If Ireland has parted with a portion of her people, they are not entirely lost to her; they are still here, in the press, and before the councils of the nations, the accusers of her oppressive and odious policy; and taking these things into account, with the constantly increasing difficulties of England, it may be questioned whether Ireland, if even now excited to revolt, wouldn't be as much a match for her as at any time that she essayed her independence. And though there is nothing in the present aspect of Irish affairs to excite our pride or immediate hope, neither is there any reason why we should for a moment abandon the political faith and spirit that guided our forefathers through darker periods of her history.

"If conquest o'er the conqueror still
Shall be without one unbeliever,
A creed to mock the torturing skill
And shake the soul of the bereaver,
A people's hope, a nation's will,
Is not a renegade deceiver.
Even now is bent no suppliant knee,
But tyrants feel their turn to falter;
The very ashes of the free
Gives rapid growth to Liberty;
What marvel happier times shall see
The nameless grave and altar?"

"*The Militia of the State of New-York.*

Major Minton, of the 75th Regiment, being called on to respond, made a very eloquent speech, touching on the services of Militia, not only in this country but all over the world.

"*Civil and Religious Liberty.*" Captain James Huston briefly responded by stating that the subject was too comprehensive a one for the occasion, and that the Emmets required no instruction on the doctrines of civil and religious liberty as long as they kept the young martyr in their memory. In conclusion, Captain Huston called on his friend, Lieutenant Lyons, for a song, who sung, "The wish of the True," a song of '48, by Francis Davis, the weaver poet of Ireland. The song was rendered with surprising effect, and elicited the warmest applause; when Captain Lyons proposed the health of T. F. Meagher, Esq., who after returning thanks in a few brief and eloquent remarks, proposed the memory of the late lamented Judge M'Grath, first commandant of the company.

"*The Ladies.*" (Lieutenant Lyons.)

"*Captain Kennedy.*"

After this the company adjourned to the ball-room, where the dancing was kept up for several hours with unabated pleasure. On the whole, there has been no military ball this season, which for order and unalloyed pleasure was comparable to the Eleventh Annual Ball of the Emmet Guard.

DIED,

On Sunday morning, the 25th inst., at the residence of her mother, 8 Clinton Place, Brooklyn, KATE ROSE, eldest daughter of the late Richard Lalor, of Cascade, County Kilkenny, Ireland.

On Tuesday morning she was interred in Cavalry Cemetery.

May she rest in peace.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

July 7, at Tasmania, Van Diemen's Land, Herr Gustavus Adolphus Gulliermus Ziegler, of Berlin University, to Caroline, daughter of the late Capt. Mark Kerr, of Bracklow, Granard, Longford.

Capt. C. W. Elgee, to Maria Emma, daughter of John Doner, Lower Mountstreet.

In Londonderry, Wm. Hancock, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. W. S. Escott, Foyle College.

John, son of the late T. Dunn, to Eliza Seymour, daughter of the late P. Lambert, Galway.

Thomas, eldest son of Wm. Mooney, late of Dublin, to Ann, daughter of G. Tissington.

James Alexander Weir, to Sophia Mary Anne, daughter of the late John Whaley.

John Mettam, of Trinity College, to Isabella, daughter of Edw. B. Smith, Dublin.

In St. Thomas's Church, Ths. Ringwood, Castlepierce, county Tipperary, to Maria Elizabeth Christianna Perry, only child of William C. Perry, of Queen's county.

At Clontarf, Monsieur Henri Hoenar De Mamiel, late Captain in the French Army, to Sarah Emma, third daughter of Molloy M'Dermott, Esq., of Roscommon.

In St. Peter's Church, Marcus John, eldest son of Leonard Bickerstaff, Esq., of Runnemede, to Annie, daughter of John Pollock, Esq., of Upper Leeson-street.

At Newport, Lieut. Wm. M. D. Alderson, to Josephine Rachel, daughter of Rev. J. J. Spear.

IRISH DEATHS.

In his eighth year, William Joseph, eldest son of W. A. Franklin, Esq. of the G. P. O.

At Portmahon House, David F. Mitchell, aged 72.

At Mountmelleck, Margaret, wife of Rev. H. M'Manus.

In Kingstown, Mrs. Speer, relict of Dr. Speer, Royal Navy.

In Great Charles-st., aged 88, Edward Archer, Esq.

At Glasnevin, Wm. Marble, Esq., aged 74 years.

Mary, relict of Moses Pim, Esq., Lucks, Queen's county.

Katherine Jane, relict of Rev. Francis Gervais.

Lucretia, wife of Wm. Burleigh, county Antrim.

Jan. 2, in Dundalk, the Rev. J. H. Alpress.

Emily, daughter of the late Dr. Thompson.

In Dundalk, Harriet, wife of Mr. John Pooler.

At Water Eodge, Catherine, mother of Michael Kelly.

In Tralee, Jane, relict of Geo. Dwyer, solicitor.

At his residence, Lahinch, Clare, Mr. Thomas Blood.

The Rev. Patrick M'Nally, Monaghan, aged 29.

Bridget, relict of John Tighe, of Coote Hall, Roscommon.

At Marbury Hall, James Hugh Smith Barry, of Cork.

Jan. 2., in Belfast, John Young, aged 82.

Roger Curtis, Esq., Commander in the Royal Navy.

Louisa, wife of Michael Creagh.

At Garville avenue, Mr. Stephen Morrin aged 35 years.

At his residence, Sir John's Quay, Mr. John O'Dowd.

At his residence, 35 Marlborough-street, Bernard John M'Loughlin

At Corkamore, Kate, sister to Rev. Michael Coghlan.

In Dundalk, Lt. Col. Thomas Purcell.

At Nottingham, Leonora, wife of Geo. Scales, and daughter of the late John Johnston, of the county Armagh.

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(*Carefully revised every week expressly for the Irish News.*)

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1857.

FLOUR—Com'n to Extra State	per barrel	$6.25 a	$6.85
Common to Fancy Western	do	6.35 a	6.75
Extra Western	do	6.75 a	9 —
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do	6.90 a	8.75
Mixed to Extra Southern	do	6.90 a	9 —
RYE FLOUR—Fine and Super	do	3.50 a	5.25
CORN MEAL	do	3.12½ a	3.75
WHEAT—Canada White	per bushel	1.70 a	1.82½
Western White	do	1.70 a	1.82½
Southern White	do	1.70 a	1.80
All kinds of Red	do	1.45 a	1.62½
CORN—Mixed	do	— 72 a	— 75
Yellow	do	— 75 a	— 76
White	do	— 75 a	— 76
OATS—State and Western	do	— 50 a	— 53
Jersey	do	— 46 a	— 49
Southern	do	— 42 a	— 46
Rye	do	— 90 a	— 95
Barley	do	1.02 a	1.32
White Beans	do	2 — a	— —
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels		— — a	4 —
Cotton—Middlings, per lb		— 13½ a	— 13¼
Fair		— 13½ a	— 14½
Rice, per 100 lbs		3.25 a	4.25
Hops, per lb		— 7 a	— 10
Pork—Mess per bbl		20 — a	21 —
Prime, per bbl		18 — a	— —
Beef—Country Mess		10.50 a	13 —
Prime		9 50 a	10 25
Dressed Hogs, per lb		— 9½ a	— 9¾
Lard, in bbls. per lb		— 12½ a	— 12¾
Butter—Western, per lb		— 15 a	— 22
State, ordinary to choice, per lb		— 20 a	— 29
Cheese, per lb		— 10½ a	— 11½
Potatoes—Carters, per bbl		3 — a	4 —
Mercers, per bbl		2.50 a	3.25
Onions—Reds, per bbl		1.75 a	1.87½
White, per bbl		3 — a	4 —
Apples, per bbl		2.50 a	5 25
Eggs, fresh per dozen		— 29 a	— 31
Limed, per dozen		— 25 a	— 26½
Feathers, Live Geese per lb		— 50 a	— 55
Seed—Clover, per lb		— 12 a	— 12½
Flax, per bushel		1.90 a	1 95
Timothy, mowed, per bushel		2.25 a	2.37½
Timothy, reaped, per bushel		3 — a	3.25
Sugar, New-Orleans, per lb		— 9½ a	— 11½
Molasses, New-Orleans, per gl		— — a	— 80
Tobacco—Kentucky, &c., per lb		— 7 a	— 16
Seed Leaf, per lb		— 10 a	— 32
Wool—Domestic fleece, per lb		— 34 a	— 60
Domestic, pulled, per lb		— 34 a	— 50
Hemp—Undr'd Amer'n per ton		210 — a	215—
Dressed American, per ton		240 — a	260—
Flax—Jersey per lb		— 7 a	— 11
Hay, per 100 lbs		1 — a	1.25
Tallow, per lb		— 11½ a	— —

COMPLIMENTARY BALL.

WILL BE GIVEN TO

MR. JOHN McPARTLAND,

At the PACIFIC-ROOMS, 600 BROADWAY, on THURSDAY EVENING, January 29th, 1857.

The Floor will be under the direction of Professor BRODERICK, assisted by the following

COMMITTEE:

J. STILLWELL JONES, THOMAS PLUNKETT, PHILIP MALONE, JOHN DOLAN, A. H. TRENCHARD, JAMES DUNCAN. ja31

LECTURE ON POPE GREGORY THE SEVENTH.

(THE GREAT HELDEBRAND.)

On Tuesday Evening, January 27th, 1857,

Before the Catholic Library Benefit Society, at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway,

BY F. W. POLLARD, A. M.

Tickets 25 cents. For sale at the Catholic Bookstores, or at the door, on the above evening.

Doors open at 7. Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. ja25

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Money Saved, in Buying Books on the Gift Principle.—All the $1 25 Books sold at one dollar. The Gifts consist of various articles; some of which are Gold and Silver Pencils, Gold Rings and Pins, Ear-Drops, Sleeve-Buttons, Cashmere Shawls and Scarfs, Black and Colored Silks, Gold and Silver Watches.

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ja25 3m New-York City.

Information wanted of Catharine Heaney, aged nine years, who left Sackin, near Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, Ireland, about the 30th of September last, for the purpose of coming to New-York. Information of her whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration will be thankfully received by her mother.

JOHN BANIM'S CHILDHOOD—HIS INTERVIEW WITH MOORE.

From the Irish Quarterly Review.

Although not a very idle boy, Banim loved to study in his own way and at his own time; and his chief pleasure was to steal away from school, and lying under a hedge or beneath the shelter of a haycock, to pore over some prized volume of "romance of fairy fable." Hans Andersen, in all his dreamy youth, never longed to hear the lore of fairy land more earnestly than did little John Banim, and his ready memory enabled him to retain the subject of each narrative of wonder. From admiration, however, the future novelist soon aspired to imitation, and in his sixth year, having listened in silent delight to a fairy fiction of more than usual interest, he resolved to write a story, his own sole composition.

He was not sufficiently tall to write conveniently at a table, even when seated, and having placed his paper upon his bedroom floor, he lay down beside it and commenced the construction of his plot. During three months he devoted nearly all his hours of play to the completion of his task, and when at length he had concluded, the writing was so execrable that he alone could decipher it. In this dilemma he obtained the assistance of his brother Michael, and of a schoolfellow. They acted as amanuenses, relieving each other when tired of writing from John's dictation.

When the tale was fully transcribed, it was stitched in a blue cover, and John determined that it should be printed. But here the important question of expense arose to his mind, and after a long deliberation the youthful author thought of resorting to a subscription publication. Accordingly the manuscript was shown to several of his father's friends, and in the course of a week the subscribers amounted to thirty, at a payment of one shilling each. Disappointment was again the lot of our little genius; for in all Kilkenny he could not get a printer to undertake the issuing of his story. This was a heavy blow to his hopes; but honorable, even as a child, he no sooner found that he could not publish the tale than he waited upon his subscribers, for the purpose of restoring to them their shillings. All received him kindly and refused the money, saying that they were quite satisfied with reading the manuscript.

His literary efforts did not end with his fairy story. We have seen a romance in two thick manuscript volumes, written in his tenth year; and have looked through several manuscript poems, particularly one extending to over a thousand lines, entitled "Hibernia," written about the same period.

This early authorship is not unusual amongst those who have afterwards distinguished themselves in literature, as most students of literary history are aware. Cato and Hobbes, Bacon and Descartes, Boyle and Alfieri, Cowley and Pope, with a hundred others, were, in childhood as in manhood, philosophers, or poets, or statesmen. Like these last, Banim longed to be a poet, even in early days; and amid his stolen rambles in the summer fields felt all that joy in Nature, that Pantheism of poetry, which Byron so nobly expressed, when he makes the boy Tasso cry:

———From my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingled with whate'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate, I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers
And rocks whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours,
Though I was chid for wandering.

The poetic faculty indeed, appears generally to have developed itself in early life, and whilst Tasso, Ariosto, and Lope de Vega were even in schooldays poets or romance-writers, Boccaccio tells us—and the analogy of his case with that of Banim is striking—"Before seven years of age, when as yet I had met with no stories, was without a master, and hardly knew my letters, I had a natural talent for fiction, and produced some little tales."

But neither in the biography of Boccaccio, nor of any other man of genius, can we discover efforts so ardent and persevering, to secure self-improvement, as those exhibited, even in childhood, by Banim.

Whilst in his ninth year he began a strange birth-day observance. About a week before his birthday he commenced the arrangement and perusal of all the verses, and pieces in prose, composed during the preceding year; when all had been read and duly criticised, he generally found that one set was puerile, —he himself being but a child,—another set was turgid—a third portion was dull—a fourth lot was forced or unnatural, and the boy Banim was as fastidious in self-criticism as, in grave manhood, were Gibbon or Campbell. The evening of the birthday arrived, the condemned manuscripts were gathered in a pile, to which a match was applied, and as the blaze mounted high, the little author danced, gleefully, around the holocaust.

He felt no regret in thus destroying his compositions. He was resolved that the productions of his intellect in the succeeding year, should be superior to those of the past, and fancied the pieces condemned to the flames would but disgrace the more finished efforts of the months to come.

Banim, from early youth, had all that adoration of Poetry which is characteristic of genius; and his love for

"The pleasing cadence of a line,
Struck by the concert of the sacred nine,"

was only equalled by his admiration of a Poet. A good example of his self-estimate, and of this poetic feeling, was exhibited in his tenth year. The Private Theatre of Kilkenny was then open, and Banim was admitted to witness one of the performances. He was delighted with all he saw. Everything around was so unusual: the audience all in full dress, a brilliantly lighted house, the glittering costume of the actors, the beauty of the scenery, all rendered the spot a fairy realm for the child-poet.

He did not, however, attend so much for the purpose of seeing the play, as for that of observing his idol, Thomas Moore, who was one of the performers. He was then in the first glory of his success, and formed the theme of general conversation. On the occasion of Banim's visit to the theatre, Moore recited his own *Monologue on National Music*. It was encored, and Banim was the loudest in demanding the repetition. The beauty of the poetry struck the fancy of the child, and so profound was the impression made by it upon his memory, that he, the following morning repeated the entire with almost perfect accuracy, and with the gestures and inflections employed by Moore in its delivery. After having breakfasted, he was observed to dress himself in his best clothes, and the family saw him leave the shop, and, with a roll of papers under his arm, walk towards the house in which Moore lodged: he was about to introduce himself to Moore as a brother poet, and the roll of papers was the manuscript verses by which he meant to prove his right to the "honorable name." Moore, remembering probably the trembling anxiety with which he had, in his fourteenth year, sent "the attempts of a youthful muse" to the editor of the *Anthologia Hibernica*, and the "honor and glory" which he enjoyed when he found himself shortly afterwards called "our esteemed correspondent, T.M.," received his odd little visitor kindly. He read a few of the verses, enquired as to his progress at school, advised him to be attentive, and closed the interview by asking, if there was anything he could do to oblige "his brother poet." To be called his "brother poet" was quite sufficient for Banim; but the offer of obliging him was too flattering to be slighted, so, after some consideration, he told the good-natured bard that there was nothing in the world he should like so much as a season ticket to the Private Theatre where he could see Mr. Moore on the nights of performance. This request was at once granted, and, for the remainder of the theatrical season, little John Banim was happy as his heart could desire,—the same ticket which opened the theatre to him was, he considered, a tribute to his poetic ability. And how the boy's soul would have swelled could he then have known that but twenty-two years later his own fame would be fully acknowledged; that this same great poet whom he was now so anxious to please, would, when in Kilkenny, call upon old Michael Banim, and, finding that he was from home, write, as a card, and leave for the old man, these words—"Mr. Thomas Moore called to pay his respects to the father of 'The O'Hara Family.'"

Literary pursuits, however, were not the only ones by which Banim's attention was engaged: he frequently devoted his play hours to mechanical inventions. He formed a complicated machine which was to realize that dream of philosophy—perpetual motion. Having read *Rasselas*, he fancied that the philosopher of the happy valley must have been a very unskillful artificer. He, accordingly, of wicker work and brown paper, formed three pairs of wings, and fastened one wing to each wrist of his brother, and his younger sister; having mounted with his two companions upon the manure heap, he fastened the remaining pair of wings to his own wrists, and all three, jumping from their eminence, found themselves, in place of soaring to the clouds, deposited in the "verdant mud" which formed their lake. His next attempt was the construction of sky rockets, intended to mount to a most extraordinary height, but which only blazed along the ground, burning the pyrotechnist and almost destroying the house.

This last exploit developed a very remarkable trait in his character. His father was so much offended by the danger to which the family and the building had been exposed, that in one of his outbreaks of passion he ordered the child to leave the house and seek his fortune in the world. John took his cap, and went forth;—it was a winter night, dark and cold, with a roaring wind abroad. Away the boy went; Mrs. Banim was silent, knowing that remonstrance could conduce to no end, save that of increasing her husband's anger, and even he seemed anxious, but was too passionate to recall the offender. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and a sturdy knock was heard at the door; it was opened, and John reappeared. He approached his father, and taking off his cap, said, "As I am to go, I'll thank you, sir, for the sixpence I lent you the other day;—this was the last remaining sixpence of the thirty shillings subscribed for the unprinted fairy tale, and with it he was as willing, though a child, to commence his way in the world, with as self reliant a confidence, as when, in later years, he went forth with his young wife to venture on the troubled tide of literature. The sixpence was repaid him, but in addition a second was given, and he was ordered to bed, his father having forgotten all his anger in the surprise of the moment.

The deans of faculty in the Catholic University of Ireland for the session 1856–'57, are in theology, Very Rev. Father O'Reilly; in Medicine, Mr. Thomas Hayder; in Philosophy and Letters, Mr. E. Butler; in Science, Mr. Wm. K. Sullivan.

Special Notices.

"Charity covereth a multitude of Sins!"

FIRST ANNUAL GRAND SOIREE

OF

ST. JAMES' BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION,

AT THE

City Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening, Jan. 26, 1857. Shelton's Band.

Tickets can be had of the following committee:

Dr. Philip O'Reilly, cor. Madison and James sts., Dr. Purcell, do.; Dr. Richard Dillon, cor. Pearl and Rose sts.; Dr. E. D. Connery, 186 Henry st.; Judge Macarthy, 25 Oliver st.; Major R. Barry. 488 Pearl st.; Peter Kenny, 187 Allen st., John Kenny, do.; Andrew E. Mylott, cor 7th av. and 26th st.; J. J. Hanefri, 96 Oliver st.; Denis Hogan, 14 Roosevelt st., Michael Carroll, do.; G. W. Casserly, 60 do; Timothy Coleman, 29 do.; P. O'Neil, 48 do.; Edward Nugent, 48 do.; A. McCaffrey, cor. Catherine and Henry sts., Richard Walters, do.; Bernard Murphy, 4 James st.; John Lynch, 61 do.; Edward Hart, 74 do.; John Healy, 2 do.; John Kelly, 12 Monroe st.; Edward Hart, 27 do.; E. J. Kelly, 19 Oak st.; Thos. Hussey, cor. Madison and Oliver sts., A. C. Reel, do.; Geo. Carr, 90 Madison st.; James Reilly, 35 do.; Philip Lyons, 225 ditto; Michael J. Higgins, 42 do.; T. Cody, 32 Oak street.; Bernard McFeely, 144 Chatham st.; Francis Priest, 126 do.; John Donoghoe, 71 do.; Francis Hagerty, 3 Catharine st., J. Donnelly, 3 do.; John Marsden, 22 Catharine Slip; Edward Butler, 417 Pearl st.; Richard Fitzpatrick, 393 do.; Geo. Rice, 24 Vandewater st.; Bernard Duffy, 38 do.; Wm. Cleary, 11 Jacob st.; John O'Sullivan. 24 Rose st.; P. Mulvehil, 84 Oliver st.; Wm. Walsh, 84 do.; Denis Decourey, 8 Chamber st.. P. Crowe, 46 Frankfort st.; P. J. Tully, 38 do.; Michael Conroy, 36 do.; P. Hughes, 88 Cherry st.; John Oliver, do.; Thomas Fitzgerald, 14 do.; Edward Sweeney, 38 do.; Mich'l Hallinan, 199 do.; Stephen Lynch, 97 Gold st.; Chas. J. Dougherty, 261 William st.; Chas. Doherty 96 Cliff st., Geo. Hargan, 39 Henry st.; John Crowe, 15 Cherry st.; James Grady, 28 Catherine st.

P. J. DOWLING, Floor Manager. JOHN MARSDEN, Treas'r.
JAS. M. SHEEHAN, Sec'y. WM. O'DONNELL, Chairman.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice of Application for the discharge of an insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes.

James Grant of New-York City, Notice first published January 12th, 1857, Creditors to appear before the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New-York, on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1857, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at his Chambers No. 25 Chambers street, in said city, to show cause, if any they have, why an assignment of said Insolvent's Estate should not be made and he be discharged from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Statute for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts.

McCUNN & MONCRIEF,
jan17 6t Atty's. for Insolvent, 29 Wall st., New-York City.

GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

MADAME PAULINE HELD, the wonderful Animal Magnetizer, has opened her Rooms, No. 20 HOWARD STREET, near Broadway, for the reception of patients. No matter how obstinate or severe their diseases (unless Consumption), she engages to cure them; ordinary cases in three, and extraordinary cases not more than twelve visits. One trial will satisfy the most incredulous of the efficacy of her treatment. She uses no medicine and the patient never suffers a relapse. Call and judge for yourself. Consultation fee, Two Dollars. Can be seen at all hours from 8 to 1, and 2 to 6.

MADAME PAULINE HELD,
jan17 8mos 20 Howard street, near Broadway.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

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PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7¾.

MONTGOMERY GUARDS.

The Twentieth Annual Ball of this Company, will take place at NIBLO'S SALOON, on Tuesday Evening, January 27th, 1857.

Tickets—Two Dollars Each—may be had of any of the members, or of the Committee of Arrangements.

Henry Brenner, 71 Wall-st., | Chas. Leary, 345 Second Avenue,
Mathew Riordan, 94 Wall-st., | M. Maher, 133 Water, cor. Pine,
John Moore, 75 Oliver, | John Campble, 321 Water,
M. Reynolds, 45 Scamell.

HENRY BRENNER, Chairman.
CHAS. LEARY, Secretary. j3 4t

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 889 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 3 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Lectures.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

CATHOLIC LIBRARY BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Attached to the Church of the Nativity.—A Course of Lectures will be delivered before this Society, at

HOPE CHAPEL, BROADWAY,

on the following Thesday evenings:—January 13—20—27, and February 3d, 1857.

The proceeds are to be appropriated for the benefit of the poor children belonging to the Parish of the Nativity.

Tickets—admitting a gentleman and lady—to the Course, $1 00, to be had at the Catholic Book-stores.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Thomas Larkin,	James Cunningham,	Edward Carroll,
Joseph P. Flin,	Thomas Riley,	James Tracy,
Patrick Sury,	Michael Fogarty,	James Riley,
James Fore,	Wm. Walsh,	Francis Dunnigan.
William Byrns,	John Kelly,	Thos. Kelly,
John Quin,	Malagee Conboy,	Timothy Dwyer,
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j3tf

L. SILLIMAN IVES, LL.D.,

Will Lecture on

"Church and State Charities Compared,"

For the Benefit of the

SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL,

At the

Broadway Tabernacle,

On Thursday evening, January 29th, at 8 p. m. Tickets 25 cents—to be had at the Catholic bookstores and of the members of the several conferences.

Special Notices.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's winter raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

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DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at corner of Center and Grand st. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y2ljune

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

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In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themseives and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

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Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARES," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

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Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York,* that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete process (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**

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OFFICE,

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Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any order left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

To Druggists and Grocers in the South and West.

Charles' London Cordial Gin, the first established and the only *Imported.*

This celebrated Gin, introduced into the United States by E. C. Charles, in 1851, has become so extensively counterfeited and imitated by one or two liquor mixers in New-York and Boston that it becomes our duty to advise with you on the nature of the poisons disseminated amongst you by these unscrupulous parties.

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, show that Charles' London Cordial Gin is the only London Gin really Imported into the United States, and sold in bottles; and the fact has been demonstrated and published in all the New-York papers, that the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made except by ourselves, has been one Pipe, imported in 1855. On the credit of this solitary Pipe, which would not fill six hundred bottles, *over one hundred thousand dozen,* of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," prefixed with different names, have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost twenty per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin.

If corroboration were necessary, Mr. Udolpho Wolfe of New-York, who keeps record of every import of Gin, has over his own signature published to the world this statement, and it remains (even by the parties who have adopted our title) an unanswered, confirmed fact beyond the power of disproof, that Charles' London Cordial Gin, is the only genuine article, and hence that all others are nothing more or less than Ohio spirits in their raw state impregnated with poisonous materials, to give flavor to the mixture.

The Genuine Charles' London Gin is distilled especially for the undersigned in London, under the surveilance of the British excise laws, and is imported solely by us. It bears the endorsement of over five thousand physicians, in Great Britain and the United States. It has stood the most severe tests of the most skillful chemists and essayists. It is the only Gin which has the approval of the most celebrated practitioner America has ever produced—Dr. Valentine Mott, of New-York, who in a letter to Mr. Charles, says, "It is the finest, the most reliable, and most vigorous extract of Juniper he had ever seen."

The genuine Charles' London Cordial Gin is for sale in quart and pint bottles, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled "London Cordial Gin," it is absolutely Charles'. To escape adulterated and poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the article be labelled London Cordial Gin but be certain it is Charles'. Every other is injurious to health.

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Medical.

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JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicine**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

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So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

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oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Consumption---Watkinson's Pulmonacia.

A SAFE, reliable family medicine, warranted not to contain a particle of mercury or any other mineral poison; not a nine day's wonder got up to sell and humbug the public. He has used it for years in private families of friends, and now, at the urgent request of hundreds who have seen its remarkable cures, where every other remedy has failed, he offers it to the public to benefit and relieve those suffering with that fatal disease, so inherent to our changeable climate, carrying off its thousands to an early grave—Consumption. It has effected some of the most remarkable cures ever heard of; how some dear friend was saved from death, when all hope was given up, now lives and enjoys good health. Its rare qualities are not only in relieving consumptive patients, but for all diseases of the lungs, racking nervous cough, night sweats, bronchial affections of the throat, internal inflammation, where the blood is impure, it has no equal. The discoverer of PULMONACIA is RICHARD WATKINSON, a gentleman of well-known standing in Philadelphia and New-York. Those that are acquainted with him know there is no quackery or humbug about it, as the number of certificates that can be obtained at the office will satisfy the most incredulous as to its value.

R. WATKINSON.

No. 448 Broadway is the only place in the city where it can be obtainecd. Price $1 per bottle. dec13 3mos

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The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday—price, (free of postage) six dollars a year. Remittances for any period will be promptly attended to.

Complete sets of the FIRST SERIES, in thirty-six volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principle cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale for Seventy-two Dollars. The Second Series began in 1853.

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☞ A few advertisements of Books, Patents, or other matters of general interest, will be added, at reasonable rates.

Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly at the Office of Littell's Living Age,

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Every number of this work contains articles of leading interest; grave and earnest, yet not heavy; popular, and yet of abiding value. To these are added, in profuse abundance and great variety, Tales, Poetry, Voyages, Travels, and whatever—within the bounds of sound taste and good principles—may be included under the large head of Light Reading. But mere light reading soon becomes wearisome, unless there breathe from it spirit and heart, life and soul.

We promise a Magazine that shall be more and better than mere amusement: a Book suited to the leisure of the old and wise, and yet abundantly attractive to the young and ardent. It will freely provide for the Imagination, as well as for the Reason and Memory.

For THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, received at the office of publication, the Panorama will be sent (free of postage), to any post-office in the United States.

Two COPIES, Five Dollars a year; FIVE COPIES, Ten Dollars a year, Clubs to pay their own postage, which is three cents a number, payable QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

The first number was issued in July, 1855. It makes two large volumes a year. We can supply orders for back numbers or volumes.

Both Works are Published by Littell, Son & Company, Boston.

oct18

Business Directory.

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ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 Bowery, (west side,) between Grand and Hester streets,

IS now prepared to exhibit his new Fall styles of
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Importing his goods direct, and thus saving the commission and interest which most other dealers pay, he is enabled to offer them at prices highly favorable to consumers, who will find at his store, among other carpetings adapted to all varieties of tastes, the following elegant descriptions:

Medallions,	at 14s to 18s per yard.
Velvet,	10s to 16s.
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English and American Floor Oil-Cloths,

of every imaginable width, pattern, and style.

A complete and choice assortment of

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and of everythg else appertaining to the Carpet Trade.

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Watches of a superior quality made to order, and warranted not to err more than four minutes a year. Cases jointed, works jewelled, and chronometer balances set in the best style. Jewelry of every kind repaired in a workmanlike manner. All orders punctually attended to. u126m

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Statuary and Marble Mantle-Pieces, Monuments, Grave Stones, Tombs, &c. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

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SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER,

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Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely: If the culverts and sewers of the city were chocked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the pattent draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle: by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose, (what blind philosophy!) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby; the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the deubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

This privilege is extended to those persons who addressed me previously on this subject.

I have made it my rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time I give up the patient as lost and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

J. D. DURKIN,
Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
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Business Directory.

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OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

59 BEEKMAN STREET, UP STAIRS.

DESKS! DESKS!! DESKS!!!

DOUBLE and single counting-room desks, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office desks from 3 to 6 feet, of Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Oak; cases for books and pigeon holes. Office-chairs, cushions, lounges, and office tables of every description. my17tf

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AND

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Post Office.—NOTICE.—The MAILS FOR EUROPE, per *U. S. Steamer Atlantic*, will close at this office on *Saturday*, the 31st day of January, at half past 10 o'clock, A. M. I. V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Wines and Liquors.

CHAS. J. MURPHY,

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BRANDIES, WINES, GIN, RUM,

IRISH AND SCOTCH WHISKEY.

Segars, Ale, Porter, Cordials, &c.

Stores, Nos. 1, 4, & 5 Cedar street.

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Wholesale Dealer in Wines, Brandies, & Segars,

NO. 51 HARRISON STREET,

And Wholesale and Retail at

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8m18dec New-York.

ELIZABETHAN ALE.

MEDICAL men now very generally recommend the occasional use of pure ale to those who are in need of nourishment; and it is undoubtedly the most wholesome beverage for general use that can be found. This is not a new idea. In Queen Elizabeth's time our ancestors universally consumed it—from Elizabeth herself, in her palace, to the farmer in the field. In those days, adulterated wines and fiery liquors may be said to have been unknown, and very heavy penalties were enacted against using anything except malt and hops in brewing. It is not at all extravagant to assert, that the average duration of the life of a large portion of our race is a third less than it was two or three huudred years ago, and this is chiefly attributable to what we eat and what we drink. Even now the heartiest people that can be found are from the rural districts of England, who yet follow the old fashioned diet.

All who use ale, whether as a beverage or for the purpose of nourishment, will find the Elizabethan Ale most excellent. Being made on the Scotch plan, it is as pure and wholesome, (if not equal in flavor) as the imported, while its cost is but little more than a common article. Families and retailers supplied at 120 WATER STREET, one door above Wall. oc4m8

P. COTTER,

DEALER IN

LONDON BROWN STOUT, SCOTCH, & BURTON ALES,

Philadelphia Porter, Ale, Champagne Cider, and Soda Water.

Mercer House,

Corner of Broome and Mercer streets, New-York. ylaug2

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WINES, Liquors, Segars,
London, Dublin, and Philadelphia Porter and Ale,
Scotch, Burton, and East India Ales,
Champagne Cider in quantities to suit purchasers,
at 333 Broadway,
tf Corner of Anthony street, New-York.

WISE'S IRISH MALT WHISKEY.

IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan**, Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Van Brunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of **Wise's Cork Malt Whiskey**, which will be sold at a reduced price, ont of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm in New-York who import the same. ap26y

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RECTIFIER AND DISTILLER,

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Dealer in Foreign Wines and Liquors.

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STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

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THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

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COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

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A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 13 tf

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine FASHIONABLE HAT! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.

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Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 14 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emration, 31 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

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His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets.

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The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

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MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

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possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

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SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments,

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

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One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

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PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

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PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object,* and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

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Having been awarded Medals at both the

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As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS,* which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees,*
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Electro-Magnetic Baths.—The Electro-Magnetic Baths having become permanently established as a remedial agent for the cure of Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Stiff and Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Ulcers, Tic Toloreux, Neuralgia, Pain in the Limbs, &c. &c., and for the positive extraction of Mercury and other Mineral Poisons from the human system, the Messrs. Sloan & Co. take this method of informing the public that they have fitted up and opened an establishment at No. 53 Sixth Avenue, where the Baths will be constantly in operation, under the care and direction of Dr. G. H. Doyle, Homeopathic Professor of Medicine. To those unacquainted with "Electro-Magnetism" as applied to the cure of disease, reduction and extraction of mineral poisons, &c., we would say that as a means of cure for the above enumerated diseases, it has received the almost universal endorsement of the various Academies of Medicine throughout Europe and the United States, and that the reduction of Metals by a Voltaic Current, is no new science: it is the APPLICATION of the FACT to its extraction from the system for which we claim originality. In it we dismiss all theories—we leave nothing to chance—we are not led by blind experience, but we follow unerring and never failing principles.

Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c., are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

Persons afflicted in any way with sickness, debility, &c. will do well to call at the office, examine the Baths, and receive full explanation of the treatment pursued. SLOAN & CO., 53 Sixth Avenue,

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P. S.—Physicians and Families supplied with Homeopathic Medicines Books, &c. dec6 3mos

European News.

The arrival of the U. S. mail steamer, *Arago*, on January 28, brings European news to the 14th ult.

France and England have settled the Prusso-Swiss difficulty. Switzerland is to set the Royalist filibusters at liberty, on the guaranty of the two Western Powers that Prussia shall renounce all claim to Neufchatel, acknowledge its independence and suspend her military preparations.

A very strong feeling prevails in London against the exclusive manner in which the Atlantic Telegraph Company has been got up, and the exclusive machinery with which it is clogged. Another Company is being organized, with the intention of going direct to the shores of the United States, instead of passing through English Colonial possessions. This will place England and America on an equal footing, in a political point of view, and it is hoped that both the Government and people of the United States will give the new Company their best support.

The War in China.—The Chinese excitement takes the place of the Swiss difficulty.

Private telegraphic despatches received in England, in anticipation of the overland mail, bring the accounts from Canton down to the 24th of November. These advices state hostilities continued, that the Americans had already engaged in the struggle, and that trade remained consequently at a stand still. This much is known for certain. Rumor adds, in explanation of the engagement of the Americans in the strife, that the price offered by the Chinese Governor for the heads of the English led to some heads of Americans being sent in, in mistake for those of Englishmen.

The London *Mercantile Gazette* of the 13th January has the following on the subject :

It appears from intelligence fourteen days later than that already received from Canton, that the fighting had continued up to that date, and that the American force has been co-operating heartily with that under the command of Sir Michael Seymour. It will be remembered, of course, that High Commissioner Yeh replied to the last demand of the British authorities for an apology, or at least, an explanation of his conduct, by offering a reward of thirty dollars for the head of any Englishman, and that the British Admiral thereupon directed the bombardment of the town. The Chinese, it appears, in their eagerness to carry out Yeh's command, and to strike terror into the "Foreign devils"—the complimentary phrase by which they distinguish our people—decapitated some American persons in mistake for Englishmen, and stuck their heads upon the city walls. A mistake of this description was not likely to improve the relations of the foreigners generally, and of the Americans in particular, with the Chinese authorities. It will hardly occasion wonder that the Americans—who showed every disposition from the first to strengthen the hands of the British authorities—should have made common cause with us after this wanton act of barbarity. It was also reported, at the time the last account left China, that Shanghae had been attacked by the Chinese rebels, and that the town had fallen into their hands, This rumor, if confirmed, would seem to indicate that the insurgents availed themselves of the opportunity afforded by the present collision to secure an advantage which they hope with our assistance to turn to account. But the policy which the British government should pursue has no reference to the internecine struggle which has so long raged in the Chinese Empire. It is with sincere pleasure we perceive that the East India and China Association have addressed Lord Clarendon on the present crisis in China, and press upon the government, in language at once respectful and convincing, the necessity of seizing the occasion which now presents itself of putting our relations with China on a settled footing, and securing, by means of a new treaty, those commercial advantages for which we have already stipulated in vain, and which are demanded by the vastly increasing extent of our trade with that country. The reply of Lord Clarendon leads us to believe that her Majesty's government are quite alive to the importance of the opportunity pointed out by the association, and are every way desirous to avail themselves of it. If so, we fancy we shall find that the recent bombardment of Canton is but the starting point of a new era in our trade with China; perhaps also a new era for that singular country and people.

The *Daily Times* of this city received private advices (written on board the *San Jacinto* at Whampool, November 12) which, though twelve days older than the news given above, is interesting. The writer says :

"We shall be at the seat of war to-morrow. The *Portsmouth* and *Levant* are both there. Their officers and crew are doing duty ashore, protecting American residents and their property. Near all of the foreign population are now at Macao. We left Macao at about 4 o'clock this morning. At 8:15 we beat to general quarters as we were nearing the noted Boca Tigris Forts which command the river and are garrisoned by the Chinamen. They have here upwards of three hundred and fifty guns mounted and an immense number of men in the forts. We expected that they would fire into us, and our guns were shotted and all in readiness to return 'good for evil.' They had their guns manned, and all hands to quarter, but not a shot was fired. There were five British vessels of war lying off the forts, three steamers and two sailing vessels, in all mounting some 120 guns. The steamers were under steam, and it was supposed that to-day the forts were to be shelled."

Russia.—By the telegraph, *via* Trieste, news had been received in England of a great battle near Bayuk, between the Russians and Circassians. The former retreated with a loss of 2,000 and several guns, the attack being made by a Circassian corps of 10,000 strong.

France.—The great event in political society is the marriage of Count Morny to a Russian princess of the house of Tubetski. Morny, the illegitimate half-brother of Napoleon, his minister at the time of the *coup d'etat*, and present Ambassador at St. Petersburg, has great influence with his Emperor, and therefore his matrimonial alliance is very unpalatable to the English politicians, who regard it as precursory to a political alliance between Russia, France and Prussia, with the object of establishing a kind of suzerainty over all the Continental States, by the solemn declaration that those three allied powers will not allow any war to be waged in Europe, and offering their mediation in any possible dispute between the different Governments. These views, says the *Tribune* correspondent, have been ably expounded in a letter of a Russian statesman, which makes the rounds through all the European papers, and excites considerable attention. It is one of the most clever documents published, and deserves, in spite of its length to be copied into your widely-spread paper, as it contains the expression of the aspirations of the Russian Foreign Office. Napoleon, who has lost his former reckless daring and becomes day by day more cautious, has not yet made up his mind about this scheme, since he fears to give up his English alliance, lest the reckless Lord Palmerston may countenance the conspiracies of the Republicans, and foster revolution in Paris.

The French Government has received accounts from Senegal, dated Dec. 5, announcing the death of Mohammed Sidi, Chief of the Bracknas, one of the most determined enemies of the French domination.

Austria.—The Emperor continues his journey through his Italian dominions, without meeting any hearty enthusiasm. He is to visit Parma and Tuscany from Milan, and then to make a pilgrimage to Loretto to the celebreted image of the Virgin, where the Pope is to receive him and his homage. Pio Nono is now perplexed by the rather awkward pretensions of Napoleon, who desires to be crowned by the Pope. Pio Nono declined the proposition, pointing out the inconveniences of a journey to Paris; but Napoleon is not so easily baffled, and offered himself to come to Rome, to be crowned at St. Peter's, where Charlemagne and his successors were crowned. It requires all the astuteness of the Roman See to get out of this dilemma; so much the more as there is yet another Emperor aspiring to be crowned by the Pope, viz : Francis Joseph of Austria.

Turkey.—Redschid Pasha is supported by England, and his influence seems to gain ground, in spite of the deadly hatred of the courtiers and of the harem—for Redschid openly attacks the peculation and lavish expenditure of those about the Court. It is well known that he himself is no saint, and that he managed to amass enormous wealth by dishonest means; but indulgent toward himself, he is severe to those around him. He aims at a monopoly of peculation, and reverses the well known words of the late Emperor Nicholas, who said he knew but one man in Russia who did not steal—that is to say, himself. Redschid, on the contrary, insists that there shall be but one man in Turkey allowed to be a thief—that is to say the Grand Vizier—and that only as long as he himself holds the post.

Persia.—No news had been received of the Persian Gulf expedition. The force under Major Chamberlayne had nearly reached Cabul.

The *Patrie* announces the arrival at Marseilles of Feruk Khan, the Persian Ambassador. His suite is said to be composed of 100 persons, among whom are some of the noblemen of Teheran, who solicited as a great favor to be permitted to accompany him. The excellency is expected in Paris to-morrow, or the day after at the latest.

Prussia and Switzerland.

The *Independence Belge* says that a conference will shortly assemble at London, with the consent of Prussia, to "regularize a departure from the acts of the Congress of Vienna,"—in other words, to approve of the settlement of the Neufchatel question. Switzerland will be represented in this Conference.

Under the heading "An Honorable Peace is Assured," the *Bund*, the semi-official organ of the Federal Council, contains the following article :

"France and England have proposed conditions to Switzerland for the pacific arrangement of the Neufchatel question, and the Swiss Federal Council has unanimously resolved that these conditions are acceptable. The Federal Assembly is consequently called together for the 14th instant, and we have no doubt that the Federal Assembly also will find the conditions acceptable. The King of Prussia demanded that the Neufchatel prisoners should be released unconditionally. Switzerland will set them at liberty on condition that nothing in the details of the arrangement shall be contrary to the independence of Neufchatel, and France and England give us the assurance that after the enlargement of the prisoners, the King of Prussia will renounce all pretensions to Neufchatel, and that the complete independence of Neufchatel from foreign ties shall be recognized by international law. After being liberated, all the prisoners, as well as the accused not in custody, must quit the Swiss territory and will remain banished until the King of Prussia shall have renounced Neufchatel.

The Emperor of the French assured us some time back that after we had released the prisoners he would use all his endeavors to obtain the renunciation of Neufchatel from the King of Prussia. He now takes upon himself the formal engagement, that when they are set at liberty, the complete independence of Neufchatel shall be recognised. At first the Emperor desired to render this service alone; now he does it in concert with England, and it is expected that Austria and Russia will adhere to the arrangement. France and England guarantee further that Prussia shall immediately suspend every military demonstration against Switzerland. We consider these conditions honorable for Switzerland. We trust that the Swiss people will be content with them, for they are of their conquering. After having unanimously and resolutely risen against unbecoming assumptions, the Swiss people has acquired the esteem of Europe, and with that esteem an honorable peace, and the independence of the Republic of Neufchatel."

The *Suisse*, another Berne paper of by no means radical opinions, says :

"The proposals of France and England are only acceptable, in so far as the assurances given by those powers are equivalent to the assurances proceeding from Prussia herself—only in so far as they are so clear, so positive, that they constitute for Switzerland a guaranty as certain as if they came from Berlin, and as complete as the guaranty which Switzerland gives up by releasing the prisoners."

The Paris *Presse* thinks itself enabled to state that the assurances given by France and England are really as full and strong as the *Suisse* would demand.

A letter from Vienna of Jan. 3, in the *Frankforter Zeitung*, says :

The Austrian Government has not concealed from itself that the peculiar situation of the probable seat of war in the south of Switzerland, would require the occupation of the five defiles on the side of the Valteline, the galleries of Lecco, and other passages as far as the the Tessin. Of the 26,000 men who are now in the Province of Milan, 10,000 have received orders to hold themselves ready to march. It is not contemplated that there should be either a declaration of war against Switzerland, or a demonstration against Prussia. Austria has a last word to say upon the question of Neufchatel, and will back it up with troops collected on the frontier of the Canton of Tessin.

The *Pays* of Saturday evening says :

"Our special correspondence from Berlin assures us that the Prussian Minister of War has just given orders provisionally to supersede those for the execution of the measures of military preparation which had been decided upon in consequence of the difference on the subject of Neufchatel."

Funeral of the Archbishop of Paris.

The funeral of the murdered Archbishop of Paris took place on the 10th inst. in the cathedral of Notre Dame, with great pomp, and amidst throngs of people. The trial of the assassin is expected to take place about the 25th of the month.

"Malakoff" writing to the Daily *Times* from Paris, Jan. 13, gives the following account :

The funeral of the Archbishop took place on Saturday, under the most unfavorable circumstances possible for the weather to invent. A cold Winter rain, with a strong wind, poured incessantly the entire morning, the streets were muddy, and umbrellas afforded but little protection from the chilling rain. For several days the body of the Archbishop had lain in state, exposed to the view of visitors, and many thousands of the faithful had availed themselves of this occason to pay a last pious tribute to the memory of their deceased prelate, by visiting his dead body. Many of the poorer classes bought small church ornaments, and requested the priests who stood guard over the body to touch the corpse with the ornament, which was then transformed into a sacred relic, capable of protecting the wearer under all difficulties. Lying in state, the body of the Archbishop was dressed in his sacerdotal robes, and reclined on a vast bed of black velvet and violet satin. The sombre drapery, the burning tapers, throwing out a vascillating light; the cross, the crosier, the coat of arms, emblems of the archiepiscopal jurisdiction; and the clergy, reciting the service of the dead, gave to the Chapel of the Archiepiscopate a lugubrious and imposing appearance.

The funeral train was very long, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, and was mostly composed of official bodies, of which the church took the lead. The line of procession was held by soldiers, and a large crowd pressed on all sides to witness the passage of the *cortege*. As the funeral bier passed, the populace uncovered and crossed themselves.

The remains of the Archbishop were placed in the vault of Notre Dame. This vault is situated at the entrance of the choir; the descent is by a door made in one of the sides of the sacristy. Up to the present moment this vault has contained but five coffins, all those of Archbishops deceased since the Revolution of '89, as follows : M. de Juigne, deceased after the first revolution; M. de Belloy, retired in 1808, who preceded the former in the archiepiscopal chair, but who gave in his resignation at the epoch of the Concordat, and who died in 1811; M. de Perigord, deceased in 1821; M. de Quelen, deceased the 31st of December, 1839; and M. Afire, killed at the barricade of 1848.

The ceremony of the reconciliation, (or purification,) of the Church of St. Etienne-du-Mont, where the assassination of the Archbishop occurred, has taken place, and since this formality, the ordinary service has been resumed. The heart of the Bishop, one of the cavities of which was pierced by the assassin's knife, has been placed in this church, and it needs now but the canonization of the deceased prelate, to make this tragedy one of the most remarkable in the history of the world.

The "reconciliation" is said to have excited an unusual sensation in the neighborhood in which the church is situated. An immense crowd was collected on the Place de Pantheon, and the old church, while the ceremony of purification was going on. The ceremony itself was imposing and elaborate, and was conducted by the Abbe Surat, the same who caught the dying Archbishop in his arms, and the same who received in his arms the Archbishop Affre, shot on the barricades in 1848. It is given as a coincidence worth mentioning that just as the bells of Notre Dame tolled for the entrance of the body of the deceased bishop into the vault of the church, Verger was entering the doors of the Conciergerie prison near by, where he had been transferred from the prison of Mazas, previous to trial.

The priesthood are making a powerful effort to have Verger, the assasin, declared insane. They wish to avoid the scandal of seeing one of their number mount the scaffold. On the other hand, Verger is determined to show by his calmness and the ability of his defence that he is not insane. The third trial, which commences on Saturday next, will be before a jury, and in this connection, a word of Verger's pronounced some time ago on juries in general, will not be misplaced. He was declaiming against the general practice of composing juries from shopmen, and from that class of men only capable of judging a financial question. "May it please God," he said, "that *my* head may never be placed at the mercy of such a jury." Verger is nothing more nor less than a man of violent passions and disappointed hopes, who had a vengeance to wreak against the Church, and who chose the head of the Church as his victim. He is not insane, neither is he a fanatic.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says :

"Among the candidates believed to have the best chance of succeeding to the vacant See of Paris, the names of Monseigneur Salines, Bishop of Amiens, (Ex-Legitimist, but present Bonapartist,) and Monseigneur Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles, are mentioned. The latter is said to have the best chance. As he is in years, the young Prince Canino, (son of Prince Charles,) who has been lately ordained priest, and who, I presume, is to be the Cardinal Fesch of the second Empire, is spoken of as likely to be his coadjutor.

"It is reported that a letter was found on Verger addressed to the Emperor personally, and which was immediately given to His Majesty. The conclusion is said to be, 'L'Archeveque est perdu, gare a vous.' Verger is also said to have left at his late rectory, in the diocese of Meaux, a sort of testimentary paper, which has been transmitted to the police by the Bishop. The paper says, 'Je lègue mon âme à l'Immortalité, mon corps à la guillotine.' ('I bequeath my soul to immortality, my body to the guillotine.')"

Further European News.

The arrival of the *Arabia* with three day's later news from Europe, brings no fresh intelligence of import. The *Arago's* advices are confirmed. In addition to the fact that the Swiss difficulty was settled, we learn by a dispatch from Berne, January 16, that the National Council adopted the propositions of the Commission by 91 votes against 4; one member abstaining from voting. The Council of States has not yet voted. On the part of Prussia no formal engagements have been made, but it is understood that the King of Prussia renounces all claim to the sovereignty and revenue of Neufchatel. The two castles of Neufchatel and Lochle will, however, remain the king's private property, and display the Prussian flag, and the revenue derived from their domains is to be disbursed in local charities. The revenue amounts to $15,000 a year. A dispatch from the Russian Government to the Russian Envoys, of date December 13, respecting the Neufchatel affair, says : "The King of Prussia has remained within the strict limits of his rights, and therefore that the slightest restraint should not be put upon the freedom of action of His Majesty."

China.—The China Mail, giving Canton dates to November 24, has been received, and furnished four days later intelligence

than that brought by the last mail. The principal incident during the week was the proceedings of the United States squadron, consequent upon the unjustifiable attack made by a party of Chinese upon the Americans occupying the barrier forts, and which was likely to involve the Americans, much against their will, in a quarrel with the Chinese.

The London *Times'* city article, on the evening previous to the sailing of the *Arabia*, alludes to the continued obstinacy of Governor Yeh, who, notwithstanding the destruction of the Bogue Forts by the English, and the Barrier Forts by the Americans, had issued a proclamation threatening martial law to any of the people who might venture to speak of peace. The news has caused an increase of firmness in the London Tea market. Shanghae exchanges on this occasion are less unfavorable.

TURKEY.—Constantinople letters of January 6, say that the diplomatic conferences relative to the Danubian Principalities continue; the third had been held at Lord Stratford's house. The point on which the dissension chiefly had turned had relation to the political classification of Boyards or noble proprietors of lands. It was the proposition of the Porte to establish two classes of Boyards: Great Boyards and Small Boyards; but the Ambassadors objected to the division, and resolved that only one uniform class of proprietors of land is to exist. The division would have been a great weapon in the hands of government. The Porte has approved of the financial negotiations respecting the new Bank, which will therefore commence operations at once at Constantinople, with a capital of eight millions of piastres. It is rumored that Mr. Layard has obtained a concession for a Railroad from Rustchuk to the Gulf of Sands, which the French and English Governments favor with a view to military purposes. General Cheney has obtained the concession for the Euphrates Valley Railroad. A Commission of Generals is appointed to prepare a plan for the reform of the Turkish Army.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Notes and Queries gives the following account of the origin of the Malakoff: "Some ten years ago a sailor and rope-maker, named Alexander Ivanovitch Malakoff, lived in Sebastopol, and by his good humor, jovial habits, and entertaining qualities, became the centre of a select circle of admiring companions. Like many great conversationalists and wits, Malakoff contracted most intimate relations with Bacchus; and, under the influence of the latter, he participated, in 1831, in some riots which broke out in the town, and which had one result—that of the dismissal of Malakoff from the dockyard in which he was employed. Being incapable of turning himself to any more reputable trade, he opened a long wine-shed on a hill outside of the town, and introduced into practice the theoretical notions he had acquired by a long and zealous study of the nature of beer houses and wine shops. His trade prospered; his old admirers crowded around him, and in their enthusiasm, christened the wine shed, which soon expanded into a decent public-house, and the hill on which it was built, by the name of the popular host. In time a village grew around the public house, and was likewise called by the name of Malakoff. But the entertaining and imaginative founder of the place, in his deepest cups, could never have dreamt that one day his name would be in the mouths of all men, and that one of the heroes of a great war would esteem it as an inestimable title of honor."

On Tuesday night Mr. Ernest Jones gave another political *soiree*, at St. Martin's Hall, Long-acre. As on the previous occasions, the political portion of the entertainment was preceded by a concert. Mr. Jones' address commenced with the praise of that portion of the press which was liberal enough to open its columns to the reports of his lectures, and the condemnation of those papers which misrepresented them. He then went into an arithmetical calculation to show that every laboring man in the country ought to have at least £145 per annum. This is to be accomplished by the simple process of doing away with a territorial aristocracy, with the Established Church, with the factory owners, and with royalty itself. The address, which was delivered with a good deal of oratorical effect, was enthusiastically received by the audience.

The session of the Portuguese Cortes for 1857 was opened on the 1st inst. by King Don Pedro V. In the course of the royal speech, his Majesty expressed his thanks to the governments of England and the United States, for the succor given by them to the inhabitants of the Cape Verde Islands.

Spain and Greece are still infested by gangs of robbers. The governments, paralyzed by court intrigues, cannot attend to the personal security of the people, and the countries present the spectacle of medieval anarchy in our century of railways, telegraphs and steamers.

Jane Garbutt, died December 10, at Wellburg, county of York, England, at the age of over 109 years. She was an inveterate smoker, and a visitor asked her how long she had smoked, to which she replied, "very nigh a hundred years."

A hurricane was experienced at Malta on the 4th inst., during which some ships sank, and 300 boats were dashed to pieces against the quays.

The English residents at Java have transmitted the sum of 4,525 francs for the relief of the sufferers by the inundations in France.

The Royal Naval School at Richmond, England, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 11th inst. No person was injured.

Intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope to November 11, was of a pacific character, and the colony throughout was tranquil and improving.

A missive from Rome had arrived at Madrid. Every difficulty between the Holy See and the Spanish Court is said to be at an end.

The snow-storms in the Asturias had been so violent that all communications, and even the mails, had been interrupted for several days.

A dispatch from Liverpool, dated January 14, states that the ship *James Buchanan*, of Portsmouth, N. H., has been totally lost on the Irish Coast.

The steamer *Arago* has made the best Winter passage of the season.

Meetings continued to be held throughout England against the continuance of the tax on incomes at the war standard.

The Bishop of Amiens had been appointed Archbishop of Paris.

American News.

The San Antonio *Times* says:—The camels, twenty-two in number, have just past through our city, loaded with about 600 pounds each, returning to their place of rendezvous, which is some seventy miles from here. There are dromedaries also with them, and seated on the top of these camels and dromedaries are Arabs and Turks, dressed in the costumes of their own respective countries. Texas is a great country, and San Antonio is a great city. We have among us people of every nation and religion, and around us every specimen of the animal kingdom, with, perhaps, the exception of the woolly horse, which can now only be found near the source of the Salt river.

A bridge is now being built across the Upper Mississippi, at St. Paul, Minnesota. It is to be 1,300 feet in length, resting upon nine piers, the highest of which are seventy feet above high water mark, so as to enable the largest boats to pass under without difficulty. The greatest span will be two hundred and twenty feet; sufficiently wide to allow the largest rafts to pass without coming in contact with the abutments. The whole cost of the work will be near $120,000.

Oyster eaters having greatly multiplied of late years, we have been greatly puzzled to determine by what procreative process the increasing demand has been supplied. Luckily for our curiosity, and for oyster gourmands, this solemn fish "shells out" very prolifically. It is said that the common oyster deposits 1,200,000 eggs, which, if they were to progress to full-sized oysters, would fill 1,200 barrels!

Wm. A. Newell, the newly-chosen Governor of New Jersey, was inaugurated on the 20th inst. in the Capitol at Trenton. Preparations had been made for a great display, but that was prevented by the storm, which blockaded the railroads and the Governor was obliged to walk twelve miles through the snow in order to be there in time.

Five women, candidates for admission to the Baptist Church, in Bristol, R. I., were baptised in that place on Sunday week, at half past 12 o'clock in the afternoon. The thermometer stood at seven degrees below zero, and a boy stood by the cut that had been made for the baptism, clearing it of the floating masses of snow and ice.

A Chillicothe paper states that the new State House of Ohio will yet require two years to finish it. The building has already cost about two million dollars, and was commenced as far back as 1839.

Quite a laugh was raised in the Supreme Court, not long since, by an official, who, when the Judge called out for the crier to open the court, said, "May it please your Honor, the crier can't cry to-day, because his wife is dead."

The Platteville *American* says that the Madison *Journal* is "free from personalities and blackguardism," on which the Madison *Argus and Democrat* says, "That man cannot be a reader of the *Journal*, or else he has a queer idea of these articles."

A monument is about to be erected in Shelby County, Ky., to Col. John Hardin, of that State, who was killed in 1792, while bearing his country's flag of peace to the Indians northwest of the Ohio.

The first wife of Judge Daniels, of the Supreme Court of the United States, died from fright occasioned by a fire in the vicinity of their residence, and his second wife was recently burnt to death.

One thousand and twenty-eight marriages were celebrated in the Cincinnati Catholic Churches last year, and the baptisms in the same were four thousand two hundred and twelve.

The government registers kept at Oswego show the water on Lake Ontario to be eight inches below low water mark, and one foot four inches lower than at this period last year.

The last surviving daughter of Patrick Henry, Mrs. Sarah Scott, died in Halifax County, Va., on the 10th ult. She was seventy-seven years old.

A bill has passed the Wisconsin Legislature excluding negroes, mulattoes, Indians and black persons from being witnesses in that State.

Several petitions were presented in the Legislature of New Jersey on the 28th ult., to extend the New Jersey Central Railroad from Elizabethport to the Hudson River.

Hon. Joseph R. Williams, formerly of Constantine, Mich, but more recently editor of the *Toledo Blade*, has been appointed President of the Michigan Agricultural College.

A young man who was recently bathing in the Mississippi river, seeing a number of ladies approach, drowned himself from motives of delicacy.

The Boston *Post* says that Dr. Kane could enlist a crew in that city, for an Arctic voyage, very easily, from those who are desirous of seeking a milder climate.

Commander Rowan has been dismissed from the navy, and not cashiered. The latter would forbid his restoration to the service.

In Louisville, Kentucky, one cold night recently, a man named John Brown, the father of five children, ducked his wife in a wash-tub, and then thrust her out of doors.

General Lane said at Indianapolis, in his speech after dinner, that he was *too full for utterance.*

The gas has been shut off from the street lamps at New Albany, Indiana, in consequence of the scarcity of coal.

Florida papers say that the orange and lemon crops in that State will be good this season.

It is estimated by the Ohio *Farmer*, that the profits of the wool crop in that State the past season were $6,000,000.

A company of sixty Gipsies have their tents pitched in Culpepper county, Va.

Nathaniel Davis, one of the oldest citizens in Albany, fell dead in the street on the morning of the 20th inst.

Mariposa, Col. Fremont's great estate, is about to be sold for taxes.

The Trenton, N. J. Society for the relief of indigent widows and single women, have funds to the amount of $6,500 invested.

It is said that Gen. Houston will be a candidate for Governor of Texas at the next canvass.

The opposition in Pennsylvania talk of running David Wilmot for Governor.

Mr. Stringer, runner for the Bank of New Orleans, has absconded in the steamship Cahawba, for Havana, with $50,000.

The estimable and venerable widow of the late William Wirt died at Annapolis, Maryland, on the 24th ult.

City News.

THE TREASURER OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM, Mr. Hugh Kelly, gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the Christmas Collection from the following churches:—

St. Francis Xavier, $851 71; St. Mary's, $759 73; St. Ann's, $711 50; St. Joseph's, $692 20; St. Peter's, $534; St. Patrick, (Cathedral), $504; Nativity, $460; Holy Cross, $429 75; St. James', $400; St. Bridget's, $378 32; St. Andrew's, $306; St. John the Evangelist, $265; St. Columbia, $250 83; Immaculate Conception, $218; Transfiguration, $202 9; St. Lawrence, (Yorkville), $160 42; St. Vincent de Paul, $159 36; St. Paul's, (Harlem), $40 88; St. Nicholas, $38; St. John the Baptist, $23; St. Stephen's, $— —; Church of Annunciation, (Manhattanville), $170 82. Total, $7,555 61.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

NEW-YORK, Saturday, Jan. 17, 1857.

The President of these United States, not having the fear of the Lord, or Lloyd Garrison, or Wendell Philips, or yet of Theodore Parker, before his eyes, did, in his late Message, declare and announce as follows:

"The President represents the aggregate population of the United States. Their election of him is the explicit and solemn act of the sole sovereign authority of the Union.

"It is impossible to misapprehend the great principles which, by their recent political action, the people of the United States have sanctioned and announced.

"They have asserted the constitutional equality of each and all of the States of the Union as States; they have affirmed the constitutional equality of each and all of the citizens of the United States as citizens, whatever their religion, wherever their birth or their residence; they have maintained the inviolability of the constitutional rights of the different sections of the Union; and they have proclaimed their devoted and unalterable attachment to the Union and the Constitution, as objects of interest superior to all subjects of local or sectional controversy, as the safeguard of the rights of all, as the spirit and the essence of the liberty, peace and greatness of the Republic.

"In doing this they have at the same time emphatically condemned the idea of organizing in these United States mere geographical parties; of marshaling in hostile array toward each other the different parts of the country, North or South, East or West."

Upon this statement, thus irreverently hazarded, the *Tribune* of December 2, descants thus:

"By the choice of this minority President we are told the people have asserted the constitutional equality of all the States as States, and of all the citizens as citizens, as well as their unalterable devotion to the Union and the Constitution."

The President, it seems, had the audacity not alone to aver that, "the people of the United States had sanctioned and announced a great principle," but that the "schemes" they had rejected, were fraudulent in their inception, and false and delusive in their appearance, a conclusion it would be impossible to avoid—thereanent the *Tribune* discourseth in this wise:

"This is not the diction suited to a grave public document—it is the slang of a reckless demagogue on the stump. It degrades the Presidential office, and will only serve to exasperate those whom it assails, misrepresents and defames. No man ever stood more self-condemned than Franklin Pierce, when, after having hurled at the objects of his malevolent abuse all the foul charges he could imagine, he finally accuses them of "unreasoning intemperance of thought and language."

I have already fully exposed the wanton falsification of facts and figures, involved in the conclusion, or rather assumption, that Mr. Buchanan was a "minority President." I have shown conclusively that upon the issue presented by the "Republicans," upon the only issue admitted by the *Tribune*, he not only was not a "minority President," but that his popular majority was over three quarters of a million, or nearly one-fifth of the entire vote of the Union. Notwithstanding this fact, a fact of which the *Tribune* could not be ignorant, the "minority" of Mr. Buchanan was converted into a mirror, reflecting the most fraudulent and shameless delusions. The Washington correspondent, the Kansas correspondent, the Wisconsin correspondent, the Harrisburg correspondent, and even the London correspondent, all discovered the fact of the "minority," and all concluded from it, that Buchanan was already extinguished and the Democrats dead and buried, and for that matter, damned by the curses of all mankind. If we were to believe these correspondents, we would not have left of the Democratic party or Democratic statesmen as much debris as remained ungnawed of the great Kilkenny cats. Among them the maxim, "*Degustibus non disputandum est*" ceases to have any application—their tastes, appreciation, opinions and criticisms are identical. According to them, the Democrats in the House, in the Senate, in the Cabinet, in Kansas, are "feeble," "foolish," "unintelligible," "false," "corrupt," "grasping," "ignorant," and the "Republicans," "able," "forcible," "unanswerable," "incorruptible," "overwhelming."

I know I may be told that journalism, of a certain ilk, is fallen so low or risen so high as to be indifferent to everything but success. "Get readers, if you can, honestly, if not, by lying," is now the maxim; and "once you lie, never retract—never acknowledge an error—never confess the truth," are the commandments of that press.

I have been led into these observations by the cry of "The North!" "the North!" We hear this cry on every breeze, from every quarter. It is the burden of the "journals," the parrot gabble of the disunionists, and the blind but of the London *Times*. And yet they know, these false teachers and false prophets, that "the North," the "mighty North," the "progressive North," has pronounced, by a popular vote of near a quarter of a million, against the miserable pretence which the "Republicans" struggle to misrepresent into the dignity of a principle.

But the journalist is irresponsible, the demagogue is irresponsible, the caucus and the convention are irresponsible; and, above all, party is irresponsible. They are, all alike, beyond control. It is different with those who succeed in attaining power and executive position as their representatives. Such is the case with Mr. King, Governor of the Empire State.

In his retirement at Jamaica, Mr. King may play "fantastic

tricks" at his pleasure, and indulge his aspirations for superiority of position as the inheritance of purity of blood, without making "angels weep," or even men feeling any emotion but pity or contempt. But, in his announcement from the chair of State, his word is not the only thing at stake; he pledges, as far as he can, the faith of the State of New-York in its sovereign capacity. On this faith then, and as the official exponent of the public sentiment of New-York, the Governor first calls the President to task for imputing certain motives to the "Republicans" as unbecoming his lofty position, and then denounces the imputations themselves as "groundless." Forgetful of his own reproof the Governor immediately proceeds to discuss the whole question of slavery agitation, and pledges his "position and office," to charges of "false pretenses," not against factions or agitators or disturbers, but against the President and Congress of the United States. He pledges his position to a charge of fraud against the Governor, and of "corruption" and "cruelty" against the Judges of Kansas. And all these charges he seems to found on the assertion with which he starts.

"I have yet another duty to perform—a duty, the obligations of which I am not at liberty to neglect, even if I were so disposed—and the performance of which, in my judgment, is rendered imperative by the respect which is due to the sentiments and votes in the recent Presidential election of a great majority of the people of this State and of the other free States."

This is partly apologetic and partly assumptive, the latter being the groundwork of the former. Even if the assumption were true the apology would be insufficient and inapplicable. But the assumption is illogical and untrue, wholly untrue in every possible aspect of it. The Governor assumes that "The sentiments and votes of a great majority of the people of this State" were in favor of the view which he says he owes it to them to enforce.

I am willing to let the "sentiments" go by the board, because if they be not in accord with the "votes" they are valueless; but the great majority of the "votes" being cast not only against him, but expressly against the policy he thus recklessly enforces would, on his own showing, imperatively command his silence. The majority against him is over 41,000, and that majority is not factitious, not made up of conflicting opinions on this issue, but a solid unit, utterly incapable of being explained or lied away.

But were it otherwise, the fact would be no apology for the introduction of a topic into the Governor's Message which could not possibly come within the scope of legislative action, jurisdiction or duty. Even if the President discussed the subject wrongfully, *his* wrong would not justify wrong on the part of Mr. King. But the President did it rightfully. His duties and jurisdiction embraced the Union, and the subject was one ranging within the control of the body he addressed. Not so with Mr. King. His functions and surveillance are confined within the limits of this State. He is her executive officer. To see that her honor is untainted, her obligations fulfilled, her integrity maintained, her resources developed, and her laws faithfully and fearlessly executed, are the duties intrusted to his fidelity. They are responsible, honorable, and of magnitude enough to occupy his vigilance and task his capacity.

I shall not imitate the vulgarity of saying that his introduction of a foreign subject was "the slang of a reckless demagogue on the stump;" but I claim that the only result it can attain, and I am therefore justified in assuming that such result was intended, is to foster agitation, to embitter sectional animosity, and to array in deadly hostility to one another the North and the South.

But whatever pretext there may be for introducing this topic within our State, how bald soever the pretence on which a specific line of duty may be recommended to our legislature in reference to it, they will satisfy the needs of faction. But is there any pretext ever so frivolous, any pretense ever so fraudulent, for assuming that the sentiments of the other free States are a justification for violating the duties of the gubernatorial office, and degrading its dignity by a factious harangue?

But the "votes and sentiments" of the free States were not in favor of the Governor's view, any more than those of New-York. The popular votes were against him by nearly a quarter of a million majority. The electoral votes were against him by twenty-one majority. His assumption is contradicted by the votes, by the figures, by the facts and the undoubted knowledge of whoever wrote the message; for I will do him the charity to suppose that he allowed himself to be imposed on, and that the misstatements and false conclusions and pretenses in his message belong to some unknown and irresponsible demagogue. But again; granting that the votes of the Free States sanctioned the Governor's policy, which they did not—would that even *palliate* the unscrupulous sacrifice of his office to partisan purposes? Is *he* the legitimate and delegated exponent of the free States? Does *he* assume that there is already in esse a confederacy or conspiracy of the free States against the peace, well-being, and stability of the Union? Does he promulgate it as his behest from the State House of New-York, that the Legislatures of the several States shall forget or overlook the duties they owe their constituents and the interests of their States; shall treat the development of the resources of which they are the guardians, the purity and efficacy of the laws of which they are the founders, the liberty and security of the citizen of which they are the sentinels—all, all as subordinate to a factious and parricidal cry, to be drowned only in the din of civil war and the ruin of their common country?

ARISTIDES.

THE IRISH NATION NOT DEAD.

From the Dublin Nation.

We are entreated—which is almost as hard to swallow—to believe by the *Times* that within the aforesaid last eight years we have become to our great contentment and advantage, an integral portion of the United Kingdom? How, when, where? The country has fallen low enough, God knows. The prospects of independence appear to be, humanly speaking, indefinitely postponed.

Many of the best and truest of our politicians have given up the battle in despair, believing that in this generation, nothing can be accomplished worth the personal sacrifices the cause entails. But if you separate the mass of the Irish nation from those who are English by birth, interest, connection or expectation—and if you go to their opinion, not the conventional varnish which a corrupted public opinion and the inbred sycophancy of a race damned for centuries by an infamous slavery of the conscience, out of which they have not yet quite learned to stand erect and speak the truth,—and if you ask them do they love England? they will tell you they hate her name with the blackest hatred of their hearts. Not her people, generous, upright, free-spirited, as manly men as God ever breathed breath into—but her Government, "always hostile to Catholicity," a crushing tyrant to the weak, a truckling toady to the strong—that evil demon with which England is possessed, which makes her the horror and the hatred not of Ireland alone, but of every colony sprung from her loins, and every country which she has conquered, and every other government and nation in the world, from the Czar to the Pope, from Pekin to Naples, from Berlin to Teheran. Subjects to this power we are *de facto*—and we pay more than our share of its taxes, while we get none of the legislation our state requires in return. Many of us, millions of us, far more than remain at home, have gone away from the bondage—a bondage of soul far more than body—have gone to other countries, and have lost no opportunity there—are likely to lose none—of signalizing our sympathies. Mr. Crampton can testify to that for you.

The attempt to found an Anglo-Saxon Policy for the whole world, will be a still greater demonstration of our thorough identification with you. For us at home here, dull and dormant, loitering about our lakes and mountains, making such money as keep soul and body together out of the war prices, you have been giving for corn and cattle—and wondering why all Mr. John Sadleir's followers do not insist on place, or take bitter almonds—in the words of a good old cheerful Russian proverb, "We sit by the shore, and we wait for the wind." But spare us the conceit of condescending to class *us* with the ready and cheerful subjects of the Queen of England. Outside of your Pale towns—they still retain their servile garrison spirit—don't speak of your glorious British Constitution to a meeting of Irishmen, or you may be hooted—at least laughed at.

In the reign of King Henry the Eighth, a remarkably clever pamphleteer tells in the State Papers, how the Irish peasant of that day used to take great delight in speculating on the chances of the Emperor of Germany and the King of France going to war with His Grace's Majesty, and used to hear with vast internal unction of any likely defeat or disaster to His Grace's arms. We are afraid, if Ireland has changed so much as the *Times* says, in other respects within the last eight years, in this, five centuries have seen no shade of alteration. If the Irish of the present day are worse rebels than their forefathers, we cannot conscientiously avow that they are better subjects. We calculate the Czar was as popular here in a quiet way of late, as he deservedly was and is for similar reasons in the United States.

(They were mainly Irish, we believe, who turned the Alliance Banquet at San Francisco into a Russian one.) And if the popularity of the Emperor of the French be as it is, rather increasing in Ireland, it is not for any particular admiration of his character as a man or an ally—but for somewhat the same cause, in a vaguer and dimmer way, that his Uncle was sung in rebel-ballads fifty years ago—and, generally speaking, for the same reasons which bring upon him the Billingsgate of the *Times*.

No, thank God! the Irish nation is not dead; neither has it been innoculated British. A generation is but a year in the age of a people; and a nation has its ages of growth, education, and colonization, as well as of agitation, conquest, and organization. The reverie of independence runs in our blood as well as in the Pole's or the Magyar's. Some day or other, some way or other, we shall have our own again. Meantime, with our blood and our brain, we are mainly building up the two greatest commonwealths that ever were in the world, the American Republic, which is ruled by an Irish President—the Australian States, in which the Irish are likely to be even more powerful. We are the basis and the body of three new Catholic Churches, with their Roman Primacies at Westminster, New-York, and Sydney, filled by Irishmen. There is hardly a country in the earth, in which an Irishman has not pushed himself into a higher place than the subtle Jew, or the eager Pole, or the crafty Corsican. We are everywhere, great and glorious every where, but at home.

Oh for a man with the soul of Davis, with the energy of Tone, the popular power and the faith of O'Connell in the days of his glory, to breathe one soul into this world-wide power! In eight years more, the *Times* might have to chronicle a change that would startle Rip Van Winkle indeed.

REMINISCENCES OF '98.

"A Milesian," in a letter to the *Dublin Telegraph*, says:—After the defeat of the Wexford and Wicklowmen at the unlucky Boyne, some of the finest spirits of the day, on gaining the mountains of Wicklow, made a stand in the deep defile of Glenmalnir; but when some time there, many of them began to make their way to their homes. Amongst those who endeavored to reach their homes, were Mathew Patrick and ——— Crean, two natives of the Mac-a-mores, county Wexford, but were apprehended by a patrol, and brought to Arklow.

Crean fought in several battles, and was rather of a retiring disposition. Mathew Patrick was about five feet ten inches in height and thirteen stone weight; of a bold and forward mind, with a frame of steel and sinews of the same material. He was a young man of surprising action, courageous, and fierce as a lion. They were brought up before a court-martial and condemned to be executed on the next day.

During their short imprisonment, they were much liked by some of the soldiers that guarded them, particularly Patrick, who was a generous jovial fellow, and who had not surrendered one iota of his vivacity, not even to the stern prison of death. They had frequently sent for liquor to treat their guards, and on the evening after sentence being passed, Patrick procured two bottles of whiskey. He then acquainted Crean with a plan for effecting their escape, and that there was no fear if he would act his part.—

"I have the two bottles of whiskey (said he); do you take one, and we will pretend to have an occasion to go down the yard. We will give a private hint to two of our guards to accompany us, (naming two of them,) they will gladly come to sympathise with us. When at a distance down the yard, I will stop and take my bottle from my pocket and pretend to take a sup from it, which you will also do, and hand it to them to do the same. After they take the first sup, we will insist on their taking a good swig. When your guard will stretch his neck to let the whiskey down from the bottle, do not fail to strike him with all your force on the neck, and never fear but I will do my part, and then, by the assistance of each other, we will scale the wall and get off."

The plan was agreed to by Crean, and about nine o'clock, Patrick addressed the sentinels for the above purpose. They readily complied, and as they walked down the castle-yard, they repeatedly protested their sorrow for the fate of two such generous fellows.

"Well," said Patrick, in an artless tone, "had we fell in battle, there would be no more about us; but our fate has come, and we must meet it."

He commenced his manœuvre, as did Crean also. The first act was performed, and the second also; but on the third, the one on which their destiny hung, Crean, although a powerful man, remained as if transfixed to the earth. Patrick, with eagle-eye, perceived it; he pressed his man to take a good drink, and while receiving the contents, he sent him almost lifeless to the earth, and turning on the other with all his force, he sent him also to the ground; he then made a spring to gain the coping of the wall, in which he failed, and perceiving an ammunition-cart in the yard, he ran it against the wall and crossed it, and had just time to get behind the houses, when he heard the cry of "Prisoners escaping."

The paddocks, hedges, and trenches behind the houses, very much retarded his progress. The enemy was for a time on his track, but turned off. He, however, gained the sea-shore near that frowning promontory called the Little Rock, and here a fresh difficulty beset him; the waves were furiously lashing the rock. In a few minutes he was tossing the spray of the foamy brakers with his brawny arms, and in about half an hour, landed on the south side. After leaving his cold bath, (it was then near the end of October,) he proceeded along the strand until he reached Maurice Castle, in his own neighborhood, a distance of about sixteen miles; and after helping the fishermen there in securing their boats from the rising storm, unnoticed by them in the hurry of the moment, he arrived at his own dwelling, just as his wife and friends were preparing to set out for his execution. Having procured a change of clothes, he took a hasty farewell of his wife and family, and set out for Dublin, where he arrived safe, and assumed the name of Furlong.

He became a wealthy dairyman after some time, and lived in Irishtown. In the year 1818, he and his family emigrated to the United States of America.

As to poor Crean, the soldiers having recovered their senses, he was secured aud executed the next day.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1830.—IRISHMEN AT THE BARRICADES.

I trespass on your "Answers column," says a correspondent of the Dublin *Telegraph*, with a few reminiscences of the undaunted bravery of our ancient Gallic friends during the Revolution of July, 1830, which sent Charles the Tenth—the despotic enemy of the Press, the great bulwark of modern liberty and civilization—into exile. Bravery and mercy were characteristic of Frenchmen in the struggle of July, 1830. A courageous, fine-looking stripling, distinguished by remarkable deeds, proved, when the conflict was over, to be a woman. Prodigies of valor were performed by women. A boy of ten, with folded arms and pistol, quietly waited for an officer of the Lancers, who was most ferocious in cutting down the people, and the moment he came up, shot him dead. Noble Son of Liberty, exclaimed a number of matrons present.

At the suspension bridge, at the Place de Greve, a heroic youth said to the armed citizens—"We must cross this bridge—I will set the example. If I die, remember my name is Louis Arcole." Saying these words, and followed by some hundreds, he rushed forward. He had scarcely reached the middle of the bridge, when he fell, pierced by countless musket balls. The witnesses of his heroism, retained his name, and the bridge, which was the theatre of his sublime devotedness, was subsequently called the Bridge of Arcole. Mr. Henry Lynch, of the county Galway, (since dead), informed me that he witnessed from the window of a house in the Rue Richelieu, a man coolly station himself at the corner of a barricade, load and discharge his rifle eighteen times at the Swiss Guards. He took down sixteen men.

The youths of the Polytechnic School took command of the artillery and directed the movements of the people. Lads of fifteen commanded regiments of men of forty, fifty, and sixty years of age, and were obeyed with the greatest submission. At one place a poor workman covered with blood sought for a little refreshment, he having been two days fighting, and during that period, tasted no food. He was scarcely seated when the firing was heard again. He threw away the bread, and, hastening to join his countrymen, fell from exhaustion, and died in a few minutes.

At the capture of the Tuilleries, one of the Polytechnic pupils presented himself at the railings. A superior officer immediately approached. "Open," said the brave youth, "if you do not wish to be exterminated, for the people have become too powerful for the representatives of despotism to resist." The officer refused to obey the summons, and pulled the trigger of his pistol, which did not go off. The young man, who still preserved all his coolness, sprang forward and seized the officer by the throat, and directing his sword against it, said, "Your life is in my power; I could cut your throat, but I will not shed the blood of a fallen enemy—it would be ungenerous indeed—it would be unworthy of the cause of true Liberty." The veteran Royalist, who felt deeply affected at this scene, tore from his breast the decoration he wore, and presented it to his enemy, saying, "Son of France! no man can be more worthy than you to wear such insignia: receive it from my hand. I have worn it till now with some credit, and I am certain that you will continue to do the same."

In a few minutes the Tuilleries were in the possession of the people; but there was no robbery—no destruction of property. The feeling of honor displayed in this regard by the people—and the poorest of them too, was remarkable. A Galway gentleman named Blake (who was amongst a dozen Connaught gentlemen at the taking of the Tuilleries) offered money to several poor fellows who fought beside him, and were dry and hungry, but they refused his assistance. "No, good Monsieur, we don't seek alms. In a few days we will resume our work. Thanks, thanks." With the characteristic feeling of a Connaught gentleman, Mr. Blake took them to his hotel, and gave them abundance of refreshment.

Malachi O'Donnellan, a young Frenchman, behaved with the most heroic bravery. He shot several officers of the Royal Guard and the Line. His humanity to the wounded enemy was truly noble indeed. He fell just at the moment that the Tuilleries were taken by the people. Monsieur O'Donnellan was connected with an ancient family of that name in the county Galway, whose estates lay in the neighborhood of Capatagal, over whose daisy-bedecked head the writer of this narrative had often wandered in childhood's more sunny, hopeful, happy days.

The hardihood of the children was a most striking feature in this Revolution. The Marquis of Chabannes, who commanded the Lancers, was killed by a boy of fourteen. The Swiss Guards were assailed at another point by hundreds of women, armed with pitchforks, knives, stones, &c. Amongst the slain were a large number of women, many of whom were concealed in men's attire, and remarkably beautiful, looking with a smile in the pale "sleep of death."

THE POPE ON SPIRITUALISM.

Rome, Wednesday, July 30, 1856.

At the general meeting of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, held in the Convent of S. M. Supra Minervam, their Eminences the Cardinals Inquisitors-General against heretical depravity over the whole Christian world, after having ripely examined those things which from all parts, were reported to them by men worthy of credit, concerning the experiments of magnetism, decreed that these present encyclical letters should be uttered to all bishops towards restraining the abuses of magnetism.

For it has been found that a certain new kind of superstition has been introduced from the phenomena of magnetism, to which many of the moderns apply, not for the sake of developing physical science, as would be proper, but for the sake of deceiving and seducing men in the idea that secret, remote and future things can be discovered by the art, or imposition of magnetism, especially by the aid of weak women who depend solely on the magnetiser's nod.

Some answers in particular cases have already been given concerning this matter by the Holy See, by which those experiments are reproved as illicit, which are made to obtain an end either non-natural or immoral, or by use of unlawful means. Thus, in similar cases, it was decreed, April 21, 1841, that the use of magnetism, as exposed, is not lawful. Thus the Holy Congregation decided on prohibiting certain books obstinately disseminating these errors.

But since, beside particular cases, it was necessary to decide generally on the use of magnetism, it was resolved, by way of rule, on the 28th of July, 1847, that all error, all soothsaying, all express or implied invocation of the fiend being excluded, the use of magnetism, viz: the simple act of employing physical means otherwise lawful, is not morally forbidden, provided it do not tend to an illicit or in any way bad end. But the application of purely physical principles and means to really supernatural things and effects, is a wholly uulawful and heretical deception.

Although by this general decree, the lawfulness and unlawfulness of the use or abuse of magnetism is sufficiently explained, yet the malice of men has so far increased, that neglecting the lawful desire of knowledge, and rather pursuing things curious, to the great injury of their souls and loss of civil society, they boast that they have got some principle of prophecying or divining. Hence these weak women, delivered over by not always modest gesticulations to the delusions of somnambulism and clairvoyance, as they call it, prate that they behold things invisible, and with rash daring, presume to discourse on religion itself, to evoke the souls of the dead, to receive their answers, to discover things unknown and far distant, and to practise other superstitions of the kind, with the certain result of gaining by their divinations great profit for themselves and their masters.

In all these things, whatever art or illusion they use, when physical means are employed for non-natural purposes, there is a wholly unlawful and heretical deceit, and a scandal against good morals.

Therefore, in order to restrain efficaciously this great evil, most ruinous both to religion and civil society, the pastoral solicitude, vigilance, and zeal of all bishops ought as much as possible to be aroused. Wherefore, as far as by the aid of Divine grace, the ordinaries in each place are able, now by the warnings of paternal charity, now by severe reproof, now by the legal remedies, according as they may deem it expedient in the Lord, with due attention to the circumstances of places, times and persons, let them apply every endeavor to repress and root up these abuses of magnetism, that the Lord's flock may be defended from the enemy, the deposit of faith may be kept safe, and the faithful be preserved from the corruption of their morals.

Given at Rome in the Chancery of the Holy Office, at the Vatican, August 4, 1856. V. Card, Macchi.

DESERTED RUINS OF THE ANCIENT HOUSE OF BARRYMORE.

Augustus O'Reilly, of Fermoy, writing to the Dublin *Telegraph*, says :—The ruins of this ancient house stand on the verdant banks of a crystal rivulet, from which the tourist enjoys a sublime view of rich and variegated sceneries, with which few landscapes can vie in South Munster.

Here I sat me down to enjoy the rich and picturesque prospect afforded over hill and dale and the serpentine Bride. I forgot my cares and the cares of others. It was here I beheld the sad doom of fallen greatness, the ruins extant, and the Barrymores, who flourished here for six hundred years or more, now extinct.

On the marriage of Lord Barrymore with Lady Boyle, daughter to Richard, Earl of Cork, the wedding-ball at Castle-Lyons cost five thousand pounds, and the nobility of South Munster partook of the princely entertainment, which was splendid beyond anything hitherto known in Ireland since the days of the O'Briens, O'Neills and O'Conors. A dozen rooms, some of them palatial in their dimensions, others bijoux of elegance were thrown open to the brilliant throng that had begun to assemble. When the head steward and the flower-boys left the grand saloon, the conservatory was filled with blossom-plants, and lighted entirely by beautiful lamps placed in alabaster vases, or swinging like moons from the waves of crystal that formed the roof. Mosses of exotic plants sheeted the sides with blossoms—passion-flowers crept up the crystal roof, and dropped their starry blossoms among the lamps ; trees, rich with the light feathery foliage peculiar to the tropics, bent over and sheltered the blossoming plants—an aquatic lily floated in the marble basin of a tiny fountain, spreading its broad green leaves on the transparent water, and sheltering a host of arrowy litte gold fish, that flashed in and out from their shadows—the air was redolent with heliotrope, daphnes, and Cape jessamines—soft mosses crept around the marble basin, and dropped downward to the tesselated floor. It was like entering Fairyland as you came into this starlit wilderness of flowers from a noble picture-gallery, which divided it from the reception room—it was one of Claude of Lorraine's masterpieces—no artist ever arranged a more noble picture—no Peri ever found a lovelier paradise. The silken curtains that divided the picture-gallery from the reception-rooms were drawn back. Thus a most delightful vista was formed, down which the eye wandered till the perspective lost itself in the starlighted masses of foliage, and on entering the drawing-room, which was highly embellished, a scene was presented that no European palace could rival, save in extent. The beautiful stained windows had a corresponding recess filled with mirrors that multiplied and reflected back every beautiful object within its range. Fresco paintings gleamed from the ceilings but so delicately managed and inwrought in the light golden scrolls that all over-gorgeousness was avoided. Each room possessed distinct colours and had its own style of ornament, but natural contrasts were so strictly maintained and harmonies so managed that the rooms, when all thrown open, presented one brilliant whole that might have been studied like the work of a great artist, and always found to present new beauties. The rooms filled rapidly, fancy dresses gave new *eclat*, and no royal court-day at Buckingham-palace could exceed the grand ball at Barrymore house.

A few months after her marriage the Countess died in Paris, and a splendid monument, that cost one thousand pounds, was built in the Abbey of Castlelyons,now alas! in a disgraceful state of dilapidation.

Not many years past the luxuriant principality of the illustrious house of Barrymore reached from the banks of the copious Blackwater to the Cove of Cork, a distance of twenty-four miles.

Lady Barrymore brought a fortune of ten thousand pounds to her husband, and her father, the Earl of Cork, bestowed the rectorial tithe of several parishes in this neighbourhood on Lady Barrymore, which was sold to several persons. Castlelyons alone pays old maiden ladies one thousand pounds per annum for the cure of souls. Thus robbing Peter, they don't pay Paul.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF IRELAND,

WITH A SYSTEM OF ARMAMENT, PLAN OF ORGANISATION, AND MODE OF WARFARE, ADAPTED TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES BEGGS.

(Continued.)

As I have already shown, an army such as ours, chiefly composed of infantry, is easily provided for, only requiring meat and bread, and needing but a very limited transport ; while the efficiency of cavalry and artillery depend upon forage being provided for them. Want of proper forage for a few days, render cavalry and artillery unserviceable. A regiment of cavalry or a brigade of artillery, require the same establishment and means of transport, or nearly so, as a brigade of infantry composed of three or four regiments. We will only need to provide forage for mounted officers' horses, and those of aides-de-camp, orderlies, and cart horses. During the months preceding the harvest, when forage is scarce, cavalry in an enemy's country often cut down the green corn for the use of their horses, doing infinite mischief. To prevent this, during this season, in corn countries, the encampments should push forward rifle ambuscades, supported by the pike, towards the enemy's vicinity, and thus give him other occupation besides devastating the country. For the transport of medical panniers, horses or mules should be chosen in preference to carts, as being manageable and convenient. Panniers are baskets suspended each side on horses' backs. Old linen sheets, shirts, lint, tow and adhesive plaster, will be required for hospital purposes. Carts conveying gunpowder should be covered. The covering should be slight, made of wood, covered with tarpaulin, or oil-cloth, or painted canvas, nailed down, and opening from behind.

In order to insure the security and repose of the camp, to protect it from a sudden surprise or attack, and from a close reconnoisance from the enemy, a cordon of outposts must be established around it. The distance of these outposts from the camp will depend upon the nature of the ground, and the numerical strength of the encampment. Each of these outposts will supply and push forward to their front a number of double sentries, within sight of each other during the day, and within hearing of each other during the night ; encircling the whole by a chain of videttes, through which no enemy can pass unobserved The principles of outposts and their advanced sentries are similar to those of light infantry formations, and their duties, in the main are precisely analogous, the advanced sentries taking the place of skirmishers, and the outposts themselves acting as supports to the skirmishers In rear of these posts a small body of pikemen should be strongly posted to act as the reserve. These, by taking advantage of the accidents of ground, can oppose a check to the advance of the enemy, and give notice and time to the troops in camp to get under arms, and make dispositions to repel the attack. In fixing on the places for outposts, care should be taken to place them under cover so as to be screened from the enemy ; in hollows, behind ditches or dykes, moats, embankments, streams, in clumps of trees, at a farm-house or cottage, at a cross roads, and on the line by which the enemy is likely to advance ; and these naturally fortified positions should be strengthened by adding to them the resources presented by field fortification. As one of the objects of the outpost is to retard the advance of the enemy, and gain time for those in camp to get under arms and make the requisite dispositions to repel the attack, the outpost should be sufficiently strong to resist for a time the first attack of the enemy. The sentries, having signalled the approach of the enemy, are called in, and they, and all the men composing the outpost, skirmish as they retire upon the reserve, where the chief resistance is to be made, until they are supported from the camp, or ordered to fall back upon it, fighting as they retire. The sentries during the day should be posted on eminences, from which they would have a view of the country, and notice the approach of the enemy ; at night they should be drawn in nearer the outpost, forming a closer circle, and be placed in hollows, that they could the more readily observe the enemy crossing the high grounds against the sky line. Sentries should be posted near any copse or cover from which a sudden rush might be made upon them by the enemy, and every wood near hand and outside the line of sentries should be visited by patrols to prevent the enemy from assembling in its vicinity unobserved. When an outpost is permitted to light a fire, it should as much as possible be concealed from observation ; and the alarm-post at night should be fixed at a short distance in rear of the fire, so as to prevent the guard from being seen when drawn up, and compelling the enemy to expose themselves while passing the fire in coming on. The post for the outlying picket should be in rear of the reserve, whose duty will be to send patrols at night round the extremities of the chain of sentries, to vigilantly watch the enemy, to see that the sentries are on the look out, and to support the reserve in case of attack. The inlying picket remains in camp, patrolling through it to see that all is right, accoutered, and ready when necessary to support the outlying picket. When any one of the outposts is attacked, all the others call in their sentries, and cautiously retire upon the camp, and lend their aid to repel the enemy.

Such is the method of collecting and organising the resources of a parish, evoking the military capabilities of its parishioners, and endowing the parish itself with all the unconquerable attributes of glorious war. The method is simple and practicable, without a single ingredient of impossibility or even difficulty in it, if the people but just have the will. Every parish in Ireland can similarly organize and arm for the fight. All the parishes in each county should be governed and directed by a general, and council of war, prudently selected for that purpose. A single county so organized and braced for the struggle, ought to be of itself more than a match for all the troops that any invader can send against this country. But when all Ireland, from centre to shore, is thus prepared and braced up for the grand combat, her old bleeding heart will bound with joy, and the awakened glowing spirit of her soul will burst into national chivalry, shedding the bright and invigorating halo of its myriad charms over the entire people ;—when each real Irishman will feel himself thrilled by the magic inspiration of the times, and irresistibly borne along by the cheerful, foaming, bounding cataclysm of a sanctified warlike enthusiasm ;—when, from a thousand green banners, the butterflies of war and embryo blossoms of a nation's fame—spreading their verdant folds upon the battle's breeze, each one festooned by all the pristine chivalric beauties and splendors of Ierna's battles' sun-burst of yore, as they proudly float in the foeman's teeth, encircled by myriads of steel blades, brightly sparkling in the auburn beams of an autumn sun, and consecrated to the achievement of Irish freedom and glory ; and marking an epoch in the annals of the universe far outshining the historic splendors as recorded of yore, when from Grecian battlements and towers were borne aloft on freedom's breezes the floating ensigns of democracy, and when, from the classic hills of Italy, the glittering arms and warlike banners of republican Rome hurled back a fierce and proud defiance in the teeth of invading Carthage.

The thirty-two counties of Ireland should become thirty-two distinct military districts, each district to be governed, as I have said, by a general and council of war. The situation for the general and council of war to be a central encampment, around which all the parish encampments in the county would form the covering outposts and depots of support and supply. This central encampment should be large, and on a scale commensurate with its importance, and be also strongly and judiciously fortified ; and each of the other encampments should operate precisely as if they were detachments pushed forward from the central stronghold, obeying and executing its orders. These encampments should maintain lines of communication with each other, as well as with the central and governing position, that the necessary patrols, scouts, and despatches from the one to the other would be insured without intermission or interruption. All the other roads, not needed for these or other essential purposes, should be rigidly blocked up, and rendered impassable to the enemy, by cutting them up, felling trees across them, breaking down bridges, and creating inundations about them ; and railways should also be torn up to prevent the enemy from using them. Each encampment in its own vicinity should not only block up the roads, but build up and repair the ditches, apply art to the hedges, and thus give additional strength to the natural securities of their positions. A hedge-ditch could be so splashed, interwoven, and made to present such a grinning front of wooden spikes, as to make the devil himself stop, stare, and look wild at it, should he be doomed to pass through it.

As to the distribution of these encampments, or the concentration of their forces upon any given point, there can be no general rule given, as circumstances must govern all such cases. The line of the enemy's advance having been ascertained, and the strength of his force having been estimated, the central position is at once informed of the circumstance, when proportionate detachments from the adjacent encampments are ordered to advance in support of the one destined to come first into hostile contact with the advancing foe. The strategetical points in front of this encampment in the line of the enemy's advance are seized upon by the detachments, where they await the enemy in position. Should his superiority of force compel these detachments to fall back upon the encampment, in this case the encampment itself strikes its tents and sends its commissariat and military stores to the central position, upon which the forces of the encampment and the auxiliary detachments slowly retire, advantageously disputing every inch of ground with the enemy as they retreat. The lateral encampments will not retire in this case upon the central position, unless compelled to do so by another division of the enemy's army, but collect their forces, and in combination fall upon the enemy's rear, and press upon him until he arrives in front of the central position, where he will find himself harassed between two fires, and his supplies cut off; and the devil's in the dice if he will not be soon made to surrender his troops as prisoners of war and give up his arms and military stores. This done, the encampment forced to retire takes up its former position, and the several detachments march back to their respective encampments, to guard the country and protect the inhabitants, as if nothing had happened. This is but a mere outline of operations ; but I will now more minutely describe our system of tactics and strategy. In doing so, it will be essential, as helping to throw light upon the subject, to take a brief retrospective view of war from the remotest period of antiquity up to the present time.

During the remote ages of antiquity, and up to the period when gunpowder was discovered, and fire-arms applied in war, the armament of armies, generally, was comprised in bows and arrows, swords, battle-axes, spears, and pikes. Their formations were lines and columns ; but deep formation was the chief feature of their tactics, and their bowmen discharged nearly the same office as our skirmishers do now. There was very little strategy, at least none that can be prudently applied now, as the most level plain was usually selected as the theatre of battle ; and the tactics, I may say, consisted in driving in the bowmen, outflanking, depth of column and breadth of front ; and in cavalry charges against broken lines or columns of infantry, and one line encountering the other in a hand-to-hand struggle, man against man, battle-axe against battle-axe, sword against sword, and spear against spear, while fate generally decided in favor of the line possessed of the greater degree of spirit and physical prowess. But the armament and tactics of ancient Greece and Rome have shone conspicuous above all, and it is from them that any lessons for present utility can be learned. Their systems of strategy and tactics are, nearly all, inapplicable now ; but the chief weapon of their armament was the pike, which has done all the execution and won all their military fame, and has become, as I have already shown, a desideratum precisely adapted to meet the existing exigencies of war, and to abolish and replace cavalry and artillery in the field. The discovery of gunpowder having given birth to the invention of fire-arms, their introduction discarded the bow, battle-axe, and pike, and the old system of deep formation that accorded with that species of armament ; and battles were fought, the contending armies in lines of slender formation, and remaining at a distance from each other, it having been considered that the use of projectiles rendered the shock of arms needless, and was deemed so, until again brought into practice by the application of the bayonet. The evident utility of the charge again necessitated the solidity of deep formation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Irish News.

In an enlightened and elaborate article in the last number of the *Irish Quarterly Review*, we are given to understand that the fact that population in Ireland is at present in a better proportion to the means of subsistence than before the terrible ravages of pestilence and famine, but that no sort of provision or policy seems inaugurated whereby when population increases again, as increase it will and must, a corresponding increase shall take place in the means of subsistence. And after all that has been said, and written, and avowed, and declared, of the expediency and desirableness of settling the distracted relations of landlord and tenant, nothing at all has been done toward that end, and towards giving the farmers of Ireland that reasonable security for the enjoyment of the results of their industry and expenditure of capital, without which they would be little better than insane if they expended their labor and money on the soil. Still more forcibly and with equal truth the writer reminds the English Government that their congratulations on the prosperous state of Ireland have been carried to the extreme limit of allowance, and that the time has arrived to prepare for changes for which they seem wholly ignorant as well as unprepared. "The best service," says the writer, "that could be done by the present or any other set of men in power would surely be, not to assist in lulling them to sleep with sadly unfounded congratulations, but to awaken them sharply to the real precariousness of the present calm in the condition of Ireland, and to the very evident symptoms of the social distractions which may be slowly but still more assuredly growing and threatening again.

The public examinations, says the *Kilkenny Journal*, took place in this school on the 11th of December, and were fashionably attended. The proceedings commenced with the examination of the children of the infant school. The visitors then entered the large female school, where the singing class, under the direction of the efficient teacher, Mr. Washington, opened the general business of the day. "Erin, the Tear," harmonized for a number of voices, was pleasingly sung; and "The Meeting of the Waters," a solo, by Master Thomas Lennon, was particularly admired. "The Spirit of Song," written by Mr. J. T. Campion, (for Mr. Washington) was next sung, and was followed by a duet "I saw from the Beach," by Mr. Washington, and his most efficient pupil, Miss Murtagh. Then proceeded the examination of the several classes under the *surveillance* of the head inspector, J. Sheahan, Esq. The first class was of boys, whose examination embraced general history, grammar and arithmetic. Their answering evidenced the training of their teacher, Mr. Casey. The girls' school was next examined. The senior class by Miss Clarke on the geographical features of Ireland; the junior class by Miss Ryan, whose talent as a teacher and whose disciplined and carefully instructed pupils were generally commended. The proceedings concluded by the distribution of premiums, followed by a burst of harmony from Mr. Washington's whole band of pupils singing "Cheer Boys, Cheer."

From the *Waterford Chronicle* we learn that the good people of Ross have been recreating themselves during the dark December days, listening to lectures on various subjects. First came Mr. Will Warner, Sculptor, of Stratford-on-Avon. Will, whose chief business was selling busts of O'Connell, Shakspeare, Curran, &c., gave some Shaksperian readings in the Tholsel. Himself a working man, Will sympathizes with his class, and offered to deliver a lecture on "Big Minds" and "Little Minds," for the benefit of the Tenant-Right News Room. The respectables, who, before that, patronised him a good deal, buying his busts and listening to his readings, shunned him altogether when they found he was no better than a Radical. His loss has not been made good by the Democracy. Poor Will "fell between the two stools." After Will Warner, the democrat, came Mr. William Love, a man of color, who described himself to be a runaway slave. Determined to avoid the rock on which Will Warner split, Mr. Love announced himself in his bills as of "no politics," and so he confined himself to Swaddling. He told a good many funny anecdotes connected with slavery, at which the audience laughed a good deal, but his pathetical pictures failed to elicit a sigh, a groan, or a tear, only that he called himself a runaway slave and gave a description of his escape. The *Chronicle* thinks he was never in America, and only collected his anecdotes to retail them in lectures, and turn an honest penny by appealing to the sympathies of a philanthropic public.

Three weeks ago, Mr. John Mitchell, of Ballygawley, went to pay a visit to his brother-in-law at Gortaclare, near Beragh, co. Armagh, and left there to return home about nightfall, accompanied by Mrs. Irwin, of Carey, whom he invited to a seat on his jaunting car, she having been also visiting in that locality. They had only proceeded about three miles, when the off wheel of the car came against a milestone, which precipitated Mrs. Irwin on the road. On her recovery she observed Mr. Mitchell's horse and car tumbling off the road into a ditch of four feet of water. He called to her "to shout for assistance," which she did to the utmost. No person coming to the relief, she returned to a house on the roadside, about half a mile distant. On coming back with assistance, Mr. Mitchell was found dead. The deceased was the oldest spirit dealer in Ballygawley, and noted for his strict integrity. He was invariably an arbitrator in some one side in any dispute that might arise for miles around, and no appeal has ever been heard from his decision.

The *Waterford News* report a disgraceful proceeding which took place a short time since in Tramore. A certain mason had been employed to build a house for a carman of the name of Keohan. The building was nearly finished, when one night, during the late heavy rains, the water having got down through the centre of the uncompleted walls, the edifice suddenly crumbled to the very foundation. Some mornings after, a house in the same neighborhood, and which had been nearly completed, by a mason named John Power, was found nearly in a similar condition, and almost prostrate. There is reason to believe that the latter transaction was the work of malicious persons.

An occurrence of a melancholy nature took place a few weeks ago at Cregg, in the neighborhood of Fermoy. Mr. Wm. Adams, son of the Rev. Mr. Adams, of Cregg, having been in Fermoy, left the town between ten and eleven o'clock at night, having drank pretty freely. Arrived at Cregg, it is supposed he sat upon the battlement of the bridge and fell over, as the next morning his body was found lying at the foot of the arch with his neck broken. An inquest was held by Mr. Henry Barry, coroner, and a jury, and a verdict of Accidental Death returned.

The Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry have given a grand ball to five hundred of their tenantry at Newtownards.

The copy of a private bill, agreed to by the deputies appointed at the several meetings of the Creditors of the Tipperary Joint Stock Bank, has been published. The object of the bill is to facilitate the winding-up of the affairs of the Tipperary Joint Stock Banking Company. It recites the number of debts proved (amounting to 1700), and all matters connected with the failure of the Bank, and prays the Legislature to enact its provisions, which bind the Shareholders to agree to any arrangement the official manager shall make, as regards compromise or composition, upon due notice thereof being published in the *Dublin Gazette*. Shareholders are to file a schedule of all property, both real and personal, of which they were possessed at the time the Banks stopped payment; and parties not attending at the meetings to be called by the Master, to sustain their claim, after fourteen days' notice, shall be dealt with as he (the Master) shall decide.

It may not be generally known that the revenues arising from the taxation of Ireland were regularly let out to, and farmed by, Englishmen as late as the reign of King Charles II. The *Tablet* lately saw a parliamentary report, or bluebook, printed in Dublin "at his Majesty's Printing House," and bearing the date of 1676, which is styled on the title-page an "Indenture containing a grant of all his Majesty's revenue of Ireland (new and extraordinary aydes by future acts of Parliament only excepted) to Sir James Shaen, and others, for seven years, to commence the 26th day of December, 1675, yielding and paying to his Majesty the sum of twenty thousand pounds sterling the last day of every calendar month." At this rate the whole amount of Irish revenue to the King's Exchequer was 240,000*l.* a year a large sum enough to be levied on the unfortunate island for the support of Charles's wars, his mistresses and their bastards.

A very sad and fatal accident took place near Tralee on New Year's Day. On that evening two young married women named Fitzell, living near Ardfert, were returning home on a cart, driven by a cousin of theirs named Hill. As they passed along the road Hill's hat fell off, and he jumped out to get it, which frightened the horse, and the animal then ran away. The women were afraid and jumped out. The elder, who was very near her confinement, was killed on the spot, and the other, also in the family way, was seriously injured, and was not able to attend her sister's funeral to-day. These women were sisters and married to two brothers. The deceased, Rosanna Fitzell, has left two young children.

From the *Cork Reporter* we learn that during the gale which prevailed three weeks since almost every post carrying the wires of the Electric Telegraph Company, on the part of the Great Southern and Western Railway, between Buttevant and the Limerick Junction, were either broken across or blown down. It will probably cost from £500 to £600 to repair the damage. The line cannot be in a state to transit messages for the next three or four weeks. The train from Thurles was delayed an hour, owing to the number of posts lying across the rails.

On the 1st of January a meeting was held at the new Church of Kilmovie, county Mayo, to further the cause of the tenant-farmers. The parish priest, Archdeacon Coghlan, took the chair. In the course of an able speech he pointed out the strong necessity that existed in his own parish for some security for the tenants' industry. Almost within view, and in the parish of Kilmovie alone, there were thirty thousand acres of reclaimable land—land more easily reclaimed than the American woods—a desert that the people, if permitted, would turn into a teeming paradise.

The *Cork Examiner* informs us of the death of the Right Rev. Dr. Wilson, Protestant Bishop of Cork, at the Episcopal Palace, St. Finn Barr's. The deceased prelate was very highly esteemed for his great liberality of mind, as well as for the virtues which distinguished his private character. Bishop Wilson, though a man of delicate constitution, died at an advanced age. He enjoyed the episcopate not quite nine years. Previous to his induction he had resided in Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was a distinguished scholar.

The *Dublin Evening Post* reports the death of Richard Barry, which took place in that city on the 30th ult. Mr. Barry was a native of Cork, and having in early life embraced the profession of the stage, he for many years in various parts of Great Britain and Ireland maintained a prominent position before the public, with whom in every instance he was an especial favorite. He was for a long series of years connected with the Theatre Royal, Hawkins's street, as one of the stock company, stage manager, and latterly box book-keeper.

Catherine Campbell, for the last six weeks in custody of the Dublin police, has been released, and intends going home to her friends, who reside in the county Meath. This woman was regarded by the police as a most important witness in the case of the murder of Mr. Little, and was placed under the strictest surveillance, for the purpose of preventing any person holding communication with her.

Duncannon Fort, Waterford Harbor, is ordered to be dismantled, and the Ordnance stores to be removed to Cork, whilst the Store-keeper, Wm. Blackwell, Esq., retires on a superannuation pension. The barracks will still be retained in use, for the accommodation of troops receiving instruction in Minie rifle practice.

A deputation from the Crimean Banquet Committee has waited on the Lord Lieutenant to confer with his Excellency on the expediency of giving an entertainment to the Crimean officers at present quartered in Ireland. The result is that no entertainment is recommended, but that the surplus fund now in hand shall be applied in some manner either to the Royal Hospital or the Hibernian School, Phœnix Park.

At the County Quarter Sessions, Limerick, the Assistant Barrister ruled that the Christian Brothers' Schools in Adare, are not subject to grand jury or poor-law taxation. Gamalel Fitzgerald, Esq., was examined, and proved that the Earl of Dunraven, proprietor of the soil, had given the site of the building and land in connexion therewith, gratuitously, for charitable purposes.

The sales in the Incumbered Estates Court for the last week of December, amounted to £167,088. Among the petitions was one on behalf of the children of the Hon. Mr. Warburton, author of the "Crescent and the Cross," who met so melancholy a fate.

On the 28th ult., Miss Margaret Keane, of Limerick, daughter of James Keane, Solicitor and Mayor's Clerk, was drowned, having fallen off a narrow plank when crossing the mill stream at Corbally.

The Mining Company of Ireland have issued their account previous to the half-yearly meeting. We observe that the nett profit is about £12,222, about 1½ per cent. for the half-year.

A Dublin police magistrate has commenced proceedings in an action for slander, against an Irish paper. It appears that the nobleman in question, was plaintiff in some petty case of complaint against a tradesman, and being dissatisfied with the adjudication of the magistrate, addressed a strong remonstrance on the subject to the Lords Justices during the absence of the Lord Lieutenant, attributing corrupt motives to the magistrate, to whom this statement was transmitted by Mr. Horsman, the Chief Secretary, for the purpose of obtaining an explanation. What reply the magistrate deemed it right to forward to the Lords Justices, does not appear, but it is understood that he has placed the matter as between himself and the peer in the hands of his solicitor.

On St. Stephen's Day there was a splendid stag hunt at Killarney, with the hounds of Mr. Maurice James O'Connell. Lady Godfrey graced the sport with her presence on horseback. Lord Castlerose, M.P., and his brother-in-law, Mr. Berkeley, Sir Wm. Godfrey, Captain Daniel O'Connell, M.P., and many other local gentry were present. The stag was taken after a spirited run, near Rockfield, by Mr. Edwards, of the Park, one of the gentlemen connected with the construction of the Tralee and Killarney Railway.

On Christmas-eve, a man named Flaherty, from Moycullen, County Galway, fell into the canal at the point where the swivel-bridge should have been long since erected, and was drowned. His body was found the next day, and an inquest was held on it by the magistrates. The verdict was "Accidental death;" but at the same time, the jury passed a vote of censure upon the Board of Works and the Town Commissioners for their neglect, in not having the swivel-bridge erected where this melancholy accident, with many others of a similar kind happened.

On Tuesday, the 23d December, a match came off on the Clonkelly Race-course, near Birr—a mile and a half—for 20 sovs., between Mr. Thomson's *Fanny Hill* and Mr. Seymour's *Rouser*. The latter kept first until near the winning-post, when *Fanny* gained on him, and won by a length. A fox was then let out and pursued by Mr. O'Moore's hounds and the gentlemen on horseback. They had only a short run, as Reynard got under cover in the plantation over Ballyegan National Agricultural School.

Three weeks since, Lord Fermoy appeared before Mr. Sergeant Berwick, while presiding as Assistant Barrister at Quarter Sessions at Fermoy, and was publicly sworn in Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county and city of Cork. His Lordship took the oaths of allegiance, supremacy, and abjuration.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed William Charley, John W. Fulton, and John Roberts, Esqrs., to the Commission of the Peace for the county Down, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Londonderry; and on the recommendation of the Earl of Care, he has appointed Frederick Furnell, Esq., of Cahirelly Castle, to be a magstratei of the county Limerick.

A *chevron* has been awarded to Head-Constable Kennedy, of Cork, by the Inspector-General of Constabulary, for the active assistance rendered by him and the party of men under his command, on the occasion of the late fire at Lota Lodge, when, in consequence of his energetic exertions, a large amount of property was saved.

A correspondent of the *Belfast News Letter* reports a terrible occurrence in the townland of Galvin, near Dungiven. About midnight, the house of a man named Stewart, accidentally took fire, and of those sleeping on the premises at the time, only a portion escaped with their lives, as Stewart's nephew and two sons, aged from seventeen to nineteen, who lay on a sort of loft above the kitchen, were burnt to death.

As a man named Dennis Lahy, a process server of the county Tipperary, was recently engaged in his duties on the lands of Clone, Kilduff, near the town off Borrisokane, he was pursued by a number of persons who pelted him with stones, and took from his person a number of civil-bill processes, and a letter containing half notes for £3.

An inquest has been held on Friday before Dr. Murphy, coroner, on the body of a farmer named Elias St. John, of Kilgobbin, county Limerick, who was found hanging by the neck in his own barn. There were circumstances adduced that went to show that jealousy was the primary cause of the fatal deed. A verdict of temporary insanity was returned.

About a month since, a farmer named Flahavan, living near Fermoy, County Cork, went to that town to get a gun repaired. A few days after, his body was found in the mill-race attached to Mr. Furlong's mills, in an advanced state of decomposition. It is supposed that the deceased, while intoxicated, fell into the stream and was drowned.

The Rev. Thomas Gimlette thankfully acknowedges, in the *Waterford Mail*, the receipt of the sum of seven pounds ten shillings, being a gratuity awarded by Lloyd's Patriotic Fund, to David Condon, of Waterford, late private in the 88th Foot, who lost his arm at the battle of Inkerman.

The Rev. John Hogg, a highly respected clergyman, has been appointed to the Protestant vicarage of Bruree, and Mr. Edgar Hyde, of Oxford, gets the Mastership of the Diocesan School of Limerick and Killaloe.

The *Dublin Evening Post* learns with considerable pleasure, the great improvement in the health and appearance of the Right Rev. Doctor M'Gettian, Roman Catholic Bishop of Raphoe. The venerated prelate has now been 47 years on the mission, 38 years of which he has been bishop.

William Smith O'Brien, Esq., lately visited the Mechanics' Institute, Limerick. He made several inquiries regarding its progress, and was highly pleased with the information he received.

The highest price which the *Roscommon Journal* has heard given for wood this year, was obtained by Walter Bourke, Esq., of Camms, who sold upwards of 2000 stone, at 20 shillings per stone.

Sergeant Major Bond, late of the 16th Lancers, and now Barrack Sergeant at Cork, has been appointed one of the Yeomen Warders of the Tower, in place of James Tuffin, late of the 9th Lancers, deceased.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mt. Kernan to the office of Clerk of the Crown for the county of Leitrim, in the room of the late Mr. Kernan, uncle to the present Clerk.

The remains of Mrs. Kilgarriff, who had been missing from Tuam for some time, have been discovered in the river, between the bridge and iron grating in the Bishop's demesne.

The bazaar in the Town Hall, Waterford, in aid of the Sisters of Charity, realised £120.

Answers to Correspondents.

TO THE PUBLIC.]

Captain Maurice Walsh, of New-York, having set out to travel through America, is authorized to collect advertisements and subscriptions for this paper. Captain Walsh has our written authority, which he will present to those who may not be personally acquainted with him. A list of the subscribers' names, together with the respective sums paid by each, will be published each week.

News Agents.—Mr. Thomas McCormack, of Honesdale, and Mr. C. C. Molony, of Dunkirk, have kindly consented to act as our Agents for their respective localities.

Subscriber.—Five cents is all it costs to *Register* a letter at the Post-office, when it is mailed. It is quite a necessary precaution for parties who remit us money, in all instances, to take.

Our friends in Peoria, Ill., will accept our sincere thanks for their splendid subscription to the *News*, and the friendly and eloquent sentiments which accompanied it. We feel honored as well as gratified in placing on our books the names of so many respectable Store-keepers, Merchants, and Mechanics. Mr. John Malone, who forwarded the subscriptions of these thirty-six good citizens of Peoria, deserves and receives our cordial acknowledgements. The honest warmth of them, we are sure, will not be chilled by the tedious waste of snow through which, just now, they have to travel to Peoria.

From Tiffin, Ohio, we have also received a very substantial assurance of support. On the list forwarded us from there, the 16th of this month, we find as many O'Sullivans as there are to-day in Kilkenny, or were formerly in the South of Cork, between Kenmare and Bantry. Dr. Farland and the other gentlemen who have subscribed to the *News* in Tiffin, have our best thanks.

We have received a letter from Mr. John Gilmary Shea, touching the review of "The Catholic Church in the United States," which appeared in the literary page of our last issue. Mr. Shea's communication is in an indignant spirit, which, however, shall not prevent the publicity the writer desires it to attain. Unfortunately we must hold it over until next week, as the literary department of the *News*—under which head Mr. Shea's letter comes—was already made up when we received it.

A Celt desires to know whether there is in the United States any University having an establishment equivalent to the *Sizarship* of the English or Irish Universities.

We know of no American institution that offers precisely the same advantages which belong to a Sizar in England or Ireland. There are, however, in nearly all our American Colleges, free scholarships which merely give to the beneficiary the advantages of tuition without expense. The terms upon which these scholarships may be obtained are various, and full information on the subject can only be had by a direct application to the officers of the institution which our correspondent desires to enter.

"St. Michom" writes from Boston, "I venture to suggest to our country people throughout the Union, the propriety of celebrating—in some appropriate way—the birth of Robert Emmet. On the 4th of March, 1777, appeared above the Irish Earth, this third scion of a patriotic stock. Universal history gives to the illustrious name of Emmet, a distinguished portion of its indelible pages, and when the Irish eye descends on it, the muse of Moore is characteristically descriptive of the feelings awakened."

"The tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls."

A "Constant Reader."—There was a law in Ireland called the "Little Tithe Law," which was generally known as "Church Cess." It was abolished in 1834, through the influence of O'Connell. We are not aware that it exacted tribute for every child born in the family, nor did it compel the people to part with the tenth part of corn, &c.—that impost was levied under a different enactment.

"M." It is perfectly correct to spell the name either way. "MeNamara," being an abridgment of "Mac Namara," the "a" being struck out of the *Mac* by *syncope*.

Declined.—Rufus L., your "Ode to Fortune," is a most unfortunate attempt to palm off upon us a very bad adaptation of the chief points of John Dryden's splendid ode recommending the enjoyment of the present hour, which opens:—

"Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low—
And always in extreme."

We are tempted to give a long quotation from "glorious" John's noble and manly poem, but alas the crowding necessities of the day, put an embargo on our enthusiasm. We must however give a specimen of "Rufus L.'s" vile paraphrase:

"Smiling, let us pass the hour;
Duns are wont to show their power.
The tide of commerce, uncertain as a stream,
Now goes too slow—now runs, as if by steam,
Is sure to leave one—ebbing like the first,
Or with the second, ready for a burst—
Both horribly extreme."

But enough of this.

The following lines have been sent by a new contributor, who says, however, that he is too lazy to write more than one verse at a time.

THE OLD LAND'S SONG.

Although my boys are scattered far
From Liffey's side and lordly Shannon—
Though some are charging 'gainst the Czar,
And riding down his flaming cannon—
Although by bright Missouri's banks,
They wield the axe—are forests felling,
Or fill each gap in labor's ranks,
And be in distant households dwelling;
Still don't despair my daughters dear:
We'll yet have rifles when we need 'em,
And Granua's green flag flying, high
Above the flashing lines of freedom.

A correspondent writes to inform us that he was turned out of employment by the foreman of one of the machine factories in Hawley, (Pa.,) because he fired the salute there in celebration of Mr. Buchanan's election. He further states that the "bosses employed by the Pennsylvania Coal Company offered inducements to Irishmen to settle down there and sold them lots on which they built houses, and when they had thus got hold of them, they tried to lower their wages from a dollar to eighty or ninety cents. They keep a set of despicable fellows who make it a point to quarrel with every one who may happen to differ with them in belief—politically or religiously; and, if any person have the courage to repel the insult, he is immediately discharged. The Directors of this Company, of whom General Ewen of your city is President, are ignorant of al this, and it would be an act of charity to bring it under their notice." We cheerfully comply with the request of our correspondent. In this free country, labor should be untrammelled by either political or religious influences. Such small tyranny—such petty annoyance—is truly disgraceful. If made known to the Directors of the Company we are sure this oppression would not be tolerated for a moment.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1857.

CONGRESS—THE PRESS.

In our last issue we endeavored to delineate the "letter-writer" and the duties that are expected from him. The main end to be attained, as we are informed by a journal rather celebrated in the line, is "*sensation*;" but the manner of the "sensation" is left entirely to the operator's taste. Time, place, incident, unity, exercise his ingenuity and afford scope for his fancy. In proportion to his success in these externals is his value rated. Mr. Simonton's accessories to the corpus of his "sensation," impart to it great piquancy. He is quite classical, and models his drama on the pattern of Ulysses, that unsurpassed master of guile, whose perfection in the slanderous art is thus attested by the famous shepherd of Mantua:

"Hine semper Ulysses
Criminebat terrere novis; hine spargere voces
In vulgum ambiguas."

At this accomplished dexterity at firing vulgar curiosity and awaking vulgar fear, Mr. Simonton is quite *au fait*. His censure, while ostensibly it is against *one*, virtually includes *all*. As long as the one is not identified, set apart as it were, for special scorn and opprobrium, there is not a member of Congress, not specially interested in, or a suborner of, the charge, who does not feel its weight on his head and see its shadow on his path. Such is the vague alarm with which a slander so indefinite fills the minds, most conscious of innocence, that on the slightest indication of who the real culprit is, men will grasp at it as a relief, and gladly and almost precipitately sink their fears in his condemnation, as the writer above quoted happily elucidates. The man whom Ulysses at last criminates exclaims,—

"Assensere omnes et quo sibi quisque timebat
Unius in miserè exitium, conversatulere."

Fortunately, however, Congress is not a camp where the lie of a military chief is law; and, in this case, the doom, so craftily designed by the calumniator for all, will fall to his own sole lot. And then, assuredly, the assent will be universal, unless we may except those at whose festivities he appears as the prevailing star. But to inculpate even them in this nefarious business may be harsh, if not absolutely unjust; for "sensation" has drawn them reluctantly within its inevitable vortex. Yet if we must have "sensation," even in our private circles, why not apply to some dexterous hunter to catch us a laughing cockatoo, or sentimental baboon, or poetic rattlesnake? Surely these would be sufficiently exciting, and, except in certain doubtful circles, would scarcely provoke imitation. But they would hardly "*do*" for the "press."

Perhaps it may not be amiss here to explain that when we use the "press" as a quotation we do not mean the press in its aggregate character, but the pretence which invokes the name to justify the most monstrous infamy. In the hurry of our last issue, (the article on this subject having been written as we were going to press), the distinction which we here intimate was not accurately observed; so that sweeping censures which we intended for the pretence, may seem to be directed against the institution itself, of which these pretences are only the abuses, and of which, in the plenitude of its power, exercised with lofty purity, impartiality and courage, we are devoted and devout worshippers.

The press, as we have said, was originally a guide and a light. Even now, that it has become a power, it has not lost its original characteristics. When the "press" is unscrupulous in the use of agencies of success it will be sure to have imitators. Indeed, in this our age, its example is not needed; on the contrary, it would require all the energy of a bold and generous press to check the prevalent worship of success—the great disease, if not disgrace, of our age.

The ancients raised temples and altars to Fortune, whose favors were blindly disposed. There is no longer any worship of Fortune, nor, indeed a mention of her name, because she was *blind;* and because the doctrine now is that the only blind are they who cannot clutch the new Divinity of Success. There is no temple for her worship, it is true, but she has her shrine in the glittering ball-room, round which "blind" devotees cluster to adore; she has it in the gay equipage, in the brown-stone house, on Broadway, beside the bench of justice, in the halls of legislation, at the fashionable watering-place, in the saloons of London and Paris, and in the galleries of Milan and of Rome.

That there are pilgrims of genius on the highways of fame, though obscured by the shadow of the garish, whose name is never heard in the loud clatter of "sensation" makers is, we fondly hope, true. There are men born in the backwoods, and rocked to rest by the desert winds, whose souls thirst for the beautiful, who glide unseen over the Alps, and tread unheard the crowded haunts of men, to realize their grand dreams and invest their country with the halo of immortality. But these are the exceptions. To them the press owes encouragement, direction, and a fostering care. Is this so, and if so to what extent? Is it so with the "sensation press?" On the contrary does not that "press" track the steps of extravagance over land and sea, join in its dissipation, and exhibit its scandals in capitals so captivating, and a rollicking indifference so inspiring, as even to tickle the fancy of the victims of its slanders? Hence it has come to pass that we breathe a factitious social atmosphere; that we live on show; that we have no standard of merit or success but "sensation." Our literature is first to droop and die of this meretricious sentiment. Our booksellers no longer blush to announce a "*sensation book*," which is, alas, a sad reflex of our times, a sad blow to our fondest hopes for the future.

The object of literature is to develope the true, the beautiful, and the good in nature and in man—to lead us into the paths of wisdom, kindliness and justice—to impart to us a just appreciation of God's gifts, and an unselfish love of God's creatures, so as to render the good of living worth bearing its evils for. This, too, should be the object of the press. But the "press" run to seed, that is, run upon "sensation," as a branch of successful traffic, closes up the fountains of truth, wisdom, and goodness for ever, and lights above their buried remains, the false and corrupting *ignis fatuus* of "*sensation*." By it, and by its light alone, we are to read the men and the things around us. The virtue, the honor, and the fidelity of Congress, and all public functionaries, are flung in to increase the flame. All society whirls round in its glare, exhibiting to its inmost core nothing but ulcerous corruption; and honest men, if any such be left grope in the mirage.

But the "sensation press" circulates! Alas! the price is a dear one.

It is gratifying to find, that in the views which on this subject we have been compelled to enforce by a sense of justice and self-respect, and, above all, by our unqualified admiration for the institution of the press as the great guardian of morality and liberty—it is gratifying to find, that we share to a great extent the opinions of our neighbor of the *Tribune*. This gratification is still further enhanced by our knowledge of the *Tribune's* intense hostility to the incriminated members of Congress. The *Tribune* admits that this body is not so debased and self-condemned as that their accuser may dispense with proof; and that a writer who censures in the name of the "press," is not so far exempt from the ordinary obligations of man as to have his mere *ipse dixit* conclusive in support of his own charge. This is much, considering the source, nor is it more important on account of the circulation and influence of the *Tribune*, than because it is a wrathful judgment on its own judgments, for nearly a year past. Let us hail it as an omen and an assurance, that in good season and when passion cools, other journals, which impute all men's acts to foul and sordid motives, will come to admit that when an "explicit charge" of corruption is made "proof should be given *if possible*." We are not disposed to quarrel about the "distinction without a difference," involved in selecting an "explicit charge" as that to which the obligation attaches, although we humbly think that the more general and sweeping the charge, the more indispensable the proof of it. Nor yet shall we question the *Tribune's* caution in insisting on proof only in case it is "*possible*," although we regard the "impossibility of proof" as the first and last and best reason for not preferring the charge at all. Let these quibbles go, if quibbles they be—repentant sinners are entitled to indulgence.

For our parts we denounce all charges, insinuations and inuendoes against purity and honor, as treacherous, cowardly and infamous, of which the accuser has not clear proof, proof which is not only possible to give, but which he is ready at any moment and any place to vouch. We denounce them, whether "explicit" or general, whether against public bodies or individuals. We denounce them whether made by a private person or by the "press." If by the former, his ignorance of his own obligations as a man and member of society may be a palliation; if by the "press," the offence is without excuse and the infamy without redemption. Nay, there are cases even where the proof is possible, tangible and full, and yet delicacy and manhood should stay the pen and tongue of public scandal. In the name of the Press, the *true* and *free* Press, we denounce them as dangerous to morality, which it is its pride and province to vindicate and uphold; as fatal to public confidence, which it is its first duty to encourage and extend; as the evil seeds of general suspicion in every rank and walk of life, which at all risks it should endeavor to avert; and finally, as tending directly and inevitably to bring the Press itself into disrepute, and detract from its efficiency, while stamping it with indelible dishonor and disgrace.

NEWS FROM WASHINGTON.

There's none. All sorts of conjectures, to be sure, about the new Cabinet, but nothing positive. Among the names mentioned in probable connection with the Secretaryships, we find that of Robert J. Walker. Sincerely and heartily we trust that this may prove to be something more than a conjecture. It would gratify us thoroughly to see this eminent gentleman with one of the Portfolios of the Buchanan Administration. Were he to succeed Mr. Marcy, our gratification would be complete. Personally we know of no other gentleman whose elevation to

that post would afford us such genuine satisfaction, delight and pride. The public grounds which justify this appointment—justify Mr. Buchanan in conferring, and Mr. Walker in accepting it—are part and parcel of the history of the country. His ability when at the head of the Treasury department was indisputable. Every one admits it. Nor can any true Democrat be insensible to the claims which his eloquent and masterly appeal on behalf of the Union, in his memorable letter to Pittsburg last Fall, constitute upon the country and the dispensers of its high gifts. Historically his name is specially dear to us.

The night of the crossing of the Delaware, there was a body of Revolutionary soldiers, known as the *Irish Regiment*, which made their way, not on rafts or by means of boats, but by leaping from one broken clump of ice to another. The Colonel of that Regiment was Robert J. Walker's father. Irishmen, who proudly treasure up every incident which connects their race and fame with the War of Independence, lovingly remember this; for, Robert J. Walker's father was cradled within the moat of Derry. Exultingly they would hail, as another evidence of the prosperity and glory which await them here, the accession of the son of the Irish Colonel of the Delaware to the Cabinet of James Buchanan.

GENERAL WALKER.

There's not the least fear about him. Mr. Vanderbilt and his accomplices may manufacture bulletins as they please, and gross perfidy may, for a few hours get the upper hand, but all to no permanent effect. Disastrous news has come, if everything, or anything, coming from Aspinwall and Panama is to be believed. But bad news has so often come from both those places—Walker has been so often represented by the inspired penmen of the New Granada Isthmus to be in a desperate condition—to be on the very brink of bottomless perdition—to be all but annihilated—that the worst intelligence from that quarter utterly fails to disturb our serenity. Indeed, the only reliable facts concerning the movements in Nicaragua, which the Editors and special Reporters at either end of that route receive, are those which go to them from here, two months after date. With the view of enabling them to be a little more expeditious in the circulation of correct intelligence regarding General Walker and the progress of Constitutional Republicanism in Nicaragua, we beg to advise them that, by this time, the San Juan is in complete possession by General Walker's army, the Costa Ricans, together with the murderers and renegades, aiding and abetting them, having been flung to the alligators in the river, or to the wild hogs in the forests overlooking either bank.

The reinforcements at Punta Arenas under Colonel Lockridge—those that sailed on Thursday last from here—those again under Colonel Titus, not including, or mentioning even, the four hundred who sailed from New Orleans last week—these facts justify us in the statement we have made. All the reinforcements were well armed. Physically, they were in the best condition. Their stores were abundant. Adequate means for forcing the river were on hand. The coolness, intrepidity, and experience of General Walker, the military genius and accomplishments of Gen. Henningsen, the fidelity and courage of the officers and men under their command, these are the elements which, in combination with the substantial resources we have referred to, will retrieve whatever has been lost. Not merely do this, but impregnably consolidate in that noble region the Republicanism—the enlightened system of laws, society, and freedom—the seeds of which, generously sown by Wm. Walker, and nurtured by the blood of his brave soldiers, would have ripened by this, into a perfect growth, but for the scandalous cupidity of such men as Mr. Vanderbilt, and the illiterate jealousies of such cut-throats as Carrera.

THE BOND STREET MURDER.

A most horrible murder was discovered on Saturday morning last, January 31st, in the boarding house No. 31 Bond street. Dr. Harvey Burdell, a Dentist, of considerable wealth, was found by his errand-boy murdered in his office. The evidence of the eminent physician, Dr. John W. Francis, shows that the deceased was strangled by a cord being drawn round the neck, in addition to which the body exhibited *fifteen* wounds, inflicted by a dirk or some such instrument. The mystery in which the foul deed is involved, up to the time we go to press, adds to the horror excited in the mind of the city at large. No occurrence of the day has created so appalling an interest. The chief facts elicited on the Coroner's inquest are few, and do not directly criminate any parties.

It appears that Dr. Burdell was the owner of the house, and that he used the parlors in his business as a dentist, also the room over the back parlor as an operating room, in which room he was found dead, and the front room communicating with it as a sleeping room. Mrs. Cunningham rented the house, or the part unoccupied by him, or was his housekeeper, in which capacity, however, she took boarders. This lady exhibited a certificate of marriage with deceased; but the identity of the deceased as the man to whom she was married is not thoroughly complete. A strong likeness between said person and deceased is recognised by the Rev. Mr. Marion, who officiated, and by his servant girl who was present. The difference of the growth of, or the manner of wearing the beard—the deceased only having a "goatee" when killed—precluded the clergyman's evidence from being direct.

The girl recognised Mrs. Cunningham as the woman married, but could not positively identify the Doctor. "It looked like" the man that was married. The marriage took place last October, and was kept private. The married parties, that is to say Doctor Burdell and "Mrs. Cunningham," did not occupy the same room. They were known to dispute—a charge being made by the Doctor accusing Mr. C. with stealing some papers or notes of his. Previous to the marriage, its necessity was made the subject of complaint by both parties—by the lady that the Doctor did not keep a promise of marriage he made her; and by the Doctor, that such charge was made by the lady. In September last, he consulted a friend as to what course he should pursue under the circumstances. That he refused to comply with Mrs. Cunningham's request is evident from that lady's declining to state the reasons he gave for not marrying her then.

The evidence gives anything but a favorable picture of the state of morality within the premises. It appears that a boarder named John T. Eckel was on peculiarly intimate terms with the lady, that she was in consequence the cause of jealousy between Eckel and Burdell; and that she was herself, in turn, jealous of the Doctor, he being in the habit, as she stated, of bringing females into the house whose conversation was not becoming, and who, she believed, sought him for other and less virtuous purposes than professional advice and treatment.

It is stated that the Doctor did not keep money in the house, which fact, in connection with the orderly manner in which his papers were found, show that his murder was not undertaken and perpetrated with a view to plunder. All the inmates of the house have been retained.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The presence of Mr. Buchanan in Washington has created a very gratifying excitement among the crowd of eminent persons desirous of paying him that respect due to his distinguished career and present illustrious position. Nor has the President elect been wanting in those courtesies of life which Laurence Stone says, make its paths bright. It is usual for the President to vacate the "White House" a few days previous to the inauguration of his successor. Mr. Buchanan has politely requested Mr. Pierce to remain in the house until after the inauguration; and then become his guest until he desires to return to New-Hampshire. Mr. Pierce has accepted this very graceful invitation.

There is quite a panic and a pother on the subject of the depreciation of Spanish coins. Congress has not passed any law *yet* interdicting the coin; but in view of an approaching edict, the Ferry companies have issued orders to take Spanish coins at the reduced value, 20 cents for quarters, 10 cents for shillings, 5 cents for six-penny pieces. This has set the papers tattling on the subject, some for and some against the reform, which we think a very judicious one, if carried out thoroughly; and which, as a correspondent of the *Daily Times* suggests, ought to extend to the "squelching" of the American quarters, and substituting twenty-cent pieces, the propriety of which is clear enough. The *Day-Book* suggests that sixty days' notice should have been given of the reduction, as entailing a loss to people greater than the value of the Spanish coins would warrant. It states that one hundred dollars of Spanish coin—quarters—weighed at a jeweller's, were found to contain 79 ounces and 7penny-weights, which, at mint valuation of $1,22½ cents per ounce, would be worth $97,20, or about 2 7-8 per cent less than its value. We perceive that a Wall-street house was purchasing the Spanish quarters at 23 cents, shillings at 11 cents, and sixpences at 5 cents.

On Wednesday, Jan. 28, Joseph W. Fabens, A. C. Lawrence, and three others—Henry Bolton, James Miller, and Andrew Finegan—were arrested on informations made at the office of the District Attorney by Joe Brown and Robt. Fuller. Marshal Thompson took Mr. Fabens immediately before Commissioner Stillwell, who required him to give bail in the sum of $3,000 to answer the charge of violation of the neutrality laws. He refused to give bail, and was handed over to the custody of Marshal Hillyer. Commissioner Stillwell, before whom Mr. Lawrence was also brought, required him to give bail in the sum of $3,000. Horatio N. Wild, Esq., became his surety. Henry Bolton, James Miller, and Andrew Finnegan were each committed to Eldridge-street Jail in default of $500, to await examination. Colonel Fabens and Captain Bolton, were brought up on Sturday, Januarythe 31st. Judge A. C. Morton, Thomas Francis Meagher, and Malcolm Campbell appeared as their counsel, Commissioner Stillwell being absent, the counsel for the prisoners insisted upon proceeding with the examination before another Commissioner. Kenneth G. White, Esq., the newly-appointed Clerk of the U. S. Circuit Court and ex-officio U. S. Commissioner, declined to act from personal considerations, being a brother of Joseph L. White, who has lately been such a conspicuous opponent of the Walker interest in Nicaragua. The Counsel for the prisoners waived all objection to Mr. White, and expressed perfect willingness to proceed with the case before him. Mr. White, peremptorily refused to go on and take the testimony. Mr. McKeon, the District Attorney, in the face of the demand of the accused for an immediate examination, declared the matter adjourned until Monday, February 2nd, at 12 o'clock. Mr. Judge Morton on behalf of the prisoners, then notified the U. S. Marshal that the parties being by law entitled to an examination, and this right having been refused them, they now considered themselves at liberty, and should by an action at law make the Marshal respond in damages for their further imprisonment. On Monday, at 12 o'clock, the case was proceeded with. Judge Dean appeared for the prisoners, in the absence of Judge Morton, obliged to leave for Washington. After a somewhat lengthened argument concerning the legality of the writ and warrant of the arrest, the first witness for the prosecution was produced. The result and full particulars in our next.

Hon. Preston S. Brooks died of violent cramp, at his hotel in Washington, on the 27th ult. On the 29th, Mr. Evans in the Senate, and Mr. Keitt in the House, announced, with eulogistic feeling, the occurrence to Congress. Tributes to the deceased were also made by Senators Hunter and Toombs, and Messrs. Quitman, Campbell, Clingman and Savage, of the House. After a recess, the corpse was brought into the House, when the President, Cabinet, Members of both Houses, the Judges of the Supreme Court, Mr. Buchanan, and others being present, the Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Waldo, preached from the text—"This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." The remains were temporarily disposited in the Congressional Cemetery. Mr. Brooks was born in Edgefield District, S. C., 1819, had served in the legislature of that State, and in the Palmetto Regiment did gallant service in the Mexican War. Gen. Quitman especially alluded to his chivalrous character during the seige of Vera Cruz. Mr. Brooks has left a wife and four children. The death of the honorable gentleman has created a feeling of heartfelt and sincere regret among his many personal friends.

On the 30th ult. Mr. J. J. Owens introduced a bill into the New-York Legislature, which provides that the Ferry Companies between New-York and Brooklyn shall not demand a rate of fare which shall yield a greater profit than 10 per cent. per annum upon the capital actually employed; that when fractional parts of cents are called for, a single passage shall be charged the even cent next highest, but tickets in quantities should be sold at the fractional rate, fractions less than a mill going to the favor of the Ferry Company. Foot-passengers may procure tickets of commutation for any period not less than one month, at the same rate that 1,000 are procured. As the rate of fare is to be based upon statements of business, any perversion in these statements is made perjury and punishable as such, and a fine of $10 is imposed for demanding a higher rate of fare than is allowed.

Mitchel's lecture—embracing the life of Thomas Devin Reilly, specimens of his most brilliant articles during the period of the European Revolutions in 1848, and deeply touching personal details of the close of his career in Washington—has just been issued, in a neat form, under the publishing supervision of Haverty, of Fulton street. As the lecture was given in aid of the fund for the widow and child of the deceased, and as it is published for the same laudable purpose, it is to be hoped that the sale will be extensive. Those who were, by distance from the city, prevented from attending the lecture, and those whose means will not permit them to offer on the altar of patriotism and charity any larger testimony of approval can, at least, in the purchase of this lecture for twenty-five cents, exhibit a loving desire, than which no greater can be manifested by the largest donation. We had almost forgot to mention that Reilly's celebrated paper on Naturalization, suggested by the well-known Koszta case, is included in the publication. At the time of its first appearance it created a great sensation, and was attributed to several eminent men, including Edward Everett, Caleb Cushing, Charles Sumner, J. L. Frothingham, the Historian of Boston, &c.

The ladies of the Benevolent Society attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral will hold their Twelfth Annual Festival, at the Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway, on Saturday evening, February 7th. Tickets may be had at the Catholic bookstores, of the Sexton of the Cathedral, and at the door on the evening of the Festival.

The object of the Society is to visit applicants at their residences, to inquire into their wants and character, and if found worthy of assistance, to relieve them, rs far as the means of the Society will admit. The Managers appeal to a kind and charitable public in behalf of their Society, as they have been enabled to extend comfort to many an unfortunate person during this inclement season, and trust that their Festival may meet with patronage.

On the 30th ult. Mr. Slough, Member of the Ohio Legislature, was expelled by a vote of seventy to thirty-five for striking another member, Mr. Caldwell. All the Democrats opposed Mr. Slough's expulsion with the exception of Mr. Corey.

We understand that Mr. J. B. Tully will deliver a lecture in New Haven on the 11th instant. The subject chosen is a very wide one—"English Tyranny and Irish Endurance." Mr. Tully, we believe, makes his first appearance as a lecturer in this effort; which we are given to understand will be treated in a popular and patriotic manner.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE CAMPBELL TOWN ELECTION DRAWING TO A CLOSE—THE GOVERNMENT CANDIDATE—A WORSHIPPER OF NAPOLEON—THE GEESE OF FONTAINEBLEAU—THE DODD FAMILY AT HOME—THE GRIFFINS ON THE PLATFORM.

The Griffins were the first to arrive in town. As the head of the column broke in sight, the Widow Kearney threw open one of her front bed-room windows, looked out, waved her 'kerchief, and with redundant smiles sent forth a thousand welcomes to the friends of Peace and Order. The head-waiter waved the flag. The cook and chamber-maids, the stable-boys and book-keeper, buzzed and swarmed at the door. The sons and daughters of the plump Cornelia, (the eldest not six years,) exhibited themselves effectively at various points, within and without the house.

Clipper, the tomb-stone cutter, huzzahed for the Widow. Carter, the Launceston carrier, called for three cheers more. The Chaplain became spasmodic with his enthusiasm, whilst the Medical Superintendent nearly broke his neck with a bow. Mrs. Kearney never saw such a beautiful sight before. Prosperous, her impoverished birth-place, in its palmiest days, (not even when the great Daniel O'Connell passed through there from Tullamore,) ever turned out so well. Oh, if James Kearney had only lived to see it!

The Widow's heart sunk within her. But the sight of the sub-district constable—a middle-aged bachelor, in new boots and prime condition—mounted on a fat black horse, suddenly revived her. He lifted his hat to Mrs. Kearney, and, so doing, bobbed against the neck of his horse, leaving a considerable portion of the rear of the saddle exposed. Mrs. Kearney kissed hand, doubled up her 'kerchief, and pressed it to her eyes. Did the thought strike the Widow Kearney, that Giles, the sub-district constable, might one day (and that not far distant) lead her to the stone of sacrifice? She would have denied it proudly. Giles, indeed! A Welchman! A foreigner! An Irish widow marry out of her own kin and country! The world wasn't at an end yet, said Mrs. Kearney. For all that, six months after, there was no longer a Mrs. Kearney in Campbell Town. When strangers inquired for that name, they were asked "if it wasn't Mrs. Giles they meant?"

In the rear of the column rode the candidate himself, Mr. Ethelwood Griffin. He was well mounted. His horse, a beautiful iron gray, showed off to the sprightliest advantage. The bridle, head-gear, saddle-cloth—everything was perfect. The young candidate rode superbly. Born in Tasmania, he was cradled in the saddle. His face and figure were picturesque. Dark brown eyes, lips and nose finely cut, broad shoulders, heavy beard and flowing hair, deep chest, small round hands, staunch thighs, and (what the Widow herself pronounced to be) "the beautifulest foot." Ethelwood Griffin was, every inch, a winning, handsome, noble fellow. Generous almost to recklessness; faithful, frank, courageous; deserting nothing, denying nothing, fearing nothing; nothing that his large heart bid him cling to, confess or dare;—no one socially, was more beloved than he. He fell ill of fever one day. The news flew quick and wide. For miles and miles around, one might have felt the deep vibration, the pulsating, throbbing sorrow which the news awoke.

The rich, the poor, the rude, the gentle, the young, the old—aye! the wildest scamps that scoured the country on search of quail or kangaroo, and kept the inns in uproar, in the high-road and in the Bush, the whole year round—they whom people (experienced people, "religious" people) might have said had no thought, no sensibility, no sense of duty, not the smallest!—they, too, came flocking in from every quarter, in every sort of costume, in ever kind of vehicle, and some on foot, to know how Ethelwood was getting on.

Ah! it is well that heavy visitations come upon us sometimes; that we are struck down in our exulting strength and laid helpless on our bed; for at such moments do we awake to the consoling knowledge that Heaven keeps around us friends we little dream of: friends, who, from various pursuits and scenes, from lonely or from populous places, come together at one stroke of nature, and throw light upon our darkened couch; friends, who, despite of all the gaiety they dance or dash through, all the flattery they drink in, all the frivolity, dissipation, and debauch they flit or flash through, still retain the diviner impulses that conduct them, through all the forms of sin and death, to pious duties and inspiring visions.

Ethelwood's education had not been of a very brilliant order. University men would have said so. Literary people, generally speaking, would have been of the same opinion. He knew nothing of the classics. He never had to sit down in a sepulchral study-room, before a grim oak-desk, mutilated with the hieroglyphics of five or six mischievous generations, and worry his brain with the fables of Phædrus or the legends of Lucian; never had to prepare two hundred lines of a Georgic by ten o'clock of a winter's morning, with his chillblains burning, and the fear of man and all the Immortal Gods before him; never worked himself into frenzy with a Philippic, or stumbled to the ludicrous with Longinus on the Sublime. Horace was Greek to him, and Ovid as unfamiliar as the Euxine. But he had Lempriere's dictionary, and Maria Hack's stories of the Hellenic confraternities. He had a popular translation of Livy in his bookcase, and the luminous pages of Gibbon completed his knowledge of the Cæsars.

It was the same way with the sciences, as they have been taught during many dusky centuries in the sombre colleges of Europe. He knew nothing of them. But, in a plain, cheap, way, he had been taught to be a man—an intelligent, useful, active, eloquent, strong man. He knew enough of kings and demagogues, quacks and statesmen, creeds and commerce; knew enough of the progress and decline of nations, the politics of latter times, the history of the great old monarchy that had planted the colony which he loved, and had the earnest will to serve; knew enough of the statistics, industrial and otherwise, of this same little colony; knew enough about her young and growing interests, and had mastered a sufficiently accurate and forcible diction to convey his views upon all these matters tellingly to his hearers; and thus, though but slightly qualified for a grand debate in Westminster, or an elegant gossip at Gore House, or a morning with Lady Morgan, he was fully equal to the position he now strove to occupy, and brought into the contest for it much sound knowledge, a clear, quick brain, a fluent tongue, and a resolute high-toned nature.

He was on the wrong side, however. Public opinion emphatically declared he was. The public press, with one exception, resisted his claims, and assailed him fiercely. Generous, honest, courageous fellows, frequently commit this same mistake. They very often appear on the wrong side. The very weakness of it, the discredit which attaches to it, the opprobrium which threatens those who stand up for it—all invest it with a fascination which excites the devotion and sympathy of the chivalrous. No one said that Ethelwood Griffin took the side he did, from unworthy motives. No one charged him with mercenary desires, for he was rich whilst he was generous. No one charged him with being a candidate for the compliments and favors of the Government folk; for his social position left all such poor temptations far below him—whilst his own proud nature, had they been invitingly displayed, would have trampled them in the dust.

The other side had, far away, the best of it. It was cheerful, beautiful, and bright with the budding hopes of a future already dawning, in which the young colony would rise above the impurities and maledictions of its childhood, and in a purer atmosphere, on a loftier level, efface the features with which, in its cradle, by a malignant magic, it had been cursed. All that was good, hopeful, pious, manful; all that was noble in thought, impulse, prayer and purpose; all were with the cause of which, this day, the Blue Cockade had been the chosen symbol. The other side attracted to it all the noisy flies and greedy vermin, all the tame snakes and silken spaniels, that had birth, congenial refuse, food, warmth and caresses, within the drawing-rooms, waiting-rooms, out-offices, and sculleries of the Colonial Court—the *Petit Trianon*—the paltry lodging-house of a Green-room king.

In their progress through the town, the Griffins were variously received. Mrs. Kearney kissed hands to them and waved her snowy kerchief. This we have already seen. But Hodgens, the butcher, who had figured in the famous Bristol Riots, and had largely partaken of the chief magistrate's port wine, whilst the venerable city was in flames, shook his cleaver in defiance at them; pointing, at the same time, to a fat wether, recently slaughtered, as indicative of the destiny which, in his opinion, so sheepish a mob incontestibly deserved.

Hodgens was a Chartist. He was a rude, blunt, boisterous man; but honest, intelligent, and generous. His hatred of the English aristocracy was intense. He would have fallen on them with the vengeance of a Couthon. Warwick castles and Woburn abbeys, Elizabethan halls and Norman keeps, would have speedily disappeared in the red tempest of his torch. Not a pillar, not a torch, not a tomb-stone with a scrap of heraldry upon it, would have been spared. Trees that had been planted long before the rival White and Red roses bloomed, and were sacred to the children of the knights of Poictiers and Agincourt, he would have dealt with as the fig-tree of the Gospel. Their very roots would have been reduced by him to charcoal. With their ashes he would have marked the pale foreheads of the nobility, and have dismissed the sinner out upon the world to do penance in poverty and hard labor, for the iniquity of his birth. Out from the huge factories; up from the mysterious mines, where generations had gnawed their way like worms, and had toiled, and writhed and died, without knowing there were flowers, and streams, and stars, and sunshine overhead; down from the garrets, where the spider had been their silent companion for years of labor and desolation, and through the damp and darkness of which, beautiful and strong thoughts had sometimes gone forth, winged and armed like warrior angels, to disturb the dull reign of falsehood and servility; from all these places he would have summmoned a new nation into power. Men of less truth, less courage, less heart and thought, have had their triumphal cars, their crowns of laurel, statues in cathedral and pantheon, public obsequies and sumptuous catafalques decreed them.

At the door of a public-house stood an old man of the name of Dodd—Isaac Napoleon Dodd. He was stone blind. Dressed all in white, with a long white pipe in his mouth, he was a remarkable figure in the panorama of this memorable contest. He wore no spectacles. The blank eyeballs glistened in the sun, towards which they seemed irrevocably turned. A martyr to the gout, he wore yellow worsted slippers, and rested on a thick, heavy-knotted brown stick, round which a flabby snake had been carved. The smoke from his pipe rose up in clouds, softly curled, glided, and lingered about his hat. Having the good luck to be the owner of the house at the door of which he stood, he was a man of substance in the village. He was corpulent besides; and this, added to the fluency of his speech, and the vigor of his voice, rendered him an oracle with his customers.

Over the doorway was a large square lamp. It was painted green, and bore an imperial tin crown, as yellow and ponderous as a sun-flower. Various inscriptions were legible on the glass. They contained a synopsis of the resources of the house. The passer-by learned from them, that gin and chops, tobacco and beef-steaks, brandy and soap, nutmegs and nails, pickled salmon and Panama hats, were supplied within on liberal terms, by Isaac Napoleon Dodd. A sign-board over the lamp represented the great Corsican, on a powerful bay horse, clearing the Alps at a bound. The house was called the *Bridge of Lodi*, and Isaac Napoleon Dodd had a hay-stack, three-quarters of an acre of sand and bulrushes, a flock of geese and dog-kennel, a mile outside the town—all of which came under the denomination of *Fontainebleau*.

The historic partialities of Mr. Dodd were manifest. He worshipped the memory of the first Napoleon. Could he have sung like the blind balladist of Scio, the victories of the Consulate and Empire would have been celebrated in an epic not less majestic than the Illiad. As it was, he named his children in commemoration of the famous fields of Germany and Italy, over which the eagles of the *Champ de Mars* had winged their boldest flights. Thus it was set down in the baptismal register of the parish of Campbell Town, that on such and such a day, in such and such a year, Friedland Dodd had been born, and Arcola Dodd had been born, and Westphalia Dodd had been born. When his youngest daughter, his last child, was born, the pious father had her christened, amid the loudest cackling of the geese at *Fontainebleau*, Maria Louisa St. Helena Dodd! All public events and questions were viewed by him as having reference, immediate or remote, to the glory of the name which with such pertinacity he had inseparably interwoven with that of Dodd. Somehow or other, he came to the conclusion that in this contest, between Wagstaff and Griffin, the Napoleonic interest was at stake; and, by a process of reasoning equally as intelligible, he determined to throw himself, heart and soul, into the ranks of the latter gentleman; convinced that, by so doing, he would best evince his fidelity to the deceased Napoleon.

"Are they coming?" he asked, with his eyeballs fixed in the direction of the sun.

"They're coming," shouted a score of voices.

"Wagram," said he to his eldest son, "beat the drum."

The boy brought out the drum, slung the broad leather strap over his neck and under the left arm, and flourished the drumsticks about his head—

"Here's Wilkins, the lame Chaplain," shouted the crowd about the *Bridge of Lodi*.

"Three cheers for Wilkins! and three cheers for Marshal Soult!" cried Isaac Dodd, waving his white hat, and sending up a pillar of smoke as he threw down his pipe.

"And here's the Doctor in his gig," exclaimed the drummer.

"Three cheers for him!" cried Dodd, and he waved his white hat again.

"And here's old Clipper and his wife!"

"Hurrah for Lannes and Davoust!" cried Dodd.

"And here's Mr. Griffin himself," shouted the friends of the blind man, as they rushed past him towards the carriage of the young candidate, and lost themselves in the throng which beat around it, enveloping it in dust, and shaking it to pieces.

"Beat the drum, my boy!" cried Dodd, waving his hat with redoubled energy flourishing his big stick, and joining in the uproar with lungs and limbs, until the buttons in his waistcoat and the vacant eyeballs seemed to start. "Beat the drum, my son," he cried; "beat 'The Caliph of Bagdad!' beat 'The Conquering Hero Comes!' Hurrah for Bernadotte! hurrah for General Rapp! hurrah for Murat and the Pyramids!"

Isaac Napoleon Dodd shouted his reminiscences, until his voice, in a gasp, broke down; swung his hat until he swung it in his delirium from him; flourished his stick, and stamped a muffled peal with his slippers on the door-step, until he fell back exhausted into his high-backed arm-chair, which, with a delicate providence, had been placed by Josephine Beauharnais Dodd in close proximity behind him. During all which performance Wagram beat the drum on both sides, drowning the shouts of the multitude, and driving the horses in the gay procession to desperation. During all this performance, too, Mr. Griffin stood erect in the carriage, took off his hat, bowed to Dodd, (bowed over and over again to Dodd,) pressed his hand to his heart, swept his hat through the stormy air in a final burst of gratitude, and then fell back (he couldn't help it, for the horses had become unmanageable) into his seat once more.

It was some time before the worshipper of the Sun of Austerlitz revived. When he came to life, he called for a fresh pipe, and a glass of his favorite gin. The latter being handed him, calling for silence, he proposed a sentiment—"Victory to Griffin, and success to Fontainebleau!"

The drum, the crowd, the candidate, the horses—all tumultuously replied, and, in a whirlwind of enthusiasm, swept on. Mr. Dodd collapsed into his cane-bottomed chair, and, with his hazy eyes still fixed intently on the sun, drank in the cheers and tumult of the departing crowd.

Arrived at the *Rainbow*, the Griffins halted; and, breaking line (if they ever kept it), threw themselves in a shapeless mass against the platform, on which, agreeable to the wording of his Excellency's proclamation, the nomination was to take place. Up from this under-growth of heads and arms and legs, through which, in various shapes, the gaudy colors of their leaders shone like wild flowers, the banners of young Ethelwood waved and danced, swung languidly or violently, to and fro in the dusty sunshine.

The Police Magistrate, Josiah Thomas Briggs, Esq., staid his impatient step, and jerking up his shirt-collar to the last extremity, performed a pirouette upon his boot-heel, and then came down on both soles firmly, boldly facing the audience in the parquette before him. The consciousness of the greatness of his position threatened at the moment to turn to apoplexy. His face inflamed, the brass buttons of his claret-colored dress-coat broke into symptoms of instant dissolution. The audience cheered him; some being under the impression he was already committed to their views; others, not quite so convinced of this, believing it would be easy to secure him by an early manifestation of regard.

The disabled Chaplain was the first to mount the platform: he did so very ungracefully (that leg of his was always in the way), and with considerable palpitation of the heart. The condemned foreigner from Ceylon assisted him with his arm. The tomb-stone cutter encouraged him with patriotic adjurations. Having accomplished the ascent, soothed his forehead with his spotless cambric, let out a reef or two of his shirt or waistcoat, and, with a solemn pause, quieted the palpitation with which he was afflicted, the Rev. Mr. Wilkins advanced towards Mr. Briggs, and, lifting his hat, did homage to that gentleman. Mr. Briggs

stiffened himself up, buttoned his coat a button tighter, tightened the proclamation under his arm, and, jerking out the right boot, returned the salute with inflexible precision. The multitude cheered again. The banners shook—Isaac Dodd's big drum announced another epoch in the struggle.

Next came the Medical Superintendent. Not a smile, not a motion of the lips, not a motion of the eyes. As though he had been starched all over, dried, crimped, ironed out, from the boot-heel to the hat-band, he walked up the steps. A sneeze would have broken him in two. He saluted the Magistrate as he would salute a statue. The Magistrate saluted him with equal propriety. But the one was flushed—the other frozen. It was Bagstock and Dombey. The notables of Leamington had removed to the Pacific. The spectators were at a loss to know whether to cheer or not, but thought it as well to do so. They had, for the moment, nothing else to do, so they cheered. The Medical Superintendent frowned—the Magistrate looked grand. The big drum of Wagram completed the effect.

A few minutes' conversation between the Medical Superintendent and the Police Magistrate; between the Chaplain and Englebert, the landlord of the *Rainbow;* between the Baptist preacher and Mr. Clipper (the tomb-stone cutter), concerning a piece of melancholy art, on which the chisel of the latter gentleman had been for some time (during lucid intervals) engaged;* some more shouting and waving of hats and banners; a great deal of smoking, and copious refreshment of another kind; and then came the pioneers of the Wagstaff procession.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

MRS. LEWIS'S POEMS.

RECORDS OF THE HEART, and other Poems. By ESTELLE ANNA LEWIS. Illustrated by American Artists. *D. Appleton and Co.*

In a previous notice, we drew attention to the admirable manner in which this volume was printed and illustrated, and to its appropriateness as a most seasonable and beautiful gift-book. The publishers have done their part with highly commendable taste and elegance. Having said so much for the body of the book, let us see what *soul* there is in it.

Mrs. Lewis has achieved a prominent position among the female authors of America. To this, large natural powers of melody, and great scholastic resources have contributed. As a songstress, Mrs. Lewis has sustained the promise of her early writings, and her translations from various languages, have won her the reputation of being the most learned of American ladies who commit their thoughts and brain-exercises to the press. Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli was a notable example of female perseverance in the study of both dead and living foreign languages. From such study that able woman derived much power, and a great deal of harsh phraseology. She was more engaged in acquiring extensive knowledge of the dead languages than in perfecting a sound, living harmonious style. Her writings therefore are in general more remarkable for what she said than the manner in which she said it. Since her death, we have good reason to know that the distinguished author of the work before us, takes the rank of being, among all the female poets of America, and indeed—excepting Elizabeth Barrett Browning among the female writers—in the English language, the best acquainted, not only with the mellifluous tongues of Southern Europe, but with the Greek and Roman authors of antiquity.

In consideration of Mrs. Lewis's acquirements, we must congratulate her readers on her freedom from pedantry, a which in the case of Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli was rather painfully substantiated, and of which even Mrs. Browning cannot be acquitted. Mrs. Lewis writes from a naturally strong poetic mind, and though no just critic can compare her for subtle force and direct metaphysical strength of thought and diction to the great English poetess, she possesses more melody and suavity of expression. She lacks the brilliant antithesis of Mrs. Browning, but exhibits in general a richness and an easy flow of style, evidently a combination growing from an appreciative study of Byron and the Italian poets.

The poem which opens the volume, illustrates these remarks. It is entitled "Florence, a Tale of the Tiber," where rise

> Rome's seven hills o'er Ruin's hearth,
> The mimic Pleiades of earth;

The story is quite Italian thus: Florence loves the young Count Leon Gudoni in opposition to her father Ugo's desire, who commands her to wed Leonardo. Leon is going to Sicily for a short time, and pays a stolen visit to Florence, when a renewal of their vows is interrupted by the sound of armed men. The lovers part.

> "Flung back her long, rich, raven hair,
> Pale as a statue of despair—
> Her small hands clasped, her lips apart,
> The maiden lists her lover dart
> Along the silent corridor."

Leon barely escaped the rage of the father, who orders his daughter to prepare to wed Leonardo that night. She calms the father by complying with his wishes, after which she despatches her page to kill Leonardo, as he retires from a visit of betrothal. The page fulfils his errand with a stiletto given to him by the victim. Florence proceeds with her toilette, and is ready for her future lord, when

> "'Ho! murder! murder!' through the castle
> Bursts from the lips of slave and vassal—
> 'Blood' rings along the corridor—
> Old Ugo staggers through the door,
> His white hair bristling like the frost
> That clings around the Boreal pole—
> Ho! Florence! Bridesmaids! we are lost!
> Say mass for Leonardo's soul!"

Meanwhile Leon, forgetful of the dangers he had past, or warned by them, or being, in modern and unpoetic parlance, a scoundrel, gets married to a fair maid of Sicily and returns; when his father gives a splendid feast, to which Ugo and the forsaken Florence are invited. After her long agony had succumbed to her Italian blood, she prepares for the feast:

> "Before her mirror mute she stands,
> Twirling the note in her white hands,
> 'Till every fiery word she mars—
> Her black eyes gleam like two fixed stars,
> That through the tempest of the night
> Flash out with white, intenser light—
> And all her mien a hell bespeaks
> That vent in desperate action seeks."

She does not betray any emotion at the ball; but on the contrary disarms all unpleasant thoughts which might force themselves into Leon's mind; and while—

> "——— with his joined her fair hand
> Within the bounding Saraband,"

she gives him a note. Leon fulfills his mission of rascality, attends at her chamber, where—

> "——— o'er departed, hallowed years
> Both mingled silently their tears,"

and partook of what she gave as wine, but which the following passage explains was not the "liquor of life:"—

> "And pale and corpse-like there they stood
> As held by some unhallowed spell,
> 'Till to their hearts flowed back the blood,—
> Then shrieking on the floor they fell.
> * * * * * *
> Then rose and met their eyes of fire,
> With horrid scream, and visage dire,
> Like two fierce demons on their flight
> That met along the realms of night.
> * * * * * *
> Each bent on each a hideous gaze,
> 'Till from their frozen, ghastly eyes,
> The parting soul withdrew its rays,
> To wing its flight to other skies.
> And there, when morning's limpid light
> Broke through the damask curtains bright,
> They sat all cold, and stark, and still,
> In every vein death's icy chill—
> The frightful wrecks of mutual ill."

Such is the story, which in general is told with great grace and fervor. Some of the author's scenic passages are very fine: one especially opening the fourth Canto, descriptive of the bank of the Tiber, which our space forbids us to re-produce.

In our desire to allow Mrs. Lewis to speak for herself, we must pass over with no more than mere mention, many admirably interesting passages from "Zenel," in the same metre as "Florence," and "Melpomene," a monody on the death of Miss Landon, written in the Spenserian stanza, over which in this poem, as well as in the "Lament of La Vega," the author shows a fine, free power. We must reluctantly hurry over these and others to make room for a specimen in another style, from what we think the best poem in the book—"The Last Hour of Sappho."

> "High on Leucadia's famed and jutting rock,
> Whose rugged base returned with scorn the shock
> Of ocean, softly veiled in evening shade,
> Leant Lesbian Sappho all in white arrayed:
> Back from her brow her sable tresses flung,
> In melancholy showers around her hung,
> Down to the rock, and there besprent with dew,
> Lay throbbing in the briny breeze that blew
> Up from the sea."

She bewails Phaon's inconstancy.

> "'Awake my spirit! nor within me die!
> Strike on the key-note of thine agony;
> Ring out one anthem more! one sad farewell!
> To love and life! Oh breathe in it thy knell!
> Thy requiem!—a dagger make each tone,
> To pierce false Phaon's heart when I am gone!'
> She said; then swept its straining cords—but fleet
> As struck, her lute fell shattered at her feet.
> She gazed upon it as it quivering lay,
> And said—'thus have life, hope, love passed away.'"
> * * * * * * *
> "'And now, to thee, thou wild and haughty Sea!
> Terrific emblem of futurity!
> That in thy restless might dost round me roll,
> And chafe thyself like my own troubled soul;
> Upon whose fickle bosom none can trace,
> The pathways of the dead unto their place
> Of endless rest; from chilling storms of life,
> From my own heart's corroding fires and strife,
> From pangs that have no antidote but death,
> I come to seek for peace, thy waves beneath.'
> Ope now thy breast, and hide for ever there
> My fading form—my fondness and despair!'
> She said, then drew her snowy vesture close,
> And calmy as reclining to repose
> At eventide, from that Leucadian height,
> Headlong descended to eternal night,
> On sea-weed beds to rest in slumber sweet, [sheet!"
> The boundless main her tomb, the waves her winding

Even the casual reader must accord due homage to the force, expressiveness and poetic feeling at Mrs. Lewis's command. In her "Child of the Sea," and "Sonnets," the possessor of this volume will find many things to stir the heart and seduce the fancy. Here are a string of beauties:—

> "The violets lifting up their azure eyes
> Like timid virgins."

Speaking of the possibility of Beauty's smiles making fair the slumbers of Zamen, she says:

> "Ah no! it only shows the ruin there,
> Like sunshine falling on a sepulchre."

And here—tears,

> "——— standing on her cheeks as on white flowers,
> The clear drops linger after vernal showers."

A ship in a storm,

> "——— Now on the mountain wave she rides—
> Then down into the yawning chasm glides—
> Then like a curbless steed stands head in air,
> Shaking from her the pallid mariner."

Gliding from the land,

> "Fresh blows the breeze, and flaps the buoyant sail,
> Like a glad falcon loosened on the gale."

And again the ship—

> "Like a swift steed that dashes on his way,
> And from his panting sides flings back the foaming spray.

Of love—

> My love was born full-statured. . . .
> As sprung Minerva from the brow of Jove;
> A beam launched into immortality.

What a natural beauty is this—

> "I cannot tell nor sing the bliss of loving,
> It is a joy to think of——"

Canova's *Hebe* is apostrophized as a

> "Stray spark from Eden, ere the serpent came
> And fastened on the human heart his tooth."

Poetry is characterized as

> "The High-priest of the heart, that soothing e'er
> To its confessions lend'st a willing ear."

These extracts exhibit Mrs. Lewis's characteristics better than any mere critical index could.

CURRER LYLE; or, The Stage in Romance and the Stage in Reality. By LOUISE REEDER. *E. D. Long.*

We finished this work in two sittings, and found it worth the time we devoted to its pages. There is a peculiarity about its style which pleases, and in many instances the earnestness of its manner bears the impress of reality.

The most prominent character, with the exception of the heroine, is that of her mother, whose neglect of all that should be most dear to woman, her household, forms the basis of the misfortune and wretchedness entailed upon those connected with her.

The view of the stage given by Miss Reeder, might well deter many an aspirant eager to personify Juliet to some sweet Romeo. But as in every profession, there is a vast difference in the manner one enters it. No matter what may be your talent, if you have no influential hand to uphold you, long and weary will be your path; unless some happy, or it may be unhappy, occurrence leads you forth from the million, and raises you conspicuously before the public gaze: *then*, if your talent is equal to curiosity, success is sure to follow.

There is no doubt, however, but the trials of the stage, as here depicted, are feeble in comparison to those undergone by many in that arduous profession. Still, to the uninitiated, we think the object of the author will be accomplished. Miss Reeder labors to divest the stage of its tinsel and gaud, and place it in its true colors before the young and inexperienced aspirant for Dramatic fame. If she but convince them that the theatre is not a place of enchantment, but a mimic world of busy action, where all is real and earnest, and that the only laurels they may hope to win must be gathered from the fields of mental labor, she shall, to use her own words, "be more than re-paid." This, our author's first book, we believe, will recommend her favorably for a future acquaintance.

Mr. Frederick S. Cozzen's lecture on Wit and Humor, before the Mercantile Library Association, was tolerably well attended notwithstanding the bad weather. The critic of the *Daily Times* gives a kind notice of the performance, which no doubt was well deserved. Mankind, said Mr. Cozzens, will amuse itself, however customs alter, and thus wit is older than language or the religion which we profess. Revolutions may snap the sceptre and pollute the ermine, but the laugh of Harlequin remains potent forever. Dryden had defined wit as allied nearly to madness. Locke married it to great ideas, felicitously expressed; but as a system of astronomy would be imperfect which made no allowance for comets, when suddenly a comet would come along and upset the whole theory, so any rules defining wit and humor, would be overthrown when a comet of a wit or a humorist came along and broke through all rules by his unlicensed originality. But the difference between wit and humor was immense. Humor could be united with exquisite pathos, but in no case could wit be pathetic. Running through the great line of wits, from Rabelais to Swift, and from the mighty Dean of St. Patrick to Sydney Smith, the Dean of Westminster, and coming even to Dickens and Thackeray, Mr. Cozzens, while revelling in the genius of either, had more faith in the "great spectacled eyes," than for the strutting figure and preposterous vest that still survived as a dim tradition of the great Boz Ball. The vices of men, the lecturer maintained, were more easily dispelled by humor than by satire, and he often thought that a satirist was only a rogue in armor, while a buffoon not seldom proved a philosopher in disguise.

"The Loved and the Lost," is the title of a neat volume devoted to memories which are dear to all of us—memories of those who have departed from amidst the scenes made lovely or famous by their genius and affection. Tennyson well says—

> "Better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

The volume contains five descriptions of Cypress Hill's Cemetery, on Long Island; Pere la Chaise, in Paris, and other notable "places of the dead," besides admirable selections from eligiac poems and orations on eminent persons. We may probably refer to the work again. The idea of the work is one which will be appreciated by many families. It is, we perceive, copyrighted by Mr. D. J. Twohig.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY.

Snowed In—Besieged by the storm, Mrs. Stephens, our Florence Nightingale—"Knickerbocker" portraits—"Putnam" on Southern Literature—Grayson's poetry—"Harper"—"United States Magazine" and Jack Downing—"Household Words."

The pleasant monthlies are with us, and help materially to inspire us with a scorn of the snow, frost, sleet and storm, which have hemmed us in our sanctuary by the hearth-side, as the Costa Ricans hemmed in General Henningsen and his gallant band in the church of Guadalupe at Granada. Books are our battalions, and with them by us we have as great a contempt for snows and storms as Henningsen had for the distracted powers which surrounded him. *Mrs. Stephens* is our literary Florence Nightingale or Mrs. Bingham. She succors us with good womanly attentions. The *Kniekerbocker* cracks jokes around our camp-fire with all the flippant ferocity of a confirmed New-

*Mr. Clipper had a tender soul, and poured constant libations to the dead.

Yorker. *Putnam*, by his very grumbling at young heroes from other States—Southern, for instance—only shows how eager he is to rival them in the great fight. *Harper*, with his stories and reminiscences of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, talks away, now seriously, now gaily, and contributes, in his great variety, to almost make us forget we are beleaguered. The *United States Magazine* is in itself an arsenal, a contemplation of which is cheering to one besieged by a grim January. And *Household Words* even, we lay violent hands on, as Gen. Henningsen would grasp the foreign element, which, cautiously enough but surely, is aiding and sustaining his enemies. Even if our siege is a twenty-day one, with such various elements of strength and heartiness about us, we can fearlessly stand it, and look at the snowy intrenchments which block us in, with feelings less sorrowful than Hamlet when he philosophized about the possibility of something thawing and resolving itself into dew.

Let us, if we can, amid their various tones, catch the leading points by which these friends of ours are claiming attention, interesting the various groups of which they are the respective oracles, and cheering the momentous solitude by which we are surrounded.

Mrs. Stephen's New Monthly is, as a woman should be, elegant and neat in appearance, pleasant in temper, gay without being boisterous, beautiful without being proud, and eloquent without being oratorical. It is really good. The new story, "West Point," we have not yet read, but it is so recommended to us, that we shall attack it when there is enough out for a single reading. The continuation of "Lost Jewels" sustains the praise bestowed upon previous chapters. The "Things we talk about," are more than usually varied, and a little poem entitled "Does my Willie think of me," by Mary Kyle Dallas, deserves favor. Bulwer's (not equal to Clarence Mangan's) translation of Schiller's "Lay of the Bell," is reproduced with some dainty and delicate illustrations.

The *Knickerbocker* opens with portraits of a very German-headed gentleman and a very Broadwayish ivory-headed cane, both belonging, we perceive, to Mr. Charles G. Leland, the exceedingly entertaining author of "Meister Karl's Sketch-Book," and the "Observations of Mace Sloper, Esq.," now being published in Old Knick. Judge of the entertainment of this number, when "previous" to the "Editor's Table" there are some nineteen contributions and seven literary notices, making twenty-six in all, or not quite up to the rate of one cent an article, the entire—from the old vignette in front to the illustrated advertisement of the child's perambulator on the back cover—going for a quarter—not Spanish.

For many reason *Putnam* will be read and talked of this month—for its interesting paper on Myles Standish, one of the pilgrim fathers and a notable military worthy of old New England—for its article on George Sand, and among the friends of two or three young poets for the justly kind notices of their works; but chiefly will it be talked of for its article on "Southern Literature;" caricaturing the labors of the Southern Convention which lately deliberated at Savannah. The writer is in a strained titter from the commencement of the article until *near* the close, where he has the misfortune, for himself, to quote some admirable passages of poetry from a work lately published by a Southern author, Mr. William J. Grayson, which are unanswerable, and turn the laugh against the very tenor of the Putnamite article. The writer sneers at the idea of creating a Southern literature, not in the broad sense, as one would laugh at the idea of a Southern Confederacy; not on Union grounds, but for the sake of sneering; while the extracts from Mr. Grayson's book are far superior to the poetry in the Magazine this month, and every month, with a very few exceptions. There is point, purpose and finish exhibited in it. Neither dreamy moonshine nor wide-awake adaptations of every living English poet and rhymer from Tennyson to Mackay characterise the quotations from Mr. Grayson. They are vigorous, antithetical, and moulded after the best models of English verse. The article in *Putnam* is worth reading. It shows clearly how a writer may lose his temper and his judgment through thinking he is an exceedingly funny fellow; and reminds us of the lugubrious individual in the farce of *Away with Melancholy*, whose wretchedness is the more obtrusive from the fact of his constantly informing us he is such "a jawl-ly fellow." The short article entitled "A National Drama," is a graceful index to the *locale* of the most notable works of the greatest dramatists of all countries, showing how few were concocted on national themes pertaining to the countries or times of the writers. The editorial notes are fresh.

Harper has an article which in these days of Arctic-mania will meet an attentive perusal. It gives an account of Capt. Sir Robert McClure's voyage and sufferings in search of Franklin, and his Discovery of the North-west passage. "Sketches of Old Thebes" and the Review of Andersson's account of his four years' explorations in South-western Africa agreeably follow up previous papers on travels and travellers published in this magazine. A short paper on "Celebrated Wines" is well flavored, and the two or three tales which fill up the chinks are readable.

The *United States Magazine* continues its illustrative articles on the City of Washington. We have the second part of the "Smithsonian Institute." The reviews of Peter Parley's "Recollections" and Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," and the papers on "Charlotte Corday" and "André Chenier" are deeply interesting. Also, we must recommend to every reader of Col. Benton's ponderous "Thirty Years in the Senate," a perusal of the original Major Jack Downing's "Out of the Senate" for the same period.

The Editor's Notes are good, and the wood-cuts rival those of the other Illustrated Monthlies.

Household Words concludes its fourteenth volume with this issue. It is, as usual, full of very pleasant tales and sketches, and some crisp short essays of a sententious and serio-comic nature.

Whoever doubts that this is the age of cheap literature, and is anxious to judge it is, should purchase all the magazines.

Literary and Artistic News.

A Vermont genius, by name Mead, 19 years of age, has been astonishing the natives near the asylum, Brattleboro, Vt. During the night before Christmas, by the light of a lantern, young Mead constructed of blocks of frozen snow, on which water had been poured, a statue which genius alone could form or conceive, The figure is said to represent a beautifully sculptured figure of the Goddess of Fame, rather larger than life size. The design indicates decided genius. Fame has just recorded the past year's history. Her right hand, still grasping the pen, has fallen carelessly to her side, while her left hand, holding the tablet, rests upon her knee; her attention for the moment being engrossed with passing and changing objects yet to be recorded. Close scrutiny is necessary to detect the fact that the whole figure is made of snow and ice, while the tablet and pen are but pieces of an old cigar box. This curiosity is reported to have attracted a number of visitors.

In the way of Ecclesiastical art, we learn that the design for the marble altar about to be executed by Mr. Kirwan, of Dublin, for the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, P. P., of Dungloe, county Donegal, is exceedingly beautiful. It is simple gothic, and will form an interesting combination of Irish and Italian marbles. The three panels in the front, and two end panels will be of red variegated marble, from Cork; the frieze of the altar, the facial of the candle branches, and some other portions of the work, will be of rich green marble, from Connemara; the door and panels of the tabernacle of Sienna marble; the copula of the tabernacle of white marble; and the remainder of the work of Italian veined marble. In the centre panel of the altar a lamb will be sculptured in relief, in white marble, lying dead on a small truncated column of green marble. The graceful outline, the correctness of the proportions, and the sweet combination of colors will render the work one of extreme beauty.

The whole number of newspapapers published within the United States and territories is 3634. Of these there is published in Alabama, 83; Arkansas, 22; California, 87; Connecticut, 42; Delaware, 9; District of Columbia, 17; Florida, 17; Georgia, 73; Illinois, 221; Indiana, 242; Indian Territory, 1; Kansas, 2; Kentucky, 183; Maine, 65; Maryland, 65; Massachusetts, 219; Michigan, 178; Nebraska, 4; New-Hampshire, 43; New-Jersey, 77; New-York, 613; North Carolina, 85; Ohio, 382; Oregon, 8; Pennsylvania, 419; Rhode Island, 20; South Carolina, 53; Tennessee, 148; Utah, 1; Vermont, 33; Virginia, 137; Wisconsin 88.

At a sale of paintings at Paris lately, a portrait of "Angelica Kauffman," by Reynolds, was sold for £54 to Lord Holland, and an "Interior of a Guard-house," by Schalken, for £124, to Baron Rothschild. At the same sale, a small landscape, by Huysmann, of Malines, went for £16; an "Entry to a Public-house," by Karl Dujardin, for £16; "Two Horses," by Gericault, for £21; a "Portrait of Fontenelle," by Tourniers, for £18; and "A Lady of the Court of Louis XV.," by Nattier, for £19.

A correspondent of the New-York *Evening Post* says that Hon. Wm. C. Rives has undertaken to edit the Madison papers, or such of them as are in possession of Congress, and have not been stolen. Among them is a letter addressed by Madison to his countrymen, with the request that it should not be opened until after his death. It is a great "Union" letter. Mr. Rives is now actively engaged in the work.

Dr. Francis Lieber has retired from his professorship of History and Political Economy in the College of South Carolina, a station which he has occupied for twenty years. He will in future reside in the North.

Designs for a church are invited from architects of all countries, by members of the Catholic Parish of the City of Berne. The cost is to be about £6,000. The first prize will be £60, and 4 medals, gold and silver, are also offered.

Queen Victoria has commanded Mr. Simpson, the artist who has so successfully depicted the war in the Crimea, to paint a picture for the royal gallery of the scene on the deck of the *Resolute* when Captain Hartstein presented the ship to her Majesty, in the name of his government and people. The picture will be engraved and published here by Colnaghi.

The committee of the North London, or University College Hospital, at their meeting on Thursday, received notice of a legacy to the Hospital of five thousand pounds, free of duty, bequeathed by the late John Kenyon, Esq., of Devonshire-place.

Mrs. Stowe's visit to England in order to secure the copyright of "Dred," in this country and the colonies, was unsuccessful—for a reprint has been issued in Canada from the American edition—not the English.

There is an oyster-shell, it is said, owned by the University of Leyden, which weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. The oyster was swallowed whole by a Dutch girl.

Dr. Livingston, the African traveller, is about to be presented with a public testimonial, at the Egyptian Hall, London, the Lord Mayor presiding.

MILITARY NEWS.

Tuesday, 13th January, being the anniversary of the Meagher Guards, the Company mustered at 9 o'clock A. M., at the Military Hall, in good force, under command of First Lieutenant Edward Daly.

In pursuance of a previous notice and invitation, they were met on the parade by Col. James Simons, of the First Artillery, and his Staff, to whom the company had indicated their intention to present a testimonial of their regard and esteem.

Accordingly, the Company having been drawn up in line, and the proper military salutes having been executed, Lieutenant Parker of the Guards, accompanied by Lieutenant Daly, addressed Col. Simons as follows:

Col. James Simons.—Hon. Sir: We, the Meagher Guard, approach you, on this occasion, with profound respect and heartfelt gratitude, to offer for your acceptance a small token of our esteem.

It is now three years since we received at your hands a proof of that kindness and interest in our welfare, which has never since deserted us.

We can readily recall the occasion on which you sheltered our young corps under the wings of your command, until the opportunity occurred which gave us our present position in the Rifle Battalion.

Though so long a period has elapsed without making our gratitude manifest, or giving a proof of the high esteem in which we hold you, both as an efficient officer and accomplished gentleman, still, Hon. Sir, we can assure you that the kind and disinterested services rendered us by you, shall never be forgotten.

Honorable Sir, you will please then accept this cane in testimony of our undying regard, with the assurance that as long as our Corps exists, our sentiments toward you shall remain unchanged.

Lieut. Parker then presented to Col. Simons a superb and massive gold-headed Cane, with the following inscription engraved thereon:

To
Col. James Simons,
By the
Meagher Guards,
First Battalion Rifles, S. C. M.

On receiving the Cane from Lieut. Parker, Col. Simons replied as follows:

Lieutenant and Comrades: It is with sentiments of unalloyed satisfaction that I receive at your hands this elegant testimonial of your kindness and esteem. The occasion is as unexpected as I am sure your gift is unmerited. In rendering you the slight service to which reference has been so flatteringly made, and which seems so favorably to have impressed your Corps, I was actuated only by those sentiments of public spirit and fraternity, to which as fellow citizens and brethren in arms, you were altogether entitled; and I am sincerely gratified that you should so much appreciate it. Permit me to say, that although you are no longer under the wings of my command, you carry with you my regard and esteem, and I trust that you may go on, prospering and to prosper; that your ranks may be increased by numbers, and perfected in discipline, and that should the country of your adoption ever need your services on the field of battle, your valor and spirit will entitle you to a full share of her glory and renown.

The Cane has been left at the store of Mr. J. E. Spear, in King street, where it can be seen for a few days.

The company then proceeded to Magnolia, where, after a spirited contest in target practice, the prizes were awarded in the following manner, by Lieutenant Daly, with a neat and appropriate speech:

Private Henry McCarroll, best average shot, a silver cup; Sergeant J. E. Murphy, best single shot, a plume; Private John Birmingham, a silver service.

The contest for the third prize exceeded in interest and excitement any thing we have ever before witnessed. On account of the scattered state of the target, it was decided by the officers that the contestants should run a race of 600 yards. An umpire being appointed, the line formed and signal given by the drummer, the contestants had a fair start, and the race was won by Private John Birmingham.

The Guard then partook of a sumptuous dinner, and after the cloth was removed there were many patriotic sentiments given, of which we were not fortunate enough to procure a list.

THE CABINET—PAST AND PRESENT.

BY COL. J. F. H. CLAIRBORNE.

From the New-Orleans Delta.

The speculation in regard to the incoming Cabinet may be unprofitable, it certainly is not unpleasant. It gives every one an opportunity to have "his say," or his fling at this or that man.

The importance attached to the Cabinet is very much exaggerated. Those who are curious as to the origin of the departments may refer to Laws of the U.S., Vol. I. Bioren and Duane's edition. In England the Cabinet is everything, and the crown a symbol, an effigy. In this country, with a great man for Chief Magistrate, Cabinets are mere conveniences for administration.

Gen. Washington was a safe prudent man, and with Jefferson, Hamilton, Pickering, Wilcott and Knox, in his Cabinet—in spite of the jealousy and counter intrigues of the two first—the early and trying stages of a new government were passed in safety.

John Adams was a self-willed, crotchety, suspicious, impulsive, egotistical and ambitious man, but full of the stuff of which patrots are made. He was "never," as he said himself in 1778, "much of a John Bull. I was John Yankee, and as such I shall live and die." This bold, high-spirited, but pig-headed man, got on badly with his Cabinet. His jealousy of Hamilton made him distrustful of every one about him.

Thomas Jefferson threw his Cabinet into deep shadow. There were very able men in it, but his views, not theirs, were stamped upon the Administration.

James Madison was a closet statesman—a philosopher—pure, but timid to infirmity—ignorant of men—unsuspicious and confiding. He required bold and energetic advisers to counteract his idiosyncratic tendency to hesitate. For the most part his ministers were, in this respect, as deficient as himself, and hence the blunders that occurred during his administration, both in our financial policy and in the war with Great Britain.

President Monroe was a dull, weak man—singularly so; a man of phraseology and ceremonial: elevated by the traditional ascendancy of Virginia, and a combination of factions comprising the highest talent of the nation, all jealous of each other, but willing to put him into power as one easily moulded to their own personal views and aspirations. The consequence of this state of things was a Cabinet of matchless ability. John Quincy Adams, Wm. H. Crawford, John C. Calhoun, William Wirt, were members of it—all struggling for the Presidency. There was but one point in which those distinguished men resembled each other—insatiable ambition. In every thing else—figure, countenance, manners, temperament, opinions, tastes,—they differed.

The first was low, swart, cold and repulsive, irritable and eccentric; more deeply read than his father, yet knowing even less of mankind. A splendid writer, a master of rhetoric, defiant in his opinions, easily inflamed, brave to martyrdom, yet so frigid, formal and saturnine that few could approach, and none could love him. His political opinions were erratic and variable, and were, all his life, controlled, more or less, by personal resentments. His first great apostacy may be traced to this source, and to the same feeling may be justly attributed the war that he waged against domestic servitude in his latter days—a war utterly at variance with his recorded and deliberate opinions, when Secretary of State.

Mr, Crawford was a man of collossal stature, and of massive intellect. In astronomy or mathematics he would have been pre-eminent. No man in this or any other country had a more thorough and orthodox knowledge of political economy, and especially finance. He spoke with great cogency, and wielded a lu-

minous pen. A Virginian by birth and education. He carried the political opinion of the renowned commonwealth into Georgia, and, until he was stricken down by paralysis on the threshold of the Presidency, she never wavered from the Jeffersonian faith. Her subsequent career has been one of inconsistency and error, until lately she has taken her stand as the empire state of Democracy—great in her resources, great in her moral and physical development, great in the ability and reputation of her sons.

The third on this list—the proud and sensitive Carolinian—was tall, but not stately; rather with the slight stoop of a student than the presence of a soldier with strongly-lined intellectual features, and manners simple and winning as a child's. The young loved him most, for his noble heart and generous affections were fenced by no conventionalities, but were freely and often injudiciously bestowed. Few public men have suffered more from ill-timed confidences, or paid, without flinching, heavier penalties for the indiscretion of others. A man of purer sentiments—of simpler habits, or more irreproachable morals never lived. The atmosphere of the metropolis, its sirens and seductions, had for him no taint. Calumny, itself never imputed to him, during a long lifetime of temptation, a single lapse from virtue. Yet he viewed with no ascetic eye the infirmities of others, and never pursued error as a crime. His most intimate friend—the late Warren R. Davis—one of the most gifted men of his day—was proverbial for his frailties and indiscretions. Mr. Calhoun was fixed, rigid and immovable in his notions of right and wrong. He early adopted certain great principles for the regulation of his political conduct, but, with singular blindness, he constantly wandered from them. His intellectual vision, miraculously acute in all other respects, was notoriously obtuse when studying himself. To the last hour of his life he was persuaded that his political career had been uniform and inflexible, when to every one else his inconsistencies were transparent. He was less deeply read than Mr. Adams; he knew less of mankind than Mr. Crawford; nothing of the management or discipline of party. But he had more intellect—more concentrativeness—more enthusiasm—a higher and a holier appreciation of truth, than either of them, or any other statesman our country has produced.

Mr. Wirt, the Attorney General, was of large stature and heavy cast of features—with little, at that period, to indicate the vivid imagination that colored and exaggerated his early productions. He was either too florid or too jejune, always too elaborate. He was an excellent man; a little too saintly, perhaps, in after life, in atonement for early indiscretions, as the feudal barons founded monasteries in compensation for their crimes; a delightful companion—very susceptible of flattery—very didactic—very credulous and very ambitious, as his acceptance of the Anti-Masonic nomination for the Presidency, at an advanced period of his life, demonstrates—a nomination, a truly great man would have scorned to accept, even though certain of success; and which ended—as it deserved to do—in disgraceful abortion—a complete eclipse of Mr. Wirt's political sun, and he soon died of vexation and disappointment.

This Cabinet, it may readily be inferred, was the Government They made of Mr. Monroe a mere pageant. He traveled from city to city, and from State to State, while his ministers conducted affairs. In this respect they anglicised our Government, for the time being. The splendid diplomatic correspondence of Mr. Adams, elaborate, highly finished, and full of national spirit; the luminous treasury reports of Mr. Crawford; and the powerful impetus given to fortifications, internal improvements and manufactures by Mr. Calhoun, withdrew public attention entirely from President Monroe. The Cabinet was everything. The game was for the Presidency, and each of the triumvirate played a bold hand in it. Mr. Calhoun, the boldest and most hazardous, full of promise for himself, but prolific of evil to the Republic. His policy favored centralism. He pushed the constructive powers of the Government to the farthest boundary, but lived to atone for the fundamental error by consecrating his intellect, in its meridian glory, and his untiring energies, even to the closing scene, to the defense of State Rights.

The Cabinet of John Quincy Adams was only remarkable because Mr. Clay conducted the Department of State. Mr. Adams, avowing from the first his intention to stand for a second term, of course shaped the policy of the administration sometimes, no doubt, against the advice of his illustrious premier; and shaped it to his own defeat and the exclusion of Mr. Clay. Had their positions been reversed; had Mr. Clay been the Chief Magistrate, and Mr. Adams the Minister, Gen. Jackson, in all probability, would never have been elected. Our country at this moment might occupy a very different attitude. What was called the "American System"—the rapid development of home manufactures, by a schedule of exorbitant and, in some instances, prohibiting duties, concentrating vast capital in few hands; National banking, in close connection with the Federal treasury; the Federal Government penetrating the States, and controlling their legislatures and popular suffrage, by Internal Improvements, involving large outlays of public money; and a close-fisted policy in relation to the public lands, holding them at fixed prices, refusing the right of pre-emption, and impeding, as much as possible the flow of immigration from the manufacturing to the agricultural States. This vast machinery would, doubtless, have been engrafted upon the national policy, had the chief magistrate been a really great man, of popular attributes, like Mr. Clay, instead of a political enthusiast who, obtinate as his distinguished sire, never knew when to retreat, and regarded Fabius as a historical coward. Under this policy we should have grown compact, formidable, very aristocratic, very English. The four great events most memorable in our annals since the Revolution—the separation of bank and State—the metallic currency—the annexation of Texas and the conquest of California—would yet have been in the womb of time. A scholar and not a statesman—a creature of passion, not of purpose—a man of intense and unquenchable ambition, who nevertheless lived in an atmosphere of ice—consumed by his own fire, but chilling and repelling sympathy and confidence—was Chief, and the Government, by popular forms but by what was, morally, a revolution, passed into the hands of the Democracy. A democracy, not contingent upon the mere triumph of its leader, or the duration of his official term, but, to all intents and purposes, a democracy under every administration, and by whatever name the prevailing party happens to be called.

Andrew Jackson, though he knew little of books, still less of national law, and nothing of diplomacy, had less need for a Cabinet than any of his predecessors. Chiefs of Bureau, or a few competent clerks, would have been enough for him. Nature stamped him GREAT, and the most sagacious in his councils, to pass current, had to be recoined from the same die. A transfusion of ideas flowed from him to them. He astounded experienced politicians and jurists, by his intuitive perception, and masculine grasp of the most complicated subjects. He converted men to his views as much by this great faculty as by an indomitant will. The timid felt his inspiration, and the powerful and factious were subdued by a sublime constancy very different from the insane obstinacy of the Adamses, or the dogged courage of Gen. Taylor. He, however, surrounded himself with able men, but he moved them about like figures on a chess board, transferring them to other spheres of duty, or kicking them, unceremoniously, overboard, to rise no more. Van Buren, Forsyth, Cass, Livingston, Berrien, McLane, Taney, Barry, Duane, Woodbury, Eaton, Dickerson, Ingham, Branch and Butler, were in his Cabinet at different periods.

Mr. Van Buren had played a masterly *role* in the political drama. Regarding politics as a game, his great *forte* was in stocking the cards. His peculiar trait was caution, properly termed non-committalism. It was something more comprehensive—forecaste and sagacity. Under the mask of great moderation, and with something of the air of a *petit maitre*, there lurked a vaulting ambition. His faculty for governing men, his untiring energy and imperturbable coolness enabled him to achieve great results, without apparent effort. Thus this accomplished tactician, while Adonising before his looking glass,* and toying with the square-rigged belles of Albany, or the more voluptuous beauties of Washington, was dethroning Dewitt Clinton, checkmating Clay, Webster and Calhoun, and scattering roses in his pathway to the Presidency. When news of the advance of Napoleon upon Waterloo reached the Duke of Wellington, he was in the ball room of the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels, and with undisturbed composure escorted her grace to supper. Thus, while the great tribune of the Senate was hurling his thunderbolts at Vice President Van Buren, threatening his political fortunes with every blow, that gentleman sat with a quiet smile upon his face, and with inimitable *sang froid* sent his snuff box to Mr. Clay the moment he resumed his seat! The good humor of the Senate was restored, and the great orator himself perceived that his mighty effort had been fruitless. The little magician was "up to snuff."

The late John Forsyth was one of the most accomplished men of his times. As an impromptu debater, to bring on an action or to cover a retreat, he never had his superior. He was acute, witty, full of resources and ever prompt—impetuous as Murat in a charge, adroit as Soult when out-flanked and out-numbered. He was haughty in the presence of enemies, affable and winning among friends. His manners were courtly and diplomatic. In the times of Louis XIV., he would have rivaled the most celebrated courtiers; under the dynasty of Napoleon he would have won the baton of France. He never failed to command the confidence of his party; he never feared any odds arrayed against it, and at one crisis was almost its sole support in the Senate against the most brilliant and formidable opposition ever organized against an administration. With the ladies he was irresistible. During his diplomatic residence in Spain the demand for duenna's could scarcely be supplied, and even royalty smiled more indulgently than he wished. This gallant and high-spirited gentleman died suddenly in the enjoyment of great popularity.

Gen. Cass I have, on a former occasion, elaborately sketched. His massive intellect, his highly cultivated tastes; his consistent political career; the landmarks he has left on our foreign and domestic policy—are all matters of history. He was a prominent feature of the Jackson administration, and by a single but masterly article in the *North American Review*, brought to a satisfactory conclusion the Indian Question, the great party and moral excitement of that period—an excitement which, up to the appearance of that article, had marshaled the press and pulpit of the North, and much of the conscience of the South, against the Administration. Subsequently he went to France, and the influence he exerted there upon momentous issues, has never been exceeded in the history of diplomacy. His career thenceforth is a household word to the nation.

Mr. Berrien and Mr. Livingston were both very eminent at the bar. The one was an able lawyer, merely; the latter a great jurist. The one had the sharpness, the plausibility, and the acute, but contracted grasp of the technical attorney; the other was comprehensive, eloquent, and learned. Mr. Berrien could split hairs like Mr. Tazewell; Livingston grappled with generalities like Lord Brougham. The mind of one resembles a dictionary; the other a code. Berrien was a conscientious man, who always meant to do right, but by an unfortunate process of ratiocination usually got wrong. Livingston was unscrupulous, but from policy generally did what his discriminating judgment decided would be right. He was courtly and insincere, prone to intrigue, with no fixed principles, political or moral; and the stain of official defalcation will ever shadow the lustre of his fame.

Both Mr. McLane and Mr. Taney had belonged to the ancient Federal party, but since its extinction had acted with the Democracy. In one respect their fortunes were not the same. The former, at every period of his career, has been singularly exempt from political vituperation, while the latter, before he became Chief Justice, literally walked through the fiery furnace—an ordeal that he sustained with unshaken equanimity.

Mr. Woodbury shared the opprobium that was cast upon Mr. Taney. Every form of detraction was exhausted upon him. He was a man of strong sense and clear perceptions, but an awkward and involved style by no means expressed the impressions of his mind. He thus, while in the treasury, had the reputation of being obtuse; but when he resumed his place in the Senate, and had the opportunity of explaining his reports, and vindicating the financial policy inaugurated by Gen. Jackson, his reputation rose to its proper level. Unhappily, in the full vigor of a well preserved life, he died, with his hand upon the Presidency. His mansion at Washington was noted for its liberal and elegant hospitality—always crowded by the young and gifted—and adorned by a household of incomparable grace and beauty.

Of the other members of this Cabinet, Mr. Dickerson was a sensible and amiable man, but too infirm for his place. Mr. Barry was a man of talent—an orator cultured in the great controversy of the old and new Court parties of Kentucky. His voice, his manner, and declamation were of the school of Patrick Henry, but he was utterly unfit for the Post Office Department. Mr. Duane was fantastic and feeble, though he fancied himself profound. Mr. Ingham was stolid and treacherous; Mr. Branch honest but impracticable; and Major Eaton—lately dead—could not be classed above mediocrity.

Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney General and Secretary of War—a political saint—studied finance, I believe, under Jacob Barker, at Sandy Hill, and psalmody and the prayer book with Henry Ward Beecher. He never took a questionable step in politics or peculation, without finding a precedent or a text to justify it, precisely as Beecher pretends to find, in the New Testament, a warrant for Sharpe's rifles, insurrection and massacre.

Of succeeding Cabinets—of the policy likely to be pursued by the President elect—and of the duty of the country, and especially of the South, without distinction of party, in the crisis before us, I may treat in my next number.

PEARLINGTON, Miss. Jan. 1st.

* When Mr. Van Buren was elected President he sold the lease and furniture of his house, in the "Thirteen Buildings," to a distinguished Senator. With him I inspected the premises. Everything was found in perfect order, and nearly new, except the carpet before a French mirror in his dressing room—that was worn *threadbare*.

Mr. J. B. TULLY—well known as a public speaker of great vigor and beauty—will lecture before the citizens of New-Haven, on the 11TH INSTANT. Mr. Tully proposes to treat of the interesting and important subject of ENGLISH TYRANNY AND IRISH ENDURANCE.

☞ Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer ARAGO, via Southampton and Havre, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 7th day of February, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

fe7 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Fire Department.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.—The undersigned, on behalf of the friends of HENRY H. HOWARD, beg leave to submit to you the enclosed circular, as a specimen of the means used by the friends of Mr. ALFRED CARSON, to defeat the election of the former for Chief Engineer. It will be seen that they purport to be a Preamble and Resolutions adopted somewhere and by somebody, but where and by whom does not appear. The signers to the circular, however, have virtually endorsed them, and must therefore be held responsible for the base, nefarious, and unmittigated falsehoods which it contains. The undersigned have better opportunities than Mr. HOWARD'S enemies of knowing what means have been used to promote his election, and they unhesitatingly say that nothing has been done by the friends of Mr. HOWARD which will not challenge the severest scrutiny. They deprecate, as much as any one, the introduction of politics into the Fire Department, and the cry that the friends of Mr. HOWARD have resorted to them has only been got up by his opponents to cover their own infamy. So far as we are personally concerned, those who know us know also that, with perhaps one exception, we are politically opposed to Mr. HOWARD, and their charge therefore falls to the ground.

Mr. HOWARD is placed before the Firemen solely upon his own merits. We defy amy man to name, of his own knowledge, the first act of Mr. HOWARD which in any way reflects discredit upon him. On the contrary, his whole course since he has been before the public and the firemen, redounds to his honor, and points to him as the upright, honest and honorable man. We do not wish to decry Mr. CARSON to elevate Mr. HOWARD: we leave such tactics to the friends of the former. We simply ask firemen to judge both men by their *lires* and *acts*, and to decide accordingly whom they will have for their next Chief Engineer.

New York, Jan. 29, 1857.

MICHAEL RICHELLS, Ex-Assistant Engineer.
JOHN A. CREIGIER, Assistant ENGINEER.
NOAH L. FARNHAM, Assistant Engineer.
TIMOTHY L. WEST, Assistant Engineer.
EDWARD W. JACOBS, Assistant Engineer.
JOHN DECKER, Assistant Engineer.
JAMES F. WENMAN, Assistant Engineer.
CHAS. MCDOUGALL, Engine Co. No. 28.
JOHN S. BELCHER, Hydrant Co. No. 22.
ROBERT C. BROWN, Engine Co. No. 8.
WILLIAM A. WOODHULL, Hose Co. No. 86.
WILLIAM THOMPSON, Hose Co. No. 53.
JAMES A. CAROLIN, H. & L. Co. No. 12.
DANIEL STANBURY, Engine Co. No. 28.
WM. G. WARD, Hose Co. No. 38.
EDWARD P. MORRIS, Hose Co. No. 7.
WM. H. CHARLOCK, H. & L. Co. No. 19.
W. H. WICKMAN, H. & L. Co. No. 15.
JAMES DONOHUE, Engine Co. No. 20.
DELANCEY W. KNEVELS, Engine Co. No. 2.
S. V. W. JONES, Hose Co. No. 40.

To our Brethren of the Fire Department:

Whereas, it has become known to us, the Undersigned, that those opposed to the re-election of Mr. ALFRED CARSON to the office of Chief Engineer, are dragging *political influence* into the contest; and bringing them to bear to secure the votes of many of those who could not be induced by any other means than the fear of losing their daily bread, and consequent distress and privation of their families, to vote against Mr Carson.

And whereas, the undersigned, and a large majority of the New-York Fire Department, are utterly opposed to the *admixture of political and other outside influences*, in Fire Department affairs, therefore

Resolved, That it is with feelings of the most unmitigated disgust, that we learn that Mr. Carson's opponent's are endeavoring by promising positions in the Custom-House, Navy-Yard, Post-Office, County Clerk's, Mayor's, and Tax Receiver's offices, to some; and by threatening the speedy decapitation and removal from office of others, *id order to secure their votes* against him at the coming election.

Resolved, That while we dprecate the idea that the Firemen can be *bought or sold* by any *clique of political wire-pullers*, we cannot but regard this attempt to do so, as being *too base* and *despicable* to emanate from any party having the true and best interests of the Department at heart.

Resolved, That while we have every confidence in his success, and in the manner in which the members of the Department will vindicate their abhorrence of *political intrigue*, we deem it just to our Brother Firemen to make the above exposition of the *latest* method used to defeat Mr. Carson.

In addition to the above it is only necessary for us (and we conceive it to be our duty) to call upon the members of the Department generally, to reflect calmly, and to use their own good judgment in voting for Chief Engineer at the coming election; and to exhort them to have mainly in view the perpetuation of our noble institution, as wholly beyond the reach, and independent of the intrigues and influence of political speculators, now being brought to bear in Fire Department affairs.

SIGNED:

PETER N. CORNELL, Assistant Engineer.
WM. T. MAWBY, Assis't Engineer.
H. P. MCGOWN, Foreman Engine Co. No. 49.
SAMUEL CHESHIRE, Foreman Engine Co. No. 7.
JAS. MILWARD, Jr., Foreman Hose Co. No. 46.
WM. E. BERRIAN, ex-Foreman H. & L. Co. No. 3.
WM. P. DANIELS, Foreman Engine Co. No. 50.
W. W. ADAMS, Assis't-Foreman Hose Co. No. 19.
JOHN K. EVANS, Foreman H. & L. Co. No. 6.
ELISHA KINGSLAND, Assis't Engineer.
G. JOSEPH RUCH, Assist't Engineer.
RICHARD JACKSON, Foreman Engine Co. No. 26.
THOMAS WILDING, Foreman H. & L. Co. No. 4.
WILLIAM C. LYONS, Foreman Engine Co. No. 5.
JAMES G. SWEENY, Foreman Hose Co. No. 28.
J. H. HOFFMAN, ex-Foreman Engine Co. No. 10.
A. O. ALLCOCK, of Hook & Ladder Co. No. 10.
AUG. HURD, ex-Foreman Hose Co. No. 28.

Ex. Com. of the Firemen's Convention

January 26, 1857.

New Advertisements

ANNUAL BALL

OF THE

Erina Society,

For the benefit of the Catholic Library Association, will be held at the City Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, February 28, 1857.

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Alderman Clancy,	Patrick O'Shea, Esq.
" Healey,	Mich'l Phelan, "
Andrew Carrigan, Esq.,	J. B. Nicholson, "
Councilman T. Dunn,	Patrick McCarty, "
Nicholas Walsh, Esq.,	Bernard Maguire, "
John M'Carty, "	P. Maguire, "
Patrick Corrigan. "	James Kelly, "

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

H. S. Hewson,	John J. Mullen,
T. Mulcare,	D. Quinn,
James J. Carey,	W. J. Malone,
P. J. Mathews,	T. O'Brien.

W. R. ROBERTS, Pres't.
T. W. Kennedy, Sec'y. Joseph M'Guire, Treas'r.

Shelton's full band is engaged for the occasion.—Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, $2 00. To be had of the above committee, and at Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier's, William st.; Dunnigan & Bros., Fulton st.; P. O'Shea, Broadway; Irish News Office, and a the door on the Ball night.

Halloway's Pills.—The mild, yet thorough operation of these pills upon the secretive and excretive organs, renders them invaluable remedies for summer complaint, colic, worms, cholera morbus, and all internal diseases of children, as well as of adults. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25 c. 62 1-2 c. and $1 per box. fe7

Balls and Parties, Cold Weather, Snow and Rain. Ladies, if you wish white Satin, Kid, or Linen Gaiter Boots and Slippers for balls and parties; cloth button Boots, with flannel lining, for cold weather; soft warm Slippers for the invalid, at one dollar a pair; or India Rubber Boots and Shoes of all the various styles, suitable for this season of snow and rain, patronise J. B. MILLER & CO.,

fe7 4t 184 Canal-street

☞ Post Office Notice.—The Mails for *California*, &c., per U. S. steamer ILLINOIS, will close at this office, on THURSDAY, the 5th day of February, at 1 o'clock, P. M. I. V. FOWLER.

Holloway's Ointment.—Safety and Certainty.—This great external remedy does not suppress information, but expels the cause of it by excretion through the pores. Hence its radical cures of salt rheum, erysipelas, ring-worm and other ERUPTIVE DISEASES. Sold at Manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and 244 Strand, London; and by all Druggists at 25c., 62 1-2c., and $1 per pot or box. fe7

Post Office Notice.—Change of Hour.—On and after *Monday*, February 2d, the Northern and Western Mails, via Hudson River Railroad, will close at TWO P. M

fe7 I. V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

MARRIAGE BETWEEN CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS.

From the Vienna Correspondence of the London Times.

By the circular just addressed by the Archbishop of Vienna to the clergy of his diocese, we learn : 1. That the Archbishop is employed by the Pope to remove, " by dispensation," the prohibition of marriage between Catholic and non-Catholic Christians. 2. That the dispensation will only be granted when it appears certain that all the issue of a mixed marriage will be educated in the Catholic religion. 3. If the bridegroom, being a non-Catholic, promises to have all his children brought up in the Catholic faith, the priest will perform the marriage ceremony ; but if he refuse to give such promise, and his affianced bride persist in her resolution to enter into a matrimonial engagement with him, then the Papal brief of May 22, 1841, comes in force, and the parish priest shall receive the declaration of their resolution to marry in the presence of two witnesses, but shall carefully avoid giving to the act the appearance of an ecclesiastical ceremony."

The foregoing archiepiscopal ordinance is of extreme importance, as it shows that the concordat and Imperial patent of Oct. 8, 1856, have not rendered the union between female Catholics and *conscientious* male Protestants impossible.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, January 13th, by the Rev. Father Quinn, of St. Peter's Church, Barclay-street, New-York city, Mr. Stephen Wm. Swift, of Philadelphia, Pa., to Miss Maria Martin, of Moira, County Antrim, Ireland.

Belfast papers please copy.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Jan. 2, Robert Ormsby, M.D., of Castle Durrow, in the Queen's county, to Augusta Rebecca, daughter of Lewis Ormsby, of Emla House, county Roscommon.

At St. Peter's Church, John White, of Birmingham, to Maria Wood, Rathmines.

Edward Butler, to Mary Josephine, daughter of the late Francis Cruise, of Rahood, Meath.

Jan. 8, Michael M'Namara, son of John M'Namara, South-terrace, Cork, to Lucy, daughter of the late Major Gallwey, Deputy Inspector-General of Constabulary.

At Dromskin, James Alexander, son of the Rev. C. Weir, of Drumard, to Sophia Mary Anne, daughter of the late John Whaley, of Stephen's-green, in Dublin.

At Sixmile-bridge, Clare, Crofton H. Fitzgerald, son of C. Fitzgerald, of Sidmouth, Devon, to Ellen Margaret, eldest daughter of Colonel Giles Vandeleur Creagh.

At Athenry, Galway, Wm. F. Wakeman, to Frances Alice, daughter of Rev. Mark Perrin.

At Nenagh, Philip E. Magrath, to Mary Moore, daughter of Daniel Moore, Limerick.

Dec 27, at Strathallen Lodge, Isle of Man, J. Muirhead, of Laurel Bank, Glasgow, to Semia, daughter of Maj. Pollock.

At Jersey, Major J. Rose, of the Staff Depot Battalion, to Eliza Maria daughter of the late R. M. Jephson.

In London, E. H. Harrison, to Catharine Parker, daughter of J. Wharton, London.

At Guernsey, Major R. Carey, to Caroline, daughter of John Le Merchant, Guernsey.

Jan. 1, at Thursby, Carlisle, Stephen Egan, of Eyrecourt, Galway, to Anne, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Huntley.

At Knightsbridge, Alex. T. Blakely, to Harriet Katharine, widow of Captain John Henry Tonge.

In Birmingham, Thomas Roberts, of New Bond-street, London, to Rebecca Isaacs, the vocalist.

IRISH DEATHS.

Jan. 4, at D'Olier-street, Dublin, Patrick, son of P. M. M'Cullagh.

At Lower Exchange-street, Jas. Rossiter, aged 87 years.

Jan. 2, at Tivoli-terrace, Kingstown, Mary, daughter of Col. Jackson, Enniscoe, county Mayo.

At Lough Fea, Monaghan, Evelyn John Shirley, of Eatington Park, Warwickshire.

Dec. 31, at Derra, county Clare, aged 87 years, Ellen, relict of Thomas Frost.

Mary Rose, daughter of C. P. Duigenan, Trim.

At Lissadell, Sligo, Emily Mary, daughter of the late Sir Stephen and Lady May.

Jan. 1, at Castle Archdall, county Fermanagh, aged 89 years, Colonel Archdall.

In Ballinasloe, Frederick Thornton, M.D.

Jan. 2, in Dundalk, the Rev. J. H. Allpress.

Jan. 2, at Kilboggin House, Kildare, Olivia, relict of Thomas Burne, M.D.

W. H. Dwyer, of the Dudalk branch of the Bank of Ireland.

Jan. 6, at Lisnamallard, Tyrone, Mary Jane, relict of John Buchanan, of Omagh.

At Farmhill, county Fermanagh, Charles James Adams.

At Killooly Hall, King's county, Wm. Gamble.

Jan. 5, in Dundalk, Anne, wife of Henry Harnden.

Jan. 2, in London, Alfred Kerr, son of the late Lieutenant-General James Kerr.

At Rochester, Cadtain R. Kerr.

Dec. 25, in Bath, Edouine O'Brien, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Rh'd. England.

In Liverpool, aged 79 years, S. Ridgway, formerly Captain in the 85th Light Infantry.

At Hamilton Island, Bermuda, Wm. Henry Buckle, son of Lt. Col. Robinson, formerly of the 72d Highlanders.

Dec. 21, Susan M'Cabe, sister of Terence M'Cabe, of the Carlisle Tavern, Bachelor's-walk, and niece of the Rev. Hugh De Lacey, P.P., Killinagh.

At Windy Arbor, John Rochford, aged 76 years, of the firm of John Rochford and Son.

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(Carefully revised every week expressly for the Irish News.)

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, Jan. 27, 1857.

FLOUR—Com'n to Extra State per barrel		$6.25	a $6.85
Common to Fancy Western	do	6.85	a 6.75
Extra Western	do	6.75	a 9 —
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do	6.90	a 8.75
Mixed to Extra Southern	do	6.90	a 9 —
RYE FLOUR—Fine and Super	do	3.50	a 5.25
CORN MEAL	do	3.12½	a 3.75
WHEAT—Canada White	per bushel	1.70	a 1.82½
Western White	do	1.70	a 1.82½
Southern White	do	1.70	a 1.80
All kinds of Red	do	1.45	a 1.62½
CORN—Mixed	do	— 72	a — 75
Yellow	do	— 75	a — 76
White	do	— 75	a — 76
OATS—State and Western	do	— 50	a — 53
Jersey	do	— 46	a — 49
Southern	do	— 42	a — 46
Rye	do	— 90	a — 95
Barley	do	1.02	a 1.32
White Beans	do	2 —	a — —
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels		— —	a 4 —
Cotton—Middlings, per lb		— 13½	a — 13½
Fair		— 13½	a — 14¼
Rice, per 100 lbs		3.25	a 4.25
Hops, per lb		— 7	a — 10
Pork—Mess per bbl		20 —	a 21 —
Prime, per bbl		18 —	a — —
Beef—Country Mess		10.50	a 18 —
Prime		9 50	a 10 25
Dressed Hogs, per lb		— 9¼	a — 9¼
Lard, in bbls. per lb		— 12¼	a — 12¼
Butter—Western, per lb		— 15	a — 22
State, ordinary to choice, per lb		— 20	a — 29
Cheese, per lb		— 10¼	a — 11½
Potatoes—Carters, per bbl		3 —	a 4 —
Mercers, per bbl		2.50	a 3.25
Onions—Reds, per bbl		1.75	a 1.87½
White, per bbl		3 —	a 4 —
Apples, per bbl		2.50	a 5 25
Eggs, fresh per dozen		— 29	a — 31
Limed, per dozen		— 25	a — 26½
Feathers, Live Geese per lb		— 50	a — 55
Seed—Clover, per lb		— 12	a — 12½
Flax, per bushel		1.90	a 1 95
Timothy, mowed, per bushel		2.25	a 2.37½
Timothy, reaped, per bushel		3 —	a 3.25
Sugar, New-Orleans, per lb		— 9¼	a — 11½
Molasses, New-Orleans, per gl		— —	a — 80
Tobacco—Kentucky, &c., per lb		— 7	a — 16
Seed Leaf, per lb		— 10	a — 32
Wool—Domestic fleece, per lb		— 34½	a — 60

Corporation Notices.

CORPORATION SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Public Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the authority vested in them by the laws of the State and the ordinances of the Common Council, the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the city of New-York will sell at public auction, under the direction of the Comptroller, E. H. Ludlow, auctioneer, on Wednesday, the 25th day of February, 1857, at noon, at the Merchants' Exchange, in the city of New-York, the following real estate, viz :—

1st. The three story brick building formerly occupied as an engine-house, and the lot No. 49 Christie-street ; that portion of the lot not occupied by the engine-house, is under lease till May 1, 1868, at the annual rent of $100, and the property will be sold subject to the lease recorded in book of special leases, page 164, in the Comptroller's office.

2d. Two lots on the west side of the Bowery, as extended, between James-street and Rosevelt-street.

3d. Six lots, with the buildings thereon, on the southerly side of Chatham-street and the westerly side of Pearl-street, now known as numbers 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121 Chatham-street, and numbers 457, 459 and 461 Pearl-street.

4th. Three lots, now known as Nos. 451, 453 and 455 Pearl-street, will be sold separately, subject to the conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 168, in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1859 ; the purchaser of each of the lots, will be entitled to receive $233 33-100 per annum of the rent reserved by the lease, after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the covenants of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

5th. The lot on the northwest corner of William aad Pearl-streets, now known as No. 449 Pearl-street and No. 271 William-street, subject to conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 172 in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1858 ; the purchaser of this lot will be entitled to receive the rent reserved in the lease, of $362 50-100 per annum after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the conditions of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

6th. The house and lot on the north side of Fifth-street, commencing 80 feet west of the Second-avenue, lot 20 feet front and rear, and 24 feet 2 inches deep on both sides ; houses 15 feet by 24 feet 3 inches.

7th. The house and lot north side of Thirteenth-street, commencing 213 feet west of Avenue C ; lot 25 feet front and rear by 103 feet 8 inches deep on both sides, with three story brick building on the front of the lot, 20 feet wide and 40 feet deep, lately built for an engine-house ; the rear of the lot is covered by and occupied as a foundry.

8th. Four lots on south side of Fifty-second street, commencing 90 feet west of Lexington-avenue.

9th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly half of the block between 74th and 75th-streets, and the 3d and 4th avenues.

10th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly part of the block between 80th and 81st-streets, and 3d and 4th avenues.

11th. Twelve lots on 116th-street and 117th-street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

12th. A piece of rear ground on the block bounded by Cherry-street, Oak-street and the Bowery, (as extended,) now used as part of the yard of Fourth District Police Station-house.

Full covenant warrantee deeds will be given.

TERMS OF SALE.—10 per cent of the purchase-money and auctioneer's fee of $5 per lot, to be paid to the collector of the city revenue, on the day of sale ; 15 per cent on the 1st day of May next, when the deeds will be ready for delivery ; the remainder of the purchase-money (75 per cent) may remain on bond and mortgage at the option of the purchaser, for five years from the 1st day of May, 1857, with interest, at the rate of six per annum, payable semi-annually.

Lithographic maps of the property may be had at the Comptroller's office, No. 5 Hall of Records, after the 7th instant.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.
A. C. FLAGG, Crmptroller.
JAMES M. SMITH, Jr., Recorder.
A. V. STOUT, Chamberlain.
THOMAS MCSPEDON, Ch. Fin. Com. Board Ald.
T. JONES, Jr., Ch. Fn. Com. Board Councilmen,
Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Comptroller's office, January 20, 1857.

Special Notices.

THE WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

A FEW FACTS WORTH READING.—1st. The WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN is the ONLY Steel Pen manufactured in America.

2d. It is the BEST Steel Pen manufactured in any country, as it is made with the greatest care and upon scientific principles.

3d. It permits the greatest freedom of the hand, being as soft as the " classic goose-quill."

4th. The school-boy, the farmer and the mechanic can use it as freely as the Professor of Penmanship.

5th. England has drawn from us annually, 1,000,000 Dollars for STEEL PENS !

6th. We as true Americans, ought to keep that million at home, for reasons that New-Yorkers fully understand.

7th. WE CAN keep it by using the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN instead of foreign made Pens.

8th. If we are a wise people, we will keep it at home ; for we are DEPENDENT on British workshops.

9th. All who have tried the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, are delighted with it.

10th. It has met with an EXTRAORDINARY sale in all cities where it has been introduced.

11th. It is destined to supersede all other Pens now in use.

12th. Importers of British SCRAP STEEL, " set your houses in order."

13th. The CHEAP TRASH that is now imported, is not called for by the consumers of PENS. On the contrary, all men are annoyed by them, and pray for *good* pens, at any price.

14. Therefore, it is nonsense for American merchants to interpose an objection to the price, which is simply remunerative.

15th—

" Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who have always wrote, now write the more."

16th. N. B.—Buy none but sealed boxes, as you thereby secure the PATRON'S TICKET.

17. *These Pens* ARE MANUFACTURED IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, in the United States of America—not in Birmingham, England, where all OTHER pens are made that purport to be American—bearing the names of American MERCHANTS.

Office of the Company, 293 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—*Three Sample Pens* sent on receipt of two stamps, or one gross by mail, postage free, on receipt of $1 50. f7 6m

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat*," Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by **J. Parkes,** No. 195 Fulton, below Church street, New-York.

sept27 3mos

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring, by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete prcess (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**

nov29, 3ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.

(ESTABLISHED 1851.)

Small Parcels forwarded by each Mail Steamer, to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the Continent, India, China, South America, &c.

*** Persons wishing to send small packages to their friends at home, at a trifling expense, will please address

COLLINS & MARSH, Agents,
29 Broadway, New-York.

ja26 1y

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

THIS Theatre was opened for the season on Wednesday September 17. Its object will be, as it has been, to sustain the Drama in artistic purity and intellectual respect. The company, through whose energies and abilities this object has been so successfully attained, will remain substantially the same as in past seasons.

It is the intention of the management to produce dramas in the same style as those put forth by Charles Kean at the Princesses Theatre, London.

LOVE IN A MAZE.
THE CORSICAN BROTHERS,
FAUST AND MARGARET,
LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Engagements have been offered, with every prospect of success, to several American artists of renowned fame, and to others of dawning distinction, whose genius it will be the object of the management to cultivate and encourage, and several comedies, written in this country and for this theatre, will be produced.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION :

Boxes	50 cents	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½ ; commence at 7½.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.

JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Lectures.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man,

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

CATHOLIC LIBRARY BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Attached to the Church of the Nativity.—A Course of Lectures will be delivered before this Society, at

HOPE CHAPEL, BROADWAY,

on the following Thesday evenings :—January 13—20—27, and February 3d, 1857.

The proceeds are to be appropriated for the benefit of the poor children belonging to the Parish of the Nativity.

Tickets—admitting a gentleman and lady—to the Course, $1 00, to be had at the Catholic Book-stores.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

Thomas Larkin,	James Cunningham,	Edward Carroll,
Joseph P. Flin,	Thomas Riley,	James Tracy,
Patrick Sury,	Michael Fogarty,	James Riley,
James Fore,	Wm. Walsh,	Francis Dunnigan.
William Byrns,	John Kelly,	Thos. Kelly,
John Quin,	Malagee Conboy,	Timothy Dwyer,
John Luyden,	William Krogh,	John Hehir,
Patrick Ward,	John McCan,	Robert Coddington.

JOSEPH KIERNAN, Chairman.

PATRICK MCCARTY, DENIS QUINLAN, } Treasurers.

WILLIAM BROPHY, Corresponding Sec'ry.

WILLIAM PRICE, MICHAEL NOONAN, } Rec. Sec's.

j31f

Special Notices.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade ; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's winter raglans, business coats, furuishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
GERALD GRAY.

y10jan

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice of Application for the discharge of an insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes.

James Grant of New-York City, Notice first published January 12th, 1857, Creditors to appear before the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New-York, on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1857, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at his Chambers No. 25 Chambers street, in said city, to show cause, if any they have, why an assignment of said Insolvent's Estate should not be made and he be discharged from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Statute for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts.

McCUNN & MONCRIEF,
Atty's. for Insolvent, 29 Wall st., New-York City.

jan17 6t

Information wanted of Catharine Heaney, aged nine years, who left Sackin, near Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, Ireland, about the 30th of September last, for the purpose of coming to New-York. Information of her whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration will be thankfully received by her mother.

Dr. Wm. O'Gorman,

OFFICE,
423 Broome st.,
New-York.

tf6dec

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each —— evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y. JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at corner of Center and Grand st. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. Lieut. THOMAS ASMITH, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

y11june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frosen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 58 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

58, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Business Directory.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING eurered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

Special Notices.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any order left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

To Druggists and Grocers in the South and West.

Charles' London Cordial Gin, the first established and the only *Imported.*

This celebrated Gin, introduced into the United States by E. C. Charles, in 1851, has become so extensively counterfeited and imitated by one or two liquor mixers in New-York and Boston that it becomes our duty to advise with you on the nature of the poisons disseminated amongst you by these unscrupulous parties.

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, show that Charles' London Cordial Gin is the only London Gin really Imported into the United States, and sold in bottles; and the fact has been demonstrated and published in all the New-York papers, that the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made except by ourselves, has been one Pipe, imported in 1855. On the credit of this solitary Pipe, which would not fill six hundred bottles, *over one hundred thousand dozen,* of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," prefixed with different names, have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost twenty per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin.

If corroboration were necessary, Mr. Udolpho Wolfe of New-York, who keeps record of every import of Gin, has over his own signature published to the world this statement, and it remains (even by the parties who have adopted our title) an unanswered, confirmed fact beyond the power of disproof, that Charles' London Cordial Gin, is the only genuine article, and hence that all others are nothing more or less than Ohio spirits in their raw state impregnated with poisonous materials, to give flavor to the mixture.

The Genuine Charles' London Gin is distilled especially for the undersigned in London, under the surveilance of the British excise laws, and is imported solely by us. It bears the endorsement of over five thousand physicians, in Great Britain and the United States. It has stood the most severe tests of the most skillful chemists and essayists. It is the only Gin which has the approval of the most celebrated practitioner America has ever produced—Dr. Valentine Mott, of New-York, who in a letter to Mr. Charles, says, "It is the finest, the most reliable, and most vigorous extract of Juniper he had ever seen."

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Medical.

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TO THE PUBLIC!

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Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

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I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

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Both Works are Published by Littell, Son & Company, Boston.

oct18

Business Directory.

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MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

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NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely: If the culverts and sewers of the city were chocked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle: by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose, (what blind philosophy!) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby; the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cesssation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the doubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

This privilege is extended to those persons who addressed me previously on this subject.

I have made it my rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time I give up the patient as lost and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

J. D. DURKIN,
Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
jan31 1y No. 173 Bowery, New-York.

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OFFICE FURNITURE WAREROOMS,

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DOUBLE and single counting-room desks, from 3 to 8 feet long. Office desks from 3 to 6 feet, of Mahogany, Black Walnut, and Oak; cases for books and pigeon holes. Office-chairs, cushions, lounges, and office tables of every description. my17tf

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AND

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JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR. JAMES ROCHE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1857. NO. 45

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Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c., are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

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European News.

The steamship Baltic, from Liverpool (about 3 P. M.) Wednesday, January 21, arrived on the 5th inst. The news is of little importance politically, the Swiss difficulty being considered as settled, and nothing new appearing for the moment. An *emeute* had broken out on board the American ship "J. L. Bogart," in the Mersey.

The trial of the murderer of the Archbishop of Paris occasioned much more excitement in the public mind than any event that has occurred at the Palais de Justice for many years. The number of applications made to the President Delangle for admission to the court was almost fabulous, and the greater part of them were necessarily refused. But from an early hour in the morning, groups of people, who had not the least expectation of getting in, assembled in the environs of the court, and remained throughout the day in the flower market, on the bridges, and on the quays, in the hope of hearing, from time to time, some report of how things were going on.

A very strong force of Sergeants de Ville guarded every avenue to the Palace, and the public were not allowed even to pass the front gates, or enter the Salle des Pas Perdus, so great was the fear that there would be too strong a pressure at the doors of the Criminal Court. At 9 o'clock, persons provided with tickets were admitted, and more than an hour before the proceedings commenced, the court was full in every part.

The trial was a deeply interesting one. The plea of insanity was put in, but without avail. After the testimony was closed, the whole occupying but one sitting, the President shortly summed up, and the jury after retiring twenty minutes, returned a verdict of "Guilty."

Sentence of death was then passed in the usual form (Verger being still absent,) and M. Nogent Saint Laurens was directed to inform him that he had three days to appeal to the Court of Cassation against the sentence.

ENGLAND.—Lord Palmerston has issued the following circular to the House of Commons:

"DOWNING-STREET, Jan. 16, 1857.

"SIR.—The meeting of Parliament having been fixed for Tuesday, Feb. 3, business of great importance will then come under the consideration of Parliament; and I trust, therefore, that you will allow me to express my earnest hope that it may be consistent with your convenience to attend in your place in the House of Commons at the opening of the session. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient and faithful servant.

"PALMERSTON."

We may, therefore, soon expect an official programme of the contemplated Government measures.

According to private advices from Shanghae, dated Nov. 19, received by the Overland Mail, there seems a prospect that the specie shipments to that port may prove to have been excessive, owing to the insufficiency of produce available for returns. With respect to silk, it would appear to have been believed at Shanghae that the exraordinary stimulus given to the export trade, during the first three months of the season, had drained the country of the bulk of the yield. It was thought, however, that prices had reached a maximum in Shanghae, as they now stood at a point equal to the higest quoted from England. Under these circumstances the large arrivals of silver from this side were producing a marked effect; and the decline in exchane appears to have been greater than that mentioned on Friday last.

With regard to the prospect of a continued interruption of business, it is mentioned that the English forces had been engaged chiefly strengthening the precautions against fire-rafts, &c.; and that, according to some statements, there was a disposition to remain as much as possible on the defensive, until a reply to their first advices of the war shall have been received from England. Meanwhile re-inforcements were understood to have been sent for. The chief hope of a speedy settlement was, therefore, confined to the possibility of orders being transmitted from the Imperial Government at Pekin for Governor Yeh, to accede to the demands made upon him. As that functionary, however, had declared in his proclamation that the English had joined the rebels, it was thought he might have conveyed the impression to the Emperor, in which case it was possible he would receive no instruction, other than that he should continue his proceedings for our extermination.

A dispatch from Berne, dated the 18th, announces that the Neufchatel prisoners, escorted by a detachment of Swiss troops, were conducted on the preceding night to the French frontier, which they crossed at Pontarlier. The Federal Council had issued orders for immediately disbanding the troops already assembled.

Lord Napier has arrived in London, from Scotland, and will probably leave for Washington in about three weeks.

Robson, the Crystal Palace forger, has become a maniac, and there is talk of removing him from prison to Bethlehem Hospital for the insane. Leopold Redpath, the other great forger, is found guilty and sentenced to transportation for life. Kent, Redpath's supposed accomplice, has been acquitted.

Paul Bedford, the comedian, writes a letter to the papers suggesting signal rockets and blue lights, as means of avoiding railroad collisions.

The *London Times* publishes a circumstantial account of the last illness and death of the Rev. Dr. Grant, Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, London. Dr. Grant himself declares that he is alive and perfectly well.

Actions have been commenced in the name of the depositors against the shareholders of the Royal British Bank. Bankruptcies and insolvencies must follow.

At a meeting at Manchester £4,000 were subscribed to erect a statue to the late Joseph Brotherton, M. P.

A fire in the bookpeeper's office in the Bank of Ireland, had destroyed the office and furniture, but the books and valuables were saved.

There is no truth whatever in the statement which appeared in the *Limerick Chronicle*, that Smith O'Brien's eldest son has selected the English Bar for the sphere of his professional career.

Francis Percy, Esq., County Inspector, County Dublin Constabulary, is appointed an Inspector-General and Commandant of Constabulary Depot, Phœnix Park, Dublin.

The assistant-barrister of Cork has decided that the Mayor's salary is quite subject to income tax, though his Worship has liberally devoted the entire of it for the benefit of the local charities.

Andrew Murray Ker, Esq., has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for the C[illegible]t Monaghan.

THE DALLAS-CLARENDON TREATY.--PROTEST OF DON FERMIN FERRER, THE NICARAGUAN MINISTER.

NEW-YORK, Feb. 1, 1857.

ESTEEMED SIR—I am informed that the treaty with England lately negotiated at London, has been accepted by this government, and is now receiving the consideration of the Senate.

As this document affects the territorial integrity and sovereign rights of Nicaragua, particularly over the port and river of San Juan and the department of Guanacaste, it becomes my duty to notice it, if it be only in the capacity of a private citizen who feels deeply that it is a question of life and honor to his country; and I am fully convinced that the Senate of this Republic is too just and enlightened to sustain a position in direct contradiction to American sentiment and its declared policy on this continent.

The most pressing question is not whether England shall continue to protect this extraordinary "Mosquito nationality," composed of a few hundred leprous savages of spurious parentage; it is whether the British ministry shall ignore the indisputable rights of Nicaragua—whether it shall suppress the sovereign independence of an American Republic, and whether the Senate of the United States will ratify this European assumption.

The Mosquito coast was discovered by Gil Gonzale Davila, who explored and took formal possession of the country from ocean to ocean, in the name of the crown of Castile. The establishment of this colony was but the practical assertion of the right of discovery and settlement universally assumed and acted upon by every power in Christendom from that period to this day.

England claims that the Mosquito country has always remained independent, inasmuch as the coast Indians have never acknowledged the authority of Spain or Nicaragua. Perhaps so; but if such an acknowledgment were absolutely requisite, what nation has a valid title to any part of the American continent? Either the British Minister errs in this position or the sovereignty of England in Canada is a wrongful usurpation. The sovereignty of Nicaragua over the Mosquito Indians is founded on the same prescriptive basis with that which the United States exercises over the Indians of Florida, of New Mexico, of Oregon, and every State and Territory in the Union. Many of these tribes deny and resist the authority of your Government; but would the Senate of the United States consider the circumstance sufficient to give England the right to enter your limits and sustain their "independent nationality" by force of arms?

Would the United States admit the right of England to invite Mexico, for example, to join with her in arranging their *status* and what relations these savages are to hold with your Government, only leaving to the United States the passive *role* of unlimited submission, which, in a parallel case, the Marcy-Clarendon treaty assigns to Nicaragua?

Or would the Senate of the United States have accepted it as a proper act of international comity if at a certain crisis of your history England and Brazil had been pleased to decide, on their own responsibility, without at all consulting this republic, where the territorial limits, then in dispute between Mexico and the United States should be finally established? Or would such an assumption be any the less painful to the party from whom all was taken, and to whom nothing was given, if those self-appointed arbiters should further declare, in the terms adopted in the Marcy-Clarendon treaty in the similar case of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, that if either party should refuse to abide by their decision, the dictating Powers would not consent to any other or more favorable terms to the refusing party.

When Spain owned Florida and manifested an uncertain friendship for the republic, would the Senate of the United States have received it as an evidence of just and honorable intentions if England had availed herself of the occasion to unite with some other strong Power, then in dispute with you, to frame an *ex parte* treaty, in which New Orleans should be virtually wrested from the Union, as San Juan is taken from Nicaragua by the Marcy-Clarendon treaty—while, with similar license, Florida is declared, in another clause, to extend to the Mississippi, and the navigation of the river made the equal property of a foreign and unfriendly State?

The undivided exercise of her rightful sovereignty over the repose and prosperity of the feeble and oppressed State of Nicaragua than New Orleans and the mouth of the Mississippi can be to the dominion of this vast and powerful republic.

Nicaragua is as completely convinced of the perfect validity of the title to both banks of the San Juan as the United States were of the extension of theirs to the eastern bank of the Bravo del Norte by the annexation of Texas. Your country, in the majesty of her power, vindicated her claims at the expense of a war with Mexico. How, then can she condescend to use this same power to deprive Nicaragua of her similar and equally vital rights by the ratification of the Marcy-Clarendon treaty?

It is impossible to believe this government can ever forget the duties of its high position as the head of the American republics. It will not so far depart from all its fundamental rules of exterior and interior policy as to impose these unjust and arbitrary conditions upon any, and much less upon the most friendly of the American States, or aid in establishing such disorganizing and fatal innovation on its continental system.

Both England and the United States assail the equity of their relations with their own Indian tribes in this example of foreign alliances and forcible interposition, solely for the regulation of their Mosquito affairs.

England does not found her claim to dismember the territory of Nicaragua on the discovery, conquest, purchase or settlement of the country, but simply on the right of the Mosquito Indians to a "nationality."

Two powerful nations propose to subvert in principle their whole system of Indian relations, and impose upon Nicaragua conditions to which neither of them would submit in their own case, all for the peculiar service of a miserable tribe of vagrant outcasts who infest the outskirts, but do not belong to civilization. They are not Indians; they are a degraded race of mixed bloods, called Sambos, the offspring of the illicit commerce of pirates and their African sailors and slaves with the wandering Indians of the coast. The Negro blood predominates, and they are in fact Africans of a low type; but my country does not for this refuse them whatever land they can cultivate, and had never denied them any right or privilege which persons of like condition enjoy in any party of the dominions of either Great Britain or the United States. But Nicaragua protests against foreign Powers dismembering her territory under the plea of protecting their nationality, and she cannot but hope that the Senate of the United States will not ratify such an infringement of the rights of an American republic.

Wise and honorable Senators will reflect on the gravity of the precedent before they give the sanction of their votes to this novel policy of calling in foreign interference to establish the assumed rights of alien and spurious races, who have, by whatever chance, been introduced into the bosom of a distinct people. Thoughtful Senators will remember that the political allies of the British Minister who framed this subversion of the American system are continually asserting in Parliament and through the ministerial press "that the elements of a distinct and hostile nationality exist in the Southern States of the Union, which, with the aid of the immense steam marine of England and her own peculiar elements of nationality in the West Indies, could be readily organized into vitality." These are not my opinions; but the Senators are doubtless in the habit of reading the leading papers of Great Britain, and will recognize the accuracy of the quotation, in sentiment, if not in words.

Nicaragua can never be a menace to either of the dictating Powers. On the contrary, her geographical position must make her a serviceable ally, and she ardently desires to be in amity with these enlightened and commercial nations—she would cheerfully concede, in a spirit of generous friendship, all that a just and magnanimous nation could desire in a direct treaty; for my government considers a narrow and exclusive policy inconsistent with the interests of civilization; but if I do not entirely mistake the sentiments of my country, it will resist unjust and arbitrary impositions from any quarter whatever, even as it is now resisting, single and alone, the combined efforts of all the enemies of American institutions.

The various attempts of England on the defenceless soil of Nicaragua are subjects of history. Among others, a British vessel of war came to San Juan del Norte in 1842, and demanded of Don Manuel Quijana, then commanding at that port, his signature to a document compromising the sovereign rights of Nicaragua. Regardless of menaces, that officer refused to comply with the demand, and he was then carried a prisoner to Blewfields, where he remained some time in confinement, and was made to suffer rigorous privations. San Juan was however, finally taken by force, and for some years the British ministry agitated the idea of transferring that port to Costa Rica, but at length it was decided to treat it as an extension of Mosquito, and essentially a British colony.

Upon this basis Mr. Chatfield, the British Charge in Central America, notified the Executive of Nicaragua, Dec. 9, 1850, (perhaps with some reference to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, signed the preceding April,) of the large limits his government assigned to the Mosquito "nationality." The boundary line he indicated would start from the northern extremity of the line separating Teguaigalpa, Honduras, from the department of New Segovia, in Nicaragua, and thence following the north line of New Segovia, and along the southeasterly line of the departments of Matagalpa and Chontales, and so continuing to the Machuca rapids on the San Juan river. This includes about two-thirds of the length of that river, and there are several States of the Union of smaller extent than the territory thus taken from Nicaragua. It must also be observed that the Mosquitos had never thought of claiming the town and river of San Juan until England discovered that this portal of our isthmus transit was essential to their nationality.

The title of Nicaragua to the jurisdiction of the San Juan river, which was first given by England to the Mosquito nationality, and now in an equally arbitrary manner is assigned to Costa Rica by the Marcy-Clarendon treaty, is that of an ancient and indisputable possession.

Costa Rica never, from the earliest times, pretended to any control over the trade or navigation of the San Juan, although it was at one time of great importance. Previous to the sudden fall of the river in 1683, merchantmen ascended the San Juan to the lake, and an active and valuable trade concentrated at the commercial capitol of Nicaragua. A great annual fair was held at Granada in which foreign goods and domestic products changed hands to an immense amount, but Costa Rica never at any time laid claim to any voice or control in the internal or external trade by the San Juan.

I am confident the government of the United States will not descend from its legitimate sphere of action to seriously accept the position of arbiter-general of all the boundary disputes which may arise in States so addicted to changes and revolutions as those of Spanish America. I will not, therefore, encroach upon your time by a refutation of the modern and frivolous pretensions put forward in the name of Costa Rica—they are easily refuted; but it is useless to trouble you with these details, as no branch of this government has made them a subject of investigation, and it is to be presumed that the Senate will not hastily decide on the merits of an entirely unknown case.

In the fullest assurance, thereiore, that the candor and integrity of the Senate of the United States will not permit Nicaragua to be despoiled of her rights without a hearing, I entreat your attention to tho points I have submitted to your consideration in this letter, and most respectfully request you, in the name of republican justice, to ask for it the same favor from your honorable colleagues.

Permit me to offer you, sir, my assurances of the highest consideration. FERMIN FERRER.

HON. J. J. CRITTENDEN, U. S. SENATE.

The *New-Orleans Delta*, of the 20th ult. says, a hostile meeting took place yesterday, at one o'clock, at "The Oaks," between Packenham Le Blanc, Deputy Sheriff of the Supreme Court, and George W. White, the book-keeper of N. C. Folger, of Old Levee-street. The immediate insult that led to the challenge and the duel, was of the grossest kind, and demanded appeal to the most deadly redress among those who abide by the "code of honor," or who have manhood to resent the most unpardonable offense. The cause that led to the insult being offered, was the refusal of the Committee of Invitation to one of our public balls, to issue a ticket of admittance for a friend of Mr. Packenham Le Blanc. The gentleman considering himself affronted, concluded to visit his displeasure on one of the committee, and chance, as we have reason to believe, was the cause of Mr. White being selected. He was met by Mr. Le Blanc, who spat in his face. They met yesterday at "The Oaks." The conditions of the duel being double-barreled shot-guns, twenty paces, and to fire at the word. Two seconds of each gentleman were on the ground. The word was given, and Mr. Le Blanc fell mortally wounded, discharging his gun as he fell. His opponent, of course, was unhurt.

The New-Orleans *Bulletin* urges evening schools for men and women, after the model of the Swedish free scientific schools, where drawing, chemistry, architecture, ornamentation, &c., are taught.

American News.

Railway Progress.

The subjoined interesting information relative to the progress of Railroads in this country is obtained from the Annual Supplement to "Dinsmore's American Railway and Steam Navigation Guide," regarded as entirely reliable in such matters. It gives first the miles and tenths of finished Railways in each State on the first day of January, 1856 and 1857.

States.	Miles in operation, 1856.	Miles in operation, 1857.	Increase last year.
Maine	422.2	442.1	20.0
New Hampshire	545.5	645.5	0.0
Vermont	515.6	515.6	0.0
Massachusetts	1,207.1	1,285.6	78.5
Rhode Island	78.4	85.4	7.0
Connecticut	596.2	600.9	4.7
New-York	2,668.2	2,702.0	34.7
New Jersey	448.3	472.3	24.0
Pennsylvania	1,737.8	2,164.1	426.3
Delaware	84.0	119.0	35.0
Maryland*	371·8	377.8	6.0
Virginia*	1,252.1	1,490.9	227.8
North Carolina	483.0	612.0	129.0
South Carolina	677.4	706.4	29.0
Georgia	1,002.0	1,062.0	60.0
Florida	0.0	26.0	26.0
Alabama	317.5	484.5	167.0
Mississippi	254.8	431.8	177.0
Louisiana	221.5	263.5	42.0
Texas	0.0	57.0	57.0
Tennessee	365.8	491.8	126.0
Kentucky	197.9	306.7	108.0
Ohio	2,641.1	2,869.7	228.6
Indiana	1,438.2	1,806.8	368.6
Michigan	470.5	559.5	89.0
Illinois	2,132.3	2,531.2	398.9
Wisconsin	276.4	629.9	353.5
Iowa	88.0	253.0	165.0
Missouri	144.3	189.7	45.4
California	22.5	22.5	0.0
Grand Total	20,760.4	24.195.2	3.434.8

The Missouri *Democrat* makes us the following statistics of Iowa, for 1856 :—There are in Iowa 83,906 dwelling-houses, 509,414 population, out of which 274,012 males, 235,402 females, 271 colored persons, widowed 11,073, married 170,979, native voters 86,815, naturalized voters 14,492, 92,376 militia, 371 deaf and dumb, 103 blind, 120 insane, 261 idiotic, 67,111 owners of land, 132 paupers. There are 2,043,958 acres of improved land in the State; 6,515,479 unimproved; acres of meadow, 140,656 ; of spring-wheat, 346,966 ; of winter-wheat, 41,114 ; of corn, 737,213 ; of oats, 190,022 ; of potatoes, 18,-124. Number of bushels harvested, 20,815 of grass-seed ; 4, 972,639 of spring-what ; 496,877 of winter-wheat ; 6,127,329 of oats ; 31,163,362 of corn ; 2,014,388 of potatoes ; 225,364 tons of hay. Number of hogs sold, 403,584 ; value $3,127,531. Number of cattle sold, 125,779 ; value, $2,923,253. Pounds of butter, 6,099,208 ; of cheese, 732,323 ; of wool, 517,441. Value of domestic manufactures, $438,900 ; of general, $4,096,961. The three largest counties in the State are Lee, Dubaque and Des Moines.

The Fredericksburg *Herald* says that beautiful granite in inexhaustible quantities, has recently been discovered on the banks of the Potomac, at Occoquan, Va. It is of a grey color, containing quartz to excess, and bears a pressure of 16,800 lbs. to the cubic inch. The government is now paying 60c. for granite used in the construction of some of its buildings, while that from the Occoquan quarry can be afforded at 35 cents per foot.

John A. Washington, the occupant of Mount Vernon estate, has sold to James Crutchett, of Washington, several thousand trees on the Mount Vernon property, and most of them from the hill on which the tomb of Washington stands. This timber is manufactured into canes, and a portion of the proceeds will be used for the purchase of materials for the Washington National Monument.

The finances of Maryland are represented to be in a very excellent condition. There is said to be a balance in the treasury, from the receipts of last year, of about $238,000, which, added to the surplus remaining of the previous year, gives a total surplus in the treasury of nearly $600,000. The receipts of the State for the year are about $1,230,372, and the disbursements about $1,003,290.

The editor of the Nashua *Telegraph* has a Hawkes printing press and works on it himself; and he says the fly-wheels cast a revolving shadow, which is palpably wearing out the floor. The Boston *Post* says it knows the editor to be a sober man, though he has been a Republican Senator.

From the report of the Legislative Committee, it appears the State Debt of Georgia, on the 26th of December, 1856, was $2,666,472 22. As an offset to this debt, the State holds as an item of assets, the Western and Atlantic Railroad, built at a cost of $5,600,235 10, and which is probably worth all that it cost.

The new iron bridge at Goat Island, Niagara, just completed, was fairly tested the other day, by the passage over it of an immense boiler for a paper mill, drawn by eight horses, together weighing about fifteen tons.

Capt. David Lemond, of Warren, Me., was at Dartmoor at the time the bloody tragedy was enacted by Captain Shortland, and remained there till the close of the war. Though in his seventy-second year, he is still active.

A band of robbers and counterfeiters, ten in number, were recently caught in Marshall county, Ala. Two of them turned State's evidence and the rest were jugged to await trial.

The Secretary of the Treasury has purchased two lots in Dubuque, Iowa, as a site for the new Custom-house authorized to be erected in that city.

In the legislatures of Michigan and Indiana, bills have been introduced repealing acts prohibiting the sale and manufacture of spirituous liquors.

A young gentleman from Mississippi was fleeced of six thousand dollars at a gambling hell in Cincinnati, a few days ago.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of North Carolina "to encourage matrimony."

* Including portions in District of Columbia.

The village of Ludlow, in western Massachusetts, recently became scandalized by the theories of a free-love circle being carried to practical results. Mr. Olvord, of Springfield, professed to have had a communication from his deceased wife, announcing the intelligence that her spirit had taken possession of the body of a Mrs. Clark, of Ludlow. Mr. Clark, who was also a spiritualist, at once surrendered his marital rights. Common scandal also named a sister of Mrs. Clark as a participant in these left-handed and irregular nuptials. On Sunday evening the neighbors, incensed, came down. The spiritual high priest was treated to a coat of tar and feathers, and a free ride out of town. The females, whose virtue had yielded to their faith, also received warning to leave.

From reliable sources, says the Portland *Oregonian*, we learn that the mines in the Southern portion of the Territory are paying well this Winter. In Jacksonville, Sterlingville, Illinois Valley, and throughout the entire mining region, there is being more gold taken out than at any time since the Winter of 1850. New diggings are being discovered on and in the vicinity of the Indian Reservation, that "pan out" rich, and as there are no diggers in the mountains, miners do not run the risk, as they used to when out prospecting, of having their scalps taken. The golden resources of a large scope of country on Rogue River and its tributaries, will now be fully developed.

Here are a few interesting Minnesota items :—The towns along the western bank of the Mississippi are rapidly improving in trade and population. A new land office is soon to be opened at Buchanan, near the head of Lake Superior. St. Lawrence is the name of a new town fifteen miles above Shakopee, on the Minnesota River. Trade between St. Paul and Superior is quite brisk. The total amount of peltries from the Pembina or Red River region exported from St. Paul, Minnesota, for 1856, is as follows : 64,292 rats ; 8,276 minks ; 1,428 martens ; 876 foxes ; 3,600 coons ; 1,045 fishers ; 10 wolverines ; 364 badgers ; 2,032 wolves ; 405 otter ; 2,542 kit-foxes ; 610 deer ; 20 cross-fox ; 8 silver fox ; 50 lynx ; 7,500 buffalo robes, and 586 pounds of beaver ; worth, in the aggregate, about $97,000.

A committee of the Ohio legislature are investigating a case in which it is charged that a convict has been deprived of his sight by the ignorance or recklessness of the penitentiary physician. It seems the physician operated upon one of his eyes and put it out. The convict refused then to allow another operation, but the doctor insisted, and now the man is stone blind. He has been in the penitentiary over his time because the warden and directors do not know what to do with him. Such a case certainly demands strict investigation.

The law for the protection of game in Illinois, went into effect on the 15th of January. It is unlawful for any one to kill or "have in possession" any game between that time and the 1st day of August, under a penalty of $15 each, for deer, and $5 each, for birds—the penalty to be recovered before any justice, one-half of which goes to the complainant, and the other to the school fund.

The three prisoners, Walter Beckworth, Robert Conroy, and Henry Cole, who escaped from Clinton Prison, were recaptured within twenty-four hours after leaving the prison. One of them went to a farmer's house the same evening, where he obtained food and shelter for the night, and the next day he was again in confinement. The other two were found secreted in a stable, one of them being badly frozen.

The *Oregonian* says : The Indians on the Grand Round Reserve are indulging their natural propensity for bloodshed by occasionally pitching into and slaying one another. Hardly a week passes that there is not a regular row kicked up by the "poor Indians."

Among the applicants to the Committee of Council of Cincinnati for wood at half price, last week, was a man who is estimated to be possessed of hard cash to the amount of $40,000 or $50,000. Of course his application was refused, this wood being designed only for the "deserving poor."

There was manufactured in Cincinnati and vicinity, last year, 19,260,000 gallons of proof whisky. This is only about seven millions short of the entire product of England, Ireland and Scotland.

A Negro belonging to Mr. Hatcher, in Laurens county, Ga., has confessed to his master that he had during three days swallowed 25 gold dollars which he had stolen.

Frank O'Mahony, formerly engaged with the Petersburg *Express*, and recently local editor of the Southside (Va.) *Democrat*, ii connected with the press in Savannah, Ga.

It is estimated that the love-letters dropped in the Post-office, at Lowell, average over 1,500 daily. The factory girls are unanimous in their opposition to "single blessedness."

The new board of Wardens of Athens, Ga., have passed a law taxing retail liquor sellers, $1,000 per annum, and billiard-tables $500 a year.

A bill to compell free Negroes to leave the State, is before the Alabama Legislature.

A Presbyterian Female College is to be established at Rome, Ga. The buildings have been purchased.

In the Georgia Lunatic Asylum, there are 160 patients—92 males and 69 females.

In the Georgia Academy for the Blind, at Macon, there are at present 19 pupils.

Mr. Denis Corcoran has disposed of his interest in the *N. O. Delta*.

J. W. Farber, Republican, has been elected Speaker of the Minnesota Legislature.

OUR WHITE SLAVES,

From the British Medical Journal.

A letter in the *Times* of January 1st, from Jane D. Le Plastrier, a humane milliner of Bond-street, draws timely attention to an evil inflicted upon helpless and sensitive women, for which the fashionable portion of the female world is chiefly to blame. All of our associates who have had any experience among the out patients of hospitals and dispensaries, must be familiar with the dismal troop of poor young creatures, with an appearance and bearing far superior to the general class of patients who apply at such places for relief. They flow on from year to year with a steady if not an increasing stream, and year by year the medical man sees scores of them drop into eternity, as Mirza, in the Eastern allegory, watches the travellers drop through the bridge and disappear in the swiftly running stream. Familiarity with suffering, it is true, deadens the public sense to any particular evil, and in course of time we are led to believe that cruelties which occur day by day without remonstrance, must be unavoidable. This patience of wrong is a great misfortune. If we ask ourselves the question, "What is the cause of this ceaseless waste of life? what immutable necessity consigns thousands of young women in this country year by year to the grave?"—the shocking answer is returned, "The dire necessity that a furbelow or a flounce shall be finished at a few hour's notice, in order that some old dowager may appear fine at an assembly, or that a blooming belle may appear in her battle field—the ball room—decked in becoming war paint!" We have legislated for the poor women who for centuries were employed in drawing corves of coal in the deep mines ; we have taken the children of the factory workers under our control ; and we have justified the interference with free trade in labour, under the plea that parliament should protect those who cannot protect themselves. We say without fear of contradiction, that the woman who worked like a beast of burden in the deep mine, or the child who sapped its young life plying spindles in the mill when it should have been asleep, were it not more to be pitied than the poor milliner working sixteen hours, nay, sometimes, in the height of the season, twenty hours a day, in the foul workroom ; and that the former did not require the interference of the legislature against the hardness of the world one whit more than the latter. We should be unjust were we to pass a sweeping condemnation upon all women for their inhumanity to one another ; but we must confess our experience teaches us that they are much less considerate to their own sex than men are. We do not believe that any miner would work young girls twenty hours a day for weeks, seeing them day by day drooping under such treatment ; yet this the fashionable milliners of the metropolis and of all large towns do, apparently without being aware that by so acting they are guilty of manslaughter. These persons see the havoc they are committing, and therefore are perhaps the more culpable for allowing it to go on unchecked. They are not, however, the cause of it ; the cause lies in the supposed exigencies of fashion, which will allow life to be sacrificed rather than appear twice at a dinner party in the same dress ; the cause is to be found in the imperious necessities of the boudoir, which command elaborate dresses to be made almost at the clapping of the hands, as in fairy stories, regardless of everything but the gratification of vanity. If the lady saw with her own eyes the misery caused by the tired labour employed upon her charming robe, perhaps she would be thoughtful upon the subject, and would for a season desist ; but as she does not, as the milliner interposes between her and the cruel thing to be done, she does not trouble herself more about the matter than to sing, perhaps, amid a crowd of admirers, in the most pathetic and moving mood, Hood's song of a shirt :—

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyeballs heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang the song of the shirt.

And thus with an expression of sentiment, but too many of the fair sex, we fear, plaster a wounded conscience, and go on allowing the evil to be done as before. It is one thing, however, to denounce an evil, and another to find a remedy for it. The evil is so great, that we feel the liveliest pleasure in giving publicity to that part of Jane De Le Plastrier's letter which aims at the root of it. She says :—

"Fashionable milliners and dressmakers are, of course, wholly supported by the ladies of the fashionable world, without whose patronage they could not continue their business. These very ladies, then, who have so much power in their own hands, should pledge themselves to withdraw their patronage from all houses that would not fall into the twelve-hour system—this fact to be ascertained, not from the employer, but by a letter or form, signed by all the young people and forwarded (say monthly) either to the Closing or Dressmakers' Association. The form might run thus :—

"'To the Committee of, &c.

"'Gentlemen—We have much pleasure of informing you that our duties during the past month have not exceeded twelve hours per day. We are, &c.'"

This appeal, be it observed, confines itself to asking that poor young creatures shall not be employed in a reeking atmosphere more than twelve hours a day—or two above that time which a strong man is asked to labour in the invigorating and fresh air! The old cry of impolicy of interfering with the "labour market" will, we know, be raised ; but what are the alternatives placed before the delicate girl in her teens? If she does not submit to the hours of the task-mistress, what chance has she of an honest meal? Let the answer come from Jane D. Le Plastrier, who speaks with the knowledge of the business :—

"The applications I constantly have from young people leaving these 'workhouses,' and the harrowing tales I hear from them, are distressing in the extreme. Two days since, one presented herself in a state of fearful distress, begging me to give her employment. She had lately been dismissed her situation, because, suffering severely in health, she refused to work after 10. p. m. ; she sought employment elsewhere, and was engaged, provided her reference suited ; but, when, in answer to the usual inquiry, 'What was her reason for leaving?' the answer was, 'Because she refused to work over hours, the unfortunate girl's doom was at once sealed ; nor would her employer give her a second reference. Thus was she left to wander the street almost homeless, and, after her scanty purse was exhausted, quite hungry."

To talk of free trade in labour as applicable to such poor creatures as these, is indeed a shocking mockery. Free trade, indeed! Yes, a free trade which allows its poor victims only one alternative from the most grinding slavery—and that is pollution! It is well known that the milliners and dressmakers are the fertile sources which feed prostitution in all large towns, and can we wonder at it, when we see the horrible straits they are subjected to before submitting to further degradation. We know full well that—

Sorrow is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart ;

and for that reason we trust that the medical portion of the public will do its best to indoctrinate the female portion of the community with the magnitude of the evil they are working by shutting their eyes to the commonest dictates of humanity. We must endeavor to awaken dormant conscience to a consideration of the diseases engendered, and of the deformity produced by the demands of fashion—unshackled by consideration or pity. Few ladies would, we think, be so thoughtless of the health of the poor slaving milliners, if they clearly saw, as poor Hood did, that in their hard night labours in producing finery they are—

Sewing at once with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a *gown*.

CARLOW COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

From the Carlow Post.

The olden custom of having *amateur* theatricals with which to amuse and instruct the young students of Carlow Lay College, as well as the select number who are admitted as auditors, was revived this year. On looking over the names of the *corps dramatique*, we discovered that it was composed of young gentlemen who had not before appeared on the stage, and we could not overcome a certain feeling of misgiving as to the result of their efforts; however, when we were seated, and the curtain rose, all those misgivings vanished, and our astonishment was only equalled by our delight at the scene presented to our view. It would be almost invidious to speak of any of the young gentlemen in particular, yet we cannot refrain from saying a word or two respecting the most prominent of the *dramatis personæ*.—These we conceive to be—Masters Laurence Hyor, Edward Hyor, Henry O'Hea, and Robert Kennedy, in the first piece. Master Laurence Hyor's performance of the part of *Larry Hoolagan* in "More Blunders than One," was admirable; in our opinion, it far exceeded what is generally exhibited on the provincial boards. His courtship with *Susan* was quite natural, and he displayed that ready turn of wit which is Nature's gift to Irishmen in perfection. Whilst he was on the stage he kept the whole company in roars of laughter at the fine broad Irish brogue which he could so happily assume. Master O'Hea, who was next, or perhaps equal, to Master Hyor in sustaining the part allotted to him (*Louisa Lovemore*), drew forth frequent bursts of applause from the admiring audience. His affected passion at receiving the letter from *Henry Melbourne*, unopened; the proud disdain that flashed from his eyes when the gentleman sought an explanation; the willingness to forgive which is so inherent in woman's nature, and prompted *Miss Lovemore* to fly again to her lover's arms ere he breathed his last, were all admirably executed by this young gentleman, and he exhibited a vivacity and versatility throughout which were truly astonishing in one so young. We cannot speak so flatteringly of Master Edward Hyor's performance of *Young Melbourne*. In our opinion he should have acted with more energy; for though some parts of his piece required him to appear dejected at the unaccountable conduct of his "ladye-love" yet there were others that called for more warmth of expression than that gentleman exhibited. A little more spirit and energy, some additional variation of tone, will, with his gentlemanly bearing, enable him to afford his audience all the gratification which the line of character he is so well fitted to represent, is calculated to produce. Master M'Carthy did his part as *Old Melbourne* very respectably, but it is hard to expect to put "an old head on young shoulders." The second piece, "The Bould Soger Boy," was not by any means so well performed as the first, yet we could not help admiring the masterly piece of elocution to which we were treated by Master William Mara on the introduction of *Harry Kildare to Captain O'Slasher*. *Sir George Dashwood* was excellently performed by Master Taaffe, who exhibited a majestic bearing well suited for the occasion. Master White performed the part of *Harry Kildare* very respectably. Master O'Brien sustained *Mr. Prettyman* well, but he did not exhibit enough of *hauteur* to suit the part. Master Dooley failed, in our opinion, to realise the grace and ease which we have always been accustomed to associate with the name of the fair *Lucy Dashwood*; however, considering his extreme youth, his conception of his part was very good. We must not forget to mention Masters John O'Connell and Robert Kennedy, who acted the parts of rival lovers to the fair *Jenny Jinks*, for they sustained their parts with credit to themselves. Our small disposable space will not allow us to enter more fully into the merits of the respective performers; but we regret this the less as we shall have to speak of them again next week, when, we understand, there will be an opportunity afforded us of doing them more ample justice. We cannot, however, close this brief sketch without expressing our satisfaction at finding that Carlow College still maintains, in this as in every other department, the high reputation for which it was always remarkable, and the truth of this observation has been fully attested by those who, having left the mimic College stage, and joining in the world's great stage, have performed their parts with honor to themselves and credit to the persevering, pains-taking, and efficient President, Vice-President, and Professors of that Institution.

THE O'MEARA FAMILY.

From King James's Army List.

"The O'Mearas were a distinguished territorial sect in the barony of Upper Ormond, County Tipperary, and the name of their principal residence, Tuam-ui-Meara, is still retained in that of Toomavars, within that district; yet the only individuals of that name, who appear in the outlawries of 1642, are Dermot Meara, described as "of Dublin," and Catherine his wife.

"In the commencement of the seventeenth century flourished Dermod O'Meara, a physician and a poet, who, Ware says in his "Writers," was educated at Oxford. He wrote a history of the House of Ormond in verse, as also some prose medical treatises. His son Edmond O'Meara, also a Doctor of Oxford and a member of the College of Physicians of London, resided for some time at Bristol, and died in 1680, leaving three sons, William, a physician also; the above Major Francis, his second son; and the third, a Jesuit. This Francis was one of the burgesses in King James's Charter of 1687 to Wicklow, and was sheriff of that county in the following year. He was killed at the Battle of the Boyne. A funeral entry in Birmingham Tower, Office of Arms, records the death of Teigue O'Meara of Lishenuske, county Tipperary, (son and heir of William O'Meara of do., son and heir of Donnell O'Meara of do.,) who had married Honora, daughter of Robert Grace of Courtstown, county Kilkenny; by whom he had issue three sons, Daniel, William, and Patrick, and two daughters. Said Teigue died at Killballykelty, county Waterford, 30th April, 1636, and was interred at Clonmel.—Another member of this sept, Thomas Meara, was a Lieutenant in Colonel Dudley Bagnall's Regiment of Foot; and a Thady O'Meara, having been seized in the various lands in the county of his sept and being an adherent of James, was attainted; when Daniel O'Meara claimed a fee-tail therein; while in a patent of lands in the same county to John Otway, a saving was contained of the rights of Theodore "Maragh" to certain townlands specified therein.

"At the battle of Lauffield in 1747, Captain O'Meara was of the wounded in Clare's Brigade. He was living in 1793, when he resided with his son, General Felix O'Meara, Commandant of Dunkirk. This latter individual went into the French service in 1755, being then but eighteen years of age, and was immediately received into Rothe's Regiment. In the same year hostilities commenced in Europe, by Admiral Boscawen's taking the Alcide and Le Lys, French ships of war; and preparations were made for land actions on both sides. The Irish regiments embodied in France were sent to garrison Calais, Dunkirk, Boulogne, and Ardres, on that frontier of France nearest to England, as it was the policy of the French king to oppose the Irish troops to those of England. Here O'Meara, sharing in all the services of his regiment, gradually rose, as vacancies occurred. In 1778, when this brigade was incorporated with French regiments, O'Meara, then a captain, had the same rank given him in that of Auvergne, which was the second in military estimate of all the infantry of that country. Peace had existed between the two kingdoms for some years previously; but hostilities breaking out in the latter year (which led to the American war,) Captain O'Meara for a time took part with royalty. In the succeeding years, however, of intestine commotion in France, he, being then Lieutenant Colonel, resigned his commission to the crown, and, embracing the Republican movement, received a fresh commission from the national party. He fought under General Dumourier, afterwards under Dampierre, and was subsequently raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General, with the defence of Dunkirk confided to him. There he subsequently married a young lady with a fortune of 80,000 livres. Three younger brothers of his were also officers in the French service.

ORANGEISM IN THE NORTH.

From the Northern Whig.

On the other hand, how stands the case with Orangeism? An association, sanguinary, vengeful, and malignant as Ribbonism—its history a series of massacres, houseburnings, and waylayings—its name almost a synonyme for remorseless hate and defiant crime—in its very essence bloodthirsty, unchristian, and cruel—denounced from the throne as illegal, upwards of twenty years ago—denounced by the two houses of parliament—clearly as unlawful as its antitype Ribbonism, bound together, as its confederates are, by secret signs and passwords—it still holds its ground. Against it the law has never yet been attempted to be set in motion. The Orangeman makes no secret of his crime; he openly proclaims his connection with the society—erects Orange-halls to meet in, holds festive-meetings in presence of, and in company with, the magistrates of the land, numbers of whom are his sworn "brethren;" appears in public wearing the insignia and emblems of his order, and the law never once interferes. Government after government has permitted this state of things to go on unchecked. Nay, government itself, sworn to maintain the law impartially against all violators, has not merely connived at Orangeism, but some of its most notorious ringleaders have been appointed to the commission of the peace, or suffered to retain it—have been made sheriffs of their counties, and had other high honors conferred on them. The example of this has not been without its effect on the inferior officers of the law; and, if we required proof of the fact, we have far more than enough in the lengthened report, which will be found in our columns to-day, of the trial at the Ballymena Quarter Sessions on last Friday.

It appears that a party riot—or, rather, two riots—took place at the fair of Craigbilly, in the county of Antrim, in the months of June and August last. Roman Catholics—whether Ribbonmen or not, does not appear—were engaged on one side, and Orangemen on the other. To apportion the degree of blame belonging to one set or the other, is no part of our purpose. Both were equally engaged in creating a breach of the peace, and both should, as far as possible, have been equally made amenable to the law.

Well, what do we find? The police succeeded in arresting several of the Roman Catholics, who have been brought to trial, and some of them sentenced to imprisonment for participation in the riot. But, from the first to last, not a single man of the Orange rioters was taken into custody, or had informations lodged against him by those policemen who showed such vigilance in securing the riotous Papists. No wonder that the assistant-barrister commented in the strong terms he did on this remarkable fact. How is it to be accounted for? Is it not as plain as the sun at noon, that the police acted on the cue given them by their superiors of punishing the Roman Catholic offenders, and allowing the equally guilty Orangemen to escape? While such a one-sided, partial mode of administering the law is allowed to prevail, it is vain to hope that it will command the respect and obedience of the people. It is not in the nature of things that it should; and, for our own part, we are altogether at a loss for language which will adequately express our sense of the culpable manner in which the different governments, for the last few years, have allowed the law to slumber in reference to what the assistant-barrister of the county Antrim has so justly stigmatised as "a very disgraceful confederacy." How long, we ask, will Orangeism be permitted to rear its head among us in defiance of the law?

How long will it be permitted to corrupt the youth of the country by administering to them unlawful oaths, and instilling into their minds the most deadly hate and malice towards their fellow-countrymen?

It is melancholy to read the admission of one of the witnesses in this Craigbilly case, that, when only seventeen years old, he was sworn in a member of an Orange lodge; but still more melancholy is it to witness the workings of that system on his moral nature, as disclosed in the answer that he did not know the number of his lodge! If it had not been for the indifference and connivance of the Irish executive, Orangeism could long since have been as effectually crushed, and made to feel the strength of the law, as Ribbonism. What difference is there between them that they should not be subject to the same treatment? They are both illegal in their constitution, both vicious in their object, both the enemies of public tranquillity, and crime and bloodshed have tracked the steps of each. We will go so far as to say that of the two, Orangeism is the more dangerous to the peace of the country, and, for many reasons more imperatively calls for the vindication of the law. Ribbonism in many instances, was nothing more than a defensive association against the other, and where it now exists as such, its extinction would follow, as the natural consequences of the suppression of the antagonistic force which called it into being. Besides, patronised as Orangeism is, by Protestant noblemen and gentlemen, of course for purely selfish purposes, it loses, in the eyes of many of its supporters, its guilty character; and, on this account especially, it is incumbent on those entrusted with the vindication of the law to convince the more ignorant dupes that no men, however high their rank, can protect them from the consequences of its violation.

If the law, as it at present stands, cannot be made to reach the Orange Association, let such an alteration be made in it as will accomplish that object. It will be a scandal to the present government if they allow the next session to pass without giving some evidence of their sincere desire to crush completely this mischievous confederacy. The Orangemen of Ireland, as political allies, are now not worth courting. They have degenerated into the class which Sir Robert Peel, with so much terseness and truth, described them to be when he cast them off as broken, degraded, and worthless tools.

NOTES ON IRELAND.

From the Liverpool Journal.

Farewell to the year of grace 1856, memorable in Ireland for the "Crimean"—prolific harvests—remunerative prices for produce—tenantless (as regards the able-bodied) workhouses—in fine, for peace, plenty, and "progress,"—the exaction of the double income tax, and the Sadlier frauds, in connection with the Tipperary Joint-Stock Bank, forming the only drawbacks. "At no antecedent period for the last ten years (says the *Louth Advertiser*) were there so few inmates of the workhouse. At Christmas nearly all the local poor outside of the workhouse were enabled to fare comfortably out of their own earnings." Take it for all in all, not since the commencement of the present century has the past year had its "parallel." May it prove not the "shadow" of the "coming events," but the forerunner of many years of prosperity in the future of this heretofore sorely-tried land. But as it is not given to any except the compilers of "prophetic almanacs" to peep into futurity, and inasmuch as there is no lack of such sources of undoubted information, a few "notes" with respect to the "manners and customs" of those who flourished in the last century may prove acceptable in these holiday times, if only by way of variety. To begin with the month of January, 1733. The following items of intelligence appear in a Dublin journal published at that period:—

"January 2.—A coachman was, by order of the Righ Honorable the Lord Mayor, tied behind the coach and whipped through the city for giving saucy language to a gentleman."

"Tuesday night (the 2d) was played in the Council Chamber of the Castle, by several of our young nobility and gentry, the celebrated tragedy of the *Distrest Mother*. There was a great appearance, and the whole conducted with much decency."

"January 16.—This day a chairman was whipt through this city, and yesterday a coachman; both for giving saucy language."

"January 20.—Yesterday there was burned, by order of the Lord Mayor, in College-green, twenty-four barrels of bad herrings. This day being the anniversary of the birth of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who then entered into the 27th year of his age, there was a numerous appearance of nobility, &c., at the Castle, to congratulate their exellencies the lord trustees on the happy occasion, and at noon their excellencies went to the Strand at Irishtown, attended by a squadron of dragoons, and at night there was a play for the entertainment of the ladies."

A very active official, and potent withal, was the Lord Mayor in those days; and that he did not permit his "brief authority" to slumber, we have proof *in re* the coachmen's backs and the burning of bad herrings. If the holder of the office attempted to raise a similar flame in College-green at the present writing, he would be indicted at the suit of the sanitary commissioners, the fear of which was not before the eyes of his predecessor, for the very sufficient reason that there were no such commissioners at the time. We next come to a proclamation from "His Majesty's Treasury in Dublin," dated the 18th day of January, 1733, and signed "Luke Gardiner, Dep. Rec. Gen.," warning "all persons having salaries, employments, places, or pensions, or profits of places and employments," that by an act of parliament "passed the last session, held in 1731," it was enacted that they "should be taxed four shillings in the pound if they did not reside six calendar months in each year in the said kingdom of Ireland. This is therefore to give notice to all persons concerned that they do comply with the said act, or otherwise that they will incur the penalties in the said act mentioned." This hint to absentees closes the record of January, and then comes the following:—

"February 13.—On Wednesday last Capt. Mooney and Mr. Maguire were executed at St. Stephen's-green. They disowned the act for which they were executed, viz., of forcing men into foreign service, but that they voluntarily enlisted themselves."

"February 27.—Thursday last being the anniversary of her most sacred Majesty Queen Caroline, the morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells; at noon their Excellencies the Lords Justices, with a great number of the nobility and gentry, as likewise the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, met at the Castle, and heard a song on the occasion; they afterwards went in state round St. Stephen's-green, and at night gave a play to the ladies." "Increase of burials this week, 100."

"March 3.—This day James Cavanaugh, Dominick Donnelly, and James Taafe, were executed at St. Stephen's-green, for several robberies." Total buried last week, 98; decrease of births, 71."

"March 13. On Wednesday morning last the Lord Mayor sent four or five men, some of them being gentlemen's servants, to Newgate, for being out at an unseasonable time at night, with trumpets, kettle drums, and fiddles, serenading their mistresses."

"March 27.—Last Saturday about thirty criminals were shipped off for her Majesty's plantations, but we fear four of them have made their escape."

How calculated to excite the "special wonder" of the present generation is the above record. Who that would visit "St. Stephen's Green" now, with the Museum of Irish Industry, the Catholic University, the Palace of the Protestant Archbishop, the Royal College of Surgeons, embellishing its respective squares, could repress surprise at learning that it was, in days of yore, the "Gallows-green," the place for the public execution of malefactors of the city of Dublin? The last public announcement for the month of March is in the shape of an advertisement; and when it is stated that it was published from the 20th of March to the 3rd of April following, some idea may be formed of the *distance* between England and Ireland at that period, as compared with the present age of rapid locomotion. Here it is:—

"For Chester.—Mr. Luke Gaven having very well equipped his two ships Pretty Bessy and Golden Falcon, and furnished them with able sailors, clean bedding, and all other neccessaries fit for passengers, any person of quality, or other, disposed to go to Chester, may be informed of the exact time of either of the aforesaid ships sailing, by the said Mr. Gaven, at his house in Abbey-street. And that nobody may be disappointed of their passage, they are desired not to believe any one as to the time of either ship sailing, except the said Mr. Gaven or the masters of them."

It is very probable that Mr. Gaven's "fast sailing ships" started once a month, and did not occupy more than a week or ten days in the "voyage!" A large and varied assortment of these curious "chronicles" yet remain—but "sufficient for to-day."

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF IRELAND,

WITH A SYSTEM OF ARMAMENT, PLAN OF ORGANISATION, AND MODE OF WARFARE, ADAPTED TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES BEGGS.

(Continued.)

Tactics from this period remained much the same, until the time of the American Revolution, when, in that woody country, the columns of General Howe were enveloped and almost annihilated by clouds of undisciplined riflemen, without masses for their support. In about twenty years afterwards, from the success which followed this sort of fighting, a lesson had been learned by the generals of the French republic, who, instead of inventing new machines, have wisely adopted a new system of tactics, which, in brief, consisted in the application of the line of skirmishers with their supports, the success of which both astonished themselves and their opponents. This system has been improved since; the usual arrangement to-day being the division of large armies into smaller divisions, called "*corps d'armee*," the bases being composed of infantry, with a proportion of cavalry and artillery attached, and covered by skirmishers with their supports. In action, the line of battle is formed of infantry with its proportion of artillery stationed at intervals along the line; and this line supported by a second line, the distance between which depends on the nature of the ground—generally from 150 to 300 yards apart, in order, as far as possible, to keep the second line out of fire. In undulating ground the lines may be closed up to 100 yards' interval, but on level ground may be 200 or 300 yards apart, and the proportion of cavalry are generally in columns on the flanks of the second line, waiting for an opportunity to dash upon the broken or disordered ranks of the enemy. The habit of the English infantry is to charge in line two deep; the practice of the continental infantry is to charge in column or solid masses, covered and connected by skirmishers. The charge in line two deep, is the better formation for brave and stalwart men; and in column for bad troops, aided by skirmishers.

Our system of tactics is necessarily and totally different and superior. We have neither cavalry nor artillery to rely upon, as rotten reeds, to cramp our exertions and disorganize our movements. Our whole force is composed of movable and manageable infantry, the component parts of which are pikemen and gunmen; the pikemen forming the solid internal body and the gunmen the external active agents of that body.

The enemy will adopt one of two modes of action: he will concentrate his forces into one great army, and attack us in the pride of his united strength: or he will divide his army into several divisions, and attack us at so many points. Whichever course he pursues, is case equal to us; we will soon teach the predatory barbarians that Irishmen are as much their superiors in war, as they are in every other particular. Should his whole army move on one point, it must not be allowed to proceed without being stoutly opposed. He will, in the first instance, be under the necessity of repairing the roads, and making passages for his artillery, cavalry, and baggage, and while doing so he must be subjected to the attention of our skirmishers. At this point, his force will be vastly superior to ours; but that is not material, as our force, though then numerically weak, having, I may say, all Ireland at its back, can advantageously attack the enemy; because, although we attack, we cannot be compelled to give battle, and we retire, only when he comes in force and presses upon us or menaces our flanks, under cover of the lateral ditches, favoring him with a dropping fire as we recede before him. It is true that we have not the interminable forests, in which to shelter our men, as the American people had, during the American Revolution; but we have what are ten thousand times better—we have interminable ditches and hedges, hills and hollows, and broken ground; and I will now proceed to show how these are to be garrisoned and defended. The detachments from the neighboring encampments having been pushed forward, as I have already pointed out, the place having been carefully selected where a stand is to be made, the pikemen are formed in hollows or depressions of ground, or behind hills, in a line of contiguous columns at quarter distance, and two ditches in front of them without hedges are selected, one behind the other, in which two lines of pikemen are posted; one the line of attack, and the other the support. If time admitted, these ditches should be made, with spades, into steps or stairs from bottom to top, over which the men could evenly ascend and charge. Pikemen about to charge should never be posted behind a hedged ditch, because it would be almost impossible for them to charge through it without their order being broken; and if unavoidably placed in such a position, cuts should be made in the hedge, through which the divisions could file, reform line, and charge. Cuts somewhat similar were made by St. Ruth, at the battle of Aughrim. This done, the skirmishers are pushed forward a mile or two in front, with their supports and reserves. Three ditches, parallel with the enemy's front, are here selected, one behind the other, in which three lines of skirmishers are posted. The supports are drawn up in column behind the fourth ditch, and a column of pikemen, acting as the reserve, are drawn up behind the fifth ditch. In this order, they lie close and concealed from the enemy's view, awaiting his advance; and as soon as his vanguard comes within range, the first line of skirmishers open fire upon it, each man taking particular care to aim correctly, which firing they will vigorously maintain until the enemy comes on in force or threatens their flanks, when they will close to the left and right, and retire by the lateral ditches, clearing the front for the second line of skirmishers to fire upon the enemy, and form in column behind the reserve; and the moment the front of the second line is cleared, it will open fire upon the advancing enemy, and retire under the same circumstances and in the same manner as the first. The third line acts likewise. The fourth line, or supports, having the same number of men, now in their turn occupy three rear ditches as skirmishers; and the former lines of skirmishers, now in their turn form the fourth line, or supports; and the fifth line, or pikemen of the reserve, retire to the ditch in rear of the new supports, and again form the fifth line or reserve. In this manner will the skirmishers, supports, and reserves, in succession, retire until the enemy is lured on, until he attempts to storm the ditch in which the first line of pikemen is posted and concealed. The pikemen posted under cover of this ditch are to keep close, and never show until the enemy arrives within a few yards of them; and in order to break the order of the enemy, and deceive him still more, a line of gunsmen will form close in rear of the line of pikemen, and keep up an independent file-fire over the pikemen's heads, in the enemy's teeth; and the order to these gunsmen to cease fire will be the signal for the pikemen to be up and at the enemy.

The moment the first line of pikes is engaged, the offensive power of the enemy ceases—they become paralysed and unable to strike—and the supporting lines of pikes advance to assist the first without having anything to fear; and these supports will still be reinforced by the pike columns in reserve, if necessarry. It is evident that nothing but the enemy's infantry can advance over those hedged ditches; their cavalry and artillery must remain behind. Should any portion of their cavalry advance through the openings made by their infantry, and attack the skirmishers, they will form the rallying square close to a ditch, or retire in that order until they are relieved by a charge of pikemen, called up for that purpose from the reserve. If, after this transient brush with the enemy, he still presses forward in superior force, and we are too weak as yet in numbers to hold our ground, the pikemen will retire in separate compact columns upon the central position, covered in rear by the skirmishers, and the other encampments in combination will press upon the enemy's rear, and cut off his supplies in the manner described. Despatches must now be sent to all the central positions throughout Ireland, and all the counties must support the fighting county with reinforcements and supplies until the enemy is crushed. No matter how inferior to those of the enemy in numerical strength our forces may be, their armament, tactics, and strategy range on their side such an array of advantages, as to absolutely endow them with all the advantages of a permanent superiority. No matter in what order the enemy may advance, whether in line or columns, preceded by skirmishers, or both, our tactics and strategy are still the same. Every ditch and hill, embankment or undulation, or accident of ground, commanding or bearing upon the approach of the enemy, must be occupied by our gunsmen; and if time permitted, these obstacles to the enemy's progress should be improved by art, with the view of detaining them and breaking their order of formation. Every ditch or obstacle they cross detains them under our fire, breaks their order of formation, and puts them to the inconvenience of reforming, while all this time they are, without being able to return a single shot, exposed to the murderous fire of our men from the next ditch or cover; and the thicker and closer this fire could be given the better. Every ditch, with or without a hedge, furnishes a secure position for our men, while it checks the advance of the enemy, breaks their order of formation, and obliges them either to re-form after crossing the ditch under our fire or move forward in disorder and confusion, and receive at our hands the treatment which hopeless confusion merits. Should the enemy hope to embarrass us by menacing our flanks, we have only to line the lateral ditches with a portion of our men, and thus oppose a steady front to his flank attack.

Exclusive of the impediments which ditches and the like obstacles furnish, artillery, horse or foot, cannot operate in this moving onwards or backwards kind of fighting. Artillery cannot operate effectively without being stationary, well supported, and its flanks secured; and to effect any kind of respectable execution in the field, columns of men must be got foolish enough to stand as targets for its practice; but it is pretty certain that columns of men, sufficiently foolish, could not be got in Ireland nowadays, particularly when they can so very easily do better in action. No gunsmen, capable of availing themselves of the advantages of ground, need fear cavalry, because they cannot charge through hedged ditches, nor over walls nor embankments, nor on rugged ground; and on the most level surface the best cavalry in the world, no matter in what order they appear, are no match for pikemen, in either line or column formation.

Not wishing to weary the reader with many further remarks on these points, I think that I may now justly content myself with feeling that I have given sufficient explanation to show clearly—even to any civilian of the dullest mental capacity—the simplicity, practicability and superiority of the system of armament I have recommended, and the mode of warfare I have here propounded, in contradistinction to the obsolete system of armament and mode of tactics yet patronised and practised by the military powers of the world, and particularly the utter uselessness of cavalry and artillery in the field; therefore I will abridge as much as possible, the few observations I have yet to make.

This kind of warfare has two sides—the offensive and the defensive. The advantages are all arrayed on the defensive, and the disadvantages on the offensive side. And it is a golden fact, that the invader must always assume the offensive, as he cannot advance without doing so; while it is equally as golden a fact, that the people have the option of assuming either the offensive or defensive at pleasure. In retiring before the advancing enemy, the defensive system, as I have shown, is fully developed; but when other detachments of ours assemble in rear of the advancing enemy, with the view of isolating him and cutting off his supplies, should these detachments fall upon his rear, in doing so, they assume the defensive; but in this case they must only encircle his rear with a concave line of skirmishers, sustained by their supports and reserves, and continue to gall him with their fire. The reserves should invariably be composed of pikemen, that in case the enemy should halt and assume the offensive against them, with the view of relieving his rear, the order of battle then becomes reversed, and his attack should be repulsed by the pike divisions, advantageously posted and compactly arrayed in reserve for that purpose.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Protestant Bishopric of Cork is still undisposed of. Several individuals are spoken of, among the rest, Dean Bermingham, of Limerick, the Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, connected with this locality, the Rev. William Fitzgerald, chaplain to Archbishop Whately, besides Archdeacon Kyle, whose name is most prominently before the public. *Saunders' News-Letter* is the authority for the rumor that gives the place to Dr. Whately's chaplain.

The town of Westport, the seat of Colonel, the Marquis of Sligo, and the headquarters of the permanent staff of the South Mayo Rifles, has lately been the scene of unusual gaity, the raising of Volunteers have commenced vigorously, under the supervision of Captain and Adjutant Butcher, and Dr. Burke, surgeon of the regiment. The staff and brass band paraded the streets for several hours.

It is thought says the *Dublin Saunders* that a revision of the county magistracy is not unlikely to take place in Ireland—no party to be re-appointed whose income is not independent of his farming pursuits or trade, or whose social position is not on a par with the gentry of the district.

During the recent run on the Tipperary National Bank, a farmer withdrew all his money, conveyed it home, and secreted it. He died suddenly and his family cannot find the place where the coin is deposited.

Three weeks since, the house of Mr. Wallace, chandler, Tralee, was accidentally burned down, with all the property therein; also the premises adjoining, belonging to Mr. Terrence O'Grady, confectioner. The latter was insured for £200.

The people of Carrick-on-Suir are taking steps to improve their Temperance Hall, or Town Hall.

Irish News.

The Earl of Carlisle arrived in Kingstown Harbor, by special steamer from Holyhead shortly before eleven o'clock on Tuesday night. His Excellency, who was accompanied by his private secretary (Capt. Everard) and the Hon. Capt. Ellis, reached the Dublin terminus of the Kingston railway at half-past eleven, and proceded to the Viceregal Lodge in Phœnix Park. Rumors of a change in the Irish government are again afloat, to the effect that Lord Carlisle and Mr. Horsman retire from their respective offices, to be succeeded, the former by Mr. Granville, and the latter by, of all men in the world, Sir Robert Peel! Although it is probable enough that the present excellent Viceroy may desire to relinquish an office which, it is said, he accepted on condition of his tenure being limited to a period named, and that his stay in Ireland may be much shorter than could be wished—it is exceedingly improbable, in the event of Mr. Horsman's resignation of the office of Chief Secretary, that he will be succeeded by Sir Robert Peel. If the office be vacated a very, different manner of man will have the appoinment. One thing is certain, so long as Lord Carlisle resides at Dublin Castle there will be no complaints as to the curtailment of the Vice-regal festivities. Already it is announced that there is to be a levee on the 28th and a drawing-room on the 29th inst.

During the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, the destination of the "mere Irish," as settled by the rulers of the day, was "To Hell or Connaught;" and it would appear from a statement in the *Ballinasloe Star* that the last named locality is looked upon as a favored spot by another class of settlers in the reign of Queen Victoria. It is recorded in "Clarenden's life" that in Cromwell's time all the Irish were required "to retire, by a day named, to the province of Connaught, under the penalty of death," and we have now an announcement in the journal named that "the demand for farms in the West of Ireland by the English and Scotch agriculturists continues unabated. Every week we receive applications from parties who are anxious to settle in Connaught, for advice and assistance." We are also told that there are applicants from Ulster, "who are anxious to invest their capital in less densely populated districts." Should this demand continue, we shall have a "plantation" of Connaught, but of a far more acceptable and serviceable kind than those which followed the confiscations of Queen Elizabeth, James the Eirst, Cromwell, and William the Third.

The Belfast Literary and Debating Society having been in existence only a few months, has succeeded, through the energy of its members, in attaining a position and influence such as has not fallen to the lot of any contemporary society in this country. The society has provided itself with an excellent library, comprising an assortment of natural and philosophical works, selected with the utmost care and good taste. This valuable collection has been removed to a commodious room which has been fitted up at considerable expense.

The Right Hon. Thomas Viscount De Vesci has been chosen by a majority of votes to be the Peer to sit in the House of Lords of the United Kingdom, in the room of Cornwallis, Viscount Hawarden, deceased. The Right Hon. Somerset Richard, Earl of Belmore, has been chosen by a majority of votes to be the Peer to sit in the House of Lords of the United Kingdom, in the room of the late James Earl of Bandon, deceased.

The editor of the *Derry Journal* learns with much satisfaction that Sir William Cubitt intends to be present at the next meeting of the Londonderry Bridge Commissioners, to state which of the plans for the new bridge he considers most worthy of being adopted.

At Borrisokane petty sessions, the other day, Sub-inspector James Healy prosecuted a man named John Ryan, for being upon the premises, and working an illicit still, at Coorevan. The magistrates inflicted a penalty of £100, or, in default, 12 months' imprisonment.

The Lord Chancellor has, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Londonderry, appointed John W. Fulton, of Braidugh House and the Inner Temple, Esq., barrister-at-law and J. P., for the county of Down.

From the *Newry Telegraph* we understand that Mr. Harpur has a pig, reared by him, which, when sixteen months' old, weighed in the scales of Templegowran Mill, five "long-hundreds," of one hundred and twenty pounds each.

At a road sessions for the barony of Barrymore, county Cork, a presentment for £35 was passed in favor of Nicholas Murphy, compensation for two stacks of barley maliciously burned; and £25 to a farmer named Nunan, upon whose land two cows were killed.

The British Government have sent over auditors from London to investigate the accounts of the several railways in Ireland to which public loans have been advanced. Two gentlemen have arrived in Dublin for that purpose.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed William Rogan, Esq., M. D., Resident Physician to the Londonderry District Lunatic Asylum. He has also appointed Mrs. Elizabeth Grant as Resident Matron in the same institution.

The extensive flour mills of Ballycorney, near O'Brien's Bridge, in the county Clare, have been destroyed by fire. The value of the property consumed was about £2,000. It was insured for only £1,500 in the National Insurance Office.

Mr. Willoughby George Fox, sub-inspector in the Irish constabulary, has been appointed chief constable for Derbyshire, at a salary of £100 a year, with an addition of £1 a week for travelling expenses.

At Parsonstown quarter sessions, a few weeks since, the assistant-barrister decided that convents are not liable to grand jury cess or poor rates.

The Misses Harriette and Georgiana Poe, daughters of the late James Poe, Esq., solicitor, Kilkenny, have taken the white veil at the Presentation Convent, Middleton, County Cork.

The *Limerick Chronicle* informs us that several officers of the Irish militia regiments will proceed in the next packet from Liverpool to Australia as settlers.

Mr. John Rea, Solicitor for the Liberal Committee, has left Belfast, for London, to prepare for the opposition to the Indemnity bill.

The Marquis of Waterford is quite recovered from the effects of his late accident.

There are 367 paupers in the Carrick Union, being a decrease of 183 from the same period last year.

The expense to the country for education in Ireland in the year ended March last, was £195,040.

The agitation against the Income Tax in Ireland is acquiring some consequence if we may judge from the following facts :—In Belfast, the Mayor has convened a meeting at the Music Hall, "for the purpose of having the income tax reduced from the present war rate." The requisition is headed by Wm. Sherman Crawford, and bears the names of many of the principal manufacturers and merchants. In the city of Cork, the Mayor has called a meeting to afford the citizens an opportunity of protesting against the impost. In Drogheda, the Corporation has adopted a petition against the tax, on the motion of Alderman Boylan. In Carlow, the tax payers, throwing aside all party feeling, have determined in one vast body to protest against the tax. In Enniskillen, the people have met and adopted a petition against it. In Clonmel, the Corporation have adopted a petition for the reduction of the tax, on the motion of Alderman Hackett, seconded by Alderman Bianconi. In Galway, a requisition addressed to the High Sheriff of the town, is in course of signature, requesting him to call a meeting of the county of the town in condemnation of the tax. In Londonderry, the city and county were convened to petition for its reduction. And in Wexford, Enniscorthy is taking the initiative for convening a county meeting. When Mr. Walsh, J.P., mentioned the subject at a recent assembly of the town council of the Borough, there was an unanimous expression of opinion that a petition against it should be forwarded to the legislature without delay.

The *Evening Mail*, Dublin, publishes a sort of balance sheet of the Bar appointments made in the course of it, showing the proportion of Protestants and Roman Catholics, and giving the names and offices :—

Roman Catholics—Mr. Keogh, Judge, vice Torrens, Protestant ; Mr. Fitzgerald, Attorney General, vice Keogh ; Mr. Sausse, Indian Judge ; Sir Colman O'Loghlen, Assistant Barrister, vice Sausse ; Mr. O'Donnell, Capel street office, vice Kelly, Protestant ; Mr. M'Dermot, College street office, vice Burke, Protestant ; Mr. Barry, Australian Judge ; Mr. Lynch, Assistant Barrister, vice Perrin, Protestant—Total 8. Protestant—Mr. Christian, Solicitor General—Total 1. The Judges of Appeals, and of the Admiralty, the *Mail* observes, are not brought to credit under this head—the first being made by the Committee of the House of Commons, and the other by law.

The *Roscommon Messenger* finds that two cases of the use of the knife have occurred in Roscommon during the past week. In one case the victim dropped dead, stabbed to the heart. Owen Levin, when returning to Frenchpark from the fair of Ballaghadereen, having got into some altercation with parties who were traveling on the same road, received two stabs, both of which reached the heart. A man named John Low, his son, and John Madden, are in custody on the charge. Another case, though not attended with the same fatal results, occurred at Strokestown, when a man named John Hedlan was stabbed in the leg by Bernard Lennon, who has since absconded.

Another instance of the cruelty of the administration of the English and Scotch poor law has come under the observation of the *Derry Sentinel*. An officer arrived in Derry from Edinburgh, bringing with him two men, three women, and two children, portions of five families. One of the women, with her two children, left Derry twenty-three years ago, and resided that time in Glasgow, with the exception of a few months in Edinburgh, from which place she was deported to Derry ; the others belonged to Fermanagh and Armagh. One proceeding homewards, the remainder were admitted by the relieving officer, Mr. Klophel, to the union work-house.

The Carlow *Sentinel* complains that, within the last few weeks, a daring act of incendiarism was attempted by one of those wretches whom the government let loose on society, instead of removing them to some penal settlement. A large hay-rick, the property of Mr. Lord, was set on fire in the vicinity of his residence—*The Lodge*, Athy. Were it not for the exertions of the towns-people, of all classes, aided by the constabulary, the dwelling-house and the entire premises would have been consumed, and a great deal of valuable property destroyed. The perpetrator of this act has been arrested ; his name is Edward Kennedy ; he had been under transportation for robbery ; but, after the expiration of 12 months' imprisonment, he got a "ticket-of-leave," and in his wanderings paid a visit to Athy.

Letters have been received by the Mayor and Town Clerk of Clonmel, from William Kemmis, Esq., Crown Solicitor, requesting the immediate payment of the three half yearly instalments of Minister's money, due out of the houses liable to the impost, within the limits of the borough, up to the 29th September, 1856. Should the debt not be discharged before the 11th inst., the Crown Solicitor has threatened to take steps to enforce its payment. It is the intention of the Mayor to convene a meeting of the Commissioners to see what shall be done under the circumstances.

On New Year's morning a fine young woman named Catherine Mahony, a daughter of a small farmer residing at Peafield, near Ballysimon, county Limerick, went to a mill-pond to draw a kettle of water, when she lost her balance and fell into the pond. There being no assistance at hand, she was drowned. The body was found about an hour after. The police measured the depth of the water, and found it to be only three feet.

Simon Byrne, who was captured in the attempt to steal three sheep, the property of Mr. Robert Hanlon, of Grangeford, was convicted, and sentenced to ten year's penal servitude. An order was read from the Lord Lieutenant to forward the prisoner to the convict depot for having violated his parole. By this new rule the prisoner will undergo penal servitude for seventeen years, having, in addition to his present sentence, seven years of penal servitude to undergo under the first.

Connaught has again pronounced for Tenant-right. The Provincial meeting at Castlebar could not be held with closed doors. Thousands of the Mayo men flocked to it from all parts of the country. It was found necessary to hold the meeting in the open air. Mr. Swift, M. P., Mr. Kennedy, M. P., Mr. Moore, Father Browne, P.P., the Venerable Archdeacon Coghlan, and other gentlemen attended. So we are enthusiastically informed by the *Nation*.

It is reported that Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts will succeed Major Priestly in the Constabulary department, and that Mr. Piercy, county Dublin inspector, will succeed Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts at the Park Depot. Mr. Healy, S. I. Borrisokane, has been promoted from the rank of third-class to that of second-class sub-inspector.

The bill for the Athenry and Tuam railway line is unavoidably postponed for this year. To the double dealing and bad faith of certain parties connected with the Great Midland, the Galway *Vindicator* says, the public may attribute this result.

It becomes the duty of the *Northern Whig* from day to day to record instances of grievous inhumanity towards natives of Ireland, long resident in Scotland and England, perpetrated by the parish authorities on the other side of the Channel, so soon as by accident or illness these poor creatures become chargeable, in deporting them from their shores. The following, says the *Whig*, are the latest cases of this description which have come under notice at the port of Belfast :—Mary Bruce, a young woman in a very helpless condition, was landed from the Glagow steamer. Superintendent Magee's attention was called to the condition of the poor female, and he sent her to a refreshment house, where she got breakfast. This young woman was sent over by the parochial authorities of Glasgow. Her native place is Lisbon, whither she went in search of her father. Francis M'Laughlin and his wife, an old couple, between 60 and 70 years of age, were sent over by the parochial authorities of London, in the steamer *Oscar*. They were in England for 26 years, and were natives of the county Derry. They were in such an exhausted state after the voyage that they were not fit to be removed from the lodgings in Belfast for two days. Margaret Brennan and her sister were landed from Glasgow by the steamer *Stork*, on the 3d instant, in a most deplorable condition—naked and penniless. Superintendent Magee's attention was directed to them as they were sitting in one of the Quay sheds, crying from cold and hunger. They stated that they had so far to go as the King's County.

A farmer named Dyce was transacting some business in Tullow last Saturday three weeks, after which he proceeded home in a cart in company with his brother-in-law, Michael Kealey. When they arrived at Tankardstown Dyce alighted opposite the house of a farmer named M'Lean, with the avowed purpose of lighting his pipe. The door of the dwelling being closed, he gave several knocks, whereupon M'Lean's wife inquired who was there? The deceased stated his object. Having been repulsed he made use of some rude observations towards the woman, and then pursued his way. M'Lean's wife felt indignant at the remarks, and went into an adjoining field and stated the grievances to her husband. The circumstance roused the worst passions of the man, as he called on his brother to accompany him for the purpose of avenging the insult. Both hastened in pursuit of the unfortunate deceased. Having pursued Dyce for about a mile across the fields, they pounced upon him and his companion, and belabored them with heavy sticks. The attacked having no means of defending themselves, were soon overpowered and dreadfully mangled. Dyce only survived a few hours, but Kealy escaped with a broken head and arm. The jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against the M'Leans, and the coroner issued his warrant for their apprehension.

A little more than three weeks ago, as the coach which leaves Killarney for Tralee, on the arrival of the four o'clock train, was coming down Farrenfore hill, the horses took head, and the driver, Neenan, as his only alternative, kept the horses to the left, to avoid the precipice on the other side, and contrived to bring down one of the leaders, which brought the coach against the ditch. The passengers at once got things to rights, and after coming down the hill got on again, and arrived here about an hour after the usual time. Had the horses gone to the right hand side, nothing could have saved the entire number of passengers, about a dozen, from destruction down the precipice, for the fence there happens to be very low. Among the passengers was Capt. Herbert, of the Kerry Militia, whose father, the Rev. Mr. Herbert, of Cahernane, was killed some years ago by a fall from his gig, the horse, while driving himself, having ran off and gone down this very same precipice. Two cows were killed at Rateanny, near Tralee, a few evenings ago, by the fall of a thunderbolt, and several trees, with portions of the walls of the old Rateanny house were torn down.

A fire of a most alarming nature broke out at Drinagh, in the frieze and worsted manufactory of Mr. James Millner, of Mountmellick, early last month. Perceiving smoke issuing from one of the windows, the superintendent, who resides on the premises, despatched a messenger to Mountmellick to inform Mr. Millner of the occurrence, and enlist the aid of the constabulary to extinguish the fire. The local fire-engine was brought with all rapidity from Mountmellick, and was vigorously worked by Head constable Nicholson and the police, aided by the spectators, under the directions of Messrs. Alfred Neale and Henry Odlum, who alternately guided its movements, and used every exertion to render it effective. A large quantity of wool was rescued from the flames, but with the exception of the department in which the tuck-mill was situated, the entire building, with its enormous and expensive machinery, was totally destroyed. Four naked walls are all that remain of this splendid concern, in which the spirited proprietor carried on for years, a most lucrative manufacture.

The meeting convened in Ennis by the High Sheriff, for petitioning Parliament for the reduction of the income tax, has come off. Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather the meeting was smaller than it would otherwise have been ; but, the *Clare Freeman* says, there can be no doubt that the general feeling of the country is strongly against the continuance of the tax.

The Archbishop of Cashel, the pious and amiable Dr. Slattery, has been very ill for some days, but late accounts represents his Grace to be a good deal better. The venerable prelate received the last rites. The constant enquiries at the Palace, Thurles, where he lies ill, indicate the profound esteem and veneration in which he is held by his clergy and the flock committed to his care.

At the last Waterford city Quarter Sessions, Mr. T. Graham, traveller and clerk in the employment of the Messrs. Davis, Strangman & Co., was indicted for embezzlement of two sums of money—one of £50 and the other of £36 16s.—monies due to his employers. The prisoner having been convicted, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

Mr. Thadeus Kelly, of Limerick, apothecary, has received an order on the Treasury for £1,000, first portion of a much larger sum left him by the will of his brother Denis, late clerk in the Customs department at the Cape of Good Hope, where he died on the 9th of April last.

Sir J. T. Burke, Marble Hill, representative of the county Galway, will shortly lead to the hymenial altar the amiable and accomplished Mary, second daughter of Anthony F. Nugent, Esq., of Pallas, county Galway.

E. H. Perry, Esq., agent to the Perry estates in Mayo, has noticed all the tenants on the property that, in case of conviction for illicit distillation, the party will be dispossessed.

Vacancies have occurred in the 27th Regiment, and directions have been issued to the parties in Ireland to resume recruiting.

A melancholy catastrophe has occurred at Ballinleena, about three miles from Croom, county Limerick. Two young men, farmers, named O'Callaghan, were returning from market with their cars. Owing to the recent high tides and flood, they had to pass a portion of the road near to the river at Ballinleena, which was at the time deeply covered with water. To avoid the spot which was so flooded, one of the brothers took a different route, but the other, not dreading any consequence, pursued the dangerous path, and in the attempt lost his life, the horse and car having been carried off by the stream and the young man drowned.

A fatal occurrence took place lately on the river, a little below the New Docks, Limerick. As the barque *Hylton*, of Taganrog, was coming up to the quays, she came in contact with a small sloop, the *Sea Lark*, the property of Messrs. Russell, then lying at anchor. The rigging of the barque got entangled in the bowsprit of the *Sea Lark*, and one of the latter immediately went forward on the bowsprit to free the ropes. In endeavoring to do so, the poor fellow fell into the river, and was not again seen to rise. His name was John Slattery, a native of Kilkee. He left a wife and four children to deplore his fate.

The *Anglo Celt* informs us that the practice of "hunting the wren" took place in the King's County on St. Stephens' Day, when some two hundred blackguards began fighting among themselves in the yard of a public house, whereupon four unarmed policemen interfered, when the whole of the mob turned on the police, and pursued them to their barracks, where the Acting Constable prepared to fire on the pursuers. They then retired, but the police secured thirteen of the rioters.

The extensive Patent Cordage Works of Messrs. Wallis and Pollock, city of Cork, were recently discovered to be on fire. Owing to the exertions of the workmen in the establishment under the direction of the proprietors, assisted by the inhabitants of the locality, the fire was confined to the yarn and machinery departments, which, with contents, were entirely destroyed. The loss sustained amounts to £2,000. The works, however, will soon be in working order again The proprietors were only partly insured.

A serious accident has occurred in Cork to a young man named Thomas Hedges, son of the sexton of St. Nicholas' Church. He and a son of Mr. Murray, lessee of the Theatre Royal, Cook street, were out shooting, and having crossed a hedge he desired Mr. Murray to hand him over the gun. The latter was in the act of doing so when the charge went off, lodging in the right arm of Hodges and breaking the shoulder bone. He was immediately removed to the South Infirmary. As the shot still remains in the arm, it is feared that amputation will be necessary.

The *Galway Vindicator* has much pleasure in announcing that P. Sarsfield Comyn, Esq., high-sheriff elect for the town of Galway, has had an interview in Dublin with James Edward Stopford, Esq., Vice-commodore, and other members of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, and have induced them to determine on holding their regatta for this year in Galway bay. Early in June it will come off.

At the Head Police Office, Dublin, Mr. Wm. Nolan, of Golden-lane, has been prosecuted by the Excise for having on his premises a quantity of snuff adulterated with sawdust and yellow ochre. The accused was committed, and fined in a penalty of £200, on each of the counts charged. Messrs. Dutch, Capel street ; Keegan, and Dempsey, Harrold's Cross ; and Creamer, of Capel street; pleaded guilty of a similar offence, and were fined £50 each.

On the invitation of the Viscount and Viscountess Milton, the employes and artisans on the Fitzwilliam estates, in the county of Wicklow, lately assembled to the number of nearly four hundred at Coolattin Park. By 3 o'clock this highly respectable dinner party was seated, enjoying roast beef with many etceteras, and quaffing strong ale. With brimful bowls of good old whiskey punch, the company responded to the healths of Viscount and Viscountess Milton, Master Fitzwilliam, and Ralph Laurenson, Esq.

The following gentlemen have been elected Directors of the Mining Company of Ireland for the ensuing year :—Edward Atkinson, Francis Barker, M.D. ; Thomas Bewley, Samuel Bewley, jun., Francis Codd, Edward A. Gibbon, James Gray, Robert R. Guinness, Sir Robert John Kane, M.D. ; James Birch Kennedy, James Magee, Richard O'Gorman, James Perry, Henry Pim, and William Stephens.

The Catholics of Ballymoney are about to present a tea-service of silver to their late respected parish priest, the Rev. H. O'Loughlin, who has been removed to Randalstown. The Rev. H. O'Loughlin won general affection in the parish of Ballymoney, where his labors as a zealous pastor produced rich fruits.

Francis Thomas Mackreth, Esq., of Canonbury Park, London, has been solicited to become a candidate for the representation of Bandon. Mr. Mackreth was one of the late directors of the Cork and Bandon Railway, and is reputed to be quite wealthy and influential.

Under the head of Bankrupts, the *Ulsterman* announces that James Craig, of Craigstown, county Antrim, linen merchant, dealer and chapman, was to surrender on Wednesday the 21st of January last. Wood Caulfield Hazelton, of 44 Donegal street, Belfast, county Antrim, grocer, dealer and chapman, to surrender on the same day.

Early in the second week of January, in the Parish Church, Carrickfergus, by the Rev. C. B. Knox, Walter Mearns, a recipient of Gill's charity, aged 84, was married to Jane Boyce, of King's Moss, aged 30. An immense crowd assembled with various sorts of musical instruments, to usher in the remarkable event.

The annual election for Harbor Commissioners has taken place in Derry. The retiring members, Alderman M'Arthur, Messrs. John Munn, Pitt Skipton, W. D. Porter, and Samuel Smith. The successful candidates are Messrs. John O'Neill, John Munn, Pitt Skipton, W. D. Porter, and R. Newton.

The Rev. Wm. Crook, jun., has recently delivered an interesting lecture at the Court-house, Nenagh, on *The claims of Temperance*, having been invited to do so by Lord Dunalley, the noblemen and gentry of the district, owing, it is said, to the vast increase of intemperance amongst the peasantry.

At the last Matriculation Examination in Queen's College, Cork, Mr. P. O'Hea, second son of J. O'Hea, Esq., Barrister, carried off the first prize from a number of competitors.

Edward Bagwell Purefoy, Esq., High Sheriff, has convened a meeting of the North Riding of Tipperary, at Nenagh, to petition for the repeal of the war portion of the income tax.

Answers to Correspondents.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Captain Maurice Walsh, of New-York, having set out to travel through America, is authorized to collect advertisements and subscriptions for this paper. Captain Walsh has our written authority, which he will present to those who may not be personally acquainted with him.

News Agents.—Mr. Thomas McCormack, of Honesdale, Mr. C. C. Molony, of Dunkirk, and Mr. Robert Conway, of Dubuque, have kindly consented to act as our Agents.

Subscribers.—Five cents is all it costs to *Register* a letter at the Post-Office when it is mailed. It is quite a necessary precaution for parties who remit us money, in all instances, to take.

A letter, enclosing a large subscription, gives us the following extremely interesting particulars regarding Dubuque, the capital of Iowa:

On my first visit to this city (Dubuque,) nearly ten years ago, I found it a very trifling place, with a population of about 3,000 persons, with only half a dozen brick buildings, and was truly surprised on my second visit to find it a large and growing city. We have now in full blast twenty steam-factories of different kinds, with two railroads and two more in contemplation. It is considered that this will be a large city in a very few years.

The Mellery Monastery settlement is about eight miles from here; as is also, by another route, the "St. Joseph Ladies' Seminary," conducted by the Sisters of Charity. The fact of these institutions being a desideratum in a new State, has helped the tide of emigration into the country ten fold. The country all round is thickly settled, mostly by Irish Catholics—a great number of them from the vicinity of Waterford. Prairie lands rate very high; in fact, improved farms cannot be purchased less than $30 per acre. This State I consider very healthy, and not second to any State in the Union in agricultural products, particularly those of wheat, oats, corn, and last not least of "Irish" potatoes—these are not inferior to those of the county Wexford, either in flavor or product.

There are no fogs, neither is their much rain; plenty of snow, accompanied by Jack Frost for at least four months. We have no violent or rapid changes of temperature—such as take place further South. At the time I write, the country is covered with a hardened snowy surface about three feet in depth, over which—as upon an excellent macadamised road, the traffic of the country is carried on. I was somewhat surprised at first to see the rapid strides of the different sleighs and hear the musical sounds of the thousand bells on the horses and mules, as they clatter over the frozen track.

There was expended in buildings alone last season nearly Two Millions of Dollars, and it is rumored that at least double that sum will be expended the coming season, exclusive of all city improvements. The City Council have sold to J. P. Farley & Co., twenty-eight acres of city property. This property lies in front of the city, and is now advertised to be filled and graded; three or four streets to be filled and continued to the river—which is a very heavy job—and will cost thousands of dollars; all the sloughs are to be filled up, and our steamboat landing will in future be on the main river which is at least a half mile from the business part of the town.

There are also to be built the coming season two Catholic Churches, and the foundation of the contemplated Cathedral removed off Main street. In fact, you would not credit half what I could say about the extraordinary improvements going on here. Still, money is very scarce; rents awfully high, and the markets extravagantly dear; the weather extremely cold—from 15 to 37 below zero; wood, $8 to $9 per cord—the poor find it very hard to provide all those necessaries of life; business is very dull and will continue so until the river opens. At present, I will not trespass further on your patience.

I have the honor to remain your obedient servant, R. C.

The venerable associations of the writer, entitle these few lines to the most grateful acknowledgement. It is dated from Whittle's Mills, Virginia.

Sir: Above is a check for your paper which you have been sending me, and to which I wish success. Please acknowledge receipt. In 1798 I was acquainted with and embarked in the same cause with Tone, Arthur, O'Connor, Lord E. Fitzgerald, Russell, Wilson, and all the other prominent advocates for the emancipation of my native country. Subsequently with Robert Emmet, and by correspondence with Thomas Adis, when living in New-York. If please God, I should live to the 19th instant, I will have attained eighty-one years.

Wishing you every possible success, I remain with respect,
Your friend, Fortescue Whittle.
To the Editor of the *Irish News*.

"St. Valentine."—We really cannot comply with your polite request, to write you "a few tender sentiments of a blighted affection," and a couple of stinging retorts against the fair but foul fiend who has destroyed your peace for ever." You are a very serio-comic scapegrace, and must fall back on your own resources, as take the ready-made "soft sawder" and sentiment of our neighbor, P. J. Cozans, who in the words of his audacious and heartless advertisement, is a "wholesale dealer and jobber" in the finer sensibilities of our nature, as also in the comic balm which heals hearts, and returns the shafts of Cupid to the quivers from which they were originally despatched. Cozans will aid you, no doubt. He makes love for the millions.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1857.

MARCY AND CLARENDON OUSTED BY THE SENATE—DON FERMIN FERRER—SUCCESS TO NICARAGUA!

There resides at present in New-York an eminent citizen of Nicaragua. His wealth is immense. Valleys, teeming with gold and silver, are his. Cattle, counted by thousands, belong to him. Plantations, rich as any in Louisiana or the Carolinas, have been his heritage. His intellectual resources are not less splendid than his material. Eloquent, philosophic, erudite, he has served his beautiful country in several high capacities, to the best advantage. His patriotism is pure. Pure as the waters of the glorious Lake in which the Red Star is mirrored. It is generous. Generous as the exuberant soil which gave him birth. Heroic, it supremely is. When the news reached this city that Granada was in ashes, and that, with the rest, his own sumptuous residence was but a heap of blackened ruins—

"Well, what of it?" he exclaimed. "The Independence of my country will rise from the ashes!"

This man, so fortunate, so gifted, so hopeful, so heroic, is Don Fermin Ferrer. Accredited as Minister from Nicaragua to this country, he awaits the inauguration of James Buchanan, to present his credentials. In the meanwhile, he has rendered a magnificent service to his country. With the simple force of a clear mind, thoroughly instructed in the affairs of his country, and what her position, territory, and foreign relations, should be, he has impressively advised the American Senate on the eve of their committing a fatal wrong. The Senate has acted on his advice. A Treaty, which went to legitimatize a huge robbery and a mob of spurious savages, at the very moment it was about being ratified, met with the fate which every fraud deserves. As an unclean thing—as a scrap of foul linen—it was swept out from the Senate Chamber. Thanks and high honor to Fermin Ferrer!

Had this Treaty been ratified, the Mosquito Kingdom would have been recognised—the Mosquito Grant been made good—Nicaragua scandalously despoiled of an opulent portion of her domain—Costa Rica invested with an unrighteous political predominance, and a territory assigned her to which she has no title whatsoever—English influence been planted deep in Central America—the Monroe doctrine trampled under foot. And to this—to this disgraceful pass—was the administration of Franklin Pierce, under the cover of this iniquitous Treaty, insidiously leading the honor, the justice, the Democracy of the country. Were it not that President Pierce has a direct personal interest in the Mosquito Grant, and must, therefore, be adverse to the success of Nicaragua under General Walker—for Nicaragua has ever insisted on the Mosquito Kingdom, as it is called, being an inalienable portion of the national domain—were it not for this startling fact, the Treaty, just banished from the Senate, would excite the vaguest wonder.

Now, at last, we have an explanation of the wanton persecution to which the friends of Nicaragua, ever since the tide of emigration flowed past the Mosquito coast in upon Nicaragua, have been subjected. Now we have the true motive for these arrests, imprisonments, vexatious detention of steamers, and all the other acts, which, inflamed by the spirit of the District Attorney, have, for the last twelve months and more, harrassed the brave and generous sympathizers with the cause of social order and constitutional liberty in Nicaragua.

President Pierce would extinguish that bright cause in blood—would have it trampled into the mud of the San Juan—would have that fair, sunny, fruitful region delivered over, a dead prey, to the vultures that sweep down upon it from Guanacoste and the mountains beyond the Nacaomi. And all, forsooth, because his Excellency, as it has been sworn last week before Commissioner Morell, holds a pecuniary interest in the Mosquito grant!

The letter of Don Fermin Ferrer—published in another column—has given the final blow to a politician, whose career, so far as the foreign relations of his country are concerned—and it is of them *alone* we speak—has been the flimsiest web of failures and contradictions.

VERE FOSTER AND IRISH EMIGRATION.

Mr. Foster's name and labors are well known. His name is a household word in many a family made comfortable by his labors. In a cause which does not recommend itself to the ambitious speculator in politics, or the crafty demagogue who deals in patriotism for place, Mr. Foster has been the first, and in fact the only one, to devote great energy, unremitting thoughtfulness, and the benevolent exuberance of his nature.

The son of a former diplomatic representative of Great Britain to the United States, and the inheriter of an independent fortune, Vere Foster has for more than ten years imposed on himself the arduous and noble duty which he has so effectively fulfilled. For this period he has denied himself all the enjoyment with which his position and intellect could surround his domestic hearth, for laborious traffic on the sea; traveling in the crowded steerages of emigrant ships, seeing with his own eyes the wants of the emigrant; beholding the usage to which they were forced; setting in motion and carrying out to a great extent a complete reform in the regulation, management, food and comfort of the emigrants on bourd such vessels.

The sufferings of the emigrant, the plunder they were subject to, the difficulties and temptations which the system surrounded them with, were brought before Parliament by the statements founded upon the actual observations and experience of Mr. Foster. The startling pictures of the real condition of the poor emigrant, and especially of the female portion, so clearly and vividly presented by him, created almost immediate legislation on the subject.

For this noble and self-sacrificing mission, Vere Foster well deserves the title of The Howard of the Ocean. If the Old World owes him a debt of gratitude for these services to her children, how much more does not the New World owe for the protection of those who become worthy citizens and the progenitors of a robust, active, and powerful race—a race whose name is written by the sons of emigrants such as Jackson, Buchanan, Calhoun, Dallas, Stewart, and others in the Army, the Navy, in the highest Council Halls, and the Executive Chair of the Republic.

We see it stated that since Mr. Foster made his first experimental steerage trip, he has never missed a year without crossing the Atlantic. But he does not leave the emigrant at the shore of America.

He soon learned that the vilest temptations surrounded them on land; that the men were likely to be fleeced of any money, little or much, they might hope to start on in the new world; and that the women were liable to be decoyed or dragged into an infamy, than which death by starvation on land, by fever on sea—death in any shape—would be preferable. Mr. Foster travelled through America and Canada, interesting public officers and private persons of worth in his mission, establishing posts, as it were, to which the emigrants would be sent, and where they would get employment, away from the vile associations of the cities on the sea-board.

Mr. Foster also instituted an Irish Pioneer Emigration Fund, to which he amply contributes himself, for the purpose of sending out deserving persons carefully selected in Ireland; and who are expected, when they get located, to contribute to the fund, and thus aid the good intentions for which the fund was established.

If emigration is to to continue—if Irishmen will leave Ireland, it is better that they should enjoy the comfort on sea and the good prospect on land which Mr. Foster's energy and love has prepared.

In the year 1854 nine millions of dollars were remitted to Ireland from America, by emigrants, through banking and mercantile houses, for the relief and assistance of their friends and relatives "at home." In chronicling the fact, the Limerick *Observer* says, that a large portion of the amount was owing "solely to the benevolent exertions of this one gentleman."

The first Report of the "Emigration Pioneer Fund" was issued in July, 1855. The amount of subscriptions received then, was 613 pounds sterling, or about 3,065 dollars; of which Mr. Foster himself contributed 1,950 dollars, besides sending out at his own expense, thirty-one persons, at an additional outlay of 850 dollars. Up to the date of Report, 114 persons, members of 105 families had been provided with free passage to the United States and Canada; and these persons in turn paid the passage of 86 others, having remitted for the purpose 3,780 dollars.

The second Report now before us, exhibits the following figure in pounds sterling:—

	£	s.	d.
Amount of subscriptions from 3,234 persons,	671	0	0
Mr. Foster's contribution,	810	0	0
	1481	0	0
Total expenses of emigration for 280 persons,	1447	13	6
Balance in hand, January 1st, 1857,	£33	6	6

Last year Mr. Foster came to America for the purpose of visiting as many as possible of the emigrants in their new homes, and to make arrangements for the reception of others. In his search he travelled over seven thousand miles, and it is due to the courtesy of the New-York Central, Michigan Central, Illinois Central, Canada Grand Trunk, Canada Great Western, and other Railway Companies, to mention that they furnished him with free conveyance to and fro. The excellent gentleman found 130 of the original "Pioneers," and 32 others whose passage was paid by the former. They were all content; and Mr. Foster's labors were well-rewarded by learning, on all sides, facts highly creditable to the industry, good behavior and affectionate natures of his proteges.

We well remember with what pride he spoke of them, on his return; and with what extreme gratification he read to us passages of several letters, received by him from the emigrants, detailing their various struggles in the "new country" to decent livelihood, and in several instances to very substantial comfort.

The tenderest feelings of esteem and the heartiest meed of thankfulness were offered by the writers to Mr. Foster, who in being thus recorded in the "short and simple annals of the poor" finds the richest guerdon for years of danger, and unceasing energy.

A DAY IN WASHINGTON.

From a Correspondent.

After a ride of twelve hours on the cars, I found myself, one day last week, in the Federal city—in the city of magnificent distances, as it is not inaptly styled. As the cars are made to hold, but not to accommodate passengers, a pilgrim from Gotham to the political Mecca of the United States—although there be a certainty of talking with the Prophet and touching the hem of his garment—feels wayworn, and more inclined to pay his respects to Morpheus, than worship at the shrine of even Mammon himself, although Mammon is now the ruling deity amongst men, and upon his altar truth, honor and patriotism are laid. His votaries are legion and the universe his temple. However, as I am only amongst his worshippers, not of them, I immediately paid my devotions to the god of sleep. Having been refreshed, and in a fair mood to make a few observations on men and things, I sallied forth from the *National*, and visited the other principal hotels. The scenes in each were pretty much alike. The cabinet-makers were at work in their private apartments, the place-hunters and politicians filled the offices, bar and reading-rooms, and the politicians thronged all the approaches. No member of the Senate or the House could pass down Pennsylvania Avenue without receiving a thousand friendly recognitions from a thousand humble servants, devoted and attached friends. The lobbiers and placemen were grouped together in the office of the *National* and *Willard's*, and as soon as a Sena-

tor or Representative descended from his rooms, he was seized by the hand, by the button-hole, by the arm, the elbow, the collar, the waist—in fine, taken bodily possession of by the most prominent of the politicians. He was compelled to listen to all their claims, and take note of all their suggestions. Jonas, in the whale's belly, did not find himself in a "tighter place" than the unfortunate legislator, when emerging from his apartments into the hall of the hotel. There was that portly Southerner, looking as if the spoils were all made for him—the battle fought was his battle, the victory won was his victory, and why should any loafing Northern man come between him and his legitimate prize. Again, some burly Westerner, deep in the game of politics, did not exactly agree with his Southern brethren—they should not monopolize all the Cabinet appointments. And there, too, sat a thin Yankee from the New England States, looking sharp and wise as one of Dickens' misers. He considered that the brunt of the battle had been entirely borne by himself, and that his party, although vanquished, stood in the pass, like Leonidas at Thermopylæ, and kept the hosts of Fremont from overrunning the South, and swarming like locusts in Nigerland. He cannot accept anything short of Secretary at War.

Make way there, political speculators, from Maine to Minnesota. In strides the Hector of the victory—the Coriolanus of the campaign. He alone fluttered the *woolly horsemen* and the *rocky mountaineers* on the plains of Pennsylvania. Let him pass on to the President elect's room—there is dignity in his gait and defiance in his look. A short while, and he returns somewhat crestfallen, but not less a vainer man. He has not been promised any Cabinet appointment, and the less pretentious worshippers of the rising sun have now discovered that he is only a very impudent and brainless village spouter who had stumped a few wards, and brawled out some plagiarised speeches, previous to the Presidential election.

Let us ascend to the Capitol and leave behind the political Babel of the hotels, and look from the steps of that lofty and magnificent building upon the scattered city, bending before us like a Crescent, and fringed by the green forests of Virginia and Maryland. Our eye runs along the noble Pennsylvania Avenue, broad as Sackville street, Dublin, straight as an arrow and adorned with trees, until it rests on the White House, situated about a distance of three miles at its furthest extremity. It is a beautiful building, hallowed by many events dear to the heart of the patriot—it is the seat of the First Consul of this great Republic, and that fact causes the beholder to look upon it with pleasurable emotions. On our left, on the banks of the Potomac, and close to the Smithsonian Institute, stands the unfinished monument to George Washington. When completed—and it is a disgrace to the Republic that the works have been for a moment suspended—it will be a meet tribute to the hero for whom history may be searched in vain for a superior. Its collossal proportions impart to it an air of solidity and grandeur which renders it typical of the heart and mind of the warrior and statesman, whose memory it is to perpetuate to all time. It is as much beyond the Wellington monument, in Phœnix Park, Dublin, in appearance and imposing effect, as Washington was greater than the Duke in all the qualities of head and heart which constitute true greatness upon earth. The one was a subject, the other was a citizen. A subject is a spaniel, petted or whipped at the whim of its master, and a titled subject is a spaniel with a gilded collar fastened upon its neck. A citizen of a free country is the noblest appellation by which man can be named. When the flight of the Roman Eagles encircled the globe, the exclamation of "I am a Roman citizen," was a passport and a protection—a crest of honor and a shield of defense—in the most distant and barbarous nations. Washington fought for freedom; Wellington drew his sword as a mercenary in the service of his master, the King. It is meet, then, that the monument on the banks of the Potomac should overtop and outshadow the "overgrown milestone," on the shores of the Liffey, in the same proportion as the United States exceed the extent of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, "by the grace of God, and so forth."

Having glanced at the sculpture, which graces the exterior of the Capitol, we next stepped into the hall and were struck by the large life-like paintings which adorn this portion of the building. To a careless observer, they may seem perfect works of art; but this is not so. First, there is Healy's painting of Franklin pleading before Louis XVI, for the recognition of American Independence.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

A WORD ABOUT CORK.

Next to Waterford, of all the old places in Ireland, we love Cork the best. The truest friends we ever had, lived there. The brightest hours that have blossomed on our path through life, were those whose roseate birth the Shandon Bells announced. Many a beautiful relic of our early life—of friendship, hope, festivity—lies buried in the waters of the Lee. The brown owls, perched in either corner of the architrave over the door-way of the old Cork Library, still wink at us demurely as we invoke, from week to week, the patronage of Minerva. Often does it come to pass, that we find ourselves gliding softly up the old Dyke-walk, or among those glorious groups in the Museum where Hogan grew to emulate Canova with his chisel.

A cordial letter handed us this morning, from John Francis Maguire, the worthy successor of Richard Sheil, in the representation of Dungarvan, renews our loving recollections of Cork city. The success of Barney Williams, in the city of his birth and childhood, is spoken of heartily by our friend. The congratulations we offered him the other day, were pale and scentless flowers in comparison with those which fell in such profusion at his feet the last night he figured before the Athenians of Munster. On the part of the citizens, a splendid testimonial was presented to Mr. Williams by the Mayor. Mrs. Williams came in of course—as a Better-half always does—for her full share of sweet words and smiles. May they both live to see an Irish Navy in the Cove of Cork!

An immense meeting has been held in the City Court-house, for the purpose of raising a Monument to Father Mathew. Mr. Maguire's speech on the occasion will appear next week. The object is a noble one. Wherever two or more of the Irish race are gathered together, there should hand and heart be pledged to it. To so good a man—to a benefactor so beneficent—to a spirit so exalted—a monument, beautiful and majestic as the Cathedral of Cologne, should rise from the Green Sod. Here, in America, the Irish people should at once see to it, that so their goodness and gratitude may not be questioned. It is a work, in which rich and poor, Royalist and Rebel, Irishmen of every creed and school, can, should, and will, no doubt, unite.

"I am writing," Mr. Maguire adds, "a volume on Rome—that is, on his Holiness, and the various institutions, &c., &c., of that city. My letters, such as they were, are now being published in Italian, in Rome. Of course, we both have little sympathy with any but the freest institutions; but, as Catholics, we would desire to show the Head of our Church in his true light, and I hold him to be one of the best and gentlest of human beings, and to be more solicitous for the material welfare of his people, as well as for their happiness, than any Sovereign in Europe."

Such a book as this, from the bright pen of such a man, should meet with a vast demand here. We call the attention of eminent Catholic publishers in in this, and other cities of the Union, to the proposed work, and recommend them to send in their orders without another week's delay.

DUBLIN AND PARIS.

From our Special Reporter, on his way to St. Petersburgh.

Since my last visit to the Green Isle of St. Patrick, the Dubliners have made great progress in *West-Britainism*—the *bettaw classes*, I mean, as the retired dealers in *charcuterie* delight to dub themselves. Of this I had an amusing example on board the little steamer which plies between Holyhead and Kingstown. We had on board about six feet three inches of a most unmistakeable Celt, evidently from Cork's own town. He had been in London for about a week or ten days, and, like other *Charcutieres*, had been seized with a bad fit of *Cockneyism*.

The struggle between the native brogue, and, what he considered the more polished accent of the *sistaw Isle*, was droll in the extreme. In the early stage of the proceedings, the *Cockney* evidently predominated, although a stray word would indicate that he first saw day-light under the lee of Blarney Castle, but gradually, and in the same proportion as he absorbed *mats* (the Dublin expression for Whiskey punch) the *Corkonian* overflowed the *Cockney*, and as I ascended the Cabin stairs, I heard—

"Stoo-at! why the divil don't you bring the basin?"

Dublin, *male*, is addicted to *Raglan wrappers*, *dog-collars*, and scented *segars*. Dublin, *female*, is given to voluminous *crinolines*, tight-fitting *monkey-jackets*, *Kossuth* hats, and *cock's feathers*. Dublin, *at large*, has got an awful attack of *My Mary-Anne*, introduced, for the first time, to the Dublin public, by that eminent *artiste*, Mrs. Barney Williams, who, by-the-bye, has just completed a most successful engagement at the Theatre Royal.

Yesterday I saw the Lord Mayor's gold coach—City Marshall and other *trumpery*, in hackney-coaches—the only respectable portion of the procession being the Mounted Police. These men wear a very dark blue short tunic with white buttons, black trowsers, and *shakos* similar to those worn by the Mounted Constabulary, with cords and tassels. They are all of good size, well made, and have good cattle under them, which they ride with an ease and dignity worthy of a Spanish Don. One of these military civilians rode on either side of the City Marshal. An envious waiter shouted to another just behind my back, that it was to keep that worthy functionary in his seat; and, indeed, there seemed to be some truth in the remark, for the illustrious Tom did quite resemble a *Centaur*.

In Stephen's Green, near St. Vincent's hospital, is the Museum of Irish History, under the charge of Sir Robert Kane. The internal arrangements are very well got up. The entrance hall is very handsome. The walls are ornamented after the fashion of an old castle. They are wainscotted, the styles being of Irish oak, and the panels, specimens of various Irish marbles. I counted some thirty specimens. Nearly every County in Ireland is represented; some having as many as four or five different colors and qualities of marble. You will there find the nearly white from Cork, beside the rich brown from the same County, contrasted with the cold gray or deep black of Kilkenny on the one side, and the variegated green of Galway on the other, whilst, opposite to them, are others as varied in their line and as different in their tone as the most whimsical taste could devise.

Sir Robert Kane deserves great credit for the arrangement, as I understand that this Hall was his design. He has arranged the various colors with such good taste, that, whilst they are all in perfect harmony with one another, they still perserve their individual characteristics; so that you can with facility judge of the merit of each specimen separately, at the same time that *coup d'œil* presents to the visitor the principal marbles of Ireland.

The Irish Catholic University, occupies the house in Stevens Green, known as *Buck Whaley's*. Adjoining their College, they have erected a very neat little chapel, in which the architect has employed with equal skill and admirable taste a combination of the same Irish marbles I've been speaking of.

The Trinity College authorities have erected in their park a magnificent building, intended for their Museum. It is in the florid style of Louis XIV. The plan is rectangular. The building will occupy, when finished, the whole side of one of the Squares. The material of which it is composed is Portland stone. The cornices, plinths, styles, mullions, &c., are richly carved, and between each window is a circular recess, into which the variegated Irish marbles (I'll never have done with these marbles) are introduced artistically. When completed, this Museum will be one (I speak of the building) of peculiar beauty, and add in no small degree to the fame which Dublin has justly acquired for its public buildings.

The Sisters of Charity are erecting a large Hospital and Nunnery in Eccles street. The back of the Hospital will look right into Mountjoy Prison. This building also promises to be got up with excellent taste.

In Dominick street, near Bolton, a large Catholic church is in course of construction. It is Gothic in its design, and one of the purest specimens of that style in Dublin. The roof is very high, and supported on columns of Caen stone. From the sides of the walls, between the arches, are projections, on which will be placed statues; which, also, are to be of Caen stone—as, indeed, the entire of the interior of the church. The window, over the entrance, is one of remarkable beauty. Its tracery is chaste and rich, and its whole design admirably conceived.

In Dublin, the soldiers all wear tunics, cavalry and infantry included. Every one of them you meet has either a Crimean medal or an Alma clasp, or both. Even some of the Metropolitan Police are decorated, and not a few of the Rural Constabulary wear these insignia of heroism. On inquiry, I found out that the Police and Constabulary, thus distinguished, had been engaged, not at the Alma, nor at Inkermann, nor even before the Redan (of glorious memory!) but in the Land-Transport Service. So that these gallant *peelers* and policemen have been embellished with clasps and medals for carrying barrels of pork and beef to the bull-dogs of Britain. Long may they wear their five-shilling piece (Queen's head out) attached to the breasts of their coats with a bit of blue ribbon!

As there is nothing else I saw in Dublin worth mentioning, I have now only to state, that I quitted that charming city the 5th of this month, and am now concluding the letter (commenced there) in the *Hotel du Louvre*, Paris.

Paris is gayer and more beautiful than ever. The anticipated immediate arrival of the Grand Duke Constantine has thrown everything into a bustle. I have not time at present to say much to you about the many improvements that have taken place in Paris. One thing pleases me very much—that is the growing dislike, to England and English ideas, which pervades every section of Parisian society. *Apropos* to this, I send you the *Verite*, which contains a remarkable correspondence, *La France et la Russie*. It will amply repay translation and republishing in New-York. As an illustration of how wide-spread this feeling is, I may mention, that on Friday last I was at the *Grande Opera*, and, after a little while, got into a chat with a French gentleman. First of all, we spoke about Neufchatel; and, finally, about the relations between France and England. He said, that, as for his own feelings, he would have preferred war with England rather than with Russia, and that nothing at present would be more popular.

I leave in a week or ten days for St. Petersburgh, by way of Berlin and Warsaw, from which city you shall hear from me next.

THE BOND STREET MURDER.

Another week has gone by. The murdered man has been laid in his grave. The inquest still continues. In the midst of a world of confusion and uproar, a few gleams, here and there, have penetrated the Chamber of Death, its mystery and horror. As yet, however, evidence sufficient to criminate any person has not been adduced. A dark suspicion thickens over two parties in particular, who remain in custody. They are Mrs. Cunningham and Mr. Eckel. The other parties residing in the house at the time of the murder have been set free. This is the result of the Inquest up to the time of our going to press. Until the crime has been brought home and stamped indelibly upon the murderer, we refrain from any further notice.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

LAST OF THE CAMPBELL TOWN ELECTION—THE SCUFFLING ON THE PLATFORM—M'GILLICUDDY ORATION—MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT SUPPRESSED—CHIEF CONSTABLE KNOCKED ON THE HEAD—THE TRIUMPH—THE LAKE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

James McGillicuddy was one of them. Billy Bolton, the rich farmer from Jacob's Sugar Loaf, was another. Old Tucker, the blacksmith, was the third. McGillicuddy rode several paces in advance; and, as he pranced up the street with his noble *Garibaldi*, flourishing his hat and cheering on the column, even Mrs. Kearney, though inveterately opposed to Wagstaff and all who backed him, couldn't but admire her countryman.

"More power to you, Doctor!" she exclaimed; "but 'tisn't there you ought to be."

The Doctor flourished his hat (everybody was flourishing his hat to-day), laughed, cheered, hurrahed. *Garibaldi* may be said to have done the same. The Widow became excited, forgot her principles, forgot herself, and loudly invoked the blessing of Heaven on the Doctor. At this crisis, Mr. Hodgens joined the procession.

How magnificently they moved up the street to the place of of nomination! With what thrilling effect the Brothers of St. Cecilia gave forth their notes of triumph! How dazzlingly the blue banners waved! How deafeningly the cheers for Wagstaff and the freedom of Tasmania pealed along the line! With what exuberant courtesy and sweetness young Wagstaff bowed, flattened his hand on his heart, and expressed himself deeply overcome; how Isaac Napoleon Dodd groaned as the procession swept by the *Bridge of Lodi;* how radiantly the ladies in the church-yard (all the mothers and daughters of Tasmania were in favor of the League) smiled, blushed, throbbed, ejaculated, as the formidable column halted before the *Rainbow*—it is unnecessary to say.

At the moment the hostile forces met, there was a slight disturbance. It was inevitable. A dozen blows were rapidly exchanged. Here and there a hat was bruised. Here and there a sash was torn. Here and there a flag-staff was savagely grasped and broken. Mr. Hodgens threatened the Episcopalian minister. The minister, with his fat hand, waved an anathema on the butcher. Mrs. Cecilia Bunn upbraided the Medical Superintendent. There were groans for Griffin; there were groans for Wagstaff. Cheers and counter-cheers, indescribable excitement, and confusion all round. The Baptist preacher extended his hands, and with a long neck, implored the spirit of peace and good-will amongst men. The Chief Constable felt disposed for a miscellaneous arrest. Under the inpulse, he buttoned his coat and turned up his wrist-bands. The magistrate became convulsed; the blood rushed from his socks to his wig, and there permanently settled. The windows of the *Rainbow*, overlooking the platform and the combatants, were occupied by the ladies of the house, and numerous acquaintances in bonnets, from abroad. The uproar seemed to exhilarate them greatly. They laughed immoderately, occasionally interspersing the merriment with an improvident scream. The candidates, all the while, stood composedly at a short distance from each other; Ethelwood Griffin, with a quiet good-humor, noting down the sayings and incidents of the scene; Marmaduke Wagstaff, with folded arms, biting his lips, looked stern and invincible. The picture cannot be more effectively described. The reporter of the Launceston *Wallaby* gave it up in despair.

What was the McGillicuddy doing all this while? Where was the gallant, sporting, fiery, rollicking old Celt?

In the stable, loosing the girths of *Garibaldi*, hunting out a feed of oats for him, shaking down some fresh hay—in every possible way insuring the comfort of his restless black favorite.

Where was the Medical Superintendent?

In a private parlor of the *Rainbow*, sitting at a small table, with a Government Report, and a glass of thin lemonade before him. The inexorable Woodhouse! He was driving home the last charge in the battery he had vowed to open in full force that day on the enemies of his Queen.

"They shall have it—the rebels!—they shall have it," he cadaverously swore, as he finished the lemonade, and shut up the Report with a blow of his sinewy clenched hand upon the volume.

He left the parlor and came upon the platform the precise moment the presiding officer, Josiah Thomas Briggs, Esq., had ventured to open the proceedings. The tumult was not altogether hushed. But it had been to some extent appeased. The most athletic rioters gradually grow exhausted. The pianissima passage of the overture was now about being played. The Police Magistrate thought he had a favorable chance. Buttoning his coat to the throat—he did it easily, the buttons were familiar with the business—pulling up his shirt-collar, which had completely lost its stiffness from the frequency of the operation, tightening his hat upon his head a little on one side, opening his portfolio, clearing his voice and twitching the side-curls of his wig, he began to read the proclamation authorizing the election.

"Read louder," shouted the blacksmith.

"Peace be with you!" interposed the Baptist preacher.

"Remember Austerlitz!" cried Dodd, who had just come upon the platform, supported by Arcola and St. Helena.

The Magistrate resumed. With considerable difficulty he got through reading the proclamation, and, having exhorted the candidates and their respective friends to conduct themselves with decorum, retired to the back of the platform, where a pine-wood bench had been placed by the Chief Constable for the convenience of his worship. And now commenced the fight in good earnest. Heretofore there had been skirmishing, and on the whole a desultory conflict. But now the combatants stood face to face; closed up together, and delivered their fire at the shortest range.

Benjamin Thorne, Esq., of Hawthorne Lodge, came forward to propose a fit and proper person to represent the influential district of Campbell Town in the Legislative Assembly of the colony. He was an old man—genteel, inarticulate, and imbecile. Forty years ago a merchant in Hamburg, he had seen something of the world—had supped, by-the-by, with Dumouriez and Napper Tandy—and in the wild wastes and rude society of Van Diemen's Land had scrupulously preserved the urbanity which his early intercourse with genteel society had enabled him to cultivate. But he had little beyond his urbanity to recommend him. A book-case may be very polished and quite empty. Benjamin Thorne was very polished and highly-finished. But Benjamin Thorne had nothing in him. A surly master, an avaricious man, a grim father, his dealings with his servants, the world, and his family, were harsh, mean, and heartless. But from the stranger—from the casual visitor to his house—his urbanity concealed everything—concealed the worst. A satin cloak, edged with the softest ermine—it surely was—which hid the thongs, the iron clasps, the sponge dipped in gall, he had ever ready for his household and dependents. He had married three times. His third wife was living, and in her young arms he was a babbling and inconvenient child. A magistrate, however, the owner of thirty thousand sheep, an old settler in the colony—one of the very oldest—he was a man of decided note. His velvet-cushioned pew in the parish church, his carriage with its silver mountings, his coachman with his drab box-coat and three capes, and the footman with his lean calves sheathed in silk, established his respectability and weight. Moreover, like old Wagstaff, of Mona Vale, he gave great dinners; and when he went to Hobart Town, to ship his wool for Liverpool, he played whist and supped at the Union Club, and so nobody denied the purity of his birth.

But for all such men, a day of reckoning is sure to come. Within their households they are safe. Their infirmities, insincerities, and tyrannies, encounter there no criticism. The very impunity, however, they have reveled in at home, is but a snare which lures them to their proper chastisement. Safe at home—safe and triumphant for many years at home—ignorant that the world outside has been taking notes respecting them, and that—as though there had been no walls to screen them—their misdemeanors have been all the while the gossip of the bar-room, the market-stall, the public-offices, the highway, the gambling den and stable-yard; they obey their vanity and appear in public. Here the secrets of the household come to light—here the follies, the falsehoods, the severities or frauds they have been guilty of, meet, in a rude way, their just rebuke. Benjamin Thorne found this to be the case to his utter consternation, shame, and torture.

He came forward to propose Marmaduke Wagstaff, Esq., as a fit and proper person to represent the district of Campbell Town. His bald head was greeted with cheers and groans, as it glistened on the margin of the platform. The cheers were sickly. The groans were vigorous. He put on his spectacles—they were rimmed with gold and lozenge-shaped—and drew forth a manuscript from the breast-pocket of his coat. The groans revived and multiplied.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Thorne.

"You ain't no gentleman," cried an enemy in the crowd.

"I have attended here," continued Mr. Thorne.

"Go home, then," the enemy continued.

"The fabric of our glorious constitution," the urbane old gentleman went on to say.

"Shut up!" shouted his indefatigable persecutor.

"If there's one thing dearer to my heart than another," the venerable sinner pathetically observed.

"It ain't your wife," roared the anonymous assailant.

"It is the freedom," continued the speaker, "of this my adopted country."

Loud cheers burst forth, loud groans—intense hisses—cries of "Go home," "Don't give kangaroo any more to your men," "Pay them their wages," and many other delicate injunctions of the kind. Mr. Thorne was unable to proceed further. He put on his hat, pocketed his manuscript, and retired, with the most dismal sensations, to the rear of the platform. Had he been dragged through the Macquaire River and drenched to the bone, he could not have been more thoroughly depressed.

Captain Skelton, of Skelton Castle—the Castle was a portentous barn, by-the-by—seconded the nomination of Marmaduke Wagstaff. A sailor for five-and-thirty years, the gallant captain was limited in diction. He was no orator. He bluntly confessed it. On the quarter-deck, in a gale, he was thoroughly at home. On a stone platform, defining his position, he was an harpooned porpoise, in the chains of the forecastle. He said his brief word and was silent.

The melancholy stillness produced by the severe appearance of the gallant captain, was followed, when he put on his hat and fell back, by a vigorous outburst of feeling, partly jovial, partly recriminatory, in both phases absolutely lawless, which neither the presiding officer, Jonathan Briggs, Esq., nor the Chief Constable, old Simeon Grabb, an insolvent truss-maker, late of London; nor the Baptist preacher, one Caleb Whitehead, formerly a sausage-manufacturer in the suburbs of Nottingham; nor Hodgens, the Herculean butcher; nor Mrs. Cecilia Bunn, with her brown umbrella, and missionary labors; nor the post-master from Ross, with his formidable eyebrows; nor the proprietor of the *Scotch Thistle* himself, with all his popularity—and it was great, for he had a multitude of debtors, and he was liberal and patient to excess; nor the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, with his inflated waistcoat and voluminous white cravat; nor Mr. Balantine, the Jew, who conducted the largest dry-goods establishment in Campbell Town; nor Captain Skelton, though with a single revolution of his eye he might have calmed the troubled elements at any other moment; nor Isaac Napoleon Dodd, with his military reminiscences; nor anybody else, however influential, learned or illiterate, intellectual or athletic, profane or pious, lovable or terrific he might be, found it possible to compose. The storm had its own way; and when it had done its best, gave in, gave an expiring throb or two, and then closed up.

And then McGillicuddy spoke. The fall of Babylon; the submersion of Sodom and Gomorrah; the fate of the legions of Sennacherib; the siege, and sack, and desolation of Jerusalem; the plagues of Smyrna and Venice; the eruption of Vesuvius, and the earthquake of Lisbon; the snows of Siberia and the sands of Zahara; all the woes, catastrophes and tortures that had ever come upon the earth, were invoked and prophesied by him against the island, a considerable section of which he had the honor to adress, should Griffin be returned.

"Who was Griffin?" asked the eloquent old gentleman, flinging down his hat, tearing off his neck-tie, and pitching it in ribbons to the audience. "Who was Griffin?" he would ask. Privately, a moral, amiable, devout young man. Publicly, an advocate of abominations and a champion of dishonor. [Cheers and uproar.] An Adonis by the fireside, he was little better than a Caligula in the forum. [Immense applause.] Most of them had read Virgil. [Cheers.] In that celebrated book there was a king, Mezentius, mentioned—"

"Three cheers for Murat and Marengo!" shouted Dodd.

"Mezentius had lashed," the doctor continued, "living bodies to dead ones. The British government did the same. Tasmania was a beautiful, full-grown child. Convictism was a corpse. The Government had bound the two together." [Immense applause and hisses.] The doctor said he would say no more. The cause was safe. It would equally defy the seductions of the Treasury and the terrors of the Tower. [Renewed applause.] It was the cause of freedom, of innocence, of free labor, high wages, responsible government, decent living, and voluntary emigration.

The Medical Superintendent would wish to say a word.

James McGillicuddy wouldn't let him say a syllable. The storm broke out afresh. Dodd and Bolton opened precipitately on each other. The Chief Constable, venturing too near the edge of the platform, missed his footing, (some said old Wagstaff hit him,) and tumbled heavily on the drummer. The Brothers of St. Cecilia, ont he outskirts of the crowd, over near the railing of the church-yard, struck up the Druids' March in Norma; whilst Cooper, the red-haired carpenter, impetuously waved the banner of the League, violently fanning the Medical Superintendent with its folds, and sweeping off his hat. The robber from Ceylon was in danger of his life. Mrs. Kearney, who had come upon the ground with her cohort of young cherubs clinging to her green satin skirts, called upon the blessed Angels and holy St. Bridget to protect her; whilst Brickells, the saddler, and MacTavish, the druggist, and Hughes, a dealer in valuable odd volumes and broken china-ware, with Leonard, the pound-keeper, appealed in honor of their respective and conflicting sentiments, to the last resort of nations.

After this, James McGillicuddy, Esq., M.D., could say little that was intelligible. He faced the tumult, or as he said himself, he "faced the music," and did his best to get the better of it. Yet without avail. His concluding words it would be impossible faithfully to transcribe. There were allusions to Clontarf and Garibaldi—to the loveliness of the valleys of Tasmania—to the chastity and beauty of her daughters—to the snowy richness of her perambulating flocks and the salubrity of her encircling sky—to the aromatic sweetness of her umbrageous woods, and the prolific fecundity of her virgin soil. [Laughter and loud cheers.] The remarks were broken, and their effect dissipated, in the buzz and turbulence of the obstreperous audience he addressed. He retired in the midst of a tempest—wishing from the bottom of his soul he had the harp of a Carolan, the sword of Sarsfield, the crozier of St. Patrick, the bag-pipe of Ganzy, the patriarchal piper of Killarney, and the tongue of Grattan, to rouse, inspire, direct, redeem and save them!

* * * * * *

It is time to throw away the pencil. The light flickers in the socket of the lamp, and the duskiest shadows gather on the canvas. It is time to blow the glow-worm out—to rest the aching head. Time to set free the mind from the clod and rubbish through which it has been ploughing; time to let it spread its wings, and along the pathways strewn with the sapphires of the Southern night, betake itself to the solitudes it has loved. Beautiful as Esther—gentle as Ruth among the Reapers—the Queen of the Silent World looks forth upon the mountains, the woods, the waters, the foul prison-houses, the fair white homesteads, the gardens and the golden fields, the countless flocks, and all that is beautiful and sad, goodly and approbrious, lost and living within the island of Tasmania.

There is a large lake on the summit of a mountain-range, stretching away from east to west, in the center of the island, two thousand feet above the sea. Numberless little promontories, piled with rocks, thickly set with shrubs, deeply shadowed with the native oak, blue pine, and gum tree, break the waters into bays and nooks, where the wild dogs come down to drink at sunrise, and the wild birds, burying themselves in the sedge and rushes, close their wings at twilight. Lofty hills, wooded to the topmost peak, darken the waters all along the northern shore. Dense forests, and, here and there, the most desolate of swamps, girt them in upon the south, the east and west. Away, far off in the darkness, a sheep-dog gives forth his melancholy howl, keeping patient watch whilst his rough master sleeps.

Fagged and feverished with the noise and rioting—the squabbles, the cheers, the oaths, the eloquence, the anger, vulgarity and mischief of the day—Marmaduke Wagstaff had ridden up, accompanied by three well-loved friends, to this lonely lake. He had won the fight. The Government party had been defeated. A very large majority of the electors had voted for the young champion of the League. Marmaduke thought he had never seen the stars look half so bright. And there was a softness in the night-wind, and a fragrance from the leaves and blossoms of the Bush, and a grandeur in the shadows of the woods and mountains, he had never known before. In the deep solitude of that mountain lake—amid those waters, those solemn forest shades—his triumph became purified in his eyes from the grossness in which it has been born.

JAMER CLARENCE MANGAN.

A SKETCH.

It is dusk. The month is June, of the memorable year '48, and a pulse beats quick through the arteries of the heart of Ireland. It is a political throbbing which swells the ancient and goodly city of Dublin. Groups of men are seen hurrying this way and that, turning from the principal thoroughfares into the back streets, stopping occasionally at a knot of persons, who, it is evident, are deeply interested in the subject-matter of the discourse which stays them in the public ways. Their gesticulations are enthusiastic—their faces bright: some are all vehemence, some thoughtful, some wild with vengeance, while some one bites his lips at the "latest news," but a hopeful expression lights up his eye and issues from his mouth, as he turns on his heel and departs for the "Club."

An observer may easily perceive, as well from the bearing of the person as from the direction he takes, in what assembly his voice speaks, or his ears drink in the draughts of nationality that are being nightly brewed at the "Confederate Clubs." That thin, pale-faced and dark-eyed young man, in rusty black, and the well-thumbed pamphlets (by Lamennais or Mitchel) under his arm, is hurrying to meet sympathizing hearts in the "Student's Club;" earnestness and intelligence beam from his face, and his abstraction is only dispelled as he turns some corner, and his uprising eye brightens at the sight of congregating clubbists. He stays for an instant—asks of some bystander, "How many new members?" and receiving a satisfactory answer, laughs to himself and resumes his way. Yon muscular man, with the rough whiskers and half-washed face, (the club hour overtook his ablutions), and arms swinging as though he was used to a sledge, who turns down many narrow streets, goes with a fixed will to cheer and "back up" the ideas and opinions of John Mitchel at the "Swift" or "St. Patrick" Clubs; while that seemly-looking man of twenty-five, (a clerk no doubt), and his companions with the two days' beard and tradesman-like gait, are hastening, uneasy less they miss their time at the "Grattan Club." Here, well dressed and perfumed mortals are seeking the "Mercantile Assistants' Club," and there, plain dressed, and snuff-dusted lappels are entering the "Citizen's."

And round the doors, and from the lobbies of the club-rooms, the ear of the passer-by will be constantly assailed with a smothered lilt of a national air, as a lounger sings to himself, or a knot of some two or three chant in harmony, "Who fears to speak of '98?"—or "The Green above the Red."

While this exciting movement makes its way, we would retire up a crooked little street, called "Trinity," off one of the greatest thoroughfares of the city. The principal propellers of the excitement which moves the city and country have their being in this crooked little street, famous in Irish History, in the shape of the two journals, the "*Irish Tribune*," and "*Irish Felon*," both preaching the same creed, and rivals only in their devotion to it. Out of either of those offices—they are side by side, like brothers in a fight—we perceive a strange-looking individual has glided, even as a shadow on a wall.

That shy, abstracted-looking man has held not the least powerful talisman by which a nation is moved. We must look at him more minutely. He is about the middle size, and glides more than walks, yet at that is but infirm. He stoops and is abstracted. A threadbare dark coat—is it brown or black?—buttoned up to the throat, sheathes his attenuated body. His eye is lustrously mild and beautifully blue, and his silver white locks surround, like a tender halo, the once beautiful, and now pale and intellectual face of the prematurely aged man before us. He glides along and through the people who are naturally attracted to this locality, as if he did not belong to the same earth with them. Nor does he. His steps seem as if they were not directed by any thought, but mechanically wended their way to his wretched abode. His eyes are turned into his soul, and he is reading there unheard-of things, which God in his power of inspiration has fore-doomed this man to hear and see. He is a dreamer, because he is not awake to earth. He has dreamed—I dare not say lived—all his days and nights in realms of prophecy and poesy, holding in the enthusiastic daring of the poet, with the firm, but yet uncurbing rein of the philosopher; blending the national Poet and the world-wide Vates, so that you arise from one of his canticles refreshed and convinced, as if you had been reading the Sacred volume in rhymes of the quaintest, most terse, and most heart-catching character.

"And who is this wondrous being?" is a natural question, And as natural an answer with any of the poets or patriots of Young Ireland would be:

That is—James Clarence Mangan. He is about leaving a poem at the journal office. Some high ennobling or warning sentiment. Some canticle for the land's good, or hymn for blessing on the arms of Liberty. Yet that man who has given such thoughts to a nation, and who has sown more sterling seeds of nationality in the breasts of his countrymen, than, perhaps, any of the poets of the time, save Thomas Davis, lives on a miserable pittance, often on charity, pens his glorious thoughts in a damp cellar, or an unpitying and bleak garret, wanders a houseless being half his time, and at last dies in a plague-house. He glided out of the world as he glided through it; and was as unfortunate in the death-bed that fell to his lot, as he had ever been in his life-track. On one of his friends intimating a hope for his recovery from his last illness, Mangan said—

"God loves me too well to let me live any longer;" and if we receive the dogma that Heaven loves those upon whom it heaps misfortune, then truly was Mangan blest in Eternity. Mangan was a mystic, and believed in spirit-seeing, and apparitions, and would often start, and, walking slowly round the garret be partly occupied, discourse to the spirit of his mother, and describe to her paintings and views with appropriate and beautiful expression, which, he said, decorated the bare and damp walls. He was constantly haunted through life by the apparition of his father, and was at times painfully distressed by those meetings, believing his father to be a party to his misfortunes. "That wretched old man has been with me all the night," he would frequently remark to his literary friends when inquiry was made as to what distressed him.

On the day of his death he told the same friend to whom I have alluded before, "that he had promised to meet his father at ten o'clock that very night;" and he kept his promise, departing this weary existence at the hour he appointed. He was perfectly reconciled to death, as I have shown, and some hours previous to his demise, begged energetically of the friend beside him to read to him the fourth of the Penitential Psalms, which begins—

"Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy; and according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my iniquity."

MEMOIR OF THOMAS DEVIN REILLY; a Lecture delivered by JOHN MITCHEL, in the Tabernacle, New-York, on Dec. 29th, 1856. *P. M. Haverty.*

It is not our intention to intrude or trespass upon the pages of this publication. It is usual for the critic, who is faithful to his readers, to give—when the work is sufficiently important in a personal, political or literary point of view—a thorough and comprehensive *resumé* of the book submitted to him. In many instances, while this suggests the purchase of the book to the student loving details, it is sufficiently explicit to the general reader as to preclude the necessity of *that* individual's going deeper into the subject.

We look upon the publication before us as sacred to one especial purpose—a purpose well understood, and to which we have frequently made allusion—and therefore it seems to us unwarrantable to intrude upon the original matter of which it is made up, feeling that in doing so we should be materially interfering with the patriotic and pious design for which it was written, in which we ourselves took the initiative, and which we lovingly desire to see to a successful and satisfactory end. Many readers, no doubt, would like us to present, from this and other sources, a memoir of the lamented friend to whose memory it is a brilliant and brotherly tribute;—they know the subject is pregnant with interesting matter; but we must refer them to this neat little publication itself, with our recommendation as to the feelings which suggested it, and the ability by which it is executed. Those feelings are equally appreciated as the ability and almost as well known as the name of John Mitchel. It is widely understood that from their first acquaintance—at a time when a month's exchange of mind is equal to years of plodding protestations—John Mitchel and Thomas Devin Reilly, from congeniality of purpose, became deeply interested in each other.

Reilly beheld in Mitchel the only man who completely resuscitated, or strove to resuscitate, the principles and projects of the United Irishmen of '98. He held these principles himself; to follow up their projects was the mission he desired. Reilly therefore looked upon Mitchel as the only man whom he could conscientiously follow, or with whom he could honestly and bravely co-operate.

In Reilly, Mitchel beheld the only notable young man connected with journalism, who could or who *would* acknowledge in the face of "law and order" the necessity which drove our grandfathers into revolution, and why we of the present day should continue the struggle.

Thus Mitchel and Reilly politically were united. Personally they grew to be not less identical almost in their efforts, during '48, and since that period both have deemed it a loving privilege to draw on that period of their lives as one full of the proudest recollections of either.

Such being the relationship existing between the subject and the writer of this little book, our readers will readily perceive why they should peruse it, if they would comprehend the genius of the dead, and the touching eloquence of the living; the great power of the one, and the dear memories of the other, and the surpassing picturesqueness of both, as masters of revolutionary literature: a literature of which Ireland has such glorious reasons to be proud in these latter days of poor-law guardian philippics and evangelical eloquence.

Not intending to touch on the lecture of Mr. Mitchel, we can the more freely extract from the writings of Reilly which accompany the former. Here we have

A BARRICADE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

"A man or two will rip up, with a pick-axe and crow-bar, or stout bit of iron railing, the pavement of a street in a right line across, of several feet wide, in ten minutes or so. The first carriage passing by does for a base—or logs of timber, lamp-posts, felled trees, or carts, if at hand. On this are piled stones, and flags, and mud, and rubbish, and wood, and loose furniture, care being taken to make the front of the barricade as vertical as possible, (small stones throw off cannon shot, and yield under the feet of a storming party; while large stones break and splinter before shot, and act as stairs to assailants, against whom they should be thrown from behind as missiles.) The barricade can be raised to any height, proportionate to its base, provided there are materials sufficient; and when immediate materials fail, the nearest street is ripped up, or the most convenient house pulled down. The line of defence extends across the entire street. In the inside a rough stage or platform, of piled stones, or wood, or furniture, is usually thrown up to about four feet of the top in front; and from this top the inner side of the barricade runs down at an angle to meet the platform—thus a revolutionary citizen, standing on the platform, leans against the inner side of the barricade, rests his musket on the top—and so. The ascent to the platform should be as easy as possible; an ascent of stones, heaped up, is the usual one.

"This is a very perfect barricade—but revolutionary citizens are not particular; they do the best they can, and fight. However, it can be made more perfect. By cutting up the street in front, to the depth of a few feet, materials are not once had, and a ditch made against assailants—if into this be imbedded an iron railing, torn from the nearest house-front, and other portions of the same, inserted horizontally in front of the barricade, as a *chevaux de frize*, the position becomes impregnable.

"The place selected to throw up such a defence depends on circumstances, and the military tact of the individual citizens.

"Fancy, then, a hundred such barricades at once in Paris—a hundred streets teeming with missiles, and paved with broken glass, as we have described;—then fancy mothers flinging their furniture down on devoted troops; swarthy working-men defending barricades, retreating from street to street before bewildered soldiers, wheeling on their flank through an alley, or round this street or that on their rear: fancy young children with their little shirts all bloody, still dashing on the bayonets of the mercenaries; the tocsin ringing; the Marsellaise; the red flag, the glorious *Vengeance* booming, the burning palaces, and *Vive la Republique*—and then what wonder if Louis Philippe had his crown knocked off!" * * * * * * *

This is from the splendid paper entitled "The French Fashion." From that headed "Berlin Work," we make an extract, the power of which is quite as apposite and suggestive to-day as it was when Europe was awakened every morning by the *Vive la Republique* of uprising people. After showing that Berlin is located somewhat as Dublin is, divided by a river having bridges in the same manner, but that it was fortified all round, and studded with positions the most defensive, Reilly continues:

"And in this city, eight days ago, the unarmed people assembled before the King's palace, to congratulate him on having yielded for the first time since Napoleon's day, to a petition for reform. They came, these German Burghers, in the fullness of their hearts, to thank their kind lord and master. They were ordered to stand back, while some thousand troops defiled before the palace. 'Our intentions are pacific,' they said; 'we are unarmed; we come to express our loyalty, as is our right and duty.' Without further ado, there must be 'a salutary lesson.' At the word, cavalry charge on the multitude, hewing down men like tall weeds in a grass field—the files of infantry roll in volley on volley—from the centre, mouths of fire open, and play out grape and cannister. The masses thin and waver, break and fly. Over the dead and weltering, the living rush through the street; and all Berlin rings with the cry—'To arms—revenge—blood for blood.' The gunshops are broken open and emptied—railings are torn down, and used as half pikes and crowbars—trees are felled, carriages tumbled, streets torn up, and barricades of rubbish, barrels, carts, stones, rise on the instant in a hundred places. All day and night the battle rages. From house-tops and windows, from behind casks and logs—rang out rifles in true hands. 'Some chose the eye, or the third button,' and seldom swerved. The women made their smoothing-irons red-hot, and flung them on the soldiery, alternating their favors with hot water, and furniture, and stones. One stout burgher garrisoned his upper story with cold vitriol. The people never attacked but at an advantage—waited till the soldiery were on the spring up the barricade face, then rolled down blocks and trees upon them. They relied on two weapons, the rifle and the improvised pike—they took cannon and used them; and for every man of the people two mercenaries fell.

"Next morning the King withdrew his troops and yielded.

"The streets best defended by the people were Frederick-street, the Linden, King-street, and the area of the Alexander-place. Hitherto, in Paris, for instance, and in Vienna, the narrow streets were the scenes of popular combat. The burghers of Berlin selected the widest in their city, and neglected almost totally the narrow fastnesses. This is the great lesson of the Berlin revolution. After it, Sackville-street must be lowered in the estimation of all loyal subjects in Ireland. There is no street too wide to lay a regiment on its back."

The "Lombard Lesson" is a noble paper—graphic, powerful and picturesque. The paper on Naturalization, which attracted such attention a few years back, will continue to interest all readers, as the principles with which it deals, are such as most frequently present themselves to the attention of all native and adopted citizens, or those aspiring to the latter privilege.

The pamphlet is neatly printed and only costs twenty-five cents.

CATHOLIC HISTORY VERSUS CATHOLIC PAMPHLETEERS.

The following is the letter to which we made allusion in "Answers to Correspondents," last week. The article to which it refers appeared in the issue for January 31st.

New York 31 Jany 1857

To the Editors of the Irish News—Gentlemen:

It is not to defend the "Catholic Church in the United States" that I now ask a place in your columns. Your article shows that your knowledge of the history of the Catholic Church in the United States is derived solely from my works and those of Mr. De Courcy, and that these enabled you to give a well written column is some satisfaction.

I might in justice complain of the *suppressio veri* in treating the work as a general history of the Church, when it professed merely and modestly to be a contribution to the History of the Church in Maryland, Virginia and the Middle States: I might complain of your foul calumny that I am un-Irish in feeling, when my family has for a century kept up an Irish feeling in the land and been backward in no movement for Ireland's good or the honor and relief of natives of the land from which we came: but of that calumny, originated by the Cincinnati *Telegraph* and copied by others you are only the echo of Dr. Brownson, who however balanced the charge as you do not, by charging me with being unAmerican: though on stigmatizing Mr. de Courcy and myself as being unChristian or infidel you show the moderation of your views.

All this I could allow to pass and Mr. de Courcy would allow it, as readily as myself, to pass without a reply, as we are perfectly conscious and the highest authorities in the Church are conscious of the motives that have induced the hostility to the book, but in the notice of my remarks on Dr. Pise, you have made a charge which I must answer, a charge against the late Edward Dunigan, the founder of the house of Edward Dunigan & Brother. I esteemed Mr. Dunigan as a personal friend; I respected him as a publisher of refined taste, of extensive views, of liberal mind, and one who sought to create and develop a Catholic literature here as far as lay in his power. The affair alluded to in my remarks on Dr. Pise is well known, but as the details were not given in our book you were naturally unaware of them. The series of tales which Mr. Dunigan began was to a considerable degree under the guidance of Dr. Pise. That estimable clergyman wrote a couple of the volumes himself; and edited two others written by ladies whose names I need not state, although both were friends of mine; other volumes were written by C. J. Cannon Esq and Donald McLeod.

These tales, especially the two edited by Dr. Pise and one other were very severely criticized by the leading Catholic periodicals and these criticisms were copied to no inconsiderable extent by the secular press, which enjoyed the idea of Catholic works being so assailed by Catholics. Mr. Dunigan was extremely sensitive; his motive had been good; the books were not bad; and unable to explain a course which resulted merely from overzeal in a few well-meaning writers he resolved to stop and did stop the series. This is a known fact.

Now while I can rest under the imputation of being unIrish unAmerican, unChristian, dull in manner, spasmodic in style, narrow in mind, fanatic in religion, and irrepublican in policy, unscrupulous and vindictive, I cannot without a word from me

allow even the Editors of the Irish News, who should have Irish heads and Irish hearts, to throw such a slur on the character of my deceased friend Mr. Dunigan, as to say "Cash not criticism is the publisher's index" and say it as explaining the reason why he stopped his series of Catholic tales in which Dr. Pise took so much interest and so active a part.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA.

It will be seen by this that Mr. Shea has not had the temerity to directly call in question the spirit and purpose of the article to which his letter alludes. He deals, however, in some insinuations, and in one or two charges, which latter show, that the gentleman, if he is without logic, is not devoid of imagination. To these we shall devote a few remarks.

Mr. Shea accuses us of attaining our knowledge of the Catholic history of the United States from his own and Mr. De Courcy's works. The accusation is a harsh one, and the process it implies rather dangerous to one's health and patience; but suppose it true, and that we have—as Mr. Shea says—given "a well-written column" on the subject, it only proves that our labor in digging up, resuscitating, and re-marshalling certain facts buried alive in "The Catholic Church in the United States," has done more for them than the combined efforts of the authors; for no one can accuse their work with being well-written.

Mr. Shea insinuates that we suppressed the truth "in treating the work as a general History of the Church." The gentleman, himself, is the parent of such a belief. In his preface he says that "the want of *any regular* history of the Catholic Church in the United States" has led to erroneous ideas, and that "To give the public in France some *definite* idea of the progress of Catholicity" here, this work was undertaken. It is true that further down, the work is referred to as "a contribution to the history of the Church in the States of Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New-York, and New Jersey;" but the implications made above are significant of the ambition of the writers. With this ambition we have no sympathy, as we have shown. And so far from our treating it as a general history, we have done exactly the opposite, showing that it was no history at all, but to quote our own words—"We are given a badly written and mentally-attenuated French view of French labors for religion in America, as a *sketch* of the Catholic Church." We again speak of its intention to be an "*outline* of Catholic History;" again as "a plethoric *sketch*," and as a "fat pamphlet of 600 pages," which we think sufficiently explicit as to our treating it as a History. The thing was impossible. No one could be so unjust to its authors as to call a re-publication of their hap-hazard newspaper articles a history. It would not be fair to History. It would be unjust to Newspaperdom.

Mr. Shea thinks we have foully calumniated him as "un-Irish in feeling." We do not remember where. What we said was this—

"Frenchmen, Spaniards, Englishmen, Belgians, Italians, Poles, Russians, and last, but as Brownson says, 'certainly not least,' Irishmen, have shared the dangers and glory of struggling for and building up the Catholic Church in America; and it is an unloveable office, a cold, heartless, frivolous and rebellious office to disrobe and dissect any one party, to the insinuated discountenance of any other."

As no nationality has the sole glory of the Catholic Church in America, there ought not to be any European nationality displayed in its history; therefore, Mr. Shea might just as well accuse us of calling him un-Russian, un-English, or un-Italian, as un-Irish, so far as the pages of this work are concerned. It is, however, significant enough that Mr. Shea does not refer to the pages of "our work" when he desires to show his Irish feelings, to which it might naturally be supposed he would under the circumstances. He simply refers to what his "family has done for a century" in keeping up an Irish feeling. What a man's family has or has not done, is no proof whatever of the good, bad or indifferent actions or intentions of the man himself. We do not call in question Mr. Shea's purity of feeling as regards Ireland, but cannot help showing the ridiculous nature of the gentleman's arguments.

Notwithstanding that Mr. Shea and Mr. de Courcy—considerate de Courcy—would allow what we have said about the book to pass; still, the former—for self and latter—cannot part from *that*, without this portentous growl—"We are perfectly conscious and the highest authorities in the Church are conscious of the motives that have induced the hostility to the book." Now, on said *motives*, we profess to be one of the very "highest authorities," having written what Messrs. Shea and De Courcy no doubt deem "hostility to the book." We were "perfectly conscious" that our task, if disagreeable, was a necessary one, and if somewhat, but not too severe, it was just.

The part of Mr. Shea's letter alluding to the late Edward Dunigan, the well-known publisher, we really do not know how to excuse. It has nothing to do with the subject; was not called for by any remark of ours, as even the most querulous reader must perceive. That "Cash, not Criticism, is the publisher's index," not alone as regards the house of Dunigan & Co. but every other publishing house, is simply nonsensical to controvert. If it were not, booksellers would be smashing up daily by the dozen, and the printer's cry for bread would soon be heard above the present clash and rolling thunder of mighty presses. We believe the late Mr. Dunigan to have been a just, good man, enthusiastic in the line of business with which his name is now so widely known, and deserving of any eulogistic mention Mr. Shea can make. For the present head of the House of "Dunigan & Brother," we have always held the highest esteem, and not unfrequently have we paid tribute to the enterprise which the firm—past and present—eminently deserves. We, therefore, indignantly repel Mr. Shea's mode of arguing, by which he attempts to show that we intended insult to the late Mr. Dunigan's memory.

Mr. Shea's explanation of the stoppage of the publications in question, shows the truth of what we said, that "If they were popular, *as they deserved to be*, all the Catholic reviewers in Christendom would not have forced the publisher to interdict the pen of so good and so able aman as Dr. Pise;" or the pen of Charles James Cannon, though differing from whom in some things, we regard with respect and admiration for the purity of his nature and character as a man and an author. These pens would not have been allowed to lie inert if "Cash" told the publisher to try still further to encourage them. Mr. Donald McLeod would have thrown the power of "Pynnhurst" into more books if it were so, and probably Mr. J. V. Huntington would not have indulged in the "sensation" line. To say that a publisher guides his business *not* on cash principles, is to say he is a fool.

As for some other of Mr. Shea's minor readings of our review of the "fat pamphlet," we must leave them with our readers.

The Dublin *Tablet*, reviewing the lives of the editors of the New-York *Tribune* and *Herald*, and being startled by the facts so minutely detailed there concerning editorial life in America, says—"The position of an editor in America is a peculiar one. He is entirely independent of the ballot-box, of which no other political personage in America is or can be independent. The President, the senators, the judges, and governors of States are subjected to an election. The editor elects himself, and has no master. Amid a nation of freemen, he is pre-eminently free. He is not, like a member of Congress, obliged to give an account of his conduct before a capricious multitude. He is an autocrat. In England, the journal absorbs the editor; in America, the editor absorbs the journal. In England, we say the *Times* says so and so; in America, they say Horace Greeley says so and so. In England the paper is better known than the editor; in America the editor is quite as well known as his paper.

MRS. BINGHAM.

THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE OF THE NICARAGUAN ARMY.

From the Daily Times.

In Gen. Henningsen's report to Gen. Walker, detailing the destruction of Granada and the successful retreat of their remaining forces from that place, the following passage occurs:

"The wife of Mr. Bingham, the actor, a noble woman, deserves the thanks of our army, of which she was the Nightingale. She was suddenly cut off with her child by fever."

Mrs. Bingham went out to Nicaragua with her husband and family in the month of October last. Her husband was at that time unable to walk, having been deprived of the use of his limbs about two years ago from a bullet wound in the back. From the time of her arrival in Nicaragua, Mrs. Bingham has occupied herself with attending to the sick and the wounded of Gen. Walker's army—braving all the perils of camp disease, everywhere bestowing on the invalid soldiers such kind attentions and careful treatment as to elicit the deepest gratitude and most friendly regard.

But her brave devotion in the hospitals proved fatal to herself at length—the intelligence arriving by the last steamer, that she had sickened from the prevalent fever and died.

This is not the first time Mrs. Bingham has been found on the battle-field and contributing solace and good offices to the convalescent and the dying. Her life has been a checkered one, full of suffering and heroic endurance,

Her husband, Charles Edward Bingham,—familiarly known to a large circle of acquaintance as "Ned" Bingham,—is an actor, and has followed that profession since early youth. During the Mexican war he was one of the aids of Gen. Taylor, with the rank of Orderly, and served through the whole Campaign under old Rough-and-Ready. His daring gained him much reputation, and he was frequently sent upon enterprises requiring great boldness and an adroit expedition. In the course of the war Mr. Bingham became acquainted with the daughter of an American officer, at that time a widow, in Gen. Taylor's camp; a woman whose kindliness of spirit had already made her a frequent and welcome visitor to the sick and wounded. Struck with her noble sympathy and generous nature, what was at first admiration soon ripened into love. They were married, and remained two years at San Luis Potosi, the husband meanwhile having resigned his position in the army. At the end of this time Mr. Bingham conceived the hazardous project of an overland journey from Potosi to San Francisco, where he proposed to resume his profession. Accordingly he set out in the middle of winter for San Francisco with his wife, who was the mother of twins a few months old, and accompanied by only a single attendant. The party were provided with mules. After a long succession of privations and suffering they reached their destination, having traveled a distance of some fifteen hundred miles.

Soon after arriving at San Francisco, Mr. Bingham, in connection with others, erected the first theatre built in that city, and became its manager. Mrs. Bingham made her first appearance on its boards, showing a fair degree of talent, and considerable versatility. During his stay in California, Mr. Bingham's pecuniary fortunes greatly fluctuated. Twice his theatre was burnt down in San Francisco, once in Sacramento, and once in Marysville. About one year before he left California he sent his wife home to the States, on a visit to her friends. When his resources were nearly exhausted, he chanced to meet Susan and Kate Denin, who were then on a professional tour in California, the former of whom became enamored of him, and as she was about to return to New-York, urged him to go also, promising to secure him a profitable engagement at the Bowery Theatre here. It will be remembered that Susan was some time previously married in this state to Mr. Woodward, a merchant of Syracuse, who accompanied her to California, in the double capacity of husband and business agent. Mr. Woodward could not regard the growing intimacy between his wife and Mr. Bingham without feelings of jealousy and displeasure; but his efforts to influence her were of no avail, and the party, consisting of the Denins, Woodward and Bingham, finally sailed together for this city, in the year 1854.

While on the passage to Panama Woodward succeeded in exciting, among certain of the passengers, a strong dislike towards his rival, which at length took the form of open threats, and led Mr. Bingham to secrete himself from their search. On arriving at Panama a number of the friends of Woodward assembled about Mr. Bingham's state-room door, armed with knives and revolvers. Through this crowd "Ned" forced his way, revolver in hand, without being assailed; but, while in the act of mounting the steps of the American Hotel, at Panama, in the midst of a promiscuous crowd, just landed from the steamer, he was shot in the back and fell to the ground. In the confusion the assassin was not detected, though suspicion was fixed upon a certain individual, supposed to be the tool of Woodward. From the effect of this shot Bingham was laid up, in Panama, for about seven weeks, and completely lost the use of his lower limbs; nor has he at any time since been able to walk. Recovering sufficiently to be moved, he came on to New-York, physically helpless, and completely destitute of funds. For a time he was nursed at the house of a friend, and he was thence removed to the City Hospital.

His wife, who was playing at some Provincial theatre, now heard of the arrival of her husband and as soon as possible, joined him. Mrs. Bingham procured employment at the Bowery Theatre, and endeavored to support her husband and three children, all of whom were entirely dependent on her exertions. After struggling in this way for some months, the Bowery Theatre was closed last summer in consequence of difficulties between its proprietors, costing her a situation, and with it her only means of sustenance. During the past year, Bingham and his family occupied wretched apartments in a tenement house in Stanton-street, and after the theatrical resource failed were obliged to rely for subsistence on the voluntary contributions of friends and public charity. In August last Mrs. Bingham was confined. Deprived of her assistance, the family was almost reduced to starvation. Frequently, Mr. Bingham relates, he passed thirty-six and forty-eight hours without tasting a morsel of food, and knew of no source from which relief would come. The Baptist Society in Stanton-street contributed something to their support, and a trifling aid came from members of his own profession. Two of the children—boys, aged eight and ten years—were taken by the proprietor of a traveling circus, who agreed to support them for their services, such as they might be.

The mother at length became well enough to go out, and spent several days in the futile attempt to procure work.

At length when the hope of bearing up against misfortune was almost exhausted, she came across the advertisement of the Nicaraguan Agency, which offered to every emigrant who would go to Nicaragua a free passage and a certain number of acres of land. Mr. Bingham, being well enough in body, except that his lower limbs were useless, and thinking he could teach school or otherwise employ himself in Nicaragua,—that at all events he was no more likely to starve there than here, concluded to take his family thither as soon as possible. Another inducement was that he had known Gen. Walker in San Francisco, who confided to him his plans of invasion at that time, and urged him to join his fortunes.

In October last this unfortunate family "emigrated" for Nicaragua, as already stated, and it seems, became connected in some capacity with Walker's army. Since their departure nothing had been heard from them here until the receipt of the news of the death of Mrs. Bingham. Mr. Bingham, we may add, has a brother, now residing in New-York, who recently returned from a three year's visit to the Sandwich Islands, where he was engaged in the service of King Kamehameha II. We are not aware that there are any other immediate relatives of the family here. We have detailed the curious story as we have been able to pick it up from those who knew them. It is certainly a curious one. We shall await with interest the further statements of some of those who have experienced in the Hospitals the kindly attentions of the Florence Nightingale of the Nicaraguan Army.

THE IRISH LEGION—A CHRISTMAS MEMORY.

From a corespondent of the Limerick Reporter.

Some time ago was presented to the readers of this paper an account of that celebrated brigade whose desperate valor upheld the glory of the French arms on many a bloody field, and whose fidelity and courage were the admiration of Europe. At this Christmas time, when the recollections of former days come thronging on our minds like flakes of foam drifting down a river, it would be well to remember those whose bones are mouldering at this pleasant season far away from their native land amid the arid plains of Castile, the dark passes of the Pyrennees, the sunny vineyards of France, the Mountains of Germany, and the drear morasses of Holland, the Irish Legion of Napoleon the Great. The terrible war of '98 had passed away like a desolating tempest, and bound, bleeding, and helpless the land lay at the feet of her oppressors, while her best and bravest had to fly for refuge to a foreign land. It was in the year 1803 that Napoleon, when he designed to invade England, determined to form an Irish Legion. The levies responded with alacrity to his summons, and what proud thoughts must have been in each breast when the great hero reviewed them, and told them that soon on the plains of England they would have the opportunity of revenging the wrongs of their country. That hope was never fulfilled, and from the camp at Boulogne they were dispatched to Holland and Belgium, where they added new lustre to the military reputation of the Irish by their daring acts of valor. Their dearest desire was that at some time or other they would have an opportunity of crossing swords with the English, and exacting some atonement for the horrors inflicted on their country. Their wishes were gratified, and the corps were marched to Spain. It was here they specially signalized themselves—Junot invested Astorga, and the Irish were commanded to lead the assault. Captain Allen, at the head of the Light Company, advanced towards the breach at a run, and with a wild cry they recklessly flung themselves into the ditch. A tremendous cannonade was maintained by the Spaniards, but still the brave fellows pressed onward over the huge broken masses of the way. Every instant some comrade was struck down, but still undaunted they clambered up, and finally effected a lodgment in the breach. They could advance no farther. Their number was reduced one-half, but still they determined to hold their position. Throughout that long dark night the brave fellows fought there, cold, and wet, and weary, and without food, and without a bandage to bind their wounds. Still an effort to dislodge them was fruitless, and at length the morning dawned. Captain Ware dashed along at the head of the Grenadier Company, the garrison capitulated, and at midday the banner of Spain was lowered, and the Eagle-crowned tri-color floated over the walls of Astorga. Thence were they marched to join Ney, at the siege of Cuidad Rodrigo; one morning, one hundred of the regiment were detached to attack the British outposts. They advanced with all the ardor of men whose hearts are burning with hatred and revenge. There, on that summer morn, were the Red and Green again opposed to each other. The exiles gazed on the bright ranks before them, and all the memories of 98' rushed on their hearts—memories of the picketings, the burnings, the half-hangings, memories of their slaughtered wifes and children, of their ruined homes, of the land they were never to see again. "Remember New Ross and Vinegar Hill" was passed along the ranks. Then through the still morn air came floating from the British lines the well-remembered notes of Garryowen, while the band of the Legion struck up the Minstrel Boy. They flung themselves on each other with that fierce hatred which seems destined to be eternal between the two nations. Few shots were exchanged, the men used but the silent and deadly bayonet, and after a desperate contest, the English retreated in confusion, and the exiles stood victors on the field. The disastrous termination of the Russian war obliged them to be recalled from Spain, and they joined the army under Napoleon. In March, 1813, they occupied the village of Celle. The Cossacks attacked the place but were driven back with severe loss. In their retreat they fired the wooden bridge across the Aller. But onward through the flames the Irishmen rushed, and came up with them, and inflicted a signal defeat, and then again returned; but the victory was dearly purchased, for numbers of the wounded perished from the fire and intense heat at the recrossing of the bridge. They gained new laurels in the awful engagements of Bautzen, and the succeeding battles. At Lowenberg they were formed into a square to resist the Russian cavalry;—again and again they charged, but the green ranks stood firm, and each time the hardy sons of the North were driven back by the Celtic war-

riors. It was now mid-day, and the sun shone brightly on the glittering helmets and breastplates of the Russians as they again charged. They came on a slow trot, and when at musket shot, they suddenly opened and a battery of artillery in their centre, poured in a terrible fire on the Irish. The square was fourteen hundred strong when they formed, and beneath that terrible fire four hundred men were stretched dead on the ground. In the second battle of Lowenberg they crossed the river Bohr, and unsupported carried the enemy's position under the fire of his batteries, but suffered severely, and their Colonel, William Lawless, had his leg shot away. Napoleon rode down,—"Who commands this regiment?" said he,—"Colonel Lawless, Sire," was the reply. —"Where is he?" The soldier pointed to a man stretched on a little straw—where a surgeon was busily engaged dressing his wounds.' 'Your regiment has acted well, sir," said the Emperor to him—"and I trust that you will soon recover from your injuries; meanwhile take this," and he detached the cross from his own breast and fastened it on that of Lawless. A grateful smile played across the wounded man's face, and he attempted to speak. "Do not speak now," said Napoleon. "I am well pleased at your conduct to-day; when you have recovered, report yourself to me, *Baron Lawless, and General of Brigade.*" It was by such acts as these that Napoleon inspired his soldiers with that deep affection which was the subject of astonishment to Europe. After the retreat from Leipsic they were ordered to Holland,—where, on the 14th of January, 1814, they carried the village of Mersam and obliged the English to retreat in shameful confusion. With this action ended their services. The star of Napoleon had set. Fate decreed that the great fatalist should fall, and after Waterloo, Louis XVIII. meanly yielding to the wishes of the English government, disbanded the regiment—and the Irish Legion was blotted from the muster-roll of the French army. All honor to their memories who upheld the renown of Ireland in the foreign land they were driven to; and on those pleasant nights, when we sit with our friends round the fire, heedless of the wind that howls outside, and of the hard sleet that dashes against the window-pane, let us ponder on this dreary Cristmas-tide by the banks of the Elbe, where they lay on the cold earth, without drink, without food, and almost without covering; and let us hope that all, should the day come for the trial, will be as true to Ireland as these—the men of Ninety-Eight.

BRITISH AUTHORS AND BRITISH LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

From the New-York Day Book.

It is a fact that the United States have no literature. We have so-called American authors, but look at them for a moment; analyze them, and they are essentially British and monarchical. English ideas control our newspapers, our magazines, reviews, etc. In fact, the majority of the reading-classes in America are actuated by the same ideas and sentiments as pervade the same classes in England.

The recommendation of a book by a leading English review, is looked upon by those individuals as conclusive. There is nothing more to be said after *Blackwood* or *Westminster* has spoken. Look over our list of authors and see how many there are who represent the peculiar spirit of Democratic institutions, or the great principles of equality which underlie our system.

Irving first achieved his reputation in England, and came back to this country with the endorsement of Sir Walter Scott, whose judgment no one thought of disputing. He has given us very little from his fertile pen, with the exception of his last work, of which any American can feel proud. He is intensely British in his ideas, voted for Fremont at the risk of severing the Union of this Confederacy of States, and has very little to recommend him to the favor of his countrymen.

Hildreth pretends to be an American historian, yet he has written a work which abounds in slanders upon his own country, and which, if penned by a British author, could not have been more unfair. We might continue these remarks *seriatim*, mentioning all our prominent writers in turn. It is only necessary, however, to say that the following, whether they be poets, essayists, or novelists, are all intensely British, and strong Fremont men at the late election:—Bryant, Longfellow, Curtis, Emerson, Whittier, Bayard Taylor, Ticknor, Prescott, Epes Sargent, Dana, Godwin, Sprague, Conrad, Briggs, &c., &c. These comprise the prominent literary men of the North, and most of them might as well be residents of England as of this country; for they do not represent in the slightest degree the ideas at the foundation of our system of government. Indeed, they do not possess the first conception of them.

Turning from these writers and looking for those on the other side, how few do we find! First and foremost a Bancroft, not as thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Democracy as we could like, but still a fair and firm exponent of our government. Then we have the venerable Paulding, and among later novelists, Simms, Hawthorne and Matthews. Among poets, we have not more than one of eminence whose poetry breathes a national, patriotic ardor. Gen. Morris is probably more truly Democratic—more closely allied to the people in his sympathies and instincts, than any literary man of America. His songs are household words in every portion of our country, and his spirit-stirring melodies awake a throb of patriotic ardor like Burns' poems among the Highlands of Scotland or Baranger's liberty-loving stanzas in France. But beside him, we think only of Saxe and Hosmer, with Stoddard and Aldrich, whose reputations are yet to be made, that have really any Democratic sympathies in them.

It is the misfortune of Democrats, however, to be under the ban of the press—"the leading press," as it complacently styles itself. Thus, a newspaper that aspires to be the principal literary journal of this metropolis, devotes a whole page of its paper to an elaborate puff of Mr. Curtis' writings, which are, at the best, but very feeble specimens of good literature, with a great amount of varnish and veneering over a ricketty framework. Every literary journal must support the pretensions of this clique of writers—must sing songs of negro freedom and abuse the South—or all at once it finds a hornet's nest about its ears. This censorship is as inexorable as Louis Napoleon's muzzling of the press, and woe be to the unlucky author or publisher who dares to break out of the channel of puffing everything English.

There is a case just in point. The Messrs. Harper have recently started a weekly paper, as they had a perfect right to do. But because they dared to insinuate in the first number, that the election of Buchanan was an auspicious event, and that Democracy was not quite the villainous concoction of wickedness that it was represented to be, the whole Abolition British Press have pounced upon it with the energy of enraged hyenas. The *Tribune* scouts it. The Boston *Atlas* names it a "journal of barbarism." The Albany *Evening Journal*, Mr. Seward's home organ, says it is "a weekly issue of pulings and cronings, hostile to reform, to freedom and to progress." Thus it is, that democratic ideas—we do not use the term now in a party sense—are cowed down. The Messrs. Harpers' journal is not a political paper, but its proprietors have been thus attacked for breathing a national spirit; in a word, for preferring American sentiments to British. This is "the extent of their offending, no more." Heretofore, these Abolition censors have broken down every journal of this character. According to all accounts, they will fail this time, for we hear that the whole edition of the first number, 70,000 copies, is exhausted, and that the publishers are printing more.

In this hasty glance at authors and our literature generally, our readers will see how little chance there is for Democratic ideas to work their way in this country. For years the Democratic party has relied upon the instincts of the honest masses, which were not perverted by the defiling current of Britishism, that permeated the reading classes; but as knowledge increases, and reading becomes more general, the importance of building up a literature which shall be true to the fundamental ideas of our system of government, cannot be over-estimated. We must roll back this torrent of British literature with its monarchical and aristocratic ideas of government, or it will overwhelm us, and, perchance, destroy the first fruits of freedom in the New World.

Literary and Artistic News.

Mr. Pollard's lecture on "Gregory the Seventh" (Pope Hildebrand), delivered on the evening of the 27th, in Hope Chapel, was a very attractive one. The object of the lecture was to aid the funds of the "Catholic Library Benefit Society." The lecturer exhibited the warmest admiration of Hildebrand, and narrated the leading events in his troubled career with considerable dramatic force. In summing up Gregory's character, he represented his life as a perfect illustration of the principle that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!

Ladies will be interested in the following account, given by Lady Sheil, of the dress and manners of their fair sisters in Persia:—The Shah's mother was dressed with great magnificence. She wore a pair of trousers made of gold brocade. These Persian trousers are always very wide, each leg being, when the means of the wearer allow it, wider than the skirt of a gown; so that they have the effect of an exceedingly ample petticoat, and as crinolines are unknown, the elegants wear 10 and 11 pair of trousers, one over the other, in order to make up for the want of the above important invention. But to return to the Shah's mother; her trousers were edged with a border of pearls, embroidered on braid; she had a thin blue crape chemisette, also trimmed with pearls; this chemisette hung down a little below the waist, nearly meeting the top of the trousers, which are fastened by a running string. As there was nothing under the thin gauze, the result of course was more display than is general in Europe. A small jacket of velvet was over the chemisette, reaching to the waist, but not made close in front, and on the head a small shawl, pinned under the chin. On the shawl were fastened strings of large pearls and diamond sprigs; her arms were covered with handsome bracelets, and her neck with a variety of costly necklaces. Her hair was in bands, and hung down under the shawl in a multitude of small plaits. She wore no shoes, her feet being covered with fine Cashmere stockings. The palms of her hands and tips of her fingers were dyed red, with an herb called henna, and the edges of the inner part of the eyelids were colored with antimony. All the Kajars have naturally large arched eyebrows, but, not satisfied with this, the women enlarge them by doubling their real size with great streaks of antimony; her cheeks were well rouged, as is the invariable custom among Persian women of all classes.

Hon. Henry Stanley, who has been sojourning in the East of Europe, has published a volume of metrical translations of the most popular national ballads of Wallachia and Moldavia. Some of these are very ancient. Few have previously been translated. Most of them have the warm love for home and fatherland. The originals are in the Rouman language—which the Wallachians claim to be one of the six streams through pure Latin, the tongue of the great Roman people, has come down to this time. The other five are the Provençal and the French, the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Italian. The Greek language has only one descendant—the degenerate and enfeebled Romaic. There is little doubt that the Wallachians received the Latin through the province of Dacia. Thence, also, Hungary, Transylvania and Bessarabia came to possess it.

At certain periods Cook was as mad as any inmate of Bedlam. In one of his quarrels a common soldier declined fighting with him, because Cook was rich, and the persons present would, he affirmed, favor him. "Look you here, sir," said Cook, "all I possess in the world is here, 350*l.*," and he thrust the banknotes into the fire, and held the poker upon them until they were consumed. "Now I am a beggar, sir—will you fight me now?"

Beranger, who is now in his 77th year, has just completed the continuation and revisal of his Autobiography. It is to be published within a year after his death, in one volume, each page being full and solid as to composition, so that the whole work—including a hundred songs, never before printed—may be sold for five francs. The old poet desires evidently to be read by the million.

There is nothing new under the sun. In the Imperial Library at Paris, has lately been found a work entitled "Electricity as a Universal Agent," written by Count Tressau, printed as far back as 1783. It is positively stated to have forestalled the recent important discoveries in electricity.

Jasmin, the French barber-poet, who has lately been placed on the pension-list of France, for five hundred dollars a year, (he previously received the Cross of the Legion of Honor,) has been presented by his native place, the town of Ayen, with a gold vase, ornamented with fruits in silver, and inscribed "Ayen to Jasmin."

Rev. James Murphy, D. D., died in the village of Herkimer, on Tuesday of last week, aged 69. Dr. Murphy belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church, and entered the ministry in the year 1814. He published a work entitled "Geology consistent with the Bible."

The landscape painter, Catel, of Berne, one of the veteran artists in Rome, died lately. Enriched by a long and successful career, he was not unmindful of his less fortunate brethren, and left a portion of his property for the especial relief of poor and deserving artists.

John G. Saxe, poet and lecturer, has recovered from the severe illness which attacked him some months ago. He has resumed his customary pursuits.

The Chinese booksellers have a queer way of selling their volumes. They are disposed of, not according to their value, at a fixed price, but according to weight. If, on weighing them, they are too light, the seller coolly tears some leaves from another book, and throws them into the scale!

A new Southern Magazine is to be started at Charleston S.C., in March next. It will be under the editorial supervision of Messrs. W. B. Carlile and P. H. Hayne. It will appear on the first of March next, and be called *Russell's Magazine.*

Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne has abandoned her trip to Australia, and returns to New-York in the Spring prior to a voyage to England.

Mr Bancroft, the historian, has a private library, containing 12,000 volumes.

The following story has been current in Boston for many years, as illustrative of the strength of Mr. O. A. Brownson's personal antipathies. During a great pressure in the money market some eighteen years ago, Mr. B. had occasion to consult some brokers in regard to some negotiations, and was astonished at the terms demanded. Some weeks afterward he discovered the Shylocks in the hall where he officiated on Sunday. In his discourse he was inculcating the necessity of carrying religion into all departments of life, and practising it every day in the week. Religion, he said, should not be considered a cloak of sanctity, to be put on every Sunday morning and put off on the Monday. "It should be carried into your insurance offices, into your banks, into your merchants' counting-rooms, into your brokers' offices"—then glaring through his spectacles at the two brokers, he thrilled the whole assembly by exclaiming, "*Religion in a Broker's office!*—religion in HELL!"

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(*Carefully revised every week expressly for the Irish News.*)

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, Feb. 10, 1857.

FLOUR—Com'n to Extra State	per barrel		$6.40 a $6.80
Common to Fancy Western	do		6.45 a 6.95
Extra Western	do		6.65 a 8 75
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do		6.85 a 8.75
Mixed to Extra Southern	do		7 — a 9 —
RYE FLOUR—Fine and Super	do		3.50 a 5.25
CORN MEAL	do		3.25 a 3.75
WHEAT—Canada White	per bushel		1.68 a 1.80
Western White	do		1.65 a 1.80
Southern White	do		1.68 a 1.80
All kinds of Red	do		1.40 a 1.60
CORN—Mixed	do		— 70 a — 72
Yellow	do		— — a — —
White	do		— — a — —
OATS—State and Western	do		— 49 a — 54
Jersey	do		— 47 a — 49
Southern	do		— 48 a — 47
Rye	do		— 92 a — 96
Barley	do		1.02 a 1.32
White Beans	do		2 — a — —
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels			— — a 4 —
Cotton—Middlings, per lb			— 13¼ a — 13¾
Fair			— 13¾ a — 14¼
Rice, per 100 lbs			3.25 a 4.37½
Hops, per lb			— 7 a — 10
Pork—Mess per bbl			20 25 a 21 50
Prime, per bbl			17 75 a 18 —
Beef—Country Mess			10.75 a 13 —
Prime			9 50 a 10 50
Dressed Hogs, per lb			— 9¼ a — 10
Lard, in bbls. per lb			— 13¼ a — —
Butter—Western, per lb			— 15 a — 22
State, ordinary to choice, per lb			— 20 a — 30
Cheese, per lb			— 11 a — 12
Potatoes—Carters, per bbl			3 — a 4 —
Mercers, per bbl			3.25 a 3.50
Onions—Reds, per bbl			2.50 a 3 —
White, per bbl			3 — a 4 —
Apples, per bbl			2.50 a 8 —
Eggs, fresh per dozen			— 35 a — —
Limed, per dozen			— 25 a — 26¼
Feathers, Live Geese per lb			— 50 a — 55
Seed—Clover, per lb			— 11¼ a — 12¼
Flax, per bushel			1.90 a 1 95
Timothy, mowed, per bushel			— — a — —
Timothy, reaped, per bushel			3 37½ a 3.50
Sugar, New-Orleans, per lb			— 9¾ a — 11½
Molasses, New-Orleans, per gl			— 75 a — 76
Tobacco—Kentucky, &c., per lb			— 8 a — 17
Seed Leaf, per lb			— 11 a — 36
Wool—Domestic fleece, per lb			— 34 a — 60
Domestic, pulled, per lb			— 34 a — 50
Hemp—Undr'd Amer'n per ton			210 — a 215—
Dressed American, per ton			240 — a 260—
Flax—Jersey per lb			— 7 a — 11
Hay, per 100 lbs			1 — a 1.25
Tallow, per lb			— 11½ a — —

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

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J. B. MILLER & CO.,

fe7 4t 134 Canal-street

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer BLTIC, via Southampton and Havre, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 14th day of February, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

fe14 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

From the Dublin Evening Mail.

In our last, we published a letter from "A Constant Reader," in which the writer takes us to task for alleged neglect of the interests of the "officers who distinguished themselves in the Crimea." We have not been so negligent as our correspondent supposes. If he will take the trouble of looking at our publication of the 13th of August, he will perceive that, immediately after the issue of the list of officers and soldiers on whom the decoration of the Legion of Honor had been conferred, we gave our opinion pretty freely on the evident partiality betrayed by that list, expressing our conviction that "favoritism and underhand influence had been at work for the benefit of some, whilst others more deserving had been neglected." We dwelt especially on the injustice displayed towards the medical officers of the army and navy; and we adduced the case of a naval surgeon—an Irishman, by-the-way, of whom his country may well be proud—who with a lieutenant in the marine artillery, headed a party of sailors, and under a murderous fire, nobly avenged the death of the gallant Captain Hyde Parker. We may repeat that the Lords of the Admiralty graciously acknowledged the distinguished services of those two officers, with an intimation that a "note" had been made of their gallant conduct. Well, "the lieutenant of marines has obtained the Cross of the Legion of Honor; so has the first lieutenant of the ship, who was not present at the engagement at all; but the medical officer, who has taken the most prominent part in the action, was passed over." We believe there have been more cases of this kind than will ever come to the knowledge of the public; and we are strongly disposed to agree with our correspondent that the claims of many deserving officers to the distinction of the Legion of Honor have been slighted for no other reason than because they were Irishmen. If we are not strongly impressed with a belief in our separate nationality, it is not the fault of those who are placed in authority over us. There are men of influence among our rulers who seem determined to convince us that Ireland is not, and cannot be, an integral part of the British dominions. Mr. Smith O'Brien has more powerful friends at Court than he imagines.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

In St. George's Church, Wm. Mackay, of Banbridge, to Georgina Napier, daughter of Alexander Sutherland, of Castle Shamrock.

At Stirling, R. H. Davidson, M.D., of the Bombay Medical Establishment, to Catherine M'Ghee.

At Peru, John Mathison, to Rachel Jane, daughter of Richard Dartnell, of Cork.

At St. Patrick's Chapel, Peter Wright, shipwright, to Catharine Murphy, 4 North Anne-street.

In Moy Church, James Verner, of Derryane, to Lydia, daughter of the late John Sinclair.

Captain C. W. Elgee, to Maria Emma, daughter of John Dooner, of Lower Mount-st.

In Warwickshire, Edward Stanley, to Louisa, daughter of J. Peel, Middleton Hall.

In Londonderry, Wm. Hancock, to Mary, daughter of Rev. W. S. Escott, of Foyle College.

Thomas, son of William Mooney, late of Dublin, to Ann, daughter of G. Tissington.

At St. Kilda, Australia, William E. D. Watts, late of Templeogue, county of Dublin, son of William Watts, solicitor, to Emily, third daughter of William Grace.

Jan. 8, Wm. Bonamy, son of Wm. Maingay, of Tunbridge-wells, to Anna Maria, daughter of H. Courtney, Fitzwilliam-place.

In Dublin, Charles Hughes, solicitor, 90 Lower Gardiner-street, to Martha, daughter of the late R. A. Dalton.

In St. Peter's Church, John B. Blake, of the Third Buffs, to Anne Helena, daughter of the late E. H. Naghten, of Thomastown Park, county Roscommon.

Jan. 13, in St. Mary's Church, Captain P. Lockwood, of the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham, to Elizabeth Jane, relict of Captain F. Stewart, of Blessington-street.

Ths. M. Vigors, son of Rev. T. Vigors, Burgage, to Sophie, daughter Rev. C. W. Doyne, rector of Fenagh.

Wm. R. LeFanu, son of the late Dean of Emly, to Henrietta, daughter of Sir M. Barrington, Glenstal.

Jan. 8, Wm. Patrickson, of Killigar House, Wicklow, to Anne, only daughter of the late Samuel Wilkinson Tyndall, of Strandville, Clontarf, county Dublin.

At Kallaloan, John Le Poer Bookey, of Mount Eland, to Eliza, daughter T. Quinn, Redmondstown, Tipperara.

Jan. 7, at Bagnalstown, Rev. Ambrose Cooke, second son of the late John Cooke, of Kiltinane Castle, Tipperary, to Maria, daughter Rev. J. Chapman, of Wykeham, Carlow.

At Passage West, J. G. Fleming, of Rathdrum, to Mary Josephine, daughter of Daniel Holland, Cork.

January 8, at Kiltegan, Maurice F. Sandes, of Oak Park, Kerry, to Ellen Louisa, daughter of Thomas Stratford Dennis, of Fort Granite, county Wicklow.

At Blackrock, Paola Steffano Munich, of Queenstown, to Sarah, daughter of the late Major T. J. Grant.

IRISH DEATHS.

Sept. 18, at Port Cygnet, Tasmania, of disease of the heart, Mark O'Callaghan, late of Dublin.

Jannary 4, in Dominick-street, Mary Anne, relict of P. Kirwan, of Karnane, Galway.

Matilda, daughter of Thos. Burke, Dublin.

At Rathmines, Elizabeth Manley, wife of James Manley, of Dublin, aged 55 years.

Jan. 11, at 15 Aughrim-street, Catharine, relict of George Richard Workman.

Jan. 8, at Harold's-cross, John Potter, sen., formerly of Limerick.

At Woodlawn, Ballinteer, Dundrum, aged 64, Sidney Berkley, wife of John Pearson.

At Ardmore, Waterford, Rev. Garret Prendergast, P.P.

At Scariff, Clare, David Flannery, father of the Rev. Doctor Flannery, Irish Catholic University.

At Leipsic, in the King's County, the Rev. A. W. White, aged 88.

In Cork, Charles Bagshot, of the Royal Navy, late Inspector commander of Coast Guard.

In Monaghan, Amelia, daughter of the late captain Magee, of the 48th regiment.

In Killarney, aged 89 years, Mary Maybury, sister of the late Dr. Maybury, of Tralee.

At Crossabeg, county Wexford, Rev. John Barry, P.P.

At Rathduff, Ellen, daughter of John Cleary.

At Newpark, county Tipperary, Henry, son of the late Rev. John Davies, of Wavertree, Lancashire.

In Cashel, Sarah, relict of John White, of Ballynahinch.

Jan. 8, in Limerick, the Rev. Henry Rose, chaplain to the jail.

Mrs. Barnes, Ballyellis, Wexford, aged 76.

In Dundalk, Lenox Bigger, aged 87.

January 11, in Galway, Henry Martin Blake, late of Heath House, county Mayo.

At Vandome, France, aged 81, the Dowager countess of Clonard, formerly Miss Crosbie, of Ballinagee, Wexford.

January 6, aged 47, James Fegan, draper, Elizabeth-street, Manchester, late of Dungannon.

Jan. 8, Elizabeth, relict of the late Carey M'Clellan.

Letitia, wife of Dr. Forsyth, Culmore.

Robert, son of the late Sam Algoe, aged 22.

At the Commons, Coleraine, James Proctor, Gunsmith.

Suddenly, on Thursday, Jan. 1, Patrick M'Cauley.

At Dernakally, Jan. 14, Mary Rankin, aged 21 years.

At Tivnony, John Morrison, aged 80.

At Killyfast, Catherine, daughter of Hugh Neeson.

In his 8th year, Wm. Joseph, son of W. A. Franklin, of the G. P. O.

At Portmahon House, David F. Mitchell, aged 72.

Caroline, daughter of Lt. Gen. Geo. Cardew.

At Monvagher, of consumption, aged 33, James White.

Jan. 7, at 72 Earl-st., Belfast, Ellen Anderson.

At Hawkin's-street, Julia Ryan.

Richard Charles, son of the Rev. Dr. MacDonnel.

At Ballineety, Geo. R. Fitzgerald, aged 74.

In Parsonstown, Dr. Waters.

Martha, daughter of the late J. Roberts.

At Raconnell, Dorothea, relict of R. Lawder.

Elizabeth, wife of John Swanzy, aged 89.

At his residence in Lambeth, Mr. Allingham, aged 75.

Lady Romilly, aged 47, wife of the Master of the Rolls.

At Mountmelleck, Margaret, wife of Rev. H. McManus.

In Kingstown, Mrs. Speer, relict of Dr. Speer, Royal Navy.

In Great Charles-st., aged 88, Edward Archer.

In Belfast, Wm. Gillilan, aged 80.

In London, Thomas Kernaghan, aged 77 years.

Corporation Notices.

CORPORATION SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Public Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the authority vested in them by the laws of the State and the ordinances of the Common Council, the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the city of New-York will sell at public auction, under the direction of the Comptroller, E. H. Ludlow, auctioneer, on Wednesday, the 25th day of February, 1857, at noon, at the Merchants' Exchange, in the city of New-York, the following real estate, viz:—

1st. The three story brick building formerly occupied as an engine-house, and the lot No. 49 Christie-street; that portion of the lot not occupied by the engine-house, is under lease till May 1, 1868, at the annual rent of $100, and the property will be sold subject to the lease recorded in book of special leases, page 164, in the Comptroller's office.

2d. Two lots on the west side of the Bowery, as extended, between James-street and Rosevelt-street.

3d. Six lots, with the buildings thereon, on the southerly side of Chatham-street and the westerly side of Pearl-street, now known as numbers 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121 Chatham-street, and numbers 457, 459 and 461 Pearl-street.

4th. Three lots, now known as Nos. 451, 453 and 455 Pearl-street, will be sold separately, subject to the conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 168, in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1859; the purchaser of each of the lots, will be entitled to receive $233 33-100 per annum of the rent reserved by the lease, after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the covenants of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

5th. The lot on the northwest corner of William aad Pearl-streets, now known as No. 449 Pearl-street and No. 271 William-street, subject to conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 172 in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1858; the purchaser of this lot will be entitled to receive the rent reserved in the lease, of $362 50-100 per annum after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the conditions of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

6th. The house and lot on the north side of Fifth-street, commencing 80 feet west of the Second-avenue, lot 20 feet front and rear, and 24 feet 2 inches deep on both sides; houses 15 feet by 24 feet 3 inches.

7th. The house and lot north side of Thirteenth-street, commencing 213 feet west of Avenue C; lot 25 feet front and rear by 103 feet 3 inches deep on both sides, with three story brick building on the front of the lot, 20 feet wide and 40 feet deep, lately built for an engine-house; the rear of the lot is covered by and occupied as a foundry.

8th. Four lots on south side of Fifty-second street, commencing 90 feet west of Lexington-avenue.

9th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly half of the block between 74th and 75th-streets, and the 3d and 4th avenues.

10th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly part of the block between 80th and 81st-streets, and 3d and 4th avenues.

11th. Twelve lots on 116th-street and 117th-street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

12th. A piece of rear ground on the block bounded by Cherry-street, Oak-street and the Bowery, (as extended,) now used as part of the yard of Fourth District Police Station-house.

Full covenant warrantee deeds will be given.

TERMS OF SALE.—10 per cent of the purchase-money and auctioneer's fee of $5 per lot, to be paid to the collector of the city revenue, on the day of sale; 15 per cent on the 1st day of May next, when the deeds will be ready for delivery; the remainder of the purchase-money (75 per cent) may remain on bond and mortgage at the option of the purchaser, for five years from the 1st day of May, 1857, with interest, at the rate of six per annum, payable semi-annually.

Lithographic maps of the property may be had at the Comptroller's office, No. 5 Hall of Records, after the 7th instant.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.
A. C. FLAGG, Crmptroller.
JAMES M. SMITH, Jr., Recorder.
A. V. STOUT, Chamberlain.
THOMAS MCSPEDON, Ch. Fin. Com. Board Ald.
T. JONES, Jr., Ch. Fn. Com. Board Councilmen,
Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Comptroller's office, January 20, 1857.

Special Notices.

THE WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

A **FEW FACTS WORTH READING.**—1st. The WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN is the ONLY Steel Pen manufactured in America.

2d. It is the BEST Steel Pen manufactured in any country, as it is made with the greatest care and upon scientific principles.

3d. It permits the greatest freedom of the hand, being as soft as the "classic goose-quill."

4th. The school-boy, the farmer and the mechanic can use it as freely as the Professor of Penmanship.

5th. England has drawn from us annually, 1,000,000 Dollars for STEEL PENS!

6th. We as true Americans, ought to keep that million at home, for reasons that New-Yorkers fully understand.

7th. WE CAN keep it by using the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN instead of foreign made Pens.

8th. If we are a wise people, we will keep it at home; for we are DEPENDENT on British workshops.

9th. All who have tried the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, are delighted with it.

10th. It has met with an EXTRAORDINARY sale in all cities where it has been introduced.

11th. It is destined to supersede all other Pens now in use.

12th. Importers of British SCRAP STEEL, "set your houses in order."

13th. The CHEAP TRASH that is now imported, is not called for by the consumers of PENS. On the contrary, all men are annoyed by them, and pray for *good* pens, at any price.

14. Therefore, it is nonsense for American merchants to interpose an objection to the price, which is simply remunerative.

15th—

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who have always wrote, now write the more."

16th. N. B.—Buy none but sealed boxes, as you thereby secure the PATRON'S TICKET.

17. *These Pens* ARE MANUFACTURED IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, in the United States of America—not in Birmingham, England, where all OTHER pens are made that purport to be American—bearing the names of American MERCHANTS.

Office of the Company, 293 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—*Three Sample Pens* sent on receipt of two stamps, or one gross by mail, postage free, on receipt of $1 50. f7 6m

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat*," Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 3mos New-York.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York*, that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete process (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**

nov29, 3ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.

(ESTABLISHED 1851.)

Small Parcels forwarded by each Mail Steamer, to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the Continent, India, China, South America, &c.

*** Persons wishing to send small packages to their friends at home, at a trifling expense, will please address

COLLINS & MARSH, Agents,
ja26 1y 29 Broadway, New-York.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....50 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

ANNUAL BALL

OF THE

Erina Society,

For the benefit of the Catholic Library Association, will be held at the City Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, February 18, 1857.

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Alderman Clancy,	Patrick O'Shea, Esq.
" Healey,	Mich'l Phelan, "
Andrew Carrigan, Esq.,	J. B. Nicholson, "
Councilman T. Dunn,	Patrick McCarty, "
Nicholas Walsh, Esq.,	Bernard Maguire, "
John M'Carty, "	P. Maguire, "
Patrick Corrigan. "	James Kelly, "

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

H. S. Hewson.	John J. Mullen,
T. Mulcare,	D. Quinn,
James J. Carey,	W. J. Malone,
P. J. Mathews,	T. O'Brien.

W. R. ROBERTS, Pres't.
T. W. Kennedy, Sec'y. Joseph M'Guire, Treas'r.

Shelton's full band is engaged for the occasion.—Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, $2 00. To be had of the above committee, and at Messrs D. & J. Sadlier's, William st.; Dunnigan & Bros., Fulton st.; P. O'Shea, Broadway; Irish News Office, and a the door on the Ball night.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 889 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Lectures.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

Special Notices.

Worth Knowing.—Prof. Wood has discovered a remedy for the gray and bald, which is at once practicable and cheap. It requires no dyeing, no wig, nor extraordinary trouble. There can be no doubt whatever of its efficacy.

We have seen testimonials almost without number, and from men of great intelligence, high standing and moral worth.

Those who have been bald for years, are now wearing their own hair, and appear ten years younger than they did six months ago. As in most cases, gray hairs and bald heads are both premature and unnatural, it is a duty to remedy them by the natural and undoubted means which Prof. Wood has invented, and now kindly offers to the afflicted. Read his advertisement, try his wonderful remedy, and give the Professor a new testimonial.—*Memphis Whig.*

Sold at 312 Broadway, N. Y., and by all Druggists. fe14 2t

Holloways Pills.—The axe is not more necessary in new settlements, than is this wonderful medicine, which cures with rapidity and certainty all those debilitating affections of the stomach and the bowels which paralyse industry in unhealthy regions. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25 cts., 62 1-2 cts. and $1 per box. fe14

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's winter raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
y10jan GERALD GRAY.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice of Application for the discharge of an insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes.

James Grant of New-York City, Notice first published January 12th, 1857. Creditors to appear before the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New-York, on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1857, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at his Chambers No. 25 Chambers street, in said city, to show cause, if any they have, why an assignment of said Insolvent's Estate should not be made and he be discharged from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Statute for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts.

McCUNN & MONCRIEF,
jan17 6t Atty's. for Insolvent, 29 Wall st., New-York City.

Information wanted of Catharine Heaney, aged nine years, who left Sackin, near Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, Ireland, about the 30th of September last, for the purpose of coming to New-York. Information of her whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration will be thankfully received by her mother.

Dr. Wm. O'Gorman,

OFFICE,

tf6dec 423 Broome st., New-York.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

Company G. (*National Guard*) drill each Monday and Wednesday evening at their armory, 161 Atlantic street, Brooklyn. JAS. CAMPBELL, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at corner of Center and Grand st. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. EDWARD W. POWERS, Capt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by **Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.**

y21june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARES," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Business Directory.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

Special Notices.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any order left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

To Druggists and Grocers in the South and West.

Charles' London Cordial Gin, the first established and the only *Imported.*

This celebrated Gin, introduced into the United States by E. C. Charles, in 1851, has become so extensively counterfeited and imitated by one or two liquor mixers in New-York and Boston that it becomes our duty to advise with you on the nature of the poisons disseminated amongst you by these unscrupulous parties.

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JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

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oct18 ☞

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Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis ; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood ; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely : If the culverts and sewers of the city were chocked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them ; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory ; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might ; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle : by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose, (what blind philosophy !) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood ; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility ; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after ; flesh soft and flabby ; the limbs scarcely able to support the body ; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon ; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling ; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the doubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

This privilege is extended to those persons who addressed me previously on this subject.

I have made it my rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time I give up the patient as lost and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

J. D. DURKIN,
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Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c., are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

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European News.

By the arrival of the *City of Baltimore*, we have news from Liverpool to the 28th.

The news is four days later than previous advices, but is unimportant in a political point of view. Financially considered, it is interesting. It is reported that on the British taking Bushire, which they did after two hours bombardment, the Persians submitted to the demands of their opponent. The English papers, however, do not credit it.

Great doubt is thrown over the recent news of the burning of the factories at Canton, and later intelligence from China was anxiously looked for. Rumors of modifications in the composition of the British Cabinet continued to be promulgated. A dash of the Aberdeen party is to be introduced. Ferak Khan, the Persian Ambassador, had had an interview with Napoleon. The reply of the latter was non-committal. The Swiss affairs appear to have nearly died out.

The Emperor of Austria has granted a complete amnesty for the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. The Conferences at Constantinople respecting the Principalities has ended, and the Austrian troops were to be replaced by Turkish soldiers. The foreign journals are generally destitute of intelligence of interest. The draught of the firman for the convocation of the Moldavian and Wallachian divans *ad hoc* was completed on Tuesday, Jan. 13. The internal independence of the two principalities is guaranteed. The *Independence Belge* says that the conferences on the Neufchatel question will take place in the middle of February. The King of Sardinia has been received at Nice with great enthusiasm. The whole city was illuminated. The villa of the Empress of Russia was superbly lighted.

The *Daily News* says: "We learn, from good authority, that a telegraphic message from Lord Stratford de Redcliffe was received at the Board of Control on Saturday, to the effect that the Shah has accepted the terms of peace offered by England, not on account of the fall of Bushire, but on general grounds."

From the *China* we have the following paragraphs:

Commodore Armstrong attacked and dismantled the Barrier forts, in consequence of the Chinese wantonly firing on a man-of-war's boat under American colors.

The prices of tea had advanced; supplies were short everywhere. The silk arrivals at Shanghae were 67,000 bales; the settlements 61,000 bales. Prices 20 dols. to 25 dols. higher. Exchange 7s. Exchange at Hong Kong, 5s. 8d. to 4s. 8 3-4d., owing to advices from India.

The papers record with regret the death of Judge Baron Alderson, which took place on Tuesday afternoon. Sir Edward Alderson was born at Great Yarmouth, in the year 1787.

The ship *Confederation*, ashore in the Mersey, had broken up. The master, mate, steward and boy were lost.

The Madrid *Gazette*, of Jan. 25, publishes a decree, ordering the proceeding with the general election of the Deputies to the date of the 25th of March.

THE WAR BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.—According to a report received from the Circassian coast, (says the Constantinople correspondent of the London *Times*,) Sefer Pasha has defeated the Russians. Accounts of victories obtained by the inhabitants of the Caucasus over the Russians, must be received with extreme reserve; but a person who must be tolerably well informed of what is passing on the East coast of the Black Sea, yesterday acknowledged that since the spring of 1856, the Russians had obtained no advantage "worth mentioning" over the mountaineers. If I rightly understood my informant, such great changes are being made in the Russian military system, that no operations on a large scale will at present be undertaken against the inhabitants of the Caucasus. Positive information has reached me that the Russians are just now extremely busy "on both sides" of the Caspian, and that very many transports have been built within the last few months.

THE DIFFICULTY BETWEEN PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND.—Letters from Berlin confirm the reports of the desire of Prussia to negotiate directly with Switzerland. Prussia, it is said, is to communicate to France the conditions on which she is to renounce the sovereignty over Neufchatel. France will transmit them to the Federal Government, asking whether Switzerland is ready to treat on that basis with Prussia. If she is, then the renewal of diplomatic relations between the two adversaries may immediately take place.

The Royalist journal of Neufchatel has broken its silence. It declares the Federal Assembly to have acted wisely, and adds its opinion that the independence of Neufchatel is henceforward an unavoidable thing.

A correspondent at Basle writes as follows:—

"The only point which most probably will still be contested between the King of Prussia and the Federal Government, is that of the domains in Neufchatel. The Federal Government draws a line of distinction between the private property of the Prince of Neufchatel, which it is perfectly prepared to give up to the King, and the domains. The latter it considers as property of the State, and not of the King. It would appear as if this point could, better than by negotiation, or by the decision of the European powers, be decided by means of a voluntary appeal of both parties to a foreign court of law, or the legal faculty of a foreign university—say that of Paris."

AMNESTY FROM THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—Telegraphic dispatches from Turin and Naples, state that on Sunday, (25th,) the Emperor of Austria signed, at Milan, a decree granting a full pardon to all persons in the Lombardo-Venetian territory condemned for high treason, rebellion, or insurrection; that the prosecutions which were pending for such crimes, are ordered to be suspended, and the Special Court at Mantua to be dissolved. The city was illuminated on Sunday evening, in honor of this amnesty. A dispatch from Marseilles, of Friday's date, says that a decree has been published at Milan, by which the Emperor of Austria has annulled taxes, the collection of which was in arrear, in Lombardy, to the amount of two millions of francs.

This news was received in England with distrust.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

A new market has been opened in Spain and Portugal for British spirits. Mr. T. J. Smith's Oporto circular states that the price of brandy has risen there 600 per cent., and the total shipments to Spain and Portugal, from London alone, for the month of November, were 49,580 gallons. In Dublin a vessel is loading with Messrs. Busby's whiskey an entire cargo, probably about 30,000 proof gallons, for Bordeaux, and as there is a constant direct communication with that port, the trade is very likely to continue.

An accident, says the London *Weekly Register*, which, though comic enough, might easily have had a tragical ending, occurred the other day, at Madame Tusand's exhibition. A medical student, examining the guillotine in the Chamber of Horrors, took it into his head that the sort of yoke which fits down on the shoulders of the criminal to hold him in his place, would not be sufficient to confine a person who struggled. His curiosity on this point led him to watch till the place was empty, when he actually put himself in, letting down the yoke. He soon found that he was quite unable to lift it, and it at once flashed into his mind that the sharp axe which was suspended over his neck could not be firmly fixed, or it would not fall (as it does) with a touch. He was afraid to struggle, lest the shaking should bring it down and at once deposit his head in the basket of sawdust below him, into which his eyes were of necessity steadily looking. Having stayed some time in this plight, he was overjoyed to hear the approach of a visitor, whom he implored to release him. "I'm thinking," said the gentleman, (a Scotch visitor to the metropolis) to his wife, "I'm thinking he must be hired to show how the thing acts, and I think we'd better not interfere." So the luckless student was left till M. Tusand came in, and made fast the axe before releasing him. The axe has been removed and laid by the side, to prevent future accident.

Mr. S. Beale, deputy chairman of the Midland Railway Company, England, is now supplying Messrs. Scott, Russell & Co., the builders of the monster ship, with immense iron plates, to be used in her construction. The plates have been expressly rolled for the bows of the "great ship" at Milwall, and vary in size from two tons to two-and-a-half tons, the largest plate being 37 feet long by 4 feet 3 inches wide, and 1-4 inch thick. The rough plates from which these beautiful finished plates were cut out, were of course much larger. The plates which have been planed are quite free from blisters and blemishes, the edges are perfect, and altogether they are an admirable specimen of what can be effected in these days of progress by enterprise, ingenuity and skill. The difficulty of rolling these immense masses of iron was enormous. The process is this—between three and four-and-a-half tons of iron are bound together and placed in a furnace expressly constructed for the purpose, and, after the iron has been heated to a white heat, it is withdrawn and carried to the rolls, and by admirable mechanical arrangement rolled into plates.

It has been discovered by analyzation that the grape substances giving out color, taste, bouquet and flower to wine, viz: tartar, tannin, essential oil, and coloring matter, constitute only one per cent. of its composition, the remaining 99 per cent. consisting merely of sugar and water. It is this one per cent. alone which makes wine, distinguishes it from all other liquids, and bestows its different valuable qualities. It appears that the above mentioned component parts, especially that which is most precious, the essential oil, are only one-fourth absorbed by the usual process of fermentation. There is therefore left undeveloped at the bottom of the fermenting tuns or vats, seventy-five per cent. of flavor, &c., which, if saturated in a solution of refined sugar and water, will give one-third of its unexhausted properties, which is sufficient to produce wine of a better quality than that derived from the natural must. This operation may be three times repeated with the same results, and even if tried a fourth time, will yield sufficient flavor to make a small description of vinous liquid.

This discovery is due to the French chemists who, on account of defective vintage, have deemed it worthy to investigate the subject.

Thus we learn that art has triumphantly succeeded in making wine from a reserved constituent power heretofore considered as the refuse principal.

The improvement of whiskey by storing in empty sherry casks, is on the same principle.

The *Kelso* (English) *Mail* says:— A laborer, named Hogarth, while proceeding along the turnpike road, near the village of Smailholm, was set upon by twelve of these creatures. At first, he observed them emerge out of a dry stone dike, and when he was within fifty yards, they made towards him in a body. He armed himself with a "grievous crab-tree cudgel," and awaited the approach of the assailants. They came leisurely on, and when they came close to him, despite the menacing attitude he assumed, nine of their number attacked him in front, and made two or three ineffectual attempts to fasten their teeth in his trowsers, but, by the active use of his weapon, five of the nine were killed, and the other four escaped. By this time three of them had got behind him, and clung tenaciously to his legs, actually suffering themselves to be killed rather than release their hold. Of the attacking force, he succeeded in destroying eight.

A most perilous leap was taken while hunting with Mr. Roch's hounds, at Bolton Hill, in Pembrokeshire. The whipper-in, James Morgan, in taking a hedge, jumped his horse into an unfenced coalpit, 30 feet in depth, which lay unobserved on the other side of the hedge. Man and horse went down the shaft, at the bottom of which was a depth of 18 feet of water. Fortunately, the sides of the pit had been made sloping, so that before the horse was entirely submerged he gained a footing on the slope, where he maintained his hold. The rider was thrown into the water, but on rising grasped the saddle, and thus held his head above water until assistance arrived, when ropes having been procured, he was safely drawn up, and, save the shock, perfectly uninjured. The horse was next drawn out, also unhurt.

It was intended that advantage should be taken of the presence in Fermoy of so many clergymen of the diocese to make arrangements for the more active collection of a fund for the monument of the late bishop. For this purpose the committee had resolved to wait upon the clergy on Wednesday and make representations to them on the subject; but the immense number of ecclesiastics assembled each day absolutely prevented the possibility of entering on any other business than the religious ceremonies of those days. The sum realized in the town of Fermoy already amounts to over £200; and should the other parishes of the diocese give efficient aid in this praiseworthy object, no doubt such a sum will be raised as will efficiently mark the estimation in which the people of Cloyne held their late Bishop.

The Poor Law Commissioners have appointed the Rev. Mr. Rainsford, Chaplain of the Dundalk Work-house, in the room of the late Rev. Mr. Allpress. The guardians had unanimously recommended the Rev. Joseph Wright for the office.

A man named Wm. Glassy was killed in a row, while returning from the fair of Canlough to Newry, and a person named Alexander Agnew has been committed on a charge of manslaughter for the offense.

American News.

Militia of the United States.

The following is an exhibit of the Militia of the several States and Territories, taken from the latest returns that have been received at the War Department, and which have been communicated by that Department to Congress. It will be perceived by the years for which the latest returns from each State and Territory have been received, that the reports are by no means complete.

The present number of the enrolled militia will probably exceed 3,000,000. Truly an "army with banners."

States.	No. of Men.	States.	No. of Men.
Maine, 1856	73,552	Mississippi, 1838	36,084
New Hampshire, 1854	33,538	Tennessee, 1840	71,252
Massachusetts, 1856	155,031	Kentucky, 1852	88,858
Vermont, 1843	23,885	Ohio, 1845	176,455
Rhode Island, 1856	15,894	Michigan, 1854	92,063
Connecticut, 1856	51,565	Indiana, 1832	53,913
New-York, 1856	337,235	Illinois, 1855	257,420
New Jersey, 1852	81,984	Iowa, 1856	92,000
Pennsylvania, 1855	164,678	Wisconsin, 1855	51,321
Delaware, 1827	9,229	Missouri, 1854	118,036
Maryland, 1838	46,864	Arkansas, 1854	36,054
Virginia, 1854	125,531	Texas, 1847	19,766
North Carolina, 1854	79,448	California, 1856	209,126
South Carolina, 1856	36,072	Minnesota Ter., 1851	2,003
Georgia, 1850	78,699	Utah Territory, 1853	2,821
Florida, 1845	12,122	Dist. Columbia, 1852	8,201
Alabama, 1851	76,662		
Louisiana, 1856	90,732	Total	2,808,094

A gentleman residing at present in Iowa, but who was "educated as a forester in Germany," writes to the Commissioner of Patents, desiring him to recommend to the Committees on Agriculture, in the Senate and House of Representatives, the introduction of European song-birds, citing the skylark, the little robin redbreast, the blackcap, and so on, as the most necessary for enlivening the forest solitudes of the great West, and rendering essential service to agriculture by consuming innumerable insects which have heretofore proved so destructive to crops.

The Missouri *Democrat* has become an earnest advocate of the emancipation of the slaves of that State. It suggests that the State buy them, and ship them to Liberia. The whole number of slaves in Missouri is about 80,000. In concluding its argument in favor of this measure, the *Democrat* says:—"We trust our fortune and our fate to this great cause of emancipation."

The editor of a paper published at Lake Superior, after having been without a mail three weeks, says: "Should the mail not arrive this week, we shall make our regular issue next Tuesday; for this number was made up from an old magazine and a religious almanac of last year, and so long as this material holds out we shall be independent of the mails."

Six memorials were presented in the New York State Senate on the 12th inst., asking for a revision of the Canal tolls, so that the State should not lose tolls by means of cut-offs, and another was presented complaining of the inefficiency and neglect of the contractors, superintendents and under-contractors during the past season.

The Rockingham *Register* learns, from the most reliable authority, that the shock of an earthquake was felt in Pendleton county, Va., some days ago, and that an aperture had been formed in the mountains, within two or three miles of Circleville, in that county, from which volumes of black smoke are issuing, and large stones have been thrown to a great height.

The Hon. Albion K. Parris died suddenly, on the 11th inst., at his residence, in Portland, Me., of disease of the heart. He has been U. S. Senator, Judge of the Supreme Court, was five times elected Governor of Maine, and has filled other offices of honor and trust. He was about 71 years old.

A mother and four daughters, all of whom reside in Northampton, have collectively approached the altar of Hymen seventeen times! The mother had four husbands, one of her daughters four, and the others three each.

In the Legislature of Michigan, the present session, there are twelve physicians. There are generally more than a dozen in the Legislature of Massachusetts. The Speaker of the House is a medical practitioner.

A fire occurred in Newark on the night of the 11th inst. It was the largest which has occurred there for a long period. The total loss was about $50,000.

The new Odd-Fellows' Hall, at Dubuque, Iowa, was crushed in by the snow and ice on Saturday, killing two persons, and involving a loss of $40,000.

In the New Jersey Legislature, notice has been given of intention to introduce a bill providing for the removal of Quarantine.

The chairman of the Boston harbor committee is Col. Frost, who is actively engaged in opening the channel, which is as constantly impeded by his namesake.

The citizens of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan last week petitioned the Michigan Legislature for the erection of a separate State, to be called Ontonagon.

A paper announces the marriage of R. Wolf to Mary Lamb. "The wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them"———after a while.

The Lafayette *Courier* states that manufactories, in which steam power is used, have been started in that city for the manufacture of pumps and dressed sheep skins.

Fifty cords of wood have been brought down upon the Virginia and Tennessee road, to be distributed among the poor of Lynchburg, Virginia.

The Bank of Kentucky and the Bank of Louisville donated $250 each, a few days since, for the benefit of the poor of that city. Good!

A house in St. Louis, a few days since, received $1000, through the Post-Office, with the remark that "the sum belonged to them."

B. C. Bachman, late President of the Lancaster (Pa.) Bank, was arrested on the 12th inst., on the charge of embezzling the funds of the bank, and held to bail in the sum of $12,000.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says the Democrats of that city have cut down their hickory poles erected during the Presidential canvass, and distributed them among the poor for fuel.

A statistician who has compiled a list of the killed and wounded during the Revolutionary war makes it as follows:—British, 27,336; American, 9,271.

FATHER MATHEW MONUMENT.

At a recent meeting, held in the City Court-House, Cork, for the purpose of promoting the national movement for erecting a monument to the late Father Mathew, the following speech was delivered by John Francis Maguire, M.P. :—

Mr. Mayor and fellow-citizens, I would respectfully claim your kind indulgence on this occasion, inasmuch as I most unaffectedly feel but too conscious of my inadequacy for the proper discharge of the duty which the committee have imposed upon me. For, Mr. Mayor, this is no ordinary occasion (hear, hear), when men assemble together for an ordinary purpose, such as to resist taxation, or, perhaps impose it on their fellow-citizens; but, on the contrary, one to which an entire community look with anxious interest, as in a peculiar degree concerning their honor and reputation, not merely in the estimation of their own countrymen, but, it may be said without exaggeration, of a large portion of the civilized world (loud cries of "hear, hear"). We are assembled here this day, at the desire of men of all opinions and of all classes, to express, by word and act, our sorrow for the loss of a beloved and lamented friend and fellow-citizen (hear, hear), our admiration of the noble qualities and saintly virtues which adorned his character and dignified his life, and our proud and grateful appreciation of those signal services which, as our fellow-countryman and fellow-townsman, he conferred on the human race (cheers). We do so while yet those beloved features, which, a few days since, you saw cold and calm in the sleep of death, still appear as familiar as they did from the infancy of most of us, beaming with beauty and benevolence, and while the tones of that gentle and loving voice, now silent in the tomb, yet fill our ears, and vibrate in our hearts (hear, hear). We are here to refute that oft-used fallacy, that a prophet is never honored in his own country, by our honest declaration that in no community is there felt a more genuine admiration of the character and career of Father Mathew, whether as a simple priest and unpretending citizen, or as a great leader and illustrious reformer (cheers). The resolution to which I ask your unanimous assent, is as follows :—

Resolved, That while we deplore as a national loss, the lamented death of our late fellow-citizen, the very Rev. Theobald Mathew, the great Apostle of Temperance, we feel it to be a duty which we owe alike to ourselves, our country, and the cause of humanity, to testify to future ages, by some enduring memorial, our veneration of the character, and our appreciation of the services of that illustrious Irishman.

In all ages, in all countries, in all conditions of society, it has been the practice of mankind to do honor to worth and greatness, either during the lifetime or at the death of the individual so distinguished (hear, hear). Travel where you will in every country in Europe—nay beyond the limits of European civilization, and you will find that there are monuments erected of various kinds. Sometimes a pillar, sometimes an altar, sometimes a temple, sometimes a college, or perhaps a great and noble institution for the alleviation of human misery or distress, raised to the honor of the memory of some great and illustrious individual, who by his services, in one capacity or another, whether as a warrior, a statesman, a scholar, a poet, or a patriot, had conferred good upon the human race, and honor on the country of his birth (cheers). It has always been the custom, as well in ages gone by, as in the present, for nations and communities to point with pride to those memorials of the past, to those mementoes of their great departed, who, while adding to the lustre of their country, conferred benefit on their kind (hear, hear).

Now if other nations and people have so honored the memory of the statesman, the warrior, the ruler, surely we are bound to honor the memory of one who, while conferring great honor on his own country, shedding special lustre on his adopted city, and diffusing inestimable blessings among the whole human race, never consciously inflicted injury on a single human being (cheers). I have myself beheld the proudest if not the greatest assembly in the world, rise in homage to the brave and successful soldier,—our own countryman—and, in the name of a grateful empire, offer him, through its speaker, its formal thanks; and I have myself joined, perhaps with Mr. Fagan and your other city member, Mr. Beamish, on a like occasion, in testifying, by a substantial national acknowledgment, to the dauntless courage of another brave soldier, whose glory was not that he triumphed over the enemy in the field, but that, under the most trying circumstances in which the man and the soldier could be placed—he displayed a fortitude and magnanimity which were more honoring than victory itself (loud cheers). But, fellow-citizens, can I venture to compare the sanguinary triumphs of the warrior, won amidst human carnage, to the bloodless triumphs of the man whom we have met this day to honor? Can I compare the crimson glory of the successful soldier, who marches to victory over the prostrate bodies of friend and foe, and whose laurel-crown is dim with blood and tears, to the mild splendor of his fame, whose nobler and holier mission it was to restore his fellow-countrymen to character, to honor, and to happiness—whose greatest glory it was that he bound up the wounds of the broken heart; that he dried the tear of the widow, hushed the wail of the orphan, and brought back his repentant fellow-man to the paths of virtue (loud cheers)?

Ready as I am to appreciate valor, and evince respect for its honorable triumphs, still I assert that not all the generals and and heroes that have lived from the days of Alexander to those of Napoleon, could be weighed for one moment in the balance with the man whose only triumphs were won against the common enemies of mankind—sorrow, sin, and suffering (loud cheers). Let us now, in a spirit of candor, and without exaggeration, endeavor to form some estimate of the work accomplished by Father Mathew. I shall not offend the national prejudice of any gentleman in this assembly by asserting that there was a greater amount of drunkenness in Ireland than in other countries, though this may be a moot point; but this I do confidently assert, that in no country under the sun were its consequences more painfully striking than in this country (hear, hear). Our people have many great and generous qualities, many noble and even heroic virtues; but they are a warm, fiery, passionate and impulsive race, easily excited, and eager in their pursuit of pleasure. Were they a dull, sullen, and lethargic race, like the Dutch or the Russians, or had they the hard heads of their neighbors the Scotch, the "fire-water" which they quaffed, would not have inflicted the ruin and misery which it did on them, or brought such reproach and scandal as it undoubtedly did, on the national fame (hear, hear).

It is a false and a foolish delicacy to deny that reproach and scandal were cast on the Irish character by the prevalence of drunken habits, and the notorious evils and disturbances to which they gave rise (hear, hear). These habits were fatal to the peace and tranquility of the community, as witness the riots, quarrels, and loss of life which occurred at fairs, markets and similar assemblies. I myself well remember being present, some fifteen years ago, at an inquest held at a place not more than nine or ten miles from this city, to inquire into the death of seven or eight unhappy people, and the wounding of some fifteen others, who had been shot down by the police, and all in consequenee of a miserable riot which originated in the folly of a drunken fool at a village fair (hear, hear). These habits were still more ruinous to the peace, the happiness and the honor of families; they were opposed to cleanliness, to comfort, and to health; but they were in an especial degree the foe of the working-man (hear, hear).

As one illustration in point is worth a thousand vague generalities, I will describe, without the slightest exaggeration, the home of a working-man, as I myself saw it some twenty years since. He was one of the best operative bootmakers in the city, and one of the most intelligent men of his class that I had ever met with. He was in the habit of doing work for me; and, in consequence of his having disappointed me on one particular occasion, I went to his place to inquire about the work which he had promised to have ready on a particular day. I will now describe the state in which I found the house of this clever and intelligent working-man. He occupied the third floor of a not very dilapidated house in the South Main-street. I tapped at the door of the room on the landing-place; but there was dead silence within. I then opened the door, and in the first room I saw, lying upon a heap of straw, the unfortunate wife, who had given birth to a child a few nights before. In the second room, the father of the workman, and grandfather of the new-born child, lay stretched dead on the floor, in a state of absolute nudity; while in the third room, the common sitting-room of the family, and the workshop of the tradesman, sat, or rather crouched, on the workbench, the head of the family in a state of brutal insensibility (cries of "hear" and sensation).

Drunkenness robbed the working-man of bread; it covered his own back and the backs of his wife and children with rags, instead of decent raiment; it robbed the grate of the fuel, the room of furniture, and, far worse than that—worse for him, worse for them, and worse for the community—it robbed his children of education (hear, hear). The working-man endured a bondage the most galling, and yet the most degrading; for, alas, he hugged the chains which bound him, and kissed the hand that smote him. Nor was the evil confined to any one class, for it more or less tainted all; and few and fortunate were the families in Ireland that had not some one beloved member a slave to this vicious and ruinous habit (hear, hear). Of course there was no want of good and salutary advice, on the exercise of the most hallowed influences, to check the evil; but it was moderation that was almost invariably proposed to those who could not be moderate, and a judicious use to those who had lost all discretion whatever (hear, hear). The prevailing idea was —nay, the authoritive assertion, solemnly uttered, was—that fermented drinks were indispensable to the human health, and that strength and energy were impossible without them; and they who ventured to utter a contrary opinion, were laughed at as idiots, or denounced as impostors (hear, hear). It was at this critical moment that Father Mathew appeared on the public stage—not impelled by mean and paltry vanity, or by low and vulgar ambition, but coerced, as well by the earnest entreaty of his fellow-citizens, as by that ever-living desire, which was the animating spirit of his life, to do good to his fellow-man (cheers). He came to his task ripe in years, but still more mature in experience, and with a knowledge of his countrymen—of their habits, their feelings, and even their prejudices—such as scarcely any other man possessed (hear, hear). And in a still more important respect was Father Mathew prepared for the mission which he was called on to undertake; for he had been silently gathering round him, for the previous twenty-five years, as the humble priest of a lowly chapel in a back lane of this city, situate in the midst of misery and poverty, the respect, and love, and confidence of all classes of his fellow-citizens, without distinction of sect or party (cheers), by his pure and blameless life, his gracious and kindly manner, his gentleness and compassion, the fearless intrepidity with which he braved the dangers of the hospital (hear, hear)—but, above and beyond all, by the intense sympathy which he felt for every form of misery and suffering with which humanity is afflicted (loud cheers).

Thus, when he appeared on a novel stage, and in a new character, he brought with him the same confidence which he had long before enjoyed. To this confidence was the great movement that originated in this city indebted for its wide-spread and wondrous success (hear, hear). There was confidence in his wisdom, confidence in his earnestness, confidence in his character, confidence in the purity of his motives and in the holiness of his object (hear, hear). It is not necessary I should recall to your remembrance the rapid growth, the majestic progress, of the moral reformation of which Father Mathew was the leader and the apostle—how it spread from city to city, from province to province, from kingdom to kingdom, from hemisphere to hemisphere—how the reputation of this, his adopted city, was carried by the tongue of the emigrant, as by the voice of fame, to the uttermost bounds of the civilised world—how the name of Father Mathew became a household word, as well in the palaces of nobles and princes, as in the workshop, the field, the cottage, the cellar, and the garret (hear, hear)—how peace, and happiness, and industry appeared at his approach, or followed, with other blessings in his track (cheers). These things are matters of history, yet most proper objects of allusion on such an occasion as the present (hear, hear). But, gentlemen, though we may readily follow in the path of a splendid movement, and mark the victorious career of a great leader, which of us can fully realise to his mind the inestimable blessings Father Mathew conferred on the working classes, the sons and daughters of honest toil? Imagine, if you can, the miraculous change which he effected in the working-man, the husband and the father—how the sot and the brute were lost in the intelligent and self-respecting man—how the savage tyrant softened into the tender and loving husband—how the fierce and sullen oppressor changed into the watchful and affectionate father; and then you may have some perception of the good which Father Mathew accomplished, and of those services for which humanity this day stands his debtor (cheers). Consider how the example of the lowly was imitated by the proud, how the poor gave the new moral tone to the rich, until there was no class, grade or rank in society that did not experience the benefit of the labors of Father Mathew (hear, hear). Pass through any street of this city, through any town in this county, or of the entire kingdom, and you will perceive in the reformed life and substantial comfort of some shopkeeper or trader, a proof of his utility, and a living monument of his benevolence (hear, hear). I myself have seen the Irish shopkeeper point to his well-filled shop and his prosperous business, and heard him say—"I owe all this, under God, to Father Mathew" (cheers). Even in England, I have heard men, who had been at one time in squalid rags, actual outcasts, but who, having followed the advice of Father Mathew, had become affluent by successful industry, frankly and publicly proclaim their obligation and their gratitude to that great reformer (hear, hear). Nor is it in the busy town or the crowded city that we are to look alone for the fruits of his exalted mission. We need not be reminded how drunkenness had added new dangers to the great deep, and aggravated with more fearful horrors the calamity of shipwreck (hear, hear). Many a gallant ship has gone down, and many a brave and noble soul has perished, through a sottish captain or a drunken crew. Thousands and thousands of human beings, full of life and energy and hope, have been innocent victims to this pernicious vice; and, what is of inferior value, millions of property have been sacrificed to the same evil propensity. But, thanks to Father Mathew, many a fine ship is now manned by hardy fellows who have adopted his council, and who imitate in this respect the example of their superiors (hear, hear). The sailor has experienced the benefit of Father Mathew's mission, and so has the soldier.

Some few days since, I had an accidental interview with the distinguished officer who commands this garrison, and having alluded to this meeting, General Mansel authorised me to say, in his name, that the army was under special and peculiar obligations to Father Mathew, and that there was not an officer holding a responsible situation who was not equally ready to admit those obligations (loud cheers). The General said he well remembered the accidents, difficulties and dangers that in former times accompanied the embarkation of troops, and how fearful were the scenes which then took place—and how all was now changed, mainly owing to the instrumentality of that great and good man (cheers). The General, moreover, added, that were it not out of his usual course, he would come to this meeting, to bear his testimony to the services oi Father Mathew—but that he would gladly join with the citizens of Cork in any mode of doing honor to his memory, or testifying public gratitude for his services (loud cheers). Father Mathew satisfied the soldier that drunkenness was his bane, whether in war or peace, in camp or in barrack; and that temperance was, on the other hand, his protection, his strength, and his surest road to respect, to honor, and to promotion (hear, hear). And we have seen how well and nobly that advice was adopted; for even in the frozen trenches before Sebastopol, and on the bleak hill side that fringes the Euxine, there have been many fine fellows from this country, who stood by their pledge as faithfully as they did by their colors (cheers), and who now rejoice in that health which their courage and their self-denial secured. But why go further? Why continue an imperfect allusion to the services of our departed fellow-citizen?—why give additional reasons to justify this meeting, and vindicate its object? Shall I recall to your mind his ceaseless labors, his sacrifice of every personal comfort (hear, hear), of rest and leisure, even of objects dearest to the heart of a Christian Pastor—to the claims of his glorious but onerous and engrossing mission? Shall I remind you how every village in Ireland resounded with his eloquent and moving appeals—how England and Scotland hailed his presence, and benefited by his triumphs—and how, not content with the field of exertion which the limits of the United Kingdom afforded, he braved the perils of the sea, and crossing the broad Atlantic, rendered his name for ever illustrious amongst the people of the United States of America (hear, hear)? On that theme I shall no longer dwell, but put it to you, as citizens of his adopted city, as Irishmen, as Christian men, is it your deliberate opinion that Theobald Mathew has done such great deeds in the cause of country and humanity, as render it a duty on you to erect, or aid in erecting, a monument which shall be an enduring testimony to the man, and an enduring record of his achievements (loud cheers)? You say he has, and you at the same time admit your obligation. One word as to the character of the monument. I shall not attempt to follow the example set by my esteemed and respected friend Archdeacon Kyle, and say what I think it ought to be; but I would suggest that the monument to Father Mathew, whatever it may be, ought to be placed in a conspicuous position (hear, hear), the property of all, belonging to all, accessible to all—without distinction of sect, party, religion, politics, class or opinion (loud cheers); for by being so can it alone faithfully and fittingly represent the career, the character and mind of Father Mathew—a man who recognised in all men his brothers, and whose services were as universal as his charity was comprehensive (cheers). Let us, then, this day, citizens of Cork, men of all parties and all classes, forgetful of every consideration save respect for the common benefactor of our land and our race, unite to testify to future generations that we could appreciate virtue and goodness, even though the man so adorned spoke with our own tongue, and in our own accent—that we could honor, not a stranger, but him who had grown up great amongst us—that we could appreciate public services and public virtue, even though they dignified and rendered illustrious a fellow-countryman and a fellow-citizen (loud cheers). Mr. Maguire concluded by proposing the resolution.

THE BRITISH ELECTOR.

But some, says Ernest Jones, are afraid to grant the suffrage to every man of sound mind, not undergoing punishment for crime. Afraid to grant what is not theirs to give! "Who made them their brother's keepers?" Show me the pact, law, covenant or deed, by which a people freely gave away its rights? and, if it had, one generation cannot sell the birthright of another. Who gave away my vote—in past or present? On what pretence or plea? I never sanctioned it. Did I sell it? Show me the consideration? Is it good government? No government could be more vile. Is it money? The voteless are the poorest. Give me at least the mess of pottage for my birthright. But I never signed it away—I never sold it—I never gave it—and nothing has been given me in lieu of it. Your class government is piracy, and your laws are usurpation. If, in law, a man makes a contract in my name, without my authority, I am not bound by it. No more are you bound by laws that others make without your sanction. There is, therefore, not a law in England that is lawful, and not one that those who have no vote are bound to obey.

But what are you afraid of? Oh! the "working classes are not fit to be entrusted with the franchise." Who, I ask, are entrusted with it now? Saints, sirs! patterns of honesty and virtue. Your British elector is the noblest specimen of human dignity. It is true we are told, most men have their price. With some it is a pound, with some it is a million. With some it is power, with others it is glory, but ordinary British electors can be had for a pot of beer. At a recent election one hundred of them stood at the market cross, waiting to be purchased, but no purchaser came. "Have us for a pound!" they cried, but electors were a drug, and no one would pay. "Give us ten

shillings," but the candidate was still too virtuous. "Give us a pot all round!" The bargain was struck, and a representative of British freedom was returned to Parliament. Esau sold his own birthright for some broth, but these men, for some beer, will sell the birthright of a people. Oh! British electors are disinterested citizens. I have known a five pound note given for a yard of ribband, and at Halifax ten pounds were paid for a black cat. They will sell the dearest interests of a people over their counters, as coolly as they would sell a pennyworth of oatmeal. Formerly you had to pay a penalty for injuring an individual, but now you get a reward for ruining a people. Oh! the British elector is a gallant fellow. I have seen him run out of town when an election was coming, as though the Russians were marching down the hills. He is so brave that his own vote frightened him. Have you ever been at an election hunt? I have. It is good sport. The fox is nothing to it. I have known one sturdy patriot promise his vote to the Tory, the Whig, and to me. On polling day he was not to be found. He was thought such a sterling patriot, that none of us could do without him. The Tories sent a carriage and pair after him, the Whigs did the same, and so did we. Well, sirs! we all of us, by invitation, ransacked his house, his wife wished us to do so to show that he really was not there. The Tories had the first hunt, and could not find him. The Whigs hunted next, and could not find him either. I happened to arrive last, and I found him lying hid under a heap of dirty clothes, whereon he jumped up, bolted off, dashed across the fields, and took cover under some brushwood among the Yorkshire hills. That, sirs, was your trustee, that was the keeper of his country's rights.

Tell me after that you are afraid to grant the franchise to the people! Afraid? The franchise is in the vilest hands out of the whole community. To such men you give the vote, while you deny it to that noble honest order, that builds and holds the greatness of your country, and throws the cloak of its nobility around the meanness of your institutions. Talk of reform while such persons form the bulk of the constituency of England? As well try to build palaces of marble out of heaps of mud. Your system gives the vote to the thing created—property—and denies it to the creator—man. It gives the vote to the brothel, and denies it to the study of the sage. It gives the vote to the house, the perishable casing, and denies it to the eternal spirit that breathes within its walls.

Afraid of the people? Sirs! from the people has arisen every blessing you have got—from the shoe that cases your foot, to the glory that surrounds the nation's front: from the road on which your chariot rolls, to the law, by which humanity progresses. Every reform in religion, in medicine, in letters, in trade, in agriculture, in taxation has been forced on you reluctantly, by the people. It rose from the bosom of the working classes, as the spring wells upwards from the depths of earth, and as that spring forces its soft way through the hard rocks, so through the barrier of class prejudice and class oppression, the pure river of opinion won its path. But mark! when even compelled to pass a wholesome law, you rich men, sole possessors of all power, have neutralized and crushed its agency.

Afraid to grant the franchise to the people? I tell you—be afraid to keep it from them, for they will not bear to be misruled much longer.

NOTES ON IRELAND.

NO II.

From the Liverpool Journal.

The social revolution which has been accomplished in Ireland is a matter of deep importance to both sides of the channel, and so large an amount of concurrent testimony as to the marked progress of the population has been given within the past week, that a few "last words" may not be considered out of place, notwithstanding that the subject has been to some extent, already "noted down." More than a century ago, in 1741, the celebrated Dr. Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, asked in his *Querist*, "whether there be upon earth any Christian or civilized people so beggarly, wretched, and destitute as the common Irish?" and, in 1845, the Devon Commissioners described the population as "the worst-fed, worst-clothed, worst-housed," of any people in the civilised world. What their condition was during the famine, consequent upon the potato-blight of 1846-47, is still fresh in the recollection of all, its direful effects having been felt for the succeeding six or seven years. Let us see what it is at present. "No period of our past history, says the *Tyrawley Herald*, speaking of the rural population of Connaught, can bear comparison with the present time. On every side are evidences of improvement. The people are now seen comfortably and respectably, if not tastily, clad. The finished hardware of Sheffield is beginning to take a place on the unpretending dresser. The rude wooden platter, and noggin of native workmanship have given way for the most elegantly moulded earthenware. The commodiousness and appearance of the country cottage have been sensibly improved. The working countrymen no longer subsist on the potato and milk exclusively, but increase their relish for the esculent by using with it meat, fowl, fish, &c." It must be admitted, although the pause has been much longer than could have been desired, that this is a very satisfactory reply to the question of Dr. Berkeley; but there is more to the same effect from another authority. The *Galway Vindicator* states that "there is a growing sense of prosperity all over the country. Agriculture is improving, rents well paid, and a good understanding growing up between landlord and tenant. A great feature of this prosperity is proved in the number of Irishmen who are able to purchase their own farms under the Encumbered Estates Court. This was the great element wanted in this country—the establishment of a middle class, and the progress of things is fast leading to such a consummation." Turning to the Northern Provinces, we find the following in an able commercial retrospect of 1856, which appears in the *Belfast Whig*:—

"The trade in our own district has fully participated in the general prosperity of the nation, and never were the commercial prospects of our town more cheering or hopeful than they are at the opening of 1857. On referring to the estimated value of goods exported and imported at this port for the past five years ending with 1855, we find the following results:—

1851	£5,748,686	£6,149,031	£11,897,717
1852	5,671,201	6,573,198	12,244,399
1853	7,059,428	6,848,734	13,908,162
1854	8,036,477	8,372,882	15,409,359
1855	7,417,856	8,847,584	16,265,440

The value of the imports and exports of 1856, not yet made up, may be safely estimated at between £19,000,000 and £20,000,000. The year 1856 closed with breadstuffs upwards of 20 per cent. cheaper than at its commencement, with the great mass of the people fully employed, and with the prospect of even a more prosperous and lucrative trade during the year that has just opened, than at any other period."

These cheering statements would be incomplete without the following announcement of the surcease of litigation, which appears in the *Munster News*:—"The processes served for this session by one officer, in the county of Limerick, are only 36, whereas, a few years back, the numbers served were nearly 2,000, and the decadence is universal." With such data to go upon, it may not be premature to exclaim, with the poet—

"Erin, O, Erin, the winter *is* past,
And the hope that lived through it *has* blossomed at last."

Inasmuch as the Dublin Protestant Association has been "taking stock," the proceedings of the meeting of that body on Monday last necessarily follow the preceding "returns;" notwithstanding that some may be inclined to look upon the arrangement as intended to show that the space "between the sublime and the ridiculous" is even more limited than had been generally supposed. At the meeting referred to, the secretary read a summary of the proceedings of the association during the past year, from which it appeared that the total number of public meetings held was 54; petitions presented through the association last session against Maynooth 112, signatures 8,244; against "church spoliation" 56, signatures 2,367; against "unscriptural education" 1, signatures 1,585. The solemn silence with which this "summary" was received by the audience proved that it was regarded as too "stale, flat, and unprofitable" to waste "a cheer" upon; seeing which, the scretary "fell foul" of Archbishop Cullen, remarking that "there was now a vacancy for a surgeon to the metropolitan police force, and he had reason to suppose that a nominee of Dr. Cullen's would be appointed." Even this crying grievance failed to excite the groundlings, whereupon Mr. Martin rose, and moved the adoption of a petition to Parliament for the suppression of nunneries, which was adopted amidst some cheers, and the first meeting of this important body for the year 1857 was brought to a close. What an acquisition this tolerant association would have been to the authorities who ruled by "charter" in Ireland in "the good old times" of 1733, when the following, in continuation from last week's *Journal*, formed the only items of city intelligence for the second quarter of that year:—

April 3.—A charter will soon pass the great seal in Ireland for the erecting and maintaining schools in this kingdom, for instructing children of the natives in the English tongue, and the principles of true religion.

April 14.—On Sunday morning several men were taken up on suspicion of being enlisted for foreign service, and committed to Newgate. On Saturday Macabe was a second time whipt through the city for keeping a bawdy house, and will be whipt a third time next Wednesday.

April 17.—Upon the news of the Excise Bill being thrown out in England, some young men of the Liberty of St. Patrick's joined together to have a bonfire on the steeple, and another before Dean Swift's house, where they gave a barrel of ale in tubs to express their joy, and the following healths were drank with great solemnity, and at the close of each, a health to "that worthy patriot, the Drapier, who saved our country from ruin":—1. To the honorable House of Commons of England, who after long debate, rejected the bill for a general excise. 2. To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Citizens of London, who petitioned the House of Commons against the bill for an excise. 3. To all those members of the House of Commons of Ireland who will be against any bill of excise in this kingdom. 4. Prosperity to Ireland by the return of the gentlemen of Ireland who spend their fortunes abroad, by the restoration and flourishing of trade, and by confounding all projects of excise. 5. To the honest people of Ireland who opposed the *Wooden* scheme of brass money. 6. To all the honest freeholders of England who *writ* to their own members of Parliament to vote against the ruining bill of excise. There were also several healths drank relating to the bishops and clergy, which we cannot remember.

April 28.—Last night the Lord Mayor ordered the main and horse guards to be doubled, and several constables to attend at the market-house in Thomas street, in order to prevent the frequent tumults that arise commonly on May-day. On Thursday next will be acted at the Theatre Royal, Smock alley, "Harry the IVth, with the *humors* of Sir John Fallstaff."

May 2.—Yesterday there was a great battle between the people of the Earl of Meath's Liberty and those of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin's, wherein several were wounded on each side.

May 8.—On Friday evening the journeymen and apprentices of St. Sepulchre's, Thomas Court and Donore, were assembled together in Cavan-street, in order to agree upon a cessation of arms; there was a good quantity of ale provided for them, and, after the articles of peace was read at the head of them, they unanimously agreed to the same, laid down all their arms in a heap, and set fire thereto, during which time they drank one anothers health, and parted in a friendly manner. The articles were signed and, delivered in the presence of Robart Tims, Marshal of St. Sepulchre's and Tempest Wight, Marshal of Thomas Court and Donore. * * Yesterday the Lord Mayor, attended by several officers of mace, &c., went to Ballybough Bridge, and pulled down a hedge and ditch that was lately built there, he thinking the same was an encroachment on the city ground.

June 12.—Yesterday there were orders from their Excellencies the Lords Justices for all the ships coming from the Coast of Africa in the Mediterranean, between Cape de la Tres Forcas, in the kingdom of Fez, and Cape Rozat, in the kingdom of Barca, from landing any persons or goods till further orders.

June 23.—Yesterday a coachman was publicly whipt behind his coach from the Tholsel to College-green, for being saucy to a gentleman.

June 26.—This day at noon, upon 'Change, it was unanimously agreed by the guild of merchants of this city, that they will take all the standing banking notes, and that any person refusing the same, is an enemy to the kingdom, as it tends to the destruction of trade and the ruin of public credit.

It would not have been necessary to take the round-about course of petitioning parliament for the suppression of nunneries at the period mentioned above; the fact of the Lord Mayor "thinking it was an encroachment" would have been sufficient warranty for razing to the ground any Popish establishment of the kind. But now, *O tempora! O mores!* the "Protestant boys" are not to "carry the day," even by humble petition!

On the 19th of January a fire broke out in the Bank of Ireland, (the old parliament house) Dublin. The interior of the Accountant-General's office was destroyed, but the books and papers connected with the department having been deposited as usual, over night, in the safe, were uninjured.

MINING WEALTH OF IRELAND.

From the Mining Journal.

The *Times* says that the honored phrase of "poor old Ireland" is a thing of the past, and predicts that "rich young Ireland" will soon become the more appropriate denomination. This is the theme of the song which we have been long singing. For months past we have from time to time directed attention to the rapidly increasing prosperity of our sister isle, especially in all points and things associated with mining industry. We have shown statistically and traditionally that Ireland possesses all that is requisite to make a country great and prosperous, requiring nothing but energy, supported with adequate capital, to develope riches to an extent almost without parallel. The breadth and length of the land is a coal and iron field of no ordinary value, and she possesses vast resources of every item which swells up the list of our exports in metals and in metallic manufactures. Copper and lead ores are abundant and rich; her marbles, and slates, and stones are equal to, if they do not surpass, the yield of other parts of the United Kingdom, while she is exclusive in her production of sulphur; nor is she without her precious metals of silver and gold. In every sense she is indeed "rich young Ireland," and the capital which is rapidly going over from this country to open up these dormant treasures will soon raise Ireland to the proudest standing in the commercial relations of the empire. The West of Ireland Mining Company, with a capital of £200,000, to which we have alluded on former occasions, will, we hear, be publicly announced next week under auspices of no ordinary character, and in a manner which will ensure the support of all who desire to promote the prosperity of the country, with much commercial benefit to themselves. It is essentially a national matter, and will tend materially to demonstrate that Ireland, whether old or young, is rich indeed in Nature's stores. Apropos to these remarks and the introduction of this undertaking, the Mining Company of Ireland has announced its half-yearly dividend of 8 1-2 per cent., or 17 per cent. per annum; yet no association in existence of this nature has had more difficulties to contend with, but in which honesty of purpose is likely to have so much larger a return in the future. The expectations of this enterprise may, indeed, be considered as without limit, under 40 to 50 per cent., and is one of the rewards to the miner, who has sometimes his patience tried a little longer than some other classes of adventurers, but who, when he obtains the end, participates in returns of a princely nature, as the history of all mining countries testifies, and quite unknown in most other branches of commercial enterprise. The prospectus of the West of Ireland Mining Company will speak for itself, but as at this time much idle capital awaits profitable employment, we express our belief that there cannot be selected a better field wherein to use it than the western coast of Ireland. The project in question is not one of those delusive schemes which has been handed about the city in every phase and form for seven or eight years, but a sound, legitimate enterprise, standing on its merits. The property under lease occupies an area of 150,000 acres, without severance of any kind, and is one of the finest mineral fields in Ireland. From Galway northward to Benwell Head, in the county Mayo, there is an unlimited mineral deposit scarcely touched by the hand of the miner, excepting in the county Galway, where, here and there, some lead mines have been opened with much profit, both to the proprietors and to the adventurers. Some futile attempts have been made in Mayo, by persons having small capital at command, and consequently powerless to go to the necessary depth for the real and productive parts of mineral wealth. Copper and lead abound most unquestionably in the county Mayo, but not at depths less than other districts. So likewise slate and slab quarries exist in great extent, as well as black and white marbles, not forgetting the beautiful serpentine, which is of very superior quality—surpassing in fact any of the same class in any examined portion of the globe. Again, the ores known as mundies, with magnetic pyrites, brown and red hematites. Then the limestones and clays of various qualities suited for every purpose. All these may be worked as cheaply or more so, than in other portions of the empire; and all these substances are obtainable at easy distances from the coast, where there are many safe and commodious harbors for shipment at all seasons of the year. To work effectually and profitably these valuable resources, a powerful association is requisite, and this requirement is met by the formation of the West of Ireland Mining Company, with its capital of 200,000*l*, which will necessarily select such points, at which to commence, where there is a probability of quick as well as large returns. Such an undertaking will become a boon to Ireland generally, and this deserted district more particularly. The geological features of the counties of Galway and Mayo set at defiance all attempts at denial of the the existence of mineral wealth; lower clay-slate, serpentine, mountain and carbonaceous limestones, and old red sand-stone. These, geologically speaking, are the same formations of which is composed the well-known mineral county of Wicklow, on the opposite coast of Ireland, and where the same rocks have yielded up their treasures, when perseveringly sought for, and are as beds of hidden resources of wealth to the laborer, the farmer, the lords of the soil, and to those "bold adventurers" who have judiciously expended their money, and reaped a just reward. There can be nothing more safe as an investment than the employment of money in developing a known mineral field, such as the west coast of Ireland, especially where the rocks themselves are the chronologers of their own contents.

A collision between two goods trains took place at one o'clock, a. m. on the morning of the 15th ult., at Maryborough station, upon the Great Southern and Western Railway. The up-train was in the act of shunting on to a station siding, and had cleared the down line, with the exception of the last four or five trucks or vans, when these were struck by the down train, which owing to the slippery state of the rails, could not be pulled up in time. The vans which were run into, for the most part contained flour; but one in which were heifer-calves, was likewise much knocked about, whilst a drover who was in charge of cattle on their way to town, was knocked off, or fell from his seat, and sustained injuries, the nature of which have not yet been ascertained. There were fortunately no passengers in either train, owing to the strict rule of the company on this point.

There is a vacancy for the office of Butter Inspector at the Weigh-house, which is in the gift of the Limerick Market Trustees. Salary, £125 per annum.

Maxwell Morris, Esq., late Paymaster of the Royal County Limerick Regiment, has been appointed Paymaster to the 95th Regiment.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Stephen J. Cowan, Esq., of Prospect, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Galway.

THE MILITARY RESOURCES OF IRELAND,

WITH A SYSTEM OF ARMAMENT, PLAN OF ORGANISATION, AND MODE OF WARFARE, ADAPTED TO THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES BEGGS.

(Concluded.)

Should the enemy, by any possibility, in despite of all opposition, force his way through the country, and appear—worried and weak, or flushed and strong—under the ramparts of the central stronghold, it must be reinforced, and supplied, and vigorously defended to the last extremity. If the bastions cannot be armed with cannon, their faces should be lined with fowling-piece men, because flanking fires need but short range, and the curtains should be strongly and thickly lined with men armed with pieces of the longest range, in order to favor the enemy with the benefit of a close and well-sustained direct file-fire. Fortresses can be defended without the aid of cannon; but it is not deemed prudent to attack a fortress without the assistance of some sort of artillery. Sound military policy, under every circumstance in both field and fortress, dictates that when soldiers cannot strike the enemy, they should not expose themselves, nor be allowed to do so, to receive the like compliment from them. Therefore, all men not actually engaged in maintaining the fire against the enemy, are to be sheltered from his shot and shell, in casemates constructed for that purpose in the interior of the fortress. These casemates are simply made in this way:—a large deep trench is dug in the ground, and the excavated earth is thrown up on both sides of the trench; stout posts of timber are sunk at both sides of this trench, and rough beams of timber or trees are laid across these posts, on top of which the excavated earth is heaped up and trampled, and the casemate is finished. If, with the view of adding to the efficiency of the defence of the fortress, the beseigers are menaced by a force assembled outside from the neighboring counties for that purpose, the enemy will be obliged to raise the seige to meet that force, and in case he should do so, at least half the troops in the fortress should march out, preceded by skirmishers, and fall upon his rear. If, on the other hand, the advance of a force coming to relieve the fortress should precipitate the enemy's movements, and impel him to attempt an escalade and storm, then the gunsmen will retire from the ramparts and his assault must be repelled by the pike divisions in compact columns.

Should the enemy adopt the other mode of action, namely, to divide his army into smaller armies, and with these attack us at different points; his first great care will be to preserve lines of communication and supply between his central army and the armies on the right and left, and also lines of communication with the coast. Should he fail in preserving these lines intact, he may, in plain terms, give up his army as utterly lost amid a labyrinth of enemies. On our side our first object will be, therefore, to possess ourselves of the enemy's lines of communication; to prevent all intercourse, and medium of support and supply between his armies one with the other, and between them and the coast; to utterly isolate them, and cut off their every chance of support and supply; and from the convenient and judicious distribution of our forces and their advantageous locations, as already indicated, giving them perfect command of the country and its resources, they become armed with every possible facility to effectually starve and crush the enemy either in detail, or in the entire, whether he operates in divisional armies on different points, or in one entire army on one point.

Should the enemy decide upon erecting a field fortification on the coast to serve as a basis for operations, we must give him all the annoyance we can, and prevent him drawing materials, such as brushwood and timber, from the interior, as without these a field fortification can have no permanence; and we should, as often as prudence and necessity would dictate, during the erection of this fortress, favor him with well-planned night attacks. These attacks should be made in this manner:—About midnight, masses of pikemen should be in readiness, formed in a line of compact contiguous columns, with intervals of 20 or 30 yards between each column, these intervals to be occupied by skirmishers, the files of which being about two paces apart, and a few companies of skirmishers covering the flanks. In this order, followed by their supports and reserves, they steadily advance in quick time and solemn silence, piking the enemy's out sentries. In night attacks, the French practice is to silently choke the enemy's sentries, to prevent them giving the alarm; the Irish habit is to silently pike them, and our skirmishers never fire until the enemy's sentinels succeed in giving the alarm, when they fire briskly and pike columns advance upon the foe in steady double time. The enemy are aroused from their slumbers, and, yet half asleep, are hastily formed to repel the attack. Irresistible as the ocean in its might, in quick-moving cataclysms of ordered waves of bristling steel, our pike columns fiercely advance; now levelled lines of pikes gleam, charging in the gloom of night; heedless of the groans of their expiring foe, over ground slippery with their gore, these chivalric columns advance—these invincible ranks of brave and stalwart men, these serried lines of blazing steel, capped with the ever-kindling vengeance of war's own burning glory—above the vanquished foe to victory; when the stars, then peering through the cloud-curtained arch of heaven, will burn red with celestial joy above this blood-stained scene, and commingle their descending rays with the well-won wreaths of victory, gently hovering round the green standard of our fatherland. But, should the enemy, by any possible means, succeed in erecting this fortress, in arming its bastions with cannon, and putting it in a proper posture of defence; in that case our men should retire out of range of his artillery, and proceed to form a semicircle of fortified positions, from sea to sea, around this fortress, to prevent him drawing supplies from the country, and too keep him at bay, depending upon support from his fleet, until materials could be procured and means adopted to capture the place by regular seige and storm'

As I have already anticipated, should the invader, in pushing detached armies into the interior, on finding further advance against such opposition impossible, and, as a means of preserving a footing on the land, decide upon erecting a field-fortification, as a stronghold for his principle army, in any part of the interior, its erection should be subjected to the attention of our skirmishers during the day, and be favored at night with night attacks, conducted similarly to that which I have a moment ago described. But the moment the fortress is completed—supposing that such could be accomplished in spite of us—we draw our men back out of range of its cannon, and proceed to form a cordon of fortified posts around it; and, rather than risk the lives of our men by boldly assaulting the place in storming columns under the fires of its cannon, it would be much more wise, and be a sounder tactic, to employ them in safety, guarding and watching the place from the outside, and preventing it from receiving all manner of support or supply until the garrison would either be starved right out, or surrender, or endeavor to retreat from the place. Should the enemy, during his sojourn in this fortress, hope to derive any advantage from sorties, these sorties, whether made in the night or in the day, should invariably be repelled by compact columns of pikemen, assisted and supported by gunsmen.

Should a farm-house or cottage stand in the line of any of these sorties, such house or cottage should be taken possession of and converted into a post for our riflemen. If the door of the house should be on the enemy's side, it ought to be built up, leaving only an opening to fire out upon the enemy, and a door broken out on the rear side for our men to retreat when forced to do so. A party of men would build up the door, in a rough manner, in a few minutes. In addition to the windows, and the opening left at the built-up door, other openings should be punched in the wall with crowbars or stout bars of iron to serve as loop-holes to fire out upon. Farm-houses and their out-offices, or even solitary houses standing any where in the line of the enemy's advance, by applying to them a little labor and art, afford excellent cover for our men, lend additional strength to the defensive system, should always cost the enemy the loss of a great number of men, and to take advantage of such positions should never be neglected by us.

If in dispair of receiving supplies, and stimulated to measures of activity by the inexorable pressure of want, the enemy should decide upon retreating from this fortress, his retreat must be opposed. I trust that I have sufficiently explained the system (both of tactics and strategy) which should be applied against him. It is a system which the enemy, in all sincerity, may well curse, and Ireland as heartily bless. It is a system which appears as if in reality, designed by nature itself, to fatigue, harrass, and destroy the enemy; because, owing to its peculiar elasticity, our forces conveniently recede, sheltered and unscathed before his pressure, while they redden the soil with his blood, and strew the ground with his dead at every step as he advances, until by dint of continual decimation and sheer exhaustion he at length halts, and either surrenders, or, as a last effort, endeavors to retreat. But in retreating he will find the passages which he had made, while advancing, for his artillery, cavalry, and baggage, again blocked up before him, and his retreat interdicted by the same means which prevented his advance; and he will, with a drooping spirit and quailing heart, have again to assume the ruinous offensive, and at the same time to have to employ a great number of his men in opening and clearing passages for his artillery, cavalry, and stores, as he will now be opposed in front to the detachments which before had pursued his rear, and his rear will now be hotly pursued by the forces which had previously opposed his advance. Thus the obvious inference is, that he must either surrender unconditionally, or be speedily crushed without a shadow of mercy.

The cheapest, and best, and most serviceable method of purchasing ordnance for the service of this country, is to take it at the expense of capturing it from the enemy; no very difficult task, as I have already shown clearly enough. But we must take care never, on our part, to countenance the application of the artillery, except in the defense or attack of fortresses. To attempt to apply artillery in the sort of warfare I have been describing, would be to commit as arrant a piece of folly as the Chinese did, when they endeavored to frighten away the English army by making wry faces at them.

I have now, to the best of my ability, analysed the military resources of Ireland, shown what they are, and that they exist in abundance; and I have given a simple and effective plan of organising these resources, and explained the facilities with which these resources can be completely and efficiently developed. I may now be permitted to say, that with the addition of the only desideratum which she needs, Ireland may be justly designated a great military nation. She is deficient in one important particular, and in that only, and that material deficiency is the want of military knowledge; and in order to aid in supplying her with that desideratum, I have written this essay.

The government, and every government, ought to be eternally petitioned, in order to induce them to take measures, in their respective states, to cause the people in general to be benefitted by the great advantages which military knowledge confers. In every school, academy, and college in every land, the elements of military knowledge should, at least, be learned by the pupils. They should be instructed and periodically exercised in the sectional drill, the rifle, sword and pike exercises; in skirmishing, field-fortification, military geography, and the theory of projectiles; and, just as the five common rules comprise the whole course of arithmetic, so do the elementary branches of military knowledge I have just specified, constitute the whole science of war. And all those whose pecuniary abilities deny them the advantages of a school, or academical, or college education, should be formed into little social societies, and be instructed at the expense of the state; or, better still, they should be allowed and encouraged by the government to instruct themselves; to be induced to club their shillings and their pence, and buy arms and munitions and military books; to get up discussions amongst themselves upon military subjects, and thus create and foster amongst the people a reproductive spirit of military inquiry, which would, sooner or later, result in bringing out and developing the great aptitude and military genius of the people.

In proportion as this ennobling feeling and elevating knowledge progresses, in the same ratio will liberty advance and despotism and tyranny decay, and the congenial sun of universal prosperity and peace shed its salubrious and humanising rays over every region on the surface of the habitable globe. The equal distribution of power is the equal distribution of justice, and the equal distribution of justice is the stable and enduring foundation for everything that is good in this world. But we hear it covertly insinuated that it is dangerous to entrust the people with arms, to endow them with military knowledge, and invest them with power. What! who dare whisper such a satanic inuendo against the sovereign people for whom the world was made; the producer's of the world's wealth; the source of all political and social power; and, in the aggregate, the great repository of the world's virtue and worth? What! fear the people! Why fear the people? Who fears the people? Those, and those only, who unjustly injure or oppress them; and so they need to fear the people, because the cup of tyranny is full, and the hour of the great crisis is rapidly advancing, when the devil can no longer guard his terrestrial imps from a well-earned, long-threatened, and condign retribution.

But, in the absence of these petitions being presented—in the absence of the government taking the initiative—in the absence, in fact, of anything being done, or any sign of anything being done, to accomplish an object so absolutely essential and desirable,—I have thus undertaken myself to supply the people with the full knowledge of their military resources and power, and to instruct them in a plain, simple, and practical mode of warfare, that will enable them, should necessity require it, to trample their foes in the dust, and endow them with the lasting and ennobling attributes of manhood and civilisation; that, while they retain and improve in this knowledge, so long as the surrounding ocean's foam is lashed in fury against our strand, encircling it with a meandering wreath of silver spray, and so long as the island itself is robed in its own unfading green, and wrapped in its vivid mantle of glittering dew-drops—the brightest gem of the ocean and the sweetest land on the globe—so long will they be able and willing to guard their country's honor, and assert and defend their own inalienable rights and liberties. When such a people, with such unbounded resources and illimitable facilities, become endowed with the knowledge of their practical application, we behold them in the full majesty of their native might, and possessed of every element essential to the achievement of the grandest victories. Yes, victories untarnished by crime, whose translation into written words would be the inscription of humanity's purest glory, and the record of the nation's brightest fame; victories tending to ennoble, elevate, and sanctify our species, tenaciously encircling themselves with their own countless glories, like the meridian splendors dallying around the golden orb of day, and ever flinging their sparkling reminiscences of the chivalrous deeds of Hibernia's sons to eternally revel in the full bloom of their chastening and illuminating beauties around our consecrated standards of immortal green; victories that will not, and cannot, fail to superadd to our disenthralled country's rising greatness, perrennial prosperity—present her with the healing sceptre of justice—endow her with invigorating prerogatives of nationality—clothe her anew in the white robes of liberty, and encircle her emerald brow with a dazzling wreath of unfading fame.

CONCLUDED.

Irish News.

On Monday night, says the Drogheda *Argus*, Martin A. O'Brennan delivered the first of a series of lectures on one of the most intensely interesting subjects that have been handled for years, in the Mayoralty Room, Drogheda. There was a very numerous and highly respectable audience of all sects and parties, amongst whom were his worship the Mayor, Thomas Carty, Esq., J.P.; Rev. Mr. Cassidy, Rev. Mr. Murphy, Rev. Mr. Meade, and others of the local clergy, gentry, and numbers of the Corporation, whose names we did not ascertain. As the learned lecturer entered the room, which was brilliantly lighted up with gas, he was hailed with loud and repeated applause. At the opening of his learned discourse he promised his audience that he would scrupulously keep to his subject, as a literary one; that he would never abuse the position of a lecturer by the introduction of matter not set forth in the programme. He then, in the first instance, stated he would direct their attention to Ledwich's Antiquities, in which was said there was *no St. Patrick*, and that the faith came from Greece. These two branches of the rich theme were discussed in a most masterly style—such a chain of oral and written evidence was rarely produced on any disputed point. Writer after writer in centural order, we might add year after year, was given to attest the existence of the blessed Patrick. During this part of the subject there was evinced the most marked approbation; Protestant writers were freely quoted in sustainment of the eloquent lecturer's views. The topic, "St. Patrick's birth-place," was lucidly treated of. The nonsense of his being a Scotchman was clearly demonstrated, the proofs in favor of his being from Brittany, Boulogne-sur-mer, in France, were so clear that they might be called axioms. This part of the lecture was replete with profound learning, geographical delineations, and chronology. The lecture was closed with an exquisite quotation from the Irish Melodies of the illustrious John, Archbishop of Tuam, and then given in English. The next lecture will be on the bards, music, dresses, musical instruments, and round towers of Ancient Ireland and antiquities, as connected with Meath and Louth, which will be delivered on Tuesday evening next.

This county, says the Dundalk *Democrat*, is as peaceable just now as the greatest advocates of law and order could desire. There was not a solitary crown case for trial at the recent quarter sessions for Dundalk, and since the first day of the new year not one civilian has sumoned another before the petty sessions court. Last autumn, when the Militia were disbanded, it was thought we should have a dreadful winter for outrages and robberies; but, to the credit of the men who have returned to their homes, not one of them has been since brought before a magistrate.

At an election for a successor to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cloyne, the Bishop of Limerick, as senior suffragan of the diocese, presided. After a scrutiny of the voting had been taken, the name of the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, the present Bishop of Ross, was found to be first; Very Rev. Dr. Russell, Dean of Cloyne and Vicar Capitular, second; and the Very Rev. Morgan O'Brien, P.P., V.G., Mitchelstown, third.

The house of William Parker, Esq., of Ballyvalla, near Newport, (Tip.,) was burglariously entered; but, the noise having given rise to alarm, the steward got up and searched the apartment, when he discovered a woman with £172 in bank notes in her possession, which she had abstracted from a private desk.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed W. Joseph Burke, Esq., of Ower, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Galway, on the recommendation of the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lieutenant of the county.

Government intend devoting three institutions, the Smithfield Reformatory, and the Camden and Carlisle Forts, Cork, entirely to the training of male criminals whose good conduct during imprisonment, show that they are desirous to reform their course of life.

Mr. Henry Walsh, head groom at Shane's Castle, has died, aged 80 years. The deceased lived 57 years with the late Viscount O'Neill, and travelled with him as his servant, during the American war.

The Dublin papers report the death of the Rev. Dr. O'Connell, the distinguished Catholic divine and preacher, on the 15th of January, of disease of the heart, at his residence, Castlewood Avenue, Rathmines.

A circular has been issued to Quartermasters of Irish regiments, for a return of the clothing in their respective stores, and an estimate of the necessaries which will probably be required for their corps when called out for training in spring.

Mr. Garrett Cutter, for many years chief-boatman in charge of the Ventry Coast Guard Station, was accidentally drowned when passing the western ford at Ventry strand, within a half a mile of the station.

Now that the frost has disappeared, says the *Kilkenny Moderator*, the Kilkenny Hunt Club begins to give most excellent promise of a renewed and most vigorous sporting campaign. Such a day as Monday, however, was well calculated to give the best rider and the soundest and fleetest horse quite enough for one day's work. The meet was at Kilmanagh, and they found at Killeen cover. Reynard broke as if straight for Kilcooly road, and made towards the Munster river; he ran along the river to a considerable distance, and down to Shipton, through Pottlerath, where he swerved, as if going for Oldtown, but finally made his way back to the cover. On trying again, a change of foxes took place, the fresh animal bringing the dogs and field again to Shipton, at a slapping pace, and making as if for Ballintaggert, running by the Munster river till he came in view of the residence of the famed Mrs. M'Cormack, the scene of the siege of Farranrory. Thence bold Reynard turned for Kilcooly, and running through the demesne, broke again apparently for Woodsgift, but turned to the right, and ran into the Punchbowl, where he earthed. Those in at the finish were Lord St. Lawrence, Mr. Bryan, and a very few good Tipperary men. The pace was tremendous, and the country an exceedingly stiff one, so that several lost their saddles. The huntsman got a bad fall, but we hope not a dangerous one. Lord St. Lawrence left his horse at a farm-house, the extraordinary run had so knocked up the fine animal, and we understand most of the horses which attempted to keep up with the dogs, are since under medical treatment. It was certainly a day of unusual sport, and was enjoyed by a large field.

Lord and Lady Stuart de Decies, says the *Waterford Chronicle*, gave a ball at Dromana, which was attended by nearly two hundred of the nobility and gentry of Waterford and the adjoining counties. We observed amongst those present the Hon. Mrs. and Miss Gough, Miss Arbuthnot, Hon. Mrs. and Miss Moore, Captain and Lady Isabella Freen and the Misses Freen, Sir Nugent and Lady Humble, Sir John and Lady Keane, Miss Keatinge, General Roberts, Colonel and Mrs. Power, Col. Palliser and Mrs. and Miss Palliser, Mr. and Mrs. Chearnley, of Salter-bridge; Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave, of Tourin; the officers of the Fermoy garrison, the officers of the 13th Light Dragoons, &c. Dancing was kept up with energy to a late hour, the music being excellent.

We understand, says the *Dublin Freeman*, that in the course of a few weeks the post-office arrangements are to be changed. The receiving houses, with the exception of six, will be abolished, these six to be used only for the registering of letters, and the issuing of money orders. Instead of the abolished offices, pillar receivers will be sustituted, similar to those in London, and which with their inscription—"Boite aux Lettres"—meet the eye in every corner of Paris. We understand that Messrs. Turner & Hammersmith have received an order for a number of those pillar post-offices, and that they are in process of construction. We learn also that the mails for the south of Ireland will be henceforth be sent by Milford, in Wales, to Waterford, instead of passing through Dublin, as at present.

Two young men, farmers, named O'Callaghan, sons of a most respectacle landlord and agriculturist of the district, says the *Limerick Observer*, were returning home from market, with their cars, and, owing to the recent high tides and floods, had to pass a portion of the road near to the river at Ballinleena, which was at the time deeply covered with water. To avoid the spot which was so flooded, one of the brothers took a different route, but the other, pursuing the dangerous path, lost his life, the horse and car being swept away in the rushing waters. The name of the deceased was Daniel O'Callaghan, son of Mr. Thomas O'Callaghan.

On Wednesday, January 7th, says the Dublin *Tablet*, Miss Alice Devitt, youngest daughter of Counsellor Devitt, and grandniece of our illustrious countryman, O'Connell, and Miss Malone, daughter of our fellow-citizen, and sister of the Rev. Mr. Malone, one of the Principals of St. Munchin's Seminary, were both received into the order of our Holy Redeemer, after having spent upwards of a year in the establishment at Bruges; Miss Devitt having entered on the 28th of October, 1855, and Miss Malone early in the following January.

The *Waterford News* reports the death at Glenwilliam of Rev. Garret Prendergast, the zealous and excellent Parish Priest of Ardmore. Distinguished at Maynooth for high intellectual acquirements, he entered from that college on the arduous duties of the mission as a country curate. For many years his labors in the very extensive parish of Lismore undermined his naturally fine constitution. His zeal and prudence were displayed in no ordinary degree as chaplain of the workhouse.

The Governor and Council of the Apothecaries' Hall of Dublin, have just published a manifesto against the Medical Reform Bill lately issued from the British Medical Corporations, assembled in London. The Apothecaries' Hall of Dublin complains that it is not included in the proposed arrangements, while the Apothecaries' Society of London is to have a share in the future management of the Profession. It is also urged by the Dublin Apothecaries' Hall that the Universities are excluded from the proposed bill.

The Earl of Dunraven presided at a meeting of the Limerick and Foynes railway, when it was announced that the Lords of the Treasury, on Thursday last, consented to lend £45,000 provided the line be opened by the first of July next, which the company are in a position to undertake. The station at Foynes was approved of.

The government, says *Saunders's News-Letter* authoritatively, it is said is about to issue a commission, at the head of which Mr. Temple is likely to be placed, for the purpose of inquiry into the internal economy, *curricula* of education, and the attendance of the several presidents, professors, the several rules and regulations which govern each of the Queen's Colleges, with a view to their modification and improvement.

A porter, named Dwyer, on the Kingstown Railway, found in one of the carriages a portmonnaie, containing £180 in cheques, notes and gold. The owner, a Mr. Scott, on receiving back his property from the company's officers, rewarded the honest finder with the munificent sum of 3s. This is the second instance, within a fortnight, of money brought to his superintendent officer by this man.

Mr. Gregory's estates in the county Galway, were put up for sale in the Incumbered Estates Court, and after a sufficient sum was realized, amounting to £63,000, to pay off the creditors, the remaining lots were withdrawn.

John, eldest son of John Ryan, of Killinure, in the county Limerick, Esq., was sworn, on the first day of Term, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, and admitted a solicitor of the High Court of Chancery in Ireland.

On the morning of the 13th ult., at eight o'clock, a fishing-boat, in which were four men, viz., Tom Doherty and his son John, James Doherty, and Owen Gorman, left Slievebane port, near Malin-head, to take up a herring-net, a short distance from the shore. Just as they had reached the net, a large wave partially upset the boat, and cast two of the men (Tom Doherty and Owen Garman) out into the water. The accident was providentially witnessed by some persons on shore, who lost no time in putting out a boat to their relief, and they succeeded in rescuing from a watery grave the two men, who supported themselves, each on an oar, after they had been in the water about half-an-hour. As the other two men had no oars, and as there was a heavy sea at the time, their boat became unmanageable, and was driven in among the rocks and billows between Slievebane and Manlinwell. They were both, however, fortunately saved. The five individuals who manned the boat which rescued two fellow-creatures from a watery grave at the risk of their own lives, were William Church, of the Coastguard Service, John Roe Doherty, Tom Roe Doherty, Jackson P. Doherty, and Owen Glacken.

In Rossee, one of the wildest districts in the west of Donegal, a large and elegant church has lately been finished by the untiring exertions of Rev. Dr. Dormell, backed by his warm-hearted religion-loving people. The body of the house is one hundred feet long, fifty wide, and thirty high, having on the north side an aisle of corresponding proportions, and on the south a fine sacristy, together with reading-room and library. The parishioners quarried the stones, burned the lime, laid both on the ground, and almost without money—for all were poor—without even any outside help, they have, in the incredible short space of five months, erected an edifice, of which they may indeed be proud. Any person knowing the Rossees, will see at a glance, the difficulties and the greatness of the undertaking, and be therefore able to appreciate the zeal of the pastor, and the energetic perseverance of the people who now in the nineteenth century show a spirit worthy of the palmiest days of the Insula Sanctorum.

We understand, says the *Derry Journal*, that notwithstanding the inhibition issued by the Right Rev. Dr. Higgin against the Rev. Moore O'Connor, Rector of Culdaff, and to which we last week referred, that the latter gentleman performed divine service and preached in his parish-church as usual on Sunday. No second attempt was made on the part of the Bishop to disturb the congregation, and everything passed off quietly. As the matter in dispute between Mr. O'Connor and the Bishop involves some questions of a most extraordinary nature, the unprecedented proceedings of Dr. Higgin have excited considerable attention among the Church of England clergy in this diocese.

In place of the provincial conference of the Tenant League, a great open-air meeting of the residents of the county Mayo, in favor of tenant-right, and was held in Castlebar. About three thousand persons were present. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Tristram Kennedy, M.P.; the venerable Archdeacon Coglan, the Rev. Mr. Browne, P.P.; Mr. George Henry Moore, M.P.; and Mr. Swift, M.P., and resolutions expressive of the adhesion of the electors of Mayo to tenant-right, and of their confidence in Mr. Moore, M.P., were proposed, seconded, and adopted. The meeting was held shortly after 3 o'clock, and the proceedings did not terminate till past 4.

A letter from Galway, dated January 6, says:—"This company (London and West of Ireland Fishing and Fish Manure Company) is now hard at work, and on New Year's day one of their boats set her trawl for the first time, and stood out though it blew a heavy gale, and to the no small astonishment of all hands here brought in a good cargo of fish next morning. None of the Claddaghs nor of the other fishing companies' boats were inclined to venture out. In fact they could not."

Dr. Denham and Mr. Edward Reid gratefully acknowledge having received from the inhabitants of Derry, £70 7s. 6d. for the fund for the widow and orphans of the late Rev. W. Crotty. This has been forwarded to the trustees in Dublin for investment. The Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, the highly esteemed Bishop of Derry, has made a second appeal to his diocese on behalf of the new Cathedral; and the parishioners of Moville (his Lordship's mensal parish) contributed the munificent sum of £110 towards the erection of this splendid edifice.

The workers in the sbirt-factory of Messrs. M'Intyre, Hogg and Co., entertained their employers at supper, in the factory, 109 Foyle-street, Derry. There was a very respectable attendance of both sexes. His Worship the Mayor, Alex. Curry, Esq., was kind enough to preside on the occasion, John O'Neil, Esq., acting as croupier. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers, flags, and evergreens, and appropriate mottoes were conspicuously displayed.

By the authority of government, the Carrick-on-Suir, Clonmel, Thurles, and Cashel National Banks of Ireland, have been amalgamated with the National Bank, so that those establishments have merged into, and become identified with that society, and all the customers of those branches will now have the security of the capital and the liability of the National Bank for all their engagements.

Already two candidates have addressed the electors of Downpatrick, Mr. Richard Ker and Mr. William Johnston, and a third appears in the field in the person of Mr. E. S. Ruthven, of Lincoln Lodge, London. This gentleman, from his address, seems to be a thick-and-thin supporter of the present government.

The party at Marble Hill, (seat of Sir T. Burke, county of Galway,) on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of January, consisted of Lords Howth, Cloncurry, Clonbrock, and Crofton; Captain Bellew, Mr. Gregory, Major Burke, and Captain Congrove. In three days the party shot eighty-seven couple of woodcocks, besides hares, &c.

The gentlemen employed in collecting the relief fund for the sufferers of the parish of Inniskeen, county Monaghan, are progressing favorably with their good work. They have received about £135 already, and in another week or two they hope to receive as much more, and then close their collecting labors.

The directors of the Ulster Railway, at their meeting on Wednesday, resolved to recommend to the shareholders a dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, less income-tax, for the half year ended December 31, 1856, carrying £4,550 6s. 9d. to the reserve fund.

The late Bishop of Cork has left his most valuable library to his chaplain, the son of Judge Perrin, who is appointed Residuary Legatee.

Over £270 was collected at the meeting held in Cork, for the Mathew Monument, including £10 from Miss Catharine Hayes.

A committee has been formed in Sidney, Australia, for the promotion of Irish Literature, and to co-operate with the Celtic Union and Ossianic Society. The treasurer has forwarded the sum of £30 10s., to be applied to the funds of the former Association, and £4 to those of the latter—together with a list of the subscribers.

The Teachers in connection with the Regent street Presbyterian Churh, Newtownards, have presented their superintendent, Mr. Robert Chambers, with an address and a valuable writing-desk, as a testimonial of their affection and esteem, and of the high value they set upon his self-denying and indefatigable services.

The Catholic inhabitants of Derry gratefully acknowledge having received from the Hon. the Irish (?) Society, through their respective agent, the munificent donation of £600 0s. 0d. towards the completion of their magnificent cathedral, on which they have already expended £9,000, thereby beautifying the city and enhancing the value of the Society's property.

The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the Lieutenant of the county, the Right Hon. Viscount Lismore, has been pleased to appoint William Lyster, Esq., of Clomanto, J. P. for the county of Kilkenny, a magistrate for the county Tipperary.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed John Goudy, Esq., of Coolmain, a magistrate of the county Monaghan, on the recommendation of Lord Rossmore, the Lieutenant of the county; J. Crowe Wright, Esq., of Carahor, has also been appointed a magistrate.

The Right Hon. Colonel and Lady Louisa Tighe, have been entertaining a distinguished party at Woodstock, among whom were General and Mrs. Eden, Major Nasmyth, Sir John and Lady Power, and Miss Power, Kilfane, Mr. and Mrs. Tighe, Rosanara, and Major Tighe, Kilkenny Fusiliers.

The Limerick and Foynes Railroad Company have received official intimation from the Exchequer Loan Commissioners that their application for a loan of £40,000, fr the completion of their works, has been complied with, and the money will be placed at their disposal without delay.

A young ruffian named Ryan, has been committed by the magistrates at the petty-sessions in Piltown, to stand his trial at the Kilkenny Assizes, for placing a large stone on the rails of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company, near Grange.

John Skeahan, charged with the manslaughter of Michael M'Mahon, near Clonara, county Clare, having surrendered himself to Edward G. Bell, Esq., R.M., Castleconnell, is committed for trial at the next Ennis Assizes.

The magistrates of the county of Limerick, have, by a majority, adopted a memorial to government, praying for a reduction of the constabulary force to their county, in consequence of the peaceable and orderly state of the district.

A young woman named Fitzell, living near Ardfert, county Kerry, was recently killed by jumping from a cart while the horse was running away. Her sister was also severely injured.

James Whiteside, Esq., recently delivered an address on the study of history to a large audience in the Town Hall of Enniskillen.

Atthe Matriculation Examination in Queen's College, Mr. P. O'Hea, second son of J. O'Hea, Esq., barrister, carried off the first prize from a number of competitors.

The extensive factory of Messrs. Wallis and Pollock, situated at Douglas, near Cork, and known as the Douglas Patent Cordage Works, has been destroyed by fire.

Some fine red deer have been presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard, to those excellent sportsmen, the Messrs. Alley, who keep the well known Union Stag-hounds, near Dublin.

Mr. Cranfield, of Dublin, has just published a portrait of the Hon. Baron Pennefather, from the picture painted for the family, by F. W. Burton, Esq.

George Henry Cutts has been sentenced to six month's imprisonment in Dublin, for stealing £300 from his employers, the Messrs. Smith, news agents, on Eden Quay.

The following is the distribution of the Judges on the several circuits for the spring Assizes:—

Home Circuit—The Right Hon. the Lord Chief Justice, and the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

Munster—Hon. Judge Crampton, Right Hon. Judge Ball.

Leinstsr—Right Hon. Baron Richards, Right Hon. Judge Keogh.

Connaught—Right Hon. Judge Moore, Right Hon. Baron Green.

North East—Right Hon. the Lord Chief Baron, Right Hon. Judge Perrin.

North West—Hon. Baron Pennefather, Hon. Judge Jackson.

James M. Tidmarsh, Esq., of Kilkenny, has been elected a Director of the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway.

Samuel Gibson Getty, Mayor of Belfast, has been elected to fill a vacancy in the Board of Water Commissioners of that town.

The Countess of Listowell has arrived in Dublin from Convamore, county of Cork. The young Earl was expected in a few days.

The sum of £54 13s. 4d. has been received from the Parish of Urlingford, for the new Cathedral in Kilkenny.

It is reported that the Limerick and Foynes Railway will open for traffic to Askeaton on St. Patrick's day next.

By the death of Mr. Jones, the office of coroner for Kanturk, Mallow and Buttevant becomes vacant.

The Earl of Belmore has been elected an Irish Representative Peer.

The band and staff of the several militia regiments still continue beating up for recruits.

Lord Carew had arrived at Woodstown, Waterford, from Shipton-on-Stour, England.

Sir David and Lady Roche, Miss Blennerhassett and suite, have arrived at their residence, 23 Merrion square, North.

The Marquis of Ormonde, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Paget, has left Kilkenny Castle for England.

The Dowager Marchioness of Ormonde is at present laboring under a severe illness at Garryricken.

A woman and five children were killed by the falling of a house at Spitalfields, near Dublin. Several persons were severely injured.

Answers to Correspondents.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Captain Maurice Walsh, of New-York, having set out to travel through America, is authorized to collect advertisements and subscriptions for this paper. Captain Walsh has our written authority, which he will present to those who may not be personally acquainted with him.

News Agents.—Mr. Thomas McCormack, of Honesdale, Mr. C. C. Molony, of Dunkirk, and Mr. Robert Conway, of Dubuque, have kindly consented to act as our Agents.

Subscribers.—Five cents is all it costs to *Register* a letter at the Post-Office when it is mailed. It is quite a necessary precaution for parties who remit us money, in all instances, to take.

California Agents.—On the urgent recommendation of Dr. O'Brien and several highly esteemed friends, in San Francisco, we have sincere pleasure in appointing Mr. James McGinn our Agent for California. We trust he may be very successful in increasing the circulation of the *News*. Indeed we require considerable support from California, to make up for losses incurred in sending there several thousand copies to parties who have not paid us. A Mr. Wm. Boyle, for instance, has had 5500 copies, for which we have not received a single cent. We really wish, that Mr. Boyle would remit the amount of his indebtedness.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1857.

HISTORICAL MEMORIES OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

THE 22nd OF FEBRUARY.

Remarkable dates are the indices to national greatness; and, for this reason, cannot be overlooked. If we seek the history of any great national, political or literary event, the lives of the men whose genius, purity and devotion inspired the necessity, created the means, and fulfilled the attainment of such event, form the most necessary portion of the study. A knowledge of the component parts, by the amalgamation and combined action of which the era has been made famous, is as indispensable to the historical student as a thorough knowledge of colors is to the artist, who, by their judicious admixture and combined action, produces a grand and harmonious effect.

For this reason, the dates connected with the world's great men are worthy of careful regard. They serve to refer us, like note-marks, to the great deeds which ennoble our race, and the very mention of them is sufficient to make us acknowledge, while we cherish, the heroism and sacrifices which past centuries and years have inaugurated for our benefit.

Next in importance to the Fourth of July, when the fathers of the Republic declared their Independence, is that date which gave to us and to the world, the Man who, by a wondrous combination of remarkable faculties—heroism and calmness, dignity and decision, justice and generalship; reflective and executive, civil and military capacities, gave to that Declaration an importance above any other ink-and-parchment instrument the world has yet seen; who gave to it an active living spirit, and brought it through the snows and hardships, the sufferings as well as the summers, the whispered jealousies of rival friends and the roaring cannon of open enemies—through the camp cabals, and battle-fields—the charges, retreats, defeats and victories of seven years, to ultimate success and immortality.

Great as was the Revolutionary War, its history is but a portion of the biography of Washington. Admitted that it was the greatest group of years in his life; still, there was outside of it sufficient to have made an enduring and world-wide reputation for any other man. It would seem that Mars and Minerva were sponsors for the child born this day one hundred and twenty-five years ago, and that Fate reserved a mission for him to embrace, as well as to test, the teaching of both.

What a moral as well as physical grandeur attaches to his name. What an identification with it of all that is dexterous in war and dignified in peace—of all that is collected in the Camp, and competent in the Capitol!

The heirs of his fame as of his labors, both guarantee to us the privilege of openly paying to the anniversary of his birthday the proud and grateful remembrance which it suggests.

In the act, we congratulate our generation as well as do honor to the past, and *by* the act we but carry out the Scriptural Proverb—"The memory of the just is with praises, and the name of the wicked shall rot."

At the commencement of "Colonial difficulties," great moralists, like Doctor Johnson, vilified the cause, and noble lords sneered at the Colonists as "rebels and parricides." "The strength of Great Britain can," said Lord Chatham, "in a good cause, crush America to atoms;" while General Grant boasted that "with two regiments of infantry he could drive the inhabitants from one end of the continent to the other." Very soon, however, the "rebels" had become revolutionists and reformers, and the "parricides" risen to be patriots; before then, General Grant's resources proving rather visionary: "It was," says an English authority—(the *Annual Register*, for 1776,)—"determined to carry on the war with a vigor that should astonish Europe, and to employ such an army in the ensuing campaign as never before had entered the New World."

One glance at the other side, and it is sufficient. "General," said Anthony Wayne to Washington, while discussing the Stony Point expedition, "if *you* will only plan it, I will storm h——ll!"

These glimpses at the sayings and doings of the period, fully exhibit the formidable preparations of the one side, and the self-reliance and capacity so characteristic of the other. To remember such things is a part of our creed, and to ever have such glimpses before our intellectual and political vision is a necessary consequence of the benefits we enjoy. The lives of our great men are yearly becoming of deeper import, of wider recognition, of more lasting benefit; and are being woven with that romance of tradition, which once implanted in a nation's childhood is never eradicated from its memories.

Here the youth pants after Stark at Bennington; mounts Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," with Ethan Allen; shares the glory of "Mad Anthony," at Stony Point; follows the tracks of Marion, Sumpter, Lee, carrying on their gallant partisan warfare; or sheltered in the great cloak of Washington, follows the Chief, by flood and field, to liberty. No youth were ever so blest with the stuff that makes healthy minds as the youth of America, if public writers will only deal honestly with the matter.

The "Day we celebrate," calls to minds other scenes in American history which we may not be ashamed to glance at.

In the second war with Great Britain, the anniversary of "Washington's Birthday" is memorable for the attack of the English and Indians on Ogdensburgh. Colonel Forsythe, a brave and fearless officer, with his gallant band had created such dismay in Canada, attacking double his numbers frequently, and defeating them, that the enemy planned an attack on Ogdensburgh, which took place on the 22d February, 1813. The Americans were obliged to evacuate the place, with a loss of twenty-seven men; the British, however, having sixty-four killed and wounded.

In the History of the War with Mexico, the 22d of February (1847) is a glorious index to American valor. The position of the American army at this date, was extremely critical. The regular troops which had shared Taylor's campaign of 1846, and had added the names of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey to the triumphant battle-record of their country—these troops whose success gave them the experience of veterans and the inspiration of heroes, had been removed to other and distant fields of operation. Their place was occupied by regiments from Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Texas, to the number of almost five thousand men, of whom only 453, General Taylor states (*Despatch March* 6) were regular troops. With this brave and desperate but undisciplined band, General Taylor took up his position in the strong mountain-pass of Buena Vista, to meet an enemy of over twenty thousand men, the flower of the Mexican nation, fully equipped, trained and led by Santa Anna. "Nearly five hundred miles in the interior, the regular troops withdrawn, without reinforcements, almost cut off from supplies, and surrounded by the enemy," the little army of Taylor seemed, as Sam. C. Reid truly said, (*Scouting Expeditions of the Texas Rangers*) "to have been left alone as an offering and a sacrifice to the cause of our country." The conflict commenced on the 22d, raged with determined fury to the nightfall of the next day, taking advantage of which, Santa Anna evacuated his position, leaving Taylor the victor. Several times during the battle did it seem all but impossible for the Americans to retrieve the ground lost, or defend themselves against the well-ordered incursions of the opposing numbers. But though broken and disordered, again and again did they return to the fight.

Fortune seemed alternately hovering, now over the solid phalanxes of the Mexicans, now over the detached human citadels, defending Taylor's position. Here, the Artillery drove the Mexicans back confused and broken, there the gallant infantry of Illinois and Kentucky were overwhelmed by the mere masses of the enemy. Here, the enemy's cavalry press down the Americans—there, the rifles of Mississippi and Texas shower death and terror to the Mexicans. So the fight raged—a series of fierce conflicts, defeats and victories on both sides, until Captain O'Brien, sustaining to the last the desperate charge of the Mexican reserve, "was finally obliged," says Gen. Taylor's *Despatch*, "to leave his guns on the field—his infantry support being entirely routed." Then when all seemed lost, old "Rough and Ready" roared his final orders to Captain Bragg. The Mexican line was within a few yards of the muzzles of Bragg's battery. Bang—the Mexican line hesitates—a second discharge shakes them into disorder—a third, saves the day!

In this ever-memorable battle the American loss was 264 killed, 450 wounded and 26 missing; and the Mexican loss in killed and wounded 2,000. The victory was regarded as the turning point of the war. It gave the Americans the frontier of the Rio Grande, and broke the prestige of General Santa Anna.

Apart from the American history of the day, the "twenty-second of February" calls to mind some memorable epochs in connection with those nations of Europe with which, perhaps more than any other, America has had personal and political relations. The reminiscences are appropriately of a revolutionary character, and fitly help to weave a memorial for the date sacred to the Great Champion of the Greatest Revolution on the records of time.

The first, which helped to initiate an English Revolution and deprive a King of his head, is memorable thus:—From the first act of Charles the First—which was an insolent dissolution of Parliament because the Commons begged "redress of grievances" in exchange for a supply demanded by him—to his decapitation on the block, his reign was a determined war between the Court and the Commons. The King sought to command, and the Commons, as the representatives of the people, refused to obey. The former wanted money, the latter wanted rights; and both were irreconcilably persistent. The King would not grant "redress;" the Commons would not grant supplies; and, the former, hoping to force the latter, dissolved Parliament after Parliament; each successive assembly only proving a successive and successful opposition.

Selden (quoted in the *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. ii) at the time, observed, "The King and the Parliament now falling out, are just as when there is foul play amongst gamesters; one snatches the other's stake, * * now they will do what is most convenient for their own safety." The Commons thought it convenient for their safety to expel the bishops from the House of Peers, and get the Militia or "Trained Bands" of each county under the command of officers recommended by Parliament. The bill for the first, the King was induced to sanction; but his utter refusal to listen to the second, brought the *Roundheads* and *Cavaliers* to swords' points. He was ready to give up the bishops; but with regard to the giving of the Militia into the hands of the Parliament, he exclaimed "By God! not for an hour! What you have asked of me in this was never asked of any King, and with which I will not trust my wife and children." Previous to this, while he was at Dover, his assent was demanded, but he "had not leisure" to attend to it, his wife and daughter being about to depart for Holland.

On the 22d February, 1642, the insulted Parliament passed a resolution to the effect that such an answer was "as unsatisfactory and destructive as an absolute denial;" which in reality was the tocsin of war. The majority of the people declared for the parliament, and after a seven years war, by dint of putting their trust "in God," and keeping "their powder dry," decapitated Charles on the 30th January, 1649, and inaugurated a Republic under Oliver Cromwell. It lived but a decade, and died with the pretender who might have been King Oliver the first, were he not frightened by his family from accepting the crown proffered by the parliament.

The second foreign memory of the day is associated with a brilliant episode in the sadly picturesque history of Ireland. On the 22nd of February 1782, Henry Grattan moved in the Irish Parliament the celebrated Address to the King, declaring the Rights of Ireland; which, backed by the more forcible eloquence of the arms of the Volunteers, succeeded in forcing the imperial government to grant and recognise the "free and unqualified independence of the Irish legislature and realm for ever;" a more elaborate farce than which, never was enacted. "Next to our liberties, we value our connection with Great Britain," said the address, and on such terms the Irish "enjoyed independence" up to 1800; in the mean time that the English had some dozen generals, and employed 114,000 men in putting down the United Irishmen who were fighting *for* Independence.

The third European reminiscence of 22nd February that comes to mind, pertains to France, and was as ineffectual in its effects as either of the others. The struggle of which the 22nd February 1848, was the first throb, was brief and brilliant—one that shook Europe, the very trembling of which was felt in this country and welcomed as a sign of decrepit and tottering monarchies. The right of public meeting was prohibited in France—the Reform banquets were forbidden, and the National Guards, who sided with the Reformers, warned from appearing in their uniform in the streets. In the meanwhile the government fortified and strengthened every point likely to be, or capable of being used by the people. On the 22nd February, however, anxious crowds might be seen moving, and gathering force and passion as they moved, along the Boulevards, and from the upper Faubourgs of Paris. Presently the students appear on the Place de la Madeleine—the tramp of their feet keeping time to that marvellous "Marseillaise" which they are chanting. The column spreads—soon it measured the Place de la Concorde, stretched across the Port Royal, and by noon thirty thousand men knocked at the Chamber of Deputies; after a while great numbers of Cavalry, infantry and artillery converging upon the Chambers, the populace were dispersed.

But the Revolution had commenced—collisions between the people and army were taking place all the day—the *Mourir pour la Patrie* rose and followed the more impetuous and stately *Marsellaise*, like the swell of the ocean after the great wave has broken; and in the evening, barricades—those forts of the Democracy—rose as if by magic from the paved ways. Every one knows how the throne and royal furniture was set flaming,

and the charred remnants trodden in the gutter--how the King fled, and how the Republic, after having given hope to Europe, committed suicide in the name of Napoleon.

These memories of the day, in conjunction with the purposes which have made them historical, serve by the contrast to mark indelibly the duty we owe the American celebration of it. The European date is linked with great heroism, great genius, and a cause equally grand as ours, but in every case, defeat and dismay has walked in the footsteps of their struggles. With us it is different. Defiance, victory, and freedom are linked with the date, and the institutions by which we are surrounded remind us daily of the debt we owe.

We dare not, even if we would, forget it.

DISGRACEFUL RIOT IN HUDSON CITY.

One of those disgraceful riots, which, in past years, were of frequent occurrence among Irish laborers employed upon the construction of railways in this country, took place at Hudson City on last Saturday evening. It appears that there are about twelve hundred persons employed in the excavation of the Bergen Tunnel on the Erie Railroad, and are composed of "Corkonians" and "Fardowners." Their shanties occupy the company's grounds, adjacent to the works. Saturday being pay-day, the men indulged freely in the use of intoxicating liquors. A slight quarrel, originating at first between two of the party, soon swelled into a most formidable faction-fight. It commenced at two o'clock in the afternoon, and continued increasing in fury until nine. About six hundred men were engaged, and bludgeons, stones, dirks and weapons of every description are said to have been used. A large number of the rioters are shockingly mutilated, and several are reported dead from their wounds. Some of the shanties belonging to the Connaught men or, "Fardowners," were set on fire.

Four companies of firemen from Jersey City were despatched to the scene of conflagration. When they arrived at the spot they formed into line and dashed through the combatants, thus dispersing them and putting an end to the riot, as far as Saturday night was concerned. The militia from Jersey and Hoboken were sent for, and arrived in considerable force. They surrounded the locality of the engagement and made numerous arrests. There was some fighting on Sunday morning, but the military force, kept on duty, prevented any serious disturbance. One-half of the men being day-laborers, were engaged at work in the tunnel when the affray commenced, and, the Contractor having had the ladders drawn up, were prevented from taking any part in this brutal and scandalous conflict. Such is a brief outline of the facts as detailed by the morning papers.

To those engaged in defending, instructing and elevating the Irish laboring classes in this country, such occurrences are painful and disheartening. We had hoped that the difficulties which they have to contend with in a strange land, and the hostility which has latterly been manifested towards them by a large section of the American people, would have crushed out the old spirit of faction, and opened their eyes to their forlorn condition. Here, we find six hundred men, working under the surface of the earth and living in their miserable shanties—the virtual slaves of the Erie Railroad contractors—the victims of oppression at home, the heirs to incessant toil abroad—imbruing their hands in each other's blood under the slightest provocation. The conduct of those semi-barbarians is not only a disgrace to Ireland, but is made the pretext for assaults upon the orderly and intelligent portion of their countrymen, who repudiate and deplore the origin of those disgraceful riots. Men, who had not the courage to stand up and fight for the liberation of their own land, engage in a deadly conflict amongst each other in this country, disturb and alarm the respectable community, and compel the authorities to call out the Militia to put an end to their murderous outrages. Such occurrences cannot be too strongly denounced. Every Irishman who has any regard for the honor of his country, or the welfare of the unfortunate men themselves, will raise his hand and voice against the repetition of such scandalous excesses. Had the Militia shot down one-half of those infuriated men, there would not have been a particle of sympathy for them; and if the law inflict the severest penalty allowed, every good citizen and true Irishman will rejoice at it.

THE BOND-STREET MURDER.

The Coroner's inquest on the body of the late Dr. Harvey Burdell, was brought to a close on last Saturday. It is needless here to state the particulars of the evidence. The demand for the daily papers, with the closing scenes of the investigation, was unparalleled in the annals of publishing. The *Herald* states that its issue on Sunday morning was over 84,000. The verdict sustains public opinion, and the lull of satisfaction which follows the previous excitement is an ominous index to the odium resting upon the parties who are handed over to the law. Coroner Connery occupied an hour in the delivery of his charge to the jury, who, after a retired consultation of five hours and forty minutes, returned a verdict of guilty against John J. Eckel and Mrs. E. A. Cunningham, against G. Y. Snodgrass (who was identified as the purchaser of a dagger such as would inflict wounds similar to those found on the body of Dr. Burdell), as an accessory before the fact, and that Augusta and Ellen Cunningham have some knowledge of the facts connected with said murder. The conduct of the parties does not tend to create any reaction of the public mind in their favor.

A DAY IN WASHINGTON.

CONCLUDED.

The drapery of the picture is very beautiful, but there is too much of still-life in it, and there is also a want of life in the attitude; one of Lee's legs appear too long, as if he was standing on a cork heel. The figure of the Cardinal is that of a woman. Franklin's figure, in its general appearance is fine, but the farther leg, which, in perspective, ought to be short, seems to be too long, and there is a want of animation; the head and chest exposed to the spectator, is of a greenish neutral color, and the forehead is too white when compared to the coloring of the face, which is that of a person of lymphatic—sanguinous temperament; there is a want of unity in the coloring, while no man of his physical constitution had a nostril so small; neither is it in accordance with Houdon's bust, nor any other made of him. The expression of the king's face, is that of a fool without the face of a fool; he also seems to have been painted from a stuffed figure, and his drapery is out of tune with the balance of the picture. The accidental colors or shading in the other figures prevail too much over the local. The picture is executed after the French style, the cause being more visible than the effect. The artist has violated the rule laid down by Alston and practised by Titian—that is, to paint large figures opaque. There is too much oil used in the shading, and in the course of time the painting will become black. Much of the picture being oblique to the spectator, is seen, as it were, through a glass, and is not truthful, because the colors are too much refracted—in other words you see gloss and not coloring.

There is a portrait of a lady—"the belle of New-York,"—by Healy. We have no doubt, from what we have seen of her in this painting, that the lady is very beautiful, but the picture is not well executed. The hair is admirably done, but the breast is unnatural and too long, and the formation of the shoulders is not well defined. It is to be presumed that the painter intended to give a loving expression to the face, but in this he has failed as regards the eye. The upper eye-lid is too much compressed and too narrow, which gives an expression of scorn; the breadth *above* the upper eye-lid should have been *in* the lid itself, and the lips are too red for the brunette complexion of the face; the tone of the coloring in the bust is of a greenish white, which does not accord with either a white or dark complexion. The attitude is too crouching, and there is that want of sweetness which, if true to the original, would render her claim to the "belle of New-York," rather doubtful.

I believe that the best picture in the capital, is the landing of Columbus, painted by Vanderlin. However, in drawing, coloring and expression, there is less poetry in it than that of the "Discovery of the Mississippi," by De Soto, painted by Powell. In the last-mentioned picture, the raising of the cross is admirable. Much fault is found with De Soto and his horse. He is too lifeless, and his costume is not in tune with a gala day, neither is the group embracing the Indians, faultless; but, as we observed before, it surpasses Vanderlin's in poetry, and has a claim to a high degree of merit.

"The embarkation of the Pilgrims" does not tell the tale. There is not a Puritan face in the whole picture; there is a want of unity in the coloring, and the costume, &c., is modern.

I wish Horace Vernet would paint a lobby-scene on the eve of a Presidential inauguration—it would be instructive.

The picture representing the surrender of Lord Cornwallis is not truthful to life. The position of Washington's hand in receiving the sword is faulty, and the eyes of the American officers and soldiers are painted alike—and all like those of Washington. This is a defect that will strike the most casual observer.

The fresco paintings in the new wing of the capitol are very fine—that of the privateer brig, General Armstrong, commanded by Captain Reid, in the desperate engagement with a British squadron in the neutral port of Fayal, is splendidly executed. By the way, this reminds me that, at the very time I was admiring this painting, which represents one of the most glorious naval actions, on record, and causes the American heart to throb with exultation at deeds of heroism unequalled even in the Bay of Salamis, when the high-prowed vessels of the Persian were defeated by the galleys of the Greek, or when Paul Jones swept the British Channel and fought his memorable engagement off Scarborough Head—this, I repeat, reminds me that at that very moment the case of the officers and crew against the United States for compensation was being re-argued in the Court of Claims. When the public believed that the question had been decided in favor of the claimants, as far as legal preliminaries were concerned, and that final arrangement would be left to Congress—to the magnanimity and justice of the public—Samuel C. Reid, the son of Captain Reid, and the able leading counsel in the case, was called upon to re-open it and argue it anew. Any further delay to award compensation to the survivors of that gallant crew for the actual pecuniary loss sustained, would leave a stain upon the national character and a blot upon that flag whose inviolability and honor they so gloriously vindicated. Historians tell us that Republics are ungrateful, but I trust the United States will never be subjected to that imputation, by a beggarly parsimony, which would give the heroes of this Republic a frescoed immortality in the capitol, penury and bitter recollections and broken hearts in their own cheerless homes.

CALIFORNIA SUMMARY.

The U. S. Mail Steamer *George Law*, with the California mail of the 20th ult., arrived here on the evening of the 13th inst. The Legislature of California met on the 5th of January, and the Governor's Message was delivered.

The *Alta California* has no hesitation in pronouncing it the ablest State paper that has emanated from the Executive Department in California, at the same time that it disagrees with the Governor's sentiments on, and his version of the origin and character of the Vigilance Committee. The address considers the state of Indian Affairs as unsatisfactory and the mode of dealing with them impracticable. Clear details of the finances are given, from which we learn the following facts:—The amount of cash in the treasury, Jan. 1, 1857, $212,404 27. At that time the indebtedness of the State was $4,343,531 58. Excess of expenditure over receipts since the organization of the State Government, $4,131,127 31. The amount of legal indebtedness on the 1st of July, 1857, principal and interest of which has to be provided, including $300,000 deficiency, $3,564,649 97. Interest to be paid annually, $265,111 56. Expenses of government for 1856, including interest on Funded Debt, $1,241,259 32. Receipts, $887,473 48, leaving a deficiency of $353,985 84. The Governor recommends the payment of the State debt and is opposed to repudiation. The availability of the "Civil Fund" paid into the Federal treasury, from customs collected prior to the admission of the State, and which is now due to the State, is suggested, and the direct application of that fund, $2,706,512, to the payment of the bonds strongly urged. Many valuable suggestions on the revenue laws are made, and we have no doubt, says the *News-Letter*, that some of the measures proposed would materially increase our income without much, if any, addition to our expenditures. He advocates the construction of a wagon emigrant road until we can hear the whistle of the Railroad.

Messrs. Gwin and Broderick have been elected to the U. S. Senate—the former for the short, and the latter for the long term.

The *Alta* states that the election of Mr. Gwin was the result of a bargain, the terms of which were directed by Mr. Broderick, "who had in his hand a sufficient number of votes to secure the election of whomsoever he pleased. The bargain is said to be that Mr. Gwin yields all claim to any influence in Federal appointments, stating that he will not interfere in the dispensation of such favors.

Reviewing the opposition he encountered he says: "To the Federal patronage in the State do I attribute in a great degree the malice and hostile energy, which, after years of faithful public service, and towards the closing period of life, have nearly cost me the indorsement of a re-election to the United States Senate."

The annual report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, for the year 1856, shows that in 34 counties there are 316 schools, 30 of which are in the county of San Francisco. The number of children attending these is 26,160—4,751 of whom live in San Francisco.

We have some slight intelligence of a new "Fillibuster" excitement, to wit, that an expedition is soon to start from San Francisco, ostensibly with the purpose of settling the new Territory of Arizona, but, in reality, with the intent of merely making Tucson a rendezvous from which to make a foray upon Sonora. It is said that several hundred men have already linked their fortunes with the adventurers, and that ample capital will no tbe wanting to aid the enterprise.

The remainder of the news may be summed up in a paragraph—

The United States District Court has affirmed the decision of the Land Commission, in the confirmation of the claim of John A. Sutter to New Helvetia, which embraces the ground on which Sacramento City stands. The copper mine recently discovered, twenty-six miles above Fort Yuma, is said to be very rich. Preparations to work it are being made on an extensive scale. The earthquake which was felt in San Francisco, on the 9th ult., extended nearly throughout the entire length of the State. The Gandara party, in Sonora, Mexico, attacked the Government troops on the 23d of November, but retreated after the loss of eighteen killed and several wounded. The Apaches are very troublesome on the northern frontier of Sonora.

The Savannah *Georgian and Journal*, of Saturday, the 7th inst., makes the following announcement:

JOHN MITCHEL.—This gentleman, whose name is a synomyn of liberty, whose acts and talents have established him as a patriot and a lover of the South, arrived to-day in Savannah, and is now at the City Hotel.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

LOUGH CORRIB—CONNEMARA—CONG—KILMORE PASS—THE OLD CITY OF THE TRIBES.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF THE IRISH PRESS.

It was a bright July morning, seven years ago. The golden light of the rising sun was reflected from the placid waters of Lough Corrib. A trim craft is moored at the Wood Quay. Her white sails—white as the wing of the fleet sea-gull—hang motionless from her tiny mast. In that roseate dawn, so still and fragrant, not a leaf was stirring. The bells of the Abbey chapel were tolling for early mass. The streets of the old city of the Tribes were partially deserted. To me, the quaint steeple of the church of St. Nicholas seemed quainter, more antique, more venerable, more solemn and imposing in that balmy summer morning than I ever remembered it before. For five hundred years it has looked down upon the faded capital of the ancient kingdom of Connaught. What a tale it could tell if its weather-worn vane had but a tongue to give expression to its experience. Of feudal pomp and domestic tragedies—of Norman raids and Celtic reprisals—of mailed knights and fleet kernes—of wars, sieges, battles—it could sing an epic grand as the Illiad, sublime as Milton's. In the bow of the boat sat six stalwart, browned, gnarled-looking Celts. They are the boatmen of Charles Lynch, of Ballycurran Castle, who has kindly accommodated us, five pleasure-seekers, with his magnificent barge for a trip up the lake. We take with us three days' provisions and prepare for a bivouac—if need be—in the mountains of Connemara. Our commissariat is stowed away in the lockers—our painter cut—our sturdy rowers—who know every creek and island of the lake, though they number the days in the year, and every channel of its intricate navigation—who have carried off the prizes at every regatta on the waters of the bright Corrib for the last thirty years—had just dipped their oars and broken the glassy surface of the lake. Our craft had formed a wake three lengths of herself, and the first ripple of the disturbed waters had kissed the granite facing of the Wood Quay, when we heard a voice—a well-known and loving voice—wishing us a pleasant time. We looked around, and there was our friend James Hardiman, the historian of Galway, the polished gentleman, learned antiquarian, erudite scholar, and true patriot. The word was passed to our steersman, our crew rested upon their oars, we exchanged salutations with our venerable friend—venerable, for the hoar of seventy winters had settled upon his head—and also with his companion, Joe Bath, the attorney. Hardiman had also been an attorney in large practice, and had realised a small fortune. Joe and he were inseparable companions. He was after making his morning call, and they were about taking their usual walk, down by the Abbey church, along the margin of Lough Corrib, across the bridge, round the jail by the banks of the Eglinton canal, or through Nun's Island to the Claddagh, thence to the shores of *Lough-a-thalia*, and home again over the ricketty suburb of Bohermore.

We, *Connacians*, all loved Hardiman—were proud of him as a Galway man, and honored him as an Irishman who had given valuble contibutions to the literature of his country. His personal appearance was striking and romantic. In stature, he was somewhat above the middle height; his figure was erect, his chest ample, his step light as a "courser" on the brown mountains of Connemara; his face was placid; his forehead broad, massive, intellectual; his hair white as the drifted snow, and his general appearance was rendered peculiarly remarkable by the fact of his being blind of an eye. He carried a cane, and, winter or summer, wore a light top-coat. This was the outward appearance of the man. His heart was full of religion, charity and love. When advising some young friend, whose enthusiasm upon certain subjects outran his discretion, his usual exclamation was, "Good sir, listen to the advice of an old man who has seen much of the world—if it do you no good, it may not do you any harm." He then filled the office of Librarian to the Queen's College of Galway, and was beloved by all the students for his demeanor towards them and the paternal solicitude he evinced for their welfare. If any dispute on matters of discipline arose between them and the authorities of the College, his sympathies were invariably on the side of "the boys."

Every day he used to pay us a visit in our sanctum, look over the "exchanges," and cut out any curious or antiquarian paragraph which he could find, and carefully lay it up in his literary store-room, where books and manuscripts on everything connected with Ireland, were actually piled upon each other in huge bales—there lay the result of fifty year's scholastic research, which he was always promising to arrange and publish. His public life was, for the most part, a legal and a literary one. He never mixed much in politics; but privately he was an ardent hater of English rule in Ireland. It was a maxim of his that the professed Irish patriot who was not prepared "*to go the length of Ballingarry*," should be placed upon the credit side of the British ledger. When a boy he had been sent to study the Irish language, grammatically, to a celebrated teacher of that tongue in the town of Castlebar. He was residing there in '98—

"Who fears to speak of '98?"—

when Humbert marched upon that town from Killala, and with a handful of French and undisciplined Irish rebels, defeated the English soldiers concentrated at that point. He distinctly remembered the principal incidents of the battle, but there was one thing he used to say that he could never forget—the death of his teacher, who exchanged the *ferrule* for the pike, joined the French, and died fighting for the independence of the green old land in the disastrous battle of Balnamuck. His friend, Joe Bath, had also a brother killed in the same engagement, and he had, consequently, a hatred of British rule which gave him a passport to the respect of us, Young Irelanders. Joe still lives and takes his walk as usual, unaccompanied by the venerable historian, who now sleeps his last sleep in Fort Hill Cemetery, at whose base the waves that have crossed half a hemisphere break and chant incessantly their wild requiem.

The bright oars are again flashing in the sun, our fleet craft is making rapid headway. In a few moments we pass the ruins of Tirellan Castle, one of the first strongholds of the De Burgos in Connaught. Here it was that Rinuncini held his last council with the Confederation before he had abandoned the country and returned to Italy. It had been a stronghold of some importance, and commanded one of the approaches to Galway. It had stood many sieges and experienced all the vicissitudes of war, but it is now a shapeless ruin, emblematic of the old city it once guarded. We leave Tirellan behind us, and approach the ancient and picturesque castle of Menlo, the seat of Sir Thomas Blake. Its gray turrets just overtop the green forest trees by which it is partly surrounded. Standing on the margin of the lake, and having extensive and beautiful pleasure-grounds attached, it is one of the most delightful residences in that part of the country. During the first three Sundays of the month of May, a "*Pattern*," from time immemorial, has been held within the domain. It is called "Maying at Menlo," and, during the continuance of this rustic festivity, the grounds are filled with the vehicles of the surrounding gentry, who come to enjoy the sport, and the lake is covered with boats conveying the rural beauties and their swains, as well as the city belles and beaus to the scene of amusement. Many a time has the bagpipes of Paddy Coneely "put life and metal in their heels" when he struck up "Maggie Lauder," or "The Dusty Miller," or one of his own wild, musical planxties, and hornpipe and jig brought forth the plaudits of the admiring crowds. There was more animation, more unalloyed enjoyment in that sylvan dance, within the "leafy screens" of Menlo Wood—amid the budding flowers of the opening summer, and the fragrant perfume of the sloe and hawthorn blossoms, and the sweet odors of the honey-suckle, than in ten thousand lack-a-daisical ball-rooms. Paddy has played his last tune, his chanter is silent, he sleeps well in his humble grave, but "Maying at Menlo," and making love there, too, goes on as usual. Blessings on poor Galway. May the genial, hospitable, tender-hearted old race, from Claddagh to Kilkerran, long enjoy their merry-making under the green wood tree upon the banks of the Corrib.

As we pass the castle we have a parting word with Sir Thomas. He is not a fine specimen of a baronet, but he is accommodating to those who come in contact with him and is somewhat of a favorite among the people. He is always in debt, and is compelled to live within the precincts of his domain and keep a sharp look out for the Sheriff. He never gets as far as Galway except twice a year, although it is only about two miles distance. Upon those two occasions he is summoned to attend the Assizes as a grand juror, and his person is therefore sacred against all bailiffs, writs, duns or jailors.

His father, old Sir Valentine Blake, who was one of the most polished gentlemen in the House of Commons, long represented the city of Galway in the British Legislature; but while the election was proceeding the dread of the sheriff pevented him from entering the town, and he accordingly kept aloof in his boat on the lake; however, when duly returned as one of the people's representatives he was exempted from arrest for debt, and used to land at the Wood Quay, amid the flinging up of hats and the vociferous uproar of his constituents. An atrophy of the purse seems to have been a disease entailed upon the family, and is likely to descend in its chronic shape to young Val, the present heir of the house of Menlo. Having passed the castle, and through the "Friar's Cut," which was made by the Franciscan Friars of Clare Galway, three hundred years ago, the lake expands to a breadth of about seven miles. Either shore is dotted with the pleasant seats of the aristocracy, which give a most enlivening and attractive appearance to the scenery. On our right, at a distance of about five miles, we observe the grand old ruins of Clare, Galway Castle and Abbey throwing their sombre shadows upon the surface of the lake. The castle was one of those ancient Norman strongholds which are frequently met with in the south and west of Ireland. The massive walls of its square keep, garlanded with the green ivy, stand up in rude and stern grandeur, as if defying and repulsing the assaults of time. It was built by the DeBurgos, nearly four hundred years ago, was surrendered to Sir Henry Sidney in 1576, and though strongly garrisoned by Charles I. in 1641, was captured by Sir Charles Coote, the Cromwellian general, previous to his besieging Galway. A large rent, running from the battlement of the southern wall to its foundation, bears mute evidence that the tide of conflict often surged and broke around it. The Abbey affords a fine specimen of that chaste architecture which generally distinguished those ancient religious structures. However, we have much to see. We are bound for Cong, Maam and a peep into the mountain regions of Connemara, whose sublime and romantic scenery far excels that of the famous Scotch Highlands. The sun is getting high and hot. We have yet a distance of thirty-five miles to traverse upon the lake. We can hold no further communion with the spirit occupants of the Abbey, or linger upon the legends and traditions of the olden time which surround and hallow those dark antique ruins. We serve out an allowance of John Jamieson & Sons' best old Dublin malt to our sturdy boatmen, who are beginning to warm at their work, toss off a glass of wine each to the buried memories of the past, and some of us utter a regret that in the midst of the glorious scenery which on every side meets our gaze, the real inheritors of the land live in slavery and die in penury, while an idle, mean and worthless aristocracy luxuriate in the fruits of the peasant's toil.

We sweep past the beautiful wooded demesne of Clydagh, which fringes the lake, and imparts to the scene that enchanting loveliness which one has had only a glimpse of through the vistas of some fairy tale. We are now in what is termed the Upper Lake. The little village of Moycullen, nestling upon a hill, upon our left, overlooks the broad Corrib; a little further on the promontory of Ross, containing the beautiful domain of James Martin, Esq., juts into the lake. It is a delightful spot, and the eye lingers upon it with pleasure. Between this promontory and the town of Oughterard stand the remains of the castle of Aughnanure—Aughnanure meaning the field of the yews. This was one of the strongholds of the Irish sept of O'Flahertie, who for centuries kept the Normans at bay cooped up in the walled city of Galway. A solitary yew yet stands beside the ruins of the castle and grows out of a ledge of solid limestone rock. Dr. Petrie thinks it must be more than a thousand years old. It is an interesting relic of a remote era, and must have supplied the Irish archers with tough bows to slay the wolf and red deer long before the foot of the Anglo-Norman invader had touched the shores of Ireland. We talked about the raids of the O'Flaherties, and the wonderful yew, which still branches and buds and takes its nourishing sap from the Irish soil. I christened it "the Tree of Life"—the Life of Irish Freedom. I was of opinion that it would live and be clothed with green leaves, as each spring should come and go, until Ireland would be once more a nation.

We again filled and drank to the solitary patriarch of Aughnanure, who, by yon crumbling castle yet proudly lifts his head, crowned with the glory of a thousand summers.

It is noon; the red sun burns fiercely above us, for the day is nearly as hot as a Fourth of July in New-York; but our rowers flag not. We have now a full view of the numerous and picturesque islands in the upper end of the lake. We are approaching the mountains of "Joyce's Country," and are beginning to realise the grandeur of the scenery. The dark outlines of the mountains are mirrored deeply in the lake, and seven miles before us, at the head of a little estuary, we get a glimpse of Cong, with its white-walled houses and clustering cottages partly concealed by the old oak-wood of Ashford, and the group of little islands which rise just above the surface of the lake, right in front of the old Abbey, the ancient burial-place of Connaught's kings. We touch ground. We are on this most interesting, beautifully-romantic and historic spot.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

FRENCH MSS. IN ST. PETERSBURG.

CATHERINE OF RUSSIA, VOLTAIRE AND DIDEROT.

Mr. Miller, a gentleman in the suite of Count de Morny, has been authorised by the Russian government to copy a number of notes and letters of Voltaire, which are kept in the Imperial library at St. Petersburg, and refer mostly to the French court, as well as to the great questions of war and diplomacy of his time. Another French gentleman is employed to make a copy of eighteen or twenty volumes of hitherto unpublished writings of Diderot, which are kept in the same library.

We find the above in the European papers, but they do not inform their "gentle readers" how the "barbaric Russian" came in possession of these precious French documents.

These writings are associated not only with the names of their famous authors, but with the name of a female sovereign, famous at once by being infamous as a woman, and great as a ruler. Catherine the Second of Russia was probably one of the most wonderful women on record. On the one page of History we find recorded the evidence of passions the most degraded, and of an energy, generosity, and national spirit the most admirable. The strength of her mind and the force of her genius struggle hard to throw into the shade of forgetfulness her deeply corrupt and licentious nature. The flight of her brain may be measured only by the passional weakness of her body. The one was as lofty as the other was abysmal.

Catherine was a munificent patron of letters, and eagerly sought to promote the growth and cultivation of genius. For this alone her name would live on the literary records of a great and powerful nation, whose dawning anxieties after the beautiful, she instigated and encouraged by liberal patronage as well as by example herself.

Amid the surrounding cares, growing out of her intrigues, ambition, and the necessities of the nation, Catherine found time to concoct, Comedies which fiercely attacked fanaticism; and to compose by herself and write in her own hand "Instructions on the Code of Laws," which, says Mr. Smucker, in his interesting "Memoirs of her Court and Reign," "exhibit the masculine mind of a profound legislator."

Voltaire and Diderot were invited by the Empress to St. Petersburg. The former, taught wisdom or caution, says Smucker, by his experience at the Court of Frederick the Great, declined the invitation. He corresponded, however, with the Empress, and the letters are said to be an honor to both parties. Catherine's portion is characterised as "voluminous and regular," which implies the like extent and regularity on the part of the philosopher, as it to be is supposed that poet and Frenchman as he was, he repaid the Empress's favors and attention with equal grace and assiduity.

Diderot visited St. Petersburg in 1773. Catherine received him with her usual subduing magnificence. Encomiums and presents were equally lavished on him; and during his stay she entered into familiar conversation with him at her table. Here those able minds variously discussed philosophy, politics, religion and literature. Diderot expounded his principles on the subject of the rights of nations, with eloquence, enthusiasm and power, charming with the richness of his ideas the attentive and subtle Empress. "M. Diderot is a hundred years old in many respects, in others he is not more than ten," she would say. While carried into enthusiasm by the genius of her visitor, she never allowed her common sense to overlook what she beheld but as the "impracticable theories" of Diderot. Of her long and frequent discussions and conferences with him, she has left her own impressions on record.

"Had I placed faith in him," she said, "every institution of my empire would have been overturned: every thing would have been changed, for the purpose of substituting some impracticable theories. I said to him, 'M. Diderot, I have listened with the greatest pleasure to all which your brilliant genius has

conceived and expressed, but all your fine principles, though they will make fine books, would make sad havoc in actual practice. You forget, in all your plans for reformation, the difference between our two positions. You work on paper, which is tractable to every thing, while I, a poor Empress, must work on human nature, which is irritable and easily offended.'"

This may give some idea of the nature of Diderot's writings at present in St. Petersburg, and in further explanation of which we take the following from Carlyle's extra Carlyleish article on that open, unheedful, free-and-easy philosopher:

The *Encyclopedie*, after nigh thirty years of endeavor, (to which only the siege of Troy may offer some faint parallel,) is finished. Scattered Compositions of all sorts, printed or manuscript, making many Volumes, lie also finished; the Philosophe has reaped no golden harvest from them. He is getting old: can live out of debt, but is still poor. Thinking to settle his daughter in marriage, he must resolve to sell his Library; money is not otherwise to be raised. Here, however, the northern Cleopatra steps imperially forward; purchases his Library for its full falue; gives him a handsome pension, as librarian to keep it for her; and pays him moreover fifty years thereof by advance in ready money. This we call imperial, (in a world so necessitous as ours,) though the whole munificence, did not (we find) cost above three thousand pounds: a trifle to the Empress of all the Russias. In fact, it is about the sum your first-rate king eats, as board wages, in one day; who, however, has seldom sufficient: not to speak of charitable overplus. In admiration of his Empress, the vivid Philosophe is now louder than ever; he even breaks forth into (rather husky) singing. Who shall blame him? The Northern Cleopatra (whom, in any case, he must regard with other eyes than we) has stretched out a generous, helping hand to him, where otherwise there was no help, but only hinderance and injury: all men will, and should, more or less, obey the proverb, to praise the fair as their own market goes in it.

Thus these French manuscripts came to St. Petersburg; and thus the Cleopatra of the North adds proof of the superiority of her intellect, and lays claim to that high praise which she has secured, as a woman of enlarged understanding.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS. By MICHAEL PHELAN. New-York. *Appleton & Co.*

This is a neat and exceedingly interesting volume. The "Game of Billiards" is invested with so many charms, and with such spirit and efficiency, that it seems to rival that admirable production of John Brougham the "Game of Life."

Whether Phelan took his cue from Brougham as an actor, or Brougham from Phelan as a player, we know not, but certain it is that Phelan handles the pen with as much dexterity as he does his cue, and demonstrates very cleverly that the Game of Billiards is one of the most healthy and lively games in life.

The work gives an explanation of the machinery required, the table and its appurtenances, general and practical directions for the use of players, problems demonstrating every possible direction in which the cue ball is to be propelled, with diagrams illustrating the angles, cue positions, forces, strokes, management and nursing of balls, and the execution of fancy shots.

It is only by reading the book that one is impressed with the extraordinary ability it displays. The historical knowledge relative to the origin of the game—the analysis of national character as exhibited by players—clear and concise illustrations for beginners—a table of the motive powers, with all the rules of the play, and descriptions of the various national and other games of carom and pool, are exceedingly entertaining.

We are much pleased to observe that this game is becoming a favorite one—that family amusements are not considered complete without the advantage of a Game of Billiards. Where there is room for a Billiard table in a house, it is of essential service to ladies as well as gentlemen, to secure the advantages of the exercise and recreation to be derived from it. It has many advantages that are well spoken of in this work, and to which we subscribe most willingly.

Those who read the book, will be willing, we are assured, to get a Table—those who have already a Table, should by no means be without the book.

We regret that a notice of this work has been delayed by us, not so much for the sake of the author, whose celebrated improved Billiard Tables and Cushions are now generally adopted as the best in use and are so eagerly sought after, but for the benefit of our readers, who from this slight notice of the work may be disposed to regard the subject as suggestive (as indeed it is intended to be) of important considerations for their benefit.

In the following extract, which is a fair specimen of the clear and elegant style in which the work is written—the author advances sound reasons why his favorite game should and does take precedence, morally, physically, philosophically, and scientifically, of all other games, in the pursuit of which we seek either amusement, mental excitation, or bodily exercise. Mr. Phelan says:

Man does not live that he may work—at least he ought not so to live in a well regulated condition of society. On the contrary, we should rather work that we may live: and whatever system of political economy does not embrace certain hours of relaxation, and certain methods of amusement is a false and pernicious idolatry, having Mammon for its God, and man's best energies and happiness as the victims to be sacrificed upon its unholy altar.

There are two extremes of population, in which the sanitary needs of amusement stand a chance of being overlooked or crowded down by still sterner necessities.

Where the population is so dense as we find it in the manufacturing districts of England, not a moment can be spared from the incessant demands which competition makes on toil: labor is there so redundant that it loses its proper value, and nothing but the strictest and most unremitting devotion to business can secure even the barest necessaries of life. When wealth is monopolized in the hands of a few, while the millions are forever hovering on the very brink of starvation, it would be absurd to look either for a general diffusion of intelligence, or for any system of amusement superior to that afforded by the gin-palaces and the dog-fight.

Again, on the other hand, where the population is disproportionately small when compared with the vast resources which lie around it, in a new and undeveloped country—where wealth runs to waste on every hand for the want of labor to collect and garner it—where every man is free to become his own master and create a future for himself independent of any other help,—in such a condition of society toil rises to an unnatural importance; we reckon time not by hours, but by dollars; and hence it is we find, that in the earlier settlement of our country, the grim, puritanical spirit of the original immigrants not only discouraged "unprofitable amusements" by preaching and denunciation from the pulpit, but even went so far as to prohibit the most innocent recreation by positive and penal enactments.

How short-sighted such a policy! what ignorance of man's real nature in this bigoted and narrow course! For the desire for amusement has been implanted in man, and in all other animals as well, as one of the primitive instincts, and for the most important purposes: it teaches us in childhood the use of our various faculties—it inspires us with ambition and dexterity, and helps to unfold the mind by bringing it into contact and rivalry with the minds of kindred youth. In manhood it is the best promoter of bodily health, and enables us to sustain those serious toils which, if unrelieved by some more pleasing stimulant would soon succeed in degrading us to the level of mere human machines.

Instead, therefore, of railing against the popular desire for amusement, true wisdom would rather seek to encourage the spirit, and direct it into such channels as would best promote the objects for the accomplishment of which we are endowed by nature; and true policy would suggest, that, instead of adopting the Roman plan, where circuses, or public games, embraced the mortal struggles of the gladiators and the deadly contests between men and wild beasts, we should return as much as possible, to the old Egyptian system, by which the public recreations were made the vehicle of imparting the most important scientific truths, in a form so agreeable and simple, that the very meanest intellect was capable of appreciating and recollecting their cogency. Thus, the original game of cards, as taught by the builders of the pyramids, conveyed a knowledge of the whole system of practical astronomy—the "court cards," as we call them now, representing the different constellations which rule the year, and the numerals being marked in such a manner, as to indicate precisely the different periods for the overflow and subsidence of the Nile, and the various agricultural operations thereon dependent.

But cards have long since lost their character of primitive simplicity and instruction; they have degenerated to the service of the gambler; and, though still valuable, in some degree, for the arithmetical combinations which they illustrate, it is felt, in the first place, that their use is fraught with peril; and in the second, that they are destitute of that bodily exercise without which amusement ceases to be healthful.

Chess is indeed a splendid game, and may be called the tournament of intellects; it affords a field for the development of the very highest efforts of genius—its capabilities are infinite, and, if worked out in a legitimate spirit would form a mental discipline, not one whit inferior to the abstrusest propositions of mathematics. It is, in fact, so much of a discipline, that it almost ceases to be a game; it is exhaustive of the brain, and Sir. Walter Scott declared, as his reasons for abandoning chess (of which, like Napoleon, he had been passionately fond), that "the last game he played with Lockhart, his son-in-law, cost him more mental labor, and left his faculties more prostrate than the composition of the two best novels he had ever written."

Chess, therefore, though an excellent exercise for the mind, is too rigorous and concentrated to be considered an amusement: it is merely an intellectual combat, which calls for no muscular energy, or physical accomplishment; it teaches neither quickness to the eye nor readiness to the hand; and its nature is so sedentary and intense, as to be absolutely prejudicial to the health, if pursued to any great extent. But it possesses this advantage over cards—an advantage to which we wish to call particular attention—that its intrinsic intellectual excitement is so strong, as to render unnecessary the money interest or gambling bets, which are found, to a great extent, essential to the full enjoyment of the others.

Again, in the game of Bowling, we have great physical energy displayed, while the mind is left in almost utter inactivity. A certain physical knack is to be acquired, for the purpose of impelling a ball of a certain weight, to hit an object at a certain distance, in a certain way; but when once this difficulty is mastered, we exhaust the whole resources of the game. The physical exercise is often too severe, and there is not variety enough to afford a natural excitement—in the absence of which we are all too apt to apply ourselves to the money-interest of a bet, to make up for the deficiency which is inherent on the nature of the game.

From the preceding remarks—if we have caused our meaning to be understood—it will be seen that a game to satisfy all the requirements and avoid all the dangers of a public amusement, should contain within itself the following indispensable prerequisites:

In the first place, it should exercise and discipline the faculties and resources, both of the mind and body, without exhausting or disgusting either; and,

In the second place, it should contain, within itself, sufficient mental excitement and ambition to render the extrinsic interest of a gambling bet superfluous to its full enjoyment.

These, as we understand the matter, are the two essential points to be consulted in the selection of a game to be adopted as a public and national amusement; and these we confidently affirm, and the experience of the world will support us in our assertion, are to be found alone in their perfection in that which has worthily been styled the noble game of billiards. This game is peculiarly in harmony with the mechanical genius of our people; it combines science with gymnastics, teaching the eye to judge of distances, the mind to calculate forces, and the arm to execute with skill and rapidity, whatever the mind and eye combine to dictate for its execution; it expands the chest, while giving grace and elegance to the form, and affords, even to the illiterate mind a practical basis for the appreciation of mathematical and geometric truth. According to the best opinion of anatomists, there are in the neighborhood of four hundred muscles in the human body, and beauty of person, as well as health, will much depend upon each of these muscles being brought into action under proper circumstances, and to a suitable extent. Now the game of billiards calls into action each and every one of the sinews, tendons, joints and muscles of the frame, as any one who will take the trouble to watch a single game, must be satisfied for himself. In walking, striking, stretching, stooping, and leaning back, the requirements of an ordinary game place the player in almost every attitude it is possible to conceive. To this testimony of our own senses, we could add that of the best medical authors, if we thought such were needed, to give weight to a proposition which demonstrates itself.

A NEW SYSTEM OF PHRENOLOGY. By JOHN S. HITTELL. New-York. *Calvin Blanchard.*

Mr. Hittell, the author of this "New System," has for some years been devoted to the study of the science to which he now contributes his combinations, analyses, and observations, under the style, title and dignity of a *Novum Organum*, which, though "still far from being a perfect system of cerebral psychology," he believes to be better than any other, and as good as he can make it. Of the truth of the latter remark we have no doubt.

As we are not sufficient of an organ-grinder or bump-ographer to judge of the merits of this work in a purely scientific manner, we can do no more than state, in as short a space as possible, what the author designs it to be.

While acknowledging the phrenological system of Gall and Spurzheim to be true in general principles, Mr. Hittell rejects sundry portions of the rules or conclusions arrived at by those eminent men, as well as by George Combe. Having concluded that these writers were defective in some points, Mr. Hittell set himself to discover the incongruities between the organs and the music, so to speak, if possible; and receiving with doubt nearly every thing found in Mr. Combe's writings, he finally arrived at the conclusions which are condensed and very perspicuously arranged in this manual. Mr. Hittell essays to show, that some sixteen organs, or indications of faculties—including such quietly located old stagers as Form, Size, Color, Language, Locality, Eventuality, and others, as mapped down by Gall and Spurzheim, "either do not exist as separate faculties, according to the definitions of the founders of Phrenology, or are not proved to be properly located." He also doubts the accredited function of the cerebellum, and argues that some functions are seated in it which are at present indicated above the eye; also that the full influence of some most important organs, for example, Destructiveness, Conscientiousness, and Secretiveness, have not met sufficient investigation or expression from the writers named above.

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Hittell's "System" will probably fall like a bomb among the old fogies of phrenology. For those who have read or studied Gall and Spurzheim, or attempted to read or study Combe, Mr. Hittell's little book will be of course a necessity. Though much of its value no doubt is lost to us, from our being rather behind the phrenological—which some people think the only go-a-*head*—progress of the age, we must admit that the author writes with clearness.

"Margaret Catchpole, the celebrated Horse-Thief," is the title of a reprint from an English publication, we presume, of the "Newgate-Calendar" order. We have not read it, but a young gentleman who "runs with a machine," and is otherwise "fast," took it away, and writes thus laconically of it: "I have analyzed this book. It is altogether misnamed. It is simply the history of a young girl who happens to fall in love with a young man who afterwards turns smuggler, and goes through a variety of hair-breadth escapes. Notwithstanding his bad character, Margaret still clings to him fondly, with the hope of his changing his course of life, and becoming a good member of society. To those who "don't know enough," I would recommend the book. All I dislike about it is, that it has got a little too much "flabbergast" and blood and thunder. As to the horse-stealing part of the business, she never stole but one, and *that she* was persuaded to do by its being falsely represented to her that by so doing she would see her lover. Add to this temptation the fact that she had not seen him for a long time. For this offence she was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, but was commuted to transportation and sent to Botany Bay. So there is my idea of the matter."

The February number of the "Schoolfellow" is especially good. This publication is one of the most entertaining and useful ever projected for children. To sustain such a work is a much more difficult matter than is generally supposed; and one of the highest privileges of a thoroughly pure and honest writer is to leave something, which, becoming a portion of the education of children, helps to form the character of the future man. The "Schoolfellow" sustains itself well, and we are advised that the publisher's exertions will not be abated to render it as perfect as a liberal expenditure can make it.

We have received from Schonberg & Co. specimen sheets of maps and vignettes, printed by letter-press from their Acrographic or Relief Plates. They are very beautiful. We learn that the process of Acrography combines economy, durability, delicacy, and expedition. Electrotypes and stereotypes can be made in the usual way from the Relief Plates. The samples of checques, business label patterns, &c., are exceedingly tasty, and must soon be universally adopted.

THE PAINTINGS IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

The rumor that the Library committee of Congress had engaged Horace Vernet, the celebrated French artist, to paint a picture illustrative of some great battle of the Revolution, for the new Halls of Congress, has suggested the following remarks which we find in the Columbia (S.C.) *Banner*. While we do not agree with all the ideas therein expressed—the estimate placed on the gifts of some of the painters mentioned, and the slight of others not mentioned for instance, we do not think the writer very far wrong in his general though necessarily curt criticism on the paintings in the Capitol. The concluding suggestion is one worthy of consideration by all the state governments:

It has been announced that the great artist of France, Horace Vernet, has been invited to paint a battle-piece for one of the new Halls of Congress. The lovers of painting, progress and of education, will appreciate the noble impulse that has influenced the Library Committee of Congress to seek in the wide realm of the fine arts for the aid of its great masters, to give to our Capitol specimens of their highest skill. Art and genius belong to the wide world and to the age, and happy is any government that is able to present to its people illustrations of her history, which will be intrinsically valuable as great studies as well as pictures of events. Where is it so meet that our own devotees of the pencil should go to see its beautiful creations as to the halls of the Capitol? While our native artists are entitled to be there represented, it is equally due to them to procure from the world at large the finest compositions of art, both to exhibit by comparison their own efforts, and to serve as permanent memorials of the age they represent.

We have at the Capitol noble sculptures by Greenough and Crawford and Mills, and a noble painting by Weir, with many other unsatisfactory efforts by our own and foreign artists. While many of them possess merit, and present points of high excellence, there is no one as a whole, excepting the admirable work of Weir, that we can with pride point to as creditable to our times.

Inman's health did not allow him to carry out his order, or we might have had a work characteristic of the highest excellence of his day. Allston, the greatest artist of our republic, has no memorial there, and we are delighted to have the prospect of possessing in our country a great work by a truly great man. We would indulge the hope that among Europe's eminent men of the present day, there may be found others deserving of being associated with the subject of this notice. Strange that Powers, who is confessedly the first sculptor in the world, is without a place in the Capitol of his native land! We would see in our Federal halls the finest works of the most eminent men of the age, as models for instruction, and examples of historical interest. The Committee has shown the liberal spirit of true republicans representing democratic principles, which know how to appreciate the excellence of worth, without regard to a sentimental nativism subversive of dignity of thought and freedom of action.

When our own State Capitol rises in its grand proportions, and illustrates the architecture, liberality and spirit of the State, we expect to see here within its walls memorials of departed greatness in the lineaments of such men as Rutledge and Gadsden, of Marion, Sumpter and Calhoun. It is an obligation we owe to posterity to arrest the fleeting features of such worthy patriots, and fix them in the halls where their spirits, if allowed to visit earth, would delight to dwell.

Literary and Artistic News.

In 1636 the first book was printed in New England. Not till 1704 was there a paper published. The *News Letter* was then started and continued for 72 years, until after the commencement of the Revolution; the Boston *Gazette* was next published, and the third was the *Courant* by the elder brother of Ben. Franklin. The first paper printed in New-York was in 1725. In Philadelphia 1719. And now by the last census of New England not less than 424 papers are published, and 2800 in the Union, with an average circulation of 1785. In 1732 Ben. Franklin began his Poor Richard's Almanac. The first tragedy written in America was by Benjamin Coleman, a student at Harvard, and there acted on commencement day. It was entitled "Gustavus Vasa." Coleman was settled afterwards in Boston and was an eloquent and affectionate minister. In the hundred sermons he printed are historical and biographical facts of value to the historian. The class of students which was graduated 1770 appeared in black cloth of domestic manufacture. In 1675 rice was brought to South Carolina by the master of a vessel from Madagascar, who gave to the people a bag of the article and taught them in what sorts of soil to sow it, and in a few years it surpassed the production of silk and indigo. In 1759 Georgia manufactured 10,000 pounds of silk. The first iron was made in Lynn, Mass. The General Court offered a bounty of 3000 acres of land to any one who would establish a forge.

In the matter of the New Southern University, the New Orleans *Delta* notices, in terms of commendation, an address to the members and friends of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Southern and Southwestern States, signed by the Bishops of the Dioceses of Tennessee, Louisiana, Georgia, Alabama, the Southwest, Mississippi, Florida, South Carolina and North Carolina. This address was called forth by the circular letter addressed to the several Bishops who signed it, by Bishop Polk of Louisiana, and very ably enforces the suggestions of the latter on the duty and policy of creating greater educational facilities at the South. The address embraces the outlines of a plan for preliminary organization of the institution, in which it is provided that the University, though not especially sectarian, shall be under the direction of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as represented by the Dioceses uniting in its foundation; that $500,000 shall be the least amount with which the enterprise shall be commenced; and designates the locality of the University at Chattanooga, where the various railroads traversing the Southern dioceses converge, thus rendering access to it from every direction easy and speedy.

The *Delta* remarks:—"The importance and value of such an institution can scarcely be over-estimated. It is to be hoped the lay members of the Church will second the laudable efforts of the Bishops. Meantime, we congratulate the South upon this flattering indication of educational enterprise in our midst; and the more readily we do this from the fact that the Protestant Episcopal Church, either North or South, through the pulpit or press, has not dealt in cant about slavery, and played the demagogue in order to pander to the prejudices of the enemies of Southern institutions. Conservative in its tendencies, thus free from cant and superior to demagogueism, we confess to a feeling of pride that all its Dioceses are uniting to build up a collegiate institution in our midst, honorable to it and worthy of the South."

Paris at present possesses 35 large libraries. Some are public, others are only partly so, and the greater number are exclusively devoted to certain establishments. The public libraries are: The Bibliotheque Imperiale, with 1,400,000 printed volumes, about 300,000 pamphlets, and 80,000 manuscripts; the Arsenal, 220,000 volumes, and 6,000 manuscripts; Saint Genevieve, 150,000 volumes, and 4,000 manuscripts; Mazarin, about 120,000 volumes, and 5,000 manuscripts; the Sorbonne, 80,000 volumes; the City of Paris, 65,000 volumes, and 300 manuscripts; the Ecole de Medicine, 43,000 volumes; the Museum of Natural History at the Jardin des Plantes, 35,000 volumes; the Invalides 30,000 volumes; the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, 20,000 volumes; and the Conservatoire de Musique, 8,000 volumes.

The Messrs. Appleton, announce a literary enterprise of great and general importance. They propose to publish a "New American Encyclopædia," for the practical use of men of all classes and pursuits, a complete survey and summary of all the facts of human knowledge up to the present day. "The Encyclopædia Americana," is now more than twenty years old, and there is now a pressing necessity for a work which shall contain the fruit of the progress since accomplished in every department of letters, science and industry. The Messrs. Appleton's work will be at once a dictionary of history, geography, philosophy, literature, politics, and practical science and industry.

The *Builder* says—in the church connected with the Jesuits, at Stonehurst, a stained glass window has recently been placed. The window is dedicated to St. Joseph, and is of six lights, each containing one principal subject from the life of the saint, viz:—The journey into Bethlehem, St. Joseph with the infant Christ in his arms, the journey into Egypt, the disputation in the Temple, Christ in Nazareth—subject to his parents—and the death of St. Joseph. Choirs of angels are introduced in the heads of the lights, bearing texts. The tracery lights are filled with emblematical foliated ornaments and scrolls. The window was designed and executed by Messrs. Pilkington, of St. Helen's, Lancashire.

Charles Lever, as well known by the *soubriquet* of "Harry Lorrequer," as by his natural patronymic, is about collecting all his numerous works into a cheap and uniform edition. They will appear in crown 8vo. volumes, each at a dollar—being a fifth of the original price. Every volume, says the Literary Gossiper of the *Daily Times*, is to have eight illustrations by H. K. Brown, ("Phiz,") and "Harry Lorrequer," occupying the opening volume, appeared on the first of January. Lever, though he has published somewhere about a dozen works of fiction, is comparatively a young man. For the satisfaction of the curious, we state that he was born in Dublin, on the last day of August, 1806. His father was a builder in good circumstances, and educated him for the medical profession, which he studied partly in Dublin (under the tuition of Sir Philip Crampton, father of the late British Minister to Washington,) and partly under Depuytren at Paris. He made his *debut* as a practitioner in the north of Ireland, during the Cholera of 1832. Subsequently he was physician to the British Embassy at Brussels, and while in that position wrote *Harry Lorrequer*, which he dedicated to Sir. G. Hamilton Seymour, the British Minister. in 1842 he resided in his native city as editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, but did not long remain in that situation. In 1845 he fixed his residence at Florence, where he has since remained, still writing for the Magazine, and almost always having a serial in course of publication. So many of his stories relate to adventure in the Peninsular War, that the public have generally believed him to have been attached to the British Army as a surgeon. In fact, as the dates show he was only a very small school-boy at the time. Dr. Lever has travelled over the greater part of Europe, and is undoubtedly what we would call a "smart man." He has the misfortune of being afflicted with extremely expensive habits.

Another statue, the tenth we believe, has just been added to the group of eminent statesmen which line the grand entrance to the New Houses of Parliament. Two more, those of Grattan and Burke, are still wanting to complete the series determined on for this magnificent apartment. The execution of this monument to the great Earl of Chatham was confined to Mr. M'Dowall, R.A.; the *London Standard* says "we have seldom seen a figure which gives a more gratifying evidence of the high rank to which the sculpture of this country has attained. The marble is instinct with life and genius; but its vigor is dignified without being melodramatic, and its action and accessories are historically characteristic of the illustrious man whom it personifies.

Mr. Crawford, the sculptor, is said to be suffering in Rome from a malignant cancer, which it is feared will terminate his life. He had but lately undergone an operation for the removal of a tumor from the socket of one of his eyes, which severe operation it was at one time feared he would not survive. Hopes were, however, beginning to be entertained, when tidings were received that he was again attacked and that there was little hope of his recovery. Mrs. Crawford was announced to sail in the *America*, to join her husband. When visited with this affliction Mr. Crawford was engaged in executing extensive works for the Capitol at Washington and the Capitol of Virginia, both of which still remain incomplete.

Seth Cheney, an artist, celebrated particularly for his drawings in Crayon, died on Wednesday, 17th, at Manchester, Connecticut, where he had retired, with the intention of devoting himself to painting in colors, for which he is said to have been possessed of a fine eye and delicate feeling for outline and shadow, by the management and disposition of which he gained his reputation. He became a prey, however, to consumption, or rather, as his physician describes it, an exhaustion of the nervous organization. He was aged 55.

We find the following in the Pittsburg *Union*.

SIC TRANSIT.

How many sickly ones
Wish they were healthy;
How many beggar men
Wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones
Wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones
Wish they were witty;
How many bachelors
Wish they were married;
How many benedicts
Wish they were tarried.
Single or double,
Life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble,
Pleasure's a bubble.

John Kenyon, an English verse-writer of not much account, but extremely popular for his amiability and wealth, died in London at the close of the year, leaving the unpoetical sum of £80,000. Dr Southey, the physician, (surviving brother of the late Poet Laureate) gets £6,000. Mr. B. W. Proctor (better known as "Barry Cornwall") is to have £500. Dr. Shelton Mackensie, now of New-York, is to have £500. According to the English custom, no legacy is payable within twelve months of the testator's death, so the fortunate *leg-at-ease*, as Sam Weller would call them, cannot touch the tin during the year 1857.

The Boston *Transcript* learns by a private letter that George Carstenssen, architect of the Crystal Palace, New-York, died at Copenhagen on the 4th of January. He commenced the publication of a Sunday newspaper at Copenhagen, and died the same day that the first number was issued.

Roger A. Pryor, Esq., has retired from the Richmond *Enquirer* and will probably soon be connected with the editorial department of the Charleston *Mercury*.

W. Gilmore Simms has been invited by several of the prominent gentlemen of Charleston to deliver, in that city, the three lectures which he attempted unsuccessfully to deliver in several northern cities.

The London *Atlas* says that the National Newspaper League Company, whose object is the publication of a first-class daily journal, to be called the *Dial*, has already disposed of shares to the amount of between £20,000 and £30,000.

Mr. G. P. R. James, the British Consul and novelist, has a new novel ready for the press. It will be issued, it is understood, in the course of the ensuing spring or summer.

It is stated that Mr. W. E. P. Haskell, will shortly start a paper in Boston, to be called the *Free Press*. It will be about as large as the *Transcript* of that city.

John B. Groves, of Boston, Massachusetts, who went to Europe last year, is pronounced the best violinist in the Brussels Conservatory, and has been presented with a silver cup for a performance in a Beethoven quartette.

The first woman who appeared on the English stage, was Mrs. Coleman, in 1656. Previously, the men enacted the women's characters.

A new tunnelling machine has been put in operation on the east side of the Hoosick tunnel. It weighs forty tons, and its builder predicts that it will work through at the rate of fifty feet per day.

ITALY AND SWITZERLAND.

From Ernest Jones' paper.

There cannot be a greater contrast than that at present afforded by the two countries giving a title to this article. In the one we deplore democracy betrayed, a republic crushed for a while; in the other we admire democracy triumphant, a republic victorious over banded monarchies. In the one we see liberty bleeding by England's help—in the other we see tyranny bruised and fugitive, despite England's countenance and France's threat. We say "England's countenance" advisedly—for to send England's military order by England's greatest captain, to the Prince of Prussia, at the moment he was starting with a vast army against Switzerland, was a demonstration as significant as it was criminal.

The bold attitude of Switzerland has frightened back open aggression. But let not our readers suppose the danger for Switzerland is over. This Switzerland well understands; for, though she nominally professes to disband her army, virtually she is going to do nothing of the sort, but, in the proclamation of her General, Dufour, announces to her soldiers that they will have to remain in winter quarters.

There is good reason for this—since the step now being taken by the "Great Powers" is apparently the first breach in the promise made by France and England. The Governments of the latter were understood to guarantee the perfect freedom of Neuchatel, on condition of the royalist prisoners being released. They have been released, and, now, how has that guarantee been realized? "A Conference" is to assemble in London, it is said—to consider the matter! This savors much of fair play. It is like considering, in the den of the wolf, the fate of the lamb—though, happily, in this case, the lamb itself is not in the wolf's den, but safe at home, and rather capable of giving the wolf as good knocks as the wolf gives him. Russia wished the conference to meet at Frankfort, a free German city, and, we should say, the most suitable place. But Prussia was determined in favor of London—and very naturally—for is not Prussia going to marry us—are we not going to give her the gold of our workingmen in return for her condescension in taking a German girl from our hands? But, perhaps, the seat of the Conferences is not of such vital moment, seeing that, wherever they are held, they will be held by the enemies of republics and freedom. Switzerland will have but one, or, at most, two votes; and against her will be arrayed Prussia, Austria, England, France, Russia, and we know not how many more crowned despotisms who may claim to be "interested in the question." Small chance of justice to Switzerland from such a conclave of conspirators. Well, therefore, may the gallant mountaineers hesitate before they disbanded their army of citizen-soldiers. As a well-directed public opinion may not be without effect in England, we particularly exhort our readers to watch the course of the Conference intended to be holden in London.

Turning from the gratifying spectacle of Swiss liberty, a melancholy sight meets our view in southern Italy. There, another great crime, kindred to the murder of Bandiera, has been perpetrated by our government. Baron Bentivenga and his leading associates have been executed.

Why did they rise? Because of Palmerston's policy. Because our Ministers sought to gain popularity by a spurious liberalism that sympathised, in words, with Italian patriots; in acts, with Italian despots. The parliamentary demonstration of our government, the recall of our ambassador from Naples, and the sailing of our fleet caused the Sicilian insurrection, by creating those false hopes, which Palmerston knew those acts would raise. After stirring the insurrection, Palmerston abandoned it. The blood of Bentivenga rests on the threshold of our Foreign Office, and on the velvet of our Treasury bench. We do not maintain it as a fact, but merely state it as a possibility to which results very forcibly point, that the Italian sympathies of our government were a trap to force on a premature revolution, and give King Ferdinand an excuse to arm, and arm in time.

In Northern Italy a gleam of sense has awakened, however late.

In the Sardinan Chambers, M. Brofferio has openly denounced the Anglo-French alliance.

He "congratulated himself on having never been a supporter of the Anglo-French alliance. They had anticipated that the Italians would be recompensed for their assistance in the Russian war by the freedom of Italy. What had become of all those seductive promises? Poland, the Danubian Principalities, Italy, were more than ever under yoke. Count Cavour had spoken noble words at his return from Paris. Words, however, should be followed by deeds, and the deeds had not been performed. On the contrary acts had been done directly opposed to the words of Count Cavour. A subscription had been opened for presenting the first Italian provinces which should rise with 10,000 muskets. The government had interdicted the subscription, and seized the journals favorable to it. Young men attempted an invasion of the Modenese territory from the Sardinian frontier; the Ministry had arrested these revolutionists. In Sicily a revolutionary movement had broken out, which had been stifled in blood, and Count Cavour, who, by his words, had, perhaps, lighted the spark of this explosion, had done nothing to support it. Not even had a Sardinian ship appeared in the waters of Sicily to protect the subjects of Sardinia."

This strikingly verifies our words, as to the character of the Sardinian alliance, and the intentions of the Sardinian government. We saw through both at the commencement as our readers will remember:—in Sardinia they are finding it out now only.

However, the words of Brofferio are a sign of progress, and we draw hope from their utterance.

THE NATIVES IN AUSTRALIA.

A correspondent of the *Melbourne Argus* describes an aboriginal wake which he witnessed at Sale, Gipp's Land. The natives belonging to the more immediate vicinity of Sale, having committed a murder upon one of the Omee blacks, and aggravated the atrocity by indulging their cannibal propensities in eating a portion of his body, were threatened with an avenging onslaught from the Omee tribes. For greater security against such an attack they came down close to the township, where they camped in bodies of from 12 to 20 each. A man among them had been ill for some time—so far gone as to be quite unable to walk, except when partially carried by his comrades. Such was the state of matters when, one evening, attention was attracted by a most unaccountable noise coming from the direction of their camp.

The correspondent hurried down to the spot where the blacks were camped. The sick man was being held up in a standing posture by three of his comrades, who were bemoaning his fate with the most heartfelt sorrow. The entire camp, men, women and children—exhibited the most frantic grief—all, the women and children not excepted, cutting their heads and bodies in a shocking manner with their waddies, tomahawks, and other instruments of war. The dying man's life was ebbing fast. His supporters placed him in a sitting position. One held his hand to the fire, and lifted it to the patient's face, desirous of counteracting the coldness which he felt creeping over it. His gin, the bereaved one, gave evidence of uncontrollable and maddening grief. With her nails she tore the skin off her cheeks, from the

eyes downwards. This action she continued on the lacerated flesh until it became horrible to witness. Anon she would seize a tomahawk, and dash it with both hands against her legs. At last she threw herself forward as if to catch the last breath of her dying husband. The frantic excitement of every one increases; the self-inflicted wounds are redoubled. The man is dead. The body is stretched out before the fire. Instantaneously each man ran to where he had placed his spear, and began stabbing himself in the legs. The howlings, the yellings, and wailings of agonizing grief which accompanied this display, formed certainly the most imposing death-dirge that fancy could ever have imagined. Next day they disembowelled the body, intending to smoke it until nothing but skin and skeleton were left. Throughout the whole of three nights the entire bush resounded with their wailings.

TOPICS.

It is stated that Major John P. Heiss will establish a daily journal in Washington city on the 1st March, to be called "The *Times*." Mr. Heiss has great political experience and the benefit of a successful journalistic career. He was formerly proprietor and editor of the Washington *Union*, and since of the New-Orleans *Delta*. Fearless as a man, and independent as a politician, the paper under Mr. Heiss's management, must sustain that character for integrity, ability and force, for which his name is sufficient guarantee.

Hon. Mr. St. Paul, a member of the General Assembly of Louisiana, recently introduced a joint resolution for the action of that body, which commands attention. The resolution, which was referred to the Committee on the State Library, instructs the Secretary of State to subscribe for one copy of each of ten newspapers, including the official journal, published in the State, and provides that they be annually bound in separate volumes and placed among the archives of the State, for reference and permanent preservation as a record of passing events. The idea of effecting the purpose contemplated in the resolution suggested itself to Mr. St. Paul, he said, on recently going to the Library and asking to see a volume of the official journal of some four or five years past; when he was informed that the State preserved no regular files of any of the journals of the State. This ommission, he thought, should be promptly remedied. The information contained in those journals, might be thought lightly of now, but the future historian would find them a valuable index to the passing occurrences and events of the times. The expense would be a mere trifle—one hundred and twenty dollars, or thereabouts, and the binding, perhaps some twenty more.

A tremendous flood occurred in Albany on the 8th and 9th inst., damaging property to an amount which cannot fail to reach $2,000,000. All through the night of the 8th, the city was in confusion and excitement. The citizens were engaged all Thursday evening on the docks and in the lower part of the city, in removing goods, and storing them away in the second stories of buildings, which it was thought the flood could not reach; but their calculations proved erroneous. About half-past ten the ice commenced going in the river with tremendous force. The water rose so rapidly, that all those working on the docks and piers, were compelled to make a rapid retreat. The water in the river continued rising until five o'clock on the morning of the 9th, when it reached a point three feet higher than ever before known. The entire lower part of the city was flooded as high as Green-street—the lower part of Herkimer, Hudson, Lydius, Hamilton and parallel streets were submerged to the first stories of the buildings. The water flowed through Broadway from the Exchange to the Delavan House, flooding the stores and filling the cellars on the west side of the street. Between Broadway and the river, the streets are navigable with boats. When the great flood commenced, it was about two o'clock in the morning. The water rose six inches in five minutes. Persons who had retired to bed, thinking themselves safe, were aroused by horsemen, who rode through the water, knocking at the doors of houses to arouse the sleepers to a sense of their danger. The wildest confusion prevailed, the people in the lower parts of the city having barely time to escape with their lives. A large number of cattle were drowned. In the midst of the excitement, fires were discovered bursting forth from houses in different parts of the city. The height of the water rendered the engines useless; but the firemen put off in boats with buckets, and confined the flames tothe buildings where they originated. Columns of the daily journals were filled with exciting incidents. Several lives were lost, and many saved by the noble exertions of friends and fearless men. Committees of citizens were immediately formed for the purpose of relieving the distress of the sufferers. The Telegraphs brought intelligence of great freshets in the Susquehanna, Delaware, and Connecticut rivers Ohio river and tributaries, St. Louis river, and in general all the rivers, North, East and West. Railroad travel and Mail communication have been very much impeded by the late warm rains falling on the vast snow-drifts along the rivers, and swelling the streams and brooks to a great height, which overflowed the tracks and blocked them with huge pieces of ice, and carried the bridges away. Of the western rivers, the telegraph from Pittsburgh, February 9, gives us a sample thus: "The St. Louis River has risen eighteen feet since Saturday morning, and is still rising. Immense quantities of ice are floating in the Missouri, which is open to above Jefferson City, pouring out a high flood. The Illinois is open all the way up, and has risen twelve or fifteen feet at Peoria, and is still rising. The upper Mississippi is rising, but we do not know how far it is open Heavy rains have been general throughout the West, and numerous land-slides have occurred."

On their arrival, the Senators elect from California, Hons. Wm. M. Gwin and David C. Broderick, were visited by large numbers of their friends. One hundred guns were fired in the Park, in honor of Mr. Broderick's election. Later in the evening that gentleman was waited upon by the Committees appointed by the Board of Aldermen and Councilmen, to tender him the honor of the city and the use of the Governor's room in the City-Hall, in which to receive his friends. Mr. Broderick accepted the honor.

The Ladies' Fair and Festival for the benefit of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Fourteenth street, will take place at the City Assembly Rooms, on Monday, 23d February. It is an object worthy of support and will, no doubt, secure a crowded attendance.

LATER FROM EUROPE-THE BRITISH PIRATES IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

The Europa to Boston has brought three days later news than what we have already received by the City of Baltimore.

Affairs in Europe remained quiet, the Chinese war is still criticised, and the British fleet had continued the bombardment of Canton in consequence of the authorities having burned down all the factories, and the several banks. It was reported that the Govenor had apologised to the Americans and promised to respect the American flag. It was rumored in England that the Persian quarrel was on the point of settlement. The British pirates had landed twelve miles from Bushire and marched upon that place, the fleets moving in a parrellel line and covering their flank, Bushire was garrissoned by Arabs eight hundred of whom left the fort and awaited the attack. Brigadier Stopford was killed while waving on his men who then charged, and after a sharp conflict with the bayonet drove back the Arabs upon the fort, the fleet bombarded the city for four hours, the forts replied warmly and then surrendered.

The pirates and filibusters entered the place, and are reported to have committed abominable excesses after the capitulation. The brutal excesses of Kertch were repeated. We can easily conceive that neither age, sex, mother, maiden was respected by those scarlet brigands. Such is Anglo-Saxon civilization.

DIED,

At his late residence, in New-London, (Conn.,) JAMES LUSK, aged 75 years, formerly of the parish of Horseleap, county of Westmeath, Ireland.

Westmeath and Dublin papers please copy.

FATHER MATHEW.

His Life, Times and Services.

Lyceums, Literary, and other Societies are respectfully informed that

MR. JOHN SAVAGE,

Author of "'98 and '48; the Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland,"

is prepared to receive engagements from this date to the first week in April, to deliver a Lecture on the LIFE AND LABORS OF THE LATE FATHER MATHEW.

Societies or Lecture Committees deeming the subject worthy of notice, will address Mr. Savage, at the office of this Journal, or care of Redfield, Publisher, Beekman street, New-York. feb21

JOHN FOLEY

WILL DELIVER

A Lecture,

At Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, on Friday eve'g, Feb. 20, 1857.

Subject—The Moral and Physical Prosperity of the Irish People in the 11th century—the Barbarity of the English in their Wars with the Irish Nation for over 400 years—the Inhumanity of the Penal Laws—also the Massacre of over 300,000 men, women and children by an Act of Parliament previously passed for that purpose.

Tickets 25 cents—to be had at the door. To commence at 8 o'clock.

A CARD.

ATTENTION—Citizens and Fellow-Countrymen—In defence of my character, I deem it my duty to inform you that during the past year I have lost over $1,700 by the operations of Augustus S. Jerome, by which I have been deprived of the means of supplying the orders of numerous gentlemen who almost daily call upon me for my Railroad Watches, which I have been making for engineers, conductors and sea-captains. Finding no other method of retrieving my loss, I therefore take the liberty of informing my numerous customers, and the citizens generally, that in order to obtain the means whereby to resume the manufacture of those watches, I will deliver a lecture at the Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, on Friday evening, February 20, 1857, at eight o'clock.

JOHN FOLEY, 202 Bowery.

84 WILLIAM-STREET,

Corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

FURNISHING GOODS,

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

GEORGE M. TRACY, would respectfully inform his friends and customers, that he has now on hand and is constantly receiving the lates style of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting in part of

HOSIERY OF ALL KINDS.

Beaufort Ties,	Umbrellas,
Fine Shirts and Collars,	Under Shirts and Drawers,
Cravats and Scarfs,	Improved Napoleon Ties,
Suspenders,	Linen and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs,
Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,	Dressing Robes,
Kid and Dog Skin Gloves,	Silk Under Garments, &c.,

which he offers at greatly reduced prices, wholesale or retail. His shirts are of superior make, and warranted to fit.

Persons wishing goods in his line, will find themselves well paid by stepping out of Broadway, and calling at the old stand,

fe21 2m 84 WILLIAM-STREET.

Mayor's Office, New-York, February 16th, 1857.—NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given, that all persons who desire to be

VACCINATED,

Will be attended to promptly—without charge—by application at either of the Dispensaries, where Physicians are constantly in attendance; and it is recommended, that all who have not been vaccinated, should avail themselves immediately of the opportunity thus offered.

The New-York Dispensary is located at the corner of Centre and White-streets.

The Eastern Dispensary, in Ludlow-street, in the rear of Essex Market.

The Northern Dispensary is located corner Waverly Place and Christopher-street.

The Demilt Dispensary is located at 87 Second Avenue.

The North-Western Dispe sary is located at 511 Eighth Avenue.

fe21 FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Holloway's Ointment.—Abscesses and purulent ulcers of many years standing, are readily cured by this powerful anti-putrescent and healing preparation. It purges the sores of its poisonous virus, and imparts sufficient vigor to the surrounding vessels, to produce new and healthy flesh. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62 1-2c., and $1 per pot. fe21

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Bremen, per U. S. Steamer WASHINGTON, will close at this office on Saturday, the 21st day of February, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

fe21 I. V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

MISS MATILDA HERON

attracts crowded and delighted audiences by her splendid impersonation of the heroine in her own play of

Medea,

which she commenced on the evening of Monday February 16th.

A favorite Farce each evening.

An early application for seats is respectfully urged to prevent disappointment.

A GRAND

Ladies' Fair and Festival

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,

Fourteenth Street, will be held at the City Assembly Rooms, 448 Broadway, on Monday Evening, February 23d, 1857. Tickets 50 cents.

Doors open at 2 o'clock. feb21

Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely: If the culverts and sewers of the city were chocked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle: by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose, (what blind philosophy!) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby; the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cesssation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the doubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

This privilege is extended to those persons who addressed me previously on this subject.

I have made it my rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time I give up the patient as lost and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

J. D. DURKIN,
Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
jan31 1y No. 178 Bowery, New-York.

GLORIOUS NEWS FOR THE AFFLICTED.

MADAME PAULINE HELD, the wonderful Animal Magnetizer, has opened her Rooms, No. 20 HOWARD STREET, near Broadway, for the reception of ptaients. No matter how obstinate or severe their diseases (unless Consumption), she engages to cure them; ordinary cases in three, and extraordinary cases not more than twelve visits. One trial will satisfy the most incredulous of the efficacy of her treatment. She uses no medicine and the patient never suffers a relapse. Call and judge for yourself. Consultation fee, Two Dollars. Can be seen at all hours from 8 to 1, and 2 to 6.

MADAME PAULINE HELD,
jan17 3mos 20 Howard street, near Broadway.

WEAKNESS OF MONARCHY IN EUROPE.

From Ernest Jones' paper

Nothing could more fully show the weakness of the monarchical institution in western and central Europe, than the present struggle between Switzerland and Prussia—that great campaign, which has to all appearance, terminated so gloriously for the republic, so disastrously for the monarchy.

We use the words "campaign," and "struggle" advisedly, for although no blood has been shed, no shot been fired, there has in truth been a gigantic struggle, a decisive campaign. Prussia, with mighty bluster, put 135,000 men in motion. Switzerland, with calm dignity, advanced 20,000 to her frontier. Prussia gave golden swords and silver shields in her palace-halls; Switzerland called on her gallant sons in their mountain glens, and despised the threats of royalty. All Europe looked on in exciting suspense. Switzerland was not to be frightened—the little commonwealth sent defiance to the great kingdom.

Then the real struggle began: would Prussia execute its threat? Was the great crime to be attempted, or the great humiliation undergone? The prestige of monarchy rested on the result. Prussia's first sign of weakness was looking round for allies. Despot leans on despot. Frederick William sought the help of Napoleon—and most readily it was granted The French usurper issued an insulting mandate to Switzerland, actually having the cool effrontery, the unblushing impudence to suppose, that his fiat was the only thing further necessary to decide the question and secure the submission of Switzerland.

The Swiss replied to Napoleon as calmly, and as determinedly as they had replied to Clicquot.

Then came the next great defeat of royalty: "France" was obliged to swerve from its haughty menace, play the mediator and descend to terms of almost supplication, to "save the honor" of the King of Prussia.

Thus the banded monarchies of Europe have been unable to hold their own before one little cluster of republics.

Why was this? Does Russia fear to attack Circassia, though eternally defeated? No! But the rulers of Prussia, and France, and Austria to boot, fear to attack Switzerland with their overwhelming numbers. What causes this fear? Not the rifles of the Swiss, gallant though the latter be, but the remembrance of the barricades that once intersected every street of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. Tyrants feel their insecurity at home—that made them hurry to a shameful close of the Russian war—that makes them close a shameful beginning of the Alpine quarrel.

Let this episode in modern history show our readers the real power of Democracy in Europe—the real weakness and the near extinction of the monarchical element in its polity.

As for the terms of pacification between Switzerland and Prussia, they are: that the republic should release the royalist prisoners, whereon the King of Prussia will for ever renounce all claim to Neufchatel. The Swiss, however, demanded more than a promise—they required a positive guarantee—whereon France and England have, it is affirmed, guaranteed the integrity of Neufchatel as a part of republican Switzerland, and then the government of the latter agreed to the terms of peace.

Whether the stipulations of royalty will be duly carried out, or whether, if observed for a time, they will be respected afterwards, remains to be seen:—but thus much be recorded: that "France and England" stand pledged to the fulfilment of the stipulations—(let our readers remember that in the hour of any future treachery)—and that the banded monarchies of the west have been obliged to withdraw their brazen fronts before the calm defiance of a little handful of republican mountaineers.

True, the latest advices still bring us accounts of threats and bluster from Prussia, of "mobilization of the army," etc.,—but we much doubt whether Prussia really is in earnest, now that she finds Switzerland to be so.

If Clicquot is—if he really means war, then all the powers of *Sans-souci* have mercy on him, for he will find none in Switzerland.

The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of the Lieutenant of the county, the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Lismore, has appointed William Lyster, Esq., of Clomanto, J.P. for the county of Kilkenny, a magistrate for the county Tipperary.

The police broke up an immense Free-Love institution in Chicago a few days ago. It consisted of a promiscuous crowd of males and female, black, white, and mixed.

The *Wexford Guardian* has been discontinued and its subscribers have been transferred to the *Wexford People*.

Worth Knowing.—Prof. Wood has discovered a remedy for the gray and bald, which is at once practicable and cheap. It requires no dyeing, no wig, nor extraordinary trouble. There can be no doubt whatever of its efficacy.

We have seen testimonials almost without number, and from men of great intelligence, high standing and moral worth.

Those who have been bald for years, are now wearing their own hair, and appear ten years younger than they did six months ago. As in most cases, gray hairs and bald heads are both premature and unnatural, it is a duty to remedy them by the natural and undoubted means which Prof. Wood has invented, and now kindly offers to the afflicted. Read his advertisement, try his wonderful remedy, and give the Professor a new testimonial.—*Memphis Whig.*

Sold at 312 Broadway, N. Y., and by all Druggists. fe14 2t

THE WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

A FEW FACTS WORTH READING.—1st. The WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN is the ONLY Steel Pen manufactured in America.

2d. It is the BEST Steel Pen rmanufactured in any country, as it is made with the greatest care and upon scientific principles.

3d. It permits the greatest feedom of the hand, being as soft as the "classic goose-quill."

4th. The school-boy, the farmer a nd the mechanic can use it as freely as the Professor of Penmanship.

5th. England has drawn from us annually, 1,000,000 Dollars for STEEL PENS!

6th. We as true Americans, ought to keep that million at home, for reasons that New-Yorkers fully understand.

7th. WE CAN keep it by using the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN instead of foreign made Pens.

8th. If we are a wise people, we will keep it at home; for we are DEPENDENT on British workshops.

9th. All who have tried the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, are delighted with it.

10th. It has met with an EXTRAORDINARY sale in all cities where it has been introduced.

11th. It is destined to supersede all other Pens now in use.

12th. Importers of British SCRAP STEEL, "set your houses in order."

13th. The CHEAP TRASH that is now imported, is not called for by the consumers of PENS. On the contrary, all men are annoyed by them, and pray for *good* pens, at any price.

14. Therefore, it is nonsense for American merchants to interpose an objection to the price, which is simply remunerative.

15th—

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who have always wrote, now write the more."

16th. N. B.—Buy none but sealed boxes, as you thereby secure the PATRON'S TICKET.

17. *The se Pens* ARE MANUFACTURED IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, in the United States of America—not in Birmingham, England, where all OTHER pens are made that purport to be American—bearing the names of American MERCHANTS.

Office of the Company, 293 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—*Three Sample Pens* sent on receipt of two stamps, or one gross by mail, postage free, on receipt of $1 50. f7 6m

Corporation Notices.

CORPORATION SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Public Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the authority vested in them by the laws of the State and the ordinances of the Common Council, the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the city of New-York will sell at public auction, under the direction of the Comptroller, E. H. Ludlow, auctioneer, on Wednesday, the 25th day of February, 1857, at noon, at the Merchants' Exchange, in the city of New-York, the following real estate, viz:—

1st. The three story brick building formerly occupied as an engine-house, and the lot No. 49 Christie-street; that portion of the lot not occupied by the engine-house, is under lease till May 1, 1868, at the annual rent of $100, and the property will be sold subject to the lease recorded in book of special leases, page 164, in the Comptroller's office.

2d. Two lots on the west side of the Bowery, as extended, between James-street and Rosevelt-street.

3d. Six lots, with the buildings thereon, on the southerly side of Chatham-street and the westerly side of Pearl-street, now known as numbers 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121 Chatham-street, and numbers 457, 459 and 461 Pearl-street.

4th. Three lots, now known as Nos. 451, 453 and 455 Pearl-street, will be sold separately, subject to the conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 168, in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1859; the purchaser of each of the lots, will be entitled to receive $233 33-100 per annum of the rent reserved by the lease, after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the covenants of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

5th. The lot on the northwest corner of William aad Pearl-streets, now known as No. 449 Pearl-street and No. 271 William-street, subject to conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 172 in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1858; the purchaser of this lot will be entitled to receive the rent reserved in the lease, of $362 50-100 per annum after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the conditions of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

6th. The house and lot on the north side of Fifth-street, commencing 80 feet west of the Second-avenue, lot 20 feet front and rear, and 24 feet 2 inches deep on both sides; houses 15 feet by 24 feet 3 inches.

7th. The house and lot north side of Thirteenth-street, commencing 218 feet west of Avenue C; lot 25 feet front and rear by 103 feet 3 inches deep on both sides, with three story brick building on the front of the lot, 20 feet wide and 40 feet deep, lately built for an engine-house; the rear of the lot is covered by and occupied as a foundry.

8th. Four lots on south side of Fifty-second street, commencing 90 feet west of Lexington-avenue.

9th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly half of the block between 74th and 75th-streets, and the 3d and 4th avenues.

10th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly part of the block between 80th and 81st-streets, and 3d and 4th avenues.

11th. Twelve lots on 116th-street and 117th-street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

12th. A piece of rear ground on the block bounded by Cherry-street, Oak-street and the Bowery, (as extended,) now used as part of the yard of Fourth District Police Station-house.

Full covenant warrantee deeds will be given.

TERMS OF SALE.—10 per cent of the purchase-money and auctioneer's fee of $5 per lot, to be paid to the collector of the city revenue, on the day of sale; 15 per cent on the 1st day of May next, when the deeds will be ready for delivery; the remainder of the purchase-money (75 per cent) may remain on bond and mortgage at the option of the purchaser, for five years from the 1st day of May, 1857, with interest, at the rate of six per annum, payable semi-annually.

Lithographic maps of the property may be had at the Comptroller's office, No. 5 Hall of Records, after the 7th instant.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.
A. C. FLAGG, Crmptroller.
JAMES M. SMITH, Jr., Recorder.
A. V. STOUT, Chamberlain.
THOMAS MCSPEDON, Ch. Fin. Com. Board Ald.
T. JONES, Jr., Ch. Fn. Com. Board Councilmen,
Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Comptroller's office, January 20, 1857.

Special Notices.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street, New-York.
sept27 3mos

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York. Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York,* that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete process (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**
nov29, 3ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.
(ESTABLISHED 1851.)

Small Parcels forwarded by each Mail Steamer, to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the Continent, India, China, South America, &c.

*** Persons wishing to send small packages to their friends at home, at a trifling expense, will please address

COLLINS & MARSH, Agents,
ja26 1y 29 Broadway, New-York.

Beware of Counterfeits!

SORE THROAT, CROUP,
Costiveness and Lung Fever, and
other Fevers,
Will all pass Harmless when
BRANDRETH'S PILLS
are used.
These Pills are indeed a
TREASURE OF HEALTH,
Because they abstract
ALL IMPURITIES FROM THE BLOOD.
Beware of counterfeits,
Many are out!
Purchase only of the Agents!
All boxes with
241 Broadway
On the side label, are counterfeits!
Principal office, 48 BRANDRETH'S BUILDING.
Sold at 296 Bowery, 241 Hudson street, 52 Division street, and 66 Houston street, corner of Lewis street; 175 Fulton street, Brooklyn, and 124 South Sixth street, Williamsburg.
Remember
All boxes with 241 Broadway on the side labels
ARE COUNTERFEITS.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....25 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.
Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

ANNUAL BALL
OF THE
Erina Society,
For the benefit of the Catholic Library Association, will be held at the City Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, Februsry 18, 1857.

HONORARY MEMBERS:

Alderman Clancy, | Patrick O'Shea, Esq.
" Healey, | Mich'l Phelan, "
Andrew Carrigan, Esq., | J. B. Nicholson, "
Councilman T. Dunn, | Patrick McCarty, "
Nicholas Walsh, Esq., | Bernard Maguire, "
John M'Carty, " | P. Maguire, "
Patrick Corrigan. " | James Kelly, "

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:

H. S. Hewson. | John J. Mullen,
T. Mulcare, | D. Quinn,
James J. Carey, | W. J. Malone,
P. J. Mathews, | T. O'Brien.

W. R. ROBERTS, Pres't.
T. W. Kennedy, Sec'y. Joseph M'Guire, Treas'r.

Shelton's full band is engaged for the occasion.—Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, $2 00. To be had of the above committee, and at Messrs D. & J. Sadlier's, William st.; Dunnigan & Bros., Fulton st.; P. O'Shea, Broadway; Irish News Office, and a the door on the Ball night.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Lectures.

Illustrated
LECTURES,
On the Natural History of Man.
Scientific Societies, &c.,
Are respectfully informed that
Dr. McElheran
Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.
ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

L. SILLIMAN IVES, LL.D.,
Will give a second Lecture on
Church and State Charities Compared,
For the benefit of the
Society of St. Vincent de Paul,
at the
BROADWAY TABERNACLE,
On Thursday evening, February 26th, at 8 P. M.
Tickets 25 cents—to be had at the Catholic bookstores and of the members of the several conferences.

Special Notices.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's winter raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
y10jan GERALD GRAY.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice of Application for the discharge of an insolvent from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the third article of the first title of the fifth chapter of the second part of the Revised Statutes.

James Grant of New-York City, Notice first published January 12th, 1857, Creditors to appear before the Hon. A. D. Russel, City Judge of the City of New-York, on the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1857, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at his Chambers No. 25 Chambers street, in said city, to show cause, if any they have, why an assignment of said Insolvent's Estate should not be made and he be discharged from his debts, pursuant to the provisions of the Statute for the discharge of an Insolvent from his debts.

McCUNN & MONCRIEF,
jan17 6t Atty's. for Insolvent, 29 Wall st., New-York City.

Information wanted of Catharine Heaney, aged nine years, who left Sackin, near Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, Ireland, about the 30th of September last, for the purpose of coming to New-York. Information of her whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration will be thankfully received by her mother.

Balls and Parties, Cold Weather, Snow and Rain. Ladies, if you wish white Satin, Kid, or Linen Gaiter Boots and Slippers for balls and parties; cloth button Boots, with flannel lining, for cold weather; soft warm Slippers for the invalid, at one dollar a pair; or India Rubber Boots and Shoes of all the various styles, suitable for this season of snow and rain, patronise J. B. MILLER & CO.,
fe7 4t 134 Canal-street

Post Office Notice.—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer BLATIC, via Southampton and Havre, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 14th day of February, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.
fe14 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall."
R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street.
FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms."
EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Eagle Rooms."
THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn.
JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y.
RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y.
P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall."
Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy.
JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street.
M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.*
T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory.
WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn.
THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

Company G. (*National Guard*) drill each Monday and Wednesday evening at their armory, 161 Atlantic street, Brooklyn.
JAS. CAMPBELL, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at corner of Center and Grand st.
JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms."
B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms."
JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue.
J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y.
M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn.
MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street.
JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa.
MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue.
JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City.
—— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 83 South Fifth street, Philadelphia.
P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia.
EDWARD W. POWERS, Capt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me.
JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill.
CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond.
P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston.
GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta.
EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo.
D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati.
THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati.
JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport, y4|june

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

58, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Business Directory.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any order left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

To Druggists and Grocers in the South and West.

Charles' London Cordial Gin, the first established and the only *Imported.*

This celebrated Gin, introduced into the United States by E. C. Charles, in 1851, has become so extensively counterfeited and imitated by one or two liquor mixers in New-York and Boston that it becomes our duty to advise with you on the nature of the poisons disseminated amongst you by these unscrupulous parties.

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, show that Charles' London Cordial Gin is the only London Gin really Imported into the United States, and sold in bottles; and the fact has been demonstrated and published in all the New-York papers, that the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made except by ourselves, has been one Pipe, imported in 1855. On the credit of this solitary Pipe, which would not fill six hundred bottles, *over one hundred thousand dozen,* of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," prefixed with different names, have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost twenty per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin.

If corroboration were necessary, Mr. Udolpho Wolfe of New-York, who keeps record of every import of Gin, has over his own signature published to the world this statement, and it remains (even by the parties who have adopted our title) an unanswered, confirmed fact beyond the power of disproof, that Charles' London Cordial Gin, is the only genuine article, and hence that all others are nothing more or less than Ohio spirits in their raw state impregnated with poisonous materials, to give flavor to the mixture.

The Genuine Charles' London Gin is distilled especially for the undersigned in London, under the surveillance of the British excise laws, and is imported solely by us. It bears the endorsement of over five thousand physicians, in Great Britain and the United States. It has stood the most severe tests of the most skillful chemists and essayists. It is the only Gin which has the approval of the most celebrated practitioner America has ever produced—Dr. Valentine Mott, of New-York, who in a letter to Mr. Charles, says, "It is the finest, the most reliable, and most vigorous extract of Juniper he had ever seen."

The genuine Charles' London Cordial Gin is for sale in quart and pint bottles, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled "London Cordial Gin," it is absolutely Charles'. To escape adulterated and poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the article be labelled London Cordial Gin but be certain it is Charles'. Every other is injurious to health.

DEVENOGE & CHARLES,

de27 3ms, 186 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Medical.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicine**
NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot,* **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Consumption---Watkinson's Pulmonacia.

A SAFE, reliable family medicine, warranted not to contain a particle o mercury or any other mineral poison; not a nine day's wonder got up to sell and humbug the public. He has used it for years in private families of friends, and now, at the urgent request of hundreds who have seen its remarkable cures, where every other remedy has failed, he offers it to the public to benefit and relieve those suffering with that fatal disease, so inherent to our changeable climate, carrying off its thousands to an early grave—Consumption. It has effected some of the most remarkable cures ever heard of; how some dear friend was saved from death, when all hope was given up, now lives and enjoys good health. Its rare qualities are not only in relieving consumptive patients, but for all diseases of the lungs, racking nervous cough, night sweats, bronchial affections of the throat, internal inflammation, where the blood is impure, it has no equal. The discoverer of PULMONACIA is RICHARD WATKINSON, a gentleman of well-known standing in Philadelphia and New-York. Those that are acquainted with him know there is no quackery or humbug about it, as the number of certificates that can be obtained at the office will satisfy the most incredulous as to its value.

R. WATKINSON.

No. 448 Broadway is the only place in the city where it can be obtained. Price $1 per bottle. dec13 8mos

Publications.

LITTELL, SON & CO., BOSTON.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

THIS work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the EDINBURGH, QUARTERLY, and other Reviews; and BLACKWOOD' noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious SPECTATOR, the sparkling EXAMINER, the judicious ATHENEUM, the busy and industrious LITERARY GAZETTE, the sensible and comprehensive BRITANNIA, the sober and respectable CHRISTIAN OBSERVER; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the UNITED SERVICE, and with the best articles of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, NEW MONTHLY, FRASER'S, TAIT'S, AINSWORTH'S, HOOD'S and SPORTING MAGAZINES, and of Chambers' admirable JOURNAL. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from PUNCH; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of THE TIMES. We shall increase our variety by importations from the Continent of Europe, and from the growth of the British Colonies.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday—price, (free of postage) six dollars a year. Remittances for any period will be promptly attended to.

Complete sets of the FIRST SERIES, in thirty-six volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principle cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale for Seventy-two Dollars. The Second Series began in 1853.

Any volume may be had separately, at Two Dollars, bound, or a Dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents—and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

☞ A few advertisements of Books, Patents, or other matters of general interest, will be added, at reasonable rates.

Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly at the Office of Littell's Living Age,

Boston.

☞ Every number of this work contains articles of leading interest; grave and earnest, yet not heavy; popular, and yet of abiding value. To these are added, in profuse abundance and great variety, Tales, Poetry, Voyages, Travels, and whatever—within the bounds of sound taste and good principles—may be included under the large head of Light Reading. But mere light reading soon becomes wearisome, unless there breathe from it spirit and heart, life and soul.

We promise a Magazine that shall be more and better than mere amusement: a Book suited to the leisure of the old and wise, and yet abundantly attractive to the young and ardent. It will freely provide for the Imagination, as well as for the Reason and Memory.

For THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, received at the office of publication, the Panorama will be sent (free of postage), to any post-office in the United States.

TWO COPIES, Five Dollars a year; FIVE COPIES, Ten Dollars a year, Clubs to pay their own postage, which is three cents a number, payable QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

The first number was issued in July, 1855. It makes two large volumes a year. We can supply orders for back numbers or volumes.

Both Works are Published by Littell, Son & Company, Boston. oct18

Proposals for Stationery and Printing.

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK,
COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, Jan. 31st, 1857.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at this Office until the 28th day of February next, at 3 o'clock P. M., for furnishing the Stationery, Blank Books, and Binding, and for executing Printing for the Custom House establishment at this port, for one year, from the 1st March next.

The proposals will be separate for each of the following classes, numbered 1 to 3. A price and one price only, must be specified for each and every article enumerated in the class bid for; the amount of the bids for each article must be accurately extended, and the aggregate amount for the class exhibited. Proposals not made in accordance with these directions not to be considered.

A discrepancy between the prices set down and the extension, which would afford the bidder an opportunity of fixing his price after the bids are opened by electing, as may be his interest, to contract either by the one or the other, will be deemed fatal to the bid.

If more than one bid be offered for account of any one party, either in his own name, or in the name of his partner, clerk, or any other person, the whole of such bids will be rejected.

Bids are expected to be made in good faith by the parties intending to furnish the supplies or perform the work; and a transfer of the contract will not be permitted.

All the articles to be furnished, and work to be executed, must be of the very best quality, and delivered without delay when ordered, and to the satisfaction of the head of the office for which they are required.

Samples of the various articles of stationery, and of the paper for printing, must accompany the bids. The blank books and binding must be of the best and most substantial kind.

The lowest bidder for either class, quality considered, shall receive a contract for the same, on entering into bond with satisfactory surety for the performance thereof, under the forfeiture of twice the contract price in case of failure, which bond is to be executed within five days after the proposals are accepted.

As the quantities in the annexed list are merely estimates, the right is reserved to order a greater or less supply of all or any of the articles enumerated; and articles not embraced therein, which may be required, are to be furnished at the lowest market price—or they may be procured elsewhere.

The articles and work will be ordered from time to time, as they are wanted, and will be paid for monthly. If any article required be not promptly furnished, or of proper quality, of which the Collector shall be the final judge, he may purchase it, and the contractor is to pay the difference above the contract price.

The Proposals to be marked "Proposals for Stationery," or "for Printing," and will indicate the place of business of the bidder. Proposals from others than Stationers or Printers will not be entertained.

To insure uniformity in the bids, blank proposals will be furnished to bidders on application at this office.

HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

CLASS No. 1.
STATIONERY, &c.

Collector's Office.

10 Reams Superfine Demy Linen Paper, wove or laid, Ruled Red and Faint to various patterns — per ream.
5 " " Medium " " " "
10 " " Royal " " " "
2 " " Super Royal " " " "
1 " " Imperial " " " "
Additional charge for printed headings to any of above, 200 quires, — per quire.
10 reams Superfine Quarto Post Linen Paper wove or laid, ruled, — per ream.
2 " " " " plain "
20 " " Foolscap " " ruled "
2 " " " " plain "
2 " " Folio Post " 3 sides ruled "
5 " " Note, Monier's " plain "
10 " " Note, Owen & Huribert ruled "
100 reams Superfine Cap, or Flat Cap Linen Paper, wove or laid, Ruled Red and Faint, to various patterns, and printed, "
10 reams Superfine Cap, or Flat Cap Linen Paper, wove or laid, Ruled Red and Faint, to various patterns, "
10 reams 1st quality Quarto Post Paper, printed headings, ruled faint. "
10 reams " note paper, " " "
8 " Envelope Paper, Medium, smooth buff (sized) "
20 " Blotting Paper, Medium, "
1,000 Quills, No. 100, to be of the best quality, per thousand.
50 gross Metallic Pens, Gillott's Commercial, No 263, — per gross.
50 " " " American, No. 392 "
20 " " " No. 351 "
20 " " " Croton, No 393 "
20 " " " Double elastic, No 604 "
50 " " Myer Phineas', No. 88 "
50 " " " No. 338 "
12 " " " No. 575 "
12 " " " No. 500 "
8 " Wheeler's Galvanized Pens "
50 " Metallic Pens, assorted, viz: Leman's Albata, Cutter, Tower & Co's, Hinks, Wells & Co's., C. A. Haskins & Co's., E. L. Andrews, and Washington Medallion Pens. "
12 " No. 1s4 'A. W. Faber's" Lead Pencils "
60 " Red Office Tape, linen, No. 27 "
12 " White " " No. 1½ "
40 lbs Red Wafers, various sizes, English pressed, super — per pound.
20 lbs. best superfine English Sealing Wax "
32 gallons Black Ink, best quality — per gallon.
4 dozen Stephen's Blue Ink, in quarts — per dozen.
4 " " " in pints "
6 dozen Harrison's Black Ink, in quarts "
20 dozen Maynard & Noyes' Black Ink, in quarts "
3 dozen Saxon & Bryan's "
3 dozen Hadley & Field's American Writing Fluid, in quarts "
30 dozen French Carmine, in vials "
12 boxes Chinese Stamping Ink — per box.
12 " French " in Tin Boxes with cushions, &c, as per sample "
3 lbs. Gum Arabic — per pound.
4 dozen Black Sand, in half pint papers — per dozen.
10 lbs. prepared or native India Rubber, white or black — per pound
2 dozen vials Pounce — per dozen.
4 " Inkstands, Pewter, with covers "
6 " " Pressed Glass for red ink "
10 " " Fountain, Whitney's or Draper's "
2 " " Cut Glass, screw tops, (porble) "
2 " Sandboxes, wood "
2 " Wafer Cups "
2 " Wafer Stamps, ivory handles "
6 " Erasers, (Rogers') "
2 " Desk Knives "
2 " Pounce Boxes, ivory or wood "
1 " Ivory Folders, 9 inch "
1 " Satinwood File Folders "
1 " Japanned " "
6,000 File Boards, white wood, thick, of different widths — per 1000.
3 dozen Rulers, ebony or other woods, round, flat or octagon — per dozen.
20 packs solid-headed Pins — per pack
4 dozen Warren's Pen Cleaner — per dozen.
3 " Silk Taste "
20 lbs. Twine, linen — per pound.
2 dozen Desk Weights, lead, iron, or marble — per dozen.
1 " " " " large size "
10 gross Penholders, bone and wood, assorted kinds — per gross.
20,000 Envelopes, adhesive, of white or yellow paper 3½ by 5½ inches — per 100.
5,000 " " " " "
3½ by 8½ inches "
5,000 " " " "
4½ by 10 inches "
1,000 Card, various sizes, printed to pattern — per 1000.
1 dozen Medium Portfolios, rough sheep "
12 " Boxes Bond Seals — per box.
1 " Letter Clasps, bronze or gilt, assorted sizes — per dozen.
20 Brass Stamps and Handles, complete, raised letters, 100 letters — per letter.
3 dozen Wire Files — per dozen.
1 " Hand rests, mahogany "
Paging 50 Books of various sizes, 250 quires — per quire.
3 Reams best quality, heavy brown wrapping paper, 22 by 32 in. — per ream.
17 Warehouse Statistical Ledgers, flat royal, printed headings, ruled to pattern, 10 to 15 quires each, ½ bound, 200 quires — per quire.
6 Imperial Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, full bound in sheep, Russia corners, &c., 20 quires "
6 Imperial Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, ½ bound, 20 quires "
4 Super royal Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, full bound in sheep, Russia corners, &c., 12 quires "
4 Super-royal Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound. Russia backs and corners, 20 quires. "
16 Royal Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, full bound in sheep, with Russia corners, &c, 30 quires. "
50 Royal Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, ½ bound, 200 quires "
12 Medium, or Flat Medium Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, full bound in sheep, some with Russia bands and corners, 60 quires "
40 Medium Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, ½ bound, 200 quires "
10 Medium Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 5 quires each, ½ bound, 30 quires "
50 Medium Books, ruled red and faint, 1 quire each, extra ½ bound as per sample — per book.
20 Demy, or Flat Demy Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, full bound in sheep, some with Russia bands and corners, 80 quires — per quire.
6 Demy Books, ruled to various patterns 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound, 24 quires "
10 Demy Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound, 30 quires "
50 Demy Books, ruled red and faint, 1 quire each, extra ½ bound as per sample — per book.
50 Double Flat Cap Books, ruled to various patterns, 3 to 6 qrs. each, ½ bound, Russia backs and corners, 200 quires. — per quire.
6 Double Flat Cap Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 5 quires each, ½ bound, 20 quires "
20 Cap Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, full bound in sheep, some with Russia corners, 80 quires "
10 Cap Books, ruled to various pattern, 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound, 30 quires "
100 Cap Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound, 250 quires "
100 Cap Books, ruled, 1 to 2 quires each, ½ bound, 110 quires "
100 Cap Books, ruled, 1 quire each, skiver covered, per book.
Some of each of these 21 items above with alphabet cut through.
Additional charge for printed headings to either of the last named 21 items, 4 0 quires — per quire.
Binding 6 vol. Imperial, ½ bound — per vol.
" 6 " Super royal " "
" 6 " Royal " "
" 8 " Medium " "
" 8 " Demy " "
" 8 " Cap " "
" 12 " Octavo Laws, Documents, &c., full bound in calf "
½ Binding 100 Imperial, Royal, Medium, Demy and Cap Abstracts, flat or folded, 1 to 3 quires "
½ Binding and Lettering 20 Mediums, Demy and Cap 2 to 3 quires "
Re-lettering 20 volumes, some two titles "
Binding impost Books for the month, 1 to 8 quires, ½ bound 24 vols. "
Binding Quarterly Crew Lists, Medium flat, 6 to 10 qrs. ½ bound, 4 vols. "
Binding Quarterly Shipping Articles, Royal, flat, 4 to 6 quires, ½ bound, 4 vols. "

Surveyor's Office.

6 reams Superfine Blue or White laid Quarto Post Paper, ruled — per ream.
1 ream " " unruled "
2 reams " " Folio Post ruled 3 sides "
10 " " " Foolscap ruled and unruled, "
10 " " " Note Paper "
10 lbs Red Wafers, various sizes, English pressed, superfine — per lb.
10 lbs best superfine English Sealing Wax "
3 dozen Blue Ink, best quality, in quarts — per dozen.
3 " Red " in vials "
3 " French Carmine "
6 quarts Black Sand — per quart.
6 Inkstands, cut glass — each.
6 Sand Boxes, wood "
1 dozen Wafer Stamps, ivory handles — per dozen.
1 " Erasers, (Rodger's) "
12 Pen Knives, " each.
6 Ivory Folders, 9 inches "
1 dozen rulers, ebony, round, flat, or octagon, per dozen.
6 packs solid headed Pins, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, per pack.
1 dozen Warren's Pen Cleaners each.
2 " Pieces Silk Taste per dozen.
10 lbs Twine per lb.
6 dozen Pen Holders, Slide per dozen.
6 " bone and wood "
500 Envelopes, white or yellow paper, largest size per 100
500 " " medium "
500 " " letter size "
500 " " note "
100 File Boards, white wood, different widths "
2 Six-quire Books, royal, bound in boards, with calf back and corners per book
1 Five-quire book, medium "
1 Four " " "
1 Three " " "
1 Two " " "
1 One " " "
1 Half " " "
500 Quills, superfine per 100
20 gross Steel Pens, Whyte's Albata, Windle's Banks, Gillott's American Eagle, Croton, Perry's Office — per gross
10 gross Red Tape, linen — per dozen
4 reams Blotting Paper — per ream
1 doz Sheet Patent Blotters — per doze

For Inspectors, Weighers, &c.

Issued from the Surveyor's Office.

60 reams Superfine Flat Cap, or Foolscap Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns — per ream.
1 ream Superfine Demy Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns "
1 ream Superfine Medium Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns "
5 reams Superfine Royal Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns "
1 ream Superfine Super-royal Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns "
1 ream Superfine Imperial Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns "
Additional charge for printed heading to any of above, 1,000 quires — per quire.
25 reams Fine Foolscap Paper, ruled — per ream.
12 " " fine ruled "
6 " " very fine ruled "
100 lbs. Superfine English Sealing Wax — per pound.
50 gross Pieces Red Tape, linen, 6 yards to piece, No. 25 — per gross.
250 " Steel Pens (sample to be furnished) "
36 " Pen holders "
40 lbs. Twine linen — per lb.
10 Two-quire Books, bound in boards, calf back and corners — per book.
5 One quire Books bound in boards, calf back and corners, indexed "
3000 One-quire quarto, bound in paper covers and printed in colors — per 100.
1500 Large Alphabetical Discharging Books "
500 Small " " "
1000 Hand " demy 8vo "
500 Small Hand Alphabetical " "
50 " district " " "
3000 " dock books " " "
3000 " time " " "
8 two-quire long folio imperial books, ruled to pattern, ½ bd. side title, 16 quires — per quire.
6 reams extra large wrapping paper, 36x40 ins — per ream
6 gallons Black Ink, best quality — per gallon
3 reams Medium Envelope Paper, large — per ream
12 " Blotting Paper "
100 gross Lead Pencils, Faber's & Wolff's, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 — per gross
12 Weighers' Monthly Account Book, to pattern — per book
12 Measurers' " " "
12 Gaugers' " " "
3 Barge Book per pattern
1 Alphabetical Register of Vessels; printed, ruled and indexed to pattern "
4 Small Alphabetical Register of Vessels, printed, ruled and indexed to pattern "
8 Superficial Measurement Books, for Measurers of Vessels "
10 Note Books for Measurers of Vessels "
10 Tonnage " " "
10 Examination Books for Measurers' of Vessels, printed to pattern "

Appraisers' Department.

15 reams Blue ruled Foolscap Paper, as per sample, No. 1, — per ream
5 reams Blue Foolscap Paper, as per sample, No. 2, "
15 reams Blue ruled Letter Paper, as per sample, No. 3, "
5 reams Blue ruled Letter Paper, as per sample, No. 4, "
5 reams White ruled Foolscap Paper, as per sample, No. 5, "
5 reams White Foolscap Paper, as per sample, No. 6, "
5 reams White ruled Letter Paper, as per sample, No. 7, "
5 reams White Letter Paper, as per sample, No. 8, "
5 reams Blue ruled Letter Paper, with heading, as per sample, No. 9, "
5 reams Blue ruled Note Paper, with heading, as per sample, No. 10, "
5 reams Blue ruled Note Paper, as per sample, No. 11, "
5 reams White ruled Note Paper, as per sample, No. 12, "
5 reams Blue Note Paper, as per sample, No. 13, "
5 reams White Note Paper, as per sample, No. 14, "
20 gross Joseph Gillott's Eagle Pens, as per sample, No. 15, — per gross
5 gross pen holders, plain, "
1 do en Ivory Folders, each
5 lbs Red Wafers, as per sample, No. 16, — per pound
1 dozen of Tin or Japanned Paper Cutters, each
1 dozen Letter Stamps, "
20 gross A. W. Faber's No. 2 Lead Pencils, — per dozen
20 " " 3, " "
2 reams Blotting Paper, as per sample, No. 17, — per quire
2 lbs Pine Black Sand, — per ½ lb.
1 dozen Fine-Blade Pen Knives, — each
6 dozen quart bottles Maynard & Noyes' best Black Ink, "
4 dozen quart bottles Stephen's best Black Ink "
8 dozen vials French Carmine Ink — per vial
1 dozen Metal Inkstands, as per sample, No. 18 — each
2 reams Yellow Envelope Paper, as per sample, No. 19 — per quire
6 dozen boxes Gum Labels, sample 20 — per box
1000 best Quills — per hundred
5 lbs. best English Red Sealing Wax — per lb
1 lb. best English Black Sealing Wax "
3 gross Red Tape — per gross
10 packs (12 papers each), best Pins, as per sample, No. 21 — per pack
1 dozen wood Sand Boxes — per dozen
5) packs Blank Cards — per pack
4 dozen pieces India Rubber — per dozen
20 000 large Yellow Envelopes, adhesive (stamped), as per sample, No. 1 — per 100
10,000 " " No. 2 "
5 00 " " No. 3 "
5000 " " No. 4 "
5000 " " No. 5 "
10,000 " " No. 6 "
2000 White " plain No. 7 "
5000 Yellow " " No. 8 "
1000 White note " " "
2000 Yellow " without stamp, like sample No. 3 "
25 bound, printed and ruled Entry Books for Examiners, as per sample No. 29 — per book
10 bound Books for Damage Appraisements, as per sample No. 30 "
2 6-quire half bound Blank Books, ruled and printed like sample 27 "
3 Blank Books, printed and ruled for Advanced Invoices, as per sample No. 31 "
2 4-quire ½ bound Letter Books, ruled "
36 Bank Books, with Index, as per sample No. 32 "
100 Blank Books, ruled and printed as per sample No. 33 "
24 2-quire Books, ruled and printed as required, half bound "
4 dozen Portfolios, as per sample No. 35 — each
2 dozen small Blank Books, leather cover — per dozen
24 3-quire half-bound Cap Blank Books, ruled as required — each
24 1-quire Blank Books — each
The samples referred to in the foregoing specification for the Appraisers' Department can be inspected at the office, No. 12 Broad street, by parties wishing to contract.

CLASS No. 2.
STATIONERY, &c.

For Naval Office.

2 Cash Books, 6 quires each, full bound, as per sample " "
2 Disbursements 6 " "
2 Journals to 6 " "
1 Return of Moneys Books, 6 qrs. each, full b'd, as per sample, " "
1 Account Current " 6 " "
1 Blotter " 6 " "
1 Refund Register " 4 " "
1 Clearance " 8 " "
2 Entrance " 8 " "
2 Entrance Books, alph'ed 6 " "
1 Register of Vessels Books 6 " "
1 " of Amended Entries 4 " "
2 Public Store Book 6 " "
12 Bonded Goods 8 to 12 ½ b'd "
16 Indexes to " 2 " "
2 Warehouse and Export Books, 15 qrs, each ½ bound, as per sample, "
1 Transit and Export Book, 8 qrs. each ½ b'd, as per sample, "
1 Warehouse Transport Book, 8 qrs. each ½ b'd as per sample, "
2 Letter Books, 8 qrs. each full bound, as per sample, "
1 Monthly Account Book, 3 qrs. each ½, bound as per sample, "
1 License and Enrollment Book, 8 qrs each full bound as per sample, "
4 dozen Memorandum Books: Cap size, ruled, 2 qrs. each, ½ bound, "
4 dozen Memorandum alphabeted Books, Cap size, ruled, 2 qrs. each, ½ bound, "
4 dozen Memorandum alphabeted books, small size, ruled, 2 qrs each, ½ bound, "
2 dozen Manifold Writers, Cap size, half bound "
12 Warehouse Books, 7 to 20 quires each, per sample, "
12 Indexes to Warehouse Books, 2 quires each, as per sample, "
4 reams Ledger of Entries, "
2 " Excess of Unascertained Duties, No. 1, as per sample "
2 " " " No. 2, "
4 " Cash Sheets, as per sample "
10 " Amendment of Entries "
10 " List Paper, No. 1, ruled red and faint "
2 " " No. 2 "
10 " Ruled Letter Paper, best quality, Congress, as per sample "
1 " Plain Letter Paper, best quality, Congress, as per sample "
2 " Ruled Letter Paper, best quality, Official Headings as per sample "
2 " Note Paper, best quality, Official Headings as per sample "
2 " Note Paper, best quality, Official Monier's plain "
12 " Foolscap, best quality, ruled "
2 " Buff Envelope, ruled red and faint, indexed "
10 " " best quality "
5 " Blotting Paper, red "
2 " " white "
5 " Permits, 4 on a sheet "
2 " Blank Accounts and Affidavits, 2 on a post sheet "
1000 Envelopes, letter size, white, (official) — per hundred
1000 " " plain, (Monier's) "
500 " large size " (official) "
1000 " " plain "
20 gross Perry's Bank Pens — per gross
20 gross Gillott's Pens, one doz in a box "
20 gross Myer Phineas' Pens, Am. double action No. 575 "
20 " " " No. 500 "
5 " Pen Holders, assorted "
5 " Lead Pencils, best quality (Faber's) "
4 dozen Metalic Inkstands, large — per dozen
4 dozen Glass Inkstands, small "
10 dozen Maynard & Noyes' Black Ink, quart bottles "
4 dozen Stevens' Blue Ink, quart bottles "
10 dozen Perine, Guyot & Co's Red ink, small " "
200 quills, best quality — per hundred
5 pounds Sealing Wax, as per sample — per lb
3 " Red Wafers "
10 " India Rubber "
5 dozen Wafer Boxes — per dozen
2 " Stamps "
½ " Warehouse Stamps "
2 " Paper Weights "
2 " Erasers, Rodger's "
1 " Portfolios "
2 " Letter Clips "
2 " Pounce Boxes "
1 " Congress Pen Knives (Rodgers') "
2 oz. Pounce — per oz.
2 lbs. Twine — per lb.
5 jars Mucilage — per jar.
6 bottles Stamping Ink — per bottle.
100 gross Red Linen Tape — per gross.
5 " Pasteboard Files "
Binding 4 volumes of Ledger of Entries — per vol.
Binding 4 volumes of Cash Sheets "
Binding 2 volumes of Excess of Unascertained Duties, No. 1 "
Binding 2 volumes of Excess of Unascertained Duties, No. 2 "

CLASS No. 3.
PRINTING.

Collector's Office.

200 Cap size, Bond and other books, printed, 200 leaves each, half-bound and lettered, some with colored backs, — per vol
100 Cap size, Bond and other books, printed, 150 leaves each, half-bound and lettered, some with colored backs; "
100 Cap size, Bond and other Books, printed, 100 leaves each, half-bound and lettered, some with colored backs, "
100 Cap size, Bond and other Books, printed, 50 leaves each, half-bound and lettered, some with colored backs, "
50 Folio Post or Flat Cap Books, (Checks, Receipts, &c.) printed, 3 to 5 quires each, half bound, 200 quires — per quire
Entries, Bonds, Affidavits, Circulars, and other blank forms, on super paper, (white or colored) one or more pages, printed in black, blue, or red ink, and cut up to the sizes required for use, varying from a sheet, to one sixth of a sheet, (no less quantity than ½ ream to be ordered at a time,) viz:—
300 reams Cap Blanks, "
30 " Quarto Post, Blanks, — per ream
10 " Folio Post, " "
5 " Demy " "
5 " Medium, " "
10 " Note, " "

For Inspectors, Weighers, &c.

Certificates, Returns, Monthly Accounts, Affidavits, Reports, Circulars, Tickets, and other blank forms, on super-paper, (white or colored) one or more pages printed in black, blue or red ink, and cut up to the sizes required for use, varying from a sheet to one-sixth of a sheet, (no less quantity than ½ ream to be ordered at a time,) viz:
25 reams Cap Blanks "
25 " Quarto Post Blanks — per ream.
5 " Folio Post "
5 " Medium "
25 " Note "
30,000 Spirit Certificates, with name of Importer, Vessel, &c, — each.

Appraiser's Office.

3 Reams Printed Blanks, for Salaries, as per Sample, No. 22 — per ream
3 Reams Printed Blanks, for Damage Applications, as per Sample, No. 23 "
5 Reams Printed and Ruled Blanks, for Invoice Lists, as per Sample, No. 24 "
2 Reams Printed and Ruled Blanks, for Tabular Statements, as per Sample, No. 25 "
2 do. do. Returns of Invoices, as per Sample, No. 26 "
2 do. do. Returns of Appraisement Warrants, as per Sample, No. 27 "
2 do. do. Applications for Appraisement, as per Simple, No. 28 "

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SCHOOL-BOOK HOUSE.

IVISON & PHINNEY,

No. 321 Broadway,

INFORM THE COUNTRY TRADE, AND THEIR FRIENDS GENERALLY, THAT IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE LARGELY INCREASED DEMAND FOR THEIR

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TEXT-BOOKS for COLLEGES, ACADEMIES and SCHOOLS,

as can be found in this country, and on the most liberal terms.

In addition to the above, they propose to keep also, an assortment of

Psalm and Hymn Books

of the various Christian denominations.

A Good Stock of Music Books,

including the new and standard collection of

SACRED, GLEE, PARLOR, SCHOOL, and JUVENILE WUSIC; and PULPIT, FAMILY, TABLE, SCHOOL & POCKET BIBLES and TESTAMENTS.

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SMITH, No. 81 PARK ROW,
sept6 1yr Under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman-st.

GAS! GAS!! GAS!!!

W. H. CAREY,

Manufacturer of Chandeliers, Pendants, Brackets, Pillar and Mantel Ornaments,

And every variety of **Gas Fixtures,** No. 6 *ESSEX-MARKET,* Grand-street, New-York.

Hotels, Churches, Stores, and Dwellings fitted up, and everything appertaining to the business of GAS FITTING, attended to by competent workmen, with promptness, and at satisfactory prices.

Old Chandeliers, and all kinds of Brass-Work, Bronzed, Re-Gilt and Re-Finished, in every style, and restored to its original appearance. ja31 3m

Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 24 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 81 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

Business Notices.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S FALL style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets.

Give him a call by all means. my31y

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments,

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19tf

HERRING'S,

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853,

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS,* which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees,*
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

Special Notices.

Electro-Magnetic Baths.—The Electro-Magnetic Baths having become permanently established as a remedial agent for the cure of Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Stiff and Enlarged Joints, Paralysis, Ulcers, Tic Toloreux, Neuralgia, Pain in the Limbs, &c. &c., and for the positive extraction of Mercury and other Mineral Poisons from the human system, the Messrs. Sloan & Co. take this method of informing the public that they have fitted up and opened an establishment at No. 53 Sixth Avenue, where the Baths will be constantly in operation, under the care and direction of Dr. G. H. Doyle, Homeopathic Professor of Medicine. To those unacquainted with "Electro-Magnetism" as applied to the cure of disease, reduction and extraction of mineral poisons, &c., we would say that as a means of cure for the above enumerated diseases, it has received the almost universal endorsement of the various Academies of Medicine throughout Europe and the United States, and that the reduction of Metals by a Voltaic Current, is no new science: it is the APPLICATION of the FACT to its extraction from the system for which we claim originality. In it we dismiss all theories—we leave nothing to chance—we are not led by blind experience, but we follow unerring and never failing principles.

Thousands who are now suffering from what they imagine to be Rheumatic Pains in the Joints, Bones, &c., are in fact suffering from the injurious exhibition of mineral poisons taken probably many years previously. To such we are positive in our promise of a permanent and speedy cure. Females laboring under complaints incidental to their sex, will find in this remedy a means of relief at once pleasant and satisfactory. A competent lady in constant attendance for their special accommodation.

Persons afflicted in any way with sickness, debility, &c. will do well to call at the office, examine the Baths, and receive full explanation of the treatment pursued. SLOAN & CO., 53 Sixth Avenue,
Between Fourth-street and West Washington Place.

P. S.—Physicians and Families supplied with Homeopathic Medicines Books, &c. dec6 3mos

European News.

"VERGER"

Paris is almost in as great a state of excitement over the sayings and doings of Verger the murderer of the Archbishop, as New-York is with Eckel, Cunningham, and Snodgrass. "*Malakoff*" writes to the *Daily Times*, the following on the subject.

It would be impossible not again to refer to this doomed man. The fact is that he is in some sort made a hero of after all. Since his condemnation, the journals are filled with his daily sayings and doings, and with such scraps of history as can be gathered up. The remarkable manner in which he stood up in his own defence against the Court, the audience and public opinion, has awakened a little of that inexplicable sympathy which never fails to appear in presence of boldness no matter how reckless.

So long as he remained at the Conciergerie Verger gradually lost the violence which characterized his previous conduct, and now it is only when a conversation is too prolonged that he begins to manifest symptoms of exhalation. The straight jacket, which prevented him from writing, caused him incessant annoyance. In arriving at the prison of La Roquette, in front of which the guillotine is errected, Verger begged with earnestness to have his arm released. "Will you beg of the Prefect of Police to accord me this favor?" he said. "Be persuaded that I have neither the intention to escape, nor to destroy myself. At any rate, am I not well enough guarded to render any attempt of this kind impossible? If you only knew what a torture it is for a man like me, who feels a continual need of working, to be submitted to this rigor, I am sure you would relieve me from it. Look at my position: I am condemned to death; in a few days perhaps, my condemnation may receive its execution. But previously I have serious dispositions to make; I have to make my testament; to regulate the interest of my heirs, &c., and I cannot do it, because they place me in the impossibility of writing."

Yesterday the Prefect of Police acceded to Verger's reiterated prayers, and so far departed from the usual rule in such cases as to allow his right arm free, and since that he has been more calm He wrote not less than fifty pages yesterday, and these pages he thinks will be worth a fortune to his family. Aside from a second letter to the Emperor and some letters to friends, the mass of his manuscripts are arguments justifying the Church dogmas he preached before he committed the assassination, and intended indirectly to excuse and explain the act for which he was arrested.

Verger's first address to the Emperor, written with great care, is couched in a humble and suppliant tone. It occupies four pages and reveals a man who has given himself a place apart in humanity and who believes in his own infallibility. He declares in this letter that Christianity has need of being regenerated; that the lower clergy ought to be emancipated from the yoke of the superiors. He has constituted himself the Peter the Hermit of this new crusade; he wished to announce his mission by a grand *coup d'etat:* it was his duty to strike high and to choose for a victim the greatest dignitary of the Church. He declares that his condemnation to the pain of death did not astonish him. It was necessary that an illustrious victim should have a great judicial manifestation; the satisfaction given to social order ought to suffice—to go beyond that would be unjust and impolitic. Verger, in terminating his address to the Emperor, declares that the response to his demand ought to be a *noble exile*—in other words, an honorable exile, where he could pass his time in writing, and doing good by this means to mankind. In his second appeal, sent yesterday, he again asks for a commutation to an honorable exile—says that the law could thus be satisfied, since he would be effectually suppressed from society, and incapable of doing harm.

When Verger was told that he must leave the Conciergerie to go to La Roquette, he believed that they were deceiving him, and that he was going to the scaffold. They assured him positively to the contrary, which slightly calmed him; but when he came out into the court of the prison and saw there a large crowd awaiting him, he exclaimed, "You are deceiving me; it is certainly to execution that you are leading me! Oh, yes, I am sure of it now,—we are going to the scaffold!" He was extremely pale, and it was with some difficulty that he was able to mount into the cellular carriage destined to the conveyance of prisoners. During the whole journey, which is not less than two miles, Verger never ceased to demand assurances that they were not conducting him to execution. "Swear before God," said he, "that you are not conducting me to the guillotine—that I am not going to be executed!" In finding himself at La Roquette, his courage returned and he begged pardon for his incredulity. He was placed in one of the three cells destined for prisoners condemned to death,—in the one occupied formerly by the assassin Dombey, and in which a year ago another prisoner condemned to death was seized, in learning his pardon, with a cerebral congestion, from which he died.

It is difficult to explain this conduct of Verger in view of his habitual firmness and violence of character. It is true that he continually reiterates that he must be pardoned, that if the courts refuse his application for a new trial, the Emperor will interfere, and that thus his life will be spared; and it may be that it is this confidence in escaping the gallows that gives him the courage he has thus far manifested. He said to his father, who came to the prison to visit him, "The scaffold is not yet raised: my head has not yet fallen. I have written to the Emperor; I have the greatest confidence in his mercy." When his father left, Verger charged him with several commissions, among others to go to Neuilly to hunt him a certificate to join to his documents, and to buy him some warmer clothes, in order that he might *pass the Winter* comfortably.

Verger's indefatigable efforts towards the preservation of his life have had the effect at least of adjourning the day of his execution. It is announced this morning that his appeal for the granting of a new trial will not be heard till next week, and it is deemed possible, though not probable, that a new trial before the Court of Cassation may be granted. If it is, it will be due to Verger's direct appeals to the Emperor to that effect.

In the meantime the doctors are moving in the matter, and are attempting to prove that the prisoner ought to be transferred from the hands of the law into the hands of the doctors, to whom he rightly belongs. The ready sur-excitation of Verger is evident; but does it rise to a point at which moral obligation ceases? This is the question.

A matrimonial alliance of an uncommon character has lately been effected in Fluvana county, (Va.). Mr. Robert Gray, the gallant groom, is ninety-five years of age, and the late Mrs. Catherine Reilly, (now Mrs. Gray,) ninety-two years of age.

His Honor the Mayor of Newport, Ky., was greeted with three daughters at one birth on Christmas night.

A WAIL FOR THE LOST PRESTIGE OF ENGLAND.

From the London Times.

It is a mere public affair, officially recorded in the *Moniteur*. There are present men who filled the highest posts in the French army from the beginning to the end of the war; the colleagues of Lord Raglan as well as of General Simpson and his successor. Admiral Hamilton, the Duke de Malakoff, Marshal Canrobert, Marshal Bosquet, Generals Regnaunt de St. Jean d'Angely, De Salles, Niel, M'Mahon, are all present. These men saw the landing at Old Fort covered by a British fleet; fought action after action in company with the British; they shared with them in the dreary labor of the trenches for eleven months; they saw tens of thousands of their men brought to the seat of war in British transports, and their sick carried down to the Bosphorous by the same means. They have been thanked as a body by the British Parliament, and wear severally the Order of the Bath on their breasts. Yet, at this great official banquet, the English are never once mentioned. We are as much ignored as if no English soldier had set foot in the Crimea; as if no English sailor had ever entered the Black Sea. Marshal St. Arnaud is spoken of as having made for himself at the Alma a winding-sheet of the tricolor of regenerated France; Marshal Canrobert has the praise of having disciplined an army for the conquest of Sebastopol; and to Marshal Pelissier is ascribed the crown of final success. The Generals are congratulated on having renewed the glorious traditions of the Republic and the first Empire. "Posterity will say that at Moscow our fathers vanquished the Russians, but were overcome by the elements; while at Sebastopol, you have overcome the elements and vanquished the Russians. In history 1854 will respond to 1812. The immense advantage of the war—I say it with pride—is that you have proved that France has still her 'Grand Army!'" Such is the speech of his Imperial Highness, Prince Napoleon.

The two Commanders-in-Chief, Marshals Pelissier and Canrobert, return thanks, propose fresh toasts in much the same style. The French Army, its conquest of Sebastopol, and its termination of the war, are the themes of high laudation. No other force is mentioned. No allied generals are even alluded to as sharing the glory and the untimely end of St. Arnaud, or the success and happy return to home of Pelissier and Canrobert, Niel and Bosquet.

In fact, the *mot d'ordre* evidently was to suppress England, and the military failures, the last and greatest of which was at the Redan, have given a color—false as it is—to the cavalier silence. Gen. Simpson, at the crowning struggle of the war, was unequal to the occasion, sent an insufficient force of raw youths to assault a formidable position, was repulsed, omitted to renew the attack, and failed even to occupy the place when it was deserted. The result was that the fall of Sebastopol was mainly the result of a French exploit. The apology was, that the attack on the Redan permitted the capture of the Malakoff, and that a chivalrous ally would not suffer our reputation to suffer. Where now is the chivalry? Where is the acknowledgment of the English services? The victor in the eyes of the world takes all the benefit of appearances. We may prove our merits if we can to a listless audience, which has already formed its conclusions, and is tired of the whole subject. Of what avail are mere conventional rewards? General Simpson has his four grand crosses, and General Codrington is placed over the heads of other generals and covered with decorations. But these cannot alter the opinions of the world, nor restore the prestige which has been lost. What was the position our generals had won for us we may judge from the French banquet.

American News.

Robert J. Walker.

From the N. Y. Mirror.

The fame of Robert J. Walker cannot be enhanced or limited by the support or non-support of any man or any set of men. He has risen to distinction by none of the arts of political life. A mind clear, and a purpose only to be of service to his fellowman, here and elsewhere, he has now the character of a political philosopher of the highest grade. There is not a blot upon his name which has not been placed there by those who would serve themselves at the expense of one of the noblest and most elevated statesman of this or any other country. We doubt, indeed, if there is a production of his pen, a speech, or an official act which does not stamp its author as superior to all the tricks of American politics. In the Senate and in the Cabinet, in public and in private—weighed down by poverty brought upon him in the service of his country, or buoyed up by wealth and personal independence, he is ever the same great man—great in ideas which have equally confounded our own and the statesmen of other countries. Warm in sympathies with mankind, profound in thought and energetic in action, he is to-day the highest example of a democratic statesman to be found in the world. Nor is this language either partial or extreme. If we recur to his remarkable letter of 1844, upon the question of the annexation of Texas, and regard its prophecies, in connection with subsequent events, which have vindicated that letter as something beyond a mere speculative document—as, indeed, history itself written in advance; if we recur to his administration of the Treasury Department, and mark how he was the instructor of the whole world upon the intricate subjects of revenue and commerce, and reflect that experience has demonstrated the wisdom of his policy and the unchanging operation of his principles, it will be conceded, at least, that his conquests have been the conquests of ideas, his triumphs the triumphs of great measures, and his fame the fame of his country.

Mr. Walker, be it remembered, has lived in an era of politicians, and in the midst of plots and counterplots, which looked to the promotion of individuals far more than to the good of the Republic. It is something indeed in such a man that he can point back with pride to his acts, and claim that the spirit of the statesman—the man of ideas and of action, he who dared ever to speak because he was conscious of uttering the truth in advance of his associates—guided his intellect, subdued his ambition, and magnified his usefulness to his countrymen and to mankind. The truth is, Mr. Walker, in addition to his powerful mind, is a man of the warmest and most generous sympathies. Without the latter the former is valueless. Intellect also may serve to astonish, but can never be of actual value to the people. It may call to itself adherents, and vigorous political support; but it has no history—it is only a biography. The man of intellect alone is no prophet, because his heart never goes out to the people, and never understands either their interests or their destiny.

Entertaining these views of the career and pre-eminent qualifications of Robert J. Walker, we hail with the greatest satisfaction the signs which indicate his selection for the State Department in the new administration. If Mr. Buchanan shall thus inaugurate his government, shall thus give expression in his cabinet to the most exalted measures of progress for the last fifty years, we shall cease to doubt his success, and the entire pacification of the sectional disputes which have heretofore so unfortunately disturbed the harmony of the Union.

A letter has been received by the Secretary of the Navy, from the commanding officer of the expedition which was sent to South America a few months ago, for the purpose of procuring a supply of sugar-cane cuttings, for the use of our own citizens in Louisiana and other places where the cane is now cultivated. The expedition had then reached Georgetown, Demarara after a prosperous voyage, and the objects of the expedition were likely to be speedily attained.

The New Orleans *Price Current*, of 28th January, states the increase of receipts of cotton, at the latter dates, to be 38,560 bales; the increased shipments to Northern ports, 102,847; the increased stock, 224,117; and the decreased exports to Great Britain, 248,154; to France, 42,347; and the total decrease to foreign ports, 331,688 bales. The recipts at all the ports reach 1,917,820 bales, out of which 1,003,601 bales were received at New Orleans. The only ports which exhibit a falling off in the receipts of the present crop are Charleston and Savannah.

The Philadelphia papers report that the average yield of worn Spanish coins at the Mint of the United States, in that city, is as follows: Quarters, 23 1-2 cents; eighths, 10 9-10 cents; sixteenths, 5 1-2 cents. The Treasurer of the Mint pays in the new issue of silver, for amounts exceeding five dollars in value, immediately upon ascertaining the weight of such as are presented, at the rate of $1.22 1-2 per troy ounce.

The United States Navy, in November, 1856, consisted of 11 ships of the line, 13 frigates, 19 sloops of war, 3 brigs, 1 schooner, 7 screw steamers of the first class, 1 of the second class, 2 of the third class, 3 side wheel steamers of the first class, 1 of the second class, 5 of the third class, 3 steam tenders, 5 store-ships, and 1 permanent receiving vessel. Total, 75 vessels, carrying 2,243 guns.

In the year 1855, the wheat crop of Pennsylvania was greater than any other State of the Union. The Cincinnati *Price Current* sets down the crop of last year, in some of the largest wheat producing States, as follows: Pennsylvania, 18.250,000 bushels; Ohio, 16,800,000 bushels; New York, 16.200,000 bushels; Illinois, 14,600,000 bushels; Virginia, 12,500,000 bushels.

A petition is in circulation, in New Orleans, to be presented to the Legislature, for the purpose of having a law passed preventing any person from voting in that city, unless he is a taxpayer. The petition states that the outrages at the ballot-box, in New Orleans, were instigated and perpetrated by persons who neither owned property nor paid taxes.

Canton is a flourishing town of 3,000 inhabitants, in Fulton county, Illinois, and a place of considerable business. The Canton *Register*, in speaking of the pork trade, says there has been but little more than half as much packed as was last year. The total amount of hogs is 10,700. Total weight in pounds, 2,537,040.

Mr. McKay, son of the District Attorney of Wyoming county, New York, is in jail at Buffalo, for making and issuing counterfeit coin. The dies used by him came into his father's possession as a prosecuting officer, on the trial of a man some time before, for the same offence. His son found them and used them. He is 22 years of age.

Mr. Caleb Upham, of Weathersford, Vermont, an old man in his 83rd year, having had some trouble with a couple of men in the management of his farm, and getting into a dispute with them, said, "that he would die first, but that he he would have his own way a part of the time," and after saying these words dropped dead. He was a highly respectable old man.

The Boston *Traveller* states that the curiosity of visitors to the State Prison, to see and converse with the notorious convicts, Magee and Cater, and the influence of such freedom on the prisoners, has induced the inspectors to issue orders that no persons not connected with the prison be allowed to visit them.

Pennsylvania claims the honor of originating the first Agricultural Society in this country after the Revolution. It was founded in 1785, and Judge Richard Peters was its President, active prompter and patron.

The amount of gold bullion deposited at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, in the month of January, was $531,757; and the silver bullion, $727,250. The total number of pieces coined was 1,699,764, and the value $443.666.

The Boston Bank capital stock is $1,960,000; loans and discounts, $53,545; specie, $4,922,900; due from other banks, $6,846,000; due to other banks, $5,755,000; deposits, $16,091,-700; circulation, $6,816,000.

Moses Sheppard, a member of the Society of Friends, and a wealthy, well-known and highly respected citizen of Baltimore, died at his residence in that city on the 1st inst., at the ripe age of 84 years.

The stock of coffee in Baltimore, on the 2d inst., was 32,000 sacks less than at the same time last year. The difference in the imports of sugar is about 1,500 packages in favor of last year, during the month of January.

Philadelphia papers announce the death, in that city, of Mr. E. D. Penniman. He was a native of Brattleboro, Vt., was a prominent Democrat, and was a member of the House and of the Senate of Pennsylvania.

The City Council of Macon, at its last regular meeting, in view of the rumored tour of President Pierce through the Southern States, authorized the Mayor to invite him to visit Macon, and tender him its hospitalities.

The Terre Haute *Courier* gives the aggregate killing of hogs at that point and Durkis's Ferry at about 50,000 head, and adds that this will be about 1,500 over the packing of last year.

The St. Louis *Intelligencer* says that the number of hogs packed there will be about 20,000 head short of last year, which was, we believe, 90,000 head.

A large grey eagle, measuring seven feet from tip to tip, was killed one day last week, by Mr. Frankhouser, near Brandonville, Preston county, Va.

From Apalachicola, a magnetic telegraph line has been established, and is in operation from that city, via Mariana, to Columbus, Ga.

John L. Scott, of Maysville, Ky., gave an entertainment, in his law office, lately, to all the editors, reporters, printers, printers' "devils," &c., attached to printing-offices in that vicinity.

At a baptism in the western part of Kentucky, a few weeks since, a girl of a shy disposition, about to be immersed, very naturally resisted the attempts of the minister to lead her to the

water, and after a short struggle, began to sob and cry with great violence. At this moment, while a crowd of spectators were anxiously watching the result, a younger brother of the girl stepped up to her, and exclaimed, in an under tone, "Don't be scared, Sal, they're only in fun!"

Mr. Rucff, late one of the proprietors of the *Deutcher Democrat*, of Belleville, Illinois, committed suicide, by hanging, on the night of the 15th ult. Mr. Ruoff was a native of Germany, and fled from his native land on account of political persecution. He was the proprietor of large landed possessions in Germany, which were seized by the government. It is supposed that this loss of property, together with bad health, preyed heavily upon his mind, and led him thus to destroy his own life.

Not long since while some workmen were digging a well near North Bend, Ohio, the skeleton of a man, or rather of a giant, was found, twenty-nine feet below the surface of the earth—who, when living, towered to the enormous height of twenty-three feet and ten inches. The skeleton was critically examined by Professor Lind, who arrives at the startling fact, that this monster man was capable of wielding the forearm with sufficient force to have thrown a cannon ball, weighing 18 pounds, from Cincinnati to Indianapolis—or a distance of 88 miles; or to have taken a large millstone in each hand, and have walked with perfect ease at the astounding rate of 37 1-2 miles an hour.

Three warehouses of the Shipper's Press were destroyed by fire, on the 9th ult., at Mobile. Their contents, say from ten to fifteen thousand bales, were also destroyed, a portion of which and only a portion was insured, or partially so. There was a very high wind blowing at the time, and only a very small portion of cotton could be saved.

From a report submitted to the Senate by Messrs. Kingston & Joiner, it appears that there are 107 saw-mills on the Wisconsin river and its tributaries above the Dells, which manufacture about 107,000,000 feet of lumber annually, which at the rate of $15 per M feet, would amount to the sum of $1,600,000.

In view of the danger to which American commerce has been exposed for the past two years from pirates infesting the Chinese Seas and the East Indian Archipelago, the Boston board of trade has petitioned the Government for armed vessels that could pursue piratical craft into shallow water.

In Philadelphia there are no less than nine medical schools, five of them being irregular. Fifteen hundred students are claimed by the nine collectively as being the attendance this winter. Of these the Jefferson College is said to have 500; the old University School 400; Pennsylvania College 150; and the Philadelphia 100.

The Missouri *Democrat* states that there are twenty-three wild cat banks in the State of Illinois, located in the swamps of Egypt and the forests elsewhere, with a circulation, amounting in the aggregate to three and a half millions.

The Yazoo City (Miss.) *Banner* says:—"John Cotton, who was found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree, was sentenced by Judge Henry, on Saturday last, to fifty years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

John Punchard, who died in Salem on the 14 instant, was 94 years old. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and was on duty around the headquarters of Washington at West Point on the night of Arnold's escape. He held many offices of trust in Salem, and closed a long, quiet and useful life in the faith of immortality.

There are now on the Islands of the Pacific ocean, in connection with the London Church Wesleyan and American Missionary Societies, 119 missionaries, 12.929 communicants, 239,900 professed Protestants, and 54,708 pupils. The largest single Protestant Church in the world is on one of these islands.

In Mobile, a professional chemist has recently discovered a process whereby coal dust can be converted into hard lumps or blocks of any size required, and thus made suitable for burning in grates.

The Attorney General of Indiana, in response to a resolution of the House of Representatives, has decided that the State is not responsible for the issue of the Grammercy and Shawnee Banks, nor of any other banks.

The Parkersburg (Va.) *Gazette*, states that on the 17th inst., there were 4,000 lbs. of chickens and 43 barrels of eggs at that place, awaiting shipment east.

A counterfeit $20 note on the Bank of Kentucky has made its appearance. It is an exact copy of the genuine plate, but is very carelessly executed.

Mrs. Olive Pollard, who died last week at the house of John Stark, Manchester, N. H., was 97 years old, drew a revolutionary pension, and was probably the oldest person in Manchester.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company has appointed a clergyman as superintendent of "track literature," to suppress all magazines, newspapers and books having an immoral tendency.

One hundred and twenty-five hogs froze to death, at Dayton, Ohio, during the recent cold snap.

The receipts of the Liquor trade in La Crosse, last year, were about $16,000.

There are no returns from the Territories of Oregon, Washington, Nebraska, Kansas and New Mexico.

During the winter the citizens of Augusta, Ga., have contributed $5,650 to the relief of the poor among them.

Notice has been given in the New York Legislature, of a bill requiring the recording of all marriages.

City News.

Public Education in this City, and its Cost.

President Green, in his annual address before the Board of Education, at its last meeting, made some statements and suggestions that deserve to be repeated to the people and kept before the legislature. He says the total number of schools in 1856 was 217; the average attendance 47,584; total attendance 128,205; the number of teachers employed in these schools was 1,200, of whom 177 are males and 1,023 females. The total sum raised for school purposes in 1857 is $1,100,510, irrespective of the sum of $383,805, which, by a general law of the State, is raised upon the taxable property of this city, and not to be used in sustaining our own schools, but to be distributed and expended in sustaining schools in other parts of the State. The rule by which the common school fund of the State was distributed prior to 1856, to the various counties, gave just cause of complaint to this city. That rule provided for the distribution of one-third of the State funds, including the amount raised by general tax, the common school fund and the appropriation from the United States deposit fund, according to the school districts, and the other two-thirds according to the population of the respective counties. The school districts of the State were unequally divided, so that some districts having one hundred scholars, drew as much of the one-third as some districts in this city having 2,500 scholars. With the apparent intention of remedying this disparity, a law was passed at the last session of the legislature, whereby each teacher who had been employed in the schools for the space of six months, should count as one district; by this method, this city will return somewhere about 1,500 districts in 1857, instead of 262 as in 1856, and derive about $45,000 instead of about $25,000, as heretofore. This amendment of a rule so flagrantly unjust to this city, was accompanied with a provision of law augmenting the amount of tax to be raised on the whole property of the State, from a fixed sum of $800,000 to a per centage of three-fourths of a mill, thus increasing the sum to be raised by the city, and at the same time retaining a rule of distribution that, unjustly in 1846, sent $271,639 out of this city, and in 1857 raises upon the property of the city, to be expended in other parts of the State, the sum of $383,805. All these general laws operate unequally upon this and other localities of the State, in several particulars. Where property is aggregated, as in cities, it is more easily ascertainable, and the valuation upon which the tax is based is much higher than that placed upon property in other parts of the State. Nor is this matter of unequal taxation a subject to us either remote or unimportant. In 1856 this law authorizing a percentage for educational purposes, was passed; it affects this city seriously; and it is at least the right of this Board to notice that legislative action for educational purposes that so palpably affects the interest of this city. The amount, as before stated, received from the State fund in 1856, was $146,422. The amount raised in this city, and paid over to be distributed in other parts of the State in 1856, was $271,639. So, to get $146,422, we in that year paid $271,639. In 1857 the disparity will be still greater. Very few of our tax-payers understand the amount that is raised in this city by tax for State purposes. The taxable citizens of this city are charged with nearly a million per annum for the support of the schools of this city; they are also charged with $383,805 raised for the support of schools elsewhere, and with $383,805 raised for State purposes other than schools, makes a total contribution by this city for State purposes of $767,540.

The bills for closing Bloomingdale square, and to authorize the city of New-York to raise $500,000 for a new reservoir, were passed on the 12th inst.

A stray pistol-ball passed through the window of house No. 93 Willow street, Brooklyn, a few days since, at an early hour, and lodged in a bed upon which two persons were sleeping.

Trinity Church Corporation has now sixty-six churches under mortgage to the extent of near $600,000, and thirty-eight clergymen held by the golden chain of pleasure.

The "Sligo Young Men" give their fifth annual Ball at the Apollo Rooms, on Monday evening, next. They know how to secure a joyous evening, and those who join them will be well cared for.

LETTER FROM NICARAGUA.

The following letter, from our gallant young friend, Nagle, only reached us yesterday. The person intrusted with the delivery, was unable to hand it to us sooner. Late, however, as it appears, we feel satisfied it will be read with interest by the many cordial friends whom the writer has left behind him here and in Ireland:

RIVAS, Dec. 30th, 1856.

I would have written to you by last steamer, but was taken very ill with fever, and am only just recovering. It went very hard with me for some time. I thought I should have to cave in. You have seen the news by the papers of the second battle of Massaya, the two battles on the Transit route, and the burning of Granada. In none of these events had I the good fortune to take part, having had to keep my bed almost all the time. The "boys" had a hard time in Granada, there being only a few of them left there to move some stores, and burn the town. The enemy came down and took their position on the beach, with a view to cut off the retreat to the steamer *Virgin*, which lay there to take our men off. There are the ruins of an old fort at the dock, which we always had a *picquet* in, and where twenty-five of our fellows were stationed when the enemy made their appearance. They held the place for six days, and would in all probability have continued to hold it, had not a native, who was supposed to be friendly, deserted and informed the enemy of the strength of the little garrison—informed them, moreover, that the ammunition was nearly out, that they had no bayonets, and a smart charge would overpower them. They did so. They overpowered and bayoneted all in the fort, with the exception of one man, who jumped into the water, and was picked up by the steamer. This gave the enemy undisputed possession of the beach, and cut off all communication between the steamer and those in the town. Here General Henningsen proved himself *the* General. Being shut up in Granada with about 200 men, encumbered with baggage, artillery ammunition, women and children—without provisions, except the horses and mules which they eat, and hemmed in on all sides by some 3,000 of the enemy—still he held out for ten days, until we sent him a reinforcement, which landed below the city, and, charging the enemy, drove them from their barricades, and united with those in town. Both parties—the beseiged and the relieving—shortly after embarked on board the *Virgin*, and dropped down to Virgin Bay. Henningsen is made Major-General, and is the favorite of the army. He spends all his time in drilling the men, and in a short time we shall have as perfect an army as exists in any part of the world. Rivas is now head-quarters, and is to be the Capital of the State. At present we are engaged in the construction of a road from here to Virgin Bay, which town is to be enlarged, and a fort built there. The large building in this city, which was intended for a church, but was never finished, is to be completed immediately, and serve for the Capitol. Things look better now than they have done for a long time—infinitely better. Our Rangers went on a scout yesterday. They met a party of the enemy, some fifty miles from here. After a few minutes' fight the latter broke and run. I have no more to say just now, but heartily beg, with affectionate regard to all our friends, you will always believe most faithfully and truly yours,

M. F. NAGLE.

WALKER'S PROSPECTS.

The Nashville *Union* publishes the following letter received at Nashville from one of Gen. Walker's officers. Amid the conflicting statements of Walker's friends and enemies, it is impossible to arrive at any certain conclusion as to his prospects. We at least will not yet despair of his triumphant deliverance from the dangers which threaten him.

PUNTA ARENAS, Jan. 13, 1857.

My Dear Friend: I arrived here on the 9th, I am impelled to write to you from the fact that I think my opinion of existing affairs here may be interesting to you, from my being an eye witness. The President is in Rivas, his capital, and has an army of 1,000 men, and 14 pieces of artillery. He has plenty of provisions and munitions of war. The enemy, by treachery among Americans and stratagem, have obtained possession of our lake steamers and river boats. We have 170 men and one piece of artillery. We intend ascending the river as soon as boats can be procured. We feel perfectly confident of carrying Serapique, and then as soon as reinforcements arrive, we shall take Viejo Castillo and San Carlos, that is if the President does not anticipate us and take them himself, as I more than expect he will. He is more secure in his present position here than he has ever been. He has 1,000 veterans with him, 270 here, and I have no doubt 500 will come out by the next steamer from NewOrleans. I am here as a volunteer, and shall remain until the President has undisputed possession of his rights, and then I shall return to the United States.

KILKENNY AND ITS WITCHES.

From the Limerick Reporter.

"Wizards know their time,
The time when screech-owls cry and van-dogs howl,
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves."

SHAKSPEARE.

In this present, busy, fevered age of printing, railways, steamboats and electric telegraphs, people are more prone to disbelieve than to believe. The constant struggle for gain—the fierce, restless desire to surpass those around us—the ascendancy which the ideal has obtained over the material—while it has contributed to enlarge and polish man's intellectual nature, has also, in some measure, imbued him with a secret contempt for his fellow-creatures, and, seeing little real truth or sincerity in the world, he insensibly becomes a sceptic in most things, and oftentimes cavils at even the truths of religion itself. This must and ever will be the inevitable result of a state of high civilization. In barbaric nations, on the contrary, men are credulous to excess. The rude Tartar of Mongolia and the Indian of the American prairies equally place implicit credence in the power of priests; they believe them really endowed with the supernatural attributes which they claim, and that these are the gift of the Great Deity who rules the world. In nations half civilised, we observe a curious struggle. Men deny that the Deity has bestowed on any one the power of harming his fellow-creatures; but the old belief is not as yet totally eradicated; and it is now held that it is the Infernal Spirit who has gifted his wretched followers with unearthly means of wreaking their vengeance on others; and hence arose that general belief in witchcraft that occasioned so much terror in Europe. Our ancestors lived in perpetual fear of witches; every dreary forest, every lonely hill, every dark cave, was deemed to be the habitation of a demon; and nearly every wretched old and ugly woman was supposed to hold unholy communications with them. Many expiated their supposed crime by fire; and to such a pitch did the mania reach, that we read of persons coming forward and voluntarily accusing themselves of witchcraft, though they knew their punishment would inevitably be death. Our English conquerors, among the other blessings they introduced here, diffused a belief in witches, and in 1324 Richard Ledred, Bishop of Ossory, solemnly cited before him the Lady Alice Retel to answer an accusation that she had dealings with the demons, and along with her were charged her accomplices, Petronilla, an Englishwoman, of Meath, and her daughter Basilia. It was proved to the satisfaction of the Court (though in what manner history saith not, and possibly it would be rather at a loss to do so), that she had as a familiar a certain demon named Robin Artisson, and furthermore that she had offered to him nine red cocks. How particular the witness was in naming the spirit; he must have been learned in the science of the lower world. Alice had a son named Robert Outlawe, who had, unfortunately, by continued industry accumulated a large fortune; but this simple means of accounting for it never entered the heads of our sapient ancestors; and the same witness swore that she (the said Alice) had between compline and curfew swept the streets, and conveyed the dirt to her son's door, and there said, "May all the luck of Kilkenny come to this house!" and this was the reason for his possessing so much wealth. This absurd charge, in the present age, would excite nothing but laughter; but in those good old times, which some people are so fond of regretting, it was a serious matter; and Alice narrowly escaped with her life, was fined heavily, and warned by the Bishop that if she did not henceforward and for ever renounce witchcraft, that death should be her portion—death by the faggot and flame!

A few months after, Petronilla was again summoned to answer a like charge. This time the evidence was fatal, and she was condemned to be burned. Whether she was insane, whether wishing (for to the disgrace of human nature it is often the case,) that she should have sharers in her misfortune, or whether she was actuated by the hope that she should save her own life, she accused Alice Retal and her own daughter, Basilia, of the most diabolical crimes. She also exclaimed that Roger Outlawe merited death as much as she did; for that he wore a devil's girdle round his body. He was arrested and imprisoned; but by means of large bribes was, after a short imprisonment, set at liberty. His mother and Basilia, well knowing that all efforts to save them would be in vain, stole out of the city in the night, and were never heard of more. It seems that they, too, were infected with the mania for witchcraft; for says Grace in his Annals, "Among the goods of Alice was found a host, on which the name of the devil was inscribed, besides a pin, and an ointment thereon, with which she used to besmear a beam—that is a coulter; and when it was besmeared, Alice with her comrades mounting upon it as on a horse, were carried whithersoever she wished through the world, without hurt or hinderance." These discoveries, however, availed not Petronilla, and it was determined that the sentence should be rigidly enforced. The day of the execution arrived: the citizens were early in the streets astir—dressed in holiday clothes; and from the country round, came pouring crowds of horsemen and footmen, and the streets were completely blocked up by the dense mass, all eager and glad, assembled there to witness the death of the poor victim of ignorance and credulity. It was a bright, balmy summer's morning. There was no breath of wind to ripple the

glassy surface of the river, which glided by undisturbed by the murmur of the multitude, as if, though in the world, it belonged not to it. And the trees were green, and the flowers were sending forth rich perfumes, too sweet and pleasant for the time, and the bright sun shed his rays down, as if they were angel spirits, calm undisturbed things of heaven, amid the surging crowd whose breasts were filled with hatred, and envy, and ambition, and anger, and the dark passions that contribute to mar the face of this beautiful earth. Oh! everything looked heaven-like and happy, save where the place was darkened by that crowd of faces, and where the pile of black stakes rose. Now from her prison Petronilla came, surrounded by a strong troop of Guards. Her face was white—white as the snow on Gailtemoor;—her gray hair fell ungathered on her shoulders, and there was a wild, fitful glare in her eye. She stood motionless, as if carved in stone, while they fastened her to the stake: the light was applied—higher and higher the red flames mount—louder grow the shouts of the crowd; and, rising over all—over the crackling flames and the savage execrations of the multitude, the agonising cries of the victim. Then all was silent; the flames sunk down, the crowd dispersed, and the ashes of Petronilla, of Meath, were scattered on the four winds of heaven. What think you, reader, of this scene in the good old times?

IRISH MANUFACTURE.

From the Cork Examiner.

The increase of enterprise in this country is in no way better illustrated or proved than in the vast improvement which has taken place in our attempts to labor for ourselves, and the successful efforts which have been made amongst us from time to time to imitate, if not to rival, our industrious neighbors at the other side of the channel. Some years ago, a machine of any description, in order to be thought worthy of use, should be imported; now engines of a difficult and important character, including all descriptions for common use, are manufactured at home, and held in as high estimation as if they came from Glasgow, Sheffield, or Birmingham. The absence of any great system of manufactures amongst us, renders the demand for the higher kinds of machinery only occasional, but we believe it is that circumstance alone which prevents their being successfully attempted here, there being no lack of the necessary skill and experience. It would not pay a founder to prepare the necessary apparatus for getting up a tremendous shaft or an enormous cylinder, when the chances would be that years would elapse before another occasion requiring its use would occur. But in all machinery of moderate dimensions, the articles manufactured in Cork are of the highest importance in their way.

We have been led to these remarks from a cursory visit to the Hive Iron Works, the Foundry of Mr. Richard Perrott, where there may be seen a machine manufactured for the Royal Gunpowder Mills, at Ballincollig. Artistic beauty is not certainly what one would look for in an affair of cogs and wheels, and intended for the crushing and grinding of powder into readiness for its grim use; and yet this article, though as little like the ideal of Phidias as may be, is not without a certain pleasing effect of its own. Its curious contrast of colors—green painted metal alongside brightly burnished brass, and its light, graceful pillars make it more agreeable to the eye than the intricacies of a machine are usually found to be. There cannot be less than from 8 to 10 tons weight of gun metal in it; so great a quantity of brass has never hitherto in this country been wrought into one structure. It is pyramidal in longitudinal elevation, sixteen feet in height, the ground plan being a parallelogram, whose length is over thirty feet.

The function of the machine is to granulate or reduce the cake-powder to grains. It is furnished with four pair of rollers, each pair at a different level. They are all of beautiful workmanship, the surface being cut from the solid into innumerable diminutive pyramids finely pointed. These pyramids are largest on the surface of the highest rollers, and smallest on the lowest pair. The rollers are all at one side of the machine, each pair forming, as it were, a step on the incline. The other side of the machine is an unbroken incline, having a broad web belt strained the whole way, by which the cake-powder is carried up to the top rollers; through these the powder passes, and then descends through the whole series of rollers, and through the screens placed under them, coming out below, of the various sorts required, from the cannon to the fowling-piece. The action of the rollers is to furnish every individual grain with many faces and angles, differing in this respect altogether from the old pebble-shaped grains, now discarded in powder manufacture. This machine is a copy of one now in use at the Government Works at Waltham Abbey, and is in no respect inferior to its original. Its cost we believe will amount to considerable over £2,000.

MONARCHS RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

We extract the following piece of pleasant gossip from Dr. Doran's "Monarchs retired from Business:"

THE WAY IN WHICH KINGS CAME TO WEAR CROWNS.

"Nimrod was abroad one day in the fields, following his vocation of the chase. Happening to look up, he beheld in the heavens a figure which resembled that subsequently so familiar to man—the figure of a crown. The mighty hunter summoned to his side the most skilful craftsmen in gold, who resided in the vicinity, and pointing out to him the still glittering shape in the sky, asked him if he could fashion a headpiece like that visibly intended for Nimrod, by heaven, whence the pattern had expressly come. The artist answered confidently in the affirmative, sketched the model, and, in a short time, produced a radiant crown which the King for ever wore, and at which his subjects could seldom look without peril of being blinded by its dazzling glory. This is, perhaps, the first suggestion on record of the right divine of monarchs; and it is not impossible that from Nimrod is derived the grand syllable here discussed. That potentate was styled the mighty hunter; and *Kenaz*, which implies '*hunting*,' is thus supposed to typify that regal government to which people of old were subjected by their rulers."

The progress of the crown from being a mere circlet of gold to its present form may be told in a few words:

"There is no mention in Scripture of a royal crown, as a kingly possession, till the time when the Amalekites are described as bringing Saul's crown to David. The first Roman who wore a crown was Tarquin, B.C. 616. It was at first a mere fillet, then a garland, subsequently stuffs adorned with pearls. Alfred is said to have been the first English King who wore this symbol of authority, A.D. 872. Athelstan (A.D. 959) wore a modern earl's coronet. In 1053, Pope Damasius II. introduced the Papal cap. Thirteen years later, William the Conqueror added a coronet with points to his ducal cap. The papal cap was not encircled with a crown till the era of John XIX. (1276.) Nineteen years afterwards Boniface VIII. added a second crown. Benedict XII. completed the tiara, or triple crown, about the year 1334. In 1386, Richard the II. pawned *his* crown regalia to the city of London for 2,000*l*. The crosses on the crown of England were introduced by Richard III., in 1483. The arches date from Henry VII. (1485.) The sceptre has undergone as many changes as the crown. Originally it was a staff, intended for a support of the monarch; they who shortened it sometimes turned it into a club, to lay prostrate their people."

THE ROYAL AND EDITORIAL STYLE—"WE."

"With respect to the style and title of Kings, it may be here stated that the royal 'We' represents, or was supposed originally to represent, the source of the national power, glory, and intellect, in the august power of the sovereign. 'Le Roi le vent'—the King will have it so—sounded as arrogantly as it was meant to sound in the royal Norman mouth. It is a mere form, now that royalty in England has been relieved of responsibility. In haughtiness of expression was matched by the old French formula at the end of a decree: 'For such is our good pleasure.' The royal subscription in Spain, 'Yo, el Re,' *I the King*, has a thundering sort of echo about it too. The only gallant expression to be found in royal addresses was made by the Kings of France, that is, by the *married* Kings. Thus, when the the French monarch summoned a council to meet upon affairs of importance, and desired to have around him the princes of the blood and the wiser nobility of the realm, His Majesty invariably commenced his address with the words 'Having previously consulted on this matter with the Queen,' &c. It is very probable, almost certain, that the King had done nothing of the sort; but the assurance that he *had* seemed to give a certain sort of dignity to the consort, in the eyes of the grandees and the people at large. Old Michel de Marolles was proud of this display of gallantry on the part of the Kings of France. 'According to my thinking,' says the garrulous old Abbé of Villeloin, 'this is a matter highly worthy of notice, although a few persons have condescended to make remarks thereon down to this present time.' It may here be added, with respect to English Kings, that the first 'King's speech' ever delivered was by Henry I., in 1107, Exactly a century later, King John first assumed the royal 'We:' it had never before been employed in England. The same monarch has the credit of having been the first English King who claimed for England the sovereignty of the seas. 'Grace' and 'My Liege' were the ordinary titles by which our Henry IV., was addressed. 'Excellent Grace' was given to Henry VI., who was not the one, nor yet had the other. Edward IV., was 'Most High and Mighty Prince.' Henry VII., was the first English 'Highness.' Henry VIII., was the first complimented by the title of 'Majesty;' and James I., prefixed to the last title 'Sacred and Most Excellent.'"

RICHARD CROMWELL IN PRIVATE LIFE.

He had no faith in his cause nor confidence in himself, nor reliance on those around him; and his unceremonious ejection from power was a natural consequence where such premises existed. If they who ejected him had paid his father's debts as well as his own, they would have made him a richer, but not a much happier man. They would have added some dignity to his retirement, but as it was he had enough for enjoyment—such enjoyment as he could find in the pursuits he most cared for—those of a country gentleman and boon companion. These pursuits however were not always practicable. From May in 1559 to the middle of 1560, he lived at Hursley, in some fear of creditors, whom even now he could not satisfy, and in some uncertainty what his fortune might be if Charles II. were recalled.

He then retired to Paris, where he lived in obscurity, and under the fictitious name of Wallis. Twice he visited Geneva; and on one of these occasions he was spoken of, to his face, by the Prince de Conti, who received him under his assumed name, as 'coxcomb,' 'rascal,' 'coward,' 'base fellow,' 'fool,' and 'sot.' About twenty years after 'Mr. Wallis' first buried himself in obscure lodgings in Paris, a Mr. Richard Clarke settled at Cheshunt. It was by this name that Richard Cromwell, no longer in fear of creditors, chose to be known. He was a hearty church and conventicle-going, hunting, joyous gentleman; loving good wine a little and fair ladies more. He was choice in the selection of his company, seldom referred to his past greatness, and was never sarcastic, save when he alluded to the addresses of the people of England, who, on his being proclaimed Protector, laid their lives and fortunes at his feet.

CELTS AND CIVILISATION.

Celtic instrumentality in the "world's work" is a subject worth glancing at. Does the question never arise to the philosophic mind—Who are these Irishmen we see here, settled everywhere, toiling everywhere? They are as marked a race as the Jews or the Gypsies. The map of Ireland is on every face. They do not differ in externals from the Englishman as much as the Bosjesmans from the Caffres, or the Malays from the Tartars. But in spirit and temperament they are as separate as Sestos and Abydos. They stand on opposite shores. They can no more get confounded than the mountains. These people are Celts from Ireland. There were and are Celts in Greece, Italy, Spain, and France. Their history is a necessary part of the great history of this primitive race. Some call them Phœnicians; some the Japhetic race, but the Greeks, the great nomenclators, called them Celts. In Greece these Celts, copying the arts from Egypt, perfected them above the reach of time to excel or distroy. The Grecian Celts were encyclopœdists and mythologists. They peopled Heaven with beliefs and fancies; and the stars this night wear their Greek names over the forest trees of America, and are hailed by them from ships sailing on the southern seas. The Roman Celts, or Romans, founded a great city, they called Eternal. They took up literary and architectural civilisation when Greece laid it down. They borrowed masters, and weapons, and manuscripts from Athens. Then Rome shifted into the foreground of the world's stage. But the Romans aspired to Universal Empire, and carried their eagles after the sun. They made Britain their final Battle-field, and there they met the freer Celts of Ireland and Scotland. For who were the Picts and Scots that the walls were built, and the two dikes dug against? Who were they that Agricola, and Severus, and Aurelius tried in vain to crush? Celts of the West—ancestors of the very men who sweat and toil on the English soil to-day. In Spain the Celts founded municipal government and responsible administration. It was they who made their kings with this fierce formula—"We who are as much as you, and are worth more than you, we choose you for our lord, on condition that you will respect our laws—if not—not!" Before the centralisation of power under Ferdinand, the Spanish townsmen were the freest people in Europe. The laws of what are called the Goths of Spain are, as a monument of municipal legislation, second only to the Roman; and these laws are Celtic in origin. The Celts of France were early overcome by the Northern Franks, who parcelled out their lands amongst themselves, and divided Gaul into several kingdoms. But the aborigines from time to time extorted "rights" from their masters, until after the consolidation of power they came to have but one master—the King. They, too, have done liberty some service. Now, the Irish Celts are the kinsmen of these Greeks, Romans, Spaniards and French—they have all the family failings and the family virtues. The same deep passions—the same ideality—the same changeability, marks the whole race. Under their peculiar circumstances, the Irish Celts developed differently from their Southern and Eastern kindred. Far away from Egypt, all under a northern climate, the plastic arts were comparatively unknown; the in-door science of music was their favorite. The old Irish banner is the only one in Europe that bears a blazon of high art. While the Sclavonic heraldry is crowded with serpents, bears, and lions, and the Eastern with flaming towers, and stars, and crescents, the Irish device is the beautiful symbol of inspiration—the harp of prophets, of woman, and of bards.

What were the old Irish laws and customs? A question full of questions, and one it would take years to answer. The organisation has been distinguished as feudal. It is in more respects the opposite of feudal. By the feudal law the chief was lord of the vassal's life, and by the old Irish law there were no vassals, but clans. Clanship, as rightly understood, was association. Each member of the clan had as absolute title to a share of the soil as the chief, and could sell his share just as we in the present day can sell bank stock or railway script. The custom they call tenant right in Ireland, has been proved to be a relic of the Celtic law. The holders of land in Ireland were obliged to keep a certain number of men for defence and war. Besides these farmers or boores, there were certain keepers of public lands set apart for the maintenance of hospitality and religion. These public hosts were called *Biatags*, and the Church farmers *Erenachs*. By road and bridge, hurdle-park and mountain pass, these sacred warders kept watch and vigil, turning to the four winds to see if God would send them any stranger for a guest. The early Christian schools of Ireland were supported by hospitality rather than endowment. In the valley of Banchor, about the church of Armagh, and on the banks of the Avondhu, thousands of foreign scholars received food and lodgment, and such knowledge as the Irish saints alone possessed in the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. We must not confound these students' societies with the modern university. They were clusters of rude cottages, supported by the hospitality of the district. Some of the teachers visited in succession the princes and nobles, and returned laden with stores for the maintenance of the schools. Some schools had as many as 3,000 scholars at the same time. Such were the Irish Celts. Hospitality is the virtue of localism, and the virtue of localism pervaded all their ideas. They swore by their own saint, lived on their own land, and buried in their own churchyard. This intense localism pervades them to this hour, their patriotism is local—not national; it is Connaught or Munster, the North or the South, they love or cherish. It is not Ireland, but Home, they think of, speak of, dream of! It is this temperament which has made them so formidable to all centralization of power Whenever the Celtic race and centralization came into contact, one or the other had to give way. Let us trace their records. The first great European centralization was Roman. One city governed three continents. All Europe, Asia, Africa, were subjugated to make Rome supreme—made poor to enrich Rome—itself centralized in the person of the emperor, in whose little self all power converged like rays in some brittle focus. There was no citizenship tolerated but Roman—no law but the Roman—no character but the Roman. The dusky Idumean, the rude German, the stiff-necked Jews themselves bent under the yoke and rendered tribute to Cæsar. The Irish Celts never bent a knee before that world-sceptre waving above the Seven Hills. No Irish Celt was ever drawn at the chariot-wheel of Consul or Imperator. No Roman vault ever ached an Irish captive's head.

It will be perhaps, said, "The island was too remote." The West remote for the Romans! There was no country too remote for them. The shores of the Caspian and the banks of the Oxus were familiar to the feet of their legions. But the Alps were between the extreme Celt and Rome, and with these Alps for a breast-work, they fought. "Long before Rome was built," says Dr. Knox, in the *Medical Times*, "the Continental Celt occupied all France and Northern Italy—they extended probably into Galatia." How beautifully Thierry describes the race, tracing the mighty deeds performed by the Celt, the most warlike of men. See him before the period of well-authenticated history, burst from the territory of old Gaul, join his countrymen in Cisalpine Gaul—that is Northern Italy—pour down on Rome and the peninsula, ravaging Greece and plundering the sacred temple of Delphi. Now, he repeats his game, century upon century, from Brennus to Napoleon. Three thousand years alter neither his character nor his course—it is ever the same. A warlike leader appears, and his cry is, "to the Rhine. To the Rhine! March once more. Italy, once more across the Alps! See the Celts under Hannibal fight the battles of Thrasymene and Cannæ, the forefathers of those who conquered at Marengo and Austerlitz." Yes, it was the Celts who most resisted the Roman despotism; not continental Celts alone, but British, Scotch and Irish Celts. The Irish Celts were particularly active. An invasion of a Roman territory was the first act of each new king of Ireland. Nial perished in the Loire. Dathi was struck by lightning at the foot of the Alps, four hundred years after the death of Julius Cæsar's time. The Roman empire in Britain was so harassed by the Irish Celts, that Agricola had organized an invasion of Ireland, which he was prevented from completing by his recall to Rome. Why did the Celts oppose Rome so seriously? Because Rome claimed the mastership of Europe, and the Celts have never freely acknowledged any master, but God alone. The next despotism attempted in Europe, was that of the northern conquerors of Rome. These nations, whether Greeks, Saxons, Goths, Lombards, Vestii, or by whatever name known, were despots, not by institutions, but from ignorance. Theirs was not the despotism of laws, but the despotism of no laws; not the arbitary rule of a system, but of capricious force. The able man was their lord. The strong arm their sceptre—the violent will their law. They were a race powerful to destroy, but weak to construct. Gifted to change existing powers, but unskilful to create new ones. The Irish Celts supplied them with skill, civilization and system. Ireland was passing from Paganism to Christianity during these events. Remote, sequestered, with a passionate, poetic, all-believing people, Christianity made a complete conquest of the island in one generation. St. Patrick saw the first cross, and the last Druid; he outlived the errors he came to oppose. A new civilization sprung spontaneously from the Christian basis. Ireland rushed into the new channel of her destiny like a flood

long restrained. War itself sunk secondary to religion. It was no longer the red branch of the sunburst, but the cross and the cowl that were the insignia of Irish heroism. Schools thickened over the land, and scholars from afar stepped out of strange ships and kissed the shores of Ireland as the land of holiness and lore. There went forth the missionaries of nations, each choosing, after the Divine example, twelve companions. Saint Buan sailed to Ireland; Saint Aidan to Northumberland; Saint Columb to Scotland; Saint Columbanus, first to Burgundy and then to Lombardy; Saint Gall to Switzerland; Saints Killian, Rumold, and Fridblin into Germany. "Who are the Missionaries of nations," asked Dr. Milner, an Englishman, and he answers with the Irish Martyrology. There is not a cathedral church from Ireland to Sicily wherein an Irish saint is not honored and remembered. But not alone did teachers of religion go forth. Religion and science in these happy days were inseparable. Clement and Albin, two Irish scholars, went to Paris, and crying out in the streets that they had "wisdom to sell," were brought before Charlemagne, who founded universities for them to teach in. Fieargal, Bishop of Saltzburg, taught the sphericity of the earth. Erigena was the instructor of Charles the Bald. Alfred of Northumberland was himself an Irish scholar, as were many Welsh, Scotch, and Norwegian princes. In the words of Dr. Johnson, "Ireland in these ages was the luminary of the western world."

But though converted and half civilized, there grew up out of the Gothic invasions an order of tyrants not less odious than the Romans—the Normans. The rise and constitution of this singular people is one of the least known passages in history. They came upon the Celts of Europe as conquerors: they declared them to be their serfs. They "collared" the men; they laid claim to the first fruits of every thing, even extended it to an abominable extent. They overran a part of France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and Sicily, and at last, towards the end of the 12th century, invaded England. What has been the history of Ireland since then? A Celtic struggle for liberty. That struggle has an epic sequence and unity. Augustin Thierry, the greatest historian the world ever saw, traces back the contests of Democracy in France to a Celtic source. We do the same for Ireland. That great thinker calls Ireland "a nation with a long memory." Nationally, an Irishman never forgets a wrong and never forgives an insult. We will not stop to inquire whether the Celts or the Normans have done the most for civilization. If civilization be the spread of empire, the Normans have done the most: if the spread of truth, the Celts. "People talk," says Laing, "of the superiority of the Gothic, Germanic, and Anglo-Saxon races, as if no such people ever existed as the Romans, the Spaniards, the French—no such men as Cæsar, Bonaparte, Montesquieu, Cervantes, Raphael, Michael Angelo." True, and as if there were no such Irish Celts as Owen O'Neill, Marshal Thomond, Flood, Curran, O'Connell, Moore, Maclise. Let us hear no more, then, of such talk about what men have never examined—never thought of. We have briefly sketched this pedigree for the Irish race, as a solemn warning, not to introduce them to their "grand relations," but to inspire them with better ambitions; not to have them dwell on what they were, but what they are. They are the same people who resisted Rome, resisted Great Britain. They are the same race who spread Christianity in the 6th century, and revived letters in the 16th. They are the same who brought music to Western Europe, and founded the arts in Italy. In arms, in arts, in oratory, they have excelled—can excel. But how do we find these Irish Celts in England? Are they marching at the head, or dragged at the tail? Are they reapers or gleaners, designers or chisels, architects or tools, leaders or led? We find them workers at the docks, or waiters on Providence: shovellers of earthworks, carriers of water, tools and tackle for other men's uses. And is this, indeed, the end? Are they who wrestled with the Roman, who would not yield to the Norman, are they to give out first in the race of human families, and to break stones by the wayside while the winners ride by in triumphal chariots, covered with fame, and laurels, and benedictions? The falsest ideas are those which prevail about Irish characters. The Handy Andys at the library and the Dennis Bulgrudderys at the theatres, never existed but as exceptions. The basis of Irish character is all imbedded in deep passions—love, hatred, revenge, devotion, ambition, vanity. Meet an Irishman alone in the streets or the fields, and who can be more serious? What makes him gay in society is the ambition to please, or the love of approbation. Wit and humor are but as wall-flowers on the eave of that ancient and somewhat dilapidated edifice. Within you have all the tragic and heroic passions—all that makes men eminent as soldiers, poets, orators, missionaries, artists, or rulers. Oh, that the mental power of Irishmen could be let loose to labor on this land as their physical strength has been! The mind would work still greater changes than the body. And why not let it loose?

POLITICAL MAP OF EUROPE.

On the 27th of January the fifth political soiree took place at St. Martin's Hall, London. Two new odes, composed by Ernest Jones, were sung. The following is a copy of one of them:—

THE FISHERMEN.

Three fishermen sat by the side
Of the many-toned popular stream,
That rolled with its heavy-paced tide,
In the shade of its own dark dream.

Now sullen and quiet and deep;
Now fretful, and foaming, and wild.
Now calm as a Titan asleep,
And now like a petulant child.

First, sat there the fisher of France,
And he smiled as the waters came;
For he kindled their light with a glance,
At the bait of a popular name.

Next, the fisher of Russia was there,
Fishing for German States,
And, throwing his lines with care,
He made his own daughters the baits.

Next the Austrian fisher-boy set
His snares in the broad river's way;
But, so widely he stretched his net,
It half broke with the weight of his prey.

And next on an island I saw
Many fishermen catching with glee,
At the baits of "peace," "freedom, and "law,"
Slave-fish while they christened them "free."

And still, as they hooked the prize,
They cried with a keen delight,
And held up the spoil to their eyes:
"The gudgeons! they bite! they bite!"

But the hooks with time grow dull,
And the lines grow weak with age,
And the thaw makes the rivers fall,
And the wind makes the waters rage;

And spoilt is the fisherman's trade,
And the zest of their bait is past—
And those on the fish who preyed,
Are the prey of the fish at last.

The following address was then delivered by Ernest Jones:—

Where is the man who thinks he can live alone? Who can tear the fine links that connect him with society, from his side, and not bleed to death with the separation? Man leans on man, as atoms lean on atoms, till they form the globe, and war itself is less destructive to humanity than isolation. That which is law for individuals, is law also for that greater individuality, a nation. No people ever yet throve—nay! no people could long exist, in isolation. Those races that have tried it, perished. This caused the downfall of the Jews—this explains the decrepitude and exhaustion of barbarian tribes—this is exhibited in the fall of Rome, that made itself hated by the world, and fell before that hate—this is the running moral that accompanies the decline of Asiatic Empires. Those who neglected foreign affairs for those of home, are like the man who lets the wall of his house fall to ruin while he spreads a glittering carpet on his floors. Neither men nor nations are made to live alone. The human race are one family, that may live in many houses; but dire is the penalty if it ignores its fraternity, or violates its ties of kindred. Least of all can a commercial nation commit this sin with impunity—and least of all commercial nations, England. The work, the wages, the bread of her people depend, not on what is done in Kent and Cumberland only, but on what transpires in Italy and China, in Germany and Brazil. Therefore I direct your attention to-night to what is proceeding on the continents of the ancient world, and to the conduct of your government in those procedures. Let me, however, here observe that, even as it is a gross error to be indifferent to foreign affairs, so often the reverse of this error is fallen into with equal detriment to a nation's interest: it is frequently the trick of a bad government to draw off your attention from home-reforms, and home-iniquities, to some sham fight or some pretty struggle abroad, and aristocracy will besiege a Sebastopol or bombard a Canton, that you may thus forget to besiege the Commons or bombard the Lords. Now to my theme: the foreign policy of England's ministry. There are but two great powers in the old world, England and Russia. You are told of five; but of those other three, two are a mere mirage—a phantomlike delusion; and the third, France, is a moth in the chrysalis state, buried in foul mud, and still incapable of lifting its bright wings towards the sun of heaven. Let me give an outline of

THE POLITICAL MAP OF EUROPE.

Under this head I will embrace 1, our antagonist; 2, our allies. I have already stated, the great powers at issue are the Anglo-Saxon and the Slave—England and Russia—the two most colossal empires the world ever witnessed—the two widest spread races the sun has ever seen—the former squandered across the earth—the latter concentrated in one block of territory—hanging like an avalanche from the starry heights of the north over the sunny regions of the south and the green valleys of the west;—the former having least power of projection where it needs the most—losing itself in unequal contests on the fringes of its dominions, as in China, Persia and Cabul—the latter thrusting the huge weight of its protruding head hardly and heavily into the midst of its weaker foes, and pushing its way forward by the sheer force of preponderating matter. Glance with me, for one moment, at the colossus, Russia. God has marked it for victory and dominion, as never state was marked before. Nature has built its ramparts, and made it unassailable on all sides but one, and that is where the open gate of victory lies before its path. The eternal barriers of glittering ice, over whose untrodden ramparts the north-light lifts a shining garrison of spears, defends it from the north. On the south the fires of heaven are enlisted to protect it; the sun with its flaming hosts sweeps the hot deserts of illimitable sand, and at the sound of the Simoon the arid columns of the wilderness wheel in innumerable phalanx, and bury the venturous invader beneath unfathomed graves. Empires have foundered amid those wastes, like a solitary ship upon a lonely sea. On the east, a wilderness of dangerous waters, but half explored; wild coasts, concealing glorious harbors, desert shores, and treacherous deltas, terminate in that stupendous gateway, whose pillars are two worlds, the new and old, of which islands are the stepping-stones, and beyond which an icy mystery sits enthroned and unapproachable forever. On the west, nature has transferred the task of defence to the hands of man, and accordingly, the great bulk of Russian population gathers there, behind fortresses unparalleled for strength, and with sympathies that woo assistance, instead of challenging invasion. But of this anon. Nature has not, however, been one-sided. If she has rendered it difficult for a foe to enter, she has made it easy for the population to communicate with each other, throughout the vast extent of that mighty empire, and has constituted that population independent of the products of other countries. Internal intercourse is provided for by rivers, whose mighty navigable lengths intersect every portion of the Empire. From the Baltic to the Euxine, men and merchandise can float uninterruptedly, and along the level plains of Muscovy railroads may speed with unapproached facility. Coal, iron and gold, corn, cotton and wool, are yielded in abundance by this wondrous land, which, rich though it be, is sufficiently unattractive in climate and appearance to give its inhabitants a love of wandering, and set them longing for the more romantic regions of the neighboring states, like Heaven's own finger, directing them to conquest. But not alone has nature made that nation unapproachable and self-existent; she has opened for it every facility for reaching others, while she has thrown every barrier in the way of others reaching it. Like a long artery, the glorious Volga floats the treasure and enterprise of Russia towards the Caspian, an inland sea in the heart of Asia, whose waves no western fleets can ever plough. There the flag of Russia floats unchallenged and supreme, and those waters convey it to the borders of the great Asiatic Empires. Thence it overshadows Persia; thence it turns the flank of Circassia; thence it controls the central states of Tartary, and reaches the mystic confines of Thibet. It is as though that sea were placed there, communicating with the inmost heart of Russia, to give it the dominion of the Asiatic world. But, not content with this, further, still further south, a noble river flows into the Aral, twin sister of the Caspian, opening its silvery highway for yet sunnier regions, like a finger pointing southward, like a portal opened southward, like a pathway leading southward for the hosts of Russia. And whither does that glittering road conduct? To India—the stronghold of Russia's only rival in the dominion of the world. Down the Jihon the Russian armies may march to the very heart of Cabul, to the very valley of Herat. But though these seas and rivers open a path for Russia, they open none for Russia's enemies. If the legions of England were victorious, and marched to the shores of Aral or the Caspian, they could go no further, even though not a Russian were visible before them. There the burning curse would sink upon their hosts, and fire and famine stand victorious sentinels before the desert portal of the Empire of the Tsars. Glance more westward. Again for the heart of Russia we have a noble river, flowing into a fortress sea; the Don, whose waters feed the sea of Azoph. The latter, like a sanctuary within the temple, a keep within the castle, with shallow waters defies victorious fleets, and by a narrow channel, which could never have been passed in the late war, had a barrier been sunk in time, communicates with the Euxine. The Euxine lies like a threat above the Mediterranean. It is a kind of gathering place for the construction of a mighty fleet. Glorious harbors and noble forests surround it. On the one side it commands western Asia, on the other eastern Europe. Russia rests on its north, and many glorious rivers connect it with Russia's inmost centre. On the south, two wondrous channels link it to the Mediterranean. No foe could pass the Bosphorus or Dardanelles, if held by resolute defenders. Once let Russia hold them, and the command of the Mediterranean is in its hands; she could issue from the Black Sea when she liked, but no ship could enter it without her leave. When Russia holds the Dardanelles, she sways the southern world.

Look to the Northwest and there behold the Baltic—a counterpart of the Black Sea—floating Russia's eagles up to other states—threatening Prussia, Mecklenburg, Denmark and Sweden, Cattegat and Sound—opening a pathway to the very dwellings of her ancient foes—washing the royal palaces of Stockholm and Copenhagen—and bearing her irresistibly onward to those ports and harbors, whence Sweno and Canute came conquering the Briton and Saxon. When Russia holds the Sound she sways the northern world. Such is Russia geographically. Gaze now at her population. It forms a race distinct from every other, from a source historians have not fathomed yet—from mountains far beyond the Caucasus, that granite cradle of mankind, that rocked with its rude storms the future civilizers of the earth. What is that race? Great Britain has a population of twenty-seven millions, France of thirty-five, the entire German people consist of thirty-eight, split into many hostile nationalities and creeds, but eighty-three millions form the great Slavonic family, all of one language (though varied by dialects)—almost all of one religion, differing from every other (the Greek Christian)—and all with one sympathy, one hatred and one hope. Of these eighty-three millions, the Czar rules fifty-seven, and all these are concentrated in one dense and undivided mass on the western portion of his empire. Behind them, like terrible shadows, among which the light of civilization begins to play, are ten millions more of savage race and creed, forming the connecting links between the Russian and the Mongolian and Tartar nations, like sympathetic hands smoothing the way for her extended rule through Asia.* Sixty-seven millions under the dominion of the Czar are spread over half Europe and half Asia; and of these fifty-seven millions are massed together on the frontiers of the west. And where are the other twenty-six millions of the Slavonian race? They form the garrisons of Russia in the states destined to become her prey. Her armies are already in their heart. Austria has sixteen millions Slavonians, Turkey six millions, Prussia four. To rally all these, the Panslavistic Association was established, originally a revolutionary, but now an imperial movement, under a literary aspect. So strong has Panslavism become in Austria, that it has founded an institution of its own, the *Matika Czeska*, or Slavonian Mother, and throughout Turkey, Illyria, Servia, Croatia, Hungary, Bohemia, Gallicia, Moravia, Silesia, Posen and the Danubian Principalities, every Slavonian heart beats responsively to every Russian word. There is the secret of Russia's strength. You need not look for it in diplomacy or arms alone, but find it in the sympathies of kindred populations. These are the ducts that convey her influence to the hearts of other countries. Her invading armies cannot cross the frontiers on any side (except that of Sweden) without finding a vast portion of the population rising, not to oppose, but join them. I say, one hate and one creed weld the whole Slavonian race into one great unity. Let me convey to you the full force of those words, "one hate, one creed." Do you know what that hate is?—do you know from what terrible fountain it springs? Once the Slavonian race were spread through Europe to the very borders of the German Sea, a peace-loving, industrious, kindly population, bringing blessings to the wilderness Gothic barbarism had created, and raising the noble cities that first built the thrones of commerce on the northern world. They did not come by conquest—but by unarmed immigration filled the deserts war and violence had made. They took possession of abandoned lands, and made them bloom like gardens. But the crowned miscreants of the age combined against the mild republicans. Charlemagne led the way, and after him Otho of Germany, Louis of France, and Waldemar of Denmark, combined their forces, with a false Christianity for their cause, and, after a glorious resistance, beat down the doomed Slavonians.

Then, when the battle had been fought and won, the church crept in to revel in safe and horrid cruelty. The lands of the Slavonians were seized and given to the German settlers. Slavonians were not suffered to remain in towns and villages inhabited by Germans, and were excluded from the guilds and corporations of trades. The official documents still extant, prove the systematic nature and long continuance of this persecution. Meinhard, Bishop of Halberstadt, orders in 1246, the Slavonic inhabitants of several places belonging to the convent of Bistorf to be expelled and replaced by Germans. Szaffarix quotes the deed of sale of a village called Veliz, which says, "it is our will and duty to have all Slavonians inhabiting this village expelled without hope of return." The Bishop of Breslau ordered in 1495, all the Polish peasants of a place called Woitez, to learn German in two years or to be expelled. A law in Hamburg required every one who wished to obtain the rights of citizenship, to prove that he was NOT a Slavonian. Long after the final establishment of the Christian religion, if a German met a Slavonian on the highroad, and the latter could not give a satisfactory reason for absenting himself from his village, he was executed on the spot, like a wild beast. A few years back, the Prussian General ———— having lately proclaimed martial law, marked the prisoners with a red hot iron, and slit them with the knife, in the same way as the Indians mark their horses.

* It is a remarkable feature, and one not to be overlooked by the student of history, that Russia has all around her Southern and Western confines, gradations of race, which harmonise her border populations with the nations lying beyond her limits, and thus facilitate the extension of her influence and power—unlike France, England or Germany, who are everywhere in contact with nations violently contrasting in habits, feelings and predilections, with their own.

General Reichfeldt (vide the Gazette of Posen, May 8, 1848,) drew forth the peasants from their forest hiding, by false expectation of mercy, in order to mow them down with sharpnell shot. You may imagine now the hatred borne by the Slavonian to the German. So intense is it, that it has become proverbial among the population. "As long as the world is a world the German and Slavonian never shall be brothers!"—exclaims the Pole; "as the devil is the enemy of the human race, so is the German of the Slavonian!" cries the Bohemian, and Poles and Bohemians form the eastern rampart of the Austrian and Prussian monarchies.

I have further said the Slavonians are united by "one creed." Do you know the force of their belief—the intensity of their superstition—the power of their priesthood? One instance will tell all. They believe their clergy, even the poorest and the meanest, literally hold the keys of heaven and hell. When a peasant dies, his surviving relatives go to the "papa" or Parish Priest, and ask him to admit the dead to heaven. Then, if the "papa" is not too drunk to do so, he writes a certificate of which the following is a specimen:

"I, Nicholas Paprutovitch, certify that the deceased, Ivan Vassilivitch, is a fit and proper subject to enter the kingdom of heaven.

(Signed,) NICHOLAS PAPRUTOVITCH."*

The surviving relatives hurry back to the dead man's body with the precious paper, and place it between his finger and thumb, sometimes tying them together with a bit of string to hold it tight, for they believe if the poor fellow appeared at the gate of heaven without that certificate, St. Nicholas would never let him in—but he would go back to that other "Saint," who is not much blacker than most "Saints" generally are. You laugh, but it is no laughing matter. Terrible is the power such superstition gives. Such is the hold the priests have over the people—and those priests teach that the Tsar is the representative of God on earth—nay! almost an incarnation of divinity. Now you will appreciate the full force of the words when I tell you that, with such a history, and such a hatred, and bound by such a superstition, three and ninety millions of the human race hang a terror and a threat above the rest of Europe. Such is Russia politically. Such is the power that disputes with us the empire of the ancient world. Literally sixty-seven, virtually ninety-three millions of mankind, almost all with one blood, one tongue, one history, one hate, one hope, one country, and one God, under the sceptre of one man. No straggling provinces divide that empire, but orbed by fire and ice, by sea and desert, it stretches forth one azure arm across the Baltic, one through the Dardanelles, for the embrace of continental Europe.

How shall we meet that foe?

TO BE CONTINUED.

* Those Priests do not belong to the Catholic Church—they are schismatics, placed beyond its pale and do not acknowledge the authority of the Pope.

Irish News.

The expense of the Irish Constabulary Force for the last year was 552,000*l.* The amount thereof for the county of Limerick was 27,000*l.*; Tipperary, 47,000*l.*; Cork, 34,000*l.*; Clare, 19,000*l.*; Kerry, 11,700*l.*; Galway, 33,000*l.*

Provisions still tend downwards. The enormously high price which Irish butter had attained in the London market has seriously interfered with its consumption, and many parcels have remained over unsold.

Mr. Matthew Ryan has been elected porter of the Tipperary workhouse. The guardians have amalgamated the offices of baker and storekeeper. "Amalgamation" in public offices is the order of the day.

The post-office is about to be removed from Mary street, Clonmel, to the Main Guard, in the house formerly occupied by Mr. George Graham.

A man named Keefe, who was employed as miles-man on the Great Southern and Western Railway, was killed on the 21st of January, about a mile from the Mallow station.

At the meeting of the Limerick Corporation, on the motion of Mr. Cullen, a petition against the income tax was unanimously adopted.

Tipperary is now one of the most tranquil counties in the United Kingdom, there being a total absence of aggrarian offences.

The income of the Waterford and Limerick Railway, during the week ended the 31st of January, exceeded that for the corresponding week last year by £200.

On the 26th ult. a man named Dickey, a butcher, in Lisburn, dropped dead immediately on coming out of a train at the Ulster Railway Station.

The Ennis Railway is fast progressing. Along the line the works have been resumed, and every preparation made to take advantage of the long days and fine weather.

Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald, Esq., of Golden Hills, has received the commission of the peace for the county of Tipperary.

The Clonmel election will take place, it is thought, about the 16th of February.

Head Constable Daniel Connor, Dundrum, at a competitive examination for a first class head constableship, held at Dublin Castle, obtained the appointment on Friday.

Arrangements are being made to have Carrick-on-Suir lighted with gas.

A gas company has been formed in Maryborough under the limited liabilities act. The capital is to be £2,000, in shares of £1 each.

In consequence of the want of barrack room in Clogheen, the staff of the North Tipperary Militia are about to be removed. Their destination is said to be Roscrea.

The Assizes for Galway County will be held about the 17ht of March. The Roscommon Assizes were definitely fixed for the 24th February.

A great Tenant Right demonstration took place at Loughlynn, Co. Roscommon, on the 18th Jan. Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, P.P., presided.

Motions are to be discussed in the Corofin and Ballyvaughan Unions for the "amalgamation" of the offices of clerk and master.

The Kilrush Guardians will, it is thought, adopt a petition against the Income Tax, similar to that adopted by the Limerick Guardians.

A young man, named John Power, broke his leg whilst kicking football near Kilkenny railway terminus.

At the board of Enniskillen Guardians, says the *Reporter*, a pauper who was being admitted was asked what his religion was, and replied promptly that he *had none*. He never went to any place of worship; but his mother went to church. This is about equal to the Scotch woman who had no psalm-singing in her house, but her Sam was "guid a whistler as e'er cockit lip." The chairman remarked on such lamentable heathenism existing in a Christian country; but is the fellow a whit more of a heathen than many who go to church regularly? We don't believe it. The last is an honest fellow; there is no humbug about him; he says at once that he has no religion; and perhaps the same might be said by three-fourths of those who go to "church, meeting and mass" like clockwork. He is just as well off to go to no place, as if he dozed over a stupid sermon, or listened heedlessly to a good one. As to his state being a shame in a Christian country, it may be shameful to some, that in a land where there is so much machinery for making Christians, a young man should be so neglected; but we doubt very much whether the saints of old would own England, Ireland or Scotland for a Christian country. We fancy Paul would stare at such a designation. We rather admire Mr. Archdall's plan of giving the boy the run of the house, and, as he had no religion, to give him the benefit of three of them.

We feel much pleasure, says the *Limerick Reporter*, in adverting to the great progress towards completion the new Roman Catholic Church at Tramore, county Waterford, is making under the zealous eye of the revered Bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien. Late last year the foundation stone was laid, and certainly to one visiting the locality just now its progress must seem something extraordinary. The plan of the church has been drawn up by, and the working of it entrusted to Mr. Ryan, a talented and rising architect of Limerick. The extreme length of the aisle, from the high altar, will be about 180 feet by 104 in breadth, and the sum to be expended will run up to £10,000. Only a few thousands of this sum have been yet collected, and unless something be done it will require years to come before the church of Tramore can rank amongst the finished edifices raised to the worship of God in this country. Of late years Tramore has advanced wonderfully, and is becoming a favorite villa residence for many respectable families connected with Waterford, and it is a pity, indeed, that long since a suitable and respectable church has not been built, and better accommodation given to the multitudes of Catholic families frequenting this favorite bathing place in summer.

Pat Nelson, a private soldier of the 17th regiment, was charged by Daniel Slattery, a watchman in Limerick, who had sticking-plaster on his head and on his nose, to cover wounds inflicted by this *soldier* (?), with an assault, by striking him with his belt and breastplate on those parts of his person. The accused admitted that he beat the watchman, because the latter beat him. Constable Nash said that the conduct of Nelson was most violent. The Justices imposed a fine of 10s. and costs, or fourteen days' imprisonment, with hard labor, on the prisoner, who said that the watchman ought to be hereafter much respected, as he "bled under Nelson."

The project mooted by the Guardians of the Oldcastle Union, namely, the amalgamation of the pauper establishments of two or more unions in one locality, and under the management of one staff, was discussed at the meeting of the Clonmel Guardians, when the Vice-Chairman, George Green, Esq., was deputed to attend the meeting in Dublin, as their representative. The project, if carried into effect, would tend materially to lessen taxation, for the expenses of officers' salaries fully equal, if they do not actually exceed the cost of maintaining the paupers throughout Ireland.

The Lord Lieutenant has replied to the Corporation of Clonmel, with regard to their resolution on the subject of Ministers' Money, stating that he has no authority to relieve the Council from the collection of the tax, and that they must levy it and pay it over to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The deputation appointed by the Council will now, of course, wait on the executive to make a strong remonstrance against corporations being made tithe proctors for the parsons.

The weather in Clonmel, says the *Limerick Reporter*, of the 31st January, has, within the past few days, been exceedingly variable. Monday, the sun shone brightly, and the atmosphere was genial as May; in the evening it blew harshly, and during the night there were some heavy showers of rain. Tuesday morning was however beautiful, but in the afternoon the sky became overcast, and there was a heavy fall of snow.

Two gentlemen belonging to Mining Companies have been to Rathkeale. They examined the property of George Leech, Esq., J. P., for lead ore, at Nantanan. The examination proved successful. The land about Ballingrane and Nantanan gives much promise of the existence of lead. Some time since a few shafts were sunk, and considerable success rewarded the perseverance of those engaged in the speculation.

On the 21st of January, a boat, the property of Mr. Thomas C. Grubb, of Clonmel, was wrecked a little below the sweep at Poulakerry, by running against the stakes by the side of the river at that place. She had about 28 tons of cargo on board, which consisted principally of flour and whiskey; about fifty of the sacks of flour are damaged, but it is expected that the rest of the cargo will be saved.

A fire broke out, on the 25th ult., in the haggard of Mr. T. Hennessy, of Fort William, near Doneraile, by which two valuable ricks of hay and a large rick of straw were totally destroyed. The loss to Mr. Hennessy cannot be less than £600, and we have not heard that the property was insured.

A meeting of the Finance Committee of the Clonmel Corporation was held in the Council Chamber on the 30th of January, at which the Mayor presided. After some discussion, it was agreed to recommend to the Council the levying of a rate of 8d. in the pound, to meet the Borough expenses for the ensuing half year.

The Rev. Ronald MacDonnell, son of the Provost, has been promoted by the Lord Lieutenant from the perpetual curacy of Passage, near Cork, to the living of Monkstown, Diocess of Dublin, vacant by the promotion of the venerable Dr. Fitzgerald to the See of Cork.

The movement against the income tax continues with unabated vigor in all parts of the United Kingdom. A meeting was held in the Court-house, Dungarvan, on Monday, at which Andrew Carbery, Esq., J. P., Chairman of the Town Commissioners, presided, and the Very Rev. Dr. Hally, P. P., and the principal inhabitants attended.

A man named John Ryan, was, at the Petty Sessions of Palisgrean, fined 10s. and costs, or, in default of payment, fourteen days' imprisonment, for travelling without a ticket in one of the carriages of the Waterford and Limerick Railway Company.

A correspondent, says the Derry *Sentinel*, has written to us a long account of the history and proceedings of an individual who, it seems, has been doing a successful business in Kilrea and its neighborhood by personating Dr. William Graham, third son of the late Rev. John Graham, the well known rector of Magilligan. The personator referred to appears to have been a most accomplished practitioner, as he had made himself acquainted with the genealogy and history of every family of any note in the neighborhood referred to, so that by this means he contrived to make regular sojourns for whole weeks at a time in respectable families, who he visited in succession, "faring sumptuously every day," and obtaining abundant supplies of cash, as well as of all collateral necessaries! Our correspondent's narrative is verily a romance in real life, but at present we abstain from going into details, having said enough to induce inquiry into this singular case. The writer thinks, that from description, he can identify the personage in question with a rather celebrated character, who some years ago made a remarkable figure in county Tyrone, but who was certainly in no way connected with the late Rev. John Graham.

On Friday night or early on Saturday morning, the 24th ult., as some females were returning to Limerick in an inside car from enjoying the festivities which terminated a wedding at Mountpelier, near O'Brien's Bridge, a fearful accident occurred, which, happily, was not attended with loss of life or injury to limb. When the driver, who had acted his part on this joyful occasion, arrived at the canal bridge, between Clonlara and O'Brien's bridge, instead of going over the bridge he turned down on the the trackway leading to Brown's lock, and had not proceeded far when horse and car driver and passengers were precipitated down a precipice more than twenty feet high. The car, which belonged to an industrious man of the name of Henehan, was smashed to pieces—the horse was not injured—the driver was slightly hurt, but those who were inside the car escaped, with no other inconvenience than that caused by being tossed topsy turvey and a serious fright.

The *Limerick Reporter* states that by permission of the Right Hon. Viscount Howarden, the following gentlemen assembled at Dundrum for the purpose of shooting over the extensive preserves:—Richard U. Bayly, Samuel Cooper, and S. Cooper, junior, Killenure Castle; J. Carden, Fishmoyne; Richard Bayly, jun., Hon. Francis Prittie. In two days they killed 15 deer, 66 woodcocks, 45 hares, with a number of rabbits and smaller game. Mr. Friday, the gamekeeper, deserves much praise for the excellent condition of the covers and extensive preserves of Dundrum.

On the 26th Jan., as Miss Wyatt, sister-in-law to Mr. O'Ryan, of Bansha Castle, was out with the Caher hounds, the mare she was riding took head and rushed into Caher, where she staked herself on a railing, and flung her fair rider violently to the ground. The lady was fortunately unhurt, but the mare, Enchantress, for which Mr. A. O'Ryan refused £150 at the Bansha races, was killed on the spot.

Richard Thompson, Esq., of West Lodge, Kiloteran, recently sold to Mr. Michael Flynn, butcher, of Waterford, a monster bull, for £39. The animal, when alive, weighed 26 cwt., and when killed, and hung up for sale, weighed 14 cwt. 3 qrs. and 8lbs. It was weighed in quarters, and was three years old. It was purchased by the Messrs. Barden to put in salt for the use of their vessels, at the rate of 50s. per cwt. Large sums of money were won and lost on the weight of this animal.

The Rev. Father Allen, superior of the Convent of the Augustin Order, Fethard, Co. Tipperary, has lately purchased the lands which, in olden times, belonged to the Augustinians, and which, at present, contain the ruins of the once beautiful Augustinian Abbey of Fethard. The Rev. Father Allen is making efforts to restore the Abbey, and render it in every way suitable for the celebration of Catholic ceremonies.

A man named Maurice Fitzgerald, of Newmarket-on-Fergus, sold a pig to Mr. Magrath, a butcher, of the same place, weighing, when killed and cleaned, 5 7-8 cwt., on Friday, for the sum of £14. The pig was only 18 months old, and increased in size so fast that a stye had to be built purposely for itself.

The town of Gort was illuminated and a bonfire and several tar barrels were also lighted in the square, in consequence of Lord Gough's late purchase. It is currently reported that he will get a town clock erected in the court-house, and give the customs to have the town lighted with gas.

On Friday, the 30th of Jan., a magnificent new bell, weighing 3,000 lbs., arrived in Ballina for the new Cathedral. A large crowd of the townspeople and the amateur band escorted it into town in procession. On the following day it was consecrated by the Right Rev. Dr. Feeny and erected in the tower.

The provisional committee of the Tuam and Athenry Railway met in Tuam on the 26th Jan. for the transaction of some routine business. Captain Bellew, M.P., the chairman, and Denis Kirwan, Esq., the Vice-Chairman, attended. Several members of the committee were also present.

At Liverpool, the American ship *Adriatic*, a wreck in Dungarvan Bay, was sold by auction to Messrs. Scott. of Queenstown, for £1,150, and the American ship, *James Buchanan*, a wreck a few miles to the westward of the other, was sold to Mr. Curran, of Dungarvan, for £100.

Amongst the candidates named for the co. Clare as likely to go to the poll at the next election, Lord William Conyngham, Colonel Vandeleur, and Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Macnamara are mentioned on the Conservative interest; Sir John D. Fitzgerald, the present member; Pierce Creagh, Esq., and another will appeal to the popular voice.

The *Cork Reporter* states that Mr. John Shea, J.P., has been appointed agent in Ireland on behalf of the government of Newfoundland, to negotiate with some of the principal shipowners, a system of direct steam communication, monthly, between Great Britain and this colony.

Mr. A. S. Scott, Superintendent of the Magnetic Telegraph at Belfast station, being about to remove to a similar charge at Londonderry, was presented with a valuable gold ring, bearing a suitable inscription, by the Company's staff employed at the office, together with an address highly complimentary to that gentleman.

His Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, has appointed the Venerable Dr. Fitzgerald, Rector of Monkstown, Dublin, and Archdeacon of Kildare, to be successor of the late Dr. Wilson in the bishopric of Cork, Cloyne, and Ross.

Arrangements have been made by the Post-office authorities by which the night mails from Limerick will soon be conveyed direct by railway, to Dublin and Cork, instead of by car from Limerick to the Junction, as at present.

Answers to Correspondents.

The gentleman who contributed the *Reminiscences of Waterford*, which appeared in the *News* of the 19th July, signed "An Old Man from the Urbs Intacta," will confer a favor by sending us his address. Mr. Meagher *particularly* desires an interview with him.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Captain Maurice Walsh, of New-York, having set out to travel through America, is authorized to collect advertisements and subscriptions for this paper. Captain Walsh has our written authority, which he will present to those who may not be personally acquainted with him.

News Agents.—Mr. Thomas McCormack, of Honesdale, Mr. C. C. Molony, of Dunkirk, and Mr. Robert Conway, of Dubuque, have kindly consented to act as our Agents.

California Agents.—On the urgent recommendation of Dr. O'Brien and several h ghly esteemed friends, in San Francisco, we have sincere pleasure in appointing Mr. James McGinn our Agent for California. We trust he may be very successful in increasing the circulation of the *News*. Indeed we require considerable support from California, to make up for losses incurred in sending there several thousand copies to parties who have not paid us. A Mr. Wm. Boyle, for instance, has had 5500 copies, for which we have not received a single cent. We really wish, that Mr. Boyle would remit the amount of his indebtedness.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1857.

SPEECH OF T. F. MEAGHER,

IN DEFENCE OF COLONEL FABENS, THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF EMIGRATION TO NICARAGUA, BEFORE THE UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER.

Mr. Commissioner,

May it please your Honor,

The examination in this case having closed, and your Honor having decided against the motion for dismissal, it becomes my duty, as Counsel for Colonel Fabens, one of the accused parties before your Honor, to say a few words respecting the evidence that has been brought against him. Doing so, I shall have to tax still further that courteous patience with which, during the whole of this strange proceeding, your Honor has listened to the statements of the several witnesses, and the remarks of Counsel on either side. Were I to confine myself exclusively to the evidence which in any way affects or applies to the gentleman I have the privilege to represent, I should have little to say. Two or three sentences, at most, would suffice. But my learned friend, the District Attorney, has introduced such an amount of extraneous matter, and has so closely intermixed it with the little that legitimately concerns my client, that I am forced into a wider field of observation than would otherwise be necessary. Should I stray from the main circumstances of the case, the District Attorney, with the sympathy which exists between mutual offenders, will forgive me. More than this. Sensible of the latitude in which, on behalf of the expiring Government he represents, it has been his luxury to indulge, he will, in justification of his own course, cordially defend me. I do not exaggerate. The notes your Honor has taken; the record furnished to the public, day after day, by the gentlemen of the Press; the sharp memory of the District Attorney himself, or that of his agile accomplice, will bear me out in the remarks I have made, illustrative of the very liberal part, which, in this transaction, the Counsel opposite have played. Evidence which would have been dul', the District Attorney has glowingly embellished. His impetuous comments on that evidence, have inflated, what at the very worst was but a venial offence against a municipal law of the United States, into a question of national consequence; a question in which, not only the integrity of that law, but the reputation of the departing President, and the interests of humanity generally are involved. From the alleged criminality of my client—as something too trivial to waste his denunciatory rhetoric upon—he has swept away on the boldest wing, to assail William Walker, the President of Nicaragua. Not content with the expenditure of fierce adjectives that assault demanded, he plunges, with the zeal of Mungo Park, Stephens, Squiers and Livingston, into an exploration of the San Juan river; and, carefully avoiding the Mosquito grant, has the misfortune to lose himself in the auriferous region of Chontales. Your Honor cannot forget the avidity with which the District Attorney, when General Cazneau was on the stand, pursued his enquiries into the geography, geology, mineral properties, agricultural resources, atmospheric influences, and botanical peculiarities of that country, in the welfare of which his warm heart is interested. Never was an appetite for knowledge so inordinately displayed. He seized on plantains, corn, sweet potatoes and bananas. He laid violent hands on lemons, and rapaciously pocketed a sample of tobacco. For several minutes, he buzzed about a sugar plantation; nearly effaced himself against an India-rubber tree; and, finally, got to the milk in the cocoa-nut. Nor were his military investigations less eager, varied, and profitable. He enquired about mattresses stuffed with rifles; the adaptability of certain sites for masked batteries and forts; the numerical force of military companies; winding up his roving commission with the microscopic inspection of a brass button, exhibiting the bald-headed spread-eagle of America. Worn out with his military labors, he revived himself with a copious reference to religion. Judge Dean, your Honor will remember, spoke of the Colonization scheme of which Colonel Fabens is the Director-General, as a missionary project, having for its object the diffusion, in Nicaragua, of the laws, the social order, the political institutions and religion of the United States. Mentioning "religion," my distinguished friend meant no more than this—that where there was barbarism—where the savage spirits reigned which perpetuates the bloodiest havoc as the sole condition of life—where one wild faction strives incessantly to exterminate the other, and the conquered meet no mercy—that there the spirit of Christianity should enter, powerful in its clemency, wisdom, justice, to stay the strife—subdue the riotous passions that have made a wilderness of the garden—and through the ways of peace conduct a reunited people to that high destiny, which their position between the two great seas, and the munificence of their native soil, afford them the incomparable facilities to achieve. This is what my friend meant. This is what was uppermost in his heart, when he spoke of the "religion" of this country being propagated by American colonists in Nicaragua. He used the word in the widest sense. Speaking of the "religion" of this country, he could have spoken in none other. For, politically speaking, legally speaking, there is no "religion" in this country. There is no State Religion. No privileged church—the cushions of which are stuffed with appropriations from Congress—the spires of which are tipped with the golden eagles of the Treasury—here towers above the soil. The loftiest cathedral, which with its wealth of arches, pinacles, stained windows and sculptured monuments, augments the grandeur of your proudest city, in the eye of the law stands no higher than the rude tent of the poorest preacher spread at a camp meeting in your woods. The perfect equality, the indiscriminate protection, the divine impartiality, for which in other countries, from time to time, such fervent petitions have gone forth, and the promulgation of which through codes and statute-books has been the supreme glory of the best of statesmen, have here prevailed from the first day of the Republic. But the District Attorney, heedless of all this, construing the word which fell from Judge Dean into a sectarian threat, turned upon him with the impetuosity of a Crusader or a mounted Mameluke, demanding of the Counsel for the defence, if it was their intention to uproot the Catholic religion in Nicaragua? The District Attorney should have paused before he made this appeal to the prejudices, or it may be, the sympathies of those, who like me concur with him in religious convictions and belief. Alluding to Ireland, a few minutes before he broke into this passionate interrogatory, he spoke of it being the land of his fathers. He did so with evident emotion. Of that land, I am well aware, the learned gentleman cherishes a filial remembrance. The eloquence, the genial nature, the enthusiasm—permit me to add without any disrespect—the temerity with which he stands by his cause, be it good or bad, prosperous or hopeless, sanctioned by the White House, or defaced by ricketty conspiracies, compounded with cock-tails, in the bar-room of the Caledonian hotel—these generous excellences and errors indicate his descent, whilst they explain the vehement solicitude with which he appealed to me on the subject of the liberation of Ireland. He desired to know, if it would gratify me to see General Walker landing in Ireland? He had my answer on the spot. It is superfluous to repeat it. He was horrified at the thought of "strangers" going to Ireland with a military intent. In his zeal for the Chamoristas and Costa Ricans; in his onslaught upon Walker; in his hot pursuit of knowledge, along the rivers, over the mountains, and down into the volcanoes of Central America; in his fright about the dysentery, the cholic, and all the other evils with which his imagination afflicts the entire country from San Juan del Norte to San Juan del Sur; in this storm and panic, he has forgotten the history of Ireland. He has forgotten there was such an Irishman as Theobald Wolfe Tone; and that, steered by his brave hand, a French squadron—a squadron of "strangers"—"foreigners" to the very root of their tongues—a few years back stood in for the Irish coast. What brought them there? The invitation of the Democratic revolutionists of Ireland. What brought William Walker into Relajo bay? The invitation of the Democratic revolutionists of Nicaragua. For what purpose did the French squadron, with Wolfe Tone at the helm, descend upon the Irish coast? To sweep out the Aristocracy which had beggared, bled, and starved the people; and in their place, on the confiscated properties of the enemies of the country, erect a compact nationality, and, in imperishable letters on the glowing pediment, dedicate the edifice to freedom. With what object did William Walker precipitate himself upon Granada? You have it in the grateful attestations of Don Fermin Ferrer—the accredited Minister from Nicaragua to this country—one of the wealthiest and most intelligent citizens of that Republic—who declares in a letter to me, that it was to free his native soil from the enemies that have fed like vampires on it; that it was to consolidate order out of chaos; secure the repose, and, through the repose, revive the energies of the people, their affluence and ancient commerce; and, with such a Constitution as we possess, consummate the good work. Still later events the learned gentleman must have forgotten, or else he would not have demanded if it would gratify me to see "strangers"—to see "foreigners"—in Ireland? In the excitement of the partizan, the accomplished scholar, with all his heroic memories, has been consumed. One serious truth, however, he should have borne in mind. He should have remembered, that in such appeals as he has made in the name of religion, the calamities of Ireland, for generations, have had their poisoned source. He should have remembered, that but for such appeals—sectarian appeals uttered from the pulpit, the parliament, the press, the bench of justice—the country to which he reverts with so much heart, would have long since been a creditable, prosperous, independent commonwealth—furnishing to the world a story of successful industry, enterprise, and genius, which every nation would read with delight and profit—instead of being, what she now is, an humbled province, with little beyond a list of wrongs and melodies to recite. Above all, he should have remembered, that by such appeals—on the flimsiest pretences founded and with a reckless intemperance urged—this great community, not many months since, was shaken to its centre, a proscriptive faction inflamed, and the vital dogma of the Constitution put in peril. The temples of the Catholic religion have been desecrated—they have been coverted into military barracks! This was the exclamation of the District Attorney, when Commodore Morgan occupied the witness-chair. It came with such an emphasis, that the Commodore opened all his eyes, and looked for a moment as if he had been garotted. No wonder! The Commodore had heard of such occurrences in the Mexican war; knew them to be the inevitable consequences of war, wherever it is waged; and, for the first time in his life, was informed, with such tempestuous elocution, that they merited damnation. He had heard, too, that General Walker, though himself a Protestant, had on every occasion manifested the deepest respect for the ceremonies, ministers and authority of that religion; heard that the treaty of peace and friendship between General Corral, on the part of the Absolutists, and General Walker, on the part of the Democrats, had been solemnly ratified before the high altar of the Parochial Church, in the presence of the Catholic clergy of Granada, and after the blessing of Heaven had been invoked upon it in the sacrifice of the Mass. He had heard, moreover, as President Pierce was officially informed, and the Attorney-General will not deny, that, under the joint administration of William Walker and Patricio Rivas, an eminent Catholic clergyman, the Padre Vijil, was sent as Minister to Washington; he had been told, that, in a letter to an influential merchant in Mobile, President Walker had held out the most generous inducements to the Sisters of Charity to come and take charge of the hospitals and schools in Nicaragua, placing at their disposal $100,000 worth of real estate; and among the touching episodes of the struggle in Nicaragua, he had read, that the brother of the gallant soldier, whom the District Attorney stigmatizes as a usurper, died in the arms of a Catholic priest, having received the last sacraments and rites of the ancient faith. These facts were vividly impressed on the mind of Commodore Morgan. When, therefore, the District Attorney charged President Walker and his army with the profanation of Catholic temples—with converting them into barracks—and implied, if he did not asseverate, that they were the mortal enemies to the religion he and I profess—it is no wonder the venerable witness should have been paralysed. On this subject, however, the representative of the Federal Government should not have confined himself to maledictions simply. With the perseverance of a missionary, spreading the Gospel in remote parts, he should have continued to act on the inspiration which so suddenly possessed him. When General Cazneau was under his inquisition, he should have made the most scrupulous enquiries concerning the corpulent idols with big eyes and ears and arms a-kimbo—which are to be found in the island of Zapetero. Denouncing President Walker as an iconoclast, he should have enquired, whether, in the fury of his barbarous innovations, he had substituted any of those grotesque antiquities for sculpture of a more rational and divine significance. These omissions, however, are lost sight of in the profusion of his resources. He does not content himself with one arrow, nor two, nor with a dozen. He has a quiver full. Having with a "religious" cry appealed to the Roman Catholics against my client, he substitutes the stump for the pulpit, and with a "philanthropic" cry—a cry which would have split the hearts of Wendell Philipps or Lloyd Garrison, had those hearts been made of the blackest marble—appeals to the Abolitionists. Nor to them alone. The invocation must have stirred the drowsy and discomfited followers of Fremont. Mr. Blankman, my indefatigable associate in this case, told the District Attorney, one gloomy day, in the course of the examination, that his official days were numbered.

With the solemnity of the soothsayer before the Capitol, he lifted his prophetic finger, and in the deepest tones admonished him of the Ides of March. The District-Attorney was menaced with decapitation. The loss of his head was impressively predicted. In the menace I cannot concur. The prediction, I cordially pray, will not be fulfilled. Should he be removed from this world—from this department of it I mean—I trust it shall be to a better. His accomplishments qualify, as his nature adapts him, for one more eminently popular. But should the catastrophe take place—should he be thrown out with Caleb Cushing "down amongst the dead men"—in the words I allude to, he has left in the hands of the resurrectionists of 1860 an incantation which may serve to reinstate him. Look, said he, to the records of your Custom-house, and you will find there the names of vessels engaged in the traffic of sending slaves from Africa to Cuba, contrary to our laws. Trace, said he, the vessels to some of the persons connected with this emigration, and you will find the slave-traffic connected with the emigration to Nicaragua. Topping the climax with the third leap, he declares that the man, who one day aids in the sending of slaves to Cuba, is the next day engaged in giving freedom to Nicaragua. Promptly met the moment he uttered this slanderous assertion; met in the teeth with the deliberate reply, that, so far as my client was concerned, the assertion was false—and my client is the very head and front of this offending, if emigration to Nicaragua be a crime—the District Attorney took occasion, shortly after, to say that he did not mean to impeach Colonel Fabens, nor General Cazneau, nor any other gentleman then present, with a participation in the traffic so denounced. So far so good. But we go farther, and for the sake of the good cause in which we are engaged, we assert that no one in any responsible way connected with the Government of Nicaragua; no one recognized by that Government, or rendering it any service whatever, is involved in the business. True it is, parties ostensibly identified in the cause of which Col. Fabens is here the persecuted representative, may have, more or less, involved themselves in this nefarious traffic; but it is neither generous, nor manly, nor just for the District Attorney, out of an exceptional instance of the kind, to fling odium on an enterprise which he has neither the authority, nor the ability, nor evidence sufficiently vitiated, to defeat. Such attempts at aspersion—such factious appeals as I have this day felt it my duty to reprove—betray the weakness of the prosecution. Despairing of success within these doors, the District Attorney infuriates himself to excite against the defendant an adverse sentiment without. Failing to convict, he will desperately calumniate. He will brand the forehead, if he cannot shackle the arm. A moral conviction he insists on and strives for, should a legal conviction be impossible. In a word, he appeals from the Marshal's office to Mulberry street; abandons the second section of the Neutrality Laws for the inane platitudes of a Worcester Disunionist convention; and against his countrymen in Nicaragua—Americans in blood, loyalty, and conviction—strains every nerve to exasperate the inhospitable feeling, which, a few months since, he himself, as the son of an Irish father, had on this soil, in this very city, to encounter. With these remarks—remarks forced from me by the language on the other side—remarks which, I trust, your Honor will not consider wholly out of place, since your Honor has listened with a graceful equanimity to sentiments of an adverse character—I dismiss for the present the superfluous rhetoric, with which the District-Attorney, at spasmodic intervals, has entertained this court. I come directly to the question upon which your Honor has been summoned to adjudicate.

On Wednesday morning, January 20th, my client, Joseph W. Fabens, was arrested by Marshal Thompson for an alleged violation of the Neutrality Laws of the United States. The arrest was founded on the affidavit of a superannuated Grenadier. The first morning of the examination, your Honor will recollect, that my learned associate, Judge Dean, observed, that, previous to any witnesses being called, he desired to be informed what law of the United States the prisoners, referring to Colonel Fabens and Mr. Bolton, were charged with violating. The District Attorney replied with an affected playfulness. That part of the case, he said, would be developed soon enough after the examination was entered upon. The jocoseness with which he set out—with the aid of convalescent Grenadiers, inadmissible instructions from the Attorney-General, uncommunicative witnesses, and bereaved dowagers in search of their prodigal sons—was kept up for ten days. Pressed hard by Judge Dean, the inferior agent for the prosecution, Mr. Joachimsen, stated that Colonel Fabens and Mr. Bolton were charged with the violation of the provisions set forth in the second section of the Neutrality Laws of 1818. So far the charge against my client was defined. The affidavit of Robert Fuller, upon which the warrant of arrest was issued against Colonel Fabens, having been produced on the requisition of Mr. Blankman, still more clearly defined the charge he was brought here to answer. That affidavit being read, we knew where we were. There was no longer any doubt, ambiguity, mystery about the matter. We saw clearly what we had to meet. We saw clearly what we had to contradict and repel. We saw that Joseph W. Fabens stood here, before your Honor, charged with having, in the city of New York, on the 26th day of January, hired and retained the aforsaid Robert Fuller to enter himself to go beyond the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, to wit, Greytown, with intent to be enlisted or entered in the service of William Walker, in a foreign country, to wit Nicaragua, as a soldier.

The averment was simple enough. Were there any truth in it—were there a particle of truth in it—the verification of it was easy. An answer or two from the witness—from the gentleman who was so hired and retained—would have sufficed. But from the outset to the close of the examination, the witnesses, as well as the managers of the prosecution, were equally discursive, evasive, unintelligible and inconclusive. Mr. Fuller,

the first witness called, favored us with a description of the outside and interior of the office of the Nicaraguan agency in Broadway. He described the furniture and decorations with the minuteness of a bailiff, taking an inventory of the assets of a bankrupt. He told us that the office contained chairs, tables, counters and desks. Told us, that on the walls were sundry placards. Informed us that the placards stated that the emigrants to Nicaragua were to have a free passage, and eighty acres of land on their arrival there. Startled us with the announcement, that in front of the building were several flags. Shocked us with the disclosure, that, scattered about the office, were a large number of printed circulars, signed Ward H. Burnett, President. Minute as this witness was—exact as his lustrous eye and brain enabled him to be—he was not sufficiently so to satisfy the ends of justice or the curiosity of the public. He failed in giving us the number of chairs in that mysterious chamber. He was too vague about the placards. Explicit enough concerning the printed incentives to emigrate, he left us bewildered with his shadowy reference to the banners on the outer wall. The eagerness with which he produced the crumpled circular, signed Ward H. Burnett, from the breast pocket of his Raglan, convinced us of his certainty on that point. That was clear enough. Palpable as the mottled parchment he afterwards displayed, with a big red blob of sealing-wax upon it, as his discharge from the Royal British Grenadiers in the service of Don Pedro. But let me advise your Honor, that the memory of this witness is somewhat defective, owing, no doubt, to those intermittent attacks of Panama fever, which not even an occasional gin cocktail at the Caledonian hotel can assuage. To this fatality—which, by a strange misconception of his disease on the part of the Police, conducts him periodically to the Tombs—we are compelled to ascribe the omissions he has made in his description of the office of the Nicaraguan agency in Broadway. Besides the chairs, tables, desks and counters, he should have mentioned an ink-bottle and two spittoons. He has passed by the walls of the office. They are covered with paper of a light lemon hue, variegated with something like roast chestnuts on a string. The literary resources of the office he has, with a military superciliousness peculiar to the British Grenadier, overlooked. Permit me to enumerate them. There is a *History of Architecture*, by L. C. Tuthill, published in Philadelphia. There is the *Seaman's Friend*, by R. H. Dana, Jun., author of *Two Years Before the Mast*. Whilst it pleasantly occurs, that three odd volumes of *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, edited by my chronological friend, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, alternate with the second volume of the *British Senate*, by the writer of the *Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons*, a *Commercial Digest* and *Walker's Dictionary*. The witness ought to have been more particular in his allusion to the placards. It looks as if he were interested in the Vanderbilt line, when he suppresses the fact, that one of them represents the *Tennessee* going at the rate of two thousand miles an hour through a fresh sea. His preference for the Honduras route is confirmed by his silence respecting the great oblong poster, which on a yellow ground, represents a screaming eagle, going it at full speed, with two ribbons flying behind him out of his beak—the shield of the United States in his talons—just as if he had broken loose from a buggy, and was making straight for Nicaragua, with the dash-board and reins. This poster announces that Mr. J. W. Fabens, at the request of many citizens, will give a lecture on Nicaragua, its climate, soil, and productions, with a glance at its social, industrial, and political condition, at the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, Jan. the 6th, 1857. An impartial witness—a witness indifferent to the conflicting claims of the Nicaraguan and Honduras routes to the Pacific—would not have condemned by his studied reserve this poster to oblivion. Unjust to Colonel Fabens, he was equally unjust to a distinguished citizen of Nicaragua, Don Fermin Ferrer, the accredited Minister from that Republic to this country, who awaits the inauguration of James Buchanan to present his credentials. Sergeant Fuller said nothing about the Geographical Map of the Republic of Nicaragua, with three plans and views, by Fermin Ferrer, Governor of the Western Department, which map hangs at full length against the wall of the office, on the left hand side of the door as you go in. Nor is the humane veteran more considerate to those who have contributed to the scientific triumphs of America. He spoke voluminously about the placards. But in reference to the map of Central America, compiled from materials furnished by the Committee on Foreign Relations of the United States, executed at the office of the United States' survey, under special direction of Captain W. R. Palmer, United States Topographical Engineer, the wounded warrior had not a syllable to say. Possibly, the fact of his not being an American citizen may account for his indifference to the fame which the scientific scholars of America have won, and the works on which that fame is built. Possibly, too, a professional jealousy may have controled his testimony in this particular, since he filled the office of overseer, general foreman or foreman general, for twelve months, on the Panama Railroad, and in the discharge of his duties engineered, in three months, five hundred of his countrymen to death. In his description of the room, however, from which, according to the District Attorney, so much wickedness irradiates; in which, as the District Attorney insists, the fraudulent conspiracy has been matured, which it is his mission to explode; the British Grenadier should have permitted no prejudices, professional or otherwise, to influence him. Animated by his love of the human race; a love so pure, so sacred, so intense, that it blistered his tongue with lies, fractured his skull on the ice, and consigned him to the Tombs, and turned him out a spy; animated by the love which worked such miracles, he should have been just to the nation which protects him and the profession he adorns. He should not have forgotten those maps upon the wall. He should not have forgotten the name of Alexander Dallas Bache, with which those grand works, illustrative of Central America, are brilliantly inscribed. He told us, however, there were flags in front of the house. I have examined them. There are two small flags—Stars and Stripes—tied to a lamp-post on the left hand side of the door as you go in. From the sill of the top window hangs a regular disunionist flag—the Stars without the Stripes—the windy advertisement of a daguerreotypist within. Long may it wave! An inscription on one of the panels of the doorway reads thus—"J. Paten, manufacturer of linen bosoms." High over all—projecting horizontally from the parapet—a vast sheet of canvas swings to and fro. In black letters, a foot and a half long, it bears the following proclamation:

FREE FARMS! FREE PASSAGE!

To Nicaragua, by steamer, 26th of this month.

Free farms! free passage! It sounds very like "Free soil, free Speech, Fremont!" Flat plagiary, your Honor. Instead of charging the Nicaraguan emigrants with a participation in the slave-trade, the District Attorney might have more justly identified them with that great party which has exhausted itself in shrieks for bleeding Kansas. Having, with the omissions I have remedied, described the inanimate features of the office of the Nicaraguan Agency, Sergeant Fuller passed on to the living. He saw Mr. Bolton behind the counter. Saw Mr. Bolton give an unknown man a pen. Saw the unknown man sign a book; which book, your Honor recollects, was produced in evidence by the defendants without a moment's hesitation. This was not all. Linden saw another sight. The Grenadier saw double. He saw Colonel Fabens as well as Mr. Bolton. He positively swears to this. The Colonel was engaged in writing. Fuller did not speak to Fabens, nor did Fabens speak to Fuller. The latter merely saluted the former. He does not swear that it was a military salute. Nor does it appear that the Colonel, with his usual urbanity, returned him a civil one. When questioned by Mr. Blankman, if Colonel Fabens had ever hired and retained him to go to Nicaragua, the witness stated that Colonel Fabens had done so through the public papers! When, or how, the witness considered it immaterial to inquire. Everything must be taken for granted. Every thing the District Attorney takes a fancy to; from Marcoleta—the child of all nations and of none—down to the invisible witness from Boston. So that, when this choice witness, Sergeant Fuller, swears that Colonel Fabens hired and retained him, through the public papers, to go to Nicaragua, and there stops short, we must conclude, that on some morning, previous to the 21st of January, there appeared in the columns of the *Herald* an advertisement to this effect—

WANTED—For Walker's Army in Nicaragua, a fine young man, clean, honest, truthful, sober, handsome, tall and sprightly. Apply to Joseph W. Fabens.

N.B.—No one addicted to Panama fever need apply.

Seeing this advertisement, Sergeant Fuller exclaimed, I'm just the man that's wanted! Haven't I my discharge from the Royal British Grenadiers, signed Daniel Dodger, Colonel, which discharge testifies to my cleanliness, youth, honesty and beauty. I'm handsome, says he, and he looks in his glass in his room on the fourth floor in Grand-street. I'm tall, says he, and he straightens himself up. I'm sprightly, says he, and he takes to to playing leap-frog with the two single young men, whose rents, at the rate of three dollars a month, he collects. As for being addicted to Panama fever, sure I'm acclimated, says he, ever since that night I slept in the Toombs. On the strength of this advertisement—which we are to take for granted, as we did the witness from Boston—Sergeant Fuller set out for 347 Broadway, corner of Leonard-street. He mounted the staircase, and entered the office. He saw Mr. Bolton—the gentleman in the long boots, as he graphically described him—behind the counter, with a pen behind his ear. Colonel Fabens was seated at a table, writing. The Sergeant saluted the Colonel. The Colonel took no notice of the Sergeant—none whatever. Not a word passed between them. I'm hired and retained, says the Sergeant, by Colonel Fabens to enlist as a soldier! And with this conviction, founded on fact, the grenadier retreats to the Caledonian hotel to recuperate his nerves. Then came the affidavit upon which the arrest of Colonel Fabens was founded. And hence the examination which has been conducted by the prosecution with such profit to the commonwealth and such credit to themselves. I will not insult your honor by supposing for a moment, that the testimony of this witness can have the slightest effect in the formation of your opinion respecting the merits of this case. In the first place, he has sworn to nothing which by word or deed could implicate my client; unless indeed, an exercise in penmanship can be construed into an infraction of the Neutrality laws of 1818. In the next place, even had the witness sworn to something more culpable on the part of Colonel Fabens, your Honor could not bring yourself to act upon his evidence. Indeed, the more serious the accusation he preferred, the more strongly, I well know, would your Honor be disposed to question his veracity. To rest a committal on testimony emanating from such a witness, would be to corroborate a vagabond who upon his oath avowed himself a liar, and stamp with a magisterial sanction the meanest intrigue, the sauciest hypocrisy, and the foulest perfidy a brain diseased with liquor could devise. With the instability of this witness—this soddened Sergeant of British Grenadiers—the District Attorney appeared to be, from the outset of his evidence, woefully impressed. His assistant, Mr. Joachimsen even, solid and imperturbable as he usually is, betrayed considerable uneasiness. Fuller's testimony was miserably deficient. The Assistant District Attorney came to the conclusion, that Fuller was the saddest specimen of humanity he had ever been induced to rely upon. This was his private opinion. No wonder, then, the District Attorney snatched the circular, signed Ward H. Burnett, President, from the hands of the Sergeant, and read it out with emphasis. Lest it may have escaped your memory, I shall read it to your Honor again.

New-York, Dec. 17th, 1856.

DEAR SIR—At a meeting of citizens held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 17, at the Nicaraguan Agency, 347 Broadway, room No. 2, you were unanimously appointed one of a Committee authorized to collect material aid, clothing, provisions, &c., for our suffering fellow-countrymen in Nicaragua. On Saturday afternoon next at 2 o'clock, you are respectfully requested to meet at the same place and report progress.

Your obedient servant, W. H. BURNETT, President.
A. C. LAWRENCE, Secretary.

There's the fatal document! There's the document which bears out Fuller, upsets Bolton, and claps an extinguisher on Fabens. Material aid! Clothing! Provisions! *Et cetera!* That *et cetera* annihilated Fabens! The District Attorney would have sworn it. He looked at your Honor whilst he emphasised the words; and as he laid the circular on your desk—"there" he ejaculated to himself "is Fabens done for!" All this may sound ridiculous enough. Mr. McKeon, however, was in earnest. It was no laughing matter with him. It was grave tragedy, and no burlesque. In all sobriety, it becomes me to follow his example. With perfect good faith, then, I ask your Honor, if to that circular, in regard to the alleged guilt of my client, you attach the slightest consequence?

True it is, the words "material aid" may excite suspicion in your mind. Probably your Honor attaches a warlike meaning to them. They were first used by Louis Kossuth. In his magnificent appeals to the sympathies of this country, on behalf of Hungary, he used them frequently. Flippant critics and malignant enemies have construed them into a requisition for arms and ammunition. They meant no such thing. They meant dimes, dollars, eagles. Will the District Attorney dispute the interpretation? Does he adopt the meaning ascribed to the words in question by the flippant critics and malignant enemies of the great Hungarian—the good, the gifted, the heroic! If so, I challenge him to the proof. Until proof be established to the contrary, I maintain that the words "material aid" signify money—copper, gold, and silver—Spanish coin included. Is it a violation, then, of the Neutrality laws of 1818—of the second section in particular—to send what is called "material aid" to our suffering fellow-countrymen in Nicaragua? Is it an offence against the dignity of the United States—an offence punishable by imprisonment and fine—to send money, clothing and provisions to those, who, born on this soil, participate in your blood, your spirit, your high name as citizens of America, but whom the calamities that afflict the country in which they have staked their fortunes, have for a season reduced to poverty, nakedness, and hunger? You remember, sir, three years ago, when the news reached this city, that the vine crop was destroyed in the island of Madeira, and famine threatened to exterminate the laborers of the vineyard—the sunny vineyard that has restored life to many an exhausted frame, and with many a sweet hope has revived the heart of youth, renewed the bloom of womanhood, and prolonged in roseate light the hours of old age—you remember, sir, with what alacrity the wealthy citizens of New-York flung down their dollars to avert the mischief? You remember, sir, a few months since, when the dread intelligence travelled in thunder to us across the ocean, that the valley of the Saone was inundated, how fretfully the great heart of this noble city beat, and in what an ecstasy of compassion the merchants, the scholars, the mechanics, men in every walk of life, in the highest as in the lowest, swelled the golden charity which was to ransom the victims of that appalling visitation? There is yet another epoch of sorrow, of chivalrous sympathy, of great glory to humanity, which neither you, nor I, nor the country of my birth, nor the world can forget. Just nine years ago—it will be nine years when this month ends—there was the darkest night in Ireland her children ever knew. The only food which for years and years sustained her people—kept body and soul together—had turned to rottenness in the fields. Starvation was the common lot. Towns and villages were filled with skeletons. The ditches were choked with corpses. The graveyards were surfeited with death. All over the island it was a festival with the worms. All over the island—shutting out the light of Heaven—were stretched the wings of a remorseless curse. The vulture was at her heart. The youngest, the gayest, the boldest sickened at the sight. Despair, everywhere, prepared the living for desolation without redemption. At this moment; when the agony was at its height; when with the most buoyant, Ireland was numbered among the dead glories of the past; a light broke in upon the devoted land! Whence came it? Songs of love, the manliest condolence, the bravest hope came with the light. Whence came it? You, I, all of us, Ireland, the world knows the story. It is beautiful as a psalm of the Royal prophet—touching as the episode of Ruth among the Reapers—immortal as the picture of the Messiah breaking bread with the thousands on the Mount. Never in profane history did a mightier act of benevolence occur. Every chord in the Republic vibrated with the name of Ireland. Every hand from behind the walls of this vast fortress of freedom, was stretched forth to help her. In the Senate, there were voices to speak for her, as though she had been a favorite child of the Commonwealth. In the House of Representatives, there was the like sympathy to inspire eloquence. From cities, hamlets, log-huts upon the prairies, rafts upon the Western rivers, from Vermont to Florida, from the Hudson to the estuary of the Columbia, a tumultuous chorus echoed back the adjurations of the Capitol. Enough! Your ships—some of them had been victorious messengers of war, you stripped them of their guns, and consecrated them to peace—your ships, amid the eulogies of your great orators, the cheers of the people, the blessing of Heaven, which descended as sunbeams on their wings, went forth to the rescue of Ireland. The desolation was checked. The famine driven off. The poor island awoke to the consciousness that she was not alone in the world. Awoke to a new life, never, never to forget that, in her deepest desolation, America had been her good physician, her friend, her saviour. And are we now—in these last degenerate days of Franklin Pierce—to be told, that what was lawful, creditable, worthy of all praise and benediction, in the case of France, the Cape Verde islands, Madeira, Ireland, is illegal, deserving of reprobation, punishable by imprisonment and fine, when the lives of American citizens in a foreign country are imperilled?

Is this the law? Is this the instruction of the Attorney General? Is this the true reading of the Inaugural of 1853? Money, clothing, and provisions, you may send to Funchal. That's quite proper. The court awards and the law doth give it. Money, clothing, provisions—"material aid"—you may send to Lyons. That's all right. No frowzy spy, baptized in the *Devil's Punch Bowl* of Killarney, will swear it into a violation of the Neutrality Laws of 1818. The District-Attorney, with the fire of Hotspur—trampling upon his inflammatory speeches of 1848—will be found vexatiously, wantonly, calumniously to to prosecute it. So, too, in the case of Ireland. So, too, it would be in the case of Terra del Fuego, should the people of America, or any portion of them, take it into their heads to feed, clothe, or endow the savages. But the moment your charity begins at home; the moment you speak of American citizens being slaughtered, as the Rev. Mr. Wheeler was, and you demand redress; the moment you speak of American citizens being plundered, as Mr. Lawless was, and you propose a compensation; the moment you hear of American citizens on a foreign soil being struck down with hunger, fever, or any other visitation, and you call a public meeting to succor your suffering fellow countrymen, to give bread to the breadless, medicine to the sick, the hand of fellowship to those who have been cast away, the rights of American citizenship to those entitled to them; that monent you have despatches from Washington—despatches from the President who declared from the steps of the Capitol that no citizen of America could wander, in legitimate pursuit, too far from these shores for any rude hand to assail him with impunity—despatches instructing the District Attorney to indict the presumptous patriotism. As I have said before I do not exaggerate. Your Honor has nothing upon which to commit my client, save and except that circular, signed Ward H. Burnett; and should your Honor commit upon that circular, the inference will be what I have stated—clearly, inevitably, unanimously so. I repeat it. There is nothing save and except that circular to criminate my client. The evidence given by Fuller amounts to nothing. It couldn't well amount to more. In case it did, your Honor would reject it, as the evidence of a sworn, self-convicted, self-strangled liar. Commodore Morgan said he knew Colonel Fabens. But, in answer to the question put him by the District-Attorney—had you ever any conversation with Colonel Fabens respecting his being employed by any person exercising the Government of Nicaragua?—in answer to this question, the Commodore said he had not. He added, moreover, that he had no arangements whatever with Colonel Fabens about taking passengers to Nicaragua. Then came Generl Cazneau. The General bore testimony to the abundant natural resources, the salubrity and beauty of Nicaragua.

In conclusion, he informed your Honor—and the reporters have, I am happy to say, notified the public of the fact—that the locations selected by President Walker for colonization were made for the richness of their soil and healthfulness. There's an advertisement for families and unmarried people desirous of emigrating to Nicaragua! The locations, selected by President Walker for colonization, were made for the richness of their soil and healthfulness. Persons, married or single, desirous of emigrating to Nicaragua, will make a note of that. It's an advertisement on oath! But what of Colonel Fabens? Why this—the General had something to say of him. He had seen him in Granada, and, also, in the office in Broadway, where he had likewise met Captain Isaiah Rynders, Judge Morton, Thomas Francis Meagher, and other staunch friends of President Walker and Nicaragua. Joe Brown followed General Cazneau to the stand. Joe swore like an honest man. He swore to his having seen a man with United States buttons on his coat in the office of the Nicaraguan agency, one day he called there; but, as for Colonel Fabens, he had never laid his eyes upon him until he saw him in this room. And this is what they call sustaining the warrant on which my friend, Colonel Fabens, was thrown into Eldridge jail! When Brown had left the stand, and the two Dromios of the prosecution were discussed, behind the stove, how they could get out of the lurch into which their comical witness, of the firm of Jones, Brown and Robinson, had dropped,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 332.)

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

LOUGH CORRIB—CONNEMARA—CONG—KYLMORE PASS—THE OLD CITY OF THE TRIBES.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF THE IRISH PRESS.

Concluded from our last.

Our boat is moored against the green margin of the lake, in a little cove, shaded by the overhanging branches of the birch and hazel, and out-spread arms of a venerable oak, that stood in front of the decayed mansion of the Oranmores, erected on a hillock that sloped gently to the placid waters of the lake. It was a building of small architectural pretensions, plain and capacious. It seemed as if the angel of desolation had recently passed over it, and that no appeasing offering at the entrance of its corridor had turned aside the wing of his wrath. The grounds around it resembled the garden of the sluggard—weeds and rubbish filled the space where the neatly-margined gravel walk and the sweet-scented flowers once had been. The roof was becoming ricketty, and the rank moss was clinging to the outer walls. A way-farer from the Atlantic shores of Iar Connaught—where the princely estate of Dick Martin was daily undergoing the process of eviction by the agent of the Law Life Assurance Company—would say that John Robinson and Stephen Leonard had been there a few days previously with their ejectment decrees and a company of soldiers and a whole regiment of "Peelers." We would have thought so, too, only a blue wreath of smoke curled upwards from the chimney, but so weakly that we felt as if it were hardly able to make its way out into the still air. No wonder that the old mansion looked sad, lonely and deserted. It was then up for sale in the Incumbered Estates Court, and was subsequently purchased by Arthur Lee Guiness, a good supply of whose incomparable porter we had then stowed away in our boat.

The old house was not all deserted. It was occupied by a steward—a kind of *locum tenens* for both the out-going and incoming proprietor. Nor yet was he alone in the once noble dwelling, for he had the companionship of a rustic, handsome looking, brunette wife, and an innumerble host of healthy, rollicking, uncontrolable children, who, with bare feet and flowing hair, gamboled and played, rolled and ran upon the lawn. Although the lord of the mansion had taken his departure for ever from that charming spot—although the duns were upon his track in London or Dublin, or marking his residence in some secluded street in Paris, and the fiat of the law had gone forth to transfer his broad lands to strange proprietors—lands, by the way, which I believe neither he nor they has had nor have any right to—the local virtues of the place had not departed. Hospitality yet remained—the deity to whom Irishmen of all creeds, in all ages, lavishly poured forth their oblations. No sooner had we landed than the steward offered us the accommodation of the house, and tendered us whatever service he might be in a position to render. Although it was no gala day at Ashford, no sounds of festivity issued from the dining-hall, nor simulated friendship beamed from the bright faces in the drawing-room—though ruin had settled upon the house-top and the "relieving officer" had marked the inmates as his own—still the glorious scenery on all sides relieved the sombre aspect of the place. In front, stretching far to the south-east—far as the eye could look—sparkled the broad, picturesque, island-dotted Corrib. The old oak-wood, in its green luxuriance of foliage, closed upon it from behind, and seemed to bid defiance to all the storms of adversity. Lough Mask, which is twenty miles long by twelve wide, is in a direct line with Lough Corrib, and is separated from it by a neck of land four miles across. Through the limestone formation the waters of Mask and Cara were emptied into Lough Corrib by a subterranean river. About a mile and a half from Cong is a chasm, about eighty feet deep, which leads, by a precipitous flight of stairs, naturally formed out of the solid rock, to the river, and to this spot we resolved to pay our first visit. Having given directions to our boatmen to be in readiness at a certain hour, off we started, with the steward as our guide, by the nearest route through the wood. I shall never lose the feeling of reverence and admiration with which I was impressed, when after a few minutes' walk, we found ourselves in that sylvan solitude. The surface was uneven; now, we were climbing up a steep ascent and pushing aside the impeding branches of the matted copse, the next moment, from an unobstructed elevation, we had a full view of the blue mountains of Peterborough through the leafy vista. Again, descending by a narrow lane, over which the green nuts clustered in tempting profusion, we entered a glade encircled by tall oaks. We paused in mute admiration at the secluded grandeur of the scenery. There was nought around or beneath us bnt the grassy sward, the impenetrable wood, and the blue heavens above. It was such a spot as the priests of the ancient world would have loved to dedicate to their most revered divinities. Passing on through green lanes and devious paths, under the shadow of the oak and wide-spreading beech, we emerged upon a lone, rugged, gray upland, with the mountain ranges of Beneobola and Maam Turk rising grandly before us at a few miles distance. We are soon at the mouth of the "Pigeon-hole," and find no weird conductress, as described by the Rev. Cæsar Otway, to light us into this gloomy cavern with her torch of straw. Having descended some twenty steps we could hear the sepulchral sound of the gurgling waters, as they gushed through the rocky gullies and poured into the little pools where the speckled trout were swimming around apparently unconscious of our presence. A legend of the place has it, that the trout seen here are sinners condemned to penance in that piscatory limbo till the day of judgment. The only ballustrade of the rude staircase is the shrubbery which springs up on either side and encircles the mouth of the cave, almost shutting out the light of the sun. There are two other fissures of the same kind, but not so large or so easily explored. We now bid adieu to the "Pigeon-hole," its attractions, its traditions, its legends and its lies, and by a different route, proceed to Cong. We stop a moment to look at the stone cross which stands in the little square of the white-washed village, whose little houses and primitive population present so strange, so romantic and so singular an appearance.

No one would now imagine that it was once a regal city—the residence of the Kings of Connaught. We hasten to the ivy-clad remains of the old Abbey, which call up so many proud Celtic historical reminiscences. Ware says it was founded by one of the monarchs of Ireland in the seventh century; but Hardiman thinks it was founded and endowed by St. Fechin. However, there it is, on the river's bank, by the road-side, clothed in the venerable grandeur of twelve hundred years; and there it stood in the morning of its pride, fresh from the creative hand of the architect and the "cunning" chisel of the artist, five centuries before the spears of Strongbow crossed the Suir, or the Red Cross of St. George floated from Reginald's Tower. But how different now from the days when portly Abbot, cowled Monks and mitred Bishops chanted the funeral service over the bier of an Irish King! The mullioned windows and the carved arch-ways are still perfect amidst the general ruin which has fallen upon this once noble structure. They are there to bear witness to the evanescence and instability of man and his proudest works. The ruined entrance to the Abbey is grand. The ivy-covered eastern window challenges our admiration, and reminds us of Jerpoint Abbey, in the county Kilkenny. The prospect from the remains of the bell-tower is magnificent. It presents a splendid natural panorama, embracing lake, rivulet, wood and mountain, whilst in the back-ground stand forth in bold relief the cloud-touching ranges of Maam-een and Maam-turk, with their deep blue gorges, looking like mystic passes to some outer fairy-land. Upon the left of the entrance is shown a green spot which tradition consecrates as the grave of Roderick O'Connor, the last monarch of Ireland, who died there in 1198; but history informs us that he was buried in Clonmacnoise. However, his daughter Nuala, Queen of Ulster, was interred within the precincts of the building. A little below the Abbey is pointed out the residence of MacNamara, the celebrated rapparee, highway-man or outlaw, who for many years escaped justice by crossing the stream which divides the counties of Mayo and Galway. When the sheriff's warrant was issued for his arrest in Mayo, he quicky evaded it by passing over into Galway; and again from Galway to Mayo. But he was caught at last, a duplicate warrant having been lodged with the authorities of both bailiwicks, and hanged, of course; for in those days, to be tried for any offence against the English law, implied hanging. A short distance from Cong lies the plain of Moytura, celebrated for the great battle fought there long before the Christian era, by the Tuatha-da-Danaans and the Firbolgs, the early inhabitants of Ireland. Although their weapons were of the rudest and most aboriginal kind—of brass spears, flint arrow-heads and stone battle-axes—the slaughter was immense, and gave the supreme control of the kingdom for many centuries afterwards to the victors. We have not time to visit this Irish Thrasymene—this Canæ of the Firbolgs, and accordingly betake ourselves to the boat. The green nuts of the oak wood, the bracing mountain air, and the treading over the dust of forgotten royalty has well prepared us for our sylvan symposium. We cast off and are rowed down to the little island of Inch-a-Cong. It lies about a quarter of a mile from the shore, measuring about one rood in extent, and is thickly covered with copse. There were, however, little cleared patches, carpeted with shamrocks and daisies, and bordered by the golden daffodill. In one of those enchanting spots we spread our cloth and took our first banquet upon Lough Corrib.

It was not alone a "feast of reason and flow of soul," but an unpoetic and more substantial feast, which no reasonable being with such sharpened appetites as ours would refuse. As we had not to call our spirits from the vasty deep, but from a capacious demijohn, they were not long a-coming. There sat around me on that sward four as genial and pleasant companions as ever mixed a sherry cobbler with the waters of Lough Corrib, or tossed off a glass of un-iced brandy under the shady canopy of Inch-a-Cong.

First, there was my portly friend, Professor Mahony, of the Queen's College. He was a jolly, rollicking, laughter-loving, devil-may-care sort of young Irishman, full of wit, full of learning, and boundless anecdote, warm-hearted and hospitable. He loved his glass, loved his friend, and could cordially hate a scoundrel. He has since united himself in the holy bonds of matrimony, renounced the "godless colleges," and I hope lives happily somewhere in the sunny region of Queenstown. Doctor Melville, Professor of Natural History, in the Queen's College, Galway, was a philosophic Scotchman, a social companion. His head was crammed with rare plants and the remains of antediluvian creations. He was great on geology, comparative anatomy, &c., and could have filled almost any chair in the college, so diversified was his knowledge. Although he came from the land of John Knox, he was tolerant in matters of religion and might rather be set down as an honorary member of all churches, except that of Rome, than a dogmatic, Puritanical psalm-singer of the High Kirk.

He was a good fellow, and we all liked him. Then there was my tall friend, P. T. McCaulay—six feet three in his stocking soles—broad-shouldered, brown-haired, handsome-faced. He was an elegant classical scholar, a good linguist, and had a dash of the Beau Brummel bearing about him, was slightly vain of his fine appearance, great in love affairs, always on the look-out for some new conquest, and would have no particular objection to a rich heiress, providing she was young and handsome. We had been school-fellows in early youth, and after many years' vicissitudes and separation, of ups and downs in the world, had met again, renewed our school-boy friendship, and were resolved to drain to the dregs the cup of enjoyment that glorious summer evening, under the shadow of the eternal mountains, looking majestically down upon the beauteous lake. The last of the group was P. McDermott, a miller, in the old city of the tribes. He was a noble specimen of the Celt. A great-grandson, by the mother's side, of O'Loughlin, the last of the Princes of Burren, in the county Clare; he was somewhat proud of his lineage, and right justly too, for he had the heart of a prince himself, and was one of nature's noblemen. Generous and hospitable—hospitable to a fault—his hand was always ready to succour or defend a friend. He was a devoted patriot, ever ready to strike for Ireland; but, if living, he is far from "the land of his heart's-hope" to-day. He is under the southern cross, in the golden regions of Australia, and, we are sure, looks back with pleasure upon that bright dinner party in the shady nook, hard by the pebbly shore of Lough Corrib.

With such a party, under such a combination of scenery, our dinner passed pleasantly. We drank to friends far away, and to the memory of the good and brave who were true to the cause of freedom, the cause of Ireland, when clouds thickened, and no ray of hope pierced the deep gloom which hung upon her fate.

We are again upon the water, buoyant and refreshed. We are bound for Maam, and our course lies along the upper end of the lake. Upon our right the district of Fair Hill slopes gently from the water's edge to an elevation of a thousand feet. The flocks are browsing on the broad pastures, the potato gardens are in blossom, the cottages look the picture of rural felicity. We gaze with envy and delight upon that beautiful range of country, where everything seems in happy repose during that calm, mellow, summer evening, and wish for a home upon the romantic slope. However, the shadows of the mountains are lengthening as we rapidly approach, and seem as if they were coming down to lave their feet in the fresh, still waters; our rowers have twelve miles to pull before we reach the Maam hotel, at the upper extremity of the lake. It required a keen eye and a steersman acquainted with every portion of the intricate navigation, to steer for the proper outlet, so many were the indentations and creeks which presented themselves. We are now close at the base of the hill of Doon, which is thickly wooded to the water's edge, rises perpendicularly 160 feet above the lake, and bears a most striking resemblance to the Eagle's Nest at Killarney. We pass from one water-gorge to another, each appearing to be completely hemmed in by the bare, overhanging mountains, which topple over us to an elevation of two thousand feet.

We make our way at length to the hotel, having missed our course in the dark, and been pulling to-and-fro for several hours. The hotel may well be styled "the little house under the hill"—it is cosy, comfortable, and well kept. Having supped, and smoked, and chatted, I left my companions, and ascended the mountain and enjoyed a glorious moonlight view of Cuisla-na-Kirk—a ruined fortress in one of the gorges of the lake—and the magnificent range of Maam-een. At four o'clock, A. M., next day, while the lark was singing its matin hymn above the highest mountain tops, far up in the blue vault of heaven, while sleep and silence wrapt the humble cottage-home of the tired peasant, and the dew from heath and heather was offering its first incense to the morn, we were rapidly whirling between two mountain ranges through the romantic valley of Bealnabrack to Leenane, upon a pair of tidy jaunting cars. Arrived at that point—seven miles distant—we ordered breakfast, and prepared to ascend the steep mountain, immediately behind the hotel. Having made the ascent, eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, nothing could be seen westward but a continuation of mountains, peeping one over another, except where the Pass of Kylmore made a dark, gorge-like opening. Kylmore is formed by the northern ridge of the Bens and the Gurraun ridge. The pass is three miles in length, and is occupied by a lake, completely sheltered from all storms, except when a whirlwind sweeps down from the mountain tops and ploughs up its surface. The road is cut out of the base of the Gurraun mountains, and is washed by the waters of the lake. The remains of the great birch wood, interspersed with holly and gnarled oak, takes root among the crevices of the rocks, and garlands the immense impending ledges, piled one above the other, seemingly detached, and ready to precipitate themselves upon the traveller. Solitude, sublimity and grandeur are the characteristics of the surrounding scenery.

About noon, we are again upon the lake, bound for Galway. We pass swiftly down with the stream and touch at Inch-a-goil, "the island of the stranger," on the highest ridge of which, not fifty feet above the level of the lake, we dine, and then visit the religious ruins which are to be seen on this secluded island. They consist of two of the earliest Christian churches; one is of the Cyclopean order, built of the rudest materials, and not half as large as an ordinary drawing-room. The other is of a period about four hundred years later, the same size, but built in the Gothic style and of cut stone. In the former church the nephew of St. Patrick was buried. The head-stone, which, in shape, is like the rudder of a boat, is still standing. It bears in the Irish character the following inscription:

LIE LUGNAEDON
MAC LIMENUEH,

or the Stone of Lugnædon the son of Limenueh.

Having inspected these most interesting ruins, we started across the lake for the village of Oughterard, where we dismissed our trusty boatmen and proceeded land-ward to Galway. About midnight we arrived at the old "City of the Tribes." Under the light of the full moon, the broad bay shone like a sheet of silver. Black Head, like a huge sentinel, loomed from the coast of Clare, twelve miles distant. We pull up at the old, crippled-looking West Bridge, which led from Nun's Island to Main-guard. It was a quaint old structure, and was at one time fortified by a flanking tower at either end, on which the sentries used to mount guard and keep a keen look out for the "terrible O'Flaherties." The water came from Lough Corrib, foaming and dashing with impetuous fury down the broken bed of the river and over the huge boulders that had battled 'gainst it since

the beginning. It was a picturesque view in that solemn moonlight. It was here that Larry Scully, against whom there was a hundred warrants, made his escape from a regiment of soldiers. Being pursued and hemmed in, he seized a small row boat, descended the rapids, a feat never accomplished before, and moored himself under the arch of the bridge, from which it was impossible to dislodge him until night favored his escape.

The river still flows on, but not in its former boisterous course. Its bed has been deepened; it wears a more staid, commercial, speculative, nineteenth-century appearance. The old bridge has given place to one of magnificent architectural beauty—through whose two wide-spanning arches the bright waters of the Corrib still course their way to the tide; but the happy group that on that night looked over the time-worn battlements of the West Bridge are scattered far and wide—the waves of the Atlantic and Pacific separate them from the green island home, in whose breast their hearts lie buried.

THE JEWELLER'S WINDOW.

Within the window jewels blazed,
And long before it, light-amazed,
There stood two little ragged girls:
But yet a wild, untutor'd grace,
Shone through the form and sun-browned face,
And in those heads of matted curls.

Such figures would an artist love
To paint, with purple skies above,
Amid a warm Italian scene,
Gathering flowers by some old arch,
Once graced by the triumphal march
Of some wild warrior that hath been.

Out through the window, witching bright,
There shone the yellow Opal's light;
There shone the Diamond's priceless gleam,
And Rubies cast a rosy glow
Upon those pallid pearls below,
Even as the red sun lights a stream.

Yea, all gems were there; the flowers
Of the old Earth's cavern bowers—
Gems that beneath this upper sphere
Illume the dusky Genii's halls
With their gold and ebon walls:
And charmed, the children lingered near.

One held her round and brown arm forth,
And wished that flashing bracelet, worth
The treasure of an Indian king;
The other shook her clustered hair,
And fain those shining pearls would wear,
And the pale splendor of that ring.

And oft they said 'twas sweet to drink
From those gold goblets on whose brink
The cluster'd flowers are richly wrought.
Oh, brown and wistful little girls,
Elysium is not in the pearls;
And many a heart hath vainly thought

Its life, its joy, its glory lay
In something bright and far away;
Some pomp that lured them with its glow,
As a faint steed his thirst would slake
Within the mirage of a lake,
Across the desert winding slow.

Many a gem with richest grace
Flashes lustre on a face,
Whose brilliant beauty only hides
A heart that lies all cold below,
Without a throb, without a glow,
As o'er the bare sands flash the tides.

Many a haughty lip and brow
There are that never might avow
The thoughts that song and music drown:
The storms that o'er the spirit sweep,
A raft adrift on some wild deep,
The fiery fangs they trample down.

Free children of the Sun and Air,
Why sigh a gilded thrall to wear?
And not a gem that e'er was worn
Would half as well become each brow,
As those wild locks that grace them now,
Crowned with the freshness of the morn.

ENUL.

THE LATE JOHN KENYON.

In our last we made some slight allusion to the death of the late John Kenyon—not the celebrated Father John, of Irish Republican fame—but John Kenyon, a genial English gentleman and versifier, whose death gives him an importance and notoriety in the history of English literature his poetry failed to do. The *Athenæum* may well say that many honest literary people were made brighter last Christmas by his death. He was wealthy as he was appreciative. Scarcely a man or woman distinguished in the world of letters, with whom he was familiar, has has passed unremembered in his will; and some poets and children of poets are endowed with a princely munificence. Among those have shared most liberally in this harvest of goodwill are the following:

"To his cousin, Elizabeth Barret Browning, £4,000, and to her husband, Robert Browning, £6,500; to Bryan W. Proctor, better known as Barry Cornwall, £6,500; to Dr. Henry Southey, (surviving brother of the poet), £8,000; to Catherine, the daughter of Robert Southey, the poet laureate, £250; and each of the other daughters, £100; the son and daughter of Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, £250 each; John Foster, £500; George Scharf, £500, and Antonio Panizzi, £500, with all the wines in the cellars at Devonshire-place at Cowes; Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, Editor of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, *Shiel's Sketches*, &c., now in New-York, £500; Agnes Catlow £105, and Walter Savage Landor, Henry Chorley, Mrs. Jameson, and Sir Charles Fellowes, each, £100. The furniture, books, prints and articles of vertu in Mr. Kenyon's cottage in Wimbledon, are left to his friend, Miss Bayley, bequeathed £5,000. Thomas Hawthorne, the other executor, having £20,000. The whole of the residue of the property, after payment of the legacies, is to be divided by the executors. A bequest of £5,000 is made to the London University Hospital."

(J. De Jean)—FFRASER.

A SKETCH.

It was on Sunday, and in the Sabbath of the year, the joyous, rich, Irish summer-time. The day was calm and beautiful, like the remembrance of a solemn hymn; and the glowing air, full of silent harmony, reminded me of Shelley's lines—

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates on the memory."

The summer day was the memory vibrating with the glorious effects left by the dead voices of the spring. It was noon, and besides an old classmate and myself, there were few persons sauntering along the South Circular Road, close by the Portobello Gardens. Save occasional groups returning from or going to the late Mass, we met but few. This fact rather settled the attention of my companion upon a figure which alone occupied the other side of the road, and was leisurely walking in the shade of the trees, which overhung the fence of the Gardens.

The figure was that of a small man, with a stoop which rather gave him a hunch-back appearance; a dark coat with capable skirts, and a somewhat lighter trousers, completed his exterior. His face was pale and thoughtful, and an occasional light which shot across the features—like sheet lightning in the repose of the Indian summer—showed that he was nervous and energetic. His eyes were light blue, liquid, but—like the blue wave, liable to heave with intensity when the storm which slumbered in the soul of the man was roused. His hair was light, and hung down carelessly. He passed along in evident abstraction, his eyes bent on the ground, but with no intent to mind where he was walking, for he stepped along, and stumbled over the little mud-mounds which had been scraped to that side of the road in spring, but which, from the heat of the weather, were now completely hardened. Now and then he raised his eyes and peered straight before him, or gazed up into the heavens, as if hoping to find there the reflex of something which agitated his heart; and he looked up naturally to heaven to find it. He did find many that burst their heart bonds and fled upward to tint them in the congenial freedom of the sky, for, at several times after his eye-search, he took a small note-book from his pocket, and, with a pencil, jotted down the fact.

I had for some time known him by appearance, and on some further remarks of my companion, informed him that the decrepit, infirm, pale-faced man was John Ffraser, better known by his *nom de plume*, De Jean, and suggested that if he wished to know what he was then thinking about, he had better consult the "Poet's Corner" of next week's *Nation*, and no doubt he would be informed and delighted.

I used to meet De Jean frequently out on Sundays, and, on several occasions, remarked his note-book and pencil. I afterwards knew him personally, and the interest he previously awakened in me was never lessened, which is not always the case on the personal knowledge of the man whose poetry may have charmed us beforehand. We seldom find him to come up to our ideal, to the picture we make in our mind's eye of the poet or the painter, whose works have been our delight and solace. De Jean, apart from the evidence in his writings, had much of the poetic temperament. He was nervous, sensitive, enthusiastic, and, when excited in conversation, the gloom which an asthmatic, weak frame, and a life of turmoil at an ill remunerated trade wove round him, was dispelled, like the night-clouds, by an eloquent dawn. His fancy wakened, his mournful face was changed by the talisman of his energetic thought, and his words were graphic and forcible. At such times his conversation partook much of the characteristics of his poetry, and the common sense which a life of labor induced was rendered eloquent by the piquancy and pith of an original fancy.

For many years he was engaged in the cabinet and upholstery establishment of W. Pasley, on Bachelor's Walk, Dublin. He left this house in 1848, and earned a precarious living by working in his room, with the hope of selling his manufactures to the shops; but weak health and the convulsed state of society at the time conspired against his efforts. He derived some small aid from literature, and edited the *Trades Advocate* in the Fall of 1851. This paper lasted but two months, but in it were printed some splendid poems, entitled "Lays of Labor," from his pen. "The Working Man," is worthy of Burns. Labor songs are generally mere rhymed bits of sermons and cant. They are seldom poetry at all, oftener bearing the same relation to the poetic art that "city items" do to the essay in prose. Some of Whittier's and Elliot's chants, however, have a nerve and fancy clothing which lift them into good company. De Jean's "Lays" take the poetical mantle. They are emblematic of himself, and suggest a hard hand with a brilliant pen in it. Here are three fine stanzas from the "Working Man:"

"When, by th' Almighty breath of God,
Each to his sphere was hurled,
The living creature—and the clod—
The atom—and the world—
As trusted viceroy on the earth,
To carry out the plan
For which he gave that globe its birth,
God formed the *Working Man.*

"Then seas were crossed—and wilds explored—
Mines delved—and mountains riven—
Then mortals, like immortals, soared
Into the heights of heaven—
And daring the eternal laws
With peering eyes to scan,
Claimed kindred with the great *'First Cause'*
That formed the *Working Man.*

"But, ah! he had forgotten soon
His right to all he won,
And begged to labor, as a boon,
From him who labored none!
For God—to test his soul and strength—
Set in the primal plan—
An *idle* demon that, at length,
Destroyed the *Working Man.*"

De Jean's great power is in his force, and the clearness with which he uses his metaphors, which are remarkably original and to the purpose. There are splendid passages in his "Jeptha's Vow"—that one especially picturing the immolation of the daughter by the father's hand, is conceived and expressed with a felicity equal to any like number of lines in the versified tales of Moore, Byron or Scott. Also, there are lines of excelling beauty and force of description in "The Boat Wreck," "Con O'Dwyer," the "Sketches from Life," and his longer performances, yet it is from his lyrics that we get the finest and noblest expression of De Jean Ffrazer's power. He has always a clear eye for the beautiful, and his descriptions of scenery are replete with happy and graphic touches. But the soul of the man is in his songs. His patriotism is the cross from which the Christian poet inhales all the light and glory of his system. Living in society with a personal ban on him, from his position he could well sing the sorrows of his brothers.

Fenton Lalor said, that the tyranny of his father made him a patriot, and so we might see in De Jean, himself an *ouvrier*, like Beranger—a wild-flower, springing with natural sweetness, excluded from the hot-house of conventionality—the most capable mouth-piece for the wrongs of his fellows, which were socially as well as politically his own experience. Week after week, month after month, and from year to year, did his soul burst into maddened harmony. In the science of music, "harmonious discord" is considered a triumph, and so of the poetry of this workman lyrist. He set the wrongs of his country, the passions of the bondman, the hopes of the liberty-seeker, to the fiery music of his soul, and produced "harmonious discord" that sent blood quick as thought through the almost pulseless veins of his country. No moan or craven melody was his. But the wild conviction of Right. Truth is not so quiet as people think. Right—Truth, when opposed, *is* wild. It is only hypocrisy that needs the very peaceable, and quiet, and snake-like process of movement.

Here are a few nervous specimens of De Jean's strength and vigor, taken at random from some of his political pieces. The "Gathering of the Nation" opens thus:—

Those scalding tears—those scalding tears,
Too long have fall'n in vain—
Up with the banners and the spears,
And let the gather'd gloom of years
Show sterner stuff than rain.
The lightning, in that stormy hour,
When forth defiance rolls,
May change the poles of Saxon power,
And melt the links our long, long shower
But rusted round our souls.

The determination of the patriot to hope on and ever amid defeat and discomfiture is thus illustrated in the "People's Song":—

"The holiest cause of earth, or heav'n,
Might well be deem'd deceit,
If they, who for its truth had striv'n,
Were foil'd by *one* defeat.

"The thorny thistle for the bee
Holds honey in its flow'rs,
And shall the insect's energy
Bring open shame on ours?
The triumph ev'n defeat affords
To us and the unborn,
May yet be won, tho' hedg'd with swords
As close as thistle thorn."

The piece entitled "Our Song" is fiercely energetic, and is peculiarly (alas, that it should be so,) applicable to the ears of Irishmen. I give it entire:—

"We have no music on the breeze—
No banner in the beams;
Our standards are the forest trees,—
Our trumpeters—the streams!
Yet not till all
The forests fall—
Not till the streams be hush'd—
Shall we, who wield,
Nor sword nor shield,
By tyranny be crush'd.

"O'er *both* the boundless wave and wind,
High triumphs have been won;
By man's divinity of mind
At work from sire to son!
And they who strive
With sword and gyve,
To make the mind a slave,
To endless wrong,
Are not as strong,
As *either* wind or wave!

"The earth was peopled by a pair,
Tho' death, their sleepless foe,
Pursued their sleep with weapon bare
And never miss'd his blow;
Even thus, the rights
Our despot smites,
Shall fill the land at last;
Tho' perverse pow'r
Make every hour,
As deadly as the past!

Go, tyrants—trample human souls,
While license yet is giv'n;
But know, ye tread on burning coals
That have been lit in Heav'n;
And if no blaze
Arrest your gaze,
Deem not the spirit flown!
That, tho' your heel
Be shod with steel,
Will burn you to the bone!

When we read some of those stirring songs, which found in every heart a response, it is with feelings distraught by sympathy, for the heart whose blood they are, that we think of the line from Pope, which the author quoted in his preface as an excuse for publishing:

"Obliged by hunger and request of friends."

It is a heart-breaking confession, and suggests deeper feelings than I can—than I wish to suggest.

From amid the barren lot of circumstances on which he stood, his songs burst up like clear and invigorating springs through the rock, and rippled over the face of his land and the hearts of his fellows, giving them joy and hope even as Moses comforted the Israelites with the rock-fount. With Davis, Mangan, and others living yet, thank Heaven—he gave a new soul to Ireland, and that weak little workman's garret and bench will yet be remembered and blest as the refuge and the temple where the Spirit of Liberty visited one of its most zealous apostles.

By nature debarred from earning a necessary means from labor, poetry was his good angel. It was his Christ upon the water, and kept him from sinking. He had to toil from fourteen to fifteen hours per day, to try, by an expenditure of time, to make up for his natural weakness, and then, his body tired out, he sank into his brain, and went to rest upon his Thought. Oh! this Imagination, this Soul, this Poetry, call it by whatever name, how truly is it the likeliest influence to the Creator of all the phases of, and aids to, existence he has given to aid and comfort us. He balances everything in creation. De Jean's brain more than counterbalanced the decrepitude of his body—aye, more than a thousand bodies, for it gave light and joy to thousands. According to "Festus," I might say that he had his heaven and his hell on earth. His body was his hell—his brain his heaven. Few have such a hell—still fewer such a heaven.

JOHN MITCHEL IN SAVANNAH.

Mr. Mitchel, whose health we are glad to hear is improving, was to leave Savannah, we are informed, on the 11th inst., for his home in Knoxville, Tennessee. The Savannah *Georgian*, of the 10th, gives a notice of his lecture in that city on the previous evening. It says:

"Armory Hall was filled to its utmost capacity on last evening by a highly intelligent audience. High as were the expectations raised in the minds of all who were present, we will venture to say, that the lecture itself surpassed them all. For more than an hour Mr. Mitchel entertained his auditors with a review of the private and public working of the political machinery of Europe, since the memorable period of '48—showing how insecure the basis upon which rests the governmental systems of the Old Country, and how inevitably soon it must be that the fires of revolution, which have been smothered for a time by the force of Despotism, will yet break forth to sweep from the face of the earth the fetters which bind the rightful liberty of man, with the powers which have forged them.

"The lecturer himself has an easy and graceful delivery—a voice fine in itself, but rendered more so by the rich brogue which accompanies it; a fund of quaint humor and pathos, a polished wit and biting sarcasm; a playful irony of expression, which never bruises by its bluntness, but keenly cuts to the deepest quick.

"The extreme modesty of the man was not the least interesting feature about him or his effort. Many of his finest passages were delivered in an earnest and quiet style, which while it showed the honesty of the sentiment, checked the applause with which an appreciative audience would have greeted them. In a notice of this kind we cannot, of course, do justice to the subject but we cannot close this article without expressing a regret, indulged in by many, that we hear nothing more from Mr. Mitchel at present, and the hope that in the future he may appear before a Savannah audience under more favorable circumstances."

Literary and Artistic News.

Alexander Smith, whose *Life Drama* broke the stagnation of English literature four years ago, has been taken in hand, at some length and with some severity, by a critic in the *Athenæum*, who has collected a vast number of passages from the best known poets—especially from Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson—parallel in thought and expression to the most Smith-ian passages. George Gilfinnan, Smith's literary godfather, is in despair at this exposure.

A pamphlet, called "Prince Albert: why is he unpopular?" recently published in London, has already run through three large editions. It is smartly written, but the authorship remains a secret. The idea that Prince Albert has very strong prejudices in favor of Russia, and has brought them to bear on his wife's political conduct, prevails so strongly, that no assertions to the contrary can beat it out of the public mind.

Bishop Reynolds, an arduous minister of the Gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, died from disease of the heart, at Hamilton Canada West, on the 17th of January, aged seventy-one years. He had been a preacher for fifty years. His last sermon was preached from the text, "For there shall be no night there."

In the Imperial Library at Paris, an interesting work on "Electricity as a Universal Agent," has been found. It was written by Count Tressau, and, being printed as far back as 1788, is said to have forestalled the recent discoveries in this department of science.

The Knoxville *Register*, of the 5th inst., says: "Dr. Isaac Anderson, one of the 'fathers' of Presbyterianism in this section of the country, and for many years President of Maryville College, died at his residence in Maryville, on Wednesday, 28th ult."

Longfellow's poem "Hiawatha," has attained the honors of translation into German, at the hands of the well-known poet Freiligrath. It will appear shortly, with a frontispiece designed by Leutze, of Dusseldorf,

John G. Saxe is "down" on female poets. He says, "*Pegasus* does not move gracefully under the *side-saddle*."

C. M. Denie, Esq., of the New Orleans *Picayune*, and a poet of considerable promise, died on Saturday, the 31st ult.

Death of a Notable Personage.

The Norfolk *Herald*, in announcing the death of Mrs. Jane Collins, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, says she was a native of Ireland, and came to Norfolk in the year 1797, with her husband Philip Collins, who was a butcher. Mrs. Collins assisted her husband—shared his toils, late and early and in all weathers—and was never absent from the stall in the market-house. He died in 1807, and she continued the business, occupying the same stall for nine years. It adds: She made and lost several fortunes. During the war of 1812 she had the contract for supplying the troops at this station with beef, and made many sacrifices to fulfil it, often going beyond her obligations to forward the views of the commanding general. Our aged friend was a perfect model of a true whig of the Henry Clay School. He was her beau ideal of a patriot, and it is pleasurable to remember their meeting together in the public barroom in Norfolk in 1844. When introduced to the Sage of Ash land, she wiped her mouth with her snow-white handkerchief, and kissed him with a zest that highly electrified the old statesman, who thereupon gallantly offered the worthy dame his arm, and the promenade of the couple was interesting to behold.

ROMANCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

An English adventure, says a London paper, has given food for gossip in Paris during the week, and as all's well that ends well, we are happy to record it. A few years ago a young English nobleman, just fresh from college, raw and inexperienced, fell desperately in love with the laundry maid of the castle where his family resided. It appears that the passion first seized upon his soul while attending divine service at the village church, where Susan, by her modest demeanor and bright blue eyes completely overset all the resolutions which the young nobleman's mother had conceived on the subject of his future alliance with the daughter of the Earl of C——, whose estate joins that of the young nobleman. How the acquaintance first began between a young nobleman who was reading for his degree, and a yonng laundry maid who could not read at all, no chronicle will ever tell; but in a short time we find that by the assistance of an old college friend just received into holy orders, at the very village church where the young lord had first beheld his Susan, in the first rosy blush of an April morning, with no other witness but the well fed parish clerk and a pew opener—with no epithelanium but the joyous chant of the early birds—no pomp and splendor but those afforded by the great spring festival of nature, which the young lord, just then deep in Virgil, appreciated more than any other kind, was he united to his Susan, and before the sun was risen to his noonday height the happy pair were already on their way to France. For some months tne young lord lived in the happy delusion which had presented to his youthful imagination the fair Susan as the most enchanting and most lovely of her sex. But honeymoons are like moons of every other kind—they have their waning hour; and at the end of a certain time the young lord began to perceive, to his utter astonishment—for he had never perceived it before—that the gentle Susan was not merely innocent, as he had ever thought her, but profoundly ignorant likewise! He asked himself how it could have happened, that he had not observed this unfortunate fact at the very commencement of their acquaintance—how he could have lived for months in her company without knowing it—and how it happened that just as the fifth month had begun, and he was on the point of sitting down to lead a quiet, domestic life, and enjoy the security and peace of the married state, he should start back in fear and trembling at the fearful prospect before him! Poor Susan, of course, could not solve the mystery. She, poor soul, was more enchanted with her existence than ever, while her noble husband grew more gloomy and discontented every day. At length the horrid truth became apparent. It would be impossible to return to England with Susan as his bride. Every act and expression of the poor laundry maid now jarred and shocked the nerves of the young nobleman—in short, the dreadful act was soon revealed to him in all its ugliness—he was no longer in love! Just about this time the young man's family, to whom his flight with Susan was well known, but who still remained in ignorance concerning the marriage, began to be importunate with respect to his return. No longer held by the ties of that all absorbing love which had cost him so much sacrifice, the young nobleman agreed in spirit with the views of his family. But how to break the dreadful fact to Susan? To his astonishment, however, he found her grown as reasonable as himself, consenting without a murmur to his proposition that she should remain in France to imbibe some sort of education, while he repaired to England to pave the way for an avowal of the truth to his lady mother. Susan who had learnt to believe that every idea emitted by her lord was the right one, consented to everything; and, accordingly, with tears and sorrow at the separation, but with gratitude at all the goodness and forethought displayed by her husband, took up her residence at a school in the Faubourg St. Honore, where, as *dame en chambre*, she was to receive the benefit of the first instruction that Paris could afford. Time passed on; the young lord, punctual in his payments, soon grew, amid the gaieties of his new life, as master of his own actions and the flatterings and cajolings of the fashionable world, to look upon himself as bound by no other obligation to the hapless Susan. His letters grew more and more rare, always telling of the extreme restraint in which he was held by his relations, and the want of means by which he suffered, urging the greater necessity for secrecy, until at length Susan, who believed all, wrote to him a letter full of affection, announcing with pride that an opportunity occurring of relieving him of the burthen of her maintenance, she had accepted a situation as companion to Lady E——, who was going to Montpelier for her health, and had been staying in the same school with her. This took place five years ago, and during all this time it would appear that the young lord, caring but little for the embarrassment of the introduction or recognition of his wife, content with the assurance given from time to time of her health and welfare, satisfied of the entire purity and respectability of the life she was leading, was maintaining at home the freedom and liberty of an unmarried man, until a short time since, by the death of his mother, being necessitated to make fresh family arrangements, he was aroused from his apathy with regard to the patient Susan. Lady E—— was then residing at Passy, and it was thither that Lord M—— directed his footsteps on his arrival. What passed at this interview, which had been sought by the husband as a mere *acquit de conscience*, and because he thought it derogatory to the family pride that his wife should live longer among strangers, will never be known. To the astonishment and delight of Lady E——, who had been long before admitted into the secret, Lord M—— remained abashed and staggered at the difference which the few years separation had made in his rustic Susan, now grown an elegant and accomplished woman, listening with perfect self-possession to all his protestations, and expressing herself with all the reserve and dignity of a woman of the world. Needless to say, that his old passion was revived in full force, and that Susan is again the queen of his soul, as in former years; nor will it astonish our readers to learn that the husband and wife, once more bride and bridegroom, have returned to England together—nor to see by the *Court Journal* that they entertained a distinguished party at their residence, B—— Castle, Radnorshire. We can vouch for the entire truth of this story. Lady E—— is well known in Paris; she has accompanied the happy couple to England; and looks upon Susan as her adopted child.

The duties of Deputy High Sheriff for the county Tipperary, for the present year, will be discharged by Gerald Fitzgerald, Esq., Solicitor, Clonmel.

(CONCLUSION OF T. F. MEAGHER'S SPEECH.)

Captain Cruger kissed the Bible. The Captain stated that he held a commission in the Nicaraguan army. He did so in a tone indicative of pride. He did so with the firm accent of an American citizen, knowing what his rights were and determined to assert them. For well he knew, that, as an American citizen, it was his right to enter the Nicaraguan service, if he had a mind. Knew that it was as clearly his right to do that, as it was the right of young Jerome Bonaparte of Baltimore to enter the French service, that of Mr. Monroe, of Virginia, to enter the Russian, or that of Colonel Thorne's son, of this city, to enter the service of the House of Hapsburg, Captain Cruger, also, had the best word to say for Nicaragua, but for Colonel Fabens, he hadn't a word, good, bad, or indifferent. The same may be said for Dunn, the handsome young mechanic, who was the last examined. So far, then, for the verbal testimony—a bundle of miscellaneous odds and ends joined and stitched together by the District Attorney, the master manufacturer of the establishment and his nimble journeyman, Mr. Joachimsen, and audaciously called a perfect case. A perfect case! A waistcoat from one decayed gentleman, a paletot from another, an opera tie from a third, a trowsers from a fourth—all hung together on the same peg, and by some imaginative clothier in Chatham-street advertised as a whole suit!

A personal allusion to my client, in which the assistant District-Attorney was pleased to indulge the last time he addressed the court, appears to me, owing to the lips from which it fell, of such little consequence, that a passing word is all it merits. It was an allusion to the course which in self-defence Colonel Fabens has been compelled to take with regard to the President of the United States, his Secretary, Mr. Sidney Webster, and other gentlemen on confidential terms with the present incumbent of the White House. The District-Attorney's deputy referred with an artificial disdain to that course, as one which no gentleman would take. The learned official is greviously mistaken, if, for a moment, he imagines that Colonel Fabens, or his Counsel, or any gentleman within or without this Court could be in any perceptible degree influenced by the opinion of Mr. Joachimsen as to what was correct, gentlemanly, or honorable. His opinion on such questions goes for nothing. Should a gentleman of superior standing—one whose opinion on such questions carried weight and authority with it—enquire into the line of defence which Colonel Fabens has instructed me to urge for him, I would say—say it promptly and proudly—that the conduct of the Government, towards Colonel Fabens, has been such as to leave him no alternative other than that which has provoked the subsidiary indignation of the prosecutors. It has been reported of the Neufchatel prisoners, that they desired to be brought to trial, so that they might demonstrate the high authority under which they had acted.

We say the same. We desire to be brought to trial, so that we may exhibit the high authority, the high official sanction, under which we have been acting. Send us to trial, and the letter we offered to produce before your Honor, but which was denied admission in evidence by the District Attorney, will be read in open court. Send us to trial, and we shall produce letters from Mr. Joseph L. White, demonstrative of the interest of the White House in the Mosquito grant—demonstrative of the fact, that the bombardment of Greytown took place at the instance of Mr. White, and was determined on with the view to strike terror into all adverse claimants to the Mosquito grant. Send us to trial, and we shall submit to the Jury a deed of transfer, assigning a vast interest in the lands included in that grant, to A. P. O. Nicholson, of the *Washington Union*, Fletcher Webster, and Sidney Webster—to which deed Fermin Ferrer, Colonel Kinney, and Joseph W. Fabens are the immediate parties. The deed is drawn up by Fancher & Eager, attornies, of this city. In a word, send us to trial, and we shall convince the commonwealth, that we have been prosecuted, thrown into prison, and for weeks have been vexatiously and to our grievous detriment detained from our proper buisness, not that we have been engaged in any illegal proceedings, not that we have transgressed the laws of the United States or been wanting in our duty to nations with whom these States are at peace, but that we have devoted an active attention to Nicaragua instead of to the Mosquito grant, in which President Pierce, his private secretary, and the editor of his official gazette are deeply interested. This is our case, and this in every particular we shall substitute, should your Honor commit us for trial. Let the Cabinet, then, see to it in time, and prepare themselves for the humiliation and defeat we shall inflict upon them the moment we meet them face to face in open court.

As for the documents of the State Department which the Assistant District Attorney translated with such fluency for our benefit, and which your Honor with such courtesy admitted in evidence, no legal authority, I respectfully submit, can be attached to them. We are not discussing international law here. Mr. Marcy's opinion on the subject may be worthy of an American statesman, but it is not with Mr. Marcy or his statesmanship we have to do. It is with Fuller and his affidavit, Joachimsen and the warrant, which concern us exclusively. As for Mr. Marcoleta and his protests, the District Attorney might as well have produced as many hieroglyphics from the ruins of Yucatan. To the case in court, the latter would have been just as appropriate, and just as authentic. Just as authentic! For it would take days of deep research to determine what government on earth Marcoleta represented in Pennsylvania avenue. Until General Walker established himself in Nicaragua, no Government, Servile or Liberal, could stand there for more than a day. General Cazneau, writing from Granada to a friend of his in St. Domingo, compares Nicaragua to a helpless wreck on the ocean of civilization, and drifting rapidly to destruction, which General Walker, by invitation, boarded in this sinking condition, and is working into a safe harbor, under a heavy and harassing fire from all the enemies of American progress, with England as Captain-General in the lead, and the poor Pierce Cabinet in the wake, accompanied by the Mosquito land speculators. It had been for years without an effective and constitutional government. The whole country was deluged in ruin. Anarchy and civil war had uncontrolled possession of Nicaragua from sea to sea. Half the churches had been pillaged, and used as temporary forts, and laid in ruins by the contending factions. The funds devoted to schools, to charity and the service of the altar were made their prey. President Walker was the first man in authority who attempted to arrest the torrent of destruction and save the ruins of the Church property for its legitimate uses. Without going farther back, in a retrospect of only six years, we find that Nicaragua has had no less than fifteen changes, more or less violent and illegal, in its rulers and Government.

I said, however, that the remonstrances against American colonization, purporting to come from Mr. Marcoleta, and introduced into the prosecution, were just as appropriate as they were authentic. Just as appropriate! For, conceding that Mr. Marcoleta faithfully conveyed on that subject the sentiments and decrees of whatever Government he represented at the time, the documents in question have become obselete—obselete as the oyster shells of Athens, the Blue Laws of Connecticut, or the papyrus of Egypt. Other sentiments and decrees have been promulgated in Nicaragua. Here is the decree under which Col. Fabens has been acting:

COLONIZATION.

The supreme Government of the Republic of Nicaragua, to encourage the immigration of persons of thrift and industry to become settlers and inhabitants within its territorial limits, to the end that its resources may be more fully developed and its commerce increased. and to promote the general welfare of the State, has decreed:

Art. 1. A free donation or grant of 250 acres of public land shall be made to each single person who shall enter the State (during the circumstances of this decree) and settle and make improvements upon the said tract, the same to be located by the direction of colonization hereafter to be named, and immediate possession given.

Art. 2. Each family entering the State and settling upon its territory shall receive 100 acres of land in addition to the 250 granted to single settlers.

Art. 3. A right to occupy and improve shall be issued to applicants, and at the expiration of six months, upon satisfactory evidence being presented to the Director of Colonization of compliance with the provisions of this decree, title given.

Art. 4. No duties shall be levied on the personal effects, household furniture, agricultural impliments, seeds, plants, domestic animals, or other imports for the personal use of the Colonists or the development of the resources of the lands donated, and colonists shall be exempt from all extraordinary taxes and contributions, and from all public service except when the public safety shall otherwise demand.

Art. 5. The colonists being citizens of the Republic cannot alienate the land granted to any foreign government whatever, and shall not alienate the said land or thier rights thereunto until after an occupancy of at least six months.

Art. 6. A Colonization office shall be established, and a Director of Colonization appointed, whose business it shall be to attend to applications from immigrants, to collect and dispense seeds, plants, &c., and to keep the Registry Books of the Department. PATRICIO RIVAS, *President of Nicaragua.*

J. W. FABENS, *Director of Colonization.*

The authenticity of that decree will be proved by Emile Thomas—an influential citizen of Granada. The copy of the decree I have read to you was translated by him. Fortunately for my client he is at present in this city. The decree is still in force. The Government from which it emanated has been recognized, in the person of the Padre Vijil, by the Government at Washington. So that your Honor will observe that my client, Colonel Fabens, has not only been acting all along in the spirit, and within the views of the Government, which the District Attorney and his assistant, by a reference to antiquity, endeavor to represent as hostile to that system of colonization we here proudly vindicate, boast of, and pledge ourselves, in defiance of these proceedings, to carry out; a system most useful, beneficent, exalted, which, when carried out, will not only regenerate the country to which it will contribute the muscle, intellect, and soul, but in an incalculable measure, improve the European and Asiatic nations, to which it will afford a common highway, and a golden link; a system, in connection with which the names of Walker, Henningsen, Cazneau, Ferrer and Fabens, and the memory of those brave men who, at Massaya, Rivas and Granada, fell beneath the banner of the Red Star, will be spoken of with honor—will shine out resplendent from the pages of some future Prescott—when the ignoble instigators of this prosecution, and the mean machinery with which it has been worked, shall have been long forgotten.

DR. IVES lectures, on "Church and State Charities Compared," at the Tabernacle, on Thursday evening, the 26th instant, for the benefit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The well-known eloquence of the lecturer, the importance of his subject, and above all the object, should secure an overflowing house.

BIRTH.

At No. 8 Clinton Place, Brooklyn, on Tuesday, the 17th inst., the wife of F. A. Jackson of a son.

MARRIED,

On Sunday, Feb ruary 22d, at St. Alphonsus Church, Thompson street, New-York, by the Rev. I. D. Smalthers, Mr. PETER SHAW, of County Westmeath, Ireland, to Miss ADELIA A. RHODE, of Penn Yann, Yates county, New-York.

DIED,

At his late residence, in New-London, (Conn.,) JAMES LUKE, aged 75 years, formerly of the parish of Horseleap, county of Westmeath, Ireland.

Westmeath and Dublin papers please copy.

DIED,

In Boston, on the 9th of February, 1857, of consumption, James J. Power, of Moomenane, Clonea, county Waterford, and late of Clonmel, Ireland.

"Oh, had he died in his own loved land,
With his friends and kindred near him!
Not have perished thus on a foreign strand,
With no thought save heaven to cheer him.
What recks it now?—is his sleep less sound
In the grove where the wild winds sweep him,
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
And the friends he loved had wept him?"

M. O. B.

Died, at St. Vincent's Hospital, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 18, after a lingering illness, John H. Riley, a native of Listowel, county Kerry, Ireland, aged 47 years. His remains were interred in Flatbush Cemetery on the 20th instant.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

January 31, in Dublin, Mr. Haughton, to Bessy, relict of Edward Cardiff Harcourt street.

February 4 in Dublin, Owen M'Caffrey, to Marianne, daughter of Thomas Hammond, of Sheep House, Meath.

February 4, William Young, late Lieutenant in the 20th regiment, son of the Rev. William Young, of Ballywillwill, to Jane, daughter of the late Samuel Delacherois, of Donaghadee.

January 27th, at Kildalky, by the Rev. Charles Reynolds, P.P., John Cormac Ennis, to Anna, daughter of Anthony Dunne. Clonbaron, Meath.

January 27th, at Ballymac-Elligott, James Raymond, of Dromin, Kerry, to Kate, daughter of the late Richard Mason, of Capanahane.

January 23, in Tralee, the Rev. William H. Disney, rector of Ballymac-Elligott, to Mary Jane, daughter of the Rev. Anthony Denny.

January 29, in Cork, J. Edmondson, M D., of Carrick-on-Suir, to Maria Loyd, daughter of the late St. Leger John Watkins, of Oldcourt, Doneraile.

January 29, at Tydavnet, Owen M'Kenna, Fegulliar, Errigle Freugh, to Bridget M'Kenna, Aughnacla, Tydavnet.

January 30, Christopher Browne, of Mount Franklin, Melbourne, Victoria, to Alicia, daughter of the late William M'Donnell, of Maynooth.

February 2, in Doon, John Rice, of Killahalla, Waterford, to Kate, daughter of Patrick Kilbride, of Tomoline, county Limerick.

Jan. 31, at Monkstown, John Stratford Handcock, of Cavantrilla House Galway, to Elizabeth Penelope Blair, daughter of Captain W. G. Kent, Royal Navy.

Feb. 4, in Tipperary, John M'Evoy, to Mary Agnes, danghter of Wm. Mockler, of Tipperary.

Feb. 4, at Liverpool, Thomas Ryan, of the General Post-office in that town, to Kate Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Captain Sherlock, late of Mount Irwin, in the county of Sligo. This young lady and an elder sister are converts to the Catholic faith.

Jan. 31, in Cheltenham, John J. M'Clelland, son of the late Joseph M'Clelland, formerly of Glenville, Armagh, to Louisa Letitia, daughter of John S. Dunergue of the Bengal Civil Service.

Jan. 27, Captain Frederick J. Colin Halkett, of the 71st Light Infantry, to Helen Margaret, daughter of the late James Fisher.

Jan. 30, at West Woodhall, Berkshire, Robert J. Glass, of Melbourne, Australia, formerly of Portaferry, county Down, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Sam. Taylor, of Hambridge, Somersetshire.

IRISH DEATHS.

On the 31st of Jan. at Kilnelag, county Galway, Dermot Gerarty, aged 24, an old Confederate since the age of 16.

Dec. 27, at London, Canada West, aged 86 years, R. S. Talbot, formerly of Roscrea, Tipperary.

On the 29th Jan. at Balkendly, Glanworth, David Sisk.

On the 27th Jan. at Ardee, Tuosist, Rev. James O'Sullivan, formerly curate of Boherbushe and Listowel.

Jan. 24th, in Rutland street, Henrietta, wife of Felix Fitzpatrick barrister, daughter of the late Michael Brenan, Dunmore, Kilkenny, and grand-daughter of Major Richard Colcough, Tintern Abbey, county Wexford, who was grand-nephew of Barsfield, earl of Lucan.

January 22, Selina, wife of Robert Howell, and daughter of Captain C. C. Dent, of the Royal Navy.

Jan. 25, at Bolton street, Dublin, Miss Rose Ennis.

Jan. 27, at Richmond Cottage, Summer Hill, Mrs. E. Courtney, mother of the late Heny Courtney, printer.

Jan. 29, at his residence, No. 3 Mountjoy street, Robert White, aged 45 years, late of Belfast.

Jan. 30, Xavery Longchamp, son of Edward Lawlor, Solicitor, 34 Lower Mount street.

Jan. 30, at Church Avenue, Irishtown, Samuel son of Wm. H. Adams.

Jan. 31, in Lower Mount street, aged 79, Sarah, relict of Hugh Rothwell, of Kingstown, county Meath.

Jan. 31, John Coogan, aged 44, at 45 Clarendon street.

Jan. 31, Catherine, daughter of William Barrett, printer, Sligo.

Feb. 1, at Heytesbury-terrace, Mary Anne, wife of the Rev. A. Nixon.

Jan. 29, at the Priory, Stillorgan, Thomas Higginbotham.

Jan. 29, at Cullenswood, Amelia, wife of George Foott, formerly of Cork.

Jan 30 Kate Elizabeth, child of John Murray, Kingstown.

Feb. 1, at Rostrevor, aged 84, Jane, relict of T. Ball, of High Park, Drumcondra.

Feb. 1, at Killeen, Westmeath, Mary, relect of Peter Delamere. Murphy, aged 80 years.

Jan. 27, in Coleraine, aged 85 years, Alicia, relict of Brittan, for many years Collector of Customs at Bally-shannon.

Jan. 27, at Earlsgift, Tyrone, the Hon. and Rev. Charles Douglas.

At Sheelfield, in the county of Donegal, Jane Elisabeth, wife of Nathaniel Stewart.

Jan. 28, at Derryhoyle, Galway, Robert John O'hara.

Jan. 29, in Wexford, aged 84 years, Mrs. Fitshenry, relect of Col. Fitshenry, of Boro Hill.

Jan. 30, in Limerick, M. Dwyer.

Jan. 30, at Youghal, Robert Stevens Fitzgerald.

Jan. 31, at Kilsaintnicholas, county Waterford, Theodore, son of the Rev. Henry Fleury.

Feb. 2, at Borrisokane, aged 73 years, Paris Anderson, senior Lieutenant in the old Kilkenny Militia.

Feb. 2, at Youghal, Thomas John, agent of the Bank of Ireland.

January 25, at Southmead House, Gloucestershire, aged 85, Edward Elliot Chambers, formerly of Crow Park, Meath.

Jan. 26. at Kentishtown, Mary Joanna, relect of G. R. Stony, of Grayfort, King's County.

Jan. 27, at No 3 George's-place, North, Susan, daughter of the late Lieutenant Henry G. Sarratt. R. N., and grand-daughter of the late Thomas Davenport Hunt, J. P., Clare.

Jan 25, at Rathmines, after a short illness, Amanda M'Mahon, daughter of Thomas M'Mahon, formerly of Eustace-street.

Jan. 27, at Creehan, Cavan, aged 26 years, the Rev. John Smith.

Feb. 1, at his residence in Cavan, Zachariah Wallace, Esq., proprietor of the *Anglo Celt.*

In India, Captain Andrew Lanauze, of the 2nd Madras Infantry, son of the late Andrew Lanauze, of Carigan, county Cavan.

Emma, wife of G. Woodiatt, and daughter of J. Cunningham.

At St. Kilda, Australia, aged 85, N. Dunbavin.

At Manchester, aged 67, Wm. Paul, merchant.

At Belfast, Mrs. Wm. Boyce, formerly of Clough House.

At Tandragee, John Overend, organist of Tandragee church.

At the residence of her father, Mary, wife of D. Browne.

Geo. W. Tatlock, City Arms Hotel, Aungier-st.

FATHER MATHEW.

His Life, Times and Services.

Lyceums, Literary, and other Societies are respectfully informed that MR. JOHN SAVAGE,

Author of "'98 and '48; the Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland,"

is prepared to receive engagements from this date to the first week in April, to deliver a Lecture on the LIFE AND LABORS OF THE LATE FATHER MATHEW.

Societies or Lecture Committees deeming the subject worthy of notice, will address Mr. Savage, at the office of this Journal, or care of Redfield, Publisher, Beekman street, New-York. feb21

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84 WILLIAM-STREET,

Corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

FURNISHING GOODS,

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

GEORGE M. TRACY, would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he has now on hand and is constantly receiving the lates style of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting in part of

HOSIERY OF ALL KINDS.

Beaufort Ties,	Umbrellas,
Fine Shirts and Collars,	Under Shirts and Drawers,
Cravats and Scarfs,	Improved Napoleon Ties,
Suspenders,	Linen and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs,
Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,	Dressing Robes,
Kid and Dog Skin Gloves,	Silk Under Garments, &c.,

which he offers at greatly reduced prices, wholesale or retail. His shirts are of superior make, and warranted to fit.

Persons wishing goods in his line, will find themselves well paid by stepping out of Broadway, and calling at the old stand,

fe21 2m 84 WILLIAM-STREET.

THE KELLY LECTURE.

The Committee having charge of the Lecture delivered by Thomas Francis Meagher, Esq., for the benefit of the Widow and Orphans of the late Alderman Patrick Kelly, of the Sixth Ward, report the proceeds of the sale of tickets and donations as follows:

Donations		$ 165 00
Proceeds of the sale of 2,846 Tickets		1,173 00
		1,338 00
Expenses		114 00
Net proceeds of Lecture		$1223 00

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Total number of Tickets issued		4,000
Of which there was returned to the Committee	1591	
Paid for by Sundry persons	2346	
To be accounted for by persons from whom the Committee could obtain no return	63	
	4,000	$1,338 00

At the final meeting of this Committee, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Committee are due, and are hereby tendered to Thomas Francis Meagher, Esq., for the promptitude with which he so warmly responded to the call of the Committee, and the the handsome manner in which, by his lecture, he gratuitously and anxiously advocated its objects.

To James T. Brady, Esq., for the alacrity with which he responded to the call of the Committee, by presiding on the occasion.

To Mrs. Capt. Keating, for the zeal she has manifested; the kind services rendered, and the generous manner in which she so hospitably entertained the Committee at their several meetings.

And, also, To the ed tors who rendered such efficient aid, by gratuitously noteing (editorially and otherwise) in the columns of their newspapers, the object and aim of the Committee, and, amongst whom we would particularly thank the editors of the *Irish News Irish American, Atlas, Dispatch, Sunday Courier, Mercury,* and *Herald*

It was further Resolved, That the names of defaulters who received tickets and did not account for the same, be published, with their occupation and residence attached. But the Committee have, on re-consideration, resolved to withhold their names through motives of charity for those whose defalcation or negligence has left 63 tickers unaccounted for.

COMMITTEE:

Dr. Wm. O'Donnell, John Garret, John Cronin, Michael McGrade, G. W. J. Smith, John Eidabock, Thos. W. Casey, Thos. Kelvin, Thos. Flynn, Henry Hughes, Michael Begg, Bernard McParlin.

BARTHOLEMEW O'CONNOR, Chairman.

MAURICE KEATING, Treasurer. JAMES R. RYAN, Secretary.

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A Public Medicine 106 Years!

They cure Bilious and Liver Complains,
Dyspepsia and Pain in the Head, Dizziness,
Heartburn, (in which case, as a preventive, one
or two should be taken with dinner.)
Heaviness, Wind, Spasms, Worms,
Flying or settled pains in the stomach or bowels,
Colic and Costiveness.

The use of Brandreth's Pills
Removes Pimples, because they purify the blood;
Every organ is thus restored to health,
And it is thus they cure Irregularities,
Making them of inestimable value to females.

Price 25 cents. Principal office 48 Brandreth's Building, 415 and 417 Broadway, N Y.

Sold also at 296 Bowery, 241 Hudson street, and 52 Division st.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

THIS work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the EDINBURGH, QUARTERLY, and other Reviews; and BLACKWOOD' noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious SPECTATOR, the sparkling EXAMINER, the judicious, ATHENEUM, the busy and industrious LITERARY GAZETTE, the sensible and comprehensive BRITANNIA, the sober and respectable CHRISTIAN OBSERVER; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the UNITED SERVICE, and with the best articles of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, NEW MONTHLY, FRASER'S, TAIT'S, AINSWORTH'S, HOOD'S and SPORTING MAGAZINES, and of Chambers' admirable JOURNAL. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from PUNCH; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of THE TIMES. We shall increase our variety by importations from the Continent of Europe, and from the growth of the British Colonies.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday—price, (free of postage) six dollars a year. Remittances for any period will be promptly attended to.

Complete sets of the FIRST SERIES, in thirty-six volumes, handsomely bound, packed in neat boxes, and delivered in all the principle cities, free of expense of freight, are for sale for Seventy-two Dollars. The Second Series began in 1858.

Any volume may be had separately, at Two Dollars, bound, or a Dollar and a half in numbers.

Any number may be had for 12½ cents—and it may be worth while for subscribers or purchasers to complete any broken volumes they may have, and thus greatly enhance their value.

☞ A few advertisements of Books, Patents, or other matters of general interest, will be added, at reasonable rates.

Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly at the Office of Littell's Living Age,

Boston.

☞ Every number of this work contains articles of leading interest; grave and earnest, yet not heavy; popular, and yet of abiding value. To these are added, in profuse abundance and great variety, Tales, Poetry, Voyages, Travels, and whatever—within the bounds of sound taste and good principles—may be included under the large head of Light Reading. But mere light reading soon becomes wearisome, unless there breathe from it spirit and heart, life and soul.

We promise a Magazine that shall be more and better than mere amusement: a Book suited to the leisure of the old and wise, and yet abundantly attractive to the young and ardent. It will freely provide for the Imagination, as well as for the Reason and Memory.

For THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, received at the office of publication, the Panorama will be sent (free of postage), to any post-office in the United States.

TWO COPIES, Five Dollars a year; FIVE COPIES, Ten Dollars a year, Clubs to pay their own postage, which is three cents a number, payable QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

The first number was issued in July, 1855. It makes two large volumes a year. We can supply orders for back numbers or volumes.

Both Works are Published by Littell, Son & Company, Boston.

oct18 tf

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicine**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot*, **559 Sixth Avenue**, near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos L. H. Bone, Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

THE BUTCHERY AT CANTON.

From the Nation.

A dreadful and bloody revenge has England taken for the rout at the Redan; horrible, savage butchery of an inoffensive people in the East has been essayed to make up for the impotency and defeat in the West. Children yet unborn will shudder as they read of the awful resort of England to keep up her failing prestige in war, and the inhumanities of Tamerlane and Genghis Kahn will scarcely appal when the bloody episode of Canton is told.

The Chinese are called infidels, the English call themselves Christians; they say that a ship-load of English bibles having been wrecked on the Chinese coast, a portion of the English religion has been adopted by the natives. The unfortunate Chinese will henceforth call to mind their terrible experience of the humanising influences of the whole code upon the "disciples of peace," "the meek and lowly," the mild and sanctified venders of Cotton and the Word. Let slaughtered women and children, blazing roof-trees, the crash of falling houses, the roar of shell and grenade spreading death and havoc around, until that populous city, where human beings swarm thickly as bees in a hive, was like unto a shell—let these attest the piety, the humanity, the justice of "Christian" England.

Even the history of British India fails to instance a more awful piece of British "civilization;" the organs at home regard the work as having been too clumsily and palpably done, and eyes are rolled and strong words spoken about those engaged in it; but we can promise our readers that the actors are more sure of reward than of censure, and that so far from reparation being done the Chinese, they will be robbed of another million or so of money, or another island, fort or trade, of which the British trader will rejoicingly take advantage while he beats his breast and pretends to deplore the "hasty conduct" of Buccaneer Seymour. Did not the "organs" pretend to condemn and censure the knaves who violated the international law of the United States, by which the language of Shakspeare and Milton and all the other equally strong ties binding America to England were nearly severed?—So Admiral Seymour, who might swim the Barracouta in the innocent blood that has been or will be shed in this dreadful business, will get stars and crosses when hypocrisy has sufficiently contented itself with a simper or two over the bloody tragedy.

The whole truth of this terrible story will never reach this country; anything we know of now is the statement of the perpetrators; the *ipse dixit* of the prisoners in the dock. Even on their showing, our readers can form some estimate of the atrocity.

Let us glance at the facts as given in the untrustworthy version of the actors themselves—A Chinese-owned lorcha, or schooner, with a Chinese crew, and trading in Chinese waters, had a British colonial (Hong-Kong) register and an Irish captain. We presume no British organ would deny to an independent sovereign the rights of a sovereign over his subjects. The crew of this lorcha were Chinese subjects, the vessel herself, as we have seen, Chinese property. It is stated that she had a register from the British colony there; the Chinese authorities assert, and with evident probability of truth, that this register was falsely obtained. But it is important to bear in mind that there is no need to discuss whether or not this register was irregularly obtained, or whether it could or could not override the law of nations—there is no need to discuss whether there was a British flag at her peak or not—and all evidence goes to the view that there was not—the fact is confessed by Sir John Bowring in his letter of the 11th October, to Consul Parkes—the register, such as it was, had expired before the act complained of to the Consul, and the lorcha "had no right to hoist the British flag," and no right to protection.

"It appears," says the British Plenipotentiary, "on examination, that the Arrow had no right to hoist the British flag; the license to do so expired on the 27th of September, from which period she has not been entitled to protection.—You will send back the register to be delivered to the Colonial office." This settles the whole question; on their showing the British had neither right nor power to interfere.

The Chinese authorities received information that on board the lorcha there were certain notorious pirates. It is worthy of note—more especially when we call to mind the numerous stories of "Piracy in the Chinese Seas," given by the English papers—that it is the Chinese authorities who have been anxious to suppress piracy—the British to shelter, encourage, and defend it.

The Chinese officers arrested the Chinese pirate. He did not arrest the master, who according to Consul Parkes is an "Englishman," having been born in Belfast. The Belfast man in the pay of the pirates—an "English" captain and an English register being the protection for piracy in China—hastened to his protector the British Consul. Consul Parkes says, "having satisfied myself of the facts,—I repaired on board to claim the men." What facts? Did he satisfy himself of the fact that the register had expired, as Sir John Bowring informs us, and that the lorcha had no right to hoist the British flag, and had no right to protection? No such thing; but he demands of the Chinese officers to give up their Chinese prisoners to him, the English Consul, and that forsooth, if their government had any charge against them, he the Great Consul Parkes would try the case at his house! Of course the officers refused to comply with this arrogant and impudent demand; they stated that they had referred the case to their superiors without whom they could not act in the affair.

Parkes next wrote to the Chinese Imperial Commissioner, Yeh, who replied by transmitting the sworn testimony against the pirates, and the facts as regards the ownership of the lorcha. He moreover sent back nine men of the number arrested, as the evidence did not implicate them. To this Mr. Parkes rejoined by demanding, within 48 hours, an apology for what had taken place, and threatened the Commissioner with resort to violence. What need to go through the disgusting details of British arrogance and bullying—in a case where confessedly they had no legal right to interfere; how, step by step, from braggart menace, accompanied by insulting demands, they progressed through their fell design; how forts were seized and arsenals blown up; how ships were captured almost without resistance and ultimately how shot and shell were poured into a dense mass of human beings—of harmless, inoffensive citizens, ignorant even of the cause of the terrible calamity. The town was fired, the walls were breached and entered; the palace seized and destroyed—and what then? What was the result—that the incendiaries retired to their ships and forts and once more engaged themselves in the brave work of butchery. Once more the night sky glared with the lurid flames of the burning city—once more the shrieks of thousands ascended to heaven—one's blood runs cold at perusing the details of that episode of horror. Oh brave and chivalrous Britain! How well hast thou avenged the inglorious menace of Cronstadt! Oh country from whence the famous shipload of Bibles was sent, how well hast thou exhibited the ratio of humanity with the extent of Cotton Bibles? Dearly have the inoffensive Chinese paid for the defiance of the King of Naples and the victories of France, the blunders of Napier, and the failures of Simpson. Another bloody page is added to the history of English aggression, another drop in the cup, already filled almost to overflowing.

Special Notices.

Wood's Hair Restorative.—Professor Wood, the renowned discoverer of the invaluable Hair Restorative, still continues to labor in behalf of the afflicted.

His medicines are universally admitted by the American press to be far superior to all other drugs for causing the hair on the head of the aged that has been silvered for many years, to grow forth with as much vigor and luxuriance as when blessed with the advantages of youth.

There can be no doubt that it is one of the greatest discoveries in the Medical world. It restores permanently gray hair to its original color, and makes it assume a beautiful silky texture, which has been very desirable in all ages of the world.—[St. Louis Morning Herald.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's winter raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
y10jan GERALD GRAY.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 8mos New-York.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.
Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York,* that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete process (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by **W. S. MacLaurin & Co.**
nov29, 3ms. 345 Broadway, New-York.

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.
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COLLINS & MARSH, Agents,
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THE WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

A **FEW FACTS WORTH READING.**—1st. The WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN is the ONLY Steel Pen manufactured in America.

2d. It is the BEST Steel Pen manufactured in any country, as it is made with the greatest care and upon scientific principles.

3d. It permits the greatest feedom of the hand, being as soft as the "classic goose-quill."

4th. The school-boy, the farmer and the mechanic can use it as freely as the Professor of Penmanship.

5th. England has drawn from us annually, 1,000,000 Dollars for STEEL PENS!

6th. We as true Americans, ought to keep that million at home, for reasons that New-Yorkers fully understand.

7th. WE CAN keep it by using the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN instead of foreign made Pens.

8th. If we are a wise people, we will keep it at home; for we are dependent on British workshops.

9th. All who have tried the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, are delighted with it.

10th. It has met with an EXTRAORDINARY sale in all cities where it has been introduced.

11th. It is destined to supersede all other Pens now in use.

12th. Importers of British SCRAP STEEL, "set your houses in order."

13th. The CHEAP TRASH that is now imported, is not called for by the consumers of PENS. On the contrary, all men are annoyed by them, and pray for *good* pens, at any price.

14. Therefore, it is nonsense for American merchants to interpose an objection to the price, which is simply remunerative.

15th—

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who have always wrote, now write the more."

16th. N. B.—Buy none but sealed boxes, as you thereby secure the PATRON'S TICKET.

17. *These Pens* ARE MANUFACTURED IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, in the United States of America—not in Birmingham, England, where all OTHER pens are made that purport to be American—bearing the names of American MERCHANTS.

Office of the Company, 293 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—*Three Sample Pens* sent on receipt of two stamps, or one gross by mail, postage free, on receipt of $1 50. f7 6m

Mayor's Office, New-York, February 16th, 1857.—NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given, that all persons who desire to be

VACCINATED,

Will be attended to promptly—without charge—by application at either of the Dispensaries, where Physicians are constantly in attendance; and it is recommended, that all who have not been vaccinated, should avail themselves immediately of the opportunity thus offered.

The New-York Dispensary is located at the corner of Centre and White-streets.

The Eastern Dispensary, in Ludlow-street, in the rear of Essex Market.

The Northern Dispensary is located corner Waverly Place and Christopher-street.

The Demilt Dispensary is located at 37 Second Avenue.

The North-Western Dispensary is located at 511 Eighth Avenue.
fe21 FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Information wanted of Catharine Heaney, aged nine years, who left Sackin, near Dungarvan, in the county of Waterford, Ireland, about the 30th of September last, for the purpose of coming to New-York. Information of her whereabouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration will be thankfully received by her mother.

Balls and Parties, Cold Weather, Snow and Rain. Ladies, if you wish white Satin, Kid, or Linen Gaiter Boots and Slippers for balls and parties; cloth-button Boots, with flannel lining, for cold weather; soft warm Slippers for the invalid, at one dollar a pair; or India Rubber Boots and Shoes of all the various styles, suitable for this season of snow and rain, patronise

J. B. MILLER & CO.,
fe7 4t. 134 Canal-street

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. steamer BALTIC, via Southampton and Havre, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 14th day of February, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.
fe14 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Holloway's Pills—soothing yet searching.—Free from mineral ingredients, these pills soothe and heal the irritated membranes of the stomach and bowels, while they expel all morbid matter from those organs, and imbue them with new vigor. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London, and by all druggists, at 25c, 62 1-2, and $1 per box.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes.....25 cents. | Pit.....12½ cents.
Gallery.....12½ cents. | Orchestra Stalls.....50 cents.
Private Boxes.....Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

MISS MATILDA HERON

attracts crowded and delighted audiences by her splendid impersonation of the heroine in her own play of

Medea,

which she commenced on the evening of Monday February 16th.

A favorite Farce each evening.

An early application for seats is respectfully urged to prevent disappointment.

A GRAND

Ladies' Fair and Festival

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION,

Fourteenth Street, will be held at the City Assembly Rooms, 443 Broadway, on Monday Evening, February 23d, 1857. Tickets 50 cents.
Doors open at 2 o'clock. feb21

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Lectures.

Illustrated
LECTURES,
On the Natural History of Man.
Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.
ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

L. SILLIMAN IVES, LL.D.,

Will give a second Lecture on

Church and State Charities Compared,

For the benefit of the

Society of St. Vincent de Paul,

at the

BROADWAY TABERNACLE,

On Thursday evening, February 26th, at 8 P. M.

Tickets 25 cents—to be had at the Catholic bookstores and of the members of the several conferences.

CORPORATION SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Public Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the authority vested in them by the laws of the State and the ordinances of the Common Council, the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the city of New-York will sell at public auction, under the direction of the Comptroller, E. H. Ludlow, auctioneer, on Wednesday, the 25th day of February, 1857, at noon, at the Merchants' Exchange, in the city of New-York, the following real estate, viz:—

1st. The three story brick building formerly occupied as an engine-house, and the lot No. 49 Christie-street; that portion of the lot not occupied by the engine-house, is under lease till May 1, 1868, at the annual rent of $100, and the property will be sold subject to the lease recorded in book of special leases, page 164, in the Comptroller's office.

2d. Two lots on the west side of the Bowery, as extended, between James-street and Rosevelt-street.

3d. Six lots, with the buildings thereon, on the southerly side of Chatham-street and the westerly side of Pearl-street, now known as numbers 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121 Chatham-street, and numbers 457, 459 and 461 Pearl-street.

4th. Three lots, now known as Nos. 451, 453 and 455 Pearl-street, will be sold separately, subject to the conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 168, in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1859; the purchaser of each of the lots, will be entitled to receive $233 33-100 per annum of the rent reserved by the lease, after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the covenants of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

5th. The lot on the northwest corner of William and Pearl-streets, now known as No. 449 Pearl-street and No. 271 William-street, subject to conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 172 in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1858; the purchaser of this lot will be entitled to receive the rent reserved in the lease, of $362 50-100 per annum after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the conditions of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

6th. The house and lot on the north side of Fifth-street, commencing 80 feet west of the Second-avenue, lot 20 feet front and rear, and 24 feet 2 inches deep on both sides; houses 15 feet by 24 feet 3 inches.

7th. The house and lot north side of Thirteenth-street, commencing 213 feet west of Avenue C; lot 25 feet front and rear by 103 feet 3 inches deep on both sides, with three story brick building on the front of the lot, 20 feet wide and 40 feet deep, lately built for an engine-house; the rear of the lot is covered by and occupied as a foundry.

8th. Four lots on south side of Fifty-second street, commencing 90 feet west of Lexington-avenue.

9th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly half of the block between 74th and 75th-streets, and the 3d and 4th avenues.

10th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly part of the block between 80th and 81st-streets, and 3d and 4th avenues.

11th. Twelve lots on 116th-street and 117th-street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

12th. A piece of rear ground on the block bounded by Cherry-street, Oak-street and the Bowery, (as extended,) now used as part of the yard of Fourth District Police Station-house.

Full covenant warrantee deeds will be given.

TERMS OF SALE.—10 per cent of the purchase-money and auctioneer's fee of $5 per lot, to be paid to the collector of the city revenue, on the day of sale; 15 per cent on the 1st day of May next, when the deeds will be ready for delivery; the remainder of the purchase money (75 per cent) may remain on bond and mortgage at the option of the purchaser, for five years from the 1st day of May, 1857, with interest, at the rate of six per annum, payable semi-annually.

Lithographic maps of the property may be had at the Comptroller's office, No. 5 Hall of Records, after the 7th instant.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.
A. C. FLAGG, Crimptroller.
JAMES M. SMITH, Jr., Recorder.
A. V. STOUT, Chamberlain.
THOMAS MCSPEDON, Ch. Fin. Com. Board Ald.
T. JONES, Jr., Ch. Fn. Com. Board Councilmen,
Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Comptroller's office, January 20, 1857.

Ocean Telegraphs.

Already submarine telegraphs, concentrated in London, traverse St. George's Channel to Dublin, the North Channel to Carrickfergus, the Straits of Dover to Calais and Ostend, and the North Sea from Orfordness to the Hague. Nor are other countries behind-hand—the Little Belt, the Great Belt, and the Sound are traversed by a line to Karlscrona, which connects Sweden with the rest of Europe. France communicates with her Algerine governor by a line which passes from Spezia to Cape Corso over Corsica and Sardinia to the neighborhood of Tunis, and thence to Algiers by land. Even the inhospitable Euxine has received the beneficent messenger; whilst preparations are being made to communicate in the same manner with Malta, Constantinople, Alexandria, Aden, and thence to Kurrachee, where it is to be connected with the Indian system. The line which is to connect the New World with the Old is to commence at Cork; and along its proposed route to St. John's—a distance of one thousand six hundred and eighty miles—the bottom of the sea is a plateau or long continued bank, as discovered by Lieut. Maury in 1853, and so eminently suited as the resting-place of the submarine cable that it has been called the Telegraph Platform. It is of a tolerably uniform depth, but not more than has already been successfully encountered during the greater part of its extent, though deeper near the Irish coast than the shores of Newfoundland, and about two or three miles in breadth. This bank is composed of a bed of the most minute possible shells, so small as to be barely distinguishable by the naked eye, and of such a delicate and beautiful structure—apparently kindred to those microscopic shells which form some of our chalks and marbles—as to prove the complete stillness of the water at that depth. Indeed, it is well known that the disturbance caused by the waves, even of the most violent storm, ceases at a depth comparatively trifling. St. John's is two or three days nearer England than Halifax; and now that a dangerous reef, called the Merlin Rock, at the narrow entrance to the harbor—eighteen feet below the surface at low water—has been skilfully and successfully removed by the order and at the expense of the company, the largest steamers in the world can with safety pass in and out of that landlocked harbor, which possesses abundant facilities for coaling first-class steamers. Crossing Newfoundland to Cape Ray, the cable is laid down across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape North, whence, traversing Cape Breton Island, it is carried to Halifax, whence it distributes its messages over the whole continent of North America. Amongst the most remarkable events of the age in which we live will be the changes effected by this new agency of intercommunication.

Narrow Escape from a Libel Suit.

Our neighbor of the *Morning Express* has had a narrow escape from a long and vexatious libel suit with an ex-president of the East Hamburg Literary Circle, and proprietor of the —— line of stages. The fun-loving landlord of one of our hotels, pretended to read in the columns of the *Express*, an article reflecting somewhat on the character of the said line, to the effect that he hired none but drunken drivers—that they met with more accidents than on any other route—that passengers were in danger of losing their lives, etc.

"Give me that paper," exclaimed the enraged stage man, "and I'll put them through if it takes every dollar I've got." He started under a full head of steam for the editor's room, but, it being dinner hour, he found the door locked. On his return he stepped into a law office to get legal advice, and make arrangements for commencing a suit. He stated his case, and endeavored to find the article, but neither the lawyer nor himself could bring it to light. More vexed than ever, he returned to the hotel, and the humorous countenances and hearty laughs of the crowd fully impressed on his mind the fact that he had been most beautifully "sold."

MORAL—1st, never go to law on imaginary grievances.

2. Under all circumstances endeavor to keep cool.—*Buffalo Republic.*

—The author of these lines has been arrested for breach of promise:

Angel! beneath whose folded wing
My soul would rest,
Be mine, for lo! I've bought the ring;
And all the rest
Of those house treasures and etceteras,
Which every one who tries his state to better, has.

THE COTTON CROP OF 1856.—The Southern *Cultivator* says:—"In order to ascertain the extent of the crop, General McQueen, member of Congress from South Carolina, adopted the happy and reliable expedient of addressing letters to the Representatives from the cotton-growing states, and from their several responses he has made up the estimate. According to his figures, the crop will not exceed 2,700,000 bales—about 800,000 bales short of last year."

CONFIRMED.—The Senate have confirmed the recent nomination of Archibald Campbell, Esq., at present Chief Clerk of the War Department, to be the Commissioner on the part of this government to survey the Northwestern Boundary between this country and Great Britain; and also that of Lieut. John G. Parke, of United States Topographical Engineers, to be the Astronomer to the same expedition.

Proposals for Stationery and Printing.

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK.
COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, Jan. 31st., 1857.

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED at this Office until the 23th day of February next, at 12 o'clock P. M., for furnishing the Stationery, Blank Books, and Binding, and for executing Printing for the Custom House establishment at this port, for one year, from the 1st March next.

The proposals will be separate for each of the following classes, numbered 1 to 3. A price and one price only, must be specified for each and every article enumerated in the class bid for; the amount of the bids for each article must be accurately extended, and the aggregate amount for the class exhibited. Proposals not made in accordance with these directions not to be considered.

A discrepancy between the prices set down and the extension, which would afford the bidder an opportunity of fixing his price after the bids are opened by electing, as may be his interest, to contract either by the one or the other, will be deemed fatal to the bid.

If more than one bid be offered for account of any one party, either in his own name, or in the name of his partner, clerk, or any other person, the whole of such bids will be rejected.

Bids are expected to be made in good faith by the parties intending to furnish the supplies or perform the work; and a transfer of the contract will not be permitted.

All the articles to be furnished, and work to be executed, must be of the very best quality, and delivered without delay when ordered, and to the satisfaction of the head of the office for which they are required.

Samples of the various articles of stationery, and of the paper for printing, must accompany the bids. The blank books and binding must be of the best and most substantial kind.

The lowest bidder for either class, quality considered, shall receive a contract for the same, on entering into bond with satisfactory surety for the performance thereof, under the forfeiture of twice the contract price in case of failure, which bond is to be executed within five days after the proposals are accepted.

As the quantities in the annexed list are merely estimates, the right is reserved to order a greater or less supply of all or any of the articles enumerated; and articles not embraced therein, which may be required, are to be furnished at the lowest market price—or they may be procured elsewhere.

The articles and work will be ordered from time to time, as they are wanted, and will be paid for monthly. If any article required be not promptly furnished, or of proper quality, of which the Collector shall be the final judge, he may purchase it, and the contractor is to pay the difference above the contract price.

The Proposals to be marked "Proposals for Stationery," or "for Printing," and will indicate the place of business of the bidder. Proposals from others than Stationers or Printers will not be entertained.

To insure uniformity in the bids, blank proposals will be furnished to bidders on application at this office.

HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

CLASS No. 1.

STATIONERY, &c.

Collector's Office.

10	Reams Superfine Demy Linen Paper, wove or laid, Ruled Red and Faint to various patterns		per ream.
5	" " "	Medium " " " "	"
10	" " "	Royal " " " "	"
2	" " "	Super Royal " " " "	"
1	" " "	Imperial " " " "	"
	Additional charge for printed headings to any of above, 200 quires,		per quire.
10	reams Superfine Quarto Post Linen Paper wove or laid, ruled,		per ream.
2	" " "	" " " plain	"
20	" " "	Foolscap " " ruled	"
2	" " "	" " " plain	"
2	" " "	Folio Post " 3 sides ruled	"
5	" " "	Note, Monier's " plain	"
10	" " "	Note, Owen & Hurlbert ruled	"
100	reams Superfine Cap, or Flat Cap Linen Paper, wove or laid, Ruled Red and Faint, to various patterns, and printed.		"
10	reams Superfine Cap, or Flat Cap Linen Paper, wove or laid, Ruled Red and Faint, to various patterns.		"
10	reams 1st quality Quarto Post Paper, printed headings, ruled faint.		"
10	reams " " note paper,	" " "	"
8	" Envelope Paper, Medium, smooth buff (sized)		"
20	" Blotting Paper, Medium,		"
1,000	Quills, No. 100, to be of the best quality, per thousand.		
50	gross Metallic Pens, Gillott's Commercial, No 263,		per gross.
50	" " "	American, No. 392	"
20	" " "	" No. 351	"
20	" " "	Croton, No 393	"
20	" " "	Double elastic, No 604	"
50	" "	Myer Phineas', No. 88	"
50	" "	" No 338	"
12	" "	" No. 575	"
12	" "	" No. 500	"
3	" Wheeler's Galvanized Pens		"
50	" Metallic Pens, assorted, viz: Leman's Albata, Cutter, Tower & Co's, Hinks, Wells & Co's., C. A. Baskins & Co's., E. L. Andrews, and Washington Medallion Pens.		"
12	" No. 1st. "A. W. Faber's" Lead Pencils		"
60	" Red Office Tape, linen, No. 27		"
12	" White " " No. 1½		"
40	lbs Red Wafers, various sizes, English pressed, super		per pound.
20	lbs. best superfine English Sealing Wax		"
12	gallons Black Ink, best quality		per gallon.
4	dozen Stephen's Blue Ink, in quarts		per dozen.
4	" " "	in pints	"
6	dozen Harrison's Black Ink, in quarts		"
20	dozen Maynard & Noyes' Black Ink, in quarts		"
3	dozen Saxon & Bryan's		"
3	dozen Hadley & Field's American Writing Fluid, in quarts		"
30	dozen French Carmine, in vials		"
12	boxes Chinese Stamping Ink		per box.
12	" French "	in Tin Boxes with cushions, &c., as per sample	"
8	lbs. Gum Arabic		per pound.
4	dozen Black Sand, in half pint papers		per dozen.
10	lbs. prepared or native India Rubber, white or black		per pound.
2	dozen vials Pounce		per dozen.
4	" Inkstands, Pewter, with covers		"
6	" " Pressed Glass for red ink		"
10	" " Fountain, Whitney's or Draper's		"
2	" " Cut Glass, screw tops, (porble)		"
2	" Sandboxes, wood		"
2	" Wafer Cups		"
2	" Wafer Stamps, ivory handles		"
6	" Erasers, (Rogers')		"
2	" Desk Knives		"
2	" Pounce Boxes, ivory or wood		"
1	" Ivory Folders, 9 inch		"
1	" Satinwood File Folders		"
1	" Japanned		"
6,000	File Boards, white wood, thick, of different widths		per 1000.
3	dozen Rulers, ebony or other woods, round, flat or octagon		per dozen.
20	packs a lid-headed Pins		per pack.
4	dozen Warren's Pen Cleaner		per dozen.
3	" Silk Taste		"
30	lbs. Twine, linen		per pound.
2	dozen Desk Weights, lead, iron, or marble		per dozen.
1	" " "	large size	"
10	gross Penholders, bone and wood, assorted kinds		per gross.
20,000	Envelopes, adhesive, of white or yellow paper 3½ by 5½ inches		per 100.
5,000	" " "	" " "	"
	3½ by 8½ inches		"
5,000	" " "	" " "	"
	4½ by 10 inches		"
1,000	Card, various sizes, printed to pattern		per 1000.
1	dozen Medium Portfolios, rough sheep		"
12	" Boxes Bond Seals		per box.
1	" Letter Clasps, bronze or gilt, assorted sizes		per dozen.
20	Brass Stamps and Handles, complete, raised letters, 100 letters		per letter.
3	dozen Wire Files		per dozen.
1	" Hand rests, mahogany		"
	Paging 50 Books of various sizes 250 quires		per quire.
3	Reams best quality, heavy brown wrapping paper, 22 by 32 in.		per ream.
17	Warehouse Statistical Ledgers, flat royal, printed headings, ruled to pattern, 10 to 15 quires each ½ bound, 200 quires		per quire.
6	Imperial Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, full bound in sheep, Russia corners, &c., 20 quires		"
6	Imperial Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, ½ bound, 20 quires		"
4	Super royal Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, full bound in sheep, Russia corners, &c., 12 quires		"
4	Super royal Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound. Russia backs and corners, 20 quires.		"
6	Royal Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, full bound in sheep, with Russia corners, &c., 30 quires.		"
50	Royal Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each ½ bound, 200 quires		"
12	Medium, or Flat Medium Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, full bound in sheep, some with Russia bands and corners, 60 quires		"
40	Medium Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, ½ bound, 200 quires		"
10	Medium Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 5 quires each, ½ bound, 30 quires		"
50	Medium Books, ruled red and faint, 1 quire each, extra ½ bound as per sample		per book
20	Demy, or Flat Demy Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 8 quires each, full bound in sheep, some with Russia bands and corners, 80 quires		per quire.
6	Demy Books, ruled to various patterns 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound, 24 quires		"
10	Demy Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound, 30 quires		"
50	Demy Books, ruled red and faint, 1 quire each, extra ½ bound as per sample		per book.
50	Double Flat Cap Books, ruled to various patterns, 3 to 6 qrs. each, ½ bound, Russia backs and corners. 200 quires.		per quire.
6	Double Flat Cap Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 5 quires each, ½ bound, 20 quires		"
20	Cap Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, full bound in sheep, some with Russia corners, 80 quires		"
10	Cap Books ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound, 30 quires		"
100	Cap Books, ruled to various patterns, 2 to 6 quires each, ½ bound, 250 quires		"
100	Cap Books, ruled, 1 to 2 quires each, ½ bound, 110 quires		"
100	Cap Books, ruled, 1 quire each, silver covered,		per book.
	Some of each of these 21 items above with alphabet cut through.		
	Addit onal charge for printed headings to either of the last named 21 items, 400 quires		per quire.
Binding	6 vol. Imperial, ½ bound		per vol.
"	6 " Super-royal "		"
"	6 " Royal "		"
"	8 " Medium "		"
"	8 " Demy "		"
"	8 " Cap "		"
"	12 " Octavo Laws, Documents, &c., full bound in calf		"
½ Binding	100 Imperial, Royal, Medium, Demy and Cap Abstracts, flat or folded, 1 to 3 quires		"
½ Binding	and Lettering 20 Mediums, Demy and Cap 2 to 8 quires		"
Re-lettering	20 volumes, some two titles		"
Binding	impost Books for the month, 1 to 8 quires, ½ bound 24 vols.		"
Binding	Quarterly Crew Lists, Med. flat, 6 to 10 qrs. ½ bound 4 vols.		"
Binding	Quarterly Shipping Articles, Royal, flat. 4 to 6 quires, ½ bound, 4 vols.		"

Surveyor's Office.

6	reams Superfine Blue or White laid Quarto Post Paper, ruled		per ream.
1	ream " "	unruled	"
2	reams " "	Folio Post ruled 3 sides	"
10	" " "	Foolscap ruled and unruled,	"
10	" " "	Note Paper	"
10	lbs Red Wafers, various sizes, English pressed, superfine		per lb.
10	lbs best superfine English Sealing Wax		"
3	dozen Blue Ink, best quality, in quarts		per dozen.
8	" Red " in vials		"
3	" French Carmine		"
6	quarts Black Sand		per quart.
6	Inkstands, cut glass		each.
6	Sand Boxes, wood		"
1	dozen Wafer Stamps, ivory handles		per dozen.
1	" Erasers, (Rodger's)		"
12	Pen Knives,		each.
6	Ivory Folders, 9 inches		"
1	dozen rulers, ebony, round, flat, or octagon,		per dozen.
6	packs solid headed Pins, Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5,		per pack.
1	dozen Warren's Pen Cleaners		each.
2	" Pieces Silk Taste		per dozen.
10	lbs Twine		per lb.
6	dozen Pen Holders, Slide		per dozen.
6	" " bone and wood		"
500	Envelopes, white or yellow paper, largest size		per 100
500	" "	medium	"
500	" "	letter size	"
500	" "	note "	"
100	File Boards, white wood, different widths		
2	Six-quire Books, royal, bound in boards, with calf back and corners		per book
1	Five-quire book, medium		"
1	Four "		"
1	Three "		"
1	Two "		"
1	One "		"
1	Half "		"
500	Quills, superfine		per 100
20	gross Steel Pens, Whyte's Albata, Windle's Banks, Gillott's American Eagle, Croton, Perry's Office		per gross
10	gross Red Tape, linen		per dozen
4	reams Blotting Paper		per ream
1	doz sheet Patent Blotters		per doze

For Inspectors, Weighers, &c.

Issued from the Surveyor's Office.

60	reams Superfine Flat Cap, or Foolscap Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns		per ream.
1	ream Superfine Demy Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns		"
1	ream Superfine Medium Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns		"
5	reams Superfine Royal Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns		"
1	ream Superfine Super-royal Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns		"
1	ream Superfine Imperial Linen Paper, wove or laid, ruled red and faint to various patterns		"
Additional charge for printed heading to any of above, 1,000 quires			per quire.
25	reams Fine Foolscap Paper, ruled		per ream.
12	" "	fine ruled	"
6	" "	very fine ruled	"
100	lbs. Superfine English Sealing Wax		per pound.
50	gross Pieces Red Tape, linen, 6 yards to piece, No. 25		per gross.
250	" Steel Pens (sample to be furnished)		"
36	" Pen holders		"
40	lbs. Twine linen		per lb.
10	Two-quire Books, bound in boards, calf back and corners		per book.
5	One quire Books bound in boards, calf back and corners, indexed		"
3000	One-quire quarto, bound in paper covers and printed in colors		per 100.
1500	Large Alphabetical Discharging Books		"
500	Small " "		"
1000	Hand " "	demy 8vo	"
500	Small Hand Alphabetical	" "	"
50	" district "	" "	"
3000	" cock books	" "	"
3000	" time "	" "	"
	8 two-quire long folio imperial books, ruled to pattern, ½ bd. side title, 16 quires		per quire.
6	reams extra large wrapping paper, 36x40 ins		per ream
5	gallons Black Ink, best quality		per gallon
3	reams Medium Envelope Paper, large		per ream
12	" Blotting Paper		"
100	gross Lead Pencils, Faber's & Wolff's, Nos. 1, 2 3, 4		per gross
12	Weighers' Monthly Account Book, to pattern		per book
12	Measurers' " "		"
12	Gaugers' " "		"
3	Barge Book per pattern		"
1	Alphabetical Register of Vessels; printed, ruled and indexed to pattern		"
4	Small Alphabetical Register of Vessels, printed, ruled and indexed to pattern		"
8	Superficial Measurement Books, for Measurers of Vessels		"
10	Note Books for Measurers of Vessels		"
10	Tonnage "		"
10	Examination Books for Measurers' of Vessels, printed to pattern		"

Appraisers' Department.

15	reams Blue ruled Foolscap Paper, as per sample, No. 1,		per ream
5	reams Blue Foolscap Paper, as per sample, No. 2,		"
15	reams Blue ruled Letter Paper, as per sample, No. 3,		"
5	reams Blue ruled Letter Paper, as per sample, No. 4,		"
5	reams White ruled Foolscap Paper, as per sample, No. 5,		"
5	reams White Foolscap Paper, as per sample, No. 6,		"
5	reams White ruled Letter Paper, as per sample, No. 7,		"
5	reams White Letter Paper, as per sample, No. 8,		"
5	reams Blue ruled Letter Paper, with heading, as per sample, No. 9,		"
5	reams Blue ruled Note Paper, with heading, as per sample, No. 10,		"
5	reams Blue ruled Note Paper, as per sample, No. 11,		"
5	reams White ruled Note Paper, as per sample, No. 12,		"
5	reams Blue Note Paper, as per sample, No. 13,		"
5	reams White Note Paper, as per sample, No. 14,		"
20	gross Joseph Gillott's Eagle Pens, as per sample, No. 15,		per gross
5	gross pen holders, plain,		"
	do en Ivory Folders,		each
5	lbs Red Wafers, as per sample, No. 16,		per pound
1	dozen of Tin or Japanned Paper Cutters,		each
1	dozen Letter Stamps,		"
50	gross A. W. Faber's No. 2 Lead Pencils,		per dozen
20	" " 3,		"
2	reams Blotting Paper, as per sample, No. 17,		per quire
2	lbs fine Black Sand,		per ½ lb.
1	dozen Fine-Blade Pen Knives,		each
6	dozen quart bottles Maynard & Noys' best Black Ink,		"
4	dozen quart bottles Stephen's best Black Ink		"
8	dozen vials French Carmine Ink		per vial
1	dozen Metal Inkstands, as per sample, No. 18		each
2	reams Yellow Envelope Paper, as per sample, No. 19		per quire
6	dozen boxes Gum Labels, sample 20		per box
1000	best Quills		per hundre
5	lbs. best English Red Sealing Wax		per l
1	lb. best English Black Sealing Wax		"
3	gross Red Tape		per gross
10	packs (12 papers each), best Pins, as per sample. No. 21		per pack
1	dozen wood Sand Boxes		per dozen
50	packs Blank Cards		per pack
4	dozen pieces India Rubber		per dozen
10,000	large Yellow Envelopes, adhesive (stamped), as per sample, No. 1		per 100
10,000	" "	No. 2	"
5,000	" "	No. 3	"
5000	" "	No. 4	"
5000	" "	No. 5	"
10,000	" "	No. 6	"
2000	White "	plain No. 7	"
5000	Yellow "	" No. 8	"
1000	White note "	"	"
2000	Yellow "	without stamp, like sample No. 8	"
25	bound, printed and ruled Entry Books for Examiners, as per sample No. 29		per book
10	bound Books for Damage Appraisements, as per sample No. 30		"
2	6-quire half bound Blank Books, ruled and printed like sample 27		"
3	Blank Books, printed and ruled for Advanced Invoices, as per sample No. 31		"
2	4-quire ½ bound Letter Books, ruled		"
36	Blank Books, with Index, as per sample No. 33		"
100	Blank Books, ruled and printed as per sample No. 33		"
24	2-quire Books, ruled and printed as required, half bound		"
4	dozen Portfolios, as per sample No. 35		each
2	dozen small Blank Books, leather cover		per dozen
2	3-quire half-bound Cap Blank Books, ruled as required		each
24	1-quire Blank Books		each

The samples referred to in the foregoing specification for the Appraisers' Department can be inspected at the office, No. 12 Broad street, by parties wishing to contract.

CLASS No. 2.

STATIONERY, &c.

For Naval Office.

2	Cash Books, 6 quires each, full bound, as per sample		"
2	Disbursements 6		"
2	Journals to 6		"
1	Return of Moneys Books, 6 qrs. each, full b'd, as per sample,	"	"
1	Account Current " 6	"	"
1	Blotter " 6	"	"
1	Refund Register " 4	"	"
1	Clearance " 8	"	"
2	Entrance " 8	"	"
2	Entrance Books, alph'ed 6	"	"
1	Register of Vessels Books 6	"	"
1	of Amended Entries 4	"	"
2	Public Store Book 6	"	"
12	Bonded Goods 8 to 12	½ b'd	"
18	Indexes to 2	"	"
2	Warehouse and Export Books, 15 qrs. each ½ bound, as per sample,		"
1	Transit and Export Book, 8 qrs. each ½ b'd, as per sample,		"
1	Warehouse Transport Book, 8 qrs. each ½ b'd as per sample,		"
2	Letter Books, 8 qrs. each full bound, as per sample,		"
1	Monthly Account Book, 3 qrs. each ½, bound as per sample,		"
1	License and Enrollment Book, 8 qrs each full bound as per sample,		"
4	dozen Memorandum Books: Cap size, ruled, 2 qrs. each, ½ bound,		"
4	dozen Memorandum Books, Cap size, ruled, 2 qrs. each, ½ bound,		"
4	dozen Memorandum alphabeted books, small size, ruled, 2 qrs each, ½ bound,		"
2	dozen Manifold Writers, Cap size, half bound		"
12	Warehouse Books, 7 to 20 quires each, per sample,		"
12	Indexes to Warehouse Books, 2 quires each, as per sample,		"
4	reams Ledger of Entries,		"
2	" Excess of Unascertained Duties, No. 1, as per sample		"
2	" " "	No. 2,	"
4	" Cash Sheets, as per sample		"
10	" Amendment of Entries "		"
10	" List Paper, No. 1, ruled red and faint		"
2	" " No. 2 "		"
10	" Ruled Letter Paper, best quality, Congress, as per sample		"
1	" Plain Letter Paper, best quality, Congress, as per sample		"
2	" Ruled Letter Paper, best quality, Official Headings as per sample		"
2	" Note Paper, best quality, Official Headings as per sample		"
2	" Note Paper, best quality, Official Monier's plain		"
12	" Foolscap, best quality, ruled		"
2	" Buff Envelope ruled red and faint, indexed		"
10	" " best quality		"
5	" Blotting Paper, red		"
2	" " white		"
5	" Permits, 4 on a sheet		"
2	" Blank Accounts and Affidavits, 3 on a post sheet		"
1000	Envelopes, letter size, white, (official)		per hundred
1000	" " plain, (Monier's)		"
500	" large size " (official)		"
1000	" " plain		"
20	gross Perry's Bank Pens		per gross
20	gross Gillott's Pens, one dos in a box		"
20	gross Myer Phineas' Pens, Am. double action No. 575		"
20	" " "	No. 500	"
5	" Pen Holders, assorted		"
5	" Lead Pencils, best quality (Faber's)		"
4	dozen Metallic Inkstands, large		per dozen
4	dozen Glass Inkstands, small		"
10	dozen Maynard & Noyes' Black Ink, quart bottles		"
4	dozen Stevens' Blue Ink, quart bottles		"
10	dozen Perrine, Guyot & Co's Red ink, small		"
200	quills, best quality		per hundred
5	pounds Sealing Wax, as per sample		per lb
3	" Red Wafers		"
10	" India Rubber		"
5	dozen Wafer Boxes		per dozen
2	" Stamps		"
½	" Warehouse Stamps		"
2	" Paper Weights		"
2	" Erasers, Rodger's		"
1	" Portfolios		"
2	" Letter Clips		"
2	" Pounce Boxes		"
1	" Congress Pen Knives (Rodgers')		"
2	oz. Pounce		per oz.
2	lbs. Twine		per lb.
5	jars Mucilage		per jar.
6	bottles Stamping Ink		per bottle.
100	gross Red Linen Tape		per gross.
5	" Pasteboard Flies		"
Binding	4 volumes of Ledger of Entries		per vol.
Binding	4 volumes of Cash Sheets		"
Binding	2 volumes of Excess of Unascertained Duties, No 1		"
Binding	2 volumes of Excess of Unascertained Duties, No. 2		"

CLASS No. 3.

PRINTING.

Collector's Office.

200	Cap size, Bond and other books, printed, 200 leaves each, half-bound and lettered, some with colored backs, per vol
100	Cap size, Bond and other books, printed, 150 leaves each, half-bound and lettered, some with colored backs, "
100	Cap size, Bond and other Books, printed, 100 leaves each, half-bound and lettered, some with colored backs, "
100	Cap size, Bond and other Books, printed, 50 leaves each, half bound and lettered, some with colored backs, "
50	Folio Post or Flat Cap Books, (Checks, Receipts, &c.,) printed, 3 to 5 quires each, half bound, 200 quires, per quir
Entries,	Bonds, Affidavits, Circulars, and other blank forms, on super paper, (white or colored) one or more pages, printed in black, blue, or red ink, and cut up to the sizes required for use, varying from a sheet, to one sixth of a sheet, (no less quantity than ½ ream to be ordered at a time,) viz:—
300	reams Cap Blanks, per ream
50	" Quarto Post, Blanks, "
10	" Folio Post, "
5	" Demy "
5	" Medium, "
10	" Note, "

For Inspectors, Weighers, &c.

Certificates, Returns, Monthly Accounts, Affidavits, Reports, Circulars, Tickets, and other blank forms, on super-paper, (white or colored) one or more pages printed in black, blue or red ink, and cut up to the sizes required for use, varying from a sheet to one-sixth of a sheet, (no less quantity than ½ ream to be ordered at a time,) viz:

25	reams Cap Blanks	rer ream.
25	" Quarto Post Blanks	"
5	" Folio Post	"
5	" Medium	"
25	" Note	"
30,000	Spirit Certificates, with name of Importer, Vessel, &c,	eac

Appraiser's Office.

3	Reams Printed Blanks, for Salaries, as per Sample, No. 22 per ream.
3	Reams Printed Blanks, for Damage Applications, as per Sample, No 23 "
5	Reams Printed and Ruled Blanks, for Invoice Lists, as per Sample, No. 24 "
5	Reams Printed and Ruled Blanks, for Tabular Statements, as per Sample, No. 25 "
2	do. do. Returns of Invoices, as per Sample, No. 26
2	do. do. Returns of Appraisement Warrants, as per Sample, No. 27 "
2	do. do. Applications for Appraisement, as per Sample, No. 28 "

feb13 law6w

Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely: If the culverts and sewers of the city were chocked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle: by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose. (what blind philosophy!) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby; the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the doubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

This privilege is extended to those persons who addressed me previously on this subject.

I have made it my rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time I give up the patient as lost and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

J. D. DURKIN,
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THE UNION!!

AND

THE CONSTITUTION!!!

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European News.

By the arrival of the *India* at Portland we have European dates to the 17th of Feb. The Cunard steamship *America*, the departure of which from Boston was delayed more than a day on account of the ice, was telegraphed below Liverpool on the morning of the 11th, and would arrive at her dock about noon on that day.

Great Britain.—The Parliament has published an account of the public income and expenditure for the year ending September 13, 1856. The total income from all regular sources of revenue was £71,348,000, and the total expenditure £88,307,000, being an excess of £16,959,000, sterling of expenditure over income. In Parliament the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced his financial statement for Friday, Feb. 13, previous to which the navy and army estimates would be in the hands of members. In the Lords a desultory discussion was held as to whether the Chinese lorcha Arrow, which gave rise to the present China war, was or was not under the British flag. Lord Lyndhurst referred to a recent article in the *Moniteur*, intimating the probability of a union of the Danubian Principalities. He wished to know whether the Divans about to assemble were to take into consideration the question of the union, and whether that question was to be discussed and decided upon by the representatives of the great Powers. The Earl of Clarendon replied that he had certainly read the article in the *Moniteur* with surprise, but at the present moment he should abstain from expressing any opinion upon the subject. He would only say that there was no bar whatever to the discussion of the question by the Divans, under the firman of the Sultan, or by the representatives of the great Powers. In the Commons Mr. Layard inquired whether Feruk Khan, the Persian Ambassador to the Emperor of the French, was negotiating with Lord Cowley at Paris with the same full powers that he possessed when at Constantinople. Mr. Vernon Smith in the absence of Lord Palmerston, said that he believed the powers to be precisely the same; but at all events since his arrival in Paris Feruk Khan had received definite powers on all points, and he (Mr. Smith) had every reason to hope that the negotiations would come to a satisfactory conclusion. In reply to Mr. Roebuck, Sir C. Wood said that no fresh Arctic expedition would be sent out without being provided for in the estimates. Considerable debate took place on the criminal tickets of leave, and Sir George Grey obtained leave to bring in a bill on the subject. Mr. Disraeli again repeated in most positive terms, that a treaty had been made by France to guarantee to Austria her possessions in Italy. Lord Palmerston replied that no such treaty existed, although he admitted that France, during the Russian war, had agreed with Austria to repress insurrection should it occur in Italy. The *Gazette* contains the appointment of C. H. Darling, now Governor of Newfoundland, to be Governor of Jamaica, and of Sir A. Bannerman, now Governor of the Bahamas, to be Governor of Newfoundland. The ship Adriatic has stranded in Dungarvan bay, with 600 tons of cargo. Mr. Weguelin is elected to Parliament from Southampton, and General Codrington from Greenwich.

France.—M. Fould has gone to the south of France on a mission of inquiry respecting the scarcity of provisions. The *Presse*, in its weekly commercial review, says:—Business shows no symptoms of revival. The calls for daily consumption suffice to keep some manufacturers at work, and retail sales naturally go on to a certain extent, but speculation continues to be reserved, and the high prices of everything check exportations. Advices from Rouen and Alsacia report a general state of uneasiness among the cotton manufacturers. They cannot sell at remunerative prices. Lyons has been for the last month in a more favorable position. Some very good orders have been received from America, and the Paris shops have bought a considerable quantity of rich stuffs, which, notwithstanding the great price, go off pretty easily. Manufacturers of other stuffs are still in their dead season. Corn is somewhat higher.

Spain.—The Queen has recovered from the measles, and has postponed her trip to Andalusia.

Prussia and Switzerland.—The Paris *Presse* says:—We state with regret that the news relating to the affair of Neufchatel is decidedly not so good as we had a right to expect. Letters from Berlin as well as from Berne show that all the difficulties are not yet surmounted.

Austria.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post*, the government organ, says:—The Emperor of Austria has decided on granting a general amnesty to all political offenders in the empire. It is said that the Emperor of Russia will do the same with regard to his exiled Polish subjects. The Russian amnesty will take place about the time the Emperor visits Paris, in May or June next. Tne relations between Austria and Russia are anything but improving, and the same may be said of Austria and France.

Greece.—A letter from Athens, dated the 28th of January, mentions that the protecting Powers had made certain propositions to King Otho, relative to his finances, and that they had been accepted. Also, that the King had promised to remodel his ministry on condition that the allies would withdraw their troops from Greece. Two ships have already left Toulon for the Peræus, to embark the French.

Turkey.—The Firmans of convocations are about to be forwarded to the Principalities. All the political exiles are now at liberty to return. The Porte is about to take formal possession of the Delta of the Danube. Austria had officially notified the Porte that the evacuation of the Principalities will be completed on the 24th of March. The Turkish troops were to enter afterwards.

The War in Persia and the Points of Operation.—A letter from St. Petersburg of the 31st of January states that the affairs of Persia appear to assume a serious aspect. Several Generals who command the troops on the frontiers of Russia and Persia on the coast of the Caspian Sea and Caucasus, have been summoned to St. Petersburg to attend a Council of War. Instructions have been given for every eventuality. The writer asserts that the Russian government is gradually reducing its military establishments in the Crimea. The London *Star*, of February 10, says:—It is announced from Teheran that the brother of the Khan of Rhiva has offered his assistance to the Persians. Symptoms have been visible for some time that the Asiatic world of States feel the necessity of united resistance against European dictation. Nnmerous Affghan tribes, too, have of late transferred their sympathies from Dost Mahommed, who does the bidding of the foreign invaders at Calcutta, to the Shau, who resists them. Time will show whether the personal ambition of Oriental princes, like the Ameer of Caboul, will be serviceable in Central and Western Asia for the extension of European influence, as it has been in India. Hitherto the Asiatics outside the Indus and the Himalaya range, have exhibited as much independent spirit as the nations under the tropical sun of our Indian empire have lacked it.

The French War in Cochin China.—A letter from Tourane, in Cochin China, of November 6, states that the Calinat, French frigate, had been obliged to fire on the Chinese. The governor of Tourane had refused to receive a letter from the French plenipotentiary, and had also forbidden the inhabitants to furnish any supplies to the Catinat, at the same time that he sent a reinforcement of troops to the forts which commanded the roadstead. The frigate opened a fire on these forts, and afterwards landed men and took possession of them, bringing forty prisoners on board. This display of force brought the Governor to his senses, as he sent word that the letter would be received and supplies furnished, and that the government was ready to sign a treaty with France. Two days after the Capricieuse frigate arrived, and the officers and crews were allowed to land and visit Tourane, where no European had been for years permitted to enter. The French plenipotentiary was expected to arrive there in a few days to negotiate the treaty.

Scene of Warlike Operations in Persia.—At a meeting of the Geographical Society held on the 9th of February, in London, some interesting communications were made respecting that portion of Persia where warlike operations are now being carried on, and where they will probably be extended should the war continue. The proceedings commenced with the reading of a paper from Gen. Monteith, which describes the position of Bushire and the surrounding country. Bushire itself is scantily supplied with water, nor can a good supply be obtained at a less distance than two miles. Along the shores, for a distance varying from ten to thirty miles, there is a tract of low arid land at the foot of the mountains, which rise immediately from it. Those mountains present a formidable appearance, but Gen. Monteith is of opinion they are not so impracticable for an army as they appear to be, as there are several passes through which artillery might be transported without much difficulty. The height of the highest pass is computed to be about 5,000 feet. Gen. Monteith stated that the mountain tribes are warlike, and friendly to the English; and being in a great degree independent of Persia, he believes that they would join our standard.

At the conclusion of Gen. Monteith's paper,

Sir H. Rawlinson spoke at considerable length in illlustration of the ancient history, the physical geography and the productiveness of the country. Referring, in the commencement to Reshire, where the British troops first came in collision with the Persians, he said it was one of the most interesting spots to the antiquarian in the whole of Asia. The ruins of a temple had been discovered there—one of of the bricks from which he exhibited to the meeting—that had been built in the time of Senhacherib; and numerous interesting inscriptions, in the cuneiform character, had been found there. He stated that in those ancient times the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea were both known by the same characteristic name, derived from the red men who inhabited their shores. After sketching the history of the country to the present time, Sir H. Rawlinson described its general appearance. All along the western shore the land is exceedingly arid, but on the north of the Gulf there is a large extent of the most fertile country in the world, extending to Schuza, near the foot of the mountains. This fertile tract has been formed by alluvial depositions from the mountains,, which are brought down by the Euphrates and by other rivers, and being met by a prevalent northeast wind, there is an advance of land into the sea at the rate of one mile in forty years. If the war should continue, this portion of the country would in all probability be taken possession of by our armies, as it is very accessible, and capable of being occupied with advantage. It was a mistaken notion to suppose that the English intended to enter Persia by crossing the mountain range to the east of Bushire, which Sir H. Rawlinson considered more impracticable than Gen. Monteith appeared to do, and would, he said, present a most formidable barrier if held by a warlike enemy. He spoke highly of the Persian soldiers, but the officers were, he said, most incompetent, as they were principally appointed from the menials in the service of the Shah's ministers and favorites.

Mr. Layard having been requested by the President to make some observations on the subject, he entertained the meeting with an interesting illustrative account of his personal adventures in the country on the north of the Gulf of Persia, and among the mountain tribes, with whom he spent many months, having obtained the friendship of one of the chiefs. He described these people as a superior class of men, though somewhat given to thieving, and in his long intercourse with them they manifested great friendship for the English nation. The country along the western shores of the Gulf is inhabited by Arabs, who, on one occasion, flooded the country by cutting through the banks of the river; and Mr. Layard gave a very amusing account of his being obliged to construct a raft to float himself down the stream, and of his having fortunately floated into a palace built across a canal, where he was sumptuously entertained for many weeks; the whole adventure resembling a a tale in the "Arabian Nights."

Before the close of the proceeding Sir Henry Rawlinson was called upon to explain the position of Herat, which he did very graphically, and observed that it would be impossible to reach Herat by the Persian Gulf; but there would not be much difficulty in taking it by a British force marching from India. It would be impossible, however, for a British force to hold it without deporting all the present inhabitants of the country. Sir Henry Rawlinson stated that Herat never belonged to Persia; and it might, in fact, be more correctly stated that Persia belonged to Herat. The country around it is one of the most fruitful in Asia, and could maintain a large army for many months.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

Mr. Hind, the astronomer, in a letter to the *London Times*, explains the difficulties that attend an exact calculation as to the precise time when the comet of 1264 may be expected to return; but he thinks its reappearance may take place as early as the present year, or it may be delayed until 1861. There is no alternative, he says, but to keep a sharp look-out for the next four or five winters, about the track of the comet, to insure observation if it return. The comet is to be systematically sought for at the Imperial Observatory of Paris, and intimation has also reached Mr. Hind, that search will also be made at the observatories of Vienna, Parma, Altona, Upsala, Durham, Ann Arbor, Michigan (United States,) and other astronomical establishments.

A writer in the *London Times*, states, on the authority of an English mechanic just returned from Russia, that in St. Petersburg the Czar is engaged in the erection of one of the largest forges, iron ship-building yards, and engine factories in the world, on one of the principal quays in the government part of the city. The operations are being conducted with the greatest secrecy and dispatch. Fourteen steam-hammers are being placed in the forge for the purpose of constructing, together with forgings for marine engines for the Russian Navy, monster wrought iron ordnance. The works are being built chiefly by English mechanics.

The number of ships which have sailed from Liverpool during the month of January, was fourteen for the United States, with 70 cabin and 2,452 steerage passengers; five to Victoria, with 26 cabin and 1,345 steerage passengers; and one to New South Wales, with 403 steerage passengers. The total number of steerage passengers was, therefore, 4,200, against 1,794 in the corresponding month of last year, 1,831 were Irish, 360 English, 311 Scotch, and 146 natives of other countries.

Mr. Kelly the American engineer, whose plan for cutting a ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, without locks, has had an audience of the Emperor Napoleon, and his Majesty expressed himself pleased with what had been done towards reducing this great undertaking to what the engineer believes to be a practicable and tangible shape. The Emperor examined Mr. Kelly's large maps and drawings with great attention, and said he would join the American and British governments in making a verification of Mr. Kelly's route and a thorough survey of the whole Isthmus.

The new, the almost yet unpublished, number of the *Quarterly*, contains a capital anecdote of Lord Raglan when wounded at Waterloo. The authority is the Prince of Orange. The prince, we are told, used to recount that not a word announced the entry of a new patient, nor was he conscious of the presence of Lord Raglan, (then Lord F. Somerset) till he heard him call out in his usual way—"Hallo! don't carry away that arm till I have taken off my ring." Neither the wound nor the operation had extorted a groan from the wounded soldier.

It having been represented to the Board of Trade, London, that Mr. Edward William May, supernumerary, fifth officer of the Royal Mail Steam-packet Company's ship La Plata, did on the 5th ult., during a heavy sea, and while the ship was making eight knots, jump overboard, and save the life of one of the crew, their lordships, in approbation of his gallant conduct, have directed that a medal be presented to him.

One of the great blasting operations for dislodging the stone required in the construction of the breakwater in Holyhead Bay, took place on the 16th of January. The quantity of stone exploded was upwards of 100,000 tons, and the gunpowder used was 16,000 lbs.

When the war began there was great difficulty in raising recruits in the north of Scotland, and in consequence a Depot of the 79th was formed at Aberdeen, and before the war had closed 600 able-bodied recruits were raised! The Depot has now been removed, and scarcely a recruit can be obtained.

On Tuesday the 3rd of Feb, Colonel Wyndham, while walking with two ladies near the bridge on the north side of the Serpentine, witnessing the evolutions of the numerous skaters disporting on the ice, suddenly fell down, and expired on the spot.

The Emperor Napoleon is said to have sent to the young Countess de Morny a magnificent diamond necklace and cross as a wedding present.

The Bank of England pays its expenses by the value of the notes that are issued and never returned, being lost at sea or in other ways.

A CROPPY BOY.

From Plowden's History of Ireland.

On the 13th of October, a court-martial, of which the Earl of Enniskillen was the president, sat on the trial of Hugh Wollaghan, a yeoman, charged with the most atrocious murder of Thomas Dogerty, to which he was encouraged by Charles and James Fox, yeomen. The prisoner being duly arraigned, pleaded not guilty. It appeared in evidence from the testimony of Mary Dogerty, of Delgany, in the county of Wicklow, that the prisoner came into her house at Delgany, and demanded if there were any bloody rebels there! that on deponent's answering there was not, only a sick boy, the prisoner Wollaghan asked the boy if he were Dogherty's son; upon which the boy stood up and told him he was; Wollaghan then said, well, you dog, if you are, you are to die here; that the boy replied, I hope not: if you have anything against me, bring me to Mr. Latouche, and give me a fair trial, and if you get anything against me, give me the severity of the law; that Wollaghan replied, no, dog, I don't care for Latouche, you are to die here; upon which deponent said to Wollaghan (he then having the gun cocked in his hand,) for the love of God, spare my child's live and take mine; that Wollaghan replied, no, you bloody b——, if I had your husband here, I would give him the same death. He then snapped the gun, but it did not go off; he snapped a second time, but it did not go off; upon which a man of the name of Charles Fox, but not either of the two prisoners at the bar, came in and said, damn your gun there is no good in it; and that the said Fox said at the same time, to Wollaghan, that the man (pointing to deponent's son) must be shot; that deponent then got hold of Wollaghan's gun, and endeavored to turn it from her son, upon which the gun went off, grazed her son's body, and shot him in the arm—the boy staggered, leaned on her arm—turned up his eyes, and said mother, pray for me! That on Wollaghan's firing the gun, he went out at the door, and in a short time returned in again, and said, is not the dog dead yet; that deponent replied, oh! yes, sir, he is dead enough! upon which Wollaghan replied (firing at him again,) for fear he be not let him take this: deponent was at that instant holding up her son's head, when he fell, and died! No attempt was made to contradict any part of the evidence, but a justification of the horrid murder was set up, as having been committed under an order of the commanding officer: that if the yeoman should meet with any, whom they knew or suspected to be rebels, they need not be at the trouble of bringing them in, but were to shoot them on the spot, that it was almost the daily practice of the corps to go out upon scouring parties. This defence was confirmed by one private, one serjeant, and two lieutenants of yeomanry. Captain Archer swore that he had always found Wollaghan a sober and diligent man; ready to obey his officers, and looked upon him as an acquisition to the corps. Captain Gore deposed in like manner, that it was the practice of the corps to scour the country with an officer, and verily believed the yeoman understood it was their duty to shoot any rebel they met with, or suspected to be such; and the deponent had heard that other corps had similar directions in other districts. Here the defence closed, and the court acquitted the prisoner.

American News.

The Lockport *Journal* states the Rev. Henry Brooks, a Negro "preacher and whitewasher" of that village, was last heard from in Oneida county, where he was raising funds to purchase a sister out of slavery. The *Journal* says: "This is a plausible method he has of 'raising the wind,' and his game should be blocked in that direction. No credit can be attached to his representation, as he is a worthless character." We quote this, says the *Day Book*, as a warning to others, having ourselves been victimized by the fellow in question.

Last Sunday morning, says the Madison *State Journal*, a young man named P. Bowman was attacked by a wolf on Washington avenue, in this city. It flew at his throat, and but for his presence of mind in quickly drawing a small knife and stabbing it, he would doubtless have been killed. It followed him, however, and made subsequent attempts to get at him, until he arrived at the American House, where he worked. Even there it stood in the middle of the street, and did not leave till two Germans attacked it. The same animal also attacked another man the previous evening.

Some waggish chap, who don't appreciate a ride from Ogdensburg to Rouse's Point on the "accommodation" train—through in twelve hours—has written with a pencil on the bottom of one of the time-tables at Douglas's Hotel: "Passengers are not permitted to leave the cars to snow-ball while going on down grades!"

Much damage has been done in the Shenandoah river, in Rockingham county, Va., by the recent rising of the waters and breaking up of the ice. Every mill-dam on the river, from Port Republic to the Pagec ounty line, was damaged and some of them swept away. Considerable injury was also done upon other streams in that vicinity.

The remains of the late Hon. Preston S. Brooks have been committed to the earth, in the Episcopal burial-ground at Edgefield, in S. C. A vast concourse, composed of military, citizens and committees from that and other States, was present. Rev. Mr. Reid read the service.

The British Whig says, preparations are being made in Canada for an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. For this purpose, Dr. Rea is building in the Kingston dockyard, an Arctic schooner, to be ready in May next to go to Quebec, and from thence to the Arctic regions.

Mr. Stoeckl and Senor Tassara have presented their credentials, and were received by the President, as Ministers respectively from Russia and Spain.

The Senate of the State of New-Jersey refused to confirm the Governor's appointment of Hon. Wm. L. Dayton, as Attorney-General of that State.

The Committee on State affairs in the Michigan Senate, have reported favorably to extend the right of suffrage to females.

A few days ago, 11,300 smuggled cigars, of a superior quality, were seized at Portland, Me.

The President has approved the army bill, increasing the pay of officers.

There are said to be 459 harbors on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

City News.

Fourth Ward Evening School.

On Wednesday evening, 25th ult., Miss Teresa Esmonde, on the invitation of Mrs. C. E. Lynch, the Principal, visited this school. The result was one of the most interesting nature. Miss Esmonde was received and welcomed by the local board, consisting of Messrs. Oliver (chairman), Ware, Shine, Sheehan, Cleary, Redly, Casserly, Kassenbrock, and by some two hundred young females, the pupils of the school, whose appearance and manners were a credit at once to themselves, and to the accomplished ladies who preside over the institution; and, also, by a large assembly of the most respectable citizens in the ward.

Miss Esmonde read several pieces of poetry with unusual taste and spirit. Messrs. Sheehan, Smith, Connery, and other gentlemen addressed the audience. An address, accompanying a bouquet, was also delivered to Miss Esmonde. It is, we understand, from the elegant pen of Mrs. Lynch, and was recited with an appropriateness worthy of so graceful and eloquent a tribute, by Miss Hurly, a pupil in the first class.

MAGNIFICENCE OF ANCIENT ROME.

The London *Builder* gives the following sketch of a lecture recently delivered by Professor Donaldson: His object, he said, was to impress his hearers with clear ideas of the Magnificence of Roman Architecture; and he addressed his observations *ad populum*, and not as to a professional body. Dividing the buildings of Rome into two classes, sacred and secular, and these again—first, into temples and tombs; secondly, into fora, baths, aqueducts, theatres, and triumphal arches, the lecturer proceeded to describe examples of each, known to the majority of our readers; pointing out in respect of temples the colossal size of the columns in some cases, the enormous amount of decoration applied, and the large expenditure: the shafts of some of the columns must of themselves have cost thousands of pounds.

The money for these works was obtained from conquered provinces, so that the outlay did not press on the Roman people. The columns of the Temple of Jupiter Stator were 60 feet high, and of marble. In excellence of execution the Roman works were never excelled. The Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli, was probably the work of a Greek architect, possessing all the refinement of the works of that people. The lecturer dwelt some time on the Pantheon, with its dome, 142 feet in diameter, (that of our St. Paul's is about 100 feet,) lined with bronze, its columns of yellow marble, and walls covered with a similar material. This was executed about 25 B. C. The bronze was partly gilt, and had an effect of which we know nothing here, such is the parsimony of our government and their low ideas in matters of art. The cupola, of the new reading room at the British Museum is as nearly as possible the size of that of the Pantheon; but our government thought they had done much when they permitted an expenditure upon it of 5,000*l*. Passing on to the Baths, the professor showed that at one time there were more than 800 baths in Rome. The principal establishment occupied a site 1,300 feet square, or nearly as large as that surrounded by the houses of Russell's square, and included noble halls, trees, colonnades, statues, fountains, and sets of marble, produced without regard to cost, and forming a whole of which, in modern times, we have nothing to give any idea. The Pantheon formed part of the Baths of Agrippa. There were libraries, too, and reading-rooms, and although, probably, they had no papers like the *Times* and the *Builder*, they there heard poets recite their verses and critics comment on the new works. Describing the Forum of Trajan, the original condition of which is made evident to us by existing medals and other records, he alluded to the countless statues set up in honor of their warriors, poets, architects, and others, and showed the inducement to exertion thus held out. The ancients had fewer books than we have. It was an old saying, beware of the man of one book, and he sometimes feared that with the number of books that were produced, and we were forced to read, wisdom became more rare. Trajan's column, 125 feet high and 11 feet in diameter, covered with a spiral line of sculptured history, afforded him another theme. It was formed of solid blocks of marble each 5 feet high, out of which the staircase was hollowed. Proceeding then to the buildings connected with games, the lecturer showed it was part of the policy of the emperor to keep the minds of the people occupied, as it was, too, in France. The Coliseum, 622 feet long, 522 feet wide, and four times as high as our ordinary houses, was described, with its 240 arcades, countless statues, and seats for 80,000 persons. There were obelisks in all quarters: we quibble and hesitate at the outlay of a few thousands to bring home one that belongs to us. There were miles of aqueducts 100 feet high striding over the Campana, which brought floods of water into the city, and called into life hundreds of noble fountains. Need we say anything more to convey an idea of the magnificence of ancient Rome?

POLITICAL MAP OF EUROPE.

BY ERNEST JONES.

Continued from our last.

He meets us everywhere, but mighty as he is, he strives to create new friends. In Turkey he conciliates the Greek Christian, the rising element. In Persia he helps the nation against foreign invaders. In Tartary, the Turkman Kingdoms against the Affgans and English. In China, the dynasty against home rebellions. There you have the whole of Russia's Southern frontier, from the centre of Europe, to the uttermost ends of Asia, with one exception, the Circassian mountaineers. How do we act? We play into Russia's hands as blindly, as madly, as ever dupe fooled away his fortunes. In China, we actually plunge into an unprovoked, unjustifiable war against three hundred million people with a few ships and men, to aggravate their hatred, as though to compel their acceptance of Russia's offered aid. In Persia, instead of making an ally, we drive her into war, harass her and invade her, and force her to throw herself into the arms of her foe. You may say Persia invaded Herat. True she had a right to do so, by treaty—but how did Persia become hostile? Because of English insolence, overbearingness and greed, that had been outraging her for generations past. She was our natural ally. The Shah knew he had nothing to fear, but all to hope from us; nothing to hope, but all to fear from Russia. He would gladly have strengthened himself against a dangerous neighbor by England's friendship and support; but we have deliberately turned that friend into a foe, and compelled him reluctantly in self-defence to let a Russian army enter his dominions. Can blindness go past that? In Turkey, the rising, increasing portion of the population, the majority are Greek Christians. What part has our Government enacted there? It actually joins the effete and dying minority against the vigorous and powerful majority—embraces the side of the Turk against the Christian, and helps the former in such a way, that it precipitates and seals his utter ruin. Now Turkey must perish, and the whole heart-sympathies of the victors are with Russia. Can blindness go past that?

But, as though the blindness were intentional, while we attack Persia, because we have forced it to be Russia's friend—while we help the doomed Turks, making the Greeks more devoted than ever to Russian interests, we actually refuse to aid those who are Russia's deadly enemies—who alone make head against the Czar, and who hold the key to Asiatic empire. Behold the Circassians. Unconquered yet, they dwell within the citadel of Asia. From the Caspian to the Euxine stretches the Caucasus, with peaks of three and twenty thousand feet in height—a fortress of nature's own—ramparted by primæval granite, fossed by gulf and cataract, and garrisoned by avalanche and hurricane. It waves its thunder clouds across two seas, and places an invincible barrier in the path of Northern conquest. A great power holding Cirrassia, commends all western Asia. Well, sirs! we who were so ready to give our ruinous succor to the Turks unasked; we who who were so ready to garrison Greece because of Russian sympathies; we who were so ready to invade Persia because of Indian danger, did we help the Circassians? No! not even though they asked us. Not, though they sent their great, imploring embassy to Constantinople, seeking but of England's countenance and arms and ammunition. Can blindness go past that? Sirs, ten thousand men thrown in the Caucasus would have done more to shake all Asia to its centre, to check Russian progress for a century, to make the name of England feared and loved by every Asiatic nation, to have defended India and made Persia docile, than all your pirate expeditions to Bushire, your treacherous aid to Turkey, and your useless slaughters at Sebastopol. How is it? Does our minister refuse to check the march of Russia? Does he play into her hands? Does he get up a chinese massacre and Persian piracy to amuse the people and divert their eyes from the real game?

Look northward. I have stated that the command of the sound would give Russia the mastery of northern Europe. She is progressing towards it. The Imperial House of Russia is in the direct succession to the Danish crown. Let Copenhagen and St. Petersburgh own the same word, and the question of North-European supremacy is decided. What steps are being taken to avert this catastrophe? Sweden still would help us and join us. On one point of its north western frontiers, Finland, Russia was still weak, through the hatred of the inhabitants. How have we endeavored to avail ourselves of these advantages? In the Baltic campaign we ravaged and harried the Finnish coasts, and so completely turned the hatred of the Fins from the Russians to ourselves, that they rose *en masse* to help the former and resist us. By a remarkable effort of wisdom, while we ravaged the friendly shores of Finland, we spared the hostile coasts of Russia proper on the Baltic. How did we conciliate Sweden? We took the Aland Isles. Sweden desired to have them. They were Sweden's by right. But what was the conduct of our Government? It gave them back to Russia! and sacrificed the poor inhabitants, who had welcomed us with open arms! Can blindness go past that? Nay! there seems more than blindness in this policy—I believe incompetence is not the only guilt of our Government. Indeed, I believe them far too clever for the interests of England. You may ask me what I would have done, had I been Prime Minister of England? How would I have set about the task of curbing the predominance of Russia? Sirs! to an honest man, the task is easy, in the Baltic, Turkey, Circassia, and Central Asia. Till Circassia, is conquered, Russia can make no decisive progress in the latter. I would have helped Circassia with arms and men, and, establishing a port on the Euxine, have turned its waters to an English sea. But little blood and little treason would have effected this. I would have undermined Russian influence in the East for ever, by outbidding her in her advocacy. Russia came forward as the champion of religious liberty for the Christian population of Turkey—I would have added political liberty and national independence to the offer. I would have abetted the restoration of Greek independence and the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. About thirteen millions would have sprung to arms at the call, and their sympathies would have been turned from Russia to ourselves. A Greek Empire, young vigorous and hearty, in lieu of the effete Turkish despotism, would be a sure barrier against Russia in the East. Russia would never make a bid so high—for it would be the ruin of her projects. That would have secured British ascendancy in the East—no power could have resisted the torrent of enthusiasm responding to the call—Russo-Greek intrigues must have ceased at once—and the new Greek Empire have proved a stronghold of our own. With a British Army in the Caucasus, a British port on the Caucasian shore of the Black sea—the Black Sea a British lake, and a Greek Empire of thirteen millions in our rear, bound to us by every tie of gratitude and love, the name of England would have risen greater in the East, than ever that of Rome in its Imperial days. All this need not have cost one tithe the men and treasure we have lavished. But in the north the task was easier still. The external strength of our Island-home lies on the waves. The defence of our coasts is in our floating oak and iron. I have shown the importance of the Baltic to Russia. Do you want to curb Russia there for ever? Then make the Baltic yours—make it one of the great water-provinces of our Ocean-Empire. Why should it be a Russian lake, an arsenal and nursery of hostile navies? Every wave should be free to the sovereign of the seas. And how should we secure this result? It is easy—very easy. We have placed our seal on the Mediterranean, in a Malta and Gibraltar—those rocky seals, marked with the arms of England, and they give us the monarchy of those waters. Do the same in the Baltic. A few hours bombardment took the Aland Isles. They should never have been given up. Those Russian forts should never have been dismantled. The Union Jack of England should be waving there this moment—and instead of destroying Bomarsund, wall after wall, tower after tower, bastion after bastion, should have risen, till the Aland Isles became our Malta of the north—and the Baltic was our own for ever. Then no Russian navy could have issued from those waters—then the arsenals of Cronstadt would have been silenced soon, and the seamen of Muscovy have returned to the fishing-net and plow; then Russia's naval supremacy would have been an idle dream.

Do you say Russia would not have made peace upon those terms? Then let her have maintained war. We might have remained quiet enough, looking on at her vain efforts—as a star may look down upon the howling of a wolf. Could she reach us or injure us? Impossible. Her ships would moulder one by one, or sink in hopeless battle—every shore and frontier of our Empire would be unapproachable to her—Circassia beats her off, even without help—and if she assailed Turkey, she would soon exhaust herself against the opposition of an immense nation, with her supplies cut off—for the Black Sea ours, a flotilla of gunboats up the Danube would prevent one single quarter of grain passing across for the sustenance of her armies. You may say we were controlled by our allies. But all this may still be done—and, I believe, thank Heaven! we have no allies at present. If we must be fighting, (though there's no need for the great crime of war) let us at any rate fight the right man. If we must pick a quarrel with somebody, do it with Russia. It is easy. We are at war with Persia—and she sends an army to help the Persians—that is cause enough. We were not so particular for a cause when declaring war with Persia itself, or bombarding Canton, without declaring war at all. Let us then retrieve the false step,—if fight we must—let us not fight under false colors—striking Persia, when you are told Russia is being meant;—but let us strike the real foe, the strong and not the weak—and, if we must have war, strike Russia and strike home. Such are the measures I would embrace against our mighty foe, if I had power to enforce my views. But our government has its alliances. Let us, then, glance at our allies. What are they? Infamy and murder. What are they? Weakness and disgrace. What are they? Ruin to our commerce and decay to our power.

Who are they?

1, Austria. What is Austria? "A German power." You shall see what a German Power it is. Its population 36 millions. How many Germans do you think this German Power has? It has 16 million Slavonians, who hate all that is German. It has 4 million Magyars, who hate all that is German. It has 6 million Italians, who hate all that is Germar,—and this "German Empire" has only six million Germans to meet all that hatred—the remaining four millions being made up of hybrid populations—Roumaine, Turks, and others. How has this empire of "shreds and patches" held together? By the bond of love? No! by the bond of hate. Slavonian hates Magyar—Italian hates them both—German hates them all;—the one is Greek Christian, the other Latin Christian, the other Lutheran, the other Calvinist, and as they all hate and mistrust each other, the Austrian Government exists upon their animosity, and lives by one portion of its subjects continually being at the throats of the other. Hungarian regiments, trample Italy; Italian, Hungary;—German, both. Such is the powerful ally, to whom the interests of England in the East have been made subservient—who has been the only gainer by the murderous Eastern war. But, perhaps, it is for the moral qualities of its government, that we have sacrificed so much. The modern world has not a chartered criminal more great, save one. You shall judge. You have all heard of the massacres of Tarnow, a large district of the Austrian dominions. In '47 and '48 the spirit of independence had spread wide through the population, and even among the old nobility of their country. How did the imperial government counteract this? It thought to strike a blow of terror, and while it punished the liberal nobles for their revolutionary tendencies, to frighten back the remainder into limits of orthodox obedience. Accordingly, it took a convicted and condemned parricide and murderer, Szela by name, from one of its dungeons, and offered him life, liberty and riches, if he would place himself at the head of a band of other liberated convicts to execute its behests. The prisons were forthwith emptied of the vilest criminals, and this band of human fiends

were let loose upon the district of Tarnow. Their mission was, to murder all the landed nobility, and they were to have ten shillings for the head of every man, and five shillings for the head of every woman, belonging to that order, which they might bring into the offices of the government. Clerks sat regularly in the police courts of the various districts to receive their heads, and pay over the money—while a stringent examination was instituted to ascertain whether the head presented was really that of a noble or a peasant. Female heads were brought in great numbers. Among others that of a Countess, known for her liberal opinions, and for her kindness to her tenantry. She was sitting with her orphan children in the library of her country house, when the ruffians broke into her dwelling. Her few retainers tried to defend her, but were massacred at her feet. The Court had cunningly disarmed the population before they sent their murderers forth. The wretched but lovely mother then tried to save her young children. On her knees she begged mercy for them. They were brained before her eyes—all but the youngest, whom she wound in her arms, and coiling her body round tried to preserve it from the blows of the assassins. So closely did she fold it, that the murderers, to get at the child, were obliged to cut the mother's body into pieces. They literally hacked her arms off, till the child's form rolled, still fresh and blooming, from her breast—and then they piked it before her eyes, and thrust its quivering frame into the blazing grate. The head of that mother was duly presented at the Government office, and for that head the murderers duly received five shillings down. Such is the ally of England. But that is small slaughter, compared with Austria's customary dealings. In the Hungarian war, how did it act? Listen. Austria had been forced to recognise the revolutionary Government of Hungary —and the Emperor of Austria, in his capacity of King of Hungary, ratified its acts, and officially appointed its ministry, sending an Austrian Archduke to act as his Lieutenant. No sooner had he done so, than he stirred up an insurrection against his own government, among the Slavonian population of Hungary (who, as I have already told you, hated the Magyars)—sent Austrian generals to command them, Austrian artillery arms and money, enlisted them in the Emperor's name, and poured them into Hungary. The Hungarian Government, having some information as to the truth, forwarded remonstrances and demands for aid to the Austrian Government—whereon the latter disavowed the movement, denounced the Slavonians as rebels, and sent an Austrian army to help the Hungarians against them. At the very same time it despatched more guns, officers, and ammunition to the rebels, and ordered the generals it sent against them, to let themselves be beaten. Murderous battles were fought, for it was necessary to keep up appearances—as the great historian of the revolution says:—"thousands fell on either side. Towns and villages were burnt; provinces laid waste; whole populations were beggared" in keeping up this game of treachery and blood and murder. Such is our ally. Presently, Baron Jellachich led the Croatians into Hungary. The Imperial Government denounced him as a rebel, at the same time that it gave him its commission as General, and its authority to undertake the expedition. About 40,000 more were killed on both sides in that expedition. At last, the treachery was discovered, and the whole Hungarian nation rose. Such is our ally. Need I name Italy? All that cruelty, cowardice, and infamy, can devise, is perpetrated there. Torture and assassination by Government, is the order of the day. I need not dwell on facts so widely known. One characteristic will suffice. You execrate the man here who raises his hand against a woman. There, woman-flogging is a Government institution, and a common practice; and if the man is odious who, in the heat of passion or the madness of drink strikes a female, what should that government be which in cold blood and deliberate malice resorts to such an act as an instrument of rule? You have heard much of the Austrian army. There is not a baser body in the world. Every crime and every meanness is embraced within its folds, and as a general rule, an Austrian officer, is utterly unfit for the society of any gentleman or honest man. Such is our ally. But do any material advantages ensue from this alliance of infamy? Just the reverse. What we want is, fresh markets for our manufactures. Austria closes them. Mark: Hungary and Italy are corn-growing countries that require our goods, and would send us food in exchange. Under the Austrian government, agriculture withers, and the purchasing power perishes in those two lands. If Hungary and Italy were free, a glorious trade would spring up between them and England. As it is, they are hermetically sealed against us. Nay! more, the great corn-growing delta of the Danube—Moldavia, and Wallachia, we are allowing to fall into the hands of Austria also—as though the intention of our government were to give the markets of Europe to our greatest foes. Sirs! self-interest, trade and commerce, lead us to the side of revolution. The opppressed nationalities are precisely those which would form colossal markets for our manufactures, but which remain closed against us so long as they are oppressed. But of this anon.

THE WIFE OF O'FINAGHTY.

From a Correspondent of the Limerick Reporter.

I know not whether the legend I am now about to relate, is correct or not. I tell it as I heard it one wild Winter's night off the coast of Galway. We had been driven far out to sea, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we pulled into shore again. Late at night we ran into the little cove in Arranmore, and there seated by a blazing peat fire we soon forgot the hours we passed on the wild raging sea, we forgot the huge billows rolling round our little craft which had inspired us with so much dread a few minutes before, and we listened pleasantly to the chat of the fishermen, as they told of the perils of the sea; of how they had seen ships—bound for a foreign shore, with crowds of anxious passengers, who hoped to rest themselves in a land where tyranny could not drive them forth to starve—dashed against the tall, hard cliffs of their islands; and how they too had seen the homeward bound vessels—thronged with joyous people, who, having gained wealth far away, thought now to die in peace in the old familiar spot of childhood's years—foundered in view of their native shores. There was one old fisherman, and, as night waned on, he told us the old traditions of the country; wild and strange they were, tales of violence and bloodshed; of secret murders disclosed by the avenging spirit of the victim; of kings, who fell by poison and treachery; of stirring forays against the English, while yet the native chiefs held sway on the plains of Connaught, and when no English judges dealt out the law, but the Brehon, who had derived it holy and undefiled from the code of the priests of the children of the Tyrian shepherds. Among many others, we were told this tale:—

Long ago, when Roderick O'Connor reigned sole monarch of Ireland, before the feet of the Sassenach had polluted the sacred soil of Innisfail, there came hither a young Norman knight. He had been compelled to fly his native land in consequence of an intrigue with the wife of Lord Clifford; he came here an adventurer of the sword, served under Roderick, and distinguished himself in various battles. The young stranger was like all his countrymen, dauntlessly brave; he had the handsome, haughty, massive features of his race, and he was not long here when noble ladies, pure descendants of Milesius, vied with each other as to who should be the bride of the handsome Norman. There was at this time, living in Connaught, an aged chieftain named O'Finaghty. He was far advanced in years, the passage of seventy winters had strewed the snow on his hair, and stricken him with feebleness; yet, then it was he married a young and fair girl, who consented to become his consort solely on account of his rank. She, too, saw the foreign knight, and she, too, loved him. There is often a melancholy sameness in crime, and, as is the case with many who have been united to those who have been unequal to them in years, she came to the desperate resolution of destroying her husband. Previous to this, she dispatched a worthy messenger to Burke, informing him of her intention; she wrote that it was love for him alone urged her to it, and that when her consort should be dead, if he espoused her that he should enjoy the possessions of the murdered man. Burke, with the usual cunning of his race, returned *no answer*. In a short time afterwards the aged chieftain disappeared; he was sought for far and wide, and at length a mangled and putrifying body was found in the river Suck, which was recognized by the mourning clansmen as the corpse of their leader. Burke now applied for permission to King Roderick to espouse the daughter of the murdered man. It was accorded, and on him were bestowed the lands belonging to her father. Somehow the story of the assassination was disclosed, the murderess was driven forth into the world; the dreadful anathema of the church was invoked on her head, and she wandered abroad—hated, avoided, and cursed, even by those who were nearest her in kin. After a short time she disappeared; but the kernes from the mountains told, how at long intervals, they saw a woman—pale, ghastly and worn almost to a skeleton,—roaming amid rocks, and precipices, and all the dreary unfrequented parts of the hills. Then, after a time, all traces of her were lost, but years afterwards there was found in the darkest recesses of a wood the body of a woman half devoured by wolves, with the eyes torn out by the vultures, which was supposed to be the corpse of the guilty wife of O'Finaghty.

CAHIR CASTLE.

From the Tipperary Vindicator.

The little town of Cahir, now so reduced, was formerly a place of great importance. We have no record when it was first founded, being probably one of those insignificant Irish villages which annalists deemed unworthy of their notice. However, when Connor O'Brien became King of Thomond, he perceived the vast advantages the place afforded as a military position, and accordingly erected a strong castle in 1142. On the arrival of the Normans, it shared the fate of other Irish fortresses, and yielded to the prowess of the stern descendants of Rolla. Here they maintained a powerful garrison, and, according to the general custom of those fantastic warriors, Jeoffrey de Camville, in the reign of John, erected near to the fortress of robbery and spoliation, an abbey for Augustinian Canons Regular. Years passed on: strange changes had occurred in Ireland; a new race had sprung up; and the descendants of the ruthless followers of Strongbow became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the North, O'Neil displayed the Red Hand in opposition to the Crimson Cross of St. George; the Norman Desmond raised his standard in the South, and once more, after many hundred years, Cahir Castle was garrisoned for the Irish. Essex, that gaudy butterfly of a Court, was dispatched from England by his attached mistress, with orders to instantly crush the barbarous Irish kernes. But the effeminate courtier had little desire for dreary marches through the dark woods and morasses of Tyrowen, or for measuring swords with the stern gallowglasses of Tyrconnel, and he preferred a silken couch in Dublin Castle to a cheerless bivouac on the wild hills of the North. Accordingly, he carefully avoided all encounters with O'Neill, and advanced, by easy marches, towards the South, where he knew the fortresses were weak, and feebly garrisoned. He sat down with a powerful army before Cahir, then the property of the Butlers, and, after a siege of ten days, captured it, his sole exploit during his government of Ireland. On his recall, when the able but unscrupulous Sir George Carew was appointed Lord President of Munster, he dispatched hither Sir John Dowdal to see that the Castle was properly victualed and garrisoned. On the 24th of May, Sir John departed, leaving therein twenty-nine soldiers commanded by an experienced officer, with provisions for two months. It was now thought secure from all attempts of the Irish. But the Butler family had long regarded with jealousy the English garrison possessed of a fortress which they considered as their private property. One dark stormy night, James Galdie Butler silently approached the Castle, with sixty chosen men. Though it was summer, the rain poured down in torrents, the winds howled mournfully across the wasted plains, and shrieked and whistled amid the battlements of the Castle, like a fallen spirit mourning for the heaven it had lost. The sentinels had deserted their posts, and sought refuge in the guard-room, where, assembled round the fire, they told wild tales of blood and death to each other. It was then that Butler approached the walls, when the storm raged most fearfully, and when it had driven every human being to seek for shelter. Some masons whom he had brought with him rapidly and silently excavated a portion of the way; through the narrow opening the men crept in one by one, stealthily crossed the courtyard, and, with the wild shout of "Butler Aboo!" burst in on the astonished garrison, who, surprised and confounded, offered but a slight resistance to the furious onslaught of the Irish. The commander, Thomas Quayle, was wounded, and three of the garrison slain; then the remaining portion threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion. Butler was now in possession of his patrimonial residence; but though well inclined enough to the patriot side, he seems to have felt that he adopted rather a dangerous remedy to regain his property in assaulting a royal garrison. He strove to excuse himself to the Lord President in a long letter which is well worth perusal, but too voluminous for insertion here; with what success may be judged from the following pithy extract from the "Pacata Hibernia:"—"Upon the fourth day following, James Butler who tooke the Castle, wrote a large letter to the President to excuse himself of his traitorly Act, wherein there was not so many lines as lies, and written by the underhande working of the Lord of Cahir, his brother; they conceiving it to bee the next way to have the Castle restored to the Baron." The Lord of Cahir, though a devout hater of the English, had still an eye to the main chance, and was unwilling to peril his property by any overt act of rebellion. Cool and crafty, it was he who urged on his brother James, a fine, high-spirited youth, to capture the Castle, and he himself reaped all the benefits accruing from it, while his gallant brother was declared an outlaw. The Baron attempted to negotiate with the President, but here he met his match in duplicity. He was required to deliver up Cahir Castle, which Carew was extremely anxious to regain, both on account of its commanding situation, and also because there was in it when captured, a quantity of heavy ordnance and ammunition. Lord Cahir asserted, that the Castle was captured by his brother solely for himself, and that he possessed no influence to make him surrender it. The wily President easily penetrated the shallow cunning of the other, and held out hopes that if he restored Cahir to the Government, that it would be committed to his care. This artful stroke had the desired effect, and the Baron prevailed on young James to surrender to the royalist troops; and once more the Red Cross of St. George floated over the walls of Cahir.

It remained for many years in possession of the English; but on the breaking out of the war of 1641, it was seized by the the troops of the Confederated Catholics. They did not, however, retain it long, for the renegade Inchiquin, after carrying fire and sword through the rest of Munster, closely invested it—by a sudden attack captured some of the outworks: and such was the terror that his name and cruelty inspired, that the garrison surrendered at discretion; and so ends the history of Cahir Castle.

IRISH SEPTS.

St. Patrick, in his confession, says a correspondent of the *Dublin Telegraph*, informs us that after his escape from slavery in the county Antrim, and while reading in a vision the letter headed "Vox Hibernigenarum," presented to him by Victoricius, he heard the voice of the Irish people crying out to him from Kil-Foghlath, in Mayo, "We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk among us." Kill-Foghlath, or Foghlath-Forest, was situated between Killala and Ballina, the site of which is now known as Fogh-hill. In 435 St. Patrick visited this place, and on the north side of the forest, at a well called Tober-Enawarc, he baptised the prince Euda Crom, his seven sons, and twelve thousand persons. This well was situated at the base of the hill now called Mullagh Farry (near Killala), but then called Forach-Mac-Awalgaidh, on which the prince and chiefs of Tir-Awalgaid used to assemble. Tir-Awalgaidh, now the barony of Tyrawley, derives its name from Prince Amhalgaidh, son of Fiachra, King of Connaught, brother of Niall of the Nine Hostages. Tir-Awalgaidh remained the sole patrimony of the descendants of the prince whose name it bears till the beginning of the thirteenth century, when the Anglo Norman Barretts got a resting-place there, who, increasing in numbers and power began to contest the lordship of Tyrawley with the legitimate owners, the most powerful of which was then the sept O'Dowd, who had taken their name from Duwda, one of the chiefs descended from Amhalgaidh; and thus we read that in 1281, when the Barretts tried their arms on the O'Dowds, they were defeated and plundered, though assisted by the Flemings, who had made a settlement in that country. In 1428 the Jordans and Nangles (called then and now MacCostelloes) made a terrible onslaught on the Barretts and drove away their herds. Yet, despite of opposing septs the Barretts, did rise, and under a virtuous and valiant chief became the leading clan of Tyrawley. Thus writes the "Four Masters," Anno 1434—"MacWatten (*i. e.*, Robert Barrett), Lord of Tyrawley, a charitable, humane, and hospitable man, and one who defended his territorial estates against the efforts of the English, died." The Barretts and all the early Norman families followed the Irish custom of prefixing the Mac to their names; and thus MacWatten became the distinguished patronymic of the chief or ruling family of the Barrett sept; and the Burkes took the name MacWilliam, MacFeris, MacJordan; the Nangles that of MacCostello, &c. In the sixteenth century the Burkes overpowered the Barretts, and the former became lords of Tyrawley; and in the reign of Queen Anne this title was bestowed legally on the O'Hara (Ua Eaghra), descended from the lords of Lieney (Luigne), a barony in Sligo, which for ages belonged to that sept. I shall relate a wonderful passage written at Anno 1413 in "Annals of the Four Masters":—The MacWatten (Robert Barrett) entered the church of Errew and Lough Conn, and took his kinsman, Henry Barrett, by force and placed him in confinement; and, say the above never-questioned writers, "the patron saint (Tiernan) of Errew appeared every night to MacWatten in a vision, demanding the prisoner, whose liberation he at length obtained, and MacWatten dedicated a quarter of land for ever to St. Tiernan, as an eric for having profaned his place.

In 1587 the Deputy, Sir John Perrot, sent Captain John Bingham with a vessel laden with wine, &c., to Lough Swilly, for the purpose of decoying Prince O'Donnell or his young son (Red Hugh) on board. Red Hugh, a youth of 14 1-2 years, who was then on a visit (from Ballyshannon) with the MacSweenys, O'Gallaghers, and O'Boyles, in the vicinage of Lough Swilly—went, accompanied by Sir John and Flann O'Gallagher and the MacSweenys, on board the ship, and when regaled with wine was entrapped by the captain and conveyed to Dublin Castle alone, the liberty of his companions having been purchased, where he remained for seven years, when he escaped, but with the loss of his two great toes, which were frostbitten where he rested on Slieve-roe, at the north side of Wicklow. The O'Gallaghers mentioned above were kinsmen, and belonged to the Tuatha, or north of Donegal sept of O'Gallagher. In the English translation of MacGeoghegan's history, pp. 486 and 496 Flann O'Gallagher is called Fluan, and Sir John O'Gallagher is called Sir Eugene—a mistake, it seems, in the translation of Eoin (John) to Eugene (the English name of Owen). Another mistake occurs at the description of the battle on the Curlew Mountains, p. 514, where Giolla and Tulli O'Gallagher are mentioned. This "Tulli" was Tuathal O'Gallagher; and he and his kinsman (Giolla) were, from all I can glean from other writings, leaders of the South Donegal or Tir-Hugh sept of O'Gallagher. Daniel O'Gallagher, whom Prince O'Donnell left with Niall Garv in 1600 to guard the north of Donegal, belonged to the Tuatha sept. Of these two septs of O'Gallagher, that whose chief was lord of Tir-Hugh, and resided near Prince O'Donnell, in his own castle at Ballyshannon, was the most powerful. A third clan of the O'Gallaghers, and the least powerful, belonged to Bannagh, in the West of Donegal, and possessed a district in the neighborhood of Duncaneely. And now closing "A Catholic Student's" third query. I have to inform him that Edmond or (properly) Redmond O'Gallagher, Bishop of Derry, was martyred by the soldiers of the English

army in the neighborhood of Coleraine, on 15th March, 1601, and accordingly towards the end of Elizabeth's reign.

The ancient family of O'Fahy is a branch of the O'Dowd sept given in the part of this communication addressed to Miss Kilmartin, and like them belongs to the great family of the monarch Cuinn of the Hundred Battles, whose posterity, through the monarch Niall of the Nine Hostages, peopled Connaught, and gave it the name Cuinn-iccht, which means the "posterity of Cuinn"; and among all the great families of the West there is but one who has perpetuated the name of their progenitor, Cuinn, and the property or patrimony of the family, the O'Cuinn's (O'Quinn's) was situated at the northern extremity of the barony of Tyrawley. Along with the O'Dowds and O'Quinns, the other branch families in Tyrawley were the MacHales, O'Gaffegans, O'Loughnans, O'Mulrenins, O'Brady's, O'Flynns, O'Renans, O'Bligh's, O'Fahy's, O'Cummins, O'Fineens, O'Flannerys, O'Mulroys, O'Moghans, and the O'Mullennys (properly) O'Mackh(f)ionna, who gave a name to their patrimony, Crois-Maalh(f)inna, now called Crossmolina. The name of Connaught before it received its present name from the posterity of Cuinn was Olnegmacht.

The O'Dugans of Munster are descended from Moghruth, the Archdruid, who lived in the third century. Before the O'Keeffes, in the tenth century, and the Roches, Flemings, and Condons, in the thirteenth century, encroached on their possessions, the O'Dugans, and O'Cosgras possessed the entire barony of Fermoy. When disturbed one branch of the O'Dugans settled at Caher-Dugan, near Doneraile; another at Dunmanain (now Manain) near Kilworth. Another family of the O'Duigans possessed the district called Muntir-Conloghtaigh, parish of Tomgraney, county Clare. Of this family the poet O'Heerin writes—

O'Dugan of the ruddy fair face,
Rules over the mild Muntir-Conloghtaigh,
A chief who gained his possessions
By force of his spears in battle.

Another family of this name belongs to the north of Ireland. The O'Dugenans are not of the same name or race with the O'Dugans.

The Anglo-Norman family of Blake passed over to Ireland with the early English settlers, and fought for a home in the Barony of Dunkellan, in the county of Galway, where their chief rose to the territorial rank of baron, and lived and warred with the Burkes and O'Dalys, who held similar rank in the same territory. A younger branch of this family, "the Blakes of Menlo," settled in the barony of Tiaquin in the same county.

Irish News.

Armagh.—Sub-Inspector Armstong, accompanied by the constabulary of Newtownhamilton, made a seizure of a still-head and worm, on the premises of widow Sarah Gologly, in the townland of Cladybeg. The party on their arrival at the house made a most exact and minute search about the offices and dwelling house, and had only discovered about six casks of wrought malt, with some potale, and had almost given up all hopes of finding a clue to the hiding place of the main apparatus when Mr. Armstrong, with his characteristic sagacity, directed a bog which was convenient to the place to be searched, which was done; and, after breaking the ice, which was two inches thick, the still and head, or lid, was found in the bottom of the "bog-hole;" the worm, with some bottles of the "Real Innishowen," was afterwards found in a corn stack near the house.

At the Newtownhamilton January fair, beef, which was in very poor supply, fetched from 5d to 6d per lb. Made up beasts varied in price from £9 to £15; store bullocks £7 to £9 each. Dry cattle met ready purchasers, and the demand for springers and milch cows was brisk; everything worth while in the latter commanded remunerative prices; springers exceedingly high. Three-year old heifers from £7 to £8 per head, and yearlings from £3 to £4. The sheep green was a meagre exhibition, but numerous purchasers attended. Best wether mutton rated from 6 1-2d to 7d per lb.; ewe ditto from 6d to 6 1-2d per lb. The pig fair was the largest exhibited for many months, while the demand was equal, and excellent business was done. Bacon went to a high figure—from 60s. to 65s. per cwt. in sink; for weanlings and sucking pigs 18s. to 25s. each was obtained. A good number of horses were paraded—few good ones. Many changed owners at from £15 to £30 each.

Antrim.—An application was made in Belfast by an amorous swain, aged about 33 years, and a widower for about two months, for license enabling him to marry a blooming widow, 84 years old. The Bishop of Down and Connor presided, with the Vicar-General; and Dr. Stewart, of the Lunatic Asylum, assisted them in the investigation. Mr. Seeds, who appeared as proctor for a brother of the fair one, produced several witnesses to show the state of her mind. It appeared she had already transferred the savings of her life to her intended. She was also present, and underwent an examination at her own request. The bishop and vicar declined to issue the license, assigning as their reason that the old lady is childish and doting from extreme old age.

Cork.—A verdict has been found against the Corporation of Cork in the Court of Exchequer for £3,314 16s 4½d.—minister's money.

A rather unpleasant rencontre, says the *Cork Constitution*, of which at present it is unknown how it may end, occurred at the ball on Tuesday night. At the conclusion of a polka a civilian accosted a young military gentleman present, and inquired of him whether he had intentionally and for the purpose of insulting him, pushed rudely against him on two occasions during the dance. To this inquiry the response was not given in the most courteous language. Some words then passed between the parties, when another civilian came up and requested his friend, who had said he was insulted, to retire from the ball-room, and seek an explanation in the corridor. The parties having withdrawn to the corridor for this purpose, and the friend having been informed of what had taken place, he told the military gentleman that he was bound to apologise, and that he had better do so and not have the matter go further. This was met by a retort that was quickly followed by a blow, from which the military gentleman fell to the ground. Eventually both parties were taken into custody by a magistrate who was present, and bound over to keep the peace. It is understood that no hostile message need be dreaded, but that the transaction will become the subject of military investigation.

Died on the 15th ult., at Scilly, near Kinsale, at the patriarchal age of 110 years, Randal Hurley. Says the *Cork Reporter*: His occupation had been that of a fisherman, and for many years a pilot also. It is worthy of remark, that his hair was not gray, but retained its original color; he never lost a tooth, nor was his sight impaired up to the day of his death; his hearing in like manner was not affected until within a few days of his decease; he preserved also his mental faculties almost to his last hour; for the last eighteen years he kept most strictly the "temperance pledge;" he was devoutly religious, was not for years seen without his prayer-book, which he read without spectacles; he occasionally talked of perils encountered by him as a pilot, so far back as the American war of Independence. When alone, however, it was for several years observed, that whether by day or night, his waking hours were devoted to prayer, and very frequently for the repose of the souls of the friends, many of them long since departed, whom he had known at any period of his life. His father died at or about the age of 100, about forty years ago, and his elder brother at a very advanced age too, died about twenty years since. His wife died a few years ago at the age of 105.

A few nights ago, says the *Cork Examiner* of the 7th ult., most of the cushions and carpets of Doneraile Church were stolen by some person yet undiscovered. 'The village fool,' one of that unhappy race formerly so well known in Ireland, but now nearly extinct, known round the country by the soubriquet of 'Mad Old Harry,' who, in his paroxysms of insanity is the terror of most of the women and children of the neighborhood, and is considered to be really dangerous, then had been seen lurking near the church, and annoying the congregation for some time past, and, from time to time, application had to be made to the authorities to remove him. This poor creature, it is said, has droped some hints that, though he does not know where the property is, he might find it if some money were given to a woman who takes care of him, and who is allowed a small salary for her trouble. The church plate of this parish was stolen some years ago, but it is believed that with that robbery the poor idiot had no connection.

An accident occurred on board the barque Aurora, lying in the South Channel, which was near terminating fatally. The captain of the vessel (M'Guin,) whilst crossing on a plank over the hold, accidentally fell off and received such severe injuries in the head, as required his immediate removal to the South Infirmary. He still remains in that institution, but is progressing favorably.

"At the Police-office on the 2nd of Feb," says the *Cork Examiner*, "a private investigation was held by Mr. John Besnard, jun., into particulars of a daring highway robbery, which had been committed the previous night in Leitrim street. A porter named William Hannigan, in the employment of Mr. Olden, chandler, was walking up Leitrim street about eleven o'clock, when he was accosted by a man of middle stature, pale visage, and dressed in a black attire, who presented a pistol to his breast and demanded whatever money he had in his possession, threatening in case of refusal to take his life. The poor man was greatly terrified and gave him the sum of 3d, all he had in his possession, with which the fellow walked off, offering no further violence. Hannigan is unable, he states, to identify him, but he has given such information to the police of his personal appearance as may lead to his arrest. The above inquiry had scarcely concluded, when Mr. John Morton, of No 24, Leitrim street, officer of Inland Revenue, entered court and made the following statement:—He stated that about one o'clock Saturday morning, he was proceeding to the Messrs. Waters' distillery, on official business, and as he was passing by O'Connell street a person who was walking fast behind him, cried out 'Hollo, stop.' Mr. Morton, thinking it might be one of his brother officers, turned round, but recollecting the voice did not resemble that of any of his friends, he inquired what the party wanted, and kept retreating back. When the other approached near him, he replied 'This is what I want,' placing a pistol at the same time to his breast. 'Do you see this,' he asked? 'I do not,' answered Mr. Morton. 'What is it?'—'Well now,' said he, 'you see it,' elevating the pistol to Mr. Morton's head. On Mr. Morton inquiring what was the fellow's motive in such conduct, the latter replied that he should have money, as he wanted bread. Though Mr. Morton had plenty of money about him at the time, he thought it better to deny having any. 'If you give me sixpence,' said his assailant, 'I will let you go, but on no other condition.' The required sum was given by Mr. Morton, who, after some conversation with the footpad, in which he recommended him to adopt an honester mode of obtaining a livelihood, proceeded on his business. Mr. Morton thinks he can identify the party who attacked him; and active steps are being taken, which it is hoped will lead to his detection."

A number of persons, says the *Cork Constitution*, came before the magistrate at the Police Office, stating that they had been sent over from London in the steamer which arrived on Sunday, and they had no place to go to. One of them, Mary Newman, had lived 20 years in London, and had been married to a soldier of the Coldstream Guards, who had died while on the way to the Crimea. She applied to the parish for relief, when the authorities sent her over. She belonged to King Williams-town. Another of them, Hannah Brusnan, from Tralee, had been 27 years in London, where her four children were born. A third applicant, Mary Swiney, said that she belonged to Cork, but had been for the last 24 years in London. She had followed the business of a laundress, by which she had maintained herself without ever applying for relief to any union during that long period. About four months ago she was seized with rheumatic fever, and on her recovery made applicaton to the parish for relief for a short time until she regained her strength. This was on last Saturday week. On the following Thursday they placed her on board the steamer which was to leave for Cork. She resisted being sent, saying that she had not a soul belonging to her in Cork, but if they allowed her to remain she could get work and support herself as heretofore. They, however, insisted on her going, and she was now in Cork utterly destitute. The stories of all the applicants disclosed similar cases of hardship. Amongst the whole of them they could muster only one farthing. The magistrates directed them to be sent to the workhouse.

A very important addition to the extensive series of buildings which form the terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway at Cork, has just been completed. It is designed for a carriage shed, and will communicate directly with the passenger station. In point of appearance, it is a considerable improvement upon the gloomy unornamented goods' shed, as without any great waste of unsuitable decoration, it presents just enough to gratify the taste. It is a long quadrangular building made of cut stone, with a double roof, which is supported in the front by a handsome cut stone pier, and a line of light iron pillars, that run down the centre. The roof is that which formerly covered the passenger terminus at Blackpool, which is principally of glass, supported by interlaced iron rods. Its dimensions are 181 feet in length, by 75 feet in breadth, and gives accomodation to four trains of cars at once.

Clare.—The gates to the residences of the Rev. Mr. Trench, Mr. Burdett Morony, Mr. F. G. Molony, Mr. J. N. Russell, and several other gentlemen at Spanish Point, Miltown Malbay, were recently maliciously removed and broken.

On the road leading from Ennis to Ennistymon, Lieut. Rodwell, of the Revenue force of the latter town, seized upon two cars laden with old malt, the permit of which was a few days out of date; but the parties in Ennistymon to whom it was coming, satisfactorily accounted for its delay, and all were set free.

The Lord Chancellor has, on the recommendation of the Earl of Inchiquin, been pleased to appoint Nicholas Smith O'Gorman, Esq., of Belview, Kilrush, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Clare.

At the last petty sessions of Kilkee, Matthew Haugh and two others were fined £3 each with costs, or two months imprisonment, for an unprovoked assault upon Constable Thompson, while in the discharge of his duty dispersing a riotous party.

Carlow.—Mr. Robert William Griffin, of Carlow, has obtained First Honors in Mathematical Physics, in the Junior Sophister Class, T.C.D. His marks being nearly double those of the second, and more than double those of third in the class, though the present Junior Sophister Class is regarded as the best that has been in the college for many years past.

Dublin.—In consequence of the sudden removal of the chief commissioner, and no provision having been made for the discharge of the business remaining undisposed of in his lordship's chamber, the solicitors intend immediately on the opening of the parliamentary session to present a petition to the House of Commons, praying that some speedy and effectual means be adopted to remedy the serious injury inflicted on the public and the suitors of that court by reason of the removal of Baron Richards, without any provision having been previously made for carrying out the business which had been allotted to his lordship.

A thief having concealed himself in the establishment of Messrs. Pim & Co., South Great George's street, previous to its being closed, succeeded in stealing twenty valuable watches.

Several of the high officials in Dublin are suffering under severe illness—including Mr. Longfield, one of the Incumbered Estates Commissioners, Judge Keogh, and Mr. Jonathan Christian, the Solicitor-General, who is so indisposed that he has found it necessary to return all his briefs in the cases likely to be on for hearing in Limerick.

There was a chapter of the Order of St. Patrick at the Dublin Castle for the purpose of conferring the Order on the Earl of Granard and Viscount Gough. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, Grand Master, presided. A grand banquet took place in St. Patrick's Hall—the first of the kind since the visit of George the Fourth.

The committee of the council met on the 3d of Feb., at Bachelor's walk, R. Barnewell in the chair. The treasurer, James Meade Loughlin, Esq., submitted accounts, which were passed. On the motion of Mr. Dwyer, seconded by Mr. Tracy, T. C., it was ordered that the resolutions adopted by the Conference should be printed, and copies forwarded to the independent representatives, the members of the council, and others. A good deal of discussion took place, in which Mr. Dunlevie, Mr. O'Brennan and other members took part, on the subject of taking steps to elicit an adequate expression of public opinion in support of the Tenant League bill during the present session of parliament.

In the case of Sherlock against Kelly, Court of Common Pleas, Mr. J, A. Curran (with whom was Mr. M'Donough, Q. C.,) moved in this case, on the part of the defendant for an order for liberty to plead double. The case was a novel one in all its features; and he (Mr. Curran) would shortly state the nature of the pleadings. The action was brought by a lady named Martha Sherlock, not only to recover damages for an alleged breach of promise of marriage, but also for an assault and battery. This appeared to be a novel combination of actions, but the defence which he (Mr. Curran) now moved for liberty to file, made the case, if possible, appear more strange and novel in its character. The defendant, Mr. John Kelly, proposed to plead five defences, first the statute of limitations; secondly, that he performed his agreement by marrying the plaintiff in the year 1849.

Chief Justice—What is that? Do you want to plead that you are in fact married to her?

Mr. M'Donough—Yes, your Lordship, we say so. She was living with us for nine years, and we had two children by her. (Laughter.)

Chief Justice—What are the other pleas?

Mr. Curran—We allege the marriage to have taken place on the 8th of September, 1849, in that second defence; and in the third, we propose to plead an agreement to marry according to the rights of the Roman Catholic Church, and a performance of that agreement by the solemnizing of a marriage by the Rev. Gregory Lynch, on the day mentioned. The fourth defence to the first cause of action was performance of alleged promise generally; and fifth and last, that the defendant was always ready and willing to marry her—and never was asked "further or otherwise." These were the proposed pleas to the first cause of action; and the proposed plea to the charge of assault was, that the plaintiff being defendant's wife, and, having misbehaved herself, he was justified in inflicting on her a moderate chastisement (laughter).

Chief Justice—You may file these defences.

Some nice questions of law may arise out of the foregoing curious case, viz.: as to the plaintiff's right to bring an action alone; and also as to the defendant's liability to pay the plaintiff's costs if he succeed in making out his defence.

Orders have been received in Dublin for the Queen's Bays and 3d Dragoon Guards to hold themselves in *immediate readiness* for India. Similar orders have been issued to seven infantry regiments.

At the Police Head Quarters, Phœnix Park, the following promotions have taken place. Colonel Roberts, Assistant Inspector-General, Commandant at depot, to be Deputy Inspector-General, vice Major Priestly, retired on pension.

Captain Percy, 1st C. I., to be Assistant Inspector-General and Commandant at depot, vice Colonel Roberts.

Captain Rich, 2nd C. I., to be 1st C. I., vice Captain Percy; S. P. Crawford, Esq., 1st S. I., to be 3rd C. I., vice Mr. Hobart.

Francis Percy, Esq., Assistant Inspector-General, has entered on his duties as Commandant of the Constabulary depot, Phœnix Parks.

The Lord Lieutenant has refused an application for the amalgamation of some of the Poor Law Unions. He said to the deputation—"It was very true that the accommodation in the workhouses—the spare room in them—did very much exceed the demands upon it; but he did not know what guarantee they had against a different state of things arising, under which the present proportion might cease to exist, or be probably reversed. They might not have anything like the same state of circum-

stances that existed at the time of the famine, and the difficulties caused by sickness; but it is impossible to say they might not recur to some extent, and if they now parted with the present workhouse accommodation, it would not be the same thing to provide it again." And the *Nation* adds: "So let us preserve the workhouses until we get rid of the Lord Lieutenant and the paternal Government of England."

The Great Southern and Western Railway Company will pay a dividend for the past half-year, at the rate of six per cent. per annum, with a surplus of £18,000.

The Hon. Richard Gilbert Talbot has been sworn in High Sheriff for the county of Dublin.

At a late meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, Dr. Todd read a paper by the Rev. Wm. Reeves, about the Irish Abbey of Honau on the Rhine. He stated that it was well known to the members of the Academy, that about the 7th or 8th century, the name by which Ireland was known on the Continent was "Scotia." In consequence of this name some Scotch antiquarians attempted, without, however, any design to corrupt history, to maintain that those persons who founded various abbeys on the Continent, and who were celebrated as missionaries, known under the name of Scoti, were Scotchmen. It was now, however, pretty generally admitted that they were Irishmen, a fact which their names abundantly prove. The abbey to which Dr. Reeves wished to call attention was one of those which were founded by Irish ecclesiastics for the benefit of Irish and other pilgrims going to the celebrated shrines of Rome and the East. This Abbey was founded in the eighth century, and in 845 a decree of the Council of Meaux was passed with regard to the restitution of the goods of the abbey of the "Scoti," as they were called, which holy men of that nation had built for the reception of pilgrims. This abbey was situated in Lower Alsace, a little north east of Strasburg, on a level tract at the east side of the Rhine. The history of this institution is derived from a collection of fourteen charters, published by Mabillon. It was dedicated, at its foundation in 720, to the Archangel St. Michael by an Irish bishop named Tuban, better known in religion, as the phrase was, as the Abbot Benedict. Dr. Todd then referred to the numerous possessions of the abbey, which were confirmed to it by several charters of the Dukes of Alsace. Dr. Wilde then having made some observations with regard to an antique grisset found in some excavations at the River Boyne, near Edenderry, the Academy adjourned.

Derry.—The Lord Lieutenant, at the recommendation of Sir Duncan M'Gregor, K.C.B., Inspector-General of Constabulary, has been pleased to promote Captain Rich, from 2nd to 1st Class County Inspector of the county Derry Constabulary.

Down.—A child aged three years, named Mary Jane Rooney, was accidentally burned to death in Queen-street, Newry. The mother had left the house for a short time, leaving, unfortunately, no one in charge of the child, whose clothes took fire, and when assistance could be rendered it was found impossible to save her life. An inquest upon the body was held by Mr. J. M. Magee, coroner, and the jury found a verdict of accidental death.

At the Downpatrick quarter sessions Mr. James Neil, of Seaforte, was decreed in several sums, not exceeding £30 in all, at the suit of farmers who had purchased agricultural seeds, which failed. The seeds have been guaranteed to him as good, and he, of course, will take the necessary steps to recover his money from the parties in Belfast from whom he purchased. They are idemnified to the full value of the probable crop which would have grown had the seed been genuine.

Galway.—Sergeant-Major Pecropt, Galway, beating up for recruits in that town, succeeded in enrolling a few smart lads, who were paid the bounty of 10s. each.

A young girl was recently drowned in the river near the fish market, Galway, while raising a kettle of water.

Base copper coin is in very extensive circulation in that city. At Galway two tinkers named Walsh and Owens were arrested, having been found running base metal.

Colonel Knox, Ballinrobe, having succeeded, after long litigation, in establishing his title to the lands and demesne of Creagh, county Galway, has entered into possession.

Steam communication was to be established between Galway and Clare, by an extensive Manchester firm. The first boat to be put on for that purpose about the 1st of March, and subsequently two more, which will run between Galway and other towns on the coast, northward and southward of that port. Two boats were also to be started between that port, Liverpool and Glasgow.

There are 451 paupers in Galway Union Workhouse; general average weekly cost of each, Is. 7 3-4d.

The guardians of the Galway Union have applied to the Commissioners to separate the office of returning officer from that of clerk.

The Court of Common Pleas has allowed the demurrer in the case of the Poor Law Commissioners against Mr. William Coneys, a guardian of the Clifden Union, county Galway, by which the latter is likely to have to pay a sum of £100, for acting as a contractor for the supply of wine. The proceedings were instituted under the provisions of the 1st and 2nd. Vic., chap. 56.

At Galway Sessions, Catherine Donoghue was sentenced to four years' penal servitude for stealing £58 from a person named Thomas White.

In the Recorder's Court, Galway his Worship (Wm. O'Hara, Esq.,) decided that the Newcastle Distillery, being unoccupied when the last rate was struck, was not liable to be assessed. The valuation is £200.

Kildare.—John Lewis, Esq., first class, Newport, has exchanged with Mr. Maguire, S. I., at Robertstown.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock on the night of the 29th of January, a fire broke out in one of the officers' huts of the 18th regiment, in the first square of the Curragh camp. Sheet-iron fire-screens were immediately hoisted at each side of the hut, to prevent the fire spreading to the adjoining buildings, and three engines and fire-annihilators having been brought to play on it, the flames were in a very short time subdued, and nearly one-half of the hut was saved.

Kilkenny.—Mr. Edmond Smithwick acknowledges having received, through the Rev. Thomas Geoghegan, C.C., Kilcock, county Kildare, ten pounds sterling, as restitution money.

A meeting of the local members of the Celtic Union, was held in the Assembly Rooms, Kilkenny, at which some business of importance was transacted. Letters were read from Australia, America, and various parts of Ireland, on matters connected with the progress of the Union.

Louth.—At a meeting of the Ardee town commissioners, held February 2d, it was proposed and carried unanimously, that Mr. Barron of Ardee be appointed weigh master and town inspector.

Limerick.—In the Limerick School of Design Rowland H Harris and Augustus Howard have been appointed pupil teachers' and Daniel Hourigan a free scholar, their drawings having been submitted to the Art Superintendent, Marlborough House, London.

A lecture was delivered in the Theatre of the Athenæum, Limerick, by Mr. Wm. Parsons, upon the life and writings of Thomas Hood, the gifted author of the celebrated "Song of the Shirt." The lecture was well attended; and Mr. Parsons treated the interesting subject of his remarks in an extremely pleasing and lucid manner.

By the appointment of the Right Hon. William Monsell, M.P., to the Presidency of the Board of Health, the representation of the County Limerick is nominally vacant. The Right Hon. gentleman will again have to seek the suffrages of the electors, and go through the formal ceremony of re-election, without opposition.

Kilfeacle Glebe house, the residence of the Rev. Richard Herbert, was burglariously entered and robbed of a quantity of plate and other description of valuable property, with which the robbers got clear off.

On the 1st ult., after the family had retired to rest, the floor of one of the bedrooms, situated in the new wing of Grenane House, the residence of Richard M. S. Mansergh, Esq., was observed by a young lady, who slept in the room, to be on fire, she, fortunately, noticed the blaze before the fire had extended, and having immediately given the alarm, the inmates were aroused, and, with the assistance of the servants of the house, and a plentiful supply of water, the flames were got under in a short time, and before any further damage was done than the mere burning of the woodwork adjoining the hearth—a strong beam of oak was burned to the depth of six inches. It is supposed that the fire was caused by a red hot coal having fallen from the floor, and the timber being exceedingly dry it quickly ignited.

There was a sharp competition at the election of clerk for the Tarbert Markets. Mr. J. Pilow was the successful candidate.

At Tullow pig market, store pigs and bonhams brought prices almost extravagantly high, and for pigs of this description there was a great demand. Though many well-finished and heavy swine appeared for sale, yet, strange to say, no buyers for that description were in attendance.

Master James E. Lindsay, youngest son of Mr. Joseph Lindsay, of Whiskey Hall, county Limerick, was, while riding out a few days since, thrown from his horse on the road. Having fallen on his head, he survived but a few days, when death put an end to his sufferings.

There are five candidates for the office of Town Clerk of the Borough of Limerick, vacant by the resignation of Joseph Murphy, Esq., solicitor.

On the night of the 1st ult., a man named Thomas Walsh, who had been to the funeral that day of James Donovan, whose death by drowning was announced on Saturday, having got inebriated on his return to the city, when coming along the quays late at night, fell into the river at the very spot near the Wellesley Bridge where Donovan lost his life. The man sunk, and was being carried along by the stream unobserved, when a humane person named Patrick Molony, jumped from the quay into a turf-boat, thrust a pole under water, which the drowning man fortunately caught hold of, and was drawn up almost lifeless.

A sailor, named Williamson, belonging to the *Rose* steamer, fell overboard on the 6th ult., as the vessel was moving out from the docks, and would have been drowned but for the prompt aid of Mr. John Dowling, and crew of Mr. Hobb's boat, which was at once pulled to his assistance, and the man was saved.

Number of prisoners arrested by the Night Watch of the New Town, and prosecuted at the Police Court, for the month of January, 1857, 33; do. Old Town, 10.

The Sisters of Mercy most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a half-ton of coal from James Spaight, Esq., for the Perry-square school.

The Court of Queen's Bench has granted a primary *mandamus*, at suit of Mr. William Wilson, of George-street, *v.* the Foynes Railway Company, to have an arbitrator appointed to assess compensation for injury done his house by the erection of a railway bridge so close thereto as to darken the premises.

At the late competitive examination Mr. Wm. Pierce Kelly obtained, by distinguished answering, an appointment in the H.E.I.C. Service; Mr. Kelly was educated at the Limerick and Killaloe Diocesan School, under the Rev. John Hogg.

Mayo.—Another fatal assault, arising from intemperance, resulting in the death of a woman named Mary Murtagh, took place at Kiltimogh a short time since. It appears that the deceased, with her husband, were about leaving a public-house in that town, when she was struck with a stone by a person named Brennan, who has been made amenable to justice through the exertions of sub-inspector Fraser. An inquest was held which occupied three days, when a verdict of manslaughter was returned.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, an application was made, on behalf of the Protestant Archdeacon of Tuam, for a *certiorari* against the magistrates of Mayo, who had reduced the tithe rent-charge in proportion to the average price of corn. The order was granted. The real defendants in the case are the Marquis of Sligo, Lord Lucan, Mr. Lynch Blosse, and other landlords of Mayo, who had applied for the reduction of the tithes according to the provisions of the statute.

Queen's County.—The Lord Chancellor, on the recommendation of Right Hon. J. W. Fitzpatrick, has appointed R. H. Earrah, Esq., of Kilteel House, to the commission of the peace for Queen's County.

Roscommon.—The case of Mr. O'Sullivan, J.P., *v.* Rev. Mr. O'Reilly, P.P., Athlone, for slander, which was tried in the Court of Queen's Bench last term, and a verdict for £500 damages returned against the rev. gentleman as to the slander of Mr. O'Sullivan's governess, and £350 as regarded the words relating to the defaulting receiver, was again called on for argument on Saturday, but not proceeded with, a consent having been entered into, by which it was agreed that a verdict should be entered for the defendant in relation to the alleged slander respecting the governess, and a verdict for the plaintiff on the other branch of the case—the defendant to pay £200 costs, and the balance agreed upon as damages.

The following are the amounts subscribed towards the construction of a line of railway from Athlone to Roscommon and on to Castlerea, with branches to Castlebar and Westport:—Right Hon. Lord Crofton, £5,000; Lord Lucan, £12,000; Allan Pollock, £10,000; Lord Essex, £5,000; Col. Higgins, M.P., £1,000; St. George Caulfield, £3,000; J. A. Holmes, £3,000; Hon. Robert King, £1,000; Admiral Crofton, £1,000; inhabitants of Roscommon, £7,000; inhabitants of Castlebar, £1,500. In addition to the above R. W. Sandford, Esq., subscribed £5,000, and Dr. Baily £2,000.

Tipperary.—The venue in the case of Atkinson, of Ashley Park, near Nenagh, against tenants on the Loughorna estate, has been changed from Dublin to Nenagh, and will be tried at the next assizes.

The Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to approve of the appointment of Edmond James Power Lalor, Esq., to be a Deputy Lieutenant for the county Tipperary, in the place of Viscount Hawarden deceased.

The late Sub-sheriff, S. M. Gason, Esq., sold the interest of J. Ryan, Esq., J. P., in the lands held by him in the county Tipperary, at the suit of his sister, in the Tipperary court-house, on the 29th of January; Henry O'Shea, Esq., solicitor, Limerick, being the purchaser, at £1,000.

The Nenagh Town Commissioners adopted a petition to Parliament against the Income Tax. A poll was taken as to whether the petition should be sent for presentation in the House of Commons to Sir T. O'Brien, Bart., M. P., or Mr. F. Scully, M. P., when, by the casting vote of the chairman, it was decided to entrust it to the latter gentleman.

On the 30th of January, Samuel Murray Gason, Esq., Sub-Sheriff for the county, proceeded with his bailiffs and a party of constabulary to the lands of Kilpatrick, distant about four miles from Tipperary, to execute a writ of fieri facias, at the suit of George McDowell Esq., the official manager of the Clonmel Bank, against the goods of Mrs. Catherine Marnane, who held, as executrix of her husband, nine shares in this unfortunate concern, and who besides was a depositor to a considerable amount. The only stock on the lands at the time of the seizure was nine cows, which were immediately taken possession of, but the violence of the populace who had congregated to the spot to resist the execution, completely prevented the sheriff from keeping possession of his seizure, and so violent did the crowd become that the police were obliged to use their bayonets, which were smashed in the scuffle, but to no purpose. That evening, five of the rescuing party were arrested, and on being identified before P. C. Howley, Esq., R. M., were committed by him to Clonmel gaol to await their trial at the ensuing assizes. The parties arrested are the three sons of the Widow Marnane, Timothy Power and Daniel Condon, for whose appearance bail has been accepted. A notice has been served by Nicholas Sadleir, agent to Hugh Baker, Esq., Lismacue, from whom Mrs. Marnane held the lands of Kilpatrick, claiming rent due up to the last gale day. Edmond Power, Esq., sub-sheriff, has received several writs for execution against the property of other shareholders in this county.

Tyrone.—There were great rejoicings in Six-mile-cross, when the Earl of Belmore and his popular agent, Paul Dane, Esq., visited it for the first time since his lordship made known to them the liberal reductions he had made in the rents of the estate. An illumination in the evening was at once determined on, and the people poured in from all directions long before dark. Every window in the town was quickly lighted up, tar-barrels were burned, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. In the windows of the post-office very appropriate devices were displayed.

Waterford.—Dr. White, who was one of the injured by the accident on the Kilkenny and Waterford railway, now takes carriage exercise from Dobbyn's hotel in this city. It is expected he will be shortly able to leave.

The *Waterford News* reports that the screw steamer *Vivandiere*, of Glasgow, on her voyage from Cork to that port, in coming up the river, ran foul of the *John Daniel*, brigantine, anchored opposite the quay. The steamer lost her bowsprit and figurehead, while the sailing vessel had her port bulwarks forward carried away, and some other damage done to the hull.

A small party of volunteers from this distinguished regt. (Connaught Rangers,) says the *Waterford News*, passed through this city on their way to England this week. Several of them wore the Crimean medal. Hearty, jolly fellows they are, full of life and wit. One of them said to us that "nobody else but the Almighty brought him out of the Crimea, as he thought a cart-load of shells and bullets had hopped near his head in that country." "But," said he, "where they want us to go now, to China, the men there are not worth fighting. Not they; it it wouldn't answer the Rangers to fight such ould *gawks* as them.

Wicklow.—The Rev. John O'Hanlon, at the last meeting of the Kilkenny and South-east of Ireland Archæological Society, communicated the following remarks to the Society, which were heartily concurred in by the members present:—At the half-yearly meeting of the Mining Company of Ireland, held on the 1st day of January, 1857, Edward Atkinson, Esq., Chairman of the Company, presiding, after the annual report of the Directors and statement of the accounts had been submitted by the Secretary, the chairman, in moving their adoption, amongst other remarks said:—The ruins of the ancient church of Glendalough were now in possession of the company, and it was a consideration how far it was their duty to do something—not to restore the building—but to preserve it from total decay. The board being of opinion that as these relics of ancient times were considered of sufficient interest from the peculiar circumstances attaching to them as connected with the history of the country to induce eminent men from all countries to visit them, that it is their duty to prevent them at least from going to a total ruin. The foregoing creditable recommendations appear to have met with a hearty and approving response from all the shareholders present; and the Directors are justly entitled to the gratitude and respect of every archæologist and enlightened patriot in the country, for the resolutions to which they have given expression. Their's is an example worthy the imitation of every holder of landed property throughout Ireland, and furnishes a just rebuke to the acts of individuals, who are said to have perpetrated desecrations, at no remote period, on the venerable objects and remains of this valley of Glendalough. The name of one individual is well remembered in this locality, but held in no especial veneration, in the words of a ballad familiar to the peasantry of the district, which says—'He cut down the sacred yew, that holy Kevin planted.' The desecration of the burial ground of the Priory of St. Saviour is still vividly remembred, and related to travellers by the local guides. Let us trust that, henceforth, we shall not have such instances in Vandalism to place on record. It was resolved that the thanks of the Society should be given to the mining Company of Ireland for the laudable example set by their resolution to preserve from injury or desecration, the far-famed architectural antiquities of Glendalough, of which they have become the proprietors.

Wexford—Mr. Robert Charles Harvey—fourth son of the late Mr. Robert H. Harvey, of Kyle, county Wexford, has passed through a most searching but very successful examination for a Cadetship in the Royal Marines, held at Portsmouth on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th ult.

Answers to Correspondents.

A Correspondent of the Dundalk *Democrat* who witnessed a coursing match in the county Meath, and which was very pompously described in a local cotemporary, gives the *Democrat* the following verses. He seems to have no friendly feeling for that jolly good soul "Leander," "the wit of all circles," and Farney's white-headed boy!

"THE GROVES OF BLARNEY" IN THE COUNTY MEATH!

[For the prose version of the following see *Newry Examiner* of Saturday, 24th ult.]

My muse I'm forcin' to describe a coursin'
That lately happened near Drumcondra town,
Where the worthy lord, like a mighty grand lord,
In wealth and splendor came rowlin' down.

To paint the quality in all their jollity,
An' genteel farmers that figured there,
I've no ability, but with all humility,
I will endayvor I do declare.

There were hares in plenty, with grey-hounds twenty,
All bent on mischief I'm grieved to think,
Besides the beaters, likewise spectators,
All cowld and hungry for want of drink!

There was the Earl of Bective, a real detective,
Looking most effective, beating through the furze,
While Mick O'Hara was as grand as Pharaoh,
Or the lord of Tara in boots and spurs.

There was Misther Adam among the madams,
Dispensing eatables with wine and punch,
And the famed "Leander" a mere by-stander,
Till their Honors twigged him and gave him lunch.

There were two distillers, besides several millers,
With the Lady Killeen of fame and might,
And tenant-righters, all splendid fighters,
When opposition is out of sight.

There were famed attorneys that came long journeys,
(The precious emblems of Kilkenny cats,)
And those handsome Saxons—the Misther Jacksons—
Showed their attractions in jerry hats.

I'm not a jaynious, or I would explain yez
The fine divarsion with hound and hare;
As my understandin' is not commandin,'
Besides for sportin' I little care.

Yet altho' 'tis winter, was I a printer,
I'd surely venture to paint the scene—
The verdant rushes and large whin bushes—
Where thievin' foxes are all serene.

So now to finish, I must diminish,
Since I can't replenish my slender rhyme,
But a far-famed gammoner, in the *Newry Examiner*,
Will tip the blarney some other time. SLASHER.

A letter from a friend of ours in London, says:

"At present the city is dull. To my taste the most interesting entertainments it presents are Ernest Jones's "Evenings with the People." I attended one of these the other evening at St. Martin's Hall, and was pleased and gratified. There was good music, and among the songs were two of Jones's own composition. I send you a copy of one of them. The great feature, though, of the entertainment was his speech on foreign affairs. It was most effective. The *Times* says of Jones, that he is a perfect master of the demagogical art. I believe him to be a perfect master of the oratorical art; but, better than that, I believe him to be a man of thorough sincerity and earnestness of purpose. I cannot say that I have much faith in English Democracy; neither do I love it a bit better than English Aristocracy, but unquestionably no class or no principle in the British Empire has at the present day so able and zealous a champion as Ernest Jones. I send you a copy of this speech.

"In Ireland, they have been occupied lately in the manufacture of 'leaders'—save the mark!—and in doctoring a Tenant-bill in such a way as to render said bill acceptable to the British Parliament. Heaven preserve the poor tenants from such doctors and such bills! "Yours,

"MARK TAPLEY."

We notice a change in the Firm of one of the eminent wholesale Newspaper Agents and Forwarders of this city—the same we referred to in the sketch entitled *Our Sanctum*. Mr. Shippton retires from the House of Shippton & Boyle, and Mr T. C. Long—the polite, intelligent and handsome salesman, who recently presided in the store of Ross & Tousey—takes his place. We sincerely trust that Long & Boyle may have very abundant success.

Mr. Meagher very sincerely regrets he can't avail himself of the cordial invitation of his friends of the "Emmet Guard," of Buffalo—Capt. Bailey—to their Ball, which comes off on the 4th inst. Next week we will give a full report of the festivities of the *Emmets*, and duly acknowledge all the favors rendered Capt. Walsh by them and several other warm supporters of our NEWS in Buffalo.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1857.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

By the time these words appear in print, the Inauguration of James Buchanan will have taken place. The great ceremony, which, in the eyes of the world, invests him with the Supreme Magistracy of the United States, will have taken place. Great it surely is. For, divested of the gorgeous nonsense of European or Asiatic coronations, it attracts all homage by its simplicity. Its plain, solid, genuine simplicity.

A wise, virtuous, patriotic statesman—a man grown able and sagacious in the service of the Commonwealth—has been installed in the highest place, above all the citizens of this magnificent Republic. In his hands, under his calm but firm control, the Republic is secure. At home, the virulent factions which have sprung up within the last three years, will be quelled. Abroad, the name and interests of America will be upheld with dignity, justice, fearlessness.

The antecedents of President Buchanan, which have become an inseparable vital portion of the history of the country, justify us in these anticipations. They do more. They confirm them. They become the sources of joyous prophecies and visions of great glory.

The sound conservative principles on which he accepted the nomination to the Presidency, strengthen the convictions which his antecedents, in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in the Federal Senate, in the Russian and English Missions, gave rise to, encouraged, and made good.

The good wishes and thorough satisfaction—almost unanimous—with which the President enters upon his duties, deepen the convictions under which we promise to himself, the Commonmonwealth, and every nation that contemplates it, a career which shall redound to the eminent advantage of this noble sisterhood of States.

With these convictions, with these anticipations, with these fond prayers and hopes and proud assurances, it is to us a deep delight to feel, that in an humble way, but to the best of our ability, with all our heart and soul, we labored, wrote and spoke, labored night and day, to bring about the bright propitious result—the Inauguration of James Buchanan, as President of the United States—on which event, with fervent thanks to God, we this day congratulate all good citzens, and they are the majority, they are the millions.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

Under this heading the *Assemblee Nationale* has published a correspondence from St. Petersburgh, from which we give a few of the more striking passages. They will secure, as they deserve, the deepest attention.

England, they say, has no serious fear for her possessions in India. The only protracted struggle she will have to sustain against Russia in Asia, will be a struggle for the political influence growing out of an industrial and commercial rivalry. The development of her productive forces will oblige Russia to open for herself a way towards the *plateau* of Central Asia, and Europe may congratulate itself that Russia takes that direction.

It is important to Europe that England should be ousted from the monopoly of the whole commerce of Asia, and France, above all others, has an immense interest at stake in promoting the extension of Russia towards the extreme East. The French manufacturers can furnish the Russians a vast amount of products unknown to the industry of Russia, in exchange for their staples, their metals, their timber, or the products of Persia and India, which Russia receives in constantly increasing quantities.

But this is a secondary view of the question. The political aspect is of far greater importance. The probability is natural enough, that the alliance of the two nations, France and Russia, will be sooner or later accomplished. What, then, will be the result?

France, allied to Russia, would in that event be enabled to reduce considerably the expenses of her army. The surplus, so effected, could be devoted to her manufactures, her commerce and marine. In which case her elements of national greatness would exhibit the development of which they are singularly susceptible. Alllied to Russia, France becomes a maritime power of the first rank—the centre and foundation of a grand maritime confederation. The liberty of the seas will have nothing to fear from the audacity of the British flag, which, with its comparative superiority, must at last lose its gigantic proportions.

This new alliance established, all probability of a naval war disappears. Even on land, an armed conflict will thenceforth be impossible. Who venture to attack France and Russia when the aggressor would be sure to be annihilated? Then, and not till then, will the famous phrase of Bordeaux—*L' Empire cest la Paix*—be verified. The alliance with Russia assures to France sources of prosperity nd grandeur, which the alliance with England could never offer. The alliance we speak of is in the nature of things. It is so, because in every point of view it is desirable. It is so, because the sympathetic tendencies of the two nations urge it. It is so, for it already exists in the secret wishes of the two Emperors.

A word as to the motives and great ends of this alliance. They widely differ from those which prevailed in the last years of the Restoration. The parties then re-arranged the map of Europe by force of arms, to suit their fancies. The end in view, at present, is more elevated. It is to create in Europe three preponderating Powers, to which will be confided the mission of restoring peace to the world and consolidating the institutions and fortunes of nations.

This was the idea of Pozzo di Borgo, who, after the great struggles of the first Empire, formed the project of a great European Protectorate, exercised with the concurrence of France, whose alliance appeared to him absolutely indispensable. The Protectorate of which he entertained the theory, just now assumes proportions more imposing, and an application more just and moral. In a word, the future will permit no further conquests in Europe. The re-construction of States, the claims of various Powers, will be taken before a Universal Congress, which, as a court of final appeal, will have the power to determine the rights and indemnities due to the injured parties. Certain it is, sooner or later, it will be necessary to modify the work of the Vienna treaties, which upon examination appear to be nothing more than the solemn consecration of the absolute supremac yof Great Britain.

To appropriate exclusively to herself the advantages of the great victory of 1815, England had two things to do. In the first place, she had to keep down, as much as possible, her terrible adversary, thus laboring under the weight of an immense reverse; and in the scond place, she had to frustrate the develoepement of the Allied Powers.

Following on this double track, she attained her end without trouble. Against France, she encouraged, on the one hand, the terror of the European masses; and on the other, the ambition of France, which, at that time, was the supreme sentiment. To each of the other States, she made over their share of the booty—an incessant cause of weakness and disorganization—a principle of death.

The Northern Powers failed to perceive at the time the trap set for them by England. They lent themselves blindly to the creation of spurious Monarchies—made up a Province here and a State there—binding national foes under a common designation, supposed to represent a Nationality, one and indivisible.

From France—overwhelmed with humiliation and exhausted by war—they took all—blotting out even her ancient limits of 1789. And, as if that were not enough, they inoculated her, through the instrumentality of an English constitution, with the germs of two catastrophes, the explosion of which the world has witnessed.

Belgium, Catholic in religion, and speaking the French language, was placed under the yoke of Holland, a Protestant, by whom quite another idiom is spoken.

Austria, Prussia, Russia, with bandaged eyes, accepted a cannon-ball, attached to a common chain—Poland!

To Austria was ceded Lombardy and Venice, for it was certain that the implacable hatred of the Italian peninsula would eternally resist her dominion.

As to Prussia, they gave her the Rhenish provinces, with the French code into the bargain. Besides that, they restored her Neufchatel—an infallible source of future conflicts.

The crown of their ancestors was given to the Bourbons of Naples. Beforehand, however, England took good care to endow Sicily with a constitution of British manufacture, and very recently we have seen this island rising against Naples, to exact the restoration of this constitution, which the latter had abolished.

Everywhere, in a word, the hand of England betrays itself in the elements of discord she has sown with malignant skill in the heart of every nation. For her purpose, it was sufficient to occupy the European governments at home, and condemn them forever to the necessity of an armed peace. This policy every day magnifies the public debt, the discontent of the people, the perpetual fear of revolutions, the weakness of all the continental nations, the death-warrant of their industry.

These internal embarrassments of Europe conduce to the advantage of one nation only. It is England. The nation, which, by her insular position, dispenses with the maintenance of expensive armies, and whose industry profits by all the obstacles the state of "armed peace" opposes to the development of a commercial activity which would emulate her own.

This condition of "armed peace" has cost Europe, in forty years, nearly sixty thousand millions of francs, of which the greater portion has flowed into the coffers of Great Britain. It is England alone who is enriched by the general misfortune. It is she, alone, who profits by the treaties of 1815.

But at last, thank God! this state of affairs—the source of feebleness, anarchy, and ruin for all nations but one, to whose prosperity it enormously contributes—has attracted the serious attention of several of the great Powers. At last, they have acknowledged themselves the dupes and victims of the Machiavellian policy of the Cabinet of St. James, and they have recognized the necessity of a radical change at all price. They are actively at work, drawing up papers on this question, making overtures, exchanging communications, and, at this very moment, secret negotiations are actually pending between the superior Cabinets of Europe.

The day they achieve a result, or rather the day the result will be made known to Europe, cannot be foretold precisely. But come what may, whatever be the obstacles to this great act of expiation, the ratification of this alliance, which ought to regenerate Europe, is demanded by so many powerful interests, and the necessity for it is so urgent, that it will be irrevocably made.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—ITS MEMORIES AND DUTIES.

The national festival of the Irish race is at hand. Once more, over the wide earth, the heart of the old race returns to the land of its first love. Once more, throughout the seas, and continents, and isles thereof, the sons and daughters of Innisfail turn their faces towards the beautiful mother, who, in the shadow of gray cathedrals and towers, wears the ancient crown of emerald. The whole of her strange story recurs to every one of her children. All that is grand, religious, sorrowful, hopeful, heroic in that story—clouds and sunbeams—flashing corslets and dripping rags—flowers and funeral plumes—re-appear. Visions of beautiful dark lakes; mountains grand and gloomy; silent ruins, sentineling brown rivers; colossal ruins, like those holy ones of Cashel; glens, like those of Aherlow, where the spirit of Ossian still pursues the phantom red deer; the blank keeps of Norman castles, such as Davis met with in his bardic reveries along the Avon-dhu; these and the dwarf

oaks that yet cling to many a moat and rath, and the headstones round which the purple briar coils itself in many an old church-yard, come to light upon the festival at hand.

And with these visions, the music of old names, repeated in loving litanies, breaks out. There's not a wise, brave, pious warrior, from Brian, of Clontarf, to Sarsfield, sheathing his sword in honor on the Shannon; there's not a Senachie, Bard, or Saint that ever left his foot-print in the green sod from Malin Head to Ceim-en-neich; there's not a sportsman from the son of Fionn, who woke the echoes of Glan-nis-mole, to the hearty old squire who had himself, with his dog and gun, buried on the top of Knock-meal-down; there's not a soul that ever fought, loved, said prayers or profanely sung, gossipped or hunted with any fame, from the Reeks to Lough Foyle, but is called back to life. A glorious crowd! Bright-souled, true-hearted, strong-limbed, many of them mitred, many of them with sword and buckler, many of them cowled and sandalled, others of them in boots and spurs, white wands tipped with golden rings in the hands of queenly maidens, blind harpers seated at the foot of such a cross as we see at Clonmacnoise—it would take the pencil of Barry, to whose Archangel at the Gates of Paradise Canova did homage, to immortalize them all.

But among these memories—and others which it would take columns to repeat—there is one, above all, which should disclose itself in the purest, sweetest, divinest light. Next to the great Apostle of Christianity, to whose teachings the Irish race revert with a gratitude and reverence, which centuries of sorrow and wayward fortune has failed to exhaust—which, indeed, these unpropitious centuries have served, by a divine principle of compensation, to replenish—the Apostle of Temperance should meet with joyous recognition.

For through his labors—through the gentle, benign, saintly labors of Father Mathew—has the Christianity, diffused from the palace of Temora, been purified in the eyes of men. The sublime work begun by St. Patrick, and by him sent down on the waters of grace and Eternal Life even unto these days, has been made more beautiful, solid, blissful—has been wreathed with shamrocks of fresher and less perishable verdure—by him, Theobald Mathew, who, worn out with his zeal and services in the cause of the Irish race, sleeps to-day in Irish earth.

Irishmen in America—in Australia—in the Indies—everywhere throughout the seas and islands—would do well to think of this. More than by processions, banners, speeches, festive songs, or any other sign or sound of joy, would they commensurately commemorate the anniversary which draws nigh, by voting to him a noble monument—one worthy of his beneficent deeds and the heavenly blessings he has brought down upon the Irish race, and secured to them as a precious inheritance which shall never fail. Here, in these United States, let this be done. Let the money which might otherwise be thrown away on sashes, gew-gaws, military bands, and other ostentatious expenses of the kind, be with a gracious munificence devoted to the erection of a monument which shall commemorate the toils and triumphs of Father Mathew—his fruitful goodness and pure spiritual glory—and the gratitude of those whom he has forever served.

DR. ELISHA KENT KANE.

The death of this eminent young man consigns to the loving care of the Republic a name and a career, the former of which though but of few years public renown, and the latter though prematurely cut short, fully repay the honor of being born beneath its flag.

It is the highest privilege of genius, energy and ambition to make the soil from which they spring historic. It is the crowning glory of life, the surest certainty of immortality in death, to have toiled for the honor, and be worthy of the great mother, whose only hope, whose highest pride and very life itself is in her children.

As the grave closes over the remains of Doctor Kane, the crowding facts of his short and efficient life are let loose upon the world. They disclose a character highly illustrative of the American nation. At an age when most men are but entering or settling into a career, Elisha Kent Kane's career has finished. Even among eminent literary men and wits, we find many of the most celebrated but breaking the shell about the age at which, after a strolling life of adventure and even scientific assiduity, our young American *Savan* returns to his mother earth, the lamented brother of a mighty people, the honored citizen of a bereaved State.

The great Historian of Gargantua, the witty friar-physician Rabelais, though ever given to mischief and revelry, commenced his literary career when almost two score and ten years, with the translation of the "Aphorisms of Hippocrates." Swift, that Irish Rabelais, did not strike upon his path until fully thirty-four years old, when he entered the service of the Whig patriots of that day, Somers, Halifax and Portland, and wrote a vindication of them. Ten years after, however, the irascible Jonathan, wrathy at the ill-treatment, flung his hatchet in the Whig wigwam and joined Harley and the Tories. Goldsmith was approaching Kane's age when his pen became the divining-rod by which the world soon after was directed to the golden store of his brain. Cowper was in sedate manhood, and the passionate Alfieri, the ennobler of the modern stage, beyond the age of "sucking poets" when they fairly faced their missions.

At the age of thirty-five, Dr. Kane, like a young Humboldt, had not only wandered over a large portion of the earth, but had carried away from every spot visited some mental or physical memento of the clime and its lessons for the philosopher.

Born in Philadelphia, on the 3d of February, 1822, he graduated in 1843, at the Pennsylvania Medical University. While yet a student, he went on a geological exploration of the Blue Mountains of Virginia, with one of the brothers Rogers. Leaving the University with a full stock of chemical, geological, mineralogical, astronomical and surgical knowledge, on his own application he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the Diplomatic Staff of the first American Embassy to China. So good an opportunity to visit the interior of the Celestial land was not lost upon the energetic and adventurous nature of our young surgeon. He went successively through the accessible portions of China, Ceylon and the Philippines, and explored India quite thoroughly. In the island of Luzon, the northernmost and largest of the Philippine group, he created a remarkable excitement by making a descent into the crater of Tael, suspended by a bamboo rope from a crag which projected two hundred feet above the interior *scoriæ*. The Doctor suffered by his exposure to the gases of the crater, but remained below until he had made a sketch of the interior, and collected specimens, all of which he brought up with him. This act of daring nearly cost him his life, for the natives regarded it as a sacrilegious act, which could only be effaced by the death of the suspicious offender. Dr. Kane, however, eluded their pious vengeance, and afterwards went to the Sandwich Islands with the noted Baron Loe, of Prussia, where he was attacked by a whole tribe of the savage inhabitants of those islands. Against these he successfully defended himself; but the hardships he and his companion underwent caused the death of the latter.

Dr. Kane passed alone to Egypt, ascended the Himalayas, went up the Nile to the confines of Nubia, and spent a whole season among the ruins of this locality, when he met Lepsius. Obtaining his discharge from the Embassy, he traversed Greece on foot, and after a short stay in Europe, returned home in 1846.

He next visited the Coast of Africa, and in the following year was prevented from visiting the Slave Marts at Whydah by being seized with the African fever. The Mexican War not being ended on his return home—whither he was sent for the purpose of restoring his health—he applied, when scarcely able to walk, for active service. He was the bearer of important despatches to General Scott. In Mexico he was wounded, and at the close of the campaign, the doctor was detailed on the Coast survey, under Professor Bache, and was at work in the Gulf of Mexico when the liberality of Mr. Grinnell stimulated the government of the United States to the first American expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. Dr. Kane immediately volunteered his service, and was accepted as the senior Surgeon of the Squadron. His "Personal Narrative" of this cruise was published by the Harpers in 1853.

The result of the first expedition raised some hope that definite tidings of Franklin might be received, and a second Expedition, sailed from this port on the 31st of May, 1853, under the command of Dr. Kane. For two years and a half there were no tidings of him. He was given up for lost. Congress appropriated $150,000 and Lieut. Hartstein, with the *Arctic* and *Release*, went in search of the seeker for Franklin. The success of this voyage and the safe return of Kane, Oct. 11, 1855, created an intense interest and excitement. Having finished his second work—"Arctic Explorations"—he sailed for Europe, and was heartily received in England. He declined public honors, and continuing in ill health, proceeded to Havana, where he died on the 16th of February.

Such is an outline of a career upon which the poet, the painter, the historian, and scientific experimentalist may ponder with great interest if not with benefit.

Notwithstanding the constant fatigues and hardships undergone by Kane, consequent upon his restless love of *seeing* the world, he was ever ready for fresh service, provided it would lay before him some yet unseen, untraveled tract upon the map of the world. With Southernes, how he could well and unfortunately too aptly say:

> "My soul steals from my body through my eyes;
> All that is left of life I'll gaze away,
> And die upon the pleasure."

LIEUTENANT NAGLE.

Naturally, there is among the friends—and they are many and devoted—of this gallant young Irishman, considerable anxiety prevailing at this moment. A recent communication from Panama reports him mortally wounded at the battle of St. George. A still more recent communication from San Juan del Norte—six hundred miles nearer to the scene of action than Panama—reports him slightly wounded. Between these conflicting rumors, until we have something more reliable than either, we remain uncertain and painfully anxious. One fact, however, is established. The bravery of our friend, and the other qualities—temperance, intelligence, ready obedience and prompt devotion—which go to make up the perfect soldier, have in a striking light and fullness been displayed by him, ever since his disembarkation, all through the attack on Massaya, the sudden retreat upon the enemy in Granada, whilst stationed subsequently with the troops in occupation of the Transit Route, and in the late brilliant assault upon St. George. Dead or alive, his friends may well feel proud of him. But we heartily pray, that he may live through all perils, to be welcomed here as one, who has upheld the historic credit of the Irish in camp and field abroad.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NICARAGUA.

General Cazneau compares Nicaragua to a helpless wreck on the ocean of civilization, and drifting rapidly to destruction, which General Walker, by invitation, boarded in this sinking condition, and is working into a safe harbor, under a heavy and harassing fire from all the enemies of American progress, with England as Captain-General in the lead, and the poor Pierce Cabinet in the wake, accompanied by the Mosquito land speculators. Nicaragua had been for years without an effective and constitutional government; the whole country was deluged in ruin; anarchy and civil war had uncontrolled possession of Nicaragua, from sea to sea; half the churches had been pillaged, used as temporary forts, and laid in ruins by the contending factions; the funds devoted to schools, to charity, and the service of the altar, were made their prey. President Walker was the first man in authority who attempted to arrest the torrent of destruction, and save the ruins of the church property for its legitimate uses. Without going further back in a retrospect of only six years, we find that Nicaragua has had no less than fifteen changes, more or less violent and illegal, in its rulers and government. Taking them in order:—Don Roberto Ramieres was succeeded in March, 1851, by Don Justo Ahanaza, who held the reins of government about a month, and was then supplanted by Don Laureana Pineda, who assumed power in April, and held it to August of the same year. Don Justo Alanaga then worked in a parenthesis of power in the city of Leon, and ruled a part of the State from August to October. Don Jose de Montenegro obtained a contemporary dictatorship over another section of the distracted country from August to some time in November, and made Granada his capital. Don Jose de Alfara then managed to supplant him, and for a month or thereabouts, was supreme in Granada. Don Lauriana Pineda then became master of the game, and managed to remain President for the unusual period of sixteen months. Pineda assumed authority in November, 1851, and including Ramires, who went out of power in March, there were seven changes of government in Nicaragua in 1851.

The constitution and legal elections had been cast to the winds long before, and the contests had become a general carnage of public interests in favor of individual revolutionists. The Democrats called for order and stability, but the struggle was against fearful odds, for the Serviles, or Absolutists, had the church, military property, and military resources mainly under their control.

Don Fruto Chamorro was the brave and able chief of the Serviles, and in March, 1853, he seized the government of the country around Leon, and managed and held it with a strong hand until May, 1854.

Don Emeliana Quadra then had a refreshing time of about one month's authority, in May, 1854.

Don Francisco Castillon then obtained the Executive chair, and held it by talent and prowess from June, 1854, to April, 1855—almost ten months.

Don Nasario Escoto displaced Castillon in Leon, and reigned there from June to October, 1855.

Don Jose Maria Estrada meantime had a government of his own in Granada, from some time in 1854 to the 13th of October, 1855. The bloody and desolating wars between the rival factions of Leon and Granada had laid waste the country, and there seemed no hope of pause or peace, until, at this desperate crisis Gen. Walker was invited into the country.

Granada was taken by the American allies of the Democratic President by assault, in 1855, and the victors immediately entered into arrangements for the pacification of Nicaragua. A Provisional government was appointed, with Patricio Rivas as President, and General William Walker as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, with *incidental* Executive powers in case of an *interregnum*, which government was recognized by Mr. Pierce, and a Minister received at Washington, as sworn to by Gen. Cazneau, just previous to the Cincinnati Convention.

On the election in April, 1856, it became evident that the choice of the non-revolutionist classes would fall on General Walker, who had restored peace to the country. This excited the ire of the revolutionists by profession, and they invited the enemies of Nicaragua to invade their country, and retreated to their camp.

Don Fermin Ferrer was then called to the Executive chair, on the desertion of Rivas, and remained at the head of the Government at Granada until the inauguration of President William Walker. That's the truth about Nicaragua.

Literature.

DEBATING SOCIETIES—THE COLLEGE—HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

We have received letters from time to time asking our opinion on Debating Societies in general; and within the fortnight past have been asked to give a notice of the famous Historical Society of Trinity College, Dublin, in which so many eminent Irishmen first raised their voices.

On the first question we have to say, that we think such societies very good educational institutions, provided they are conducted with an honest and instructive view; and not as the mediums of little personal ambitions. Such societies have been the the nurseries of orators—the rehearsals, as it were, of great men, who, having well studied their parts, came prepared before the world. There is an amount of audacity—not at all incompatible with the highest genius—necessary not alone for the man who intends to enter into public life, but for him who would gracefully adorn the conversations and parlor-debates of the private re-union. Only practice can overcome the timidity with which real genius and honest strength of will is too often chained. The very profusion of ideas in a man's head may prevent his giving expression to that one most needed at a particular time and place. The very brilliancy of a man's thoughts may so confound him as to leave those in darkness whom he could well and bravely extricate from the mental mirage in which they are wading. As a spectator, he might review the errors to which he listens; corrections, clear and incontrovertible, may rise to his mind, but the moment he rises "on his own legs" to confute the "last speaker," his anxiety to bring out fully the mass of matter he has in him, makes him subservient to his ideas, instead of the ideas being subservient to him. He loses control over them in their entirety, consequently over himself, and has to sit down after mumbling out a few incoherent facts, ashamed of himself and covered with self-reproaching ridicule. The history of most eminent orators prove this. It is only by degrees that the speaker can come fully before the world; and it is only by stating clearly what he has to say that the world will allow him to remain before it. Thus Debating Societies are useful, and though too often the theatres where the ambitious ideas of manhood are dressed up in the puerile clothing of the boy, and sometimes *vice versa*, still their importance must be conceded.

"F. Winterlin" and "F. MacG.," who requested us to give a notice of the College Historical Society will probably be satisfied with the following, which we find ready to our hand in the *Nation* of 1843. It is not as full as we desire; but, as "delays are dangerous," we give it. The introductory part will be of use to those we have been talking to above:

"Having seen a loose and erroneous account of this body we are induced to put down a few dates and facts about it.

"We think highly of the use of such societies.

"It is said that they make declaimers of the young men who succeed in them, and waste the time of the rest. This is not true.

"They bring young men together for a literary purpose, and make study an honored and manly thing to be avowed, not a sign of a schoolboy, as young fellows are apt to treat it. They tempt these young men to *speak on grave* questions, embracing the greatest events in history and the leading doctrines of society and politics; to elaborate the details of their speeches, to be bold, ready, brilliant, and to train themselves to a free action and forcible elocution. They had these effects on Curran, the three Emmets, Bushe, Plunket, Sheridan and Sheil. 'Twere hard to forbid the culture that reared such a crop.

"Nor are they useless to those who, from physical disqualifications, or laziness, or want of passion, fail to become orators. The temptation to varied studies, the desire, when one fails to get cheers for a brilliant, to seek a reputation for solid sense and profound information—the attempt to compensate by intense labor and careful writing, for want of a handier rhetoric, make them schools for writers and thinkers, even more than for orators.

"But to our text, the history of the Trinity College Society.

"The first College Historical Society was founded in 1770, during the provostship of Andrews. It met within the walls of College for twenty-four years. Temple Emmet, the eldest of the three brothers, was its greatest orator. Avonmore, Thomas Emmet, and most of the '98 men were in successive years, active members.

"Wolfe Tone describes himself in after life as a very defective speaker, yet he obtained three medals from the Historical Society, acted as its auditor, and delivered an address at the close of one of its sessions. In his Memoirs, (vol. 1, p. 22) he calls it "an admirable institution." It could not get higher praise than his, for he had the clearest head and the most just and genial heart of any man of his time.

"Though Curran was a contemporary of it we are not aware that he was a member of it; but he was a constant debater in the London clubs.

"This society met first on every Monday, and then on every Wednesday night, from November to June. The meetings were held at the Members' Rooms night about, until the board gave them the chambers over the Dining Hall, now used as a Philosophy School.

"After taking 'tea and cakes,' paid for out of the funds, the President (who only officiated for a month) appointed two speakers to choose two questions, one of which the Society selected for debate on the next night, and the two persons who so chose the questions were to begin the discussion. The undergraduates were then examined in 'thirty pages of history;' the debate and election of best speakers followed.

"In 1788 a dispute arose between it and the college, because it discussed a political question; but the breach was soon closed by the submission of the society.

"In 1792 it was remodelled, and called the Junior Historical Society. It met as such on the 16th of April, when Mr. John Kinchela delivered an opening address, part of which will be found in Dr. Madden's 'United Irishmen' (second series, vol. 2, p. 8.) some of the speeches are reported in the minutes; and Dr. Madden speaks highly of them.

"In 1794 a more serious quarrel occurred. The society admitted a graduate, the Rev. Mr. C——, who had been expelled from college. The board demanded his exclusion, and, on the society's refusal, they withdrew the rooms, and threatened to expel the students, who met outside the college. But they battered it in vain. The students abandoned college, took the 'Exhibition Room' in William street, and continued their meetings. Corbet, Browne, John Shears, M'Cabe, Peter Burrowes, Kerr Lawson, Robert Emmet, Hayden, M'Carthy, Power, Scully, and Ardagh, are named as active members of it. Moore mentions some fragments of Robert Emmet's speeches, in the notes to the new edition of his works.

"But decidedly at the head of its orators were Plunket and Bushe. Bushe delivered the closing address for the first extern session on the 24th of June, 1794, and the entire of that exquisite harangue will be found in Philips's Specimens of Irish Eloquence, p. 315. In it are the delicate humor, the easy sentences, the classic grace, and the extreme diffuseness which ever marked his style. It is perhaps the finest specimen of his oratory that we possess.

"A newspaper war between the College and the Society followed, and a couple of the squibs are given by Dr. Madden.

"The Society met till '98, when there was too much to be done to allow of the old speakers' continuing, and Lord Clare's visitation stopped new accessions.

"The College had kept up the form of an Intern Historical Society, but it did nothing till 1812. An Extern Society had been formed in 1810. Both these bodies perished in 1815 or '16, nor have we any relic in print of their proceedings, except an address to the Extern Society from Mr. Finlay, published in his Miscellanies. Several of the present bishops, the majority of the present judges, and most of those who got any literary name since were members of one or the other of them.

"Some correspondence which passed between the Board and the Intern Society, in 1812, was read at the first meeting of the new society, and in it poor Dr. Elrington, the then Provost, cuts rather a foolish figure.

"In 1829 or '30, an Extern Society began to meet in the auction-room, in Grafton street, now part of Jude's Hotel. Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh, T. C., was one of its earliest presidents, and delivered an address now very scarce. Mr. Butt was the Conservative leader, and spoke every night, for years, much more ably to our mind than he has done since, notwithstanding his great and deserved reputation as a public orator. Mr. James O'Hea, was perhaps the ablest speaker on the Liberal side, and on a great night was generally an overmatch for Mr. Butt. There is a very graphic sketch of these two men in an address delivered to the Society by Mr. Nevin. Several other addresses by Messrs. Ball, Walsh, Cochrane, &c., are in print, and display various degrees of ability.

"This Society changed its meeting place to Radley's Hotel in the Session 1835–6, and continued to meet there till its final adjournment in 1839.

A writer in *Tait's Magazine* of the same year, gives some personal recollections of the Society and its members. The following is a necessary conclusion to the foregoing:

"Upon the promotion of Provost Hall to a bishopric, which he did not live quite one week to enjoy, it was thought advisable by Spencer Perceval's government to check the Jacobinical spirit, which was supposed to be growing up in the University, by placing it under the rod of a hot and uncompromising Tory. For this purpose Dr. Elrington was called from his parish in Ulster, and almost his first act was a mortal blow aimed at the Historical Society.

"He procured an order of the Board for excluding from the Society all members who had withdrawn their names from the College books; and the immediate effect of that regulation was a separation of the youthful and inexperienced students from men of established reputation in the learned professions, with whom it was a point of duty, as well as a pleasant relaxation from the toils of business, to frequent those meetings. Thus, at once, a most salutary control was removed, by which the wild excesses of temper had been restrained, and the judgment of young aspirants to fame disciplined and guided in the right path to distinction. The result was what the learned Vandals at the Board anticipated. The Society soon became a sort of rhetorical boxing-school, in which he who could utter the greatest quantity of sounding nonsense and personal abuse, without stop or impediment, was accounted the best orator. Party politics then crept in, and infused their poisonous influence in the election of officers, who had formerly been chosen, solely in reference to their rank and eminence in the various walks of liberal knowledge. The society was thus split into factions, and became the constant scene of wrangling and violence, which brought on new restrictions from the board. Those restrictions were found intolerable; but remonstrance was treated with purposed contempt; and in a moment of irritation, which it had been the anxious wish of the constituted authorities to excite, the society heroically dissolved itself. The provost clapped a padlock upon the door in half an hour after the suicide was committed; taking possession of all the books, furniture, copper-kettles, cups, saucers, and other movables, whereof we died possessed. The fine room in which this mimic parliament had been wont to sit, was turned into a *draught house*, or something of the kind, for medical students to discuss the pharmacopœia in; and in their possession it remains, I believe, to this day.

"The same year which witnessed the extinction of the Historical Society in Trinity College, saw an Orange lodge established in the chambers of a student from the north of Ireland; and weekly origies were celebrated therein, without the slightest intimation of displeasure from the provost or his obedient *Sanhedrim*, until the day of his departure to take possession of the episcopal palace at Ferns.

"My acquaintance with the society commenced in the days of its decline. The old members had been turned out. North's visits, few and far between, were rudely interdicted. Finlay—honest John—no longer came to smile upon juvenile talent, and assist with counsel ever friendly and ever welcome. Charles Phillips rolled his large dark eyes along the Dodder Bank, where he was obliged to spout his blank verse, instead of taking our wondering comprehension by surprise. Wallace was gone to London; that Hotspur of the north, who had been called to the foot of the chair for telling a seedy antagonist that he must be answered out of Shakespeare—

'Froth and scum, thou liest.'

M'Ghee was even then waxing fanatical, (he had always been flighty), and had seceded, leaving behind him a reputation for oratory, the fruit of a single speech of remarkable brilliancy and power, which has never been equalled by any subsequent effort of his genius. Sheil was writing tragedies for Miss O'Neil to act; Wise had gone abroad; and poor Bryson, the accomplished poet of *The Jubilee*, in a fit of despondency, after an unsuccessful competition for a fellowship, had drowned himself.

"Romney Robinson, her Majesty's Astronomer Royal, was then in his middle bachelorship, and sometimes of an afternoon, when he condescended to come down from holding converse with the stars in his skylight apartment, would pass an hour or two amongst us. To say truth, he looked more like one who had dropped down from that high perch, through the shaft of a chimney, than by the ordinary gradation of the stairs. But—

Quid tum, si fuscus Amyntas?

Romney, in spite of his linen, was a shining light; and woe was to the wight who had the temerity to provoke him. He had been a poet; one of those juvenile prodigies who 'lisped in numbers;' and his infant effusions had been published, while he was yet a little boy, 'a very little boy,' with a full-length engraving of the author, in jacket and trousers, upon the frontispiece. But one of the first things he learned in college was the wisdom of discarding the muse; which he did *sans ceremonie*, turning a set of highly unprofitable democratic principles out of doors along with her; and he retained nothing of the bard but the dark rolling eye, and a more than prosaic irritability of temper.

"There was one man, in particular, whom Romney Robinson held in supreme contempt, for this excellent reason—it was thought—amongst others, that he had presumed to walk into the Examination Hall, one fine morning, when Romney had a mind to get a fellowship, and to the amazement of everybody—the intruder himself not excepted—snatched the golden prize out of his very jaws. This was Edward Hincks

"A name unknown to men,
But the gods knew and therefore loved him then.'

"*The Graces*, however, (a common case), were of a different way of thinking from *the Gods*. They shrunk away from his gaunt figure and sleepish ways, which, in fact, operated to his disadvantage with many. Doctor Barrett alone seemed to appreciate him early, perhaps for the sake of those very singularities which made the rest of the world stare. 'I have a great taste,' he would say, 'for Misthur Hincks.' But ere many months, Mr. Hincks, by his uncouth waggeries, turned that great taste to a greater aversion, and there was no man whom the vice-provost more cordially detested.

"Hincks is now planted as a country parson in the Black North, surrounded by Orangemen and a High Tory clergy, to whom he gives battle with indomitable constancy and talent, on the question of national education, and other points in advance of this shovel-hatted age. Although frowned upon by his bishop, and single-handed in the fray—for not even Griffin stands by him—he holds his own against a diocese in arms; nor has any one attempted to put him down. *Pour cela*, he is still regarded as an *ugly customer*.

"John O'Brien, now member for Limerick city, was one of those Roman Catholics whom the 'unwise liberality' of the age admitted to dine at the Fellows' table and to become a competitor (a very successful one too) for the honors of the undergraduate course. He further encroached upon Protestant privileges, by taking the medal awarded by our society to the best speaker of his session. Then, as ever, he was an accomplished gentleman, well informed, well bred, unassuming and agreeable. People troubled themselves less at that time than they have done since about the religion of their neighbors; and for my part, I was not even aware, when I voted for O'Brien at an election for the auditor's place, that his creed differed from my own. There was nothing in his speeches which could have marked him as dissenting from the thirty-nine articles, either in the sublapsarian or the supralapsarian sense. He might have been a Calvinist or an Arminian, for aught I knew; yet when he lost the election by a small majority, a partisan of the successful side ran out into the streets and proclaimed to all his acquaintances, in the words of the factious song—

'The Protestant boys have carried the day.'

"So early was that leaven at work, which afterward spread over the university, and has since diffused its poisonous influence through the whole frame of society."

Mrs Stephens' New Monthly contains the best instalment yet of the editor's novel "Lost Jewels." It is the gem of the number. The well-known poem of the "Polish Boy," which numbers of our readers have heard Miss Teresa Esmonde read with great effect, is published with two very spirited illustrations, and a suggestive allegorical tail-piece. These are by Dallas. The "Swiss Boy's Reverie," and the "Things we talk about," and a contribution by Mrs. Ellet are the other noticeable attractions this month. (*E. Stephens.*)

ODE TO FREEDOM.

Hail, holy Freedom! thou whose sacred light
Can pierce the gloom of slav'ry's darkest night,
Illume the soul with Hope's immortal beams,
Arouse the warrior's fire, inspire the poet's dreams.

Thou blest exalter of the human mind,
Ennobling heritage of all mankind,
Whose spirit gifts the hardy mountaineer
With feelings far above his humble sphere;
Within his soul the flame of Freedom burns,
And to the sword the peaceful sickle turns.
Conquer'd or conquering, he worships still
At Freedom's shrine, with fervent heart and will.
Firm and undaunted, as when his freed soul
Burst from her thraldom, spurn'd the base control
Of tyrant despots, and majestic soar'd
Where Freedom's sun his hallowed glory pour'd,
Clothing e'en poverty with joy benign,
Gilding life's rugged way with light divine.

Guardian inhabitant of every clime,
And ev'ry age, since first from Chaos, Time
Sprang into being, and with infant hand,
Grasping his scythe, the new-form'd world spann'd,
Poised on his untried wings, Day and black Night;
With Freedom's birth began his ceaseless flight.

On Alpine mountains, 'mid eternal snows,
The Tree of Liberty, balm-breathing grows,
Blooming perrennial 'neath the frozen sky,
Where nought but desolation meets the eye;
As where bright summer holds perpetual sway,
Bathing in rosy light the balmy day;
Where gorgeous flowers of every varied hue,
With petals trembling 'neath the morning dew,
Breathing their fragrant lives where sunbeams lie,
Dally with Zephyr, wily floating by;
Where crystal streams through banks of verdure run,
O'er golden sands that sparkle in the sun,
And bright-winged birds carol their matin lays
Through groves melodious with th' Almighty's praise.

Thus Freedom flourishes in ev'ry land,
From Iceland's snow to Afric's burning sand,
Where men of brave and noble hearts are found,
To plant the tree and cultivate the ground;
And well the fruit the hallow'd plant doth bear,
Repays their ceaseless labor, toil, and care.

When dying Time his drooping wings shall fold,
And Earth and Ocean be together roll'd,
The Sun himself in darkness shall expire,
And burning Nature be Time's funeral pyre,
And-from his ashes, Phœnix-like shall spring
Eternity, the breath of heaven's King:
When Nature then her dying throb shall give,
Shall Freedom cease, with Time, on earth to live.

CERVA.

ALFRED ELMORE, A CORK ARTIST.

The *Illustrated News*, in the following just paragraph, brings an announcement which we take pleasure in chronicling:

"The great artistic world of England will learn with satisfaction that the Royal Academy of Arts in England elected on Monday last Mr. Alfred Elmore a full number of the *forty* select. Mr. Elmore became an exhibitor for the first time in the year 1834; brought an inborn feeling to his art; studied his calling with care in galleries at home and abroad; exhibited few pictures, and those always well considered and well rendered; was chosen an associate of the Academy in the year 1844, immediately after the election of Mr. Cope, Mr. Dyce and Mr. Marshall; first arrested and maintained public approbation by his thoroughly English picture of the 'Invention of the Stocking-loom;' and since then, by thought, study, conscientious care, and a knowledge of the resources of his art, has more than justified the confidence placed in his talents by the many and the few. We will add that those who thought injustice had been done to Mr. Elmore by the Academy in electing over his head Mr. Ward and Mr. Frith, are now fully satisfied. Even the many hard-working friends of Mr. Sidney Cooper will not be displeased with this wise election into the vacant forty.

Mr. Elmore is an Irishman, and from that city already immortalized in the history of Art—Cork. Barry, Forde, Hogan, Maclise and others have given the "beautiful city" a name in artist-life, which it will be Elmore's greatest glory to sustain. To achieve a name worthy of such a brotherhood, is to give birth to that which the world "will not willingly let die."

In the exhibition of the London Art Union, 1845, Mr. Elmore's charming picture "The Quarrel of the Guelphs and Ghibellines," attracted great attention. To say that it was the best work in the exhibition was deemed an equivocal compliment. Lord F. Beauclerk became its purchaser for $1,250.

To the Royal Hibernian Academy exhibition of 1846, Mr. Elmore contributed a fine picture—one which, once seen, can never be forgotten—"Rienzi in the Forum."

The painting was not free from faults—faults which we never find in the works of artists of less capacity, because they are those to which only the great and conscientious painter is liable—but which impressed us the more deeply with the painter's excellences and style, at the same time warning us that he was in the same position as Burke was said to be in when he—

"To party gave up what was meant for mankind."

Elmore gave up to individual figures that elaboration which should, like sunshine, be harmoniously distributed over the entire group. The *Nation* of that day, in a very discriminating review of paintings by Danby, Elmore, and Fisher at the exhibitions, dwelt with pride and appreciation on this picture of Rienzi. We cannot do better than make an extract from the *Nation's* criticism, as it gives our own ideas, and fixes a date in the career of one destined to shed lustre on his country:

"Mr. Elmore's one contribution, "Rienzi in the Forum," is, if not the most perfect in execution, undoubtedly the finest and most ambitious historical picture that has yet appeared on the walls of our Academy. Had we, as we ought to have, a National Gallery in process of formation, this picture would be worthy of a place in it. It has almost every merit, except that crowning one of having the details entirely subordinated to the leading figure and idea; but that is an excellence rare in every age of Art, and especially scarce in modern times. Indeed, we have visited some ancient galleries of repute, where works by the highest names in Art were not always satisfactory in this respect. The accessory groups in Mr. Elmore's picture are all fine, well studied, well drawn, well contrasted in character and coloring—above all, every individual of them is thoroughly and unmistakeably Italian. The man who can impart such variety, effect, and beauty to his figures, need not despair of reaching a very high rank in historical painting. But we cannot afford to be lenient towards an artist of Mr. Elmore's genius, and we are forced to say that the very excellence and finish of these individual groups detracts from the unity of the picture. They are set too much apart, and have, to an eye ever so slightly artistic, the effect of separate studies. The traces of preliminary toil are too visible; they are not fused into one mass of form and figure as the elder artists were careful to do. This, however, for the viewing public here, may appear a hypercriticism. Examined as details, they are deserving of all praise. The air of abstraction, as the hearers ponder Rienzi's words, is vividly represented; but there seems to be too much of it, especially considering the inordinate vehemence with which Rienzi is haranguing. The effect of such impassioned eloquence as we must suppose to be proceeding from his lips, is to fix every eye upon the speaker; but here scarce an eye is turned towards him, or if so turned it is not bent in anxious gaze on the orator, as at such a moment all eyes ought to be. The hearers do not seem to drink the tribune's words. Mr. Elmore appears to have forgotten that sympathy is the first stage of oratorical effect, and that reflection and abstracted pondering on the ideas imparted are after processes. We fear Mr. Elmore's English experiences have been against him in this respect, as certainly neither in Ireland nor in Italy could so philosophically meditative an audience be found."

VILLAS AND COTTAGES: a series of designs prepared for execution in the United States, is the title of a very handsome volume prepared by Calvert Vaux, architect, a partner of the late lamented A. J. Downing, of Newburgh. Mr. Vaux believes that the time is approaching when the subject of Domestic Architecture must demand full recognition and attention in America; and that the energetic vitality which pervades the mass of persons growing comfortable, will not remain satisfied with meagre, unartistic buildings; and we agree with him that in an intelligent country like this, ugly buildings should be the exception; not, as hitherto, the almost invariable rule. With this impression, he gives us this admirable work, so profusely illustrated with a great variety of designs for villas, cottages, farm-houses, &c., each design guided by an artistic feeling and a desire to make the edifice as suitable to the scenery amid which it is located, as to the family located in it. The subject appears to us of exceeding interest; and Mr. Vaux enters upon its consideration with the true ardor of an artist, and the precision indicative of his profession. By the various designs given, he does not mean to lesson the necessity for the exercise of the taste of those about to build; but, as far as possible, to increase its activity.

The late Mr. Downing was well known for his exceeding taste in Landscape Gardening, and for his unceasing efforts to combine the beautiful with the good and serviceable in the way of his profession. "He used," says Mr. Vaux, "every effort to break down the foolish barrier that ignorance had set between the artist and the moralist." Thus this volume as the combined experience and taste of Messrs. Downing and Vaux, is worthy of all attention by merchants, scholars, artists and the "rest of mankind," who have scraped together the wherewithal to build them a snug and beautiful retreat. It is published by the Harpers, and has 300 fine engravings.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

The "Knickerbocker" presents us with a fine steel engraving from Elliot's portrait of Fitz-Greene Halleck the poet, which would be still more acceptable if accompanied with a biographical and critical paper on the elegant and facetious bard. The paper on "Shelley" is an entertaining sketch, but gives us no more than what every one is acquainted with. It is a mere sketch. What we want nowadays, when such over-written subjects as Shelley, Keats, Byron, Moore, etc., are taken in hand, is a philosophical criticism more than a palliation for the mood or manner of the subject. It is unnecessary at this time of day to write a defence of Shelley in a couple of pages. If the matter has interest at all, it is worthy of a book. The writer of the article before us has a commendably appreciative spirit. He rather complacently alludes to Shelley being associated by many in poetical character with Keats, and confutes the idea. Any one stupid enough to institute a comparison between two so unlike as Shelley and Keats were, should not have induced the writer to a paragraph on the subject. Keats was a heart-broken singer. Shelley a hero. "The Soldier's Funeral" is a graphic and suggestive sketch from the German. "Golden Memories" is the old—oh, how old—stuff about a fire-place, and those interminably sleepy reveries—"Golden Memories," save the mark! It is time to wake up. One Rip Van Winkle is well enough, but, for every young gentleman to go perversely and with malice aforethought nodding over the fender and talking sentimental twaddle about the past, and things of beauty, which, as the poet says, are "joys for ever"—about "Long, long ago" and "Old folks at home" and "Woodman spare that tree" and "Old school-houses," and all the tattered properties of the balmy sentimentality theatre—to sit down with the intention of snivelling over such things, is too bad. People imagine it poetic, when it is only an indication of a bilious attack. Mr. Sparrowgrass's "Month with the Blue Noses" continues to be lively, smart, and readable. Here is a picture of a young "English-Irish" gentleman, who fell in with Sparrowgrass—

Picton was a traveller: any one could see that he was a traveller, and if he had then been in any part of the habitable globe, in Scotland or Tartary, Peru or Pennsylvania, there would not have been the least doubt about the fact that he was a traveller travelling on his travels. He looked like a traveller, and was dressed like a traveller. He had a travelling cap, a travelling coat, a portable desk, a life-preserver, a water-proof blanket, a travelling shirt, a travelling green leather satchel strapped across his shoulder, a minie rifle, several trunks adorned with geographical railway labels of all colors and languages, cork-soled boots, a pocket compass, and a hand-organ. As for the hand-organ, that was an accident in his outfit. The hand-organ was a present for a little boy on the other side of the ocean; but nevertheless, it played its part very pleasantly in the cabin of the "Balaklava." And now let me observe here, that when we left Halifax in the schooner, I was scarcely less feeble than when I left New-York. I mention it to show how speedily "roughing it" on the salt water will bring one's stomach to its senses.

The literary notices of the Knickerbocker are characterized by the idea of good feeling and pleasantry which apparently governs the whole work. "An unprofessional reviewer" makes favorable note of Curtis's *Prue and I*; a former doubtful impression of Tuckerman's ability as a reviewer, is rubbed out by a "telling notice" of his last book; a new volume of poems, by "Edward R. Campbell, Esq.," is talked of as a "mosaic incrustation, composed of many little bright-colored pieces;" those who have a taste for Indian history are treated to a notice in advance of the life of Mary Jemison, or Deh-he-wa-mis the beautiful; and the editor, with the aid of the *Evening Post*, winds up with a warm reception of Mr. R. H. Stoddard. (S. Hueston.)

Harper opens with the first of a series of Illustrated papers on North Carolina. The present article, opening with a brief historical account of the early settlement of the State, is chiefly devoted to the Fisheries. The writer has a catching vein of humor in him, and is not without a notion of the picturesque—as is also the Artist. "Albany Fifty Years Ago" follows North Carolina, and is also very capitally illustrated. Albany, the Beverwyck, the Willemstadt, the Fort Orange of Colonial times—the oldest city in the United States except St. Augustine—has a claim to the reverence not only of every true-hearted Dutchman who loves his pipe, his krout, and his freedom, but of the universal Yankee nation, which has no geographical limit this side of Saturn's rings. The third article, "From Thebes to the Pyramids," comes with the effect of a mystery or fiction after the facts of the preceding. The rest of the magazine, with one exception, we leave to the readers to find out, the papers enumerated having sufficiently interested us to recommend the number heartily. The exception we make is in favor of a poem which we quote. We are glad that *Harper* has a poem, which it rarely has, in it. We believe that the appearance of a couple of good poems, like the one given below, every month, "wouldn't hurt" the magazine:

PATRICK'S DAY IN AMERICA.

The March wind shook the withered grass
Along the lonesome prairie,
As Dermod drank his cheerful glass
And talked with Irish Mary.

"Six years ago," he said, we "fled
Across the western ocean;
My purse was light, my heart was lead;
Naught left but thy devotion.

"We fled because we saw our land
One scene of devastation,
When Famine's cold and bony hand
Descended on the nation.

"The crimson flames enwrapt our home,
The signals of eviction;
The landlord stood and scoffed like some
Incarnate malediction.

"The thick smoke vailed that poor abode,
Beloved by us, though humble;
And weeping on the wintry road
We heard our roof-tree tumble.

"And then we fled—but as the ship
From our dear Island bore us,
There was a tremor in each lip,
And women wailed in chorus.

"We fled, nor staid till the Great West
In its wide arms received us,
And on its tender giant breast
We half forgot what grieved us.

"The land we tread on is our own;
Our own the roof that covers;
And though our heads have older grown,
We've ceased not to be lovers.

"For on the soil that freemen till
More grows than what is planted,
And Love and Truth and Virtue fill
The land with flowers enchanted.

"So here on Patrick's natal day
I drink my second mother;
Yet let no man presumptuous say
That I forget the other!"

So while the March wind bent the grass
Upon the lonesome prairie,
Did Dermod drink the cheerful glass
And talk with Irish Mary.

The anniversary of Molliere's birthday, which fell on the 15th inst., was, as usual, celebrated with all honor at the two "legitimate" theatres. At the Frangais, *Le Misanthrope* and *Le Malade Imaginaire* were played by the elite of the company; the bust of Moliere, placed upon the stage, was crowned by the actors; and a poem written by M. Beauvallet, known here as a member of the Rachel troupe, and author of a flimsy, flushing, flippant and foolish string of paragraphs, published under the head of Rachel in America, was read with applause. A similar coronation took place at the Odeon; where the pieces selected were *Tartuffe* and *Le Malade Imaginaire*.

The aggregate receipts of the places of public amusement in Paris during the month of December last, amount to 1,302,476f. 35c.; being an increase of 22,934f. 20c. on the receipts of Nov., and an increase of 126,639f. 90c. on the receipts of December 1855. The aggregate receipts during the entire year 1856 amounted to 13,181,439f. 25c.; being an increase of 772,377f. 45c. on the receipts of 1854. The year 1855 is not taken as a standard for the twelve months, the attraction of the Exhibibition during the summer and autumn of that year, having increased the receipts of every place of amusement to an abnormal extent, the aggregate amount being 16,105,835f. 80c. In December 1855 this cause had ceased to operate, and therefore that month is fairly compared with December last.

Literary and Artistic News.

CARL M. VON WEBER.

Translated from the French by Emilius Girac.

Weber ranked among the most marked and peculiar individualities of Germany. He was gentlemanly and plain in his manners; his fresh and rich imagination was incessantly wandering through the realms of fancy, from which he bore to us his flowing and poetical inspirations. Indeed, his spring-like and finished melodies bear a stamp of their own, which declare in the author a bold and creative genius. For fertility of invention and for effect, his instrumentation is unprecedented. None, perhaps, before him, so knew how to combine and blend the peculiarities of every instrument. The wind department particularly is most ingeniously employed by him. Everything is in its place in his orchestra, which sings or roars with wonderful harmonies. He is a true musician, and Germany has a right to boast of him. If Beethoven be Prince of the Symphony, Weber has just claim to sovereignty in the Lyric Drama. He was passionately fond of that Art of which he expressed so well the poetry. Every hour of his time was devoted to music; and if he died in youthful years and regretted, it is because his sensitive constitution was exhausted and worn out by the ardent "zest of labor."

The manners of Weber, says one of his chroniclers, were of an excessive simplicity, and they never underwent any alteration, notwithstanding the glory which surrounded him in his later years. But this simplicity never savored of negligence; it was natural, and ennobled by the cultivation of the mind and by a consciousness of his own value. The well-known German good nature, enhanced by faultless action and the most refined and tasteful toilet, was combined in him with an exquisite politeness and a delicacy of manner which rendered Weber the most gentlemanly of artists. At first sight one could not but receive a painful impression, on seeing so fragile and so slight a body. Nothing was less calculated to convey the idea of his superiority as a man, than his small, spare stature; his long, thin neck; his bent shoulders; the very apparent limp in his gait; and his delicate and almost sickly complexion. And yet, to one observing the lineaments of a face so noble and so regular, the penetrating look of that blue-gray and limpid eye; to one marking, especially, a certain haughty and passionate motion of the upper lip of that fine and witty mouth, and the nostril of his Roman nose; to one listening to the full, pure, and exquisitely modulated voice, it was easy to discern that within so fragile a frame habited a powerful soul. Finally, if to so much gracefulness and charm—if to such indications of both nobility and greatness we add the most delicate hand, the most irreproachable foot, and an indescribable grace in the motions of the body; one will admit that his few physical failings were amply atoned for, by his marked spiritual beauty and some fine points.

There were moments when he *was* really beautiful; it was when leading his own orchestra, and superintending the performance of his own music; then the soul in him predominated. Invariably dressed in a black dress coat, wielding a small white wand, he sat quietly at the piano. But his eye, which seemed flashing lightning, together with the short and measured movements of his hand, the passionate glory of his lips, and the almost convulsive throbbing of his nostrils, betrayed so powerful an emotion, that singers, musicians, and hearers were electrified. Weber's music, when conducted by the author, assumed a character peculiar to himself, which it never had after his death.

"The Paris Exposition of Fine Arts for 1857," says an English exchange, "will contain an equestrian portrait of the Emperor, by M. Horace Vernet. In the foreground a grenadier of the Guard presents arms to the Emperor, who advances with his face towards the spectator. Behind the Emperor are the officers of his staff. It is remarked that the artist has not painted the countenance of either of the Generals; their heads are turned, and they show, at the utmost, nothing but indistinct profiles. The question has been asked, why the artist has studiously avoided giving any other portrait than that of the Emperor. The following is said to be the cause: M. Vernet once painted a portrait of the President of the Republic, accompanied by General Changarnier. After the 2nd of December an attempt was made to induce him to efface the portrait of the celebrated exile. M. Vernet refused, and the painting was sent to Algeria. In order to avoid exposing himself to a similar demand, M. Vernet resolved to paint no portrait with that of the Emperor."

The Paris correspondent of *Le Nord* writes: 'M. Cousin, scarcely recovered from a long and serious illness, has set arduously to work to terminate his history of the Duchess de Longueville, de Sable, de Chevreus, de Hautefort. M. Cousin has become a convert to the Romish Church. His bedchamber is adorned with the most magnificent engravings, after the religious paintings of Raphael. The 'Transfiguration' is placed above the desk at which the translator of Plato is daily at work. Although M. Cousin is no longer professor, he retains in the Sorbonne a vast apartment occupied almost entirely by a library composed of very choice works—choice not only by the name of the authors, but by the origin of the copies, and by the nature of the binding, &c. With a generosity which does him honor, M. Cousin has bequeathed his precious library, numbering 20,000 volumes, to the Sorbonne, the scene of the teachings and triumphs of the philosopher and orator.'

The *Moniteur* announces, that "the friends and pupils of M. Paul Delaroche have resolved to make a public exhibition of his works, as at once the truest homage to his memory and a real service to art. The idea has been received with an unanimous feeling of approbation and interest. The Government of the Emperor has been good enough to countenance it, by permitting the exhibition to take place in that part of the Palace of Industry which has been allotted to the fine arts. Certain persons best qualified by their position, or by their former intimacy with M. Paul Delaroche, to carry out the project, amongst whom are Horace Vernet, Eugene Delacroix, Ary Scheffer, E. Pereire, and Goupil, have requested the aid of the owners of M. Paul Delaroche's pictures and sketches." The exhibition is to open at the end of February, for one month.

Madame Rose-Eucie Mabrie, a celebrated actress at the Ambigue and the Porte St. Martin, died at Paris on the 18th inst.; and her funeral, which took place two days afterwards, at the Church Saint Elizabeth du Temple, was attended by a numerous concourse of artists and literateurs. She was born at Reuil in 1821.

M. Alexandre Dumas is preparing a work on Thuggism, in which the horrors of that terrible freemasonry will be depicted. A Bengal officer, of high literary reputation, will assist the novelist in the work, and will do his best to restrain the exuberant powers of "Alexander the Great" within the limits of legitimate exaggerations.

"The Babes in the Wood," a painting by our celebrated countryman, Maclise, was lately sold in London, for two hundred and fifty guineas ($1,250)

Mr. William Howard Russell, the celebrated "Special Correspondent" of the *Times*, will shortly commence a series of lectures on Russia and the Russian war.

Anderson, professor of natural magic, is driving a good trade in Belfast, and his wonders attract crowds every night.

Il Trovatore has been translated into French, and is now played as *Le Trouvere* at the Imperial Opera at Paris.

It has been determined to erect a monument to Murillo at Seville, the birthplace of the great Spanish painter.

THE ROMANCE OF THIEVING.

The bullion robbery on the South-Eastern Railway, writes the *London Times*, will certainly take a high rank in the romance of crime. As a general rule, larceny is not an offence which excites much interest. The gentlemanly embezzler of other people's funds and the hardened murderer whose name lives in the remembrance of high and low, are the heroes of the prison, and the session-house, while the thief is even by the fraternity of the wrongdoers considered to be of an inferior class. But it seems that even to the lower departments of crime a degree of ingenuity can be applied which may fit them to be the material of interesting causes. The theft which Agar, Pierce, Burgess and Tester planned and completed was no ordinary crime. Well might the counsel for the prosecution declare that it was lamentable to see such skill, dexterity and perseverance employed in the execution of a criminal design. The case more than any with which we have been recently acquainted, shows the deliberation, professional spirit, and more than all, the pecuniary resources of the modern offender. The revelations of the police and sessions courts have been certainly of late sufficiently astonishing. We find the members of organized gangs lodging money with solicitors, drawing checks on their bankers, and buying or selling foreign stock; but as an instance of capital deliberately invested in a criminal undertaking we know of nothing which equals the case just concluded. On the night of May 15, 1855, gold to the amount of twelve thousand pounds was stolen from the van of a train on the South-Eastern Railway, between London and Folkstone. The boxes were weighed in London, and again at Boulogne. At the second place the weight, as it was subsequently discovered, differed from the weight in London. The weight in Paris corresponded with the weight at Boulogne; consequently the boxes must have been tampered with between London and Folkstone. When the boxes were opened bags of shot were found in the place of gold. Of course the surprise was great and the search after the offenders earnest. But, whatever may be the skill of detectives, we know from sad experience that the criminal world is more than equal to them in craft. For 16 months the pursuit was in vain, and the robbery was well nigh forgotten, when an unexpected revelation threw light on the matter. A man named Edward Agar was convicted in October, 1855, of uttering a forged check, and sentenced to be transported for life. This man some time since stated to the authorities that he could give information respecting the great gold robbery of 1855. On being questioned he announced himself as one of the perpetrators, and named as his accomplices Pierce, formerly in the service of the South-Eastern Company; Burgess, a guard; and Tester, a clerk in the traffic department. Ager is 41 years of age, and has by his own confession lived by crime for a term of from 14 to 20 years. His evidence is that Pierce first suggested the scheme, and that he himself thought it impracticable. Pierce said he believed he could obtain impressions of the keys of the Chubb's locks by which the iron safes were secured, and Agar then answered that if that could be done he thought it could be effected. Now comes the execution of the plan. Time, skill, and capital are all at the disposal of the planners. Pierce and Agar go down to Folkstone as casual visitors for the benefit of sea bathing. They take lodgings and employ themselves in observing the arrival of the tidal service trains, and the delivery of the luggage from the trains to the boats. This is in May, 1854, twelve months before the actual commission of the robbery—so long a time can modern depredators afford to spend on their preparations. They went down daily to the pier, as if to enjoy the fresh air, but their constant observation of the trains at the station aroused suspicion, and they left, but not before they had discovered, "what Chapman, who had the custody of the key of the iron safe, did when the trains arrived and the luggage was removed to the boats." By these means it was ascertained where the key was kept, the impression of which it was desirable to obtain. But to know where the key was kept and to obtain possession of it were very different things, and Agar, according to his own story, was much disheartened. Not so Pierce. Pierce knew a young man named Tester, who was in the office of the Superintendent of Traffic, and Tester could get possession of the key for them. However, time rolls on, and we are in August, when Pierce discovers that the locks are to be altered and that the new keys will be in Tester's hands. Tester was the clerk who corresponded with Mr. Chubb on the subject, and by his means the impression of a key which opened one lock of each box was obtained. But, as each box had two locks, it was necessary to obtain the impression of another key, and the following device was adopted:—Ager was in possession of no less a sum than £3,000. It was arranged that a box of bullion of the value of £200, should be conveyed in the iron safe in the usual way, and that it should be delivered to him by Chapman, who opens the safe with a key which he takes from a cupboard. Thus Agar learns where the second key is kept. Now, how are they to obtain an impression of the key? Two months have elapsed since they got the impression of No. 1; this is October, and they are still without No. 2. But they are not disheartened. Pierce and Agar go down to Dover and put up at the Dover Castle; they walk over to Folkestone, and arrive just when the train is coming in. In the confusion of an arrival the attendants leave the office for a few minutes. Pierce goes boldly in, opens the cupboard which contains the key of the iron safe, and hands it to Agar, who takes an impression and then replaces it. Thus, five months after their *reconnaisance* at Folkestone, they have surmounted the first difficulty which suggested itself to the reflecting mind of Agar—they have obtained wax impressions of the keys. Everything else remains to be done. The next thing, of course, was to make keys for the impressions. For that purpose lodgings are taken in Lambeth and Kennington. Pierce disguises himself in a black wig, and the next two months are spent in filing keys. When the keys were completed to a probable similarity with the masterpieces of Chubb—no easy task it would seem, for two inexpert operators with common files—it was necessary to try them. Agar went down several times in the van with Burgess, the guard. They did not fit at first, but they fitted more nearly every time he went. At last they fitted completely, and the deed was resolved on. Of course, after nearly a year's labor it was not worth their while to fly at any paltry game—they would wait until a large sum was to be sent. Two chests would hold about £12,000, and they heard that £12,000 was shortly to be sent. They then buy shot to replace the gold, Agar and Pierce are admitted into the van by Burgess, and on the 15th of May, 1855, 12 months after the deed was planned, the boxes of Messrs. Spielmann, Bult, and Abell are securely rifled. Nineteen months after the crime is committed, and more than two years and a half after it is planned, justice has overtaken the delinquents. Their crime is chiefly interesting on account of the ingenuity employed; but its most alarming feature is that men so determined and so skilful should be possessed of the means of subsistence for so long a time. Agar with his £8,000, Pierce with his house at Kilburn, all of them driving about for a year in cabs, and journeying up and down the South-Eastern line with first-class tickets, form a picture of criminal prosperity which we had hardly looked for. With all this, however, and even with the fruits of their success in full possession, there was among them that element of insecurity on which with such adroit thieves, honest men have principally to depend. Agar, pursuing the career of crime which he describes himself as having deliberately adopted, had been at last detected; he had invested the proceeds of his many crimes for the benefit of a woman whom he seems to have loved with all the fondness of which such a man was capable. Pierce was his trustee, and Pierce, like a true thief, betrayed his trust. The woman was left destitute, and her paramour, the hardened felon whom no scruples of conscience would have moved, denounced the half-forgotten robbery from his cell at Portland. None of our readers will fail to sympathize with the manly indignation with which Baron Martin denounced the villainy of Pierce, or to share his regret that the sentence of the law falls lightest on the basest of the villains; but it is to this very baseness, to the impossibility, as it would seem, of maintaining perfect complicity in guilt, that the public has most to trust for the detection of such accomplished scoundrels as those who were convicted last week.

SOUTH-WESTERN GEORGIA.

From the Albany (Ga.) Patriot.

The fact that within the limits of Georgia, one of the Old Thirteen States, are thousands, and we might say millions of acres of fertile lands that are unoccupied and rich, yet awaiting the farmer's labors, might appear strange, and yet it is so. In the southern and southwestern portions of our State are large and valuable regions, yet undeveloped, of which sections we may say that Albany is the centre, and their natural and home market. In the counties of Dougherty, Lee, Terrell, Calhoun, Baker and Worth, are perhaps as good cotton lands as the world can produce. We mean in certainty of crops. In some portions of the western States are richer lands, but they are always accompanied with some drawback—yellow-fever and cholera raging there in some seasons to an extent that might be likened to the plague of old. Here we seldom make as large crops as they sometimes do, but, unlike them, we never make a failure—from four to eight bags per hand can be safely counted on by those who pretend to work at all, with provisions for the plantation.

Another advantage this region possesses over all others is, that we are near the two great southern Atlantic seaports, Charleston and Savannah. The continuation of the South-Western Railroad to this place, which will be accomplished by next winter, renders this country easy of access to gentlemen of the older cotton States wishing fresh lands. We think this is the country to come to. At least, examine it carefully, compare its advantages and disadvantages with those of other regions, and we think you will be pleased with it. We think it even preferable to our beautiful young sister Florida.

We can raise for home consumption our own sugar and molasses, and with the great staple Cotton, and corn and provisions of all kinds—with good gardens and flourishing vineyards, and a climate that will compare favorably with that of Italy or France, we may be indulged in the belief that this is the garden-spot of the Union.

Beneficent Discovery—The noblest achievement of Science.

The iron horse, with its tireless strength, its pulses of vapor, and its heart of flame, is a glorious exponent of the creative capacity of the human mind; and the metallic nerves through which intelligence courses over a continent, prove by every flash of thought which traverses them, that man possesses one attribute essentially godlike—the power to annihilate space and time. But vast and important as have been the results of making steam and lightning the common carriers of mankind, the discovery by which weak and impure blood can be vitalized, or restored to its original purity and vigor, by means of internal or external remedies, is of infinitely greater value. The resources of vegetable chemistry, as developed and applied by Thomas Holloway, have proved equal to this mighty task. His famous remedies impart to the stream of life a disinfecting principle, which frees the system from all impure and poisonous elements. The powers of chemistry are almost beyond calculation, and as he has brought them to bear upon all the varieties of disease in those invaluable vegetable compounds known as Holloways Pills and Ointment, they have compassed their highest and holiest object.

Steam, as the great motor, is after all but a subsidiary agent. Its usefulness consists mainly in conveying substantial benefits, with speed and certainty, to the fields in which they are to operate. It is simply the bearer of blessings, not their originator. Of all the freight which it carries over land and sea, there is perhaps none so precious as Holloway's Remedies. It is scarcely a figure of speech to say, that whithersoever it conveys them, it flies "with healing on its wings."

Under the influence of the Ointment, the skin, however disfigured by eruptions and excrescences, becomes a *tabula rasa*, pure, spotless, and transparent; and this erasure of blemishes is not accomplished by driving back disease into the vital recesses of the system, but by neutralizing the morbid material which feeds it.

The pills act upon the internal fluids and organs which secrete them on the same sanitary principle. They destroy the acrid particles subjected to their chemical action as infallibly as an alkali neutralizes an acid; and at the same time impart a mild and constant electric action to the secretive and excretive machinery.

It would be repeating a familiar story to tell of the wide diffusion, the universal celebrity of these twin curatives. They have penetrated wherever civilization has penetrated. They are the medicines of every class, creed, and color on the face of the earth. The sanction of governments, the patronage of princes, the approval of Christian nations, the gratitude of pagan millions, attest their worth. In fact, there is no region with which this country has any commercial relations, where Holloway would not find himself at home. Some estimate may be formed of the extent and variety of his foreign correspondence, from the fact that sixty corresponding clerks, of which number sixteen are accomplished linguists, are employed in conducting it. He is the centre of a sanitary circle that belts the world.—*London Morning Herald.*

A cotemporary tells a story of an elderly gentleman, elegantly dressed and carrying a gold-headed cane, who gave an order at a restaurant in Park-row, on a slip of paper, three years ago, for a dinner composed of certain dishes and two small bottles of claret wine, to be prepared for him at a stated time every day. The guest and dinner are there at the appointed hour. He proceeds to the particular box appropriated to him, draws down the curtain and discusses his dinner. Two wine-glasses are always furnished. After dining, he turns out two glasses of wine, the contents of one he drinks and pours the other on the floor, and thus continues till the two bottles have been disposed of, and the same thing is repeated day after day. During the whole period he has not been heard to utter a word.

ROYAL HUMBUG AND COURT PLUNDER IN ENGLAND.

From the Dublin Nation.

At a time when the Income Tax agitation is in full vigor, and when thousands meet weekly to abjure the obnoxious ninepence in the pound, whose compulsory payment curtails so many of their pleasures and amusements, it may be interesting to cast a glance at a certain time-honored institution, which flourishes alike through periods of war and peace, and whose maintenance swallows up no inconsiderable item of the general taxation of the country. Referring to a little work lately published, entitled "Who is who in 1857," we find among much useful information an account of the British Court, of the numerous functionaries connected with it, their offices, and the salaries attached to them. The mere list of those personages occupies several closely-printed pages; and their united incomes, when totted up, amounts to a sum large enough to carry on a moderate campaign, or sustain the cost of our expensive system of Government Education.

Turning to the page which contains a list of the Royal Household, the reader may well believe himself transported among the institutions of China. The absurdity of the names and nature of the offices which form a net-work round Courtly life, can only be paralleled by the blind loyalty which disburses hundreds of thousands for their support. The names of the great English functionaries differ in sound, of course, but certainly not in sense, from those who surround Majesty in Pekin. Instead of the hereditary attendant on the Golden Peacock, or the moon-faced precursor of the White Elephant, we have Pages of the Back Stairs, Masters of the Tennis Court, Grooms of the Privy Chamber, Secretaries of the Board of Green Cloth, Secretaries to the Privy Purse, Clerks and Deputy Clerks of the Closet, whose names are legion.

We find gallant Colonels who are Grooms of the Robes, or Keepers of the Jewel House, Earls who are Grooms in Waiting, Countesses and Duchesses who are Bed-chamber Women; while as to the Pages, Equerries, Masters of the Buckhounds, Masters and Assistant Masters of the Ceremonies, there really appears no end of them. Many of these posts were invented in remote antiquity, when Royalty was esteemed Divine, to afford an easy subsistence to the favorites and flatterers of Kings and Princes. In the days when the highest dignitaries of France ambitioned to hold the shirt of Louis the XIV., to comb his wig and run his messages, custom rendered all such menial offices exalted, and a despotic Prince renumerated his flunkeys without a thought of the people, from whom his largesses were drawn. But that at the present day, when Economical Philosophy has been reduced to a system, and the successors of Joe Hume are on the increase, the calculating British should sustain at an enormous cost, and without a murmer, the ludicrous and useless Court system, is somewhat extraordinary.

Wonderful are the ways of Royalty, nay, inscrutable. What can be the possible occupation of the Page of the Back Stairs, for instance? In the days of Charles the 2nd, the office might have had a meaning, but not in the present era of propriety and enlightenment. Do the duties of the noble who holds this office, refer to the inferior flunkeys who carry up the Prince's shaving water? or is he in any way related with the cuisine regions? or has he any occupation at all connected with his title or salary? The function of the Secretary to the Green Cloth, is also an enigma which severely tries the intellect of the uninitiated. If he were called Foreign Correspondent to the Royal Window-Curtain, his official duties could hardly be enveloped in a more impenetrable mystery. As to the numerous Equerries of the Prince—of course their meaning is obvious. They are absolutely requisite to his Royal Highness, especially in his progresses, as mediums of communication with the admiring throngs who surround him, as well as for repelling in some measure, the obtrusive but loyal affection of the British people. With respect to the numerous Maids of Honor, Bedchamber Ladies, and Guardians of the Royal Crinoline, we can only hope that they may smile for many years round their August Mistress, at the rate of many thousands of public money per annum, even though they are ladies of hereditary wealth. But it would be desirable to know what are the occupations of the Bishop of Chester, as Clerk of the Closet? Can it be a plate closet over which this divine extends a bland superintendence? If so, it is well guarded, for there are some dozen clerks and deputy clerks attached to it. Is the reverend dignitary in commission to remove carefully the gold and silver dinner ornaments in his black silk apron, or does he dust the plate service with a sacred napkin, before going down to the Lords. If this be the case, the business of the Deputies is clear; as upon them must naturally devolve the duties of their chiefs, when the latter are absent at Melton or the Pyranese. The eminent servi[illegible]f the Gold Sticks in waiting, are patent to all observers, and their essential use and dignity is only to be paralled by that of the tall footmen whose height and whose calves have raised them in the world, and whose official canes are held in a slanting direction over the Lord Mayor's carriage, when that functionary drives forth in a state of splendor, before which, even gilt gingerbread grows dim.

But this subject has another side—the serious and financial. When the salaries attached to these numerous sinecures—the hundreds of thousands lavished annually upon crowds of nominal officials and flunkeys—are considered, together with the fact that poverty, ignorance, and crime stalk abroad, and are increasing from year to year, a tinge of doubt is thrown upon the excellence of the Royal system, and of the paternal Government; and a feeling of indignation, at the injustice of paying the rich from the labor of the poor, is naturally engendered. The sum requisite for maintaining the system of courtly gimcrackery would, if applied to the education of the masses, reduce in a short time, the criminal calendar from its amazing proportions, and elevate into an atmosphere of comparative civilization the brutalized lower class of the towns—rendering them less dangerous and more useful. The much mooted query, "What the English are to do with their Criminals," would find a rapid solution when it was discovered that prevention was better than cure; and that the work-school is an institution fraught with more permanent benefit than the Model Prison or the Penal Settlement. The stupid loyalty of the Briton, however, stands in the way of such an improvement. The Court, with its widespread parapharnalia, is supposed indispensable to the national dignity; and however much they may object to Property, or any other Tax, they are content that, out of the collected impost of the country, an enormous sum should be spent on preserving the follies and absurdities originated in a less enlightened period. Of course, so long as England is governed by Monarchical Institutions, a Court will be a *sine qua non;* but it does not follow that the people should be fleeced to salary a number of titled supernumeraries, for putting on a certain absurd uniform upon extraordinary occasions—all of whom, as will be found by a glance at the Royal Household list, are individuals of the highest rank and greatest wealth in the country.

There is no more curious illustration of human weakness and vanity than that afforded by the system of courtly life and ceremony. Can anything be stranger or more anomalous, than that numerous ladies and nobles with historic names of many centuries old, should ambition for precedence in the positions they hold in the Royal Household, and turn themselves into so many flunkeys and *femme de chambre* Countesses and Duchesses, once within the court-sphere, become Bedchamber women; and noble Marquisses perform the functions of Jeames without being conscious of any degradation in their position. The characteristics of courteous Montesque, have ever been ambitious in idleness, meanness mixed with pride, a desire for riches without industry, aversion to truth, flattery, perfidy, fear of the prince's virtue, hope from his weakness. The nobles about court who transform things into servants, have, doubtless, other objects in view than the glory of serving royalty; but there is no reason that the pockets of the nation should suffer in maintaining them in their positions in the neighborhood of the Royal ear, which they use for their own objects of patronage and agrandizement. Indeed, if we are to believe Mr. Roebuck, the court is nothing more than a gilded web for catching members of Parliament, and flattering them out of their duties to their constituents. It. is his belief, that there is scarcely a member who goes up to London, resolved to be independent in parliament, who dares not yield to the seductions of Peers, Peeresses, who sneer at them behind their backs.

How long, oh, bravest of Britons, will you suffer such indignity and pay for the support of absurdities which are quite as broad and senseless as those of a Lord Mayor's show, or Christmas pantomine! Every one recollects that at the opening of the London Crystal Palace, one of the highest nobles in the country had to walk backward about a mile before the Royal presence as it advanced slowly up the glassy aisle. Is it not true that the ridiculous ceremonies, and ridiculous offices of the court should be abolished. All can read in the history of the old Vienna Congress that when Lord Dudley appeared at a Vienna Ball in a suit of plain black, innumerable foreigners, half strangled in gold lace, and bespattered with diamonds, regarded his simple attire with amazement; they considered it bad taste. Metternich, however, is said to have remarked, "Variment il est bieu distingue!" If the British Court were moulded on the simplicity of the American, it would show a finer discrimination between the opposite elements which constitute pomp and dignity, taxation would be diminished, and the boasted civilization of the age, would certainly not lose by the change.

TOPICS.

The first clause of the late Hon. John M. Clayton's will is as follows:—First, I leave my friends and relatives, as well as to all others who may think my opinion of any value, this testimonial, that the religion taught in the New Testament is the best that has been offered for our adoption, both for this world and for that which is to come, and that Jesus Christ was the true Messiah, and will remain forever the Redeemer and Saviour of fallen man. Let my humble testimony stand in favor of the Christian religion—I am deeply, thoroughly convinced of its truth."

A letter from Rome, of the 29th ult. says:—The Rev. Father Guillemin, Apostolical Prefect of Canton, who recently arrived in Rome to give an account of the Catholic mission to China, and who some time back was elected Bishop of Cybistra *in partibus*, and Apostolical Prefect of Canton, Quang-Si, and Hai-Nan, was two days ago consecrated bishop in the private chapel of the Pope. His Holiness himself, as a special mark of favor, officiated, and a young Chinese convert, named Benoit Thie brought to Europe by the new bishop, was with him admitted to receive the sacrament from the Pope's own hand. After the service the Pope entertained the new bishop at breakfast, and placed him opposite himself by the side of Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State. The Prelates of his Holiness's suite placed themselves round the room, and received what was borne to them from the Pope's table. When the repast was concluded the Pope presented the new prelate with a chalice which had been used in the ceremony of consecration, and with four volumes of the Roman Pontifical, the latter splendidly bound and bearing his arms. The province of Canton, to which the new bishop has been appointed, was formerly one of the most prosperous missions of the Roman Catholic Church, comprising not fewer than 40,000 Christians; but of late years it has fallen off greatly. Efforts are, however, to be made to restore, if possible, its former success. Monseigneur Guillemin, who is a Frenchman, is the first Apostolical Prefect of Canton who has been made a bishop. The Princess Doria, (of the Shrewsbury family), who is at the head of an association for promoting the baptism of Chinese children, has published an account of the recent operations of the association, and has appealed to the public to support it. A solemn *triduo*, as a thanksgiving for the baptism of a great number of Chinese children, has been celebrated at the church of San Andrea Dello Fratte. The Abbe Dossat, Apostolical Prefect of Cayenne, has left for France, after giving the Pope an account of his mission.

Lager beer drinkers—and they are not few—will be interested to hear that lately the brewers of Cincinnati held a meeting and passed resolutions in which they denied that *coculus indicus* is used in the manufacture of lager beer. They further challenge chemical tests of their beer, offer rewards for the detection of poison, and invite any druggist who may have sold the *coculus indicus* to the brewers, to come forward and testify to the fact. This is certainly definite, and from the decided manner in which they court investigation, it appears very reasonable to presume that they have nothing to fear from it.

A "personal liberty bill" relative to persons claimed as fugitive slaves has passed the Wisconsin legislature. It directs trial by jury to be provided for persons claimed, punishes false and malicious arrests of persons as fugitive slaves, with $1000 fine, and gives power to county courts to grant writs of habeas corpus.

Hon. Edward Everett is continuing his energetic exertions for the purchase of Mount Vernon. The Richmond *Enquirer* states that Mr. Everett has already placed in the hands of trustees $12,000 at seven per cent. interest for the benefit of the fund. This sum is the proceeds of the eloquent gentleman's orations on the subject.

The Democrats in Cincinnati have held an indignation meeting, to express their sentiments in reference to the State Legislature expelling Mr. Slough for striking Mr. Caldwell. They denounced the Legislature, applauded the former for his course, and resolved to re-elect him at the special election soon to be held.

Land speculation seems to be exciting and inspiring the Western country. It is stated that more than one million of dollars has been gathered from a single county in Illinois, the past year, to invest in Iowa lands on speculation. Farmers, mechanics, merchants, everybody, has the fever. No wonder that money is scarce in that quarter.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The Niagara, from Liverpool on the 14th ult. to Halifax and Boston, brings three days' later dates from Europe than what we have received by the Indian, at Portland. There is no news of any importance. It has been rumored that the Persian and China squabbles were about being settled. England having played out her last military farce in the East, was resolved to keep her soldiers at home, where she may soon need their services. The final adjustment of the Danubian Principalities is still under diplomatic discussion.

Punch is accountable for the following items:—

Owing to the new order for skirts, concert rooms do not hold as many people as they formerly did. In consequence of this, the managers talk of charging the women by the foot. Not a very bad idea, provided he makes them pay the expense, and not their husbands.

How many girls, if they took hold of hands, would it take to reach from Warwick to Birmingham? Let's see—twenty miles of girls? Why, I should reckon, quite a hundred thousand. Nonsense; it would only take twenty! Aint a miss as good as a mile?

In a street, not a hundred miles from Sunderland, there is a house occupied in the back premises, facing the east, by Mrs. Halfnight, and in the front, facing the west, by Miss Doubleday—

Oh, Day and Night! but this is wondrous strange!
No longer Equinox? Ah, happy change!
For, while the East a Halfnight's gloom assails,
Lo! in the West a Doubleday prevails.

It is said—but we have not been able to learn by whom—that a young lady won a "breach of promise" trial by the production of of the following lines:—

"Angel, beneath whose folded wing
My soul would rest,
Be mine; for lo, I've bought the ring,
And all the rest
Of those house treasures and et ceteras,
Which every one who tries his state to better has."

DIED,

On Sunday evening, March 1st, of croup, Mary, the beloved daughter of P. M. Haverty, aged one year and nine months. Her funeral took place on Tuesday morning, to Calvary Cemetery, from 21 President street, Brooklyn.

Special Notices.

THE FIRST OPENING

Of the New York Perpetual Fair will take place on Monday, March 2nd, in connection with the Grand Opening of the New York Arcade. It will be very interesting to all visitors, and a great source of benefit to exhibitors of patented goods and works of art, giving them an opportunity of disposing of goods in a manner hitherto unknown in America! The location selected for the Arcade and Halls of Free Exhibition being the best in this city, Wholesale as well as Retail Merchants, occupying stores therein, will find it their greatest card to business, as the whole affair is calculated to draw thousands of daily visitors from all parts of the Union. The greatest inducements held out to Storekeepers and Exhibitors are the low rents, which will enable them to compete with any others in the city, the perfect system with which the institute is regulated, securing to them a position of the highest order.

Copies of printed Rules and Regulations may be had by applying to any officer on the premises, 594 and 596 Broadway, next to the Metropolitan Hotel.

R. D. GOODWIN, Superintendent.

N.B.—There are about thirty-two stores, no two in the same line of business, mostly all let. The space in the Exhibition Hall being limited, you should apply without delay, should you wish either. Exhibitors are particularly requested to call. R. D. G.

March7-1t.

FOR RESTORING THE HAIR, USE LYON'S KATHARION.
FOR PRESERVING THE HAIR, USE LYON'S KATHARION.
FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR, USE LYON'S KATHARION.

This unequalled Preparation for the Hair has now become emphatically

"The Public Favorite."

Its immense sale, nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year, proves its great superiority over all other articles of the kind. The ladis universally pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article they ever used. The public are cautioned against *worthless counterfeits and imitations.* Sold by all dealers, everywhere for 25 cents per bottle.

HEATH, WYNKOOP & CO., Proprietors and Perfumers, 63 Liberty-street New-York.

NOTICE!

The Fifth Annual Ball

OF THE

"SLIGO YOUNG MEN,"

Will take place on Monday evening, March 2, 1857, at the Apollo Rooms, 410 Broadway.

Tickets can be had at John Monaghan's, corner of Spring and Marion sts., or at the door on the evening of the Ball.

JAMES CAHILL,

Merchant Tailor, &c.,

10 Stuyvesant-place, near 3rd Avenue, New-York.

☞ Custom work got up in the most fashionable style and at the shortest notice. mch7 6m.

LEARY & CO'S

New Quarterly Pattern

FOR GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS

Is this day issued, together with a large invoice of Paris Hats of late styles, including the celebrated Cambridge Soft Hat (a new water-proof article) in various colors, and for sale at our counters only. Leary & Co., Leaders o Fashions for Gents Hats, 3, 4 and 5 Astor-House. mch7 2t.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

It is a common phrase with the undiscriminating advocates of delay, that "the world is not yet *ripe* for such and such a measure." But they usually forget to inquire "Is it *ripening?* When and how is it likely to become ripe? are men's minds to ripen, like winter pears, merely by laying them by and letting them alone?"

The number of unemployed in London belonging to the principal trades is at present as follows:—Carpenters, 9,000; plasterers, 4,000; painters, 4,000; stonemasons, 1,000; bricklayers (with laborers), 15,000; smiths, moulders, decorators, &c., 2,000; total, 35,000.

On the 2nd ult., as Mr. John Ryall, son of Mr. William Ryall, Cashel, was following the Rock Harriers, the horse which he was riding fell, precipitating him with great violence to the ground. The injuries which he sustained were of a very serious character; the thigh bone of his right leg having been broken, and fearfully lacerated, and his other leg was also fractured, but slightly. He lies at present under the care of Dr. Russell, and is progressing well.

A manufactory of spurious Turkish and Greek orders, stars, &c., has been discovered in Constantinople. It was conducted by a Frenchman. Above fifteen persons have profited by this occasion to gain distinction, at the economical charge of 200f. or eight pounds sterling.

The English and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company have declared their dividend at Liverpool for the past half-year at six per cent. per annum, free of Income Tax.

The muscles of the human jaw produce a power equal to 435 pounds. If you ever had your fingers in an angry man's mouth, you will not dispute the truth of this assertion.

River water contains about twenty-eight grains of solid matter to every cubic foot. Hence, such a river as the Rhine carries to the sea every day 145,980 cubic feet of sand or stone.

A queen bee will lay two hundred eggs daily for fifty or sixty days, and the eggs are hatched in three days. A single queen bee has been stated to produce one hundred thousand bees in a season.

Fish are common in the seas of Surinam with four eyes; two of them are on horns which grow on the top of their heads.

Captain Beaufort saw near Smyrna, in 1841, a cloud of locusts 46 miles long, and 300 yards deep, containing as he calculated 169 billions.

Lewenhoek reckoned 17,000 divisions in the cornea (outer coat of the eye) of a butterfly, each one of which, he thought, possesses a crystalline lens.

Two thousand nine hundred silk-worms produce one pound of silk; but it would require 47,000 spiders, to produce one pound of web.

Mr. Scholefield, M.P., is preparing a Bill on the Adulteration of Food, which he hopes to introduce at the commencement of the ensuing session.

Midas was so great a man, that everything he touched turned to gold—altered case now, touch a man with gold and he will change into anything.

With a view to collect their webs for silk, four thousand spiders were once obtained, but they soon killed each other. Manufacturers and war never thrive together.

The Emigration Commissioners have advertised for vessels to carry emigrants to Melbourne, to be ready for passengers between the 24th of February and the 3d of March.

There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays 250 eggs.

The Atlantic ocean is estimated at three miles, and the Pacific at four miles deep.

A cow eats 100 lbs of green food every 24 hours, and yields 5 quarts, or 10 lbs. of milk.

The Royal Princess of Oude has given £51 to the CityOrthopœdic Hospital, London.

Major-General Windham, CB., has come forward in aid of a proposal, converting the Militia into a direct and absolute reserve for the army.

Dr. Bright published a case of an egg producing an insect eighty years after it must have been laid.

About thirty fresh water springs have been discovered under the sea, on the south side of the Persian Gulf.

A swarm of bees contains from 10,000 to 20,000 in a natural state, and from 30,000 to 40,000 in a hive.

Some female spiders produce nearly 2,000 eggs.

A wasp's nest usually contains 15,000 or 16,000 cells.

CHARLES'

LONDON

CORDIAL

GIN.

AN UNEQUALLED STIMULANT, DIURETIC AND TONIC INVIGORANT, and an AGREEABLE AROMATIC SANITARY BEVERAGE.

I beg to call the attention of Southern and Western merchants to the superior merits of this exqisite cordial.

It is a pure extract of the Italian Juniper Berry, distilled from the very best of English grain, under the surveillance of the British Excise Laws, and has been pronounced by the medical faculty of Great Britain and the United States to be the best and the safest alcoholic stimulant ever offered to the public.

It is used with great success in cases of DYSPEPSIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GRAVEL, COLIC, CHOLERA, FEVER AND AGUE, STRICTURE, DISEASES OF THE URINARY ORGANS, EPILEPSY, &c.

It is also a delicious tonic beverage, and by its peculiar flavor (so different from other gins) is universally esteemed by all who use it.

The following, among thousands of a similar kind, is from so reliable and valuable a source, that we give it place:—

NEW-YORK, Sept. 22, 1855.

TO COL. E. C. CHARLES:—MY DEAR SIR—Under some circumstances we recommend Holland Gin as medicine. As yours contains a much larger quantity of Juniper, I think it a preferable article. IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE OF THE KIND I HAVE SEEN.

VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.

☞ Beware of poisonous mixtures, manufactured in imitation, and sold as LONDON CORDIAL GIN!!

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston and Philadelphia, show that CHARLES' LONDON CORDIAL GIN is the *only London Gin really imported*, and sold in bottles. A recent controversy in the New-York papers has demonstrated that up to that date, to wit, the beginning of November last, the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made, except by ourselves, has been two pipes imported in 1855. *On the credit of these two pipes, which would fill only a few hundred bottles, over one hundred thousand dozen, of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost 20 per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin, by one concern; whilst another, who represent themselves agents for "Booth & Sedgwick, of London,"* HAD NEVER IMPORTED ONE DROP, *and yet have flooded the whole South and West with their so-called* LONDON GIN.

The genuine CHARLES' LONDON GIN is for sale in quarts at one dollar, and pints at 50 cents, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled 'LONDON CORDIAL GIN," it is absolutely CHARLES'. To escape adulterated nd poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the artice is labelled LONDON CORDIAL GIN; but be certain it is CHARLES'. None other is genuine.

EDMUND CHARLES,
No. 40 Broadway, New-York.

Special Notices.

Wood's Hair Restorative.—Professor Wood, the renowned discoverer of the invaluable Hair Restorative, still continues to labor in behalf of the afflicted.

His medicines are universally admitted by the American press to be far superior to all other drugs for causing the hair on the head of the aged that has been silvered for many years, to grow forth with as much vigor and luxuriance as when blessed with the advantages of youth.

There can be no doubt that it is one of the greatest discoveries in the Medical world. It restores permanently gray hair to its original color, and makes it assume a beautiful silky texture, which has been very desirable in all ages of the world.—[St. Louis Morning Herald.

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's Spring raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
y10jan GERALD GRAY.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 3mos New-York.

Information wanted of Robert A. Cox, who emigrated from Dublin in April, 1825, to Australia. Last heard from in Melbourne, 1827. Information regarding him to be directed to his sister, Mrs. Eliza Savage, (daughter of the late John Covey Cox, Esq., county Waterford, Ireland,) care of IRISH NEWS Office, or 48 Ferry street, Albany, New-York.

Melbourne and Sidney papers please copy. oct18

$1.—No Pen nor Ink is used.—$1.—Nothing is imitated in MCLAURIN'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING PROCESS IN WRITING, *yet it has been shown in the first Counting-Houses in New-York,* that all who go through this novel process must, of necessity, become splendid and rapid penmen. The complete process (the result of thirty years labor and experiment on the part of the Patentee) sent, prepaid, with full directions, to any address, on recipt of $1, by

W. S. MacLaurin & Co.
nov29, 3ms. 845 Broadway, New-York.

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.
(ESTABLISHED 1851.)

Small Parcels forwarded by each Mail Steamer, to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the Continent, India, China, South America, &c.

*** Persons wishing to send small packages to their friends at home, at a trifling expense, will please address

COLLINS & MARSH, Agents,
ja26 1y 29 Broadway, New-York.

THE WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

A **FEW FACTS WORTH READING.**—1st. The WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN is the ONLY Steel Pen manufactured in America.

2d. It is the BEST Steel Pen rmanufactured in any country, as it is made with the greatest care and upon scientific principles.

3d. It permits the greatest feedom of the hand, being as soft as the "classic goose-quill."

4th. The school-boy, the farmer a nd the mechanic can use it as freely as the Professor of Penmanship.

5th. England has drawn from us annually, 1,000,000 Dollars for STEEL PENS!

6th. We as true Americans, ought to keep that million at home, for reasons that New-Yorkers fully understand.

7th. WE CAN keep it by using the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN instead of foreign made Pens.

8th. If we are a wise people, we will keep it at home; for we are dependent on British workshops.

9th. All who have tried the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEM, are delighted with it.

10th. It has met with an EXTRAORDINARY sale in all cities where it has been introduced.

11th. It is destined to supersede all other Pens now in use.

12th. Importers of British SCRAP STEEL, "set your houses in order."

13th. The CHEAP TRASH that is now imported, is not called for by the consumers of PENS. On the contrary, all men are annoyed by them, and pray for *good* pens, at any price.

14. Therefore, it is nonsense for American merchants to interpose an objection to the price, which is simply remunerative.

15th—

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who have always wrote, now write the more."

16th. N. B.—Buy none but sealed boxes, as you thereby secure the PATRON'S TICKET.

17. *The se Pens* ARE MANUFACTURED IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, in the United States of America—not in Birmingham, England, where all OTHER pens are made that purport to be American—bearing the names of American MERCHANTS.

Offico of the Company, 293 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—*Three Sample Pens* sent on receipt of two stamps, or one gross by mail, postage free, on receipt of $1 50. f7 6m

FATHER MATHEW.

His Life, Times and Services.

Lyceums, Literary, and other Societies are respectfully informed that

MR. JOHN SAVAGE,

Author of "'98 and '48; the Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland,"

is prepared to receive engagements from this date to the first week in April, to deliver a Lecture on the LIFE AND LABORS OF THE LATE FATHER MATHEW.

Societies or Lecture Committees deeming the subject worthy of notice, will address Mr. Savage, at the office of this Journal, or care of Redfield, Publisher, Beekman street, New-York. feb21

84 WILLIAM-STREET,

Corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

FURNISHING GOODS,

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

GEORGE M. TRACY, would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he has now on hand and is constantly receiving the lates style of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting in part of

HOSIERY OF ALL KINDS.

Beaufort Ties,	Umbrellas,
Fine Shirts and Collars,	Under Shirts and Drawers,
Cravats and Scarfs,	Improved Napoleon Ties,
Suspenders,	Linen and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs,
Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,	Dressing Robes,
Kid and Dog Skin Gloves,	Silk Under Garments, &c.,

which he offers at greatly reduced prices, wholesale or retail. His shirts are of superior make, and warranted to fit.

Persons wishing goods in his line, will find themselves well paid by stepping out of Broadway, and calling at the old stand,

fe21 2m 84 WILLIAM-STREET.

Information Wanted of Michael Devaney, from Co. Sligo, Ireland, who sailed from New York for California, in July 1852, by his brother James, who has not since then heard from him. Any information, either past or present, regarding him will be thankfully received by his brother, at 835 Broadway, or at this office.

California and Brogan papers please copy. march7.

Holloway's Ointment.—The dry eruptions so annoying to many aged persons, as well as boils, ringworm, scald head, fever sores, bruises, and all external inflammation whether the result of accident or of disease heal rapidly under the application of the Ointment. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and 240 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62½c., and $1 per pot.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	25 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

MISS MATILDA HERON

attracts crowded and delighted audiences by her splendid impersonation of the heroine in her own play of

Medea,

which she commenced on the evening of Monday February 16th.

A favorite Farce each evening.

An early application for seats is respectfully urged to prevent disappointment.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 889 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 3 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Lectures.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

CORPORATION SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Public Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the authority vested in them by the laws of the State and the ordinances of the Common Council, the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund of the city of New-York will sell at public auction, under the direction of the Comptroller, E. H. Ludlow, auctioneer, on Wednesday, the 25th day of February, 1857, at noon, at the Merchants' Exchange, in the city of New-York, the following real estate, viz:—

1st. The three story brick building formerly occupied as an engine-house, and the lot No. 49 Christie-street; that portion of the lot not occupied by the engine-house, is under lease till May 1, 1868, at the annual rent of $100, and the property will be sold subject to the lease recorded in book of special leases, page 164, in the Comptroller's office.

2d. Two lots on the west side of the Bowery, as extended, between James-street and Rosevelt-street.

3d. Six lots, with the buildings thereon, on the southerly side of Chatham-street and the westerly side of Pearl-street, now known as numbers 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121 Chatham-street, and numbers 457, 459 and 461 Pearl-street.

4th. Three lots, now known as Nos. 451, 453 and 455 Pearl-street, will be sold separately, subject to the conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 168, in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1859; the purchaser of each of the lots, will be entitled to receive $233 33-100 per annum of the rent reserved by the lease, after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the covenants of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

5th. The lot on the northwest corner of William aad Pearl-streets, now known as No. 449 Pearl-street and No. 271 William-street, subject to conditions of the lease of the same, recorded in leases of city lots, page 172 in the Comptroller's office, and which will expire on the first day of May, 1858; the purchaser of this lot will be entitled to receive the rent reserved in the lease, of $362 50-100 per annum after the first day of May next, and will be required to assume the conditions of the lease in regard to the payments for buildings at the expiration of the lease.

6th. The house and lot on the north side of Fifth-street, commencing 80 feet west of the Second-avenue, lot 20 feet front and rear, and 24 feet 2 inches deep on both sides; houses 15 feet by 24 feet 8 inches.

7th. The house and lot north side of Thirteenth-street, commencing 213 feet west of Avenue C; lot 25 feet front and rear by 103 feet 8 inches deep on both sides, with three story brick building on the front of the lot, 20 feet wide and 40 feet deep, lately built for an engine-house; the rear of the lot is covered by and occupied as a foundry.

8th. Four lots on south side of Fifty-second street, commencing 90 feet west of Lexington-avenue.

9th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly half of the block between 74th and 75th-streets, and the 3d and 4th avenues.

10th. Thirty-six lots, being the southerly part of the block between 80th and 81st-streets, and 3d and 4th avenues.

11th. Twelve lots on 116th-street and 117th-street, between Third and Fourth avenues.

12th. A piece of rear ground on the block bounded by Cherry-street, Oak-street and the Bowery, (as extended,) now used as part of the yard of Fourth District Police Station-house.

Full covenant warrantee deeds will be given.

TERMS OF SALE.—10 per cent of the purchase-money and auctioneer's fee of $5 per lot, to be paid to the collector of the city revenue, on the day of sale; 15 per cent on the 1st day of May next, when the deeds will be ready for delivery; the remainder of the purchase-money (75 per cent) may remain on bond and mortgage at the option of the purchaser, for five years from the 1st day of May, 1857, with interest, at the rate of six per annum, payable semi-annually.

Lithographic maps of the property may be had at the Comptroller's office, No. 5 Hall of Records, after the 7th instant.

FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.
A. C. FLAGG, Crmptroller.
JAMES M. SMITH, Jr., Recorder.
A. V. STOUT, Chamberlain.
THOMAS MCSPEDON, Ch. Fin. Com. Board Ald.
T. JONES, Jr., Ch. Fn. Com. Board Councilmen,
Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
Comptroller's office, January 20, 1857.

Mayor's Office, New-York, February 16th, 1857.—NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given, that all persons who desire to be

VACCINATED,

Will be attended to promptly—without charge—by application at either of the Dispensaries, where Physicians are constantly in attendance; and it is recommended, that all who have not been vaccinated, should avail themselves immediately of the opportunity thus offered.

The New-York Dispensary is located at the corner of Centre and White-streets.

The Eastern Dispensary, in Ludlow-street, in the rear of Essex Market.

The Northern Dispensary is located corner Waverly Place and Christopher-street.

The Demilt Dispensary is located at 37 Second Avenue.

The North-Western Dispe sary is located at 511 Eighth Avenue.

1e21 FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each —— evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y. JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Graud-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

Company G. (*National Guard*) drill each Monday and Wednesday evening at their armory, 161 Atlantic street, Brooklyn. JAS. CAMPBELL, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at corner of Center and Grand st. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98,*) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MI[illegible]L O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory," Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. EDWARD W. POWERS, Capt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

y11jane

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains,* and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples,* (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds,* it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themseives and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

53, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

Business Directory.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 BROADWAY, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

To Druggists and Grocers in the South and West.

Charles' London Cordial Gin, the first established and the only *Imported.*

This celebrated Gin, introduced into the United States by E. C. Charles, in 1851, has become so extensively counterfeited and imitated by one or two liquor mixers in New-York and Boston that it becomes our duty to advise with you on the nature of the poisons disseminated amongst you by these unscrupulous parties.

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston, and Philadelphia, show that Charles' London Cordial Gin is the only London Gin really Imported into the United States, and sold in bottles; and the fact has been demonstrated and published in all the New-York papers, that the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made except by ourselves, has been one Pipe, imported in 1855. On the credit of this solitary Pipe, which would not fill six hundred bottles, *over one hundred thousand dozen,* of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," prefixed with different names, have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost twenty per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin.

If corroboration were necessary, Mr. Udolpho Wolfe of New-York, who keeps record of every import of Gin, has over his own signature published to the world this statement, and it remains (even by the parties who have adopted our title) an unanswered, confirmed fact beyond the power of disproof, that Charles' London Cordial Gin, is the only genuine article, and hence that all others are nothing more or less than Ohio spirits in their raw state impregnated with poisonous materials, to give flavor to the mixture.

The Genuine Charles' London Gin is distilled especially for the undersigned in London, under the surveilance of the British excise laws, and is imported solely by us. It bears the endorsement of over five thousand physicians, in Great Britain and the United States. It has stood the most severe tests of the most skillful chemists and essayists. It is the only Gin which has the approval of the most celebrated practitioner America has ever produced—Dr. Valentine Mott, of New-York, who in a letter to Mr. Charles, says, "It is the finest, the most reliable, and most vigorous extract of Juniper he had ever seen."

The genuine Charles' London Cordial Gin is for sale in quart and pint bottles, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled "London Cordial Gin," it is absolutely Charles'. To escape adulterated and poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the article be labelled London Cordial Gin but be certain it is Charles'. Every other is injurious to health.

DEVENOGE & CHARLES,

dc27 3ms. 198 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Medical.

OLD DR. BONE'S

JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicine**

NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEDICAL DEPOT—559 Sixth Avenue, near 34th Street;

Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

PILLS,

So long celebrated for cleansing the blood, discharging the bile, and removing obstructions in all cases where such medicines are needed. They have had no equal for the last fifty-five years. Price Twenty-five Cents.

These medicines are all prepared by LEWIS H. BONE, the only son now living of old Dr. Bone, who, by request of many of his father's patrons, has opened a Medical Depot in this city.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits, as unprincipled persons are trying to palm off their worthless trash on the public, without any regard to the evil effects it may have on the constitutions of those they deceive. The public will please take especial notice that every label is signed with the written signature of LEWIS H. BONE, only son of the late Dr. Christian Bone, without which none are genuine. References to thousands of the most respectable men in New-York and New-Jersey.

☞ All my authorised agents have a printed certificate signed by L. H. Bone.

For sale at No. 9 Bible House; First Avenue, corner of Houston street; Bowery, corner of Fourth street; corner of Broadway and 22d street; 91 and 695 Eighth avenue, near 48th street; corner of Canal and Hudson streets; E. Lyon, 562 Grand street; C. B. Riker, Harlem, N. Y.; 217 Fulton street, Brooklyn; 67 South Seventh street, East District, Brooklyn; Jacob L. Marinus, 15 Montgomery street, Jersey City; Wm. Merchmore, Astoria, Long Island; and all the principal stores on the island.

Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

☞ *Principal Depot,* **559 Sixth Avenue,** near 34th street, where all diseases are treated and cured, or no pay.

oct18 6mos **L. H. Bone,** Son of Dr. Christian Bone.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Consumption---Watkinson's Pulmonacia.

A SAFE, reliable family medicine, warranted not to contain a particle of mercury or any other mineral poison; not a nine day's wonder got up to sell and humbug the public. He has used it for years in private families of friends, and now, at the urgent request of hundreds who have seen its remarkable cures, where every other remedy has failed, he offers it to the public to benefit and relieve those suffering with that fatal disease, so inherent to our changeable climate, carrying off its thousands to an early grave—Consumption. It has effected some of the most remarkable cures ever heard of; how some dear friend was saved from death, when all hope was given up, now lives and enjoys good health. Its rare qualities are not only in relieving consumptive patients, but for all diseases of the lungs, racking nervous cough, night sweats, bronchial affections of the throat, internal inflammation, where the blood is impure, it has no equal. The discoverer of PULMONACIA is RICHARD WATKINSON, a gentleman of well-known standing in Philadelphia and New-York. Those that are acquainted with him know there is no quackery or humbug about it, as the number of certificates that can be obtained at the office will satisfy the most incredulous as to its value.

R. WATKINSON.

No. 448 Broadway is the only place in the city where it can be obtaincd. Price $1 per bottle. dec13 3mos

Publications.

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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

THIS work is made up of the elaborate and stately essays of the EDINBURGH, QUARTERLY, and other Reviews; and BLACKWOOD' noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen Political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History and Common Life, by the sagacious SPECTATOR, the sparkling EXAMINER, the judicious ATHENÆUM, the busy and industrious LITERARY GAZETTE, the sensible and comprehensive BRITANNIA, the sober and respectable CHRISTIAN OBSERVER; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the UNITED SERVICE, and with the best articles of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, NEW MONTHLY, FRASER'S, TAIT'S, AINSWORTH'S, HOOD'S and SPORTING MAGAZINES, and of Chambers' admirable JOURNAL. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from PUNCH; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of THE TIMES. We shall increase our variety by importations from the Continent of Europe, and from the growth of the British Colonies.

The LIVING AGE is published every Saturday—price, (free of postage) six dollars a year. Remittances for any period will be promptly attended to.

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☞ A few advertisements of Books, Patents, or other matters of general interest, will be added, at reasonable rates.

Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

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oct18 tf

Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely: If the culverts and sewers of the city were chocked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle: by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose, (what blind philosophy!) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby; the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the doubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

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I have made it my rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time I give up the patient as lost and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

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Extracts of Letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 24, 1844.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure; and entirely approve the plan. If it can only obtain the public patronage long enough, and large enough, and securely enough, to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give healthy tone, not only to our literature but to public opinion. It will enable us to possess, in a moderate compass, a select library of the best productions of the age. It will do more: it will redeem our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to transitory speculations, to sickly and ephemeral sentimentalities, and false and extravagant sketches of life and character.

JOSEPH STORY.

NEW-YORK, May 7, 1844.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age;" and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates (of which I have no reason to doubt), it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day. JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, December 27, 1845.

Of all the Periodical Journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe, and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains, indeed, the exposition only of the current literature of the English language; but this, by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portraiture of the human mind, in the utmost expansion of the present age. J. Q. ADAMS.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE.

Published Monthly at the Office of Littell's Living Age,

Boston.

☞ Every number of this work contains articles of leading interest; grave and earnest, yet not heavy; popular, and yet of abiding value. To these are added, in profuse abundance and great variety, Tales, Poetry, Voyages, Travels, and whatever—within the bounds of sound taste and good principles—may be included under the large head of Light Reading. But mere light reading soon becomes wearisome, unless there breathe from it spirit and heart, life and soul.

We promise a Magazine that shall be more and better than mere amusement: a Book suited to the leisure of the old and wise, and yet abundantly attractive to the young and ardent. It will freely provide for the Imagination, as well as for the Reason and Memory.

For THREE DOLLARS A YEAR, received at the office of publication, the Panorama will be sent (free of postage), to any post-office in the United States.

TWO COPIES, Five Dollars a year; FIVE COPIES, Ten Dollars a year, Clubs to pay their own postage, which is three cents a number, payable QUARTERLY IN ADVANCE.

The first number was issued in July, 1855. It makes two large volumes a year. We can supply orders for back numbers or volumes.

Both Works are Published by Littell, Son & Company, Boston.
oct18

Publications.

THE DRAMA OF EARTH,

A dramatic composition, by JEROME KILDER, was published on March 4. It is a book not only for the times, but

BUT FOR ALL TIME.

It presents the chief incidents that have transpired since the creation of the world to the present time.

The temptation and fall of man.
The advent and temptation of Christ.
The crucifixion.

MOREOVER,

The great drama which has been enacted on the American Continent is presented in an interesting and impressive manner. 12mo; 300 pages; 9 illustrations. Price $1 50; usual allowance to the trade. Copies sent post-paid on receipt of price. A. RANNEY, Publisher,
mch14 2t. 195 Broadway, New-York.

Opening of Spring Fashions.—An early Spring is very justly regarded as a blessing to be grateful for, and this year our people has been wondrously favored; and as the change of seasons creates and renders necessary different forms of labor in the country and the town, so also

FASHION, THE CHILD OF SEASON,

owes its importance to the self-same changes. The mild atmosphere of spring which we are now experiencing, is peculiarly suggestive of a change in the outward costume of the ladies, and with a view to this necessity the undersigned always desirous of meeting the wants of his friends, and the public at large, has opened a spring assortment which, for beauty, elegance and a strict adherence to the latest Parisian modes, he is confident has never been excelled. He would especially call attention to the

MANTILLA DEPARTMENT,

in which may be enumerated the

Velvet plain,
Velvet, with guipure lace,
Velvet, with crotchet fringe,
Velvet, guipure lace and fringe,
Velvet bareges
Silk bareges
Colored cloth bareges,
Black cloth bareges,
Black and colored silk mantillas,
Silk and lace mantillas,
Honiton lace mantillas,
Guipure lace mantillas,
Demi cloth circulars,

all in great varieties, together with the new and novel

TRAVELLING CLOAK AND BONNET PRESERVER,

combining, as they do, comfort, ease and elegance, and presenting to the eye a costume of the most exquisite symmetry and neatness. From his former success in catering to the wants and tastes of a critical and

FASHIONABLE PUBLIC,

he feels confident that the new "spring offering" will be as acceptable to his patrons and friends as any ever before offered.

STRANGERS AND VISITERS

will therefore do well to call at the United States Mantilla and Cloak Emporium, 45 and 47 Canal-street, Brandreth Building, and examine his stock before leaving town.

mch14 tf. W. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE.

GREAT OPENING OF
SPRING GOODS.
Consisting of
Embroideries,
Shawls,
Sheetings,
Sheeting muslins,
Quilts and tickings,

and a general assortment of dress goods of the newest and best styles, and will be sold at the lowest prices.

Linen Hall, 332 Bowery.
EGAN & CO., Proprietors.

GREAT REDUCTION
in the price of
IRISH LINEN GOODS.
AT THE LINEN HALL, 332 BOWERY.

Linen sheetings from	50c. to $1 per yard.
Pillowcase linens	30c. to 65c. "
Shirting linens	21c. to $1 "
Heavy undressed linens, Richardson's	37c. to 60. "
" " Watson's	25c. to 55c. "
" " Nicholson's	25c. to 60c. "
Gibbon's best	30c to $1. "
Tablecloths	75c. to $3 "
Towelings at all prices.	
Napkins from	$1 50c. to $3 50 per doz.

All of the above goods are of our own importation, and will be sold 30 per cent. below our former prices.

mch14 1t. EGAN & CO., Linen Hall, 332 Bowery.

FOR RESTORING THE HAIR, USE LYON'S KATHARION.
FOR PRESERVING THE HAIR, USE LYON'S KATHARION.
FOR BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR, USE LYON'S KATHARION.

This unequalled Preparation for the Hair has now become emphatically

"The Public Favorite."

Its immense sale, nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year, proves its great superiority over all other articles of the kind. The ladis universally pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article they ever used. The public are cautioned against *worthless counterfeits and imitations.* Sold by all dealers, everywhere for 25 cents per bottle.

HEATH, WYNKOOP & CO., Proprietors and Perfumers, 63 Liberty-street New-York.

JAMES CAHILL,

Merchant Tailor, &c.,

10 Stuyvesant-place, near 3rd Avenue, NEW-YORK.

☞ Custom work got up in the most fashionable style and at the shortest notice. mch7 6m.

LEARY & CO'S

New Quarterly Pattern

FOR GENTLEMEN'S DRESS HATS

Is this day issued, together with a large invoice of PARIS HATS of late styles, including the celebrated CAMBRIDGE SOFT HAT (a new water-proof article) in various colors, and for sale at our counters only. LEARY & CO., Leaders of Fashions for Gents Hats, 3, 4 and 5 Astor-House. mch7 2t.

Holloway's Ointment—Dangerous Salves.—Beware of mineral ointments. They drive external disease into the system. This unguent is entirely vegetable. It expels the exciting cause of inflammation and suppuration. Under the cicatrice it leaves behind, there lurks no covert poison. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25 c., 62½c. and $1 per pot.

Oh! Ye Bald-Headed!—We invite the attention of those who are bald-headed, and those who are afraid of becoming so, to the advertisement of Prof. Wood's HAIR RESTORATIVE in to-day's paper. We are not in the habit of puffing every quack nostrum that is advertised in our paper, but we feel it our duty when we come across an article that is good, to let the people know it. We have no fear of having soon "to scud under poles," and therefore have not used the RESTORATIVE, but think, if the certificates of honest men can be relied on, that it must be a first rate article. Try it, ye, whose natural wigs need rejuvenation.—[Rockville Republican.

Shipping.

THE NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL



United States Mail Line.

The ships composing this line are the following:

The ATLANTIC .....Capt. Eldridge.
The ADRIATIC .....Capt. West.
The PACIFIC .....Capt. Eldridge.
The BALTIC .....Capt. Comstock.

These ships have been built by contract, expressly for the government service. Every care has been taken in their construction, as also in their engines to insure strength and speed; and their accommodations for passengers are unequalled for elegance and comfort.

Price of passage from New-York to Liverpool in first cabin, $180; in second do., $75. Exclusive use of extra size state rooms, $325. From Liverpool to New-York, 80 and 20 guineas.

An experienced surgeon attached to each ship.

No berth can be secured until paid for.

Edw'd. K. Collins & Co., No. 56 Wall street, New-York.
Brown, Shipley & Co., Liverpool.
Stephen Kennard & Co., 27 Austin Friars, London.
B. G. Wainwright & Co., Paris.

The owners of these ships will not be accountable for gold, silver, bullion, specie, jewelry, precious stones or metals, unless bills of lading are signed therefor, and the value thereof therein expressed.

Shippers will please take notice, that the ships of this line cannot carry any goods contraband of war. oct 25 6m.

LIVERPOOL AND PHILADELPHIA



STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

Intend despatching their splendid Iron Screw Steamers as follows:

FROM LIVERPOOL	FROM PHILADELPHIA
Every alternate Wednesday.	Every alternate Thursday.

Steerage passage from Philadelphia, $30; from Liverpool, $40, including are from or to New-York and cooked provisions. Persons wishing to visit Europe or to send for friends from Great Britain and Ireland, by the above line of splendid Steamships, or by first-class sailing Packets, can purchase passage tickets on application to

Sabel & Cortis, 177 Broadway, New-York.

Or to their Agents in

Albany—A. T. Holmes.....Dubuque—Jas. C. Rattray.
Baltimore—Foard & Rodgers.....Hartford, Ct.—A. Rose.
Boston—Thompson & Co.....New-Orleans—Jenkins, Williams & Co.
Buffalo—Robt. Hager.....Pittsburg—John Thompson.
Chicago—Lull & Mayer.....Pottsville—R. Edwards.
Cincinnati—J. F. Meline & Co.....Toronto C. W.—D. K. Feehan. tf24my

WILLIAMS & GUION'S



Old Black Star Line of Packets. 1856.



Passage from any part of Great Britain and Ireland, secured at the lowest possible rates by this old-established line, sailing from Liverpool to New-York every five days, comprising the following magnificent Ships:

Ships.	*Captains.*	*Tonage.*
AUSTRALIA,	Smith,	2,000
ATMOSPHERE,	Pray,	2,000
BRIDGEWATER (new),	Barstow,	2,000
BELLE WOOD,	Tucker,	2,000
CULTIVATOR (new),	Austin,	2,000
CYNOSURE,	Bray,	2,000
CORNELIA LAWRENCE (new),	Knapp,	2,000
CITY OF MOBILE,	Marshall,	2,000
DE WITT CLINTON,	Funk,	1,800
ENTERPRISE,	Davis,	1,200
GUY MANNERING,	Dollard,	2,000
JACOB A. WESTERVELT,	Hoodless,	2,000
IRENE,	Williams,	1,400
JOHN BRIGHT (new),	Cutting,	2,000
MARMION,	Hanley,	1,200
NORTH AMERICAN,	Clark,	1,800
OSWEGO,	Stevens,	1,400
ROBERT KELLY,	Barstow,	1,500
SARATOGA,	Trask,	1,600
THORNTON (new),	Collins,	2,000
TICONDEROGA,	Boyle,	1,400
UNIVERSE,	Cave,	2,000
VANGUARD,	Norton,	1,800
NEW SHIP,	Freeman,	2,000

The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of the departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

Provisions of best quality are provided for passengers; rations, consisting of Bread, Flour, Rice, Oatmeal, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, &c.

The increased patronage received by the proprietors of the Old Black Star Line has induced them to add to the Line several New Ships, which have taken their place this season; no expense has been spared to render the facilities for Emigration equal to the times, and add to the renown of these celebrated Packets.

The regular Sailing days are 1st, 8th, 11th, 13th, 21st, and 26th of each month; this will give passengers opportunity for embarking more frequent than by any other established Line, to which the attention of the public is respectfully called.

No Certificate of Passage will be issued for children under 12 years of age unless accompanied by an adult, who must be paid for on same certificate; for persons over 60 years of age, or with any impediment, without a Permit from Commissioners of Emigration.

REMITTANCES.

Persons wanting to send money to their friends can obtain drafts for any amount, which will be cashed at sight at the following Banks:

Ireland—National Bank of Ireland; Royal Bank of Ireland; Ulster Banking Co., and their Branches.

Scotland—National Bank of Scotland and Branches.

England—Messrs. GLYNN, MILLS & Co, Bankers, London; GUION & Co., Merchants, Liverpool.

For further particulars apply, if by letter post-paid, to

WILLIAMS & GUION,
40 Fulton street, New-York.
GUION & CO.,
115 Waterloo Road, Liverpool.

AGENTS—JOHN WHITNEY, Providence, R. I.
EDWARD RYAN, 2 Albany street, Boston.
THOMAS RATTIGAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.



BLACK BALL LINE
OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.



Sailing to and from Liverpool on the 1st and 16th of each Month.

THE following ten magnificent clipper Packet Ships comprise the "Black Ball Line, viz:—

James Foster Jr.,	Manhattan,
Great Western,	Neptune,
Harvest Queen,	Columbia,
Isaac Webb,	Yorkshire,
Isaac Wright,	Fidelia.

DRAFTS AT SIGHT for any amount payable in every town throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Persons returning to the old country, or those sending for their friends, will find it to their interest to select the "Black Ball Line," as the accommodations in the above clippers for Cabin, Second Cabin, and Steerage Passengers, are well known by the travelling public to be far superior to any other.

☞ Apply or address by letter, post-paid; no letter will be answered unless a postage stamp is enclosed to pre-pay postage.

Jacob Wilson, 108 South street, New York,
Who is the only authorized Passenger Agent for the "Black Ball Line which lay at Pier 28 East River, opposite this office. my3 3m

Bankers.

GREEN & SEWELL,

BANKERS,

No. 29 Wall Street, New-York.

DRAFTS on the Belfast Banking Co., available in any part of Ireland, for sale.

REMITTANCES from the interior, promptly forwarded to any address in Ireland, and receipt therefor returned to the sender. General Banking business transacted. my17 6m

BREWER & CALDWELL,

20 OLD SLIP, CORNER OF WATER STREET, N. Y.

ISSUE BANK OF CHARLESTON BILLS

ON

BANK OF LIVERPOOL,

In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.

IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY,
Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

JOHN MANNING,
ROBERT J. DILLON,
HUGH KELLY,
} Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREAGH, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond.
William Watson,	Hugh Kelly,	James Olwell,
John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Romaine Dillon,	John McMenomy.

EMIGRANT INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS BANK.

No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

TRUSTEES.

William Watson,	John P. Nesmith,
John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
James Kerrigan,	Cornelius H. Sheehan,
Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
James Olwell,	

JOSEPH STUART, President.
FELIX INGOLDSBY, 1st Vice-President.
JOHN MCMENOMY, 2d Vice-President.
TERENCE DONNELLY, Treasurer.
LOUIS B. BINSSE, Secretary.
PETER CREAR, Accountant.
JOHN MANNING, Comptroller. tf

REMITTANCES TO

ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.
ap19ly **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

Coal.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.
6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.
ap19ly **Thomas Maher.**

Special Notices.

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 18 tf

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine FASHIONABLE HAT! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.

N. B.—Best quality, $2, as good as any Hats sold in this city for $4 or $5.
SMITH, No. 31 PARK ROW,
sept6 1yr Under Lovejoy's Hotel, a few doors from Beekman-st.

GAS! GAS!! GAS!!!

W. H. CAREY,

Manufacturer of Chandeliers, Pendants, Brackets, Pillar and Mantel Ornaments,

And every variety of **Gas Fixtures,** No. 6 *ESSEX-MARKET,* Grand-street, New-York.

Hotels, Churches, Stores, and Dwellings fitted up, and everything appertaining to the business of GAS FITTING, attended to by competent workmen, with promptness, and at satisfactory prices.

Old Chandeliers, and all kinds of Brass-Work, Bronzed, Re-Gilt and Re-Finished, in every style, and restored to its original appearance. ja31 3m

Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 14 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his where-abouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 31 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

Business Notices.

FASHIONABLE HATTER, 223 THIRD AVENUE.

COWHY'S FALL style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape*, and *Elegance of Finish*. Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets.

Give him a call by all means. my3 1y

PIANOS, MELODEONS AND MUSIC

The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

No. 333 Broadway, N. Y.,

AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

AND

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

possessing in their improvements of over-strings and action, a length of scale power, and compass of tone equal to the Grand Piano, united with the beauty and durability of structure of the square Piano. They are justly pronounced by the Press and by the first Musical Masters to be equal to those of any other manufacturer. They are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material, and guaranteed to stand the action of every climate.

Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $30 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and Musical Instruments,

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWER PRICES THAN EVER BEFORE OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

A large discount to Teachers and Schools. The trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

MUSIC.

One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., Agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19t

HERRING'S,

PATENT CHAMPION FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFES.

THE great interest manifested by the public to procure more perfect security from Fire for valuable papers, such as BONDS, MORTGAGES, DEEDS, NOTES, and BOOKS OF ACCOUNT than the ordinary SAFES heretofore in use had afforded, induced the subscribers to devote a large portion of time and attention during the past *fourteen years in making improvements and discoveries for this object*, and they now beg leave to assure their numerous friends and the public generally that their efforts have been crowned with complete success, and now offer the "IMPROVED HERRING'S PATENT WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM FIRE-PROOF SAFE," as the

CHAMPION SAFE OF THE WORLD!

Having been awarded Medals at both the

World's Fair, London, 1851, and in New-York, 1853;

As superior to all others. It is now undoubtedly entitled to that appellation, and, secured with *HALL'S PATENT POWDER-PROOF LOCKS,* which also was awarded MEDALS as above), forms the most perfect Fire and Burglar Proof Safes ever offered to the public.

The subscribers also manufacture all kinds of Boiler and Chilled Iron Bank Chests and Vaults, Vault Doors, and Money Boxes or Chests, for Brokers, Jewelers, and Private Families, for Plate, Diamonds, and other Valuables, and are also Patentees (by purchase) and Manufacturers of

JONES' PATENT PERMUTATION BANK LOCK.

SILAS C. HERRING & CO., *Patentees,*
GREEN BLOCK, Nos. 135, 137 and 138 Water street, New-York. my10 tf

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables combine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

O'CONNOR & COLLENDER,

BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

58, ANN STREET, NEW-YORK.

American News.

THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

On the Fourth instant, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Breckinridge were duly installed in their offices, in the presence of the Senate, the Supreme Court, the Foreign Ministers, and an immense crowd of spectators, on the east front of the Capitol, where the Inauguration ceremonies were conducted.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Fellow-citizens: I appear before you this day, to take the solemn oath that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States. In entering upon this great office, I most humbly invoke the God of our fathers, for wisdom and firmness to execute its high and responsible duties in such a manner, as to restore harmony and the ancient friendship among the people of the several States, and to preserve our free institutions throughout many generations. Convinced that I owe my election to the inherent love for the Constitution and the Union which still animates the hearts of the American people, let me earnestly ask their powerful support in sustaining all just measures calculated to perpetuate these, the richest political blessings which Heaven has ever bestowed upon any nation. Having determined not to become a candidate for re-election, I shall have no motive to influence my conduct in administering the Government, except the desire to ably and faithfully serve my country, and to live in the grateful memory of my countrymen.

We have recently passed through a Presidential contest, in which the passions of our fellow-citizens were excited to the highest degree by questions of vital importance; but when the people proclaimed their will, the tempest at once subsided, and all was calm. The voice of the majority, speaking in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, was heard, and instant submission followed. Our own country, could alone have exhibited so grand and striking a spectacle of the capacity of man for self-government. What a happy conception, then, was it for Congress to apply this simple rule, that the will of the majority shall govern, to the settlement of the question of Domestic Slavery in the Territories! Congress is neither to legislate Slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom; but to leave the People thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States as a natural consequence. Congress has also prescribed that when the Territory of Kansas shall be admitted as a State it shall be received into the Union with or without Slavery, as their Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission. A different opinion has arisen in regard to the time when the people of a Territory shall decide this question for themselves. This is happily a matter of but little practical importance, and beside, it is a judicial question, which legitimately belongs to the Supreme Court of the United States, before whom it is now pending, and will, it is understood, be speedily and finally settled. To their decision, in common with all good citizens, I shall cheerfully submit, whatever this may be, though it has been my individual opinion that under the Nebraska-Kansas act, the appropriate period will be when the number of actual residents in the Territories shall justify the formation of a Constitution with a view to its admission as a State into the Union. But, be this as it may, it is the imperative and indispensable duty of the Government of the United States to secure to every resident inhabitant the free and independent expression of his opinion by his vote. This sacred right of each individual must be preserved. This being accomplished, nothing can be fairer than to leave the people of a Territory, free from all foreign interference, to decide their own destiny for themselves, subject only to the Constitution of the United States. The whole Territorial question being settled upon the principle of popular sovereignty—a principle as ancient as free Government itself—everything of a practical nature has been decided, and no other question remains for adjustment, because all agree that under the Constitution, Slavery in the States is beyond the reach of any human power, except that of the respective States themselves wherein it exists. May we not then hope that the long agitation on this subject is approaching its end, and that the geographical parties to which it has given birth, so much dreaded by the Father of his Country, will speedily become extinct. Most happy will it be for the country when the public mind shall be diverted from this question, to others of more pressing and practical importance. Throughout the whole progress of this agitation, which has scarcely known any intermission for more than twenty years, while it has been productive of no positive good to any human being, it has been the prolific source of great evils to the master, to the slave, and to the whole country; it has alienated and estranged the people of the sister States, from each other, and has even seriously endangered the very existence of the Union. Nor has the danger yet entirely ceased. Under our system there is a remedy for all mere political evils, in the sound sense and sober judgment of the people. Time is a great corrective. The political subjects which but a few years ago exasperated the public mind have passed away, and are nearly forgotten; but this question of Domestic Slavery is of far greater importance than any mere political question, because should the agitation continue, it may eventually endanger the personal safety of a large portion of our countrymen where the institution exists. In that event, no form of Government, however productive of material benefits, can compensate for the loss of peace and domestic security around the family altar. Let every Union-loving man, therefore, exert his best influence to suppress this agitation, which since the recent legislation of Congress, is without any legitimate object. It is an evil of the times that men have undertaken to calculate the mere material value of the Union.

Reasoned estimates have been presented of the pecuniary profits and local advantages, which would result to different States and sections from its dissolution, and of the comparative injuries which such an event would inflict on other States and sections. Even descending to this low and narrow view of the mighty question, all such calculations are at fault. The bare reference to a single consideration will be conclusive on this point.

We at present enjoy a free trade throughout our extensive and expansive country, such as the world never witnessed. This trade is conducted on railroads and canals, on noble rivers and arms of the sea, which bind together the North and the South, the East and the West of our confederacy. Annihilate this trade, arrest its free progress by the geographical lines of jealous and hostile States, and you destroy the prosperity and onward march of the whole and every part, and involve all in one common ruin.

But such considerations, important as they are in themselves, sink into insignificance when we reflect on the terrific evils which would result from disunion to every portion of the Confederacy—to the North not more than to the South, to the East not more than to the West. These I shall not attempt to portray, because I feel an humble confidence that the kind Providence which inspired our fathers with wisdom to frame the most perfect form of government and union ever devised by man, will not suffer it to perish until it shall have been peacefully instrumental, by its example, in the extension of civil and religious liberty throughout the world.

Next in importance to the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union, is the duty of preserving the Government free from the taint or even the suspicion of corruption. Public virtue is the vital spirit of Republics, and history proves that when this is decayed, and the love of money has usurped its place, although the forms of free government may remain for a season, the substance has departed for ever. Our present financial condition is without a parrallel in history. No nation has before been embarrassed from too large a surplus in its Treasury. This almost necessarily gives birth to extravagant legislation. It produces wild schemes of expenditures, and begets a race of speculators and jobbers whose ingenuity is exerted in contriving and promoting expedients to obtain the public money. The party, through its official agents, whether rightfully or wrongfully, is suspected, and the character of the Government suffers in the estimation of the people. This is in itself a very great evil. The natural mode of relief from this embarrassment is to appropriate the surplus in the Treasury to great national objects, for which a clear warrant can be found in the constitution. Among these, I might mention the extinguishment of the public debt, a reasonable increase of the Navy, which is at present inadequate to the protection of our vast tonnage afloat—now greater than that of any other nation, as well as the defense of our extended sea coast. It is beyond all question the true principle, that no more revenue ought to be collected from the people, than the amount necessary to defray the expenses of a wise, economical, and efficient Administration of the Government. To reach this point, it was necessary to resort to a modification of the tariff, and this has been accomplished in such a manner, to do as little injury as may have been practicable to our domestic manufactures, especially those necessary for the defense of the country. Any discrimination against a particular branch for the purpose of benefiting favored corporations, individuals, or interests, would have been unjust to the rest of the community, and inconsistent with that spirit of fairness and equality, which ought to govern in the adjustment of a revenue tariff—but the squandering of the public money, sinks into comparitive insignificance, as a temptation to corruption, when compared with the squandering of the public lands.

No nation, in the tide of time, has ever been blessed with so noble an inheritance as we enjoy in the public lands. In administering this important trust, while it may be wise to grant portions of them for the improvement of the remainder, yet we should never forget that it is our cardinal policy to reserve these lands as much as may be for actual settlers, and this at moderate prices. We shall thus not only best promote the prosperity of the new States, by furnishing them a hardy and independent race of honest and industrious citizens, but shall secure homes for our children and our children's children, as well as those exiles from foreign shores who may seek in this country to improve their condition and to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty. Such emigrants have done much to promote the growth and prosperity of the country. They have proved faithful both in peace and in war. After becoming citizens, they are entitled, under the Constitution and laws, to be placed on perfect equality with native-born citizens, and in this character they should ever be kindly recognized.

The Federal Constitution is a grant from the States to Congress of certain specific powers, and the question whether this grant shall be liberally or strictly construed, has, more or less, divided political parties from the beginning. Without entering into the argument, I desire to state at the commencement of my administration, that long experience and observation have convinced me that a strict construction of the powers of the Government is the only true as well as the only safe theory of the Constitution. Whenever, in our past history, doubtful powers have been exercised by Congress, they have never failed to produce injurious and unhappy consequences. Many such instances might be adduced if this were the proper occasion. Neither is it necessary for the public service to strain the language of the Constitution, because all the great and useful powers required for a successful administration of the Government, both in peace and in war, have been granted either in express terms or by the plainest implication. While deeply convinced of these truths, I yet consider it clear that, under the war-making power, Congress may appropriate money toward the construction of a military road when this is absolutely necessary for the defense of any State or Territory of the Union against foreign invasion. Under the Constitution, Congress has power to declare war, to raise and support armies, to provide and maintain a navy, and to call forth the militia to repel invasion. Thus endowed in an ample manner with the war-making power, the corresponding duty is required that the United States shall protect each of them (the States) against invasion. How is it possible to afford this protection to California and our Pacific possessions except by means of a military road through the territory of the United States, over which men and munitions of war may be speedily transported from the Atlantic States to meet and repel the invader? In case of a war with a naval power much stronger than our own, we should then have no other available access to the Pacific coast, because such a power would instantly close the route across the Isthmus of Central America. It is impossible to conceive that, while the Constitution has expressly required Congress to defend all the States, it should yet deny to them by any fair construction the only possible means by which one of these States can be defended. Beside, the Government, ever since its origin, has been in the constant practice of constructing military roads. It might also be wise to consider whether the love for the Union which now animates our fellow-citizens on the Pacific Coast may not be impaired by our neglect or refusal to provide for them, in their remote and isolated condition, the only means by which the power of the States on this side of the Rocky Mountains can reach them in sufficient time to protect them against invasion.

I forbear, for the present, from expressing an opinion as to the wisest and most economical mode in which the Government can lend its aid in accomplishing this great and necessary work. I believe that many difficulties in the way, which now appear formidable, will, in a great degree, vanish as soon as the nearest and best route shall have been satisfactorily ascertained.

It may be right that, on this occasion, I should make some brief remarks as to our rights and duties as a member of the great Family of Nations. In our intercourse with them, there are some plain principles, approved by our own experience, from which we should never depart. We ought to cultivate peace, commerce and friendship with all nations, and this not merely as the best means of promoting our own national interest, but in a spirit of Christian benevolence toward fellow-men, where ever their lot may be cast. Our diplomacy should be direct and frank, neither seeking to obtain more nor accepting less than is our due. We ought to cherish a sacred regard for the independence of all nations, and never attempt to interfere in the domestic concerns of any, unless this shall be imperatively required by the great law of self-preservation. To avoid entangling alliances has been a maxim of our policy ever since the days of Washington, and its wisdom no one will attempt to dispute. In short, we ought to do justice in a kindly spirit to all nations, and require justice from them in return. It is our glory, that, while other nations have extended their dominions by the sword, we have never acquired any territory except by fair purchase, or, as in the case of Texas, by the voluntary determination of a brave, kindred and independent people to blend their destinies with our own. Even our acquisitions from Mexico form no exception. Unwilling to take advantage of the fortune of war against a sister Republic, we purchased these possessions, under the treaty of peace, for a sum which was considered at the time a fair equivalent. Our past history forbids that we shall in the future acquire territory unless this be sanctioned by the laws of justice and honor. Acting on this principle, no nation will have a right to interfere or to complain if, in the progress of events, we shall still further extend our possessions. Hitherto, in all our acquisitions, the people under the protection of the American flag have enjoyed civil and religious liberty as well as equal and just laws, and have been contented, prosperous and happy. Their trade with the rest of the world has rapidly increased, and thus every commercial nation has shared largely in their successful progress. I shall now proceed to take the oath prescribed by the Constitution, while humbly invoking the blessing of Divine Providence on this great people.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

City News.

DOCTOR CONNERY.

To the Editor of the Irish News:

MY DEAR MEAGHER:—I ask a portion of the NEWS, to vindicate a man, who is, as I think, unjustly accused and factiously persecuted. I do so in my proper person, because I hold that no man should challenge the motives or stigmatize the conduct of others without assuming the responsibility to which they may hold him. The man I undertake to defend is Doctor Connery. A cry has been raised against him, in certain quarters, the most hollow, heartless and cruel it is possible to conceive; and it requires time and patience to investigate the proceeding thoroughly, so as fully to expose it. I shall be as brief and direct as I can.

One month ago, the city was shocked by the news of a foul murder, committed as it were in the eye of society, and under circumstances so startling as to make the firmest quake. Inexpressible anxiety thrilled every bosom and trembled on every tongue. To trace the foul deed to its dark source, to track the murderer's foot-prints, so as to expose to view the hideous secrets and black agencies of his crime, seemed to be the sole prayer and hope of the population.

The public excitement was intense, and it centered on the proceedings before the Coroner's inquest. He is reported to have indulged in unbecoming levity, to have formed a "theory" (whatever that may mean) of the guilt of the inmates of the house, and to have prosecuted his inquiry in subordination to this "theory," and, in consequence, to have subjected the suspected to cruelties and indignities. These accusations were loud and vehement; and, day by day, the current of indignation that swept on the murderer's track diverged towards the Coroner, until all interest in the question—who is the murderer?—has ceased with numbers, and we only hear from them—how is the Coroner to be punished? He is pursued with blood-hound implacability, and blood-hound yell. At another time this may be intelligible if not justifiable; but that such a hubbub should now be raised, pre-occupying and irritating the public mind, at a moment when a question vital to the interests of society demands a fair, calm, unbiased and unprejudiced consideration and decision, suggests the presence and control of the worst species of anarchy. All the vital forces of reason are sought to be disordered and deranged when we most need coolness, temper, and equanimity to determine on the guilt or innocence of two fellow-beings, charged with the foulest murder—doubly horrible if committed by them.

I now come to the "charges" against the Coroner. That of levity, he emphatically denies as imputed; and I dismiss it as worth no further thought, although it supplies the abundant virus of a Sunday paper with a congenial topic for brutal buffoonery.

The next "charge" I shall notice is the Coroner's indelicacy in causing the examination of Mrs. Cunningham's person to be made by men—hard-handed, coarse-figured policemen! How the profanity stirred the pious bile of "woman's rights" conventions, and "free-love" gatherings! and how puritanical prudes, in pantaloons, shuddered at the gross idea. "The brute," cried the pantaloons, "could he not have her examined by persons of her own sex?" This claim, the pantaloons made in favor of "womanhood." WOMANHOOD!—is nothing sacred from fanaticism? What about the *womanhood* of the examiners? Was that to be subjected to the pollution of the examination? Is it only womanhood in breeches—virile, audacious, licentious and unwomanly womanhood—that deserves the sympathy of the philanthropists in petticoats?

The next "charge" is that the Coroner imprisoned that fair lady and her paramour, and even refused to allow her counsel to communicate with her.

The *Tribune*, in its feminine solicitude, and with feminine sa-

gacity, discovered that this was cruel and illegal withal: and, citing certain sections of the statute, defining the Coroner's powers, announced "ex cathedra," "that he could not commit or hold either witnesses or accused, until the jury would have rendered their verdict."

Next day, the scene was changed to the Common Pleas, where the broadest farce was enacted. The counsel of the outraged innocents in the Tombs, amid the jeers of his profession, read the law from the *Tribune*. He conveniently forgot the statute, but he assured the Court he had compared the *Tribune* law with it. I have no doubt he had; for, with great deference to your erudite neighbor, I assume he furnished it himself. Be that as it may, certain it is that in the *Tribune* law there was a suppression, and that part only was quoted which so far sustained the counsel. It might have succeeded, had not chance thrown the statute itself in Mr. Hall's way—he being in no wise concerned. However, he read one of the suppressed sections, upon which the Court affirmed the Coroner's right to hold the *accused*. But the *witnesses* were discharged, and, therefore, the Coroner's assumed wrong, in committing them, was seized on as evidence not alone that he treated them harshly and unjustly, but the accused also; and the assumption inures to *their* benefit. The *Tribune* never has corrected the fraudulent law; and neither it, nor any of its kindred cotemporaries, has given even the substance of the facts in the Common Pleas, and many of their readers, if not all, believe to this day, that the accused were unjustly and illegally confined.

The Court discharged the witnesses it is true; but no one objected to their discharge. Under the circumstances it was a matter of course. Is that any proof, the Coroner was wrong? He has power to issue subpœnas to witnesses, by the act quoted, and to enforce the observance of them. If in the exercise of this power he is not entitled to take such measures as will secure the end in view, is not the power a mockery? Even if the law were silent, a construction so narrow as to result in the defeat of the very object for which the office of Coroner was instituted, only deserves contempt. It is a principle of the common law, recognised everywhere, that every court is clothed "ipso facto," with all necessary powers to enable it to fulfill the objects of its institution. But the law is not silent. It says, sec. 7 of the same Act, the Coroner "shall in all respects proceed in the same manner," that is as a "Justice of the Peace." Well, a Justice of the Peace, according to the Act under which he proceeds, is entitled to subpœna witnesses and enforce their attendance. He "may," sec. 18, "cause the witnesses to be kept separate and prevented from conversing with each other." He may adjourn the prisoner's examination, and hold the witnesses for and against him in jail. Here is express law, and the Coroner is to proceed "in like manner." But were it otherwise, and did the Coroner transcend his strict right in endeavoring to bring this foul murder to light, can faction select no other way to appease its hate or its lusts but bringing a charge against him? Policy, justice, even humanity to the accused, commend his conduct, and to defend it almost seems an insult to the common sense of mankind.

I have reserved for the last the "charge" of having conducted the investigation subordinate to his "theory." How did he do so? By Mrs. Cunningham's examination by policemen? She was not so examined. She has herself acquitted him. What, then? I know not, unless it is because she was *not*. By Eckel's imprisonment? So says a correspondent. But the jury found that Eckel was guilty—the grand jury found true bills against him. By not taking Spicer's evidence? I shall dispose of that hereafter. How else? Not by his charge. That was fair, impartial, just. So it is admitted. It was even able: no man denies it.

But while there was no proof of the Coroner's having made any "theory" the rule of his conduct, the "Press"—that is the journals who persecute the Coroner—had their theory, and to that theory they unscrupulously made everything subordinate—truth, honor, decency, even secrets under oath.

I propose to prove these bold assertions. But first let me make a distinction. The charges against the Coroner consist of things he is reported to have said, and things he is charged with having done. The reports, he, for the most part, denies; the acts, such as these above alluded to, he justifies.

First, as to the reporters. The profession is an honorable one. It requires high character, capacity and attainments. But the reporters are not sworn, and they sometimes indulge in a little fancy. What they report is not evidence; and any charge against the Coroner founded on it, must be proved, to be of any weight. To show in what spirit they reported the proceedings of the inquest, I will revert to one incident. A juror on one occasion complainedthat evidence given the day before was wholly misrepresented in the *Times*. The *Herald* report next morning disposed of the complaint thus—

"A juror mounteth the rostrum;"—

as if it were insolent and ridiculous on the part of a juror to complain of a mis-report. One great mistake the Coroner made; he seemed to cater to the reporters, and verily he has his reward.

I now proceed with my proofs. In the first place, I think it exceedingly doubtful whether the proceedings of Coroners' inquests ought to be reported at all pending the inquiry. The publication can scarcely be of use; it may be fatal to the course of justice. But however that may be, the report of every day's proceedings in thi case was usually followed by a summing up and a *decision* on the merits.

These decisions were, in the first place, officious—another body being charged on oath with the duty of pronouncing them. To that body they were insulting. They were a mockery of trial by jury—the jury being forestalled by the reporters.

Secondly, reporters, or persons assuming to act as such, visited the prisoners in the Tombs, and, impressed by their interesting conduct and assurances, pronounced them *innocent*. This occurred even after the Coroner's jury rendered their verdict, and was therefore in direct condradiction to that verdict, and an assumption, *pro tanto*, that the jurors were fools or perjurers.

Thirdly, the *Tribune*, through two anonymous correspondents, has broadly asserted that the Coroner's theory was groundless; which means that the accused have been proved innocent.

Fourthly, even when the indictment was before the grand jury, the *Herald* and *Times*, in shameless violation of the sworn secresy of the jury, made pretended revelations of new witnesses, and new suspected parties, and described the witnesses as *"persons who would not appear before the Coroner,"* in consequence of his outrageous conduct. Daily we were told that there was increased probability of "discovering the murderers," that "a new track was found," that the "labors of the grand jury would be successful!" and lo, the jury find true bills in exact accordance with the verdict of the Coroner's inquest, although the Coroner, or his "theory," could have no effect on them, and although they had the advantage of testimony which "would not be given before him."

While the *Herald* and *Times* were busy discovering the secrets of the grand jury room, and betraying them, the *Tribune* had started a new question, and struck out new ground.

Spicer's affidavit appeared, and because the Coroner did not examine him at the inquest, the *Tribune* pronounced his refusal a complete cause for his removal. Previously it had held out a smothered threat to the same effect. The Coroner, in an explanation before the jury, it seems, said that he would "shake off the attacks and misrepresentations of the press, as the lion shakes off the w-drops from his mane." Whereupon, the *Tribune* observed, that it remained to be seen how this *Irish Lion* would shake off *"the people of New-York."* The threat was cowardly and idle, the taunt impertinent, and in the *Tribune* treacherous to its own principles. If the counsel of the *Tribune*, or the "people of New-York" it represents, prevailed, he never would be in office; if the appeal to remove him were *to the people* of New-York, they could not avail to effect it. But the appeal is not to the people, it is to faction—that faction who by foul or fair means, will deprive the people of New-York of their franchise.

But the *Tribune* only hinted, as long as the removal was on the ground that the Coroner was "Irish." On the discovery of Spicer's affidavit, it pronounced the sentence of removal, as if ex-officio. "The cause is complete."

How? The Coroner refused to hear Spicer's evidence. We have the evidence, and know its value now; the *Tribune* had it before it when writing. It does not disclose a fact, or even suggest an idea tending directly or indirectly to acquit the accused, or to inculpate or throw suspicion on any one else. Again, and supposing it did, what does he swear? That somebody (he does not say who) told him, that the Coroner said to this somebody, something (the somebody did not state) "to the effect," that he, Spicer, "knew too much." Precise Spicer! But is it not trifling with reason as well as justice, to promulgate this helpless and meaningless farago of hearsay as a charge—a charge that would be scouted out of any court where law is known, or any society where common sense is recognized? But he could prove that Burdell was married. Even so, would this in any way affect the issue? And if it did, let us examine the proof. Burdell wrote a letter to Spicer, (which is lost of course,) and in that letter he charged Spicer with being the cause of his marrying, because he betrayed his secrets. "Now," said he to Spicer, "I confided my secrets to you, and you betrayed them, which obliged me to marry, wherefore I confide to you this yet greater secret of my marriage, which I am determined no one shall ever hear of." Confiding doctor! the more you were betrayed, the more unreserved was your trust.

And yet it is on this man's affidavit faction fastens. Charges are regularly made against the Coroner, and the Governor forthwith calls on him to answer them, even while the investigation into the murder is proceeding. I know that attempts are being otherwise made to disfranchise the people of New-York; to displace the Mayor, whom they elected, and bestow his office on the nominee of that faction. I know too, that it would be an exceedingly agreeable thing to fill the office of Coroner with another nominee. Nothing could be more in accordance with the views of our unprejudiced purifyers. But is this the time and the occasion? Cannot the hungriest expectant wait the issue of the prisoners' trial? Is there no avenue to aggrandizement but through the slippery path of blood? I know it is hoped to make the trial of Connery subordinate to the defence of the accused, and hard of heart must be the man who would refuse them the forbearance due to their peril and misfortunes. I at least will drop no word having for its object to bear hard on their position. But if from the discussion that has been superinduced, while they are so grievously imperilled, any thing result to their disadvantage, the consequence be on the heads of those who provoke it.

MICHAEL DOHENY.

CAPTURE OF WOLFE TONE.

From Memories of Wolfe Tone, edited by his son.

At length about the 20th of September, 1798, that fatal expedition set sail from the Baye de Camaret. It consisted of the Hoche, 74; Loire, Resolue, Belione, Coquille, Embuscade, Immortalite, Romain, and Semillante frigates; and Biche schooner, and aviso. To avoid the British fleets, Bompart, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the Westward and then to the Northeast, in order to bear down on the Northern coast of Ireland, from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered; for on the 10th of October, after twenty days cruise, he arrived off the entry of Lough Swilly, with the Hoche, the Loire, the Resolue, and the Biche. He was instantly signalled; and, on the break of day, next morning, 11th of October, before she could enter the bay, or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee of sixty guns, and two frigates, bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for the large and heavy man of war. Bompart gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner, to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honor the flag of his country and liberty, by a desperate but hopeless defence. At that moment, a boat came from the Biche for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. "Our contest is hopeless," they observed, "we will be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?" "Shall it be said," replied he, "that I fled, whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country?" He refused their offers and determined to stand and fall with the ship. The Biche accomplished her escape, and I see it mentioned in late publications that other Irishmen availed themselves of that occasion. This fact is incorrect, not one of them would have done so, and besides, my father was the only Irishman on board of the Hoche.

The British Admiral despatched two men of war, the razee, and a frigate, after the Loire and Resolue and the Hoche was soon surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, and began one of the most desperate engagements, which have ever been fought on the ocean. During six hours she sustained the fire of a whole fleet, till her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cock pit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke, and let in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck on the waters; her sail and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun from her dismounted batteries, to the unabating cannonade of the enemy. At length she struck. The Resolue and Loire were soon reached by the English fleet: the former was in a sinking condition, she made, however, an honorable defence; the Loire sustained three attacks, drove off the English frigates, and had almost effected her escape; at length, engaged by the Anson, razee of sixty guns, she struck after an action of three hours, entirely dismasted. Of other frigates, pursued in all directions, the Bellone, Immortalite, Coquille, and Embuscade, were taken, and the Romaine and Simillante, through a thousand dangers, reached separate ports in France. During the action, Tone commanded one of the batteries, and, according to the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. When the ship struck, confounded with the other officers, he was not recognised for some time; for he had completely acquired the language and appearance of a Frenchman. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction, nor was it till some days later, that the Hoche was brought into Lough Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumors of his being on board must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action, and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valor of a fallen enemy, were not ernest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman, well known in the county Derry, as a leader of the Orange party, and one of the chief magistrates in that neighborhood, Sir George Hill, who had been his fellow-student in Trinity College, and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him, It is known that in Spain, grandees and noblemen of the first rank, pride themselves in the functions of familiars, spies, and informers of the Holy Inquisition; it remained for Ireland to offer a similar example. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district; my father sat undistinguished amongst them, when Sir George Hill entered the room, followed by police officers. Looking narrowly at the company, he singled out the object of his search, and stepping up to him said, "Mr. Tone, I am *very happy* to see you." Instantly rising, with the utmost composure, and disdaining all useless attempts at concealment, Tone replied, "Sir George, I am happy to see you; how are Lady Hill and your family?" Beckoned, into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him. It was filled with military, and one General Lavan, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as leaving Ireland to enter the French service, he had not renounced his oath of allegance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Seized with a momentary burst of indignation at such unworthy treatment, and cowardly cruelty to a prisoner of war, he flung off his uniform and cried, "These fetters shall never disgrace the revered insigna of the free nation which I have served." Resuming then his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed, he exclaimed "For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains, than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England."

ENNISKILLEN—ROUND TOWERS AND MONASTIC VIEWS ON THE ISLAND OF DEVENISH IN LOUGH ERNE.

A correspondent of the *Dublin Telegraph*, says Mr. I. F. Quin, Enniskillen, has requested me to explain to him immediately "the real origin of an old relic named the Gospel of *Lazarus*," for many centuries the hereditary heirloom of the Meehan family, and now in the possession of Mr. Charles Meehan, parish of Rossinver, county Leitrim, with whom he saw the case. A traveller from Dublin to Ballyshannon must cross the Erne at the island called Enniskillen, eighty-two miles from Dublin. This island, between the bridges which connect it with the suburbs, is exactly half an English mile in length; and between these bridges extends the great highway which forms the principal street of the town, and off which on either side, as far as the winter inundations of the lake will permit, go the smaller streets, the longest of which is about 160 yards. This is Enniskillen, properly so called—but the borough, extending beyond the bridges and embracing the suburban streets (or house-lined highways,) is nearly one mile long. The island derives its name from *Inis* "island," *sce* "bush," and *lion* "net"—"Net-bush-island;" and from that it seems that the ancient fishermen were in the habit of fastening their nets to a bush on the island. The only antiquity in the town is the eastern end of the ancient Caislean Inniscelion. A tourist visiting our matter-of-fact and business-stirring locality, and desirous of seeing the most perfect round tower in the "known world," must step into one of the light gondolas that skim our waters and descend with the current into the Lower Lake, the ancient Lough Samher—and if his young heart once glowed with enthusiastic sympathy in the "trials and triumphs" of the lovers in the "Children of the Abbey," it is well to inform him that when half a mile from the town he enters the scene of the tale. On his right, in Derrygore, is the "orchard" and the house where the lovers met; on the left is the "castle," now crumbling in desolate ruin, where the proud Maguire exchanged the bowl of amity, or the scowl of enmity, as peace or passion ruled. Where the castle stands is called Portdeora, which means the "heaven of tears," and is derived from the circumstance of its being the last resting-place of the

dead journeying to a grave on the island of Devenish. Here the farewell *cine* was raised and the parting tear shed, while the remains were lowered into a curagh and borne away on the waters. Thither, too, must the tourist ride—another mile and he enters the Friar's Leap, a furlong wide, where, in olden time, (saith the legend) a holy man astonished his pursuers by crossing the Erne with a bound. A few pulls more and we reach Davenish where I must leave the visitor to examine for himself the monastic remains and the tower, raised one night long ago by a Goban Sear, to "puzzle posterity." The ruins of the first monastery erected on this island still remain a few feet above the surface; and beside them, in a similar state of ruin, is the small square house of the founder, St. Maol Iosa (*i.e.*, servant of Jesus), a native of Cavan—and who, in the beginning of the sixth century, established himself on this island, which in the Irish language is called Damh Inis, and signifies the "Ox Island." When St. Maol-Iosa had collected around him a company of pious men, and found his monastery in a flourishing condition, he appointed an assistant prior to take his place, and he himself passed over to the city of St. Peter, on a visit of duty and love. While there he procured a copy of the Gospels, to be kept as a memento of his visit to the Holy City, and as was the custom of that age had them safely placed in a metal case, which on his return he brought with him to Devenish. After many years of peace and sanctity, and having seen his holy labors blessed by heaven, he was called to his crown, according to Colgan, on the 12th of September, 563, and his remains were interred in the island, sixteen yards north (as far as elaborate research can ascertain) of the west end of his own dwelling. After the death of St. Maol-Iosa other men, saintly and learned, some of whom were bishops, succeeded him, and one another, in the office of prior; and from the pious lives and learning of the community the fame of the monastery of Devenish spread far beyond the hills of Erin, and attracted the sons of Gaul, Albion, and Scotia, to the land of saints and *savants*. During the lifetime of St. Maol-Iosa, and for a thousand years afterwards, there lived on their own septal patrimony in Ballagh-Meehan (now a parish) in the county of Leitrim, a sept which sent forth many bright ornaments of our race. This sept gloried in the patronymic of O'Mithidhein, now Anglicised to O'Meehan; and among the Priors of Devenish this name and family held a distinguished place. As *coarbs* (or sovereign successors) of the power and sacred property of St. Maol-Iosa, they inherited, with other things, the encised copy of the Gospels that holy man had brought from Rome; and when the O'Meehans had ceased to fill the office of their patron this sacred relic was conveyed to Ballagh-Meehan, where the metal case may now be seen in the possession of Mr. Charles Meehan, who may justly feel proud in the safe keeping of that box which has descended to him from his patron saint, and which was dear to his fathers for twelve hundred years! In the Irish, Latin, and English sanctographies of St. Maol-Iosa he is variously named St. Molaise, St. Laisreanus, St. Laisrean, and St. Laiser, some of which must have been sounding in Mr. Kirwan's ears when he called him "Lazarus;" St. Maol-Iosa, however, is the correct name, composed, as before noticed, of two Irish words. And though I am far from bringing a charge of carelessness against the querist, yet I must remark that all persons seeking solutions to antiquarian difficulties ought to be as careful in giving names, places, and time, as the respondent *must be* in giving his answer, Wanting this, the respondent must often shrink from the difficulties proposed to him. But let us return to Devenish. Notwithstanding that the cattle are permitted to range at large over these 123 acres of ruins, grass and graves, and take shelter and fatten at their stalls in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, yet there is much to interest the mind in these hoof-trodden remains. There, amidst the wreck of ages—magnificent and perfect as when Goban laid the last stone—rises the monument of an era yet to be fixed; while St. Mary's Priory, of the last years of the fifteenth century, moulders in Gothic grandeur, eighty-eight yards on its south-west—and fifty yards on the north-west repose the weather-beaten walls of St. Maol-Iosa's monastery; extending away from which lie the tombs of saints and chiefs; and all around these objects of ruin and solitude—once so full of life and joy—the waters of the lovely Samher still flow on as when, twelve hundred years ago, they bore the curagh of St. Maol-Iosa! Truly, the mind feels in this region of silence the soul-poured sentiments which Milton has breathed into the two last stanzas of his "Last Poem"—

In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

POLITICAL MAP OF EUROPE—THE ALLY OF ENGLAND—OVERTHROW OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

BY ERNEST JONES.

Continued from our last.

I turn now to our next ally. France? No! Napoleon. Here we are allied with a man, not with a people. A man? Nay! with something that is not human. France has thirty-five millions of inhabitants, of whom eleven millions are proprietors of the soil—and the land of which bears the chief part of its taxation, three and twenty millions sterling. This accounts for the elasticity and innate power of the people. Storms that would have prostrated mere manufacturing countries, have failed to level that. The hurricane that blew a Napoleon to St. Helena, swept harmless over the land of the corn-field and the vine. France is our great manufacturing rival in Europe. Possessed of corn, coal and iron in abundance, vast navigable rivers connect its centre with the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, on both of which it has a noble seaboard and glorious harbors: Brest, Cherbourg, Havre, Rochelle, Bayonne in the former; Marseilles, Toulon, and others on the latter. But, with the small exception of Belgium, France, unlike Russia, has no sympathising population beyond its frontier. On the south is the Spaniard, whom centuries of injury have taught to hate the Gallic name. On the south-east the Italian, who never will forget the wars of Lombardy, nor the fratricide of Rome. To the east is Germany, where many an unjustified invasion has ploughed in lines of hatred the memories of the French. From these very facts, France is calculated to exercise but little influence in the affairs of Europe, except as an armed and active foe. But I repeat, it is not with France, it is with an individual and his army that we are allied. We will glance at the character of our ally, and the benefits of his alliance. When the hand of revolution shattered the monarchy of stockjobbing and usury, and raised a government of honor and freedom in the midst of an exulting land—a penniless gambler crawled threadbare back from exile, and asked asylum at the hearth of the republic. He was received with pitying kindness, and, serpent from the nest of monarchy as he was, his shivering nakedness was warmed and clothed by the generous hand of the French people. His first step was to swear allegiance to the republic. His only capital was his name—a great name as it is called, but one that ought to be cursed alike by France and all mankind. On the strength of this name he was elected a representative of the people—and, a second time he swore allegiance and fealty to the republic. By help of the intrigues of Bourbonists and Orleanists, who embraced anything to crush democracy and the republic, joined to the influence of his uncle's name, the adventurer was elected President of the commonwealth. He then swore fealty to the republic for the third time, and in the following terms, in the National Assembly, at his installation as President:—"I swear to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, one, and indivisible, and to fulfil all the duties imposed on me by the constitution."* Not satisfied with the oath, the new President feeling that suspicion rested on him, volunteered a further declaration, and, having asked permission to speak, delivered himself as follows:—"I shall regard as the enemies of the country all who seek to change, by illegal means that which the entire nation has established." But treachery did not stop here. That he might effectually lull suspicion, time after time he issued his declarations of devotion and loyalty to the Republic. In November he had said to the people:—"There must be no equivocation between you and me. I am not a man of ambition. I shall ever remain faithful to the will of the Assembly. I shall make it a point of honor to leave, at the end of the four years, to my successor, power consolidated and liberty intact." On December 31, '49, in his first message to the Assembly, he wrote:—"It is my ambition to be worthy of the confidence of the nation, in maintaining the constitution to which I have sworn." On November 12, '50, in his second annual message, he said:—"If the constitution contains defects and dangers, you are all free to make this known to the country, I alone, bound by my oath, confine myself within the strict limits that constitution has traced out." In the same year, he said in a cunningly studied speech at Caen:—"When in all directions prosperity seems reviving, he would indeed be a guilty man, who should seek to check its impulse by changing that which now exists." In the same year, at another great display, at Ham, the scene of his imprisonment, he said, alluding to his attempt at Strasburg:—"Now, that I have become the legal chief of a great nation, I can scarcely comprehend a man's audacity, in having sought to take upon himself the terrible responsibility of a change. I propose to you, in the very locality of my just imprisonment, a toast in honor of those who, notwithstanding their convictions, are resolute to respect the institutions of their country." Nay, towards the close of November, 1851, a few days before "the 2nd of December," he said to a friend, who had expressed his disbelief in an intended *coup e'tat*:—"I thank you—you, at least, do not think me a scoundrel." Would it be believed, that during all this time, this very man was plotting the destruction of the republic, the violation of his oaths and a massacre more terrible than any modern history records? A few days, no! a few nights, after this last declaration, a great festival was given at the Tuilleries, in Paris—and amid dancing and drinking, laughter and music, flirtation and champagne, a pale-faced man was seen to give whispered orders to sinister-eyed courtiers, who thereupon straight glided from the glittering halls—and disappeared in the darkness of the streets outside. Gold and brandy had done their work—the soldiers were debased by drink, the commanders bought for money—and those dark figures flitted from barrack to barrack, from post to post, from police-station to police-station, arraying the straggling conspirators, and leading them forth to do their midnight work. The lights died out in the palace halls, the sounds of music ceased, the gray dawn was nearing fast, when the burglars stole on their prey, and at one fell swoop, surprised in their bed, the representatives of the People, the unbribed generals and judges of the land, were kidnapped, gagged, bound, and hurried in night and darkness to far-off prisons, without a sound or cry, while the population of the capital were buried in deep sleep. Thus the unparalleled treachery begun, by an act of perjury so unheard so astonishingly base, that history finds no language adequate to describe the act. Such is the other ally of England. But this is little in the scale. Perjury is but the infamy of the individual, it had to be coupled with murder among the masses. As yet, the Government alone were gagged—the people had to be silenced. Lying proclamations were now thickly scattered on the walls of the capital promising liberty and justice, and trying to give confidence to the citizens. The latter began again to swarm along the streets. It was a bright and sunny December afternoon, a few days after the *coup e'tat*. The cafes were full, the pavements were crowded, and great multitudes, in holiday attire, were streaming on the Boulevards. Their numbers were unusually dense—Paris had never beheld such a spectacle—when suddenly a mass of glittering bayonets was seen to emerge from the side streets at one end of the Boulevards, and advance up their centre. Another and another followed—horse and foot, cavalry and artillery, they kept advancing—unsteadily, it is true, for men and officers were manifestly and plainly reeling drunk—but still they came, on and on, till they filled up the central roadway of the whole line of Boulevards, from end to end. On either side, on the foot-pavements, along the entire length, dense masses of men, women, and children were packed, all looking at the grand military spectacle, all wondering what that dense display of troops portended,—but all in cheerful confidence and good humor, little expecting what was about to happen—the object of that brilliant demonstration. Suddenly, the long line of troops was seen to halt, and face round right and left,—an explosion shook the glassy fronts of the shops along the Boulevards; the pavement rocked under the feet of the holiday crowd,—another and another—a long, loud, growing and continuous roar, mingled with the sound of crashing glass—and then a sheet of fire was seen coming up the street from the Boulevarde Poissoniere, and soon lighting the entire length, till a mile of flame was flashing and hurtling in double row above the pavements. I now quote from the published narratives of those present, as recorded in the "*Times*," by Victor Hugo, and all those present, and of which no shadow of contradiction or doubt has been attempted. "The army had commenced shooting down the people, with the muzzles of their muskets actually touching them. It was a horrible moment; it would be impossible to describe the cries, the arms of the people raised towards heaven, their surprise, their horror; the crowd flying in all directions, the shower of balls falling on the pavement, and bounding to the roofs of the houses, corpses covering the road in a single moment, young men falling with their cigars still in their mouths, women in velvet gowns shot down dead by the long rifles, two booksellers killed on their own thresholds, without their having known what offence they had committed, shots fired down cellar-holes, and killing anyone, no matter who happened to be below, bazaars riddled with shells and balls, the hotels bombarded, cafes carried by assault, hundreds of corpses stretched upon the Boulevard, and a torrent of blood in the gutters of the Rue de Richelieu. The volleys of musketry continued uninterruptedly for twenty minutes, while now and then the cannon was heard booming above all the rest. The soldiers fired volleys of thousands and thousands of shot—the number is inappreciable—on the unoffending crowd, and without having the slightest reason for so doing. In order that those persons who had fallen wounded near the doors in the Rue Montmartre, might receive the first necessary attentions, we could see the doors opened from time to time, down the street, while an arm would be stretched out, and then hastily draw in the corpse, or a dying man whom the balls were still striving to claim as their own. The soldiers stationed at the corners of the streets, awaited the inhabitants as they passed along, like sportsmen lying in wait for their game, and directly they saw them in the street, they fired at them as they would do at a target. 'Go on,' said the officers to the unoffending citizen who demanded their protection. At these words, the people went their way quietly and with confidence; but it was merely a form of expression agreed on, and which meant *death;* for hardly had they gone a few steps before they fell. For more than an hour, there was, as it were, an orgie of musketry and artillery. The cannonade and the platoon firing, crossed each other indiscriminately; at one particular period the soldiers were killing each other. The battery of the 6th regiment of Artillery, which composed part of Canrobert's brigade, was dismounted; the horses rearing up in the midst of the balls, broke the fore-carriages, the wheels and the poles; of all the battery, in less than a minute, there only remained one gun fit for service. The most horrible amusements were mixed up with the massacre. The Tirailleurs de Vincennes had established themselves at one of the barricades on the Boulevard that they had carried by assault, and from thence they exercised themselves in shooting at persons who were passing at a distance. From the neighboring houses, such hideous dialogues as the following were heard. 'I bet I will bring that fellow down.—'I bet you won't—'I bet I will.' And then the shot followed. It was easy to know if the person fell, by the roars of laughter which accompanied his fall. Whenever a woman passed, the officers cried out, 'Fire at that woman; give her a touch!' An old man of eighty-four years of age was found concealed somewhere or other, brought before the steps of the 'Prophete,' and shot. He fell. 'He will have no bump on his head,' said a soldier; the old man had fallen upon a heap of dead bodies. Two young men from Issy, who had been married only a month, to two sisters, were crossing the Boulevard on their way from business. They saw the muskets levelled at them, and threw themselves on their knees, exclaiming, 'We have married two sisters!' They were killed. A boy of thirteen, a sadler's apprentice, was passing on the Boulevard opposite the Cafe Vacheete. The soldiers pointed their muskets at him. He uttered the most heartrending cries, and holding up a bridle which he had in his hand, waving it in the air, exclaiming 'I am sent on an errand!' He was killed. Three balls perforated his breast. All along the Boulevards were heard the shrieks of the wounded, as they fell heavily upon the pavement, while the soldiers pierced them with their bayonets; and then left, without taking the trouble to despatch them. On the pretence that shots had been fired on the troops, the latter entered ten or twelve houses, at hazard, and despatched with their bayonets every one they found. In all the houses on the Boulevard, there are metal pipes, by which the dirty water runs out into the gutter. The soldiers, without knowing wherefore, took a feeling of mistrust and dislike to such and such a house, closed from top to bottom, silent and sad, and which, like all the houses on the Boulevard, seemed uninhabited, so silent was it. They knocked at the door; the door was opened and they entered. An instant afterwards there was seen to flow from the mouth of the metal pipes, a red smoking stream. It was blood. The troops killed for the mere sake of killing. In the court-yards of certain houses, even the horses and dogs were shot. When the butchery was ended, that is to say when night had completely set in, and it had begun in the middle of the day, the dead bodies were not removed; they were so numerous that thirty-three of them were counted before a single shop: that of M. Barbedienne. Every space of ground left open in the asphalte at the foot of the trees on the Boulevards, was a reservoir of blood. 'The dead bodies, says a witness, 'were piled up in heaps, one upon the other, old men, children, persons in blouses and paletots, all collected pell-mell, in one indescribable mass of heads, arms, and legs.' The isolated corpses were rare, and were more remarkable than the others. One young man, well dressed, was seated against a wall, with his legs separated, and his arms half folded on his breast. He held in his hand one of Virdier's canes, and seemed to be looking at what was going on around him. He was dead. A little further on, the bullets had transfixed against a shop, a youth who had got some proof sheets in his hand. The wind agitated these proofs covered with blood, on which the fingers of the corpse were still closed. A poor old man, with white hair, was lying stretched in the middle of the road with his umbrella at his side. His elbow almost touched a young man in patent leather boots and yellow gloves, who lay extended with his eye-glass still to his eye. At a few paces' distance, with her head upon the pavement, and her feet in the road, lay a woman of the lower classes, who had attempted to escape with her child in her arms. Both were dead; but the mother still tightly grasped her child. Thirty-seven corpses were heaped up in the Cite Bergere; the passers-by could count them through the iron railings. A woman was standing at the corner of the Rue Richelieu. She was looking on. All of a sudden she felt that her feet were wet. 'Why it must have been raining here,' she said, 'my shoes are full of water.' 'No, Madam' replied a person who was passing, 'it is not water.' Her feet were in a pool of blood. In the Rue Grange Bateliere, three corpses were seen quite naked. At two paces' distance from the Theatre de Varietes, the crowd stopped to look at a cap full of brains and blood, hung upon a tree. From the Rue Montmartre, to the Rue du Sentier, people literally walked in blood; at certain spots it covered the pavement some inches deep, and without any exaggeration whatever, you were obliged to use the greatest caution not to step in it. I

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* The constitution contains the following:—Article 36—"The representatives of the People are inviolable." Article 37—"They may not be arrested in criminal matters, unless they are taken in the fact, nor prosecuted without the permission of the Assembly being first obtained:—Article 67—"Every act by which the President of the Republic shall dissolve the National Assembly, prorogue it, or prevent the exercise of its decrees, is a crime of high treason. By such act, of itself, the President forfeits his functions, the citizens are bound to refuse him obedience, &c."

here counted thirty-three corpses. About eleven o'clock at night, when the fires of the bivouacs where everywhere lighted up: M. Bonaparte allowed the troops to amuse themselves. It seemed as if some Fete-de-Nuit were being given on the Boulevards. As was the case at Strasbourg and Boulogne, money was distributed among them. Tables were laid out in bivouacs, and officers and soldiers were drinking round them. The flames from the braziers were reflected upon all those joyous countenances. The corks, the tin foil of the champagne bottles, floated on the top of the torrents of blood. From one bivouac to the other, the soldiers exchanged loud cries and obscene jokes. Here and there, in the shade, might be seen women, with a taper of yellow wax or a lantern in their hands, wandering among the dead bodies, contemplating one after the other their pale faces, and seeking a son, a father, or a husband. The next day, the fifth, something terrible was seen in the cemetery at Montmarte. An immense space, that, up to that time, had remained unoccupied, was turned to account, for the temporary interment of some of those who had been massacred. An illustrious witness, the great sculptor David, says:—'They had been placed side by side and a few shovelsfull of earth hid all except their heads, which had been left uncovered in order that they might be recognised by their relations. There was so little earth that their feet were still visible; the crowd, horrible to say, was walking on their bodies. Among others, there were some young men with noble features, bearing the stamp of courage; in the middle was a poor woman, a baker's servant, who had been killed while she was carrying round the bread to her master's customers, and near her, a young girl who sold flowers on the Boulevards. Those persons who were looking for corpses that had disappeared, were obliged to trample their bodies under foot, in order to gain a near view of their faces. I heard a man of the lower classes say, with an expression of horror: 'It is like walking on a spring-board.'" Such is the ally of England. But this is far from all. A few nights later, the houses of Paris were shaken at midnight by heavy reports of musketry. The startled citizens shuddered in their beds, wondering what new horror was being consummated in the darkness. The morning broke, but they heard and knew no more. Night after night the same dreadful sounds were repeated. They were the nocturnal fusillades on the Champ de Mars. One thousand eight hundred prisoners, workingmen who had been guilty of shouting 'The Republic for ever! Long live the Constitution"—were led out in the darkness, shot by volleys, and buried in the same pit. I say 1,800—it is the lowest computation—but no man can specify the numbers thus murdered in the dark. Such are the means by which Napoleon rose—such is the ally of England—such is the being around whose knee Victoria stooped to tie the Garter. Since then he has maintained himself by wholesale torture, execution, and transportation. The prisons almost burst with their victims,—shipload after shipload floats its living cargo of human suffering to the antipodes, and the outrages of Naples and Milan are made white as day, when compared to the horrors of Lambessa and Cayenne.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

Irish News.

ARMAGH.

At the long-established fair of Crossmaglen, held on the 7th of February, the business transactions, particularly in pigs, were numerous and satisfactory to the sellers. Stores averaged 40s. per head; slips, 36s. each; weanlings, 22s. 6d.; for good fat bacons £3 per cwt. was readily obtained. There was a paucity of sheep. Wether mutton, with the greatest possible demand, fetched 7d. per lb., and ewe mutton 6d. Springers and milch cows were rather scarce, but in eager demand; such as exchanged owners brought from £8 to £13 each. Beeves and dry cattle in general were scarce, and in request, the former being quoted at from 5d. to 6d. per lb., and the quality of the latter was very indifferent; store bullocks fetched from £7 to £8 each: three year old heifers a like figure; two year olds £5 to £6 each; yearlings £3 to £4 10s. There was a large exhibition of horses, including some excellent long-tails and roadsters, the former in some cases went to £35. Wool, for which this fair is noted, brought from a guinea to 23s. per stone.

Carlow.

Two brothers named Henry and William McClean, who waylaid and murdered a farmer named Thomas Dyas, were recently arrested in Dublin. The prisoner William had enlisted in the county of Dublin Light Infantry on the 4th, and in the Meath Militia on the 6th inst., under the name of Patrick Nolan; and the other had presented himself to the adjutants of both those regiments, but was rejected on account of his age.

On the 8th of February, Mr. George Graham, post-master of Castledermot, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor.

Cork.

The *Cork Reporter* informs us that the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to direct that the sentence passed on Hayes, who was covicted of forging the signature of John Bancroft Carroll, for a sum of money on the Bank of Ireland, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, shall be commuted to half that period. This act of grace was owing to a numerously signed memorial presented on behalf of the prisoner, by the merchants of the city.

Isaac Barnes, cashier for the last eighteen years in the Bank of Ireland, at Youghal, has been appointed to the agency of that branch, vacant by the death of Thomas John, Esq.

The *Reporter* states that the list of contributions to the Mathew Testimonial in Cork is the reverse of creditable to the community which has so benefitted, and was so dearly beloved by the person whose great services it is intended to commemorate, or to the gentlemen composing the committee entrusted with its conduct.

The students of the Queen's College of Cork have got up foot races in the new park which makes a novel feature in the amusements of the city. The first race, on the 13th ult., was a "flat race, 100 yards, open to students of the Queen's College; prize, a set of boxing-gloves; entrance 1s." For this seven came to the scratch—Messrs. A. O'Callaghan, L. Purcell, G. Fitton, H. Lacey, H. Hayes, —— O'Regan, and J. Spedding. The start was good, all bounding off in capital style, but it soon became visible that the competition lay between Messrs. Fitton and Purcell, the former of whom, after a well-contested fight, passed the post, two yards in advance amid the hearty cheers of his fellow-students. Each competitor was attired in the most approved sporting gear, and in their gay-colored silk "tights," caps and jackets presented a gay appearance.

About three o'clock on the morning of the 8th ult., a fire broke out in the premises of John Wilkinson, Esq. of Cloyne. Owing to the exertions of the police, assisted by some of the inhabitants, it was completely put out by half past six. A number of fancy pigeons were the only loss.

The Postmaster-General has agreed to pay £1,000 to the Cork and Bandon Railway Company, for the conveyance of the mails to the west as far as Bantry, the arrangement to take effect from the 1st of May next.

Samuel Weston, of Leeds, England, has taken a lease of the newly discovered mine of Sulphate of Barytes, at Mauldenny, in the west of the county Cork, from the Earl of Bandon. The Barytes is chiefly used in the manufacture of glass.

The Mayor of Cork, William Fitzgibbon, Esq., has distributed his entire salary, for the last year, amounting to £500 amongst the local charities of the city.

The officers of the South Cork Militia have presented their Colonel, Hon. H. B. Bernard, with two handsome claret jugs and stands.

The officer upon whom devolves the maintainance of discipline in the Queen's College, Cork, is obnoxious to the students. They have groaned and hooted at him for which some of them are to be tried for breach of discipline.

At Blarney petty sessions, on Thursday, 12th ult., Jeremiah Healy was fined £5, for taking a salmon with a gaff.

Denis Connell, a native of Ennis, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment at Cork police office, for stealing silver spoons, the property of Mr. Peterson.

Thomas Johnson, a native of Tipperary, has been arrested in Cork as a deserter from the thirty-sixth Regt.

At Charleville pig market, fat swine sold at from 51s. to 55s. per cwt.

About £500 have been lodged in bank for the city testimonial to the late Father Mathew.

Clare.

J. H. Bracken, County Inspector of Clare, has beeen transferred to Waterford, vice Clarke removed to Dublin. He is succeeded by Mr. Sarman Crawford, late first-class Sub-Inspector at Ballybot, Newry.

The reward fund for apprehension of the person or persons who attempted to assassinate Galbraith Joynt, Esq., on the evening of the 20th of December, when retiring to his residence, Belleisle, continues to receive signatures.

A grand ball has been given on a very extensive scale, in the county court-house, Ennis, at which nearly two hundred of the *elite* of Clare and several guests from Limerick city and county attended. The supper provided by the club for their friends was most sumptuous.

Dublin.

Alexander M'Donnell, a letter carrier, and occasional assorter, in the General Post-office, Dublin, is in custody, charged with having stolen a gold watch, several silver watches, gold chains, and valuable jewellery, comprising gold rings, bracelets, bog-oak ornaments, &c., together with a variety of miscellaneous articles, from various letters and parcels, in their transit through the General Post-office.

The ordinary general meeting of the Royal Irish Fisheries company was held at their office, 30 Westmoreland-street, for the purpose of reading the report and statement of accounts, and for the election of directors for the year 1857. The chair, at two o'clock, was taken by James Edward Stopford, Esq. The report and statement of accounts, audited by Mr. Henry Brown, public auditor, were then read by the Secretary, Mr. Cooper, and were unanimously adopted. The following gentlemen were returned to serve as directors for the year 1857:—Thomas Littledale, Esq., Highfield, Liverpool; Thomas Campbell Eyton, Esq., Eyton, Wellington Salop, Shropshire; T. Ridgeway Bridson, Esq., Southport, Lancashire; R. M. Grinnell, Esq., Fenwick-street, Liverpool; Henry Bridson, Esq., West Bank, Bolton-le-Moors; Robert Batt, Esq., Purdysburn, Belfast; William Lewis, No. 22 Nassau-street, Dublin; James Edward Stopford, Esq., Greenville, Rathmines; J. H. Chomley, Esq., Belvidere-place; J. H. W. Cosby, Esq., Henrietta-street; Rev. Adderly Stopford, Clongill, Navan; Francis Christopher Bland, Esq., Derryquin Castle, Kenmare; Captain Hamilton L. Jackson, Fanningstown Castle, Croom; Humphrey Minchin Bourne, Esq., 73 Talbot-street; Ethelstane H. Blake, Esq., Curragh, Letterfraek, county Galway.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Alderman Fergus Farrell, of Ellenfield, Drumcondra, a magistrate of the county Dublin.

Dr. Butcher, the Regius Professor of Divinity, in Trinity College, states "that of six parishes in Ireland, which contain a Protestant population amounting to 2,000 Episcopalians, and nearly 5,000 Dissenters, including an area of 50,000 acres, *the net income is nothing*. A parish of 28,000 acres in extent, containing upwards of 11,000 Protestants, yields a net income of £56. A parish with upwards of 500 Protestants, boasts an income of £39. Another parish, forty miles long by twenty broad, with a Protestant population of, perhaps, 500 or 600 persons, has an income of £120. Nearly one-third of all the benefices in Ireland are under £150 per annum. More than half the entire fall below £300. The aggregate income of all the parochial clergy, at present, amount to £70,000. If we deduct the expense of collection at four per cent., the net income will be reduced to £355,000. The number of the beneficed clergy is 1,530, and the curates maintained by them are 656.

With the Parliamentary papers the 24th report of the Board of Public Works in Ireland was issued. It is very comprehensive, and in the appendices contains detailed accounts of the operations conducted under the superintendence of the board. They relate to loans and grants for public works, land improvement, public buildings, post-roads, arterial drainage, piers, and harbors, and inland navigation. The commissioners report the continued success of the land improvement acts, and the important extension and improvement in green crop husbandry, which have followed the thorough draining according to the deep system, now practised in every part of Ireland. Superior farm buildings are being introduced. The report alludes to some very successful schemes of mountain improvement carried on in the West of Ireland, and its general tone is highly satisfactory as regards the material prosperity and industry of the country.

The following appointments have been made in the Irish Militia:—To be Surgeon—Thomas Harrison Baker, M. D., F.R.C.S.I., vice Waters, deceased. To be Assistant-Surgeon—Thomas Woods, M.D., vice T. H. Baker, promoted.

The Royal Humane Society have awarded medals to Richard Bourke and John Hewson, for saving the lives of three persons, in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, during the recent frost.

The President of the Royal Irish Academy, the Rev. J. H. Todd, D.D., T.C.D., gave his first *conversazione* at the Academy House, Dawson-street. The Lord Lieutenant attended. The rooms were crowded with the *elite* of the metropolis.

Robert O'Donnell, station-master of the Dublin and Wicklow Railway Company, at Salt-hill, on the Dublin and Kingstown Line, was committed from the Head-office, on Saturday, charged with defrauding the company of money which he had received for tickets.

In the case of Walker *v.* McDowell, heard in consolidated chamber, Mr. D. C. Heron moved that the conditional order for a *scire facias* against Mr. Vincent Scully, M.P., be made absolute. The conditional order was obtained a judgment entered upon a verdict obtained last Michaelmas term for £25,000. The three law courts had already granted writs of *scire facias* in several cases against the same gentleman, and on the last day of Michaelmas term the Court of Exchequer had granted an absolute order without a conditional order having been first obtained. After some conversation, the motion was directed to stand until the first day of next term.

Down.

The election for Downpatrick, says the *Nation*, took place on Wednesday, 11th ult. Mr. Johnston, who in his address at the nomination on Monday, alluded with such a burst of fine enthusiasm to the "glorious principles of 1668," and gloried in being an Orangeman, was defeated, having polled only one vote. The reason why he did not bring forward a greater number of supporters is, he took a fancy to believe the whole proceeding informal. His conducting agent objected to the poll on the ground that the registry of voters had not been prepared in conformity with the requirements of the Parliamentary Voter's Act, by reason of its not exhibiting the nature of the qualification of each elector, and contended that there was not now any valid register of voters for the borough of Downpatrick. The Assessor decided that the point was one to be disposed of by a committee of the House of Commons.

Derry.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, the highly-esteemed Bishop of Derry, says the *Derry Journal*, has made a second appeal to his diocese on behalf of the new Cathedral. The parishioners of Moville (his lordship's mensal parish,) contributed the munifiment sum of £110, towards the erection of this splendid edifice. Considering the numerous calls that have lately been made on them for religious, educational, and charitable purposes, this large amount does great credit to the generous contributors. It has been arranged that the diocesan returns will be made before or at the Spring Conferences. Whilst the country parishes are thus exerting themselves, the greatest enthusiasm prevails throughout the different wards in the city, and the ordinary weekly collection at present is twenty pounds. In two or three months this noble work will be commenced with renewed vigor, and when completed will be an honor to religion and an ornament to our city.

A new writ will shortly be issued for Londonderry, its present representative, Captain Bateson, having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds in consequence of ill heath.

Fermanagh.

The Orange Lodge have just put forward an address, signed by Lord Enniskillen, as grand master, in which "Popery" is denounced in no measured terms. Orangemen have ever been, since their order was first instituted, the enemies of the Independence of Ireland and its faith, and no wonder that they should abuse the religious principles of those who do not admit the right of an English garrison to rule the country as they would wish.

Galway.

A meeting was held at the County Court-house, for the purpose of electing a new Board of Conservators of Fisheries for this district. W. S. Fennell, Esq., Commissioner of Fisheries, presided. The only voters present were W. H. Haliday and M. Delahunty, Esqrs., and Messrs. Miller and Lawless. The names of the new Conservators elected, were Colonel L. Geogheghan, Maryville, Galway; E. E. Maunsell, Fort Eyre, A. W. Blake, Furbough; C. St. George, Tyrone; Valentine Blake, Menlo Castle, and Thomas Redington, Dangan, Esqrs. The account of 1855 furnished by Mr. Cross, Clerk of Conservators, was produced by the presiding Commissioner and read in court. The account exhibited the following results:—On the debtor-side the accounts showed a return of £52 for 1855, with a balance of £8 6s. 11d. brought forward, making a total of £60 6s. 11d. On the contra-credit side, Mr. Cross charged disbursements for sums paid to water-bailiff, £22; for prosecutions, £13; printing and stationary, 13s. 6d.; miscellaneous expenses, £5 15s. 11d.; salaries, £12 by which a balance of £7 7s. 6d. would appear to remain in hands.

The remains of a child, three month old, were found in a gullet at Ballinasloe.

The wheat is now overground in several places in the neighborhood of Tuam.

Kilkenny.

Mr Cook's harriers had a recent meet at Hebron-gate, from whence a move was made to Gurtanaveen, where a hare was found. The hounds speedily got upon her trail, and ran her on to the Gazebo Hill, then to the railway terminus, where she turned to the right, doubling back again to Mr. Murphy's, of Hebron, and off from this straight in the direction of Aughmalough bridge; in arriving at which she made her way right out upon the line, which necessitated the drawing off of the hounds to avoid, perchance, too close proximity to a railway train. Returning in the direction of Greenbridge, the redoubtable John Morgan O'Mara, whose pedestrian feats with this pack have led many to consider him the professor of the fabulous seven-leagued boots, soon discovered another "soho," and the experienced huntsman, Dunne, putting on the dogs in his usual artistic style, puss cleared out at once through part of the old Gorse-cover, and then on through Higginstown bog and Cellarstown, the pace gradually increasing from hence into Kingsland, and on through Brownstown, where "fast and furious" became the order of the day. The hounds went at a terrific pace through this beautiful expanse of country, all along to Coolbricken, while the panting horsemen, who struggled on ineffectually to maintain a position with them, soon exhibited a tailing lengthened as an Indian file; but still onward sped the gallant pack "over the hills and far away," while

> "Their peal the merry horns rung out,
> A hundred voices joined the shout—
> With hark and whoop, and wild halloo,
> No rest *Coolbricken's* echoes knew,"

Until wheeling, at length, back for Sandford's court, and running by the orchard under Mr. Cahill's house, straight ahead, in the direction of Clara, puss now made her ground back towards Kilkenny, by turning to the right, and running at the back of the Pococke Institution, and then on to Bonnetsrath, where the hounds had to be taken off, the men and horses being almost entirely beaten off. And thus terminated this extraor-

dinary run, while an eminent engineer, who well maintained his "pride of place" all through the day, measured the distance with a scientific eye, and states he considers it to have been upwards of twelve miles, gone over in little more than an hour. Amongst those who showed conspicuously all through may be enumerated Messrs. Bunbury, jun.; Philip O'Reilly, Redmond Reade, Murphy (Hebron), Aikenhead, Purcell, &c.

At the Kilkenny petty sessions, on Monday, the two bill distributors belonging to the jumper establishment, in Wellington-square, whose cases were dismissed on that day fortnight, appeared again to prefer a charge of riot and assault against three children, named Michael Doran, Thomas Fleming, and Margaret Mulrooney, committed on the 6th of January last. Cushin stated that, upon the day in question, he and his companion had been distributing controversial bills in High-street, when a crowd collected, by whom they were hooted, spat upon, and kicked. He swore the defendants had committed these acts. Doran admitted that he had put his foot before Cushin, to give him a trip as he was passing along. A little girl complained that both Cushin and his companion had made use of very contumelious language respecting the Pope and the Blessed Virgin, in the public streets. Cushin, hereupon, proceeded to deliver himself of a theological disquisition upon the subject of the reverence due to the Mother of God; but much to his chagrin, he was immediately silenced by the magistrates. Acting-Constable Young deposed that he saw a crowd collected around the complainants. He told them to go away, and not create a disturbance in the streets, and made way for them up Chapel-lane; but he did not see the defendants do anything. The Court dismissed the charge against Fleming and Mulrooney; and Doran, who admitted his attempting to trip Cushin, was fined 6d. or an hour's imprisonment.

Mr. Philip Lyster, son of William Lyster, Esq, J.P., of Clomanto, has again distinguished himself by obtaining a *first* honor in Mathematical Physics, at the late term examination in Trinity College. Mr. Lyster was educated at Kilkenny College.

The statue, in white marble, of the Immaculate Conception, which has just been completed for the "Ladye Chapel," in our Cathedral, by the celebrated Italian sculptor, Benzoni, says the *Kilkenny Journal*, is thus alluded to in a letter from Rome:—"Already the sculptor, Benzoni, is engaged under the Pope's personal supervision, preparing a statue for the Cathedral of Ossory. The work is described as surpassingly beautiful. The Author has received three commissions for its repetition. On a recent occasion, Pio Nono visited Benzoni's studio, praised the execution; and, on the sculptor's expressing his regret that he had not been aware of the honor to be conferred upon him, so as to have his family present to kiss his Holiness's foot, the Pope affably replied, that he should be glad to admit them to his presence at the Vatican."

R. E. Cane, eldest son of Robert Cane, Esq., M.D., of Kilkenny, has been promoted from the temporary rank of Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, to the same rank, permanent.

On Wednesday night, the 11th ult., says the Kilkenny *Journal*, one of the most venturous and successful equestrian performances ever, perhaps, witnessed, took place at the Club-House in this city. A number of gentlemen connected with the Kilkenny Hunt were assembled in the club-room, when a wager of 100 sovereigns was offered by Sir John Courtney, of Ballyedmund, county Cork—a veteran sportsman who has hunted over this county for the last forty years—that he would ride his gray hunter, then in stable, from the yard of the hotel, up the stairs, into the club-room, and jump a fire-screen and two chairs within the latter. The bet was accepted by Messrs. Barnard and White, who were present. Sir John immediately, and notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of his servant, who even wept in his dismay, proceeded to the yard, mounted, and rode up stairs. The beautiful training of the animal was the admiration of the large number of persons who witnessed the proceeding, he ascended the two flights of stairs without a single false step. Horse and rider then entered the club-room, in which a tolerably high fire-screen was placed upright between the backs of two chairs. The jump was to be taken across the breadth of the room, but it was accomplished in the most gallant style, notwithstanding the difficulty arising from the glare of the lamps and the want of sufficient vantage room. Sir John Courtney then rode down stairs in the same way,—a feat even more difficult than the ascent, inasmuch as the steps are sheeted with brass. Altogether, the boldness of the rider, and the docility and intelligence of the horse, have been rarely, if ever, equalled, and have formed the subject of unqualified praise amongst all who have been made acquainted with the facts.

Kerry

The following premiums are recommended in the Tralee district, for order, neatness, and cleanliness, during the year 1856: Timothy Sheehan, Tarbert, M, £4; Martin Daly, Currans, M., £3; Elizabeth Sheady, Ballylongford, F., £3; Jeremiah O'Connor, Asdee, M., £1 10s; Denis Reidy, Blennerville, M., £1 10s; Timothy Kirby, Chapeltown, £1 10s; Ellen Hurly, Boulenshere, F., £1 10s; William Dryden, Castle Island, No. 2, £1 10s; Thomas Molyneux, Trieneragh, £1; Mary Conway, Tarbert, F., £1; William Fitzgerald, Kilmoyly, £1; Dennis O'Connor, Cloghane, £1; Jeremiah Sullivan, Kilflynn, £1: John Neligan, Coolard, a Certificate of Merit; Eliza Dumas, Kilmoyly, F., do; Cal. O'Callaghan, Listowel, M., do; James Dower, Duagh, do; Michael Cussen, Finuge, do; Timothy Flaherty, Maharees, do. The following were ineligible for competition by the Board's rule, having obtained a premium in each of the two preceding years:—Thomas Stritch, Boulenhered; Ellen Hickey, Daugh, F.; Joseph Murphy, Kilquane.

The venerable Irish piper, John Gansey, whose name and whose song have been associated, for over half a century, with the talismanic recollections of Killarny, in the breasts of millions at home and abroad, is no more. He passed away calmly and peacefull yon the 12th ult., at Killarney, in the 90th year of his age.

Kildare

A ball and supper on a most magnificent scale, was recently given by Thomas Conolly, Esq., M.P., at Castletown, Celbridge, to a vast number of the nobility and gentry. The house was beautifully lighted with gas, from Mr. Conolly's own works, which he has lately erected. Upwards of 900 lights illuminated the ball-room.

Limerick.

Mr. Edward O'Brien obtained first-class honors in the Senior Freshman's Class, at the University of Dublin.

Mr. Monsell's appointment as President of the Board of Health, is gazetted.

William Hartigan, Esq., J.P., of Limerick, is appointed auditor for the county of Limerick, under the Bribery Act.

A sailor named Laughlin M'Lean, fell into the river at Penrose's-quay, while in a state of intoxication, and, although efforts were made to rescue him by persons who were present, yet they were unavailing.

To the vigilance and dexterity of that most efficient detective, Constable Nash, the public are indebted for the capture, on Tuesday night, at a house in Boherbuoy, of a notorious gang of coiners, who successfully carried on their vocation in Limerick and adjoining towns, to an enormous extent for the last two months. Base copper and silver coin cast, and passed current into circulation by them to shopkeepers and traders. The circumstances in connection with the extraordinary discovery made by Nash, in this instance, do not admit of curtailment, and shall appear in our next. A discharged soldier of the Galway Militia, named Michael Quin, was the principal of the gang.

Richard B. Corneille, Esq., has received from Thomas Myles, £2, George T. Hill, and Edward Goodwin, Esq., £1 each, towards the debt due on St. John's Church.

Rev. John Elmey thankfully acknowledges the following donations towards the payment of the debt on St. John's Church: one pound each from Alex. Rodger, William Latchford, John Abraham, jun., Samuel Bradshaw, Isaac Atkinson, Wm. Colgan and Joseph Allen, Esq.; and one pound each from Mrs. Anne Trousdell, Rev. Benjamin Jacob, Capt. Vandeleur (Perry-square), and Dr. John Russell. Three pounds from R. B. Corneille, Esq.

The non-commissioned officers of the Provisonal Battalion, in garrison, comprising the sergeants of the 9th, 16th and 17th depots, dined together, on the 12th ult., in a wing of the Boherbuoy barracks, Sergeant-Major Ross in the chair, and spent a most convivial night. The health of the chairman was toasted in a flowing bumper.

The Dean of Limerick has, of himself, generously given the Rev. John Hogg full permission to use his own discretion with regard to the school to be established at Bruree, in the house now occupied by Dr. Sullivan, and rented to the doctor by the Rev. George Massy, the former incumbent of the parish.

The Shannon Ward Burgess Club have resolved not to support any candidate for T. C. who will not pledge himself to reduce taxation, and consent to retire, in the event of being called on to do so by 30 members of the club.

Leitrim.

The Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint James Butler Pratt, Esq., C.E., T.C.D., M.R.I.A., Engineer to the Limerick and Castle Connell Railway, to be surveyor of the county of Leitrim, in the room of J. Hill, Esq., deceased.

Louth.

The guardians of the Dundalk Union met on the 12th ult., Lord Clermont in the chair. Others present—L. Coulter, Sir J. S. Robinson, J. Murtagh, J. G. Coddington, M. Kelly, S. Bradford, A. Mathews, P. Duffy, R. Jeffers. Paupers in the house—340. Funds in treasurer's hands—£721 14s. The board adopted a petition against the law enforcing the removal of Irish paupers from England. The porter complained that a pauper woman had assaulted him, and he was directed to prosecute her.

At a meeting of the Ardee Town Commissioners on the 9th of Feb., they elected Mr. W. Baron as superintendent of nuisances. They also set him the market-house and cranes, formerly occupied by the late Mr. P. Gray.

Upwards of £10 was expended by Mrs. Ruxton, of Red House, Ardee, in providing a treat for the children of the schools of which she is the munificent patroness. The treat consisted of a large loaf of bread, a pound of sugar, and an adequate supply of tea to each. Her nephew, Chichester Fortescue, Esq., M.P., acted as her almoner on the occasion, the day being too severe for Mrs. Ruxton to go out.

Miss Anne Callan, sister to Mr. Nicholas Callan, of Streamtown, Ardee, arose in her usual health, and was amusing her nieces, one of whom, shortly after, announced to her that breakfast was ready. She was in the act of sitting down to it, when she fell down and expired.

Hay and straw are being imported, at present, from England to Dundalk, and they are landed there on cheaper terms than they can be purchased in the home market.

The ploughing match of the Louth Farming Society took place on the 11th of Feb., in a field of Mr. Bradford's, at Carnbeg. There were about 30 ploughs in attendance, but, owing to the frost, the ground was not in good condition, and the ploughing was of an inferior description.

Monaghan.

Colonel Lewis, writes the editor of the *Dundalk Democrat*, is a wonderful friend of the poor, in the way of giving them spiritual advice. He would not grudge devoting half his time in giving them lectures on divinity, and the duties they owe to God and their neighbors; but when asked to extend his hand with something in it, he grows as fierce as a hyena, and snarls and roars most lustily. This is the way with your soupers at all times. The Rev. Mr. Massy, of Carlow, wrote to a Scotch lady for £5 towards the funds of his ranting school, while he himself gave a 2s. 6d. subscription. The Rev. Mr. Ashe, of Philipstown, who pretends to venerate the Bible so much, contributed 2s. 6. last year to the funds of the Louth Bible Society; and now Colonel Lewis, some of whose tenants are on the verge of starvation, when applied to for a contribution, by Mr. Plunkett, of Rocksavage, turns up his souper nose, becomes excited and ferocious, and taking pen in hand, indites a letter in which, after striving to upset the statement of the Relief Committee, he insulted the kind and good Mr. Plunkett. Such are the ways of the ranting souper gentry. They would rather receive money than part with it; they would prefer accepting pounds, shillings and pence, and in return dispense cant, humbug and nonsense. "Won't you stand," said Colonel Lewis, on the public road, "till I read the word of God for you?" How very kind he was then to his tenants! But, now, when appealed to on their behalf, to save their lives, and the lives of their little ones, he insults the kind applicant, and tells him to go and mind his own business.

Meath.

Some weeks since, in consequence of the disappearance of a clerk, employed on the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, followed by the discovery of the forgery of two dividend warrants in London, some apprehension prevailed that there might possibly be frauds similar to those of Redpath or Knighting. After a careful inquiry and audit, however, nothing wrong appeared in the accounts or affairs of the company. The amount of dividend paid on forged warrants was less than £100.

On the 9th ult., Miss Magee, eldest daughter of James Magee, Esq., Lurgan, made her noviciate in the convent, Drogheda. At the reception officiated his Grace, the Primate, the Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, coadjutor Bishop of Dromore; Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, V.G. and P.P., Lurgan; Rev. Mr. Byrne P.P.; Very Rev. Canon Cosgrave, P.P., Lusk; Rev. Mr. O'Connor, P.P.; Balbriggan; Bev. Mr. Kavanagh, P.P., Collon; Rev. Mr. M'Keown, P.P., Termonfecken; Rev. M. Flanagan, Rev. Mr. Markey, Rev. Mr. Hanratty, St. Peter's; Rev. Mr. Powderly, do.; Very Rev. T. Matthews, P P., St. Mary's, and chaplain to the convent; Rev. Messrs. Murphy, Reilly, Flood, Brady, Carberry, Doherty, and many others. The chapel of the convent was crowded by the respectable inhabitants of the town and its vicinity.

Mayo.

The following was the list of prisoners for trial at the late Mayo Assizes:—Murder, 2; manslaughter, 6; burglary and robbery, 1; felonious assault, 1; abduction, 2; forgery, 1; perjury, 1; uttering base coin, 1; sheep stealing, 1; larceny, 7.

Sligo.

Shopkeepers and traders in Sligo complain of the stagnation of busines which prevails in that town owing to the number of persons out of employment.

Tipperary.

It is stated in well-informed quarters that the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, Coadjutor Bishop of Kerry, is likely to be the new Archbishop of Cashel, in room of the late Dr. Slattery.

The Hon. G. O'Callaghan has issued a parting address to the electors of the county of Tipperary. The precarious health of his father, Lord Lismore, has impelled Mr. O'Callaghan to take this course.

An accident of a most melancholy nature occurred at a hurling match, held at a place called Ballyanny, near Nenagh, by which a young man named Gleeson, son to Mr. E. Gleeson, grocer, lost his life. It appears that he was struck with a bat on the forehead, which broke his skull, whether from design or accident, I did not learn. The unfortunate young man was carried home, where he was attended by Dr. Cahalan, but expired before nine o'clock. An inquest was held, and the jury, after some deliberation, returned the following verdict:—We find that Edward Gleeson, jun., came by his death from a wound received at a hurling match on Sunday evening, the 8th of Feb., from the effects of which he died same evening; and we further find, from his own admission to a witness, that the said wound was inflicted by Patrick Maher.

The election of Vicar Capitular to manage the ecclesiastical affairs of the dioceses, until the appointment of a successor to the late lamented archbishop, took place immediately after the obsequies, and the Very Rev. Dean Leahy was chosen by the majority of the votes of the chapter. The election of the Very Rev. Dean Leahy will be confirmed by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Lord Bishop of Limerick, and senior priests of the province, who, in such cases, now possess archiepiscopal power.

The Magistrates of Newport, county Tipperary, presented a an address to John Lewis, Esq., Sub-Inspector, on his removal from that district to Robertstown, county Kildare.

The late Most Rev. Dr. Slattery, was consecrated on the 24th of February, 1834.

It is in contemplation to remove the staff of the different militia regiments through Ireland into barracks; and it is thought the staff of the Tipperary Artillery will be ordered, immediately after training is over, to occupy Clonmel barracks.

John Andrew Jackson, Esq., of Mount Pleasant, near Nenagh, has been appointed a justice of the peace for the county Tipperary.

A writ of summons and plaint in the action just commenced, in which the Attorney-General proceeds against the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of the Borough of Clonmel, for the three half-yearly instalments of Ministers' Money remaining unpaid, and which have, as alleged, become a debt due to the Crown, has been served upon the Mayor.

Waterford.

The Rev. Michael Bourke, Pastor of Portlaw, died at his residence, after a prolonged illness. The reverend and respected deceased died at the patriarchal age of 94, over 60 years of which he spent in the sacred ministry. Through life he was remarkable for his zeal in the cause of religion, to which he had devoted himself.

Comparative statement of traffick, week ending February 7th, 1857, on the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway is—Passengers, parcels, &c., £142 15s. 3d.; goods, cattle, &c., £192 1s. 6d.; No. of miles, 31; amount per mile, £10 10s. 0d., £334 16s. 9d. Corresponding week last year—Passengers, parcels, &c., £153 3s. 11d.; goods, cattle, &c., £134 11s. 1d.; No. of miles, 31; amount per mile, £9 5s. 8d., £287 15s. 0d.

A laden barge or lighter, belonging to Michael Kelly, of Ballyruahy, in the county Kilkenny, struck against the piers of Waterford Bridge, and sank—crew saved. She is within the draw-bridge, right in the way of vessels going through.

The Catholic Young Men's Society, of Waterford, a fortnight in existence, reckons a thousand members.

In the case of Sir B. Morris and Wife, *v.* Smith, for libel, which occupied the Queen's Bench during five days, the Jury gave a verdict for the Plaintiffs, £1,000 damages and costs. The libel complained of charged Lady Morris with having written infamous anonymous letters, and with forgery; and the defendant pleaded justification.

Wicklow.

We are informed, says the *Dundadalk Democrat*, that several persons, who had previously joined other regiments, are again presenting themselves at different recruiting depots for militia throughout the kingdom, in order to obtain, fraudulently, the bounty given upon enrolment. Owing to the exertions of the active and intelligent Adjutant of the Wicklow Rifles, Edward A. Dennis, Esq, several persons have been arrested, and two men, Richard Maguire, alias Thomas Quin, Louth Rifles, and Stephen Rogers, alias Clifford, Kildare Rifles, were convicted at the last petty sessions of Wicklow, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labor. Several other parties are in custody, who will be prosecuted on the next court day.

Wexford.

A recruiting party of the gallant and favorite Irish regiment, the 50th or Queen's Own, under Sergeant Thomas M'Kiernan, has been now nearly two months in Wexford, and has succeeded in adding a considerable number of Wexfordian youths to the ranks of this truly distinguished and famed regiment.

Mr. Saunders Greene, who has so much distinguished himself, by obtaining First of the First in Logic, in the Senior Freshmen Class, T.C.D., is son of Alderman Greene, proprietor of the *Wexford Independent*.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1857.

THE INAUGURAL — THE UNION NOW AND FOR EVER.

We shall not presume to do more than direct the attention of our readers—which, itself, is hardly necessary—to the address delivered by President Buchanan on the morning of his Inauguration. We give it at full length. It eminently merits the widest circulation. It will command the deepest attention. It is, in plain words, the re-assertion of the Constitution. Simple, solid, comprehensive, yet clearly defined, it re-assures every heart devoted to the interests of the Union. Such a declaration was wanted. Men's minds had been so troubled and tossed about of late—what with Sectionalism—what with Sectarianism—that a calm voice, speaking with Supreme authority, was needed to restore the fruitful order, which had been, by such factious elements, disturbed

The President determines one question, concerning which there has been much ungracious turmoil. He declares that naturalized citizens are fully entitled to the rights and privileges enjoyed by those born upon the soil. That President Buchanan held this opinion, previous to his election—that it was a cardinal conviction with him—the naturalized citizens of the United States, or those aspiring to be such, knew well.

The President has, with unmistakeable emphasis, realized the anticipations of those citizens. He is true, nobly true, to the Union, and those who swell the population and fortunes of the Union. The President shall find, that he is not deceived. He shall find that the naturalized citizens, whose rights and privileges he has asserted, will be resolutely faithful to the laws, over the administration of which he has been called upon to preside, and that, in peace and war, their lives and fortunes are irrevocably pledged to the integrity of the Commonwealth, in the name, and in a spirit commensurate with the greatness of which he has spoken from the Capitol.

The decision of the Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, with a singular propitiousness, occurs to facilitate the peaceful issue of the labors on which the President has entered. Henceforth, on the question which has so long and fearfully disturbed the country, there can be, in view of that decision, no second opinion. The Constitution has been defined by that decision. Henceforth, on the question which most seriously endangered the stability of the Union, there can be, within the Union, no hostile parties. Henceforth, in consequence of that decision, there is but one party within the Union—the party of the Constitution—the party of the Country—the party of which the Fathers of the Revolution are the leaders. Any other party—any revival of the Black Republicanism of 1856—must take ground outside the Constitution.

All honor and happiness to President Buchanan! May God, whom he has solemnly invoked in presence of the People, but a week ago, vouchsafe to his services and aspirations, for the glory of America, the fullest consummation!

THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET.

By the will of Heaven, the government of the Republic is again vested in the Democratic opinion of the confederated States.

The Democratic opinion of sturdy colonists created this country a Republic; and it would seem that the same Providence which ratified, by a marvellous success, the opinions of the Fathers of the Republic, still manifests to man an approval of their wisdom and worth; by entrusting the worldly destiny of the nation to the heads, hearts and hands of men who inherit the doctrines, and strive to emulate the virtues, of its founders.

No more potent manifestation of the truth, grandeur, and irresistible power of the American Democratic faith can be vouchsafed to mortal comprehension than that the epochs under its administration have been chosen by Fate as those most worthy to be illustrated by the intellect which is a nation's soul, the extension which is a nation's body, the heroism which is a nation's glory, and the commerce, which is a nation's wealth.

From the penning of the Declaration of Independence, by Jefferson, to the signing of the treaty of peace with Mexico, at Guadalupe Hidalgo, under Polk's presidency, the Democratic element has given tone, purpose and success to the history of the country. From the time of Washington, all the great and useful beacons by which a mighty people are guided into the future, were reared while Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, and their Democratic successors, were in the executive chair. The governmental records of the opposite party exhibit few evidences, indeed, of anything not coming under the head of masterly inactivity or respectable restlessness.

The foreign policy of the Republic triumphed, the home interests expanded, the navy gave the first check to British supremacy on the seas, the army and militia were victorious on land, exploring expeditions were devised, science received impetus, religious toleration was upheld, the nationality and sectionality of a citizen's birth-place was obliterated by the papers of naturalization which make him an "American;" in fact, those acts which win a people's love at home and command respect abroad—which make a nation's life, or make a nation worth living or dying for; took shape from, and were indelibly impressed on the national records by the powerful line of Democratic Presidents and their eminent colleagues, whose names, as they recede from us into the past, receive a lustre the more recognisable as they shine from numberless acts, legislative, diplomatic, heroic, to which, for the common weal and as symbols of purity and patriotism, we daily refer. The student of American history cannot but be struck with the unceasing activity recorded on the pages devoted to the Democratic Presidents. For the European philosopher, the fact has a potency which, with many speculative nullifications, he barely recognizes.

To be the active promoter of national movements which must ever seem recent from their historic prominence, as President Buchanan has been, is a proud privilege. To be the chosen one, the representative man of the moral and mental vigor and self-reliance of a great party, is to be placed in a position in which no European statesman could be trusted; and only the American people do not fear to place an American. But, to be the heir of the Democratic prestige, glory and responsibility is a position the dazzling eminence of which is only measured by the awe that naturally must accompany the very prospect of a mission so pregnant alike with blessings and disasters. The more nobly balanced the train brought to sustain such a position, the more fearfully must it contemplate that which it must as fearlessly vindicate.

The career of Mr. Buchanan, initiated, as it was, by industry, continued by sound sense and fearless ability, and matured by deep political knowledge and experience into consummate statesmanship, indicated to the Democratic party the man, upon whom the conservatively progressive people could unite, when the country was confused, distracted, and lashed into a frenzy by frantic demagogues on the one hand, and the demigods of fanaticism on the other,—here by the Abolitionists of the North, there by the Demolitionists of the South; here by "Bleeding Kansas," there by burning chapels; here by freeing the black man, there, by hunting the white Catholic. To fill the chair of Jackson and Monroe, the Democracy chose the man who was the friend of the one and the defender of the other. And if the past be an index to the future, we foretell for President Buchanan's administration a career which will not sacrifice to the meretricious brilliancy of temporary effects the capacity and resources which are to guide future generations, as well as to sustain the past and dignify the present. Born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, on the 23rd of April, 1791, the President is in his sixty-sixth year. In 1814, he was elected to the Legislature of his State, was re-elected the following year, and declined being sent a third time, in order to devote himself to his profession, the law. From 1820 to 1830, he sat in Congress as member for his district, and took a prominent position in all the public debates, defending Monroe's administration, going in opposition to that of John Quincy Adams, and vigorously supporting Jackson. In 1831, the hero of New Orleans conferred, unsolicited, the Mission to St. Petersburg upon Mr. Buchanan, who negotiated the first commercial treaty with Russia, throwing open the Baltic and Black Sea ports to American enterprise. Returning in 1834, he was sent to the United States Senate by the Legislature of his native State. In 1836 he was elected to a full term, and in 1843 was re-elected. Mr. Buchanan's Senatorial career was one which made his name, and conferred infinite benefit on the country. He entered the Senate when the brilliant Clay, the profound Webster, the metaphysical Calhoun, and the ready Wright, held various power over that body; and took immediate rank as a debater, the point of whose arguments were not easily obscured, being fashioned with less rhetorical grace, than the gravity of fact. On the Bank question he was awarded the leadership to grapple with Henry Clay; and as as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs added to, and confirmed his repute for practical ability and wisdom. The basis of Mr. Buchanan's success is, undeviating reduction of all internal questions to first principles, *i.e.*, the Constitution, in its most rigid construction.

In 1845, Mr. Buchanan accepted the office of Secretary of State under President Polk, and held it with eminent honor to himself, and efficiency to the national honor, through the Oregon difficulties and the war with Mexico. From President Pierce he received the mission to England, and, during a period of very irascible feelings on both sides of the Atlantic conducted himself with an honesty that puzzled the diplomats almost as much as his sagacity.

His first act as President of the United States has, we doubt not, met the firm approval of the Democracy. Mr. Buchanan's choice of a Cabinet is such as to give a most impressive character for stability of purpose and healthy wealth of intellect to his administration. The Cabinet is composed of the following:—

Secretary of State—Hon. Lewis Cass, of Michigan.

Secretary of the Treasury—Hon. Howell Cobb, of Georgia.

Secretary of War—Hon. John H. Floyd, of Virginia.

Secretary of the Navy—Hon. Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut.

Secretary of the Interior—Hon. Jacob Thompson of Mississippi.

Attorney-General—Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania.

Postmaster-General—Hon. Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee.

In this selection, the President has happily amalgamated the interests springing from the local resources of the great divisions of the States. Thus we have the great landed interest of the North-west, the manufacturing interest of the North-east, the cotton and rice interest of the South-east, and the corn, cotton, mining and tobacco interest of the middle and South-western States fitly represented in the Cabinet. But not alone are men representing these vital forces of the Republic brought together merely for the sake of balancing, as it were, the agricultural and producing powers of the land. They are brought together to agree, to work harmoniously, having confidence in, and understanding each other. All of the gentlemen thus banded in the National Councils have had considerable experience of public life and the questions likely to demand their care and energy. Five of the number, Messrs. Cass, Cobb, Floyd, Toucey, and A. V. Brown, have been Governors of States and consequently are familiar with that business routine, and management of departments which they shall have to exercise on a more extensive scale. The majority are in the full tide of life, and all of mature opinions, men of marked character, distinct energy, and very substantial as well as attractive abilities.

Of the venerable Secretary of State it is almost needless to speak. He has been so constantly and so usefully engaged in his country's service, that it would be futile to give the details of his varied, though unvaryingly able and remarkable career as State Legislator, Colonel in the war of 1812, promoter of the invasion of Canada and victor of the first battle at Tarontee, subsequent prisoner of the British, Governor of Michigan, Indian Commissioner, Secretary of War under Jackson, Ambassador to France, exposer and defeater of the nefarious and audacious "quintuple treaty," United States Senator, whilom acknowledged head, and for years one of the ablest leaders of the Democratic party. Born in Exeter, New Hampshire, Oct. 9th, 1782, the Secretary of State is in his seventy-third year, as able as he ever was, to condense the experience of an active career, and his wide knowledge gathered in a studious life from a thousand sources, into the necessities of his new duties. Habits of industry and extreme temperance—the "Men of the Time" states that Gen. Cass "never, in the slightest degree, indulged in the use of ardent spirits of any kind"—have aided to preserve his mental vigor. As was said of Cicero, so may be said of Cass, that "as age advanced upon him, he grew more than ever superior to those fears, which are too commonly incident to age."

The Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb, is a type of the earnest, active, eloquent men which the Southern States have given to public affairs. Only in his forty-second year—being born at Jefferson County, Georgia, Sept. 7th, 1815—Mr. Cobb has risen to an eminence which thoroughly justifies his selection to the important post entrusted to him by the President. His debut into public life as a lawyer at the age of twenty-one, evinced the possession of such rare talents, and the promise of such power, that the legislature of Georgia, in the following year (1837), elected him to the Solicitor-Generalship of the Western circuit. In 1842 Cobb, being distinguished as a Jackson Democrat, was elected to Congress, to which he has been successively re-elected in 1844–'46 and '48. In the House his career was very brilliant. The recognized parliamentary leader of the Democrats, his quickness in debate, personal integrity, various resources and irresistible suavity, fully and effectively sustained him as the unflinching leader and ready defender of all party motions and debates. Mr. Cobb has been Speaker of the House, and Governor of his native State, to which he was elected by over 20,000 majority.

The Secretary of War, John B. Floyd, is a States-rights Democrat of the strictest construction. Full of honors reaped in the Old Dominion, with an eloquence bringing back to us the pith, force and graphic ease of the days when the early orators of that section of the country, inflamed and guided the national impulses: with a grace and personal urbanity which elevates politics, and a practical capacity which is the foundation of his power, Mr. Floyd is just such a man as will inspire faith and command respect. He has been Governor of Virginia, a Presidential Elector, and is about forty-five years of age—of commanding appearance and great mental and physical activity.

The Secretary of the Navy, Isaac Toucey, brings to President Buchanan's cabinet a clear intellect, useful experience and the prestige of Jacksonism, into which from his original Federalism he debouched in the year 1825. He has been a Member of Congress, Attorney-General of the United States (1848), and in 1852 was elected to the United States Senate by the legislature of Connecticut, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of J.

W. Huntingdon. He is somewhat over the age of the President.

The Secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson, is in his forty-seventh year, being born in Caswell county, North Carolina, May 15, 1810. Descended from a patriotic stock, he has as an exponent of Democracy sustained and illustrated by his career the faith of the men who successfully resisted the power of the "mother country." At the age of twenty-nine he was elected to Congress from Mississippi. During the canvass, it is recorded that the very youthful appearance of Mr. Thompson acted rather against him. On one occasion an old man said aloud to him—"Young man, I fear you won't do—you are too young for Congress." "Hear me before you make up your mind," said Thompson, "and as to my age, I will get older as fast as I can." Listening to his speech, the old man grew quite enthusiastic, and at last cried out—"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied, you're old enough for me!" Mr. Thompson was re-elected four times to Congress, and declined the Senatorship from Mississippi. He struggled ardently for the annexation of Texas, and on the question arising from the Mexican war took a leading part. Practical ability and telling eloquence are the leading traits of the Secretary of the Interior.

The Attorney General, Jeremiah S. Black, is regarded as the ablest man who could be appointed to the position. Like his confreres of the Cabinet, he brings valuable experience to his post. In 1851, he was elected Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and Chief Justice in 1853. In the succeeding year, he was re-elected to the Supreme Bench. Though not widely known in the political world, his reputation is firmly established in the Judicial. He is a strong Conservative Democrat, and brings on his brow the laurels of his State.

The Postmaster-General, Aaron Venables Brown, son of a soldier of Trenton and Valley Forge, was born in Brunswick County, Virginia, 1795. Studying law, as a young man, he entered the Legislature, in which he sat up to 1839. From that date to 1843, he sat in Congress, and in 1845, declining, he was elected Governor, and since the expiration of his gubernatorial term, has been Presidential Elector. He is a man of eloquence, He is a Democrat, like Secretary Floyd, of the strict State-rights construction.

Such are the men President Buchanan has surrounded himself with, as agents of his government on the one hand, and as Councillors on the other.

Thus, belted with stars, like the Constitution Orion, as the President is, we pray that in the present, and for the future, his administration will shine out in the political heaven, an unmistakeable beacon, a sure reference, and a bright steady reliance to those who glory in American omnipotence, or share the faith so lucidly and strongly set forth by the President in his Inaugural.

TIPPERARY TACTICS.

This phrase was somewhat ironically used by the *London Times*, a few years ago, in allusion to Lord Gough's hand-to-hand exploits on the Sutlej. The conflict raging just now about the Clonmel Hustings, revives the phrase.

Captain John O'Connell, having come to the conclusion that Repeal was won, retired to the Hanaper office. A vacancy thus occurred in the parliamentary representation of Clonmel. A new Member had to be elected. A fresh pilgrim to St. Stephen's had to be furnished forth with scrip and staff for that holy shrine. Two candidates for the unappropriated favors made their appearance. One was Mr. Bagwell. Mr. Bagwell is a Tipperary landlord. A wealthy man. A man of acres, fashionable connexions, high standing in the county, as the stereotyped definition reads. An elegant residence, immediately outside the outskirts of Clonmel, a generous nature, a plenteous table, and other coveted *et ceteras*, give him an importance which compensates amply for any intellectual deficiencies, with which his political enemies may charge him.

On the whole, he is a man whose society, good opinion and patronage, it's worth while, with needy aspirants to respectability, or parties interested in the building of a church or any other public institution, profane or sacred, to propitiate, make sure of, and cultivate.

The other candidate is Mr. Patrick Joseph Murray. A young gentleman, with a sleek countenance, very decorous attire, the reputation of some money in bank, and a superficial gentility, as polished and sparkling as a duck-pond when frozen. Trained in morality and classics—first of all, in St. John's College, Waterford, and then in the Jesuit's College of Clongowes—Mr. Murray betook himself to the dinners which precede an admission to the Bar. Admitted to the Bar, he looked, in his gray crisped wig, as demure as the owl of Minerva. Such owls, however, are abundant in and about the Four Courts.

The dry routine of the profession was much too severe for him. His flowery soul pined and withered in the rugged waste. He must refresh himself. Must, occasionally, soar from earth to Heaven. And so, he took to writing lampoons upon *Young Ireland* in the columns of the *Tipperary Vindicator*. Had not the Quintilians and Juvenals of the Corn Exchange—the chaste and elegant scholars of that political college—anticipated him, he would have gone down to posterity on the hem of the toga in which *Young Ireland* appeared. As it was, his pen was an old one; and his ink, though plentifully supplied with acidity, was musty. His lampoons fell dead.

Young Ireland vanished. Mr. Murray, still soaring on the wing, undertook the editorship of the *Irish Quarterly Review*. An excellent publication. A publication of genuine merit, despite of the provincial spirit which pervaded and characterized its political opinions. On the strength of the celebrity it acquired, Mr. Murray set himself up for Parliament. What is the result? How fares this Icarus of Carrick-on-Suir?

He is met on the Hustings by Dean Burke, the great oracle of Clonmel—the inexhaustible contributor to the Repeal fund, whilst O'Connell was alive—the enthusiastic patron of Cecil Lawless, the Liberator's son, John, and other political speculations of the kind—and Mr. Murray, with all his O'Connellism, is denounced. The enlightened Dean snaps his finger contemptuously at Repeal, which obsolete word Mr. Murray, in his address to the electors, resuscitates; and amid the jeers of *Old Ireland* the editor of the *Irish Quarterly Review* goes to the poll. The next mail will bring us the important result. Whatever it be, Mr. Murray will, no doubt, have been impressed with the notion, that one loses nothing by acting independently, and that flunkeyism and all time-serving is miserably expensive. Dean Burke prefers Mr. Bagwell to Mr. Murray. The former can give good dinners, whilst the latter only promises Repeal. O'Connell is dead, and so is Repeal. Mr. Murray, though a young man, is behind the age. Dean Burke, a patriarch, has hobbled up to it, and looked over it. Repeal is dead!

INAUGURAL FESTIVITIES.

At the ball given by the Young Men's Democratic Union Club of New-York, in the City Assembly Rooms, on Tuesday, the 4th inst, in honor of President Buchanan, Mr. Meagher, in presenting on behalf of the ladies, whose gift it was, a splendid new banner to the Club, offered the following remarks:

Mr. President Cone and Gentlemen:—In a city so noted for its wealth of intellect and the patriotism of its people, it is to me a question of serious surprise, why, on this occasion—an occasion of such eminent interest—the duty should have been assigned to me which I have risen to perform. Attached to the Democratic party—a party, the magnitude of which is measured by parallels of latitute and longitude, as was once said of the heart and genius of Charles James Fox, and another victory of which has been this day solemnized with impressive simplicity in the Capitol of the Union—attached to this great party, and resident in this city, are many men, who, covered with honors achieved in the public service, and fraught with gifts of thought and speech to which I can lay no claim, are far away better entitled to the conspicuous position in which I am placed this evening. In view of this striking fact, I should feel myself at a loss to determine the motives that governed the choice it now becomes me graciously to acknowledge, were I not familiar with the principles which The Young Men's Democratic Union Club was established to assert, conserve, and propagate, and the spirit by which it is inspired. A liberal, generous, munificent spirit, which rewards, with a recognition that far exceeds their worth, the services rendered to the Commonwealth by the youngest, the weakest, the poorest member of the Republican family of America. In this spirit, you have called me to your festival, and committed for presentation this banner to my hands; remembering that in the contest, of which the auspicious sun this day beheld the consummation, my voice, my hand, my heart were pledged to the defence of that majestic structure, the foundations of which are laid in the sacred graves of Monticello, Mount Vernon, and the Hermitage. Nor does the explanation rest here. Of the three political parties which, in the Presidential campaign, contended for supremacy last Fall, the Democratic party was the only one which unequivocally and boldly asserted the political rights of emigrants to this country. With the Democratic party, on this vital question, there was no compromise, no evasion, no reserve. True to the principles asserted by the Democracy all through the contest, you invite to the commemoration of the event, which, in history for all time, has signalized this propitious day, the representatives of those thousands, who, born in the shadow of thrones, have followed the sun, to behold here the inextinguishable light of freedom, and be renewed and ennobled in its glory. As an acknowledgment, then, of the fidelity with which the naturalized citizens of the United States, or those who aspire to be such, in that perilous contest stood by the great charter, won on a field, more glorious far than that of Runnymede, by the soldiers and statesmen of the Revolution, I accept the distinction tendered to me to-night, and shall preserve the recollection of it until the lips, now uttering these proud and grateful words, are touched with the breath of the winter, beyond which the young discoverer of the Arctic mystery has, but a day or two ago, passed on to the eternal sea.

Take, then, young Democrats of New-York, this banner. It is the memorial of a victory, to which your intelligence, integrity, and zeal conduced, and in the splendor of which the Great Republic this day has lifted up its head in gladness, with deep confidence in the future, with gratitude to God. Take it, and as it has been the reward for past services on behalf of the liberty, the laws, the unity of your famous country, be it the incentive to renewed vigilance, renewed labor, fresh enthusiasm, and further triumphs in that same high cause. Take it! It is beautiful, radiant, prophetic as the banner of Pulaski, consecrated in the convent of Bethlehem, in the shadow of the Alleghanies.

Take it! There are voices, sweet, noble, holy and heroic as those of the Moravian Nuns, singing to you—Guard it!—for our homes are free! Guard it!—God will prosper thee! You plant it to-night on a height, from which irradiate, with the lustre of nineteen stars, the trophies of 1856. Bear it proudly with you, still higher up, until in 1861, it waves on a height loftier than that on which you this night stand. Pause not there! Mindful of the golden legend of your aspiring State, advance, ascend, scale the topmost height which towers beyond there in the serene sky, where the poets, the sages, the prophets of the land, await your coming, and from which, you, who are now in the freshness of manhood, shall in your old age, behold a scene of human happiness and human glory, such as no eye as yet has seen upon this earth.

DEATH OF PHIL GRAY.

Year after year, and day after day, Ireland is deprived of some true son who had hoped and toiled for her redemption—who had clung to her cause through disaster and defeat, still looking forward, with the eye of a prophet, to a time when she would cease to be the prey of a foreign aristocracy, and assume that position among independent nations to which her soil, climate, population and inexhaustible resources eminently entitle her. Among that hoping, truthful, unconquerable band, who tried to rouse the nation to resistance in '48, there was no truer, braver young confederate than Philip Gray. It is with deep regret that we observe in the Dublin papers an account of his death, which took place at his residence in Lombard street, on the 15th of January.

He had deep and abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of the cause to which he clung with such noble fidelity to the last hour of his life. Thus it has ever been with those who bound themselves to the dark fortunes of Ireland. Scattered to the four ends of the earth, some sleep under the shadow of the Andes and the Himalayas, or by the flowing tide of the Ganges and Mississippi—while not a few have met that death on strange battle-fields which they would have gladly dared on the green hill-side at home. He accompanied John O'Mahony and John Savage during the most of their adventures in Tipperary, after the incipient rising at Ballingarry had been crushed. Mr. O'Mahony, in a letter recently published in the Irish News, thus speaks of him:—"This Philip Gray I found to be the most untiring and most indomitable of all the men that then took the field for Fatherland. He could never be made to understand that we were beaten. It was he that worked hardest of us all to retrieve the lost cause. He is also the man of whom least has been said, and whose name has been scarcely heard by one out of ten, even in our democratic ranks. Of him I must say, that Ireland needs but a few such steady, silent and persevering laborers as he, with a few cool-headed planners to point their work for them, in order to be ready for revolution, whenever internal agitation, England's difficulties, or external events afford her an opportunity.

If success did not crown the efforts of those embarked in the revolutionary movements of '48, it was not the fault of Phil Gray. His perseverance and devotion have had but few imitators in Ireland or elsewhere. However, his mission unfulfilled, he now sleeps his last sleep in the Saxon capital of his country. Many true hearts by the banks of the Hudson, as well as by the shores of the Liffey, mourn his death to-day.

JOHN KELLY.

We have on our desk the speech of this honest representative of the New-York Democracy, delivered in the House of Representatives, on the 10th of February, in reply to Messrs. Akers, of Missouri, and Davies, of Maryland. It is a bold and eloquent vindication of the naturalized citizens of the United States—those of Irish birth especially—and reflects the highest credit not only on John Kelly himself, whose intelligent fidelity and honesty in the discharge of his duties have made him a favorite in Congress, but on the constituency who had the good sense and patriotism to vote him to the high position he so worthily occupies in the legislative councils of the nation. There would be no more call for Committees on Corruption, were Congress composed of such men as our friend, John Kelly; nor would there be any reason for Irishmen in this country to apologize for those who presume to represent them. We reserve the speech—as the Federal Government does the batteries at Fort Hamilton, and elsewhere—for occasions worthy of its fire and power.

Literature.

PHILIP GRAY—AN IRISH REVOLUTIONIST.

With mournful true pride we give place, in the columns dedicated to *Personal Recollections*, to the following beautiful, honest, and well-won memoir of one of the noblest of our old comrades. If he be not as well known as others who have figured in the recent political and revolutionary history of Ireland, it is that the exquisite sincerity of his nature shrank from every personal display. He was, indeed, one of the thousands of unknown heroes, from whom poets and orators derive their inspiration, and the cause of freedom becomes kindled with a divine light.

DUBLIN, February 12th, 1857.

To the Editor of the Irish News:

SIR:—Nations are unwilling to recognise, or they speedily forget, the services of their humbler patriots. They only render willing homage to the memories of those who have occupied distinguished positions. Yet, in every land individuals have lived and died obscure, whose names are far more deserving of record and honor than those of many who, conspicuous in life, have been renowned after death. True greatness is often to be found in obscurity. Accordingly, every effort should be made to rescue the memories of such humble heroes from unmerited oblivion.

Such a man was Philip Gray, the Irish Confederate, who died in his native city, Dublin, on the 25th of last month, in the 36th year of his age. Few members of the Young Ireland party, however distinguished they might be, struggled with more indomitable energy and nobler perseverance for the cause of Irish independence than this comparatively unknown patriot. The influence which he wielded, though withdrawn from public observation, was extensive. Nay, who knows but that this obscure patriot's life and example may be destined still to influence some generous souls to fresh and strenuous exertions in the good cause? The magnetic action of virtue is strangely subtle and mysterious. Heroism, however humble and unknown, must leave its traces behind!

Perhaps, then, Mr. Editor, a few hurriedly-written particulars relating to the career of Philip Gray, might prove acceptable to the readers of your patriotic journal. Some of our Irish friends in America will hear of his death with heartfelt regret, and cherish his memory with affectionate respect.

It was in the year '43, that Philip Gray's enthusiasm in the cause of Irish independence began to assume form and energy. He walked miles across the country to the Tara Monster Meeting. His ardent mind bounded beyond the Repeal notions of the day. He eagerly devoted himself to the study of whatever military treatises he could lay hands on. The secession from Conciliation Hall; the formation of the Confederation; and subsequently the Club organization, seemed to promise the realization of his fondest visions. He became a member of the Swift Club; at a later period its secretary and its soul. Under his influence, this club became the most military and energetic of all the Dublin clubs. The men were tolerably well drilled, well armed, and excellent shots. Woe to Lord Clarendon if he came across one of the marksmen of the Swift Club! Every evening, Gray had bodies of men going through the various stages of military exercise, in different parts of the premises belonging to the Club in Queen street. Unlike other clubs, the men of the Swift troubled their heads little with speech-making and report-writing. They wished to act, not to talk. They were in earnest. They tampered with the disaffected 31st Regiment. They also burned to rescue Mitchel when he was condemned. They struggled vainly, but indignantly, against the influences which prevented the meditated rescue. In a word, the Swift Club was the best and most fiery of the Young Ireland corps. This result was in a large degree to be attributed to the character and influence of its secretary, Philip Gray. If the other clubs, instead of report-scribblers, had possessed secretaries like Gray, of a practical military turn, how different the organization would have been!

When the Young Ireland chiefs had decided on taking the field in the summer of '48, Gray accompanied a gentleman, since distinguished in America and the Antipodes, to the county Meath, where they vainly endeavored to stir up an insurrection. The failure, however, nothing daunted him. Abandoning, without a moment's hesitation, an excellent situation which he held in the Drogheda Railway office, he made his way to Tipperary. Even the failure of Smith O'Brien's attempt could not dishearten the invincible spirit of Gray. He lingered in the South, and contrived to get into communication with Mr. John O'Mahony, and, though previously unknown to that gentleman, succeeded in winning his confidence. When O'Mahony's insurrection broke out in autumn, that chief entrusted the command of the Waterford insurgents to Gray, in conjunction with Mr. John Savage. Gray was present at the attack of Portlaw police-barrack, and had a share of the adventures of that period, Of his conduct and character at this time, Mr. O'Mahony has spoken in the highest terms. In a letter published some months ago in the IRISH NEWS, he characterises Gray as the most indomitable man he met in '48—as a man who could never be persuaded, even in the most adverse circumstances, that his party was defeated, or that the struggle for the independence of Ireland was hopeless.

After the unsuccessful termination of the revolutionary attempts of '48, Gray underwent, for three or four months ensuing (the close of autumn and beginning of winter), the most terrible privations and hardships. A fugitive from justice in the county Waterford, he was exposed to cold and wet and all the inclemencies of the weather. He was ill-fed, badly clothed, generally obliged to sleep in the open air—sometimes at the back of lime-kilns—occasionally, but very rarely, getting a shake-down for an hour or two in a peasant's cabin. During all these sufferings he clung to the idea of Irish revolution with invincible tenacity. He took advantage of his situation to form in the valley of the Suir a secret society, sworn to struggle for the cause. It spread from Clonmel and Carrick, all over Waterford and the South Riding of Tipperary. At a subsequent period, its ramifications extended through the North Riding, Limerick and Kilkenny, and the cities of Cork and Dublin. Gray, having extraordinary powers of endurance, being an indefatigable though ungraceful walker, wandered about day after day, penniless, with broken shoes and bleeding feet, spreading his organization through the South, though he was momentarily in danger of arrest. His earnestness, possibly his sufferings also, rendered his appeals to the people's patriotism irresistible. At last he made his escape to France. Before this, however, he visited Dublin, and determining to make the metropolis the head-quarters of his organization, he called together three respectable and intelligent young men, formerly members of the Swift Club, and, having given them the test, constituted the Provisional Directory of his secret society.

Gray made his way to Paris. He received some assistance from his fellow-exiles; but he also endeavored to support himself by his own exertions. Having learned something of drawing earlier in life—and having a natural taste for it, he gave lessons in that art. However, after a stay of some months in Paris, he was recalled to Ireland in the summer of '49 by the late James Finton Lalor, who, placed at the head of a new Directory, now virtually governed the secret organization. In Dublin, this Society numbered about 1,000 men partially armed. In the country, the numbers were far greater.

Gray immediately visited the various parts of the country in which the organization had taken root. His presence was welcomed everywhere. I have seen him welcomed in cabins, by men and women, as though he were some potent chief. By the members of the fraternity he was now looked upon as a sort of hero. Some were foolish enough to institute invidious comparisons between his pretensions and those of Mr. Lalor. Thoughts were entertained about this time of attempting to rescue Smith O'Brien and his companions, who were on the point of removal from the country. A letter of John Martin to Mr. Lalor prevented the attempt from being made. Some of the leaders of the organization, among whom was Gray, subsequently meditated an outbreak on the occasion of the Queen's visit to Ireland. The affair, however, miscarried. Finally, in Autumn, an assembly of about eighteen delegates, met in Clonmel. They decided that an insurrection should take place in September, and elected a Committee of Defence, consisting of James Finton Lalor, Joseph Brennan, Philip Gray, the present writer, and another person, who, however, did not act. The committee, with the exception of this person, met at Clonmel in due time, and arranged, that, on the 17th of September, simultaneous attacks should be made on Cashel and Dungarvan. Other movements, too, were calculated on.

Various causes, however, disconcerted the plans of the conspirators. Conspiracies with elaborate programmes of insurrection seldom, if ever, succeed. Formidable insurrections must be spontaneous, unpremeditated. The promised thousands failed to assemble at the points of *rendezvous*. A miserable abortive scuffle, indeed, took place at Cappoquin. Joseph Brennan was obliged to seek the shores of America. The present writer was arrested near Cashel, and suffered a short imprisonment; so did a few other young men. One or two retired for a time to France; and for the Cappoquin business a few peasants were transported. All thoughts of insurrection were now given up. The organization was virtually at an end; and, in December '49 or January '50, its most prominent member, James Finton Lalor, expired.

During several months, following the Cappoquin business, Gray lived a precarious life in Dublin, without proper means of subsistence, without any comfortable place of rest. His health, already undermined by the hardships he had undergone in Waterford, began to be visibly impaired. He still, however, endeavored to rally the organization, and even carried it into new places in the county Dublin; but it languished nevertheless, and at last was formally dissolved, sometime in the year 1850. If it were proper to do so, I could give many amusing details connected with the progress of this singular organization.

Gray, after some time, procured a clerkship in the office of a salesmaster of Smithfield. Here he remained for years, and won the confidence of his employer by his rare zeal and integrity, and remarkable talents for business. The confinement, however, in a very unhealthy office (he was often detained there, by pressure of business, till ten o'clock at night) coming after an open air life, contributed every day, more and more, to destroy his naturally wiry constitution. While in the salesmaster's employment, he formed no more secret societies; but he consorted with a band of his old political associates, who even to this day have clung together—in spite of disappointed hopes, and numbers diminished by emigration—ever cherishing fondly the hope of Ireland's independence, and never letting slip an opportunity of procuring arms.

But every day his health was becoming worse and worse. At length, on the morning of Patrick's day, 1855, he burst a blood-vessel, perhaps in consequence of a recent fall. The loss of blood was immense. After some time he was sufficiently recovered to go to the county Meath, where he spent a portion of the summer with some relations. He rallied so far, that on the establishment of the national journal called the *Tribune*, in the latter end of 1855, he was able to accept a situation in the office of that paper. While the *Tribune* lasted, his singular quickness and precision in matters of business, and his zeal for the national cause, were remarkably exhibited. The death of the *Tribune*, in the early part of 1856, (caused by the *mismanagement* of Thomas M. Jones, the person selected as responsible proprietor and editor), threw poor Gray on the world once more. Yet so great was the force of his mind, that, in such health and circumstances, he commenced attending lectures on chemistry, at the Museum of Industry, in Stephen's Green. With characteristic ardor, he gave himself up to this new pursuit, body and soul. He twice, at the examinations, received a certificate for excellent answering. He also at one time thought of resuming the study of drawing. His eagerness in his new pursuit, and his going out nightly from the heated lecture-room into the chill air, militated against his recovery. Yet (owing perhaps to his extreme temperance and his adherence to the regimen prescribed him) he sometimes appeared to rally considerably. Nothing could equal the patience and resignation with which he bore his long illness. He uttered no complaint whatever. At intervals he returned to the office of his old employer the salesmaster. To the last he toiled beyond his strength for his livelihood. Part of the summer he spent in Meath. He suffered much, however, from poverty, and want of proper comfort and attention. In short, his apparent improvement was illusory. In January, 1857, his life appeared rapidly approaching its close. Yet, possessing originally great vitality, he did not succumb to death without a struggle. On the 18th he received Extreme Unction. After a week of speechlessness, during which he suffered at times great agony, frequently wandered, and occasionally was hardly conscious—ever and anon, however, rallying and looking with wordless affection and passionate anxiety to utter, in the face of some friend—after such a week, about thirteen minutes before twelve, on the night of the 25th of January, the pallor of death suddenly overspread his face—sudden as shadows passing over grass or water—and he breathed his last.

On Tuesday, the 27th, his brother, a prisoner of '48, and a few of those friends and associates, who had done every thing that their humble means allowed them to make his death not altogether forlorn, with affectionate solicitude to comply with his wishes, conveyed his remains by the Mullingar railway to the county Meath, to be there deposited in the burial-place of his fathers. At Enfield station, they were met by his numerous relations and their friends, all belonging to the class of reputable small farmers. As the coffin was borne along the roads, the crowd swelled to a goodly assembly of peasantry. Passing through Longwood, the procession arrived at Kilglass grave-yard, about six miles from the Enfield station; and here Gray was buried, with all honor, by the side of his father, beneath a spreading tree. We learned in the churchyard that his anti-Saxon blood was hereditary. His paternal uncle was hanged for rebellion in '98, and his mother belonged to the sept of the O'Carrols.

Such were the life and death of Philip Gray, a man possessing remarkable unity of character. He was pure and single-minded, faithful and brave. He clung with indomitable constancy to the cause of Irish National Independence; he never could be made to believe it a lost cause. His admiration of John Mitchel was unchanging. I have heard that some of his relations and acquaintances in Meath, belonging to that portion of mankind who test everything by the standard of success, looked down upon him for letting his politics interfere with his worldly interests—for preferring poverty to independent means at the expense of his fidelity to Ireland. Such persons could never alter a mind like his. He despised them for their apathy and baseness. He knew that duty should be the first consideration; that poverty, the consequence of patriotism, is honorable; that riches and success are often the rewards of villainy. In virtue, he sought and found his reward. In short, his loyalty to Ireland never wavered for a moment.

In person, Gray was about 5 feet 6 inches high and of a slender make. He had small and beautiful hands. His frame was wiry, and capable, until his constitution was impaired by disease, of enduring fatigue and hardship to a degree scarcely credible. He was all activity. He would appear in places distant from each other in the shortest time. He looked, as he really was, of an excitable temperament. He told me that he couldn't look on a common street-row without feeling an uncontrollable excitement. He was sometimes in manner a little irritable and bitter. His Celtic-looking face especially indicated his nervous temperament. The features were thin and acute, the outlines well-formed, the mouth expressive of sarcasm. His complexion was fair, his hair light brown. He had singular eyes. You could read in those eyes a two-fold nature. When they dilated they seemed the dreamy eyes of an enthusiast. When he laughed, they indicated a mind wonderfully shrewd and apt for the affairs of the world. And he *had* those two natures; but the former overcame the latter; else, with his singular aptitude for business, he would have occupied a different position in a worldly point of view. His understanding, considering his imperfect education, was marvellously quick at comprehending political speculations. His shrewdness also manifested itself in the extraordinary quickness and penetration with which he read the characters of those with whom he came in contact; and he sketched them off at times with great felicity. Indeed, he had naturally an admirable turn for humor; he sometimes related his adventures and experiences with exquisite drollery. His talk was wholly free from humbug, affectation and cant. His habits and manners were generally retiring.

In conclusion, Gray was a man unique. In his peculiar walk he has left no equal. Beyond a doubt, the obscure career of Philp Gray was more truly praiseworthy and noble than that of many a leader recognised, splendid and applauded.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS CLARKE LUBY.

At the suggestion of some of the Irish Exiles in Paris in 1849, who were desirous of diverting the attention of the police from Gray, in connection with any Irish movement, Devin Reilly published the following announcement in his paper, the *People*, printed in New-York in the fore part of '49:

"Mr. Philip Gray, one of the Secretaries of the Swift Confederate Club, who followed the fortunes of O'Mahony and Savage in Tipperary and Waterford, has arrived in this country. He was with Savage at the attack on Portlaw, in September, and afterwards made his escape to France. He merely passed through this city, having, with much good sense, immediately

started for the West, hoping to make it his future home. We understand that his actions were characterized by firmness and determination, and his comrades reposed much confidence in him."

This being copied into the Tory papers in Ireland, had the desired effect; and Gray was the better able to make the exertion outlined above.

PATRICK'S DAY.

We curse thy tyrants, Eire dear, though we be far away
From Galtee's peaks and Liffey's side, by Hudson's banks today;
We curse them, by the mounds of earth above the famine graves,
And by the countless Irish hearts, beneath th' Atlantic waves.
Oh, genial nurse of *Celtic* stock! oh, Mother of our love!
Thy exiled sons are true to thee, as to their God above;
And when ambition leads astray some mongrel child of thine,
Look here, and see thy loving sons their hopeful hearts entwine.

Wherever Irishman awakes, the holy Patrick's morn,
His yearning heart throbs fondly fast for scenes where he was born;
He wonders if the old hob-stone be still the beggar's seat,
Or whether all his household gods are crushed by oxen's feet:
With melancholy joy he sits and drowns his Shamrock leaf,
Unbidden tears the while betray the anguish of that grief
Which gushes out, on days like this, as pure, and strong, and wild,
As when his long-lost mother left God's blessing with her child.

Alas! not all thy wand'ring sons wil drink their "Patrick's pot"
To mem'ry's treasured images, around each hallowed spot:
Alas! that offspring of thy heart should curse our cherish'd *Green*,
For brutal lords of land, or gold—for Oligarch or Queen;
Perdition blast the Orange crew, from *swaddling* knave to peer,
Who aid the foreign robber there—who burn our churches here;
In vain the martyrs died to break the bigot's baneful spell—
In vain O'Connell's voice was raised—in vain poor Davis fell.

Yet not in vain—another star is rising o'er the Isle,
Undimmed by convict atmosphere, unbought by Saxon smile;
Poor crushed humanity looks up, from Cahirmoyle to Rhine,
With burning hopes and prayers of joy, for faithful, brave O'Brien!
But still it grieves us, Eire dear, that we may live to die
Away from thee, our rightful home, and fairest 'neath the sky;
Oh, while we've youth, and rifles true, and ships to sail away,
May Heaven nerve thy slaves at home, to rise some Patrick's day.

RICHARD OULAHAN.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, WEXFORD.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION, BY RODRIGO.

About the middle of April, '47, I left the county Kilkenny for Wexford. My destination was St. Peter's College, in which I was to spend some years. That morning is as vivid to my recollection—though nearly half a score of years have intervened—as if it were but yesterday. Never before had home such enchantments for me. Never before did the lovely scenery, embosomed in the distant woods and the sluggish waters of the old Nore, on which I had often enjoyed hours of anticipative delight in angling for the speckled inmates of its green waters, seem to me so dear as now, when those varied scenes—haunted with the local traditions of their pristine greatness—were, for the first time, to be separated from my daily vision. Never before did I so regret the cupidity which prompted the cutting down of the old oak wood of Dunmore, which so beautifully overhung that river. Ah! as Carleton says, the sun shines, and we note it not; but let the eclipse come, and we tremble and weep! Thus, I felt that morning leaving home; and thus, too, the same feelings are evoked when we ponder on poor Ireland and her memories, and we blame ourselves for not, while in it, having examined every nook and cranny round the dear old homes.

Through the "Faire Citie," and out into that verdant plain, environed by the woods of Kifane and Kilmurry; through Thomastown and on to Innistoigue; and then the enchanting bowers of Woodstock stretching along over the Nore, the waters of which, uniting with those of its placid sister, the Barrow, glide in harmony through the historic city of New-Ross.

Here I had a delay, during which I clambered Goat's Hill; visited the old Chapel on the top; wondered at the devotion manifested by some tough-faced old sailors near the altar (I never saw a sailor in Kilkenny—'twas colliers and cats we had there—and had imagined they were entirely a Godless crew), when I was once more on the road. And a dreary road it then was. With the exception of the immediate vicinity of New-Ross, I thought it the dreariest twenty-one miles I ever travelled in Ireland. Gladly did I hail the first sight of the old city of Wexford, from Forth Mountain, which towers high above the level of the sea. Narrow and gloomy as its Main street is, 'twas far preferable to the jolting of the old jingle, which I had to endure for six hours.

Yet, I would not have the reader imagine that the county Wexford is without its stately ruins of old castles and abbeys, which, even though mouldering to decay, recall the varied bloody strifes of which Ireland was the prey. The contrary is the fact. They not only numerously abound, but strange, indeed, are the traditions which haunt those old stones.

There's Tintern Abbey, founded by the Earl of Pembroke. Tradition relates how the Earl, when in great danger at sea, made a vow that in case he escaped he would found an abbey on the spot where he should first land; and how, his bark finding shelter in Bannow bay, he there religiously performed his vow, and dedicated the abbey to the Virgin Mary. In the days of Queen Bess, "of glorious memory!" it fell into the hands of the Colclough family. Sir Jonah Barrington, who was connected with this family, tells some humorous anecdotes about them and other local celebrities of his day. There was Sir Frederick Flood, so unfortunately addicted to the habit if interrupted when speaking, of stopping up in the middle of his discourse, and repeating *verbatim* any words which might be spoken immediately behind him. He was a Member of the Irish Parliament, and being enrolled under the banner of Castlereagh, his *bulls* met with little sympathy amongst the able advocates for the preservation of Irish nationality. One day, when closing a most turgid discourse, in favor of extending additional powers to the magistracy of this county, he proclaimed—"the said magistrates ought to receive some signal mark of the Lord Lieutenant's favor"—honest Bully Egan, who sat just behind him, jocularly whispered, "and be whipped at the cart's tail,"—"and be whipped at the cart's tail!" shouted Sir Frederick unconsciously, sitting down amid peals of uncontrolable laughter.

This ancedote of Sir Frederick, I doubt not, was known to the erudite Lever, when portraying his character of "Father Tom," whom he represents, on being prompted after the fashion of Mr. Egan, as roaring out—"and took to corduroys."

There were a number of family portraits formerly exhibited at Tintern. One of which represented "Cæsar Colclough, Esq.," in a full-length portrait, with the following inscription underneath: "Forty years a Member of Parliament, during which time he never gave a vote against his country." Could that inscription have been with truth annexed to the portrait of each member of that accomplished body, how majestic would be the Ireland of to-day! When I heard it, it recalled the local story of Mr. Tottenham, of Ballycarney, who rode, in an almost incredibly short space of time, from his residence to Dublin (60 miles), to record his vote against the appropriation of no less than sixty thousand pounds sterling, then a surplus in the Irish Treasury, towards some English grant, and who, arriving at the Parliament House covered with mud, in his big jack-boots, burst in, despite the opposition of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and was just in time, by the record of his vote "for the country," to give to the Nationalists a majority of ONE! This was not forgotten while Irish nationality really lived; and *Tottenham and his Boots!* was a standing toast at many tables for years.

But I have digressed and must record my recollections of the College and some of its respected inmates.

St. Peters, with its appurtenances is *the* architectural beauty of Wexford. Originally, it presented the appearance of a commodious mansion-house; but recently a large addition has been erected, in the Gothic style, comprising a magnificent chapel of brown cut stone, with new class-rooms, refectories, and dormitories, which form a quadrangle—the eastern front of which exhibits a square tower in its centre, with octangular turrets at each angle, surmounted by a spire 140 feet high, enclosing an area occupied as ball-alleys, &c. The chapel is not less chastely beautiful, internally than externally. The decorations and furnishings have been so arranged as to correspond exactly with the style of architecture. The altar stands out in graceful relief some ten feet from the outer wall, in which there is a superb circular stained glass window, presented to the College by the late Earl of Shrewsbury, which, each morning, on the rising of the sun, flings out its varied tints; which are again reflected with Eastern grandeur on the white granite with which the edifice is flagged.

St. Peters, though a purely Catholic College, was established under the Christian principle of admitting Protestants, either as boarders or day-boys, to partake of all the advantages it afforded, side by side with the Catholic boys; there being a strict rule, that the former were never allowed to join the others in religious ceremonies. The Chapel, too, was thrown open to any of the towns-people who desired to make it the scene of their devotions. Many did so, particularly on Sundays, when the boys were all in the carved pews, extending from the altar-rails down to the middle of the aisle. Some there were, however, who, Sundays and week-days, were as constant in their attendance as even the boys. The Redmonds were always there. Larry Elliott, a miserable, broken-down poor wretch—seemingly half-knave half-fool—he, too, in his dirty barragon coat and a bunch of keys dangling by his side—was always there. Summer and winter were alike to poor Larry. There he was, in the coldest frost, slunk away in some remote corner. No ray of sunshine ever came to cheer his path. Without doubt he was a stranger to that delight which Thomas à Kempis tells us he so frequently experienced when "in a little corner with a little book." His shrivelled face never approached a smile, save when the boys would hire him to light a fire, unknown to the authorities; and then even, when getting the half-pence, it was no more than a grin. There was, also, a young lady, whose beautiful symmetry of figure, long raven hair, large black liquid eyes, and loving expression of countenance, especially attracted the notice of the boys. Her constant attendance, and the gentle devotion which marked her entrance and exit from the Chapel, prepossessed most of us in her favor.

An admirer of hers insisted she resembled "The Maid of Saragoza," and that she might yet be heard of [this was before the failure of '48] as rivaling the noble heroism of the fair Spaniard, whom Byron thus records in the *Pilgrimage* of his *Childe*:—

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her bright, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

The President of St. Peters was the Very Rev. John Synnott. He was called Dr. Synnott to distinguish him from Father John our youngest Professor. Dr. Synnott was a staunch O'Connellite. The world knew this. The records of Conciliation Hall attest it. Hundreds of times did Thomas Mathew Ray inform him officially of the vote of thanks passed at the last meeting, acknowledging the contributions which he had transmitted, and of the high eulogiums passed on his zealous patriotism by the "Liberator" himself. A stern upholder of these principles he was bitterly opposed to "Young Ireland." Joe, his own servant-boy, who brought up the *post*, was ordered to deliver no papers to the the boys without his knowledge. This was because of his horror of the *Nation*. Yet, weekly the *Nation* came in. It was received by the Burkes, from Clonmel—nephews of Dean Burke—who, by the way, had he known of their adoption of Young Ireland principles, would have withdrawn his favors from them altogether. Yet, thus, it came to pass, that the two on whom the suspicion would be least likely to fall, were actually those who had it in their power to feast us with the perusal of that glowing sheet.

Mr. Kirwan was the Vice-President. He is now the President of St. Peters, Dr. Synnott having a few years ago exchanged, his temporal, I trust, for an eternal chair. Mr. Kirwan was highly esteemed by those who knew him; but as he was never engaged in my part of the house, I was not intimately acquainted with him. However, this I knew, he was eminently social and kind. He and Father John and Mr. O'Hara sustained the credit of the house. Each evening, after dinner, they adjourned to one or other of their rooms, and over their tumblers of punch perpetuated the social friendship which existed between them.

The Rev. Wm. Moran was our 3rd Professor. He taught book-keeping, astronomy, navigation, and arithmetic, and was truly a wonderful man. Wonderful, not alone because of his amazing stature—six foot seven—and his gaunt figure, which rendered him like the celebrated Ethan Allen, but on account of the zeal which he manifested, and the sincere regard he bore to the boys of his several classes. Notwithstanding that the latter was generally understood, he had a strange manner of showing his love. In the sleeve of his soutan, he always carried a cane, and, when ever an opportunity occurred, he took especial delight in "dusting our jackets," repeating, at the same time "though boys will be boys, they might be better." He was not much in the habit of conversing with the boys. In fact, he was nervous, and seemed afraid of a collision. Once only, during my term, did he break through his reserve. This was during the vacation of '47. On Christmas morning he came in, and, after wishing us the compliments of the season, commenced telling us the news of the day. Told us how threatening affairs in the political world then looked, and asked us would we not be sorry if Dr. Synnott had to send us all home if the war broke out? We all said no!—we would not be sorry. "What!" said he, "I suppose you're all Young Irelanders?" There was an approving shout which shook the old desks and forms—shook the great big iron fender—and the old metal window-sashes, as though they, too, wished success to the gallant young hearts, who, in opposition to the simulated opinions of Ireland's foes, would teach reliance on the "might which slumbers in the peasant's arm." Cheer after cheer was kept up, till poor Father Moran afraid of Dr. Synnott's appearing at such an unusual manifestation, wheeled round, then faced us once more, pulled out the ready cane, shook it at us, and in three strides passed out of the room. He was not well in his room, when Mr. O'Hara entered. Sedately he marched up to me. With his usual exclamation, he commenced—

"Bless my soul, Rodrigo, what's this terrible uproar about?"

"Father Moran, sir," said I, gravely.

"Bless my soul! do you hear what this boy says. Now, who ever heard of Father Moran's being the cause of such a thing?"

"It's a fact, sir," said I.

"Well, well, I'll have to report the occurrence to Dr. Synnott, and we'll see at dinner to-morrow what he'll say."

Saying this, Mr. O'Hara retired to his room, where, true to his word, he recorded the report, and inadvertently implicated poor Father Moran, for he appended my answers to his questions.

On the evening of that day, I believe, Mr. O'Hara related the occurrence to Father Kirwan and Father John, so that they, as well as the boys, were partly up to the thing, when, next day Dr. Synnott, strutting stately up and down the refectory, read the report twice over.

"Mr. O'Hara," said he, "is this a report of yours?"

"Yes, Sir," responded Mr. O'Hara, "and that is all I could find out."

"Rodrigo," said the President, "do you know who caused this uproar?"

"Ask Father Moran, sir," said I.

Father Moran ceased eating, and looked all round. Father Kirwan smiled—Father John laughed. The boys all laughed heartily. Even the glossy cheek of the President became dimpled with a rising smile as he closed the black book and left the hall.

The boys were in the habit of asking for a day, about once a month, to go on a walk to the country. This was usually granted whenever bad weather did not intervene. One of the Professors usually accompanied us on such occasions. Father Moran was always ready when asked; but the boys generally preferred Father John's company. This was easily accounted for. The former was a terrible leader on the younger boys. His stature compelled immense strides, while his indomitable energy and robust health urged him on. No slim greyhound ever coursed against the mountain breeze with more avidity than did Father Moran when heading his straggling band in the direction of the "Three Rocks." Besides, he was most careful to avoid any of those places where the boys would be likely to get refreshments during the course of the day. These were strictly forbidden; but how few boys would not run the risk, if temptation offered?

Father John was not so minute on such occasions. He did not hurry the boys too much; and when they desired to go by the Penny Bridge (a well-known resort of the "the thirteen") or off to Johnstown Castle, the seat of Grogan Morgan,* and through the deer-park and demesne, he was ever ready to lead. Parenthetically, I have said the Penny Bridge was a favorite resort. It was eminently so. There were some amongst us who would risk anything or everything rather than pass without having something. There was one in particular, named Cranwell, from Buenos Ayres. A low-sized fellow, of the color of a Mulatto; who had been sent all the way to be educated for seven years in the land of his father's nativity. The tawny color of his skin was a subject of deep mortification to Cranwell. Many a time he came to blows with any one whom he thought would not believe in his assertion, that it arose from the fact of his having *crossed the line.* Whiskey—pure whiskey—was his favorite tipple. It was a boast of his, that he never, for four years, crossed that Bridge without taking a "*crapper.*" When others of us would have a sandwich and a bottle of porter, Cranwell should have the *whiskey.* Thus it came to pass that Father John was the favorite Professor on the walks. But, I have strayed away, in a true schoolboy's style, and find I must reserve, for some other time, a sketch of Mr. O'Hara, and other rotund celebrities, as well as a description of the Lady's Lake, Johnstown Castle, and Old Wexford Town.

REPORTS of Cases in the COURT OF COMMON PLEAS for the City and County of New-York; with notes, reference and index. By E. DELAFIELD SMITH, Counsellor at Law; vol. 2. New-York: *Lewis and Blood.*

The Court of Common Pleas, as is well known to the members of the legal profession, is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, tribunal in our State, dating its existence from the days of the Burgomasters and Schepens. Its powers and duties during the long period which has elapsed since its organization, have, of course, been subject to frequent modifications until, upon the adoption of the Constitution of 1846, it was made, as nearly as a local Court can be, co-ordinate with the Supreme Court of the State. For many years its Bench has been occupied by men of eminent learning and position: the code constituted it the Appellate Court of last resort in all cases arising in Justices' Courts in this city, and in the Marine Court, and yet with a characteristic modesty which has made it so popular with the bar, and which might well be contrasted with the conduct of other local courts, and profitably imitated, it has abstained from deluging the profession with the *dicta* of judges, which are frequently reversed by a higher tribunal, and only tend to embarass and confuse the practitioner. The Court of Common Pleas being a final Appellate Court in the cases above mentioned. The necessity for a series of reports of its decisions is obvious, and we are happy to see that the wishes of the bar in that respect have been complied with. The present volume fully sustains the reputation of the Court. The decisions are written in clear, concise and forcible style and even in those cases in which they have been reversed by the Court of Appeals are supported with such ability as to cause very serious doubt as to the correctness of the reversal. In proof of this we would refer to the report of the case of Esselstin v. Weeks, p. 116.

The work of the editor, one of the firm doing the largest business as attorneys in the Court, is ably done. The index, generally an eye-sore to lawyers, in this instance, as far as we have examined it, is entirely satisfactory.

This set of reports is an indispensable addition to the library of any lawyer in active practice in this city.

Literary and Artistic News.

The following letter, which speaks for itself and others, appeared in the *London Morning Advertiser* under the heading of "German encouragement to British artists." "A letter of February 3, signed 'J. Rogers,' addressed to the presiding magistrate of the Lambeth Police Court, handing over the sum of 13s. 4d. to the poor-box, that sum being the munificent amount of salary received by Mr. Rogers, the popular comedian of the Olympic Theatre, for his services at Windsor Castle, on Wednesday January 28, seems to me to require a few words of comment, inasmuch as it offers a remarkable sample of the sort of encouragement, which British artists receive in this country at the hands of royalty. Now I should be glad to know the amount paid to the foreign artists, who take part in the royal concerts given in the course of every spring, at Buckingham Palace, and what would be the conduct pursued by a moderate German singer, upon having only fourteen shillings instead of fourteen pounds offered to him, for the couple of short songs which he sings at one of her Majesty's concerts, and probably within five minute's drive of his own lodgings? Mr. Rogers's standing as a leading comedian of the day, is too well known to make it necessary for me to say a word in his commendation; and this gentleman is invited down to Windsor Castle, in the coldest of winter nights, where, after acting, he is deposited (at the royal expense, it is true) at the Paddington station, at one or two o'clock on a cold January morning, from whence he has to find his way as best he can to his own residence, and for this service he finds himself rewarded by the munificent sum of thirteen shillings and fourpence! This is certainly a great encouragement to British talent, and Mr. Rogers's conduct in sending this paltry sum to the police poor-box is, I think, worthy of all praise, and shows a spirit worthy of his talents. Probably Mr. Rogers may be in a position which enables him to take this manly course, being aware, no doubt, that the act will bring down upon him the anger of those in authority; but I trust that this mode of dealing with the unworthy estimate put upon British talent, may be the means of saving others from a similar insult."

We read, says the *Lancet,* that Æsculapius was the son of Apollo, and still the blood of the god of Music occasionally peeps out in the posterity of his son, and "marks them for his own." Boerhaave is said to have been more proud of his performance on the flute than of his scientific glory. Haller had an ear for other rythm than that of the pulse. He was passionately fond of music, and many times took part with his viola in the concerted pieces of a composer named Boccherini, who has since gone into oblivion. Orfila gloried in his magnificent barytone voice; and one of the chief vocalists at the Opera Comique of Paris, Mons. Bataille, is a doctor of medicine. Another young aspirant to operatic fame has recently made his *debut* at the Italian, of whose powers report speaks favorably. Though only adopting the modest name of Mons. Hans, he is known to be the son of Rokitansky, the famous Viennese professor. By his own choice he quitted the profession to which he was educated to adopt the vocation of vocalization.

The well known Orientalist, Professor Forchhammer, has lately put in execution an idea he has for some years held out as feasible—viz., that of designing a correct submarine map or chart of the bottom of the sea, by means of deeper and lighter shadow corresponding to the inequalities found on sounding to be actually in existence. For a work that he is now publishing on the ruins of Troy, he has designed a map of the bed of the sea between the island of Tenedos and the opposite coast of Asia Minor; it includes that portion of the anchorage ground where the Greek vessels and other naval contingents lay during that memorable siege. The *data* on which the chart is being engraved have been derived partly from soundings made by the late Captain Graves, R.N., in the *Beacon,* and partly from personal observations made by the Professor during a lengthy stay in those waters.

* No connection of the great Commodore of that name.

SPEECH OF MALCOLM CAMPBELL, ESQ.,

IN DEFENCE OF COLONEL FABENS AND CAPTAIN BOLTON—THE ALLEGED "FILLIBUSTERS"—BEFORE COMMISSIONER MORELL.

MR. CAMPBELL said:—Mr. Commissioner, I shall not inflict myself upon your patience for any very long period, because I consider that much of the evidence which has been adduced upon the part of the prosecution has been of a character which renders any remarks on the part of the Counsel for the defendants almost unnecessary;—and also from the fact, that from the general management of the case on the part of the prosecution, the case itself has assumed almost a ridiculous aspect, and would have been much more so, had it not been turned to good account by the Counsel for the defence, in placing before the public some of the claims of that cause in which we acknowledge our sympathy—although we do not feel conscious of having committed any crime in thus sympathising with it. Therefore, Sir, I repeat, I shall refer very briefly to the evidence of the prosecution. I was rejoiced at a remark which escaped the Commissioner (I think upon our last meeting), which confined this case within a very narrow limit. We have had, it is true, all kinds of evidence from all kinds of people—from Gen. Cazneau, a gentleman of high standing and position in society, a man well known in politics and in social life, down to this miserable creature, Fuller, who is the principal reliance of the prosecution; and I began to think that there would be no end of the evidence which might be introduced, and which it might be claimed would have some possible bearing upon this case; but fortunately, a day or two since, the Commissioner, upon an offer on our part to prove something, which happened not at the precise moment of the alleged hiring or enlisting, ruled it out, on the ground that we were confined to the simple enquiry, as to the hiring or retaining of Robt. Fuller and Joe Brown to go beyond the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, to wit: to Greytown, there to be entered or enlisted in the service of one William Walker, in a foreign country, to wit: Nicaragua. I am happy to say that that decision accorded entirely with my own view of the subject, and the views with which I have with considerable pertinacity been urging at intervals since the beginning of this tedious investigation. Therefore, Sir, we have that simple enquiry before us, and upon that enquiry what is the evidence?

In the first place, we have the evidence of the *Magnus Apollo* of the prosecution, Robert Fuller; and without refering to the parts which are not intimately connected with the charge against Col. Fabens, whom I have the honor to represent, I would respectfully direct the attention of the Commissioner to all the evidence given by him which concerns Col. Fabens in the slightest degree. Your Honor will recollect that Fuller testified, that although he professed to have the acquaintance of Col. Fabens (probably as a friend—probably Col. Fabens had his legs under the same mahogany with Fuller, or probably had dined with him at the White House), but, with the exception of his personal acquaintance, he only saw him with reference to the matter of this charge, but once. Now, Sir, when was this? Upon the occasion when this witness Fuller went to the office No. 347 Broadway, the so-called Nicaraguan Agency, he says—"as I stood by the table where Col. Fabens was writing, there were several parties waiting to speak to him; Bolton stepped up and asked was there any one wanting to see him; Bolton took him to the corner of the counter where there lay an open book; they had a few words of conversation, and I saw Bolton hand the man a pen. The man could not write with that pen, and remarked to the Colonel"—which seems a little strange, inasmuch as the conversation was with Bolton—"¡You keep bad pens here; the Colonel told him, the man, to go to his desk, and in a little box he would get good pens." Bolton got a pen:—that is the case on the part of the prosecution. It may well cause a smile; but if that is not the case, what is the case against Colonel Fabens, except the assumptions, the inferences, the far-fetched conclusions, based upon no proof whatever, of the District Attorney, by which Col. Fabens is sought to be connected with this transaction? It may be argued that he is referred to distinctly in another part of the evidence for the prosecution: I refer to the testimony of Gen. Cazneau. In the course of that testimony, the Commissioner will recollect that the General testified that Col. Fabens was formerly the incumbent of an office under the government of Nicaragua, as the Director of Colonization. He stated, moreover, that he did not know that such an office was now in existence, and was not aware that Col. Fabens held it; he said that the office No 347 Broadway was in the first place, used by the kind permission of Mr. Lawrence, who appears throughout this transaction to have been a volunteer—entirely a volunteer—who has given his good services to this cause from the sympathies of his heart, without any expectation of profit or remuneration. Gen. Cazneau tesified, I think, that he himself, not wishing Mr. Lawrence to bear a loss which ought not to be thrown on his shoulders, had for some little time past paid the rent of that office, thereby absolving Col. Fabens from any connection whatever with the office known as the Colonization Office, No. 347 Broadway. Therefore, Sir, all that you have before you, so far as Col. Fabens is concerned, is the fact, that he was seen in that office upon one occasion, and that he made a remark about steel pens. Now, Sir, if such testimony as that is to be considered even probable cause, in a preliminary examination, before a committing magistrate, where, I ask, is the liberty of the citizen? If a person is to be incarcerated simply from the fact of his presence there, and his knowledge of the quality of a steel pen, what is to prevent the District Attorney, if he should have any object in so doing, from procuring similar affidavits by which to incarcerate you, or myself, or any other person against whom he might conceive he had a good cause of complaint. Why, sir, if the mere fact of a man's presence during such a conversation as to the relative merits of the controversy now going on in Nicaragua, and his offering an incidental remark, is to couple him with a charge of violating the law of the United States, and is to be deemed evidence of misdemeanor, which, when proved subjects him to a fine and imprisonment for three years, what is the use of laws and judicial proceedings? You, Sir, may have proudly expressed an opinion sympathising either with the cause of Gen. Walker or the cause of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and if the District Attorney happened to be of a different political complexion, or (if you were opposed to us), he happened to be personally interested in favor of our side of the question, there is nothing to prevent his locking you up, on a charge of aiding or abetting immigrants in going hence to Nicaragua, because the crimes with which these gentlemen are charged depends entirely on the intent of the act; and how can that intent be better proved, says the District Attorney, than by the fact of their presence, and a remark, showing some knowledge of the parties engaged in it. Therefore, Sir, if you happened to be dining at the house of Mr. Vanderbilt, and expressed your sympathy with him, and if there were a District Attorney in power who had had no connection whatever with him, but on the contrary, sympathised either with the cause of Mr. Morgan or General Walker, there would be nothing to prevent his locking you up, on the same grounds on which Col. Fabens was imprisoned for many days. That, Sir, constitutes the entire case against Col. Fabens. It is true that this may seem a very simple way of summing up the evidence, which would fill a very large volume, if published in pamphlet form. But of what character has been the other testimony? When we offered to show that persons came to the office, No. 347 Broadway, who desired to enlist themselves, and were refused, the evidence was ruled out, as being negative testimony; but, Sir, what was the testimony on the part of the prosecution? Why, it was equally negative, with the exception of that to which I have already alluded.

Mr. Fuller testified that neither Col. Fabens nor Mr. Bolton said a word to him about agricultural employment. Now what is that but negative testimony? The District Attorney did not dare to ask the question as to whether anything was said about arms, weapons, or munitions of war, and we, on the defence, had to ask that very question which should have been the first, to prove the case, on the part of the prosecution, and the answer was, there was nothing said on such subjects! Therefrom the District Attorney assumed that because nothing was said about plows and harrows and spades, you had a right, as a judge, to conclude that the intent of those parties was to use guns, bayonets, howitzers, Paixhans and infernal machines. That is the theory of the prosecution; and I regret to say that your Honor has given a sort of countenance to it, by alluding to that negative testimony in the opinion which your Honor has given upon the motion to dismiss the complaint. I hope, on reflection that your Honor will see that such testimony is not safe to be relied upon, where the liberty of the citizen is in jeopardy. Why, sir, if you happened to be found incidentally in that office, 347 Broadway, as your business may call you into different parts of the city, and if this witness, Fuller, had happened to see you there, and if you had not talked about plows, harrows, and agricultural implements, he might, with just as much propriety, have made an affidavit against you, as against Col. Fabens; and if, even for that matter, your remarks, by accident, referred to oxen, there is a decision of the United States Courts which says that they are regarded as munitions of war—and in that case, the District Attorney might consider himself bound to hold you on this charge. I have little more to say on the evidence. I will leave to my associate, Mr. Blankman, the question as to the credibility of this witness, Fuller, whether he stands before you as an accomplice or an informer. But this I will say to you, in regard to his testimony, that he does not connect Col. Fabens with the transaction except by that simple remark about steel pens, and that nothing else has been proved against Col. Fabens, except by Gen. Cazneau, who said that he did not know that he (the Colonel) was a director of colonization, and there is no evidence that there was such an office. There *was* such an office, it is true, but I am credibly informed that for a long time it has ceased to exist. Now, sir, we have it proved on the part of the defence that this witness, Fuller, was, previously to his going down to have these parties arrested, in a state of intoxication; the fact of his being intoxicated is certainly proved. We have him then contradicted in several main points by his fellow-complainant, Joe Brown. This Joe Brown affords an excellent specimen of the way in which prosecutions are hatched, when there is a private interest at bottom, to press them on. Brown evidently was a man of good intentions, and went to the office in Broadway, not as an informer, but with a *bona fide* intent of going to Nicaragua, or some country in that neighborhood. He knew nothing of Fuller, although Fuller endeavored to screen his own character by claiming the most intimate associations with Brown. He met him once. I think he testified it was once. He went to the office in Broadway, signed his name, and further than that he did nothing, except that he accompanied Fuller down to the District Attorney's office, and made a complaint. There was some question, it is true, about the interlineation which appeared in the affidavit which this witness swore to, but that question, I think, is not material to the issue, because it did not appear positively that it was made subsequent to the *jurat.* The clerk of the District Attorney, however, explained the way in which that affidavit was made; he testified what was read, and the witness told "You have got to swear to that." Now, your Honor is aware of the way in which people swear to affidavits, and the way in which oaths are administered by people who have the power to administer them. In nine cases out of ten, the parties sign without looking at them; even the officers, before whom the affidavits are made, know nothing of their contents, and they simply attach their signatures with the declaration "So help you God, one shilling." This was the course pursued here, and Mr. Brown might, with perfect propriety—nay in accordance with the usages of modern law, have signed his name without knowing the contents of the document.

Now, I recollect that your Honor, in the course of your opinion on the motion to dismiss the complaint, alluded to the fact, that if Brown swore to the affidavit without knowing its contents, it was almost as reprehensible (or words to similar effect) as if he had sworn knowingly to a falsehood. That may all be. But Brown is not before your Honor on trial. We are here to answer this complaint, and we are here to take advantage of every defect in the proceedings of the prosecution. However reprehensible may be the conduct of Brown, in not knowing what he swore to, you are concluded by his sworn testimony in this case, that he did not know what he was swearing to, and that if he had known he was making a charge against Colonel Fabens, he would not have sworn to it.

That is the substance of the prosecution—not the mere words literally—not the black marks to which the name of Joe Brown is signed—but the intent of the parties who made the affidavits. Mr. Brown is, I think, a better exemplar of the law than the District Attorney. He signed his name and swore to it, thinking in his innocence that he was simply swearing to an affidavit, that he had been at 347 Broadway, and had signed his name there in a large book kept for that purpose. Such is the witness the prosecution have brought forward in this case. This man Fuller was, according to the theory of the prosecution, from the very outset an informer. Then we are to consider that he would use every means in his power to discover the legal intent. Now, what legal intent has he discovered? Simply that Colonel Fabens knew there were good pens, and where they were kept! If this is to be relied upon as sufficient to convict a man of a crime puuishable by a long imprisonment and a heavy fine—if it is even probable cause for a magistrate

to hold a party for trial, I think we have lived in the 19th century to very little purpose.

Now, sir, the prosecution, and I think your Honor also, have been led in a great measure to supply the defects in the case for the prosecution by the voluntary admissions which have been made by witnesses on the stand who have been known to be friendly to these defendants—and by the counsel in the case. Those admissions have been freely made. We make them freely now. We do not fear the consequences of those admissions. But we insist that if you take those admissions as the ground upon which to frame a case involving the liberty of Colonel Fabens and Captain Bolton, you shall take them as we utter them or not take them at all. We here, sir, acknowledge our sympathies; but we claim that what we have done is legal. We admit no criminal act. We do not admit that we have hired or retained a single man to enter into the service of William Walker as a soldier. That is the essence of the charge, and you cannot draw from our admissions any testimony to prove the alleged criminality, because we expressly repudiate it. And the fact that witnesses, who have appeared to be friendly to us, have gone to Nicaragua and returned, and been put on the witness stand, and have refused to answer any questions as to their serving in the army there, or as to the military occupation of the country, &c., certainly cannot be taken as proof against us. We claim, that if any inferences are drawn from the remarks that have been made in this case, they shall be drawn from the words in their own obvious sense, just as we utter them, and in no other sense or meaning, whatsoever. The contrary course, I think, has been pursued to too great an extent by the prosecution in this case, for their habit has been to pick the materials for a case against us from what we may have happened to say in court, or what they may have happened to read in the newspapers, as to matters in which the names of these parties have been mentioned—as, for instance, sympathy meetings at the Tabernacle, or from circulars, which, by their terms, only show that their object is the raising of contributions of clothes, provisions, &c., for our suffering fellow-countrymen in Nicaragua. The prosecution, however, whenever these things have come up, have taken them, not in the signification which their words import; but when they see "provisions" they claim that the term means gunpowder; that "material aid" means rifles, "clothes" muskets: "bread" howitzers; and they pursue this line of interpretation all through the case. Now, sir, we decidedly object to this. This is a court of justice, where the magistrate must disconnect himself from what he may know or what he may think he knows upon other subjects, apart from his judicial office. You, sir, may be very well aware, from reading the newspapers, of the condition of Nicaragua, but I contend that you cannot take judicial notice of it here. You may entertain your own views as to the injustice or justice of the cause in which Gen. Wm. Walker is engaged, but that those views cannot, sir, be brought into a court of justice. You are here—to use a phrase which has obtained a political significance—you are here as a perfect "know-nothing"—and you are to take cognisance of nothing unless it is proved here to your entire satisfaction. These remarks are, I think, necessary because the prosecution have assumed nine-tenths of the case, and have by the reiteration of their assumptions, almost induced your Honor to believe that their assumptions were evidence before you.

With these remarks, sir, I dismiss the question as to the evidence against Col. Fabens. There is nothing else in the case which connects him with it, and it is unnecessary for me to pursue the matter farther. I proceed in the next place to refer briefly to some remarks which the Commissioner, in his opinion upon the motion to dismiss the complaint, has made in reference to some of the positions which were contended for by the counsel for defence upon that motion. It fell to my lot, sir, upon that occasion to make a few remarks upon the subject of international law. I did not propose to enter into that subject at large, but in consequence of the acting District Attorney having read a long series of antiquated authorities upon the subject, I did not know but that they might have some effect upon your Honor's mind, and thought it my duty to say something in reply to them I did so, however, remarking, after having consumed a few minutes in referring to that subject, that I conceived it had nothing whatever to do with the case. I expressed my views upon that occasion, it is true, but I coupled that expression with the remark that I did it merely to answer the argument of the acting District Attorney, and not because I conceived it had any bearing whatever on the case. It is true I did state that the United States did, in my opinion, occupy in many respects an exceptional, even an antagonistic position to that of the despotic powers of the old world on international law. I imagined that proposition to be so plain that it needed no argument to enforce it. But it seems that I was misunderstood by your Honor, according to your opinion on the motion to dismiss. In that opinion you say, or the counsel for the defence contend, that the Government of the United States occupies an exceptional position, and has never recognised the authority of the law of nations. That, sir, I humbly submit, was not a proper statement of the position taken by me. There are, it is true, certain principles involved in that law which no nation, despotic, republican, or whatever else may be the character of its national existence can dispute: there are principles, the observance of which comes from a sense of natural justice and which no nation can repudiate; and so far I agree with your Honor's views as expressed in your opinion. But, sir, it is also to be remembered that there are peculiarities in our institutions which place us to some extent in a position antagonistic to that which is held by a majority of the Governments of the old world, and by a majority of the authorities which constitute their international law.

There are principles which are naturally related to our institutions, and which we have at different times been called upon not only to deny, but even to fight for. The subject scarcely needs an illustration, but your Honor will certainly remember the war of 1812, and its cause. Your Honor will remember, that we are at issue, and frequently have been at issue, with many of the Governments of the old world upon matters which, as regard those governments themselves, are well settled international law; and if we did not occupy a separate and antagonistic position to them upon some of those points, we could not exist as an independent nation. If, for instance, the right of expatriation was not upheld by our government—if it did not deny the doctrine of every nation of Europe which asserts the principle of perpetual allegiance—where would have been the United States of North America? Why, sir, I am not aware whether the District Attorney himself happened to be born on the soil of Great Britain or Ireland, though certainly some of his ancestors happened to be born there; and if that doctrine, namely—that a man has not a right to change his allegiance—were conceded to the governments of the Old World, the District Attorney, instead of being here to-day in this court room, would, with one of the counsel engaged in this case, probably long since have been swinging on a gibbet. You, sir, instead of being a magistrate, propounding the law, might, at this day, have been a collector of duties, a police officer, or an exciseman under Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Now, sir, this doctrine—that the United States occupies an exceptional position in regard to international law—is not a doctrine that has been first advanced by my humble self; our eminent statesmen have been called upon again and again to explain, in their diplomatic correspondence with the despotisms of Europe, that same position; and they have gone farther, they have expressed the same views for which we are here to answer before you to-day. They have expressed their sympathy with the cause of republicanism in other lands: their sympathy with the insurrectionary movements and the revolutions which have taken place therein, and which have separated colonies from empires, and spread republican principles.

Concluded in our next.

LETTER FROM JOHN O'MAHONY.

Mr. O'Mahony, from amid the arduous literary labors which he is bringing to a close, sends us the following letter with the sketch which we publish on our literary page :—

March 5th, 1857.

My Dear Meagher.—The accompanying memoir of my lately deceased friend and comrade has been enclosed to me, for publication in your paper, by its author, Mr. Luby, who has himself been a tried and devoted worker in the cause of Irish freedom; for he was one of the most active and enthusiastic of that band of devoted young Irishmen, who, under the guidance of the late James Fenton Lalor, undertook the desperate task of again lifting the fallen flag of the Irish Republic in 1849.

The publication of this memoir by you, will be grateful to Gray's friends at home, and it may not be without its lesson to the cold and apathetic amongst those who call themselves lovers of Irish freedom.

The so-called national press of Dublin refused to give it insertion, perhaps, through a vile fear of their tyrants, perhaps, because they would ignore the existence of the still powerful revolutionary party that still exists in Ireland—for it is powerful, by reason of its undying faith in Ireland's resurrection—perhaps, too, they refused to insert it through that slavish spirit of flunkeyism, that unfortunately pervades too many of the middle classes in Ireland. Gray was not one of those, whom the vulgar world calls great, and, therefore, the tale of his humble and unobtrusive labors might give no interest to fashionable readers But, whatever others may think on the subject, I look upon Gray's career as one singularly noble, and as one that is perhaps *unique* among the Irish revolutionists of his generation, though, fortunately for the *avenir* of mankind, such men are not so rare amongst the revolutionists of other enslaved lands.

I shall not intrude further upon your space for the present, as I shall, possibly have soon to request of you to give insertion to some special remarks, that I mean to address to my associates, the Members of the E.M.A., in reference to the loss our ranks have sustained by the untimely death of their brother and my own.

Very sincerely yours,

John O'Mahony.

OBITUARY.

On Thursday, the 26th ult., of disease of the heart, James Ambrose Hickey, aged 18 years. The deceased was the oldest son of Mr. Wm. Hickey, the well-known Catholic bookseller and publisher, of Federal-street, Boston, and was a young man of much promise. He has just completed his course of education at school, and at the annual examination, last Fall, at the English High School, he carried off the Franklin silver medal, a prize never awarded but to the most competent and deserving. After leaving school, he went through a course of commercial instruction, and was about to enter upon the more active duties of life, in a highly respectable commercial establishment. His friends indulged in high hopes of his success, and doubted not, that in the field opening before him, he would achieve well-merited distinction, and reflect honor upon himself and his kind and beloved parents.

Alas! it was otherwise decreed. The very day which was to witness his commencement of business, he was seized with a violent palpitation of the heart, and, although the highest medical talent of the city was called in, science could give him no aid. Death had marked him for his own. He lingered on for two months, with the patience and resignation of a Christian hero—not a murmur at his sad fate escaping his lips. On the evening of the 26th ult., he, meekly and quietly as a child falling into a gentle slumber, breathed his spirit into the hands of its Creator. On Sunday, the 1st, his mortal remains were followed to the grave by a numerous and highly respectable *cortege* of friends, who thus testified their regard for the memory of this kind, gentle and promising young man, and their heartfelt condolence and sympathy with the sad bereavement of his afflicted parents.

May his soul rest in peace.

St. Patrick's Day.—A meeting of the officers of the 9th, 69th and 75th Regiments, and other Irish military bodies, was held on Friday evening, to make arrangements for the celebration of the 17th of March. They were unanimous in their determination to turn out. A deputation from the Irish civic societies intimated that they would unite with the military in the celebration. A joint committee was ordered to report on the route to be pursued. They agreed that the civic bodies should join the military at Chatham-square, at 10½ o'clock A.M., proceed through the Park up Broadway to Fourteenth-street, Ninth-avenue, to Twenty-third street, and down Broadway to Union-square—from the latter point at the option of the different bodies. The meeting then adjourned.

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(Carefully revised every week expressly for the Irish News.)

New-York, Tuesday, Mareh 10, 1857.

Flour—Com'n to Extra State	per barrel	$6.80 a	$6.70
Common to Fancy Western	do	6.80 a	6.50
Extra Western	do	6.55 a	8 50
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do	6.75 a	8.50
Mixed to Extra Southern	do	6 70 a	8 75
Rye Flour—Fine and Super	do	3.50 a	5.25
Corn Meal	do	3.25 a	3.75
Wheat—Canada White	per bushel	1.68 a	1.80
Western White	do	1.65 a	1.80
Southern White	do	1.65 a	1.83
All kinds of Red	do	1.84 a	1.60
Corn—Mixed	do	— 78 a	— 76
Yellow	do	— 70 a	— 78
White	do	— 72 a	— 80½
Oats—State and Western	do	— 48 a	— 53½
Jersey	do	— 43 a	— 49½
Southern	do	— 43 a	— 47
Rye	do	— 92 a	— 96
Barley	do	1.25 a	1.40
White Beans	do	1 75 a	— —
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels		— a	4 —
Cotton—Middlings, per lb		— 18¼ a	— 14
Fair		— 14½ a	— 15½
Rice, per 100 lbs		3.75 a	4.75
Hops, per lb		23.50 a	24 —
Pork—Mess per bbl		18 50 a	18 75
Prime, per bbl		11 50 a	13 —
Beef—Country Mess		10— a	9½ —
Prime		14½— a	14½ —
Dressed Hogs, per lb		16 — a	20 —
Lard, in bbls. per lb		— 12 a	— 13
Butter—Western, per lb		— 15 a	— 22
State, ordinary to choice, per lb		— 20 a	— 30

FATHER MATHEW.

His Life, Times and Services.

Lyceums, Literary, and other Societies are respectfully informed that

MR. JOHN SAVAGE,

Author of "'98 and '48; the Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland,"

is prepared to receive engagements from this date to the first week in April, to deliver a Lecture on the Life and Labors of the late Father Mathew.

Societies or Lecture Committees deeming the subject worthy of notice, will address Mr. Savage, at the office of this Journal, or care of Redfield, Publisher, Beekman street, New-York. feb21

CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

The Catholic Library Association most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations, viz.:

Dunigan & Bro.	75 vols.
P. O'Shea, Esq	150 "
Sadlier & Co	50 "
Murphy & Co., Baltimore	38 "
Timothy W. Konnedy, Esq	17 "
Benziger & Bros	9 "
Mrs. Braden	6 "
John O'Niell, Esq	11 "
H. Casamajor, Esq	4 "
	Total, 357

Also from

W. Magee, Esq	$25
Terence Donnelly, Esq	25
P. A. Hargous, Esq	10
Dr. Hogan	5
John E. Devlin	5
Thomas C. Larkin, Esq	5
P. Corrigan	5
Wm. Burroughs	10
Felix Ingoldsby, Esq	10
T. J. Glover, Esq	5
J. Fisher, Esq	10
J. Milhan	5
Sundry small donations	215
	Total, 335

Donations of books or money are respectfully solicited, and will be duly acknowledged as they are received.

M. J. Cozans, President.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

TO THE LADIES.

Grand Opening of Spring Carpetings, &c., &c.

NEW STORE, 93 Sixth avenue.

Before purchasing, Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloths, which are of the best Manufactures, and at extremely low prices.

Stephen Leahy,

93 Sixth avenue, between Waverly and Clinton places,

Has on exhibition a rich and varied assortment of Foreign and Domestic Carpeting for Spring, comprising every grade and style, from the richest English Medallion Velvet to the lowest price domestic, a great variety of new patterns, in Velvets, Tapestrys, Brussels, Three-plys and Ingrain Carpets, Druggets all widths, English and American floor Oil Cloths from 2 to 24 feet wide, Enameled and Japan Table and Stair Oil Cloths, Chair and Straw Matting, and the following list faithfully represent the prices:

Velvets,	12s	to 16s	per yard.
Tapestry	7s	to 10s	do.
Brussels,	8s	to 10s	do.
Three-ply,	8s	to 9s	do.
Extra superfine all wool Ingrain,		5s	do.
Cotton and wool,	2s	to 3s	do.
Linen,	1s 4d	to 2s	do.

A choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, &c.

Mosaic Rugs and pictures in various beautiful designs.

Customers are requested to make a note of the name and number, lest they mistake 93 for the stores immediately beside it.

Stephen Leahy,

93 Sixth Avenue, nearly opposite Eighth st., New York.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, per U. S. Steamer *ERICSON*, will close at this Office on SATURDAY, the 14th day of March, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

mch14 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening a the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y. JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening a "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Borothme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport. y21june

IRISH MARRIAGES.

February, 5, William J. Sheil, M.D., of Clonmel, to Georgina, daughter of the late Rev. George Miles, of Summer-hill, county Tipperary.

February 9, Francis son of Thomas Morgan, Cabra-terrace, to Mary Teresa, daughter of the late Capt. Ryding, 1st Royal Dragoons.

February 9, James Gordon, of Abbey-street, Dublin, to Belinda, daughter of John Mooney, Mary-street.

February 5, at Kilkee, Henry Baylee, of Hazlepoint, county Tipperary, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Bouchier, of Castle Lloyd.

February 5, at Donaghadee, J. White, of Ballykeagh, Newtownards, to Mary Helen, daughter of the late Alexander Macminn, of Donaghadee.

February 7, in Clonmellon, William Kelly, Ballynealy, to Anne, relict of John Gavacan, of Scorloghtown.

February 5, in London, Samuel B. Power, son of the late John Power, of Bellvue, Youghal, to Rebecca, daughter of Frederick Dawes Danvers, of Lancaster-place.

February 10, at Brompton, Middlesex, the Hon. R. Handcock, son of Lord Castlemaine, of Moydrum Castle, to the Hon. Louisa Harris, daughter of the late Lord Harris, of Belmont, Kent.

January 17, at Gibraltar, James George, Adjutant of the 92nd Highlanders, to Louisa Jane, daughter of John Stewart, merchant, and granddaughter of the late James Wilson, of Thomastown, Fermanagh.

February 8, at Hillingdon, Anthony Marshall, son of Major-General Marshall, of the Royal Engineers, to Emily Jane, daughter of the late George Henry Heron, of Uxbridge, Middlesex.

February 7, at Knitsbridge, Hugh A. Crofton, of the 10th regt., to Amelia Harriet, daughter of Charles Farquarson, of Chesham-place.

August 29, at Yass, New South Wales, Robert Smith, M.D, of Waterloo-road, London, to Anne, daughter of Thomas M'Kay.

October 9, at Williamstown, Victoria, James, son of E. Dunlea, of Ballymacmoy, Cork, to Anne, daughter of the late Cormack Nicholson, of Oroughry House, Galway.

October 11, at Melbourne, Victoria, Frederick Harding, son of the Rev. D. Harding, vicar of Barton, Cambrdgeshire, to Emily, daughter of the late K. Cuthbert, county Kilkenny, Lieutenant in the 82nd.

October 23, at Collingwood, Vitoria, T. W. Adams, son of the late J. Adams, of Sparbrook, Birmingham Warwickshire, to Frances Jane, daughter of the late T. Bligh, of Cavan.

October 23, at Launceston, Tasmania, Lieutenant William H. Paul, of the 12th regiment, son of the late W. Paul, of Southleigh, Truro, Cornwall, to Mary Collins, daughter of Major Wellman.

Eebruary 4, in the Church of Our Lady of Bon Secours, Nancy, France, Ferdinand O'Gorman, son of Patrick O'Gorman, of Nancy, to Alice Margaret, daughter of the late Count Hyacinth d'Hoffelize.

IRISH DEATHS.

In Dublin, Mary, child of the late Colonel Roger S. Keatinge.

January 31, James Barry, Clerk of the Crown for the county Kildare.

February 3, at Fitzwilliam-square, Eltza Marcella, Dowell, daughter of the Simon John Dowell, of Gort, Galway.

At 135 Great Brunswick-street, in the 60th yerr of her age, Mrs. Farrell.

February 9, at Stephen's-green, Nicholas Hearn.

Febrnary 10, at Hadd ngton-road, aged 59 years, Anastatia, relict of Commander John Matson, R.N.

February 11, at 21 Rutland-square, George O'Kelly, of Barrettstown, county Kildare.

At Charlemont-avenue, Charles R. Maunsell, son of Major Maunsell, late District Paymaster of Newry.

February 6, at Mountpleasant-square, Rathmines, Frances, daughter of the Christopher Read, of Bellview, Hillsborough, Down.

February 8, at Dundrum, Charlotte, daughter of the late Thomas M'Casky, of Roebuck.

February 9 at Bayview-avenue, Charlotte, wife of Thomas Lynch, and daughter of the late Louis Rochfort, of Ballycumber House

February 4, at Ballynahinch, county Down, Anne, wife of the Rev. William Crozier.

February 5, at Leemount, Cork, Goodwin Young.

February 5, at Shaen, near Maryborough, Jane, daughter of the late Thomas Kemmis.

February 5. in Cork, Mary, relict of Julius C. Besnard.

February 6, Jane, wife of Thomas Fitzsimon, of Oulart, Sub-Inspector of Constabulary.

February 7, at Grove, Fethard, county Tipperary, Witliam Barton.

February, at Toomavara, Meilan Charlotte, daughter of J. Scaly., late of Richmond, county Cork.

February 11, in Limerick, Mrs. Foster, wife of the Archdeacon of Aghadoe.

February 8, at Rrigesfort, county Meath, Anne. wife of R. Kellett.

At Marino in the county Cork, Louise Fanny, wife, wife of Major Oldershaw, of the Royal Engineers.

January 19, at Kilbeggan, in the county Westmeath, Peter Reynolds, M.R.C.S.I.

At Ballindrat, aged 90 years, Henry M'Hugh, brother to the late Very Rev. A. M'Hugh. Vicar-General.

February 2, at Ramsay, Isle of Man, Catherine, daughter of J. Shillington, of Portadown.

At Weymouth, Mary, widow of Lieut.-Colonel James A. Schreiber, of the Hill House, Milton, Suffolk, and daughter of the late Thomas Ware, of Woodfort, Mallow, Cork.

February 6, at Ramsgate, Mary, daughter of the late Colonel O'Connor.

February 7, in London, Colonel James M'Alpine, of Wyndsor House, county Mayo, formerly of the 15th Hussars.

January 22, at Brussels, Conway, son of Colonel H. Walpole, formerly of the 32nd regiment.

At Woolwich Common, Jane Theodosia, widow of Sir John Webb, late Director-General of the Ordnance Medical Department, aged 81 years.

At Toronto, Canada, Henry Brown, son of the late John Brown, of of Clonboy, county Clare.

Jnuary 9, at Joilet Illinois, Ellen, relict of John Bray, of Mountrath, Queen's County, and sister of the late Right Rev. Dr. Nolan, Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

On the 6th ult., Anne Dea, daughter of Kyran Dea, of Kilkenny.

On February 9, in Kilkenny, Catherine, widow of the late Richard Furniss.

January 4, at Portlaw, Waterford, the Rev. Michael Bourke, P.P., aged 94.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the State of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

THOMAS H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

JAMES M. SHEEHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

No. 13 Chambers Street, New-York.

2y1ju Collections promptly attended to, and liens carefully filed, &c.

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

7jun NEW-YORK.

Special Notices.

84 WILLIAM-STREET,

Corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

FURNISHING GOODS,

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

GEORGE M. TRACY, would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he has now on hand and is constantly receiving the lates style of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting in part of

HOSIERY OF ALL KINDS.

Beaufort Ties,	Umbrellas,
Fine Shirts and Collars,	Under Shirts and Drawers,
Cravats and Scarfs,	Improved Napoleon Ties,
Suspenders,	Linen and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs,
Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,	Dressing Robes,
Kid and Dog Skin Gloves,	Silk Under Garments, &c.,

which he offers at greatly reduced prices, wholesale or retail. His shirts are of superior make, and warranted to fit.

Persons wishing goods in his line, will find themselves well paid by stepping out of Broadway, and calling at the old stand,

fe21 2m 84 WILLIAM-STREET.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 882 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

CHARLES'

LONDON

CORDIAL

GIN.

AN UNEQUALLED STIMULANT, DIURETIC AND TONIC INVIGORANT, and an AGREEABLE AROMATIC SANITARY BEVERAGE.

I beg to call the attention of Southern and Western merchants to the superior merits of this exqisite cordial.

It is a pure extract of the Italian Juniper Berry, distilled from the very best of English grain, under the surveillance of the British Excise Laws, and has been pronounced by the medical faculty of Great Britain and the United States to be the best and the safest alcoholic stimulant ever offered to the public.

It is used with great success in cases of DYSPEPSIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GRAVEL, COLIC, CHOLERA, FEVER AND AGUE, STRICTURE, DISEASES OF THE URINARY ORGANS, EPILEPSY, &c.

It is also a delicious tonic beverage, and by its peculiar flavor (so different from other gins) is universally esteemed by all who use it.

The following, among thousands of a similar kind, is from so reliable and valuable a source, that we give it place :—

NEW-YORK, Sept. 22, 1855.

TO COL. E. C. CHARLES :—MY DEAR SIR—Under some circumstances we recommend Holland Gin as medicine. As yours contains a much larger quantity of Juniper, I think it a preferable article. IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE OF THE KIND I HAVE SEEN. VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.

☞ Beware of poisonous mixtures, manufactured in imitation, and sold as LONDON CORDIAL GIN ! !

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston and Philadelphia, show that CHARLES' LONDON CORDIAL GIN is the *only London Gin really imported*, and sold in bottles. A recent controversy in the New-York papers has demonstrated that up to that date, to wit, the beginning of November last, the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made, except by ourselves, has been two pipes imported in 1855. *On the credit of these two pipes, which would fill only a few hundred bottles, over one hundred thousand dozen, of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost 20 per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin, by one concern; whilst another, who represent themselves agents for "Booth & Sedgwick, of London,"* HAD NEVER IMPORTED ONE DROP, *and yet have flooded the whole South and West with their so-called* LONDON GIN.

The genuine CHARLES' LONDON GIN is for sale in quarts at one dollar, and pints at 50 cents, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled 'LONDON CORDIAL GIN," it is absolutely CHARLES'. To escape adulterated nd poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the artice is labelled LONDON ORDIAL GIN ; but be certain it is CHARLES'. None other is genuine.

EDMUND C. CHARLES,
No. 40 Broadway, New-York.

A Retired Physician whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered, while living in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a danghter, was given up to die. Wishing to do as much as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow beings as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up and successfully using. He requires each applicant to enclose him one shilling—three cents to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement. Address Dr. H. JAMES, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. jan17 tf

Woodland Cream—*A Pomade for beautifying the Hair*—highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing Ladies' Hair it has no equal, giving it a bright glossy appearance. It causes Gentlemen's Hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the Hair the effect of being freshly shampooed. Price, only 50 cents. None genuine unless signed.

Fetridge & Co., Proprietors of the
For sale by all Druggists. *"Balm of a Thousand Flowers."*

White Teeth, Perfumed Breath, and Beautiful Complexion, can be acquired by using the *"Balm of a Thousand Flowers."* What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice, would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed FETRIDGE & CO., *N. Y.*
For sale by all Druggists. feb21 3mos

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any order left at the publicati office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

Massachusetts Advertisements.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REMEDY.

Pro Bono Publico.

"EVERY MOTHER SHOULD HAVE A BOX IN THE HOUSE HANDY IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS TO THE CHILDREN."

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE. It is a Boston remedy of thirty years' standing, and is recommended by physicians. It is a sure and speedy cure for *Burns, Piles, Boils, Corns, Felons, Chilblains*, and old Sores of every kind.

For *Fever Sores, Ulcers, Itch, Scald Head, Nettle Rash, Bunions, Sore Nipples*, (recommended by nurses); *Whitlows, Sties, Festers, Flea Bites, Spider Stings, Frozen Limbs, Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore* and *Cracked Lips, Sore Nose, Warts* and *Flesh Wounds*, it is a most valuable remedy and cure, which can be testified to by thousands who have used it in the city of Boston and vicinity for the last thirty years.

In no instance will this Salve do an injury, or interfere with a physician's prescriptions. It is made from the purest materials, from a recipe brought from Russia, of articles growing in that country, and the proprietors have letters from all classes, clergymen, physicians, sea captains, nurses, and others who have used it themselves and recommend it to others.

REDDING'S RUSSIAN SALVE is put in large tin boxes, stamped on the cover with the picture of a horse and a disabled soldier, which picture is also engraved on the wrapper. PRICE, **25 Cents a Box.** Sold at all the stores in town or country, or may be ordered of any wholesale druggist.

ap19tf **Redding & Co.,** Proprietors, No. 8 State st., Boston.

B. S. TREANOR,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

15 MASSACHUSETTS BLOCK, COURT SQUARE, BOSTON.

Particular attention paid to Conveyancing, and the examination of titles to Real Estate.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION :

Boxes	25 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

MISS MATILDA HERON

attracts crowded and delighted audiences by her splendid impersonation (alternate nights) of the heroine in her own plays of

Medea and Camille!

A favorite Farce each evening.

An early application for seats is respectfully urged to prevent disappointment.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Special Notices.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man,

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time.. Gentlemen's Spring raglans, business coats, furuishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
y10jan GERALD GRAY.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated *"National Guard Hat,"* Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by **J. Parkes,** No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 8mos New-York.

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.

(ESTABLISHED 1851.)

Small Parcels forwarded by each Mail Steamer, to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the Continent, India, China, South America, &c.

*** Persons wishing to send small packages to their friends at home, at a trifling expense, will please address

COLLINS & MARSH, Agents,
ja26 1y 29 Broadway, New-York.

THE WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

A FEW FACTS WORTH READING.—1st. The WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN is the ONLY Steel Pen manufactured in America.

2d. It is the BEST Steel Pen rmanufactured in any country, as it is made with the greatest care and upon scientific principles.

8d. It permits the greatest feedom of the hand, being as soft as the "classic goose-quill."

4th. The school-boy, the farmer a nd the mechanic can use it as freely as the Professor of Penmanship.

5th. England has drawn from us annually, 1,000,000 Dollars for STEEL PENS!

6th. We as true Americans, ought to keep that million at home, for reasons that New-Yorkers fully understand.

7th. WE CAN keep it by using the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN instead of foreign made Pens.

8th. If we are a wise people, we will keep it at home; for we are dependent on British workshops.

9th. All who have tried the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, are delighted with it.

10th. It has met with an EXTRAORDINARY sale in all cities where it has been introduced.

11th. It is destined to supersede all other Pens now in use.

12th. Importers of British SCRAP STEEL, "set your houses in order."

13th. The CHEAP TRASH that is now imported, is not called for by the consumers of PENS. On the contrary, all men are annoyed by them, and pray for *good* pens, at any price.

14. Therefore, it is nonsense for American merchants to interpose an objection to the price, which is simply remunerative.

15th—

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who have always wrote, now write the more."

16th. N. B.—Buy none but sealed boxes, as you thereby secure the PATRON'S TICKET.

17. *These Pens* ARE MANUFACTURED IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, in the United States of America—not in Birmingham, England, where all OTHER pens are made that purport to be American—bearing the names of American MERCHANTS.

Office of the Company, 293 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—*Three Sample Pens* sent on receipt of two stamps, or one gross by mail, postage free, on receipt of $1 50. f7 6m

Mayor's Office, New-York, February 16th, 1857.—NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given, that all persons who desire to be

VACCINATED,

Will be attended to promptly—without charge—by application at either of the Dispensaries, where Physicians are constantly in attendance; and it is recommended, that all who have not been vaccinated, should avail themselves immediately of the opportunity thus offered.

The New-York Dispensary is located at the corner of Centre and White streets.

The Eastern Dispensary, in Ludlow-street, in the rear of Essex Market.

The Northern Dispensary is located corner Waverly Place and Christopher-street.

The Demilt Dispensary is located at 87 Second Avenue.

The North-
fe21 FERNANDO WOOD, Mayor.

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK, COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, Feb. 25, 1857.

NOTICE.—THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at the United States Warehouse, No. 54 Atlantic Dock, South Pier, by Miller & Morris, on MONDAY, the 6th April, at 10 o'clock A. M. The goods will be open for examination on Saturday previous to sale.

HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

DATE.	MARK AND NUMBER.	DESCRIPTION.	VESSEL.	PORT.
	No 1	lot samples		
	No 2	do		
	M Michallet	one package	Jeanotte	not reported
	No mark	do	Edinburgh	do
	R & C	do	Herman	do
	D M Balto	do	do	do
	C F	do	Ilva	do
	H C 197 | 170	do	not reported	do
	D L G 1	do	do	do
	E & O M 5	do	do	do
	F Y 11	do	do	do
	G McRea, over Jacksonville R & Co in a brace	do	do	do
	Fred'k Lyster	do	Persia	do
	President Board Trade	do	Palestine	do
	Hunter, Bulkley & Co	do	Persia	do
	Rev M Bigelow, for over Mrs Wiley in a brace	do	Wm Tapscott	do
Aug 25	R J Cummings	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
	Rochester over N York in a brace	do	do	do
Oct '56	J H over C 985	do	Ariel	Havre
June '55	H 3	one cask	C E Trile	Nassau
June '55	no mark	one bdl rattan	G B Lamar	London
	H O 1647 | 1650	four cases	Humboldt	Havre
July '55	Dr Otto	one case	Herman	Bremen
	no mark	one bale	Homer	Malaga
Aug '55	J B	buncle rattan	J Bradley	Calcutta
	triangle 1	one cask	Sagette	Amsterdam
	A 50	do	Liverpool	London
	B & C 1-2 1 5 1-10	three boxes	Lyra	Havana
June 9 '56	A H 1	one case	Montreal	Bordeaux
July '55	no mark	one bdl rattan	Mississippi	Rotterdam
	do	do	not reported	not reported
Aug '55	B 10	one keg	Palestine	London
Aug '55	no mark	one bundle	Schr Shark	Para
June '55	do	bundle rattan	South Carolina	Rotterdam
	do	do	Legetha	Amsterdam
Sept '55	S & M	one hamper	Tennessee	Havre
Sept '55	no mark	one case	do	do
Sept '55	Mr Vesey	one hamper	do	do
Oct 12 '55	J C R	one case	Union	do
	J K 1	one bale	Algira	Malaga
	do 2	do	do	do
Dec '54	J C R 5	one case	C B Williams	Bordeaux
Dec '54	do 7	do	do	do
	no mark	one bundle	Edwina	not reported
	D Henderson	one box	Empire	Liverpool
Oct '55	Mrs Duel	one keg	Glance	Glasgow
	no mark	one bundle	Brig Hollander	not reported
	A G	23 bundles	Isle de Cuba	Havana
Oct '55	S & M 2	one basket	M Ogden	Havre
	M Sne	do	not reported	not reported
	W & C	one demijohn	do	do
	H 2	two boxes	do	do
	T D over S	one box	do	do
	T D over G D	do	do	do
	T D over S	four boxes	do	do
	K N over F 8	one box	do	do
	K S	do	do	do
	L F	do	do	do
	E L	do	do	do
	H 2	do	do	do
	B L	do	do	do
	S in a triangle	do	do	do
	A	do	do	do
	U 2	two	do	do
	6 in a triangle	do	do	do
	triangle, 231	do	do	do
	K S 1	do	do	do
	W V O Moers	two half boxes	Black Warrior	do
	no mark	one box	do	do
	do	four demijohns	do	do
	do	four boxes	do	do
	do	one box	do	do
	L M	do	do	do
	H and triangle with bar across top	do	do	do
	H in a triangle and J K & Co in an oval	do	do	do
	H R in a diamond	two boxes	do	do
	B	one box	do	do
	H J B	do	do	do
	C J B	do	do	do
	no mark	lot willows	do	do
	C & S	one bale	do	do
	triangle with bar, 160	do	do	do
	no mark, 87	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	B W 3	do	do	do
	B in a diamond 1	one case	do	do
	no mark	lot willows	do	do
	B O 1779	one case	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	three bales	do	do
	do	one bag	do	do
	F D 106	one case	Adelaide Metcalf	do
	A C 23	one bale	Unknown	Unknown
	no mark	two bales	do	do
	C D 25	one cask	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	two kegs	do	do
	A B	one box	do	do
	no mark	one package	North Star	Havana
	K B H in a triangle, with N Y on either side	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	one cask	do	do
	do	two barrels	do	do
	do	one keg	do	do
	double triangle 6	one box	do	do
	L 54	one cask	do	do
	W & K 31	one box	do	do
	H over A C	two boxes	do	do
	N 100	one box	do	do
	no mark	lot India rubber 9 pcs	do	do
	do	lot drugs	do	do
	R T	one box	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	two bbls Indiarubber	do	do
	do	do	do	do
April 17, '55	J & D in a circle	one box glass	do	do
	C H over H O in a brace	one barrel	do	do
	G	one cask	do	do
	G & H	one box	do	do
	L F	do	do	do
	no mark	one box India rubber	do	do
	do	three half bbls	do	do
	triangle	one box	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	one half bbl	do	do
	S T	one box	do	do
	P & S over V in a brace, 225	one crate	do	do
	L & C 1	one case	do	do
Oct 4, 1855	J G Stebins	do	Pacific	do
June, '55	no mark	one bundle	South Carolina	Rotterdam
	do	one bale	Swift	Unknown
	J M 27	one case	Wm Layton	Havre
	P N 890	do	Arago	do
Oct '55	A B & Co 7	do	Alexander	Rotterdam
May '55	P Rozfrez over Philadelphia in a brace	do	Carolus Magnus	Havre
June '55	R B Ray	do	City of Mobile	Liverpool
Oct '55	E W 93	do	David Hoadley	Antwerp
Oct '55	do 94	do	do	do
Oct '55	E W 95	one case	David Hoadley	Antwerp
May '55	A B 10-11	one package	Devonshire	London
June '55	Geo. McNaught, Canada West	one case	Glance	Glasgow
April '55	Thomas Hamilton	one box	Gov Hubbard	Havana
May '55	W H O	one case	Golden West	Manilla
Aug '55	Dr Wood	one package	Bark Hazard	Mazatlan
July '55	B & C	one case	J E Williams	Rotterdam
Oct '55	Jacot Kingman	do	Katherine	Antwerp
do	J C over G V	one package	Washington	Antwerp
Sept '55	No mark	one box	Muskingum	Leghorn
Sept '55	C 7	one case	Oregon	Havre
Nov '55	B & H 100	do	Pacific	Liverpool
Nov '55	F S over M 20	one bale	Pacific	do
June '55	Philip Weingaster & Co	one trunk	R L Gilchrist	Havre
June '55	C Smitt 44	one keg	R L Gilchrist	do
Oct '55	E W Nicholas	one case	Southampton	London
May '55	J O over N York	do	Tonduin	Leghorn
do '55	A F	do	Bark Trtumph	Madeira
	C K 6	do	Washington	Bremen
Sept '55	Mess Suzuer & Co	do	West Point	Liverpool
May '55	M 1	do	Connecticut	Havre
June '55	F 3	one bale	C B Zenith	Nassau
May '55	B & M 10	one case	Dutchland	Hamburg
Aug '55	H & A	do	Brig Europa	Matanzas
1855	E G 174	do	Havre	Havre
July '55	A & Co 148	do	Lawrence	Bordeaux
	triangle over E B	one box	Nebraska	Bremen
	Son H P over Chas B Norton 82	one package	Union	Havre
	do	do	Union	Havre
May '55	M S on triangle 293	one case	Bark Welland	Bremen
June '55	Mr Stavere	do	Str Washington	Bremen
	J L 4	do	St Louis	Havre
	J L 5	one case	St Louis	Havre
	fist over B	1-16 cask	Brig Volante	Malaga
May '55	No mark	five bags	Leopold	Antwerp
April '54	J B H	one case	Margaret Evans	London
Aug 3 '54	G H 1	do	Phantom	London
Jan '55	J F P 1	do	J Farnham	Havana
do	H 3	do	Mercury	Havre
Feb '55	D N	do	A F Smidt	Antwerp
do	G S F 5	do	Panama	Bremen
do	H D W	do	Yorktown	London
March '55	A C over N B 4	do	Cuidad Bolivar	Bordeaux
do	J B J over N B 3	do	North Sea	do
do	do 3	do	do	do
do	H S & Co 44	do	St Louis	Havre
April, '55	D C 5	do	Hellen A Miller	do
do	do 6	do	do	do
do	do 7	do	do	do
do	no mark	one box	A Dorothea	do
do	do	do	do	do
do	do	do	do	do
do	J B H 7	one case	Margaret Evans	Bordeaux
March '55	A S 2	do	St Louis	do
April 55	L W C over M 7,639	do	do	London
May '55	Q 1	do	S Carolina	Havre
do	22	do	do	do
do	do 418	do	Washington	Rotterdam
do	A G	do	Edward Everett	do
do	do	do	do	Bremen
do	do	do	do	Bordeaux
do	J J B	one bag	Lyra	do
do	Miss Markoe	one case	Miranda	do
do	triangle 3	do	R M Sloman	Havana
do	J on diamond 1	do	Victoria	Santa Croix
do	do 2	do	do	Antwerp
do	do 3	do	do	London
June, '55	Sen Don Jose Vavona	do	Clarissa	do
June, '55	A & Co 148	do	Lawrence	do
June, '55	B in diamond	one case	Lark	Neuvitas
do		do	do	Bordeaux
do	Messrs Comstock & Bros New York	do	Orontas	Bermuda
do		do	do	do
May, '55	A L 4	do	J. Hermann	Charlottetown
do	5	do	do	do
do		do	do	Hamburg
do	ML 119 | 143	25 cases	Dutchland	do
April '55	F in diamond	one bbl	O T Hayes	do
Feb '55	C W over J, and A T over S, and 487 or 647	one case	R L Lane	Buenos Ayres
do	D N	one keg	A F Smidt	Havre
Feb 7 '55	B & L 8268	one cask	Arnold Boaninger	Antwerp
Oct '53	L R & Co 212	do	Edwina	Rotterdam
do	213	do	do	do
do	215	do	do	do
do	220	do	do	do
do	224	do	do	do
Aug '54	S on T 1	do	Pennisbury	do
do	2	do	do	do
do	3	do	do	do
do	4	do	do	do
Aug '55	A B 2	do	James	do
do	4	do	do	London
Jan 16 '55	C D 1 c 25	25 casks	Corinthian	do
March '55	no mark	ten bags	Arthur Leary	Havre
June '53	M L 2448 c 2457	ten cases	Karle August	Cadiz
Feb '55	H K 2	one cask	A Boaninger	Rotterdam
Jan '55	Thomas Evans	one case	str Atlantic	do
do	R B T over M Y in diamond, or J F P 960	do	Baltic	Liverpool
Feb '54	L Y 4	do	Mercury	do
Feb '55	H Marshall	do	Union	Havre
March '55	H R 5	one package	Hermann	do
do	A S 626	one case	Pacific	Bremen
April '55	S & F 243	do	Atlantic	Liverpool
do	P l c 4	four cases	St Louis	do
do	H & C 7832	one case	St Dennis	Havre
do	C M 1	do	str Union	do
May '55	C & C	do	Pacific	do
do	B K over B D in a brace	do	Torrent	Liverpool
June '55	Mrs. Hocter	do	Baltic	St Jago
July '55	M Lamont	do	American Eagle	Liverpool
do	Mr. Geo D Green	do	Milton	London
Jan '55	G 1	do	Albany	Bordeaux
do	2	do	do	Calcutta
do	3	do	do	do
	H Urker	do	Herschel	do
July '55	H F P 400	do	Westphalia	Hamburg
do	W 2	do	do	Bremen
do	F F 1	do	Zurich	do
Aug '55	N K 5	do	Cumberland	Havre
do	65 in a diamond over J S & Co, 2985	do	I Bradlee	Rotterdam
do	Stafford Reeves, N York, in a brace	do	Pacific	Calcutta
do	G K 607	do	St. Louis	Havana
do	608	do	do	Havre
Sept '55	H D G	do	Ariel	do
do	Samuel F Holbrok over Boston in a brace	one trunk	Humboldt	do
do	J L 20	one case	M Livingston	Hamburg
do	Mrs W H Eldridge	do	Vancouvre	Havre
Aug '55	L 6	one bbl	St Louis	Shanghai
do	7	do	do	Havre
do	8	do	do	do
do	10	do	do	do
Sept '55	L, various Nos	13 casks	Margt Evans	do
do		three bbls	do	London
Sept '55	Mr J T Mundy & Co	one cask	str Indiana	do
July '55	E M 14	one bbl	Nebraska	Havre
April '55	H & C 3193	one basket	Jno Wesley	Bremen
Jan 23 '55	no mark	one bbl	Empire State	Havre
Nov '55	W & C 10	one cask	Atlantic	Liverpool
do	E Little	one bbl	Hermann	do
June '55	M B	21 bbls	Ceres	Bremen
July '55	N W	five casks	Meates	London
April '55	V B	one case	A Dorothea	Kingston
May '55	G in a triangle L 72	do	Atlantic	Unknown
do	H P 530	do	J H Ryerson	Liverpool
Jan '55	J K 12	do	Orpheus	Antwerp
May '55	HB 42	one keg	S Carolina	Bremen
April '55	W & C 83	one case	Welland	Rotterdam
do	M R 46	one keg	do	Bremen
Feb '55	M F over 54, 8496	one case	Atlantic	do
June '55	H H Ward care Loeschigk, Wesendonck & Co 5	do	North Star	Liverpool
Jan 10 '55	J W 3	do	Rhein	Havre
Jan 18 '55	B V 64	do	Astracan	Hamburg
Jan '55	L K 3968	do	Genl Jacobi	Rotterdam
Jan 12 '55	no mark	one chest	S E Hyde	Bremen
June '55	S in triangle 77	one case	Tropic	Antwerp
do	do 84	do	do	do
May '55	B A	forty casks	Sarah Ann	do
April '55	F S 10	one cask	S G Hyde	Cadiz
Dec '55	A 57	do	R Robinson	Havre
	J D in diamon t 1	do	Yorkham	Liverpool
	do 2	do	do	London
June 23 '55	no mark, or L F 16	one trunk	A Delins	do
July 25 '55	B N	one package	Ambassador	Bremen
do	Ralph Rawdon, Esq	one box	Caura	Marseilles
April 9 '55	no mark	one cask	California	Ciudad Bolivar
July '55	C B over S V over J C in a brace 100	one case	Lawrence	Buenos Ayres
do	A over A B 1	one cask	do	Bordeaux
May9 '55	no mark	one box	Nancy Plaisted	do
July 16 '56	J in a diamond	one bbl	Octavia Woodward	Madeira
May '55	M R 1	one chest	Vancluse	Kingston
Apr 19 '56	J B 17 c 22	six bales	Virginia	Havre
June '55	R L 270	one case	Washington	Buenos Ayres
	no mark	lot bags	Wm Jervis	Bremen
1855	D	one bag	Pacific	Antwerp
Dec '55	H	two boxes	Christiana	Liverpool
Aug '55	no mark, or Mons Reimer	one trunk	Connecticut	Antwerp
do	P N	one box	Andrew Foster	Havre
do	W 143	one case	Dreadnought	Liverpool
do	145	do	do	do
July '55	J C in a diamond	do	Glasgow	do
do		do	do	Glasgow
do		do	do	do
do		do	do	do
Aug '55	R in a diamond 681	one bale	Baltic	do
July '55	Geo Mills	one package	Glasgow	Liverpool
July 18 '54	N W 121	one case	Isabella	Glasgow
Oct '54	Jean St Ettinne	one trunk	Minnesota	Rotterdam
June '55	C W over A 25	one cask	New York	Liverpool
Oct '55	H G Julian	one basket	Owego	do
Dec '55	Mitchell, Rosenburg & Co, Ohio	one case	Pacific	do
May '55	S R S & H 79	do	Stadt Antwerpen	do
do	no mark	one cask	North Wind	Antwerp
July '55	J M 882	one case	Nebraska	Havre
	A J over N Y in a diamond	one chimney	Royal Arch	Bremen
Oct '55	C & R 10	one cask	Undine	Liverpool
do	do 2	do	do	Newcastle
Aug '55	P in a diamond 20	do	American Congress	do
July '53	no mark	two bbls	Archeiva	London
	W H in a diamond 386	one cask	Florida	St Thomas
	O (White)	six bundles	Manhattan	London
	no mark	four bbls	Unknown	Liverpool
	J K 1	one cask	do	Unknown
	F in a diamond 30	do	do	do
	C in a diamond 30	do	do	do
	F 100	do	do	do
	E diamond R 13	one crate	do	do
	P P in a diamond, C under right corner, 210	one cask	do	do
	P M 1379	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	no mark	one cask	unknown	unknown
	W H in diamond 369	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	C S 2500	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	B in diamond	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	one barrel	do	do
	W 5	one cask	do	do
	B 13	do	do	do
	N S 56	one barrel	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	one barrel	do	do
	W in diamond	one cask	Palestine	London
	H in diamond K	do	Sagette	Amstordam
	H B G T c 7	seven cases	St Dennis	Havre
April '53	Æ B	one bundle iron	Christiana	London
March '55	no mark	8 iron pipes	Pacific	Liverpool
Dec 13 '54	do	953 bars iron	Conqueror	do
May '55	C L D	15 burr stones	Trumbull	Havre
Sept '53	F 16	two cases	Columbia	Liverpool
	P C 118	lot of staves	Cora Linn	Glasgow
June 2 '55	no mark	43 bars iron	American Union	Liverpool
April 14 '55	E A	one bar iron	Lucy Thompson	do
Jan 10 '55	D S	1 bundle hoop iron	American Union	do
Dec 3 '55	no mark	12 logs timber	T P Ladd	St John N B
July '55	do	five bundles iron	St Patrick	Liverpool
June '55	do	1 bar R R iron	South Picton	Port Talbot
May 2 '56	do or red	22 bars iron	Chatawochie	Liverpool
	M L over B & C 2	one cask	Lizzie Harwood	Havre
Jan 4 '55	M M T	28 casks	Jane E Williams	Bordeaux
	L 3	one cask	Carolina	Rotterdam]
	L R & Co 214	do	Edwina	do
	M L 1549	do	Union	Havre
	no mark	four boxes	Unknown	Unknown
	do	one case	Victoria	Lisbon
	B	do	Coastwise	
	no mark	100 pieces wood	Miranda	Curacoa

March 8 2

Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely: If the culverts and sewers of the city were chocked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle: by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose, (what blind philosophy!) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby; the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cesssation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the doubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

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Sealed proposals will be received at the Comptroller's office until Tuesday, March 31st, 1857, at 2 o'clock, P.M., when the same will be publicly opened, for the whole or any part of the amount of eight hundred thousand dollars of Central Park Fund Stock, of the City of New York, authorised by an act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An act to alter the Map of the City of New York, by laying out thereon a Public Place, and to authorise the taking of the same," passed July 21st 1853, and amended February 13th 1857, and by ordinance of the Common Council, of said city, approved by the Mayor, February 29th, 1856.

The said stock will consist of eight thousand shares, of one hundred dollars each share, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable quarter-yearly, and the principal redeemable on the first day of July, 1857.

The proposals will state the number of shares desired, and the price per share; the person whose proposals are accepted, will be required to deposit with the Chamberlain of the city, the sum awarded and covered by the bid, and on presenting the receipt of the Chamberlain to the Comptroller, will be entitled to receive a certificate for the par value of the number of shares carrying interest from the date of he deposit

Those persons who have awards due them on the Central Park, if they offer terms more favorable to the interests of the city than those who make cash bids, can receive certificates of stock for the amount of their awards immediately after the bids are decided on, carrying interest from the date of the confirmation of awards. In case the same person or property is assessed, the person claiming the award will be required to pay the amount of assessment, with interest thereon, from the time of the confirmation of the report of the Commissioners, before the delivery of the certificate.

An act of 1853, for laying out the Park, provides for levying a tax anually for the payment of interest on the stock to be issued; and the act of 1813, made applicable to this loan, provides not only for pledging the faith of the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty for the final redemption of the stock issued, but also enacts that all the revenues of the corporation, "are hereby pledged and appropriated for the payment of the interest which shall become due on the said stock, and shall continue so pledged until the the final redemption thereof; and that, in case the said revenues be not sufficient to satisfy and pay the whole of the said interest, then, and in that case, the faith of the State shall be and is hereby pledged to pass such acts as shall, from time to time, be necessary, authorising the Mayor, &c., to raise by tax" such sums as shall be requisite to supply every such deficiency. In addition to this, the 7th section of the Act of 1853, for taking land for the Park, declares that all the land thus taken shall be "irrevocably pledged" for the payment of the debt created therefor.

Each proposition should be sealed up, and endorsed, "Proposal for Six per cent. Central Park Fund." And the proposition may then be put in a second envelope, sealed and directed, "A. C FLAGG, Comptroller, No. 5 Hall of Records, New York.

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller.

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m7

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A dramatic composition, by JEROME KILDER, was published on March 4. It is a book not only for the times, but

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It presents the chief incidents that have transpired since the creation of the world to the present time.

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The ships of this line are the largest and swiftest in the trade, their accommodations for passengers are unequalled, and the frequency and punctuality of the departure offer advantages to the emigrant not to be had by any Line of Packets. Such passengers as decline coming out, the money paid for them will be promptly refunded without discount.

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In sums of one pound sterling and upwards, payable at any of the Banks in

ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. jun14

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Office, 51 Chambers street.

NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of Bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland, has been returned unpaid, afford to this Society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty of informing the public, that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing Bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.

For the purpose of entire protection a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which this Society issues its drafts, payable at sight (from sums of £1 sterling and upwards), on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby for the last Ten Years afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.

New-York, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.

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ROBERT J. DILLON,
HUGH KELLY,
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John Manning,	Cornel Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
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No. 51 CHAMBERS STREET.

THIS Institution has been established for the purpose of affording to Emigrants and others, a safe place of deposit for their funds, to protect them from robbery and fraud.

It is conducted with the strictest economy—neither the Officers and Trustees, receive any compensation for their services. The entire profits belong to the Depositors, and will be divided amongst them, having due regard to the safety of the funds.

The last dividend was six per cent. upon all sums of $500 and under, and and will be continued or increased as the profits may justify.

Bank open to receive Deposits, daily, from 10 A. M., to 2, and from 5 to 7 P. M.

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John Nicholson,	John Milhau,
Andrew Carrigan,	Edward W. Tiers,
James Kelly,	Charles M. Connelly,
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Hugh Kelly,	Edward Bayer,
Charles O'Connor,	Daniel Devlin.
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STERLING BILLS for sale on Messrs. Prescott, Grote & Co., Bankers, London, from £1 upwards, payable on demand, and negotiable in any part of the United Kingdom; also Bank of England Notes and Drafts of any of the English Banks or Bankers, bought and sold.

ap191y **Prime & Co.,** 54 Wall street.

COAL.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has opened a new Coal Yard, cor. 27th Street and 9th Avenue, where he is prepared to sell the best quality of Red and White Ash Coal, at the lowest market price for cash. Weight warranted, or forfeit coal.

6mos* JOHN MACDONALD.

COAL of the very best quality both Anthracite and Bituminous, for family and manufacturing purposes, for sale by the subscriber from his Yards, 632 Washington, 128 McDougal, and 146 West Thirty-second streets. Also, Coal by the cargo.

ap191y **Thomas Maher.**

A. Lange, Manufacturer of Gilt Mouldings, Ornamented Picture and Looking Glass Frames, 206 William street, corner of Frankfort, New-York.

☞ All Plain Gilt Frames can be cleaned by simply applying a sponge and water. REGILDING DONE. sept 13 tf

New Patent Right, for manufacturing Gent's. Hats. Only $1 50 for a fine FASHIONABLE HAT! What is the use of paying $3 or $3 50 for a Hat, when you can buy a better Hat for only ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS? By my new Patent Right for manufacturing Gent's. Hats, I can fit you with as neat and pretty a Hat as you ever put upon your head, for the low price of One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Call and examine for yourself.

N. B.—Best quality, $2, as good as any Hats sold in this city for $4 or $5.

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W. H. CAREY,

Manufacturer of Chandeliers, Pendants, Brackets, Pillar and Mantel Ornaments,

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Hotels, Churches, Stores, and Dwellings fitted up, and everything appertaining to the business of GAS FITTING, attended to by competent workmen, with promptness, and at satisfactory prices.

Old Chandeliers, and all kinds of Brass-Work, Bronzed, Re-Gilt and Re-Finished, in every style, and restored to its original appearance. ja31 3m

Information Wanted of John Connolly, aged 14 years, who arrived in this city in the ship Lady Franklin, on the 7th November, 1856. Any information of his where abouts, sent to the office of the Commissioners of Emigration, 81 North street, New-York, will be thankfully received.

Mr. Wm O'Rourke, devotes his attention to carrying the **Irish News,** throughout the 4th, 6th, 7th, and adjoining Wards. Any order left at the publication office, for him, will receive prompt and careful attention.

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COWHY'S FALL style of Hats, now ready, are superior to anything hitherto offered in *Beauty of Shape,* and *Elegance of Finish.* Being a practical hatter himself, Cowhy is enabled to sell A SUPERIOR HAT AT A VERY MODERATE PRICE.

His young gent's hat is one of great beauty, and his assortment of children's fancy hats and caps cannot be surpassed by any other establishment in the city.

N. B.—Hats and Caps made to order, and warranted to fit, by COWHY, 223 Third Avenue, between 19th and 20th streets.

Give him a call by all means. my31y

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The Cash system adopted!—Prices greatly reduced.

HORACE WATERS,

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AGENT FOR THE BEST BOSTON AND NEW-YORK INSTRUMENTS.

The largest assortment of

Pianos, Melodeons, Musical Instruments,

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MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

of all kinds, in the United States, Pianos from ten different Manufactories, comprising those of every variety of style, from the plain, neat and substantial 6½ octaves, in Walnut or Rosewood Cases, from $150 to $200, to those of the most elegant finish up to $1000. No house in the Union can compete with the above in the number, variety, and celebrity of its instruments, nor in the extremely low prices at which they are sold.

Horace Waters' Modern Improved Pianos,

WITH OR WITHOUT IRON FRAMES.

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Each Instrument guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded. Second-hand Pianos at great bargains, constantly in store; price from $80 to $140.

Horace Waters' Melodeons,

SUPERIOR INSTRUMENTS IN TONE, TOUCH AND DURABILITY OF MAKE.

(Tuned the equal temperament.) Melodeons of all other styles and makes. Price, $45, $60, $75, $100, $125, $140; double Reeds, $150; double Reeds and two banks of Keys, $200. Less a liberal discount. Clergymen and Churches, an extra discount.

Martin's Guitars, Brown's Harps, Flutes, Flutinas, Accordeons, Violins, and **Musical Instruments,**

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One of the largest and best selected catalogues of Music now published, comprising many of the choice and most popular airs of the day, and will be sold at one-third off from the regular prices.

Music sent by mail to all parts of the country, post paid. Particular and personal attention paid to all orders received by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. Pianos and Melodeons for rent, and rent allowed on purchase. Pianos and Melodeons for sale on monthly payments. Second-hand Pianos taken in exchange for new. General and select Catalogues and Schedule of prices forwarded to all parts of the country by mail.

☞ Great inducements offered to agents in all parts of the country, to sell the Horace Waters' Pianos, Melodeons, and Catalogue of Music.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.—We learn that Horace Waters, of 333 Broadway, N. Y., agent for the sale of many of the most celebrated makers of Pianos and Melodeons, is offering them at prices which we advise all who desire to purchase to avail themselves of. He is also selling his large and well-known Catalogue of Music at one-third off from the regular prices, and will forward the same free of postage. His offers to the trade, teachers and schools, are of the most favorable character, all of which he will be able to fill to the letter, for having wisely adopted the cash system. The Horace Waters' Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of those instruments with some degree of confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality.—*N. Y. Evangelist.* ap19t

Billiards.

IMPROVED

Billiard Tables and Cushions.

Patented February 19th, 1856. These Tables conbine the nicest mathematical accuracyof workmanship with elegance of design, and possesses all the qualities that are esteemed by scientific players. The cushions are of superior correctness, and are lower than any others made, and so constructed as to prevent all jumping of the Balls. All articles connected with Billiards, at the lowest cash prices, at the Salesroom, 786 Broadway, or at the manufactory, 53 Ann street, N. Y.

MICHAEL PHELAN, Patentee.

Just published, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS," its theory and practice. By Michael Phelan, with numerous illustrations. Price one dollar. nov8 tf

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BILLIARD TABLE MANUFACTURERS,

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THE WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.

A FEW FACTS WORTH READING.—1st. The WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN is the ONLY Steel Pen manufactured in America.

2d. It is the BEST Steel Pen manufactured in any country, as it is made with the greatest care and upon scientific principles.

3d. It permits the greatest feedom of the hand, being as soft as the "classic goose-quill."

4th. The school-boy, the farmer a nd the mechanic can use it as freely as the Professor of Penmanship.

5th. England has drawn from us annually, 1,000,000 Dollars for STEEL PENS!

6th. We as true Americans, ought to keep that million at home, for reasons that New-Yorkers fully understand.

7th. WE CAN keep it by using the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN instead of foreign made Pens.

8th. If we are a wise people, we will keep it at home; for we are DEPENDENT on British workshops.

9th. All who have tried the WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN, are delighted with it.

10th. It has met with an EXTRAORDINARY sale in all cities where it has been introduced.

11th. It is destined to supersede all other Pens now in use.

12th. Importers of British SCRAP STEEL, "set your houses in order."

13th. The CHEAP TRASH that is now imported, is not called for by the consumers of PENS. On the contrary, all men are annoyed by them, and pray for *good* pens, at any price.

14. Therefore, it is nonsense for American merchants to interpose an objection to the price, which is simply remunerative.

15th—

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who have always wrote, now write the more."

16th. N. B.—Buy none but sealed boxes, as you thereby secure the PATRON'S TICKET.

17. *These Pens* ARE MANUFACTURED IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, in the United States of America—not in Birmingham, England, where all OTHER PENS are made that purport to be American—bearing the names of American MERCHANTS.

Office of the Company, 293 Broadway, New-York.

N. B.—*Three Sample Pens* sent on receipt of two stamps, or one gross by mail, postage free, on receipt of $1 50. 17 6m

European News.

By the *Emeu* steamer, to this port, we have news from Europe one day later than that received by the *Persia*. The *Emeu* left Havre on the 2nd inst.

A telegraphic despatch from Madrid announces that a new line of steamers, to ply between Spain and the Antilles, will be put up to contract.

A revolutionary pamphlet, "El Missionero Democratico," had been seized in Madrid.

According to a private letter, a fact of great gravity has just occurred at Beyrout, Syria. The Pacha being in want of men to unload a cargo of arms from a vessel, had forced several French residents to do the work, and ill-treated those who refused to perform it. France will, if the fact is confirmed, demand satisfaction for the outrage.

By a private letter from Hong Kong, of December 31, we learn that the French frigate, the *Virginia*, bearing the flag of Admiral Guerin, had anchored in the roads. Great excitement and irritation prevailed among the Chinese population in consequence of the news of the bombardment of Canton. A report was spread abroad on the 28th, among the European residents of Hong Kong, that the factories and business places of the foreign residents were to be attacked that night by the Chinese population. In consequence of this rumor, and as a precautionary measure, a detachment of 120 men of the *Virginia's* crew were landed by Admiral Guerin, in order to protect the foreign residents, if necessary. No attack, however, was made by the Chinese, and all remained quiet at Hong Kong. By the latest accounts there had been no disturbance whatever, and the fears of the foreign residents began to subside, and business resumed its wonted course.

The Persian War.—A letter from Cabul, of January 4, received in Calcutta, mentions that the Persians have collected a formidable force to attack the Moguls and the British. It also states that Arabs who have been dismissed from the employment of the Nizam of Hyderabad have taken service with the Persians. The present force of the Persians is estimated at 37,000 men.

The Calcutta *Englishman* of January 5, says:—The Persian war may justly cause anxiety, as well as the state of Central Asia, where everything appears to be in most inextricable confusion. It will be strange if that which has been a bugbear for so many years should actually come upon us by surprise, in the shape of Russian influence being established from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf. The latest news from the Caspian Sea leads to the belief that Russia will eventually take part in the affairs of Persia. It is said that General Chruleff, whose division had, on the 28th of January, taken position at the confluence of the Kour and Araxis rivers, had, the next day, a long conference on the subject of the war, with Abberad Khan, the envoy of the Governor of Farsistan.

Persian Declaration of War.—In the course of the fortuitous difficulties and complications which have arisen at the present moment, between Persia and England, the Persian government has in all respects fully complied with all the requirements of friendship and national comity which could be considered due as a matter of justice to England. Persia has neglected nothing which could have a tendency to preserve, unbroken, her relations of amity with Great Britain. When L'Emin-Oul Moulk-Ferukh-Khan, the Ambassador of Persia, arrived at Constantinople, acting under the advisement and with the approbation of the Persian Cabinet, he made use of the most earnest efforts to come to terms with England; he even carried his compliance with the demands of the English government, to the utmost verge which his fullest powers and the dignity of his government allowed him to do, clinging to the hopes that by this means he might be able to maintain, undisturbed, the friendly relations and good understanding which hitherto for a long course of years has existed between the two Powers of Persia and Great Britain.

We entertain the hope that these exertions, made on the part of the Persian government, and by its Ambassador, will hereafter come to be known to all other governments and Powers who possess the proper feelings of justice, in order that they may acquire the certainty of knowing that the blame does not belong to us of having ever, in any way, commenced the infraction of the relations of amity held by us with the English nation.

But the British government wants to subject every country in the world to its pleasure, and make all of them submit to its views. The more respect and moderation any nation shows towards it, so much the more that government increases its tyrannical demands, attributing to weakness any demonstration of moderation and good will. This is the reason why the open and manly conduct of his Excellency, L'Emin-Ould Moulk has failed in producing the favorable termination which was looked for to the existing differences between the two Powers. While negotiations were still going on between his Excellency and the British Ambassador, and before they were brought to a close, while it was yet a matter of doubt whether the conferences between the two ambassadors would terminate in peace or in war, behold, all of a sudden, a force of British troops proceeds to the attack of Bander Bushir; and this fortress, which the Persian government, in hopes of a peaceful result to the pending negotiations, had left defenceless, without any increase to the usual garrison, and in its previous unprepared condition, is without noise or warning attacked, and taken possession of by the British.

The Persian government is greatly astonished at this way of acting. It asks the question of itself—"What public law of nations is that by which a great and civilized nation authorizes its Ambassador to enter into negotiations, and at the very same time sends an army to invade the territory of a neighboring Power, thus violating, without rhyme or reason, the most solemn treaties?"

The Persian government, therefore, after such things as these—seeing that all its friendly efforts are in vain, that all its honorable proceedings are of no avail, being fully convinced that England will not abstain from the presumption of urging her old pretensions to dominion, and of insisting upon her unjust demands—sees itself at last obliged to have recourse to the grace of the Most High to gather together all the means in its power for the defence of the country and of the nation, to resist, with firmness and decision, an insolent enemy, and, in short, to be ready to submit to any sacrifices for the good of the country and the support of the faith. This, the Persian government will do, and not lightly surrender the country and her holy religion to ignominy and dishonor, till it shall please God to dispose of them according to his supreme good pleasure.

It is evident that the Persian government has had no desire to offend a Power in alliance with it; that it has not sought after pretences, for violating treaties; that it has not wished to revive old and forgotten quarrels; nor has it any desire to see blood spilt. Any one of the two parties which has been guilty of leading to these calamites will be judged by the decrees of the Most High. Also, the Persian government has not neglected, and will not for the future neglect, to send commanders with sufficient military troops and artillery, and to take all such measures as may be necessary to repel the enemy. For this purpose, among others, the illustrious Mirza Mehemet Khan, Sherkchilkii-Chi-Bachi, Commander-in Chief of the Royal Guards, and the illustrious Emir I-Touman-Fezi-Ali-Chan-Beglarhegin, have been despatched to the provinbe of Kars, charged with the necessary orders and supplied with the necessary preparations. Relying, with confidence, upon the goodness of God, they left the capitol on the 4th of Djamadi-ul-awal (1st January, 1857, to proceed to the place of their destination. If, therefore, England should persist in her groundless hostilities, the other points and places of the said province will not at least, like Bander-Bushire, be left without the means of defence, and will not supply the English with places for the exercise of their troops. But if, on the other hand, England should return to peace, this expedition will not at all events lead to greater losses than those which we should be made to suffer by the English conquests in this country."

The French Treaty with Persia.—The *Moniteur* publishes a decree promulgating the treaty of amity and commerce concluded at Teheran, between France and Persia, on the 12th of July last. The treaty is for an unlimited period. The ambassadors or ministers of the high contracting Powers, at the respective courts, are to enjoy the same privileges and immunities as those of the most favored nations. The subjects of the two countries will receive in either territory every protection, and are allowed to carry on business therein. Merchandise imported or exported by the subjects of the two countries will only be subject to the duties imposed upon that of the most favored nation. Disputes arising in Persia between French subjects and natives will be referred to the French Consul, to be settled according to French laws. Dispntes arising in France, between Persian and French subjects or foreigners will be settled according to the mode adopted towards the subjects of other countries. Criminal matters will be tried in France or in Persia according to the mode adopted towards the subjects of the most favored nations. Each government will have the power of naming three consuls; those of France will reside at Teheran, Bender-Bouchir, and at Tauris; and those of Persia at Paris, Marseilles, and the He de la Reunion.

The Russians in the Great Tchetchnia.—The *Caucase* of Tiflis gives the following account of an expedition of the Russians in the Great Tchetchia, for the purpose of opening, with the hatchet, a passage through the forest of Malourtoupe, which is considered one of the greatest obstacles to the conquest of the territory of the Cohetchenes;—

"This forest, bordered on one side by ravines and precipices, which separate it from Fort Vozdvijenskil, and on the opposite side by the wooded mountains of Katchkalyk, which divide it from the table land of Koumyk, presented by its topographical position great advantages for an obstinate defence. One part of the troops destined to operate in the Great Tchetchnia, assembled near Fost Groznoi; the other, under the command of General Baron de Nicoai, took up a position near Koumyk, and a small detachment established itself as an advanced guard on the right bank of the Argoune, opposite Fort Berdikel. The command-in.chief of the expedition was given to General Edokimof. On the 17th December, the three corps, acting in concert, established themselves on the two banks of the Mitchik, near the old Fort of Gourdall. On the following day they made a reconnoisance in the forest of Malourtoupe, and the day after commenced the work of cutting down the trees. The mountaineers were deceived as to the object of the movement of the Russian troops, and it was not until the middle of December that Schamyl was able to collect a considerable force, which he placed under the command of his sons, charging them to drive the Russians out of the forest. But the latter were already masters of the ground, and only some insignificant skirmishes took place. On the 31st December, the passage through the forest was open, and on the following day the troops returned to their winter quarters. The loss of the Russians during the whole operation was confined to eight men killed, and twenty-five wounded."

Power of Cuba to Repel Invasion.—The Spanish journals, says the Paris *Patrie*, are discussing at great length the preparations making in Spain and Cuba in order to send to the Mexican coast a sufficient naval force for the purpose of forcing from the Mexican government compensations claimed, for a long time in vain, for outrages which it is alleged subjects of the Spanish crown have been the victims of in that ever-agitated Republic. On learning that the Spanish navy was going to adopt the offensive, when it was scarcely thought strong enough to repulse an unfair aggression, the question has been agitated in the United States if that Spanish movement was anything else than a vain show, or, if Spain was really in position to have her rights respected everywhere they should be attacked or overlooked. This question is certainly of the highest importance in presence of the unceasing threats to which Cuba is subjected in the United States, and of the fillibustero schemes which have never been entirely abandoned, either in New Orleans or New-York. England and France would certainly never consent to the annexation of Cuba to the great North American federation. Cuba is, in fact, the key of the Gulf of Mexico, as Constantinople is the key of the Black Sea, and Europe can no more admit that that Gulf of Mexico should become a Yankee lake than allow the Black Sea to become a Russian lake. But it will be understood that it is better that Spain should be in a position to enable her to protect her colonies in the West Indies than to be at the necessity of imploring help from the great maritime Powers in order to have her property respected. Now, about this point, we have no fear at all; Spain is not only capable of defending Cuba against the most direct aggressions from the United States, but this colony can protect itself, alone, without needing an appeal to the arms of the mother country. In support of this assertion, we can enumerate the following particulars, taken from a good source:—

Cuba has, at present, an army of 20,000 foot soldiers, and 1,500 horsemen, besides a reserve of 18,000 infantry and 6,000 horses. Cuba has also, in her stores and arsenals, the necessaries to arm and equip 60,000 men, in the space of a month. The fortifications of the island are in a perfect state of defence, and are daily improving. To the naval forces—already very respectable—possessed by the colony, a reinforcement of a ship of the line, a frigate, a brig, and two magnificent steamers, manned by 2,000 men, will be ready for sailing in a few days. Three generals and several superior officers, belonging to different branches of the service, will be added to the staff of Gen. Concha. It can be seen from the above particulars, that Cuba is able to repulse not only the invasion of the fillibusters, who will not be discouraged by the fate of Lopez, but even a regular attack of the naval force of the United States, if ever—which God forbid—the government of that country should attempt to realize the conquest of Cuba by force.

By the arrival of the *America* at Halifax, and the *Kangaroo* and *Hermann* at this port, we receive one week's later news from Europe than that received by the *Emeu*. It is again reported, and this time on more reliable authority, that the negotiations between Great Britain and Persia have been brought to a favorable termination. The *Nord*, of Brussels specifies the day upon which the conditions of Peace were settled, and the London *Post*, organ of the administration, states that the negotiations between the Persian Envoy and Lord Cowley, in Paris, are proceeding in a most satisfactory manner. The Emperor Napoleon, it is said, has used all his influence to bring about a pacific termination of existing difficulties.

Late proceedings in the British Parliament have been both interesting and important. In the House of Commons, the adjourned debate on Mr. Disraeli's motion against the Budget took place on the 23rd of February, and resulted in the defeat of the combined opposition, and the signal triumph of the Palmerston Administration. An important debate was opened in the House of Lords on the 24th ult., by the Earl of Derby, who then introduced his motion condemning the conduct of British Representatives in China, and the policy pursued by the Government with reference to the affairs of the Empire. Lord Clarendon replied, and other Lords took part in the debate, which was then adjourned to the Thursday following. The debate was subsequently resumed, and resulted in a triumph for the Administration, by a vote of 146 against the motion and 110 in its favor. Sir Joshua Walmsley had introduced a motion in the House of Commons to extend the elective franchise, but, being unwisely pressed to division in too loose a shape, it was lost by a large majority.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

The following is the singular history of Mr. Labouchere, late a member of the British Cabinet: In 1822 he was a clerk in the banking-house of Mr. Hope, in Amsterdam, and was sent by his patron to Lord Baring, the celebrated banker of London, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in this affair so much ability that he attracted the attention of the English banker. "Ah," said he one day to Lord Baring, "you have a charming daughter; will you not accord me her hand?" "Young man, no pleasantry! I like you much, but how could Miss Baring become the wife of a common clerk?" "But," said Mr. Labouchere, "if I were associated with Mr. Hope!" "Ah, that is very different, and would most materially lessen the inequality between you." Mr. L. returned to Amsterdam, and said to his patron, Mr. Hope, "I must be your partner!" "My friend, do you think of that? You are without fortune, and—" "But if I were a member of Lord Baring's family?" "Indeed! Why in that case I would give you a partnership on the spot!" On the strength of these two promises, Mr. L. returned to England, and about two months afterward married Miss Baring, because he had the promise of Mr. Hope to make him a partner as soon as he was married to her, and became associated with Mr. Hope because he was married to Miss Baring,

The following extract from a private letter, from the seat of war in Persia, says the Dublin *Evening Mail*, will be read with interest in Ireland. Read alongside of the list (abounding in Hibernian names) of the brave men who fell before Bushire, it shows that Irishmen, high or low, are to be found wherever hard blows are going:—"General Stalker's cool, calm, and gallant conduct this day, has secured the confidence and won the admiration of the army; and Lord Dunkellin (the nephew of the Govenor-General,) who is orderly officer to the general, has shared it by an act of gallantry worthy of a soldier. The general was exposed for some moments to a very heavy fire in advance of his staff, when Lord Dunkellin galloped up, and with the apology that the general could not be spared, placed himself so as to draw off the fire. This he soon shared with others, but his gallantry was spoken of at the moment, with pleasure by all.

Doctor White, Inspector-General of Lunatic Asylums, is so far recovered from the effects of the severe injuries which he sustained at the collision at Dunkitt, on the Waterford and Lilkenney Railway, last November, that he has been able to leave Waterford with his family, for Dublin.

Thomas Joseph Robinson, very respectably connected, the son of a recently deceased clergyman in Lincolnshire, England, is in custody at Bradford, on a charge of forgery and embezzlement.

The Prince de Ligne has refused to accept the order of St. Anne from the Emperor of Russia, on the express grounds that higher honours have been conferred upon the Count de Morny.

Gavan Duffy is a member of the Legislative Assembly, of Victoria, after an election which was, perhaps, the strongest test of popular confidence ever sustained by any public man in Australia.

Viscount Castlerosse, M.P., son of the Earl of Kenmare, Comptroller of the Queen's Household, has been sworn of her Majesty's Privy Council, by command of the Queen, and has taken his place at the board.

The late Sir Hugh Richard Hoare, Bart., of Stourhead, Wiltshire, bequeathed the munificent sum of £11,000 to various charities.

John Myles, Esq., late of Limerick city, has been re-elected member of the legislative Council for the county of Grant, Victoria.

In a French translation of Shakspeare, the passage "Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

The population of the Papal States in 1853 was 3,124,668. The inhabitants of the towns amounted to 1,585,725; those of the country to 1,538,953.

Viscount Dunlo, son of the Earl of Clancarty, has proceeded with some friends on a tour to Egypt, Corfu and the Crimea.

The salaries of ministers at foreign courts amount to £124,222 a year.

H. B. Hope, Esq., has been appointed Deputy Lieutenant for the county Monaghan, vice E. J. Shirley deceased.

Constable Leahy, Clerk to the County Inspector at Dungarvan, has obtained the vacant Head-Constableship at Lismore.

American News.

The San Francisco *Herald*, gives the following account of the operations of some successful Irishmen: Some five years ago, a company consisting of some five Irishmen, and one man from Pike county, "located" on a claim near Alison's Ranch, on Wolf Creek, and but a couple of miles from Grass Valley. At first, and for nearly two years, they worked in the bed of the stream and in the banks, making fair average wages. About eighteen months ago, they struck a vein of auriferous quartz. A wagon load of it was dug up, crushed, and found to yield one hundred dollars to the ton. They then carried several loads of it to the Gold Hill mill, which yielded one hundred and fifty dollars to the ton, and sixty-two tons of the rock produced as high as three hundred dollars per ton. The company then went to work to erect a quartz mill, which was completed on the first of October last, at a cost of $40,000. Meanwhile some seven hundred tons more were gotten out, which yielded all the way from two hundred and fifty, to five hundred dollars per ton. The lead is from one to four feet in thickness and increases in width width as explorations are made. The cost of crushing the rock is twelve dollars and fifty cents, and the average amount crushed, twenty tons per day. The regular yield of amalgam of this mill, is now not less than thirty thousand dollars per week; and as the total expenses of running it will not exceed fifteen hundred dollars for the same length of time, it is easy to see what a princely fortune is rolling in upon the fortunate owners of this gold mine. A portion only of their earnings is brought down to the mint for coinage, but, as the subjoined figures show, that "institution" can bear unequivocal testimony of the richness of their claim. On the 8th of November there were deposited nine hundred and twenty-two ounces; on the 27th, one thousand nine hundred and ninety-three ounces, and fifty-four hundredths, and on the 13th of the present month, eleven hundred and six ounces, and sixty-four hundreths of an ounce. The original holders of this magnificent claim, still retain possession of it, and, as might be expected, are totally adverse to disposing of shares.

The Albany *Knickerbocker* of Friday says: It is now stated that the Dudley Observatory will be in working order some time during the coming spring. The amount expended thus far is about $75,000. The permanent fund for the support of the Institution, exceeds 75,000 more. New-York has contributed nearly $20,000. The calculating engine, ordered by John F. Rathbone, will arrive in March.

The Legislature of North Carolina, has put a tax of $10 on lecturers. They evidently don't believe in the diffusion of knowledge.

A United States custom-house is to be built at St. Paul's Minnesota, to cost $100,000 with rooms for the the U. S. courts and post offices.

The Legislature of Minnesota Territory, are disscussing the propriety of making St. Peter the capital of the State, instead of St. Paul.

NICARAGUA NEWS.

The arrival of the *Empire City*, Capt. J. P. Griffin, on the 13th instant, from New Orleans, *via* Havana, brought some very encouraging details of the progress of Gen. Walker's adherents. The operations of Cols. Lockridge, F. Anderson, and Titus are important.

The following report of Lieut. E. H. McDonald, 2d Rifles, gives the progress up the San Juan, and the consequent movements:

PUNTA ARENAS, GREYTOWN, Feb. 19, 1857.

February 4, the steamer *Texas* arrived with 200 men, who proceeded up the river and joined Col. Anderson's force of 200 men; the 5th was spent in cleaning arms; on the 6th we advanced with the steamer *Rescue* to Cody's Point, and took it, losing two men killed. According to the enemy's account, they lost seven killed and a large number wounded; the same day we fell back on our former position, because it was useless to attempt anything on the opposite side of the river without artillery; the next morning we ran up to a point 500 yards below Serapiqui, and landed all the forces and artillery, except one company, which we left at Fort Anderson; then we erected barricades and bush-houses for the men; next day we began cutting a road and bridging the creeks up to Cody's Point; on Wednesday evening we started up this road to mount our artillery on Cody's Point, which work was completed on Thursday night. The force thus posted was under the command of Col. Titus, the artillery being under General Bob Wheat, the left resting on the artillery, the right ranging up the river, both being protected by the shrubbery along the banks of the river.

On Friday morning, at the break of day, Gen. Wheat opened his fire on the fort occupied by the Costa Rican forces. At the same time Col. Frank Anderson crossed the river with 130 men and took the position on the point called "Alvarado's Point"—his right resting near the mouth of the Serapiqui, his line extending up the same about two hundred yards. They arrived there about 12 o'clock at noon, and took their position without being perceived by the enemy. Meanwhile, the action had been going on warmly between Gen. Wheat's artillery and Colonel Titus' artillery on one side, and the Costa Ricans in the Serapiqui fort on the other. One of their pieces was dismounted, and another, their heaviest, was not fired during the day—Capt. Brantley's company of riflemen keeping up such a destructive fire that they dare not approach and load it.

Capt. Anderson's men having been posted, opened a vigorous fire on the right flank of the enemy, driving them from their barricades to the main building up the San Juan river. From that time until dark, a constant and severe fire was kept up from Cody's Point and Alvarado's Point, which was responded to by scattering shots from the Costa Ricans, and we saw the enemy running away into the woods, leaving their blankets and throwing their guns away. The commander of the fort at Serapiqui, Col. Blancho, was among the first that left at 2 1-2 P. M.

During the day, Col. Anderson's force lost two killed and two wounded, the latter being now able to do duty. Col. Titus' command—two wounded and none killed, and the artillery none.

The next morning, Com. de Brissot and a volunteer called "Kentuck" went over in a canoe, pulled down the Costa Rica flag, and hoisted the "Lone Star of Nicaragua," all the enemy having abandoned the point in the night. Upwards of 400 stands of English Minie muskets were left scattered on the ground. Col. Frank Anderson's command crossed in the steamer and took possession of the enemy's works, chattels, &c., finding thirteen dead bodies in the principal fort, probably all killed by the artillery of Gen. Wheat. Fifty men of this command were detached for burying the dead of the enemy, which amounted to thirty-three. Prisoners taken said they had been badly treated and worse fed, living on beans and plaintains alone. Five pieces of artillery—4 brass 6lb. pieces and one iron 9lb. piece, with corresponding ammunition—were found; also, fifty thousand rounds of Minie rifle cartridges in good condition, and a large quantity of damaged ammunition, 250 pairs of pantaloons, forty bushels of beans, six barrels of salt, and enough kettles and pans for 2,000 men.

The same night the steamer *Rescue*, or Fillibuster, as some of the boys call her, took up the forces of Col. Titus and one 4lb. gun to the island of San Carlos, which was taken without any resistance. The boat returned to Serapiqui and took up all the stores needed at the above post, and then proceeded up the river in pursuit of the steamer *Charles Morgan*, which had gone on with the news of the Costa Ricans having left Serapiqui. The latter boat had four hours' start, and the *Rescue* came in sight of her just as she went over Castillo Rapids. The Costa Ricans had tar and rosin on the steamers *Scott* and *Caehoca* and all the buildings of the town; at the moment they saw the *Rescue* they set fire to the boats and buildings, and at the same time they opened a heavy fire of round shot and grape from the fort on the hill. The lower fort on the river was taken by storm, by Capt. West's company of Col. Titus' command. Four men jumped from the steamer, swam against a six mile current, cut loose and saved the steamer *Scott*, although the machinery was very much injured. All the furniture and bedding of the National Hotel were saved. All other houses, with all their contents, were destroyed. In taking this fort the enemy lost forty-five, while we only lost one killed.

The Costa Ricans were still fifty strong on the high fort of Castillo, cut off from water and provisions and surrounded by our forces. On the 18th the fort was to have been taken by storm. By this time that is done, and communication has been established to Walker.

E. H. McDONALD, Lieut. Col. 2d Rifles.

Before leaving Castiilo Col. Lockridge posted the following proclamation in various places in town:—

NOTICE TO THE CITIZENS OF NICARAGUA, AND ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Having succeeded in opening the San Juan river as far as Castillo rapids, I now inform all those who wish to pass or trade on the river, that I offer the fullest guarantee that they shall be protected in their rights, property and persons, on all occasions, which I have promulgated as orders to all who are subject to my control, to be strictly carried out.

I make this proclamation from the fact that evil disposed persons and enemies of the republic of Nicaragua have accused me of the most heinous crimes, all of which are false.

I come to restore tranquility and peace to Nicaragua, and not to molest peaceable and well disposed persons of any nation save those belonging to the Central American States, with which we are now at war.

S. A. LOCKRIDGE,
Emigration Agent for the Republic of Nicaragua.

Done at Castillo Rapids, the 17th day of February, A. D. 1857.

City News.

Men of Rank in England.

Sir Wm. Boyd, announced in the placards, &c., as the "English Historian and Scholar," delivered the first of three lectures, on this subject, on Thursday evening, at Clinton Hall, Astor Place, to an audience of about fifty persons, among whom were about twenty ladies. The lecturer would first speak of the Earl of Aberdeen, who was the Prime Minister of England, the first eight months of the Russian War. This man passed through all the phases of Conservatism, Toryism, Whigism, and Liberalism, being for the sweets of office, all things to all men and all parties. He spoke of Lord Castlereagh, who, although the *beau ideal* of a gentleman, yet was hated both by the English and his own countrymen, who had good reason to do so, as he used to adorn their trees with hanging human beings, and at length committed suicide, by cutting his throat. The Crimean war was designated as one without generalship, and the loss of the army was caused by gross mismanagement and neglect. He praised the Press of England as the cause of rousing the nation to a proper sense of the manner in which the army was treated, and paid a just tribute to that ornament of her sex, Florence Nightingale. He alluded to the remarks of Mr. Roebuck, as Chairman of the Sebastopol Committee of Inquiry, who said that what had come before him was horrible, denounced Lord Raglan as totally unfit for the chief command, neither showing forethought, prudence, nor courage, while the appointment of General Simpson was equally unwise, he having nothing to aid him but rheumatism and spectacles. The first Emperor Napoleon would have finished the campaign in a month. The report of the Commission on the Crimean War was sent to the printer by Lord Panmure, and contained serious charges against Lords Cardigan and Lucan, as well as Colonels Cary and Gordon. The sum which it cost Great Britain, in two years, was £80,000,000 sterling, or $400,000,000, a sum designated by Sir William as far too large for what was gained by it. He did not believe the assertion, that Great Britain could not get on without the assistance of France, as she had an excellent fleet, and a larger force than the Duke of Wellington had in the Peninsula, and it was a pity that she backed out so so soon, thus showing that she could not get on without assistance. The only one that Sir Wm. gave any credit for energy or forethought, was Sir William Williams. From Lord Aberdeen the lecturer passed to his successor, Lord Palmerston, who was styled Cupid, and in his old age, old Cupid; and he called him even worse than Lord Aberdeen, in being for the emoluments of office, all things to all men. The worthy Knight handled the most of his public characters without gloves, and particularly ran down the embassy of Lord John Russell to Persia, designating the difference between Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston, as six of one and half a dozen of the other. The permission of a band to play in Kensington Gardens, and the letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, (old skinflint), which caused its prohibition, was alluded to at length, and although Palmerston had faults and failings, he considered him the best of the two parties who had the reins of Government. The lecturer then turned to the Diplomatic department, and following the articles in the London *Times*, spoke of the individuals employed thus as unfit, alluding to Baldwin as being sent out of Spain, and Crampton from America, as instances thereof, at the same time, taking occasion to show that no European country would go to war with America. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe also, came in for a share of his animadversions, as well as Lord Westmoreland, who, he considered totally unfit to be anything but a fiddler, as he was something of an amateur in that line. Sir George Lyman succeeded him, and was no more than a lubberly boy. Speaking of the late Sir Robert Peel, the lecturer went into his early history, and gave it as a reason for his rising to the position he did, being his excellent education, and great wealth, his being a millionare, and having but mediocre talents, and never an original idea in his life. Peel's clothes fitted badly, and whatever his morals, he was addicted to loose habits in dress. The lecturer met him a day or two before his death, and immediately the proverb—"Pride cometh before destruction, &c.," rushed into his mind. How fearfully it was realized. He purchased a new horse which shyed an omnibus, &c. He was an ungraceful horseman, and a harsh man, but had the tact to tell everybody he was the son of a cotton-spinner, thus preventing the aristocracy from throwing it in his face. He concluded by saying, ladies and gentlemen, truth lies at the bottom of a well, and as we are at the bottom of a building, it may come near the mark. If you wish, therefore, to hear some more truth, come to my lecture next Friday night. When Sir Wm. thought he made a good point, he invariably stepped forward for applause, but the audience did not understand the cue, as they seldom responded.

POLITICAL MAP OF EUROPE—THE ALLY OF ENGLAND—THE ITALIAN AND COMMERCIAL POLICY—THE COMING STRUGGLE.

BY ERNEST JONES.

Concluded from our last.

Such is the ally of England. But does he bring power with his alliance? He only lives by bribing those whom he cannot transport, and the cost is hurrying on the bankruptcy of France. With a gagged press—trembling at every printed sheet of paper—he throws a flimsy veil of lies arround his terror—makes his organs speak of the prosperity of a famishing people, and the riches of a bankrupt exchequer. Forced, ignominiously, to retire from an unprovoked war, he is a nullity and a cypher in the policy of Europe, and under him France, with all her resources, with all her numbers, with all her bayonets, has not even the power of a Swiss Canton. Her government is as imbecile as it is blood-thirsty. So desperate is the great criminal's position, that he is forced to pull down houses and build others up, that he may find employment for the working classes—for the way to a Frenchman's brains, as to an Englishman's, is through his belly. Having made rent dear, by these means, he is forced to order the landlords not to put in executions. Finding that won't do, he supplies money to the working classes to pay their rents. As his extravagances and the misery his government has created, render bread dear, he orders the bakers to sell it below cost price. As the bakers murmer at that, he orders that they shall be paid the difference out of the national revenue. As this is added, taxation restricts the means of employment, throws myriads out of work, and makes wages fall, so that working-men cannot buy food, he has more taxation to supply them with money for its purchase. There is political economy for you! There is a Government? There is an ally! By such mad, childish, desperate shifts, he struggles to delay his fall and to avert that fast approaching day when his forfeited head shall roll an offering to an outraged people, through the streets of Paris he has stained with endless blood. Such are the alliances of our Government. Nay, I have forgotten one or two. There is a human champagne bottle at Berlin they call a king, a sort of lacquey to Russia, and a would-be bully of Switzerland. We are going to marry him—at least his nephew is to wed the Princess Royal. Prussia is a mixture of heath and sand, existing by the sufferance of greater neighbors, with but little seaboard, and that on the Baltic, which now is Russia's own—without navy, and with a population separated in two distant lands, with strange kingdoms between. Part of Prussia lies on the Elbe and the Oder, part on the Rhine, bordering France, and several independent states intervene. In case of war, Prussia becomes split in two—a serpent with its tail cut off—and without natural defence, without well-marked frontiers, falls, as we have seen, a prey to the first assailant—the victim of the first large battle lost. I do not think the honor of this alliance is worth the proposed £70,000 per annum. Some say Prince Albert is to find the sum out of his own savings. If he can, I think his salary is too large, and, having provided for his daughter, it might be advantageously curtailed in future, and the incomes of our German Princesses supplied by their German husbands when they wed. Thus much for our allies—passing by Sardinia, of which, as the agent of monarchical repression in Italy, nothing need be said. I stated there were only two Great Powers in Europe: Russia and Great Britain, and I think I have justified the opinion I advanced. Before proceeding to the general scope of England's foreign policy, let me say a few words as to a great crime that has been perpetrated by our Government. I allude to Sicily. Our Government kindled the hopes of Italian liberty. Our Government enveighed officially against the tyranny of Naples. Our Government as good as said to the Italian people, "Rise!" Our Government sent a fleet to the Italian waters, as though exclaiming: "Now is the time for rising." Our Government, I fearlessly assert, is the cause of the Sicilian insurrection, stirred it up, lured it on by false promises and false hopes, and then left it unaided and deserted, to perish miserably with its gallant chiefs. The blood of Bentivenga and his companions rests on the head of our ministry, as much as that of the Bandiera did before. What was all that sympathy displayed for? Was it merely to give King Ferdinand an excuse in the eyes of his subjects for arming—was it merely to lure forth an outbreak prematurely, that it might be crushed for ever? Where is now the boasted interference—where is now the vaunted sympathy? Behold it in the grave of Bentivenga, in the dungeons and scaf-

folds of Naples and Palermo, while the truculent tyrant sneers openly at the fleets of the allies. For their conduct in this matter our ministry deserve impeachment at the people's hands. But, sirs! in passing to the broader bearings of the question, I have said that the commercial and industrial interests of England were identified with the revolutionary element of Europe. I will prove it. Our alliance with despotism is to ruin our prosperity. The foreign policy of a nation, should, as far as justice and honor permit, be subservient to its home interests, and, as a commercial nation, we are bound, under that condition, to seek alliances where the best markets will be opened for our goods. Happily, our interest and our honor lie in the same direction, and I believe the real interests of a country always are identical with its honor. It must be manifest to all that we are being supplanted in our ancient markets, and that unless we can open new ones, the commerce of England must gradually perish. The The commerce of England is, in reality, to a large extent, a purchase of food by means of barter. Now, it so happens, that those countries which used to send us food in exchange for our manufactures, are all manufacturing rapidly for themselves, and becoming our competitors, instead of our granaries; and it further happens that they are actually superseding us in our own colonies, and thus destroying our sources of supply from them. More than half the manufactures imported into our own Australian colonies are sent by the United States—we, and all the rest of us put together, already supply only the smaller half. We have, in great part, to thank ourselves for this. Our commercial course has been as absurd and suicidal as our political. Sir, there is not one man fit to be called a statesman in Parliament or on the Treasury Bench. We have literally been forcing America to manufacture, because we have thrown her cotton on her hands, by procuring quantities from Egypt and from India, and, accordingly, that cotton which used to be sent here to set our factories at work, is now used up there, to keep them idle. Lord Palmerston talked at Manchester of importing more cotton from India. Will he tell me first, where he will obtain the market for the goods he proposes that cotton to be worked into? Every bag brought here from Australia creates a bale in America, and all America requires to beat us down entirely, is sufficient labor-power. Labor is just the very thing we are giving her. Can you imagine folly more complete? That is why emigration is a curse and ruin to our country, and the very step calculated to bring wages down, instead of raising them up And yet those wretched babblers, who held a meeting, in Smith field, the other day, urged a resolution on the public, that those who did not like agriculture should emigrate—that manufacturing operatives should be sent out of the country by Governmental Emigration. They dared not say, "send agricultural laborers away"—in the same breath in which they copied my proposition for locating our surplus labor on our surplus lands by means of our surplus revenue—but they actually recommended that our operatives should be sent abroad to manufacture elsewhere—to swell the competition of our enemies, or to turn our own colonies into our own manufacturing competitors? Yet such men as these presume to set themselves forth as leaders of the people, and denounce as "professional agitators" those who ruin themselves by their advocacy of the cause of labor, who never took one shilling from the people, and who devote time, money, health, prospects, liberty—nay! life itself, to that immortal cause, for which the truly great have ever sacrificed their all. But those sordid little traffickers, who, being too lazy to work, try to rise from the ranks of labor, and make a living out of agitation, and think their dirty trade will be taken from them, if the true advocates of labor's rights should get the people's ear—these people cannot understand that there are men, from whom the baser aims of common life cannot even win a moment's thought, and that those who claim to take their place among the immortal brotherhood of the great, are above—far, far, above, what would be the utmost ambition of such sorry little schemers. But to resume: As with America, so with Germany. After inducing her to invest her capital and energies in the woollen trade, we suddenly throw the raw material on her hands. In 1800, there were only 12,000,000 sheep in England; now there are 50,000,000. In 1800 there were in new South Wales, only 6,124 sheep. In 1828, the number had reached, 535'391. In 1810, the Australian wool imported was 167 lbs.

In 1843, ... 17,433,732 lbs.

Now mark the effect this had on Germany: In 1836, Germany supplied us with 31,766,194 lbs. In 1843, she supplied us with only 16,805,448 lbs. Thus our colonies have been turned into a curse to the mother country; and thus the depopulation of the rural districts, the turning our cornlands into sheepwalks, not only destroys our agriculture, but actually is ruining our manufacture too. Treasure well these truths. Germany with her wool thrown on her hands, and her capital and energy once invested in the woollen trade, created with the hope of supplying England, naturally applies to her only resource, manufacture. The adage "grasp all, lose all," was never more completely exemplified. As with Australia, so with Canada. The United States will supply her. Those States are on her frontier—they manufacture on the spot—low taxation, immense resources, hardly any transit cost, all point to the hopelessness of our competition there—or anywhere in the New World. The same with China: America is at its doors, and the competition of the antipodes must yield to that of a great neighbor State—while by way of conciliating customers, we bombard their cities, and invade their provinces. Where, then, shall we look for markets? It so happens, as I have already hinted, that all the oppressed nations are agricultural. Hungary, Wallachia, Moldavia, Turkey, Italy, Sicily and Spain, (as oppressed by a foreign dynasty and foreign influence as any,) are all agricultural. Sicily alone might be a granary for Europe, as it was in the days of Rome. As long as they are under foreign despots, so long their agricultural development is crushed, and their exchange power destroyed. Free them—make them independent, give them life and liberty, and markets near at hand, open to your trade, such as you never had. What do Hungary or Sicily, Italy or Spain, take from you now? Next to nothing—and what little corn you buy from them, goes in rapine and taxation, to enrich an Austrian, a Papal tyranny, or a Neapolitan despotism, the sworn foes of our country. Sirs! the republic is the natural ally of England, the despot its natural enemy. Thus honor and self-interest, go hand in hand There lie mighty millions, through the entire South of Europe, all bordering on the Mediterranean, that vast harbor for the navy of the mistress of the seas—ready, anxious to become your customers, but groaning in poverty and wretchedness beneath oppression. Rise! Break their chains, and every broken link shall turn to gold for you. Sirs! I have now shown you the infamy and weakness of your allies, the power and weak points of your antagonist. I have shown you the true and only way to curb that antagonist—the establishment of naval stations in the Baltic and Black Sea, the first on the Aland Isles, the second on the Circassian coast—affording help to the Circassians, and fostering a powerful Greek nation on the ruins of European Turkey. These are the only measures by which Russia can be restricted, and these would lead, of themselves, to other, greater results, for then Hungary would soon free itself, and the barrier of a free republic be placed between the Russian and the Greek—and, if there is hope for Poland, this and this alone, could turn that hope into a reality. I have further shown you how our commerce is interwoven with the liberties of Europe. Those liberties we might secure without any costly effort. I ask you for no Quixotic crusade. Adopt merely those measures against Russia which I have named—and all the rest will follow. Russia and England are the only supports of continental despotism. Intercept the aggressive power of the one, and let the other openly withdraw its countenance from tyrants, and their tyranny will soon fall. It is our government that has kept Francis Joseph, where he is—it is our government that by its fawning sympathy and base humiliation, has prolonged the yoke of Bonaparte; it is our government that is the hope and mainstay of every despot on continental Europe, and yet they talk to you about the danger of a continental league against us, and an invasion by Alexander and Napoleon. Invasion? Of what? The land of their best friends? The power that holds them upright? Their own pet German princes and Berlin brothers-in-law? Never! They are not such fools. I'll tell you why that cry is raised: as an excuse for increasing the military force—establishing Aldershotts and Shorncliffs, and blinding you as to the real intention of those measures. A large standing army is high treason to the people. It is contrary to the spirit and tenor of the laws of England. But, if there is danger of Russian or French invasion, then let us be prepared. Who can defend a country so well as the country's people? No standing army ever succeeded in maintaining the independence of a land when once seriously assailed! A standing army once defeated among a disarmed population, and all is lost If we are really in danger of invasion, let them arm the people, and cry, "Here, men! defend your own!" An armed people always were the cheapest and the strongest army. Yet, the law of the obligarcby renders it treason for the people to drill and arm. I tell you, if there is danger of invasion, to forbid us to drill and arm, is giving our throats up to slaughter, offering a premium to the invader, and deliberately dooming us to be massacred. Whenever that cry is raised, and whoever raises it, answer, "Repeal the drilling laws, and we'll defend ourselves." If they refuse, depend upon it, they fear you more than Russia. To allow a people in danger of invasion, to be unarmed, to forbid them to arm, is practically to be in league with the invader. But, rest assured, there is no danger of invasion. Foreign tyrants have to much to do to keep themselves, instead of invading you. If they invade at all, it will be invading our pockets for fresh loans. Sirs! Every continental monarch trembles, if a child only pulls a cracker in the streets of his capital. Do you want to have a further test of their weakness? Look at Switzerland! The pride of their power broke like a thin cloud against the Alpine glaciers. The march of 135,000 Prussian soldiers with two Prussian princes, our dear father-in-law being one, at their head—the threat of Napoleon, and the countenance of England, could not frighten Switzerland; and the cowed braggarts slunk back, hanging their lions's hide for calfskin. Let that show you the weakness of the "Great Powers." A little knot of Republicans, with 50,000 citizen-soldiers, quelled the boast of the greatest monarchies of Europe. Long live the Republic! Let that show you the spirit of the English (no! German) court and Government They sent Sir Colen Campbell, by far the most distinguished of our Generals, England's greatest military order, the Bath. with an ostentatious embassy to the Prince of Prussia, at the very time he was placing himself at the head of the Prussian army to invade the Swiss. Remember that. But the Prussian's "Bath" was likely to become a Swiss horse-pond, so he marched back to *Sans-Souci*, instead of onward to Shaffhausen. Long live the Republic! Shall we, with seven and twenty millions, fear invasion from the phantoms, that tremble before 50,000 brave determined men? But what the brute force of arms failed to extort, the treachery of diplomacy is trying to achieve. All the great powers are to assemble in Conference on the affairs of Switzerland, and, I am told, to interfere in its internal regulations, and close its hospitable doors on Europe's refugees. England and Switzerland are their only two arks of refuge. They tried to banish them from here, but, honor to you, Chartists of England, you prevented it. They are trying the same game now with a weaker people, but my countrymen! you can prevent that too, for, if you really choose, you can hurl down any ministry from office, that should permit such wrong. We watch them, and their Conferences—this is the age of the peoples, and, like the sunrise on the darkness of expiring night, the eyes of the people are on the dark and dirty doings of their rulers. They will try to divert your attention. They will strive to get up little wars abroad, to prevent the great victory of liberty at home. For this they wade through Persian blood. for this they plunge through Chinese massacre! It gives their Parliaments something to talk of. "Liberal" members will enveigh against the gross injustice, and think thereby to win cheap popularity here, at the expense of dear suffering to far distant nations. They will talk of Canton instead of the franchise, of Persia instead of the rights of the workingmen, and so think to get through another session. Fling back their Persian dust—resist their Chinese opiate. I began by telling you of the importance of foreign affairs: But I now tell you that, important as they are, foreign affairs are often made a convenient scapegoat to hide home injustice. Let them not draw off your attention from your own sufferings, and your own wrongs. Look at home!—redress yourselves! and redress for all the world will follow. Let your Government perpetrate no further crime against any other people—but the way to prevent it is, not to discuss the wrong, but to dismiss the Government—not to enveigh against the act—but to hurl down the actor! You have the power, if you unite your strength. We are near—very near—to the great day of change. Many have been the signs that heralded its advent. The Preston struggle—the Hyde Park demonstrations—the bread meetings—the Sunday gatherings—the Smithfield assemblies—all so many signs of the great power that is approaching—not the real movement—merely the swell upon the waters telling that a storm is surging on, far out at sea—and already we feel its agitation near the shore. All these little premonitory movements are destined to end in nothing—they are the forerunners of the true one—they are the false prophets that came before the Lord—but, nevertheless the foretold signs, that shall precede his advent. I watch them come and go, with all their little hopes and angry passions. I am not deceived by them—neither be you deceived. The hour is near—but it has not come. When it arrives, you will not mistake it. It will be when the cup of your misery overflows—is is not full yet; when from every trade comes up a cry of misery, not from one or two alone;—when confidence in Parliament and Crown is lost entirely—you still cringe to both; when you no longer go creeping to workhouse doors, but swarm up to palaces instead—when you begin to say "to seek redress from those who live by injuring us is useless—let us redress ourselves;" when you no more are whining about Parliament and Throne, but cry: "We, the people, are the Throne and Parliament"—then I shall know the hour has arrived—and then I'll throw myself, a soldier, in your midst.

MARKET-CROSSES IN IRELAND—THE CROSS OF KILKENNY.

In a recent lecture, before the Burgess Club of Kilkenny, Mr. J. T. Capion thus speaks of the old Market-Cross, in that city:

It stood nearly where the Tholsel pump now occupies its noisy position, the nearest instance we know of to the long-desiderated phenomenon of perpetual motion. This cross was a very beautiful structure. Its base was four-sided, and ascended by as many flights of stone steps, from the circumference of which arose light marble pillars supporting a quadrilateral roofing, open, airy and graceful, and surmounted by four very handsome and perfect figures of the tutelary saints of the town. In the centre of this group sprang up a slender ornamental column many feet up into the sky, and upon the very summit of which was placed a plain stone cross. This is a curt and succinct account of the Market-Cross, as it stood, in situ, in the year 1771, after having undergone several repairs from time to time, after Cromwell's visit to our city. Market-Crosses were erected in Ireland for a watch and a ward for the communities of burghers and peasants; a watch, because it served, by its holy symbol, to act as a restraint upon evil-doers and dishonest practices. It was likewise used as a tryste whereto to repair for the purpose of ratifying commercial agreements, as well as to pronounce asseverations between purchasers and salesmen. It was a ward, because profanity kept aloof from its precincts, and no injury or personal act of violence was ever known to be perpetrated within reach of its sacred shadow. Hither came the feudal lord to seek for soldiers and retainers to recruit the forces of some belligerent Prince. Hither came the Monk and Friar when any religious cause required help or countenance from the body of the people. From these stone steps, preached many an eloquent Dominican, when the sufferings of the Christians in Palestine called for succour in men and money to protect them from the cruel aggressions of the relentless Saracens. For, though in the fourteenth century the general great crusades were over, still, for the protection of the faithful, in those far off lands, the several succeeding Popes urged many expeditions during their pontificates, or countenanced them for several subsequent years. One can imagine the zealous Preacher, in flowing robes and outstretched arms, imploring the aid of the stalwart group surrounding him, and how the matron and the maiden trembled at the terrible recital of the barbarities of the Turks, how the man-at-arms shook his harness in indignation, and grasped, with a vengeful clutch, the iron hilt of his trusty blade, how the peasant clenched his teeth, and stood menacingly erect, at this direct appeal to his innate natural chivalry. How the Knight Hospitaller, from the neighboring Priory of St. John of Jerusalem, armed, cap-a-pie, stood silently by, with folded arms and anxious brow, watching the effect produced by the discourse of the holy advocate on the vast and attentive concourse. Then would come on another startling scene in the drama of real life, when, as Friar John Clynn informs us, in his quaint parchment annals, volunteers were stamped with a red hot iron cross, on the bare flesh, to go to the Holy Land. Yes, before the Market Cross of Kilkenny, and which you see here so perfectly delineated in this beautiful plate, hundreds of the Irish peasantry devoted themselves unreservedly to the holy cause, sealing the willing contract by this burning and ineffaceable branding, and kneeling humbly at these marble steps to receive the blessing of the officiating ecclesiastic. Then would peal forth the Angelus Bell from the adjoining Abbey, where all knelt alike, and joined in united prayer to heaven. In process of time, and after the murder of Charles the 1st, in England, came Oliver Cromwell to Ireland, and besieged Kilkenny. There was a long and resolute resistance on the part of the townspeople, but the Parliament General prevailed at length, and his Puritan soldiery, headed by the regicide Axtel, poured into the streets, committing every species of depredation as they hurried along; but when they came in view of the Market Cross, their devil natures could not abide the sight, they were scandalised beyond conception, at what they called a specimen of Irish idolatry; and scaling the graceful pillars, and the beauteous arches, assailed, with their heavy swords and the but ends of their muskets, the very symbol of redemption (as Archdekin relates), till they levelled all to the earth, leaving only the flights of stone steps standing, to mark the site where the sacred structure once stood, in its lofty grandeur. This sacrilegious band of spoliators next proceeded to the Cathedral of St. Canice, from the summit of which they also struck down some Crosses, and tradition relates, that one man fell from the walls, when so engaged, and was dashed to pieces on the hard cold flags beneath. The Butt's Crosses shared the same fate, as those of the Cathedral, and Cromwell stabled his horses that day in the aisle of St. Canice's. Next day he tore down the roof, took away "*five great and godly bells*," broke down all the windows of precious stained glass, and unhinging the doors, let the hogs to root, and the dogs to gnaw, the bones of the dead. After Cromwell's prostration of it, however, it had been restored, and kept in repair for a considerable time, the Corporation voting a small sum for that purpose; but at last it was permitted, unassisted, to succumb to to time, and to moulder away and take its place amongst the things that were. Cromwell's bloody march through Ireland, reads like some hideous fable, in which demons and not men were the actors. When he entered the town of Wexford, he slaughtered all before him, until none appeared to oppose or to meet him in his powerful progress. Then it was that 300 women fled to the old Cross that stood in the middle of the town, and clinging to it, and crouching around it, hoped that man's remorseless cruelty would not reach them there—but they were mistaken. Cromwell scoffed at mercy—he deluged the cross with their innocent blood—he slaughtered them all even to the last gentlest maiden.

There is another cross in Ireland worthy of your attention, which will recall memories that should not be hastily forgotten—I allude to the Stone Cross of Kells, County Meath, one of the most perfect and beautiful Crosses of Ireland, twelve feet high, covered profusely with exquisite figures, carvinge and orna-

ments, and the shaft arms and circle of one entire stone. "It is somewhat mutilated," says Dr. Wylde, in his book of the Boyne and Blackwater, and, pursues the Doctor, "there is a fact connected with it which the inhabitants of Kells still keenly remember—namely, *that it formed part of the gallows from which several men were hanged in* 1798." Many of the old inhabitants of Kilkenny still remember the affair between Macartney and Ryan, in High-street, of our city, in 1798. Macartney was an Apothecary, living somewhere about Mr. Cummins' present establishment, and Ryan was a Hatter, in the same street; both men were officers in the "Legion," a corps that furnished their own outfit and support. One day a peasant, with a load of furze on a common car, came driving down the thoroughfare —the man was whistling thoughtlessly and driving on his nag in the happiest of all humors, which raised the phlegm of Ryan, who was a notorious Orange bigot. Accordingly, in a fit of loyal indignation, he seized the poor man and accused him there and then of having either arms or rebels concealed under his furze. M'Cartney, who was standing at his shop-door, and watching the whole proceedings, instantly interfered and told Ryan that his conduct was coarse and tyrannical, and loosing the prisoner from his grasp, set him at liberty, whereupon Ryan challenged him to mortal combat. Macartney promply answered the challenge, and both parties, with their seconds, forthwith proceeded down the Canal-walk, to fight a duel. They went along till they reached the little Spa-house, immediately below Mr. Sullivan's Mills, and there at the narrow sandy ground, on the verge of the Nore, both combatants stood until the ground was measured. This was scarcely done, and the men in position, when Ryan raised his pistol, and fired, shooting his adversary through the heart. Macartney immediately fell dead, but, in falling, discharged his weapon, which, in turn, wounded Ryan mortally, and he was carried away on a litter. Ryan only lived a day, and was insensible until a few minutes before his death, when he raised his head a little, and feebly inquired—"Is Macartney dead?" and being answered, "Yes"—"All right," said he, and so he died! That was a model Orangeman. No wonder such men did not hesitate to desecrate the Cross, and to butcher their fellow-countrymen—to them it must have become, at last, an almost necessary excitement—and their powers, were, alas! unlimited. Just imagine what manner of men must they have been who could make a gibbet of a beautiful Stone Cross, and torture their fellow-men to death on the very symbol of the Almighty's greatest bounty and mercy to the world.

Irish News.

ARMAGH.

Mr. J. M. Magee, Coroner, held an inquest on the body of a man named John Maginnity, of Ballintemple, in the district of Forkhill. The evidence went to show that deceased had been in Newry on the day before (Thursday), and had drunk ardent spirits to an immoderate extent. He was found dead near his own house, next morning, from exposure and cold.

Antrim.

On Monday, the 16th of Feb., about eight o'clock, a.m., a man named Love was leaving his house to go to his employment, as a gunmaker, when he was followed by a favorite dog. Not wishing to bring the dog along with him, he lifted a stone to throw at it and make it return, but it still followed; and he again lifted a stone and threw it with such violence that his arm was broken in two places.

The Committee of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Belfast, will hold a Bazaar in Easter Week, to raise a fund for a new Orphanage in connection with the Convent of Mercy.

The *Ulsterman* states that the mill owners of Belfast do not exhibit the smallest intention of acceding to the fair and proper appeal of their working people that they would pay them their wages once a week—in fact that they would do what is done in every other trade in business, and what is done everywhere else by mill owners throughout the empire, with one or two exceptions.

Cavan.

There is, says a correspondent of the *Dundalk Democrat*, a large landed proprietor, whose estate lies in the county Cavan, and contains about six thousand acres, with a numerous tenantry. As the holdings are small, the occupiers became very much depressed during the years of the famine. The then agent, being a man of sound sense, strongly recommended a valuation of the estate, to which the landlord acceded; and he alone selected the valuators, two very competent persons. When the valuation was completed, all seemed well reconciled; but some years after, when the landlord perceived some improvement in the tenants' condition, he ascribed it to the cheapness of the land; whereas, the improvement was due to the blessings of Divine Providence, in giving a few productive crops, and to the advance in prices by the late war. He exchanged his agent, and effected a new valuation, which was really a mockery. He got a man from Dublin for a few weeks, who, with the bailiff, examined the rental, and looked at a few farms, and the result was, that the rents of some were nominally raised, while those of others were advanced twenty, and in some cases, twenty-five per cent. But what could be expected from a landlord who would not give a site on his property for a national school, or half an acre of land on which to build a Catholic chapel? The tenants pay a shilling in the pound to the agent who receives their rents! What do you think of this system?

At Bailieborough spring fair, on the 19th of Feb., there was a paucity of beef cattle, and the best kinds fetched £3 per cwt.; inferior kinds £2 15s. Some fat beasts brought £10 to £14 each. Dry cattle was plenty, and the demand good. Three-year-old heifers sold from £10 to 11 guineas; two-year-olds from £8 to £10; yearlings from £3 to £5 per head. Springers were plenty and sold off quickly at fair prices—£10 to £16, according to quality. The sheep department was the largest show exhibited for some time. Wether mutton brought 7d., and ewe mutton 6 to 6 1-2 per lb. The pig fair was abundantly stocked, and the demand being eager, a general clearance was effected. Best bacon brought £3 per cwt., and good store pigs fetched £3 15s. each. Suckers were proportionately high, the smallest being value for £1. A large fair of horses, including some good animals of the farming class.

Clare.

J. H. Bracken, Esq., County Inspector of Clare, has been transferred to Waterford, vice Clarke, removed to Dublin. He is succeeded by Mr. Shulman P. Crawford, Esq.

There are 574 paupers in Ennis workhouse. The weekly average cost of a pauper in the house is 1s. 8 3 4d.; in the Infirmary 2s. 6. The guardians have a balance of £279 13s. 8d. to their credit, and they have yet to draw for expenses of the union on an outstanding rate of £791 9s. 5d. Mr. Bannatyne has been declared contractor for oatmeal at £13 15s. per ton.

The shoemakers of Ennis are contemplating a public meeting, for the purpose of adjusting a scale of prices between themselves and the public, in consequence of the alleged rise in the price of leather.

Mr. Harley, of Ennis, is promoted to the Youghal branch of the Provincial Bank of Ireland.

Cork.

A deputation from the committee of the Great National Exhibition, held at Cork, have presented to the author, John Francis Walter, Esq., LL.D., and Robert Prescott Stewart, Esq., Mus. D., the composer of the "Inauguration Ode," performed with so much *eclat* at the opening of the exhibition, handsome and valuable honorary gold medals awarded to them by the committee.

The Corporation of Cork received £41 11s. 6d. for ice drawn from the Lough this season.

Carlow.

Two fellows, named Farrell and Leonard effected an entrance into Mr. B. Haughton's mill, Carlow, and extracted a large quantity of the best flour. To effect their object, they waded through a covered-over mill race, a distance of about eighteen perches, and entered by the large mill wheel; they then retraced their steps, carrying the flour out in gallon cans. They were tried at Ballickmoyler Petty Sessions, and returned to the Maryborough Assizes.

Dublin.

At the North Dublin Union Board, a somewhat stormy discussion was raised, in consequence of Mr. Cosgrove's proposing a resolution to the effect that the Board felt much regret at the decision of the Poor Law Commissioners, by which Major Damville was called upon to resign his seat at the Board of Guardians. Mr. Arkins censured certain of Mr. Damville's acts and party leanings. The resolution was, however, carried, Mr. Arkins being the only dissentient.

The Lord Mayor gave the usual inaugural banquet on Thursday evening, the 19th of Feb. The papers say that covers were laid for 600—that the Lord Lieutenant attended, &c. All the speakers represented Ireland, and Dublin particularly, as most prosperous. What do the Traders' Alliance say to this? We have read the speeches, and they are just what is usually said of such "jollifications," as Sir Robert Peel would say. The only exception is that of the Protestant Archbishop, who insisted on being considered an Irishman—that he "always considered the Irish as his countrymen," &c.

The Traders' Alliance held a meeting on the 19th ult., in the Music Hall. The chair was taken by Mr. Butt, M.P., who delivered a very excellent speech in favor of many shops in place of a few. Alderman Reynolds also attended, and spoke at great length in favor of the many being supported instead of a few; and in answer to certain attacks by a Mr. Evelyn, a lecturer, who has gone to great expense in printing and advertising answers, and publishing a pamphlet, defending the policy of supporting the monster shops. The Hon. Mr. Vereker likewise addressed the meeting in favor of supporting the small traders.

At a meeting of the Gas Consumer's Association held in the Music Hall, Mr. Isaac Butt, Q C, presided and delivered a most lucid speech on the subject. The immediate object of the meeting was to take steps to effect a reduction in the price of gas from 5s 10d. to 3s. 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet. Mr. Flintoff went through a series of statistics showing that the gas consumers of Dublin might save £40,000 per annum, and that they had suffered a yearly loss of this amount, from the circumstance of the Alliance and Hibernian Companies having united together to sustain the price of gas. A resolution was finally adopted, offering the Gas Company 3s 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet, and deciding that if this offer was not accepted, a new Gas Company should be formed for the purpose of reducing the local taxation.

At a special meeting of the Council of the Tenant League, held in their rooms, on the 16th of February, it was moved by Mr. Cashel Hoey, seconded by Mr. James Loughan, and resolved unanimously; "That, having read the address of *the O'Donoghue of the glens* to the Electors of Tipperary, we fully approve of the principles upon which he seeks the representation; and that, without seeking to influence the opinions of the electors in their choice, we think the election of such a man to be of the greatest possible advantage to to the popular cause."

The following statistics are gathered from the recently published number of Thom's "Irish Directory": The total population, which was 8,175,000 in 1841, had sunk, mainly through the terrible years of famine, to 6,551,000, in 1851, and was supposed to be 6,077,000, in 1856 The tide of emigration has been remarkable. In 1841, the total number of emigrants was only 16,000, nor until 1847, was the total emigration equal to to the increase by births; but in that year the emigration rose 215,000, and obtained its highest point in 1851, when it was 249,000. In 1855, it had sunk to 91,000, which would show a decrease in the number of the people for that year of about 30,000. The number of paupers, 2,142,000 in 1849, was only 305,000 in 1855, and the expenditure in the same year was respectively £2,177,000 and £635,000. The criminal convictions have sunk from 10,454, in 1851, and 5,220 in 1855. The total railroad receipts amounted to £418,000, in 1849, and £999,000 in 1845. In 1850, the sheep sold at Ballinasloe fair amounted to 51,000, in 1826, to 93,000; the horned cattle sold in the former year were, 9,000, in the fatter 18,000. The total income of Ireland which was in 1840 £4,413,000. The tunnage of new vessels built, was in 1851, only 968 tuns. These are but a few indications of the progress made by Ireland in the last few years.

On the 16th ult., one of the Convicts in the Mountjoy prison, rushed upon William Nolan, a ward officer in charge of a division, while he we was engaged in overlooking the cells, and committed upon him a most savage assault. He was armed with a leaden pipe, part of his cell fitting, which, with premeditated intention of attacking the officer, he had broken off forcibly, and with this dealt Nolan a deadly blow in the face, splitting open both his lips and knocking out his teeth. The officer providentially escaped before the blow was repeated, or there seems little doubt that he would have been murdered. This assault is the fifth which, within a very short period, has been made upon officers of the Mountjoy Prison.

In our remarks, says the *Mining Journal*, in a former journal, as to the position and prospects of the mining industry of the sister isle, we mentioned that the Mining Company of Ireland had prosecuted a theory laid down by Mr. Hoskins, and had found copper after passing through 35 fathoms of quartz. This statement is not only corroborated, but we are assured that they are now working on a vein of rich copper, ten inches solid, with every indication of increased value. This is at their mine at Kilcoe, near Ballydehob. The successful issue of the trial is of great importance in a mining point of view, and the exact value of the present discovery is of little consequence in comparison with the change which the carrying out of this principle will effect in mining interests at large. It will give vitality to many setts now almost, if not altogether, abandoned, and produce quite a revolution of accepted opinions on such points. Ireland altogether, is quite in the ascendant as regards her mining industry. In addition to the several points, to which we make special allusion, we learn that the well-known Audley mines, in the south, are resuming their former activity. All law suits, which so completely paralysed the business of the mine, are at an end, and every point of dispute has been removed. Sixty miners have been sent for from the Berehaven mines, and all the laborers in the immediate district will have full occupation. The miners, we are assured, are making 50s. to 60s. per month, and laborers have from 1s. 6d. to 2s. per diem, which is indeed a change from the state of things which existed a short time since, and when men were ready to give their labor for their food. Ireland is truly in a prosperous condition, and, with English capital and energy, no doubt she will take her proper position in the commercial grandeur of the United Kingdom.

John Duffield, constable of the Dublin Police, was found guilty of an assault upon Mr. Andrew Blake, and sentenced by Baron Pennefather, at the Commission of Oyer and Terminer, to two years imprisonment at hard labor.

In addition to a salary of £3,000 a year, the First Commissioner of the Encumbered Estates Court, Mr. Martley, Q.C., will also be appointed Vice-Chancellor. Large patronage will be attached to the office.

The Secretary of State for War has consented, at the instance of General Lord Seaton, commanding the troops in Ireland, to abolish the appointment of Quartermaster to the Royal Military Hospital at Kilmainham, and add the duties of that office to that of the Adjutant of the Establishment, with an increase of pay to that officer £100 of per annum.

The Union of Swords, vacant by the death of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Howard, is of the yearly value of £220. Patron: The Archbishop of Dublin.

The Prebend of Timothan, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, is a sinecure, and without emolument of any kind. The Very Rev. the Dean of Ardagh has been nominated to it by the Lord Lieutenant, in succession to the Bishop Elect of Cork.

Derry.

On the 6th ult., an inquest was held in Coruddie, in the parish of Dungiven, before William Lane, M.D., coroner, on the body of John Candon. It appeared, from the evidence given, that four men and one woman of the name of Cromie, a man named Patrick M'Closky, and two others, had, on the evening of the 13th of January last, been drinking in Candon's, on their return from Maghera; a dispute having arisen, owing to Candon's spilling some whiskey, they commenced fighting, when Candon received injuries from which he did not recover. A very respectable jury, mostly from Dungiven, by their verdict found James, Edward, and John Cromie, and Patrick M'Closky, guilty of manslaughter.

The *Ballymena Observer* says:—On the night of Friday, the 30th ult., the residence of Mr. John Rea, situated on the premises known as Chamomile Hill, near Gracehill, in the townland of Ballykennedy, was burned to the ground. Informations have been sworn charging a man, named Patrick Connor, a servant, who slept in the house, with having wilfully and feloniously set fire to the concern; and he is at present in custody awaiting an investigation before the Petty Sessions bench of Ballymena.

Mr. Wm. J. Vallentine, of Derry, received an honor of the first class, in classics, at the recent examination in Trinity College, Dublin.

The annual ploughing match of the Cumber and Banagher Farming Society was held in a field belonging to Mr. Patrick M'Donagh, hotel-keeper, Claudy. At the appointed hour a number of ploughs started, and executed their allotted task in a very creditable manner. Mr. Allen was the winner of the premium—a silver cup—which must be won three years in succession. At the meeting, £3 10s. was subscribed for the purpose of offering a plough as a premium, to be competed for by the sons of farmers who have never won a prize. At six o'clock in the evening, about thirty persons assembled to an excellent dinner. Mr. James Craig, Secretary to the Society, presided. After the cloth had been removed, and the usual loyal toasts had been disposed of, the chairman read the award of the judges as follows:—1st, Mr. James Allen; 2nd, Mr. William Browne; 3rd, Mr. Thomas Mullen; 4th, Mr. David Thompson; 5th, Mr. Connelly Blair.

The *Banner of Ulster* states that at a large and influential meeting of the landed gentry of the county Londonderry, James Johnston Clarke, Esq., Lagantocher-house, near Mahara, has been elected to represent the county in the room of Captain Bateson, who retires from ill health."

Down.

The Rev. Mr. Crolly, Pastor of Portadown, entertained a large party in the parochial house, erected there last summer by the subscription of the parishioners and other kind friends, as a home for the clergy of the parish. The building is erected on a plot of ground leased for ever as parochial property; it contains a dwelling-house, offices and garden. On the other side of the church are the schools, which are the exclusive property of the people, having been solely built by local subscriptions; the whole is enclosed by brick walls, and the front is secured by beautiful palisading.

The necessary preliminaries having been complied with, the Exchequer Loan Commissioners have granted a loan of twenty-five thousand pounds towards the completion of the Portadown and Dungannon Railway.

Donegal.

A man named John Logan, from Raphoe, was killed by the premature explosion of a blast, at the Swilly works, on the 16th ult.

Galway.

On the 18th of February, Mr. Brennan, accompanied by a party of the revenue police, proceeded to the neighborhood of Spiddal, and, after a long and fatiguing search, discovered a distillery in Powel Mountains, of Spiddal, consisting of two stills, one head, one worm, 200 gallons of pot-ale, and a great number of vessels, which they at once destroyed.

In the Encumbered Estates Court, on the 17th ult., the following properties were disposed of by the Commissioners:—The estate of Alexander Clendinning, owner; Henry Brett, and others, petitioners. Ballyglass, containing 158a. 2r. 25p.; yearly profit rent, £165 4s. 1d. Sold to Mr. Bagot, for £3,760.

The estate of Henry Joseph Dolphin, and others, owners; the Trustees of the National Bank, petitioners. The lands of

Bushfield, containing 126 acres, Irish measure; profit rent, £60 5s. 5d. Sold to Mr. Anthony Dolphin, for £2,160.

On Sunday night, the 15th ult., three men were arrested by Constable Madden, suspected of being concerned in the late attempt to assassinate Mr. George Harrison. Their names are Hugh and Edward Guinan, and Pat Kelly, of Dromlagh—three of the evicted tenants.

The Colonelcy of the 88th (Connaught Rangers) is vacant by the death of General Wallace.

Kilkenny.

The estate of Catherine Murphy, and Patrick and Teresa Tracey, containing 80a. 0r. 33 1-2p.; nett profit rent, payable by tenants, £106 7s. 8d., was sold by the Encumbered Estates Commissioners.

The estate of Henry and Keppel Disney, John Swan, and others, was recently disposed of in the Encumbered Estates Court. Lot 1—Sweethill, 34a. 2r. 38p.; estimated profit rent, £25 13s. 9d. Mr. Loughnan purchased, in trust, for £560. Lot 2—Clone, 137a. 1r. 38p.; estimated profit rent, £26 17s. 7 1-2. Mr. Hartney purchased for £605.

Captain Dynon, 16th Lancers, inventor of the new lance exercise, has arrived in Kilkenny, to give instructions in the exercise to the men in garrison.

R. F. Collins, Esq., Veterinary Surgeon, 16th Lancers, has arrived from Longford, to inspect the horses of the troops quartered at Kilkenny.

Major Dickson, 16th Lancers, has been ordered to join the head-quarters of the regiment at Kilkenny.

The *Kilkenny Moderator* reports that a deliberate attempt at assassination took place in the County Kilkenny, on the borders of the Queen's County. On Monday night, Feb. 16th, at about nine o'clock, a respectable farmer, named Michael Walsh, residing at Lowhill, in the parish of Attanna, was standing in the field before the door of his house, when a shot was fired at him by an asssassin concealed in some trees. He received the charge, slugs and large shot, in the face and head, and was severely wounded, but providentially, not so as to endanger life. A man named John Barron has been arrested, on suspicion, and examined before J. A Kirwan, Esq., R.M. It appears that Barron was courting a girl to whom Walsh was about to be married, and the "green-eyed monster" is supposed to have had something to do with the matter.

Kerry

The estate of the late Christopher Ponsonby Willac, comprising the lands of Rahaneen, and tithe rent-charge of lands of Knockenough, nett annual income of £357, was recently sold to Mr. Bastaple for £3,360.

The desire to emigrate to the gold regions is rapidly extending throughout the districts of Kerry bordering on Limerick.

Kings County.

John Lucas, Esq., of Mount Lucas, Philipstown, has been sworn in High Sheriff of the King's County, and Wm. Cuffe, Esq., of Kilbeggan, has been re-appointed Sub-Sheriff.

Upon the petition of Lord Rosse, a patent has been granted to hold additional fairs in the town of Birr or Parsonstown, on the 23d March, 30th June, and the 14th, 15th and 16th of October in each year.

Kildare

The Clerkship of the Crown for the county Kildare is vacant by the death of Mr. Barry.

Limerick.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd gratefully acknowledge the receipt of £1 from the Rev. Mr. Lucas, St. Joseph's Presbytery, Tasmania.

The calculation by Dr. Gore, as to the total cost of a patient in Barrington's Hospital, at the Corporation meeting was thus made out. Total expenditure for the year 1856, £780 18s. 4d.; total number of days in hospital, 11,399, which divided into the expenditure makes 1s. 4d. per head, per day, for every charge. The cost of food per head, comes to 5d. 1-5th.

In anticipation of a further advance of duty upon Irish whiskey being brought forward in the Chancellor's Budget, traders in the city of Limerick were in a panic, and no less than £10,600 duty was paid into the Custom House here on bonded whiskey.

Ellen Laffan and her son were charged with manufacturing and passing base coin. The implements used by them were produced by the police constable, who requested the court to remand the prisoners, as the eldest son, the principal coiner, had for the present evaded arrest.

A scoundrel named O'Brien, lately working on the Foynes Railway, absconded from his wife, taking £50, "their little all," on the pretence of going to Limerick to put it in bank. He is supposed to have gone to Liverpool and thence to Australia.

A man named Miller, a blacksmith, died suddenly in Rathkeale on the 11 ult. He was in perfect health the previous day walking the streets. It appears when just about to take some refreshments he dropped dead.

At the fair of Rathkeale, on the 16th ult., there was rather a diminution in the supply of fat cattle; prices varied from £12 to £15: horses sold high; over 600 pigs were bought up at a rate of 60s. to 60s. 3d. per cwt.

The Limerick papers report the continuance of emigration to America and Australia.

The guardians of the Tulla Union have a balance in their favor of £301 8s. 11d.; and their outstanding rates are £309 7s. 1d. There are but 287 inmates in the house.

W. A. Mahony, Esq., accountant of the National Bank, has been promoted to the managership of the branch at Carrickmacross.

P. C. Hardwicke, the architect, of London, has arrived in Limerick to inspect the new Cathedral and to arrange about the additions to the Catholic church of Adare.

An entrance was effected by burglars into the house of the Rev. Mr. Tyner, of Mungret, and several articles of plate taken therefrom.

A farmer, named Thomas O'Brien, on the night of the 14th ult., returning from Limerick to Cahirconlish, was thrown from his horse and killed.

A young woman, named Margaret Hickey, was drowned at Castleconnell, on the 16th February, while raising a pail of water from the bank of the river.

At the Police-court, before Dr. Gibson, Alderman Watson, and Pierce G. Barron, Esq., R.M., Michael Shiels was prosecuted by Captain Lowe, of the Royal County Limerick Militia, for enlisting a second time in order to receive bounty again; and, on conviction, was fined £5 or three months' imprisonment.

The published accounts of the Limerick Agricultural Model Farm, at Mungret, for the past year, show a profit of £42.

The Second Provisional Battalion which was stationed at Buttevant, under Lieut.-Colonel O'Halloran, comprising the 11th and 39th depots, has arrived in Limerick. The first Battalion, under Colonel Stack, comprises the 9th, 16th and 17th depots. Each battalion has a separate officers' mess.

The detachment from the Depot Battalion in Limerick, under Major Yonge, which was quartered in Clonmel during the election, proceed to Nenagh, there to be quartered until after the assizes. The garrison of Nenagh is also to be occupied during the assizes by 100 troops from Templemore.

A correspondent of a Limerick paper gives the following account of a run with the Abington hounds:—This far-famed pack met again at Killonan Station (which may be mentioned is a sure meet for a good day's sport), when, without much ado, a hare was started, but, I regret to say, was soon run into. Not having gone far, another of the right sort was sohoed by an artist in the profession on the lands of Coolyhenan, from where she ran by the river Groody, through Tooreen, by Carrigparsons, and into Strabane, without a single check. They actually were flying as these four miles were run in twelve minutes (timed.) The hounds came to a check, and seemed raised much in mettle, when "Tally-ho!" was called from off Joker's back, and a fine fox was seen quietly lodging alongside a quickset hedge. The pack being shouted to they undertook the chappo breast high, though not an interprep. They ran towards the river, from where he traversed towards Highpark house by the end of the old orchard and through the black ditch, which, indeed, is a "stopper," and a well known one; running still southward, he crossed the old Limerick road to Cahirconlish, as if running for Wilson's Wood, when he changed his course and made towards Inch-St.-Laurence. Still keeping southward, he again turned and ran through Ludden and Kilcoolen and through Ballymacruse, and then into Glin: and when going into Ballinegard, the gallant pack were with much difficulty stopped. This run (including the hare hunt), as there was scarce a check on the change of game, must be to one who knows the country at least nine or ten miles, as Coolyhenan to Cahirconlish, and then to Ballinegard, is rather a nice tour over heavy ground; and, I believe, I need not add many a "rasper." After the hunt the field were entertained at Ballymacruse, the hospitable mansion of James Shine, Esq., whose horse, I regret to say, had a fall, but neither horse nor what it carried were injured.

Louth.

At a recent meeting of the Dundalk Harbor Commissioners, a letter was received from Mr. Russell, complaining of the obstruction to the free navigation of the river, caused by the boats of the old company, lying abreast at the quays, when both happen to be in port.

Monaghan.

An illicit whiskey manufactory has been discovered by Charles M'Kelvey, S. I. of the Monaghan district, in the townland of Dernahinch, in the barony of Trough. On searching the premises, the officers were very nearly satisfied that no such thing existed in the premises, when Mr. M'Kelvey was struck with the difference in the size of the interior and exterior of a small outhouse in which there was an apparatus ostensibly used for cooking food for pigs. The outer wall measured four feet more than the inner. On further examination it was found that a large vat formed the side wall to the house, dexterously covered on the outside and plastered on the inside. In a portion of the vat stood the worm of the still, and the remainder was devoted to the purpose of malting. On the gable end of the house was a compartment strongly built of brick, in which sat the still, to which the heat was conveyed from the usual cooking concern; the smoke being carried in tubes to other out-houses. It was a dexterous contrivance, and has likely been at work for a long time.

Mayo.

On Thursday last, says the *Mayo Constitution*, a comfortably-equipped bridal party consisting of ten young men and the same number of blooming maidens, passed through the town. There was an appearance of comfort and happiness amongst them that is seldom apparent at our now-a-day displays of crinoline, kid gloves and carriages.

Sligo.

The Sligo Rifles have not as yet made up their full complement of volunteers and the staff will continue to recruit for some time.

The first lamb on sale for this season, was sold in market, at 7s. 6d. per quarter of two pounds weight!

Tipperary.

In his address, to the Electors of Tipperary, The O'Donoghue of the Glens says:—Events, which every one must reprobate and deplore, having created a vacancy in the representation of your great county, I solicit the honor of becoming one of your representatives. Every elector of Tipperary, who reads this address, and who sees the name affixed to it, will naturally inquire, who and what is this man? For the information of all whom it may concern, I answer, I am an Irishman, the representative of an old Irish Chieftaincy not unknown in Kerry; in politics, I am Irish; in religion, I am a Catholic. The first and last article of my political creed is, at all times, in all places, in every variety of circumstance, above and before all things, "Remember that you are an Irishman." The nationality of my country is the idol of my political worship. If you send me to Parliament, I shall consider that I can best carry out the interests of Ireland, and of Tipperary, by avoiding all connexion with all English parties in the House of Commons. This opinion is founded on the belief that none of them represents the interests or possesses the sympathies of the people of this country. My intention is to follow an independent policy, to join the party of independent Opposition, as the only one which has the true interests of Ireland at heart. On the banner of that party is inscribed, "The just rights of Irishmen, and No Compromise." This is my motto; and, inspired by the sentiments which it suggests, I raise the standard of Independent Opposition on the patriotic soil of Tipperary.

The Corporation of Clonmel will suffer judgment to go by default in the case of the ministers' money.

The Commissioners of Income Tax have transmitted £10 as a gratuity to their respectable and efficient collector, Mr. Ryan, for Newport district, county Tipperary. The senescalship of Caher, county Tipperary, is vacant. The former is the gift of the Crown. The latter is that of the Earl of Glengall.

A rockite notice was posted on the door of a farm-house situate on the townland of Mounteen, county Tiperary, and belonging to a respectable farmer, named Wm. Walshe, residing at Ballinlina, near Golden. The notice was to the effect that, if he had anything to do with the farm which had been lately in the possession of a man, named Cleary, who, on the 15th of Dec., last had been evicted by the Sub-Sheriff, his life would be in danger. On the same night, an iron plough, the property of Walshe, was maliciously broken on the farm at Mounteen. Constable Clifford, of Golden, arrested some parties on suspicion, and brought them for examination before the Hon. Martin Joseph French, R.M. No clue, however, has, as yet, been obtained to lead to the discovery of the offenders.

The house lately in the possession of John Maunsell, Cashel, has been selected by the Town Commissioners for a Mechanics' Institute. The following members of the Board were appointed a committee to carry out its details:—Bobert P. Russell, chairman; William Corbey, James Cahill, John Mullins, Daniel Laffan, William Phelan, John J. Scully, John J. Heney, and P. Grace, and the sum of £240, as originally allocated by the Commissioners, was drawn for this laudable and very deeirable Institution.

Waterford.

The Waterford *News* reports that a considerable quantity of whiskey has been taken out of bond in that city in anticipation of the new duty. In Cork, 120,000 gallons has been paid duty on, enough for a year's consumption.

On the 17th of Feb., a young gentleman, named Glascott, from Wexford, met with an accident while following the hunt with Lord Waterford's hounds at Windgap, by being thrown from his horse when jumping over a ditch, the horse falling upon him and severely contusing him. He was brought from Carrick by the down train from Limerick, to the terminus at Waterford, and was from thence conveyed, in the omnibus, to Mr. Dobbyn's hotel, where he was promptly visited by Dr. T. L. Mackesy. The next day the young gentleman was removed from the hotel in an arm-chair, and placed on board the Ross steamer, to be conveyed to his own residence in the county Wexford. He is now doing well.

Mr. Stephen M'Donald, first-class tide-waiter, at Waterford, has been promoted as principal coast officer to Garston, port of Liverpool.

The report of the joint committee on gaols, says the *Waterford News*, which is to be laid before the grand jury at the coming assizes, shows that the present salaries of the county gaol are £785 15s, and of the city gaol and penitentiary, £520, making the total salaries £1,305 15s. The salaries for the united prison are estimated at £993 5s, and the pensions awarded to officers to be removed would be about £300, so that until after the deaths of officers no saving would effected.

A little boy who was proceeding from Crooke to Waterford fell down on the road at Knockroe and expired. Deceased was in the service of Michael Dobbyn, Esq., proprietor of the Crooke weir, employed in conveying fish to market, and it was on one of these journeys that death overtook him, as a basket containing a salmon was found by the poor fellow's side.

On the 12th of Feb., the annual ploughing match, in connection with the Lismore Agricultural Society, came off in a field on the Castle farm adjoining the farm buildings thereon. There was a large attendance of the tenant farmers, members of the society, and gentry, amongst whom were Messrs. F. E. Currey, Secretary to the Society; J. B. Gumbleton, Fortwilliam; Major Croker, Lisfiony; H. K. Hemming, the Villa; W. H. Baldwin, John Bennet, A. Anderson, sen., N. Wall, A. Anderson, jun., &c. There were twenty-one competitors for the prizes. These were divided into two classes, namely—those who had carried off prizes in former matches, and those who had still to earn that honor. The former consisted of the smaller number, five—while the remaining sixteen belonged to the latter category.

The Waterford papers report that on the 16th ult., the fifth annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the proselytizing school was held in the Sunday-school room, Town hall. Archdeacon Bell occupied the chair; and there were also present—the Rev. Thomas Gimlette, Rev. T. Wiltshire, Rev. James Lawson, and —— Lawson, jun., Rev. R. H. Ryland, Theodore Ryland, barrister-at-law, Dr. Elliot, and William Sparrow Thompson. There was also a numerous attendance of ladies. The report for the past year was read, by which it appeared that the average attendance of children at the school had not been so large as that of the preceding years, owing, of course, to the decrease of poverty. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. T. Gimlette, Rev. T. Wiltshire, &c., each of whom advocated the claims which the school had upon their audience for support. A collection in aid of the funds was then made and the meeting separated.

Wexford.

On the 17th of Feb. the Encumbered Estates Commissioners proceeded to dispose of the following properties:

The estate of the Right Hon. Philip Yorke, Earl of Arran, owner and petitioner. Mount Anna, containing 169a. 0r. 28p.; net rent, £145 14s. 4d. Sold to Mr. Greene for £3,410. Newcastle, containing 289a.; net rent, £230 7s. 7d. Sold to Mr. George Simms for £4,560. Cornwall, containing 199a. 2r. 28p.; net rent, £199 15s. 6d. Same purchaser for £8,725. Tinraheen, containing 486a. 2r. 16p.; net rent, £263 2s. 1d. Sold to same for £6,320. The sale of lots 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 was adjourned. Lots 4, 11, 12 and 13 were sold by private contract. The estate of Patrick Sarsfield Colclough, and Adam Vesey Colclough, owners and petitioners. Lot 1—sale adjourned. Nash, containing 213a. 3r. 5p. Irish measure; yearly profit rent, £182 5s. 1 1-2d. Sold to Mr. Thorpe, in trust, for £3,000. Anneville, containing 133a. 2. 17p. Irish measure; yearly rent, £200. Sold to Mr. Jameson, in trust, for £4,750. Houses: yearly profit rent, £30 15s. 4 1-2d. Sold to Mr. Lacey for £410.

A robbery was committed a few days ago at Coleman, in the county Wexford, on a farmer living in that locality. The depredators were traced to Waterford, where they eluded the searches of the police. However, the High Constable, Mr. Pallas, succeeded in finding them out, and Sir B. Morris ordered them to be transmitted to Wexford.

A vacancy having occurred in the number of Town Councillors of Wexford, for the Selskar Ward, by the resignation of R. W. Ryan, Esq., John Barrington, of Riversfield House, was returned without opposition to fill the vacant seat.

A public meeting was held in Wexford to represent to the Lords of the Admiralty the necessity of improving the entrance to the harbor at Hantoon, and to request the gracious permission of said Lords to permit the Harbor Commissioners to expend the money at present in their hands for that laudable purpose. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were adopted. The chair was occupied by Richard Allen, and the following gentlemen were among those present:

Richard Sinnot (Ex-Mayor), Joseph Furlong, Richard Walsh, James R. Crosbie, Michael Ennis, Simon Lambert, John Roche, J. W. Walsh, Robert Sparrow, Richard Allen, Arthur Kavanagh, P. Lambert, Robert Stafford, Richard Keating, John Walsh, J.P.; Timothy Gafney, P. Roche, Nicholas Murphy, John Barrington, William Caulfield, Andrew Whitty, Robert Sparrow, Jun., William Whitty, Edmund Roche.

Answers to Correspondents.

PATRICK HINCKY, Philadelphia.—A society was established some time ago in this city, for the purpose of sending emigrants out West. We believe that it is no longer in existence. Several families were sent to the Western States while the society was in active operation. Any information respecting eligible localities in the course of the setting sun, can be promptly obtained by applicaton to the former President, Mr. James Mulligan, 25 Grand street, New-York.

NEW-YORK, May 9, 1856.

To the Editors of the IRISH NEWS:

GENTLEMEN:—Having been told that the original of the well-known lithograph of Father Mathew (a portrait in oil, the only one for which he ever sat,) together with the banner presented to him by the ladies of Cork, exists in this city, I am desirous of ascertaining if the report be true, and whether the possessor—whosoever he may be—could be induced to sell them? By imparting the desired information, you will greatly oblige.

Yours truly, A SON OF TEMPERANCE.

We believe that the late Father Mathew sat for his portrait in Cork; but whether it and the flags alluded to are in this city or not, it is impossible for us to say.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1857.

"THE PRESS."

When Proudhon wrote, at the head of his famous brochure, "*La Proprieté c'est le Vol*" (Property is Robbery), the proposition was regarded as too paradoxical even to be examined. The proletaires shrugged their shoulders and sibilated the title as containing its own anathema. Had we not been warned by Proudhon's fate, we might have been tempted by his example to prefix to this paper—

"THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS" IS ANARCHY.

It would not be more irreconcilable than Proudhon's caption. But it would be met with louder reproach and more unmeasured vituperation. So we have preferred the less obnoxious title, "The Press," meaning thereby the *press*, invoked to give sanction to licentiousness, profanity, and lies.

Let us not be misunderstood. That the press should be free, not alone from irresponsible surveillance, lay or clerical, as well as all restrictions of law, but from popular passion and prejudice, is indispensable to public liberty. The freedom of the press, like liberty of conscience, ought to be unlimited. But as for liberty of conscience, *fanaticised* to the detriment or annoyance of the community, there is only pity, and an asylum so far for "the liberty of the press," abused into an instrument of personal or factious malignity, there ought to be opprobrium, if not a prison. A free press is as necessary to enlightened liberty as the air we breathe to our physical existence; and censorship and laws, whereby its action is cramped and confined, are as abhorrent to its healthy development as tight lacing and confined air to the functions of physical nature. But as the most indispensable quality of the air may, by its own excess, convert the highest sources of vitality into agencies of instant death—so the press, degenerating into licentiousness, converts the blessing men had invoked in its name into the deadliest social curse.

Feeling thus towards the Press, we lately hazarded a strong opinion on the sentence of condemnation pronounced in its name against Congress. The charge of corruption, too familiar in the warnings of "the Press," even if just, to exercise any salutary influence, had in that instance become narrowed to a precise and specific issue. It was, too, so direct and tangible, as to suggest the hope that either the corruptionists would be caught in their own springs, or that their accuser would stand convicted as an unscrupulous and audacious liar. This result seemed inevitable, as the accuser proclaimed that an attempt was made to suborn HIM, and his Editor fully adopted his accusation, and made it the basis of slanders promulgated in his own name.

The challenge thus offered, was promptly accepted. The accusers were summoned to the proof. The Editor pleaded ignorance; that is, admitted he had libelled or, more appropriately, belied Congress. The Reporter at first fell back on his PRIVILEGE—"the liberty of the press," which being interpreted, meant the liberty to vilify; but not finding the loss of his own very comfortable, he consented to communicate "in confidence" what the suborner had submitted "in confidence" to him. We say nothing here as to the point of honor; because the proceeding is in the usual canting fashion. This is always the formula of betrayal—"John Smith told me that David Giles stole his purse, but it was in strict confidence, and you'll never tell it to another;" and so the confidants multiply, and so private confidence is publicly prostituted. But what of the confidential confidence? The very man whom it was pretended it would criminate, demanded its publication, as his best defence. Either, then, there was no shadow of ground for the original libel, or this disclosure does not disclose the truth.

The result was the expulsion of the libeller as one who could not be allowed within the hearing of men of honor and veracity. In this the man was wronged, while the system was overlooked. He only fulfilled his mission, and the mission has sprung from the healthy institution of the Press like the fungus from the green and vigorous oak. When the press loses sight of the logic of politics, to pursue the motives of the statesman, journalism becomes espionage and the reporter literally a spy. The vocation is new, is abhorrent to him, and 'tis no wonder he should grope blindly and blunderingly. He cannot expose the infirmities and *invent* the motives of the adversaries of the journal he serves, without a loathing at the heart. But our business is with the journals themselves.

The corruptionist Press of this city, those who proclaimed the guilt of Congress, and demanded examination and punishment, changed their tone with startling suddenness. The *Tribune* abandoned the unlucky provoker of the inquiry, and denounced him. It discovered that no one should prefer a "specified charge," even against Congress, without proof. This was unintelligible, considering that the *Tribune* might well claim the honor of inventing the system. It so chanced, however, that the proofs obtained by the Committee criminated only members of the immaculate party the corruptionist journals sustained. This result eminently justified the sagacity of the *Tribune*.

When it leaked out in Washington—as what will not in a society of letter-writers?—that the committee agreed on the guilt, of four of the party—that is, that the pick-pockets were in the crowd whence were yelled the loudest shouts of "stop thief!"—the letter-writers discovered the proofs were "uncertain," "by no means conclusive," "utterly inadequate," "ridiculous," and "contemptible." They might, indeed, satisfy mere Congressmen; but enlightened "letter writers," "the press?"—pooh! It was forbearance on their part not to meet indignantly (Mr. Simonton in the chair), and adjudge the committee guilty of contempt. Nor was it less amazing that the House dared to act on the report. But so it was; and lo! our neighbors, for once abstaining from impeaching the motives of the House, only cracked grim jokes over the little bantling that had resulted from the parturition of the committee. It was not of that pigmy thing they had spoken—mere nibbling at corruption—a kind of mock experiment on the itching at the palm. *They* spoke of gigantic corruption, of which not even a trace was discovered. For that matter, corruption is our natural and abnormal condition, and absolutely *Anglo-Saxon* in its character. So they hinted.

But the world moves. There is new game afoot. Gen. Cass dons a "blue coat with brass buttons." A blue coat! Nay, he he "walks briskly." And this in the face of the "press" holding garrison at the Capital. But hark! what is this we hear? Why, in the same dread presence, "the General dashes through Pennsylvania avenue in a splendid equipage, with liveried servants." Here is audacity, indeed. But the "press" must have its revenge. It is its business to find out and inform where any man having an equipage or liveries, finds them, or rather *steals* them. Where did old Cass get them? He was once "Governor of a Territory," and "robbed."

Come we now to the subject which has principally challenged alike our apprehensions and disgust—the reckless slanders of the "press" in reference to the Dred Scott case. This case was for some time under advisement. But while yet pending, the *Tribune* anticipated the decision, and pronounced it in advance "corrupt," thus falsifying, in advance, too, the pretences on which the present denunciations of the same paper are based. The pretended infirmity of the Court's reasoning is now advanced as proof of its corruption, as if a man could not be weak of head without being putrid of heart. But the guilt was pronounced before the arguments were known, and hence the conclusion inferred from their insufficiency is not alone a logical fallacy, but an absolute falsehood in its very inception. From his own motives did the writer in the *Tribune* deduce his first conclusions, and from those motives, and those alone, does he draw his last.

Finally, the judgment of the Court was given, and the *Tribune* thus promulgated its slanders in its regard.

"The *long trumpeted* decision in the Dred Scott case was pronounced yesterday by Judge Taney, having been held over since last year, in order not too flagrantly to alarm and exasperate the Free States on the eve of an important Presidential election."

Judge Taney avers that the delay was owing to a difference among the members of the Court, which rendered a re-hearing expedient.

If the two assertions stood alone, no one could hesitate as to which he would believe; because the Judge spoke from a knowledge of the facts, the Editor from a licentious suggestion of his own motives. Nay, had the Judge been silent, according to the *Tribune's* ethics, the charge being "specific," ought not be made without profit; that is, should be regarded as a wilful slander. But the motives for the corruption of the Court are falsified by the *Tribune* itself, for the decision was "long trumpeted," and therefore the "flagrant alarm" of the Free States was at its height "on the eve of the Presidential election, excited by this very trumpeting." As for the exasperation, not of the "Free States," but of the fanatics, it needed no stimulus, and, if it did, and that they could become madder than they were, God help all national people.

In the same issue of the *Tribune* (March 7) a "letter-writer" reverses the judgment of the Supreme Court in this wise:

"Chief Justice Taney's opinion was long, elaborate, able and Jesuitical. His arguments were based on gross historical falsehoods, and bold assumptions."

Curt, courteous, and positive this. Let the venerable Chief henceforth hide his head. He has been pronounced, nay adjudged, "*grossly false.*" Of what avail now his long, useful, and hitherto unblemished life? He had been supposed learned, wise, constitutional and incorruptible. The illusion is dispelled. He is unmasked, convicted and condemned by

> "The *secret* enemy whose sleepless eye
> Stands sentinel, accuser, judge and spy.

True *his judge* is nameless, may be characterless, brainless, heartless. He may have never quoted a line of the history he says the Chief Justice so "grossly falsifies." Supported by a name and position, his charges, without proof, would be reckless slanders; issued from behind a mask, they are the slanders of an assassin. And yet these slanders, uttered against a man in the highest position in the Republic, clothed with its most sacred duties and invested with its holiest trust, are adopted by the "Press," trumpeted into the public ear, as if derived from exclusive sources of information, and stamped with editorial approval.

Another "letter writer," (spy is not a polite word and we are compelled to prefer the other designation,) writing on the 9th, informs the world that the Court has "sullied its ermine"—of English importation this surely—has "polluted its garments," "has hurried to infamy," "has violated its own rules and sacrificed principle," and voluntarily "degraded its character." So far the "letter writer."

The *Tribune* of the 10th, thus improves upon his industry:

"No wonder that the Chief Justice should have sunk his voice to a whisper, conscious as he must have been that the decision which he promulgated had been arrived at on grounds totally different from those he indicated in the opinion, that opinion being but a mere collation of false statements and shallow sophistries—knowing that he was engaged in a pitiful attempt to impose on the public."

We stop here. Our selections have been few, but they are full and pregnant with proof of anarchical licentiousness. Had the Chief Justice been even an ordinary citizen only, the slanders are so utterly reckless, as to suggest a state of unmitigated moral anarchy—the editorial sanctuary converted into a bar-room, where he who is most secure can rail the loudest. But let us not wrong the rowdies. Perhaps that even they sometimes discuss and judge acts on their own merits, and without reference to the motives of the actors. Had the "press" done so, we would have been content. Had it pronounced the decision of the Supreme Court erroneous, foolish, absurd, contemptible, and reversed it according to its own law and its own logic, it may stand for what it is worth; arrogance usually contains in itself the germs of its own death. Here the enormity of the slander is in its sacrilege, and the sacrilege is but a reflex of its cowardice. No man would dare to say of another to his face what every hidden and hired libeller says with impunity of the Chief Justice and the Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of the United States has been set apart from the turmoil of politics, and placed above the anger of the Executive, and the caprice and fickleness of the popular will. It has been surrounded with ample guarantees, and the very solemnity of these guarantees operates not only as an assurance that it may, but as a warning that it should, discharge its lofty duties without fear favor or affection. Its leisure, its resources, its appliances, its entire independence, are so regulated and adapted to its needs as to secure a full, calm, unbiassed consideration of every subject submitted to it. If criminal it be, its crime is not only heinous beyond all comparison, but utterly wanton, entirely without inducement, without fear of punishment or hope of reward. The highest achievement in favor of liberty in England was securing the independence of the Bench of Justice. All that England struggled for so long was accomplished here from the outset. The worldly destiny of the Judges of the Supreme Court is fulfilled when they ascend the Bench. Henceforth they owe no responsibility but to God. Their guilt then, if guilty they be, must be immeasurable. They are the last resource of justice in this country, the final tribunal to which injured man can appeal for all the rights guaranteed by the Constitution.

But guiltier than they even, where guilty, is he who falsely accuses them. So, too, is he who rashly accuses them. His blow equally aims at the destruction of public confidence, and public confidence is indispensable to the well-being of the State. Shake commercial confidence and you have at least partial bankruptcy. Destroy constitutional guarantees, and universal anarchy is inevitable.

It has so chanced in this case that the members of the Court have differed among themselves; nay, the agreeing majority have so differed. If those who find fault with the decision be justified in ascribing it to corruption, are not those who do not, equally justified in ascribing the dissent to the same cause? Suppose future elections were to be on this issue, then whatever side met defeat could not expect justice; nay, the successful party must reject the idea of fair play. And so it may come to pass that we would have a judiciary of thieves, or what may be still worse, a judiciary of irresponsible slanderers. Then as-

surediy the liberty of the "press"—to-wit: the liberty to libel, would be unchecked, and no sane man could doubt that such "LIBERTY OF THE PRESS WAS ANARCHY."

THE DRED SCOTT CASE, IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

The recent decision of the Dred Scott case by the Supreme Court of the United States, the highest tribunal known to our laws, settling, as it does, some of the gravest questions ever presented to the notice of a court, and having already called forth the most severe criticism and the most violent personal abuse directed by a shameless partisan press against a majority of that august, pure and learned body, demands from us a few explanatory remarks.

As our readers must by this time be familiar with the facts of the case, we abstain from re-capitulating them, and confine our remarks to the principles involved in the decision.

In the first place, thhe Court decides that Dred Scott being a Negro of pure African blood, whose ancestors were brought into this country and sold as slaves, is not a citizen of the United States, or of the State of Missouri, and is therefore not entitled to sue in the Courts of the United States. Upon the facts of the case there can be no possible doubt of the correctness of this conclusion. Those who maintain the contrary opinion—that a Free Negro enjoys the same political privileges as a White man—need only to be referred to our own State laws for their answer. It is beyond dispute, that even in the Free States they are endowed with none of the qualities of a CITIZEN, except by special enactment; and by the laws of the State of New-York, the provisions for their benefit are accompanied by such limitations and restrictions as to deprive the great mass of our Negro population of any political position in the community. The Court then takes the further ground that these limited rights, specially granted by a State, which may give to a Negro the character of a citizen within the State limits, do not necessarily confer upon him the rights of a citizen of the United States, which are only derived from the provisions of the Federal Constitution.

Having decided the plea in abatement against the plaintiff's capacity to sue in the United States Courts, and having dismissed the case for want of jurisdiction, it is contended by some that the opinions expressed by the Court on the other questions which involve the true merits of the case, are to be regarded as mere *dicta* of the individual judges, without the force or weight of a judicial determination. Though we can readily conceive how an examination and decision of the remaining questions may be essential to a proper finding upon the question of jurisdiction, yet, as in the very imperfect report of the opinions hitherto published, we have not seen any remarks upon this subject except in the opinion of Justice Catron, we abstain from further comment on the point until we shall be in possession of a full report of the opinions, and we simply suggest to the wiseacres who differ in advance with the Court on this point, that propriety would seem to dictate that they should imitate our example.

So far as we have been able to ascertain the views of the Court, upon the questions which have for some time past agitated the country, they are sound and conclusive, and, if necessary to the decision of the case of Dred Scott, will settle that agitation for ever.

According to our understanding of the decision, they hold that the ordinance of 1787, so far as it relates to the territory previously ceded to the United States by the State of Virginia, being the act of the several States prior to the adoption of the Constitution, and being acquiesced in by Virginia, is valid—that as to all territory acquired or held by the United States, it is held by them as the representative and trustee of the people of the United States, for their equal and common benefit—that the right to acquire carries with it the right to preserve—that Congress therefore, has an undoubted right as such trustee, to legislate for the territories, subject only to the restrictions of the Constitution.

The Court then holds that the act of 1820, known as the Missouri Compromise, by which slavery was prohibited north of the line 36° 30′, is unconstitutional and void. The grounds of this decision have been much misconstrued, owing to the fact that the very pith of the opinion of the Court, on this point, is omitted in all the hitherto published reports in our daily papers. The writer was present during the delivery of that part of the opinion by the venerable Chief Justice, and can, therefore from recollection, supply the deficiency, to some extent. But first, to show the evil of hasty judgment, and the eagerness of a portion of the press to denounce the action of the Court before they have been properly informed of its views, we quote the following remarks from the *Tribune*. Referring, in terms the elegance of which we will not question, to the opinion of the majority of the highest Court in the country, it says:

"The five slaveholders suddenly discover that the right, and even the mere fact of the acquisition of territory, carries with it, constitutional provision or no constitutional provision, the right, of necessity, to make all needful rules and regulations for its government.

* * * * * * *

"Such being the case, what need is there of any disputation about the meaning and extent of the authority of Congress to make all needful rules and regulations for the Territories, since the power to govern those Territories, or cause them to be governed, to the full extent ever contended for by anybody, is conceded by the Court to appertain to Congress, as the inevitable consequence of their acquisition? If this new discovery of the inherent powers of Congress to govern the Territories is going to rehabilitate all the other legislation of Congress in relation to the Territories, why not the Ordinance of 1787, and the Missouri Compromise among the rest? The only attempt of the five slaveholders to escape from this consequence is to be found in the following paragraph:

"But there can never be a mere discretionary power over persons and property. These are plainly defined by the Constitution. The Constitution provides that 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances,' &c. Thus the rights of property are united with the personal rights, and this extends to the Territories as well as to the States. Congress cannot authorize the Territories to do what it cannot do itself; it cannot confer on the Territories power to violate the provisions of the Constitution.

"When the five slaveholders shall first have pointed out the clause in the Constitution which prohibits Congress from making any law abolishing Slavery, or which refers to slaves as property, it will be quite time enough to relinquish as unconstitutional the Ordinance of '87 and the Missouri Prohibition."

Now it happens that the Supreme Court have in their majority opinion pointed out the desired clause, and it is that very material part which by some strange accident is entirely omitted in the newspaper reports of the opinion. Chief Justice Taney quoted the section of the Constitution, which provides that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or *property* without due process of law," and held that it certainly could not be contended that a mere act of Congress such as the Missouri prohibition was within the meaning of the words "due process;" and that Congress could no more lawfully pass or authorize the Territories to pass an act which would deprive persons of their property, than one establishing a religion, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press. As to recognition of slave property by the Constitution, if it be not recognized it is rather remarkable, when, as every one knows, there is in it a distinct provision for the extradition of fugitive slaves escaping from one State to another.

But we forbear from further commentary on the subject at present. In the meantime, without endorsing the doctrine of a distinguished English jurist, that it would be well for men if they only obeyed the laws without inquiring into the wisdom or expediency of making them, we would suggest that as the court does not decide a case until after a full hearing, those who assume to sit in judgment upon the court itself should, by every principle of law and justice, pursue a similar practice.

A HOME FOR THE EX-PRESIDENT.

One of the Virginia papers proposes to raise subscriptions sufficient to purchase a home in the South for ex-President Pierce. The suggestion has met with a ready response from several Southern journals. It is urged that Mr. Pierce, having been taken away from his profession to the Presidency, has been damaged very much in his worldly prospects—that had he remained at the bar, he would have earned a competency "ere old age and the toils of his profession had dimmed his talents or exhausted his strength,"—that he is a poorer man than when he ascended the steps of the capitol as chief magistrate—and that having shown himself a true and faithful follower of the Constitution, the South should guard against the necessity which might drive the ex-President to return to the bleak hills of New Hampshire, "to spend," says the Savannah *Journal*, "his remaining days in the seclusion of straitened circumstances, surrounded by a people insensible to the high and noble impulses which have characterized the man."

The motives indicated by the proposition, and the prompt sympathy accorded to it, are truly characteristic of that generosity and gallantry for which the South gets, and deserves to get credit. The facts, at the same time, are peculiarly suggestive, and would seem to warn lawyers in good practice from allowing themselves to be made Presidents of the Republic, as the act must necessarily stop their practice; ruin their business habits, as assumed by our cotemporary, and thereby prevent their holding that position in the profession which might guaranty success when the President ceasing to be the servant of the People is promoted to be one of them.

The question then arises for the philosopher—whether four years' possession of the greatest and proudest office in the gift of freemen to bestow, and the historic fame which must wait on the chosen one of such freemen—are sufficient recompense for the ponderous responsibilites in office, and the personal oblivion that follows the expiration of it? There is a grandeur in the extremes which no European statesman can justly comprehend; and which only the simplicity of the American Government on the one hand, and the activity of the American people on the other, can qualify. The first gives the Presidency an importance superior to any representative position in the world, while the second, in giving a successor to the executive, allows the ex-President to retreat with a silence which, even his most ardent admirers, rarely desire to obtrude upon.

In the present instance, the expression of opinion in the South, consequent upon the suggestion above stated, must be as gratifying to Mr. Pierce, from its rarity at such times, as from the heartiness with which it recognises his services.

OUTRAGE UPON EMIGRANT GIRLS.

A trial, which excited a good deal of public interest, has been going on in Brooklyn for the last week—the case of Joseph Jackson, charged, in connection with a person named Dixon, with rape on the person of Catherine Sullivan, at Sheep's Head Bay, in August last. Prosecutrix and her comrade, Jane Muldoon, who were inexperienced emigrant girls, had then just arrived on board the "*City of Brooklyn*." The captain introduced them to those men, and requested them to procure respectable lodgings for the girls; but, instead of doing so, they brought them to an hotel at Sheep's Head Bay, where, as charged in the indictment, the person of Catherine Sullivan was violated; but Dixon was unable to accomplish his object on Jane Muldoon, who was subsequently dragged into a wood, on her return to Brooklyn, held down by two men, and there ravished.

The defence set up is, that the girls were not unwilling parties to the transaction, and the evidence to sustain this view of the case is, that they drank with the defendants, and even laughed while on their way to Sheep's Head Bay. It is not considered improper in the old country for girls, moving in their class of society, to drink with men and receive other civil attentions. It certainly would never be construed into a permission to take improper liberties with them, much less to commit the offence charged against those men. If they were consenting parties, why should they have complained or made the matter public? or why should Jane have successfully, as she swears she did, resist the attempt of Dixon in the hotel? Innocent girls, coming to this country, unacquainted with the customs of society here, and unsuspicious of the villainy and ruffianism which swarm around our docks, require the strong arm of the law to be stretched forth for their protection. But even a conviction by a jury and the meting out of the severest punishment by the Court, cannot reach the numerous evils attendant upon emigration to our large cities.

Other agencies are required and other regulations, in addition to those already in existence at Castle Garden, to preserve the unprotected emigrant girl from the clutches of the prowling vagabonds who exist by crime and trade upon seduction. For one case of infamy, such as the present, which meets the light, hundreds of others are concealed from the public gaze, the perpetrators escape the punishment of the law, and the just indignation of all good citizens.

The Nicarauguan news published elsewhere indicates the cheering position of the red Star on the pathway of Empire. The *George Law*, with later dates, arrived on the 16th. The Panama *Star* learns from Colonel Kinney, that the reported capture of Castillo by Walker's party is not true. The *Star* is quite as good authority as Colonel Kinney, has about as good means of learning the truth, and quite as little reason for stating it; both being unrelentingly opposed to the President of Nicaragua.

TOPICS.

Miss Teresa Esmonde will give a reading at the Stuyvesant Institute, on the evening of the 23d. We have so frequently recorded our opinion of this brilliant young lady's powers, and the useful nature of her readings; which in addition to her popularity renders it is needless to do more at present than allude to the very interesting programme chosen for the evening's entertainment. It includes fine pieces from Irish and American writers, to wit—Mrs. Stephens, Sheridan Knowles, Moore, Longfellow, De Jean, Dr. Mackenzie, Dr. Holmes, Francis Davis (the Belfast man), D. F. MacCarthy and others.

John Brougham, after a most brilliant engagement at Burton's Theatre has returned to the Bowery.

The Democracy of Tennessee are already organizing for the Gubernatorial canvass. The two most prominent candidates for the nomination are Mr. Harris, of Memphis, and Hon. Andrew Ewing, of Nashville.

Literature.

IRISH LIFE IN AMERICA.

BY TWO STUDENTS.

CHRISTY CONWAY'S EXPECTATIONS.

"Almost everybody has," said Mr. Milliken, "some one speck in the future on which his eyes are especially fixed. And it must be owned that honest Christy is less of a sky-scraper in this respect than many of his neighbors. His expectations are not without a coloring of probability, though they may be somewhat overweening.

"When Billy Conway first went to America," continued Mr. Milliken, setting one heel upon the fender for a story, which—as the event provided—he was not to tell, "it was about thirteen or fourteen years ago, he was richer in books than in pounds, and in brains than in either. His library was small, but he depended more on what he carried inside than outside his head; and the greater part of that was gathered honey-wise from everybody's—"

"Come in!" interrupted Mrs. Milliken, in response to a knock at the parlor door. "I beg your pardon, my dear. Well, Christy, is this you?"

"'Tis myself, ma'am, for want o' better. I come to ask your honor, sir, for the loant o' the roller for a day."

"You can have it, Christy, and welcome," replied Mr. Milliken, with a crusty kind of graciousness.

"We were just talking of your rich cousin," said Mrs. Milliken. "How was it that he came to make so much money?"

"Crabbedly enough thin, ma'am; an', begannies, quarily enough too," answered Christy, putting his hat behind his back, and making at his waist a sort of resting point for the narrative which he felt was about to be drawn from him.

For my part, I could not help smiling at those two sides to the one story. There were the two men equally prepared to tell it two ways. Politeness notwithstanding, we, listeners, looked towards the natural interpreter of Billy Conway's fortunes.

"'Tis just thirteen years, ladies, sence he wint next harvest—next Fall, as they call it in the States. He had more books than pounds in his pocket, and that wasn't saying much, for them same worn't numerous with him."

"Well, but his head was full," observed Aunt Helen, as a little jerking change in Mr. Milliken's position made Christy pause and look at him.

"There wasn't a bad share in it, ma'am, considhering his opportunities. He got his learning as the bees gather honey: here an' there an' everywhere; an' he was an apt scholar."

"But when he went over?" suggested Mrs. Milliken.

"Whin he got over, ma'am, the books worn't long a burthen to him. The little penny o' money he could take with him wasn't long going, and he had to sell the books. He found it very hard entirely to get any sort o' situation in New-York. He had Simpson's Traitise upon Euclid, complate; and Gough's Arithmetic, complate; and he had to sell 'em for four shillings—an' glad he was to get it—an' that was his last vinture. But, egor! as he was afther disposin' of 'em, he was walking along Broadway, whin who should he see but a man he knew from the ould country. 'What brings you here, neighbor?' says he. 'The ould story,' says Billy, says he; 'two things—the want o' something to do, and the want o' bein' able to do 'ithout it.' 'You're the very man I wanted to meet,' says the other; 'or, at laste, you're the sort of man. I'm settled up in Albany, and I have a large family, and am in want of somebody to tache them. Will you come up with me and see if we can't agree about the matter?

"He wint to Albany; an' he stayed there for a week without aither of them sayin' wan word about business: he tachin' the children, an' the father an' mother highly plaised with his information. Well, whin the week was out he called Billy an' says to him, 'Neighbor,' says he, 'I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you your board and a pound a month if you're satisfied to stay with us.'

"'I was offered a dollar a day—that's twenty-four shillings British a week—for breaking stones,' says Billy, 'an' I'm not goin' to stay with you for a pound a month, by no manes; that would be turning myself to a poor account,' says he. 'But I'll make you an offer, neighbor, an' that offer will be this—I have a brother in New-York, that didn't get any sort of employment yet. He's a schoolmaster, too, an' if you board us both an' give us the twelve pounds aich, we'll stay with you for a year an' maybe longer.'

"'I'm your man,' says the man of the house, 'write for your brother and I'll board ye both, and give ye twelve pounds a a piece.'

"So said, so done. The brother came up to Albany, an' they both set to tache the children, an' had enough to do—there was only twelve of them, big an' little as they wor, God bless 'em. They wor lucky children for Billy an' Dave; an' for more of us, maybe. Well, ladies, they worked the year out, an' at the ind of it they had their money to the good, all to the price of their clothes. They thin consinted to stay another year upon the the ould terms. But whin that was out, Billy was anxious to be doin' somethin' brisker, as you may say, in the way o' the schoolin' business; an' he an' Dave gave up the situations, an' off they set to Philadelphia, 'the Quaker City,' an' there they set up an Academy."

"Where schoolmasters were wanted, I dare say," remarked Mrs. Milliken, with a smile.

"'Twas so it proved ma'am," resumed Christy, "though at the first goin' off it didn't seem so. The first week or tin days they got so few scholars that it set Billy to keep Dave from returning to the old place, where he knew the man 'ud be glad to take him back again. But they persevared, and in a month's time they had a fine school; an' from that day out it increased with them till they med their fortune."

"And then Billy came home, I suppose?" said Aunt Helen.

"Not out of hand, ma'am. They—people do dhroll things to be sure—they med an oath to aich other, with respect to ye, ladies, they took their oaths never to marry; but to prove thrue to wan another, and to stay together as long as it would plaise God to lave 'em to be together for good an' all. When they gev up schooling, they tuk a farm and stocked it; an' afther that was done, they divided their money into two parts, an' lodged wan in the bank—eight hundred pounds—and Billy tuk the other part—three hundred pounds—an' come away over the salt say home again. I was the first man o' the Conways he cum to. He stud for my eldest little boy, an' besides I was his cousin-german, an', as he said, I had two claims on him, an' he wasn't the man to deny nor to forget aither of them. Whin he had stayed a spill with us, he wint up and down till he saw all the friends; and to every man o' 'em he gev tin pounds—no more an' no less. Wherever he was, there was but wan thing he required of us: let us be wan or twenty miles from a town, we should have mate for him at breakfast, dinner and supper. I suppose he was used to it an' couldn't do 'ithout it. However, have it he should."

"That was no inconvenience to you, Christy," said Mrs. Milliken.

"It was not, ma'am. Though maybe only for his own tin pounds 'twould be as they say to the people in regard to the Church: a man may be near the market, an' yet far enough from the mate."

"Aye, indeed," said Aunt Helen; "Henry the Fourth's wish for his people is far enough from being realised for ours."

"Eh, ma'am?" interrupted Christy.

"Every Irishman cannot yet have a piece of meat in his pot, Christy."

"That 'ud be having an America at home, ma'am. We'd be content short o' that, if we could only stay at home!" Here poor Christy paused and sighed, looking vacantly into the air, as though the sights and sounds of emigration were passing before him there. "Well, God's holy will be done!" he said, after a while, breaking from his revery.

"But what of your part in this good man's money?" asked Aunt Helen.

"That's to come, ma'am, if he keeps his word with us—an' I have no raison to doubt him. When he was ready to go back to his brother, he told us—an' meself in perticular—to send our children to school, any of 'em that worn't at it, an' to keep 'em steady at their larnin' till we'd hear from him; an' that he calculated it 'ud be four years from that time before they'd be fit to have much done for 'em; an' we'd have an account then from him, he said, an' not before. He bid us not to expect so much as a scratch of a pen from him till the four years 'ud be up, an' that'll be next June. Last June three years he come here; and next June we'll hear from him if he's a living man."

"And if not, Christy?" said Mr. Milliken.

"If not, we'll be where we were," responded Christy, stoutly; "at any rate, larning is no load here nor there. The young wans are all the betther for the schooling. But I don't think that at all likely, ma'am. He was a healthy man, an' wasn't old, an' he wanted for nothing; so I don't see anything likely to ail him between this and then."

"Well, Christy," said Mrs. Milliken, "I sincerely hope not, for your sake as well as for his own! Do you know now that there is a good deal of practical wisdom in this held-out expectation—bringing one to the helping point by the use of means which of themselves may render him independent of it even if disappointed."

"Yes," said Aunt Helen, "he knew something more than books taught him"

"He was always a keen fellow," added Christy, with a tolerable notion of the gist of what our friends had said. "An' America is jist the place, be all accounts, for a man to cut his wise teeth in. But even if he brakes his word with me, I'm not 'ithout hopes that the children will find a helping hand over, if we think well of sending any of 'em. There's a letther come this week from a *cochlein* of mine—"

"A what?" said Mrs. Milliken.

"A sisther o' their mother's ma'am. I was jist taking it down to wan that's mintioned in it. Maybe, as ye're curious about the other side o' the wather, ladies, maybe ye might like to—"

"Oh, very much, if you please, Christy," interrupted I, reaching my hand for the letter which, while he spoke, he had been fumbling out of his pocket. "If there is nothing in it of family matters which you might wish kept to yourselves."

"Nothing in life, Miss, that them that got it would grudge to the family here, nor you aither, Miss, last not laste," he added, putting the letter in my hand. "The wan that wrote it 'ud be proud that any of ye 'ud remember her."

"Read it," said Mrs. Milliken.

"My dear Father and Mother:—I write these few lines to you, hoping you are well in health, and my brothers and sisters, as this leaves us all here at present, thanks be to God! We are all doing well here. Patrick Davis and wife and child are all well. Bridget and Hannah are living with Mary, and they both are to work in a shop and doing first rate. Hannah is living next house to us. We are all as pleasant as the best folks in this country. We all have one mind. We are consulted by each other. James has constant work. We are at least as happy as any one belonging to us, and perhaps happier and better off. We can wear the best of clothes and sit down to the best food under heaven, and no great trouble. But, believe me, this country is not so good as represented. Everybody coming here has not the same luck that we had. You will find poor people enough here. Bridget felt very sorry you did not get the letter she wrote to you last September, as there was a sovereign in gold in it. But we dread lest it was Aby kept it; and after all we did for Aby, he never returned us the smallest thanks. We did all sisters could do for a brother, and he never gave us back one cent for our trouble, nor the smallest help to send you. He is doing for himself in one of the Western States. He is in good health. We got a letter from him lately. William Dennison was here on a visit for a week—it was to read your letter. He is doing well and in good health. About the shoes being left under the bed, don't let that trouble you, and let us know what trouble it has given you.* We got a letter from Peggy, and a droll letter it was. Try all you can to keep little Mary and Ellen to school, and James and Denny. Keep them to school. We expect to have them out here soon. Bridget wants to know who reported she was married? So she is not, and she says she is your loving child, Bridget Callaghan still, and will try and do all in her power for you. All your daughters write in one accordance to tell you that if you would wish to come out here they will send and pay a passage for you. All our love to little Minny. Hannah wishes to know if Aunt Bridget is as fretful about the world as she always was?

"And father and mother, give our best love to all those kind people who did serve you in distress, and believe me, we perhaps could one day or another brand those people on the contrary with the stamp of infamy, who have frowned upon you in your need and trouble. And the wheel is turning nocturnally and diurnally, and perhaps, please God, we might retaliate all in their own leaven. We hear all things here as well as at home. We have a father and brother in Richard Tracy, and he wishes as we do to have you out here. Mick Conolly—our cousin Mick, I mean, that taught the national school—is living here with his uncle, and is in good health. Now, dear parents, your children. Bridget has sent you £1, Mary £1, Hannah £1, and Margaret £1—£4 in all. With a good and cheerful heart we do send it. And keep up your spirits, and call into Narry Dennison's, you and mother, and take a glass of the best stuff the house can afford, and take sweet things home to the children. Let us know how Patrick Lynch follows on, and all the cousins and swaggering fellows in that quarter of the globe. Our best love to Dr. Downing and John Mahony, &c. We hear no more relief is got from poor-houses in Ireland. It is 10 minutes past 9, and we are in a hurry to go to bed. Hannah is finishing a pair of socks for the baby, and she says she will be married before Bridget and Margaret. Good bye. We are your dutiful and affectionate children, All Callaghans Together."

"That's quite a little picture," observed Mrs. Millikin: "the girl finishing the stockings, and flinging her jest across the room at her soberer sisters."

"But what has that to do with your man, Christy?"

"Why, you see, Ma'am, these girls bein' friends' children o' mine, an' they living in the city of York—and Billy is a'most a neighbor o' theirs—'twould be an easy matter for 'em—"

"To send you intelligence of your rich kinsman, and your coming good fortune?" put in Mr. Millikin.

"Why, sir, a man 'ud like to know what he had to look to," replied Christy, evasively.

"I thought you said, a while ago, that he had led you to do nothing but what must tend to better your family, in case you never hear from him again."

"Why, thin, that's true, your Honor."

"But you are a son of Mother Eve's, Christy," added Aunt Helen.

"I can't deny it, ma'am."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Milliken, "if you would take our advice, Christy, you would send no daughter of Eve's inquiring after your cousin or his proceedings. Very well meaning people will sometimes have their own way of doing a kindness, and he may not like to be crossed in his."

"Faix, thin, that never occurred to me. Billy, sir, was always for a way of his own; and begannies! I won't be the man to cross him. I won't send next nor near him. An' I'm very much obliged to the misthriss and yourself, for putting me off my foolish notion. An' good evenin' to your Honor an' the ladies."

"Will he keep his word?" said Mrs. Mrs. Milliken.

"I think he will," answered Mr. M., "he does not want good sense."

"You have done him, perhaps, an inestimable service," said Aunt Helen. "Now, his family are like those in the fable—while digging for a treasure that may never come, they are securing a means of livelihood in the ordinary and sounder way of getting at good fortune. If Billy Conway is mad, as folks used hint, his madness is of the oracular kind."

"I confess," said I, "to having some sympathy with Christy's longing for a peep into the skies of next June."

"The clouds, say," said Aunt Helen. "Would you give the months from this to then to get at Christy's fortunes?"

"Oh, no, indeed. I have a great many things I hope to have done by that time."

So here closes the first chapter of Christy's expectations. We must wait till the future, with its great leaf-cutter, opens up the second. Mr. Milliken seems to suspect that Billy Conway is of the true Lycurgus stamp of legislator, and really means to let Christy's expectations work themselves out altogether. But an old leaning to the wishing-cap—to say nothing of the man's earnest promise—inclines me to hold faith with Christy himself, that "next June will make a man of him."

"Welcome Buchanan," is the title of a sound Democratic document, in the shape of a song by Mrs. Kate Luby. It is spirited, arranged to a Scotch tune, and suitable for Democrats to chant singly or in chorus. A good likeness of the President graces the title page, which announces that is published by Horace Waters, Broadway.

M. Lamartine, in a circular to the subscribers to his monthly work, the *Cours Familie de Literature*, asks for a renewal of their subscription for the second year, on the grounds that he considers them as a family of friends, and not as a public, and that their benevolence towards himself personally had more to do with their subscribing originally, than their literary curiosity.

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* Putting the shoes of a sick person under the bed is supposed to be a fatal omen. Possibly, too, the superstition may be referred to the absent.

SAINT ANNE'S WELL.

I.

Adown the loved valley of sweet Glan-nis-mole,
The Dodder's wild waters in bright rapture roll;
And woo the brown heath in its winding career,
Like a young lover stealthily pressing his dear:
Or yet, like the red Indian tracing the spot,
Where the white man has ravished his primeval cot;
And it steals and it foams, half in fear, half in joy,
Like a girl all beauty, all pride like a boy.
Looming over this valley, where Solitude reigns,
In all the wild stillness that Nature enchains,
Kippure has his throne—where defying the gale
Castle-Kelly enwraps with weird shadows the vale—
His head in the clouds, as though bound with a crown,
His sceptre the rays of the sun streaming down,
His courtiers, Bal-mannoch, Cornaun, See-Finane,
From the Brakes to green Tallaght he boasts his domain:
And the golden spears glistening like sentinels stand,
Near the throne of the Chief of this bright valley-land.
With his face to the Liffey, his back to Glancree,
Echo sings, as bard should, of his proud chieftaincy;
And the wind sweeping down—like the gray wizard powers
Of Homer, or Ossian, that Homer of ours—
Thrills the heather, like harp-strings, that vibrating loud,
Make invisible chorus between cliff and cloud,
And hover with many a mystical *rann*
O'er the fountain of goodness—the Well of St. Anne.

II.

The well calmly springs on the wild brocken side
Like a tear on the cheek of a soul sanctified—
A sister of charity, given by bliss
To cure with its virtues, and cool with its kiss!
And dear is this valley!—ah, yes, ever dear
Are the scenes that are linked with a smile or a tear—
That thrilled us with pleasure, or filled us with pain,
In the noonday of life, and youth's royal domain!
What can be more dear than that one lonely place,
Where youth met its reflex in some young loved face!
Saw the tremors, and wooings, the kissings, and then
Saw the quarrels and sobs, yea, and kissing again;
Where the vale was our study—our music the brooks—
The graveyard our library—tombstones our books;
And the Ruin, a monitor graybeard profound,
Full of pride in his charge of the records around.
And our Wells—holy Wells! that our loved legends link—
Making sinew and soul of our past glory drink—
To the heroes that fought, and the lances that sprung
As the Sage counselled battle, or the Poet war sung!
They are dear to our hearts: and remind dreaming man
Of the Action he's heir to!—dear Well of St. Anne.

III.

Its waters are clear, and as pure as the soul
Of the saint that endowed it. Beneath a green knoll
It peacefully slumbers in hallowed repose,
And though always brimming, it never o'erflows;
For a sideling trickle leads off the blest flow,
When its breast is too full, to the Dodder below;
And skirts by the little church Kilmosantan,
Where the green ivy close the old ruin doth span,
And clings like a lover, whose constancy wages
A war with old Time—growing fonder through ages!
On these lonely waters the saint left a spell,
Which faith have the people, and thence to the well
They fly for its draughts; for the power Saint Anne
Bestowed on the spring was, that if mortal man
Was maimed, ill, but faith had, he'd surely get ease
If he creep from the church to the well on his knees.
Methinks few e'er try—for devious the path
To the sage or the sickling; and the maimed one who hath
Strength eno' to proceed, needs less the spell, than
Stout patience he'd want to suit goodly Saint Anne.

IV

Sweet Vale! Holy Well! shall this heart e'er forget,
This mind to thee die, or my sun of thought set
On the days I have lingered beside thy clear tide;
Or with those my heart clung to, clomb thy hill side?
Pointing out the old raths, where the sage peasant told
Me, the fairies and spreethauns their wild revels hold;
When I merrily laughed, and he solemnly chid;
Adjuring me gravely to "mind what I did,"
Lest the "wee folk" in vengeance should give me a stroke;
Then I danced on the rath, half in doubt half in joke,
And he, shaking his head, strolled away, chiding still,
And praying, "Heaven help my irreverent will."
Shall those scenes pass away, when afar I am gone?
No! as steel to the magnet, I ever cling on!
No! my heart never shall at that picture decay;
Though I float the St. Lawrence, the famed thrush's lay
Of Glan-nis-mole's valley shall still charm mine ear,
And the wild Dodder's carol yet louder I'll hear
Than Niagara's chorus: the Ivy's fresh love,
To my heart, as its temple, wherever I rove,
Will cling like a mantle to warm its veins,
With love for its youth's home, while feeling remains:
The church where I've dreamed all the summer days fair,
The cascades that burst like some wild Irish air—
Which flashing and fading—its force is scarce felt,
The passions so quick into low murmurs melt—
The furze-gilded uplands—the briar-bound brooks,
The moss-mottled crags, where the sun his last looks—
The Brakes, where the hills, shutting Wicklow out, stand,
Like the bulwarks and guards of some Bard's promised land—
And each hill, whose gray brow, bound with heath purple-brown
Seems a king with his iron but silken-cased crown—
Ah! where'er I may roam, these in fancy I'll scan,
And my mouth shall be still cool with draughts from Saint Anne.

JOHN SAVAGE.

NOTE.—Kippure, Castle-Kelly, Ball-mannoch, Cornaun (better known as the old hill of Rollinstown, and at present called Montpeller,) See-Finane, &c., are the names of hills which form part of the range of Dublin mountains, and look down into the valley of Glan-nis-mole. Kippure is at the remote end of the valley. The Dodder rises in this hill from three springs, which join a short way down, and thence united, spring into the vale. Kilmosantan is the ruin of a primitive Christian church, situate between the River and the Well, and about two hundred yards from the latter. The "Golden Spears" are the two conical mountains of Wicklow, better known as the "Sugar Loaves."

The above was originally published in the *Waterford Chronicle* in 1848; and afterwards collected into the "Lays of the Fatherland," by the author, in 1850. The kind mention of it by several American critics writing on Irish poetry since, has induced the Author to free it as much as possible from the inaccuracies consequent upon a hasty publication originally, and without a glance even at the proof sheets. It has been altered, added to, and almost re-written—it is to be hoped for the better.

WILLIAM B. McCABE.

The following article from the *Saunders' News-letter*, of Dublin, recording the distinguished recognition of the merits of a widely known Irish author, will be read with interest generally, and by none more than the friends of Professor Kempston, who is a near relative of the gentleman to whom the annexed is a brilliant tribute:

There is no fact better known in Ireland than the circumstance, that for more than a century, the Imperial House of Austria has counted among its favorites, Irishmen, or the descendants of Irishman, who have devoted themselves to its service. Not long since, the illustrious soldier, Field-Marshal Nugent, a friend of the Duke of Wellington, was a visitor at the Viceregal Lodge. Field-Marshal Nugent was an Irishman, and, like the great generals Brown and Brady, had risen from a cadetship to the highest rank in the Austrian Army. But a few years since the life of the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, was saved from the knife of an assassin, by the devoted bravery of the young O'Donnell, an Irishman by descent. We are gratified in being able to state that proof has recently been afforded, in the case of a fellow-citizen, that the friendly feelings of the Imperial family of Austria, remain as strong and unimpaired as ever. In this case the kindliness has been manifested not for services by the sword, but the pen. Mr. William Bernard McCabe, well known in Dublin and in London by his career as a journalist, published last year a volume entitled "Adelaide, Queen of Italy;" and as that work dealt with historical events which occurred in the 10th century, showing the early connection of the German Empire with Lombardy, and as he conceived there was a resemblance between the conduct of Queen Adelaide, and of the Archduchess Sophia, the mother of the present Emperor, he applied for and obtained permission to dedicate his last work to the Archduchess. How highly his book was approved at the Court of Vienna, is shown by the following letter, which was received within the last few days by Mr. McCabe:—

SIR,—It affords me great pleasure to have to communicate to you that I am charged by her Imperial Highness the Archduchess Sophia of Austria to address you, sir, the herewith trifling object, consisting of a breastpin, which you will please to accept as a small token of acknowledgement for your very interesting literary work. I seize this opportunity to express to you my own feelings of high esteem, and remain, sir, your very devoted

COUNT DE POISEN,
Grand Master of the Household to her Imperial Highness.
To William B. M'Cabe, Esq.

The breastpin accompanying this letter is one of the most magnificent specimens of foreign jewelry we have ever seen. It is a shamrock, of which the stem and leaves are composed of brilliants of the finest water, and the dazzling richness of which is set off by a thin rim of jet black enamel in imitation of Irish oak. A more appropriate or beautiful present for an Irishman to receive could not possibly be devised; and so truly gorgeous is this dazzling cluster of no less than 28 brilliants, that it may be well said that it is one such as alone the mother of an Emperor could bestow.

THE DUBLIN LIBRARY.

In an article deploring and exposing the state into which some of the public institutions of Dublin have fallen, the *Nation* gives the following sketch of the Dublin Library:

How few of our readers have ever heard of it; how few know the melancholy story of its greatness and fall—how Charlemont, and Curran, and Cloncurry ruled, where now a few small men domineer! The place is easily found; a few doors from Carlisle Bridge, D'Olier street, is ornamented by a handsome building. On a gas lamp hung over the door is inscribed its name and the date of its birth. From a capacious and lofty hall a noble staircase rises to the Library floor, where over twelve thousand volumes are disturbed only by the moth and the mouse. It might be a room in some old castle in the wilds of Donegal, instead of the Library of an "Athenæum" in the heart of a large city, so desolate and deserted does it look. In the winter, however, it is used, for the fires are good, and superannuated old traders who have hobbled into town, retail city gossip, or talk politics before the ruddy blaze. In the room immediately beneath will be found a supply of newspapers and periodicals inferior to that of the Mechanics' Institute of many a provincial town. There are, however, in the room objects of interest for an Irish visitor; on the walls hang life-sized portraits of the great men who founded or in the days of its glory governed the institution; picture and marble busts are here to suggest how far the present administrators of its affairs are worthy of or resemble such illustrious predecessors. Altogether the visitor will feel that he is surveying the remains of what was once a grand institution, now fallen into the hands of a few old news-gossippers and small vain men, who regard the thing as their patrimony and act accordingly. It is even so; from a literary and scientific society it has sunk below the level of a penny news-room; literary men have deserted it, students know it not; it rejoices in the possession of one artist, Mr. Bernard Mulrennan, who is a sort of stock in trade for a committee who have not a literary man amongst them, yet who manage what they call an "athenæum." These gentlemen may be, and doubtless are, most excellent members of their various professions, trades and callings; but we dare to doubt their qualifications as the managers of a "Dublin Library Society and Hibernian Athenæum." Lord Cloncurry, who having seen the society in its prime, watched with regret its rapid decline and premature decay, strove hard to rescue it from its doom; during his lifetime he endeavored to reform it, and by his will he bequeathed to it £100. He particularly requested that it might be made an athenæum as the only chance of retaining for it the support of literary men. Its astute managers *called* it an athenæum, and they imagined they had carried out Lord Cloncurry's view—we doubt if a lecture has been delivered, or a literary meeting held within its walls since then. Davis, too, and Duffy saw with pain the degeneracy that had settled upon the institution, to the fate of which their Irish hearts could not be indifferent.

SPEECH OF MALCOLM CAMPBELL, ESQ.,

IN DEFENCE OF COLONEL FABENS AND CAPTAIN BOLTON—THE ALLEGED "FILLIBUSTERS"—BEFORE COMMISSIONER MORELL.

(*Concluded.*)

One of the most eminent statesmen of this country, who is now, departed—Daniel Webster—in his celebrated letter, addressed to M. Hulsemann, the Austrian Minister, gives utterance to the same sentiments, which shows that the United States do not feel themselves bound, in every respect, to the principles which a majority of despotic powers may seek to impose upon them. He says:

"The government and people of the United States, like other intelligent governments and communities, take a lively interest in the events of this remarkable age, in whatever part of the world they may be exhibited. But the interest taken by the United States in those events has not proceeded from any disposition to depart from that neutrality towards foreign powers, which is among the deepest principles and the most cherished traditions of the political history of the Union. It has been the necessary effect of the unexampled character of the events themselves, which did not fail to arrest the attention of the contemporary world, as they will doubtless fill a memorable page in history. But the undersigned goes further, and freely admits that, in proportion as these extraordinary events appear to have their origin in those great ideas of responsible and popular governments on which the American Constitutions themselves are wholly founded, they could not but command the warm sympathy of the people of this country. Well-known circumstances in their history—indeed their whole history—have made them the representatives of purely popular principles of government. In this light they now stand before the world. They could not, if they would, conceal their character, their condition, or their destiny. They could not, if they so desired, shut out from the view of mankind the causes which have placed them, in so short a national career, in the station which they now hold among the civilized states of the world. They could not, if they desired it, suppress either the thoughts or the hopes that arise in men's minds, in other countries, from contemplating their successful example of free government. That very intelligent and distinguished personage, the Emperor Joseph Second, was amongst the first to discern this necessary consequence of the American Revolution on the sentiments and opinions of the people of Europe. In a letter to his Minister in the Netherlands, in 1787, he observed that 'It is remarkable that France, by the assistance which she afforded to the Americans, gave birth to reflections on freedom.' This fact, which the sagacity of that monarch perceived at so early a day, is now known and admitted by intelligent powers all over the world. True, indeed, it is, that the prevalence on the other continent of sentiments favorable to Republican liberty is the result of the reaction of America upon Europe; and the source and centre of this reaction has, doubtless, been, and now is, in these United States. The position thus belonging to the United States is a fact as inseparable from their history, their constitutional organization and their character, as the opposite position of the powers composing the European alliance is from the history and Constitutional organization of the governments of those powers. The sovereigns who formed that alliance have not unfrequently felt it their right to interfere with the political movements of foreign states; and have, in their manifestoes and declarations, denounced the popular ideas of the age in terms so comprehensive as, of necessity, to include the United States and their forms of government. But the government of the United States heard these denunciations of its fundamental principles without remonstrance or the disturbance of its equanimity."

Now, sir, still further in support of this point, I alluded in my argument on the motion to dismiss the complaint, to the correspondence which has recently been going on between Secretary Marcy and the representatives of the Congress of Paris. There is a principle of international law for which we have, as a nation, long been contending, and which has been adopted by that Congress, but, in connexion with other principles which strike at the very root of our means of defence, and consequently at our naitonal existence. You will remember, sir, that by the action of that Congress, a part of whose assumed right it was to settle conflicting questions of international law, the principle for which we have so long contended, that free ships make free goods, was asserted by them, but with a view to weaken our power as one of the great nations of the earth, they coupled it with the provision that privateering be abolished. In reply to that proposition, Mr. Marcy, in a very able letter, went still further, and denied their right to couple the declaration of a principle upon which we all agreed, with another which had no connection with the question which he had requested them to pass upon. That question is now in controversy between this Government and the Governments of Europe, and through the fox-like ability which Mr. Marcy has displayed, I think the United States has got the upperhand of them in the discussion. At all events it proves that we do, to some extent, occupy an exceptional position in regard to the laws which govern other nations; and one of those exceptional cases is that the people of this country will manifest their sympathy with republican institutions and the growth of liberty in every clime.

In relation to another point to which you have alluded, I have one word to say. Nothing was said that I can recollect on the part of the prosecution in relation to the evidence which might be drawn from the geographical position of the settlements mentioned in Gen. Cazneau's testimony; but your honor has, I think erroneously, endeavored from an inspection of the map of Nicaragua, to supply the deficiency in the case for the prosecution by deducing from that geographical position, as far as you were able to ascertain it, a criminal intent on the part of Col. Fabens by connecting it with the evidence against him in relation to the steel pens. In your opinion, your Honor makes use of the following remarks:—

"Gen. Cazneau gives the names of several points where the emigrants have been or are to be located, all of which, so far as I can ascertain, are along the line of communication from San Juan del Norte to Virgin Bay, or not far from it. This line is near the southern boundary of Nicaragua. We all know the condition of affairs there, and to me the conclusion seems irresistible that the men sent out by the association having their office at No. 347 Broadway, whether they go as emigrants, colonists or missionaries (and the last is the favorite term of one of the counsel for the defendants) will, on their arrival in Nicaragua, find themselves in a position where they must fight, and thus, of necessity, become soldiers. It is a well settled rule of law that a man is presumed to intend the ordinary and natural consequences of his own acts; and this being so, the criminal intent must, in the eye of the law, rest on those engaged in this plan of colonization. The settlements purposed to be made by this association will form a line of frontier posts admirably organised to meet any force invading Nicaragua from the south, and would thus form a most efficient barrier to an attack from Costa Rica."

Now, sir, in the first place it is unnecessary to do more than simply take issue with you on the fact, and then, of course, there being no evidence in the case to support your assertion, that matter must be entirely excluded. I understand, on enquiry of Gen. Cazneau, that several of the points he mentioned are not

on the route mentioned by your Honor; but that some of them are on the route to the mines of Chontales, in which some persons holding high positions have been interested. But conceding that it is so, you must be aware that this transit route is a property of the greatest importance to the Republic of Nicaragua—it is that which it is desirable for the interests of the country should be first colonized. And if it is so, I would ask where is the criminality in settling it, even if it should be with the intent to have a succession of villages there which should be fortified so as to resist the incursions of the Costa Ricans. Your Honor has shown that you have taken into consideration your knowledge of history in this matter. It is unnecessary, therefore, to show that the Republic of Nicaragua is not engaged in an aggressive war against any foreign power, but is merely defending its own territory from hostile attack; and what nation would be so unwise as not to make its settlements in such a way as to establish an advantageous defence against a neighboring state? Is this to be used as evidence against Col. Fabens? The fact that the Government of Nicaragua has seen fit to order the colonization of its territory in particular spots so as to ensure a safe line of communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and thus afford them protection against those miserable tribes who inhabit the territory south of them—is this evidence drawn from a map to be used against a person charged with a violation of the neutrality laws? I think not. Now, sir, farther on in your remarks, you have laid great stress upon the fact that those parties who may go out to Nicaragua from here, will find themselves (in your honor's opinion) obliged to fight when they land upon those shores; but does it follow that the intent of that species of emigration is properly chargeable upon J. W. Fabens and Henry Bolton? Your Honor says that as we all know the position of affairs there, you are satisfied that the parties must fight; now, sir, where is the evidence of the condition of affairs there, upon which you base this *irresistible* conclusion. Where is the evidence before you that a man may not go there to pursue his legitimate business, say at Greytown, without being obliged to fight? Is it not a notorious fact that Col. Kinney has been staying there a long time, waiting for Pierce and Co., by treaty or otherwise, to enhance the value of the Mosquito Grant? Is it not a notorious fact there are British agents there, stimulating dissension and laboring to put down everything American? Now, if the doctrine be true that Col. Fabens is chargeable with a criminal intent, merely because it is a natural consequence that those who go there may be led to fight, what becomes of the point in the testimony of the witness Robert Fuller, when he swears that he was on the Isthmus, where the climate is so unhealthy that white men cannot live there, especially Irishmen, and that of a cargo of 500 Irishmen imported by him, only five of them were alive in three months. Why, sir, upon that testimony, that man stands before you a self-convicted murderer; and if you were sitting as a coroner to investigate the cause of the death of those who are now emigrating there, you would be compelled to find that every man of them was a suicide. I consider that conclusion quite as irresistible as the one mentioned in your opinion in reference to the criminal intent of emigration to Nicaragua. I think that point needs no farther argument, except to say that if I can read this section of the act of 1818 fairly, or glean any meaning from it at all, it is not designed to restrict the liberty of the citizen to go wheresoever, or whensoever he pleases, with whatever intent he may choose to entertain; but as I remarked before, to prevent foreign Governments from using our territory for the purpose of levying soldiers, forcing men from their homes by contracts entered into within our territory to fight an enemy in some distant land. But if these men go there of their own volition, without an agreement which refers to military service there is no law either human or divine which can prevent them exercising their right upon their arrival to give their services to any cause with which they may sympathise.

It is not in evidence before you that a party may not go there without being obliged to do military service. If anything at all is proved, it is the contrary, because we have the testimony of several witnesses that a number of persons, some of whom have been in court, were carpenters, cooks, hotel-keepers, and engaged in other occupations too numerous to mention. Therefore, sir, I cannot characterize that part of your opinion otherwise than by the remark, that I think your Honor, in this proceeding, knows a little too much—that you have taken in evidence perhaps the articles you may have read in the newspapers about parties there being obliged to fight; but if you had read even those articles attentively, you would have found that, upon a recent occasion, the British Government offered its protection to such volunteers as desired to quit service, and gave them the means of leaving; and that a few availed themselves of the opportunity. But I contend it is not the meaning of this act, that, if parties go there, and, being there, become volunteers, their acts are chargeable upon parties here. On that point I will record your Honor's own words: "We have nothing to do with these men: we have nothing to do but to enquire as to the enlistment of Robert Fuller and Joe Brown." That, I think, disposes of that part of the case. Now, sir, if your Honor is so well versed in the history and geography of Nicaragua, why is it that we cannot have it judicially known that, in October, '55, a decree was passed by the government known as the Walker-Rivas government, which gave the privileges of colonization to all persons who might come there and settle with a *bona fide* intent? Why is it that, if geographical and historical knowledge are brought into this case to aid the prosecution, we should not have the full benefit of it? Why is it that the notorious fact of the recognition of that government by President Pierce is also kept out of the evidence in this case? Again, I have a complaint to make, which partakes almost of a personal character. Several points which I fondly hoped would have been noticed by you, have been entirely disregarded in your opinion. I referred your Honor to the history of the legislation of the United States on the subject of neutrality. I referred to the statute of 1794, which was, in many respects, similar to the statute upon which we are now before you, but in which the words corresponding to the words "prince, state, colony, district, or territory," in the act of 1818, were simply the words "prince, or state." You will remember that I referred you to a decision to which I will again take the liberty of calling your attention. It is one which I think is conclusive; and I cannot conceive how, if your Honor had regarded it all, this case could have been entertained a day longer in court. I refer you again to the case of Gelston and others against Hoyt, in the 3d. vol. of Wheaton's Supreme Court Reports, page 247.

I read first the head note on this point:

"The statute of 1794, ch. 50, § 3, prohibiting the fitting out any ship, &c., for the service of any foreign prince or state, to cruise against the subjects, &c., of any other foreign prince or state, does not apply to any new government, unless it has been acknowledged by the United States, or by the government of the country to which the new state belonged. And a plea which sets up a forfeiture under that act in fitting out a ship to cruise against such new state must aver such recognition, or it is bad."

Judge Story delivered the opinion. The words of that opinion, upon the point referred to, are as follows:

"The other point which has been stated, and which involves the construction of the act of 1794, ch. 50, § 3, is not less decisive against the defendants. That act inflicts a forfeiture of the ship, &c, in cases where she is fitted out and armed, with the intent to be employed in the service of *any foreign prince or state*, to cruise or commit hostilities upon the subjects, citizens, or property of *another foreign prince or state* with whom the United States are at peace." The evidence offered and rejected, was to prove that the ship was attempted to be fitted out and armed, and was fitted out and armed, with intent that she should be employed in the service of that part of the Island of St. Domingo which was then under the government of Petion, to cruise and commit hostilities upon the subjects, citizens, and property of that part of the Island of St. Domingo which was then under the government of Christophe. No evidence was offered to prove that either of these governments was recognized by the government of the United States, or of France, "as a foreign prince or state;" and if the court was bound to admit the evidence, as it stood, without this additional proof, it must have been upon the ground that it was bound to take judicial notice of the relations of the country with foreign States, and to decide, affirmatively, that Petion and Christophe were foreign princes, within the purview of the statute. No doctrine is better established than that it belongs exclusively to governments to recognize new states, in the revolutions which may occur in the world; and, until such recognition, either by our own government or the government to which the new state belonged, courts of justice are bound to consider the ancient state of things as remaining unaltered. This was expressly held in this court in the case of Ross v. Himely (4 Cranch., 241), and to that decision on this point, we adhere. And the same doctrine is clearly sustained by the judgment of foreign tribunals. (The Manilla, 1 Edward's R., 1. The City of Berne v. The Bank of England; 9 Ves., 347. Dolden v. The Bank of England; 10 Ves., 353; 11 Ves., 284.) If, therefore, this were a fact proper for the consideration of a jury, and to be proved *in pais*, the court below were not bound to admit the other evidence unless this fact were proved in aid of that evidence, for without it no forfeiture could be incurred. If, on the other hand, this was matter of fact, of which the court were bound particularly to take cognizance, then the court were right in rejecting the evidence; for, as far as we have knowledge, neither the government of Petion nor Christophe has ever been recognized as a foreign state by the government of the United States or of France."

Therefore, sir, under the act of 1794, no offence could be committed by hiring or retaining, &c., for the service of a foreign power, unless it were proved and avened that it was recognised as an independent Prince or State, by the United States. Subsequently an amendment was made, by which the words "district, colony, or people" were added, and of course the same rule would apply. You will find in the case of the United States against Quincey, 6th Peters page 445, in the argument of Mr. Wirt in that case, there is an express reference to the case of Gelston against Hoyt. The Court in the case of the U.S. v. Quincey, heard arguments for a long time upon the point whether it was sufficient to designate a Government known as the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata as "a people," and they decided that inasmuch as the word "people" was used in the Statute and expressed a national corporate existence it was not such a defect as would justify them in dismissing the indictment. But they did not entertain in that case any such charge as that upon which this investigation was founded, and I think that if this matter had come before them, it would not have stood for a moment. So far as this complaint is under the statute of 1818, I think we are safe on that point, because although your duty is not, and we do not claim that it is, to require such evidence as would convince a jury upon a trial of the guilt of the party, yet you are bound to find whether an offence has been committed and whether the offence charged is a crime, otherwise the party cannot be held. You are to inquire as to the probable cause for holding the accused to answer for an offence. But if the act with which the defendant is charged is not an offence, you certainly cannot entertain the proceedings. This objection therefore addresses itself with peculiar force to you; it is not one which belongs exclusively to the Court upon the actual trial of the indictment. But your Honor seems to entertain the opinion that this offence would be punishable, even if no statute had been passed. Now upon that point I have scarcely a word to say for I cannot imagine that it can be seriously urged. I have been unable to discover any authority which refers to any such offence as that with which Col. Fabens is charged, until created by statute. I challenge the prosecution and yourself to produce such a case. Fortunately for the liberty of the citizen—fortunately for yourself, although you do not appreciate the blessing,—such cases are unknown to our laws.

There can be no offence against international law, of which you can take cognisance, until made an offence by our municipal law. It is a principle which I admit is contrary to the law of nations to levy troops in another State, but, sir, we are not charged with levying troops. This is a matter which is purely the creation of a statute which endeavors to punish contracting, with a view to leave the country, with the intent to enlist somewhere else. It is a stretch of legislative power which our country was the first to attempt, and therefore we are simply here to answer for a violation of municipal law, and not against the law of nations. If your Honor refers to Wheaton's International Law, page 281, you will find the history of this act, which is precisely as I have stated it. It shows that justice and expediency called for such a law, and then states that—

"The same principles were afterwards consigned to the forms of a law of congress, passed in 1794, and revised and re-enacted in 1818, by which it is declared to be a misdemeanor for any person within the jurisdiction of the United States to augment the force of any armed vessel belonging to one foreign power at war with another power with whom they are at peace; or to prepare any military expedition against the territories of any foreign nation with whom they are at peace; or to hire or enlist troops or seamen for foreign military or naval service; or to be concerned in fitting out any vessel, to cruise or commit hostilities in foreign service against a nation at peace with them; and the vessel, in this latter case, is made subject to forfeiture. The President is also authorized to employ force to compel any foreign vessel to depart, which, by the law of nations or treaties, ought not to remain within the United States, and to employ generally the public force in enforcing the duties of neutrality prescribed by the law.

The example of America was soon followed by Great Britain in the act of parliament 59 Geo. 3 ch. 69, entitled, "An Act to prevent the Enlistment or Engagement of His Majesty's Subjects to serve in Foreign Service, and the Fitting out or Equipping, in His Majesty's Dominions, vessels for Warlike Purposes, without His Majesty's License." The previous statutes, 9 and 29 Geo. 2, enacted, for the purpose of preventing the formation of Jacobite armies in France and Spain, annexed capital punishment, as for a felony, to the offence of entering the service of a foreign state.

The 59 Geo. 3, ch. 69, commonly called the Foreign Enlistment Act, provided a severe punishment, and also supplied a defect in the former law, by introducing after the words "king, prince, state, or potentate," the words "colony or district assuming the powers of a government," in order to reach the case of those who entered the service of unacknowledged as well as acknowledged states."

You will observe that that confirms what I have stated—that this law has always been strictly construed—and that, in the case of Gelston agt. Hoyt, it was decided that the terms "prince" and "state" were not sufficient to cover all forms of national existence; they added the words "colony," "district," and "people." But we cannot gather from this that they intended to mean the service of any *individual*, unless that individual was recognized in the charge, and proved in evidence to be the representative of a nation, or of some condition of national existence. Why, if the intent of this statute is to be strained—if your Honor was correct in saying that the United States, by that statute, intended to provide for all possible contingencies that could arise, with what a saving of words might it not have been effected? If they had said, "If any person within the limits or jurisdiction of the United States hire or retain another to go beyond the limits and jurisdiction of the United States with intent there to be entered or enlisted as a soldier *in a foreign country*," they could have left out entirely the words "prince," "state," "colony," "district," or "people." Then I admit their proceedings would be perfectly proper before you, and, if the evidence was sufficient, Col. Fabens would be properly held for an offence; but, if there is a *casus omissus* in the statute, we are entitled to the full benefit of it. There is nothing in this affidavit which constitutes an offence. There is nothing from which you can say upon your oath what was the intent of the legislature, because there is no decision upon the subject which shows that they had any other meaning than the simple reference to governments acknowledged as existing and independent nations. They provided, it is true, for every contingency of a national existence, or even *quasi* national existence, but they did not provide for leaving the United States with intent to be enlisted in the service of an individual; and it was upon that point I remarked, on the day we first met, that the District Attorney might as well attempt to restrain a target company—the McKeon Guard for instance, if such a company exists—from going to Quebec, or a fire company, in their red shirts and armed with muskets, from crossing the Niagara River to obtain a view of the Falls from the British side. We claim, therefore, that, from the language of the charge before you, it is perfectly obvious that no offence, whatever, has been committed.

Now, sir, I refer again—for I made some remarks upon this point on the motion to dismiss the complaint—to what I consider to be the proper evidence necessary to support such a charge, if it were correctly laid. In the first place, the words hiring and retaining are essentially words of contract; and a contract must be proved not merely by the presence of the accused at a time when a supposed contract was entered into, but the evidence of the contract must be sufficient to hold the person responsible in law. These are words not of vague, but of strictly legal import, and you are bound to construe them in their legal signification. Both of them imply a consideration—a consideration from the party charged to the party who makes the complaint—and consequently you must prove a valuable consideration paid by Col. Fabens to the witness Fuller. It must have been such a contract, to enable Fabens to enforce it against Fuller in a court of law, were not the act illegal. That is my view of what the evidence ought to be in this case, in order to establish the offence. Then comes the question as to the intent. That is a subject of great doubt, and one that any one, exercising judicial functions, should be very careful in determining. To get at the proof of an intent is one of the most doubtful matters in law. It is seldom that the law attempts to punish an intent; when it does, it is only when the intent is accompanied by an overt act. It must also be proved that the intent was fixed and certain, and not conditional, contingent, or doubtful. See the U. S. vs. Quincey, 6 Peters, 445. I may entertain the most horrible intentions at this very moment—I may harbor in my breast a deep and dark design to assassinate the District Attorney this very night, but, unless I place myself under the eye of the law, by some overt act, the law gives me the liberty of entertaining that intent as long as it may be agreeable to me.

That is the principle of the law so far as the intent is concerned; and it is not only the principle of the law, but is in accordance with reason and common sense. Upon this point I would refer you to an authority which, in every branch of human knowledge, is more universally quoted and respected than almost any other I can mention. I refer to a passage from Shakspeare, which shows not only his unfailing good sense, but that he knew what was good law in every country with regard to intents. If the so-called offence with which Col. Fabens is charged were criminal (which we do not admit), inasmuch as it is based entirely upon an intent, that intent must be evinced by some decidedly overt act; the following remark would, therefore, be entirely in point:

> "His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
> And must be buried but as an intent
> That perished by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
> Intents but merely thoughts."

That, I contend, is good legal doctrine. The great master of English song was as great a lawyer as he was poet. Col. Fabens may have had, and I trust he has now, the greatest sympathy with the cause in which General William Walker is engaged, in Nicaragua; but, sir, it is beyond your power to punish him for that. It is beyond the power of the District Attorney to do any thing more than annoy him by these vexatious preliminary proceedings. You cannot chain the thought. You cannot repress the sympathies of the heart. It is only when the thoughts represent themselves in distinct outward actions that they become proper subjects of criminal investigation. And what, in the name of justice and common sense, is there before you to indicate Col. Fabens' intent, except a remark in regard to steel pens? Now, during the examination of Capt. Cruger, when some question was asked in relation to the condition of affairs in Nicaragua, your Honor remarked that they were matters of history; and in your opinion upon our motion to dismiss, you have occasionally taken judicial notice of the history of that country. But I fear that your Honor has been misinformed, or you have probably adopted the theory—and it is nothing but a theory—of the prosecution, in regard to Nicaragua. It is therefore proper that I should say a few words in relation to that history. What I am about to state, will, I have no hesitation in saying, stand the test of any investigation, because it comes from the highest authority that can be obtained on the subject—a native Nicaraguan, of superior intelligence, who has occupied the highest positions in the government there, and who has no interest in misrepresenting his country's affairs. I allude to Don Fermin Ferrer. He says—

"Nicaragua has been for years without an effective and constitutional government; the whole country was deluged in ruin; anarchy and civil war had uncontrolled possession of Nicaragua, from sea to sea; half the churches had been pillaged, used as temporary forts, and laid in ruins by the contending factions; the funds devoted to schools, to charity, and the service of the altar, were made their prey. President Walker was the first man in authority who attempted to arrest the torrent of destruction, and save the ruins of the church property for its legitimate uses."

So much for the District Attorney's charge of subverting the popular religion there, and his fears about the revival of idolatry. He continues—

"Without going further back, in a retrospect of only six years, we find that Nicaragua has had no less than fifteen changes, more or less violent and illegal, in its rulers and gov-

ernment. Taking them in order :—Don Roberto Ramieres was succeeded in March, 1851, by Don Justo Ahanaza, who held the reins of government about a month, and was then supplanted by Don Laureana Pineda, who assumed power in April, and held it to August of the same year. Don Justo Alanaga then worked in a parenthesis of power in the city of Leon, and ruled a part of the State from August to October. Don Jose de Montenegro obtained a contemporary dictatorship over another section of the distracted country from August to some time in November, and made Granada his capital. Don Jose de Alfara then managed to supplant him, and for a month or thereabouts was supreme in Granada. Don Laureana Pineda then became master of the game, and managed to remain President for the unusual period of sixteen months. Pineda assumed authority in November 1851, and including Ramires, who went out of power in March, there were seven changes of government in Nicaragua in 1851.

"The constitution and legal elections had been cast to the winds long before, and the contests had become a general carnage of public interests in favor of individual revolutionists. The Democrats called for order and stability, but the struggle was against fearful odds, for the Serviles, or Absolutists, had the Church, military property, and military resources mainly under their control.

"Don Fruto Chamorro was the brave and able chief of the Serviles, and in March 1853, he seized the government of the country around Leon, and managed and held it with a strong hand until May 1854.

"Don Emeliana Quadra then had a refreshing time of about one month's authority, in May 1854.

"Don Francisco Castillon then obtained the Executive chair, and held it by talent and prowess from June 1854 to April 1855—almost ten months.

"Don Nasario Escoto displaced Castillon in Leon, and reigned there from June to October 1855.

"Don Jose Maria Estrada meantime had a government of his own in Granada, from some time in 1854 to the 13th of October 1855. The bloody and desolating wars between the rival factions of Leon and Granada had laid waste the country, and there seemed no hope of pause or peace, until, at this desperate crisis, General Walker was invited into the country."

"Granada was taken by the American allies of the Democratic President, by assault, in 1855, and the victors immediately entered into arrangements for the pacification of Nicaragua. A Provisional Government was appointed, with Patricio Rivas as President, and General William Walker as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, with *incidental* Executive powers in case of an *interregnum*, which government was recognized by Mr. Pierce, and a Minister received at Washington, as sworn to by General Cazneau, *just previous* to the Cincinnati Convention.

"On the election in April 1856, it became evident that the choice of the non-revolutionist classes would fall on General Walker, who had restored peace to the country. This excited the ire of the revolutionists by profession, and they invited the enemies of Nicaragua to invade their country, and retreated to their camp.

"Don Fermin Ferrer was then called to the Executive chair, on the desertion of Rivas, and remained at the head of the government at Granada until the inauguration of President William Walker. That's the truth about Nicaragua."

Now, sir, I presume that the knowledge of history which you have brought into this case, extends to the fact that, in the month of June, 1855, Gen. Walker, with 56 men, was invited by the Democratic or popular party of Nicaragua—then under the leadership of Castillon—to assist them against their adversaries the serviles or absolutists.

It has been charged that this was a marauding expedition. But, let me ask, would a marauding expedition, consisting of only 56 men, be likely to be successful in a country so thickly populated as Nicaragua—the population numbering about 240,000 people? Is it possible that such a thing would have been attempted unless there were something in the hearts of the people of that country which sympathized with that so-called marauding expedition? Gen. Walker arrived in the bay of Realejo in June, 1855, and was joined immediately by a large force of the native population. His manœuvres were chiefly confined to passing from point to point, until October, 1855, when, on the 13th of that month, about 3 o'clock in the morning, with a force which had been slightly increased by a few recruits from California, he entered the city of Granada, having taken it by surprise. When the servile party awoke they found him in possession of the city, which he had taken, I believe, with scarcely the loss of a single man. Then it was discovered, for the first time in many years, that it was for the interest of the country that dissensions should cease, and that affairs should be reconciled. A treaty of peace was concluded between these parties, by which order and quiet were restored to Nicaragua for a time. A new government was formed, in which the leading members of both factions were fairly represented, and Don Patricio Rivas was made President. Some inquiries were made by the prosecution about a constitution, and whether Rivas was elected by the people; but, from the statement which I have read (and of which you are bound to take as much notice as you have taken of the District Attorney's or your own knowledge based upon newspaper reports) you will see that, for a long time, instead of there being a constitutional government in that country, there was nothing but a war of rival factions, which destroyed its peace and kept it in a state of uninterrupted disturbance. And I believe that at this day its condition, although now undergoing the miseries of a defensive war against Costa Rica and Wall street speculators, is better than it was during the period referred to in the document I have read. Then this treaty of peace was framed. Rivas was made President. The leaders of the rival parties were represented in the councils. Corral, the leader of the servile faction, had a seat in the cabinet. Walker was made commander-in-chief, with certain powers in case of an *interregnum*, and there was a fair compromise on all hands. The country was at peace,—it would have been so at this day, and the District Attorney's services might have been dispensed with in these proceedings, but there was treachery afoot. This servile party was soon at work again. Gen. Corral was detected in an effort to overthrow the government. You know the result: he was shot by order of a court-martial. Things went on peacefully for a while, until on or about June, 1855, when matters began to assume a more orderly shape; and, an election approaching, it became evident that the people of that country all turned to William Walker as the restorer of peace, their protector, their saviour, the man who was to advance the first interests of their country, and that they were determined to make him the ruler of that country. It was then that Rivas, actuated by motives of selfishness or jealousy, began a conspiracy for Walker's overthrow. Not having the spirit or force to carry it out, he left the country, and, since that time, I believe, has scarcely been heard of.

But General Walker still remained true to his first position. After Rivas's departure, Don Fermin Ferrer occupied the position of provisional President until the election. At that election, he and others were voted for. So far as we have any knowledge—and what we have is derived from the same historical sources to which your Honor referred—the election was a proper one. Walker was elected. He has held his position under great disadvantages. He has not endeavored to attack any neighboring state; on the contrary he has been incessantly engaged from the moment he assumed his powers at the will of the people, in defending the interests of Nicaragua. This, your Honor will remember, is not a war of Nicaraguans against Costa Ricans. Your Honor says "Costa Rica is weak, and self-respect should prompt us to guard her rights with extreme jealousy." Indeed, sir, "your charity overshoots itself." If she is weak, why not stay within her own borders. That would certainly seem to be discretion, which is "the better part of valor" in a weak state, and might give her some claim to your extended sympathy. But instead of that, she crosses her borders and enters into an aggressive war with a neighboring state with whom she has been at peace. Whence proceeds this opposition to the Government of Walker in Nicaragua? Your Honor will probably take notice of some other small facts in connection with this matter, which form part of the current history. At the time that Walker went into power in Nicaragua, there was a company, known in Wall street as the Transit Company, which was supposed to have certain very valuable privileges in connection with the transit across that country. The principal operators in that company were such men as Cornelius Vanderbilt and Joseph L. White. It is well known that the District Attorney had occasion, as public prosecutor to use his most zealous efforts to prevent Mr. White and Mr. Vanderbilt from committing the very same crime which Col. Fabens is assumed to have committed. They, however, acted from a different motive. They were interested in this company—deeply interested—of course, in preserving its privileges, and in keeping up the rule of Walker, who, at that time was believed by them to be a friend to their interests. But Walker, finding that they had violated their engagements, would not make terms with such a set of sharpers; acting entirely for the good of Nicaragua, he cut adrift from them, cancelled their contract, demanded payment of the vast amount due by them to that previously helpless Government, seized their ships and confiscated their property to satisfy the just demand. The sum due at that time by this company to Nicaragua, exceeded, if I recollect aright, $400,000. These men, relying on their power as merchant princes, thought to evade the payment of it. They imagined that Walker would be merely a tool in their hands; that they could set him up or knock him down, according to the rise or fall in the price of stocks. But they were mistaken. They found in him an honest man, who despised the mean and sordid principles by which they were actuated. Finding it necessary to keep up the communication through the country, a new company was started, under the guidance and leadership of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Morgan. Mr. Vanderbilt, however, recently sent an army there under the command of a man who has come under the notice of the District Attorney as public prosecutor, and who was acquitted, and barely acquitted in this court of the charge of murder. Vanderbilt has made that individual the general-in chief who is to displace Walker, and he sends out "material aid" in the sense in which the District Attorney employs the term, without interference on the part of the Government. This is the present position of affairs so far as it can be gleaned from history. It shows conclusively that if those forces were removed—if you could take away the power which is working there for Walker's destruction—the power of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and British influence (which is also at work to procure his fall)—remove them and allay these quarrels between Morgan & Garrison and Vanderbilt—men who have no interest in the matter beyond that of the almighty dollar—William Walker would be the man to whom the people of Nicaragua would instinctively turn, as not only the man who has already been the source of great benefit to their country, but as the hero who is destined to lead them to the accomplishment of their most sanguine hopes of national greatness. This explanation is, I think, necessary, although it must be allowed that if your Honor has read the papers attentively—as you have given us a precedent for introducing historical knowledge—you are probably as well aware of the facts as myself.

But, sir, it is well known that the weight which, at present, drags that country down is not the effect of any principles of liberty or despotism, nor the friendship or hatred of neighboring states. What disturbs it, and will probably continue to disturb it for many years, unless the matter be summarily ended by the complete success of Gen. Walker, is the sordid interests of these monopolists and speculators in steamship lines, who think themselves able at their will to make an empire or to crush one. This is a subject which might well engage the eloquence of a Sheridan; and his brilliant denunciation of that immense monopoly, the East India Company, seems to me peculiarly appropriate to the case of these rival Commodores as related to this formerly helpless people, helpless no longer, for they have a protector in Wm. Walker, and a tower of strength in the sympathies of the enlightened people of this country.

"There was something," said Sheridan, "in the first frame and constitution of this company which extended the sordid principles of their origin over all their successive operations; connecting with their civil policy and even with their boldest achievements the meanness of a pedlar and the profligacy of pirates. Alike in the political and the military line could be observed auctioneering ambassadors and trading generals: and thus we saw a revolution brought about by affidavits; an army employed in executing an arrest; a town besieged on a note of hand; a prince dethroned for the balance of an account. Thus it was they exhibited a government which united the mock majesty of a bloody sceptre and the little traffic of a merchant's counting-room, wielding a truncheon in the one hand and picking a pocket with the other."

But, sir, time admonishes me that I must close. I am about leaving for Washington, to witness the last agonies of an administration which has figured very extensively in these proceedings, and which magnanimity compels me to pass over almost in silence. I cannot find it in my heart to speak harshly of that administration at this time. It has had blows enough in the course of this investigation; but this I will say of it that, in the future estimation of the people of this country, nothing in that administration but the able, though Machiavellian diplomacy of the Secretary of State, and the stern integrity and financial ability of the Secretary of the Treasury, can possibly redeem it from contempt and obloquy.

I, therefore, sir, conclude by urging upon your consideration, *first*, that from the fact that no offence has been charged against Colonel Fabens, and *secondly*, that if an offence has been charged, no evidence has been adduced against him which can afford even probable cause for his detention, he should be discharged.

This is evidently, as you will have observed, a matter into which several elements have entered. There is one to which in conclusion I should allude—upon which we claim that, so far as we are concerned in this matter, we are the representatives of the feeling of the people of this country; that our people have a deep interest in the affairs of Nicaragua, and that the law should not be stretched to make an offence out of that which the people of this country, in their hearts and by their judgment, have decided to be no offence. Look, sir, for one moment at a map of the world, or take a school-globe and revolve it on its axis. It affords an explanation of the matter which scarcely needs evidence or illustration. We, as Americans, of course feel a deep interest in preserving, untrammelled by monopolies, uncontroled by foreign adverse influence, the right of the people of the United States to a transit at some feasible point in Central America to our Pacific possessions. We are no land-stealers. We do not want their territory. All we require is an *easement*, a right of way that shall be undisturbed and perpetual, and which will be of equal advantage to Nicaragua and to ourselves. That is a right which the people of this country claim, and a right which they will have; and neither this prosecution, nor any subsequent prosecution, nor any conviction of this Defendant, nor any acts of a hot-headed and over-zealous District Attorney, nor any compacts made for us by blundering statesmen, neither the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, nor that at present before the Senate, nor any thing else can avail to prevent it. It is demanded by our position. We are entitled to it by nature. It is freely accorded to us by the people of that country, if their will could be ascertained; and, by God's help, we will have it—we will have it in spite of these Wall street financiers, Morgan, Garrison, or Vanderbilt—in spite of blundering politicians—in spite of Mosquito grants and Chontales mines—in spite of this absurd prosecution—convicts or freemen, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish—we will have it!

DIED.

On Sunday, March 15, Ellen, the beloved wife of Col. James R. Ryan, of asthma, in the 31st year of her age. Her funeral, numerously attended by the officers and men of the 69th Regiment, N.Y.S.M., and other friends took place on Monday from 130 White street to Calvary Cemetery.

Mr. John Edmondson Mylott, Civil Engineer of the Water Works of Glasgow, Manchester, &c., and for several years engaged on the Railways of Great Britain, and also connected with the Valuation and Public Works of Ireland, has been appointed by the East India Company as Engineer for the construction of the Water Works of Bombay, where he arrived on the 23d of last December.

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(Carefully revised every week expressly for the Irish News.)

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, March 17, 1857.

FLOUR—Com'n to Extra State	per barrel	$6.00	a $6.50
Common to Fancy Western	do	6.10	a 6.50
Extra Western	do	6.40	a 8 50
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do	6.70	a 8.50
Mixed to Extra Southern	do	6 50	a 8 75
RYE FLOUR—Fine and Super	do	3.50	a 5.25
CORN MEAL	do	3.25	a 3.75
WHEAT—Canada White	per bushel	1.68	a 1.80
Western White	do	1.60	a 1.80
Southern White	do	1.65	a 1.80
All kinds of Red	do	1.52	a 1.60
CORN—Mixed	do	— 72	a — 74
Yellow	do	— 70	a — 78
White	do	— 72	a — 80
OATS—State and Western	do	— 48	a — 54
Jersey	do	— 46	a — 49
Southern	do	— 44	a — 47
Rye	do	— 85	a — 95
Barley	do	1.20	a 1 40
White Beans	do	1 75	a 1 85
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels		— 8	a —14
Cotton—Middlings, per lb		— 13¾	a — 14
Fair		— 14¼	a — 15
Rice, per 100 lbs		— 7	a — 11
Hops, per lb		24.80	a 24 25
Pork—Mess per bbl		18 75	a 19 —
Prime, per bbl		12 —	a 13 —
Beef—Country Mess		10—	a 11 —
Prime		9¼—	a 10½ —
Dressed Hogs, per lb		14 —	a 10 —
Lard, in bbls. per lb		— 16	a — 23
Butter—Western, per lb		— 20	a — 26
State, ordinary to choice, per lb		— 12	a — 13
Cheese, per lb		— 10	a — 11¾
Potatoes—Carters, per bbl		14 —	a — 15
Mercers, per bbl		16 —	a — 23
Onions—Reds, per bbl		2.50	a 4 —
White, per bbl		3 —	a 4 —
Apples, per bbl		2.50	a 6 —
Eggs, fresh per dozen		— 17	a — 19
Feathers, Live Geese per lb		— 50	a — 56
Seed—Clover, per lb		— 13	a — 14
Flax, per bushel		1.90	— a —
Timothy, mowed, per bushel		— —	a — —
Timothy, reaped, per bushel		3 75	a 4 —
Sugar, New-Orleans, per lb		— 9	a — 1

PROGRAMME OF READINGS

From the Irish and American Poets,

BY

MISS TERESA ESMONDE,

(Being for her own benefit,) at the Stuyvesant Institute, Monday evening, March 23rd, '57.

PART FIRST:

1 THE LEPER.....N. P. Willis
2 SIGN OF THE TIMES.....Speranza
3 THE GERALDINE.....Dr. Shelton Mackenzie
4 KATHLEEN BAN ADAIR.....The Belfast Man
5 THE PUNCH BOWL.....Oliver Wendal Holmes
6 THE CONVICT SHIP (by request) written for Miss E., by Mrs. A. S. Stephens
7 MOLLY MULDOON.....Anonymous
8 OUR SONG.....De Jean

PART SECOND:

1 THE IRISH EMIGRANT'S MOTHER.....D. F. McCarthy
2 BATTLE EVE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.....Thos. Davis
3 SCENE FROM LOVE CHASE—Constance and Wildrake.....Sheridan Knowles
4 THE HALL OF SHADOWS.....Frank Lee Benedict
5 THE TEMPLE OF FRIENDSHIP.....Thomas Moore
6 RESIGNATION.....Longfellow
7 LARRY DOOLAN.....(the Irish car-driver).....

To commence at 8 o'clock; Tickets 25 cents; to be had at Hall's Music Store, Broadway; Dunigan's Book store, Fulton street; Haverty's, Fulton st., and at the offices of the IRISH NEWS, and Irish American.

NICHOLAS WALSH

SEXTON AND UNDERTAKER,

NO. 8 SIXTH AVENUE.

WILLARD, FELT & CO,

MANUFACTURERS OF ACCOUNT BOOKS,

AND IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PAPER AND STATIONERY,

NO. 14 MAIDEN LANE,

3mos (near Broadway.)

Cahill's Boot and Shoe Emporium is so crowded of a fine day that it has become decidedly a fashionable lounge where one meet their fashionable friends; a sort of daily *re-union*, in fact. Ladies, gentlemen, misses, and masters never leave the store without acknowledging themselves better suited in regard to elegance of make and fit of their shoes than they can be anywhere else. No. 377 Broadway. 21mch 3m

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for California, Panama, and South Pacific Coast, per U.S. Steamer GEORGE LAW, will close at this office on FRIDAY, the 20th day of March, at 1 o'clock, P.M.

ISAAC. V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Bremen, per U.S. Steamer, HERMANN, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 21st day of March, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A.M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

January 3, at Calcutta, Charles C. Adley, C.E., to Jean Lizette Lyster, daughter of Wm. Jameson, Esq., M.D., of York-street, Dublin.

In Anne's Church, Wm John Brownrigg, of Miltia, to Naple, daughter of the late Richard Goodison, of Cardew.

At Ballynahinch, John Cowan, Corbally House, Dromara, to Margaret, daughter of John Osborne, Ballynahinch.

September 8, 1856, at Sydney, Edward Francis Flanigan, to Mary O'Donnell, daughter of Michael O'Donnell, late of Emly, Tipperary, sister of Michael O'Donnell, Quarter Master of the 10th regiment, of foot, India, and sister of the late Mrs. Michael D'Dalton, Tipperary.

On Feb. 17, Michael Gilligan, to Miss Maria Lahiff, of Limerick.

On Feb. 16, at Kilgias, Michael Grealy, Merchant, Roscommon, to Sarah, daughter of John Cox, Gilstown.

Feb. 18, at Kilrush, John Scanlan, Grogan, Corn Merchant, to Mary, daughter of the late Patrick Quinlivan, Limerick.

At St. Paul's, Arran-quay, P. J. Hynes, of Pembroke-quay, to Anne Jane, daughter of P. O'Brien Blackhall-place.

Feb. 18, at St. Mary's, Haddington-road, Hubert Kernan, of Capra, Monaghan, son of J. B. Kernan, to Kate, danghter of the late James Lynch, J.P., Windfield, Galway.

Feb. 12, at Clapham, Lord Killeen, eldest son of the Earl of Fingal, to Elise Mary, daughter of Monsieur A. F. Rio, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

At Plymouth, Robert Frederick, son of George Trulock Kinder, of Dublin, Solicitor, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Richard Crowl, of Tavistocd, Devonshire.

In Sligo, A. Little, jun., son of Joshua Little, Surgeon, R.N., to Anne Martha, daughter of the late Thomas Reidy, of Ballina.

At Seacombe, John Marsden, Tullyoin, Cavan, to Catherine Corrigall, daughter of the late Thomas Banner, of Liverpool.

At Carrickfergus, Thomas M'Donald, Sutton, county Dublin, to Agnes Haggan, Whitefield, county Antrim.

At Ardagh, county Limerick, Andrew Meade, of Dromin House, Limerick, to Adelaide Josephine, daughter of the late Henry Bouchier, of Fort Henry.

On Feb. 12, at Beragh, Tyrone, Arthur Owens, of Fairview, Deroar, son of Patrick Owens, of Bantown, Cloghfin, to Jane, daughter of John Rodgers, Merchant, Sixmilecross.

In Toronto, James Plunkett, late of Dublin, to Rose Mary Lynn, of Toronto.

At Kilrush, John Marriner, son of Giles Redmayne, Portman-square, London, and Brathey Hall, Windermere, to Jane A. Fitzgerald, daughter of Rear Admiral Studdert, of Pella, Kilrush, Clare.

In Clara, P. Roan, to Jane, daughter of J. Dillon, senior coroner of the King's County.

At Juilanstown, Henry C. Cannon, to Susannah, daughter of the late Smith Taylor.

At Croydon, the Rev. C. E. Freeman, to Anne, daughter of the late Edward Berney.

At Brompton, Richard Uniack Cashman, M.D., to Dora, daughter of the late Rev. Canon Woodburn.

At San Francisco, Charles Gustave Touchard, to Marianne Agnes, daughter of the late E. Cussen.

On the 15th inst., at St. Andrew's Church, Samuel, son of the late Thomas Martin of Castleblayney, to Maria, daughter of the late Thomas Harris, of Strandville, Clontarf.

Feb. 19, at the Church of Conception, Marlborough-street, Surgeon O'Grady, son of Wm. O'Grady, Waterford, to Marion, daughter of James Flood, Dublin.

At the Catholic Chapel of Old Parish, Catherine, daughter of the late Martin Curran, Ballinamona, to Michael Walsh, Ballydad, nephew of the Rev. Michael Walsh, P.P., Dunhill.

Feb. 18, at St. Paul's Church, Arran-quay, Thomas John M'Assey, to Margaret Mary, daughter of J. Holloway, Arran-quay.

Feb. 16, in Longford, Patrick Maxwell, Athlone, to Maryanne, daughter of Michael Quinne, Middleton House, Longford.

Feb. 17, at the Catholic Church, Masonbrook, Anna Maria, daughter of James Smyth, to John Martyn, of Tullyra Castle.

In London, James Barry, M.D., of Barry's Court, Caherciveen, Kerry, to Honora relict of R. Blennerhassett, of Kells Lodge, and daughter of the late Major Ponsonby, of Grotto.

IRISH DEATHS.

At 35 Mary-street, Dublin, on the 16th Feb., Mr. Robert Grass, compositor, aged 30.

At Ventnor, Isle of Wight, Stewart, son of the late Captain Henry Anderson, 84th Regt. B.N.I.

On the 12th Feb., at 10 Clanbrassil-terrace, Mary Barton.

Feb. 12, at Fort Freda, near Belfast, Anne, wife of Wm. Bottomley.

On the 10th inst., at Cathertigue, county Clare, Margaret, the beloved wife of Dennis Canny.

John MacNamara, son of J. M. Cantwell, 24 Lower Dominick-street.

At St. Patrick's Close, South, Richard George, son of R. M. Carnegie.

Dec. 12, at Monte Video, South America, Emily Louisa, wife of Arthur Coape, late 12th Lancers.

Feb. 16, of bronchittis, at 46 Grafton-street, in her 74th year, Fanny White Dillon, widow of Daniel Dillon, formerly of Castletown, Queen's County.

In Naas, Mary, relict of James Dobbyn, formerly of Ballycoolin, Queen's County.

At Upper Dorset-street, aged 72, Rachael Elliott, relict of John Elliott.

Feb. 17, Patrick Fitzpatrick, aged 21 years, son of Patrick Fizpatrick, Blackditches.

At Harold's-cross, Captain Arthur John Fraser, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders.

On the 10th inst., at Buttevant, Cork, W. Hammond.

Feb. 10, John Howlin, an old and respected compositor of the *Saunders News Letter* for the last twenty years.

Jan. 28, at Bellville, Canada West, Joseph, son of Wm. Hutton.

Jan. 31, at Cairo, Elizabeth, daughter of Wm. Jackson, M.P.

In Manchester, John Kearney, late of Clonakilty.

Feb. 9, in Boyle, John Kelty, son of the late Surgeon Timothy Kelty, R.N.

At Holly-hills, Rody Kennedy.

Jan. 14, at New Orleans, on his passage from San Antonia, Texas, Simon Albert Lacy, late Blackrock, Cork, aged 24 years.

At Kilmavullen, county Cork, Anne, wife of John C. Lane, Thurles, Inspector of National Schools.

In Patrick-street, Limerick, Anne, daughter of Maurice Lenihan.

At Ballymaloe, county Cork, Jane, relict of William Lichfield, Factory-hill.

Feb. 13, Andrew George, son of the late Dr. Malcolm, Belfast.

On the 12th inst., at Legland, Bridget wife of Henry M'Crossan, and mother of John M'Crossan, of Omagh, Solicitor, aged 64 years.

At Coleraine, aged 30 years, Rosanna, wife of Neil M'Devitt, and daughter of John Devlin, of Strabane.

On the 17th inst., of disease of the heart, Laigh Nevin, aged 12 years, son of Charles Nevin, G.P.O.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

THOMAS H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

NEW-YORK. 7jun

Special Notices.

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, THE OBJECT OF WHICH IS TO GIVE YOUNG girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve so eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c: the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to scholars if they attend for three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the school for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh-street.

mch17 tf.

SAVE THIRTY PER CENT. IN YOUR BREAD BILLS. 500 BARRELS PER DAY

The Best Family Bread.

BERDAN'S MECHANICAL HOT AIR OVEN

Saves three fourth of the labor and expense of the old process, and has a capacity of 500 barrels per day, at an expense of only forty cents per barrel—thus enabling us to give loaves at 20 per cent. heavier. This oven being closed during the process of baking, the alcoholic vapors (lost in the common draft oven) are reabsorbed into the bread, and a gain of 10 per cent. is thus effected. Our distributers will call on families who wish to try it with samples. Orders addressed NEW-YORK BREAD COMPANY, New-York Arcade, No. 594 Broadway, will be promptly filled.

WANTDD—Three Spring Carts, with drivers, from 5 to 9 each day; two agents and a boy. mch21 tf.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

TO THE LADIES.

Grand Opening of Spring Carpetings, &c., &c.

NEW STORE, 93 Sixth avenue.

Before purchasing, Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloths, which are of the best Manufactures, and at extremely low prices.

Stephen Leahy,

93 Sixth avenue, between Waverly and Clinton places,

Has on exhibition a rich and varied assortment of Foreign and Domestic Carpeting for Spring, comprising every grade and style, from the richest English Medallion Velvet to the lowest price domestic, a great variety of new patterns, in Velvets, Tapestrys, Brussels, Three-plys and Ingrain Carpets, Druggets all widths, English and American floor Oil Cloths from 2 to 24 feet wide, Enameled and Japan Table and Stair Oil Cloths, Chair and Straw Matting, and the following list faithfully represent the prices:

Velvets,	12s	to 16s	per yard.
Tapestry	7s	to 10s	do.
Brussels,	8s	to 10s	do.
Three-ply,	8s	to 9s	do.
Extra superfine all wool Ingrain,		5s	do.
Cotton and wool,	2s	to 3s	do.
Linen,	1s 4d	to 2s	do.

A choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, &c.

Mosaic Rugs and pictures in various beautiful designs.

Customers are requested to make a note of the name and number, lest they mistake 93 for the stores immediately beside it.

Stephen Leahy,

93 Sixth Avenue, nearly opposite Eighth st., New York.

84 WILLIAM-STREET,

Corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

FURNISHING GOODS,

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

GEORGE M. TRACY, would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he has now on hand and is constantly receiving the lates style of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting in part of

HOSIERY OF ALL KINDS.

Beaufort Ties,	Umbrellas,
Fine Shirts and Collars,	Under Shirts and Drawers,
Cravats and Scarfs,	Improved Napoleon Ties,
Suspenders,	Linen and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs,
Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,	Dressing Robes,
Kid and Dog Skin Gloves,	Silk Under Garments, &c.,

which he offers at greatly reduced prices, wholesale or retail. His shirts are of superior make, and warranted to fit.

Persons wishing goods in his line, will find themselves well paid by stepping out of Broadway, and calling at the old stand,

fe21 2m 84 WILLIAM-STREET.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 882 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfaction be given. sept6 3m

CHARLES'

LONDON

CORDIAL

GIN.

AN UNEQUALLED STIMULANT, DIURETIC AND TONIC INVIGORANT, and an AGREEABLE AROMATIC SANITARY BEVERAGE.

I beg to call the attention of Southern and Western merchants to the superior merits of this exqisite cordial.

It is a pure extract of the Italian Juniper Berry, distilled from the very best of English grain, under the surveillance of the British Excise Laws, and has been pronounced by the medical faculty of Great Britain and the United States to be the best and the safest alcoholic stimulant ever offered to the public.

It is used with great success in cases of DYSPEPSIA, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, GRAVEL, COLIC, CHOLERA, FEVER AND AGUE, STRICTURE, DISEASES OF THE URINARY ORGANS, EPILEPSY, &c.

It is also a delicious tonic beverage, and by its peculiar flavor (so different from other gins) is universally esteemed by all who use it.

The following, among thousands of a similar kind, is from so reliable and valuable a source, that we give it place:—

NEW-YORK, Sept. 22, 1855.

TO COL. E. C. CHARLES:—MY DEAR SIR—Under some circumstances we recommend Holland Gin as medicine. As yours contains a much larger quantity of Juniper, I think it a preferable article. IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE OF THE KIND I HAVE SEEN. VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.

☞ Beware of poisonous mixtures, manufactured in imitation, and sold as LONDON CORDIAL GIN!!

The records of the Custom House in the cities of New-York, Boston and Philadelphia, show that CHARLES' LONDON CORDIAL GIN is the *only London Gin really imported*, and sold in bottles. A recent controversy in the New-York papers has demonstrated that up to that date, to wit, the beginning of November last, the only importation of London Cordial Gin ever made, except by ourselves, has been two pipes imported in 1855. *On the credit of these two pipes, which would fill only a few hundred bottles, over one hundred thousand dozen, of a noxious mixture, called "London Cordial Gin," have been spread all over this Continent, and sold at a cost 20 per cent. below the cost of importation of London Cordial Gin, by one concern; whilst another, who represent themselves agents for "Booth & Sedgwick, of London,"* HAD NEVER IMPORTED ONE DROP, *and yet have flooded the whole South and West with their so-called* LONDON GIN.

The genuine CHARLES' LONDON GIN is for sale in quarts at one dollar, and pints at 50 cents, by all Druggists and Grocers. Be sure that, though styled 'LONDON CORDIAL GIN," it is absolutely CHARLES'. To escape adulterated nd poisonous mixtures, it does not suffice that the artice is labelled LONDON ORDIAL GIN; but be certain it is CHARLES'. None other is genuine.

EDMUND C. CHARLES,

No. 40 Broadway, New-York.

Holloway's Pills.—Public Opinion is the great tribunal by which the value of all discoveries is judged. Its verdict on this great alterative, antiseptic and tonic medicine, founded on the testimony of rejoicing and grateful thousands, is favorable throughout the world. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London, and by all druggists, at 25c., 63c., and $1 per box.

☞ **Post Office Notice**—The Mails for California, and South Pacific Coast, per U.S. Steamer *ILLINOS*, will close at this Office on THURSDAY, the 5th day of March, at one oclock, P.M.

mar7 I. V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	25 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7¾.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

MISS MATILDA HERON

In a new Five Act Tragedy entitled

Leonore; or, The World's Own.

An early application for seats is respectfully urged to prevent disappointment.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.

JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's Spring raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,

y10jan GERALD GRAY.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat*," Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,

sept27 3mos New-York.

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.

(ESTABLISHED 1851.)

Small Parcels forwarded by each Mail Steamer, to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the Continent, India, China, South America, &c.

*** Persons wishing to send small packages to their friends at home, at a trifling expense, will please address

COLLINS & MARSH, Agents,

ja26 1y 29 Broadway, New-York.

A Retired Physician whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered, while living in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a danghter, was given up to die. Wishing to do as much as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow beings as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up and successfully using. He requires each applicant to enclose him one shilling—three cents to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement. Address Dr. H. JAMES, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. jan17 tf

Woodland Cream—*A Pomade for beautifying the Hair*—highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing Ladies' Hair it has no equal, giving it a bright glossy appearance. It causes Gentlemen's Hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the Hair the effect of being freshly shampooed. Price, only 50 cents. None genuine unless signed.

Fetridge & Co., Proprietors of the

For sale by all Druggists. *"Balm of a Thousand Flowers."*

White Teeth, Perfumed Breath, and Beautiful Complexion, can be acquired by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers.*" What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed FETRIDGE & CO., *N. Y.*

For sale by all Druggists. feb21 8mos

Mayor's Office, New-York, February 16th, 1857.—NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given, that all persons who desire to be

VACCINATED,

Will be attended to promptly—without charge—by application at either of the Dispensaries, where Physicians are constantly in attendance; and it is recommended, that all who have not been vaccinated, should avail themselves immediately of the opportunity thus offered.

The New-York Dispensary is located at the corner of Centre and White-streets.

The Eastern Dispensary, in Ludlow-street, in the rear of Essex Market.

The Northern Dispensary is located corner Waverly Place and Christopher-street.

The Demilt Dispensary is located at 87 Second Avenue.

FATHER MATHEW.

His Life, Times and Services.

Lyceums, Literary, and other Societies are respectfully informed that

MR. JOHN SAVAGE,

Author of "'98 and '48; the Modern Revolutionary History and Literature of Ireland,"

is prepared to receive engagements from this date to the first week in April, to deliver a Lecture on the LIFE AND LABORS OF THE LATE FATHER MATHEW.

Societies or Lecture Committees deeming the subject worthy of notice, will address Mr. Savage, at the office of this Journal, or care of Redfield, Publisher, Beekman street, New-York.

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK, COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, Feb. 25, 1857.

NOTICE.—THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at the United States Warehouse, No. 54 Atlantic Dock, South Pier, by Miller & Morris, on MONDAY, the 6th April, at 10 o'clock A. M. The goods will be open for examination on Saturday previous to sale.

HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

DATE.	MARK AND NUMBER.	DESCRIPTION.	VESSEL.	PORT.
	No 1	lot samples		
	No 2	do		
	M Michallet	one package	Jeanotte	not reported
	No mark	do	Edinburgh	do
	R & C	do	Herman	do
	D M Balto	do	do	do
	C F	do	Ilva	do
	H C 197 | 170	do	not reported	do
	D L G 1	do	do	do
	E & O M 5	do	do	do
	F Y 11	do	do	do
	G McRea, over Jacksonvile R & Co in a brace	do	do	do
	Fred'k Lyster	do	Persia	do
	President Board Trade	do	Palestine	do
	Hunter, Bulkley & Co	do	Persia	do
	Rev M Bigelow, for over Mrs Wiley in a brace	do	Wm Tapscott	do
Aug 25	R J Cummings	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
	Rochester over N York in a brace	do	do	do
Oct '55	J H over C 985	do	Ariel	Havre
June '55	H 3	one cask	C E Trile	Nassau
June '55	no mark	one bdl rattan	G B Lamar	London
	H O 1647 | 1650	four cases	Humboldt	Havre
July '55	Dr Otto	one case	Herman	Bremen
	no mark	one bale	Homer	Malaga
Aug '55	J B	bundle rattan	J Bradley	Calcutta
	triangle 1	one cask	Sagette	Amsterdam
	A 50	do	Liverpool	London
	B & C 1-2 1 5 1-10	three boxes	Lyra	Havana
June 9 '56	A H 1	one case	Montreal	Bordeaux
July '55	no mark	one bdl rattan	Mississippi	Rotterdam
	do	do	not reported	not reported
Aug '55	B 10	one keg	Palestine	London
Aug '55	no mark	one bundle	Schr Shark	Para
June '55	do	bundle rattan	South Carolina	Rotterdam
	do	do	Legetha	Amsterdam
Sept '55	S & M	one hamper	Tennessee	Havre
Sept '55	no mark	one case	do	do
Sept '55	Mr Vesey	one hamper	do	do
Oct 12 '55	J C R	one case	Union	do
	J K 1	one bale	Algira	Malaga
	do 2	do	do	do
Dec '54	J C R 5	one case	C B Williams	Bordeaux
Dec '54	do 7	do	do	do
	no mark	one bundle	Edwina	not reported
	D Henderson	one box	Empire	Liverpool
Oct '55	Mrs Duel	one keg	Glance	Glasgow
	no mark	one bundle	Brig Hollander	not reported
	A G	23 bundles	Isle de Cuba	Havana
Oct '55	S & M 2	one basket	M Ogden	Havre
	M Sue	do	not reported	not reported
	W & C	one demijohn	do	do
	H 2	two boxes	do	do
	T D over S	one box	do	do
	T D over C D	do	do	do
	T D over S	four boxes	do	do
	K N over F 8	one box	do	do
	K S	do	do	do
	L F	do	do	do
	E L	do	do	do
	H 2	do	do	do
	B L	do	do	do
	8 in a triangle	do	do	do
	A	do	do	do
	U 2	two	do	do
	6 in a triangle	do	do	do
	triangle, 231	do	do	do
	K S 1	do	do	do
	W V O Moers	two half boxes	Black Warrier	do
	no mark	one box	do	do
	do	four demijohns	do	do
	do	four boxes	do	do
	do	one box	do	do
	L M	do	do	do
	H and triangle with bar across top	do	do	do
	H in a triangle and J K & Co in an oval	do	do	do
	H R in a diamond	two boxes	do	do
	B	one box	do	do
	H J B	do	do	do
	C J B	do	do	do
	no mark	lot willows	do	do
	C & S	one bale	do	do
	triangle with bar, 160	do	do	do
	no mark, 37	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	B W 3	do	do	do
	B in a diamond 1	one case	do	do
	no mark	lot willows	do	do
	B O 1779	one case	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	three bales	do	do
	do	one bag	do	do
	F D 106	one case	Adelaide Metcalf	do
	A C 23	one bale	Unknown	Unknown
	no mark	two bales	do	do
	C D 25	one cask	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	two kegs	do	do
	A B	one box	do	do
	no mark	one package	North Star	Havana
	K B H in a triangle, with N Y on either side	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	one cask	do	do
	do	two barrels	do	do
	do	one keg	do	do
	double triangle 6	one box	do	do
	L 54	one cask	do	do
	W & K 31	one box	do	do
	H over A C	two boxes	do	do
	N 100	one box	do	do
	no mark	lot India rubber 9 pcs	do	do
	do	lot drugs	do	do
	R T	one box	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	two bbls Indiarubber	do	do
	do	do	do	do
April 17, '55	J & D in a circle	one box glass	do	do
	C H over H O in a brace	one barrel	do	do
	G	one cask	do	do
	G & H	one box	do	do
	L F	do	do	do
	no mark	one box India rubber	do	do
	do	three half bbls	do	do
	triangle	one box	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	one half bbl	do	do
	S T	one box	do	do
	P & S over V in a brace, 225	one crate	do	do
	L & C 1	one case	do	do
Oct 4, 1855	J G Stebins	do	Pacific	do
June, '55	no mark	one bundle	South Carolina	Rotterdam
	do	one bale	Swift	Unknown
	J M 27	one case	Wm Layton	Havre
	P N 890	do	Arago	do
Oct '55	A B & Co 7	do	Alexander	Rotterdam
May '55	P Bozfrez over Philadelphia in a brace	do	Carolus Magnus	Havre
June '55	R B Ray	do	City of Mobile	Liverpool
Oct '55	E W 93	do	David Hoadley	Antwerp
Oct '55	do 94	do	do	do
Oct '55	E W 95	one case	David Hoadley	Antwerp
May '55	A B 10-11	one package	Devonshire	London
June '55	Geo. McNaught, Canada West	one case	Glance	Glasgow
April '55	Thomas Hamilton	one box	Gov Hubbard	Havana
May '55	W H O	one case	Golden West	Manilla
Aug '55	Dr Wood	one package	Bark Hazard	Mazatlan
July '55	B & C	one case	J E Williams	Rotterdam
Oct '55	Jacot Kingman	do	Katherine	Antwerp
do	J C over G V	one package	Washington	Antwerp
Sept '55	No mark	one box	Muskingum	Leghorn
Sept '55	C 7	one case	Oregon	Havre
Nov '55	B & H 100	do	Pacific	Liverpool
Nov '55	F S over M 20	one bale	Pacific	do
June '55	Philip Weingaster & Co	one trunk	R L Gilchrist	Havre
June '55	C Smitt 44	one keg	R L Gilchrist	do
Oct '55	E W Nicholas	one case	Southampton	London
May '55	J O over N York	do	Tonduin	Leghorn
do '55	A F	do	Bark Triumph	Madeira
	C K 6	do	Washington	Bremen
Sept '55	Mess Suzuer & Co	do	West Point	Liverpool
May '55	M 1	do	Connecticut	Havre
June '55	F 3	one bale	C B Zenith	Nassau
May '55	B & M 10	one case	Dutchland	Hamburg
Aug '55	H & A	do	Brig Europa	Matanzas
1855	E G 174	do	Havre	Havre
July '55	A & Co 143	do	Lawrence	Bordeaux
	triangle over E B	one box	Nebraska	Bremen
	Son H P over Chas B Norton 82	one package	Union	Havre
	do	do	Union	Havre
May '55	M S on triangle 29	one case	Bark Welland	Bremen
June '55	Mr Staverè	do	Str Washington	Bremen
	J L 4	do	St Louis	Havre
	J L 5	one case	St Louis	Havre
	fist over B	1-16 cask	Brig Volante	Malaga
May '55	No mark	five bags	Leopold	Antwerp
April '54	J B H	one case	Margaret Evans	London
Aug 8 '54	G H 1	do	Phantom	London
Jan '55	J F P 1	do	J Farnham	Havana
do	H 3	do	Mercury	Havre
Feb '55	D N	do	A F Smidt	Antwerp
do	G S F 5	do	Panama	Bremen
do	H D W	do	Yorktown	London
March '55	A C over N B 4	do	Cuidad Bolivar	Bordeaux
do	J B J over N B 3	do	North Sea	do
do	do 3	do	do	do
do	H S & Co 44	do	St Louis	Havre
April, '55	D C 5	do	Hellen A Miller	do
do	do 6	do	do	do
do	do 7	do	do	do
do	no mark	one box	A Darothea	do
do	do	do	do	do
do	do	do	do	do
do	J B H 7	one case	Margaret Evans	do
March '55	A S 2	do	St Louis	London
April 55	L W C over M 7,639	do	do	Havre
May '55	Q 1	do	S Carolina	do
do	22	do	do	Rotterdam
do	do 418	do	Washington	do
do	A G	do	Edward Everett	Bremen
do	do	do	do	Bordeaux
do	do	do	do	do
do	J J B	one bag	Lyra	do
do	Miss Markoe	one case	Miranda	Havana
do	triangle 3	do	R M Sloman	Santa Croix
do	J on diamond 1	do	Victoria	Antwerp
do	do 2	do	do	London
do	do 3	do	do	do
June, '55	Sen Don Jose Vavona	do	Clarissa	do
June, '55	A & Co 148	do	Lawrence	Neuvitas
June, '55	B in diamond	one case	Lark	Bordeaux
do		do	do	Bermuda
do	Messrs Comstock & Bros New York	do	Orontas	do
do		do	do	Charlottetown
May, '55	A L 4	do	J. Hermann	do
do	5	do	do	Hamburg
do		do	do	do
do	ML 119 | 143	25 cases	Dutchland	do
April '55	F in diamond	one bbl	O T Hayes	do
Feb '55	C W over J, and A T over S, and 487 or 647	one case	R L Lane	Buenos Ayres
do	D N	one keg	A F Smidt	Havre
Feb 7 '55	B & L 8268	one cask	Arnold Boaninger	Antwerp
Oct '53	L R & Co 212	do	Edwina	Rotterdam
do	213	do	do	do
do	215	do	do	do
do	220	do	do	do
do	224	do	do	do
Aug '54	S on T 1	do	Pennisbury	do
do	2	do	do	do
do	3	do	do	do
do	4	do	do	do
Aug '55	A B 2	do	James	London
do	4	do	do	do
Jan 16 '55	C D 1 c 25	25 casks	Corinthian	Havre
March '55	no mark	ten bags	Arthur Leary	Cadiz
June '53	M L 2448 c 2457	ten cases	Karle August	Rotterdam
Feb '55	H K 2	one cask	A Boaninger	do
Jan '55	Thomas Evans	one case	str Atlantic	Liverpool
do	R B T over M Y in diamond, or J F P 960	do	Baltic	do
Feb '54	L Y 4	do	Mercury	Havre
Feb '55	H Marshall	do	Union	do
March '55	H R 5	one package	Hermann	Bremen
do	A S 626	one case	Pacific	Liverpool
April '55	S & F 243	do	Atlantic	do
do	P l c 4	four cases	St Louis	Havre
do	H & C 7832	one case	St Dennis	do
do	C M 1	do	str Union	do
May '55	C & C	do	Pacific	Liverpool
do	B K over B D in a brace	do	Torrent	St Jago
June '55	Mrs. Hocter	do	Baltic	Liverpool
July '55	M Lamont	do	American Eagle	London
do	Mr. Geo D Green	do	Milton	Bordeaux
Jan '55	G 1	do	Albany	Calcutta
do	2	do	do	do
do	3	do	do	do
	H Urkert	do	Herschel	Hamburg
July '55	HF P 400	do	Westphalia	Bremen
do	W 2	do	do	do
do	F F 1	do	Zurich	Havre
Aug '55	NK 5	do	Cumberland	Rotterdam
do	65 in a diamond over J S & Co, 2985	do	I Bradlee	Calcutta
do	Stafford Reeves, N York, in a brace	do	Pacific	Havana
do	G K 607	do	St. Louis	Hav.e
do	608	do	do	do
Sept '55	H D G	do	Ariel	do
do	Samuel F Holbrok over Boston in a brace	one trunk	Humboldt	Hamburg
do	J L 20	one case	M Livingston	Havre
do	Mrs W H Eldridge	do	Vancouvre	Shanghai
Aug '55	L 6	one bbl	St Louis	Havre
do	7	do	do	do
do	8	do	do	do
do	10	do	do	do
Sept '55	L, various Nos	13 casks	Margt Evans	London
do		three bbls	do	do
Sept '55	Mr J T Mundy & Co	one cask	str Indiana	Havre
July '55	E M 14	one bbl	Nebraska	Bremen
April '55	H & C 3193	one basket	Jno Wesley	Havre
Jan 23 '56	no mark	one bbl	Empire State	Liverpool
Nov '55	W & C 10	one cask	Atlantic	do
do	E Little	one bbl	Hermann	Bremen
June '55	M B	21 bbls	Ceres	London
July '55	N W	five casks	Meates	Kingston
April '55	V B	one case	A Dorothea	Unknown
May '55	G in a triangle L 72	do	Atlantic	Liverpool
do	H P 530	do	J H Ryerson	Antwerp
Jan '55	J K 12	do	Orpheus	Bremen
May '55	HB 42	one keg	S Carolina	Rotterdam
April '55	W & C 83	one case	Welland	Bremen
do	M R 46	one keg	do	do
Feb '55	M F over 54, 8496	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
June '55	H H Ward care Loeschigk, Wesendonck & Co 5	do	North Star	Havre
Jan 10 '55	J W 3	do	Rhein	Hamburg
Jan 18 '55	B V 64	do	Astracan	Rotterdam
Jan '55	L K 3968	do	Genl Jacobi	Bremen
Jan 12 '55	no mark	one chest	S E Hyde	Antwerp
June '55	S in triangle 77	one case	Tropic	do
do	do 84	do	do	do
May '55	B A	forty casks	Sarah Ann	Cadiz
April '55	F S 10	one cask	S G Hyde	Havre
Dec '55	A 57	do	R Robinson	Liverpool
	J D in diamond 1	do	Yorkham	London
	do 2	do	do	do
June 23 '55	no mark, or L F 16	one trunk	A Delins	Bremen
July 25 '55	B N	one package	Ambassador	Marseilles
do	Ralph Rawdon, Esq	one box	Caura	Ciudad Bolliva
April 9 '55	no mark	one cask	California	Buenos Ayre
July '55	C B over S V over J C in a brace 100	one case	Lawrence	Bordeaux
do	A over A B 1	one cask	do	do
May9 '55	no mark	one box	Nancy Plaisted	Madeira
July 16 '56	J in a diamond	one bbl	Octavia Woodward	Kingston
May '55	M R 1	one chest	Vancluse	Havre
Apr 19 '56	J B 17 c 22	six bales	Virginia	Buenos Ayr
June '55	L L 270	one case	Washington	Bremen
	no mark	lot bags	Wm Jervis	Antwerp
1855	D	one bag	Pacific	Liverpool
Dec '55	H	two boxes	Christiana	Antwerp
Aug '55	no mark, or Mons Reimer	one trunk	Connecticut	Havre
do	P N	one box	Andrew Foster	Liverpool
do	W 143	one case	Dreadnought	do
do	145	do	do	do
July '55	J C in a diamond	do	Glasgow	Gloasgow
do		do	do	do
do		do	do	do
do		do	do	do
Aug '55	R in a diamond 684	one bale	Baltic	Liverpool
July '55	Geo Mills	one package	Glasgow	Glasgow
July 18 '54	N W 121	one case	Isabella	Rotterdam
Oct '54	Jean St Ettinne	one trunk	Minnesota	Liverpool
June '55	C W over A 25	one cask	New York	do
Oct '55	H G Julian	one basket	Owego	do
Dec '55	Mitchell, Rosenburg & Co, Ohio	one case	Pacific	do
May '55	S R S & H 79	do	Stadt Antwerpen	Antwerp
do	no mark	one cask	North Wind	Havre
July '55	J M 852	one case	Nebraska	Bremen
	A J over N Y in a diamond	one chimney	Royal Arch	Liverpool
Oct '55	C & R 10	one cask	Undine	Newcastle
do	do 2	do	do	do
Aug '55	P in a diamond 20	do	American Congress	London
July '53	no mark	two bbls	Archeiva	St Thomas
	W H in a diamond 386	one cask	Florida	London
	O (White)	six bundles	Manhattan	Liverpool
	no mark	four bbls	Unknown	Unknown
	J K 1	one cask	do	do
	F in a diamond 30	do	do	do
	C in a diamond 30	do	do	do
	F 100	do	do	do
	E diamond R 13	one crate	do	do
	PP in a diamond, C under right corner, 210	one cask	do	do
	P M 1379	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	no mark	one cask	unknown	unknown
	W H in diamond 369	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	C S 2500	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	B in diamond	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	one barrel	do	do
	W 5	one cask	do	do
	B 13	do	do	do
	N S 56	one barrel	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	one barrel	do	do
	W in diamond	one cask	Palestine	London
	H in diamond K	do	Sagette	Amstordam
	H B G T c 7	seven cases	St Dennis	Havre
April '53	Æ B	one bundle iron	Christiana	London
March '55	no mark	8 iron pipes	Pacific	Liverpool
Dec 13 '54	do	953 bars iron	Conqueror	do
May '55	C L D	15 burr stones	Trumbull	Havre
Sept '53	F 16	two cases	Columbia	Liverpool
	P C 118	lot of staves	Cora Linn	Glasgow
June 2 '55	no mark	43 bars iron	American Union	Liverpool
April 14 '55	E A	one bar iron	Lucy Thompson	do
Jan 10 '55	D S	1 bundle hoop iron	American Union	do
Dec 3 '55	no mark	12 logs timber	T P Ladd	St John N B
July '55	do	five bundles iron	St Patrick	Liverpool
June '55	do	1 bar R R iron	South Picton	Port Talbot
May 2 '56	do or red	22 bars iron	Chatawochie	Liverpool
	M L over B & G 2	one cask	Lizzie Harwood	Havre
Jan 4 '55	M M T	28 casks	Jane E Williams	Bordeaux
	L 3	one cask	Carolina	Rotterdam
	L R & Co 214	do	Edwina	do
	M L 1549	do	Union	Havre
	no mark	four boxes	Unknown	Unknown
	do	one case	Victoria	Lisbon
	B	do	Coastwise	
	no mark	100 pieces wood	Miranda	Curacoa

March 8 2t

Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely: If the culverts and sewers of the city were checked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle: by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose, (what blind philosophy!) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning fever after; flesh soft and flabby; the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and pitting of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the doubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

This privilege is extended to those persons who addressed me previously on this subject.

I have made it my rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time I give up the patient as lost and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

J. D. DURKIN,
Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
No. 173 Bowery, New-York.

jan31 1y

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, CITY OF NEW YORK, MARCH 2d, 1857.—CENTRAL PARK FUND STOCK.—$800,000 AT six per cent. redeemable in thirty years.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Comptroller's office until Tuesday, March 31st, 1857, at 2 o'clock, P.M., when the same will be publicly opened, for the whole or any part of the amount of eight hundred thousand dollars of Central Park Fund Stock, of the City of New York, authorised by an act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An act to alter the Map of the City of New York, by laying out thereon a Public Place, and to authorise the taking of the same," passed July 21st 1858, and amended February 13th 1857, and by ordinance of the Common Council, of said city, approved by the Mayor, February 29th, 1856.

The said stock will consist of eight thousand shares, of one hundred dollars each share, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable quarter-yearly, and the principal redeemable on the first day of July, 1857.

The proposals will state the number of shares desired, and the price per share; the person whose proposals are accepted, will be required to deposit with the Chamberlain of the city, the sum awarded and covered by the bid, and on presenting the receipt of the Chamberlain to the Comptroller, will be entitled to receive a certificate for the par value of the number of shares carrying interest from the date of he deposit.

Those persons who have awards due them on the Central Park, if they offer terms more favorable to the interests of the city than those who make cash bids, can receive certificates of stock for the amount of their awards immediately after the bids are decided on, carrying interest from the date of the confirmation of awards. In case the same person or property is assessed, the person claiming the award will be required to pay the amount of assessment, with interest thereon, from the time of the confirmation of the report of the Commissioners, before the delivery of the certificate.

An act of 1853, for laying out the Park, provides for levying a tax anually for the payment of interest on the stock to be issued; and the act of 1812, made applicable to this loan, provides not only for pledging the faith of the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty for the final redemption of the stock issued, but also enacts that all the revenues of the corporation, "are hereby pledged and appropriated for the payment of the interest which shall become due on the said stock, and shall continue so pledged until the the final redemption thereof; and that, in case the said revenues be not sufficient to satisfy and pay the whole of the said interest, then, and in that case, the faith of thy State shall be and is hereby pledged to pass such acts as shall, from time to time, be necessary, authorising the Mayor, &c., to raise by tax" such sums as shall be requisite to supply every such deficiency. In addition to this, the 7t section of the Act of 1853, for taking land for the Park, declares that all the land thus taken shall be "irrevocably pledged" for the payment of the debt created therefor.

Each proposition should be sealed up, and endorsed, "Proposal for Six per cent. Central Park Fund." And the proposition may then be put in a second envelope, sealed and directed, "A. C FLAGG, Comptroller, No. 5 Hall of Records, New York.

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller.

Notice.—In consequence of the unprecedented demand from all parts of the United States for our Booth and Sedgwick London Cordial Gin, arising solely from the merits of the article, without advertising on our part, various irresponsible dealers in Gin in this and other cities, have been excited to jealousy and envy by the tremendous demand and sale of our Gin, they finding it with all respectable grocers and druggists in the Union. The acknowledged increasing demand and the annexed certificate from one of our eminent chemists, Dr. J. R. Chilton, and the article itself, when tried, show its superior and medicinal qualities as a beverage.

CERTIFICATE:

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JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

New-York, Dec., 18, 1856.

SIMPSON BROS., 19 Beaver st.,
Importers of wines brandies, &c., for sale from bonded warehouses.
mch21 3m

Information Wanted of Michael Ready, of Kildysart, co. Clare, Ireland. When last heard from, was in Steuben co., State of New-York. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his brother, Samuel Ready, St. Louis, Mo. mch21

The Irish News.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR. JAMES ROCHE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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14. Therefore, it is nonsense for American merchants to interpose an objection to the price, which is simply remunerative.

15th—

"Let those write now who never wrote before,
And those who have always wrote, now write the more."

16th. N. B.—Buy none but sealed boxes, as you thereby secure the PATRON'S TICKET.

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The Celebration.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

We are enabled to give the following very full account of the proceedings on St. Patrick's day in New-York, from the various reports of the *Herald, Daily Times*, and *Express*.

The old saying that St. Patrick's Day and bad weather never fail to come together, is rapidly losing all force and fitness. It might have been true in olden times—as far back as four years—but these are days of improvement in almost everything, including the weather of Patrick's Day, which two years ago was not bad, last year was pleasant, and yesterday—morning, noon, and night—was really pleasant.

The day, says the *Herald*, was spiritedly observed by our Irish-American citizens. The procession was the largest exclusively Irish procession we have ever witnessed in this city, and was excellently managed throughout. The comparison between the celebration of Washington's birthday and that of St. Patrick, was decidedly in favor of the latter, both in numbers and spirit, a fact as creditable to the Irish as it is discreditable to our own countrymen, who ought to pay greater deference to the memory of 'the Father of his Country.'

For a wonder, and against all precedent, the day was a very fine one, and was deliciously balmy and spring-like, and gave evidence that—

Well apparalled April,
Fast on the heels of limping winter treads.

The streets, however, were unusually filthy, even for New-York; but the people who took part in the procession were not of a kind to be deterred by muddy pavements when an opportunity was offered to pay honor to the land of their birth. The sidewalks on the line of march were thronged with lookers-on, the green banners and waving flags and gay uniforms, made a beautiful ensemble.

The procession formed at ten o'clock, and counter-marched down Second avenue to Second street, thence to the Bowery, where the military joined them; down Chatham street to the Park, where they passed the Mayor and Common Council in the following order:

City Horse Guards, Capt. Murphy, 50 strong, (which presented a very fine appearance.)
Turle's Band.
Ninth Regiment, 500 men, Lieut.-Col. D. P. Kelly commanding.
Seventeenth Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Haggerty commanding.
Troop of Horse.
Shelton's Band.
Sixty-ninth Regiment, 400 men, Col. Butler.
John's Band.
Irish Rifles and detatched companies from different Regiments, under command of their senior officers.
Grand Marshal, James Kneeland.
Assistant Marshals, James Cushing, Charles Allen, Peter K. Gaynon, Michael Gillen.
Dodworth's Band.
Laborers' Union Benevolent Society, First Division, Wearing green scarfs, and preceded by a splendid banner, bearing the device—

BY INDUSTRY WE THRIVE.

Emerald Guard, Capt. Cox,
A good looking corps of Volunteers, with green shirts and caps trimmed with red, and presenting a very military appearance.
Laborers' Union Benevolent Society, Second Division,
Preceded by a banner. These two societies of laborers must have mustered nearly 1,000 men.
Band.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, No. 1,
Wish a spelendid banner of green and gold, with a harp festooned with flowers.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, No. 2, with a banner on which was inscribed—

LET ERIN FLOURISH AS BEFORE.

And on the reverse—

Let Erin remember
the days of Brian the Brave!

Volunteer corps, with green shirts and caps, faced with red.
The Sons of '98.
Ancient Order of Hibernians No. 3.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, No. 4.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, No 5.
The societies had each fine banners, one with a picture of St. Patrick on one side and O'Connell on the other. Another with Emmet denouncing England before the judges, and on the reverse a picture of Montgomery with the words—

IRELAND,
The Land of my Forefathers!

These Hibernian Societies numbered 2,000 persons.
Erin Guard, Capt. Doherty.
Wolfe Tone Guard, Capt. Clancy.
Independent Sons of Erin.
More Hibernians with a fine banner, representing Hugh O'Niel, the Irish chieftain.
Peterson's Band.
The Father Mathew Temperance Beneficial Society, with a fine banner, representing the great apostle of Temperance, and on the reverse a representation of a harp, and the words—

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed.

Band.
Workingmen's Union Protective Society, with a banner and wearing a green scarf, with silver trimming and a red rosette.
Workingmen's Mutual Benevolent Society.
Bohn's Band.
Irish National Grenadiers, Capt. McCourt.
Montgomery Benevolent Society, with a beautiful banner.
Band.
Hibernian Benevolent Society.
Band.
Roman Catholic Total Abstinence Beneficial Society, with a fine banner, on which was the latin motto—

HOC SIGNI VINCES.

This Society had a scarf bearing a cross.
Band.
Old Guard, Capt. Mackey.
'Longshoremen Union Benevolent Society, with a fine banner, representing a scene in a sick room. This society is very large.
Quarrymen's Union Benevolent Society were also out.
A Cavalcade of horsemen closed the procession.

Altogether the procession was a very fine one, and gave great satisfaction to all who participated in it. It contained at least 6,000 persons. On leaving the Park, the procession continued up Broadway to Fourteenth street, thence to Ninth avenue, thence to Twenty-third street, down Broadway to the Washington statue, where the procession dispersed and the pageant was over. The day passed off in a remarkably quiet manner, and drunkenness and riots, which too often disgrace its observance, were very properly omitted.

The day was kept up through the night, by supping, dancing and speech-making, by many Societies that did not participate in the procession, and by many that did.

The Friendly Sons of St Patrick.

The seventy-third anniversary dinner of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick in this City, was held in the Metropolitan Hotel. The entertainment was in every respect an elegant one; and the enjoyment, as was befitting both the company and occasion, was uninterrupted and unconstrained. The following is a list of the officers for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Samuel Sloan; Vice-Presidents, Richard O'Gorman and Judge B. O'Conner: Treasurer, C. H. Birney; Secretary, Walter Magee.

Among the invited guests were the representatives of the various national benevolent societies of the city. Mr. de Peyster, of the St. Nicholas, Mr. Stebbins, of the New-England, Mr. Eyres, of the St. George's, Mr. Johnston, of the St. Andrew's, and Mr. Miles, of the St. David's; and Messrs. A. V. Stout, City Chamberlain, Judge Davies, of the Supreme Court, Judges John B. Brady and Charles Daly, of the Common Pleas, James T. Brady, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Savage, John Brougham, Charles A. Dana, of the *Tribune*, Wm. Norval, of the *Times*, Jas. Robb, of New Orleans. Other well known citizens and professional gentlemen were visible, including Mr. W. S. Herriman, President Long Island Bank, Mr. Jas. B. Kirker, Mr. Malcolm Campbell, Mr. J. B. Fogarty, Mr. T. Donelly, Mr. Nath'l Jarvis, Mr. McCunn, Mr. McKibbin, and a great many others.

The company, numbering about 200, entered, to the music of the 'Sprig of Shillelagh,' after which the President, Mr. Sam Sloan, rose and said:

Gentlemen:—In the absence of our chaplain, I beg to introduce Richard Bell. Mr. Bell said grace.

After the good things provided by the Messrs. Leland had been done full justice to, President Sloan said that before introducing the regular toasts of the evening he wished to return his thanks for the honor done him in electing him to the Presidency of the Association. Although not having the recollections of childhood to aid him, yet he was one who was fond of Ireland. The Society was flourishing. The Treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of $7,000, and as this Society was instituted 73 years ago, as a charitable body, he would say that no political or other strife was permitted to be mixed up with their transactions.

After paying a high compliment to the late President, Joseph Stuart, Esq., the President read letters from various invited guests, one of which from Mr. Stuart, who was absent in consequence of a bereavement in his family, was loudly applauded. The letter enclosed the resignation of John B. Dillon, Esq., as Vice-President of the Society. Excuses for being absent were also sent from His Excellency the Governor, Wm. C. Bryant, and several others. The following is Mr. Dillon's letter:

ROSCOMMON, Ireland, February 26th, 1857.

To the President of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick.

MY DEAR SIR—The near approach of the 17th of March reminds me that the place which I have occupied for some years at the board of the Friendly Sons, must, henceforth, be filled by another. I beg, therefore, through you, to resign the office of Vice-President of the Society.

I will, at the same time, ask you, when our brothers shall next assemble to render the accustomed honors to the patron Saint, to give them my affectionate adieu. I would have it spoken in the midst of enjoyment, when wine flows freely, and mirth and hilarity abound; that any regret which it may occasion may not be bitter and enduring like my own; but light and transient as the summer's cloud that flits across the sun.

The scene is vividly before me, as I pen this hurried farewell. The speeches, the cheers, the merry jest, the loud laugh; and, alas! the faces of true friends, whom I shall see no more.

Let me avail myself of this opportunity (as another may never offer) to testify my affectionate remembrance of the people and the country who kindly received me in the season of my adversity. Years and experience have had their usual effect in weakening my faith in human excellence, in modifying my opinions and moderating my hopes. But, my affection for the great Republic, and my faith in its destiny, are not shaken. Through life, I shall gratefully remember its hospitality. I shall never hear its character assailed, without vindicating it to the best of of my ability. I shall always rejoice in its power and its progress, and refer, with pride, to its simple virtues.

I remain, dear Sir, very faithfully, yours,

JOHN B. DILLON.

The regular toasts were next taken up. They were as follows:—

1. Saint Patrick's Day, and all who honor it.

2. The President of the United States.

3. Ireland—Beloved by our forefathers; ever honored and cherished by us. In the wide diffusion of knowledge and habits of industry amongst her people, we recognize the sure foundations of her Social and Political Power, Dignity, and Independence.

4. Our Sister Societies—Sisters of Charity, ever setting before us an example of Benevolence and Hospitality. Their honored Representatives are welcomed to our Board to-night.

5. Civil and Religious Liberty—Blessings always hardly won by nations; often lightly lost; never safe from aggression, unless when enshrined in the hearts of a virtuous, intelligent, and tolerant people.

6. The Press—The Schoolmaster of this age—may it never forget its duties, and society always remember its rights.

7. The Memory of Washington.

8. The City of New-York—The commercial capital of this western continent. Destined soon to be the commercial capital of the world.

9. The Poets, Orators, and Dramatists of Ireland; and all who, by voice, or pen, have done honor to their Native Island.

10. Woman—This latest work of creation, and the best.

The first toast was drunk with all the honors.

The second toast—"The President of the United States"—was received with an enthusiam to which it has long been a stranger. Mr. James T. Brady, in response to loud and emphatic calls, rose and said:

Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen: There have been many times when I have had the honor and the pleasure of being associated with the *saints* at the end of the table. [A voice—'Better off here.'] I rejoice to say that—as some one suggests—I am better off here amongst the sinners. (Loud laughter.) The company will excuse me when I decline responding to this toast—'The President of the United States'—inasmuch as the present incumbent of that office is of the same political party with myself. I am not here to do him honor; there is no one that can do honor to the office that he holds.

The third toast was euthusiastically received, and followed by music 'Gra Machree.' Thomas Francis Meagher was loudly called upon for a response:

Third Toast.—*Ireland*—Beloved of our forefathers; ever honored and cherished by us. In the wide diffusion of knowledge and habits of industry amongst her people, we recognize the sure foundations of her social and political power, dignity and independence. [Immense cheering.]

Mr. Thomas F. Meagher rose, amid renewed cheering, and said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Having been requested by the Committee of Management, of which our friend, Mr. Bell, is Chairman, to speak to the toast you have just now drunk with the highest honors of the evening, I shall not beg to be excused. The sanction under which I speak frees me from the necessity of doing so—otherwise, an apology would be a duty—otherwise, indeed, I should not venture to address you. The occurrence of my name in public, incessant as it is, begins to weary me. It may, perhaps, more grievously affect me. The weariness I feel must prove contagious. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, with all their vivacity, must shortly succumb to it. To avert the misfortune it is advisable for me to say little. The toast, it is true, suggests volumes. But this is not a library, nor have you, gentlemen, come here to discuss history, industrial statistics, political theories or points of belief.

'——Leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.'

It is an occasion of song, wine, poetry and mirth (loud cheers). The less we have to do with the business of the college, the parliament, the museum, the market and the warehouse, the better. The better for the liberal, genial, hospitable spirit which has brought us here to feast in fellowship together (renewed cheers). Of that spirit, where it so gloriously abides, it is useless to speak. It needs no illustration. It needs no defence. The first to strike root in the heart—the last to wither—the love which clings to the old birth-place, and the memories which beautify and make it holy, no eulogy can enhance, no slander can depreciate (great applause). We shall hear to night the bells of Shandon. In their full tones the story of this love will be told. My rude words must not disturb the scene, over which their musical waves are sure to flow. Indeed, the vocal duties of this feast should be left exclusively with those who, like my friend O'Gorman, of the County Clare, know how to set those bells ringing, until every heart chimes in with them, and every glass vibrates. Would to Heaven they had the power to waken from their sleep all those who, by their wit or music, their dramatic art, the golden gift with which they ruled the listening Senate, or the skill with which they wrought imperishable wonders with the chisel, the pen, the pencil, have made Ireland rich and noble, despite of the adversities with which she has been visited. What a meeting we should have, and what a crowd! What a joyous, radiant, glorious crowd! With all their resources; with all their space, even were Niblo's flower-beds and fountains thrown in for the occasion; with all their tact in purveying for the million; the spirited proprietors of this cosmopolitan establishment would utterly fail to provide seats, fish, and drink enough. As for the seats, we should have to rent the Crystal Palace. Even then, the tickets would have to be limited. For the fish, there should be a run upon the Banks of Newfoundland, until we broke them. And as for the rest, we should have to send to Warwick Castle for the punch-bowl—a fathom deep!—which Guy, the gaunt Earl, stole, no doubt, from Innishowen, if he ever was there; and which it would take the Sugar Loaf, a few miles beyond Killiney, to sweeten. (Laughter and loud cheers.) There would be a deputation from the Druids, in their white robes and chaplets of oak leaves. Next to them would come the warriors, from Dathy, who, according to Whiteside, died of a flash of lightning at the foot of the Alps (laughter), down to Paddy Shannon, of the *Faugh-a-Ballaghs*, the anecdote told of whom is an epitome of the history of his country. Most here have heard it. But, if I mistake not, it is worth repeating (hear, hear). Humorsome, brilliant, sorrowful, it tells of heroism impaired by folly, and folly redeemed by wit (cheers). An old soldier, writing to the Duke of Wellington on the subject of corporal punishments in the army, was the first to tell it. Paddy Shannon was a bugler in the 87th regiment, the *Faugh-a-Ballaghs*, and with that regiment, under the command of Sir Hugh Gough, served all through the Peninsular campaign. When the campaign was over, Paddy had nothing left him but the recollection of it. His only solace was the notice taken of him in the canteen. It is no wonder, then, he became a convivial soul. From the bottle he soon found his way to the halberts. The regiment was paraded, the proceedings read, and Paddy tied up. The signal was given for the drummers to begin, when Paddy Shannon exclaimed:

'Listen, now, Sir Hugh. Do you mean to say you are going to flog me? Just recollect who it was sounded the charge at Barossa, when you took the only French eagle ever taken. Wasn't it Paddy Shannon? Little I thought that day it would come to this; and the regiment so proud of that same eagle on the colors.'

'Take him down,' said Sir Hugh, and Paddy escaped unpunished.

A very short time, however, elapsed, before Paddy found himself placed in similar circumstances.

'Go on,' said the Colonel.

'Don't be in a hurry,' ejaculated Paddy, 'I've a few words to say, Sir Hugh.'

'The eagle won't save you this time, Sir.'

'Is it the eagle, indeed! then I wasn't going to say anything about the same, though you are, and ought to be, broud of it. But I was just going to ask if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who, when the breach of Tarifa was stormed by 22,000 French, and only the 87th to defend it, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who struck up 'Garryowen, to glory boys,' and you, Sir Hugh, have got the same two towers and the breach between them, upon your coat of arms in testimony thereof.'

'Take him down,' said the Colonel, and Paddy was again unscathed.

Paddy, however, had a long list of services to get through, and a good deal of whisky, and ere another two months he was again tied up, the sentence read, and an assurance from Sir Hugh Gough that nothing again would make him relent. Paddy tried the eagle—it was of no use. He appealed to Sir Hugh's pride and the breach of Tarifa, without any avail.

'And is it me,' at last he broke out, 'that you are going to flog? I ask you, Sir Hugh Gough, before the whole Regiment, who knew it well, if it wasn't Paddy Shannon who picked up the French Field-Marshal's staff at the battle of Vittoria, that the Duke of Wellington sent to the Prince Regent, and for which he got that letter that will be long remembered, and that made him a Field-Marshal into the bargain? The Prince Regent said 'You've sent me the staff of a Field-Marshal of France; I return you that of a Field-Marshal of England.' Wasn't it Paddy Shannon that took it? Paddy Shannon, who never got a rap, or a recompense, or ribbon, or star, or coat of arms or mark of distinction, except the flogging you are going to give him.'

'Take him down,' cried Sir Hugh, and Paddy was forgiven (loud laughter and great cheering).

So much for the soldiers. After them would come the poets, the men of letters, the famous orators, the sculptors and the painters, amongst whom we should quickly recognise—Oliver Goldsmith, turning out of Arbour Green, in his plum-colored coat and gold-headed cane—Dean Kirwan, with whom the preacher's desk became a throne of light, and of whom it has been grandly said, that in feeding the lamp of charity he exhausted the lamp of life—Jonathan Swift, whose spirit Harry Grattan invoked, the morning he proclaimed the independence of the nation—Harry Grattan himself, in his volunteer uniform, and with that long sword by his side, with which he went down to the Grecian coffee-house to chastise Dr. Duigenan who had abused Dr. Lucas, the great Irish commoner, in his presence—Barry Yelverton, the good and great Lord Avonmore, with all the Monks of the Screw at his heels, and John Philpot Curran, the roguish Prior of that rollicking Brotherhood, flashing his jokes and black eye beside him—Watty Cox, the wittiest of scamps, with his explosive magazine of libels under his arm; Maturin and Shiel, to name whom is to invoke the dark splendors of 'Bertram,' and the victorious virtue of 'Evadne'—Sheridan, who ran through each mood of the lyre, and was master of all, and whose gravest excesses, in the memory of the world, have but softened the lustre of his genius—Barry of whose paintings, the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming* declared that Michael Angelo himself, would not have been ashamed—John Hogan, whose 'Dead Christ' is a mystery of art—Edmund Burke, that miracle of learning, political science, morality and power—Sir Boyle Roche, with his bulls and blunders, blustering along in his boots, and wanting to know 'What the devil posterity ever did for him?—Daniel O'Connell himself, as he used to look at the head of his table at Derrynane Abbey, or on the mountains of Iveragh, hunting-pole in hand, watching the wave from Labrador breaking against his native Coast—and preceeding all, the Bard of the Feast, the Minstrel of our immortal Melodies, who, in anticipation of such a gathering as this, has sung:

'And still on that evening when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each lip and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles;
Too blest, if it tells me, that 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, 'I wish he were here.'

As for those, who, like Quinn, have blended their names with the glories of the drama, our friend John Brougham—[loud cheers]—having promised to appear here to-night, I shall say nothing. A toast has been assigned him, which will call forth his reccollections of that profession, the worth and fame of which, with such a profusion of heart and intellect, he perpetuates (loud cheers); and I feel assured that whilst, with all the pride of his chivalrous, frank nature, he recalls the memory of Miss 'O-Neill, whose name shines on the same marble with that of Mrs. Siddons, he will not forget to twine the shamrock with the laurel, and on behalf of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, present those wedded emblems of her country and her triumphs to Matilda Heron (great applause)—for the cradle of *Camille* was sentineled by the mountains of Donegal, and in their shadows she grew to emulate their grandeur (enthusiastic applause) Of a country which has given birth to such a race of sons and daughters, it is no wonder we should feel proud. Destitnte of all such treasures—utterly destitute of wealth and beauty, intellectual and material—utterly impoverished and sterile—we should honor, love, and serve her. Endowed, as she has been, the natural affection of children for their mother deepens into homage. Where the healthiest hopes mingle with our memories, the happiness we feel, the congratulations we exchange, shall not pass away with the wine and music of the feast (hear, hear, and loud cheers).

That such hopes for the country of our birth here exist—that they have taken a firm hold—that they thrive, and, in the dawning light of a propitious future, multiply—I have every reason to believe. I believe that an industrial activity this day prevails in Ireland, such as, independent of all legislative aid, will in a few years eminently improve the country; acquiring for it solid advantages, which will compensate in a great measure, if not in full, for the loss of any political *prestige*—advantages such as those which, in this City, have contributed something more than a romantic interest to the house of Stuart, to which our late President belonged (cheers). In a letter I had from him four or five days ago, Smith O'Brien tells me that the condition of the producing classes in Ireland is far better than he ever remembers it to have been (hear, hear). So, too, with the diffusion of knowledge, a circumstance to which the toast committed to me, with an appropriate emphasis, alludes. The success of the Queen's colleges, the success of the Catholic University, the Industrial Exhibitions in Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, the establishment of Mechanics' Institutes and Lyceums in every part of the country; all forcibly indicate the educational progress of the country, and where there is educated intellect in a community, there is political power, and, as an inevitable consequence, national capacity, good fortune and renown. Furthermore, it is my conviction that an earnest desire for union has sprung up among Irishmen at home, such a union as this society, celebrating its seventy-third aniversary, presents; where men of different religions—men of different political schools, men of various pursuits and walks in life—meet together on a common ground—on the Curragh of Kildare, as it were—and there in a wise and generous spirit, flinging to the winds all provincial and sectarian prejudices, recognize the common land of their nativity, with all its homes, with all its interests, with all its altars, as events have fashioned them, and the God of all has willed it (loud and enthusiastic cheers).

Mr. Meagher resumed his seat amid loud and enthusiastic applause.

Mr. John Savage sung the well-known 'St. Anthony,' with all his pristine humor and vivacity. He was loudly cheered.

The 4th regular toast was honored with a bumper, and for music, the air 'My Lodging is on the Cold Ground.' The toast was responded to first by Henry Eyre, Esq., Vice-President of the St. George's Society, who first thanked the Assembly for the honor done the Society of St. George, and claimed, on behalf of his wife, to be more than half an Irishman, and therefore was in favor of the better half of Irishmen, namely, Irishwomen. He gave the following sentiment:

Ireland—May her sons at home learn to cultivate more and more that spirit of energy, self-dependence and industry so characteristic of her sons abroad, and of which, the Society of St. Patrick presents so many noble examples.

Mr. Johnston responded for St. Andrew. He also claimed kindred with Ireland through his wife. He gave as a sentiment—

Ireland, the land of patriotism, potatoes and *pot-een*. (Great laughter, particularly at the pronounciation of the last word).

Wm. Miles, Esq., in a neat and appropriate speech, responded for St. David, and gave,—

The Daughters of Ireland. They grace the cause of charity by their sympathies and warm-hearted kindness to the distressed and suffering of all nations, and elevate the character of women by their truthful affections for their kindred and their native land.

Mr. J. De Peyster Ogden, of the Saint Nicholas Society, responded for his saint in a happy manner, and concluded with the following sentiment:

The Friendly sons of St. Patrick. They are a bright and effective link in that lengthened chain which unites our Societies in the bonds of friendship, fellowship and charity—(great applause.

Mr. Stebbins, of the New England Society, also responded and gave as a sentiment the following:

The Shamrock of Old Erin, and the Pumpkin vine of New England. We can find ample room on Uncle Sam's farm for both of them to grow without recourse to the Shillelagh—(received with rapturous applause).

Mr. McKibbin followed with a song, which was heartily cheered.

Judge Daly responded to the 5th toast, which he regarded as the standard sentiment of Ireland for many years. He thought it had lost a good deal of its importance in this country, but he could well remember when it was received with rapturous applause by six or seven gentlemen, while now it was left to one who was most reluctant. As to religious liberty, he might allude to the sermon of a clergyman on last Sunday evening, who undertook to review the decision of a Judicial tribunal of the United States (applanse); but from that tribunal, however, there was *no appeal*. (Great applause). The Judge continued at great length, introducing the subject of civil liberty in connection with the name of General Scott, whose name was received with enthusiastic cheers. The General, at the close of the Mexican war, found himself with 15,000 disbanded troops on his hands, and a proposal was made to him by six wealthy men of Mexico to take the supreme command of that Republic, at $250,000 per annum, and $1,000,000 to his credit in the Bank of England, giving him full command over Mexico, independent of the United States. But the General refused; he had a duty to perform upon him, and he would return to the land of his birth and lay his bones there without having his memory sullied. (Applause). This was a specimen of civil liberty worthy of being held up to the world. The Judge continued to speak further on the point, and concluded amid general applause.

Mr. Robb, of New Orleans, announced as a friend of General Scott, was introduced, and delivered an eloquent speech in favor of that distinguished officer. He was proud that Irishmen had responded to the name of that man, who would ever be renowned in the annals of America. No greater testimony in honor of that General could be given than that of the adopted citizen, Judge Daly. (Great applause.) Mr. Robb concluded by stating that future generations would mark Gen. Scott as one of the first sons of their Republic.

Mr. Thomas and others here introduced some vocal music, which was well received.

Mr. Dana, of the *Tribune*, spoke to the 6th toast, and in the course of his remarks highly eulogized Irishmen, as the most prominent members of the Press, even in New-York. Wm. Russell was an Irishman, who came back from the Crimea with the name *Sans peur et sans reproche*, and owing to his services as a journalist the abuses of the British Army had been reformed. In concluding, Mr. Dana called upon Richard O'Gorman, Esq., who, in a short, but brilliant speech, paid a high compliment to Mr. Dana, and then turned his discourse to the death of the late Dr. Kane, whom the orator had learned by a conversation with him, sprung from the old Irish race, and knew even more of that race than many who had been born on the soil. When he remembered that there were such men as Grinnell and Kane, he could not believe that the days of heroism were over. Mr. O'Gorman, in his usual beautiful and eloquent style, spoke for some time, and concluded by asking the company to drink, in respectful silence, to the memory of 'Elisha Kent Kane.' A dirge having been played, the 7th toast was likewise drunk standing and in silence.

The 8th toast was a bumper with all the honors.

James T. Brady, Esq., responded, and was received with enthusiastic cheers. He opened by stating that he thought, when he was asked to be present, that he, who was so hackneyed in public oratory, would not be called upon to speak. At an earlier period of the evening, it had been said, that the friend of his boyhood, Judge Daly, was an adopted citizen; but he would not allow his friend two honors, namely, those of being, at the same time, an Irishman and that noble being—second to none on earth—an American citizen (great applause). New-York was the city of his birth; and, if he had no other claim upon it, he had this, in his heart of hearts, that it contained the remains of his mother. Oh! if there was one man who, in all his existence, would lay himself down to sleep without cherishing the memory of his mother, then that man deserved to be accursed (sensation and applause). But the city also contained the remains of a father; and when he (the speaker) 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' then his remains would lie upon the bosom of a parent. But, apart from these personal feelings, he would say that New-York was the most cosmopolitan city in the world, and contained the genius, the ingenuity, the industry and the capacity of the whole globe. (Cheers.) As regarded the Press (he was sorry Mr. Dana was absent), it was capable of the greatest good and the greatest mischief. But the brightest and most excellent men of the Press—namely, the Reporters—were scarcely ever mentioned in connection with it. He was no flatterer of them nor of any men. They abused him sometimes, and he believed he deserved it; they praised him sometimes, and he was sure he did not deserve it; but these men were those who would stick to each other in every phase of life. The reporter dealt with things invisible; he dealt with things abstract and intellectual. Orators were here, but if reporters were not present to catch their words, they would vanish into thin air and period. He would, therefore, extend the praise awarded by Dana to Russell—the first Irishman employed on the *London Times* ever mentioned with commendation in that influential journal. But there were others to be mentioned in connection with the glories of the Crimea. The land of Lafayette furnished the stormers of the Malakoff, and in that land there was another (a boy) who did as much physically as Russell did by his pen. He referred to the Dublin Boy, young Massey, and would therefore propose the health of 'Redan' Massy and Wm. Russell. Mr. Brady's sentiment was drank with all the honors and three cheers more.

John Brougham responded to the 9th toast.

Mr. President—I have no doubt in the world, sir, but that those manifestations are intended to cheer and encourage me, in the arduous task I am compelled to encounter; but unfortunately, sir, they have had quite a different effect. Perhaps, by way of a clumsy attempt at justification, it will be necessary for me to define my position. Well, then, Mr. President, to compress the matter into as few words as possible, I am a wretched individual, foredoomed to a melancholy prominence, as the single great failure of this more than ordinarily brilliant occasion. Several manifestly intelligent, and I may add, oratorically experienced gentlemen, have charmed and delighted you with a continuous and sparkling shower of eloquence; and yet, sir, many of them declared in commencing, that they were unexpectedly startled into the consciousness of what they were about to do, or had the briefest possible time for preparation, so that they really did not know exactly what they were going to talk about. Now, sir, I stand in a totally different and most humiliating position, for I *did* expect to be called upon. I had ample time to prepare myself. I knew precisely what I was to dilate upon, that is to say, I thought I knew it yesterday; but now I'm not quite so certain. Ah, Mr. President, and you, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, if you possess within your hearts the slightest atom of spare benevolence, that may conveniently be abstracted from the general purpose of this philanthropic symposium, and can conveniently bestow it upon an individual, behold him here. For three or four years back, circumstances prevented me from having the pleasure of assisting upon this, our only anniversary, but I was determined that nothing should interfere to keep me from the present one. Public duty and private convenience were both cordially sacrificed. I had resolved that with an utter disregard to any contingency that might occur, I would enjoy myself to the very utmost this night; and I looked forward with the exuberant joy of a schoolboy on the verge of vacation, to the good time coming. Alas! sir, in an unguarded moment, the cup of bliss was dashed from my lips, for your committee, with a criminal disregard for my personal comfort, and with a total abnegation of that spirit of amity which should distinguish a Friendly Son, clapped a sudden extinguisher upon my hopes and prospects, by informing me that I had the distinguished honor to be set down as a respondent to one of the regular toasts. Inspired by the dignified position, and dazzled by the halo of consequence that surrounded it, I fatally yielded to the great temptation, and with apparent reluctance, but with a suppressed emotion of commendable pride, consented. From that instant, sir, I was a doomed and miserable being. Do what I might, go where I would, the solemn influence of the responsibility enwrapped me like a dense cloud. In my daily avocations, the thought of what I had to undergo materially interfered with my usefulness, and in the still hours of night, the terrible apparition of my unborn speech, '*monstrum horrendum*,' disturbed sleep into a sort of literary phantasmagoria. Even here, sir, amidst the profusion of this hospitable board, apprehension conquered appetite, the speech still stuck in my throat, like Macbeth's 'Amen,' and refused to allow any nutriment to pass through the obstructed thoroughfare—there was just barely room to insinuate a 'thrifle of drink.' And, sir, were it not that the delectable figure of speech in poetical mathematics designated the 'circling bowl' had sufficient time to impinge occasionally upon my anxious individuality—did not my natural confidence, which, weighed down by the plummet of unaccustomed responsibility, had sunk into the lowest pit of my internal anatomy, imperceptibly and irresistibly find itself slowly floated upwards upon the gradually rising tide of conviviality, be assured of this, sir, I would not have ventured to break the silence I have implored.

And then, sir, only think of the theme I was expected to illustrate.

'The Poets, Orators and Dramatists of Ireland, and all those who, by voice or pen, have done honor to their Native Island.'

Why, sir, it would tax an intelligence as vast as they themselves were gifted with, fitly to do honor to the comprehensive majesty of the subject.

The bow of Ulysses is placed within my trembling grasp, and I deem it no shame to confess that I find myself absolutely unable to control its rigid inflexibility. Ah! sir, could some mystic power evoke from the silent chambers of the dead the forms of *all* those who, in their living day, clothed the annals of their country with a renown as imperishable as their remembrance, what a majestic phalanx would we then behold. Let memory, that potent wizard, but for a single instant call them up before us now, obedient to the mental summons, see where they move along, that stately, solemn crowd of worthies, those children of an assured immortality.

I need not name them to you, for they are world-famous, and every Irish heart, touched by a sympathetic chord, must throb with earnest reverential love as each time-honored name is syllabled within.

But are those the only representatives we should call up!—they are but 'the bright particular stars' within the firmament of thought. Shall we forget the indistinguished *nebulæ*—which, veiled by the obscurity of adverse fortune, have vainly striven to emerge into the light. Shall we not remember the hero martyrs of civilization, those 'unnamed demigods,' who, with as much ungenerate power, with organization just as subtle, have wasted their lives in unavailing efforts to break through the wall of circumstance by which they were surrounded.

We have been told, sir, to-night, very delicately, it is true, the slight lance-thrust, like that of Ithuriel, being intended to heal more than to hurt. We have been informed that a tendency to self-laudation is a prevailing Celtic element, nationally. I don't deny it—I rather like it than otherwise, for that which would be offensive in an individual is in the aggregate but a convincing proof of the undying loyalty of an affection that no progress of time can weaken or no vicissitude of circumstance eradicate. Indeed, the sentiment is clearly devisible, for although an Irishman may swallow any amount of personal annoyance—provided it be not too indigestible, for the Celtic stomach is weak under

such circumstances—yet, let the honored land of his nativity be, even in the remotest degree, humbled or spoken slightingly of, and 'his soul's in arms and eager for the fray.' And, sir, if it comes to that, what class of people upon the face of the habitable globe has geater excuse for a little self-glorification? Where can you point out such great extremes of social influence and mental organization, from the very highest order of intelligence, to that which, if not exactly the lowest, is yet sufficiently removed to substantiate the antithesis. Thanks to this bifarious power, the brain and hand are both brought into requisition—where the intellectual does not perhaps predominate, the physical most assuredly does—the one conceives, the other executes. Our gifted and eloquent friend, Mr. Dana, alluded in glowing and rarely eulogistic terms to the great Crimean annalist, Russell, and the gentleman who followed him, the greatly gifted son of the Empire City, Mr. James T. Brady, paid an equally fine and merited compliment to young Massy, the Crimean hero. This proves that we possess not only the best writers, but the best fighters. Nor are the intermediate gradations of the mind wanting, for it is patent to the world that the Celtic availability can run through the entire gamut of intelligence, from the profoundest bass to the very loftiest altissimo. Thus, the Celtic ranks contain within themselves officers and men, and if the former are deserving of honor, shall we entirely ignore the claims of the latter. Shall we forget that vast army of predestinated toil which has ruled the length and breadth of the land, with lines of iron, making it one great ledger, where the adventurous merchant may set down the figures which lead to opulence, and if they *do* sometimes resort among themselves to the '*argumentum baculinum*,' if the Corkonians and Fardowners *will* amuse themselves in an amiable 'scrimmage' just by way of relaxation, and to let off a little of that pugnacious steam, which else would burst their rusty boilers—cankered by the un-Celtic monotony of two much quiet—shall we, therefore, overlook their usefulness, or fail to acknowledge that, in spite of the skull-cracking they administer to each other—nobody's business by the way but their own—they have been, and still are, world benefactors.

Then, sir, what material for colonies. 'The world must be peopled,' and with all proper respect for arithmetic, it is universally acceded, that in the article of population, they knock the multiplication table into *smithereens*.

Sir, I will no longer detain you with my crude undigested remarks (go on, go on). No, sir, I will not still venture to interrupt the current of eloquence but too long delayed. Yet, sir, I cannot sit down without expressing the heart-deep enthusiasm and delight I feel at beholding so bounteously expressed that spirit of affectionate remembrance of our Mother Land, which should be the leading inspiration of all who assemble together upon this anniversary. Like children of a revered and widowed parent, collecting from all parts to do homage to her natal day, far from the old roof-tree and the blessed hearth of home—suffering, no base admixture, no selfish or unworthy thought, no sectional straw-splitting, no petty points of doctrinal difference to enter into the composition of the hour, but in the genial fellowship of a Catholic brotherhood, and in the inspiration of a true devotional love, invoking the richest blessings of Heaven upon her hallowed head, and by thus honoring themselves, clothe with additional honor; the great occasion which they so greatly celebrate.

Mr. Brougham was interrupted at almost every sentence by the applause of the company. His humorous strokes 'brought down the house' in roars of laughter, while his pathetic touches were equally effective.

The Health of Modest John Brougham was next given, and drunk with all the honors.

The last regular toast, 'Woman,' was then given, and responded to by Mr. Malcolm Campbell, who paid a high compliment to Irishmen on their success in wooing and winning American girls, and in the course of his pleasant remarks recited a verse of Micky Free's song—referring, in some measure, to Mr. Brady, as follows:

> I never was partial to work,
> It was always the way with the Brady's,
> But I'd make a most elegant Turk,
> For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies.

Mr. Campbell concluded amid great applause.

The small hours having come on, Richard O'Gorman, Esq., in one of his usual brilliant speeches, proposed the health of the President, Samuel Sloan, Esq., with all the honors. Mr. Sloan responded in a modest manner, expressing his gratification at the happy termination of St. Patrick's Day, 1857. A voice—It isn't terminated yet. Mr. Sloan—I give the health of our ex-President, Joseph Stuart, Esq. Drank with all the honors. Here Mr. Richard O'Gorman took the chair.

Mr. John B. Fogarty then offered a toast which he was assured would commend itself to every gentleman present. It was to drink to the freest land upon which God's sun ever shone, namely:

America, the land of Freedom, and the land of Civil and Religious Liberty. America, the home, the only home of the free and the brave.

The toast was received with the most enthusiastic cheers.

John Savage, Esq., followed, alluding to the manner in which the health of the ex-President of the Society had been drank, and after some remarks complimentary to the Vice-President, whose resignation had been read that evening, gave

The health of John B. Dillon, and long may he live—(Great cheering.)

Mr. O'Gorman responded for Mr. Dillon briefly but eloquently.

James M. Stark, Esq., aunounced himself as a Scotchman, and gave—

Ireland, the land of brave men and fair women.

Mr. Bernard Casserly gave,

The memory of Daniel O'Connell.

Drank standing and in silence,

Mr. McKibbin followed with,

The sons of Irishmen in the United States—Grafts of the old stock: true to their natural instincts; Irish-Americans all.

After which Mr. Thomas H. Parker was called on to sing, and gave in a most unique style

'The sea, the sea, the open sea.'

The President *pro tem* was next called on specially for 'The Bells of Shandon,' and the manner in which he sung the refrain—namely,

> 'The bells of Shandon,
> They sound so grand on
> The pleasant waters of the river Lee.'

came over the company with a pleasurable emotion which reminded many of the time when

> 'In days of childhood
> Their notes so wild would
> Cast o'er their cradle a magic spell.'

Several other songs were sung, and volunteered by Mr. McKibbon, Mr. John Byrnes, and others. The festival terminated about 1 o'clock Wednesday morning, the party breaking up in the best possible humor.

The Young Friends of Ireland.

This society held their anniversary at the Apollo Rooms, the exercises consisting of a supper and ball. Four tables, extending the whole length of the room, were filled with guests, to the number of four hundred. A noticeable feature was the presence of ladies at the table, who, while they evidently enjoyed the occasion, added much to its spirit. The room was decorated with flags bearing the Harp of Erin and the Stars and Stripes, and a fine band of music entertained the company during the discussion of the excellent supper. When the edibles had been sufficiently discussed, the President, Edward Mills, Esq., welcomed the company to the anniversary in a neat and brief address. He alluded to the untimely decease of the Corresponding Secretary at the last meeting with sentiments of touching eloquence, and in conclusion reiterated his welcome.

The toasts were then given and responded to, as follows:—

1. The Day we celebrate—Venerable for its antiquity and renowned for its glory, its return renews in us the filial love we owe our native land, and stimulates us, no matter where sojourning, to offer to her the homage of our hearts. Music—St. Patrick's day.

Responded to by the Secretary reading a letter of acknowledgement from John Brougham, which, in conclusion, gave the following sentiment:—

2. Ireland — Typical Emblem of the *Trefoil*, Faith, Hope, and Charity—Faith in the present, Hope in the future, and universal Charity throughout all time.

3. United States—A nation of independent sovereignties, united for the mutual protection and through mutual interest, each moving independently in in its own sphere, under the constitution the first, freest and happiest of nations. Music—The American Boy.

4. The Irish and American Hierarchies—May their great example of devotion and perseverance in the Vineyard of their Divine Master serve to direct us in the day of tribulation, as did the pillar of fire the children of Israel in the desert. Music—Adeste Fideles.

Responded to by Father Brady, who expressed his belief that St. Patrick's spirit hovered over Ireland, and saved it from the curse of religious innovation, as the immortal genius of our Washington hovered, like a guardian angel, over America. He then alluded to the Irish hierarchy, the constancy of Irishmen to the church, and, coming back to the Catholic hierarchy of this province, specially eulogized Archbishop Hughes, as 'the uncompromising supporter of the people's rights—the honorable and unflinching antagonist—the devoted patriot,' &c., in a style which brought down thunders of applause. The Archbishop, the Father insisted, 'will live in history's never dying page, after his hallowed bones will have mouldered into ashes,' &c. Concluding, Father B. exhorted all to faith in the Catholic religion, and friendship to each other.

5. The Constitution of the United States—The citadel of the nation, against which its enemies have brandished their weapons in vain. Let us hope that in the strict administration of its provisions, both in letter and spirit, the blessings of a benign Goverment may be secured to all future generations. Music—Star Spangled Banner.

Responded to by Mr. M'Masters, who, after apologizing for the short space of time allowed him to speak to the sentiment, said—The guardianship of the Constitution of the United States was safest in the hands of Chief Justice Taney, of the U.S., and his associates on the Supreme Bench. If he had time, he would like to repel the insinuations of falsehood put forth by the English, who had predicted that the Constitution would be trampled under foot. During the last year we have witnessed the most severe attacks on the Constitution by the enemies of the adopted citizens, and the fanaticism of disunionists in the North; yet we have seen the Constitution preserved as it ever will be.

6. The Memory of O'Connel. Music—A dirge.

7. The Literature of Ireland—In its cultivation and diffusion we recognize the genius and acknowledge the services of a Mackenzie in bringing before the American people the wit and humor, the philosophy and morality of the great minds of our native land. Music—Land of the West.

8. The Memory of Washington. Music—A dirge.

9. Civil and Religious Liberty—The broad basis upon which rests the noble structure of the Union, the inalienable rights of man. Let not the assaults of the bigot, nor the schemes of the conspirator, ever prevail against it. Music—Hail Columbia.

10. The Celtic Race—The civilizers of the Old World, the discoverers and colonizers of the New. The earth is filled with monuments of their labor, genius and virtue. Music—The Bold Soldier Boy.

11. The City of New-York—True to her ancient prestige and glory, true to her natural position and innate rights, allowing no interference with her legitimate privileges, may she long continue to be what she now is—the Empire City of the West. Music—Yankee Doodle.

12. The Press—The censor of the age. Let it be just and discriminating in its censorship, that, in exposing vice, it may defend virtue. Music—Air.

13. The Genius of Love and Beauty—In the exercise of her charms, she compels man to bow to her superiority, and demands and receives as her right his ready hand and willing heart. Music—Let the Toast be Dear Woman.

This concluded the literary exercises, which were of exemplary brevity. The speeches were pithy and spicy, and, could space be afforded them, would prove good models for like occasions. There was, however, no liquor on the tables to render the inspiration spiritual The remainder of the evening was occupied with dancing, the ladies being specially attired for the occasion. Altogether, the celebration was rational and pleasant.

Other Societies.

The Hibernian U. B. S., one of the oldest of the kind in the city, celebrated the memory of St. Patrick at Hibernian Hall, in Prince street. About 150 guests sat down to supper, and toasts, songs and music garnished the occasion. The Hibernian ladies were largely represented. The annual election of officers of this society present the following result:—Edward M'Elroy, re-elected President; William Fitzpatrick, Vice-President; Francis Gilmore, Treasurer; John Kelly, Secretary.

Another Hibernian society danced and enjoyed itself at Tammany Hall with goood music and everything necessary for the occasion.

The Doran Guard (called after Mr. Michael Doran, a well known citizen of the First Ward) took Time by the forelock. They celebrated their St. Patrick's, or St. Patrick's Eve, in the Tammany Hall, but they did not cease the dance until St. Patrick's sun had risen bright and pleasant, in assurance of a fine day.

St. Patrick's Day in Jersey.

Everything passed off quietly yesterday, among the laborers on the Tunnel works, contrary to expectation. None of the men were at work, and a large proportion of them visited New-York, during the day. Mayor Van Reipen had issued a proclamation prohibiting the hanging up of any effigies of St. Patrick.

PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, it has been the practice for some years, among mischievous boys to put up effigies on St. Patrick's Day, I, Garret D. Reipen, Mayor of the City of Hudson, do hereby forbid the exhibiting any effigy whatsoever on the eve or day of the 17th of March, 1856. Whosoever shall participate in anything appertaining to making and exhibiting effigies on that day will be dealt with severely. GARRET R. VAN REIPEN.

MARCH 14, 1857.

A Roman Catholic clergyman was among the men during the day, and used his influence to prevent any collision between the factions of the workmen. Monday was pay-day, but the contractor, Mr. Mallory deemed it advisable to postpone paying off until after the 17th, which would lessen the chances of the men indulging freely in liquor on that day.

In Brooklyn.

In this city the St. Patrick Society enjoyed their usual annual banquet of creature comforts and social and intellectual revelry at Montague Hall. The dinner, says the *Eagle*, included every thing that the most fastidious palate could desire. It was got up in a style which did credit to Mr. Haines the caterer on the occasion.

John F. Hennessy, Esq., President, presided, and Dr. Murphy and Mr. Harvey acted as Vice-Presidents. On the conclusion of the repast, Mr. Hennessy introduced the first regular toast with a few appropriate remarks.

'The day we celebrate, and all who honor it.' Air—Patrick's Day.

Rev. Mr. McShane, chaplain of the Society, responded in a speech of great fervor and eloquence.

2nd. 'The President of the U. S.' Air—Hail Columbia.

Hon. Samuel D. Morris responded and declared his belief that the President would fulfil his mission to which he had been elected, with ability, impartiality, and in a manner calculated to promote the best interests of the whole country irrespective of any class or section.

3d. 'Ireland.'

Mr. Killen responded, citing the names of illustrious Irishmen in politics, literature and art.

4th. 'The U. S. of America.' Air—Yankee Doodle.

Hon. Geo. Taylor excused himself from an extended speech on account of severe indisposition. He however delivered an eloquent speech, stating that with a Union Cabinet and President, and the love of the Union firmly imbedded in the hearts of the great mass of the people, the country would realize the sentiment of the toast, and the new States would afford room for the oppressed of other countries for ages to come.

5th. 'Our Sister Societies; may each returning anniversary bind them more closely in the bond of friendship. Air—'Norah Creina.'

Hon. John A. Lott, President of the St. Nicholas Society, responded. He expressed his thanks for the reception he received, and accepted it as an assurance that the members of the St. Nicholas had in those around him firm friends. It was a special cause of congratulation that upon this occasion they found nature to smile upon them. Another agreeable circumstance was that they had among them to-day one of the representatives of the Pilgrim Fathers (alluding to Judge Greenwood, Vice-President of the New-England Society.) Judge Lott then called forth Judge Greenwood in some humorous remarks.

Judge Greenwood, after replying to the playful sallies of his predecessor, said he stood there as the representative of the New England Society in a spirit which recognized them all on the broad platform of equal rights and religious liberty, and on the broad platform of a common brotherhood. He did not use any words of compliment when he said that no people ever numbered among them more brave and generous hearts, brighter or more sparkling intellects, or warmer or more devoted patriots. He had an early recollection of one of the most distinguished Irishmen Ireland had ever produced. When a boy and a student of that profession of which he hoped he was not an unworthy member, he witnessed the forensic displays of Thomas Addis Emmet, and had been warmed with the eloquence of that man, and moved by the thrill which vibrated still through his veins. He had listened to Webster and Clay, and many distinguished orators, but never listened to a man who spoke so directly from his heart, or with so much warmth as did Emmet. McNevin, another exile, had imparted to him a knowledge of chemistry, and he also was worthy of his great fame. He thought these social gatherings were necessary to expand our sympathies and social faculties. The people of America are too much absorbed in business, and too apt to vibrate from the one extreme of worldly care to the other of dissipation.

6th. The memory of Washington—ever green—ever immortal. Music—Dirge.

7th. The City of Brooklyn—Chiefly indebted for its elegance and progress to Dutch bottom and Irish muscle. Air—Buy a broom.

J. W. Hunter responded. Few had watched the progress of Brooklyn as he had. When the Heights were green fields, and the space to the navy yard a sandy desert—when the Wall-about was reached by a bridge, and Gowanus by Red Hook Lane and a mill-dam—when intrenchments and fortifications were stretched from Fort Green to Bergen Hill—when the Military Garden was the citizens, walk and the extent of the city—and he well remembered in the rear of this famous garden—the potters field, or place to bury strangers in, and had often wandered there to read the inscriptions which affection had there set up, and in his school-boy days had followed many a soldier to his resting-place in this ground; but alas graves and tombstones are buried deep in the pocket of some fortunate speculator—all traces of Christian burial are lost.

In these days the Dutch held the land—a people hard to be understood, yet the light of history will show their indomitable courage, labor and forbearance, as well in their own country as wherever else they may be found.

The sinews and muscle of the Irish have made many rough places smooth and elegant, and have themselves grown rich and prosperous. The Irish heart is almost always in the right place, full of wit, fun and good feeling, (except when the dhrink is in), his worst enemy is not the Saxon. He is every where, filling all stations, and is as universal as the Yankee. One of the great beauties of the Irish character is his fondness for children—like Burns,

> 'He is better pleased to make one more,
> Than be the death of twenty.'

8th. 'The Army and Navy of the United States.' Air—Garryowen.

Responded to by Wm. H. Hogan.

9th. 'The memory of O'Connell.' Responded to by S. B. Brophy, Esq.

10th. 'The Patriots of '98 and '48.' Responded to by S. H. Coleman.

11th. The Poets of Ireland—'The sweet lyrists of our saddest wrongs.' Air—Oh blame not the Bard.

Mr. Burke spoke to the toast of the 'Poets of Ireland.' He commenced by alluding to the fact that Ossian, as well as his father Fionn McCumhal, was an Irishman. The speaker very eloquently sketched the bardic history of Ireland. He pictured the unbroken succession of poets from the time of Ossian; and the assiduity with which the Bardic vocation was studied. There were colleges, he said, in which they had to study the art of poety for seven years, after which period the Degrees of Doctors, or Ollamhs, were conferred upon them, with the full privilege of singing the martial songs of their respective clans. At a later period, in the reigns of Elizabeth and Cromwell, we find the same spirit of vandalism evoked; in one of the statutes of Charles the Second we find a law passed against our wandering minstrels, 'for fear of some scandalous song or rhyme to be made upon them;' and notwithstanding these penal enactments we find our bards at their favorite themes, pouring forth their allegorical and plaintive strains.

Such continued the succession down to the time of Carolan, the last of the Irish Minstrels, whose poetry and music gave such an impetus to the latent genius of the Irish muse as to be discernible to the present day. The poets since, wrote in the English Language, a tongue altogether alien to the nature and sympathies of the Irish. What Country or Nation would not feel proud, in having such a chronicler of the human passions, as Goldsmith. Do we not see in his *Deserted Village*, and *Traveller*, the living and pitiful portraiture of Ireland and her children. Who, I say, reads his Traveller, if an Exile from the land of his affection, but lays down the book and fancies himself the very hero of the poem? Who reads his Edwin and Angelina but feels all the emotions and sympathies of the human heart awakening within himself. Have we not cause again I say, to be proud of the poetry of Ireland. The speaker next alluded to Moore, whose Melodies form an Anacreontic history of Ireland. Then came Clarence Mangan, the self-taught polyglot, aye, and nature's born poet, who acquired such a mastery of all the refined languages of Europe as to be able to compose, with the same facility as the natives of each, poems of unsurpassing beauties? Who reads his translations of the Old Irish Bards but sees that he entered into the feelings of their authors, and rendered them almost as genuine as their originals? Who reads the Orange and Green, and the Sisters of Charity, by Gerald Griffin, but accords him conceptions and feelings of the highest order? Who reads the Gougane Barra, and the Dirge of O'Sullivan Beare, by Callanan, but sees in it all the combinations of the pathetic and descriptive? Who, or where is the man possessing one spark of national or patriotic spirit but feels himself aroused into enthusiasm when he reads the Fort of Dungannon or On Fontenoy, by the Minstrel of Marlow, Thomas Davis? Who reads or hears sung the Bells of Shandon, by the Rev. O'Mahony, but sees that he poured into that favorite ode of the South of Ireland the same harmonious sound of these sweet bells 'that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee.'

That poetry and song are indigenous to the soil, and hereditary to her sons, is a fact accorded to her through all ages by every impartial historian; her geographical position, her mountains and her valleys her rivers and lakes, her bays and her harbors, are so picturesquely formed, as to inspire her sons with the very spirit of song. Nor is this characteristic the sole province of her educated sons—it can be found, even, among her peasantry. How often have I been charmed by the artless yet natural effusion of the Village Bard, pouring forth from his untutored soul the praises of his *gra geal ma chrea*. I am convinced that it is owing in a great measure to her tenacity of her ancient language, her usages, and her artless art of poetry, uncouth as it may appear to some, that she still maintains that indomitable spirit of national resistance; and I venture to say, that as long as she perseveres in that attachment she shall not be conquered, though she may be persecuted.

Yes, the poetry of Ireland is a national inheritance, transmitted from generation to generation, though not in the sublime style of Ossian, yet sufficiently pathetic to captivate the soul. Amongst the corps of living poets, whose names and poems like their predecessors, shall leave their foot-prints through the 'corridors of time,' are our McCarthys, our Duffys, our Williams, our Mulchinocks, our Dohenys, our Brennans, our Killans, our Savages,—and to the credit of our countrywomen be it spoken, our Speranzas and our Evas, with a host of others 'who blush unseen,' but I trust shall not 'waste their sweetness on the desert air.'

Mr. President and gentlemen of this festive board, apologizing for intruding so long on the amusement of the evening, and thanking you for the kind attention with which you listened, I now conclude, by calling upon you all to fill your bumpers, and drink 'long life and prosperity to the living poets of Ireland, and peace and immortality to those whose remains now mingle with their kindred clay.'

12th. 'The Ladies—The only captors who ever successfully stormed the citadel of freedom in the hearts of the sons of St. Patrick.' Air—Believe me all those endearing young charms.

Several volunteer toasts, songs, &c., followed, and the company did not separate until a late hour.

Capital songs were sung by Mr. Downey, Mr. O'Hara, Dr. Murphy, and others during the evening. The company did not separate till a late hour.

In Albany, N. Y.

A correspondent says, Saint Patrick's Day was celebrated here with the greatest possible hilarity and good feeling. The Albany Emmet Guards paraded in the streets, in their splendid new uniforms. Their marching was excellent, and they are an exceedingly fine Company. High mass was celebrated at the Cathedral, and some five thousand persons listened to a sermon by Bishop Spaulding, of Louisville, Ky.

In Utica, N. Y.

The *Utica Morning Herald* says, the convenient dining-hall at the Central Hotel, was fairly filled by the disciples of Ireland's patron saint. The head of the table was occupied by the venerable Alderman from the first, assisted by Mayor Hubbell, Ald. Cantwell, and Capt. McQuade.

An excellent supper was provided by Butler & Miner, abundant and creditable in variety and style. So good was it that at nearly midnight, the tables were not cleared for speaking. The Utica Brass Band discoursed appropriate music, and the following regular toasts were offered and duly responded to:

The Day we Celebrate—Sacred to the commemoration of an important step in the advance of Christianity. Music—'St. Patrick's Day.'

The President of the United States—The son of an Irish Exile; Irishmen are proud to honor him. Music—'Governor's March.'

The Irish Patriots of '98 and '48—The blood of martyrs is the seed of Liberty. Music—'Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave.'

The Future of Ireland, and the 'Union of the States,' followed, after which came,

The Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland—Unsubdued by the persecution of ages, their trials and sacrifices have more and more endeared them to the hearts of a faithful people. Music—'The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.'

The Catholic Hierarchy of the United States—Priests not Politicians. Music—'Adeste Fideles.'

Civil and Religious Liberty—The key-stone of the arch of our glorious Union. Music—'Song of Liberty.'

The Army and Navy.—The Press—The Atlas of the world of Public Opinion. Music—'Yankee Doodle.' The Ladies.

In Troy, N. Y.

Our Irish citizens deserve credit, says the Troy *Budget*, for the becoming manner in which they celebrated the birthday of their Patron Saint yesterday. Every thing connected with the celebration was conducted with the utmost propriety and decorum. It is understood that the Know Nothing authorities, anticipating an opportunity for making a 'grand haul,' had an extra police force out last night. If this be so, they were disappointed, for there was not discovered a single 'disorderly case' to bring before the Police Court this morning.

In Boston, Mass.

We take the following from the Boston *Times:* The Charitable Irish Society. This honored and useful Society celebrated its 120th anniversary yesterday, (St. Patrick's Day.) At 12 o'clock the Society held a business meeting for choice of officers for the ensuing year, and the following gentleman were elected: President, John C. Crowley; Vice President, Patrick Phillips; Treasurer, Hugh O'Brien; Keeper of the Silver Key, Thomas Coyle; Secretary, Martin Griffin.

In the evening, at six o'clock, the Society sat down to their annual dinner, most bountifully provided by landlord Parker, of the Parker House. (When we say the Parker House, further comment is unnecessary.) Before partaking of the edibles, divine blessing was besought by the Rev. Father Brannigan, of East Boston.

After the removal of the cloth, the President, John C. Crowley, Esq., addressed the company in an eloquent address of congratulation to every one present. He said that bodies corporate had been proved to be soulless, but the speaker thought that the soul of this corporate body would live long after the death of all heartless and speculative corporations had faded from the memory. His allusion to his adopted country, and his hope that destruction would fall upon all enemies of liberty, was received with enthusiastic cheers.

Mr. Harkens, toast master, was introduced, and read the first regular toast, as follows:—

The day we celebrate—Religious in origin, national in spirit, and patriotic in sentiment—May its annual recurrence be marked by the one, and vivify the other. Music—Paddy's Land.

The sentiment was followed by a brief address delivered by Martin Griffin, the Secretary. He said that when he forgot the day and occasion, he hoped that he might forget the land of his nativity. He asked why he should not imitate the children of the Pilgrim Fathers when they go to Plymouth, and also celebrate the day so much beloved by our Fathers at home. He closed with an appropriate sentiment.

The next regular toast was read:—

Ireland—The land of our Fathers. God bless her. May we live to see her free. Music—My love is like the red, red rose.

The toast was responded to by John C. Tucker, the staunch Democrat of Ward 3. He said that one reason why Ireland had not prospered in her struggle against her defamers, was because they had not been true to themselves. He closed with the following sentiment:—

Ireland—Let her not boast too much—she can do but little.

The third regular toast reads as follows:—

The President of the United States. A true conservative, who loves the Union as it is, and recognises no 'higher law' than the Constitution. Music—Hail to the Chief.

Dennis W. O'Brian, the well known patriot and citizen. It was not, he said, that we respected the President of the United States, the representative man of our creation, but we honored him because he was the embodiment of the great principle that finds a resting place in the breast of every lover of this, our country.

His allusion to the memory of Andrew Jackson, brought forth the most enthusiastic shouts.

In speaking of Franklin Pierce, he said he was fit to take his place with all his predecessors, for he had not only fought in the cause of his country's honor, but he had given a death blow to Know Nothingism in this Republic.

The fourth toast was read:

Massachusetts—Honored by a Winthrop, adorned by a Hancock, and beautified by an Adams: alas, for the degeneracy of our times! Music—Hail to the Chief.

Fifth toast:—

City of Boston—The 17th of March: Aniversary of the 'English Exodus,' and evacuation of Boston. Music—Rogue's March.

Sixth toast:—

The Judiciary—The safeguard of our institutions and rights. Music—Hail Columbia.

B. S. Treanor, Esq. was called upon to respond to the last toast. He said that honor and dignity characterized the Judiciary of Massachusetts; its integrity was unflinching and fearless. It was but a few days ago that a certain legal functionary endeavored to do his duty as he was commanded, and send the servant back to his master. For doing that imperative duty, he had been assailed on all hands, persecuted on every side, and ingenuity had exhausted itself to dispossess him of his office, and disgrace him in the eyes of honorable men. He believed also that the man who would forget his mother country, would never be true to his adopted home. Irishmen ought in the manner of comparison to worship their patron genius, St. Patrick, with the same enthusiasm as the Americans did the natal day of their good saint, George Washington. The feeling should be mutual and responsive—the same impulse that animates the heart of one should exist in the heart of the other.

The seventh toast was drank standing, followed by a dirge.

Washington—As time rolls on, his memory is more deeply engraved on the hearts of all true lovers of liberty. Music—Washington's March.

Eighth Toast—The Army and Navy—They have gained the respect of all nations, and secured honor and esteem at home. Music—The Star-Spangled Banner.

Ninth toast—The Memory of Daniel O'Connell. Dirge.

Mr. John C. Tucker was again called upon to honor the memory of the great Irish statesman.

Tenth toast—Civil and Religious Liberty. Voluntary.

To this toast Mr. William O'Brien replied to the call of the President. In speaking of the dying out of religious intolerance he wished to remark, that within twenty-four hours the bill to disfranchise the adopted citizens had received its quietus. It had become now a fixed fact that religious liberty was becoming more general every year; and he believed that all proscription would soon die out, as the instinctive love of liberty grows stronger in our hearts.

The next regular toast was complimentary to the Press. A response was made by Mr. Thomas Gill, and afterwards a few appropriate remarks were made by Mr. Field, of the Boston Morning *Post*. Music—Yankee Doodle.

Ex-President Pierce—We acknowledge, with gratitude his undeviating faithfulness to that bulwark of civil liberty—the Constitution. Music—See the Conquering Hero comes.

Women—Little lower than angels—May they never forget their *angelic* prerog atives—purity, love, and fidelity, Music—Sweet Home.

Thus ended the thirteen regular toasts; and toasts, sentiments, songs, and mutual sentiments of good friendship and harmony of feeling, followed in quick succession, until the Society's celebration broke up, at a seasonable hour, well contented with all the occurrences of the day. During the evening, W.F.A. Kelly, Esq., made one or two brief speeches; and we give his sentiment as the appropriate *finale:*—

Sectionalism, Black Republicanism, Fanaticism, and all other isms combined, have received in the late campaign, a deathblow, which leaves them beyond a possibility of a resurrection May the principles of Republicanism, as established by the fathers of our adopted country, be perpetuated from generation to generation, until time shall be no more.

The United Shamrock Society dined with landlord Gunnison, at the Mansion House; and the Charitable Irish Society celebrated its 120th anniversary, by a dinner at Parker's. The Hibernian Society, of Roxbury, celebrated St. Patrick's Day by a procession, and a dinner at the City Hotel. Colonel Culbertson furnished the dinner.

In Philadelphia, Penn.

The fine weather, says the Philadelphia *American and Gazette*, took everybody by surprise, so noted has been the birthday of the patron saint of Erin for its storms. And it was hailed with pleasure by those of the 'old country,' who desired to do honor to the occasion. Public processions have hitherto been impossible owing to the snow, rain, or slush. But yesterday the 'Irish Brigade' was out in full force, and made a very creditable display.

St. Patrick's Church was crowded in the morning on the occasion of a Pontifical High Mass, which was celebrated by Dr. Newman. The exercises were of a solemn character, and at their close a panegyric upon the Saint was delivered by the Rev. Mr. McMahon, of Armagh.

Yesterday, a 'stuffed paddy,' about seven feet in height, was suspended from the top of a telegraph pole in the Seventeenth Ward. The effigy was got up in full style, even to the string of potatoes around its neck. Some commotion was produced by it among the excitable people in the neighborhood, when the police fortunately arrived, and with considerable trouble took the effigy down and conveyed it to the station house. A serious disturbance might have otherwise occurred.

The Hibernian Society honored the occasion with a dinner yesterday afternoon, and there were also many minor celebrations of a like character, affording ample assurance that their residence in America has not caused the Irish to forget Saint Patrick's day.

The *Inquirer* adds, in the afternoon the Irish Brigade, 2nd Infantry, paraded, and in the evening the members of the Hibernia Society partook of their annual dinner.

Several of the companies attached to the Second Brigade paraded through a number of our principal streets during the afternoon, and made a very creditable display. The Emmet Guards, Meagher Guards, and Sarsfield Rifle Company participated. The military turn out was the principal object of attraction during the day.

In Easton, Penn.

The Easton *Express* says, there was no celebration of the day here. A number of effigies were found in the morning suspended at several points, and no little commotion was created by a party of rude boys dragging one through Northampton street. The practice of insulting our Irish citizens by the foolish practice of suspending effigies of their patron saint before their houses and in localities where they mostly frequent, is engaged in only by vulgar-minded persons. The sensible man everywhere discountenances it.

In New Haven, Conn.

The New Haven *Register* gives us a bright column on the celebrations in that city.

At an early hour, the streets were enlivended by the martial strains of the bands of the different companies, and the heart of many a child of the Emerald Isle was gladdened by the thrilling notes, that reminded him of by-gone glories, and of happier days.

The day was unusually fine, and the procession, and, indeed, the proceedings of the day throughout, were characterized by such sobriety, good order, and splendid display, as does the greatest credit to the societies, and to the natives of Ireland in this city.

The Hibernian Society assembled at their room at the appointed time, and after falling into rank, proceeded to the rooms of the Montgomery Society; and the long line formed by both had a remarkably fine appearance as they marched through the principle streets, on their way to St. Patrick's church, where they arrived at 10 1-2 o'clock, at which time divine service was commenced, and during service a most eloquent and touching sermon, breached by the Rev. Mr. Henricken of Waterbury, chiefly on the life and virtues of St. Patrick. Mass over, they again formed in procession, and marched to their several meeting rooms and dispersed to get dinner. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon they re-assembled, and after the Hibernian calling on the Montgomery Society, as in the morning, they proceeded to Brewsfer's Hall, where the oration was to be delivered at 4 o'clock. The hall was already crowded. The President, Mr. Cunningham, introduced the orator of the day, Joseph B. Tully, Esq., of New York. Mr. Tully was very warmly received, and spoke with great force and eloquence, for more than an hour and a half. The audience were made indescribably enthusiastic by its stirring and eloquent appeals; and this enthusiasm we have no doubt was heightened by Mr. Tully's youth, as he is not more than twenty-three, and we do not generally expect so much at so early a period of life, and from a person of little ex-

perience in public speaking, as we would from one of more mature years and long experience.

He commenced by a poetic allusion to the land whose anniversary they that day celebrated.

To the Son of Switzerland, the sublime scenery and heroic memories of the land of his birth were recalled; to the child of France, the sunny skies, the green vineyards, and ancient cathedrals, and the glorious memories of the heroic exploits of Joan of Arc, and of Lafayette, were renewed to the mind; to the native of Poland, the fondest recollections of the loved scenes of his fatherland, and of the gallant struggles of the brave and patriotic contrymen of Kosciusko; to the exile from Scotland, the memory of the mountain peaks, and roaring cataracts of his dear Highlands, and the traditions and tales of Gaelic valor opposedto Saxon aggression, which, in his youth, he drank in from the lips of freedom-loving parents; and to the wanderer from Italy, the recollections of that land of poets and musicians, of painters and sculptors, of doctors and philosophers, wandering through the seven-hilled city, and contemplating the ancient grandeur of the Coliseum, and the modern sublimity of St. Peter's. To the son of the Green Isle, he recalled the scene. and associations with which he was familiar in childhood, and softened the feelings of many in the audience, with the touching picture.

The Irishman's hut in India and Australia, the Irishman's tent in Persia and China were visited. When he came to the sons of Erin here, he was peculiarly eloquent. The proud and grateful joy with which they beheld the glorious stars and stripes, the exultation with which they gazed on our soaring eagle, the veneration which they felt for our broad and national Constitution, and for the tried patriots and sages who left that precious document to the Union, the admiration with which they read our impartial laws, and the gratitude they felt at finding out the enlightened liberality of our institutions, were described with telling effect. He did not think that this veneration for our illustrious patriots, laws and institutions, jarred with his love for fatherland.

In connection with provincial description of Irish scenery, he took occasion to advert to the unhappy provincial jealousies that sometimes exist between Irishmen in this country. He told them the evils that have already resulted, and must ever result from those shameful quarrels. His allusion to Know Nothingism was very happy. He pointed to Irish services in the Revolution; to Irish services in the halls of legislation; to Irish services in the internal improvements of the country,—and delighted his hearers by his arguments in each. Grattan and his American sympathies, were called up; also the sympathies of the Irish brigade in France. He adverted to the bigotry that disbrnded Irish-American soldiers, and hoped the Governor would never have occasion to regret it as King George had at Fontenoy. He told some amusing anecdotes illustrative of the nonsensical prejudices of narrow-minded Americans towards Irishmen and Catholics, which excited great laughter.

The Oration, in a word, was a most decided success, and we have no hesitation in predicting a brilliant career for the young orator.

The Societies finished by a supper, and had a good time. We wish them many pleasant St. Patrick's Days.

In Bridgeport, Conn.

The Bridgeport *Advertiser* and *Farmer* says that the Montgomery Guards had a good time at their Soiree, in honor of their patron Saint. The Hall was crowded, and all seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

In Hartford, Conn.

The Emmet Guards and St. John's Society, gave an entertain ment at the American Hotel last evening, (St. Patrick's Anniversary,) and a large number were present. Speeches, toasts, and good cheer prevailed, along with a good supper furnished by Carter. There was also a celebration at Middletown yesterday, and quite a number went down from this city.

In Baltimore, Md.

The following very interesting news we clip from the Baltimore *American:*

Oliver Hibeernian Free School.—The annual examination of this school by the committee of the Hibernian Association took place a few days ago. The committee report the school in a most prosperous and flourishing condition, with the usual number of pupils in attendance, whose progress in their respective studies is very encouraging. The male department of the school is still under the management of that excellent teacher, Mr. P. H. Reardon, and the female department is superintended by Miss Mary Fortune, of whose ability and good management the committee speak in high terms, and the progress and behavior of the scholars furnishes incontrovertible evidence. In the female department we noticed various specimens of needle-work done by the scholars, which is truly a surprising evidence of the skill they have attained.

Yesterday, (St. Patrick's Day,) the hearts of the little folks were gladdened with the usual annual distribution of premiums These premiums consisted for the most part of interesting and instructive books, some of which were highly valuable.

The presentation of the premiums was made by the President of the Hibernian Society, Hugh Jenkins, Esq., and the committee conducting the examination, and assisting in the distribution was composed, besides the worthy President, of Messrs. Charles W. Dougherty and Daniel Foley. There was also present quite a large number of ladies and a good many members of the Hibernian Association. Before distributing the premiums, the President took occasion to compliment the scholars on their progress, and also the teachers, especially Miss Fortune, on the eminent success of tneir endeavors. After the ceremonies were concluded the children were supplied with a bountiful provision of confectionaries, which had been furnished by the ladies, and which it is needless to say they enjoyed most heartily.

The Baltimore *Patriot* says, this beneficent institution, promoted by the liberal bounty of the late Robert Oliver, continues to accomplish much in the work for which it is designed

DOCTOR LUCAS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Charles Lucas was perhaps one of the most remarkable of the many considerable men whose genius evoked that strange apparition of national independence and greatness which appeared in Ireland in the 18th century. For several years of the first half of the period he practised as an apothecary in Charles-street, in the city of Dublin, and about the year 1740, he became a representative of his guild in the common council, where he soon found means to distinguish himself as a municipal reformer and especially as an enemy of the aldermen who had illegally usurped the government of the city. His numerous—and many of them very instructive—publications, show him to have been possessed of considerable ability and very extensive information, and to have been inspired by an ardent love of liberty, and a most devoted attachment to the British constitution. The working qualities, however, that raised him to the position to which he finally attained, were a ready, bitter pen, a bold tongue, great tenacity of purpose, and a pugnacity of disposition feebly symbolized by the device with which he distinguished his publications—a cock springing to battle, with the motto, *Unguibus et rostro pro patria pugnis.* We have already some slight specimens of the mode in which he could lacerate his unworthy fellow-craftsmen, and once tackled to that work, he held on with beak and claws until after the expiration of a quarter of a century, he succeeded in reducing the poison-dealers to subjection to the public good and to their own true interest. So early as 1735, Lucas joined heartily with the College of Physicians in what he calls a weak attempt to obtain a measure for the prevention of frauds and abuses in pharmacy, and the passing of a temporary act in that year was mainly acheived by his exertions in writing and printing, and attending the parliament, at great expense and much trouble.' He was bitterly assailed then as the present Deputy Secretary-at-War was some 10 or 12 years since, when he made a like attempt to raise the English druggists to a level with the responsibilities of the position they have assumed. 'About 60 apothecaries and druggists opposed the bill, jointly asserting many gross absurdities and falsehoods, and making many most frivolous equivocations, in their case offered to the House of Peers.' To Lucas himself they gave their implacable hatred and enmity, 'wounding his character and reputation in the most false, malicious, and uncharitable manner; for which unchristian treatment, however, he found consolation in the noble and generous encouragement of the excellent set of customers which dealt with him. This seems to have been his first public encounter: blooded by it, he assailed the aldermen in a series of letters, expounding the constitution in its general and municipal relations with considerable learning, laying open the rights of the citizens under their charters, and exposing the frauds and corruptions of the civic and parliamentary representation. This course brought its natural consequences—great popularity among the citizens whose champion he was, and the bitter enmity of all who profited by the existing system. Repeatedly returned by his guild as their representative in the common council, he was as repeatedly rejected by the aldermen, after they found that he was not fit for their pernicious purposes. Each insult, of course, served but to inflame his fury, and at length, upon a vacancy occurring in the representation of the city in parliament, by the death of Alderman Sir William Somerville, in 1749, he went forward as a candidate. It was in vain that his rival in soliciting the popular interest, Mr. James Digges La Touche, a former colleague in the common council, attempted to dissuade him from this purpose by many friendly arguments. 'Charley,' said the old friend and new customer (Mr. La Touche, had opened the negotiation by ordering a prescription to be compounded), 'your being chosen will be your ruin; your fortune will not bear the expensive dress, diet, and equipage fit and necessary for a member of parliament.' 'I told him,' replied Lucas, 'if these were all he had to object, that I could soon remove them; for, as I should not think myself a better man merely by being in parliament, I should not alter my dress one hair. As to diet, I did not think it in the power of parliament to take me from the simple course of food I found necessary for my health; and, as for equipage, I judged it so much of a piece with the other objections, that it required no logic or rhetoric to give it a further answer.' The apothecary carried the election, but a petition was presented against him, and 'as the wisdom of the parliament saw further than the poor citizens, and as their integrity was proportioned to their wisdom, they rejected him, a memorable minority of 53 voting in his favor.' A desperate paper war thereupon ensued, in the course of which Edmund Burke took up his pen in opposition to the demogogue, and, as it proceeded, Dr. Paul Hiffernan, a well known hack writer of the day, was hired by the aldermen to abuse him in the *Tickler*, a periodical devoted to that special purpose. Lucas, it may be readily imagined, was not slack in reply; but the battle went against him; he was censured by the House of Commons; his pamphlets, proscribed by the grand jury as scandalous and seditious libels, were burned by the common hangman, and he was himself obliged to fly to England to escape the consequence of a prosecution. During his exile he obtained a degree as Doctor of Medicine, and practiced physic for some years in Bath, until, upon the dissolution of parliament at the death of George II. he was again chosen representative of the city of Dublin, after a poll of thirteen days. A few days afterwards, upon a mandamus from the Court of King's Bench, he was restored to his liberties and franchise, and took his seat in the House of Commons, where he continued to sit until his death in 1771, when the memory of the 'scandalous and seditious libeller' was honored by a public funeral, attended by both Houses of Parliament, by the Lord Mayor and Corporation in state, and by the members and students of the University.

THE CELTIC AND CLASSIC LANGUAGES.

BY PROFESSOR CROW.

Having alluded to the splendid achievements of philology in general, I shall now glance at the peculiar advantages which an acquaintance with Celtic holds out to the classical scholar. On this point, I can speak from experience, and I hope my observations will not be regarded as an invasion of the territories of others. The student of Greek is sometimes completely puzzled by the strange forms which disturb his course. Some of these forms are wholly foreign to Greek, while others may, by critical analysis, be evolved from the national lexicon. Thus, *kinados* the Greek word for *fox*, is said to be an old Sicilian word, and the root is generally maintained to be *kineo*, to move. Now this has been very properly questioned, as the *i* in *kineo* is long, while the *i* in *kinados* is short. But let us turn to the Celtic, and there we shall find *sionnach*, the common word for *fox*. By a regular philological law the *s* in Celtic becomes *k* in Greek; just as in Sanscrit, where *sh* most commonly becomes *k*. Therefore *kinados* is a modern form of the Celtic *sionnach*. But I pass on to a more important point. There is a certain theory universally held by Greek scholars, and never disturbed, so far as I know, by any one, save myself. This theory goes by the name of Homeric duplication. Homer, it is said, in order to overcome the insuperable difficulty of framing an hexameter verse, has been compelled to double certain letters as the last and only resource. Now, of this, I have had for some time very serious doubts. It struck me that the so-called duplicated letter either belonged to the original root, or was the representative of some less euphonious character. I examined many passages, and I found my suspicions fully borne out. I have now come to the conclusion that the 'father of poetry' was never once reduced to such a miserable expedient as his commentators would ascribe to him. I do not, of course, say so much of his late imitators. They, no doubt, led by a false analogy, assumed this license. But they must be forgiven. The language of Homer had become almost as dark to the Greeks of the Alexandrian period as the Brehaman laws have to an Irish peasant of the present day. To support my position, I shall give one or two examples. It is well known that a certain combination of letters in one language becomes quite inadmissible in another, though even a kindred dialect. Thus in Irish, the sibilant *s* may be followed immediately by any of the liquids, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, and in Sanscrit by the same letters, except *l*. In Greek, we now find it, of these four letters *m* only can follow *s*. According to this principle we find the root differently represented in different languages. Thus *sneachta* in Irish, is deprived of its initial *s*, and becomes *nix* in Latin; *sna*, to swim, in Irish, and Sanscrit, is new in Greek; *sru*, to flow, in Irish and Sanscrit, is *reo* in Greek. In most of the ancient languages the breathing *h* is retained as a substitute for *s*, and hence we find the origin of the double *r* after the augment in Greek. Thus *erreonesreon*, the root being *sreo*. Again, from *neo*, we have always in Homer *enneon*, with the double *n*, and this is distinguished as the epic imperfect, the *n* being doubled poetically. Now, as we have seen above, that the Celtic and Sanscrit root is *sua*, we may be quite certain that *enneon* is for *esneon*, and that there is no duplication whatever. In connexion with my argument, it is worthy of remark, that in the general dialect the liquids only, together with *s* and *t*, are capable of this pretended duplication; from this fact, my theory gains additional weight According to this theory, the most incorrigible forms become easy of control. Thus *ellabon*, for instance, becomes *eslabon*, (compare Celtic *slam*, a handful, and English *slap*), the root being *slab*, and not *lab*. When we consider the delicacy of the Attic ear, we shall wonder neither at the innovations introduced into old Homer, nor at the invention of the duplication scheme. We see that even in cases where a certain form might stand, a more euphonious one was adopted. Thus *kmelas* became *melas; ktupto* became *tupto; edfeisa* became *eddeisa; philosmeides* became *philommedes.* That *smeid*, and not *meid*, is the root of this last word, we know from the Celtic *smeid*, and not the Sanscrit *smil*. The Grammarians would be sure to look upon *philosmeides* as an anomalous form, regarding the *s* of *smeid* as the nominative sign in *philos*, which of course would be barbarous. This would be quite enough to give hint for the duplication law, and hence we are now favored with the modern and corrupt philommeides.

The Celtic scholar is quite delighted when he meets with some of those refractory forms of archaic Greek, for they give him the opportunity of testing the merits of the oldest of living languages. When he sees in Greek the verb *eimi*, I am, and *ema*, I go, reduced to the same shape, he turns to his Celtic and there finds the former *am*, and the latter *em*. If, however, he can only ascend to the Sanscrit, the mother of Greek, and the sister of Celtic, he shall perceive there the two full and original forms, *asmi* and *emi*, but it is not in forms alone that the Celtic comes to the aid of the student of Greek. There is a remarkable agreement between the two languages in certain idioms. For example; *'oscus asbert fris airis ocumia, ol si'*—and she said to him, stay with me, said she. In Greek we find the repetition of *'said he'* a regular rule, though altogether alien to Latin, unless with some late imitators of Greek. Even in the comparison of individual words in respect of signification, very pretty anologies are discovered. Thus *sgolog* is the Irish for *farmer* and *skolex* is the Greek for *earthworm*; so the Irish farmer is a figurative *earthworm.*

Let us now glance at the Latin in relation to Celtic. After what we have seen in the case of the Greek it might be expected that a rich harvest should await us here. And such is the case. Almost all the proper European names occurring in Latin writers, are Celtic. Thus *Dumnorix* in Cæsar, is a compound of *doman* and *rig*, and means *world king: Diturix* means nearly the same thing. These along with many others, have been pointed out and explained by Zouss in his *'Grammatica Celtica.'* I shall take up for myself an old Latin word which has given much trouble to philologers: the word is *arbiter*—umpire. I will not assert that I have hit on the true derivation myself, but I am confident that the account given of this word by the most recent writers is erroneous. These make it a compound of *ad* and *beto*, but the penult of *beta* is long, while that of *arbiter* is short. This derivation then is erroneous. Latin words ending in *ter office*, such as *magister, minister*, &c. Now *arbiter* is decidedly one of these: the root is is *arbi*—the termination *ter*. In Celtic, as well as in modern high German, the word for *inheritor* or *inheritance* is *arba erba:* the common Irish word *co-arba* means *co-heir* or *successor*. Now I should suppose that *arbiter* means the *inheritance maker*—one who settles a dispute between two rival heirs. I cannot dwell longer on this portion of my subject, but I shall conclude with noticing the harmony between Latin and Irish in an idiom quite common to both. If I wish to say in Latin 'as soon as Peter came'—*simul atque venit Petrus.* So in Irish—*'co luath agus thanic Peadar.'*

We shall now direct our attention to the modern languages. Time permits of only a few observations. In general, however, there is nothing more certain than the fact that the Celtic, both in form and construction, has influenced almost every language in Europe, but especially the French. The unalterable collocation, for instance, of the governed pronoun preceding the verb, such as *je vous dis*, has been bequeathed by the ancient Celtic. Again certain idioms. We say in French that two persons live *'en bons amis'*—as good friends. So in Irish, *'na g-caraid maith.'* This *en* in French is not the proposition, but an adverb of comparison, rendered by *na* in Irish, by *yn* in Welsh, by *os* in Greek, by *ut* in Latin, and so on. As I have introduced this idiom, I must explain the force of this *na*, as all Irish grammarians without exception have misunderstood it. These are unanimous in maintaining that the *na* is a compound of *in a*, and means *in his.* So that if I translate the English sentence, 'He is a bishop,' into Irish, I must say, 'He is *in his* bishop. This view of *na* is quite erroneous. If we compare the use of ths Welsh *yn* with the Irish *na*, we shall see this very clearly. In Irish we say: 'ta *na* dun mor;' in Welsh: 'mae *yn* d dinas fawr'—it is (*as*) a large foot. Here where we find *yn* in Welsh, we find *na* in Irish. Shall it be maintained, then, that in the Gaelic dialects this *na* is a compound of a preposition and a possessive pronoun, while in the Britannic dialects *yn* or *en* is a pure adverb?

Surely before any scholar ventured to advance such a theory, he should have in the first place examined all the Celtic dialects for parallel constructions, and in the next place the Indo-European family in general. I have done so with the whole of the former, and with many of the latter, and the result is that which I have given, a perfect coincidence between the Britannic and Gaelic dialects. We must, therefore, abandon the universally eceived opinion on this formula, and understand that *a se na rig* is literally rendered into English, 'he is *as* a king'—in Latin, *'ille est ut rex.'*

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1857.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE PRESS.

During the campaign we devoted a special department in every issue of the Irish News, to the republication of the numerous opinions emanating from all sections of the country respecting Mr. Buchanan.

The *first* journal in America professing to be, and recognized as devoted to the interests of Irish citizens, which espoused the cause, foretold and openly hailed the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, we felt it due not less to the interests of the Democratic candidate, than to the sustainment of the position we thus early, promptly and boldly took, to collate the fearless opinions and enthusiastic approval of a large portion of the press extending over the whole Union. We owed it to our Irish voters here to let them know why we took such a stand; more especially as the other "Irish" Journals—however efficient at a later date—were either apathetic or doubting, and certainly somewhat tardy in giving expression in favor of the illustrious Pennsylvanian. To our readers in Europe we felt that our columns headed 'Buchanan and the Press,' would be extremely beneficial, seeing the lavish labor of journalists there to create a feeling in favor of the sectional candidate, which might re-act in this country; and knowing that the European press was chiefly fed by the diatribes of a few leading New-York daily papers vehemently opposed to Mr. Buchanan.

As is the case here, so it is in Europe, though in a somewhat lesser degree; the desire to have early intelligence seducing even well-intentioned journalists into the publication of news, far from being correct. To counteract the effect of such, by furnishing to editors abroad a varied epitome of Presidential prospects and speculations regarding the Democratic candidate, was a desire, upon the success of which, in some notable instances, we have reason to congratulate ourselves.

We do not take much credit for being on the right side; inasmuch as our oath of allegiance bound us to defend the Constitution, and to warn those who have faith in us against the fanatics and sectionalists who would riddle that divine symbol of strength, peace and fraternity. Hence, the violent abuse showered upon old adopted citizens with whom we acted, and young ones who took our advice, was but a gratifying tribute to their honor and fealty as Americans.

If anything were needed to consolidate the more strongly our articles of Democratic faith, we have it in the President's Inaugural. It is as simple, as strong, and as indicative of national honor as the monument on Bunker Hill. Some 'travelled' gentlemen think that shaft a very common-place affair, utterly forgetful of the ground upon which it is raised, and the fact it commemorates. So, some of our opposition journalists who have been travelling from the Constitution think the Inaugural quite common-place. They can only behold strength in complication; its simplicity confounds them. They wanted the jarring discord of great machinery; and they heard the calm, strong voice of a man.

On the other hand, the Conservatively progressive journals of both sections of the country hail it as a practical, statesmanlike and able document; guaranteeing to those who even do not completely agree with the President, an earnest conviction, that the Administration will be conducted with a faith for which the Constitution is not too narrow; and a statesmanlike vigor for which the interests of the Republic are not too broad.

Thus, the Richmond (Va) *Enquirer* regards the Inaugural as a 'fearless exposition of his (Mr. Buchanan's) views on the salient subjects which are likely to engage the attention of his Administration,' while the New-York *Courier and Enquirer* believes that if its equitable and conciliatory spirit inspires the Administration, the President 'will experience no factious opposition from the parties which withheld from him their votes. The N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*, differing widely as it does on some points, admits the frankness and candor of its tone, and cannot contend with the doctrines laid down on Territorial legislation; which also suits the Columbia (S.C.) *Banner* as being 'satisfactory and acceptable to all States Rights men.' The same journal commends the liberality of the foreign policy suggested; and the *Boston Post* compares the Inaugural to Mr. Buchanan's letter accepting the nomination, which, 'though it was addressed to a party, yet its high tone, its wise words, and its comprehensive views, commanded the favorable judgment of the whole nation.' In the opinion of the Boston *Herald* 'it is one of the clearest and most straightforward documents ever issued from the Capitol.' The Alexandria (Va.) *Sentinel* cordially congratulates the country, 'before whom the Democratic party now stands fully vindicated, for the wisdom of their choice by the wisdom of the Inaugural;' which, says a voice from the other end of the country, the Boston *Times*, 'like the mind of the great statesman who wrote it, is plain, concise and sound in every part, presenting as in a mirror, the reflex of the opinions entertained by the people.' 'It must command the approbation of the candid of all parties,' says the New Haven (Conn.) *Register*, 'for there is not a word in it to which political animosity can properly object—not a sentiment that is not national.' 'It bears the impress of the spirit of Jackson,' says the N. Y. *Daily News*.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* is clearly of the same opinion, for it says: 'It makes no promises unlikely or impossible to be fulfilled; while, at the same time,' as the Cincinnati *Enquirer* says, 'it leaves no person in doubt as to what action the administration will pursue.' The Providence (Mass.) *D. Post*, looking upon the course laid down as indicating peace, greatness and glory to the Republic, will be much disappointed if the intelligent portion of the opposition do not overlook all partisanship. The *Pennsylvanian* believes the President 'is the very man to cement the bonds of union sadly weakened' by sectional conflicts. And the Baltimore *American*, though in opposition, thinks likewise, and overlooks its differences with him to 'concur in the strong union sentiment that animates the direct and concise phraseology of his address, and to assist in impressing their wisdom upon those who seize the mere abuses of our system of government, or the extravagances of sectional feelings, and endeavor to elevate them into causes of such dire importance as to demand the destruction of the Union.' The Cuban correspondent of the N. Y. *Herald* states, that the Inaugural 'had satisfied the Americans, of all shades of politics, residing on the island.'

Thus, from North, South, East, and West, we have selected a few, from a crowd of not less decided and approving organs of public faith. Every paper is a noted and notable index to the public opinion and public spirit of its locality; and the specimens of hearty and manly ratification of the doctrines enunciated in the Inaugural may be taken as emblematic of the general feeling and hope which we will fitly sum up in the following paragraph from the *National Intelligencer:*

'We are free to confess that the perusal of the address has given us sincere satisfaction, so entirely unexceptionable does it appear to be in thought and expression. Indeed, we may say that, alike in matter and in manner, it reminds us of those sterling attributes of good judgment and common sense which characterized the State papers of President Monroe; and we can only hope, that at the close of Mr. Buchanan's administration the comparison thus suggested may extend not only to the well-tempered sentiment and unambitious diction of these two statesmen, but also to that restoration of good feeling which marked the era of the earlier President, and which we fain hope will be the conscientious aim of his veteran successor.'

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The festivities which marked this day, not only in New-York, but in all the neighboring cities from Baltimore to Boston, and westward to St. Louis, occupy most of our columns this week. To make way for them, Legislative proceedings, Scientific lectures, Military intelligence, the latest news from Nicaragua even, have been shut out. The present number of our paper is, in fact, a complete chronicle of what the Irish in America said and did, on the blessed day in question.

Many interesting incidents which escaped notice elsewhere, will be sure to attract the liveliest attention here. Some of the best things said, which the reporters of daily papers were, perhaps, too joyous to make note of in due course, for the first time flash to light in these privileged pages. John Brougham's speech, for instance, at the dinner of the Friendly Sons. This appears in full. It entitles the author to another St. Patrick's dinner. The mere reading of it will quicken the appetites of thousands, and make them impatient until the evening for "drowning the shamrock" comes round again.

Wherever the celebration of the day took place, the utmost order and propriety appears to have prevailed. Not a solitary mishap occurred anywhere to detract from the esteem in which all over the world it is held. It is thus that Irishmen do honor to themselves, the country of their birth, and the memcries they invoke.

The impression left by their admirable conduct in the midst of so much excitement and festivity—conduct worthy of Republican citizens, and that is the highest qualification one could give it—must go far to soften and wear out the antipathy with which some few of the American people have been accustomed to regard the celebration of St. Patrick's Day throughout the States. This antipathy, it is true, has been very irrational and ungenerous. Nevertheless, it becomes all good citizens to treat it patiently, and leave it to the liberalizing influences which the spirit displayed on Tuesday week, in most of the great and little cities of the Union is sure to exercise.

Densely clouded, indeed, must be the mind which fails to perceive that these celebrations by the various nationalities, which compose, under one supreme designation, this great free nation, indicate the political resources, consequence, and power of the United States. Do they not—these processions fanned by the Green Flag of Ireland, or the gorgeous Tricolor of Germany—vividly announce to Europe, and all the continents, that they who were once the subjects of Kings and Queens are freemen here, and that what those Kings and Queens in the old Gothic cities had to contend with and forcibly repress with chain and bayonet, on this soil swells the mighty population in which the commerce and sovereignty of the future are inalienably vested.

THE LATEST FROM NICARAGUA.

Here it is. Colonel Lockridge had advanced to the mouth of the San Carlos, having driven the Costa Ricans from their fort and intrenchments at the junction of the San Juan and Serapiqui. Having seized this point, he stationed there 120 men, and proceeded to the island of San Carlos, a few miles below the Castello rapids. This he occupied with the main body of his forces, despatching Colonel Titus, with about 200 men, to dislodge the enemy from the fort which commands the Rapids. This fort—a stout one erected by the Spaniards two hundered years ago—frowns from the top of a steep rock on the little village below.

Here a couple of Titus' men succeeded in rescuing one of the captured river-boats. She was on fire at the time. The flames, however, were abated before any serious mischief was done. The village, also, was in flames. It was completely deserted. There was no enemy to encounter but the garrison in the fort above. They were but a handful. Twenty-five men at most. Titus called upon them to surrender. They asked for twenty-four hours to decide. The Colonel, with the game in his grasp, permitted the delay. His stupidity went further. He permitted a messenger from the beseiged garrison to go up the river to fort San Carlos, which commands the entrance to the lake from the river, and in which General Mora, with the main body of the Costa Ricans, was posted. The result was, the appearance of a numerous force of the enemy on the river, close to the Castello rapids, in the course of a few hours. Colonel Titus, seeing them, gave the order to retreat. He fled. A panic seized his men. They took to the woods—from the woods to the river—from the river to the *Rescue*, the little steamboat in which they had ascended to within a mile of the Castello rapids. Titus immediately resigned his commission, and went on to Aspinwall. Report says, *en route* for Rivas. What brings him there, unless he wants to be hanged, it is difficult to make out. His men—a splendid body of fellows—remain with Lockridge.

Had he behaved with common sense and ordinary courage the war in Nicaragua was over by this. He could easily have stormed and taken Fort Castillo. Had he shown the slightest daring, the garrison would have surrendered without condition—without an hour's delay—without a word. Once in possession of this fort, the river, from the lake to Greytown, was Walker's. Fort San Carlos alone would have remained to be taken. This would have inevitably given in. Lockridge in possession of the forts at the mouths of the Serapiqui and San Carlos, down which Spencer had come with his command from the interior of Costa Rica, no supplies, no reinforcements could reach the garrison at Fort San Carlos. Both were cut off. A week at furthest, after the capture of Castillo, the flag of Nicaragua would have been seen above the walls at the junction of the lake and the San Juan river. Titus should do as Judas did. As it is, however, the opening of the river by Lockridge has only been delayed. On the 19th of this month, 200 men joined him from New Orleans. Most of them were from Western Texas. This additional force gives Lockridge upwards of 500 fighting men, thoroughly well-clothed, well-armed, and well-provisioned. The next boat from Greytown will inform us of the capture of Castillo and San Carlos. After that, the junction of Walker's forces—those on the Atlantic with those on the Pacific—will cost no trouble and but a few hours' delay. That accomplished, the war is over. Nicaragua shall breathe again. Aye! rise up a New Creation, beautiful, strong, and fruitful, out of the blood in which the savages of Guatemala, and the rest of them, have plunged her.

The despatches of General Mora to the President of Costa Rica prove the desperate condition of his troops. Unless a reinforcement of, at least, six hundred picked men, be sent him at once, 'our triumphs,' he writes, 'will serve only to bring us new dangers and make defeat more shameful.' Then, it appears, that Spencer is anything but a useful accomplice. 'As a military man, he can be of no use to us,' General Mora observes. And again, 'he committed outrages upon sentinels, insulted chiefs and officers, and introduced such disorder,' the General says, 'that but for his (the General's) timely intervention' there would have been the devil to pay. And this is Vanderbilt's agent! Vanderbilt's confidential agent! A cut-throat, a traitor, a drunkard in the special service of the House of Vanderbilt! Well done, brave Commodore! 'Don't,'—it is thus that General Mora writes to the President of Costa Rica—'don't think of sending Spencer on any war commission, but occupy him in urging on the house of Vanderbilt to help us with the materials of war.' Mr. John McKeon, after that, may be fairly considered and justly styled 'the District Attorney of the House of Vanderbilt.' He prosecutes in favor of that highly respectable house, and is entitled to all the titles and consideration in token thereof.

As for Nicaraguan affairs on the Pacific side, Colonel Jacques, Major Rawle,and the other officers who arrived in the *Tennessee* from Rivas, last week, concur in representing General Walker's prospects of success as brighter than ever. Rivas is solidly fortified. It is impregnable. Sir Robert McClure, from the English man-of-war lying at San Juan del Sur, Captain Davis, of U. S. sloop-of-war *St. Mary's*, and other officers who visited Rivas lately, were surprised and pleased with the order, and the excellent condition generally, of Walker's army. General Henningsen's private letters, with a perusal of which we have been gratified, convince us that, in the course of a month or two, Nicaragua, under the Presidency of General Walker, will be at peace, with the golden gates of a glorious future thrown open for it, through which all the nations of the earth shall pass. God grant it, and to the end of time preserve it so!

STEAM COMMUNICATION WITH IRELAND.

In this age of progress, when quick communication with distant portions of the globe seems to occupy the attention of the mercantile classes of both hemispheres, it seems strange that no attempt has been made in this country to establish a more direct route to Europe. By making some of the westerly harbors of Ireland the terminus of the ocean voyage, the passage could be shortened by thirty-six hours. Liverpool is three hundred and sixty miles farther from New-York and Boston than the port of Galway, on the coast of Ireland, and in consequence of the dangers of channel navigation, steamers cannot run at full speed until they have passed Cape Clear. They are frequently detained for several hours at the entrance of the Mersey, awaiting the flow of the tide, which is an inconvenience that could never occur in Galway harbor. If quickness of despatch be at all desirable, the American and European mails should be sent by the shortest line, unless the advantage be more than counterbalanced by adverse circumstances. In point of geographical position Galway is naturally suggested as the European point of communication between both hemispheres. It is situated upon the extreme west coast of Ireland, on a line which equally divides the country north and south, and has one of the finest harbors in the world, affording sufficient depth of water, at all times, of tide for vessels of the largest tonnage. The entrance to the bay is indicated by the promontories of Slyne and Loop Head, which stand forty miles apart, and can be observed a great distance at sea. The coast is remarkably free from fogs, which are frequent in the channel along the English shore. The bay, which is thirty miles long and ten wide, is sheltered by the Clare mountains, and the Highlands of Connemara, while the three islands of Arran, which stretch across the entrance, secure it against the storms of the Atlantic. It is entered by four deep sounds, varying in width from two to four miles; so that, vessels approaching from America could run right through either of them, and keep up full steam until they came to, under Mutton Island in the roadstead, which is about half a mile from the new docks. For all the purposes of navigation, the port of Galway has decided claims over any other in Europe. Cork has a magnificent harbor, but Galway is one hundred and thirty miles nearer to any of our American ports. The great Midland and Western Railway connects Galway with Dublin, and the distance is only one hundred and twenty-six miles. From Dublin, travellers can pass to Holyhead by steamer in three hours and a half, and thence to any part of England by the cars. The different lines of railway afford the greatest facility for persons in every part of Ireland to approach Galway, which is a matter of no small importance in connection with the passenger traffic which would flow to any line of steamers taking their departure from that port.

About the eligibility of the position for a packet station there cannot be any doubt, and the only question then that arises is—would a line of steamers, between that port and New-York and Boston, pay? A fast vessel would make the trip in a week, or at most, in eight days. There would, in the first place, be considerable saving in the item of fuel. The cargoes from this country would chiefly consist of articles which Ireland largely imports, and which now reach her through English channels. There is 4,624,141 pounds of tobacco, and 48,770,500 pounds of sugar annually consumed in Ireland. About fourteen million bushels of grain, flour and bread-stuffs are annually imported to the country; but this amount of Indian corn alone was sent to Ireland in 1854. A line of steamers running direct to Galway would derive considerable revenue from articles which we export, whilst the profit on passengers and goods sent out from Ireland would be immense. Even now, Ireland exports every year a million and a half dollars, worth of woollen goods, but her staple manufacture is linen, which is, for the most part, destined for the American market. Belfast is the great manufacturing town, and contains a population of one hundred thousand. The Belfast merchants export to America about thirty million dollars worth of linen goods, which they are compelled to send through Liverpool at considerable expense and inconvenience. Some years ago, so much were they impressed with the advantages of steam communication between Galway and America, that they offered to export all their goods through Galway, should a line of steamers be established at that port; but the active opposition of the Liverpool merchants, sustained by the British government, thwarted the carrying out of the project. The government even appointed a naval commission to visit the several principal ports of Ireland with the express intention of reporting against the fitness of Galway for a transatlantic packet station, in order that public attention might be diverted from that question.

The manufacturing capabilities of Galway cannot be overlooked by any company that may establish steam communication between Ireland and America. The summer or minimum amount of water discharged from Lough Corrib, which, in connection with Loughs Mask and Carra, extend a distance of seventy miles, is 120,000 cubic feet per minute, and affords a constant supply of 2,320 horse-power. With such natural advantages, and an abundance of cheap labor, Galway would soon become a great manufacturing city, if once placed in direct communication with this country.

The greater portion of the income would be derived from emigrants, vessels fitted with first second and third cabins, would always have a full complement of passengers. The number of persons annually leaving Ireland averaged, during the last five years, about ninety thousand. It may be presumed that, those emigrants, to avoid the inconvenience of a sea voyage to Liverpool, the exaction of boarding-house keepers and runners, would all take shipping at Galway, which can be reached in twelve hours from any part of the kingdom.

Under all those circumstances, there can be no doubt that a line of steamers running between Galway, New-York and Boston, would be one of the most profitable speculations. They would monopolise the entire goods and passenger traffic of Ireland, and even create traffic where it does not now exist. If a fast steamer made one trip from the port of Galway, there would shortly be sufficient capital forthcoming to establish the line, and our government could not hesitate to give it the carriage of the mails; for there would be something so old fogyish in waiting for one's letters to arrive from Liverpool, when they might be received two days previously by the '*ocean omnibus*' from Galway, that Young America would not tolerate it. We ask Irish and American merchants, to give this subject due consideration. If the facts we have stated are indisputable, the public must come to the conclusion that steamers traversing this shortest route across the Atlantic, would not only be a prosperous speculation but a universal advantage. The directors of the Midland Great Western Railway Company, are deeply interested in this project, and would subscribe largely for stock if a *bona fide* company were established on this side of the Atlantic. Let the matter be taken up by a few earnest and influential men, and there can be no doubt as to the successful result.

AN ENGLISHMAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

AN IRISHMAN WITHOUT A GRIEVANCE.—To recognize forbearance, where one has been accustomed to receive nothing but abuse, is one of the privileges of journalism; and for this reason we transfer to our columns a speech, made by T. F. Meagher, at the late Festival of St. Patrick's Friendly Sons. That gentleman's public addresses have been so overlaid hitherto with all that can be unreasonable in itself, and at the same time distasteful and insulting to Englishmen, that we have rarely adverted to them even to condemn. But we are glad to learn at last, from such lips, that there is a future for Ireland, irrespective of wrongs done by the Saxon. We can all the more cheerfully give ourselves up to the legends and recollections with which Irish history is fraught.—*Albion.*

To recognise forbearance, where one has been accustomed to receive nothing but abuse, is one of the privileges of journalism; and for this reason we transfer to our columns, from those of the *Albion*, gratifying evidence of Mr. Young's improvement. That gentleman's public addresses have been so overlaid hitherto with all that can be unreasonable in itself, and at the same time distasteful and insulting to Irishmen and Americans, that we have never adverted to them, even to condemn. But we are glad to learn at last, from such lips, that there is a future for the *Albion*, irrespective of laudations of the Saxon. Mr. Young concludes a paragraph on Mr. Meagher's speech at the Friendly Sons' Dinner, with this pleasant intimation:—'We can cheerfully give ourselves up to the legends and recollections with which Irish history is fraught.'

We heartily congratulate the readers of the *Albion*. It is certainly time for the conductors of that melancholy periodical to give themselves up to anything useful.

TOPICS.

His troops of friends will be delighted, as we truly are, to hear that Michael Flood Nagle of the Nicaraguan army, is rapidly recovering from the wound he received in the first attack upon San Gorge. It was a desperate one. A musket ball struck him a little below the upper lip, carried away one of his front teeth, passed through his mouth, and cutting off the tip of his tongue, passed out through the back of his neck, about half an inch on one side of the jugular vein. For some weeks he was unable to speak. He is now, however, in excellent health, the best spirits, and able easily to articulate. Major Rawle, from whom we have had this pleasant news, shook hands with Nagle the day before he left San Juan del Sur for Panama.

The recent opening of a new publishing and bookselling house—Fetridge & Co., Broadway—was quite an event. If the same liberality characterize the proprietors as publishers, which was evidenced by them as hosts, at their inauguration, they will command the esteem and everlasting approval of the *Literati* of New-York. We have rarely witnessed so many authors and journalists together, with such pleasant results. Between five and six hundred persons shared Mr. Fetridge's hospitality. There was a constant current round the tables of authors, journalists, actors, publishers, judges, limbs of the law, clergymen, bank presidents and other individuals. We would fail to make the list perfect, but we cannot forget the comic speeches, capital songs, quick repartees and eccentric sayings and doings of Dr. S. Mackenzie (the major Domo of the day), John Brougham, Dr. Dornnece, 'Damphool,' Underhill (*Tribune*), T. B. Thorpe (Tom Owen the Bee Hunter), Francois Bilyieu (translated by 'the Doctor' Frank Bellew), and other comic native and foreign talent. Among the modest crowd who vastly enjoyed the wit of the aforesaid, might be noticed C. Walcot, R. H. Stoddard, J. E. Chapin, Spencer W. Cone, W. F. Lyons, Mr. Guernsey, James Roche, H. N. Wild, J. F. Cleveland, C. Gayler and others. The presence of four Harpers showed there was no lack of music, while the statistics of the feast exhibit the demolition of fifty baskets of Champagne, five cases of brandy, four dozen of Sherry, &c. &c.

An attempt to introduce the hypocritical and canting practice of opening legislatures and other assemblies by prayer—assemblies and legislatures where man gives free vent to the worst passions of his nature and where corruption holds its carnival and the public interests are bought and sold without scruple—was recently tried in the Australian parliament, but was opposed by Charles Gavan Duffy and defeated by a majority of two. Seeing how little benefit has accrued from such ostentatious display of extraordinary piety in other countries, the incipient Republicans of Australia acted sensibly. This *unreligious, God-forsaken* legislature is constituted as follows:—4 are Australians, 27 English, 16 Irish and 12 Scotch; 36 belong to the Church of England, 6 are Roman Catholics, 7 Presbyterians, 1 Methodist and 7 Independents. In favor of State aid there are 33; against it, 22; doubtful, 4. There are 12 ministerial and official members, 32 independent and 15 anti-ministerialists. There are 19 merchants and tradesmen, 10 barristers and attorneys, seven government officers, 16 landowners, three medical men, three journalists, two farmers and two squatters.

Paris Anderson, who recently died in Cincinnati, was a native of Kilkenny, and was related to several respectable families in the city and county. In politics they were of the Tory class, though of a more liberal type than the generality of that Anglo-Saxon garrison. With the opinion of that brood of politicians Paris Anderson had no sympathy. He was a sound nationalist and a republican in principle. His literary taste was fine and his abilities of a high order. He contributed several pieces of merit to the press in Ireland, and wrote much in the line of fiction since he came to this country. He has a wide circle of friends on bothsides of the Atlantic, who will regret that a life which might have been rendered useful and brilliant, has had so short a career. To the 'Marble city' he returns no more—he sleeps by the banks of the Ohio, far from his beloved and 'gentle Nore.'

The Jury have convicted Jackson, who was under trial last week, for rape upon unprotected immigrant girls, at Sheep's-Head Bay. Sentence has not yet been pronounced, as prisoner's counsel has moved for a new trial, on the ground of certain evidence having been ruled out by the Court. The verdict has given general satisfaction. The Jury have nobly done their duty, and we trust the law shall now take its course.

The *Washington Union* says of the New-York Post-office—As strange as it may seem, there appears to be no contest for this office, that is, none amounting to any serious opposition to the retention of the Postmaster. Members of all the different New-York City Democratic cliques or interests are here—their leaders and most active and effective men in such matters—and they are pulling and hauling, breaking down and building or patching up the claims of rival aspirants for every office in New-York City, with the exception of the Post-office. All of them, as far as we can learn, unite in urging the retention of the present Postmaster—the strangest thing we ever knew in connexion with New-York City politics—that cauldron of so uncertain boiling, and so sure to be filled with antagonistic elements, hard to be made to fuse, even when boiling at three hundred degrees (political) of Farenheit. Mr. Fowler, the lucky man, whose retention all of them seem so anxious to secure, if exhibited in a glass case, as a Postmaster desired by all interests in 'the party' in the city, would make Barnum's fortune.

The resolutions adopted by the officers of the 69th regiment, condoling with their Colonel, James R. Ryan, on his late severe loss, appear elsewhere. They do infinite credit to the good heart of the gentlemen from whom they emanate, and will, no doubt, be most gratefully treasured among the most precious relics of the household, with the sorrow of which they eloquently sympathize. Where such brotherly feeling as these resolutions express, exist between the several officers of a regiment, there can be no fear, but the brightest hope, for its success. In the gracious, kind and generous spirit which pervades them, we concur sincerely and with deep respect.

Literature.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE AND OLD WEXFORD, BY RODRIGO.

(CONCLUDED.)

The arrangements of St Peter's divided the establisment into what were called the Latin room and the English room. The latter was my department. Here there were never more than from thirteen to fifteen boarders; but they were usually of the same age, and, not having acquired the solemn air of the ecclesiastical students, whenever any mischief or undue exuberance was developed, the 'famous thirteen,' as we called ourselves, were immediately indicted. This prejudging on the part of the authorities, though generally speaking correct, often prevented the discovery of the guilty one. Never before, nor never since, had I to deal with fellows imbued with nobler attributes. With all their wildness and petty mischievous propensities—one time boring holes through the dormitory partitions, to facilitate the carrying on of nocturnal conversations; at others pealing the bells at unseasonable hours, setting the whole house in an uproar, or cramping some 'disagreeable dog,' by tying a string round his toe in the night, when asleep, and pulling him out of bed—I never yet knew of an informer coming forward, save one. Blistered hands have I seen, and yet no Irish or American boy ever broke his plighted word. There was an exception, however. He was an English lad, the very last who should have shrunk from a cane blow. Destititute of honor, he was hardened in vice; and, though he bore floggings for what none of the other boys would have been guilty, he 'peached,' though his word was pledged. For that act he met with the severest laceration; and at the ensuing vacation, he was returned by Dr. Synnott to his father, a captain of a merchant vessel in Liverpool, with the brand of expulsion on his brow.

This wildness, or exuberant propensity, of which the boys were so often accused, was more to be attributed to the limited amusements allowed them than any thing else. There was little, in fact, out-doors, but ball-playing. This was only available in fine weather; and then 'the thirteen,' not being in the logic classes, were not disposed to walk up and down the walks, with their hands in their pockets! Cricket, foot-ball, and such manly sports were not tolerated, because of the injury which would accrue to the meadow. So Mr. Thomas Nolan, the burly steward, said.

Mr. Nolan was more than a steward. He was a general overseer of the entire premises. In the bake-house he commanded as well as on the head-lands—nay, he presided over the kitchen, and graciously provided for the wants of old Margaret, the cook—turned the spit for her and carved the best joints—as anxiously as over the meadow. He was a credit to the establishment. Essentially differing from the wretched Larry Elliott, and as much so from the gaunt figure of Father Moran, the steward presented a most ample and rubicund appearance. Careful as he was about the preservation of the grass, his jovial aspect forbid the thought of insinuating that, like Nebuchadnezzar, Mr. Nolan appropriated it to his own use. One day some of the boys, availing themselves of an attack of gout which distracted the usual watchfulness of Dr. Synnott, invaded the meadow and lay down in the sun. Mr. Nolan, from the opposite side, saw them, and burst up through the tall grass, in order to be able to identify the culprits. Puffing and blowing, having trampled down as much as a good-sized bullock, he arrived where he thought the boys were, but they had crept away. Some of us were outside on the walk, and the mortified Steward, still puffing and blowing, approached and asked who was in the grass? Cranwell, the lover of whiskey, promptly said, no one but Mr. Nolan himself—no one else had trampled the meadow. 'Look at the state you have left it in,' said he; 'isn't it a shame to be always blaming the boys for what others do?' Mr. Nolan, on Cranwell's pointing at the injury done to the meadow, shook his head and frowned, but, knowing the uselessnesss of remonstrating with 'Master Cranwell,' retreated without a word.

Another of the characters of St. Peter's, during my time, was Betty, the servant-maid who had charge of the dormitories. Like Tom Nolan, in personal appearance she, too, was a credit to the College. She was a masculine type of her sex. So much so, that those of 'the thirteen' who were antagonistic to her called her 'the horse!' Betty couldn't stand this; and whenever any of the obnoxious ones stopped in bed for a day—as was a constant habit with some of us—on pretence of being a little unwell, she would administer a strong dose of Epsom salts—seeing it swallowed—which would soon cause tribulation and create a thorough reaction through their systems. The refractory ones, however, were only a few. Many of us appreciated her unceasing attentions. I never lost an opportunity of putting in the blarney! Even now, remembering her ponderous person and flaunting ribbons, as dressed for going down town on Sundays, I think of her with emotion as a second Mrs. MacWhirter, who, like her wonderful prototype—had she the erudition and the vocal acquirements of Father Moran—would have given us a noble chant in laudation of the famed oysters of her native county!

There, too, was Mr. O'Hara, my own old Mentor and professor. He was, as I have already intimated, of a genial nature. Sedulously attentive to his duties, he was kindly considerate to the boys. To me he was most especially so. He taught the English classes in our part of the house; superintended the writing department; and, having resided many years in France, was the French professor of the College. Being so, he was a constant subscriber to the French papers, and during the different European revolutions in '48, he was regarded as the infallible political oracle of the College. Instructing us in the French language, Mr. O'Hara was most minute. How impressively he used to recite to us, in French, the description of the shipwreck of Telemachus on the island of Calypso, and the well-dissembled grief and sudden joy of that goddess on finding one of the wrecked ones to be Telemachus, the son of her loved Ulysses! How testy he used to get with some of my class-fellows who would try to mumble through that grand passage commencing with the eloquent appeal of Telemachus to the goddess?

In person Mr. O'Hara was low-sized, stoutly-built, and compact, with yellowish countenance and rolling gray eyes. He wore silver-mounted glasses, over which, when scrutinizing the countenance of a boy under examination, he peered with anxiety. He took especial care of his feet. Seldom going out in damp weather, his boots and shoes were always in admirable condition. So brightly polished, so crisply kept, the musical creak of Mr. O'Hara's boots announced his approach some minutes before his steel gray hair, brushed up straight like a Frenchman's, loomed in the distance. Being the only lay professor in the College, he occasionally received visits from a few select friends of his from down town. One particular friend was Mr. Moses Doyle. They were admirably matched. The same height; the same stout forms. Side by side they would walk, on the fine evenings in summer, after dinner, up and down the gravel walks, as if promoting a healthy digestion, before adjourning to Mr. O'Hara's room, where James Duff, the waiter, would be sure to have the kettle boiling and the tumblers and glasses ready Mr. Doyle was a distiller. 'Twas from his warerooms Mr. O'Hara was supplied with the choicest samples of malt whiskey Two years after leaving school it was my fortune to visit Wexford on some business matters. Late in the evening I paid a visit to the College, and asked for my old friend, Mr. O'Hara. He came down, shook my hand most cordially, took me up to his snug little room, right at the head of the stairs, on the left hand side, before crossing to the President's sitting-room, and there having told me again how glad he was once more to see me, gave me as cordial a greeting as ever true-souled Irishman gave!

Parting from him, about half-past ten o'clock, I returned to White's Hotel, in Main street, and there, reclining in a magnificently carved old black oak chair, with the Shrewsbury arms on its back, thought with affection of the different characters which I have been (at a distance of eight years) endeavoring to portray. I wished that a more cheerful aspect might be vouchsafed to poor Larry—wished that the portly person of Tom Nolan might cease not to expand, till his plethoric countenance would arrive at its fullest maturity, and his lower extremities have to be gently swathed in swanskin, to assuage the petty pangs arising from the frequency of being visited by aristocratic gout—wished that the stiffening joints of old Margaret might become as pliable as her tender heart, and that when, ultimately, she would be called away, they would fail not to deck her bier with marigold and thyme, and embalm her remains with the odoriferous spices which so fragrantly sweetened her larder—wished that the flaming ribbons of Betty might speedily entice some Briarræus, who would call her to preside over a household which, by their joint labors, would excite the admiration of all Wexford—and, finally, wished long life to Mr. O'Hara—that the music of his boots might long continue to sound his approach whenever 'the thirteen' would be in difficulty, and I prayed most fervently, that the stores of his press should never run dry!

Aye! and which here, too, this night, on the approach of Patrick's Day, with the aromatic wreaths of a cigar curling dreamily around me, I still think fondly of—as the glories of Ireland's undying wit and pristine splendors, in anticipation of the coming day, blaze forth, and the undying names of Swift, Curran, Maginn and Moore rise up in rapid succession to my memory—and, yielding to their inspiring influence, I lay aside my gracious weed, fill a bumper to 'old Ireland,' and proclaim with Morgan Odoherty, 'the music of no purling brook can rival the gurgling sound coming from the neck of my bottle!'

Wexford, or as it was originally called, Waesford, was formerly the port of passage between Britain and Ireland. An old monkish writer tells us, here might be seen whole ranks of fine young men and beautiful women exposed to sale, in the slave market on the hill. These were sold, he says, in part to the Irish noblesse and herdsmen, while some were bought up by foreign merchants to re-sell in the slave marts of Rome and Italy. The old town itself is truly antique, with its narrow tal old houses, rendered still more gloomy by the dark narrow streets. The harbor, however, as an object of picturesque scenery, is a worthy appendage to the town; but is subject to obstructions which interfere with the navigation by vessels of large tonnage. There is a bar which freqently shifts its position, and the harbor is so shallow that vessels drawing 8 feet of wa- cannot approach the quays. It is formed, says Mr. Hay, who has aptly described it, by two narrow necks of land bending towards each other, the two arms closing after an extension from the body, which appearance the river's mouth assumes by its banks, not very unlike the old Piræus of Athens. Tradition says, when Cromwell ransacked the town, he carried off a beautiful peal of bells from the old church, and they may still be heard chiming over the Mersey, having been re-erected in one of the Liverpool churches. If this be true, is it not strange how poor Wexford should be a mourner for her tolling sounds, while Limerick exults in being the possessor of those stolen bells which chime so sweetly from out the square old tower of St. Marys?

One of the wealthiest men connected with the shipping interests of Wexford, during the time of which I write, was Mr. Richard Devereux. He was a constant visitor of Dr. Synnott's. It was said Mr. Devereux never made an investment without first consulting our worthy President as to its probable advantages. To see him, you would never suppose him the possessor of the large fortune and social rank which he had acquired by his upright dealings and stern integrity. Clad in an old rusty-brown surtout, and a hat rather the worse of the wear, and a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief in his hand, many a time I passed him on Summer-hill, going up to or coming down from his Prime Minister. Yet, thus it often happens, that those who quietly move along, without arrogant ostentation or vain displays, are those who are blessed with the wealth and virtues of this world.

Of all the remarkable monuments of antiquity in this county there is none other which can compare with Dunbrody Abbey. could not close this reminiscence without an allusion to this august pile. It exhibited a scene so grand, being almost highly picturesque, though without a vestige of foliage. There sat the old ruins, 'in naked solitude on the edge of the whispering waves.' Nothing stood near to shade their decay. No noise, save the ripple of the waters or the voice of a traveller, broke the seclusion. Yet, though deserted and lonely, the ruins impressed the fancy with an image of stern resignation; and from it one had the finest view of 'the gentle Suir!'

Another of the resorts on which my eye loved to gaze was the anks of th e Banna, in the barony of Gorey—producing a diversity of well-wooded (this is a rarity in this county) and beautiful scenery, which might vie with any of the celebrated river-views for which other parts of the island are so noted. Indeed, of its loveliness I need say little. It has already been immortalised by the poet's pen. The Right Hon. Mr. Ogle, distinguished for brilliancy of wit and exuberance of social qualities, the author of that sweet little song 'Molly Asthore,' in which the banks of his favorite Banna are also the scene of his poetical wanderings, when he was yet but a boy, thus alluded to these waters in one of his admired songs:

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of ev'ry shady grove
On the banks of Banna!

In truth, in the whole county Wexford, there is no other spot, which, as regards picturesque display, can be thought of with the endearing borders of these lovely waters.

SEA-SIDE MEDITATIONS.

Within the shadow of the ancient woods
That rise majestic from the surging sea,
Where leap through wild ravines the mountain floods,
Like a fierce war-horse, panting to be free,

There stands a ruin, ivy-clad and gray,
List'ning forever to the sea's low wail,
At morn enwreathéd with the sun-touched spray,
That shrouds the foliage like a glit'ring vail.

Around, the sleepless guardians of the coast,
The great hills, in gloomy grandeur stand,
Firm to repel the white and pluméd host,
That rush defiant to besiege the land.

Sublime and vast, the waters wild expand,
Clasped by the sky with fervent, close embrace,
That shuts from out my gaze the Spirit-Land,
Whose dazzling mystery I strive to trace.

Vainly I seek to pierce the silent veil
That hides its glory from my raptured sight;
My eager, constant gaze will not avail
To drink that fulness of celestial light.

Yet shall this weary waiting have an end,
And all the glorious mystery be reveal'd,
Where beauty, light and love together blend
To form the Heav'n by that blue arch concealed.

How frail the barrier that stands between
That Heav'n of bliss, eternal, unalloy'd,
Of perfect love, so tranquil and serene,
And this dark outer life, this aching void;

For still will glimpses of lost brightness gleam—
Still will the heart with eager longing wait,
Grasping some fleeting joy, as in a dream,
Without the portals of th' eternal gate.

The parting sun, with weary pace and slow,
Sinks in the wave to cool his heated breast,
The grateful earth reposing in the glow,
That lends such glory to her hour of rest.

Slowly the moon upriseth, and the hills
Throw off their crimson mantles, and appear
Like spectre sentinels with frown that chills
The shrinking waters that recede in fear.

CERVA.

Gentilucci's 'Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary' was finished in the 12th part of the excellent publication issued under that title, by Dunigan & Brother, (J. B. Kirker). In the same issue, the Life of Saint Joseph was commenced. It has thus far gone through the thirteenth and fourteenth parts, the last of which is just out. The Life of Joseph is also illustrated in the manner we have several times spoken of as being characteristic of the preceding 'Life.' In No. 13, there is a fine engraving after Schaeffer, of 'Christ weeping over Jerusalem;' and in No 14, we have 'Joseph sold by his brethren,' after that great illustrator of Church history, Overbeck. Besides these admirable pictures, which are worth the entire price of each number, each chapter opens and closes, after the fashion of head and tail-pieces, with vignettes illustrative of the text. Mr. Kirker cannot be too highly commended for the manner in which the work is issued.

'Rome, its Rulers, and its Institutions,' is the title of John Francis Maguire's new book, which we learn is nearly ready for press. It will not be a mere republication of his letters from Rome to the Cork *Examiner*. They are only the skeleton of the figure. The work is intended to be an elaborate study of the political and social system of the Papal States and the institutions of Rome.

Irish News.

Antrim.

A case of libel has been recently tried in the Queens Bench, Robert Lindsay *v.* the Proprietors of '*The Northern Whig*,' in which the plaintiff, who is a merchant in Belfast, brought an action against the defendants for some municipal electioneering address which appeared in their journal, from Mr. Rea, who has taken a very active part in attempting to reform the corporation of that town, of which the plaintiff is a member. It appears that Mr. Rea offered to avow the authorship of the matter complained of, but Mr. Lindsay insisted on proceeding against the journalist, laying his damages at the small figure of £10,000. The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff of *sixpence* damages, and costs.

Denis Holland, editor and proprietor, of the Belfast *Ulsterman*, has been held to bail to stand his trial at the Spring Assizes, for an alleged libel upon an exterminating landlord, named John Waring Maxwell, of Finnebrogue.

Mr. John Rea, the Attorney, remarked in a case in which he was recently engaged before the Belfast Magistrates, that a man who does not write shorthand should be transported for attempting to report, as it ruins the country, and is injurious to other reporters by keeping down their salaries.

Laurence Hall, his wife and three children, says a Belfast paper, were sent here in the steamer *Elk* by the Scotch authorities. They had been nine years in Scotland, and were in a most deplorable condition. Superintendent Magee sent them to a lodging-house, where they got breakfast, which Mr. M'Bride paid for. John Magee, his wife and eleven children were sent to Belfast by the parochial authorities of Liverpool, in the steamer *Blenheim*, on the 6th ult. He had been sixteen years in England, and his wife went to England when she was three months old. Mr. M'Bride sent them to lodgings to the 10th ult, as they were in bad health; the woman was near her confinement. He then provided them with means to proceed to their native place, Tyrone. George M'Kee was sent by the Liverpool authorities in the same steamer on the 6th ult. Mr. M'Bride kept him in lodgings for two nights, and then sent him to his native county, Tyrone. Mr. M'Bride, on the 11th ult., sent two women and four children, in the *Lynx* steamer to Glasgow, in search of their friends. He also assisted a Scotch piper, his wife and three children, home to Glasgow, as they had, in this town, no means of sustenance. We only reiterate what is the feeling of every one when we say that Captain M'Bride is deserving of the thanks of the community for his benevolence in this as well as in other similar occurrences. He begs to acknowledge the following donations: Rev. Mr. Bruce, £1; Miss Hardman, Cliftonvale, £1; Edward Coey, Esq., £1; Wm. Mullen, Esq., £1; Alexander Mitchell, Esq., £1; John Grattan, Esq., Medical Hall, £1; James Crawford, Esq., £1; Professor Anderson, £1.

Armagh.

Notwithstanding the unfortunate omission of the compulsory clause, essential in the preliminary notice of intention to make application to parliament for any railway bill, the promoters of the Newry and Armagh projects are not to have their progress barred. The bill is allowed to proceed on publishing fresh notices. The entire expense of rectifying the blunder is to be borne by the parliamentary agents.

Carlow.

An accident recently occurred at Bagnalstown, which unfortunately caused the death of a human being. John Kehoe, Esq., of Castlere House, County Kildare, together with his servant, a man named Hart, were driving in a tax cart from Bagnalstown to Carlow on the night in question, but owing to the darkness of the night they unfortunately missed the road; when they discovered their mistake they endeavored to turn, but the road at the place is very narrow, and the river Barrow flows close by, without protection whatever, the horse fell in, dragging the tax cart after him; the Rev. Mr. Barclay happened to be passing a few moments after, and succeeded in rescuing Mr. Kehoe. The police were soon in attendance, but though every exertion was made, servant man and horse were drowned.

The February fair of Craigue was well attended by buyers, and the supply of stock good. Fat cattle brought from £3 to £3 5., per cwt. sinking offal; mutton, 8d. to 8 1-2d. per lb. ditto; two and a-half year old bullocks, £10 to £12 10s.; two year old ditto, £8 to £10; yearling calves, (bullocks), £4 to £5 10s.; ditto, heifers, £5 to £7 10s.—milch cows from £14 to £21; good store cows in brisk demand at from £10 to £14; hoggets, 30s. to 36s. The pig market on the previous day was well supplied, the demand great—prices from 55s. to 57s. per cwt.; stores unprecedently high.

Clare.

The manufacture of poteen whiskey has been recently going a-head in the county Clare, but has received a very decided check by the active exertions of the revenue police there. Constable Hall and party, of Doolin station, recently seized 50 stone of malt, and three large vats of worts, ready for distillation in the mountains of Poulnagur. The same party in a few days after seized 80 stone of malt in the same neighborhood. Again last week the same party made a descent on the townland of Ballinahoun, in the parish of Carra, and discovered another illicit malthouse, with a key and barrel, and the still concealed in a bog-hole, and 400 gallons of worts ready for distillation.

Cavan.

A person named Boylan is in jail here under a charge of having killed his mother by cutting her throat. There is no doubt but that he is a person of disordered intellect.

The usual monthly fair of Cootehill, was held on the 13th ult. This was the worst fair of horned cattle held in Cootehill for the last twenty years, so far as number and quality are concerned. There was only one tolerably good animal in the fair—a six years' old springer belonging to a shopkeeper of Cootehill, for which he refused £17. There was a short supply of bacon pigs also, however, the few that appeared sold amazingly high; they brought from 65s. to 70s. per cwt. on the foot, sinking offal, and mess pork pigs and bonhams realized so high a figure as £4 per cwt. sink; suckers were lower in price than they have been for the last twelve months; they ranged from £1 4s. to £1 16s. per pair, according to quality. Flax—There was a splendid supply of flax for this season of the year, there being between eighty and ninety tons brought in and disposed of. It sold to day as follows, viz., hand scutched from 5s. to 7s. 6d., and milled from 6s. 10d. to 8s. 3d. per stone of 16 1-4 lbs.

Cork.

The parliamentary correspondent of the *Cork Examiner* writes:—I know there is an anxiety fast growing amongst the more prudent of the haters of Maynooth, or Catholicity (for in this instance they mean exactly the same thing), to make a compromise of the matter, by granting a lump sum, as a funded capital, the interest of which would realise an income in lieu of the present annual subsidy. I have heard different sums mentioned by different gentlemen, every one of whom is to be found voting on almost every occasion against the present grant. I have no hesitation in expressing my individual opinion, that if a sum amply sufficient to meet the requirements of the institution were offered, and offered not only without obligation and condition, but coupled with complete freedom from all state control for the future, I should greatly prefer it to the existing state of things, which involves an annual outrage to the religious feelings of a sensitive and high-minded people.

At the Cork police office, John Driscoll, a boy about 16 years of age, was brought up by a constable, who stated that he had applied for relief. Driscoll, who spoke with a thorough English accent, stated that he had been born in England, where his mother was still living—his father having gone to America—and that he having got sick was obliged to enter one of the workhouses in London, when he was taken and put on board a steamer against his will, though English born, and sent over here, merely because his father and mother were natives of Cork. The poor lad was unable to restrain his tears while telling his story, and wept bitterly when he had concluded. The Bench directed that he should be kept in bridewell for the night, with the view of having him sent back to London, in the morning, he stating that he could easily get work there.

An unfortunate wight presented himself at the Blackpool police station, Cork, stripped of all his garments, save his shirt and socks. In reply to the questions of the police, he stated that his name was Jeremiah Mulcahy, and that he had been for some time in the South Cork Militia. On that evening he set out from Watergrass-hill for Cork, accompanied by another man named Ahearne, who also belonged to the South Cork Militia, and who he had met on his way from Kilmacthomas, and on their way they met two other men on the road, with whom Ahearne seemed to be acquainted, but whom Mulcahy did not know. The three then began to question Mulcahy as to what money he had, and he informed them he had four or five shillings, after which they told him they would show him a short cut into Cork, and took him along some bye-way until they got to near Mr. Shaw's mill, at Kilnap, when the three turned round on him and desired him to give up what money he had or they would knock his brains out. Mulcahy was about remonstrating, when Ahearne laid hold of him, and, assisted by the other two, knocked him down, and having first taken possession of his money, they next proceeded to divest him of his cap, coat, vest, trowsers and boots, leaving him in the state in which he afterwards presented himself at the police-station.

The first ploughing match under the auspices of the Cork Agricultural Society took place a short time ago in the Park. The conditions under which the competitors entered were, that the ground should be turned up for oats, and that each competitor should perform his task within the space of two hours and a half. The entries amounted to 17, but only 13 attended. These were—Montiford Longfield, Esq., two ploughs; Robert C. Biggs, Esq., two ploughs; Joseph Nash, Esq., one plough; Professor Murphy, two ploughs; Mr. G. Drinan, Dundraney, Mr. Thomas Barry, Ballinlough, Mr. J. Driscoll, Mr. Thomas Forrest, and Mr. James Sullivan, one plough each. Notwithstanding that two hours and a half were allowed for the performance of the work, each ploughman completed his share in less than half the period, with the exception of one who occupied an hour and a half. The judges were Messrs. W. Schriber, D. Cunninghame, and H. Longfield, and they performed their difficult duty to the satisfaction of all parties. The first prize in the gentlemen's class was awarded to Richard Driscoll, Mr. Longfield's ploughman, and the second and third to Professor Murphy's ploughmen, John Collins and Thomas Collins. In the farmer's class, Mr. Driscoll obtained the first prize, and Mr. Drinan and Mr. Forrest second and third prizes respectively.

Last night, says the *Cork Examiner*, being the traditional 'skellig night,' shortly after dusk parties of boys and girls began to assemble in different parts of the city, with horns and ropes, the latter, as is probably well known, being for the purpose of winding round unwary passengers and dragging them along for some distance, an amusement which has sometimes been attended with serious accidents to those on whom the joke has been practised. These parties, however, were quickly dispersed, and a large number of ropes were seized in various parts of the city. It may be well also to mention that not a single skellig list appears to have been published this year.

The Earl of Bandon will come forward for the next vacancy in the Representative Peerage. He will have the unanimous support of the Irish Conservative Peers.

A fine screw steamer, named the 'Luna,' has been launched from the yard of Messrs. George Robinson & Co., of Cork. She has been built for Messrs. Malcolmson, Brothers, of Portlaw, and will when completed proceed to London to join the large fleet of that firm, engaged in the Mediteranean and Baltic trade.

We have little more than space, says the *Cork Examiner*, to refer to the admirable address of congratulation to Captain Otway on his return to Castle Otway, after an absence of two years on the South American coast. Nothing could surpass the enthusiasm of the tenantry and people who went six miles from Castle Otway to welcome the good landlord and kind and indulgent neighbor. Bonfires blazed on the mountains around, and on the hills of Knockdageen, Knocanoora., &c. Hundreds were plentifully regaled by the excellent Captain; and, after merriment and joy in abundance, they left with cheers again and again repeated for the good landlord and the good man, Captain Otway. The Protestant and Catholic Clergymen presented the address.

The Rev. Peter Daly, of Galway, has sent £1 to the Mathew Monument Fund, and P. M. Barry, Esq., a Cork gentleman, who has lately arrived in his native city from Melbourne, to which he is about returning, has sent £5 to the same fund. Mr. Barry states that he will do what he can in Melbourne in any movement got up for honoring the illustrious dead.

His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to appoint Denis MacCartie, Esq., Woodview, Newmarket, (nephew of the Liberator,) to the commission of the peace for this county, on the recommendation of the Right Hon. Lord Fermoy.

Dublin.

Free emigration to Australia has been again renewed by the government, who engage to send out agricultural laborers, and miners, single or married, at £1 each; mechanics, artisans, gardeners, &c, at £5; single female farm and domestic servants 10s each.

The Dublin papers announce the death of Sir. Compton Domville, which took place in London. Sir Compton, who had reached an advanced age, was one of the wealthiest commoners in Ireland. He had been at one period, in the British House of Commons, as the representative of an English borough. On the death of Mr. Hans Hamilton, which had caused a vacancy in the county of Dublin, Sir Compton contested the county with Col. Henry White, when, after a formidable contest, the latter was returned. The Domvilles had been the representatives for the county of Dublin more than a century ago; and a Sir Compton Domville sat in the Irish Parliament as a Liberal at that period. The late baronet has been succeeded in the title and vast estates by his eldest son, now Sir Compton Domville, who, not long since, had addressed the electors of the county of Dublin on Liberal principles.

It appears from the report of the directors for the half year ended Dec. 1856, of the Dublin and Belfast Junction Railway, that 'the total income of the company for the past half year amounted to £34,975 11s. 5d., and the total expenditure (including interest) to £17,500 2s. 1d., leaving a net balance of £17,475 0s. 4., which being increased by £10,561. 18s., composed of the balance remaining from the preceeding half year, and the balance brought to 'Revenue Account from 'Surplus Fund Account, amounts to £28,037. 7s. 4., out of which sum the directors recommend that a dividend of £1. 2s. 6d. per share, (being at the rate of £5. per cent. per annum,) less income tax being declared payable.

The report of the directors of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, for the half year ending 31st of December, 1856, states that the profit of the past half year, after paying working expenses, is £26,586. 10s. 5½d.; from this is to be deducted the the interest on loans, and dividends on preference shares, amounting to £10,840.

The report of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, shows that the increase in the total traffic receipts of the half year is £4,189. A comparison of the year's traffic shows the increase on that period to be £18,606. The increase on the half year is made up almost wholly from the passenger receipts; there is a trifling addition from the minor sources of revenue, but a slight falling off in the amount received for the conveyance both of goods and cattle.

A little girl named Mary O'Connell, aged three years, daughter of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, tobacconist, 7 Capel street, while in the act of playing about her father's residence on Wednesday night, was suddenly taken in hands by a woman unknown, who brought her away, and no tidings of her have since been learned.

Some person or persons, who were evidently well acquainted with the locality and its arangements, effected an entrance into the Barristers' Library, Four Courts, through the principal entrance door, which they opened by breaking a pane of glass in the small window immediately above it, and then shooting back the bolt. Having thus got in, they forced the lock of the librarian's desk, and succeeded in obtaining thence only a few pence, as the cash, the property of the library committee, is kept elsewhere. Having been here disappointed, the burglars tried to force the doors of the two large presses belonging to the librarian, in the ante room, but, although the tongs and poker were broken in the attempts, both doors resisted their efforts.

Exactly twelve months have elapsed between the supposed suicide of John Sadleir on Hampstead Heath, and the expulsion of his brother James from the House of Commons.

David Ross, L.L.B., of the Queen's University, has been appointed Secretary of the Queen's Colleges' Commission. Mr. Ross obtained high distinctions in the Queen's College, Belfast, and at the Queen's University. He has been for the past two years one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Endowed School Commission.

Chief Commissioner Martly, of the Encumbered Estates Courts, has appointed Mr. Conway E. Dobbs, of the North East Circuit, to be his examiner. Mr. Dobbs was called in Michaelmas Term, 1840, and is favorably known to the profession as an erudite real property lawyer, and his work on 'Judicial Sales' is a useful and carefully written book.

Richard Wilson, Esq., of Upper Sackville street, has been selected Alderman of the Mountjoy Ward, in the room of Jonathan Gresham, Esq., of Temperance street, resigned.

The Emperor of the French has bestowed upon John Murray, Esq., LL.D., professor of Mental Science, for the Army Medical Department in the Royal College of Surgeons, a medal, as a token of his Majesty's appreciation of the merits of a literary work, of which that gentleman is the author, and which has now been for some months in his Majesty's possession.

The Attorney General has appointed Henry Devitt, Esq., Supernumerary Crown Counsel for the counties of Wicklow and Wexford, in the room of Peter Barlow, Esq., resigned.

The action for libel by Mr. Porter, a magistrate of Dublin, against the Marquis of Westmeath, arising out of the case of the blacksmith (the particulars of which, the public is already conversant,) has been settled, the Marquis having expressed regret for impugning the decision of Mr. Porter, or having said anything reflecting on that gentleman's character as a magistrate.

Patrick Delany was fined 10s. at Capel street Police Office, Dublin, for defrauding the railway company by travelling from Galway to Dublin, in a third class car without ticket.

Henry Carroll, and Thomas Crosbie, pauper inmates of the Glasnevin auxiliary workhouse, were found guilty, at Dublin commission, of setting fire to the sheds, and were each sentenced to four year's penal servitude.

Derry.

A meeting of the Coleraine tea merchants was held, Mr. J. M'Curdy in the chair—on the subject of the scale of tea duties. The meeting, after some consideration, agreed to support the views of the trade in London, and telegraphed to Lord Naas, the member of the borough, to act accordingly.

Down.

A respectable farmer, named Thomas M'Bride, died in the townland of Tullyear, near Banbridge, under most aflicting circumstances, from glanders. It appears that he had, for some time past, a horse in his possession which had a discharge from his nostrils, but not, however, suspected to be of a dangerous character. He was in the habit of applying several remedies to effect a cure, and, during the past week, he became ill himself. His illness soon presented a most formidable and hideous character, terminating in death, under great suffering, in a few days.

Galway.

Upwards of £3,000 worth of wool was purchased in the county Galway, by Mr. Townsend, within a few days.

In consequence of the accidental shooting of the young woman at Carrickahonig, from a policeman's musket, on Monday, the

2nd instant, there has been a report sent against the party of revenue police to whom the man belonged, who are charged with straggling along the road, and firing shots at random. Sergeant Dawson is suspended for allowing his men to fire along the road, and a sergeant of the Killaloe party is sent to Portumna to take charge until such time as the reports are proceeded on. Privates Brogan, Whilan, Ward, and Nolan are also suspended for loading their arms and firing. J. Brown, Esq., Sub-Inspector of Revenue Police, arrived on Monday, the 9th, to inquire into the case.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Tuam and its vicinity was held, pursuant to requisition, in the Town Hall, Tuam, for the purpose of making arrangements for presenting a suitable testimonial of their affectionate regard and admiration to the Right Rev. Dr. M'Evily, on his elevation to the See of Galway.

Miss Jane Leonard, daughter of S. J. Leonard, Esq., of Queensfort House, received the white veil at the hands of His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, who officiated on the interesting occasion. A number of the clergy with the members of the family circle and others were present during the ceremony.

Preparations are being actively made for sowing potatoes and ploughing for the reception of grain. The early sown wheat looks remarkably well in some localities, and is brairding rapidly, agricultural prospects are very cheering.

The *Tuam Herald* states that the 22nd of March was the day fixed for the consecration of Dr. McEvilly, a bishop of Galway. His Grace the Archbishop would officiate, and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Derry, preach the consecration sermon.

The Right Hon. the Dowager Countess of Castlestewart and suite arrived at Lynch's Hotel, Loughrea, on the 18th Feb., thence to Kilroy's, Galway, en route to Menlo Castle, the seat of Sir Thomas Blake.

The very Rev. B. J. Roche was the clergyman who had been elected by the priests of Galway to the vacancy in that see, created by the death of the late bishop, the Rt. Rev. Doctor O'Donnell. Mr. McEvilly, a Professor in Tuam College, has however now received the mitre from the Pope, who has thus passed over the choice of the clergymen of the Diocese. Dr. McEvily is a ripe scholar, an opponent of the Queen's Colleges, and a sterling democrat.

Miss Mary Castiaux, of Galway, and in religion Mother Mary Stanislaus, died lately at Laurel Hill Convent, Limerick.

The Queen has been pleased to grant to Charles Farrell, of Dalyston, county Galway, Esq., J. P., her Royal license and authority, bearing date at St. James's, 28th day of Januaray, 1857, that he and his issue may take and use the surname of O'Farrell in lieu of that of Farrell.

A poor Claddagh fisherman named Belton, was drowned at the point where the wooden bridge is connected with the pier, extending between the river and the tidal basin, the unfortunate man having it is supposed missed his footing while stepping from the bridge to the pier, owing to the darkness of the night, and was drowned. His body was found at Renvill point.

On the night of Sunday, the 15th of Feb., about eleven o'clock, a. m,, a fire was observed to break out from Mr. Stephen Kelly's premises, Shop street. The fire engine arrived, and the most energetic exertions were employed by the watchmen and police in attendance, as well as several of the inhabitants, in the neighborhood to suppress the flames. At length, about two o'clock, p. m., the fire was got under. A large quantity of the goods, consisting chiefly of hardware, stationery, and trimmings, was rescued from the devouring element. The premises were insured with the National Insurance Company for £500.

Kilkenny.

The Kilkenny grand Hunt Ball, which took place in the Athenæum, was attended by over 210 persons, comprising the officers of Kilkenny garrison, Cahir, and the Curragh. There was also a large attendance from Dublin; but many persons belonging to that city were prevented from attending, owing to Lady Seaton's Ball coming off on the same evening. There were also several transparencies and medallions painted by Mr. Campion, of Patrick-street, which were much admired. One presented views of St. Canice's Cathedral and the Castle, with the City Arms, and the motto, 'Prosperity to the Faire City.' Another was a view of the chase, with the scroll 'Sweet Tallyho;' and hands clasped, with the inscription, 'Unity and Peace' in ribbon. The transparency over the entrance door had the motto of the famous Kilkenny Theatre—'Whilst we smile we sooth affliction.' On the entablature of the cornice at the head of the room were inscribed the word 'Caed mille failte.'

At a meeting of the Kilkenny Burgess Club, Mr. Connolly proposed, 'That a general meeting of the Burgesses should be held, without delay, for business of importance.' The resolution being seconded by Mr. Dowling, and passed, Mr. Connolly gave notice that on Sunday evening next, at said general meeting, he would propose, 'That the Club do take active and immediate measures to put in nomination fit and faithful Guardians as the custodians of the Burgesses interests in the Poor Law Board.'

On Monday night, February 16th, the Odd-Fellows had a ball and supper at the Assembly Room, Tholsel, to commemorate the establishment of their branch of the Society. The attendance was good; the arrangements excellent; and throughout the night, the utmost propriety was combined with exuberant hilarity and enjoyment.

Daniel Kelly, has been elected Porter of the Fever Hospital, at a salary of £10 per annum.

There is at present a gang of robbers about Castlecomer, who are plundering the farmers of their potatoes almost nightly. A King's County militiaman has been arrested, and remanded for further examination.

King's County.

We announce, says the *Tablet*, with regret, the death of the Rev. Joseph Fitzgerald, P.P., of Rahan, King's County, and previously of Castledowndelvin, in the county of Westmeath. The lamented deceased, who was 60 years of age, of which he had spent 36 in the Sacred Ministry, died of rheumatism, to which he had been a martyr for the last four years. Notwithstanding his arduous duties as a Catholic Priest, he contributed from time to time to the leading periodicals of the day. He was a graceful and elegant lyric poet. Amongst some of his published poems, 'The Old Songs of Old Ireland,' 'Erin's Sacred Harp,' &c., there are morceaux not unworthy our great national bard. He was a M.R.I.A., and of the Archeological Society.

A convict named Downes killed another convict named Flynn, at the convict depot in Philipstown, on the 19th ult., by fracturing his skull with a blow of a shovel.

Kerry.

The following is the number of persons for trial at the Kerry assizes:—Custody cases—assault and robbery, 1; stealing a pig, 1; stealing geese, 2; total, 4. Bail and unbailed cases—Burglary and robbery, 4; concealing birth, 1 (not bailed or in custody); manslaughter, 2; 1 (not bailed or in custody), rape 2; total, 9, Total numer of persons for trial, 13.

Limerick.

Mr. Samuel Caswell, of Limerick, sounds a note of alarm about a murrain, which he thinks is approaching. A most fatal epidemic, he says, has been for some time past ravaging the herds of central Europe, and has now reached Konigsberg, where one proprietor is said to have lost 300 head in a night. The time of its arrival in Hamburg, whence cattle are weekly imported to the English markets, must now, in all human probability, be but a question of days. Mr. Caswell draws a very alarming picture of the ravages of the scourge, and suggests the necessity of laying an embargo on live cattle and raw hides, the produce of countries where the disease has already appeared.

Mr. Dargan has about 1,000 men employed in constructing the line from Rathkeale to Foynes. The rails are laid down from the present terminus to within two miles of Askeaton.

There are only four prisoners for trial at the Limerick assizes.

The parsonage of the Rev. Mr. Tyner, at Mungret, was broken into and robbed of a great quantity of silver plate, linen, handkerchiefs, horse rugs, groceries, &c. The daring thieves feared disturbance so little, that they absolutely kindled a fire in the kitchen, and sat down and used the comestible of the residence at their full leisure.

A correspondence has taken place between Mr. E. M. Beauchamp, clerk of the Limerick petty sessions court, on behalf of the magistrates, and the Board of Works, on the state of the quays, the number of lives that have been recently lost there, owing to the want of proper protection against accidents, and insufficient lighting. The Board of Works say that the matter has been referred to the Harbor Board.

A beautiful mural monument, from the studio of Farrell, Dublin, has just been erected in St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick, on which there is inscribed, 'Sacred to the Memory of Bingham Muller, late Captain in the Royal Regiment, who was killed at the attack on the Quarries, before Sebastopol, on the 7th June, 1835, aged twenty-six years. He lies in a soldier's grave in Cathcart-Hill, in the Crimea. This stone records the esteem and regret of his brother officers,' The late Captain Muller was son of Lieutenant-Colonel Muller, Assistant Adjutan-General in Limerick, who also graduated in the Royal Regiment, and by whose wish this monument is erected in Limerick Cathedral.

In the Court of Exchequer, before the full Court *in Banco*, Mr. John Cremen, of Limerick, was admitted as an attorney, and took the necessary oaths.

A committe of the Town Council of Limerick have recommended the appointment of Mr. Owens to the vacant office of Town Clerk, with Mr. Guinane, as assistant.

In one day, in Limerick, no less than £,800 was paid into the Custom House, by a local firm, as duty on whiskey for home consumption. This was done, we understand, in anticipation of the proposed increase of duty on the article.

The Fair of Castletown was well attended. The show of stock was excellent, and buyers numerous. There was a decided advance of at least 10s. per head compared with Rathkeale on the previous Monday.

Alexander Herd, Esq., Sub-Inspector of Constabulary, stationed at Castleconnell, for several years, has been transferred to Ennis.

The £20 which had been lost in the city, was given to Constable Nash, by the Rev. Dr. Butler, P.P., St. Michael's for the owner.

Louth.

The Report of the Directors of the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway states that the 'traffick for the past half year shows a considerable increase over that of the corresponding period of 1855, and also a great improvement on the half year immediatediately preceding. The receipts for the present half year have been £11, 818 8s. 4d., whilst those for the half year ending December, 1855, were £10,149 14s. 7d., showing an increase of 1,568, 13s. 9d. The receipts for the half year ending June, 1856, were 9,258 4s. 6d., the increase consequently over that period amounts to £2,560 3s. 10d.

Meath.

At Navan Fair, pigs sold so high as 58s. per cwt.; bonhams, of a month old, 30s. each; mutton was up to 7 1-2d. per lb.; fat wethers, 55s, to 60s. each, store ewes £2 each; £20 each was given for fat heifers, down to £14; springers, £14 to £20 each; store heifers £10 to £12.

Tipperary.

Clonmel Mechanics' Institute committee acknowledges the receipt of a bust of William Dargan, being a donation from Alexander Boyd, Esq.

During the Clonmel Election a man named John Sullivan was beaten by the mob, for declaring himself in favor of Mr. Bagwell. He has since died from the injuries received.

Another melancholy instance of the cruel instance of the English Law of Settlement, says the *Clonmel Chronicle*, has just been brought under the notice of the Guardians of the Clonmel Union. A poor woman belonging to this neighborhood, with an infant scarcely twelve months old in her arms, and two young children by her side, in seeking admission told the following story:—About seventeen years ago, I married a man named John Ryan, from the Mile-tree, and shortly afterwards he left for London, where he obtained employment. I went to him the following year, and we resided in the parish of St. Mary's Le-strand, until my husband died, about four years ago. I continued to reside in the same place, and got married to a man named Nugent. We remained still in London, and in the same parish; but my husband, shortly after his marriage, having left me, and gone, I believe, to America, where I have heard he since died, I had to 'break up' my little house and take lodgings for my little family at St. Martin's in the Fields. My eldest boy, about fifteen, and second son, about ten, were then in service in London, and able to support themselves; but I became so destitute that I had to enter the workhouse with three young children. I afterwards demanded my discharge, in order that I might get a living, and it was altogether refused by the officers of the house. Immediately they forced me to leave in a cab, and drove me, my two children, and this infant down to St. Catherine's dock, where, without seeing my two boys, who are still employed in London, had our passage paid to Cork, where we arrived, without a penny, on Saturday night last. When the steamer came into Cork, a man, seemingly employed for the purpose, came and took charge of us for the night, gave us bread and coffee, procured us lodgings, and next morning paid our fares in the train to Clonmel. He did not give us a farthing, and when we came here we were completely destitute.' This plain unvarnished story of cruelty to a poor woman, who, after fifteen years' residence in London, was forced in the hour of her necessity to separate herself from some of her young family, and was hurried away in a moment to Ireland, where she was landed in a state of complete destitution, needs no comment. It is a strong argument against that most unjust law which refuses a settlement in England to any Irishman, no matter what length of time he may have resided there. This case will be brought under the notice of the House of Commons, by the chairman of the Clonmel Union, John Bagwell, Esq., M.P.

Sligo.

The *Sligo Journal* states that complaints are very general among shopkeepers and traders in Sligo, at the present time, with regard ro the comparative stagnation of business which at present exists. This is, in a great degree, caused by the number of persons who are at present out of employment in the town, coupled with the enhanced value of articles of consumption. Among the operative classes the depression is keenly felt, and numbers, who have sufficient means, are emigratsng to America. The tillers of the soil are the safest portion of the community, at present, while the mechanics have to struggle hard to eke out existence.

Waterford.

A girl was brought up at Waterford Police Office for attempting self-destruction. She was at service in a house in Catherine street, and was observed in the morning taking a carving knife from the kitchen and proceeding to an adjoining room. Fortunately, she was observed by her mistress, who followed her, and succeeded in procuring assistance and handing her over to Constable Hayes, who conveyed her to the police court, where she was remanded.

The Waterford and Limerick Railway Company have just put on their line some very fine and first-class carriages. The newest improvements have been introduced.

We regret, says the *Waterford Mail*, to announce the death of the Countess of Huntingdon at Queenstown, where she had gone for the benefit of her health. Lady Huntingdon was the only surviving child of the late Richard Power, Esq., of Clashmore, who, in conjunction with the present Lord Stuart de Decies, then Henry Villiers Stuart, contested this county against Lord George Beresford, in 1826, and was returned. Robert Power, surviving brother of Richard, who died unmarried, also represented this county in Parliament. Lady Huntingdon leaves one son, Lord Hastings, and three daughters. Her decease will cast a gloom over a large circle in this county.

A public court was held by Sir Thomas Redington and Dr. Andrews, two of the Commissioners for Inquiry into Lunatic Asylums, in the Waterford Asylum, on Thursday morning. The Queen's commission was read by Mr. Barry, the secretary, and after some preliminary business, the Manager, Mr. Dobbs, and the Catholic and Protestant chaplains were examined relative to the state of the asylum. It appeared from their evidence that the asylum was erected for the city and county of Waterford, and that it at present contains 119 lunatics, of whom 65 are females, and 54 males, leaving few vacancies. The want of an infirmary was pressed upon the attention of the commissioners, and the Rev. Patrick Wall, the Catholic chaplain complained that there was not a building set apart exclusively for religious worship, which was held in a room that during the week was devoted to other purposes. He stated that his ministrations were extremely beneficial to the patients of his persuasion, and he was enabled, in the case of those whose insanity arose from reverses of fortune and similar causes, and not from organic defects, to afford them a great deal of consolation by means of religion, and even to contribute towards their recovery.

Sir Chas. Edward Kennedy, Bart., has given an acre of land, rent free for ever, as a site for a school-house at Kilmacthomas, to the Rev. Michael Power, P.P., and has also contributed the handsome donation of five pounds towards the building.

W. P. J. Purcell, Esq., was, on Monday the 2d ult., after a most successful examination before the Board of Examiners, in London, appointed to the post of assistant surgeon on board H. M. ship *Victory*, at Portsmouth. Surgeon Purcell received a great portion of his education at St. John's College.

Wicklow.

The traffic receipts of the Dublin and Wicklow Railway are satisfactory, and a balance of £13,974 is carried forward as available for dividend at a future period. The statements of accounts show that the amount owing by the company is £193,609, against which there is to be set off credits amounting to £24,592, leaving a net debt of £169,017.

The following grand jury, for the county Wicklow, were sworn before Thos. Acton, Esq., by John M'Mahon, Esq., Clerk of the Crown, Robt. Courtney, Esq., High-Sheriff, president:—Sir George Hudson, Bart.; Wm. Jones Wesby, Esq., Major Robert A. G. Cunningham, John Parnell, Andrew W. Byrne, William Kemmis, Colonel Bayley, Francis Synge, George Putland, Hugh Eccles, William Grogan, Thomas J. Barton, William Owen, C. O'Connell Fitzsimon, Henry Carroll, Robert H. Truel, J. P. Tynte, George Hudson, William R. La Touche, James Scott, J. Scott Moore, Wm. Moore, and A. W. Guinness, Esqrs.

Wexford.

The bulls for the consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, as bishop of Ferns have been received from Rome.

One of those specimens of the finny tribe, formerly so prized as to be reserved for royalty itself, a sturgeon, was captured in the North Bay, Wexford, by the crew of Mr. Mathew Dugan's trawl boat, *Lily*. Though not unfrequent visitors to the waters of the Slaney, the capture of one outside the harbor is a rare circumstance. This splendid fish measured eight feet in length, over three feet in girth, and weighed 2 cwt. 27 lbs.

The Shilmalier West ploughing match took place on the 19th of Feb., on Mr. Codd's farm of Ballytartan, Taghmon. The ground was laid out by Messrs. Mathewson, Horetown; Rainor, Taghmon; Walsh, Coolcull; and O'Farrell, Faree; and five well caparisoned and lively teams set to their work, and went through it with a will and seeming ease. The labor over, the work was with great care inspected by the Judges, Messrs. Glegg (Kilgibbon), Walsh, and O'Farrell, who after due deliberation, announced the following decisions—Mr. Codd, 1st prize, £2; Mr. Crosbie, 2d, £1; and the 3d prize was divided between the three others. Such was the closeness of competition between Messrs. Codd and Crosbie, that the award of distinction was made by a toss.

PERSONAL.

Edward Dunigan & Co. (James B. Kirker), the enterprising Publishers, will remove to a new, more extensive and elegant store, No. 371 Broadway, on the 1st of May.

John Mitchel has been invited to deliver another lecture in Savannah, Ga., within this month. The *Georgian and Journal* is not yet advised if Mr. Mitchel has accepted.

Mr. George Roberts announces that he has resumed the control and management of the Boston *Times*, and that Mr. Samuel R. Glen has resumed his former editorial connection with it.

Hon. Mark Trafton, late M.C. from the Springfield district, Mass., is to return to the pulpit, as pastor of the Pynchon St. Methodist church, of Springfield.

Hon. Warren Winslow, of North Carolina, a distinguished member of the last House of Representatives, has announced himself a candidate for re-election.

Hon. John H. Savage has issued a circular to the Democratic electors of the fourth district, Tennessee, announcing his intention to be a candidate for re-election to Congress.

An old soldier named Vickery, who fought in the battle of Tippecanoe, was found dead behind a barn in Exeter, N.H., last Friday week.

The Baltimore papers publish the death of James H. Quinn, Esq., a native of Maryland, at Taos, New Mexico, on the 31st of December last, in the 30th year of his age. The deceased studied law in Pittsburg, was clerk of the circuit court in Illinois when Gen. Shields was a judge; subsequently served in the Mexican war, and at its close became a resident of New Mexico, where he filled the offices of prosecuting attorney, probate judge and senator. He was also unanimously elected president of the Territorial Senate, and presided over that body for two sessions.

Capt. Wm. Knight, of the steamer *Henry Jones*, while going down the Ohio, from Wheeling, a few days since, fell so deeply in love with a lady passenger, Miss Miller, that a marriage was consummated at once—a reverend passenger officiating.

The Lexington (Mo.) *Express* has already placed the name of Millard Fillmore atthe head of its columns as a candidate for the next Presidency.

The St. Paul, Minn., papers record the death of Bishop Cretin, of the Catholic Church.

Judge Norolin, a leading Alabama politician, has recently been ordained to the Baptist ministry.

Wm. B. Draper, chief of the Telegraph Corps of the Japan Expedition, has been attacked with paralysis, at Washington. The whole of the right side is paralysed, and he is speechless.

The Hon. Jere. Clemens, of Ala., author of the novel 'Bernard Lile,' is writing another under the title of 'Mustang Gray.'

A duel was fought opposite Augusta, on the morning of the 16th inst., between two young men of the name of T. R. Daniel, and Stewart Elliott, of Savannah, in which the former was killed. The difficulty originated about a game of billiards.

Samuel Farnsworth Carll, one of the original proprietors of the Boston *Bee*, but more recently attached to the office of the Boston *Times*, died at Orange, Mass, on the 12th instant, in the 39th year of his age. He was a printer by profession, and a man of considerable information.

The Massachusetts Historical Society, on motion of Rev. Dr. L. Frothingham, unanimously adopted resolutions in honor of Dr. Kane.

Lord Napier, British Minister, has had formal interviews with the president and Secretary of State.

Rev. John Reardon, late pastor of the Catholic Church, in Placerville, died on the 6th instant, at the Hospital on Stockton street, San Francisco, where he had received every attention from the Sisters of Mercy.

The *Democratic Review* (weekly) says it has been requested to state that the Hon. John Kelly will not take any part in the present quarrels of the Democracy of this city.

A land-warrant for 160 acres has been issued to George Peabody, Esq., the London Banker, for his services as a private soldier in the war with England in 1812.

Gen. Packer, the Democratic nominee for Governor of Pennsylvania, is a printer by profession. The two United States Senators and the Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, were also formerly Printers.

Bridget O'Brian, of Hopkinton, N.H., sued Dennis Clifford, of Concord, for a breach of marriage promise, and the jury gave her $68 damages.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

The Baton Rouge *Advocate*, of the 26th ult., announces the passage, by a large majority, in the House, of the Senate's bill, prohibiting the emancipation of slaves in the State of Louisiana. It was amended so as to prevent emancipation under any circumstances.

In the Missouri Legislature, a motion from the Senate, declaring emancipation "impracticable, inexpedient and unwise," was brought up for action in the House on the 10th and passed by yeas 107, nays 9.

The Wisconsin Legislature has passed a bill granting habeas corpus and trial by jury to persons claimed as fugitive slaves.

The North Carolina Legislature has put a tax on bowie knives; every person keeping a "bowie" to pay for the privilege. Local papers say the tax is likely to yield a large revenue.

The Michigan Legislature, which only meets once in two years, has recently adjourned, after a session of forty days.

Mr. Commissioner Morell has decided to send the case of Col. Fabens and Capt. Bolton for trial. The trial will never come off. There's nothing on earth against them. Twelve honest and intelligent men would fling it out of court. The District Attorney knows it well. Consequently, will drop the matter. A review of the examination before the Commissioner, from first to last, with pleasant portraits and descriptions of scenery, &c., will appear in our next.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in this City, on the 16th inst., of cancer in the stomach, the Rev. Thomas Callan, Pastor St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Malone, Franklin Co., N.Y. Deceased was an exemplary and pious clergyman, ardently devoted to his mission, and possessed a highly cultivated mind.

DIED, in the City of New-York, on the 18th of March, 1857, of disease of the kidneys, Mr. Joseph Magrane, of the City of Dublin, Ireland, aged fifty years and three months. His remains were interred in Calvary Cemetery on the 20th inst.

Dublin papers please copy.

CONDOLENCE WITH COL. JAMES R. RYAN.

At a special meeting of the officers of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, held at Captain Corcoran's, 42 Prince-street, on Friday night, the 20th inst., convened to adopt such measures of condolence as are deemed due to the Colonel, the following Committee were nominated to draft resolutions:—Lieutenant-Colonel Butler, Major Nugent, Quartermaster O'Conner, Captains Corcoran, Keating, Burke, and O'Connor, of the troop, when the following preamble and resolutions were submitted and passed unanimously:—

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty, in His inscrutable wisdom, to remove a kind and affectionate wife, a fond and loving mother, and a warm and generous friend from a circle in which her presence shed a halo of happines and love, we, your brother officers, deeply sympathising with you and your family, tender our unfeigned regret for the irreparable loss sustained by you and them. We are aware that words (no matter how truly they express the deep sympathy we feel), are but a poor solace for so great an affliction. We, therefore, pray that He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, may pour balm into the wound He has been pleased to inflict.

Resolved, That the Committee wait on Colonel Ryan, and present him with the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions, and convey to him our deep sympathy in his loss.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the *Herald*, IRISH NEWS, *Irish-American*, *Citizen*, *Dispatch*, *Mercury*, and *Atlas*.

EDWARD BUTLER, Chairman.

ROBERT NUGENT, Secretary.

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(*Carefully revised every week expressly for the Irish News.*)

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, Mareh 24, 1857.

FLOUR—Common to Extra State	per barrel	$5.90	a $6.40
Common to Fancy Western	do	5.85	a 6.25
Extra Western	do	6.25	a 7.50
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do	6.50	a 8.50
Mixed to Extra Southern	do	6 30	a 8.75
RYE FLOUR—Fine and Super	do	3.50	a 5.25
CORN MEAL	do	3.25	a 3.63
WHEAT—Canada White	per bushel	1.60	a 1.75
Western White	do	1.58	a 1.75
Southern White	do	1.57	a 1.75
All kinds of Red	do	1 30	a 1 55
CORN—Mixed	do	— 70	a — 74
Yellow	do	— 69	a — 74
White	do	— 70	a — 78
OATS—State and Western	do	— 51	a — 52
Jersey	do	— 49	a — 52
Southern	do	— 46	a — 49
Rye	do	— 87	a — 92
Barley	do	1.45	a 1 55
White Beans	do	— —	a — 4
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels		1 75	a — —
Cotton—Middlings, per lb		— 13	a — 14
Fair		— 14	a — 15
Rice, per 100 lbs		4 25	a 5 25
Hops, per lb		— 7	a — 11
Pork—Mess per bbl		23 85	a 24 —
Prime, per bbl		18 85	a 19 —
Beef—Country Mess		12 —	a 13 —
Prime		10 —	a 11 —
Dressed Hogs, per lb		9 —	a — —
Lard, in bbls. per lb		— 14	a — 14½
Butter—Western, per lb		— 16	a — 28
State, ordinary to choice, per lb		— 20	a — 30
Cheese, per lb		— 12	a — 13
Potatoes—Carters, per bbl		— —	a 4 —
Mercers, per bbl		2 50	a 3 50
Onions—Reds, per bbl		3.25	a — —
White, per bbl		— —	a 4 —
Apples, per bbl		3.50	a — —
Eggs, fresh per dozen		— 16	a — 17
Feathers, Live Geese per lb		— 50	a — 56
Seed—Clover, per lb		— 14	a — 15
Flax, per bushel		— —	a —
Timothy, mowed, per bushel		— —	a — —
Timothy, reaped, per bushel		3 75	a 4 —
Sugar, New-Orleans, per lb		— 8	a — 11
Molasses, New-Orleans, per gl		— 75	a — 76
Tobacco—Kentucky, &c., per lb		— 12	a — 18
Seed Leaf, per lb		— 11	a — 35
Wool—Domestic fleece, per lb		— 40	a — 65
Domestic, pulled, per lb		— 34	a — 52
Hemp—Undr'd Amer'n per ton		1 80	a 2 —
Dressed American, per ton		2 55	a 2 65
Hay, per 100 lbs		— 80	a 1 —
Tallow, per lb		— 12	a — 12½
Domestic Whiskey, per Gallon		— 25	a — 25
Beef Cattle (live) per lb		— 9	a — 14
Milch Cows, with calves, each		28 —	a 75 —
Veal Calves (live) per lb		— 5	a — 7½
Sheep and Lambs (live) per head		½ —	a 9 —
Live Swine		— 7	a — 8
Venison, per lb		— 3	a — 6

Removal.

A. RANKIN & CO.

Have Removed to the New and Spacious Store,

No. 96 BOWERY,

Where will be found a very large assortment of

Hosiery,

Undergarments,

Gloves,

Mens' Furnishing Goods, &c.

The best goods offered at very lowest prices.

Established in 1828. mch28 2m.

Professor Wood's Hair Restorative is said to be the only sure cure for baldness and gray hair. It removes all scurf, dandruff, and scrofulous eruptions from the scalp, and in a few days restores gray hair to its original color and beauty. This preparation contains no coloring matter, but resuscitates the hair by invigorating and restoring perfect health to the scalp, thus imparting new life and vigor to the roots, and by them causing healthy fluid to flow into each separate hair. It is sold at 312 Broadway, and by all druggists.—[Louisville Times.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Prejudice Vanquished. The dispensaries and hospitals of Europe are now regularly supplied with these remedies. They are admitted to be indispensable in diseases of the exterior integuments and the secretive organs. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden-Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62½c., and $1 per box or pot.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard*,) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening. JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard*,) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard*,) drill each evening, at —— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard*,) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*,) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards*,) drill every Monday Evening a the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y. JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons*,) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard*,) drill each Wednesday Evening a "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street. JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers*,) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Boroihme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms*. T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

Company G. (*National Guard*) drill each Monday and Wednesday evening at their armory, 161 Atlantic street, Brooklyn. JAS. CAMPBELL, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at corner of Center and Grand st. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers*,) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——. JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.*,) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery. JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of '98*,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard*,) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn. JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers*,) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y. MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard*,) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles*,) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard*,) drill each week at the "Armory, Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles*,) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J. OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards*,) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey. WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens*,) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard*,) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. EDWARD W. POWERS, Capt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*,) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard*,) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard*,) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard*,) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard*,) drill the second Thursday of each month in Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers*,) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C. EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers*,) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard*,) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery*,) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles*,) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory*," and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them in it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.

WHOLESALE FRAUD.

A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

An extensive and most audacious scheme for counterfeiting two popular medicinal preparations, has recently been brought to light in this city. A few of the leading facts have appeared in reports of the legal proceedings growing out of the affair, but its comprehensive character, has been but imperfectly developed in these brief statements. It would seem that the principal person implicated in this transaction is a drug broker named William Leith, lately doing business at 8 Gold street and 5 William street, in this city, and residing at 4 Union street, Brooklyn. He had conceived the idea of establishing a factory for the purpose of counterfeiting, on a wholesale scale, the most popular and widely advertised medicines in the civilized world, viz: Holloway's Pills and Holloway's Ointment. This audacious project he intended to carry out in the city of New York, almost within hail, as it were, of the great central office for the sale of Holloway's, medicines in this country! He had, it appears, ordered no less than 500,000 pamphlets or books of directions, around each box, and the printer to whom the order was given, supposing it to emanate from Professor Holloway, had no hesitation in executing the work. An accident led to the detection of the fraud. Leith failed to meet an obligation he had given for a portion of the job, and the printer went to Professor Holloway's establishment, 80 Maiden Lane, to enquire the cause. Then, of course, the fraud was disclosed, and it was found, on comparing the counterfeit wrappers with the original, that the former were perfect *fac similes* of the latter, with the exception of the *water-mark*. This water-mark consists of the words "Holloway, New-York and London," and is visible upon every leaf of the authentic pamphlet when held against the light. In all other respects, there was a perfect identity between the false document and the true.

William Leith, the author of this atrocious forgery, was subsequently arrested, and fully charged, on examination before the committing magistrate, with procuring the printing and uttering of the above counterfeits, but through an indiscretion on the part of the magistrate, he managed to escape from the custody of the officers, and is now a fugitive from justice. Professor Holloway's agents are on the *qui vive* to discover his whereabouts, but so far, he has eluded their vigilance. He is a Scotchman by birth, and still preserves a little of the accent; his voice is deep, his articulation emphatic, and in speaking he gesticulates a good deal, and interlards his sentences with frequent oaths. His height is about 5 feet 8 1-2 inches, his person rather stout, complexion florid, light hair and thin whiskers, and his age about 35 years. His address is good, and business-like. As it is not known to what extent he may have counterfeited the medicines, it would be well for druggists in the interior to beware of purchasing articles purporting to be Holloway's remedies, from irresponsible parties. There is one test of genuineness, which may however, be relied upon, viz: the *water-mark* on the leaves of the book of directions, accompanying and enveloping each box of the Pills and box of the Ointment. If, when the leaf is held between the eye and the light, the words "Holloway, New-York and London," are discernible in semi-transparent letters, in the substance of the paper, then the pamphlets and the medicines they envelope are genuine; if not they are *pernicious counterfeits*. Let this test be universally adopted. *National Police Gazette*, New York.

The celebrated pianist, Listz, has entered the religious order of the Franciscan Monks at Pesth. M. Hermann, another pianist of note, has entered a religious house in the south of France.

The Emperor of Austria has ordered of Professor Ferrari, at Venice, a bronze statue of Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, to be presented to the town, and erected one one of its public places.

M. Flandrin, member of the Institute, has just been electedto replace M. Paul Delaroche, as professor of painting at the school of the Beaux-Arts.

Important Caution to Druggists and Merchants in General.

Whereas, one William Leith, late of the city of New-York, drug broker, has recently been engaged in the nefarious and unlawful business of counterfeiting the medicines known throughout the world as Holloway's Pills and Holloway's Ointment, and procured to be printed for him, under false pretences and for fraudulent purposes, 500,000 copies of the book or pamphlet of directions around each box and pot.

And Whereas, the counterfeit book or pamphlet is well calculated to deceive —being a *fac-simile* of the original—except so far as regards the "water-mark" in the paper, viz., "Holloway, New-York and London," which appears on every leaf of the genuine document, but can only be seen by holding the paper between the eye and the light.

And Whereas, the aforesaid William Leith having been arrested and fully charged, on examination before Justice Connolly, with procuring and uttering the above counterfeits, escaped from the custody of the officers on the 20th day of December, 1856, and is now a fugitive from justice, and is supposed to be pursuing his dishonorable and felonious designs elsewhere.

The Druggists of the various cities, towns and villages of the United States are therefore HEREBY CAUTIONED against dealing with the aforesaid William Leith for any articles purporting to be Holloway's Pills and Holloway's Ointment, or purchasing any preparations bearing that name from any quarter, unless the leaves of the pamphlets wrapped around the boxes and pots containing the same shall bear the words, "Holloway, New-York and London,' in the form of a water-mark, which water-mark can only be distinguished by holding up the printed sheet singly to the light. All others are COUNTERFEIT and all persons vending them are liable to heavy penalties, and will be prosecuted to conviction by the proprietor of the genuine preparations, as the only means of guarding his own interests, and protecting the public against damage to health and life from the use of deleterious articles, sold under the guaranty of his name and reputation.

The said Leith is a Scotchman by birth, about 35 years of age, of good address, deep-toned voice, florid complexion, light hair and thin whiskers, gray eyes, standing about 5 feet 8 1-2 inches, and somewhat inclined to corpuleney.

Opening of Spring Fashions.—An early Spring is very justly regarded as a blessing to be grateful for, and this year our people has been wondrously favored; and as the change of seasons creates and renders necessary different forms of labor in the country and the town, so also

FASHION, THE CHILD OF SEASON,

owes its importance to the self-same changes. The mild atmosphere of spring which we are now experiencing, is peculiarly suggestive of a change in the outward costume of the ladies, and with a view to this necessity the undersigned always desirous of meeting the wants of his friends, and the public at large, has opened a spring assortment which, for beauty, elegance and a strict adherence to the latest Parisian modes, he is confident has never been excelled. He would especially call attention to the

MANTILLA DEPARTMENT,

in which may be enumerated the

Velvet plain,
Velvet, with guipure lace,
Velvet, with crotchet fringe,
Velvet, guipure lace and fringe,
Velvet bareges
Silk bareges
Colored cloth bareges,
Black cloth bareges,
Black and colored silk mantillas,
Silk and lace mantillas,
Honiton lace mantillas,
Guipure lace mantillas,
Demi cloth circulars,

all in great varieties, together with the new and novel

TRAVELLING CLOAK AND BONNET PRESERVER,

combining, as they do, comfort, ease and elegance, and presenting to the eye a costume of the most exquisite symmetry and neatness. From his former success in catering to the wants and tastes of a critical and

FASHIONABLE PUBLIC,

he feels confident that the new "spring offering" will he as acceptable to his patrons and friends as any ever before offered.

STRANGERS AND VISITERS

will therefore do well to call at the United States Mantilla and Cloak Emporium, 45 and 47 Canal-street, Brandreth Building, and examine his stock before leaving town.

mch14 tf. W. BUCHANAN MACKENZIE.

Special Notices.

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, THE OBJECT OF WHICH IS TO GIVE YOUNG girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve so eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c: the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to scholars if they attend for three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the school for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh-street.

mch17 tf.

SAVE THIRTY PER CENT. IN YOUR BREAD BILLS. 500 BARRELS PER DAY

The Best Family Bread.

BERDAN'S MECHANICAL HOT AIR OVEN

Saves three fourths of the labor and expense of the old process, and has a capacity of 500 barrels per day, at an expense of only forty cents per barrel—thus enabling us to give loaves at 20 per cent. heavier. This oven being closed during the process of baking, the alcoholic vapors (lost in the common draft oven) are reabsorbed into the bread, and a gain of 10 per cent. is thus effected. Our distributers will call on families who wish to try it with samples. Orders addressed NEW-YORK BREAD COMPANY, New-York Arcade, No. 594 Broadway, will be promptly filled.

WANTED—Three Spring Carts, with drivers, from 5 to 9 each day; two agents and a boy. mch21 tf.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

TO THE LADIES.

Grand Opening of Spring Carpetings, &c., &c.

NEW STORE, 93 Sixth avenue.

Before purchasing, Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloths, which are of the best Manufactures, and at extremely low prices.

Stephen Leahy,

93 Sixth avenue, between Waverly and Clinton places,

Has on exhibition a rich and varied assortment of Foreign and Domestic Carpeting for Spring, comprising every grade and style, from the richest English Medallion Velvet to the lowest price domestic, a great variety of new patterns, in Velvets, Tapestrys, Brussels, Three-plys and Ingrain Carpets, Druggets all widths, English and American floor Oil Cloths from 2 to 24 feet wide, Enameled and Japan Table and Stair Oil Cloths, Chair and Straw Matting, and the following list faithfully represent the prices:

Velvets,	12s	to	16s	per yard.
Tapestry	7s	to	10s	do.
Brussels,	8s	to	10s	do.
Three-ply,	8s	to	9s	do.
Extra superfine all wool Ingrain,			5s	do.
Cotton and wool,	2s	to	3s	do.
Linen,	1s 4d	to	2s	do.

A choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, &c.

Mosaic Rugs and pictures in various beautiful designs.

Customers are requested to make a note of the name and number, lest they mistake 93 for the stores immediately beside it.

Stephen Leahy,

93 Sixth Avenue, nearly opposite Eighth st., New York.

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84 WILLIAM-STREET,

Corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

FURNISHING GOODS,

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

GEORGE M. TRACY, would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he has now on hand and is constantly receiving the lates style of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting in part of

HOSIERY OF ALL KINDS.

Beaufort Ties,	Umbrellas,
Fine Shirts and Collars,	Under Shirts and Drawers,
Cravats and Scarfs,	Improved Napoleon Ties,
Suspenders,	Linen and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs,
Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,	Dressing Robes,
Kid and Dog Skin Gloves,	Silk Under Garments, &c.,

which he offers at greatly reduced prices, wholesale or retail. His shirts are of superior make, and warranted to fit.

Persons wishing goods in his line, will find themselves well paid by stepping out of Broadway, and calling at the old stand,

fe21 2m 84 WILLIAM-STREET.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

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Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

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THOMAS H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

tjun NEW-YORK.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	25 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7¾.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

MISS MATILDA HERON

in a new Five Act Tragedy entitled

Leonore; or, The World's Own.

An early application for seats is respectfully urged to prevent disappointment.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 889 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.

JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 136 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no?t4

GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's Spring raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,

y10jan GERALD GRAY.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat*," Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,

sept27 3mos New-York.

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.

(ESTABLISHED 1851.)

Small Parcels forwarded by each Mail Steamer, to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the Continent, India, China, South America, &c.

*** Persons wishing to send small packages to their friends at home, at a trifling expense, will please address

COLLINS & MARSH, Agents,

ja26 1y 29 Broadway, New-York.

A Retired Physician whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered, while living in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a danghter, was given up to die. Wishing to do as much as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow beings as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up and successfully using. He requires each applicant to enclose him one shilling—three cents to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement. Address Dr. H. JAMES, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. jan17 tf

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Woodland Cream—*A Pomade for beautifying the Hair*—highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing Ladies' Hair it has no equal, giving it a bright glossy appearance. It causes Gentlemen's Hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the Hair the effect of being freshly shampooed. Price, only 50 cents. None genuine unless signed.

Fetridge & Co., Proprietors of the

For sale by all Druggists. "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers.*"

White Teeth, Perfumed Breath, and Beautiful Complexion, can be acquired by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers.*" What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed FETRIDGE & CO., *N. Y.*

For sale by all Druggists. feb21 3mos

Mayor's Office, New-York, February 16th, 1857.—NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given, that all persons who desire to be

VACCINATED,

Will be attended to promptly—without charge—by application at either of the Dispensaries, where Physicians are constantly in attendance; and it is recommended, that all who have not been vaccinated, should avail themselves immediately of the opportunity thus offered.

The New-York Dispensary is located at the corner of Centre and White-streets.

The Eastern Dispensary, in Ludlow-street, in the rear of Essex Market.

The Northern Dispensary is located corner Waverly Place and Christopher-street.

The Demilt Dispensary is located at 87 Second Avenue.

Holloway's Ointment—Dangerous Salves.—Beware of mineral ointments. They drive external disease into the system. This unguent is entirely vegetable. It expels the exciting cause of inflammation and suppuration. Under the cicatrice it leaves behind, there lurks no covert poison. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25 c., 62½c. and $1 per pot.

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK, COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, Feb. 25, 1857.

NOTICE.—THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at the United States Warehouse, No. 54 Atlantic Dock, South Pier, by Miller & Morris, on MONDAY, the 6th April, at 10 o'clock A. M. The goods will be open for examination on Saturday previous to sale.

HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

DATE.	MARK AND NUMBER.	DESCRIPTION.	VESSEL.	PORT.
	No 1	lot samples		
	No 2	do		
	M Michallet	one package	Jeanotte	not reported
	No mark	do	Edinburgh	do
	R & C	do	Herman	do
	D M Balto	do	do	do
	C F	do	Ilva	do
	H C 197 | 170	do	not reported	do
	D L G 1	do	do	do
	E & O M 5	do	do	do
	F Y 11	do	do	do
	G McRea, over Jacksonvile R & Co in a brace	do	do	do
	Fred'k Lyster	do	Persia	do
	President Board Trade	do	Palestine	do
	Hunter, Bulkley & Co	do	Persia	do
	Rev M Bigelow, for over Mrs Wiley in a brace	do	Wm Tapscott	do
Aug 25	R J Cummings	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
	Rochester over N York in a brace	do	do	do
Oct '55	J H over C 985	do	Ariel	Havre
June '55	H 3	one cask	C E Trile	Nassau
June '55	no mark	one bdl rattan	G B Lamar	London
	H O 1647 | 1650	four cases	Humboldt	Havre
July '55	Dr Otto	one case	Herman	Bremen
	no mark	one bale	Homer	Malaga
Aug '55	J B	bundle rattan	J Bradley	Calcutta
	triangle 1	one cask	Sagette	Amsterdam
	A 50	do	Liverpool	London
	B & C 1-2 1 5-1-10	three boxes	Lyra	Havana
June 9 '56	A H 1	one case	Montreal	Bordeaux
July '55	no mark	one bdl rattan	Mississippi	Rotterdam
	do	do	not reported	not reported
Aug '55	B 10	one keg	Palestine	London
Aug '55	no mark	one bundle	Schr Shark	Para
June '55	do	bundle rattan	South Carolina	Rotterdam
	do	do	Legetha	Amsterdam
Sept '55	S & M	one hamper	Tennessee	Havre
Sept '55	no mark	one case	do	do
Sept '55	Mr Vesey	one hamper	do	do
Oct 12 '55	J C R	one case	Union	Algiers
	J K 1	one bale	Algira	Malaga
	do 2	do	do	do
Dec '54	J C R 5	one case	C B Williams	Bordeaux
Dec '54	do 7	do	do	do
	no mark	one bundle	Edwina	not reported
	D Henderson	one box	Empire	Liverpool
Oct '55	Mrs Duel	one keg	Glance	Glasgow
	no mark	one bundle	Brig Hollander	not reported
	A G	23 bundles	Isle de Cuba	Havana
Oct '55	S & M 2	one basket	M Ogden	Havre
	M Sue	do	not reported	not reported
	W & C	one demijohn	do	do
	H 2	two boxes	do	do
	T D over s	one box	do	do
	T D over C D	do	do	do
	T D over S	four boxes	do	do
	K N over F 8	one box	do	do
	K S	do	do	do
	L F	do	do	do
	E L	do	do	do
	H 2	do	do	do
	B L	do	do	do
	8 in a triangle	do	do	do
	A	do	do	do
	U 2	two	do	do
	6 in a triangle	do	do	do
	triangle, 231	do	do	do
	K S 1	do	do	do
	W V O Moers	two half boxes	Black Warrior	do
	no mark	one box	do	do
	do	four demijohns	do	do
	do	four boxes	do	do
	do	one box	do	do
	L M	do	do	do
	H and triangle with bar across top	do	do	do
	H in a triangle and J K & Co in an oval	do	do	do
	H R in a diamond	two boxes	do	do
	B	one box	do	do
	H J B	do	do	do
	C J B	do	do	do
	no mark	lot willows	do	do
	C & S	one bale	do	do
	triangle with bar, 160	do	do	do
	no mark, 37	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	B W 3	do	do	do
	B in a diamond 1	one case	do	do
	no mark	lot willows	do	do
	B O 1779	one case	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	three bales	do	do
	do	one bag	do	do
	F D 106	one case	Adelaide Metcalf	do
	A C 23	one bale	Unknown	Unknown
	no mark	two bales	do	do
	C D 25	one cask	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	two kegs	do	do
	A B	one box	do	do
	no mark	one package	North Star	Havana
	K B H in a triangle, with N Y on either side	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	one cask	do	do
	do	two barrels	do	do
	do	one keg	do	do
	double triangle 6	one box	do	do
	L 54	one cask	do	do
	W & K 31	one box	do	do
	H over A C	two boxes	do	do
	№ 100	one box	do	do
	no mark	lot India rubber 9 pcs	do	do
	do	lot drugs	do	do
	R T	one box	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	two bbls Indiarubber	do	do
	do	do	do	do
April 17, '55	J & D in a circle	one box glass	do	do
	C H over H O in a brace	one barrel	do	do
	G	one cask	do	do
	G & H	one box	do	do
	L F	do	do	do
	no mark	one box India rubber	do	do
	do	three half bbls	do	do
	triangle	one box	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	one half bbl	do	do
	S T	one box	do	do
	P & S over V in a brace, 225	one crate	do	do
	L & C 1	one case	do	do
Oct 4, 1855	J G Stebins	do	Pacific	do
June, '55	no mark	one bundle	South Carolina	Rotterdam
	do	one bale	Swift	Unknown
	J M 27	one case	Wm Layton	Havre
	P N 890	do	Arago	do
Oct '55	A B & Co 7	do	Alexander	Rotterdam
May '55	P Bozfrez over Philadelphia in a brace	do	Carolus Magnus	Havre
June '55	R B Ray	do	City of Mobile	Liverpool
Oct '55	E W 93	do	David Hoadley	Antwerp
Oct '55	do 94	do	do	do
Oct '55	E W 95	one case	David Hoadley	Antwerp
May '55	A B 10-11	one package	Devonshire	London
June '55	Geo. McNaught, Canada West	one case	Glance	Glasgow
April '55	Thomas Hamilton	one box	Gov Hubbard	Havana
May '55	W H O	one case	Golden West	Manilla
Aug '55	Dr Wood	one package	Bark Hazard	Mazatlan
July '55	B & C	one case	J E Williams	Rotterdam
Oct '55	Jacot Kingman	do	Katherine	Antwerp
do	J C over G V	one package	Washington	Antwerp
Sept '55	No mark	one box	Muskingum	Leghorn
Sept '55	C 7	one case	Oregon	Havre
Nov '55	B & H 100	do	Pacific	Liverpool
Nov '55	F S over M 20	one bale	Pacific	do
June '55	Philip Weingaster & Co	one trunk	R L Gilchrist	Havre
June '55	C Smitt 44	one keg	R L Gilchrist	do
Oct '55	E W Nicholas	one case	Southampton	London
May '55	J O over N York	do	Tonduin	Leghorn
do '55	A F	do	Bark Trtumph	Madeira
	C K 6	do	Washington	Bremen
Sept '55	Mess Suzuer & Co	do	West Point	Liverpool
May '55	M 1	do	Connecticut	Havre
June '55	F 3	one bale	C B Zenith	Nassau
May '55	B & M 10	one case	Dutchland	Hamburg
Aug '55	H & A	do	Brig Europa	Matanzas
1855	E G 174	do	Havre	Havre
July '55	A & Co 148	do	Lawrence	Bordeaux
	triangle over E B	one box	Nebraska	Bremen
	Son H P over Chas B Norton 82	one package	Union	Havre
	do	do	Union	Havre
May '55	M S on triangle 238	one case	Bark Welland	Bremen
June '55	Mr Stavere	do	Str Washington	Bremen
	J L 4	do	St Louis	Havre
	J L 5	one case	St Louis	Havre
	fist over B	1-16 cask	Brig Volante	Malaga
May '55	No mark	five bags	Leopold	Antwerp
April '54	J B H	one case	Margaret Evans	London
Aug 3 '54	G H 1	do	Phantom	London
Jan '56	J F P 1	do	J Farnham	Havana
do	H 3	do	Mercury	Havre
Feb '55	D N	do	A F Smidt	Antwerp
do	G S F 5	do	Panama	Bremen
do	H D W	do	Yorktown	London
March '55	A C over N B 4	do	Cuidad Bolivar	Bordeaux
do	J B J over N B 3	do	North Sea	do
do	do 3	do	do	do
do	H S & Co 44	do	St Louis	Havre
April, '55	D C 5	do	Hellen A Miller	do
do	do 6	do	do	do
do	do 7	do	do	do
do	no mark	one box	A Dorothea	do
do	do	do	do	do
do	do	do	do	do
do	do	do	do	do
do	J B H 7	one case	Margaret Evans	do
March '55	A S 2	do	St Louis	London
April 55	L W C over M 7,639	do	do	Havre
May '55	Q 1	do	S Carolina	do
do	22	do	do	Rotterdam
do	do 418	do	Washington	do
do	A G	do	Edward Everett	Bremen
do	do	do	do	Bordeaux
do	do	do	do	do
do	J J B	one bag	Lyra	do
do	Miss Markoe	one case	Miranda	Havana
do	triangle 3	do	R M Sloman	Santa Croix
do	J on diamond 1	do	Victoria	Antwerp
do	do 2	do	do	London
do	do 3	do	do	do
June, '55	Sen Don Jose Vavona	do	Clarissa	do
June, '55	A & Co 148	do	Lawrence	Neuvitas
June, '55	B in diamond	one case	Lark	Bordeaux
do		do	do	Bermuda
do	Messrs Comstock & Bros New York	do	Orontas	do
do		do	do	Charlottetown
May, '55	A L 4	do	J. Hermann	do
do	5	do	do	Hamburg
do		do	do	do
do	ML 119 | 143	25 cases	Dutchland	do
April '55	F in diamond	one bbl	O T Hayes	do
Feb '55	C W over J, and A T over S, and 487 or 647	one case	R L Lane	Buenos Ayres
do	D N	one keg	A F Smidt	Havre
Feb 7 '55	B & L 8268	one cask	Arnold Boaninger	Antwerp
Oct '53	L R & Co 212	do	Edwina	Rotterdam
do	213	do	do	do
do	215	do	do	do
do	220	do	do	do
do	224	do	do	do
Aug '54	S on T 1	do	Pennisbury	do
do	2	do	do	do
do	3	do	do	do
do	4	do	do	do
Aug '55	A B 2	do	James	London
do	4	do	do	do
Jan 16 '55	C D 1 c 25	25 casks	Corinthian	Havre
March '55	no mark	ten bags	Arthur Leary	Cadiz
June '53	M L 2448 c 2457	ten cases	Karle August	Rotterdam
Feb '55	H K 2	one cask	A Boaninger	do
Jan '55	Thomas Evans	one case	str Atlantic	Liverpool
do	E B T over M Y in diamond, or J F P 960	do	Baltic	do
Feb '54	L Y 4	do	Mercury	Havre
Feb '55	H Marshall	do	Union	do
March '55	H R 5	one package	Hermann	Bremen
do	A S 626	one case	Pacific	Liverpool
April '55	S & F 243	do	Atlantic	do
do	P 1 c 4	four cases	St Louis	Havre
do	H & C 7832	one case	St Dennis	do
do	C M 1	do	str Union	do
May '55	C & C	do	Pacific	Liverpool
do	B K over B D in a brace	do	Torrent	St Jago
June '55	Mrs. Hocter	do	Baltic	Liverpool
July '55	M Lamont	do	American Eagle	London
do	Mr. Geo D Green	do	Milton	Bordeaux
Jan '55	G 1	do	Albany	Calcutta
do	2	do	do	do
do	3	do	do	do
	H Urkert	do	Herschel	Hamburg
July '55	HF P 400	do	Westphalia	Bremen
do	W 2	do	do	do
do	F F 1	do	Zurich	Havre
Aug '55	NK 5	do	Cumberland	Rotterdam
do	65 in a diamond over J S & Co, 2985	do	I Bradlee	Calcutta
do	Stafford Reeves, N York, in a brace	do	Pacific	Havana
do	G K 607	do	St. Louis	Hav.e
do	608	do	do	do
Sept '55	H D G	do	Ariel	do
do	Samuel F Holbrok over Boston in a brace	one trunk	Humboldt	Hamburg
do	J L 20	one case	M Livingston	Havre
do	Mrs W H Eldridge	do	Vancouvre	Shanghai
Aug '55	L 6	one bbl	St Louis	Havre
do	7	do	do	do
do	8	do	do	do
do	10	do	do	do
Sept '55	L, various Nos	13 casks	Margt Evans	London
do		three bbls	do	do
Sept '55	Mr J T Mundy & Co	one cask	str Indiana	Havre
July '55	E M 14	one bbl	Nebraska	Bremen
April '55	H & C 3193	one basket	Jno Wesley	Havre
Jan 23 '55	no mark	one bbl	Empire State	Liverpool
Nov '55	W & C 10	one cask	Atlantic	do
do	E Little	one bbl	Hermann	Bremen
June '55	M B	21 bbls	Ceres	London
July '55	N W	five casks	Meates	Kingston
April '55	V B	one case	A Dorothea	Unknown
May '55	G in a triangle L 72	do	Atlantic	Liverpool
do	H P 530	do	J H Ryerson	Antwerp
Jan '55	J K 12	do	Orpheus	Bremen
May '55	HB 42	one keg	S Carolina	Rotterdam
April '55	W & C 83	one case	Welland	Bremen
do	M R 46	one keg	do	do
Feb '55	M F over 54, 8496	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
June '55	H H Ward care Loeschigk, Wesendonck & Co 5	do	North Star	Havre
Jan 10 '55	J W 3	do	Rhein	Hamburg
Jan 18 '55	B V 64	do	Astracan	Rotterdam
Jan '55	L K 3968	do	Genl Jacobi	Bremen
Jan 12 '55	no mark	one chest	S E Hyde	Antwerp
June '55	S in triangle 77	one case	Tropic	do
do	do 84	do	do	do
May '55	B A	forty casks	Sarah Ann	Cadiz
April '55	F S 10	one cask	S G Hyde	Havre
Dec '55	A 57	do	R Robinson	Liverpoo
	J D in diamond 1	do	Yorkham	London
	do 2	do	do	do
June 23 '55	no mark, or L F 16	one trunk	A Delins	Bremen
July 25 '55	B N	one package	Ambassador	Marseilles
do	Ralph Rawdon, Esq	one box	Caura	Ciudad Boliva
April 9 '55	no mark	one cask	California	Buenos Ayre
July '55	C B over S Y over J C in a brace 100	one case	Lawrence	Bordeaux
do	A over A B 1	one cask	do	do
May 9 '55	no mark	one box	Nancy Plaisted	Madeira
July 16 '56	J in a diamond	one bbl	Octavia Woodward	Kingston
May '55	M R 1	one chest	Vancluse	Havre
Apr 19'56	J B 17 c 22	six bales	Virginia	Buenos Ayr
June '55	R L 270	one case	Washington	Bremen
	no mark	lot bags	Wm Jervis	Antwerp
1855	D	one bag	Pacific	Liverpool
Dec '55	H	two boxes	Christiana	Antwerp
Aug '55	no mark, or Mons Reimer	one trunk	Connecticut	Havre
do	P N	one box	Andrew Foster	Liverpool
do	W 143	one case	Dreadnought	do
do	145	do	do	do
July '55	J C in a diamond	do	Glasgow	Gloasgow
do		do	do	do
do		do	do	do
do		do	do	do
Aug '55	R in a diamond 684	one bale	Baltic	Liverpool
July '55	Geo Mills	one package	Glasgow	Glasgow
July 18 '54	N W 121	one case	Isabella	Rotterdam
Oct '54	Jean St Ettinne	one trunk	Minnesota	Liverpool
June '55	C W over A 25	one cask	New York	do
Oct '55	H G Julian	one basket	Owego	do
Dec '55	Mitchell, Rosenburg & Co, Ohio	one case	Pacific	do
May '55	S R S & H 79	do	Stadt Antwerpen	Antwerp
do	no mark	one cask	North Wind	Havre
July '55	J M 862	one case	Nebraska	Bremen
	A J over N Y in a diamond	one chimney	Royal Arch	Liverpool
Oct '55	C & R 10	one cask	Undine	Newcastle
do	do 2	do	do	do
Aug '55	P in a diamond 20	do	American Congress	London
July '53	no mark	two bbls	Archeiva	St Thomas
	W H in a diamond 386	one cask	Florida	London
	O (White)	six bundles	Manhattan	Liverpool
	no mark	four bbls	Unknown	Unknown
	J K 1	one cask	do	do
	F in a diamond 30	do	do	do
	C in a diamond 30	do	do	do
	F 100	do	do	do
	E diamond R 13	one crate	do	do
	PP in a diamond, C under right corner, 210	one cask	do	do
	P M 1379	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	no mark	one cask	unknown	unknown
	W H in diamond 369	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	C S 2500	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	B in diamond	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	one barrel	do	do
	W 5	one cask	do	do
	B 13	do	do	do
	N S 56	one barrel	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	one barrel	do	do
	W in diamond	one cask	Palestine	London
	H in diamond K	do	Sagette	Amstordam
	H B G T c 7	seven cases	St Dennis	Havre
April '53	Æ B	one bundle iron	Christiana	London
March '55	no mark	8 iron pipes	Pacific	Liverpool
Dec 13 '54	do	953 bars iron	Conqueror	do
May '55	C L D	15 burr stones	Trumbull	Havre
Sept '53	F 16	two cases	Columbia	Liverpool
	P C 118	lot of staves	Cora Linn	Glasgow
June 2 '55	no mark	43 bars iron	American Union	Liverpool
April 14 '55	E A	one bar iron	Lucy Thompson	do
Jan 10 '55	D S	1 bundle hoop iron	American Union	do
Dec 3 '55	no mark	12 logs timber	T P Ladd	St John N B
July '55	do	five bundles iron	St Patrick	Liverpool
June '55	do	1 bar R R iron	South Picton	Port Talbot
May 2 '56	do or red	22 bars iron	Chatawochie	Liverpool
	M L over B & C 2	one cask	Lizzie Harwood	Havre
Jan 4 '55	M M T	28 casks	Jane E Williams	Bordeaux
	L 3	one cask	Carolina	Rotterdam
	L R & Co 214	do	Edwina	do
	M L 1549	do	Union	Havre
	no mark	four boxes	Unknown	Unknown
	do	one case	Victoria	Lisbon
	B	do	Coastwise	
	no mark	100 pieces wood	Miranda	Curacoa

March 8 21

Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely: If the culverts and sewers of the city were chocked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish-substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle: by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose, (what blind philosophy!) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning ever after; flesh soft and flabby; the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the doubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

This privilege is extended to those persons who addressed me previously on this subject.

I have made it my rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time I give up the patient as lost and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

J. D. DURKIN,
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jan31 1y No. 173 Bowery, New-York.

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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, CITY OF NEW YORK, MARCH 2d, 1857.—CENTRAL PARK FUND STOCK.—$800,000 AT six per cent. redeemable in thirty years.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Comptroller's office until Tuesday, March 31st, 1857, at 2 o'clock, P.M., when the same will be publicly opened, for the whole or any part of the amount of eight hundred thousand dollars of Central Park Fund Stock, of the City of New York, authorised by an act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An act to alter the Map of the City of New York, by laying out thereon a Public Place, and to authorise the taking of the same," passed July 21st 1853, and amended February 13th 1857, and by ordinance of the Common Council, of said city, approved by the Mayor, February 29th, 1856.

The said stock will consist of eight thousand shares, of one hundred dollars each share, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable quarter-yearly, and the principal redeemable on the first day of July, 1857.

The proposals will state the number of shares desired, and the price per share; the person whose proposals are accepted, will be required to deposit with the Chamberlain of the city, the sum awarded and covered by the bid, and on presenting the receipt of the Chamberlain to the Comptroller, will be entitled to receive a certificate for the par value of the number of shares carrying interest from the date of he deposit

Those persons who have awards due them on the Central Park, if they offer terms more favorable to the interests of the city than those who make cash bids, can receive certificates of stock for the amount of their awards immediately after the bids are decided on, carrying interest from the date of the confirmation of awards. In case the same person or property is assessed, the person claiming the award will be required to pay the amount of assessment, with interest thereon, from the time of the confirmation of the report of the Commissioners, before the delivery of the certificate.

An act of 1853, for laying out the Park, provides for levying a tax anually for the payment of interest on the stock to be issued; and the act of 1812, made applicable to this loan, provides not only for pledging the faith of the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty for the final redemption of the stock issued, but also enacts that all the revenues of the corporation, "are hereby pledged and appropriated for the payment of the interest which shall become due on the said stock, and shall continue so pledged until the the final redemption thereof; and that, in case the said revenues be not sufficient to satisfy and pay the whole of the said interest, then, and in that case, the faith of thy State shall be and is hereby pledged to pass such acts as shall, from time to time, be necessary, authorising the Mayor, &c., to raise by tax" such sums as shall be requisite to supply every such deficiency. In addition to this, the 7th section of the Act of 1853, for taking land for the Park, declares that all the land thus taken shall be "irrevocably pledged" for the payment of the debt created therefor.

Each proposition should be sealed up, and endorsed, "Proposal for Six per cent. Central Park Fund." And the proposition may then be put in a second envelope, sealed and directed, "A. C FLAGG, Comptroller, No. 5 Hall of Records, New York.

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller.

Notice.—In consequence of the unprecedented demand from all parts of the United States for our Booth and Sedgwick London Cordial Gin, arising solely from the merits of the article, without advertising on our part, various irresponsible dealers in Gin in this and other cities, have been excited to jealousy and envy by the tremendous demand and sale of our Gin, they finding it with all respectable grocers and druggists in the Union. The acknowledged increasing demand and the annexed certificate from one of our eminent chemmists, Dr. J. R. Chilton, and the article itself, when tried, show its superior and medicinal qualities as a beverage.

CERTIFICATE:

Messrs. SIMPSON BROS., 19 Beaver street, New-York:—Gentlemen—I have analyzed your Booth & Sedgwick medicated London Cordial Gin, and I find it contains not only the ingredients usually found in the best kind of Gin, but also other vegetable matter which render it more medicinal and wholsome than the article generally sold under the name of Gin.

JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

New-York, Dec., 18, 1856.

SIMPSON, BROS., 19 Beaver st.,
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mch21 3m

Information Wanted of Michael Ready, of Kildysart, co. Clare, Ireland. When last heard from, was in Steuben co., State of New-York. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his brother, Samuel Ready, St. Louis, Mo. mch21

The Irish News.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
JOHN SAVAGE, LITERARY EDITOR. JAMES ROCHE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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VOL. II. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1857. NO. 52.

Publications.

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Editorial.

THE NEW-YORK APPOINTMENTS.
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GOVERNOR OF KANSAS—ROBERT J. WALKER.
A PARLIAMENTARY CRISIS.
THE RECENT ENLISTMENT QUESTION—CONSUL BARCLAY.
LATEST FROM EUROPE.
LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

Literature.

A Baron of Beef—by Paddy from Cork.
The Drama of Earth.

Poetry.

En-Avant!—by Enul.

Correspondence.

Irish Organizations—by A Peasant.

Miscellaneous.

The celebration of Patrick's Day through the States—Robt. Tyler's Lecture Archbishop's Hughes' Speech in full—Irish news, &c., &c.

IRISH BOOKS JUST RECEIVED.

Annals of Four Masters by O'Connellan; Ryan's Carlow; Conran's Irish Music; Dublin Penny Journal; Transactions of the Gaelic Society in Irish and English; Irish Penny Magazine; a copy of the "Press" newspaper (1798) Ware's Antiquities of Ireland; Leland's History of Ireland; Smith's History of Cork, 2 vols.; Taaffe's Ireland, 4 vols.; O'Leary's Tracts; Anti-Union; Donlevy's Irish Catechism; Lawless' History of Ireland; Ordinance Survey of Derry; Columbkille's Prophecies (Irish and English); O'Daly's Munster Poets; Slave of Adversity (Irish and English); Tribes of Ireland (Irish and English); Timot by O'Sullivan's Poems (Irish); Moores Melodies (Irish); Coney's Irish Dictionary; Think Well on it (Irish); Life of Gen. Holt, 2 vols.; Madden's United Irishmen, 1st and 2d series, &c., &c.

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Information Wanted of Michael Ready, of Kildysart, co. Clare, Ireland. When last heard from, was in Steuben co., State of New-York. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his brother, Samuel Ready, St. Louis, Mo. mch21

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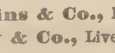
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The Celebration.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

IN PHILADELPHIA.

The festival of the Patron Saint of Ireland, says the Philadelphia *Herald and Visitor*, was celebrated with great magnificence in the Church of St. Patrick, 20th street, on Tuesday last. A solemn Pontifical High mass was offered up by the Right Rev. Dr. Neuman, bishop of Philadelphia.

The Panegyric on the Saint of the festival was delivered by the Rev. Mr. McMahon, a Priest of the diocese of Armagh, in Ireland, who is now collecting in this diocese for the new Cathedral of Armagh. The Rev. Gentleman took for his text the following verses from Ecclesiasticus, xiiv chap., beginning with the 21st v.

In his flesh he established the covenant: and in temptation he was found faithful.

Therefore by an oath he gave him glory in his posterity, that he should increase as the dust of the earth.

And that he would exalt his seed as the stars; and they should inherit from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.

And he did in like manner with Isaac for the sake of Abraham, his father.

The Lord gave him the blessing of all nations, and confirmed his covenant upon the head of Jacob.

He acknowledged him in his blessings, and gave him an inheritance, and divided him his portion in twelve tribes.

And he preserved for him men of mercy, that found grace in the eyes of all flesh.

It was indeed gratifying to perceive, in this congregation, persons from the most distant parts of the city assembled before this altar, to show their veneration for the virtues which distinguished their great Saint. They were here assembled, three thousand miles from the land which he converted, and nearly fourteen centuries from the time at which that great event was accomplished, but no distance of space or time has been able to remove from their hearts that faith whose seed he sowed among their fathers. His object was to bring back to them the past, the memory of by-gone days. The rev. gentleman here briefly presented a view of the condition of Ireland at the commencement of the fifth century. Though yet unconverted from Paganism, it was renowned for arms and for arts. The Roman troops who had held Britain in bondage for some centuries were called home from all the remote provinces to defend their own cities, and in accordance with the military customs of the age, the Irish Sovereign, Nial of the Nine Hostages, ravaged the coasts of Britain and of Gaul, and brought home a large number of captives; amongst those from Gaul was the youth Patrick, who, for years, tended the herds and flocks of the master into whose possession he had fallen. The rev. gentleman proceeded to trace the life of St. Patrick in bondage, his return home to Gaul (France), the invitation which was sent to him; his studies under the great St. Martin, of Tours, and under St. Germanus, of Auxerres, and St. Lupus, of Troyes, the latter of whom visited Britain to oppose the heresy of Pelagius. St. Patrick, after his studies under these eminent Saints, withdrew himself from the world, and retired to the Islands of the Tuscan Sea, where he applied himself to fasting and prayer, those exercises by which Saints are made. When his days were almost numbered he proceeded to Rome, and kneeling at the feet of Pope Celestine, he asked his blessing upon the mission upon which his life was set. He now set sail for Ireland. He landed near Dublin, where he received some converts, and erected a church. The various states of the nation, the princes, the chieftains, the Druid Priests and Bards were all assembled at Tara. St. Patrick had reached Slane.

At this time the Pagan Irish were celebrating the festival of the Baal-time, the god of light, all persons were forbid to light the fire by which the feast was celebrated, until the fire on the ancient hill of Tara was first kindled. St. Patrick, however, lighted a fire on the hill of Slane, which was seen from Tara. King Laoghaire having seen light despatched messengers to ascertain the cause of this violation of the rule. The Druids at once informed the King that unless that fire was extinguished it would extend over all the land. The rev. gentleman proceeded to narrate the circumstances which attended the visit of the Saint to Tara, the next day; the rapid and peaceable conversion of the Irish people, his founding of various churches and of the metropolitan See of Armagh. He sketched the happy condition of Ireland during the next two centuries—the immense concourse of students from all parts of Europe that visited the countries and studied in the several colleges. After these two centuries of peace and happiness the Danes made constant and harassing incursions into Ireland, and obtained some footing in the land. They were finally driven out of the country by the celebrated Brien Boroimhe, who, although not the lineal heir of the throne, was acknowledged as the Sovereign and as one most fit to command. Brien, and his son, and grandson having been slain at Clontarf, the O'Nials, the regular line, came to the throne, but unfortunately, dissensions filled the country, intestine wars desolated the land, a petty monarch, who had already degraded himself, invited the English to aid him in the recovery of the throne. The Irish chieftains were disunited. Henry II., of England, obtained a footing in the country, but so far from having conquered it, his power extended to but a small part of it, and there were many places in which his name was unknown. The English power, however, went on increasing, whilst the power of resistance was weakened, the Irish chieftains refused to unite in the common cause, and in the reign of Henry VII. and in that of Elizabeth, the conquests were extended not only over the greatest parts of the land, but an attempt was made to introduce the new religion. He here gave a picture of the devastation and persecutions of the English party, the ruin of all the seats of learning, the spoliation of the Church, and the ever-recurring struggles which lasted up to the time of William and James. He gave a history of the treaty of Limerick and its violation. The enactment of a code of Penal laws which, as Burke said, were perfectly consistent, most carefully elaborated in every part to produce degradation, and better adapted for this than anything that had ever before come from the perverted brain of man. By those laws if a Catholic nobleman owned land, he could make no will—it was divided among his family to prevent the amalgamation of wealth. If his wife or daughter, after his death, became Protestant, she inherited all the property; even while the father lived any of his sons could, by turning Protestant, despoil him of his property. If a Catholic improved his property one third he forfeited it, no Catholic school master could teach school, and Catholics were forbidden to send their children abroad for education under pain of banishment. No Bishop could officiate, a price was set on the head of a priest, equal in amount to that given to any one who killed a wolf. These horrid laws did not blot out the Catholic religion—the young men went to Salamanca and to France. Thus, these countries repaid the debts they owed to Ireland. People now talk of cruelties that have been practised in Russia, in Austria, in Naples, but nothing like the Penal laws ever were devised on earth, except by England for the ruin of Ireland and of the faith Ireland received from St. Patrick. But they did not extirpate that faith. He gave a thrilling sketch of the horrors of the famine. The dreadful results of this visitation were clearly traceable to England's misrule, as she wished to let the population be thinned off, and it was thinned off by unchecked famine, by pestilential disease, and by emigration in plague ships. The persecution still contiuues. It is persecution which keeps millions of Irishmen away from their native land. But the day of retribution has commenced. Haughty England is now but the servant of France, compelled to do the bidding of Napoleon. In the war in the Crimea the army of France gained all the honors, and it was the descendant of an Irishman who led them when they placed the French flag on the Malakoff. The rev. gentleman concluded his powerful historical address (of which we can find room but for the above outline) by an earnest exhortation to to his hearers to cling to the faith which the great Saint whose memory they celebrated had planted in the land of of their birth.

A Few Words for the Irish.—In the evening Robert Tyler delivered a lecture with the above heading, in the National Hall. We give it from the report in the *Herald and Visitor*, which describes the effort as brilliant, eloquent, and argumentative.

The large hall in which the lecture was delivered was densely filled by a respectable audience, and the splendid orchestral association of St. Patrick, added much to the interest of the scene by giving in exquisite style a great variety of American and Irish National airs. About half-past seven o'clock, Mr. Tyler entered the hall, accompanied by Rev. Dr. O'Hara, Rev. Dr. Ryder, Rev. Mr. Walsh, Ex-President Tyler (father of the orator), J. Tyler, Jr., Esq., and other clerical and lay gentlemen. Mr. Tyler was introduced by Rev. Dr. O'Hara.

Mr. Tyler then commenced thus:—Ladies and Gentlemen, it may readily be supposed that on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, no subject occupies the thought in common of every true-hearted Irishman, wherever he may be or whatever his pursuits in life, more fully, more absorbingly than the remembrance of his native land! Her history, her traditions, her glories and her persecutions; the recollections of her sons' genius, of the orator, the poet and the martyrs who shed their blood for her liberties, all these must flit across their mind on this day set apart for the celebration of the most important event. Many circumstances combine, even in the breast of a stranger, to interest him in Ireland's past history and her present degradation. The eloquent orator proceeded to describe the extraordinary natural advantages which Ireland possesses in her climate, her geographical position, her numerous harbors, her fertile soil, the rich minerals which lie in her bosom. The various beauties which she possesses in her variegated scenery, her mountains and her plains, her rivers and her lakes—why then with all these natural advantages does she hold so inferior a position among the nations of the earth. One reason assigned by her enemies is, that the Celtic race is inferior to the Teutonic—the German or Saxon. Whilst he did not underrate the industry and love of liberty which distinguished the Teutonic family of nations, he showed that the nations most distinguished in ancient history for their excellence in arts and arms were all Celts. The Scythians, Phenicians, the Egyptians, Romans and Greeks, all were Celts. Even the modern Romans, the Italians, although they had exchanged the sword for the crozier, preserved their powers of conquest, for under their influence it was that all Europe had been Christianized and civilized; and the modern French thoroughly Celtic, are now the arbiters of the world's destinies. He showed upon the authority of several writers of renown, many of them English and Scotch—Sir James McIntosh, Bonner, Whittaker, and Stillingfleet among the rest—that the ancient Irish, all Celtic as they were, possessed a higher degree of civilization, more commerce, more learning, more skill in arms than any other of the contiguous nations, whilst in modern days their prowess in the service of almost every nation in Europe was attested on many a bloody battle-field, their industry at the present day is exemplified in the broad lands, the railways, the canals, the commerce, the trade of their adopted land; whilst at home their eloquence, their skill in the manly arts in which they are permitted by the jealousy of England to engage, is sufficient to redeem the Celtic character from the reproaches cast upon it. Even the system of jurisprudence of which England boasts—her trial by jury—was borrowed from Celtic Ireland, so far back as the days of the good King Alfred, who studied there. Nay more, when in the commotions consequent upon the feudal transactions of what are called the dark ages, when learning was banished from all other parts of Europe, in Celtic Ireland and Celtic Italy alone it found places of refuge. Irish missionaries, under the authority of Rome, it was who subsequently went forth to all parts of the world to spread the light of religion and rekindle that of civilization. Their Celtic origin was therefore not the cause of their degradation. But there is yet another proof that the Celtic element cannot debase. What other people but the Celtic could endure such a series of persecutions as the Irish have, during eight centuries, and yet survive with their aspirations for liberty unquenched.

Others say that the degradation of Ireland is owing to the Catholic religion and the influence of the Catholic clergy. So far from this latter having any effect, it is only lately that a Catholic clergyman could even publicly appear as such in Ireland. As to Religion, this has little to do with the material prosperity of a Nation. Pagan Rome was great—the cities of Italy, Spain and Portugal have all had their seasons of prosperity whilst they were Catholic. Holland and England were long, even in Protestant times, inferior places; both acquired greatness by monopolies in the Indies, whilst Protestant Holland—still Protestant, is sunk, England, yet Protestant, is on the wane; France, Catholic, is the most powerful nation in Europe. It is not religion which makes a nation wealthy; religion was not established for such a purpose.

The real cause of the inferior position in which Catholic Celtic Ireland has so long stood is to be found in the oppression, the tyranny, the misgovernment of England, which grew upon the unhappy dissensions of Ireland's own sons. English bigotry kept the country in civil war—the entire country was confiscated three several times—how could the arts of peace then flourish? English jealousy put down Irish manufactures and crushed Irish commerce; how could Irishmen prosper in trade? England made it a high crime to teach an Irishman (unless he was of the dominant religion) to read, how could they escape being ignorant? The English aristocrats by the uncertain tenure of the land they rented to the people, could at any time resume possession and thus seize upon the increased value given to the land by the labor or agricultural skill used. To be industrious, there, was to be a slave who might not expect to reap the profit of his toil. If by any means the people could acquire a little property, an oppressive taxation for the support of a foreign government, for the maintenance of a set of aristocrats at home, and add to this, that they had to support two Churches, one through fear, the other through love. Let all this be taken into consideration, and you cannot long wonder that the Celts of Ireland are not a prosperous nation. In conclusion, he expressed his firm belief that Ireland never could be a prosperous nation until she had the right of self government, and complete separation from English misrule.

Such are the points which Mr. Tyler elaborated, and brought various arguments to support. He was most enthusiastically cheered throughout. The proceeds are for a charitable purpose. After he had resumed his seat, G. Constantine Collins, Esq., proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Tyler, which was adopted by acclamation.

In Washington.

The 'Sons of the Emerald Isle' says the Washington *Star*, assembled at Donnelly's restaurant, on Pennsylvania Avenue, near Sixth street, to celebrate the anniversary of their patron saint. The dinner and liquors were served up in a style not inferior to that of the best hotels either in the city, or at the North.

The company sat down about 9 o'clock, P. M., Thomas Fitman, Esq., presiding. When the cloth was removed the usual regular toasts were given, among which were,

'The memory of the heroes of the wars of the Revolution and 1812.'

'The memory of Andrew Jackson.'

'The Hon. Henry A. Wise, and the Democracy of the 'Old Dominion.'

'Freedom from all entangling alliances with foreign powers.'

Among the guests were the Hon. Fayette McMullen, T. Jones, Esq., President of the St. Andrew's Society, of New-York, and Daniel B. Taylor, President of the Laborer's Union Society of New-York, numbering seven thousand members.

During the night eloquent speeches were made by the presiding officer, the Hon. Fayette McMullen and other gentlemen, interspersed from time to time with patriotic songs, flashes of wit and repartee, until 2 o'clock in the morning, when the company separated, highly delighted with the evening's jollification. Prosperi's fine band contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening.

The *Union* of the 18th says, the weather yesterday was spring-like and delightful, as unlike the ideal St. Patrick's day of the gossips as it is possible to conceive. There was the usual religious services at the Roman Catholic churches, but no public demonstration, on the part either of the Montgomery Guards, or of the civic societies, in honor of 'Ireland's glorious apostle.' In the evening there was a social entertainment at the 'Vulcan House,' on Pennsylvania Avenue.

In Buffalo, N.Y.

The *Buffalo Sentinel* says the morning of the 17th was pleasant, and at 9 o'clock most of the members of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and Sons of Erin Societies assembled at their Hall. At a quarter to 10 the procession was formed. The Friendly Sons, preceded by the Emerald Brass Band, in uniform; the beautiful banner of the Society was in line, followed by the officers and members. The Sons of Erin were preceded by the Regimental Band, followed by the Society's handsome banner, officers and members. The procession was the largest ever turned out by the Irish Societies in this City, and the appropriate regalia worn by the officers and members, together with the excellent music and beautiful banners, attracted the attention of thousands as the procession moved along to the Cathedral.

The Clergy from all parts of the City were present at the Solemn High Mass offered up at the St. Joseph's Cathedral on the occasion; and the service made a deep impression upon the immense multitude crowding every part of the noble edifice.

The Very Rev. Father Lynch preached an eloquent sermon upon the life and service of the illustrious St. Patrick. At the conclusion of the Rev. gentleman's discourse, the Rt. Rev. Bishop offered a few timely remarks as to the proper manner of spending the day.

After the service the procession again formed, and proceeded up Pearl street, to Genesee, across to Main-street, and down to Swan-street, then down to the laying of the Corner-stone of the new St. Patrick's Church, about to be erected by Father Deane and his spirited people. The Rt. Rev. Bishop soon arrived, accompanied by a number of clergymen and assistants, and commenced the service set apart by the Church for such occasions.

We have not seen the plan of the new Church, but expect that it will be one that will be creditable to the honored name of St. Patrick, and well worthy the encouragement of every true son of Ireland.

The procession was again formed, and marched to the Societies' Hall.

The day continued pleasant, and everything passed off highly satisfactory. Nothing occurred to annoy any good citizen or give him reason to regret that the Irish Societies marched in procession on last Tuesday.

In Toronto, Canada.

From the Toronto *Mirror*, we glean a full account of the celebration which was held with greater *eclat* than on any occasion for the last seven years. The streets and lanes were absolutely crowded with celebrants moving in badges and uniforms suggestive of national *souvenirs*. From an early hour in the morning until the termination of the proceedings, a continual stream of enthusiastic Irishmen, and their sons and daughters, pressed to and fro to the various points of attraction, evincing in their looks and gesticulations the sacred patriotic fire which internally consumed them. Indeed, we never remember to have seen, and we are sure that thousands will bear us out in this, a greater manifestation of Irish feeling in this City, materially damped though it was by the absence of several well known emblems, and the fresh remembrance of the unfortunate accident at Hamilton. In every direction the colors and characteristics of the Green Island met the beholder, and midst the remarks and comments of the surrounding public, the heavy oric accent of the speakers marked the glowing tongues of our nation.

In the front came the National Banner of St. Patrick, with the portrait of the Saint on the obverse, and the Harp and wolf-dog on the reverse. It was followed by the senior part of the Young Men's Association, to the number of about one hundred men, the President and officers leading. Next came the banner of the Young Men's Association. Upwards of four hundred youths turned out with distinguished badges, and marching regularly to the sound of the drum of the Toronto Temperance Band. After the Young Men's St. Patrick Association, the Seminarians, Pupils and Professors of St. Michael's College, to the number of about one hundred and fifty advanced. Their

banner was the red silk flag of St. Michael, which was executed at the instance of the late Bishop Power. They were accompanied by Maul's Clarionette Band, and formed one of the most interesting and orderly corps in the procession. Following the banner of the Old Debating Society, the pupils of the Christian Brothers came forward, accompanied by their teachers, and bearing onward five splendid flags in green, white and gold. The bearing and appearance of these youths was most excellent. After the Christian Schools came that numerous, fraternal, never absent, ever patriotic, but unhappily disorganized body—Irishmen in general. All ages, all sizes, all conditions, were here displayed and concentrated, The industrious laborer, the talented lawyer, the successful merchant, the honest farmer, each and every one combined in this part of the procession to do honor to the national day. The national banner being in front, and leading the senior members of the Young Men's Association, 'Irishmen in general' had no banner; there was not the less order and spirit on their part however. Mr. Barry and Mr. P. O'Connell lead the way, and there followed in procession more than four thousand men, filing away to a distance of miles, and forming the largest assemblage that Toronto has ever witnessed on such an occasion. Owing to the death of Father Matthew we suppose, and out of respect to his memory, the Banner of the Apostle of Temperance was not unfurled on this occasion. The Rev. Mr. Fitzhenry, Rev. Mr. Flannery, Rev. Mr. Lawrence, and another fine countryman of ours who is a Professor in St. Michael's College, were present on this occasion, wearing the national colors.

On account of the recent dreadful catastrophe at Hamilton, it was judged meet, as an appropriate expression of sympathy with the bereaved, that the bands should not perform the usual enlivening and spirit-stirring airs. Instead, therefore, the flags were draped in crape, and every sign given to show how deeply our countrymen are afflicted at the awful misfortune which has fallen upon and desolated so many families amongst our fellow-citizens.

The procession started from St. Paul's at half-past nine o'clock, and advancing up King Street, passed the *Mirror* office, turned in the direction of Church Street, and entered St. Michael's Cathedral, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Mr. Flannery, assisted by Rev. Mr. O'Dea, and another Rev. gentleman. The Right Rev. Bishop of London, C. W., was present, beside whom sat the Rev. Mr. Fitzhenry, P. P. of St. Paul's. The sermon was preached by the noble and patriotic pastor of Orillia, Rev. Mr. Synnott. He took his text from a remarkable passage in the Old Testament; and proceeding to illustrate it, drew a sublime picture of the preaching and conquests of Patrick amongst our benighted ancestors. During the delivery of his sermon, the twelve thousand Irishmen and women in and around our magnificent Cathedral, and especially those in the vicinity of St. Patrick's altar, were deeply moved. After the conclusion of High Mass, the procession re-formed, and, returning by the Government House, broke up opposite St. Paul's. Here several excellent speeches were delivered, after which the people dispersed to their homes.

The proceedings of the day were of the most harmonious and agreeable character. There was not the slightest attempt at any display of ill feeling. Temperance seemed to be the order of the day. We cannot close these remarks without recording our approbation of the tasteful mode in which the little ladies in the Sisters' Schools were dressed on their coming into the Cathedral; they were the most interesting celebrants of the day.

THE SOIREE.

In the evening there was a grand Soiree in St. Lawrence Hall, for the benefit of the Orphans. The building was crowded almost to suffocation, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The chair was taken by Father Fitzhenry at eight o'clock. The proceedings were opened by a most eloquent address from Mr. Jeremiah O'Neill, President of the Young Men's St. Patrick Association, which was received with the most enthusiastic cheers.

Band—'*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.*'

Rev. Mr. Lawrence rose with the green badge on his breast, amidst the most enthusiastic plaudits from the audience. He referred in feeling terms to the labors and sufferings of the great Apostle of Ireland, which in persecutions and trials had descended to his children. He then proceeded to elucidate and expound the history of St. Patrick, and through a discourse of singular ability and erudition, followed him through the most striking events of his life. The Rev. gentleman concluded his eloquent address amidst great applause.

Song by the Orphans—'Hibernia's Saint all Hail!' which was sang with much sweetness. They sang also the 'Orphan's Prayer.'

Band—'*Exile of Erin.*'

Mr. Barry rose amidst loud cheers, to speak to the memory of Father Mathew. In referring to the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, he held up a badge of green, and waving it aloft, pronounced it to be *his* colors. [Cheers.] He then went on to enlarge upon the deeds of Father Mathew, and upon the immense amount of good he had done to the Irish people.

Band—'*Farewell to whiskey, O.*'

Rev. Mr. Flannery delivered a powerful and striking address, replete with true Celtic humor, and so frequently interrupted by the plaudits and cheers of the audience as to render it impossible to report it.

Band—'*The Gallant Boys of Tipperary.*'

Capt. Feehan responded to the sentiment of the Volunteers.

Band—'*March of the Volunteers.*'

The next sentiment proposed was,

'*The recall of Wm. Smith O'Brien from banishment, and the members of the Canadian Parliament who voted for an address to the Queen for that purpose.*'

The enunciation of this sentiment was received with a perfect hurricane of cheers, counter cheers, and other extravagant outbursts of enthusiasm. It was several minutes before quiet could be restored; and when at length it was accomplished, the appearance of Mr. O'Farrell, of Lotbiniere, was the signal for renewed cheering.

John O'Farrell, M. P., responded, referring in glowing terms to the efforts of himself and his fellow-members, as also to the petitions from every part of the country got up by one of the Catholic journals of this city [the *Mirror,*] in the passage of the resolutions for an address to the Queen for the recall of Smith O'Brien. At every mention he made of the name of Smith O'Brien he was interrupted with a fresh burst of enthusiasm.

Band—'*Garry-owen for Glory.*'

Mr. Sergeant Sullivan sang the *Emerald Isle;* and was very enthusiastically greeted.

Mr. Jeremiah Murphy followed. He deprecated religious dissensions, and characterized *aristocratic principles,* manifested in landlord tyranny, as the bane of Ireland.

Band—'*Rory O'Mores.*'

A very little boy delivered an oration on the late Daniel O'Connell.

Band—'*Low-Backed Car.*'

Mr. John Mulvey next addressed the meeting in a few concise and sensible remarks.

Band—'*Canadian Boat Song.*'

After Mr. Mulvey's speech the meeting broke up. The Hall, during the evening, was completely filled, and the table in the supper-room, presided over by the young ladies of the Rosary of St. Paul's, was most admirable.

In Detroit, Mich.

The Detroit *Catholic Vindicator* gives a full report of the Patrick's Day proceedings there, which we condense.

The celebration of this honored anniversary, in this city, was creditable to the thousands of Irishmen and their descendants, whose home is in our midst.

The day dawned clear and bright. The streets were dry and clean, and the mild atmosphere of spring seemed to invite the people to come forth, and participate in the ceremonies and festivities of the day. At an early hour the crowd began to wend their way to Trinity Church, where the procession of the Guilds and Societies was to organise and start from. At nine o'clock the line was formed under the direction of the Marshals of the day, Messrs. John Cornfield, Edward Blacker, Captain John McDermott, and E. T. Sherlock, and marched up Michigan Avenue, in the following order, to Woodward Avenue:

Kern's Detroit Light Guard, Brass Band.
Shields' Guards, Captain Maloy.
Guild of the 'Holy Family,' with banner.
Guild of 'St. Peter and Paul,'
And 'St. Patrick's Society.'
The procession thus moved to the Cathedral.

At Half-past ten o'clock, Father Hennaert, assisted by the resident clergy, offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass before a kneeling congregation of at least four thousand souls. The choir of St. Joseph's Church was in attendance, having kindly volunteered their services. The anniversary sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Hennessey.

After Mass the procession again formed, and marched to Bishop Lefevre's residence, where another halt was made, and the Bishop saluted, after which the march was resumed direct for the Mayor's residence, where another halt was called, and his Honor saluted in an appropriate manner. Speeches were made, and the procession returned by the way of the Michigan Exchange to Guild Hall, where the company dispersed in the best humor.

The dinner of the St. Patrick's Society took place at the Michigan Exchange, in the evening. The following are the officers of this Society:—President, Thomas Gallagher; Cornelius O'Flynn, William Gray, Capt. E. Maloy, Hugh Flynn, Hugh O'Beirne; Treasurer, John Collins; Secretary, Geo. H. Nesbit; Almoner, James Collins.

The room was appropriately decorated. The national colors draped in graceful festoons upon the walls, surrounding a transparency of the 'Irish Harp,' entwined with the 'Shamrock, Rose and Thistle,' bearing the legend, 'Erin go Bragh.' The tables presented an inviting appearance, and were well covered with the delicacies and substantials suitable to the occasion.

Mr. Gallagher presided. After the cloth had been removed, letters of apology were read from Governor Bingham, of Michigan, Bishop M'Closkey, Hon. C. O. Flynn, M.C., and others. The regular toasts were then introduced.

Hugh O'Beirne, Esq., responded in a truly Irish manner to the 'Day we celebrate.'

Mr. A. Russell responded to the

'President of the U.S.'—Like Jackson, Polk, and Taylor, may he prove worthy of his Celtic origin, and exhibit to the world that Irish statesmanship, denied a national existence, reappears with renewed lustre in America.

Mr. Russell joined them for the first time that night. A friend had called him a volunteer. I accept the word (said Mr. W.) as no ignoble title; for does it not instinctively remind us of the Irish-American *volunteers,* who, on the fields of Mexico, revived the ancient glories of Celtic valor. Your toast commemorates former chief magistrates of America who boasted Irish blood; and who can ever forget that Irishmen of a past generation, flying from a soil no longer their own, sprinkled ours with revolutionary blood, and, in their sons, have given four Presidents to America. Why, our only real ruler since the days of Washington, was the son of an Irish refugee. Strike from our history the brilliant administration of the Irish Jackson—animated by an energy and will that never knew hesitation or fear—and how tame would be our latter annals! And where, Mr. President, but to America, can we look for the Irish statesmen of to-day? Already on our shores the Emmets and the Meaghers 'nourish their great souls apart.' To the transfer of so many of your countrymen to our midst, the great fact of modern history, the historian of the twentieth century will point as the first practical solution of the great enigma of Irish rule, which centuries of misgovernment and oppression have not taught English statesmen to read.

To 'Ireland' Messrs. W. Gray and Daly responded. The 'Judiciary and the Bar' found an advocate in Mr. C. J. Walker, and D. Bettune Duffield, at considerable length, spoke to the 'Memory of Washington and O'Connell.' In the course of his speech Mr. D. said—Go where you will, over land or sea, and you will find their fame has preceded you. I remember being particularly struck with this, a few months since, while strolling among the towering Alps of Europe. At the foot of the celebrated Mount Righi, and preparatory to its ascent, I entered a small hospice, designed for the accommodation of travellers, and on the humble walls of one of its apartments I observed four engravings. One was that of the three Swiss patriots, who, in the face of high heaven, were solemnly taking the oath to deliver the country from their oppressors; the second was a representation of our own Niagara Falls; the third was that of Washington in his continental dress; and the fourth represented the indomitable O'Connell, in his long parliamentary frock coat. There, amid the stillness of those vast mountains, I beheld the very birth, as it were, of the old Swiss republic, the freedom of the young American republic, thundering with the voice of its power through its own Niagara to the glory of the immortal Washington; and in the presence of Daniel O'Connell, I saw the young Irish republic yet to be. Why should not Ireland be free? England's best wit, best oratory, best statesmanship, have long come out of Ireland, and Irish blood have sanctified almost every British victory for the last one hundred years. Even her present proud Premier, if I err not, is himself of Irish birth, or of immediate Irish descent. Why then, should not Ireland be free? Why should not the warm but sad hearts of her surviving patriots, such as Smith O'Brien, Mitchel, Meagher and Gray, be cheered by the full enjoyment of a national liberty for their native land?

The Rev. Mr. Peters spoke to the 'Pope and the Clergy,' and the 'Army, Navy and Militia of the U.S.' was responded to by Sylvester Larned, Esq., one of Detroit's own indigenous citizens, whose remarks and witticisms drew from the assembled company a continued shout of merriment.

'Our Sister Societies' were represented by Messrs. Jordan, Barclay and Terry. Next followed

'The State of Michigan and the City of Detroit'—The fairest Peninsula of the world, and the brightest gem of the Peninsula.

Levi Bishop, Esq., responded at length, in the course of which he said—His friend Russell had remarked that the sons of Ireland had given us four Presidents of the United States. To this Mr. B. would add, that it might be among possibilities, that they would soon have the honor of giving us the fifth. The nation had failed to elevate a distinguished citizen of Michigan to a station among the most responsible, exalted and honorable in the world, but Michigan might yet have such an honor presented in another of her citizens who was also of Irish descent. He alluded to an invited guest for the evening, who had recently returned from a high station at Washington to take up his residence in this city. He regretted to notice that the Hon. gentleman had left the table as he had hoped to hear from him in the course of the evening, and were he still present, Mr. B. would ask the audience to stand up and give three hearty cheers, for the Hon. Robert McClelland. Stranger things had often occurred, than that some of us, in future years, might look back to the time when an American President received his first nomination to that high office at a St. Patrick's dinner in Detroit.

Several volunteer toasts were given, and the festivities were protracted to a late hour, when the St. Patrick's Society and their guests, retired, and thus ended one of the most agreeable festivals yet held on St. Patrick's day in the city of Detroit.

In Madison, Wis.

The holy name of St. Patrick was honored by his countrymen in this city with peculiar attention, says the Madison *Argus and Democrat.* Service was held at the Catholic Chapel by Father Etchman. Labor generally was suspended among Irishmen, and the day was given to recreation and amusement.

In the evening, a choice party met at the rooms of Wright & Mayers, when they sat down to an elegant wine supper, prepared by Mr. Young, of the St. Nicholas Saloon. Mr. Willard presided with happy grace. Among the invited guests were Attorney General Smith, Assistant Secretary Hunt, Father Doyle, of Waukesha, Mr. Hopkins, Private Secretary, Dr. Hobbins and other gentlemen. After the 'solids' had been disposed of, the cloth was removed, and a gay succession of toasts, speeches, songs and sentiments followed.

The regular toasts were read by the President.

1. The Day we celebrate.

Father Doyle responded to this toast in a style of happy and feeling eloquence. To-day, wherever under the broad sun an Irishman was found, his heart throbbed with peculiar and fond emotions. We might appreciate the veneration with which this day is regarded, by imagining what, many hundred years hence, when only a few of her greatest names will live in American history, will be the feelings with which the patriot and the philanthropist will recall the name of George Washington. (Applause.) He had hopes for Ireland as long as St. Patrick was reverenced.

John A. Byrne followed with a song.

2. The President of the United States.

Responded to by Gen. Wm. R. Smith. He had known the illustrious man it was proposed to compliment by this toast from boyhood. Gen. Smith gave some interesting reminiscences of their acquaintance, and paid a hearty tribute to the manly life and character of James Buchanan.

3. The Governor and State officers.

Mr. Hopkins, Private Secretary to the Governor responded.

4. Our Guests. Responded to by Dr. Hobbins, in a style of honor and good feeling.

5. The Press. Responded to by Mr. Calkins.

6. The Ladies. Responded to by Captain Platt and Mr. Plunkett.

7. Irishmen in America. Responded to by Mr. McFarland.

These various 'exercises' were interspersed with bursts of song and wit, and volunteer sentiments were pronounced in order, and were rapidly delivered. No report can do justice to the many good things said and felt as the glass, the jest and song went round—story and poetry and wit and eloquence forming a beautiful source of social enjoyment. At a late hour the party broke up, hoping to meet on many a returning St. Patrick's Day, as rare a set of good feeling fellows, as surrounded that festive board.

In the evening a ball and supper also came off at the Wisconsin House.

After supper, the assemblage was organized for the reception of some appropriate toasts, by appointing Mr. John H. Slavin, President, and Mayor Fairchild and Col. Bird Vice-Presidents. Thomas Heeran was appointed Secretary and James Ross, Esq., the Toast Master. Mr. Ross, after some suitable remarks to the meeting, proceeded to give the sentiments as they were handed in.

Mr. Heeran gave 'The land of our birth, first in thought, and ever to be revered by every true patriot. May the day soon arrive when the bonds of tyranny shall be severed in twain, and the right of man to self government be universally acknowledged with pride from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same.'

Philip Cosgrove gave the memory of Daniel O'Connell.

John Heeran gave 'Victorious Eagle, and all her loyalists, and to James Buchanan, our nation's pride and our nation's choice, the rights of man will be faithfully maintained under his administration.'

F. O'Malley gave 'The memory of Robert Emmet; ever green as the Shamrock of his native Isle in the hearts of his countrymen, long may it flourish to the shame of oppression and the pride of freedom.'

J. W. Tierney gave 'The Irish and their descendants in every land, may they always cherish the unconquerable principles of liberty and justice which our ancestors defended with their lives.'

John Casey gave 'The Green Isle, the brightest spot in memory;' Michael Cosgrove, 'The Day we celebrate;' and Col. Bird 'The American Eagle.'

James Ross:

'To the memory of Andrew Jackson, a son of Erin by parentage, and of America by birth, he honored the one and did justice to the other; may the humblest son or daughter of Erin take a bright hope from his parents, and every American Celt do as nobly as he did.'

P. M'Cabe, 'A hard trotting horse and a porcupine saddle to the enemies of 'Ould Ireland.'

These sentiments were separately received with much applause and hearty feeling, and, when the last was concluded, Mayor Fairchild stated to the meeting that, as he had come unprepared with a formal toast, he would express the feeling of his heart on the occasion; which he performed in a pleasant and impressive manner. After some stirring remarks from Col. Bird, and Mr. Slavin, Mr. Heeran moved that the kindness of the ladies present should be acknowledged, Mr. Ross seconded. The thanks of the meeting were tendered to Alderman Heeran and Zwickey of the first ward, for the comfort of the arrangements, and the excellence of the music, and to managers M. Smith, J. W. Tierney, O'Malley and Philip Cosgrove.

In Milwaukie, Wis.

MILWAUKIE, March 18th, 1857.

Editor of the Irish News.

Yesterday morning was ushered in with a clear sky, as radi-

ant as the faith left to the people of Ireland by their honored and beloved apostle. The sun, about nine o'clock, came out pretty warm, making the day much more pleasant than March days generally are along the western shore of Lake Michigan. Although a celebration in this city was not contemplated until within a few days of the time, I am happy to inform you we have had a celebration not equalled perhaps by many cities of older existence, and more numerous populations. Indeed, it needs no effort to induce the children of the old honored land to celebrate their national day; the history and tradition of their country, its memories, and the faith to which they cling, as clings the ivy round its favorite oak, tell them silently that it is their duty to do honor to the memory of their patron apostle. The Union Guards, a splendid Irish Company, numbering about sixty men, paraded the streets during the day. This Company is but two years organized, and I think that it will in every respect compare favorably with any company in the Union. Its men are all intelligent, young, industrious, of good character, devotedly attached to the country of their birth, and watchful of the honor and prosperity of the country of their adoption. In the evening, a splendid supper was served up in one of our city halls. Senator O'Neil, a very worthy and much respected countryman of ours, presided. Ferguson, the celebrated Irish piper was in attendance, and, oh! many an eye was rivetted on that child of genius, as from his silver tipped pipes he chanted that beautiful air,

'Let Erin remember the days of old.'

The regular toasts included the usual ones of honor to the day, and the saint, and the country he converted to Christianity, and others, as follows:

The President of the United States.—The son of an Irishman; he will prove himself worthy of his parentage, and of his lofty position by administering the laws firmly and faithfully, and by preventing any European power from occupying on this continent a position incompatible with the honor, the interest, or the dignity of the Republic.—*The President's March.*

The Hierarchy of Ireland.—Faithful sentinels on the watch tower of Israel; while vigilantly guarding the spiritual interests of their flocks, may they also promote their temporal interests by uniting with them in wresting from their oppressors those liberties that have been so long withheld.—*Adeste Fideles.*

The Memory of Daniel O'Connell.—Ireland's Christian Statesman: Time may leave her mark upon the mountain granite, but never, never can she rob Ireland of the memory of her most gifted advocate.—*A Dirge.*

Grattan and the Volunteers.—The Irish Parliament was but a mockery until purified by the mighty magic of their swords.—*Marseilles Hymn.*

The Memory of Father Matthew.—His labors in the great cause of Temperance were not confined to his own countrymen; neither is his fame.'—*A Dirge.*

The Irish in America.—While cherishing an undying love for the land of their birth, they'll be ever ready (as they always have been) to prove their attachment to the land of their adoption by defending her against foreign foes or domestic factions. —*Garry Owen.*

Right Rev. J. M. Henni.—Our beloved and revered Bishop; his virtues, talents and untiring zeal place him among the foremost in the ranks of the American Hierarchy.—*See, the Conquering Hero Comes.*

Civil and Religious Liberty.—The glorious birthright of man—the precious boon left us by our forefathers; as we consider it the corner-stone of our Republican institutions, we will ever defend it, if need be, even with the last drop of our blood. —*Star Spangled Banner.*

The State of Wisconsin.—Although one of the youngest daughters of the Republic, scarcely yet in her teens, yet she has, by her excellent constitution and unrivalled charms, won for herself a world-wide celebrity, and attracted admirers from all nations.—*Hail Columbia.*

Several volunteer toasts were given, of which the following are a few.

By C. O. Mahoney.—'The Memory of Stuben Pulaski and Lafayette. They derived from European sources, that blood which they shed for the Freedom of America.'

By John Horan.—'Charles Gavan Duffy—When his voice is again raised in Ireland, may it be in an Irish Senate.'

By Thomas Sheehan.—'John Mitchel—May he live to see his country take her place among the Nations of the earth.'

By James Neary.—Thomas Francis Meagher—The incorruptible Patriot, the eloquent Advocate of the rights of man, regardless of Country or Creed.'

By John Horan.—The Health of our very worthy and excellent President, Capt. O'Neil.'

By Andrew Mullen.—Memory of Solomon Juneau, the founder of our city—His many virtues have earned for him a fame that will live in history.'

His name is his eulogy,
None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.'

By C. O. Mahoney.—The Memory of George Washington—Though childless millions of Freemen revere him as a father.'

By William Kennedy.—'Theobald Wolf Tone—One of Ireland's Noblest Champions, whose Patriotism was as pure as her purling streams. May his memory be as lasting as her hills.'

By E. O'Neil.—Milwaukee—Queen of the Lakes and future Metropolis of the Great West, with a true spirit of enterprise she reaches out her iron arms to all parts of our beautiful State, thereby affording the facilities of commerce to an industrious people, and in return receiving untold millions of the products of her fertile Prairies and exhaustless Mines.'

Every thing went off very satisfactorily.

Yours, J. H.

In St. Louis, Missouri.

The St. Louis *Leader*, brings us a record of what it calls 'one of the most auspicious and spirited celebrations ever held in St. Louis.' The Hibernian, R. C. Total Abstinence, and Shamrock Societies were out in full force, and formed in the morning a most beautiful procession, with music, badges, and banners. The banners were unusually splendid, and the fine taste displayed in them was a topic of general remark wherever the procession passed through the city. As they proceeded, they stopped at certain houses where the ladies were prepared to do them honor, and several of the banners were crowned with superb wreaths of flowers by those fair hands. The only lady whose name we learned was Mrs. J. C. Ivory.

The final destination of the procession was St. Patrick's Church, at the corner of Sixth and Biddle, where a solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Fr. Smarius, and the panegyric of St. Patrick was preached by the Rev. Fr. Ryan. Not only the church was crowded, but the adjacent streets, and the scene within was truly superb, from the societies and the numerous banners. The music was (we hear) admirable, and the noble statue of St. Patrick, overlooking the scene, seemed to smile upon it with approval.

Father Ryan is well known as a favorite preacher, but on this occasion the best judges, and most difficult to please, admit that he excelled himself.

We learn that the devotion of the people to the patron Saint of Ireland, was manifested in the morning by nearly a thousand communions at the Church of St. Patrick alone, while at the other churches there was also observed a much greater number of people than is usual on week days, even though they may be festivals.

The more festive celebrations of the Day was by a dinner of the Hibernians. It came off at Verandah Hall, and the company sat down at about 5 p m. There were nearly two hundred gentlemen present, five tables being set. Speeches were made by Mr. Fortune, (President,) Rev. P. J. Ryan, Captain Frost, J. R. Barrett, W. Lindsay, A. J. P. Garesche, M. J. Young, James Regan and John Gorey.

Among the Guests present were Hon. D. M. Frost, Hon. J. R. Barrett, Alex. S. P. Garesche, J. V. Huntington, Esqs., Mayor How sent the following letter of apology:—

To J. C. Bery, Chairman Hibernian Benevolent Society.

It would have given me much pleasure to have accepted your kind invitation to participate in the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, but having been unwell for the past two weeks, and still under medical treatment, it is wise, though I do so with regret, to decline a social evening with my Hibernian friends. Believe me, gentlemen, individually, and as a Society, ever your friend.

John. How.

Mayor's Office, St. Louis, March 10th 1857.

An excellent Brass Band was in attendance, and relieved the toasts and speeches with inspiring airs.

On introducing the toasts, the President, Mr. James Fortune, made a brief and happy address.

In addition to the usual toasts pertaining to 'Ireland' and the 'day we celebrate' 'washington' &c., the following were in the regular list.

The city of St. Louis—The present commercial metropolis of the Great West. The centre at which the Atlantic and Pacific railroads will meet—it is destined to be the great emporium of the world. 'Arkansas Traveller.'

The Exiled Patriots of Ireland—we hail their deliverence as the dawn of freedom to the Green Isle of the Ocean. 'Garryowen.'

The United States of America—They open their arms to welcome the oppressed of all nations; may they only cease to be united, when the sun ceases to shed her rays over our Western Hemisphere. 'Hail Columbia.'

The Memory of the deceased Irish patriots.

The State of Missouri—With a good constitution, rich in her mineral resources, what is she destined to be, under a well regulated currency? 'Governor's March.'

Other toasts doing honor to the 'Militia of St. Louis, 'the 'Bar,' the 'Press,' the 'Ladies,' and followed after which some volunteer toasts were given. Here are some of the most noticeable:—

By John Gorey. May England's Star pale, and her Felon Flag be furled in the dust forever, and may the oppressed Sister Isle, the land of the Shamrock, assume a glorious Destiny.

By Henry Dusenbury. The union of the Irish and English Parliament in 1808, without authority from the Irish Nation, was a nullity. It was a union not of hearts, but of words; not of affection, but of force; not of equality, but of the grossest imposition. The Irish constitution is not dead, it merely sleeps under English oppression. It will awake to a newness of life and energy, whenever the favorable time arrives for the dessolution of that unholy union. God speed the Repeal so ardently desired by the Irish Nation.

By P. B. Gareschee. America's Adopted Sons—With the sword in War, and the spade in Peace, equally ready to advance her greatness and to share her perils.

By James Regan. May the name of Richard Monrgomery be enshrined in every man's breast who loves freedom.

By Wm. Lindsay. The Hon. John Kelly, of New York, the unflinching advocate of Irishmen and Irish rights, their talent and bravery, the defender of the 'Irish Brigade' against the slanders of Davis of Baltimore, and 'Parson' Akers, of Missouri, supported by our own pet Representative, the Hon. L. M. Kennett.

On the whole, says the Editor of the *Leader*, it was a day long to be remembered, and the tranquil celebration of which, amid the applause of all our citizens, shows that the Irish Emigration, which is so important and so valuable an element of American citizenship, fairly sits down here 'under its own vine and its own fig-tree, with no man to molest or make them afraid.' For our own part, we look upon such gatherings with a view to the future, as well as to the past—nay, rather than to the past. The root of this emigration is in Ireland, but its branches and foliage and fruit, are in the future of our own country.

The children and grandchildren of these 'Hibernians' will be no small, no uninfluential portion of the people of the Great West. We do not think there is any danger of there retaining too much of a nationality not native to the soil: the danger is that they will forget it too much and too soon: for such recollections are deeply salutary in the bosom of any new people.

In Savannah, Geo.

If the Sons of St. Patrick had the making of the day, they could not have chosen one more congenial, says the Savannah *Georgian and Journal*, to whose columns we are indebted for an account of the 'days doings.'

With first sunshine the flag floated from the City Hotel, and ere long the gallant Jaspar Greens mustered in strong numbers with music sweet and standards strong, under the command of 1st Lieut. John Foley.

As soon as all had combined at the invitation of the Irish Union Society, they proceeded to the Athenæum, to hear the annual address delivered on the occasion, by Col. O. A. Lochrane, of Macon.

The building was crowded down-stairs and up-stairs with ladies and gentlemen, the fair and beautiful, the gallant and true. On the stage with Col. Lochrane, we noticed besides the usual invited and distinguished guests, the following officers of the Hibernian Society, President John Kelly, Vice-President John Cass, Treasurer John McMahon, Secretary Lawrence Gilmartin, Standard Bearer Francis Shields. Of the Irish Union Society, there were President D. E. O'Byrne, Vice-President John Reedy, Secretary E. Flatley, Treasurer P. Hanley, and Standard Bearer John Higgins. The whole presented a bright and beautiful scene, as the immense building was filled from roof to base unusual to see.

Col. Lochrane was introduced by President O'Byrne, of the Society, and amid applause due to the well-known talent of the orator, he began a brilliant and powerful oration, Irish in sentiment, American in duty, and constitutional in feeling.

After introductory remarks, Mr. Lochrane said he did not propose to speak of Ireland in the language of poetry, nor should he trespass on their patience with a history of St. Patrick.

Our meeting here in honor of his memory is more than eulogy. Feeling rises above expression, and leaves words staggering far behind.

Mr. L. pronounced as foully infamous and contemptibly false, the assertion, that the English in their first incursion into the country found the Irish a race of savages, conquered them and infused law, order and educational refinement among them!

Two centuries before their invasion, the mighty and learning-loving Alfred was educated in Ireland. When Ireland was one vast temple of literature and philosophy, England could scarce boast of even a village school-master. When England was comparatively ignorant and uncivilized, Ireland was cultivating the arts and sciences that then flourished on the shores of the Mediterranean, and shed their effulgence over Egypt and Etruria. 'She had a glorious history before the crowning of Charlemagne—before the crescent waved over the far fields of Andalusia.'

After a forcible description of Ireland before the English invaded her shores, Mr. L. reviewed their sufferings under Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell and others, and came down to the question of Irish bravery, and pointed to Aughrim, when the shamrock blushed in blood; to the moats of Badjados, to Vemeira, to Waterloo, to Fontenoy, where the chivalry of England bent before the exiled Irishmen.

'Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hungry pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.'

I will point, he said, to Cassano and Calcinato, to Fredlingen and to Vittoria—to the Alma, and Balaklava, when they struggled to maintain that despicable policy of keeping up national balances. He showed why Ireland should rank among the independent nations of Europe. He reviewed her resources, agreed that all attempts to gain independence by moral force were useless, and that nothing but union and the sword could effect such, and brought classic illustrations of ancient and modern history to show that war is to the world what the storm is to the atmosphere, or agitation to the waves of the sea. These convictions the speaker illustrated with scenes from Irish history forcibly to the point, bringing forth from the immense audience frequent, loud, and prolonged applause.

In referring to the treaty of Limerick, broken ere the ink was scarce dry, Mr. L. said, regarding the religious persecutions in Ireland. 'By the penal laws, the priest of Ireland and the wolf that infested her forests were put under the same odious enactments.'

'Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.'

Mr. L. then glanced at the fearful workings of the 'State church' on the Irish people, till the Irish volunteers of '82. He referred to the efforts of Grattan. He explained how about 1798, all the advantages of '82 were again destroyed by England, and coming down to the repeal agitation of Mr. L., alluded to O'Connell. His untiring devotion, his brilliant speeches in her defence, his genius, his power. The speaker next took up the subject of the Irish settler in America, and then glanced at things around him, and the pleasure he felt in addressing, for the third time, an assemblage so appreciative; in his allusion to the efforts of the 'Irish exiles,' and their worth in this country, Mr. Lochrane observed: I glory in the men that braved the force of English tyranny, that never bent to power, that chains conld not fetter, nor dungeons intimidate. I glory in the men whom England persecuted, and never yet have made concession. She thought that in the wildness of their forest homes they would find no streams of friendship to soothe the sorrows of exile; but like the rain tree of Fierro, friendship, shed its dews to refresh their loneliness, and their patriotism would not wither into subserviency. I glory in the storm of agitation that disrobed them of their allegiance, for, like the whirlwind that blew off Elijah's mantle, it only bore them to a happier home.'

Mr. Lochrane then beautifully wound up his address with a most happy allusion to the ladies of Ireland.

After the address, the association retired to their respective quarters to spend the time socially till dinner hour.

The dinner and supper were excellent, and the speeches and toasts of the members and guests, abounding with the sparkling wit and stirring eloquence peculiar to the Irish character, made up an intellectual feast, in which the ingredients, taste, fancy, and mirth, were most beautifully blended.

John Mitchel being toasted, Col. Lochrane responded by reading a letter he had received from Mr. M., regretting it was out of his power to accept the kind invitation of the Society to join them in their festivities. Col. L. then spoke of the important services rendered the cause of Irish independence by John Mitchel, concluding with the following sentiment:

John Mitchel—The friend of freedom, no matter how poor the national garments in which she may be clad, and the immortal enemy of kings, kingletts, and house-dogs of monarchy, no matter how glittering or blazing the coronets they wear.

Mr. Henry Erben, of New-York, an invited guest, made a few remarks concerning the adopted citizens in the Sixth Ward, which he had the honor to represent in the Common Council, and closed by offering the health of James Buchanan. This was drunk standing, with three cheers, and amended by adding the health of John C. Breckinridge, which was received in like manner.

In Augusta, Ga.

A brighter St. Patrick's day, says the Augusta *Despatch*, never dawned, and the sons of Erin never made better use of the occasion than did the Irish Volunteers of Augusta. At half-past nine, the company, under command of Capt. E. J. Walker, and accompanied by many of the commissioned officers of the other companies composing the Augusta Independent Battalion, repaired to Shultz' Hill, where prizes were contended for by the privates and non-commissioned officers; the honorary members and the commissioned officers of the Volunteers and other companies.

The two prizes offered to honorary members were a handsome set of silver castors and a silver fruit knife. The first was won by Dr. J. M. Hill for Mr. P. Mullins; the second by John S. Sale, Esq.

The prize offered to the commissioned officers, a silver fruit basket was won by Lieut. Daly, of the Volunteers.

After the shooting, the members of the company, honorary members and invited guests partook of a substantial lunch, at which quite a number of volunteer sentiments were offered, and several very pretty speeches made.

The prizes to the honorary members, and to Lieut. Daly, were then presented, and the company marched back to the city, and to the Planters Hotel, where the silver medal was presented to private Flynn, by John Mitchel, Esq.

The day's celebration was pleasantly ended by a ball at Masonic Hall, where the enjoyment was unabated up to the time we left, about one o'clock.

In Petersburg, Virginia.

The *Southside Democrat* says:—Had we time, we would expatiate upon the benefits of the Hibernian Society, of Petersburg, and its efficiency in doing good to all, but we will merely say that Col. Southall did things up in full style, just as if he had been one of the true Hibernian grit that knew a thing or two. At eight o'clock the members of the Society met at Professor Kerr's house, and, with a full musical band, marched thence to Jaratt's Hotel, to the inspiriting air of St. Patrick's Day. The turn out was of the biggest kind yet seen in Petersburg, as the Society improves every year in members. On ar-

riving at Jaratt's, the invited guets, members of the Press, &c., were found in attendance in very full numbers. We can now only give the regular toasts of the Society.

We will, however, say that all went well, began well and ended well, as such a sociable gathering ought to do. Just fancy a fine, luxurious dinner with all the season over, and then came the duties of the Secretary of the Society, who read the following letter from Governor Wise, who was the only invited guest unable to attend:

RICHMOND, March 11, 1857.

GENTLEMEN—Yours of the 10th finds me prostrate on a bed of sickness. I get a friend to write, thanking you for your kind invitation to attend the annual celebration and supper, on the 17th instant, of the Anniversary of the Petersburg Hibernian Society and their patron, St. Patrick.

An Irish Society in this country ought to be one, as yours is, of pure benevolence, without regard to creed or politics. All its meetings ought to be held with doors as open as the hearts of Irishmen always are. Your objects have my heartiest sympathies, and nothing can be nobler than your purpose of elevating the character of your countrymen and their children's children among us.

In the old world they are an oppressed people; here, thank God, they, like the rest of us, are free, save when crime makes them slaves. In the land of freedom crime cannot but be diminished, and every race of man cannot but be exalted.

May the Saint of your fathers ever hover over your freedom, your peace, your plenty, and your moral excellence.

Yours, very truly, HENRY A WISE.

To J. E. Horner, L. White, and S. B. Paul, Committee.

The *Democrat* gives a list of the regular toasts, which included with all the old ones such as 'The Day we Celebrate,' 'Ireland,' 'The United States,' 'Memory of Washington,' others as follows:

'The President of the United States—The second Irishman by descent that has swayed the destinies of the Republic—may he prove a worthy successor of 'Old Hickory.' Air—Yankee Doodle.'

'Old Virginia—Doubly endeared to every true Irishman by the events of the past two years. Air—Carry me Back.

'General Shields—A type of the genuine Irish-American—Prompt to repel foes abroad, and fanatics at home. Air—The Bowld Soger Boy.

'98 and '48—Emmet and O'Brien. Air—Go Where Glory Waits Thee.

'The Memories of Tom Moore and Father Mathew'—Their names are household words, wherever poetry has a votary, and piety a temple Air—The Harp that once through Tara's Halls.

'Mountain Dew'—

Let poets rave about their wine
And swear it makes men frisky, O!
For fighting, fun or wit divine.
Give us old Irish Whiskey, O!

Air—Rory O'Moore.

Great good feeling was manifested all round.

Correspondence.

IRISH ORGANIZATIONS.

NEW-YORK, 14th, 1857.

To the Editor of the Irish News:

SIR:—In the memoir of Philip Gray, which appears in the IRISH NEWS of this date, the writer indulges in remarks, with reference to the cause of the failure of the movement set on foot by Gray in '49, which demand further notice.

Those engaged in that movement have heretofore thought it best to maintain silence in regard to it, believing it better to endure the scoffs and calumnies of their enemies, patiently bide their time, and in future struggles benefit by the experience of the past, by avoiding some of the causes which led to their failure. But when, after a lapse of over seven years, one of those connected with the Organization takes occasion to sneer at the only visible sign given by it, and at the same time, by implication, accuse the mass of the people of breaking their faith, (for he says, 'The promised thousands failed to assemble at the points of *rendezvous*,' an assertion which I will show to be as untrue as the sneer is unmanly.) I think it right to state a few facts in connection with it which may help to do away with the impression his remarks were calculated to make.

The organization was skilfully planned at first, but it was not conducted in good faith with the people.

In the first place, they were told that when the time for action arrived, there was to be a simultaneous rising on some one night in every parish where the organization extended, and when asked (naturally enough) who were to lead the people the day after, (for 'twas well known there were few, if any, in Ireland likely to join the movement who had military experience,) the answer given was, that John O'Mahony would be over from France with plenty of experienced officers to take charge of the Insurrection, but that they could not prudently come until the time of the rising. It was on the faith of that promise the greater part of the County Waterford men who joined the movement did so. That I know; and I believe the same means were adopted to induce the men of Tipperary and Kilkenny to join it. They discovered after, but too late, it was a wilful falsehood; and for all the originators of the lie did to contradict it, there are many who to the present day might remain under the impression that they were justified in using the gentleman's name as they did, were it not that he was too well known to the people to have his fame for a moment weighed in competition with their words.

The people and he understood each other.

As the organization progressed the people were told the State Prisoners were to be rescued in Dublin. The failure to do that was accounted for by the fact that the Queen was to be in Ireland the following week, when a surer blow could be struck. The thought of this almost reconciled the people to the temporary loss of their Chiefs, thinking what joyful news they would hear at the Antipodes. An excuse was ready for not acting then too.

At length, on the 5th of September, a meeting of Delegates took place in Clonmel. Each delegate being instructed to furnish a return of the number of sworn members in his society. By the rules, all were to be sworn; but, on some one remarking the small number represented by some delegates, it came out that it was necessary to swear in but a limited number, to organize the rest. That was 'news' to the majority of the delegates, being a deliberate violation of the rules of the Society, as communicated to them, and for which there seemed no necessity. The consequence was soon manifested. Priests denounced the secret societies the following Sunday. Newspapers, especially some 'liberal' Southern ones, had leading articles on the subject, describing the personal appearance of some of those said to be engaged in spreading them, so as to set the authorities on their tracks. Then, too, it was that the Provincial Delegates first knew who their leaders were to be, for, with the exception of Gray, they were before unknown to most of them. Then they first discovered they would have no French officers to lead them, for in the plans discussed there was no mention made of them. The experience of that night left no favorable impression of the capability of the substitutes on their minds. After a confused discussion, in which some plans were adopted and abandoned almost immediately, it was at length agreed, that on the night of Sunday, the 16th, simultaneous risings should take place in Cork, Limerick, Clare, Kilkenny, Cashel, North Tipperary, Cappoquin and Dungarvan.

Clonmel and Carrick were unanimously exempted from taking part in the initiatory movement, because in Clonmel the garrison was too strong, and the brave men of Carrick and its vicinity had, on three several occasions the previous year, turned out almost *en masse* under arms. Being sure of them, if required, they were appointed to act as a reserve after the first blow was struck.

A committee was then appointed who were to furnish final instructions to the different delegates before the time appointed, and the meeting broke up—James Fintan Lalor impressively cautioning them to take care how they played the game before them, for the 'stake was their necks, and the prize a free country!'

The only fact approaching Mr. Luby's assertion of 'thousands being promised,' occurred at this meeting. On the delegates giving in their returns of numbers, ranging from thirty to one hundred and fifty, one of them, on being asked how many he could bring, rather astonished the meeting by replying 'a thousand.' Being only a sturdy frieze-coated man from North Tipperary, the leaders seemed to set but little value on him; and, indeed, he fully reciprocated the feeling. This is no place to mention his name; but those who know him believe he promised nothing that he would not perform.

He was never notified after.

On the 11th of September the committee met in Clonmel and made some changes in the programme, which were NOT communicated to all the delegates of the former meeting, but it appears it was there settled that Cashel, Kilkenny, Dungarvan and Cappoquin, at least, should make the first move. To each of those places a member of the committee was to proceed to conduct the movement, and before they separated they took an addional oath to act at the appointed time in any emergency. But one of them, Joseph Brenan, literally kept that oath. He did it bravely, though he knew at the time that all was lost but his honor. He was not at the first meeting of delegates in Clonmel, so he did not know all that occurred there, consequently was not accountable for the change in the settled plan of that meeting. The rest of the committee may have sufficient reasons for not acting. It was cruel to expect a man in the physical condition of Mr. Lalor to take an active part in such work.

A delegate from a rural district in South Tipperary had promised for fifty men at the meeting of the 5th. He was notified to be with his men at a *rendezvous* a short distance from Cashel on the night of the 16th, there to meet the Cashel men, when the united forces, under command of the delegate, were to attack the town. The country delegate came at the appointed time and place, bringing with him forty-eight men, all armed, but on that day the delegate from the committee, who was to lead, was arrested, and the Cashel men not keeping their appointment, the others had to retrace their steps homewards, a distance of seven miles.

Gray went to Dungarvan, the men of which place it seems by the 'last' arrangement (the Lord knows how many were made,) were not to move till joined by the Cappoquin men after they had completed their own work. These last were told on the day of the rising, that in the evening they would have thirty men in from the Commeraghs to take share in the fight. That aid was unexpected by them. They thought they would not have required it; but the promise being made, and not kept, had a very bad effect, for after waiting hour after hour expecting them, they found on resolving to act by themselves that half their comrades had given up the cause for that night, in despair of being seconded. The rest, on going to the Barrack, found the police prepared for them, so with a score of pikes and two fowling-pieces they failed in taking it;—though, perhaps, they were as well prepared for the task as the gentleman furnished with a Pocket Map of Ireland, and Jomini on the Art of War, was to take charge of the peasantry of South Tipperary!

About twenty men from Dungarvan came to the spot appointed for meeting the Cappoquin men and remained there all night. Next day troops from Dungarvan, Youghal, Clonmel, and Fermoy poured into the village that had dared to give a practical lie to the vaunted loyalty of the Irish people. Then, of course, there was no language strong enough to denounce the 'atrocious ruffians' who could be guilty of such an act. An indiscriminate haul was made of all those suspected (who could be caught). Twelve were transported in due time—what matter, they were only 'peasants,' though they did ambition to justify John Mitchel's assertion, that 'the life of one peasant was worth the life of one peer,' and I don't think they helped to change his opinion. Their parents and brothers were refused employment by the parish tyrants. Their sisters were insulted in their houses by the police. Their friends had to swallow their indignation; but they have a strong memory. Their venerable Parish Priest was superannuated for, I suppose, christening such a lot of Rebels and not expressing regret at their conduct. Another was appointed in his place for the avowed purpose of crushing the rebellious spirit of his flock. How far he succeeded he discovered on the return of the pardoned Rebels. Reports were industriously circulated that some of their comrades in jail were turning traitors. The same was said of a true man of Dungarvan who, because his social position was above that of some of his compatriots, they calculated would be most likely to be distrusted by them. In vain, however: the vile slander only endeared them the more to their friends, and I have yet to see one of those engaged in the cause who felt either shame or sorrow for it, and who would not be willing to try it again with their eyes opened, for though they can see why they were disappointed, they too 'cannot understand that they are beaten.'

Perhaps those interested in the cause may be inclined to think, from the foregoing statement of facts, that it was no wonder the movement failed, and likewise, that but a small share of the responsibility rested on the people, whose fate in it seems to be used and abused by those who have no sympathy in common with them. But what must they think when they hear that as the crisis approached, some of the members of the Dublin committee came to the conclusion of letting the whole fate of the the movement depend on the success of the blow to be struck in Cappoquin, and its effect on the country. Some true-hearted Dublin men protested against such a course at the time, but it seems by Mr. Luby's statement, it was acted on, for when it failed, 'all thoughts of insurrection were given up—the organization was virtually at an end.'

I make the above statement on the authority of one of the Dublin committee, now in this country. Comment on it is unnecessary. After hearing it, it can no longer seem a mystery 'why other places held back.'

A PEASANT.

European News.

We have news by the *Africa* from Liverpool to the 7th of March, being three days later than previous advices.

The chief incident by this arrival is the announcement by Lord Palmerston of the course which his government intend to pursue, in consequence of their recent defeat on the Chinese question. As the state of the public business would not permit an immediate dissolution of Parliament, he proposed to dissolve the House in May, and until then to go on with such measures only as called for immediate action, namely, the financial estimates, and a temporary mutiny act, leaving the general question of taxation, to be dealt with by the new Parliament. With respect to the policy which he would pursue towards China, until the decision of the country should be taken, his administration would continue to defend their rights and improve their relations with China, in a firm but peaceful way, and *in conjunction with France and he hoped, with America, to secure an extension of commercial advantages.* In the House of Lords a similar announcement was made by Earl Granville. In the House of Commons, on the night of the 6th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his financial measures, namely, a reduction of the income tax (for the year, from April 1857, to 1858,) from 1-4d. to 7d. and 5d. per pound; also, instead of 1s. 7d. per pound duty on tea, he would propose 1s. 5d, and precisely the same scale of duty on sugar. These changes were carried by a majority of 62. These changes take effect from 5th of April, 1857, to 5th of April, 1858. Lord Palmerston has been invited to become member for the city of London. Liverpool has sent him an address. The signing of the treaty of peace between England and Persia, is officially announced, and a copy has been despatched to Teheran for ratification. Its chief feature consists in granting right of residence to British Consuls in the cities of Persia. A despatch received by means of the Russian telegraph, says that a treaty of commerce has been ratified at Teheran, by the Shah Nur-ed-din, between Persia and the United States, granting the same terms, namely, that American Consuls may reside in the chief Persian cities. Austria seeks to negotiate with Persia a similar treaty. Additional intelligence from China represents the state of affairs there, as being very serious with respect to the interests of England. The Russian Minister at the court of Pekin had brought about an armistice, to endure two years, between the government and the rebel chiefs, and the united forces were to exert themselves to drive the British from the free ports. The English factory at Whampoa was already removed, and war junks were sunk at the important points of all the rivers, in order to obstruct the operations of the war ships. The emperor had prohibited the inhabitants of the empire from trading with the English, under penalty of death; suspended all treaties, and ordered the Imperial fleets and troops to attack them whenever they met them. Whilst at Hong Kong the Chinese bakers had made an effort to poison the whole of the European colony, and great alarm exists amongst the foreign residents at Singapore. The overland trade of China with Russia, by Siberia, was to be unrestricted. The conference on the Neufchatel question, opened at the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, Paris, on the 5th. The proceedings have not transpired. All the allied troops have left Greece. The Persian Ministry have been defeated by 39 on the divorce bill. Accounts from Mexico, just received at Madrid, represent that General Gandara, Governor of the Department of Sonora, in the Republic of Mexico, had proclaimed the 'war of races,' and had sacked the town of Guyama, in which were numerous Spaniards. The Spanish government had accordingly determined to send off at once 2,000 men to Cuba (without counting the other forces which are being prepared,) to enable complete reparation to be obtained from Mexico. Telegraphic communication between Europe and America will be far too profitable an enterprise to be monopolised by a single company. Already there is a rival corporation started in London, under the title of the European and American International Telegraph Company. They propose to lay a submarine cable from the south coast of England to Cape Finisterre in Spain; thence through the Atlantic westward. The following are the various points to be connected, with the approximate distances:—

Lizard to Cape Finisterre	250 miles.
Bordeaux to Cape Finisterre	360 "
Cape Finisterre to Cape Rocca	270 "
Cape Rocca to San Miguel	780 "
San Miguel to Flores	300 "
Flores to Cape Cod	1,800 "
Total	3,950 miles

American News.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* thus disposes of the foolish story in reference to the original copy of Washington's Farewell Address having been stolen from the State Department : 'The original draught never was in the possession of Government. It was sent by Washington at the time it was written to be published in the newspaper then published in this city by Mr. Claypoole. The latter had it 'set up' without damaging the 'copy.' The manuscript was carefully preserved by Mr. C., and in 1849 or 1850 it was offered for public sale by the heirs of Mr. Claypoole. Congress entered into competition for the prize, but, after a spirited bidding, it was knocked off to James Lennox, Esq., of New-York, for a sum exceeding $2,000. Mr. L. had some exact copies of the address made for his friends, but the great original still remains in his possession.'

The Boston *Medical World* states that there are not far from twenty female physicians in that city, several of whom are in excellent business. They confine themselves generally to midwifery and the diseases of their own sex. Their success in the former branch tends to establish them firmly in families.

Mrs. Rush, the renowned millionaire-ess, of Philadelphia, was recently robbed of jewelry to the amount of $20,000. It is said that this robbery was perpetrated while every door in the house was securely locked ; and the most experienced police officers can as yet obtain no clue to the perpetrators.

The *National Gazette* is the title of a weekly German paper in Washington city, lately established by Magnus Goss, editor. It advocates the Cincinnati Platform, and is hostile to anti-slavery fanaticism in all its phases.

The total loss by the late conflagration in the city of Mobile, is estimated at one million of dollars. Of this amount, about four hundred thousand dollars had been saved to the owners by insurance. Over twelve thousand bales were consumed.

Charles C. Steuart, of Highland county, Virginia, recently killed an eagle in that county which measured eight feet from tip to tip. At the time it was killed it had a young fawn in its talons.

Senators Butler, Rusk, Mason and Crittenden have effected a settlement of the two years' difficulty between Senators Toombs and Jefferson Davis, who are hereafter to treat each other as is common among gentlemen.

The Methodist society at Warrentown, Va., have been amusing themselves by getting up a dramatical performance in their church. The biblical subject of Joseph and his Brethren has been dramatised for the occasion.

Mollie Jennings died recently in Pittsylvania county, Va., at the age of 107 years. She was a grown woman before the Declaration of Independence.

Miss Emma Jane Foster, of Cobb county, Ga., was lately bitten by a hog, and had to have her leg amputated at the knee.

The late Joshua Sears, of Boston, made it a boast in his life time that he never paid a cent to a lawyer. The lawyers are now having their revenge. They are at his will.

Gov. Gardner, of Massachusetts, has appointed the 16th of April next, to be observed by the people of that State, as 'a day of public fasting, humiliation and prayer.'

The value of the imports of coffee into the United States is $16,000,000 annually, or one-seventh of all the imports of the country.

There are now over six hundred miles of railroad in Tennessee upon which daily trains are running.

Gov. Metcalf, of New Hampshire, has appointed Thursday, April 3d, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

All the billiard rooms at Louisville, Ky, have been closed in pursuance of a State law.

Des Moines, Iowa, which gave Fremont 100 majority, has just chosen, M'Henry, Democratic mayor by 147 majority.

The New Orleans people are just now enjoying the luxury known as green peas.

The London *Times* says the principal hotel in Chicago, is 'a grander establishment than any in that metropolis.'

City News.

Sensation at the Tabernacle.

A lecture was delivered, on the 26th of March, in the Tabernacle, by Rev. Mr. Tracy, in support of the project for the establishment of Irish and other foreign settlements in the Far West—Nebraska Territory particularly—in an Irish colony of which, known as St. Patrick's. The lecturer detailed the geographical and topographical advantages of that settlement. The general tenor of his remarks was strongly in favor of Western immigration.

In referring to and controverting the alleged hostility to the project of the Catholic clergy and the so-called Catholic press of the Eastern States, he stated the fact that he had called on the Archbishop of New-York, and ascertained from him that so far from being opposed to it, he had himself contemplated, some few years ago, a movement having the same object in view.

The audience was rather limited, but intelligent and attentive.

SINGULAR FINALE.

At the close of the Reverend gentleman's address, a gentleman, in overcoat and muffler, rose in the gallery and addressed the audience. For the first moment or so, it seemed as though the people did not recognize him, but eventually it was discovered that he was the Most Rev. Dr. Hughes, Catholic Archbishop. He said he had a word to say. He had been referred to in the discourse which they had just heard ; but before he made any remarks he must apologise for finding himself there, to-night, because he was not in the habit of attending meetings of this, or of any other kind.

A harsh voice here shouted : 'Come on the stand.'

The Archbishop replied : No, he should not. He would rather be by himself. The gentleman who had addressed them, had called on him a few days ago, respectfully introduced himself, so far as he (the Archbishop) could judge—he believed then, he believed now, respectfully. He was a clergyman from the West ; he was here on business, into which he (the Archbishop) did not inquire. He asked either by himself or by his friend, the privilege of celebrating the holy mysteries, whilst he should have occasion to remain in New-York. But he said nothing of an intention to call meetings and harangue meetings. If he had then, he (the Archbishop) would have met him with a refusal. And he (the Archbishop) called that a want of faith and a want of honor. And now, his apology for being here to-night, was that he had heard to-day, that that gentleman had called a meeting, or authorized one to be called for the purpose he had just explained himself, and his (the Archbishop's) turn of mind being such, that he was unwilling to believe anything of any one, and especially of a priest, without knowing it to be true, he thought that he himself would be the best reporter, and came there for that purpose, so that no man's relation of what had happened should mislead him into error. The object of this meeting (emigration to the West) was one with which he had nothing to do. He had been in the ministry above thirty years ; and he had ever given to the emigrant who came in his way, the advice rather to seek a home in the West than remain in our cities. But that was one by one, in the natural order, not by an artificial combination of men, who were unfit to govern a township if anybody gave them one ; it was by no combination, because emigration from Ireland hither, and from hence Westward was a natural thing. The man, who, after the toils of his initiation had acquired something, was the master of it, and would have some little consolation in having made acquaintances and friends. But if he chose to break up—if he chose, as had been expressed, to pull up stakes—he was master.

But a priest ! He protested in the name of the Catholic religion against any priest turning himself into a recruiting sergeant, especially when the trains could hardly carry the emigrants away westward who were going there in crowds. The gentleman had forgotten his vocation. He had not been true to him, (the Archbishop,) because he had not told him that besides celebrating mass he wished to hold meetings. If he had, he (the Archbishop) would have had nothing to do with him. True, he had told him no untruth, but he had concealed what was the truth as to the relation which they had heard, and to which he (the Archbishop) had listened with great attention, and in regard to many parts of which he had not a word of contradiction to offer. If his place was healthy, very well. But he had never heard parties interested in the sale of land say that their grounds were not healthy. He did not say the gentleman was the owner of land, but he supposed he knew those who were the owners of it. The gentleman had produced a map and described the country. Let every man have recourse to the same source of information, if he desired it. Every man had the ordinary means of such knowledge within his reach. But for God's sake let not the sanction of those who had land to sell, and wanted inhabitants for it. Now, what was all this great noise about the West ? It began in a paragraph written by a gentleman (the editor of the *American Celt*) sitting there, who, perhaps, had nothing else to write about. There were plenty of gentlemen who thought well of it, for they had more land than they could sell, and wanted settlers for it. But that project, which grew out of a joke, for aught he (the Archbishop) knew, advanced, and at last there was a convention in Buffalo. Well, he had nothing at all to say about that convention, except this : That he was opposed to everything that was hollow, and he saw nothing but hollowness in that. Yet, good men were of that convention—men actuated by disinterested motives—men prompted by the highest purposes of humanity. But there were other men there. To his knowledge, there were members of that convention who had land in the West to sell, and, under the pretence of aiding the Irish, they wanted emigrants or other people to go there and get 'homes for themselves.'

That was a very proper thing, whether here or there ; but in all his life he had never taken upon his soul the responsibility of advising a countryman of his, on his own land, to forsake his home if he could live there, because he had seen too much of the miseries, physical, moral and religious, that followed in the train of emigration from one country to another ; nor would he take it upon his soul to-day to advise any man who was doing moderately well—who was, perhaps, rising little by little in worldly comfort and estimation of his neighbors, to go out into the country and begin life anew. Oh, it sounded very well in the cities to talk of being 'owners of the soil.' But there were many people out West who were much poorer and worse off than if they had never gone there and become owners of the soil. He knew himself from experience, and if he had never learnt it from actual observation, he knew it from those in whom he had unbounded confidence, that it was a risk of no ordinary character ; and it was a question of grave responsibility for any man who had a conscience to advise a brother man having a home, to leave it. Let the other act of his own motion ; let him choose ; he was the master, and had right to do so. And for his (the Archbishop's) own part, although it had been said in that same paper which originated the humbug, that the priests and bishops of this part of the country were afraid of the philanthropic movement, were afraid their churches would be deserted by favoring it—was that the way, holding up a great portion of the Catholic Clergy, united as they were, as enemies of emigration—was that the way, he repeated, to promote religion ? Bishops and clergymen in the West would doubtless be delighted to see flourishing congregations around them.

And why not ? The bishops in the East had no reason to find fault with that—for instance, he, himself, if he had ten churches more, which he wanted, and which the Catholics of New-York wanted—there would not be room enough for the people ; and it has just the same in every church in the province. How, therefore, dare any man say that the priests of the Church were opposed to this philanthropic movement, of the gentleman of Buffalo ? Now, how could this go on ? What had those gentlemen done for the emigrants ? Oh ! they had done the office of—what did they call it ?—they had performed the office of sign-posts and cross-roads, but they had done nothing else themselves. Was there a priest or layman who had moved West himself ? Not one. But some of those who had land to sell were the promoters of this project ; they had a bad principle at the bottom of it ; there was not truth, there was not sincerity in it. This gentleman (the lecturer) had happened to fall on a portion of the country which, according to his description of it, was very delightful. He (the Archbishop) was very glad of that, and, probably, if persons were bent on going West, they might go to that settlement. That was very good. But it was not for a priest to come here, and be respectfully introduced to the Archbishop—to seek the privilege of celebrating the holy mysteries, and then, without his (the Archbishop's) knowledge, to play—oh, what should he call it ?—to play the recruiter for the Crimea from the fields of Ireland—to play the fillibuster ! These were low comparisons, but when he considered a clergyman turning to describe the value of lots, and making it a point to call a public meeting for the purpose without his (the Archbishop's) knowledge—were they not deserved ? Oh, if he had come and said his business was to preach emigration and to describe the fertility of the soil and its healthiness, to describe its lovely hills and its beautiful vales, and all its other natural charms, why let him attend to that. But he had asked the privilege of celebrating the holy mysteries, as a respectful priest under respectful auspices. He knew not whether he (the lecturer) had had an authorization to preach a crusade ; but he could not believe it. His own wish now was, and had ever been, that a man who was not doing well should move westward. But the descriptions the gentleman had given were fallacious. They were unnecessary. The men who had succeeded in the West were men who, because they could not get employment here, or because their families were too many, or for some reason of that kind, felt it to be a duty to themselves to go into the country. But they might have stopped and got work at Albany, or farther still, at Utica—or they might have gone to work on the canals, but on the way they were getting a practical education for a home in the West. Let not the people who had listened to him be deceived by this gentleman's description. An Irish emigrant transported there would hardly know how to fell a tree, because he had gone, by a bound as it were, from New-York to Missouri or Nebraska. And alas, for the priest or bishop who would encourage poor men who were doing well or comparatively so, to undertake such an experiment as this, the hardships of which were untold, and could not be foreseen—hardships which were not to be found in a map, but which would soon bring them to their senses. And if this were carried out, the day would come when these men would be embittered in their hearts against those who had disturbed them from their homes. As he had said before, let every man go, poor or rich, but let no man go under any system sanctioned by him, because, although his sphere was spiritual and not physical, yet he would say it, that he had as deep an interest, himself alone, in the emigrant, as all the men that ever met at Buffalo.

The Archbishop then alluded to the failure of certain former projects, similar to that under discussion, and scouted the notion of towns strictly Irish. Talk not to him, he exclaimed about an Irish town. Five and thirty years ago he heard some of his countrymen buying and selling in the streets of Pittsburgh in the Irish tongue, and he was glad to hear it, for it revived the memory of the few words of that language he had learned in childhood. But suppose they succeeded in forming settlements exclusively Irish, and speaking Irish. Why, by and by they would become as distinct as the Mormons. Now, the Mormons were out in the far West. The gentleman had said there was nobody to disturb the settler there. But had that been the fact in Kansas, and was there any reason for them to expect better ? Theories were good for nothing. Every man who would settle in this country must trust to his own good conduct, his own sobriety, morality and rectitude. The gentleman had alluded to a remark of his, (the Archbishop's) referring to one of his early dreams, by which he imagined that he might associate a number of worthy gentlemen in an undertaking, from motives of pure philanthropy, motives of Irish patriotism, he might call it, or at least a love of his country—to buy ten or twenty thousand acres of land in what was now precisely called Wisconsin, and that they should dispose of those acres in small lots to emigrants—that is, to those who should know how to use the axe, and even the plow, in this country ; to have always cabins in advance for those who might come, and still to keep it working regularly, so as to bear its own expenses. That was the theory, but when he had spoken to a gentleman of means and intelligence, they said it was all nonsense.

Now, he must say this to the gentleman, and this was the touching point of the question. He wished, as far as he was concerned, and as far as the clergymen of his diocese were concerned, that religion might not be debased by being brought into questions of this kind. He wished the gentlemen of the newspapers to attend to their own business, and he wished priests from a distance to attend to their business ; when they came here they were always to be treated as priests as long as they adhered to the priestly character, but if they came here as the agents of land speculators, then he was sorry for them. But he thought that if they could do no service to religion, they had better remain in their proper sphere.

The Archbishop then proceeded to speak of the discomforts, the afflictions, the mental and religious evils which were frequently the result of rude Western life, and concluded by disavowing in the most emphatic terms, any idea of approving this movement, though he begged to be understood as not objecting to individual emigration to the West.

Rev. Mr. Tracy, the lecturer, then rose and disclaimed any intention of giving offence to the Archbishop, denied most positively that he was the agent for any land speculations or agents, or that his mission here had anything to do with such a thing ; asserted that he had not got up this meeting at all—that he merely came forward to deliver an address by invitation, and explained that he had not told the Archbishop what his business here was, simply because he was not lead into the subject, nor thought it necessary.

The Archbishop then catechised the gentleman with considerable asperity, declared that he had been guilty of a suppression of the truth which was sometimes as bad as the spoken falsehood ; that no matter what his intentions may have been his act was culpable, and that, in fact, the explanation did him no good.

The awe-struck audience retired in profound silence.

A work is in course of preparation by Mr. Burgess, editor of the *Clare Journal*, illustrative of the history of the county Clare, under the title of 'The land of the Dalcassions.' The object of the work may be collected from the opening paragraphs of the prospectus :—'Though strange it may appear, the land of Dalcassions—the ancient, honored and historic Clare—the scene of so much eventful strife, the rugged birthplace of so much that is beautiful and picturesque, whose haughty cliffs hurl back the fierce waves of the Atlantic, or are washed by the placid waters of the Queen of Island rivers—the varied and lovely Shannon—has not yet found a pen to describe its beauties, or a pencil to perpetuate the time-honored monuments of its past greatness, now falling rapidly to decay. Scattered over the face of the land—hidden in lovely vales—frowning from the hill sides—shading the waters of some quiet lake, or standing in grim solitude among the rocks of Burren, are the first mouldering mementoes of the ancient tribes of Thomond, whose strong arms and undaunted souls struck terror into the hearts of the invader ; who so often hurled back the tide of conquest from their beloved land, and whose history is wrapped up in misty tradition, or bound in ponderous tomes, scarce and inaccessible to the majority of readers. To collect those fragments, to preserve as far as possible a memento of much that is transitory, and which will soon pass away, has been the aim of the projector of the present work.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mr. Meagher has been given to understand that parties in different sections of the country have taken the very improper liberty of using his name in their applications to the Presid ent for office. Mr. Meagher has authorized no person, anywhere, to use his name for any such purpose.

THE DEVIN REILLY TESTIMONIAL.—The members of the Reilly Testimonial Committee are requested to meet at the office of the IRISH NEWS, on Friday, April 3rd, at 2 o'clock P.M., for the transaction of important business.

W. F. LYONS, Secretary.

TERRY DRISCOLL.—Yes; the author of the humorous and numerous letters signed 'Terry Driscoll,' was a county Clare man. An Irish journal, in chronicling the recent death of that witty writer, gives the following sketch:—The public generally are not acquainted with the name or antecedents of 'Terry Driscoll.' He was Mr. John Jackson, of Kilrush, in the county Clare, and by profession was a writer and a correspondent for public journals. He also filled an office in the Treasury, Dublin Castle. He was for several years a correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* and *Morning Herald*, the *Limerick Star* and *Limerick Chronicle*. He also contributed to provincial newspapers, and the *University Magazine*. He left Kilrush in the year 1842, and became the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*. He had previously written sketches of the Kilrush petty sessions, many of which appeared in the *Morning Herald*, and the natural wit and humor by which these were characterised led to the consolidation of the two duties, and the facetious writer of the Sketches from Kilrush, was afforded a wider range for his abilities—we may truly add genius—as a correspondent of local and provincial intelligence in Dublin. He is, however, more extensively known by his letters in the *Warder*, to Mr. O'Donohoe, of St. Giles's, London, which were so life-like and natural that one was often disposed to wonder why the favored resident of St. Giles's never answered the pleasant correspondence that was addressed to him. His letters were more continuously attractive than Douglas Jerrold's 'Caudle Papers,' to accomplish which rare qualifications were required; for only a man of great talent and poetical impressionable nature, could supply the weekly demand for an article which to be effective must be humorsome and seemingly spontaneous and unrestrained, though written in the midst of sorrow and physical infirmity.

Reviews and notices of Brougham's comedy, '*All's Fair in Love*,' Mackenzie's last volume of Dr. Maginn's Works, Abbott's *Richard the First*, the Magazines for April and other publications, are unavoidably crowded out.

THE IRISH NEWS.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1857.

☞ Subscribers receiving their paper in YELLOW covers, will please regard it as an intimation that their subscription has expired, and do us the favor to renew it.

THE NEW-YORK APPOINTMENTS.

At last we have them. The Custom-House is disposed of. The Surveyorship of the Port, also. In a word, all the prominent offices of the city in the gift of the Federal government. The appointments give general satisfaction. One might be justified in saying, they have met with unanimous approval.

All parties congratulate Mr. Schell. They congratulate each other, the city, the country at large. The Collectorship devolves upon him with the hearty assent of friend and rival. We were about to add, with the concurrence even of his enemies. But this would have been untrue. Mr. Schell has no enemies. He is one of the very few public men whose integrity and earnestness have escaped the penalties of public life. This seldom is the case. It is of rare occurrence. Wonderful, indeed, where uncompromising firmness has been invariably displayed. The singular good fortune Mr. Schell in this particular enjoys, is explained by the genial courtesy of his bearing, and the perfect truthfulness which has characterised his political career, from first to last. The well informed mind with which he undertakes the important duties that have been assigned him, is admitted on all hands. It is hardly less noticeable than the moral worth, the propriety and strict probity, which qualify him for a trust in which such a world of interests are included. The service he has rendered the Democratic cause—the fidelity with which he has clung to it in every emergency—the loving loyalty with which he forgave every personal wrong, chivalrously standing to his post until the victory of November brought the contest to a close—this devotion has met its fair reward in the appointment upon which the whole community wish him joy.

The Post-Office is but a block from the Custom-House. Mr. Fowler returns there with acclamation. One is inclined to regard his good fortune as an improvement on that with which Mr. Schell has been favored. To be so heartily welcomed, as the Postmaster of New-York has been on his re-appointment to the bureau in Nassau street, establishes him before the country as a prime favorite of the city. Where such contention for places of honor and emolument prevails, a public officer must have proved himself well deserving of confidence and esteem, who resumes his duties, as Mr. Fowler has done within the last week, encouraged by the good will, applause, and friendship of the public. In vain have we listened for an adverse word. In vain have we looked through the newspapers, morning and evening, for a line deprecatory of Mr. Buchanan's action in this instance. In relation to it, the pleasantest unanimity exists. The *Mirror* reflects the sentiments of the *Herald*. Tammany Hall shakes hands with the New-York Hotel. The Merchant's Exchange unites with the new Arcade in a vote of congratulation. The two extremes of commerce concentrate upon this point. No wonder, after all, where such a fund of social goodness is open to all. Irrespective of his aptitude for the business of the office, and the assiduity with which he devotes himself to it, Mr. Fowler happily possesses in affluence those personal qualities which convert opponents even into friends. From his unfailing good humor, his cordiality, the bright face he shows in every season, the hearty good word he has for every one who meets him, and the prompt action with which he never fails to prove the sincerity of his promises, one might imagine he did nothing but distribute love-letters and letters of credit from one end of the year to the other. Were he to retain the office he now holds, for as many years to come, as the old church he occupies has stood the battle and the breeze, the popularity he has gathered round him, would, we have no doubt, accompany him. Everybody says so. It is unnecessary to say more.

Colonel Hart succeeds Mr. Cochrane. To have been selected for the Surveyorship of the Port, where so many candidates of recognized ability and consequence contended with him for the office, cannot fail to impress the successful applicant with its importance, and the faith which the President reposes in him. That Colonel Hart will fully justify this confidence, and, in doing so, give perfect satisfaction to the city, the weightiest concerns of which, nobly prospering as it is with its myriad ships and foreign trade, are connected closely with the duties of his office, few entertain a doubt. They who do so, yield to the distrust which political quarrels excite. Rare, indeed, it is for men who have been so actively engaged in politics, as Colonel Hart has been for years, to find themselves without enemies. It is the fatality for which every man, who aspires to political distinction, must hold himself prepared. Colonel Hart's appointment has been approved of by the Democratic party of New-York—approved of by the vast majority of his fellow-citizens—and any dissatisfaction expressed outside this multitude goes for nothing. A shingle from the old Brick Church is just as valuable.

For his signal fidelity and services to the Democratic cause, Captain Isaiah Rynders is nominated to the Marshalship. He deserves the honor. Deserves it well. No man was better entitled to it. All through the campaign, he worked indefatigably. Night and day he worked. He did the work of a hundred men. The Democratic party in the City would have gone asleep but for him. The famous procession, which, with its miles of torch-light, displayed the power of the Democracy, rallied the wavering, confirmed the hopeful, and struck terror into the hearts of those whose policy would divide the country, propagate fanaticism and embolden bigotry, was owing to his influence with the masses, the activity and tact with which he carries out whatever he pledges his hand and heart to, his knowledge of the people, their resources, and enthusiasm. The effect of that memorable manifestation cannot be exaggerated. It saved the battle. Saved it for the Constitution. In tones of thunder, it announced to the South, that, whatever the Northern Press might say to the contrary, the heart of the people, in the chief city of the Union, was true to the compact out of which that Union, in the fullness of its constellated glory, broke upon the world. Southern gentlemen who on that night beheld those thousands pouring though the great avenues of this city, went home with an assured faith in the permanency of the Republic. The confidence of the nation, disturbed by the orators and writers who menaced the South in the name of Fremont, and the altars of the Catholic religion with the No-Popery programme of Fillmore, flowed back into its wonted channel, and once again the hopes and memories, with which the National Flag is kindled, were mirrored in the tide.

We are perfectly aware that a lot of snobs and old fogies disapprove of Captain Rynders' appointment. Captain Rynders, himself, is aware of it. He is well aware, that some one less thoroughly identified with the people would have been more pleasing to the dainty politicians who discuss the events of the day over porcelain and damask, conclude treaties with the exquisite tie of their cravats, and lament the lawlessness of the Bowery, whilst they coax and wheedle each other in Wall-street. None of these gentlemen favor Captain Rynders. But it matters little. The masses are the masters here, and whoever has their good will and vote can easily afford to make little of the bad opinion which escapes from smelling-bottles and old ledgers. Nay, the sulphurous rhetoric, which rushing from the Church of the Puritans, threatens to overwhelm in blazes the Supreme Court in Washington, will fail to singe even the coat-tails of a man who can muster a column of ten thousand Democrats. The President has seen fit to confide an important post to Captain Rynders, and that fact alone should suffice to satisfy all parties—his friends, his enemies, and himself.

Our friend, George N. Sanders, ends the list. Of the many hundreds who loudly cheer him to the Navy-Yard, none feel more true delight at his appointment than we do. His stanch republicanism during his stay in London—his undisguised and active sympathy with the brave soldiers of Liberty, whom the Fates have for a time driven into exile, and condemned to all the ignominies and hardships which defeat in such a cause inflicts—this upright bearing has not been forgotten. For this alone he deserved well of the country. But to this, and to a crowd of services stretching over a number of years, he added many labors during the last campaign, the worth of which was not the less because it was modestly concealed. George Sanders works silently. Never says a word hardly until his work is done. Disdaining all superfluities of speech, he goes directly to the point he has to gain. Essentially a working-man, he leaves the ornamental business to others. Nor does he grudge the *eclat* which those who have the more conspicuous parts to sustain, as a matter of course acquire. He is perfectly satisfied if the common cause succeeds. His remaining here secures to the Democratic party the benefit of his immediate co-operation, whenever an occasion requires his services. Such an occasion, indeed, exists at present, and will continue to exist; for the Democratic party must strengthen their position, and render it impregnable. The supreme power they now possess, must never be taken from them. The Democracy must be the sovereign Dynasty of America, now and for ever.

THE CONSULSHIP TO CORK.

Our friend, Captain W. F. Lyons is candidate for this post. Right glad are we to hear it, and, if our good wishes can send him there, he may as well secure his berth at once. On public as well as private grounds we desire to see him invested with this high trust. He has been now upwards of seven years in this country. Every day of that long term has been devoted to the service of the Democratic party. As a member of the Cincinnati Press, and more recently as a member of the New-York Press, his services in that good cause have been incessant and most valuable. An accomplished writer, an amiable and courteous gentleman, discreet, straightforward, and high-toned, he stands before us all eminently qualified to represent, upon his native soil, the Government to which, from his own free will, he has pledged his duty and allegiance. Entrusted to him, the honor of the American flag will be with an intelligent chivalry upheld.

EMIGRATION WESTWARD.—SPEECH OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AT THE TABERNACLE.

A lecture was got up in the Tabernacle last week, by certain parties who have originated an organized scheme of Irish emigration to the Western States and Territories, at which a Rev. Mr. Tracy eulogized Nebraska, particularly, as the Promised Land to which the great Army of labor, shaking the dust of their Eastern homes from their feet, should at once proceed. Its rolling prairies and wooded valleys afforded an interesting theme and wide scope for the descriptive eloquence of the Rev. lecturer; but the halcyon picture so artistically painted, had a brush suddenly drawn over it by a bold hand, which deprived it of its brilliant coloring, denuded the woods of their verdant foliage, and left the thorns, brambles, and rattlesnakes exposed to the view of the thin and surprised audience. The rev. lecturer, in the course of his discourse, observed that Archbishop Hughes, so far from being opposed to this peculiar mode of emigration, had contemplated a similar movement some years ago. The audience and the speaker were not a little surprised when a gentleman, taking off his muffler and top-coat, rose in the gallery to address them; but their astonishment was increased when they discovered that the gentleman was the Archbishop himself, who availed of that opportunity to express his opinion upon the subject, and send forth a voice of warning to those who might become the dupes and the victims of selfish and conscienceless demagogues. We publish the Archbishop's address in another portion of our paper, agreeing fully with the sound doctrine and wise counsel it contains.

This country affords ample scope for the tide of emigration which rolls in annually from Europe. If remunerative employment cannot be obtained in the Eastern or settled States, that tide will gradually expand itself, and fertilise the wastes which stretch far beyond the present boundaries of civilization. To become successful, emigration Westward must not outstrip the causes which produce it. It must go on like an army, making its approaches towards a fortified city. The disastrous emigration forced upon Kansas by the Black Republican fanatics should have been a warning to those who sought to establish exclusively Irish or Catholic colonies in Nebraska and Canada. Wherever the working man has got a home and employment, he should be slow to break up that home, leave that employment, and take his household into unknown parts. He is abandoning the certain for the uncertain—throwing away, in many instances, the substance for the shadow—and entering upon a career where nought may await him but incessant toil and bitter disappointment. At all events, he is seldom compensated for the hardships encountered, the isolation from society and the many dangers to which he is continually exposed. For those reasons we would rather see the Irish peasantry remain at home. Wherever they have got a foothold on their native soil—no matter how beset by bailiffs, landlords, and the persecution of British law—there they should remain. Better that the green hills of Ireland should be sprinkled with their blood than the prairies should be whitened, and the swamps of the far West, filled by their bones. The trail of labor all over this continent is marked by graves, and wherever a cross or stone stands above them the names carved thereon are invariably Irish. Against emigration from Ireland, unless when it has become a last, dire neces-

sity, we are also opposed to Irishmen who are able to make moderate headway, leaving the Eastern States under this objectionable plan of emigration. We are acquainted with individuals who have already made the attempt to settle in those 'hunting grounds of the Great Spirit;' but, having suffered many privations, they were glad to return, and abandon the idea of becoming suddenly possessed of broad prairies, numerous flocks and herds, and commence again to toil upwards to social position and independence, by the long but beaten path where the success of those that have gone before meet them at every turn, like so many sign-posts to cheer them on.

But the most reprehensible feature in this system of emigration, which the Archbishop has just strangled, was its sectional and sectarian character. This brigading of Irishmen into camps, separate and distinct from the great mass of American citizens, is not in accordance with the spirit of the Constitution. Such movements, calculated, as they are, to awaken suspicion and stimulate hostility, generally originate with some political speculator, who would traffic unscrupulously on the lives and fortunes of his countrymen to promote his own sordid objects. The person mainly instrumental in starting this project, which ripened into a Convention at Buffalo, and withered into chaff in the Tabernacle, is neither Irish nor American. All that is honorable, brave and manly in Ireland, loathes, detests and repudiates it. Its craven heart and reptile nature could never permit it to attorn the free institutions of this country. It crawls over them to Canada, defiling them with slime, and there boasts in the province of Queen Victoria, before an audience of her Majesty's devoted subjects, that, although it has nestled in the folds of the Constitution for eleven years, it has never sworn allegiance to the United States, nor never will. Such is the head and front of this villainous fraud, which the Archbishop of New-York has been the means of completely unmasking. Against all similar projects, every Irish citizen, having regard for the social advancement and material welfare of his countrymen here, should protest. In a great Republic like this, where the law and the Constitution make no distinction between American, Irish, German, or any other citizen, the creation of new settlements on a distinctly religious basis, or on the grounds of any foreign nationality, is an insult to the Commonwealth and will, consequently, be met with such retaliation as must result disastrously to those by whom it is provoked.

GOVERNOR OF KANSAS—ROBERT J. WALKER.

Robert J. Walker has accepted the Governorship of Kansas.

It must be regarded as no common indication of devotion to a political creed, when—for the sake of illustrating and exhibiting the strength, justice, and equalizing power of that creed on a society whose under-currents, lashed and goaded by fanaticism in the name of Freedom, and by bullyism in the guise of Benevolence, break the surface into portentously rugged and lawless features—such a man as Mr. Walker accepts such an office. If such a course suggests a very unusual altitude of political morality on Mr. Walker's part, it also adds another guaranty to those already given by the President for the success of the Administration, to the active and constitutional furtherance of whose views the former so patriotically submits himself.

Self-forgetfulness, in a pecuniary sense, is of such rare occurrence in political life in our day, that it was confidently predicted Mr. Walker would not accept such a position as Governor of Kansas. The possibility was doubted until the fact of his acceptance was authenticated; and then 'public opinion' was equally puzzled to satisfactorily explain why the world-known financier should or could, for 'a beggarly account of empty (money) boxes,' be a missionary among the 'border ruffians,' or the illustrious statesman condescend to be a medicine-man for 'Bleeding Kansas.'

Suffice it, however, that it is so; and in being so, public attention is drawn to Mr. Walker more decidedly, perhaps, than had he taken a position apparently or actually more consonant to that peculiar mental exercise in which his genius has been justly considered pre-eminent. In the latter instance public expectation would be flattered by being appeased, whereas in the former, it is only excited by being restrained.

In accepting the trust, it is but too evident Mr. Walker is guided less by personal ambition than by that noble devotion to the cause of Democracy which has characterised his thirty-five years of public life—from his nomination, in his twenty-third year, of Jackson for the Presidency, to the address to the Pittsburgh Committee—that sound and wise expression of his philosophic maturity—last Fall.

The anxiety of political friends who opposed his acceptance of the Kansas governorship can be excused. The staunch and enthusiastic adherents of the statesman could not easily persuade themselves from considering such a Territorial office beneath his dignity; as affording an insufficient field for the scope of a genius which had achieved the greatest financial successes of any minister ever entrusted with a Treasury during the period of a national war; as beneath the fame of one to whose theories of political economy some of the ablest of European ministers and politicians were indebted; and whose name has been more than once suggested in connection with the Presidency of the Republic. Such considerations are the natural consequences of Mr. Walker's career, and quickly suggest themselves to those conversant with it. It would seem, too, that the enforcement of them was a matter of duty, especially as the country, through unparalleled success, and the conviction of a successful destiny, lives from day to day, looking at men and matters as they are, irrespective of what they were; and when, moreover, through fullness of enjoyment, the people are quickly and unconsciously seduced into forgetfulness of the services instrumental in conferring the benefits they riot in. In the incessant revolutions of political machinery; and the prolific growth of political celebrities, consequent on the extent of country, and the numberless local interests demanding attention and public expression, the popular ear is distracted, and the vision confused; so that, save on an occasion of great domestic importance, like the Presidential election, the people rarely look imperatively in one direction. For these reasons, and in the full knowledge of them, Mr. Walker's friends were justified. In overcoming them, the Governor of Kansas has had no slight victory.

We congratulate the country on the President's offer, and Mr. Walker's course. Insignificant as a Territorial appointment may be to a man like the present Governor, still it must be remembered that, from causes sufficiently well known, Kansas demands a head, not less strong, experienced and considerate; and a heart not less sympathetic, generous and devoted to the Union, to calm the fury of factious rancor, and infuse into its troubled pulse the intrepid steadiness of Democratic order.

THE RECENT ENLISTMENT QUESTION—CONSUL BARCLAY.

The parties who were convicted of violating the neutrality laws of the United States, and accordingly expelled from the offices which they held in connexion with the British Government, had the effrontery to deny the charge proved against them and impugn the judgment of our Courts. Subsequent revelations by the principal Enlistment agent in Halifax and elsewhere, showed that the action of the American Government was perfectly correct, and that the accused parties were deeply implicated in the Enlistment project. The British officials who attempted to play the same audacious game in Prussia, and some of the minor German States, were also detected and expelled. It appears by the disclosures which Sir Charles Napier makes in his book, just published, on his operations in the Baltic, that England was determined to violate the neutrality laws of all nations, by sea and land. He declares that in reply to his demand for men, the first Lord of the Admiralty directed him to violate the neutrality of Denmark and Sweden, by enlisting men for the service in those countries. When he asked for seamen, 'The First Lord replied, *I hope to hear that you have been able to enter men in the Baltic.* This injunction to pick up foreign seamen, was afterwards frequently and most anxiously repeated.' Again and again Sir Charles returns to this theme. Thus:—'The anxiety of the First Lord upon this point was excessive. He was continually inquiring whether the Admiral had been able to 'pick up any Swedes or Norwegians, who were good sailors, and quite trustworthy.' He was told to 'enter them quietly.' If he could not get Swedes or Norwegians, 'even Danes would strengthen him, for they were hardy seamen, and brave. There was, it is true, a difficulty with their governments, but if the men enlisted freely, and came off to the fleet, the First Lord did not see why the Admiral should be over nice, and refuse good seamen, without much inquiry as to the place from whence they came.' It therefore is quite clear, that the government had made extensive arrangements for picking up men, without being 'over nice,' or making much enquiry as to the place from whence they came.' Some amiable Americans, with British proclivities, are getting up a memorial requesting the President to receive Mr. Barclay as Consul at this port, in the event of his re-appointment by his government, who, of course, would have no objection to keep an adroit recruiting sergeant in New-York, in case of another war; but the President is not likely to accede to any such irregular application, and there will consequently be so much Anglo-Saxon sympathy thrown away.

A PARLIAMENTARY CRISIS.

Mr. Cobden, a few days ago, moved a resolution in the British House of Commons. Condemnatory of the recent piratical attacks upon Canton, it distinctly avowed a want of confidence in Viscount Palmerston, and the Cabinet of which he is the head. An attractive debate followed the motion. Mr. D'Israeli, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Roebuck, all the celebrities of the House were actively engaged. Since the last debates on the Corn Laws, no such conflict had occurred. The author of *Coningsby* flashed his sarcasms with bewildering effect upon the Treasury bench, and all behind it. Mr. Gladstone displayed unusual warmth. His zeal became impetuous. His audience would have been astounded, did they not recollect that the calmest summer-days of the temperate zone sometimes have their thunder-storms. The Member for Sheffield was as sharp and bitter as ever. His keen steel is to the good. There's not a speck of rust upon it. It goes as surely to the quick as it did ten years ago. Viscount Palmerston fought with a splendid audacity. He fought like Murat. His enemies—the most vehement and vengeful of them—fell back from his blows with involuntary admiration. The foremost figure of the conflict, he seemed to trample every object—cavalry, trench, and battery—under foot. All to no purpose. He lost the day. As the Speaker announced the issue, the baffled chevalier sat with his legs crossed, hat over his eyes, and chin depressed.

The ordinary course of a minister, under such circumstances, was to resign. It is the invariable rule. Sir Robert Peel,—the sublime of mediocrity,—would have done so. Lord Derby, with all his fire and recklessness, would have done the same. Lord John Russell even, despite of the greedy tenacity with which he clings to office, whenever he has a chance, would have hardly dared to carry on the government with a majority of the Lower House against him. But the noble Viscount, who makes the Premiership the long game and feast of his declining years, discards all such dull routine. He spurns the rules of conduct left him by his predecessors. He denounces as a conspiracy the majority which condemns him. Haughtily refuses to capitulate. Defies the conspirators, and appeals to the country. A general election is announced. That's the upshot.

Upon which an immense excitement pervades the British islands, the Isle of Man included. Members of Parliament, desirous of renewing their leases, rush back to their constituents with pockets full of explanations, promises, and pledges. Addresses to Independent Electors, thick as snow-flakes on a Christmas Eve, cover the land. Rivers of gratuitous beer already begin to flow. Bands and banners dispel the monotony and smoke of Birmingham, Wigan, Manchester, and all the other citadels of white slavery and Free Trade. The *Times* has columns of prodigious rhetoric upon the crisis. So has the *Morning Post*, and all the other guides and gospels of the British public. On the whole, there's a wilder uproar about this crisis, as they call it, than the capture of the Malakeff, or the visit of Napoleon to Windsor, or the death of Nicholas, or the trial of Palmer, the druggist, or any other event of late has happened to provoke.

And all for what? A night at Astley's would be just as profitable to the people. It is a crisis for Lord Palmerston, and for him alone.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the steamship *Arago*, at this port, from Havre and Southampton, 11th inst., and the *Europa* at Halifax, from Liverpool, 14th inst., we have a week's later news from Europe, and later intelligence from China, the East Indies and Australia. The political news from England is unimportant. The present state of existing relations between Great Britain and the United States was to come up for consideration in the House of Lords on the 17th ult., and in the Commons about the same time. It was thought the Palmerston ministry would be sustained by the country at the approaching elections.

A great many rumors are afloat regarding the warlike demonstrations of Spain against Mexico. The operations of the expedition will probably be confined to the bombardment and occupation of Vera Cruz. Gen. Concha is mentioned as the commander of the forces. Santa Anna is referred to in connection with the movement. France and England are called upon to guarantee the safety of Cuba, and the neutrality of the United States, but it was reported that they had declined. There is, however, some talk of France mediating between the belligerents. Lord Elgin has been appointed Plenipotentiary to the Court of Pekin, and will leave for China as soon as possible. The dates from Hong Kong are to the 30th of January. There had been no movement of importance on either side. The western suburbs of Canton had been burned in retaliation for the attack of the Chinese upon the British fleet. Accounts from St. Petersburg represent the Chinese government as on the verge of dissolution for want of funds. France and England have come to an understanding relative to joint operations in China. The Circassians have again defeated the Russians.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

The Legislature of Delaware, says the Phil. *Ledger*, passed a bill prohibiting the banks from issuing bills of a less denomination than five dollars. This is a wise enactment, and will introduce into the hands of the people of Delaware, a currency not liable to depreciation, and therefore protect them from loss. We see the question is already started about the legality of the enactment, and one of the Wilmington papers says that the Court will declare it null and void, because a bank charter is a contract, and one of its privileges is the issuing of small bills. This ground was taken in Pennsylvania, when the Legislature prohibited the small note currency, but it did not amount to anything, and will not in Delaware.

The Legislature of North Carolina, at their recent session, blotted out the preamble of 1846, that implied condemnation of the Mexican war, and threw the whole of that war upon President James K. Polk.

Literature.

TWO CHAPTERS OF IRISH LIFE AT HOME.

THE BARON OF BEEF!

BY PADDY FROM CORK.

Hang all liars! say I—but not till after Easter; leave them the Lent for repentance.

Now I won't say how many Shrovetides ago, but a good many, Baron Langley and I were talking over matrimony and some other little matters then in season, till some how or other we settled down to a regular palaver on his own affairs.

He was Baron of the fair at Castletown, and, though everybody knew what sort of a Baron he was, egad! his name was so very aristo', and it went so well with the title, that 'twas 'who but he' at all the little parties round about. And he might have his choice amongst the girls almost, but the fellow wanted money, and so there he was, a bachelor still to be provided for.

'I tell you what it is, Baron,' said I, 'there's Miss Shinner, I think she's the very girl for you.'

'Of Blackpark?'

'And no other. She's cut out for you; not too young nor to handsome to know when she gets a good offer, and enough of both to grace your title. Her money will clear you off; and once clear you can support her as well as ever her father did.'

'I don't know her.'

'Don't know! And why don't you? And can't you when you know her father?'

'To say—how are you.'

'Pish! as if that is any obstacle to you. Can't you call on him to help you—to find the cows you lost yesterday? '

'The cows I lost?'

'Certainly; number one, the bracket short-horn; number two, the large cow, striped white and red; number three, the red *maol*.'

'Ph-eu! And you think that would do?'

'I know it, man. Nothing delights old Jimmy more than to do justice between man and man. Call in the morning to tell your story, and you'll be asked to come in the evening and tell your luck. You know that beautiful sentiment of Sterne's, 'When a man plants a twig he will water it.' And old Jimmy is that sort of man, that when once he takes a twig in hand he's sure to let nobody water it but himself—only that in this case the water will be whiskey punch. You've only to be late enough and you'll be invited to a bed, and there's the house for you, and there's Miss Mary and her money.'

'But suppose she insisted on marrying me before Lent?'

'Well, and if she did, I think you'd put up with the vulgarism for the sake of the lady.'

The Baron was a slow coach enough to take up a speculation; but set him off, and the wheels were so well oiled that he'd keep on till next Shrovetide, if there was any occasion for going so far.

The very next morning there came a gentlemanly little 'rat-tat-tat' at Shinner's door. The servant opened it. It was Mr. Langley, to see Mr. Shinner on particular business. 'Exceedingly sorry to intrude at such an unseasonable hour (it was before breakfast), but time and tide wait for no man, &c. Three cows, value from fifteen to twenty guineas each, disappeared most mysteriously. Reasons to suppose they had been brought into this neighborhood—'

'My dear sir,' says old Jimmy, 'you need not apologise; not in the least, sir. I like to see a young man in earnest about his business, sir.'

''Tis no joke to lose three cows, Mr. Shinner,' said the Baron, smiling, but looking very sensible.

'Anything but that, sir,' says old Jimmy, 'anything but that. A bracket short-horn I think you said; a—'

'Large cow striped white and red—'

'And a red *maol*. That's the country phrase, and we'd best put it so in the notices. That's the first thing to do, sir. But—have you breakfasted?'

'I really can't say I have,' stammered the Baron. 'I was anxious to have your advice as to the best way to proceed—not well knowing the people in the neighborhood, and after your breakfast I feared you might be occupied.'

'You were right, sir,' says old Jimmy; 'the early bird catches the worm.' You remember what the son of a certain legal luminary answered, when his father quoted the old saw to him?'

Of course, the Baron had not heard.

'The deuce mend the worm for being up before him!' Ha! ha! ha! But you were right, sir; and my breakfast will be yours this morning, if you please.'

Blessing his stars and me, the Baron followed him to the breakfast-parlor. Mr. Langley was made known to Miss Shinner, and Miss Shinner to Mr. Langley. He was all attention; but he was too shrewd a chap to overrun his game. He never for a moment lost sight of his cows. And so, without seeming stingily anxious about them, he was serious and a little absent now and then, to enhance the effect of his assiduities. He looked like a man who wouldn't be trifled with; but could afford to bide his time, and would in a lady's society.

To make a long story short, the old gentleman and the young lady found the time to pass very agreeably. The Baron wasn't Baron Munchausen exactly; but he could tell a story. And when breakfast was over, Miss Shinner's own fair hand wrote out a fair dozen of the notices. Luckily there was no printing office within twenty miles of them, and they grew quite sociable over the ink-bottle.

Jimmy was voluminous in his directions of the how, the when and the where the cows might, could, would and should be found. 'Should be found, sir. This country, sir, wasn't, sir, wasn't a Pandemonium; nor a—nor a—and the rights of Property were not trodden down yet; and there were laws, sir, to punish thieves.'

'It would be a great deal pleasanter for Mr. Langley to get back his cows than to punish the thieves, Papa,' said Miss Mary; 'and I hope he may succeed.'

'I hope so, too, my heart,' says old Jimmy. 'Let us know, Langley. You might as well go home this way as well as any other.'

Langley would be only too happy to let his hospitable host know of his luck, whatever it might be.

'We'll give you a cup of tea,' says Jimmy. 'We'd be glad to see you at dinner if you are in the way at five.'

The Baron declined. He could scarcely expect to have his present day's work over so early; but would present himself at tea, if his adventures left him fit to appear in a lady's presence.

'Pish, man!' says old Jimmy; 'one would think it was looking for a wife instead of a cow you were.'

'Three cows, Mr. Shinner,' says the Baron.

'Well, you might go in search of three wives, too, if you took them one at a time,' says old Jimmy.

'One would be all that I should wish to seek at any time, Mr. Shinner,' said the Baron. He took care not to look at the lady, but he directed his tone at her, and he could draw it very fine.

'Well, sir,' says old Jimmy, 'we won't be frightened by a few spatters on your jacket; and we'll expect you back to tea.'

And so they parted.

II.

Eight o'clock came, and with it the Baron. There was a nice little mizzle of rain coming down persuasively; just inviting a man to shelter and not pressing him to hurry. But the Baron sprinkled his coat carefully at a stream he passed in the morning, and re-passed on purpose. He had ridden far and wide. His horse was blown. The tea was ready. Cold meat was on the side-table—but the Baron couldn't touch it. He was tired and a little languid, and, indeed, he said that he had dined, and that was no more than the truth.

He had scattered his notices, offered rewards, threatened the penalties of the law, and so far in vain. But Rome was not built in a day, and he was not so annoyed as not to brighten up under the influence of strong tea and sympathy. He was fatigued, 'but once at home, and after a good sleep—'

'My dear sir,' says old Jimmy, 'we are not so bad as all that. If you have no very particular objection, you are at home here for the night.'

The room looked so lightsome and cheery and homely that, as my old Baron looked round him, he felt quite snug. At the same time a misgiving of what might follow, if the cows came home, came across him rather soberingly. And, without any affectation, he once or twice betrayed total forgetfulness of the business that had brought him there. But that did not injure him with Miss Mary. She played and sang to him—not quite like the Baroness Cruvelli-Vigier—but well enough for a man's wife. He thanked her and she thanked him, and when his fatigue was supposed to overpower him, they shook hands and wished each other a pleasant good-bye until breakfast-time. And the Baron went to his apartment, on serious thoughts intent.

Next morning old Jimmy set to work most energetically before Langley's eyes were open—made out warrants on some notoriously suspicious parties in the neighborhood, and on some who were only suspected of being suspicious; and without the little ceremony of swearing to the informations. Jimmy was one of the good old times, when a friend's word was as good as his bond—and sometimes a deuced deal better. This smoothed the Baron's way. He'd have been in a pretty puzzle if the old gentleman had stood on trifles.

Again he was agreeable at breakfast and invited back in the evening; and to dinner, if it did not absolutely interfere with business.

'If so,' says old Jimmy, 'it wouldn't do to press you. But at any rate we'll expect you.'

'You know you cannot do much after dusk, Mr. Langley,' urged Miss Mary.

This was undeniable, and he promised to be back at all hazard. And away he went. Jimmy pressed him to take some of his own men to aid in the search; but the Baron most gratefully declined. His own people were sure to be on the look-out for him. They knew in what direction he meant to go.

The Baron went, and the Baron came; and dined, and talked, and was talked to; and very slyly let old Jimmy know incidentally how his acres lay, and how well off he'd be if the few incumbrances, saddled on him by his grandfather, were off his shoulders. 'Never tell any one,' old Tom Bradshaw used to say, 'that your father as much as looked cross at a mortgage. 'Like father like son—'tis too near myself. But your grandfather may do any thing, provided he leaves you what is worth redeeming.' There was a kind of justice in making the great-elder Langley answer for his son's extravagance as well as his own. At all events, the Baron didn't scruple to lay all to his account. And Jimmy looked as if he was getting on his considering-cap, and settling with himself whether some sensible woman might not do worse with her money. With an enterprising hard-working young fellow it wouldn't be a bad prospect. Jimmy himself had worked his own way up-hill.

This day, and the next, and the next, passed in much the same manner. North, south, east and west went the Baron. He could split a point for the next day's search; and, if it went to that, he could box the compass out and out. But he really began to think the best thing he could do was to cut the matter short and find the cows.

That evening he returned with a face beaming with success, and a nice detailed little narrative of the day's proceedings. He had got information that they were seen in the mountains, out towards—he didn't remember the name of the place exactly, but not far west of the spot where Dillon, the fool, was killed. And there he had found them, nibbling daintily the bare mountain side, very much as if they had got a better meal within four-and-twenty hours. He had sent his men on with them, whilst he returned to let his kind friends know of his good luck.

'Ha! ha! sir,' says old Jimmy, ''twas there they carried them when they found the pursuit getting hot. But I wouldn't despair of bringing them up yet, sir.'

But the Baron, for his part, did not like the notion of the loss of time from his business that this might involve.

'Time was,' says old Jimmy—'time was, sir, when a young man would leave his ditching and his draining, aye, and his reaping, sir—his reaping, to lend his hand, sir, to the protection of society. But when young men are satisfied to sit down, quietly, and let thieves come and go, why, I suppose an old man ought to rest content.'

The Baron would be very far, indeed, from being satisfied with any such thing. But, just then, he felt a reluctance, a dislike, to follow out such an investigation. Mr. Shinner could not blame him for not being very angry at an outrage that had been the means of introducing him to such an acquaintanceship, and so forth.

I should be glad to be able—and I never was—to speak the Baron's speech; and that would be nothing without the action. The rascal was mortally in dread of being found out. But luck was with him, and the more afraid he was, the more interesting he looked in Miss Mary's eyes, and the more in earnest in old Jimmy's.

He *consented* to be vulgarly married at Shrovetide; and glad enough he was to have it over. He pretended to think I couldn't keep secret, but from that day to this, I never told the story without being asked.

EN-AVANT.

Inglorious soldier! dost thou tire e'en now,
And fling the unused helmet from thy brow,
Aweary sitting by the wayside stone,
With folded hands, despairing and alone?
Thy way is to be trod:—lo, bright and far,
It stretches forward to the evening star.

Up! plant a firm free foot upon the path,
Heed not that storms may gird thee with their wrath.
What though the lightnings quiver round thy blade—
What though the black clouds sweep above the glade—
Another breeze shall drift them far away,
And flood the landscape with the golden day!

In the rough toil is power and glory won,
We wear the laurel for the labor done;
And would'st thou linger through the sun-bright hours,
Pouring thy plaint unto the wayside flowers?
Or watching with a vague unpurposed eye
The light clouds sail the hollow azure sky?

Go forth and share the danger and the strife,
And live and breathe the fullness of thy life!
Nor let in vain the trumpets round thee peal,
The great world splash thee with its chariot wheel;
The exulting sense of action and of power,
Doth well repay the peril of the hour.

Yea, like the ancient Athlete's sinewy hand,
Thy soul grown strong shall battle and command—
But feel its innate force the firmer grow,
Before the threatening aspect of a foe.
Shall wrest from fate the glory and the prize,
And raise the ringing plaudits to the skies.

It is a weak ambition that would sigh,
In listless silken ease to live and die;
For who would watch apart upon a hill
The combat roll below him, and be still,
Nor long to mingle with the glancing spears
That send their shivered echoes to his ears—

Could hear the fiery steeds impatient neigh,
And watch the white plumes toss amid the fray,
Even as the heavy foliage of the trees,
Tosses and sways before the autumn breeze,
Nor feel he owned a spirit and a hand,
Ready to dare and potent to command?

Nor is life all Resistance and Attack—
The sweet stars light the lonely bivouac;
And doubly welcome at the close of day,
Unto those worn and heated with the fray,
The call to rest, whose mellow music fills
With a new voice the silence of the hills.

How sweet to them the deep delicious calm,
As dim night glides above them with its balm!
Refreshed and strong they hear the pealing horn
Awake the echoes of the reddening morn,
And lift their pennons to the new born day,
Careless of all the perils of their way.

ENUL.

THE DRAMA OF EARTH. By JEROME KIDDER. *A Ranney, N. Y.*

To write a book of this extent, and with the design announced, is no joke. To read such a book is likewise no joke; but to criticise, without reading it carefully, would be that kind of joke which we would not be willing to let our critical character rest upon. The object of the 'Drama of Earth' is, the author informs us, to show in what way human depravity is the result of the violation of the law of man's purest and highest being. Mr. Kidder is confident he might have chosen a more pleasant theme, as it is more agreeable to recount virtuous than vicious deeds. This is not always the case; *vide* the extensive sale of Reynolds' villainous trash, the blood-and-thunder blue-light fictions of the story-telling papers; and the reckless rhodomontade and prurient pathos of the 'gas-light' 'Buntline' school. It is a good sign that Mr. Kidder, while he devoted himself, for virtue's sake, to the illustration of crime, feels that he, if not the reader, sacrifices much that is pleasant, and is fully cognizant of the mental martyrdom of the act.

The design of the work is novel. In its entirety it presents, on a cursory glance, a strange amalgamation of scenes and

topics—ranging from Paradise to Chatham Street—from Heaven to the National Theatre—Archangels in the former, 'Uncle Tom' in the latter. We have 'Holy Angels' and rowdy loafers, slaves, knaves, flat-boatmen, and sharp whiskey-dealers; Adam and Eve, and their sons, Noah and his sons, Lucifer, Diabolos and a group of Apostate Angels; Rumblossom, an insurgent, Iago and Cassio, from Shakspere's Othello; Legree a planter, and numerous others. The author seems to have a bold fancy, and no lack of talent which evidently is more than he can manage at times. It is somewhat obstreperous too, but as we have only read a small portion of the work, we will not, in fact cannot say to what extent it is so inclined. If on a further perusal of this anti-dram 'Drama,' we find it necessary, we shall review it at length.

Irish News.

Antrim.

The monthly meeting of the committee of the Royal Society for the promotion of the growth of flax in Ireland, was held in Belfast; John Birney, Esq., Lisburn, in the chair. The secretary reported that he had waited on Lieutenant-Colonel Larcom, at Dublin Castle, to ask his advice relative to certain prosecutions of farmers under the Fishery Act, for letting off the steep waters into rivers, under which act penalties were levied. He represented that where such cases occurred, the growth of flax was discouraged, and called attention to the great importance of that branch of industry as compared with the river fisheries. Lieutenant-Colonel Larcom observed, that although the act gave the Fishery Commissioners very extended powers, in the case of the steep-water being let off into rivers, yet that the board had seldom acted upon them, and that both the commissioners and the government were fully sensible of the great value to Ireland of flax cultivation, and desirous to interfere with it as little as possible, and only in flagrant cases. Letters were read from some of the society's instructors, who were occupied in choosing land for flax in the south and west, and in getting it prepared for the sowing. Their reports were generally favorable, as regarded the disposition of farmers to sow flax, especially in the counties of Cork, Clare, Galway, Leitrim, Roscommon and Longford. In consequence of the disappointment caused last year, in many districts of the southern and western counties, by an insufficient supply of seed, and the introduction of inferior kinds, much greater care was now being taken to secure an ample and good supply, and a cargo of 999 barrels had been ordered to Cork from Riga, being the first direct import of flax-seed for sowing in the south of Ireland. Mr. de Cock, Belgian instructor to the society, forwarded two bunches of flax straw, with the seed attached, as a specimen of the produce from a sowing of East Indian flax-seed, on the estate of Lord Fermoy, in county Cork, last year. The stems were only about two feet in length, but the quantity of seed bolls was unusually great. The Committee, however, remained of opinion that it is injudicious to sow East Indian seed, or any other brought from a hot climate, as, although the yield of seed from it may be large, it will not compensate for the very short stems and inferior weight and quality of fibre. A report from Professor Hodges, with his analysis of the substance termed by Mr. Pye 'flax meal,' was read to the meeting. This substance is the refuse of the unsteeped stems of flax after the fibre has been separated.

The Marquis of Kildare, Sir Thomas N. Reddington, James Gibson, Esq., Q. C., and Bonamy Price, Esq., the commissioners appointed by her Majesty to inquire into the condition and progress of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, sat for the second time in the library of the Queen's College, Belfast, and received evidence.

The following candidates were to be put in nomination, in Belfast, for Poor Law Guardians, on the 25th of March. George's Ward, J. Rea and Connolly Sherrard; Ann's Ward, Samuel Cunningham and William Young; Cromac Ward, Dr. Gordon and Mr. Mitchell, C. E.; Dock Ward, R. Waring and John Cowan; Smithfield Ward, Wm. Watson and Henry Murney; Ballymacarrett, F. Ritchie and James Davison.

A large brig, name unknown, struck on the Cannon Rock, near South Light, on the 28th of February, and went down immediately. All hands perished.

Armagh.

A judicial inquiry was held at the Newry Workhouse, before Mr. Isaac Corry, D. L., into the circumstances attending the attempt alleged to have been made by a woman in the Infirmary, named Susan Cole, to poison her infant child. The case was partly held on Friday before the bench, and the woman was remanded until Monday. The most material part of the evidence adduced, additional to that already given, was to the effect that the child was seen on Thursday evening, by a female inmate of the infirmary, to discharge blue matter, which was ascertained to be blue stone, and which the accused is charged with having administered to her child. The result was that the woman was committed for trial at the ensuing Armagh assizes.

An action at the suit of Mr. John Lindsay, against Mr. John Rea for an alleged libel, published by him in the *Northern Whig* newspaper, was to have come on for trial at the Armagh Assizes. The libel is stated to be contained in the same 'aggravating circular,' in which Mr. Robert Lindsay was libelled, and for which he obtained a verdict against the *Northern Whig* a short time ago from a Dublin jury, of sixpence damages.

Cork.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Directors of the Cork Gas Consumers' Company for the ensuing year. J. F. Maguire, M. P.; John Arnott, T. Mahoney, J. P.; Edmund Burke, James Lambkin, Gregory O'Neill, and Alexander M'Ostrich.

A letter has been received from Hogan, the sculptor, in reply to a communication requesting him to suggest a suitable design for a testimonial to Father Matthew, and also to state the cost at which it could be carried out. The design which Hogan forwards is for a bronze statue—marble being too perishable for our climate—size two feet over life, to be placed on a suitable pedestal. The height of the entire will be about twelve feet. Although one-third over life-size, it will appear to the eye merely of the natural proportions, from being superposed on a pedestal. The cost of the testimonial is stated to be £1,200.

About half-past ten o'clock, March the 2nd, says the *Cork Examiner*, on the doors of the City Court-house being opened, smoke was perceived issuing from the rear of the bench where a stove is situated. On examination, it was discovered that a wooden partition near the flue was on fire. The professional gentlemen and others who were present, immediately removed the curtains of the bench, and other ignitable matters which were adjacent to the fire, and, in a short time, owing to their exertions, it was completely extinguished. When the danger was over, however, they appeared to regret not having permitted the fire to progress, as it might render necessary the erection of a new Court-house—a very desirable matter. At the Police-office yesterday, Mr. Besnard remarked that he would be most happy if a similar accident occurred in that Court, and he would vouch for it, that no very strenuous exertions would be made to subdue it.

Dublin.

The Catholics of this city, says the *Dublin Freeman*, were plunged into deep affliction by the intelligence of the death of Father Paul Mary, of the Order of Passionists, which took place at the recently founded convent of the order, at Harold's-cross. The gloom occasioned by the death of this beloved priest was mingled with awe and consternation, from the fact that he had been announced to preach the annual charity sermon for the Harold's-cross Female Orphanage yesterday in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Upper Gardiner street; and after the melancholy news of his death had spread throughout the city, the placards intimating that he would preach the sermon continued in the streets. This lamented priest was son of the late, and brother of the present Earl of Longford. He was nephew of the late Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington, wife of the hero of Waterloo, and also of the Hon. and Very Rev. Henry Pakenham, Dean of St. Patrick's, and he was first cousin of the present Duke of Wellington. The Hon. Charles Reginald Pakenham was born the 21st September, 1821. He accompanied her Majesty to Ireland, on the occasion of her first visit to this country as one of her aides-de-camp, being then an officer in the Guards. He resigned the profession of arms on the occasion of his conversion to the Catholic faith a few years since, and joined the order of the 'Barefooted Clerks of the Most Sacred Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ.' On the opening of the Retreat of Blessed Paul of the Cross, founder of the Order of Passionists in Harold's-cross, last year, he was appointed rector of the house. The lamented priest was remarkable for his sweetness and gentleness of disposition. He speedily won the affections of all who became acquainted with him, and will be deeply deplored by the poor of the neighborhood of his convent, who were devotedly attached to him. The duty of preaching for the poor children of Harold's-cross, which he had undertaken, was discharged by a member of his order and house, also a convert from the ranks of the British nobility—the venerated Father Ignatius, the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, who alluded in touching language twice in the course of his sermon to the melancholy event. The health of the rev. gentleman had been failing for some time. It was not, however, until about Monday last fatal symptoms began to set in. We understand that disease of the heart was the cause of death.

On the first Saturday of January, 1857, the total number of paupers receiving relief in the unions of Ireland amounted to 56,095 (55,183 in-door), against 73,083 in January, 1856, equivalant to a decrease of 15,989, or 23 per cent. The population in 1851 was 6,552,055. The total expenditure for poor law paupers in the year ended September 29th, 1856, amounted to the sum of £576,160, against £685,259 in 1855, equivalent to a decrease of £103,000. In the first year £358,500 was expended for the maintenance and clothing, £2,198 for out relief, and £4,170 for emigration expense.

An Irish Government Bill, abolishing turnpike trusts, enacts that a commissioner shall be appointed by the Lord Lieuteuant, to execute the act, which provides for the maintenance of existing turnpike roads as public roads, and for the discharge of the debts due thereon. The commissioner is empowered to make awards, and to apportion the expenses of carrying the act into execution between the counties and baronies of the counties wherein the trusts are situate.

A bill of Mr. Whiteside, M.P., and Mr. Napier, M.P., makes sundry arrangements for securing the titles of purchasers of estates sold under the Irish Court of Chancery. The preamble recites the expediency of removing certain technical difficulties in suits for the sale of lands in Ireland under the said Court, and rendering the titles of purchasers secure and indefeasible.

The bronze statue by Moore, the eminent sculptor, of 'the poet of all circles,' Thomas Moore, has arrived safely in Dublin. Early steps will taken to have it placed in its designed loeality, opposite the entrance of the House of Lords, in College-green.

Donegal.

On the 20th of February, Lieutenant D. M'C. Downing, commanding the Revenue Police at Brockagh, county Donegal, proceeded with his party on duty, and in the townland of Glassagh, succeeded in discovering a malt-house containing 13 bushels of malt; and on the 23rd February, in the townland of Drumderrydoonan, discovered a malt-house containing 17 bushels of malt, and subsequently, in the mountain of Slievemurragh, discovered another malt-house containing 21 bushels of malt, and in prosecuting their search further through the mountains, were still more successful in making another important discovery consisting of a malt-house containing 14 bushels of malt. Again, on the 25th of February, the same officer and party were equally successful in making three seizures in the mountains adjacent to Glenscully, consisting of a malt-house, containing 9 bushels of malt, and two other concealments containing 6 and 7 bushels of malt, respectively.

On the 18th inst., the revenue police stationed at Malin, county Donegal, under the command of Lieutenant Irvine, made a seizure of malt, concealed on the face of a precipice in the Glengad headlands, upwards of one hundred feet overhanging the sea. These hardy and active men, notwithstanding the dangerous and almost inaccessible position of the malt-house, succeeded in conveying to the summit of the headlands ten bushels of dry barley malt which was lodged in the barrack in Malin. They also destroyed a set of grinding querns. On the 20th ult., the same officer and party discovered another malt-house, containing one set of grinding querns, and nine bushels of barley malt; this was also built on the face of a steep precipice, and adjoining, Lieutenant Irvine seized and destroyed an extensive distillery, consisting of two sunken barrels (full of potale,) 12 other vessels, 127 gallons of potale, one gallon of singlings, 133 gallons of worts, 14 bushels of grains, also a quantity of sailcloths, &c., in use about the distillery. The smugglers had fled.

A number of the respectable inhabitants of Letterkenny, feeling the extreme desirableness of having the town lighted up with gas, took advantage of the joint stock company act, of 1856, and formed themselves into a company for the purpose aforesaid. A capital of fifteen hundred pounds, and one hundred and fifty shares of ten pounds each, was speedily subscribed. Tenders for the work were then invited, and Mr. James Britain, of Letterkenny, became contractor for all the buildings required, which he has executed in a most creditable manner.

Down.

The fifth lecture of the present session of the Holywood Literary Society, says the *Ulsterman*,, was delivered by George C. Hyndman, on 'Some of the Genera of the Marine, Freshwater, and Landshells'—Professor Craik, Vice-President, in the chair. Mr. Hyndman's fame as a conchologist is extensive, and his mode of communicating information attractive and powerful. The lecturer devoted a great part of his address to the exposition of the shell to be found in numbers at our very doors. Amusing and instructive anecdotes contributed also to the enjoyment of the audience. The lecture was listened to with great pleasure, and it was illustrated by beautiful drawings, by cases of shells, and by living specimens. After some highly complimentary observations from the chairman, and an announcement that the next lecture would be delivered on Monday, the 16th of March, the meeting broke up.

Derry.

The election held in Derry for a member to represent t county in parliament, was concluded on the 6th of March, b the return of Mr. Clarke in opposition to Mr. Greer.

At the petty sessions Head-Constable Bailey prosecuted girl named Rebecca Kennedy, for stealing a quantity of cloth, belonging to the altar of Long-tower chapel. The case having been fully proved, and the prisoner consenting to be sentenced by the magistrates present, she was ordered to be imprisoned for three months.

The following students from Foyle College gained honors at the late examinations at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Queen's College, Belfast:—Degree Examination—Martin, John Henry, Scholar, first honor. Senior Sophisters—Valentine, W. John, Scholar, first honor, Classics. Junior Sophisters—Gallagher, Alex., second honor, Classics. Senior Freshmen—Lynn, John, Sizar, second honor, Logic—first honor, Classics; Jacob, John, second honor, Classics. Junior Freshmen—Britton, W., first honor, Mathematics; Carre, W. N., first honor Classics. At Belfast—Donnell, Robert, prize on the Origin, Progress, and Formation of the English Language.

The Rev. C. Seymour gratefully acknowledges to have received, from the Hon. the Irish Society, £10, toward the expenses of enlarging the church at Lower Moville, Greencastle.

Fermanagh.

This Assizes were opened by Baron Pennefather on the 27th Feb. His lordship, in charging the grand jury, congratulated them on the smallness of the calendar. He also dwelt on the superior habits, dress, and general appearance of the peasantry over those of the other counties through which he had passed.

Galway.

In Loughrea, on the 28th of February, the entire staff of the Galway militia, who were in other towns, being returned, again beat up through the town, on the 'look out' for an increase of the regiment. Up to that day they received 150 men, 16 only of whom were before in the corps. On yesterday, six others, and on the day before, three more, all of whom seemed to have travelled some distance, offered themselves.

Kerry.

On Monday evening, the 2nd of March, the inaugural of the Tralee Young Men's Society came off, in their new Hall, opened on that occasion. Not less than 700 persons were present. The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty presided, and the proceedings passed off in a most successful manner.

Derrynane, the residence of the late Daniel O'Connell, being the estate of the Earl of Cork, is shortly to be sold by his lordship.

Kilkenny.

The *Kilkenny Moderator* reports the sudden death of Mrs. Campion, wife of Mr. J. T. Campion, apothecary, St. John's Bridge, well known in the literary world by the *nom de plume* of 'The Kilkenny Man,' It appears Mrs Campion had previously evinced symptoms of an affection of the heart, but nothing like a serious disease was supposed to have supervened. However, on Tuesday night week, having, during the day, been apparently in the enjoyment of most excellent health, she retired to rest as usual. Mr. Campion intended to remain up for some time after she had gone to bed, but he was soon alarmed at hearing a moaning sound, as of one in intense suffering, proceeding from his wife's chamber; he then ran to ascertain the cause, and found her in such a state of agony as to hasten at once for medical aid. He had only to proceed some forty or fifty yards to the residence of Dr. James, so that the summons to the medical gentleman was given within the minute, but on his return he found that the ill-fated lady was already dead.

One of a notorious gang of burglars was arrested at Castlecomer, charged with having robbed a house near Thurles, the owner of which he also severely beat.

During the last week, says the *Kilkenny Journal* of the 28th of February, the days bear a closer resemblance to those which we are wont to look for in the month of May, than to any which might be expected in the commencement of boisterous March. The weather is, indeed, beautifully fine, and the earlier shrubs are already showing signs of returning vegetation.

The Hon Major and Mrs. Bellew, and *suite*, recently passed through Kilkenny on a visit to George Bryan, Esq., Jenkinstown.

The Very Rev. the Dean of Ossory has returned to the Deanery House, St. Canice's after a protracted absence. The citizens and public at large, amongst whom his popular manners have rendered him deservedly respected, will be gratified to learn that the Very Rev. gentleman is in the enjoyment of good health.

Limerick.

At the meeting of the Limerick Grand Jury the question of reducing the extra police force in the county, came under discussion.

Mr. Smith O' Brien said there had been some discussion, as to whether they should continue the extra police force in the county or not. He (Mr. O' Brien) was not a magistrate of the county, but considering the population of the county, which had diminished probably to the extent of 50,000 persons, and considering also that society was in a comparative state of tranquility and freedom from crime, he was of opinion that £4,400 a year, which was expended in maintaining the extra police force, was perfectly useless and thrown away. For certain reasons he need not allude to just then, he would wish a resolution to the effect, would be proposed by some member beside himself. He (Mr. O'Brien) would wish to say in bringing forward the motion he did not mean to throw any slur on the police force, because they were a body of men—a sort of standing army, that would answer and do credit to any country in time of need. He wished it to be plainly understood that he did not mean to say one word derogatory to the character of the con-

stabulary. But he entertained grave doubts of the necessity of imposing on the tax payers of the county the enourmous sum of £4,400 a year for an unnecessary force. He was accidentally passing through Adare a few days ago, and he saw a great number of police there, and he asked how many were there, and found that there were twice the number necessary. He would not submit any motion in reference to the question himself, but he would wish some other gentleman would. The matter was finally laid over until the following day, when a numerous meeting of the magistrates of the county, was held in the Grand Jury Room of the County Court-house, upon summons of Sir Richard D. De Durgho, Bart, Vice lieutenant, who was directed by the Lord Lieutenant to convene same, 'for the purpose of reviewing their decision respecting the removal of a portion of the extra constabulary from the county of Limerick. There were over 100 of the justices and deputy-lieutenants in attendance, including the Earl of Dunraven and Lord Clarina. At 2 o'clock, Sir Richard De Burgho was called to the chair, and having announced the object for which the meeting was called, proceeded at great length to dilate upon the present tranquil and prosperous state of the county and country generally, contrasted with that of former years. He went into details in connection with the transfer of the maintenance of the constabulary force in 1846, to the imperial exchequer, down to the present period—reviewed the amount of agrarian crime which then prevailed, in comparison with the existing state of society generally, and said that under such a favorable state of things it was no longer necessary that the overburdened ratepayers should be taxed for the maintenance of an extra constabulary force, whose services were not required.

Louth.

The Louth Assizes concluded on the 2nd of March.

The commission was opened by Mr. Justice Perrin.

His Lordship congratulated the jury on the state of their county, as evidenced by the calendar, which circumstance was creditable both to the gentry and county in general.

Patrick Conolly was indicted for stealing a tablecloth at Dundalk.

Mr. M'Mahon defended the prisoner, who was acquitted.

Catharine Murphy was indicted for concealing the birth of her child, at Kilcrony, on the 3rd of November last.

Mary Curtis deposed that the prisoner resided with her, and that on the morning in question, she found a dead child in the bed in which the prisoner slept; that the child the prisoner afterwards admitted to be hers; but she said that it was still-born.

John Gartlan, M.D, deposed to his having examined the child, and stated that it was born alive; there was a mark of redness on its neck, but he would not say it was caused by violence.

The jury convicted the prisoner, and she was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, with hard labor suited to her sex.

Thomas Bennett was indicted for assaulting Bridget M'Dermot, so as to endanger her life: he was also indicted for a common assault.

The jury found the prisoner guilty of both charges but reccommended him to mercy. He was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Mrs. Hughes, wife of Mr. P. Hughes of Ardee, some time ago placed 13 eggs under a hen. Ladies think there is luck in odd numbers—so thought Rory O'More. After the usual time of incubation, to Mrs. Hughes' great amazement, and we may add, pleasure, 14 lively chickens were produced; of course two of them were twins. Mrs. Hughes declared there was not an egg in the nest but the 13, and she counted the shells after the chickens were hatched, not before as is sometimes the case.

A Scotch lady of rank, in acknowledging on the 17th inst, to a friend, the receipt of a parcel of tatting, which the latter lady had purchased from Mrs. Brunker of Ardee, pays the following graceful compliment to the superiority of Irish taste and workmanship:—'I must not let a post pass without thanking you for your truly lovely contribution to the bazaar. I never saw more lovely work, and it always vexes me, and makes me a little ashamed of my compatriots, when I see how much more taste and perfection of workmanship the Irish display than we do.'

Leitrim.

The Assizes for the county Leitrim was opened on the 28th of February, by Baron Greene, who congratulated the Grand Jury on the lightness of the calendar. On the conclusion of the charge of the learned Baron, one of the grand jurors, Mr. O'Beirne, called his lordship's attention to a resolution the grand jury had come to in consequence of aspersions cast on the state of the county, by the Earl of Leitrim, in his place in the House of Lords:—

'We present and resolve, that the Grand Jury have seen with astonishment certain statements of Lord Leitrim in the House of Lords, which represents the county Leitrim to be in a state unsafe for life and property, whereas they can testify to the contrary—to have never been more peaceable; and considering that these statements reflect upon the gentry, magistrates, and inhabitants of the county, they think it their duty publicly to record their dissent from his lordship's statements—a copy of this resolution to be handed to the judge presiding in the Crown Court, and one forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant.

(Signed) 'Hugh Lyons Montgomery, Foreman.'

Baron Greene observed that if the calendar was a true indication of the state of the country, the resolution was borne out.

Longford.

On the 3rd of March a preliminary meeting was held at Higgins' hotel, Longford, for the purpose of forming a Joint Stock Company to light the town with gas. Mr. Michael Murtagh was called to the chair, and several persons proposed to take shares. The capital is to consist of one thousand shares of £3 each, and Mr. Kincaid, the Earl of Longford's agent, has promised to support the undertaking.

Meath.

At the Drogheda Assizes a man was indicted for having, on the 12th of January, in the county Meath, within five hundred yards of the town of Drogheda, administered to Anne Freeman two drachms of tartar emetic, or salt of antimony, with intent to cause her death. The jury were unable to agree upon a verdict.

Two enermous pigs, weighing 15 cwt., and for which £45 was refused, were shipped for Liverpool, by Mr. David Kellett, of Drogheda.

Roscommon.

On the night of the 5th of March a shot was fired through the parlor window of Hugh O'Donnell, Esq., of Greyfield, near Keadue, in the county Roscommon, but without effect, as the contents of the firearm fortunately passed quite close to where the gentleman was sitting. Two men are in custody, having been arrested by Constable Sullivan, of Keadue.

R. P. Bailey, Esq., of Rookwood, has been appointed to the commission of the peace for the county Roscommon. Roderick J. Hanley, Esq., of Ballycommin, has also been appointed a magistrate.

Tipperary.

A meeting of the electors of the county Tipperary was held in the Court-house of Thurles, on the 3rd of March, to determine what candidate should be put in nomination at the approaching election. As the proceedings were somewhat spicy, we give an abridgment of the report published by the *Cork Examiner*.

Long before the hour appointed for the meeting, the court-house was crowded in every part of the building, and it was with considerable difficulty that even those most directly interested in the result of the proceedings could obtain an entrance to the court-house.

The arrival of the O'Donoghue was greeted by the men of Tipperary with an enthusiasm which at once indicated that he was the popular candidate with those who formed the great majority of the meeting, and, for several minutes after he entered the court, his presence was hailed by the most enthusiastic cheers.

Mr. Waldron was also well received by the gentlemen who were present to support his claim to the representation.

On the motion of Mr. Samuel Cooper, the chair was taken by John Lanigan, Esq.; and Mr. Cooper kindly consented to act as secretary.

The Chairman reminded the electors of the important duty they were assembled to discharge, and expressed his earnest wish that, during the course of that day's proceedings, the meeting would be marked by courtesy, good feeling, and moderation. The chairman concluded by calling on any gentleman who had a candidate to propose to proceed with his nomination.

Mr. Nicholas Maher, formerly M.P. for Tipperary, came forward to address the meeting, and was received with loud and prolonged cheers, which were met by hisses, groans, and other expressions of disapprobation by some of the supporters of Mr. Waldron. After the exuberance of the gentlemen at either side had in some degree abated, Mr. Maher proposed the O'Donoghue of the Glens as the candidate best qualified to represent the feelings, the opinions, and the honesty of the electors of the great county of Tipperary (loud cheers).

Mr. Massy seconded the nomination of The O'Donoghue, and was repeatedly interrupted during his address by the acclammations of the meeting.

The Rev. Dr. Blake, P.P., Roscrea, proceeded to propose Mr. Waldron for the acceptance of the electors, and was met by continued interruptions from the supporters of the other candidate.

The Rev. Mr. Ryan, P.P., New Inn, came forward to second the proposition of the Rev. Dr. Blake. The presence of the rev. gentleman appeared to stimulate the hostility of the great portion of the meeting, and groans, hisses, and every other kind of interruption were employed during the course of his address—if the word can be applied to a series of attempts to obtain a hearing where only two or three words could be heard for a moment, and the interruptions that followed frequently lasted for several minutes.

The Chairman interposed to obtain silence, but neither advice nor remonstrance appeared to have any effect.

The Rev. Mr. Ryan—Electors of Tipperary (groans and hisses).

A Voice—What about your friend Sadleir, Father John (tremendous uproar).

Rev. Mr. Ryan—It was stated to the people assembled at this meeting that The O'Donoghue was a Tenant Right man (cheers, and cries of hear, hear).

A Voice—So he is, and can you find us a better (cheers).

Rev. Mr. Ryan—Gentlemen, I believe his Tenant Right is in the keeping of Mr. Moore, the member for Mayo, who is here to-day, and for that reason I do not like it—I do not believe it to be sincere (great confusion, cries of 'sit down,' 'we've got enough of you,' and other interruptions).

A Voice—Was it a letter from Lord John Russell that told you all about it (cheers and laughter)?

Another Voice—Or was that about the time you wrote to your friend John Sadleir (renewed laughter)?

An Elector—No, it was not; that was the day he dined with John Sadleir (cheers).

Rev. Mr. Ryan then proceeded at considerable length, and amidst constant and vociferous interruptions, to prove that he had been at all times a constant and earnest supporter of the Tenant League ——

A Voice—All that has nothing to do with our meeting here to-day (cheers).

Rev. Mr. Ryan—If the O'Donoghue had come before the electors of this great county, accompanied by any other step-father than an anti-O'Connell man—the great O'Connell, whose name is now employed by those people as a clap-trap (tremendous uproar, groans, hisses, and continued interruptions.) I emphatically say 'yes,' and though you may cry out 'no,' I tell you it is not four years since the same Mr. George Henry Moore, member of parliament for Mayo, went down to Clonmel, accompanied by a man now called to his last account, to oppose the election of John O'Connell, the liberator's son (hear, hear, cheers, and groans).

A Voice—A groan for John O'Connell (renewed confusion).

A Voice—He is a place-hunter, and a place-taker (hear, hear).

Rev. Mr. Ryan—He is the son of the man who was your guide, who was your——

A voice—And a d——d bad son he was too (laughter).

Another Voice—Tell me now, Father Ryan, have you a letter in your pocket from Lord John?

Rev. Mr. Ryan—The honest people are anxious to hear me, it is not they who are interrupting me. They are honest and quiet, but it is a clique here in front of me, who are afraid to hear me, who are afraid to listen to what I have to say, and who consequently try to silence me by creating these interruptions. As to the Independent Opposition, I must say I like it, and I will sustain it during my life, in every way in the world of wringing our rights from bigoted England but by such a principle. But, gentlemen, let us not be carried away from the true facts of the case. Now, I ask, is not Mr. Waldron as much an independent nationalist as the O'Donoghue? (Loud cries of 'no, no').

At this stage of the proceedings the confusion became so great, and the interruptions so incessant and vociferous, that to scarcely one word in ten of what the rev. gentleman attempted to address to the meeting was heard beyond the immediate place from which he spoke.

The Chairman—I tell you this distinctly that, if you are not silent, we must adjourn the meeting, and clear the court.

A Voice—The table is giving way; call in the police (great confusion).

The Chairman—Now, gentlemen, hear Mr. Ryan, he will be done very soon.

Rev. Mr. Ryan—I say one of those gentlemen is just as well entitled to be considered an Independent Oppositionist as the other ('no, no'). The O'Donoghue is an untried man, as well as Mr. Waldron. The O'Donoghue has nothing to recommend him but the word of Mr. Moore, and the pledge of Mr. Waldron is any day to be more relied on than that of Mr. Moore (groans and great confusion).

A Voice—Moore is a tried and trusted man (cheering).

Rev. Mr. Ryan—Gentlemen, as several other persons, electors of your county, mean to address you, I will now wind up, thanking the people for their kind attention, and assuring the small clique about me here, that not alone now, but through life, I shall look on them with the most complete contempt. (The rev. gentleman's departure from the front of the platform was followed by another outburst, in which hisses, groans, and other popular expressions of disapprobation were resorted to with an extraordinary amount of energy.

The meeting was subsequently addressed by The O'Donoghue, Mr. Waldron, and George Henry Moore, M.P. for Mayo.

Mr. Massy was then removed to the second chair, and the proceedings terminated, the crowd separating quietly and peaceably.

The Chairman then called for a show of hands, when thousands of arms were raised amidst the greatest enthusiasm on behalf of The O'Donoghue, and only four were held up in support of Mr. Waldron. The chairman then declared the result in favor of The O'Donoghue.

Mr. Waldron and his friends, who left the meeting in a body, protesting against the proceedings, retired to Boyton's hotel, where they formed themselves into a meeting. Sir John Carden presided.

On the Motion of George Ryan, D.L., seconded by the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, P.P., Templemore, it was resolved that the meeting at the court-house was a packed assemblage of the partizans of The O'Donoghue, who overruled the voices of Mr. Waldron and his friends, and that it did not represent the county; and further, that as Mr. Waldron had the support of the Catholic Bishops, he be requested to go to the poll.

The Very Rev. Dean Burke, P.P. was moved to the second chair, and the thanks of the meeting voted to Sir John Carden.

The slaves of Tipperary have been entertaining Captain Robert Jocelyn Otway, of the Royal Navy, at a dinner, on his return from the Black Sea, where he had gone to fight for the enemies of Ireland. Instead of his tenantry giving him a dinner, he should have done the hospitable to the men whose labor feeds and clothes, and makes him an Irish demi-god.

Waterford.

The comparative statement of traffic upon the Waterford and Kilkenny Railway, for the week ending the 21st of Feb., was: Passengers, parcels, &c., £130 10s. 2d.; goods, cattle, &c., £130 8s. 1d. No. of miles, 31, amount per mile £8 10s. 3d., £263 18s 3d. Corresponding week last year—Passengers, parcels, &c., 126 11s. 3d.; goods, cattle, &c., £138 7s. No. of miles, 31, amount per mile, £8 4s. 6d., £254 1s. 3d.

The committee appointed to consider the proposed reduction of officers' salaries in the Carrick-on-Suir Union have drawn up a report stating unanimously that bearing in mind the fact that a reduction had been already made in the salaries of the officers to the amount of £169, and no supernumerary officers being at present engaged, it would not be practicable or prudent to make any further reductions in the establishment charges in this respect.

There was a collection for the Catholic University at Waterford on Sunday March 1st. The receipts exceeded £100.

A dividend of five shillings per share is declared on on all the original shares (£50) paid up of the Waterford and Limerick Railway.

The receipts of the Waterford Mechanics' Institute during 1856 amounted to £747. Mrs. Balfour and Mr. Henry Russell are engaged to deliver lectures for the Institute.

The Jesuit Fathers opened a mission at Waterford on Sunday March 1st.

On the morning of the 2nd of March, about eight o'clock, the body of a man was observed floating in the river, near the Graving Bank, and was hauled ashore. At an inquest held in the evening by James Delahunty, Esq., coroner, at the house of Mr. Mahony, publican, Bridge street, evidence was tendered as to the identity of the drowned man, whose name was Edward Rosier, and who resided with his father in service at Rathcullicheen, the residence of T. H. Strangman, Esq. The deceased left his house on the 16th of Jan. last, and no tidings had been heard of him up to the time that his body was picked up. The deceased was seen in Queen street on the night of the above date by a man named Keating, in company with a female who wore a shawl over her head, and he appeared to be intoxicated. The jury returned a verdict of 'Found drowned,' accompanying it with another remonstrance to the harbor commissioners to place a night watchman in Suir street, where it was presumed by the jury, the unfortunate man had walked over the quay.

The sloop *Margaret and Alice*, of and for Milford, from Waterford, when off the Saltees, sprung a leak, and bore up for Dunmore in a sinking state, where she arrived on the 20th Feb., and was run ashore at Stony Cove. She has since been pumped out, and brought into the dock for repair.

There are, says the *Waterford News*, at least two in the world who do not find that great cause for exultation which the resident engineer of the Waterford and Limerick line seems to feel in the establishment of the telegraph station at the military town of Cahir, from whence a lightning message of love affairs was last week telegraphed to this city just in time to catch a bold and handsome Dragoon, who had eloped with a 'ladye fair,' not deficient in personal attractions, whose occupation it seems was the arranging of crinolines and other envelopes which go to make up a lady of the present day. The message sped with a smoothness and accurateness which lovers' ambition but seldom acheive, and those impertinent and prying policemen—who have more than once proved themselves the deadly enemies of that little god Cupid—captured the fugitives as they were making themselves comfortable for a voyage in the Bristol steamer, 'over the salt sea,' *en route* for the metropolis of her Majesty's kingdom. Our Crimean hero—for he bore the honors of war on his breast—was, Crocus like, changed from a happy lover to a prisoner in rude hands, and sent back to his regiment, from which his leave of absence had expired the previous evening. The partner of his flight, with tear-bedewed eyes, determined in her will, like all her sex, after having received the promise true' from her captive chief to follow as soon as possible,

and having bestowed on him one of her polished tresses, and other emblems of her true love, took her departure, filled, no doubt, with meditation to soothe her o'er the sea.

Westmeath.

The committee of the Mullingar Catholic Young Men's Society acknowledge the receipt of £2 from the Rev. John Nicolls, as a donations towards the funds of their Society.

A man named Patrick Kelly, in rather comfortable circumstances, and living on the banks of the canal at Athlone, was married to a woman named Greer. Kelly was a widower, aged about 65, and had children by his first wife. The bride was 'fat, fair, and forty.' During the performance of the marriage ceremony at the parish chapel, Kelly's daughters broke into the house and divested it of everything moveable, which so affected the old man that he took to his bed, where, in a few hours, he was found by his bride a cold and stiffened corpse. An inquest was held on the body the following day, and a verdict of 'Death from apoplexy' was returned.

Wexford.

Patrick Kelly was tried at the Assizes, on the 27th of Feb., for an attempt to murder Mary Kelly, by shooting at and wounding her, on the 18th of January, at Ballygalvert, but the jury, after being locked up all night, acquitted the prisoner.

The grand jury ignored the fishermen charged with plundering the stranded vessel, *Irawaddy*, off Cahore Point.

John Walsh, Thomas Walsh, James Crowe, and William Edwards, were tried and acquitted for a riot and assault upon the police at Kilmuckbride, on the 27th of September.

The investigation of the question of value occupied a considerable time, and the learned judge finally awarded £1,700 compensation to be levied off the county at large, and fiated a presentment to that effect. With this transaction the business of the assizes concluded.

Wicklow.

The following are the Grand Jury for the county Wicklow, at the Spring Assizes :—Sir G. Hodson, Bart., foreman; W. J. Westby, Major R. A. G. Cunningham, J. Truell, Colonel S. Bayley, J. P. Tynte, F. Synge, G. Hudson, G. Putland, Wm. R. La Touche, H. Eccles, J. Scott, Wm. Grogan, J. S. Moore, T. J. Barton, Wm. Courtnay, W. Owen, A. W. Guinness, and C. O'Connell Fitzsimon, Esqrs.

TOPICS.

Messrs. Ross & Tousey, the wholesale News Agents, finding their late establishment too confined for their greatly increased and increasing trade, have removed to 121 Nassau street. They eminently deserved the very abundant success they achieved in their old quarters. May it increase and multiply.

The Legislature of Missouri has just passed a bill which says : 'If any man shall desert his wife, or shall, from worthlessness, drunkenness, or any other cause, fail to provide for her maintenance, so that she is compelled to labor for the support of herself and family, the earning of any such wife, and any property, real or personal, purchased by her with the proceeds of her labor, shall belong to her in her own right, separate and apart from her said husband, and shall not be liable to his debts, nor in any manner subject to his control.'

In the Massachusetts House, a resolve has been passed, appropriating, conditionally, $100,000 to the aid of the 'free State' settlers of Kansas—the means to be raised by the sale of 1,000 shares of the interest of the State in the Western railroad.

It is said an extra session of the Virginia Legislature will be called in June.

BIRTH.

On the 1st of March, at Baton Rouge, La., the wife of Cornelius O'Callaghan, of a son. He was christened JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE, O'CALLAGHAN.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

February 19, Thomas J. O'Grady, surgeon, Waterford, to Marion, daughter of James Flood, King's Inns-lane, Dublin.

February 21, Owen Connolly, of Mary's-abbey, to Agnes, daughter of P. Rogers, Little Britain-street, Dublin.

February 22, Margaret, daughter of James Dwyer, of North King-street, to Hugh Boylan, Dublin.

February 23, John J. Adrien, 22nd regiment, son of the late John T. Adrien, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence, R.U.S.I., to Eliza Mary, daughter of the late Michael Griffin, of Claremorris, Mayo.

February 23, W. Rogers, George's-place, to Mary Josephine daughter of the late John Reigh, of Dublin.

February 22, in Drogheda, Peter Curran, of North Earl-street to Mary, daughter of Thomas Carpenter, Johnville, Drogheda.

February 24, Henry Battersby, of Larkfield, Westmeath, to Anna Maria, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly of the 34th regiment, of Weston.

February 24, Marshal Clarke, son of James Sadlier, of Brookville, county Tipperary, to Alicia Campbell, daughter of the late Stephen W. Creagh, of the General Post-office.

December 31, at Calcutta, William Dickson, to Matilda, daughter of William Kelly, Dublin.

February 17, in London, P. Le Fanu, son of the Rev. Henry Le Fanu, to Maria Alexandria, daughter of the late A. Cruikshank, of Keithock, Forfarshire.

February 19, in Booterstown Church, Bryan O'Donnell, of the Hill, Kilmallock, to Susan, daughter of the late Edmond B. O'Reilly, Sylvan Lodge, Dublin.

February 19, at Swords, William J. Shiel, M.D., of Malahide, to Emily Louisa, daughter of William Crozier, of Greenwood, county Dublin.

February 19, in the Catholic Church, Rathmines, F. Lynch, of Micknanstown, Meath, to Mary Eliza, daughter of the late Captain Maguire, of Gortral House, county Fermanagh.

February 12, at Kentstown, Thomas F. Murray, National Bank, Kells, to Julia, daughter of James Kiuselia, Veldonstown, Meath.

February 16, Michael Grealy, merchant, Roscommon, to Sarah Cox, daughter of John Cox, of Lagan.

February 17, at Queenstown, Peter Hay, Governor of Spike Island, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Eyre Evans, of Ash-hill Towers, Limerick.

February 17, at Blackrock, Cork, Eaton Joseph Travers, of the 1st Punjaub Rifles, to Harriette Elizabeth, daughter of Arthur P. Aylmer, of Ferney, county Cork, and niece of Sir Gerald George Aylmer, Bart., of Donadea Castle.

February 17, Rev. Samuel Kelly, of Tullamore, to Jeannie, daughter, and, at the same time, the Rev. James Megaw, of Clogher, in the county Sligo to Susanna, daughter of Henry Palmer, of Druminbeg House, county Leitrim.

February 17, at Castlerea, Patrick Joseph Canningham, L.R.C.S.I., of Carrick-on-Shannon, to Kate, daughter of Michael Broderick, merchant, Castlerea.

February 18, in Belfast, James R, T. Smith, M.D., to Jane, daughter of the late R. Neill, of Belfast.

February 19, Patrick Markey, merchant, Cootehill, to Rose M'Cabe, daughter of Patrick M'Cabe, Lisnalong, Monaghan.

February 19, at Bagnalstown, Lieutenant-Colonel Keogh, of Kilbride, county Carlow, to Louisa Catherine, daughter of Captain Edwin Richards of the Royal Navy.

February 19, at the Abbey Church, county Kilkenny, Lieutenant William H. Welman, son of Major Welman, to Sarah daughter of Ralph Hincks, Rosegarland, Wexford.

February 19, at Brllingarry, Philip Cormack, of Urlingford, county Kilkenny, to Mary, daugter of Owen Cullen, C.E., the Commons, Ballingarry.

February 19, in Limerick, R. P. Mervin, of Croydon, Surrey, to Anne Mary Josephine, daughter of Wm. St. Laurence, of Limerick.

February 19, in Liverpool, Michael, son of James Caraher, of Cardinstown, county Louth, to Alicia, daughter of Peter Verdon, of Chatham-place, Liverpool.

February 21, at Dunmanway, William Lysaght, of Beechmount, county Cork, son of James Lysaght, of Trafalgar-Terrace, Monkstown, to Elizabeth, Jane, daughter of Daniel Conner, of Manch House, county Cork.

February 21, at Kincurran, William Dillon, of Summer Cove, county Cork, son of the late Major T. Dillon, to Catherine, daughter of the late R. Stamers, of Corrovalig, in the same county.

February 24, in Cork, Richard F. Pigott, of Ballinhassig, to Fanny Jane, daughter of the late Richard Dillon, of Cahir, county Tipperary.

February 24, at Rostrevor, the Rev. John H. Freke, rector of Tyrella, to Seline, daughter of the late Rev. W. B. Forde, of Seaforde, Down.

February 23, at the chapel of Bacon, Thomas M. O'Flaherty, of Lisdona, county Galway, to Josephine Anne, daughter of the late Joseph Crean, of of Ballinvilla, county Mayo.

At Donore, William O Carroll, of Skerries, to Jane, daughter of Mr. Bellew, of Donore, Meath.

At Paris, The Right Hon. William Monsell, M.P., President of the General Board of Health, to Mademoiselle de Montigny, daughter of the Comte and Comtesse de Montigny.

February 23, at Leamington, Lieutenant-Colonel I. Ireland Blackburne, to Emma widow of Viscouht Hereford.

February 24, at Prestwich, Manchester, the Rev. Richard W. Bagot, rector of FOnstown, Kildare, to Jane Bayley, daughter of the late Rev. John Picope,

March 2, at Kilmore, county Roscommon, Stephen Barrett, of Meelick, to Celia, daughter of Thomas O'Beirne, of Ferragh.

In Youghall, Captain J. M'Grath, to the daughter of Thomas Curtin, D.C.

At Robertstown, Daniel Hayes, of Croagh, to Margaret, daughter of Patrick O'Brien.

At St. Michans, John D'Arcy, of Dublin, to Jane M'Grane, of Saudymount.

In St. Peter's Church, Captain F. Kennedy, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late C. Saunders, county Cork.

At Lakeview Cottage, near Portroe, John Ward, late of Shannon View Cottage, parish of Killaloe, brother-in-law of Michael Skeahan, Victoria-park, near Scariff, to Maria daughter of Philip Brennin.

In St. John's chapel, Thaddeus Ryan, of Lisadine, county Limerick, to Mary, daughter of the late William Synan.

In Robertstown, chapel, Daniel Hayes, of Croagh, nephew of the late Rev. Mr. Colhane, P.P., Adare, to Margaret, daughter of Patrick O'Brien, of Denish Cottage.

At Kildimo, John Hanrrhan, of Ballycasey, to Catherine Baldwin, of New Kildimo, county Limerick

At Croom, John, son to David Foley, of Newtown, near Charleville, to Johanna, daughter of Mr. Cagneys of Carhue, county of Limerick.

In Youghal, James Curran, M.D., to Margaret, daughter of Mrs. Duane, North Main-street, Youghal.

In the Catholic Church of Aglis, Patrick Morrissy, merchant, Lismore, to Mary, daughter of Michael Tobin, Ballinagoun.

IRISH DEATHS.

November 14, at Melbourne, Australia, Henry Geoghegan, solicitor, late of Dublin.

February 65, Maria daughter of the late Rev. William Betty, of Rutland-square, Dublin.

February 17, at Leinster-road, Lieutenant Joseph P. Miller, of the 18th Light Infantry, son of the late Captain Miller, of the 25th regimeni, formerly of Ennis, county Clare.

February 18, at Mohill, Leitrim, Elizabeth, Margaret, relict of Colonel N. Kane, of Baggot-street.

February 19, in Dublin, Joseph Booth, of Darver Castle, Louth, aged 74 yerrs.

February 20, in Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin, of apoplexy, William White, of Shrubbs, county Dublin, son of the late Luke White, M.P., of Woodlands.

February 20, at Merrion-square, Charlotte, widow of Robert Borrowes, of Gilltown, county Kildare.

February 24, Thomas Kelly, aged 76 years, for the latt seven years an inmate of Simpson's Hospital.

February 20, at No. 4 Clifton-terrace, Monkstown, Harriett, the wife of John Littledale.

February 25, at William's Park, Rathmines, E. Galavan.

Feb. 14, at Corballis, county Meath, Rose, relict of John Hughes.

February 19, in Londonderry, Jane, wife of Arthur M'Corkell, solicitor.

February 11, at Harristown, Queen's County, Grace, wife of Patrick M'Key aged 29 years.

February 18, at Whitehall, county Antrim, J. White.

February 18, in Sligo, Jane, relict of Richard French Clifford, M.D.

February 18 at Newtown, near Thurles, Wm. Burke, aged 89 years.

February 20, Marcus Benson, in the 76th year of his age.

February 20, in Limerick, Grace, relict of John Hall Lloyd, of Mount Catherine, county Tipperary.

February 21, in his 48th year, William Garnett, J.P., Doniver House, Moynalty.

January 29, at Boardstown, Maryanne, daughter of the late James Fleming.

At Mitchelstown, aged 87 years, Jane, relict of Thomas M. Evans, M.D., of Cashel.

February 22, at Doon, in the King's County, Francis Enright Mooney.

February 25, in Wexford, John Tatlock, aged 80 years.

February 25, in Belfast, aged 90 years, the Rev. Thomas Dix Hincks, formerly Professor of Hebrew in the Royal Belfast Academical Institution.

February 15, at Hau, Basses Pyrenees, Charlotte Sarah, wife of Robert Batt, of Furdystown, county Down.

February 10, the Rev. Walter Butler, son of the late Major.General Sir Edward Butler, of Ballyadams, in the Queen's County.

February 18, at Springfield-crescent, St. Heliers, Jersey, the Rev. Simon Foote, of Glennagh, Portadown, county Armagh.

December 28, at Secunderabad, Lieutenant John C. O'Brien, of the 22nd Madras Native Infantry, son of John Higginbotham, of Dublin.

Nov. 7, at Jamaica, Anna Maria, child of Major Robeson, of the 1st West India regiment.

February 19, at Picaberstown, county Kilkenny, Patrick Murphy, at the venerable age of 82, father of the Rev. Timothy Murphy, O.S.A., Drogheda.

At Portland-place, Dublin, Wm. A. Walsh.

Sarah Julianna, daughter of the Rev. John Auchinleck, of Dunboyne, county Meath.

At 60 Stephen's green, Dublin, Grace, wife of Wm. Woodrooffe.

In Portobello, Agnes, wife of Geo. King.

At Sutton, Helen Josephine, child of the Rev. W. E. Ormsby.

At Northcote Avenue, R. Xavier Murphy.

At Cargycoary, near Lisburn, aged 85, J. Graham.

Alicia, wife of R. Sargint, M.D., and eldest daughter of the Rev. J. B. Wallace, of Ardmore, county Waterford.

At Marbert Island, Louisa, daughter of Richard Leslie.

At Johnstown, Mary Jane, relict of Garrett Nagle, of Waterford.

At Gravesend, Capt. W. Rogers, of the 1st West York Rifles.

At 109 Upper Dorset-street, James Brennan.

William, son of W. Hutchinson, builder.

Frederick, son of the late Edward Davis, Bayview avenue.

Suddenly, Wm. Miller, Solicitor, of Gardiner's-place.

At Vergemount, Edward Riely, youngest son of the late E. Riely.

Wholesale Prices Current in New-York, for Country Produce.

(Carefully revised every week expressly for the Irish News.)

NEW-YORK, Tuesday, Mareh 31, 1857.

FLOUR—Common to Extra State per barrel		$5.90	a $6.20
Common to Fancy Western	do	5.70	a 6.10
Extra Western	do	6.—	a 8.25
Fancy to Extra Genesee	do	6.25	a 8.25
Mixed to Extra Southern	do	6 20	a 8.50
RYE FLOUR—Fine and Super.	do	3.40	a 5.—
CORN MEAL	do	3.25	a 3.63
WHEAT—Canada White	per bushel	1.55	a 1.68
Western White	do	1.50	a 1.68
Southern White	do	1.45	a 1.65
All kinds of Red	do	1 20	a 1 50
CORN—Mixed	do	— 65	a — 70
Yellow	do	— 65	a — 73
White	do	— 66	a — 74
OATS—State Western	do	— 54	a — 55
Jersey	do	— 51	a — 53
Southern	do	— 49	a — 52
Rye	do	— 86	a — 90
Barley	do	1.50	a 1 70
White Beans	do	1 75	a — —
Black-eyed Peas, per 2 bushels		3 87	a 4 —
Cotton—Middlings, per lb		— 14	a — 14¼
Fair		— 15	a — 16
Rice, per 100 lbs		4 —	a 5 12
Hops, per lb		— 8	a — 12
Pork—Mess per bbl		23 75	a 24 —
Prime, per bbl		19 25	a 19 35
Beef—Country Mess		12 25	a 13 25
Prime		10 50	a 11 25
Dressed Hogs, per lb		9 —	a 10 —
Lard, in bbls. per lb		— 14	a — 14¼
Butter—Western, per lb		— 18	a — 22
State, ordinary to choice, per lb		— 20	a — 30
Cheese, per lb		— 13	a — 14
Potatoes—Carters, per bbl		2 50	a 4 —
Mercers, per bbl		2 50	a 3 50
Onions—Reds, per bbl		3.—	a — —
White, per bbl		3 —	a 4 —
Apples, per bbl		2.50	a 3 —
Eggs, fresh per dozen		— 17	a — 18
Feathers, Live Geese per lb		— 50	a — 56
Seed—Clover, per lb		— 14	a — 15
Flax, per bushel		— —	a — —
Timothy, mowed, per bushel		— —	a — —
Timothy, reaped, per bushel		3 75	a 4 —
Sugar, Cuba, &c., per lb		— 8	a — 11
Molasses, New-Orleans, per gl		— 75	a — 76
Tobacco—Kentucky, &c., per lb		— 12	a — 18
Seed Leaf, per lb		— 11	a — 35
Wool—Domestic fleece, per lb		— 40	a — 65
Domestic, pulled, per lb		— 34	a — 52
Hemp—Undressed American per ton		1 80	a 2 —
Dressed American, per ton		2 55	a 2 65
Hay, per 100 lbs		— 75	a — 85
Tallow, per lb		— 11	a — 12
Domestic Whiskey, per Gallon		— 27	a — 28
Beef Cattle (live) per lb		— 8	a — 12
Milch Cows, with calves, each		25 —	a 70 —
Veal Calves (live) per lb		— 5	a — 7¼
Sheep and Lambs (live) per head		7 —	a 8 —
Live Swine		— 7	a — 8
Vension, per lb		— 5	a — 9

GENTLEMEN'S

Fancy Boot and Shoe Uppers,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

THE SUBSCRIBER KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE ASSORTMENT of FANCY BOOT, SHOE and GAITER UPPERS, of the best material and fitted in the neatest manner. Orders from any part of the United States or Canada promptly attended to.

PRICES:

Gents Patent Leather, Long Leg Boots	$3 25
do. do. do. Short do	2 75
do. do. do. Imitation Button Congress Gaiters	1 87½
do. do. do. Plain Kid Top	1 25
do. do. do. Black Cloth Top	1 25
do. do. do. Fancy col. Cloth	1 25
do. do. do. Oxford Ties	1 12½
do. do. do. Broad Strap Shoes	1 12½
do. do. do. Narrow do. Pumps	1 00
do. Calfskin Congress Gaiters	1 25
do. do. Oxford Ties	1 12½
do. Prince Albert do	1 25
do. Detached Gaiter Overtops	1 87½
Boys Patent Leather, Calf-Kid Congress Gaiters	1 00
Ladies' full foxed fine Lasting or Italian Cloth	75
do. Tipt do. do	63
do. Tipples do. do	60
Also Misses' of every quality and price	

☞ TERM CASH.

M. ARTHUR, being a direct importer of ENGLISH LASTINGS, GALLOONS, SATIN FRANCAIS, ITALIAN CLOTH, FRENCH PATENT LEATHER and CALF SKINS, &c., &c., is enabled to supply the above goods, manufactured or otherwise, of the best material and at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

☞ Shoe Findings in general and Machine Silk.

M. ARTHUR, No. 69 Gold-street,
Between Beekman and Spruce-sts., N.Y.

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GREAT AMERICAN EAGLE

OVER

The Celebrated Largest and Cheapest

CARPET ESTABLISHMENT

In the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON.

99 Bowery, N.Y.

TEN SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS.

$200,000 worth of

CARPETS.

LIST OF PRICES.

ENGLISH MEDALLION CENTERS with borders, *a* $2 per yard!

ENGLISH MOSAIC CARPETS, of one entire piece, $400!

ENGLISH ROYAL VELVET CARPETS, *a* 10s., 11s., 12s., to 14s. per yard!

ENGLISH TAPESTRY BRUSSELS CARPETS, *a* 7s., 8s., 9s. per yard!

ENGLISH BRUSSELS CARPETS, *a* 8s., 9s. per yard!

AMERICAN and ENGLISH THREE-PLY CARPETS, 8s., 9s., 10s. per yard!

ENGLISH INGRAIN CARPETS, 6s., 7s. per yard!

N.B.—50,000 yards beautiful INGRAIN CARPETS, 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s., to 5s, per yard!

N.B.—80,000 yards FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, *a* 2s. 6d., 3s., 4s. per yard!

A splendid assortment of English Oil Cloths in widths from 4 to 8 yards, *a* 6s. to 8s. per yard.

A splendid assortment, 4-4, 5-4 and 6-4, Checked and White Mattings; also, Parlor Door Mats, Rugs, Stair Carpets, Table Oil Cloths, and Druggets, all of which, having been purchased at low prices, for *Cash*, will be sold 25 per cent. less than at any other establishment in the United States. A very large assortment of Window Shades, from 6 to 12 feet long; Gold, White, Buff, and Painted Landscapes at Low Prices.

N.B.—All goods warranted as represented, and packed and shipped free of expense to purchasers.

HIRAM ANDERSON, 99 Bowery, N.Y.,
Sign of the *Great American Eagle*.

N.B.—An experienced Upholsterer is connected with the Establishment.

NOTICE.—The Clergy, Churches, and Charitable Institutions furnished at a liberal discount from the usual prices. ap4 3m.

HEALTH DEPENDS UPON PURE BLOOD.—THIN AND ACRID BLOOD cannot secrete healthy bile, and therefore the first thing for those who are dyspeptic should be to commence the purification of their blood.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

Not only purify, but they make the blood richer, and add those principles upon which its power to resist disease, depends.

MILD OPERATION WITH SUCCESSFUL EFFECT ARE THE PECULIARITY OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS. Now that we may soon expect genial Spring, it is of great importance that a few doses be used by the wise. Our race are subject to a redundancy of vitiated bile at this season, and it is as dangerous as it is prevalent; but Brandreth's Pills afford an invaluable and efficient protection. By their occasional use, we prevent the collection of those impurities, which, when in sufficient quantities, cause so much danger to the fine organs of the stomach and bowels. They soon cure liver complaint, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, pain in the head, heart-burn, pain in the breast bone, sudden faintness and costiveness. In brief, Brandreth's Pills work their way to the very roots of the disease, cleansing in their passage, removing every unhealthy accumulation, till the blood is purified, the whole system renovated, and the functions and duties of life become a pleasure, where before they had been sad and weary burdens.

We have thousands of similar testimonials to the following, and such evidence can be had from living witnesses all round us on every side. It is from a gentleman of high respectability, whose letter can be seen at the Principal office, he writes :—

'I am now fifty-two years of age. * * * * * *

For twenty years I have used your Pills as my family medicine, and I wish no other! and I have never had occasion to call a physician in my family, (save in the sickness of my wife with children) during the twenty years.'

TRUE MEDICINAL PRINCIPLES.

Never extract blood. Blood is the life. By abstracting it in painful diseases you may occasion the patient ease, but *remember this ease is only the reduction or lessening the power to feel.* And by thus taking away nature's tools, you may prevent her from fully repairing the ravages of inflammation, and convert what might only have been the sickness of a few days or weeks into a a chronic affection of months or years.

PURGING BY MEANS OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

This is the means which accords with nature—nature's remedy in fact. When sudden, acute or continued pain occurs, then to insure security you must take a medicine that will surely purge. There must be no shilly shallying, because every minute lost may be fatal.

Principal office, 48 Brandreth Building, 415 and 417 Broadway.
All Pills with 241 Broadway on the box, are counterfeit.
The genuine are sold by respectable dealers everywhere ap4 1t.

☞ **Post Office Notice.**—The Mails for Europe, via Southampton and Bremen, per U.S. Steamer, ARAGO will close at this office on SATURDAY the 4th day of April, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A.M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

☞ **Post Office Notice**—The Mails for California, and South Pacific Coast, per U.S. Steamer *ILLINOIS*, will close at this Office on MONDAY, the 6th day of April, at one o'clock, P.M.

I. V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

DRILL ROOM GUIDE.

NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

TROOP A, (*City Horse Guard,*) meet at the "Grape Vine Cottage, 45 Second Avenue, between Second and Third streets, on every Monday evening.
JAMES MURPHY, Capt.

Company B, (*Fitzgerald Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company D, (*Guyon Cadets*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." THOS. MURPHY, Capt.

Company I, (*Jackson Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." W. O. MURPHY, Capt.

Company H, (*Erina Guard*) drill Thursday Evening at "Military Hall." R. CODDINGTON, Capt.

Company —, (*Irish Grenadiers*) drill each Thursday Evening at 22 White street. FELIX DUFFY, Capt.

Company C, (*Mitchel Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at the "Eagle rooms." EDWARD KEARNS, Capt.

Company J, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each evening, at
—— GALLAGHER, Capt.

TENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JOHN KENNEDY, Capt.

ELEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Montgomery Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Eagle Rooms." THOS. S. MURPHY, Capt.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.

Company E, (*Carroll Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Adelphi," Brooklyn. JAMES CAROLAN, Capt.

TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*Columbian Guard*), drill each Tuesday evening, at Washington Hall, Troy, N. Y. RICHARD S. QUINN, Captain.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening at Albany, N. Y. P. H. GRIFFIN, Capt.

FORTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*Emmett Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening a the "Emmett Guard Armory," Utica, N. Y.
JOHN FLANAGAN, Capt.

SIXTY NINTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Troop A, (*Irish Dragoons,*) drill each Thursday Evening at "Montgomery Hall." Lieut. B. O'CONNOR, Com'dt.

Company C, (*The Grenadiers*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms," corner Christie and Delancy. JOHN BURKE, Capt.

Company D, (*Irish Rifles*) drill each Tuesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." WM. BUTLER, Lieut. Command'g.

Company E, (*Fag a Bealac Guard*) drill each Wednesday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." M. KEATING, Capt.

Company F, (*Shields' Guard,*) drill each Wednesday Evening a "Milleman's Hall," 7th avenue, corner of 26th street.
JOHN R. MURPHY, Capt.

Company G, (*Mechanic's Guard*) drill each Thursday Evening at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN B. MADDEN, Capt.

Company I, (*Irish Fuseleers,*) drill each Monday Evening at 42 Prince street. M. CORCORAN, Capt.

Company K, (*Brian Borothme Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." JAMES HUSTON, Capt.

Engineer Corps, (*Emmet Life Guard*) drill each Monday Evening at the *Eagle Rooms.* T. LYNCH, Capt.

70th REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company D, (*Napper Tandy Light Artillery*) drill each Thursday Evening at Brooklyn City Armory. WM. H. HOGAN, Capt.

SEVENTY-SECOND REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company C, (*National Guard*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at Masonic Hall, 309 Grand-street, E. D., Brooklyn. THOS. H. CLYNES, Capt.

Company G. (*National Guard*) drill each Monday and Wednesday evening at their armory, 161 Atlantic street, Brooklyn. JAS. CAMPBELL, Capt.

SEVENTY FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

Company A, (*State Rifles*) drill each Wednesday Evening at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. Capt. JAS. KELLY, Com'dt.

Company B, (*Irish National Guard*) drill each Friday Evening at corner of Center and Grand st. JOHN LANE, Capt.

Company C, (*Young Ireland Rifles*) drill each Friday Evening at "Eagle Rooms." B. J. McDERMOT, Capt.

Company D, (*Wolf Tone Volunteers,*) drill each Tuesday Evening, at the "Eagle Rooms." JOHN NUGENT, Capt.

Company E, (*T. F. Meagher Rifles*) drill each —— at cor. of 11th street and 1st Avenue. J. B. DONNELLY, Capt.

Company F, (*Mich'l. Doheny Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JAS. THOS. MAGUIRE, Capt.

Company G. (*Emmet Rifles*) drill each —— at ——.
JOHN BEGG, Capt.

INDEPENDENT COMPANIES.

Company —, (*O'Mahony Guard, E. M. A.,*) drill each Tuesday Evening a "North America Rooms," cor. of Bayard and Bowery.
JAMES CAVANAGH, Capt.

Company —, (*Sons of* '98,) drill each Friday Evening at the corner of 11th street and 1st Avenue, N. Y. M. H. SMITH, Capt.

Company —, (*Wolfe Tone Guard,*) drill each alternate Monday Evening at the "Second Ward Hotel," cor. of York and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.
JOHN J. CLANCY, Com'dt.

Company —, (*Irish American Grenadiers,*) drill the first and third Thursday of each month at "Montgomery Hall," 76 Prince street, N. Y.
MICHAEL DOYLE, Capt.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday evening, at Bridgeport, Conn. MICHAEL O'CONNELL, Capt.

Company —, (*Republican Guard*) drill every Friday Evening, at "Worth's Military Headquarters," 22 White street. JAMES CLANCY, Capt.

Company —, (*Keystone Rifles,*) drill every Monday evening, in Port Carbon, Pa. MATTHEW BYRNES, Captain.

Company—(*Emerald Guard*), drill each Monday evening, at "Smith's Hall," corner of 11th and First Avenue. JOHN COX, Captain.

SECOND REGIMENT—HUDSON BRIGADE.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each week at the "Armory, Grand street, Jersey City. —— FARRELL, Capt.

FIFTH REGIMENT N. J. S. M.

Company C, (*O'Brien Columbia Rifles,*) drill on the 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month at their Armory, "Willow Hall," Orange, N. J.
OWEN MURPHY, Captain.

Company C, (*Sarsfield Guards,*) drill every Monday Evening at their room corner of Mechanic and Broad streets, Elizabethtown, New Jersey.
WILLIAM TOOMEY, Capt.

SECOND REGIMENT PA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Hibernian Greens,*) drill each Thursday Evening at 88 South Fifth street, Philadelphia. P. O'KEAN, Capt.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill each Tuesday Evening at 404 Market street, Philadelphia. EDWARD W. POWERS, Capt.

Company —, (*Emmet Guard,*) drill each Friday Evening at "Ewen Hall," Hawley, Pa.

FIRST REGIMENT ME. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Grattan Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Bangor, Me. JOHN CARROLL, Capt.

SIXTIETH REGIMENT ILL. S. M.

Company —, (*Shields Guard,*) drill each Thursday Evening in Chicago, Ill. CHAS. E. MOORE, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT VA. VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Montgomery Guard,*) drill each Monday and Friday Evenings in Richmond. P. S. MOORE, Capt.

SIXTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Meagher Guard,*) drill the second Thursday of each month n Charleston. GEO. SERGEANT, Capt.

SEVENTEENTH REGIMENT S. C. S. M.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill once a month in Charleston, S. C.
EDWARD MAGRATH, Capt.

—— REGIMENT GEORGIA VOLUNTEERS.

Company —, (*Irish Volunteers,*) drill each —— evening, in the city of Augusta. EDWARD J. WALKER, Capt.

FIRST REGIMENT ST. LOUIS LEGION, MO.

Company—(*St. Louis Washington Guard*) drill each Tuesday evening, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. D. M. FROST, Capt.

FIRST WASHINGTON BATTALION OHIO S. M.

Company A, (*Shields Guard*), drill on each Thursday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. DENNIS KAVANAGH, Captain.

Company B, (*Sarsfield Guard*), drill on each Monday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN LEVY, Capt.

Company C, (*Republican's Guard,*) drill on each Saturday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. JOHN ELITCH, Capt.

Company D, (*Montgomery Light Artillery,*) drill on each Wednesday evening, at the "Battalion Armory," Cincinnati. THOS. TIERNAN, Capt.

Company E, (*Queen City Cadets, Rifles,*) drill on each Tuesday and Friday evenings, at the "Cadets Armory," Pomeroy's Building, Third street, Cincinnati. JOSEPH H. BURKE, Capt.

N. B.—Commandants of Irish-American Military Companies throughout the United States, are respectfully tendered a place in the above "*Directory,*" and requested to send such information as will enable us to represent them n it.

SARAH McFADDEN,

Maritime and National Flag Manufacturer,

198 Hudson street, four doors below Canal street, New-York.

Mrs. McFadden justly boasts of having made up for Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish *tri-color* flag which he presented to the Confederate Club Men of '48, resident in New-York: also the beautiful U. S. Flag recently presented by Mr. William Kinsella to the *Montgomery Guard* of Bridgeport.
y9ljune

Special Notices.

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, THE OBJECT OF WHICH IS TO GIVE YOUNG girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve so eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c: the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to scholars if they attend for three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the school for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh-street.
mch17 tf.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

TO THE LADIES.

Grand Opening of Spring Carpetings, &c., &c.

At the NEW STORE, 93 Sixth avenue.

Before purchasing, Ladies are respectfully invited to inspect our stock of Carpeting and Oil Cloths, which are of the best Manufactures, and at extremely low prices.

Stephen Leahy,

93 Sixth avenue, between Waverly and Clinton places,

Has on exhibition a rich and varied assortment of Foreign and Domestic Carpeting for Spring, comprising every grade and style, from the richest English Medallion Velvet to the lowest price domestic, a great variety of new patterns, in Velvets, Tapestrys, Brussels, Three-plys and Ingrain Carpets, Druggets all widths, English and American floor Oil Cloths from 2 to 24 feet wide, Enameled and Japan Table and Stair Oil Cloths, Chair and Straw Matting, and the following list faithfully represent the prices:

Velvets,	12s	to	16s	per yard.
Tapestry	7s	to	10s	do.
Brussels,	8s	to	10s	do.
Three-ply,	8s	to	9s	do.
Extra superfine all wool Ingrain,			5s	do.
Cotton and wool,	2s	to	3s	do.
Linen,	1s 4d	to	2s	do.

A choice assortment of

STAIR AND HALL CARPETS, RUGS, MATS, &c.

Mosaic Rugs and pictures in various beautiful designs.

Customers are requested to make a note of the name and number, lest they mistake 93 for the stores immediately beside it.

Stephen Leahy,

93 Sixth Avenue, nearly opposite Eighth st., New York.

84 WILLIAM-STREET,

Corner of Maiden Lane, New-York.

FURNISHING GOODS,

FOR GENTLEMEN'S WEAR.

GEORGE M. TRACY, would respectfully inform his friends and customers that he has now on hand and is constantly receiving the lates style of SPRING and SUMMER GOODS, consisting in part of

HOSIERY OF ALL KINDS.

Beaufort Ties,	Umbrellas,
Fine Shirts and Collars,	Under Shirts and Drawers,
Cravats and Scarfs,	Improved Napoleon Ties,
Suspenders,	Linen and Silk Pocket Handkerchiefs,
Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves,	Dressing Robes,
Kid and Dog Skin Gloves,	Silk Under Garments, &c.,

which he offers at greatly reduced prices, wholesale or retail. His shirts are of superior make, and warranted to fit.

Persons wishing goods in his line, will find themselves well paid by stepping out of Broadway, and calling at the old stand,
fe21 2m 84 WILLIAM-STREET.

Dentistry.—HENRY C. O'CONNOR, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL Dentist, can be consulted at No. 382 Broadway, near White street, where he continues to supply sets of Teeth on improved scientific principles, combining the most recent improvements, ensuring by his eminently successful method the greatest comfort, perfect mastication and articulation. Decayed teeth filled, and all dental operations performed at moderate charges. Consultation free and no charge made unless perfect satisfactiofi be given. sept6 3m

Professor Wood's Hair Restorative is said to be the only sure cure for baldness and gray hair. It removes all scurf, dandruff, and scrofulous eruptions from the scalp, and in a few days restores gray hair to its original color and beauty. This preparation contains no coloring matter, but resuscitates the hair by invigorating and restoring perfect health to the scalp, thus imparting new life and vigor to the roots, and by them causing healthy fluid to flow into each separate hair. It is sold at 312 Broadway, and by all druggists.—[Louisville Times.

Holloway's Pills.—The functional derangements incident to females are entirely prevented by a resort to these pills, at the periods when they usually occur. They have a most happy effect on all complaints peculiar to the sex. Sold at the manufactories, No 80 Maiden Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62½c., and 1$ per box.

Meagher & Campbell,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

NO. 82 BROADWAY.

NOTARY PUBLIC,

Commissioner for the U. S. Court of Claims.

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, having formed a partnership with MALCOLM CAMPBELL, for the general practice of the law, the firm will continue to devote their attention to such law business as may be intrusted to them, including conveyancing, practice in all the courts of the state of New-York and of the United States, and general collecting business in all parts of the world. Particular attention will be given to the prosecution of claims against the United States in the Court of Claims.

Mr. Meagher may be consulted daily, on law business *only*, at No. 82 Broadway, from three till five o'clock P. M.

WILLIAM E ROBINSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR,

HAVING entered into partnership with ISAAC DAYTON, Esq., (author of the work on Surrogates,) and WILLIAM A. COURSEN, Esq., gentlemen long known and of high standing at the New-York Bar, has removed to their new office, at 267 Broadway, third door below Chambers st.

☞ All business, either in the Criminal or Civil Courts, promptly and faithfully attended to. ap19y

THOMAS H. HURLEY,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE ST., OPPOSITE CITY HALL.

JOHN O'ROURKE,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

NO. 10 CENTRE STREET,

(Opposite the Superior Court Buildings,)

7jun NEW-YORK.

Amusements.

BOWERY THEATRE.

The People's Temple of the Drama.

Open every night,

WITH A POWERFUL

Star Company.

Lessee and Manager.....JOHN BROUGHAM

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Boxes	25 cents.	Pit	12½ cents.
Gallery	12½ cents.	Orchestra Stalls	50 cents.
Private Boxes			Five Dollars.

Doors open at 7½; commence at 7½.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.

MISS MATILDA HERON

Continues to attract—

Crowded Houses!

An early application for seats is respectfully urged to prevent disappointment.

Catholic Library and Reading Rooms.

THE Directors of the Catholic Library Association would respectfully inform the public that they have removed their Reading Rooms to 839 Broadway, between 13th and 14th streets, and which will be kept open every day, (Sundays excepted,) from 8 to 10 o'clock P. M.

Those who feel interested in the establishment of the institution, and particularly the Catholic young men, are invited to visit the rooms.

M. T. COZANS, President.
JAMES O'C. TABB, Recording Secretary.

Illustrated

LECTURES,

On the Natural History of Man.

Scientific Societies, &c.,

Are respectfully informed that

Dr. McElheran

Is prepared to receive engagements to lecture on Ethnology. His discourses are the fruit of original inquiry, during the last eight years, chiefly among the Celtic and Gothic races and their descendants in America, and are illustrated by a large collection of portraits and cranial forms.

ADDRESS DR. MCELHERAN, 186 MCDOUGALL STREET, NEW-YORK. no7t4

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.

Townsend and Gray, 815 Broadway, near Twelfth st., have just had manufactured an extensive assortment of boys' clothing, suitable for the present season. Their boys' raglans, cape talmas, and fancy jackets cannot be surpassed by any house in the trade; a glance at their stock will convince parents of a saving of 25 per cent, both in money and time. Gentlemen's Spring raglans, business coats, furnishing goods, &c., in endless variety. Custom work got up in the most fashionable style, and at the shortest notice.

C. E. TOWNSEND,
y10jan GERALD GRAY.

MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT.

THE celebrated "*National Guard Hat,*" Flags, Belts and Ornaments, &c. made by

J. Parkes, No. 195 Fulton, below Church street,
sept27 3mos New-York.

Ocean Express Company of London and Liverpool.

(ESTABLISHED 1851.)

Small Parcels forwarded by each Mail Steamer, to England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales—the Continent, India, China, South America, &c.

*** Persons wishing to send small packages to their friends at home, at a trifling expense, will please address

COLLINS & MARSH, Agents,
ja26 1y 29 Broadway, New-York.

A Retired Physician whose sands of life have nearly run out, discovered, while living in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. Wishing to do as much as possible, he will send to such of his afflicted fellow beings as request it, this recipe, with full and explicit directions for making it up and successfully using. He requires each applicant to enclose him one shilling—three cents to be returned as postage on the recipe, and the remainder to be applied to the payment of this advertisement. Address Dr. H. JAMES, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. jan17 tf

Woodland Cream—*A Pomade for beautifying the Hair*—highly perfumed, superior to any French article imported, and for half the price. For dressing Ladies' Hair it has no equal, giving it a bright glossy appearance. It causes Gentlemen's Hair to curl in the most natural manner. It removes dandruff, always giving the Hair the effect of being freshly shampooed. Price, only 50 cents. None genuine unless signed.

Fetridge & Co., Proprietors of the
For sale by all Druggists. "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers.*"

White Teeth, Perfumed Breath, and Beautiful Complexion, can be acquired by using the "*Balm of a Thousand Flowers.*" What lady or gentleman would remain under the curse of a disagreeable breath, when by using the "BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS" as a dentifrice would not only render it sweet, but leave the teeth white as alabaster? Many persons do not know their breath is bad, and the subject is so delicate their friends will never mention it. Beware of counterfeits. Be sure each bottle is signed FETRIDGE & CO., *N. Y.*
For sale by all Druggists. feb21 3mos

Mayor's Office, New-York, February 16th, 1857.— NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given, that all persons who desire to be

VACCINATED,

Will be attended to promptly—without charge—by application at either of the Dispensaries, where Physicians are constantly in attendance; and it is recommended, that all who have not been vaccinated, should avail themselves immediately of the opportunity thus offered.

The New-York Dispensary is located at the corner of Centre and White streets.

The Eastern Dispensary, in Ludlow-street, in the rear of Essex Market.

The Northern Dispensary is located corner Waverly Place and Christopher-street.

The Demilt Dispensary is located at 87 Second Avenue.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Prejudice Vanquished. The dispensaries and hospitals of Europe are now regularly supplied with these remedies. They are admitted to be indispensable in diseases of the exterior integuments and the secretive organs. Sold at the manufactories, No. 80 Maiden-Lane, New-York, and No. 244 Strand, London; and by all druggists, at 25c., 62½c., and $1 per box or pot.

CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW YORK, COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, Fe b. 25, 1857.

NOTICE.—THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT PUB

LIC AUCTION, at the United States Warehouse, No. 54 Atlantic Dock, South Pier, by Miller & Morris, on MONDAY the 6th April, at 10 o'clock A. M. The goods will be open for examination on Saturday previous to sale.

HEMAN J. REDFIELD, Collector.

DATE.	MARK AND NUMBER.	DESCRIPTION.	VESSEL.	PORT.
	No 1	lot samples		
	No 2	do		
	M Michallet	one package	Jeanotte	not reported
	No mark	do	Edinburgh	do
	R & C	do	Herman	do
	D M Balto	do	do	do
	C F	do	Ilva	do
	H C 197 | 170	do	not reported	do
	D L G 1	do	do	do
	E & O M 5	do	do	do
	F Y 11	do	do	do
	G McRea, over Jacksonville R & Co in a brace	do	do	do
	Fred'k Lyster	do	Persia	do
	President Board Trade	do	Palestine	do
	Hunter, Bulkley & Co	do	Persia	do
	Rev M Bigelow, for over Mrs Wiley in a brace	do	Wm Tapscott	do
Aug 25	R J Cummings	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
	Rochester over N York in a brace	do	do	do
Oct '55	J H over C 985	do	Ariel	Havre
June '55	H 3	one cask	C E Trile	Nassau
June '55	no mark	one bdl rattan	G B Lamar	London
	H O 1647 | 1650	four cases	Humboldt	Havre
July '55	Dr Otto	one case	Hermann	Bremen
	no mark	one bale	Homer	Malaga
Aug '55	J B	bundle rattan	J Bradley	Calcutta
	triangle 1	one cask	Sagette	Amsterdam
	A 50	do	Liverpool	London
	B & C 1-2 1 5 1-10	three boxes	Lyra	Havana
June 9 '56	A H 1	one case	Montreal	Bordeaux
July '55	no mark	one bdl rattan	Mississippi	Rotterdam
	do	do	not reported	not reported
Aug '55	B 10	one keg	Palestine	London
Aug '55	no mark	one bundle	Schr Shark	Para
June '55	do	bundle rattan	South Carolina	Rotterdam
	do	do	Legetha	Amsterdam
Sept '55	S & M	one hamper	Tennessee	Havre
Sept '55	no mark	one case	do	do
Sept '55	Mr Vesey	one hamper	do	do
Oct 12 '55	J C R	one case	Union	do
	J K 1	one bale	Algira	Malaga
	do 2	do	do	do
Dec '54	J C R 5	one case	C B Williams	Bordeaux
Dec '54	do 7	do	do	do
	no mark	one bundle	Edwina	not reported
	D Henderson	one box	Empire	Liverpool
Oct '55	Mrs Duel	one keg	Glance	Glasgow
	no mark	one bundle	Brig Hollander	not reported
	A G	23 bundles	Isle de Cuba	Havana
Oct '55	S & M 2	one basket	M Ogden	Havre
	M Sue	do	not reported	not reported
	W & C	one demijohn	do	do
	H 2	two boxes	do	do
	T D over s	one box	do	do
	T D over C D	do	do	do
	T D over S	four boxes	do	do
	K N over F 8	one box	do	do
	K S	do	do	do
	L F	do	do	do
	E L	do	do	do
	H 2	do	do	do
	B L	do	do	do
	$ in a triangle	do	do	do
	A	do	do	do
	U 2	two	do	do
	6 in a triangle	do	do	do
	triangle, 231	do	do	do
	K S I	do	do	do
	W V O Moers	two half boxes	Black Warrier	do
	no mark	one box	do	do
	do	four demijohns	do	do
	do	four boxes	do	do
	do	one box	do	do
	L M	do	do	do
	H and triangle with bar across top	do	do	do
	H in a triangle and J K & Co in an oval	do	do	do
	H R in a diamond	two boxes	do	do
	B	one box	do	do
	H J B	do	do	do
	C J B	do	do	do
	no mark	lot willows	do	do
	C & S	one bale	do	do
	triangle with bar, 160	do	do	do
	no mark, 37	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	B W 3	do	do	do
	B in a diamond 1	one case	do	do
	no mark	lot willows	do	do
	B O 1779	one case	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	three bales	do	do
	do	one bag	do	do
	F D 106	one case	Adelaide Metcalf	do
	A C 23	one bale	Unknown	Unknown
	no mark	two bales	do	do
	C D 25	one cask	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	two kegs	do	do
	A B	one box	do	do
	no mark	one package	North Star	Havana
	K B H in a triangle, with N Y on either side	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	one cask	do	do
	do	two barrels	do	do
	do	one keg	do	do
	double triangle 6	one box	do	do
	L 54	one cask	do	do
	W & K 31	one box	do	do
	H over A C	two boxes	do	do
	N 100	one box	do	do
	no mark	lot India rubber 9 pcs	do	do
	do	lot drugs	do	do
	R T	one box	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	two bbls Indiarubber	do	do
	do	do	do	do
April 17, '55	J & D in a circle	one box glass	do	do
	C H over H O in a brace	one barrel	do	do
	G	one cask	do	do
	G & H	one box	do	do
	L F	do	do	do
	no mark	one box India rubber	do	do
	do	three half bbls	do	do
	triangle	one box	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	one half bbl	do	do
	S T	one box	do	do
	P & S over V in a brace, 225	one crate	do	do
	L & C 1	one case	do	do
Oct 4, 1855	J G Stebins	do	Pacific	do
June, '55	no mark	one bundle	South Carolina	Rotterdam
	do	one bale	Swift	Unknown
	J M 27	one case	Wm Layton	Havre
	P N 890	do	Arago	do
Oct '55	A B & Co 7	do	Alexander	Rotterdam
May '55	P Bozfrez over Philadelphia in a brace	do	Carolus Magnus	Havre
June '55	R B Ray	do	City of Mobile	Liverpool
Oct '55	E W 93	do	David Hoadley	Antwerp
Oct '55	do 94	do	do	do
Oct '55	E W 95	one case	David Hoadley	Antwerp
May '55	A B 10-11	one package	Devonshire	London
June '55	Geo. McNaught, Canada West	one case	Glance	Glasgow
April '55	Thomas Hamilton	one box	Gov Hubbard	Havana
May '55	W H O	one case	Golden West	Manilla
Aug '55	Dr Wood	one package	Bark Hazard	Mazatlan
July '55	B & C	one case	J E Williams	Rotterdam
Oct '55	Jacot Kingman	do	Katherine	Antwerp
do	J C over G V	one package	Washington	Antwerp
Sept '55	No mark	one box	Muskingum	Leghorn
Sept '55	C 7	one case	Oregon	Havre
Nov '55	B & H 100	do	Pacific	Liverpool
Nov '55	F S over M 20	one bale	Pacific	do
June '55	Philip Weingaster & Co	one trunk	R L Gilchrist	Havre
June '55	C Smitt 44	one keg	R L Gilchrist	do
Oct '55	E W Nicholas	one case	Southampton	London
May '55	J O over N York	do	Tonduin	Leghorn
do '55	A F	do	Bark Trumph	Madeira
	C K 6	do	Washington	Bremen
Sept '55	Mess Suzuer & Co	do	West Point	Liverpool
May '55	M 1	do	Connecticut	Havre
June '55	F 3	one bale	C B Zenith	Nassau
May '55	B & M 10	one case	Dutchland	Hamburg
Aug '55	H & A	do	Brig Europa	Matanzas
1855	E G 174	do	Havre	Havre
July '55	A & Co 148	do	Lawrence	Bordeaux
	triangle over E B	one box	Nebraska	Bremen
	Son H P over Chas B Norton 82	one package	Union	Havre
	do	do	Union	Havre
May '55	M S on triangle 296	one case	Bark Welland	Bremen
June '55	Mr Stavere	do	Str Washington	Bremen
	J L 4	do	St Louis	Havre
	J L 5	one case	St Louis	Havre
	fist over B	1-16 cask	Brig Volante	Malaga
May '55	No mark	five bags	Leopold	Antwerp
April '54	J B H	one case	Margaret Evans	London
Aug 3 '54	G H I	do	Phantom	London
Jan '55	J F P 1	do	J Farnham	Havana
do	H 3	do	Mercury	Havre
Feb '55	D N	do	A F Smidt	Antwerp
do	G S F 5	do	Panama	Bremen
do	H D W	do	Yorktown	London
March '55	A C over N B 4	do	Cuidad Bolivar	Bordeaux
do	J B J over N B 3	do	North Sea	do
do	do 3	do	do	do
do	H S & Co 44	do	St Louis	Havre
April, '55	D C 5	do	Hellen A Miller	do
do	do 6	do	do	do
do	do 7	do	do	do
do	no mark	one box	A Dorothea	do
do	do	do	do	Bordeaux
do	do	do	do	do
do	do	do	do	do
do	J B H 7	one case	Margaret Evans	do
March '55	A S 2	do	St Louis	London
April 55	L W C over M 7,639	do	do	Havre
May '55	Q 1	do	S Carolina	do
do	22	do	do	Rotterdam
do	do 418	do	Washington	do
do	A G	do	Edward Everett	Bremen
do	do	do	do	Bordeaux
do	do	do	do	do
do	J J B	one bag	Lyra	do
do	Miss Markoe	one case	Miranda	Havana
do	triangle 3	do	R M Sloman	Santa Croix
do	J on diamond 1	do	Victoria	Antwerp
do	do 2	do	do	London
do	do 3	do	do	do
June, '55	Sen Don Jose Vavona	do	Clarissa	do
June, '55	A & Co 143	do	Lawrence	Neuvitas
June, '55	B in diamond	one case	Lark	Bordeaux
do		do	do	Bermuda
do	Messrs Comstock & Bros New York	do	Orontas	do
do		do	do	Charlottetown
May, '55	A L 4	do	J. Hermann	do
do	5	do	do	Hamburg
do		do	do	do
do	ML 119 | 143	25 cases	Dutchland	do
April '55	F in diamond	one bbl	O T Hayes	do
Feb '55	C W over J, and A T over S, and 487 or 647	one case	R L Lane	Buenos Ayres
do	D N	one keg	A F Smidt	Havre
Feb 7 '55	B & L 8268	one cask	Arnold Boaninger	Antwerp
Oct '53	L R & Co 212	do	Edwina	Rotterdam
do	213	do	do	do
do	215	do	do	do
do	220	do	do	do
do	224	do	do	do
Aug '54	S on T 1	do	Fennisbury	do
do	2	do	do	do
do	3	do	do	do
do	4	do	do	do
Aug '55	A B 2	do	James	London
do	4	do	do	do
Jan 16 '55	C D I c 25	25 casks	Corinthian	Havre
March '55	no mark	ten bags	Arthur Leary	Cadiz
June '53	M L 2448 c 2457	ten cases	Karle August	Rotterdam
Feb '55	H K 2	one cask	A Boaninger	do
Jan '55	Thomas Evans	one case	str Atlantic	Liverpool
do	R B T over M Y in diamond, or J F P 960	do	Baltic	do
Feb '54	L Y 4	do	Mercury	Havre
Feb '55	H Marshall	do	Union	do
March '55	H R 5	one package	Hermann	Bremen
do	A S 626	one case	Pacific	Liverpool
April '55	S & F 243	do	Atlantic	do
do	P I c 4	four cases	St Louis	Havre
do	H & C 7832	one case	St Dennis	do
do	C M 1	do	str Union	do
May '55	C & C	do	Pacific	Liverpool
do	B K over B D in a brace	do	Torrent	St Jago
June '55	Mrs. Hocter	do	Baltic	Liverpool
July '55	M Lamont	do	American Eagle	London
do	Mr. Geo D Green	do	Milton	Bordeaux
Jan '55	G 1	do	Albany	Calcutta
do	2	do	do	do
do	3	do	do	do
	H Urkert	do	Herschel	Hamburg
July '55	HF P 400	do	Westphalia	Bremen
do	W 2	do	do	do
do	F F 1	do	Zurich	Havre
Aug '55	N K 5	do	Cumberland	Rotterdam
do	65 in a diamond over J S & Co, 2985	do	I Bradlee	Calcutta
do	Stafford Reeves, N York, in a brace	do	Pacific	Havana
do	G K 607	do	St. Louis	Hav.e
do	608	do	do	do
Sept '55	H D G	do	Ariel	do
do	Samuel F Holbrok over Boston in a brace	one trunk	Humboldt	Hamburg
do	J L 20	one case	M Livingston	Havre
do	Mrs W H Eldridge	do	Vancouvre	Shanghai
Aug '55	L 6	one bbl	St Louis	Havre
do	7	do	do	do
do	8	do	do	do
do	10	do	do	do
Sept '55	L, various Nos	13 casks	Margt Evans	London
do		three bbls	do	do
Sept '55	Mr J T Mundy & Co	one cask	str Indiana	Havre
July '55	E M 14	one bbl	Nebraska	Bremen
April '55	H & C 3193	one basket	Jno Wesley	Havre
Jan 23 '55	no mark	one bbl	Empire State	Liverpool
Nov '55	W & C 10	one cask	Atlantic	do
do	E Little	one bbl	Hermann	Bremen
June '55	M B	21 bbls	Ceres	London
July '55	N W	five casks	Meates	Kingston
April '55	V B	one case	A Dorothea	Unknown
May '55	G in a triangle L 72	do	Atlantic	Liverpool
do	H P 530	do	J H Ryerson	Antwerp
Jan '55	J K 12	do	Orpheus	Bremen
May '55	HB 42	one keg	S Carolina	Rotterdam
April '55	W & C 83	one case	Welland	Bremen
do	M R 46	one keg	do	do
Feb '55	M F over 54, 8496	one case	Atlantic	Liverpool
June '55	H H Ward care Loeschigk, Wesendonck & Co 5	do	North Star	Havre
Jan 10 '55	J W 3	do	Rhein	Hamburg
Jan 18 '55	B V 64	do	Astracan	Rotterdam
Jan '55	L K 3938	do	Genl Jacobi	Bremen
Jan 12 '55	no mark	one chest	S E Hyde	Antwerp
June '55	S in triangle 77	one case	Tropic	do
do	do 84	do	do	do
May '55	B A	forty casks	Sarah Ann	Cadiz
April '55	F S 10	one cask	S G Hyde	Havre
Dec '55	A 57	do	R Robinson	Liverpoo
	J D in diamond 1	do	Yorkham	London
	do 2	do	do	do
June 23 '55	no mark, or L F 16	one trunk	A Delins	Bremen
July 25 '55	B N	one package	Ambassador	Marseilles
do	Ralph Rawdon, Esq	one box	Caura	Ciudad Boliva
April 9 '55	no mark	one cask	California	Buenos Ayre
July '55	C B over S V over J C in a brace 100	one case	Lawrence	Bordeaux
do	A over A B 1	one cask	do	do
May 9 '55	no mark	one box	Nancy Plaisted	Madeira
July 16 '56	J in a diamond	one bbl	Octavia Woodward	Kingston
May '55	M R 1	one chest	Vancluse	Havre
Apr 19'56	J B 17 c 22	six bales	Virginia	Buenos Ayr
June '55	L L 270	one case	Washington	Bremen
	no mark	lot bags	Wm Jervis	Antwerp
1855	D	one bag	Pacific	Liverpool
Dec '55	H	two boxes	Christiana	Antwerp
Aug '55	no mark, or Mons Reimer	one trunk	Connecticut	Havre
do	P N	one box	Andrew Foster	Liverpool
do	W 143	one case	Dreadnought	do
do	145	do	do	do
July '55	J C in a diamond	do	Glasgow	Gloasgow
do		do	do	do
do		do	do	do
do		do	do	do
Aug '55	R in a diamond 684	one bale	Baltic	Liverpool
July '55	Geo Mills	one package	Glasgow	Glasgow
July 18 '54	N W 121	one case	Isabella	Rotterdam
Oct '54	Jean St Ettinne	one trunk	Minnesota	Liverpool
June '55	C W over A 25	one cask	New York	do
Oct '55	H G Julian	one basket	Owego	do
Dec '55	Mitchell, Rosenburg & Co, Ohio	one case	Pacific	do
May '55	S R S & H 79	do	Stadt Antwerpen	Antwerp
do	no mark	one cask	North Wind	Havre
July '55	J M 882	one case	Nebraska	Bremen
	A J over N Y in a diamond	one chimney	Royal Arch	Liverpool
Oct '55	C & R 10	one cask	Undine	Newcastle
do	do 2	do	do	do
Aug '55	P in a diamond 20	do	American Congress	London
July '53	no mark	two bbls	Archeiva	St Thomas
	W H in a diamond 386	one cask	Florida	London
	O (White)	six bundles	Manhattan	Liverpool
	no mark	four bbls	Unknown	Unknowa
	J K 1	one cask	do	do
	F in a diamond 30	do	do	do
	C in a diamond 30	do	do	do
	F 100	do	do	do
	E diamond R 13	one crate	do	do
	P P in a diamond, C under right corner, 210	one cask	do	do
	P M 1879	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	no mark	one cask	unknown	unknowa
	W H in diamond 369	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	C S 2500	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	B in diamond	do	do	do
	no mark	do	do	do
	do	one barrel	do	do
	W 5	one cask	do	do
	B 13	do	do	do
	N S 56	one barrel	do	do
	no mark	one cask	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	do	do	do
	do	one barrel	do	do
	W in diamond	one cask	Palestine	London
	H in diamond K	do	Sagette	Amsterdam
	H B G T o 7	seven cases	St Dennis	Havre
April '53	Æ B	one bundle iron	Christiana	London
March '55	no mark	8 iron pipes	Pacific	Liverpool
Dec 13 '54	do	953 bars iron	Conqueror	do
May '55	C L D	15 burr stones	Trumbull	Havre
Sept '53	F I 6	two cases	Columbia	Liverpool
	P C 113	lot of staves	Cora Linn	Glasgow
June 2 '55	no mark	43 bars iron	American Union	Liverpool
April 14 '55	E A	one bar iron	Lucy Thompson	do
Jan 10 '55	D S	1 bundle hoop iron	American Union	do
Dec 3 '55	no mark	12 logs timber	T P Ladd	St John N B
July '55	do	five bundles iron	St Patrick	Liverpool
June '55	do	1 bar R R iron	South Picton	Port Talbot
May 2 '56	do or red	22 bars iron	Chatawochie	Liverpool
	M L over B & C 2	one cask	Lizzie Harwood	Havre
Jan 4 '55	M M T	28 casks	Jane E Williams	Bordeaux
	L 3	one cask	Carolina	Rotterdam
	L R & Co 214	do	Edwina	do
	M L 1549	do	Union	Havre
	no mark	four boxes	Unknown	Unknown
	do	one case	Victoria	Lisbon
	B	do	Coastwise	
	no mark	100 pieces wood	Miranda	Curacoa

March 6 2t

Medical.

THE Cause of Consumption—BRONCHITIS—WHAT PRODUCES BRONCHITIS?—FIRST STAGE OF DISEASE.

Costiveness is the first link that connects disease to the system. It creates, induces, feeds and supports Bronchitis; and is slightly or indifferently treated, as though it was of no serious tendency. Nevertheless, it has laid the foundation of that destroying disease without the knowledge of the sufferers, undermining and sapping the very vitals of their constitutions.

Among the numerous class of diseases which afflict man, there is none more silent or treacherous in its approaches, or more certain to triumph over its slowly consuming victim than that formidable and insidious leveler of humanity—Bronchitis, which is produced by catching cold—through a neglect of regulating the state of the bowels when arriving to adult age. It seldom excites any attention or alarm in the mind of any person until it has sown the seeds of disease and suffering in the human system, by checking the circulation of the blood; and it is to this source alone that we attribute the awful mortality of Consumption.

The following is a simple but correct illustration, namely: If the culverts and sewers of the city were chocked or clogged up, accidentally or otherwise, what would be the result? An overflow of accumulated filth and slush on the surface of the earth in its neighborhood, until it fills every hole, corner and crevice. This is quite similar to the human body when the channel or sewer of life, as I may term it, which is the bowels, is checked or confined through constipation or some unnatural obstruction which prevents the blood from circulating through the general system.

What then is the consequence? An accumulation of diseased matter and bile. Where will this bile and poisonous substance go to when it is prevented from taking its natural exit through the bowels? It must surge itself back again into the blood, to be infused through the entire frame by the agency of the blood, bringing in its passage disease and suffering, and exhibiting itself by pain, nervous sensations, and irritations all over the body—producing a bad feeling at the stomach, sourness of the food, a rush of blood to the head, catarrh, bronchitis, a short dry cough, dizziness, pain in the shoulders, and through or under the shoulder blades, cold feet, a peevish and irritable temper, annoyed by this hacking cough, and then gradually begins the expectorating from the throat of a lightish phlegm, resembling boiled starch or tough jelly, of various colors, from a light to a darkish substance, and hawked up like a string.

SECOND STAGE.

From this period, the patient is aware of some unusual and disagreeable feeling, though he seldom takes the hint till it goes from bad to worse. Catching cold from the slightest exposure, which he cannot avoid, in consequence of the blood being in a diseased and corrupt condition for a long time previous to the appearance of those troublesome symptoms through the impure state of the blood, that at every breath the patient draws he inhales a similar quantity of fresh air by the nostrils and the mouth, which keeps the tickling that exists in the throat and bronchial tubes in a ferment of irritation—this is the reason why some people complain of catching cold, even when confined to their rooms. Hence, the sufferer is hacking, hawking, or expectorating a little at a time, with the impression that there is something in his throat that wants to come out, and which he desires to get out. There is a frequent desire for heavy sighing, with a dryness of the nostrils, which inclines the patient to pick or scratch them; sleepy, drowsy, dull and heavy, loss of appetite, and confused memory; a stuffing, tightness and oppression of the chest, with a rawness and softness of the gullet of the throat.

This is caused by the silent enemy that has lurked in the system for months, and even years, and has at length aroused your fears, and well it might; for out of one hundred persons who die of Consumption, ninety-nine are owing to disease of the throat alone, though simply called Bronchitis, and wretchedly treated by this self-pretended and dignified class of sheep-skin physicians termed M. D.'s, who have proved a curse to the human family. They treat their patient on the following abusive principle: by cutting the tonsils and palate from the throat, as you might cut the gills out of a fish—next comes the solution or wash of nitrate of silver or caustic, and the whalebone swab, to wash and burn away the disease that has occupied the throat. Then comes the application of blister and Croton Oil externally to the throat or neck, to draw out the inflammation, as the physicians suppose, (what blind philosophy!) Then comes the quack sheet of their MATERIA MEDICA—Calomel, Antimony, Morphine and Opium, to salivate and lull the feelings of the patient, which adds to the disease and increases the suffering, by giving the disease an opportunity of triumphing over nature. What a delusive idea to think the above treatment would be available in having recourse to those debilitating and irritating remedies of cutting, burning, blistering, purging and starving, which is of itself sufficient to lower and reduce the constitution of an ox.

THE THIRD STAGE

Confirms the above remarks. While undergoing this torturing treatment, the constitution is gradually failing and giving away, in giving rise to more alarming symptoms, evidently preparing its victim for the shroud, while the physicians and friends fail to see the cause until those confirmed symptoms of consumption set in, but foolishly assign the cause to some other besides the genuine one until the disease has reached its meridian, with a complication of fresh symptoms, breathing short and hurried, cough frequent, with an accumulation of corrupted matter sometimes streaked with blood; profuse night sweats, emaciation and debility; cold chills in the forenoon, with a burning ever after; flesh soft and flabby; the limbs scarcely able to support the body; a susceptibility of catching cold upon the least exposure, attended with a hoarseness and loss of voice, with a heavy expectoration in the forenoon; flying pains in the chest, sides and shoulders, with a severe fit of coughing in the morning, or on awakening from sleep. The painful crisis is fast approaching, with a swelling and puffing of the feet and ankles, and frequent attack of diarrhœa. In females, the symptoms are more distressing at an early period than in the male, with a weakness in the back and loins, a sinking and exhausted feeling at the stomach, nervous and excitable, with gradual and frequent interruptions of the monthly flow, and as the disease progresses, a total or final cessation of it, with the harbinger of a broken down constitution, which is a discharge of whites, a symptom that proves very debilitating and irritating to females.

The above remarks will prove sufficient to the simplest observer, in comparing it to his own feeling; also, the nature and cause of this insidious disease that slays thousands of thousands of the most blooming of our population annually, on account of catching colds on the slightest exposure, which excites coughing through the diseased condition of the blood, and which could be easily remedied by applying to me and obtaining my remedies while the disease is in the first and second stages, but when the disease has progressed to the third stage, and those fatal symptoms fully developed, a cure is impossible.

Consequently, to relieve the doubts of those who are sufferers, and hoping to snatch them from the grasp of death, I have made an arrangement, at a sacrifice on my part, of sending medicine all over the United States and Canada at a trifling expense through the request of those patients who are completely restored to perfect health by a few weeks' use of my medicine and were despaired of when I commenced to treat them, as their testimonies before the public will show, and have deeply interested themselves toward the suffering public. Through the universal satisfaction given by this medicine, I am compelled to comply to the wishes of the thousands of the laboring classes exclusively, who are more exposed to the ravages of this treacherous disease, in giving them an opportunity of testing the efficacy of my preparations in the above specialities, and which I shall guarantee to the sufferer the amplest satisfaction in less than forty-eight hours of its use by obeying my directions, unless there is immediate death, by enclosing five dollars, and on receipt I shall send medicines, with all directions, per express, to their address. No letters answered without the above inclosure.

This privilege is extended to those persons who addressed me previously on this subject.

I have made it my rule to treat no disease longer than three weeks. If I cannot check the fatal progress of the disease in that time I give up the patient as lost and lead the sufferer to no further expense.

J. D. DURKIN,
Chronic and Consumptive Doctor,
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IMPORTED by **J. & P. Hogan**, Nos. 6 and 12 West street, and 257 Third Avenue, corner of 21st street, New-York, and corner of Van Brunt and Sullivan streets, Brooklyn. J. & P. Hogan wish to inform their friends and the public that they have just received a large quantity of **Wise's Cork Malt Whiskey**, which will be sold at a reduced price, out of bond and at the above establishment. They are the only firm in New-York who import the same. ap26y

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Medical.

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JUSTLY CELEBRATED **Vegetable Family Medicine**

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Being the best medicine for strengthening the Stomach, creating an appetite, cleansing the blood of impurities, and regulating the whole system. They are the best medicines now in use for Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Rheumatism, both Chronic and Inflammatory, Fits, General Debility, Fever and Ague, Scrofulas, Ulcers, and all other humors of the blood. Price $1.

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Old Sores of long standing, and all diseases which "flesh is heir to," cured in almost every instance. We cure cases which have been given up and considered incurable. If we say we can cure, we will cure, or no pay in every instance. Advice gratis.

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Business Directory.

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Medallions,	at 14s to 18s per yard.
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DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE, CITY OF NEW YORK, MARCH 2d, 1857.—CENTRAL PARK FUND STOCK.—$800,000 AT six per cent. redeemable in thirty years.

Sealed proposals will be received at the Comptroller's office until Tuesday, March 31st, 1857, at 2 o'clock, P.M., when the same will be publicly opened, for the whole or any part of the amount of eight hundred thousand dollars of Central Park Fund Stock, of the City of New York, authorised by an act of the Legislature of this State, entitled "An act to alter the Map of the City of New York, by laying out thereon a Public Place, and to authorise the taking of the same," passed July 21st 1853, and amended February 13th 1857, and by ordinance of the Common Council, of said city, approved by the Mayor, February 29th, 1856.

The said stock will consist of eight thousand shares, of one hundred dollars each share, bearing interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable quarter-yearly, and the principal redeemable on the first day of July, 1857.

The proposals will state the umber of shares desired, and the price per share; the person whose proposals are accepted, will be required to deposit with the Chamberlain of the city, the sum awarded and covered by the bid, and on presenting the receipt of the Chamberlain to the Comptroller, will be entitled to receive a certificate for the par value of the number of shares carrying interest from the date of he deposits

Those persons who have awards due them on the Central Park, if they offer terms more favorable to the interests of the city than those who make cash bids, can receive certificates of stock for the amount of their awards immediately after the bids are decided on, carrying interest from the date of the confirmation of awards. In case the same person or property is assessed, the person claiming the award will be required to pay the amount of assessment, with interest thereon, from the time of the confirmation of the report of the Commissioners, before the delivery of the certificate.

An act of 1853, for laying out the Park, provides for levying a tax anually for the payment of interest on the stock to be issued; and the act of 1812, made applicable to this loan, provides not only for pledging the faith of the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty for the final redemption of the stock issued, but also enacts that all the revenues of the corporation, "are hereby pledged and appropriated for the payment of the interest which shall become due on the said stock, and shall continue so pledged until the the final redemption thereof; and that, in case the said revenues be not sufficient to satisfy and pay the whole of the said interest, then, and in that case, the faith of thy State shall be and is hereby pledged to pass such acts as shall, from time to time, be necessary, authorising the Mayor, &c., to raise by tax" such sums as shall be requisite to supply every such deficiency. In addition to this, the 7th section of the Act of 1853, for taking land for the Park, declares that all the land thus taken shall be "irrevocably pledged" for the payment of the debt created therefor.

Each proposition should be sealed up, and endorsed, "Proppsal for Six per cent. Central Park Fund." And the proposition may then be put in a second envelope, sealed and directed, "A. C FLAGG, Comptroller, No. 5 Hall of Records, New York.

A. C. FLAGG, Comptroller.

Notice.—In consequence of the unprecedented demand from all parts of the United States for our Booth and Sedgwick London Cordial Gin, arising solely from the merits of the article, without advertising on our part, various irresponsible dealers in Gin in this and other cities, have been excited to jealousy and envy by the tremendous demand and sale of our Gin, they finding it with all respectable grocers and druggists in the Union. The acknowledged increasing demand and the annexed certificate from one of our eminent chemists, Dr. J. R. Chilton, and the article itself, when tried, show its superior and medicinal qualities as a beverage.

CERTIFICATE:

Messrs. SIMPSON BROS., 19 Beaver street, New-York:—Gentlemen—I have analyzed your Booth & Sedgwick medicated London Cordial Gin, and I find it contains not only the ingredients usually found in the best kind of Gin, but also other vegetable matter which render it more medicinal and wholsome than the article generally sold under the name of Gin.

JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

New-York, Dec., 18, 1856.

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